

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar. Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

	tar mg./cig	nicotine mg./cig
Brand D	12	0.8
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Brand M	8	0.6
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than *1	*0.1

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

Of all brands, lowest... Carlton Box: 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Carlton
brings you
the lighter
100.

Carlton

Answering the second of the second

Less

l mg. tar.

than

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

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77.

Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Technics introduces our direct-drive performance at your kind of price. \$149.95* manual. \$179.95* automatic.

Other turntables have been chasing our performance specs since the day we introduced direct drive. Now Technics introduces a new standard. Our direct-drive performance at your kind of price. Introducing the SL-1900 automatic and SL-2000 manual.

If you want the convenience of an automatic, choose the SL-1900. Its tonearm sets down, lifts off and stops. Repeats up to six plays. Or even plays continuously.

And you'll get unsurpassed specs and features for an automatic at its price. Like inaudible wow and flutter at 0.03% WRMS. Undetectable rumble of -73dB. And a 321 element one-chip IC to automatically correct any deviation in motor speed.

If you choose the SL-2000 manual you'll get our kind of direct-drive performance for under \$150.

Choose either turntable and you'll get a computer-analyzed S-shaped tonearm. Oil-damped cueing. Anti-skating control. An illuminated stroboscope. Pitch controls variable by 10%. A hinged detachable dust cover. Even an integral base molded of anti-resonant materials to minimize acoustic feedback.

See your Technics dealer. And you'll see why Technics SL-1900 and SL-2000 are your kind of turntables.

•Technics recommended price, but actual retail price will be set by dealers.

Technics by Panasonic





Cocktails For Two Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, In. and Fresno, Ca. © 1978

PLAYBILL

OUR PLEASURE in bringing you an extensive words-and-pictures panorama on The Public-Sex Breakthrough this merrymaking month is exceeded only by that of Associate Editor James R. Petersen, who enjoyed an expense-paid visit to the current pleasure center of the universe, Plato's Retreat in New York. Petersen sacrificed not only his modesty but his very flesh in the name of journalism and returned alive with a truly penetrating report. "It has been said," Petersen sagely comments, "that if you stay in Plato's long enough, you'll run into everybody you know. For instance, we met Buck Henry there." The meeting was fortuitous: comedy writer Henry, who codirected with Warren Beatty the upcoming Elaine May-scripted film Heaven Can Wait, couldn't wait to write his impressions of Plato's for us; it's forthrightly titled My Night at Plato's Retreat. And to sweeten your vicarious visit to Plato's, we sent photographer Robert Scott Hooper and his assistant, Theresa Holmes, who brought back their best effort yet in capturing our fellow citizens engaged in the ultimate act.

While Petersen et al. were lost in the wonders of carnality, PLAYBOY interviewer Ken Kelley was barnstorming the Bible Belt with the wonder woman of the born-agains, Anito Bryont. To obtain the interview with Bryant, which must surely stand as one of the most fascinating psychological profiles since our interview with the late Gary Gilmore, Kelley says he had to "drink a lot of orange juice. But since we were in a spiritual mood, I tried to covertly lace mine with whatever spirits I could lay my hands on."

While we're on the subject of outspoken women, you can have fun comparing the changes the women's movement has put you through with those it has wrought in the lives of Art Buchwold, Evel Knievel, Peter Frampton and other celebrities interviewed by Robert Kerwin in Women's Lib and Me.

One thing that hasn't changed is that men will do almost anything for fame and fortune, as Croig Vetter proves once again in *Pushed to the Edge: Part IV*, The Wing Walk. Vetter credits the success of his precarious feat to his coach, the plane's owner-pilot, Joe C. Hughes.

Risk taking of another sort is examined by Pete Axthelm in The Bookie As Hero, a behind-the-scenes look at the world of sports gambling. And Jay Cronley gives us the low-down on the computer as bookie in A Class Act: The Betting Parlor.

A good bet for fiction reading is John Updike's The Faint, illustrated by Fronk Gollo. And if satire and mysteries are your meat, you'll find a healthy chunk of each in Kingsley Amis' deadpan spoof of Sherlock Holmes, The Darkwater Hall Mystery, illustrated by Edward Gorey, who did the sets for the Broadway smash Dracula.

In our endless quest to uncover plots and schemes to make American lives less than merry, we bring you Mind Control, by Peter Schrog, illustrated by Edgor Clorke (and adapted from the book of the same title published in March by Pantheon). It is a startling exposé of how the Government, the psychiatric community and the drug industry keep defenseless citizens under control by the use of psychoactive drugs.

To round out this issue, we have a quartet of lifestyle features: Playboy's Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast, by David Platt; The 110 Mini-Explosion (a sexy pictorial on those wonderful new electronic minicameras); The Bachelor Kitchen, by Emanuel Greenberg (a guide to essential equipment for the man who cooks to love); and Car-Fi Comes of Age, an upto-the-minute review of auto-hi-fi equipment. And there's a droll sampler from Playboy cartoonist B. Kliban's forthcoming book, Tiny Footprints and Other Drawings, to be published by Workman.

And what could make any month merrier than our May Playmate, Kothryn Morrison? Now all you need is a Maypole....





KERWIN

SCHRAG







CLARKE

KELLEY

IPDIE







GALLO

AMI

GOREY







AXTHELM

PLATT

VETTER, HUGHES







HOOPER, HOLMES

vol. 25, no. 5-may, 1978

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THE FAINT—fiction JOHN UPDIKE 118 When a man's heart is cold to everything, including tears, a lady may find there's nothing to do but pass out. P. 139 GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED

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when the weather turns warm.

New York model than ever before.

only thing he winds up putting to bed.

PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND



COVER STORY

Faithful readers will recognize the slinky lady on the cover as Debra Peterson, our June 1976 Playmate. PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer Phillip Dixon, who shot the cover, says, "Black lingerie is a traditional turn-on, and I love it. I thought that the art deco in the background added a nice contrast."

QUIETLY KATHY—playboy's playmate of the month
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor
MIND CONTROL—article
PUSHED TO THE EDGE: PART FOUR THE WING WALK—article
THE 110 MINI-EXPLOSION—modern living
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A CLASS ACT: THE BETTING PARLORJAY CRONLEY 200 Betting there is half the fun.
THE PUBLIC-SEX BREAKTHROUGH—article JAMES R. PETERSEN 152 It used to be that public sex was for the weird, the deranged or the sub- urban. But word from the public-sex clubs is that the truly hip are finally standing hip to hip for their right to watch and be watched.
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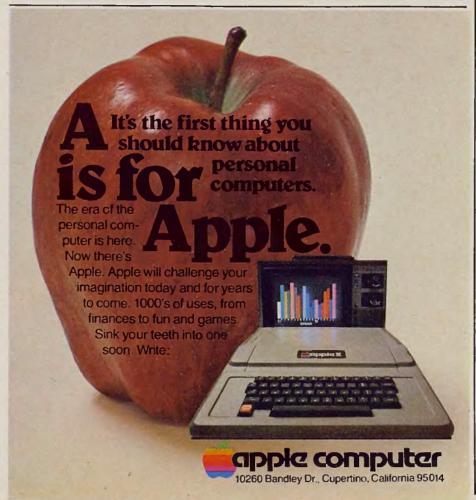


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BMW WILL NEVER BUILD A CONVENTIONAL LUXURY SEDAN BECAUSE NO ONE AT BMW COULD BEAR TO DRIVE ONE.

INTRODUCING THE BMW 733i. In the sedate and somewhat stuffy world of the very expensive luxury sedan the BMW 733i is indeed rare.

While most of the world's automakers are apparently quite content to produce solidly engineered, elegantly appointed, carefully crafted carriages for the gentry, we at the Bavarian Motor Works are not

so easily satisfied.

Racing engineers by nature and by profession, it has long been our contention that, while the pursuit of luxury is no vice, extraordinary performance is the only thing that makes an expensive car worth the money.

So, while the BMW 733i provides all the creature comforts one could sanely

require of an automobile—supple leather, full-power accessories, etc.—it provides a driving experience so unusual, so exhilarating it will spoil you for any other car.

A GAIN IN SIZE WITH
NO SACRIFICE IN PERFORMANCE.
The genius of the BMW 733i lies not in the fact that it is—by European standards—large and luxurious.



The technical feat involved here is that the engineers at BMW have managed to incorporate the aforementioned qualities into a car that retains the performance characteristics of a BMW.

Under the hood of the 733i is the same basic engine that powers the BMW race cars. A 3.3-liter, electronically fuelinjected masterpiece of engineering that the editors of Road & Track magazine unequivocally call, "... the most refined in-line six in the world."

Its four speed manual transmission (automatic is available) slips precisely into each gear. Its acceleration comes up smoothly, with the turbine-like whine peculiar to BMW.

Its suspension system—independent on all four wheels, with a new and patented "double-pivot" front geometry is astonishingly quick and clean through the corners.

And, rather than reduce or distort

driver "road feel"—as do the steering systems found in many of today's passive luxury sedans—the suspension system of the BMW 733i is designed to provide the driver, through the steering wheel, with instant, precise information at all times, under all conditions.

> THE INTEGRATION OF MAN AND MACHINE

While the interior of the conventional luxury sedan is deliberately planned to isolate the driver from the world outside, the road beneath and the mechanical functionings of the car, the interior of the BMW 733i is biomechanically engineered to literally include the driver as one of the functioning parts of the car.

The driver's seat is adjustable for both

seat angle and height.

All instruments and controls are strategically positioned to help avoid even a split-second loss of concentration.

Pedal direction and pedal pressure

have been carefully balanced to reduce fatigue and facilitate effortless gear changing.

So successfully is this integration of man and machine accomplished that, when you drive the BMW 733i for the first time, you will experience an almost total oneness with the car.

As the editors of Motor Trend magazine once observed, "The reaction to a BMW is always the same. The first time

driver takes the wheel and after a few minutes no other automobile will ever be the same again.'

If the thought of owning such a car intrigues you, call us anytime, toll-free. at 800-243-6000 (Conn. 1-800-882-6500) and we'll arrange a thorough test drive for you at your nearest BMW dealer.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE. Bavarian Motor Works, Munich, Germany.

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



AT GALA L.A. CLUB PARTIES; THERE ARE STARS IN EVERYBODY'S EYES

The Los Angeles Playboy Club has been the scene of several celebrity-studded parties recently. At the shindig for rock star Rod Stewart (far left in photo at left), guests included Marcy Hansen, Carol Mallory, producer Allan Carr and Playboy's Hugh M. Hefner. Hef also attended the birthday bash for comedian Redd Foxx (below); also in the photo are actress and October 1969 Playmate Jean Bell, Club hostess Tracy Morgan and Redd's wife, Joi. Both parties attracted S.R.O. crowds.

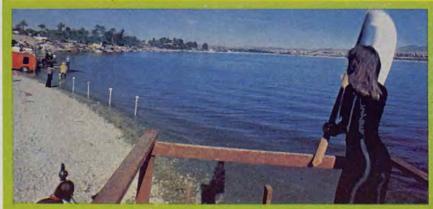




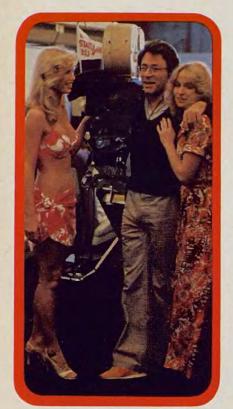


BUNNIES DOWN CONNECTICUT POLICE

What it was was Bunny baseball . . . er, softball . . . er, you name it. Whatever one calls the game, New York's Bunnies trounced Troop G of the Connecticut State Police in a benefit match in Stratford. Actually, we lost track of the final score, but, as you can see, Bunny Patty Jo (far left) got a bit of help in base running from Trooper Dave Bearc. At bat (left) is Bunny C. C. Morales, of whom you saw more in last November's Bunnies of '77 pictorial; it's amazing that catcher Jim Butterworth can keep his eye on the ball. Perhaps that was the Bunnies' strategy.







SONDRA, CYNDI JOIN BILL BIXBY IN TV MOVIE

Our July 1977 Playmate, Sondra Theodore (above left), and the 1974 Playmate of the Year, Cyndi Wood, joined director Bill Bixby on the set of a made-for-TV flick, Three on a Date, shown as an ABC Friday Night Movie earlier in the season. Sondra's credits have been piling up lately, including a recent part as a beach beauty on NBC's CHiP's.

NICKI THOMAS GOES OFF TO THE (BOAT) RACES

March 1977 Playmate Nicki Thomas was guest of honor at the Lake Havasu Classic Outboard World Championships in Lake Havasu City, Arizona. Below, opposite, Nicki lowers the flag to start one of the eight races featured in the competition. At left center, a view of some of the 80-odd craft entered, some from as far



away as Scandinavia. At near left, Nicki presents a trophy to the over-all prize winner, Ken Stevenson of Mentor, Ohio. An estimated 40,000 visitors crowded Lake Havasu City (site of the transplanted London Bridge) for the event. Nicki must have made quite an impression, because after her appearance, several thousand citizens of Lake Havasu petitioned to make her Playmate of the Year.

PLAYMATE UPDATE: "NEW WEST" FEATURES KAREN HAFTER

Karen Hafter (below) had just arrived in Los Angeles from New Paltz, New York, when Playmate/actress Anne Randall discovered her working in a Sunset Strip restaurant. Things moved fast after that. Karen became Miss December 1976 and Contributing Photographer Phillip Dixon, who shot the centerfold, was so impressed that he did a complete portfolio for her-and the modeling agencies flipped. Now, as Karen Howard, she's at the top of the heap. Under the headline "THE SUPREMES," New West magazine profiled her as one of California's hottest modeling superstars (right). "A classic beauty," says New West. We agree.





ON THE ROAD WITH KISS: MUSIC POLL PRIZE WINNERS

Winners of a Playboy Music Poll promotion jointly sponsored by PLAYBOY, radio stations in various cities and Aucoin Management, which handles Kiss, got a chance to spend a week on tour with the rock group. Included were concerts in Indianapolis, New York and Louisville (where the photo below was taken). In foreground, second from left, is Playboy Broadcast Publicity Manager Rick Novak. At the rear, in full regalia, are members of Kiss.







DEAR PLAYBOY

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MC GOVERN'S APOCALYPSE

Senator George McGovern (*The End of the World*, PLAYBOY, February) fears the right thing, world-wide incineration, but for all the wrong reasons. Certainly, there exists more than enough weaponry to destroy us all, but there always has—just not so dramatically. The relative inefficiency of conventional warfare does not ensure rationality. If we are stupid enough to destroy one another, we will find the means—stones, if necessary.

Pete Thomson Blacksburg, Virginia

Our defense deserves to be number one on the country's budget—for without defense, we would have no country.

Jon Galvin Athol, South Dakota

Doubtlessly, nuclear war is this world's most insane and useless property. However, since we are dealing with such a complex and unstable international circumstance, to bury our heads in the sand and ignore the situation, as Senator McGovern advocates, would leave the door ajar to our counterparts in the nuclear world. Can we afford to gamble with our world in this manner? Obviously, the Senator feels that the people of the United States are willing to gamble with their existence for a possible shot at world harmony. I hope we are not the speculating public he thinks we are.

Kurt E. Young Cincinnati, Ohio

Although Senator McGovern's appraisal of the Soviet-American nuclear balance is essentially accurate, he grossly underestimates Soviet strategic competency, particularly in the area of civil defense. Studies performed by Nobel Prize-winning physicist Eugene Paul Wigner of Princeton University have indicated that the Soviet Union presently has the capability of evacuating all of

its major cities in a period of only three days. Once the population has been dispersed, the Soviets can withstand an American first strike and lose only three percent of their citizenry. At this point, the United States has no such civildefense program and a full nuclear attack would result in the deaths of 45 percent of the American population—merely 100,000,000 people. Senator McGovern's goal is, of course, laudable. Yet his method of lulling Americans into a false sense of nuclear supremacy may be tragically dangerous.

Donald Storm Princeton, New Jersey

Hurrah, George McGovern, for a courageous article that dispenses the facts to the American public in a way that is vitally needed. We must stop the insatiable appetite of the military, bureaucratic and technological personnel who seek to perpetuate the nuclear-arms race, no matter what ridiculous rationalization they fabricate to continue such insanity.

Kevin W. Petschow Monroe, Michigan

MONDAYS WITH MEREDITH

It has been a long time since I have hero-worshiped anyone. There are many people I admire, but Don Meredith is the only one I've really wanted to meet or know more about. The interview in your February issue is super. I especially admire the need and love he has for his family. Thank you, PLAYBOY and Lawrence Linderman, for making it possible to know Dandy Don a little better.

Bee Gee Rodriguez Eureka, Montana

The interview with Don Meredith would have been much better if Lawrence Linderman had gotten Dandy's reaction to the unfavorable portrayal of him in Peter Gent's book North Dallas Forty. Linderman also demonstrates

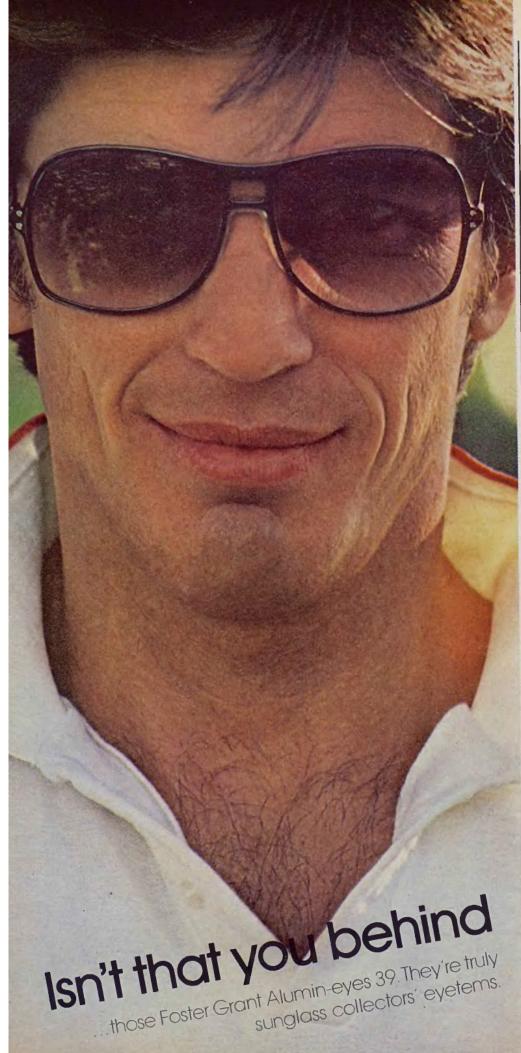
NOW, THAT'S A LOT OF SILVER

Announcing
PLAYBOY's
Great
25th
Anniversary
Playmate Hunt

PLAYBOY is conducting a nationwide search for the girl; the one who will appear in our January 1979 issue as our 25th-Anniversary Playmate. Over the years, the PLAYBOY centerfold has featured the most beautiful women in the world. But for our Silver Anniversary, we're looking for someone superspecial. You may know her or you may be her. Find out now by sending us a full-length photograph, black and white or color, nude or seminude. (It will be returned if you include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.) The girl who is chosen will receive \$25,000 and will represent PLAYBOY throughout our year-long 25th-Anniversary celebration. If you've always wanted to be a Playmate, or a Playmate talent scout, here's your chance. The winning talent scout will receive a \$2,500 finder's fee. Time is very, very short, but the green is very, very long, so send your entry now to:

PLAYBOY

25th Anniversary Playmate Hunt 919 N. Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois 60611



kid-glove journalism by failing to ask Meredith if he ever smoked grass before a Monday-night telecast, as I believe Roone Arledge alleged in an earlier Playboy Interview.

> Chip DeNure Dubuque, Iowa

Don Meredith thinks Howard Cosell is smart and that Frank Gifford is a good sports commentator? At the bar I go to, in order to watch big-screen TV on Monday night, we turn the sound off and listen to the commentary on radio. Cosell and Gifford are on my "ten people I never want to hear from again at any cost" list.

M. J. Wilson Charlotte, North Carolina

PAT HAND

The stacked deck on your February cover is not only a top-notch graphic design but also a pleasant reminder that it is possible to have two much of a good thing—Hope Olson. If you ever do produce a deck with that design, put my order in for the first package.

Jeff Campbell Arvada, Colorado

Thanks for publishing a left-handed PLAYBOY. But why are all the pages, including the centerfold, bottom-side up?

Sheldon Walker Pharr, Texas

Claude Mougin and Kerig Pope are to be congratulated for their February cover. I've been admiring your covers for a long time. This one is the best yet.

Ivan Stottmeister West Burlington, Iowa

I love fine photography. Obviously, so does whoever designed your February cover. It's absolutely beautiful. When a men's magazine has women subscribing to it (faithfully, I might add), you know you must be doing something right.

Laurie Sayet New York, New York

BODY SNATCHERS

Nat Hentoff, who wrote The New Body Snatchers (PLAYBOY, February), apparently has not done his homework. He has no real concept of the cult problem in the United States. It is appalling to me that our Government has not taken steps to stop those insidious groups. Doctors say that mental and physical damage is caused. Psychologists say that the cults use coercive methods similar to those used on our Korean War veterans. One former cult member, who, rarest of events, walked away on his own from a cult, wishes he had been deprogramed. It would have made his rehabilitation and resocialization into normal life much easier. A person who returns to normal life after cult life usually finds it very difficult. He is consumed with fear and guilt. He is confused. He can't make simple decisions for himself. He is depressed. To say cult life is harmless is to show ignorance.

Robert Mezey Elkins Park, Pennsylvania

I plead with the parents of any persons seeking spiritual advancement: Encourage them, help them help themselves. As long as they are not paying outrageous sums of money to find themselves, as long as they are staying within the law, they can only learn. And learning about ourselves can only help us mature and bring out all our creativity to help our planet.

Elliott L. Stroud Erie, Pennsylvania

EGO CLASH

Thank you, PLAYBOY, for Jules Siegel's The Female Ego (February). At long last, a voice has been raised in the intellectual wilderness, a voice daring to defend that most maligned of creatures, me. I am not, to the best of my knowledge, a chauvinist; but I am weary to death of guarding my every word for fear of inadvertent offense, while such uplifting epithets as pig and oppressor fly like shrapnel from the trenches of the feminist vanguard. Isn't an honest and loving equality enough, coupled with a simple acceptance of the truth that men and women are different and excel in different functions?

Robert E. Crawford Hebo, Oregon

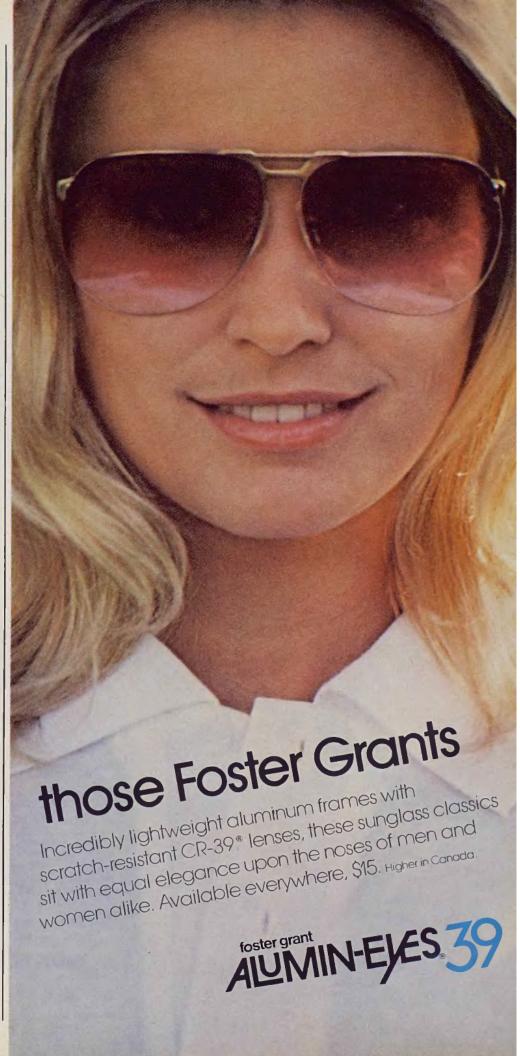
Did you call your essay *The Female Ego*? Funny, I read a sick male ego. Remember when the men in this country kissed us on the cheek and went to play the great *macho* game, the Vietnam war? We will all be grateful when we hear, "Honey, I'm home now—to take responsibility and give love to all our children." Yes, you may be a wounded warrior, but the war is of your own making.

Betty Thomas Imperial Beach, California

Siegel can't even count on his "Godgiven testosterone" anymore. Women are main-lining the stuff. Observers say that women clawing their way up the executive ladder often blossom out in facial hair and increased sex drive—the result of an increased secretion of male sex hormones. The end result could well be a horny, bearded executive who cries at her desk.

> John Hagerman Spokane, Washington

The trouble with men like Siegel is that they don't understand that sex really is different for men and women. Women need to be stimulated not only physically but mentally as well. Start





inside a woman's head and work your way out and down. You attribute impotence to women's lib. The truth is you and your cohorts are impotent because you can't deal with women face to face as total human beings, so you bury your faces in our cunts and cry the blues. I only hope that the majority of men out there don't think like Siegel, for if they do, all hope for good, healthy relationships between men and women is gone.

Anne Mosher New Cumberland, Pennsylvania

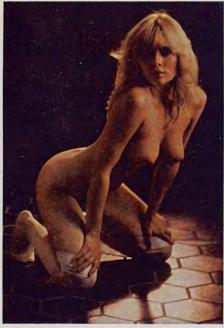
VINTAGE SCHMITT

I knew when I saw the cover that your February issue was going to be great, but Playmate Janis Schmitt is more than I'd dared hope for. Thank you for showing us what a beautiful girl really looks like.

> Jim Braendle Boise, Idaho

I noticed that the birth date on Miss February's data sheet says March 14, 1947. Is it possible for Janis Schmitt to be that old? I hope I look as young and beautiful as she does when I reach her age!

Karen Addams
Framingham, Massachusetts
Good food, plenty of rest and lots of
exercise will do the trick, Karen. As you



know, Janis loves bicycling, but on rainy days she opts for some deep knee bends. Looks like it works, doesn't it?

I wouldn't believe that Janis Schmitt was 30 if she told me herself. There isn't anyone over 24 who likes the Beatles.

Dan Tesnow Granite Falls, Minnesota

Thank you for not only enlightening my soul but lighting up my eyes as well. Your erotic photographs of the sensuous woman of my dreams are no less than spectacular. Janis Schmitt has won not only my heart but also my vote to reign as the next Playmate of the Year.

Steve Welsh Loring AFB, Maine

My compliments to Ken Marcus on a job well done.

Howard I. Rosenberg Toronto, Ontario

BREAKFAST OF CHUMPS

In Neil Amdur's article Wired to the Teeth (PLAYBOY, February), one side effect concerning steroids is overlooked and it is perhaps one of the most significant. Whatever increase in muscular mass comes from steroids, and whatever increase in strength follows from the mass, and whatever boost in performance comes from the strength, they are only temporary. Nobody, but nobody, can keep the size or the strength developed from steroids once he goes off the drugs. A junkie is by any other name....

Clifford J. Ameduri, M.D. Monterey, California

THE ICEMAN CLIMBETH

Thanks for the excellent article Pushed to the Edge: The Ice Climb (PLAYBOY, February). Craig Vetter deserves an award for his writing style as well as for his guts. I've never climbed an ice mountain, but Vetter's emotional battle is reminiscent of infantry combat in Vietnam: the self-doubt, the pushing beyond physical limits and "the taste of adrenaline in my mouth." My only complaint is that the article ends. I was left "hanging." Excuse me, I think I'll go climb a mountain....

W. C. Randby Madison, Wisconsin

I'd like to thank Craig Vetter for his insight into ice climbing. I've been a rock-climber for about a year-now and decided not long ago to try some good climbing. Vetter's article gave me a little notion of what to expect and of how the little boy in me might react to it. I think it's one splendid article!

Freddy De Castro Cortiz Poolesville, Maryland

I could think of no more appropriate place to read Craig Vetter's article on climbing icy mountains in a snowstorm than at the beach under the hot sun. It is a great article and I can't wait to read about his further adventures, if he lives through them.

Admiral William Dixon, U.S.N. (Ret.) San José, Costa Rica

In our secure environment, where there is so little save death itself to test one's inner fortitude, Vetter's article sounds a triumphant note for one man's spirit. His report of the ice climb had me "frozen" to my seat. Although he pays the price of a badly bruised or frostbitten toe, he realizes the sacrifice is but a small price to pay for such an experience. Bravo, Vetter! I look forward to reading of your next encounter.

> Art David Livingston, New Jersey

MUCHAS GRACIAS

I wish to compliment you on your February issue. Particularly gratifying is the pictorial on Mexico's Riviera (Way Down West in Mexico).

Tim Johnson Los Angeles, California

Who is the mystery lady who appears with Playmates Laura Lyons and Susan Kiger in your Way Down West in Mexico pictorial?

Joe Kadbloski

San Francisco, California

That's no mystery lady; that's model Sherry Bender. Now, don't you want to know who the guys are?

Having just read your layout on Mexico, I have an overwhelming desire to run naked under a waterfall. I live in cold, snowy Illinois, however, and will have to settle for a warm shower and a bottle of tequila.

Patrick Dailey Hoffman Estates, Illinois

FUNGUS AMONG US

Here is a duplicate of a photomicrograph, magnification 400 times, of a fungus that was identified by an expert microbiologist as *Cryptococcus neofor*mans, but I believe he was wrong. I believe it is a previously unrecognized fungal subspecies and have named it *C*.



neoformans rabbitsii var. playboyensis. I have selected your journal for the first documentation of this discovery, which has never before been reported, as far as I can determine.

> William G. Wood, M.D. Kansas City, Missouri

Better keep a close eye on it, doc. If that's what we think it is, it's a prolific little devil.

JBL's NEW L50: PERFECT GETS CLOSER.

JBL's newest three-way bookshelf loudspeaker is a happy blend of the ideal and the attainable. Here's how they met:

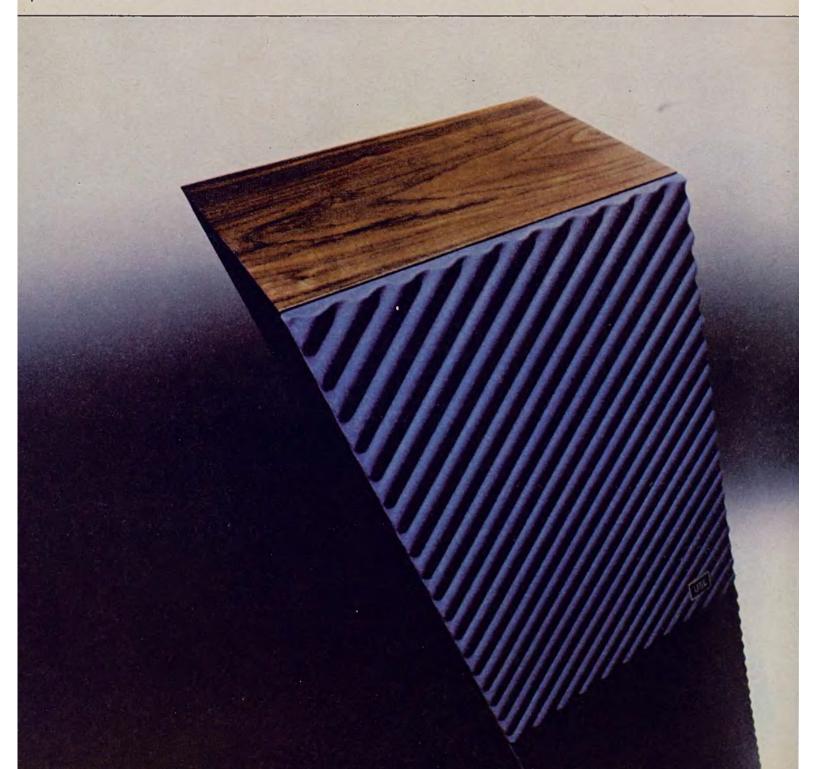
We built a superb system called the L212. It's an absolutely no-trade-off, state of the art, \$1,700 system that has redefined the upper limits of high performance sound.

Wouldn't it be great if we could build a loudspeaker that would sound as expensive but wouldn't be?

The answer's the L50. You can take a pair home for \$550. But before you do that, turn them on.

The sound is everywhere. No matter which way you turn you're in the center of the music.

Here's what's happening to you: You're learning the new geometry of sound. The third dimension: Bass guitar, left front. Saxophone behind. Drums deep in the middle. Lead guitar, front right. Flute behind. And the sound is never altered, colored nor caricatured.



High and mid-frequency level controls

Ducted port

High and mid-frequency level controls

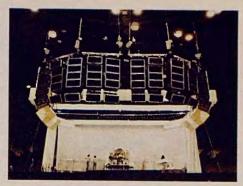
1.4-inch tweeter 5-inch midrange

The precise vertical alignment of the transducers insures near perfect stereo imaging.

The silent hero of the L50's smooth, seamless sound is the best crossover network you can buy—the same kind we put into our studio monitors.

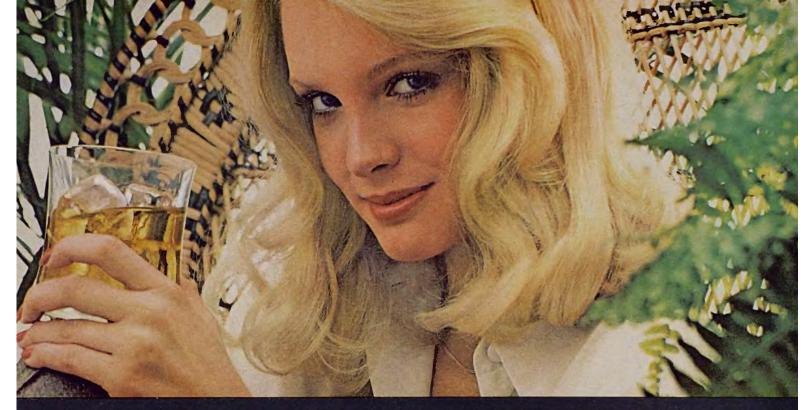
If you like engineering reports, write us and we'll send you one on the L50. But specs aren't music. You owe it to your soul to hear the L50's. And be sure to ask for them by their first name: JBL. That guarantees you'll get the same craftsmanship, the same components, the same sound heard in leading recording studios and concert halls around the world.

Come hear the L50's. Come see what it's like to get close to perfect.



Rod Stewart's 1977 world tour sounded like this. The people who put this awesome system together are called TFA-Electrosound. And, as with most top concerts today, the loudspeakers are called JBL.

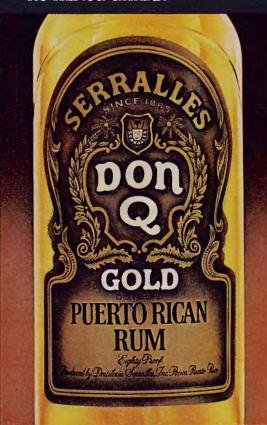




Last night at Nancy T's, twelve of her closest friends caught Gold Fever.

Your friends will enjoy catching it, too.
That's because catching Gold Fever is as easy as tasting Don Q*Gold Rum on-the-rocks.
Once you've caught it, you'll like what the dry,

smooth flavor of Don Q Gold does for your favorite mixed drinks.



Have a few friends over for some Don Q Gold Rum. One thing's for sure, they'll never forget where they caught Gold Fever.

Don Q Gold Rum Catch Gold Fever.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



NO JOY, NO SEX

We heard a rumor about that new Random House Encyclopedia that was unveiled last fall with so much hoopla and commentary, something about its having a secret—and, some said, sexyhistory that was not mentioned in the reams of promotional material accompanying the book's release. Since we haven't heard too many hot rumors about encyclopedias lately, we decided to put our Crack Snoop on the case. His report:

It turns out that the Random House Encyclopedia, all 2856 lavishly illustrated pages of it, was actually a joint publishing venture between Random House and Mitchell Beazley Ltd., the British firm that was responsible for The Joy of Sex and its giddy sequels, More Joy, The Joy of Gay Sex and The Joy of Lesbian Sex. In fact, the English edition of the encyclopedia is titled The Joy of Knowledge and contains an introduction by Joy of Sex author/editor Alex Comfort.

"When contacted by PLAYBOY, British publisher James Mitchell, the guy who devised the encyclopedia project, revealed that I tried to get Random House to use The Joy of Knowledge as a subtitle, but they never did. We wanted to make it a turn-on encyclopedia, one that would shake people out of the notion that learning had to be boring. But Random House felt-and I think I agree with them in my sober moods-that the word encyclopedia mattered above all, especially in America, where The Joy of Sex has had a much greater cultural impact than in England."

Must be. The PLAYBOY editors scavenged for hours through Random House's promotional materials and could find no mention of Mitchell Beazley Ltd., other than that it was the publisher of "such outstanding illustrated books as The World Atlas of Wine and The World Atlas of Food." Not one word about the firm's biggest publishing success ever, Comfort's Joy of Sex.

Nevertheless, English partner Mitchell is confident that the encyclopedia, whatever it's called, has broken "completely new ground" as concerns sex. "You won't find 101 positions to make love," he told us, "but there is factual stuff about orgasm, ejaculation and birth control. When I was a teenager, I had to hunt around in encyclopedias to find out the facts of life."

DANCE STEP OF THE MONTH: It's called the push comes to shove, and it's the latest punk-rock dance, worthy successor to the now-passé pogo. Reports a Los Angeles correspondent, on first seeing the push comes to shove performed: "People just go blank and reel across the dance floor until someone on the other side shoves them back; then they go reeling back across the floor, bumping into other people, until eventually all



the people on the floor are shoving one another. If you're standing at the edge of the dance floor at a punk-rock concert and some guy comes reeling toward you, just give him a shove in the opposite direction. It's a great way to get rid of your aggression.'

LAW AND DISORDER

In the beginning, there were the universal laws-principles and dicta that attempted to define some aspect of objective reality. Newton's law of action and reaction, Mendel's laws of genetics and Boyle's law of physics were all of this genre.

Then something happened. First, there was Parkinson's Law ("Work expands to fill the time available for its completion"); next, Murphy's Law ("Anything that can go wrong will go wrong"). These were "laws" written in an attempt to describe an imperfect subjective world dominated not by nature but by institutions, inanimate objects and capricious human behavior.

The trend began back around the end of World War Two and has snowballed ever since. C. Northcote Parkinson has now produced a whole shelf of books, while latter-day imitators, notably Dr. Laurence Peter, are fast catching up: meanwhile, the law originally devised by the unknown Mr. Murphy has now attracted a number of corollaries (including Murphy's Ninth Law: "Nature always sides with the hidden flaw").

A writer we know named Paul Dickson has been collecting these new laws for a number of years and is thinking of publishing a collection of them. We asked him to share with us some of his most treasured discoveries, in return for a promise to encourage readers to submit their favorites. His list:

The Buttered-Side-Down Law (sometimes called Mrs. Murphy's Law). An object will fall so as to do the most damage.

Johnson's Law of Auto Repair. Any

tool dropped while being used to repair an automobile will roll on the floor to the exact geographic center of the vehicle's undercarriage.

The Harvard Law. Under the most rigorous controlled conditions of pressure, temperature, volume, humidity and other variables, the organism will do as it damn well pleases.

The Army General's Law (also The Admiral's Law). Nothing is impossible for the man who doesn't have to do it.

The First Two Rules of Work. Rule one: The boss is always right. Rule two: When the boss is wrong, refer to rule one.

Adler's Law. Warranties cover only things that don't break down.

O'Brien's Principle (the \$357.73 theory). Auditors always reject any expense account with a bottom line divisible by five or ten.

Nienberg's Law. Progress is made on alternate Fridays.

Cahn's Axiom. When all else fails, read the instructions.

Luce's Law (attributed to Clare Boothe Luce). No good deed goes unpunished.

The Executive Umbrella Law. A businessman needs three umbrellas—one to leave at the office, one to leave at home and one to leave on the train.

Meyer's Law. If the facts don't conform to the theory, they must be disposed of.

Rowe's Rule. The odds are five to six that the light at the end of the tunnel is the headlight of an oncoming train.

Weaver's Law. When several reporters share a cab, the reporter in the front seat pays for all.

Doyle's Corollary. No matter how many reporters share a cab, and no matter who pays, each puts the full fare on his expense report.

Horner's Five-Thumb Postulate. Experience gained is proportionate to the amount of equipment ruined.

Man's Law. No matter what happens, there is someone who knew it would.

Anyone wishing to amend Dickson's list should write to the editors of this magazine.

ANTIQUES 2000

The compulsion to collect cultural detritus and objects of nostalgia continues unabated. Mickey Mouse no longer charms and entertains children; he enhances the investment portfolios of adults. First issues of this magazine now sell for between \$300 and \$400.

The health and growth of this phenomenon led us to wonder which items of current or recent manufacture, not yet recognized as things of value, are most likely to become blue-chip collectibles by the turn of the century. We decided to put the question to a couple of dozen dealers in the antiques/collectibles field



and got back the following recommendations. Caveat emptor.

 Underground newspapers. (There is already a market for examples of this short-lived Sixties phenomenon.)

• The most tasteless mementos of the Bicentennial. (What is tasteless to one generation is naïve art to the next.)

• Premetric measuring devices. (One dealer we talked with predicted that in the 21st Century, a yardstick may be as quaint as a spinning wheel is today.)

• Early computerania. (A best bet here would be early manuals, such as those issued for the pioneering Univac 1.)

• Pre-oil-embargo gas-station giveaway items. (This would include that nearly extinct item, the free oil-company road map.)

 Sesame Street stuff. (There seems to be a scarcity of items in mint condition; like many children's toys, these seem to be destroyed soon after being acquired.)

HO-HUM

A friend of ours who frequently drops by the office to chew the fat and chase the secretaries was telling us, last visit, about a sexual dilemma he had recently faced. His girlfriend, he said, had no objections to performing oral sex but balked at taking the next step and executing a hum job. She said she felt silly humming a merry little tune while sloshing the shabob.

His resolution of the dilemma was reasonably inventive, we thought, and deserved to be passed along to any readers among our vast audience who might be similarly perplexed. "One night, when she was fellating me in the normal manner," our friend disclosed, "I hit upon the idea of asking her questions that could be answered yes or no.

"'Do you think Ian Smith's proposal for enfranchisement of black Rhodesians is basically sound?' I asked her.

"'Umm-hmm,' she replied, and I felt an electric tingle in my glans unlike any I had ever felt before.

"'Or do you think the blacks should hold out for full economic control?' I quickly followed up.

"'Unh-unh,' she responded, and I felt

another happy jolt.

"And so we went, through most of the major issues of the day, including the question of Basque separatism and the plight of the South Moluccans. We might not have solved any of the world's problems, but my globes felt terrific."

QUOTE OF THE MONTH: "We live by the golden rule. He who has the most gold makes the rules."—Buzzy Bavasi, general manager of the California Angels, on baseball's free-agent draft.

TUCK U

We now take you to a women's college-dorm room, somewhere in darkest Canada;

Night is falling. Becky and Amy are already in their nighties when Chris and Jim arrive, dressed in robes and slippers and carrying books and stuffed animals. The men sit on Amy's bed and distribute the animals. Next comes the story, tonight Kathryn Jackson's Tawny Scrawny Lion. As usual, Jackson's classic tale of bestiality and raw animal passion does the trick, and the girls are ready for bed as soon as it's over. Blankets are hastily smoothed and pillows fluffed, as Chris boldly tucks Amy and Jim tucks a sleepy, beaming Becky. Soon the exhausted girls are dozing peaceably; the two tuckers kiss them softly on the cheek and tiptoe to the room of their next clients.

Thanks to Chris Hughes and Jim Soles, variations of this scene occur regularly at Ottawa's Carleton University and other Canadian colleges where nightly tuck-in services are a campus rage. Hughes and Soles, Carleton students from British Columbia, conceived the service as an answer to the needs of lonely coeds far from home—and to their own needs of meeting lonely coeds.

So, is the appeal of their service paternal or sexual? we asked the two tuckers while accompanying them on their rounds one evening. "Both," replied Soles. "But, basically, it's all in fun."

Just fun. Once the toys, bedtime story and goodnight kiss have been provided—well, the tuck stops there. Hughes and Soles believe that the integrity of their service depends on the tucker and the tuckee remaining on opposite sides of the bedclothes.

"Of course," Soles is quick to amend, "the tucking sometimes leads to dates later on, and this may lead to something further...."



Only one of the world's four biggest car companies specializes in small cars.

According to *Fortune* magazine's latest report, the world's four biggest automobile companies, ranked by sales, were General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, and Renault.

That's right, Renault.

Renault is the largest non-American car company. And we got there the hard way — by concentrating on smaller cars with smaller prices.

Back in 1898, the very first Renault was a voiturette (French for "small car").

Four years later, we were building lightweight *voiturettes* that outperformed cars with twice the weight and five times the horsepower, all over the roads—and road races—of Europe.

In 1926, a compact Renault was the first car capable of doing more than 100 miles an hour for 24 hours. (It averaged 106.53, a world record.)

And in 1942, Renault built and tested a small (972 pounds), four-door car with fully independent suspension, room for six-footers up front, and a four-cylinder engine in the rear. After the war, we mass-produced that car as the 4CV. And exported more than 3,200 of them to the United States in 1948, the year before the arrival of the first two VW Beetles.

Today, the world car market is a small-car market. So it's hardly surprising that Renault is the only company in the world to turn out two of the world's six best-selling models. It's even less surprising that Le Car is one of them.

Everything we've learned about building small cars in nearly 80 years—

and about building the kind of small cars people want to buy—we built into Le Car. We gave it the kind of economy people expect from a small car—plus the kind of roominess, comfort, performance, and ride they don't.

As a result, more than 2 million people all over the world have made Le Car their car since we introduced it in 1972. In Europe, the home of small cars, Le Car has outsold Rabbit and Fiesta combined.

Since last year, Le Car has more than doubled its sales in the United States alone. And in a recent independent survey, owner satisfaction with Le Car was at an incredible 95%.

It just goes to show that when you specialize in making cars small, you build the kind of cars that make you big.

Renault Le Car Company

MOVIES

When we heard that comedienne Joan Rivers was turning movie director, we sent Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson to talk with her about it. His

report:

The next best thing to having lunch with Joan Rivers is probably a ringside seat when she's doing her act in Vegas. "What'll we talk about? Rabbit Test Rabbit Test Rabbit Test," Joan repeats from time to time, omitting punctuation and plugging away rapidfire, so that anyone within earshot of a quiet corner table at New York's Sherry-Netherland will catch the title of her new movie, her directorial debut. It's all about a nice young man (Billy Crystal, the gay son of TV's Soap) who discovers he is with child after being raped by a Mystery Woman (Sheree North). Joan swears the idea came to her when she saw a fan-magazine headline asking: "is ELLIOTT GOULD PREGNANT?" Her first thought, she says, was to reprimand James Caan ("I mean, they're always together").

Eventually, after many ups and downs, the movie got written (in collaboration with Jay Redack, producer of *The Hollywood Squares*), financed and finished. "Of course, the producer had the final cut," Joan adds, "but I sleep with him, so that's OK." Seated at Joan's left, smiling on cue, is her producer husband, Edgar Rosenberg, a genial, softspoken gent who seems to calm his madcap missus faster than Valium. Their nine-year-old daughter, Melissa, is asso-

ciate producer.

When Joan discusses things she holds dear, she is apt to ask questions. Right away, in fact. No fooling around. "Did

you like the movie?"

He who has reservations as a critic is not instantly shit-listed, but he's in imminent danger of becoming a convert, swept away by Rivers' one-woman flow of self-deprecating humor and absolute assurance. That's the dynamite formula, remember, that transformed her from a brainy, ambitious Barnard graduate into a petite and feisty bottled blonde who is rumored to be the highest-paid comedienne in America. Nevertheless, Joan quickly reminds you, she and Edgar had to slap a \$425,000 mortgage on their Beverly Hills home to bring Rabbit Test in "under budget and two days under schedule" for slightly less than \$1,000,000. "Sure, it's uneven. But so was Take the Money and Run. So were What's Up, Tiger Lily? and The Producers. Look, this is no Annie Hall or Silent Movie. I haven't been at it for ten years like Woody Allen and Mel Brooks. I'll get better, just as they did, though 90 percent of the audiences at our sneak previews either loved it or liked it. After



Rapid-fire Rivers.

A visit with the very funny Joan Rivers, whose new movie, Rabbit Test, has its moments.

this experience, believe me, I am a lot more sophisticated."

Only half in jest, as if she were polishing up a new routine, Joan recalls the trauma of trying to flush investors from the Hollywood hills. "We got money through 218 dinners, most of them with shoe manufacturers. One night, we had some people over, hustling them for Rabbit Test while they were hustling us for money to buy a studio. I pulled Edgar aside and said, 'Change the wine.' So we put away our good French stuff and brought out the Almadén.

"Out on the Coast, they all stroke each other. We couldn't get our movie off the ground. We sat with one studio head who described to us Nickelodeon and Won Ton Ton, the Dog That Saved Hollywood. I cried all the way home in the car and told Edgar, 'I'm not going to listen anymore to these half-wits, assholes and accountants telling me what's funny. The only funny thing about that guy is that he's 102 years old, wearing gold chains around his neck and his wife has had her face done so often she's talking through the part in her hair.'"

Whatever fate awaits Rabbit Test, Joan has many other irons in the fire, all asizzle. She sums up her career as a history of "total rejection," yet she has come a long way since she wowed the

public with "a mercy booking" on Johnny Carson's Tonight Show back in 1965. Her book on motherhood, Having a Baby Can Be a Scream, is a perennial best seller ("I fainted in the delivery room, but that's been nice . . . you go home and find a check for \$2300 every now and then"). Her next book, due to be published this year, will be Getting Started. "I think it's gonna be a book of pain, about the whole era of the early Sixties." That's when Joan was beating about in the backwaters of New York showbiz with the likes of Lily Tomlin, Dick Cavett, Buck Henry and George Segal, still among her closest chums. "The first show I ever did was with Bar-ba-ra Streisand, before she started dropping her A's, in a play called Driftwood, which opened up in an attic on 54th Street. You didn't get many walkins. We made our exits and entrances through a closet. Driftwood was written for Ralph Meeker and Geraldine Page, who obviously read it first and made a very wise decision. So they took the Ralph Meeker part and changed it into a lesbian. I was terrific, still using my real name, Joan Molinsky . . . and I ended up as Barbra's leading man, all of which she has forgotten in her own warm way.'

Joan consumes a bloody mary, eggs Florentine, a napoleon and two cups of coffee while ticking off other past and future encounters with blind fortune.

"When I wrote my Broadway show, Fun City, I wanted to call it The New Neil Simon Play. You get cold letters from lawyers about things like that." The next Joan Rivers movie, which she will start to shoot in early summer, is a period piece that was meant to be titled The Radio City Music Haul until, on the advice of counsel, she prudently changed it to The Roxy Haul. "Thirtysix chorus girls are kidnaped by two losers, a WASP and a mafioso, who hide them inside the boobs of the Statue of Liberty. Isn't that a great idea? If you can tell it in one sentence, they say, it's good."

Don't look for any big bankable stars under the Rivers banner. "'You get us Dusty and you've got a deal,' they tell you. The studios all have the same list: Hoffman, Redford, Streisand, Pacino."

Rivers can hold forth ad infinitum on the curious chemistry of how to succeed by failing big. "Listen, I'm not for everybody. In my night-club act, I go for the brighties, people who have read what I've read, who know what's going on. Totally urban. I played with Dolly Parton once. A terrific performer, but there were ladies in high heels and socks nursing their children in the front row.

"I would like to get out of performing,



Le City Car

One of the reasons Le Car has caused so much excitement in this country is because of what it can do in the city. There isn't a car in town that can match Le Car for parking, maneuverability, ease of handling and smooth ride.

Le Car fits in a smaller parking space than any other car in its class.

Even though Le Car has a longer wheelbase than Honda Civic or VW Rabbit, it has a shorter overall length. So Le Car will fit in a space



that the others have to pass by. Add to this Le Car's short 32-foot turning circle and you can see why the parking problems of the city are no problem for Le Car.

A highly responsive car that handles with ease.

Parking is not the only difficulty you'll encounter in the city. Driving is another. Le Car is equipped with front-wheel drive, rack and pinion steering, four-wheel independent suspension and Michelin steel-belted radials, all standard. (Honda, Rabbit, Chevette and Fiesta don't offer this combination of standard features.) The result is that Le Car can zip in and out of, around and through traffic.

And Le Car's ride is so remarkably smooth that Car & Driver reported, "The rough-road ride in Le Car is a new standard for small cars. It waltzed across the worst roads we could find—the cratered surfaces of Manhattan—as though it was fresh pavement."

Although Le Car is small on the

outside you could never tell from its roomy inside. Le Car is designed to give you the most interior room while using the least exterior space.

A world of satisfied Le Car owners.

In Europe, nearly two million people drive Le Car with a passion. That's more than Fiesta and Rabbit combined. Here in America, Le Car sales more than doubled in 1977. What's more, in an independent study, Le Car owner satisfaction was rated an amazingly high 95%. The price for all this? A very satisfying \$3495.*

Obviously, a lot of people are doing a lot more than just driving Le Car in the city. So if you really want to see how much fun Le Car can be, flip open the giant sun roof (optional) and take Le City Car for a drive in the country. For more information call 800-631-1616 for your nearest dealer. In New Jersey call collect 201-461-6000.

*P.O.E. East Coast: Price excludes transportation, dealer preparation and taxes. Stripe, Mag wheels, Sun roof and Rear wiper/washer optional at extra cost Prices higher in the West. Renault USA, Inc. ©1978.

Le Car by Renault 🛇



PANATELA SEPARATES. FROM THE HERD WITH

The dress alike ways of the herd don't have to be the ways of man.

Especially when Panatela's tradition of sound construction and exquisite styling is combined with prices you can so easily afford.

For instance: the entire baby cord outfit shown





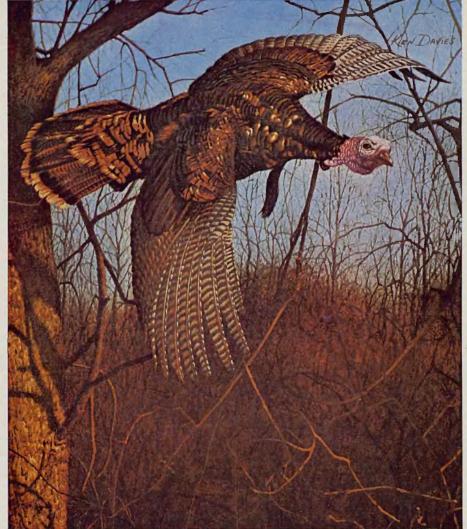
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It seems fitting that the name of America's greatest native bird is also the name of America's greatest native whiskey— Wild Turkey Bourbon. eventually, though our investors insisted I play a role in *Rabbit Test*. I'm the nurse who says: 'Hot colon—hot colon coming through!' This chubby middleaged woman comes running down the hall, wearing a smock, and it's me. I don't approve of that at all, not at all. I see myself as very young, very slim, very sensual and *very* English. So I'm in a lot of trouble."

Like Joan Rivers, the expectant hero of Rabbit Test gets into trouble in more ways than one. After a hilarious opening scene—Billy Crystal alone at home with a life-sized inflatable doll that inopportunely springs a leak-we move right along to a U.S.O. club, where Billy is bedded on a pool table by Sheree North, the potent, aggressive volunteer who's responsible for his odd predicament. Imogene Coca, Paul Lynde, Doris Roberts, Roddy McDowall and Alex Rocco head a fast company of clowns abetted by pretty Joan Prather, as a gypsy girl who agrees to marry the ravished lad and make an honest man of him before he becomes a mother. Though broad as a pratfall, with many choice bits of buffoonery, Rabbit Test goes downhill at a gallop thereafter. What's wrong with it undoubtedly stems from a trait that Rivers would be wise to curb if she intends to switch from stand-up comedy to movie directing. When her act isn't going well, Joan freely admits, "I get very fast and very loud . . . I keep punching to the end." Here, as pressure mounts, she punches so hard that the humor becomes strained, the performing shrill and tinged with panic. Crystal, a winningly boyish actor, is overwhelmed by the author's ambitions when she makes him a national hero, then has the President dispatch him on a round-theworld good-will tour-which all too predictably causes riots in India, where he is denounced for encouraging overpopulation. As a writer-director, Joan has considerable catching up to do before she can begin to match the early efforts of Woody and Mel. But let's give the girl a break. She's a funny lady whose Rabbit Test is pregnant with promise, but she needs to learn to relax and enjoy.

Writers itching to direct their own movies are nothing new in Hollywood. A great many of them eventually go back to the typewriter, where they belong; very, very few ever manage to come through with a directorial debut to match Paul Schrader's Blue Collor. Considered one of moviedom's hottest properties since he wrote Taxi Driver, Schrader collaborated with his brother Leonard on a story idea supplied by Sydney A. Glass to bring forth a stinging, realistic drama about Detroit auto workers that is both persuasive and suspenseful-but avoids the mean-spirited ugliness of Taxi Driver, which left a

Austin Nichols

nasty aftertaste. Filmed in and around Detroit, as well as inside the Checker Motors Corporation in Kalamazoo, Michigan, Blue Collar stars Richard Pryor, Harvey Keitel and Yaphet Kotto as a trio of assembly-line serfs whose frustrations are pretty universal. They work long hours at grueling jobs, caught between a corrupt union and tireless tax collectors, unable to afford braces for their kids' teeth. Relaxation means a beer at Little Joe's Bar after the whistle blows, maybe bowling or an occasional surreptitious night out with the boys, enjoying a binge of booze, cocaine and prostitutes. They see no hope of change except to rob the headquarters of their union local, which brings them only \$600 and a lot of grief because they also steal a top-secret ledger itemizing a slew of illegal union loans to shady characters from New York and Las Vegas.

Blue Collar ends in disaster, with one of the threesome murdered and the two



Blue Collar: strong stuff.

others fulfilling his prophecy that they are helpless victims of a union-management conspiracy. "They pit the lifers against the new boys, the old against the young, the blacks against the whitesthey keep us in our place." They do, indeed, and Schrader presents a grimly one-sided picture without neglecting the roughhouse humor and resilience of men who work with their hands at the plant. As Pryor gripes, in a gritty, funny performance that challenges his versatility as nothing he has done before, "The plant is just short for plantation." Keitel and Kotto are at least equal to him, and they're backed by Borah Silver, Ed Begley, Jr., Lucy Saroyan and a company of actors who seem to have spent their entire lives in the shadow of a belching smokestack. The film's music is actually a dissonant sound-track symphony of man vs. machine, and it's dynamic. If we were back in the McCarthy era, Blue Collar's tough, uncompromising view of a modern sweatshop would probably be denounced as Communist propaganda. Well, it is propaganda, but humanistic and compassionate rather than subversive. Schrader stops us in our tracks with



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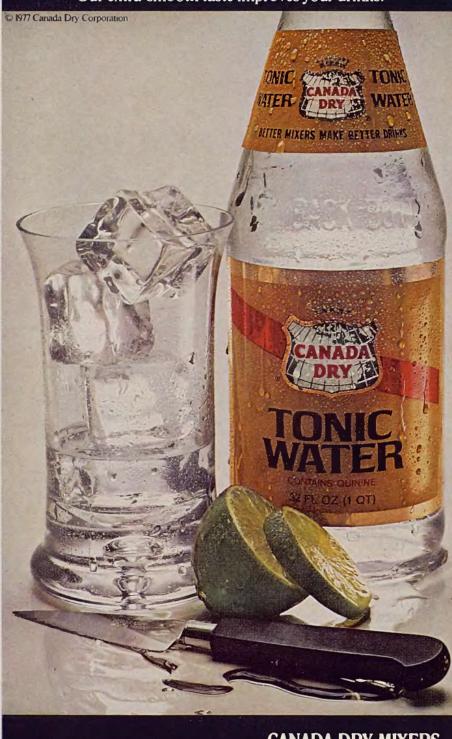
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CANADA DRY MIXERS. YOU OWE IT TO YOUR LIQUOR.

a resonant reminder that movies about the lot of ordinary working stiffs in today's consumer society are very rare. Although it's risky to measure a promising first movie against a certified classic, there hasn't been such a devastating indictment of union strong-arm tactics since On the Waterfront, when Brando was beaten to a pulp for bucking the system. Hats off to Schrader.

The problems of Vietnam veteransfinally emerging as a trendy topic for Hollywood movies-add dramatic wallop to director Hal (Shampoo, Bound for Glory) Ashby's poignant Coming Home. Although Jon Voight plays a paraplegic Marine in a Californía veterans' hospital, this is no tearjerker about agonizing rehabilitation. Voight, in fact, adjusts rather quickly to his plight, helped along by Jane Fonda as a hospital volunteer who falls in love with him and more or less moves in with him after his release. The catch is that she's already the wife of a Marine Corps captain (Bruce Dern) doing his tour of duty in 'Nam. As a touchy love triangle set back in the late Sixties, Coming Home is emotionally rich, romantic and played for the adult market by Jon and Jane, whose scenes together produce the kind of chemistry that prompts moviegoers to start lining up around the block. ("What do I do?" she asks, their first tentative time in bed. "I want you to do everything," he tells her, though the film remains discreetly vague about the sexual responses possible for a man supposedly paralyzed from the waist down.) Voight's performance, easily his best shot since Midnight Cowboy, is a subtle, warm-blooded portrait of a former high school athlete whose underlying anger and fighting spirit far outweigh his capacity for self-pity. In lesser roles, Robert Carradine, as a shell-shocked soldier, and Penelope Milford, as the boy's plucky sister, have their own moments of moving truth.

Coming Home falters after a strong build-up because of inherent weaknesses in the screenplay by Waldo Salt and Robert C. Jones, developed from a story by Nancy (Slap Shot) Dowd with some input from Fonda. When Dern comes home-an embittered would-be hero who is decorated for accidentally shooting himself in the leg-the FBI gets into the act. And what has been, until now, a gripping personal drama suddenly becomes a Federal case. We are also informed that Jane still loves her husband, but it's not easy to believe she has ever been wholly serious about Dern, bearing down rather hard in his role as a possessive macho pig whose concepts of wife, honor and country were all born on the Fourth of July. Ashby also begins to belabor some political points that were obvious from the outset, as if he were afraid to trust himself, his script,

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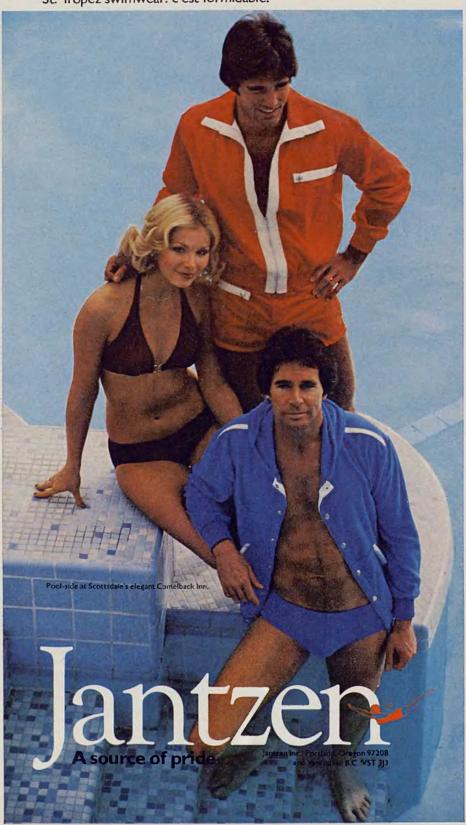
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his actors or his audience. We have another serious quibble with the film's music, a nonstop mélange of Beatles, Stones and other Top 40 hits of the Sixties that is often intrusive, though clearly chosen to establish *Coming Home* as a significant slice of social history.

As adaptor and director of Robin Cook's suspense novel Coma, Michael Crichton—himself a doctor and best-selling author of 15 books—creates some hellish excitement from the dark deeds afoot in a huge Boston hospital. This is, or was, Crichton's world, and he renders its horrors with nerve-jangling accuracy. Michael Douglas, Rip Torn, Richard Widmark and Elizabeth Ashley portray the medical personnel whose private and professional ethics are seriously questioned. Although they are all spooky, the movie belongs lock, stock



Bujold's only terrific in Coma.

and scalpel to Genevieve Bujold, as a brilliant young doctor who's pursued by a mysterious killer when she becomes suspicious about the number of patients who check in for minor surgery and inexplicably become brain-dead vegetables. Playing a deeply sympathetic and resourceful damsel in distress, Bujold hooks the audience right away and never lets go. She always has been a terrific actress but seldom has had a role so likely to lift her out of the rank and file of reliable leading ladies. Coma, if subjected to a thorough examination, would almost certainly be diagnosed as preposterous. The movie has such headlong pace and energy, however, that there's hardly a moment to think until the bloodcurdling climax, when our inquisitive heroine, under heavy sedation, is being wheeled into surgery for . . . well, see for yourself. Even better if you missed the book, Coma could empty hospitals the way Jaws emptied beaches.

-ALL REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON



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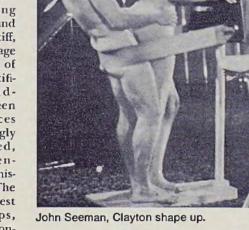
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X-RATED

interrupting a psychological suspense drama for interludes of hardcore sex is a tricky business, but that's the business at hand in Anna Obsessed. While headlines warn, "RAPE" KILLER STALKS," one Long Island suburban husband (John Leslie) neglects his wife, who gets tired of being alone and starts partying every afternoon with a comely girl photographer. While she's out on errands one night, she is brutally beaten and raped in her car by a mysterious assailant who uses a loaded gun as a dildo. Obsessed was made by The Stranger Group, a blanket nom de film for a bunch of hopefuls who are new to porno but shrewd about not trying too much too soon. Although they don't quite achieve the delicate balance between turning audiences on and scaring them stiff, they do manage some moments of shock and mystification-sandwiched between fuck sequences that are excitingly photographed, highly concentrated and unmistakably hard. The group's smartest



move, perhaps, John Seeman, Clayto was to hire Constance Money as the itchy suburban wife, Annette Haven as her provocative friend. Two champions in their class, these creamy, sensuous ladies know exactly what they're doing; together, they do everything so well that simple questions like whodunit begin to seem wildly irrelevant.



Money and Haven in Anna Obsessed.

Anna Obsessed raises the question: Does it matter whodunit, as long as everybody does it—with enthusiasm?

Plenty of gleaming chromium and galloping gonads are brought together in The Health Spa, a witless but sexy X comedy with Kay Parker and Abigail Clayton co-starred as a team of intrepid reporters from a magazine called Expose. Their assignment is simply to snoop around and pen an editorial blast at an exercise parlor specializing in erotic tune-ups known as "Sexercise . . . so people will have a good time while they're trying to get in shape." Which means that a girl can get off on an exercycle, or a couple can vibrate to climax on a belt massager. Health Spa's plot has no muscle whatever, though femme director Clair Dia-who learned about porno flicks by performing in themobviously responds to both machine-tooled and man-made sexual stimulation. Once the novelty wears off, about halfway through, the movie becomes tiresome. But any red-blooded voyeurs out there will probably hang around to watch Abigail, star of Seven into Snowy and also a best bet among The New Girls of Porn

featured in our pictorial last July. Compared with her jaded colleagues on the hard-core circuit, Abigail looks country fresh and collegiate as a homecoming queen, the kind of sporty chick you might even take home to meet the folks—though you'd be crazy to leave her alone too long with Dad.

—B.W.

MUSIC

n that vast union of losers, Chet Baker has overpaid his dues and then some. A quarter century ago, he was the brilliant young man with a horn. But it was only several years later that heroin took over his life. Everything came tumbling down. And it wasn't till the Seventies that Baker was able to surface again and get down to the serious business of reclaiming his credentials as a jazz musician. You Can't Go Home Again (Horizon) indicates that he's come back a long way. The arrangements by Don Sebesky help considerably; they're both intelligent and exciting. And Baker has a number of first-rate musicians lending musical support. Rock/jazz reed man Michael Brecker, bassist Ron Carter, flutist Hubert Laws, drummer Tony Williams and, sharing the spotlight with him on the title tune, the late Paul Desmond (it was his last recording date) work beautifully with Baker, whose tone, the only reservation we ever had about his playing, has put on weight. We like it-and the album-very much.

Two records-Close Encounters of the Third Kind (Arista), sound-track therefrom; Encounters of Every Kind (Millennium), a disco atrocity overlaid with the newborn mythology and catch phrases of the we're-not-alone faddists-are to music what flying saucers are to objects: unidentifoids. We all, by this time, should know that CE3K is a pretentious fivenote samba in the key of gee whizz. But Encounters of Every Kind is something else again. A person, or group, or machine called Meco did it. Take, for example, the first cut, In the Beginning, which is handily subtitled "1,348,264 B.C. Dusk. High in the nest of a ferocious pterodactyl." This slowly (God, how slowly) develops until the last song, Theme from Close Encounters, tells you: "1979 A.D. Devils Tower, Wyoming. From my hiding place I can see the lights of the spaceship growing brighter . . . almost blinding. It seems to be calling me?!! . . . Gotta go!!!" And God listened to it and, lo, He saw that it was pure bullshit.

Refusing to be trapped in his own mannerisms, Al Green comes back from a 16-month absence with a rejuvenated vocal style. Where he once teased listeners with promises of climaxes that never quite happened, he now reaches the heights—and, if he feels like it, he stays there. On the "title tune" of The Belle Album (Hi)—which he recorded at his own studio in Memphis and for which he wrote most of the songs—he makes a vocal leap of an octave and a third that must be heard to be believed. And on All



Baker: You can come back again.

Chet Baker makes a comeback, Joni Mitchell's got rhythm, but UFOs, on record, fizzle.



Spaced-out Encounters.

n All, he gets down to some all-out Gospel screaming that we haven't heard from him before, despite his church background. In fact, the second side of this LP features some of the hardest-rocking tunes-all about God, as it happensthat we've yet heard from Green; the first side finds him working out on several lyrical ballads, plus the bluesy Georgia Boy, which sounds at least partly extemporaneous. The entire album profits from Green's own electric/acoustic-guitar accompaniment, which gives the music a light, airy sound that's more than welcome. At the risk of sounding blasphemous, we just hope it pleases the Lord as much as it pleases us.

The Brahms Symphony No. 3 (RCA) has just been given a new and exceptionally fine recording by James Levine and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. It's hard

to be objective about this disc. The performance is really sumptuous, and we think that most knowledgeable listeners, on hearing it, will agree with that judgment. The New York Post called it "the most exciting and vibrant Brahms Third in years." But what the hell do we need another Brahms Third for? The catalog is glutted with new versions and old of this war horse. Like Beethoven's Fifth, it's popular and people want to hear it. Heroic, romantically grandiose music like this never seems to want for an audience. And they never seem to get enough: It's like eating chicken Kiev or pâté de foie gras every week. Some of us remember that the Chicago Symphony even in its pre-Fritz Reiner days was addicted to the Third, blasting forth with it every two or three months, or so it seemed, and the ovations in Orchestra Hall got to be predictable. The music was warmed-over beef Wellington. To be fair to the C.S.O., this disc shows playing of a quite different order, and Levine is one of the great younger conductors of our time. They do make the old chestnut worth hearing again, so if by some chance you don't have a recording of the Third, this one, we reluctantly admit, is the one to buy. But be kind to your musical digestion: Don't listen to it every week.

It's nice that with all that's going on in South Africa people there still have time to make records-especially when they're as pleasing as Margaret Singana's Tribul Fence (Casablanca). The aptly named vocalist applies her pipes to a variety of material, from tunes by John Fogerty and James Brown (Have You Ever Seen the Rain?; It's a Man's Man's Man's World) to traditional African chants such as Pass the Calabash (Hamba Bikele). Except for Hallelujah Freedom, the album is free of overt references to oppression; there are plenty of veiled ones, however, and it's impossible to listen to it without thinking of the political situation in South Africa. But a hopeful note is sounded by the musical arrangements themselves, which combine the electric sounds of rock-sometimes with an overdose of echo-with vocal antiphonies, tom-toms and, on some cuts, the orchestral sounds of Bram Verhoef & the Jo'burg String Section.

Gordon Lightfoot has an apparently inexhaustible ability to create appealing melodies with chord structures simple enough to delight even the most iron-fingered of parlor guitarists. Add subtle, evocative lyrics as fine as any being written today and you have the ingredients for a steady popularity that is likely to last as long as Lightfoot cares



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"IT'S A SONY"

to keep singing. He writes an occasional hit for himself (Sundown) or others (Early Morning Rain) and, between the big ones, sells to a loyal audience that appreciates how good his stuff is, even when it isn't dominating AM radio. His latest, Endless Wire (Warner Bros.), doesn't show any signs of containing another Sundown, but it does have some fine material, songs that sound good at first hearing and seem to get better the more you listen to them. Sweet Guinevere is a tragic tale told in an elliptical style, as if Lightfoot wanted to conceal the meaning. If There's a Reason has the flavor of the best country songs; it's about breaking up, but it never gets weepy. The arrangements, featuring musicians with whom Lightfoot has been working for years, are as tasteful and inventive as the songs.

With Don Juan's Reckless Daughter (Asylum), Joni Mitchell makes the transition from major songwriter to minor poet. The words ("I didn't know I drank such a lot/Till I pissed a tequila-anaconda/The full length of the parking lot!") are great, but the music got left behind. Mitchell continues the trend begun on her last album: relying on primitive rhythms to carry her words. She juggles more syllables in midsentence than anyone this side of the late-Sixties Dylan. But Dylan she ain't: Paprika Plains (the



Dylan Joni ain't.

lament that fills one record side of this two-disc set) is not Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands. On most cuts, the accompaniment is sparse: jazz-flavored bass lines by Jaco Pastorius, drums by John Guerin, sax by Wayne Shorter, guitar and piano by Mitchell. At times, the group sounds like a freshman jam: You remember, the kind where everyone would get wrecked and speed-strum a two-chord song, Feel-

in' Alright? or Down by the River, for six hours, with dates supplying the random percussion. Mitchell has abandoned the streamlined popular song, apparently feeling that it is not the proper vehicle to vent passion, approach the eternal mystery or fill a concert hall. She is the tourist lady gone native, trying to find release in the native rhythms.

Imagine calling a girl you hardly know in the middle of the night and telling her you're going to be her Brand New Lover. Well, the protagonist of that song, which gets the second side of William Eaton's Struggle Buggy (Marlin) off to a rocking good start, isn't about to quit there. He's also ready to try night letters, carrier pigeons and smoke signals. Which typifies the good-humored inventiveness that makes the album so entertaining, despite the fact that Eaton is hardly an overpowering singer. He pays soft-shoe tribute to Fats Waller on Elevator to the Stars, with the pianistic aid of Jacki Byard (who could have gotten more space). He also creates instrumental moods that are dreamy and martial, respectively, on Just Can't Turn Down and Conjure Woman. Tom Scott and Eric Gale help out with the soloing on those tunes; the Brecker Brothers do the honors on Time and Love and Friends and Lovers, a pair of lyrical soul tunes with Latin rhythmic





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touches. But the *pièce de résistance* is the title tune, a one-act play about a bunch of Southern kids who fix up the back-yard jalopy, drive cousin Mabel to the city and then hit the accelerator; the jazz-rock riffs, the actors' voices and the sound effects all give one another dramatic reinforcement.

Here's titillation: Rodgers & Hammerstein's If I Loved You grafted onto an accompaniment of strumming balalaikas; Nature Boy given a vigorous South American beat; Annie Haslam, she of the operatically trained, many-octaved voice, doing a perfect vibratoless imitation of a boy soprano in Going Home (adapted from Dvorak's New World symphony). All this, and more, can be heard on Annie in Wonderland (Sire), Haslam's debut solo album. Question: Does it all sound sufficiently different from her work with Renaissance, the British art-rock band for which she performs as lead singer? Answer: In large part, yes, thanks to the intelligent, kinky arrangements of Roy Wood, a former high-voltage member of the Electric Light Orchestra.

In the Thirties, a form of musical insemination called jazzing the classics was hot stuff for some years. Now, judging from two new releases, the classics may be on the other end. But instead of jazz, the

The result is not only tepid in the extreme, it's enough to bring George Gershwin and Cole Porter, the present victims, back from the grave, like Lazarus, to make the infidels believe. Gershwin on Broadway (Columbia) features the grand old-young man of the music business, Michael Tilson Thomas, and the Buffalo Philharmonic, who together perform the amazing feat of making a symphony orchestra sound like 20 pieces. That was the number of musicians in the typical pit bands of the day, and the six overtures that make up this disc use studied arrangements (by Don Rose) to cut the resources of the Buffalo orchestra down to size. It's a very period sound (early Thirties) with modern overlays, full of cute syncopations and ponderous swinging (as in the horrendous version of a great song, Why?, from Let 'Em Eat Cake). Those of us who think Gershwin's greatest contribution was his show music and pop tunes are not well served by this disc. Nor will the Cole Porter fans be breaking down their record dealers' doors to buy Classic Cole (Columbia). Jan De Gaetani, a fine mezzo-soprano who likes to sing contemporary opera, and Leo Smit, pianist, offer 19 songs, from the famous to the almost never heard. It's clear from Leo's album notes that they've taken the classical, academic approach throughout. Well, though Porter was in-

recipient is Tin-Pan Alley show music.

fluenced by the classics, there are many other elements in his work, ranging from jazz to tea-dance music. Although we do get occasional insights into the rhythmic and lyric workings of these songs, this approach and Jan's voice are just wrong for this material. Unintentional humor is the effect of At Long Last Love and of many songs here. When she sings, in slow tempo and precise enunciation, "Is it the good turtle soup or merely the mock?" it comes out black bean, especially if you have Sinatra's version running in your head. So let the classicists keep their hands off Porter and Gershwin, whose spirits will survive anyway in their own milieu. If they don't, no infusion of classical condescension will help.

SHORT CUTS

Scorpions / Taken by Force (RCA): From some heavy German rockers comes an album you will like or else!

Aztec Two-Step / Adjoining Suites (RCA): Easy-listening rock from the heirs apparent to Montezuma's revenge.

Intergalactic Touring Band (Passport): A new rugged cross between Tommy and Star Wars.

Merle Haggard and the Strangers / Eleven Winners (Capitol): Eleven winners would be fantastic. Seven out of 11 would have been great. Even three would have been nice....

BOOKS

You might not know that their first names were Chang and Eng or that in middle life they took Bunker as a last name, but you've heard of them. They were born in 1811 on a houseboat 60 miles from Bangkok; twins connected at the breastbone by an arm-shaped band of flesh just a few inches long and thick. The famous Siamese twins. As infants, they seemed like such a bad-news omen to the king of Siam that he ordered them killed; but he either forgot about it or was convinced by his advisors that their birth didn't herald an unceasing rain of serpents. Unlike the grisly soap opera one might expect to unfold from such a genetic blunder, the twins weren't sad, bedridden curiosities. They were bright, energetic kids who could swim in tandem, loved double-somersaulting down hills and sometimes performed back flips when the mood struck them. An enterprising entrepreneur finally convinced them in 1829 to exhibit themselves in America and England. During the ocean voyage, they were often observed scrambling happily up and down the masts. The story gets even better, but you'd barely know it from The Two: A Biography (Simon & Schuster), by Irving Wallace and Amy Wallace, which is close to being the flattest, least dynamic possible telling of a remarkable story. It's more like a Ph.D. dissertation. The Wallaces get an A for research: They've apparently collected every extant scrap about the twins-letters, diary entries, newspaper accounts, laundry lists. But they get a D for discretion: They've apparently arranged the stuff in chronological order and printed every goddamned bit of it. What a long, strange trip it must have been: Chang and Eng seldom spoke to each other (what reason, after all?), found playing checkers with each other boring (comparing it to the right hand playing the left). During eight almost uninterrupted years on the road, playing nearly every burg in the East and Midwest, they were the Kiss of the 1830s, with a road manager and even a groupie here and there. Eventually, they settled in North Carolina, where they prospered as farmers and rapidly became two true-blue Southerners, staunch Whigs and slaveholders. They married two local sisters, over the objection of citizens who didn't mind their being what one writer called hyphenated but found the color of their skin distressing. The marriage arrangements were suitably novel: At first, a farmhouse split down the middle to accommodate both families and one huge custom-made bed, probably a direct ancestor of Hef's, big enough for four people. After a while, with too many children running around, they moved into separate houses a mile



Twins 2, Wallaces 0.

Dotson Rader pens a winner, *Miracle*, but the Wallaces and Weinstein blow it.



Miracle: Amen, brother.

apart. The twins would practice "alternate mastery," each running the show for three days at a time and living with his own family. Toward the end, they longed to be separated, but no one dared perform the operation. Their predicament raises fascinating questions of identity, among many others, but it's still a double life waiting for a graceful biographer.

It has become fashionable for novelists nowadays to mix their fictional characters

with historical ones. E. L. Doctorow started the ball rolling several years ago with Ragtime; since then, a number of writers have picked it up and run with it, but few have done so with as much ease and believability and downright humor as Dotson Rader in his latest novel, Mirade (Random House). The book is the story of Nathum Charity, a cussing, boozing, womanizing evangelist and faith healer who, largely through the efforts of a sharp business manager, becomes the greatest popular preacher in America in the Forties. As the sordid details of his personal life unfold, however, we discover that Nathum, your basic Elmer Gantry, is something of a hypocrite—his past is littered with thwarted mistresses, assorted cruelties, fanatic enemies and shady money deals. No matter. Somehow, we like Nathum Charity, anyway-especially when he puts the moves on Aimee Semple McPherson (portrayed by Rader as a cynical, foulmouthed loon), when he tells a sickly F.D.R. a tasteless Eleanor joke in which the President's wife is described as an ugly old hag, and particularly when, at the close of the book, he causes an entire congregation of 4000 to walk out on Senator Joe McCarthy and his vile Red-baiting supporters. What's interesting is that Rader has characterized McCarthy with some compassion. The Tailgunner Joe we see in Miracle is more a victim of the ruthless fanatics around him than their crusading leader, a pathetic and lonely drunk who seems to despise the opportunists who mimic his once bombastic enthusiasm, a man with enough insight to describe his colleague and fellow witch-hunter Richard Nixon as "a real untrustworthy bastard at heart." It would have been easy for Rader to paint a blacker picture of McCarthy: the fact that he did not is a telling indication of the compassion and insight that permeate this fine, fine novel.

Allen Weinstein's *Perjury, the Hiss-Chambers Case (Knopf) is one of those rare books that can honestly be called long awaited. Weinstein spent some eight years researching it, and sections have teasingly appeared in periodicals, especially *The New York Review of Books*. It was said that Weinstein would have access to all sorts of new material, some of it previously classified by the FBI. His would be the definitive study of that American epic, the Alger Hiss-Whittaker Chambers controversy.

It has been almost 30 years since a fat, unappealing senior editor of *Time* accused the head of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace of being a Communist. Chambers made that charge in front of the House Un-American Activities Committee. One obscure junior

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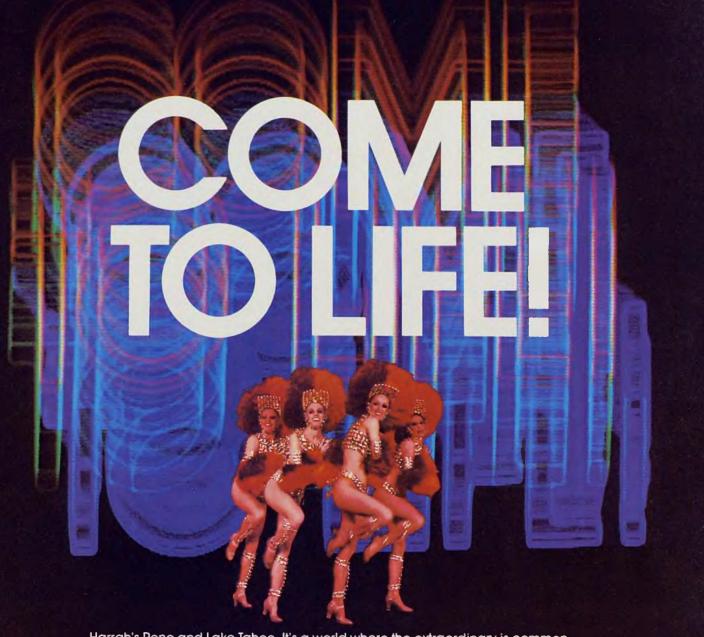
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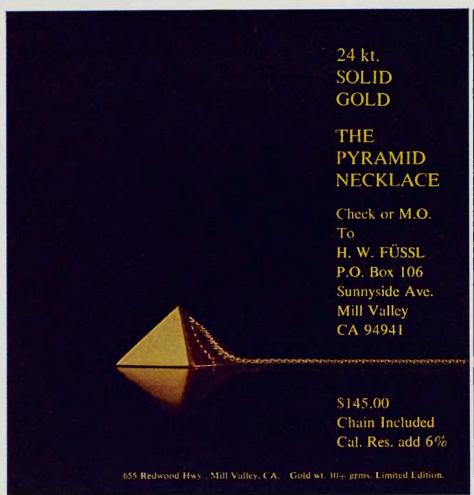
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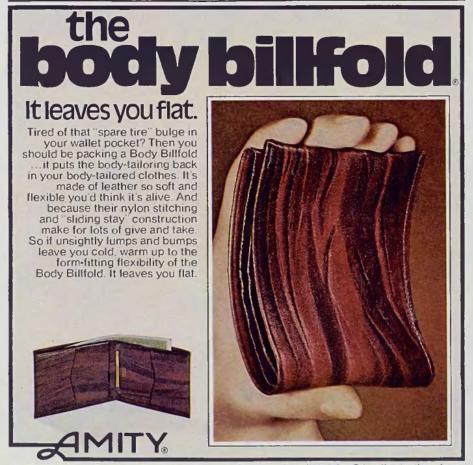
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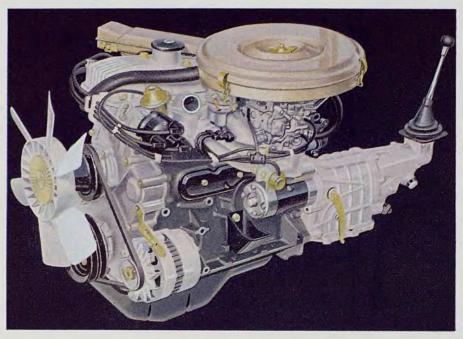
member of that committee was a jowly and ambitious Californian named Richard Nixon, who rode the investigation to glory (and wrote about it in his memoir, Six Crises). Hiss, a former New Dealer and clerk for Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., went to prison after two trials for perjury. The first jury could not agree on a verdict.

More than anything else, the Hiss case precipitated the Red scares of the late Forties and early Fifties. It established the fecund climate necessary for Mc-Carthyism. If Hiss was guilty, then the right was, if not validated, at least correct in its motives. If Hiss was framed, railroaded by a population whipped into hysteria by Nixon, J. Edgar Hoover and others, then the right is as sinister as its critics would have it. He is an American Dreyfus who lacks only clear proof of guilt or innocence-and a Zola to write about it. Many who have followed the case expected Weinstein to fulfill both of those needs. He doesn't. Weinstein, who started out neutral, concludes that the jury reached the correct verdict. But the book will not quiet Hiss supporters, who will quibble endlessly in long, footnoted articles and reviews. Nor will Hiss's enemies be greatly pleased. Weinstein has taken a case that fired some of the most volatile and enduring passions of this country's recent history and made the whole thing-dull.

Fran Lebowitz is a very funny person. Her first book, Metropoliton Life (Dutton), a collection of short pieces that first appeared in Interview and Mademoiselle, establishes her as one of the brightest urban nonapologists currently on the case. She traffics in one-liners that are devastatingly metropolitan. Her thoughts on food: "A salad is not a meal. It is a style." Or "Cheese that is required by law to append the word food to its title does not go well with red wine or fruit." On children: "Children make the most desirable opponents in Scrabble as they are both easy to beat and fun to cheat." Her style is so clever and, finally, so evenhanded that one often wishes the pieces could sustain themselves over more than just a few pages. But brevity, one guesses, is the proper form for this kind of naysaying, highbrow humor. Smart-assed remarks do not lend themselves to elaboration.

If Mark Twain were alive today, he would probably be a Nora Ephron fan. Ephron's new collection of columns, Scribble Scribble: The Media According to Nora Ephron (Knopf), is pure delight, reminiscent in many ways of Twain's own best and funniest essays. Her style is smart, witty, sharp and chatty and she deals with matters both frivolous and weighty with good sense and clarity.

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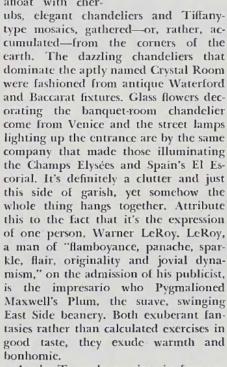


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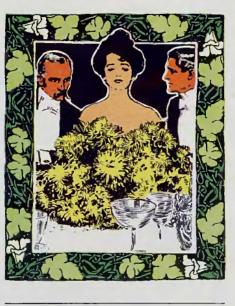
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DINING & DRINKING

he revitalized Tavern on the Green, a jewel set in the sylvan greenery of Manhattan's Central Park off Central Park West and 67th Street, is galaxies above its ill-fated predecessor of the same name and deserves a place on any visitor's itinerary. Certainly the most exciting aspect is the physical presence, a splendiferous mishmash of colored glass, gilded sculptures, old prints and weather vanes, fresh-cut blossoms and other flora, polished brass and copper animal heads, rustic rafters and a pastel ceiling afloat with cher-



At the Tavern's opening, its fare was given a fierce lambasting by the local food critics, but if several recent visits can be trusted, the kitchen is coming along, and in one or two instances, its creations were exceptional. An example was a stuffed quenelle specialty, laved with two delicious sauces—the traditional pink Nantua and a delicate champagne. The mousse of pike itself was light and silky, but not spongy—



At New York's Tavern on the Green, the ambience is half the fun.

as this dish often is-and rolled around a mixture of diced truffles and succulent lobster meat. The combination of tastes, textures and scents was sensuous almost to the point of indecency. A Délices of Fresh Raspberry, sampled at the same sitting, was rich yet refreshing-a satisfying finale to a hearty dinner. Both, as it happens, were suggested by the captain as the chef's fancies and did not appear on the formal menu. This may provide a clue to how to negotiate the shoals of gourmandise at the Tavern on the Green: Ask your

captain what the chef has turned his hand to that day. Blanquette de Veau, Jambon Braise au Madère, Selle d'Agneau en Croûte, Contre filet de Boeuf au Poivre Verte and Bouillabaisse are also definite possibilities, but the timing is unpredictable. You know how chefs are.

Hearty eaters will do well with the Double Rib Lamb Chops, Sirloin Steak au Poivre or the savory Steak Chunks with potatoes and shallots, in casserole. We found the Tavern's vegetables fresh and the tossed salad pleasant, but the Hollandaise that accompanied the asparagus was disappointing. The Tavern's desserts are quite good but not mind-blowing. Try the hazelnut cheesecake, or the plain, for that matter, embellished with optional strawberries or sliced bananas.

Sunday brunch is a big number at the Tavern. A table beside one of the floor-to-ceiling windows affords—in their appropriate seasons—the best view of joggers, horsemen, kids flying kites and the burgeoning trees and flowers in the park. Many a friendship has been spawned between singles waiting to be seated.

The Tavern is open for lunch Monday through Friday from noon to 5 p.m.; dinner is from 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Sunday through Friday and until 3 a.m. Saturday. Brunch is served Saturday from noon to 5 p.m. and Sunday from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Reservations are essential (212-873-3200). All major credit cards accepted.



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☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

Poll Gossip: Paramount wants to do a Godfather III and it's rumored Morio Puzo has been approached to come up with a story line. Froncis Coppole will probably be involved in the project, though not necessarily as director. . . . Author Thomas (Blood and Money) Thomp-





O'Neal

Bergen

son is working on another crime book, this one involving several bizarre murders in India and Nepal. . . . Producer Michael Phillips says there will be a sequel to Close Encounters, but director Steven Spielberg has a number of prior commitments, so there's no telling when he'll be able to get to it. . . . Elizabeth Taylor Will have a role in NBC's The Mudlark, scheduled for Christmas; she'll play an aging Queen Victoria. . . . Condice Bergen has signed with David Obst Books/Random House to do an autobiographical book about growing up in Hollywood, her various careers and, supposedly, her experiences with such gents as Henry Kissinger and Abbie Hoffman. . . . What's happening to Ryon O'Neol? After backing out of the title role in Paramount's Oliver's Story, Ryan signed to play the Wallace Beery part in MGM's remake of The Champ, then unsigned his way out of that one. (Jon Voight has been talked about as a replacement.) The reason Ryan walked? His 12-year-old son tested for the Jackie Cooper part in Champ and was rejected by director Franco Zeffirelli.

RUSSIAN BOOGIE: Fleetwood Mac will begin recording a new album very soon in Los Angeles—it'll contain all new songs. At presstime the group's attorney



Fleetwood Mac

and tour manager were still in Russia negotiating the proposed Soviet tour (Mac wants to do a free concert in Red Square on July fourth and, according to sources, "the Russians are very intrigued by the idea. Gromyko's staff has been pushing for it."). Although Mac is not that well known in the U.S.S.R., Russian

cultural attachés stationed in the U.S. apparently caught a few of the group's concerts on their last tour and liked what they saw. "They were especially impressed by the girls," says our source.

WILDER THAN WILDER: Comic David Steinberg is about to start production on Sex in America, which he'll write, direct and star in for Universal. "It's a fast-paced, Billy Wilder type of comedy," says David, "a series of vignettes in which sexual mores are examined from the most outrageous point of view possible." Besides Steinberg, the movie will feature the players of Second City and, as David says, "lots of beautiful girls. I can't wait for casting." Steinberg is also preparing, for Normon Lear, a TV series called Doctor, Doctor, involving an idealistic physician from New York who becomes resident medic at the Beverly Hills Hotel. "In a way," says David, "it's a parody of the L.A. mentality."

POTENTIAL BEST SELLER: In August, Summit Books will publish The Death





Steinberg

Irving

Freak, a suspense novel by "John Luckless" (in real life, Clifford Irving and Herbert Burkholz). The book is about two secret agents—one CIA, the other K.G.B.—both of them inventors of U.K.D.s (unusual killing devices). Sources who've read the manuscript claim "it's the best and most humorous suspense novel since James Bond." Meantime, Irving is working on the screenplay for Jailing ("Sam Goldwyn, Jr., read the excerpt in Playboy and decided to film it," Irving reports) and a novel "about Tom Mix, Pancho Villa and General Patton."

POTENTIAL KNOCKOUT: Muhammad Ali will star in NBC's miniseries Freedom Road, based on author Howard Fost's Forties best seller about a black man's rise from slavery to a seat in the Senate. The \$6,000,000 production will start shooting this summer in the South for a projected '79 air date and be offered for theatrical distribution overseas to recoup the investment. Meantime, Fast, whose novel The Immigrants (first part of a trilogy) was a best seller for months, is working on the next two volumes.

WELCOME TO THE UNIVERSE: PBS is planning an extravagant 13-hour series called Man and the Cosmos to be hosted by astronomer Corl Sugan. Budgeted at an astronomical \$6,000,000 or thereabouts, the production will be two years in the making and is due to air in the





Ali

Sagan

spring of 1980. Cosmos, in Sagan's words, "will explore the evolution of the stars, cosmology, the origin of life on earth and the future of the human species." Special effects will play a major role. "I have no hesitation about using magic to convey science," says Sagan, who plans, among other things, to conduct makebelieve tours of various planets and possibly even of a black hole specially constructed by the effects men. The effects, designed specifically for TV, will, says Sagan, be "as effective on the small screen as those of 2001 are on the large screen." Sagan will also write an accompanying book for Random House. "My only fear," he says, "is that by 1980 people will only understand the word Cosmos to mean a successful soccer team."

sequelmania: Production has begun on Butch and Sundance: The Early Days, a "prequel" to the 1969 Poul Newmon/Robert Redford starrer. (A prequel is actually a sequel involving the same characters at an earlier time.) Tom Berenger (he played the killer in Mr. Goodbar) is the young Butch Cassidy and William (First Love) Kort is Sundance, with Richard Lester directing the script by Alon Burns, who won five Emmys for The Mary Tyler Moore Show, which he cocreated and





Katt

Berenger

produced. Says coproducer Steven Buch: "The film is about how young Butch meets young Sundance and how they become Western heroes. It's very accurate historically—they meet when Sundance tries to rob a saloon where Butch is having a drink."

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

am a single, liberated woman, age 30, who very much enjoys making love with the opposite sex. However, recently, my partner has made comments about my soft laughing and noisemaking during sessions in bed. I have assured him that the laughter stems from complete enjoyment and pleasure and that I am certainly not laughing at him. It has become a problem, though, and is interfering with my sex life. Please advise—is this common? How should I handle it with old and new lovers?—Miss C. S., Mobile, Alabama,

Sex is a serious matter. Just think of all the sex-starved virgins in China doing without. That should cure you of lightheartedness. If not, think of what your parents, relatives, teachers and neighborhood shopkeepers would say if they knew you were enjoying yourself. Actually, this ticklish situation is the result of your partner's inhibitions, not yours. We agree with Alex Comfort's advice in "The Joy of Sex," to wit, "The amount of laughter you have in intercourse is a measure of how well you are managing to love. It's evidence for, not against, the seriousness of communication." We don't think you should hold your feelings in check during lovemaking. If you can't let go during sex, when can you? If your current lover insists on putting up warning signs (55 chuckles per minute), then it may be time to find someone else.

School will adjourn shortly. A couple of my classmates and I are trying to figure out a classy way to get across the country. We envision a blowout escapade, the kind rock bands have when they go on tour, except that we'll leave our instruments at home. What's the best way to keep the party rolling? Any information you can supply will be appreciated.—F. D., Raleigh, North Carolina.

The classiest cross-country transportation these days is your own personal railroad car. If you have enough friends to fill a sleeper-lounge, you can rent one from Amtrak for a minimum of \$635, plus full fares between points traveled for each of the travelers. (You'll have to move fast: The cars are available in early spring and late fall, but once summer hits, regular traffic fills the seats.) A more reasonable bet might be to rent a recreational vehicle. Converted vans can be had for \$150 a week. A 25-foot motor home costs between \$275 and \$350 a week. That's just for the keys. You can expect to pay between 8 and 15 cents



per mile, plus all gas and oil. If you rent from a local dealer, you may have to pay a heavy drop-off charge for leaving the vehicle in another city. There is one national R.V. rental service. For information, write to AAA Motor Home Rentals, 4480 South 300 West, Salt Lake City, Utah 84107.

While I was taking a photography course at a local college, I met a foxy, fun lady. We dated a few times, then we just drifted apart. She started dating a guy she met while she was in high school and has been going with him for about a year. Not long ago, however, she came over to my house (I asked her to come over) to pick up some pictures that I had taken of her. All I can say is that in the past year, she has turned into a fantasticlooking chick. Now for the dilemma. I recently read that if a woman lightly caresses her groin line, from the hip to the pubic area, she is giving you a signal. Well, this girl did just that while she and I were chatting. I care for her very much and I guess I would like to win her over. What I want to know: Should I let her know how I really feel about her?-M. T., Mobile, Alabama.

When it comes to body language, every couple needs a simultaneous translator. Unfortunately, such a body linguist

would probably cost a bundle and isn't likely to be listed in the Yellow Pages. The next-best thing is to ask your friend what she means by a given gesture. (Remember Mae West's famous line: "Is that a gun in your pocket or are you just pleased to see me?") Maybe she read the same thing you read and was consciously trying to give you a signal. Maybe it was unconscious; in which case, mentioning it to her casually may make her suspect that she really was giving you a signal. She'll probably vote in your favor (who knows a person's mind better than someone else?). Of course, there's always the chance that she has crabs....

After reading the out-of-sight article on exercise in the December issue of PLAYBOY, I have decided to get back in shape. In planning my exercise program, I am trying to take into account my eating schedule. I've heard that it is bad to exercise immediately after eating a full meal. Is that true and, if so, how long should one wait?—W. L., Chicago, Illinois.

Most physical-fitness experts recommend a slight wait after eating-the amount of time depends on the size of the meal and the type of activity contemplated. For light exercise, no waiting is necessary. For heavy exercise, wait one hour after a light meal and two hours after a moderate or heavy meal. The theory is that digestion diverts a large part of the body's blood supply to the stomach. If the muscles are starved of oxygen-rich blood, the workout is counterproductive. Some worry that the heart might be unduly strained. However, according to Laurence E. Morehouse and Leonard Gross, co-authors of "Total Fitness," once you start exercising, blood to the intestines is diverted to the muscles. But why spoil a good meal? We find that the best time for regular exercise seems to be the midafternoon. That's when Frenchmen visit their mistresses; they must know something.

During periods of abstinence, my husband has wet dreams. I assure him that it's normal, but he thinks he's some sort of weirdo. Is he? What causes wet dreams? Do men experience them throughout their adult lives?—Mrs. C. M., San Diego, California.

Involuntary orgasms (or nocturnal emissions) are natural and normal and in no way are cause for alarm. The phenomenon begins in youth and tends to diminish with age: Kinsey and his associates found that 71 percent of all



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single males between the ages of 21 and 25 experienced nocturnal emissions. By the age of 50, only about a third of the men surveyed reported having wet dreams. By the age of 60, the figure was down to 14 percent. Although no one has yet proved it, the generally accepted theory is that wet dreams are caused by inadequate or unsatisfactory sexual outlets. Abstinence will lead to more frequent emissions as nature seeks to regulate sexual tension. (If you want to cure your husband, end his abstinence.) Oddly, a man can experience a nocturnal emission without having an erotic dream, Joseph J. Kaufman and Griffith Borgeson, in "Man and Sex," suggest that the erotic dreams that usually accompany a nocturnal emission are not the cause but one of the results-the mind's attempt to produce an appropriate dream to accompany the sensations that might actually be caused by irritation, congestion or, as in one case, the rhythmic vibrations of a passing train. Do you live near the tracks?

During a recent bout with the flu, my doctor gave me a prescription that was all but unreadable to me, though my pharmacist had no trouble figuring it out. I felt like a kid again taking a note from my teacher to my mother. What's the big secret, anyway? Is there some way I can decode those scribbles?—R. T., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Freely translated, most prescriptions read, "Give this dummy four placebos and charge him an arm and a leg." Actually, it's not quite that bad. The prescription usually names the drug, the form in which it should be dispensed (pill, capsule, etc.), the strength of the dosage, the number of doses, how and when they should be taken and how often the prescription can be refilled. The reason you can't read it is that it's in Latin and, to compound the problem, Latin abbreviations. Dosage strengths are usually indicated as metric measures, so 100 mg would be 100 milligrams. Latin is used because it is universally understood and is exact in its meaning. The most important part of the prescription is, of course, the name of the drug; and knowing what that is can save you money. For instance, if your doctor prescribes something with a trade name, it may be that the same drug can be yours at a lower price in a generic equivalent. Ask your doctor if that is possible. If it is, you can shop around by phone for the best price. In fact, it's a good idea to ask your doctor what he's prescribing, anyway. After all, it's your right to know what you're putting into your body and what its side effects might be. You will want to know, for instance, if you can

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drink, drive, exercise or take other drugs while taking the prescription in question. And if you intend to do any of those things, you should, by all means, let him know. Granted, some doctors may tend to get a little huffy about giving out some of this information, but don't let that deter you. His pride won't be hurt half so much as your body could be.

My girlfriend suggested that I write to you about our favorite lovemaking technique. She really gets off when I give her head with a menthol cough drop in my mouth. The cough drop doesn't spoil the good taste—it just adds a cooling and tingling sensation to her most sensitive region. The trick is particularly effective if one stops every so often to blow on the affected area to aid evaporation. My girlfriend says that her clit has never been so hot and so cold at the same time. She thinks your readers would enjoy trying it. What do you think?—S. T., Teaneck, New Jersey.

We thank you. Our readers thank you. But the first person you should share this information with is your girlfriend. The cough-drop caper works just as well with fellatio. Indeed, the glycerin content of the cough drop can go a long way to comfort sore-throat pain.

For some time, I've considered buying a frequency equalizer for my stereo. I've noticed that some of the equalizers are described as passive, while others are active. In layman's terms, please explain the difference and give some advantages and disadvantages for each.—P. O., Prince George, British Columbia.

In electronics, the term passive means that a device or a circuit does not amplify the signal fed into it but acts on the signal by means of circuit constants (resistors, inductors, capacitors). A passive network thus inevitably introduces some signal loss, since, in its action on the input signal, it necessarily reduces part of the total. An active circuit or device utilizes amplification to restore the original signal level after it has been acted on. Active equalizers generally cost more than passive units and they require energizing with A.C. power, since they are, in effect, a form of amplifier.

am a 23-year-old woman who is still a virgin. I have not yet met any man with whom I would seriously consider having a sexual relationship. I am saving that experience for someone very special. I am perfectly content to wait for the right man. In the meantime, I masturbate regularly to relieve sexual tensions and sometimes for just plain fun. I discovered my clitoris and the joys of autoeroticism when I was 13 years old. I've

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been hooked ever since. For some time, I've been considering buying a vibrator for a little variety. At the risk of sounding terribly naïve, I wonder how much of a problem I would have with insertion. Does a vibrator endanger a maidenhead? Will I still be able to prove that I am a virgin?—Miss E. N., Kansas City, Kansas.

Don't worry. You've already discovered that the center of your sexual response is the clitoris. Most women don't insert vibrators into their vaginas. Ecstasy is skin-deep. Your hymen will remain safe behind the front lines. Of course, you might become so attached to your vibrator that you spend the rest of your life looking for a man who has skin like white plastic and is vaguely bullet-shaped. But that's another problem. Enjoy.

One of my best friends has found himself in a classic bit of trouble. His lover just found out that she is pregnant. He has asked me for advice. It seems that the girl is reluctant to have an abortion, for fear that she will not be able to bear children later in life. Everyone I've talked to seems to share that belief—that an abortion can damage the reproductive organs and make it difficult to bear children. Is there any truth to that notion?—S. F., Boston, Massachusetts.

No. That old mothers' tale has been around for decades. It may have been true when abortions were performed by amateurs, but legal abortions performed by professionals are relatively safe. Researchers in the state of Washington recently analyzed statistics on 4986 pregnancies to see if women who had had abortions differed at all from those who had not had them. They found no connection between abortion and any measure of fetal or infant health. (The study focused on such factors as low birth weight, premature delivery, stillbirth, neonatal death, miscarriage and congenital malformations.) The researchers eventually suggested that for young women "abortion has a less deleterious effect than the natural completion of the first pregnancy on subsequent outcome of pregnancy." Relay this information to your friend. A difficult decision is always easier to make when you deal with facts.

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

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THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

Imagine that you and your lover have devoted Saturday night to hours and hours of phenomenal fucking. The very next day, instead of turning on the Sunday football game, you turn each other on all over again by replaying the visions that throbbed in your brains the previous night while you reveled in each other's bodies. Not a replay of your physical selves, mind you, but a miraculous re-creation of the crotic images flickering in your innermost selves while the two of you were balling. What do you see?

In this latest survey, the passion and fire of the English language positively leaped out in the answers of both the 100 men and 100 women we surveyed in person and the hundreds of letters we received from PLAYBOY readers. We asked them to tell us exactly how they feel—not during orgasm but in that strangely elusive moment right after they've come. We also asked them to guess what their opposites would answer. Roll over, light up a cigarette and read on.

MEN: IN YOUR EXPERIENCE, HOW DO MOST OF YOUR LOVERS FEEL AFTER ORGASM?

Thirty-one percent of the men said that women felt unsatisfied and wanted more: "I think orgasms make women crazy. As if some strange sexual chemical races to their brain the minute they climax. The brain, in turn, sends a message down to the cunt that says, 'Keep fucking this guy forever.' They can't seem to relax and say, 'We're through.' " "There's a clue by which I can tell how partners feel-I listen to their voices. And I've found that most of the time, there's a tightness there, a kind of control they're fighting for, as if they want me to think that their bodies are marvelously finished. But deep inside their cunts, they know that they have to put up with the fact that I'm finished and don't quite know what to do. That tension works its way up from the sex box to the voice box."

Twenty percent of the men found that women were triumphant and victorious: "Power. Girls get this tremendous rush of strength as soon as the orgasm subsides, as if they finally have the ultimate weapon with which to control me." "They may act gentle and feminine, but I know my body language, and sometimes my lovers have let slip this self-



Q:

AFTER SEX, WHAT?

satisfied, all-knowing smirk, as if they've just done the greatest thing in the world by making me come."

Eighteen percent of the men said their ladies got very loving: "Females go through a wonderful afterglow. I sometimes think that right after we make them come is the only time they ever really appreciate men. They seem to have an extra warmth and responsiveness. They always hold me very close, stroke me and seem dreamily tender. Whether or not they love me, I love that reaction."

Fourteen percent of the men told us that their lovers were vulnerable: "They seem calm but incredibly tender, soft and in need of protection. They also act a little worried and depend on me to restore their sense of confidence. I really get off on it, but this almost always is the quality my women project after they come."

Nine percent of the men found that women got sleepy: "No matter what you've heard about women wanting more and more, I've always experienced a reversal of roles. I'm ready to talk and hang out in bed and all they want to do is roll over and tune out everything. Boy, do I get bored when that happens!"

Four percent of the men said that women were relaxed, two percent said that they wanted to be left alone and another two percent found them sad: "Often, my lovers have cried in my arms and they can't explain why. My best cure for that reaction is to fuck them hard and passionately at least one more time."

Q: WOMEN: HOW DO YOU FEEL AFTER ORGASM?

Twenty-five percent of the women said they felt triumphant: "For me, it's as if I accomplished something. Maybe this sounds like a Gothic novel, but all those lines about the waves pounding on the shore and the sense of womanhood being affirmed in the ultimate—well, that's me. Every time. Give the girl a gold star."

Eighteen percent of the women were unsatisfied: "My sexuality really lets go after each climax. I'm more myself. I'm freer and I want to go on fucking until it's time to go to work." "After a lover gets his rocks off, the two of us in bed always remind me of those double masks symbolizing comedy and tragedy. He's lying there contented, with a pussyeating grin on his face, and I'm lying there staring and scowling at him in frustration, longing to continue, to have yet another orgasm."

Twelve percent of the women said they were vulnerable: "The act of orgasm is so strong, for me, that it knocks down all my defenses, and then I feel very helpless. I cry from the joy of being so open again."

Ten percent of the women got sleepy: "When I climax, I think I can go on endlessly. But I never really want to. There's always a point I hit when suddenly everything stops. It's as if I turned off a switch deep inside my pussy, which, in turn, activates a sleep button. On a few occasions, I've conked out before my lover could even pull his cock-put." "I've often heard the expression the sleep of the gods and that's exactly what I experience as soon as I've finished coming."

Nine percent of the women said they felt relaxed and relieved: "It's like I was one of those floppy rag dolls with the beatific smile on her face, even though she'd just had the stuffing fucked out of her." "Sometimes when sex is over, I have a fantasy that I've been totally encased in honey, so I can't move ever again."

Eight percent of the women told us they were sad: "Right after I come, I get П

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Seven percent said they became extremely loving: "I guess it brings out the need for affection that's rooted deep within me. I can't seem to stop kissing my lover all up and down and everywhere after I've come, as if there's no way I can express how warm and grateful I am except with my mouth."

Five percent of the women said they felt safe, while four percent wanted to be left alone. One percent would raid the kitchen for munchies. One percent said they got incredibly warm.

WOMEN: IN YOUR EXPERIENCE, HOW DO MOST OF YOUR LOVERS FEEL AFTER ORGASM?

Forty percent of the women said that their lovers were invariably sleepy: "La petite mort, my ass. They are dead!" "I wish I understood what happens to those fellows, because as soon as they climax, it's like they've taken 15 Valium."

Nineteen percent of the women told us that men experienced a sense of triumph: "For a lot of my lovers, sex is a
goal-oriented, ego-building trip, in that
their cocks have to shoot a load for them
to have enjoyed themselves, and I feel
like I'm expected to pin a medal around
their balls for good performance in the
line of duty." "He's the cock of the walk.
The king. The champ. Or some other
grandiose image. Even when they're
lousy lays, guys will go away with a feeling of prowess."

Twelve percent of the women said that men were angry and unsatisfied: "How come I'm physically stronger than you and yet your cunt has more stamina than my cock? I'd have to say males are very hostile about that dissimilarity."

Eleven percent of the women told us that men were defenseless: "Most of the time, my partners have always seemed very helpless and unprotected, like I've suddenly discovered a weakness in them that I can exploit,"

Six percent of the women said that men wanted to be left alone: "If you don't think men wanting privacy is deepseated, then why do you think the custom of separate bedrooms lasted so long?"

Five percent of the women said that men got very loving: "A lot of women have told me that their lovers often fall asleep or pull away. Not with me—mine just seem superrelieved and at ease, and after we've fucked, we spend hours, sometimes, cuddling and talking in drowsy bliss."

Four percent of the women told us

that men were happy, while three percent guessed that their lovers wanted more sex.

MEN: HOW DO YOU FEEL AFTER ORGASM?

Thirty percent of the men said they felt sleepy: "For me, après-coming always has different sensations, depending on who I'm with. But my favorite is the way I inevitably am with this special lover of mine. She has a whirlpool bath in her apartment and we frequently ball in the tub, with the jets of hot water washing over us, and sipping glasses of warm brandy, honey and lemon. Once I've climaxed, I'm so instantly sleepy she almost has to use a crowbar to get me out of the bath and into the bed, where I zonk out."

Twenty-four percent of the men said they felt frustrated: "I get mad every time I come, and I realize once again that I can't do it endlessly, the way females can. My anger goes away if I force her to lick my cock clean—like I'm getting even."

Thirteen percent of the guys experienced a sense of victory: "After every single time I come, I go through the same fantastic rush of triumph, just like after the very first time I fucked, 19 years ago, when I was 17." "The battle of the sexes is a very appropriate expression, in my opinion. Sex is a kind of sweet war, between myself and the woman. Who can hold out longer, who is more active, more aggressive, the one to gain control in bed? Maybe that's fucked up, but I really get off on those loving strategy games. And after I come, especially if I can last long enough to force my partner into a whole series of orgasms, I experience a profound belief in myself-completely victorious."

Nine percent of the men said they became very relaxed: "For me, sex is a catharsis. It's also a pleasure, but I'm always overwhelmingly conscious of being released and detensified." "Everything kind of winds down from frenzied fuck-crazed passion to a placid, sensuous, syrupy restfulness in all my limbs, while my mind stays awake and starts joking gently and lovingly with my lady."

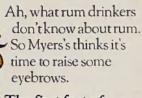
Nine percent of the men explained that they felt momentarily loving: "As soon as the explosion has subsided, I have a sense of being extraordinarily close to the woman I'm with—even if she's a relative stranger. Almost like we're sharing the same skin."

Five percent of the men told us they felt safe: "There's nothing as splendidly cozy as being hugged all secure and warm up against the woman I've just made love to. It's as if she's a great big hot-water bottle with tits."

Five percent of the men experienced

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.



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 blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.



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



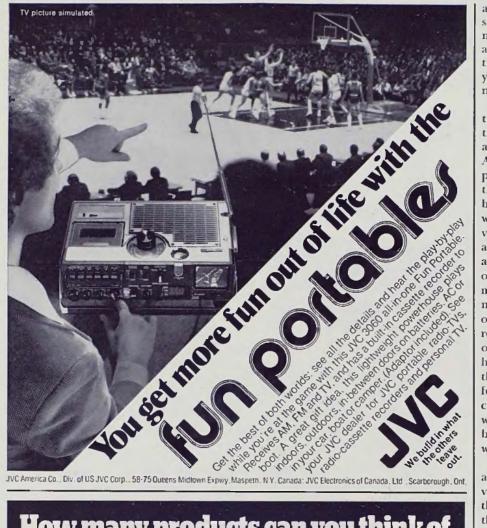
to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

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.



JVC America Co., Div. of US JVC Corp., 58-75 Queens Midtown Expwy, Maspeth, N.Y. Canada; JVC Electronics of Canada, £td., Scarborough, Ont.



aloneness, while another five percent said they were ecstatic: "Usually, I'm not religious at all, but as I lie there after my orgasm, my cock still stiff and tingling inside her, my wild arousal not yet having subsided, I just know there must be a God who invented fucking."

Summary: As we compiled our statistics, several trends emerged. Nearly one third of the men told us they almost always succumbed to postcoital slumber. And even more females than that-40 percent-said that, in their experience, their guys did, indeed, conk out. Could it be that for men, climax is a disease for which sleep is the cure? Paradoxically, very few women actually doze off right after lovemaking. The second most prevalent feeling expressed by the men was one of frustration. Most of their comments show an annoyance that they are not able to keep on coming. The "jealousy of multiple orgasm" syndrome has reverberated through many of our previous polls. Is this what Orson Welles had in mind when he said that there are three intolerable things in life: cold coffee, lukewarm champagne and overexcited women? This male dissatisfaction was mirrored in the women's responses, because 18 percent of them said that they were usually left wanting more.

The third most numerous set of male answers indicated that men go through victorious conqueror-type sensations after they climax. Interestingly, almost twice that number of women-in fact, the largest feminine category-described similar exhilarations of triumph, which as recently as five years ago would have been considered a purely masculine reaction.

The area of vulnerability was another curious aspect of this survey. None of the men said they experienced postorgasmic defenselessness. The closest they got to this feeling were sensations of "relaxation," "momentary lovingness" or "safety." However, 11 percent of the women found that defenselessness was a pretty common reaction among their lovers.

An invitation to readers: Now that we know how you feel after having sex, we want to know about the first step. Or maybe it's the next step. We are curious about how people meet each other-the ancient game of seduction, 1001 opening lines for one occasion. Our two questions are these: What's the best line you've ever used to pick up or meet a member of the opposite sex? and What do you imagine would be the most effective line someone could use to pick you up? We promise to publish the most interesting responses (unless we decide to save the very best for our personal use). Send your replies to The Playboy Reader Sex Poll, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

-HOWARD SMITH AND LESLIE HARLIB



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So no matter what you drive, the more you demand from tires, the Dauton more you should demand Daytona.



THE EASY RIDIN; ROUGH-TOUGH, TRACTION-ACTION THE



IT'S THE ONE THING MUSIC LOVERS ALL OVER AMERICA AGREE ON

PIONEER'S SX650.

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WITH PEOPLE WHO CARE ABOUT MUSIC.

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And if a receiver doesn't leave a music lover with enough money to buy still more records and tapes, they'll find one that will.

Last year, America's music lovers had well over 150 different high fidelity receivers to choose from.

The receiver they chose to buy more often than any other was Pioneer's SX650. A receiver designed to deliver a minimum of 35 watts per channel into eight ohms, from 20 to 20,000 hertz, with no more than 0.3% total harmonic distortion. A receiver that costs almost \$100 less than similar 35 watt receivers built by our competition.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

MUTUAL PROBLEMS

Re the prolonged and generally intelligent debate over male and female roles in modern society that I keep reading in The Playboy Forum: I agree with the woman in the January issue who finds herself floundering in a sea of male jellyfish, but I'd point out that men have never made liberation their cry nor their claim. What has made liberation a household word is women's contention that they're not being liberated, which ignores the fact that men have many of the same problems. And I would assume that the solution rate is just about the same for both sexes.

Michael A. Sailor Chicago, Illinois

TRAVELING MAN

I think the person in the January Playboy Forum who most needs "liberating" is Ms. Name Withheld from California. What kind of cop-out is that? The overpowering stance you take should be backed by a willingness to tell the world who you are, not just what you think. Send me your address and I'll go to California and read all your Ms. magazines from cover to cover.

Tim Lohnes Darien, Connecticut

If strange people start knocking on your door, wanting to read your playboys from cover to cover, don't blame us.

SEX THERAPIST

Constantly, I read in The Playboy Forum about people, mainly men, with sexual problems. Give me ten days and ten nights and I guarantee I can cure any man of any hang-ups, from impotence to premature ejaculation. I don't mean to sound like I'm bragging about myself. I'm not rich nor sensationally beautiful, but I do find that I have a lot of patience with men who have difficulties. Maybe I'm kinky, but I most like shy men and men with sexual problems, except for the ones who cover them up with excuses or arrogance. Girlfriends of mine have told me that I do "mercy fucks" with some guys for whom I feel sorry. Perhaps, but over the past few years, I've met some very good men who didn't just lay me and leave me and have remained friends even though they now have steady girlfriends or wives.

I think what makes the difference is that right now I don't want to be married and settled down, but I do enjoy sex and intimacy and find that it comes as a tremendously pleasant surprise to most people to find that this kind of relationship is even possible with a member of the opposite sex.

> (Name and address withheld by request)

PRIVATE RIGHTS

What I choose to do on, to or in my body is nobody's business but mine. Some people like gay bars, some like sardines.

Whether I choose to smear mustard on my genitals or cut off my nose, no one has the right to tell me I can't. Anita Bryant is not the Creator.

> Bob Campbell Van Nuys, California e "Playboy Interview"

Incidentally, the "Playboy Interview" this month is with Anita Bryant.

"Men have never made liberation their cry nor their claim."

GOOD VIBES

I'm a nonpracticing ordained rabbi and an assistant professor currently dating one of my former students. My girlfriend is 22 and has been using a vibrator for six years. She was never able to



achieve orgasm via direct male stimulation, so we made a practice of masturbating together both before and after intercourse, using an old scalp massager we called Thomas Edison. Old Tom was rather noisy and distracting, so for my girlfriend's birthday, I bought her a battery-powered dildo, which is quieter and easier to hold and which we named Alva. When apart, we have used both Tom and Alva for masturbation by telephone, talking each other into coming by plugging into each other's fantasies. Recently, we used Alva during intercourse, she inserting it into her vagina while I entered her from behind. After much delightful thrusting, she came and I also did seconds later. We have both found that mutual masturbation and the use of the vibrator are extremely helpful in increasing our sexual pleasure and we highly recommend these techniques to others who have problems achieving orgasm.

(Name withheld by request) New York, New York

Ever get a pubic hair caught in the springs of that scalp massager?

CORRECTION?

In reference to the February Forum Newsfront item reporting the Columbus newspaper's silly editorial claiming local hookers are too homely, we'd like to inform you that those poor dopes were looking in the wrong places. We are living proof that their eyesight is failing. We're beautiful!

Lisa, Kathy, Jackie and Sadie Columbus, Ohio

These nice ladies sent us a business card from their establishment; and several editors have already volunteered to determine whether or not they're telling the truth.

TO TELL THE TRUTH. . . .

Enclosed is a delightful item reporting the imaginative means by which the police in Radnor, Pennsylvania, secured a confession from a suspected criminal by hooking him up to a "lie detector" that was nothing more than a copying machine. They attached wires to an ordinary kitchen colander, plopped it onto the suspect's head and each time the guy gave an answer they didn't believe, one of the cops pushed the copy button. Out of the machine would then come a piece of paper with the words "He's lying." The guy soon confessed, but the

judge threw out the case on constitutional grounds. While I share with PLAYBOY a high regard for the Bill of Rights, I'm not sure the police were so far out of line—unless stupidity is a defense against criminal prosecution.

S. Hoffman

New York, New York

We received copies of the clipping to which you refer from several readers, had feelings similar to yours and wanted to publish it in "Forum Newsfront." But it seems to have been a hoax perpetrated on the wire service that carried the story. When we checked it out, we found that the item had Radnor in the wrong county, the court mentioned did not even exist in the state of Pennsylvania and the Radnor police denied being so clever. Too bad, because everyone seems to love the story.

IGNORANCE ISN'T BLISS

I reached puberty 18 or 19 years ago and somehow managed to survive it, but from letters I read in The Playboy Forum, I think I should share my experiences with those moralistic fools who think that sex education or sex information somehow endangers American youth. I didn't grow up with any illusions about where babies came from, and I had a vague knowledge of the mechanics of sex, but I had no understanding of the details and I discovered orgasm quite by accident. I found that it "felt good" to rub my penis between my legs and, in my ignorance, I thought it was a magical power peculiar to my body alone.

The first time I experienced an emission, it frankly scared the hell out of me. I thought it was pus and that I had some terrible affliction. I was afraid to tell my parents and didn't know how to get to a doctor without their knowing about it. For six months, I didn't touch myself and experienced only great fear whenever I felt what I now recognize as normal sexual arousal-which at that age simply cannot be avoided.

To this day, sex, or even the prospect of it, causes me great anxiety. Thank God I was able to work out a lot of this with the woman to whom I am now married. I explained and she understood, having had her own share of adolescent sex worries.

(Name withheld by request) Dallas, Texas

BROAD SPEAKS

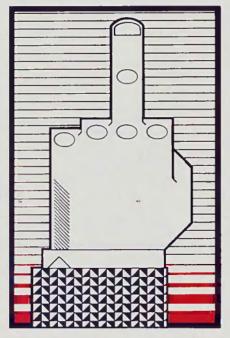
As a fairly successful, attractive and, I think, liberated woman, I would be very antagonistic toward PLAYBOY except that I'm 36 years old and can remember what life was like for "broads" only ten or 15 years ago. Times and styles have changed, but you people have been plugging along for the same basic human rights and other conservative bullshit year in, year out, for as long as I can

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

ONE-FINGER SALUTE

LANSING, MICHIGAN—Shooting a finger to someone, even a police officer, is not necessarily an obscene gesture, the Michigan court of appeals has ruled. The case



arose when an irate Oak Park motorist gave the traditional hand signal to another motorist, who happened to be a plainclothes cop in an unmarked police car. To make matters worse, police also charged that "his lips were observed to move in what was believed to be an obscene utterance," and the motorist was fined \$30, plus four dollars in court costs. But the appeals court overturned the conviction with the comment that the act "was a spontaneous reaction to a sudden emergency which commonly occurs each day. In such minor stress circumstances, many drivers utter profane words-a normal reaction in everyday traffic congestion." While it noted that the finger did not constitute any breach of the peace under the circumstances of the case, the court warned that it was not affording the gesture blanket legal protection and that "given the right circumstances, the law may retaliate, not with its finger but with its long arm."

FORNICATION LEGALIZED

TRENTON-The New Jersey Supreme Court has ruled that the state's historic fornication law forbidding sexual intercourse between a man and an

unmarried woman violates the constitutional right of privacy. The court rejected the state's argument that the law was needed to combat venereal disease, protect marital relationships and reduce the number of illegitimate children and suggested that "the risk of contracting venereal disease is surely as great a deterrent to illicit sex as the maximum penalty under this act: a fine of \$50 and/or imprisonment in jail for six months."

RECOMMUNICATION

WASHINGTON, D.C.-Pope Paul VI has granted a request of U.S. Roman Catholic bishops to lift the penalty of excommunication for Catholics who remarry after divorce. The penalty has existed only in the U.S. and only since it was imposed by a Church council in Baltimore in 1884. A spokesman for the National Conference of Catholic Bishops said that the Pope's action does not alter the Church's position that sacramental marriages are indissoluble nor automatically make the sacraments available to divorced and remarried Catholics, but does "extend a reconciling gesture [to such Catholics and encourages them to seek regularization of their status."

P.O.W. STUDY

LOS ANGELES-A study of Navy pilots taken prisoner by the North Vietnamese has found that they are much healthier today than a similar group of noncaptured fliers. The Navy's explanation is that the former P.O.W.s are now reaping the physical benefits of an austere diet, little drinking or smoking and rigorous fitness programs during their confinement, which averaged five years. By contrast, the comparison group of American fliers engaged in a good deal of carousing and bad eating habits, then often ended up at stressful desk jobs that afforded little opportunity for exercise. The ex-P.O.W.s also seemed to survive their confinement emotionally but experienced a divorce rate two to three times higher than the control group.

PATERNITY TEST

LOS ANGELES-An improved test to determine nonparentage is beginning to gain acceptance as evidence in court and may end the confusion that often occurs in paternity suits. Developed at UCLA in the Sixties and called the H.L.A. test, the technique uses the same genetic "fingerprints" of white

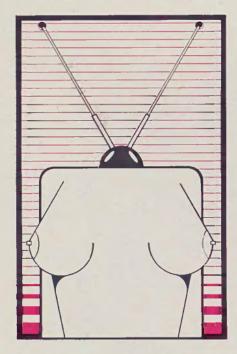
blood cells that doctors rely on to help match potential organ-transplant donors with recipients. The test was first used in courts in Europe about 1970, and over the past two years it has found acceptance in higher courts in California, Washington and Idaho. The new test helped resolve some 900 of the 1000 cases in which it was used.

PERMISSIBLE DISCRIMINATION

NEW YORK-A landlord may legally discriminate against people because of their occupations, a state supreme court judge has ruled, and he may even refuse to rent to "intelligent persons, aware of their rights, who may give him trouble in the future." This had been one of the arguments put forth by a landlord for his refusal to rent to a 33-year-old divorced black woman lawyer in an otherwise integrated apartment building. Finding that the discrimination was not racial, the judge went on to say that it was equally the right of a landlord to "decide not to rent to singers . . . or to bald men because he has been told they give wild parties."

INTELLECTUAL STIMULATION

A late-night "strip quiz" show on Italian television has come under attack from feminists, religious groups and even industrial firms. The show features



well-dressed women who remove their clothing one piece at a time as home viewers call in with correct answers to questions—a process that may go on much of the night as the questions get harder and viewers keep trying to get the last items taken off. The feminists and church groups oppose the show for the usual reasons, but some large companies, including the Fiat auto plant, are complaining of increased absenteeism and reduced productivity on mornings after the show.

INDOOR HILL CLIMB

ELGIN, ILLINOIS—After a local bank threatened to repossess his motorcycle, an Elgin police officer pushed the machine into the bank lobby, started it and hill-climbed it up a long stairway to the second floor. There he left it, with the event recorded by the bank's security cameras. Charges of disorderly conduct and criminal damage to property were later dropped, but the cyclist lost his job for conduct unbecoming a police officer.

RUSSIAN LIB

Moscow—Russian men are having a hard time adjusting to the increasing liberation of Russian women, says the Soviet journal Nedelya. Social scientists are finding that when women, who now make up more than half the national work force, acquire positions with more responsibility and income than their husbands, "some men begin to develop a guilt complex, to think they are failures." A survey reported in the journal indicated that 73 percent of the men contacted in Leningrad recognized the financial necessity of having their wives work, but two thirds would have preferred the women to stay at home.

NEW POLICE POWER

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Police officers can order drivers to get out of their cars during routine traffic stops, the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled. In a six-to-three decision, the Court held that this is not a "serious intrusion upon the sanctity of the person" and that it afforded officers greater safety in the course of their duties. The three dissenting Justices argued that the ruling "leaves police discretion utterly without limits."

THE PRICE OF PIECE

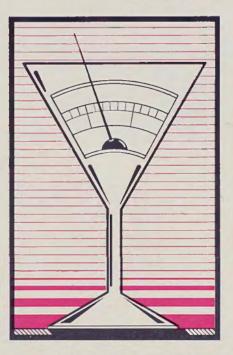
JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA—A judge has ruled that a man cannot divorce his wife merely because he has had to give her money in return for sexual intercourse. But the court added that the wife might price herself out of the market. In his decision, the judge said, "Bed is a poor man's opera. For a poor man, however, a charge of ten rand [about ten dollars] a ticket might put the show beyond the realms of popular entertainment."

TAXING SIN

HOLLYWOOD—A "sin tax" to help defray the social costs of sex businesses has been proposed by the Revitalize Hollywood Advisory Committee. The group is asking the city council to control adult business through licensing and lease restrictions and a special tax based on the "adverse social impact" of the business. A legislative deputy to one council member commented, "We already had an amusement tax, so why not a tax on sin?"

OVERINDULGENCE

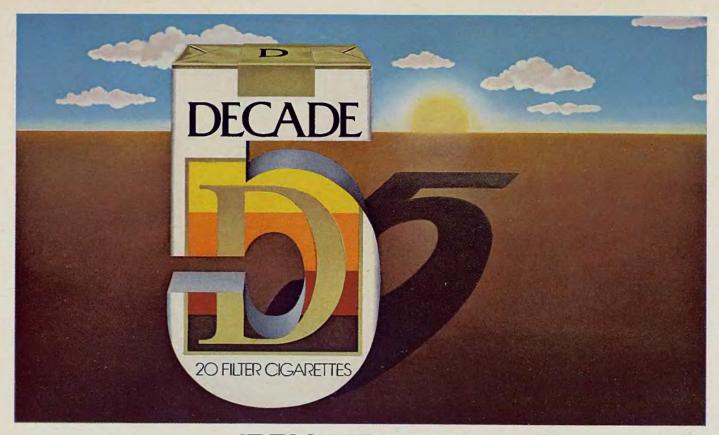
SMETHWICK, ENGLAND—The breathtesting machine used by the Smethwick police to detect drivers who are under the influence has been suspended from



duty for becoming "drunk." The police decided something was wrong when the device started indicating that some drivers had more alcohol than blood in their bodies. They examined the machine and concluded it was too alcohol saturated to think straight. Said the chief inspector, "We've sent it to the Home Office to get dried out."

CHILD ABUSE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Sexual abuse is a more common childhood problem than broken bones or tonsillectomies, according to officials at Children's Hospital National Medical Center. In opening a Federally supported pilot project to study the sexual abuse of children, the officials said that such abuse is probably far more widespread than the police statistics indicate, because of taboos on the subject and the likelihood that the molester is not some stranger but a parent, neighbor or family friend.



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Every part of a Decade cigarette is arranged in perfect balance with the others. The tobacco, the filter and even the paper. Only by concentrating on these parts are we able to perfect the whole.

So try Decade. We think you'll agree that 5mg. can be a very tasty little number.



Regular and Menthol.

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

remember. At least you're fairly consistent. The women's movement's biggest problem is that it doesn't want to admit that men are good for anything, and I now personally think that PLAYBOY was into the liberation of women, sexually and socially, quite a few years before the women themselves were. Even if you do still exploit them in your photographs.

(Name withheld by request) Naples, Florida

We think this letter is somewhat complimentary, but we're not sure.

WIENIE WAGGER

Put out a net, catch fish. Put out cheese, catch mice. Put out your pecker, catch females.

Why does the general public give flashers such a bad time? They're only exposing their best natural bait for a female catch. You may notice it's only the married or unhappy women who do the complaining; the rest love it (especially the nurses and other females dressed in white)!

> "Window Dressing" Portland, Maine

What's that? Are we about to be blessed with a flashers' lib movement?

POOR MAN'S SEX

Many of your readers seem preoccupied with masturbation. But this form of sex is not interesting and poses no challenge. It is the quitter's means of achieving sexual climax, the easy way out. A person—male or female—doesn't have to interact with his fantasies while masturbating nor does he have to make himself appear attractive to the object of his imagination. Essentially, it is an act that deserves no respect. Your response?

Russell Nelson, San Antonio, Texas

Well, let's see, now. First, we'll recklessly stick our neck out by defending the right of any human being to engage in self-abuse, especially in private. And then we'll add that our Playboy Advisor strongly disagrees with your position and insists there is no reason why any person—male or female—should not dress up for the occasion. He personally favors casual attire, but nothing so informal as to preclude candlelight and a moderately good Bordeaux.

MODEST PROPOSAL

I never miss reading The Playboy Forum, for the same reason my wife never misses Ann Landers—just to see what incredible bullshit people write. Compared with the Landers column, PLAYBOY'S correspondents are relatively intelligent, except on the subject of abortion. My wife and I have never been in an abortion situation and we are parents of two male children, aged 14 and 16. Statistically, they are about normal: preoccupied with pot and cars and McDonald's hamburgers; surly and



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The 35mm camera with the built-in flash.

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FIVE YEARS IN PRISON FOR ORAL SEX?

archaic sex laws may rarely be enforced, but where they remain on the books, they can be traps for the unwary

Only a dozen or so states still make it a crime for men and women to engage in oral sex-often called sodomy in the statute books or the "infamous crime against God and nature," or something equally quaint and reminiscent of the puritanical times in this country when most of these laws were written. They are rarely enforced, except against homosexuals, and are regarded as harmless antiques by most people, including judges, legislators and police. But, like other statutes that serve no legitimate social purpose, they can be a handy device for destroying an individual who has offended the community without otherwise breaking the law. Nearly three years ago, we reported the case of an Indiana physician who had spent years trying to extricate himself from his state's sodomy law, which ruined him professionally and financially before it was repealed. Here is the case of a Massachusetts man still facing five years in prison because a jury, though it could find him guilty of no other crime, decided he had engaged in oral intercourse with a woman.

James M. Hill, now 40, was born and raised in Florida and attended college there for two years before joining the Army in 1957. He re-enlisted in 1965 and saw almost constant action in Vietnam as a paratrooper, a colonel's driver, a bodyguard, a radio operator and a door gunner in a command helicopter, and returned to the U.S. in 1968 with numerous commendations and decorations for bravery and for wounds suffered in combat. His Vietnam experiences left him with a bad case of "combat nerves," including nightmares and anxiety, which were not helped by his witnessing the murder of several of his own officers by an enlisted man who went berserk with an M-16. After his return, he had trouble finding good work and re-enlisted, then backed out. Later, he married and took a job with a major U. S. pharmaceutical firm.

He was working as a sales trainee in Massachusetts when he was charged with what that state calls "an unnatural and lascivious act." Leaving out details of time and place, we'll describe the events leading to his arrest.

Hill's marriage was not going smoothly, and while staying at a Holiday Inn during one of his sales trips, he met a woman at the motel's bar. After a couple of drinks, the two had dinner at a nearby restaurant and then engaged in an evening of drinking and conversation that went on much of the night. By the time they returned to Hill's motel, the woman seemed in no condition to drive back to her home, some 30 miles away, and Hill rented a separate room for her. He also called her home to assure her teenaged children that their mother was OK but not feeling well enough to drive. He gave his name and told them where she was. Before leaving her room, he wrote a note: "Room paid for. Girls notified you are ill and will be home today. Your car is outside, sorry you were so sick. Love, Jim."

That much was established in court

question was a well-known "upper," rather than a depressant that might put someone out. He also raised the issue of why the woman did not go to the police until 16 days later, after Hill had called her at home to say that he would be back in town and would like to make a date. Hill told PLAYBOY it was during that call that he admitted he was married, and he says the woman seemed pleased to hear from him until he told her this. As he relates it: "She sounded very warm and friendly and happy to go out, but I hadn't told her before that I was married, and I thought I should so there wasn't any misunderstanding. When I told her, there was a long silence on her end and I thought to myself, Oh-oh,



Convicted under a century-old Mossachusetts sex law, Jim Hill (center) meets with Brockton attorney Alvin Jack Sims (left) and Playbay Defense Team legal investigator Russ Million.

through unchallenged testimony. The issue of rape arose from the woman's claim that Hill engaged in sexual acts with her while they were in her room together and while she was helpless to resist. She attributed her condition partly to her last drink, which she said had tasted bad, and to two capsules that Hill had told her to take to make her feel better after their long night of socializing. The next day, she testified, she felt as if she might have been drugged.

Hill's attorney did not put him on the stand but established that the drug in mistake. But then she said, 'Fine,' or 'OK, I'm glad to know,' or words to that effect, and we arranged to meet the next evening." He then bought an expensive bracelet, which he took with him as a gift.

Hill met the woman at a rural roadside tavern that she had suggested. With her were a man and a woman whom she introduced as friends and with whom he chatted amiably over drinks for a few minutes. The friends turned out to be state police officers, who placed him under arrest on a charge of rape. Three days later, while Hill was still in the county jail, trying to arrange for bond, he was also charged with an "unnatural and lascivious act," meaning oral sex.

Over the next several weeks, Hill's emotional state went from bad to worse and he decided that his mind couldn't survive another war. With his wife, he left Massachusetts and technically became a fugitive. Then he discovered he couldn't live with such charges hanging over his head, so he went back to Massachusetts and turned himself in.

At first, Hill couldn't get the police to take him. He wasn't on any current wanted list and he had to argue with a desk officer, who finally checked the files and who rather grudgingly agreed

to place him under arrest.

The jurors heard the trial testimony and could not find Hill guilty of rape beyond a reasonable doubt. But they had difficulty with the second charge, because some jurors apparently didn't understand that consensual oral sex was a crime and the judge was asked for a definition of what constitutes an unnatural and lascivious act. The judge impatiently reminded the jurors that he'd already explained the charge and added: "If you consider that unnatural and lascivious within the framework [of the law], if you consider that to be irregular indulgence in sexual behavior, illicit sexual relations and infamous conduct which is lustful, obscene and in deviation of accepted customs and manners, then . . . whether or not he is guilty depends on the factual determination."

The judge had already told the jurors that under existing sex laws of the state, "The only time you can have lawful intercourse, of course, is between a man and his wife. Intercourse by a man with a woman not his wife, or by a woman with a man not her husband, is unlawful." Meaning adultery also is a criminal offense in Massachusetts.

Although the jurors wouldn't buy the rape charge, they apparently decided that Hill was an unfaithful husband who wouldn't put a woman up in a motel room without engaging in some kind of sex and, therefore, he was probably guilty of something. The something was illicit oral sex, for which he received the maximum penalty of five years in prison.

From the day of his arrest, Hill's life began falling apart; his conviction and sentence came as a blow that he nearly didn't survive. His depressions became acute and in one period of complete despair, he went home and fired a bullet into his chest.

Strangely enough, it was Hill's attempt at suicide that may ultimately have saved him. The bullet passed a fraction of an inch from his heart and, after recovering from his wound and undergoing shock treatments, he ended up in a veterans' hospital, where he was able to obtain intensive psychotherapy for his depressive states that bordered on psychosis. His being under psychiatric care also helped him survive the breakup of his marriage; his wife, unable to handle the emotional strain of both his and their problems, had left, taking with her their young daughter.

Hill contacted PLAYBOY nearly four years ago, after being convicted and released on bond. Later, we met with him in Chicago, supplied his attorney with legal briefs and research to assist in challenging the conviction and the state sex law itself, but we did not report the case, because it seemed at the time that publicity might jeopardize the appeal. Then the appeal ended up in legal limbo because of crowded court dockets. Meanwhile, other court decisions have increased prospects of a favorable ruling in Hill's case.

The present Massachusetts law derives from an 1887 statute that simply made undefined "unnatural and lascivious acts" felonies punishable by up to five years in prison. In 1954, the state supreme court rebuffed an attempt to challenge the law on grounds of vagueness by declaring, inexplicably, that "unnatural and lascivious acts are words of common usage and indicate with reasonable clarity the kind and character of conduct which the legislature intended to prohibit and punish"-still without defining those acts. But in 1972, the same state court allowed that sexual fashions had changed enough since 1887 to exempt some "unnatural" sex acts if they were consensual. And since then, a Federal district court has gone on to find the law unconstitutionally vague in the absence of clarifying state-court rulings-rulings that came only after the time of Hill's arrest.

That Federal decision has been appealed by the state, but if upheld, it could result in the reversal of Hill's conviction. The attorney handling Hill's appeal is former Brockton, Massachusetts, mayor Alvin Jack Sims, who would be pleased if an appellate court compelled the state to completely revise its archaic sex laws. But at the very least, he hopes the Federal ruling will stand and presumably free Hill from the unpleasant prospect of spending five years in prison for what some people might consider a sin but should never be a crime: trying to get laid on an out-of-town business trip. Most states provide lighter penalties for armed robbery and even murder.

obnoxious to their parents; indifferent to their own futures; demanding, contrary and resentful all at the same time. Everything in the house, from tools to clothing, they consider disposable after one use. They have enough other redeeming qualities that I suppose they will eventually turn into human beings and probably do better in life than their parents. But as for the idiots who seem to hold the fetus to be a sacred item of worship, I can only say that in my agony of trying to deal with not one but two adolescent males, I now favor not only keeping abortion legal and Federally funding it for poor people but also making it retroactive up to the age of 21.

(Name withheld by request) San Diego, California

ABORTION BUSINESS

According to the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, the cutoff of Federal funds for abortions for poor women quickly had its effects: Five women sought cheap abortions in the Mexican border town of Reynosa and ended up in U. S. hospitals with serious infections; and at least one of them has died. It certainly seems that we're heading back to the "good ol' days" of butcher abortions. The Catholics can't stop abortions, but they can make people pay a very high price—and I'll bet that each of those women is a churchgoing Mexican-American Catholic.

James Hawkins Washington, D.C.

You're only partly right, from what we can determine. The story to which you refer was widely reported last fall and has since been contradicted on one important point: Apparently, the women went to Mexican abortionists not to save money but to conceal their abortions from family and community. But that tells us something, too.

TEST OF CONVICTIONS

You suggest to a correspondent in the February Playboy Forum that a pious, middle-class anti-abortionist should spend a year or two in some metropolitan slum as a real "test of his convictions." You stupid shitheads! Why not test the convictions of some self-righteous liberal pro-abortionist by putting him in that same slum, so he could point out which kids should have been aborted?

(Name withheld by request) Colorado Springs, Colorado

Too easy. The first time he got mugged, he'd turn into a raving right-winger and start yelling, "That one and that one and that one..."

GENESIS REVISED

It would appear that Marshall E. Deutsch, in so smartly deciding that the golden rule is an exhortation to homosexuality (*The Playboy Forum*, February), hasn't carefully read the Bible:

He says, "It is impossible to do unto others as you would have them do unto you unless they are built the same way." Like him, I reject homosexuality, but not for the same cute reason. I believe that God first created man, complete with a cock, and then He created the first woman as a companion for him. Note that God did not create another man, complete with lubricated anus.

Kirk Kuhfeldt Plymouth, Michigan

ECSTASY

In last April's *Playboy Forum*, you state, "The real erogenous zone in human beings is the nervous system, which extends to all parts of the body." This reminds me of a number of theories and speculations I've encountered.

The male orgasm has at least two distinct components: the ejaculatory component, including other muscular responses, and the ecstatic component, which feels as if centered in the brain. The ecstatic experience can be induced in ways other than sexual arousal carried to genital orgasm. For example, certain rhythmic undulations of the body along the spine, from tail to head, like the motion of cracking a whip, as in modern rock dances and the ceremonial dances of tribal peoples, have induced the ecstatic experience in some, despite the absence of genital arousal. Also, when one is in a deeply relaxed state-for instance, under the mild influence of grass-simply lying on a comfortable bed and stretching the entire body can produce the ecstatic experience.

The existence of the ecstatic experience and its occurrence in these various circumstances suggest that the nervous system is not just the real erogenous zone but also the basis of ecstasy, which is the goal of arousal.

(Name withheld by request) Austin, Texas

MATTER OF PRINCIPLE

From one of the October Forum Newsfront items, "Medicinal Heroin Proposed," I learned that the Government is at least considering the possibility of letting doctors prescribe heroin to alleviate the suffering of terminally ill cancer patients. I have worked with heroin addicts and have used it myself experimentally-and, I might add, illegally-to try to gain some insight into the effects of the drug. My personal feeling is that no well-adjusted, functional, halfway intelligent person truly enjoys the effects of heroin, because it offers a kind of release that he doesn't need. But I can see very clearly where someone crippled with pain and facing death might well benefit tremendously from it.

As much as I hate the harm that opiate addiction can do to a human being, I also understand the irresistible appeal it has for some. If, you are in terrible pain, physically or emotionally, consciously or subconsciously, heroin can be the only immediately effective treatment. For people with many years of life ahead of them, this can be a shortrange, self-destructive solution. But for a terminal cancer patient, I would say that heroin could be a highly effective medication to permit a dying person to face the inevitable without agony.

I don't claim to be an expert in the

dealing with the state and the Federal Government, and I can assure you that without extreme pressure from highly respected political and medical authorities, our Government will continue to cite the terrible perils of drug addiction as its excuse for letting people die in unnecessary misery, as a matter of stupid principle.

cancer field, but I am experienced in

(Name and address withheld by request)

PAPA BEAR VS. CORN COB

An anonymous reader has graciously supplied us with the following clipping from *C B Radio S/9*, which reports a legal dispute between two good buddies over the exchange of profanity, obscenity and insults via the *C.B.* channels. It's the first time we've seen a court trial reported quite this way:

Corn Cob took the stand in his own defense in a slander suit and testified he never said Papa Bear was "a pimp and child molester," but that he might have called Papa Bear a pimp once.

Florida Circuit Judge Marion W. Gooding heard final arguments in the nonjury slander trial before ruling in the civil suit filed by Papa Bear, who . . . was seeking compensatory and punitive damages in excess of \$2500 from Corn Cob.

Papa Bear alleges he was slandered by a transmission made January 10, 1977, by Corn Cob on channel 23.

Lady Grasshopper said she heard Papa Bear call Corn Cob a child molester at a C.B.ers' coffee break. She said she and her husband, Grasshopper, used to be friends of Papa Bear and his family, but are no longer.

Papa Bear said that was because Grasshopper told ribald and lewd stories in front of Papa Bear's teenage son on camping trips.

Carolina Plow Boy testified for Corn Cob and said his voice is so much like Corn Cob's that "I have to tell people on the air that I'm not Corn Cob."

The Three Deuces also testified that Corn Cob and Carolina Plow Boy sound very much alike on the radio.

Corn Cob said he couldn't have made the allegedly slanderous remarks about Papa Bear on January tenth because he was sick in bed with the flu and didn't use the radio that day.

Six Pack, who is comptroller of Corn Cob's employer, testi-

Anyway, you get the idea, and the outcome was that the court awarded Papa Bear \$2500 in damages, for sure, for sure.

POT TALK

I'm writing this letter as a police officer concerned about marijuana use by youngsters, but not for the reasons you might imagine. I personally regard this drug as far less harmful, medically and socially, than our legal vices. I also believe that no one in his or her teens should smoke grass regularly, for the simple reason that these are formative years when the individual should be learning to cope with an increasing number of unpleasant realities, from which any drug may become a habitual means of dealing, or not dealing, with problems. But beyond that, I find an alarming tendency among young people to delude themselves that marijuana has somehow been de facto legalized and to act with reckless disregard of the damage they can do to themselves and their families by getting arrested. They seem to think that most police officers today will wink at their pot smoking or ignore the plastic bag lying on the front seat of their car during a traffic stop.

One thing they don't realize is that a police officer can jeopardize his career if he has knowledge of a criminal offense and does not take appropriate action. Another is that most officers, even if they personally consider pot harmless, feel a certain anger or contempt toward anyone who doesn't have enough good sense to confine this "criminal activity"—and that's what it is in the eyes of the law—to situations where it will not endanger either himself or a law-enforcement officer.

Existing pot laws may be bad, but they cannot be changed by individuals flouting them.

> (Name and address withheld by request)

A thoughtful lecture from one who sounds like a "good cop," and we have to agree that the widespread desire to decriminalize marijuana doesn't make it so. We receive several letters a week from young jail or prison inmates who are astounded that they are locked up for merely possessing a little pot.

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

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ANITA BRYANT

a candid conversation about jews, gays, sex, politics and orange juice with the crusading singer who would show homosexuals the way to salvation

For her first 36 years, Anita Bryant was the stereotypic embodiment of the American dream; hers was a rags-to-riches saga in the best Horatio Alger tradition. For almost two decades, she'd been reasonably happy with her life: She'd evolved a system that enabled her to pursue both a lucrative career as a popular entertainer and a satisfying private life as a devoted wife and mother. She had a loyal husband, wholesome kids and a cozy home overlooking Miami's Biscayne Bay, Her life was comfortable and distinctly uncontroversial.

Last year, all that suddenly and dramatically changed; her halcyon routine perished in the flames of political warfare. When the Metropolitan Dade County Commission passed an ordinance that would, in effect, mandate that qualified homosexuals be hired as teachers in private and parochial schools, Bryant stepped forward to spearhead a drive to repeal it. The ensuing campaign was drawn along classic goodversus-evil lines. Bryant recruited a slew of religious leaders and conservative politicos under the banner of her ad hoc organization, Save Our Children. Her pitch was simple: Homosexuality is a sin, and if homosexuals were given

carte blanche to glamorize their "deviate lifestyle" in Miami-area classrooms, the American family would be destroyed and the American way of life would disappear. Miami homosexual leaders, armed with a hefty war chest, issued an urgent national SOS to supporters of "human rights"-if Bryant were successful, they said, America would turn into Nazi Germany-and liberals from Midge Costanza to Rod McKuen dutifully trekked to Miami to campaign against her. The national media seized on the issue almost from the start and a local election was turned into a national spectacle. On election day last June, the ordinance was overwhelmingly defeated and Bryant was photographed dancing a jubilant jig. But the battle was far from over; Bryant had become a fixture on the American political scene.

Although she consistently maintains that she was ill prepared to champion a political cause, Bryant admits that she's always known that she was "gifted by the Lord" with a special determination. She made her singing debut at the age of two in a rural Oklahoma Baptist church. That same year—1942—her parents divorced, and, along with her baby sister, Sandra, Bryant moved in with her

maternal grandparents. After a short stint in the Service, her father came home and her parents remarried. Her stage debut came in the first grade, when she landed a role in a local high school play. The audience loved her and she loved the applause. At the age of eight, she was singing on a weekly local radio show. That same year, she convinced a preacher to baptize her. (To this day, she calls that moment the most significant one in her life.) Her parents moved the family to Oklahoma City to boost her career chances. By the age of 12, she'd won a local contest and landed her own weekly television show. Shortly thereafter, her father left and her parents divorced again; her deepseated feelings of hatred for her father were to haunt her for the next 20 years. Her mother continued to encourage her career, and at 13, Bryant cut her first record. The next year, she hopped a plane to Hollywood in the hope of landing a movie contract; she was rejected because a studio mogul decided her big voice didn't fit her tiny body.

Her mother married again and moved the family to Tulsa in 1955 and Bryant enrolled in Will Rogers High School. She sang in the church and school choirs,



"At the moment of climax, there is a oneness with you and your husband and with God... When you come together, it's like when the Church is brought up to meet Christ in the air."



"It doesn't give me any gratification to think someone's going to hell. I have great respect for my Jewish brothers, but I can't say they can get absolved—God just didn't say that."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BUD LEE

"When I was a child, you didn't even mention the word homosexual, much less find out what the act was about. You couldn't imagine what they tried to do. It was too filthy to think about." starred in a local presentation of "South Pacific" and became a regular on a local TV variety show. She caught the eye of one of Arthur Godfrey's talent scouts, and at 16, she became a favorite on Godfrey's CBS-TV show. That was her big break-her career zoomed ahead with almost breakneck speed. After signing a contract with Carlton Records, she cut her first 1,000,000-seller record, her version of "Till There Was You." She did a series of national tours on bills with pop stars such as Rick Nelson. At the urging of her Oklahoma pals, she entered the Miss Tulsa contest, won and found herself elected both Miss Oklahoma and second runner-up in the 1959 Miss America Pageant. Radio m.c. Don McNeill offered her a slot on his ABC "Breakfast Club" show, so she moved to Chicago and enrolled as a speech major at Northwestern University. College life did not agree with her and she was very lonely. She met Bob Green, then Miami's top disc jockey, at a record convention and, after his assiduous courtship, she finally agreed to marry him in 1960. The couple moved to Miami Beach and in 1963, after she was told by a gynecologist that she was barren, the Greens adopted a son, Bob, Jr. She disproved her doctor's diagnosis the next year, when her daughter Gloria was born. Five years later, she gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl.

The union of Green and Bryant proved to be financially fertile as well. He became her personal manager and she soon became a much-sought performer at state fairs and conventions. She also became a favorite at advertising agencies-representing Coca-Cola, Holiday Inn, Kraft and, since 1968, the Florida Citrus Commission, as its "sunshine girl." She traveled for six years on Bob Hope's U.S.O. tours. Lyndon Johnson let it be known that she was his favorite singer. Baptist preachers invited her to deliver Sunday sermons-a rare enough occurrence in that fundamentalist religion. She wrote nine books (including a cookbook) that emphasized the theme of coping with life through faith in Jesus, and they all became 1,000,000 sellers in religious bookstores.

While things seemed rosy on the surface, Bryant had transferred the negative feelings about her father that she admits in this interview to all men—including her husband—and they were threatening her marriage. And when her grandfather and two friends died within months of one another in 1974, she suffered something of a nervous collapse and sought succor in a Christian-therapy group in California. Her stay was a brief one, and out of the experience came another successful book, forgiveness of her father and a new-found devotion to her husband.

It was her husband, in fact, along with her Baptist pastor, who convinced her to defend motherhood and Christian ideals by taking the stand against the homosexual community last year. She was shocked when most of her bookings evaporated-most booking agents were scared off by the threats of homosexuals to protest her appearances-and she appeared mostly in religious shows, always accompanied by a phalanx of angry gay pickets. She was universally reviled in the national media and by Hollywood and became cannon fodder for comedians everywhere. By her estimate, she lost half a million dollars in bookings. A national "gaycott" of Florida orange juice almost cost her her \$100,000-a-year contract with the Florida Citrus Commission, though after a year's waffling, the commission renewed it. She did lose a contract with the Singer company to host her own television show, as well as her perennial job as narrator of the Orange Bowl parade. She also lost

"What can I say? You have visions of, well, now, what can they do as two men in bed or two women in bed?"

her own booking agent, Dick Shack, whose wife, Ruth, ironically enough, Bryant had helped elect to the Dade County Commission—almost immediately after which she sponsored the homosexual rights ordinance that sparked the whole showdown. Bryant insists that she took her stand based on her religious convictions, dollars be damned, and that she'd do it all over again in a minute.

Some replay of her 1977 battle looms on the horizon: After protests from the Save the Children Federation, Bryant changed the name of her organization to Protect America's Children, and that group sends out a newsletter and an organizing kit to a large list of supporters. She has determined that she will lend her efforts to support other struggles to save America from perdition, though she will not do so until she "gets a calling from the Lord" on where to go and what to do. One thing is certain: Bryant will continue to make news for a long time.

PLAYBOY sent free-lancer Ken Kelley (whose previous PLAYBOY credit was the celebrated underground interview with fugitive Abbie Hoffman in May 1976) on an eight-day Bible Belt tour with Bryant and Green. At first, she "prayed

to God for guidance" and decided against doing the interview for PLAYBOY, feeling that the nudity that appears in the magazine violated her moral standards. (She regards fornication between unmarried heterosexuals as no less a violation of the Lord's commandments than homosexual conduct.) Kelley continued the interview under assignment to Rolling Stone, but editorial differences developed and, at the end, he was able to persuade Green and Bryant that her startling views could be aired in PLAYBOY, as originally planned. A personal account of Kelley's encounter with Bryant and her divine crusade appears on page 97.

PLAYBOY: Have you always been obsessed with homosexuality?

BRYANT: Not at all. If I had been, would I have waited until 1977 to speak up? We could have gone on the offense long ago. We would have tried to shut down their publications, which anyone can pick up at a local hotel, and which show that they can do what they want with kids of whatever age they want, and even what kind of sex they can have. The homosexuals have their national directory and it lists Miami as the most open city in the nation. I got involved only because they were asking for special privileges that violated the state law of Florida, not to mention God's law. You know, when I was a child, you didn't even mention the word homosexual, much less find out what the act was about. You knew it was very bad, but you couldn't imagine what they tried to do, exactly, in terms of one taking a male role and the other taking a female role. I mean, it was too filthy to think about and you had other things to think about. So when I finally found out all the implications, it was a total revelation for me.

PLAYBOY: Then when you opposed the Dade County ordinance, at first you didn't even have a clear idea *what* you were opposing?

BRYANT: Well, I knew some things, because Bob had told me—he is nine years older and he has taught me a lot of things about sex. He was born in the Bronx and I was raised in the Bible Belt—what can I say? I mean, you have visions of, well, now, what can they do as two men in bed or two women in bed? But I didn't really know the nitty-gritty of the thing.

PLAYBOY: Until when?

BRYANT: I'm not going to tell you.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it when you got a letter in January 1977 with an explicit picture enclosed?

BRYANT: OK, yeah. And, I mean, I was absolutely appalled. I just couldn't believe it. And then, afterward, a local police sergeant gave a presentation in

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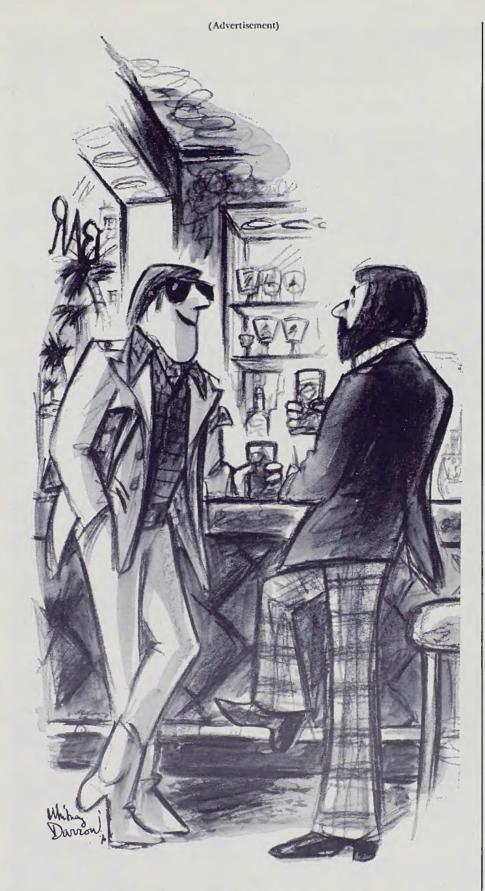
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"My agent says it'll gross enough to keep me in Chivas for a year."

about child pornography and it shocked our whole congregation. We understood then just how debased the whole thing was. I mean, it's a sin under the laws of God. And sin is like leprosy-it starts with just a little speck and you don't even notice or care. You think, That's not going to hurt me, and all of a sudden it begins to spread and you still don't worry until the sores spread to the shoulder and the pus starts oozing, but by then it's too late. God says the wages of sin are death, and one little sin brings on another. The homosexual act is just the beginning of the depravity. It then leads to-what's the word?-sadomasochism. It just gets worse as it goes on. You go further and further down the drain and it just becomes so perverted and you get into alcohol and drugs and it's so rotten that many homosexuals end up committing suicide. The worst thing is that these days, so many married men with children who don't have a happy marriage are going into the homosexual bars for satisfaction-if they're not careful, they're going to get caught up in it totally. PLAYBOY: You believe in a kind of sexual

our church basement with slides and all

domino theory, then?

BRYANT: Lots of wives and former homosexuals have testified to me about these things.

PLAYBOY: Didn't your biggest shock about homosexuals come when you realized that male homosexuals eat each other's sperm? A Miami reporter briefly quoted you as saying the reason God calls homosexuality an abomination is that homosexuals eat spermatozoa, the building block of blood, so, therefore, homosexuals are swallowing, and presumably digesting, the essence of life?

BRYANT: I did not . . . um . . . I did not say that to any reporter. I'm not that stupid.

PLAYBOY: Did you say it to anybody?

BRYANT: I was overheard talking to a reformed homosexual on the phone and I had no idea our conversation would ever get printed. It was a very personal thing and I never dreamed it would get printed. The reporter deceived me. I was very naïve about the media then-since then, I've been trained. At that time, I was like a babe among the wolves.

PLAYBOY: But you did say it.

BRYANT: It was a personal thing. I don't want to talk about it.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

BRYANT: Because it's just too gory, too raw for most people to comprehend.

PLAYBOY: You could take this opportunity to explain yourself, rather than let it stand as an overheard conversation.

BRYANT: Well, I was witnessing to this guy, and I didn't let on that I knew he had been a homosexual, and I threw the question at him because I wasn't sure myself and I wanted to find out. I





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had read about this phenomenon, but I wasn't sure it was true. See, I was at my desk one night and I was reading and studying; it was about one in the morning and when I read about it—

PLAYBOY: You mean swallowing sperm? BRYANT: Yeah, when I read about it, I about fell through my chair. I said, "Oh, God, this can't be true." That was the first time I really knew. I mean, I had seen in writing before what they did in bed, and so forth, but I never knew that they ate the male sperm. I just wanted to fall off the chair. So when this guy called, I wanted to really find out if what I'd read was true. So I said very casually, "Oh, by the way, do you know that homosexuals eat the male sperm?"

PLAYBOY: What did he say?

BRYANT: He said yes.

PLAYBOY: And?

BRYANT: And I still couldn't believe it.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

BRYANT: Well, throughout the Bible, particularly in the Old Testament, men are referred to as trees. Even in the Garden of Eden, when God referred to the tree of life, He was talking about the whole spiritual salvation of men, and so forth. And in the New Testament, it says Jesus was called the fruit of the womb—which is very interesting, because even the homosexuals know this. Did you know there is a group in Seattle that calls itself The Fruit Loops?

PLAYBOY: So?

BRYANT: Why do you think the homosexuals are called fruits? It's because they eat the forbidden fruit of the tree of life. God referred to men as trees, and because the homosexuals eat the forbidden fruit, which is male sperm. . . . There is even a Jockey short called Forbidden Fruit. Very subtle. Did you know that?

PLAYBOY: No. We've heard only of Fruit of the Loom.

BRYANT: You see, I agree with the antiabortion people that the beginning of life is when the male sperm fertilizes the female egg. The Scriptures talk about John the Baptist jumping in the womb when he was in the presence of the Mother Mary when Jesus was still in the womb, and that Jesus was conceived of the Holy Spirit. That was the beginning of life and I believe that-I cannot deny what I know to be true. That's why homosexuality is an abomination of God, because life is so precious to God and it is such a sacred thing when man and woman come together in one flesh and the seed is fertilized-that's the sealing of life, that's the beginning of life. To interfere with that in any way-especially the eating of the forbidden fruit, the eating of the sperm-that's why it's such an abomination. I can't deny it. When I discuss this with Christians, it revolts them, especially when they don't know the Bible and cannot see sin in its most hideous forms. You really turn people off when you speak in these blunt terms, and they can't believe I'm saying it. But you have to tell them that it's true. It's there, it's logical and it makes the sin of homosexuality all the more hideous because it's antilife, degenerative. PLAYBOY: Surely, you must know that the eating of sperm is not confined to homosexuals. In fact, it's quite popular in heterosexual relationships these days.

BRYANT: It's true. I agree with you. The abomination is spreading. Ideally, of course, the relationship between a man and a woman should embody oneness with God—the most natural thing is the reproducing of life and having the first fruits from that oneness together.

PLAYBOY: So sex is only for procreation? BRYANT: Oh, no. But God created the family to be a picture of perfection. Nothing is perfect, of course, but a woman's giving herself to her husband should try to resemble perfection, just as the husband's protection of his wife should be a love like he loves his own body. How many men do that with their woman? If you could see that bliss as an

"When I read about it,
I about fell through my
chair. That was the first
time I really knew that
they ate the male sperm."

expression of God's perfection, it would make you yearn to know God.

PLAYBOY: You're saying that sexual intercourse between man and wife is an acknowledgment of God?

BRYANT: Right-it's a picture of the Church, in a sense. It's a beautiful thing, ordained of God, meant to be enjoyed and to be pleasurable, not looked on as debased or ungodly or dirty, as so many Christians unfortunately see it. Sex was never meant to be that. God tells us it's like a mystery-He means a coming together that releases the joy you have in that moment of climax when there is a oneness with you and your husband and with God. It's physical, but it becomes spiritual. I've often thought that at that moment, you experience the release and the purity that God meant to be. . . . Well, it's like the way Christ loves the Church. When you come together, it's like when the Church is brought up to meet Christ in the air, when we will all take on immortality. There is a releasing of all the burdens of the mortal body and such sheer release of joy and oneness-it's almost like floating in the air and you know someday you will be able to meet Christ. I think the reason there's

so much promiscuity and so much emphasis on sex these days is because people leave out the spiritual part.

PLAYBOY: Is birth control an abomination against the Lord? Is taking the pill a sin? BRYANT: No, because the way it's done, you are not wasting the sperm. I've never really gone into this before. I've never had that question asked of me. I do think it's important to realize God's glory when you come together-if there's not the oneness of the spirit, soul and body, then there's an imperfection. This whole discussion is so delicate-that's why it's so important that the Government and the public schools should not take the responsibility to explain sex to our children-it is the province of the parents.

PLAYBOY: Some parents may be less qualified to explain it than educators are.

BRYANT: I don't care, the child should hear it from the parents.

PLAYBOY: Many parents refuse to accept the responsibility. What then?

BRYANT: I know. It's not easy. I don't have all the answers. I know what you're talking about, because my mother and her mother didn't know how to talk about sex.

PLAYBOY: OK, let's get back to deviant sexual practices, as you characterize homosexuality. Why did you decide to oppose the Dade County ordinance last year? You'd never taken a political stand before.

BRYANT: Right, I never had. The basic reason was because I am first and foremost a mother, and I was standing up for my rights as a mother to protect my children after I realized what the threat the homosexuals were posing meant. That's why we called our organization Save Our Children, though we've since been forced to change it to Protect America's Children, because the Save the Children Federation took us to court. The ordinance the homosexuals proposed would have made it mandatory that flaunting homosexuals be hired in both the public and the parochial schools. My children attend a religious school. Freedom of religion is guaranteed by the Constitution, and if you believe that adultery, homosexuality, drunkenness and things like that violate your religious standards, you then have a right to prevent a teacher from standing up in front of your children and promoting sin. We were fighting religious bigotry. What gives the homosexual any more right to stand up in front of children and talk about his sexual preferences than a man who has a great Dane as his lover?

PLAYBOY: Bestiality is just around the corner, then?

BRYANT: Under the proposed ordinance, every sexual deviation would have been legally acceptable among schoolteachers. Right behind the homosexual community

in Dade County was a group of prostitutes who were going to initiate similar legislation permitting whores to stand up in front of kids in the classroom and proclaim their sexual deviation and then ply their trade. Ad infinitum. The issue had nothing to do with what people do in the privacy of their bedrooms. If two men or two women live together and don't flaunt their deviant lifestyle, fine. Let them do what they want. But when they try to interfere with my right as a mother to raise my children the way I see fit, then I draw the line. I mean, no one got very excited about the ordinance-no one knew it was an issue, really, it was so secretive. It had passed two readings at the Dade County Commission before we even became aware of it. On the third reading, it would have become law-we only had a week and a half to try to stop it. The ordinance sounded very simple-it said there should be no discrimination in the areas of housing, public accommodations and employment. Who wants to discriminate? It's a no-no. But the discrimination they were talking about was not based on race or religion. Homosexuals would have us believe they're born that way, because they're in total darkness and they've never been told any different. But if they're a legitimate minority group, then so are nail biters, dieters, fat people, short people and murderers. Who will be the next in line to ask for special privileges? When it came down to a courtroom hearing, the homosexuals in Dade County said it's not a matter of housing, public accommodations and employment-we're already there, they said. Which they definitely are. They said, "The point is that we want to come out of the closet, we want to tell you where we're at and we don't want to lose our jobs because of it." One of the homosexual leaders made a statement before the Community Relations Board. He said he became a homosexual when he was seven years old but that it bothered him that he never had a role model to look up to.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you just resorting to the same kind of argument that Joe Mc-Carthy used in the Fifties against communism? He insisted that Americans could not be exposed to it lest they immediately turn into raving Marxists. Do you think "flaunting homosexuals," as you put it, will automatically turn America's children into homosexuals?

BRYANT: Of course it's not just an overnight thing. What happens is that the door then opens onto a lot of other things. It may not have an immediate effect, but certainly down the line it will—on your kids and your grandchildren, for generations to come. We can't see the evils of sin right off. It looks so innocent at first, but I've seen too many lives ruined by that kind of thinking. PLAYBOY: A moment ago, you lumped homosexuals into the same category as murderers

BRYANT: But I'm not saying homosexuals are murderers.

PLAYBOY: You're saying they're just as bad.

BRYANT: No, I don't say they're as bad. God says it. It's in the Bible. First Corinthians, I think.

PLAYBOY: Since you've never been connected with political causes before, how did you feel when you found yourself embroiled in a controversial issue as its leader?

BRYANT: I was petrified. I was devastated by the fears within me that I would make a fool out of myself. I knew what I was up against—the homosexuals in Dade County had amassed support from homosexuals around the country and they had the active backing of a wide range of liberal politicians. I asked myself, what can I possibly do that will matter? But, thanks to the encouragement of my husband and my pastor, I became aware of the difference one person can make. Similar ordinances had been passed in 36 other cities around the

"If homosexuals are a legitimate minority group, so are nail biters, dieters, fat people, short people and murderers."

country and Congressman Ed Koch [now New York City's mayor] had even proposed a Federal bill along the same lines. The homosexuals in Miami knew that Dade County was one of the most liberal counties in the country. They said if they won, it would be a barometer for all of America. I'd really done my homework before I stood up. I went through a lot of anguish.

PLAYBOY: Your pastor convinced you it was a sin not to stand up?

BRYANT: Yes. I was totally convinced of that. My eyes had been opened and I really had no choice. Still, I vacillated between being weak and being strong. Then I told myself, well, if God is before me, who can be against me?

PLAYBOY: You had God on your side?

BRYANT: Yes. I had given the Lord my total being—I mean, everything. So I had a confidence, a strength that everything I had always tried to attain in my own flesh, and never could, would be now possible. When you give yourself to God, God gives you everything. My pastor, Brother Bill, had a much bigger picture than I did. He told me, "I don't know

anyone else in the nation who could take a stand like this." He saw that I was the one person who could make a difference. When I finally surrendered to God, I gained a confidence and I've not been afraid since.

PLAYBOY: You weren't afraid when you got the bomb threats?

BRYANT: No.

PLAYBOY: The death threats?

BRYANT: No.

PLAYBOY: How about your children?

BRYANT: They're not afraid because we're not afraid. I'm not afraid for myself, but I am afraid for my children.

PLAYBOY: You must know that the homosexual leaders, as much as they loathe you, nevertheless credit you with helping them publicize their cause. You're saying it was a *quid pro quo*—that they had the same effect on *your* cause.

BRYANT: I don't owe anything to them. I owe it all to God, because God pushed me into that corner. I will never give the homosexuals the credit. In fact, the more the homosexuals rant and rave, the more the committed Christians are going to come out of the closet. It's God's plan. I am only His humble servant. I never wanted to be the leader of anything. In fact, knowing what I know now, if I had the choice, I would definitely have chosen the role way back when of just a simple wife and mother.

PLAYBOY: You'd have given up your career?
BRYANT: Yes, definitely, knowing what I

know now. It's so much easier to do that than to stand up and rant and rave for your human rights against militant homosexuals.

PLAYBOY: All right, back to Miami. What was your first step when you decided to take a stand?

BRYANT: I wrote a letter to the nine county commissioners, stating my convictions. After I wrote the letter, the homosexual leaders united against me. They called the Florida Citrus Commission and threatened a national boycott of Florida orange juice. The commission was very upset—they didn't understand why I was standing up. Then the homosexuals went further—they said they'd make me the laughingstock of the country. They said they'd sue my A-S-S off.

It was just a scare tactic—we didn't know if they could follow through with their threats, but it was scary—we had never been up against anything like that before. I remember walking around the house for several days, talking to myself, wondering what to do; I'd get real bold one minute and the next minute I'd burst into tears, crying out loud. I was so scared. Anyway, before all of this happened, I'd agreed to go on a local radio station—the disc jockey was a real Christian gal, so I felt pretty safe in her hands. But I was trembling still—I had hoped my letter to the county commission was

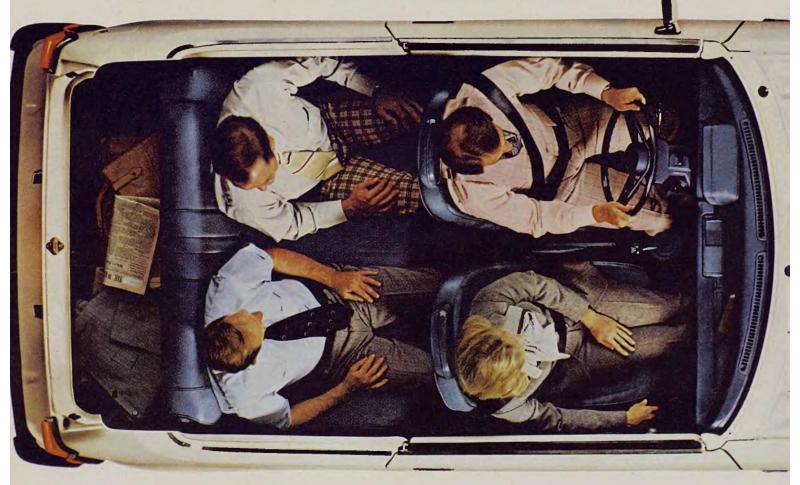
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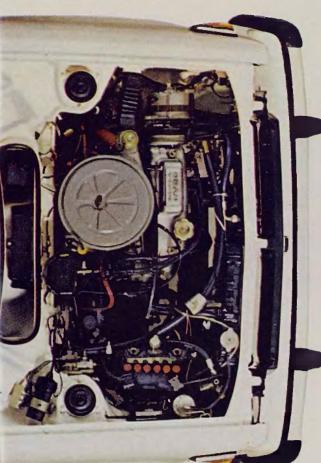


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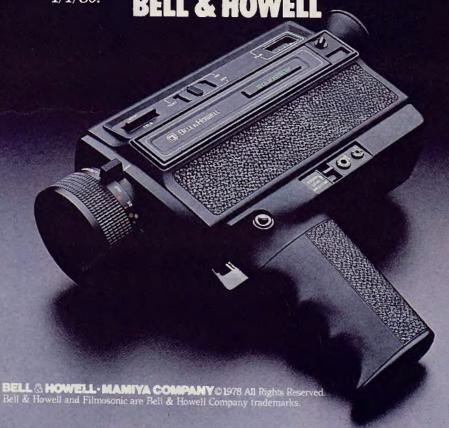
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enough. But I decided I had to do the show, to help our cause, and I did it. It was great, I'd brought my daughter Barbara with me, and when we started driving back after the show, there was a drizzly rain. Suddenly, in front of us, there was a car crash. It was a real bad accident. I swerved around it, and to this day, I don't know how we escaped death. We were real shook up. I pulled over to the side of the road and I said to Barbara, "Let's just pray. Let's thank Jesus for saving us from this accident." I took her hand and we prayed-Barbara is like me. I mean, when she was born, she was 42 years old. She looked up at me and said, "If God can help us like this, can't He help you win against the homosexuals?" I tell you, my tears started coming and I knew then we would win.

PLAYBOY: Did Barbara understand what homosexual meant? She's nine years old. Had you discussed the issue explicitly with your children?

BRYANT: Yes. We had to talk with them in very practical terms on their age level.

PLAYBOY: How do you explain homosex-

uality to a nine-year-old?

BRYANT: Well, now you've got me on the spot. Basically, we explained to our children that marriage is a sacred vow and that in Genesis, God said He knew man was incomplete and man needed a helpmate, so God made woman, and that man and woman were meant to come together and multiply the earth. I explained in simple terms to the little ones that some men try to do with other men what men and women do to produce babies; and that homosexuality is a perversion of a very natural thing that God said was good, and that it is a sin and very unnatural. I explained to the children that even barnyard animals don't do what homosexuals do.

PLAYBOY: That's simply untrue. There is a lot of evidence proving not only that barnyard animals do engage in homosexuality but that in many primitive human cultures around the world, homosexuality is and has been institutionalized as part of tribal culture.

BRYANT: Well, I've never heard of it. The point is that God says it's an abomination of nature and it's wrong.

PLAYBOY: That's a different point—we're saying that among various species, human and animal, it is a common occurrence.

BRYANT: That still doesn't make it right.
PLAYBOY: What if, despite your efforts,
one of your kids turned out to be a
homosexual? Would you disown him or
hor?

BRYANT: I would never disown my children, no matter what. I'm a firm believer in taking my children in my arms every day and saying "I love you"—every day. I have a real bugaboo myself—if I fail as a mother to my children, then I have

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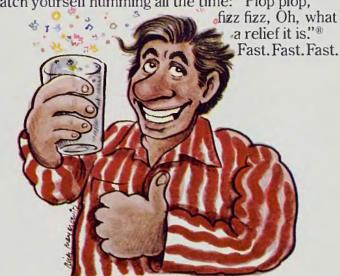
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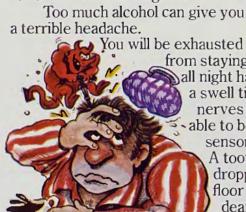
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failed completely. My family is my first priority. If one of my kids chose the homosexual lifestyle, I would sit down and explain to him that he's hurting no one but himself and that God cannot tolerate that kind of sin in his life and that he will have to suffer the consequences of sin, particularly in knowing that he will never be happy choosing the way of the Devil rather than God's way.

PLAYBOY: But you would regard yourself as a failure if that happened?

BRYANT: Yes. If my kids don't become happy, worthwhile, responsible citizens, then I will have failed everything. All else will have been in vain—the career, everything. Nothing else really matters.

PLAYBOY: Were there particular problems with your children after you took your antihomosexual stance?

BRYANT: There was one point where our daughters, Gloria and Barbara, told me that they didn't want to hold hands with their little girlfriends anymore. They were afraid people would think they were homosexuals. I had to sit down and talk to them—I told them in very practical terms that that had nothing to do with homosexuality. And then I talked to our other kids, individually, to make sure their views in regard to their friends weren't warped. You know how kids are—they tease kids who have effeminate qualities. They harass them.

PLAYBOY: You told your children it was wrong to harass boys who were effeminate?

BRYANT: Absolutely. I've taken great pains with the children to educate them that that kind of thing is not Christian. But kids are influenced by their peers; all of a sudden, they get very brave when they're with other kids. My kids aren't perfect—they might resort to that, Kids have a tendency to call each other queer or weird. We've stopped our kids from saying that, I think, through careful explanation of how wrong it is to do that. I think our kids are much more careful about that kind of thing, because they know the harm they can cause, especially in that the accusations can be false accusations. The militant homosexuals in Miami accused us of printing a KILL A QUEER FOR CHRIST bumper sticker. I mean, never would we endorse that kind of thing. That would be disrespectful to homosexuals as human beings. We would never say "queer" or "faggot"-I mean, "homos" is not that bad, really, but we would never say it. And that's a much more honest position than the militant homosexuals take.

I have no respect for homosexuals who insist that their deviant lifestyle is normal. We pray for them, we try to lead them out of it—that's more honest than the stance of saying what they do is normal. I mean, you ask them, "What is your role in the sex act—is it male or female?" They say, "Well, sometimes

it's male, sometimes it's female." Isn't that play acting? Is play acting normal? Let's clarify the issue of what constitutes a homosexual. I think a lot of parents pass down to their kids a misconception-if a boy doesn't have masculine muscles and he doesn't go out for sports, that doesn't make him a sissy or a queer. I don't think a homosexual is a homosexual until he commits the act. I mean, just because a child fantasizes about another man-lots of psychiatrists claim that it's the latent homosexuality expressing itself in the brain of a little one. That's garbage. It's not a physical problem, it's a spiritual one. Just because this kind of kid has certain characteristics that make him different when he's growing up, and he was laughed at or mocked by other kids, that doesn't make him a homosexual, any more than it makes me a grandmother.

PLAYBOY: So a homosexual is not a homosexual until he commits a physical homosexual act?

BRYANT: That's what I consider a homosexual to be. I don't think that if you have fantasies or dreams or whatever counts. No matter if your father or your mother rejected you, no matter what happened in your life, still, it's a matter of choice in a context.

PLAYBOY: As far back as 1948, Dr. Alfred Kinsey showed that, from his research, two out of every five American males had committed a homosexual act. You've heard of his research, we assume.

BRYANT: Not that much, no. But, of course, we know where *he* was coming from, personally.

PLAYBOY: What does that mean?

BRYANT: Well, I mean, he had no spiritual beliefs, no religious beliefs.

PLAYBOY: Nevertheless, as a social scientist, Kinsey claimed that 37 percent of the American male population—and this was in the late Forties—had committed at least one homosexual act.

BRYANT: But that doesn't mean they were homosexuals.

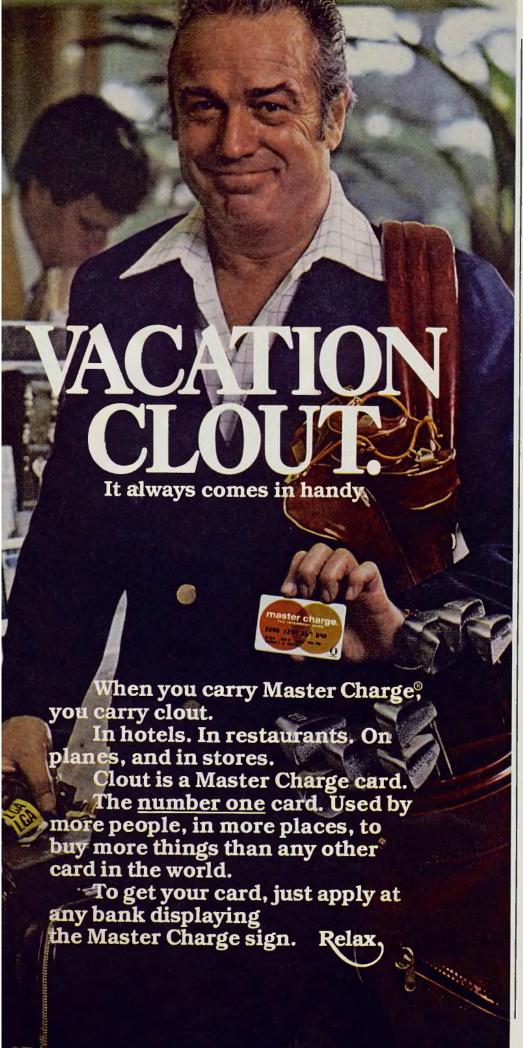
PLAYBOY: But wait, just a moment ago, you said that committing the homosexual act defined the homosexual being.

BRYANT: Well, one or two acts don't make you a practicing, full-fledged homosexual. **PLAYBOY:** You said precisely that.

BRYANT: Yeah, I did say the sex act constitutes. . . Look, what I'm saying is that people experiment—they may do it a couple of times. It doesn't mean they are practicing homosexuals for life. Some people will try it out just for the kicks—out of curiosity. They can still be forgiven for that sin.

PLAYBOY: In your most recent book, *The Anita Bryant Story*, you say that you don't know what causes homosexuality. Don't you think you should have studied its causes?

BRYANT: You see, that's the whole thing the militant homosexuals contend that



they are born homosexual and that it's a natural thing. All I know is that God condemns it as unnatural. That's why I insist on saying "homosexual" and "socalled gay." The word gay totally belies the homosexual lifestyle. I don't even know how the word gay was attached to the homosexual lifestyle. The militant homosexuals took the word and with the power that they have, they programed it into our modern vocabulary. That in itself is a frightening example of what they can do to a society-how they can brainwash you into using their terminology. It's a matter of habits. It's like most homosexuals, when they go into the deviant lifestyle, they don't take on the effeminate affectations until they have become part of the homosexual community-they go almost into camp, that's what it is, and they take on those roles whether male or female. It's a learned pattern-so it can be unlearned. That's why it's so dangerous-I think it is so difficult to unlearn because it becomes natural after a while, and they don't have to think about it.

PLAYBOY: What about bisexuality? Is it as great a sin as homosexuality?

BRYANT: Because homosexuality is an abomination, whether you do it once a month or it becomes a lifestyle, when it becomes harder for you to come out of it——

PLAYBOY: So is there more hope for salvation for bisexuals?

BRYANT: I can't say there's more hope for them. It's a dangerous place to be, because they're in a promiscuous area. They're committing fornication and homosexuality as well—sin. It's almost as if those people are playing with it. They think, "I'm not really a homosexual, I don't do it that often." They don't really want to align themselves with the depravity of the homosexual community, per se. They're enjoying their cake but not eating it, you see.

PLAYBOY: Let's return to the Dade County ordinance for a moment. What were the immediate consequences of your standing up against it?

BRYANT: Threats, blackmail, boycotts, intimidation. I won't say who, but someone threatened our business manager in New York that if we continued with the campaign, he would start the rumor that Bob was a former homosexual.

PLAYBOY: Was he?

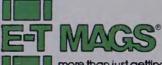
BRYANT: Of course not. But during the time of the referendum, we lost 70 percent of our bookings. You've got to remember that, predominantly, I'm a variety artist and the bulk of my income comes from performing—Florida Citrus is only a small part. We had no conventions in 1977 and I had been one of the top convention entertainers in the country. I did a grand total of two state fairs in 1977.

The militant homosexuals will go to

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any extreme to try to get me out of my livelihood. In New Orleans, they went to the manager of the New Orleans Pops orchestra and tried to prove to him that I had been responsible for local homosexual suicides. Every place I go, there are bomb threats. Every place we go, they send half a dozen people from other towns and they come a week before and organize a protest against me. We were really surprised that they had the power to do what they do. It's not the democratic way at all-if we had lost, we would have said, well, we feel bad, but that's it. Well, they lose and they punish you for winning. I had no idea of the viciousness or vindictiveness of the homosexual community. I was very naïve in that respect.

PLAYBOY: Any regrets? Would you do it all over again?

BRYANT: I would still stand, I would still make the same choice. I might change some of the statements that were made that were not mine, but unfortunately, that's part of what you have to go through when you're working with people from all walks of life who are part of your organization. It hasn't been easy. I don't think anybody wants to see his livelihood stripped away from him, and you've got to come to grips with the threats to your family-that's something you'd never ask for; you'd have to be crazy to ask for it. But we also got to work with some wonderful people. Seventy percent of the Jewish rabbis supported us, as well as the majority of the black community. That was a wonderful experience.

PLAYBOY: What did you think when the Florida Citrus Commission renewed its contract with you?

BRYANT: I thought it was a courageous thing to do and, of course, I was very glad.

PLAYBOY: Is the tide now turning on your behalf? Your contract was renewed. you were named Most Admired Woman by readers of Good Housekeeping and liberal columnists such as Nat Hentoff have come out defending your right of free speech.

BRYANT: It's too early to say, and I don't know what the homosexuals still have up their sleeve. They are very desperate people who will stop at nothing.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel any responsibility for homosexual suicides? Or for the murder of homosexuals? There was a lawsuit filed against you in San Francisco last year, later dismissed, that charged you with creating a homophobic hysteria that resulted in the murder of a young homosexual.

BRYANT: Yes, that's true. But I had nothing to do with any murders. There is a homosexual murder every day in San Francisco. It made me sad and it shocked me that anyone would think I had anything to do with it, but my



conscience is clear. I can't be responsible for how people react to what happened in Dade County. My stand was not taken out of homophobia but out of love for them. Look, I'm not as stupid as people make me out to be, especially concerning homosexuality. In Richmond, four of them came up to me. One of them gave me the record Hurricane Anita and looked at me like he was waiting for me to faint dead away or turn pale, and I said I was familiar with it, and I wrote down a Scripture and said, "I love you," And one other guy came on real strong and he said, "You've broken my heart and I cry all night and day because you hate us." I said, "I don't hate you, I love you." I took his hand and said, "I love you; can you say you love me?" This guy started shaking. He said, "I can't say that."

PLAYBOY: That record is just one of the satiric attacks made upon you. There have been more Anita Bryant jokes than Polish jokes in the past year. Rod Mc-Kuen said——

BRYANT: He's really a ... nothing.

PLAYBOY: People like Johnny Carson and Bob Hope and Martha Raye have also made jokes about you.

BRYANT: Right, and I really was hurt by them. I mean, I could tell you stories from being on U.S.O. tours with Bob Hope and Martha Raye that would make your hair stand on end, but I won't. Yet they attack me. I asked my son Bobby one day about it and he said, "Well, they have a lot of jokes around school about you."

PLAYBOY: Dirty jokes?

BRYANT: No, funny ones. And he said, "They don't bug me."

PLAYBOY: What other kinds of repercussions did you suffer from the so-called gaycott of you?

BRYANT: Well, I couldn't get booked on virtually any of the talk shows, where I'd always been welcomed before. And I recorded a song called *There's Nothing Like the Love Between a Woman and a Man*, a real upbeat, down-home country tune. All the record companies agreed it was great, but none of them wanted to risk putting it out.

PLAYBOY: In some jurisdictions, homosexual behavior is now prosecuted as a misdemeanor. Are you in favor of returning it to a felony status?

BRYANT: Yes, I think so. Any time you water down the law, it just makes it easier for immorality to become tolerated.

PLAYBOY: Let's say two adult men are caught in bed, fornicating. Under felony provisions, they could be sent to jail for 20 years. Do you think 20 years in prison would rehabilitate them?

BRYANT: Why make it easy for them? I think it only helps to condone it and to make it easier for kids who wouldn't be so concerned if it were just a misde-

meanor, whereas a felony might make them think twice, especially the younger ones.

PLAYBOY: What if it doesn't? Boys should spend 20 years in jail for one act?

BRYANT: If they're on good behavior and everything, and they really—

PLAYBOY: What are you saying—that someone will be rehabilitated and turned away from homosexuality in *prison?* Surely, you know that prisoners are gang-raped routinely. Someone jailed on a homosexual charge is particularly vulnerable. You must know that.

BRYANT: They'll have plenty of time to think. Just because prisons are corrupt and not doing the right job in rehabilitation because they don't have enough spiritual emphasis doesn't mean that there should not be a strong punishment for that.

PLAYBOY: Does punishment lead to redemption?

BRYANT: It's in the Bible.

PLAYBOY: Twenty years in jail?

BRYANT: Well, there's no easy answer and I'm sure we don't have all the answers.

PLAYBOY: You're avoiding the question, not just the answer. To stick a kid in jail for committing a homosexual act would seem to most people the greater crime—and sin. If anything were going to reinforce his homosexuality, it would be prison.

BRYANT: But, you see, if there are no



consequences for any kind of sin, if there's no law and order, if there's no price to be paid for-

PLAYBOY: But you're advocating making homosexuality a felony. The price would certainly exceed the "crime," if you had your way.

BRYANT: Are you saying do away with the law totally? Look, I'm just thinking of a deterrent to keep young people from going into it. That's why you've got the ministry in the prisons. They're trying to find an answer there. Maybe the answer is to put the homosexuals in a different place in the prison.

PLAYBOY: That's already the case; do you think that would deter them from homosexuality? How familiar are you with prisons? Have you ever performed inside one?

BRYANT: Yes, I did the Huntsville Prison Rodeo. It was great-the audience was very captive. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Did you get a firsthand look at the prison conditions?

BRYANT: No, I've read about them and I have mixed feelings, because I've heard a lot of radical people who come out and say the prisons are terrible, but you know where they're coming from-they want to do away with law and order because they're rebellious against God. I know what the cause of the prisons is. The cause is sin.

PLAYBOY: So for one sin, the sin of one man making love to another man, you would send them to jail? That's the Christian approach?

BRYANT: As a Christian, I know the only answer is the Gospel.

PLAYBOY: And you would set it up so that the Gospel you advocate would be preached to imprisoned human beings surrounded by the very crime you accuse them of.

BRYANT: All right, you have a point. Especially when you put it in terms of kids; I would like to be working with them to save them from their sins.

PLAYBOY: Let's explore some of your theological beliefs. For instance, nowhere in the New Testament does Jesus make any statement about homosexuality.

BRYANT: Well, Jesus did. He spoke about adultery and fornication.

PLAYBOY: But you didn't conduct a campaign against heterosexual swingers' teaching your kids. The fact remains that Jesus never even mentioned homosexuality and virtually every reference to it is in the Old Testament.

BRYANT: But he talked about fornication and he said, "If you love me, you'll keep my commandments." He was very plain on it. Jesus never wavered from sin one iota. To say that Jesus wasn't against sin is ridiculous. A lot of people who want to interpret the Bible for their own ends, such as the so-called Metropolitan Community Church, ignore parts of it to

condone their immoral lifestyle. They make a sham of everything Jesus stood for. If he was not truly the Son of God, then he's just . . . nothing. It sounds like it's contradicting itself, but when you read the whole Bible, all of it together, then you understand why at certain points it seems like it's contradicting, but yet it's not. God is simply trying to explain the truth.

PLAYBOY: When did you come to that realization? When did you first sit down and read the Bible from cover to cover? BRYANT: I never have. I have tried.

PLAYBOY: That's surprising.

BRYANT: See, I never went to a Catholic or a Baptist school where they made us do that.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't you read it on your own?

BRYANT: I don't know. Why did you ask me that? I just learned to love the Bible and read it and I read it all the time. But I've never had the time to read it from cover to cover.

PLAYBOY: What is your interpretation of heaven?

BRYANT: The Bible describes heaven as a place where there'll be no sorrow, no

"Jesus spoke about adultery and fornication. He was very plain on it. Jesus never wavered from sin one iota."

tears nor sin. No day and no night; a continuous joy and peace. I've been so high with the Lord that I believe I've had a foretaste of glory divine, of what it's going to be like to not have to put up with pressure and hassles from the physical body. There will be no temptation from the Devil, no evil thoughts will enter your head. I won't have to worry about a schedule, I won't have to live by my little black book, I won't have to write everything down, I won't have to be interviewed. I won't have to sing unless I feel like it. God talks about heaven in a very literal way. He says the streets are paved with gold, a pure gold, and He talks about the pearly gatesit'll be pure pearl. I believe it will literally have those things that are described; that's why it was described that way. A lot of the Bible I take literally.

PLAYBOY: And hell?

BRYANT: That is a place God did not make for mankind-He made that as a place for the Devil, a place He could put him because he was the maestro of music in heaven, and he betrayed God. God created hell to pass Lucifer down into

it. In the meantime, He let him become friends of this world, and that's why we have to suffer a spiritual warfare until He comes back for His own.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in purgatory? BRYANT: No.

PLAYBOY: All or nothing, then. How does the Devil tempt Anita Bryant?

BRYANT: Through my kids, my husband, just getting on my nerves; my family is where I'm most vulnerable. If I get really tired, I can put my garbage on Bob very easily. Not like before-we used to really fight.

PLAYBOY: But how does the Devil get

BRYANT: Like he gets to anybody. I know the days when I am so beaten down I can see 12 demons around me with billy clubs on my head and I know they're there and I verbally cast them out. I say, "Satan, get thee behind me." I mean, you can't let down your guard for a moment. You simply have to remember that God is your best friend and know the peace God can give you when you're in the flow of the stream of His wisdom and love. It's like they call me Hurricane Anita-the Weather Service sent me a letter telling me the name had been picked out ten years ago, for the storm that hit last spring. It was so weird, the timing. I just thought it was another of God's jokes. He has such a sense of humor, He really does, you know. So some Weather Service people sent me a picture of the hurricane and in the middle of all this turmoil is a perfect eye of stillness. That's me, in the center.

PLAYBOY: You often quote Leviticus and Deuteronomy-the "lawbooks" of the Old Testament-to support your beliefs against homosexuality. But the Bible is so ambiguous that people on fundamentally different sides can quote it against each other to support their positions.

BRYANT: There were certain things in the Old Testament that you had to do in order to be clean and righteous. Yet when Jesus came, he fulfilled the law. In other words, it's not the Ten Commandments that save you, it's the fact that Jesus died on the cross that saves you. You are not bound by all the things that it says to do in the Old Testament.

PLAYBOY: So you pick the ones that suit you?

BRYANT: Jesus was the fulfillment. He told us we were not to be concerned by the things the Old Testament said-that kind of thing-again.

PLAYBOY: Yet you consistently quote the Old Testament as a justification for your positions, particularly regarding homosexuality. It reminds us of the Scopes trial in Tennessee in 1925, when William Jennings Bryan insisted on a literal interpretation of the creation.

BRYANT: Well, when you start nitpicking, when we try in our own feeble minds to



understand God . . . God says, "My thoughts are not your thoughts." There's no way you can comprehend what creation is. You're trying to come to a logical conclusion as to how God did it and there's no way we can know how God did it. From man's point of view, miracles never happen. From God's point of view, they do.

PLAYBOY: Does there have to be a conflict between belief in evolution and belief in God?

BRYANT: Except that Darwin did not believe in God.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't answer the question.

BRYANT: Look, because of his atheistic influence, Darwin is taught in the public schools as fact. That's fine, if people want to believe that, but I say we must also put Genesis and the Bible in the school teachings as an alternate belief. And, look, really, there's no way I can answer your question, because I don't know how God did it. I just believe He did it. It's like when Moses parted the Red Sea. To man, that was an impossible feat, yet it was one of the great miracles of the Bible when Moses lifted his rod again and the sea closed. I mean, it boggles your mind to think of the majesty and supernatural power it took to do that. My pastor put it this way: He said, for God, it took only the flick of His pinkie to part the Red Sea.

PLAYBOY: God has a pinkie?

BRYANT: Oh, I don't know, it's just an illustration. Actually, the biggest miracle of all was the constraint God showed not to split the earth in half when He parted the Red Sea. What I'm saying is that God didn't have to do things man's way. He spoke the universe into existence.

PLAYBOY: But even from your point of view, is it not still a miracle to create the universe over a period of billions of years?

BRYANT: Why would He take that kind of time? He doesn't have to.

PLAYBOY: Why not? If He is eternal, time is nothing to Him.

BRYANT: Well, that's true . . . but the Bible says God just spoke the universe into existence.

PLAYBOY: Many Biblical scholars aren't nearly as fundamentalist as you are in believing such things.

BRYANT: I don't know! What do I know? We'll know those answers when we get to heaven, all right? And you can ask God yourself!

PLAYBOY: Do you think that people who either don't believe in Jesus as *God*—Jews, for example—or those who have never been exposed to Christian teaching are condemned to hell?

BRYANT: Well, I personally have to believe that, because I believe God's Word. I didn't write the Bible, and that's what the Bible says. But there are a lot of

Jews today who are accepting Jesus as the Messiah.

PLAYBOY: What about those who are not—the vast majority, in other words?

BRYANT: You're putting me on the spot again. As much as I would like to say other people can be saved by some other means than Jesus, I cannot deny what I know from the Bible. It doesn't make me feel good or give me any gratification to think someone's going to hell. I have great respect for my Jewish brothers. But I am what I am, I believe what I believe and I can't stick my head in the ground and say, "Well, I believe if people are really good and if they live by other standards, they can get absolved"-God just didn't say that. This whole question is very hard for me, because I have come to love Rabbi Weberman and the other Jewish people I have worked with in Dade County very much. I have a great respect for them, so I don't think in terms of hell-fire and damnation.

PLAYBOY: Presumably, you feel the same way about other faiths—the Moslem faith, for instance.

BRYANT: God is using so many people all over the world to get the Gospel to the Moslems, to everybody. Whether a person will accept or reject the Gospel is between him and God. I'm not responsible for that. I mean, God could just have made us all into robots, but He took a chance. He wanted us to choose His way.

PLAYBOY: If you tried to tell a devout Moslem about Jesus as savior, he would be just as immune to hearing your message as you would be if he tried to tell you Mohammed was the Prophet.

BRYANT: I don't have the answer for that. I can't approach it from an intellectual point of view. There's a lot of things I don't understand about God.

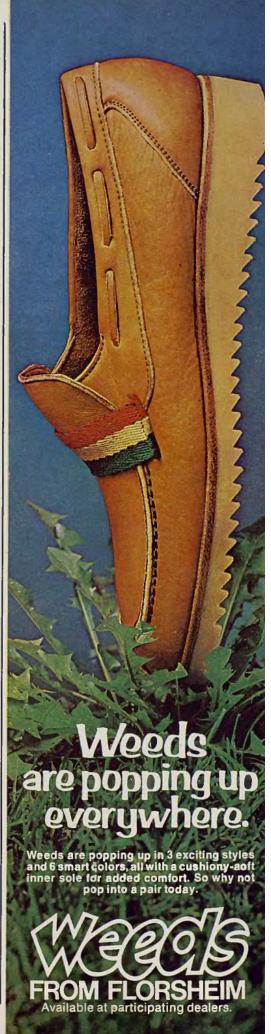
PLAYBOY: Where is your sense of justice? If someone truly lives a good life, if he's sincere and moral, just because he doesn't believe in Jesus—

BRYANT: Even though he is sincere, he is sincerely wrong. Sincerity doesn't make you right. The homosexual community believes it's sincerely right, too.

PLAYBOY: What about some Pygmy or some South American Indian who has literally never heard of Jesus and never will, who has his own set of gods that he's worshiped for thousands of years? He's going to hell, too?

BRYANT: That's all the more reason we have the responsibility to pay for missionaries to get the truth to them. I mean, I've heard weird stories all over the world about where missionaries have gone to odd places and where people have been saved just by seeing a torn page of the Bible on the floor. There are some weird salvation experiences all over the world. I believe that it's God's plan that all should be saved.

PLAYBOY: But, according to your way of





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thinking, Jews, Moslems, Pygmies, Eskimos and atheists are going to hell.

BRYANT: According to God's Word, they do. I mean, if there's no heaven and no hell, what are we talking about? You know, your problem is that you have to have all the answers. It's impossible to have all the answers!

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the inferior status conferred on women in the Bible? Would you agree, as some women do, that it's because the Bible was written by men in the context of the times?

BRYANT: Well, no, men didn't write it, the Holy Spirit did. Most of the preachers are men, though, and I think that's brought about an unhealthy balance. It's a thing where you hear so much about "women, submit yourselves to your husbands," and that is Biblical, where women must submit first but it also says, "submit yourselves one to another." It has to be a submission of both women to men and men to women.

PLAYBOY: But you've also said that women are weaker vessels than men.

BRYANT: Well, they are. I don't think that has a bad connotation.

PLAYBOY: Weak isn't exactly a complimentary term.

BRYANT: Well, it's a Biblical term, you see. . . . All I know is God did have a plan. I don't always want to agree with it and I don't always understand it, but it's like the clay trying to understand the potter. All I know is that He did set the man over the woman. When He said we were to become as one flesh, He meant it in all ways. So if I don't submit to Bob——

PLAYBOY: Why shouldn't he have to submit to you first?

BRYANT: I believe that it's easier for the woman to submit. That's Biblical.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BRYANT: I don't know, but I just think that a woman has the capability of submitting. I really thought in my younger days that I could do anything that Bob could do and probably better, and for a time, maybe I showed that I could. But I had a limit. I could take only so much, whereas God has equipped men to take much more responsibility—He made them to be the head and He gave them a certain ability. Women come at things with a much more emotional point of view.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean, emotional? BRYANT: I can't explain it. I just think women have a softer approach. We're more vulnerable, just like in the Garden of Eden. Bob has an ability to see things from a totally different perspective than I. I am much more trusting. Women are vulnerable as far as people are concerned, whereas men can see through things. Of course, I'm talking about the perfect specimen—everybody's different. But I believe there is an innate ability that men have that's different from



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women's. I think women have much more of a capacity for pain, for instance—no question there. I've seen it time and time again. I know I have much more endurance than Bob in many areas, and yet for decisions and responsibilities, I got into an awful lot of trouble by taking on more than I was able to handle, and when Bob finally saw that, he took the responsibility for that and it was a tremendous burden lifted off my shoulders.

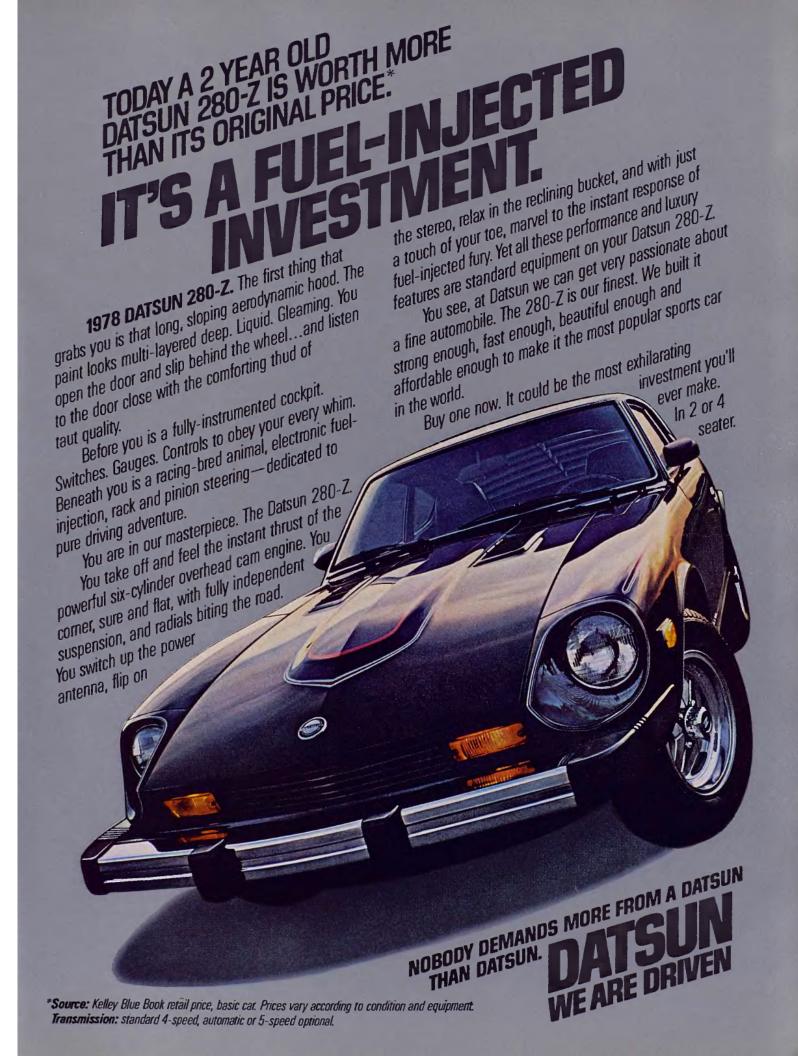
PLAYBOY: If Bob told you to do something right now that was against the grain of your thought, would you simply submit to him?

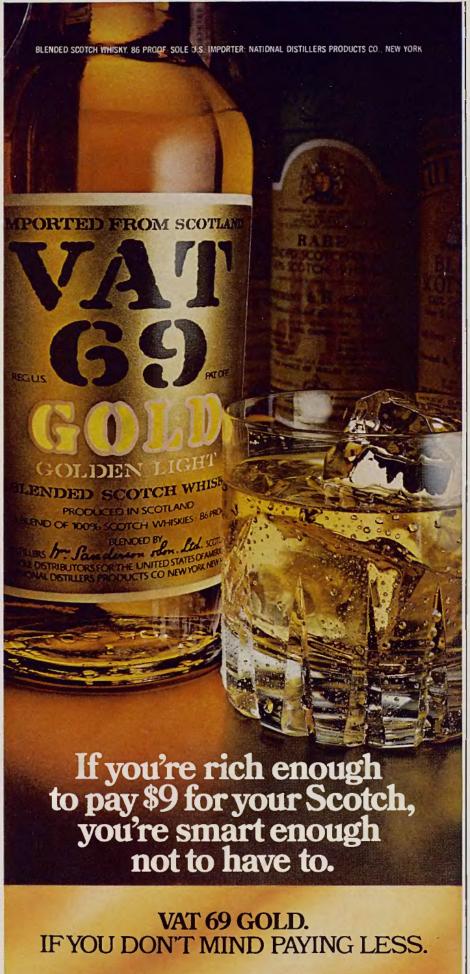
BRYANT: I might rebel against it—and I have many times—but, Biblically, I would submit, yes.

PLAYBOY: You've gone against your own better judgment?

BRYANT: Oh, yes, For me to learn to submit was one of the most difficult things in the world, because from the time I was a little child, I was a very hardheaded, independent human being. Yet God showed me my weaknesses, showed me where I was the weaker vessel in many respects, and I still didn't want to recognize that. It was in real submission, when I was able to let Bob take over, that I really realized I was usurping his authority by not allowing him to be the person God meant him to be. Submission really means to throw oneself under, so the decision an equal person has to make is to become the one underneath, and that's a matter of choice. Jesus Christ is a terrific example of one who submitted. And either he was who he said he was or he was the greatest liar ever on the face of this earth.

I am not intimidated by being called the weaker vessel, because I know that in many areas I am the stronger vessel. I mean, for a long time, I really would have been in agreement with the feminist movement, particularly for the anger I had toward my father that I transferred to Bob. I usurped Bob's authority in many ways for many years and our marriage was rocky, really rocky, until I recognized I was in rebellion against God, and I got right and submitted. I'm not saying it was easy. I've read some of the feminist materials these days, and some of them get so uptight when the Bible refers to "man" when God talks about the individual, but there was much discrimination in the Jewish heritage against the woman, so when Jesus Christ came, he freed them and made them equal spiritually. Now, we all know there's a tremendous difference between men and women, but we have different roles. It really bothers me that these feminists get so uptightthey have this attitude. It's so rebellious, not only against God but against man. You can tell they hate men and they hate even the Word of God-they





want to change the Word of God.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned your anger toward your father. Let's talk about your upbringing. For instance, most people would be surprised to learn that the first liquid to enter Anita Bryant's throat was a slug of corn-mash moonshine. BRYANT: Yeah, it's kind of ironic, isn't it? You see, I was born dead. My mother was visiting her parents, my Grandma and Grandpa Berry, and I was a month late in coming. When I came, somehow my mother's system had filled up with poison and I was all black and blue and not breathing. My grandfather was not yet a Christian and he picked up the doctor and said, "You blankety-blank son of a you-know-what, either you save my daughter and my granddaughter or I'll kill you." Well, the doctor sort of had to go along. He told Grandma Berry, "All right, get me a pan of ice water and some whiskey and make a strong pot of real thick coffee as black as you can make it." Then he stuck my head in the water and that shocked me into gasping for breath, and Grandma got the whiskey and they got that down me. I vomited and filled a big-pan full of black-green poison. I shrank from nine pounds down to a tiny thing-and that's how I came into the world. I was born in my Uncle Luther Berry's bed-that's prophetic, you see, because he's a Baptist minister.

PLAYBOY: You recovered from birth trauma sufficiently that you were able to make your singing debut at the age of two, though?

BRYANT: Yeah, Grandpa Berry felt I was his special grandchild. When I was six months old, he'd rock me in his arms and say, "Sing, Anita, sing!" and I'd yell back to him. So when I was two, he bribed a preacher in the church to let me sing Jesus Loves Me-or at least he nagged him to death, And people who would come over to the house, I'd set them down and say, "Do you want me to sing for you?" I was a brash kid, real ornery. Grandpa used to call me the brave one, because one time during a tornado, I went rushing out of the house after a washtub that was rolling down the street and he had to rescue me. Later on, when I was learning to ride horses bareback, I'd get thrown 50 feet and get back up and try again, and so the neighbors would call me brave, too. I didn't think I was so brave. PLAYBOY: Were you a happy child?

BRYANT: You have to remember that my parents were first divorced when I was two years old and a lot of my insecurities started then. Mother had to go to work and I had to live with my relatives, and that affects a child greatly. They had married very young and they really had no idea of the responsibilities of marriage. I had lots of nightmares after

CRUISING WITH ANITA

So put yourself in my place right now. Here's the setting: I am a stranger in a strange land—Des Moines—perched in the back of a sleek black limo, parenthesized by an escort of Iowa state police flashing their cherry tops and blaring their sirens, rushing to meet the governor. I am flanked on my left by Anita Bryant and on my right by her husbandmanager of 17 years, Bob Green.

Anita is quite distraught-who can blame her? She is trying to regain a modicum of composure; 45 minutes ago, in the middle of a sentence in the middle of a press conference, just as she was outlining the Almighty's salvation recipe for sexual aberrants, an envoy dispatched by her dread nemesis, the "militant homosexual community," had unceremoniously plastered her, bull'seye, with a pie in the face. Since her moment of ignominy, Anita has alternately joked ("At least it was a fruit pie"), prayed ("We ask, dear Lord, that You deliver this man from his deviant lifestyle"), cried (real tears) and frantically tried to erase the sticky remains of the meringue from her upper torso. She's been only moderately successful in the latter pursuit, and she knows it-her hair looks like a stiff orange swirl of cotton candy. She fidgets. She looks vacantly out her window. She worries. She pouts.

Bob, decked out in his smartest polyester ensemble, looks out his window, feigning nonchalance. He is the single lay member of the holy trinity on whom Anita depends. (The two other slots are occupied by God-He's the boss of the bunch, naturally-and her pastor, affectionately known as plain old Brother Bill.) As such, Bob is the moving target for the slings and arrows of Anita's abuse, and right now, Anita is feeling plenty abusive. Although he's a mite jumpy, Bob knows that sooner or later his wife will come to her senses, as always, and realize that the Lord is pissed at her for being pissed at him.

For, as Anita knows, her greatest sin against the Lord is her innate reluctance to "submit" to her man, as the Lord says a good wife must. Furthermore, Satan's shadow is always lurking about and his black angels continually egg her on to kick Bob's ass when Bob does something dumb. But the Lord's forces—and those she must please, if she is to sip from the divine chalice in the hereafter—command her to be meek, humble and, above all, submissive. She is to obey Bob, no matter what he tells her to do. The Bible tells her so.

So when husband and wife are to-

article By KEN KELLEY

gether—and Bob usually makes sure that the family's chief breadwinner is at least within shouting distance—there is seldom a dull moment. A battle is fermenting, raging or winding down at all times.

This ongoing tug of war is normally a private matter between Anita and Bob. So my debut into their little jungle introduces a curious element; to wit, I provide Anita with an audience. I act the charming, neutral interrogator, a cross between maître de and devil's advocate. My posture has its advantages, its disadvantages and its awkward moments.

One of which is right now, in the back of the limo on the way to meet the governor, in the first quarter of the latest battle. Anita has made it clear that she regards my conduct in the wake of her gooey assault as chivalrous. (I was seated next to her, and when a big glop of the pie splattered on my lapel, I immediately returned to sender that portion of the glop I could scoop up, muttering epithets all the while.) She has made it equally clear that she thinks Bob acted the Milquetoast. (It was his idea to make her pray for her assailant, in the midst of which she broke down, oncamera, and sobbed.) The silence in the back seat is deafening. I am determined to break the ice.

"I found the pie box," I announce brightly. No response. "It's a Banquet banana cream and the price is, let's see, here . . . sixty-nine cents."

Bob regards me solemnly. "You know what, Ken? Anita doesn't even know what that means."

Anita jerks her head around faster than the proverbial speeding bullet. "What what means, Bob? Huh? What what means? Answer me, Bob!"

Bob averts his eyes. His larynx dances a jig and his cheeks flush. Anita instinctively apes his embarrassment. Bob looks out his window. Anita looks out her window. I look straight ahead.

Now, as I say, put yourself in my place right now. Wouldn't you jump at the chance to tell Anita Bryant something about the birds and the bees, if only for the exquisite irony of it all? Well, I jumped, you betcha. "Anita, give me a pencil and paper."

Bob snorts. "What're you gonna do, write it out for her?"

"Just give me the pencil and paper."

Anita quickly proffers her vinyl note pad with the built-in pencil holder. Four foreign eyes are squarely trained on my lap as I scrawl a large figure six, around which I snugly cushion a large figure nine. Anita looks, understands. Anita gasps. The round brown eyes—her emotional scoreboard—tilt back in their sockets. "Is . . . is that what it means?" Bob looks out his window. Anita looks out her window. I look straight ahead. I feel like a child molester.

For such a sexual naïf, Anita can with startling incongruity become quite the barroom flirt. "Just wait till you see my show, Ken," she bubbled as she made up her face before her Mississippi State Fair show last fall. "It'll surprise you—it's so much different from my image." She stood up and looked away from her mirror. "I have to dress now, so y'all shoo." I headed for the exit, along with Bob and several local yokels. "Oh, Kennnn. . . ." Anita lifted her skirt to mid-thigh and winked, "You can stay if you want to. Hah hah."

"No, I can't," I said, as Bob took hold of my elbow.

On occasion, she can even be moved to indulge her own brand of risqué humor. One night over dinner, a merchant at our table was bemoaning his burgeoning shoplifting problems. "At least the A-rabs have the right idea," he opined, "They just cut the thieves' hands off."

Anita's eyes twinkled. "Ken, I wonder what the Moslems cut off when they catch people fornicating." She laughed. "Now, promise us you won't print that." I laughed and said nothing.

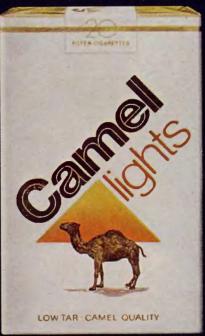
Versatile performer that she is, Anita has developed two separate stage shows—secular and evangelical, depending on who's footing the bill. Her Mississippi show was secular (one of her few last year), a medley of pop hits (her loudest applause came when she sang her orange-juice commercial) and sexy cowgirl numbers mixed in with some upbeat God ditties. Her Des Moines show was religious, so the pop/Okie routine was supplanted by a prolonged "witnessing" to the Lord, heavy on the organ, if you please,

Master of timing that she is, Anita always leaves her audience shouting for more as she sashays offstage in animated slow motion. Then, without even changing her sweat-soaked costume, she spends the next half hour holding court for the backstage legion of admirers who want a little piece of her and sometimes a big piece (religious groupies are no less possessed than their rock counterparts).

Even a dime-store psychoanalysis can accurately size up a crucial part of (concluded on page 232) the so



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WOMEN'S LIB AND ME

EVEL KNIEVEL, daredevil

Women's libbers are a pain in the ass. I treat women the way I always did, except I treat the women's libbers different: If I catch one, I try and screw her a little harder.

There're still plenty of women around, thank Christ, who are happy to be a part of the life of a good man, and who'll take care of their end of it. A woman's place is in the bedroom and in the kitchen and taking care of her kids. I think the ones making all the noise are the ones who've had problems with men. Women's libbers usually have had an unhappy marriage or an unhappy affair in their life. If they're happy, they never want anything else. You find one that's happy, she won't be out looking for a job.

I never have trouble with women. If you take a woman that's pretty, usually she's very easy to get along with, and if

compiled by **ROBERT KERWIN** you know almost all of these men; but what they have to say about how they've been affected by the feminist movement may surprise the hell out of you





she knows she's pretty, you don't have much trouble. If you take one that's intelligent, she's very easy to get along with. But if you meet one that's stupid and *thinhs* she's smart, the best thing is just to walk away from it; you don't give a goddamn about her, anyway.

PETER FRAMPTON, singer

I'm not for women's liberation like staunch fem libbers are, but if the old lady is tired and there's a sink full of washing up, I'll do it, you know? I'm the leader; the man should be the leader of the house, but the woman should be pampered, too.

In a way, I think women's liberation is bullshit, but maybe it was necessary. A woman doing the same job as a man should be paid the same wage, but that's as far as I go.

Sexually, the movement hasn't affected me. The one who really gets to me is Anita Bryant. She just pisses me right off.

ROGER MOORE, actor

I get a lot of complaints about my attitude toward women, because people confuse me with the Bond character. Then, when they attack me, I, too, start confusing myself with the character and fight back. Have to defend poor Bond, you know. Who else is going to defend him? M. denies his existence and Moneypenny is bitter because she never gets any. But, actually, it doesn't mean a thing to me how Bond treats his women. It isn't me. The sex scenes are nothing but funny, because you usually shoot them on Monday morning, when the studio has been closed the entire weekend and the heat has been off, and so it's frigging cold. The bird in bed is freezing cold. I always keep my socks on. In the acting business, it's what goes on in one's head, it's not down there below. If you're making Behind the Green Door, you've got to take your socks off, I suppose, but not for the kind of pictures I make.

My real attitude toward women is this, and it hasn't changed because of any movement or anything: Basically, women like to be treated as sex objects. Women go to see a Bond movie; they enjoy that aspect of it. What the hell? If liberated women want to treat men like sex objects, I'm delighted. I've always wanted to be handled and petted.

ART BUCHWALD, columnist and author

I like women more now. I don't know why, but I do. I'm much nicer to them. I'm much shier. Now I let them make the approach in a sexual way.

The women's liberation movement has

affected my sex life: I haven't had any since it started.

I think I'm a better man because of the movement. I look at myself differently as a man. I don't look at myself as a pig anymore. I used to feel bad because I was a male chauvinist pig, but now I have a new respect for myself. Previous to this movement, I ate a lot; now I don't eat as much.

The single most important incident that brought home the power of this movement to me was on May 12, 1969. That's the day my wife refused to mow the lawn. That was the turning point in our relationship. Because she'd never refused to mow the lawn before. My reaction was one of shock. I couldn't believe that her role had suddenly changed; she wanted me to mow the lawn. And the next thing I knew, she wanted me to put out the garbage. It wasn't a good period.

I like to call women persons, I say: "Hey, person!" Another thing is that I'm able to express what were heretofore referred to as women's characteristics. I cry a lot. Ever since the women's lib movement, I cry a lot.

Women want to be treated like everybody else, as equal and respected human beings. Intellectually, I think they are equal. They're different. Weaker? I don't know what weaker is. I mean, a man is stronger, so what does he do? Goes out and builds a bomb and drops it on another person; goes onto a football field and knocks down other people. This is stronger? I think in a crunch women know how to handle it better than men.

The whole thing is that equality should be there if a woman wants it. If she doesn't, she doesn't have to take advantage of it. Everybody's role is changing. Mine, too. I have no quarrel with women. I wouldn't dare tell any female off. I'm afraid.

BOBBY RIGGS, tennis player

I've always had a good time with the gals. When I lost to Billie Jean King, the women won a victory through her. I put them all on cloud nine and made them feel beautiful and superior. They thought they were fantastic—so, as a consequence, they've all loved me and adored me.

Gals are super, but I haven't changed my opinion of them: I still like them best in the bedroom and the kitchen. I like to have my fun on the golf course or on the tennis court with the guys, or playing poker or backgammon or gin rummy. I wish women were like genies: If you wanted one, you could pop her out of the bottle, then put her back in there afterward.

Has my sex life been affected? I've always gotten plenty, but I get more than ever now. The girls can't get

enough; they're all trying to make me wherever I go. I can't handle it all now; I wish it had been like this when I was a youngster.

But I think more women are going for each other: You see more and more lezzies around.

Women should be the pillar behind us all. Their whole energy should be to push their guy up the ladder. And get reflected glory. They shouldn't want it for themselves, but they should get reflected glory when their guy gets to the top. I don't think they want all of this equality. Not the good ones, anyway. Those who can't get a man to look at them are causing all the trouble.

You know what my secret with women is? Treat them with tender loving care. The old-fashioned way, with roses and chocolates and birthday cards. They're suckers for that. You've got them eating out of your hand if you treat them that way. Kill them with kindness.

HARRY REEMS, actor (co-star of "Deep Throat")

Sexually, I haven't changed at all, but women have changed a lot. They are realizing that they should be seeking equality orgasms and that they don't have to be dominated; that they can find their sexual equal and not just be passive recipients. And I like this very much. Women are seeking out sexually whatever it is they want as individuals. Some may be looking for more domination, some for less. But they are looking to fulfill their sexual needs.

I've changed somewhat from thinking that a woman was an instrument for a man's pleasure. I formed my new sexuality, my adult sexuality, by working in those films I'm known for.

I think men basically fear women and really fear men. Women are able to communicate sexually—whether it's the physical act or in conversation—in a noncompetitive way. But men are just totally afraid of admitting their homosexual tendencies, or their need for another man. I'm not gay and I'm not bi, but I'm aware that I have homosexual tendencies and that every man does.

I need certain emotional gratification from other types of personalities, and the same with sexual gratification. Men are starting to realize that women are that way, too; they have the same needs. There are times when I prefer to be submissive or aggressive or whatever—I'm playful in that sense and I look for the same thing in a mate.

BENNIE DOBBINS, president of the Stuntmen's Association of Motion Pictures, Inc.

I respect women as women. If they put themselves in a man's place, they get



treated as such. If a woman takes a punch at me, she gets punched back.

I've changed toward women and I've changed toward everyone else, but it isn't due to any women's movement. In 1974, I got my skull fractured, and I changed my whole attitude after that toward people in general. I respect people more and I have more compassion for them now, since my skull fracture. Before that, like any good athlete, I was cocky. Now I've got compassion. Machoism I don't need. That's ego, and I don't have it. Some men cling to that macho stuff because of lack of selfconfidence. When so-and-so says: "Look at so-and-so, he's a real man," I don't know what he means,

Has the women's liberation movement affected my sex life? I don't think so, Nothing to do with it. Shit, if you're gonna get laid, you're gonna get laid.

BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D., author, parent educator, former politician

To begin with, women have certainly influenced me, because two thirds of everything that I learned about child care I learned from mothers. Has my attitude changed since the women's liberation movement? Of course! The whole 1976 revision of Baby and Child Care was prompted by criticism of me from the women's liberation movement.

The criticism began around 1970-1971 and culminated at a meeting of the National Women's Political Caucus in Washington. I was there as a Presidential candidate of the People's Party. When I got up to speak, several women stormed out of the hall. I began my speech by apologizing for some of the foolish things I had written; then Gloria Steinem got up and said in a loud, stony tone: "Dr. Spock, I hope you realize that you're one of the major oppressors of women and in the same category as Sigmund Freud." Well, I took as much comfort as I could out of being linked with Freud-who I agree was a sexist but who made a profound contribution to our understanding of human nature-but the criticism I couldn't ignore.

I've changed plenty-as an author and as a person. I used to call women ladies, but that's considered sappy nowadays, I'm very careful not to say girl! When I'm being endearing, I think using darling is all right; there's no sexism in darling and no belittling.

JOE CONFORTE, proprietor, Mustang Ranch (legal house of prostitution), Lockwood, Nevada

My attitude hasn't changed. I've al-104 ways loved women, and I still do.

Women themselves have probably changed in most other environments and businesses, but in the prostitution business, they're doing the same thing as ever. At work they are, anyway. I don't know whether they've changed at home.

I have 20, 30 girls, something like that, working for me. It all depends whether it's on weekdays or weekends. Nowadays, it's like a job-they rent a room from the house, and they're actually in business for themselves. They're free to come and go. Today it's like a legitimate job; before, there were a lot of pimps involved and it was strictly one of these shady businesses. Another thing: Today we've got college girls. That used to be unheard of.

There hasn't been any change in the attitudes of the clientele. They think a girl is a girl. Oh, we get a macho guy come around once in a while. One of those guys comes in and thinks his ass don't stink. But the girls, they smell him right away and they're ready for him. And for every line of bullshit he gives them, they give him twice as much. That was unheard of years ago.

Personally, my sex life hasn't changed a bit, because the type of woman I'm around with hasn't changed. Except for one thing: I'm 51 years old and I've noticed this much: that when I was a kid, only one out of maybe five women would have sex with you; today it's 19 out of 20. Women's sex lives have changed plenty. I'm talking from personal experience: It's just very, very unusual if sex doesn't happen when you go out with somebody nowadays.

But I'm old-fashioned. I can't help it. I still think that a woman's place is in the home. Don't get me wrong: I'm not trying to bring women down, because I love women, I really do. They're great creatures. But I honestly believe that they should stay pure. What I mean is that a woman is a really, really beautiful thing, and that women should stay beautiful. If they get mixed up with being a mechanic, or shoveling dirt or anything like that, some of the beauty just wears off; it's not there anymore.

You might ask, Do I consider the girls pure who work at our place of business? Well, my answer is: Being in bed, that's what women were put on this earth for.

Most women look for a man to dominate them, and they appreciate him when he does. I didn't say abuse; I said dominate. Treat them good, but still be boss. I know some girls right now and if you ask them if they want women's lib or not, they'll be very liberal and say yes. But what they really want is to be dominated by a man. They're more satisfied

that way; they look forward to it. Gentle domination. I've been handling women very successfully all my life, and I've been very, very sweet to them, very kind and very generous. I've always treated them like ladies and I've always been the boss.

JOHNNY BENCH, baseball player

My attitude has changed. I'd always thought the woman's place was in the home, but some women I run into now have no desire for a family or even for marriage itself.

I think the changes are for the best: All people are freer. Any kind of man's role is much easier now.

As far as whether women's lib has loosened up people's sexual behavior, you'll find conservative areas of the country that are still very moralistic and other parts where it's not improper for women to be the first to make a sexual advance.

Men in my line of work have a reputation for having lots of women around all the time. Well, it's not that simple. It's very difficult for a ballplayer to maintain any kind of relationship, even in a home town. Obviously, to get along with a woman, you've got to stay in one place and spend a lot of time there.

One change I really notice lately is that women are afraid to come around ballplayers any more, because they're afraid they'll be classified as Annies or groupies. Everybody's writing about that nowadays and no woman with any class wants to be thrown into that group. But those who do come around, we treat them nice and make them comfortable and they know they're not groupies. They're our fans; they're liberated enough to do their own thing, so why should anybody put them down?

But, mostly, I don't deal with them. I mean, I'll be sitting at a restaurant somewhere and a girl from another table will want to buy me a drink and make a big deal of what a great Dodger fan she is. I handle those situations like this: "Look, Miss, I understand that you like your Dodgers, and I appreciate everything you're trying to tell me, but really what I want is to just relax here and have my own drink and my own dinner, if you don't mind." What I'm saying is that most times, when you're a ballplayer out on the road, it isn't exactly the way you see it in the movies or read about it in the magazines; most times, out there, you just want to be left alone.

HOWARD COSELL. television announcer

No, I haven't changed; I've always been in favor of the women's liberation (continued on page 110)





portraying the sex object in a not-so-subtle S/M tableau that featured her bound and bruised and anything but beautiful. She almost missed out on the assignment because head Stone Mick Jagger thought she was too pretty. Anita assured him that she could also look ugly-and was so convincing that Mick himself helped tie her up. Cries from outraged feminists over that one gave her career an unexpected publicity boost, but the controversy surprised Anita. "People should have more of a sense of humor," she observed. When not on the action side of the lens, Anita busies herself with acting and dance classes. Weekends, she rides her chestnut thoroughbred, Ocean Warrior, to the hunt. Anita has her heart set on a film career. Her obvious physical attributes would seem to make her a sure bet for the "sex symbol" label, but that doesn't bother her: "To me, that's a compliment." And, we might add, a well-deserved one.







WOMEN'S LIB (continued from page 104)

"The women behind the movement want the same thing all group leaders want: ego assuagement."

movement. People would think I have a lot of women enemies, their reasoning being that I tie up all the husbands and boyfriends of America every Monday evening. I can't answer for that. All I know is that 38 percent of our audience on Monday Night Football is made up of women. And that's a huge share.

Awareness has been the single most important result of the women's liberation movement. Awareness on the part of women everywhere that they've got a stake in this thing. That awareness was never more manifested on a national level than in that incredible spectacle between Billie Jean King and Bobby Riggs. Women all over the country quickened to themselves. It really was a great push forward.

I think a number of old-fashioned, chauvinistic males have changed, probably for the worse, as a reaction to the women's liberation movement. But they're not the majority.

My sex life hasn't changed at all. I'm a very simple man in that regard: I've been married to one woman for 34 years. That doesn't mean I'm old-fashioned or anything, or that I think in terms of the old adages such as "A woman's place is in the home," No. I think that's garbage.

JON PETERS, film producer, former hair stylist

The movement to me is a very positive thing and I've seen it coming for a long time. My behavior toward women hasn't changed at all. What has changed is my attitude toward myself: I think it's a 50-50 street now, and that equality is important. Women are very powerful; and as they gain their own power, I think you'll see relationships working better.

I wouldn't know if anybody else's life has been affected by the women's movement; I only know that mine has been stimulated by it.

ROBERT RINGER, author ("Winning Through Intimidation" and "Looking Out for #1")

The movement has been a turnoff to me, because all the women I'm involved with, socially and in business, are too busy pursuing their own careers and lives to waste time getting involved in a crusade and marching on courthouses and 110 carrying signs.

I've changed, but it hasn't been due to the movement. I started out like everyone else: brainwashed by custom and tradition, Government slogans, the socalled Judaeo-Christian ethic. Then I discovered this marvelous gift of mankind, called reasoning power. I look at people as individuals, not as parts of a group. I'm not thinking: This is a woman I'm dealing with. I'm thinking: This is an individual.

Women who are caught up in liberation movements are not free; they are as imprisoned as people involved in Transcendental Meditation groups, the American Nazi Party, the Communist Party and all other crusades. The women behind the movement want the same thing all group leaders want and have wanted all through history: ego assuagement.

As far as my sex life is concerned that hasn't been affected at all. The women I know are liberation-oriented and free. I recently married the one woman I admire and respect above anybody on this earth. As a matter of fact, my wife is a PLAYBOY Playmate and she's one of the greatest individualists I've ever known. She does as she pleases, which was obvious when she became a Playmate. We get along fine. We don't intimidate each other. I never have to put her in her place, because she's damn rational. She follows orders very well. The way I handle a woman is just the way I've advocated in my book: Handle her as an individual who is different from all other women in the world; she's someone you want in your life, as a friend or as a lover. If she's not someone whom you admire and respect, I would handle her as I do every other individual I don't admire and respect-try to avoid her.

ROBERT EVANS, motion-picture producer and former Paramount Pictures production head

I've always wanted my women to be liberated. Equal, too. Very much so. They don't think I'm boring then.

I think that women are a lot smarter than men, and I've always thought that. You never know what's in a woman's head, what she's thinking. So you never can really tell about her. As the old saying goes: The more experience you have, the less you really know.

Men and women are really different. A man, for instance, is always afraid that if he ever leaves a woman, the woman will kill herself. But it never happens. Conversely, a woman, when she wants to leave a man, just leaves.

Some men fear women; I don't. I just know where I stand. Men have to learn to accept it: That it's not liberation that women are after, it's that they deserve to be on an equal footing. Men may not want to accept that, but at the same time, they are bored with the women they're with, because their women are not on equal footing with them.

CARROLL O'CONNOR, actor

I don't think I've changed in my attitude toward women, but I do detect a change in their attitude toward me. They no longer expect a sexual approach in every kind of communication; they no longer prepare coy, kittenish initial responses. There are a few who still do the flirty-flirty thing, but they seem strangely old-fashioned, silly and sad.

I haven't changed. I still call them women, and always did; they hate terms like doll and broad and dame. But, really, they shouldn't hate those terms, because we don't use them as put-downs but to express-however vulgarly-excitement, admiration and desire.

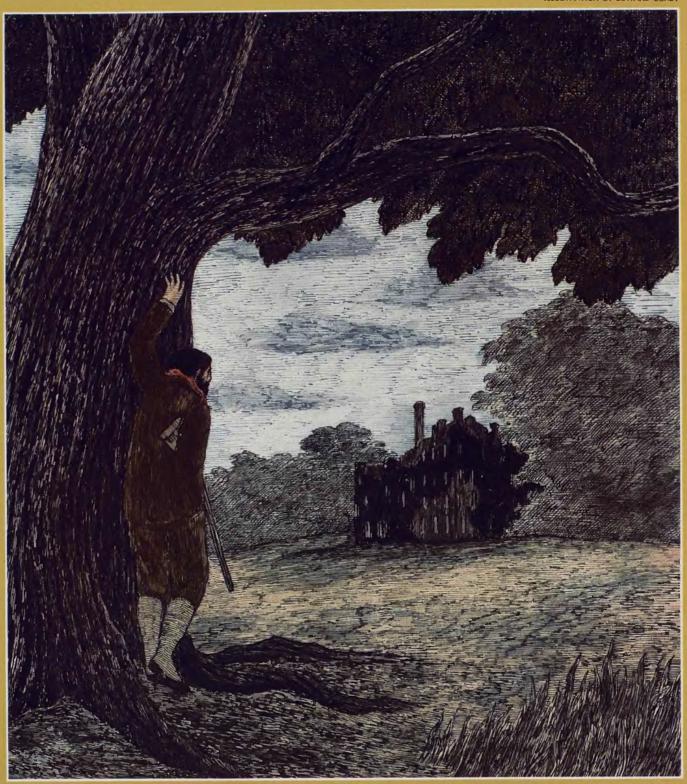
Even though the women's movement has freed a lot of men from guarding their maleness so much, most of us stick to the old strictures about crying at smaller hurts and showing emotion in general. Perhaps there is a male fear of female dominance, but as far as I'm concerned, that's more of a comedy premise than a reality. There are men who feel they cannot enjoy life with a woman who is running the show, and there are men who cannot even enjoy the body of a woman with brains.

Speaking about sex, I'm told by every periodical that comes under my nose that the sex lives of people today are very different from what they were yesterday, so I'm supposed to be persuaded. Let me tell you: I won't be certain until Woody Allen's sex machine comes on the market.

BOB PIFER, Hurricane Program leader, National Weather Service

About the only change I've noticed is that I'm less likely to hold open a door for a woman. And we haven't changed around here due to any movement. Maybe our secretaries tend to be less formal now; that's about it. We get along real good with our secretaries.

You'd think we'd get a lot of negative mail from females who belong to this movement telling us to cut out naming hurricanes after women. But we get a lot (continued on page 228)



fiction by KINGSLZV JAMIS On consulting my notes, their paper grown yellow and their ink brown with the passage of almost 40 years, I find it to have been in the closing days of July 1885 that my friend Sherlock Holmes fell victim, more completely, perhaps, than at any other time, to the innate melancholy of his temperament. The circumstances were not propitious. London was stiflingly hot, without a drop of rain to lay the dust that, at intervals, a damp wind swept up Baker Street. The exertions caused Holmes by the affair of the Wallace-Bardwell portfolio, and the subsequent entrapment of the elusive Count Varga, had taken their toll of him. His gray eyes, always sharp and piercing, acquired a positively (continued on page 168)

THE DARKWATER HALL MYSTERY

great scott! not another sherlock whodunit? but wait-observe how dr. watson solves it in a completely unholmesian way





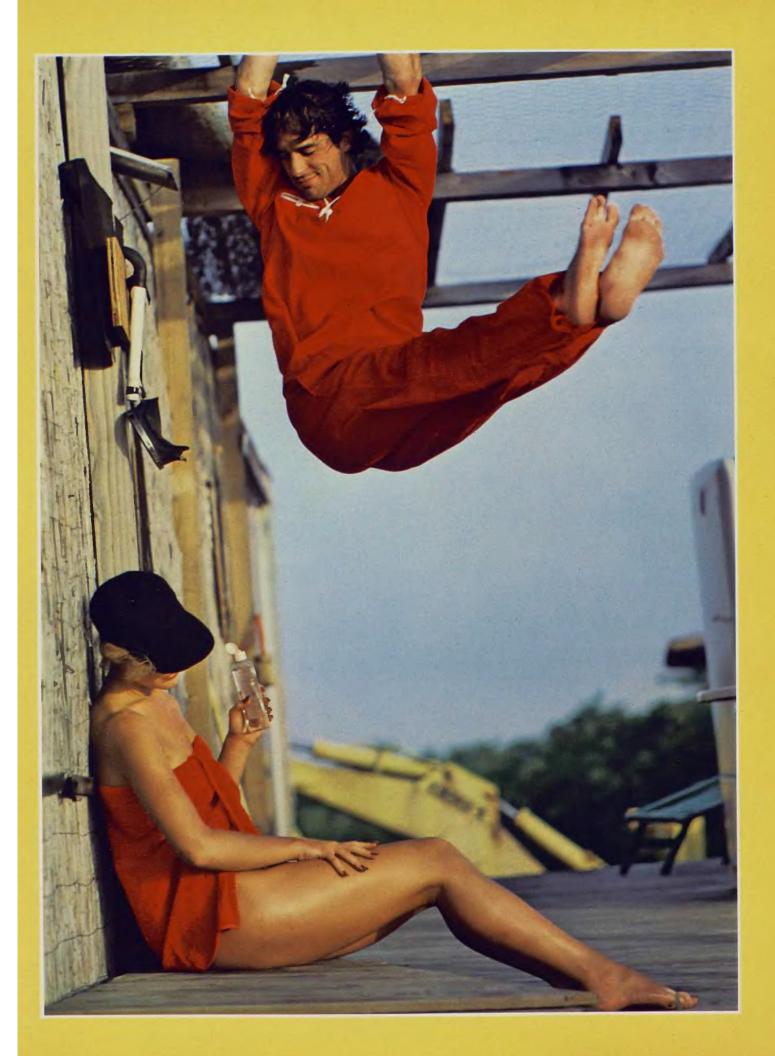


This page: Go Key West, young man. And who con blame his lady for being swept off her feet when he's making his moves wearing a cotton knit jacket (thot's the some material they use for sweot shirts), \$75, a motching crew-neck with raglan shoulders, \$40, and a poir of cotton knit slacks, \$48, all from Chorles Suppon for Intre Sport?

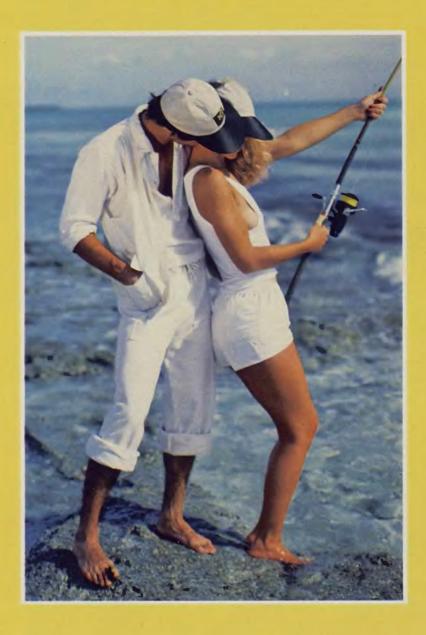
Opposite page: Chin up, fella. That's no Florida lemon you've picked. And we doubt you'll be left hanging once she gets a good look at your cotton cambric pullover with drawstring cuffs and neck, plus a besom breast pocket, \$25, worn with matching pants with a double-pleated front and straight legs, \$25, both by Gil Truedsson for PMI.



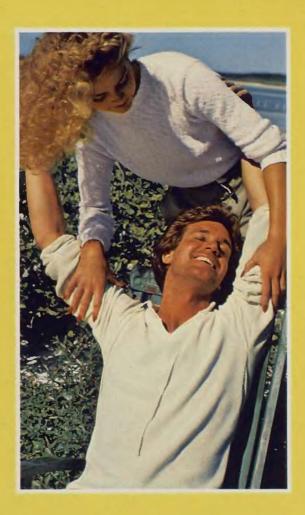




Right: Talk about fun in the sun! And we also like his cotton mesh V-neck pullover, by F. Michael Glading far Miklas, \$27. Belaw: Na fish stary here, just a water-repellent cattan vest, about \$75, woven pullover, about \$70, and sail-cloth slacks with a drawstring waist, about \$65, all from Peter Bartan's Claset.

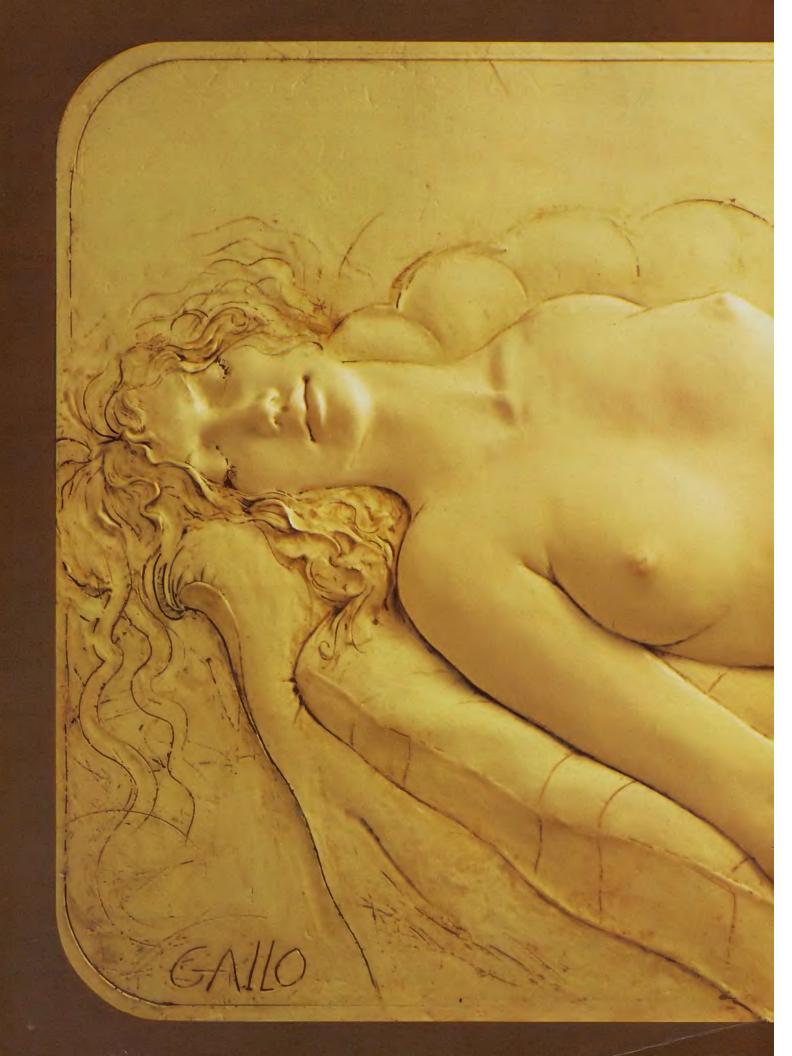


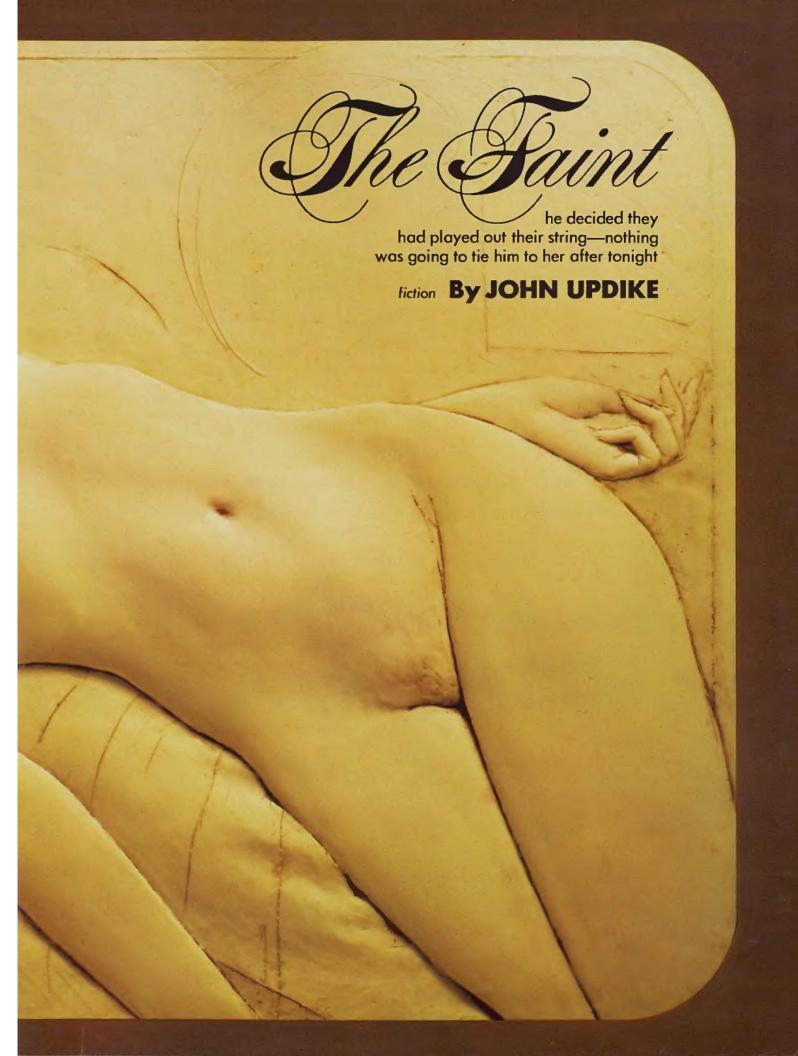
Two variations an basic black. The guy near right wears a shart-sleeved pull-over, \$27.50, and slacks, \$19, both by Joel Glazer far Spatz; plus sunglasses, by Faster Grant, \$7. His buddy likes a rayan pullaver, about \$85, and palyester gabardine dauble-pleated slacks, about \$75, both from Sidi by G. F. T.













Python was a well-known developer around Boston, always putting together real-estate packages that, though they seldom came to anything, somehow kept him in sports cars, tailored suits and attractive women. He lived with his mother and a Filipino servant in a choice slice of house on the good side of Beacon Hill. His first and only marriage had ended quickly, without children. In the decade since, he had almost forgotten this wife; she was the most distant figure in a long line of women he had escorted and seduced, enjoyed spats and vacations with, got sunburned and frostbitten with, loved and forgotten each in her turn. In his memory, the succession was clamorous and indignant, like the Complaints line in a department store, with a few conspicuously silent, sullen sufferers hoping to make their case that way. Freddy had finessed them all: the weeper, the screamer, the tedious reasoner, the holder of heated silences. At the end of a date, however fraught, he would skillfully sail his Porsche through the bright morass of Park Square and the erratic rapids of Charles Street traffic, tack uphill into his narrow alley and nose the car to safety in its space below his mother's window. He would let himself in softly and ascend the carpeted stairs to his bedroom, a vast master bedroom that floated, all puffs and pillows and matching satin, like a dulcet blimp above the contagion of the city and its dreams. The Filipino would have turned his coverlet down. His mother would have left him a note, saying, "The mayor called," or "Don't forget your lecithin." Freddy would undress, checking his gym-hardened body for signs of wear in the full-length mirror before unfolding his pajamas. Composing his pajamaed self for sleep, he closed his eyes and folded his mind around

the evening's seized pleasures. His trophies were about him, from the framed citation of the Charlestown Realty Board to the plated statuette signifying second prize in the Malden Teens Tennis Competition in 1959. His mother was below him. The Hill was quiet but for the burst of a muffler or the scampering footsteps of a mugging. Corinna (or whoever) was alone in her (rumpled) bed. Freddy was alone in his. What a life.

Corinna. Perhaps they had played out their string. He was of two minds about her, and she was of two minds about everything. A tallish, staring blonde of at least 25, with an ass like two moons, she looked good with Freddy in public, yet she avoided going out. She said she hated crowds. He would appear at her apartment in flared chalk stripes and polished Guccis and find her in the bathtub, drugged by the steam. Around midnight, he would manage to organize her into walking over to Boylston Street for a cheeseburger. Or they would wind up sharing a sweet-and-sour-chicken TV dinner by the fireplaceshe had no wood, so they set a reluctant blaze of rolled-up newspapers kept compact with rubber bands-while old jazz singles tumbled from WGBH on the bookshelf. She took dictation all day and after work seemed to need to express herself, to rotate languidly through her two rooms, shedding clothes and emptying ashtrays in a kind of monolog of slow motion, developing her own space. Freddy tossed the theater tickets they didn't use into the greasy blue flames and announced, "There's twenty-two bucks up the chimney."

"Did you really want to go? Wasn't this nicer? Just us?"

"We can be just us any time. We can only see *The Belle of Amherst* this week."

"Freddy, you really did want to go. I'm sorry, I was just so tired, I still haven't recovered from that all-male As You Like It."

"You loved Equus."

"I didn't love it, I just loved the way it was only two acts."

"You said you liked the horses' heads."

In mock consolation, (continued on page 187)



"I was just telling him that, once upon a time, milk came in bottles. It wasn't homogenized and the cream rose to the top, so you had to shake the bottle..."





HILLIP DIXON, the PLAYBOY photographer who shot the pictures you see here, describes Kathryn Morrison as ethereal. "She's at that stage of life when everything is happening for the first time. She's got lots to think about. Her beauty, for instance. She's just giving in to beauty, accepting all of the pressures that go with being attractive. It's more difficult to be beautiful. You get more from the world. You have to figure out where you stand. You get it out of the way so you can go on to something else. She may strike a person as quiet, but there's something going on. She's wondering about her life." We are sitting at a table in

miss may is not one to waste words—or life

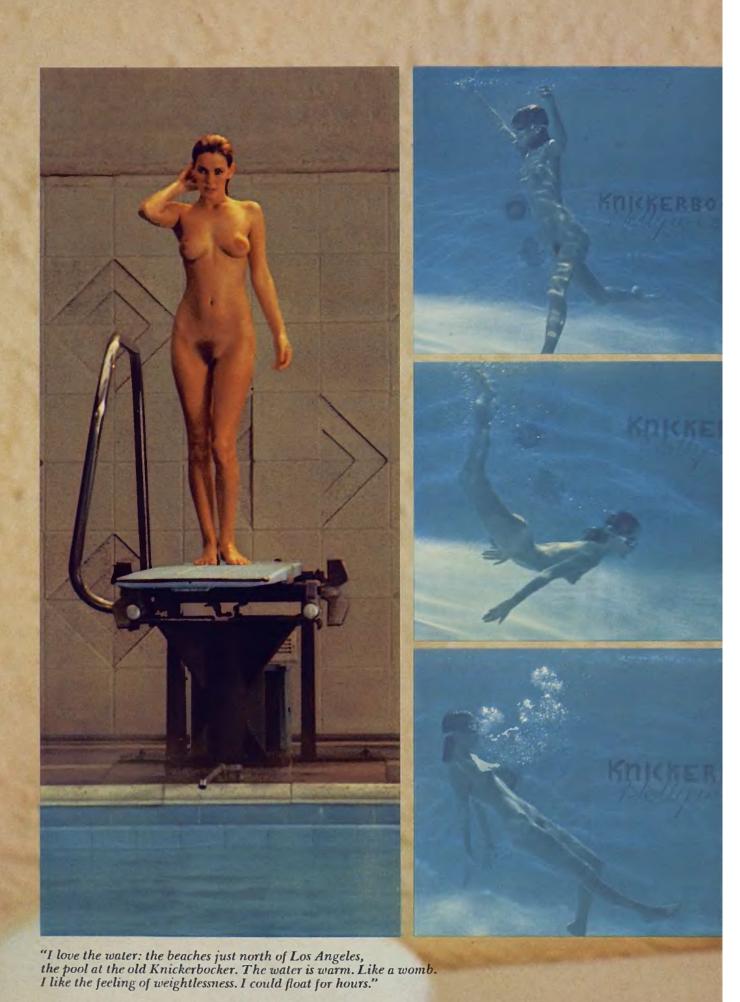
QUIETLY KATHY



"Do I really have to talk about myself? My life is vague. All I have is feelings. No words. Maybe we could just run another picture, instead?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON







"I'll do anything if it's exciting. Spinnaker flying in Hawaii. Rock climbing in Northern California. Skiing at Manmoth. If it's got energy, I love it. Energy turns me on."







like to transfer some Mexican spirit to Hawaii. It's pretty dead out there. But it seems as if every weekend I'm doing something different. The Playmate shooting. Backpacking. Skiing. I've only done that once, but I really loved it. It is something I'll come back to. Now I'm just sampling life." Kathy pauses to say something to her best girlfriend. They have the reputation of getting into and out of trouble together. "Oh, yeah. We compare notes. When there's something I feel I should understand but don't, I find strength in having someone else do it with me." We talk about other things. The afternoon continues. The conversation winds down. The wine disappears for good. We move on.







"I'm independent. I live out in one of the canyons in a little cabin. It's heated by a potbellied stove. I've gotten very good at building wood fires."





"I love the outdoors. So does my dog, Bow. He's my bodyguard when I go to the beach."







PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: KATHING MORRISON BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34 HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 110 SIGN: LIBRA BIRTH DATE: 10/2/55 BIRTHPLACE: Long Reach, CALFORNA GOALS: To gain As much knowledge As I can, Live A happy of TURN-ONS: WAter, the warmth of the sun, clean Air healthy people & good music. FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Bruce Springsteen Greko King of HEAVES & Bone with the wind Sensitive, Attractive, & who has A healthy mind. SECRET DREAM: HAVING MY OWN Nome on AN



Merry Christmas



Age 13 Jeenager At Wast



tget ne

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Do you carry colored condoms?" asked the customer.

"Yes, sir, we do," answered the druggist, "in our brand-new line. There's blue and yellow and green and——"

"Black?" interrupted the customer.

"No, sir. That would be an odd color for a contraceptive."

"Not in this instance. My best friend died last week and I'm planning to comfort his widow."



That boss of yours must be a real prick," commiserated the fellow in response to his date's bitter complaints about the situation in her office.

"Not really," said the girl. "He's such a phony that I prefer to classify him as a dildo."

Guaranteed by the poultry dealer to be superhorny, the farmer's new rooster proceeded to show that he was, indeed, putting it to every hen he could catch and then starting in on the ducks and the geese. "Hey, cool it!" exclaimed the farmer at sundown. "You've got a job to do here, but at this pace, you'll screw yourself to death."

All night long, though, sounds of fowl sexual aggression could be heard in the barnyard. The next morning, the farmer found the rooster stretched out behind the hencoop and buzzards circling overhead. "Damn it!" he roared. "I said you'd screw yourself to death!"

At that, the rooster opened one eye and winked. "Shhhhh!" he whispered. "I think they're coming down!"

Comment overheard in a gay bar: "I simply loathe his assholier-than-thou attitude!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines frigid wife's nipples as the tips of the iceberg.

Hey, there," called out the girl watcher as the superengineered bikini wearer swiveled down the beach in front of him, "you're the best thing I've seen all day! Why don't you stop, so I can look a little longer?"

"There's no need to," said the girl appraisingly, "you're beginning to look a little longer already."

As a sporting proposition, the pretty female jock agreed she'd let a persistent pursuer get into her pants if he beat her at tennis. The fellow played way over his head in a hard-fought struggle and won the final point with an unreturnable overhead smash. Whereupon he vaulted the net and raced toward the girl, shouting, "Game, set and snatch!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines sperm-bank deposits as merchants' semen.

Leered the dean to the coed, "My dear,
I'm intrigued by your boobs and your rear!
When I've got you in bed,
I'll expect you to spread—
We've an open-admissions rule here."

Doctor," explained the patient at the sex-therapy clinic, "for years and years, I've lain on my right side while my husband makes love to me, but that position is now beginning to pall."

"The solution seems to be a simple one," advised the sexologist. "Why don't you roll over on your left side, or slip under your husband, or straddle him?"

"No way, doc!" insisted the woman. "Any of those positions, I couldn't see the TV!"

It's widely believed that the balconies of skinflick theaters are reserved for tier jerkers.



Hi," said the perky teenager brightly to a young man at the party she didn't know. "My name is Barbara, but my friends call me Babs."

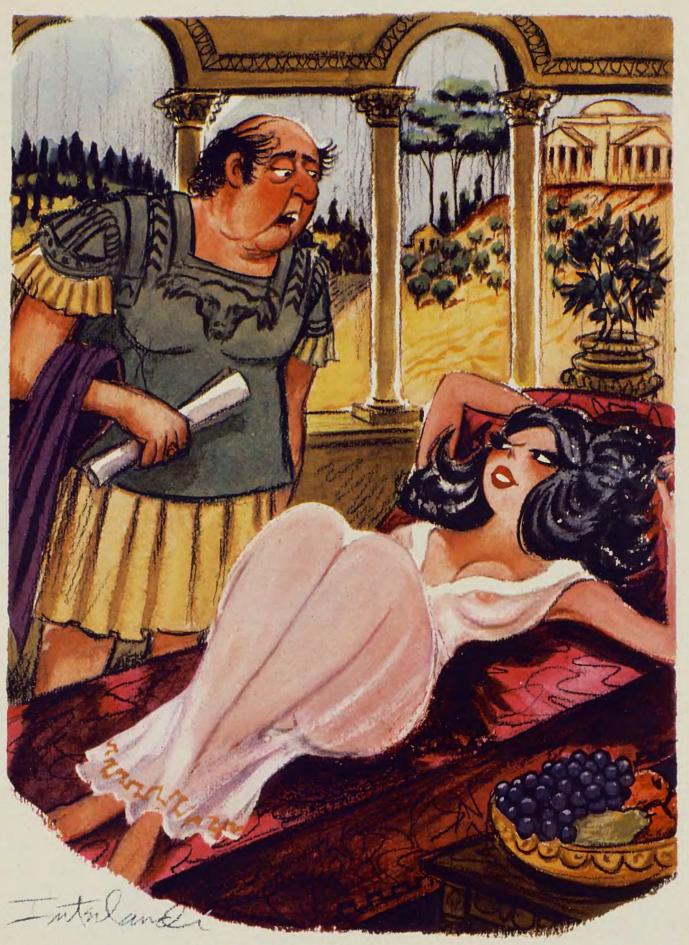
Barbara, but my friends call me Babs."
"Hi there, Babs," was his response. "My name is Jerry, but I prefer to be called Jericho."

"Jericho?" puzzled Babs. "Why that?"
"It's a matter of social reciprocity," grinned the young man.

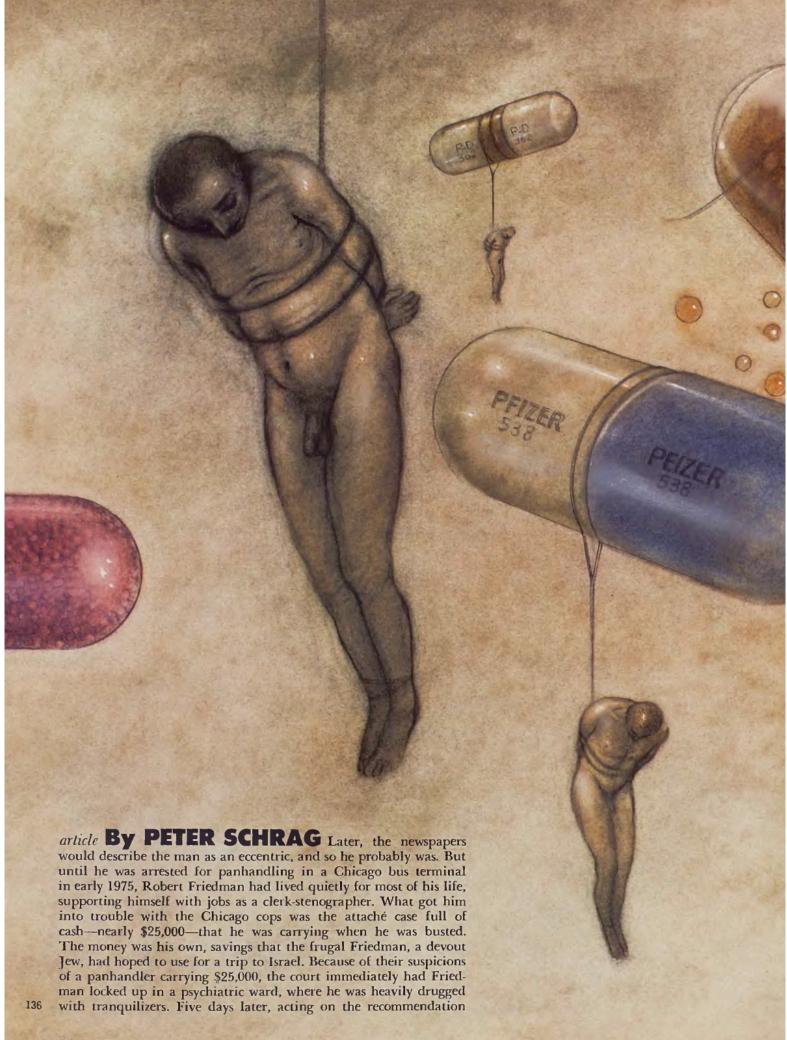
"Social reciprocity?"

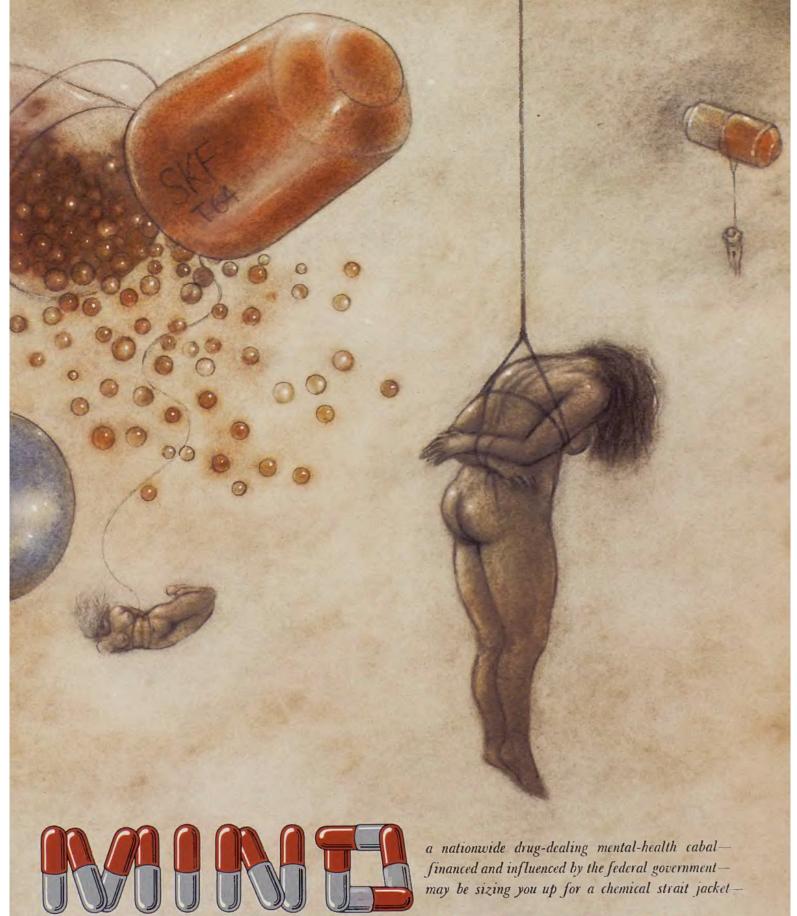
"That's right. If a date blows my trumpet, I sure come tumbling down!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I want a simple yes or no. Have you been rendering unto Caesar the things that are mine?"





a nationwide drug-dealing mental-health cabalfinanced and influenced by the federal government— may be sizing you up for a chemical strait jacket— The strain property of the federal government— may be sizing you up for a chemical strait jacket— The strain property of the federal government— may be sizing you up for a chemical strait jacket— The strain property of the federal government— may be sizing you up for a chemical strait jacket— The strain property of the federal government— may be sizing you up for a chemical strait jacket— The strain property of the federal government— may be sizing you up for a chemical strait jacket— The strain property of the federal government— may be sizing you up for a chemical strait jacket— The strain property of the federal government— may be sizing you up for a chemical strait jacket— The strain property of the federal government— may be sizing you up for a chemical strait jacket— The strain property of the federal government— may be sizing you up for a chemical strait jacket— The strain property of the federal government— may be sizing you up for a chemical strait jacket— The strain property of the federal government— may be sizing you up for a chemical strait jacket— The strain property of the federal government property of the federal go

of a Cuban-born psychiatrist who spoke only broken English, a judge committed Friedman to a mental institution; in announcing the decision, he explained that the purpose was to protect Friedman from people who "might be after his money." Friedman begged the judge to release him and to order his money returned; he noted that he had worked steadily all his adult life until he was laid off a few months before, that the rent on his apartment was paid and that he had not been convicted of any crime. He even promised to stop panhandling and to put his savings into a bank. The judge paid no heed to these pleas. In committing Friedman, he said: "Letting you go would mean you would be unable to take care of yourself."

Never again would Robert Friedman be a free man; nor would he ever again see his money. When he died 14 months later, more than half of his fortune was gone-the state of Illinois having taken \$800 a month to pay for his treatment (largely in the form of psychoactive drugs administered against his will) and \$5000 having gone to a lawyer hired by relatives who wanted to have Friedman committed. More important, the drugging and routine brutality of hospitalization had turned Friedman into a pathetic semi-invalid who defecated on himself, ran naked through the hospital halls and no longer could understand what was happening to him.

When the judge who had committed Friedman learned of the inmate's condition, he expressed shock and allowed him to be released to a nursing home. By then, however, Friedman could no longer function as a human being; when he died a few months later, the official cause of death was listed as cardiac arrest brought on by pneumonia.

At the time of his death, Friedman was 44 years of age.

The cases are commonplace:

In New York, a mother of three, desperate to find housing for her family, gets into a shouting match with a publichousing official; the police are called and the woman is shipped to a mental-health clinic, where she is diagnosed as paranoid schizophrenic and drugged; her children are sent to a juvenile home. In Southern California, a group of school children who disturb their teachers with their adolescent energy are sent to the school doctor, who instructs that they take the psychostimulant Ritalin to help them sit quietly in class. In San Francisco, an unemployed schoolteacher appears at a hospital personnel office looking for a job. "The next thing I knew," she says, "I was being held for observation because they decided I was dangerous to myself and others." The ex-teacher was given antidepressants and was allowed to go home three days

later only after promising to continue to take her pills; she was also compelled to pay a \$225 bill for her "treatment."

The San Francisco teacher was lucky to be alive. At least 5000 patients are killed each year by their "treatment."

THE MEN IN THE WHITE COATS

In 1940, shortly before the outbreak of World War Two, there were approximately 3000 psychiatrists practicing in the United States; today there are approximately 30,000, nearly all of whose training was supported by National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH) grants. During the same period, there has been a corresponding growth in the number of psychologists, psychiatric social workers, technicians, nurses and orderlies who staff a national network of clinics, hospitals and nursing homes. Today this army totals 500,000 people and their bases of operation include some 1100 "freestanding" psychiatric outpatient clinics, 80 Veterans Hospital outpatient mental clinics, 300 general hospitals with psychiatric outpatient services, 500 Federally funded Community Mental Health Centers and tens of thousands of nursing homes, board-and-care facilities, behavior clinics, child-guidance clinics, alcoholand drug-abuse centers and suicideprevention clinics, all of them handling people who have been persuaded that they need help or who have become too annoying, difficult or assertive for welfare workers or public-housing authorities or relatives or the police to handle. There are more mental-health workers in the United States than there are police officers.

These workers form a vast and growing behavior-control network that regards nearly every form of personal deviance as a disease; consequently, the network has made mental health into a 15-billion-dollar industry "serving" some 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 Americans each year and prescribing psychoactive drugs to over 30,000,000 others. At the pinnacle of the network are the closed mental hospitals that have existed in this country for almost 200 years, and that have been under public attack almost since the day they opened. The psychic and physical brutality suffered by patients in these institutions has made them obvious targets for reformers, for muckraking chroniclers of the snake pits and for creators of "fictional" cuckoo's nests.

But during the past generation, the philosophy and practice of behavior modification and the new techniques of chemical behavior control have created methods of intervention in the lives of citizens that are so extensive and so pervasive that the classic mental hospital, for all its notoriety, is now only one small part of a complex system that includes organized psychiatry, the drug companies, state and local agencies, the private mental-health movement, medical schools, university research centers and a Federal Government that, in its support of mental health through subsidies and propaganda, has, more than any other element, been responsible for the network's phenomenal growth.

Underlying the network's operations, and those of the individuals and institutions of which the network is comprised, is a fundamental shift in the way by which the Government and powerful private-sector organizations control the lives and behavior of individuals: from punishment to "therapy," from direct to indirect controls, from the overt and crude methods of the traditional loony bin to the subtle and smooth techniques of the psychiatrist's office. This shift now affects nearly every American, even if he has never been inside a mental-health clinic or been to see a psychiatrist.

A judge who is reluctant to send a person to prison or to a closed mental hospital may consider himself to be a model of enlightened compassion in asking the same person to "volunteer" for psychiatric treatment. And the individual citizen who properly fears psychosurgery or electroshock (still practiced on some 200,000 people a year) may think he is getting off easy by agreeing to undergo therapy with drugs—drugs that ultimately may be just as damaging to his brain and nervous system.

Since 1955, the number of Americans treated by an agency of the mentalhealth network has more than tripled, while the number of those subject to some form of psychological intervention on the job, in schools or through welfare agencies, delinquency- and crime-prevention programs and private offices of physicians has grown so rapidly that there is no way to estimate a total. According to a confidential 1976 industrial newsletter, over 30,000,000 Americans are given psychotropic drugs outside hospitals every year. This figure includes hundreds of thousands of old people tranquilized in nursing homes, more than half a million school children medicated with amphetamine-type drugs for "hyperactivity" and thousands of inmates drugged in prisons and mental hospitals. At any given time these days, some 2,000,000 nonhospitalized citizens are taking such mood-altering medication as the powerful tranquilizers Thorazine and Stelazine, sometimes called chemical strait jackets; and of those 2,000,000, more than a third are poor and/or black. Each year, an increasing number of people who are not formally inmates of any institution are treatedand taught to behave—as if they were.

Every day, hundreds of people are (continued on page 175)

article By CRAIG VETTER

SOMEWHERE out there over the south coast of California. there's a flock of crows that thinks it saw God, or maybe the Devil, or else a man doing something so demented as to make him more dangerous than either of those other guys. They were flying along below me when I spotted them. But then, almost everything was below me. I was standing there in my tennis shoes on top of Joe Hughes's Super Stearman Wing-Walker Special, looking down at the plane and the clouds below that, then the crows and, below them, the fire roads and chaparral of the coastal hills, and I was thinking many things, but mostly that I had crossed some invisible line that separates those who are playing with a full deck from those who are playing with nothing higher than nines.

The damn thing about these stunts is that you can't do them without thinking about death in a very personal and vivid way. No matter what you do to distract yourself, there is a moment when you

PUSHED TO THE EDGE: part four THE WING WALK

IN WHICH OUR RELUCTANT DAREDEVIL BREAKS THROUGH THE NIGHT **SWEATS** AND THE WILLIES TO TAKE A TASTE OF THE CRAZIEST DAMN GRAVITY **GAME OUT** THERE



actually picture your own dying, and once you get that movie up there in your skull, it rides around like a rat behind your eyes and it's very hard to get rid of. This time I got a preview of my death scene while we were still on the ground. I was standing next to the parked Super Stearman and Joe was in the forward cockpit demonstrating what I was going to do in the air.

"You'll be sitting on top of

Look, Ma, no hands! That's the author on the wing, Joe C. Hughes at the stick of his Super Stearman, South Laguna 2500 feet below.





the seat belts," he said,
"and you'll reach up and grab
these handles on the wing,
stand up on the seat—the prop
wash will be pretty strong
at this point—then grab the
bar like this, pull yourself
up onto the back of the seat
and don't let go, because
if you do, you'll take the tail
of the plane right off
with you on your way past, and
then we'll both buy the farm."

That was it. I got the picture: no tethers, no parachute, no safety belt, nothing but my white-knuckle grip between me and the tail of the plane I was going to knock out of the air with me.

"That's where they got that term, you know," Joe said. "The old barnstormers and wing walkers used to fly over a town and drop a lot of leaflets saying they'd be doing a show that afternoon out over some nearby farmer's field. When something went wrong, they called it buying the farm."

"Let's not you and I buy anything, OK?" I said. "Don't worry," Joe told

me, "you can do it."

I was trying to believe that, but I didn't yet. I was just beginning to understand what a wing walk entailed and standing there on the ground next to the plane, trying to imagine what it would be like at 2500 feet, was giving me that thick taste in my mouth and tying up the muscles between my shoulder blades. Here we go again, I thought to myself, but what for? The big fear is the same every time you get it. I've done three dangerous things in nine months and there's no way to beat it. You suffer it. Not gracefully, or courageously, or

A wing and a prayer: With clouds around his ears and the Santa Ana Mountains in the background, the author pulls himself up into the catbird seat. After listening very carefully to Joe (top left), he moves up through the prop wash, gets an armpit grip on the rig and the guy wire and then climbs onto the wing. Only the wind from the 80-mph forward speed of the plane holds him in place against the support bar.



How do you tell a happy wing walker? . . .



By all the birds in his teeth.

stoically, you just suffer it and then go ahead and do the thing anyway-like

running a red light.

I watched Joe go through the routine again and decided I hadn't decided yet. I didn't tell Joe that, but I'd already told Baron Wolman, the photographer who was with me. The two of us were driving north along Highway 1 around Huntington Beach, toward Meadowlark Airport, and he was excited. Baron's a private pilot, a green one with only about 200 hours in the air, but he has the aviation fever on him. He'd rather be flying a small plane than almost anything and, by now, most of his working life is dedicated to financing his time in the air and he can talk the side of your head off about the whole thing. At one point in our drive that morning, he caught himself in the middle of a sentence about what a great story this was going to be and he said, "I keep forgetting. This is just another assignment for me, but you're actually going to do it."

"Maybe I am and maybe I'm not," I told him, "That coin is still in the air. I'm not going to know for sure till I see what I have to do, till I talk to Joe, check him out, see if his hands shake, you know. It's still entirely possible I'll come to my senses and walk away from

this thing.'

The weather along the beach was foggy and cold. It was the middle of December and we were between storms in a series that was pounding down from Alaska full of wind and enough rain to break the drought. The low, gray sky didn't seem right for a wing walk, but the forecast said it might break up.

We'd agreed to meet Joe in the little diner that's hard to tell from the other sheds on the place and when we stepped in the door, he was sitting at a table near the window in a leather flight jacket, with a cup of coffee and a cigarette and a mustache that sat like a pair of wings above his lip. He smiled and said hi in an accent he'd grown up with in Texas.

When I asked, Joe said that he was 47 and that he'd been flying for nine years. He was running his own construction company at the time and after one ride in a small plane, he said to himself, "I have to have a piece of that . . . all I can get." Then, without knowing what the gauges on the instrument panel were for, or even what they were called, he bought a plane. Between then and now, he'd done over 7000 hours in the air, as a stunt flier for the movies, as an aerobatic pilot and as the man who revived the wing walk.

The first year, he and his wing walker, John Cazian, had done 48 per-142 formances at air shows. The second year, they'd performed over 100 times and, by 1978, Joe had flown the act 1600 times with various wing walkers.

"By now," he said, in the kind of braggadocio that is indigenous to all daredeviltry, "I probably have more experience at this than anybody in the history of the world. People love it. They can really identify with that person up there on the wing.

Joe has never walked the wing himself and when asked if he ever would, he likes to say, "Nope. I don't understand why anybody would want to do that. I'm at home strapped into the cockpit."

"You really don't understand?"

"Sure I do," he said. "I know what it means to set a challenge for yourself and then meet it."

Now and then during our conversation, Baron and Joe wandered off into technical talk with each other and I looked out the window at the fog. It wasn't burning off.

After a while, Joe's wife, Dian, came in and sat down at the table. She is a pretty woman with blue eyes, slender and soft-spoken, and Joe told us that she was a pilot herself, with over 2000 hours in the air. She was going to fly the chase plane, so that Baron could hang out the window and take pictures.

"Sometimes," Joe said, "she can read my mind up there, anticipate me, which is a big help when you're flying in tight

formation.'

We talked some about the weather and Joe said he thought there was enough ceiling to do it but that he hoped it would clear some by afternoon. Then he asked me, "You think you're ready?"

"I'm not sure," I told him. "I feel good physically, but I still don't know exactly what I'm going to have to do and I'm a little anxious about that; and this weather is not good for the head.'

"Well, I'll tell you one thing," he said. "Safety comes first, I promise you that. I know what happens when it doesn't-I've been there. I still don't know how I got there and I never want to go back."

He was almost talking to himself at the end of his last sentence and he was staring down into his coffee.

"I know about that," I said, "but you probably don't want to talk about it at this point and I don't need to hear it right now. Why don't we talk about it after I do this?"

I knew what he was talking about. Baron had told me. It had happened in the late summer of 1975 at the National Air Races in Reno. Gordon McCollom, 25 years old, a champion gymnast, a physical-education teacher, was the wing walker. They'd finished the regular act and had decided to do their most spectacular stunt. A ribbon was tied between two poles 24 feet above the runway.

Gordon strapped himself into the rig. Joe made the approach, turned the plane upside down to make the low-level pass that would allow Gordon to pick the ribbon up and something happened. The plane dipped and Gordon was crushed to death. The rudder of the plane was torn off, but somehow Joe pulled it up and out and then landed. A movie camera caught everything and that night it was on national television.

Baron had seen the film, but I hadn't and I was glad I hadn't. I didn't want to dwell on it or even think about it. Sitting there talking to Joe, I liked him and had begun to trust him because of the way he talked about flying and wing walking and other things. And when Gordon's death was alluded to, I found myself feeling a lot more sympathy for Joe than I did fear for myself. In fact, in a strange way, I think I trusted him more because of that grisly hour in Reno than I would have without it.

A moment later, a young girl in pants and a leotard top appeared over my shoulder. "This is Donna," Joe said. "She's our current wing walker." She smiled shyly. She is 19, a ballet dancer and a gymnast, and she has the lean, quick look of both.

"Have any advice for me?" I asked her after we had talked awhile.

"Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut," she said.

"You sound like my stepfather," I

"Let's walk down to the hangar and get the plane ready," said Joe. "Maybe this soup will clear while you practice."

Baron almost swooned when Joe rolled open the tin door of the hangar and pointed to the Super Stearman.

"There's over a hundred thousand dollars in this plane," he said as he took the blocks out from under the wheels. "You put a lot of yourself into a thing like this. It becomes part of you after a while. 'Course, I've flown over 4000 hours in it and after that long, it becomes a

friend, a glove."

It is a beautiful plane, even if you don't have birdman fever. It's so white it almost glows, and from the chrome spinner over the prop to the fabric on the tail, there isn't a ding or a nick or even a grease spot. The Stearman is a classic-looking biplane, anyway. Boeing manufactured them as World War Two primary trainers and the scuttlebutt then was that if you could fly one of them, well, you could fly anything. It's a hot, highly responsive aerobatic plane, and Joe has modified this one all the way through. It has a 650-horsepower, 1340-cubic-inch Pratt & Whitney engine (which provides three times its original power) and he has equipped it throughout with space-age avionics, specifically,

(continued on page 148)



 $"Madam, I\ believe\ the\ master\ is\ returning.\ Shall\ I\ with draw?"$

modern living





Left: PLAYBOY Staff Photographer Richard Fegley really dug the fact that the Vivitar 742XL Point N' Shoot camera is completely automatic. For sexier skin tones, however, he advises "using a warming gel over the built-in strobe."

Vivitar's 742XL features an automatic exposure control provided by a sensitive CdS sensor located next to the front lens, plus range-finder focusing, a low-light warning indicator and a built-in double-exposure prevention system, \$185.95.



THE IIO MINI-EXPLOSION

these mighty mites can do a lot for you—<u>if</u> you give them a chance

IN 1839, L. J. M. Daguerre succeeded in producing a detailed picture on a silvered copperplate using a camera the size of a breadbox. His subject had to remain motionless for an hour for a sufficient exposure. Just 139 years later, we have a whole new wave of



Lilliputian 110 cameras that do just about everything but say cheese. The largest of the five 110s featured here is the 6.7-inch Vivitar 742XL; the smallest is the teeny-weeny Rollei A110 that's only 3.3 inches. For a real road test, however, we lent the five 110s to five professional photographers and asked them to shoot some photos and then give us their impressions of the cameras. We dug their subject matter and they dug the cameras. Less, definitely, is more.





Left: Los Angeles photographer Todd Smith tried the pintsized Rollei A110 and found that "one exciting thing was going to a shooting with just that tiny camera and some flash cubes. And I was surprised how easy it was to work. But since everything's done automatically, I missed having the freedom to over- or underexpose if I wanted to."

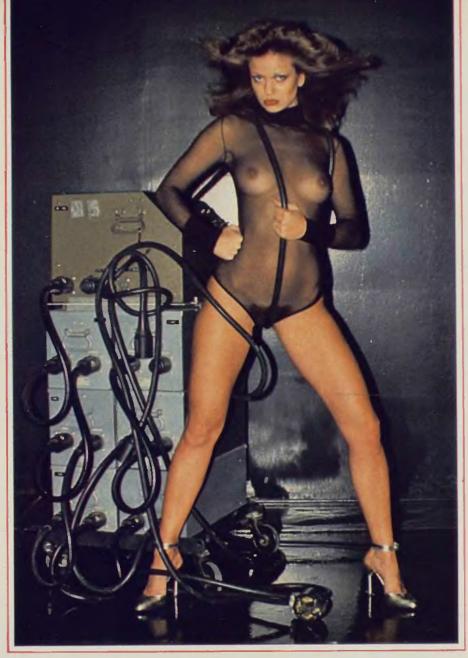
The A110, by Rollei of America, measures 3.3" x 1.75" x 1.2"; it combines precision quality with an ultra-easy Pull-Shoot-Push system that's coupled to electronic exposure control and flash automation, \$290.

Below: PLAYBOY photographer Phillip Dixon used a Minolta 110 SLR with a built-in close-focusing zoom and commented, "I loved it. The Minolta's big asset is the zoom, which allows you to create your own cropping. And since you can use Kodachrome and the camera focuses well, the quality of the shots is very good. I don't know how they'd look blown up, probably grainy, which would be nice."

Judge for yourself.

The Minolta 110 Zoom SLR features a built-in zoom lens that can focus to 11.3" for dramatic close-ups, automatic exposure control ond an electronically timed shutter with speeds from ten seconds to an action-stopping 1/1000 second, \$292.





Below: New York fashion photographer Chris Callis used the Minox 110S and commented that "it was great to handle and very simple to operate. In fact, I'd like to own one and just keep it in my pocket. There's always something I want to shoot."

Minox' 110S features an automotic electronic shutter with speeds from 1/1000 second to four seconds and a range finder that focuses from two feet to infinity, \$228; plus an optional electronic flash unit, \$45.









Left: "This camera is the only intimate one I've ever used," says fashion photographer Claude Mougin of Canon's Model 110ED 20. "It's perfect for shooting your girlfriend nude," he deadpans, "because she'd never suspect you were going to send the pictures to a major magazine. Also, it's more fun-looking than a 'professional' camera, so it doesn't intimidate the model."

The 110ED 20 camera, by Canan, has an electronic shutter that works up to 1/1000 second, plus a mechanical shutter that shoots at 1/125 secand without the battery; the film's ASA value is automatically set when a cartridge is inserted into the camera, \$199.50.

WING WALK

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"That was when I got that hideous picture of myself flying off and straight back into the tail."

the Bendix BX 2000 solid-state integrated-circuit communication-navigation system. Joe says that his mechanic, Dave Horal, is the genius behind the Super Stearman, and to keep it in ultimate flying condition takes ten mechanic hours for every hour in the air.

As Baron and Dian and I helped roll the plane carefully through the lowclearance door, it became clear that this was going to be the tensest moment of Joe's day. He urged us to be careful, told us to come a couple of inches his way, yelled over to watch the left wing tips, and only when the plane was sitting out-

side the hangar did he relax.

Baron was taking pictures when Joe climbed up onto the wing to bolt the rig in place. It's a vertical bar about four feet high with two pads on it, one that hits you at the lower back as you stand in it, the other at the shoulder blades. At the lower back is a safety belt for inverted work. At the bottom, there are two metal footplates, each with a leather strap to slide your foot under. The whole thing is held steady by four quarter-inch stainless-steel-cable

When everything was tight, Joe began his demonstration of the steps from the cockpit to the top of the wing, and that was when I got that hideous picture of myself flying off and straight back into the tail. I watched Joe and told myself there was nothing difficult about the short climb. A trip to the top of the monkey bars in a high wind, nothing more. Unless . . . I let go, or missed a step, unless the plane somehow jerked itself out from under me. But I knew I couldn't indulge those thoughts and I knew also, from my day on the ice cliff, that when my life depended on the power of my grip, four men with hatchets couldn't break it.

Joe had told me to bring stretch pants or something like them that would let me reach with my legs but wouldn't flap too much once I was up there. The flapping can blister your legs, which tells you something about prop wash. What I brought were the heavy wool knickers and red knee socks that I'd worn for the ice climb. Joe said they looked fine to him, Baron said they looked racy and daring, and Dian said they looked cute. "But men don't like to be called cute, do they? Let's say you look splendid."

"Cute's OK," I told her. "They've 148 always called me cute, as long as I can

remember. I think it's part of the reason I do stuff like this."

"Why don't you try it?" said Joe. "Go over it till you're comfortable with every

I buckled my knickers, zipped my jacket and climbed into the forward cockpit. As soon as my ass hit the seat, I felt my heart go into a trot. I looked at the stick between my feet, the gauges, the rudder pedals, and when I looked up at the handles on the wing, I saw, in large blue letters between them, the word EXPERIMENTAL.

True enough, I thought, and then I began to simulate for myself what I thought it would be like at 80 miles an

hour a few thousand feet up:

All right, you'll be flying along, looking straight ahead, taking big Zen breaths, nothing in your head but the simple one-two-three-four of this thing, Joe taps you, you look back, he says go, you reach up and get the handles, stand up (prop wash, prop wash), grab the bar with the right hand, up onto the back of the seat, grab a guy wire with the left hand, left foot in the wing handle (wind pushing foot back), grab bar with right armpit, left armpit around guy wire, now push straight ahead and up, quickright foot on plate, now snake the rest of the way under and up, right foot in-yes.

I stood there breathing as if I'd been in a bar fight. I was sweating the way you do when you're being arrested. My knees were weak and my head was light.

"Wait a minute," I said to myself. "You climbed a total of six feet here and the goddamn plane is still on the ground-think about it . . . calm down."

It didn't work. I stood on the wing for two minutes or so, trying to turn down my internal heat, and when I couldn't, I started back down the way I'd come. For some reason, the backward moves into the cockpit were easier and felt more natural. I climbed up and back a half-dozen times more and instead of getting better and smoother, my moves got tighter and more awkward. I tried to number the steps and count them out, but number five turned out to be a different move every time I did the sequence and it unnerved me badly. I decided my body knew what to do if I'd just let it, so I junked the arithmetic.

Joe climbed up onto the wing with me at one point while I stood there in the rig trying to get my breath. "Let me show you how to do a headstand," he said.

"It's easy." He took my place in the rig. "First you turn around like this, then you put your legs up over the wires here-it's hard to do on the ground, because you don't have the force of the wind helping you-then you lean your whole body back and down like this till your head touches the wing, then you just hang there. Nothing to it."

I looked at him hanging there upside down by his knees and I said, "Jesus, I

don't know."

"Try it," he said.

I climbed back into the rig, turned around, swung one leg at a time up over the guy wires and started to lower my head. "Oh, Joe, this is not good," I said.

"It's much easier up there; it's hard

here on the ground."

"I don't think I want to do anything I can't practice and this hurts like hell."

"All right," he said. "I don't want you doing anything you're not comfortable with. But you want to do some kind of trick while you're up there. I'll show you what I call body surfing."

He took his place in the rig again, then stood down out of it and put his feet in the handholds on the wing. "Then all you do is let go and lean forward and kind of surf the wind. Don't worry, it'll hold you up."

I tried it. "Maybe," I told him.

"'Course, the other thing is going upside down and all you got to do for that is reach behind you and get the belt, then hook it around your waist. I'll take it from there."

"I might not want to go upside down, either," I said.

"Well, there's nothing to that," he said. "Climbing up there is the toughest

"I know," I said, "but going upside down at the carnival always leaves my head a little weird and I think I'm going to want all my faculties in top shape, you know."

I took a break, wandered back into the hangar, sat down and made some notes. Then I spotted a picture of a demolished Stearman that was hanging above Joe's workbench. The plane lay in a field somewhere; the frame was in pieces, the fabric was in shreds, the engine was hanging off its mounts. Joe saw me looking at it.

"That happened last May," he said. "I was flying 9000 feet over New Mexico and my carburetors iced up and I lost power. I was over a lonely stretch of highway and I thought I was going to be OK, because the only vehicles on it were two cars up ahead traveling in the same direction as me. I figured I'd be fine as long as they kept going, so I made my turn, then my approach, and just as I was setting down, I saw the cars stop and these two jokers get out to

(continued on page 181)



which is a favorite with many gamblers who like to prolong the day's action. It was the kind of schedule that makes bookmakers prosperous-but also makes them work very hard to earn their supposedly easy living.

The "office" did not open for bets until noon, but by 11:40, Howie was enduring some of the small aggravations of the bookmaking profession. The "line man," supplier of the odds on the games, was busy and impatient, and he was quoting the prices so fast that it was a struggle to write them down. The man was also giving some odds that made Howie wince and interrupt him. "How can you make the Yankees that high a favorite, the way Ed Figueroa pitched the last two weeks?" he moaned. "And that Buffalo price, it'll swamp me with action on the Jets. I got a million guys will love the Jets over Buffalo."

"You clerks are all the smartest bastards in the world," snapped the line man. "Go ahead, make your own line and get killed. Show the boss how smart you are." Howie shook his head and re-

sumed writing.

The other phone rang and Lenny grabbed it. "Pillow for S.R.," said the voice on the other end. It was the code name of a steady customer. "I need the football line and the baseball prices for the East Coast games only."

"You know the office don't open till noon," said Lenny.

"But I can't wait. Tell Howie just this once, do me a favor. I got to have the line now.'

"No way. We're still getting it over the other phone."

"But it's really an emergency." Pillow's voice was tense and hoarse. "My mother died and the funeral's at noon. If I don't get my bets down now, I'll miss out on all the one-o'clock games."

Lenny laughed and relayed the message. Howie asked the line man to wait a minute: "Tell Pillow to give us his teams and we'll fill in the prices later."

Vastly relieved, Pillow bet \$100 on each of four football games and placed a \$60 parlay on the Mets and Yankees. Through a combination of trust and desperation for action, he never worried that Howie might cheat him on the odds. "And he's right," Howie said later. "The way he's going, nobody has to cheat to keep beating him."

Some bookmakers would have ridiculed Pillow. There are a lot of people taking bets in this country, particularly in the higher echelons of the gambling business, who look down on all the "suckers" and "degenerates" whose craving for action sends bookies on their Acapulco 150 vacations. Because the percentages of the

industry guarantee that in the long run the office must win and the bettor must lose, a certain type of smug bookmaker basks in the conviction that he is smart and people who bet on sports are dumb.

Howie is not that kind of bookie. So he was merely amused by the frantic Pillow, just as he smiles at the dozens of other voices of hope and desperation and boastful confidence that he hears each week. Howie understands and likes gamblers because he is one of them. He is 31 years old and he has bet steadily since he handicapped his first trotter at Yonkers Raceway when he was 16. He has been making book for about two years but has not become hardened to the excitement of being in action. Theoretically, a bookie assures himself a profit by accepting an equal amount of wagering on both sides in every game and merely keeping the vigorish, or juice, that the bettor pays in return for his services. But it never really works out that neatly. A bookie always "needs" one team in each game-and that's fine with Howie.

"In all the years I was betting for myself," he says, "I dreamed of having bets on every single game being played. But, of course, I could never afford it. Now, on a busy day in a season like college basketball, I may go home at night knowing that I have action going in every state in the Union. How many people in life have that kind of wish come true?"

Since bookmakers vary widely in attitude, lifestyle and appearance, it is much harder to select a typical bookie than it is to find, for example, a typical accountant or hairdresser. But Howie is reasonably representative of many of his hard-working, upward-striving colleagues on the lower-middle-management level of the gambling business. As such, he also contradicts many of the stereotypes that have grown up around the trade.

Howie was raised in the Bronx, did well in high school and has worked as a bookkeeper for several legitimate businesses. His wardrobe runs mainly to jeans and windbreakers; he wears no flashy jewelry. Unlike older gamblers, who always seem to be named Tonmy the Priest or Willie the Clutch, he bears no catchy or ominous nickname; he is short, skinny and clearly incapable of inflicting any personal violence on reluctant payers. He lives in a modest Manhattan apartment and has an attractive girlfriend named Jill, who often helps him calculate each day's wins and losses.

For entertainment, Howie plays poker two or three times a week; he also loves watching ball games on television. He doesn't go out with women other than Jill and when he dines out, he chooses a modest Chinese restaurant or a steak

place. "A lot of broads and fancy food happen to be things I don't need," he says. "I'd rather sit home and watch myself win a big game on TV in overtime."

Howie is an unusual bookie in one respect: He is both a clerk and a runner. A clerk is in charge of taking bets on the phone, keeping track of the flow of money and shifts of odds, and finally calculating all the "work" and finding out who won and who lost; his most important asset is accuracy. A runner does the paying and collecting, so he must be good at making and maintaining personal contacts. Most offices separate the functions; Howie does both jobs, increasing his income but doubling his work load.

Howie broke into the trade with a small operation known as a quarter-sheet. That means that he got to keep one quarter of the profits before turning the rest over to his boss. After about a year of acceptable performance, he was promoted to a half-sheet, which allows him to keep 50 percent. The arrangement is not quite that simple, of course. Lenny, the assistant, must be paid. Several steerers are also in on the action; when Pillow added "for S.R." to his code name, for example, he was giving the initials of the man who steered him to Howie. S.R. has no direct connection to the office but still gets a percentage of Pillow's losses. Finally, there is Victor, a burly, gruff-speaking veteran who brought Howie into the business and still works with him on occasion in return for a piece of the take.

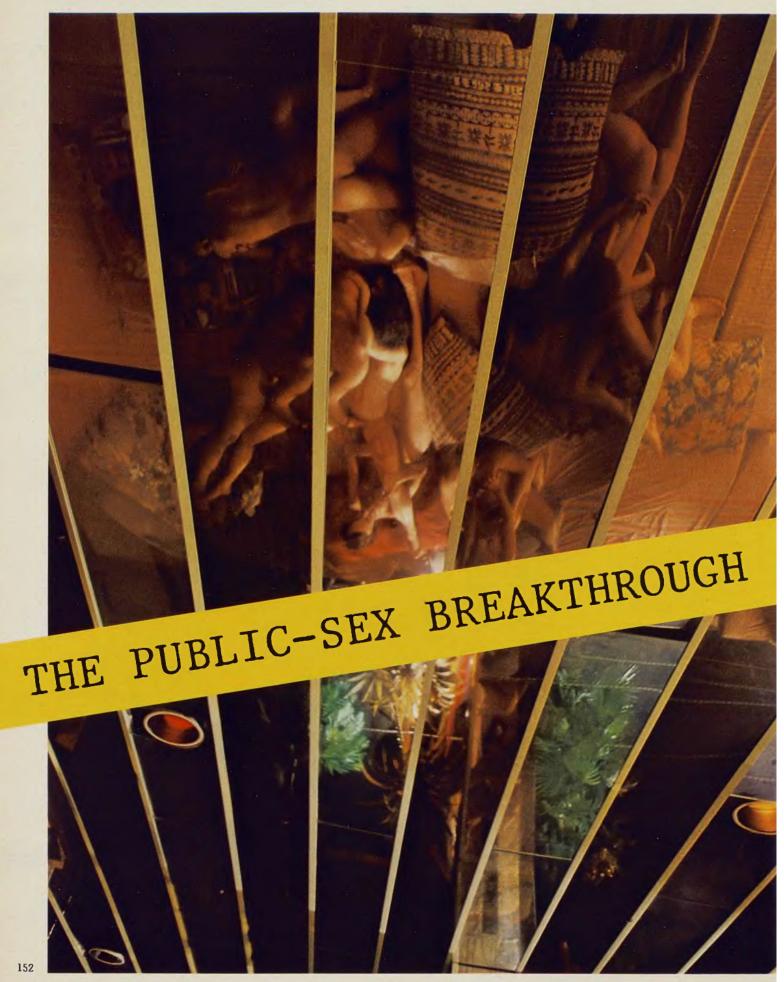
Victor is Italian and tough and he gives the impression of being much better connected with organized crime than Howie and Lenny, who are Jewish and mild-mannered. Victor has a numbers game in the south Bronx and several "baseball agents" in the bars of Spanish Harlem-where the customers bet on whether each batter will hit the ball to the infield or the outfield. Dealing in those high-speed, high-risk games obviously requires more muscle than taking sports bets from Manhattan office workers, and to emphasize how strong he can be, Victor likes to tell the story of the time the money blew out of his pocket in the Garment District.

"I was walking down Seventh Avenue and the wind was swirling around," Victor says. "I reached into my pocket and somehow my whole wad came out and slipped away from me. All of a sudden, there's 3000 bucks blowing around the sidewalk, and all these Puerto Ricans are leaving their garment carts and scrambling around for my money. I knew I had to do something quick, so I grabbed one guy. . . ." At this point, Victor clenches a fist, lets his voice trail off and leaves a

(continued on page 190)



"Dear, let's go to town tonight and see a porno movie."



last year, playboy reported on plato's retreat, a unique new york bar that offered on-premises swinging. now the big apple boasts a dozen clubs where the floorshow is a full-tilt orgy

article By JAMES R. PETERSEN

PLATO'S RETREAT isn't quite what the old Greek had in mind, but it's close. A dark cave. An underground den with walls of black tile and shadowy blockprint cotton tapestries. The floor is an ebony carpet of Astroturf. Above and behind you, there is a blazing row of spotlights and strobes. Hanging from the ceiling in front of you is a long, low mirror that seems to draw the available light from the room like a giant, silent ventilating system. Still, you are dazzled. You see figures in the

glass. Some of them are fucking, others lie quietly. The lovemakers' bodies ripple, as though caught in a tide within the glass. You see a man's back arch as he rears back on his knees, a woman spread wide to receive him. Her legs spell out a secret message in semaphore. It is a strange image; but then, you are a strange audience, captive, a prisoner of the scene, prevented by the chains of astonishment from turning your head. You are watching what the Supreme Court coyly terms



NO BOOZE. NO BREW. SO WHAT. LET'S SCREW. That sign of the times (above) was posted after a New York State Liquor Authority ruling that Plato's Retreat could not serve alcohol. The bar (left) is dry, but who needs extra stimulants in a place like this? Bottoms up.



Last July, when PLAYBOY first reported on the public-sex phenomenon, we made the point that gays had pioneered the movement and the straights had followed. Shortly after that article appeared, Plato's Retreat moved into space formerly occupied by the Continental Baths, the onetime homosexual haunt where Bette Midler got her showbiz start. From the mirrored door on 74th Street to the mirrored ceiling (far left), Plato's is heterosexual heaven. Score one for Anita Bryant and company.

Plato's Retreat Couples Only

The first on premine Swing Club in N.Y. If you haven't been to Platos', you might as well be living in Kansas. The disco of the 80's. A totally relaxing environment.

Platos' unique no pressure atmosphere features:

 Full length heated swimming pool ● giant communal whirlpool ● waterbeds ● spacious mattress area
 ● many intimate private areas ● Free har & buffet
 ●showers, lockers and steam room.

Come with your mate or favorite date and share the most unique & fulfilling experience of your life.

PLATO'S RETREAT

S2

at the Ansonia Hotel 230 West 74th Street Telephone: 627-1959 787-3880 Open Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun. 9:00 P.M. until early morning





The first thing you notice upon entering Plato's is that almost everyone is making love (left). The second thing is the disco music blasting out of an industrial-strength sound system. The dance floor (right) is filled with couples doing what comes naturally. Is this why John Travolta wanted to cross the bridge from Brooklyn to Manhattan?





"Plato's may be the end of Western civilization," said a man in a tuxedo, "but all things considered, this place is very civilized." The dance floor (above) is separated from the mattress room (right) by a row of plants. Everyone moves to the beat of the music. Couples watch one another, learn new moves. We'd give it a 95.



an ultimate sex act. These are people who love people. Your guide turns your eyes from the mirror and points to a blue air mattress in an alcove next to the Olympic-size whirlpool bath. She asks you to name the activity, to untangle the anatomical knot-it appears to be one young lady taking one man in her mouth, two in her hands and a fourth between her legs. A man old enough to be her father hovers nearby, slapping his hand on the mattress like a referee at a collegiate wrestling match. Yes. She is pinned.

Something is happening here and you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones? You find it hard to believe that less than 100 steps from the corner of Broadway and 74th you are watching complete strangers enjoying complete intimacy.

A blonde, long-haired girl approaches. She reaches out and shakes your hand. Except that it is not your hand. You are led by a sudden arousal toward a room filled with mattresses and overstuffed pillows. "Let me show you what this place is really about," she says, and pulls you down beside her.

Less than a year ago, PLAYBOY ran an article on the publicsex movement in New York. At the time, there were two bars that offered on-premises swinging: Percival's, a tiny haven on the Lower East Side, and Plato's Retreat, a slightly larger facility in Gramercy Park. By the time the magazine hit the stands, Percival's had closed its doors, hassled by local politicians and



Welcome to fantasyland. At Plato's, everything is permitted: girls with girls (below) or Eight Ball. Even the disc jockey (bottom) is not immune to this form of sexual Saturday-night fever.

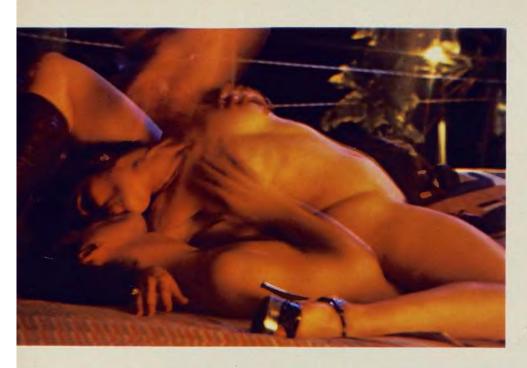
the New York State Liquor Authority, an organization devoted to the principle that Western civilization will crumble if alcohol is served in the presence of nude bodies. Agents for the S.L.A. scuttle about Manhattan, trying to mend the social fabric with G strings and tassels. Under similar fire, the owner of Plato's Retreat had supposedly let it be known that he was moving out of the place on Fifth Avenue, going underground. The public-sex phenomenon had been shortlived. As far as most of us were concerned, the whole episode was remote enough to have happened in ancient Greece.

A few months later, rumors



Larry Levenson (above), the proprietor of Plato's Retreat, has been called the Colonel Sanders of community sex; he envisions a chain of swingers' clubs stretching from coast to coast. For Christmas, his lady Mary gave him a T-shirt and a pair of silk briefs emblazoned with the legend THE KING OF SWING.







Andy Warhol has said everyone will be worldfamous for 15 minutes. At Plato's, the feeling lasts a bit longer: Couples come to admire, to be admired. The mood is mellow and appreciative, be it on the mats (left) or the dance floor.

spread that the movement had not died. Larry Levenson, the former soda-pop salesman who had organized Plato's Retreat, had moved into the basement of the Ansonia Hotel. Having raised the \$150,000 needed to renovate the old Continental Baths, he was going for broke. The new Plato's Retreat would become the ultimate couplesonly club: It would become so big it couldn't be busted.

Levenson's scheme was simple, elegant, inviting. Or, if you please, ballsy, raunchy, disgusting. For \$30, a couple could visit the club for one night. Five dollars of that entry charge would go toward a six-week membership. If they wished to return, the cost per visit would drop to \$25. What did they get for their money? The new Plato's Retreat offered a disco, a pool, a Jacuzzi, a steam room, a free locker and towel service, an unending labyrinth of private swing rooms, a free beverage bar and buffet. All the accouterments of home, if home happened to be the Playboy Mansion or Xanadu. It seemed like a great idea. One wondered why God hadn't put a place like Plato's into the Garden of Eden. Maybe because He had only one couple to work with.

The return of Plato's Retreat was a hit. Open five nights a week. On weekends, more than 300 couples would pour into the club, forming the largest permanent floating orgy in the





Water seems to be a vital element to swinging: Somehow, it encourages even novices to change into a towel. To get into the swim of things. Plato's—with a pool, a Jacuzzi, a steam room and a shower room—is perfect for aquatic erotics. If you tire of water sports, you can move to the air mattress (below) for the best two out of three falls. Face it: The Y was never like this.



history of New York City. Everyone was welcome: You could keep your clothes on and no one would bother you. If the spirit was willing, you could change into a towel (or less) and join the activity. It didn't hemmed and haw-hawed with Levenson on the *Tomorrow Show*. For a while, it looked as if the "King of Swing" were going to make the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*. Plato's was a reporters' paradise. In fact, there



hurt. No one freaked out or got carted off to Bellevue.

One of my New York friends, a film maker and professional sex fiend, called my Chicago office with a firsthand report: "Plato's Retreat is the counterculture of the Seventies. People come to Plato's the way they went to drug parties in the early Sixties, where pot was the guest of honor. The next day, they huddle to gossip about who did what under what influence. It's incredible. I feel reborn. Like,



I missed Woodstock, but I made Plato's Retreat."

Inevitably, the New York media began to take notice. Howard Smith, a PLAYBOY contributor and columnist for The Village Voice, did a series of stories on the new club in "Scenes." New York magazine sent a finance writer to cover the phenomenon. Tom Snyder

were so many writers, TV commentators and such hanging out that a movement was begun to have the club's name changed to the Columbia School of Journalism. Forgive us our press passes.

Meanwhile, Screw magazine's directory of swingers' bars began to list places with names like Botany Talk, Clique Lounge, Flippit's Hideaway, Noah's Ark, Our Gang, Phoenix and Underground. Some clubs were more discreet than others, requiring that initial contact be made by mail or by telephone. But the premise was the same. If you like bowling, go to a bowling alley. If you like balling . . . come here. It was only a matter of time before companies would start sponsoring teams.

Finally, the editors of PLAYBOY decided to send Robert Scott Hooper and Theresa Holmes, their eyewitness news team, to bring back photographic evidence of the phenomenon. (Hooper and Holmes are used to such things, having performed above and beyond the call of nature in the December 1977 issue of PLAYBOY with a feature called Swingers' Scrapbook.) Two of the magazine's best couldn't go unescorted into such a gentle night, so the entire editorial staff volunteered to go along. I was the only one who made it back to my typewriter. The rest of the staff stayed in New York to open an East



The dress code at Plato's Retreat is relaxed—whatever gets you off. You can wear a Danskin (above) or go bare-ass with boots (below). In the words of Randy Newman, you can keep your hat on.



By midnight, most couples have shed their threads for some early-A.M. exercise on the mattresses (below).







Yes, Night Moves is a song by Bob Seger. It's also the name of a swingers' bar at 133 West 19th Street where young couples gather to rock 'n' roll.





Night Moves is smaller than Plato's Retreat and, as a result, the atmosphere is more intimate. On Friday nights, the festivities begin with a sexual Gong Show (above), as nice a way as any to break the ice. If you're a beginner, you might want to come here. Encore.







Midnight Interlude (above and right) is located in a downtown Manhattan health club. Admit it: When you watch Farrah Fawcett-Majors work out in those TV commercials, this is what you have in mind, right? Can you think of a better way to stay in shape? And-a-one-and-a-two.



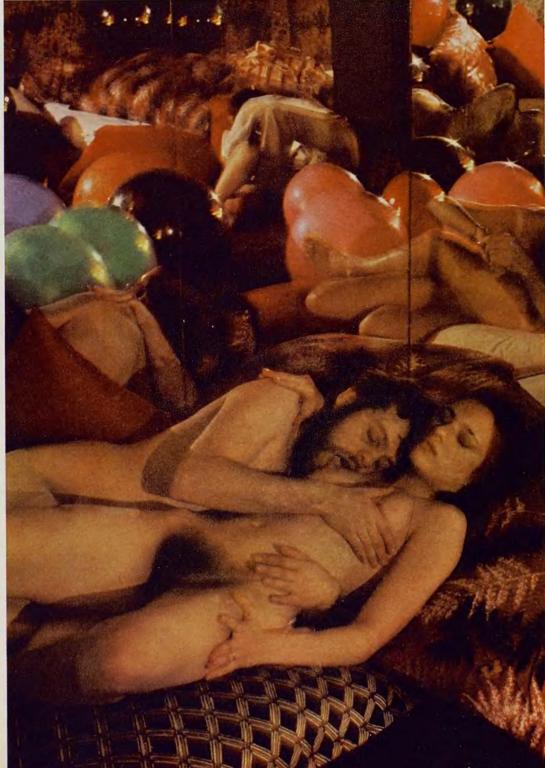
NIGI



The ad for Midnight Interlude (right) says it all. A sex club offers everyman the chance to experience the pleasures of a Playboy Mansion: make love in a sauna, a heated pool or a room filled with mirrors and balloons (above and below). It's OK with us.



FOR FURTHER INFO CALL 233-5131



Coast editorial office.

For three nights, Hooper and Holmes visited Plato's Retreat, recruiting volunteers to go back for an official shooting on a slow night, when the crowds of tourists would be home in Westchester County. The people you see in Hooper's pictures are the sort you are likely to meet if you visit a couples-only sex club. And having seen these pictures, you probably will.

The shooting at Plato's was a complete success; our eyewitness team decided to keep the ball rolling. Hooper and Holmes visited two of the second-generation sex salons-Night Moves and Midnight Interlude. The modus operandi was the same, but at the smaller clubs, they encountered a slightly different reaction. The couples didn't want to go back on another night: "Why wait? Do it now." They simply went on doing what they had been doing before we got there. You can see for yourself how well they did.

You emerge from the mattress room. The blonde-haired girl congratulates you on your good fortune. This time, though, she shakes your hand, squeezing it quickly, affectionately. The memory of the first introduction causes a rapid change in blood flow. Your center of gravity drops. You rearrange the suddenly undersized towel. She laughs. You lean against a pillar by the pool. You look around



MY NIGHT AT PLATO'S RETREAT

one of america's foremost comedy writers takes a night off for rest and relaxation

humor By BUCK HENRY

Here is a random list of things I saw and heard in Plato's Retreat, many of which I no longer believe actually happened.

At the entrance, I traded \$30 for a membership card. The back of the card contained a list of rules and regulations, the last of which stated: "Neither part of the couple is prostituting themselves." Resisting the impulse to correct this fragile sentence for its several thousand grammatical and syntactical errors, I signed my companion and myself in (first names only) as Scott and Zelda. The maitresse d'hôtel looked at the names and said, "Oh, yeah—Scott and Zelda—you've been here before."

At the bottom of the stairway, a naked man was wrestling with a cigarette machine. One of his hands was thrust up into the dispensing slot. As he turned toward us, we could see that he was in a state of evident excitement. I assumed that he was trying to get his money back and/or he was performing a sexual act for which there is, as yet, no specific term.

There were, perhaps, 400 people in the place, most of whom seemed to be having, as Plato himself used to say, a hell of a good time. Of the first 20 people I talked to, 18 claimed to be doing research for a book, a screen-play or an article.

In one of the locker rooms, a man sat on a bench, smoking a pipe and playing with himself. "Don't pay any attention to me," he explained. "I'm just taking a break."

An extremely old—I mean old—dignified woman exited one of the mini-orgy rooms. She sported, so to speak, a black garter belt and pink hair. As she turned to shut the door behind her, she said to the three clearly exhausted men draped over the pillows: "Thank you all once again. It's been a lovely evening and I don't know how to express my appreciation." Good manners die hard.

We were standing at the bar. I

watched as a man, dressed primarily in a pair of socks, leaned across the buffet table to pick up a drink, leaving a distinct impression of his not particularly private parts on the surface of the cream cheese.

I was loitering by the entrance to the mass-orgy room, peeking furtively past the guard at the writhing mass of fun seekers on the mattressed floor. I turned to see, coming toward me from the swimming pool, the tallest, blondest, longest-legged vision of prurient interest it has ever been my good luck to behold. I also beheld four muscular young gymnasts in her wake, following with expressions of glazed anticipation.

She moved past me onto the mattresses and lay down on her back. Envy replaced lust in my pounding heart as the four young men dropped to their knees beside her and, without even a downbeat, began to perform a series of complicated rituals that led me to believe that she was not altogether a virgin.

"That's nice, isn't it?" said a social critic in a three-piece suit who was standing next to me.

"I love her," I said simply.
"It's not a her," he said.

"Be careful," I warned him. "That's the next Mrs. Henry you're talking about."

"The next Mrs. Henry," the kill-joy son of a bitch said, "was a man until a year or so ago."

Seeing that I was on the verge of tears, three-piece-suit patted me on the shoulder. "There are several of them here tonight," he said. He motioned to a naked dark-haired beauty on the dance floor, who strolled over to us.

"This is Linda," he said. "She used to be Larry."

Linda, nee Larry, offered me a delicate handshake and told us what a good time she, nee he, was having and how wonderfully well all the new equipment was working. To prove her point, she inserted several fingers into the aforementioned equipment and moved them around experimentally, as though trying on a glove. "It's terrific," Linda said. She took her fingers out and three-piecesuit put a couple of his fingers in. He agreed (concluded on page 220)

the room at 200-odd bodies, breasts of every size and shape, penises of every religious and racial persuasion. They all work. Far fucking out.

Interview a random assortment of couples at a swing club and you will find them to be intelligent. Middle class. Successful. A surprising number of them are self-employed. Among others, Hooper and Holmes met an architect, the owner of a burglar-alarm company, a real-estate broker, a lawyer, an actor, a Brooklyn cop (in New York, policemen are considered to be self-employed). Long before the media discovered Levenson's operation, Plato's Retreat was locker-room gossip in every precinct station in New York. Murphy, the cop, is 40 years old. He looks like an unmarked car. He's been coming with his wife to Plato's for 25 weeks. "Listen, I've gone most of my life without. I've got some catching up to do. Everything I ever wondered about is here in one room. I don't even look at National Geographic anymore."

Walter, a divorce lawyer trying to get away from his work, explains that the crowds have changed since the place first opened, from middle-aged swinging junkies to a younger, hipper crowd, from the kind of people you find in the Catskills and Miami Beach to the kind you find backpacking in Yosemite or skiing at Vail. Walter gives credit for the change to the series of columns written by Howard Smith. "Right now, this place looks like an ad for 'What kind of couple reads The Village Voice?' When your magazine hits the stands, it will look like an ad for 'What kind of couple reads PLAYBOY?'"

Stanley, the swinger emeritus of Plato's Retreat, is dark-haired, muscular and well dressed, when he is dressed. (He runs a \$3,000,000-a-year apparel business.) In a past life, he was the manager of Percival's, the city's original on-premises swing club. He is the originator of the first commandment of swinging: "Swans fly with swans. Ducks fly with ducks." When he talks, his attention slides to the edge of his eyes, looking for swans. You are reminded of the round, shallow plates used by miners to pan for gold. Stanley has been interviewed by every reporter to visit Plato's. On the day after one article appeared, he walked into his factory. Fifteen employees lined up and began taking off their clothes. "We just thought it would make you feel at home."

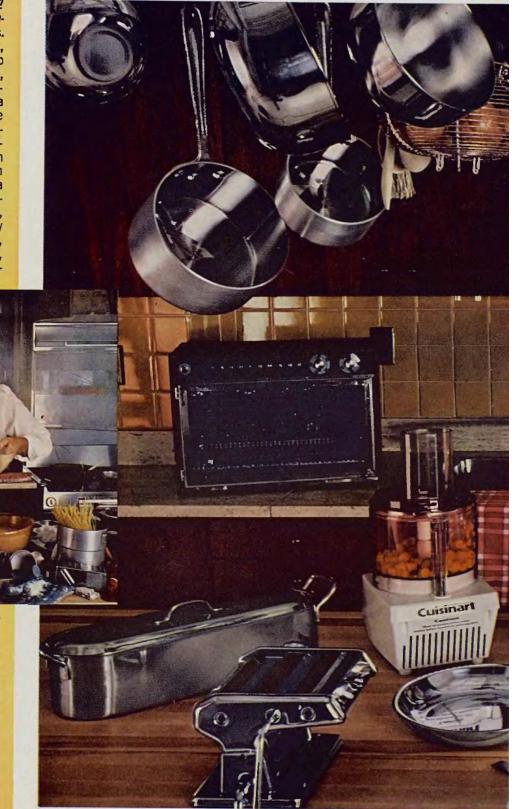
Stanley's girlfriend and wingman is a trim blonde endowed with what appear to be permanently erect nipples. She is into lust. Nonchalant. She wears a towel like a gun belt around her hips. She agrees to come to the official shooting, but only if the pictures don't show her face. Business. Stanley agrees, but only if (continued on page 222)



from saucepots and frying pans to an electric ice-cream maker, here are the ingredients for getting your culinary act together

Is your kitchen a culinary disaster area? Then get cooking and acquire the following handy-dandy utensils and appliances. Right: Attached to a hanging iron pot rack. from Crate & Barrel, \$25.95, are (left to right) a mixing-bowl set, by Regal Ware, \$13.95; two stainless-clad aluminum saucepans, \$24 and \$17, both by All-Clad; and a wood utensil set, \$4.95, and French wire egg basket, \$4.95, both from Crate & Barrel. On the rear counter: a portable electric Turbo-Oven, by Farberware, \$130. In the cupboard (top): an electric ice-cream maker, by Waring, \$39.95. Below it: a microwave casserole dish, by Heller Designs, \$12.95. On the stove top: a teakettle, by Copco, \$19.95; and a steamer-cooker, by Leyse, \$19.75. On counter: fish poacher, by Visconti, \$24.95; Ampia pasta machine, from Crate & Barrel, \$29.95; food proces-

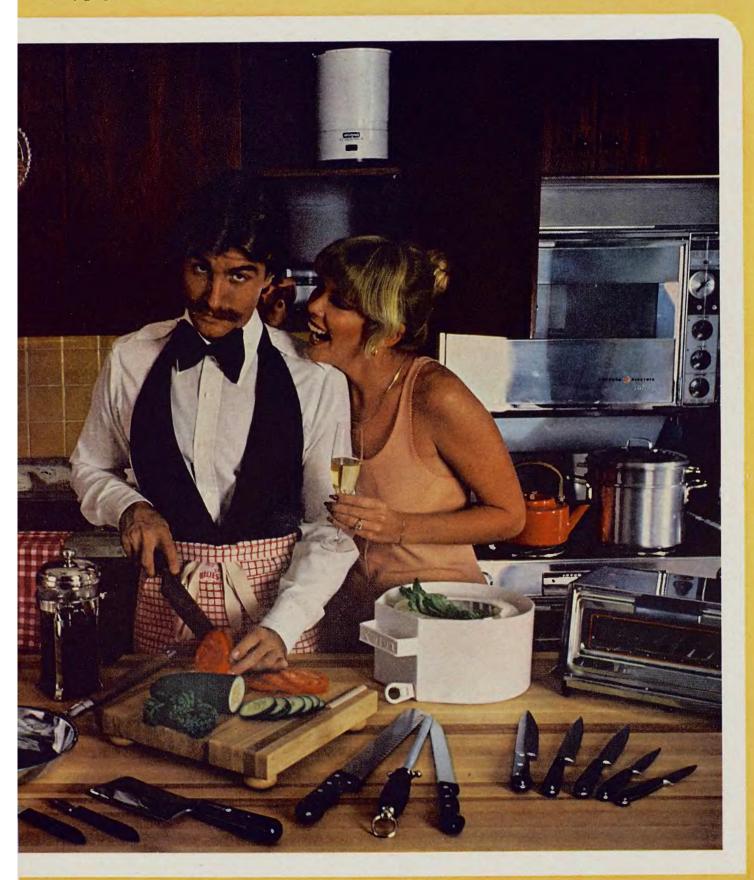
THE BACHELOR **KITCHEN**



sor, by Cuisinarts, \$160; omelet pan, by Gourmet Limited, \$29.95; Melior Chambord coffee maker, from Chas. F. Lamalle, \$56. Our gastronomic maestro holds a Twin chef's knife, by J. A. Henckels Zwillingswerk, about \$36; and is working on a chopping block, by Beard Glaser Wolf, \$20. Next: a Rotor salad drier, from Crate & Barrel, \$13.50; and a Toast-R-Oven, by General Electric, \$59.98. Utensils up front include: a lemon peeler, \$6.30, and decorator, \$5.40, both by Forschner; the cleaver, \$30.30, beef slicer, \$29, sharpener, \$13.90, and ham slicer, \$17, sharpener, \$10, to be fire the slicer. plus five chef's knives, from \$11.80 to 162 \$24.98, all by J. A. Henckels Zwillingswerk.

modern living By EMANUEL GREENBERG
BACK IN A MORE PRIMITIVE social era, before the time of Gloria
and Bella, one of the thoughtless flippancies concerned a
handy gadget that "you screw on the bed and it does all the

cooking. It's called a wife." Well, guys, them days are gone forever, and good riddance. What sociologists quaintly refer to as role adjustment has its compensations. Relationships are more rewarding—even liberating—for both camps. And many



former M.C.P.s now take inordinate pride in their culinary skills.

Good tools are as essential to the home cook as they are to a three-star chef or a cabinetmaker. Nevertheless, you don't want to clutter up shelves and cabinets with a lot of junk. Junk, in this context, is anything not used with reasonable frequency. The answer is selectivity. "Look for equipment or machines that do what you do," is what Burt Wolf, co-editor of the two-volume Cooks' Catalogue, advises. "If you've a passion for fresh spaghetti, then a pasta maker is a worthwhile investment. Otherwise, it's a dust collector." Shun heavily promoted gift items and steer clear of the latest fads such as electric crepe makers and hot-dog cookers. Any such enchantments that haven't been used within the year should be wished upon the annual block-association fund raiser.

One final bit of wisdom: Go first-class. Buy sturdy, heavyweight gear emphasizing function over charm. In a word—or, rather, two words—professional equipment. Pionecred by The Professional Kitchen in New York, shops offering commercial ware are increasingly available to civilian cooks across the country. Alert department stores are also beginning to stock professional merchandise.

We commend the following selections to you with a few caveats. Prices vary from shop to shop, city to city, and are subject to change by the manufacturer. Higher-ticket merchandise is often discounted or on sale. Feel free to discard, substitute or add items to the list, depending on your personal needs and proclivities.

Food processor, by Guisinarts, \$160: Also known as the incredible kitchen machine, a Guisinart will handle your shredding, slicing, dicing, chopping, puréeing and some mixing and grinding with élan—once you've learned the ropes. Guisinart is manufactured by Robot-Goupe, which also sells a stronger, sturdier and more expensive processor that's available at commercial-equipment suppliers. Inexpensive alternatives include Farberware, Moulinex, American and Omnichef. Note that food processors are frequently discounted.

Knives, 8"-10" chef's knife, 5"-6" utility or sandwich knife, 3"-4" paring knife, 10"-12" flexible slicer, all by J. A. Henckels Zwillingswerk, or Wusthof Trident, about \$11.80 to \$34.50: Sabatier and Sheffield may be household names, but galley slaves opt for Henckels or Wusthof. There's not much to choose between them. Both are beautifully crafted, balanced, durable and forged—not stamped—from high-carbon, no-stain steel. Henckels' professional Durawood line has plastic-impregnated handles. Wusthof Trident knives are well priced. Knives are a lifetime purchase; don't stint.

Tip: A specialty cutlery shop such as Delbon's in Manhattan will hand-hone your knives to a razor edge before selling them to you.

Add a French tomato knife (4½", \$2.50) and you're in business. The larger size can double as a bread knife.

Magnetic knife bar, by Magnabar, in 12" and 18" lengths, \$5.95 and \$8.75: Good knives require care. This cherrywood bar, with a double row of magnets, will hold knives securely, ready for action.

Chopping block with sharpening rod, by Beard Glaser Wolf, \$20: The board is seasoned, hard-rock maple designed for resilience. A built-in aluminum-oxide sharpening rod is an ingenious and handy feature.

Eight-cup coffee maker, by Melior Chambord, \$56: This rhodium-plated-steel French import works on a plunger-filter principle and makes terrific java. The Bodum Bistro, made on the same principle but with plastic fittings, goes for about half. Coffee, however, is a very personal matter: Bunn and Mr. Coffee (electric) and Melitta and Chemex (filter) have their devotees. And many swear by the old-fashioned drip pot.

Enamel-on-sheet-steel 21/2-quart teakettle, by Copco, \$19.95: This can be had in bright red, yellow, blue, soft brown, biscuit and white. It features a collapsible wooden handle for compact storage. Pair with a glazed-ceramic teapot, if you like to do things the British way.

Aluminum roasting pan, by Wear-Ever, \$10: The 18" x 12" size is great for whole turkeys, large joints, perhaps a suckling pig and—why not?—lasagna. Also, pick up a chromed-steel roaster rack that will allow sufficient clearance for full air circulation around your roast.

Turbo-Oven, by Farberware, \$130: A fast-cooking little oven, based on the convection principle used in professional equipment. Not a necessity but a real timesaver.

Toast-R-Oven, by General Electric, \$59.98: In addition to toasting bread, it will warm (or defrost) croissants, muffins, bagels, etc., grill open-faced sandwiches, gratiner, etc.

Heatproof 2-quart glass casserole, by Heller Designs, \$12.95: The lid of this may be used separately for small quantities. Frankly, plain old Pyrex will do the same job at a fraction of the price, but it doesn't have the style.

Saucepans, 11/2 quart and 31/2 quart, by All-Clad's Master Chef line, \$17 and \$24: These well-designed, extremely efficient saucepans are made of three layers of metal: alloy aluminum, pure aluminum and an inside surface of stainless steel.

Eight-quart steamer-cooker with basket insert, by Leyse, \$19.75: This handles everything from spaghetti and corn to lobsters. Can also serve as stockpot. Available in larger sizes.

Skillets, 7" and 12", by All-Clad, \$13 and \$23: Comments on saucepans apply.

Omelet pan, by Gournet Limited, \$29.95: Recommended only if you're an omelet freak. For the occasional omelet, the All-Clad pan mentioned previously will suffice.

Ice Cream Parlor, by Waring, \$39.95: Think of it as a love machine. The invitation to "come over for some homemade ice cream" can lead to many delicious things. The scoop on dippers is the seamless aluminum Zeroll, by Roll Dippers, \$6.95.

Pasta maker, by Ampia, \$29.95: Another specialized item. But to a spaghetti devotee there's something very sensuous about fresh pasta. Once you've tasted it, the supermarket product will no longer satisfy.

Stainless-steel mixing-bowl set, by Regal Ware, \$13.95: Well balanced and stable, in one- to three-quart capacities—and they won't break.

Salad spin-drier, by Rotor, \$13.50: One of these rids your greens of clinging droplets of water neatly and efficiently with no splash, drip or swinging.

Pepper mill, by Perfex, \$18.50: A handsome crank-handle model that can be easily adjusted for range of grinds, from fine to coarse. The cast-aluminum body wipes clean with a damp cloth.

Lemon peeler, by Forschner, \$6.30: One may not be basic equipment for a suburban ranch-house kitchen, but for a bachelor's pad—a must! It removes broad, thin strips of lemon peel for twists in martinis. Also cuts thinner, deeper strips of orange and lemon peel.

Stainless-steel seven-piece utensil set, plus wall rack, by H. E. Lauffer, \$29: Your basic seven—broad spatula, long fork, skimmer, vegetable spoon, basting spoon, soup ladle and gravy ladle.

And to round it all out: meat thermometer (Taylor Bi-Therm), kitchen timer (Terraillon), scouring pads (Beard Glaser Wolf Professional Scrubbers), swivel-action peeler (Ecko), rubber spatula (Hoan Super Scraper), rotary grater (Mouli), whisk, rotary beater, egg slicer, grater-shredder, bulb baster with injector, kitchen tongs, wooden mixing spoons, can opener, kitchen shears, narrow spatula, masher-ricer, spice rack, juicer, colander, double-mesh strainer, collapsible steaming basket, garlic press, funnel, corkscrew-punch-bottle-opener combo, canisters, asbestos potholders, and measuring utensils and cups. Aprons and cookbooks, certainly; perhaps a few fancies such as a wine thermometer and a zucchini corer.

Now that you've got all this shiny, new equipment, don't just stand there. Choose a menu, invite about 100 of your closest friends . . . and start cookin'.

the boss's wife A 19th Century Australian bush ballad

The warm winds crossed from the eastern coast, Grew hot through the mountain passes And picked up the breath of the burning plains And touched on the station grasses.

And the grasses shriveled, all dry and brown, And shrunk to a dusty gray And the brown earth cracked, as the fiery drought Came down to the land to stay.

The waters in on the homestead holes Sank down to the blue-clay rim. And the ibis came in their circling flocks To feast on the bony bream.

'Twas shift all stock to the breeders' run, With never the slightest doubt— For the station boss 'twas a total loss If the breeders' run gave out.

And the boss must wrestle and scheme and toil
And stick to the uphill job,
And battle it out with the fiery drought
For the sake of the starving mob.

And at night he'd go to the stockmen's hut, For word of the day's work done, And he'd stay for a smoke, or a yarn and a joke, And talk of the outside run.

But it seemed somehow to the boss's wife A deep and rankling slight That his plans were made with outside aid When it came to an uphill fight.

And at night when he'd gone, she'd wait and watch In loneliest contemplation Of the lot and life of a station wife And the ways of an outback station.

And she'd gaze at the stockmen's hut below, And across to the servant's light, And she'd wait and brood in the doleful mood That comes with the silent night.

And out of the darkness a notion grew, A dim little gleaming dart; It grew and flashed like a fiery sword, And struck at the wifely heart. "Twas a notion founded on logic's rites, And womanly intuition. By the housemaid's light when it sank at night, And a shadowy apparition.

She gave no sign, but she watched each night, Till there wasn't much room for doubt, And she timed when the boss came in at night, From the time that the lights went out.

And she hid the hurt with a woman's skill, And she studied the housemaid's lighting; To be betrayed for an artless maid— 'Twas time to be up and fighting.

When the boss was gone to the stockmen's hut, She lost no time in the going, With a friendly smile and a bit of guile, Would the maid come and help with the sewing?

And the maid agreed with a ready nod, She'd nothing much to do, She went with a smile, and fell for a pile Would last for an hour or two.

And the wife, when the work was well in swing, Slipped off to the housemaid's room, And safe in the camp, she blew the lamp, And waited there in the gloom.

Till the footsteps soft on the beaten track Turned in at the darkened door, With scarce a rap, or the slightest tap, For he'd been there oft before.

She spoke no word, and the darkened room No change in the form betrayed, For the greeting kiss with the meeting miss 'Twas much as the melting maid.

'Twas a woman's style and a wifely wile,
To play the maid of the quarters,
She played with the skill and the strength of will,
And the guile of Eve's own daughters.

She played, and sudden she flashed a torch, One horrified glance he took; She dropped the light and she fainted quite; 'Twas Chin-ti, the Chinese cook!





CAR-FI COM



IF YOU'VE just now come into the market for an audio rig that will turn your wheels into a concert hall, you're in luck; there's a cornucopia of really spectacular sound equipment waiting for you at your neighborhood highway-sound store in a range of prices from the modest budget to the price-is-no-object level.

What's happened to unleash this new generation of highway-sound equipment? For one thing, technological advances and lower prices on equipment that hadn't really changed much in the past decade. Also, spurred by the C.B.-radio

Above, clockwise from for left: The CJ-3510 Component Systems power booster, \$84.95, is hooked up to on AM/FM stereo tuner, \$84.95, and on under-dosh cossette player, \$119.95, all by Ponasonic. Next, o D.C.-powered stereo mobile preamplifier, by Loser Acoustics, \$125, sits otop o Model T180 Powerplay auto-reverse cossette player, by Croig, \$149.95, and a D.C.-powered 250-watt stereo amplifier with three bands of equalization, by Loser Acoustics, \$275. At right: Isophon DIA-2000 heat-controlled speaker delivers big-speaker sound vio its power range of 50/70 watts, distributed by Walter Odemer, \$245.90. The Model RVS-3 Two-Way system features twin silicone-protected speakers that resist smag ond moisture, by Hort Acoustics, \$99.95 a pair.

ES OF AGE









Above left: A Model 200-EQB graphic equalizer booster, \$149.99, sits atop a Model PE-663C in-dosh cossette stereo, \$254.95, both by Clorion. Above right, top to bottom: A Car-Fi 4200 sevenbond grophic equalizer/preamplifier, \$97, and a 40-watt car sterea power amplifier, \$53.50, both by Jandy International. Next, a stereo Supertuner ond cossette, by Pioneer, \$250. In front of it, o Model AMP-1000 stereo power equalizer omplifier with control module, by Audiovox, \$99.95. Left, above: Series 6000 Model 6059 car sterea speakers, by ofs/Kriket, \$99.90 o pair. Left, below: Clarion's deck-mounted three-way SK-99 Six Pock stereo speakers featuring 5" woofers, 21/2" midronges and 1" tweeters individually mounted under open-mesh grilles, \$126.95 o poir.

boom, manufacturers here and abroad now have production lines that aren't making C.B.s because of the market glut, so they're making car stereos in huge quantities.

There's another trend that's partly responsible. New-car dealers, seeing a chance to be of extra service to their customers and to their own profits, have started to stock stereo equipment that does not come from Detroit. That way, you can order a new car without any kind of radio at all and buy the rig from the dealer. He'll install it for you with a neat, (continued on page 226)

DARKWATER HALL

(continued from page 111)

"The lady sighed once more and at last turned to me. 'Dr. Watson, will you help me?""

hectic brightness, and the thinness of his hawklike nose seemed accentuated. He smoked incessantly, getting through an ounce or more of heavy shag tobacco in

a single day.

As his depression became blacker, he would sit in his purple dressing gown with his fiddle across his knee and draw from it strange harmonies, sometimes sonorous, sometimes puzzling, more often harsh and disagreeable. Strange, too, and quite as disagreeable, were the odors given off by his chemical experiments; I did not inquire their purpose. When he brought out his hair-trigger pistol and proceeded to add elaborate serifs to the patriotic V.R. done in bullet pocks in the wall opposite his armchair, my impatience and my concern together dictated action. Nothing short of a complete rest, in conditions of comfort and ease such as I could not possibly provide, would restore my friend to health. I moved swiftly; telegrams were exchanged; within little more than 12 hours, Sherlock Holmes was on his way to Hurlstone in Sussex, the seat of that Reginald Musgrave whose family treasures he had so brilliantly rediscovered some five years earlier. So events conspired to embroil me in what I must describe as a truly singular adventure.

It came about in the following fashion. That same afternoon, I had just returned from visiting a patient when the housekeeper announced the arrival of a Lady Fairfax. There entered a blonde young woman of the most unusual beauty and distinction of feature. I was at once aware in her of a discomposure obviously not at all derived from the sweltering weather, to which, indeed, her bearing proclaimed utter indifference. I encouraged this lovely but troubled creature to be seated and to divulge her purpose.

"It was Mr. Sherlock Holmes whom I came to see, but I understand he has gone away and is not expected back for a fortnight," she began.

"That is so."

"Can he not be recalled?"

I shook my head. "Quite out of the question."

"But I come on a matter of the utmost urgency. A life is in danger."

"Lady Fairfax," said I, "Holmes has been overworking and must have rest and a change of air. I speak not only as his friend but as his physician."

The lady sighed and lowered her gaze into her lap. "May I at least acquaint

you with the main facts of the matter?"

"Do so, by all means, if you feel it will

be of service to you."

"Very well. My husband is Sir Harry Fairfax, the sixth baronet, of Darkwater Hall in Wiltshire. In his capacity as a magistrate, he had brought before him last year a man known locally as Black Ralph. The charge was poaching. There was no doubt of his guilt; he had erred before in this way and in others, and my husband's sentence of 12 months in jail was lenient to a degree. Now, Black Ralph is at liberty again, and word has reached our servants that he means to revenge himself on my husband—to kill him."

"Kill him?" I ejaculated.

"Nothing less, Dr. Watson," said Lady Fairfax, clasping and unclasping her white-gloved hands as she spoke. "My husband scouts these threats, calling Black Ralph a harmless rascal with a taste for rhetoric. But the fellow is no mere drunken reprobate such as one finds in every village; I have seen him and studied him, and I tell you he is malignant and in all likelihood mentally deranged, as well."

I was at a loss. My visitor was by now extremely agitated, her vivid lips atremble and her fine blue eyes flashing fire. "He sounds most menacing," said I, "and I understand your desire for assistance. I chance to know a certain Inspector Lestrade at Scotland Yard who would be happy to lend you all the aid he could."

"Thank you, but my husband refuses to go to the police and he has forbidden me to do so."

"I see."

"There must, however, be other consulting detectives in London whom I might approach. Perhaps you know of some of them."

"Well," said I, after a short space, "it's true that in the last year or so a number of—what shall I call them? rivals of Sherlock Holmes have sprung up. But they're very slight and unsatisfactory fellows. I could not in honesty recommend a single one."

There was a silence. The lady sighed once more and at last turned to me. "Dr. Watson, will you help me?"

I had half expected this preposterous suggestion but was none the better armed against it when it came. "I? I am quite unfit. I'm a simple medical man, Lady Fairfax, not a detective."

"But you have worked with Mr. Holmes on his previous cases. You are

his close friend and associate. You must have learned a great deal from him."

"I think I can say I know his methods, but there are aspects of his activities of which I am altogether ignorant."

"That would not prevent you from talking to my husband, from making him see the peril he faces. Nor from approaching Black Ralph, warning him, offering him money. Dr. Watson, I know you think me overwrought, fanciful, perhaps even deluded. Is it not the case, that you think so?"

This was uncommonly and uncomfortably shrewd, not only as an observation but also as a turn of tactics. I made some motion intended to be evasive.

"Thank you for being so honest," was the smiling response. "Now, I may be all you suppose, but I lay no obligation upon you, and would two or three comfortable days out of London in this weather be so great a burden?"

Sherlock Holmes once observed that the fair sex was my department. I never fully took his meaning, but if it was to the effect that I enjoyed any ascendancy in that sphere, he misreckoned. Otherwise, I should scarcely have found myself, the evening after the interview just described, alighting at a remote railway

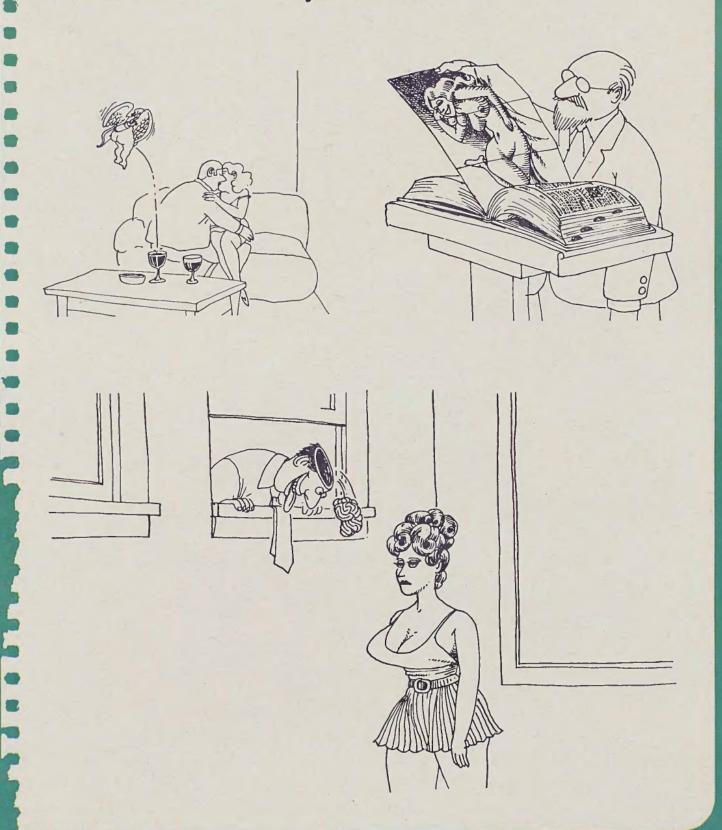
halt some miles from Westbury.

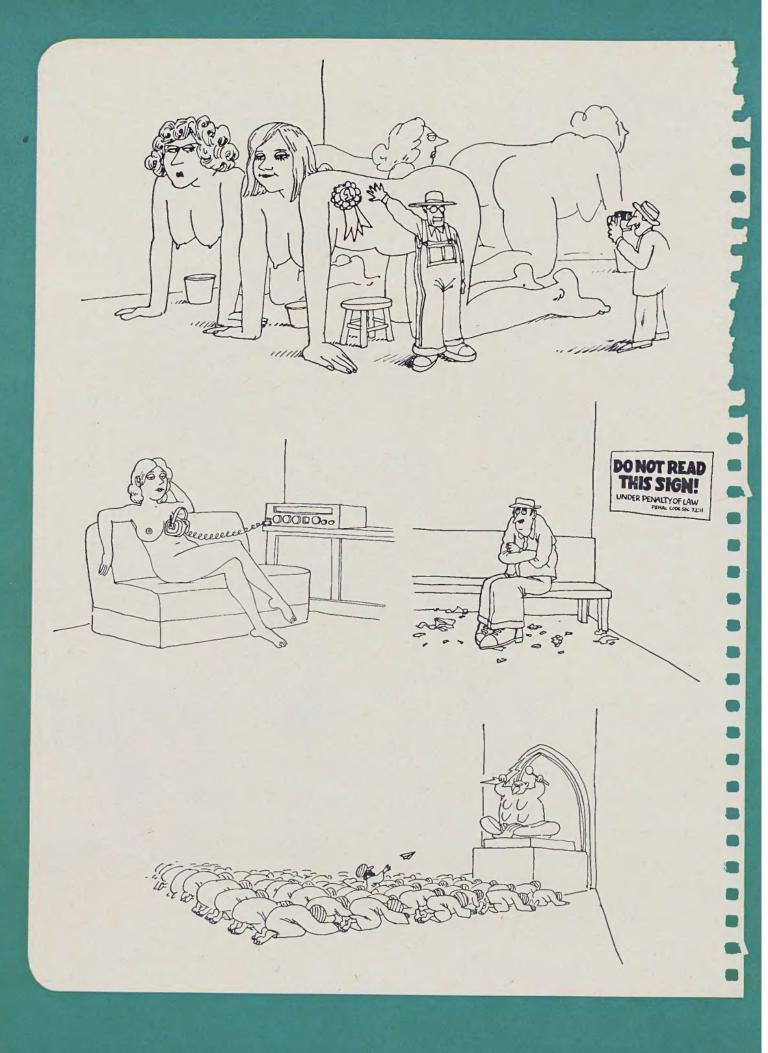
At once a tall, broad-shouldered man in black accosted me, mentioning my name in a foreign accent. He was an obvious Spaniard-by name Carlos, as I was later to learn-with the dignified deportment of that race and an address that contrived to be at once courteous and proud. Courtesy was to the fore while he introduced himself as butler to Sir Harry Fairfax and installed me and my luggage in the smart wagonette that waited in the station yard; and yet his somber glance bespoke a temperament to which the keeping of pledges and the avenging of slights were of deadly concern. Not that I took much note at the time; I was pleasantly struck by the baronet's civility in sending an upper servant to meet me and soothed by the unhurried drive through the leafy lanes, where, as the shadows lengthened, a cooling breeze blew. I looked forward, too, to renewing my acquaintance with the charming Lady Fairfax and, with a lively quickening of curiosity, to uncovering whatever might be the nature of the threat to her husband.

The carriage mounted a crest in the road and these agreeable feelings were soon dispersed. We had come to the edge of the chalky upland that forms most of the county and entered a region of clay and rock. Some half mile off stood a tall house of gray stone mantled with ivy and of a design that even at this distance seemed ill-contrived. To one side of it lay a plantation of trees with foliage of (continued on page 202)

TINY FOOTPRINTS AND OTHER DRAWINGS

By B. KLIBAN









IF YOU HAVE ATIN EAR, DON'T SPEND THE MONEY.

You're looking at the finest, highperformance, 2-way, acoustic-suspension speakers ever created for the automobile.

The incredible TS-X9 speakers.

Each can handle 40 watts.

Each delivers 50-22,000 Hz.

And if you can appreciate sound this terrific, buy a pair of TS-X9's. Or our less-expensive TS-X6's.

But for those not blessed with the





hearing of a fox, we do have alternatives. We have some 2-dozen different kinds of

speakers for automobiles alone.

Pioneer is one of the most respected audio manufacturers in the world. With superb design, engineering, and manufacturing. And we apply this know-how to every speaker we make, regardless of the price we charge for it.

So, ask your Pioneer dealer to demonstrate the other leading brand first, and then play the Pioneer speakers.

Believe us, you will hear a difference

in Pioneer car speakers.

Even if your ears are full of oatmeal.

CAR SPEAKERS BY PIONEER.



Estate Bottled.

Just as the proprietor of a world-famous vineyard will "Estate Bottle" his wine on the premises, so Beefeater "Gin is distilled, bottled and sealed at the distillery in London.

Only Beefeater, of the major imported London distilled dry gins, is produced this way. Beefeater has been distilled by the same family, from the same formula, since 1820.

And, how fortunate, every year is a vintage year for Beefeater.

"There evolved a series of categories that would fill the military's neat bureaucratic forms."

induced to accept treatment, to take medication or to subject themselves to behavior-modification programs in schools or clinics, all on the promise that such treatment will prevent something worse. Every week, thousands of patients are released from hospitals on the condition that they continue their medication and that they report regularly-under what has been called psychiatric parole-to a therapist or a clinic. As the law makes it more difficult to arbitrarily lock up deviants, science makes it easier to define them as sick and to divert them into treatment programs—as outpatients of the criminal-justice system, the mentalhealth system or the social-service system. And as the law makes it more difficult to discriminate on the basis of race, class, age or sex, science finds new labels to replace the old-the parapsychiatric, the predelinquent, the potentially abusive or dangerous-and new ways to watch and control those so labeled.

THE MARRIAGE OF SHRINK AND STATE

The classification of mental disorders embodied in the official diagnostic and statistical manual of the American Psychiatric Association has a curious history. During and after World War Two, the Army needed some method to screen candidates on a psychological basis, so there evolved a series of categories that would fill the military's neat bureaucratic forms. This system reduced what was patently unscientific and unsystematic-labels, theories, jargon-to something that was sufficiently precise to fill the operating manuals of large organizations. The bureaucratic nomenclature developed by Army doctors later became perfectly adaptable to insurance forms, hospital records, computers-all of the paper that fills Big Brother's files.

Its chief architect was the late Brigadier General William C. Menninger of Topeka's Menninger Foundation, who headed the psychiatric division of the Surgeon General's Office during World War Two; and the effect of Menninger's screening system, as psychiatrist Thomas S. Szasz has pointed out, was that "more civilians were declared mentally unfit, more soldiers were classified as mentally ill and more veterans now receive . . . 'treatment' for mental illness than ever before in history." (Of some 15,000,000 examined for induction during World War Two, nearly 2,000,000 were rejected for neuropsychiatric reasons.)

It never occurred to the Army profes-

sionals to examine the criteria on which their judgments were based. (The British army had a much lower rate of psychiatric rejections, though British soldiers were no more prone to psychological problems than their American cousins.) Instead, what General Menninger called "the lessons of war" became the foundation of postwar policy and the basis of a Federal mental-health program whose budget grew from virtually nothing to some \$700,000,000 annually in 1977. The importance of the contribution to this growth made by Menninger and his Army cohorts cannot be underestimated; or, in the words of one Menninger fan: "The bitterly learned lessons of the war years, the startling and unexpected revelations of the mental health and weakness of our citizenry in a delicately balanced world, must bear fruit in the postwar life of our nation if we are to remain healthy, strong and preserve our way of life."

The war proved that one of ten Americans needed psychiatric treatment. "If these young men were representative of the nation," asked Robert H. Felix, who was to become the first director of NIMH, "what would be the absolute figures for the mental and nervous impairments of the entire nation?" Karl Menninger, probably the most influential American psychiatrist of this century, had long maintained that "all people have mental illness of different degrees at different times"; his brother William devised a system to prove it.

ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL— ALL MEN ARE MAD

Once the formal definitions were established, thanks to the Army and General Menninger, the game was open to any physician, social worker, cop or bureaucrat who learned the rules and wanted to play. As a result, reputable surveys in the mental-health field regularly maintain that anywhere from ten to 60 percent of the American population can use psychiatric attention at any given time. There is Nathan S.



"Read your policy. Mindless vandalism by disadvantaged sociopaths comes under the company's definition of acts of God."

Kline, the director of research at New York's Rockland Research Institute and one of the leading promoters of the "gentle restraints of tranquilizing medication," who claims that between 7,000,000 and 15,000,000 Americans are in need of treatment for depression but are not receiving it. New York psychiatrist Ronald Fieve, who believes that Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt and Winston Churchill could have benefited from drug therapy and who estimates that between 18,000,000 and 20,000,000 Americans suffer from depression. Or the Midtown Manhattan Study, which in 1962 declared that 24.4 percent of adult Americans suffer from psychological disorders.

UNCLE SAM IS A PUSHER

During the past generation, much of the mental-health network has become a drug-dispensing system in which medication is the basic, and often the only, mode of treatment. The Federal Government, though it collects data on the most minute details of the mental-health system, has strangely never gathered any information on the percentage of people drugged-even in Government-supported institutions-or on the kinds of drugs provided, their dosages or the diagnoses upon which they are administered.

But even with the paucity of Government statistics, there are some indications of the extent of patient drugging: At San Francisco's West Side Community Mental Health Center, regarded as one of the most enlightened facilities on the West Coast, 52 percent of the outpatients are on drugs; across the bay in Richmond, a local mentalhealth clinic was revealed in 1977 to have more than 80 percent of its outpatients on drugs; and in a group of 20 clinics associated with Los Angeles County Mental Health Services, enough money is budgeted to provide a bottle of pills for each client each time he or she goes into the clinic for a visit.

Psychiatric staffing within mentalhealth clinics is generally so low that the cheapest and fastest way to handle a difficult patient is to hand him a bottle of pills or a prescription, sometimes torn from a preprinted and presigned pad. The ramifications of such procedures are illustrated by the case of "Edna McGuire," a woman who had been hospitalized several times after making obvious but ineffectual suicide gestures in the presence of her boyfriend. Discharged from the hospital, she is enrolled in a local outpatient clinic, where she sees a therapist once a month, or once every other month, and where on each visit she gets another set of refill prescriptions for her tranquilizers and for a drug that is supposed to control the twitches, rigidity, dry mouth and other side effects of the tranquilizers. 176 The clinician's notes for each visit generally consist of one-or-two-line entries: "Doing OK-needs appt."; "Doing wellsaw son after two years-thinks she has diabetes-will call for appt."; "In for meds-getting nervous again"; "Worried about everything but life has never been better"; "In for pills-doing OK." And after each visit, the clinician records, "Meds refilled" or "Meds."

During three years of treatment, Edna McGuire has consumed nearly 8000 pills; she has not had a medical examination during this time and no serious attempt has been made to help her change her dreary life. After one of her suicide gestures landed her in the hospital, the physician who prescribed most of the pills outlined his "plan" for her treatment: "Medicate, and hope for the best."

Medicate; above all, medicate. Concurrent with the postwar growth of the mental-health network was the emergence of behavior-control drugs. While amphetamines and barbiturates, the classic uppers and downers, had been standard pharmacology items for a number of years, the real breakthrough in this area came in the early Fifties, when a group of French physicians and pharmacologists stumbled onto the chlorpromazine today known as Thorazine.

The French group had been searching, one of them would later say, for a drug that might produce the "cold-bloodedness, 'indifference' or ataraxia extolled by the Stoics," and they found that Thorazine "reproduced in warm-blooded animals conditions existing in coldblooded or hibernating ones." While Thorazine was originally intended for use in surgery to slow heart rate, pulse and other organic functions, in 1951, French psychiatrists tried the drug on manic hospital patients-only to find its effects "interesting but not strong enough." The next year, doctors tried it on schizophrenics, with somewhat better "effects," and by 1954, physicians on both sides of the Atlantic were administering it to thousands of institutionalized patients with what Thorazine advocates, then and now, regarded as near miraculous results. As Frank J. Ayd, Jr., a Baltimore psychiatrist and one of the most vocal American advocates of psychotropic medication, said recently, "You will be impressed by the serenity [in mental hospitals]. You will sense the attitude of realistic optimism that predominates. Flowers, curtains, paintings, music, fresh air and comfortable, tidy lounges make a pleasant environment for clean, tranquil patients."

Predictably, the mental-health profession and the drug industry promised not only to remedy such formal categories of mental illness as schizophrenia and depression but also to cure a long list of maladies that had never been regarded as diseases. The result can be seen in the medical and psychiatric journals of the

past two decades, journals whose pages are laden with advertisements showing women with anxious faces and disheveled hair standing in front of stacks of dirty dishes, or women cowering behind prisonlike bars, holding mops and brooms; and under the photos are the reassuring messages: "You can't set her free, but you can help her feel less anxious"; "In premenstrual tension, your prescription of Equanil can help ease his wife's anxiety, thus reducing her irritability and nervousness"; "She has insomnia, so he's awake. Restless and irritable, she growls at her husband. How can this shrew be tamed?"

Women are not alone in this mélange. The pharmaceutical house Hoffman-LaRoche conjured up an anxious college student for whom "exposure to new friends and other influences may force her to re-evaluate her goals" and for whom Librium might be a savior. Meanwhile, McNeil Laboratories checked in with a picture of a swarthy, thick-lipped young man who, fist clenched, is snarling at the camera. "Assaultive and belligerent?" asks the text. "Cooperation often begins with Haldol. Acts promptly to control aggressive, assaultive behavior.'

The message is clear: If you can't cure, control.

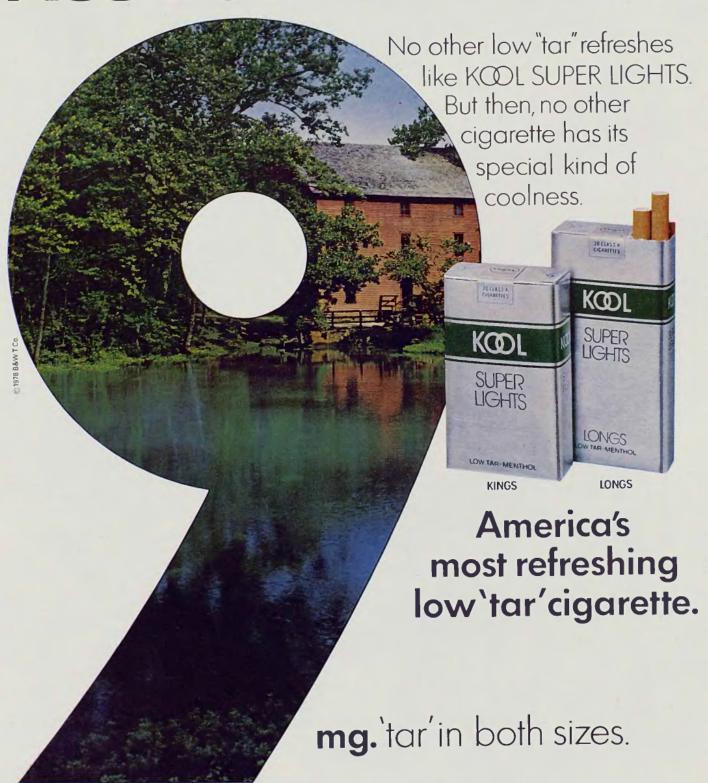
Medicate. The patients walk in or are coaxed in or are dragged in: the 65-yearold woman whose eccentricity has been an embarrassment to her suburban children and who thinks that the injections she gets at the clinic are for her back pains; the student drugged with tranquilizers after a Saturday-night brawl; the housewife dosed with Elavil after her doctor convinces her that she is having a breakdown because she refuses to cook her husband's breakfast; the kid on Ritalin because he-like most kidscan't sit still in school; the black teenaged girl who "assaulted a ten-year-old boy for calling her names" and who, after five days in a locked ward, is dosed with four different drugs, including a tranquilizer that is given in amounts roughly double the maximum recommended in the medical manuals.

The patients are labeled depressed or hyperactive or schizophrenic, sometimes at random and often with only the most cursory examination. They are drugged accordingly and, if they continue to misbehave, they are drugged some more.

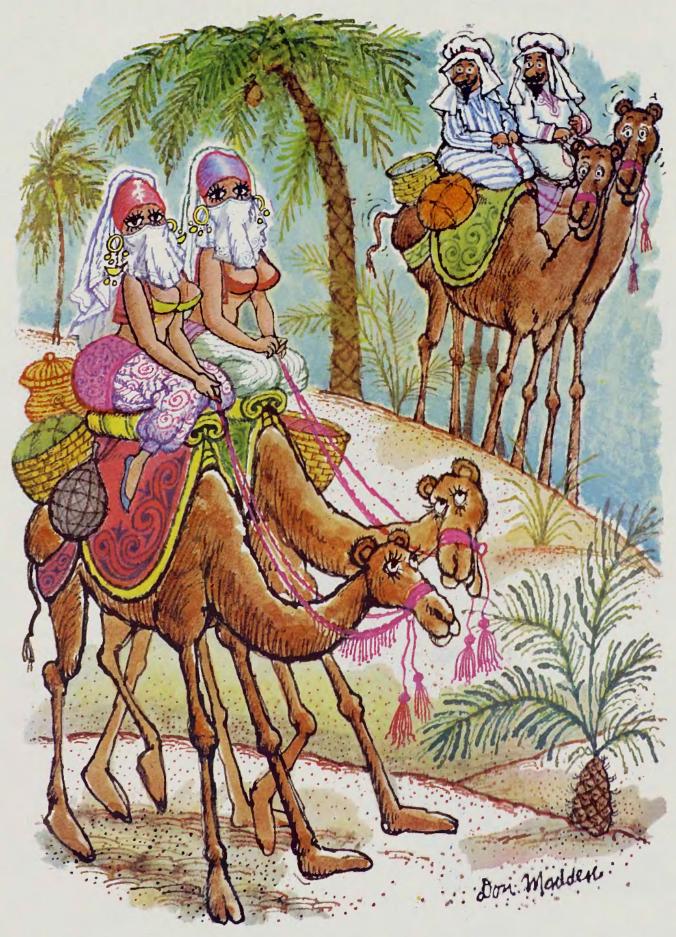
The majority of the over 30,000,000 Americans who are regular users of prescription psychoactive drugs have never visited a psychiatrist or had any other formal contact with the mental-health network. They get their prescriptions from internists, gynecologists, pediatricians and general practitioners who know even less about the drugs than do the psychiatrists. Most of the drug users are women and the heaviest users of all are women in the lowest quarter of the economic scale-women in tract houses

Discover the most refreshing low 'tar.'

KOOL SUPER LIGHTS



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



"I feel a hump coming on."

going "crazy" trying to take care of three or four young children without help, sympathy or day care. But they have lots of company, these "crazy" ladies, including hundreds of thousands of office, farm- and factoryworkers, truck drivers, airline stewardesses, telephone operators, waitresses and students who use tranquilizers, amphetamines or other drugs to get them through the day (or night) and who often take them right on the job.

What these people and millions of others have learned-what the drug industry and the mental-health profession have taught them-is that they have not only a right but an obligation to be free of "anxiety," "tension" and other forms of "psychic distress"; that there is no difference between being bad and being sick; and that things such as character, responsibility and behavior are themselves only vestigial words that actually describe chemical and mechanical effects of the brain.

In the process, the professionals have medicalized-and thus legitimizedmood and behavior control for everyman. Beyond the Valium is the nervous breakdown and beyond the breakdown is the Thorazine, the hospital and the shock treatments. What's illegal when it's bought on the street is blessed when held in the ministrating hands of the man in the white coat,

Psychotropic drugs, including hallucinogens, have been used for thousands of years, but the drug revolution that began with Thorazine in the Fifties democratized an idea that, until then, had been regarded as the exclusive province of totalitarian societies and futuristic novels: Virtually everyone is out of control; virtually everyone is to some extent the unaccountable victim of his own chemistry; and virtually everyone's mind can be regarded as a proper object of manipulation.

The drugs involve everyone in the ideology of mental health, whether he is formally a part of the network or not; we all help transform every physician into a parapsychiatrist and he, in turn, imposes on us a reconformation of the normative standards that the dominant culture imposes. It is a closed loop: Mental health legitimizes the drugs; the drugs legitimize mental health. In traditional psychiatry, the subject of mental health largely consisted of speculative chatter and was therefore subject to debate; with the advent of behavior-control drugs, however, mental health became a specific "scientific" discipline, one whose power increases daily and which tolerates no debate.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 19-Wearing a blue delegate's ribbon and a tiny gold peanut pinned to her blue dress, Rosalynn Carter announced

INTRODUCING THE BLACK MIST.



FOR IRISH MIST PRINT 22" X 16", SEND \$2 TO PO. BOX 11152, NEWINGTON, CONN. 06111

F YOU HAVE A TASTE FOR HISTORY, REDISCOVER THE NATURAL TASTE OF MEAD IN THE DRINK THAT MAY BE YOUR MATCH:

JE The Black Mist. **Equal** parts Imported Irish Mist and dark Creme de Cacao on-the-rocks.

JE Uncommonly smooth. Remarkably delicious.

Yet, not to be taken lightly.

JE For its potency traces its roots back thousands of years to Man's unquenchable thirst for the legendary taste of mead:

JEA zesty and pleasing spirit touched with natural overtones of honey, herbs and spices.

JEA taste rediscovered in Irish Mist.

Before or after dinner, it is the perfect balance of potency and good taste one would expect from "The Legendary Spirit of Man."

And, to "The Black Mist," it brings a taste of history.

Imported Irish Mist.

* The natural taste of mead. Rediscover it in "The Black Mist."

IRISH MIST: THE LEGENDARY SPIRIT OF MAN.

IMPORTED IRISH MIST* LIQUEUR. 80 PROOF. \$1978 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN., U.S.A.

today that her husband had promised to establish a President's commission on mental health after he takes office.

The announcement drew prolonged applause. Her listeners were some 500 delegates to the annual meeting of the National Association for Mental Health.

The majority seemed to share the view of the South Carolina delegate who said . . . "Rosalynn's interest in mental health will give our organization a tremendous boost."

Mrs. Carter told the delegates here that her interest in mental health dates from Jimmy Carter's 1970 campaign for the Georgia governorship. Mrs. Carter said that as she traveled around the state, she was amazed at the number of people who told her of mental-health problems in their families.

"I began to realize that something had to be done," she said, "and that we were the ones that had to do it."—The New York Times, November 20, 1976

For all the medical hazards, the most dangerous effect of the ideology of drugging as a means of behavior control lies in what it teaches us about the right and duty to be normal. Such an ideology creates the illusion that it is science, not the uncertain standards of politics and

culture, that determines normative behavior; that to be a good patient is to be a good citizen; and that the presence of an arbitrary social authority is part of the natural order.

The historic American faith in human transformation and social betterment was not the exclusive possession of a single class or caste of experts, nor was it in any sense manifested in a technology or in a policy of government-other than the policy of nonintervention itself. As a practical matter, this faith therefore devolved to individual responsibility, to such hoary personality qualities as character, will and ambition. The original American mystery was, at least in theory, and at least for white men, a celebration of the ability of everyman to cope for himself and of the society to create conditions—mainly by leaving him alone in which he could successfully do so.

Under the new mystiques and techniques of mental health, that faith is rapidly being replaced by an ideology that teaches the individual that he is a victim of his own chemistry and neurological circuits, a mechanical device to be tuned, repaired and pacified by experts who know more about him than he does. If he rebels or deviates from social norms, therefore, it is not because he has chosen to do so, or because there is something wrong with the norms, but because he is sick. Not culpable, not mal-

feasant, not criminal—but sick. And each instance of intervention narrows the bounds of acceptable behavior for the rest of the population; each person formally declared deviant brings the next person closer to the margin.

The ideology and the propaganda that condition people to accept mental-health services are themselves reinforced, at least for the moment, by the Government's need to control the growing number of superfluous people-the young, the old, the unemployed-who are no longer subject to the conventional controls of the market or who, because of changing standards of community acceptability and social hygiene (standards themselves promulgated by the new industries of intervention), have been declared presently or potentially deviant. For these citizens, medical and behavioral sciences cancel the protections of due process and make unnecessary the overtly invidious (therefore more resistible) distinctions of class, race, age or sex.

Slowly, subtly, humanely, science repeals the Constitution. Eventually—tomorrow, 50 years hence—we and our progeny will no longer know or care whether we are being served or controlled, treated or punished, or whether we are volunteers or conscripts. The distinctions will have vanished.

A

The Supreme Status Watch!



The only Timepiece of its kind in the world.

No other timepiece comes close! Because here is a completely-new kind of time system. Incredibly complex. Yet marvelously simple to own and use.

Only the Citizen heritage of superb craftsmanship could achieve this multi-feature instrument. It can outperform every other watch in the world.

To own it is to know instant response...and supreme rersatility.

Here is the Status Watch supreme...as unique as the exciting life style it was born to serve.

MEMO/CHIME Model #40-1030-50

When you forget...Citizen remembers



"With that much power and that much wing area, the nose didn't lift, the whole plane did."

watch. It was too late for me to do anything else, so I just flipped it off the road. Totaled it, as you can see. And I'll tell you what kind of genius Dave Horal is. I had a rock concert to perform at near Sacramento about a month later. He organized a team of 30 men who rebuilt this whole plane-an eight-month job-in 24 days.'

I looked at the picture again. "Amazing," I said, and then I noticed a sign just above it. It read, when you are up TO YOUR ASS IN ALLICATORS, IT'S DIFFICULT TO REMIND YOURSELF THAT THE INITIAL OBJECTIVE WAS TO DRAIN THE SWAMP. It made me want to go out and practice some more, and while Baron and Joe rigged a robot camera on the tail, I did. Twenty or so more times, up and down, pausing on the wing to talk to myself, to look for blue patches in the gray sky. There weren't any.

When the camera had been bolted to the tail and after both planes had been checked, Joe looked at the soup over us and said, "Why don't we go ahead and give it a try? I think we've got enough ceiling to make it. We'll stay out along the beach."

Joe and Dian talked over the flight plan, and then he got a leather flight helmet with goggles and handed it to me. It was Donna's and my head and hair were too much for it, so that when I buckled the chin strap, it cut off half my air and raised the pitch of my voice. I tugged it down, tried to stretch it, but it wasn't much use.

Joe put his leather helmet on, and then Baron took a picture of the two of us. Joe said, "You ready?"

"Let's do it," I said.

"After you," he said, and motioned to the forward cockpit. I climbed in. There was a smell like alcohol when he first turned the engine over, then gasoline as the big motor got into a baritone roar and washed us with warm air. The whole plane vibrated, but there was nothing loose, nothing rattled. Next to us, Dian started the engine of the Cessna 210 chase plane and idled it. She and Baron waved and I waved back at them. Then the stick in front of me waggled

back and forth and the rudder pedals moved as if there were a ghost in the machine, then the engine noise rose and we began moving: out around the hangar, across the potholes in the tarmac, onto the runway and down to the run-up area at its northern end. We parked there for a minute of preflight checks and Dian caught up. I was talking to myself:

"The next time your feet hit the ground, you will have wing-walked," I said. "Breathe."

Joe wheeled the plane around, gunned the engine and almost as soon as we began to run, I felt the whole plane soar. With that much power and that much wing area, the nose didn't lift, the whole plane did, and as soon as it was airborne, you could feel the tight responsiveness of it. I put my hand up into the prop wash to get some idea of what I'd be climbing up into. It was strong, but not too. And it was cold.

We banked and below us in dull rows were the dull houses with their swimming pools, without any mature trees. L.A. has always been known for what it is because you can see every bleak moment of it from the air, I thought.

Almost immediately after climbing out of our take-off, we were in the fog. From the ground, it had looked as if it

(continued on page 184)

Chime by Citizen.



- 1. The Time: Gives hours, minutes, seconds, AM
 - The Calendar: Shows month, date, day
- 3. Alarm 1: Sounds every day at the hour and minute selected. The MemoChime memory never forgets!
- 4. Alarm 2: Added convenience, extra reminder. Works separately from Alarm 1.
- 5. All Alarms Deleted: Both Alarm 1 and Alarm 2 can be deleted and reset easily and quickly.
- 6. The Chime: Sounds every hour on the hour with two sharp beeps. Once set, MemoChime's memory will mark the hours.
- 7. Chime-Deleted: The chime feature can be deleted by simply depressing the reset button.
- 8. Timer: A classic "countdown"...indicates time still remaining in time period; beep signals for one minute when period is up.
- 9. Stop Watch: Times intervals up to 11 hours, 59 minutes, 59 seconds.



PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



TAKE T AND SHE

In case you didn't know, PLAYBOY pays a \$1000 finder's fee to anyone discovering a Playmate of the Month. And just to help you search for candidates, we've created an Official Playboy Playmate Talent Scout T-shirt that's available from Playboy Club Sales, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611, for \$6.50, postpaid. With each T-shirt (S, M, L or XL), you'll also get a preliminary release sheet for the candidate to sign and info on how to submit the pictures. We've always said it pays to girl-watch.



WALK ON

To promote the lost art of walking, the Kinney Shoe Corporation has announced a Walking Tours of America program that consists of four separate packages of Walking Tour brochures (the West, the South and Southwest, the Midwest and the East) available for one dollar each from Kinney Walking Tours, P.O. Box 5006, New York, N.Y. 10022. The West, for example, covers Northern and Southern California, Washington, Oregon, Colorado and downtown Los Angeles. Well, five out of six ain't bad.

THE HOUSE LIGHTS DIM. . . .

The Theater Historical Society of America "welcomes all those with an interest in the glamorous past, the ever-changing present and the unknown future of the theater in America . . . from nickelodeons to opera houses." For the annual membership fee of \$10 sent to Membership Secretary, T.H.S., P.O. Box 2416, Alameda, California 94501, you get a year's subscription to the quarterly journal of the society. And if you're free next July, they'll be holding their annual convention in San Antonio, home of the John Eberson Majestic theater . . . and the Alamo.





MINI-JAWS

The piranha, of course, is a charming South American fighting fish that has a set of razor-sharp choppers and the disposition of a killer bee. One safe way to import piranhas is stuffed and mounted-and that's just what the people at Keynes Imports, 711 W. Buckingham Place, Chicago, Illinois 60657, have done. A four-inch monster goes for \$6.95, a five-incher is \$8.95 and a tiger six will set you back \$10.95. All are mounted on rosewood bases, posed with their mouths open, flashing that famous piranha smile, ready to strike. Your motherin-law will love one.

KEEP 'EM ROLLIN'

The ice may be gone from the old hockey rink, but there's no reason you can't still make like Phil Esposito if you own a pair of BiSkates, the two-wheel roller skate that RLS Products, P.O. Box 799, Santa Monica, California 90406, is marketing for \$28 to \$80. The ultrarugged hockey type is built for nasty action and the figure style features a polyure-thane toe pick that facilitates fancy twirling, twinkle toes. We'll take ours with training wheels, please.



IT'S IN THE BOOK

Who else but Uncle Sam would print a pamphlet on "Christmas Decorations Made with Plant Materials" and then give it away? It's just one of several hundred that you can obtain free or at a very nominal cost simply by writing to the Consumer Information Center, Pueblo, Colorado 81009, and asking for its latest catalog of selected Federal publications of consumer interest. The subjects cover everything from ants to varicose veins. Nothing on tax cuts, however.



MUG SHOT

You egomaniacs who can't get enough of a good thing-yourselves-will definitely want a seven-inch-tall ceramic mug made to look like you, you handsome devils. They're done by West Coast caricature artist Larry Shapiro. Each of them costs \$78, postpaid, and takes three to four weeks to complete. Order yoursor a friend's-from Sanelle Gift Gallery, 814 N. LaCienega Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069, and be sure to include at least one front and one profile photograph, in color. Or, if a mug mug isn't your bag. Shapiro also makes large and small puss-planters for \$178 and \$128. Can you dig them?



PUBLICATION

P.S., WE LOVE YOU

Even though most New York kids hated school, they loved those funky old solid-brass City of New York doorknobs. So much so, in fact, that most of the original ones have disappeared. Rather than see a little bit of history slip away, a company called Alumnus, at 157 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019, is selling solidbrass accessories emblazoned with re-creations of the public school doorknob design. A paperweight, as shown, costs \$20, a desk set is \$25 and a belt buckle goes for \$15, all postpaid. There's nothing we like better than good-looking knobs.

COOKIE CUTUPS

Confucius say: "Chinese meal without fortune cookie like night without nookie," or something to that effect. And the cookie moguls at Peoples Products Corporation, P.O. Box 20145, San Jose, California 95160, have gone one step further; they've taken a number of Peter Gowland nudes and slipped one along with a zodiac fortune into each of their Ah So fortune cookies. A box with ten different girls in the cookies will set you back \$3.99. (If you're really hungry, a case of 50 boxes costs \$135.) There's just one problem: The cookies are good, the fortunes are fun and the girls look great-but 30 minutes later, you're horny again.



WING WALK

(continued from page 181)

"I put both of my arms up into the prop wash. It was powerful, very powerful, and it scared me."

were 1000 feet up, but it was much lower, really, perhaps 500 feet. Visibility was a half mile, maybe less. We flew west to the beach and then circled over the oil fields and the coast highway till Dian caught up to us and then took a position off our right wing and slightly above us. She was no more than 50 yards away from us and the fog was fuzzing our view. I didn't like it. The visibility in front of us was so limited it occurred to me that if we met another small plane flying north along the coast, it was going to take a radical maneuver to keep from a head-on. I told myself it wasn't my worry. Joe had to take care of that and everything else that called for any aerobatic skill. All I had to do was climb to the top of the monkey bars without thinking too much about the fact that they were on the top wing of an in-flight biplane. I looked straight ahead, I counted my teeth with my tongue, I took deep air through my nose, I told myself to concentrate.

We flew straight and steady and the noise from the engine was constant and smooth. I waited for Joe to reach forward and tap me. It didn't come. Five minutes. I was only vaguely aware of the chase plane now, adjusting its position forward and back, up and down. Still no signal. I wanted to do it. I was as ready as I was going to get. I didn't want to sit there thinking about it anymore. It's the thinking that tears you up.

"You're all right," I said out loud. "You're all right,"

I felt a finger in my ribs. I stiffened and turned around to look at Joe. He was shaking his head no. At first it didn't register, and when it did, a spark of relief went all the way through me, then almost immediately, a horrible, frustrated, sinking feeling took its place. It wasn't over; it hadn't even begun. The next time my feet hit the ground, I would not have wing-walked. I was going to have to go through it all again. I undid the strap on my helmet and pulled my goggles up.

We banked steeply and then headed north for Meadowlark. On the way, I put both of my arms up into the prop wash. It was powerful, very powerful, and it scared me. We made our approach, landed and taxied. Joe cut the engine. I climbed out onto the bottom wing, took off my helmet and when my hair hit the air, a wave of fatigue rolled over me that was totally unexplainable in terms of anything physical I had done.

I told Joe I'd tested the prop wash on the way back and that it seemed brutal.

"I saw you do it," he said, "but we were going 130 when you did. We'll only be going 80 when you climb out. There's a big difference. Don't worry. Anyway, it's too low up there. We're going to have to wait it out. It might still clear this afternoon. Let's go get some coffee."

"Herman is a bisexual. He only wants to make love twice a month."

We drove several miles to a restaurant and as we did, I watched the sky. There were some small blue moments in it, but for the most part, it was still gray, almost drizzling. Baron and Dian and Joe talked about flying and though I tried for a while, I couldn't listen. In the restaurant, we ordered food and I went on brooding, aware of the half-light coming through a window behind me. The waitress brought me a hamburger. I had two bites and both of them went down and then sat in my stomach like clay. I was dying inside of if, maybe and perhaps. I couldn't hold anything in my head except my own worst fantasies. I was weak and rummy and nauseated. Then a shaft of sunlight came through the window and splashed over my neck and shoulders. It was as if someone had thrown hot soup on me. I whipped around and saw a mammoth chunk of blue in the overcast, bigger than any we'd seen all day. A minute later, it was gray again, and then, a minute after that, more sun. Somebody, I don't remember who, said something. I didn't answer, couldn't. I had my hands folded in my lap and they had begun to shake. No, I thought, cloud over, you bastard, rain, blow, save my wretched ass . . . I can't do it like this.

A few minutes later, Joe said we ought to head back to Meadowlark, so we'd be ready to take off if the clearing continued. We stood up from the table and I took the check to the cashier. Joe and Dian waited outside on the sidewalk. Baron came over to me and said, "How you doing?"

"Not good," I told him. I almost blurted it. "I've got the shakes. It's this waiting. I'm sick to my stomach, weak, it's got me."

"Let's tell Joe," he said. "You shouldn't do this if you don't feel good."

"I know, but I don't want to blow it like this."

"Don't worry about that," he said. "Come on, let's tell Joe."

On the sidewalk, I said, "Joe, I don't know if I can do this today. I'm scared. It's this damn waiting; I feel terrible. I don't want to blow it, though. I mean, if this is as good as the weather is going to get, I don't want to blow it... but, Jesus..."

He looked at me as if he'd suspected it and he responded quickly, "I'll tell you what: We'll call weather when we get back to the airport and if the forecast is good, we'll scrub this afternoon and do it in the morning."

"All right," I said. "But if this is the best it's going to be, I don't want to miss it."

"I'm glad you told me," he said. "I thought you looked a little shaky. And, listen: I want this to be one of the best experiences of your life. That's the only way I want to do it."

On the way to Meadowlark, we talked

some more and both Joe and Dian worked very hard at making me feel my decision was that of a wise man instead of a coward. I didn't know which it was and I didn't care.

When we got to the airport, Dian made the call and then told us, "Partly cloudy tomorrow. This is a clearing trend."

"That settles it, then," Joe said. "We go in the morning. You get some rest. You're doing fine."

On the way back to the motel, I told Baron that I had discovered the surest way to break somebody: You take him right up to the edge of the pit, let him get a real good look at the snakes down there, and then jerk him back, make him wait, let him stew in his own fear.

I got back into my room about five o'clock. I made some notes, then I lay down on the bed and passed out. Two hours later, I woke up and Baron and I went to dinner. At nine, I lay down again, passed out again and when I woke up, it was five in the morning and I was soaked with sweat. At first, I didn't remember where I was or what I was afraid of. Then I did and, for some reason, the first thought that came into my head was of Catherine of Genoa, a humorless 15th Century mystic I'd read about, who, they said, took no cognizance of things except as they presented themselves to her moment by moment. To her, only the present was divine, and when the duty that was involved in it was done, she let it pass away, as if it had never been, to make room for the duties of the moment that came after. A hundred other saints, prophets and charlatans have said the same thing and why Catherine was chosen to lecture me on it that morning I don't know. But I got a wonderful picture of her up on the wing in her robes and it turned my mood up. I took a long shower and I enjoyed the hell out of it. I did an hour of yoga and got up from it feeling fine. But by the time Baron and I got into the car and started north, the energy of my epiphany had begun to fade. I got quiet. Then I told Baron, "This is the last one. I'm through with these damn things. It's stupid to do this to yourself on purpose. It takes too much to work up to them . . . nobody knows . . . I'm never going to be able to explain it, and after this one, I'm not going through it anymore. It makes me think I'm crazier than I've been admitting and I never thought that before."

"How do you feel right now?" he asked.
"I feel great *physically*," I told him.

"I'm going to do it . . . doing it won't be hard . . . hell, dying probably won't even be that hard if I do it . . . but waiting to do it"

When I heard myself talking about death, it sounded melodramatic. I didn't expect to die, didn't even expect to get hurt. The sun was shining, there were surfers out along the beach. But once I'd talked about death, I had to deal with it again in my head. If you're going to die, I told myself, at least get some fun out of it.

It was about ten o'clock when we rolled the Super Stearman out of the hangar again. Joe and Dian and Baron got both planes ready while I ran, and did some more yoga, and talked to myself about the sanctity of the present moment. I felt fine and I attributed most of it to the sun, which was bright and warm and more than a match for the scattered clouds that were drifting in from the ocean.

When everything was ready, Dian helped me buckle my tight helmet, and then she and Baron got into the Cessna 210 and fired it up.

Joe smiled at me, shook my hand and said, "Good luck."

"Let's forget the headstand and the part about going upside down," I told him.

"You sure?" he asked. "Once you get up there and see how easy it is, you might want to."

"Well," I said, "you have to save something for the next life. I'll do the body surfing; that'll be enough."

He smiled, we shook hands again, then the two of us climbed into the plane, taxied to the gas pumps and, while Joe filled the tank, I stared straight ahead and tried to clear my mind. It worked pretty well, though my overworked heart wasn't paying much attention.

We took off and flew due south along the beach again. Ten minutes later, we were over South Laguna and we turned east. The chase plane came alongside close enough for me to see Dian talking into her headset and Baron at the rear window with his camera up to his eye. I looked at the air-speed indicator in front of me: 80 mph exactly. The clouds were above us and below us and at our altitude and they were wispy. The air itself was smooth and cool and Joe was holding the plane as steady as a marble desktop. I knew we were close. I looked up at the handles on the wing and felt old friend adrenaline coming into my blood. A few seconds later, Joe tapped me, and when I looked around, he nodded his head and put one thumb up. My heart went into overdrive. I told myself, Now!, grabbed the handles over my head and stood up into the prop



"Speed up, drink, smoke, eat lots, make out with girls. . . ."



wash. It was strong and noisy but much better than when I had put my arms up into it the day before. I got up onto the back of the seat and as soon as my head was above the wing, the air was smoother and quieter. I grabbed the bar and a guy wire with my armpits, got my left foot into the wing handle, and then in one move that felt like pushing up off the bottom of a swimming pool, I pulled myself up and into the rig. I hooked both feet under the straps, and when I looked up, I was staring straight at the Santa Ana Mountains, 20 miles ahead. When I looked down, I saw the blue, green and brown crest of the coastal hills.

"Hot damn," I said out loud and then remembered the part about keeping my mouth shut. No telling what's flying around loose at 2500 feet above Southern California and whatever was there, I didn't want to eat it. Then I saw the crows. They were far below us. I looked around for birds at our altitude, but I didn't see any. We flew through a small cloud and I felt it on my skin.

The chase plane was just behind us and when I looked around, Dian was smiling and Baron was taking pictures. I waved, then I flew my arms out as if I were a condor, then I laughed to myself. I was still frightened, my body was still tight, but up there in the heat of it, I could see Mexico to the south, I thought, and Los Angeles to the north, the wind felt like water and the sun seemed closer than it does on the ground.

I had thought it might be something like surfing up there, but Joe kept the wing so steady, so flat that except for the wind and the noise, I might as well have been standing in the bed of a parked pickup truck.

Then he rocked the wings. That was the signal for me to do my trick. I took my feet out from under the straps and, one at a time, I put them behind me into the wing handles. Then I let go of the guy wires and leaned out over the front of the wing. The wind held me all right, but the view I got from that position was straight down, so I held it for only a few seconds. When I climbed back up into the rig, it felt safe and comfortable. Then Joe banked to the left and for a moment all the fear was back. I grabbed the guy wires and felt my eyes get big, and when he straightened out, I heard myself saying, "This is not right, it's pretty, but it's not right . . . doesn't look good on your record to have come out here and done this . . . you're getting much too good at ignoring your own best instincts . . . just get back in the cockpit, get back on the ground and go home."

We flew steady for a few minutes more

and I hung on with both hands while we did. Then I felt the wings rock again, which was my signal to climb down. I stood out from under the straps, bent down into my armpit grip, then lowered myself by the handles and dropped the last two feet into the cockpit. I hit the seat and there might as well have been slippers and a joint and a roaring fireplace in there, because that's how safe and warm and good it felt. Joe tapped me and when I turned around, he had his hand up for me to shake. I did, and I smiled and I mouthed the words "Hot damn."

Baron and Dian pulled alongside and got a shot of me with both thumbs up, smiling like an idiot, and then we peeled off and headed north. A couple of minutes later, Joe tapped me and made a hand signal that we were going to do a loop the loop. Since I didn't have any belts on, he motioned for me to grab the underside of my instrument panel and I did. Then he put it into a highspeed dive, then pulled up. The g force pushed me down into my seat and I watched the horizon go upside down, then saw the ground coming up. Joe straightened it out, then streaked down a canyon toward the ocean and just about the time I thought we were going to pick up some telephone lines, he did a tight wing over and put us back on course.

On the way back, I admired the view, thought about what I'd done and just enjoyed the feeling of having tempted the Fates and found them sleeping. You can't help but feel proud and high after a ride as ambitious and wanton as that. It doesn't matter how deep-down scared you were before or how timid you were during the act itself; to have survived something that weird is such a victory that you begin to believe you somehow earned it. By the time Joe put the wheels on the runway, I was feeling damn near heroic.

Dian had landed ahead of us, so that Baron could get some shots of me climbing out of the plane, and when I did, I felt like Charles A. Lindbergh and was trying to look as much as possible like him for the camera. Joe and I shook hands and I thanked him. Then I signed his logbook and he told me I was one of only five people in the world ever to have climbed out of that cockpit to ride the wing.

"I hope to hell you got those pictures, Baron," I said.

"I got 'em," he said. "Don't worry. You're not going to believe it when you see what you just did."

Well, I've seen the pictures by now, they're beautiful and I believe them. But just barely,

"Her tongue was darting about like a rabbit in the headlights; her wheels were spinning."

Corinna, clad in only an apron, bent low over him, her breasts half lit by the same firelight that was flickering in the empty compartments of the tin-foil tray of their TV dinner. "I did like the horses' heads, Freddy. And the way they made the stage spin to show neurosis. I'll go. Let's go tomorrow night. Can you get tickets again? I'll pay this time."

Actually, Freddy had not planned to see her tomorrow night. These evenings of a fresh shirt and his suit getting out of press for nothing were getting on his nerves. There was a Japanese girl, an assistant to a landscape designer he would be seeing at conference tomorrow, who had given him the eye at the last conference, though it was hard to tell with those eyes, those opaque little pools of racial ambition, noncommittal as camera apertures. Still, he had planned to leave things open. Yet if he said no, Corinna would think he didn't have the pull to come up with the tickets. "OK," Freddy said. "But tell me you mean it. Otherwise, I'll wear the denim suit and a turtleneck."

At least, when he arrived, she was out of the tub. But she didn't know what to wear. It was a warm spring night, windy, ideal for walking to a cheeseburger, but unsettling otherwise. She padded back and forth from the living room to the bedroom, saying, "I hate my clothes." She showed him a wool dress that was too wintry and a cotton that was too summery. Everything was like that, nothing was right and never had been, she hated to shop; if she bought something, she hated it and if she didn't, she hated herself. When she was a little girl, her mother used to dress her up in these frilly tight party dresses and she'd take the neck in her two hands and rip it right down the middle, brrruup! Her tongue was darting about like a rabbit in the headlights; her wheels were spinning. As a boy, Freddy had had a blue Lionel model train that he loved. The locomotive sometimes would leave the track, and when he picked it up, it was surprisingly heavy and would give a tingle of excited heat to his hand; and when he set it back on the track, its wheels would spin and the armature of its heart would whir, the electrical connection made with magical suddenness. Corinna could be like that.

From the extreme reaches of her closet she produced a dress of silvery-blue, patterned abstractly in white, with a high Chinese-style neck. The Oriental touch chimed with the Japanese girl on Freddy's mind. More than once, in conference today, she had referred, with an opaque glance at Freddy, to her husband, who appeared to be an architect. No commission for him, if that was her thought. On all sides, Freddy was betrayed by hidden loyalties. First the Irish politicians, now the Japanese professionals. Corinna held the dress up against herself. The slim sheath cut of it made her look surprisingly tall. As firmly as, years ago, he had set the agitated little Lionel back on its track, Freddy told her to wear that dress. He was tired of babying her. She had had it.

He told her, "You've made us too late to look for a taxi, we'll have to walk." Spatterings of forsythia glowed in the brownstone churchyards of the Back Bay, and spots of daffodils behind the Public Garden fence. The dress's narrow skirt chopped her normally long stride to a hurried clatter. Fragrances of bloom, of car exhaust, of drained wine bottles were in the warm wind of Park Square. The Colonial Theater lobby was deserted. They took their seats in the dark, disrupting the row. By stage light, Freddy noticed a glisten of sweat on Corinna's upper lip; he touched the silken sleeve of her dress and she pulled her arm away. Gradually, the play absorbed his attention. The brave little female figure, alone on a stage that represented a spinster's house in Amherst, chatted with invisible presences, recited Emily Dickinson's poetry and called out through a phantom window to the audience. With her dark hair and plaintive, strained voice, she reminded Freddy of someone, someone very distant yet very familiar. It came to him: his wife. Loretta, too, had parted her hair severely in the middle, brushed at her hips to smooth away agitation, called out in a voice of cracked, retracted melody, laughed as if to hint at an inner soreness, been shyly stagy, had a pointed chin, had even written poetry, come to think of it. She inhabited an empty house, however, nowhere outside of Freddy's skull, for she had briskly remarried and borne two children; but this is how he saw her, breathing an aura of desertion, twitchily strumming the filaments of an irrecoverable loss. As the playwright's design proceeded to suggest that Emily Dickinson had triumphed in her loneliness, perversely choosing it, the parallel possibility unpleasantly dawned that he,



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Freddy, had not so much left Loretta as she had rejected him. Him.

The curtain came down; the lights went up. Corinna's face looked round as a moon, though pink, and broadly smiling. "Is it really only two acts? Isn't it stifling in here?" she asked.

"I hadn't noticed."

"You seem so preoccupied. Sad. What

are you thinking about?"

The blue of the dress as it enclosed her throat brought out the blue of her eyes startlingly; it thrilled him like a spurt of ice water to realize he must dump her. Nothing to lose through the truth, then. "My first wife," he answered.

"Your only wife, as I understand it," Corinna said. "Let's get up."

He took her into the lobby and bought her a cone of orangeade. Even in this crush, he imagined, she was being admired-her rosy high color, her cool blue stare as she sucked at the straw. Her cheeks dented in, draining the last. The warning bell rang. As they shuffled toward their aisle, she placed her hand heavily on his forearm. "Freddy. I'm going to faint."

"Faint?" It seemed a concept wildly out of fashion, like bastardy or family prayers.

'Why would you do that?"

"I feel vomity," she said, staring ahead. Her rosy face had gone waxen. The crow's-feet at the corners of her eyes had smoothed away, he noticed. The weight of her hand on his arm slippingly intensified and he put his arm around her waist to hold her upright. Her legs seemed to be abdicating responsibility for her body.

"You really want to do this?" he asked, and in the silence of her response, the calm of disaster descended upon him. She mustn't fall to the floor here, to be trampled by Italian leather. He spotted a sign that spelled LADIES at the corner of the lobby, past some pilasters. "Hold tight," he muttered. Corinna was still conscious but leaning against him like a flying buttress. He pulled her toward the archway; there was no door to push through, just some astonished faces to brush aside. A female attendant the size and age of Freddy's mother, and with the same hobbling thrust, strode forward indignantly. "She's fainting," Freddy called to her, and the indignation on the old lady's face hesitantly dissolved. Corinna's weight went altogether dead, a silken ton of blood.

"Poor thing," the attendant said, and bent to share Freddy's responsibility.

In less than a second, he had appraised his surroundings. That pink door must lead to the toilets. There was no plumbing in sight, just mirrors and dollops of gilt, as if squeezed from a giant icing tube. So this was a ladies' lounge. Everywhere there were places to sit, for ladies to be faint upon, chairs and sofas. The room, emptying as the second warning bell sounded, still held women, perhaps a dozen; they formed an audience as Freddy and the motherly attendant

lowered Corinna's utterly limp and ponderous body onto the nearest receptacle, a chaise longue covered with blue stripes that complemented the skyey pallors of her dress.

She was out cold, and looked lovely. Displayed thus on the dainty chaise, her long legs trailing to the floor, she had grown huge in unconsciousness. Bent above her, Freddy felt himself engorged by pride. She was his, his, with her wide hips tugging the dress into horizontal wrinkles and her hands flopped palm up at the end of arms longer than swans' necks and her oblivious face impassive and wide as that of a Mayan idol. Only he, in the audience gathered around her body, knew her name; it, and all of the trivial facts with which she might have described herself, had sunk into the depths her sudden, majestic abdication. He was one of these details and he, too, with his money and his mother and his cunning, his maddening resistance to marriage, had sunk with them, without a trace; he had ceased to grieve her, he was lost within her, as within the universe. How big she was, his doll! How beautiful and mysterious! The inside of his chest felt crammed, scraped, distended. In panic, he wanted to call her back into being, from behind her face, this untouchable mask with a strand of disarrayed hair pasted to one cheek, lest it find peace too blissful and begin to decompose. He was inside her, somehow, every detail of him down to his mediocre record at Colgate and his father's humiliating shoe store. He wanted to see her lips move, her eyelids flutter. He wanted to be allowed to put their lives back on the track.

The attendant thrust some smelling salts under Corinna's nose. The rapt face grimaced and then, in an instant, beaded all over with sweat. The watching women greeted this prodigy with murmurs, and Freddy, as somehow its father, took their applause as a compliment to himself. Exercising his prerogatives, he bent a shade closer, and Corinna's nostrils perceptibly narrowed. The ammonium carbonate was reapplied, and this time her soul pushed through the maze of her physiology and popped her eyes open. "Oh," was her single word. Her eyes in fright searched all their faces until they found his, and closed. Her hand, however, lingered to brush aside the strand now tickling her cheek. In ten minutes, she was ready to walk out into the air.

The second act, he supposed, would have been much like the first.

She said it was the dress; that dress made her feel, the cut of it and fabric both, closed in, which is why she had put it, though she knew it was flattering, at the back of her closet.

They were married in the open, on a site where some slums had been cleared as part of one of Freddy's packages.



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THE BOOKIE AS HERO (continued from page 150)

"Howie's only vacations come on Christmas Day and during baseball's three-day All-Star break."

gap in the narrative. "A minute later," he continues, "all those guys were running over and giving me my money back. Out of three grand, I lost maybe \$130." Victor does not bother to specify what he did to the guy he grabbed. When he uses the story to strike fear into bettors who are slow in paying, he finds it more effective to let them imagine for themselves whether he killed the guy or merely maimed him.

The boss maintains a very low profile, calling once or twice a day to keep up with which teams the bettors are favoring and meeting Howie once a week to settle up. The boss oversees perhaps a dozen moderate-sized sheets in his area; his system is roughly similar to that of a fastfood franchiser. He provides a newcomer with training, a guide to finding customers and occasional services such as warnings of police interference and assistance in collecting bad debts. In return, he expects certain standards of smooth operation, an honest count and a specified piece of the profit. Howie will not say much about his boss but gives the impression that his superior is just another

bookmaker, hoping that the wins keep outnumbering the losses-a hard-working executive a rung or two above Howie in

Ultimately, organized crime is involved in all this; but in most cases, it remains a vague and distant force. The mere knowledge of the Mob's existence is intimidating enough to keep eager young bookies from deciding they want more than half of their sheets; newcomers realize very quickly that if they don't pay for support from the organization, they will not last long in the trade. And it does not take a genius to figure out that the money keeps filtering up through various executive levels to the top, where it may be channeled into drugs, loan-sharking and other criminal enterprises far less savory than the victimless act of helping

But that kind of maneuvering takes place far above Howie or even his boss. At Howie's level, the closest thing to a criminal is the field-goal kicker who hooks a short one left of the goal post, costing Howie maybe \$5000. And while it is soothing to know that someone up above is keeping an eye on police patterns and maintaining people who can be very convincing bill collectors, Howie scarcely thinks of those factors in his daily grind.

"I asked for help only once in two years," he says. "A guy lost \$2400 in baseball and he didn't pay a cent for a year. Finally, I had the boss send some guys to see him. The guy kept screaming, 'Go ahead, kill me, I don't have the money. Kill me, because I can't pay.' They reasoned with him and now he's paying. It's only \$25 or \$50 a week, but at least he's trying to do what's right."

Howie refuses to reveal his income, and a survey of other bookies produced only a vague estimate: An office of his size probably nets him between \$25,000 and \$40,000 a year. "I couldn't tell you how much I make if I wanted to," he says. "Some weeks you win, some weeks you lose. Sometimes you go on a dry spell for months. In the end, obviously, I come out of it with a decent living. But who has time to keep score over a whole year?" The Internal Revenue Service doesn't get to keep score, either. Like most bookies, Howie pays taxes on a modest "salary" (which he does not receive) from a friend who lists him on a payroll in a "straight"

Whatever his precise income may be, Howie earns it. On most days, he spends four hours on the phones, two before the day games and two more in the evenings. Adding up the day's work means several more hours of painstaking calculations. And on several days a week, Howie spends another three or four hours traveling around the city to pay off or collect from customers. The routine varies with the seasons, but it hardly ever comes to a complete halt. Howie works seven days a week, 361 days a year. His only vacations come on Christmas Day, when, to the chagrin of millions of bettors, there is not a single thing to wager on, and during baseball's three-day All-Star break. At that time, Howie leaves Lenny to handle the lone betting event, the All-Star game itself. For his vacation, he boards a junket flight to Las Vegas to shoot craps.

Moments after he finished taking the odds from his line man, Howie dialed another bookie, who uses a different oddsmaker. "I think my guy's way off on the Yankees and Jets," he said. "What did your guy make the games?" The other office was using the same odds. Howie put down his pen and left his sheet untouched. He would go with his line man's prices.

"I have a good opinion of myself," he explained. "I could make my own line and not get burned. I mean, if the line guy had a heart attack, I wouldn't have to shut down. But over all, the line guys are specialists; it's their business. So you



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got to respect them. Besides, they have access to so much information about injuries or last-minute pitching changes, all that bullshit. So you got to listen to them."

Because a good line is one of the central ingredients in a successful bookmaking office, this is a suitable time to explain the making of odds to the 11 or 12 Americans who have reportedly never bet-and to the millions who are misinformed on the subject. Football and basketball have the simplest system: A stronger team must give a certain number of points to a weaker team to equalize the betting prospects. If San Diego is rated seven points over Buffalo, for example, San Diego must win by eight in order for its backers to collect. If it wins by six or less-or loses the game outright-the Buffalo bettors are the winners. Incidentally, bettors on both sides put up \$110 for every \$100 they hope to win; the extra ten dollars is the vigorish that provides the bookie's income.

Baseball betting requires a point line that is slightly more complicated. When a good team plays a poor team, the strong one will be quoted as, say, an 8–9 favorite. (This refers to the basic five-dollar unit.) In other words, bettors who want the favorite must put up nine dollars to win five dollars; those who choose the weak team put up five dollars to win only eight dollars. The missing point between the nine dollars taken in and the eight dollars paid out is the vigorish, the bookie's cut.

Contrary to some misconceptions, there is no single omniscient oddsmaker sitting in Las Vegas or some other gambling center and handing down point spreads. Every major city or region has perhaps half a dozen of its own line men; like insurance actuaries, they mull over detailed mathematical facts and sort them into simple numbers that their employers, the bookies, can use. Some line men are proud and individualistic. But, like bookies, they understand the value of belonging to the organization; they always compare notes.

On a typical Sunday night during football season, for example, a line man will go over the day's scores and the following week's schedule. Then he will make his own point spreads on the next weekend's games. Many oddsmakers do not even watch games on television. They insist that the games become distorted, overemphasizing certain fumbles, penalties or other versions of what is called luck-and they are concerned with figures rather than with luck. Thousands of bettors lose every week on favorite teams they feel shoulda won the previous televised encounter. Line men survive because they consider only who actually did win.

Once the preliminary figures are set up, the oddsmakers call one another and



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That's why we, the people who make and sell distilled spirits, are offering a pocket chart called

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debate adjustments. Good line men are seldom more than a point apart in their assessments, but even half-point switches can be crucial in avoiding a flood of money on one side of a game—and unemployment for the oddsmaker who errs too often.

These anonymous characters should be distinguished from famous oddsmakers such as Jimmy "The Greek" Snyder, whose point spreads and predictions appear in newspapers. Snyder knows odds, but he is also a handicapper, willing to adjust points slightly to favor teams that impress him. His odds may often turn out to be closer to the result of a given game than those of the line men. But the local oddsmakers aren't trying to predict the result; they must predict how people will bet, in order to equalize the bookies' action. In daily sports like baseball and basketball, they obviously have less time for consultation and refinement. But despite the pressures on them, their skills still produce amazingly reliable odds.

Then it is up to the bookie to make his own hour-to-hour shifts in response to the ebb and flow of the bets he takes on the phone. As Howie's phones began ringing, he soon learned that the line man had been right on the Buffalo-Jets game; there was no overwhelming action on the Jets. But the price on Yankee pitcher Figueroa had, indeed, been too high. As he had feared, Howie quickly wrote down \$3000 in bets against the Yanks. He and Lenny counted only a handful of \$50 and \$100 plays on the pitcher. Cursing, Howie moved the line downward from 8–9 to 71/2-81/2 at 12:30.

"I'm free to change any line," Howie said. "The trick is to lure guys into betting a certain way—without driving any action away on either side. You hope a guy who wouldn't lay 9–5 on a team will be tempted by the bargain prices at 8½–5. But you don't want to dry up all the action the other way. We're still in this business to handle bets."

Some bookmakers take a stronger position when they manipulate their odds. A move of half a point in baseball or football or a full point in basketball is usually enough to change betting patterns; more drastic changes tend to unbalance things too much in the opposite direction. Some small bookies have gained minor fame by their willingness to juggle lines beyond those limits. One was a personable Irishman, who wound up trying to get even by becoming a stagehand. Another was a popular Bronx character named Jerry Machine, who went so far as to ignore his bosses entirely and make his own prices when he felt strongly about a game. Jerry maneuvered so boldly and unwisely that he climaxed one football season by trying to rob a gas station to cover his losses. Like many of

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the teams he had bet on, Machine almost pulled it off. Then he accidentally shot himself in the foot.

The calls kept coming, and neither of the two phones ever remained on the hook for more than ten seconds. But Howie and Lenny stayed calm, writing the bets carefully and repeating them to the customers. Some clerks in major bookie offices live in dread of shutting out a customer by tying up the phones too long. Shutting out a bettor cuts down the day's betting "handle" and inevitably leads to some furious complaints: No gambler who ever got shut out has ever admitted that he had been planning to bet on some losers. As a result, many nervous clerks tend to rush bettors to get them off the phone. "I won't do that," said Howie. "You rush, you make mistakes. Then you got beefs with customers and confusion that might make the boss think you're cheating him."

Howie's arguments with clients are usually minor. "Dutch for J.K.," said one voice on the phone. "What's my figure for

last night?"

"You lose \$238," said Howie.

"No," said Dutch, "it was \$224. I figured it out on my electronic calculator."

"Me and Jill figured it on paper with a pencil," said Howie. "I'll bet you 50 more that we're better than your calculator." Dutch refused the bet. After some discussion, he also admitted that the loss was \$238.

As for the boss, Howie has never had a problem with accusations of cheating. "Anybody can arrange collusion with a customer and write in winning bets that the guys really didn't make," he said. "A guy got fired for that the other day. But who needs that risk? I'm honest all the way. My boss is lucky. And, of course, he checks up now and then, too."

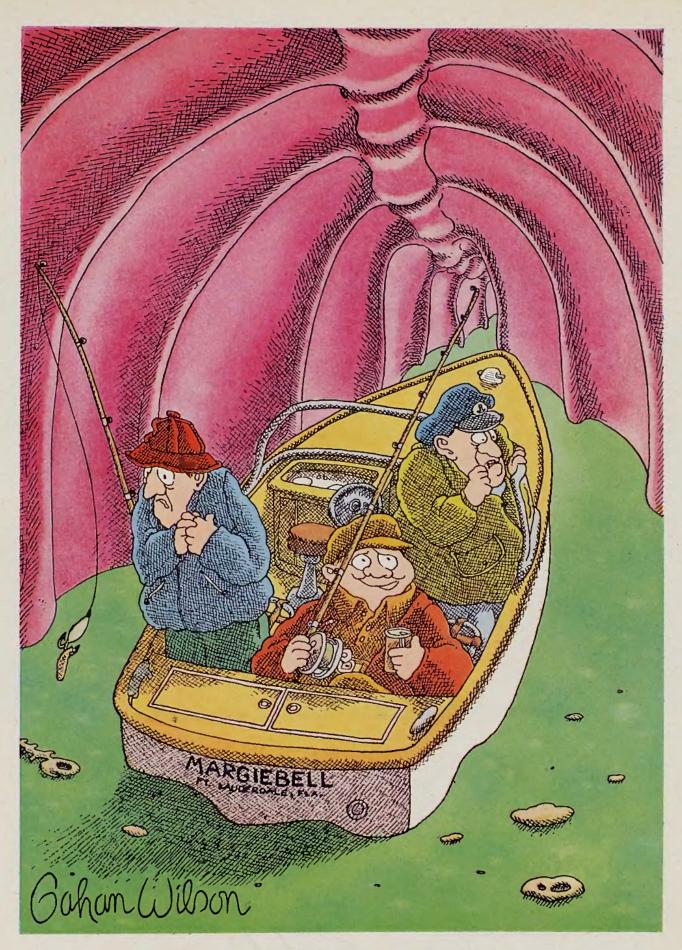
The familiar voices kept sounding over the phone: Fats, who bets modestly until college-basketball season, when he steps up his action because he considers himself an expert; he usually lasts a month into that season before going broke. The Group, a name assigned to four guys who devised a system for baseball and have lost \$5000 over the season. Doc, a guy from the race track whom Howie never even imagined to be a real doctor—until he called a number Doc had given him in order to arrange a collection, and a hospital nurse answered.

"This is Pizza," a restaurant owner growled. "Do ya know what happened to me last night?"

"Yeah," said Lenny, who happened to take his call. "You lost."

"When that guy on the Mets got thrown out at the plate," Pizza persisted, "I threw a glass at the TV in my joint."

"You do that once a week, don't you? You're spending more time getting that



"Still, you've got to admit our being swallowed by a fish has its humorous aspects!"



Ringo Starr's immaculate '57 Chevy hardtop customized by George Barris is up for grabs.

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TV fixed than you spend handicapping the games."

"It takes no time at all," Pizza said. "I got a guy always standing by to fix it."

"OK, Pizza, we're kinda busy," laughed Lenny. "So how many times you want the Mets today?"

"I swore I'd never bet those bums again. But, well, give me the rat bastards 40 times." A time is five dollars. Before he stopped bemoaning his bad luck and hung up, Pizza had bet four other games 20 times each.

"We could sit here and predict about half the bets we take," said Howie. "Some guys always bet their favorite teams. Others use only home teams that are underdogs. The Group, they devised a brilliant book that kept track of what pitchers were hot. It didn't take a genius to figure what pitchers they'd like. If I wanted, I could maneuver the prices on all of them to get a bigger edge. But it isn't worth it. For one thing, they might find somebody else with the real prices and take their business away from me. And, anyway, none of them are doing all that great—why bother to mess them up?"

When a bettor is truly unlucky, of course, it hardly matters what the bookie does for him or to him. One East Side bar owner who was a fanatical New York Giant fan spent an entire season betting on the Giants, who seldom made a first down that fall. Not only did he lose but he noticed that his bookie was taking advantage of him; while other bookies were offering seven points against the Giants, his man would quote a price of only four-because he knew the fan would bet, anyway. Finally, the bar owner got fed up. He checked and found that the Giants were ten-point underdogs all over New York. When his bookie said they were getting only seven points, the bettor cackled. "Fll show you, you son of a bitch," he said. "This week, I'm betting a thousand against the Giants." It turned out to be the only game the Giants won that season.

As two o'clock approached, the phones rang less steadily. The early games were under way and there would be a lull until 3:30, when Howie would open again to accommodate the many customers who would want to invest their earlyafternoon winnings or stab to get even on the televised game from the West Coast. Just as Howie and Lenny were about to take their two-o'clock break, Pillow called. The funeral was over. He asked for his odds on the early games and then bet two late ones. Most of Howie's customers used simple code names, ranging from their own first names to ones related to their businesses. Pillow had chosen his code name because he said he was very lucky in bed with women. "For his sake, I hope he's right," Howie said,

"because when it comes to gambling, if it wasn't for bad luck, he wouldn't have any kind at all."

The rest of the phone action was perfunctory and uneventful. Just after the four-o'clock closing time, Howie called the boss and reported the day's events in general terms. "Our biggest need right now is for Dallas to score one more touchdown," he said. "We took 45 [\$4500] on them and almost a dime [\$1000] against them. We're Cowboy fans today. We also need the 49ers and Oakland in the late games, and Vida Blue to break a leg in that game he's leading one—oh. Nothing else means too much of a swing."

"Plenty of action," said the boss. "A good fall day."

"Good for you," said Howie. "Me and Lenny, we got writer's cramp."

In the season before the start of basketball and hockey, Sunday night is usually a night off for bookmakers. But Howie had an appointment with a bettor named Max. Most losers are expected to fit into Howie's schedule and pay during the week. But Max said that he had been tied up in meetings all week in his job with a big fabric company. He also owed \$3000, and Howie knew that the chances of collection would decrease with every day he gave Max, because Max was busy losing more to another bookie in a desperate effort to get even. So Howie picked up Victor, who is much stronger in the collection department, and they went to a bar to await Max.

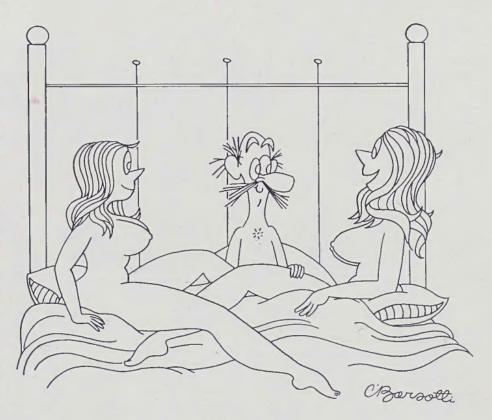
"How you guys doin'?" asked Tony the bartender when they arrived. He did not wait for an answer, because he had his own ill fortune to tell about. "Forget about it, Howie," he continued as he poured a Scotch for Victor and a Tab for Howie, who doesn't drink. "I mean, you can talk about your wise guys and your dumb losers, you know what I mean? But I had a game that was the ironclad cinch of the century. The figure guys and the injury guys and the smart guys, they all come in separately and give me this game. So what happens, I'm ahead by a point with ten seconds to go. I mean, my team is losing by one, but I'm getting two, so I'm home, right? Then this nitwit quarterback, he drops back into the end zone-

"And gets tackled for a safety," said Howie. "I lose the same game yesterday. On a goddamn fluke safety."

"That's what I'm tellin' you, Howie. You know what I mean."

Max arrived 20 minutes late with a jacket over his arm and a nervous grin on his face. He was perspiring slightly in the cool air. Howie whispered under his breath to Victor, "Looks like a P.P." Partial payment—half the debt, maybe, and a good story. Victor grunted.

"Hey, fellas, how are you?" Max began. "I hate to tell you this, but. . . ." The



"Gee, professor, French is fun so far. Now what do we learn after ménage à trois?"

story was not an original one: An expected check from out of town had failed to arrive, the ex-wife had been pleading for her alimony and Max had always had a good reputation. The bottom line was that he had scraped together \$1200 and hoped to have the other \$1800 the next week. Victor grunted again. Howie sighed and motioned for Tony to give Max a drink.

The adversary situation was as old as gambling itself. On the bettor's side, the hard-line rationale for such moments was best summarized by the late Norton W. Peppis: "The bookmaker was born to wait. He has a business with no union problems, no pension plan, no IRS audits. He has only one cross to bear in life, and that is waiting to get paid. He should accept it like a man." The bookie's equally hard-line retort was once framed by a somewhat menacing collection agent named Al Glasses: "When we lose, we pay."

But in real life, neither side can afford such firm positions. The bettor is uneasy and fearful, not of the physical retribution that is hardly ever employed but of an equally terrifying possibility—his credit and betting privileges may be cut off. So he wouldn't even think of sounding clever or arrogant about his plight.

The bookie, on the other hand, has taken risks, worked hard and provided a service for which he wants to be paid. "But it's the same principle as when you change a betting line," says Howie. "You want to accomplish your purpose but not drive anybody away. If a guy gets in over his head, it's partly my fault, anyway, because I try to know everybody's capabilities of paying and cut guys off when they plunge too far. So maybe we both made a mistake. The only way to handle it, if the player shows any good will at all, is to take what he offers and keep after him so he knows you're serious about getting the rest."

Howie took Max's roll of bills, rolled the rubber band off and counted 24 \$50 bills under the ledge of the bar. "Yeah, Max," he said. "It's OK for now." Victor grunted again and took a drink.

"Great, thanks, Howie, thanks a lot," said Max. Suddenly, he was cool and relaxed. "By the way, that's my last cash in the world. The least you could do, you could buy me another few drinks."

"Losers all think we owe them something," Howie explained as he rode a cab across town to meet Jill for dinner. He planned to eat a quick steak, spend a few hours in a poker game and then get a good night's sleep after he bought a paper and double-checked all the day's scores. Monday was always a busy day, because in addition to the phone work, he had to compute the entire week's work and begin a new round of paying and collecting. He was tired but reasonably

A CLASS ACT: THE BETTING PARLOR By JAY CRONLEY

you make a bet is with a bookie, and that is illegal. From what I know, a bookie is a lot like a stockbroker, in that he is paid a commission for performing a service, the major difference being that stockbrokers charge a commission whether you win or lose.

Another difference is that if you bought, say, 200 shares of A. T. & T. and said, "Listen, I would love to pay for it, except I got this sick aunt in Biloxi," the stockbroker would probably call his secretary, who would call a lawyer, who would call the jail. A bookie has no such legal protection, and no insurance against a loss, so that is why if you don't settle up, somebody might crack your head.

I about got my head cracked once in New York City, When I used to bet in Oklahoma City, the bookie got to know me after about six years and would not dispatch a man with a club until I was a day and a half late. I'm sure there are some very nice, educated bookies around who wear ties and book Eastern or Ivy League games, but the guy I did business with didn't know Colgate from Pepsodent.

New York is a much faster place than Oklahoma City, and although you can get a cab in Oklahoma by saying please, the same is not true on the deep West Side of New York. It was snowing and I couldn't get a cab. Plus, I couldn't get the fleabag's elevator to work. Plus, I couldn't find the room of the guy I owed a couple of bucks to.

The bookie told me I'd got there 30 seconds before he would have dispatched somebody to drive my kid home from school.

"You wouldn't have really cracked my head if I was a little late, would you?" I asked.

The guy blinked once.

That meant yes.

Therefore, it was with great caution that I told the cabdriver in Las Vegas to take me to a place where I could get a bet down on a pro-football game. I figured that was where head cracking was invented.

I guessed I would be taken to some walk-down arrangement, beneath a flashing sign, PAYROLL CHECKS CASHED HERE—ALSO CASH GIVEN ON DEPARTMENT-STORE CREDIT CARDS. I had been to one bookie joint in Vegas many, many years ago, and it had been such an unpleasant experience I'd blocked that period out of my mind. Somebody threw a glass at me, as I dimly recall, but it was so smoky in that dump I emerged unscathed.

In subsequent trips to Las Vegas, I'd avoided bookie joints, the way a person who has been cleaned out twice avoids third wives.

This trip, I was surprised when the cabdriver let me out in an area where nobody was bleeding: rather, he let me out in front of the Stardust, which is a very ritzy casino with a sign that could provide reading light for all the starving children in Afghanistan.

I looked around for cigar smoke.

"Go in the door and hang a right, right?" the cabdriver said.

"And ask for what room?" I wondered.

"No room. In the door, make a severe right, is it."

I shrugged.

"And one more thing," the cabdriver said. "Go see Wayne Newton. The greatest show on the face of this earth, bar none. The man is a genius."

I was to learn later that once a year, Mr. Newton throws a bash where he entertains all the cabdrivers and airline personnel with a free show, which is very good for business and one of the smartest moves ever made in Las Vegas.

Anyway, I went into the Stardust and took a right, stopped along the way for a beer and shortly thereafter found myself in the bowels of one of the more amazing places on earth—the gaming room, or booking arena, or what-the-hell-ever you want to call it—where various betting was going on, betting, I quickly guessed from the way everybody was running around, on every sport on earth, including volleyball.

They call it the Race and Sports Lounge, but that doesn't do it justice. The room was enormous.

There were—get this—rows of desks and chairs, complete with scratch-pads and little holes for your glass. The drinks were fetched by adorable women, just like when you sit at a blackjack table.

I found a seat and desk, barely, and sat down next to a chubby woman. This was the first time I ever sat next to such a woman without having to say, "Lady, eight and five are thirteen" or "Ace counts one or eleven."

This woman said, "They're about off at Bay Meadows," to which I answered, "Who?"

She made a noise through her teeth. In front of me were schedules for the next races at a half-dozen tracks and clocks showing what time it was at Aqueduct. You could bet any of those races, at the morning-line odds.

I glanced at her desk and noticed

that she had made five bets on horse races, 11 bets on college-bowl games, two pro-football-parlay bets: plus, she was reading two *Racing Forms* and drinking a bloody mary and planning on what she would bet in 12 minutes at the Fair Grounds.

"Where?" I asked.

"New Orleans," she said pleasantly.

"Thanks," I said.

"Don't mention it."

Everybody was friendly. The girl who brought me a beer showed me where the *Racing Form* vending machines were and she wished me good luck, which was the first time I had been wished that in a bookie joint since I'd excused myself in Oklahoma City to use the bathroom.

To the left of my desk on the huge wall were the football numbers and two screens, where the day's profootball games would appear.

The Stardust refunds 30 percent of a losing parlay card, which shows you how ridiculous playing a parlay card is, but it is the thought that counts, tag-team wrestling matches in Nova Scotia—who knew?

It is a little hard to get used to betting six races at once, betting horses you never even saw, betting five- and two-team parlays, daily doubles, quinielas, exactas and perfectas, without hardly moving! At first, I about got whiplash trying to keep up with all my bets.

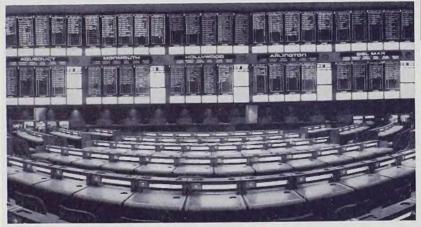
"Honey, you got to get organized," the woman to my right said, shuffling her betting receipts. She looked at my pro-football parlays and determined that I had six bets on one game and if I won them all, I would break even.

I got a blistering headache and stumbled outside for some coffee and a hand or two of blackjack.

The place I sat was about the size of the three of clubs.

A guy next to me said to his wife, "When I lose this two thousand, we'll go home."

That kind of gambling has always thrown me, the kind like blackjack, where people bring money to lose.



Las Vegas' Stardust bills this as "the world's largest handicapper's paradise."

and I was impressed.

Every race from Bay Meadows was called over the loud-speaker, and though the guy sounded like he was explaining rush-hour traffic from a helicopter, it was very exciting.

When you made a bet, on football or horse racing or whatever, you put up the money and were given a yellow receipt by another tremendouslooking girl.

If you won, you took the yellow receipt to the cashier and he paid you off without acting like the money would keep his kid from getting a college education.

The enormous board in front of the desks and the subboards with football and racing odds reminded me a lot of a stock exchange. There was even a ticker tape below the main board with some sort of numbers flashing across, perhaps the results of Needless to say, I ran back to my comfortable desk and chair in the luxurious "game" room and made a quick bet before the football game kicked off.

I was thanked profusely from three directions and wished great luck, and I spent the next few hours watching various bets flash onto the boards and screens.

The horses drowned me—I about suffocated in all the receipts—but I made a miraculous comeback, hitting a couple of parlay rebates to break close to even.

Places like that beat bookies by a long shot.

I was so comfortable, I didn't mind losing.

When I left, some employee said, "Come back."

That was the only thing that reminded me of home.

philosophical and good-humored: Dallas had scored an extra touchdown and Vida Blue had lost in the last of the eighth inning, giving his sheet a day's profit of almost \$9000.

'The losers act like we told them what bad teams to bet on," he continued. 'Listen, I can sympathize more than most bookmakers, because I've lost my own share of tough bets. I still have a photographic memory of Hank Aaron's historic 501st home run about ten years ago, because I happened to have the Phillies and I'm ahead four to two in the ninth and Aaron hits one out with two men on to ruin me. So I understand all the sad stories. But sometimes it gets me pissed off. the way customers take it for granted that I got the easiest life in the world. You think if I was short after a disastrous week and Max got lucky, he would accept half his winnings from me? And Pillow, he can't even sit through his mother's funeral without getting some action. If I happened to die, do you think he'd have one thought except where he could find the next guy to bet with?"

The answer, of course, is that in return for their fun and profits, the Howies of the gambling world will always be expected to pay in full and die unmourned. Two recent cases underline his point. Fats, the college-basketball freak who now bets with Howie, was living in Milwaukee several years ago when he announced that he could pick the winner of every single post-season game in the National Collegiate Athletic Association. He proceeded to bet 15 straight losers, from the first regional play-off right through the national title game, at a total cost of \$3000. The next night, he walked into his favorite bar in dismay-and found everybody cheering and waving newspapers. The obituary column revealed that his bookmaker had died of a stroke.

"I spent two hundred buying drinks for the house and still figured I was almost three thousand ahead," recalls Fats. "Then I started feeling bad for poor old Benny the Book. So I went to the funeral and dropped a check for the full amount in his grave."

Another elderly bookmaker suffered a heart attack a few years ago as he was flying home to New York from his annual Mexican vacation. The plane crew rushed to his aid and an emergency landing was made in the Midwest, but he died before he could be placed in an ambulance. A grief-stricken fellow vacationer was assigned to call the bookie's wife in New York with the bad news.

"Oh, my god, this is terrible," wailed the bereaved widow. "He died without telling me where he hid all the safedeposit-box keys."

Darkwater Hall

(continued from page 168)

"His wife, Dolores, was in striking contrast to her mistress, but female beauty takes many forms."

a deep, almost bluish hue uncommon in England; on the other, there wound a stream or small river. I knew at once that the house was our destination and, as soon as a curve in the stream brought the murky, weed-clogged flood close to the road, saw the force of its name. A moment later, I was almost spilled from my seat by the wild shying of the pair of cobs that drew the wagonette. The cause was not far to seek-a human figure of indescribable menace lurking in the hedgerow. I caught a glimpse of a hairy fist shaken, of rotten teeth bared in a snarl, no more, but I would have been sure that it was Black Ralph I had seen even if the Spaniard's dark eye had not fixed me with a sufficiently eloquent look.

Darkwater Hall was no more prepossessing at close quarters. Weathering showed it to be not of recent erection, but its bulging windows and squat chimneys belonged to no period or style I had ever encountered. The interior was comparatively conventional. Carlos took me to a more than adequate bedroom and quickly fetched me ample hot water, so that I was able to make a very tolerable change and go to greet my hosts in freshened spirits.

With his fresh complexion, steady eye and open, unassuming manner, Sir

cessful soldier. I hid a smile at the thought of the "Excellent, Watson!" that a well-known voice might have breathed into my ear, had its owner been present, and took to conversation.

"I was a sort of soldier myself when I was a youngster," said I.

"Oh, yes? Where did you serve?"

"Afghanistan."

"You saw some action there, I take it." "Not the sort that a fighting soldier

Harry Fairfax was one of the finest types of English country gentleman. I judged him to be about 30 years old. His brother Miles resembled him in age and nothing else, a sallow, sneering young man probably addicted to cigarettes and strong waters. My hostess, in a gown of azure velvet that showed off the brilliance of her eyes, steered me toward the fifth member of the party. Him I identified as an army man (from the set of his shoulders) who had served some years in the tropics (from his deep tan) but whose career had not prospered (from his disappointed air), and was somewhat tickled to hear him introduced as Captain Bradshaw of the Assam Light Horse. No one who had failed to gain his majority by the age of 45, which I judged Bradshaw to have reached, could be called a sucsees, but enough. I was wounded and at last invalided out."

"What infernal luck."

"You're on leave, I take it."

"Awaiting retirement," said Bradshaw in a tone as dejected as his bearing.

Miles Fairfax now cocked his unkempt head at me. "Welcome to Darkwater Hall, Dr. Watson. Life here may strike you as a trifle dull and rustic after the bustle and polish of London, but, believe me, it has its points of interest."

"No doubt."

"I presume you're a medical doctor, not one who professes law or divinity."

"Medicine's my trade, yes."

"Then the following fact, omitted by my brother when he introduced us, might amuse you. Although unlike in every possible way, he and I are twins."

"That's not so surprising," said I. "Many pairs of twins are no more alike than ordinary brothers and sisters, and we know how they can differ."

"Indeed," said he at his most sarcastic. "Is it true, doctor, that twins can be born several or even many hours apart?"

"It is."

"Not so in our case-eh, Harry? Twenty minutes was all that separated our respective arrivals in this world. But it was enough."

His sister-in-law put a gently restraining hand on his arm, but the fellow shook it off with a roughness that, had it been my place to do so, I should have considered correcting. I was now morally certain he was intoxicated.

"Yes," he went on with a growl, "twenty minutes settled the disposal of the baronetcy, the house, the estate, the money. God's will, what?"

"At least, Mr. Fairfax," said I, "it's evident you're a good loser."

That shot went home and it silenced him for a while, but I was relieved when Carlos announced dinner, thus effecting a change of scene and mood. The fare was palatable and the service most adroit and pleasant, provided by Carlos and a young woman I learned was his wife, named Dolores. With her raven hair, creamy skin and deep-brown eyes, she was in striking contrast to her mistress, but female beauty takes many forms.

I was in the midst of recounting, at the baronet's invitation, the full facts of the strange affair at Stoke Moran, when Lady Fairfax gave an abrupt gasp and raised her hands to her throat. I followed her horrified gaze and spied, through a gap in the curtains, a face I had seen for a moment earlier that day, a face once more contorted with malice.

"Black Ralph! At the window!" I cried, and jumped up from my chair. Bradshaw, too, was on his feet, standing between the lady and the point where the intruder had appeared. Sir Harry and I were out of the house within seconds, but though we searched thoroughly the nearer part of the grounds, we



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returned empty-handed, much to Miles's scoffing amusement. Some time later, my host contrived to disengage me from the rest of the company, having imputed to me a desire to be shown the contents of his gun room. He enjoyed some friendly amusement at my expense when I cautioned him to stay away from the windows there until I had drawn the curtains over them.

"Do you imagine that Black Ralph has come back with a Gatling gun?" he asked with a smile.

"I imagine nothing, Sir Harry. I go by what I see and hear," and I told him of my carlier sighting of that villainous creature.

He was quite unmoved, attributing these visitations to the idle curiosity of a simpleton. "I am at no risk, doctor," he ended firmly.

"Lady Fairfax thinks differently."

"That's her way. She watches over me with a care that would sometimes befit a mother more than a wife. Such matters will be resolved with the arrival of our first child."

"Is that happy event in positive prospect?"

"Not as yet."

Rather abruptly, he thrust into my hands a pair of antique dueling pistols that had resided in a glass case and inquired my opinion of them. I made what reply I could, as also when he passed me an early revolver from the time of Waterloo. After a moment, he began to speak of his brother.

"Visitors are always apt to bring out the worst in him. I fancy he sees himself through their eyes and dislikes the sight. A man with no occupation, no interest in country pursuits—except shooting, at which he excels—and yet too indolent to make a move. Poor, poor Miles, the prisoner of his own nature, as we all are! And poor Bradshaw, too."

"How so?" I inquired.

"Well, frankly, Watson—and in the circumstances, there seems little point in not being frank with you—Jack has been living here largely on my charity. I offer it gladly, as he served under my father, but it galls him. And under that quiet exterior, you know, there's a caldron of feelings. Not a stable character, Jack's. It told against him in the regiment, so the dad said."

No more was said while I ran my eye over a weapon I recognized, one of the single-action Rossi-Charles rifles with the old aperture sight. Though inaccurate at anything of a range, they had been much prized at one time for never jamming and for their lightness and cheapness. I mentioned having come across them in Afghanistan and Sir Harry told me his father had picked this one up after Jalalabad. Forty years ago and more, I remember thinking to myself, and am still at a loss to say why I did—40 years ago, before I was born.

The rest of the evening passed pleasantly, if inconclusively enough, and in due course, the party dispersed. Next morning, thoroughly refreshed, I had barely finished breakfast when the household exploded into sudden clamor. It appeared that the gun room had been broken into by a window and the Rossi-Charles rifle and half a dozen rounds of its ammunition removed. Nothing else was missing, according to Carlos, who, I gathered, was in virtual charge of his master's modest armory. Mindful of Sherlock Holmes's dictum, that there is no branch of detective science so important as the art of tracing footsteps, I fetched the large magnifying glass I had had the forethought to bring with me and set to work on the approaches to the window. But circumstance was against me in the very particular in which it so often favored my friend; the ground, baked hard by the hot summer, yielded no trace of what I sought. I returned to the gun room to find an altercation in progress.

"It is indeed suspicious——" Sir Harry was saying.

"Suspicious!" his wife flashed at him. "Might a bullet in your heart come near to furnishing a certainty?"

"In law, it is no more than suspicious, and even a magistrate cannot have a man confined on such grounds. I have no charge to bring."

Bradshaw, at the lady's other side, seemed disposed to agree, pointing out that there had been no witnesses to the burglary.

"Then," came the ready rejoinder, "Harry must be placed under guard, protected night and day."

"I refuse to be made a prisoner in my own house, and out of doors the plan would be quite impracticable, eh, Jack?"

"I shouldn't like to undertake it myself with anything less than a full platoon," declared the soldier.

"Then you must leave the Hall, go somewhere safe and secret until——"

"What, and give a rascal like Black Ralph the satisfaction of making me bolt like a rabbit? I'd sooner die."

His sincerity was unmistakable and made an impression on all his hearers, even his brother, who for the moment forgot the sneer, though he remembered soon enough when I took a hand in the conversation.

First explaining the absence of footsteps outside, I added, "But I did find some fragments of glass on the soil, as we did on this side of the window."

"Is that so surprising?" was the baronet's question.

I answered it with another. "Is this door normally kept locked?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"How many keys are there?"

"Two. I have one, Carlos the other."

"Does he carry it with him at all times?"

"No; for the most part, it's kept on a



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ring hanging up in his pantry."

"And is that generally known in the household?"

"It might well be, yes."

The younger twin said with a curl of his lip, "Your reasoning is pellucidly clear, Dr. Watson. Any of us, and Carlos besides, could have let himself in here, broken the window from inside, in order to suggest an intruder from outside, and made off with the rifle. How exquisitely ingenious!"

"Mr. Fairfax," said I, summoning up as much reasonableness as I could, "all I seek to do is to explore possibilities, however remote they may appear to be and however absurd they may turn out in retrospect to have been."

"As the great Sherlock Holmes would be seeking to do, were he here."

"I am not too proud to learn from my betters," I observed a little tartly as I drew Sir Harry aside.

Before I could speak, he said with some warmth, "You don't seriously suppose, do you, Watson, that Carlos, or Jack Bradshaw, or my own brother, would have stolen that weapon? For what conceivable motive?"

"Of course I don't suppose any such thing," said I. "This Black Ralph miscreant is obviously the culprit. No, I was

"Displaying your powers of observa-tion and deduction?" he asked, all his good humor restored.

"Very likely. Now you must tell me where to find the fellow. There's no time to be lost."

"I beg you to be careful, my dear fellow."

"You are to be careful, Sir Harry. Keep to the house as far as you can. Take Bradshaw with you, if you must venture out. Warn the servants."

He promised to do as I said, and his directions took me straight to the noisome hovel that was Black Ralph's abode, but my journey was in vain. The slattern who answered my knock informed me that the man had left the previous day to visit his sister near Warminster and was not expected back for a week. I did not stay to puncture such an obvious tissue of falsehood. When an inquiry at the local tavern fell out equally fruitless, I returned to Darkwater Hall and addressed myself to questioning the servants, the source of the disquieting rumors that had reached Lady Fairfax in the first place.

My most puzzling informant was the girl Dolores, who fortunately spoke English well, though with a stronger accent than her husband. At first she had little to say, answering in curt monosyllables or merely shrugging her graceful shoulders by way of reply. But then, led by luck or instinct, I ventured to ask what were her personal views of her employer. At once, her dark eyes blazed and I 206 caught a glimpse of splendid white teeth.

"He is cold!" she cried. "He is a good man, this Sir Harry Fairfax, a fine English gentleman, but he is cold! His blood is like the blood of a fish!"

Making no move to restrain her, for we were out of hearing of the household at the time, I did no more than encourage her to explain herself.

"I cannot! How can I, to another Englishman?"

"Has he treated you unkindly?"

"Unkindly, never; I tell you he is a good man. But coldly, coldly!"

"In what way coldly?"

Again, the girl did no more than shrug her shoulders. I sensed I would get no further along this path and took a new approach by asking whether Carlos also held the opinion that Sir Harry was a good man.

'Yes, yes," was the reply, accompanied by a toss of the head. "I think so. Or perhaps I should better say that I hope so, I greatly hope so."

"Why is that?"

But here, once more, I found there was no more progress to be made. I revolved in my mind this interview, together with other matters, through an agreeable luncheon and the earlier part of a confoundedly sultry afternoon. Half past four found me in the drawing room taking tea with my hostess.

'We won't wait for Harry," said she. "He often misses tea altogether."

"Where is Sir Harry at this moment?"

"At the stables. He should be safe enough there."

"I see there is a fourth cup."

"In case Miles should decide to join

"But you make no provision for Captain Bradshaw."

"Ah, he never takes tea. Nothing must be allowed to interfere with his afternoon walk. Jack Bradshaw is a very serious man."

"He is certainly very serious about you, Lady Fairfax."

"What do you mean?"

"He's in love with you, as you must know. I learned it last night, at dinner. You showed signs of strong fear; Bradshaw had not seen what it was that had frightened you, but he could tell its direction from your gaze and at oncebefore I was on my feet, and I moved quickly-interposed himself between you and the source of danger. Such speed comes from instinct founded on strong emotion, not from the conscious part of the mind."

The lady was not indignant, nor did she affect disbelief or surprise. I was sufficiently emboldened by this further evidence of her sagacity to inquire if I might go further in plain speaking.

We shall make no progress if we allow ourselves to be circumscribed by false notions of delicacy," she replied.

"Very well. Remember that I am discussing remote contingencies, nothing more. If I wanted to procure Sir Harry's demise, when should I best make my attempt?"

"When his life had recently been threatened by a convicted criminal."

"Just so," said I.

"Your motive? We know of one possibility, that your victim stands between you and the object of your passion. No doubt, there are others."

"Certainly. Perhaps I'm the prey of a special kind of envy, or a sense that fortune has been unjust to me."

"I follow you."

"Or, again, I may feel that my honor has been slighted so grievously that only

death can redress the wrong.'

"Do you call that plain speaking, Dr. Watson?" was a question never answered, for at that moment, the teacup in that graceful hand shattered into fragments and the crack of a rifle was heard from the nearer distance. Bidding Lady Fairfax lie down, I hastened out through the open French windows and searched the adjacent shrubbery but found nothing. On my return to the house, I found the baronet with his arms about his wife, who was decidedly less upset than many young women would have been after such an experience. After satisfying myself that she needed none of my professional care, I searched for the bullet that had passed between us and eventually retrieved it from the corner, where it had ricocheted after hitting the back wall. This contact had somewhat deformed it, but I was soon satisfied that it had come from the Rossi-Charles rifle.

By now, Miles Fairfax had arrived from his sitting room on the first floor, unaware, on his account, of anything amiss until summoned by a servant. Had he not heard the shot? He had, indeed, heard a shot but had taken it for one more of the hundreds fired in the vicinity every year for peaceful purposes. Bradshaw appeared a little later, back, he declared, from his walk, and evidently much agitated at the narrowness of Lady Fairfax' escape.

He clutched his forehead wildly. "In heaven's name, what lunatic would seek to harm so innocent a creature?" he

"Oh, I think it must have been to me that harm was intended, Jack," said Sir Harry, "Consider where Watson was sitting. From that distance, it would have been perfectly possible to mistake him for me.'

"Harry," said his wife in tones of resolve, "there must be no shoot tomorrow. I forbid it."

"What shoot is this?" I asked.

"A very modest affair, doctor," returned Sir Harry. "We intend to do no more than clear some of the pigeons from the east wood. A few people from round about will be joining us."

"And is your intention known in the district?"



"Evenin', ma'am, king's taster'ere."



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"Well, it is our yearly custom. I suppose it must be known."

"Don't go, dearest," implored the lady. "Let the others do as they please, but you remain behind."

I took it upon myself to intervene. "My dear Lady Fairfax," said I, "Sir Harry must be there. It's our best chance. We must bring Black Ralph into the open and end this menace. I will be responsible for your husband's safety.'

And, with the support of Bradshaw and, unexpectedly, that of Miles Fairfax, I carried the day. Later, I made some preparations with which I will not weary the reader and, in common with the rest of the household, retired early.

The next day began auspiciously enough, with a blue sky faintly veiled in mist, so often the prelude to a blazing noon. By 11 o'clock, the shooting party was on its way toward the wood. Besides myself, it included the Fairfax brothers and half a dozen neighbors but not Captain Bradshaw, whom I had just heard explaining to a bewhiskered farmer that the recurrence of a bowel complaint, the effect of a germ picked up in India, forbade him to attend. Happening to catch my eye as he said this, he had hastily looked away, and with reason; I have never met a worse liar. The only servant present was a ruddy-cheeked youth carrying a rattle to put up the birds.

The sun was hot and high as we moved into the shadows of the wood, where there were many small noises. Almost at once, Miles Fairfax stumbled at some irregularity of the ground and but for my outthrust arm might have fallen.

"Are you all right?" I asked.

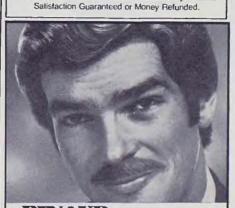
He hobbled a pace or two. "My damned ankle. I seem to have twisted it.' "Best let me have a look."

This natural suggestion seemed to fill him with wrath. "I haven't broken my leg, curse it!" he cried. "I don't need surgery! I'll be all right directly and will catch you up. Go on, all of you! Go on!"

It seemed we had no choice but to do as we were told. Presently, the rattle sounded, flocks of pigeons took to the air and the guns blazed merrily away. I held my fire, maintaining a keen lookout and staying as close to Sir Harry as I could without forming one target with him. The party trod steadily on, deeper into the wood. I caught various movements among foliage, but none were of human agency. I had begun to fear, not what might happen but that nothing would, when we reached a clearing some 70 yards across. At once, there came the sharp crack of a rifle shot and Sir Harry cried out and fell. I was thunderstruck, but after a glance at the baronet's prostrate form, I shouted to the party that they should lie flat and keep their heads down. They obeyed with alacrity. Another shot sounded, but the bullet went wild. I faced in the direction from which



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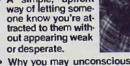
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it had come and walked slowly forward.

"Aim here," I called, indicating my chest. "Here."

A third report followed; I heard the round buzzing through the air ten feet above my head. The fourth and fifth attempts were no better. When I had gone some 20 yards, there was a receding flurry in the bushes. I followed at a run but still had seen nothing when two shots rang out almost together and a cry of pain followed. Within a minute, I had found what I sought—Bradshaw and Carlos each covering with a rifle the prostrate form of Black Ralph.

"Well done, lads," said I, grasping each by the arm, then turned my attention to the would-be assassin. My first good look at the scoundrel showed him to be of simous and apelike appearance, and there was something animal in the way he whimpered over his injury. This was nothing much; a bullet had creased his kneecap, temporarily incapacitating him but not, which would have been the case had it struck nearer, crippling him for life. All in all, he was infernally lucky.

"Whose shot was it?" I asked.

"I'm not sure," said Bradshaw.

"I am sure," said the Spaniard with a gallant bow. "It was yours, Captain. Most brilliant, with a moving target at that range. And now you may leave it to me to deliver to the authorities this piece of filth."

Sir Harry's wound was lighter-a gash

in the upper arm that had not bled excessively. When I reached him, he was being tenderly comforted by his brother Miles, whose whole nature seemed transformed and who gave me such a look, compounded of remorse for past conduct and a firm resolve for the future, as I shall never forget. On our return to Darkwater Hall, the wife's joy at her husband's safe home-coming affected us all, notably Bradshaw. I received so much praise for my supposed courage in exposing myself to Black Ralph's fire that I was forced at last to explain that it was undeserved.

"The rifle is the key," said I, the recovered weapon in my hand. "Like all its brothers, it's inaccurate. So, when it was stolen, I knew the culprit was someone ignorant of firearms. Then, when your teacup flew to pieces yesterday, Lady Fairfax, I knew more. To get a bullet out of this thingumbob between you and me at something like eighty yards, the firer must be either a brilliant shot with many hours of practice behind him-impossible-or a very bad shot with the luck of the Devil, one who had the luck of the Devil again an hour ago; that staggered me, I must say. So, you see, while Black Ralph was aiming at my chest, I was safe. If he had just let fly at random, he might conceivably have hit me."

Bradshaw seemed dissatisfied. "But even the most inaccurate weapon in the world is dangerous at short range," he observed. "Indeed it is. That was why I kept my distance till there were no more shots in the locker. But, of course, I knew who was the villain of the piece within minutes of arriving in the house, despite all the questions I asked."

"By deduction?" asked Miles Fairfax

with a friendly smile.

"Certainly not. I knew Black Ralph was a criminal, one glimpse of him was enough to show me he was a dangerous one, and everybody else I saw was simply incapable of such a monstrous deed as the one he tried to perpetrate today. It was obvious. And I thank God for that fact. In a case of the least difficulty, I should have been the sorriest of substitutes for Sherlock Holmes."

Accompanied by Bradshaw, who told me he felt he had vegetated too long, I caught the evening train to London, where we supped pleasantly at the Sayoy.

If I were recording here one of Holmes's adventures, I should lay down my pen at this point, but since I mean to ensure that nobody shall see this account till 50 years after my death, I will take leave to say a little more.

I have deceived the reader. By this I do not merely mean to confess that, in this narrative as in others, I have done what Holmes himself once accused me of doing and concealed "links in the chain"—the scheme I devised with Bradshaw and Carlos for apprehending Black Ralph is the most glaring example—in order to make a better story, though I hope the finale thus produced is not "meretricious." My main apology is of another order altogether.

The interview with Dolores, as recounted above, is a lie. She did, indeed, impute to Carlos a groundless jealousy of Sir Harry. But the manner of this and its circumstances were wholly different from what I have implied. The two of us were in my bed. Even in these easygoing days of the third decade of the 20th Century, I would not care to publish such a revelation. I dare hope that the reader of the Seventies will find it unexceptionable; a vigorous bachelor of three-and-30, such as I then was, a beautiful and passionate girl and an opportunity—is there anything there to outrage delicacy?

Dolores, what was it in you, or in me, or in both of us that brought it about that in your arms I experienced a joy more intense and more exquisite than any before or since? Was it that we were so different from each other or that we shared a strange communion of spirit? Was it the season? Was it—contrary to appearance—the place? To me, that is the real Darkwater Hall mystery, as impenetrable and as wonderful now as it was then, 40 years ago.

John H. Watson, M.D. Bournemouth April 1925



"So what? You come home horny every night."





How to buy a television set with your eyes closed.

Ever since the early days of television, manufacturers have stressed picture. picture, picture.

As a result, television sound has changed little since the introduction of the first sets over 50 years ago.

Hear as well as you see. But now to go along with Quasar's sharpest, clearest picture yet, we add

Audio Spectrum Sound!

A Quasar exclusive. it finally makes television sound as good as it looks.

Not one speaker but three.

You see, whether it's a 100 piece orchestra or a simple conversation, most televisions cram everything through one speaker.

But our new Audio Spectrum Sound sets have three speakers. Each technically tailored to reproduce a precise portion of the sound spectrum.

Higher highs, lower lows. So there's a conventional speaker for mid-range

Together they add a whole new exciting dimension of reality to every show you watch.

Why it's so real, that when you watch a concert you'll think

you're in the front row instead of your living room.

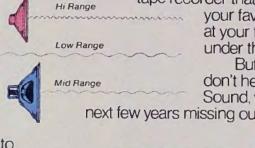
Some features we'd never change. Besides a great new sound system, Audio Spectrum Sound sets also feature traditional

Quasar quality and reliability. Because the show must always go on. And on. And on. So before buying your next TV, see your Quasar dealer and hear the difference Audio Spectrum Sound makes. And while you're there, see Quasar's Great Time Machine. It's a home video tape recorder that lets you record

your favorite programs to watch at your favorite times. (That's it under the TV set below)

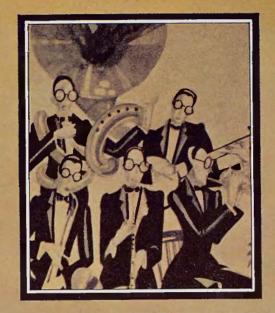
But remember, if you don't hear Audio Spectrum Sound, you might spend the

next few years missing out on a lot.





THE BASIC JAZZ LIBRARY



rom such myriad sounds of surprise—blues, New Orleans airs, swing, bop, the new and ever newer discoveries—how does one select a representative jazz buff's LP library and retain some living space?

Fortunately, there is now a solid basing point for this exhilarating addiction. In six LPs, The Smithsonian Collection of Clossic Jozz provides a quintessential cross section of

this high improvisatory art.

From Bessie Smith to Bix, Billie, Ellington and Bird, the set also ranges as far as Coltrane and Ornette Coleman. As a bonus, there is a lively, illustrated historical guide. (For information and a catalog, write to Smithsonian Recordings, Division of Performing Arts, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560.)

On the same Smithsonian label, there is a treasury of daring, powerfully emotional performances by the first jazz virtuoso, Satchmo, who shaped all the horns to come (Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines/1928).

THE SWINGING THIRTIES

For the swing era that followed, new standards of utterly relaxed, floating time and supple, pungent solos were set by Count Basie's band, which was at its joyous zenith in the late Thirties, when the sides in The Best of Count Basie (MCA) were made.

From that band came the most influential soloist since Armstrong. Lester Young, a tenor saxophonist of singular grace, wit and ceaseless imagination. In The Lester Young Story, volumes one through three (Columbia), Prez is joined by Billie Holiday, Teddy Wilson, Basie and other nonpareil improvisers. Lady Day (as Prez named Holiday) was the most evocative and subtly sensuous of all jazz singers, as in God Bless the Child (Columbia).

A jazz territory unto himself, Duke Ellington was jazz's Beethoven, a composer of prodigious originality, with a band to match—The Ellington Ero (Columbia, three records).

BIRTH OF MODERN JAZZ

With the Forties, there came a stunning revolution, bop. Its fountainhead was Charlie Parker. To hear Bird "live," and therefore in grooving contact with his audience, there are One Night in Birdland and Summit Meeting at Birdland (both Columbia). One of Bird's pivotal colleagues was Dizzy Gillespie, who has since become the preeminent trumpeter in jazz—the Louis Armstrong of this age (Oscar Peterson & Dizzy Gillespie, Pablo).

Also in at the start of modern jazz, Thelonious Monk created plunging new dimensions of piano playing and composing, earning the title The Onliest Monk (Brilliance; Monk/Trane, both Milestone).

In his way, Miles Davis was just as uncategorizable, and one of his albums, *Kind of Blue* (Columbia), not only is a paradigm of jazz lyricism but also preceded much of postmodern jazz in its liberation from chord changes.

Still another influential individualist, Charles Mingus, an astonishing bassist and provocative composer, has been a finder and shaper of new talent through his combos (Tia Juana Moods, RCA; Three or Four Shades of Blues, Atlantic).

As certain jazzmen kept digging for new sounds, there were also musicians who synthesized and added to the best of the tradition. One was Gerry Mulligan, as baritone saxophonist and writer. Another: the cool romantic, Paul Desmond (Mulligan Quartet/Desmond Quintet, Fantasy).

Also distillers rather than expanders of the music, The Modern Jazz Quartet became the most precise of all swinging chamber groups, with an extraordinary command of collective dynamics (The Lost Concert, Atlantic).

The music, however, still generated explorers. After Bird, the next full-scale revolutionary was John Coltrane—vastly extended solos, new criteria of sound itself and ascents of passion that were exciting and exhausting (Live at the Village Vanguard; Ascension, both on Impulse).

While no one currently bestrides the jazz world as Coltrane did, a pianist-composer of increasing impact is Cecil Taylor, who improvises with energy and inventiveness (Unit Structures, Blue Note; Silent Tongues, Arista).

With regard to this newest jazz—music much like fervent speech, with spiraling rhythms in which the pulse is more often felt than heard—a vital source has been alto saxophonist—composer Ornette Coleman (The Shape of Jazz to Come, Atlantic).

JAZZ INDIVIDUALISTS

Meanwhile, there are, and always have been, a number of formidable jazz figures who have become their own schools. Whatever else is happening in the music, these loners continue marching to their own inner drums. Trumpeter Roy Eldridge (Happy Time, Pablo) is the very model of the unquenchable hot improviser, going for broke on every chorus.

One of the most influential of all jazz loners is Sonny Rollins, a tenor saxophonist who is a master of the unexpected, a spinner of previously unimagined tales (Saxophone Colossus and More, Prestige).

With this fundamental collection, the jazz buff can listen through layers of time to the full, wondrous scope and depths of this music that has no end. —NAT HENTOFF



The first real taste in any low tar.

The natural cigarette did it. It's rich and full and it satisfies. It's Real.

Your cigarette enhances its flavor artificially. All major brands do. Real does not. We use only the finest tobacco blend and add nothing artificial. Nothing.

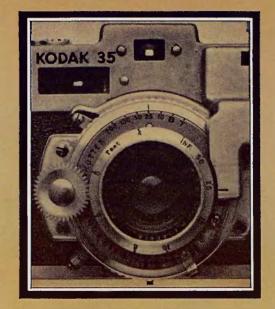
Of course, the menthol in Real Menthol is fresh, natural. Not synthetic. You get a rich and round and deep taste. A total taste that satisfies. Yet it's low tar.

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

Only 9mg. tar.

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BUYING A USED CAMERA



he 35mm SLR camera has democratized quality picture taking. But the prices of top-of-the-line equipment have also imposed some financial hardships on nothing-but-the-best photo freaks. If you're interested in getting a high-quality first camera and are chary of making your initial investment a major one, buying secondhand is a good way to hedge your bet and to acquire otherwise untouchable equipment at what could be a fraction of its retail price.

THE BODY

Look at the camera as though it were a used car. Slam the doors. Give it a test ride. If you buy from a private seller, you should be able to take pictures with the equipment. If the seller is unwilling to let you do that, he may have something to hide. Cosmetics are important; they give a capsule history of the camera's use. Check the body for worn spots, chips, dents, scratches—they all could spell trouble. Especially be on the lookout for marked-up exterior screws. If you find some, it suggests that someone tried to repair the camera and didn't know what he was doing. The back of the camera should unlock and lock cleanly and it should fit tightly. If it doesn't, there could be light leakage, which would alter, if not ruin, exposures.

Next, test the shutter. The lower shutter speeds are particularly sensitive to damage, so go through the half-and full-second releases. Many cameras have one governor that regulates speeds of 1/80th and under and another for speeds faster than that. The best way to determine whether or not the camera's speeds are accurate is to have them machine checked. But allow a 15 percent tolerance. Even new cameras can vary that much.

In any case, the shutter should sound smooth and you should be able to detect a clear difference in the duration of the speeds. In the time-release setting, make sure the shutter opens when pressed and closes promptly when released. Should it hang open, or should the other speeds sound inaccurate, forget the camera. Shutter damage is the hardest and most costly to fix.

Load the camera with film. The transport lever should wind the film smoothly. Make sure that the film pressure plate at the inside back of the camera has retained its smooth surface. Scratches can wreak havoc with the delicate film surface. Also make sure that the cloth or metal focal-plane shutter is free of rips, holes or thin spots.

One last tip on checking the body: Carefully examine the eyelets that hold the shoulder straps. If the interiors of the eyelets look very worn, it's likely that the camera has had long and heavy use and that, someday, it may simply fall from its straps and shatter all over the sidewalk.

THE LENSES

When buying a used lens, open the f-stop to its maximum aperture and check both front and back surfaces under a 100-watt bulb, not under fluorescent light. Look for small scratches on the lens or burnouts in its coating. Make sure the iris opens and closes immediately upon firing. The lens mount should hold the lens firmly to the body. Check for dents and worn spots.

The focusing action should feel like mercury. Any stiffness can indicate that the lens has been dropped, which can mean that the lenses inside the housing are out of sync. The attendant optical distortion will carry over into your pictures. Listen for the sound that dirt or grit makes in the housing—the previous owner might have taken a lot of pictures on the beach.

Check the focus by focusing on an object a measured ten feet away. If the footage calibration does not show ten feet, the lens may have been damaged.

It's an encouraging sign when shopping for a lens if its owner has a UV filter on it for protection. A scratched filter is a lot cheaper to replace than a lens.

In order to check the total performance of the lens, tack up either a three-dollar lens-resolution chart or a PLAYBOY centerfold. Using Kodachrome 64 or any other nongrainy color film, go through all the f-stops of all the lenses. A test roll will reveal if a lens is a little fuzzy around the edges of certain apertures.

THE LIGHT METER

If the camera has a light meter, try to check it against a hand-held light meter or against the meter of a new camera of the same model. Also check several readings for several kinds of lighting situations. A meter may be giving accurate readings in its high range and be off at its low end. Be sure to install a new battery in the camera before making any judgments about the meter.

BUYING SECONDHAND

In photography stores, there is generally only a 25–35 percent difference between new and used equipment. Given that, there is little reason to gamble with possibly damaged goods. However, reputable camera stores will give a 30- or 60-day guarantee and will fix any problem that comes up or will refund your money during that period. However, if you buy privately, chances are you can get a 50 or 60 percent discount. Of course, you don't get a guarantee, so caveat emptor.

—JOHN REZEK

LCD TIME. YOU DON'T PUSH. YOU JUST LOOK.

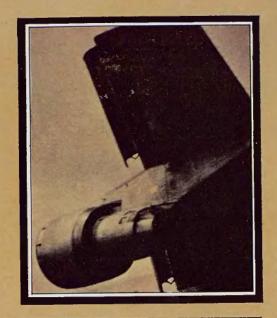
No fuss, no bother, no fumbling for buttons. When you want the time, it's there: always on and always accurate. In fact, Bulova quartz digitals are engineered to give you the time accurately to within a minute a year. Which after all, are quartz digitals backed by over a century of

isn't surprising, because these, after all, are quartz digitals backed by over a century of Bulova dependability. Ask your jeweler about Bulova quartz digitals, including these. From left, #82312, \$190. #81301, \$150. #82322, \$190. #82374 for women, \$125. Other LCD styles from \$89.95. Suggested retail. © 4Bulova Watch Co., Inc.



BULLO MA BULLO MANAGE YOU KNOW ON A WATCH YOU CAN TRUST

CHECKING OUT CHARTERS



ast year, traveling Americans finally took charter flights to their hearts in a big way. They also took them to Europe, Hong Kong, Las Vegas and dozens of other places at prices so low that London often became a less expensive alternative to a week in the country. After suffering for years from image problems and confusing restrictions on who could sign up, charters now operate under a much more liberal arrangement that lets anyone enjoy the savings that result when a plane takes off with every seat sold far in advance.

WHERE TO FIND THEM

If you live near a big city, it's easy to find dozens of charters in the travel section of your Sunday newspaper. If you're out in the boondocks, go to the public library and check out the paper from a convenient departure city. Although you can book a charter directly with the tour operator, travel agents also sell seats. A reliable agent should be able to vouch for the quality of the charters he sells and supply the names of previous customers. A phone call to one is a wise move. If you really want variety, you can order a copy of the "Charter Flight Directory" (\$4.95, postpaid), published by Jens Jurgen (Travel Information Bureau, P.O. Box 105, Kings Park, New York 11754), which lists thousands of flights. If you're into comfort, some flights offer first-class seating for an extra charge. While many charters still require booking 15 to 45 days in advance (depending on European regulations), the Civil Aeronautics Board now allows the sale of all tour seats and a percentage of air-only seats up to the last minute.

FARE PLAY

Charter flights come with or without hotel and other land arrangements. Air-only charters are called A.B.C.s (Advance Booking Charters) and those with ground accommodations are O.T.C.s (One-Stop-Inclusive Tour Charters). The only thing that's cheaper than an A.B.C. is Freddie Laker's New York-to-London Skytrain, which, at about \$245 round trip, is between \$50 and \$100 under the going charter rate, depending on the time of year. But even though Laker is a true hero to the traveling masses, relatively few people live close enough to Kennedy airport to make flying Freddie worth while.

Then, too, Laker isn't the only one flying flocks of first-come, first-served seats across the Atlantic; Pan Am, TWA, British Airways and many others take stand-by passengers on their regular flights for about \$260 round

trip. If you have reservations about flying stand-by and would prefer confirmed reservations to London, these carriers offer budget fares for the same price that guarantee a seat but let the airlines pick your departing and returning flights within a one-week span.

But for most destinations other than London, charter prices can't be beat. Chicago to Hong Kong and a hotel for two weeks for \$669? New York to Egypt for \$599, including a hotel for a week? They're all available, and with O.T.C.s, the whole package (flight, hotel, rental car, etc.) is usually no more than the cost of a coach seat alone on a scheduled flight.

OTHER TIPS

Complaints of long delays, crowded planes and poor service were common last summer as thousands of firsttime charter passengers realized to what extent the frills were gone. Certainly, charters seem to be as safe and professionally run as any other flights. But what you should be prepared for is a delay of one sort or another. Many charter flights do not take off when they say they will, for reasons almost too numerous to mention, and a delay of a couple of hours is not at all uncommon. It is normal for charter aircraft to be in service 16 to 18 hours per day, every day. With that kind of schedule, three hours lost on Sunday will still be lost on Wednesday. When you add the fact that many charters are flown on older DC-8s and 707s, it is obvious that maintenance, refueling stops and other delays are going to push them behind schedule, especially in the summer. If you are booked on a DC-10 or a 747, delays may be fewer, since these planes have greater speed and range.

What happens when the hours of delay become days, or when you're suddenly told you'll be returning on Friday instead of Sunday? When the Dan-Air charter flight of a PLAYBOY editor was delayed nearly two full days (on a ten-day trip to London), the passengers were ready to mutiny. But the tour operator merely told them to read the fine print in their flight contracts. If you do the same, you'll find that the organizer of the charter is not responsible for any delay and is not obligated to refund any money. You can get more details about this by writing to the Consumer Information Center (Pueblo, Colorado 81009) for the Civil Aeronautics Board's excellent "Consumers' Guide to Air Charters."

Finally, don't forget about those refueling stops. In airline lingo, a direct flight is not the same as a nonstop. It merely means you don't have to change planes to get where you're going.

—TOM PASSAVANT



"Enter your girl in the \$50,000 Miss Black Velvet Contest."

"It's as easy as sending me a picture of your girl."

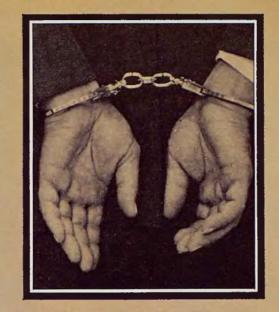
You can help make your girl the next Miss Black Velvet and win \$20,000 for her and \$5,000 for yourself when you enter her picture in the Miss Black Velvet Contest. Even our 8 finalists will win \$2,000 in cash, and more.

It's easy. And almost as much fun as drinking smooth and velvety Black Velvet* Canadian Whisky.

All you have to do is pick up an entry blank at your local tavern or liquor store and mail it to me with your girl's picture. If you can't find an entry blank, I'll be glad to send you one. Just mail a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Black Velvet Contest Entry Blank, P.O. Box 255, Lodi, New Jersey 07644.

So send in your girl's picture. When she finds out she could be the next Miss Black Velvet, she'll love you for it.

WHAT TO DO IF YOU'RE ARRESTED



et's assume you're driving along the highway, minding your own business, when a police officer pulls you over because your rear license-plate light is out. After checking your driver's license, he politely asks you to get out of the car and proceeds to search your vehicle, finding two foil-wrapped joints that your girlfriend left under the front seat. You are placed under arrest and made to feel that this is a major drug bust. What are your legal rights?

YOU AND JOHN LAW

The first and most important advice from a practical standpoint is: Don't resist. Don't give the cops a hard time and don't mouth off. Remember, if an altercation occurs between you and the officers, it will be they and not you who will be believed. Don't resist an arrest or search because you think it may be illegal. There are other ways to challenge illegal conduct by police; all that will be accomplished by a confrontation is a hardened attitude on the part of the officers.

Second, you should know and remember that you have a right to remain silent. You can give your name, address and age, but often it's better not to say anything more. You can legally refuse to answer questions, refuse to give a statement and refuse to consent to questioning. You can always make a statement after consulting with a lawyer, but if you choose to talk, it may be used against you.

In most jurisdictions, you will be able to make a telephone call to a lawyer or to friends or family. Ask politely at the earliest possible time to exercise this right, but don't argue or become belligerent. Under the law, generally, you may be fingerprinted, photographed and booked; i.e., officially charged with a crime. You have a right to be informed of the charges for which you are arrested or that are being placed against you, but often that right is not respected and you may not learn of the reason for your arrest until hours after being detained. If you use your phone call to contact an attorney, he will be able to get that information more quickly for you.

THE MIRANDA DECISION

Under a famous 1966 Supreme Court decision, Miranda vs. Arizona, you must be informed of the following constitutional rights: 1. that you may remain silent; 2. that anything you say may be used in evidence against you in a trial or subsequent hearings; 3. that you may have a lawyer at all stages of the proceedings, including the police questioning; 4. that if you desire a lawyer but

cannot afford one, one will be appointed without cost to you. The police are required to advise you of these rights in a manner that is understandable to you. Furthermore, if you wish to remain silent or ask for a lawyer, all questioning must stop. Legally, anything that you say thereafter cannot be used in evidence against you, even if the statement is not coerced. The Miranda warnings guarantee that any confession is voluntary and made with your understanding of the consequences. And the Supreme Court has declared that one's inability to pay for a lawyer should not place a suspect in a position different from that of someone who has a lawyer on retainer. Therefore, if you wish a lawyer and cannot afford one, counsel must be appointed on your behalf.

The circumstances under which you may be released from police custody vary from state to state. Sometimes you may be released without bail and with the issuance of a summons, but more often you must first post bail or have someone post it for you before you are released. Again, the amount and circumstances of bail differ from place to place and depend upon the charges against you.

In certain circumstances, when a serious offense is involved, you may have to remain in custody until a judge can consider the amount of your bail. That will depend upon your record, the nature of the charge, your roots in the community and other factors that the judge will consider in deciding whether or not you are a good risk and are likely to appear at future court appearances. A lawyer acting on your behalf will be of substantial benefit in having bond set at a reasonable amount and in assisting in posting bond and securing your release.

When you have been arrested, you shouldn't refuse to be fingerprinted or photographed. You may even be required to give handwriting, blood or urine samples to determine intoxication or drug use. In one famous Supreme Court case, it was held that you can refuse to have your stomach pumped, because this "shocked the conscience" of the Court. If you are charged with driving under the influence of alcohol, you may be requested to take a breath-analysis test to determine the amount of alcohol in your system. Although you cannot be forced to submit to this test, in many states the mere refusal will result in the revocation of your driver's license for a specified period, even if you are subsequently exonerated of the charges against you.

So no matter what you're arrested for, the best advice is: Be polite. Keep your mouth shut. Talk to a lawyer at the earliest possible opportunity.

—BURTON JOSEPH

Cures photographer's itch.

The new Vivitar 75-205mm zoom lens for 35mm SLR cameras will cure your itch for a lens that frames your picture precisely the way you want it. You'll have 131 focal lengths plus 1:4 reproduction capabilities at close focus. The all new optical design will give you sharp, tight portraits and crisp, long shots. Get the cure at your Vivitar dealer for a very reasonable amount of scratch.

Vivitar Corporation, 1630 Stewart





MY NIGHT

(continued from page 160)

"One girl was asking another how many men she'd been with."

with her that it was swell up there. I was then invited to give it a try myself, but I demurred, saying that I had to play tennis the next day. She smiled and wan-

"She's a good sport, isn't she?" threepiece-suit said.

Anatomy, as Freud might have said, is the mother of invention.

A very tall black man helped a very short Oriental girl out of the Jacuzzi. Her eyes were fixed on his fully (as they used to say in dirty books) erect member, which was roughly the size of Rhode Island. "Having fun?" he asked me.

"Yes, sir," I answered cheerfully, choking back the urge to ask where I could pick up one of those things in white.

'We're going into one of the little rooms-just the three of us," he said, as he and the girl followed the member toward the rear of the club,

The mini-orgy rooms have thin walls and no ceiling. A man with a deep voice was saying, "Look, you can't catch anything from me-I've had a vasectomy.'

A girl's voice from another room: "Iesus, I've gotta go home-I've got a class of six-year-olds at nine in the morning.'

The sound of a door opening and a man's voice saying, "Excuse me, I'm looking for my daughter."

A slightly dejected-looking gentleman held something in his hands and complained to a friend: "Look what someone did to my hairpiece."

In the hallway, one girl was asking another how many men she'd been with so far that evening. "Gee, I don't know," she answered. "I'm not into counting."

In the sex nook by the Jacuzzi, seven or eight people were locked together on the floor in something vaguely resembling the instruction manual for assembling a deck chair. As I stood nearby, straining to pick up a few gynecological details, a head and a hand, belonging to one of the male participants, disengaged themselves. The hand shook one of mine and the head said, "Hi. Nice to see you. I'm B---- L----. I'm a lawyer and I represent F --- D---"-he named a famous comedian-"This may not be the right time, but"-he began to moan intermittently because of something someone was doing to him-"I'd like to discuss an idea we've got for a TV pilot."

Ultimately It's Marantz. Go For It.

Drums-Cellos-Trumpets instead of ... DrumCselloTsrumpets.

Because what you're getting is the sharpest, cleanest instrument definition you've ever heard from any speaker system.

Through ordinary speakers, music is a sound of instruments jumbled together. Yet listen to the same music played through a Marantz 940 speaker system. The difference is amazing! The music comes out exactly the way it went in —instrument by instrument.

At the heart of the Marantz 940 is the most sophisticated crossover network ever developed. Most competitive

systems have only two separate level controls in their crossover network, with no inductors. Marantz gives you three level controls with six inductors! So you get more circuitry for precise crossover points. The result: a flat frequency response with smooth transition of the frequency ranges between woofer, mid-range and high-frequency loudspeakers, combining all of those cleanly defined instruments into a brilliant, meticulous blend.

And, to do the job of bringing forth each individual instrument within the divided frequencies, Marantz designs and builds more expensive, more sophisticated transducers. Marantz woofers, for example. The big bass drum is heard in all its glory because Marantz builds woofers with a rigid new cone material—rigid enough to withstand ten times the force that can destroy a light airplane. This superior structural strength enables the cone to move in an ideal piston-like motion, instead of bending. Which means a tight, low frequency response and uncolored sound quality.



The human voice—the most difficult sound to reproduce—takes on flesh and blood realism. Because the Marantz 5-inch mid-range cone transducer blends precisely with both woofer and tweeter elements. And it's completely sealed off in its own enclosure. Vibrations produced by the woofer (like the big bass drum) can't shake up mid-range reproduction.

Even crystal-shattering trumpets are a total reality thanks to the exclusive linear polyester film domes on the tweeters. The lighter weight film responds faster to high frequency vibrations: also, the small dome shape of

the tweeters disperses high frequencies over a wide area. No matter where you are in the room you hear the same sound.

Is it possible to perfect the sound even further? Yes... with our exclusive Vari-Q* feature. It's a high density removable foam plug. Plug in, the system is "air suspension"—ideal for movie albums. Symphonies. Jazz. Folk. Pull the plug out and the system is "ported" to give the gutsiest low end for today's electronic rock.

Outside and inside the Marantz 940 is a work of art—the top of the Marantz Design Series. The elegant furniture styling is magnificent. The sound—all you could wish for. The truest musical sound you've ever heard from any speaker, anywhere.

Your Marantz dealer has the Model 940 as well as the full line of Marantz Design Series Speaker Systems, Marantz High Definition Speaker Systems and Marantz Imperial Mark II Speaker Systems. If you want the best—and are willing to spend a little more to get it—then go for it. Go for Marantz.



PUBLIC SEX (continued from page 160)

"There's the fourth stage. Of actually doing it yourself in public. My friend has never gone that far."

the pictures don't show his ass. "I have a very well-known ass. Show it and everyone in New York will recognize it."

I consult with my friend the film maker prior to making my first reconnaissance mission to Plato's. He provides a typical scenario: "It's the fall of Rome with a bar mitzvah buffet. At first, you are struck by the numbers of people. You know that if God catches you there, it's cookies. Fortunately, God is preoccupied with the Middle East crisis and hasn't gotten around to Plato's Retreat yet. But the rush when you walk through the door is something else. It will be a couple of hours before you can even focus on individuals. Then you study specifics. You become a connoisseur of technique. You won't see anything you haven't tried yourself at one time or another, but to see someone trying the 11th position of the lotus with a half twist as a regular gig, in public, in front of an audience, is a flash. It's nice to know that someone has mastered that trick. The third stage is personalities.

You single out a beautiful girl and watch her for the whole evening, trying to figure out from her behavior why she's there. Last week, I watched a woman in the pool go through 21 guys. She was into underwater oral sex. Maybe she was training to be a pearl diver. Maybe she had always had the fantasy of giving head to a crowd."

Some fantasy; do you think it can be taught? There's the fourth stage. Of actually doing it yourself in public. My friend has never gone that far. "I'm not an easy lay." He confesses to suffering from acute voyeurism, an occupational hazard of his trade. "If you don't change into a towel right away, I find that you tend to remain fully clothed for the whole evening. Keep that in mind."

I enter the club, pushing through two sets of mirrored doors into a small foyer. A maîtresse d'hôtel directs me to the hatcheck girl. I feel a slight moment of panic. Exactly how much am I expected to check? Remembering the film maker's advice, I begin to disrobe. Just this side

of my undershorts, the hatcheck girl looks up. "No, there are lockers downstairs for your clothes.'

"Sorry, my mistake."

I stash my coat in the locker, grab a drink from the bar and set out for a tour of this dark underground den. I am poised, cautious. My eyeballs are walking barefoot, trying to avoid the slivers of glass, the sudden glimpses of graphic acts. The Jacuzzi holds four or five couples-I lose count by the second or third set of thighs. The girls fondle penises beneath the water with absentminded care, like Captain Queeg rolling his ball bearings. The couples peer out into the room, toward the disco dance floor, or the pool, or the chaise longues, waiting for something to trigger a response, the slight involuntary muscle contraction that produces an erection, that corners the faint pulse of arousal. A short-haired girl with a bearded sociology major realizes that her hand is full. She turns and faces her partner, slips him inside her with a swift, assured gesture. He braces himself against the edge of the pool and kisses her breasts. She grasps him by the neck and pulls him closer, pumping. The clinical details are hidden by the water. It is almost a private act. It is a sculpture soon duplicated by the other couples in the pool.

I become a connoisseur of style. On one of the chaise longues, a brunette crouches over a reclining man. She is performing fellatio-if not with passion, then with purpose. My escort agrees that the girl is diligent. Trustworthy. Courteous. Kind. Etc. "It's the Brooklyn style of oral sex. P.S. 49, if I'm not mistaken. The school was half Catholic. Half Jewish. The girls learned to give head instead of learning to fuck. They're

famous for it."

I begin to focus on individuals. Immediate undying love strikes three times in the time it takes to walk the length of the 40-foot pool. A very short brunette with a body one size larger than skin and bones walks by swaddled in a towel. Her feet are obscured by gray-wool socks. Charming. In a place like Plato's, is she really worried about catching a cold? A magnificent amazon with a Farrah Fawcett haircut sits on a chair at the end of the pool, her legs crossed, eating potato salad from a paper plate. When she stands up, I see that she is wearing a white-cotton T-shirt imprinted with a map of the New York subway system. My eyes take a quick ride to the Staten Island station. Yes, this is where I get off. An athletic brown-haired girl attracts my attention. She is wearing a towel around her neck. She looks like a poster of Sylvester Stallone with tits. She is proud of her body from the waist up, she is dangerous from the waist down. Later.



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plenty of both.

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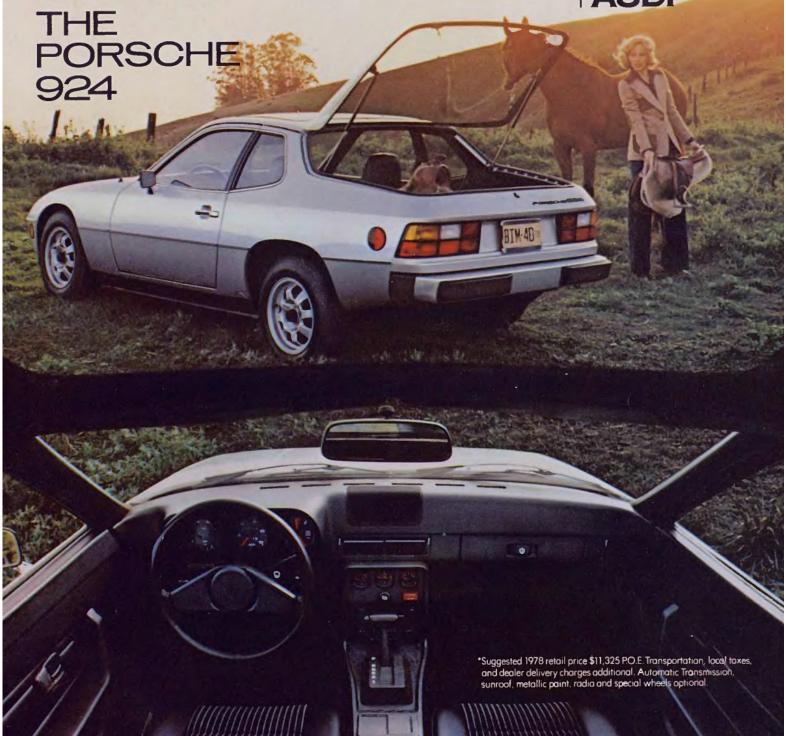
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You can get a 924 for less than \$11,500.* That's not inexpensive. But it is less than you'd expect to pay for a Porsche.

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How to Achieve Total Financial Freedom

A MUTUAL CONCERN. We've never met and probably never will, but I think we share a common interest. That interest is in achieving complete and total financial freedom.

Recently my net worth reached the *magic* million dollar mark, and it only took me 48 months to achieve that.

That might not impress you, but if you had seen me just a few years ago, you might wonder how I did it. I lived in Denver then, in a cramped, tumbled down house at 2545 South High Street. My wife was expecting our second child and we were so broke we had to borrow \$150.00 from a relative just to buy food and pay the rent.

By the way, I know I didn't make a million dollars because of my superior intellect — I barely got through Ames High School (Ames, Iowa) with a C average. I did a little better later on but I soon realized that a salaried job was not the way to become financially free. If you'll stop and think, you'll realize that millionaires do not work 10, 20, or 50 times harder or longer than you.

FINANCIAL FREEDOM. It seems that most people who are charging for financial advice have studied how to "do it" but have never actually "done it" themselves. You will find as you read my formulas, that since I have actually achieved total financial freedom myself, that you will receive from me more than just the motivation to achieve your own financial independence, but a workable step-by-step plan to actually do it.

STEP-BY-STEP. Contained in the work entitled *How To Wake Up The Financial Genius Inside You* are the various formulas which will show you exactly how you can do each of the following:

- buy income properties for as little as \$100 down.
- begin without any cash.
- put \$10,000 cash and more in your pocket each time you buy (without selling property.)
- compounds your assets at 100% yearly.
- legally avoid paying federal or state income taxes
- buy bargains at one-half the market value

MORE LEISURE. If you apply these formulas and methods you will find in a very short time, you will be able to do almost anything you care to do, and I think, at that time, you will find as I have, that spending several weeks on the beaches of Hawaii, or on the ski slopes of Colorado, or just sightseeing in Europe, or any other place in the world, you begin to understand what real freedom is all about.

Most people think that it would be impossible to do some of the things listed above. For example, to buy a property, and at the same time put \$10,000 (or more) cash in your pocket without selling the property, or to buy a property with little or no cash down.

Believe me, it is possible and fairly simple. This is exactly how most wealthy people ac-



What are your Financial Possibilities in 1978? Mark O. Haroldsen became a millionaire in four years because he found a way to harness inflation to his benefit. Now it's your turn! "I've found" says Haroldsen, "that most people just need a specific road map to follow . . . they can do what I've done."

tually do make 10, 20, or 50 times more money than you do.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. While I was struggling on making my first million, I often thought how nice it would be to have the personal advice and counsel from someone like Howard Hughes or J. Paul Getty.

What would I have been willing to pay for this service? I can tell you one more thing for sure, it would have been a lot more than the \$10.00 that I'm going to ask you to invest in your financial future.

country lose, not because they lack intelligence, or even willpower, but because of procrastination, or lack of action — please don't be like the masses. Make a decision while you have this paper in your hands. Make a decision now to either act now and send for my material or immediately round file this paper. If your decision is to order, do it now, not later. Otherwise you may lose, just by default.

"FINANCIAL FREEDOM." To order, simply take any size paper, write the words "Financial Freedom," your name and ad-

"... more than 150,000 people have discovered that my formulas will provide the road map that can lead to total financial freedom..."

FOR YOUR FUTURE. What will this \$10.00 actually do for you? It will give you a complete step-by-step plan that you can follow to become totally and completely financially independent.

Please try to understand my dilemma. I'm not a New York advertising agency with all their professional skill and manpower to write a powerful and persuasive ad to convince you that I can make you financially independent. I am just somebody who has actually 'done it', and can really show you how to 'do it'.

TEST IT YOURSELF. It's really quite frustrating to have something so valuable as I know I have, but lack the skill to convince people to try it for themselves. I hope by my simple direct approach I can convince you to try my formulas.

INDECISION — THE COSTLY DECISION.
It seems the majority of the people in our rich

dress, and send it along with a check for \$10.00 to Mark O. Haroldsen, Inc., Dept. G-317, Tudor Mansion Bldg., 4751 Holladay Blvd., Salt Lake City, Utah 84117.

If you send for my materials now, I will also send you documents that will show you precisely how you can borrow from \$20,000 to \$200,000 at 2% above the prime rate using just your signature as collateral.

IT'S GUARANTEED. If you are still somewhat skeptical, and believe me, when I started out I certainly was, because of the many people in the world trying to deceive others, I would encourage you to postdate your check by 30 days, and I promise and guarantee that it will not be deposited for at least those 30 days, and if for any reason you do not think that what I have sent you lives up, in every aspect to what I told you in this letter, send the material back, and I will quickly, without question, refund your money and send back your own uncashed check or money order.

Sex is my right . .

As a woman, it is my right to enjoy a fulfilling, active sex life. I want my man to know what gives me pleasure. But, true satisfaction doesn't always come easily. And, sometimes not at all. Through close friends of mine, some who have the same problems I have, I discovered The Explorer.®

I found that this unique system helped me to overcome my problems. The Explorer® was more than I had hoped for. My man and I accepted it as a natural and exciting part of our sex life, which had become better than ever. Not only did I experience multiple orgasms, but my mate responded beautifully to my newly-found sensations.

The Explorer® was designed by 'Doc' Johnson specifically for people seeking the heights of sexual fulfillment and pleasure. The Explorer® includes:

- · A dual intensity vibrator. The most unique of its kind available. It's been tailored to give a woman complete satisfaction.
- A stimulator specially designed to increase sexual sensations.



 Four attachments to relax and stimulate every part of the body.

It can be plugged into any standard electrical outlet. And, it's noiseless and safe.

Only \$19.95. The Explorer® is guaranteed. If, for any reason, you are not delighted with the results, simply return The Explorer® within 30 days for a full, prompt refund. You risk nothing.



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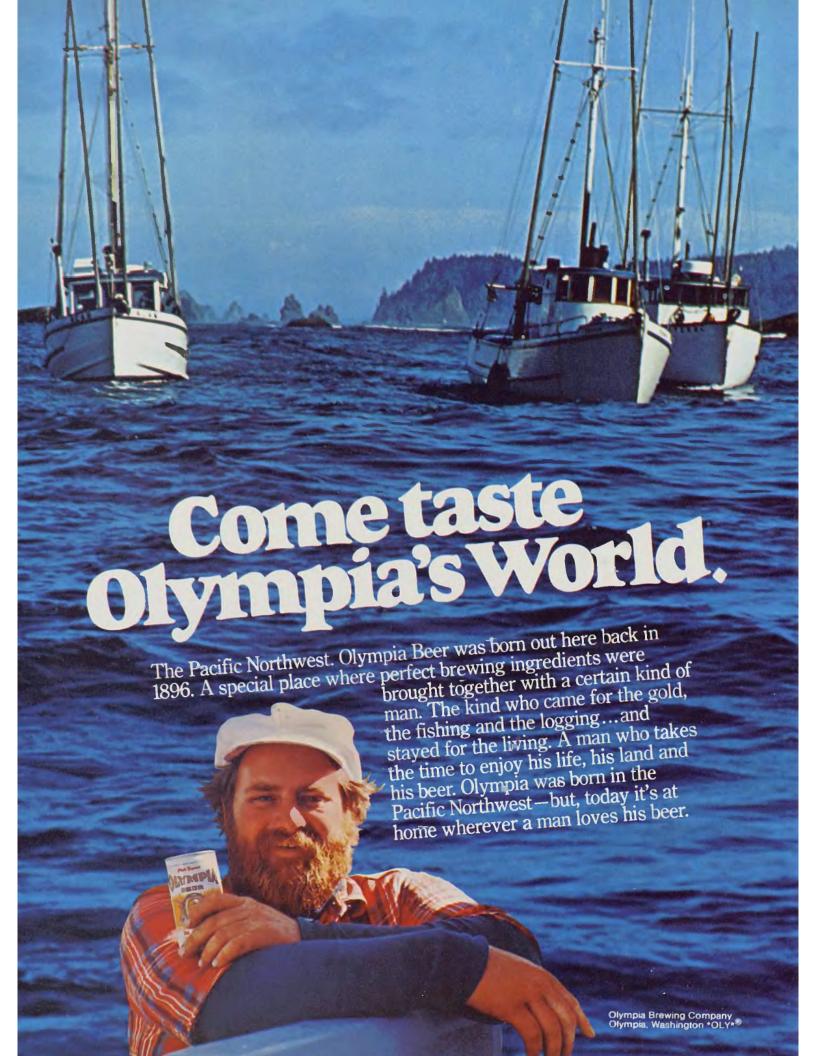
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I watch her in action on her back on the mattresses, her legs wrapped around her partner, her breasts alive with surface tension. I feel privileged to be in the same room with someone so vital. She is a sexual saint: Hands reach out to touch her brow, her breast, her thigh. She is a force, attracting bystanders as a magnet attracts iron filings on a sheet of paper. She emerges from the mattress room and goes to join three friends, fully dressed, standing at the bar like trainers in the corner of a prize-fight ring. Their eyes worship her animal grace. I think her name is Jan. If she would be so kind as to contact the author. ...

On the night before the shooting, I stand by the pool. The air is filled with an acrid chlorine smoke. Near my feet, a middle-aged man with sideburns and a waterlogged mustache floats on his back, his arms outstretched along the gutter of the pool. His erection juts like a buoy from the water: His partner clings to it with her mouth and one hand, treading water. The bodies are weightless, squeaky clean. The woman pulls away, reattaches herself. I look at the pool, consider a quick set of laps. I ask one of the regulars if it would be all right. "You'd look pretty ridiculous. A jock doing laps in a pool filled with people sucking and fucking. Maybe if, at the end of ten laps, you pull yourself up, screaming, 'I'm coming, I'm coming,' they'll think it's some obscure sexual practice." The regular changes his tone of voice to one of mock horror. "Besides, do you realize what kind of diseases you can catch from a public pool?"

"Maybe I should wear a wet suit, a

head-to-toe prophylactic."

Most of the reporters who have written about Plato's have worried in print about the possibility of disease. I recall reading in *The Journal of Sexology* that people who are afraid of venereal disease, and who use the specter as an excuse to abstain from sex, are usually ignorant about V.D. People who lead an active sex life tend to be informed. They know the symptoms, the consequences and the treatments available. They take care. I depend on the awareness of strangers.

I change into a towel, suck in my stomach and walk to the pool. Swim ten laps, complete with flip turns that would leave my old coach at the Stamford Y.M.C.A. turning in his grave. In junior high school, I swam on a championship team. Backstroke. Between the junior meet and the senior meet, the swimmers would lie on top of a locker and tell sexual horror stories. The one story I remember from that period goes like this: A guy has been dating a girl for months, trying to get past second base. She has put up an inspired, impenetrable

defense. On his birthday, he takes her to the movies. Sitting in the balcony, he tries yet again to make it. She resists, saying, "Not now. My parents aren't home. We can go there later. Everything you ever desired will be yours." They leave without watching the credits, drive to her house, walk to the door. In the darkened foyer, she says, "Don't turn on the lights. I'm shy. Go into the living room and get ready. I'll change into something comfortable." He does as instructed. He hears her return. "Are you ready?" she asks. He says yes. The lights go on and he is surrounded by classmates.

"Happy birthday. Surprise!"

I hate that joke. Honest desire is not a laughing matter. The guy had nothing to be ashamed of. If his friends had really thought things out, they would have been naked, applauding. Celebration, not mortification.

Later that night, I meet a couple of college kids from New Jersey. They are having a party for one of their classmates. They have brought an unsuspecting couple to Plato's as a birthday treat. I

tell them my joke. They are amused. Times have changed.

For two dollars, at Plato's, you can buy a tiny leather pouch on a long string. You fill it with cigarettes or whatever and wear it around your neck. Some of the patrons fill their pouches with courage pills. Quaaludes. Drop one, hit the mattresses and fuck your eyeballs out to the pulsing bass of the disco music. The disco beat provides a script that even the most addled amateur can follow. It gives two strangers something in common. If you like to make love to ballads, you're in big trouble at Plato's. (Although it's rumored that if you bribe the disc jockey, he will slip some acoustic rock-James Taylor-onto the turntable early in the morning.) By all accounts, 'Ludes seem to make it easier to get to know someone. Take the following story, from a man who got a standing ovation at Plato's.

"I was in the mattress room, wailing away, really in sync with the music, when I noticed that there were a lot of people standing in a circle around me, watching. Strange. I looked down at the girl I was



"Well! I suppose you want to get into Debbie's pants."

The closest thing to wearing nothing at all.

Mother Nature made love one of her most joyous and tender moments. And in keeping with that spirit, we made Fourex Natural Skins the most natural contraceptive

you can buy.

You see, Fourex is a natural tissue membrane with the texture and sensitivity of soft skin. They're so sensitive that every nuance of your natural warmth is communicated. And they're lubricated in such a way as to enhance that sensitivity. Fourex Natural Skins are available in the unique blue capsule or, if you prefer, rolled in the convenient foil pack.

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Monday: Charge into the week with ROUGH RIDER® Pleasure Studded condoms...our newest, boldest condom designed especially for adventurous lovers. ROUGH RIDERS are the only condoms with 468 exotic, orgasmic studs from head to shaft to send sensuous sensory signals from her head to her toes. Lubricated with SK-70.®

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Wednesday: Colorful loving comes with TAHITI®...a collection of multicolored condoms to titillate your most exotic fantasies. Pre-shaped and lubricated with SK-70.®

Thursday: Feeling Feisty? Try STIMULA®...the original ribbed condom with 877 sensuous ribs designed to feel like hundreds of tiny fingers massaging a woman and urging her to let loose. Pre-shaped and lubricated with SK-70.

Friday: Let him hug you with HUGGER. Shaped to fit like a second skin ... to stretch and conform to the exact size and shape of a man's penis. Lubricated with SK-70® and pre-shaped.

Weekends: Experiment with all five condoms. You've got the whole weekend to make Variety the Spice of your love life!

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with. She was waving her legs in the air, screaming, scratching my back. I still got the scars. She was totally out of her mind. I guess she was enjoying herself. I went back to what I was doing, and when I finished, everyone applauded."

My partner wanders off to the bar to find a drink. A few feet beyond my perimeter, she is approached by a couple who ask if she is alone, if she wants to swing. She declines. By the time she gets back from the bar, she has handled the following approaches: a single guy, whose life dream is to land a bit part in a porn movie, who has come with a blind date whose phone number he got from a friend. A girl who's been asked by every guy in her office to go with him to Plato's. Another couple who want to know if the woman is my partner's type, or vice versa. My partner is impressed with the low-key quality of the approaches. "There are no heavy hitters here. The guys are more relaxed, less desperate than the stand-up comics you meet in singles bars. You know, this is the Goodbar that Diane Keaton was looking for. If she'd come here, she could have had all the sex she wanted, then gone home alone-safe. She wouldn't have gotten killed."

My partner joins me in the pool. Her presence produces an immediate response. She wraps her legs around me, pulls me into her, an act as casual as the way some people hold hands. Thus connected, she feels secure, out of circulation, protected from the crowd of strangers. Our bodies move. The orgasm takes shape, a round sphere batted back and forth over the net of nerves between us. We prolong the volley. Eventually, one of us decides to go for the spike, to thrust home the moment at an angle well beyond recovery. It isn't me. The point is scored. I wonder at my response. I become absorbed in the rhythm, the interior space that I know by heart, following the road map of blood-filled arteries. Beneath every skin is a pulse, behind every pulse a heart. I know the way home. I finish and look up to see 20 other couples doing the same thing. We are in this thing together. My erection does not fade. The crowd is an aphrodisiac. Two feet away, a Puerto Rican girl clings to the chrome ladder for support. Her lover is in front of her, taking on water. We help out, to prevent them from drowning.

I don't feel half bad. My lady and I have our act together. We've practiced at home for ten years. I look at the crowd and think: If you're going to strut your stuff in public, you might as well play for a full house.

We go home and find one.



DO YOU MAKE THESE DUMB MISTAKES WITH GIRLS?

This Incredible Invention Has Helped Thousands of Men Get Girls ...
And It Will Work For You Too.

OR WE'LL PAY YOU 10 DOLLARS JUST FOR HAVING GIVEN IT A TRY!!!

Do you use such sayings as: "Would you like to go out tonight?" — or, "Want to go to my apartment for a drink?" — or, "May I have your phone-number?"

Most men do. And it's amazing that so many men actually think they can get anywhere with girls using such colorless, flat, ordinary expressions.

Your whole approach to girls is lifeless, dull, humdrum.

You probably don't even realize you are making so many serious mistakes. So you go right on making them ... and find yourself with fewer and fewer girls.

It's really quite sad — because it doesn't have to be that way. Most men could easily have all the girls they want ... if they just knew how "not" to act with them.

A MOST VALUABLE LESSON

We are going to show you why you are having so much trouble getting girls.

You will learn why many girls refuse to date you (it has nothing to do with your looks).

You will learn why you have a hard time meeting girls (it has nothing to do with your personality or age).

You will learn why girls won't go to bed with you (it has nothing to do with money ... or any of the above reasons).

You will learn exactly what you are doing wrong.

This could easily be the most valuable information you will ever receive. Because once you learn what you are doing wrong, you will be in a perfect position to start meeting and dating girls galore.

Once you learn what you are doing wrong, you will quickly begin to meet and date great-looking girls. Girls with pretty faces and tempting bodies. Girls who wear the newest, sexiest styles in clothes. Girls who you only looked at and dreamed about up until now.

But that's not all. Once you find out what you are doing wrong, it will automatically become "super easy" for you to get many of these beautiful girls to *sleep* with you (think about that).

WHAT WE HAVE DONE FOR YOU

Through many months of research — including personal interviews with dozens of beautiful girls — we have learned the most common mistakes most men make with girls. Mistakes that you are making right now.

Several of the girls frankly admitted that if it weren't for these silly mistakes, most men could easily meet and date just about any beautiful girl they want to.

It would take us forever to teach you every single mistake you may be making with girls. So what we have done is developed a system that will allow you to check yourself whenever you approach a girl — to make sure you are not making any



Lyn A., student, Fla.: "I don't even care what guys look like anymore. I get approached by at least a dozen guys a month. Out of them, only about two end up taking me out. These are the guys who know enough not to make the usual dumb mistakes most guys make."

"mistakes" that could blow your chances with her.

THE ALL NEW 100% SELF-CORRECTING SYSTEM

Wouldn't it be great if we could stand beside you, like an invisable man, and correct you every time you started to make a blunder with a girl!

Well this is exactly what our 100% Self-Correcting System does. It is our silent voice behind you ... ready to speak out whenever you are about to make a costly mistake with a girl.

Our Self-Correcting System actually stops you before you make the mistake; before you ruin your chances with the girl you have your sights on.

CAN BE LEARNED IN JUST ONE DAY

There is no hard work involved. There are no boring details to remember. In fact, our 100% Self-Correcting System can be completely mastered in just one day.

This System has been tested and proven. It works. It works because it is based on facts ... not guesswork. So if it's girls you want, girls are exactly what you will get.

"DOUBLE-YOUR-MONEY-BACK" IF OUR SYSTEM DOESN'T WORK FOR YOU

Are we crazy?

Not really. We're just so darn sure that you'll meet dozens of girls using our *System* that we're willing to stick our necks out to prove it to you.

What we are going to do is let you use our 100% Self-Correcting System for a full year. Then, if you haven't met enough girls to last you a lifetime, return our material to us. We will send you back a check for double the amount you paid for it.

Our book, How To Get Girls Using The 100% Self-Correcting System, costs 10 dollars. Think about it. A 10 dollar investment may bring you more beautiful girls than you'll know what to do with. And — if for any reason you don't end up meeting and dating all the girls you have your heart set on, you'll get back double the amount of your investment (and we'll cry a lot).

Maybe we are sticking our necks way out. But we're willing to take that chance.

So if you seriously want to find out why you are having so much trouble getting girls, send in the coupon now. You will soon find it *easier-than-heck* to meet and date girls (and even to get girls to sleep with you).

Remember — if our System doesn't work for you, you can take the refund money (all 20 dollars of it) and have a whopping good time for yourself ... on us.

That's what you can do if our material doesn't work for you.

But what if our material does work for you? Then what?

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Sold in drugsto	res. Also available in Canada.

(continued from page 167) factory-installed look, and the odds are you'll end up with better sound for less money.

Then there are the electronics stores and the highway-sound specialists that have installers on the payroll. They'll sell you the latest equipment at whatever price level you choose and will install it for \$40 or so. If you buy custom in-dash equipment, it will look factory installed and, again, will undoubtedly sound as good as or better than Detroitinstalled gear that is much more costly.

A favorite general-purpose system is the in-dash combination AM/FM stereo radio with push-button tuning and a cassette tape player. As a general rule, it's a good idea to avoid eight-track cartridges in favor of the cassette format. Cartridges are finally on their way out. They're traditionally more troublesome than cassettes, they tend to jam or develop serious wow and are bulky as hell, The only reason for buying a cartridge stereo for your car is that you have a substantial investment in that format.

The biggest problem with installation is finding the room for the equipment. Basic in-dash units are superstreamlined today, taking up far less ronm behind the dash than their predecessors did only five years ago. As cars get smaller, you'll find that this shrinkage gets more important. Sure, you can still hang a unit under the dash, if you can find a place to put it and if you don't mind leaving an inviting target for rip-off artists.

The other size problem involves the speakers. Most American cars have cutouts in the metal chassis for 6" x 9" speakers in the rear window deck. Cutting through the fiberboard ledge inside the car is a simple matter. The air space in the trunk acts as a superenclosure for these speakers, adding oomph to the bass.

Up-front speakers generally have to be smaller-typically, five inches in diameter-and they won't have the trunk's big air space backing them up, so don't expect too much bass. If the car has stereo speaker grilles in the dash, that's where they should go. Failing that, be prepared to have the installer cut holes in your door panels.

Why front speakers? For one thing, they add another dimension to the stereo listening. An automobile is an almost ideal listening area, since it's a closedin air space. But sound coming just from the rear seems unnatural; live music usually originates in front of you. Adding the front speakers puts you in a cocoon of sound. Also, by cutting off the rear speakers, you can listen to the stereo while the rear-seat passengers remain relatively sound-free.



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As powerful as the new stereo systems City______Sold On Money Back Guarantee 1978 .

are, the output power often isn't quite enough. This is especially true if you're listening to a favorite FM station that's low-powered or if you have to crank the balance control drastically in one direction because of a weakly recorded left or right channel on the tape. That is when a power-booster amplifier comes in handy.

This outboard unit can be neatly hidden under the dashboard and connects between the stereo and the speakers. Typically, a booster will take the five watts per channel coming out of the stereo and provide 20 watts per channel instead. There are more potent boosters available, but the choice of loud-speakers begins to get critical; it's possible to overpower a speaker and blow it out, so the speakers' power-handling capacity is an important factor.

There's one other reason for using a power booster: If you're a fresh-air fiend or drive a convertible with the top down, your stereo has tons of extra highway and wind noise to overcome.

Modular add-ons or systems for car stereo are getting powerful play from some companies. A preamplifier/equalizer can do wonders for tapes and broadcasts that need some help. Your home stereo amplifier has much of this circuitry; now your car stereo can have it, too. It just takes up some more room.

In the modular camp, new components à la home hi-fi are appearing regularly, and if you don't mind stacking up three or four units on your center hump, you can get a versatile system that can be upgraded easily. Trouble with such a system is that it invites theft, since it's not mounted in the dash. Of course, there's always a car burglar alarm.

If you still want your C.B. radio with the stereo, you can have that, too, with any of the new modular or remote systems that take up virtually no room in the car. Many car-stereo makers have an add-on option so the remote C.B .- with all the operating controls on the microphone-works through the system, using its speakers. A combination stand-by/ squelch circuit will let you listen blissfully to your favorite music until a very strong C.B. signal breaks through, Or you can just switch off the C.B.

Generally, it's a mistake to consider a car stereo without tape. Tape adds only a few bucks to the over-all price of the system, and if you don't have a big tape collection, you can soon build one to suit your taste. Tape is the cure-all for dead spots on the highway when you're too far from a good stereo station to listen to your favorites. But whatever your taste-in music and in transportationtoday's highway-sound systems offer fabulous value and listening pleasure.

-WALTER SALM

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WOMEN'S LIB (continued from page 110)

"My sex life hasn't been affected. I try to keep the troubles of the world out of the bedroom."

of mail that says: "Please name a storm after me." We get them kind of letters from men, too.

The liberation people realize that the names of hurricanes are determined by international committee and that it isn't all us, so they don't bother us much about that. They do like us to refer to a storm as "it" once the name has been established and not to keep calling the storm "she" throughout a report. I've heard that weathercasters have gotten requests like that, too. We're probably going to go on calling hurricanes after women. The 1978 names are set, but there might be some changes in 1979like we'd name them after birds, or U.S.

Senators, or maybe even after cities with high crime rates.

The worst ever? That was Camille. She was a bad one, she was.

F. LEE BAILEY, attorney

I think I was quite a bit ahead of the movement. First of all, I was brought up by a businesswoman. I got used to the idea early that women could hold their own in various fields. Back before I ever heard of women's lib, I hired a woman as an investigator and she became the first active woman trial lawyer of this generation. This isn't all brand-new; there have been women executives and lawyers for years, but they didn't prolif-

erate. Now they are proliferating. And that's fine. The women I've dealt with in law-the good lawyers, the women judges I've appeared before-were all very fine. I've never seen a woman lawyer lean on her femininity to curry favor with judges or juries. That could be bad. Do women lawyers take advantage? I haven't seen one hike her skirt up yet. But I have seen some short skirts.

I'm all for women, but I can't let myself weaken because of any movement. Like crying or something. I haven't shed a tear in 30 years. Bear in mind the nature of my business. Going to a troubleshooter lawyer is like going to your doctor when you're afraid you're going to die. Weakness is incompatible with the role, and if you had those feelings, you'd have to get the hell out.

CLEVELAND AMORY, columnist, author ("Who Killed Society?")

My attitude has changed for the better as women have changed for the worse. My behavior has not changed an iota: It is impeccable, despite the fact that women have become, on occasion, peccable.

As far as any single incident of the women's movement's being outstanding, my position is that giving them the right to vote was all right as long as they didn't bring their friends.

Even though it's all right to do so now, I rarely show female traits, such as crying in public, though occasionally I bat my eyes. But really, about being guarded about my maleness, in this department, a Boston man has no weaknesses.

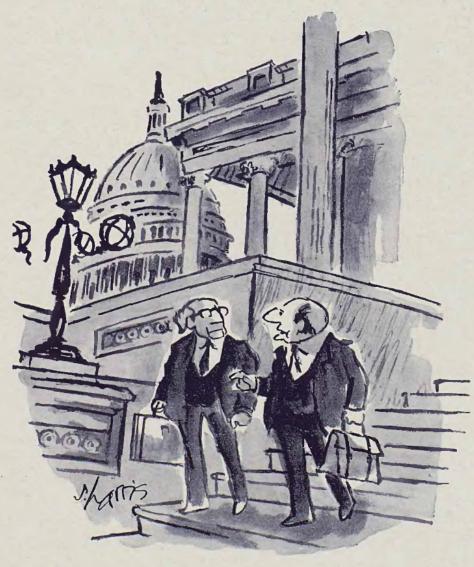
My sex life hasn't been affected at all; I try to keep the troubles of the world out of the bedroom. As far as the sex lives of women being changed, I can only say that I don't know any women that well.

GUNTHER GEBEL-WILLIAMS, the world's greatest big-cat trainer ("Lord of the Rings," Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus)

I think the women's liberation movement in Germany is not so far out as here. In Germany, so long I bring the money home, I be the boss at home. That means nothing against womans, but that's right now my marriage and family life. I think I have a very good family life. I never have fighting. But I try to be always right.

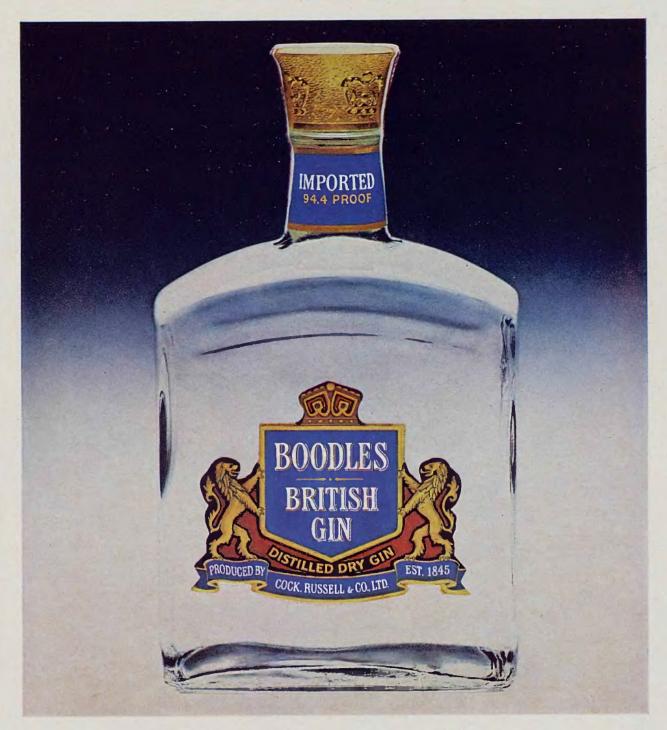
I've been very successful with womans; I don't change. I have no problem. Womans have this feeling about me, my strength, when I'm inside doing the show and also when I'm outside that I have a very strong personality.

Has my sex life changed since woman's movement? Not at all. I still think there's enough womans around that likes to be



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womans. Still enough womans around to make you a very good sex life—whatever you need—and, really, men don't have to change.

In my job, female cats is like girls: much easier to work with, you know, much more attachable. You can do better tricks with males than with females, and a male looks bigger and better; but females don't give you as much trouble, they're easier to deal with, easier to train. They pay more attention to you.

TONY BENNETT, singer

I think I've definitely changed in my attitude, and I think that the only way to survive as a male today is to go straight ahead, stick to your own principles and if you get along with someone, that's great and, if not—later.

Men don't necessarily fear women since women's liberation came along, but I think they may be kind of fearful of society on the whole. We have a much more liberal society today; I think we're getting to be honest, and that's good.

I don't know if women want all this equality. They're all different. A lot of women change their minds every 20 minutes.

The way I handle a woman is the very correct way. Like it says in the song: I just simply love them.

MIKE ROYKO, newspaperman

My attitude toward women has changed in a lot of ways since the movement. I'm 44 now; I'm older. I'm just a middle-aged man. That's my new definition of myself as a man: tired and middle-aged.

I've always liked strong women who can stand on their own two feet. And I've never liked women you have to fuss over in a silly way, women who get weepy and foolish. I've found that the women I know in the newspaper business never get hysterical and weep. It's the guys who get hysterical and weep.

I have a very macho public image, so I can't ever take on female characteristics. Nevertheless, I'll go into a closet once in a while and smell a flower or have a cry. But never in public. At home, I'm a male chauvinist pig. My wife no longer worries about the laundry, or about dry cleaning, or about getting dinner on the table, but I reserve the right to yell about it.

Has my sex life been affected by women's liberation? Well, I'm a married man, so I don't think about things like that. I don't even have lust in my heart. I think it has affected women's sex lives, however. They seem to be getting more—from what I read in the papers.

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Victor A. Lownes, President Playboy Clubs International, Inc.

CRUISING WITH ANITA

(continued from page 97)

Anita: She has rerouted all of her sexual energy into religious fervor. She is constantly on the make for Christ. Her passion is all-consuming and, at the same time, all-nurturing. Whereas Ignatius Loyola carefully systematized the self-hypnotic aspects of Christianity, Anita simply stumbled across them way back yonder and, like the severest Jesuit, intuitively harnessed them. She is completely sincere-let there be no doubt of that. Those who suspect that she harbors ulterior motives are simply off base. She is incapable of duplicity-her eyes would be her downfall. (If she played poker, I'd be rich right now.) No, her very uncomplex goal in life is to lead every stray sinner back into the clutches of Jesus and to arouse every righteous soul in Christendom to do likewise.

Believe me, the woman is relentless. After a couple of days on the road, she began to take a serious interest in my salvation. Her concern, sad and pathetic though it seems in retrospect, was quite moving at the time, because she really cared. Her approach was neither phony nor pious but childlike, down to earth.

"Ken, I've been wondering . . ." she confided one day as we sat side by side, 40,000 feet in the air. "If this plane crashed right now, where do you think you'd go?"

"Hmmm. . . . Maybe I could just tag along behind you. Do you think Saint Peter would let me in?"

'You mean you don't know?"

"What do you think would happen?"

"Well. . . ." She eyeballed me intently. "I think your heart is in the right place, but your head may be standing in the way of your salvation."

She kept up her preachifying for the duration of our journey-she was never pushy, but never lax, either. The clincher came when I said goodbye as I prepared to re-enter a less rarefied atmosphere after an interminable week in the buckle of the Bible Belt. It was our final moment together. Anita kissed me lightly on the lips, then took my hands in hers and squeezed. "Ken, I know you're going to encounter much temptation when you write about me. Just remember to do what I do whenever I am tempted. Close your eyes, clench your fists real tight and say, 'Satan, get thee behind me! Satan, get thee behind me!' Do you promise me you'll do that?"

Several months later, in her last phone call to me, Anita suggested a more pointed variation on the theme. "Hiya, boyfriend," she drawled in her fetchingest corn pone. She was calling, she said, to wish me good luck for the new year and to tell me that her whole family prayed for me every night. And, oh, yes . . . by the way-"Ken, I hope 232 you realize that I have made myself tremendously vulnerable to you. I opened myself up to you in ways I've never done before. I've shared some things with you I'd never even shared with my husband." A beat. "Now, that's a sacred obligation on your part." I mumbled something about doing my best. "Well, do a good job, now, or I'll put the curse of God on ya, hear?" She laughed. I did not laugh.

Although it's a tempting exercise, Anita is simply too asymmetrical to pigeonhole. She is a confection of contradictions: pristine nun and gamy tease. Old pro who's paid her dues and wide-eyed waif who's still seeking the jackpot. Guilt-wracked sinner who's terrified of hell and perfervid white knight who's determined to lead mankind on a forced march into paradise. Independent spirit, cowering wife. Chaplain one minute, warden the next. She is a demonstrably intelligent woman who stays steadfastly ignorant. Not that these discrepancies bother Anita. She rendered herself unto God at the tender age of eight and, after 30 years, He has finally whipped her into shape. She knows now that questions are the work of the Devil; answers are the work of the Lord. One thing only matters-the Big Payoff when she dies. Heaven. Quietude, Forever and ever.

Anita broaches the topic of martyrdom in an almost cavalier fashion. Mind you, she'll gladly go on doing God's bidding while her soul is still caged by her flesh. But whenever He's ready, she's ready . . . eager, even, somewhere. She thinks about dying every day. Not from some deep-seated death wish or a hungry paranoia but from a realistic appraisal of her situation. During the past 12 months, she has weathered bomb threats, snuff letters and numerous close calls with mayhem. She has learned to take it all in stride. Bob has learned to cover his investment by smothering his wife with security guards. But, in his own words, "Let's face it-when some militant homosexual kills Anita, the guy will be an instant hero."

For better or worse, Anita is a natural symbol. America has a nasty track record when it comes to symbols, be they George Lincoln Rockwell or Malcolm X. Bluntly put-Anita fully expects that she will be assassinated. Her eyes moisten when she ponders the reaction of her beloved children, but she also knows that she can be a much better mother once she's safely situated Upstairs. And after 38 years of mortal travail-after the decades of fear, envy, guilt, bitterness, sadness, disappointment and exhaustion-Anita is quite content to claim her just deserts, thank you. Imagine-no more orange juice to push.

Hallelujah.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 96)

the divorce and I walked in my sleep. I was a very hyperactive kid and a very sickly child. I caught everything that came around. I had the measles, the chicken pox-and every disease I had was like the worst in medical history. I was anemic and had worms. I had pneumonia about eight times. We didn't have the money to go to the doctor every time I was sick, so it wasn't until much later that I found out that I was a highly allergic person. Even today, I can't take certain foods-I eat beans and I itch all night long. I'm allergic to dustlots of things. And nobody in rural Oklahoma knew anything about nutrition, so my meals were imbalanced. I was raised on fried quail, frogs' legs, wild rabbit, squirrel, venison-stuff my dad or grandpa would hunt. I do remember parts of my childhood as being happy and other parts I've blocked out because it hurts too much. I guess I was happiest when I was eight years old and my parents were remarried, and I was baptized and came to know Christ as my personal

Most of my life, I've been a real gogetter, the original Unsinkable Molly Brown. I've been down but never out. Even when I was very young I was determined to be a star. I told the Lord, "Lord, let me be a star." I was a strongminded, independent kid. Rememberwe were really living in the sticks. There was only one television in the neighborhood, and on Saturday nights we'd go over and watch it. I remember the first show I ever saw was Ed Sullivan. My dad was a real roustabout-he went from job to job, working in oil fields and what have you, doing what he could, I mean, it was the sticks and basic things were hard to come by. We lived in a trailer for a year and a half and went to the bathroom in the woods. Even the local school had outhouses-and that was when I was in the sixth grade. Your life was centered around God, your church, your family. But primarily the church.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents as fervent as you in their religious convictions?

BRYANT: No. They got away from the church: they really never had a church home. I felt responsible and I blamed myself.

PLAYBOY: What happened after your parents remarried?

BRYANT: We moved to Oklahoma City and I thought it was the end of the world. It was the biggest city I'd ever seen and the adjustment was real hard. Then my mom and dad started fighting again. They divorced again when I was 12. I didn't see my father for a long time afterward-he moved to another city, found another job, and we'd hear from him once in a while, but it was a long

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time between phone calls. A lot of that period I don't remember. I guess I really don't want to. It was real painful and it just about killed my mother. She was a very submissive wife-she was too submissive and it angered me. She let my dad step all over her and she would have done anything to get him back. Mother had a terrible inferiority complex. My father was a very proud man, a hard worker, but he didn't communicate well with his family. When Daddy left, I had to sort of become the head of the household-iron the clothes, make the dinner and generally be supportive. I learned to relate to adults and I seemingly had great sophistication, though I really don't. Life was hard for my mother, because she had to learn everything the hard way. I mean, she married when she was 18 and she didn't even know anything about sex until after her honeymoon night.

PLAYBOY: Did she talk to you about sex? BRYANT: When the time came, she tried, but it would have been better if she had described more. Even so, she did better than her mother. Grandma married when she was 15 and never told a soul about anything, Grandma Berry was love personified and a real pioneer woman, but she did have her hang-ups. Anyway, after the second divorce, Mother had to rely on us kids-and trust us in our dating. We were proud that she could trust us. It was almost like growing up with my big sister rather than my mother-she was only 18 years older than me. I knew she blamed God for her problems-and she was very bitter about God. Eventually, she remarried. we moved to Tulsa and my mother rejoined the church. She was really beautiful when we were growing up: she had a great figure. She's chunky now since she stopped smoking, but that's OK, because you want your mother to smell sweet.

PLAYBOY: So you resented your father? BRYANT: I tried very hard to forgive him for what ne had done to my mother—and to me. Because of him, I think I went through life for a long time hating all men, including my husband, Bob. It took me a long time to get over my resentment of Daddy. For many years, I thought I'd forgiven him, when I really hadn't. It wasn't until 1974 that I truly forgave him, when I realized that I couldn't blame him for his actions. But it took a long time, let me tell you.

PLAYBOY: How did your musical ability progress?

BRYANT: People kept saying, "How can such a big voice come from such an itty-bitty child?" It's just a natural gift that God gave me. I have natural rhythm, a quality you either have or you don't. It was in my blood and I was determined to make the best of it. I'd spend most every weekend traveling around the state and singing before the Lions Club, the Elks, that sort of thing. I was billed as

Little Miss Terrific. By the time I was 12, I had my own television show. I'd won a contest on the Gizmo Goodkin Talent Show and I got my own 15-minute show every Friday night. I had to become an adult real young. In some ways I was ready, but in other ways I was robbed of having a nice normal childhood.

PLAYBOY: Did you have normal childhood fears?

BRYANT: Oh, yes. I remember one time when we were living in a bad part of Oklahoma City, after Daddy left for good, there was a Peeping Tom around. One night I was sleeping with my mother and she heard a noise and ran to the back door to make sure it was locked. and somebody grabbed the doorknob and tried to open it. Then she ran to the front door and just as she got there, somebody tried to get in the front door, too. It was a very frightening experience. So afterward, Mother went to bed with a butcher knife. As far as a physical experience is concerned, I've never been afraid-I always thought I could do anything. But spooky movies used to freak me out.

PLAYBOY: Do they still?

BRYANT: Yes; I would not see Jaws or The Exorcist. In fact, most movies made these days I find morally objectionable. But one movie I saw as a kid that really impressed me was So Dear to My Heart. It was an old Disney movie in which a little kid who didn't have much money raised this little black lamb and entered him in the contest at the state fair. The black lamb didn't win, but he got a special ribbon—he was a loser, and I identified with him and the movie has stuck in my head forever.

I really do think I grew up too quick. Bob tells me I never had a real childhood because I'm so serious about so many things. I think the thing I've had to learn as an adult is a sense of humor. I don't mean learn it, really, but just to be able to laugh at myself in different situations. You know, knowing how to relax and just be silly, do silly things. It's taken a lot of pain for me to get to a place where I can have a sense of humor. Oh, I always had a kind of cynical, straightforward one. In a way, I guess I've always been funny-not to everybody but to people who know me. My friends tell me I'm a big tease all the

PLAYBOY: Did your sense of humor help you when the jokes started during the Dade County campaign?

BRYANT: Yeah. A lot of the jokes that are told about me are not really filthy or vicious—well, I've learned to laugh at them. I got a big kick out of one cartoon in *The Miami Herald* that showed me leaning over some guy's shoulder and saying, "Oh, I think I saw one over there underneath the Sunshine Tree." And I was bending over and my bottom was

real huge and there was a flag on it. I thought, Well, they could have made my bottom a little smaller. They really thought they were hurting me, when really it's so far from the truth it's funny. But I liked the flag. At least they caught the fact that I am patriotic. But I didn't like the big bottom. So I've learned more how to relax and be silly about some things. Not everything, of course—I never read silly novels, for instance.

PLAYBOY: What do you read?

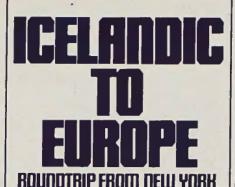
BRYANT: I read constantly, but I don't read nonreligious stuff. I don't have the time.

PLAYBOY: Have you read the classics? Shakespeare, Melville, Henry James . . . ? BRYANT: I read Hemingway and stuff like that in school. I loved The Old Man and the Sea. The theme is nonviolence and I hate violence. There's so much of it on television these days, it makes me nervous. I loved reading romantic stories-I loved Wuthering Heights when I read it a long time ago-but I don't read those kinds of things anymore. I used to read books that would make me fantasize-romance stories and what have you. I've since learned. . . . It's like the movies. I loved romantic movies like Gone with the Wind, but I realized the effect of that kind of thing-when your home life isn't ideal, you seek it somewhere else, so that your natural rela-tionship with your husband becomes distorted. For a long time, that was a real problem with me and Bob, because I was preserving my own ideal-Hollywood's ideal-and ignoring the real problems that come up between a husband and a wife. It's the same thing with the modern-day housewife and the afternoon soap operas. Let's face it-the housewives identify with the soap operas because the shows uplift them from their humdrum daily life. They compare their own lives with the TV show, rather than remembering God's Word-it's bound to affect them badly. The women are told it's OK to have an affair if their home life is frustrating. Just plain garbage. They watch television because it's a vicarious thrill to live that life-to those poor bored women, the grass is always greener on the other side, and they are tempted by Satan to believe his side is the way, so that by the time the husband comes home after a hard day at the office, the housewife hates the box he's put her in. What she's missing is the challenge she can create-what greater responsibility is there than to be a loving wife and mother, to compensate for the things her husband is missing?

PLAYBOY: Let's back up a moment. What gave your career its biggest push?

BRYANT: Arthur Godfrey. One of his talent scouts came to Tulsa and held a competition. I won hands down, week after week. I was determined I would win. When I won, the decision to go to New York was automatic—I didn't even





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have to pray about it, until my pastor talked to me. I really didn't have peace in my heart about leaving for the big time. What if God says no? I thought. I was miserable until I prayed to God and He gave a yes right back to me. I can't explain it, but I just knew it would be OK.

PLAYBOY: But you were already a star, in terms of Oklahoma. How did that affect your teenage life? In terms of boy-girl social intercourse?

BRYANT: Well, it didn't help my selfimage. I was kind of scrawny-I'd never get the captain of the football team, I knew, so it was surprising to me that I got to date a lot of neat guys. As a matter of fact, I dated my pastor's son for three years. We made plans to get married. Oh, we were so perfect-he had a beautiful voice and we sang together in the church choir. I just adored him. But one night we went out in his car and he pulled out a cigarette. "Look, you don't really know me," he said. I said, "Of course, I'm surprised that you smoke, but what does that have to do with us?" He told me he wanted to live it up and get his kicks. So we broke up and, immediately, he started going with a gal who had a bad reputation. It just broke my heart. I wanted to die. I felt the world was coming to an end and I didn't even go to school for a week. I was just sick. I decided then that I wouldn't marry until I was 25.

PLAYBOY: But you were glamorous by small-town standards. Surely, Satan tempted you in numerous ways—such as sex. How did you resist? Or did you?

BRYANT: See, the kids today have a much harder time dealing with sex, because it's no longer "in" to be a virgin. In my time, when I went to Will Rogers High School, it was not the hip thing to do to go to bed with somebody, or even to let a boy fondle you-you just didn't do that. Some girls did it, sure, but their reputation was ruined all over town. And because I was such a hardworking girl, I didn't date that much. I concentrated on my career, my church activities and my grade-point average, and I was just too busy to be tempted by the Devil. If I dated some guy who tried to pet with me, I just told him, "Look, you can take me home right now, if you want-I'm not gonna go any further. If you don't enjoy being with me as a person, just take me home." I mean, I loved the kissing part and, I must say, I had some pretty passionate feelings, too, because I'm no prude, but I knew where to stop. My faith was so much a part of me that I knew my body was a temple of God and that God held it sacred. And I knew that my husband would know if I had been promiscuous and that if I didn't save myself for my marriage, if I wasn't pure, I would miss out. The consequences just weren't worth it to me. I think a lot of

it had to do with the fact that I was saved when I was eight years old and my beliefs were reinforced in the public schools then through prayer—this was before that atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair made the worship of God illegal, you see. Kids today don't even know God, unless their parents are religious.

PLAYBOY: You never let sexual temptation get out of hand, then?

BRYANT: Well, there were times when I was tempted, but because I was faithful to God, I wasn't willing to step over that line. I knew the boy would go as far as the girl would let him and, mainly, I tried not to get into situations that I couldn't get out of.

PLAYBOY: What about other teenage temptations? Is rock 'n' roll today something you disapprove of?

BRYANT: Oh, yes. In my days, the lyrics were understandable and you didn't have to slow it down to hear the dirty cuss words and the jargon that parents today can't understand.

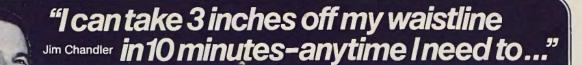
PLAYBOY: Come on. You admit in one of your books that when you added a hard, driving beat to *Till There Was You*, you achieved your first 1,000,000 seller. And even when you were coming of age in the Fifties, there were plenty of sexual double-entendres in the rock lyrics. BRYANT: Yeah, but it's not like today, where there are a lot of rock dances and rock music that are brainwashing the kids, because it's all very promiscuous and it glorifies promiscuity and acid rock and a lot of those things. The kids get into the dirty lyrics and the beat is just very, very seductive.

PLAYBOY: What do you suppose the thrill was that Pat Boone found on Blueberry Hill?

BRYANT: All I know is that there are a lot of filthy words I've heard in listening to the radio these days that are just shameful and outright sinful. I think a lot of evil things are much more prevalent these days. I think kids growing up today have pressures that we never had in the Fifties. It's so discouraging.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to the emergence of your career. It was Godfrey who got you out of Oklahoma?

BRYANT: Yeah. I went to New York and, I mean, he was really the king then-he ruled the roost. I went on his morning show, so I had to live in New York and scrounge like a dog to keep up my school grades. Speech was my strongest subject. English I had no problem with. Mathforget it. I just couldn't comprehend. But I did all right, all in all. I had to work hard, and I knew how to work hard. Mother, of course, was very concerned with my fate in New York. We went up there together the first time and found that the Salvation Army ran a hotel for women right on the edge of Greenwich Village-the area was a pretty good neighborhood then. And in that hotel, no men could get past the lobby-



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mother liked that. I met some interesting people during that period.

PLAYBOY: Like who?

BRYANT: Well, Chubby Checker—he was very hot and heavy. And Leslie Uggams—talk about a straight little girl who was really naïve. . . . Anyway, there were things I didn't tell Mother about.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

BRYANT: I don't want to tell you.

PLAYBOY: Oh, go ahead.

BRYANT: Well, there was this one television producer who made it clear to me that I could be a very, very big TV star if I slept with him.

PLAYBOY: You were still a virgin?

BRYANT: Absolutely. Anyway, the whole thing scared me to death. I really prayed and prayed—I wanted to make it in show business so bad. So I went to a guy who was like an uncle to me who was in the business. He asked me if I drank and I said no. So he said, "In that case, you'll have no problem." I prayed some more, and then I went to this producer's apartment for dinner. He made the overtures, but I was able to talk him out of it.

PLAYBOY: How?

BRYANT: I made sure that the cook stayed around—I didn't want to be alone with him. Anyway, it worked. The word got around and he was so embarrassed that he didn't dare try to hurt my career. Thank God.

PLAYBOY: As you did. BRYANT: As I did.

PLAYBOY: What was your next noteworthy achievement? Entering the Miss America Pageant?

BRYANT: Not yet. When I was 16, I did a tour with Ricky Nelson. I really had a crush on him.

PLAYBOY: Was it returned in kind?

BRYANT: No. He was very big then. He liked to swing with the airline steward-

esses. I was just a kid to him. I also did some tours with Fabian and Bobby Rydell, and later on, I did American Bandstand with people like Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon—that was after I got a recording contract.

PLAYBOY: Then you entered the Miss Oklahoma pageant, first as Miss Tulsa, then on to the Miss America competition. Why did you do it?

BRYANT: I did it on a dare. Some of my friends made me do it. One of my basic motivations was to get the Miss America scholarship so I could go to college. I was very awkward—I had skin and weight problems. I was fairly well proportioned, but I knew I was no beauty. And most of the other girls were much older than I was—I was only 18. I had to fake my way through the pageant. And I just couldn't believe that I made Miss Oklahoma and the national finals.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't the act of parading around in a tight swimsuit a violation of your Christian ethics?

BRYANT: It did bother me. But I figured, well, you go to the beach in your swimsuit. . . . I didn't feel ashamed or anything, but I didn't enjoy it. It was kind of a necessary evil. My over-all attitude was that it was a one-time experience, so enjoy it. My basic weakness was in answering the judges' questions—I was not aware of world affairs and I felt very inadequate.

PLAYBOY: What did they ask you?

BRYANT: I don't even recall. I rattled on and on—I didn't know what in the Sam Hill I was talking about, even though I'd boned up all week by reading Newsweek. Part of the reward for winning the pageant was a recording contract, and I already had a recording contract. So I was quite pleased that I got as far as second runner-up, although I was really dis-

appointed that I didn't get the Miss Congeniality trophy—I'd ended up in a tie with another gal for it, and because I made second runner-up, the judges broke the tie and gave her the trophy. I really wanted it. . . . It's funny, though. To this day, people come up to me and ask me what it was like to be Miss America.

PLAYBOY: What was your next step?
BRYANT: I moved to Chicago and enrolled in Northwestern University—I'd gotten an offer from The Breakfast Club to sing on the show and Northwestern had a good music school. I had no choice, really—in this business, when your career gets going, you take advantage of what you get. The pace was just running me down, I was working so hard. I was trying to do everything, I was over-

worked and I was very lonely in Chicago. PLAYBOY: No boyfriends?

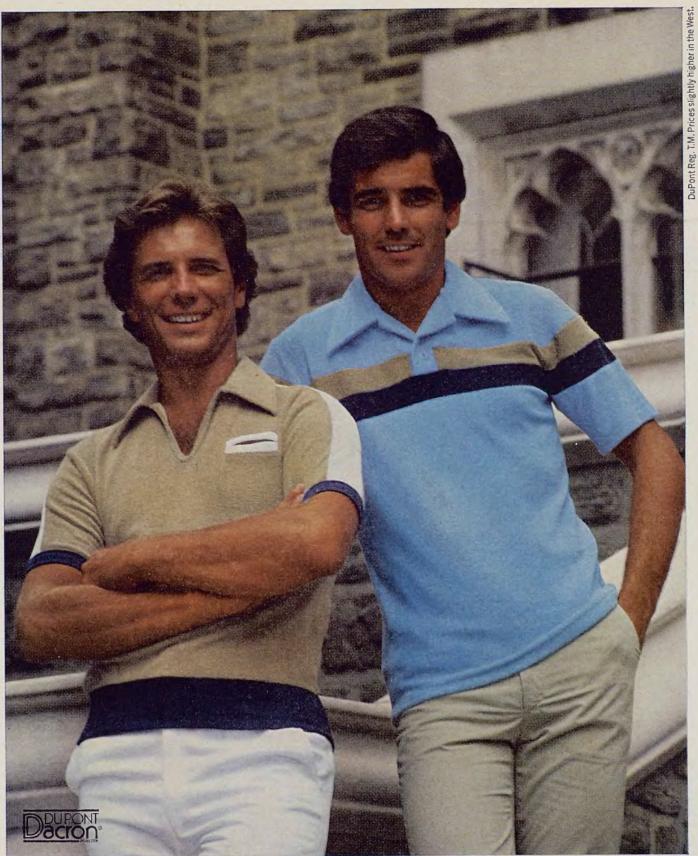
BRYANT: Well, kind of unofficially, I was engaged to Pat Boone's brother, Nick Todd. We didn't have a ring or anything, but we dated when we could and went to church together. That wasn't his real name—he changed it because he didn't want to feel he was making it because of his famous brother. I'd first met Nick in New York when I was doing the Godfrey show. We were very close and I think we were in love with love more than anything else-there weren't that many straight guys around and he was available and I was available and we hit it off. I went to Nashville and met his parents and everything. . . .

PLAYBOY: And then Bob Green entered your life. That was in 1959?

BRYANT: Yeah, right after I went to crown the new Miss Tulsa, Bobby Darin was the m.c. for the ceremony and he asked me for a date. I told him I had to leave for a disc jockeys' convention in Miami that night to promote my records-and that's where I met Bob Green. He was a real big glamorous disc jockey then. Bob met me at the Miami airport and I took one look at him and went "Wow!"-you know, he was a real dreamboat. He drove this neat white T-bird with his name on the side. He wore these silk suits, he came on real strong. He looked totally different than he looks now. He was so good-looking, and he was in shape, and it was incredible. I didn't think I'd have a chance with him-I expected to get rejected. Plus, I thought he was too goodlooking to be a nice boy. And he was always surrounded by these pretty gals who were just falling all over him. Everywhere we went, the girls would scream and ask for his autograph-they didn't know me from Adam. I was surprised when that first day he asked me out for a date, but I turned him down. I was too concerned about singing at the show that night, and Pat and Shirley



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Boone were there and I didn't want them to think I was stepping out on Nick. And I still was hurting from the rejection of the preacher's son. . . . I didn't want to get hurt again. I mean, Bob had every girl in town and dated the airline stewardesses and all the pretty gals. He had it made.

PLAYBOY: Yet he was interested in you?
BRYANT: He just couldn't figure me out.
I was an oddity—I've always been an oddity. Anyway, after the show that night, I was sitting around in the club, getting bored, and there was smoke and drinking and all, and Bob came over and invited me for a drive, so I said OK.

The moon was over Miami and we were driving down Collins Avenue and the music was on and I fell asleep! I knew I was getting to his ego, and when he drove me to the airport the next day, I never thought I'd see him again. Anyway, to make a long story short, he just kept after me-hours of long-distance phone calls, letters every day. I kept telling him not to get his hopes up, that I was engaged and that I didn't want to get married until I was 25. But he just wouldn't take no for an answer. But after Bob, I knew I just didn't feel the same way about Nick. I told Nick about Bob and we stayed good friends after we

broke up. When I broke up with Nick was when I realized how much I loved Bob. We were both ready to settle down, I guess, and we had the same values—plus, Bob didn't smoke or drink, which surprised me.

PLAYBOY: And you shared the same religious beliefs?

BRYANT: Bob wasn't born again until the night before we got married.

PLAYBOY: Was that a deal you made? BRYANT: We had no conflict about it. But I was very scared of marriage and I almost backed out at the last minute.

PLAYBOY: Was marriage everything you'd dreamed it would be?

BRYANT: It depends on what you mean. PLAYBOY: Well, sexually, for starters.

BRYANT: I have a fantastic sex life! PLAYBOY: Emotionally, then.

BRYANT: Marriage is very hard. Lots of problems are involved with two people working out a loving relationship and adhering to God's laws. And it upset me when I was told I could not bear children. We adopted our first child, Bobby, Jr. Later, when it turned out I could bear children, I had twins who were born months prematurely-and they almost died. Plus Bob was making a lot more money than I was then. Finally, Bob became my manager and that solved a lot of problems. He's been a great manager, and until I started getting boycotted and black-listed by the militant homosexuals last year, I had all the work I could handle.

PLAYBOY: We'll get back to that. First tell us about what you have described as the most important turning point in your life, when you had a nervous breakdown in 1974.

BRYANT: It was not a nervous breakdown—it verged on it, certainly, but it really makes me mad that the militant homosexuals try to use it against me by saying, "She flipped out, she went crazy."

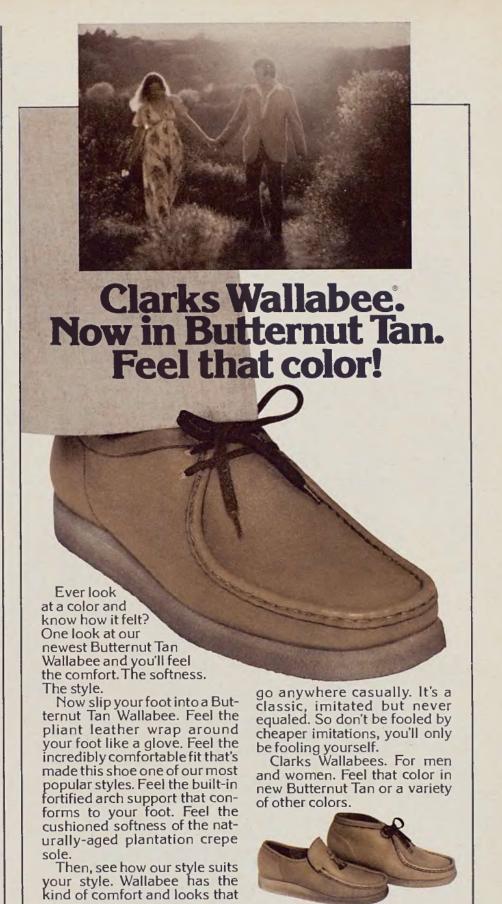
PLAYBOY: Well, what did happen? BRYANT: I lost three people very dear to me in one year. I sang at all their funerals. Dan Topping [the former owner of the New York Yankees], my Grandpa Berry and a gal named Teddy who was like a big sister to me and who was about my age when she died. I couldn't understand why God would just nip her in the bud when she was in the prime of her life. There are few people I can share my heart with, and I could talk to Teddy about things I couldn't even talk with Bob or my pastor about. It was that deep. Then Bob developed a heart condition and almost died, and I had to think for the first time about raising four kids alone without Teddy to lean on anymore. It was after Grandpa Berry's funeral when the straw landed that broke the camel's back. It was like God wanted to put me flat on my back so the only way I could look was up. He knew I was holding out on Him and He wanted the whole of me, not just part of



me. He knew I had a lot of rebellion and anger and bitterness in me. I thought I'd forgiven my daddy, but I hadn't-I still hated and resented him, and the pent-up hatred was poisoning my marriage and my relationship with people all around me. So I collapsed after Grandpa's funeral-I totally gave up. I lay down and I just. . . . I'd decided not to see his body, but after I sang at the funeral, I changed my mind; before they buried him I wanted to see him. When I did, I just broke down and they laid me down on the pew right next to him and I couldn't stop crying-I was just hysterical and that shook everybody up. They just couldn't comprehend that I would go under-I was like the Rock of Gibraltar, and always had been, even as a child. I'd always learned to lift my head above the jungle and be responsible, no matter what. For the first time in my life, I didn't want to be responsible anymore. I wanted to do away with all responsibility-I was so tired. I think had I been anyone else, I probably would have had a heart attack or a total nervous breakdown, but I just came to a point where I didn't want to do anything. I just sat in my office and looked at the stack of letters from people who were asking me for advice and counseling-and I just couldn't be responsible anymore. I needed advice and counseling, and the one person I could have talked to, Teddy, was gone. I said, "No more," and I would just sit in my office all day. I said, "I'm not going to do anything else, ever." It scared me to death. Bob was scared to death, too.

PLAYBOY: Did you consider seeing a psychiatrist?

BRYANT: No, it was so painful-it was like I felt I'd be committing a sin by going to a psychiatrist; can you imagine that? I thought it would be denying Jesus. And I knew that a lot of psychiatrists tell you things totally contrary to Biblical teaching, such as in order to get along with your husband, go out and have an affair, or something like that. But friends of ours told us about this Christian retreat in Rosemead, California-it's sort of a Christian counseling center, quite famous. Marabel Morgan and lots of famous Christian people have gone there. So I decided I had to do something, that God was sending me out there. The night before I went, I told Bob, "I don't think I'm ever coming back." I really thought that-I was so scared and weary. We arrived at night and I met the psychologist and I liked him very much. I was told to come back the next morning and to plan on staying for at least two weeks. When we got to the hotel, I just could not sleep. I didn't want to wake Bob, so I went into this tiny bathroom and closed the door and got down on my hands and knees and just started praying. Something from way down deep



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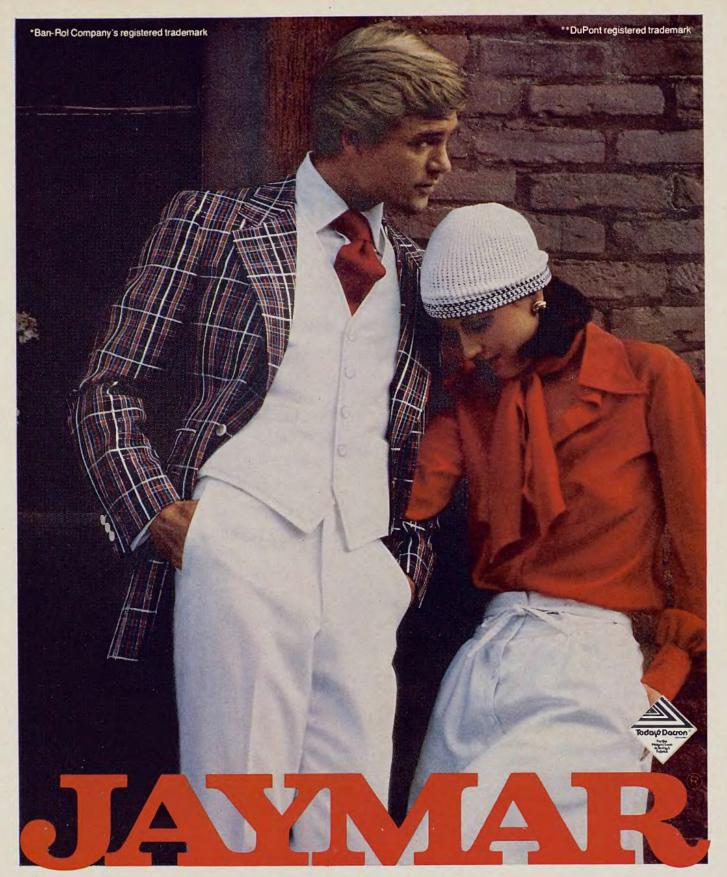
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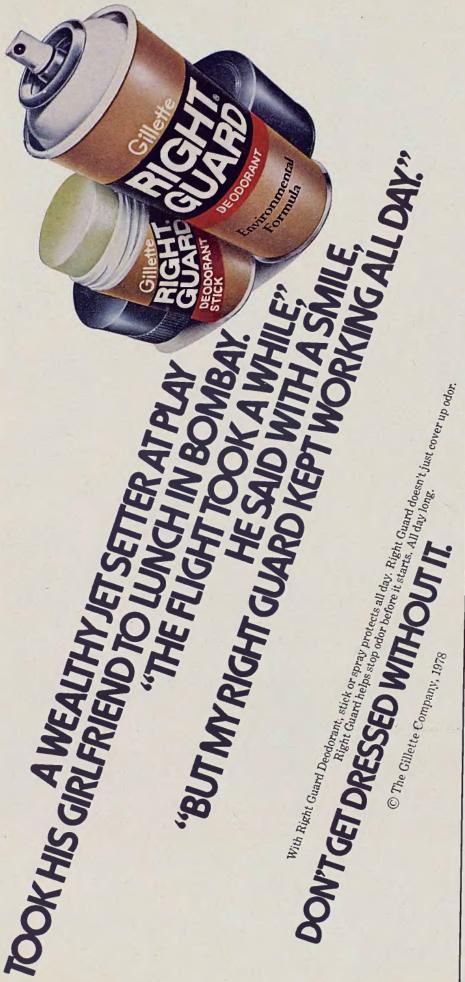
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inside of me was trying to come out. It was so strange. I took a legal pad and a pencil and I started writing down these things that were bugging me. I filled 17 whole pages.

PLAYBOY: What did you write?

BRYANT: Some things I wouldn't want printed because it does no good to bring them up, but . . . well, the hatred of my father and the resentment toward Bob, things that went way back into my childhood and other more recent things, such as little difficulties I was having with the kids that I'd kept pent up. And the fact that I'd had all the responsibility pushed upon me for so many years-I had had responsibilities thrust on me no 12-yearold should have had, and they were still weighing on me. Anyway, I felt like a different person when I walked into the psychologist's office the next day and showed him the 17 pages. He said, "It looks like my work has already been done for me." God had been taking me in different stages, but I was holding out on Him without even knowing it, and now I was saying, OK, God, I'll give You my emotions, too. I still felt very ashamed that I'd even had to go to Rosemead-I just felt so guilty because of bad teachings about psychology and I didn't want anyone to know I'd even gone.

PLAYBOY: Was it that hard to admit?

BRYANT: It hurt me to admit that I was that human, yes. It took me 34 years to be able to admit that.

PLAYBOY: Has your marriage improved since Rosemead?

BRYANT: I never realized before then how I dominated Bob, but, fortunately, he was stronger than I and we were able to work these things out. The main problem we had in our marriage was that, because of my father, I basically had a hate for men. I mean, there were times when I literally hated my husband-I couldn't help it. But I was responsible because I allowed it to fester and didn't take it to the Lord. And divorce wasn't in my vocabulary, because I'd suffered the scars of divorce as a child and I knew what my children would suffer from it. But, above all, I knew it was against God's Word. Bob and I still have our ups and downs, because I'm not a goody two-shoes. I know now I'm a human being, just like anybody else. If it weren't for Jesus Christ in my heart and life, I probably would have married several times. I probably would have slept around with guys and whatever. I always say that I'm just a sinner saved by grace.

PLAYBOY: What are your sins?

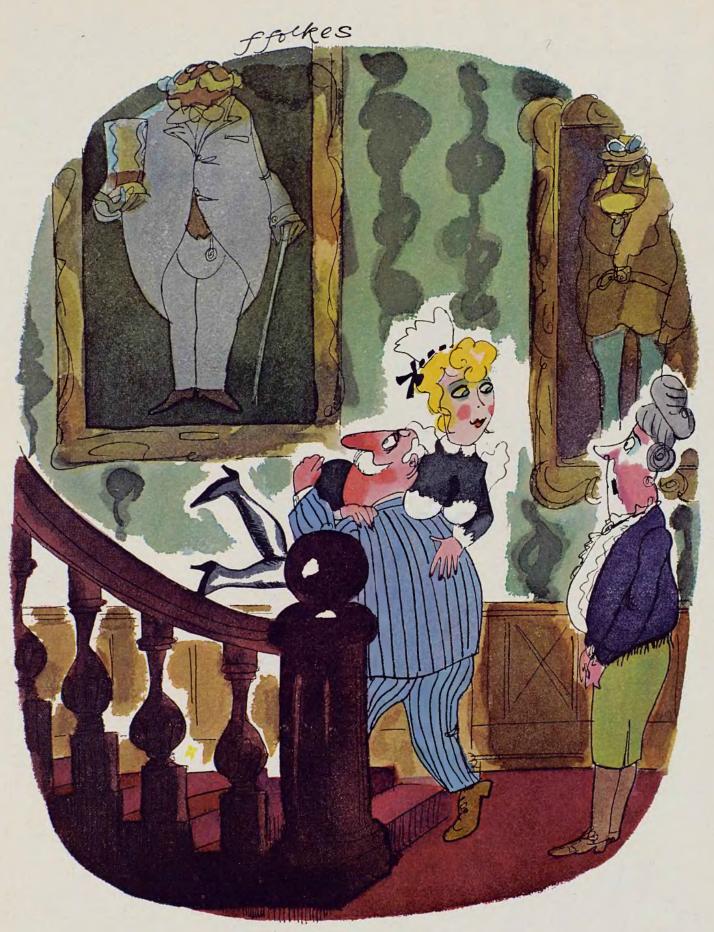
BRYANT: Oh, I don't know . . . maybe the

sin of intolerance. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: That's exactly what those you call militant homosexuals say about you. BRYANT: I just meant it as a pun.

PLAYBOY: A pun? What pun?

BRYANT: I try not to be intolerant. All



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I'm saying is I don't have anything to brag about. The reason I can relate to the homosexual is because I've had emotional scars in my own life. I really felt the rejection of my father, and that is one of the things that maybe lead someone going into homosexuality. Look, I don't hate homosexuals—that's the truth, no matter what they think of my motives. I've always said I love the sinner but I hate the sin.

PLAYBOY: You've been saying that America and her children are being destroyed. You've compared America to Sodom and Gomorrah: you say God destroys the kind of nation that America has become. BRYANT: Absolutely, I believe that's what has been happening to America.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it still is?

BRYANT: I believe now that we have a greater hope than ever before-that God is allowing America one last space to repent. If the parents of American children had stood by God's Word, had they not had their head in the sand for so many years, the destruction of America's moral fiber wouldn't have happened. But it happened so fast no one knew it was happening. But now it seems people have a hunger. They've seen how socalled humanism works. They were told, "Well, one way to change the world is to educate the people. You educate them to a certain point, they're going to change." Well, has that been true? Has that happened? No. Our country was strong for so long because we claimed we were one nation under God and God blessed us. I believe that right now, God has removed Himself from America. If we'll look through history, we're in the same situation as were Greece and Rome, when homosexuality and other sins were so rampant they became the norm.

PLAYBOY: So this and your crusade are America's last chance?

BRYANT: Yes. I didn't even come to the realization that America was so far gone until the time of the referendum, when I got letters from groups all over the country describing the fights they were in and how they were righting some of the same things and it looked to me like a big octopus that had its tentacles around America and was squeezing our country to death. And it grieved me. I mourned for America for several days.

PLAYBOY: You cried for America?

BRYANT: Yes, I really saw for the first time in my life what was going on. I had been very idealistic about America all my life—I am still—because in reading the last book of the Bible, I know what the hope for the world is. And I think there's a revival beginning in America now. What happened in Dade County is happening all over the country. I know that's how God rewards prayer, and Dade County was the answer to a lot of prayers world-wide.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the media for



a moment. Do you think you've gotten a raw deal from the press?

BRYANT: Let's face it-quite honestly, the press can make anybody look like anything it wants to. I mean, there are a lot of things in all of our lives that you don't want known-nobody's perfect-that could ruin you. The press has placed me in a stereotyped box. Like, I'm not a prude, but that's the image they want to portray, because they're after me. I think it's snobbery. You see, there are so many intellectuals in this nation and they've really become snobs as far as how they approach grassroots things. It's really true. Like, when we started the opposition to the Dade County ordinance-all the press figured it was for one of two reasons: either to run for public office or for publicity for my career. They just couldn't accept my real motivation, because they don't know me. It took me a while to see that I was really under a microscope and had to watch what I said. I'm OK now-I think I could handle the Good Morning America show and Gore Vidal.

PLAYBOY: You mean the show on which Vidal mentioned you in the same breath with Hitler?

BRYANT: Yeah; I think I could handle that now. I must be doing something right. I taped the Today show last fall and did so well against Tom Brokawand he wasn't being his usual nice self, let me tell you-that they asked us to tape a second segment, where he was nicer. So we're OK now. We've been trained.

PLAYBOY: A baptism by fire?

BRYANT: Yeah, I guess you could say that. I mean, I learned. Let me give you an example. After Dade County, some people from the media asked me, "Would you go to San Francisco and Los Angeles?" And I said, "Sure, if I'm asked and if after I've prayed about it God says ves." Well, immediately, they put it on the wire that Anita Bryant plans on going on a crusade across the country. OK, to counteract that, I say to the press, I am not going out on a "crusade" across the country, to do in other cities what we did in Dade County. PLAYBOY: There is no crusade in the works?

BRYANT: God is saying there's a different route to go. There's a part of me that is a Carry Nation, that would very much like to go across this country. We could fill up every auditorium in America. If we had done so after our victory in Dade County, we could have gotten such a momentum going that we could have wiped the homosexual out. That was a very real possibility. We realized that. We could have made a lot of money, too. PLAYBOY: That sounds brutal. Do you mean you'd wipe them out personally?

BRYANT: Well, not quite. But I must admit, when you've known that kind of 248 power, it is easy to succumb to it and use it for your own advantage and to wipe out a lot of things that need wiping out. But sometimes the Lord has a different way.

PLAYBOY: Are you a militant Christian? BRYANT: Not at all. That word has such a bad connotation, like the Crusaders who went out and killed people who didn't believe as they did. I don't want that label put upon me; that's why I'm so adamant about saying I'm not on a crusade. PLAYBOY: Yet you are in the forefront of a kind of Christian ground swell?

BRYANT: If it hadn't been for the committed Christians, we wouldn't have won in Miami. They're being used for God's purposes, because the people God wants to arouse right now are the Christians. They're the ones who will make a difference in the future of this country,

PLAYBOY: Given that you now know it's a sin not to speak out against moral depravity, why haven't you embarked on a crusade throughout America?

BRYANT: Well, if nothing else, what we

"The press has placed me in a stereotyped box. I'm not a prude, but that's the image they want to portray."

did in Dade County has had a nationwide effect. Koch's bill HR2998 is buried-

PLAYBOY: Suppose it's revived. Would you lead a fight against that?

BRYANT: Absolutely. But the reason we didn't jump into a nationwide thing after our victory was that we needed a rest and I had no leading of the Lord to do it. I wanted and felt it was important to do it, but sometimes the hardest thing is to not go when the whole world is saying go. I mean, why not? It's the logical thing, but God doesn't always do things logically. All the people we'd been working with were chomping at the bit to go national, but I just did not have a direct leading of the Lord to continue in that light. I prayed and I prayed and wanted direction from God to do that and it wasn't coming. And it bothered me. It's been so hard to wait on the Lord.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean you're abandoning the organization you established with your Dade County effort?

BRYANT: Oh, no. We've built up mailing lists and we're putting out a monthly newsletter, and everywhere I go, I say to people, "Write to me so I can inform you as to what is going on in America." We've got people watching and we're really four years ahead of what any

organization would be nationally, had it just started. Overall, God is showing me the core of where a lot of our ills lie. Right now, I want to have some meetings with important people and pick their brains as to what they see the need is and how we could go about things in a specific way, to counteract the feminists who say they represent the women of America but in no way do. I definitely believe those people are in the minority, and we have to gather the mothers together, through the churches, the pastors, the godly people of this nation. I see the plan coming together.

PLAYBOY: So you, in fact, have a national organization in the gestation period right now?

BRYANT: Oh, yes. I think we can inspire other people to stand and be a catalyst in their communities for bringing everybody together. To take a stand in their locale and find out what affects your children. Who is teaching them? What are they teaching them? Do you know? Do you really care? Who is deciding what the laws are in your community? What kind of men and women are they? Are they really moral? Check them outget committed, get involved.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a crusade to us, and a self-righteous one at that.

BRYANT: No, more of an encouragement. I think when you tell genuine true-life stories of other people and what they've accomplished in their communities, it's a great help. Not an over-all guerrilla tactic of how to go out and change the world-that's not my belief. But I do believe we have a right to stand up and say what we mean. It's a big job. It's not easy to do without being misconstrued. That's the hardest thing in the world, but you've got to take a stab at it, you've got to try.

PLAYBOY: Do you intend to structure your effort more formally?

BRYANT: That's coming. It's in our heads now and we're bringing people in and talking with a lot of people. We see the pieces of the puzzle falling into place, slowly but surely. We have a concept now called Anita Bryant Ministries, which would have centers in every key city across America. It's just in the embryo stage, and I've been praying about it. I want to be very sure that's the Lord's leading.

PLAYBOY: Would these be centers where homosexuals could repent, as you might

BRYANT: Not just for homosexuals but for drug addicts, and America's 1,000,000 runaway children, and families that have marital problems and don't have a church home or a pastor they can go to. These people might come to an Anita Bryant center, and we could meet their needs on a spiritual level. Then we could perhaps set up homes for homosexuals and also for lesbians, so that if

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they were really sincere in getting out of their lifestyle, they could sign up for a year with us. It takes a long time and a lot of compassion and love and dedicated people to minister to homosexuals in that way, and that would take a lot of work. We could also work all denominations, educating pastors and lay leaders as to how to meet the emotional and moral challenges that confront America today that are not being met.

PLAYBOY: Although at one point you claimed to have some sympathy for feminists, you nevertheless refer more often to the feminist movement as if it were some kind of conspiracy against

decency.

BRYANT: Well, look at that Houston convention last year. The Government gave the feminists \$5,000,000 and Phyllis Schlafly not one penny. It was a closed shop. It's almost Communistic the way Phyllis Schlafly and the ones who truly represent the grass roots of American women cannot even get the forums to be represented in.

PLAYBOY: So the Communists are conspiring to keep the patriots out of the

picture?

BRYANT: Well, it's very suspicious that in many of the state conventions before Houston, they did not even pledge allegiance to the flag and they did not sing The Star-Spangled Banner. It goes hand in hand, it seems to me. Whether they're all in a big conspiracy together, I can't say. You can't really say that anymore, because people pooh-pooh it and they say, "Well, that's a very right-wing cop-out," so you don't even say that; but it seems very obvious that the Communist element is a part of all this, because a lot of these people have no reverence for their country. I still believe that America, with all her faults and trials and tribulations, is the greatest country on the face of this earth, and if women could get their eyes off of themselves and their own human life, if they could look at what they have and be grateful and thankful for it . . . I mean, where else but in America could someone like myself have made it? Where else could someone who was raised in poor surroundings attain what I have attained at the age of 38? Who needs the E.R.A.? The key to women's rights is to activate the laws that are already on the books. Most of them are too lazy to do that. I mean, women are even admitted into the Armed Forces now. What more do they want? I mean, don't talk to me about discrimination. I've experienced it. I'm an eighth Cherokee. My dad was a roustabout, low man on the totem pole. We didn't even have a decent house to live in. I went to school in hand-me-downs. I just praise God that I live in a land of plenty where someone can come from the bottom and go up. If you want to make it, you can.

PLAYBOY: That sharply contradicts what you were saying about America as a decaying nation, but let's go on. Do you have any heroes?

BRYANI: Hmmm. I don't have many. I don't know if I have any. I think the reason I'm so disillusioned is because I really looked at Jimmy Carter as a hero, as one who had caught the eye and the heartbeat of the grass roots of America. I really had great expectations of him, and I found that in life, when you put different individuals on a pedestal, God very carefully takes them off the pedestal and shows us that we're to put no one there.

PLAYBOY: Why did you sour on Carter?

BRYANT: Well, how can a born-again Christian who's truly born again not take a stand against the sin of homosexuality? He himself stated in the *Playboy Interview*, which my husband bought for me to read, that he was against homosexuality, and yet he allows [aide] Midge Costanza to go down to Dade County on a local issue and campaign for homosexuality. She was paid by our opposition to come down. I won't say any further what I know about her,

"It's almost Communistic the way Phyllis Schlafly and the ones who truly represent American women cannot get forums."

because that's not important, but the thing is that she has an open door to the President of the United States, who claims to be a born-again Christian, when homosexuality is at the very core of what God is against.

PLAYBOY: You mean the *Playboy Interview* helped convince you to go for Carter?

BRYANT: I felt overall that it was not bad, except for some of the choice words he used, and I even understood why he felt compelled to use them.

PLAYBOY: And now you feel betrayed by him?

BRYANT: Well, we're pretty much in touch with the heartbeat of the grass-roots people, and most of those people are totally dismayed and disillusioned with Carter. But, at the same time, our whole family prays for the Carters on a daily basis. I voted for him; I now have my doubts, but I cannot judge him—only God can. I'll tell you this, I would never jump onto someone again so easily. I wanted to support Carter because I wanted to believe he was really a Christian, but his sister Gloria Spann said in

an interview that she doesn't even believe in hell. That's hard to believe. I think I represent a lot of Christians, I would say probably the majority of Christians, and they're looking at Carter right now and most of them are saying he's a one-term President. I believe that when a man is President, we have an obligation as Christians to pray for him, so I'm caught between a rock and a hard place, because I want to defend him, and yet I can't dismiss the straddling of the fence he's done so far on all the important issues like E.R.A., homosexuality, the Panama Canal, etc.

PLAYBOY: You're a registered Democrat, aren't you?

BRYANT: Yes, and until the Dade County thing happened, I thought I was a liberal. PLAYBOY: Now that you know you're no longer a liberal, you favor such conservative politicians as Jesse Helms, Phyllis Schlafly and Ronald Reagan. Are you becoming a friend of Reagan's?

BRYANT: I admire him and like him very much and if I were a Republican and he were running, I would probably vote for him.

PLAYBOY: But you intend to remain a Democrat?

BRYANT: Well, ves.

PLAYBOY: If it's Ronald Reagan against Jimmy Carter in 1980, whom will you support?

BRYANT: At this point, I can't say, because I want very much to talk to President Carter.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he'll talk to you? BRYANT: If he looks at it from a political point of view, no. If he were to look at it from a Christian point of view, he should.

PLAYBOY: If the election were held tomorrow, would you vote for Reagan or Carter?

BRYANT: Considering everything, Reagan. PLAYBOY: Would you ever consider running for political office?

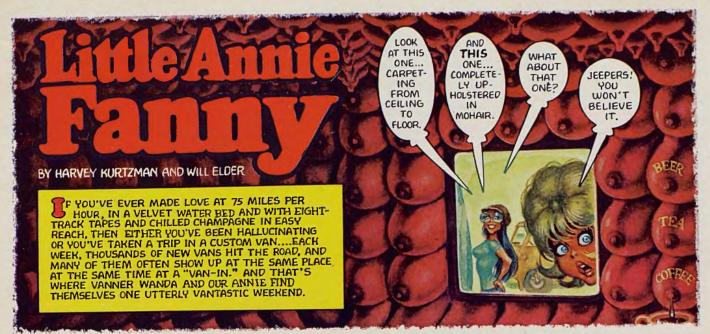
BRYANT: It's totally contrary to me, and yet my eyes have been opened to the need for involvement. The day after we won in Miami, as I was on my way to the airport, I bet I had 15 people who said, you know, "Run for President!" I mean, I laughed at them. I could not believe it. I just won't even think about it, let alone entertain the idea. It makes me sick inside. It makes Bob sick.

PLAYBOY: What if God tells you you have to run for office?

BRYANT: Well, I can't answer that until it happens. I feel I can be much more effective as a mother coming from my own motivations.

PLAYBOY: But if God came to you next year and told you to run for office, you wouldn't refuse?

BRYANT: I can't refuse God anything.





































British taste/American price: The two sides of Burnett's White Satin Gin

Of all the gins distilled in America, only Burnett's uses an imported Coffey still. The same kind of still that's used in Britain. That's how we keep our taste so British, and our price so American.



CARRY-ON, TRAVELER

Off you go into the wild blue yonder for that business conference in Miami and there goes your luggage, flying down to Rio. That won't happen, of course, if you travel light and tote a carry-on bag or two; aside from the fact that you'll know where your clothes are when you arrive, carry-ons also enable canny you to be first in the taxi line. For our money, we like the leather-trimmed nylon weekender and garment bags shown below, which are manufactured by Harrison Leather Goods. The weekender comes in three colors: black, brown and vanilla (not shown). Its price: \$95. The garment bag keeps up to six outfits wrinkle-free and also has two accessory pockets. It goes for \$97.50. Make baggage-claim areas an unfond memory.



FLYING WEDGES

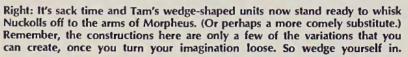
o matter how you decorate a studio apartment, there's always one major question: What do you do with the bed? Some choose to hide it in a sofa. Some tuck it into a wall. And then there's the nomad type who makes himself a pallet on the floor. John Tam of Tam Design Associates in Manhattan has another solution; he's created a series of wedge-shaped polyure-

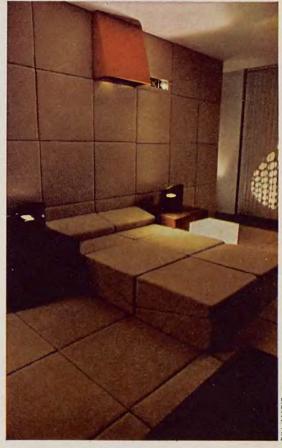
thane-foam furniture blocks that can be rearranged to make a formal seating area, an informal lounging spot or even—you guessed it—a bed. Furthermore, the covers on the blocks can be easily switched (there's a variety of colors available), as they're held on by Velcro closures. And the cost is reasonable: \$120 for a set of three. Just think of them as adult building blocks and start playing.

Right: Here is what you'll be sitting on if you drop by the padded pad of New York architectural lighting designer Jim Nuckolls when he has his Tam wedge-shaped furniture blocks constructed into a formal seating arrangement. Nuckolls chose to cover the walls and floor of his apartment with the same material that's used on the modular units and then wash the room with both direct and indirect lighting controlled from a panel that's adjacent to the end table. (A subtle light show fantastic can also be splashed against the vertical louvers that cover the window; controls for this display are also located in the panel.) Below: Now, this is more like it. Here, the same three units have been rearranged to create a casual lounging area that's perfect for champagne sipping, smokes for two or who knows what. Sure sounds like fun to us.









IL MARI

RICHARD IZUI

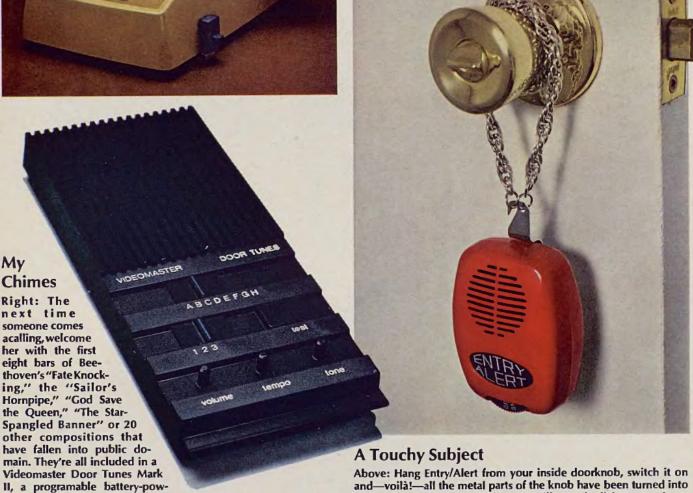
Silence, Please

Left: No, the telephone you're looking at isn't for sale, it's the tiny gizmo attached to it that's called the Silencer and it does just what you'd expect it to—silence the phone. Attaching the Silencer takes just five minutes and once it's installed, there's nothing more to do but press a button every time you want peace and quiet. (Be sure to press it again for calls.) The price: \$9.95, by Zoom Telephonics.

a sensitive burglar alarm. The unit will sound off for one minute

when someone touches the knob (even if he's wearing gloves)

and then automatically reset itself, by Pride Electronics, \$19.95.





Look! It's a Pen! It's a Watch! No, It's a Pen Watch!

ered doorbell unit that comes

complete with volume, tone and

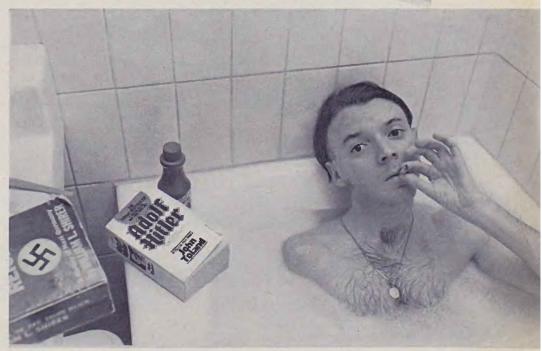
speed controls, by Internet, \$79.95.

Above: Are you ready for this? Depress the T button on a stainless-steel Pen Watch and a tiny LED display will show the hour and minute; depress it again and you'll get the month and date; and if you still hold the button down, you'll get the day of the week displayed indefinitely until the button is released. All this, plus a retractable ballpoint pen that—writes!, by Fisher Pen Company, \$59.95.



Hello, Fadduh, Hello, Führer

You remember BUD CORT: "M*A*S*H," "Brewster McCloud," "Harold and Maude." The skinny kid who always seemed to be playing himself and who always seemed to be about to break through into the stratosphere of superstardom. Maybe it will happen with his next film, which currently bears the catchy title "Hitler's Son" and is due to be released later this year. Cort plays an illiterate wood carver who lives an isolated existence in the Bavarian Alps and who has no idea that he is the offspring of Adolf Hitler and Eva Braun; even when he learns of his legacy, the names of his parents mean nothing to him and he must fend off exploitative neo-Nazi groups to whom the two names do mean something. Fun and mayhem follow. Sounds like just the thing to give 8ud Cort's career a good strong Putsch.

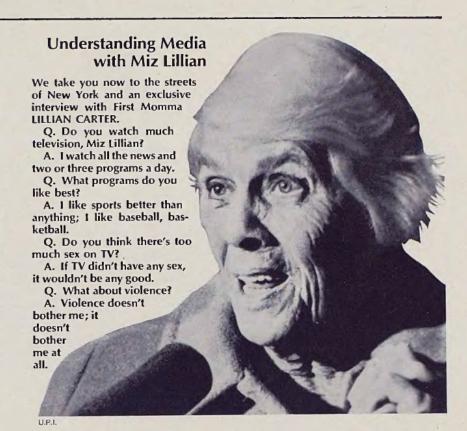


STEPHANI KONG/SYGMA



Spacek Odyssey

One of the best sights our movie critic, Bruce Williamson, spotted at the last Cannes Film Festival was actress SISSY SPACEK. Which prompted him to ask what any red-blooded PLAYBOY Contributing Editor would ask. And so, when Sissy returned to L.A., she got together with photographer Michael Childers and here's what they produced. Just for us. Thanks, Bruce.





Hanging Out

When last seen in these pages, BIANCA JAGGER was about to set off on a new career as a serious cinematic actress. We advised you then to forget Bianca's silly, superficial side and to focus upon her essence. Well, that was before these unseemly photos turned up, and now we beg you to reconsider. Snapped at a New York night spot in the company of tennis ace llie Nastase and fashion ace Halston, Mrs. Jagger shows that she's still not above some occasional whimsy. Thank God.



HOW TO WEAR A TOWEL AT PLATO'S RETREAT

What does the well-dressed swinger wear to an on-premises sex club? Most of the people we interviewed for *The Public-Sex Breakthrough* (page 152) opted for a basic white-terrycloth towel.

their personal tastes. A lady who wears a towel around her neck à la Rocky is likely to put up a fight. In contrast, the girl who wears a towel draped over one arm is obviously willing to serve. A towel that has been converted to a bib may indicate a preference for oral sex,





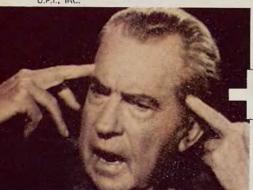


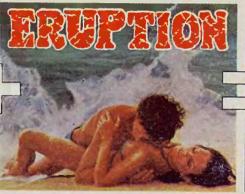
Simple, understated, yet with a little imagination, capable of expressing a wide range of personal tastes. A woman swathed head to toe in towels, for example, is probably saying that she doesn't want to swing. The classic wrap-around is functional and open to interpretation. Someone who is more

comfortable with the scene—who figures when in Plato's, do as the Greeks do—may opt for a single shoulder toga. A lady who is proud of her body from the waist up may fold the towel in half and drape it around her hips like a miniskirt. More inspired patrons use the towel to telegraph their intentions,

while a strategically exposed derrière may indicate a desire for rear action.

We give these ideas to you freely. It's only a matter of time before those fancy French designers move in, start putting their initials on everything and charging \$500 for a haute towel. We'll settle for something right off the rack.







DO BLUE MOVIES MAKE YOU SEE RED? It's not our idea of a great evening, but 72 male volunteers at Iowa State University recently went through a rather diabolical experiment to determine if watching erotic movies makes men more aggressive toward women. First the group wrote an essay on Nixon. (In other experiments, the topics varied.) Half of the group received a passing grade, while half received a failing grade and a series of electric shocks to make them angry. Then half of each group watched an X-rated movie, while the other half watched a neutral movie. The volunteers then had the chance to give electric shocks to the female researcher who had flunked them (or passed them) on the Nixon essay. Only the group that had received a flunking grade and electric shocks and had watched a porn movie showed an increase in aggression. The neutral-movie groups and the passing-grade/porn-film group kept their cool. The moral: Blue movies make you aggressive toward women, but only if you are already angry.







FANTASY'S FIGHTING FEMALE: For years, the sexiest women outside the pages of PLAYBOY have been found in the pulps. Wonder Woman. Vampirella. And now, Red Sonja, She-Devil with a Sword. The Marvel Comics heroine is the creation of Frank Thorne. Already the star of comic books, posters and conventions (where the lovely. Wendy Pini portrays the She-Devil), Sonja seems destined for glory. Or a TV pilot.

A STITCH IN TIME

Red Sonja, She-Devil with a Sword, is one thing, but these guys are nuts. In Trenton, New Jersey, a male prostitute armed with a razor severed the penis of a 32-year-old passer-by. In Atlanta, an enraged husband cut off the offending member of a 20-year-old student who had been dating his estranged wife. In both cases, the victims were rushed to the hospital, where doctors successfully performed surgery to have the severed organs reattached. Both patients have regained full use of their penises. God, we hope this isn't a trend.

PLASTIC BREASTS

Those crazy guys at The Plastic Studio are at it again. If you recall, we featured a collection of giant acrylic phalluses in *The Great Playboy Sex-Aids Road Test* (March). Now it seems they've shifted their anatomical sights. The hand-carved mammaries immortalized in the sculpture at right were apparently inspired by a recent Playmate. Any guesses? You can buy a set of your own for only \$75. Write to The Plastic Studio, 900 N. Franklin, Chicago, Illinois 60610.

TEENS TURNED OFF BY SEX?

A recent survey of 23,900 high school juniors and seniors listed in Who's Who Among American High School Students revealed that the vast majority (some 70 percent) had never participated in



sexual intercourse. That we can understand. The students were obviously too busy studying and getting into Who's Who. What's really mind-boggling is this: More than half of those surveyed were saving it for marriage; a full 56 percent did not intend to dabble in

premarital sex. Eighty-two percent of the students planned to get married and raise families of two or more children. Two thirds thought that a woman could be totally fulfilled when her sole career was keeping house and raising children. Where did we go wrong?

Some men have it.



Classic English Leather®. The fresh, clean, masculine scent a woman loves her man to wear...or nothing at all. Wind Drift. A clear, crisp call to adventure...refreshing as the wind from the sea. Timberline®. Brisk and woodsy, exhilarating as the great outdoors. In After Shave, Cologne, Gift Sets, and men's grooming gear. At fine toiletry counters.

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NEXT MONTH:



TELLY SAVALAS



BEST LAID

APOLLONIA'S DREAM

"WHEELING AND DEALING"-AN INSIDER'S ACCOUNT, NAM-ING NAMES, OF HOW POWER REALLY WORKS IN THE SENATE-BY L.B.J. COHORT BOBBY BAKER WITH LARRY L. KING

"PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"—ONCE MORE WE HONOR THE TOP GATEFOLD GIRL OF THE PAST TWELVEMONTH. WE KNOW WHO SHE IS. YOU DON'T, HAVE FUN GUESSING

GEORGE BURNS, WELL LAUNCHED IN AN UNEXPECTED SECOND CAREER AS A BOX-OFFICE STAR, GIVES HIS UNVARNISHED VIEWS ON SEX, LOVE AND AGING IN A FUNNY, SELF-REVEALING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

"A PARTY IN MIAMI BEACH"-IT WAS JUST A SMALL GATHER-ING FOR 200 OR SO, BUT THE HOST HAD A SURPRISING STORY TO TELL-BY ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

"TELLY LOVES YA"-THE GUY MAY BE AMERICA'S UNLIKELIEST SEX SYMBOL, BUT SAVALAS REALLY TURNS 'EM ON. AN INTIMATE PROFILE-BY MARK GOODMAN

"THE BEST-LAID PROFESSIONS"-IN AN INFORMAL SURVEY, WE DISCOVER THAT CHICAGO CHICKS ARE HOT FOR LAWYERS: SALESMEN SHOULD AVOID NEW YORK; AND A GUY WITH A TALENTED TONGUE CAN MAKE OUT LIKE A BANDIT ANYWHERE— BY SHARON O'HARA

"THE BASEBALL MANAGERS' CASH-ON-THE-LINE, CLUTCH-PLAYER ALL-STAR POLL"-WE ASK MAJOR-LEAGUE MANAGERS TO SELECT THE PLAYERS THEY'D LIKE TO START IN THEIR MOST CRUCIAL GAME. THE RESULTS MAY SURPRISE YOU

"HIGH DIVE"-TAKING HIS COURAGE ONCE MORE TO THE BRINK, OUR CORRESPONDENT HEADS FOR THE CLIFFS OF ACAPULCO. PART FIVE OF A SERIES-BY CRAIG VETTER

"LAST OF THE RAGTOPS"-A BREEZY LOOK AT THE HANDFUL OF CONVERTIBLES STILL BEING MADE-BY BROCK YATES

"THE DREAMS OF APOLLONIA"-IN WHICH WE GIVE A TOP MANHATTAN MODEL A CHANCE TO ACT OUT HER FANTASIES

"PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS AND GRADS"-OUR ANNUAL RESCUE EFFORT FOR THE HARRIED SUMMER SHOPPER



