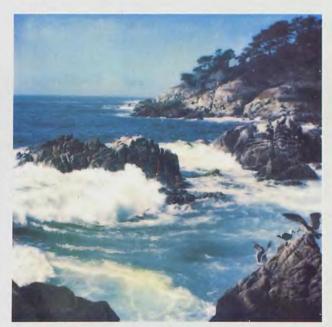




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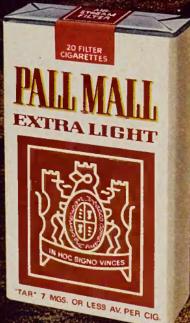
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PLAYBILL

THIS YEAR MARKS the tenth anniversary of the assassination of Senator Robert F. Kennedy. Yet, to this day, there is still as much mystery clouding the events in L.A.'s Ambassador Hotel as there is surrounding Jack Kennedy's death five years earlier. Sirhan B. Sirhan, the convicted assassin, never once admitted full competence in the commission of the murder and recently requested leave from prison to visit the crime site, allegedly to "jog his memory." Now we have Carmen Falzone, former cellmate and professed confidant of Sirhan. Falzone, a convicted burglar, claims to have discussed the assassination with Sirhan, gaining new insights into his motivation and uncovering a bizarre terrorist scheme involving the theft of nuclear arms. James McKinley, author of our comprehensive 1976 series Playboy's History of Assassination in America, was dispatched to do some digging into Falzone's story. His investigative report is titled Inside Sirhan.

The Robert Kennedy assassination provided the springboard for America's plunge into the Nixon era, an era vividly brought back to life in a series of syndicated interviews with its namesake produced by talk-show host/journalist Dovid Frost. This month, we turn the tables on Frost: He's the subject of our Playboy Interview, conducted by Lawrence Linderman. And, in The Breaking of Richard Nixon, James Reston, Jr., reveals just how Frost's team, of which he was a member, dug up some of the dirt on the ex-President.

Last month, you were treated to the first installment of an exciting excerpt from Gore Vidal's latest novel, Kalki, a tale of the end of the world. We conclude our excerpt in this issue and if your appetite is whetted, and we're sure it will be, the complete novel will be available from Random House this month. Speaking of excerpts, we've got a dandy one in Elizobeth McNeill's elegant, erotic tale of a sadomasochistic relationship, Nine and a Half Weeks. We've chosen a juicy chunk for you from the book of the same title to be published soon by E. P. Dutton. The illustrations are by Mortin Hoffman.

Back for the third part in our series Pushed to the Edge is the intrepid Croig Vetter. Still alive after being forced to climb a solid wall of ice and launch himself from a ski jump, Vetter's latest escapade is The Sky Dive. If you enjoy death-defying feats best when they are vicarious, Vetter's your man.

Music lovers will be pleased to hear that Playboy Music '78 offers the results of our annual music poll-along with a roundup of the year in music produced by Contributing Editor and resident rocker David Standish and Associate Art Director Skip Williamson. Research Editors Tom Passavant and Kate Nolan did the digging. The illustrations are by Kim Whitesides, Punk rock was big last year and so were diet fads. We don't dig them unless they're the kind depicted by Associate Art Director Bob Post in our little rib-tickler labeled A Diet of Sex. It's not liquid protein, but we like it. You may also have noted that we like beautiful women; in fact, the more the better. And you won't find more beautiful women in one place than you'll find at the famed Crazy Horse Saloon in Paris. Photographer Richard Fegley managed to overheat his camera in producing our pictorial on the Parisian pleasure dome, The Fillies of Crazy Horse. Fortunately, by the time Fegley returned to our studio, he had developed a system for air-cooling his camera. Fortunately because his next assignment was to do our centerfold girl, Pomelo Jean Bryont. Of all the mail we got in praise of our first hurrah for the Girls of the Big Ten, probably half of it mentioned Pamela. Check out the gatefold and see why.

Of course, there's plenty more. Such as a selection of whiskey cocktails from Emonuel Greenberg and Treads and Threads, a loving tribute to motorcycles and cycle fashions put together by Associate Editor Jomes Petersen and Fashion Editor David Plott. It's all a great way to spring into spring.



MC KINLEY



LINDERMAN



VIDAL



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VETTER



PLAYBOY

vol. 25, no. 4-april, 1978

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



Inside Sirhan

PC



Horse Women

P. 100



Kalki Concluded

P. 132



Sexy Sisters

P. 147



Love Story?

P. 142

PLAYBILL 3
DEAR PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS
BOOKS 24
DINING & DRINKING
MUSIC 33
PRESS
MOVIES
COMING ATTRACTIONS
SELECTED SHORT
A BORN-AGAIN HUSTLER
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR
PLAYBOY SEX POLL
THE PLAYBOY FORUM
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAVID FROST—candid conversation
THE BREAKING OF RICHARD NIXON—articleJAMES RESTON, JR. 93 The story behind the story of the Frost-Nixon interviews.
INSIDE SIRHAN—article
THE FILLIES OF CRAZY HORSE—pictorial essay
PUSHED TO THE EDGE: PART THREE THE SKY DIVE—article

terror. This time, he jumps out of an airplane and manages to keep his lunch.

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COVER STORY

This month's cover features one of the delicious sets of siblings awaiting you in our Sisters pictorial. The blonde is January 1977 Playmate Susan Kiger and the brunette is her sister, Patty. Executive Art Director Tom Staebler, who designed and photographed the cover, also designed the Kigers' dresses. "They're just two pieces of satin sewn together and pinned by a Rabbit clasp," says Tom. He should know.

A DIET OF SEX—humor
HANDS-OFF HI-FI—modern living
CUTTING LOOSE—playboy's playmate of the month
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor
KALKI—fiction
TREADS AND THREADS—modern living
If clothes make the man, a motorcycle makes the clothes. A guide to cycles and cyclewear for the man about town on two wheels. Fashion Editor David Platt handles the clothes; Associate Editor Jim Petersen shakes out the bikes.
NINE AND A HALF WEEKS: AN INCREDIBLE LOVE AFFAIR—memoirELIZABETH McNEILL 142 How one perfectly sane young woman found herself chained to the bed by a perfect gentleman and learned to love it.
SISTERS—pictorial
"Are there any more at home like you?" is a standard line to a pretty girl, but it's a logical one, because beauty often comes in pairs, even bunches, as these fetching siblings amply prove.
GREEKS AND ROMANSribeld classic
MIXING IT UP WITH WHISKEY—drink EMANUEL GREENBERG 159 A lot of liquors have risen in popularity as cocktail mixers and then have fallen. But people seem always to return to that American favorite.
PLAYBOY MUSIC '78—survey
SILVER LINING—attire
PLAYBOY FUNNIES—humor
PLAYBOY'S PIPELINE
Tax audits, importing cars, old houses.
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI 228
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

Quick cookers, loose threads, wild wheels.



"Geronimo" Vetter

P. 108



Cycle Modes

P. 135



Poll Winners

P. 161



Bare Bryant

P. 118



Slimming Sex

P. 111

P. 147 (2), 152 - 153; RICHARD FEGLEY, P. 147 (1), 154 - 155; BILL FRANTZ, P. 164; BENNO FRIEDMAN, P. 3; R. SCOTT HOOPER, P. 147 (3), 148 - 151, 164; RICHARD IZUI, P. 163; RICHARD KLEIN, P. 3, 208 (2); COPTRIGHT © 1978 JILL KREMENTZ, P. 46; TERRY O'NEILL / WOODFIN CAMP AND ASSOCIATES, P. 46; SUZE RANDALL, P. 46; FRED SEIDMAN, P. 46; VERNON L. SMITH, P. 3. 164; ALEXAS URBA, P. 3; JAKE VISCUM, P. 3; WIDE WORLD, P. 46; BARON WOLMAN, P. 3. INSERTS: HEUBLEIN INSERT, BETWEEN PP. 40, 41; 214, 215; PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL CARD, BETWEEN PP. 238, 239.



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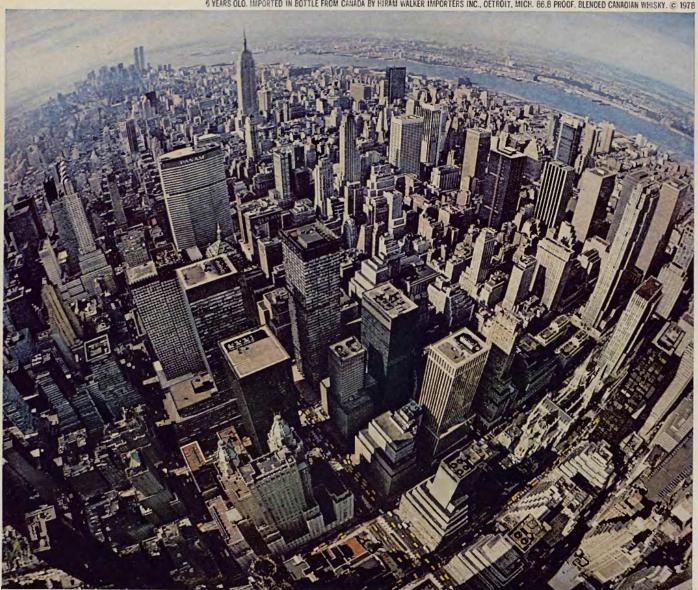
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bottom of the world's 3rd tallest building. Immediately proceed by taxi in as straight a line as possible toward "The House that Ruth Built." Get out the second the meter reads \$3.65 and walk toward the wonderful sound of 196 fountains. Hop onto the nearest double-decker-bus and ride the same number of blocks as there are bridges out of town.

You're getting very close.

Now stroll over to a familiar mounted officer and climb into one of the cabs waiting for you. Tell the driver to make a right, a left and a right.

It is now time to board a train that some think was named after the smoothest whisky in 87 lands. Get off at a station near Adam Van Den Berg's cow pasture. Without paying another fare, take another train three stops.

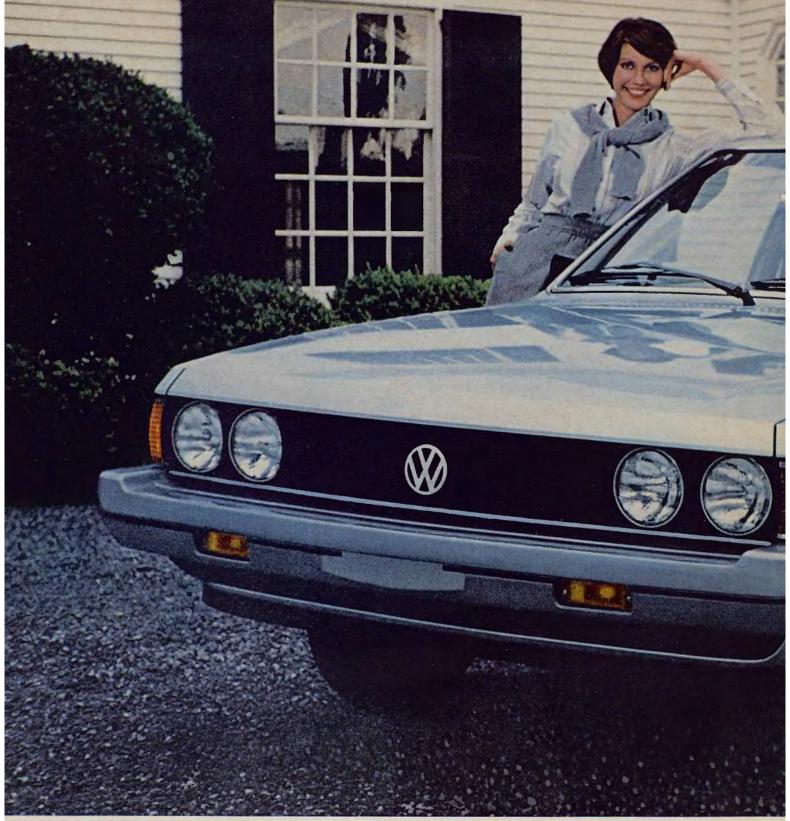
Say, "C.C., please" and the case is yours.

Walk two blocks toward the setting sun and half that distance toward the nearest city reservoir. There, at a very prominent address, higher up than the eye can see, someone is ready to hand you the case of Canadian Club when you say, "C.C., please."

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If you're about to spring for a Rolls-Royce, hold it. The Dasher 2-door Sedan holds more in its trunk than the Rolls, too. To be fair, the Mercedes and the Rolls do equal the Dasher in some respects.

All 3 have dignified interiors, with handsome, thoughtful appointments like reclining bucket seats, remote control outside mirrors and quartz electric clocks.

We asked an owner why she chose the Dasher Wagon: "Because Mercedes doesn't sell one."





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DEAR PLAYBOY

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PLAYMATE REVIEW

After viewing the January Playmate Review pictorial, I am totally convinced that Sondra Theodore, Nicki Thomas and Lisa Sohin are the three most beautiful ladies in the world.

Lee C. Montgomery Dallas, Texas

Thanks for another year of beautiful and sexy Playmates. It was heaven, but I can't wait for '78.

> Dave Duncan Conneaut, Ohio

Here are three votes for September doll Debra Jo Fondren as 1978 Playmate of the Year!

> Dan Cook Dan Chandler Arnie Reyher Garden City, Kansas

Star (Stowe) outshines all others the way a supernova outclasses Sol. Any man would love to make beautiful music with her. Give us more, more, more,

Rik Davis San Francisco, California

Obviously, you saved the best for last in 1977. December Playmate Ashley Cox gets my vote for Playmate of the Year.

Rob Smith Dallas, Texas

I'm going to spend all summer looking for Virve Reid on our nude beach. There's no question that Canada has the best-looking women in North America.

> Rick Harley Vancouver, British Columbia

The picture of Playmate Julia Lyndon in the *Playmate Review* is absolutely the most sensuous photograph of the female figure I've ever seen. It brings out qualities in her that do not appear in her centerfold shot. The full, pouting lips, the caressing of her own luscious breasts,

her dark pubic hair peeking out from between her partly crossed thighs. *Lovely*.

Jim Harper Kansas City, Missouri

I think that the next Playmate of the Year should be Hef's "Baby Blue," Sondra Theodore.

> Andy Craig Durhamville, New York

Lisa Sohm and Sondra Theodore are extremely nice, but Susan Kiger (who could be Eve reincarnated) is definitely my choice for Playmate of the Year.

David Hamberg Union, New Jersey

I missed only one issue last year, October, so I had to wait for your review to see the beautiful Miss Winder. Kristine gets my vote for Playmate of the Year and you get my promise to buy all 12 issues in '78.

Dan Akins Los Angeles, California

ERICH'S STORY

Erich Segal's Doctor Fastest (PLAYBOY, January) is a superstory to go along with a supersport.

S. C. Moultine Cheney, Washington

Being a marathon runner, I enjoyed Doctor Fastest. However, I question the passage on page 236 that states, "Lasse Viren spent an hour trying to convince him to wear Nike track shoes." Actually, doesn't Viren endorse Tiger shoes?

D. Coughlin Batavia, New York

Picky, picky, picky.

FARMER'S FICTION

Humor written by Mark Twain, at his flawless best, can't surpass the little gem of fiction that Philip José Farmer has crafted. The Henry Miller Dawn Patrol (PLAYBOY, December) is simply

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unmatched for riotous comedy. Too bad Henry Miller had to go, even as he came. The immortal old pilot should have reappeared from time to time to subdue more Fokkers. I nominate Farmer for creator of this century's best piece.

Bruce Bunting Lincoln, Nebraska

We want to let you know that *The Henry Miller Dawn Patrol* is one of the funniest and best-written stories we have ever read.

Kelly Bayes Gerald Hansen Emporia, Kansas

Introducing Philip José Farmer to the pages of PLAYBOY was probably the wiscst editorial move you have ever made. The Henry Miller Dawn Patrol is quintessential Farmer and, like everything else he has written, it is superlative.

Denny Daley Chicago, Illinois

FILM MAKERS' FANTASIES

Being a film maker myself, I thoroughly enjoyed your pictorial Film Directors' Erotic Fantasies in the January issue. But I am curious as to the identity of the young woman in the Richard Fegley/Richard Brooks photo. She reminds me of actress Donna Mills. Who is she?

Michael K. Goi Chicago, Illinois

Glad you asked, Mike. She's Karen Leigh and we gave her the old double take ourself. As a result, she is now in the initial stages of a Playmate shooting. Keep your eyes on our centerfold for further developments.

JEAN-PAUL'S ART

I want to express my thoughts on A Conversation About Sex and Women with Jean-Paul Sartre (PLAYBOY, January), by Catherine Chaine. I was impressed with Sartre's views of women and his relationships with more than one woman. His philosophy is so very true and comes across superbly. His idea about feeling responsible for the woman is reality itself.

Robin Whitt Burlington, Wisconsin

DEBRA'S DEBUT

Without a doubt, Miss January, Debra Jensen, is the best centerfold you have had in a long time. Keep it up!

John D. Saville Greenville, Delaware

She is absolutely the most beautiful girl I've seen in PLAYBOY.

Tom Liski Adrian, Michigan

Although the University of Georgia is populated with the foxiest women in the world, we believe that Debra Jensen's beauty surpasses that of all of them. The consensus here is that the January issue is one of your finest. We would like to see more of Debra Jensen in the future, preferably in our hall.

> Residents of Four North Russell Hall University of Georgia Athens, Georgia

I moved to the West Coast six months ago—I didn't know I had such beautiful neighbors in Orange County.

Tom Vincent Long Beach, California

I would like to commend your magazine, Phillip Dixon and whoever the lucky guy was who spotted Debra Jensen. How about one more shot of her to put my mind at ease? Pretty please. Thanks.

William Edward Youngstown, Ohio Don't grovel, Bill, it ain't cool. Besides,



we need only the slightest excuse to run another shot of Debra. Got a light?

FAST SHUFFLE

After seeing the pictorial Card Tricks in your December issue, I felt it necessary to write this note. The quote "Jay describes the techniques that allow him to throw a card higher, faster and farther than anyone else in the world" is absolutely incorrect and totally unfair to me. I hold the current world's record for playing-card throwing; therefore, it is I who have thrown a card farther, faster, higher and harder than anyone in history—confirmed by the Guinness Book of World Records. I believe equal exposure is in order.

Kevin St. Onge

Dearborn Heights, Michigan We're happy to set the record straight, Kevin. According to U.P.I., St. Onge bested Ricky Jay's record of 135 feet with a screamer of 153 feet, 7 inches last August. A magician by profession, St. Onge claims the card leaves his hand at

a speed of 98 mph and can rip through nine pages of newspaper. Now, that's a card trick.

DREAM LOVERS

Your review of my psychological research ("Inside Story," Sexcetera, PLAYBOY, December) about sexual-fantasypattern differences in men and women is incorrect in two respects. First, my name is not Richard but Robert. Second, females generally fantasized themselves as the recipients of sexual activity, while males fantasized their imagined sexual partners as the recipients of sexual activity. Only marginal tendencies toward reversal of this basic, gender-specific pattern occurred. Tendencies toward reversal occurred in "daydreaming" sexual fantasies for women and in "masturbatory" sexual fantasies for men. Thanks, however, for getting the basic spirit of the research correct; i.e., that sexual fantasies can potentially have important adaptive attributes and are often crucial to the human experience.

> Robert A. Mednick, Ph.D. New York, New York

SANDSTONE REVISITED

I found the article by Dan Greenburg on his revisiting Sandstone (PLAYBOY, January) an unwitting commentary on the human sexual state.

At its close, with feelings ranging from childlike exuberance to sullen jealousy, it became clear to me just why and how Sandstone was lacking.

It seems we're *all* too far removed from what I label the Eden experience, whereby the ego, mind schemes, possessions, etc., are all set aside for an open, relaxed, almost innocent attitude toward sex (group or otherwise) that some primitives to this day enjoy.

From all the accounts available, the Sandstone staff did little, if anything, to help the participants deal with some of the human questions posed in cutting across centuries of cultural taboos to reclaim that Eden experience.

Glenn G. Galtere Atlanta, Georgia

WE ARE NOT ALONE

PLAYBOY has done it again with the January panel on UFOs. First you broke the sex barrier and now you've broken the sound barrier on UFOs. Sure, it's a controversial subject, but someone has to tackle it and you have done it well.

John F. Schuessler Houston, Texas

Regarding Philip J. Klass's "rigorous investigation" (God, how he loves that phrase!) of the Coyne helicopter/UFO case: The Coyne object was under continuous observation for approximately 300 seconds. It "stopped," maintaining a hovering relationship with the helicopter, for a definable period of time. It was



not a meteor. How dare I challenge the omniscient Mr. Klass? Easy! I did the research, he didn't. Makes you wonder about the credibility of Klass's other "rigorous investigations," doesn't it?

Jennie Zeidman Columbus, Ohio

I was standing on a hill photographing when this UFO flew by me. The object looked like two coffee-cup saucers placed together and painted silver. This craft



had some markings on it that I have never heard about in other sightings. I hope this photo will help in discovering the mysteries of the UFO.

Steve Tuttle
Alexandria, Virginia
Something tells us these aliens come
from a lunch counter of the worst kind.

We assisted a student in taking this photo [below] during a routine lunar-photography session for an introductory astronomy course. There is a shadow cast by the object on the lunar surface in the same direction as the crater shadows, which leads us to discount the possibility of the image's having been caused by anything Earth-bound.

Andrew Tabor
Gavin Watson
Department of Astronomy
Williams College
Williamstown, Massachusetts

*Frankly, we aren't at all surprised to see a UFO on the moon. As crowded as the skies are supposed to be, these aliens probably just wanted a little peace. Philip J. Klass states that it would take 100 years at the rate of 70,000,000 mph for a spaceship to travel from Alpha Centauri to Earth and back. If a ship from Alpha Centauri could manage a speed 80 percent that of the speed of light, a junket to Earth would be like a trip to the zoo. Which is perhaps the way a race so advanced would view the trip.

Christopher J. Barker Danville, Virginia

Perhaps if more real scientific technique were applied to solving the mystery of UFOs, instead of the annoying pessimism of Mr. Klass and Dr. Taves and the unrealistic optimism of Dr. Vallee, we would be able to filter out the truth from the huge pile of trash we seem to have accumulated on the subject.

Ric DeGunther Champaign, Illinois

On August 2, 1965, a group of UFOs flew over Tulsa, Oklahoma, and was witnessed by hundreds of people. This



picture, taken by 14-year-old Allen Smith, was published in the Oklahoma Journal.

George Tippet Tulsa, Oklahoma

If these are scientific minds, I feel safer with my own conclusions. I've heard more intelligent and objective conversations among laymen.

Jan Gardner Torrance, California

Our history has proved that when we don't understand something of greater knowledge, we end up destroying it. How would we act if unknown intelligence tried to communicate with Earth? I hope we would try to learn.

> Steve Rust Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I've researched the UFO controversy for 20 years, and would like to say how much I enjoyed the *Playboy Panel: UFOs.* In my opinion, it is outstanding. Enclosed is an illustration of the most



commonly reported UFO occupant, based on our research, which your readers may find of interest. This is what a close encounter of the third kind looks like.

> Hayden C. Hewes Edmond, Oklahoma

Charles Hickson convinced me of the fallaciousness of all the UFO sightings. In his words, "Their hands were similar to claws or mittens," Any creature intelligent enough to have conquered space travel would, of necessity, have hands similar to ours. Claws or mittens would just not make it.

Dave Rogers Madison Heights, Michigan

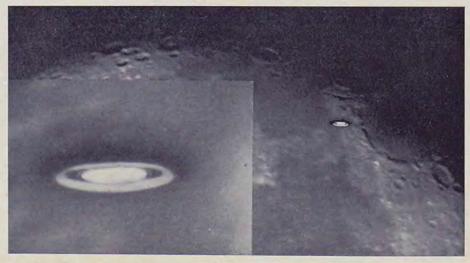
I shall continue to enjoy the *Playboy Panels* that delve deeply into a subject. It might be a good idea next time to delve deeply into the backgrounds of the so-called experts.

Philip De Guard North Hollywood, California

I believe there is something out there, something real, not just illusions. Someday we will learn that we should not have ridiculed witnesses of UFOs.

K. Keller Tulsa, Oklahoma

The January panel on UFOs reminds me of my first encounter with Professor



The cigarette with more.



More has more of everything you could ask for in a cigarette.

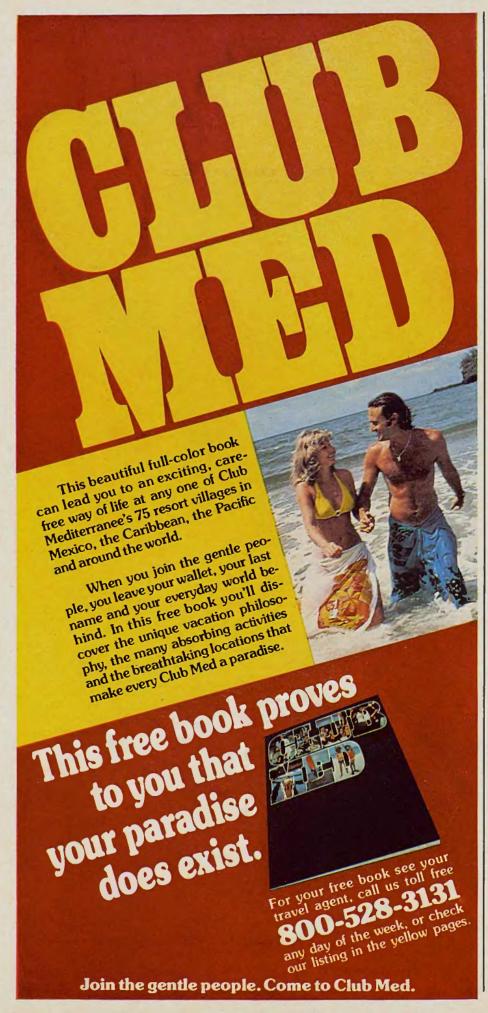
More is longer and burns slower. So you get more smooth, mild, satisfying taste from each cigarette.

And because More lasts longer, you may find yourself going through fewer packs and saving more money.

More, the 120mm cigarette. Ask for it.

FILTER: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



J. Allen Hynek during my undergraduate years at Northwestern University. He convinced me that the notion that in an infinitely huge universe the earth is the only abode of intelligent life is patently absurd. Keep on telling it like it is, Dr. Hynek.

Victor Jean-Pierre Cincinnati, Ohio

The fact that extraterrestrial life does exist is expertly displayed in the panel debate. Maybe now someone from our Government will investigate UFOs without one's landing on the front lawn of the Pentagon. Thanks, and may you be the first to have a centerfold of a seductive Martian female.

Michael Sellars Canoga Park, California

THE MOVIE GAME

In the article Hollywood Goes Big-Budget Bananas in the January PLAYBOY, author Jim Harwood contends that the neighborhood theater is bound for extinction. While that may be true, Harwood's use of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, as an example in support of his contention is questionable. It was not three downtown theaters that closed but rather one theater housing three miniscreens. Furthermore, that theater complex shut its doors only because area filmgoers chose not to "brave" the inconveniences resulting from massive downtown urban-renewal projects necessitated by the floods of the 1972 tropical storm Agnes. More importantly, while three downtown minitheaters have been sent reeling, so to speak, four new theaters have opened in the greater Wilkes-Barre area in the past 12 months.

Carl G. Pretko Kingston, Pennsylvania

It worked! You have got us hooked on your game, The Hollywood Hustle.

Ronald Brooks Baltimore, Maryland

Faced with large amounts of spare time and lacking the desire to crack a book, we decided to crack your magazine instead. We came across The Hollywood Hustle and quickly became involved in it. Playing with such film greats as Kaye Runaway and June Honda is fun, but we wonder why you limited yourself to conventional movies and left out such heroes as Linda Loveface and Hairy Creams. Keep up the good work!

Mike Yarnoff Kenny Goldberg College of William and Mary Williamsburg, Virginia

DIS-COVERING RITA

I couldn't help but notice the similarity between the cover of your January issue and that of the November 1967 issue. I would like to know whether the "unseen possessor of the deft hand"

back in November 1967 was also Tom Owen. If so, you'd better make him stop before you kill him! A man can take only so much.

Deak Bulsara Trenton, Ontario

The cover of your January issue is the most sensuous yet!

Charles A. Cox Lynchburg, Virginia

Your January cover of Rita Lee says it all. I have never been turned on by a cover of PLAYBOY as much as I have by this one.

Greg Toaddy Wickliffe, Ohio

I never realized how much of a turnon a girl's back could be until I saw your January cover of Rita Lee. But even with the sexy shot in your *Playmate Review*, I'm still not satisfied. When will we see more of the lovely Rita?

Joe Ingram
New York, New York
Take a look out your window, Joe.
You might just catch a peek of Rita,



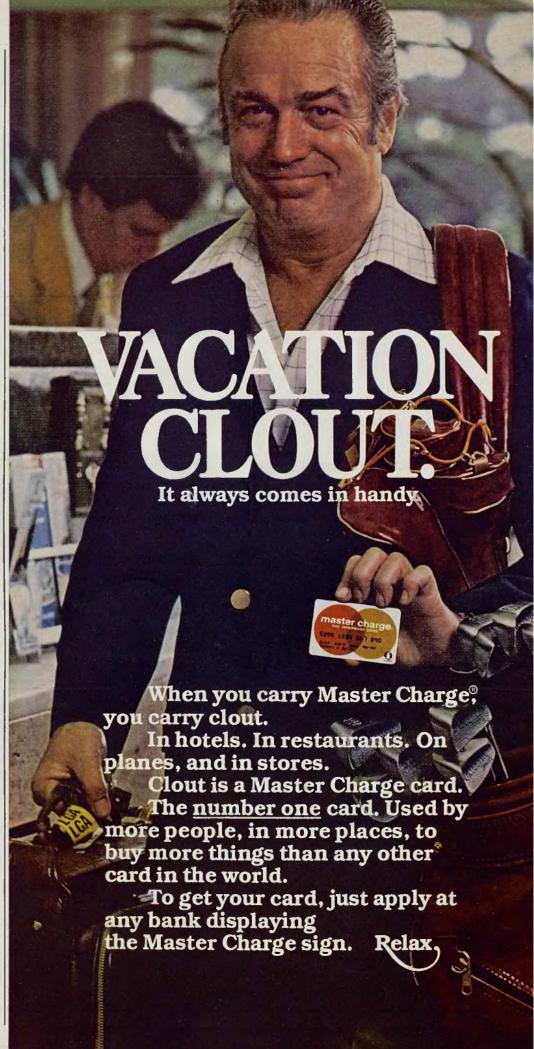
since she's been signed by Johnny Casablancas' hot Elite Modeling Management right there in the Big Apple.

RESEARCH PROJECT

According to the January Playboy Sex Poll, it was determined that many American men prefer an Oriental woman as a lover. As a student at a university with a very high number of attractive Oriental coeds, and an equally high number of very cold nights, I'm interested in knowing if the reverse is also true.

Richard H. Reiss Buffalo, New York

Sounds like you're in a perfect position to find out, Richard. Have a good year.



WITH WHAT MINOLTA KNOWS ABOUT CAMERAS AND WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT YOURSELF, WE CAN MAKE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES TOGETHER.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And with good reason, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

What you pay for your camera shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are some very expensive cameras that won't give you some of the features you really need. So ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both use advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus and shoot simplicity. The difference is in creative control.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an aperture-priority camera. It lets you set the lens opening, while it sets the

shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many prophotographers believe that depth-of-field is the most important factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a *shutter-priority* camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets the lens automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic camera. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it's the world's only 35mm SLR with both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual control. The XD-11 is so advanced that during

shutter-priority operation it will actually make exposure corrections you fail to make.

Do you really need an automatic camera?

Automation makes fine photography easier. But if you do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What to expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder.
The finder should give you a clear, bright view of your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. Minolta SLR's have bright finders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And focusing aids in Minolta

Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the Minolta XD-11, the most advanced camera in the world. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T cameras.



Automatic sequence photography is easy uchen you combine a Minolita XD-11 or

viewfinders make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Auto Winder and Electroflash 200X.

XG-7 with optional

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed finder. Everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, two pointers come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder? You do if you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two per second. With advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

How about electronic flash? An automatic electronic flash can be added to any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the view-finder signals when the 200X is ready to fire. Most

unusual: the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 36 flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Oversized controls are positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And their electronically controlled shutters are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give you the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering"

insures smooth, effortless operation.
Are extra features important? If you use them, there

are a lot of
extras that can make your
photography more creative and
convenient. Depending on the Minolta
model you choose, you can get: multiple
exposures with pushbutton ease

(even with an auto winder). A window to show that film is advancing prop-

erly. A handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using. And a self-timer.

What about the lens system?

The SLR you buy should have a system of lenses big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today.

The patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you change lenses with less than a quarter turn. There are almost 40 Minolta lenses available, ranging from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the world's smallest 500mm lens.



The electronic viewfinder: LED's tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.



The match-needle viewfinder: just align two indicators for correct exposure. Because you're doing some of the work, you can save some money.

What's next?

Think about how you'll use your camera and ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive,

Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada) Inc., Ontario. Specifications subject to change without notice.

MINOLIA

WE WANT YOU TO HAVE THE RIGHT CAMERA.



"Dick Cayett introduced me to the white rum martini."

"I first met Dick when we were both in a whacky off-Broadway play in a theatre so small, the cast out-numbered the audience.

One night during the play's very, very brief run, Dick insisted that I (a gin man) order a drink I'd never tried before—a white rum martini. 'This will strike you as heretical', he said, 'but you may like it better than your beloved gin.'

I've stayed with the white rum martini ever since. It has a smoother, cleaner taste than the gin variety. I have also discovered that white rum mixes beautifully with tonic, soda and orange juice.

Today, I'm a journalist, Dick's doing his new

TV show and, happily, we're still pals. We've noticed that a lot of people are now asking for white rum instead of gin or vodka. Well isn't that how it always goes? When a good thing comes to off-Broadway, it usually finds its way uptown."

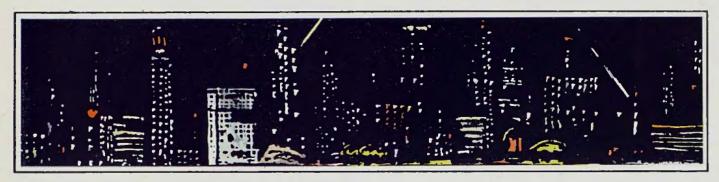
Convert yourself.

Instead of automatically ordering a gin or vodka martini, try something smoother—a white rum martini. It's smoother for a very good reason. Unlike gin and vodka, white rum from Puerto Rico is aged for at least a year before it's bottled. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS Aged for smoothness and taste.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Jimmy Carter got in plenty of hot water domestically when he admitted, in his November 1976 Playboy Interview, having "looked on a lot of women with lust." Now, thanks to an inept translation from English to Polish, the Presidential sex drives have set off a minor international incident. What Carter thought he was telling the citizens of Warsaw on a visit there was "I have come . . . to learn your opinions and understand your desires for the future." What his listeners heard in their native tongue was "I desire the Poles carnally." Has Carter now become a Polish joke?

Don't be surprised if on your next visit to the Kremlin you spot a Russian doing a fast "hang ten." In an attempt to solve Moscow's transportation problems, the Soviets have ordered \$25,000 worth of skate boards from California manufacturer Paul Gobber. Easy storage and low-cost maintenance make the skate boards ideal for short spins around town. The Soviets, of course, have specified red boards.

Shouldn't be all that hard: The Tulsa, Oklahoma, Southside Times headlined an article about a bridge tournament with this provocative question: "How do you find a STIFF QUEEN?"

Most-Un-Class-Act Department: More than 50 people in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya, were duped out of their jewelry by two men who promised they would plant the gems and grow jewelry trees. Police said a number of the victims were English schoolteachers. Maybe Tiffany's will open a branch....

A good-natured Los Angeles trafficcourt commissioner may have provided the community with an entirely new concept of the term drag racing when he fined a teenager charged with the violation, adding, if we can believe the U.P.I. report, "Maybe this will teach you not to pop your weenies in front of the local gendarmes."

Music does have charms to soothe—or trap, anyway—the savage beast. Shepherds in Soviet Byelorussia had been trying for months to catch a sheep-eating wolf. One night, while playing some tapercorded music, they heard the wolf begin to howl. Keeping the music playing, they followed the howls and captured the wolf, which was subsequently delivered to the Leningrad Zoo accompanied by a note advising, "He likes tango melodies."

The medium is the massage: A Jacksonville, Florida, radio announcer piqued the interest of listeners when he declared, "Withdrawal is still a sticky issue," adding, "Details after this message." Those who stayed tuned were disappointed to find the announcer was referring to troops withdrawing from Korea.

This supermarket ad appeared in the Racine, Wisconsin, *Journal-Times*: "Fryer parts. Gorgeous Legs and Thighs, 49 cents Lb., Well Developed Breasts, 89 cents Lb."



Some guys'll do anything for a buck. An insurance salesman in Halifax, Nova Scotia, was sitting in his 17th-floor office when he noticed three men on a scaffold outside his window replacing weather stripping. Not one to miss an opportunity for a sale, the shrewd salesman made a sign inquiring, would you be interested in some life, accident or disability insurance? and held it up to them. They replied they'd talk if he'd come outside. He did; one of them bought a policy and the two others are seriously considering it.

While stopped for a red light, a Denver reader reports getting a charge out of an advertisement on an electrician's van that had pulled up alongside: LET US REMOVE YOUR SHORTS.

When the Reverend Stuart Pearson of Knottingley, England, offered to give "free lessons in love," the response he received from ladies was, uh, overwhelming. He'd just meant to organize group discussions on the *subject* of love, the embarrassed pastor tried to explain to reporters.

Some of the Swedish parents who assumed they were buying their children tapes of Walt Disney's version of *The Jungle Book* for Christmas last year were warned by the manufacturer, Polydor Records, to listen to the cassette before giving it to their children. Seems there was a mix-up at the factory and some of the cassettes labeled *The Jungle Book* were actually porno recordings of *Bordello Mama's Songs*. Funny thing is, there've been only a few complaints so far....

Now they're really taking the fun out of prison. Frisbees were banned at the Iowa State Penitentiary by a recent ordinance, because prison officials fear they might be used to sail contraband drugs over the walls. What's more, the officials have also banned shoes with heels over an inch and a quarter, because the guys pack their stash in their platforms.

Huck Finn should have had it so good. A 16-year-old boy, after escaping from an orphanage in Hamburg, dressed up as a girl and wandered into the city's red-light district. Suspecting "her" of being a prostitute, police nabbed the youth and placed him in a temporary reformatory for hookers. After four days, the lad confessed to his true gender. "When the women found out I was male," the exhausted lad told police as they carried him out, "they all wanted me."

A reader reports seeing this sign hanging in a factory in Bloomington, Indiana: OUR GOAL—ZERO DEFECTS. Punch line: The sign was hanging upside down.

When an old lady boarded a San Francisco streetcar and walked boldly down the aisle without stopping to pay her fare, the motorman called after her, "Hey, lady, you didn't pay your fare," to which she hollered back, "You men are all alike. All you want to do is fuck." Needless to say, the astonished driver let the matter slide, while the senior citizen slid into her seat and, winking at a fellow passenger, remarked, "Works every time."

Fair is fair: Disgruntled British citizens, who pay up to £21 (approximately \$40) a year to watch their own TV sets, were assured by the Television License Reminder form letter that "registered blind persons pay £1.25 less."

In an article about the rigors of a fireman's life, Ontario's Wingham Advance-Times gave this somewhat frenzied account of what happens in the firehouse: "When the fire alarm sounds in the middle of the night, some strange sights answer. . . Yes, they are the firemen, some with no socks or shirts, some with pants half on and of course half off, but they are ready to go. Try as you might, cocks are tough to find, pants get on backward . . . and at the same time try to find a light! Wow!"

Forensic foreplay: Title of an article in a recent issue of Conservative Digest; "Soft Judges Encourage Prostitutes."

Beer bust: Orlando, Florida's Edgewater & Par Lounge advertised its version of a happy hour:

> EDGEWATER & PAR ROCK & ROLL TOP HEAVY LADIES DRINKS FREE

Sounded like fun, but then we found out that Top Heavy wasn't referring to bosomy females but is the name of a local group that was playing at the lounge.

FAMILIAR MISQUOTATIONS

We all re-member Vince Lombardi's immortal words: "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing." Except that they weren't his. That comment wasactually made by Henry "Red" Sanders while UCLA football coach in the early Fifties. Lombardi later expressed some similar sentiments, but, realizing the value of a good legend, never bothered to correct the record. So he got the line as part of a great tradition in which public

figures are awarded words better than any they ever came up with as a bonus for their renown. To wit:

"Let them eat cake" (Marie Antoinette). This suggestion for peasants who lacked bread is supposed to have been made by France's queen in 1770, four years after Rousseau attributed the same words to another princess in his Gonfessions.

"Give me liberty or give me death" (Patrick Henry). This phrase was "recalled" 40 years later by old men who had heard a speech given by Henry. Historians are dubious.

"The Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton" (the first Duke of Wellington). The seventh Duke of Wellington once offered a reward for the origin of these words never uttered by his ancestor. The winning entry: Wellington once commented during a visit to his alma mater, "It is here that the Battle of Waterloo was won."

"Build a better mousetrap and the world will beat a path to your door" (Ralph Waldo Emerson). Emerson did say that a "hard-beaten road" would be found leading to the house of a man with "good corn, or wood, or boards, or pigs . . ." but neglected to mention mousetraps.



"War is hell" (General William T. Sherman). What he really said was, "War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it."

"Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it" (Mark Twain). This thought first appeared in an unsigned Hartford Courant editorial of 1897. Since the Courant was edited by a friend of Twain's, these words were attributed to Twain, who denied authorship.

"Lafayette, we are here" (General John J. Pershing). The words we want Pershing to have said as he arrived in France in 1917 belonged, by Pershing's testimony, to his chief disbursing officer, Colonel Charles E. Stanton.

"You dirty rat" (James Cagney). Cagney recently denied ever saying any such thing in any of his 71 movies.

"I want to be alone" (Greta Garbo). What Garbo actually said was, "I want to be let alone." There's a difference.

"On the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia" (W. C. Fields). Fields's supposed epitaph is not to be found on the vault housing his ashes. According to Tom Burnam's Dictionary of Misinformation, the line began as a Vanity Fair sight gag in the Twenties.

"Play it again, Sam" (Humphrey Bogart). As any real Bogartian knows, the actual line in Casablanca is, "Play it, Sam," and it's said by Ilsa, not Rick.

"Jerry Ford is so dumb he can't walk and chew gum at the same time" (Lyndon B. Johnson). Johnson's real words were, "Jerry Ford is so dumb he can't fart and chew gum at the same time."

—RALPH KEYES

More Designer Shoes Without The Designer's Prices.



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BOOKS

Jay Cronley is a columnist for *The Tulsa Tribune* and a frequent contributor to PLAYBOY. He won second place in the Best Humor category of PLAYBOY's annual awards for writing last year, which should tip you right off about one thing: He's funny. So is his first novel, Fall Guy (Doubleday), the story of how an 18-yearold graduating high school senior football star gets "drafted" by the college talent hounds. The competition among colleges that want him on their teams is so vicious-with bribery, wire tapping and sexual seductions-that the process looks like the 1972 Presidential election, as written by someone who should be in a strait jacket. And in the end, even when you realize that Fall Guy is funnier than Semi-Tough, you still can't help wondering if maybe there isn't a kernel of truth in it.

Tom Stoppard's play Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead was a twist on Hamlet; Jeffrey Caine's Heathdiff (Knopf) is a literary appendage to Emily Brontë's Wuthering Heights. Caine answers the big question raised but never answered by Brontë: What happens to Heathcliff between the time he disappears, upon hearing that Catherine Earnshaw is about to marry Edgar Linton, and his return some years later?

Heathcliff's missing years, as reconstructed by Caine, make for a relentlessly



Heathcliff: marvelous.

Run, don't walk, to your nearest bookstore and buy Heathcliff.

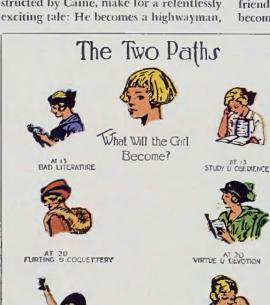
is picked up by a Mr. Durrant, who befriends and employs him, and eventually becomes chummy with Durrant's wife,

Elizabeth. She provides the crude fellow with the rudiments of education, and in true 19th Century picaresque fashion, a round of misadventures-many violentensues. Bitterness has ruled Heathcliff's life since childhood and he achieves minor satisfaction when he runs off with Elizabeth, ruins Durrant and is able to pass himself off as a gentleman. But he has never forgotten Cathy, his first love, and finally returns to Thrushcross Grange to be with her. Caine's novel stops hereyou'll have to consult Brontë to find out what happens back home on the Grange.

Heathcliff is a marvel of clever mimicry: The author has re-created the nuance, tone, attitude, language of the 19th Century flawlessly. This is one of those cases in which the imitation is every bit as good as the model.

It's difficult to say what interest the general public will have in Tom Wicker's new book, On Press (Viking), but it wouldn't be a bad idea for university journalism departments to adopt it as required reading. For it is something of a step-by-step guide to the mine field into which one walks when he decides to become a serious reporter. For one thing, Wicker shows how ineffable truth really is, how it is often impossible to get "the facts" because they are all mutually exclusive. At one point, he rejoices: "My real achievement was to rise above the facts and open my mind to the possibilities." For

COMPARISON OF MALE AND PEMALE

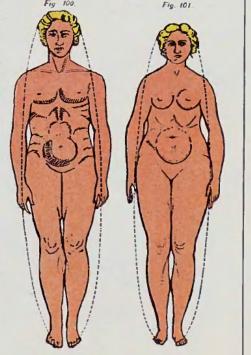


This Was Sex (Citadel), by Sandy Teller, is an illustrated trip into 19th and early 20th Century nostalgia, chock-full of photographs and line drawings that will make you laugh. Basically, it's a compendium of advice from our forebears on how they went about the business of seduction, intercourse, love and marriage, all told with a great deal of charm and humor.

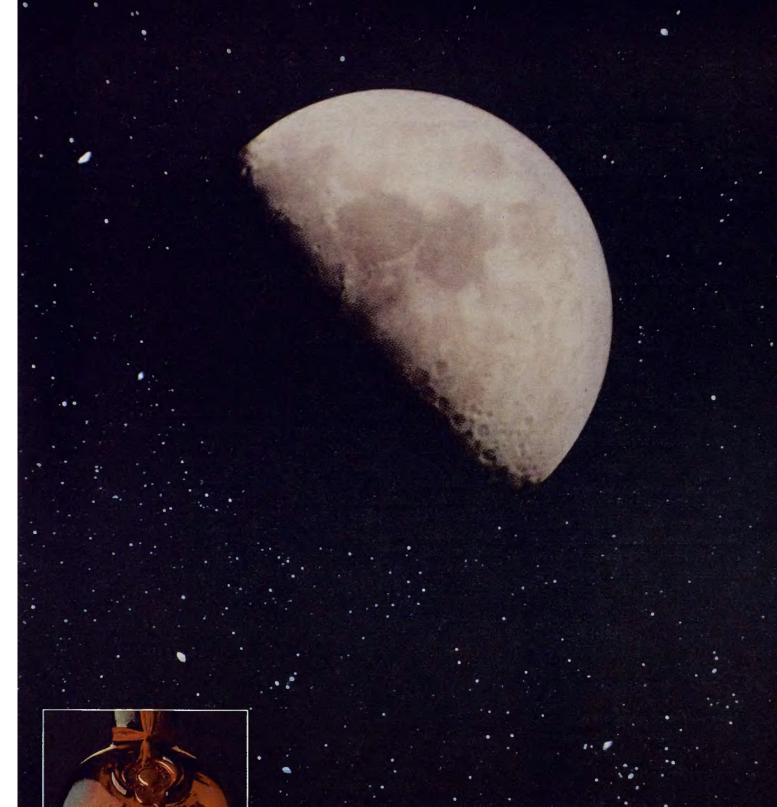


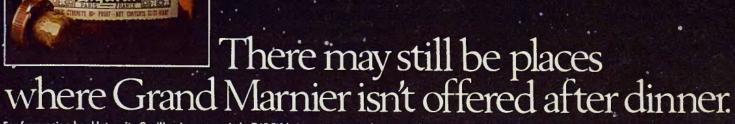
No. 209. 209. — THE DEVOTED MOTHER, BUT INDIFFERENT WIFE,

AN HONORED GRANDMOTHER



AN OUTCAST





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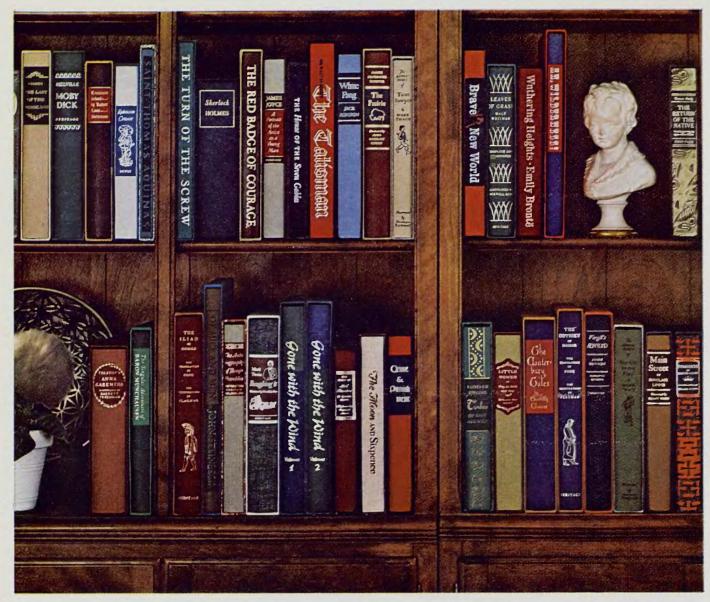
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someone who has been drilled in the litanies of fact finding, this is a valuable lesson. Wicker, one of the most respected journalists in the business, has been learning the pitfalls of that profession since 1949 and has written a work

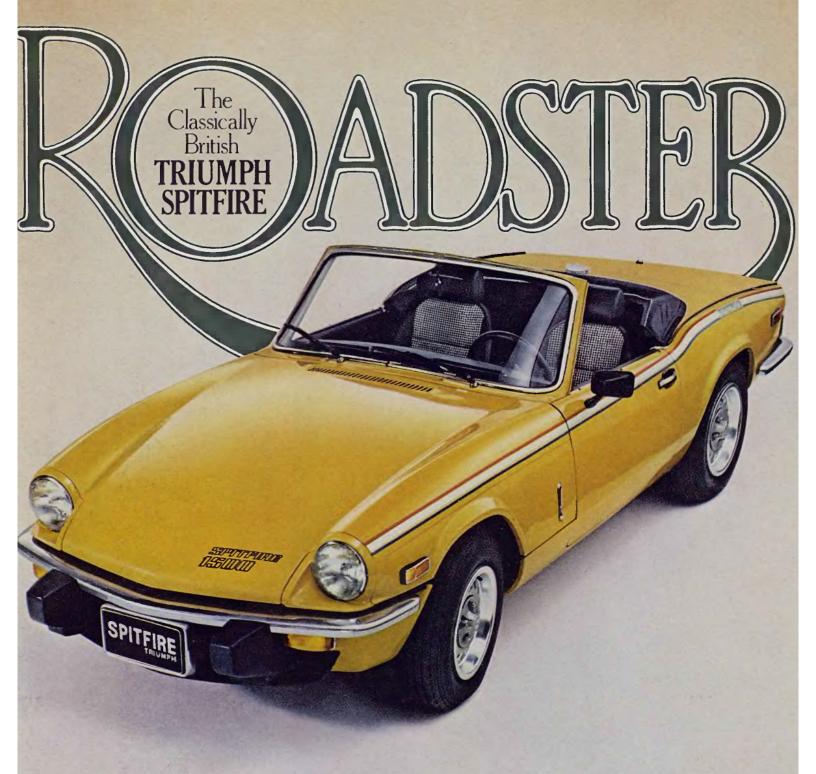


Wicker's On Press: textbook.

of seminal importance to journalists and aspiring reporters. It may also be that he has written a good handbook for the average citizen who would like to know just what sort of crap he is being fed in the major newspapers every day.

In the wild West, or so we have been led to believe, when the townfolk were being harassed by the local meanies and the sheriff was too busy shaking in his boots and drinking redeye to help, the city fathers would send for an out-of-town gunslinger to clean up the town. Very often, when the smoke cleared, the citizens found they had a new problem: The gunslinger now ran the town. George O'Toole thinks things haven't changed much. In The Private Sector: Rent-A-Cops, Private Spies, and the Police-Industrial Complex (Norton), O'Toole adds up all the hired guns in this country and comes up with what he describes as "appalling" statistics. Appalling statistic number one: There are about 1,000,000 police officers in America, and roughly half of them are private cops. Appalling statistic number two: Private security is a five-billiondollar business that's growing at an annual rate of 10 to 15 percent. What's worse, O'Toole asserts, is that these legions of Paladins and Sam Spades operate virtually unchecked by public authority, peeking into our bedrooms, tapping our company phones and building dossiers from our check-cashing applications. By 1990, O'Toole's sources tell him, privatesector security personnel will outnumber public police by two to one.

Oddly, though, when O'Toole begins breaking down this Frankenstein's monster, we find it composed of such familiar figures as plant guards, private dicks on divorce cases, crowd-control ushers and corporate gumshoes protecting the secret recipes of client cookie companies. Only occasionally do we get a hint of real abuses stemming from the rent-a-cop industry. The Private Sector is well-researched, interesting and readable, but as an exposé it lacks teeth. If we are in peril at all, it's from people who build conspiracies out



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of statistics. Next, we expect to hear we're being menaced by the sinister proliferation of fast-food franchisers.

Hypothesis: A few years ago, Stephen King opened a magazine and saw an advertisement for a correspondence course in writing. He clipped the coupon, filled in his name and mailed it. He didn't notice that the coupon was oddly shaped, a pentangle instead of the regular rectangle. He was somewhat surprised to

> find that he had called forth the Devil, or whatever spirit is the muse of the macabre. Helplessly in



Night Shift: spine-tingling.

out Carrie, its spell, he turned Salem's Lot and The Shining resurrected and singlehandedly its moldy the horror novel from grave. Night Shift (Doubleday) is a collection of stories from King's apprenticeship, featuring rats and other creatures from the subbasement, toys that come to life, machines possessed by evil spirits, dark things that live in the woods, strange shapes under the sheets. The stories are tight, hit-and-run horror. Keep this book by your bedside for those nights when you can't stay awake; you'll be up all night.

QUICK READS

Robert Anderson / Getting Up and Going Home (Simon & Schuster): An earnest, serious novel, by the author of I Never Sang for My Father and Tea and Sympathy, about a middle-aged man whose wife decides to divorce him. This engaging and readable book has one flaw: It never tells us why the wife is leaving.

Graham Greene / The Human Factor (Simon & Schuster): Excerpted in the February PLAYBOY, Greene's latest is a major literary event, a marvelous tale of spies and intrigue spun with intricate skill by a master storyteller. This one is a must.

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DINING & DRINKING

Sorry, Kipling: What you said about East is East, etc., just isn't true anymore, at least not in the gay community. The twain do meet-dramatically-at Manhattan's Twilight, 1463 Third Avenue. You may see slender Thai youths, clustered at the bar's Western end, vamping a bearded British art dealer; a Japanese hairdresser leading an American claims adjuster into a mirror-walled alcove for some disco cavorting. Linguistically, the place is pure Tower of Babel modernewalk from one end to the other and you'll overhear conversations held in Korean, Tagalog (the national language of the Philippines), Thai, Japanese, Indian and more Chinese dialects than you knew existed. The decor remains nationalistically neutral. We are, after all, not in Bangkok-not in Somerset Maugham territory at all-but on Manhattan's Upper East Side, in a relatively conservative night spot whose owners would no more dream of installing rice-paper screens or rattan chairs than its conventionally clad customers would consider wearing kimonos or pigtails. You'll find no revival of The Mikado at the Twilight. What you will find is something unique in New York's ongoing explosion of specialized sex scenes: a gay bar for Orientals-and Caucasians who dig Orientals.

On weekdays, the Twilight is simply another neighborhood gay bar, its customers a typical assortment of happyhour schlubs; and on week nights it sometimes remains that way. But on weekends, as the evening moves along, the premises undergo a chameleon change. A jolly young Chinese goes behind the bar. Van, the Caucasian co-owner, and his Chinese lover station themselves at the door and Jimmy, a Vietnamese waiter, takes over the floor. And the Asians start

coming in.

"This place has given me a whole new lease on life," enthuses one blithe spirit, a Bronx-born Jewish banker who's just arrived with an almond-eyed dancer from The King and I. "You know the worst thing about promiscuity? It's that everybody starts having the same name. But coming here is like being handed a whole new telephone directory. I mean, where else will you find so many unfamiliar names-like Toyo, Kenzo, Kosaku, Quock, So-Chin, Dat, Jaya or Om?"

Caucasians with an affinity for Orientals are known, in gay vernacular, as rice queens; their predilection is sometimes referred to as yellow fever. One of the bar's regulars, a college English professor, explains: "I never did like hairy bodies-even a little chest hair would lessen my interest. At the bathhouses, I discovered Orientals, with their smooth, silky flesh. I've been hooked ever since." An electrical engineer confesses: "My



A visit to the Twilight, a new wrinkle in gay bars where East and West check each other out.

company kept me in Japan for ten years and I went native. I spoke Japanese, hung out in the Tokyo gay bars-which are no bigger than broom closets-and had Japanese lovers. When the company moved me back to America, I was uprooted. Only by coming here do I feel socially comfortable, at home."

Another regular, a multilingual UN functionary, comes through the door. Modestly bearded, respectably longhaired, he has settled down from his college years-what he calls his "pre-Twilight era," when he would go around town wearing T-shirts custom-lettered in various Asian languages and flaunting such messages as IF YOU'RE THAI-AND MALE-KISS ME! "I felt like a combination sex fiend and invisible man," he reminisces. "Depending on what language I was wearing. I'd be picked up by Thais, Singaporeans, Japanese. The police never bothered me-how many cops can read Thai? Did I have any trouble? Only once-in a subway station near Chinatown. I was wearing my Chinese shirt. Suddenly, these five kids-all of them hard-core Chinatown juvenile delinquents-noticed me. They came over.

Unpleasant things were said and I thought I was in for some unwanted kung-fu lessons. But, good language major that I was, I didn't forget the power of communication: I started talking in Mandarin. That blew their minds, the sight of a New York freak talking their language. Our parting, as they say, was amicable."

Why a preference for men of different pigmentation, different language, different cultural assumptions (men, indeed, who may never have watched a single episode of Star Trek)? In his highly controversial but endlessly seminal book The Homosexual Matrix, C. A. Tripp suggests that the attraction may lie in precisely those differences. If the sexual drive-in part-is reaching out for something different, then heterosexuality has a built-in advantage, given the anatomical variance between man and woman. Gays, on the other hand, must seek-or create-other differences. Hence sadomasochism. Or Caucasian-black. Or Occidental-Oriental. "I love the Twilight," says one delighted sybarite. "It's so totally and frankly racial!"

The Twilight may have an additional appeal to its Oriental customers. Coowner Van (his two partners are Chinese) claims that other bars can be hostile to Orientals, many of whom aren't big drinkers. "Here we cater specifically to them," he declares. "If they want to order something nonalcoholic, that's cool. Or if they buy only one drink, they won't be hassled. It's their place. Straights may be welcome here, but giggling tourists are not. If an Oriental and a Caucasian get in a fight and it's hard to figure who's at fault, the Caucasian would probably be told to leave."

The majority of the Twilight's Orientals have little or no sexual interest in other Orientals-they are rice queens in reverse and delight in calling themselves potato queens. Many are still fairly shy in approaching a Caucasian, admits a Chinese auditor with a face like Geneviève Bujold's: "Don't forget, for some of us, the Twilight is our first meaningful social contact with native Americans. Some of these guys may still be working as waiters in Chinatown, earning weekly salaries of \$45. Or maybe they're pulling \$75 a week in a sweatshop. The Twilight may bring them uptown, but they've still got a foot in the ghetto."

His friend, a Chinese welfare worker, agrees: "So many of the Orientals-not just the Chinese-are going through transition. To them, the American as sex object embodies a fantasy-a new identity, a new lifestyle, a step in the cultural crossover they hope to make. Possess an American sexually and you possess the American dream." -JACK HIEMENZ

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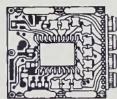
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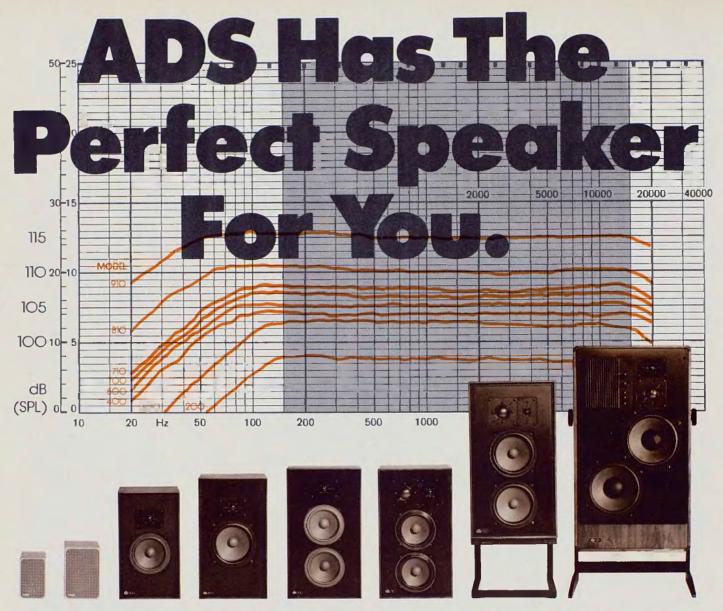
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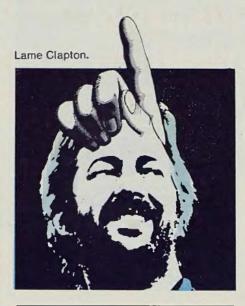


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MUSIC

ike every other review section, we were going to do the "clever" thing and review together the new solo albums by ex-Band members Levon Helm and Rick Danko. What might they reveal about the inner mysteries, etc., n.b., ibid., op. cit.? The trouble is, what they reveal is not much, and Danko's Rick Donko (Arista) bears as much relation to Eric Clapton's latest, Slowhand (RSO), as it does to Levon Helm and The RCO All-Stars (ABC). That is true partly because practically everyone on these albums played together at The Last Waltz, The Band's beautiful farewell to touring together, and they trade off here like teenage country cousins after the lights go out. Drummer Helm has quietly put together something of a supergroup, with the beating heart of Booker T. & the M.G.'s (Booker T., Steve Cropper, Donald "Duck" Dunn), as well as Dr. John and Paul Butterfield. You might expect some heavy-duty swamp-water blues from that bunch, but the album is curiously . . . jaunty. Even on a weeper such as Rain Down Tears, everybody sounds quite cheery. Much of the album is smooth son-of-Memphis R&B, but given the high-powered crowd assembled, little was delivered-and what goes on under Havana Moon is best quickly forgotten. That, in fact, is what all three albums share most: In spite of flawless musicianship, production, etc., they just aren't very interesting. The chief villain in each case is the same: uninspired tunes, written by the stars/band members/girlfriends/cats/astral voices/ whatever. Yes, we all have a song in our hearts, but some are much better than others. Clapton can be such a fine interpreter of other people's music that he should be enjoined from writing his own, particularly when it's as lame as it is on Slowhand. The best cut on it is J. I. Cale's Cocaine, followed by Don Williams' We're All the Way, which could be a single out of Nashville. But Peaches and Diesel is a long, dull road with flat ennui for a view on both sides, not a wistful vista in sight; and Next Time You See Her, the semicelebrated autobiography in which Clapton at last lets out his anger about losing his girl, sounds musically in spots like a limp cop from Rick Nelson's Garden Party, right down to the vocals, with such lines as "I couldn't be the last love, so how could you be the first?" One bonus for those who prize economy is that side two seems to be well over an hour long. We'll take Rick-Danko, that is. He wins the Self-Indulgence Follies by having at least a hand in writing every cut on Rick Danko (could the title be a giveaway?), but at least he's managed to generate a couple that are beyond marginal. Best is Brainwash, which echoes



Expendable albums from Clapton and friends; a tribute to Duke Ellington with a good deed thrown in; and a look at waxed fantasy.



Let's hear it for the Duke.

back in sparks and psychic splinters to the nervously surreal, Dylan-touched days when Danko was The Band's voice for the metaphysical jitters, which it suffered so often so well. And since his all-pro sideman line-up features Robbie Robertson, Clapton, Doug Sahm and Ronnie Wood, there's actually more hot-shit guitar on Rick Danko than on Slowhand. Given the prices these days, you might do better to pass on all three and wait for the triple live LP of The Last Waltz, which will feature

most of these guys and more doing real material instead of auditions for *The Ego Game*.

It seems ironic that the late Bing Crosby's track on A Tribute to Duke (Concord Jazz) should be the weakest link in the album. Der Bingle in his prime was as fine a purveyor of jazz vocalese as there was in the business. His singing on Don't Get Around Much Any More (probably one of the last things he did) is an embarrassment; there's no feel and no voice apparent. The instrumentalists-pianist Nat Pierce, tenor man Scott Hamilton (who can sound remarkably like Ben Webster), trumpeter Bill Berry, bassist Monty Budwig and drummer Jake Hanna-do their best, but it's all to no avail. The balance of the album proves to be much better, Tony Bennett singing Prelude to a Kiss and I'm Just a Lucky So and So, Rosemary Clooney swinging on I'm Checking Out-Goom Bye and caressing Sophisticated Lady. Woody Herman chips in with In a Sentimental Mood and the rest are instrumentals, including a marvelous Main Stem, which has always been one of our favorite cookers. Sale of the album helps the Duke Ellington Cancer Center, and if you overlook the Crosby mistake, it's a noteworthy contribution to a worthy cause.

You'll probably feel a rush of déjà vu the moment you start listening to Cissy Houston (Private Stock). The voice, decidedly, has been around-on television singing jingles for RC Cola, Miller High Life and Maxwell House; on backup vocals for everyone from Elvis to Aretha; as part of a Sixties group called The Sweet Inspirations. Ultimately, Houston may go down in recording history as R&B's greatest anonymous singer-unless this solo album brings her out of the shadows. It should. Just compare her bravura handling of that torcher Make It Easy on Yourself with earlier versions by Jerry Butler or Dionne Warwick. The lady holds her own. Her ecstatic version of Tomorrow invests the Broadway tune with near operatic grandeur. And she employs the R&B singer's full arsenal of vocal weaponry-melisma, note bending, groans of physical abandon-in Morning Much Better, a song whose racy lyrics caused it to be banned by Southern radio stations when Ten Wheel Drive originated it in the late Sixties. Its bawdy message comes across here stronger than ever. If this album doesn't throw the national spotlight on Cissy Houston, we're dropping out of the soothsayer business.

If you look at science fiction and its close cousin fantasy as an industry, then 1977 was a banner year. One editor,

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Yet if all this sounds too good to be true, here's one thing



Frederick Pohl, estimated that sci-fi authors as a group made somewhere around \$10,000,000. Two of them, Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle, received over a quarter of a million dollars for the paperback rights to their ultimate-disaster novel, Lucifer's Hammer (Playboy Press). The film Star Wars made God knows how much money, followed to the bank by Close Encounters. Logan's Run came to television, along with The Man from Atlantis, the Bionics, Lucan and ad infinitum reruns of Star Trek. Any industry on a winning streak is likely to



Fantasy and sci-fi on wax.

diversify, and sci-fi is no exception. What's left? you ask. Records. You can't dance to them-the beat is nonexistentbut we'd give 'em an 89 for words. Caedmon offers Isaac Asimov, Frank Herbert, Christopher Tolkien and Ursula K. LeGuin. The readings are amazingly different: Asimov in The Mayors races through the "Mayors" section from Foundation as if he were a precinct captain reporting to a Brooklyn ward boss. Frank Herbert reads the banquet scene from Dune in a voice somewhat between that of a radio-serial announcer and the Galloping Gourmet. Christopher Tolkien intones The Silmarillion of Beren and Lúthien as though he were reading an introduction to an Errol Flynn movie. In Gwilan's Harp and Intracom, Ursula K. LeGuin creates five voices for a dramatic reading of Intracom, then returns to her own pipes for Gwilan's Harp. We fully expected that we'd listen to these records once and file them with our collection of comix and early Star Trek memorabilia. To our surprise, we found ourselves playing them two or three times and, inevitably, going back to the original works. LeGuin's prose style is poetry when spoken. The space-opera melodramatics of Asimov and Herbert become aural holograms when touched by a voice. And Caristopher Tolkien breathes life into the words of his late fatheralmost making The Silmarillion work

Since when do you drink Jim Beam?

"Since I got the big picture."



as a story. Obviously, the records were intended for library collections, but you might find room for one or two of these on your own racks. They sure beat punk rock.

Touring is hard business. Bands roving the country in buses begin to suffer a strange malady called road madness. The symptoms approximate those suffered by Clint Eastwood in The Gauntlet: He ended up driving his bus onto the steps of city hall in downtown Phoenix. Jackson Browne's case is somewhat less severe. He used his bus-along with motel rooms, rehearsal rooms and stages across the country-as a recording studio. The result is a very live and loose album, Running on Empty (Asylum); its songs are, not surprisingly, about life on the road. The quality is high: When your backup musicians include David Lindley and Danny Kortchmar, you could record in the washroom in Grand Central and still have a better product than most of what you hear on the radio these days. High point: a rendition of Zodiac's Stay (in which the band pleads with the audience to stick around for a few more numbers: "The promoter won't mind / the unions won't mind. . . . Please, please, please stay"). Music is the only cure for road madness, unless you count cocaine and, yes, Browne does a nice send-up of the Reverend Gary Davis classic Cocaine. Bar wisdom used to be that if you sang songs about booze, people would buy you drinks. Is there a hidden message here?

SHORT CUTS

The Temptations / Hear to Tempt You (Atlantic): On a new label, and with only two of their original members, they still retain a distinctive sound.

Billy Preston / A Whole New Thing (A & M): A bit more disco than usual, but it's basically Billy, with space-age instrumentals and the obligatory nod to Ray Charles.

Richie Havens / Mirage (A & M): For a while, he sounds contemporary—and good. Then the old New Left/folk-music hang-ups re-emerge.

George Duke / Reach for It (Epic): A master of many styles, he's now doing some Bootsy Collins-type rapping—in between the Latin/jazz numbers, of course.

Billy Paul / Only the Strong Survive (Philadelphia International): We believe him when he sings the title tune. But he sounds too comfortable to be Takin' It to the Streets.

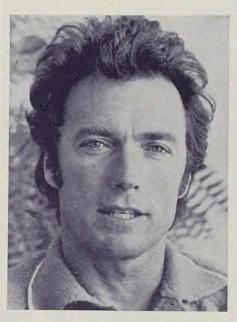
Wet Willie / Manorisms (Epic): Idiotsyncratic Southern rock with the soul of a K Mart.

Steve Gibbons Band / Caught in the Act (MCA): How to run the gauntlet from Chuck Berry to the Beatles to Bob Dylan without getting breathless.

PRESS

Actor Clint Eastwood has always been a man of comparatively few words—in real life as well as in his onscreen portrayals of such individualists as the laconic Man with No Name of Sergio Leone spaghetti-Western fame. Time magazine, in a recent cover story on Eastwood and his fellow box-office bankable Burt Reynolds, managed to come up with some eight quotes from Clint. Senior Editor Gretchen McNeese, reading the Time piece one evening, thought five of them sounded suspiciously familiar. She checked them against the February 1974 "Playboy Interview" she and Arthur Knight had conducted with Eastwood; the results appear below. It's nice to know that Time recognizes a good source when it sees one.

PLAYBOY



"We don't have a staff of 26 and a fancy office. I've got a six-pack of beer under my arm, and a few pieces of paper, and a couple of pencils, and I'm in business. Hell, I can work in a closet."

EASTWOOD: I'm a political nothing.

But at the same time, a lot of actors who play Henry the Fifth can't play my characters. They'd be ludicrous.

EASTWOOD: My theory was that I could foul my career up just as well as some-body else could foul it up for me, so why not try it?

EASTWOOD: Well, I've been lucky enough in life to head up my own company at a young age, make my own decisions, shape my own career. With a lot of help, of course. I guess I'm pretty self-sufficient, and I think that's appealing from the audience's point of view, because there are so many things to feel unself-sufficient about in life.

TIME



"If I've got a six-pack under my arm, a few pieces of paper and a couple of pencils, I'm in business,"

A self-

described "political nothing,"

"A lot of actors who play Henry V can't play my character. They'd be ludicrous."

"My theory was that I could foul my career up just as well as somebody else, so why not try it?"

As Eastwood says, "I've been lucky enough to shape my own career. With a lot of help, of course. I guess I'm pretty self-sufficient, and I think that's appealing to the audience, because there are so many things to feel un-self-sufficient about in life."

—Richard Schickel



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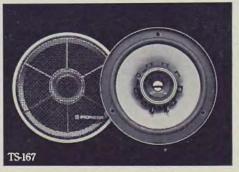
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MOVIES

The Choirboys, adapted by Christopher Knopf from Joseph Wambaugh's bestselling novel. The squad of L.A. policemen on exhibition are confirmed racists, drunks, punks, sexual samurai or practicing sadomasochists in their off-duty hours, which are mostly devoted to juvenile bacchanalian revels they call choir practice. Consorting with whores, shooting at ducks in MacArthur Park or handcuffing one of their bare-assed buddies to a tree until a cruising faggot spots him-these are typical diversions for L.A.'s finest in this knockabout comedy of police corruption. Robert Aldrich directed, and author Wambaugh-after his own first attempt at a screenplay was trashed-found the project so sleazy that he filed a \$2,500,000 lawsuit against Lorimar Productions and took out an ad in Variety to air his indignation. However the legal hassles are resolved, and setting aesthetic questions aside for a moment, Choirboys will probably make a bundle at the box office because it is guilty as charged-a lowest-common-denominator crowd pleaser that's sure to enrage critics and Wambaugh (a former cop turned serious novelist) while delighting indiscriminate Saturday-night fun seekers who look for the same things in a movie that they seek in a raunchy after-hours strip joint. The Choirboys has it all, twice as crude and twice as lewd as Slap Shot, for example, with Perry King, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Charles Durning (as a character nicknamed Spermwhale) heading a company of macho pigs whose misbehavin' ought to delight every cop hater in every blighted inner city from coast to coast. The actors are far superior to their material, yet they chew the scenery and spew the script's four-letter profanities with apparent relish. Wambaugh must have had his head in the sand if he was expecting sensitivity from Aldrich, a director whose hallmark is the hard-hat rowdiness of The Dirty Dozen and The Longest Yard.

A few comic highlights from High Anxiety, Mel Brooks's homage to Alfred Hitchcock, were previewed in PLAYBOY'S January issue: we can report now that you should see the movie, by all means. Who'd want to miss a hilarious parody of the Psycho shower scene (while bathing. Brooks is attacked by a demented bellhop brandishing a newspaper) or a wildly funny and completely irrelevant spoof of Frank Sinatra (Brooks again, as a distinguished shrink who captivates a night-club audience by belting out the psychiatrically slanted title tune with all the aplomb of Ol' Blue Eyes in his prime)? If there are any reasonable standards by which to measure Brooks's special brand of movie madness, though,



The Choirboys: cheap shot.

High Anxiety and The Choirboys disappoint; Gray Lady Down affords predictable suspense.



Minor-league Brooks is still hilarious.

we'd rank the rest of High Anxiety several cuts below Young Frankenstein and Silent Movie. Spoofing Hitchcock's thrillers is a tricky business, since Hitchcock himself weaves threads of dryly sophisticated humor through many of his most masterful exercises in suspense. Mel's broadsides are the antithesis of Hitchcockian comedy, and the cultural gap occasionally makes things awkward. A take-off on The Birds, for example, looks fine on paper but goes flat on film because the whole joke is too obviously rigged to make Brooks the target for a barrage of birdshit. His slapstick is wielded to better effect when Mel, Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, Howard Morris and a madcap company perform double takes in response to the sound-track music (composed and conducted by John Morris as if to underscore the fact that damned few straight thrillers would make the grade without full orchestral accompaniment). This bunch can goose an audience into guffaws even when their material is just fair to middling.

The plot of Gray Lady Down is as predictably tight as the innards of your new waterproof watch. A nuclear submarine called Neptune, after colliding on the surface with a Norwegian freighter, sinks to 1450 feet-a good 200 feet below its official crush depth-but miraculously remains intact while the U.S. Navy mobilizes a harrowing rescue operation. Charlton Heston commands the stricken sub and Ronny Cox goes slowly to pieces as the nervous executive officer who was destined to become skipper immediately after the Neptune's final fateful voyage. Stacy Keach directs the rescue mission, while David Carradine and Ned Beatty valiantly submerge in the trouble-shooting Smark, a two-man vehicle equipped with searchlights, TV cameras and a mechanical arm. Down below, injured men are dying, the air supply is running low and gravity slides threaten to dislodge the sub from its precarious perch on the shelf of a trench more than two miles deep. Will disaster be averted until a D.S.R.V. (deep-sea rescue vessel) arrives to save the crew from a watery grave in the abyss? We'd be rats to divulge exactly how the movie ends, but maybe you can guess. Gray Lady Down has a slick and suspenseful script, directed in the best stiff-upper-lip tradition by David Greene, underplayed to the hilt by Heston, Carradine and a stalwart company (with nice work in minor roles by Stephen McHattie and Christopher Reeve, who was subsequently recruited to play Superman). Technically, no serious fault can be found with Gray Lady Down. The only thing lacking is a glimmer of originality to distinguish this disaster-at-sea epic from a dozen previous cliff-hangers, equally competent and equally indebted to the Navy Department for cooperation. There's nary a moment of boredom, just an overwhelming sense that these sailors in dire straits are the same frantic, familiar tars we have encountered before.

TV's Henry Winkler, idolized as the Fonz of Happy Days, makes his second bid for movie stardom in The One and Only, a soso romantic comedy that would be judged a setback to the career of any ordinary performer. However, such a prediction might sound reckless after Heroes, blasted by a healthy percentage

"She can't draw. I can't paint. But no one can say we're not creative."

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of critics, whose smoking guns have not scared off millions of loval Winkler fans: his public obviously sticks with him through thick and thin while he's searching for a viable big-screen image. So far, he can't seem to find the miracleworking part that will do for him what Saturday Night Fever does for John Travolta. Directed by Carl Reiner (of Oh, God! and multimedia comic triumphs), The One and Only sets Winkler back in the Fifties as a would-be genius actor named Andy Schmidt. "I happen to be a big talent. I can sing, dance, tell jokes . . . what I am is great," says Schmidt, who keeps telling us rather than showing us why we ought to root for a schlemiel described in the film's production notes as "a wild and zany young guy who falls in love and leaves college to pursue his dream of stardom, which comes true in the most unlikely of arenas." The unlikely arena is a wrestling ring, where the jobless thespian finally achieves success as a cutesy carbon copy of Gorgeous Georgethough he is billed as The Lover and minces into the fray decked out in a blond wig, heavy make-up, furs and pastel-pink trunks. His grandstand manner and insatiable hunger for applause are not especially sympathetic traits, though, and Winkler has to strain to pump some personal charm into a cardboard character written by Steve Gordon. An occasional good gag is helped by actor-director Gene Saks, broadly playing a sleazy fight promoter who keeps griping about his son the faggot, or by Hervé Villechaize as a lusty midget who will grapple with anything in skirts. As Schmidt's college sweetheart and longsuffering wife, who simply wants him to stay home and help raise their baby, Kim Darby (the plucky adolescent of True Grit) emerges from her self-imposed semiretirement to play a thankless role for pure pathos, as if she were moved to tears just to be working again. The One and Only is substantially better than Heroes, which was terribleand that, sports fans, means it's only good enough to keep the Fonz legend in a holding pattern.

While we've been waiting-and waiting and waiting-for Francis Ford Coppola's Apocalypse Now to expose the folly of war in a multimillion-dollar spectacular now scheduled for fall release, director Sidney J. Furie has sneaked off to the Philippines and come back with the best picture to date on the sadly neglected subject of America's fiasco in Vietnam. The Boys in Company C, written by Furie in collaboration with Rick Natkin, is an angry, scathing antiwar movie made with a relatively unknown cast, a relatively tiny budget and a lot of moxie. The boys are a bunch of Marine recruits being trained as killers back in '67. They enter boot



Henry, you're Gorgeous.

Winkler wrestles; Furie films 'Nam's losers; J. Edgar Hoover exposed.



Company C: best yet on Vietnam.

camp reviled as "maggots" and "fuckin' civilian slime" and emerge eight weeks later, brainwashed, pretending to be the "biggest, baddest, meanest mothers" ever psyched up to search and destroy. Once in action, they learn much more. How to traffic in drugs. How to drink, smoke and screw their way through a 24-hour leave. How to wipe out a Vietnamese village on the whim of officers whose sole concern is a body count to fulfill the required daily quota. Furie isn't aiming for a balanced approach: He's stating the case for the prosecution, and he mounts it in a straightforward, semidocumentary style that looks as lousy and demoralizing as the real war. Stan Shaw, Michael Lembeck, James Canning, Craig Wasson and Andrew Stevens portray the usual cross section of cannon fodder-Shaw as the sullen black planning some drug deals, Lembeck as the wise-ass big-town wop, Wasson as the guitar-strumming hippieyet they all manage, with Furie's help, to transform cliché characters into warmblooded, believable leathernecks, most of whom are destined to die. Potent drama. The Boys in Company C should

spell professional redemption for Furie, a perennially promising but erratic director who used to dazzle the crowds with such savvy showpieces as *The Ipcress File* but went haywire with the turgid *Gable and Lombard*. Apparently, all he needed was a surge of righteous rage.

We live in an age that glorifies behindthe-scenes gossip, so the time ought to be right for The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover, writer-producer-director Larry (It's Alive) Cohen's jittery film bio of the late great G man. Although the movie sags, the topic is fascinating. First, there's the nowit-can-be-told aspect of its revelations about Hoover's power mania, his possible impotence, his momma's-boy period and rumors of homosexuality, the last supported by his close lifelong friendship with Clyde Tolson. Second, though, Private Files simply reminds us that Nixon and Watergate and the CIA's topsecret machinations have created an atmosphere in which John Q. Public is not just cynical but practically impervious to shock. Gay or straight or power hungry, Hoover has been upstaged by worse monsters, many of them still at large. Broderick Crawford's strong but fair-minded performance and his uncanny resemblance to J. Edgar are the movie's major assets; the rest seems to be a game of Celebrity Squares, the guess-who division-with Michael Parks as Robert F. Kennedy, Dan Dailey as Tolson, Howard Da Silva as F.D.R., Lloyd Gough as Walter Winchell, George Plimpton as Quentin Reynolds, Raymond St. Jacques as Martin Luther King, Jr. Some Washington sequences were shot on location in the FBI building, in Hoover's old home. even in Tolson's apartment. Such guaranteed verisimilitude may be worth a nickel or a dime, but the truth is much harder to come by. Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover skims the surface of its subject and reduces his portrait to a size just right for the kind of fictionalized docudrama that usually becomes a oneshot TV special.

An Unmarried Woman could turn out to be Paul Mazursky's Annie Hall. Even more than Woody Allen, writer-director Mazursky has rather loosely played his own life story for laughs in some sprightly satires, from Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice to Next Stop, Greenwich Village. He's not just kidding around in Unmarried Woman, a poignant and sharply entertaining comedy in which he gallan'ly tips his hat, in effect, to certain modern women he has known-those discarded wives who face a period of adjustment as divorcees, forced into a new relationship with themselves, their children, their former mates, friends and men in general. Mazursky chose Jill Clayburgh to play his castoff lady, Erica, and though Clayburgh has previously registered as a love



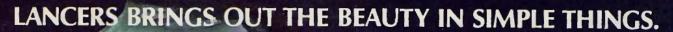
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goddess with a rather low metabolism (she was the better half of Gable and Lombard, but that's not saying much), here she transforms a soap-opera heroine into an intelligent, funny, sympathetic, totally contemporary survivor of the current overheated battle of the sexes. Among her chief adversaries are Michael Murphy, who plays the straying husband as a bastard with some honest pangs of conscience; Cliff Gorman as a horny artist who's ever ready to help a girl prove that she's still phenomenal in bed; and England's Alan Bates, bullish and commanding as another artist, a take-over type who is probably going to be exactly what Erica needs when and if she figures out exactly what she wants.

Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller and Pat Quinn play Erica's girl chums, who are into consciousness-raising; they form a protective cordon around their friend and dish up some of the film's sassiest dialog when they start yakking about sex, marriage, kids, drugs, the male animal, younger men as lovers, etc.

"Since I started taking lithium, I feel more sensible than this month's Good Housekeeping," cracks Bishop (Broadway's Tony Award winner from A Chorus Line), playing a not-so-gay divorcee who has realistically decided to settle for a good steady lay without love. Lisa Lucas plays the teenaged daughter with whom An Unmarried Woman must also come to terms.

With this role, Clayburgh establishes herself as a close rival to Diane Keaton; she's a low-key romantic charmer who asks nothing more from life than lasting happiness, a trip to Tibet, maybe ownership of a chic little restaurant where she can get up and sing now and then if she feels like it. Before the fade-out, you're apt to identify with Bates—wanting Jill to stick around until breakfast, meet you later for lunch and promise to keep her next few weekends clear.

The tragedies of Euripides are not ideal movie material, and Michael Cacoyannis has been a hit-or-miss director since his Zorba the Greek swept up several Oscars in 1964. Completing his Euripidean film trilogy, which began with Electra (1962) and continued with The Trojan Women (1971), Cacoyannis' eloquent and moving Iphigenia boasts another powerhouse performance by Irene Papas. Classical purists who object to the liberties Cacoyannis takes with the text may pick away at Iphigenia and win every argument, but they cannot deny the film's headlong energy, its soaring passion, its uncanny trick of making ancient history seem as immediate and shocking as yesterday's headlines. Lest ye forget, Iphigenia is one more stirring chapter in the Helen of Troy saga-with Agamemnon (Costa Kazakos) and all the lesser kings of Greece becalmed in the Bay of Aulis with their thousand ships, ready, as soon as the wind rises, to sail away to sack Troy and avenge Menelaus, the husband Helen has betrayed. The Greek armies are lounging on the beach-naked, hungry and restive-when a seer tells Agamemnon that he can launch the fleet and appease the gods only by sacrificing his beloved young daughter Iphigenia. Enter Papas as Queen Clytemnestra, who believes that their nubile daughter has been summoned to marry Achilles. When the truth becomes known, all hell breaks loose and Papas demonstrates that a queen mother betrayed in a Greek tragedy is a formidable force of nature. In the title role, fledgling actress Tatiana Papamoskou, a Hellenic heartbreaker, looks innocent as a fawn with war hounds baying at her heels. Iphigenia on film is stagy, but a hypnotic, enthralling human drama as

A handsome quarter horse plays the title role in Cosey's Shadow and becomes a contender in the All American Futurity race at Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico. (For those of you who didn't read



Shadow and Casey.

PLAYBOY'S August 1971 piece on the All American, \$8884.42 a Second, it's an annual Labor Day-weekend event, the world's highest-paying horse race, in which quarter horses compete in four races for a total purse of well over \$1,000,000.) While Casey's Shadow probably sounds like a replay of National Velvet or a swell idea for a heart-warming family movie out of Disney's stable, hold on to your hats. No film starring Walter Matthau as a cantankerous Cajun horse trainer from Louisiana can be all that wholesome, and Carol Sobieski's fresh, informative screenplay was obviously designed to show off Walter's private stock of hickory-smoked ham. Playing the wayward father of three unbridled boys (Andrew A. Rubin, Steve Burns and Michael Hershewe-every one of them a winner), Matthau maintains his slovenly household in such an offhand manner that his wife has long since decamped. His notion of discipline is to threaten the boys with bodily injury-being skinned or burned alive, things like that-and he

tries to make up for a misspent life by buying an old nag in foal, praying he'll get a million-dollar colt. The trick is that the nag has been surreptitiously bred by a champion sire from the rich stable of Mrs. Sarah Blue, queen bee of the horsy set. Alexis Smith plays the regal lady saltily, while Matthau licks his wounds and works the angles under the direction of Martin Ritt (of Hud, The Front, et al.). Casey's Shadow leaves little time for romance but plenty of time for touchy father-son relationships, rambunctious horseplay and so much colorful racetrack atmosphere that the feverish will to win becomes contagious. One of these days, if he keeps up his present pace as a grumpy, lovable slob, Matthau is going to have to admit that he's actually a reincarnation of Wallace Beery.

FILM CLIPS

The Gauntlet: Clint Eastwood directed and also stars in this illogical action melodrama that may have been wired together rather than written. Eastwood plays a lawman trying to deliver a whore (Sondra Locke) to a mobster's trial at which she is scheduled to testify—and somebody, somewhere, wants them to have a serious accident en route. Between narrow escapes, Clint and Sondra fall in love, what else? Neither her stalwart leading man nor the audience can doze, though, once Locke revs up to show what an A-1 actress can do with a nothing role.

The Late Great Planet Earth: Doomsday predictions, in semidocumentary form, are liberally illustrated with interviews and news footage, intoned by Orson Welles with some sepulchral direct quotes from the best-selling book (15,000,000 copies sold in 30 languages) by Hal Lindsey. According to Lindsey, who insists that the Bible tells us so, it's all going to end with a bang in the troublesome Middle East, rather soon—and a new Messiah shall lead us into Armageddon. What's really hard to believe is that a volatile subject could be made into a movie so consistently blah.

The Children of Theatre Street: Princess Grace of Monaco was lured back to the screen to narrate this awesome, engrossing behind-the-scenes film about the Kirov school of ballet (officially, the Vaganova Choreographic Institute) in Leningrad, where three hopeful students-one a blossoming prima ballerina-work like slaves to duplicate the feats of such distinguished alumni as Nureyev, Baryshnikov, Balanchine and Nijinsky. Made under American auspices with Soviet cooperation (and subsequently banned in Russia because several celebrated defectors are mentioned). Theatre Street emphasizes that a stint of 10 to 12 years in a Marine boot camp would be mere child's play compared with training for a career in Russian dance.

X-RATED

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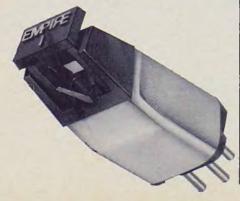
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Constance Money, Annette Haven, Lesllie Bovee, Suzanne McBain. Jenny Baxter and C. J. Laing support busty Gloria Leonard in her title role as Maraschino Cherry, madam of an elegant highrise Manhattan whorehouse where male sex fantasies are catered to in style. Director Henry Paris, we all know, is actually Radley Metzger, whose erotic excursions (most recently, Opening of Misty Beethoven and Barbara Broadcast) have begun to dispense with plot in order to emphasize suggestive music, smooth photography and smashing girls serviced by handsome studs. Cherry boasts a cast of lust goddesses who are virtually the Ziegfeld Girls of today's porn scene, and each appears in at least one steamy specialty act-Constance as a callgirl who dresses up in bullfighter's rega-

lia to please her client or excites another John by wading to meet him with The Wet Look in Central Park Lake; Annette as a bored, hot-blooded housewife getting it off atop a tinkling grand piano in a cocktail lounge; Lesllie as Madam Cherry's private secretary, whose skills don't stop at shorthand. Hard-core action gives way to broad humor when Madam, on the stroke of three, casually wields her whip for three strokes across a harlot's back to help everyone keep track of the time-or when her kid sister (Jenny Baxter), studying the business because she wants to open "a middle-income whorehouse" back home in the sticks, intently studies a plump middle-aged client afflicted with an allergy that makes him come every time he sneezes. "What do you take for that?" she asks. "Ragweed," says he. The whole show is a

Red-hot Cherry.

Metzger scores again with Maraschino Cherry; Emmanuelle surfaces a third time.



Emmanuelle marches on.

surreal sexual circus as loosely organized as Laugh-In, with cunts and clowns and cocks and cum shots flowing together to illustrate Maraschino Cherry's simple, straightforward thesis: "Man is judged by the pleasures he keeps." If healthy voyeurism happens to be your pleasure, here's your best bet so far in 1978.

At the fade-out of Goodbye Emmanuelle, Sylvia Kristel has fallen in love with a handsome young film maker (Jean-Pierre Bouvier), renounced the free-swinging life she has always enjoyed with her husband (Umberto Orsini) and is following her new lover home to France. All this takes place in the Seychelles, a group of idyllic islands in the Indian Ocean, where the elegantly dressed-and undressed-Beautiful People in Emmanuelle's so-

cial circle seem to pass the time balling as if l'amour were their profession. Well, it's nice work if you can get it, and French director François Leterrier brings off the third film of the Emmanuelle series with nothing much lost, nothing notable gained. The love scenes are still stylishly photographed, the general atmosphere remains so chic and silky that you half expect the movie to carry a designer label. Kristel is a photogenic phenomenon who may not be a real actress but has a face and figure that trigger some remarkable chemistry the moment a movie camera starts to whir in her vicinity. She must be doing something right. More than four years after her debut, the original Emmanuelle is still a long-run hit in Paris, and seems well on the way to becoming a national institution.

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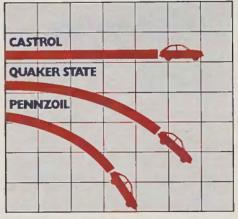
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☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

R osewatergate? Author Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is busy working on a novel that he says is about "an old guy, a radical, who has just served time in jail for Watergate-related crimes committed during his tenure as a minor Nixon official. Trying to put his life back together, he runs into an old girlfriend from the Thirties and reminisces about his past career in Government." Though the book isn't meant to be satiric, Vonnegut says it is funny in parts and that characters from





Vonnegut

Woodward

his past novels haven't appeared in this one so far, "but they might barge in at any time." Vonnegut hopes to finish the book by June.

LADY CHATTERLEY'S FRIEND: Jonne Woodward will play the lead in NBC-TV's production of Lady Chatterley's Lover, to be aired later this year. Don't expect any breakthroughs as far as sex on the small screen is concerned, though: According to Deanne Barkley, NBC's veep in charge of telemovies, Chatterley is "not a story about sex. It's a story about people loving each other." Ho-hum. Nevertheless, the film does have some potential-in addition to Woodward, the network signed Rosemary Ann Sisson (who wrote The Six Wives of Henry VIII and six episodes of Upstairs, Downstairs) to pen the teleplay.

THROUGH A LENS DARKLY: Producer Jon Peters and director Irvin Kershner have completed shooting their film Eyes on



Jones

Dunaway

location in New York City and our spy (it was a closed set) claims it's going to be a biggie. The Faye Dunaway/Tommy Lee Jones starrer is a chiller-diller murder mystery that plays off the kinky, violence/chic style of photographer Helmut Newton. Faye portrays a lady fashion photog whose models start mysteriously dropping dead and Jones (The Amazing Howard Hughes) is the cop assigned to

investigate. New York cover girls Lisa Taylor and Darlanne Fluegel play the models who become murder victims—not before they've been shown at least partly nude, thank God. Observers say Dunaway and Jones are quite the dynamic duo onscreen and that, with Jones, "we may be seeing the debut of the new Charles Bronson." (For more on Dunaway, see this issue's Grapevine.)

WILL THE THIRD REICH GET THE RAT-INGS? NBC's eight-hour miniseries Holocaust, to be shown on four nights in April, is shaping up to be this season's answer to Roots. Not that NBC hasn't stacked the deck-the network hired Marvin Chomsky. who directed six hours of Roots, to direct and author Gerold Green to do the teleplay, which will be novelized and marketed when the series airs. Briefly, Holocaust, which NBC officials describe as a film that's "going to create one hell of an impact," follows both the plight of a German-Jewish doctor and his family between the years 1935 and 1945 and the rise and fall of an ambitious young German lawyer





Moriarty

Mailer

who joins the SS and becomes instrumental in implementing Himmler's plan to exterminate 6,000,000 Jews. And, of course, the Jewish doctor once treated the lawyer's family, and so on and so forth. The lawyer–cum–SS man is played by Michael Moriarty, Tom Bell is Adolf Eichmann and English actor Ian Holm is Herr Himmler (why is it that high-ranking Nazis always have English accents?).

OVERSTATED ELEGANCE? Norman Mailer and photographer Milton H. Greene are putting together a big \$20 coffee-table book called, tentatively, Women and Elegance. Similar to Mailer's bio of Marilyn Monroe, this one (skedded for fall '79) will have 117 photos of classy ladies—Mia Farrow, Liz Taylor, Claudia Cardinale, Jackie Onassis, Judy Garland, Marlene Dietrich, Barbra Streisand and lots of others—with nude layouts, possibly, on Linda Lovelace and Lauren Hutton. Mailer will write 40,000 to 60,000 words in an attempt to answer the question "What makes a woman elegant?"

RADIO WAVES: The film FM is shaping up to be the Network of the radio biz. Directed by cinematographer John (China-

town) Alonzo and scored by Steely Dan, the story revolves around the lives of several FM deejays, touching upon all aspects of the recording biz. The climax comes when the deejays (played by Martin Mull, Cleavon Little, Eileen Brennan, Alex Karras and Michael Brandon) respond to encroaching corporate control of their underground programing by locking the business guys out of the station. Also featured in the film are Linda Ronstadt, Joe Smith (the real-life chairman of Elektra/





Ronstadt

Mull

Asylum Records, who moved his actual office and secretary onto the set for the duration of the shooting) and comedian Mull, who plays a deejay named Eric Swan, a character who, according to Mull, "fancies himself a real ladies' man and claims to get laid a lot more than he really does." The flick has generated a lot of excitement at Universal, where studio execs lined up to view the dailies, something studio execs don't often do, so *FM* might turn out to be a summertime sleeper.

NO LAUGHING MATTER: Secrecy on the set of Woody Allen's new film was so strict that even top execs at United Artists (which bank-rolled the pic) weren't told the nature of the production. "Nobody asks any questions," says one insider. "They just give Woody the money and let him make his picture." The flick—which stars Diane Keaton (surprise!), Moureen Stapleton, Geraldine Paige, Sam Waterston,





Allen

Keaton

E. G. Morshall and Richard Jordan (of Captains and the Kings fame)—was written and directed by Allen, but Woody isn't in this one and, according to our source, "there isn't a single laugh in the whole film. Maybe a smile or two, but no laughs." Set in Long Island and New York City, it's about family relationships. Woody's next film, we're assured, will be a comedy. —JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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SELECTED SHORT

insights and outcries on matters large and small

By Art Buchwald

Syndicated columnist, author and PLAYBOY contributor Art Buchwald recently wrote this as a column for his many readers in "family newspapers" throughout the country. Art suggested we publish it when it became clear that the American family wouldn't be thrilled by this particular effort. Glad to oblige, Art.

NO ONE REJOICED more than I did when Larry Flynt, the publisher of raunchy Hustler magazine, announced he had become a born-again Christian. The conversion of one Larry Flynt is greater than 10,000 pot-smoking college students in the battle against Satan, and we Americans should all be happy that Flynt, after making a bundle exploiting every part of the female and male body, has finally found God.

But what worries me is that Flynt said he still intends to keep publishing Hustler, though he will "tone it down" in content and pictures.

The question is, How the heck can you tone down a magazine like Hustler and still sell it to the millions of people in this country who buy it because it fulfills some terrible sadomasochistic need over which they have no control?

I am trying to imagine an editorial conference in Larry Flynt's office as the editors are trying to put their new Hustler together.

Flynt opens the meeting by saying, "Let us pray. Dear Lord, guide us in putting out a new Hustler that will provide the licentiousness and raunchiness that have made us one of the great successes of the magazine world. At the same time, we beseech You not to offend the tenets of the Christian faith by printing anything that could be considered sinful or in bad taste. Amen. Aw right, what have we got?"

"Well, Larry, we have this story about this girl who was raped by two polar bears when she tried to climb a mountain in Alaska."

"Why does it have to be two polar bears? Why can't it be one polar bear?"

"Because the way the story reads now, one polar bear holds her down while the other polar bear rapes her. It's more of a turn-on."

"What kind of magazine do you think I'm putting out? If we're going to have a rape story, let's keep it clean. Take out one polar bear."

"Which one, Larry?"

"I don't care which one. All polar bears look alike."

"OK, it's your magazine, but I'm not sure our readers are going to like it with just one polar bear. It will look as if we're copying Cosmopolitan."

"Let's get something straight," Flynt says. "Hustler is no longer appealing to the prurient interests of its readers.'

"Then what are we appealing to?" an editor asks.

"The goodness of the human soul. What else have you got?"

"We have a great picture spread of four women in leather aprons whipping an unfrocked priest."

"We can't use it. It's sick," Flynt says.

"Suppose we make the guy a motorcycle policeman?"

"That's more like it," Flynt says. "Nobody can take umbrage at that. We'll call the spread 'Penance.' Make sure you put in the caption that the cop is being whipped because he gave out a speeding

ticket to the girls, who were driving only 25 miles an hour.'

"Good thinking, Larry. Now our main feature is an orgy photographed in the intensive-care unit of a hospital. It's fantastic, because in the last photo, all the patients are dead, but they have smiles on their faces."

"It sounds a little salacious to me," Flynt says.

"How can we save it?" the photo editor asks.

"Touch up the photos and wipe the smiles off the patients' faces. Show them in the throes of agony. Our message is if you're going to participate in an orgy, you're going to have to face the consequences.'

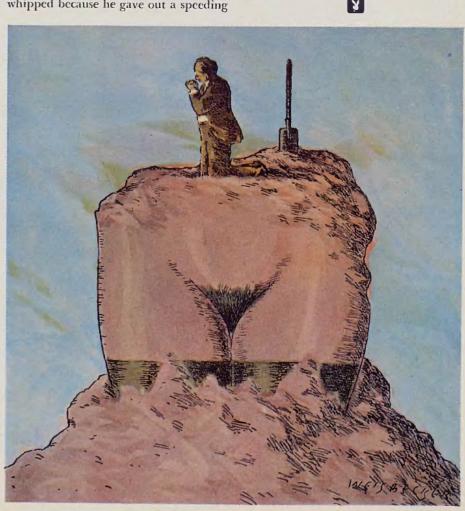
"Right, Larry. Now, for the front of the book, we have these two gorgeous women who are nude on the top of a Greyhound bus and-

"Throw it out. I want the front of the book for myself."

"What for?"

"My first article for the new Hustler philosophy feature is titled, 'The Lord Is My Shepherd, but I Don't Mess with His Sheep."





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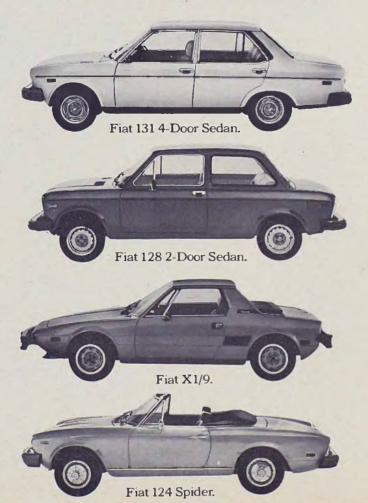
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

his problem may not be unique, but as far as I'm concerned, it might as well be. I'm disturbed by the fact that it takes me an inordinate amount of time to achieve orgasm when my wife and I have intercourse. What's more, save for one time (I neglected to jot down the date, time and atmospheric conditions), I have never been able to achieve orgasm from oral sex. And this is The Age of the Blow Job! What disturbs me most about this condition is that it takes me almost no time at all to achieve orgasm when I masturbate. Is this problem physical or psychological? What can I do about it? It would be nice if I could climax within a reasonable time.-C. M., Nashville, Tennessee.

This is "The Age of the Blow Job"? We're always getting those Chinese New Years confused. Oh, well. You don't have that much of a problem. It's obvious that you require fairly rough handling in order to achieve orgasm. (Nothing like a case of dishpan hands to get someone off.) In comparison, intercourse and fellatio are fairly mild forms of stimulation. You could ask your wife to combine manual and oral-that might whip you into shape. During intercourse, have her reach down and give you a few strokes with her hand. As for duration: When it comes to sex, there is no such thing as reasonable time.

Ever since I got one of those home video games for Christmas, I've been blissed out every night watching that frustrating little blip clude my electronic paddle. I think the game board is permanently etched on my brain. My question is, can the use of this game damage my TV? (My brain is already shot.)—M. L., San Francisco, California.

If you have a color TV, you're in good shape. But if you have a blackand-white TV, more than your brain may get etched. Some of those popular games have been known to become imprinted on a black-and-white screen after 100 to 200 hours of use. The culprit is the high-modulation (brightness) setting of the game itself. Color-television sets will be affected only after about 350 hours of continuous play. You can reduce the chance of this happening by choosing games with constantly changing luminance or automatic shutoff features. You should also first adjust your picture on a broadcast channel before switching to the game channel. That will give you low-brightness whites and grays rather than blacks. Above all, don't leave the game on for extended periods of time. Most complaints of imprinting have come from TV dealers who leave sets on in showrooms for days. As for



the brain damage to which you refer, you can get that just as easily from regular programing. The choice is yours.

elp. I'm caught between a rock and a hard place. I need your advice. A while back. I began dating a very beautiful waitress. She spent lots of time with me. One Sunday night while we were together, my ex-girlfriend suddenly waltzed into my apartment, using her own key. I was shocked, confused and not at my best. I let my date leave and spent the next half hour fighting with my ex. I realized my mistake almost immediately. After she left, I called the waitress and was politely told to get lost. I want her back. What should I do?—B. L., Los Angeles, California.

Rule number one: Never give out keys to your apartment. Rule number two: Always give the one you're with your total attention. If the phone rings, don't answer it. Better yet, disconnect the damn thing. Cancel all of your magazine subscriptions. A bird in the hand. . . . We don't understand why you tolerated the invasion by your ex-girlfriend or why you let her stay. Unless, perhaps, you get off on fighting and miss the discord. As for rebuilding your relationship with the waitress—be patient. Persevere.

The limited space in my apartment and the limited funds in my bank account have resulted in my purchasing a pair of bookshelf speakers for my stereo. Unfortunately, I don't get the same booming sound that I've enjoyed listening to on friends' more expensive and larger speakers. Is there some way I can improve the bass response without laying out more bread?—R. B., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

There is a way, but it depends more on your relationship with your neighbors than on electronic wizardry. The first thing to remember is that speakers do not act by themselves. Their response is also a function of room acoustics. The shape of the room, furniture, draperies, bookshelves, rugs all affect the sound you are getting. A clean, bare room will favor the higher frequencies, making the sound of your speakers harsh. Plush draperies and carpeting tend to absorb sound and you'll find you need more volume to make up for it. You can get more bass by taking your speakers off the bookshelf and placing them on the floor, preferably in corners. In a rectangular room, they should be placed along a short wall, projecting their sound the length of the room. Of course, this may involve moving some furniture for optimum listenability. And, as we mentioned, it may also involve your neighbors, because all those rich, deep bass notes you will be getting could be just so much windowrattling noise to them.

Folk wisdom claims that in spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. The other night, a few of my friends and I were comparing anniversaries and we discovered that most of us had met our companions in the fall. Are we just exceptions to the rule?—I. P., Hartford, Connecticut.

Are you German? A German scientist recently conducted a survey of 1000 married couples and found that 53 percent had met and fallen in love in the autumn. According to a report from the Zodiac News Service, another research team discovered that a majority of divorces—some 62 percent—struck romances that had begun in the spring. The explanation may be chemical. You can blame it on raging hormonal influences. A male produces more testosterone in the fall, less in the spring. Maybe we should hibernate.

am currently a freshman at Dartmouth College. Not long ago, I was preparing a paper in a secluded section of the stacks of our large 1,000,000-volume library. A rather attractive female classmate saw me working and came over to see how I was doing. She knelt next to me and started talking about our mutual assignment. Soon, I felt her fingers caressing my thigh. Before I realized what

was happening, she unzipped my fly and withdrew my fully extended member. I am rather well endowed and I could see her eyes light up with excitement as her snakelike tongue teased the head of my cock. She then proceeded to take me fully into her warm mouth and bring me to the most shuddering climax I have ever experienced. A few days later, we engaged in actual intercourse in a littleused cubicle in the computer center. The girl seems to be getting more and more brazen with her suggestions. Is she abnormal in making such outlandish proposals or am I overinhibited in feeling uncomfortable at playing this wild game? I really have become attached to this girl and do not want to lose her. What should I do?-B. G., Hanover, New Hampshire.

We didn't know that Dartmouth had such a good creative-writing program. Does it accept graduate students? Ah, well, down to cases: Your girlfriend is in critical condition and requires immediate attention. Our calendar is clear. Send her to Chicago. The address is printed below. No, really, she sounds perfectly fine. Give her some tender, loving care and you won't have to worry about losing her. You may flunk out, but

what the hell.

This may or may not be a pertinent, provocative query, but I've got to know the answer. What makes knuckles crack?—T. R., Seattle, Washington.

Anything for a reader. The same question apparently provoked a group of British scientists. They took 17 volunteers, hooked them up to a finger-cracking machine and took X rays. They saw the following: As the bones of the finger joints are pulled apart, a fluid fills the gap. Air bubbles form, then collapse in the low pressure, producing the snap, crackle and pop. Ah, British ingenuity!

Everyone who travels abroad returns with a story about some Zorba the Greek character he met along the way. Well, old Miguel, the clarinet player, was my such acquaintance while I was working as a symphony trumpet player in a South American orchestra. We did Latin and Dixieland gigs on weekends, something to divert the monotony of Beethoven in Mañanaland. Miguel, a grandfather of about 55, always lined up a couple of scuzzy fat whores for relaxation after the show. One day, he was bragging about how he'd fucked those two uglies at home, with his wife in the next room, until the gas came out of their eyeballs. Supermacho. Great. But didn't he ever fear getting el clapo on his instrumento? Or even worse? Miguel had an answer for everything. Lemons. He said that a doctor had told him to rub lemon on "el grande weapon" after sex and no problems. So there was Miguel outside the orchestra hall, bargaining with a street vendor for a sack of lemons. Long weekend coming up. What about it? Does rubbing lemon juice on one's genitals prevent crabs and spirochetes?—R. K., New York, New York.

No. But it will keep "el grande weapon" from turning brown.

never thought I would be writing to The Playboy Advisor for help, but, to be frank, my girlfriend and I are at a loss for an answer. We have been together for a year now and both enjoy sex. She mentioned to me the other night that she can't tell when I have an orgasm, and admits that she has been bothered by this problem since we started having sex. She doesn't feel me pulsating inside her when I climax. Now I'm bummed out. I think that I am not satisfying her. There is nothing more embarrassing than having a girl ask if you're finished yet. Do I need a doctor, or should I just give up sex?-M. R., Atlanta, Georgia.

Relax. There's nothing wrong with you. Most women can't feel the male orgasm for the simple reason that the inner walls of the vagina are devoid of nerve endings. We suggest that you resort to a more direct means of communication. Shoot off a flare gun when you climax or sing a few bars of "Ode to Joy." Let your fingernails grow long and rake them across her back in the throes of orgasm. Tear out your hair. Faint. Or simply moan a few words of endearment (e.g., "Oh, God, am I still alive?"). Be demonstrative. And one more thing—an orgasm does not necessarily mean that

you are finished.

have heard about a copying machine that is so good it can actually reproduce money. It occurred to me that such a machine could do a lot of damage to the economy (in any other hands but mine, of course). Are there laws against copying certain kinds of materials, money included?—T. C., Chicago, Illinois

There is a law on the books that covers the money-copying problem. It's the one against counterfeiting, of which the Treasury Department takes a very dim view, whether by old or new technology. But there is also a law just put into effect that covers a variety of the same kinds of problems. It was prompted not only by the proliferation of copiers but also by the easy availability of home audio and video-tape recorders. Other laws, including the first comprehensive copyright law since 1909, cover just about any copy-for-profit scheme you can think of. That includes anything that even remotely smacks of money, coupons, bonds, stock certificates, stamps (canceled or uncanceled), money orders, etc. The copying of legal papers, including passports, identification cards or badges, immigration documents and

the like, is also taboo. Of course, pirating of commercial recordings is clearly out and video-taping of TV shows is being looked into as a possible violation of copyrights. The basis of the copyright law is obviously to prevent someone from making money by selling another's work, but it's not as simple as it seems. For instance, publishers make money by providing copies of specific works in great quantities. By copying a passage from a book, you deprive the publisher of the normal purchase price and the writer of his royalties. Lifting your favorite TV show from the screen means the station cannot sell advertising for your home rerun. It may be hard to work up much sympathy for them, but you must remember that such capitalism is what made this country great. As the law is written, a copyright goes into effect the moment a work is created. It need not be registered with the copyright office.

In general, the copyright stands for the life of the creator, plus 50 years. Prison sentences for violations are not quite that long, but you should be aware that reproduction, whether electronic or biological, has far-reaching consequences.

One of the local newscasts featured an item on the U. S. Army's attempt to discharge a WAC because she had married a transsexual—i.e., a woman who had become a man. I must admit, I can't figure out how they perform that operation. What are the details?—J. J., Swansea, Massachusetts.

A series of operations is required to transform a female into a male. After a program of hormone therapy, the patient undergoes a double mastectomy and a radical hysterectomy. The final stagethe creation of a penis-is the most difficult. Skin from the hip, abdomen and thigh is used to construct an artificial organ. So far, surgeons have been unable to build a penis that functions normally. The patient must decide whether he wants to use the organ for urination or for sex. Most transsexuals opt for the latter. The improvised penis is the size of an erection. To copulate, the transsexual inserts a rod. (He has to urinate sitting down.) All of this may sound like more trouble than it's worth, but to a female who feels trapped in the wrong body, the operation offers an opportunity for a life with some semblance of normalcy.

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.

Oh yes you can!

THE EXPERIENCED PHOTOGRAPHER CAN:

THE WEEKEND PHOTOGRAPHER CAN:

You can concentrate on the creativity of your shot, because our engineers have concentrated on the flawless operation of the OM-1 and OM-2.

For instance, OM cameras offer you the world's fastest continuous view motor drive capability: five frames per second!

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add to your creativity.

In the OM-2, "OTF," Off-The-Film Light Measurement allows the camera to read the light reflected off the film and sets the exposure while the photograph is actually being taken!

Other automatic SLR's set exposure before the photograph is taken, and the camera locks it in memory. This leaves room for error, due to exposure lag.

The OM-2 also has a totally in-

The OM-2 also has a totally integrated flash system: the camera automatically controls the flash utilizing the same "OTF" light sensors, assuring perfect exposure with all lenses from telephoto to wide angle at any fiston.

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No wonder more people involved in photography are buying an Olympus camera than any other compact SLR

So take the time to discuss the advancements of the OM cameras with your Olympus dealer.

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You can even experiment with lenses, because the OM cameras are part of the most extensive compact SLR system, with lenses that let you fill a shot with a butterfly, or bring a mountain top up close. And interchangeable focusing screens to help make focusing easier and your shots sharper.

Drop by an Olympus dealer and hold one of our cameras in your hands. Let your mind wander. Think about that shot you think you can't get.

Oh yes you can, with an Olympus. Write for descriptive literature: OLYMPUS, Woodbury, New York 11797.

The fastest selling compact SLR. The whole world can't be wrong.

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But good taste, sound construction, and individual flair *can* be combined with eminently affordable prices. For instance: the entire hopsack weave outfit shown (Panatela slacks, jacket, and vest) costs far less than many

people spend on a sportjacket alone. And everything is sized and sold separately. So you can build a wardrobe that fits both your taste and your physical dimensions. Panatela Separates. Because only a sheep dresses in sheep's clothing.



Quality never goes out of style.

THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

King David and King Solomon Led merry, merry lives, With many, many ladyfriends And many, many wives.

What this cheerful old verse left out is that because of their zealous licentiousness, both of those potentates also had a hell of a lot of kids. Lucky they were kings-only the megawealthy could support such an enormous brood, Lack of money is one of the key factors why more men throughout the centuries didn't set up multiple-mate households. Instead, monogamy became the pillar of our sexual laws. But will this connubial convention last? As a result of the pill and the anything-goes spirit that took root in the Sixties, an increasing number of erotic explorers have been sampling living arrangements other than just one male with one female.

Now anyone who has dreamed about living with more than one lover can try it—if he can figure out what it is he wants to try. There's polygamy. Polyandry. Bigamy. And who knows what else. We decided to find out just what alternate relationships people most fantasized about. We asked 100 men and 100 women to reveal their version of an ideal sexual living arrangement, and also what they thought the opposite sex would come up with. In addition, we invited PLAYBOV readers to submit their own answers.



LADIES, WHAT KIND OF SEXUAL SITUATION DO YOU THINK MOST MEN WOULD LIKE TO SET UP AS THEIR IDEAL LIVING ARRANGEMENT?

Forty-three percent of the women guessed that most men were turned on by the thought of living with a group of women: "In my experience, men who set up housekeeping with a woman almost always wind up letting her do everything necessary to take care of the couple, and usually they split up because tasks haven't gotten shared equally. Sexually speaking, the same thing goes for their cock. Men probably crave many girls sharing big fancy digs somewhere. All he'd have to do is lie back and get serviced in every way."





Thirty-two percent of the women believed that men fantasized about living with two women in a classic ménage: "I've never gone with a guy who didn't try to get another girl involved in a three-way fuck, so I'd imagine most men would arrange a permanent ménage à trois, if we'd let them."

Eleven percent of the women thought that a lot of guys would prefer living in seeming monogamy with the double standard: "Most men like to put things over on their lovers. It makes them feel smarter. So I think plenty of them are going to pick the same old one on one, but with their mate being faithful while he gets to slyly play outside and ball whoever he wants,"

Seven percent of the women figured that guys would find a couples situation very exciting: "In our crazy economy, money doesn't go very far anymore. I believe the majority of men you're going to ask would like a couples situation, so

that the other guy's salary, which is usually much higher than women's, anyway, would help give all four people an easier time with everything. Group sex would be just an extra dividend."

Seven percent of the women guessed that the men wanted open relationships, where they and their lovers were free to have outside affairs, either openly or in secret: "There's a real double-standard guilt trip that's finally affected a lot of men, so I think from here on, we're going to see more and more of them perfectly willing to let their lovers cast their nets for casual affairs, as much as guys do."

Q:

MEN, IF YOU COULD SET UP YOUR IDEAL SEXUAL LIVING ARRANGEMENT, WHAT WOULD IT BE?

Thirty-five percent of the men said they'd want to live with a group of women: "Myself and four ladies. Two would work and support the rest of us, while I'd screw them a couple of times a week to keep them happy. (They'd have low sex drives.) Then one would be in charge of the house-a gourmet chef, cleaner, mender, laundry lass. She. too, wouldn't be all that libidinous and I'd have to lay her only two-three times a week. The fourth one would be an incredibly sexy, continuously horny chick with big tits, long legs, a tight ass and the hungriest cunt in the world that was always shoving itself down on my dick. She and I would fuck constantly."

Twenty-three percent of the men chose living in a ménage with two women: "In two separate periods of my life, I managed to arrange a situation where two gals roomed with me at the same time for about six months. It was great while it lasted. The fucking was cosmic. Once, I tried three, but the psychological stress, plus the sexual gymnastics, was just too complex. It fizzled in a few weeks, so for me, I could only manage a real long time with two."

Ten percent of the men wanted to live with a woman who would be faithful but who would allow them to do anything on the side: "Yeah, I'll admit it. I've got the double standard. I'd be insanely jealous if I knew the lady I shacked up with was



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having affairs on the side. But she shouldn't mind if I did. After all, sex for a man isn't so emotional."

Seven percent of the men said that a couples situation was very exciting: "I love the idea of an even number of men and women-maybe four duos sharing one huge mansion. We'd pool our money and our bodies. Each man would have his steady mate, but we'd all of us, gals and guys, be free to ball whoever else we wanted, with no hassles from the rest of the group."

The rest of the sample gave a variety of answers. Six percent of the men were turned on by the thought of living with one woman while both partners were free to have outside affairs, while another six percent of the men fantasized about bigamy.

Five percent of the men felt their ideal would be two guys living with one woman, while five percent of the men liked the idea of communal arrangements.

Only three percent of the men wanted both a wife and a mistress: "Through the centuries, the concept of guys' having mistresses must have worked, or that form of playing around would have disappeared."

MEN, WHAT KIND OF SEXUAL SITUATION DO YOU THINK MOST WOMEN WOULD LIKE TO SET UP AS THEIR IDEAL LIVING ARRANGEMENT?

Forty percent of the men guessed that the majority of women were turned on by the thought of living with a group of men: "Bet you they want some sort of Snow White and the Seven Studs arrangement. Big, handsome guys with huge, tireless cocks. Each one goes out to work every day. So she keeps house for them, big deal. Look what she gets at night! I think women would really love that sense of power.'

Twenty-five percent of the men believed that women fantasized about living with two men in a triangle: "When I was younger, I got drawn into living with a married couple. It lasted about six months and was absolutely terrific. We all fucked in ways I never thought existed. The wife told me every woman in the world desperately craves that same thing.'

Twenty-three percent of the men felt that most women wanted to live with one man and one other woman: "I've always felt that virtually all women were secret lesbians. Many gals I've met have been incredibly eager to leap into bed with me and my girlfriend."

Twelve percent of the men thought

that a lot of women would prefer living with a man who was faithful, while they played around secretly on the side.

LADIES, IF YOU COULD SET UP YOUR IDEAL SEXUAL LIVING ARRANGEMENT. WHAT WOULD IT BE?

Twenty-five percent of the women said that a permanent "double date" was very exciting: "I've been screwed by two men at once. A girlfriend and myself have often done the guy. Neither of these situations is ever very smooth. You know, it just gets too unbalanced and competitive. My perfect living arrangement would be me and my lover and another couple. Two on two is much more stable."

Twenty-one percent of the women said they'd want to live with a group of men: "Me and two guys. Maybe even three or four. For starters, I'd choose males with totally different personalities. Then I'd tease them constantly every day and keep them hot for my cunt. But the rule of the house would be no fucking except on Saturday night. If any of them caused trouble during the week, they'd only be allowed to watch."

Nineteen percent of the women chose living with two men: "I'd be in seventh heaven if I could convince two guys to permanently move in with me. Not just any men. Obviously, I picture them to be very handsome. They'd also have to be completely straight-not gay. But they'd be so totally in love with me that not only would they be willing to do anything to my body that I desired but. because they knew I was turned on by watching them make love to each other, they'd get into homosexual fucking, too.'

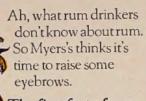
Fourteen percent of the women said they'd live with one man while both partners were free to have outside affairs: "I'm actually acting out my ideal sexual relationship. My male roommate is also my best friend and bedmate. But that doesn't stop us from screwing around outside the apartment. Sometimes a few weeks go by, neither of us sees anybody else. Other times, we're barely ever home, so active are our love affairs.

Eight percent of the women felt their ideal would be two women living with one guy.

Four percent of the women were intrigued with communal situations: "How about a sexual couples commune, where it did work? Oh, maybe six pairs who really liked one another but who looked very different and were involved in assorted projects. Not only would we then have a continuous variety of intellectual

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.



The first fact of rum.
Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is

more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.

blended specially to be



Another surprise.

Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations.

Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's



made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact.

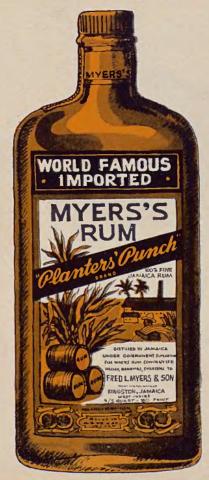
Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The



extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch:

Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled



with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.



Myers's Rum and Cola:

Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point.

Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods.

Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way



to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear: Myers's Rum.

Because if you like rum, it's time you discovered the pleasures that wait for you in the dark.



Next to Myers's All other Rums Seem Pale.

Just as a zoom lens lets you control the size of the area you photograph, Vivitar's new Zoom Flash lets you control the area you light. That means a whole new world of creative possibilities.

You can zoom from 24*mm wide angle flash coverage through normal to 85mm telephoto, whichever matches the lens on your camera. The Vivitar 265 Zoom Flash gives you your choice: "set-and-forget." the easy no calculating automatic operation, or manual control. A special Vivitar circuit saves you money because it gets the maximum number of flashes from your batteries. And the low priced Vivitar 265 Zoom Flash fits most popular 35mm cameras. See it at your Vivitar dealer and discover the new creative possibilities with Zoom Flash photography.

*With adapter included with 265.



possibilities but our bodies would explore one another in many ways. I mean, just think-maybe one night I could be fucking all six guys. Another night, me and two women, while the men watched,'

The rest of the women wanted to live with one man, in an essentially monogamous relationship, while maintaining an option to fool around-by inviting third parties to join them occasionally, by indulging in secret affairs or by attending swing sessions.

Summary: Thinking about the many discussions we had with the participants in our poll, we began to wonder why, if such a vast number of them had been harboring a desire to try a multiplepartner living arrangement, they had never actually brought this wish to fruition. Our pollees were perplexed. Even those who claimed to have had this fantasy quite strongly since childhood were unable to explain why they had never at-

tempted to carry it out. We spoke with Dr. John Money, who's a professor of medical psychology at Johns Hopkins University. "One of the reasons why so many people stay with monogamy is because our culture has shaped them so that anything else is virtually taboo. Everyone is so indoctrinated with the ideal of one-to-one romantic love and fidelity that the tremendous guilt he would feel in breaking this pattern restrains him from taking the first step. People are now beginning to break this age-old tradition, but they're typically doing it in a series of short extramarital affairs, which are much less threatening to the basic structure we've grown up

Too bad King David and King Solomon are not still alive so we could ask them to give us their expert, firsthand opinions. Perhaps we can surmise what their answers would be. For the last lines of that old verse go like this:

with."

But when old age crept over them-With many, many qualms, King Solomon wrote the Proverbs And King David wrote the Psalms.

An invitation to readers: We are currently working on a poll that investigates the sexual rites of passage of Americans. We are curious about the events that shaped your carnal attitudes. No doubt, you all remember your first time. But what other adventures shook you to your roots? Our questions are these: What was the most important sexual landmark in your life, other than losing your virginity? What kind of experience-other than the loss of virginity-would become a landmark for the opposite sex? (Obviously, virgins need not reply.) Send your answers to: The Playboy Reader Sex Poll, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

HOWARD SMITH AND LESLIE HARLIB



The 1980 Kenwoods.

No. We're not kidding. By 1980, the kind of performance these new Kenwoods deliver will be considered commonplace. Here's a summary:

1. The KA-7100 is an integrated DC amplifier with dual power supplies delivering 60 watts per channel, minimum RMS at 8 ohms from 20-20k Hz, with no more than 0.02% total harmonic distortion. Not only is that the lowest THD of *any* integrated amp, the KA-7100 is the lowest priced DC integrated amp on the market. (\$300*)

2. The KT-7500 marks the next plateau for FM tuners. For optimum reception under any condition it has two independent IF bands: the narrow band virtually eliminating interference when stations are close together, the wide band for lower distortion and maximizing stereo separation. In addition, we've developed new circuitry which eliminates the high

frequency beat distortion (that is, swishing noises) thought to be inherent in stereo FM broadcast. Even we're impressed that it costs only \$275*

This combination of separate amp and tuner not only gives you performance unheard of in other separate components, it gives you performance that will remain elusive in receivers for quite a while.

The Kenwood KA-7100 and KT-7500. Solid evidence that the breakthroughs occurred ahead of schedule, and available to you now for a truly remarkable price. \$575* for the pair.

*Nationally advertised value. Actual prices are established by Kenwood dealers. Handles optional.



"I have my own ideas about smoking."

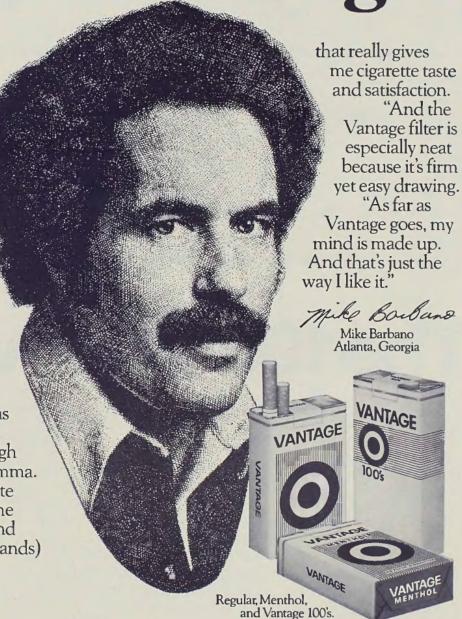
"I know what I like out of life. And one of the things I like is smoking. But there's no getting away from the stories I keep hearing about cigarettes and high tar.

"There's also no getting away from why I smoke. I smoke for the pleasure of it. For the taste. And for enjoying a cigarette after my long day as a teacher.

"Then at night when I work my other job—as a drummer—I enjoy lighting up between sets. It's part of the way I live.

"For me, the dilemma was how to find a cigarette that could give me taste without high tar. And that was quite a dilemma.

"Which is why I appreciate Vantage as much as I do. It's the only low-tar cigarette I've found (and I've tried several other brands)



Vantage. A lot of taste without a lot of tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,

MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77; FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

PURITAN POISON

Bravo to C. Peterson for pointing out the follies of puritanism (*The Playboy Forum*, November). The apparent evils of sex—rape, child molesting, etc.—are perpetrated by people to whom normal sexual satisfaction has been denied. Who has denied it? The blame must be laid at the feet of the repressionists who refuse to believe that the world will work without interference from them. They're like the man who tries to trowel his bath water to make it nice and flat.

Bob Seguin Toronto, Ontario

PENIS ENVY

Some 16 years ago, my masculine selfimage was almost destroyed by a 17-yearold girl only 4'10" tall. After an hour of having my back destroyed by her fingernails, accompanied by screams that I feared would bring the law, she said, "You sure do fuck good, but after what Joe [a co-worker] puts in me, I can barely feel that little dick of yours." Now, statistically, I'm a little bigger than average—seven and one fourth inches. I know I'm no John Holmes, but neither do I feel I'm underendowed.

(Name withheld by request) New Orleans, Louisiana

Are you putting us on? Was she putting you on? And whatever happened to that fellow Joe?

MASCULINE MERITS

I feel that penis size isn't a determining factor in sexual enjoyment or intercourse except as a visual stimulation.

I'm 30, attractive and petite; I've shared sexual intercourse with 100 men in five years, after divorcing my husband of seven years to whom I was faithful. One-night stands, brief affairs and several extended relationships all considered, my best sexual experiences combined emotional, intellectual and spiritual closeness with physical intimacy.

My first lover (and possibly the best) after my divorce was 15 years my senior, solidly married and the possessor of a three-inch penis fully erect. I've known only two men with larger-than-average penises of about eight inches. Both were of average height and were very slim to skinny. Most penises were about six inches long and were circumcised (four were not). To me, the following qualities in a man transcend penis size, physical characteristics and even sexual technique: (1) capacity to enjoy whatever

circumstances he finds himself in; (2) sense of humor; (3) perceptiveness and appreciation of other people's feelings; (4) enjoyment of fucking; (5) multifaceted personality, including tenderness, forcefulness and intuitiveness; (6) willingness to try new things both in bed and out.

(Name withheld by request) San Jose, California

The issue of penis size has been a "Playboy Forum" staple for many months now, and no letter we've received has, in

"I make it a practice to have simultaneous relations with both husbands."

our opinion, dealt with this subject so reasonably from a woman's point of view. We've heard from both men and women and we believe that women are in a better position to judge.

TOO MUCH!

After dating two men for over a year, I could not decide which of them I loved more. I knew that I would be completely happy only if I were married to both of them. After some time and much discussion, that is exactly what happened.



The three of us live together in the same apartment and sleep in a common bed. As in all marriages, it takes an effort by all partners to keep things running smoothly. To this end, I make it a practice to have simultaneous relations with both husbands. We prefer simultaneous genital and anal intercourse, since the men can feel the other's penis inside me and the feeling is stimulating to all of us.

We plan to have a family, one child by each husband, and hope to raise them secure in the knowledge that a happy home is a marriage of happy people.

(Name withheld by request) Cleveland, Ohio

FRIEND OR FOE?

Sex liberation and Marxist radicalism intertwine lovingly in your pages. In holy writ of Lenin, Trotsky, Mao, Castro, how swings it? What mores rule in Hanoi or in Moscow, the womb of the Revolution? How fare the gays in Havana? Hard to find out? Well, yes. But you probe with panache in Montana or New York.

This one-eyed stance is here in England, also, but sicklied o'er with a weary, giggling sophistication. Your cracker-barrel bumptiousness and unfettered capitalist high energy at least enable you to carry the thing off with a certain style.

It's your virgin innocence I love!

E. R. Thompson Surrey, England

We Colonials are a little puzzled, but we love your style, too.

LEST WE FORGET

I take exception to the letter in the November *Playboy Forum* from the man in Salt Lake City who says that all you need to have as much sexual activity as you want is to act "friendly, respectful and honest." Bullshit. I had my nose and most of my face peeled off in an accident called Vietnam. For several months, I looked like strawberry yoghurt with eyes. Now, thanks to the miracles of medical science, I look like a straight-backed Quasimodo.

Before the war, I used to assemble helicopters. Now I scrub toilets for a living—at night, so I'm not around to upset the public. That was the best job I could get. As for women, forget it. So tell your friend in Salt Lake City that, yes, you can get all the sex you want—if you are friendly, respectful, honest and good-looking.

(Name withheld by request) Shelton, Connecticut

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

I recently had a run-in at my company's coffee shop with a co-worker who loudly objected to my lighting up a cigarette and I think it's time somebody commented on this problem. Antismoking rudeness has reached epidemic proportions, especially among basically intolerant people who consider their rights and values more important than anyone else's. The typical antismoker is abrasive, argumentative, self-righteous and antagonistic toward anyone who doesn't share his antismoking zeal. I'm most happy to watch where my smoke goes to avoid causing discomfort to others, but I won't have where I sit, whom I sit with and where I work dictated by some pigbrained antismoker. Most people have bad habits, but the worst bad habit is being holier than

"Wally"

Beavercreek, Oregon

We'll drink to that, and add that the clean livers who annoy us the most are those damn joggers who disrupt traffic and display smug looks on their bouncing red faces when they aren't sneering at motorists and fat people.

GAYBOY

Your continuing defense of homosexuals and their so-called rights is turning my stomach. You should call your magazine *Gayboy*. To me, a simpering fag doesn't deserve your attention, much less your sympathy. I like women, women like me. There just aren't enough of them is my only problem.

(Name withheld by request) Arlington, Virginia

Try to look at the bright side. Every one of them awful queers who comes out of the closet means less competition for you. However, we don't think finding enough women is your only problem.

SEX VS. PARENTHOOD

I am very weary of reading and hearing arguments against homosexuality such as that in William S. Pease's letter (*The Playboy Forum*, November), which states that homosexuality is unnatural because gay people produce no progeny. What homosexuals do not produce are *unwanted* children, because, unlike heterosexuals, they don't confuse the desire for sex with the desire for parenthood.

Joan May Eldridge, California

Pease rejects homosexuality as "an acceptable option of sexual preference" on the basis that homosexuals "produce no progeny." Gays are not the only minority whose rights are vulnerable on that ground. Monks, priests, nuns and other religious devotees who deliberately

FORUM NEWSFRONT

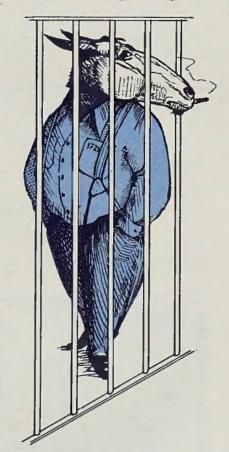
what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

ALL-ROUND CURE

LOS ANGELES—A municipal-court magistrate has given a \$3740 fine and 36 months' summary probation to a 39-year-old self-described fortuneteller who pleaded no contest to charges of battery, practicing medicine without a license and making false and misleading statements. The defendant allegedly tried to sell a woman client his sexual favors as a cure for what he diagnosed as cancer of the vagina, throat and rectum.

FAILURE TO COMMUNICATE

MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN—A study of 200 maximum-security prisoners in Michigan has found that while most have at least average intelligence, the



vast majority also are functional illiterates. Dr. Curt Hamre, associate professor of communication disorders at Northern Michigan University, reports that only ten percent of the inmates have completed high school and most have trouble reading beyond the fourthgrade level or even following verbal instructions. He speculates that "perhaps the big reason these people turn to a life

of crime is because they can't effectively communicate" or successfully compete in regular society. To hide their lack of communication skills, Dr. Hamre said, the prisoners have developed coping patterns that include giving quick, meaningless answers and acting "cool," pretending indifference so they will not have to answer questions.

YOUNG AT HEART

BEMIDJI, MINNESOTA-As a publicservice gesture, a movie theater near Bemidji gave a local senior-citizens' group the revenue from a two-day showing of an X-rated movie, raising \$825 for the group's building fund and controversy in the small northern Minnesota community. The theater owner said that when he was approached by the steering committee of the Senior Citizens Council about a benefit showing, he first suggested a family film but added, "If you want to sell tickets fast, you should play an X-rated movie." The council agreed and "The Erotic Adventures of Zorro" was attended by 170 persons, including a few of the senior citizens. The 74-year-old council chairwoman shrugged off criticism of the project and commented, "It's awakened the younger folks that we're not dead yet and we're not so far back in the woods that we can't be broad-minded. And it's given us a lot of free publicity."

UNDERSTANDING JUDGE

CHELMSFORD, ENGLAND—A court has given a three-year probated sentence to a 47-year-old man who pleaded guilty to strangling his wife because she had nagged him incessantly for 17 years. "I don't think I have ever before come across a case where provocation has gone on so long," the judge said. "In the end, you got into a position where you were unable to cope." The nagging had reached a point where the husband, a week before he stopped it, had unsuccessfully asked local police to lock him up because he feared he might become violent.

BANNING BILLY'S BREW

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA—State liquor authorities have banned the sale of Billy Beer in Virginia under a departmental regulation against the sale of alcoholic beverages with labels bearing the endorsement of famous living persons. A spokesman for the Virginia Alcoholic Beverage Control Commission explained

that such endorsements "by any prominent person are contrary to good public policy" and that this brand of beer, inspired and endorsed by Billy Carter, not only comes under the regulation but also is "downgrading to the office of the President of the country."

HOOKERS AWEIGH

ROTTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS—The city council has approved plans to relocate Rotterdam's illegal but tolerated prostitutes in a giant floating brothel



along an abandoned waterfront area. The decision means city officials can begin looking for entrepreneurs willing to finance the project, which is intended to confine the hookers to one part of the city. Under the council's proposal, the women would be charged about \$40 a day to rent a room in the proposed 400-bed complex.

CODDLING CRIMINALS, ALAS

MADRID—The Spanish government has announced amnesty for persons serving prison sentences under a Francoera law that penalizes wives, but seldom husbands, for adultery. The law provides up to six years in prison for "the married woman who lies with a male who is not her husband" but holds a husband guilty of adultery only if he keeps a mistress in a "notorious way." A Justice Ministry spokesman said that probably fewer than a dozen persons are still in Spanish jails for this offense but that most of them are women.

LEGAL OVERKILL

FLORENCE, OREGON—In its zeal to discourage citizens from copulating in public—as in parked cars or even bedrooms with the shades up—the city of Florence inadvertently outlawed sex altogether. An ordinance passed by the city council makes sexual intercourse illegal "while in or in view of a public or private place." When the wording

was explained to them, city officials said they would not ask police to enforce the new ordinance until it could be amended.

ABORTION OR?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The head of the Carter Administration task force on alternatives to abortion has disbanded the group after concluding that the only real alternatives are "suicide, motherhood and, some would add, madness." In a memorandum to HEW Secretary Joseph A. Califano, Jr., who, like President Carter, personally opposes abortion, task-force leader Connie J. Downey said her panel had not the direction, scope, authority or money necessary to attack the underlying problem of unwanted pregnancies.

CAPTURE AND CONVICTION

WASHINGTON, D.C.—High conviction rates appear to deter murder, but the death penalty seems to have little or no effect, according to a new study reported in the Minnesota Law Review. Brian Forst, director of research at the Institute for Law and Social Research, examined murder statistics for 50 states between 1960 and 1970 and discovered "that those states in which the actual



repress or sublimate their sexual desires also produce no progeny.

In terms of "normal" behavior, celibacy (apart from being nonproductive) is one of our society's most bizarre forms of sexual deviation. But, like homosexuality, it must be protected against the denial of civil rights to those who do not conform to majority behavior.

Carmon Meswarb Las Vegas, Nevada

BIBLE BELTED

We live in a small town that has a generous share of both gays and religious fanatics. While we have never been in the least bit bothered by gays, we have been continuously harassed by Bible pushers in our homes, on the streets and on our jobs.

> (Name withheld by request) Ludington, Michigan

ANITA HAS RIGHTS, TOO

I was very anti-Anita when Dade County, Florida, decided that homosexuals weren't entitled to the same rights as heterosexual Americans. But the radical gay response has caused me to switch.

After protesting the denial of their rights for years, how can the homosexual hypocrites deny Anita Bryant her rights? It's really scary. We're just starting to get over rightist repression and it springs up on the other side.

(Name withheld by request) Atlanta, Georgia

As soon as someone denies Anita Bryant her right to free speech, we'll take the position that she's much less of a threat to this country than those who would silence her. But until that occurs, we will continue to boycott screwdrivers.

WITCH-HUNTER FRUSTRATED

Last July, a letter in *The Playboy Forum* reported that Wichita district attorney Vern Miller invaded the campus of Wichita State University, seized a copy of *The Devil in Miss Jones* being shown to students by the Erotic Arts Society, a campus organization, and arrested Neil Cook, student president of the society, for promoting obscenity. Since that letter was published, there have been important developments.

We of the local affiliate of the American Civil Liberties Union organized a solid defense for Cook, bringing in a host of expert witnesses, and we won an acquittal.

We also took the district attorney to court over his practice of harassing patrons of adult theaters by taking the names of all those present whenever he conducted a raid. Although he claimed he was taking names of prospective witnesses, we convinced the Federal judge that he was mainly trying to intimidate patrons and penalize the theater owners

economically without benefit of a trial. We thus obtained an injunction against this practice and we are now seeking damages on behalf of those patrons.

Most recently, Miller has turned his attention to books; he has actually brought charges against two bookstores for the sale of adult books. While the score is now A.C.L.U. 2, Miller 0, we intend to continue opposing his efforts to act as community censor—for we believe that a First Amendment that is not alive in Wichita cannot long live anywhere in the country.

Finally, we'd like to thank the Playboy Foundation for assisting the A.C.L.U. in these legal actions in our behalf.

> Ralph W. Estes South Central Kansas Civil Liberties Union Wichita, Kansas

NEW RELIGION

I'm tired of hearing of this state or that state passing laws to decriminalize marijuana. To those godlike legislators who would toss me crumbs, I say, "No, thank you."

Why don't we all challenge those laws that restrict individual freedom by forming a new national religion devoted to the worship of the god Liberty?

This religion could include the use of marijuana as a rite and would have taxexempt status as a nonprofit organization that anyone could join. This may seem outrageous, but if enough people became members, the Government could not object without violating our freedom of religion.

> Bruce Golden San Diego, California

Good thinking. You've just come up with a sure-fire scheme for getting the First Amendment repealed.

FETUS FRACAS

In the December Playboy Forum, an anti-abortionist makes the comment, "I do believe that anyone who aborts her unborn is not fit to reproduce." Did he not consider that many of the women who elect to have abortions may have come to that very same conclusion? And may have come to it rationally, with full understanding that they were emotionally, socially or financially "unfit," for whatever reasons, to bear and raise children? And that forcing them to bear and raise children probably would be the worst thing that could happen to both them and their unwanted babies?

Anyone who sincerely believes that only an "unfit" woman elects to undergo an abortion should logically conclude that she should be sterilized by the Government.

> Don Phillips Point Arena, California

BOOTLEG IS BETTER

Leafing through PLAYBOY, I read a lot about marijuana reform. Decriminalization would be great, but what comes next? I know when I can go to the neighborhood grocery and buy a pack of pot, it will lose a lot of what marijuana really is to me.

To me, getting it in a plastic bag, sitting down with my newest album, cleaning the grass, saving the seeds for future adventures in the woods, trying to roll a better joint than I did the last time and *finally* smoking it are a major part of the high.

It would be great not getting popped for smoking, but let's hope the time will never come when there's no fun or adventure to it.

Keith Willis

Pineville, Louisiana

You know something? If enough of our puritanical lawmakers realized how much pleasure dopers derive from breaking the law, they'd have legalized pot years ago, just to take the fun out of it.

RED LODGE

I've been following your Red Lodge, Montana, "pot plantation" case with ever-increasing amazement and fascination. If the defendants ever do get off, the citizens of Red Lodge should institute an annual Lake Headley Day, since that particular event must be the biggest thing that has ever or will ever happen in that community.

It could be celebrated by a day of carnivals and general carousing and include, after nightfall, a parade down the main street of town by people carrying torches and a hangman's noose. Then they could have a great ceremonial lynching of an effigy of either Headley or the Carbon County attorney, whoever the villain turns out to be.

(Name withheld by request) Billings, Montana

At presstime, the Red Lodge case was still in limbo. A February trial date was set for Lake Headley and Elizabeth Schmidt, but a delay was expected because of appeals to the state supreme court by both the prosecution and the defense. Meanwhile, two of the former defendants, Don and Tim Wogamon, have been arrested on new drug charges; and the Federal drug agent involved in the Red Lodge raid has given a court-ordered deposition, including records indicating that the defendants had been Federal targets for several years, as Headley has long claimed. The civil rights suits filed by the defendants and reported in our December issue are still in the pretrial stages.

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

Forum Library

THE BOTANY AND ECOLOGY OF CANNABIS: Finally, a college biology student has talked his supervising professor into letting him do his thesis on the botany, taxonomy, morphology, embryology, etc., of the killer weed in all its world-wide species. And this 66-page illustrated scholarly work, by Robert Connell Clarke (University of California at Santa Cruz), is now available for four dollars, plus 30 cents postage and 24 cents sales tax in California, from Pods Press, Box 1158, Ben Lomond, California 95005. Academic, for sure.

COPS 'N DOPERs: The average and otherwise law-abiding pot smoker does not, as a rule, know his Fourth Amendment rights from his probable



cause, making him an easy bust and usually an easy conviction. Here's a 32-page illustrated booklet in both English and Spanish that lightheartedly but accurately educates anyone (young people, especially) in how to politely but firmly exercise his constitutional rights when Officer Friendly makes an unexpected appearance. Three dollars, plus 75 cents postage and handling, from Mayflower, Unlimited, Box 1136, Venice, California 90291.

THE GRASS ROOTS FUNDRAISING BOOK: Here's a valuable handbook for social do-gooders and political troublemakers alike who are frustrated in their efforts to raise money for their causes. This 200-plus-page paperback provides practical advice, explicit instructions and all sorts of general information on the art of gentle persuasion, meaning every fund-raising technique short of armed robbery. A fine book, or the Playboy Foundation would not have helped subsidize it. By Joan Flanagan, via The Swallow Press. Available for \$4.75, plus 50 cents postage and handling, from The Grass Roots Fundraising Book-The Youth Project, P.O. Box 988, Hicksville, New York 11802.



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whiskies, but bottle Passport in the U.S.—and pass on the tax and shipping savings to you. So to lucky Americans, this superb scotch only tastes expensive.

Passport Scotch

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAVID FROST

a candid conversation with britain's jet-lagged man about media and the interviewer who brought former president nixon to trial on television

Last spring, David Frost managed to accomplish what even the U.S. Congress had been unable to do: confront former President Richard M. Nixon on Watergate and other controversial aspects of his Administration. In a five-part series of taped television interviews that he also conceived and produced, Frost doggedly but politely pursued Nixon on everything from Cambodia to coverups—and, in the process, England's dapper man about media once again proved he is one of TV's most able interviewers.

Although most observers expected the gushingly hospitable Frost to be in over his head against Nixon, they sharply revised their opinion when the interviews were aired last spring. New York Times TV critic John J. O'Connor wrote, "Confounding his overly hasty detractors, Frost as an interviewer proved to be thoroughly prepared, extremely effective and frequently brilliant." He even evaded the expected charges of liberal partisanship: After watching the Watergate interview, former White House speechwriter Raymond K. Price, who had helped compose Nixon's resignation speech, noted, "The Nixon interview on

Watergate can be a much-needed act of healing—if his opponents will let it be." Although the jury is still out on Nixon's public mea culpa, the great majority of viewers were surprised by Frost's performance. At least one man wasn't, however. David Paradine Frost, a multitalented multimillionaire, knew all along he'd do just fine, thank you.

Born in the town of Tenterden in Kent, England, on April 7, 1939, Frost was the son of a hard-working country parson whose family of five (Frost has two sisters) had to make do on less than \$50 a week. After compiling a brilliant academic and athletic record in secondary schools, he spurned a pro-soccer contract with the Nottingham club in favor of an academic scholarship to Cambridge, where he became editor of Granta, the university's major literary magazine, and ran the Footlights, the campus revueand-cabaret society. Frost's extracurricular activities left him little time for studying and he sometimes likes to credit his honors degree in English to amphetamines. "'Purple hearts' were very big in Cambridge at examination time," he recently told us. "In fact, there was supposed to

be one guy at school who swallowed a whole bunch of purple hearts, took an exam, thought he'd done marvelously—and was then terribly disappointed to learn he'd written his name 1758 times."

Frost's ambition was to be on TV, and after he was graduated, he became a trainee with the commercial-TV station in London. Evenings found him moonlighting as a stand-up comic; when the BBC spotted him, it quickly hired Frost to help create and star in "That Was the Week That Was." "TW3," as the hit TV show came to be known, was a weekly satirical romp that specialized in skewering politicians. An American version ran on NBC-TV for two seasons, but, as one critic suggested, its style was "more roundhouse than rapier." When England's "TW3" went off the air, Frost went right back on with a talk show called "Not So Much a Programme, More a Way of Life." "People used to say it was a great show but that we should have cut 20 minutes out of the

After that, in the 1965-1966 season, came "The Frost Report" and, the next year, while still serving as emcee of this



"Once, I was interviewed by someone who wasn't listening, so I said, 'And then, I married the Pope's first wife.'
And the guy still said, 'Yes, Mr. Frost, but what about the Common Market?'"



"Women are very important in my life, and I guess they realize I like them and I like their company. But any woman who suffers from travel sickness, I think, is out as far as I'm concerned."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERNON L. SMITH

"Knowing Nixon, I believe his main concern in our interviews was history, not money—and trying to nudge history, in a long, forlorn battle toward a balanced judgment of his Presidency."

BBC show, Frost also hosted "The Frost Programme" on the rival commercial channel. Just to keep his hand in, while both shows were on the air, he found additional time to chair "Frost at the Phonograph," a weekly BBC radio program. Since then, Frost has had what seem like dozens of shows and series on British TV that he's produced and/or starred in and, in the U.S., from 1969 to 1972, the syndicated "David Frost Show" pioneered television's first encounter with 90-minute interviews. The latest news on Frost's American TV activities is that he has just signed a long-term contract with NBC that, among other things, called for him to produce a manic version of "60 Minutes" called "Peeping Times," plus a series of six specials, to be aired on consecutive weeks beginning in May. The as-yet-untitled miniseries will contain celebrity profiles, interviews, topical commentary and humor. In reality, NBC is hoping that Frost's imagination will produce something as popular as, yet more interesting than, the banal items that currently make up TV's top ten programs. The network has made a sporting gamble.

To interview the 39-year-old globetrotter, Playboy sent one of its veteran interviewers, Lawrence Linderman, to meet with Frost in New York. Linderman

reports:

David Frost is a 5'11" dynamo who is rapidly building a far-flung media empire. He does everything rapidly-and mostly well. He conducts business on three continents, has offices in New York, Beverly Hills and London, owns a very fancy Regency town house in the Knightsbridge section of London and seems to live most of his life on jets. The man runs himself ragged, but he's so exceptionally energized, he doesn't seem to notice it. I met him for the first time in his office in Manhattan's Plaza Hotel. Frost struck me as a good guy: funny, friendly and very quick. He is a seasoned pro at interviews, so we got down to business soon after we met. His Nixon interviews, which are the subject of Frost's justpublished book, "I Gave Them a Sword" (Morrow), co-authored with Antony Jay, seemed the obvious subject with which to begin our own sessions."

PLAYBOY: Having successfully completed your interviews with Richard M. Nixon, you're now out hustling your book about them, I Gave Them a Sword. Don't you think you're milking the subject of Richard Nixon a wee bit?

FROST: No, and that's not at all why I wrote the book, but I commend you for the kind thought. I really didn't decide to write anything until after the enormous impact of the interviews, and even then. I thought I'd just write an article. And that was only in response to the fact that whenever I do lectures and such, people have a tremendous num-

ber of questions to ask about Nixon and my impressions of him. So I sat down to write an article and then encountered the same problem *you're* about to encounter, which is that you can't write about all of my feelings about the project and about Nixon in an article. And so I realized it was all or nothing, and a book that started out to be 75,000 words ended up as 100,000-plus words.

PLAYBOY: If there's one overriding, lingering impression of your interviews with Nixon, it may well be this: Here we had a discredited President who hadn't leveled with the American public, and suddenly, there he was on TV again, receiving a princely fee from you either to finally come clean or to extend the cover-up that had ultimately driven him out of office. Did it surprise you that many Americans felt that the money Nixon received lent an air of impropriety to your interviews with him?

FROST: No. I felt that was understandable. In fact, I examined that myself, because it's an important question. Obviously, I had to analyze the question of payment to Nixon before even trying to arrange the interviews. What I realized was this: We would not be setting a precedent. Lyndon Johnson had been paid for talking about his Presidency on television, and he'd even retained a measure of editorial control. The privacy point was also important: A politician has the right to dispose of his own life in whatever way he wishes after he leaves public office. It also seemed to me that in terms of memoirs, the interviews were like a book. Since the age of the quill, we've understood the concept of the writer and his written memoirs; electronic memoirs, however, are more recent and more complex. And perhaps more testing, in some ways, for Richard Nixon wasn't merely being asked to write his own account. Instead, his account was consistently being questioned during our interviews, and for a sum that was only a fraction of what he's receiving for his book. The only precedent we set was one of total editorial control, and that was a mandatory condition, for without it, I wouldn't have done the interviews. Given all that, I therefore felt that interviewing Nixon would be a challenge, a task that had to be done in the hopes of adding to history. I thought we would probably be able to move our state of knowledge of those extraordinary years forward a bit-and I think we did.

PLAYBOY: Nixon received \$600,000, plus 20 percent of the profits for your interviews with him. Will his cut of the action come to more than \$1,000,000?

FROST: Taking the longest view possible, allowing for future usage and such, no, he will never make \$1,000,000 from the interviews. In fact, if the over-all excess of income over expenditures turns out to be a half million dollars, well, that would be a fair estimate of the profits. And those profits will have to be shared with the

investors in the project.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean that Nixon will make more money from those shows than you will?

FROST: Certainly so, yes, and that will never change. But I didn't look at the interviews as a chance to make money. One's main aim in doing them was to break even, to do a good job and perhaps make a bit of history en route. In financial terms, I pictured the project as gloom, middle road or ecstasy. Gloom was break even, and that was one's true aim. What in fact happened was that we ended up doing better than break even: We made a fair profit out of it. If you're looking at it as a purely financial investment, you would probably have to say that the risk was greater than the eventual reward. But I think that everybody who went into it didn't really regard it, any more than I did, as a purely financial transaction, but as a historical responsibility. As long as people got their money back-more than \$2,000,000 had to be raised—they were going to be content. And the fact that they've done a bit better than that-they are content.

PLAYBOY: Just before the interviews were televised, U.S. News & World Report wrote that the only reason Nixon agreed to do them was that he "needed money—desperately and quickly." Do you think that was the case?

FROST: It's certainly possible Nixon may have thought at the time that he was in need of money. But very soon thereafter, his main concern became the historic impact of the thing. I wasn't privy to his thinking then any more than I am now, but, knowing him, I believe that his main concern was history—and trying to help nudge history, in a long, forlorn battle toward a balanced judgment of his Presidency.

PLAYBOY: There has been a good deal written about Nixon's preoccupation with his place in history. What do you think that place will be?

FROST: I suspect that some years hence, his place in history will become schizoid in the sense that people will separate his foreign policy from his domestic policy. On the one hand, they will gaze at the antidemocratic instincts that pervaded his domestic policy and, on the other hand, they'll admire his grasp of Realpolitik. Now, that doesn't mean the Nixon Presidency will ever be rehabilitated domestically, because it was a very dangerous period in America. Not necessarily dangerous in the sense that Nixon wanted to destroy the institutions of American government, but he would have made it much easier for the next guy down the line to do so.

PLAYBOY: When did you get the idea to do the interviews?

FROST: The day Nixon resigned. I was in Australia at the time. His resignation speech, given about nine P.M. in Washington, was broadcast live in Australia

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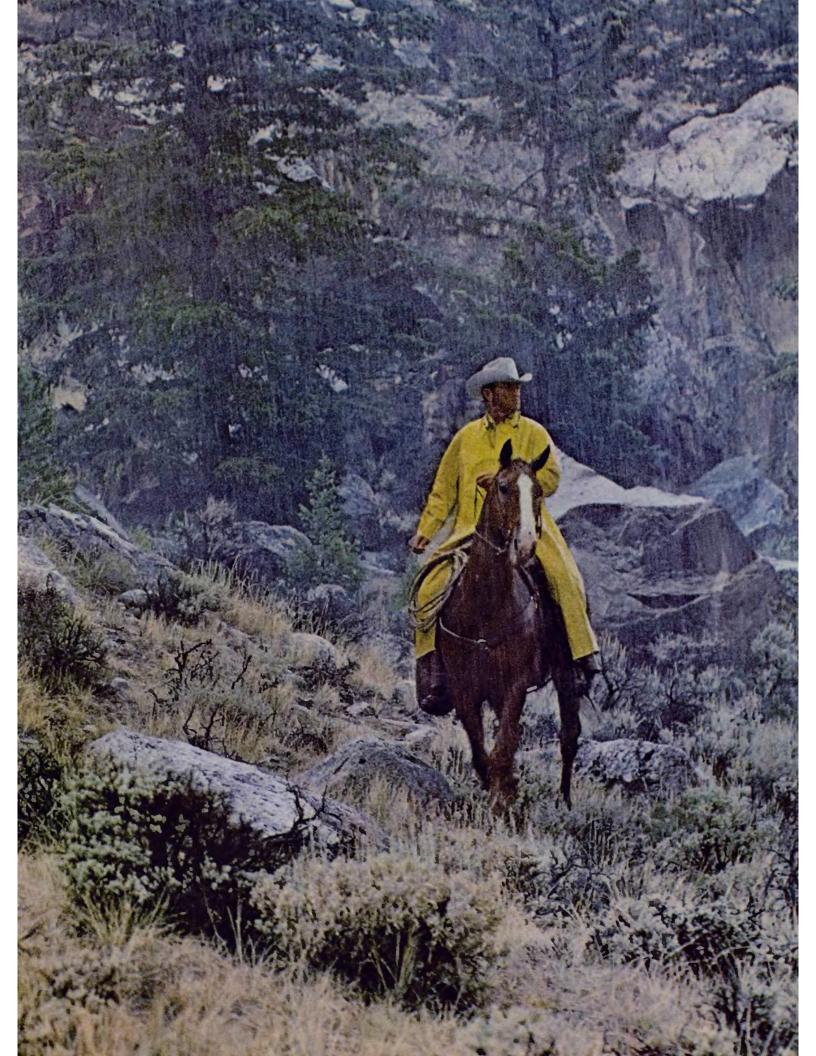


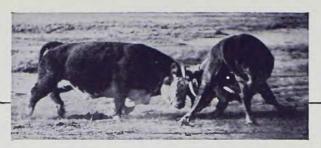


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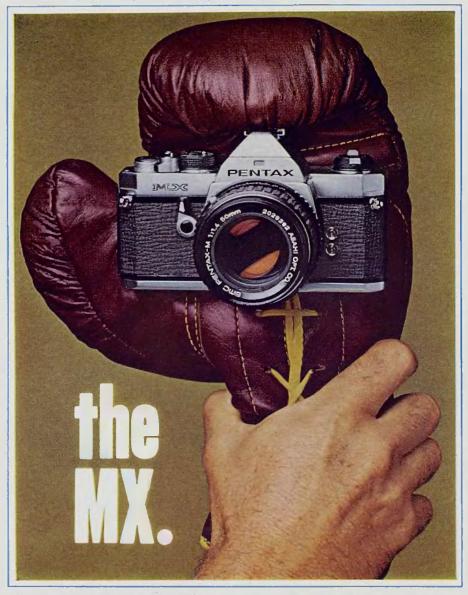
PLAYBOY: What was your perception of him at the time?

FROST: I'd always been fascinated by the enigmas of the man. And for Nixon to have gone from that extraordinary victory in '72 to where he was at that moment made him doubly fascinating for me. There are so many rich paradoxes in his life that I believe make him the most interesting of men to interview. In fact, to interview him again would be almost as interesting as interviewing someone else for the first time. His speeches that day, of course, were quite memorable. The first one was historic-that he was laying down his office, and so on, but in personal terms, the East Room speech was tremendously dramatic. Everything about it was extraordinary, from the people who were sitting there applauding madly because they thought they should, down to the people who were there thinking, Do I applaud now? Or do I look appropriately somber? By being here, will I get myself embroiled in any responsibility for what Nixon did?

The East Room speech itself was very basic, very human, very mother-father, very psychological, very coarse and very intriguing, beginning with the dichotomy of Nixon's closing remark about hate: "Always remember, others may hate you, but those who hate you don't win unless you hate them, and then you destroy yourself." Which was an extraordinary comment for him to make, because one would have thought it was an epitaph for the Nixon Administration. And yet it was delivered as if it were an Olympian judgment for the aid of future generations, unconnected to the man who was saying it. Right then and there, I determined to do as much as I could, as soon as I could, to make the interviews happen. PLAYBOY: What were the first steps you

FROST: I waited two weeks and then called San Clemente. The reaction-I didn't get to speak to Nixon-was very much one of "Don't call us, we'll call you." Warmhearted reluctance was considerably in evidence. I continued calling about once every two months, and also tried to find contacts who could help. In fact, it took a year before I was able to get Nixon to agree. Herb Klein, who'd been director of communications for Nixon, had gone to Metromedia and acted as the main intermediary, but nothing really happened until one night my friend Clay Felker told me that Swifty Lazar, the agent who'd negotiated Nixon's book deal, was also empowered to negotiate for television rights. That was the

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key piece of information. After that, it became a question of the single-minded pursuit of Swifty. The telephoning turned out to have helped marginally in establishing that I was serious about doing the interviews.

PLAYBOY: Were the negotiations themselves very difficult?

FROST: The money negotiations, as such, took relatively little time. NBC had allegedly offered Nixon \$400,000 for two hours and Swifty was asking \$750,000 for four hours. In the end, I agreed to \$600,000 for four 90-minute programs. We later added a seventh hour when Nixon requested a delay that would cost me about \$100,000; and I suggested that in return for the delay he grant us an extra hour of broadcast material, and he did. I suppose the most important thingand it almost sounds ridiculous in retrospect-was realizing that Nixon was worth more than two hours. The day after I announced our agreement, the impact of the news was such that people would have offered him ten hours of TV time. The most complicated part of the bargaining concerned when the program on Watergate should be aired. Nixon didn't want to talk about Watergate at a point when he felt he could affect the appeals of Mitchell, Haldeman and Ehrlichman, which we agreed to. Meanwhile, I was delighted that he was agreeable to the TV interviews' coming out ahead of his book, because I thought that was essential. But, most of all, I was surprised that Nixon, this most suspicious of men, agreed to let me have total editorial control.

PLAYBOY: Was there much wrangling over that?

FROST: No, none at all. There was instant realization on his part that my independent bona fides were essential to the project. Nixon, you see, had memories of being fairly edited in the 1968 interview I'd done with him as part of a series of TV interviews I'd conducted with nine Presidential candidates that year. Still, I found it remarkable that Nixon, as an ex-President, was granting me a greater editorial right than any ex-President had ever granted before, and he was the one ex-President most sure the media would never give him a fair crack of the whip,

PLAYBOY: Have they?

FROST: Well, to a certain extent, it is true that the media-television, particularly-have been critical of Nixon. But that's probably the case anywhere in the world where you have a conservative leader, because the average writer, for instance, tends to be irreverent or left of center or anti-status quo. But what's surprising, really, is that while Nixon, as President, felt he was being absolutely lacerated by television, he and Agnew were extremely successful in the campaign that they launched against TV's "instant analysis" of White House speeches and press conferences. That phrase, incidentally, was coined by the

White House, yet the broadcasting establishment took it as if it were its own, agreed that the practice was intolerable and abolished instant analysis with extraordinary deference and speed. They knew, of course, who controlled-or who could control-the Federal Communications Commission, and they wanted to protect their licenses. I thought they caved in far too quickly. I believe in TV's getting the facts across and leaving people to draw their own conclusions, but I also think that exploratory, elucidatory comments after a broadcast are perfectly valid. One of the ironies of the period is that Nixon genuinely felt the media were out to get him, when, in fact, the media were accommodating him because they felt he was about to get them. PLAYBOY: That may have been true of the three TV networks, but obviously, The Washington Post and The New York Times were not at all accommodating to

"Nixon finally handed back the check like a small boy who'd thought he could get away with a cookie before dinner."

Nixon. Apart from their Watergate reportage, was there any reason he so thoroughly disliked both newspapers?

FROST: I think so, yes. The Times and the Post are immensely influential among the people a President meets. They both have a tremendous opinion-forming power, and if you're President of the United States, that's where you look for your reviews, I suppose. It's not all that different from a producer who puts a show on Broadway; if his show gets slammed in the Times and the Post, he will not be assuaged by the fact that a week later, the Bergen County, New Jersey, Record gives him a rave. Both the Times and the Post are read by members of the Eastern establishment and reflect an Easternestablishment point of view-which was never pro-Nixon.

There is an Eastern establishment, you know, but I don't think it's malign, as Nixon does. Indeed, it may be the most amazing source of wisdom since the creation of man. In any case, the interesting thing is that there certainly was a group from whom Nixon felt excluded. Whatever they thought of him, however, once he became President, Nixon easily could have invited them in and reached a rapprochement with them. Their exclusion of the President was based on the President's exclusion of them. I mean, when someone becomes President, even

if he's been the most unfashionable figure previously, he does manage to get invited to the odd boutique opening, you know. All resources are available to a President, and it therefore takes a determined crusade to prevent being accepted by the establishment. I suspect the reason Nixon made it a crusade is that he'd reached a point where he overestimated anything less than adulation as a declaration of war.

PLAYBOY: At what point in your pursuit of the TV interviews did you finally get to meet with Nixon?

FROST: Our first meeting was on August 9, 1974, and I announced the news of our agreement the next day. And the coincidence was, that was one year to the day after he'd left office. It was the first day I could get to San Clemente, which was about ten days after Swifty Lazar and I had agreed to the thing by telephone. Inevitably, a particular construction will be put upon anything Nixon does, but he really didn't plot and plan the announcement to be released on his first anniversary, as it were, out of office.

What really astonished me about him that day was that the haggard newspaper photos of Nixon bore no resemblance to the man in front of me. I mean, he looked healthy, and it wasn't make-up. The press, meanwhile, had been filled with reports saying, "Nixon can't concentrate for more than half an hour," which turned out to be nonsense, because at that first meeting, he concentrated for six hours. Although Lazar was there, Nixon was representing himself as a lawyer, and we spent a great deal of time discussing such things as the provisions of exclusivity, how the interview payments would affect his taxability, and so on. When we finally got to the end of the contract and each page had been carried out and retyped, I had to sign a check for \$200,000, which I did. Nixon quickly started to pocket it, at which point Lazar said to him, "Give it to me, if you would." But Nixon resisted and resisted, until Swifty, having pointed out that it was customary to give the check to the agent, finally said, "Give it to me, puh-leeze." He said it very distinctly. Nixon then realized it probably was conventional to do it Lazar's wayit is-and finally handed back the check like a small boy who'd thought he could get away with a cookie before dinner. Irving Paul Lazar is a very impressive man and Nixon owes him a great debt.

PLAYBOY: Aside from Nixon's fitness, what struck you most strongly about him at that first meeting?

FROST: His extraordinary ability to say things without realizing they were double-entendres. For example, when we were talking about Brezhnev, the first thing he said was, "I wouldn't want to be a Russian leader. They never know when they're being taped." He said that absolutely straight.

PLAYBOY: Are you sure he wasn't putting

FROST: I watched him very closely to see if he was joking, but I don't think he was

PLAYBOY: How do you handle a moment like that?

FROST: As if in an interview, I suppose. You let it register inside, but you don't necessarily show it outside. Small talk, of course, is never easy with Nixon. For instance, one day, Nixon-wanting to be one of the boys-turned to me as we strolled in to start taping and said, "Did you do any fornicating this weekend?" And I just could not believe he'd said that. Quite apart from the fact that lovers use the word fornicating about as regularly as newsmen say, "Well, we've managed to trivialize matters again tonight, Henry." I mean, I just couldn't believe it. One almost had to warm to the sheer clumsiness of it all. It really did fascinate me that Nixon could have gotten through 30 years of politics, of attending countless fund raisers and such, and still be so bad at small talk.

Another time, I was on my way to San Clemente and suddenly I saw that my shoes were dirty, which may or may not be unusual, because I normally never notice my shoes. Well, when I got there and went in to see Nixon, the first thing he said was, "Are those shoes Italian?" That it should be the day I'd noticed they were dirty was perhaps ironic, but the point is, he was looking for something to talk about for five minutes before we got down to business.

PLAYBOY: Going into the interviews, were you at all worried that you might finally be in over your head—that Nixon might be too skillful a debater for you to handle?

FROST: Well, it would be much more my thinking—and I can remember thinking it—that if I'm not really at my best, then I'm in trouble. Therefore, I must be at my best; therefore, I will be at my best—and on the day of an interview, I am at my best. I really don't think I'd allow myself to feel overmatched, because, in all honesty, I don't think it's part of my make-up.

PLAYBOY: You are that unflappable?

FROST: Yes, I think so. I could give you a more objective, distant answer, but I'm trying to explain my make-up a bit and the correlation I feel between self-confidence and self-criticism, and it's a very complicated balance, that balance. I suppose that I'm an optimist. For instance, when I was writing my book about the Nixon interviews, I would call up my researchers and say, "Well, chapter two has taken a little bit longer to write than I expected, but it's all downhill now," and then, days later, I would call up again and say, "Well, chapter five took a bit longer to write than I

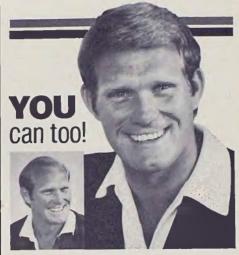
expected, but it's all downhill now." It didn't mean that one wasn't flogging away, but one was always psyching oneself to feel on top of it, I guess. Against Nixon, of course, I knew I wasn't going to just sail through, for once we began taping, I quickly realized that here was an experienced lawyer and an outstanding debater who was at the peak of his performing powers. When you interview politicians, as I have, you get used to asking them a question that starts in New York City and by the end of the answer they'll have got you to Bostonbut usually, you're aware of what's going on as you leave the airport. Richard Nixon has the ability to have you checked in at the Ritz-Carlton before you can blink.

PLAYBOY: How is he able to do that?

FROST: Oh, he has incredible technique and he really is a skillful performer. For instance, when I asked him if his meeting with Henry Kissinger the night before he resigned was the most emotional moment of the thing for him, Nixon began his answer by saying, "Yes, it was almost as emotional a moment as I have ever known-except, perhaps, for my farewell visit to President Eisenhower." And he then went into seven minutes of Eisenhower, with me sitting there thinking, Oh, please, no, not that. But he did it, and he did it superbly. It was a story about visiting Eisenhower for the last time, and Nixon managed to bring into it the fact that Ike's language was pretty salty, just to give his own language a good precedent. Basically, it was about a visit made when Eisenhower was in hospital and he was bringing Ike greetings from statesmen abroad. At the end of the story, as Nixon is leaving, Ike can scarcely speak, but he raises a frail hand-and at that point, Nixon raised his own hand and acted the scene out beautifully.

His technique in talking about Kissinger was also brilliant. He wanted to portray Henry as somewhat erratic and mercurial, a man who needed the fatherly strength of a Nixon to see him through. And so Nixon always started with a compliment about Kissinger, but then, as you examined the compliment, there was an underlying instability that was being pointed to. And it was all done with deftness, with an almost puckish, pixyish ability to score points. Nixon's entire essay on Henry and the terrible things Henry said about him was nothing less than a masterpiece. As he launched into it, I began logging the points Nixon was scoring. He started by saying, "To tell you the truth, when Henry says things about me, it drives my family up the wall, and it's only because it worries them that it worries me." Two points for Nixon right there: One, that Henry's a louse and he upsets poor BRADSHAW, 12...BALDNESS, 0

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Pat and poor Tricia and poor Julie; and, two, Nixon himself is too big a man to be upset by what Henry says. Nixon went through item after item where the reverse of what he said was true. Another example: "Oh, I used to like going to parties. Henry still likes going to parties, but you know, he'll get tired of them, too." Conclusion: Yes, Henry will grow up just like Nixon has. And throughout all these points, Nixon was scoring, scoring, scoring. To top it off, Nixon talked about the disputed "prayer meeting" he had with Kissinger the night before he announced his resignation, and in his version, Nixon is telling Kissinger he mustn't resign. And then he sees tears in Kissinger's eyes. And so, because he can't bear to see a person cry, Nixon cries, the implication being, yes, the prayer meeting did take place and we did cry; but Henry started it. It was brilliant stuff, great television-and it underlined the fact that Nixon was at the peak of his form.

PLAYBOY: Do you know what Kissinger's reaction to that was?

FROST: Yes, I do. After the program had gone on the air, Kissinger said to me, "You know, this was the eve of Nixon's departure from the White House. Yet, from his account, you would have thought the subject of our meeting was my resignation, not his."

PLAYBOY: What kinds of ploys did Nixon use on you?

FROST: During the first few days of taping, I would just study his technique. He eventually said something about Brezhnev's following the principle of Lenin, which is, "Advance with bayonet. If you encounter mush, proceed. If you encounter steel, withdraw." That was Nixon's debating strategy.

PLAYBOY: How did he employ it?

FROST: Well, I remember him making a rather obscure point about the amount of arms the South Vietnamese had in April of 1975, and he said something to the effect that, "In many areas, they were outgunned three to one." And then I made a point I wanted to bring out, that the Congress didn't lose the war by finally cutting off arms to South Vietnam. I didn't particularly want to pursue the point about whether the South Vietnamese were specifically outgunned three to one in certain areas. Nixon, of course, had covered himself the first time by saying, "In many areas, they were outgunned three to one," so that if I saidwhich I didn't-"No, they weren't outgunned three to one," Nixon could have said, "I'm sorry, David, but in Whack Me Knock, they were outgunned three to one." He probably had one or two areas up his sleeve that he could talk about, but since that wasn't the thrust of the discussion, I didn't pick the point up. And so he dragged it back two or three

minutes later by saying, "You'd be pretty frightened if you were outgunned three to one." Now, because I hadn't picked it up the first time, he dared the second time not to even qualify it. Do you know what I mean? He protected himself the first time, and then he thought, Uh-huh, proceed with bayonet.

PLAYBOY: He felt he was about to encounter more mush?

FROST: That's right, because I hadn't challenged him. It was actually a detour, though. He couldn't realize I was sitting there and thinking, Boring, boring, and that the material would be edited out. The point is, I knew from those very formative moments that Nixon was a killer in debate if you let him be. I recognized early on that if he encountered mush in the Watergate questions, he would proceed. In fact, if he found a chink in our armor, he would drive a truck through it. Really, I was aware that he had the ability to do that and I had to know how to combat it when

"Nixon was a killer in debate. I recognized that if he found a chink in our armor, he would drive a truck through it."

we got to Watergate. Although we telecast that program first, we hadn't taped the Watergate material until our eighth session.

PLAYBOY: Was a tough exploration of Watergate the underlying aim of your Nixon interviews?

FROST: I thought it would be the most spectacular part of the interviews and, in a sense, would be the touchstone of the interviews' success. I remember once moderating a round-table discussion about marriage, and on the subject of sex in marriage, one of the psychiatrists present said, "If it's right, it's only 30 percent; if it's wrong, it's 90 percent." Likewise, one could have said that if the Watergate interviews had been wrong, they would have been 90 percent of the project. Since they were right, they probably became 50 percent, because once Watergate had been ventilated in a way that demonstrated the seriousness of the project, people were prepared to listen to discussions of other subjects, such as foreign policy. But if Watergate hadn't worked, then somehow a terrific story about Brezhnev would have been less acceptable.

PLAYBOY: How did you prepare for your Watergate interview with Nixon?

FROST: I realized I had to get across a com-

plex set of points in such a way that not only would 17 devoted Watergate scholars know that I made them but the public would, too. And so I worked hard to be able to present those complex points with clarity.

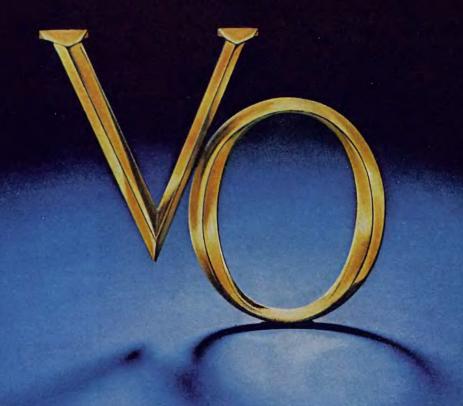
I also made lists of things about Nixon and Watergate that I felt I could or couldn't prove. Some of the "couldn't proves" were circumstantially strong. For instance, Herbert Kalmbach, Nixon's lawyer, raised funds to be used as hush money for the Watergate defendants. Now, would an Ehrlichman or a Haldeman have dared use the President's lawyer for such a task without OKing it with the President? It seems unlikely, but we couldn't prove that that money was transferred by Kalmbach with Nixon's approval. And so, if I questioned Nixon about that, he could just say, "Well, I didn't know anything about that." Along the same lines, prior to the Watergate break-in, would Mitchell have held meetings with Liddy to discuss massive intelligence plans without OKing it with Haldeman-and without Haldeman's OKing it with Nixon? Again, unlikely, but, again, we couldn't prove it. What I had to look for was direct involvement, so that I could put questions to Nixon in a way that he couldn't reply, "Well, I didn't know anything about that."

And, of course, I had to study the tapes. I mean, it was Nixon's life, but I knew those tapes as well as he did, and better in some cases. We also had important new tapes that Jim Reston, a staff member on the project, had discovered through sheer diligent research. Jim found them by reading through the records of the Watergate trial. Anybody could have done the same thing, but no one did. Everyone assumed that what was in the records was what was played at the trial; it turned out that what was accidentally left in the records were some extra conversations between Nixon and Colson. They were never played in court, because Colson copped a plea and, therefore, it wasn't relevant to play them. But they were in the records, and they were quite revealing. [Reston's account of his discovery of these and other key documents appears on page 93.]

PLAYBOY: Exactly what did they reveal?

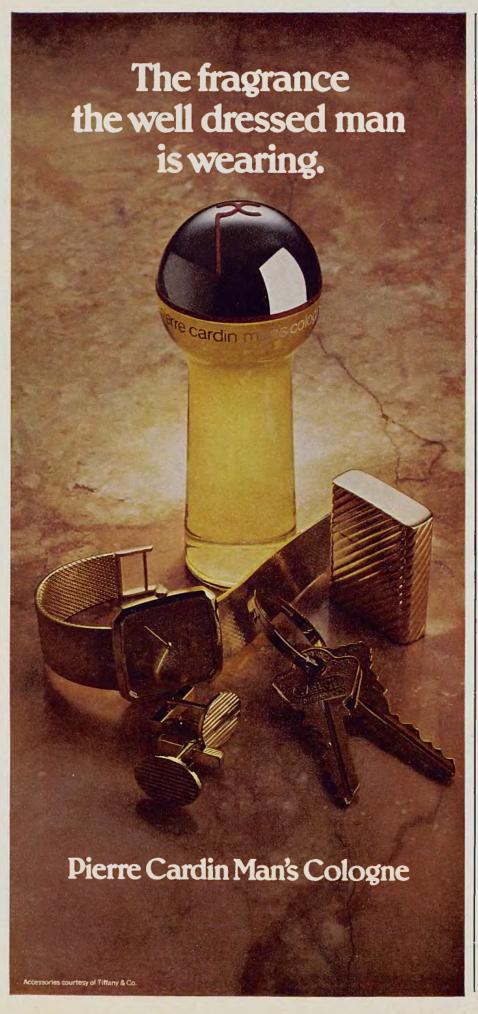
FROST: On the afternoon of June 20, 1972—just three days after the Watergate break-in—Nixon showed a remarkable knowledge of what had gone on. In that conversation, I think, he says things like, "We've got to have lawyers who can delay" and "Hunt's a hard-line guy." It was a conversation that portrayed a grasp of knowledge on June 20th that Nixon was not known to have had. Nixon claimed that the first time he learned about the cover-up was on March 21,

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1973, from John Dean, but on February 13th and February 14th, in conversations with Colson, he was using the word cover-up and saying, "It's the cover-up that's the main thing," and all of that. A month ahead of when this revelation was supposed to have struck him. And so one or all of those were crucial conversations.

PLAYBOY: More crucial than the famed "smoking gun" tape of June 23, 1972, in which Nixon acquiesced in Haldeman's plan to have the CIA block the FBI's Watergate investigation?

FROST: Well, it was clear from the smoking-gun tape that Nixon knew he was blocking the FBI's probe in order to protect the identities of some people involved in the Watergate break-in rather than for national security. When that tape was released, it was enough to do the trick; Nixon left office four days later. If the June 20th tape had been released instead, I think it would have had a similar impact. In other words, it was a very key conversation, indeed.

PLAYBOY: You obviously did your homework before challenging Nixon on Watergate. Do you feel he was as ready for you as you were for him?

FROST: I really wouldn't want you to think I wasn't daunted by the scale of the challenge; I was. After our first seven sessions, I realized the odds were by no means in our favor, but I also felt that Nixon might be going into the first of our two Watergate interviews a little overconfident, perhaps. As he looked over our transcripts, he would see only isolated periods when I'd confronted him, for in our early conversations, I followed a policy of not confronting him for the sake of confrontation. I'd challenged him on Cambodia and Chile and on some crime statistics, but Nixon might well have underestimated the difference in nature between Watergate and the grain deals with Russia or his nomination of Harrold Carswell for the Supreme Court. I'd mentally edit out sequences I knew we couldn't use, and so, instead of interrupting Nixon, I'd let him finish his point.

But the Watergate program had to be different. For one thing, we'd always agreed that we'd take a total of six hours to cover the complexities of Watergate. which meant that I'd have to keep a tight hold on the proceedings. For another, I felt that while the interview was not a trial as such, when we got to Watergate, it had to be conducted according to those kinds of disciplines. And if Nixon adopted a stonewall defense, which is what occurred, I felt I would have to use the same sort of adversary procedure one sees in a trial. Which also meant that I had to find a way in conversation to be tough but polite; I had to make sure that I wasn't



counterproductively rude and therefore moving sympathy over to the other side. It's one thing, you know, to say what you think of Nixon privately; it's another to find the right way to express it face to face without stunting the dialog. In any event, when we began discussing Watergate, the tape of June 23rd was the first real crunch in nailing down that on that date he became guilty of an obstruction of justice.

PLAYBOY: There's no doubt in your mind about that?

FROST: No doubt whatsoever. And no doubt, either, in the minds of people who watched it that his guilt was established. But I think it came as a considerable shock to Nixon. Having settled on a highly legalistic defense, I think he was surprised that we could puncture it and make the point that an obstruction of justice is an obstruction of justice, whether it's for five minutes or for two weeks. And that, by definition, if he gave orders that limited culpability to the five people already arrested-and prevented others whom he knew to be guilty from being arrested-that, per se, was an obstruction of justice.

PLAYBOY: Had that argument never been raised before?

FROST: Well, I don't think it had ever been raised to him. I don't think he'd ever argued it with someone who could argue it back and win. I think Nixon believed that going the legalistic route would suffice and that he'd be able to prevail by saying things like, "Well, you probably haven't read the obstruction-of-justice statute." But I had. That was the kind of thing he thought he could get away with and didn't.

Basically, he was doing a classic Nixonian defense, in the sense that he was saying more than one thing at the same time. He stated that he was not doing anything criminal, because his only concern had been-well, it wavered, what his only concern had been. For instance, his only concern had been that the FBI investigation of Watergate might get into areas that would embarrass the CIA, and since the CIA agreed, perhaps the CIA would step in and stop the FBI investigation. But his actual instructions to the CIA were, "Stop the investigation, period." He didn't issue a genial invitation over a drink for them to go along if they happened to agree. The key point was that whatever Nixon's motive, it was irrelevant. Motive is an adjunct to establishing a crime, not an essential. I then made the point about the March 21st tape in which he effectively condoned blackmail payments to Howard Hunt. I used a list of 16 points from that tape to show that the one or two points Nixon had pulled out of the conversation to

justify his point of view were overwhelmed by the weight of the evidence the other way. The main point of his defense was that he hadn't actually approved the payment, but my point was that he hadn't stopped it and, indeed, had positively encouraged it. He tried to take a remark he'd made about clemency for Hunt-"No, it's wrong, that's for sure"-and use it as proof he was saying no to the blackmail payments, but that was real nonsense. There were two kinds of nonsense in that. First, when he said it would be wrong, in context it was clear that he was making a tactical rather than a moral decision about clemency. Secondly, he argued that because he ruled out clemency, he must have been ruling out blackmail, and that makes no sense whatever. The day ended very soon after I cited the 16 points that people seem to remember so clearly. Nixon's response to them closed out the session-and it was a very muted response in terms of any degree of convincingness.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about the way the interview had gone?

FROST: I was euphoric, because that was the toughest confrontation of them all. We conducted the interviews in a private home in Monarch Bay, near San Clemente, and when we finished taping that day, Nixon went into the kitchen to talk





to some of the people who'd been watching. Bob Zelnick, who headed our editorial team, had been filled with a terrible sense of foreboding about the Watergate material a week earlier, but when he came up to me, he was just ecstatic. Meanwhile, Nixon's aides, a very honorable group of men, were talking with John Birt, my coproducer. Jack Brennan, who'd been Nixon's military aide in the White House, was saying, "What a mistake, what a mistake. We didn't want him to go that way." And Ken Khachigian, who was acting as Nixon's head researcher, was saying, "Yes, the President of the United States made himself look like a criminal defendant with David as prosecutor. This was the one subject we couldn't talk to him about. It was just too personal." Right about then, Diane Sawyer walked by. She'd been in charge of providing Nixon with Watergate research for his book, and she said, "He hasn't reached the Watergate part of his memoirs yet, so none of us knew what he was going to say." Which is mind-boggling, because they were preparing Nixon for the interviews in the same way our researchers were preparing me, yet none of them knew what he would say about Watergate. Obviously, to use a Nixon phrase, he had decided to "tough it out"-or to try to tough it out. But it hadn't worked. It hadn't worked at all.

PLAYBOY: Had you anticipated that kind of result?

FROST: I only expected—and this was my big expectation—to be able to make our case. I thought our case would come through as the dominant case by the end of the proceedings, but I really didn't expect to win each exchange, to win each rally. To put it in tennis terms, I never expected to beat such a tough opponent 6-0; maybe 7-5, but not 6-0. Oddly enough, I usually tend to talk about Nixon's not having won rather than my having beaten him, but I suppose that's British understatement. Rather like the rich man in England who said to his chauffeur, "Drive over that cliff, James. I've decided to commit suicide."

I guess the reason I felt on a cloud at the end of that day was that I knew—and Nixon knew—that on Watergate, in the last resort, it was him or me. It was really like that. And it didn't matter that Nixon was a former President and a lawyer and all of those things. If I couldn't establish our case, then I'd be seen to have suffered a massive defeat. Anyway, that was the first stage of the Watergate program.

PLAYBOY: What was the second?

FROST: Something happened to Richard Nixon during the two days we had between Watergate tapings. I still wonder what those two days were like. For the second Watergate taping, Nixon arrived late. He'd always been punctual to the minute, and the one day I'd been a little late, he'd made a passing reference to it, saying, "I always allow for the possibility of traffic jams." The Presidential punctuality showing through. And then he arrived 17 minutes late, looking five years older than he had two days before. Who knows, perhaps he'd really confronted Watergate for the first time in those two days, because normally, no one was franchised to interrogate him the way he'd just been interrogated. And to the extent that what eventually emerged on the second day was the product of the debacle he'd suffered on the first day, well, I don't really know. I do know, however, that he came prepared to go further than he had the first day. It was a question of my pushing him and pushing him to do it.

PLAYBOY: How did you get him to that point?

FROST: We began the second Watergate session by talking about Nixon's coaching of witnesses, the phony Dean report and the fact that the next man Nixon appointed to discover the "truth" about Watergate was John Ehrlichman. I said to him, "That's a bit like asking Al Capone to produce a report on organized crime in Chicago." I then asked him, "Nevertheless, whatever else you say about March 21st, the whole point was—why didn't you call the cops? At the

very least, that should have been done." By then, Nixon was ready to start volunteering, and as a result, the next hour and a half was filled with extraordinary emotion and electricity. I told him he needed to go further than merely admitting to mistakes and misjudgments. I told him the public wouldn't accept that. One felt almost a sense of awe or disbelief that one was placed in the position of having to enunciate that.

PLAYBOY: Had you planned that in advance?

FROST: No, I hadn't, but in reading it again, I don't think I'd change a word of it. We'd just taken a breather, and when we came back, I said, "Now, won't you go further than 'mistakes,' this word that just doesn't seem enough?" And then Nixon said, "Well, what word do you suggest?" That was the most heart-stopping question I'd ever been asked. And I responded with a three-pronged answer. First of all, he ought to go further than mistakes, because there might, indeed, have been a crime committed. Two, in terms of abuse of power, he'd abused his oath of office. And, three, I said I thought he needed to apologize to the American people for putting them through two years of needless pain. By then, one was able to say something as wrenching as that, firmly but conversationally, which was the point we'd reached. I would never have envisaged until that minute that one could say something like that. And I went on to tell him, "Those are the three things I think you need to say and if you don't, I think you'll be haunted by it for the rest of your life."

PLAYBOY: How did Nixon react to that? FROST: It was almost as if the breath had been driven out of his lungs. There was a long pause, and then he started slowly, as he often did, and for the next 20 minutes or so, with appropriate nudges from me, he addressed himself to what I'd said. The climactic three or four minutes were triggered off when Nixon said, "And now, how do I feel about the American people? Let me come to that." By then, it was no longer Nixon versus Frost; it was Nixon versus Nixon. How much of his own conduct could he confront? There was finally a moment where Nixon just caught his breath-and I remember catching mine, as well-and he then said, "Yup, I let the American people down, and I have to live with that for the rest of my life. My political life is over."

We had reached a peak, and when he finished, I said something like, "You said this was a burden you'll have to carry with you for the rest of your life. I think it may be a little lighter after what you've just said." Nixon answered, "Oh, I doubt it. People will go on harassing me." And then there was the sort of decompression period divers go through when they come back up to the surface or climbers go through when they come down from the mountaintop. We were at the end of the session and I thanked him and said, "You know, we seem to have been more through a life than an interview." And that was it.

PLAYBOY: Your work on the Nixon interviews was obviously much better than most media observers thought it would be. Newsweek, for one, noted that your "reputation as an obliging foil for comics and crooners on American TV" raised doubts about your ability to pin Nixon down. Did that sort of criticism disturb

FROST: Well, I think it's kind of funny how selective people's memories can be. Ironically enough, I think memory spans are sometimes shorter among one's colleagues in media than among the public. For instance, after I pioneered That Was the Week That Was in England and was about to do a talk show in the U.S., I read in the newspapers that "satirist David Frost is about to do a talk show"as if I hadn't been doing interviews in England. And then, having done the talk

"And then Nixon said, Well, what word do you suggest?' That was the most heart-stopping question I'd ever been asked."

show, I became "talk-show-host David Frost," as if I'd never done That Was the Week That Was. And in the course of The David Frost Show here, one had done Spiro Agnew debating three of his leading student critics, one had confronted Adam Clayton Powell and done a lot of other serious programs, which is why we won an Emmy. But, nevertheless, people remember what's convenient, and that's OK. I don't criticize them for that. If they feel they must give me the shaft, as Nixon would say, I won't hold it against them! Not me!

PLAYBOY: That's very magnanimous of you, David. Still, many people do have an impression of you as a smiling, selfingratiating, perhaps even smarmy character who's all surface charm and glibness. FROST: Well, I don't know that I would characterize it exactly like that, thank you. I do know, however, that one sometimes pays a certain strange, illogical and absurd price for versatility-for what is sometimes referred to in articles as "a multiplicity of careers." Now, I think a multiplicity of careers is the way to stay fresh, to stay alert, to keep on one's mental toes. But, yes, I sometimes sense a mild resentment among, say, television critics in England over the fact that, in addition to being a TV performer, I am also a businessman. And among financial editors, there may be a mild resentment that I am also an interviewer.

People, you see, like to pigeonhole you, which is why, when my interviews with Nixon were announced, there was talk about, "Well, he's not a full-time journalist. He does other things. He interviews Julie Andrews and Jack Benny. He does the Guinness Book of World Records shows. He's a book publisher. He produces films and TV series. He gives lectures." Well, I love that mixture. I like the fact that I can appear before audiences and make people laugh. I like putting together a group of people and making a film. I like variety, and so I have always fought against categorization. I mean, "Methodist minister's son" would do just as fine or better for me than "satirist" or "talk-show host" or "producer."

I also think the fact that one doesn't do the same thing all the time probably makes one fresher for each task one approaches, whether it's a week on radio in Australia, or presenting a Neil Diamond tour to Australia, or writing a book, or producing a TV series called Jennie that starred Lee Remick, or producing a film like The Slipper and the Rose, which was England's Command Performance Film of 1976, the equivalent of an Academy Award for best picture of the year. You see what I mean? Although one keeps a lot of balls in the air, one has the ability to concentrate on one project at a time. For instance, I like emceeing, but I'd hate to be only an emcee. I love interviewing, but I'd hate to be only an interviewer. I like organizing things, but I'd hate to be only an organizer. Actually, there are only two sorts of categories in my life. One is the category of "making things happen," as a producer or organizer. The other is taking on personal projects that one wants to carry through every stage of the way by one's self, like the Nixon interviews. But I'd hate to be in either of those categories all of the time.

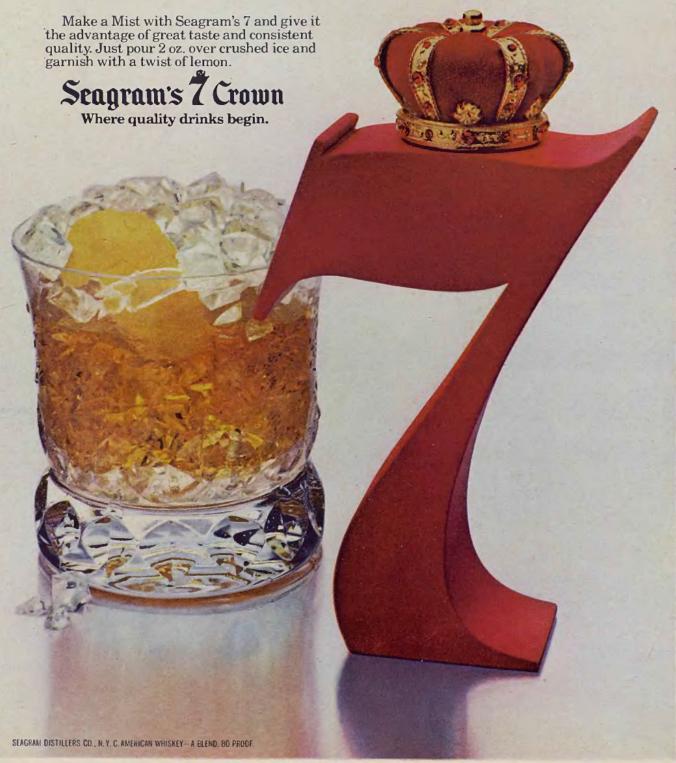
PLAYBOY: You may well abhor being categorized, but in this country, at least, people are far more familiar with your work as an interviewer than as a satirist, author, lecturer, producer, publisher, music promoter and whatever else you do to avoid indolence. In fact, there are some U.S. TV critics who now willingly concede that you might just be the best interviewer around. Do you agree?

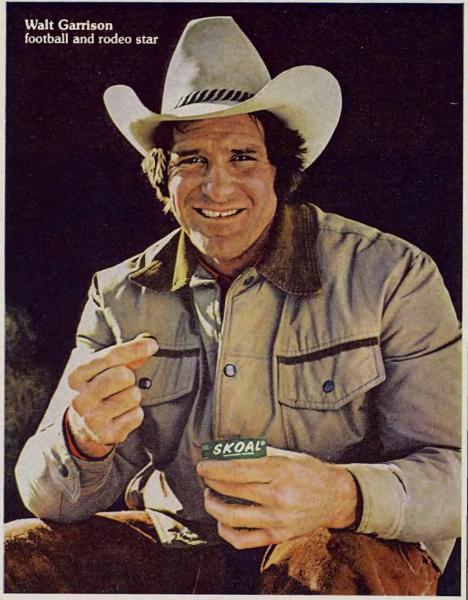
FROST: I certainly enjoy reading those kinds of articles more than some others, but, obviously, I'd run a mile from claiming that. But I must say, I don't mind reading it.

PLAYBOY: How would you define what you do as an interviewer?

FROST: Well, I think that I'm in the information business rather than the

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opinion business. And that my job is to draw out other people. To draw out their opinions and their feelings, rather than to state my own. I think that once you make the decision to be an interviewer, you're also making the decision not to editorialize, particularly. One's job, in essence, is to act as a catalyst rather than as a campaigner. If you want to be a campaigner and a crusader, stating your own opinions and editorializing, then you become a columnist rather than an interviewer. But nobody gives you five nights a week, 90 minutes a night, to spout your own opinions, you know. By definition, that is not what the airwayes are for. And, therefore, I think that you make that conscious decision. Which doesn't mean that you're not still a reformer at heart or that you don't still want to bring out the facts. You want to bring out the facts, all right, but you also want to let people draw their own conclusions, rather than you looking into the camera at the end of an interview and saying, "And so, of course, you realize that my guest tonight is a fink, a complete snerd." I think you have to forgo that role if you are an interviewer.

PLAYBOY: By doing all that, do you find that you muzzle yourself? There are, after all, a number of other interviewers—Mike Wallace comes to mind—who adopt a far more outspoken stance than you do.

FROST: But not necessarily on public questions. Mike Wallace's techniques are Mike's and mine are mine, and I happen to think he's extremely good. But I must say, I have no idea what Mike's position is on abortion or capital punishment, or, indeed, how he even voted in the last three Presidential elections. And I think in that sense, Mike Wallace and I are probably very similar, in that neither of us makes a platform out of our views. In general, I don't think it's consistent with one's role as an interviewer to endorse a political party in an election. On the other hand, I've never wanted to endorse a political party, because I've never felt a pulsating faith in any I've seen in England, Australia or America. I'm a genuine independent, so it's not been a particularly great sacrifice. But on individual issuesaftercare for prisoners, capital punishment, and so on-I have declared myself. I think, however, that it would be very difficult for an interviewer to be known to have a party line that covers a whole series of issues. An interviewer should remain independent and should approach each interviewee with an open mind, but not an empty one.

PLAYBOY: If you had to choose one quality that has enabled you to become an adroit interviewer, what would it be?

FROST: An innate sense of curiosity. When I first went to Australia in '72, one of the TV channels there followed me around and did a documentary about



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me that they called What Makes People Tick Fascinates Me. That sums up what I feel about interviewing, and I think that's at the root of why I enjoy it so. But all interviewing—particularly television interviewing—is also an almost physical thing involving eye contact and a certain mutuality. It may be mutual rapport or mutual admiration or mutual respect, or sometimes mutual caginess or mutual wariness, but there has to be a kind of meeting place between the two people involved.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel there's a great deal of technique involved in interviewing? FROST: I think the most important interviewing technique of all is simply, A, to listen and, B, to respond by thinking on your feet. I mean, I've been interviewed by people who I knew were not listening, so I know what that's like. Not long ago, in fact, I was interviewed on radio by someone who wasn't listening to me at all, so, for my own amusement, I ended an answer by saying, "And then, of course, I married the Pope's first wife." And the guy still said, "Yes, yes, Mr. Frost, but what about the Common Market? Do you think butter tariffs will eventually increase?" Aside from listening and thinking on your feet, there are, of course, a number of other techniques one is conscious of.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

FROST: The value of silence, for example. If you pause when a person thinks he's got to the end of what he has to say, he'll often enough carry on and volunteer something important. Sensing when a person is ready to go, so to speak, is quite important. There are many things you have to be aware of, you know. I mean, there are times when you'll be interviewing some of the most powerful men in the world and you'll suddenly realize that they're extraordinarily nervous. I remember that was true of Hugh Cudlipp, who was then the most powerful publisher in Britain. I would have expected him to be immensely relaxed, but seconds before we started a live TV interview, I realized that he was nervous as a kitten. So I just changed the first question to a very relaxed first question and we were able to go on from there.

One really has to suit technique to the occasion. I said before that an interviewer's job is to act as a catalyst, but one must also step in when facts are being done a disservice. That was the case when I interviewed Enoch Powell. the racist British Member of Parliament who's a very brilliant man but one who perverts the facts. At one point in our interview, he said, "In the year 2000, Britain will have 7,500,000 blacks," or new members of the Commonwealth or whatever the euphemism was. That was a very controversial overestimate, in any case, but what Powell neglected to add was that

Britain's population had been calculated to rise from 50,000,000 in 1968, when he said that, to 75,000,000 in 2000—and he was making that 7,500,000 figure of his seem applicable to Britain's population as of 1968. It was a willful distortion, for no intelligent person does such a thing accidentally. At moments like that, you step in and become a principal.

On another quite different occasion, I remember interviewing Baldur Von Schirach, a Nazi war criminal who, as head of Hitler Youth in the Thirties, was responsible for the corruption of young minds in Germany before being appointed Gauleiter Reichsstatthalter of Vienna in the Forties. I interviewed him at his home in Trossingen, Germany, just after he'd finished serving 20 years in Spandau. In talking to him before the interview, it was clear that if I just sort of accused him in terms of what the Nazis had done, I'd get a brief, terse, spurious apology. He really had no comprehension of the enormity of whatthe Nazis had done, and so another

"Amin struck me more as cunning than insane, though I walked away with a sense that he probably was a loose can on the deck."

technique had to be found. I decided it would be much more telling to try to underline his total lack of awareness and contrition, and so I focused the interview that way. You know, when you ask someone like that, "What's the one thing future generations in Germany should know about Adolf Hitler?" there's only one answer to that question: The genocide of 6,000,000 people. Well, when I asked Baldur Von Schirach that question, he replied, "Za wonderful way zat he dealt with unemployment in za Thirties." His answer made its own point much more chillingly than a brief, spurious apology.

PLAYBOY: Thus far, we've heard only about your triumphs. Can you recall any fiascoes?

FROST: Not really, though I'd say that an interview I once did with Idi Amin served as a good example of an occasion where the barriers of language impeded learning a great deal about the person. That was done five years ago, when it was clear that Amin was a micromonster but not yet clear he was a macromonster. In other words, he was then thought to be wreaking havoc as opposed to carnage. Anyway, in our interview, Amin's unfamiliarity with English compounded the impression that he was insane. I

remember his saying, "And I had a dream that I should expel all the Asians, and I had a dream that I should expel them in the middle of the night," and so on. Interestingly enough, the acting British High Commissioner in Kampala told me that Amin had little choice but to expel the Asians; they'd set themselves up as such a hated ghetto of wealth that their fate was almost inevitable. So if, instead of talking about a dream, Amin had merely said, "I woke up in the morning with the idea," he would have sounded slightly less insane. At another point in our interview, he said, "And so, I think we were very lucky to kick the Israelis out." One can imagine that if he'd had a year or two of training in diplomatic language, Amin might have said, "And so, I think it was very fortunate that we could release the energies of the hard-working Israelis to return to their own green and pleasant land, there to fertilize the soil and build a new state." In any case, Amin struck me more as a cunning man than an insane one, though I walked away from that interview with a sense that he probably was a loose can on the deck. But because of his difficulty with English, I also walked away without knowing what makes Amin tick.

PLAYBOY: In trying to discover what makes you tick, we'd be interested in knowing if there are any vast differences between the public Frost and the private Frost.

FROST: Oh, I'm very much myself when I'm on television. I think it's important to be as natural as possible and to forget all about the lights and the rest of the equipment out there. Which, of course, is impossible to do. But I don't really think there's that much difference between the private Frost and the public Frost. Now, whether there's a difference between the private Frost and the public perception of Frost is something else again. Unless you work at it, when reading about yourself, one tends to react rather like the woman who gives you two ties for Christmas. To please her, you put one on and she then says, "What's wrong with the other one?"

PLAYBOY: Earlier in our conversation, you gave us a litany of your many careers, yet you overlooked the fact that you started out as a stand-up comic.

FROST: True enough, but when I was doing cabaret, I was already working for television. I went from Cambridge to a year's traineeship with the commercial-TV station in London, Associated Rediffusion, a really dashing name. And I got out of the traineeship as quickly as possible—within a few months, actually—and started doing programs. At the same time, I did cabaret in the evenings at the Royal Court's Theater Upstairs and then the Blue Angel in London. And while I was appearing at the Blue Angel,

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the BBC was-toying with the idea of a late-night Saturday satire show. Ned Sherrin had been appointed putative producer of that epic and one night Ned came to the Blue Angel when I was performing.

PLAYBOY: Don't tell us: He saw your act, realized how brilliant you were and

signed you on the spot.

FROST: Close, but not quite. He was impressed, however. At the end of my act, I would do an ad-lib press conference as Harold Macmillan, and I'd begin by saying something like, "Right, you can all ask me questions on any subject you want." That night, I remember, someone shouted, "What about the queen?" And I said, "The queen is not a subject." Anyway, I fielded a number of questions and it led to Ned and me having lunch together a week later. We very quickly cooked up That Was the Week That Was and did a pilot of it. When the people at Rediffusion heard about the pilot I'd done for the BBC, they said. Well, we'll offer you a satire show here if you'll stay." I told them, "I believe in That Was the Week That Was and that's what I want to do!"

The BBC, however, had by no means decided to put *That Was the Week That Was* on the air. After higher-ups at the BBC looked at the pilot Ned and I had made, they decided that they simply didn't want that sort of seditious filth on the BBC. They really were decided against putting this foul satire on the air when, quite by accident, something changed all that.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

FROST: There had been one item in the pilot in which a very brilliant journalist named Bernard Levin confronted a group of people he hated. That's what he eventually did in the series: Each week, he'd attack a group of people he hated, and they'd attack him. When we did the pilot, Levin confronted a group of Conservative ladies. Conservative, not with a small C but with a bloody great big C, the kind of women who wear flowered hats and buttons that say, BRING BACK FLOGGING. They kept saying things they didn't realize were doubleentendres. One woman kept saying, "Mr. Macmillan has always satisfied me!" And the audience would laugh at her, and then she'd say it again.

Anyway, the women complained about their treatment to the Conservative Party's central office, which, in turn, complained to the BBC. Now, an official complaint from one of the two major parties is obviously a serious matter, and so a higher higher-up in the BBC had to see the offending pilot in order to reply. He saw the program, loved it, thought the complaint was absolute rubbish and put the show on the air. If not for that, That Was the Week That Was would never have made

it off the shelf. Those Conservative ladies with the flogging buttons made all the difference.

Eventually, the show became a milestone in television outspokenness. That Was the Week That Was was frank in a way that people didn't then imagine was possible. I mean, it was as frank in England in 1962 as Saturday Night is in America in 1978.

PLAYBOY: Aside from politicians, did you have any other favorite targets?

FROST: Organized religion sometimes suffered at our hands. Every Monday, the newspapers would print a kind of sports scoreboard of complaints to the BBC about the show, and there was just an immense outcry after the fifth or sixth week, when we did a Consumers' Guide to Religion. The idea behind it was that the churches were getting more concerned about their worldly image, and therefore they must expect to be judged by worldly standards. So we did a Consumers' Guide to Religion on the basis of what they are, how much they cost and what you get out of it. We examined Judaism, the Roman Catholic Church, the Church of England, Islam, Buddhism, and we also included communism, though I can't really recall why. In the end, the best buy turned out to be the Church of England, because it gave you a jolly faith with very little guilt for a very moderate outlay. We also did lighter Biblical satire; for instance, an Old Testament newscast. I recall starting it by saying, "This is BBC-BC, here beginneth the news. The seven elders of the seven tribes have now been abiding in Sodom for seven days and seven nights. There seems little hope of an early settlement. News in brief: At the weighin for the big fight tonight, David tipped the scales at 13 stone, 4 pounds, and Goliath at 14 stone, 4 pounds. David's manager later said, 'The odd stone could make all the difference." In England, obviously, the stone is a belter. Oh, and then a thing about, "Now for a look at the weather. We've got a plague of locusts coming in from the north-northeast and they should be at about the Tyre-Sidon area about lunchtime tomorrow. Farther south, Egypt. Well, Egypt's been having it pretty badly lately, hasn't it? Ten days ago, it was lice, followed by flies and a murrain on the beasts." And finally a theater review: "At the opening tonight of the Gaza Strip, Samson, this year's Mr. Israel, brought the house down. Thank you very much."

PLAYBOY: Super stuff, David. Are there any other *TW3* routines you care to dredge up from your memory?

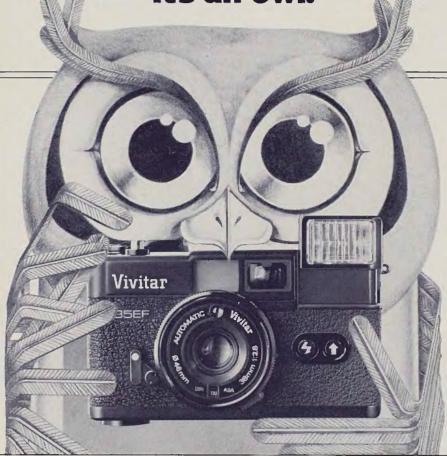
FROST: Well, one I particularly liked—I promise to stop after this—was a piece about royal commentators. The fact is, no matter what's going on, royal commentators are determined to be unctuous and reassuring and they'll always

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comment in the same saccharine way. And so, speaking very softly, I would say, "Now the queen is stepping aboard the royal barge, which will take her out to the Britannia. And now, as the barge moves slowly away from the quayside, it is becoming clear that something has gone wrong. The royal barge is, as it were, sinking. The sleek royal-blue hull of the barge is sliding gracefully, almost regally, beneath the waters of the Pool of London, And there I can see Prince Philip saying something. And now the queen, smiling radiantly, is swimming for her life. She's wearing a pale-blue taffeta dress with matching lace. And there I can see Lord Snowdon and the Duke of Gloucester and both have rushed to the edge of the quay to get a better view. Lord Snowdon has just taken a color photograph."

Anyway, the show was great fun. We had people like Kenneth Tynan and playwrights Peter Shaffer and Tom Stoppard contributing beautifully, elegantly written pieces, and they did it only because there was just nothing else quite like it on the air. I was 23, and part of an enormous success: Our audience went from 1,500,000 the first week to 12,000,000 in six weeks. And we could just get away with all kinds of things. We'd been the last program of the night our first year, but when we started our second year, the BBC put on reruns of The Third Man, starring Michael Rennie, after our show was over. With all the arrogance of youth, we decided it was outrageous that anything should be allowed to go on after us. So I got somebody to find out the plots of those Michael Rennie things and at the end of our program, I'd say, "Coming up next is another edition of The Third Man with Michael Rennie. In this week's episode, it looks at the beginning as though Miss Anderson is the villain. She is the secretary under suspicion. But toward the end, you will learn, to your surprise, that the murder was, in fact, committed by Dr. Laidlaw. Hope you enjoy it. Good night, everybody."

We did that for six consecutive weeks, and then the BBC took off *The Third Man*, because after I told the plot, the audience went straight into the toilet. And the BBC let us *do* that. I mean, they should have been outraged, but they weren't.

PLAYBOY: If *TW3* was such a success in England, why was it pulled off the air before completing a second season?

FROST: The BBC took it off in December of 1963 because an election year was coming up and they thought we might influence the results of the '64 elections. Which in one sense was a great compliment but in another sense was ludicrous nonsense—election year is the year when more lies are told than at any other time. Ironically and tragically, we did our most acclaimed program ever after

it was announced our show would be going off the air. The Kennedy assassination occurred at seven P.M. on a Friday in England, and we immediately tore apart the show we'd planned for the next night. We realized that there was no other week apart from the assassination, so we dropped all of our sketches and just did a very elegiac, 23-minute program on John F. Kennedy. The program had enormous impact and the BBC shipped it to the States and it was played on NBC four times that weekend. We were requested to do a record of it and all of us knew we couldn't re-create the way we felt when we'd done it, so we said no. However, a sound track of the program was released and it sold more than 300,000 albums, with all the performers giving their royalties to charity. After that, we had three or four more programs-very hard-hitting programsand the show then ended in a blaze of glory, with everyone saying it was a disgrace to take it off the air.

PLAYBOY: What was your connection with the American version of *TW3*?

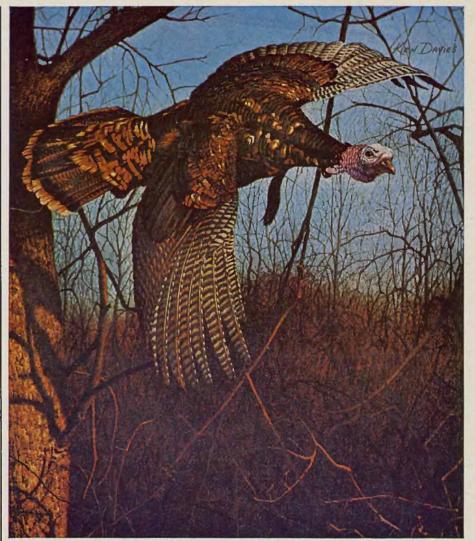
FROST: Well, NBC bought the title from the BBC and started its version in January 1964. I was sort of a visiting fireman and a semihost of the show during its first season. I really started commuting from London during TW3's second season here. I was doing Not So Much a Programme, More a Way of Life in England on Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights. I'd fly to New York on Mondays, do TW3 on Tuesday, work on the following week's TW3 show on Wednesday and then leave Wednesday night for London again.

PLAYBOY: Did that run you into the ground?

FROST: No, I loved it! Airline travel has never bothered me at all. In fact, when I had a talk show in the U.S .- from 1969 to 1972-I flew more than 1,000,000 miles between New York and London during those three years. I'd do single shows in New York on Mondays and Tuesdays, two shows on Wednesdays, one show on Thursdays, and then I'd fly to England on Fridays and do shows there on Saturdays and Sundays. It was hectic but quite enjoyable. You may or may not be pleased to know that this year I won't be taking more than 20 round trips between London and New York. I'll be spending most of the first part of this year in the U.S., working for NBC-TV. My contract with them calls for not fewer than 12 and not more than 117 specials during the next three years. NBC is a very understanding employer. In the event of death, I have no further obligation to them whatever. PLAYBOY: That just may be the only way you'll ever get any rest. Have you ever

figured out why you push yourself so? FROST: Yes, I have. I'm a great believer in

the old Puritan work ethic and I guess I



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feel we have a duty not to waste our time and whatever talents we may have been given but, instead, to use them to the fullest. And I do.

PLAYBOY: Without putting too fine a point on it, you seem to have a well-earned reputation as a great womanizer. But with the schedule you keep, do you have *time* for sex? Is there something happening on those 747s that we don't know about?

FROST: No. British Airways claims in its ads to "take good care of you"-but not that good. Actually, I suppose that someone who gets as much fulfillment from his work and who does as much work as I do does have very little time off. And so, gazing at it that way, you might think, God, he doesn't have very much time for a private life. But I think that most terrific women would much rather have a man who is fulfilled in his work than someone who's miserable about his work or who is escaping from his work. I mean, was it Erich Fromm who said, "I need you because I love you, not I love you because I need you"? No, it wasn't. It must have been Milton Berle.

PLAYBOY: Sounds more like Werner Erhard to us, but we won't worry about it. Or even think about it, beyond noting that you might be right. You've been linked romantically, as they say in fan magazines, with a succession of terrific women, among them Diahann Carroll, Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Carol Lynley, Charlotte Rampling and your present ladyfriend, Caroline Cushing. David, what have you got that all these women want?

FROST: Modesty forbids. I never really discuss my private life; I just enjoy it. The press, I must say, has exhibited a great fascination about my private life, but I've managed to keep a *few* things secret. As far as myself and women, let's just say that I've been very lucky.

PLAYBOY: Others might say luck has nothing to do with it.

FROST: Well, women are very important in my life, and I guess they realize that I like women and I like their company and their conversation. Also, I have a fairly straightforward European attitude, in the sense that I believe a woman should be free to do her own thing. But when she's with her man, she wants the man to supply a bit of leadership. I find it difficult to explain, but long may it continue.

PLAYBOY: Any particular reason you haven't been married?

FROST: No, but I think I will get married before I have children. I'm probably still that much of a traditionalist. I enjoy women enormously, but I've always believed that marriage is forever and I've never really felt, finally, that this is forever. Nearly have once or twice, though. I have a curious sort of belief in

THE BREAKING OF RICHARD NIXON

"you outgunned us," said nixon to frost afterward; here is a behindthe-scenes account of how it was done, by one of frost's top guns

IN THE SUMMER of 1976, David Frost's editorial team in Washington—Bob Zelnick, I and, later, for a time, free-lancer Phil Stanford—was hoping to come up with a scoop. This meant plowing over ground that had been worked not only by the Rodino and Ervin committees but also by some 200 journalists in Washington for more than two years. The prospect did not seem encouraging to me, but I was wrong.

In September, Stanford arranged for an interview with Charles Colson, I asked if I could tag along. Stanford plied Colson with a number of questions about the enemies list, Teamster activities and miscellaneous abuses, while I remained dutifully quiet. In the course of the interview, Colson casually mentioned transcripts of conversations with Nixon that he had from the Watergate prosecution. My ears perked up; I had never heard of any Colson-Nixon transcripts. There were none in the Judiciary documents I was working with nor in the edited transcripts released by Nixon.

Without much fanfare, I asked if he would mind letting me see the transcripts of those conversations. To my utter astonishment, he said, "Sure, come

back in a week."

At the appointed time, I returned. Laid in front of me were the transcripts of five conversations: June 20, 1972; January 8, February 13, February 14 and April 12, 1973. June 20, 1972! On that date, only three days after the break-in, Nixon and H. R. Haldeman had talked about Watergate-and it was the transcript of that conversation that subsequently turned up with the famous 18-and-a-half-minute gap. If there was a conspiratorial conversation that same day with Colson, it would make the 18-and-a-half-minute gap moot! Nixon's joining of the conspiracy at the outset could be established through Colson rather than Haldeman!

But the excerpts I was shown were curiously bland, almost irrelevant. I realized later that they were sanitized.

Not long after, I was to spend several days at the Federal Court of Appeals, wading through the 15,000 pages of testimony in the Watergate-cover-up trial. When the marshal took me back to the filing room to get the box full of transcripts, I was naturally also interested in the box next to it marked EXHIBITS. In it, I found transcripts of Presidential

article By JAMES RESTON, JR.

conversations, dutifully filed in sequence: Nixon/Colson, January 8, February 13, February 14 and March 21, 1973. So here were some of the conversations from which Colson himself had given me sanitized exchanges (significantly minus, however, the June 20, 1972, transcript).

Of the conversations I pulled from the record, the most important were the February 13th and 14th Colson talks. Nixon's official position up to the time of his resignation was that he had not learned about the Watergate cover-up until John Dean had laid it all before him on March 21, 1973. And here he was, discussing with Colson whether or not John Mitchell would crack, how Hunt knew too much, how Jeb Magruder could limit the President's losses. Who was going to step forward and take the rap?

Since the Colson conversations were in the public record, I did not immediately perceive the significance of what I had unearthed. I assumed that these conversations had been released to the press and were simply overlooked in the mounds of other released information.

In the late fall, when the gossip about Frost as a soft touch was rife, a Jack Anderson column about our project became extremely helpful. Under the headline "FROST: TOUGH QUESTIONS FOR NIXON," sources close to Frost were quoted as saying that if Nixon were not responsive to Watergate questions, his behavior would not be in the spirit of the contract, implying, of course, ever so gently, the possibility of a suit for breach of contract. The result was that some important sources appeared out of nowhere and new discoveries came our way.

The most sensational windfall from these sources (whose identity I never revealed to Frost) consisted of two documents from the special prosecutor's investigation. Taken together, they amounted to the Government's plan for the interrogation of Nixon in the coverup, if he were ever to take the stand as a criminal defendant in Federal court, One document, titled "R.M.N. and the Money," concentrated on the March 21st conversation with Dean and the desperate search in the weeks that followed for ways to meet payment of Hunt's blackmail demand, which was relayed to Nixon on that day. With detailed and extensive references to tape transcripts, many of which were still secret, an overwhelming case was laid out and Nixon's defense against it anticipated and refuted. In one of the new tapes, of a conversation on April 20, 1974, during which Nixon expressed his concern to Haldeman about the March 21st conversation, fearing what Dean was telling the prosecutors, Nixon's own recollection was that he had said to Dean: "Christ, turn over any cash we got."

The second document was the more sensational, for there, in cold print, were unsanitized excerpts from the June 20, 1972, Colson conversation. The document began with the President's schedule on his first working day back at the White House after the break-in, listing the meeting with Haldeman, which later was found to be erased, and then the meeting with Colson. Here are some references from the Colson conversation:

 Referring tacitly to the break-in, the President said: "If we didn't know better, would have thought it was deliberately botched." Already, he knew some details.

• Referring to the Watergate suspects, Nixon said: "Basically, they are all pretty hard-line guys." Colson interrupted: "You mean Hunt?" Nixon replied: "Of course, we are just going to leave this where it is, with the Cubans. . . . At times, uh, I just stonewall it."

• And, finally, Nixon prophesied: "Oh, sure, you know who the hell is going to keep it alive. We're gonna have a court case and, indeed . . . the difficulty we'll have ahead. We got to have lawyers smart enough to have our people delay, avoiding depositions. . . . That's

one possibility.'

Perhaps it did not matter to history nor to the American people three years later that Frost could establish for the first time that Nixon had become part of the Watergate conspiracy three days earlier than was previously known. At the time, Frost stood accused in some quarters of being a lightweight and a pushover; startling new discoveries could establish his credentials as a serious interviewer. If we could keep our possession of the new material secret until it was sprung on Nixon oncamera, we might be able to get closer to the truth than ever before-perhaps even break Nixon into a confession of guilt.

In the meantime, I had been developing a friendly, working relationship with (concluded on page 223)



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america's silent assassin has never opened up to the press; but he did form an intimate bond of trust with a cellmate who, for the first time, reveals the twisted mind of robert kennedy's killer

article By JAMES McKINLEY

This investigation began as a routine follow-up on a tip given to PLAYBOY. As it grew into a major project, James McKinley, our assassinations expert, was put on the case. He completed the research and field work with assistance from a PLAYBOY investigative team and wrote the following article.

AT SOLEDAD PRISON, his fellow inmates called the Palestinian refugee Sirhan the Silent. He granted no interviews and did not mix with other prisoners. The press had no word from him about why he killed Robert Kennedy or whether others were involved. Nothing about his current life, his feelings about the post-Kennedy world he helped create or about his plans (especially if he is paroled when eligible in 1984) emerged from the cloak of secrecy he drew around himself.

Nothing, that is, until Carmen Falzone arrived at Soledad to share a cell block with Sirhan. Police records and our own investigation show that Falzone is a master criminal who specializes in security—safes, locks, alarm systems, breaking

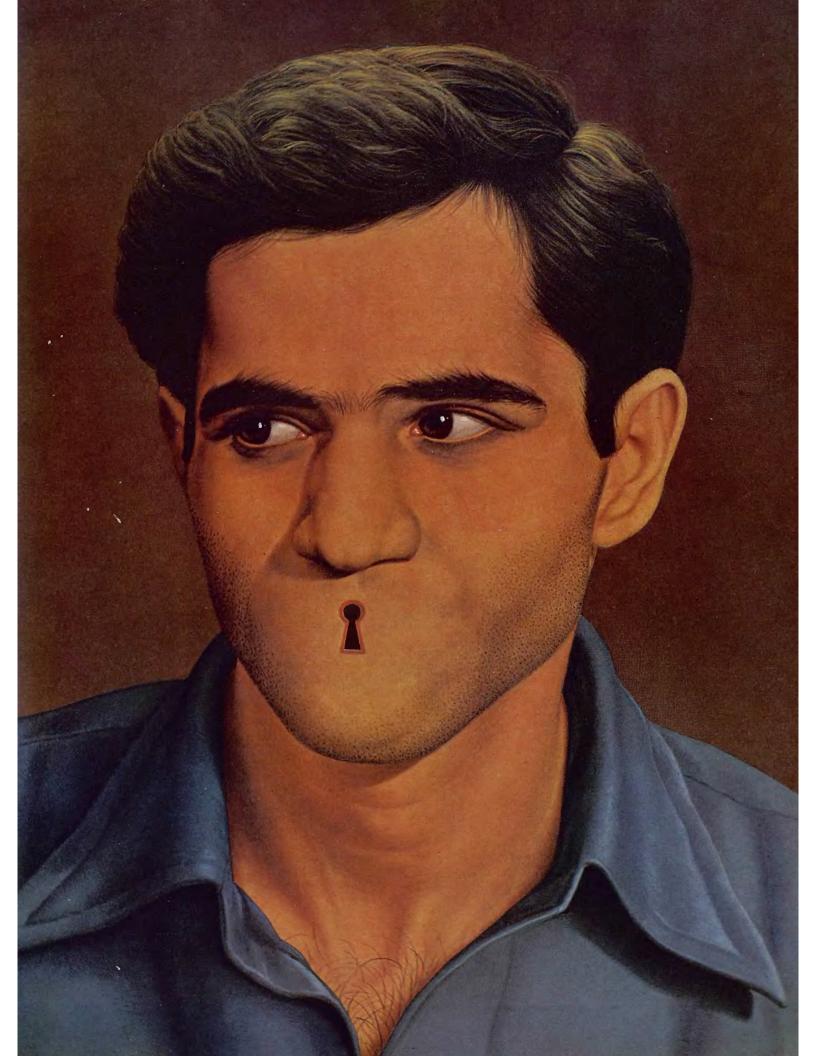


and entering—as well as sophisticated con jobs. Eventually, his artistry landed him in Soledad, with access to Sirhan. Last year, over a period of time and for peculiar motives, Sirhan opened up to Falzone, telling him not only about the Kennedy killing but also a more chilling and irrational tale.

The story begins with Carmen Falzone's identity. When we met, he seemed simply a short, rotund, balding, leisure-suited man with an engaging Italian manner and an incredible story. A story too complicated to verify. He had been with Sirhan, prison records show, from January 1977 to August 1977, in X wing of Soledad, the area where hard cases are kept. Falzone said he was one of the hardest, and that is why Sirhan was attracted to him.

"The first couple of months, I thought he was kinda neat, and he thought I was kinda neat. He knew who I was—the superburglar on the tier—and I knew who he was. I was attracted to him, sure:





He has an aura of power around him; he's powerful, even if he's small. He's in perfect shape. You can't help being respectful around him." The other prisoners felt that, too, Falzone says. "Sirhan presses 275 pounds and only weighs maybe 140. Everyone was kind of afraid of him. Everybody saw him as an assassin and a gentleman." And Falzone? "I was curious; I wanted to get into his pants. It was a challenge, mental chess. I passed a lot of time fucking with Sirhan."

But who was Falzone, and why would Sirhan confide in him? "I was a one-man crime wave in California," Falzone says. Until his arrest in 1970, he had stolen "millions" in jewels, money, securities, business machines, objets d'art. He'd also done things, he said, such as going into Cuba in 1963 to retrieve "two Samsonite suitcases full of cash stashed after Castro grabbed the casinos." He was, he says, an electronics and alarms expert. He could, as he told Sirhan, beat any system the Government had. "If the Government wants me to break into one of its installations to show them how bad security is, I will." Falzone said if we didn't believe it, he would show us the security device he had invented. It was a 12-inch cube called Air-Forse I. A consulting engineer said the premise for the device was perfectly sound and our tests of it seemed to bear out his claim that it was very hard to beat. "Sirhan really dug it," Falzone says. "He'd come into my cell and see me with the schematics and he was fascinated. 'What could you steal?' he asked. 'Anything,' I said, 'as long as I'm financed.' That's when he started seeing me as an instrument, a tool, to get him where he wanted to be and get what he wanted. So I started to build myself up to him."

Could Falzone prove any of this? The Los Angeles district attorney's office confirmed that his arrest helped solve over 600 burglaries, most of them "very sophisticated operations." The Beverly Hills police corroborated this. They were so impressed by Falzone that they had him make a training film for them on how to defeat burglars called Carmen, the Burglar. We cheeked some more. Falzone also appeared on Dinah Shore's and Virginia Graham's TV shows in 1970, while on parole after the L.A. bust, displaying his thieving abilities. But he broke parole (a matter of some stolen certified checks) and was rejailed. In 1972, he escaped from a California prison ("I just walked away from a labor

Falzone went to Chicago under an alias and went into the burglar-alarm business with a friend. (Later, he was recaptured and finally served out his time. He is currently on parole.) Our investigation established beyond a doubt

that Falzone was incarcerated with Sirhan in 1977. But how close were Falzone and Sirhan?

"We walked together, worked out all the time. I was the only one he'd ever done that with. He was fascinated, like I told you, and he needed me. At first, we'd talk about nothing. I'd go to his cell. It was full of books, articles, about missiles, politics, electronics, psychology, philosophy. He said, 'I'm building here, I'm learning. We lack technology; I want to get intelligent enough so I can do something.'

"There was a map of the Mediterranean on the wall and a picture of Yasir Arafat, I think. Lots of Arabian papers with articles about Sirhan. [That is true, Radical Arab publications, notably Libya's, have extolled Sirhan.] Sirhan told me he was a hero in Libya, that during two of Muammar el-Qaddafi's hijackings, the terrorists wanted to exchange hostages for Sirhan. [That was also widely reported.] There was a TV set, too. Sirhan always stood while he watched it, always watched news shows, sometimes a crime movie. I asked, 'Sirhan, why do you stand?' He said, 'So I can pay attention.' Anyway, after a while, he started to ask me strange questions.

"He'd say something like, 'Suppose you had 30,000 troops spread out over 5000 square miles; how would you screw them up?' Next day, he might ask me, 'If you could steal a hundred pounds of anything, what would it be?' That one hit me. I didn't really know. What? Gold? Diamonds? Sirhan, he smiled a sly little smile and said, 'How about plutonium? There are people who'd pay millions for it.' That's when it started getting serious.

"Sirhan tried to change my political philosophy. He told me he lived to unite Africa, the Arabs. He said Qaddafi was his idol and he called Libya 'my country.' He hated Sadat. We went to Bible study together, and he'd say how the Arabs and Jews were the same people, but the Jews weren't where they belonged; they ought to be pushed into the sea. All the Russians and Americans should go home, too. Well, I was curious-you have to remember I'm an opportunist-so we'd argue, but then I'd agree with everything he said. I let him believe he had converted me. Christ, you could see the thirst for political power in him, and I thought, well, this is the guy who killed Bobby Kennedy. So I pumped him every day I was with him. Finally, I asked him about killing Kennedy. I said, 'I want to know where your head is at, because I want to know if I want to know you."

Sirhan was put off by the subject, Falzone says. He stayed away from their walks and talks for about three days. "But then I drew him back," Falzone says. "He'd come and watch me work on Air-Forse I. I knew he had never talked to anybody about what he did. Then he just said, 'Well, you know what Kennedy's position was. He was arming Israel. He talked terrible in the media about us Arabs, like we were dogs.'" Next, by Falzone's account, came Sirhan's whole story of killing Kennedy, followed by the proposal that Falzone spring Sirhan from prison and steal nuclear weapons for delivery to Qaddafi.

We interviewed a long-term Soledad inmate who is still in X wing and who knows both Sirhan and Falzone. For obvious reasons, he insists on anonymity. This man says that he observed the initial period when Sirhan and Falzone jockeyed for position, for clout with each other and their fellow inmates. Then, he says, they became "inseparable, they were tremendously involved in working up some deal. Falzone would come to my cell and say, 'You're not gonna believe this,' and I'd say, 'I don't wanta know.' But I know Falzone's had more contact with Sirhan than any other guy. They spent hours on the hard cement, on the tier and in the yard, talking and talking." The prisoner vividly remembers one exchange he overheard. Falzone to Sirhan: "I hope you're serious about this." Sirhan: "I hope you're serious, not playing games." In fact, until Falzone arrived, Sirhan seldom left his cell except to exercise. With Falzone, Sirhan "broke his pattern completely with the walks and talks."

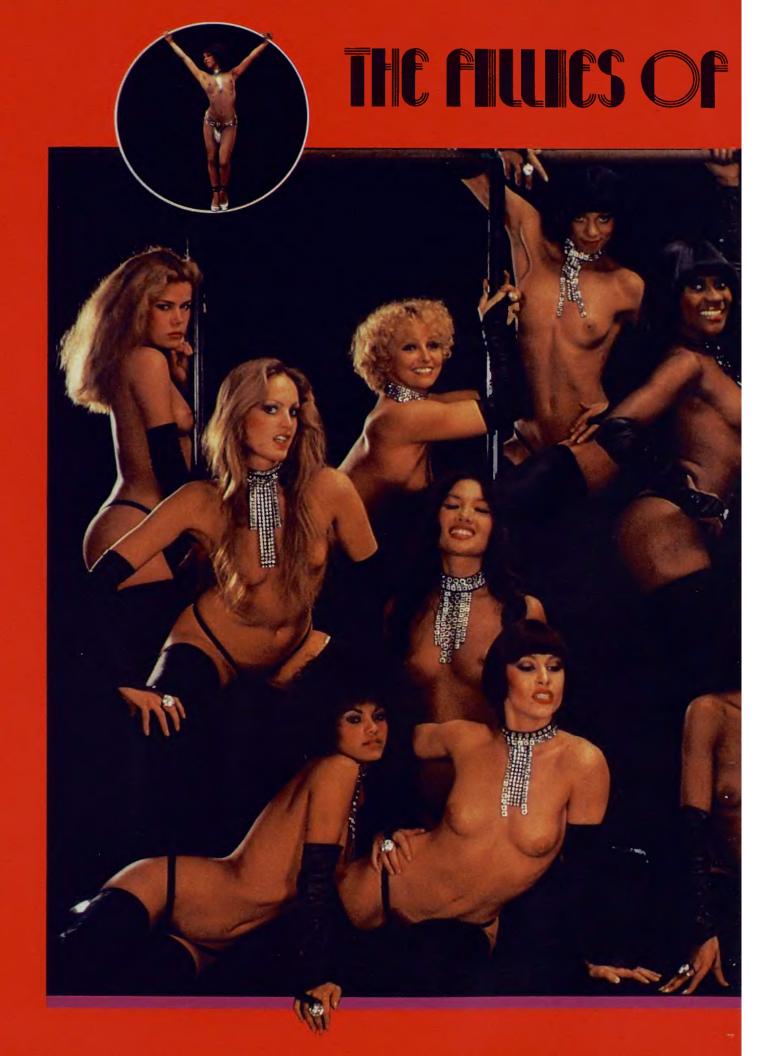
We found another witness to the Falzone-Sirhan relations, Bruce Nelson, a psychology graduate student who held therapy sessions for X-wing inmates. Sirhan and Falzone attended several. Nelson remembers Sirhan sitting at a wooden table on the prison tier, his head cradled in his hands, as Falzone told his stories. He recalls hearing Sirhan talk to Falzone in the sessions about politics, about Kennedy, the Near East, nuclear devices. Of their relationship, Nelson says the two were "very tight." "Carmen was closer to Sirhan than anyone I saw," Nelson says. Nelson remembers Falzone's telling him about a discussion with Sirhan concerning the theft of nuclear materials. Nelson's impression was that such a plot was consistent with Sirhan's personality. He had discussed stealing nuclear weapons with Sirhan and he believed Sirhan was deadly serious about the project. "Sure, I don't think he'd hesitate to drop a bomb on New York if he believed it was the right thing to do," Nelson says.

Two other sources corroborate the Falzone-Sirhan relationship. In a telephone conversation, Mary Sirhan—the assassin's mother—affirmed that Sirhan had told her he knew Falzone well and that

(continued on page 206)



"Am I allowed to deduct my bed as office furniture?"



CRAZY HORSE

for over a quarter century, alain bernardin's establishment has been a paris institution. the reasons are obvious





THIS IS WHAT PARIS is supposed to be about. The girls are stunningly beautiful. The show they put on at the Crazy Horse Saloon is full of the gaiety and excitement with which Paris is traditionally synonymous. But the precision mechanics going on backstage could lead you to believe you were watching the assembly of a Mercedes-Benz, rather than what connoisseurs of the genre regard as the most artistically exciting nude show in the world.

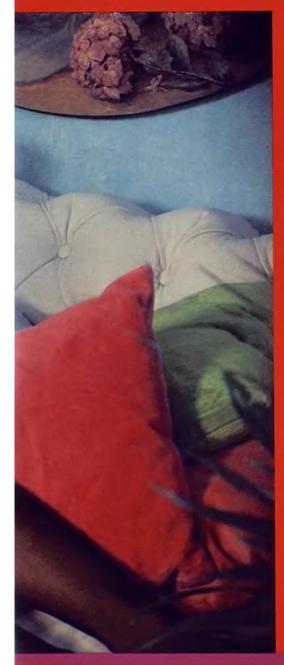
When the 18 girls arrive for the first of two nightly shows (three on Saturdays), one of them activates a 40-minute countdown clock in the corridor leading to the dressing rooms. In a show formula that has been

Crazy Harse favorite Lova Moar (left) practices deep backbends to the delight of the establishment's clientele. Below, she hunches up far some less strenuous nanexercise and tries ta make friends with the pillows. Lena Trumbull (below right) has a taste far champagne, which flows plentifully in the Saloon for hilariously high prices. Far right: Baba Maleskine collects her thaughts between shows and waits to be discovered by the movies.













polished and honed in some 12.000 performances since May 1951, nothing is left to chance. The girls are expected to conform to what producer-director Alain Bernardin calls "le format Grazy": They should stand 1.68 meters (5'51/2") tall and weigh 52 kilos (115 pounds). Even their pubic triangles have specific dimensions: either 10 x 10 x 10 centimeters (4" x 4" x 4") or 12 x 12 x 12 cm. (43/4" x 43/4" x 43/4" x 43/4" x 43/4" x 45/4" x

Below, far left: Gaody Pentagane has, we're told, driven a certain Japanese businessman to steam up three pairs of eyeglasses during one of her performances. Polly Underground (near left) thinks working at the Crazy "is fun." Mika Miku (below) demonstrates haw she passed the standard Crazy breast-size test. That's Supra below right, shown again at right with Sofia Palladium riding shotgun.











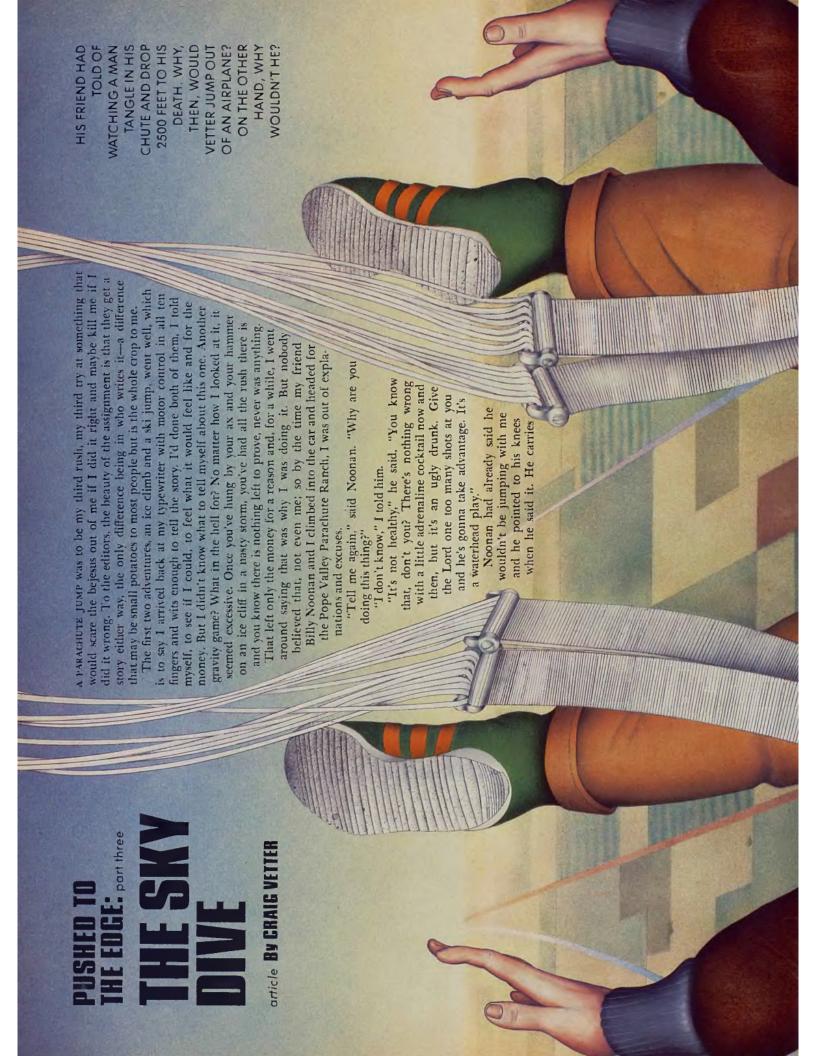
Coty eyebrow pencil Number Seven for all pubic patches, which leaves them uniformly black. Bernardin is equally strict about body complexion. He achieves conformity of skin tone by special body make-up and then bathes the girls onstage in lighting that covers them in patterns of stripes, stars and polka dots.

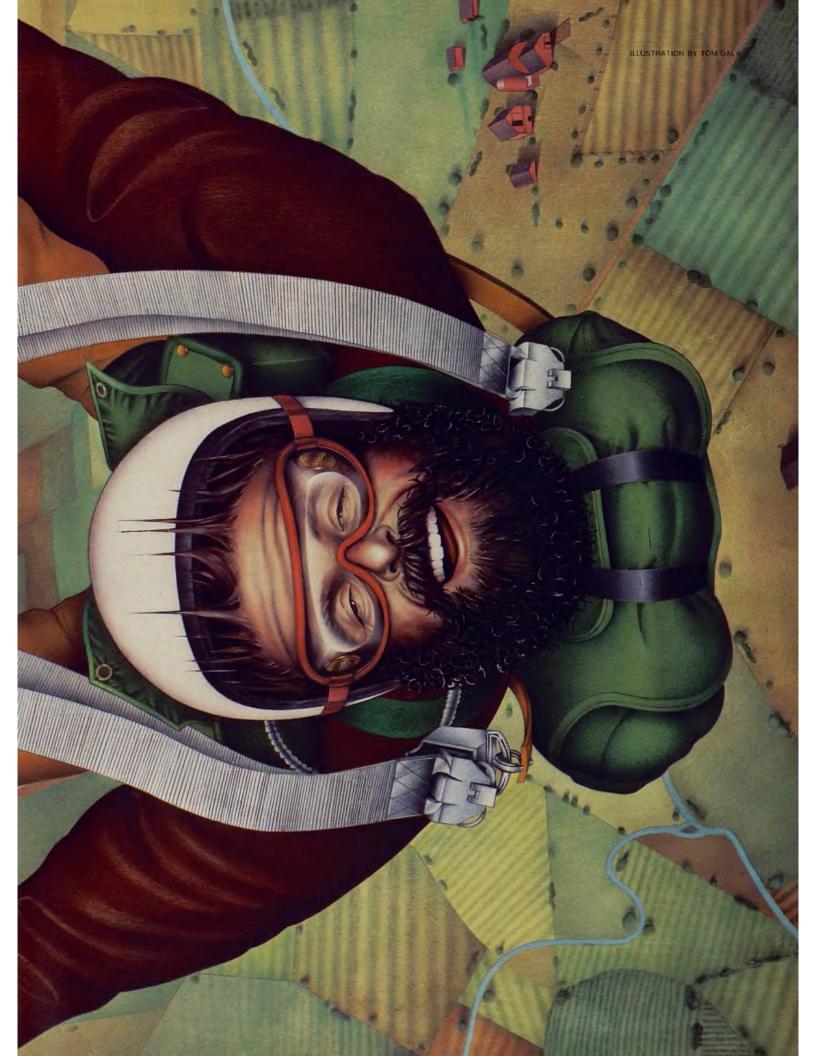
"I dress the girls in light," he says, "because I don't like a body that looks like it's just come out of a shower. Only one woman in 10,000 has a body good enough to stand up to total realism."

The Crazy Horse Saloon, he adds with utter seriousness, "is not in the business of reality; it's poetry, sculpture." And his quest for poetry and sculpture is pursued with almost military discipline. To get the perfectly shaped breasts he wants—"not (concluded on page 158)

The girls open and close the two-hour Crazy Horse show with a chorus line that has to be one of the most concentrated eyefuls anywhere on the Continent. One of its highlights is Moony Trafalgor's hoop dance, in which she moons and spoons until the cows come home.







those thin vertical scars down there, the kind you sometimes get with your varsity letter in football. That's how he got them, and now, at 36, he sometimes grumbles about arthritis in those knees and calls the surgeon who worked on them a dirt eater. And beyond that, he carries a memory that's enough to keep anybody out of a jumping harness. He told me about it when I asked him to come with me. He was in St. Croix, he said, standing on a runway with a girl whose boyfriend was making his 500th-and-something dive. They watched as he came out of the plane, then saw him tangle in his chute and drop 2500 feet. Seconds later, he was dead, a pile of rags, and they knew it before they got to the body. Noonan says he can still hear the screaming and wailing, still see everybody running around as if there were something to do. He shudders when he tells it, but he said he'd come with me anyway, and bring his camera, just in case.

Pope Valley lies in some classic California hill country, a couple of hours north of San Francisco. The parachute ranch has a motel, a bar, a restaurant, a swimming pool, a tin hangar, an airstrip and several planes, including a DC-3 that can take 30 jumpers up at the same time. The hot dogs and cowboys of the sport go there with their rectangular chutes to do what they call relative work-free-fall stunts involving two or more divers who come together and move apart, sometimes more than once, before their chutes open. Beginners go there because you can pay \$75, take four or more hours of training and, if the wind is down, jump that day.

Noonan and I went into the valley about ten in the morning and almost the first thing we saw was a puff of white a few thousand feet up and, just above that, a small plane. We stopped the car and watched as the jumper floated slowly down and toward us. We didn't know it, but he was 300 or 400 yards from where he was supposed to be. We were looking up at him through oak trees and power lines. I could see him pulling on the steering cords and then I saw that he was aiming at a small triangular pasture that flanked us. But first he had to miss the wires and the trees. The lower he got, the faster he seemed to be dropping and, from where we stood, it looked as if his forward speed helped him miss disaster by only about ten feet. As far as we knew, he'd planned it that way. He landed with his feet together and he fell, but not hard, and his parachute collapsed where it hit.

"That didn't look so bad," I said.

"Not from here," said Noonan, "I could watch 'em do it all day.'

We found the hangar and when we walked in, it was full of the energy and buzz of a dozen people who had already 110 jumped that morning or were waiting to. Along one wall were floor-to-ceiling bins full of packed parachutes. Along another wall was a clothes rack with 20 or so well-used jump suits hanging on it and, eside that, a rack of jump boots. The man who seemed to be in charge was standing behind a small counter, talking, one at a time, to the jumpers who'd jumped that morning. He was telling them what they had done right and what they had done wrong and then writing it in some kind of log. After a while, the jumper we'd seen land straggled into the building with his chute in his arms. The man behind the counter sang out loud enough for everybody to hear, "What in the hell happened to you?"

"I don't know," said the jumper. "I thought I was doing fine."

"Didn't you see us on the arrow, trying to turn you around?"

"I thought I did, then all of a sudden I was over the roof of the restaurant. . . ." "I'm glad you're all right."

"For a minute there, I thought I was going to make a tree landing. I had my legs crossed for it and everything."

It was almost noon by the time the man behind the counter was through with his interviews and his bookkeeping. I told him I wanted to take the course. He was still distracted, but he managed to give me a clipboard and a form to fill out. I put down the basic information about myself and then I signed it below the clause that absolved everybody but me of everything. Then I paid my money.

"By the way," said the man I was dealing with, "my name is Frank. I guess I'm your jumpmaster. Would you mind if I grabbed some lunch before we start? I didn't get any breakfast."

The restaurant was just opening for the day and within a few minutes there were about 20 people scattered around the tables. All of them were jumpers, a half dozen were women and the chatter was about sky diving. Around the walls there were photographs and trophies. Pope Valley has a team it sends to the important competitions around the world and by the looks of its awards, it's pretty good. One of the large color photos on the wall shows a world-record 26-man star somewhere over Oklahoma. The shot was taken from above, probably by another diver-26 free-falling bodies holding hands. And if you catch the light at just the right angle, there are fingerprints on the glass over each diver's helmet where unbelievers like me have counted them one by one.

When I asked, Frank said he'd made over 700 jumps in the eight years he'd been at it. He'd never been hurt, he said. Noonan asked him how many first-time jumpers they trained and Frank said they averaged 50 a month, over 2000 since they'd been open. Then he yelled across

the room to get the attention of a handsome dark-haired guy in shorts whose name was Charlie.

"Does Maureen want to jump?" Frank asked him.

"I think so," was the answer in a British accent. "I'll ask her. She'll be here in a minute."

"I have another student here and we're going to start class in a few minutes." Frank told him. Then he turned back to us. "He's over here from England with his girlfriend. They're going to be here for a month. He's an experienced diver."

"How many women do this nowadays?" I asked him.

"I'd say it's about three to one, men to women, at this point. It used to be more like five to one a couple of years ago."

And just then, as if to make the point, a lovely, athletic-looking blonde woman walked up, said hi to Frank and sat next to Noonan, who pretty much focused on her the way a jeweler might on a fine opal. Frank introduced her as Sandy and said she'd made 11 jumps in less than a week. She had bangs, blue eyes right out of the movies, and she was wearing the first three buttons on her shirt undone. She lived in South Lake Tahoe and worked at the casinos, she told us. "I just wish I'd discovered sky diving earlier," she said. "This is the end of my vacation." Frank told us she was a great student and had already done six free-fall dives. She smiled and said she loved it.

Frank spotted Maureen coming in the door and called to her. She walked over to her boyfriend's table and Frank joined

"Do you still want to jump?" her boyfriend asked her.

Maureen looked him right in the eye as if she might say no, as if there were more to it than just the question of sky diving. She was tall and thin. She had short dark hair, big, round dark eyes and skin the color of milk. She stood there shy but not stiff as she listened to Frank. looked at her boyfriend again, then said a yes that seemed to mean maybe.

After lunch, outside the hangar, Noonan and I stood waiting with Maureen while Frank ran around making sure the rest of the day's activity would go smoothly without him. I asked her where she was

"Dublin," she said in an accent that sounded English, not Irish. "But I'm living in Brussels now. I work for the Common Market."

I asked if it was her first trip to America. It was, and when I asked how she liked it, she said, "I really haven't seen much except this place. We stopped two days in San Francisco on the way here. I enjoyed that."

"Let me ask you something," said (continued on page 116)

DIET OF SEX

Are you sick and tired of trying one torturous diet after another? Are you ill at the sight of a low-cal wafer? Does liquid protein make you want to puke? Do you feel that if you drink one more glass of plain water you'll wind up on a map next to Lake Superior? Do you have the urge to strangle your trim friends because they're slobbering over an eight-course meal while you're trying to make an appetizer, salad, entree and dessert out of a piece of parsley? Despair no more, overweight one! PLAYBOY once again will come to your rescue, a voice of hope in a sea of hunger. If you've tried all those other diets to no appreciable avail, if you've fasted and meditated, been hypnotized and heard the rumblings of your stomach as it greets a lone white diet pill, it's time to subscribe to PLAYBOY'S Quickie Weight Loss Diets (our motto: A girl or two a day keeps the flab away!). Yes, you poor blimp, you, it's truesex, and lots of it, will keep you slim and trim. If you need proof, simply ask yourself this question: When was the last time I saw a fat person in the pages of PLAYBOY? Gotcha! So turn the page and try our sex diets-there's something to suit every-er-taste.

now you can shed those excess pounds by doing what comes naturally, and even if you don't lose any weight, you won't care





THE QUICK QUICKIE DIET—You have a wedding to go to tomorrow night and you can't fit into that old tuxedo? Taking five girls every four hours should do the trick. You might walk down the aisle a little bowlegged, but you'll get into the tux.



FASTING/MEDITATION QUICKIE: Fasting here means the opposite of slowing. Meditating means concentrating on the ultimate reality, which is located north of her thighs.



LAST-CHANCE QUICKIE—A geriatrick for those geriatrics who want to lose weight and haven't lost interest. The chase may peter you out, but it sure beats jogging off.



DRINKING MAN'S QUICKIE—Instead of fixing yourself a martini, fix yourself up with a Martina (39-26-36). Besides, there's something sexy about girls who wear glasses.

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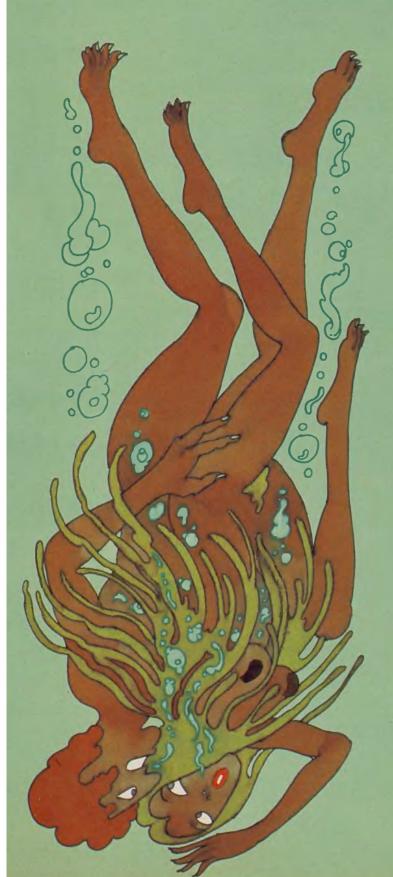
a yes that seemed to mean a

After lunch, outside the hang and I stood waiting with Maure Frank ran around making sure of the day's activity would go so without him. I asked her where s from.

"Dublin," she said in an accounded English, not Irish. "Ping in Brussels now. I workmon Market."

I asked if :-

WATER-DIET QUICKIE—Is Jacques Cousteau fat? Of course not. Three girls a day underwater will make the pounds float away a lot better than drinking the stuff.

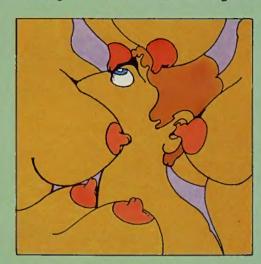




LIQUID-PROTEIN QUICKIE—Think of her lips as the appetizer and we don't have to tell you what we mean by dessert. At the most, you'll consume ten calories.



LOW-CARBO QUICKIE—Ladies' turn. This requires some practice—she'll have to learn how to take things in her mouth without swallowing them. She can start with a gherkin.



WEIGHT-WATCHING QUICKIE—Keeping your eyes on her weightier endowments will help you lose weight yourself. At least you won't think about it much, will you?

HANDS-OFF HI-FI

Following the numbers: 1. The Accutrac +6 changer turntable can be programed to ploy cuts on up to six LPs in any order you chaose; records are gently lowered rather than dropped to the turntable, by Audio Dynamics, \$399.95. 2. Model RT-3388 camputer-controlled stereo cassette deck can be directed automatically to play any port of a cassette; the unit also turns itself on and off and will even repeatedly play a designated segment of a tape, by Sharp, \$349.95. 3. Technics by Panasanic SL-1000MKII direct-drive turntable features an absidian-lava base for ultrastability, a superlight

from remote-controlled turntables to computerized cassette decks, the latest audio gear all but eliminates the human touch

JUST YESTERDAY, hi-fi buffs were toasting automatic equipment that let LP platters drop neatly (sometimes not so neatly) to a turntable, or cassettes that flipped over on their own to play the other side, or tapes that reversed themselves when the Mylar began to run out. Today, however, truly automatic fidelity

gear that once seemed unattainable is off the drawing boards and into stores at prices well within just about everyone's reach. Take Audio Dynamics' Accutrac +6 changer turntable, for example. The style name +6

is their way of saying that up to six records can be stacked on the machine's spindle and the cuts on each played—in any order you choose—via a hand-held remote-control device that's similar to a TV tuner. Furthermore, after all six records have been lowered, the turntable will gently raise them at your command to the original stacked position for replay—should you elect not to change the selection. Another unit that's geared for marathon runs is Sharp's RT-3388 cassette deck, the industry's first microprocessor-controlled cassette deck. This means that you can set it to seek out any selection you want to

hear on a cassette and the unit will find it, reading the tape either forward or in reverse. Or you can program the unit to replay endlessly whatever section of a tape turns you on.

With all this going on, you may never again get off the couch or out of bed.

3

titanium toneorm, on-off remote-control capacity and superfast stop-start action, \$1300. 4. Lenco RAC 10 automotic cassette changer con ploy both sides of up to ten cassettes without interruption, by Neosonic Corporation of America, \$695. 5. Sennheiser's Infraport stereo heodphones, \$260, operate wirelessly via a tronsmitter, \$229, that's hooked directly to your amplifier or receiver.

6. The ultrasensitive SG-400 stereo-component system features FM Sensor Touch electronic tuning that enables the user to preset and

pretune up to five stations; also incorporated in it are AM, LW and SW bands, a semioutomatic belt-drive turntable and a cassette deck with a Dolby Noise Reduction System, by Optonica Product Line, \$499.95. 7. The Beam Box is on electronically directable FM antenna that hooks up to your hi-fi; tune the box to maximize and minimize FM signals you want to increase or decrease, by B.I.C., \$89.95.

8. Scott's T33S digital-frequency synthesizer FM tuner that's ideal for difficult reception areas incorporates four electronically tuned stages for high sensitivity and immunity to overload, about \$1000.



SKY DIVE

(continued from page 110)

"'We are here,' he said, 'to let you know what it feels like to jump off the Golden Gate Bridge."

Noonan. "Why are you doing this thing?" "Well," she said, "I don't really know why I'm doing it."

"Must be a man," I said, guessing by what I'd seen in the restaurant.

"No, I'm not doing it for a man," she said quickly. "I'm not at all sure why I'm doing it. We're going to be here for a month, we don't have a car, and there just isn't much else to do, is there?"

"Does it scare you?" I asked her.

"Very much," she said.

"Doing dangerous things for the first time is always scary," I said.

"Oh, this won't be my first time," she said. "I've jumped three times before."

"Did you like it?" Noonan asked.

"I hated it," she said. "I absolutely hated it. I've never had any instruction. All three times were with my boyfriend and his partners and they just sort of pushed me out the door. It was horrible. I can't tell you. The last time we went, I told them I positively couldn't do it. It was cold and it was almost dark and they said they couldn't land the plane with me in it. Then they pushed me out the door." She told the story calmly and shrugged when she was through.

Frank called the three of us into the dumpy back room of the hangar. It was hot and getting sticky. Frank opened his notes. "We are here to turn baby birds into eagles," he said. "To let you know what it feels like to jump off the Golden Gate Bridge." I was sure Maureen didn't need that image, but I liked it. I've always wondered what that felt like, wondered about that plunge and the more than 600 wretched souls who've taken it. You hear people say you'd pass out before you hit the water, but I've never believed that. I've always imagined that those last few moments would probably be the most vivid you'd ever have and that they might even change your mind about life and things. And parachute jumps, after all, are falls from a fatal height that start the same way leaping suicides start but leave the storyteller alive to tell the story.

"A lot of people think sky diving is just for daredevils and fools," Frank said. And then, as if to call us back from that bridge railing, he added, "But, actually, it's very safe. Life insurance is higher for bartenders than it is for sky divers, and that's a fact" (that insurance companies deny). Then he said, "Let's go back out into the hangar and I'll show you the equipment 116 you're going to be using."

There were no planes in the main room of the hangar, but there were unfolded, used parachutes, piles of nylon and cord here and there on the floor. A Marine Corps-looking guy with a big upper body and a crewcut was folding a chute that lay on a long wooden table. He was talking to Sandy as he folded and she was watching carefully.

Frank got one of the unfolded chutes, stretched it out and then took us through the nomenclature of the thing. First the canopy, which has a round hole in the top about the size of a basketball, called the apex. Then the modification, a double L-shaped cut in the back of the canopy that gives the descending chute a forward speed of about five miles an hour. The shrouds are the lines that connect the canopy to the harness, and the toggles are the steering cords. Pull down on the right toggle, Frank told us, and you go to the right. The left, to the left. Then he took us over to the bin that held the folded and packed reserve chutes. They are about the size of a rolled down sleeping bag and you wear it on the harness across your belly.

"I want to show you the packer's seal," he said and then opened the front flap and, with one finger, pulled out a red string with a small lead chunk pinched onto it. "Each packer has a seal of his own he puts on here. This tells you the chute is OK," he said. "That way, if someone has used a chute and then, let's say, instead of repacking it he's filled it with a lot of rags, it wouldn't have this little seal. So you always want to check."

'Do you get a lot of that around here?" I asked him. "Guys' filling these things with rags?"

"No, no," he said quickly. "None; we haven't had any of that at all."

We took a break. Maureen found her boyfriend in the main room of the hangar where he was talking to the packer and to Sandy, who was smiling and laughing and asking him questions about advanced diving techniques. She was getting ready to jump and he was giving her pointers and watching her blouse.

Noonan had taken off to buy some more film. I got a warm grape soda out of a machine and then wandered out to the runway, where almost everybody was waiting for Sandy and another jumper to suit up and load into the plane. The other jumper was a kid in his 20s who had exactly as many jumps as Sandy but

evidently not her talent. He was telling someone that he hoped he'd get it right this time. It was his 12th jump, he said, and on number 11 he'd flipped over onto his back, and when he'd pulled the cord, the opening shock had just about torn him in half. Sandy was in her harness, checking last-minute things and talking to her jumpmaster, a girl named Karalee. Then the three of them loaded into the plane with the pilot and took off. They circled us until they reached about 3000 feet and then dropped a yellow streamer into the wind. There wasn't much, and after the plane circled another time, when it was almost directly above us, I heard the engine stall and saw the left wing tip down. Then a body separated from the plane and fell in that familiar swan-dive arch. I counted: three, four, five, six, then I lost count in the hypnotic effect of watching a body fall a great distance. Somebody said, "It's Sandy," when the body was close enough. She was on her 12th dive, her seventh free fall, and she was supposed to delay for ten seconds before opening. She probably hit it just right, but from where we stood, the whole thing took on a slow-motion quality and it seemed about a minute before the streaming chute left her back and popped like a cotton ball above her. There were some small cheers and some clapping, and two minutes later she landed 30 or 40 yards from the target. At almost the exact moment she hit, the plane overhead sloughed the second jumper into the sky. Whatever he did, he flipped over onto his back again. He, too, was supposed to delay for ten seconds, but when he felt himself upside down again, he pulled his cord. When his chute caught the air, his whole body jerked around as if a vicious puppeteer were trying to teach him a lesson. But he landed well, about the same distance from the target that Sandy had landed.

Back in the sweaty little classroom, Frank began explaining the hard technical facts of what we were in for. He told us that the first five jumps are made with a static line, a strap about eight feet long that is attached to the plane and the chute in such a way as to pull it open automatically. Most military jumps are done with a static line, he said. "These poor guys are carrying guns and packs and they just tell them to get in a fetal position and then they throw them out the door. We do things a little differently around here."

He pulled out a chart that had student responsibilities numbered 1, 2, 3 in big numbers. ARCH AND COUNT, it read, FOL-LOW THE ARROW, FEET AND LEGS TOGETHER FOR LANDING. Then he told us the sequence. "The jumpmaster will tell you (continued on page 180)



"Welcome to Sherwood Forest!"



CUTTING LOOSE

when pamela jean headed for the florida sun, she left her books behind THOSE OF YOU with eagle eyes and elephant memories will recognize Pamela Jean Bryant as one of the coeds featured in our September 1977 pictorial *Girls of the Big Ten*. She almost didn't make it: The story of how Miss April came to our attention demonstrates the truth of the old adage that some days you eat the bear and some days the bear eats you. Relates Pamela: "I have never regarded myself as particularly beautiful. I didn't think anyone else did, either. Only a few days before PLAYBOY Photographer David Chan showed up on the campus of Indiana







"Posing nude gives you the most beautiful feeling: being alone with a photographer and camera, knowing each glance is being recorded. Since this shooting, I've taken to going naked around the house. Here is how I really am when I'm alone."

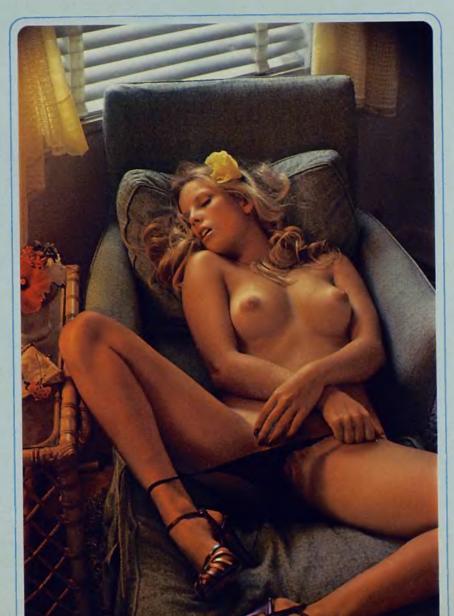


"I've always been a dreamer. When things were bad, my fantasies were the only things that kept me going."





"I like being alone. When I was in high school, I used to spend hours by myself working out on a balance beam that I had set up in my next-door neighbor's garage. I would lose myself in gymnastics: slow-motion ballet. Now I spend time at the beach or chain myself to my desk, just writing in my journal."









University, in fact. I had applied for a modeling job in a local fashion show and had been turned down. But I refuse to let setbacks get to me, so I responded to the ad David had put in the student newspaper, asking for girls to try out for a Girls of the Big Ten feature. I was very surprised when, during our interview, he suggested that I was Playmate material."

Over the next few months, as we became better acquainted with Pamela, we grew to respect her resilience, her self-determination. "I've always been an optimist," she says. "I never give in to other people's opinions. I had a rather mixed-up childhood, shuttled from one foster home to another. I had seven mothers and seven fathers, and all of them told me my faults, my guilts, their idea of who I was. I've been told I'm lost and lonely by lost and lonely people. I've stopped listening to others and started listening to myself. I'm proud of the dent I've made in the



"I remember my first overnight date. I showed up in kids' pajamas—the kind with feet in them. Boy, have I changed."

"I'm looking for someone who can be a father, brother, lover and friend."







world to date. I'm glad that I'm young and have a career to look forward to. I'm

going to strut my stuff and get by on the good times I give myself."

At the end of her freshman year, Pamela decided she could learn more about herself outside school. She packed as many of her belongings as would fit into a station wagon and set out for Florida. ("I had to leave behind my collection of stuffed animals, one from each foster home.") She found a place to live in Palm Beach and, under the tutelage of a screenwriter friend, has begun piecing together her own life

"I came to Florida to get healthy. Now I enjoy the sun, the deep-sea fishing and the Palm Beach perverts. It's a gas."





story. "I get up every morning and sit at the typewriter for two hours. I'm reliving my childhood and creating a new person."

The screenwriter connection has opened a new career for Pam. She has hooked small parts in films. "I'm strong-minded but very open. My emotions are very much on the surface. That's why I know I'll make a good actress someday." With that kind of attitude, we know tomorrow is bound to be a day Pam eats the bear.





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Pamela Geam Brigant.
BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 1/5 SIGN: QQUARIUM

BIRTH DATE: 2/8/59 BIRTHPLACE: Condianapolis

GOALS: DO Jimion college and Jurther my career as an actress Mriover, o would like to develop my talento to perfection and lead a happy life. TURN-ONS: Sincere, uninhibited people. You music, the beachat surrise, traveling, good friends. TURN-OFFS: (IMMENDITURE, Shallow people. Gealous) possessive men Unwanted agrice & openions. FAVORITE FILMS: She Spy who doved me, Oh, God!, Meroes FAVORITE FOODS: Slapood, Mesh greats & regitables FAVORITE SPORTS: Symmastics, diving, tennis IDEAL EVENING: Realey enjoying mipely with a man who enjoyed my company just as much.

SECRET DREAM: ODDOmeday Yave the book to am uriting become a best sever anacevent.

5th grade, age 10 gunior year, age to senior year, age 17



These roses came what to reorder Regole 100y 10 haven't changed d bit. She without a card. These. She not 100 way. a sucret admirer. my school locks Omile is the same, anyway.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A fellow and his date were playing two-handed strip poker and the girl finally had to remove her bra. "I hope you don't think I've been bluffing you," she sighed, as she shed the heavily padded garment.

"Let's put it this way," retorted the obviously disappointed winner. "I've never known any other girl to play her nipples so close to her chest."

We've been told about one cool dude of a pimp who has so many girls on the street that he's up to his alligators in ass.



Walking unexpected and unannounced into her husband's business inner sanctum one day. the wife found him flagrante delicto with his shapely young secretary. "Don't try to explain," she hissed, "let me guess! This is one of your hard days at the office, right?"

n massage parlors, clock-watching Clive Needs a number of girls to arrive: While a team works his cock, He'll be watching the clock To get off at the stroking of five!

Unisex uniformity was especially confusing on Midwestern campuses during the last snowy, frigid winter, a reader informed us. When the figure of a student was seen trudging through the drifts, it was almost impossible to tell whether it was two above or two below.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines supertool as a hungdingus.

Daddy," piped the eight-year-old, "Eddie Johnson told me coming home today that Jimmy Kelly has been put on probation at school for calling one of the crossing guards a cocksucker."

"Ahem-er-thank you for the information,

Tommy," responded his father.
"Daddy," the youngster went on, "what does that big word mean?"

"We'll talk about it when you're older, Son," said the father, rather brusquely.

"But why should I have to wait until I'm older, Daddy," pursued Tommy, "to find out what probation means?"

Then there was the one about the whimsical masturbator who had an offbeat sense of humor.

The young housewife was so lusciously built that the TV repairman just couldn't keep his eyes off her whenever she came into the room. When he'd finished, she paid him, hesitated and then said, "I'm going to make a-wellperhaps unusual request of you, but first you'll have to promise to keep it a strict secret."

This having been agreed to, the woman continued, "It's embarrassing to talk about, but, you see, while my husband's a fine, decent man, he unfortunately has-let me put it this way-a certain physical weakness, a certain disability. Now, I'm a woman and you're a

"Yes, yes!" interrupted the repairman.

"And since I've been wanting to do it for so long-well-would you please help me move the refrigerator?"

With a posse still hot on his trail, He was tempted by nookie for sale; So the Kid went to bed With a price on his head With a girl with a price on her tail.

Two elderly men were whiling away the time on a park bench one sunny Sunday afternoon. As they watched the young couples strolling by with their arms around each other, one of the men sighed, "What wouldn't I give, Henry, to have just one more good, long screw!"

"In my case," mused Henry in response, "I'd even settle for one more good, short premature

ejaculation."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines prostitute as a tollhouse cookie.

Maybe you've heard about the sheepherder in a remote part of the West who was held captive in a ÛFO with an all-semale crew. He was found by police on the side of the road, muttering, "I've just had an unidentified flying fuck."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Johes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I want it to go around here and over here...."

could those five perfect masters—sole survivors of the bacterial wipe-out—launch a new human race to replace the one they had destroyed? the conclusion of the sensational new novel

fiction By GORE VIDAL

SYNOPSIS: After Kalki, the self-proclaimed messiah, apparently has been murdered on television, he reappears according to plan. It turns out that an actor who resembles Kalki has been killed as part of an intricate plot hatched by the messiah's own cult. Kalki returns to carry out his mission—to end the world on April third.

But before Kalki's appearance as the destroyer Siva, Teddy Ottinger, who has been hired as a pilot and has been designated a Perfect Master, is dispatched to fly the Garuda, Kalki Enterprises' private jet, around the world and drop 70,000,000 lotuses along the way. She returns to New York the day before the scheduled end.

On April third, on a barge off Manhattan, Kalki appears, nude except for a tigerskin at the waist, his torso smeared with ashes, his neck painted blue. Miniature human skulls hang around his neck; three snakes writhe in his hair. As Siva-Kalki twists, turns, leaps and whirls, the age of Kali comes to an end.

Only the Five Perfect Masters—Teddy, Geraldine, Lakshmi, Dr. Giles Lowell and Kalki—survive. They take up residence at the Sherry-Netherland, midst the ruin and destruction of millions of dead.

A week later, Teddy is told that it was her flight that ended the world; the lotuses she scattered were impregnated with deadly bacteria.

New York. By good I mean traditional. There were no freak storms. The climatic anomalies of the past decade seemed to have stopped. Has the ice age (or greenhouse age) gone into reverse now that manmade fumes have ceased to pollute the air? Too soon to answer. But skies are bright now, and the weather of the Northern Hemisphere appears to be changing for the better. For whose better? A question hard to answer. I am studying meteorology.

During June and July, I trained Geraldine and Giles in the mysteries of the DC-10. Although they were quick to learn, I was uneasy at the idea of flying around the world with two nonprofessional crewmen. But I had not taken into account that without





air traffic, take-offs and landings are no problem. For obvious reasons, I take off and land only in the daytime. Most of the time, I fly manually. With a map on my

One curious thing: Whenever I make an approach for a landing, I still switch on my radio and wait for instructions that do not come.

Kalki drove us to the airport. By now, we are used to the stalled cars and to the heaps of clothes containing what we have taken to referring to, neutrally, as "remains." By the third month, the remains were no longer corrupt and white bone was beginning to show. I can relate to bone better than to abandoned flesh. But one can get used to anything, even the horror of a profound night, silence.

In high spirits, Kalki raced through streets, zigzagged around stalled cars. Lakshmi was furious. But he was like a child with a toy.

To my surprise, we got to the airport without a single accident. I directed Kalki to the Swissair DC-10 I had been using.

Eerie sensation, always, to drive down the center of a runway, with planes to left and right, in various stages of loading and unloading. Several had crashed on landing or on take-off, their pilots terminated in mid-procedure.

Lakshmi kissed each of us goodbye. Kalki shook hands. "Contact us every day," he said. "Use the box." Lakshmi and I had put together a special communication device, part telephone (the international telephone cable was still operative) and part radio.

"Tomorrow we're moving to the St. Regis." Lakshmi was firm. She had never liked the Sherry-Netherland. Although Kalki had opposed the move, Lakshmi got her way.

"She wants to be closer to Elizabeth Arden's," Kalki grinned. "Not to mention Saks. Anyway, the telephone number's the same wherever we move to." Everyone thought this was funny. At least everyone laughed.

We boarded the plane. I took off. Kalki and Lakshmi waved to us. I know that both Kalki and Lakshmi had wanted to come with us. But could not. Should we all crash, the human race would be at an end. As it was, three fifths of the world's population was aboard the DC-10.

I was nervous, flying the Atlantic with an inexperienced crew. But luck was with us; weather was good. Visibility was excellent when we landed in Paris.

I am slow to react . . . emotionally, that is. I had lived entirely on the surface since The End. Kept busy. Scarcely thought at all. Felt nothing. Nothing at all. Did not allow myself to feel. Did not take so much as a single stroll down memory lane. Could not bear what I was bound 134 to find in that lane: white bone. Briefly, at the Sherry-Netherland, I had considered suicide. But what was the point to that? It is the nature of life to live. And I was alive. I had no problem coming to terms with my role in The End. Since I had not known what I was doing, I was not guilty of mass murder. As for Kalki and the others. . . . How does one judge the judge who is also the executioner?

In Paris, I started to react . . . emotionally. To think. To feel. Even to remember. Almost immediately, I started to come unstuck.

But first I will describe, step by step, what we did.

Near the runway, I found a brand-new car. Empty, thank God. And locked. I got the door open. We have all become expert at picking locks. I lifted the hood. Crossed wires. Started the car. Let Giles take the wheel.

"I've been here before," he said. "A marvelous city! I know every inch."

A while later, we were in Versailles. Giles was full of apologies. I took over. Drove to the nearest bookstore; picked the lock (in Paris, The End had come at six in the evening); acquired a Guide Michelin. and a map of Paris. For some reason, there had been fewer fires in Versailles and Paris than in New York.

I was glad to be busy. To be using my hands. To not think. But this mood did not last long. In fact, it ended as I was driving across the Pont Neuf and saw before me the vivid green gardens of the Tuileries in full summer leaf. I began to shake.

I stopped the car in front of the gilded statue of Joan at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli. As we got out of the car, I was overwhelmed by the perfume. Without the carbon monoxide of a million cars, the air of Paris was like that of a huge garden. We were all ravished. We breathed deeply. Then Giles started to sneeze. "Rose fever," he said, and kept on sneezing until we were again airborne. But not even Giles and his sneezing could spoil for me the beauty of a city that I had dreamed of since childhood.

I had postponed visiting Paris until I was in love. Unfortunately, love and Paris had never coincided. Now it was too late for Paris, if not love. I burst into ignominious tears. Of self-pity.

Geraldine was tender, loving. I think she wept, too. I know that we held each other for a long time.

"I propose we stay at the Ritz," Giles said. "It's just around the corner. And, of course, everyone stays there." This struck him as amusing. I was not so struck. "It's also close to all the shops, museums. . . . "

Prattling, Giles led us into the Place Vendôme.

Prattling, Giles escorted us past the remains of the chasseur at the door to the Ritz, and into the lobby. I thought of Proust, of Albertine.

Prattling, Giles led us into the bar. "The most exclusive bar in Europe, girls!" He showed us where he had first seen Hemingway, Dietrich, the Windsors.

I did my best to blot out the past, and for a while my best was good enough. Giles made us martinis, while Geraldine found some stale potato chips and almonds in the pantry. I cleared a corner table. The bar had been crowded. It had been six o'clock: and tout Paris was having an aperitif. Then I remembered that cinq à sept was the time when Parisians made love and Americans got drunk. I checked passports, cards of identity; saw that I was right. Nearly all of the last customers in the Ritz bar at six o'clock on April third had been foreigners.

As I thought of the French who had been making love when The End came, I started to go over the edge again. I was saved by gin, without ice. The electricity was forever off in the City of Light. Even so, I was grateful for the drink. Grateful even for Giles. He had no imagination. Geraldine did. She knew what I was going through. She kept giving me anxious glances.

"The past," said Giles, dropping the prattle, "is an illusion. A painted backdrop. Nothing more."

'These are not illusory things," I said, touching the Baccarat shaker on the table. The table. The glass.

Geraldine changed the subject. "Let's see if the water still works in the bathrooms. If it doesn't, I'm going to take a bath in the Seine."

Fortunately, there was enough water in the taps for a cold shower apiece. Afterward, we assembled candles to light our rooms. Each of us always carried a flashlight. The logistics of survival in a dead world are complex and, thank God, distracting.

Giles insisted that we go to Maxim's. As we crossed the Place de la Concorde, I realized that there is no city as beautiful as Paris, even in death.

It was sundown when we got to Maxim's. There was just enough natural light to illuminate the belle époque dining room. Although Giles wanted to make us dinner in the famous kitchen with whatever happened still to be at hand, Geraldine and I insisted on going somewhere else. The dusty glamor was like that of Tutankhamen's tomb.

In the Place de la Madeleine, we studied the Guide Michelin. The setting sun had turned all things to rose. La vie en rose, enfin. We picked a one-star restaurant on the Ile St.-Louis; it was famous for game and, as Giles reminded us, game keeps without refrigeration. The restaurant was small, charming. The tables had all been set for diners who had never dined. Dead flowers in vases were the

TREADS THREADS

a collection of middleweight motorcycles and fast-lane fashions for the freewheeling man about town

Harley-Davidson SX-250: Rumor has it that if you sit on a Harley SX-250 long enough, it will turn into a Sportster. The night rider's boby brother is mode in Itoly and costs \$1095. The Continental styling goes well with a white Dacron polyester/cotton chintz jacket with snop front closures, by Brunswick, \$45; a red cotton knit T-shirt, by Bonff, Ltd., about \$12; and block polished poly-cotton muslin trausers with webbed convos belt, from Scotts-Grey Ltd., about \$20. The high-powered domsel is geored for 80 in top and pants from Sibella.



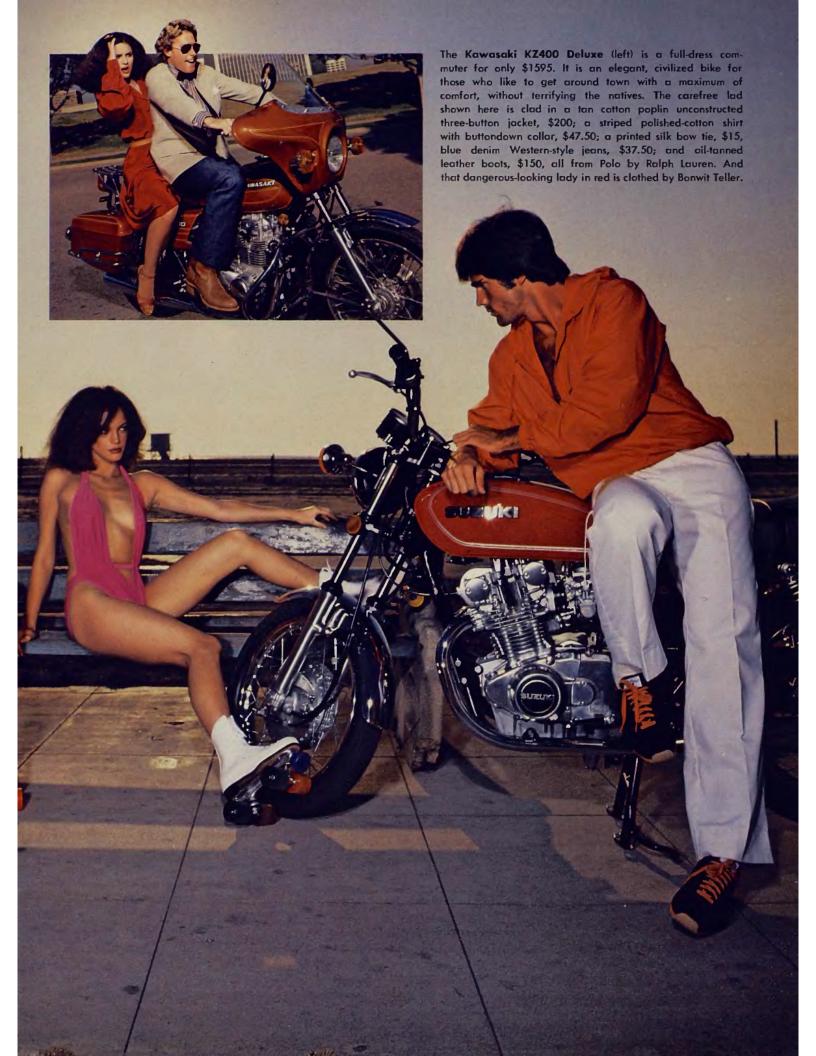


The Honda Hawk Hondamatic (above) is o his-and-hers motorcycle for \$1448. The semiautomotic transmission will have you fighting over whose turn it is to take a turn around the block: Toast her success in o beige flax pullover (about \$90) and off-white cotton weave trausers, about \$85, both by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael. The dark-brown lizardskin boots are by Dan Post, \$132.95. (The lady's tags are from Comp 8everly Hills.) The Suzuki GS 400C, right (cost: \$1349), is one of the thoroughbred line of four-strokes that includes the fontastic GS 750. It can catch almost anything on wheels, including the two damsels on the four-wheel vehicles from Cheopskotes. (Their swimsuits are from Kamali and Elon of California.) He's joining the posse in an orange nylon pullover, \$15, with white polyester/cotton deck pants, \$25, both from MacGregor Sportwear; and suede running shoes, from Pro Keds, \$20.

rt's A QUESTION of economics. Large bikes now cost what small cars used to cost. Large cars cost what small homes used to cost. Consequently, the nation is in an energy crisis—not only of fossil fuels but of psychic energy. Your soul is endangered. At the rate we're going, it's soon going to be against the law to have fun. Private transportation will be outlawed—and gas will be rationed in terms of maximum passenger miles per gallon. How many people do you know who can get off on public transportation?

There are some alternatives. Five of them are shown here. A few years ago, the motorcycle companies realized that there were only so many high-performance fanatics, or Zen masters of motorcycle maintenance, guys who would spend all week tuning their 750- or 1000-c.c.s for a two-day run up the Coast. What this country needed was the twowheeled equivalent of the second car, a light, easy-to-handle bike that would incorporate the same state-of-the-art technology that goes into the big bikes. The perfect machine for a quick trip to the tennis club to reserve court time. The perfect machine for the daily commute to work. Downtown parking costs for cars are approaching \$60 a month in some cities, if you can find space near your





The Yamaha X\$.400 (right) is the new four-stroke from the company whose legendary RD 400 two-stroke (alias the Rocket) dominated the midweights the past few years. The X\$ 400 (\$1348) is a move-it-out raider for impulse trips to the movies, the beach for a touch of moonlight, the grocery store for munchies. You can join the dawn patrol in an Army-green polished-twill hooded jacket with snap front closures, from David Hunter by Levi's Sportswear, \$35; a multicolor-striped cotton terry pullover shirt, by Gordon of New Orleans, \$25; blue cotton denim jeans, from Levi's, \$19.50; and hand-stained leather boots, from Wrangler Boots, \$45.

office. A small motorcycle seemed to be just the thing for the urban executive. There is always room for one and most parking garages offer discounts for bikes.

PLAYBOY assembled five of the best middleweight motorcycles. In the meantime, we had PLAYBOY Fashion Editor David Platt deliver the proper threads to go with the machines. It all came together in Los Angeles, along with Associate Editor James R. Petersen, who put the bikes through their paces and then filed this report:

Kawasaki KZ400: When most people think of Kawasaki, the bike that comes to mind is the KZ1000. The King. Able to eat concrete in quarter-mile sections. But the company almost singlehandedly created the market for middleweight motorcycles with the three versions of the KZ400. The Special cost around a grand, the Standard slightly more. The Deluxe we tested was mildmannered. Easy to start. Forgiving. Could get you somewhere without making a fulltime job of it. The KZ400 Deluxe is definitely for the easy-listening audienceit drifts through traffic smoothly. The Deluxe comes equipped with the basic essentials of a modern bikeelectric start, turn signals, front disk brakes. In addition, the folks at Kawasaki have outfitted the Deluxe with locking saddlebags and a color-coordinated

(concluded on page 178)





"I was in Paris. I was in love. I was also nearly killed when I dynamited the safe at Cartier's."

only hint that something had happened.

Giles made us a splendid dinner of pheasant; of the contents of tins, glass jars. The three of us drank a half dozen bottles of Burgundy. Admired the view of Notre Dame in the moonlight. Watched the gray-silver river flow beneath us. During coffee, an empty barge glided by.

What did we talk about? I don't recall, which means that we kept the past at bay. Except for Jason McCloud. Somehow, his name was mentioned. Despite his triple agentry, he had served Kalki well. He had killed the actor at Madison Square Garden not for the Chiu Chow Society but for Kalki. And Giles had paid him off that last day aboard the Narayana. Why, I asked, had Kalki wanted people to think that he had been murdered?

"Because," Giles said lighting a long Cuban cigar (how long will they keep?), "if Kalki was not thought to be dead at that time, he was in danger of really being killed by the Chiu Chow. Also, Johnny White was closing in on him. . . . "

"But more important," said Geraldine. aware that I was not taking any of this too well, "there had to be one final test. Those who thought that Kalki would not return were lost.

"Those who did were lost, too."

"No," said Geraldine. She sounded positive. I think she believed what she said. "They will return. In other forms. . . ."

I let the matter rest. This was not my favorite topic. Giles intervened. "A moonlight drive," he proposed, "from one end of Paris to the other!"

We drove, drunkenly, through empty streets. The moon was waxing. The sky was clear and full of stars. The airroses. The silence awful. In the moonlight, the dome of the Invalides looked like a skull with a hypodermic needle on its top.

At the hotel, Giles proposed that I join him for a nightcap. I am reasonably certain that he raped me in New Orleans. I am also reasonably certain that there will never be a conscious rematch. I said good night to him and downed a nightcap with Geraldine. By candlelight, we drank warm champagne.

I said how depressed I had been. Confessed to horror at what had happened. Geraldine was warm, helpful. She was also hard as nails.

"Look at it this way," she said when I had finally stopped. "They had a wonderful end. Quick, painless. And, best of all, there's nothing human left on earth to 140 mourn them."

"Except us."

"We're not really human."

"I feel very human."

"No, you are a Perfect Master."

"I don't know what a Perfect Master is." I can be harsh, too. "I don't know who Kalki is. Beyond being a mass murderer-

Geraldine was on her feet. Furious. "Don't say that! He is not, because . . . he is. That's all. This was ordained from the beginning of time. He came to make an end. And he did."

"He made an end." I agreed.

"And a beginning."

I was by no means certain that Kalki had been ordained from the beginning to make either an end or a beginning, but I was positive that from the beginning of time, Geraldine and I were intended to be the perfect match. I was Lilith to her Eve. And we promptly made a corner of the Garden of Eden all our own. That night, we made love for the

I was delighted to be alive. To be with Geraldine . . . who had never had a love affair before. She had been too frightened to experiment with women, too inhibited to experiment with men. Or was it the other way around? Anyway, she had been waiting for me all her life. And I for her.

The next day, while Giles monitored radios, Geraldine and I went sight-seeing. At Sainte-Chapelle, the floor-to-ceiling stained-glass windows turned the interior to fire, thus matching our mood. We made love in a secret corner where Louis XI heard Mass.

Next stop: the cathedral of Notre Dame. In the silent gray nave, I asked her why I had been chosen for survival. When she began the usual song and dance about Perfect Masterhood, I brought her to a halt with: "That's not the reason."

Geraldine climbed onto the bishop's throne. "Kalki needed a pilot," she said.

We were making progress. "Yes, I figured that one out in Katmandu. But the world is-or was-full of pilots."

Geraldine looked at me for a long time. Studied my face as if it were a barometer . . . falling? Then came the first question: "What is the one thing that you and I and Giles have in common?"

"We are Perfect Masters."

"What else?"

I thought hard, and thought of nothing. But should have guessed.

Geraldine spelled it out for me. "I

cannot have children, Giles has had a vasectomy. You went, as we all know, beyond motherhood when your tubes were cauterized."

I cannot think why I was so slow to get the point, since, subliminally, I must have known it from the beginning.

Geraldine asked the second question: "What do Kalki and Lakshmi have in common?"

"They are able to have children." I thought of nothing.

"Just before we left, Giles examined Lakshmi. She's pregnant."

The enormity of what Kalki had done was more than matched by what he now intended to do. I completed the catechism. "He intends to be the father of the new human race."

"Yes." Geraldine looked happy. "And Lakshini will be the mother. And we will be the teachers."

"But is it possible? Genetically? And. . . ." I could not, entirely, take it in. I tried to remember biology courses in college. Mendel's law. More to the point, the law of averages. "What happens if the children are all girls? Or all boys? That's quite a risk."

"There's no risk. After all, I'm a pretty

good geneticist."

Geraldine the geneticist and biologist. Lakshmi the physicist and mother. Giles the doctor of medicine. T.H.O., test pilot and engineer. Kalki, destroyer . . . and now creator. We had, indeed, been chosen.

"You can predetermine the sex of the children?"

"Yes. I can also reduce the dangers of inbreeding. We've worked it out very carefully. The first child will be a girl. She's insurance in case something, God forbid, should happen to Lakshmi. But if Lakshmi were to die, in fourteen years or so, Kalki would be able to reproduce with his own daughter. But that's only if worst comes to worst. If everything works out as planned, during the next twelve years, Kalki and Lakshini will produce three boys and six girls. Those nine will then repopulate the world. I think it's awesome, Teddy."

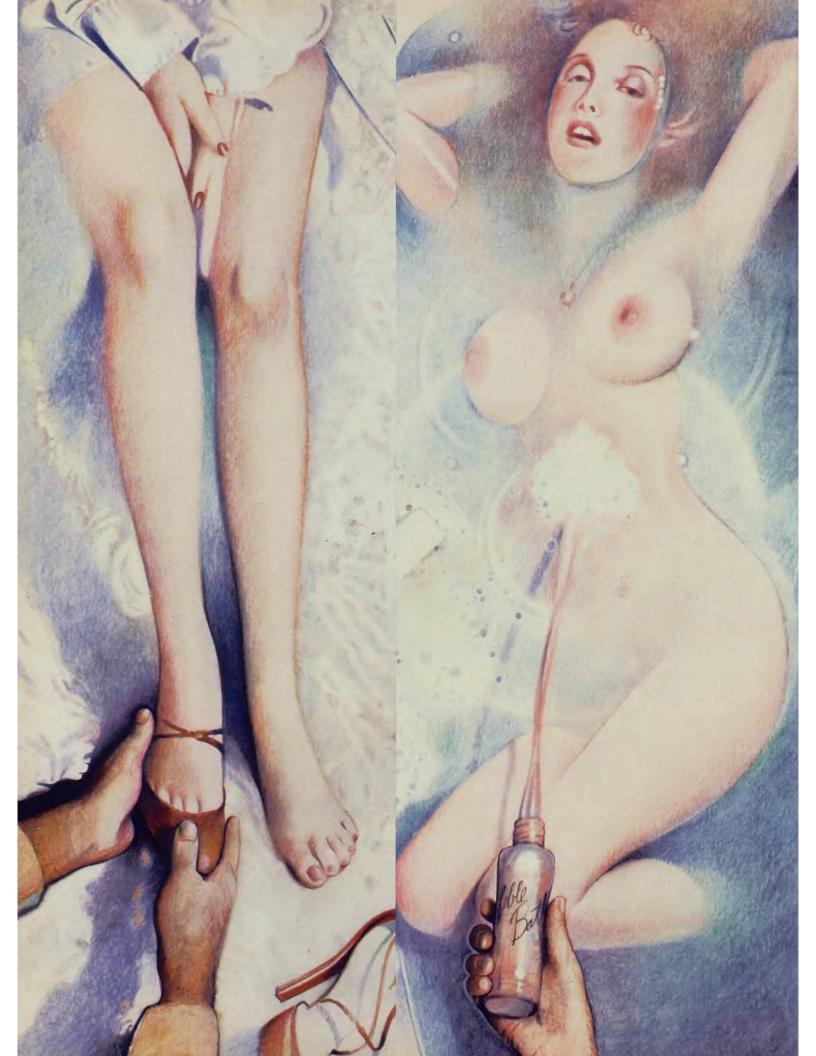
Our last day in Paris was spent "shopping," as Geraldine called it, or "looting," as Giles put it. Illegality always excited Giles. But then, there is nothing illegal about taking what belongs to no one.

Geraldine and I made the rounds of the famous dressmakers. We collected for Lakshmi as well as for ourselves. I must admit, guiltily, that I enjoyed myself. I was in Paris. I was in love. I was also nearly killed when I dynamited the safe at Cartier's.

While Geraldine and I were shopping, Giles had got himself a truck and backed it up to the main door of the Louvre. (continued on page 224)



"Now, that's what I call a barbershop quartet!"





NINE AND A HALF WEEKS

AN INCREDIBLE LOVE AFFAIR

memoir
By ELIZABETH MCNEILL

beyond the world of "story of o" lies a real world where love and pain mingle until they are indistinguishable

HE FIRST TIME we were in bed together, he held my hands pinned down above my head.

I liked it. I liked him. He was moody in a way that struck me as romantic; he was funny. bright, interesting to talk to; and he gave me pleasure.

The second time, he picked my scarf up off the floor where I had dropped it while getting undressed, smiled and said, "Would you let me blindfold you?" No one had blindfolded me in bed before and I liked it. I liked him even better than the first night and later couldn't stop smiling while brushing my teeth.

The third time, he repeatedly brought me to within a hairsbreadth of coming. When I was beside myself yet again and he stopped once more, I heard my voice, disembodied above the bed, pleading with him to continue. He obliged. I was beginning to fall in love.

The fourth time, when I was aroused enough to be fairly oblivious, he used the same scarf to tie my wrists together. That morning, he had sent 13 roses to my office.

It's Sunday, toward the end of May. I'm spending the afternoon with a friend downtown and there is a street fair in her neighborhood. I am trying to decide whether or not to backtrack half a block to the table where I've fingered a lace shawl that my friend has pronounced grubby. "It was grubby," I say loudly to her back, a little ahead of me, hoping to be heard above the din. "But can't you picture it washed and mended?" She looks back over her shoulder, cups her ear with her right hand, points at the woman in a very large man's suit who is attacking a set of drums with ardor; rolls her eyes; turns away.

"Better do it, then," says a voice close to my left ear. I whisk around and give the man directly behind me an



annoyed look, then face forward again and attempt to catch up with my friend. But I'm literally stuck. The mob has slowed down from a slow shuffle to no movement at all. "This is a street fair," says the voice at my left ear. "People get to talk to strangers. What would be the point, otherwise? I still think you should go back and get it, whatever it is."

The sun is bright, yet it's not hot at all, balmy; the sky gleams, air as clean as over a small town in Minnesota. "Just a mangy shawl," I say, "nothing much. Still, it's intricate handwork and only four dollars; I guess I'll buy it, after all." But now there is no place to go. We stand, facing

each other, and smile.

"I'll walk back with you," he says. "You won't lose your friend." He has begun shouldering his way back toward where we've come from and says, over his shoulder, "My name is...."

•

Now it's Thursday. He is cooking dinner at his apartment. We are in the kitchen, talking, when the phone rings. "Well, no," he says. "Tonight's a bad night." There is a long silence while he grimaces at me and shakes his head. Finally, he explodes: "Oh, Christ! All right, come on over. But if you're not set in two hours, the hell with it, I've got plans for tonight....

"This dope," he groans at me, disgruntled and sheepish. "I wish he'd get out of my life. He's a nice guy to have a beer with, but he's got nothing to do with me except he plays tennis at the same place and works for the same firm, where he keeps falling behind and then he needs a crash course on his homework; it's like junior high. I'm really sorry. You can

watch TV."

"If you'll give me some stationery, I'll write a letter I've owed for months; it'll be a boost to my conscience. I'll need a pen, too."

He walks over to a large oak desk at the other end of the living room, comes back with half an inch of fine, creamcolored paper, hands me the fountain pen from the inside pocket of his suit jacket and lugs the TV into the bedroom.

By the time the intercom buzzes, I'm settled on his bed, leaning into one of the pillows I've propped against the wall, my knees drawn up, his thick pen solid and comfortable in my hand. I hear two men greet each other, but once they begin talking steadily, I can rarely make out

separate words.

I write the letter, take a cursory glance at the *Times*, look at my horoscope in the *Post*. I stretch out my legs, scrunch down on the pillow. During the hours I've spent with him here, I've paid little attention to my surroundings. Now I find there's not much to look at. It is a large, high-ceilinged room, the floor covered with the same gray carpet as the hallway

and the living room. The walls are white, completely bare.

I get up off the bed and walk past the chest of drawers. And there is the closet with two doors. The right one creaks loudly when I pull them both open: I stand stock-still, holding my breath. But the unseen stranger's voice has risen to almost a wail, while his purrs along, low and controlled. I feel like a sneak; as you should, I tell myself, that's just what you are.

Not counting the one he is presently wearing in the next room, and possibly others out to be cleaned, he owns nine suits. He will mention at one point that his suits have been made by the same tailor in Little Italy for 11 years.

Suspended from a brass rod on the inside of the left door hang a dozen ties so similar that they seem like one expanse of fabric when I squint. ("I don't like variety in clothes," he will say. "My own clothes, I mean. I like to know that I'll look pretty much the same, day after day.") Lined up on the floor are three pairs of sneakers, four pairs of identical black wing-tip shoes, one pair of plain, oxblood loafers.

I shut the doors and tiptoe to the bureau. I begin at the top. A stack of white, initialed handkerchiefs, a wrist watch without a watch band, an old pocket watch, a black-silk bow tie folded once. Next drawer: two pairs of black-leather gloves, one lined, one not; a tan pair, unlined; large, puffy ski mittens; a cummerbund. Third: navy swimming trunks, a jockstrap, one pair of pajamas-navy with white piping-still in the manufacturer's plastic wrapping. Gift? No, the price tag's still on it. The next drawer holds white Jockey shorts, easily a couple of dozen. Fourteen pairs of white-wool socks and a boiled shirt in cellophane are housed below. The largest drawer sticks and I have to tug at it repeatedly. When I've finally edged it open, I stare in amazement: jammed to overflowing. the drawer bulges with what seem to be 1000 identical long black socks. I think: This man owns more socks than all the men I've ever known combined.

I close the drawer, jump onto the bed, lie on my back, bounce, ride a bicycle in the air above me. I'm beside myself. Falling in love with a stockpiler of socks, a sock stockpiler, a man who socks away socks. I cannot keep from making grunting, snorting noises in my effort not to laugh out loud.

This is an unusual man you're getting mixed up with, I tell myself.

Just before midnight, we are lying on his bed. We made love hastily and with most of our clothes on; we've taken a shower together and I've told him it was my first in a decade, that I much prefer baths. Wrapped in towels, we ate three large pieces of blueberry pie left over from dinner and finished a bottle of Chablis. "I want to show you something." He leaves the room, returns with his shaving mirror, slaps my face, sits down on the edge of the bed. My head has fallen on one side onto the pillow. He takes a fistful of my hair and pulls me back until I look at him. He holds the mirror up for me to see and together we watch the symmetrical mark appear on my cheek. I stare at myself, mesmerized. I do not recognize this face; it is blank, a canvas there to display four smudges, red like war paint. He traces them gently.

So it went, a step at a time. And since we saw each other every night; since each increment of change was unspectacular in itself: since he made love very, very well; since I was soon crazy about him, not just physically but especially so, it came about that I found myself—after the time span of a mere two weeks—in a setup that would be judged, by the people I know, as pathological.

It never occurred to me to call it pathological. I never called "it" anything. I told no one about it. That it was I who lived through this period seems, in retrospect, unthinkable. I can only look back on those weeks as on an isolated phenomenon, now in the past: a segment of my life as unreal as a dream, lacking

all implication.

We're doing errands: supermarket, liquor store, dry cleaner's, drugstore. It's a lovely Saturday in early June.

We spend a long time at the toothpaste counter: He is giving dramatic recitals of competing TV commercials— "Better Checkups" wins. I think: I've never been this much in love before. Twice I ask out loud, "How can I be so happy?" Each time, he smiles at me, a delighted grin, and shifts both shopping bags onto one arm to hug my shoulders with the other.

We are both laden down with packages when he says, "I have to get one more thing," and hails a cab. We end up in Brooklyn, at a small, obscure hunting store. There are two clerks, one dignified and elderly, one in his teens, no other customers. He is pricing insulated vests, the kind to be worn under windbreakers.

I sit down on the edge of an old mahogany desk, pick up a three-year-old New Yorker. "This one, I guess," he says. He is holding a riding crop: "I'd like to try it out." There is a peculiar shift: From one second to the next, I have become disoriented, I am on alien territory, in a foreign century. He walks a few steps to where I am half-sitting on the desk, one foot on the floor, the other dangling. He pulls my skirt up over my left leg, which is resting on the desk, steps back and

(continued on page 188)



The Zinszer sisters: Cynthia, Deborah and Playmate Pamela.



The Kiger sisters: Playmate Susan and Patty.

SISTERS

"for there is no friend like a sister, in calm or stormy weather."

-CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

HAVE YOU EVER had to make up your mind between sisters? Thought you had found the best of all possible worlds in the older one until you met the younger, or vice versa? And late at night, when you're alone, do you wonder if they're talking about you? Have we got some girls for you! Five pairs of beautiful sisters and one fetching trio, in exclusive photographs by Richard Fegley, Robert Scott Hooper and Nicholas De Sciose.



Above, the Ekhert sisters, Marge and Judy; above right, the Holiday twins, Lyn and Leigh.







Above, the Kennéc sisters, Kim (top) and Kathy; below left, the Elledge sisters, Nancy (left) and Cynthia.



Marge Ekhert (in the pink nightgown), 22, and her sister, Judy, 24, are Czechoslovakian, and both possess that Old World quality found so seldom in American women these days: a quiet shyness. "Our mother died when we were young," says San Franciscan Judy. "But before she died, she taught us love. So Marge and I have fostered each other since childhood." Adds Marge, "Mother always told us never to let a man come between us. So far, none has." Not that men haven't tried. Literally, "I suppose it's a common fantasy for men," Marge says almost sympathetically, "to sleep with two sisters. Two men have tried to arrange such a thing with us, but the idea never appealed to either of us, despite the fact that we generally like the same type of man." And what kind of man is that? "Shy, passive, like us. We both like slender, classically good-looking men. You might say almost feminine men. Feminine in the sense they can understand and empathize with a woman's feelings." Marge, who lives in Los Angeles and studies acting, describes herself as the more "wild and outgoing" of the two. Judy, a published poetess, who attended Bennington College, is studying classical literature. "I suppose it's true that we're sort of pretty," says Judy, "but I don't think either of us thinks about it much. For both of us, it's more important to be creative than to have a lot of attention from many men. We tend to gravitate toward long-lasting relationships with one man.

Pewaukee, Wisconsin, is the home of 23-year-old twins Lyn (left) and Leigh Holiday, which is more than you can say for Green Bay. The girls are so psychically attuned that they have consulted a psychologist to overcome an annoying tendency to feel each other's emotional swings and physical pains. "The psychologists try to separate us, to get us to move away from each other," says Lyn, "and it just doesn't work. We both wind up miserable. Each of us feels like one person who has been split in half." One of the twins' favorite pranks with double dates used to be leaving the table at a restaurant, going to the bathroom and exchanging clothes, then returning and switching dates. "It was easy to fool the guys," Leigh says, "because we wear the same perfume."





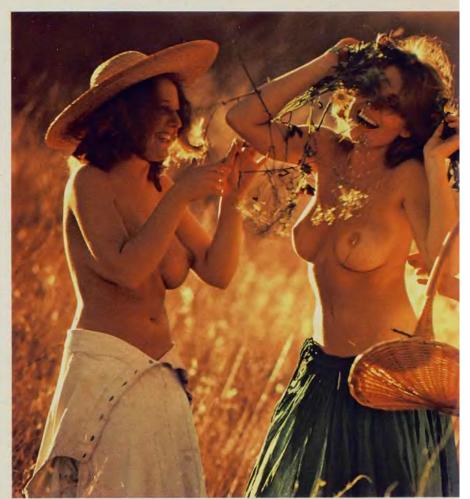




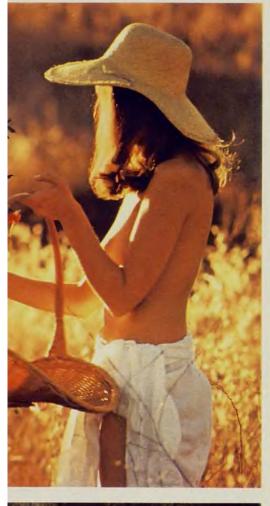




We discovered the fabulous Zinszer sisters in 1974, when middle sister Pamela, now 22, was our March Playmate. Pamela (with flowers on her head above right and swinging from a rope at far right) says, "I've changed since then. After traveling and meeting people on Playmate promotion tours, I'm a more defined person. I've even lost some of the baby fat I had back then." Older sister Cynthia (holding the basket above right), 25, says she and younger sister Deborah, 20, felt no jealousy when Pamela was discovered. "It was exciting for all of us." Cynthia, who aspires to a professional modeling career, takes an acting class with Pamela and shares with her an interest in art. In this very active family (all three jog, play racquetball and ride horses), youngest sister Deborah is perhaps the most athletic. She teaches racquetball, plays tennis and water-skis. In her spare time, she studies Italian opera. The Zinszer sisters attribute their eye-stopping good looks to their mother, whom Cynthia describes as "sensationally beautiful."











You may remember Denver residents Cynthia Elledge (below right), 28, and her sister Nancy, 26, as Bunnies Cindy Brown and Nancy Staskin; they appeared in our November *Bunnies of '75* pictorial. Cindy was also in last November's *Bunnies of '77*. During the five years in which they worked at the Denver Playboy Club, says Nancy, "We went to all Bunny functions together. To the VA hospital, to the Bunny basketball games." As you can see, they also sun-bathe together. Both sisters like to make clothes (Nancy knits and crochets and Cindy does needlepoint) and Cindy recently began autocross racing with her Alfa Romeo.









Auburn-haired Kathy Kennéc (pronounced Ke-neese), 24 (leaning lovingly over her sister, above), says she and her strawberry-blonde sister Kim, 22, were saved from the pits of narcissism by their mother, herself a "beautiful woman, both inside and out." "'Don't misuse your beauty,' Momma used to tell us," says Kim, "' and always remember that beauty has a price." "It certainly does," agrees Denver resident Kathy, who, like her sister in Scottsdale, Arizona, is a fashion model. "It's always been hard for us to have good relationships with women because of our looks. Also, when you're pretty, men assume you're dumb." Kathy says she and Kim have never been attracted to the same kinds of men. "When we were teenagers," says Kim, "Kathy dated the high school quarterback and I dated older guys." The Kennéc sisters aren't above a little devilment. "One time, Kim and I double-dated at a drive-in movie and while we went to the refreshment stand, we left a tape recorder running in the back seat to catch what our dates said about us. We were pleased to find that both guys thought highly of us." Smart guys.



The Kiger sisters, dark-haired Patty, 30, and blonde Susan, 24, initially look so different that when they tell you they're related, you almost don't believe them. When they undress, the family resemblance is more obvious. Patty is a secretary for a manufacturing firm in San Diego. Susan makes her home in Los Angeles, where both sisters shared an oceanside apartment until





last winter. Surely, we thought, they must sometimes feel competitive. "You never have, have you?" Patty asks Susan. "Competitive? Never. After all, there's plenty out here for both of us." What kind of men do they like? "I think," says Susan, "every woman likes 'em tall, dark, handsome, hairy and built." "Yes, Susan certainly likes that type," says Patty. Both girls laugh. "We discuss everything in detail," says Susan. "Everything," says Patty, laughing, "like, 'What was the diameter?" They laugh some more. "I like a man who can push me around," says Patty, "a man who knows what he wants." "I'm the same way," says Susan. "If there's anything I can't stand, it's a kiss-ass."





"You should thank me! She discovered she was multiorgasmic!"



EPIGRAMS BY LUXORIUS OF CARTHAGE, CIRCA 500 A.D.

To an Old Voyeur

Go on and on about the girls you lay, You loudmouthed phony, antiquated fart. You're older than the Phoenix by a day, And still you want to play the lover's part? Myopic, feeble, trembling-like as not, You couldn't put a quarter in the slot.

For Whom the Bell Tolls

Congratulations on your wedding day. I hope you'll make it through the night alive.

Poor limp-cock Marcus, do you know that she

Has last month buried husband number

What I Did on My Summer Vacation Somebody laid Marina in the surf. Why not? That milky foam gave Venus birth.

No Beauty Contest

Myrro makes out with all the ugly girls, A lovely woman drives him up the wall. I know exactly what his logic is: The fair give part, the homely girls give all.

To a Leaky Lady

Whenever you drink wine, you piss enough

To flood the barren deserts of the south. Follonia, make it easier on yourself And tip the wine cup to your lower mouth.

EPIGRAMS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY, CIRCA 900 A.D.

Priapus, seeing Kimon with a hard-on, Said, "I resign. Now he can watch the garden."

-ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

The Exorcist

The exorcist drove out the devils with his stinking breath;

Now how the hell do we get rid of the exorcist?

-LUCIAN

Holier than Thou

Hermodotus, the spokesman for moral virtue.

Has been known to unfreeze.

I won't say exactly how it happened-But he was on his knees.

-LUCILIUS

Complaint

Past midnight. I slipped my husband. Drenched with rain, through the night I stole.

Came to you-and found that all you wanted to do

Was discuss the troubled state of your

-PHILODEMUS



Long and Short Conan is three feet tall, His wife is six. Imagine now, when they're in bed, Where his head sticks.

-ATTRIBUTED TO JULIAN THE APOSTATE

Flagged

All of us were drunker than goats, Except for Akindynos, who stayed sober-

So which one of us did the barkeep throw

For being drunk and disorderly?

-LUCIAN

Two Against One

Soaked by abundant wine and rain, I slipped and fell,

By Zeus and Bacchus sent on the road to hell.

-DIONYSIUS OF ANDROS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRAO HOLLAND

Undergrad

Sweet Lydia studies under supervision Of Rufio, her teacher in Math 1. All night, he tutors her in long division, Until the rising of the sun.

And now she's got her practice down so

That she can quickly add to sixty-nine.

Revelation

Patrick is so well behaved

He never thought about girls until he

But, somehow, the look of his beard in the mirror

Made everything clearer.

-ANONYMOUS

The Miser

He dreamed he was spending money and when he awoke,

Hermon the miser hanged himself with a borrowed rope.

---LUCILIUS

Thrice Blessed

As Charito's sixtieth birthday nears, Her dark hair flows as thick as ever. Her flawless breasts, untouched by years, Exude an aphrodisiac perfume, Inspire men to some new endeavor. Lucky the lover who shares in her plenty-It's better than having three girls of twenty.

---PHILODEMUS

About Zoë

Zeus, when seducing as a swan, You laid sweet Leda on her back. Then, as a bull, you hurried on To do Europa's hijack. But they were virgins, as we know-D'you fear this juicy mortal so Because she is a pro?

-PALLADAS

—Translated by Richard O'Connell





CATZY HORSE (continued from page 107)

"Sun-bathing is permitted but only au naturel; the polka-dot lighting can't combat bikini patches."

too high, with a natural well-rounded slope; no silicone at the Crazy"-he has the girls exercise by walking around on crutches. Their nipples are appropriately erect onstage because the temperature out there is kept 18 degrees cooler than in the dressing rooms. In summer, sunbathing is permitted but only au naturel; the zebra and polka-dot lighting can't combat bikini patches.

Bernardin's small miracle is in transforming the solemnity of his technique into the joy and high spirits that accompany the highly stylized show. In the early postwar years, Bernardin, then in his mid-20s, was fascinated by everything American and decided a burlesque show of his own might be "an exciting little adventure." Although Paris was worldfamous for its Folies-Bergère, Casino de Paris and Lido floorshows, it had never really had a nude vaudeville spectacle in the American style.

"Nudes were not allowed to move onstage then," recalls Bernardin. "I wanted my girls to move, but I didn't want to have anything to do with the striptease. The Crazy has never been a striptease show. My girls start without clothes.'

Bernardin was also determined that his show would not be associated with the tacky, tawdry red-light district of Pigalle, where many other girlie shows were. He set up shop on the plush Avenue George V, down the street from the deluxe George V and Prince de Galles hotels, where well-heeled American, German and Japanese tourists could go without fearing they'd be fleeced. (Some might consider that the Crazy's minimum two-drink charge of \$32 per person, or \$65 for two for a bottle of champagne, is fleecing of a sort, but the high-powered two-hour show has packed them in, up to 300 each time, so that in the past 27 years, an estimated 2,500,000 people have seen the show. Bernardin's little adventure grosses him \$5,000,000 a year.)

The Crazy Horse Saloon got its name from Bernardin's love for the folklore of America's wild West. "It was that or Sitting Bull," he says. "Somebody told me Sitting Bull was not such a good idea."

At any rate, the lobby of the lowceilinged basement club ("The low ceiling makes my girls look taller") is festooned with tributes to the great Indian chief and newspaper accounts of Custer's Last Stand. Customers may be puzzled by the doormen dressed in the uniform of Royal Canadian Mounties, but remem-158 ber, this is France. Don't expect a logical

explanation. As it happened, a lunatic aristocratic wastrel from Normandy appeared at Bernardin's door one day in a scarlet Mountie's uniform and asked if he could be a doorman. "Why not?" said Bernardin, and when he disappeared one day, Bernardin replaced him with two more "Mounties."

The girls' gear is less fanciful—in fact, less, period. They start out wearing a specially designed set of satin-leatherette thongs that quickly disappear into the smallest G string ever designed. These "costumes," plus high-heeled shoes, cost, we have been assured, \$700 each.

The girls who get into these outfits each night come from all over Europerarely from America. "American girls are scared by the idea of France," Bernardin claims. "The best-looking girls come from Germany. Their civilization has always been at the crossroads of Latin, Slavic and Nordic migration and the mixture produces beautiful, healthy, exciting girls. Polish girls are good, too, high-spirited. But I find the Scandinavians dull.'

Three times a year, Bernardin travels across Europe in his earnest search for the "right" kind of beauty. He can talk for hours about the perfect thigh, buttock or breast. When he spots what he wants, he sends the girl his business card. If their first meeting is a success, he gives her a plane ticket to Paris and a six-month trial contract.

"They all want to dance at the Crazy," he says proudly. "It's the top of the tree. They think of it as a great chance to get into films, be discovered by a great producer. Of course, it never happens, but they like to believe that it does.'

Meanwhile, they earn good money-\$800 a week for the top featured dancers. Bernardin puts 20 percent of their wages away in a savings account, which is held for them until they leave the Crazy. Nobody stays beyond the age of 30.

When she starts working at the Crazy, each girl is given a stage name, chosen to fit her personality as perceived by Bernardin. Current examples are Lova Moor, Lily Paramount, Polly Underground, Trucula Bonbon, Vanilla Banana, Kiki Zanzibar and Greta Fahrenheit.

Bernardin has his own pantheon of favorites, whom he recalls with misty sentimentality: Bertha von Paraboum, vintage 1964, the girl who went on wearing black boots, black gloves, a feather boa and a G string in the shape of a swastika. Instead of projecting stripes or polka dots on her, Bernardin had her bathed in more swastikas. "She was sensational," he says. "We got protest letters from old Nazis. It was terrific!" Trucula Bonbon-"She makes you want to bite, and I've been looking at girls for 27 years. And she does it all for her invalid sister." Franca Germanicus—"Flaming red hair, alabaster skin; she drove a NATO officer

The Crazy's policy about customers is very strict: no admirers allowed around the dressing rooms. One girl caught with a Lebanese businessman was immediately fired. At the same time, Bernardin (himself a classical French family man with three children, a wife and a mistress, who accept each other's existence philosophically) is nostalgic for the gallantry of the belle époque. "My girls would be delighted if someone sent them a bouquet, a little note, an invitation to dinner, the way they used to. But that no longer happens. Men aren't what they used to be.

"But thank God the women are," he adds, rhapsodizing about the beauty of the girls he works with. "Look at those breasts, that skin, the mouth, the eyes!"

The girls themselves, three of them sitting around his office, smile indulgently at his enthusiasm. What's their feeling about working at the Crazy? "It beats boarding school," says Norma Piccadilly.

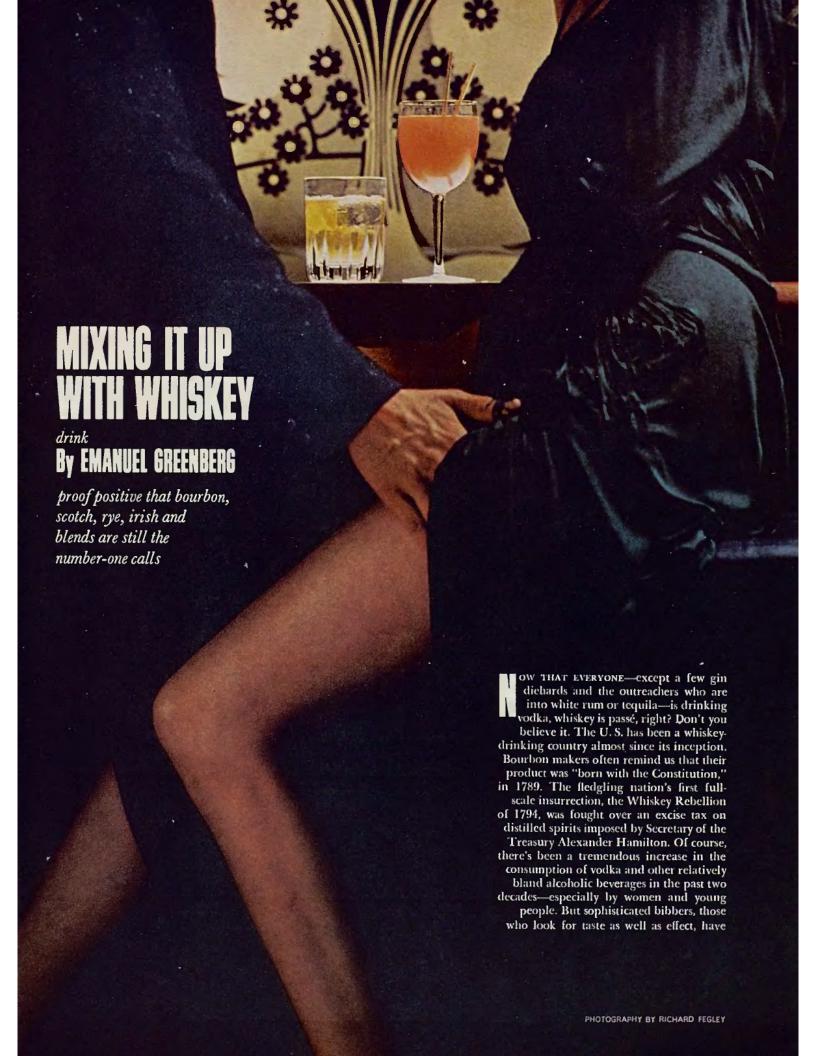
"Mmm," is Kiki Zanzibar's appraisal.

The secret of the Crazy's continuing success may be that it has consistently represented the personal taste of one man-whose fantasies seem to be shared by at least 2,500,000 paying customers.

"I do everything to please myself," says Bernardin. "People tell me they love our theme music-We're the Girls of the Crazy-for instance, and that I should never change it. But I'm here every night and I'm sick of it. I want to hear something new. So the customers will, too."

Bernardin has also avoided the trap of expanding too far. For the past 25 years, Las Vegas has been trying to get him to send over a version of the Crazy, but he has resisted. He has made a movie, Crazy Horse Paris-France, which was shown at Cannes. It cost him a little over \$1,000,000. Now his dream is a Broadway musical, for which he is already working on the music and the choreography. None of this means giving up the Saloon-though it may soon move to more opulent, but still low-ceilinged, premises. The neighbors have been complaining of the noise. A retired French colonel, Jean Hercisse, sued Bernardin for \$50,000 for lost sleep in the apartment above the club-and collected \$2000 when lawyers dug up expert testimony that the Crazy produced more noise than the Concorde.

The girls of the Crazy, we'll wager, would have a lot less trouble getting landing rights. -- JACK ALTMAN



never abandoned whiskey.

If you doubt that whiskey is still the choice, count the bottles next time your belt buckle is up against a first-class bar. And if there are any lingering doubts, consider these statistics gleaned from Liquor Handbook: Americans consume two to three times as much whiskey as vodka-and more than the total of all other spirits combined! Moreover, one brand-Seagram's 7-has been our single most popular spirit since 1946.

Whiskey encompasses the range of spirits distilled from grain, and there are at least two dozen types recognized by the Feds. Manner and method of distillation and principal grain in the mash are the major factors in determining the character of each particular kind. Bourbon, for example, is described as a spirit distilled principally from corn, coming off the still at 160 proof or less and aged in charred new oak containers for a minimum of two years. The higher the percent of corn and the higher the proof at distillation, the lighter the whiskey is apt to be. Rye is similar to bourbon, except that the principal grain must, of course, be rye-which results in a slightly fuller, spicier brew.

American blends (mistakenly called rye in the East and bourbon in the West) have always been mixtures of straight whiskeys, usually bourbon, and neutral spirits. In the past five years, many leading "blends" have been substituting light whiskey for the neutral spirits, resulting in a smoother product. The most popular imports, Scotch and Canadian, are also blends of "straight" whiskies and bland grain whiskies, Scotch being made from barley and Canadian largely from corn.

There's an excellent reason why the public today is more and more bullish on bourbon and other whiskeys. People are returning to liquor that has a definite taste and they're also digging the versatility of today's cleaner, lighter-bodied, lower-proof whiskeys. To be sure, mixing with whiskey is not a revolutionary ideawitness the lasting affection for such traditional concoctions as the manhattan, whiskey sour, highball, old fashioned, Rob Roy, whiskey collins and mint julep. But today's adventurous shakers and stirrers have taken a giant step forward, flamboyantly blending their favorite schnapps with fruit juices, sodas, nectars, syrups, liqueurs-the range of mixers. Distillers have encouraged the trend with brand promotions such as the Firecracker (Seagram's 7 and cranberry-juice cocktail), the Bitter Scot (Johnnie Walker Red and bitter lemon), the Rare Admiral (J & B Rare Scotch, lime juice, grenadine) and the Bronco Buster (Jim Beam, amaretto, 160 cola). Even the staid British are getting

into the act, combining Scotch with fizzy lemonade, a carbonated citric-acid potion-or, would you believe, cola soda?

While not as versatile as vodka, whiskey makes a congenial and interesting drink base, adding a welcome touch of taste. For a cram course on what the excitement's all about, explore the drink recipes that follow.

KOJAK

(A fancy of the London Hilton bar . . . served with a lollipop stirrer.)

11/2 ozs. bourbon 11/2 ozs. pineapple juice 1 oz. passion-fruit syrup Dash Jamaica rum Lollipop, optional

Shake first four ingredients with cracked ice. Strain over finely crushed ice in wineglass. A slice of lemon or a twist may be substituted for the lollipop-in fact, it's recommended. Serve with short straws.

THE MC LAUCHLAN

(Russ McLauchlan, head of Seagram's quality control, feels that bourbon and apple are complementary flavors. The McLauchlan is a convincing example.)

11/2 ozs. bourbon

1/2 oz. apple-flavored brandy

2 dashes orange bitters

Apple wedge, cored but unpeeled

Place ice cubes in mixing glass. Add bourbon, apple-flavored brandy and bitters. Stir well. Pour unstrained into old fashioned glass. Garnish with apple wedge and serve.

ORANGE AGE

(Here's one screwdriver that won't taste like orangeade.)

2 ozs. bourbon

4 ozs. orange juice

Lemon slice

Pour bourbon and orange juice over ice in highball glass. Stir well, to chill. Hang lemon slice on rim of glass and

RED-HAIRED MARY

11/4 ozs. Irish whiskey

2 ozs. tomato juice 1/2 oz. lime juice

3 dashes Worcestershire sauce

Salt, pepper, to taste

Lime wedge

Shake first five ingredients briskly with cracked ice. Strain over fresh ice in rocks glass or small goblet. Garnish with lime wedge and serve.

WHISKY-MAC

2 ozs. Scotch

1 oz. ginger wine

Shake briskly with ice, to chill. Strain into cocktail glass.

Note: For smart touch, garnish the drink with small cube candied ginger on a pick.

COEUR DE PARIS

11/2 ozs. bourbon

1/9 oz. kirsch

l oz. cherry cordial

Lemon-peel strip

Shake first three ingredients briskly with cracked ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass. Twist lemon peel over and drop in.

LION'S MANE

2 ozs. Scotch

3/4 oz. apricot cordial

2 ozs. orange juice

1 oz. lime juice

Lime slice

Pour first four ingredients over ice cubes in highball glass. Stir well. Decorate with lime slice.

SALEM SWIZZLE

11/2 ozs. bourbon

2 ozs. milk

2 ozs. apple juice

Cinnamon

Shake first three ingredients briskly with ice. Strain over fresh ice in 8-oz. highball glass. Dust lightly with cinnamon.

Note: Once in a while, there may be a slight coagulation of the milk. It's barely noticeable and doesn't affect the drink.

VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN

(A specialty of Evans Farm Inn, McLean, Virginia, where statesmen and horsemen mingle.)

11/2 ozs. bourbon

1/4 oz. Strega

Tropical-fruit punch

Lemon twist

Lime wedge

Fill old fashioned glass with finely crushed ice. Pour in bourbon and Strega. Top with light splash tropical-fruit punch; stir. Garnish with lemon twist and lime wedge.

REDCOAT

11/2 ozs. Canadian blended whiskey

21/2 ozs. grapefruit juice

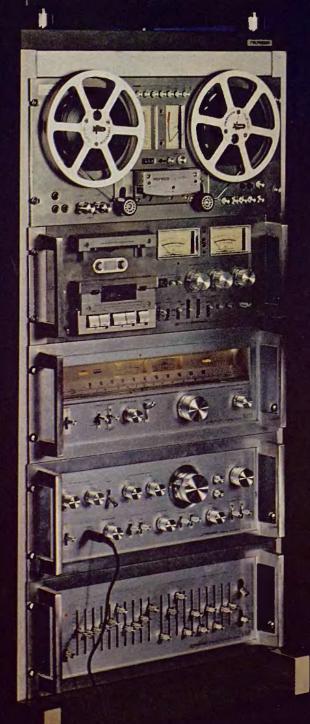
2 teaspoons grenadine, or to taste

Pour all ingredients over ice in rocks glass. Stir. Garnish with maraschino cherry, if desired.

In addition to improved technology, whiskeys have been lightened by the simple expedient of lowering the proof. Among the brands that haven't gone this route are Fleischmann's Preferred (90 proof), Schenley Reserve (86 proof), Bourbon Supreme Eagle Bottle (90 proof). Wild Turkey (86.8 and 101 proof) and Maker's Mark (90 and 101 proof).

PLAYBOY MUSIC '78

heroes & villains



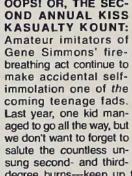


PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

HITS, HYDES & HEAVIES '77

THE BEACH BOYS GET IT UP: In spite of rumors that Brian was actually a big cahunga as a surfer and is saner than you or I, The Beach Boys have been making so much spiritual progress—through the help of the Maharishi and, we hope, Rhonda-that they've had one of their meditation rooms padded on all six of its surfaces. Why? They must have been boy scouts, because they're Prepared. The padding is in case of sudden levitation. Is Transcendental Wrestling next? OOPS! OR, THE SEC-OND ANNUAL KISS KASUALTY KOUNT: Amateur imitators of Gene Simmons' firebreathing act continue to make accidental selfimmolation one of the coming teenage fads. Last year, one kid managed to go all the way, but we don't want to forget to salute the countless unsung second- and third-

degree burns-keep up the good work, kids. And a bottle of Solarcaine to Simmons for becoming a Kasualty himself when he gave himself a new suntan and haircut during an L.A. concert.





WHO WANTS TO **BUY THIS DIAMOND RING?**

Academy Award-winning composer-singer Isaac Hayes, in a shaft from the IRS, declared bankruptcy to the tune of \$6,000,000 in debts. At an auction, his \$30,000 Eldorado-"The exterior chrome is gold-plated"-went for \$13,500.

PUNK QUIZ: CAN YOU TELL THE REAL PUNK BANDS WITHOUT ROBERT CHRISTGAU? True or false: (1) Sex Pistols. (2) Radiators from Space. (3) Uptown Scum. (4) Eddie & the Hot Rods. (5) The Vibrators. (6) Teen Death. (7) Dead Boys. (8) The Damned. (9) Radio. (10) Television. (11) The Stranglers. (12) Dick Disgusting & the Forks. (13) The Babys. (14) The Sick Fucks. (15) Torn Panties. (16) Richard Hell & the Voidoids. (17) The Viletones. (18) Black Vinyl Noise. Pictured above: The Babys. Answers: Every third name is presently available for use.





HOT WAX: Everyone knows that a little tits and ass will sell records, so Walter Egan and Columbia Records took that idea literally this year and gave us little girls flashing silky thighs and underthings. For outstanding achievement in soft-core lust, cheerleader division, Fundamental Roll and Photographer Moshe Brakha get our Hot Wax of the Year Award.

THE LES PAUL ACOUSTICAL RODENT EXTERMINATOR? Several years ago, Bob Brown, a maker of electric guitars, awoke to find a host of ex-rats and mice gone to their reward near a guitar he'd wired wrongly and left on all night. Hmmm. And now comes his AMIGO, the better mousetrap, which "upsets the small pests' neurological systems," says Time. Don't Kiss concerts do that?





HEAVYWEIGHTS CONFESS!Question: What were the last five records you listened to?



RANDY NEWMAN

RANDY NEWMAN 1. Foot Loose & Fancy Free, by Rod Stewart. 2. Hotel California, by the Eagles. 3. Songs in the Key of Life, by Stevie Wonder. 4. Cold As Ice (single), by Foreigner. 5. We Are the Champions (single), by Queen. "Randy really got hooked on Rod this year," said his publicist.



KARLA BONOFF

KARLA BONOFF 1. Aja, by Steely Dan. 2. Little Criminals, by Randy Newman. 3. Black Rose, by J. D. Souther. 4. Livin' on the Fault Line, by The Doobie Brothers. 5. The Köln Concert, by Keith Jarrett. And we declare Karla to be our Rookie of the Year, and Best New Face as well.



JIMMY BUFFETT

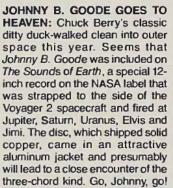
JIMMY BUFFETT 1. JT, by James Taylor. 2. One Way Ticket to Paradise, by Dave Loggins. 3. Luxury Liner, by Emmylou Harris. 4. Little Criminals, by Randy Newman. 5. Hotel California, by the Eagles. We wonder about the stereo rig on Buffett's boat. During a storm, does it rock and roll?



DEXTER GORDON

DEXTER GORDON 1. Homecoming and 2. Sophisticated Giant, both by Dexter Gordon. 3. Don't Look Back, by David Allyn accompanied by Barry Harris. 4. Sinatra & Company. 5. Dolo!, by Dolo Coker. Gordon's manager told us, "Dexter feels that the first two are the best albums he's made."







I AM BEAVER, HEAR ME GNAW: California governor Jerry "Let's All Go To Outer Space" Brown, proving that he is Zen, crazy or has a terrific sense of humor, appointed Helen Reddy to the California Park and Recreation Commission. Her qualifications? Thirty-two consecutive *Midnight Special* segments? Coming from Australia, which is mostly outdoors? Jerry?





HITS, HYPES & HEAVIES '77

VEG-O-MATIC'S GREATEST
HITS: Ever wonder how those albums they hustle on UHF actually sell? The folks at Ronco say their two biggies are Solid Gold and Love Rock. Over at K-tel, Music Machine and Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons are both hot, but their true monster hit is an anthology albumcalled Dumb Ditties. Isn't that amazing?

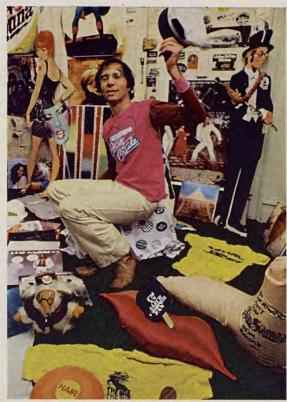


Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. North America and all the discos at sea. This is David Standish coming to you from high atop the Playboy Building.

I've been instructed finally to reveal that I'm Our Man in Music and to pick my own Bests and Wursts of '77chiefly so the other editors can stop taking flack at cocktail parties about the choices. But I can take it. Just spell my name right in the hate letters. Best Single: Except for Randy Newman's Short People, which doesn't count, there were no great singles in '77, the worst year for AM radio since legendarily bleak 1962. Best Single That Never Was: Elvis Costello's Mystery Dance, from his album My Aim Is True. Wurst Single: Dave Mason's We Just Disagree, for brimming with dumbo ethics, Seventies style. The idea of someone named Leif Garrett doing Runaround Sue makes me a little nervous, too. Best Albums: Toucan Do It Too, by The Amazing Rhythm Aces; Teenage Depression, by Eddie and the Hot Rods; Sun Sessions, by Elvis Presley; Love You Live, by The Rolling Stones; Chirpin', by The Persuasions; This Time It's for Real, by Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes; Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl. Wurst Albums: A vastness of riches. No point in kicking the unknowns bubbling below the Bottom 5000, but among albums that went gold or better, the year's worst, by a slim margin of mediocrity, is Peter Frampton's I'm in You-and he used to be one of my favorite guitarists. Sound Track from "Star Wars" also ments special mention. Most Deserving New Rich Kid: Jimmy Buffett. Least Deserving New Rich Kid: Debby Boone. Dullest Gala Privete Bash: Elton's little do for Kiki Dee last summer on Lower Broadway. Elton's mismatched shoes were the party's high point. Press Manipulators of the Year: The Rolling Stones, especially Keith Richard, with a bullet. Jobriath Memorial Hype Award: Sex Pistols.

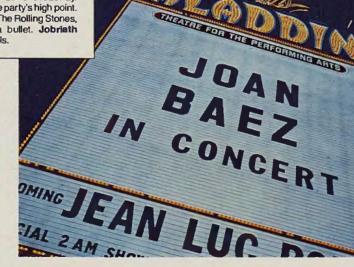


BIONIC CHER: 1977 found Cher having her hopes and breasts lifted. Gregg checked into a hospital for more drug rehabilitation (thus the hopes) and the lady herself had "another" boob job. This forced NBC to drop her as host of the Rock Awards. And that's it from the Gregg and Cher desk for this year.



IF IT'S NOT IN THE GROOVES, SEND OUT SOME CLEVER PROMO TRASH: Most rock writers are sent seas of T-shirts, belt buckles, paperweights, etc., every year. Unlike some, Bob Weiner (above), ace gossip columnist for the Soho Weekly News, actually collects the stuff. But how about the dead rat that some genius sent out to promote Boomtown Rats? Keep that one, Weiner?

ROLLING THUNDER TO TUMBLING DICE? Dear Joan: We know these things don't mean what they did ten years ago, and, honest, we think you get sexier every year, but still it was a jolt to wake up one day to find you playing Vegas. Is it some subtle new protest movement? Love, Playboy.



THE GOLDEN FIST AWARD . . . and a one-pound styptic pencil to Led Zeppelin, whose '77 tour was really a riot. There were 19,000 little lemon squeezers running amuck when guitarist Jimmy Page got sick onstage in Chicago, and a postconcert melee in Oakland reportedly featured drummer John "Bonzo" Bonham and three Zep aides stomping a local stagehand.





THE YEAR IN MUSIC

BYMARK VON LEHMDEN

THE YEAR IN MUSIC, 1977. A year of financial superlatives in the music industry. Over-all sales up ten percent above 1976, topping three billion dollars for the first time in history. Record divisions of the biggies—CBS, Warner Communications, Inc., RCA, EMI—consistently reporting quarterly sales increases of 20, 25, 30 percent over last year. The well-shaved jowls of entertainment-industry stock analysts and brokers glow with fulfillment. Doughty little Arista Records, Clive Davis, Prop., increases its first-quarter earnings by 123 percent. Stockholders' meetings are disrupted by spontaneous cheering as gruff but kindly board chairmen bend down to receive the tremulous blessings of widows and orphans.

Wait-there's more: Radio profits for 1976, before taxes, had increased nearly 100 percent. Country music now accounts for 20 percent of all records sold, due in part to the disinclination of housewives, both urban and rural, to distinguish between Engelbert Humperdinck and George Jones. Hold on a minute. The respective hit singles of Debby Boone (You Light Up My Life), Rita Coolidge (Higher and Higher), Crystal Gayle (Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue) and Linda Ronstadt (It's So Easy and Blue Bayou) quickly congeal into a plaintive, cloying metasingle that just seems to drone on and on for most of the year, while Frampton Comes Alive, rock's answer to animal tranquilizers, has sold as many copies as there are people in some Western states. There's something wrong here. Billboard said that by the end of 1977, it was expected that Cherry Hill, New Jersey, would "probably have one of the largest concentrations of audio and stereo stores in the country . . . there are 14 established record and stereo shops within a threemile area." Hold on just a minute; I said there's something seriously wrong here! OK, take a deep breath; let's try it again.

Now, assuming that we're all reasonably mature music lovers, who also have had occasional brushes with the law of supply and demand (as opposed to complete vinyl junkies who think a record is in the store because they willed it to be there), it would seem to follow that the music industry is making all this boodle because it's selling more records; and if it's selling more records, that means more music is recorded, played on the radio and sold in the stores.

Unfortunately, that's precisely what isn't happening. More records (and tapes) are being sold, and at higher prices (the \$7.98 list price became standard for most top acts in 1977), but the number of new acts being signed is tapering off. CBS, after two expansive years, is putting its checkbook away for a while and ABC announced that it will be releasing half as many albums this year as it did in 1977.

So you won't be hearing as many new singers or groups in the future, but the ones you do hear, you'll be hearing more often. And not only because the companies' promotional techniques and the stores' merchandising ploys have become more selective and sophisticated—which they have—there's also the increasingly unpleasant tendency among FM stations toward shorter play lists: fewer tunes, more repetition.

FM-radio listening is up 12 percent over 1976, but progressive, or free-form, FM is rapidly being supplanted by what's politely known as AOR (continued on page 172)

THE PLAYBOY MUSIC HALL OF FAME

LINDA RONSTADT

Country-and-western music likes its women vocalists to wear their hearts on their sleeves and their skirts over their heads. Linda Ronstadt understands that very well. Yet, when you listen to her, there are other factors at work to sweeten the deal. Her voice, unlike most C&W warblers, still has a baby pudge to it. She is everyone's first love. She is always the girlfriend but never the roommate; the passionate pubescent but never the tail wagger. After making three albums with the Stone Poneys and two solo efforts, she hooked up with Don Henley, Glenn Frey and Randy Meisner to record "Linda Ronstadt." Six months later, they went on to form their own group, The Eagles, but not until they had given Linda the kind of backup her voice has always required. "Don't Cry Now" marked her first association with master producer Peter Asher, who, it can be argued, was the first person to mike Linda properly. Their association started a string of platinum albums for her, most recently, "Simple Dreams." She has been responsible for giving a slew of talented California songwriters-from Jackson Browne, Kate Mc-Garrigle, J. D. Souther and, now, Karla Bonoff-a showcase. She is also responsible for making America aware of Dolly Parton's voice. Her own voice became the emotional cutting edge-a touchstone against which her listeners could measure their own angst. Linda's poignancy maps out the rather vacuous emotional terrain of the Seventies; she's there to add the humanness, the little-girl-lostness that reinforces our prevalent desperado myth and makes cowboys of us all. In the kingdom of the heartbroken, Linda Ronstadt is queen, and a long reign seems assured.



SCULPTURE BY JACK GREGORY/ PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEYMOUR MEDNIC



LINDA RONSTADT female vocalist



BARBRA STREISAND female vocalist

GEORGE BENSON male vocalist

ILLUSTRATION'BY BILL UTTERBACK

THINK OF IT AS A SPORTS CAR WITH TWO WHEELS.

Why does someone who wants to get from one place to another buy a

XS750 is downright exhilarating. Not to mention about \$25,000 less.



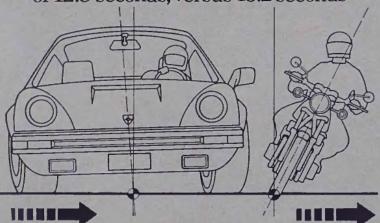
those three cylinders, ably assisted by dual overhead cams, electronic ignition and newly-designed "Type II" Mikuni carburetors give the 750 an incredible 9000 rpm redline.

a fine motorcycle is a thrill no fourwheeled vehicle can match.

NO CHAIN, GANG.

Of course, with a motorcycle you might

As a result, the 750 can boast an official standing quarter-mile time of 12.8 seconds, versus 15.2 seconds



for the Porsche. (And an extremely efficient power-to-weight ratio of 10.3 lb/bhp versus 13.5 lb/bhp, if you're interested.)

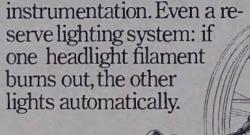
YOU CAN HANDLE IT.

The XS750 is a lean and limber machine without a single ounce of unnecessary bulk. And it comes equipped with an uncannily responsive suspension system: five-way-adjustable rear shocks and new three-way-adjustable front forks.

All you have to do is lean it into a turn at speed on a winding canyon road to realize that the handling of

expect comfort to go right out the window (if it had one). But, in fact, the 750 is about as smooth and quiet as anything on the road. Because its five-speed, constant-mesh transmission is hooked up to our fully-enclosed, state-of-the-art shaft drive, for a turbine-like power transfer.

As for the amenities, the XS750's got a bunch. Dual hydraulic disc brakes up front and one in the rear. Strong, lightweight cast aluminum wheels. Self-cancelling turn signals. Full instrumentation. Even a re-



Take a good, long look at the extraordinary XS750 motorcycle at your local Yamaha dealer. If you still have trouble adjusting to the idea of not having four wheels, there is a solution. Buy two XS750s.

YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.

YEAR IN MUSIC (continued from page 166)

"The primal anger and unremitting ugliness of the punks is a kind of kill-or-cure musical corrective."

(album-oriented rock), or format FM. AOR stations have a superficial likeness to progressive stations-laid-back deejays playing album cuts rather than singlesbut the actual choice of what's played is no longer left to the deejays (too many rambling, late-night monologs about how stoned they are, punctuated by extended selections from Firesign Theater or the Bonzo Dog Band), or even to the program directors themselves. Increasingly, the programing-which, after all, determines a station's sound and style-is being done by outside consultants who, after surveying a station's location and audience, supply a weekly play list calculated to appeal to the most listeners. So if it's suddenly dawned on you that the Eagles' Life in the Fast Lane is the most kick-ass rock 'n' roll to come over your car radio in months, now you know why. Even that is better than the ultimate extension of prepackaged formulization, the ear Pablum known as easy-listening rock-a flat-out contradiction in terms, as any real rocker will

If this is beginning to sound just a bit like Pavlovian conditioning, you're not far off. The latest wrinkle in AM radio, and one that is making inroads into the supposedly hipper FM formats, is an odious innovation known as passive research. It's based on the assertion that the traditional indicators of a record's popularity-mainly, sales and phone requests-reflect the taste of only about 20 percent of a station's listeners. This means that four fifths of the country's radio fans are living their lives in a state of unresearched innocence, somewhere outside the statistical pale. Enter the researchers, such as Jack McCoy, with his RAM computer-research system. The RAM system, now used by 26 AM and FM stations, involves calling "representative" listeners each week and asking them their preferences, sometimes even playing them tunes, and then following up with a questionnaire. All the information is evaluated and fed into the computer and the results determine what cuts get the most emphasis, in many cases superseding the already desiccated top-30 weekly play list: If the research (with a nod toward local sales) says the audience wants to hear 22 songs, that's exactly what it gets. Billboard reported a further refinement: The RAM system has a new "module" that "can now provide music preferences by format by 172 Zip Code." In other words, if your neighborhood is in the mellow throes of a collective Fleetwood Mac attack, you may have to move to a rougher part of town to hear The Rolling Stones or Led Zep, or leave the state altogether. And even then, your chances of hearing anything different or new aren't too good; as a Minneapolis program director told Billboard, when asked about passive research: "'No, it's not valuable at all for finding new music. But it will tell you if a record is alive in your market and if you should be playing it."

There you have it. Like it or not, the music business has managed to mold the vagaries of individual talents and the vicissitudes of public taste to a degree undreamed of ten years ago, when the current cycle of explosive growth began. It's now an entertainment industry as effectively researched, promoted and merchandised as the television and movie industries. Cost effectiveness, getting the biggest return on each dollar invested, has won out, as the older generation of music-crazed, "I can feel it in my bones-we got a hit!" executives either

pass from the scene or fall into line. The ultimate irony, as far as rock fans are concerned, is that this growth cycle began with the amazing concentration of rock-'n'-roll artists who crowded onto the scene in the middle and late Sixties, fueling the revival of a then-moribund record industry. Now, original talent is less important than dependable acts turning out predictable product that sounds like everything else and doesn't make waves. The only authentic voices left are out on the fringe and, by all current indications, will be there for quite some time.

A few such voices from the musical hinterlands, nevertheless, did manage to make themselves heard over the relentless sound of Muzak during 1977. Records by most of the major punk-rock/ New Wave bands became widely available for the first time, after two years of critical tub thumping that transmuted this latest installment of three-chord rock 'n' roll into a combination musical Fountain of Youth and Divine Wind. Now that the fog of hype and hysteria has cleared somewhat, it's apparent that—even more than the music—it's the attitudes of the punks that older critics, eager to embrace a new trend reminiscent of the hard rock of the earlier, pre-ELO or Yes era, find so attractive. The old-fashioned rock-'n'-roll self-destruction, dead-end nihilism and

arrogant dumbness of the music of the Sex Pistols, Ramones, Richard Hell and the Voidoids and dozens of others is repellent-it's meant to be. But considering the slick pop morass much of rock has sunk into, the primal rock-'n'-roll anger and unremitting ugliness of the punks is also a kind of extreme, kill-or-cure musical corrective. Already, one can see this happening among the best of the New Wave bands-in the tight, strippeddown, overheated hard rock of Eddie and the Hot Rods; the spare, arch. street-smart R&B of Mink DeVille; the oddball mannerisms of Elvis Costello: and the tense, jungle-of-cities minimalism of Television.

There are other, better-known rockers, genuine masters such as The Rolling Stones, Jeff Beck and Eric Clapton, who, measured by the yardstick of record sales and air play, have moved out to the periphery of mass popular taste, but whose musical standards and influence show no signs of fading. The same holds true for Neil Young, who has made a career of dodging stardom while producing a body of work-documented in his Decade triple LP-of cumulative quirky brilliance comparable only to that of Bob Dylan.

Then there are the established eccentrics, such as Randy Newman, Steely Dan and Joni Mitchell; unclassifiable pop innovators who occasionally startle their cults, record companies and most likely themselves by producing a hit (Newman's Short People was his first hit single ever; the Dan's Aja, their bestselling LP) or, in the case of Mitchell's Don Juan's Reckless Daughter, a marvelously odd essay into American art song that ranks as one of the best albums of the year.

The movement in black music toward mechanized funk and deracinated entertainment has pushed some artists working in earlier forms into premature obsolescence: Al Green, the greatest soul singer we have, is a premier case in point. Sometimes the "living legends" surprise even their most loyal fans, though, as did Muddy Waters, who, supported by Johnny Winter and James Cotton, came roaring back off the bluesnostalgia circuit with his Hard Again LP, just to let the world know he's still kicking. Levon Helm, formerly of The Band, combined his backwoods back beat with Paul Butterfield's blues harp and Mac Rebennack's New Orleans piano and, as The RCO All-Stars, they put together a fine album of revisionist R&B. Reggae fans consoled themselves with The Heptones' Party Time, while Garland Jeffreys mixed elements of Caribbean, soul and rock on Ghost Writer, a jittery organ-flavored debut LP of such incisive originality that he is probably (continued on page 215)



how to feel fine in foul weather

OLD MAN WINTER may have just about breathed his icy last, but there are still plenty of cold, drizzly days awaiting us. One of the best ways to stay warm when walking in the wet is to lay on several layers of clothes under a lightweight outercoat. One problem: Most af the tailored coat styles of the past few years weren't cut out for multiple layers—and those that were fit like pup tents. Abave, we have the solution: a Castelbajac-designed full-cut caped-back raincoat, fram Ultimo, abaut \$300, rakishly topped off with a Kevin McAndrew felt hat, \$45. In it, even Quasimodo would look like Ronald Colman. 173















The Kinky Report

by Christopher Browne





CRUISER

by Christopher Browne -

I ALWAYS THOUGHT I COULD HANDLE ANYTHING, MAX. IN '68 I DROPPED ENOUGH ACLD TO MELT DOWN A SMALL TRUCK. IN 1970 I CAUGHT SHRAPNEL IN MY NECK. I WAS IN A V.A. HOSPITAL FOR ELEVEN MONTHS. I TOOK IT ALL IN STRIDE.



THEN, I WAS IN THE SLAMMER FOR A YEAR ON A TRUMPED-UP DRUG BUST. AND THAT'S NOT ALL. WHEN I GOT OUT, I TOOK A TRIP ACROSS THE COUNTRY. SOME BIKERS CUT ME UP SO BAD I LOOKED LIKE 150 POUNDS OF STRAWBERRY JAM. THE POINT IS, I HANDLED IT.



EVEN AS A KID - I WAS BITTEN BY A RATTLER, AND ANOTHER TIME I WENT OVER A CLIFF IN A CAR - TRAUMATIC STUFF, RIGHT?
I KEPT IT TOGETHER. NO MATTER WHAT,
I WAS LIKE A LITTLE IRON MAN. BUT
SOMETHING'S GOT ME ALL SHOOK UP NOW,



THE IMPERSONALIZATION...

BODIES, LIKE ZOMBIES, LOOKING FOR A SCENE. BUT THERE'S NOTHING. IT'S LIKE THE FIFTIES AGAIN! THE ONLY THING TO DO IS COME HERE TO "MR. GOODBODY'S." SOMETIMES WE GET LUCKY. BUT THE EMPTINESS PERVADES OUR EVERY MOVE. AND I CAN'T HANDLE











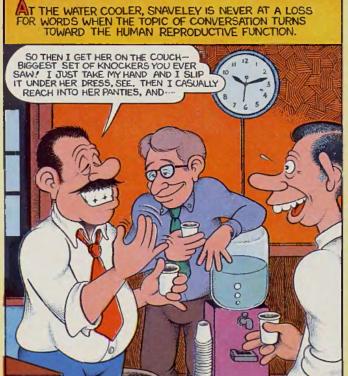








GNES EMEN METON BY JAY LYNCH





TREADS

(continued from page 138)

"Some bikers thrive on the assertion of self that comes with making five shifts in 100 yards."

fairing. If you plan on riding in chilly weather, the fairing is a must.

You'll be surprised at how you end up using a bike such as the KZ400. Several editors from PLAYBOY were ensconced in Hollywood's Sunset Marquis hotel. After an evening of meetings, they decided to unwind by playing football in the basement garage. About every third or fourth pass, the quarterback would loft the ball over a wooden fence, down a 20-foot drop, into the parking lot of a high-rise somewhere in the next county. The wide receiver would flick the electric start on the KZ400, zip around two corners and retrieve the ball in the time it took the opposing team to figure out its next play. That's what you call a spur-of-the-moment motorcycle.

Honda Hawk Hondamatic: Kawasaki's idea to market three versions of a 400-c.c. motorcycle caught the eye of Honda's marketing crew. Honda launched its sprightly middleweight triumvirate with a campaign that invited riders to "Fly the Hawk." The Hawk I and Hawk II are high-performance (39 horsepower) motorcycles that rival some of the larger superbikes for kick-ass maneuverability. The Hawk Hondamatic is something else: The company introduced its semi-automatic-shift bike by inviting dealers' wives to take a spin around the track. One lap and they were hooked.

On most bikes, driving is a complicated four-point operation. The right hand operates the front brake and throttle, the left hand pulls the clutch, the left foot shifts the gears and the right foot operates the rear brake. It takes beginners a while to learn to coordinate those four activities into one fluid, unself-conscious style. Some people never learn. The first sign of panic and they shift into third gear, or rev the engine and crash into the side of a car. The majority of motorcycle accidents happen during the first 24 hours of riding. The Hawk Hondamatic simplifies the driving task and thereby increases your chance for survival. It may be the safest motorcycle on the road. The semiautomatic has three shift positions. At a stop light, you flip it into neutral. One tap into first, roll the throttle and you begin to move. (The torque converter is incredibly smooth. It is almost impossible to have a jerky, whiplash-provoking, bucking-bronco start.) Somewhere this side of 50, you tap the lever into DRIVE 2. The engine will take you well over the speed limit. For curves, you decelerate by tapping down into DRIVE 1. It's as easy as that. And it works.

Of course, some bikers thrive on frenzy, the assertion of self that comes from making five shifts in 100 yards. Drive a regular bike for a full day and your clutch hand ends up feeling like a claw. The Hondamatic is a leisurely bike, a wonder of technology.

Suzuki GS 400C: Last year, Suzuki cleaned out its inventory of two-stroke road bikes and introduced the GS series of four-strokes. The flagship of the line is the GS 1000, followed closely by the incredible GS 750 (see Long-Distance

Runners in the May 1977 PLAYBOY). The GS 400C looks like the GS 750, rides like the GS 750 and is the bike that other 400s will be judged against for the next few years. It is hot, agile, with slingshot acceleration courtesy of 30.61 horsepower threaded through a six-speed transmission. The steering geometry is a joy, reminiscent of the breeding and handling of the quarter horse. Perfect for prancing around city obstacles.

When it comes to automobiles, you have to look to Porsches and Ferraris for state-of-the-art engineering. In motorcycles, you find the same quality at the top and the bottom of the line. The price difference between a 400C and a 750 is about \$950. If that isn't reason enough to buy the smaller bike, think of it as choosing the right tool for the right job. The GS 400C is precision in a small package, the ultimate city machine.

Yamaha XS 400: Yamaha chose this year to switch their focus away from twostroke road bikes to four-stroke road bikes. The EPA laws that control emission standards go into effect in 1979 for motorcycles-and that will be the last you'll see of Yamaha's two-stroke RD 400. The Rocket. Oh, it may still be around, or some version of it, but the performance won't be the same. It appears that Yamaha has decided to forgo the issue. By introducing a very hot 400-c.c. fourstroke, they hope we'll forget the Rocket. Maybe they're right. The XS 400 boasts disk brakes front and rear. Cast-aluminum wheels. Electric start. Self-canceling turn signals. A six-speed bike. The nicest touches may be the knurled brake and clutch levers and the split-level seat. The knurled levers form-fit your fingers, like a pair of brass knuckles. If nothing else, they give you something to hold on to. The split-level seat provides extra support for a single rider.

Harley-Davidson SX-250: In truth, a 250 should not be included in this collection of middleweight 400-c.c. motorcycles. But this is a Harley and, by definition, all Harleys are heavy. We picked up the SX-250 at the Harley West Coast headquarters in Santa Ana and took the bike out to Silverado Canyon Road, the same bit of country through which we had tested the Harley 1000-c.c. Café Racer last winter. It wasn't the same, of course, but it was close. The SX-250 fills your hand and rides like an American bike-even though it is made in Italy. It's a motorcycle for purists-the only one of the five we tested that did not have an electric starter. If you can't kick a 250 over, then you don't deserve to ride a motorcycle. It also sports a four-speed transmission-one or two less than the others but more than enough for the occasion. Old-fashioned but feisty. Like we said, something for the purists.



"Well, my dear, I'll leave you to your own devices."



SKY DIVE

(continued from page 116)

"I sat there, thinking, What? Holes in the canopy that don't belong there? Add them up?"

to get out onto the step under the wing. Then he'll say go." He was in a crouch that approximated the ready position and when he said go, he sprang backward, arched his back and neck and spread his arms like wings. "The count is . . . arch thousand, two thousand, three thousand, four thousand, five thousand, check thousand," he said. "We have you count so that you will have some point of reference up there. The first jump, especially, has a tendency to be very disorienting. But it's very important to know where you are. Your chute should open around four thousand. If it hasn't opened by six-that is, check thousand-you are going to have to look over your shoulder, like this, and if there is nothing going on back there, you have what's called a total malfunction, at which point you reach down and pull the handle on your reserve chute like this. If you don't initiate emergency procedures at that point, you're in a little bit of trouble, because about six or seven seconds later you'll reach your terminal velocity of 125 miles per hour, and six or seven seconds after that you'll be going zero

miles per hour. Any questions?"

No questions.

"All right, let's try it," Frank said, and then slipped each of us into a dummy harness and hooked a dummy reserve chute to the front. He told us to arch on his command and then count in a big voice. I did it a few times. Frank stood behind me to steady my body as I jumped backward into the arch. There wasn't much to it, except it was a little spooky to reach down and then jerk that chrome handle out into the air with nothing attached to it. When it was Maureen's turn, she did a petite little jump backward and then a half arch. She didn't throw her head back and she didn't extend her arms all the way.

"I don't want to fall over backward," she said, when Frank told her what she was doing wrong.

We sat down, sweaty from the exercise, and swatted at the flies that sat down with us. Frank riffled his notes, then said, "When you look up, check to see if the canopy is round and symmetrical. Then look to see if the apex is round and well formed. Then check the modification to see if it's in good shape. Then the lines,

to make sure they aren't tangled. If you see a hole in the canopy that doesn't belong there, or maybe more than one hole, you're going to have to make a judgment: Ask yourself if the hole in your canopy is big enough for a man to walk through. If it is, you're going to have to get rid of your main chute and go to your reserve. If there are several holes, add them up and decide if the total is big enough for a man to walk through. The thing is, you're going to have to judge it for yourself."

I sat there, thinking, What? Holes in the canopy that don't belong there? Add them up? Maureen lit a long, thin cigarette and almost burned herself on the match. I looked at Noonan and he looked at me as if to say don't look at me.

I was going to ask Frank what size man he was talking about. A big man with a whip, for instance? A little man with a subpoena? . . . But I didn't. He called a break and we took it gladly. Noonan and Maureen went into the hangar, toward the Coke machine. I walked across the field to the outhouse. The air inside was acrid and steamy, and as I stood there, it occurred to me that there was a hole in the classroom wall, a door, just about big enough for a man to walk through, on his way home, to a cold towel, a beer and a joint. Because it's not the fearful things in this life that are hard when you get right down to them. Intense moments pretty much take care of themselves. It's the heat and the insects that get you, that suck the humor out of your spirit, make you lose sight of the goal. I wiped my forehead. Something was walking down it toward my eyes; maybe a fly, maybe a bead of sweat. After a while, you can't tell the difference and it doesn't matter, except you look stupid swatting at your own perspiration. Just before I stepped out of the putrid little box, I found the only piece of graffiti in it. Written on the box that holds those flimsy paper rings you can lay on the seat, it read, "Sky-diving insurance forms; surprise your jumpmaster-make him the beneficiary.'

Back in the classroom, Noonan took a couch behind Maureen and me, fell immediately asleep and stayed that way for an hour while Frank explained to us in paralyzing detail the various partial malfunctions a jumper might have to deal with. He drew stick pictures of them on the blackboard one at a time and called them by name. A Mae West: The shrouds foul and the parachute deploys in two sections that resemble a monster bra; it won't hold you up. A streamer: The chute deploys but doesn't open, doesn't catch any air, follows you down like a contrail. Bag lock: You pull the rip cord and nobody's home, nothing happens. Blown panel: The chute deploys. catches air and a seam goes, leaving a hole big enough for a man and his dog to



walk through. A horseshoe: another tangled configuration, and very unlucky.

When he was done with his catalog of horrors, he said, "But forget all those names, you don't need to know them. I don't want you looking up at your chute, trying to remember what these things are called. It doesn't make any difference whether you call it a Mae West or a Brigitte Bardot . . . it's just bar talk . . . forget it."

Noonan started to snore, choked on it, jerked his head up and his red eyes open, then closed them again and dropped back off into his nap.

"Any questions?" Frank asked.

"Yes," I said. "What the hell do we do about bag lock and Mae West and that other stuff?"

"We'll get to that," he said.

I looked at my watch. It was 6:30 and we hadn't even begun to talk about how to maneuver the chute once it was open or about how to land. I had sweated the last of two milks onto the inside of my shirt hours earlier and my stomach was getting mean about it. Maureen looked as if she'd been held prisoner somewhere in the desert for a week.

"We better get going, if we're going to jump today," Frank said. Then he took us outside, put us into harnesses again and had us hang one at a time from a scaffold so we could practice the quickrelease technique for partial malfunction. It was a series of steps that led up to pulling two small rings simultaneously to cut the bad parachute loose and make room for the reserve to deploy. We took turns: I caught Maureen as she dropped the two feet to the ground on release, and then we traded places and she caught me. But she wouldn't do it right. She kept skipping a step and no matter how many times Frank made her do it, she never made the correction. There was no stubbornness to it. Mostly fatigue, I think, along with a stoical thing I could see around her eyes that said: If I have to go through a series of perfectly timed emergency steps to save my life up there, I'm going to die and that's all there is to it. But she kept doing the exercise-hang and drop, hang and drop-over and over, until Frank gave up.

On the next break, we went out to the runway, where everyone was waiting for Maureen's boyfriend and his partner (another experienced jumper) to make a dive that was to include relative work.

By the time the plane got over the target area, it was higher and smaller than it had been on the other jumps we'd watched. We craned our heads all the way back, heard the engine fade and saw the wings tip. Then two divers left the plane within a second of each other. I counted five before the two of them caught each other's hands. Then they pushed away from each other, then came together again and this time held the

air dance a little longer. When they let go the second time, both of them went out of the arch position into a headdown, high-speed diving posture and exploded away from each other. A few seconds later, both of their rectangular chutes popped. From then on, they might as well have been strapped to hang gliders. The new chutes are that maneuverable and the two of them turned and dipped and soared down onto the target and landed, a few feet from dead center, as gently as gulls. Neither of them fell.

"Nothing to it," Noonan said.

"Not if you napped through the part about blown panels," Maureen said without looking at either of us.

We walked back to the classroom. The sun had only about a half hour left above the ridge and we still didn't know whether or not we were going to jump that day. The uncertainty was gnawing at me. When I asked Frank, he said we still had a lot of material to cover but he thought we might make it; he wasn't sure.

For the next hour, he talked to us about how to steer our chutes, how to use the wind and how to judge our trajectory on the target. He talked to us about the big white arrow that sat in the field not far from the target area. He said an experienced jumper would be running the arrow and that we should face ourselves in the direction it was pointed, no matter what we thought. Following instructions was more important than anything else we would learn, he said. Then he told us how to land in a tree ("First, do everything you can to miss it. If you're going to hit, cover your neck and face with your arms and cross your legs."). And how to land on power lines ("Try to hit one wire, not two"), and then he took us outside to something Noonan described as a makeshift gallows and had us jump off it to practice landing with our feet and knees together. After about ten minutes of that, Frank showed us how to hit and then roll onto the ground so that only the fleshy parts made contact. Then, in the pea gravel that surrounded the platform, we practiced that. I kept thumping the bone around my hip every time I tried it, and then I rolled out of the practice area into the star thistles that were everywhere.

Frank finally said, "The reason you're doing it wrong is you're afraid to let go."

I looked up from where I was in the



"My regular encounter group doesn't understand me."

A camera can explore the world in ways your eyes can't, stopping action that's just a blur, bringing the distant up close, capturing fine detail you might miss. But the camera isn't an end in itself.

It's only as creative as the photographer

The Canon AE-1 can make you a more creative photographer because it gives you almost total creative freedom through complete exposure automation. To use it, you just focus and shoot. You

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A. you have the option of motorized film advance so you're ready for every shot, or sequence photography of every move your subject makes, at up to two frames per second. And the Speedlite 155A elim-

inates flash mistakes forever, because it sets the AE-1's aperture and shutter speed. Automatically

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briars. The sun was gone and the twilight was red. If we did jump, it was going to be in the dark. A tone came into my voice that I hate in other people. "No," I said too slowly and too quietly. "It's not because I'm afraid, Frank. it's because we have been at this for almost eight hours and I'm so goddamn rummy I can't even fall down right. If we jump now, it's going to be a nightmare, and that's not right."

"I guess we have been at it a long time," he said and looked at Maureen.

"It has been rather long," she said. She had her arms folded and she didn't look very good.

Frank took a look at the two of us there in the fading light and said, "Listen, we'll jump tomorrow. We can practice landing in the morning. Let's go back into the classroom and I'll give you the test."

Test? I looked at Maureen and Noonan. Test?

"Just a quiz," Frank said, and a minute later we were back on the ratty couches, he was reading questions to us and we were answering them.

"Toggles," said Maureen.

"A hole big enough for a man to walk through," I said.

"Feet and knees together," said Maureen.

And so it went for 20 or more questions.

"You guys must be tired," Frank said like the captain of a ship who has just seen his crew climbing up the outside of the pilothouse with rigging knives in their teeth. "Go home, get a good night's sleep and I'll see you in the morning.

Outside, Noonan and I said good night to Maureen. "Oh, I doubt I'll sleep a wink," she told us before she started across the field toward her tent.

On the drive back to the Bay Area, I told Billy I thought Maureen was drawing from reserves of strength that were amazing.

"Especially considering the number her boyfriend is into with Sandy," he

I asked him what he was talking about.

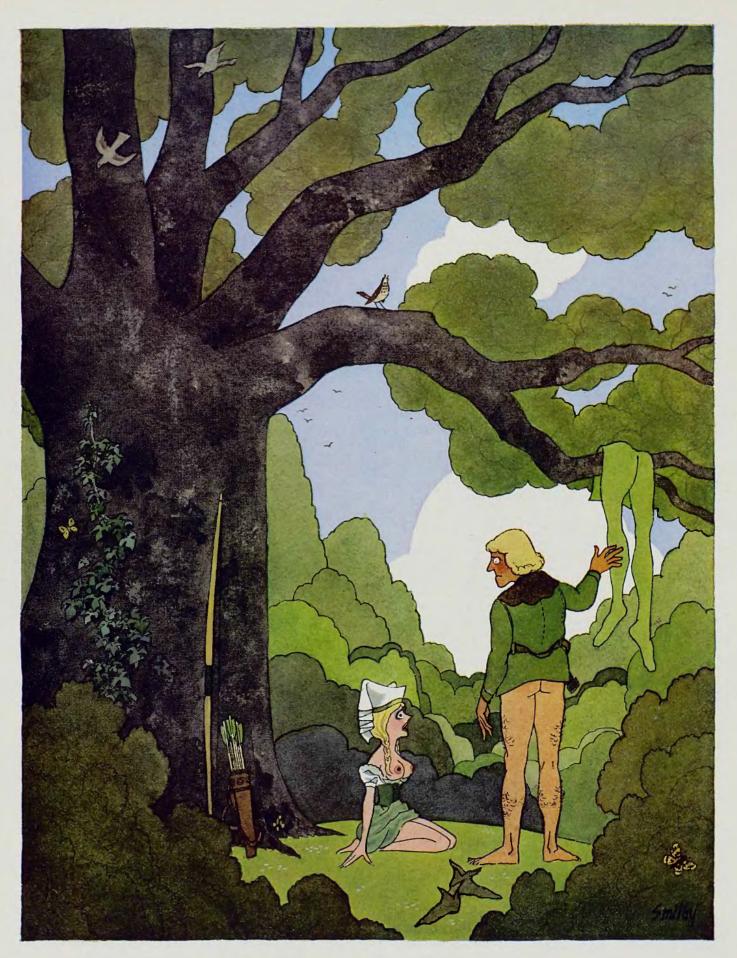
"Heavy flirtation," he said. "He was damn near drooling on himself every time she went by. Not that I blame him. I got a little spittle on my own shirt here. In fact, while you guys were hanging in those harnesses doing that quickrelease exercise, I was over there having a dirty fantasy about hanging Sandy out there naked and-

"You're out of control," I told him.

"Hell, there was nothing else to do out there," he said in his own defense, "except count the goddamn flies and think about death."

"Were Charlie and Sandy really into a thing?"

"On one of the breaks," he said, "I saw him walk behind her and give her a



"So that's why they call you Little John."

little hello on the ass. She didn't exactly swat his hand away, either.'

"Did Maureen see it?"

"I don't know . . . she might have . . . she probably did . . . women see everything. He had the fever on him and he wasn't exactly being subtle."

"Jesus," I said.

"Little relative work," said Noonan.

When I got home, both of my kids, Rebecca, 13, and Peter, 11, were waiting for me. Their eyes were big and they were excited. Both of them had been worried when I left in the morning and Peter had admitted it.

"How'd you do?" they asked me. "Well," I told them, "I chickened out . . . I just couldn't do it. I got out there under that wing and looked down at the ground and the buildings, like a model railroad set up down there, tiny buildings, tiny people . . . there were birds flying around below me . . . and I just couldn't let go. They were screaming at me, slapping at my hands, trying to break my grip on the strut, but I just hung on like a moray eel and made em land.

"I knew it," said Peter, as if that scenario had played in his head before, with him as the jumper. "I knew it."

"Did you really?" asked Rebecca.
"Well," I said. "No. I had a teacher who spent most of the day telling us what could go wrong, and then it got too late to jump. We're gonna do it tomorrow morning."

"Are you scared?" Peter asked me.

"A little," I said. "But really, the whole system is designed to keep you safe, and the more you know about it the better you feel. I don't want you guys to worry now."

"I'm not," said Rebecca.

"I am, a little," said Peter. And then, "What if you do chicken out?"

"I might," I told him. "But I don't think so.'

Noonan and I didn't talk much on the ride back the next morning. It was foggy and I was afraid it was going to keep us from jumping. I didn't want it postponed again. It takes a certain amount of talking yourself into these things and I was worried that if we didn't jump that morning, I was going to get the daredevil's equivalent of blue balls. But the sun broke through and took the crisp edge off the morning air as we came over the ridge into the valley. It was about 8:30 and nothing much was stirring around the hangar. Then the pilot drifted in, then a few other people. There was no sign of Frank and when I asked, someone told me this was supposed to be his day off. His first in six weeks, someone else said.

After a while, we saw Maureen come out of her tent, squint at the sun and start across the field toward us.

"Good morning," I said.

"I don't know if it's good or not," she said. "I didn't get much sleep."

"Are you still as afraid as you were yesterday?" I asked her.

"No," she said. "Worse. What about you?"

"I don't know," I said. "I figure it ought to be as easy as hanging yourself."

"Oh, don't say that, say anything but that," she said.

"How are you ever going to do a month of this?" Noonan asked her.

"Well," she said in her soft voice, "we had a little talk about that last night. We're going back into San Francisco this weekend and then we'll see."

"Do you remember your lessons?" I asked her.

"Perhaps half," she said. "But we don't really need to know everything we learned yesterday. I never knew any of those things when I jumped before and Charlie told me this morning that I didn't really have to arch, it's not that important. I hope we're not put off again."

"Frank's nowhere," I told her. "But I'm going to start agitating here in a minute."

Just then, Karalee, the jumpmaster with the nice smile who'd taken Sandy up the day before, came over and said she'd jump us. Outside, I told Maureen we were ready to suit up.

"I want to ask you something," she said. "Do you mind which of us leaves the plane first?"

"No," I told her. "Either way is fine with me."

"Oh, good," she said. "I'd like to go first, if you don't mind."

Both of us rummaged through the jump suits and boots until we found a fit. Then we got helmets. Then Karalee helped us into the main chute harnesses and hooked reserves on the front. She adjusted the straps, made connections, cinched us in. She talked and smiled while she did it, asked us how we felt and went over the basics with us.

"Wait a minute," I said. "Where's the packer's seal on the reserve chute?"

"Don't worry, it's there," Karalee said. "I want to see it," I told her. "This thing could be full of rags." Maureen was smiling. Karalee undid the flap on the reserve chute and popped the seal out.

"OK?" she asked.

"Fine," I said.

Then we were standing there hunched over and starting to sweat in 40 pounds of equipment. Karalee said, "Let's go," and we walked to the door of the little plane that was warming up. The hangar crowd followed us, including Charlie, who was talking to Maureen, reassuring her, telling her to go for it. He'd volunteered to run the arrow for our jump. Just before we climbed into the plane, I heard him tell Maureen, "Remember to arch now; it's important."

On signal, we climbed into the plane and took our positions: I on my knees behind the pilot, Karalee by my right shoulder, near the door, and Maureen next to the pilot, looking out the windshield.

Karalee said, "You remember the routine now-on the step, then look at me, then I'll say go. Once you're sure you have a good canopy, look for the arrow. Land with your feet and knees together.'

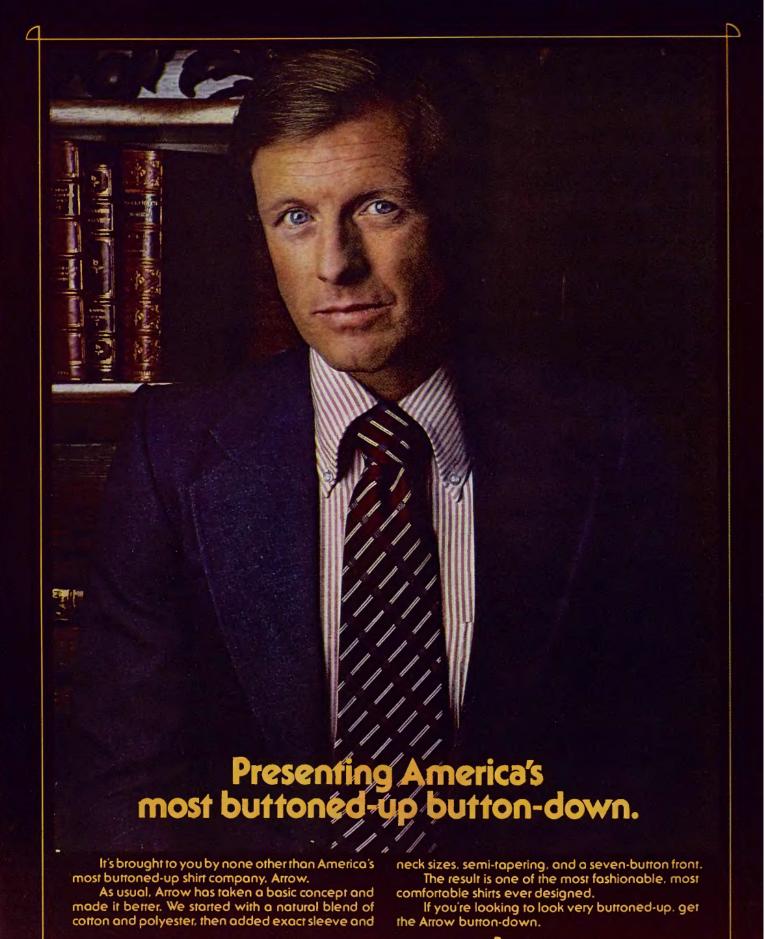
We taxied slowly for a minute, turned around and then, within sight of a general thumbs up from the small crowd, including Noonan and his camera, we roared off down the runway and took off. We circled up in the bright air. Then the pilot opened the door and Karalee dropped a wind streamer and watched till it landed. I could see Maureen's face over Karalee's shoulder and I kept watching it for signs of terror. My own adrenaline had begun to come up but not violently. Just a small seep that was putting my body on alert. I kept expecting a surge of it when my body and my brain got together and realized what we were really doing, but it didn't come. And whatever Maureen was feeling was deep inside her. At one point, I reached forward and knocked a couple of times on the back of her helmet. She turned around, gave a quick smile and then looked back out the windshield.

Karalee leaned forward and tapped the pilot's shoulder. He cut the engine to idle speed and tipped up the right wing.

"On the step," Karalee yelled, and Maureen climbed slowly out to her place under the wing. She was looking straight ahead and she had a death grip on the

"Go!" Karalee shouted, and Maureen did, a little at a time. She let go with her feet first but not her hands, so that she was flying like a flag. I winced. Then she let loose with one hand till she twisted around and lost her grip with the other. She fell away like a suicide. There was no count, no arch. It looked like disaster. Karalee leaned half her body out the door to watch and a few seconds later she leaned back in and said, "She's OK . . . your turn."

I moved into the ready position as we circled and when Karalee saw Maureen land, she told me to get onto the step. The engine stalled, the plane tipped and I climbed out. I thought that was going to be the moment of big fright; but when the air hit me, and when I looked down 2500 feet and saw the hangar, the motel, the pool and then the target, I felt, for the first time, cool and light and ready. I looked back into the plane. Karalee smiled at me. Then she put her thumb up and mouthed the word go. I let loose with my hands, jumped backward and arched so hard the helmet dug into the back of my neck. I screamed, "Arch thousand," and then the feeling took me: a rush so



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complete that I shut my eyes and probably moaned. There was no sensation of falling. The air under me felt as thick as water and the arch position kept me steady on it, though I had no idea which way was up, down or sideways. The whole effect was something like sliding backward at high speed down a watercourse. There was never any question of fighting it or being afraid of it. It was like being sucked into a black hole and if it had meant death, it would have been a good one. I lost the count at arch thousand, so I don't know how long it took the static line to do its work. When the chute did open, there wasn't the wrenching I had expected; in fact, it was almost gentle. When I felt myself hanging, I opened my eyes, looked up and saw a beautiful mushroom shape letting the sunlight through the apex and glowing around the edges. That was the second rush; it felt like being caught in your mother's arms. I looked down for the arrow and when I spotted it, I pulled down on my right toggle until I swung 180 degrees. And then, in the cool air and the quiet, I floated and laughed out loud and my imagination went crazy. First I was the Lord, then a bird, then a map maker whose map had turned to oaks and hills below him and was growing larger and closer as he grew smaller and smaller and I probably would have landed in that fantasy except that I heard someone yelling at me through a bullhorn. It was Charlie. He was telling me to pull on my left toggle. From where I was, it didn't make any sense to turn that way, into the wind, but I did it anyway. Then I saw the barbed-wire fence. I had only a few hundred feet left and everything was coming up faster and faster. I seemed to be trying for the fence and it scared me. Then I saw Maureen standing in the ruins of her chute, waving up at me. I cleared the fence with 100 feet to spare and then I heard Charlie yelling at me to put my feet and knees together. I saw Noonan running toward me with his camera. Then I hit and rolled with my forward speed. There was no more bump to it than diving for a Frisbee at the beach. I jumped up and ran downwind of my chute, which was collapsing on itself in the plowed dirt. Noonan whooped and took a picture. I whooped back at him. Then he said, "Jesus. It looked fantastic. Are you all right?"

"Incredible," I said.

"Well, then lie down, damn it, like you just landed. You missed the target by so goddamn much I couldn't get over here fast enough to get you lying down."

Charlie reached Maureen not long after I landed and when I looked over at them, they were hugging each other pretty good. When they finished, Maureen looked over at me and waved. She had a smile on her face so big that she was going to ache from it. Charlie helped her pick

up the chute and then all of us walked back to the hangar together. Maureen and I said something to each other, but I don't remember what. All I can remember is that smile she couldn't get off her face.

Inside the hangar, there were congratulations all around and then some questions from several people who were signing up for the course. Frank rolled in, rubbing his eyes, and when we told him we'd jumped, he got a proud smile and congratulated us. Then Sandy congratulated us and said, "You see?"

I sat on the floor to take off my boots and a minute later Maureen sat down next to me. "Going to do it again?" I asked her.

"Well . . . I might," she said. "Later this afternoon . . . maybe."

"I think you showed a lot of courage up there," I told her.

"You're joking," she said in that accent. I told her I wasn't and then I said, "I'll send you a copy of the story. As far as I can tell, you're the hero of it."

She blushed.

"Now do you know why you did it?" I asked.

She shrugged her thin shoulders. "For something to do, I guess."





"A wave of excitement robs me of the ability to move; every cell in my body is awash with lust."

strikes me across the inner thigh. The searing pain is an inextricable part of a wave of excitement that robs me of breath and speech and the ability to move; every cell in my body is awash with lust. It is silent in the small, dusty room. The clerks behind the counter have frozen. He slowly smooths down my skirt and turns to the older man, who is wearing a suit and still looks like an accountant, though a deep flush is spreading upward from his shirt collar. "This one will do."

WHAT HE DID

- · He fed me. He bought all food, cooked all meals, washed all dishes.
- · He dressed me in the morning, undressed me at night and took my laundry to the cleaner's along with his. One evening, while taking off my shoes, he decided they needed resoling and took them to the shoemaker the next day.
- · He read to me endlessly: newspapers, magazines, murder mysteries, Katherine Mansfield short stories and my own files when I brought them home to catch up on work.
- · Every three days, he washed my hair. He dried it with my hand drier and was clumsy at it only the first two times. One day, he bought an outrageously expensive Kent of London hairbrush and beat me with it that evening. Its bruises persisted beyond all others. But every night, he used it to brush my hair. Neither before nor since has my hair been brushed so thoroughly, for such long periods at a time, so lovingly. It shone.
- · He bought tampons for me and inserted and extracted them. When I was dumfounded the first time, he said, "I eat you while you're menstruating and we both like that. There's no difference."
- · He ran my bath every night, experimenting with different gels, crystals and oils, taking an adolescent girl's delight in buying great varieties of bath products for me, while sticking steadfastly to a routine of showers, Ivory soap and Prell Concentrate for himself. I never stopped to contemplate what his cleaning woman thought of the whip lying on the kitchen counter, of the handcuffs dangling from the dining-room doorknob, of the snakes' heap of narrow, silvery chains coiled in the corner of the bedroom. I did idly wonder what she thought of this sudden proliferation of jars and bottles, nine barely used shampoos crowding the medicine chest, 11 different bath salts lined up on the edge of the tub.
 - · Every night, he took my make-up off.

If I live to be 100, I won't forget how it felt to sit in an armchair, my eyes closed, my head thrown back, while the gentle pressure of a cotton ball soaked in lotion moved across my forehead, over my cheeks, lingered at length on my eyelids.

WHAT I DID

· Nothing.

I am standing nearly on tiptoes across the room from him, my arms raised above my head. My hands are tied to the hook on the wall on which his one large painting hangs during the day. My end of the room is dark, only the reading lamp over his shoulder is lit. He has told me to be quiet. The TV is on, but he is making notes on a legal pad, absorbed in his work, and doesn't look up for what seem to me long periods of time. My arms begin to ache and then my entire body and finally I say, "Listen, I can't stand it, really. . . ."

He gives me a quizzical look and goes into the bedroom, comes back with two handkerchiefs and says in a polite, conversational tone of voice, "I want you to shut the fuck up." He stuffs most of one handkerchief into my mouth and ties the second one tightly across it. I taste the bland flavor of sizing.

60 Minutes begins. I try to listen, stare at the back of the set, attempting to visualize each commercial in order to distract myself from the waves of pain rolling over me. I tell myself that surely my body must soon go numb, but my body does nothing of the sort, it just hurts. Then it hurts even more and, by the time 60 Minutes is over, muffled sounds come through the handkerchief, which is lodged way back in my throat and holds my tongue down flat. He gets up and walks over toward me and turns on the floor lamp next to his desk, adjusting the shade so the light shines into my eyes. For the first time since I've known him, I begin to cry. He looks at me inquisitively, leaves the room and comes back holding the bottle of bath oil he has bought me on the way home from work. He begins to rub oil into my neck and armpits. Everything in my brain is blocked out by the convulsive spasms in my muscles. He massages my breasts and I'm fighting for air through my nose, which is flooded with tears. Now there is oil on my stomach, a slow, insistent, rhythmic, circular motion. I'm suddenly in terror, convinced I'm choking, I am really going to choke, in another minute I'll be dead when he spreads my legs, which stretches me even more. I scream. It is a muted sound, like a child's pretend foghorn, totally ineffectual from behind all that cloth. For the first time tonight, he looks interested, fascinated, even. His eyes are three inches from mine and something is moving very lightly up and down alongside my clitoris. His fingers are slippery with oil, drenched in oil, and in mid-scream my body shifts gear to the sounds-not so dissimilarthat it makes when I'm about to come, and then I come.

He unties me, fucks me standing up, puts me to bed, bathes my face with a washcloth dipped in cold water from a white Tupperware bowl. He rubs my wrists for a long time. Just before I fall asleep, he says, "You'll have to wear long sleeves tomorrow, sweetheart; what a nuisance-it's going to be a hot day."

Our evenings rarely varied. He ran my bath, undressed me, handcuffed my wrists. When I was ready to get out of the bath, he pulled me up, slowly soaped my body, rinsed and dried me off. Unclasped the handcuffs, put one of his shirts on mewhite or pink or pale-blue broadcloth, shirts made to be worn with a suit, the sleeves covering my finger tips, a fresh shirt every night, crisp from the Chinese laundry-put the handcuffs back on. I watched him prepare dinner. He always drank wine while washing the salad greens and would give me a sip from his glass whenever he took one himself. He talked about what had happened at his office, I told him about what had happened at mine.

When dinner was ready, he put one very large serving onto one plate. We went to the dining room. I sat at his feet, tied to the table leg. He took a mouthful of fettuccini, then fed one to me; stabbed at a forkful of Boston lettuce, guided the next one to my mouth, wiped the salad oil off my lips and his in turn. A sip of wine, then the lowered glass for me to drink from. Sometimes he tilted it too sharply, so that the wine spilled over my lips and ran down the sides of my face onto my neck and chest. He would kneel before me and suck the wine off my nipples.

Often, during dinner, he pushed my head between his thighs. We developed a game: He tried to see how long he could continue to eat calmly; I, how soon I could make him drop his fork and moan. When I once told him that I was becoming particularly fond of the taste of him followed by vegetable curry, he laughed and laughed and said, "Jesus, I'm going to make enough tomorrow to last us all week."

When we were finished, he would go to the kitchen to wash the dishes and make coffee. Then we read or watched



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TV, or worked. Above all, we talked, literally for hours. I had never talked this much with anyone. He learned my life history, in minute detail, I became equally familiar with his. I would have recognized his college friends on sight, known from his boss's position in his chair what mood he was in. I adored his jokes and his very manner of telling them, in a slow, bored voice, a fiercely deadpan expression. His favorites were stories about my grandfather; my favorites were his tales about his three years in India. . . .

We never went out. Throughout most evenings, I was tied to the couch or the coffee table, within touching distance of him. If a friend, a peer, had told me she had herself tied to a table leg at home after a full day's work at the officewell, it has never come up. God knows, I would not have believed it.

At 4:30 on a Friday afternoon, he calls me at work: "You'll be in room threetwelve at the Algonquin, at five-thirty.'

In the cab, I listen to my thigh muscles ache as I repeat to myself, "You'll be . . . at five-thirty," and walk through the Algonquin's doors minutes later. I knock at 312, twice, but there is no answer and the door is unlocked. I have assumed he would be waiting for me, but there is no one there.

The bed is piled high with packages. Not gift-wrapped but what one spills onto a bed after a day of shopping just before Christmas. The room key is in the ashtray on the bedside table, his handwriting on a note stuck above the dial numbers on the phone. "Open them," it reads, "and take a bath and get dressed."

I start with one of the smaller shopping bags from Brooks Brothers. It contains a light-blue shirt, like the ones I have been wearing at night, but smaller. Men's socks in an Altman's bag. A container that looks like a child's hatbox holds a sandy beard and mustache wrapped in tissue paper. My hands shake a little by the time I unwrap the largest package: a dark-gray suit and vest. Shoes next. A tie. A blond man's wig. A small packet of hairpins from Woolworth's. A white handkerchief.

I push the wrappings aside and sit down on the edge of the bed, holding the wig in both hands. It's an expensive wig, the hair human and soft to the touch. Alarm and excitement race inside me, side by side, like speeding cars on a dark highway. Every few moments, they narrow the space between them and touch without noise or sparks, gently. Once I'm in the bath water, alarm chooses a turnoff, Excitement hurtles me onward, dark miles stretching ahead, headlights illuminating only a few yards of gray road as I turn the virgin piece of soap over and over between my palms.

I dry myself in the sequence in which he dries me every evening: face and neck,

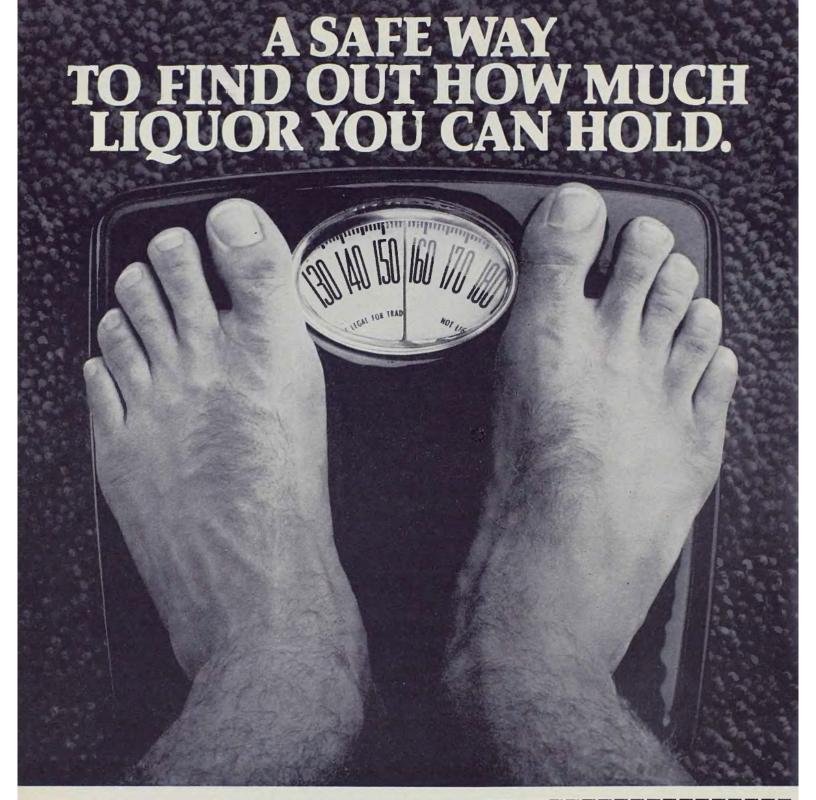




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Body Weight in Pounds 240 Influenced 160 180 220 .02 Rarely 02 .02 .02 .03 03 07 .05 .07 06 .08 Possibly .23 .09 .12 .26 .22 .13 Definitely 30 .25 .17 .15 .14 .21 .19 .17 .15

Subtract .01% for each 40 minutes of drinking.
One Drink is 1 oz. of 100 proof liquor or 12 oz. of beer.
THIS CHART IS ONLY A GUIDE—NOT A GUARANTEE.
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feet and calves, back and buttocks. The only thing missing from the costume now spread out on the bed is underwear. The trousers' lining is smooth against my skin. The socks fit, the shirt fits. My breasts are small enough so that the layers of shirt and vest and finally suit coat obscure them completely. I put on the shoes-an oldfashioned wing-tip style, like his, the gleaming leather lining pungent; why don't women's shoes ever smell this delicious?-the left one feels tight at first.

There is a small pot of theatrical glue, a brush attached to the inside of the cap. I'm in a quandary, can't decide whether the glue goes onto the backing of the mustache and the beard or onto my skin. I end up spreading it thinly onto the backing, something like canvas, and position the mustache under my nose. It tickles and looks like it's straight out of a junior high play and makes me laugh out loud. I need to make three adjustments to get it to sit evenly above my upper lip. The beard is harder. Again and again, while the glue is setting and turning sticky, I take it off and start over, until it ends up at the same distance from my ear lobes on each side and stays put under my chin. The wig, by comparison, is easy: I brush my own hair into a scrawny ponytail high up on my head, twist it, pin loose strands close to my scalp all round. Once the wig is pulled over my hair onto my head, it fits tightly. The wig's hair at the back of my neck touches my shirt collar, almost covers my ears at the sides, falls across my forehead in a thick wave.

In the process of replacing the tissue paper in which the mustache has been wrapped, I find, in the same round box, a set of eyebrows. I glue them over my own. I have been scrutinizing myself in the mirror above the dressing table all along but fixed on details. Now the mechanism comes into play that allows one to switch from focusing on a panel of glass, every dust particle and thumbprint important and distinct, to seeing the outside beyond, the windowpane gone. There is a face in the mirror, no longer an isolated beard or the tilt of a wig. I see that he looks ill at ease in a manner familiar to me, but I recognize nothing else. Acknowledging the spark of a preliminary understanding between us, he leans toward me; he, too, likes what he sees. It lasts for only a moment.

I push back the hair over my forehead, open the pack of Camels that is lying on the bedside table. I've never smoked a Camel and begin to cough immediately, my throat raw. But I inhale more deeply the second time and perversely, the rough flavor clears my head. I wonder, briefly, where to put the handkerchief. I can't remember where he keeps his and finally put it into a back trouser pocket. I have never worn a garment with back pockets before and

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slide my hand in and out of it, feeling the slippery lining and the curve of buttock beneath.

I finish dressing. The phone rings. "I'm in the lobby," he says. "Come on down. Don't forget the room key."

A balding, short man waits with me at the elevator for a moment, then mumbles under his breath and walks rapidly down the corridor. I look after him and realize that he is no shorter than I am. Wearing sandals with three-inch heels, I am tall for a woman; now I'm a man of below-average height.

A middle-aged woman stands at the back of the elevator. I step in and stand near the door. When we come to the ground floor and I am about to walk out into the lobby, I remember, I step aside and she passes through the door without looking at me. I am blushing and have to force myself not to smile. What an astonishing ritual, I think, and

simultaneously, gleefully: I passed!

He is sitting on a sofa, motions me to the chair facing him across a low round table with a brass bell, his glass of Scotch, an empty ashtray. He is wearing his gray suit, identical to mine. He looks at me for a long time, taking in the shoes, the fit of the vest, the knot of the tie, the beard and hair. He grins, then laughs out loud, takes a sip of his drink, seems utterly delighted. "You look fine. You look great, in fact." He leans forward and takes both of my hands between his, as if to warm them for a child who has come inside after building a snowman. "Don't be nervous," he says. "There is nothing to be nervous about."

A waiter appears, hovering two steps to one side of us. He orders wine for me, more Scotch for himself. I sit stiffly, erect, my eyes on my arms stretched woodenly toward him. I am overcome by that mixture of contradictory feelings I should long be used to, since one variation or another has assaulted me almost daily since we've known each other. I am deeply embarrassed, I am flushed, I am shaking—and I am exhilarated, drunk before my wine arrives, ablaze with mindless gusto.

The waiter has no reaction at all when he brings our drinks. "It's all inside you, you know," he says. "Nobody else ever cares. But it does make it a lot of fun for me that you do." We move on to a dining room then, where he holds my hand between courses. I have difficulty chewing, even more so swallowing; I drink close to twice the amount of wine I'm used to. He has another drink at the bar, his hand loosely on my thigh.

Upstairs in the room, he propels me toward the mirror. His arm around my shoulders, we look at our reflections: two men, one tall and clean-shaven, the shorter one sandy-bearded; dark suits, a pink shirt and a pale-blue one. "Take your belt off," he says, in a low voice, and I do, unable to take my eyes from his in the mirror. Not knowing what to do next, I coil it into the tight serpent it had been in its box. He takes it from me, says, "Get on the bed," and, when I do: "No-hands and knees." He reaches from behind me to open my trousers, then says, "Pull your pants down over your ass." Something gives way in me and my elbows can't hold my weight. On my knees, my head on my arms, sounds from my throat that I can't interpret: neither fear nor longing but the inability to distinguish between the two, adding up to. . . . He beats me, a pillow over my head to muffle my cries, then takes me as he could a man. I cry out louder than before, my eyes wide open to the dark of the pillow covering my face. Deep inside me, his pounding stops abruptly. He forces me down flat, his right hand under me and between my legs. Lying on top of me, stretched full length, he lifts the pillow, listens to my sobs subside. When I realize that we are breathing in unison, calmed, his fingers begin their infinitesimal move. Soon I am breathing rapidly again. He pushes the pillow back over my face when I come and soon he comes, too. He puts wadded Kleenex off the bedside table between my buttocks. It is soaked with semen and tinged pink when he removes it, later on. Curled against me, he murmurs, "So tight and hot, you can't imagine. . . ."

He shows me the loveliest knife I have ever seen. I am sitting on his lap when he pulls it out of the inside pocket of his suit jacket. Its handle is silver, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. He shows me how to make the blade snap out of its sheath



"I don't think of you as an old man. I think of you as a very, very rich old man."



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with a frivolous click, how to make the shiny steel disappear again between silver scrollwork. "Do you want to try it?" The slim handle lies in my palm, cool and precise and as well known to me as if I had received it years ago, as a gift: to herald the age of consent.

I hand the lovely object back reluctantly. He flips it open once more, lays the tip of the blade very lightly against the skin of my throat. I bend my neck back, back some more, back until it will not bend any farther. The steel tip feels harmless—a toothpick. "Don't laugh," he says. "It'll go right through. . . ." But I do laugh, as he knew I would, and he has long moved the toothpick out of the way by the time I burst out giggling.

"Next week you'll rob somebody," he says. "In an elevator would be easiest. You can dress up in your Bluebeard outfit. Don't tell me about it in advance."

I know immediately which building. The second floor has been vacant for months, its door to the stair well unlocked. The following day, I have an appointment at three. It is over within half an hour and I take the subway to his apartment and change. It's a humid day and the ride back uptown is uncomfortable. How can they stand being dressed like this, I wonder, in the middle of July? I am sweating in shirt and vest and suit jacket, women in sleeveless dresses looking airy to me and as if in flight. I finger the smooth oblong in my pocket, expecting instructions to flow from it as from a talisman-guidebook.

I have, on several occasions, exchanged nods with this doorman. That he does not recognize me makes me feel invisible and giddy. I stand before the board listing the names and suite numbers of the companies in the building, glancing sideways at the people to my left: Two women are waiting in front of the banks of elevators leading to the upper floors, a middle-aged man before those for the lower floors. I walk toward the opening doors of one of the elevators serving floors one through 18.

Three men and one woman emerge and file past me and the middle-aged man. I step into the elevator after him. He presses nine. I push two. Even before the doors have closed, the slim silver handle is out of my pocket. The playful click coincides with the onset of our ascent. There's the tip of the switchblade at his throat, which arches backward at an angle familiar to me. I hold out my free hand. A leather wallet-still warm-lies in my palm just as the doors open. I stand outside. We look at each other, somber as in a turn-of-the-century photograph, until the doors slide shut. Neither of us has spoken. I walk ten steps to the stair well, down one flight and back to the apart-

There's enough time for me to undress

WORLD RENOWNED SCIENTIST REVEALS "WE DISCOVERED CURE FOR BALDNE

"HAIR LOSS CAN BE STOPPED. THINNING HAIR CAN BE RESTORED"... READ THE INCREDIBLE FACTS REVEALED BY THE AUTHORIZED MEDICAL STUDY PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF HELSINKI

Team of Doctors and Dermatologists Before Reveal Scientific Facts About Revolutionary New Discovery That Signals the End to Hair Loss Problem.

The Inventors

Professor Kai Setala, M.D., Director of the Department of Pathology at the University of Helsinki, holds over 30 international patents. The results of his research have been published in over 200 scientific journals and





Setala M.D.

His work has been funded by the National Cancer Institute and the United States Public Health Service. He is a member of the American Society for the Advancement of Science, the Royal Society of Medicine and others. He has received professorship from and has been invited to lecture at the University of Bonn, Germany: Taft University, Boston; Baylor Medical School, Houston, Texas; University of Copenhagen, Denmark; University of Heidelberg, West Germany and many others.

Dr. Ilona Schreck-Purola, M.D., specialist in scalp and skin pathology, assisted Prof. Setala in leading the team of doctors and scientists that produced "Baldness and Its

"Hair Loss Problem Yields To Research" Declared Professor Setala in a recent scientific lecture he delivered in Ontario, Canada. It shocked and astounded the medical commun-

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I speak to you today about a development which will have an enormous impact on the hair industry. We shall be releasing, shortly, a new study which will reveal, in its entirety, a new treatment that corrects the hair loss problem and stimulates growth of new hair. During the course of our skin research, we had quite accidentally discovered a new formula that would stimulate hair growth and eradicate hair loss.

You can actually see the astounding results that have been achieved in the picture in front of you. We have treated hundreds of men and women with our new formula. The results were astounding. Hair loss was stopped and hair growth was stimulated in a great majority of the cases. Considering the overwhelming evidence and the universal significance of this great discovery, we have decided to make the results open to the public in a medical study which will be published by the University of

After



As appeared on page 109 of study

Jan Swenson, 49 years old, suffering from gradually developing baldness, before treatment and after 23 months of using the new formula. Density of hair distinctly increased; no longer any bald area.

"RESULTS TESTED AND PROVEN ON HUNDREDS'

Revealed Dr. Setala in an exclusive interview with Heinrich Kraus, international scientific re-porter and author of the book's introduction.

Question: Let me ask you directly, Professor, Can you really make hair grow?
Professor Setala: After many years of dedi-

cated work by myself and my staff of doctors and scientists, we finally broke through 'the skin barrier'. Tests were performed on hundreds of patients suffering from varying degrees of baldness and hair loss. The results were conclusive, as the table below shows. At about the same time as their hair loss was discontinued, new hair began to appear, a stimulation of regrowth of hair was concluded to occur on the following criteria:

(a) an increase in density and the average length of the hair in general

new hair occurred in such scalp areas from which hair had been shed

(c) hairline had obviously changed.

THE FOLLOWING IS A TABLE OF RESULTS OBTAINED

As appeared on page 110 of study

Treatment Time (Weeks)	Percentage of Regrowth of Hair
8	26%
12	38
16	42
20	50
24	50 53
28	66

Question: Is this discovery really of significant importance in helping men with progressive baldness or thinning hair?

Professor Setala: We firmly believe that our new discovery is the most important of its kind. It is a breakthrough achieved in the midst of a

scientific project entirely financed by the public. After considering our findings, we have decided to release the facts and results gained through our research to the general public. Patents have been granted in or sought for in major countries throughout the world, including the United States. At this time, our discoveries are in actual use in Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Canada and the Scandinavian countries and in many other nations.

Question: Why do men lose their hair? Professor Setala: I can tell you that it is caused by a slowdown in cell growth that takes place under the skin surface. To get a really accurate answer, I recommend that anyone concerned with hair problems should read BALDNESS AND ITS CURE. It tells explicitly how hair follicles rejuvenate, how hair loss can be stopped and regrowth can be achieved. The study has been fully documented with hundreds of patients using our formula.

It contains a wealth of valuable research and information pertaining to the many aspects of hair loss and hair care. It is something the public must be made aware of.

Learn The Facts About Hair Growth Today

End your anxieties about the cause of hair loss. Learn the medical facts revealed by Prof. Setala in BALDNESS AND ITS CURE. A totally scientific study about growing hair, stopping hair loss and restoring thinning hair. It's time for you to learn

what doctors already know and are doing.
And if you find that you are not absolutely astounded by the startling new discovery just return your copy within 14 days for a full immediate refund-no questions asked

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Please rush me "Baidness and Its Cure". I enclose \$9.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling, a total of \$10.70. I may return it for an immediate refund if I'm not completely satisfied. N.Y. Residents add applicable sales tax.

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Canadian Orders: Riverbrook Research Corn Suite 1650, 439 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario and put my own clothes back on and scrub the glue off my face before he comes home. I am sitting on the couch, pretending to read the evening paper. He says, "Early, aren't you?" And, "I bought a porterhouse: the damn thing's worth its weight in gold." I do not look up from the print, which blurs before my eyes. A delayed reaction has set in: I need to make a concentrated effort to keep from sobbing and I am trying to understand why my thighs ache, why muscles deep inside my vagina are opening up and out, why I am aroused as if his tongue were goading me toward air that is dangerously thin and piercing.

I am sitting in a corner seat on the subway. It's been only two months, a little over nine weeks, I've been out of control for two months. A boy sits across from me. curly hair falling over a round forehead, shirt unbuttoned, an open book held rigidly in both hands. I look at him steadily, my body is liquid, afloat. He stares back, twice he's tried to smile. My hands are folded in my lap, one open palm inside the other. I don't smile. I am conscious of my new power and the boy across the aisle is, too. Surely not a new power-ancient, probably. I just never knew about it; abandon.

At West Fourth Street, I get off. The boy cranes his neck, opens his mouth when I look back at him, jumps up in a sudden, awkward rush, but the doors have closed.

The kid in the subway felt it, secondhand. It must seep from my pores. For the past two months, I've been in the process of being taught about myself, something new every night, the undercurrent getting stronger by the hour; hands pinned down above my head, shallow gasps. "This is new" ticking in my brain. A conscious new power; vulnerability, perverse if only because it is total, natural as grass nonetheless, or asphalt in New York. Abandon. Take me, anything. do it to me, anything, take me, anything, kill me if it pleases you. But try tying me down, first. Look at me, my eyes closed, your fingers outlined on my cheek, damp hair lying where gravity makes it land as my head falls back against the pillow. Better yet, talk about striking me first, in a low voice, and handcuff me to the table leg and feed me, crouching low. Make me eat you between a mouthful of baked cod and one of home-fried potatoes, first, slowly tipping the glass of wine against my lips until the liquid flows onto my tongue, my eyes closed, you have to gauge how far the glass needs to be tipped, I'm not wiping it off, first, and God surely knows what next: thick welts and a stifled scream for the first time. Tracing the welts, 198 watching your cock grow hard again,

watching you trace the welts, feeling your cock grow hard again, our eyes locked.

Weeks later, stifling is no longer possible. Maybe later yet a trickle of blood, what would it feel like to be struck so that one bleeds? When you're four, you can't fathom what it's like to be five. If you've never screamed out of control, you can't imagine how it feels. Now I know how it feels; it's like coming. There is a sound, far away, having to do with me and surely not having to do with me, no responsibility. My body giving up, giving in. No bounds. Foreign sounds far away, I'm not accountable.

Years of intermittent faking behind me. The power to fake ecstasy, the stingy, pathetic control it provides, pantpantpant, ah, darling. "Dynamite in bed," whispers a man to his best friend as I'm about to enter the living room, only a few years ago. I never once came with that man, not in ten months of tireless gyrations, yet he was happy with my responses. Watching him above me as I panted while he came, his eyes squinted shut, red face far above me, I'm in control. No more. This one has taken me on, taken me in, taken me over, he can have it all, how welcome he is to me.

Beyond All Limits is the title of a porn flick on Broadway and 44th. Beyond all limits, what a lovely sound, he's promised we'll see it. "We'll go to lots of movies," he says, "once we ride this out, this . . . phase we're in." He's right. One needs to ride out a phase such as this one. Vision's too blurred, dangerously drunk driving on steep, narrow, winding roads, using them as if the New York State Thruway, going 110, oblivious to drunkenness and speed limits. He's moving me, edging me, step by careful step-nothing drunken about it-there goes one limit, another one, limits falling by the wayside. I'm afloat. After three days, I've gone beyond my limits. For two months now, I've been out of control. Long ago, I've lost count of how often I've come, how often I've said please, don't, please, ah, don't. I beg every night, lovely to beg. "Please what?" he says in a low voice and makes me come again, my voice far away, not my voice at all. I plead every night, ugly rasping from my throat, my stomach liquid, warm syrup thighs, out of control.

Listen, holy Virgin Mary, I'm like you now; there's no need for my control, he's doing it all, he'll do it until he kills me. Can't, won't kill me, though, we're both too selfish for that. So many ways to edge on further, a lifetime full. Thick welts and a stifled scream for the first time. I've been with him only nine weeks and we've long moved beyond stifled screams. The things people do before they need to be killed must be legion. A trickle of blood for the first time-legion. And the reminder: If you do kill me, you'll have to find someone else and is it easy to find women like me?

That night, a trickle of blood stained his sheets. He ran a finger through it, tasted it, then smeared the last drops across my mouth and watched the blood dry on my lips while stroking the sweatwet hair above my forehead. "You really do crave this," he said. "You're as obsessed with it as I am. Sometimes during the day I get the most persistent hard-on, imagining how far we'll go." He slowly rubbed at the crusty flakes around my mouth with his thumb. "Other times I'm frightened. . . ." He laughed. "Hey, there's some pie left over from dinner. Let's eat it and go to bed, it's two o'clock, you're impossible in the morning when you don't get enough sleep."

Next day, after breakfast and while brushing my teeth, I began to cry. He called, "Ready?" and, "Let's go, sweetheart, it's twenty of." A few minutes later, he came into the bathroom and set his briefcase down on the toilet seat. He took the toothbrush out of my hand and dried my face and said, "You have a meeting at nine-thirty, remember?" and, "What on earth is the matter?" He kissed me on both cheeks, looped my handbag over my shoulder, picked up his briefcase and took my hand. He locked the apartment door while I cried and at one point, he said, "Do you have your sunglasses with you?" and then took them from the outside pocket of my handbag himself and stuck them onto my nose, fumbling with one of the side bars, unable to find my right ear.

When we got off the subway, I was still crying. I cried up the first set of stairs and then up the second set. Within a few yards of the exit turnstiles, he threw up his hands and pivoted me toward the other side of the platform and downstairs again and into the subway and up the elevator and into the living room, where he half-pushed me onto the sofa and shouted, "Will you please talk to me?" and, "What the hell is going on?"

I didn't know what was going on. All I knew was I couldn't stop crying. When I was still crying at six o'clock, he took me to a hospital; I was given sedation and after a while, the crying stopped. The next day, I began a period of treatment that lasted some months.

I never saw him again.

When my skin had gone back to its even tone, I slept with another man and discovered, my hands lying awkwardly on the sheet at either side of me, that I had forgotten what to do with them. I'm responsible and an adult again, full time. What remains is that my sensation thermostat has been thrown out of whack: It's been years and sometimes I wonder whether my body will ever again register above lukewarm.



"That's pillage? . . . A chicken is pillage?"



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IMPORTING A FOREIGN CAR

CHECKING THEM OUT

When I get new auto magazines from England, Germany and Italy, I leaf through the back pages first to see what cars are offered in the classifieds. And when I travel overseas, I can't help looking around to see what exotic automobiles are on the market. Sometimes I even buy a car abroad-and so should you if the spirit so moves. Here are a few tips that may ease you over the rough

First, you have to be sure the car is as represented. If you're where the machine is, you can check it out yourself. If you're in America and the car is in England, you can join one of the two auto clubs there and, for a modest fee, have it inspect the car for you. The two clubs that do this are the Royal Automobile Club, 83-85 Pall Mall, London SW1Y 5HW, and The Automobile Association, Fanum House, Basingstoke, Hampshire RG21 2EA. Either one will look the car over and send you a report on its condition.

PUTTING UP THE MONEY

Next comes the agonizing part: sending money. If the seller is reputable or is known to you, there's no reason this can't be done by check or by a transfer from your bank to his. If you're uncertain about the seller, you might discuss with your bank the issuance to him of a letter of credit that is payable only when the shipping documents clear his port. That way, he won't end up with both your car and your money.

SHIPPING YOUR DREAM CAR

The seller must agree to get the car ready for shipping and arrange to deliver it to the port of exit. If you have an extremely rare car that's been given a costly restoration, it should be shipped in a standard container-the kind that Rolls-Royce uses for new cars. The 20-foot container will hold most cars. "This isn't usually necessary," says Stan Nowak of Long Island's Grand Prix SSR Company, "as long as you put it aboard a ship that's built for car transport."

Before the car is shipped, it should be cleaned, its battery disconnected or removed, its fuel tank drained and its coolant drained or checked for plenty of antifreeze. Also, have the seller take out or off any removable items and ship them separately. And it goes without saying that you shouldn't use the car as a container for personal articles.

Who's going to ship it? That's for you, the buyer, to decide. One firm that I've used with satisfaction is General American Shippers, at 225 West 34th Street in New York. Another New York firm that's been recommended is Schenkers International Forwarders, 1 World Trade Center. What will it cost? Rates from Europe to the U.S. vary too much from port to port to give a precise guide, but the cost is figured on the cubic volume of the car



or container. If you allow \$350 to \$500, you won't be far off. You must arrange insurance, too. For a premium of one and one half percent of the car's declared value, you can get complete coverage.

A few other pointers on shipping: Taking delivery in the summer is easier on you and the car. Get to the docks as soon as you can, so there's less chance of damage to the car there, and take all the necessary papers, so there'll be no delay in settling with Customs dockside. They'll assess a duty of three percent on the value of the car. Those on the West Coast may wish to contact air-freight forwarders, since shipment by air will often balance its high cost with greater convenience and reduced damage to the automobile.

WHAT YEAR IS IT?

If your import was built in 1967 or earlier, and you can prove it, you're now home free. You'll have to pay your state a sales tax (if it has one) when you apply for registration, but otherwise, the open road awaits you and your Bentley, Bugatti or Borgward. If the year of manufacture is 1968 or later, your troubles have just begun. You see, that's when our Government began protecting us from our automobiles by making them conform to safety and emissions standards. And cars that do not conform to the standards that were in effect the year they were made are not allowed to stay in this country. It's that simple.

Your Government's agencies will discourage you like mad from trying to import a 1968 or later car. They'll point out that even if the seller says the car meets U.S. rules, he may be wrong. But let's say that you're determined to go ahead and import that 1972 Lamborghini anyway. The first thing you should do is get the booklet "Importing a Car" from the U. S. Customs Service, Washington, D.C. 20229. It sketches the scope of the difficulties you'll face with the various standards and it also gives the addresses of the people at the Environmental Protection Agency and the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration who can give you more detailed information on the standards your car is expected to meet.

If it's a '68 model or newer, the car of your dreams can pass through Customs with ease only if it carries authentic factory labels on the doorjamb and under the hood certifying that it meets the applicable standards. If there are no labels, you can still import it if you plan to have it brought into line, Customs will give you 90 days to do so and will ask you to post a bond equal to the value of the car to make sure you don't forget about that obligation.

Cars of 1973 and later are real challenges, what with bumper requirements and lower emissions limits. But companies are springing up that specialize in converting cars to meet all the pertinent standards. You can expect to shell out big dough for such an overhaul. And you also have to pay \$800 for having the car evaluated by an approved emissions

A do-it-yourselfer who really knows his way around cars can make the conversion himself, with the help of the documentation that Washington provides. But it's easier by far to get a car from one of the 82 model years before 1968. If that won't satisfy you, you're in real trouble!

You're gonna love our Great Little Car. Mazda GLC.

Great little piston engine. Great little goodies. Great little price.

The 1978 Mazda GLC is a phenomenal automobile. It's not often a car of special merit comes along that doesn't cost a small fortune. It's not often a car comes along with this kind of equipment, this kind of styling, for this kind of money: \$3595** for the GLC Deluxe 3-door Hatchback.

An electric remote control button under the instrument panel allows you to unlatch

the hatch from the driver's seat. Or, you may open the hatch from the outside, when that's more convenient. HATCH RELEASE Every Deluxe GLC has a rear wiper, washer, and

defroster as standard equipment. A choice of 4-speed, 5-speed, or automatic transmission. And a rear seat that splits in half, so you can carry people and stuff, or just stuff.

REAR WIPER/WASHER/DEFROSTER There's a lot more to a GLC than this of course. Yet it doesn't cost a lot of money - whether



or the GLC 5-door Hatch-CHOICE OF TRANSMISSIONS back, or the

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SURVIVING A TAX AUDIT

THE TAX MAN COMETH

"In this world, nothing is certain but death and taxes." Benjamin Franklin said it first in 1789 and millions of people have repeated it since. But what is equally certain in the American tax structure is that a certain percentage of the almost 90,000,000 Federal income-tax returns filed by individuals last year will be audited by the Internal Revenue Service.

Although you can never be certain that your return won't be selected for an audit, you can often minimize your chances of being chosen. Using the standard deduction instead of itemizing, listing only claims that are substantiated and being meticulous about reporting all income received (including bank interest and stock dividends) are among the steps that can be taken to reduce the possibility of being called for an examination. On the other hand, you could be paying more than you ought to by not itemizing.

When the service selects a return for audit, the decision is usually made because there is a reason to question the correctness of the reported information. Highincome taxpayers who earn at least \$50,000 annually are about three times as likely to be audited as those with less income. That is mainly due to the fact that theirs are often more complex returns.

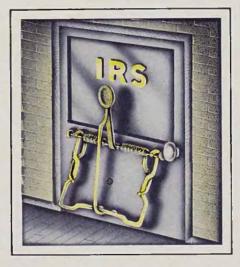
Returns are selected for examination primarily by use of a computer program known as Discriminant Function, or DIF. "DIF is both a sophisticated and a somewhat mysterious tool of the IRS," notes the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants-and not without good reason.

Through its electronic data-processing operation, DIF produces a composite score for every return and identifies those that show significant variations from the norm. These are brought to the attention of IRS agents for follow-up. An example of the type of return that might be flagged by DIF is that of a person who claims an uninsured casualty loss of \$200,000 on a house fire and who reports an income of \$15,000 annually.

IF YOU'RE CHOSEN

Once a revenue agent chooses a man or a woman for an audit, he sends a polite form letter listing the date, time and IRS office for the examination appointment. The taxpayer is often asked to bring the necessary supporting documents, such as canceled checks and receipts. An accountant or a lawyer can be with you during the examination or can appear without you if authorized to do so on a special IRS power-of-attorney form.

When someone appears for you or with you at an audit proceeding, he is usually the person who prepared your return, though he need not be. But regardless of who prepared the return and who makes an appearance at the IRS office, the taxpayer himself is the one



responsible for the facts of the matter. If you can prove that you followed erroneous advice from a reputable individual, you might be able to avoid penalties that would otherwise have been levied.

Although most agents are courteous and understanding, many taxpayers are apt to talk too much during the examination due to nervousness. Tax specialists advise that the best policy is to be equally courteous and nonargumentative.

The best way to ensure that your records will be properly organized for presentation to an agent is to have them already organized in preparation for the filing of the return. This means that all invoices and canceled checks dealing with tax-related expenses should be kept for at least three years. Any records regarding the sale or purchase of a residence should be kept forever.

At the end of the examination, the agent may feel that you owe additional money to the Government, despite your

belief to the contrary. Typically, he will propose a specific amount and suggest that you agree to pay it. As might be expected, the overwhelming majority of all individual audits are closed at this point with the payment of additional taxes, and penalties, where they apply.

APPEALING THE VERDICT

Nevertheless, there are avenues of appeal both inside and outside the IRS. If you wish to contest a ruling of a revenue agent and his supervisor, you have what tax lawyers call "two bites out of the apple" within the service: a conference with a senior agent, or conferee, in the district office, and then a session with a hearing officer in the regional appellate office-if you are dissatisfied with the results at the previous level.

If it means enough to you financially or psychologically, you can go still further to independent judicial bodies in order to press the issue. For instance, a dispute involving \$1500 or less can be taken to the United States Tax Court under its Small Tax Case procedures, whereby you can present your own case for a binding decision. You can also take your case to the regular Federal court system, beginning with the district court and going all the way up to the Supreme Court. However, these courts generally hear tax cases only after you have paid the tax and have filed a claim for a refund.

THE FINAL JUDGMENT

When the final adjustment is made and an additional tax is required, interest at the rate of six percent will be added. There is also the chance that penalties will be imposed-for negligence where there is intentional disregard of regulations (five percent of the tax deficiency) and for fraud where there is deliberate intent to defraud (up to 50 percent of the deficiency). Negligence generally carries a three-year statute of limitations, but there is no time limit on charges of civil tax fraud or failure to file a return.

It might be wise, therefore, to retain copies of prior years' tax returns and records. If the IRS wants to take a look-or even a second look-at your filings, such papers could come in handy when trying to provide the data that could save you further taxes and penalties.



THE OLD-HOUSE BOOM

LIVE-IN HISTORY

As America nostalgically scratches away at its sociological topsoil in quest of its roots, the long-standing American dream of home ownership is undergoing a corresponding metamorphosis. Where once picture windows and Formica were the objectives of the landed bourgeoisie, now there is a massive trend toward another system of tastes. High ceilings and wideplank floors, fireplaces and Victorian gingerbread are the fashions of the latter—20th Century residence, popularized to the extent that the old-house movement, if not precisely a craze, is certainly a boom.

Across the country, the old part of town has become the historic district. The reasons are abundant and varied, some romantic, others practical. On one hand, that charming Queen Anne home over there has patiently indulged the trends and fads of generations, yet you can move in and surround yourself with history. If time insists upon marching on, it can be reassuring at least to dress for the parade.

But enough of sentimentality. Museums we have aplenty, so we need not live in one to presume links with our heritage. The simple fact is that old houses often are better than new ones.

ON WITH THE OLD

Old houses—let's define them as those built sometime between the landing of the Pilgrims and 1920—were put up when a bricklayer might have earned 65 cents per day. It didn't cost much more to build a wall four rows of brick thick than it did to build one three rows thick. Lumber, sometimes imported from the edge of town, was an economical commodity, so the beams beneath the floor might be a full 12 inches thick. As for the laborer, he was often an Old World craftsman driven by a passion for quality and skill. Whatever he built was damn sure to be strong and tight.

That does not mean that every old house is automatically a fortress against the elements. The older it is, the longer the ravages of time have had to do their dirty work. Plumbing, heating and electrical systems can need renewal; years of leakage can produce severe structural damage. The smart shopper retains the services of a house inspector—listed plentifully in most Yellow Pages—to train his

keen eye on the buckled this and discolored that that implies potential trouble. The fee for such an appraisal generally runs from \$60 to \$200, which is a lot less than the cost of replacing a wall that falls down.

Keep in mind, however, that any major improvements you make may call for a building permit, and that alerts the city to the fact that your taxes should be raised.

MONEY-MAKERS

Differences among neighborhoods are a factor that can be measured most clearly



in dollars and cents. Here's a typical example: A four-story brownstone in Brooklyn's Cobble Hill section sold for \$13,000 14 years ago, when the area was "depressed." Today, the area is "revived" and the same house could easily command \$120,000. Real-estate taxes may have gone up, too, but not by those kinds of dollars. (The value of an old house, of course, can also decrease if a neighborhood goes from bad to worse, so be sure to investigate all aspects of an area before you plunk your money down on an old mansion you can't live without.)

Indeed, as restorers band together, it is not uncommon for property values to double in five years. And an old house is considered one of the few tax shelters available to the middle-income homeowner-investor. Sell the house after you've lived in it a few years and you will realize capital gains. But if within 18 months, you reinvest those gains in a

more expensive house, they won't be taxed.

It's evident from many sources that the old-house movement is snowballing. The National Trust for Historic Preservation in Washington, D.C., had 3200 members in 1960, 23,670 in 1970 and 120,500 in 1977. It reports that the number of historic commissions has leaped in ten years from 150 to 500. The bible of the old-house movement, the Old House Journal (\$12 annually; 199 Berkeley Place, Brooklyn, New York 11217), has climbed from zero to 21,000 circulation in four years. Its catalog of firms specializing in old-house accouterments and services went from 383 to 525 from one recent issue to the next (\$4.50 to Journal subscribers, \$7 to nonsubscribers). As for the trade, contractors and real-estate brokers are being offered a new publication, Preservation Reports, which suggests the pro's eye view of the market by its subscription price of \$90 annually.

WHERE ARE THEY?

Finding an attractive old house is not hard. The path of least resistance is through real-estate firms; some specialize in them. While a real-estate agent's opinion may be colored by the contingencies of a sales pitch, it can be confirmed or modified by the residents of restoration neighborhoods. Most are proud of what they've accomplished and usually are seeking additional colonists to populate their areas. Real-estate sections of many newspapers brim with listings of house tours sponsored by community organizations. For a fee of three dollars or so, the tourist can see interesting houses and environs, meet the neighbors and often discuss prospects over wine and cheese.

Old houses constitute a limited resource. If one succumbs to fire or neglect, it cannot be replaced. Meanwhile, interest in revitalizing them has reached proportions sufficient to motivate Senator Henry Reuss, chairman of the House Banking Committee, to state that "the rejuvenation of our cities could be the great growth industry of the Eighties." It will probably never reach the point where minority groups are crowded out of their tenements and into the suburbs to make way for the middle class. But it does look as if a wave of the future will be to live in the houses of the past. -DON SUTHERLAND



(continued from page 98)

"Carmen was a good man." An investigator for the Los Angeles district attorney's office put it this way: "Mr. Falzone was in the California state institution at Soledad and he did have access to Sirhan and they did have a lot of conversations." Finally, Falzone told us that after his release, he had gone to the D.A.'s office with his story, hoping, he said, that they would do something about the potential danger. We asked the district attorney's office about this. A spokesman said, "We asked Mr. Falzone to take a polygraph examination and he passed the polygraph on the stories Sirhan supposedly told him."

"At one point," Falzone says, "I asked Sirhan, 'If you were angry because the U.S. supported Israel, why didn't you kill the President, kill L.B.J.? He started to tremble, those dark eyes popping, and he said, 'Don't you understand, I did kill the President. Kennedy would have been President, and if he was that pro-Israeli when he wasn't President, imagine how he would be as President. So I decided to change history."

In the days that followed, Sirhan told Falzone more about the murder, stories that portray Sirhan as a cold, methodical political killer—not the befuddled boy, not the hypnotized Manchurian Candidate killer-robot. As far as Falzone could tell, Sirhan was purely a political assassin.

"He told me his act had inspired Oaddafi, that Arab people had told him so. [Qaddafi's coup brought him to power only 16 months after R.F.K.'s death but appears to be unrelated to the assassination.] He told me about that night in the hotel [the Ambassador Hotel, where R.F.K. was shot the evening of June 5, 1968]. I think he said he knew the layout, that he knew somebody who worked there. He definitely said he was in the pantry on purpose. [It has been theorized that Sirhan's position in a pantry off a main ballroom was a matter of chance.] Then he said, I did it for my people. When I blew him away, I really felt good.' I could tell he thought he'd become a hero. Sirhan said he thought he would be killed that night, a martyr to the Arabian people. He said he was surprised they didn't kill him. They just pinned him down. His arm was fucked up for six months after that big guy, Rosey Grier, nearly tore it off."

Another time, Sirhan re-enacted the assassination for a startled Falzone. "We were talking about it. I never saw him lose his cool except this once. I asked him

something about politicians, the Kennedys. He said they were all criminals. He said, 'What's the big deal, just because I killed that fucking Bobby Kennedy?' Then, man, it was weird. He smiled, but you could just see the hate oozing out of him." As Falzone watched, Sirhan slowly raised his left hand, the forefinger extended, and then crooked it time and again around an invisible trigger as he mimed the moment of the murder.

We asked Falzone if he knew that Sirhan had re-enacted the crime once before, prior to his trial and supposedly
while under hypnosis. According to Robert Blair Kaiser, a writer who witnessed
the first re-enactment, Sirhan reached
with his right hand for his waistband,
where he had, in fact, carried the IverJohnson on the day of the assassination.
Sirhan then, wrote Kaiser, hammered his
right thigh with his hand five times, followed by three spasmodic squeezings of
the right forefinger. Why, for starters,
the difference in hands?

"I don't know," Falzone said. "I did ask him if he was left-handed. He said. 'No, I shoot with either hand.' He said Kennedy was coming through shaking hands, so Sirhan stuck his right hand out and shot with his left." We admitted that seemed logical. But Sirhan, in fact, shot Kennedy with his right hand, according to witnesses. Falzone maintains that he is simply reporting to us what he heard



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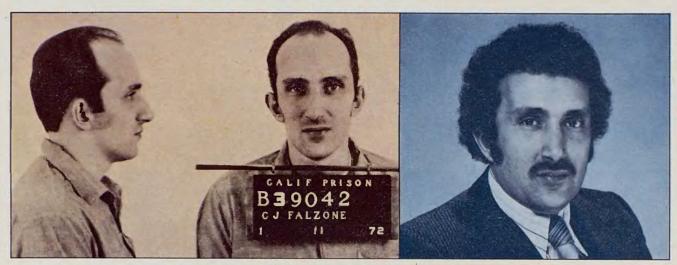
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that all say, "Hello, hi-fi. Goodbye, hassle."

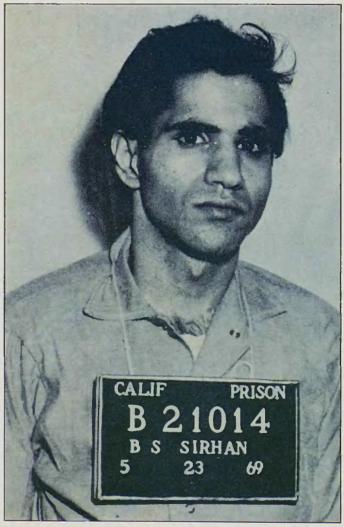


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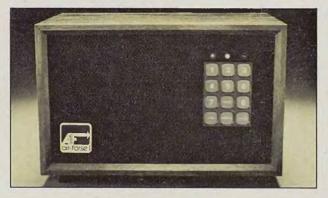
THE MAN WHO GOT THROUGH TO SIRHAN



Carmen Falzone in prison and today. Accarding to authorities, he is the anly man who was able to get close to Sirhan. In the course of their relationship, Sirhan gradually revealed himself to Falzone, who is now out on parole after a rather spectacular career as a "one-man crime wave." Since his specialty in those autside-the-law days was breaking through security systems, he now sells security devices and markets his skills as a consultant to industry and private individuals.



Sirhan Sirhan, who shot Robert Kennedy, has been America's mast secretive assassin. Virtually nothing has emerged from his cell. Now a farmer fellow prisoner comes forward with shocking assertions about his state of mind, his motives and his bizarre plans.



Falzone, who was once a master criminal, developed this device, called Air-Forse I. It monitars change in air pressure so that a building cannot be entered or left without setting off an alarm, yet thase inside can move around freely.



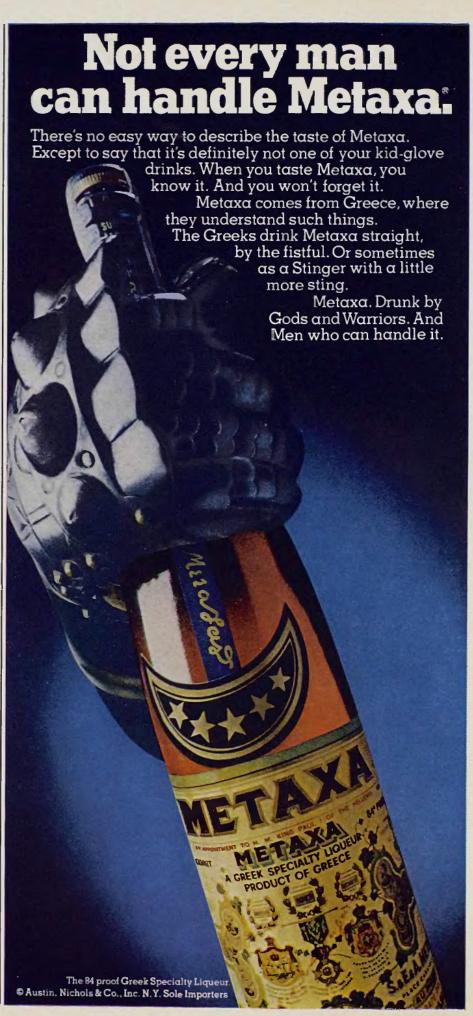
Muammar el-Qaddafi, the feared Libyan leader who has apenly advacated violent solutions to political problems in the Mideast, figures as a key character in Falzone's account of what Sirhan would like to do to again change history. and saw at Soledad. Assuming Falzone's account is accurate, was Sirhan crazy when Kaiser saw him? Hypnotized or shamming? Was he conning Falzone? Was he insane there in the prison cell while he showed Falzone how he'd stuck a gun to within an inch of Kennedy's right mastoid and begun squeezing? Obviously, these are impossible questions to answer fully, but we tried, beginning with the contention of Sirhan's defense team that he was disturbed, "a chronic and deteriorating schizophrenic."

We asked another Soledad inmate. He said, "The little guy [a sobriquet applied to Sirhan out of his hearing] is smart, not crazy."

Nelson, who spent over 20 hours counseling Sirhan, put it simply: "Sirhan is not a crazy man by any definition at all." He was "a dedicated political assassin but not part of a conspiracy." Nor was he in a trance, as Nelson sees it. "He had one objective. That was to put a bullet into Kennedy."

We talked with Baxter Ward, the Los Angeles County supervisor who has been receptive to "second gun" speculations. It was Ward and another Los Angeles County supervisor who recently met with Sirhan at the assassin's invitation. The meeting produced a suggestion that a return visit to the Ambassador be arranged. The supposed purpose of the visit was to refresh Sirhan's memory, to see if the amnesiac, entranced Sirhan could remember what had happened. Ward told us, "I learned of the request when I saw him in jail at Soledad in early June 1977. It was the only time I've ever visited him. I was startled at his mental alertness. He could describe things in language that was unusual but very precise. He had no difficulty putting together thoughts rapidly . . . some of my questions he could not have anticipated." Did he seem paranoid? Ward answered, "He might have been paranoid, but I think he surely has recovered from that condition. When you talk to him, you realize he isn't crazy." We wondered if Ward thought that Sirhan was dedicated to the Arab cause. "I'm sure he is." For good measure, Ward told us Sirhan refused his suggestion that he be hypnotized again, even by a Palestinian psychiatrist. "It troubles me," Ward said. "I think he's wrong. I don't know why he'd be uncomfortable with that."

Falzone thinks he knows why. "Sirhan is saner than you or me. He told me he made up all that trance and hypnosis stuff. Faked it. Just like this wanting to go back to the hotel so he can remember. That's a fraud and a scam. He even said he might try to escape if they let him go to the hotel. Shit, he remembers everything. He told me about it all. He said he was totally alone, no one else. The only funny thing is, he thought somebody was shooting at him, because he felt bullets



buzzing by while he was shooting his gun." (There have been numerous theories that a second gunman was involved, but the vast majority of the 70-odd witnesses say they saw none. Two witnesses think they did but have been unable to prove it. The odd ricochets in the pantry that the police say account for 12 bullet paths from an eight-shot pistol could account for Sirhan's impression.)

So, for Falzone, Sirhan was a sane, obsessed assassin. The "psycho act," Sirhan told Falzone, was "to soften up public opinion for when he gets out. He told me the love for the Kennedys was declining, so now he wanted to make himself look more sympathetic in the media. He said, 'I'll show everybody I'm not the animal they think I am.' " Falzone found out, he says, that Sirhan was far from an animal. After the Kennedy disclosures, Sirhan steered their conversation toward stealing nuclear weapons. "I found out Sirhan was highly intelligent, one-directional, emotionless and suspicious, the perfect terrorist," Falzone says.

It was June 1977 when the two began to plot in earnest. Falzone remembers Sirhan leading up to the proposal with more teasing questions. Had Falzone ever stolen anything protected by highly sophisticated electronic systems? Yes, Falzone told him. Moreover, while he was on the lam, running his alarm business, he'd been to the Mobility Equipment Research and Development Command at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, the Government installation that develops and tests security systems, among other things. He demonstrated the air-pressure device. "I told Sirhan that they liked it, and they did, but that I also knew what they have now, and I could steal anything they got." (A spokesperson for MERADCOM confirmed that Falzone had shown his device to officials there.)

Sirhan asked if Falzone had ever gotten away with anything surrounded by armed men. Falzone told him about emptying "maybe 100" safe-deposit boxes in a large California bank. "I came in dressed like a priest, with a wheelbarrow full of pennies and nickels. Said it was the parish's athletic fund the kids had collected and could I please use their coin sorter? I knew it was in the safedeposit room. The rest was easy. They even took my pennies and nickels, about three grand worth, Shit, I told Sirhan, if I tell you I'm going to steal something, make book on it.'

Sirhan started making book on it. He again talked about the Mideast, about Qaddafi. He hinted that he received messages from Qaddafi through his brother Adel. He told Falzone that Qaddafi was a man of the people, like Sirhan himself, that the colonel sometimes went into the desert dressed in a burnoose and sat in tents to talk with his people. Sirhan repeated that he was a hero in Libya. He 210 showed Falzone clippings that quoted Qaddafi as saying he'd give millions for a nuclear capability to match the Israelis'. Falzone: "I wanted to know what was up, so one day I just said, 'Look, Sirhan, you've given me flour, yeast and water. I know you're making bread. So what country do you want me to take over?'

Conquest, however, was not in Sirhan's plan. Terrorism was. The ultimate dream was to present Qaddafi in person with the nuclear devices. "They'll make you a prince," Falzone was told. (As long ago as 1973, according to reports, Qaddafi ordered an Egyptian submarine to torpedo the Queen Elizabeth II while she was carrying American and European Jews on a pilgrimage to Israel. Qaddafi's archenemy, Sadat, vetoed the order.) Sirhan insisted that Falzone make a total commitment to the plan, to go all out, including killing people, if necessary. "He told me he'd already got his credentials by killing Kennedy, that he didn't have to kill again. But he would, he said, kill 30 or 40 or however many, to get the nuclear stuff. I had to agree. He's serious, man, serious as a heart attack."

Falzone asked Sirhan what the Libyans would do with, say, some small nukes. "He told me they'd make demands, tell the Sixth Fleet to get out of the Med and quit protecting the Jews. Get the Russians out, too. He said if they said no, we'd just take out three or four cities, maybe starting with New York, to show they weren't fucking around. He said, 'After that, we'd make them all come to a meeting naked, with dildos sticking up their asses, because they're all criminals.' I tell you, ten years in jail ain't cured this prick.'

We asked Falzone if this seemed like rational talk. Falzone repeated, "He's saner than you or me. He's just obsessed. He told me he knew that Arab terrorist teams were already in the U.S. looking for a nuclear facility to loot." But Sirhan wouldn't say how he knew. Falzone suspected that Sirhan's visitors, who spoke to him by telephone-Sirhan refused "contact visits," even from his mother-included Arabs. Maybe that was the contact, "There's a lot of hocus-pocus Sirhan didn't tell me. He wouldn't tell me anything I didn't need to know. One time, he said, 'Carmen, you're the only man I ever talked to about this, you better not fuck me.' " Sirhan did, though, tell Falzone that such terrorists were all muscle and no brain, that "they have no technology, they'd just try to bust in." (The Pentagon's Defense Department Studies, Analysis and Gaming Agency has been conducting secret, high-level war games to prepare for possible terrorist attacks. The reason, according to the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, is that "there is no doubt that mass annihilation is feasible-and resourceful, technically oriented thugs are capable of doing it.")

It was Falzone's technical expertise that Sirhan sought to enlist, first to escape and then to steal the nuclear weapons. Falzone described his James Bondish escape plan. It suggests his ingenuity, but it also makes you wonder about his truthfulness-or Sirhan's common sense. The scheme was complexity itself. First, Falzone would get outside on parole. Then he would inform Sirhan via coded letter of the exact date for the escape, sometime shortly after Christmas 1977. Why then, we asked? Sirhan, though a Palestinian, was a professed Christian who regularly got Christmas packages. The necessary cutting tools, FM transceiver and amphetamines would come to him as gifts, in canned hams. "They never open or X-ray stuff sealed at a factory," Falzone said, "so I'd put the gear in a couple of hams, lay some money on a guy who works in a packing plant, have him seal the cans and ship them off to Sirhan from his mother," Sirhan's next move would be to return a coded letter confirming the date. The code, Falzone said, was elementary. The significant words would be those occurring before a comma. His letters to Sirhan would always be from a woman with two common names; e.g., Ruth Esther. Since Sirhan received many billets-doux from admiring ladies, Falzone's would not be suspect. Sirhan's reply would be to the same fictional woman at the return address.

Finally, the Great Escape would take place. Sirhan would saw his cell bars, drop some speed and radio Falzone, who would be waiting five minutes away with a helicopter. As Falzone's chopper appeared, Sirhan would leap to the roof ten feet beneath his window, Falzone would lower a cargo net, "he grabs and we go."

That's not all. This \$300,000 operation-financed by Qaddafi's oil moneywould include an airlift to a tractortrailer rig, the transfer of Sirhan to the truck and his transport to a safe place along the nation's interstates. "I'd have radio scanners, TV monitors, living space, the works, in the truck," Falzone said. When we expressed skepticism over the baroque plot, he shrugged. "Can you imagine the heat that would come down when Sirhan escaped?" We did and recalled that James Earl Ray, a muchwanted quarry, was brought to bay by two bloodhounds and six sweaty mountaineers. But Falzone stuck to his story. After parole, he was, through Adel or maybe on his own, to contact Qaddafi's agents, sell them his ability to steal Sirhan and the nukes, get the money, spring the assassin and move at once to phase two, the taking of the nuclear materials.

"I would have buried Sirhan in Chicago," Falzone said. "Or, if the heat got close, I'd have air-freighted him there in

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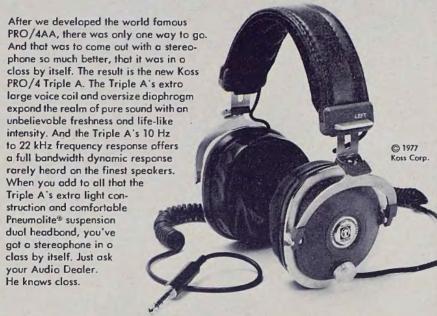
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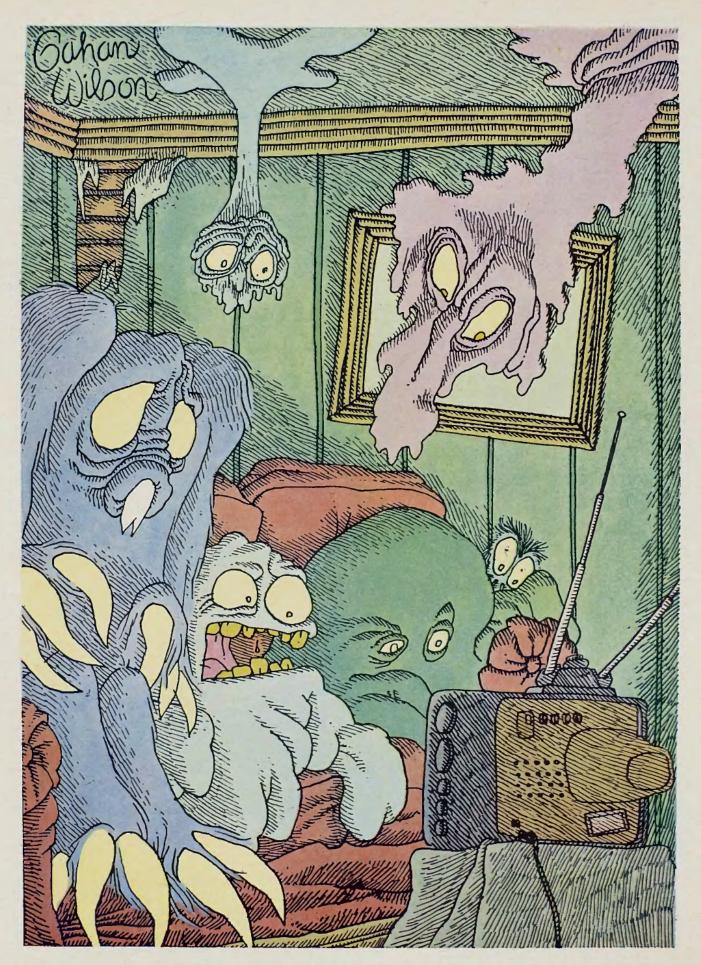
a crate. I used that several times on jobs. You can go anywhere, you got a radio, oxygen, insulation, food, drink, books, a guy on the other end. He even told me it didn't matter if it was a choice between springing him and getting the devices-get the devices. Really, he's beyond himself. He doesn't care what happens to his physical body. He's only concerned about achieving his goal."

The goal, according to Falzone, was to be reached this way: "I would use misdirection and deception. I could probably go onto a SAC base, meet some people, force some favors, then fly in a cargo plane or roll in the right vehicle, all with the right-looking people, and hand them some dummy papers, then drink a cup of coffee while they load what I want for me. Military security is garbage." (The Pentagon lost \$118,000,000 in gear last year, though it says none was weaponry.)

Falzone says Sirhan wanted 50 tactical nuclear weapons; specifically, the eightinch howitzer projectile. These are rated at as much as 20 kilotons each. The resulting blast and fire from such an explosion will extend from ground zero at least a quarter of a mile in every direction, inflicting about 60 percent human casualties and nearly 100 percent material destruction, under favorable conditions. The guns themselves, with a range of 17 to 20 miles, were lost by the dozens in Vietnam and might well be available to potentates of the right persuasion.

Falzone claims Sirhan also wanted fissionable material, preferably plutonium, so that Arab scientists could produce warheads in the 200-kiloton range, such as the ones carried by the Cruise missile. (For the sake of comparison, a one-tenthkiloton device could take down one of the World Trade Center towers and kill everyone within 200 yards, at least.) "I tell you, he had it all worked out," Falzone vowed. The vulnerable points, they decided, were plutonium manufacturing facilities, such as the one at Richland, Washington, or any university reactor that uses enriched-uranium fuel and that as a result produces plutonium as a byproduct (there are several). Or a truck transporting ordinary fuel rods. Even spent fuel rods, which are not themselves "rich" enough to produce a bomb, can be reprocessed (using a fairly simple gaseous-diffusion process) to produce weapons-grade materials.

Just how would Falzone do this? For once, he refused to say, fearing that it would provide a "blueprint for nuts." The sting would, he confessed, involve elaborate paperwork, disguises, an inside informant and misdirection operations during normal working hours. Falzone said he would try to cover the theft with so much paperwork that it wouldn't be discovered for at least a week.



"Of course, their programing's not aimed at us!"

guaranteeing the conspirators time to get the materials out.

"Sirhan wanted to use a Gulf port. But there's too much surveillance there. We would have shipped the stuff from Chicago, where I've got friends, and where there are a lot of Arabs. In the dummy hold of a freighter or Great Lakes tanker. Sirhan would go on the ship. I was supposed to go, too. Or else I'd airfreight him to Africa, me riding with the passengers above. Then Sirhan said we'd go to Qaddafi and tell him the weapons were his and that we'd come to help unite Africa, and we'd both be heroes.'

Can we credit this scheme? Is it all a hypermacho fantasy spun by a mad Arab assassin to while away time in a prison where the sun never shines? Is Falzone merely an adept con man, with Sirhan and with us?

First, we admit that purloining nuclear materials is feasible. During the Sixties, Israeli commandos allegedly hijacked, and Israeli agents smuggled into Israel, substantial quantities of weaponsgrade uranium and uranium ore. Recent reports estimate that in addition to tactical nuclear weapons, the Israelis have as many as 15 larger-yield devices. This fact. Falzone says, was not lost on Sirhan. "He said he knew the Jews had the bombs and so the Arabs needed them." Our Government has just discovered that over 50 private companies that use nuclear materials have discrepancies in their books. failures to account for over 1000 tons of weapons-grade ingredients. "It's all in the paperwork," Falzone had said. In

1974, though nobody knows what became of the stuff, the Atomic Energy Commission lost enough enriched uranium to manufacture a bomb. "You don't need much," Falzone said. He's right. As little as five kilograms (12 pounds) would be enough to trigger a devastating atomic explosion. In fact, AEC once estimated that with \$200 worth of chemical supplies, two dollars' worth of charts and a four-dollar book, all readily available, someone could convert ordinary uranium to weapons-grade richness. We all remember the Princeton student's bomb plan. And not long ago, the Carter Administration called for a world-wide "nuclear fuel bank," meaning a strategy for avoiding the transport by private companies of fuels that might fall prey to hijackers.

Would Qaddafi sanction this improbable plot? It's impossible to tell. He has repeatedly expressed a desire for advanced weaponry. "Sirhan said," Falzone reported, "that Qaddafi would suck my prick for one nuclear weapon, especially after the black eye Sadat has given him." This inelegant phrase contains a plausible thought. An intelligence source in Washington has been quoted as saying, "The bad feelings between Sadat and Qaddafi are such that each is interested in eliminating the other." It's true that in July 1977, Libya and Egypt had a two-day border war. Last December, Qaddafi hosted Arafat and other Arab hard-liners in an anti-Sadat conference. Also last December, the Soviet Union agreed to build a nuclear power station

in Libya, a facility that could reprocess stolen materials, or enrich ordinary uranium, or put together a basic nuclear weapon. And, as we've seen, even the smallest nuclear weapon-a mere one tenth kiloton-could be a monstrous weapon in Qaddafi's hands.

But isn't this Sirhan-Falzone plot a bad dream? The L.A. district attorney's polygraph indicated that Falzone was truthful in relating what Sirhan had told him. But couldn't it all be in Sirhan's scrambled head, despite the fact that many people said he was sane, particularly about the Kennedy assassination? One way to check would be to trace a positive link between Sirhan and Oaddafi.

We contacted the two field offices where Falzone had been interrogated. One official told us, "The investigation is still ongoing, the nature of his allegations demand that, but so far we have been unable to corroborate his story."

The other said, "A lot of people are using us for suckers lately. Still, we're not going to forget this. The allegation alone is serious enough. Personally, though, I do believe the guy is bullshitting us."

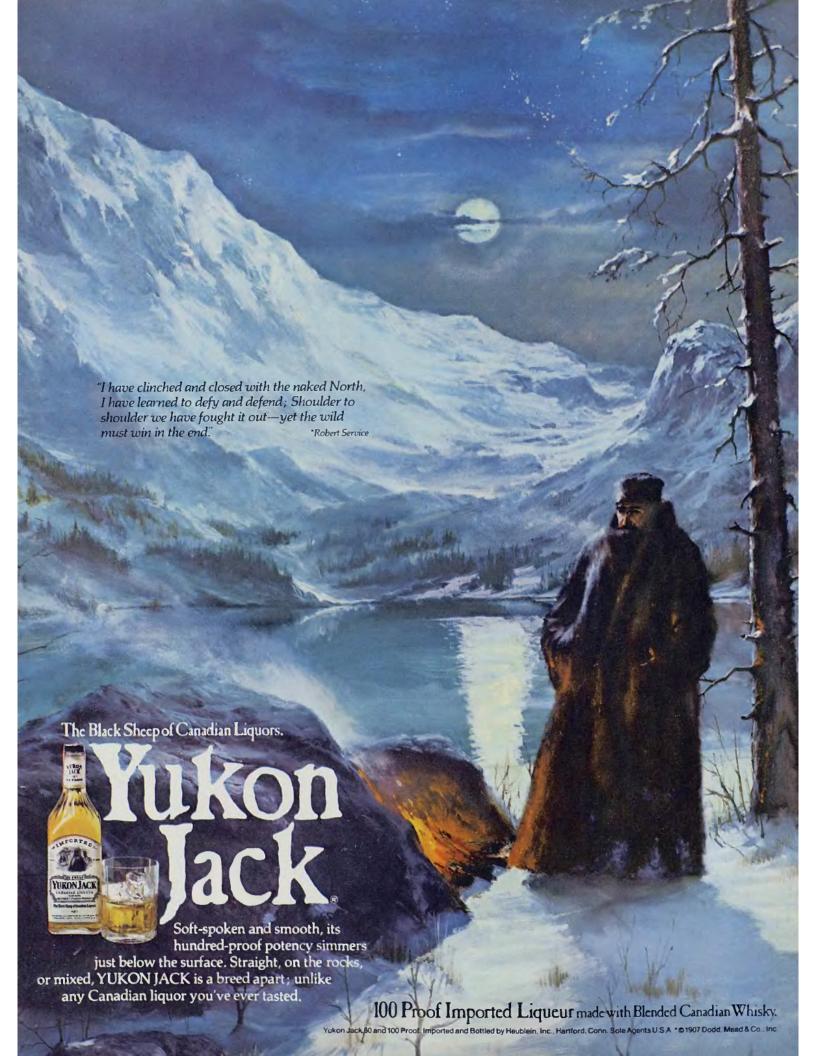
In the end, then, we have Falzone's word that Sirhan's head is in very strange sands. It seems we can believe him about that. Even the skeptical FBI affirmed that Falzone had passed his lie-detector test "with flying colors." The reconstruction of the Kennedy assassination rings true, as does the assertion that Sirhan is a monomaniacal and dangerous Arab sympathizer. As for the plot to steal nuclear weapons, it may well be the stuff that bad prison dreams are made on. Falzone undoubtedly was close to Sirhan. He probably is honestly replaying what Sirhan told him, what they huddled and talked about.

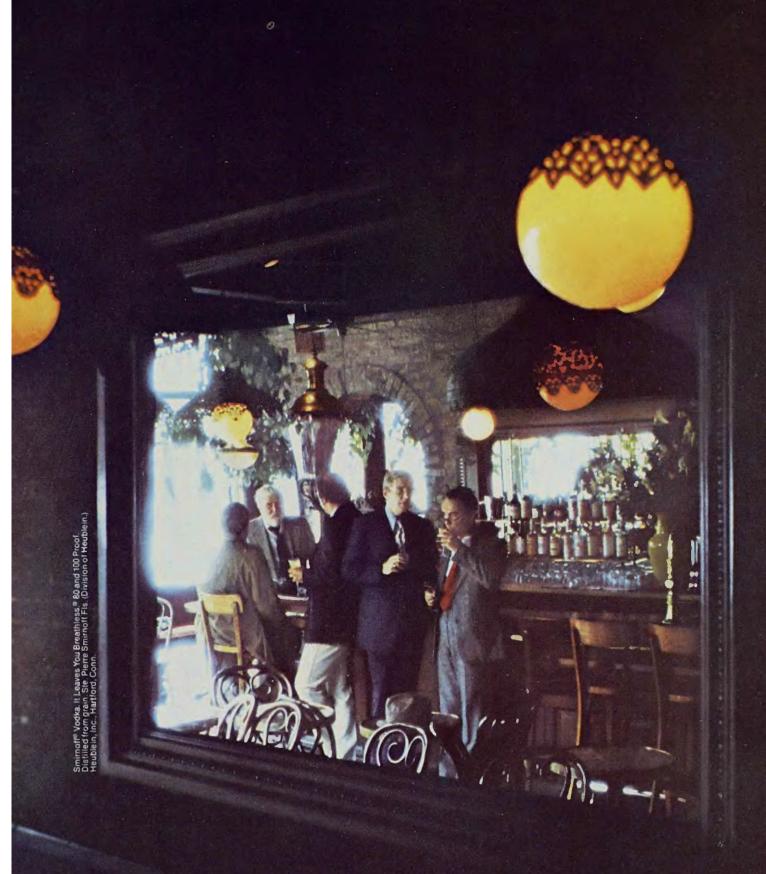
Falzone did go to the authorities with his story, and then came to us. That does not mean, of course, that Sirhan had Qaddafi's support and blessing, except in the swampier synapses of his assassin's brain. Nor does it mean that Falzone was thief enough to steal atomic weaponsonly that he got away with Sirhan's story, and so gave us a surprising, even shocking peek at a man who until now has been America's most secretive assassin.

Probably it all means we can relax. As far as Falzone and Sirhan are concerned, our nuclear weapons are safe. Except, as a group of worried scientists said last year, there is no lead-shielded assurance that "one more charge, one more gun, one more pound of explosive could not breach the most sophisticated security system." Or, as Falzone put it, "Those crazy fuckers are out there. They'll get the bombs anyway, someday. The world is lousy with them. And there's no shortage of burglars."



"It's settled, then.... We can ball anyone we please, except you can't ball that prissy-assed Mary Thompson and I can't ball that smart-assed Bill Fredericks."





"Buy me a Smirnoff and I'll tell you a story ...it'll leave you breathless."

"Witless entertainment, plus mindless music, sells. 'Star Wars' and 'Rocky' proved just how much."

doomed to perpetual cult status.

What's left? A giant gelatinous middle ground occupied by music that has more in common with the movies and TV than with the rock 'n' roll and soul that spawned it. Blockbusters, for instance. The entire motion-picture industry is obsessed with them. Movie production is down to 120 pictures a year, but hope (and crass calculation) is limitless. Jaws made \$121,000,000 so far. Star Wars made over \$127,000,000 in 1977 alone. Translate that into popular-music terms and you have, pre-eminently, Peter Frampton. Frampton Comes Alive sold over 13,000,000, I'm in You is still selling, and when the Sgt. Pepper movie comes out later this year, the Robert Stigwood Organization has a good shot at a Blockbuster Movie! With a Blockbuster Sound-Track Album! to match Saturday Night Fever's, another would-be Boffo Box-Office Blockbuster with a Blockbuster Sound-Track Album! scored and mostly performed by the Blockbusting Bee Gees, the true kings of Saturdaynight disco movie music.

Leaving the realm of capped teeth and perfect tans, there are blockbusters that owe their success more to musical accomplishment than to Pre-Raphaelite good looks. Hardy perennials such as Fleetwood Mac, whose LP of the same name had spent two years on the charts by the end of '77, while Rumours surpassed the all-time record for the number of weeks at the top of the chartsa record held by, that's right, Frampton Comes Alive. Stevie Wonder's Songs in the Key of Life generated hit singles and rock awards throughout the year and was still going strong after 15 months, as were Boz Scaggs's Silk Degrees, Boston (5,800,000 sales for a debut album), ELO's A New World Record and Heart's Dreamboat Annie (sold 2,000,000, as did its second LP, Little Queen). The Eagles spent 1977, in all likelihood, setting up tax shelters for their royalties from Hotel California and Greatest Hits (16,000,000 combined sales).

Although none of the above-mentioned artists could be accused of not knowing his audience, only a few-Frampton, the Bee Gees and that soulless clone off the living body of rock known as Foreigner-can be termed outright musical hypes, existing solely because of their audience's taste. Passing from figurative to literal movie music, however, this proportion is drastically reversed. Aside from the aforementioned Saturday Night Fever, a disco sound track to a movie about discos, and You

Light Up My Life, a one-song LP from a movie concerning the plucky heroine's struggle to inflict the pawky title tune upon a cowering nation, there isn't much in the way of music that can stand on its own merits. Streisand's A Star Is Born LP is, like everything else she's recorded, an exercise in hermetic egoism: The music is secondary.

With Car Wash, we have the curious phenomenon of the sound track carrying the movie, which in this case is akin to the deaf leading the blind. A nasty little cartoon set to relentlessly thumping disco, Car Wash was nevertheless a portent: Witless entertainment, plus mindless music, sells. Star Wars and Rocky proved just how much.

Television, the great cultural Cuisinart, has known this all along, of course. As mainstream rock, country, soul and jazz have toned down the distinctive musical elements that made them popular art forms and are transformed into nondenominational entertainment, television has beckoned ever more warmly. Even discounting the rash of Elvis and Bing Crosby movies and specials, there was more music on TV last year than ever before. First there were the Grammys, then Don Kirshner put on a rock-awards show to complement his increasingly hopeless Rock Concert, while Burt Sugarman's Midnight Special spun off the Wolfman Jack show and Burt, not to be outdone, produced the Billboard #1 Award Show. Paul Simon, Bette Midler, Paul McCartney and Wings, Elton John and Neil Sedaka all had specials or filmed concerts, and Rolling Stone magazine celebrated its tenth anniversary with a Thanksgiving-weekend turkey that should have been called Shindig Goes to Las Vegas. Dinah, Mike, Mery and Johnny all featured "real" musicians in record numbers, while androids of the Donny and Marie, John Davidson, Captain and Tennille ilk continued to plague us. When the dust had settled, though, the best shows of the year were The Amazing Rhythm Aces and Jimmy Buffett concerts on Austin

City Limits; no frills, just fine music.

The traffic on TV flows both ways, as rock fans were painfully reminded each time they heard Shaun Cassidy or David Soul. It's in country music, however, that TV has had its most insidious effects. Glen Campbell, Mac Davis and Roy Clark have become major country stars on the basis of their constant presence on TV and-what's more important to their labels-major pop or MOR (middle of the road) stars as well. Even so, the best country singers are much too real for TV to ever feel comfortable with them, or vice versa, the one exception being the inimitable Dolly Parton, who can make dumb men talk and blind men see. She also totally dominates any setting she's put in and plays hob with the reception, to boot, which may be why TV seems just a bit leery of her.

The one form of popular music able to deal with TV on its own terms and come out (relatively) ahead is disco-



"C'mon, baby—you knew I had gargantuan appetites when you moved in.'

which is as it should be, since disco is a musical equivalent of television in the first place. Like TV, disco has an infallible instinct for the lowest common denominator; i.e., that pounding beat. Adherents claim that any tune or lyric can be done in a disco version-the more familiar, or inane, the better, since it illustrates disco's awesome, destructive power: It eats anything. This past hunting season, we had Disco Lucy and S.W.A.T. themes from TV, a Caribbean disco song called Bionic Man, straight from outer space, an update of Come, All Ye Faithful for the holidays and the first of what should be a long series of disco "learn-while-you-dance" reinterpretations, Jack and Jill. Not to mention Gonna Fly Now and Meco's Star Wars, which sound, respectively, like the themes from a TV cop show and a Seventies remake of Bonanza. And if that's not enough, there's Charo's Cuchi-Cuchi LP, just one of the many things disco and the Johnny Carson show have in common.

Ultimately, disco music and the discos themselves embody all the bad traits loose in the music industry and general culture today. Aside from the dreary assembly-line music, the discothèques represent the furthest extension of current tendencies toward rigidly programed entertainment for a self-indulgent audience that gets exactly what it wants: a sound track for its own personal disco movie starring itself. It also is driving out marginal live-music clubs and helped strike the final blow against soul music. Black popular music, as such, no longer really exists. In the places of R&B and soul, we now have disco and pop, the latter encompassing equally Dolly Parton and Rose Royce, Kiss and Parliament/ Funkadelic, the Commodores and the Bee Gees.

The major result of this ballooning of the pop and easy-listening rock categories has been the drift in that direction of most of the numerous female rock and soul singers, joined by a few of the younger, more ambitious country ladies. Crystal Gayle's (Loretta Lynn's younger sister) big single was second only to Debby Boone's on the charts for weeks, and Dolly Parton's switch to a more poporiented approach finally paid off as the title tune from her Here You Come Again LP simultaneously topped the country charts while climbing into the top ten on the pop charts-appropriately enough, just in time for Christmas. Linda Ronstadt's singles and Simple Dreams album took up what appeared to be permanent residence in both country and pop. Emmylou Harris' To Daddy did the same on a more modest scale, as Natalie Cole, Thelma Houston and Mary Macgregor were the strongest finishers out of at least a dozen black female vocalists and groups to place high in the pop as 216 well as soul charts during 1977. Add to

this sorority Karla Bonoff, Carole Bayer Sager, Maria Muldaur, Carly Simon, Bette Midler, Jennifer Warnes, Melissa Manchester, Bonnie Raitt and God knows who else, and you have the largest contingent of female singers swelling the pop ranks since the Patti Page era of post-World War Two pop.

Jazz, too, has been experiencing this expansion of the musical middle ground, coupled with the resurgence of interest in (and recordings of) the classic jazz of the Forties and Fifties-music that was driven underground by the ascendancy of rock during the Sixties. The renewed activity of truly great musicians such as saxophonists Dexter Gordon and Sonny Rollins and pianists Cecil Taylor, Mc-Coy Tyner and Randy Weston served as a welcome antidote to the melange of pop-jazz, R&B and jazz/rock riffs that characterize the music of George Benson, Les McCann, Lonnie Liston Smith, Jan Hammer, Eric Gale, et al. Then again, it was hard to get too excited about the latest from Grover Washington, Jr., or Bob James, when one could pick through the deluge of reissues and try manfully to choose, say, between the Lester Young/ Billie Holiday sessions on the three-volume Lester Young Story and some prime Bud Powell or Fats Navarro or Charlie Parker at Birdland. . . .

Most of the major labels went in for jazz repackaging with such fury in 1977 that at times it seemed to be a race to see which company could empty its vaults first. Fantasy/Prestige/Milestone/Stax, however, finished the year with the best mixture of classic and current, with such highlights as the first American release of Cecil Taylor's landmark The Great Concert (recorded in Paris in 1969), McCoy Tyner's Supertrios and Ron Carter's Piccolo. Manfred Eicher's ECM label (distributed here by Polydor) continued to turn out beautifully recorded albums by some of the best younger musicians, such as Keith Jarrett, Gary Peacock, Jan Garbareck, Paul Motian, Jack DeJohnette, Paul Bley and Ralph Towner, to name just a few.

Being on the fringe of the music industry, and of popular taste in general, has been a way of life for the jazz world for at least 15 years, but it's a relatively new experience for fans of genuine rock, soul and country music. In the past, there was always a profit to be made in catering to generational, racial and regional tastes, by either the major or small, specialized labels. The small labels are gone, though, and the growth of a nationwide amorphous audience aged 14 to 44 has made the limited groups to which those labels catered superfluous to the musical conglomerates.

Moreover, it's unlikely this situation will soon change: The parallels to the movies and television are too strong. Still, there's one crucial difference. The record industry, for all its growing sophistication and marketing acumen, can never totally predict, much less control. the music that someone decides to tape in his own basement or record in some cheap studio. It's as simple and as impossible as that.

And to those who remember, or can just imagine the excitement and the absolute shit storm of righteous indignation Elvis Presley caused when he first hit the airwaves, the latest attempts to save rock 'n' roll from its own successespecially punk/New Wave-have an eerily symmetrical logic, coming in the year of his death. If you've forgotten, or want to be reminded, of how clear and strong and jubilant his music actually was, pick up the sound track of his 1968 TV special, and then go back to the source: The Sun Sessions from 1954. And remember: Good music doesn't get older-it just gets better.

Which brings us to the part you provide-the voting results. We thank those of you who voted, even the ones who did so in crayon or spaghetti sauce: and, as always, we remind you that these are your results. If they make you want to scream and tear your hair, and you didn't vote. well, tough tweeters. Maybe next time it will induce you to take out the ballot and send it in-using, of course, only a sharp, dark spaghetti sauce. Here we go again.

RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST POP/ROCK LP: Rumours / Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros.). After starting off ten years ago as hard-edged British blues rockers, and many changes (very much including the addition of Stevie Nicks). Fleetwood Mac has mellowed without going soft, which may be why the Big Mac appeals to everyone from teenyboppers to relics in their 30s.

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP: Songs in the Key of Life / Stevie Wonder (Tamla). As far as we remember, it's a first-this album won in this category last year and quite clearly has just kept on going.

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP: Simple Dreams / Linda Ronstadt (Asylum). Linda did it this time with a new album, but, just like last year, our readers voted no fewer than three of her albums into the top 20,

BEST JAZZ LP: Heavy Weather / Weather Report (Columbia). George Benson almost repeated here with Breezin', but Zawinul & Shorter & Co.'s crowd of Miles Davis graduates finally stormed over Benson's milder weather.

BEST POP/ROCK LP

- 1. Rumours / Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros.)
- 2. Hotel California / Eagles (Asylum)
- 3. Boston (Epic)
- 4. Aja / Steely Dan (ABC)
- 5. Works Volume 1 | Emerson, Lake and Palmer (Atlantic)
- 6. The Pretender | Jackson Browne (Asylum)
- 7. Crosby, Stills & Nash (Atlantic)

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- 8. Going for the One / Yes (Atlantic)
- 9. Simple Dreams | Linda Ronstadt (Asylum)
- 10. Book of Dreams | Steve Miller (Capi-
- 11. Chicago XI (Columbia)
- 12. Animals / Pink Floyd (Columbia)
- 13. Love You Live | The Rolling Stones (Atlantic)
- 14. Wings over America / Wings (Capi-
- 15. The Song Remains the Same | Led Zeppelin (Swan Song)
- 16. Alive 11 / Kiss (Casablanca)
- 17. Silk Degrees / Boz Scaggs (Columbia)
- 18. Barry Manilow Live (Arista)
- 18. JT / James Taylor (Columbia)
- 20. A New World Record | Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

- 1. Songs in the Key of Life / Stevie Wonder (Tamla)
- 2. Commodores (Motown)
- 3. Breezin' / George Benson (Warner Bros.)
- 4. Exodus | Bob Marley and the Wailers (Island)
- 5. Silk Degrees | Boz Scaggs (Columbia)
- 6. In Flight | George Benson (Warner Bros.)
- 7. Spirit / Earth, Wind & Fire (Columbia)
- 8. Go for Your Guns / Isley Brothers (T-Neck)
- 9. Benny & Us | Average White Band and Ben E. King (Atlantic)
- 10. Hard Again | Muddy Waters (Blue
- 11. Person to Person | Average White Band (Atlantic)
- 11. Unpredictable / Natalie Cole (Capitol)
- 13. Gratitude | Earth, Wind & Fire (Co-
- 14. Rumours / Fleetwood Mac (Warner
- 15. Baby It's Me / Diana Ross (Motown)
- 16. Right on Time | Brothers Johnson (A & M)
- 17. Ask Rufus / Rufus Featuring Chaka Khan (ABC)
- 18. Platinum Jazz / War (Blue Note)
- 19. Never Letting Go / Phoebe Snow (Columbia)
- 20. Earth, Wind & Fire (Warner Bros.)
- 20. Livin' on the Fault Line | The Doobie Brothers (Warner Bros.)

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP

- 1. Simple Dreams / Linda Ronstadt (Asylum)
- 2. Ol' Waylon | Waylon Jennings (RCA)
- 3. Luxury Liner | Emmylou Harris (Warner Bros.)
- 4. Changes in Latitudes, Changes in Attitudes | Jimmy Buffett (ABC)
- 5. Hasten Down the Wind / Linda Ronstadt (Asylum)
- 6. Linda Ronstadt's Greatest Hits (Asy-
- 7. We Must Believe in Magic / Crystal

- Gayle (United Artists)
- 8. Olivia Newton-John's Greatest Hits (MCA)
- 9. Summertime Dream | Gordon Lightfoot (Reprise)
- 10. Southern Nights | Glen Campbell (Capitol)
- 11. Making a Good Thing Better / Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
- 12. Carolina Dreams | Marshall Tucker Band (Capricorn)
- 12. John Denver's Greatest Hits (RCA)
- 14. Here You Come Again | Dolly Parton (RCA)
- 15. Ronnie Milsap Live (RCA)
- 16. To Lefty from Willie / Willie Nelson (Columbia)
- 17. New Harvest . . . First Gathering / Dolly Parton (RCA)
- 18. A Man Must Carry On | Jerry Jeff Walker (MCA)
- 19. Waylon Live / Waylon Jennings (RCA)
- 20. The Outlaws (RCA)

BEST JAZZ LP

- 1. Heavy Weather / Weather Report (Co-(umbia)
- 2. Breezin' / George Benson (Warner Bros.
- 3. V.S.O.P. | Herbie Hancock (Columbia)
- 4. In Flight | George Benson (Warner Bros.)
- 5. Jeff Beck with the Jan Hammer Group Live (Epic)
- 6. Streisand Superman | Barbra Streisand (Columbia)
- 7. Conquistador / Maynard Ferguson (Columbia)
- 8. Musicmagic | Return to Forever (Columbia)
- 9. Main Squeeze | Chuck Mangione (A & M)
- 10. Elegant Gypsy | Al DiMeola (Columbia) 11. Feels So Good | Chuck Mangione
- (A & M) 12. School Days / Stanley Clarke (Nem-
- 13. Return to Forever | Chick Corea with
- Return to Forever (ECM) 14. Live!-Look to the Rainbow | Al
- Jarreau (Warner Bros.) 15. Wired | Jeff Beck (Epic)
- 16. Enigmatic Ocean | Jean-Luc Ponty (Atlantic)
- 17. Free as the Wind | The Crusaders (ABC)
- 18. BJ 4 / Bob James (CTI)
- 19. Aja / Steely Dan (ABC)
- 20. Imaginary Voyage | Jean-Luc Ponty (Atlantic)

MUSIC HALL OF FAME

This was definitely the year of la Ronstadt. Winning in several categories, with three albums in the favorite top 20 and two simultaneous singles on the charts, she was no surprise as this year's new entry to the Hall of Fame.

Not far behind her is the man who

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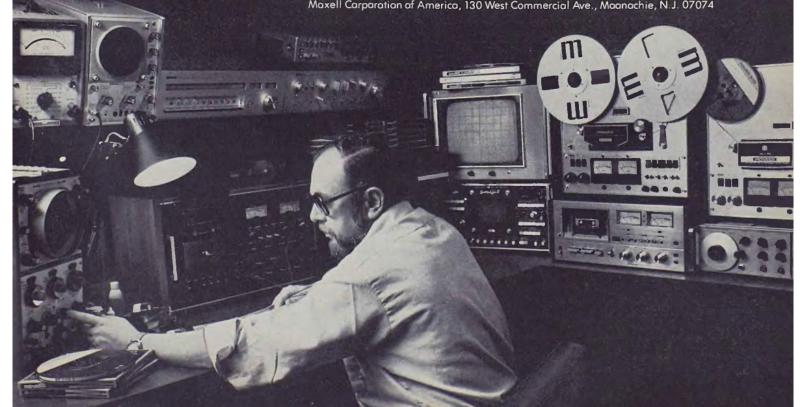
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taught a generation of musicians how to croon into newlangled electric microphones, traveled funny roads around the world with Bob Hope and moved a mountain of orange juice-the late Bing Crosby. Remaining in a high holding pattern at number three for the second straight year is Neil Diamond, and Jimmy Page repeats at number four.

The top 20 goes like this:

- 1. Linda Ronstadt
- 2. Bing Crosby
- 3. Neil Diamond
- 4. Jimmy Page
- 5. Barbra Streisand
- 6. Peter Townshend
- 7. Paul Simon
- 8. Ronnie Van Zandt
- 9. Neil Young
- 10. Keith Emerson
- 11. Jim Croce 12. Chuck Berry
- 12. Frank Zappa 14. James Taylor
- 15. Maynard Ferguson
- 15. Peter Frampton
- 17. George Benson
- 18. Rod Stewart
- 19. Ian Anderson
- 19. Joni Mitchell

READERS' POLL

With a few bright new exceptions, our readers stuck mainly with old favorites. Many winners were repeats and some settled in for the third straight year-a reflection of their popularity and talent, certainly, but also of the creeping conservatism in the music industry.

The news in the Pop/Rock category is that James Taylor, on the strength of JT, jumped from ninth last year to top male vocalist. Lovely Linda did it again as female vocalist, but Fleetwood Mac's delectable Stevie Nicks came from nowhere into the number-two slot. Peter Frampton was again top guitarist, followed hot by the cat-scratch fever of Ted Nugent, who was up to number six from number 18 a year ago. On drums, the perennial top three kept slugging it out; notable new additions were Kiss's Peter Criss and ex-Band member Levon Helm. Paul McCartney remained settled in on top in the bass category, as did Stevie Wonder as composer and Fleetwood Mac as best group. New to the list of favorite groups from last year were Crosby, Stills & Nash; Boston; Heart; Steve Miller Band; Santana; Kansas; and Bob Seger & the Silver Bullett Band. The bullet goes to Kiss, up ten notches from number 19 to number nine.

Not much new was happening in the R&B sector, either. Stevie Wonder did it again as male vocalist and composer; Natalie Cole nudged Phoebe Snow from top female vocalist, up from second last year; and Earth, Wind & Fire and the Average White Band were again one and two as favorite group. Big news here was the sudden appearance of the Commodores as number three.

In Jazz, almost all the winners were doing it one more time. George Benson was up from number 14 to take malevocalist honors away from Lou Rawls; and Jeff Beck, having great crossover success, was voted best guitarist. Otherwise, it was mostly business as usual.

Country-and-Western stock also held steady-even steadier than most. In every category, at least the top two finished exactly as they did last year. The only notable new faces, one not so new, were Crystal Gayle (who beat out her more famous sister, Loretta Lynn, in the female-vocalist category) and Ralph Stanley, who at last and deservedly made the picker list at number 20 for his fine traditional bluegrass banjo playing.

Here are the final markets for '77's musicians' stock.



"Hurry home, dear. I feel all lovey-dovey."

POP/ROCK

MALE VOCALIST James Taylor Neil Diamond Rod Stewart Paul McCartney

Robert Plant Jackson Browne Elton John Paul Simon

Jimmy Buffett
Neil Young
Cat Stevens
Bruce Springsteen
Roger Daltrey

Harry Chapin Mick Jagger David Bowie

1978 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL RESULTS

Neil Sedaka Barry Manilow Bob Dylan 20. Robert Palmer 20. Leon Russell

FEMALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST
1. Linda Ronstadt
2. Stevie Nicks
3. Barbra Streisand
4. Olivia Newton-John
5. Joni Mitchell
6. Carly Simon
7. Christine McVie
8. Bonnie Raitt
9. Donna Summer
10. Grace Slick
11. Phoebe Snow
12. Judy Collins
13. Annie Wilson

Annie Wilson Carole King Bette Midler Melissa Manchester Janis Ian Helen Reddy

19. Joan Baez 20. Karen Carpenter

GUITAR

Peter Frompton
Jimmy Page
Carlos Santana
Jeff Beck
Eric Clapton
Ted Nugent
Boz Scaggs
Joe Walsh
José Feliciano
George Harrison
Stephen Stills

10. George Harrison
11. Stephen Stills
12. Chuck Berry
13. Steve Howe
14. B. B. King
15. Frank Zappa
16. Peter Townshend
17. Roy Buchanan
18. Cat Stevens
19. Robin Trower
20. Jerry Garcia

KEYBOARDS

1. Keith Emerson 2. Barry Manifest

Barry Manilow Elton John Rick Wakeman Gary Wright Billy Preston

Jackson Browne Leon Russell Gregg Allman Nicky Hopkins Brian Auger Isaac Hayes

Andrew Gold Todd Rundgren Neil Young

Robert Lamm Booker T. Chuck Leavell

19. Edgar Winter 20. Bill Payne

Corl Polmer Keith Moon Ringo Starr John Bonham

John Bonham Stevie Wonder Buddy Miles Ginger Baker Danny Seraphine Russ Kunkel Nigel Olssen Charlie Watts Karen Carpenter Mick Fleetwood Bill Bruford Avasley Dunbar

Aynsley Dunbar Jai Johanny Johanson Bill Kreutzmann

18. Peter Criss 19. Jim Capaldi 20. Bobby Colomby 20. Levon Helm

1. Paul McCartney

Greg Lake John Paul Jones Peter Cetera

John Entwistle Jack Bruce

2. Bill Nyman J. Lev Star J. College				
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1.	12. Phil Lesh	19. Frank Wilson	5. Jan Hammer	
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17. Carl Raide 18. Carl Raide 19. ReXt Database 19. ReXt D	15. Larry Graham		8. Miles Davis	3. Return to Forever
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	18. Willie Weeks	4. War		6. Tom Scott & the L.A. Express
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1. Sandan-Boy 1.	13. Steve Miller Band		14. John Abercrombic	
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8. Al Green 9. Sily Stone 10. Smokey Robinson 110.			9. Mike Bruce	
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FEMALE VOCALIST	19. Billy Paul		PERCUSSION	
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11. J. J. Johnson 3. Roberta Flack 4. Roberta Flack 5. Chaka Khan 5. Chaka Khan 6. Tina Turner 14. Bine Mitchell 15. Al Grey 9. Flyin Jones 10. John Hartford 11. Lester Flatt 11. Lester Flatt 12. Sonny James 12. Sonny James 13. Wayne Henderson 14. Bine Mitchell 15. Al Grey 9. Flyin Jones 16. Bill Watrons 17. Nat Adderley 18. Dionne Warwick 19. Dionne Warwick 11. Mel Lewis 11. J. John Faber 12. Sonny James 12. Sonny James 13. Charlie McCoy 14. John Faber 15. Al Grey 16. Dionna Water 17. Nat Adderley 17. Nat Adderley 18. Urbie Green 19. John Martord 19. John Gurerin 19		10. Randy Brecker		
13. Wayne Henderson	4. Roberta Flack		6. Mongo Santamaria	9. Vassar Clements
7. Aretha Franklin 7. Gladys Knight 9. Dionne Warwick 10. Minnie Riperton 11. Vicki Sue Robinson 12. Deniece Williams 13. Charlie McCoy 14. Esther Phillips 15. Al Grey 16. Bill Watrous 17. Nat Adderley 18. Chet Baker 19. John Guerin 19. Lovd Green 11. Mel Lewis 11. Mel Lewis 12. Jinmy Cobb 13. John Guerin 19. Lovd Green 14. At Blakey 15. Al Grey 16. Alphonse Mouzon 16. Alphonse Mouzon 17. Pete Drake 18. Lloyd Green 19. Curly Ray Cline 19. Curly Ray Cline 20. Jack De Johnette 20. Jack De Johnette 20. Jack De Johnette 20. Jack De Johnette 21. Gordon Lightfoot 22. John Denver 23. Kris Kristofferson 24. Waylon Jennings 25. Willie Nelson 26. Al Greev 27. Wayne Shorter 28. Smokey Robinson 29. Wayne Shorter 29. John Denver 20. John Denver 20. John Guerin 20. Johny Gomble 20. Ralph Stanley 20. Jack De Johnette 21. Gordon Lightfoot 22. Chuck Mangione 23. Kris Kristofferson 24. Waylon Jennings 25. Willie Nelson 26. Miles Davis 27. Hovt Axton 28. Kichael Murphey 29. Merle Haggard 20. John Marker 29. Merle Haggard 20. John Marker 29. Merle Haggard 20. John Marker 29. Merle Haggard 20. Gordon Lightfoot 20. Gordon Lightfoot 21. Gordon Lightfoot 22. Dave Brubeck 23. Kris Kristofferson 24. Waylon Jennings 25. Dave Brubeck 26. Mac Davis 27. Hovt Axton 28. Kichael Murphey 29. Merle Haggard 20. Gil Scott-Heron-Brian Jackson 20. Gla Scott-Heron-Brian Jackson 21. John Hartford 22. Roger Miller 23. John Denver 24. Waylon Jennings 25. Chuck Mangione 26. Marker 27. Hovt Axton 28. Kris Kristofferson 29. Merle Haggard 29. Merle Haggard 20. Gil Scott-Heron-Brian Jackson 20. John Marker 21. John Hartford 21. John Hartford 22. Roge		13. Wayne Henderson		
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13. Gloria Gaynor 14. Esther Phillips 15. Melba Moore 16. Donna Summer 17. Joan Armatrading 18. Thelma Houston 18. Thelma Houston 18. Thelma Houston 19. Curly Ray Cline 20. Ralph Stanley 20. Jack De Johnette 21. Gordon Lightfoot 22. John Denver 23. Kris Kristofferson 24. Composer 25. Grover Washington, Jr. 26. Stan Getz 27. Wayne Shorter 28. Ronnie Laws 29. Walter Parazaider 29. Walter Parazaider 30. Woody Herman 41. Isaac Hayes 41. Isaac Hayes 42. Laws 43. Stanley Jones 44. Herbic Hancock 45. Stan Getz 46. Al Green 47. Woody Herman 48. Laws 49. Walter Parazaider 40. Woody Herman 41. Junior Walker 41. Junior Walker 42. Chuck Mangione 43. Kris Kristofferson 44. Herbic Hancock 45. Dave Brubeck 46. Miles Davis 47. Hotel Clarke 48. Kinical Murphey 49. Michel Legrand 40. Gil Scott-Heron-Brian Jackson 41. John Hartford 41. John Hartford 41. John Hartford 41. John Hartford 42. Raiph Stanley 40. Call Green 41. John Hartford 41. John Hartford 42. Raiph Stanley 40. Call Green 41. John Hartford 41. John Hartford 41. John Hartford 41. John Hartford 42. Raiph Stanley 40. Call Green 41. Chick Corea 41. Chick Corea 42. John Denver 43. Kris Kristofferson 44. Herbic Hancock 45. Willic Nelson 46. Miles Davis 47. Hotel Legrand 48. Willie Bobo 49. Lake Willie Bobo 40. Call Stanley 40. Lake Mangione 41. Chick Corea 41. Chick Corea 42. Chuck Mangione 43. Kris Kristofferson 44. Wavion Jennings 45. Willie Nelson 46. Miles Davis 47. Horther Hartfoot 48. Liond Green 49. Mile Nelson 49. Mile Legrand 40. Gil Scott-Heron-Brian Jackson 41. John Hartford 41. John Hartford 41. John Hartford 41. Linda Hargrove 41. Linda Hargrove 41. Linda Hargrove 42. Chuck Mangione 43. Kris Kristofferson 44. Wavion Jennings 45. Willie Nelson 46. Miles Davis 47. World Green 48. Kris Legrand 49. Miles Legrand 40. Gil Scott-Heron-Brian Jackson 40. Gil Scott-Heron-Brian Jackson 41. Linda Hargrove 41. Linda Hargrove 42. Linda Hargrove 43. Kris Kristofferson 44. Herbic Hancock 45. Willie Nelson 46. Miles Davis 47. Willie Nelson 48. Kris Legrand 49. Miles Legrand 40				
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"A dozen years from now, I might want to be prime minister or I might be running a leper colony."

marriage as an eternal institution, you

PLAYBOY: Is it possible for a woman to carry on a successful relationship with you if she isn't addicted to airplanes?

FROST: Any woman who suffers from travel sickness, I think, is out as far as I'm concerned. Obviously, the stresses of travel have to be negligible as far as the ladies in my life are concerned. But that doesn't mean they have to go on every trip I make. If I go off on a lightning, whistle-stop tour of four cities, it wouldn't be very enjoyable for someone to tag along, so I probably wouldn't suggest she come along, because it wouldn't be much fun for her. But, on the other hand, if one's going to Australia for two weeks, that's a very enjoyable trip. And so that works out fine.

PLAYBOY: Does all this hard living and hard working have a purpose? Do you have any concrete goals above and beyond immersing yourself in your own constantly rising media mix?

FROST: There's a phrase that Robert

Kennedy used in the interview I did with him about making a contribution that I think is a very good phrase, because it's terribly difficult to answer your question without sounding officious or pompous or whatever. But I think the phrase making a contribution pictures it at the right sort of level, in the sense that it's a phrase that pictures it modestly but can mean a lot without having to say a lot. God, I don't know how to put it other than saying, in my case, I hope it's making some sort of contribution in terms of awareness or information or understanding. Also, one of the most satisfying things I've ever found to do with my life is to give other people some of the opportunities I've had, people who've been said no to in terms of doing the thing they believe in. I mean, writing the thing they believe in, performing the thing they believe in. There was a whole area of humor in England that I was able to help make happen simply because I took the responsibility of giving those people their

were wrong. They've gone on to great success, and it would be too much to say that it gave one a greater pleasure than doing it oneself, because that would be exaggerating, but it gave one as much pleasure, really. You know, I've been very fortunate. I've had a lot of opportunities and I've tried to seize them with both hands, but without a bit of luck, probably nobody can make that advance. Now, I don't think there are a lot of unsung Tennessee Williamses or unsung Mort Sahls or unsung whoever else one cares to name around the world. But I think there are some people who haven't been given the opportunity they ought to have been given. And anything one can do in that area gives one enormous pleasure. PLAYBOY: Do you find yourself moving

own shows and took the blame if they

more and more in that direction-having been a performer and suddenly enjoying your role as a producer?

FROST: I do enjoy it enormously, but then, I really like getting my teeth into so many things. Sitting down and really working on the Nixon book was an extraordinarily satisfying experience. I've always wanted to do more writing and I haven't yet found the time for it. I've wanted to write about the Dutch Resistance for the past 15 years. Now, I doubt I will ever get around to that, but I might, because I'm a great believer in the reverse of Parkinson's Law; Parkinson's Law is that thing about your job expanding to fill the time allotted for it. I think your time expands to allow you to cram in as many things as you're sufficiently determined to cram in. I look at the number of things I do now and I know I'm doing more things than I did five years ago, so I have found time for the extra things, you know. I think it's a question of determination. It's also a question of adrenaline, for if something you do really excites you, you can find the time and energy to do it.

PLAYBOY: But you really have no ideafive or ten years down the road-what will excite you?

FROST: No, I haven't. I mean, I know it's new challenges and new frontiers and new opportunities, obviously, but what they will be-no. I don't proceed with a carefully mapped-out long-term plan. However, I can discern in my conduct a number of sort of overriding principles of things I do and things I don't do. I don't do things that I don't believe in, because I know that, one, I wouldn't do them well and, two, they wouldn't give me the pleasure and adrenaline I'd need from them. So I don't know what I'll be doing a dozen years from now. At the age of 50, I might want to be prime minister or I might be running a leper colony. I have no idea, but I'm keeping every option open.



"But Gwendoline, I only said I'd read the Kama Sutra; I didn't say I'd remembered it."



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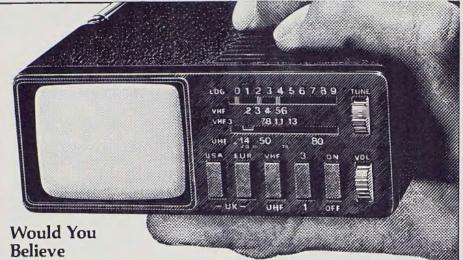
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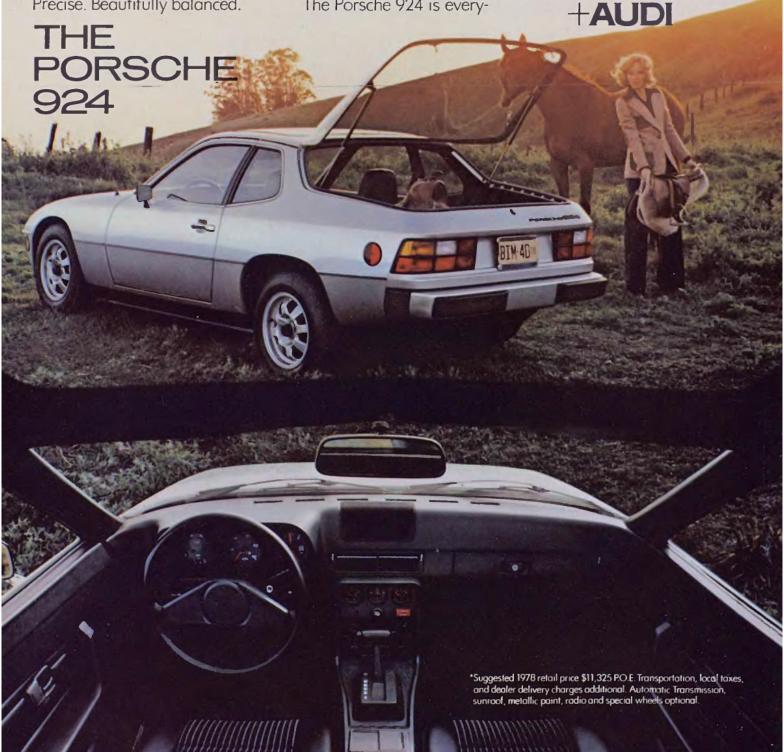
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"I watched Nixon's face closely. One could almost see the complicated dials in his head turning feverishly."

two former prosecutors in the special prosecutor's office, Richard Ben-Veniste and George Frampton. I knew the profound disappointment these young lawyers felt at not ever having got Nixon on the stand, and their impulse to help me was transparently vicarious. The Frost interrogation was likely, they felt, to be the only grilling Nixon would ever get.

When I showed the February 13th and 14th Colson conversations to Frampton and Ben-Veniste, they exchanged glances and then broke into laughter.

"You've got something no one else has," Frampton said. "Those transcripts must have been placed in the official exhibits by a clerical error."

By early April 1977, we had become used to the trip up the coast to Monarch Bay, where the shows were being taped. I was discouraged. It seemed to me the interviews thus far lacked the electricity we had been hoping for. On April sixth, the subject matter had at last come to Watergate. But in those opening sessions, Zelnick and I felt that Frost hadn't pressed hard enough. After a party that night, we badgered him about it, with the result that he buckled down to work the next day and our April 13th trip to Monarch Bay had a totally different flavor from any of the previous trips. Frost had peaked at the right moment. During the drive, we discussed the law on obstruction of justice and I showed Frost its exact wording.

"Mr. President," Frost said crisply as the session began, "to try to review your conduct over the whole Watergate period is a daunting task. With the perspective of three years now, do you feel that you ever obstructed justice or were part of a conspiracy to obstruct justice?"

What followed in the next two hours that Wednesday, and two more hours on Friday, has been called a television epic. Tension started high and built toward an almost unbearable breaking point.

Frost's opening gambit-asking the broad question and hoping for the categorical denial-was met by Nixon's promise to answer, at some future point. Meanwhile, he agreed to let Frost recount the events factually.

There followed a period during which, in response to a sharply worded question by Frost, Nixon would attempt to broaden or divert the answer. Each time, Frost pulled him back, refusing to bite at the rhetorical hooks Nixon dangled. Frost continued recounting the evidence until he came to the date that interested me most: June 20, 1972. He mentioned the famous conversation between Nixon and Haldeman containing the 18and-a-half-minute gap. Nixon, under much pressure from Frost, would not budge from his position that he had no idea how the erasure occurred.

Frost then played his surprise card, casually mentioning the Colson conversation. Here was Frost suddenly coming up with new and highly damaging material. What else did he have?

I watched Nixon's face closely on the monitor as Frost read the excerpts. His jawline seemed to elongate. The corners of his mouth turned down. His eyes seemed more liquid. One could almost see the complicated dials in his head turning feverishly.

'Now, somewhere, you were pretty well informed by that conversation, weren't you?" Frost blandly concluded.

Nixon fumbled for a beginning, toying with an attack on the validity of Frost's questions.

"You have read here excerpts out of a conversation with Colson . . . ah. . . . " Then he thought better of it, switched his thrust. "Let me say what my motive was, and that's the important thing. My motive was not to cover up a criminal action but to be sure that as far as any slip-over . . . or should I say slop-over, a better word . . . any slop-over in a way that would damage innocent people or blow it into political proportions." The choice of words between slip-over and slop-over never failed to get a laugh from audiences later.

The discussion then moved to the day of smoking pistols: June 23, 1972, the day the cover-up was set in place. Frost bore down so hard that Jack Brennan, Nixon's chief of staff in exile, would later say that he had urged Nixon to concede the illegality of the June 23rd actions, but then Nixon had consulted with lawyers. So Frost, the show-business personality, found himself explaining the law to the lawyer and former President.

"If I try to rob a bank and fail, that's no defense," Frost said, "I still tried to rob a bank. I would say you tried to obstruct justice and succeeded in that [June 23rd-July sixth] period."

Nixon stopped him. He granted that Frost was performing as the attorney for the prosecution, but probably he had not read the statute on obstruction of justice. A vision of my showing its exact language to David not one hour before flashed through my mind.

"Well, I have!" Frost exclaimed.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Of course, you probably have read it, but possibly you might have missed it, because when I read it, many years ago . . . perhaps when I was studying law . . . although the statute didn't even exist then, because it's a relatively new statute, as you know." Later, this painful floundering was called the "most clear-cut researcher's victory one could witness."

The debate finally ended on a clear enunciation of the issue.

"Now, after the [L. Patrick] Gray conversation, the cover-up went on," Frost declared. "You would say that you were not aware of it. I was arguing that you were part of it as a result of the June 23rd conversation."

"You're gonna say that I was a part of it as a result of the June 23rd conversation?" It was a crucial moment.

"Yes," Frost said stoutly.

"After July sixth, when I talked to Gray?" Nixon queried.

"I would have said that you joined a conspiracy which you thereafter never left." Frost solidified his position.

"Then we totally disagree on that."

No journalist in America, I concluded, would have had the courage of Frost in that vital moment. But therein lay the failing of American journalism. For Frost here was an advocate. He was far beyond the narrow American definition of "objective journalism."

By the time Nixon spoke his wrenching, yet still defensive apology in the next taping session for having "let down" the American people, and said that he would never more have a place in public life, I saw the final success of Frost's interviews.

The danger that these interviews would provide Nixon with a means of rehabilitation had been smothered. Four weeks earlier, on March 23, 1977, Nixon had said: "As time passed, I felt I might be able in the field closest to my heart to work for peace in the world. . . . I haven't been able to do it yet. But in the few years I have left, I will do it." On April 19th, that seemed highly unlikely. In short, on March 23, 1977, San Clemente might very well have been Elba, but on April 19th, it was St. Helena for certain.

Frost was drained from his ordeal. "I think, Mr. President, that [the burden you carry] may be a little lighter after what you've said here."

Nixon was realistic. "I doubt it," he replied.

He must have realized then that he had underestimated Frost-as at first I had, as well. When Nixon said to the Englishman after it was all over, "You outgunned us," there seemed to be genuine respect, rather than bitterness, in the comment.

"Driving is always hazardous now because the streets of the world resemble used-car lots, junk yards."

With some help from us, he assembled a marvelous collection of paintings, including the *Mona Lisa*.

If it had not been for Geraldine, I would have killed myself last July in Paris. But then, if it had not been for Geraldine, I might never have waked up to what had happened.

We talked daily with Kalki and Lakshmi. They had moved to the St. Regis. They were debating whether or not to go south for the winter. Kalki wanted to settle in New Orleans, but Lakshmi was opposed. "We'll wait till you get back," she said, "and then we can take a vote on it. Anyway, I'm sure nobody wants to live through a winter in New York."

In all the five continents that we visited, there was no sign of human life.

As one city blurred into the next, I remember mostly airports. And stalled cars. And the cows in Calcutta. The cows had now taken over the city. They slept in the middle of the streets. Chewed grass in the downtown park. I thought it odd that they wanted to stay in the city when the whole countryside was theirs to roam around in. No doubt they, too, are victims of habit.

A tribe of bad-tempered monkeys had taken up residence in the Calcutta air terminal. They seemed not at all pleased to see us. Obviously, they had duly registered the fact that their old enemy and cousin Homo sapiens had mysteriously died out; and if they thought at all, they could not help but be pleased that (except for us) they were the sole quasireasoning primates in the world.

On impulse, I stole two baby monkeys. I must have been out of my mind. I hated motherhood. Now I am bringing up Jack and Jill (Geraldine named them).

In Hong Kong, we collected jade. There were squabbles, mostly with Giles. Who had seen what piece of Imperial jade first? He was unusually acquisitive. An anal personality, according to Geraldine. I could tell that she disliked him. Yet she never, directly, criticized him. When I told her that I thought that Giles had raped me in New Orleans, she was doubtful. "I don't think he would have had the time," she said. "After all, while you were unconscious, he had to examine you, to check whether you were sterile."

I was properly chilled. Had I proved to be fertile, I would not have been immunized. Rape seemed, suddenly, trivial.

In Hong Kong, we noticed what turned out to be a world phenomenon. After millennia of keeping a low profile, the rats had taken to the streets. They were bold. Dangerous, too. But Mother Nature can always be relied upon to strike a bloody balance. In a very short time, cats and dogs were joined by carnivorous birds and the rat population declined.

In Sydney, domestic animals roamed the streets. Chickens were everywhere. As a result, those predators that enjoyed chicken were also in evidence. Cattle grazed in front of the opera house. Geraldine filmed. Made notes. Giles collected and collected. I flew the plane.

The sky over Los Angeles was the color of a perfect aquamarine. No more smog. No more anything. I did not want to stay overnight. But Giles insisted. He also wanted to visit the Polo Lounge in the Beverly Hills Hotel. For old time's sake.

Later, from the Bistro restaurant, we rang Kalki and Lakshmi in Washington, D.C. "We're in the White House," said Lakshmi; she sounded excited. "We're living here. It's wonderful."

"And convenient," said Kalki.

"And comfortable," said Lakshmi. "You'll love it."

"It's also got the best security," said Kalki. I was about to ask him what he meant by that when the connection broke.

The next morning, we drove to the airport; and noted yet another phenomenon. Hollywood had been taken over by exotic birds, to the delight of Giles. "There must have been a hurricane," he said. "There's no other explanation. They were blown free from. . . . Look! There's a Patagonian contre! That's very rare." Giles was at the wheel.

"Keep your eye on the road," said Geraldine, a nervous passenger at best, and driving is always hazardous now because the streets of the world resemble used-car lots, junk yards.

On the afternoon of July 30, we drove up to the main gate of the White House. Kalki and Lakshmi came toward us, hand in hand, like newlyweds. We were greeted as warmly as the day, which was sweltering. Washington is as humid a city as New Orleans.

"What are we going to do without air conditioning?" Giles hates the heat almost as much as I do.

"We have air conditioning," said Lakshmi. In a water-green sari, she resembled her Katmandu self.

But Kalki wore shorts and a polo shirt. "There's a backup generator in the White House," he said. "So we've got all the electricity we need. I also checked out——"

Kalki was interrupted by a loud roar from the other side of Pennsylvania Avenue. We turned. At the edge of Lafayette Square, a pair of lions stared at us, curiously.

"From the 200," said Kalki sourly. "Thanks to Lakshmi."

Our first night in the White House was . . . what? Memorable. And comfortable. We had electric lights; also, fresh milk, butter, eggs, vegetables, fruit. "Everything we eat," said Kalki, "is grown right here on the White House grounds." Lakshmi had cooked us a fine dinner, which we ate in the state dining room.

The main course was fish, caught by Kalki in the nearby Potomac River.

"We have fish every day," said Lakshmi, "because Kalki can't bear to kill any of the animals, not even a chicken."

"Then I, my dear Kalki, will be not only your doctor and Perfect Master but White House butcher." As Giles is as good a butcher as he is a cook, we always eat well when he is in charge of the White House kitchen.

After dinner, Lakshmi led us into the Red Room. There we produced our presents. Lakshmi was delighted with her pearls. Kalki was pleased with an elaborate Chinese clock that Giles had found in Tokyo, at the emperor's palace. The clock not only told what time it was everywhere in the world but also recorded the positions of the moon and stars.

We drank too much champagne and made jokes about the last President's alleged austerity, dryness.

Giles looked at Lakshmi. "How is my patient?"

Lakshmi smiled. "Never better, or fatter. I crave seedless grapes. But there aren't any."

"When is the baby due?" I asked.

"In December," said Kalki. Solemnly, we drank to the new human race.

Kalki and Lakshmi then escorted us to the surprisingly small living quarters on the second floor, where Giles was assigned the Lincoln bedroom. I should note here that in Paris, Geraldine and I decided that we would be entirely open about our relationship. We were. And we are. The others have taken it well, I think. Certainly, Lakshmi seems to approve, while Kalki is benign. Giles? He is deep.

Although the White House remained our headquarters, we decided that it was much too small a place for five people and a pair of lively young monkeys.

Giles moved across Pennsylvania Avenue to Blair House, a building used by official guests to the United States in the old days. "The old days" is the way we describe life before The End.

Geraldine and I also moved across Pennsylvania Avenue, to the Hay-Adams Hotel. We have a fine view of Lafayette Square, which is full of wildlife. I have taken up bird watching.

In August, Geraldine set up a laboratory on the third floor of the hotel. We looted the city for special equipment and



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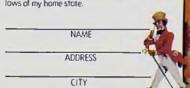
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she was able to find pretty much what she needed. Every day, all day, she works with eggs, chicken embryos. . . . I assume that she is making genetic alterations.

My own days are busy. Mornings I go to the White House. I help Kalki and Giles with the livestock. There are two young milk cows (older cows are all dead: no one to milk them). Giles has built a chicken coop in the rose garden. A herd of sheep is beginning to make some progress with the shaggy White House lawn. I weed vegetables. Tried but failed to learn how to milk a cow.

Lakshmi makes bread for all of us. The flour is getting moldy. Giles thinks that the wheat in Virginia should be ready in a few weeks. But none of us knows how to harvest it. I have been studying books on agriculture. Lakshmi says that close to Silver Spring, Maryland, there is an old-fashioned mill, run by water from a stream. She thinks that the mill must still be functioning. If so, we can have water-ground meal. There is a lot of work to do, just to keep going, day by day. Ah, day by day.

I get back to the Hay-Adams in time for lunch with Geraldine. I prepare the food. She cooks. Evenings, we usually dine at the White House. Giles takes chefdom seriously. We talk a lot about food. There is not much else, after all.

Last summer, during the daytime, we wore bathing suits. I felt odd, maintaining aircraft in a bikini. But the heat was crushing. At night, we dressed up.

Geraldine and Lakshmi went into a friendly competition. Each night, they revealed new evening dresses, not to mention tiaras, necklaces, earrings, bracelets. Beneath the crystal chandeliers in the East Room, the girls shone. I was demure. I usually wore black or white. Only on rare occasions did I wear the star rubies.

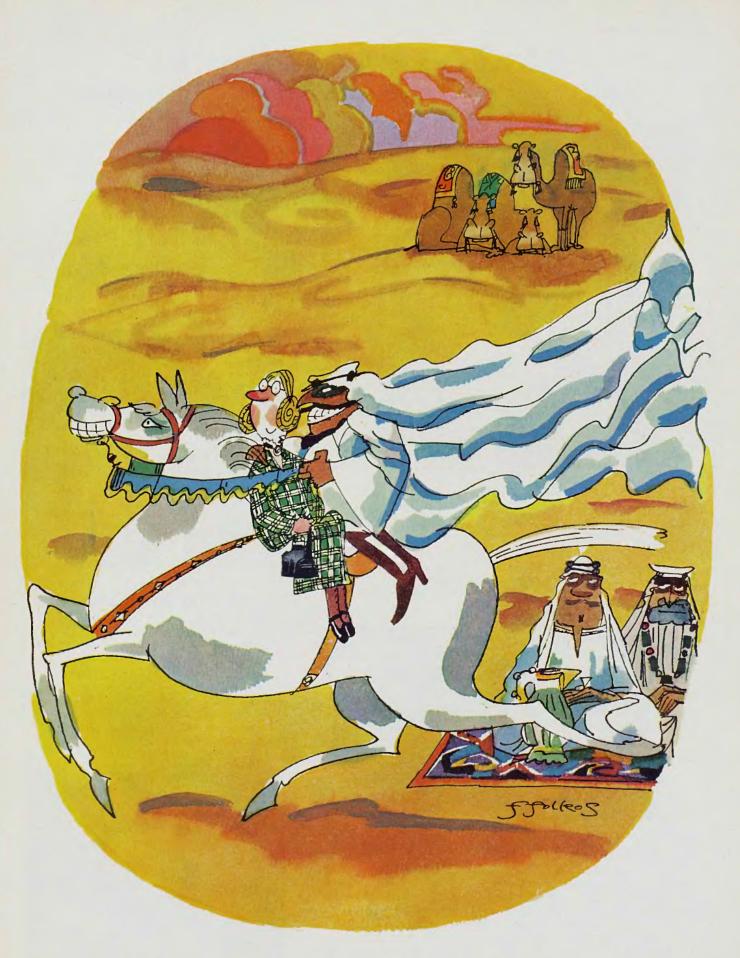
Late in August, at the end of dinner, just before we went down to the projection room to see a film, Lakshmi suddenly said, "You know, I'm a native of Washington and I've never been to Mount Vernon. Who wants to go?" Since none of us had ever visited Mount Vernon, Kalki proposed an outing.

On a hot, windless morning, we left from a dock near the White House. I was at the wheel. Having no map, I headed upriver toward the Great Falls instead of down-river to Mount Vernon. But it made no difference. All that mattered was the normality of a day's outing.

In nothing but a pair of frayed trunks, Kalki looked uncommonly boyish; blondness smeared with oil. Geraldine wore a floppy straw hat and a muumuu. Deathly afraid of skin cancer, she hurries to Giles every time she thinks that a freckle has gone awry.

Lakshmi lay on an air-filled mattress in (continued on page 230)

you want, and you don't need special bias switches on your deck to use it.



"He knows everything about horses but next to nothing about women."

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



TRICKY TACKY

Bette Midler would call it "gar-bage." But Tacky Enterprises, the people who manufacture the novelty jewelry pictured at left, prefer that you think of their product as Trash Chic. Whatever your choice, Tacky Enterprises' tacky creations are made of the plastic stuff that's like what used to be dispensed from gum-ball machines: baseballs, hamburgers, eight balls, baseball mitts, etc., all made into necklaces (\$4.95), chokers (\$5.95), bracelets (\$6.95) and collars (\$10.95), available from the company at P.O. Box 480295, Los Angeles, California 90048. When ordering, you can specify individual items or a mixture, or go hog-wild and choose their Tacky Fantastic number that's an assortment of things strung together. When you get it, flaunt it!

ROLLING THUNDER

Roller-coaster junkies will be lining up this April for what surely must be the ultimate amusement-park thrill ride yet—the Colossus, a double-track roller coaster running 9203 feet in length, with two drops of over 100 feet and a projected top speed in excess of 60 mph. Magic Mountain in Valencia, California, will be the Colossus' new home. By the way, hot-shot, the entire structure will be made out of wood, so that everything creaks and groans and roars and scares the bejesus out of you.



VER JANE

GET THE MESSAGE

Everybody's seen those continuously moving illuminated tape messages that say special sale...all prices slashed...and more as they roll endlessly on and on across the front of a long, narrow metal box. Well, just think if you were to order the number-30 model from Salescaster Displays Corporation, at 1010 East Elizabeth Avenue, Linden, New Jersey 07036, and have them create your own personal moving message (up to 115 characters and spaces), all for just \$127.50, F.O.B. the factory. Why, you could propose to your girl, tell off your boss... Hold it! Our office Salescaster is rolling. STEVENS... YOU'RE FIRED! ...

IT'S DONE WITH MIRRORS

What you see is what you don't get when you own a Mirage bowl. There's a button in the center of the one pictured here, right? Wrong! When you reach for the button (or whatever object you've put into the bowl), it isn't there. What you're seeing is only a 3-D reflection that's realistic enough to touch. Don't believe it? Order one from Opti-Gone Associates, 22102 Clarendon Street, Woodland Hills, California 91364, for \$26 and go nuts.





GIVE SOMEONE THE FINGER

April Fools' Day, this year, can really be a scream if you attach your keys to a grisly key chain that a West Coast cottage industry called The Finger Factory, 3094 Waverley Street, Palo Alto, California 94306, is selling for \$5.95, postpaid. Dangling from one end of the key chain is the most realisticlooking severed finger we've ever seen. (Come to think of it, how many have we seen?) It feels real, it looks realthere's bone, blood, gook and gore. . . . Yech! And for doit-yourselfers, a kit's available for only \$3.95. Take five.

GOING, GOING, REAL GONE

Yes, guys, now you can make big money in the auction business if you enroll in the Reisch World Wide College of Auctioneering, P.O. Box 949, Mason City, Iowa 50401. The tuition for a two-week term is just \$465, including room and board, and subjects covered include farm sales, auto auctions and antiques, plus a text on how to tell sidesplitter jokes that will leave your audience chortling as it pays up. The school does request, however, that no jeans or shorts be worn to classes and your hair be neat and above the collar. Now, that's a laugh.



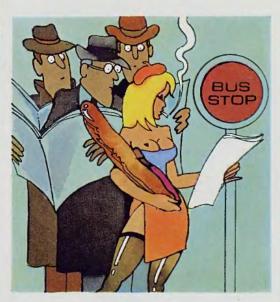
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TILT-TOP TABLE

You've all seen happy Roy Clark on *Hee Haw* and *The Tonight Show*. And now, if you've got 3000 bucks to spare, you can see him all lit up on your living-room floor. The Robert L. White Company, P.O. Box 16046, Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27105, is selling a two-player computerized Roy Clark cocktail-table pinball game that's guaranteed to keep free-game fiends firing for hours as they attempt to top 120,000 points. And because it's computerized, the unit is easy to repair. Just don't sit on Roy's face.



FRANK TALK

It's April in Paris and you say you're in Scranton? Let a hip tabloid-type newspaper printed in English called *The Paris Metro* bring the City of Light to you every other week for a mere bagatelle: A one-year subscription is \$26 surface delivery or \$52 airmail sent to European Publishers Representative, 11-03 46th Avenue, Long Island City. New York 11101. Once you've finished an edition, you can always housebreak your poodle on it.



"On the rock's smooth surface lay, intertwined and intermingled, two skeletons. Male and female?"

the stern, "So peaceful," she murmured. Then she crossed her arms over the belly that now contains the future of the human race and slept a deep sleep,

Kalki joined me at the wheel. He is a nature lover. He has also taken up bird watching, and we compare notes at the end of each week . . . each week! We still govern our days by clocks and calendars, just as if there were still such a thing as historic time. In a voice too low for the others to hear, he asked, "Do you find it lonely?" Considering the source, the question was startling.

I answered honestly. "Yes."

"So do I." Again considering the source (Vishnu the creator in terminal tandem with Siva the destroyer), I was taken aback quite a distance.

I looked at Kalki. He was staring at a high green-covered cliff that rose perpendicular from the muddy water. When he spoke, the voice was sad. No, pensive. "I'm human, too," he said. "That's the hard part. I sometimes think that this

one who preserves. Yet there are times when I feel"-again his eyes strayed to the soft swirling of the river-"drifting."

I steered the boat beneath a bridge. As I did, Giles looked up from the backgammon board. "My dear Teddy, we are now passing beneath historic Chain Bridge. That means you are going in exactly the wrong direction. Mount Vernon is down-river."

Lakshmi opened her eyes. "It's my fault," she apologized. "I'm the Washingtonian. I should have told you." With that, she went back to sleep. I turned the boat about. The heat was oppressive. Even on the river, there was no breeze. I noted that the barometer was falling. We were due for a storm. From the southwest.

Giles and Geraldine continued their

body of mine is a sort of anchor." He looked at the river, found a simile. "Dragging in mud. I miss all sorts of people. And I ought not to. The best will go on into the next cycle. So why be sorry? Particularly when I am the creator. The game. Kalki drank Coors and looked at the scenery, and seemed at peace.

Just off the Virginia shore, a large rock broke the muddy water like a miniature Italy. On the rock's smooth surface lay, intertwined and intermingled, two skeletons. Male and female? Male and male? Female and female? There were no identifying clothes. They had been nude. Had they been making love, I wondered, when life ended?

Tired and sweaty, we docked at Mount Vernon. Except for Lakshmi, we all dove into the warm water. Swam among weeds. Walked on the slithery mud bottom. Made nervous jokes about poisonous snakes. Copperheads frequent the Potomac River. But we saw none that day.

Like tourists, we toured the mansion. We stared at the old furniture and paintings, at the glass cases that contained swords, gloves, stockings, hats, shirts. Relics of George and Martha Washington. Unlike tourists, we opened some of the cases. Touched the old cloth. But then we put everything back except for Washington's three-cornered hat, which Kalki wore for the rest of the day.

Lakshmi and Geraldine arranged the picnic on the steps of the mansion while Kalki stretched out on the lawn, Washington's hat pulled down over his eyes.

In front of the iron-grille door to Washington's tomb, I sat on a bench. Giles started to sit next to me. Deliberately, I imagined a wall between us. A high stone wall. Yes, Giles sensed the wall. But then, I am a good mason. Something in me loves a wall.

With a sigh, Giles sat cross-legged on the ground. "Do you think that we are," he said, suddenly, "too few in number?"

"Isn't it a bit late to worry about that?" I am quick to suspect a plot. I am paranoid. But sly. First Kalki had asked me if I were lonely. Now Giles wanted to know much the same thing. I was certain that I was being tested. If so, a wrong score on the test. . .

I answered carefully. "I thought that all of you had figured that one out. You are now in possession of two breeders, as. well as three sterile preservers of the scientific culture. Then there will be nine children. . . .

"I wasn't referring to the next cycle. We have nothing to worry about in that department. Lakshmi and Kalki are genetic treasure houses. And complement each other perfectly. I am sure that if Mendel were here, he would applaud. No, I only meant too few for company. At the moment."

"Why should you care what I think? So far, no one has ever asked my opinion about anything. This is your show, not mine. Of course"-I was reasonably honest-"my opinion could never have really mattered, since I never thought that any of this would happen."

"Well, it did. And here we are." Giles



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arranged four thin hairy limbs into a yoga position. In tennis shorts and T-shirt, he looked particularly unattractive. Like smudged plastic, his bald head shone. "Because Kalki is Vishnu. He has to be," Giles added.

The addition surprised me. "Do you doubt him?"

"Doubt is human, my dear Teddy. And. Perfect Master that I am, I am entirely human."

"Well. . . ." I was sharp . . . too sharp? "He may not be Vishnu, but he certainly turned in a very good performance as Siva, the destroyer."

Giles gave me an odd look. I had the impression that he wanted to tell me something but did not dare. "Yes, he is Siva, who is Vishnu, who is Brahma, who is Kalki."

Giles reached into the pocket of his tennis shorts and removed a gold cylinder and spoon. Thoughtfully, he transferred white powdery cocaine from container to spoon. Then he sniffed. "Would you like some?"

"No, thanks."

"You are an old bluenose, Teddy!"

"The old bluenose, Giles, will be yours, not mine."

Giles's laugh was louder than my little joke warranted. He gets high easily. Turns manic. Talks too fast. And too much. But seated in front of Washington's tomb, nose dripping and eyes gleaming. Giles was unexpectedly quiet. Thoughtfully, he stared up at me.

Pregnant was the silence that, presently, gave birth to an idea. Nothing brilliant. Just an insight. Something I should have guessed when he made his comments about how few we were. "Of course, we are unbalanced," I said, looking down at him, compassionately. He began, involuntarily, to wriggle. "I mean," I spelled it out, "five is an odd number."

"A holy number." Giles avoided my compassionate look.

"Holy or not, you're odd man out, Giles. Kalki has Lakshmi. I have Geraldine. Why didn't you immunize poor Estelle? After sterilizing her first, of course." I have discovered, late in life, that sadism had unsuspected pleasures. For a moment, I munched on that forbidden fruit. Giles's wriggle changed, dramatically, to an agonized squirm. Yes, I was on target.

"That is my role," Giles said, avoiding my eyes. He took another snort of cocaine. "I enjoy being alone."

I had tortured him enough. I let fall the forbidden fruit and changed the subject. I pointed to the snifter of cocaine. "What," I asked, "was the real point to the drugs?"

"Point?" A pair of Dr. Ashoky eyes stared up at me, slightly crossed.

"I never could figure out why it was necessary for Kalki to be involved in a drug ring."

'The money, dear Teddy."

"Of course. But I mean from a religious

point of view. I mean, is there any connection between drugs and the end of the age of Kali?"

"None at all. As a matter of fact, we always disapproved not only of drug addiction but also of alcohol and nicotine. Our ashrams were genuinely ascetic."

"But you smoke, drink, sniff. . . ."

"I was a flawed vessel of grace, dear Teddy. Yet I hate the sinner even as I hate the sin."

"Lunch!" called Lakshmi.

We rose. Giles put his arm through mine, as though he were very old. He even gave an Ashoky totter or two.

Dishes had been neatly arranged on the bottom step of the veranda. Kalki leaned against a column and ate fried chicken, Washington's hat resting on his cars. Either Washington's head had been a good deal larger than Kalki's or the general had worn a wig under the hat. Lakshmi filled Martha Washington's crystal glasses with beer. Geraldine served potato salad on paper plates.

"Let us drink to the golden age!" said Giles. And so we did. He was now manic. "And to the rebirth of all those who believed in Kalki and who now reside in all their teeming millions and, yes, putative billions in ova here!" Giles placed his hand on Lakshmi's swollen stomach.

The picnic was pleasant. The mugginess was not. I don't like Washington in summer. Or, to be frank, at any time. But it was Lakshmi's home, and Kalki wanted to indulge her. Particularly now. The thought that the entire future of the human race was growing inside her awed us all. It was as if four billion people had been compressed into a single ovary, like one of those collapsed suns that becomes a black hole opening onto a whole new cosmos. A golden age? Well, we shall not live to see much more than the beginning. According to Lakshmi, the first child will be called Eye.

"That's a strange name," I said, "for a child of Vishnu."

"I am ecumenical," said Kalki, mildly.

I helped Lakshmi and Geraldine put away the picnic things. Odd, come to think of it, how we tidied up. In a few years, Mount Vernon will be a ruin and it will have made no difference whether or not we had cleaned up the remains of fried chicken and potato salad, the paper plates and beer cans.

A hot rain was falling by the time we got back to the boat.

The trip was rough. The wind made high waves. The rain soaked us. Although Geraldine and Giles were seasick, Lakshmi was reasonably comfortable in the cabin while Kalki very much enjoyed the storm. He stood beside me at the wheel and let the rain lash his face.

As I was preparing to dock, Kalki said, "I want you to write down everything that you can remember from the first day you ever heard of me. And I mean everything. Even when you doubted me, which

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I don't mind. Just write it all down, I don't care how it's written, Teddy. What matters is your personal record. What you felt. What you feel."

We were now roaring at each other over the wind. I shouted, "Why?"

"For the future. For my descendants."

"Giles can do a better job. . . ."

"No. You must do it."

I had no idea why Kalki was so insistent. I still have no idea. But I agreed. Why not? "It's a bit like writing the New Testament." I made a joke that Kalki took with perfect seriousness.

"But you're a lot better off than the writers of the New Testament. You were there at the end, which they were not. And now you are here, as a witness, at the beginning." On that resonant note, a gust of wind blew General Washington's hat off Kalki's head. The hat vanished in the river's high waves.

All in all, I have enjoyed . . . well, no, not enjoyed; I have found interesting this work of recollection. Cathartic, even. Certainly, it has given shape to my days.

Each morning, I come here to the Cabinet Room. I work for several hours. Midway through, I offered to show Kalki the text, but he refused to look at it. "Not until you're finished."

Jack and Jill have had a baby. Jill is a lot older than we thought; and pregnant when I found her in India. Jill's first child is a girl, a good omen. We refer to her as The Child. I have turned over the lobby and downstairs bar of the Hay-Adams to the monkeys. They could not be happier, swinging from lamps, making messes, chattering to one another—to us, too. They very much want to talk or at least communicate with us.

It is October third. Giles has invited all of us to Blair House. He is giving his first dinner party. Yesterday, he passed out engraved invitations. Black tie. *Black* tie! R.S.V.P.

Giles was got up as Dr. Ashok, "For old times' sake, my dear Teddy."

I was mildly disturbed by the white wig, the brown face, the aura of curry. It was as if instead of five survivors there were now six. I said as much. Giles giggled, in the breathy Indian fashion.

Geraldine was direct, as always. "Giles likes being Dr. Ashok because of the wig. He hates being bald. Don't you, Giles? And there isn't enough hair at the back of your neck for transplants."

Giles pretended to be amused. But then, it always amuses him to pretend. After all, he is two people. At least. And I must admit that one of those multiple selves is a good interior decorator. Certainly, Blair House has been beautifully done over.

Dr. Ashok, as Giles wanted to be addressed, mixed the driest of dry martinis. We drank, heavily. Unfortunately, my head is the weakest of the five . . . six? Geraldine's is the strongest. That night, Dr. Ashok proved to be so much the perfect host that we could not help but be somewhat less than perfect guests.

I thought that Geraldine looked dazzling tonight. She wore a stunning gown by Balenciaga, taken from a display of 20th Century high-fashion masterpieces at the Smithsonian. This particular gown had been made in the Thirties for a celebrated beauty named Mrs. Harrison Williams. Although Mrs. Williams had been somewhat taller than Geraldine, each had the same narrow waist. I know. I fitted the dress for Geraldine. Also, in honor of our first dinner at Blair House. Geraldine wore the empress Josephine's emerald necklace, as well as a small diamond tiara that had belonged to Marie Antoinette. The effect-dazzling.

I wore another masterpiece from the Smithsonian collection. A classic design in red damask, cut by the genius Charles James. Although I have never cared very much for clothes, I will say that tonight I did not look, exactly, my worst.

"There are times, Giles——" Geraldine began. But our host interrupted her.

"Dr. Ashok!"

"Dr. Ashok. That I wonder who you really are. I mean, deep down inside. Is Dr. Lowell impersonating Dr. Ashok or does Dr. Ashok impersonate Dr. Lowell?"

"A true mystery, dearest Geraldine! Personally, I suspect that each is really the other and neither one is me."

Geraldine was amused. I was not.

"Hello," said Kalki. He and Lakshmi were standing in the doorway.

Giles leaped to his feet and pranamed. Geraldine and I both got to our feet. We always do when Kalki and Lakshmi enter a room. I don't know why. After all, we know them so well. See them in bathing suits. Working in the garden. Sweating in the sun. Covered with poison-ivy blisters. Nevertheless, there is a real sense of-I won't say divinity, because that word means nothing to me-but of magic about them. And, of course, they are physically beautiful. Tonight Lakshmi wore the ropes of pearls that I had brought her from Paris; a royal-purple creation from Dior disguised her pregnancy. Kalki looked very young in a black-velvet suit.

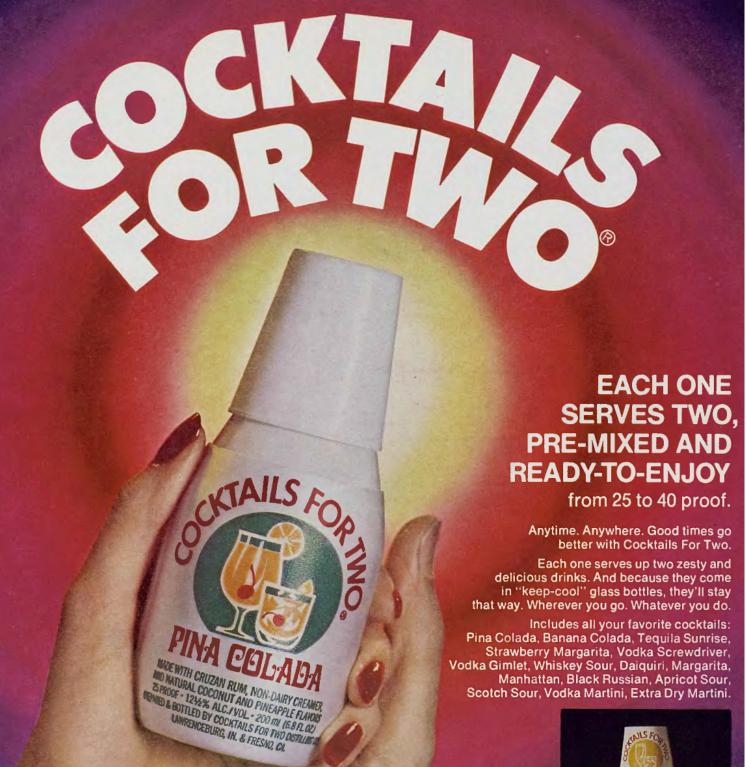
Giles—not Dr. Ashok—had prepared the dinner. We gorged on a dozen courses served off solid-gold plates that Giles had found in London, created for Louis XV. We do live nicely.

Conversation was general. The state of physics, genetics, medicine, engineering as of April third this year.

Kalki hoped that each of us would go in for original research, the way that Geraldine has been doing in her laboratory, "Because," said Kalki, "the most important thing that you are going to



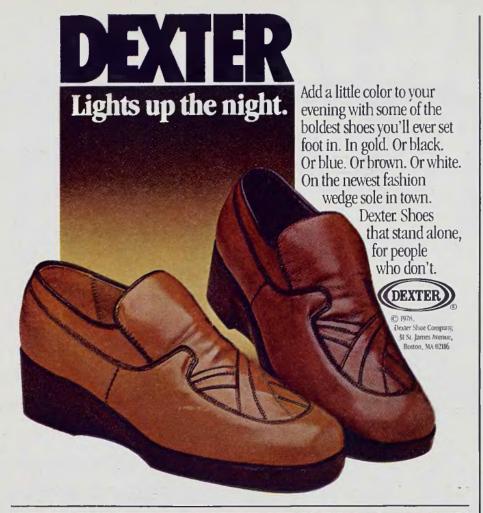
"I'm afraid I don't have any of my paintings here.
I only do vans."



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have to do is teach the first generation how to be teachers, too."

"Aren't they lucky!" Lakshmi was flushed in the candlelight. "A brand-new race. With nothing in them of the old except the best."

"Well," said Geraldine, always to the sometimes disagreeable point. "They won't be all that new. And they certainly won't be the best. You and Kalki are nothing more than two pools of absolutely run-of-the-mill genes. Your children will be nice-looking. They'll be healthy. But the odds are against their being geniuses, no matter how hard I work."

"But I am also Vishnu," Kalki said, grinning boyishly, eyes shining. "Surely, that fact alters the genetic pool.

"I agree. You are Vishnu. But you have taken up residence in the body of J. I. Kelly and your children will be his children. They will be Alpha. Otherwise, they won't be so very different from the dearly departed four billion." Geraldine was hard. She had had too much wine.

Giles quickly changed the subject. "We must work out a new calendar. What, for instance, shall we call the period before April third? And the period after?"

During the chateaubriand, we decided to divide human history into two parts: Before Kalki and After Kalki. Not exactly original. But no one could think of anything better.

Giles then proposed that the months should be renamed for us. Lakshmi was delighted. She wants June to be called Lakshmi. Geraldine has taken September, which is what I wanted. I settled, gracefully, for October. January will be called Lowell. The other eight months will be named after the first eight children, starting with Eve.

We took coffee in the drawing room. The fireplace had begun, slightly, to smoke. I promised Giles that I'd clean out the flue. For a doctor, he is surprisingly clumsy with his hands.

Giles produced 100-year-old brandy and Cuban cigars. Geraldine smoked a cigar, I drank brandy from a huge Baccarat snifter.

"Mission accomplished!" Giles's favorite phrase had been appropriated by Dr.

"Only part one," said Kalki. "Part two is the launching of the golden age.'

"The children," murmured Lakshmi.

"Of course! Of course! I was hasty! Oh, how I envy you!" Giles stared at Kalki with somewhat wild, bloodshot eyes.

Geraldine and I exchanged a quick glance. We still wonder just how Giles will eventually adjust to being odd man out. So far, he has shown no overt signs of distress or anxiety. No, that is not quite true. Last summer, when the subject of wife swapping came up, Giles had spoken powerfully in favor of that sort of sexual pavan. But Kalki had swiftly vetoed the notion on the ground that since only he and Lakshmi can reproduce, there is no



"What do you mean—a ménage à trois?"



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reason for the rest of us to go through what he called "the motions," to which Giles had made the point that since there was no biological reason for such couplings, then, by the very same logic, there was absolutely no reason for us not to go through the traditional motions. Why, he asked, couldn't the one sterile male couple go through the motions with either or both of the two sterile women, or even with the one fertile female?

Kalki had not been moved by Giles's arguments. Geraldine thought that Giles was in love with Lakshmi. "Not with you?" I had asked.

"Not in a million years," she had replied.

"Or with me," I added. Well out of it.

Tonight I thought that Kalki handled Giles with unusual tact. "Your role is just as important," he said.

"No, no! How can it be? I'm a mere doctor, and the human race can certainly survive without doctors. In fact, the race might even thrive without us. But there cannot, literally, be a human race without you and Lakshmi. Oh, Lakshmi! Oh, beautiful one! Oh, ocean-born. . . . Suddenly, Giles sounded like Dr. Ashok in the lobby of Calcutta's Oberoi Grand, one world ago.

"Giles!" I could see that after Lakshmi's first delighted response to flattery, she was annoyed. Alarmed? "We don't want to hear all of my one thousand titles." She made light of an occasion gone heavy.

Giles poured himself more brandy and Kalki rolled a joint.

Geraldine changed the subject. She reverted to biology. "I wish," she said, "that we had a biological backup for Kalki. Or even an alternative."

Giles spilled most of his brandy as hand with glass missed mouth. Lakshmi blushed. Kalki's face looked to be uninhabited as Geraldine proceeded to drop her bricks. Later, she told me that she could not let this opportunity to speak her mind pass. As if she ever did. Or does. I love her candor.

Speaking as a geneticist, I'm not entirely satisfied with the present arrangement." Geraldine got to her feet. I could almost imagine a blackboard behind her. She must have been the first biologist ever to lecture in a Balenciaga gown. "I believe that you've all read my paper on inbreeding." Geraldine had given each of us a typescript soon after we were settled in Washington. "If you have, then you know the degree to which a given DNA situation can be manipulated. In general, the odds favor a Kalki-Lakshmi conjunction. Even if they did not, I am able to adjust the odds. To load the dice. To bend the helices. Nevertheless, ideally, there should be at least one other male who could be added, if necessary, to the equation." For ten minutes, Geraldine lectured us, blissfully unaware that her

audience had turned to stone.

"Your advice comes too late," said Giles. And he was now definitely Giles. He had sobered up. He took off his Dr. Ashok wig.

When Kalki spoke, he was icy. "Had I intended for there to be another fertile man at the end of the age of Kali, I would have brought him through the plague, as I have brought the four of you."

"Of course." Giles was oddly humble, placating.

Geraldine chose to ignore Kalki's plain fury. "You missed my point. You don't actually need a man," she said. "There are other ways of impregnating Lakshmi."

"What other ways?" Lakshmi looked slightly shell-shocked.

'Sperm banks," said Geraldine. "There are two right here in Washington. We can take our pick of donors. We can match Lakshini with any number of desirable combinations. And I highly recommend that at least one of those combinations should be Chinese. It would be a biological tragedy if the Chinese genetic pool was lost forever."

Suddenly, Kalki whooped with laughter. The rest of us laughed, too. Obediently. Then Kalki said, "Geraldine, you are right off the wall! You're a great scientist. no contest. And I'm sure you're right. And if there had been any way to preserve the Chinese wading pool, I'd have done it. All the other ethnic pools, too. I would have assembled a genetic Noah's ark. But you know as well as I do that that was not meant to be. At the end, there could only be five. And of the five, only the creator can be the procreator."

"The sperm banks. . . ." Geraldine was getting annoyed. If red hair could truly bristle, hers would have been crackling with electricity.

"Have gone broke!" Kalki grinned at

"What do you mean, broke?" I asked.

"Bank holiday. Moratorium. No more deposits. No more withdrawals. Figure it out. To live, sperm must be kept at a certain temperature. When the electricity went off, that was the end for all those billions of spermatozoa."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Geraldine.

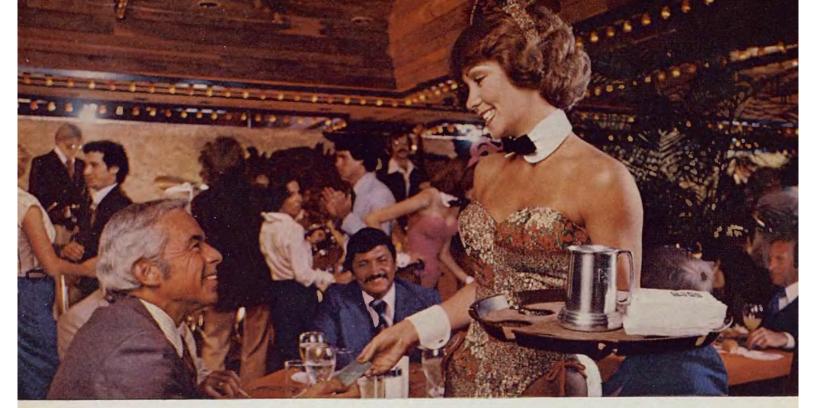
"The human race's only future," said Kalki, "is here!" Slowly, he closed one hand over his crotch. We were all startled. And appalled. Not so much by the gesture as by its demonstrable truth.

Ottinger 3, 3 A.K.

It has been exactly two years since I last looked at this record. Kalki wants me to write a postscript. I can't think why.

Two days after the dinner party at Blair House, Lakshmi miscarried. The baby-a girl, as predicted-was born dead, and deformed.

Lakshmi went into a deep depression. Kalki was grim. Giles was soothing; he



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assured us that nothing serious had gone wrong. He was absolutely certain that the next baby would be healthy. He gave his reasons. But then, unknown to Giles, Geraldine did blood studies of both Kalki and Lakshmi.

On a cold, rainy morning, Geraldine came into the living room at the Hay-Adams. She was still wearing her laboratory smock. When she is nervous, she develops a slight tic in her left cheek. The tic was in evidence that morning.

"Lakshmi is Rh negative," said Geraldine. "Kalki is Rh positive." She sat in the chair opposite my desk.

I knew exactly what she meant. Every mother knows about those incompatibilities of blood that can exist between male and female. In great detail, Geraldine spelled it out for me while rain fell in sheets, made opaque the windows, darkened the room.

Before Kalki, 13 percent of all American couplings occurred between Rh-negative women and Rh-positive men. The first pregnancy resulting from such a union had a good chance of being normal, but subsequent pregnancies were likely to be abnormal—until the recent development of a prophylactic serum

called RhoGAM. If an Rh-negative woman is treated with RhoGAM immediately after the birth of her first child, her next baby will be normal. If she is untreated, subsequent babies can suffer fetal hydrops, stillbirth, kernicterus.

Geraldine was precise, angry, guilty because, "I should have known their blood chemistry. . . ."

"Why?" I tried to comfort her. "After all, you're not their doctor. Giles is."

"Yes," said Geraldine. "Giles is their doctor."

When I saw what was in her mind, I joined her in a state of shock.

From far away, I would hear my own voice saying what I hoped was true. "He must not have known."

"He knew."

"Are you sure? I mean, isn't it possible that he made a perfectly honest mistake?" I chattered, hoping that the truth was not true and that the crime could be expunged with words.

"Giles has known from the beginning that they were vulnerable. So——" Geraldine stopped.

"Why?" I asked.

"Why?" she repeated. Then she telephoned Kalki.

Handshier

"And now here's a rundown on who's sleeping with whom from Ozzie Briggs, our reporter on extramarital affairs."

When Geraldine and I entered the Oval Office, Giles was already there. Lakshmi was not. She had taken to her bed. Would not speak to anyone. Had to be forcibly fed.

Kalki sat at the President's desk. For the first time since The End, he wore the saffron robe. Through the window back of his chair, I could see the chickens in the overgrown rose garden. They clucked contentedly as they pecked for food.

Giles sprang to his feet, face vivid with energy, intelligence. "Geraldine! Teddy!" He tried to kiss Geraldine. She pushed him away.

Then Geraldine sat in a chair opposite Kalki's desk; opened her handbag; produced a sheaf of papers. "Now," she said, "this is the problem—"

Giles interrupted her. He was entirely manic. "There is no problem! How could there be? I have personally studied every blood-chemistry report ever done on Kalki and Lakshmi——"

"Shut up, Giles." Kalki's voice was without emphasis.

As Geraldine gave her analysis, Giles paced the room, wanting to interrupt but not daring to. Medical words like erythroblastosis were used. But despite the elaborate terminology, the meaning was altogether too clear. As was the solution, which Geraldine proposed.

"You and Lakshmi," she said, "can have children only if, within seventy-two hours of delivery, Lakshmi is desensitized with a gamma globulin that contains a high titer of anti-Rh antibody. This will render the killer antigen in the blood ineffective and make it possible for her to bear normal children."

Kalki got the essential point. There was still time. "Where can we find this gamma globulin?"

"I suppose we can find it at any hospital," said Giles. "But I don't agree with Geraldine. After all, this is my field—"

"We'll discuss that later," said Kalki.

The RhoGAM was found, but it was too late. Lakshmi was permanently sensitized. Any child she might conceive by Kalki would be born dead or, technically speaking, not really born at all.

Kalki broke the news to Lakshmi. I don't know what he told her. She has never mentioned the subject to either Geraldine or me.

For a week, Kalki and Lakshmi went into seclusion. I rang Kalki once. I offered to do my usual chores in the garden. Kalki said that he would rather not see anyone. According to Geraldine, Lakshmi was still in a state of deep depression. She was not the only one.

Eight days after the scene in the Oval Office, Kalki suddenly appeared in the lobby.

"We've missed you," I said.

"We've missed you, too. We want you to come to dinner tonight." Kalki cleared

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apple cores off the last undestroyed sofa. I apologized for the mess.

Kalki sat down. He was unshaven, pale. "Giles knew about us all along." Kalki spoke as if this were news.

"So we guessed. But why didn't he warn you?"

"Because he didn't want to." Kalki stared off into space. Then he spoke with slow precision. "Yesterday I went to see him at Blair House. He told me everything. He told me that he had always known our problem. He told me that he had expected Lakshmi to become sensitized. He told me that he had never had a vasectomy. He told me that he loved Lakshmi. He told me that if the human race was to continue, it was now necessary for her to have his child."

I saw what was coming with all the clarity of a pilot about to crash-land a plane. "And when she does, he, not you, will be the father of the new human race."

"Yes," said Kalki.
"What did you do?"

"I killed him."

I have brought this record up to date only to please Kalki. I can't think why he wants it. There will be no one to read it in the future.

There is not much talk at dinner. Lakshmi has become almost totally withdrawn since the miscarriage. Kalki is silent for days at a time. Of us all, Geraldine alone continues to be her old self.

Our days are haphazard. I have no idea what Lakshmi does in the White House. I know that she has not left the grounds for a year now. Occasionally, Geraldine visits her. When I ask how things are, Geraldine just shakes her head.

Kalki spends a good deal of time fishing. He also sees to the henhouse, the livestock, the vegetable garden. I do the weeding. It is astonishing how fast everything grows. Lafayette Square is now a jungle, and grass is splitting the pavement of Pennsylvania Avenue. The wolves are still with us, but the tropical beasts either died during the first winter or all went South. The stillness is more noticeable than ever.

We are, according to Kalki, in the twilight period that precedes each new age of creation. I do not know about the new age. But I can testify to the twilight. We are all getting dim. To ourselves as well as to one another. Since we seldom speak of the old days and since we cannot speak of the future, as there are no children for us to teach, we have only the present and there is not much in our present worth discussing. We sit at the dinner table, saying next to nothing.

This morning, Kalki came into the Cabinet Room just as I wrote the above lines. He asked me to leave this record on the table. "The new people will want to know what it was like."

"What new people?"

Kalki combed his wiry blond beard

with dirty fingers. "There will be others," he said. "After the twilight."

"Do you really think that there are other survivors in the world?" Although we occasionally discuss the possibility, each of us knows that except for us, the human species has vanished from the earth.

"I want you to write," said Kalki, pointing at this record, "that I have known from the beginning that we five would not be able to reproduce." I was careful not to show surprise. Or disbelief, "Write that I have been testing each of the Perfect Masters. And each of you has lived up to expectations, including Giles. I told you that Giles was the necessary enemy."

I asked the hard question: "If you knew what Giles intended to do, why didn't you stop him?"

"'All things conspire to make my happiness complete.'" Kalki quoted the last line of the tale of Rama. "I am what I am. There is no questioning."

"There is no logic, either." I was bold. I have nothing to lose.

"Creation is without logic. Destruction is without logic. I am without logic. Because I am not human." Kalki spoke in a low voice. He did not look at me. He might have been saying a prayer. Perhaps he was. "But that does not mean that there is no design in my universe. When the twilight goes, I shall begin a new cycle."

"How? Lakshmi cannot have your children. Yet you thought she could. You were mistaken."

"No." Kalki was bleak. "I have always known that it could not be. But I was impatient. I wanted to eliminate the time of twilight. I wanted to go straight to the golden age. I wanted it to begin—now—with our children. But Vishnu's plan cannot be altered."

'You are Vishnu."

"I am his avatar. But I wear human flesh. I am limited by every sort of human weakness. As Giles tried to outwit me, I tried to outwit my own design. He failed. I failed. Now I am again linked with the single godhead whose human presence in history I was, am and will be."

"What next?"

"Complete the record as of today. Leave it here. On this table. They will find it useful." Since Kalki did not choose to tell me who "they" are, I did not ask.

Who is Kalki? I no longer know. Before The End, I thought he was a brilliant actor. After The End, I thought he might be some sort of god or primal spirit made flesh. Since the death of Lakshmi's baby, I have no perception of him. I also have no interest in him.

What more? Geraldine and I are healthy. We talk every now and then of taking a trip. But like those Chekhov ladies in the play, we only talk. We never leave home. Anyway, I would be afraid to fly now. No jet has been properly maintained for over a year.

The best parts of my long days are when I take Jack and Jill and their children on walks. Although they enjoy climbing trees and behaving as monkeys are supposed to behave, they are always eager to get back to the Hay-Adams.

Only this afternoon, I took them down to the banks of the Potomac River, where I sat on a log beneath a weeping-willow tree, with Eve on my lap. We watched the others, as they climbed trees, played tag, chattered constantly in their own language. At times, I understand what they are "saying." I am planning to learn sign language. Apparently, monkeys can be taught to communicate in the same way that human deaf-mutes once did, with hand gestures.

This afternoon, sitting on that log beside the river, with Eve snuggled in my lap, I was surprisingly happy. Small things give great pleasure now. Let me list today's delights. Apple-scented air. Bright-red birds on the wing. Silver fish that briefly are above the surface of a river that glitters in the sun like a silver fish's scales. The cold, clear, clean water of the river that makes no sound as it slides past me to the sea. The Child.

Winter, 43 A.K.

I am the last as I was the first, Lakshmi dropped her human body 21 years ago. Since the death of Teddy Ottinger 16 years ago, Geraldine and I have been happy together. This, too, was intended from the beginning.

Late last night, Geraldine died. To the extent that I am human, I am sad that she is gone. Yet there was no real point for her to remain another day in the human state. Our work is complete. Presently, I shall join them all in Vaikuntha.

An entire new race of Brahmans is now on the threshold of a most holy epoch. As I sit in this cold and derelict mansion, I can hear the singing and the praying and the sheer joyfulness of earth's new heirs, my loyal allies in the war with Ravana, the descendants of Jack and Jill to whom I now bequeath the golden age. For am I not the highest of the high? The lord of songs, the lord of sacrifices?

I am breath. I am spirit. I am the supreme lord. I alone was before all things, and I exist and I shall be. No other transcends me. I am eternal and not eternal, discernible and undiscernible. I am Brahma and I am not Brahma. I am without beginning, middle or end. At the time of the end, I annihilate all worlds.

I am Siva.

This is the conclusion of "Kalki."

Frosty fresh and fully satisfying.

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Kings only 8 mg.tar



100's only 10 mg.tar

Lower in tarthan all these menthols:







18













18





Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 0.5 mg."tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine; Kent Golden Lights: Kings Menthol—8 mg."tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette FTC Report, August 1977. 100's Menthol-10 mg."tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.





HABITAT

FAST FOOD

crowave oven, everything's going to

baker, man, we'll take our dry martini now, because five minutes to cool. The latest crop of microwaves also have once you've popped dinner into a mi-

at-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker man, bake a cake as fast say Jack Sprat. In fact, microwaves work so fast, they can throw a fledgling cook's timing off. Wine scampi, for example, can be ready to serve in seven minutes; two minutes to cook and

such nifty features as memory recall, automatic on-off and a self-turning device built right in. Now you're cooking.





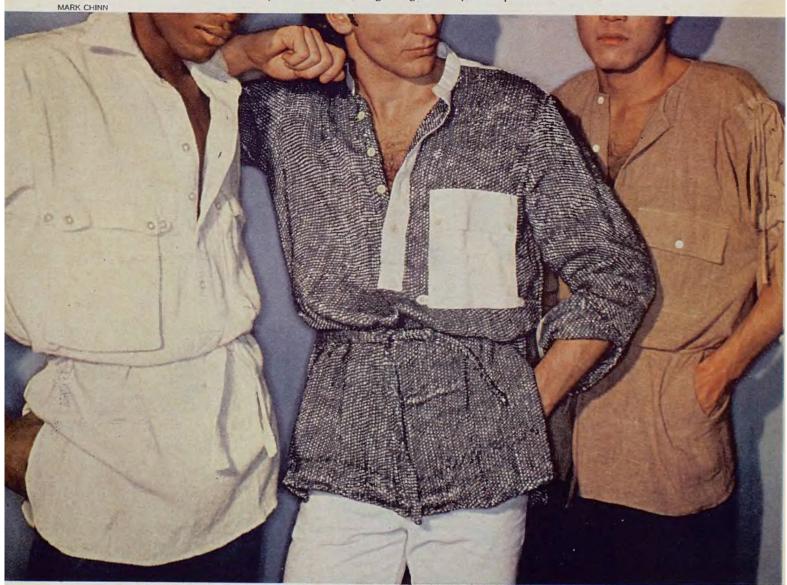


Left, clockwise from eleven: This ceramic microwave cookware includes: a Cook 'n Server for bacon and eggs, etc., \$19.95 for two, a Roast 'n Rack for roasts, ham or fowl, \$21.95, and a Meat 'n Fish Dish for just what its name says, \$22.95, all by Masonware. 245

LOOSE TALK

s you already know from reading the fashion pages of PLAYBOY each month, there's a Europeaninspired trend afoot to looser, more flowing male garb. This shift to fuller styles wasn't lost on Al Arden, an enterprising young American importer of European menswear. As so often happens to people in this line of work, Arden was bitten by the designer bug. He chose to scratch the ensuing itch by creating his own line of tunictype tops and casual slacks. Arden's label, Forward Gear, aptly sums up the type of avant thinking that's gone into his own designs. To the untutored eye, there are elements of Arden's new line that seem a little disconcerting. The materials he uses in his oversized tops, for example, at first seem to be better suited for furniture, draperies or even flour sacks. Arden likes open, airy weaves that look especially great unbuttoned with the sleeves pushed up. And some of his detailing, such as lace-up wide sleeves, might

seem to have been added for effect rather than function. Yet, once you get used to Arden's innovative design changes, you realize that there's a tremendous amount of sophistication in the styles he has created. In fact, we're betting that as the public's fashion tastes become more educated to the new, looser looks, Arden will increasingly be recognized for his creativity. In the past, the clothing of the American male has traditionally reflected the somewhat pragmatic nature of our culture. Clothes were chosen for their function rather than form. Jeans were rugged to deal with a lifestyle that was rough and tumble; a business suit and tie created a neat, orderly image that said the wearer was a man you could trust. Now, in this post-Vietnam era, there is a new appreciation for what could justifiably be called the art of dressing. With the help of such talents as Al Arden, it looks as though we're in for greater style and pleasure in clothes.



Above, left to right: a cotton pullover with long-pointed collar, six-button placket front, double button-through patch bellows breast pockets, on-seam side pockets and a removable belt, about \$25; an airy, open-knit cotton pullover featuring contrasting trim, a stand-up collar, placket front and button-through flap-patch breast pocket, about \$30; and a woven raw-cotton collarless shirt with raglan shoulders, lace-up wide sleeves, button-through flap-patch breast pockets, on-seam side pockets and a removable belt, about \$25, all designed by Al B. Arden for Forward Gear.

TWO FOR THE SHOW

ome spring and, aside from the obvious, a young man's fancy also turns to thoughts of what he'd like to be wheeling on a long stretch of open road. One of the dream machines pictured below, the Panther 6 (it has six wheels—get it?) can be special-ordered from its British manufacturer for about \$96,000; it boasts an 8.2-liter

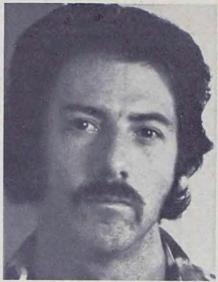
turbocharged mid-mounted engine that theoretically delivers a top speed of over 200 mph. The other car, BMW's new 733i, is just off the boat and more readily available—providing you can come up with about \$20,000 for it. Both cars can be drooled over at the Auto Expo show in Manhattan, April 24 to May 2, and the one in L.A., April 28 to May 7. Go!



Above: Panther Automobile's Bob Jankel wanted to create a real road burner and that's what he came up with; his \$96,000 Panther 6 takes its six-wheel inspiration from the Tyrell Formula I racing car and boasts such creature comforts as a 17,000 B.T.U. air-conditioning unit, a TV, a digital-readout quartz clock set in the center of the tilt steering wheel and a special metallic paint job. Below: Somewhat more conservative-looking than the Panther 6, BMW's new 733i is luxury on wheels; special features include an electrically operated gas filler cap and outside mirror, a sunroof that opens two different ways, leather interior and disk brakes all around. Price: about \$20,000.







Tough Semis

RON GALELLA

"The first day was really tough," says DUSTIN HOFFMAN of his first film nude scene in the just released ex-con drama, "Straight Time." "You get your clothes off and you want to hide under the bedclothes as quickly as you can. The atmosphere was really tense. I couldn't possibly have gotten an erection under those circumstances; only people who get off on exhibitionism could do that." The object of Hoffman's ersatz desires is Theresa Russell (last seen in 1976's "The Last Tycoon") and, according to Hoffman, their nontryst did see some progress. "The second day, I felt a little bit more relaxed. Then, between shots, we were lying in bed and I had my hand on Theresa's breast and I looked up and saw the cameraman working on a crossword puzzle and suddenly it was easy. On the third day, I actually got a semi!"

1977

What Becomes a Legend Most?

You can have your Blackglama minks, Lillian Hellman, Shirley MacLaine and Lena Horne; legendary Orchesterführer LEONARD BERN-STEIN prefers the elegant simplicity of a china dinner plate. In fact, our social sleuths on the high-culture scene whisper that Bernstein never goes anywhere unless his ensemble is topped by un chapeau de porcelaine. We're also told he uses butter knives for collar stays. All of which is why they call conductor Bernstein the toast of the concert world. Honest.



Roz's Are Red

When last spotted by our band of roving photogs, ROZ KELLY, the erstwhile Pinky Tuscadero of ABC's "Happy Days," was mooning the minions at an L.A. bash. We tried to ring up Kelly to see what was new in her life but found she had recently dropped out of circulation. So, if you happen to read this, Roz, drop us a line and let us know what you're up to.



Say, Isn't That...?

Whatever happened to that cute little dumpling who played a bit part in the Harvard University production of Brecht's "Man's a Man" back in 1961? As you can see, she grew up to be FAYE DUNAWAY, Oscar winner. Dunaway was a summer student at Harvard when fellow actor Arthur Amsie snapped this publicity shot. More currently, Dunaway has just finished shooting the movie "Eyes," in which she plays a high-fashion photographer. It's a long way from Harvard to Hollywood, true, but good cheekbones do help.





"Don't Wanna Feel My Pickle, Just Wanna Wash My Motor-sickle"

When photographer Alberto Rizzo set up a shooting with "Saturday Night" star JOHN BELUSHI, Belushi suggested that part of the session be devoted to his impression of Marlon Brando in "The Wild One." Herewith, for the very first time, the result. Very good, John; but we don't think it's as good as your bee impression. Belushi is doing nicely with his own career, having recently completed his first two feature films: the Jack Nicholson vehicle "Goin' South" (due to open this spring) and "Animal House," a satire of Fifties college-frat life produced by the "National Lampoon" and co-authored by sometime PLAYBOY contributor Chris Miller.

PLAYBOY'S ROVING EYE



Roughing It

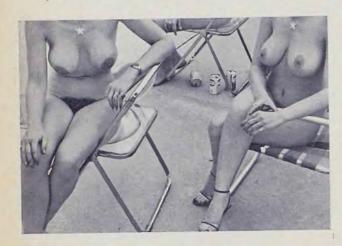
When our friends the Arabs tool around, they want to do so in style. And Detroit doesn't always measure up to their expectations, so free enterprise has come to the rescue. Just take a Fleetwood limo, a Seville, a Mercedes, chop it and channel it, make it longer, and make that hog a hog. American car customizers are doing a land-office business, mainly with our desert buddies. The price: \$50,000-\$150,000. "What they want," explains Bill Suazo of Autoxport of New York, "is a palace on wheels." The basic plan is to take a finished car, rip out the upholstery, seats and carpeting, and then, with blow torches and saws ablaze, slice the mother in half. The halves are then joined by anywhere from 12 to 48 inches of reinforced framing, heavy-duty shocks are added to handle the extra 150 to 3600 pounds, insulation is installed to withstand the 125-degree desert heat and a new suspension system and stabilizers are put in to prevent rear-end sway. Then comes the optional equipment: a wet bar, color TV, burled-elm console, telephone, refrigerator. One designer explains, "I throw in just any conceivable nonsense—they love it." The cars, like these stretched-out limos made by Armbruster/Stageway, get only five to nine miles per gallon, one reason they're at home in Arabia. Gasoline costs 18 cents a gallon there.

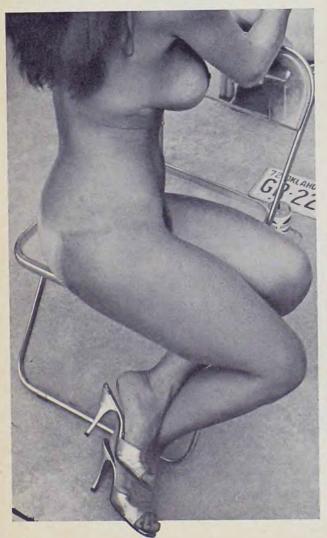




Buffing It

What should a Swiss photographer say to a naked lady? Cheese? When François Robert went to Naked City, Indiana, for the Miss Nude Galaxy contest last July, he was temporarily speechless. He saw nude women sitting sideways on lawn chairs facing left, nude women sitting sideways on lawn chairs facing backward, seminude women proud of their breasts and nude women doing shallow knee bends in front of dressed people. He also saw an aspect of civilization that does not exist in Switzerland, nor in many other postindustrial countries of the known world. And so he sent these pictures to us. Thank you, François, and thank you, ladies.









FAMILY JEWELRY

Last month in PLAYBOY, in an article called *Tom Swift Is Alive* and *Well and Making Dildos*, D. Keith Mano profiled the mad scientists who manufacture sex gadgets. There was one ringer—a man more an artist than a technician—Doug



Johns. Johns is a New Yorker known for his sculptures of the private parts of young ladies. (Your girlfriend has to hold the pose for three hours. The cost-from \$20 to \$600.) His masterpiece is a 12-foot-high assemblage of 90 cunts, but at \$30,000, it's a bit steep. You might like to check out his collection of erotic jewelry. Johns fashions tiny phalluses in silver to be worn as earrings, necklaces or bracelets (shown here, \$210). You can peruse and fondle the artifacts at Erotics, 117 Christopher Street, New York, New York 10014. The gallery is open Monday to Saturday, one to seven P.M.

DO-IT-YOURSELF ABORTIONS

Paramedicine to the people. Over the past few years, we've noticed a healthy trend in American medicine: Increasingly, the tools of the trade are being put into the hands of the patients. (See March's Playboy's Pipeline.) Women can now test themselves for pregnancy with early-pregnancy-test kits that cost about ten dollars and are 97 percent effective. (On the ninth day after missing a period, a woman puts three drops of early-morning urine into a test tube, adds a chemical, shakes and waits. If a dark-brown ring forms, chances are the woman is pregnant.)

It appears that in the near future, they will have the power to determine the course of that pregnancy themselves-safely. The Upjohn Company is about to start clinical tests on a chemical variant of prostaglandin that can induce menses within a few hours. (A fertilized egg in the uterus would then be washed out, thus terminating pregnancy.) The drug, which is contained in a slow-melt suppository, could be used at any time from one to several weeks after a woman has missed a period. A version of the drug is currently on the market for use in the second trimester. It must be administered by a physician.

THE SPORT OF KINGS

"The Clap Board," an obscure V.D. newsletter, recently reported the following: "A venereal infection similar to gonorrhea has struck some of Britain's top thoroughbred horses, causing severe losses and considerable embarrassment in the wealthy world of British race-horse breeding." Apparently, owners became suspicious when six famous stallions in residence at Britain's National Stud failed to impregnate their usual number of mares. Breeders are secretive about how far the disease has spread. If you suspect your horse, rest easy. Antibiotics cure the disease.

COLD WAR CASUALTIES— THE SPY WHO COULDN'T....

Last spring, Dr. Mikhail Shtern was allowed to leave the Soviet Union. Now the former director of the Vinnitsa Health Center has written a book, Sex in the Soviet Union, in which he claims that up to 90 percent of Soviet men suffer from impotence. Not that we blame them. It seems that approximately half of the female population experiences some form of frigidity. The



book goes on to charge that comrades frequently expect sexual favors from female assistants. Shades of Elizabeth Ray. The book is to be published in Paris this spring—we'll keep you informed on the English-language version. But before you call up the guys down at the V.F.W. post to celebrate the downfall of the Red menace, we have a bit of bad news. The Cold War apparently has had some effect on American men. Researchers investigating sterility recently noticed that the normal sperm count for red-blooded U.S. citizens may have dropped since the early Fifties. For years, doctors have used the figure from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 sperm per milliliter of semen as the normal count. Studying data from 1950 on, researchers have found that the number of men with sperm counts of 100,000,000 or more had dropped 50 percent, while those suffering low counts had doubled. The new average, or normal, count is considered to be 25,000,000 sperm per milliliter. At least we can still get it up.





The Encare Oval is a new and long-needed birth-control suppository for women. Inserted into the vagina ten minutes before intercourse, the oval effervesces to form a protective spermicidal shield that lasts two hours. Apparently, there are no side effects (the main drawback of the pill and the I.U.D.). The method is 99 percent reliable. The cost: \$3.75 for a 12-pack, or approximately 31 cents a shot. Encare. The perfect gift for non-Mother's Day.

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"THE FAINT"-NOBODY WAS GOING TO TIE THIS GUY DOWN. NOT, THAT IS, UNTIL HE HAD TO BRING ON THE SMELLING SALTS. A THOROUGHLY MODERN TALE-BY JOHN UPDIKE

"MIND CONTROL"-WHY SHOULD YOUR GOVERNMENT BE SO INTERESTED IN PACIFYING THE POPULACE? MAYBE IT'S THAT ONCE IT HAS YOU BY YOUR METABOLISM, YOUR HEART AND MIND WILL FOLLOW-BY PETER SCHRAG

"WING WALK"-WONDERING WHAT THE INTREPID CRAIG VETTER WILL DO NEXT? HE DOES A STAND-UP TURN ON A PLANE'S WING, THAT'S WHAT. HIS ACCOUNT OF HIS FOURTH DEATH-DEFYING STUNT IS NOT FOR THE WEAK OF HEART

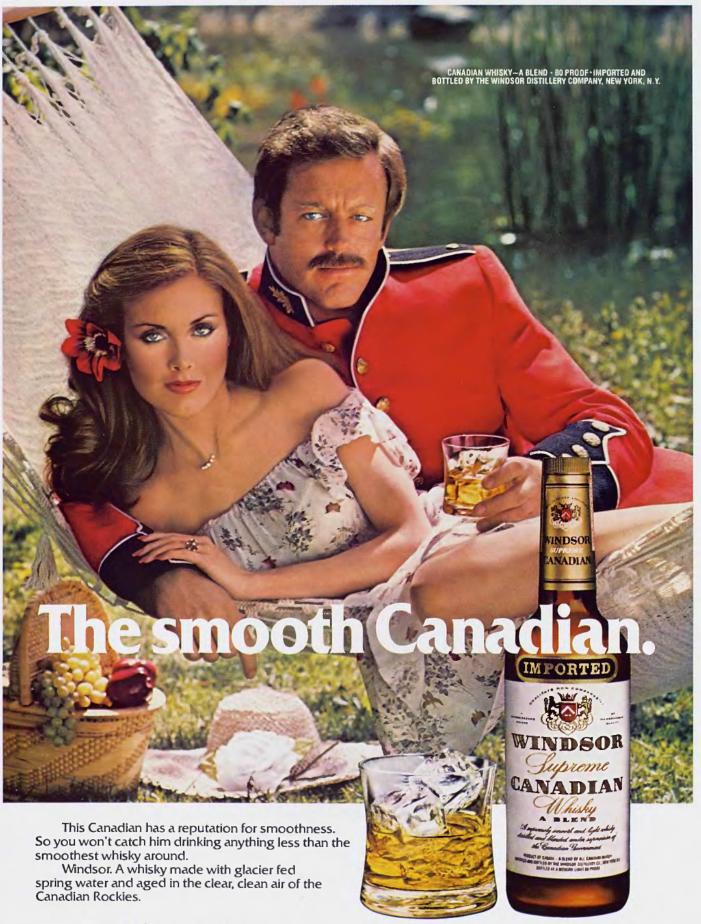
"THE DARKWATER HALL MYSTERY"-A SPOOF IN WHICH DR. WATSON PRESUMES TO STAND IN FOR SHERLOCK HOLMES AND REVEALS ELEMENTARY LIBIDO-BY KINGSLEY AMIS

"THE BOOKIE AS HERO"-ACTUALLY, THE FELLOW IS AN IN-VALUABLE PUBLIC SERVANT, OR THAT'S THE WAY IT APPEARS WHEN HE'S FOLLOWED FOR A DAY BY PETE AXTHELM. PLUS: "VEGAS BETTING PARLORS"-A GUIDE TO THE ACTION IN NEVADA'S GAMBLING CAPITAL-BY JAY CRONLEY

"PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST"-OUR ANNUAL PREVIEW OF WHAT YOU'LL BE WEARING WHEN YOU FINALLY THAW OUT-BY DAVID PLATT

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