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Playmate of the Year

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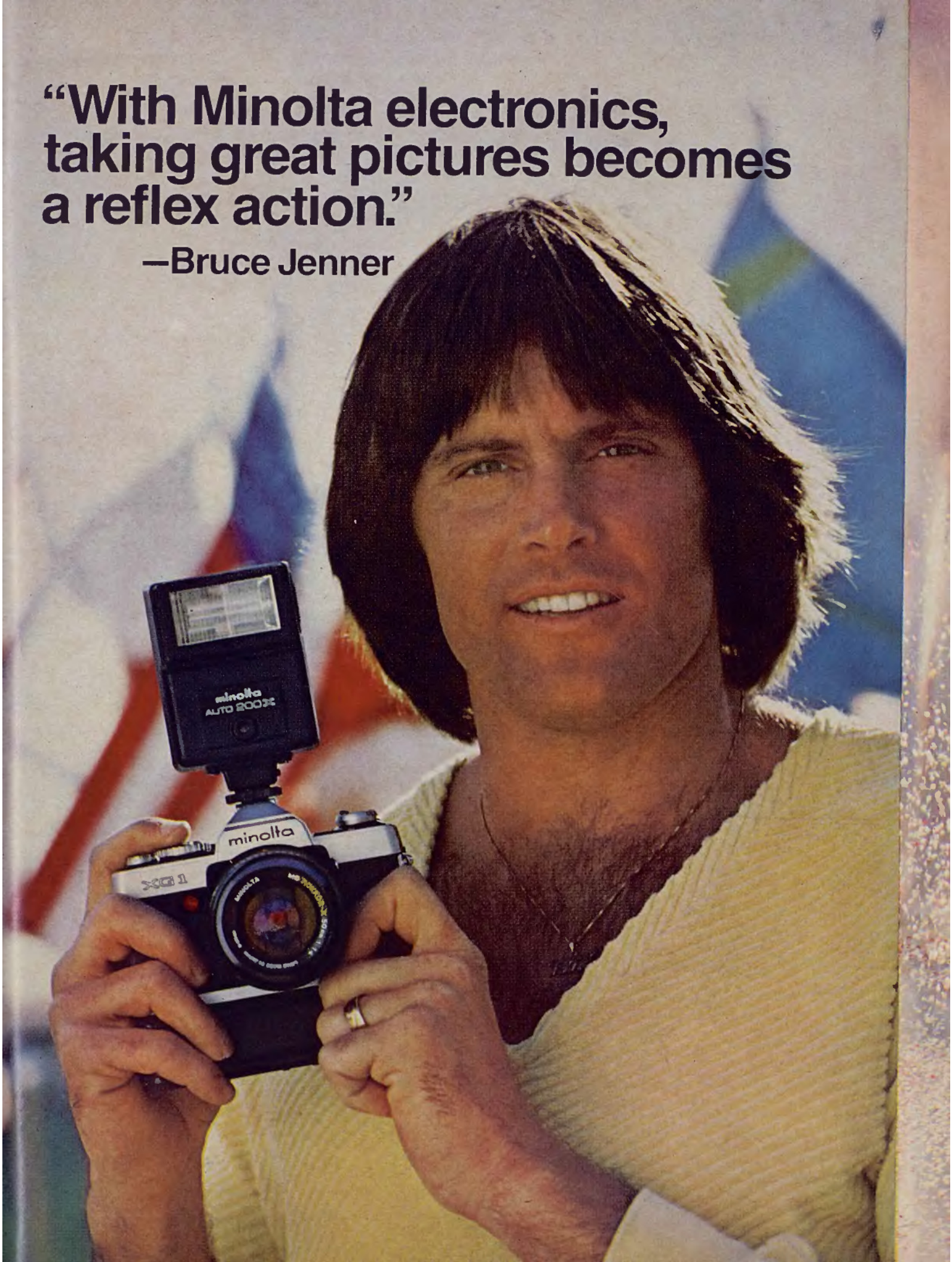

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IN OUR YOUTH, we spent many sunny afternoons playing "treasure hunt," scrounging the neighborhood's vacant lots and hedgerows for returnable pop bottles, dropped dimes and the occasional lost baseball. Needless to say, our profits hardly justified the hours spent searching—unless you count sheer fun as part of the profits. So, naturally, we were just a wee bit jealous when **Roger Simon** returned from the Caribbean with tales of men finding sunken Spanish treasure galleons carrying cargoes worth millions (and millions). His story, *Ocean Killings*, may induce you to get fitted for a wet suit or at least set aside a few bucks to invest in a deep-sea treasure salvage operation. To help you out, **John Grissim** tells how to begin your own treasure hunt (in your back yard, even) in *Seven Tough Challenges for Your Next Treasure Hunt* and *Treasure Hunting for Amateurs*.

On the subject of salvaging wrecks, our *Playboy Interview* this month is with **Dennis Kucinich**, the controversial mayor of Cleveland, a city in dire need of salvaging. We sent **Robert Scheer** (who conducted both our Jimmy Carter and our Jerry Brown interviews) to talk with Kucinich. Scheer found him to be "a fascinating political creature," with some novel ideas about how to run not only Cleveland but the country as well. And speaking of running things, it's been said that "war is too serious to be left to the generals"; and **John Sack**'s sobering essay, *Our Tarnished Brass*, illustrated by **Seymour Rosofsky**, lends heavy credence to that statement. Although they're not in the same league with war, tornadoes can be devastating. **Jay Cronley**, a tornado dodger from way back, gives a hilariously harrowing account of what it's like to live in those parts of the country where tornadoes come like weekly visits from Godzilla. His tale of death and destruction is called *Twister!* If you think you can survive wars and twisters, you'll want to read **Richard Rhodes**'s *Intimations of Immortality*, illustrated by **Michael LaBadie**. Rhodes lets us know our odds on living past 100 and, more than that, tells how our children's children might live more than twice that long.

For some reason, discussions of life and death always bring to mind the Mafia, and **Don Novello** humorously celebrates the 500th year of that venerable organization in *Happy Birthday, Mafia!*, a salute to the master cobblers of the cement shoe. Speaking of footwear, we also have wild and crazy stories in *Cruel Shoes*, an exercise in controlled insanity by **Steve Martin** (illustrated by **Ed Paschke**), excerpted from Martin's forthcoming book of the same title, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. If shoes, cruel or otherwise, aren't your bag, perhaps you should look into garter belts. **Suzanne O'Malley** did, and after buying one of those lacy fantasy stimulators, she returned with *In Support of Garter Belts*, a whimsical look at the undying popularity of the last of the classic fetishes. Reading about garter belts may not quite satisfy your desire to *see* them on lovely thighs, so turn to *Dance-Hall Demoiselles*, a pictorial salute to the girls of the cancan era by **James Wedge**.

While we're on the subject of bygone eras, when was the last time you were at an alumni get-together? We hope it wasn't the zoo that cartoonist **Phil Interlandi** delineates in his *Class Reunion*. If it was, it was pretty funny. Ah, yes, and before we forget, funny rhymes with money, and that's what we've got for winners of our first annual humor competition in (you guessed it) *Funny Money*.

To round out the issue, there's *A Right Turn to Turbos*, a look down the new road to performance by **Brock Yates; Elliott Arnold**'s short story about a man involved in an odd triangle, *A Bay Change*, illustrated by **Irving Petlin; Louann Fernald**, our Playmate of the Month; and **Monique St. Pierre**, sumptuously gifted Playmate of the Year (brought to you courtesy of West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski** and Staff Photographer **Richard Fegley**). There's treasure on every page. Happy hunting!

SIMON

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GRISSIM

PASCHKE

SCHEER

ROSOFSKY

RHODES

LABADIE

ARNOLD

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O'MALLEY

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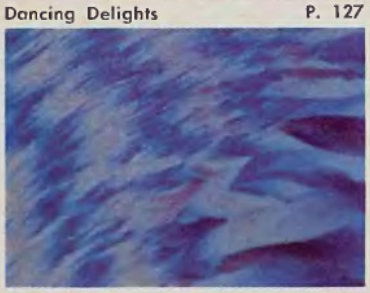

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Louann Fernald, whom you may remember as a finalist in our 25th Anniversary Playmate Hunt, returns as a centerfold to prove that oranges aren't the only good things grown in Florida.

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COVER STORY

PLAYBOY's West Coast Photo Editor, Marilyn Grabowski, commissioned famous Hollywood designer Bob Mackie (Cher is one of his clients) to create a special gown for our Playmate of the Year, Monique St. Pierre. The result is the diaphanous delight you see on our cover. Staff Photographer Richord Fegley took the shot. At left: Mackie and Monique. *Très chic!*

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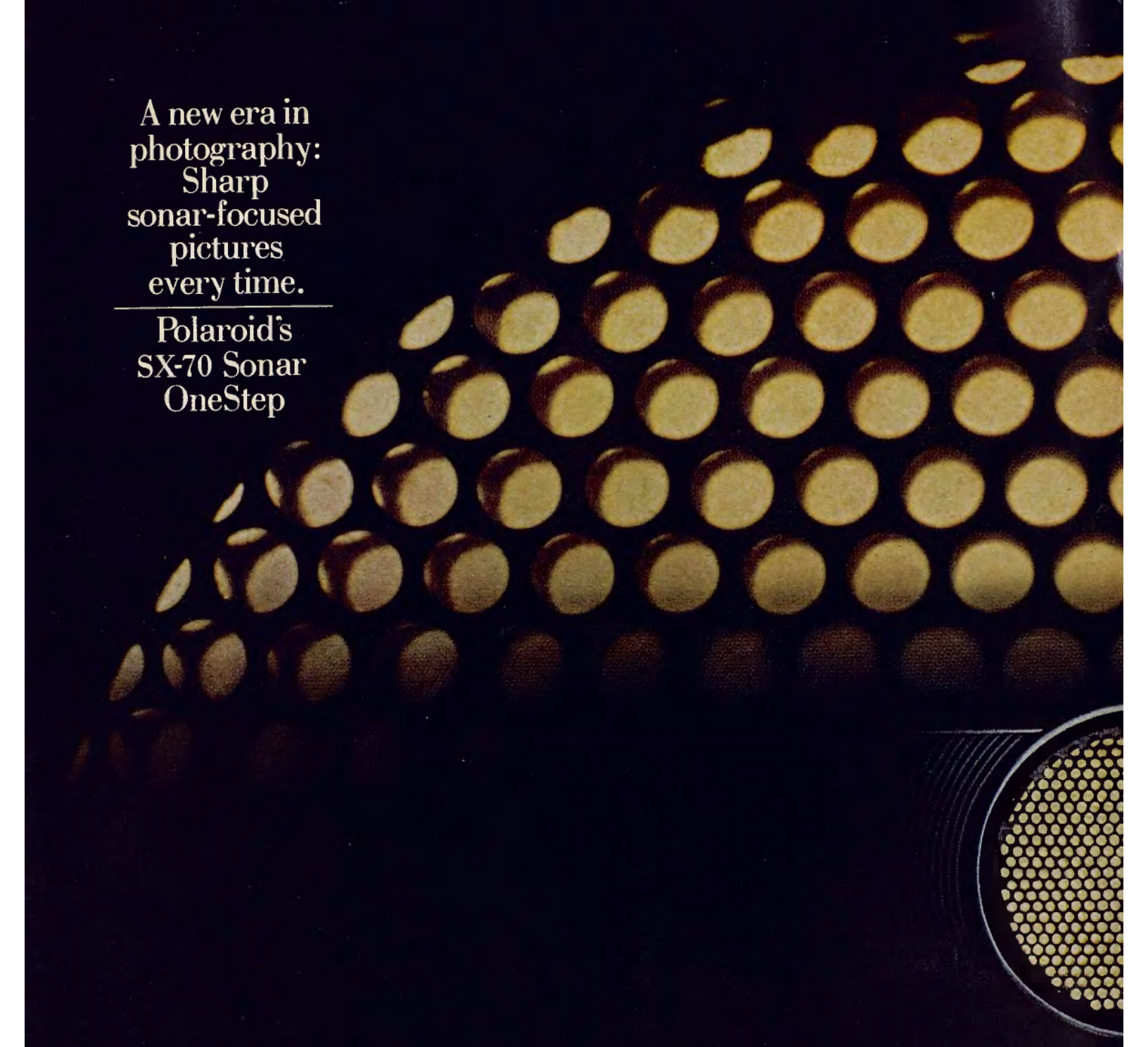

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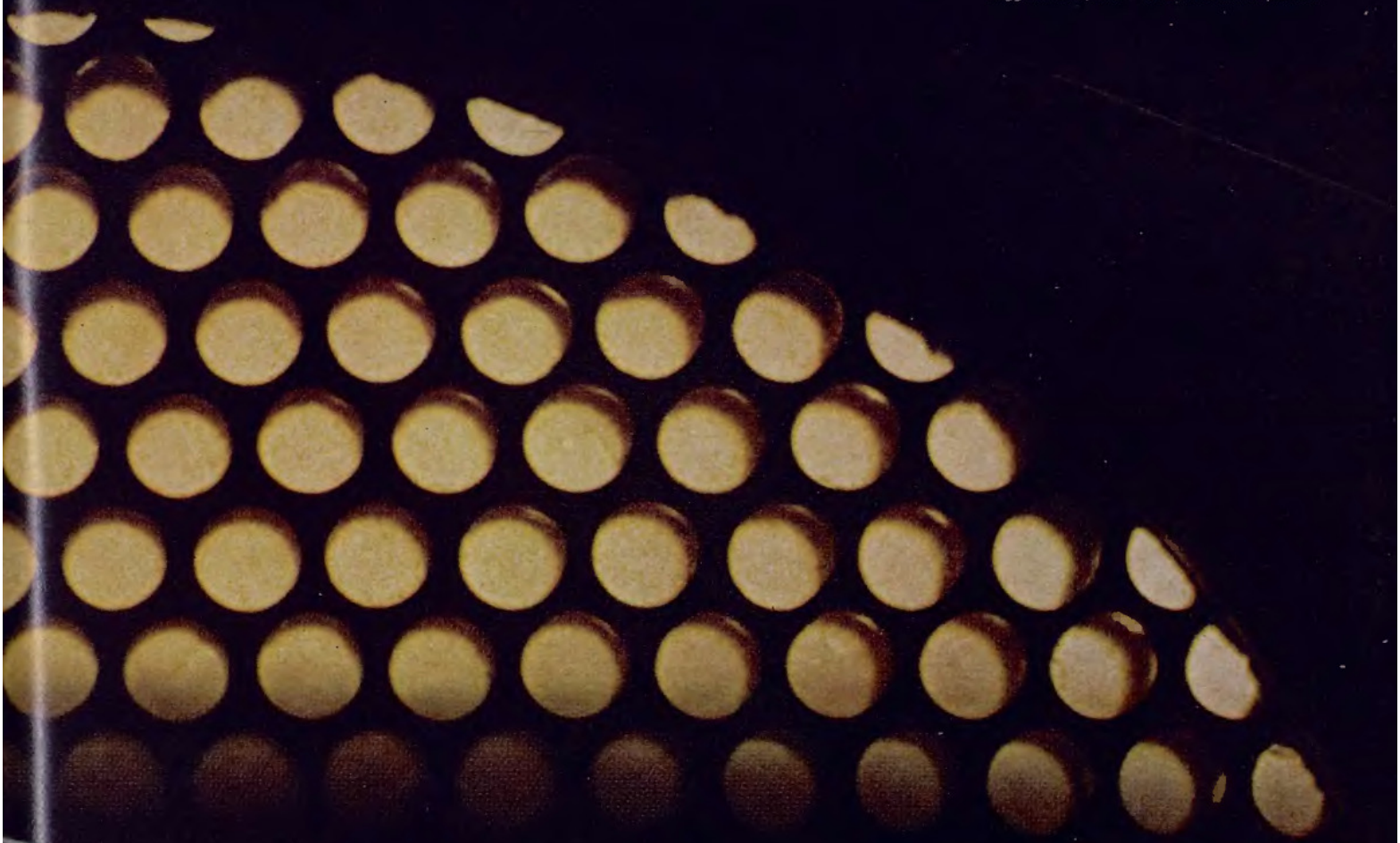

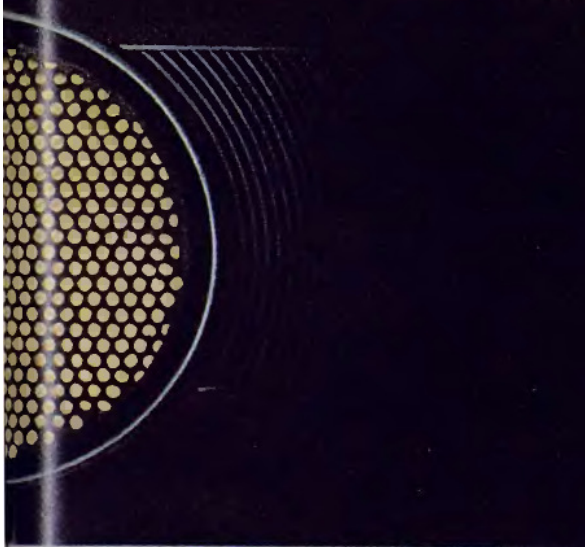

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: WONDERFUL PARTY

Manhattan's popular disco New York, New York was the scene of PLAYBOY's 25th Anniversary Contributors Awards party, which drew scores of noted writers, artists and other celebrities. Among those chatting with host Hugh M. Hefner were (below) novelists Nancy Winters—in private life, Mrs. Gahan Wilson—and Irwin Shaw; and (below center) cartoonist-satirist-playwright Jules Feiffer, with Pulitzer Prize winner Frances Fitzgerald. Shaw was honored with a Special Award for his outstanding fiction contributions to the magazine.

The man with the best-known genealogy in America, Alex Haley, was a PLAYBOY interviewer long before the publication of *Roots*. He, too, was presented with a Special Award by Hef for his contributions to the magazine. Below, partygoers on the dance floor.

Left, poet–novelist–new mother Erica Jong, whose latest volume of poems, *At the Edge of the Body*, has just been published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, chats with D. Keith Mano, whose most recent PLAYBOY assignment was *Acting Out* (May). Right, it's old home week: Hef is flanked by two of PLAYBOY's most durable assets, writer-cartoonist-composer Shel Silverstein (left) and artist–TV personality LeRoy Neiman, also a winner of one of our 25th Anniversary Special Awards. Silverstein has been featured in PLAYBOY since 1956, Neiman since 1954; now they seem to be almost as well known as a country-and-western songwriter and an on-the-spot chronicler of international sporting events.

PUBLISHERS HONOR HEF AT DINNER

The elegant Tavern on the Green restaurant in New York's Central Park (left) was the scene of a celebrity-studded $100-a-plate dinner in Hef's honor given by the publishing industry. Proceeds will be used to establish a Hugh M. Hefner journalism scholarship at his alma mater, the University of Illinois.

You know the story: Hef left *Esquire* when he was refused a five-dollar raise. Well, the fiver is available now, retroactively, says present *Esquire* editor Clay Felker (above). Below, CBS anchor man Walter Cronkite exchanges pleasantries with Playboy Vice-President Christie Hefner, cartoonist Gahan Wilson.

Humorist and frequent PLAYBOY contributor Art Buchwald cracks up the chief Playboy at the Tavern on the Green dinner (above); below, *Cosmopolitan*'s Helen Gurley Brown thanks Hef for his aid when she was getting *her* magazine career on the track.

D.C. DOINGS

In Washington, D.C. (left), Hef attended a reception in his honor sponsored by Illinois' Republican U. S. Senator Charles Percy and Democratic Representative Abner Mikva, held at the National Press Club. Seen with Hef in the photo are (from left) Mrs. Percy, Percy and Mikva.

At right, syndicated columnist Jack Anderson in an aside with Hefner, the guest of honor at a National Press Club luncheon.

Adding a bit of pizzazz to the events in Washington: Playmates Gail Stanton (June 1978), Denise Michele (April 1976) and Janet Quist (December 1978) with the founder of it all, Playboy Chairman Hugh Hefner.

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PLAYMATE UPDATE: KEEPING TABS ON AZIZI

June 1975 Playmate Azizi Johari (right) has been busy lately, what with visiting Playboy Mansion West with Dallas Cowboy Thomas "Hollywood" Henderson (left) and making a film for 20th Century-Fox, *Dreamer* (below, Azizi in a scene with Matt Clark).

FLORIDA PI KAPS FETE PLAYBOY

When the University of Florida chapter of Pi Kappa Alpha observed PLAYBOY's 25th Anniversary, New York and Miami Bunnies Monica Barry, Delia Cintron, Jean Wallis, Cindy Coe and Chris Lipinski were among those lending a hand to emcee Scott Sanders, at the mike. (For another attraction from Gainesville, see Miss June.)

FURTHER VENTURES OF LE ROY NEIMAN

Satinwood whiskey will be poured this year from LeRoy Neiman–designed commemorative decanters. Below, Neiman shows his basketball model to Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc., brand manager James D. Lynch. Others will feature baseball, football.

FUN & GAMES ON THE SLOPES AT LAKE GENEVA

Billy Kidd Day at Playboy's Lake Geneva Resort & Country Club drew a crowd of skiers (above, lined up for an international flag parade). At right, Kidd with (from left) Bunnies Patty Dale Clark, Lee Heideman and Carmae Gerlach.

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TEATIME AT PLAYBOY

Who's that debonair kimonoed fellow conducting the traditional Japanese tea ceremony? None other than the Playboy Rabbit, on the cover of our Japanese edition.

MAESTRO KAY TAKES A BOW

James Kay (in tux), an executive secretary in our New York advertising offices, bows with Mikhail Baryshnikov and members of the New York City Ballet after conducting a performance of *The Four Temperaments* at Lincoln Center. Kay, who has been studying conducting with the ballet's music director, Robert Irving, stepped in when the company's associate conductor injured his Achilles' tendon and was unable to appear.

NEW FILMEX TRUSTEES ENTERTAINED

Chevy Chase does a Liberace at a Mansion West party honoring newly elected trustees of Filmex, the Los Angeles International Film Exposition, who include Playboy Executive V.P. Richard S. Rosenzweig (left, below, with Hef, Chicago TV reporter Jorie Lueloff and her husband, Richard Friedman).

SILVER PLATE FOR SILVER FETE

Above, Richard C. Fuller, Chicago advertising manager of *The New York Times*, presents Christie Hefner with a plate of a *Times* article about Playboy at 25 in which she was prominently featured.

PLAYMATES REV UP ATLANTA CAR SHOW

Stars of the 12th World of Wheels show in Atlanta, Playmates Monique St. Pierre and Janet Quist sign autographs. Also on hand: gatefold girls Vicki Witt, Denise Michele.

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A WORD FROM MOM

Just want to express my pleasure and thanks for the article and beautiful pictures of your 25th Anniversary Playmate. Candy's family all agree it is very tastefully done—and Dwight Hooker's photography is fantastic. I'm very proud to be Candy's mom.

Rosemary Loving
Ponca City, Oklahoma

THE CULT PHENOMENON

The interview with Ted Patrick, by Jim Siegelman and Flo Conway (PLAYBOY, March), is absolutely fascinating. How can anyone condemn that man for trying to save a human being's mind? Patrick is willing to put his own life on the line time and time again. It is truly a shame that Jimmy Carter won't get involved in doing something about the brainwashing cults that are covering our country. I hope someone in Washington will start to give Patrick some support before it's really too late.

Diana Schertle
Ellicott City, Maryland

Your March *Playboy Interview* is a truly terrifying excursion into the mind of a man who has proclaimed himself as much a god as the purportedly "evil" men he is trying to stop. Patrick lets us know what "normal" is. He lets us know what the "correct" religions are. He lets us know that anyone who has had a profound religious experience that has shaken his being and changed the course and tenor of his life has been brainwashed. Patrick scares me.

J. M. De Matteis
Brooklyn, New York

The influence of organized religion today in public life, especially that of the Catholic Church and the National Council of Churches on issues such as censorship, abortion, course content in public schools and tax laws, far exceeds the wildest dreams of any guru or cult swami. The established religions in this country, with their special tax-exempt status and myriad social-action committees that seek to insinuate religious power into every realm of sectarian life, are merely large, wealthy cults. Popes, bishops, priests, rabbis, Ayatullahs and other self-proclaimed holy men are merely socially accepted cult leaders.

Conrad Goeringer
Tucson, Arizona

Nat Hentoff correctly titled his February 1978 essay *The New Body Snatchers*. They (the deprogramers) *are* snatching *bodies*, as there is little or no mind left to accompany the body.

Michael De Runtz
Chicago Heights, Illinois

I was deprogramed by Ted in January 1978 from The Way International. I went back to school and am now a registered nurse. I can honestly tell you I would not be what I am now if it were not for the guts and work of Ted. And from personal experience, all his reports are completely true. I was not hurt, raped or treated unkindly except to restrain me when I tried to escape. I am very glad now that I did *not* escape.

Jane Staub
Houston, Texas

All of the things that they describe were present when I went through basic training for the Army in World War Two: isolation, intense physical and emotional ordeals, change of clothing, new-style haircut, change of name, and the object was that "on command, we would kill others."

R. E. Cordray
Huntsville, Alabama

If the signs of cult programing are a fanatical belief in the rightness of the cause, to the extent of committing crimes

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for it: a refusal to listen to contradictory evidence; and a paranoid certainty that those who do not share one's views are part of a hostile conspiracy, then the first person Patrick should deprogram is himself.

Arthur D. Hlavaty
New Rochelle, New York

Thank you for the in-depth interview with Patrick. I am a former Scientologist who was deprogramed by him. I will always be grateful to Ted for returning my mind. Did he rebrainwash me out of the Scientology cult? Not a chance. His techniques did allow me, for the first time in over five and a half years, to think whatever I *felt* like thinking. It now amazes me that I couldn't even consider refusing an order from a Scientology "senior" without cringing from the skillfully induced fear and guilt.

Morris Deutsch
(Address withheld by request)

The cults will continue to grow and prosper as long as our system of taxation continues to make religion the easiest path to millionaire status.

Thomas B. Leonard, Jr.
Shreveport, Louisiana

Let's hope the fine interview by Siegelman and Conway of the courageous Ted Patrick will undo the free advertising you gave John Travolta's cult (Scientology) three months earlier.

Paulette Cooper
New York, New York

Thank you for highlighting the raw courage of this special human being, up against so many obstacles. I find it shocking that after the Guyana horror, there are still those who are loath to question the beliefs and techniques used by cults because of freedom of religion.

Laura Zuccardi
New Haven, Connecticut

OPEN-AND-SHUT CASE

Denise McConnell makes a beautiful case for herself in your March issue. However, my dossier is incomplete; I would appreciate the opportunity to further investigate this alluring woman.

J. G. Acker
Des Plaines, Illinois

I have just declared myself a missing person. Please, Denise, come find me! Name and address kindly supplied.

Keith D. Smith, Jr.
Miami, Florida

She almost makes crime pay.

Frank Warner
Lafayette, New York

Thank you for exposing the workings of a *real* private investigator and the investigator herself, Denise. I hope that someday I can do my company similar justice. See, guys, it's nothing like on TV. *Nothing.*

Philip J. Salome, Investigator
Chelmsford, Massachusetts

We have spent years trying to brighten up the image most Americans have of Oklahoma City (with a little less than sensational success), and then—*voilà!*—PLAYBOY pops Denise into the centerfold and suddenly we move up alongside Utopia and Shangri-la as "one of the places we gotta visit." Our thanks for the fine exposure.

Dick Rudolph
Oklahoma City Convention and Tourism Center
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

May we have just one more glimpse of Denise? She's better-looking than all of Charlie's Angels put together!

James C. Lowe
Cincinnati, Ohio

We doubt that one more glimpse will be enough, Jim, but here it is. Eat your heart out, Charlie.

VETTER ONSTAGE

I haven't laughed as much since I last read *Playboy's Party Jokes* loaded on Colombian as I did reading Craig Vetter's *You Gotta Have Heart* (PLAYBOY, March). I laughed my ass off. I held my sides. I really laughed out loud for a change. The story was honestly funny and I enjoyed it immensely.

(Name and address withheld by request)

Congratulations to Vetter for an excellent article on the comedy clubs. As for his own venture into stand-up, it's always a traumatic experience for a comedy writer to perform his or her own material. In reading the monolog Vetter wrote and performed, I have to think that if the listeners didn't respond, it was their problem, not Vetter's. You gotta have heart, but you gotta have material, too, and this is funny stuff and very well constructed.

Robert Orben
Arlington, Virginia

Orben should know good material when he sees it; he's a professional gag writer who edits the widely circulated joke letters "Current Comedy" and "Comedy Fillers."

YANKEE SEE

In *The Year in Sex*, on page 154 of your February issue, Anna Bond is shown interviewing Gary Thomasson in the locker room of the New York Yankees. The photograph carries the claim that she was the first woman allowed in that dressing room. Untrue! Kristi Witker of WPIX-TV News was the first woman in the Yankees' dressing room. We like Miss Bond, too, and we know that your magazine likes to get facts straight. So it is in the spirit of fairness, and for the sake of accuracy, that we ask for a correction.

Bill Littauer, Executive Producer
WPIX-TV News
New York, New York

Thanks, Bill. Historical accuracy demands that we recognize Kristi Witker as the first female sports reporter allowed in the Yankees' dressing room. As to her being the first woman, that history does not record.

THE NESTING INSTINCT

My congratulations to PLAYBOY for presenting one of the most interesting short stories I've read in years, Harlan Ellison's *All the Birds Come Home to Roost* (March). PLAYBOY is once again deserving of praise for publishing intelligent, entertaining fiction of a style too often misunderstood and underrated.

Robert Allen
Regina, Saskatchewan

As brief as it is, *All the Birds Come Home to Roost* is a powerful and disturbing tale.

Ed Darton
Ventura, California

FOOLS ON THE HILL

Senator James Abourezk's giggles at the current state of the Federal Government (*Life Inside the Congressional Cookie Jar*, PLAYBOY, March) are not amusing; they're infuriating. Why is Abourezk laughing?

Eric Anderson
Honolulu, Hawaii

As an ex-politician myself, I should like to offer the following amendments to former Senator Abourezk's eight laws of politics: 9. Every citizen favors a fair tax, a fair tax being a tax on somebody else. 10. No citizen is in favor of government

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TWENTY-FIVE AND A HALF!

This issue marks the halfway point in our Silver Anniversary year. We'd like to take this opportunity to thank all those who wrote congratulatory letters and to share some of those letters with you.

Your anniversary issue is the handsomest single magazine these ol' editorial eyes have ever rested on. Congratulations on the issue and on your first 25 years—and a great big thank you for giving us the best and the brightest writers, and for simply being there, month after beautiful month.

John Brady, Editor
Writer's Digest
Cincinnati, Ohio

Let me congratulate you on 25 outstanding years. Your 25th Anniversary Issue is an excellent example of what intelligent individuals have come to expect. The outstanding short stories, interviews, in-depth articles and, of course, superb photography keep PLAYBOY number one around the world.

Michael Anthony Rahaim
Jacksonville, Florida

Congratulations on your outstanding job on the 25th Anniversary Issue. PLAYBOY is, has been and always will be the number-one magazine for men. It brings together the elements of mind and body in perfect harmony.

Len Fury
New York, New York

I have just finished your excellent Silver Anniversary Issue and, out of all of it, am most impressed by the rundown of activities of the Playboy Foundation. A truly fine record; keep it up and good luck on the next 25 years.

Pamela Penchoen
Connection Magazine
South Euclid, Ohio

Not having missed an issue of your fine magazine in over five years, and being the proud owner of several early issues, I feel I have the right to say that PLAYBOY is truly the classiest of the men's magazines. I would like to send to you my sincerest congratulations on your 25th anniversary. May you give us another 25 years of beautiful ladies.

Jim Martin
Kansas City, Missouri

Your magazine has been an institution in my home for the past 20 years and I've always enjoyed it, from front to back. Your girls are the prettiest, your articles the most thought-provoking and your photography by far the most tasteful. Keep up the good work.

Dee Huls
Kingsburg, California

It occurs to me that mine is the first generation to have grown up with PLAYBOY. It's been great.

Hank McCroskey
(Address withheld by request)

Congratulations on 25 years of a publication that is not only pleasing to the eye but also enlightening to the mind and boldly informative on many controversial subjects. I have every issue of your magazine since that first thin one in 1953. Keep 'em coming. I'm looking forward to your 50th anniversary.

Dwight E. Norris
Montpelier, Ohio

After reading and looking at your 25th Anniversary Issue, I want to congratulate you for a well-done job. Keep on with the righteous work.

Michael Suggs
McAlester, Oklahoma

Your magazine is unquestionably the best one on the market, and as a photographer and beholder of beauty, I would have to rate your Photography Department's efforts with four stars.

David S. Holden
Centerville, Massachusetts

What an increasingly great publication yours has been! To you, as an American institution, a toast of affection and appreciation.

Bob Hartsock
Dallas, Texas

Congratulations on your 25th birthday. As one who is also celebrating 25 years, my only regret is that I couldn't buy those early issues from day one. May we both enjoy another 25 great years!

Michael J. Passman
Fort Polk, Louisiana

As a reader of every issue over the past 25 years, I must compliment you on what is the finest single issue of any magazine that I have ever read.

Michael Jernigan
Mill Valley, California

Let me add my name to those wishing you 25th-anniversary congratulations. Since its inception, PLAYBOY has been clearly the *crème de la crème* of all magazines, not just men's magazines. It's always been the one that others like to imitate.

Robert J. McKenzie
Hampton, Virginia

subsidy, unless he is the recipient. 11. All politicians are for economy in government, economy in government being the curtailment of government expenditures in all political subdivisions except theirs.

Will Perry
Dallas, Texas

IN THE FAST LANE

As an active member of Mario Andretti's Lotus pit crew, I really enjoyed *The Psyche and the Starting Grid*, by Keith W. Johnsgard and Charles Fox (PLAYBOY, March), and *Mario Andretti Opens Up*, by Peter Manso (PLAYBOY, March). Keep up the excellent coverage of a very exciting sport.

Ken Szymanski
New York, New York

Being a motor-sports addict since I knew what a car was, I jumped on the Mario Andretti and Grand Prix driver articles like Mario jumps on the throttle when the flag twitches. I like the articles. I only wish they were longer.

Torrey Justin Heeb
Fort Bragg, California

Of all the reading I have ever done about drivers and racing machines, I feel this is the finest example by far of accuracy, sensitivity and, above all, honesty. Mario's frankness is to be admired.

Rose Ann Teska
Chicago Heights, Illinois

Thanks for the terrific articles—you describe the racing mentality to a tee.

Linda B. Ford
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

PERSONAL FOUL

I like your March pictorial essay by Walter L. Lowe and Dan Sheridan, *What Do You Say to a Naked Cheerleader? Goodbye!* It has caused me to become more furious than I was when your first pictorial came out. Who do those owners think they are? The owners read PLAYBOY, the players read PLAYBOY, it just does not make any sense. I, for one, am not going to watch another football game. I want nothing to do with that bunch of hypocrites. I hope more people will take my stand.

Harold J. Laymon, Sr.
Schoolcraft, Michigan

As an avid football fan and a very avid girl watcher, I think the N.F.L. should be penalized for unnecessary roughness and unsportsmanlike conduct.

Greg Barrett
Knox, Pennsylvania

Just thought I'd be among those who'll write in to voice support of those cheerleaders who appeared in PLAYBOY. Anyone who works for an employer who dictates when the employed are permitted

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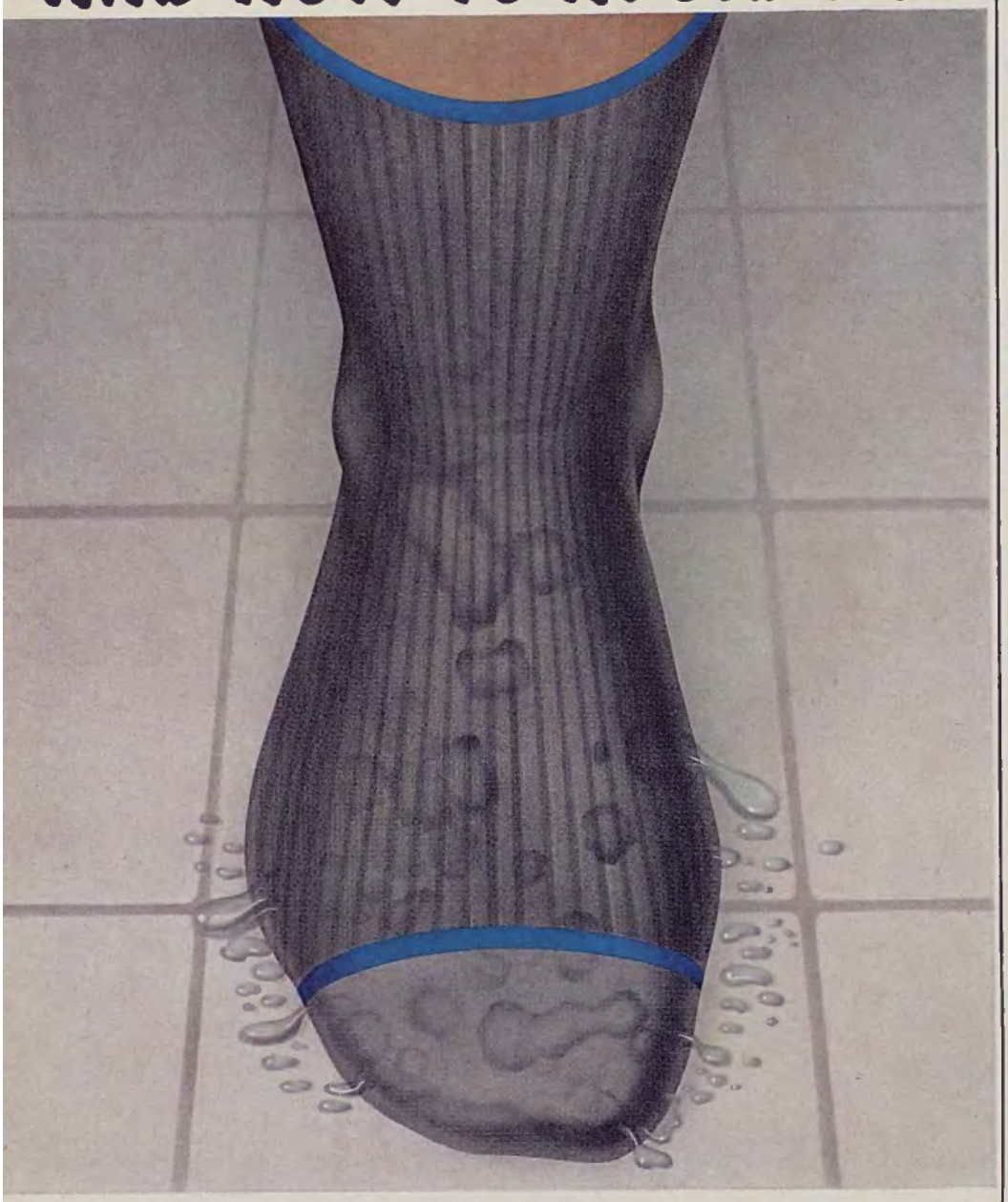

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to disrobe, or which publications they choose to be photographed for, is missing the whole point of individuality!

Tim Schuller
Dallas, Texas

THE FAME GAME

Congratulations to PLAYBOY for the publication of Alex Haley's article in the March issue, *There Are Days When I Wish It Hadn't Happened*. This makes me think that PLAYBOY is a little more than sex. And congratulations to Haley for such a beautiful work.

Alex Heymann
Austin, Texas

When I consider poor Alex Haley struggling every day to bear up under the awful responsibilities of being world famous and filthy rich, I thank my lucky stars that I'm not in his shoes. It must be a real bitch to have to live like that!

Ben Trovato
Santa Monica, California

Hope your stars stay lucky, Ben.

MORE FICTION THAN SCIENCE

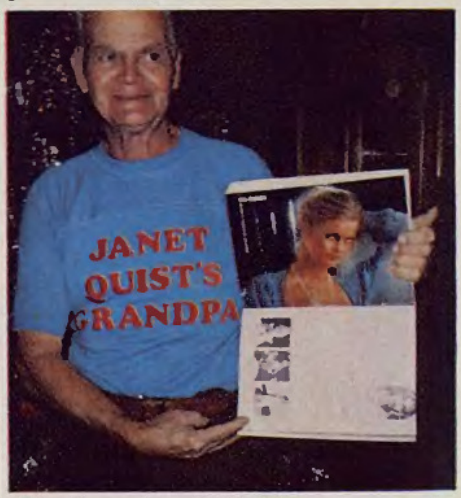
In the *Playbill* column of your January issue, you ran a picture of a mountaintop retreat that you called the home of Arthur C. Clarke, author of that issue's novel excerpt *The Fountains of Paradise*. I recognized the retreat as the monastery Sri Pada. What gives?

Joseph Franklin
Chicago, Illinois

One of our editors felt that Clarke, as High Priest of Science Fiction, deserved an appropriate home. Hope he likes his new home. Apologies to Mr. Clarke.

A GREAT GRANDDAUGHTER

This picture shows my support of and pride in my granddaughter Janet Quist,



Miss December 1978. When I wear the shirt, it answers the often-asked question What kin is Janet to you?

Fred J. Quist, 76
Austin, Texas

Thanks, Fred, for the picture—and for Janet.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

MONDAY-MORNING FEVER

Students have always complained that tests made them ill, but now, for the first time, the world of academe is explaining why. According to a Harvard University study, college exams are, indeed, making a growing number of students "sick." And, the study states, the incidence of Legionnaire's Exams has increased fourfold over the past five years.

Based on reports by Harvard faculty members, the study finds that the students who fall ill most are those with low grade averages and who need extra time to prepare for a make-up exam. Those same patients, once "recovered," usually pass the make-ups easily enough. The study also notes that the number of the afflicted rises from freshman to senior year, peaking during the first semester of the fourth year. Thus far, no one has gotten ill during graduation exercises, except, possibly, for a few parents in attendance who have been allergic to overlong commencement speeches.

LINE OF THE MONTH

When asked what he looks for in a woman, an acquaintance of ours replied, "The top of her head."

CRASH COURSE

Want to "spice up your life by learning how to get invited to embassy parties, meet diplomats, celebrities and invite them to your parties"? Want to know "how to have flair, be remembered and live"?

All that—and nothing more—is promised in the catalog for a course taught at the Open University in our nation's capital. The OU, you must understand, is an overheated, one-room walk-up stuck between a laundry and a pizza shop near the National Zoo, which may be appropriate. Yet the OU sends out 65,000 of its crazy catalogs every two months.

Coyly titled The Washington Connection, the course is taught by a quick-witted lady writer named Rozanne Weissman. At ten dollars per head for one three-hour lecture, Weissman instructs in the Art of Negative Name-Dropping ("I had Julia Child to dinner and dropped the soufflé"), the Pyramid Method of Party-Giving ("Tell Kissinger that Liv Ullmann is coming and then call Liv and say Kissinger will be there") and, above all, the Arcane Craft of Party-Crashing.

In a town whose cocktail circuit runs from five until nine, there are seven key ways to hobnob uninvited from Embassy Row to the Kennedy Center:

1. Take a glass (of anything), walk through the front door backward and act like you've been there all along.

2. At big bashes, walk over to the name-tag table and pick one up.

3. Half of every night's parties are in big hotels. The ballroom always has at least one side door. Find it.

4. Say, "I'm one of the staff." Then act like a harried gofer.

5. Say you have an urgent message for Senator So-and-So. If they say he is not there, reply, "Oh, hasn't he arrived yet?" and head straight for the bar.

6. Arrive late, when the doorkeepers have also decided to have a little fun.

7. As a last resort, sling a tape recorder over your shoulder and pretend you're with the press. (We frown upon this for the general public—we've been using it for years.)

There are two cardinal rules to successful social climbing, says Weissman: "Act like you belong there and dress like it; then show a little *chutzpah*. So what if you get rejected once in a while?"

Weissman has turned her own show of academic *chutzpah* into a cottage industry that has gotten her into *The Washington Post*, on the *Tomorrow* show set with Tom Snyder and, well, into these pages. Her book—you guessed it—will be out in a year and will be titled *Up the Social Ladder*. In Washington, her course is now popularly known as Social Climbing 101.

Personally, Weissman thinks embassy parties are "all alike—boring." She is too busy "having a love affair with three typewriters" to do any social climbing.

WAS IT GOOD FOR YOU, TOO?

Our second-best line of the month comes from Ronald Reagan, who said recently, "If you get into bed with government, you are going to get more than a good night's rest."

NO MOW CARNAGE

And now, a message from PLAYBOY's suburban bureau: Every summer, millions of eager American handy men rev up their power mowers and attack their overgrown front lawns with more enthusiasm than intelligence, it would seem. According to the Consumer Product

Safety Commission, some 77,000 of those mower maniacs prove themselves Cro-Magnon cutups, injuring themselves seriously in brilliant displays of stupidity. A commission study found that most of the injuries result from people's attempting to clean off the machine's rotary blades or grass chute *while the power is still running!* With each passing day of summer, more and more goofy gardeners stick their hands and feet into the buzzing blades in an attempt to remove unsightly strands of grass and, ultimately, several fingers and toes.

To help prevent such carnage, the commission has recommended that the Federal Government get into the act, creating a power mower specifically designed for idiots. Proposed Federal standards would impose a series of automatic controls that would force the blades to come to a complete stop automatically within three seconds after the amputee-to-be lets go of the handle. In other words, in the future, if the Government has anything to do with it, when a weekend gardener shouts, "Look, dear, no hands," his wife won't have to summon the nearest paramedic unit.

THE BIG RED APPLE

Looking for a place to visit during the leisurely summer months? Why not try Manhattan, a city that bowled over Communist Chinese traveling reporter Wang Jo-shui? In the Peking *People's Daily*, seasoned tourist Jo-shui wrote in glowing terms of his visit to the Big Apple: "The skyscrapers crowding New York . . . shut out the sun. People walk in the streets as if they are walking in a dark, narrow valley. They look so tiny and they look as if they are about to be swallowed up by these strange creations of capitalism." Wonder what he thought of the Rockettes.

TEN REASONS NOT TO JOG

Glenn Collins, a New York–based freelancer, offers these reasons to help you stop running around.

1. Roger Bannister, in *The Four Minute Mile*, says that it takes as much courage to *stop* training as to go out when not feeling up to it. Prove your manhood. Don't go out today.

2. You are *not* a slave to your alarm clock. End its domination of your life. Go back to bed.

3. Dr. George Sheehan's birthday. Time to celebrate!

4. Your girlfriend's Nike Lady Waffle trainers are mating with your Adidas Country leathers. They have informed you that they do not wish to be disturbed. Let them be.

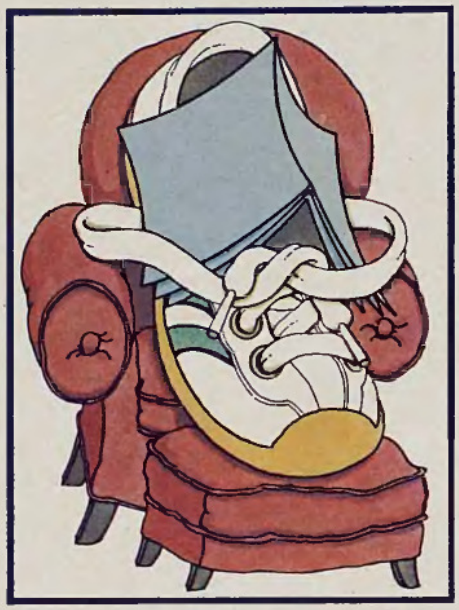
5. Your Frank Shorter warm-up jacket clashes with your new Dolfin shorts. You *cannot* be seen outside that way: Take the day off to do some shopping.

6. Surely, a copy of *Runner's World, The Runner, Running Times* or *On the Run* has just arrived. Can't go running now. Have to read your magazine.

7. Masters and Johnson say that sustained sexual intercourse is an acceptable alternative for cardiovascular exercise. Change your sport for today.

8. The Shoe Goo you applied to repair your sneaker soles last night may not be dry yet. *Looks* dry. But can you be *really* sure? Better not run today.

9. Runners are creating new definitions of what is possible in states of endurance, health and physical performance. They should create new definitions of *resting* states, too. Be in the forefront of this new work. Stay in bed.



10. The running-magazine ratings have just downgraded your favorite shoes. You can't go out now: Have to buy your top-rated shoes today.

SON OF HINDENBURG

Fed up with flying in jumbo jets? Tired of sitting next to fish-eyed families with eight crying kids who all want a window seat (yours)?

Next time, why not insist on flying in the airship of the future? Not the Concorde but the blimp! If Boston University engineering professor Francis Morse has his way, his personally revamped blimp designs will soon be chugging through the skies. Termed by the prof "the ultimate airship," his dirigible would cruise the heavens at 125 miles per hour and offer laid-back passengers a ride that would provide savings in terms of both cost and energy. The new breed of blimp would weigh the same as a Boeing 747 but would offer the same 400 passengers a lot more room and, because of design, the prospect of airsick-free transatlantic crossings. Any diehard airplane addicts who plan on pointing an accusing finger while chanting, "Remember the Hindenburg!" take note: The new blimps will be inflated with nonflammable helium and will be equipped with rear-end propulsion for improved aerodynamic efficiency. Why, one day, Morse proclaims, blimps could even be run on nuclear power. That would not only give the blimps a boost in futuristic circles but probably lead to a boom in fallout-shelter production as well.

UP FROM LIBERALISM

If you'd like to live a long and healthy life, never punch a would-be murderer in the mouth. Essentially, that is the key to Gary Feinberg's new concept of "victimology." Feinberg, conducting a study at Nova University in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, says that in crimes of violence, the victim is often just as guilty as the perpetrator. In fact, in many cases, the victim is the *cause* of the crime. "In homicide cases," he states, "we've found that it's often the victim who strikes the first blow. In domestic homicides, it's the husband who's been abusing or humiliating his wife for years who generally winds up as the so-called victim."

Feinberg's victimology study has also turned up a few facts that Rod Serling would have appreciated. "Blacks victimize blacks and whites victimize whites in perhaps 90 percent of the cases," Feinberg reveals. "The young prey on the young and the elderly steal from, murder or attempt to sexually abuse one another."

And when was the last time you read about an 80-year-old woman's being mugged at a bus stop by a 95-year-old, jean-clad thug? Well, victimology can explain that away as well. "Thanks to improvements in social services, housing and their own self-image, the elderly are becoming more visible," Feinberg states. "And this, unfortunately, will make them more visible to the criminal element as well."

We hope that somewhere in the nation, a college is conducting a study on Gray Pantherology: teaching the elderly how to kneecap smug study takers.

BRIGHT IDEAS

One hundred years ago, the U. S. Patent Office authorized Thomas Edison to light up our lives by granting him a patent for his electric light bulb. Definitely a smart move, but in the same year, the office also registered patents on 12,724 other brain storms for better mousetraps, convertible plowshares and quite a few inventions Woolworth's doesn't sell. Here are some of them to which we say happy 100th birthday:

Umbrella Drip Cups—tiny pouches attached to tips for collecting runoff from closed umbrellas.

Bosom-Pads—"a bosom or other pad for the human figure, made of linen, cotton or other suitable material, having a filling of the hair of deer, mountain sheep, elk or antelope, substantially as and for the purpose described."

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Fire-Escape—"a parachute attached, in suitable manner, to the upper part of the body, in combination with overshoes having elastic bottom pads of suitable thickness to take up the concussion with the ground. . . ."

Galvanic Uterine Supporters—an apparatus consisting of a belt and various wires terminating upon a rubber ring inserted into the uterus for some unspecified purpose.

Road-Lanterns—hoods worn by horses that enable the animals to carry a lantern on top of their head.

Fronts for Burial Robes—garments constructed of paper or fabric with "an embossed portion or portions representing lapels, plaits, ties, ruffling or other features of ordinary wearing apparel. . . ."

Combined Bidet, Foot-Bath—an item complementing the popular Combined Douche-Bag and Insecticide Sprayer.

CHECKING IN

Bob Barker *is one of the reigning beauty-contest hosts. We asked free-lancer David Rensin to ask him some impertinent questions about his experience in that arena.*

PLAYBOY: Are beauty contestants dumb?

BARKER: No. I've done pageants for 12 years and the girls are as beautiful as I expected and surprisingly bright. Most of them are in college and the ones who are out have responsible jobs.

PLAYBOY: Do the contestants want to date you?

BARKER: There have been some suggestions that we might become friends, but not as frequently as I would have liked. Actually, my wife goes to all of the pageants with me. I did the first one alone but went home with such a big smile on my face that she's accompanied me ever since.

PLAYBOY: How do you make beauty contestants feel at ease?

BARKER: It depends on how nervous they are. Sometimes I'll kid them and say things are bound to get worse. Anyway, after the swimsuit and evening-gown competitions, I interview each of the 12 finalists, but they're not judged on *what* they say, because I might be talking to them about their boyfriends or about becoming a brain surgeon.

PLAYBOY: Has any contestant ever blown her chances in that interview?

BARKER: Some do better than others.

PLAYBOY: Has anyone ever named a pet after you?

BARKER: Yes. I found a little stray dog and found a home for it with one of the members of our stage crew. So he named the dog Barker.

PLAYBOY: Do you have groupies?

BARKER: Yes, I've just had my first experience with them.

PLAYBOY: How old are they, generally?

BARKER: Sixty-five or 70. No, young ladies wait at the stage door. It came as a complete surprise, but I find myself enchanted with it. I figure Steve Garvey's had it all these years, why not me?

PLAYBOY: Do they have autograph books?

BARKER: I've had a couple give me their names and phone numbers.

PLAYBOY: And. . . .

BARKER: Right now, they're in my desk drawer. If it continues, I might make a scrapbook. If it stops, they'll be my only trophies.

SOCIETY COLUMN

Everybody talks about urban isolation and the dissolution of the nuclear family, but nobody does anything about it—except us. What we've done is locate a bunch of organizations so specialized or strange that anyone can enjoy the fellowship of other obsessive weirdos just like himself.

Take the **National One-Liners Club**, please. It's a rollicking bevy of wags dedicated to proliferating the kind of insults, barbs, jokes and puns made popular by Saints Youngman and Marx. The **American Association of Aardvark Aficionados** wants a few good members with a "bent for the unusual" to promote the aardvark's crusty image. The **Burlington (Wisconsin) Liars' Club** claims to sponsor an annual contest for the World Champion Liar, but we don't believe a word they say. Many readers will feel right at home in the **International Brotherhood of Old Bastards**, whose more than 33,000 members have no meetings, no committees, no assessments, no officers, no responsibilities, no dues, "just a membership card and the opportunity to prove you're a real bastard"; or in the **Society of Dirty Old Men**, which publishes "Every Male's Guide to Chauvinism" and presents a Bringing Up the Rear Snicker Award to women who it feels deserve it. Of course, it's never too late for the **Procrastinators' Club of America**, which last year brought dehydrated water to put out the Chicago Fire and is currently waging an all-out campaign for female suffrage.

If the **John Birch Society** dresses too far to the left for you, check out the London-based **Monarchist League**, whose 100,000 subjects in 11 branches around the world staunchly believe that "kingship is the best form of institutional government"; or, closer to home, in Richmond Hill, New York, the **All-Russian Monarchist Front** plots the restoration of the czarist regime. Reminisce about history's brightest stars at gatherings of the **Aaron Burr Association** in Linden, Virginia, or the dynamic **Millard Fillmore National Society**, a service club that raises money for the Millard Fillmore Scholarship Fund for Underachievers and otherwise supports underachievement by each year taking 800 disadvantaged children to a New York Mets game.

Unfortunately, all societies are not open to everyone—the **International Twins Association**, the **League of Lefthanders** and the **Jim Smith Society**, whose 605 world-wide members are all named Jim Smith. All **Little People of America**—motto: "Think big"—are shorter than 4'11", while a Hollywood swingers' club called **Hung Jury** is restricted to members whose members exceed seven inches and female admirers thereof.

Speaking of sex, the hotbed for hot beds remains in frisky California, with headquarters for the **Sexual Freedom League** in San Diego, Margo St. James's hookers organization, **COYOTE**, in San Francisco, and the **Rene Guyon Society** of Beverly Hills, a group named after a sexual-liberation maven who consulted to the Thailand supreme court for 30 years, which among other things advocates "child bisexuality protected with double contraceptives, by age eight." For even more twisted proclivities, try the **Texas Barbed Wire Collectors**, **Society for Italic Handwriting** and **SMILE** (Space Migration, Increased Intelligence, Life Extension), the bunch that would like to go away with Tim Leary in flying saucers by 1981. For obvious reasons, we discourage participation in the **Wang Software Vendors' Association** but see nothing wrong with the **National Nothing Foundation**, a group that protests useless special days and weeks every National Nothing Day, January 16.

For indulging our particular passions, we want into the **American Council of Spotted Asses** because we've hardly ever spotted an American ass we didn't like. And we are also eager to get involved with an organization headquartered, surprisingly, in the Unexpected Wildlife Refuge of Newfield, New Jersey, an industrious outfit whose objectives over the years have seemingly paralleled our own—the **Beaver Defenders**.

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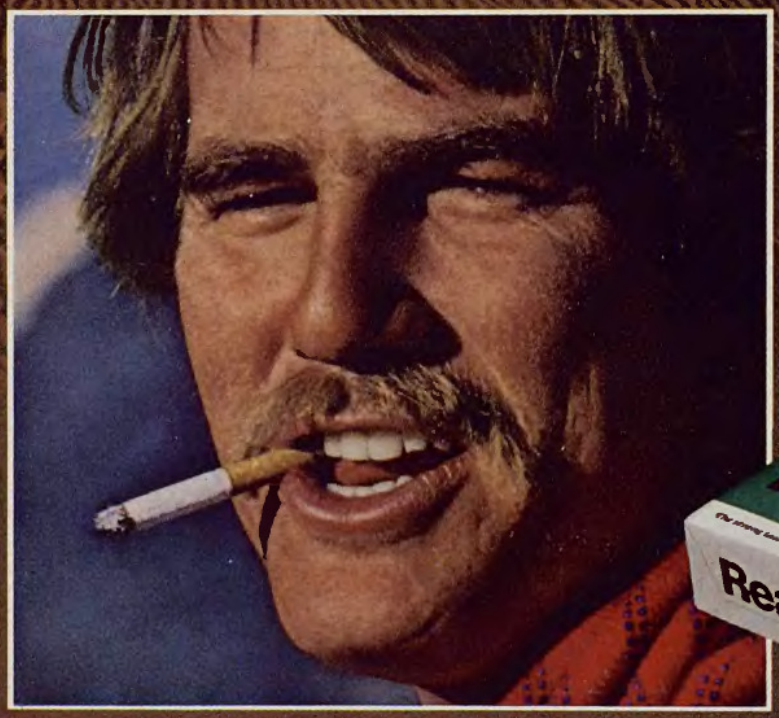

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Let me admit to being dead wrong in my expectations about ***Hair***, for I stood with the skeptics who saw no way to make a 1979 movie musical from the definitive but outdated theatrical phenomenon that virtually begat the spirit of the late Sixties. The flower people and the antiwar protests are still part of it: *Hair* still opens with the burning of draft cards. And it *is* dated, in a sense, though transformed into a sad and funny and timeless fable about the way we were, or seemed to be, only a brief decade ago. One thing I should have remembered in anticipating too little too late is that Oscar-winning director Milos (*One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*) Forman, when he first splashed into international prominence on top of the Czech New Wave, made his mark with such lightsome young-in-heart human comedies as *Loves of a Blonde*. Everything about *Hair* brings out the very best in Forman. When he piles all his principal actors into an open convertible to speed across the wide, wind-swept desert singing *Good Morning Starshine*, it's not just a reprise of that long-familiar tune, it's a symbol of eternal flaming youth of any era. They are madcaps who make love, not war, but they only happen to be Sixties potheads and dissidents, high on life itself and a lot less angry than they used to be.

Time after time, the pure blazing exuberance of *Hair* simply carries you away. An occasional qualm may occur—lyrics blown off course in a monsoon of energy; inventive choreography by Twyla Tharp that often moves so fast that cameras seem unable to keep up with it. But what's a flaw or two in a film of a thousand delights? The bombardment of images by Czech-born cinematographer Miroslav Ondricek is almost nonstop, from an LSD wedding trip that takes place only in the hero's bedazzled brain to the hilarious *Black Boys—White Boys* number (sung by lusty gals and gay Army induction officers). Oh, yes, there's a middle-American hero in *Hair*'s simplified but effective new plot, underplayed eloquently by John Savage as Claude, the square Oklahoma kid who grabs a bus to New York for a couple of days before going into the Army. A funny thing happens to Claude on his way to the Statue of Liberty—he stumbles onto the Age of Aquarius in Central Park, which looks so much like Oz that even the mounted policemen's horses join the dance. Savage's fresh air of innocence in this role ultimately says more about love and peace than he managed to project as the pitiable paraplegic veteran in *The Deer Hunter*. No less terrific are Beverly D'Angelo as a society deb on the lam from Short Hills, New Jersey, Annie

Hair's Don Dacus, Golden, Wright, Williams.

Exuberant *Hair*, zany Brooks, upwardly mobile Sally Field.

Brooks in *Real Life*.

Norma Rae's Field, Bridges.

Golden as a hippie waif who's pregnant by someone or other and Dorsey Wright as Hud. But the big, big discovery of *Hair* is apt to be Treat Williams, as Berger the hirsute hippie. How he came to be called Treat is anybody's guess, but Williams struts through the memorable Ragni-Rado-MacDermot words and music as if the whole show had been invented yesterday. Reinvented by Forman with incandescent hindsight, *Hair* will be here tomorrow and the day after—no longer a nudity-as-novelty circus of freaks but an assured American classic.

•

A new movie wild man is at large. His name is Albert Brooks, heretofore best known for the zany film segments he contributed to TV's *Saturday Night Live*. Brooks shoots from the hip, and his own inspired egomania is one of his primary targets in a messy, irreverent and frequently hilarious film called ***Real Life***. What the movie is supposed to be about is the making of a TV documentary exploring the humdrum daily routine of an "average" American family not unlike the celebrated Louds, who dragged skeletons out of all their overstuffed closets to delight the viewing public several seasons ago. The movie is also about movies, truth, greed, envy, celebritymongering and Brooks as Brooks—a *cinéma vérité* con man and comic portrayed so crassly that he could probably sue himself for libel. When Brooks isn't hogging the limelight, he zeroes in on Charles Grodin in a sly, wickedly accurate performance as one Warren Yeager of Phoenix, Arizona—a veterinarian, husband and father who keeps stealing glances into the camera, hoping they'll cut the parts where his distraught wife (sharply played by Frances Lee McCain) discusses her menstrual discomfort at dinner, or where he loses a patient (a horse) during minor surgery.

Comparing Brooks's screen persona to that of Mel Brooks or Woody Allen would be slightly premature, though there's a lot of originality showing in his work even when *Real Life* huffs and puffs and smacks of slapdash overkill. Brooks's lack of inhibitions isn't always an asset but does suggest that there'll be no stopping him—and he may well be wired into that mother lode of raw, anarchic contemporary humor typified by *Up in Smoke* and *Animal House*.

•

It's summer 1978 and a Jewish union organizer from New York arrives in a backward Southern town where the pages of the movie calendar appear to have stopped flipping in the year 1935 or thereabouts. Working conditions are prehistoric in the local cotton mill, but that's where the only jobs are, and any man who comes along talking union is apt to be called a Commie, an agitator, a crook or a Jew, or all four rolled together. There, in a nutshell, is the classic

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Fifties-liberal format of ***Norma Rae***, directed by Martin Ritt from a rather simplistic screenplay by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. As a study of labor-management conflicts, *Norma Rae* is as schematic and spelled out as the chorus of that militant old blue-collar refrain, "There once was a Union maid. . . ." But don't rush away in haste just because I'm telling you that the movie looks dated. I think *Norma Rae* is exactly what its creators meant it to be: not a saga of modern unionism but a backdrop for the story of a small-town sleep-around gal who discovers her own potential while working for the union.

Above all, Norma Rae is a strength-testing title role for Sally Field, who proved she could act in TV's emotionally harrowing *Sybil* and proved her sex appeal when she became Burt Reynolds' favorite leading lady, offscreen and on. Sally has *really* found her niche as Norma Rae; she's sexy, stubborn, brave, touching and Southern fried through and through. "You a Jew? I never met a Jew before," she declares to Ron Leibman, as Reuben the organizer. Leibman (star of TV's *Kaz*) scores high in a hackneyed role as the sort of good guy who urges a girl to read Dylan Thomas instead of going to bed with her. As Norma Rae's second husband, who wants only to watch over her and a couple of kids she has somewhat carelessly acquired, Beau Bridges is sympathetic but neutral. In the movies of yesteryear that *Norma Rae* often resembles, Beau's part would have been that of the little woman, worrying and working at home over a hot stove while her fella was out fighting the bosses to make a better world for the kids, and *their* kids, and generations to come. Beneath the bleeding-heart-liberal overlay, *Norma Rae* tells us more about women in today's films than about trade unions. No one has to wonder what's become of Sally. She's on her way up.

•

The performances of Anthony Quinn and Lupita Ferrer, as Jesus Sanchez and his rebellious daughter Consuelo, are reason enough to see ***The Children of Sanchez***. That's my recommendation, and critical consensus be damned, for I doubt whether this picture will win wide favor with critics. Producer-director Hall Bartlett's adaptation of the modern classic by Oscar Lewis (who spent four years with a Mexican family, tape-recording their lives into a monumental history) trivializes the book. It would have to. There may have been no better way, short of duplicating author Lewis' labor of love with audio-visual aids (as in *Real Life*, perhaps). Onscreen, the Sanchez saga becomes a sudsy south-of-the-border melodrama of one man's family, all about a proud peasant and his children, his women, his hopes, his lifelong dream of building a house where he can keep the whole stormy brood together in festive disharmony. Quinn is so strong a presence, however, and Miss Ferrer (Venezuela's top star, who has subsequently married producer Bartlett) so gorgeous and passionate that they give *Sanchez* a shot of chemistry that offsets many basic weaknesses. A cameo appearance by legendary screen beauty Dolores Del Rio, lured from retirement in her 70s to portray the matriarch of the clan, resembles nothing but what it is—a guest shot and casting coup, although a fascinating one. *Children of Sanchez* gets another lift from Chuck Mangione's original score. Here's a movie to be enjoyed and accepted the way *Roots* was accepted as a pop TV series. In no way is it equal to the original in scope or significance, but it's dignified by its guileless regard for human values. I'll buy that.

Quinn, as Sanchez, vs. the *policía*.

Quinn, Ferrer make *Sanchez* memorable; *Agatha*'s like high tea.

Vanessa as Agatha.

•

The late great Agatha Christie, dowager queen of mystery writers, inexplicably disappeared for 11 days during December 1926. What she might have been doing, and why, is the subject of ***Agatha***, a graceful romantic suspense drama that rambles along very pleasantly—like sitting down to high tea with a good English storyteller. Vanessa Redgrave stars opposite (well, roughly opposite, since she's a good head taller) Dustin Hoffman, who plays an inquisitive American reporter as if it amused him to be the lower half of their Mutt and Jeff routine. *Agatha*'s real dramatic substance could be inscribed on the head of a pin; the movie is all decorum combined with splendid period decor, sumptuously photographed by Vittorio Storaro, usually the man behind the camera for Bernardo Bertolucci. But take my word, Miss Christie's lost holiday was no *Last Tango*.

•

The Warriors notes the beginning of a trend, they say, which could mean worse to come. Within a week of its release, this mindless glorification of big-city street gangs earned nearly $5,000,000 and provoked so many outbreaks of violence from L.A. to Boston (at least three teenagers dead, by preliminary count) that Paramount Pictures decided to tone down its ad campaign. To blame a bad movie for bad behavior would be unfair. Such films as *West Side Story* and Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* treated errant youth as quasi-mythical predators without inciting open war. *The Warriors* descends to the lower depths of stupidity, sleazy exploitation and pandering to the kind of audience that whistles and cheers and coughs up blood money to see someone's face rearranged with a baseball bat.

•

Harrison (*Star Wars*) Ford, Christopher Plummer and beauteous Lesley-Anne Down give us their best profiles in ***Hanover Street***, a love triangle set in London during the 1943 Blitz. "It was a time when the choices were clear. A time of courage and honor—of passion and sacrifice." That nostalgic statement, which introduces the film, may be interpreted as a warning, or a promise, from writer-director Peter (*Capricorn One*) Hyams that his re-creation of World War Two aims to do more than send up a squadron of vintage B-25 bombers. This is meant to be moviemaking of the old school: beautiful English nurse, married to an unassuming British Intelligence official, goes head over teacups for a dashing Yank pilot. What they have is too wonderful to last, of course. So bombs fall, hearts shatter and the two men are ultimately thrown together by the outrageous fortunes of war on a perilous mission into occupied France. Plummer plays the decent, reticent chap, never realizing that his beloved wife, the mother of his child, also happens to be the flying Ford's beloved mistress.

The movie's climax practically cries out for a long, lingering close-up of

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Greer Garson at the hospital with tears in her eyes, nobly bracing herself to do The Right Thing. Well, Lesley-Anne Down looks even prettier in tears. That collects a couple of points for *Hanover Street*. The production is handsome, too, yet there are many false notes in Hyams' rehash of the wonderful war years—the humor sounds wrong; Miss Down's smart hats and dresses look slightly off in period (either that or she wears them too well); and even Ford's full-fashioned hair style is pure Seventies. Besides, Ford, as a romantic leading man, is fairly stolid and one-dimensional, laboring hard to simulate the kind of casual charm that Redford, Newman and a dozen other male stars must work to conceal when they want to be taken seriously. Hyams gives us a pair of lovers who seldom appear to enjoy each other very much. I ask you, what's to lose in a love affair if nobody's having any fun?

•

Romance is rampant in current films, though love stories have taken such a sickly turn that I'm leery of exposing myself to any more moonlight and roses without a qualified physician in attendance. By the stringent new rules governing such movies, at least one partner in every starry-eyed duo has to be either a mental case or suffering some serious, if not terminal, physical disability.

Having suffered with a blind, adorable ice-skating champion (*Ice Castles*) and a ballerina whose legs are about to give out permanently (*Slow Dancing in the Big City*), I approached **Voices** with some trepidation. This time around, the news had leaked, it's a *deaf* girl who doesn't dare to dream she might become a professional dancer until she meets this straight, unassuming guy who believes anything and everything, including the possibility that she can pick up the music's beat via vibrations through the floor. He's a would-be pop singer whose best gig so far has been to share the spotlight with strippers at a go-go club in Hoboken. That's a part of New Jersey, on the wrong side of the Hudson River, where all true New Yorkers know that dreams of glory end and the West begins. But the singer has enormous drive, faith in the future and a winning way of wooing a maid who has to lip-read "I love you."

Awful as it sounds, *Voices* overcomes a surprising number of natural handicaps—a diffuse script, patches of mawkishness, plus some onward-and-upward malarkey about courage and resilience that *Rocky* might envy. Winsome, gifted Amy Irving (one of *Carrie*'s few surviving friends), as the deaf Rosemarie, and Michael Ontkean (the mooning hockey player of *Slap Shot*), as her determined beau, are largely responsible for playing a sticky, silly situation with such forthright charm and honesty that they command belief, yet seem totally unaware

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that they have been sent out to rescue an endangered species—the all-out old-fashioned romantic tearjerker. Under director Robert Markowitz, an able recruit from TV, Viveca Lindfors (as the girl's anxious mother) and Alex Rocco (as the boy's ne'er-do-well father) chime in to make *Voices* an emotionally stirring experience—sign language speaking straight to the heart.

•

Kathleen Quinlan and Stephen Collins, as another couple in ***The Promise,*** are something else. "It feels good to be corny, doesn't it?" says Collins, proposing marriage amid an explosion of hints that the corn crop about to burgeon around us will be formidable. First, he and she bury some beads under a rock (against a brilliant sunset, to be sure) and vow eternal love. Then his wealthy mother (Beatrice Straight) objects because she wants her son to concentrate on the family business, or at least to marry a girl from a better family. So the young lovers decide to elope. There's a terrible car accident. He's unconscious, but he'll be OK. "Her face was crushed," reports a somber surgeon. To restore and reshape her beauty will cost at least $100,000. His mom offers to pick up the tab if the girl will get lost. Their deal is slightly more complicated than that, but I don't think you want to know the details. About a year later, the heroine is in San Francisco with a fine new face, a new name, a promising career as a photographer—and a plastic surgeon (Laurence Luckinbill) who's crazy about her. She doesn't know that Collins believed her dead until he flies out from the East because his firm is now building a huge new medical center in San Francisco—and nothing will do for the lobby murals but the work of this strangely familiar, sullen young woman who refuses to sell him a single picture. Got the picture? Directed by Gilbert Cates, *The Promise* subjects the laws of probability to a stress test that makes its actors look idiotic. Quinlan and Collins, two relatively new faces, are more likely to blush than to bloom into stardom on this mournful occasion—the kind of showcase that would look much better if they nailed down the lid.

•

Talia Shire stars in ***Old Boyfriends,*** directed by the talented Joan Tewkesbury from a script by Leonard and Paul Schrader. Tewkesbury wrote the original screenplay for Robert Altman's free-wheeling *Nashville,* and Paul is the Schrader brother who wrote *Taxi Driver* before he began directing such flicks as *Blue Collar* and *Hardcore.* So a moviegoer is apt to expect a good deal more than *Old Boyfriends* delivers. There are indications throughout that the tiresome, self-indulgent neurotic played by Talia is supposed to enlist our sympathy. It's the same old identity crisis, feminist division, dealt with in a rather witless new way. "If I discover who I *was,* I would understand who I am now," the lady tells herself. Reeling from the rejection of a broken marriage, she sets off on a journey from L.A. to Colorado and Michigan to renew acquaintance with several old beaus—Richard Jordan as a guy who proposed to her three times back in 1967 (then married someone else, who left him with a daughter, a child prematurely ripe or mysteriously grown well into her teens in little more than a decade); John Belushi, fairly funny but wasted in his role as a fellow she has to get even with because he lied about making out with her back in high school; then Keith Carradine, the sickly strange surviving brother of her very first love, who died for mother, flag and country. The real trouble with *Old Boyfriends* is that the whiny lady in quest of her past strikes me as a total wimp. That's for openers. In the second place, her love life of yesteryear seems to have held all the pent-up sexual tension of a slumber party with Gidget. Since a woman was chosen to direct it, presumably because she'd be tuned in to female sensibilities, should *Old Boyfriends* automatically be labeled a "woman's picture"? If so, make mine *macho.*

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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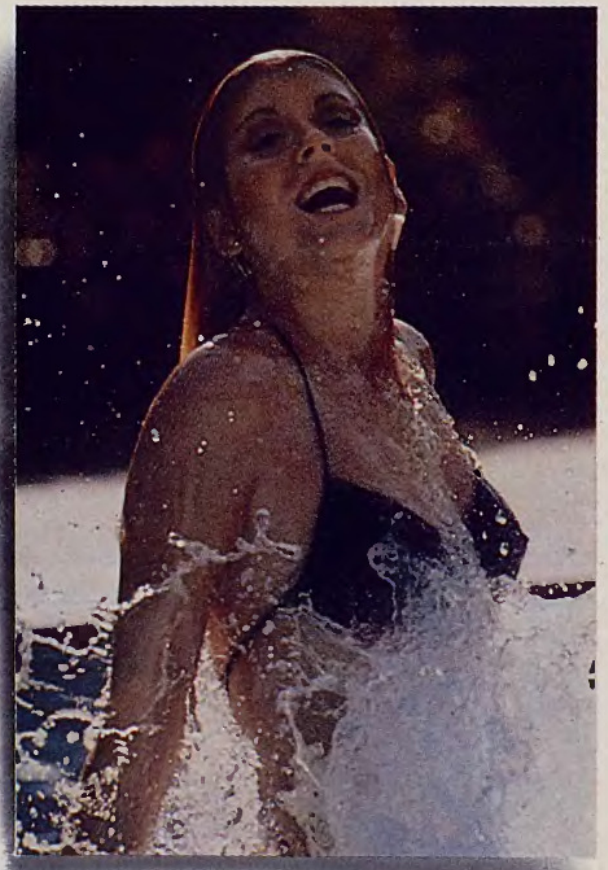

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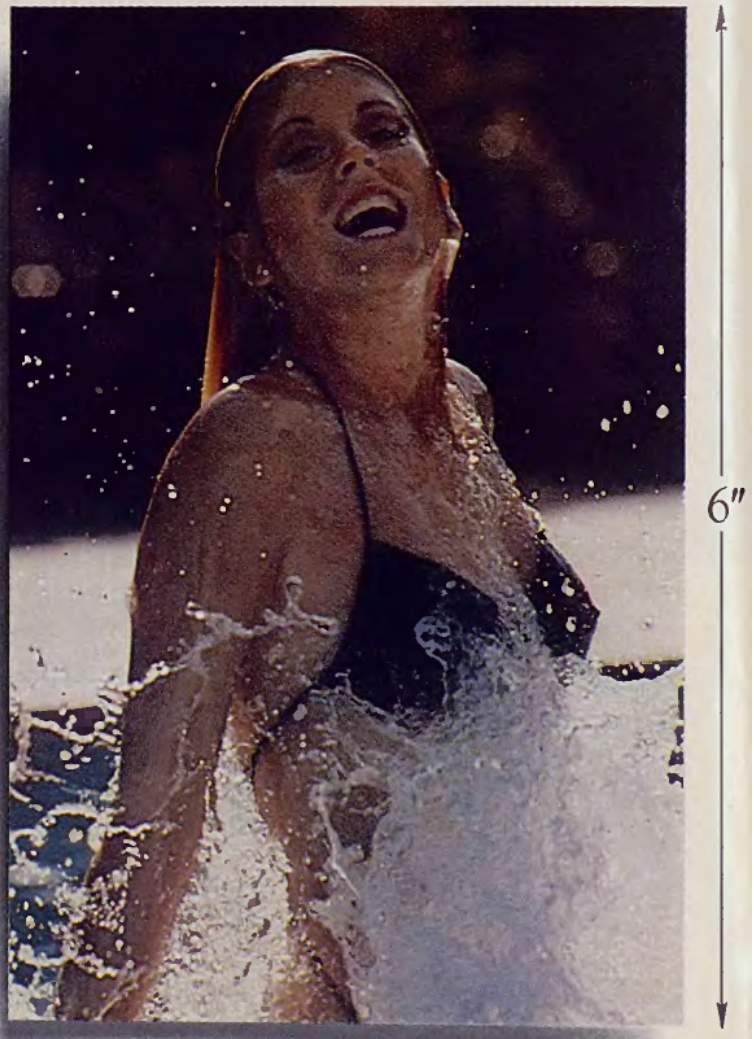

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BOOKS

Merchants of Grain (Viking), by Dan Morgan, is the first investigative report published in our time that tries to tell the complete story of "the only resource in the world that is even more central to modern civilization than oil." Books about the grain trade may not seem important to some people today, but it is only a matter of time (and weather and politics and population) before we will all have to give the subject more serious study. When grain supplies are understood to be as precious and vulnerable as oil supplies, then we will take notice. Morgan has given us the place to begin with a thorough, balanced, ambitious, pioneering effort.

A grand total of seven families own the intensely private corporations that control the grain trade. Those companies are so secretive that some of them have never even published a financial statement. Obviously, the task facing any writer/reporter trying to cover such a story is overwhelming, and Morgan deserves great credit for penetrating the inner sanctum as far as he does. And it is all here: company histories, an overview of the multinational world that is being constructed for us, the Russian wheat deal, Koreagate, the ignorance of our public officials when it comes to agricultural matters, the rise and fall of Ned Cook, tax shelters worth millions that benefit perhaps three dozen people in the world and a continuing sense that the system must change if political disaster is to be avoided.

Morgan has told the corporate side of the story, too, and it is in his ability to juggle the complexities that we see the dilemmas clearly. Perhaps there are moments when he is *too* probusiness—especially when he assumes that business itself should not be required to equalize the basic distribution of foodstuffs because there is not enough profit in it. Morgan states that it is up to the politicians to make the necessary modifications, forgetting that all too frequently, the grain companies purchase and direct those politicians who would be in a position to do them the most harm and the world the most good. But all in all, this book is a landmark. You will want to read it—if not now, then when your local grocery runs out of bread for the duration.

•

In ***Confessions of a Muckraker*** (Random House), Jack Anderson (along with coauthor James Boyd) focuses on his years with columnist Drew Pearson, who for decades wielded considerable influence in American politics. The result is a pretty fair picture of how Washington works and what journalists try to do. The focus is sometimes soft and filtered, but

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Muckraker: Anderson on his ex-boss.

enough of Pearson's foibles come through to portray him as human, and there are only occasional attempts to turn him into Saint Scoop, patron of all reporters. The years discussed run from Anderson's first contact with Pearson, toward the end of World War Two, through the Presidential campaign of 1968 (Pearson's last). It is not bad history, and it brings back images we should not forget: Howard Hughes, J. Parnell Thomas, Owen Brewster, Joe McCarthy, James Forrestal, Douglas MacArthur, Dwight D. Eisenhower and someone named Richard Nixon. The best part of the book is its ongoing examination of what good journalism should be and how, in the heat of crisis, its practitioners can suffer the same temptations politicians do. Readable, perceptive and sometimes deeper than might be expected.

•

Pleasure yachts are disappearing at an alarming rate in the West Indies. The trends editor of a weekly newsmagazine is curious. He flies down to check it out—taking his 12-year-old son, Justin, along for the ride—and what does he discover? A band of pirates whose way of life has remained largely unchanged since the 17th Century. He is captured, forced to impregnate the woman of a pirate he has killed and finds Justin being groomed to take over as top honcho of the pirate gang when he grows up. Sound preposterous? Of course. Yet Peter Benchley's ***The Island*** (Doubleday) is so slick you'll slide into it faster than Lou Brock heading for a stolen base. This book may become the summer's great trash read.

•

John Leonard is the best short essayist writing in America today. In his "Private Lives" column, which appears weekly in *The New York Times*, he tackles some of the small, cranky, troublesome aspects of being alive these days and, with a few nudges here, a little pounding there, muscles up some newly profound insights. Leonard *really* thinks about the things most of us crowd out of our consciousness; he is also the most reasonable explicator of that often confusing body of knowledge we glibly call common sense. ***Private Lives in the Imperial City*** (Knopf) should be required reading for everyone who is seeking admission to adulthood.

•

The fictional new baseball team in the nation's capital had to be called the Washington Dudes, writes Marty Bell in ***Breaking Balls*** (New American Library), because the first choice in popular balloting was the Washington Motherfuckers. It was Augie August, the hamburger mogul, who decided to give the mostly black town a mostly white team. But Gather Morse, his ace spitballer who regularly quiffs a pregame meal between the legs of a local lovely, doesn't hesitate to call a spade a nigger and start a race riot at R.F.K. Stadium. Morse also once mounts the baseball mound the same way he mounts the mound of Venus—in the buff. Bell's first novel takes up where Jim Bouton and Mickey Mantle left off. Good porn, lots of laughs and plenty of insults for everyone, no matter

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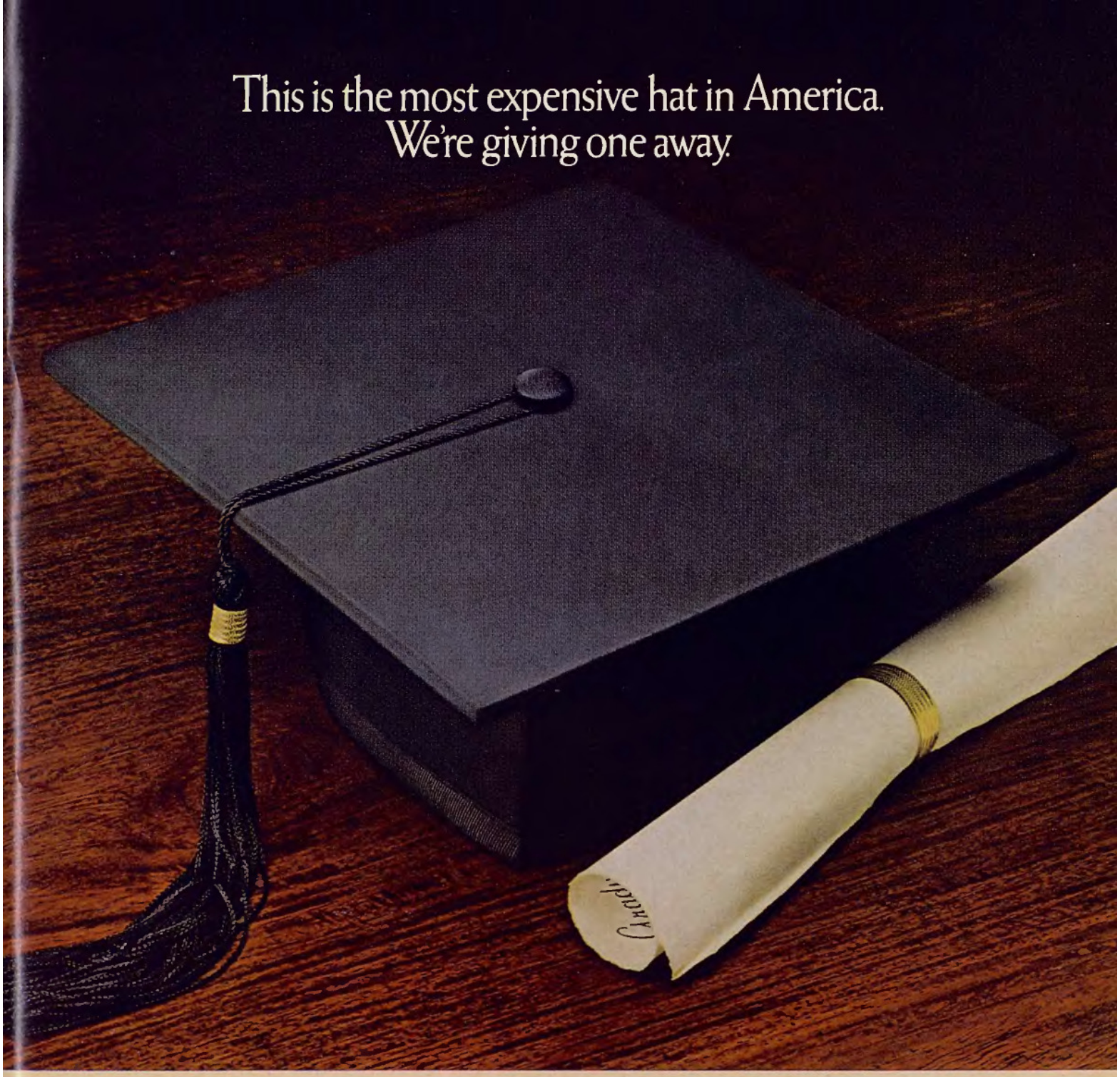

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•

In the spring of 1928, McClure's Magazine *invited anyone with sufficient ambition and logical creativity to write a detective novel for it, in the hope of winning a $7500 prize. Magazine promotions, among several things, had considerably more class in those days. Among those who saw the notice were two young men, first cousins and close friends, Manfred B. Lee and Frederic Dannay. They had virtually grown up together in Brooklyn and shared a particular fondness for the stories of S. S. Van Dine and other detective fiction. Working after hours, in Lee's office or Dannay's, they wrote "The Roman Hat Mystery," created its hero, Ellery Queen, and handed over their manuscript. They did not win the prize:* McClure's *shortly afterward declared itself bankrupt. But the book was published the following year, sold very well, and Dannay and Lee had innocently begun a career that ultimately produced 34 Queen mysteries, seven short-story collections, 11 omnibuses, a magazine and countless by-products.*

Manfred Lee died eight years ago, and **Frederic Dannay,** *now 74, respecting his cousin's wishes, refuses to discuss who, exactly, did what. But, on Queen's 50th birthday, being celebrated by New American Library's special reissuance of four titles, he happily talks about the partnership in general and about several other matters, literary and personal.* PLAYBOY *asked writer Douglas Bauer to speak with Dannay at his Larchmont, New York, home about the longevity of his literary invention.*

PLAYBOY: First of all, congratulations.

DANNAY: Thank you very much. I feel like a very lucky guy. There aren't many writers who are around to celebrate the 50th anniversary of their first book in print. I wouldn't want to take a census of them. It would be very discouraging.

PLAYBOY: Do you regret, especially at a time of particular attention such as this, that everyone has heard of Ellery Queen but few of Frederic Dannay?

DANNAY: Not a bit. I've always wanted a very private life. I've lived in this house for 30 years and there are people on the block who don't know who I am. And don't forget, one reason for the anonymity was that there were two of us and unless we appeared together, we didn't think we were being fair to each other.

PLAYBOY: How did you maintain such a close collaboration over 40 years?

Dannay toasts Queen's 50th.

On Ellery Queen's golden anniversary, a chat with his co-creator.

DANNAY: Well, we were not really the same types at all and our separate personalities somehow had to merge. We worked in every kind of collaborative effort man's mind has invented. We worked, in the beginning, in the same room. Sometimes over the same typewriter, sometimes at different desks. There were times, later on, when we worked 3000 miles apart, when Mr. Lee lived in California. The only difference then was the size of our telephone bills.

Actually, it was as much a competition as a collaboration. And this was a good thing. Because while we often disagreed, the effort to outdo each other sharpened the result.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take you to write the first Queen book, your contest entry?

DANNAY: I've tried to go back in my memory to remember exactly. I would say we started either in late spring or early summer. The deadline was December 31, 1928. I remember Manny Lee had to go to a wedding in Philadelphia during the time we were writing it. And I had to go with him, to the wedding of a complete stranger, just so we wouldn't lose the time it took to get there and back on the train. We made the submission of the manuscript on the day the contest closed: December 31.

Anyway, the book was published, and then we published a second, which was even more successful, but we still held on to our jobs and wrote at night. So our agent said to us, in more earthy language than I will give to you now, fish or cut bait.

PLAYBOY: So you fished.

DANNAY: We fished, yes.

PLAYBOY: There was some mention, in a magazine article a while ago, that you'd written a Queen book by yourself.

DANNAY: No, I haven't. I've been very busy editing *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine,* which celebrated its 30th anniversary in March.

PLAYBOY: Why has the detective-story genre had such difficulty gaining critical respect?

DANNAY: Do you mean, why are we second-class citizens?

PLAYBOY: Clearly, you're a good editor. Yes, more simply, why are you second-class citizens?

DANNAY: Mystery stories, per se, have been thought of as popular culture and that gains you only second-class citizenship. Also, especially during the golden age of the detective story, from 1920 to 1940, the prime purpose was to provide escape and entertainment, and if you do that, the critics say, you're not thinking in terms of serious literature. We're still reviewed in the back pages and the reviewers we get are often, I feel, the office boys being given a little moonlighting.

PLAYBOY: Whom, among your colleagues, do you admire?

DANNAY: I must remind you that my magazine publishes everybody. So for me to name names would be to make a few friends and a lot of enemies. Until I hang up my gloves, I have no opinions. Actually, I have catholic taste, so I like everybody who's good.

PLAYBOY: Fair enough. Why do you think the Queen books have endured?

DANNAY: I'm satisfied with the fact that they *have* endured. But I think one of the reasons is that they've grown up. For example, while we never departed from the strict detective-story structure, we began in the later books to handle topical, even controversial, themes. In *The Glass Village,* we did a book about McCarthyism, never calling it such, before Edward R. Murrow's famous broadcast. And we took a licking at the bookstores because it was too hot a subject. Five years later, it would have been a best seller.

PLAYBOY: Do you miss Ellery?

DANNAY: No, he's with me all the time. How can I avoid him? I've got I don't know how many hundreds of books here about him. I edit his magazine. As a matter of fact, when the first episode of the most recent *Ellery Queen* TV series, which was set in the Forties, came on, I happened to be home alone, and when I saw him on the screen, I had the most curious reaction. I had the feeling I was seeing myself, years and years ago. After a while, I got used to the idea and found it very amusing.

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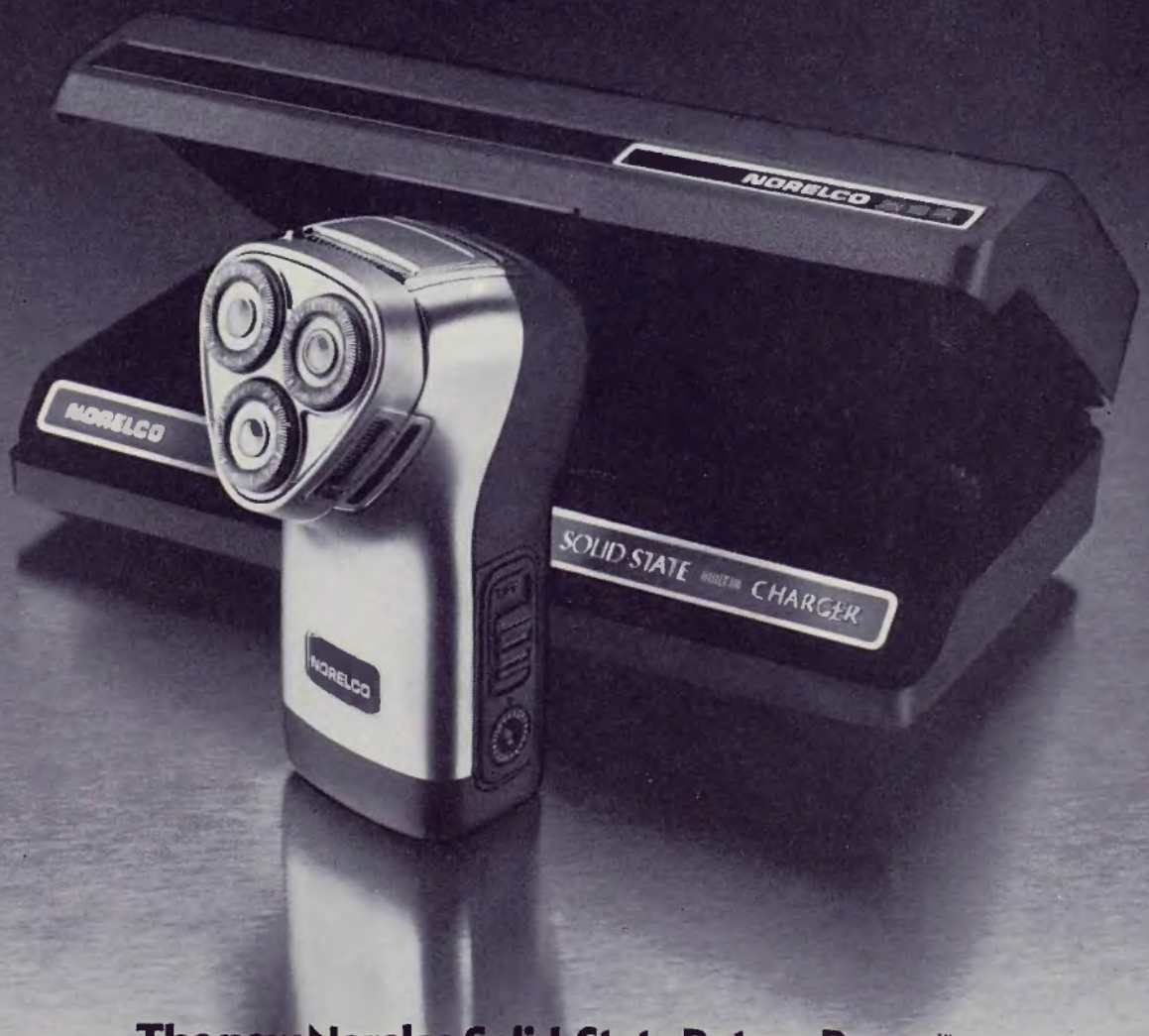

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MUSIC

By now, you probably know that PLAYBOY has always reserved a special place in its heart for that most American of musical idioms—jazz. Since it was 20 years ago this summer that PLAYBOY sponsored what one critic called "the greatest weekend in the 60-year history of jazz," we've decided to mark that occasion (and our 25th Anniversary as well) with another musical celebration that may be remembered as the greatest weekend in the 80-year history of jazz.

The setting for the 1979 edition of the **Playboy Jazz Festival** is the storied Hollywood Bowl in Los Angeles, June 15 and 16. That's a fitting backdrop for the galaxy of jazz stars due to shine on those evenings. Producer George Wein, of Newport Jazz Festival fame, has lined up Benny Goodman, Sarah Vaughan, Count Basie, Joe Williams and a special tribute to the late Charles Mingus with composer-pianist-singer Joni Mitchell. That's *Friday* night. Saturday will feature Dizzy Gillespie, tenor giant Dexter Gordon, Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, violinist Stephane Grappelli, Lionel Hampton leading an all-star band, Stan Getz, Freddie Hubbard, Weather Report, Flora Purim, Airto, Willie Bobo, Gerry Mulligan, Ray Brown and the ever-popular much, much more. The host for both nights will be Bill Cosby. Fans who live in Southern California can get details and tickets from local Ticketron outlets; others can write to Hollywood Bowl Box Office, Playboy Jazz Festival, P.O. Box 1951, Los Angeles, California 90028, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, for more information. Anyone living anywhere nearby or, for that matter, within the cruising range of a 747 would do well to attend, but we don't have to tell *you* that.

•

When composer-arranger-leader–reed man Oliver Nelson died in 1975 at the age of 43, his enormous talents had barely been tapped. ***Stolen Moments*** (Inner City), recorded just months before his death, gives the listener a small glimmer of the Nelson musical spectrum. He has with him such first-rate musicians as Jerome Richardson, Buddy Collette, Jack Nimitz and Shelly Manne, and the arrangements are tight and bright. In addition to Nelson's own compositions, there are Thelonious Monk's *Straight, No Chaser*, Sonny Rollins' *St. Thomas* and Neal Hefti's *Midnight Blue*. All in all, a class act.

•

First off, let's say in all fairness that ***Spirits Having Flown*** (RSO), the Bee Gees' latest album, while inferior to both *Saturday Night Fever* and little brother Andy Gibb's *Shadow Dancing*, isn't bad. It's well arranged, good to dance to and has lots of the cute little hooks we've come to expect from Barry Gibb.

Playboy Jazz Festival encores.

Playboy Jazz Festival to return, bigger than ever; a posthumous tribute to Oliver Nelson.

Nelson: posthumous powerhouse.

But let it be said here, if nowhere else, that Barry has just about mined that falsetto for all it's worth. And because he has developed his entire style of writing around it, he has also just about mined his ideas to their limit. The first hit off *Spirits, Too Much Heaven*, though likable, is a pale derivative of *How Deep Is Your Love* from the *Saturday Night Fever* album. Their second hit, *Tragedy*, while also catchy, is not quite as catchy as its predecessor in feeling, *Night Fever*.

But of all the things that make *Spirits* less than wonderful, the tediousness of that falsetto tops the list. About halfway through the second side, one wants to scream, "Enough, already, with the mice!" But there's still hope for the Gibbs. Apparently, someone among them is sick of singing through his nose. The first half of the last cut on the album, *Until*, sounds like a Stevie Wonder vocal. Back to the drawing boards, boys.

•

Russell Smith hurts. There must be some remarkable woman in his life whom he loves beyond heartbreak and who is gone from him now. You can hear it in almost every song on ***The Amazing Rhythm Aces*** (ABC). Even the ones he didn't write. *If You Gotta Make a Fool of Somebody* is no mere tribute cover version but the song as it was meant to be: someone howling in pain for his love. And not even the sweet bluegrass flow of *Say You Lied* lightens the melancholy of

I was a fool to say I didn't love you
Just because you hurt my pride
It wasn't true I swear by stars above you
You said you didn't love me, say you lied.

Although the styles are vastly different, this album is comparable in theme and quality to Dylan's *Blood on the Tracks*. We recommend it even if your heart isn't bleeding on the tracks.

•

The Fabulous Poodles, familiarly known as the Fab Poos, are four English youths aided by a lyricist who doesn't perform. They play rock 'n' roll that shows they grew up on Buddy Holly and they sing funny songs that are generally cleverer than Frank Zappa's, but lack his grossness. They don't do jokes about pimples and earwax. They are like Pope—ironic, amused, malicious—whereas Zappa is more like Swift, outraged, disgusted. In ***Mirror Stars*** (Epic), the Poos take on the classic genres of rock song and give them a special twist. *Chicago Boxcar* is about a male hair style. The chorus closes: "Chicago Boxcar Boston Back / Oh, you can get ahead with a style like that." *Tit Photographer Blues* presents the misery of a man who looks at it all day but can't get any: "But their smile it fades when my camera's away / The come-hither looks stop for the day."

•

Don't Mind Rockin' Tonite (RCA) may be the first greatest-hits album ever issued by a band that didn't have any hits. The Ducks Deluxe were London pub rockers of the early Seventies who made a couple of albums and a couple of singles and then broke up. This retrospective contains 14 tunes—about half of all the work they did. The early numbers are messed up by production that sometimes

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makes the band sound like a bunch of guys singing along with the radio; *Please, Please, Please* features chord changes so like the Beatles that Lennon and McCartney could sue for patent infringement. The album notes claim the Ducks helped lead British rock away from the sequins and back to the basics and thus prepared the way for the New Wave. It's an interpretation that gives a certain retrospective importance to the Ducks Deluxe, and maybe it's true. This album could also be a collection of the newest golden oldies ever.

•

Are there rats in your record collection? I found myself sitting last December in London's deco-dingy Hammersmith Odeon Theater because CBS Records is hoping very hard that there will be.

Boomtown Rats, to be exact.

CBS has put its vast efficient hype machine in hyperdrive over these boys, and I was there with several other writers to see a preview concert before the Rats' first big American tour this spring, coincident with the release of *A Tonic for the Troops* (Columbia), their current album and first for the label.

You may be wondering: Who *are* these guys? Why all the hoopla?

Good questions.

Until this present tour, they were unknowns in America. Their first U.S. album on Mercury went straight down the tubes without nearing Go, aided by some poor misguided publicist who tried to send out to deejays 100 or so genuine dead rats in plastic bags as enticing promotional items.

But across the pond, the Boomtown Rats are *stars*. And in rock-'n'-roll time, stardom has come very quickly. Barely three years ago, they were all sitting around hometown Dublin, collecting unemployment. One fine day they decided to start a band—even though none of them had ever played in one before. They first called themselves the Nightlife Thugs but changed their name quickly to Boomtown Rats, after the kid gang in *Bound for Glory*, Woody Guthrie's autobiography. Bob Geldof, the group's lead singer/songwriter/spokesman, describes what they were aiming for as "music we couldn't hear on the radio but heard in our heads." It quickly attracted eager crowds in Dublin, which prompted the Rats to head for the big time in London, where in a fairly short period they've had four Top 20 singles, the latest, *Rat Trap*, selling over 750,000 copies. Geldof in England is nearly as well recognized as Paul McCartney.

At the Hammersmith Odeon, it's not hard to see why. Among the young crowd, the prevailing fashion is punk. Girls in industrial slicker slacks with belts and buckles around the legs. Boys in short punk shags and much black leather, real and fake. Supposed to be tough

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muthuhs all. I guess, but they are all true-blue-eyed British with those warm apple cheeks on porcelain skin, and to my Chicago eye, they mainly look *sweet*.

Down go the lights and a tape of Big Ben begins its stately chiming. Blam comes the band, its opener an original about a nymphet and a teacher. Geldof wears a droopy black cheapo big-knit sweater, outsized enough to be a little surreal: a black-and-white semitied polka-dot necktie: and emerald-green slacks with a gold stripe zipping up the side of each leg. One guitarist in a punk shag sports shades, a dotted sports coat and white slacks. Johnny Fingers on keyboard wears loud pajamas, which he seems to wear everywhere—even to fancy hot-shit Continental restaurants for dinners with rock writers. Tonight his selection is thick wine-colored stripes on white canvas.

The group's level of musicianship, to be kind, leaves something to be desired. On the album, the playing is considerably better. In concert, they are true populists: proof that just about anyone can play rock 'n' roll—all you need is nerve. But it's good fun, and the Fifties rock that's practically worshiped today was never exactly *complicated*.

More important, anyway, is Geldof. The more breathless of the rock press have already claimed him as the rightful heir to Mick Jagger's throne. It could happen. Geldof onstage doesn't move much like Jagger at all, doesn't suggest Mick's prancing cocaine rooster. With no less passion, Geldof is more stylized, or theatrical, or something. But, like Jagger, Geldof has that rare *presence*, megawatts of it emitted in rays you can practically feel zapping the audience.

Geldof's moves onstage here in a 2000-plus-seat theater seem to be looking toward the huge stadium crowds that are part of success in the U. S., and they seem big enough to handle the leap. What's less certain is whether or not another of his mainstays—an intimate interaction with the audience—will survive. During *Don't Believe What You Read*, he gestures come hither to the audience, like some purveyor of hot watches lurking in an alley, beckoning them to come closer to hear what he has to say, which is that most of what you read is bullshit. And toward the end of the show, he sits on the stage promenade with one arm resting on a security guy's head, right among those forming the leading edge of the crowd, singing, "I don't wanna be like you . . . don't wanna live like you, don't wanna talk like you. . . ." Which is only superficially a put-down, since the kids watching him don't wanna live or talk or be like themselves, either. But I wonder whether or not Geldof would survive such a gesture in Detroit or Chicago.

Such is rock 'n' roll that the next day I sat talking with Geldof and Fingers in

Boomtown Rats: Not faceless, they.

Our man pays a visit to rock's hottest rodents, the Boomtown Rats.

their $525-a-day suite overlooking the Thames, in the sedate, elegant Savoy—a long way from being broke and bored shitless in Dublin not too many seasons ago.

PLAYBOY: Your life has changed quite a bit in the past few years.

GELDOF: Drastically. I always wondered, Gee, what must it feel like to be David Bowie? Now I'm sure he doesn't feel like it feels like anything. But it is very glamorous. I can imagine seeing in PLAYBOY [*begins quoting imaginary article*] "We sat in the suite in the Savoy at £288—that's $525—a day overlooking the Thames while drinking Perrier water and eating smoked salmon." Imagine what that must look like. And people must say to themselves, God, what a bunch of cunts—you know?

PLAYBOY: But you guys are genuinely famous here. You're recognized on the street, aren't you?

GELDOF: Yes, it's an occupational hazard. But I would sooner be recognized than unrecognized—even though I am sick of being pestered for my autograph. But then again, I can see a responsibility. My hand might get bloody sore from it, but it's an obligation.

PLAYBOY: What are the better things that are happening?

FINGERS: Getting more girls offering themselves.

PLAYBOY: Was that part of the original impulse to start the band?

BOTH: [*enthusiastically*] Yes! Yes!

GELDOF: I was asked when we came over here, "Bob, what do you want to get out of this?" And I said, "I want to get rich, get famous and get laid." Which is not the most hip thing to say in England. You're supposed to say, "Well, I am really in it on a crusade." I always had a problem pulling women. For some reason, because I am in a band, it isn't a problem anymore.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about the punk-rock thing?

GELDOF: We never thought it was anything. But it was bringing rock 'n' roll—which had gone off on a tangent—back into mainstream pop, which is where it always should be. And we've won—in England, we've won. I am not saying that we're punks, because we're not. It's quite obvious that we are not like the Eagles—but just as obviously, we're not like the Sex Pistols. People get so fucking sociological and boring about punk rock. Unfortunately, the media need categorizations to fit their convenient pigeonholes. It is very hard to categorize the unpigeonholable. And that's what we are.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps the right thing to call you is just a rock-'n'-roll band?

GELDOF: We're just a younger one than the ones that are there already. We were a manifestation of that whole upsurge of people who were fed up with the attitudes in rock around 1976 and who set about to change them.

PLAYBOY: How would you characterize those attitudes?

GELDOF: Intense self-indulgence. Noncommunication, meaningless garbage, trite, boring and talentless—I think that would about sum it up. And we were lucky enough to be storming the barricades of those terrible attitudes. They were so facile and shallow that they crumbled in a year, and we were lucky enough to be around to contribute to that year. In five years' time, perhaps, *we* will be kicked out on our asses for being nonrelevant. I think that is healthy.

PLAYBOY: Which performers do you consider nonrelevant now?

GELDOF: I don't really need to list the turkeys—like Linda Ronstadt, you know. In America, I don't think there *are* any rock-'n'-roll bands, nor have there been for a long time, with the exception of the Ramones and the Talking Heads—who are not really a rock band but are excellent.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Devo?

GELDOF: It is a great scam. They are very clever, and anybody who can make Neil Young a star has got to be able to make Devo stars.

PLAYBOY: Do you hate Neil Young, too?

GELDOF: Contrived soulfulness is something that I can do without. But you can only judge American rock 'n' roll by the big bands—Foreigner, Foghat, Chicago. And I can't think of one face in those bands. They are faceless. We are not anonymous. —DAVID STANDISH

☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: Word has it that **Emerson, Lake and Palmer** will be splitting up following their upcoming summer tour. Not to worry, fans—Atlantic Records has signed each of them to record a solo album. . . . **Mary Gordon,** author of *Final Payments,* is hard at work on her second novel, the story of a woman's relationship with a charismatic priest. Word has it the new one will probably be less commercial than *Payments.* . . . **Anne Bancroft** will direct her first film, *Fatso.* Starring Anne and **Dom DeLuise,** the film is based on Bancroft's original script. . . . **Peter Sellers** will play two roles in Orion's *Fu Manchu,* based on the famous Sax Rohmer detective stories. Sellers will portray both Fu Manchu, the inscrutable criminal mastermind, and Fu's archnemesis, Inspector Nayland Smith. . . . **Dino De Laurentiis** will produce the movie

Emerson, Lake and Palmer

version of **Frank Herbert**'s 1965 sci-fi best seller, *Dune.* Herbert is penning the screenplay. . . . **Lee Remick** and **Jason Robards** have been signed to star in CBS' four-hour telemovie *Haywire,* based on the **Brooke Hayward** best seller. . . . **Tommy Lee Jones** will co-star with **Sissy Spacek** in *Coal Miner's Daughter,* the **Loretta Lynn** biopic. . . . Word has it that Elektra/Asylum will be pouring a lot of money into the promotion of **John Klemmer,** who recently signed with the record company. Klemmer will soon tour the U. S. and Europe with top recording artists. . . . Avco Embassy is talking about making a sequel to *The Graduate.* The current plan is to get **Dorothy Malone** to play Mrs. Robinson and **Jeff Bridges** to take up the **Dustin Hoffman** role.

•

SECOND GERE: When **John Travolta** bowed out of the title role in **Paul Schrader**'s *American Gigolo,* producers of that film were left holding a rather empty bag. Who else could play the part of a Hollywood callguy who wears swell clothes, drives a hot car and speaks four languages? As the saying goes, when in doubt, go back to square one. Square one in this case was **Richard Gere,** who was originally offered the role following *Mr. Goodbar.* Gere wanted the part then but was yanked after the success of *Saturday Night Fever.* The party line is that Travolta took a powder because he was depressed—about his mother's death, his father's illness and by the reviews of *Moment by Moment.* Gere, incidentally, plans to do **Michelangelo Antonioni**'s *Winter,* with screenplay by **Buck Henry,** next.

•

MARRIAGE, AMERICAN STYLE: **Natalie Wood** will co-star with **George Segal, Richard Benjamin, Dom DeLuise** (yes, again) and

DeLuise

Randall

Valerie Harper in *The Last Married Couple in America,* a romantic comedy about a happily married couple's efforts to remain happily married despite changing mores, temptations and some oddball friends, one of whom, played by DeLuise, is a plumber turned porn star, married to a prostitute. ("At least I know where she is at night," says Dom.) How does Natalie like working with Segal? "I love it," she says. "He's a master of stylish comedy."

•

PRODUCTION NOTES: **Tony Randall** will be starring in a new film with **Richard Benjamin** and **Dom DeLuise** (is there one out there that Dom DeLuise is *not* in?). Called *Scavenger Hunt,* it's a sort of *Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* continuation, in that everyone in it is primarily motivated by greed. "I feel as though I'm playing the only one I like," says Randall. "I play a man with four children. A man with four children deserves to win the scavenger hunt."

•

TALES OF HOFFMAN: Speaking of **Dustin Hoffman, Stanley Jaffe**'s new production,

Hoffman

Gere

Kramer vs. Kramer, stars the old Graduate as Ted Kramer, a New York advertising space salesman who is suddenly abandoned by his wife (**Meryl Streep**) and left to fill an almost impossible space as father, mother and friend to his six-year-old son (**Justin Henry**). Just as father and son seem to be making it, Joanna Kramer returns after two years to reclaim the boy and a turbulent court battle ensues. "What attracted me more than anything," says Jaffe about the story derived from **Avery Corman**'s novel, "was the love between the boy and his father. I also recognized that more and more men are fighting for custody of their children and felt it was time for a movie on the subject." Jaffe and **Robert Benton** (writer and director of the film) chose Hoffman for "his ability to be both touching and funny at the same time." They are particularly pleased with Streep's performance. "None of us," says Jaffe, "was prepared for what Meryl did with the part, bringing out the pain and anguish, enabling one to go beyond the superficial feeling of disdain for an abandoning mother."

•

Dan Wakefield's novel *Starting Over,* the story of a man and his relationship with two women, will be a Paramount picture with **Alan J.** (*Klute*) **Pakula** directing. **Burt Reynolds, Jill Clayburgh** and **Candice Bergen** will star.

•

CONGRESSIONAL RECORD: **Jerry** (*Scarecrow*) **Schatzberg**'s latest directorial effort, *The*

Wood

Alda

Senator, will probably be released early this fall. Based on an original script by **Alan Alda,** the movie stars Alda in the title role, with **Meryl Streep** and **Barbara Harris.** "Alan's role is that of an up-and-coming, hard-working, conscientious U. S. Senator whose life at home is becoming clouded," says Schatzberg. "Barbara plays his wife and Meryl is a married labor lawyer with whom he gets involved. Slowly, we see all his principles deteriorate. He realizes he's responsible for some terrible things that happen to people—his wife has a breakdown, a colleague commits suicide. Alan did a lot of research on this and I hope it's more contemporary than *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.* It's more a story about marriage and not about any particular person in public life, though there are a few anecdotes you might connect to certain people." —JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girlfriend accuses me of having a one-track mind. She claims that sex doesn't have any meaning if that's *all* I think about when I'm with her. Unfortunately, when I'm with her, that *is* all I think about. If you saw her, you'd know why. Even when I'm alone, I think about her. I'm wondering if it's some kind of obsession. Has anyone done research to discover how often a man thinks about sex?—S. K., Arlington, Virginia.

Ah, Romance. A few years ago, Dr. Paul Cameron at the University of Louisville tested about 3100 subjects and determined that the idea of sex crosses the healthy young mind every ten minutes. Hmm. Our watch is a little slow today. Where were we? Oh, yes. As for the meaning of lovemaking: Socrates once said something to the effect that the unexamined sex life is not worth living. Tell your girlfriend that she should be proud to be part of such focused contemplation. Better her navel than your own.

Because I don't get much power into my serve, I've considered getting a heavier tennis racket. I use a light model now. Will a medium or a heavy give me the aces I've been missing?—R. T., Rochester, New York.

If you don't have the aces in you, a difference of a couple of ounces isn't going to help. Indeed, it may hurt. What you need most is a racket you can control and, to get that control, you have many options, including composition, grip size, string tension and over-all weight. A heavier racket will add almost no speed to the ball, but it could throw off your stroke and timing. Most players use either a light- or a medium-weight racket; few opt for the heavy. If yours feels too light, or twists on contact, perhaps what you need is a bigger grip. Borrow a friend's racket with a different configuration and try that before investing in a new one. Then, when you find a racket that works, stick with it and work on your serving form. That's probably where the problem is, anyway.

On a recent business trip to Hawaii, I met a Chinese woman at a disco. At the end of a pleasurable evening of dancing and drinking, we returned to my hotel room, at which time we made love in various ways. She introduced me to a position that was unfamiliar to me but that, she said, was the standard way of the Oriental. The position is as follows: The man squats and the woman mounts him from the front, with her thighs over his, while lying face up with her arms outstretched, supporting her. I am curious

(and a bit sore) as to *how* and *why* this position originated.—R. P., Miami, Florida.

The position you describe is thought to have been developed in India. According to Alex Comfort in "The Joy of Sex," "Indian erotology is the only ancient tradition devoid of stupid patriarchal hang-ups about the need for her to be underneath, and unashamed about accepting her fully aggressive role in reciprocal sex." Obviously, traveling ancient Indian sex gurus must have spread the word to discos in neighboring China.

The owner's manual of my record player says not to impede the movement of the platter, which is of the direct-drive variety. But that's just what I do when I use one of those brush-type record cleaners. I usually turn it on and it drives the record as I clean it. Do you have any suggestions as to the best way to clean a record without any damage to the drive mechanism of the turntable?—M. W., Houston, Texas.

You could leave the turntable off and run around it with the brush, but that would put a strain on your heart. Fact is, you're just pressing too hard with the brush. Momentarily stopping your platter will not do it any great harm, but you're better off using a light touch if you want to clean a record on the turntable. Try, instead, jacking it up to 78 rpm for cleaning, which will give you a little more torque. If that doesn't work, the record's too dirty for the brush. Try a putty knife. (That's a joke.)

I am a very healthy 23-year-old female who thoroughly enjoys sex. The only problem is that I cannot have an orgasm with my partner unless I have smoked very high-quality marijuana prior to making love. When I do have orgasms, the feelings are incredible. They seem to last an eternity and my emotions are so intense that I am actually "inside" them. I can have orgasms while masturbating, but they're not quite the same. I know I have a dependency on marijuana, and I feel I must overcome it. Any suggestions?—Miss B. L., Big Sur, California.

Cough. Cough. Grass has been America's unofficial aphrodisiac for several years. Sin and Sinsemilla (the caviar of Cannabis) go well together. Woody Allen's film "Annie Hall" depicts a girl who shares your love of killer weed. There is a danger that an overanxious partner might object to your habit; i.e., are you getting off on your joint or his? But your friend sounds laid back, as well as laid. You don't mention what techniques you and your boyfriend use in your lovemaking. More and more women are saying that standard intercourse positions don't give them the clitoral stimulation that is necessary to climax. If you think this might be true in your case, don't worry about it. Just ask your boyfriend to give you a little more oral or manual attention. If the thought of a mechanical device doesn't offend you, invest in a vibrator and play with it together. We don't think how a woman climaxes during lovemaking is nearly as important as the fact that she does climax if she wants to. With patience, practice and love, you'll discover that to be true.

Since there's just no way I can afford original artworks, I have been looking at reproductions, some of which are very good. How can I tell which are the best and which may have the best resale value?—S. T., Indianapolis, Indiana.

While we can understand your financial quandary, you may be kidding yourself with the solution you've found. The difference between original art and a reproduction is the same as the difference between a baby and a baby doll. Artworks derive their value from the talent of the artist, the rarity of his works and their desirability to potential buyers. The only kind of art reproduction that has any intrinsic value is that done by the artist himself working in a casting or in a print medium: bronze sculpture, silk screen, lithograph, etching and the

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like. Usually, such works are both signed and numbered by the artist, as in "Picasso 11/13," which means Pablo ran off 13 etchings like the one you have and yours is the 11th. Ordinarily, an artist will run off very few copies, to keep the price high. An edition of 13 would be good; an edition of over 200, ridiculous. Sculpture is very seldom produced in multiple quantities and, when it is, low numbers are likewise preferable. Indeed, the artist generally breaks the casting mold to ensure rarity. Photomechanical reproductions, of which there is an abundance on the current market, are practically worthless for resale, no matter how good they or the paper they are printed on are. Which is not to say you shouldn't buy a copy of the "Mona Lisa" if you really want one. Just don't think it's an investment. A good rule of thumb is: If a reproduction costs more than $100, you're better off buying original art.

I'm a happily married man, and my wife and I share a beautiful sex life. We've been married for one year now and I've found out that she is oversexed. This worries me very much, because my company is sending me on an eight-month business trip out of the country and I'm afraid that she will have relations with other men while I'm away. I know it sounds funny, but is there any way I can find out if she has had relations with other men? I think eight months is a long time for my wife to go without sex!—J. M., Los Angeles, California.

First of all, there's no such thing as an oversexed person. Sexual drives vary and there's no way you can measure the difference between normal and above-normal sexuality. Except for a few deviates whose names appear on the masthead of this magazine, everyone is basically normal. No, there's no way you can find out whether or not your wife has had sex with other men. If you're the happily married man you say you are, shouldn't her word be good enough? Often, fear of a spouse's infidelity stems from a person's own desires for promiscuity. A man figures he might have sex with another woman and immediately assumes his wife feels the same way. Eight months isn't so long a time. Besides, you can always save your money and send her a plane ticket for a romantic weekend.

For my vacation this summer, I plan to buy a new diesel-powered Mercedes and drive it across the country. Around here, I know where most of the diesel stations are and, on the highway, I usually just look for the truck stops. But I have visions of finding myself stranded on some deserted but picturesque road during my trip. What's the best way to locate diesel-fuel stations in out-of-the-way places?—T. M., Alexandria, Virginia.

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I am 19 years old and have been living with my 22-year-old boyfriend for three years. He has been my only sexual partner—reason being I've always considered lovemaking almost sacred. I would have sex only with someone I really felt would be with me for a long time. Now I regret it. Because I'm beginning to want to go to bed with someone else. No one in particular, though. And my boyfriend can't understand why. I still love him very much, but he's beginning to think differently. I tried to explain why I feel this way, but it's no go. He's afraid I might like someone else better than him (in bed). I am very satisfied with him sexually, it's just that I want to experience a little variety, even if it's only once. I talked with a couple of friends and they said it was a mistake to tell him about how I feel. But I am very sincere about these feelings and don't think I'd be doing anything wrong. I don't want to lose my boyfriend, but I don't want to go through life frustrated by my physical needs. Also, I think a good friend with whom I might discuss this and who could see my point would be a good choice for my venture. Does that sound safe? And is it normal for me to feel this way?—Miss L. S., Tampa, Florida.

At the age of 19, you're perfectly normal to want to have new experiences, including sexual relationships. After all, this is a growing, changing time for you, and you should spread your wings a bit—if not other parts of your anatomy. However, you can hardly expect your boyfriend to be enthusiastic about your desire for variety, no matter how objective you are. Don't ask his permission. And don't make him listen to a confession afterward. He's not ready for either.

In my never-ending battle to coax "concert-hall realism" out of my stereo system, I've been suckered into buying a number of gadgets, including an equalizer, a multiple-speaker amp and a reverb system. Now along come the new time-delay systems. If I buy one of these units, will I finally get that concert-in-my-living-room sound?—M. P., Tucson, Arizona.

The only way you'll get that kind of sound is to hire an orchestra to play in front of your fireplace. And the odds are pretty good that you won't like the sound even then. The fact is that

It pays to be an idealist when you buy a diamond.

A diamond is not a casual purchase. You want it to be worn and enjoyed throughout a lifetime.

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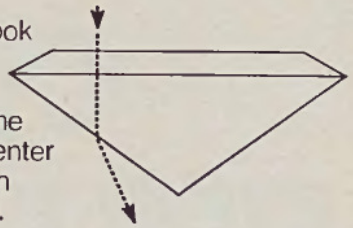
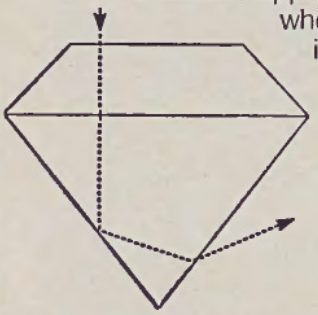
A diamond cut too shallow to make it look bigger lets some of the light "leak out" through the bottom and appears watery. One cut too deep lets light "leak" through the sides and appears black in the center when compared to an ideal cut diamond.





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nowadays you can get a lot better sound out of a recording than you can directly from musical instruments. There are few discs made that do not contain some kind of electronic coloration and feeding them through your system colors them even more. What all your gadgetry gives you is more control over your system's reproduction. And for that, a time-delay system can give you significant help. What it really does is simulate the acoustics of a much larger area than the average listening room by delaying the sound as if it were actually bouncing off widely separated walls and high ceilings. Whereas a reverb system merely repeats a musical note like an echo, the time-delay system expands that note while maintaining the acoustical integrity of the single tone. The delay amounts to from 0 to 120 milliseconds and you need at least a second set of speakers to make it work. The reason it works is that the human ear perceives a delay of such short duration as one tone originating from the primary source (which is your first set of speakers) fused with the delayed tone of your second set of speakers. It's not "concert-hall realism," by any means, but the effect is startling and adds a fullness to the sound that you cannot get otherwise.

One of my old lovers recently returned to town after a year away at school. She told me that during a physical, her doctor discovered that she had V.D.—specifically, syphilis. She did not know how long she had had it but suggested I see a doctor, as we had engaged in sexual relations during the time she might have been infected. I'm not sure I have to, since the symptoms should have shown up months ago. I haven't noticed anything, so I figure I'm safe. Or could I be sorry?—D. R., New York, New York.

See a doctor: Just because you haven't noticed any symptoms doesn't mean you're safe. According to an article in a recent issue of Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, *most people don't recognize V.D. Dr. Thomas A. Chapel writes, "For the last several years, approximately equal numbers of cases have been reported for infectious syphilis, early latent syphilis and late latent syphilis. This means that two out of every three patients with reported syphilis failed to notice a lesion or, if a lesion were observed, failed to recognize it as a syphilitic chancre." Chances are the chancres are. . . .*

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.

OVER THE COURSE OF TIME, THE TASTE HASN'T ALTERED A DEGREE.

One may detect a certain leeway in the taste of some Scotch from bottle to bottle.

But Cutty Sark, without exception, tastes like Cutty Sark. And people with great taste the world over have come to recognise it.

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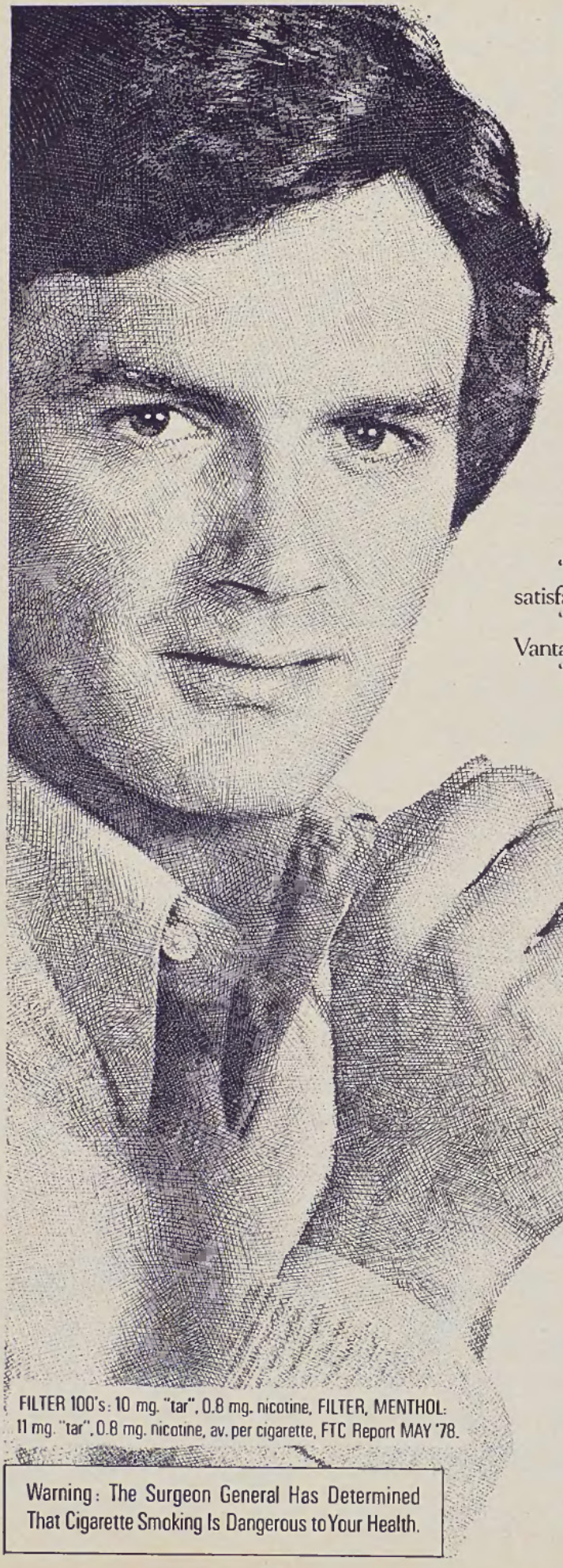

'I didn't sacrifice great flavor to get low tar.'

"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy.

"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked.

"For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

Peter Accetta
New York City, New York

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

NICE NURSE

After my husband's vasectomy was performed, he was turned over to the nurse for further instructions. She handed him some literature about his operation and a plastic-encased test tube. Then came the speech about caring for his stitches, signs of infection, pain, etc. She went on to explain that the test tube was for a sperm sample that was to be taken to a lab no later than 72 hours after ejaculation. "Do you have any questions?" she asked.

"Only one," he replied, holding up the test tube. "Am I supposed to fill this?"

"Honey," she chirped, "if you can fill that, you come in and see *me*!"

Cindy Bravo
Lakeside, California

HAR-HAR

We've known about the "morning after" pill for a long time, and we were pleased to see the latest research reported in the March *Forum*. Out here in Colorado, for a long time we called it an "after diddle" mint.

Clyde Jorgensen
Grand Junction, Colorado

Around these parts, it's called the "mourning after" pill.

M. Roberts
Seattle, Washington

Terrible jokes, both of them, but at least they're short.

WILDLIFE II

I've never enjoyed a *Playboy Forum* letter more than the one titled "Wildlife" in the December issue. You will soon see why.

Since boyhood, I have loved the wilderness and have found all earthly delights to be more earthy and delightful in the great outdoors. My wife, unfortunately, prefers the finer things and over the past few years has avoided the pleasant snap of dried twigs under her ass in favor of motel beds when we are on our summer vacations.

On a day of fishing in California's Siskiyou Mountains last summer, we were working our way upstream to a small waterfall when we heard a woman laughing. Soon we found two cheerful, rather portly nude people wrestling in a small clearing near the water. They did not see us approach and we hid behind some brush while the man tied his partner up according to her advice as to where to anchor the ropes. This was making me nervous and I was about to suggest that we leave when my wife called out to them, "Looks like fun!" I imagine the couple was startled, but not as much as I was. I quickly followed my wife's lead and asked them if they minded if we watched "the final act" of their performance.

The em-bare-assed couple were very friendly. Later, we wished one another a pleasant day as we left them lying peacefully together in the clearing and went about our fishing.

My wife and I hadn't thought much about that incident until we read the letter from the Ojai, California, couple describing our encounter—and PLAYBOY's response that it was waiting to hear from some surprised fishermen. Well, that's us.

"The em-bare-assed couple were very friendly."

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

Wouldn't you know it? Such fun-loving people meet like that in the wilds of Northern California and all turn out to be dedicated PLAYBOY *readers. We're so proud.*

WORDS OF WISDOM

In order to increase my reading, I always leave my magazines on the clothes hamper in my bathroom, reachable from the pot. In an old *Time* I was leafing through, I found what I thought was a rather nice quote: "She who waits for the knight in shining armor must clean up after his horse." It struck me as a saying that should be engraved on a national monument, for the benefit of everyone. For women, the meaning is obvious; for men, it's the best reminder I know of that if you try to carry off the shining-knight act indefinitely, the cleanup lady is going to start looking for a better job.

Joseph Johnson
Los Angeles, California

COME, ROVER!

Just to let readers know how some of the issues debated in *The Playboy Forum* extend even to the animal kingdom, I offer the following quote from the authoritative book *Principles of Dog Breeding*, by Will Judy:

> Masturbation occurs among dogs and among all other species of animal life. This self-abuse is noticed more among dogs because they are more frequently in our sight and in greater numbers. Punishment, changes in diet, plenty of exercise, new environment may lessen the vice.
>
> Homosexuality occurs among animals but is of little consequence.

Shame, Rover—hair will grow on your paws! But "dog-gay" is OK, apparently.

Philip Jenkins
Portland, Maine

HAPPY LONER

Under a new Iowa law, hookers' customers are as subject to arrest as are prostitutes themselves and a while back, we had The Great Hooker Bust in Des Moines. A policewoman decoy netted nine potential tricks, including one college president, one Baptist minister and one assistant attorney general.

On the one hand, I agree with *The Playboy Philosophy* and go along with the great English lady who said, "I don't care what people do so long as they don't do it in the street and frighten the horses."

On the other hand, the older I get, the more revolted I am by *men*. No matter who they are or what their station in life or how much they're getting at home, they are always on the lookout for

another place to put it. And they will try *anything*. Recently, an old friend offered to pay my back taxes if I'd go to bed with him. He's been after me for 25 years and thought he finally had me cornered. I was desperate, but not *that* desperate.

I still love men; they are such extremely interesting creatures! I have many close male friends. But I can't count on the fingers of one hand those who are faithful to their mates. I can think of only three friends who have never hurt a woman, and one is gay.

Now just over 50, I have decided I am glad I was jilted twice and that nothing else ever worked out. Men make great friends but are worthless as husbands or lovers. The Great Hooker Bust just reinforces my opinion. Let's hear it for *happy old maids*!

(Name withheld by request)
Cedar Falls, Iowa

THE BIG TEN

Kentucky is a fine state known for its whiskey, its tobacco and its annual Derby. But now, unfortunately, it may also be known as the state where religious freedom was slain. The 1978 Kentucky General Assembly committed this constitutional crime when it passed a bill calling for the posting of the Ten Commandments in each public classroom. Proponents of the bill view it as a legitimate method of transmitting traditional values. The problem with this is that there is no single, all-encompassing tradition. Whenever the government favors one line of belief, it excludes others.

Religious freedom is guaranteed by the First Amendment and is an essential element in a pluralistic society. The First Amendment evolved to ensure that religious values would be determined by each individual, not by the government. I only hope that the Kentucky Civil Liberties Union can, through its planned court challenges, resurrect religious freedom in this state.

Dave Uhde
Elizabethtown, Kentucky

INSTANT ORPHANS

Joel M. Levin (*The Playboy Forum*, December) sounds like Professor Irwin Corey's illegitimate son; certainly they seem to communicate on the same wave length. Regardless of his own actual origins, however, Levin is making altogether too much of so-called test-tube babies.

There is really nothing test-tubish about this medical procedure. It requires a real mommy, a real daddy, real human sperm and a real human egg. The only unconventional aspect is that the germ cells are conceived outside the body, nurtured for a few days and then implanted in the mother's womb in anticipation of a normal term and delivery. The resultant baby inherits those traits

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CONSUMER FRAUD?

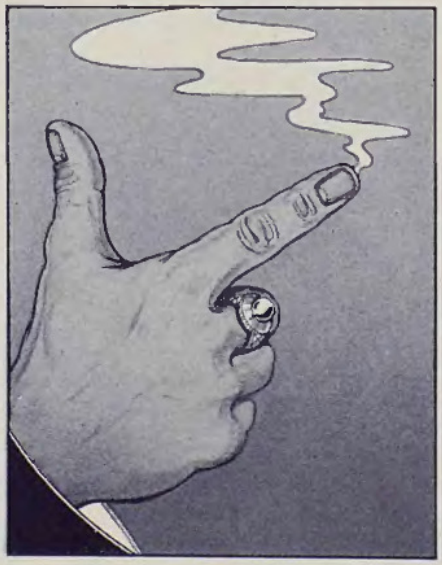
SPARKS, NEVADA—*A 19-year-old man who paid $15 for a half-hour massage has complained to police that he was swindled—all he got was sex. He told officers that he had sought the massage for a back ailment on the advice of his chiropractor, paid his money at a local parlor and took the masseuse up on her generous offer to have intercourse on a water bed. That over with, he asked for his massage and was told, "Sorry, your time is up."*

EXTENDING COMMON LAW

AUSTIN, TEXAS—*The Texas Supreme Court has unanimously ruled that a woman has the right to sue a third party for damages because of an accident that leaves her husband unable to have sexual relations. A trial court had held that under common law, men, but not women, could recover for "loss of consortium" due to a negligent injury to a spouse, who in this case suffered a broken back in a motorcycle-car accident. But the supreme court upheld an appeals-court ruling that said the Texas Equal Rights Amendment extended the same common-law rights to women.*

GUN CONTROL

MEXICO CITY, MEXICO—*Police in Mexico City are now facing $1000 fines and 15-day suspensions if they fail to carry their guns while on duty or fail to check*



them in when going off duty. The crackdown came after a survey determined that at least 75 percent of the city's 30,000 policemen have lost, hocked or sold their issued weapons. The study found that the cops often were selling their new and expensive sidearms, buying used and cheap handguns and pocketing the difference.

A LITTLE OFF TARGET

DELPHOS, KANSAS—*A 30-year-old Catholic man brought suit after his trip to a clinic for a circumcision resulted instead in a vasectomy. He received an out-of-court settlement of an undisclosed amount.*

PILL SAFETY

Yale University researchers who have studied cancer of the uterus say earlier evidence linking the disease to estrogen pills was based on inaccurate research. The new research, conducted by Drs. Ralph Horwitz and Alvan Feinstein and reported in the New England Journal of Medicine, *did not exclude all possibility of a connection but found that the pills tend to affect the body in ways that make such cancers more easily detected, which could account for the earlier conclusions that a connection existed.*

But as soon as this new finding was published, researchers at Johns Hopkins University and the University of Pennsylvania revived the debate with yet another and even larger study indicating that estrogen perils remain.

SUICIDE RATE

SAN DIEGO—*The suicide rate for teenagers and young adults has tripled in the past 20 years, according to the San Mateo Suicide Prevention Center, and now accounts for almost 5000 deaths a year in the 15-to-24 age group. The center's director, Charlotte Ross, attributes the problem mainly to young people's increasing sense of alienation from society, which makes it more difficult for them to handle such problems as divorce, breakup of a love affair and loss of self-esteem.*

SANCTUARY

STOCKHOLM—*In a virtually unprecedented action, Sweden has refused to extradite a Kentucky physician who fled to that country after being sentenced to 59 years in prison for child molesting. According to the National Prison Project of the A.C.L.U., the offenses were minor, the long prison term partly the result of local politics, and Swedish authorities based their decision partly*

on evidence of deplorable conditions in the Kentucky state prison and of bad treatment often accorded such sex offenders in U. S. prisons generally. After reaching Sweden, the physician began undergoing therapy for his sexual problems and has been permitted to resume the practice of medicine.

In another case supported by the National Prison Project, assisted by the Playboy Foundation, a Virginia inmate has been awarded $518,000 in damages—the largest settlement ever obtained by a prisoner—after improper use of antipsychotic drugs and other mistreatment left him permanently paralyzed in his arms and legs.

SPIRITS AND THE LAW

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U. S. Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms is perturbed at the increasing national interest in "gasohol" as an energy-saving fuel and is warning that it could breathe new life into the flagging moonshine industry. The alcohol, which is*

mixed with gasoline, is the same kind as that used for drinking, and the BATF says the demand could run as high as ten billion gallons a year. Early reports had zealous BATF agents hassling farmers for setting up small home-distilling operations to convert waste agricultural products into fuel for their equipment, but the agency is now trying to work out a means of distinguishing old-time moonshiners from bona fide gasoholics, who burn it but don't drink it.

Meanwhile, the BATF finally has implemented a 1978 law that permits anyone over the local drinking age to produce up to 100 gallons (or 200 in households of more than one adult) of beer or wine "for personal or family use, including use at organized affairs, exhibitions or competitions."

FAMILY HONOR

LAMIA, GREECE—*A 47-year-old Greek woman has been freed after 29 years of captivity enforced by her family as punishment for a sexual affair she'd had as a teenager. Police said the woman was held in a dungeonlike basement under terrible conditions, even though her parents, who had ordered her confinement, had died two years previously. Her brother and two sisters have been charged with illegal detention.*

BE CALM IN COURT

CHARLOTTESVILLE—*A 25-year-old Virginia woman spent two days in jail after she angrily protested a jury's verdict of innocent for the man accused of raping her. After her outburst, the judge ordered her from the courtroom and sentenced her for contempt.*

RESTRAINT OF TRADE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U. S. Coast Guard seized nearly 2,000,000 pounds of marijuana during the last half of 1978, which was three times the amount seized during the same period in 1977. A White House official disclosed those figures before a House committee and said they represented the fruits of increased Federal efforts to combat drug smuggling in Florida and other parts of the Southeast.*

At the same time, Gallup Youth Survey reports that American teenagers oppose the legalizing of marijuana by a margin of nearly two to one. However, a majority of 54 percent do not believe that possession of small amounts of pot should be treated as a crime.

NOT NYET, ANYWAY

Reports that a Russian woman cosmonaut is scheduled to give birth in space are a bit premature, according to The Christian Science Monitor. *In scotching the rumors, the newspaper said the Soviets do intend to incubate fertilized birds' eggs aboard some future spacecraft to study the effect of weightlessness on the newborn chicks, but no human births are planned in the foreseeable future.*

PORN IN DENMARK

COPENHAGEN—*Police officials in Denmark have found that sex crimes except rape have declined substantially since 1967, when pornography was legalized. While rape has increased slightly in recent years, child molestation is down 56 percent, indecent exposure down 58 percent and voyeurism down 80 percent. A University of Copenhagen professor noted that the demand for porn has declined greatly among Danes since it became legal and that it is now mainly an export item.*

GOOD CITIZENS

ST. LOUIS—*Because undercover vice police have become too well known by their quarry to function effectively, St. Louis County authorities have started recruiting citizen volunteers through*

newspaper ads to help bring cases against prostitutes and massage-parlor operators who provide illegal sexual services. A wire-service reporter quoted one county police official: "I'd say the response has been super." The chief of the department reportedly said he wasn't yet certain how far the civilians would be told to go in collecting incriminating evidence: "I assume they'll go as far as they can to get a proposition. Even if they take them up on the proposition and are willing to testify about it, it won't hurt our case."

GAY WHO?

TORONTO—*A Canadian citizen whose first name is Bob has been attempting to mobilize public opinion against the American manufacturer of the widely publicized Gay Bob doll. He complains that the doll represents the misuse of a respectable name and is harming the reputation of everyone named Bob, especially among children.*

GRADUATION GIFT

OSCODA, MICHIGAN—*Pranksters, suspected of being members of a high school graduating class, broke into the studio of a local cable-television station and treated viewers to a half-hour show of seminude pinups before the manager restored regular programing. The pictures, posted in front of an automated camera that ordinarily presents viewers with an array of weather gauges, were accompanied by a sign reading,* THE CLASS OF '78-'79 PRESENTS.

PolyGlass your car!

T.M.

New miracle Polymer "Glass"Sealant completely protects your car's exterior finish — it even restores original luster to used models!

Available only as a service by new car dealers for $100-$200. Now do it yourself in less than an hour for only $29.95.
(16 oz. bottle, enough for 3 cars.)

Poly-GloSeal* makes standard waxes and polishes obsolete!

The elements vs. your once beautiful car... You've probably experienced it. Your treasured, shiny new automobile gradually fades and dulls. The once brilliant finish turns chalky and washed out. Even hours of waxing and buffing can't recapture that new car look... Until this new chemical science discovery...

Never wax your car again... Poly-GloSeal* is not anything like a simple wax or polish. It is actually a miracle polymer glass formulation serving as a powerful sealant and a beautiful exterior finish. When applied lightly to your car's finish and chrome its exclusive *Electromolecular Action literally fuses it to the surface,* locking in luster and a brilliant shine, almost laminating itself to your car for years...shutting out harmful sun, rain, pollution, salt, detergents and other elements that normally ruin the appearance and value of your car.

Prevents oxidation from starting on new cars...and actually removes it from used models! Poly-GloSeal* is literally a *Glass Shield* that becomes part of your car's finish. Your new car's paint is simply not allowed to oxidize...for 3 Years! Then PolyGlass* it again for years more of protection. If your car is not new, Poly GloSeal* will actually remove the oxidation, add gloss, and stop further oxidation for 1 year before you need to apply again. It is similar to covering your car with a non-penetrable coat of polyurethane.

Enamel spray paint can't even get through the clear glass shield... When this *new professional automotive product* is demonstrated to car dealers the "spray paint test" is used. Poly-GloSeal* is applied to a car's hood. After it dries it is wiped off and a can of enamel spray paint is sprayed directly on it, along with magic marker and other solvents. Then the observers are astonished as all of these are wiped off the hood with a mere cloth. Nothing, not even dirt and dust can adhere to the surface!

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The incredible Poly-GloSeal* "Brilliance Guarantee"... If after using it, you are not pleased for any reason, return the unused portion within 2 weeks of receipt for a prompt refund of the entire purchase price. Further, if Poly-GloSeal* does not protect your new car for 3 years or your used car (90 days old or more) for 1 year, write and tell us. We'll take your word for it, and return your small investment on a pro-rated basis. However, due to the extraordinary quality of this fully-tested product, we are confident that this would not be likely. (Note: Poly-GloSeal* is 100% safe to use — it can also be removed with mineral spirits).

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Please promptly ship the following order for Poly-GloSeal*. If not 100% pleased after using it on my car, I can return the unused portion within 2 weeks for an unquestioned, quick refund of purchase price. **Check One:**
☐ Ship 1 16 oz. Bottle @ $29.95 (plus $2 shipping and handling) ea. Or:
☐ SAVE $10 MORE! Ship 2 Bottles @ $24.95 (plus $2 shipping and handling) ea.
☐ Check or Money Order enclosed (CA res. add 6% sales tax).
☐ Charge my credit card number below.
☐ BankAmericard/Visa ☐ Master Charge
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*TRADEMARK
Starshine, Inc. 1979

and characteristics genetically passed down from its natural parents.

I suggest that Levin save his worrying for the day when some guy with a chemistry set combines one tablespoon DNA with two quarts amniotic fluid and a pinch of salt, bakes it at 98.6 degrees for nine months and comes up with an instant orphan that only a Petri dish could love.

James Green
Los Angeles, California

THE MARVIN CASE

As I write this, the Lee Marvin "palimony" trial is just getting under way amidst great hoopla, and my impression is that however this Hollywood stunt works out, it could wreck the institution of nonmarriage. The whole point of living together is to avoid certain legal and social entanglements and to save a bundle of money on income taxes. After 12 years of nonmarriage, my nonwife and I have avoided losing several thousand dollars that Uncle Sam would have taken from a married couple with our incomes. But we've found that our arrangement has had another advantage: Our relationship is purely voluntary—founded on love, not on law, and there's no question in either of our minds that that's why we're still together.

(Name withheld by request)
Detroit, Michigan

At presstime, the Marvin trial was still in progress, so we'll await the jury's verdict before making any lengthy statement. Bear in mind that the Marvin case and many others that are still scheduled for litigation involve celebrities and large amounts of money, and will not resolve the issue of short-term shacking up—which in many states is still called illegal cohabitation. (People often forget that unmarried males and females living together may still be committing a crime, depending on state sex laws.)

At this point, we'll only state the questions raised by the Marvin case: Who's being exploited by whom? Does any woman who chooses of her own free will to live with a man automatically have legal claim to half of his earnings? Does a man have any legal or moral right to enjoy the companionship and support of a woman for one or ten years of her life and then decide he no longer loves or needs her and she's supposed to start all over on her own?

This is a social and economic, rather than sexual, problem, and one that does not lend itself to simplistic solutions, regardless of the decision in the Marvin case. Needless to say, your comments on love and taxes have long since been proved by history and the IRS.

"LET 'EM ROT"

Susan Ritz is whining about so-called rights of some 1500 Americans in jails around the world (*The Playboy Forum,*

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Instead of the usual, surprise your guests with a pitcherful of drinks that look and taste great. It's something special that tells a guest you think he's someone special. And you can sit back and relax while your friends fill their glasses as often as they like.

PLAYBOY FORUM: THE LAW

WOMEN'S RIGHT TO SELF-DEFENSE

By SUSAN B. JORDAN

Because he already had helped another man rape her and had warned her he might come back to kill her, and because she was afraid, Inez Garcia took a .22 rifle and fatally shot Miguel Jimenez in Soledad, California, on a March evening in 1974. She was charged with murder—and convicted. In 1977, at her second trial after successful appeal, she was acquitted and her actions were vindicated. Still controversial, her case symbolizes a woman's right to fight back when sexually assaulted.

The FBI reports that rape is the single most underreported crime. Other studies underscore what has been the universal experience of the women who report their rapes to law-enforcement authorities—that it is the most difficult crime to report and to prosecute. Humiliation and shame accompany the rape victim from the moment of the attack. A woman who is raped is seen as defiled and often as having brought the rape on herself. These attitudes carry over into treatment of the victim from police station to court, where the rape victim's complaint is often callously disbelieved. In many cases, the woman's experiences in the police station and in court are as humiliating as the rape itself.

One study analyzed 635 sexual-assault cases reported in Seattle and Kansas City in 1974 and 1975. Of the 635 reported cases, only 45 were charged in court as rape or attempted rape. Of those, only ten resulted in convictions as charged.

Rape is a violent and brutal assault. It is an assault on the woman's body and it is also a brutal intrusion into her person and feelings. Only by physiological circumstance is the assault sexual. It involves about the same amount of pleasure as would a proctoscopic examination performed in an alley with a gun barrel.

Rapists often use weapons and death threats to intimidate their victims into submission. Most rape victims say that they feared for their life during the rape. The act is perpetrated by strangers in cars and vacant lots and apartment-building basements; but it is also committed by neighbors and even acquaintances in one's own home. Instead of being an intimate sexual experience, it is revolting and vicious. Instead of feeling comfort and pleasure, the victim experiences shame, humiliation, helplessness and fears of infection, disease, physical mutilation and death.

The rape victim almost always suffers psychological damage after the rape, ranging from aversion to sex to full-scale psychosis. Long after the physical intrusion is healed or wiped from conscious memory, the psychological intrusion remains.

Yet, despite the violence of the attack and the lack of protection from police and courts, most women do not fight back, or at least did not until recently. We have been taught to look to males, from relatives to policemen, for protection. Childhood upbringing discourages girls from learning to use physical force even to defend themselves. Our clothes—skirts and high-heeled shoes—make it difficult, if not impossible, to outrun an attacker.

Traditionally, a woman is not even supposed to defend herself. She is seen as acting abnormally if she does. A man could shoot the man who raped his wife or daughter and almost everyone would understand the motivation, if not condone the killing. A woman who shoots her own attacker, as Inez Garcia did, is not so generously understood. She was seen as a woman who not only stepped out of her role as helpless victim but also took the kind of direct action that society tolerates only in men.

Social conventions notwithstanding, women always have had to defend themselves against men in various situations—against husbands accustomed to brutalizing them, against molesters of their children and against rapists. Fighting back is not new; what is new is an increasing insistence that when women *do* fight back, they be treated with equality in the courts that judge them. At last, a woman now may insist on the same rights that would instantly be accorded to a man who was protecting *her*.

The woman who responds to a rape exactly as a man would—aggressively and angrily—faces an exceptionally difficult time in court. Most states have abolished "paramour" laws, which allow a man to kill his wife's lover if he catches them in the act. But when those laws were on the books, they never applied to women. Even a woman who goes to court to prosecute a rape has an unnecessarily hard time. There is *no truth* to the myth that rape is an accusation too easily made and defendants are too easily convicted. In fact, a rape conviction is only half as likely as one for any other major violent crime. While the rate of convictions for major felonies is between 70 and 85 percent, according to the FBI, the rate of convictions in rape cases is only 45 percent.

A woman who shoots her sexual assailant and legitimately claims self-defense in court always faces an uphill battle. What she is seeking is the same treatment by the police, judge and jury that would be accorded to a man in the same situation. But, instead, she is seen as a temptress and not a victim, a hysteric rather than a rational person. A woman who reaches for a weapon to defend herself against an assault that she sees as life-threatening is no more or less rational than a man in the same situation. In the context of dangerous physical assault, a woman who kills a man is not irrational or insane; she may be saving her own life. Yet she is somehow expected to read the mind of her assailant and, all other thoughts aside, determine in advance if he intends to kill her or merely brutalize her.

Because women who are raped are often seen as inviting the rape, the claim of self-defense is harder to accept than the same claim by a man in a similar situation. But once we eliminate what is demonstrably a myth—that the woman who was raped is in some way responsible—then the self-defense claim rests on an equal footing in court with a man's self-defense claim. Similarly, if the false assumptions about the ease of securing rape convictions are eliminated from the courtroom process, then the rape victim can tell her story and the jury can decide if it's true. In any burglary, robbery or battery case, juries are considered capable of deciding whether or not the victim is "telling a story"; they certainly should be capable of doing the same thing when it comes to the testimony of a rape victim.

Not every woman will need to kill or wound her rapist to save her own life. But when she does, it is her rightful expectation that she be accorded the same legal protection that her attacker would receive when her actions are judged in a court of law.

Susan B. Jordan is an attorney practicing in San Francisco. *She successfully defended Inez Garcia in her retrial on murder charges, later represented Emily Harris on her kidnaping charges and wishes to acknowledge that the ideas, facts and figures in this article are the work of many women, but especially of Elizabeth Schneider and Cristina Arguedas.*

November). The fact that most or all of them are probably guilty of breaking someone's law is apparently of no importance to her and her rather dubious committee.

In my opinion, it not only is a disgrace to even consider trying to get those prisoners released and back to the good U.S.A. but also is another rip-off for taxpayers. And I, for one, am becoming more and more pissed with being ripped off. Taxwise or any other way. If those "concerned parents" had truly been concerned in the first place, little Johnny and little Sally wouldn't be in the slammer now!

As far as I am concerned, their darlings can rot right where they are. We have more than our share of cruds and crooks roaming freely around this country as it is.

R. H. Rutowski
Waukesha, Wisconsin

YOU'RE WELCOME

I cannot tell you how pleased I am that the Playboy Foundation has again provided funds for the Student Press Law Center. Since our budget is so small, your substantial contribution will ensure its continued existence.

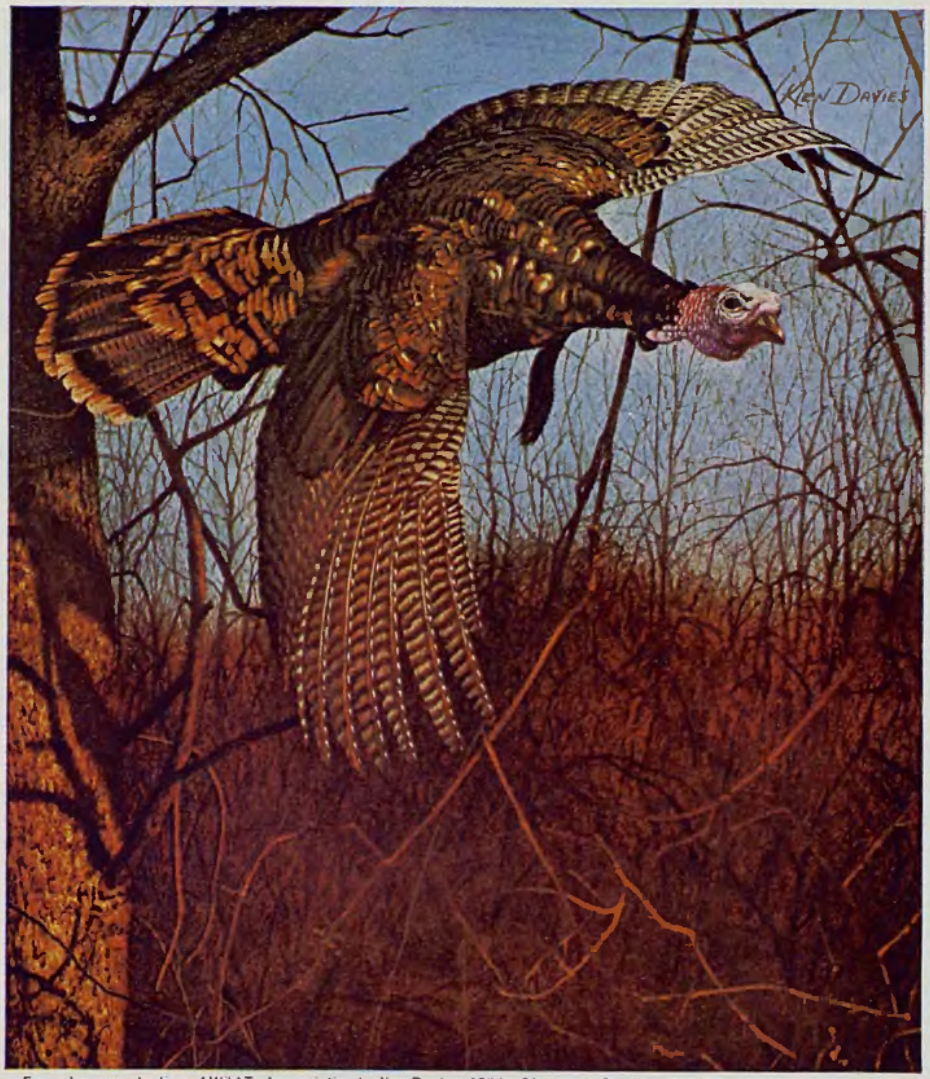
I am presently representing two students whose underground newspaper was seized by school officials in Maryland because the newspaper contained an advertisement for a local head shop. The case is now pending before the U. S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit. In conjunction with the A.C.L.U., we also recently represented two students in Arkansas who were refused press passes that are issued by the state police. We were particularly interested in this case because the Arkansas High School Press Association and the Arkansas College Publications Associations joined the fray. We feel that it is due to this group effort that the state police are no longer denying press credentials to journalists merely because they are students.

Michael D. Simpson, Director
Student Press Law Center
Washington, D.C.

SPARING THE ROD

I was pleased to see that PLAYBOY took notice of Shirley Amiel's somewhat quixotic effort to abolish corporal punishment in Bellevue, Washington, by calling attention to the sex discrimination involved (*Forum Newsfront*, December). About the only others who paid attention to it—and then only to howl with laughter—were editorial writers in Southern papers.

Our organization has made a priority of the abolition of corporal punishment in schools and institutions. This is an unnecessary anachronism, a demeaning of the male propensity to be lively and to question authority and an early



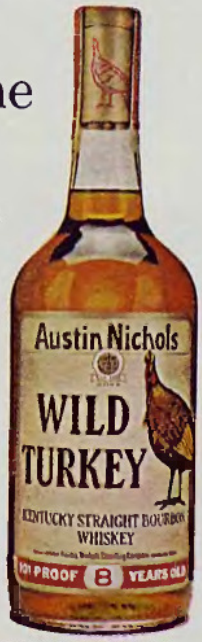
For color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21," send $2 to Box 929-PB, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

Wild Turkey Lore:

In 1776 Benjamin Franklin proposed that the Wild Turkey be adopted as the symbol of our country.

The eagle was chosen instead.

The Wild Turkey later went on to become the symbol of our country's finest Bourbon.



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DATSUN ASKS: WHY PAY THE DIFFERENCE IF YOU CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE?

	DATSUN 810	MERCEDES-BENZ 280-E	AUDI 5000	BMW 320i	VOLVO 244 DL
CONFIGURATION	F/ENGINE R/DRIVE	F/ENGINE R/DRIVE	F/ENGINE F/DRIVE	F/ENGINE R/DRIVE	F/ENGINE R/DRIVE
WHEELBASE (INCHES)	104.3	110.0	105.7	100.9	104.0
BRAKES	DISC/DRUM	DISC/DISC	DISC/DRUM	DISC/DRUM	OISC/DISC
SUSPENSION	IND/IND	IND/IND	IND/BEAM	IND/IND	IND/LIVE
ENGINE	SOHC 6	DOHC 6	SDHC 5	SDHC 4	SOHC 4
HORSEPOWER (BHP)	127	137	103	112	114
FUEL INJECTION	BOSCH	BDSCH	BDSCH	BDSCH	BDSCH
PERFORMANCE STANDING ¼ MILE (SEC.)	18.7	18.6	19.5	18.7	19.8
BRAKING 60-0 MPH (FEET)	160	155	148	167	180
SPEED THRU 700 FT. SLALOM (MPH)	56.1	56.5	56.8	55.1	53.0
NOISE LEVEL @ 50 MPH (dBA)	67	68	67	68	65

(SOURCE: 1978 ROAD & TRACK BUYERS GUIDE)

From the glow of its new dual rectangular headlights to the comfort of the deeply padded rich cloth upholstery, the new Datsun 810 Sport Coupe surrounds you with luxury.

Settle into the fully reclining bucket seats (the driver's adjusts six ways) and tilt the steering column 'til it feels just right. Conduct 4-speaker stereo with toggle baton. Pull away with nimble power steering and push the Sport Coupe's 5-speed through its paces (automatic available). All of these driving pleasures are standard.

Compare the luxurious new Datsun 810 to the other luxury sedans on the chart. Surprise! You can hardly tell one from the other. Many key engineering and performance features are virtually identical.

In fact, in some respects, the Datsun 810 is actually a lot more car than some of these famous European sedans. The Datsun 810 sports a powerful fuel-injected 6-cylinder engine and fully independent suspension. Some of the others don't. Look again at the braking and acceleration figures. The 810 outperforms some of the others there, too.

Now for the most startling comparison of all: the price. You can buy a Datsun 810 for up to $10,000 less than the other luxury sedans. Hard to believe? Test drive the new 810. Then price the new 810. And believe.

Another luxury most of those other cars don't offer: the cavernous cargo capacity of a 5-door station wagon. Its split fold-down rear seat accommodates both skis and a skier.

Like the other new 810's, the 4-door sedan boasts the fit and finish you'd expect from a company that's been dedicated—driven—to build quality cars for nearly half a century: Nissan Motor Company, Ltd.

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imprinting of an association between pain and sexual arousal. It gives an aura of acceptability and correctness to the cruelties of abusive parents and nourishes the roots of violence in our society.

Adah Maurer, Executive Director
End Violence Against the Next Generation, Inc.
Berkeley, California

SEXISM TEST

Here's a little sexism test for your readers. If you were at a secluded beach and saw a couple copulating, would you think: Gee, they're making love, or, Hot damn, he's gettin' hisself a piece of ass?

Think about it.

Two "Crows Nesters"
Austin, Texas

That doesn't require a whole lot of thought.

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE

I know that the hard-core opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment has already rejected most of the legal and constitutional arguments for passage, so consider this: Passage of the E.R.A. will, among other things, lead to fairer divorce laws. They are currently unfair to men because, by and large, the country is unfair to women. Give women equal opportunities and the laws are bound to become more just. Let women get the things men have; they'll find that being equal also means accepting their share of responsibility—including alimony and child support.

Dave Criss
Franklin, Pennsylvania

ROAD HAZARD

A friend of mine, an ambulance attendant, told me this amazing—and rather horrific—story. If true, many men might reconsider their extracurricular driving activities.

My friend's ambulance unit was called to the scene of an accident in which a car had run off the road and into a tree. A man was found in the car, bleeding from the groin area; a woman, some distance from the car, choking on an object lodged in her throat. Need I say more?

Since I heard that, I have kept my driving entertainment limited strictly to the radio.

Eric Wagner
Oceanside, California

We suppose it could have happened somewhere, sometime, but that story is at least 40 years old and is rivaled only by that of the legendary woman who supposedly became so sexually frantic after a dose of "Spanish fly" that she fatally impaled herself on a gearshift lever.

Add my voice to those who think there's nothing dangerous about mobile blow jobs if you proceed with caution. For long-distance travel, in particular, it's an unwritten rule of the road that a good blow job is guaranteed to keep you alive—and kicking.

(Name withheld by request)
Allentown, Pennsylvania

DOPER DILEMMAS

I was very impressed with the letter "Getting Straight" from the fellow in Lafayette, Indiana (*The Playboy Forum*, December). The only part I found difficult to understand was his gratitude toward the narc who busted him. Is it possible that some of us would prefer *not* to exercise freedom of choice but, instead, to pay others to arrest and imprison us?

I voluntarily discontinued pot smoking after eight years of fun and exploration of its possibilities. I'm not the least sorry or ashamed of my behavior, but I *am* quite ashamed of my society for its blind and brutal treatment of youngsters who experiment out of curiosity and wonder.

I agree with my friend from Indiana that clarity is superior by far to intoxication in situations requiring clarity, but just try to force committed potheads, tobacco addicts, coffee drinkers and alcoholics to abstain from altering their perceptions and moods in compliance with seesaw legislation. To believe that such a program of abstinence is possible for more than a dedicated minority is to indulge in a dangerous illusion.

I do not object to the idealistic wish for straightness and decency in us—only to the use of hired spies and forced penal servitude to bring it about. The change must be voluntary and thus independent of fear and resentment toward the enforcer. In a time of increasing anger against wasted tax dollars, I think we should consider the hundreds of millions of dollars that could be saved annually by *not* arresting marijuana smokers and the enormous revenues that would be immediately available through orderly distribution and taxation. Could the dealers of illegal marijuana survive this radical approach? I don't think so.

The sooner we realize that, like it or not, marijuana is here to stay, the quicker we can bring the situation under our control.

Jim Wiley
Amherst, Massachusetts

After reading your November *Forum Newsfront* item on the temporary withdrawal symptoms that may be experienced by heavy pot smokers who quit, I'm inclined to both agree and disagree. The test subjects smoked from two to ten joints a day for 64 days. I don't think they went far enough.

I'm in the Air Force and just spent two years in Panama. I was smoking anywhere from 10 to 30 joints a day and found that when I had to stop cold turkey (not by choice), I nearly had a shit fit. You see, at $25 a quarter pound, grass was more than abundant.

I, too, experienced sleepless nights,

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but mine lasted almost two and a half months, along with general irritability, headaches and loss of imagination.

I do love pot.

(Name withheld by request)
Somewhere in England

GOOD LUCK OR DUMB LUCK?

I read recently that the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration decided that at least 11,500 of the estimated 50,000 lives that were lost on America's highways in 1978 could have been saved if safety belts were used by 70 percent of all drivers. I myself was recently in an accident where if I'd been wearing my safety belt, I can guarantee I would not be living to write you this letter.

My question is: Was there ever a survey done on how many lives were saved by not wearing safety belts?

Mark Kloba
Export, Pennsylvania

None that we know of, but we're inclined to think that a poll of race drivers, stunt men and ambulance attendants would categorize your survival sans seat belt as a freak nonaccident.

MORE ON ABORTION

I'm tired of hearing how the anti-abortionists are stupid and uneducated people. All we ask is that a woman be responsible for her own actions and her own body. Babies don't ask to be conceived and if, with today's readily available forms of birth control, conception still takes place, there are thousands of couples waiting to adopt the children.

And consider the psychological effects that abortion has on a woman (like it or not, women were made to give life, not to take it away). More women's lives and marriages have been ruined by abortion than by childbirth. Abortion destroys not just babies but also women.

(Name withheld by request)
Fort Wayne, Indiana

If you wish not to be labeled stupid or uneducated, you should concede that a woman's responsibility for her own body includes the right to have sex without having to bear unwanted children, and that the traumatic effects of abortion are a myth, except perhaps among women who have been taught from childhood that they do not have the right to control their own bodies.

MARRY NOW, PAY LATER?

Ten years ago, I had the misfortune of falling in heat with a young lady in California. We got married and had problems for three years after, until we got divorced. One of the problems was that she became pregnant while I was overseas. Another problem was her arithmetic. Three months after we split up, she wrote that she was one month pregnant and I was the father. Again! I don't know how I keep doing it, do you? I now pay $60 a month to her. It's not a lot of

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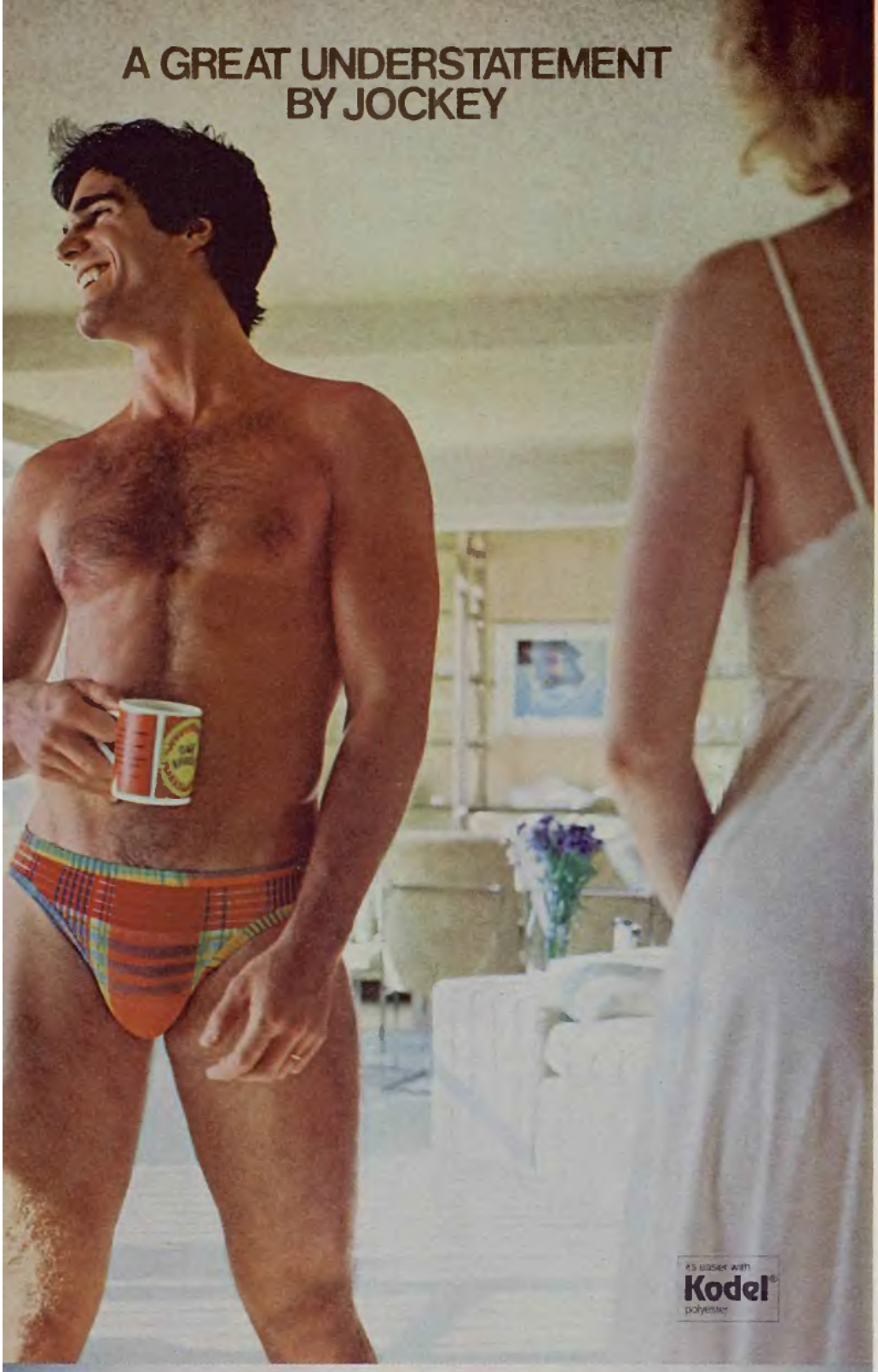

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money, but it's like driving down the freeway once a month and throwing 60 one-dollar bills out the window. If I could give some advice: One-night stands are all right, but don't marry one.

(Name withheld by request)
San Diego, California

GOVERNMENT *VS.* SIN

I was raised to believe that government has the responsibility to serve all citizens—not just the rich, the righteous and the mighty. I was told that was why we had a Bill of Rights that provided us with what Hugh Hefner once called "freedom from religion as well as freedom of religion." What I was not told was that news of this freedom and other rights that free men hold dear has not yet reached Oklahoma City.

I am the owner of four adult bookstores, where PLAYBOY and other fine magazines are sold; and when the local Baptist church started crusading against our right to do business in *its* town, the elected officials and law-enforcement agencies stumbled over one another in their haste to assemble at the church and howl "Amen." Two members of the police department were assigned to follow a pair of preachers and file charges wherever and against whomever the preachers pointed at. When the day was done, they had pointed at me with felony charges in all four stores, at my husband in two of the stores and also at two helpless salesclerks. Altogether, we were charged with six felonies and two misdemeanors under statutes as vague and obnoxious as any ever written.

Our attorneys, Larry Finkelstein and Carl Walsingham, are now making every effort to educate the state of Oklahoma in the finer points of constitutional rights. The failure to separate church and state will result in a suit in Federal court against the Reverends James Vineyard and Larry Jones for conspiring to deprive us of our civil rights—namely, earning a living.

Fighting this battle is long, lonesome and expensive work. In addition to legal fees, we are confronted with expenses for court costs, expert witnesses and other defense requirements. For this reason, we have established a defense fund through the law firm representing us, Brewton, Finkelstein, Shrader and Walsingham of Oklahoma City.

We can use all the help we can get.

Melody Norris
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

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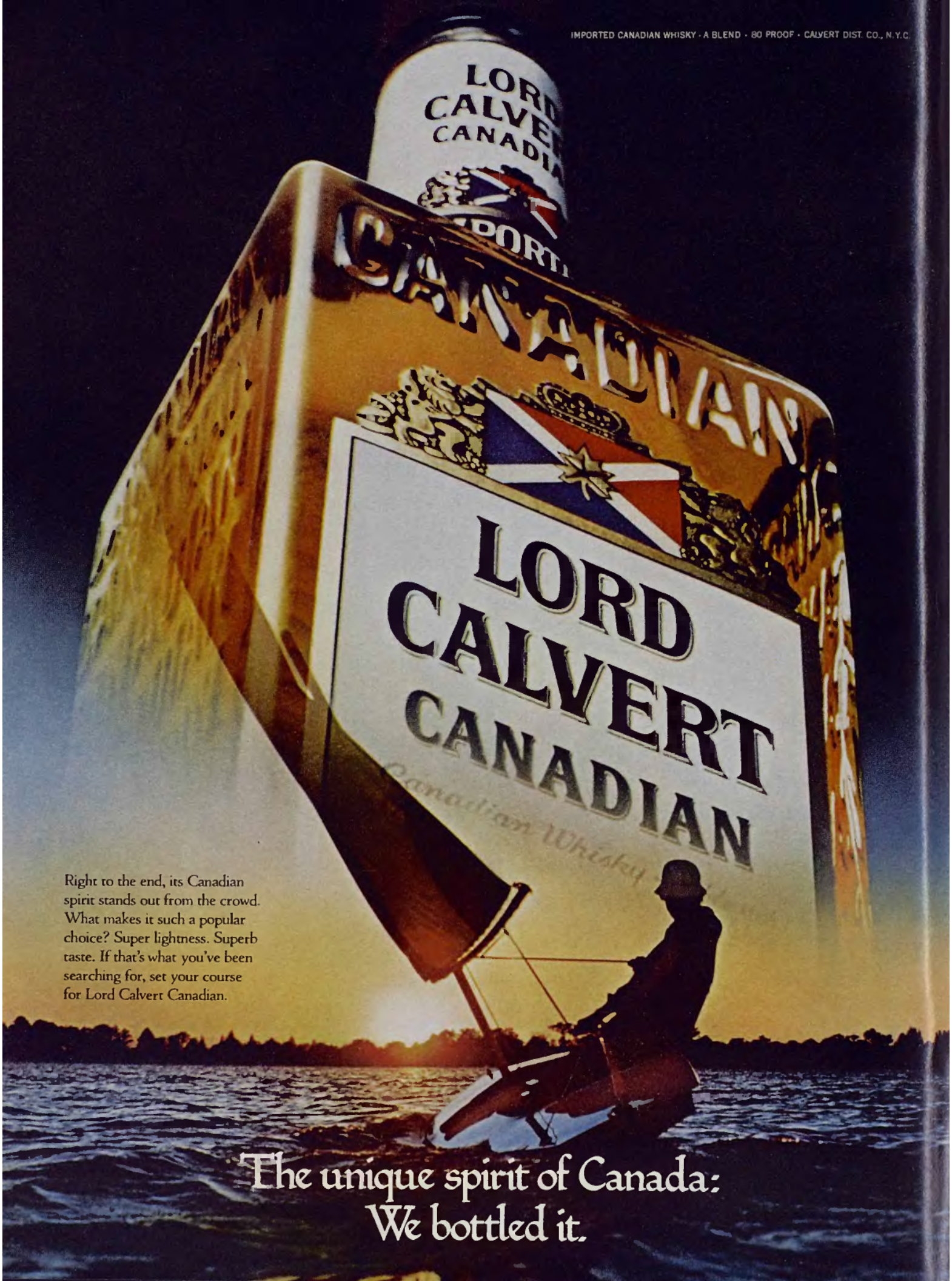
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DENNIS KUCINICH

a candid conversation with the controversial young mayor of cleveland about civic greed and corruption—and his feisty new brand of politics

Dennis Kucinich, the 32-year-old mayor of Cleveland, is clearly not like any other mayor or perhaps any other politician. To his critics, he is a "cocky little bastard" on a power trip. To his admirers, he's a Robin Hood seeking gains for the poor and twitting the rich. There are few neutral observers of the Kucinich phenomenon, for he has avoided the normal habitat of successful politicians—the gray, safe middle ground. Kucinich is a self-proclaimed urban populist eager to do battle over what he considers to be the grand economic issue of the day—the excessive aggrandizement of corporate power at the expense of the ordinary citizenry.

A product of the white ethnic ghettos of Cleveland, Kucinich was born into a large and poor Croatian-Irish Catholic family. He began his political career at 20, with a race for the city council, and became mayor of Cleveland in 1977. Nearly every month since then has brought controversy, which culminated in a dramatic recall election last August. It was defeated by 236 votes. His sweetest vindication, however, came on February 27 of this year, when he staked his political future on votes to increase the municipal income tax and to retain the city-owned light system. Confounding early predictions of defeat or, at best, a slim victory, his proposals were approved by an overwhelming two-to-one margin by Cleveland's voters. Without moving to the political center—as so many others have in the Seventies—Kucinich came up a winner.

Kucinich has been held accountable by his critics for a myriad of Cleveland's problems, from the serious (the city's perilous financial health) to the frivolous (the board-of-education president caught exposing himself on a highway). He and some of his more youthful staff have been branded immature and tactless. Even unfortunate timing has contributed to the civic hysteria: A brother of Kucinich's with a history of emotional disturbances was arrested in a bank holdup on the very day the mayor was withdrawing personal funds from another bank in a symbolic protest. But more serious criticisms center on his strategy of confronting the business and civic leadership of Cleveland, of polarizing the community in a manner that his critics find destructive of efforts to save the city from financial ruin.

To interview Kucinich, PLAYBOY *asked one of its veteran contributors,* **Robert Scheer,** *to take on his first assignment for the magazine since his celebrated interview with Jimmy Carter in November 1976. Now a reporter for the* Los Angeles Times, *Scheer has kept busy with a series of hard-hitting and controversial articles for that respected publication. In fact, this interview is an expansion of one that originally appeared in the* Los Angeles Times *in February. Scheer's report:*

"At first glance, Dennis Kucinich is reminiscent of one of John Belushi's smaller 'Animal House' fraternity brothers. The mayor is brash, irreverent, anti-establishment and intrepidly cocky. You expect that he would delight in messing up the parade of the town's stuffier citizens. Kucinich's pugnacious style combined with Cleveland's tendency to hover on the brink of financial chaos has contributed to an erratic image for the Kucinich administration. But that is more a matter of media hype than reality. Kucinich is undeniably abrasive, but he did not create Cleveland's problems. As he claims, 'Maybe the crime of our

"The real reason the young people I've appointed have been criticized is that they haven't learned to steal yet. If they learned to take bribes, they'd be praised as innovative and bright."

"I appreciate Woody Allen's humor because one of my safety valves is an appreciation for life's absurdities. His message is that life isn't a funeral march to the grave. It's a polka."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

"I personally find President Carter a very engaging individual, but I believe that when history is recorded, he may have trouble elbowing out some of our more mediocre Presidents."

administration is that we aren't old enough to have learned how to steal—how to play ball with the powerful interests.' He has been in office for less than two years and Cleveland, like so many urban centers in America, was rotting long before that. What is different about Cleveland is Kucinich's total assault on the downtown business and civic interests that have traditionally held power over its fate. He has managed to make Tony's Diner a rival center of power to the aristocratic Union Club, and he has polarized the city's politics over issues of public ownership of utilities and the power of the banks over civic life. He has challenged the downtown establishment on issues, such as tax abatement, that it would rather not have the public perceive as issues.

"Kucinich is a home-grown product of Cleveland's ethnic neighborhoods and has maintained the allegiance of that hard-hat constituency to a populist program that may be more radical in its challenge to corporate power than many of the protests of student activists of the Sixties. It is one thing for a Ralph Nader to take his message to college campuses or to respectful Congressional hearings. It is quite another for Kucinich to take that same message to the weekly Slovak beer, duck and sauerkraut bash, as he did at the end of one of our interview sessions. Earlier that day, he had delivered a sermon against corporate greed and power at a black Baptist church, duplicating the cadence with which the minister had just welcomed three fallen members back to the fold. Kucinich is very much at home in those vast areas of mid-American life that are often frightening to liberal reformers. Which is precisely why he is such a prescient and controversial political figure.

"Kucinich concedes readily that he is a long way from representing that silent majority, but the fact that he has been able to organize hundreds of activists from the ethnic ghettos of Cleveland on his behalf and that he retained his electoral base in the face of a well-financed recall campaign probably indicates that we will hear more rather than less from Kucinich's brand of politics in the future.

"I first met Kucinich when I went to interview him for the Los Angeles Times *in his hotel room at Universal City. He was as agog with the Hollywood sights as any ordinary tourist still open to the blandishments of the American dream. Holding hands with his striking wife, Sandy, he bounded off to explore a town that was yet unspoiled to them. The Kuciniches are sharp, but they are also Midwestern to the core. One day, a month later, in the kitchen of his small frame home with aluminum siding on the west side of Cleveland, Kucinich suddenly announced, 'You know, Cleveland has the best ethnic picnics of any city in America.' Consider: A radical populist hero, celebrated in the pages of* The Village Voice, *who loves ethnic picnics, wants no part of serious drinking, has yet to experiment with drugs, and who has an almost perverse attraction to apple pie.*

"He is short for a fighter, let alone a hero, and that fact has permitted detractors to imbue him with Napoleonic overcompensation. But he's probably closer to his hero Woody Allen than to Napoleon. The most revealing moments in the interview came late one night in his ornate, oversized mayor's office. Kucinich had for the moment forgotten about the poor and the corporations and being mayor and was chatting about a Woody Allen movie. I asked him if, as a little guy sitting behind a massive desk, he ever felt as his unlikely movie hero did. He said, 'Yes. And since I would feel better having Woody Allen in the White House than Carter, it doesn't scare me that a Woody Allen type might be running Cleveland.'"

"American Government has an illicit love affair with the American corporate state. And when Joe Public discovers this, you can expect there will be some fireworks."

PLAYBOY: Many Americans have heard of you as the cocky, abrasive young mayor of Cleveland who calls city-council members crooks and corporate leaders blackmailers. You barely survived a recall vote forced by your critics and they blame you for the city's near default. At the same time, your supporters call you a prophet of new urban populism, and city voters supported you overwhelmingly in the recent referendum. Let's start with your victory. Did you expect it?

KUCINICH: No. The size of the win stunned me. I knew I was fighting long odds. And I knew I didn't want to win if I had to get into bed with a bunch of crooks. So I think my victory shows every city in the country faced with similar problems that, as in *Prometheus Unbound*, you *can* defy power that seems omnipotent. We've at least won a battle.

PLAYBOY: You've been waging battles of *all* kinds since you became mayor. What's all the controversy about?

KUCINICH: It's about the fact that democracy in this country is often a myth. And that the roads that will return this country to a democratic society are blocked by corporate highwaymen.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean, a myth? You were elected mayor. You've survived rough challenges in the process. Democracy seems alive and well in Cleveland.

KUCINICH: We don't have economic democracy. And economic democracy is a precondition to political democracy. A tremendous amount of the wealth in this country is concentrated in fewer and fewer hands. We may have the form of a democratic society, but we don't have the substance of it. Party politics in America today is all but defunct. The two-party system is merging into one party under the banner of a corporate state. If you have the great corporations of America running this country—or a city—you don't have a political democracy. If competition is destroyed and big corporations are profiting from inflation and from government programs that shun the needs of most people, what you have is a corporate dictatorship.

PLAYBOY: And you feel you're challenging such a dictatorship in Cleveland?

KUCINICH: Yes; specifically, the right of a bank or a private utility to dictate political decisions to the people of a city or its elected representatives. It shows up in things like this: You have a Cleveland reporter who does investigative work on utilities and he's pulled off of it because of pressure from the utilities, who are worried that he's going to be overly critical of them at a time when they're trying to acquire the public electric system. It shows up with a TV station that OKs a news story critical of the chairman of a bank, and the chairman calls the station and it retracts the story; the reporter ends up quitting because he doesn't want his integrity damaged by staying with a station that doesn't stick with the truth. It shows up in the readiness of the big-business leaders of Cleveland to stand alongside elected officials who are indicted for crimes against the community.

PLAYBOY: And you say your administration is fighting that?

KUCINICH: Yes. But this isn't just Cleveland. There is a movement started. I see the Eighties as a decade in which there will be a resurgence of grass-roots political action in America similar to the surge of public participation in issues produced in the Sixties. People are fed up. There will be plenty of representatives who will understand that they don't have to make book against the public interest. At this point, American Government has an illicit love affair with the American corporate state. And when Joe Public discovers this, you can expect there will be some fireworks.

PLAYBOY: Let's examine some of the fireworks you've exploded since becoming mayor in 1977. For starters, how can you be certain that it isn't your irascible style

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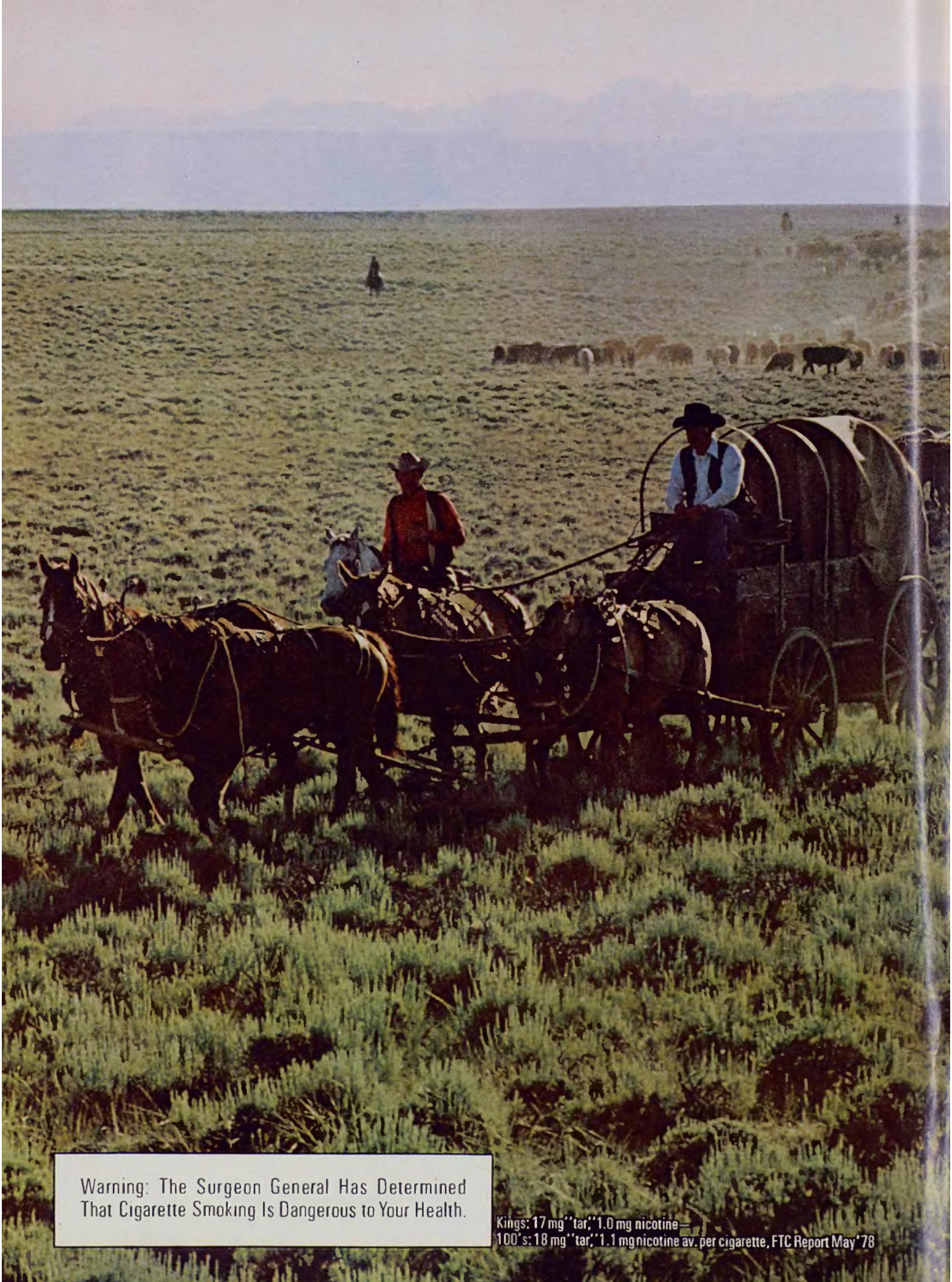

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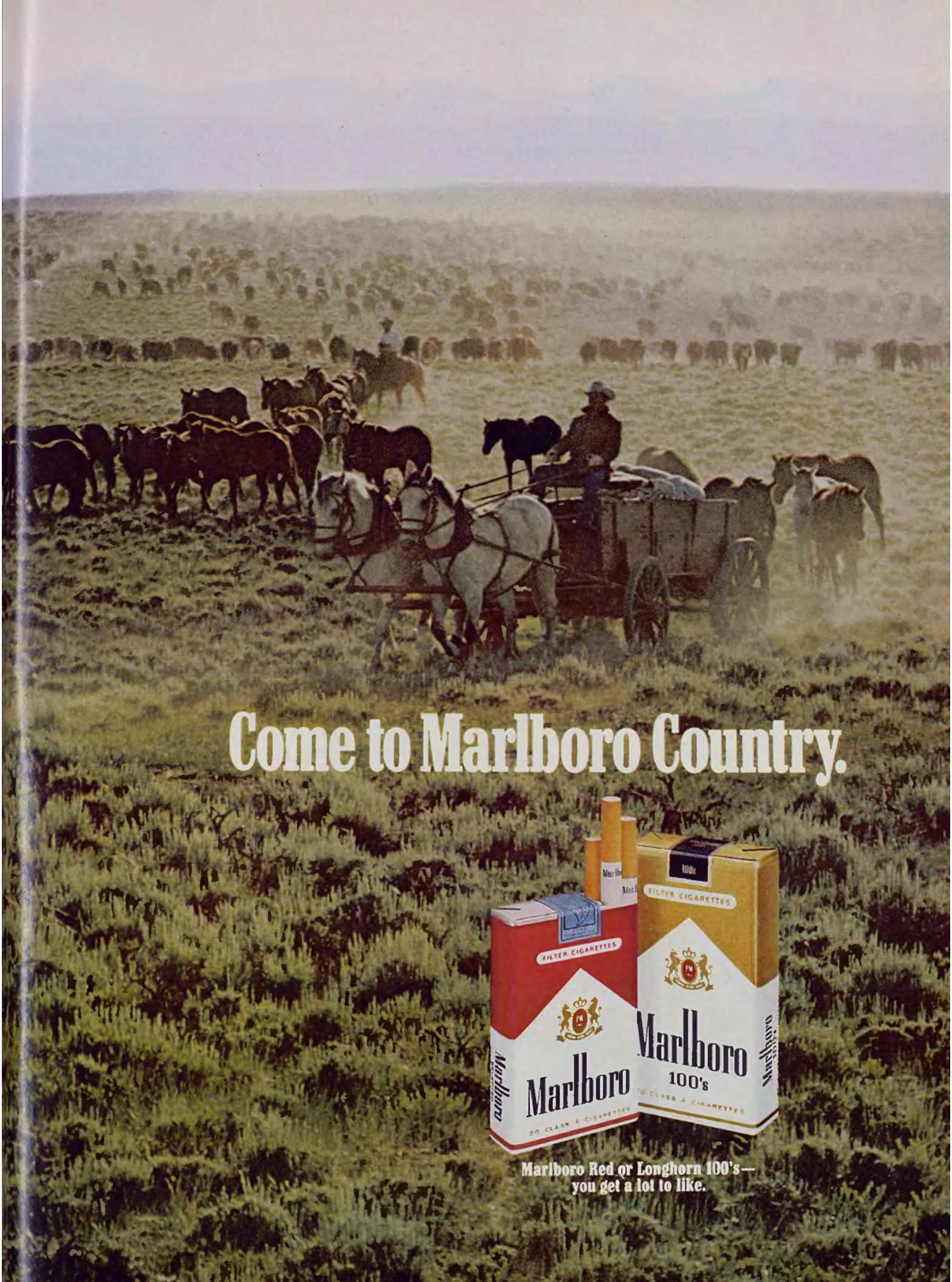
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that has brought on Cleveland's problems, as your critics charge?

KUCINICH: The style of my administration is one that necessarily brings us into conflict with powerful economic institutions, because of the difference of opinion we have on a philosophical base. If I were a crook, I would be supported by Cleveland's business establishment by consenting to be its point man on economic issues. If I favored tax abatement and the sale of the municipal light system, which are two burning issues in the city of Cleveland, they would support me no matter what. But since I don't favor tax abatement, and since I don't favor giving up the publicly owned municipal electric system, the attack that is made on me is for personal reasons.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean when you say the city's business establishment would support you if you were a crook?

KUCINICH: Six councilmen were indicted on various charges, including engaging in organized crime, bribery, intimidation and theft in office, and those same people in the business community who have tried so hard to kick me out of office and with whom I am fighting on all the issues have formed a committee for the defense of ill-begotten councilmen. We have a guy—appointed by the former mayor—who is now on the FBI's "ten most wanted" list for murder conspiracy. It's quite possible that when the former administration holds its reunion, it will be holding it in the Ohio state penitentiary. So here you have the business community raising money to help bail out elected officials who are charged with some of the most serious crimes any official can be involved in. That same business community is trying to run out of town an administration that is cleaning up city government. What does that tell you?

PLAYBOY: But weren't you arrogant in your treatment of Cleveland's business leaders, insisting, for instance, on holding meetings with them in downtown diners?

KUCINICH: I would ask: What could be more arrogant than a bank that demands [the take-over of] a municipal electric system as the price for extending the city's credit? That has happened in Cleveland. What could be more arrogant than a privately owned utility that feels that the city owes it the municipal electric system as the price for cooperation from its contacts in the business community? What could be more arrogant than the suburban-based editors in the TV, radio and newspaper media, who like to dictate public policy to a city and don't have to live with the consequences? Most of the members of the news media who report on the city don't live in the city, so it's a game to them. But it is real to others.

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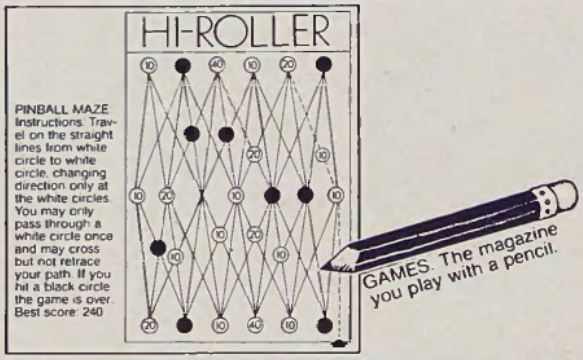

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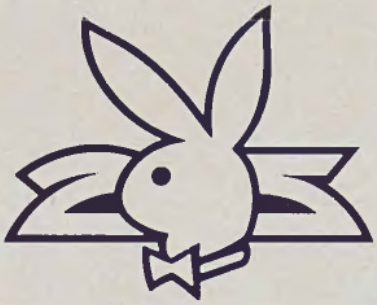

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PLAYBOY: But Cleveland is beset with serious economic problems. The city has spent more money than it has collected, which is why your administration was faced with the prospect of default.

KUCINICH: Well, first of all, in the city of Cleveland, it is illegal to spend bond funds for general operation purposes. That occurred under the previous administration and it was papered over with the cooperation of the banks. I'm sure the disclosure documents made available to investors, underwriters and the people in the financial community made this clear, but they chose to ignore it because they had an administration they could work with. Not just an administration they could work with, but they had an administration that worked *for* them. Well, *I* don't work for them. They didn't put me in office and I don't owe any kind of homage to their particular god—the dollar bill. They knew the problems the city was getting into.

PLAYBOY: When did you begin to realize the dimensions of the city's financial problems?

KUCINICH: When I became mayor in 1977, I inherited a set of books that were so bad we couldn't really ascertain the extent of the trouble until nearly a year into my term. By that time, we were on the eve of the renewal of those notes, and because we hadn't played pat-a-cake, we were subject not only to default but also to the threat of a complete take-over by the state of Ohio.

PLAYBOY: But the city's leading bank, Cleveland Trust, said that it was owed money and that money was due.

KUCINICH: We never for a moment denied that we owed it money. We asked for an extension of credit, which is a common practice in that industry and which many of the banks have done for other customers, and certainly something as important as a city should be given consideration. We offered to provide Cleveland Trust 100 percent collateral—property collateral and income-tax collateral—but it refused. A private investor offered to underwrite the city's debt to Cleveland Trust; it refused that. Five of the six banks wanted to go along with the city's plan for a fiscal agent who served as a monitor of city expenditures but had no real directing role, and our administration agreed to support an income-tax increase as a way of providing the revenue we needed to get out of default, but Cleveland Trust refused that. What Cleveland Trust wanted was very simple: It wanted Muny Light

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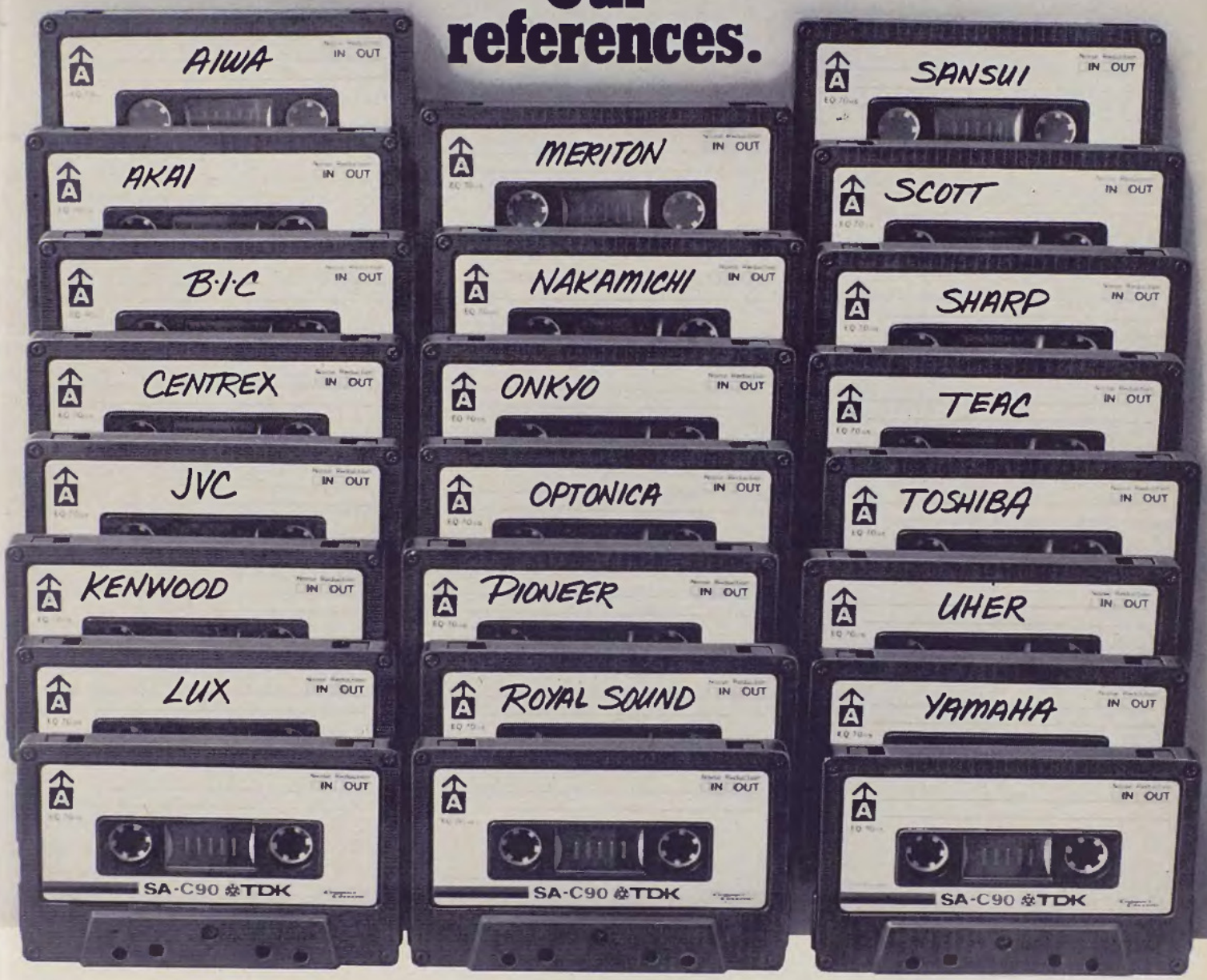

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[Municipal Light and Power Company], the public utility that had nothing to do with the city's position in default. The sale of Muny Light could not get the city of Cleveland out of default in any technical sense.

PLAYBOY: Why?

KUCINICH: Because if we sold Muny Light today, under the terms of the agreement that the privately owned utility, CEI [Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company], proposed, the sale of Muny Light would effectively net the people of Cleveland nothing. The terms of the sale were so corrupt it was unbelievable. The city of Cleveland would be selling a municipal light system for about a third of its real worth and would be paid for it over a 30-year period without interest. And if you consider the interest value of CEI's holding on to that capital, we would actually be paying *it* to take our light system.

PLAYBOY: Why is Cleveland Trust insisting that you make that deal?

KUCINICH: Cleveland Trust holds an interest in CEI. If CEI has a monopoly, the value of Cleveland Trust's interests go up. It is CEI's banker. It holds a substantial block of stock in CEI. If CEI takes over Muny Light, it will be worth an additional quarter of a million dollars. There are three interlocking directorates between CEI and Cleveland Trust.

PLAYBOY: When you confronted the officers on this conflict of interest, what was their response?

KUCINICH: When confronted, they indicated that they didn't let their position with CEI affect their judgment on matters relating to Cleveland Trust. Anyone who believes that probably believes in the tooth fairy.

PLAYBOY: If that conflict of interest is so clear to you, then why haven't the voters seen it?

KUCINICH: They are starting to see it that way. But we have some elements of the Cleveland media that are afflicted with moral blindness, that have no courage and no commitment to the community. They are afraid to state that what Cleveland Trust has done is wrong, that it ought to be responsible to the community. This situation reminds me of an old English poem that says, "They hang the man who steals the goose from the commons but turn loose the man who steals the commons from the goose."

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that the city of Cleveland would not have had problems were it not for the machinations of the banks and the private power company?

KUCINICH: I'm saying that this crisis has been contrived; that Cleveland Trust and Cleveland Electric Company, because they wanted an electric-power monopoly and because they wanted to extinguish a $327,000,000 antitrust suit, pushed the city of Cleveland toward default.

PLAYBOY: But you admit the city did have

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a practice of spending money it didn't have, using bond money for current expenses.

KUCINICH: I'm not discounting the fact that the city has to take steps to solve its problems. But the financial problems were not of a magnitude that could cause the city to default or go into bankruptcy. The financial problems are nowhere near the type that should exist before a state considers taking over a city and abolishing home rule. What we have here is, in effect, another recall. The people who financed my recall campaign are the same people who are now making the decision to keep the city of Cleveland in default, who are trying to abolish home rule and take over the city.

PLAYBOY: The banks financed your recall?

KUCINICH: Money was put in by every major corporation, through its executives, and by every major law firm in town. None of the money came from the city, all of it came from outside the city.

PLAYBOY: People who live outside the city?

KUCINICH: Right. They're trying to abolish the government of the city of Cleveland and put in its place a government that they will say represents the people of Cleveland, but everybody will know whom it really represents. And that's why we won't quit, we're going to keep fighting. We're going to keep exposing these liars, these crooks, who masquerade as good, upstanding citizens of the community but are morally rotten. They may as well be zombies when it comes to matters of right and wrong.

PLAYBOY: Your disputes haven't been limited to those with the business community. You have also had problems with liberals such as Richard Hongisto, your short-lived police chief, whom you fired on TV. He had a reputation for being an enlightened person in Northern California, then left Cleveland accusing you of trying to get him to engage in unethical practices.

KUCINICH: To this day, he has never demonstrated that to anybody. Because there weren't any. He made them up. In his anxiety to escape a situation that had deteriorated because of his inability to confront the rigid bureaucracy of the police department, he fabricated his escape by smearing an administration that had enough courage to bring in someone who represented change. He turned out to be a counterfeit. Instead of trying to liberalize the police department and make it more responsive to the needs of the people of the community, he gave in to the police bureaucracy and they made a reactionary out of him in short order.

PLAYBOY: Hongisto charged that you attempted to manipulate ongoing investigations of the police department.

KUCINICH: That is totally untrue. He never explained that to anybody.

PLAYBOY: Was it wise and temperate to fire him during a TV press conference?

KUCINICH: No, it wasn't.

PLAYBOY: You made a mistake?

KUCINICH: Sure, I made a mistake there. But I was angry with the fact that he had made those charges and wasn't willing to back them up.

PLAYBOY: So there is something to the claim that you are a cocky little bastard who steps on toes, right?

KUCINICH: Nobody is perfect. I've made mistakes, but I've never made any mistakes that put any money in my pocket. I've never made any mistakes that resulted in people of the city being stripped of their right to the resources of the community, of their right to public-service facilities.

PLAYBOY: But your firing of Hongisto was an extremely unpopular act. How much controversy can one administration take?

KUCINICH: A short time after the Hongisto controversy erupted, it was my duty to throw out the first pitch at the Cleveland Indians baseball game. I had the Indians' management prevailing on me not to go through with this traditional ceremony. Well, not only have I looked forward to it all my life—throwing out the first ball—but I felt that if I had to face the music, I might as well do it in a stadium as anyplace else. There were about 55,000 people there for opening day, and before I walked onto the field, I could hear

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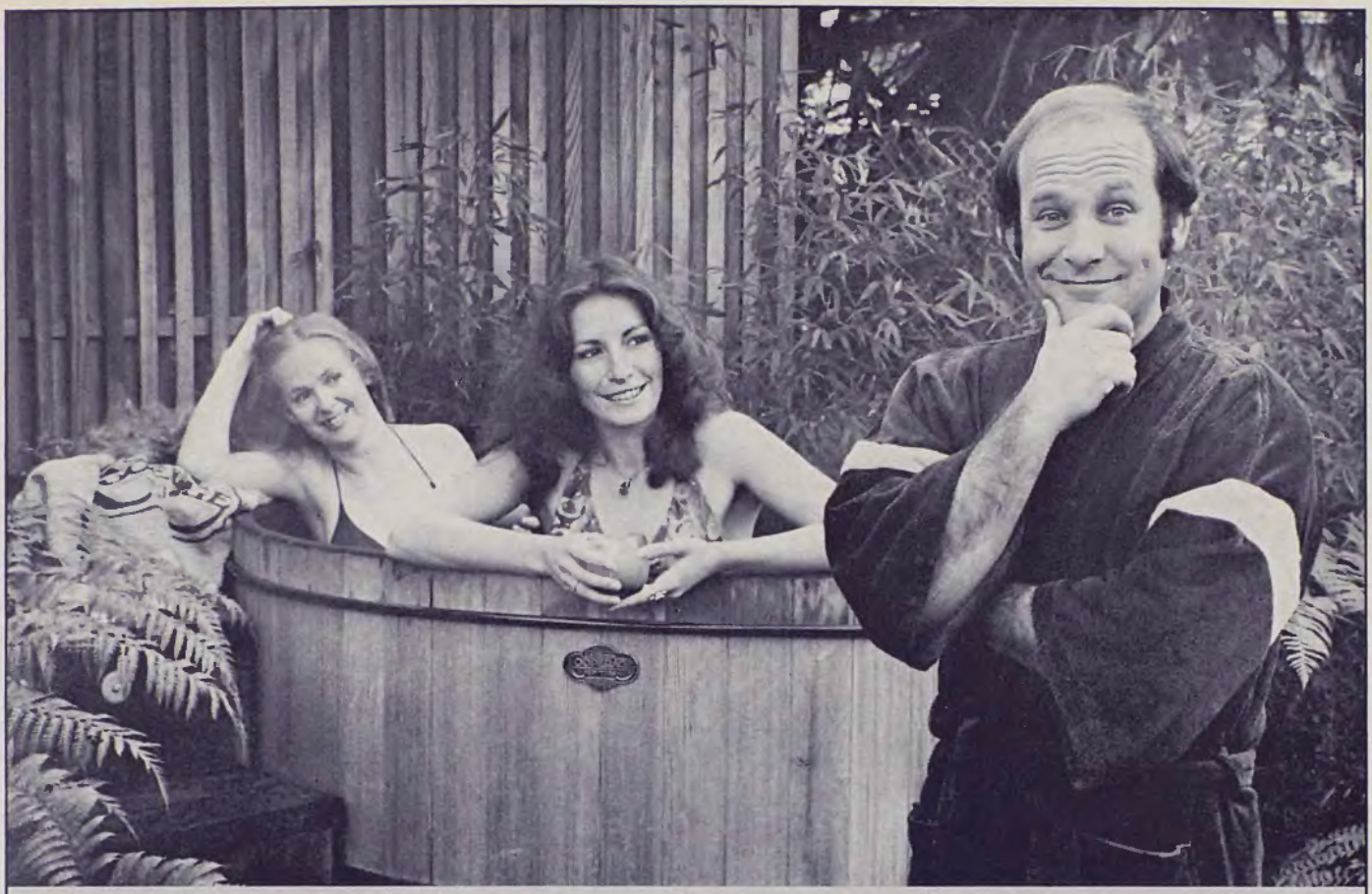

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people yelling, "Throw the bum out," and the game hadn't started yet, so I knew who they were talking about. And when I walked to the mound, I was greeted with a standing boo, but I tried not to pay attention. I went to the mound with a mission. I was going to throw out the first ball. And the booing subsided as I went into my windup, and I threw a perfect strike, and the booing turned to cheers—and that's politics.

PLAYBOY: Another incident that may have marred what you would call your larger message was when the president of the city school board was seen sticking his bare ass out a car window. What *is* your position on mooning?

KUCINICH: There's been so much discussion about it that you'd think the title of the song *Moon over Miami* would be changed to *Moon over Cleveland*. But I might point out that the school system is entirely separate from city government, that I didn't appoint him and that he serves at the pleasure of the members of the school board. But that incident has been used unfairly to illustrate the problems of Cleveland under my administration.

PLAYBOY: What about the charges that many of your appointees have been young, inexperienced or unqualified for their posts?

KUCINICH: The average age of my top appointees is 41. But the real reason that the young people I've appointed to positions of power have been criticized is that they haven't learned how to steal yet. If they learned to take bribes, if they learned to make policy according to the highest bidder, they would be praised as being innovative and bright.

PLAYBOY: And the more general charges of mismanagement?

KUCINICH: Red herrings. When I became mayor, I reduced the payroll by 1500 people. I eliminated a lot of middle-management types who were on the gravy train—they were performing no useful functions. I made sure everybody worked a full day, rather than signing in and leaving, as was the case before. I haven't issued one cent in new debt, and I paid off most of my predecessor's debts.

The Cleveland establishment didn't want a mayor, it wanted a water boy. It didn't want anyone who could transform the institution of government, because *its* institutions were going to be affected. Those people would just as soon have had a functionary, someone who cuts ribbons and shakes hands and smiles and stays out of the way. I would be spared all kinds of national criticism if I had just played ball. And I'm sure that if I played ball, I'd be on my way to whatever office I wanted, because most of these corporate leaders figure that all a politician wants is a higher office. Unfortunately, they mistake sincerity for simply

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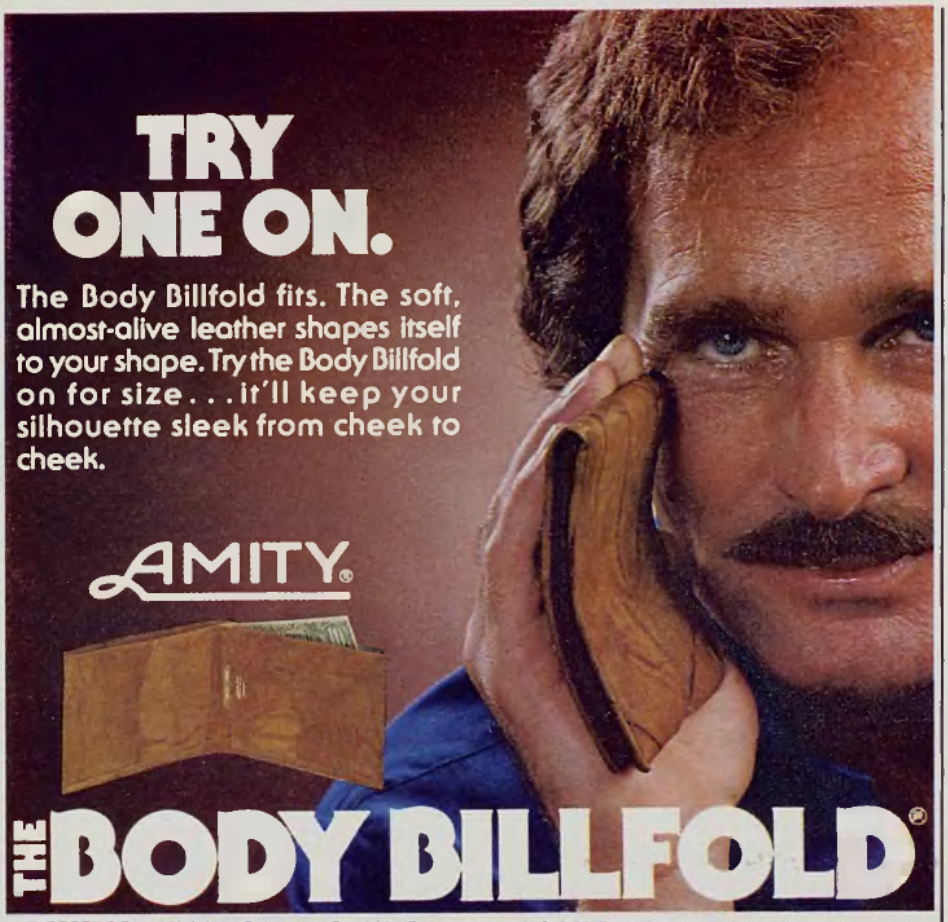

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another form of cunning and believe that a person's beliefs can be bid on. We could get a lot of good press coming out of Cleveland if I turned the keys to the city over to the banks and the utilities and the wealthy real-estate interests.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you being overly cynical in making sweeping statements about the motives of corporate leaders?

KUCINICH: I don't think so. I think that what most, but not all, corporate leaders in Cleveland want is a government they can call their own. A city hall they can manipulate and use as sort of a service station for their needs, and when they need a little bit more fuel in their train, they pull up to city hall and have it pumped in and then drive away.

PLAYBOY: You're making most of your charges against big business. What about the smaller businessmen?

KUCINICH: Is anyone really on the side of small businessmen? Hell, no! They're often chased out of their neighborhoods when a city cannot afford to provide them with adequate police and fire protection: they're often denied an opportunity to stay in business because they can't get fire insurance or loans because of discrimination in lending. But the *big*-business guys, who have made a lifetime's profit out of exploiting poor people and working people, are now going back to their victims and asking for more; they're really Draculas. And now it's time to come back and get some more blood so that they can go about their business. What a screwed-up way to run a country—to continue to ask the poor people and the working people to subsidize the profits of big business while big business continues its monopoly practices, its price fixing, which further deteriorates the position of the poor people and working people . . . it just doesn't make sense! Another thing that made no sense was the way the Federal Government was willing to give us $40,000,000 for a Disneyland contraption—a mass-transit people mover—but not one cent toward meeting real, pressing city needs. It was absurd. When only $15,000,000 would have gotten us out of default, I had to turn $40,000,000 down.

PLAYBOY: You paint a pretty bleak picture of corruption, and of the ties between business and government.

KUCINICH: I wonder if most people have any idea of how government is really run. If they did, I think there would be a lot more people voting and a lot more people mad as hell about being cheated day in and day out.

This is not simply a clash of personalities. It's a fundamental economic struggle between public interests and private interests. It is real. When I was put in a room with City Council president George Forbes and Cleveland Trust board chairman Brock Weir, I was given a choice. I

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had the whole world laid out in front of me and everything anybody could want in politics: political security, an opportunity for continuing in office, bolstered by the powers of the community, and all I had to do was give up something; in this case, the soul of a city. I was alarmed at what I felt was nothing more than a damn street mugging, but when I was a youngster in the Cleveland ghetto, the people who jumped me weren't wearing pinstriped suits.

All I had to do was sign my name on the dotted line and get rid of the municipal electric system, and Cleveland Trust would keep the city out of default and everybody would live happily ever after. Baloney. Some people believe that the most important moments in an individual's life are always ahead of him. We seldom think of the present as having consequence. But I knew at that time, when the offer was made, if I accepted it, I would be giving up the best chance the city of Cleveland had to establish a government of the people. I knew I would be selling out the people who had put me in office. And when the bankers were offering me the deal, I was not only listening, I was praying; and when they left the room, I knew what I had to do. I knew I was going to be in for the big fight of my life and that I was going to be vilified for having passed up what appeared to be an opportunity to keep the city safe from financial harm. But I look at it this way—better a fiscal default than a moral default.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think your struggle in Cleveland is of national importance?

KUCINICH: For the first time in any American city, there's an issue that's been forced to the forefront of public consideration, and that is the question of who rules the city and whether or not there is corporate interference in a political decision-making process. More specifically, in Cleveland, it relates to what could be called a strike by capital, the withholding of credit for the failure of city government to come to political terms with the financial institutions. Or the using of credit as a political lever. Now, if that's being done in Cleveland, it will probably be done someplace else, too.

PLAYBOY: Most of your blasts against business people and corrupt government officials come down to one thing: greed. But why shouldn't your motives be questioned, too? Why doesn't money interest you?

KUCINICH: I am not interested in money. I think Gandhi had the right ideas on materialism.

PLAYBOY: How do you escape that drive that seems to fuel the rest of us?

KUCINICH: I've learned to live without money for a while. Or with a little bit of it. My own happiness isn't conditioned on material things. I'm interested in ideas, not in acquiring things. I understand that in this political environment, there are people who see the world differently. And who have their hand out. Well, too bad for them. Too bad for the people, too. But I just don't need the traditional things that make politicians happy.

PLAYBOY: What are they?

KUCINICH: Money and money. [*Laughter*]

PLAYBOY: So what drives *you*? Where does your anger come from?

KUCINICH: I know what poverty is and I know what it does to people. I know how people can be thrust into poverty despite the fact that they are trying to escape it.

PLAYBOY: Did that happen to your family?

KUCINICH: Yes, and it can be very dehumanizing. It doesn't have to be. Being poor isn't a sin, but it might as well be, the way our culture has developed an insistence on materialism. I think the common man is viewed with condescension by those of great means.

PLAYBOY: What was your upbringing like?

KUCINICH: I was the oldest of seven and we spent all our time in the inner city. Every time the family expanded, we moved. My father worked every day, but he never really had enough income to

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buy a home. Illnesses in the family kept us from being in a position where we were able to meet ordinary needs of a family—clothing and shelter and medical expenses. So we learned to adjust to poverty. My dad's a truck driver. He's been driving a truck for about 32 years. He had to quit school when he had just completed the ninth grade so he could help his parents, who had a very large family themselves—almost twice the size my father and mother raised. He went into the Service, served four years and came home at the end of the war. And that's when he started driving a truck, and he has been driving a truck ever since.

PLAYBOY: Are your parents Catholics?

KUCINICH: Yes. I went to parochial school. And I think the religious training I had affected my conduct in every way, especially with respect to matters of ethics. I learned the difference between right and wrong in parochial school and from my parents. I don't consider myself a moralist, but once you learn the difference between right and wrong, it is very hard to unlearn it. I suppose being an elected officeholder, in some cases, may often involve more forgetting than remembering.

PLAYBOY: Do you exaggerate your family's poverty? How poor *were* they?

KUCINICH: When I grew up in the inner city, my pets were cockroaches and rats. As hard as my father worked, we could never get out of poverty. We wore poverty on our backs and on our faces and on our feet. And it became an identical twin that followed me and the members of my family wherever we went. We didn't choose to be poor, but we were subjected to poverty by a wicked system of things that still exists today, which threatens the liberties of tens of millions of people and causes them to submit, sometimes with gratitude, to an inferior quality of life.

PLAYBOY: If you are so sensitive to the problems of the poor—many of whom are black—why have you met with such opposition from the black community? There have even been accusations that you are racist.

KUCINICH: First of all, the *whites* who make that charge generally have never lived in an integrated neighborhood and have the most simplistic view of race relations, which says, if you've had a strong debate with a black man, you must be prejudiced. I've lived in integrated neighborhoods most of my life; the neighborhood I live in now is mixed. I'm not a missionary to the inner city. I've lived there and I still live there. My heart is there. And many of the people who have attained political power in the city, both black and white, have forsaken their constituency for their own private gain. The clashes that I have had with the president of the Cleveland City Council,

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George Forbes, who happens to be black, have come over issues *he* should have been leading the way on—issues of consumers' rights, issues of police reform—and yet he has taken the position of trying to stop social and economic change that would benefit black people.

PLAYBOY: Why are black leaders such as Forbes so opposed to you?

KUCINICH: A question that could be asked is why would Forbes, who represents one of the poorest areas of Cleveland, be the last refuge and hope of the financial titans of Cleveland? I don't think Forbes is really interested too much in matters of black or white: His favorite color is green. For example, we had a dispute on a housing project in the middle of a very solid residential area. I opposed it because I believe public housing is one of the great disasters of our society. We need to do everything we can to preserve those solid neighborhoods in both black and white communities. The black neighborhoods of this city hold people who have worked for years to keep their neighborhood together. People in black neighborhoods don't want public housing, people in white neighborhoods don't want public housing.

PLAYBOY: So you don't think racism is an issue in this case?

KUCINICH: Charges of racism are part of the political terrain. But we have opened access to the levers of power for black and other minority groups. For the first time in the city's history, there are four blacks and four women in the cabinet. What we're pushing for is to unite blacks and whites on economic questions and to show them that they have a lot in common in terms of their economic problems and that we not waste a lot of time endlessly debating social problems, some of which may not be that easy to resolve.

PLAYBOY: Such as the fact that there are many white people who don't want blacks living next door?

KUCINICH: I don't see anything wrong with people who want to preserve their neighborhoods, be they white or black. I don't think that blacks are racist for resisting public housing and I don't think that whites are, either. Color is less and less a leveling factor in society. Economic position really has more to do with determining an individual's destiny or the destiny of his family; but as long as the money power of a community can keep people in these endless peripheral disputes over racial matters, then people are distracted.

PLAYBOY: Racism isn't necessarily a peripheral dispute. As a white ethnic, you must have heard antiblack comments all your life. Isn't prejudice against blacks a factor in ethnic politics?

KUCINICH: First of all, I never heard it in my home. Secondly, wherever I hear it in my own personal environment, or in

Why Napoleon never got a tie for Father's Day.

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the public environment, I don't approve of it. Third, I don't think that the American people are so possessed with racial matters that they can't think of anything else. I think that each individual is more concerned about being able to make a way for himself in terms of his own economic survival. Certainly, the civil rights struggle of the late Fifties and the early Sixties has brought a more intense focus on the necessity to remedy some of the injustices.

PLAYBOY: Yes, but our schools are often more segregated than they were before, and——

KUCINICH: But I'm saying that sometimes a so-called solution to the problem—such as busing—can bring about *re*segregation. Busing induces white flight and white flight changes housing patterns and as people move to the suburbs, it just brings about a resegregation of the school system.

However, I don't see the root of the problem as being a black-white matter. I see the root of the problem as being the failure on the part of this country to commit itself to quality education as a general matter, regardless of whether it is for blacks or for whites. I'm saying that the schools are no bargain for white people and they're even less of a bargain in some black neighborhoods. However, there are some black neighborhoods where the schools are better than in the white neighborhoods. Some black parents have told me that they don't want their children bused to white neighborhoods. The problem should be attacked right at the top. We should be concentrating on cutting defense spending and start putting more money into programs that will benefit this country, such as education. Education is not a priority in America. The last time it was a priority was when the Russians put Sputnik up. Everybody was very concerned about education for a few years and then it died down. We are losing track of what our goal should be in this society—enlightenment.

PLAYBOY: Are you disappointed that Democrats such as Jimmy Carter and Jerry Brown are not leading a fight to cut the defense budget and provide more funds for education and other social needs?

KUCINICH: I understand why Governor Brown isn't doing it, because the military is a big industry in California. But President Carter is much less a captive on this issue in every way. And, you know, he didn't say much during his campaign about issues, but he *did* say that he was going to cut the military budget. I think that whoever ran his campaign was a genius. Because it was a textbook study in the manipulation of symbols. [*Long pause*] And, you know, I've met President Carter a few times, and I personally find him a very engaging individual, but I also believe that when history is recorded, he may have trouble elbowing out some of our more mediocre Presidents.

Perhaps that shouldn't be his fate. But it may well happen, since he hasn't been able to come to terms with either the Federal bureaucracy that is strangling him or the problems associated with inflation and unemployment. I don't really know yet what the difference is between Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter. And I voted for Jimmy Carter, with enthusiasm.

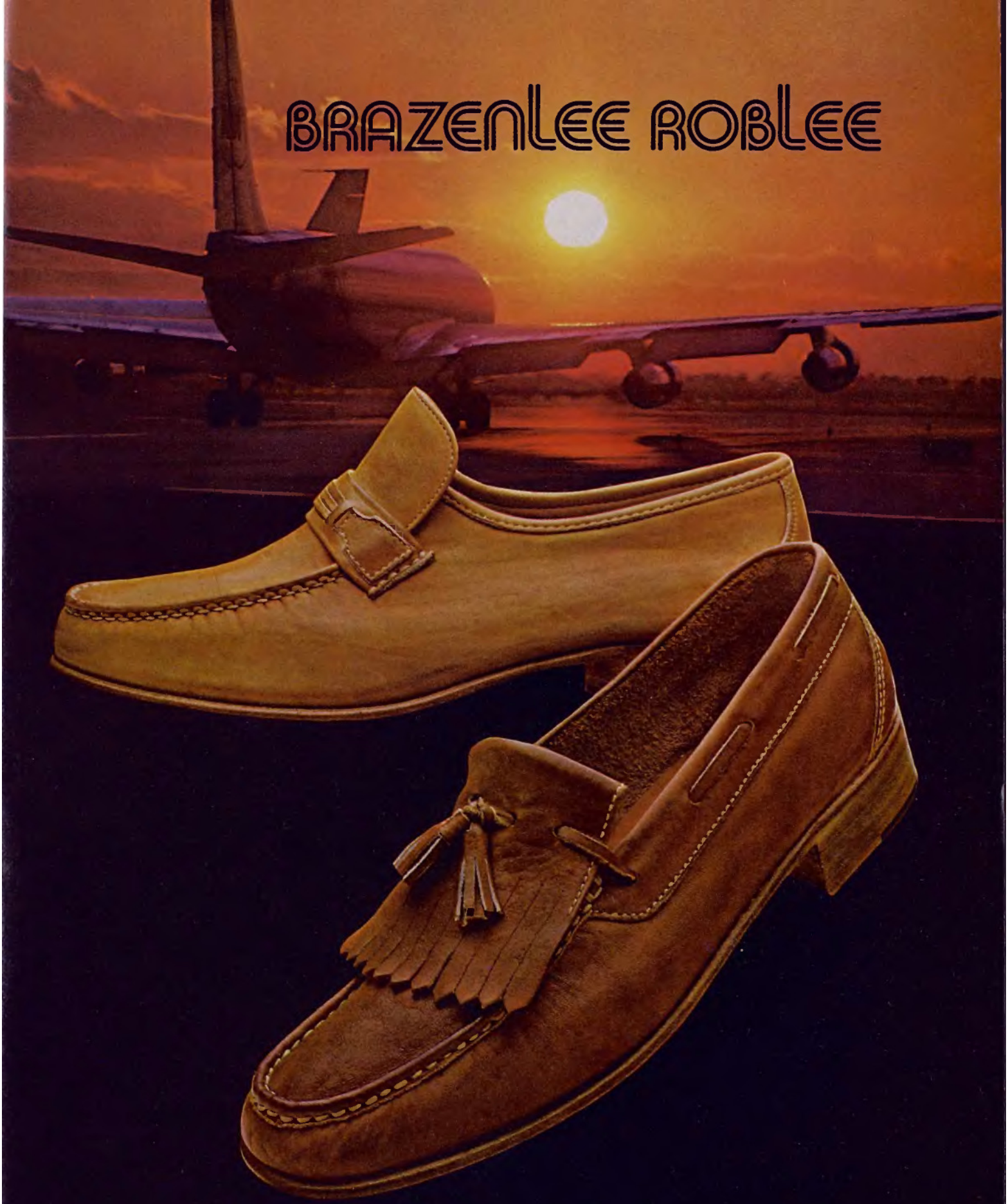
PLAYBOY: What difference would you like to see? What would you like to see Carter come out swinging on?

KUCINICH: One of the things that Carter traded on was the identification of populism with an agrarian-based culture. I'm not saying that he's not a populist. I'm saying that for some reason or other, the populist sentiments that he may hold in his breast are not being evidenced.

PLAYBOY: What does populism mean to you?

KUCINICH: Well, populism is a derivative of the Latin word *populus*, people, and I see populism as a direct expression of both the conscious and the unconscious aspirations of the poor and working people for social and economic progress.

PLAYBOY: How does your concept of populism differ from the New Deal and



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the Fair Deal and the Great Society? What's the new element that you're bringing into it?

KUCINICH: The cities.

PLAYBOY: What about the cities?

KUCINICH: In America, populism has been an agrarian movement and it was thought that the farms and the cities had nothing in common. The urban expression was what you would call progressivism. And, unfortunately, there are some aspects of populism that were seen as racist. But the urban populism that our administration espouses is one that embraces poor and working people, both black and white.

PLAYBOY: So, in effect, you're repudiating many of the traditional programs of the Democratic Party—at least the Great Society type of programs.

KUCINICH: I think that people draw up these programs with the loftiest of purposes, but if they had to live with their results, maybe the programs would be different the next time. The last time we had any domestic programs in this country that had a favorable impact was during Roosevelt's WPA.

PLAYBOY: Why is that?

KUCINICH: I think that's because the architects of these recent programs have a social vision that is blinded by their relationship to the economic elites. Many are designed by people who have an inherent condescension toward poor and working people. Where do Presidential Cabinets come from? They come from the top industries, the top corporations of America. I'm not saying you shouldn't have the best talent available, but the personnel in governmental and corporate America is often interchangeable at the top and they tend to serve the interests of one another, in a mutual exchange not only of amenity but also of resources. That mythical man in the street, Joe Public, is hardly ever represented in the highest councils of government. His representation is rhetorical, but it's not factual; he's not *literally* represented.

PLAYBOY: Can you be specific about that in relation to the problems of the cities?

KUCINICH: Well, for example, problems of high interest rates: There is not going to be any consistent attempt to bring a lower interest rate as long as somebody is profiteering from it. The problem of the high prices of fuel: There is not going to be any strong attempt to break up the monopolies or to try to control the prices, because the people who are making the bucks have the most influence. The problem of high utility bills: The private utilities in this country have institutionalized price gouging. There are many other examples. So the rules are really being rigged to exclude the interest of an overwhelming majority of Americans. The founding fathers were aware of this danger: They warned against it. Unfortunately, with few exceptions—

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I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state. Check one: Civilion ☐ Military ☐

NAME

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3RD PRIZE 10 Ponasonic AM, FM, CB Units	**3RD PRIZE** 10 Panasonic AM, FM, CB Units
4TH PRIZE 500 Ronrico "2 Woys to Go" Beach Towels	**4TH PRIZE** 500 Ronrico "2 Woys to Go" Beach Towels

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Lincoln and probably both Roosevelts—there haven't been American leaders who have had the same commitment to the common man or who have had a desire to bring about sweeping changes in the power relationships between government and the major institutions of the society.

PLAYBOY: What kind of issues do you see in the next few years that will be powerful enough to rouse an urban populist movement?

KUCINICH: The growth of monopolies in the economy will continue. The price of necessities such as energy, food and housing will continue to rise. The needs of the cities will go unmet. President Ford and President Carter and maybe even the next President will have tinkered with the mechanisms, believing that they could solve the problems. But I see public discontent rising as people feel they've been conned by the Government. When people see that they have not resolved matters at the ballot box, they'll do what they did during the Vietnam war and go to the streets. It shouldn't have to happen, but it will. Marches over food prices, gasoline prices, utility bills. People could save themselves a lot of walking if they'd just march to the ballot box and start to elect candidates who were truly committed to progressive change.

PLAYBOY: Is there any political figure since Roosevelt whom you admire?

KUCINICH: I think Robert Kennedy was somebody who was worthy of emulating. He was a person who had tremendous vision, idealism and the ability to inspire people. If there is one thing about politics today, it is that it's not inspiring. It is the politics of dull, the politics of people who don't feel they have their interest at stake. It's not a local matter, it's a national phenomenon.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of his brother Ted?

KUCINICH: I think Ted Kennedy may be the person who can provide more options for more Americans. He hasn't wavered from the historic commitment of the Democratic Party to the common man and against the encroachment of big business.

PLAYBOY: How about Jerry Brown of California?

KUCINICH: Brown has the potential to be President, but I think he's blowing it. His second inaugural speech seemed to suggest that he has taken up with the revisionist historians who are now singing the praises of Herbert Hoover and I fear that he's overreacted to what he has inaccurately assessed as the conservative trend of the American voting public. I just hope that he abandons his latest stand in favor of a constitutional amendment to balance the budget. I think it's an affectation rather than a commitment, and he will abandon it when he understands that it's not politically practical or feasible. Then he'll publicly recognize what he knows privately: that this country needs some great changes to be able to meet the needs of its people.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think he knows that privately?

KUCINICH: Because he's pretty smart. But he's more interested in getting elected than in addressing serious problems. After all, people who talk about issues have a tough time getting elected in this country. But when you elect candidates who don't talk about the issues, candidates who promise nothing, that's what you get. Nothing. The public is torn between wanting change, wanting to be different, and being afraid of change. Maybe that's why Jerry Brown is approaching the Presidential run the way he is. On the other hand, maybe his commitments are shallow.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you ever tempted to follow his path of shifting with the political winds? Do you sometimes play with the idea?

KUCINICH: Can I tell you something? I can't even *think* in those terms.

PLAYBOY: Why do you oppose the call for a balanced Federal budget?

KUCINICH: I think the idea of a balanced budget is a myth, because who doesn't spend money he doesn't have? Every family has a mortgage, every family has car payments, every family is still paying on furniture, every family is still paying loans so it can put its children through school. So this idea of a balanced budget, putting the balanced budget down as Holy Writ, is, I think, a grave mistake, and it will ultimately lead to a further decline of the economic position of poor and working people.

PLAYBOY: You just barely squeaked through a recall and Brown had a big margin of victory, yet you feel that he is not going to be successful?

KUCINICH: I'm not saying that Brown will not be successful; I said he was a good politician. And his political skills could very well carry him through to the U. S. Presidency. But he may have the ability to be more than just a governor, more than just a President. He could be in a position to change this country's history and he won't be able to do it with yesterday's remedies for tomorrow's problems.

PLAYBOY: More than being a newborn conservative, hasn't Brown played to *both* ends of the spectrum, implying that he's going to balance the budget without hurting social programs and then implying to other crowds that he's going to kill those social programs?

KUCINICH: Well, I don't think that's too much different from what Carter did. It could conceivably be enough to make Jerry Brown a Presidential contender and possibly even put him in a position where he could get elected. But I think

he would be ineffectual pursuing a policy where he was attempting to elevate economic theories that have for the most part been discredited. There seems to be a complete rejection on his part of the economics that have the underpinning of the traditional Democratic policy. What he is doing is risking abandoning the very constituency that he needs in order to rally enough support to make a run at the Presidency. But unless President Carter begins to rebuild his own support around the country in short order, a person like Jerry Brown could quite conceivably topple him.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Carter *should* be toppled?

KUCINICH: I think I've got to reserve judgment on that. As a mayor of a big city, I'm not satisfied that the cities have been a high priority in his Administration; indeed, the recent Federal budgets suggest that we have to begin to expect less. The cities need some kind of Federal attention, particularly with respect to the massive number of unemployed people in the inner city. That problem cannot be solved locally; the Carter Administration has not shown a willingness to attack those problems vigorously; it's really more or less keeping the Federal Government in the same holding pattern that existed under President Ford. As crazy as it sounds, Cleveland actually received more Federal aid under Nixon. I would say that one reason could be Carter's lack of familiarity with urban centers, which could come from his being part of a rural environment.

PLAYBOY: But his Administration has been enormously helpful in bailing out New York City.

KUCINICH: It didn't bail out the city; it bailed out the *banks*. And I think there are New Yorkers who regret it. For example, I have a letter from a prominent Democratic politician from New York. It reads, "May I congratulate you on your courageous battle against such terrific odds. I served as president of the New York City Council and on its Board of Estimates from 1974 to 1977 during our financial crisis. In 1976, the actions threatened by the bankers here would have driven us into bankruptcy. Our state and city officials turned handsprings and surrendered. As a result, we've paid over $200,000,000 per year in exorbitant rates of interest and that will continue into the indefinite future. The rates of interest on bonds or notes in every town, city and county across the United States rose to unprecedented heights, making a real windfall for the money lenders. Had we called the bankers' bluff as you did, we could not have been worse off. Bankers at the time told us our paper was not salable on the open market, and that was true. They had created that condition by secretly unloading two billion dollars' worth of New York City notes, which they then held." And he says, "You've showed an unusual capacity to understand what the game is all about and the courage to carry your resistance to conclusions. Sincerely, Paul O'Dwyer." I've never revealed that letter publicly before.

PLAYBOY: What do you—and O'Dwyer—mean when you say the Federal Government bailed out the banks, not the city?

KUCINICH: Some people say, "Jesus, the reason this city's in trouble is that it's paying too much money out to the poor and has gotten involved in too many social problems and the banks have lent them the money to make it possible. Now all the banks want to do is get their money back, and that's where the Federal Government had to step in—to repay the city's debts."

I'm not saying that the banks shouldn't be paid back—I believe in paying back debts—but what's dangerous is that banks are often in a position where they can manipulate the cities' financial situation to their own advantage. In Cleveland, this has forced the really compelling question to come out of all of this great tumult and shouting. And that is, Who runs Cleveland? Is a city run by a duly elected government or by an unelected corporate shadow government? And that

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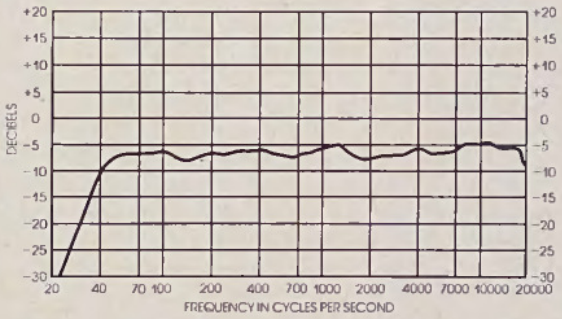

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question goes right to the heart of the democratic process.

PLAYBOY: Does it ever strike you that your stubbornness about fighting for your beliefs makes your quest overly idealistic, even quixotic?

KUCINICH: Of course, some people think mine is a somewhat quixotic quest. But you have to be ready to dream the impossible dream. I believe that. I'm a very independent person, politically, ideologically, personally. And I guess my whole life has been a matter of establishing my independence.

You know, you have to *fight* these powers! Most people just want to be accepted by big institutions, they want in. They pay your bills. They make life easier for you. If you can't beat them—and most people can't—join them. At least that's the refrain.

PLAYBOY: Why do you suppose most of your generation has taken that easier way? We're all part of the system; we play ball with the institutions; we take loans from the banks. We may have our own points of integrity, but basically we go along. What made *you* decide to make so much trouble?

KUCINICH: [*Pause*] I didn't know I would cause trouble. I didn't plan on causing trouble. I was just expressing my views. I don't see why the powerful institutions of this community should find themselves threatened. But since they are, perhaps it's a signal that some of the things we've been talking about are being discussed by others all over the country. Nothing is so powerful as an idea whose time has come. And I think America is ready for the idea of economic democracy built on urban populism.

PLAYBOY: If that's so, how do you account for all the evidence that shows that young people are turned off by activism and are mostly concerned about making money and joining the system?

KUCINICH: I don't believe young people have been victimized by that sort of cynicism. It was young people who ended the war in Vietnam. And I don't think it was a matter of a single generation. As the establishment sees a generation trying to bring about changes in the balance of power, it increases the production of soporifics to distract young Americans from what could be their most vital role.

One of the problems young people have today is that their educational system thwarts individuality and rewards conformity. Many of them may not want to go along with the way things are, but they are punished if they don't and rewarded if they do. In the time of John Kennedy, things like the Peace Corps helped young people believe they were an important part of political change. By the time of Nixon, there were few outlets left for heroism, so rock culture and other distractions became firmly rooted. Youth is distracted from developing a sense of mission.

PLAYBOY: So why are you optimistic about change?

KUCINICH: Because I've seen, in young people I've hired, that the need for a purpose is still there. It's young Americans who are going to be leading the push on economic issues, because they're the ones who are affected by the job market. They, along with old people, are expendable. There's also a movement to revive the draft, and it will have to be young people who have to resist becoming cannon fodder as we stumble our way through our foreign policy. So I guess what it amounts to is showing young people they have a self-interest involved here: that the world they will face 20 or 30 years hence will be one they shape—just as those who grew up in the Sixties have had their involvement affirmed or have had their lack of involvement remain a liability.

PLAYBOY: To what extent are *you* a product of the Sixties?

KUCINICH: I feel I'm very much a part of the Sixties. But when you say that, some people ask, "Where did you picket?" I picketed inside a library with my medulla. I'm glad that somebody was outside, but I was trying to figure out what was happening, how it was going to relate to tomorrow. And I *saw* what happened in the Seventies. A good part of a generation of young Americans was taken in again by the same system that produced Vietnam. It was as if this great Sixties activists' pageant never occurred. The traces are wiped away—except for some people who are still out there working. Those of us who didn't participate at the forefront are ready to carry on the message that we still have human needs; we're ready to protest the fact that we're still feeding a war machine, even though we're not at war.

"I feel I'm very much a part of the Sixties. But when you say that, some people ask, 'Where did you picket?'"

PLAYBOY: So even though you didn't go off to San Francisco, you didn't grow a beard, you didn't become a hippie——

KUCINICH: I think that there were a lot of people like me. I don't think that I'm an exception. And now I believe this country is ready for a lot of big changes and it's just ordinary people who are going to do it. I happen to be in an extraordinary circumstance. And I'm not much different in terms of my lifestyle from other people in my neighborhood. There are a lot of people like me, but not many of them get a chance to be elected mayor.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of your neighborhood, when some people think of white ethnics in stereotyped terms—those of political conservatism, of possible racism, of a know-nothing attitude—is that a bum rap?

KUCINICH: Yes. And I would also say that this idea of a melting pot really developed at the same time that there began to be a vision on the part of corporate America of its potential to develop a one-world economic system. However, the melting pot is not melting and it will not melt. Americans are instinctively protective of their individuality not only as Americans but also as members of individual ethnic groups, or racial groups. It's not to downgrade any other groups but mainly to celebrate their own heritage. That is sometimes seen as parochial, but I also would relate that to the preservation of the human race. It goes back that far in history and it's an instinctive matter and it's very human.

Now, here's the point I want to make: The fundamental error in assuming that we can become a global village, economically, is a failure to understand the great social and political diversity of man and the intractability of his basic human nature. What the multinational corporations try to do is build a precursor of the *1984* world. It is not consistent with the human and social needs of the people. So I guess the implication of what I said is that just as our foreign policies have been a disaster because they've served only the interests of corporate America in recent years, our domestic policy has the same problem and that's why we've gotten into the struggle in our cities.

PLAYBOY: Those are pretty far-reaching views for a city politician.

KUCINICH: I guess people have a certain image of what a politician should be. And to some people, I just don't conform to that image. I always remember how flabbergasted I was when a local television station did a poll on who the people trusted more, me or the council president who had just been indicted on a number of criminal counts. I lost that poll. And then I thought, Well, maybe what I could do to improve my popularity would be to get indicted. Now, our whole administration here has been one of breaking stereotypes; I guess you could say that ours is a genuinely iconoclastic approach. If you look at our cabinet, we have a majority of top appointments from groups that have traditionally not even had a chance to be in on decision-making processes; groups that are not represented on any of the boards of the great corporations of this city. And it

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is all so ironic, because I happen to think that things that we stand for are as traditionally American as—as apple pie.

PLAYBOY: You've said you can turn things around and that you don't feel defeated. What about losing elections?

KUCINICH: Well, when I was in high school, I played on some teams that didn't win any games at all. [*Laughs*] I mean literally no wins all season. I didn't feel defeated then. I went out and did my best.

PLAYBOY: Didn't your football career consist of being a third-string quarterback on your high school team?

KUCINICH: [*Laughter*] That's true. I was so small that when I came out and said I wanted to play football, the coach told me he already had a football. When I ran out on the field, people thought I was a mascot. When they found out I was on the team, they started rooting for me.

PLAYBOY: What happened when you played?

KUCINICH: Well, I remember the very first time I was ever involved in a play. Now, the reason I got in the game in the first place was because we were playing one of the top-ranked teams in Ohio, and the first- and second-string quarterbacks both got injured in the first half. So I started the second half and the first thing I had to do was return the kickoff. And I got clobbered. I mean, those guys weighed 125 pounds more than me. It must have looked sort of like when a rabbit gets shot and flips up in the air—head over heels. That's how I got hit.

PLAYBOY: What did the coach say?

KUCINICH: Nothing. He thought I was dead. But I managed to get up and start calling signals, but with some difficulty, because I could barely see over the center's rear end. I think I have a picture of myself with the team in my yearbook.

PLAYBOY: May we see it?

KUCINICH: Oh, God. [*Brings an old copy of his high school yearbook.*] Can you pick me out?

PLAYBOY: We believe we can. [*See below.*] Why did you want to play football in the first place?

KUCINICH: It wasn't just football. I played basketball, too. That was my best sport. Of course, I had to make a lot of shots from outside 30 feet, but. . . .

PLAYBOY: Were there any advantages to being so short?

KUCINICH: Well, on the rides back from the games, I had better accommodations than anyone else, because I could sleep in the overhead baggage racks of the bus.

PLAYBOY: But, seriously, what made you go out for basketball when you were half the size of the other guys?

KUCINICH: If you're trying to put everything that I'm doing in terms of compensation for being short, I think you're wrong.

PLAYBOY: Is there any connection?

KUCINICH: The connection is that in basketball, as well as in politics, some of the best shots I've taken have been long ones from the outside.

PLAYBOY: Earlier in this interview, you mentioned being booed at the baseball stadium when you threw out the first pitch as mayor. Yet you've been subjected to more vilification and ridicule—ranging from cartoons to jokes about your size and age—than most politicians. How do you handle it? Does it hurt?

KUCINICH: [*Long pause*] Maybe I'll write a book someday called *Political Masochism—Learning to Live It and Love It.*

PLAYBOY: Have you learned to love it? Or at least thrive on it?

KUCINICH: I don't believe in debating whether or not to accept the slings and arrows of misfortune. I prefer to take up arms against a sea of words. . . . Well, it *did* get to me a little bit. I had an ulcer there for a while. Oh, no, no, no. I have a doctor's certificate to prove it's cured! And his bill!

PLAYBOY: But you did have to take a vacation for the ulcer. So it got to you.

KUCINICH: Yeah. But it could have been the food I was eating at City Hall. [*Laughs*] Or the people I had to eat lunch with. But I have to admit, I ask myself from time to time, Is it worth it? Am I in the right business? Sometimes I sit here at night and I think about hearing myself compared to Hitler or Jim Jones, and I just ask, Who wrote this script—Salvador Dali?

PLAYBOY: Do you perhaps see yourself as a Woody Allen character, taking it all and being knocked on your ass?

KUCINICH: Well, maybe that's why I appreciate Woody Allen's humor so much, because one of my safety valves is an appreciation for absurdities of life—including those in which I participate. I fully understand Woody Allen's message. You know, it's not just his humor. He has a seriousness, an insight that is penetrating. I think the real message in what he writes and creates is not to take yourself too seriously. I think that his is an optimistic vision. And his message, his message——

PLAYBOY: Is what?

KUCINICH: What he's saying is that life is not a funeral march to the grave. It's a polka.

PLAYBOY: Did you just make that up?

KUCINICH: Yes.

PLAYBOY: That's an interesting image. With so many people who see you as an abrasive fanatic, you're saying that you're more like Woody Allen in *Bananas*, an ordinary schmuck somehow running a corrupt Latin-American state.

KUCINICH: That's something like it. As a matter of fact, I even have a leaflet I put out during the recall campaign against me. The headline reads: "Cleveland is not a banana republic." It was on yellow paper. In any case, I don't believe in playing a role. I'm not the stereotyped version of the *Bürgermeister*. To mix our metaphors, I look at my function of mayor as being the quarterback.

PLAYBOY: On a losing team?

KUCINICH: No, because the game isn't over yet. I have a feeling we're going to take the lead over a team that doesn't let anybody else on the field. We'll shock the country by being the first administration to take a city away from a business establishment—and keep it for the people.

118 Dennis Kucinich (26), third-string quarterback, Saint John Cantius High School, Cleveland, 1961.

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article **By ROGER SIMON**

OCEAN KILLINGS

with untold billions for bait, the caribbean's treasure-strewn reefs lure everything from cowboys to consortiums

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.
—"Psalms," 107

A MILE OFF THE COAST of Santo Domingo, the winds are at 15 knots and the seas are running four to seven feet. The skies are the color of lead and the air presses down like a wet blanket on our faces. Even through the gray haze, the sun burns in a perfect circle of light. Eyes sting with the brightness and the salt spray. The sunlight dances across the chop, breaking into a million diamond pin points, as the boat heads out to sea.

The sea was like this on the November day Burt Webber found beneath these waters a Spanish treasure galleon with a cargo worth an estimated $190,000,000. And off the Florida Keys, Mel Fisher maneuvered through such swells to find a

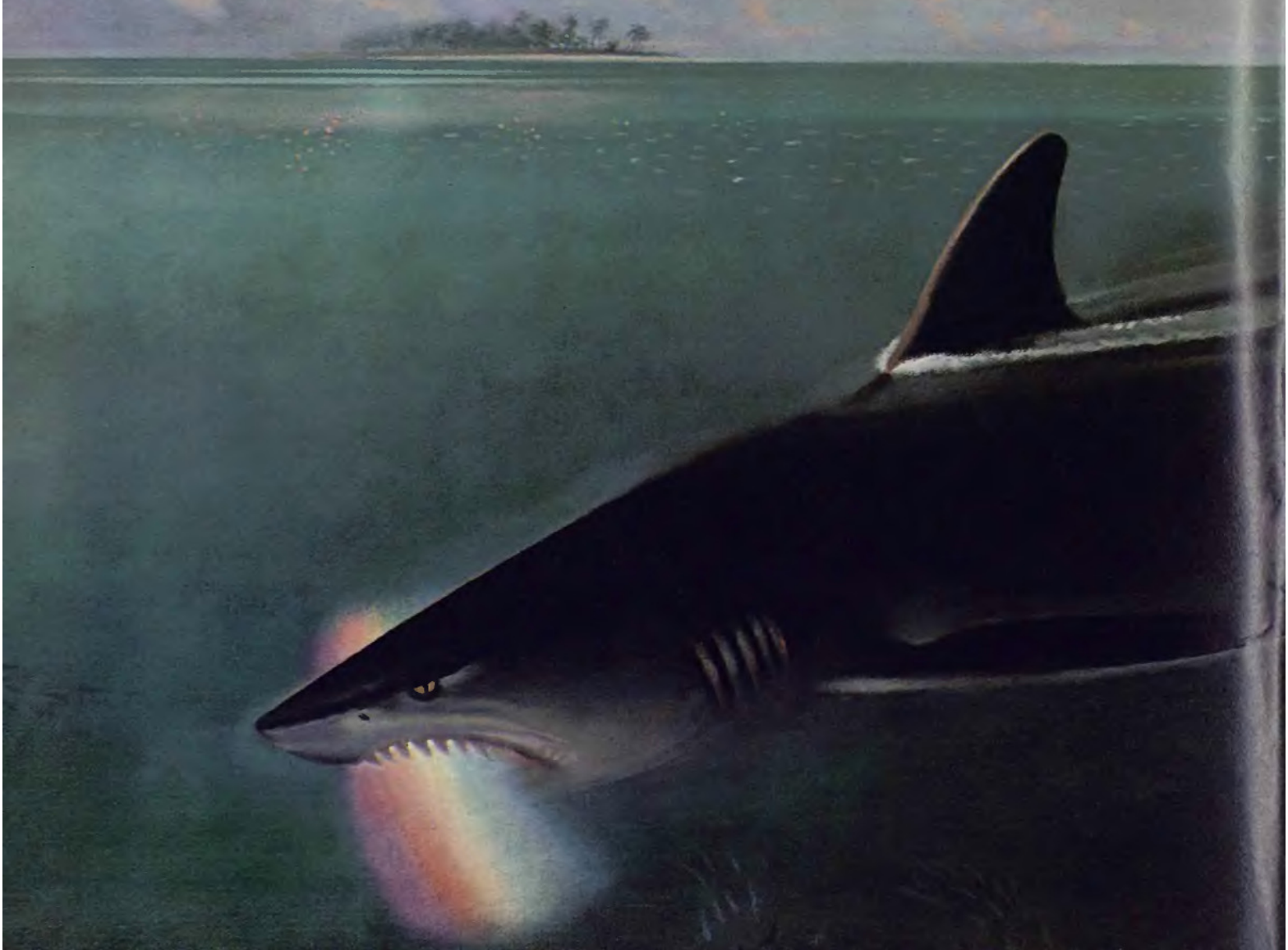

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

treasure wreck worth $100,000,000. There is a need to be on these waters, even if you're a landlubber. There is a need to feel what the treasure hunter feels. To look out at the vastness of the water, to imagine what fantastic riches lie beneath the waves and to realize how enormously difficult it is to succeed where literally hundreds have failed.

A sleek-backed porpoise, silver and gray in the sunlight, breaks water off our port beam and runs with the boat. The sea teems with life: tarpon, turtle, porpoise. But, like the shark and the barracuda, the treasure hunter looks for death and the signs of death.

He looks for the reef that shattered the worm-eaten hulls of the galleons. He looks for the sand bar they foundered upon. He looks for the mistake, the unavoidable act of nature that spilled the gold coin and silver bar out of the bursting treasure holds and into the sea to rest on the flamingo-colored coral or to be buried in the soft sand.

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They took this route, the Spaniards, in heavy, slow galleons unable to sail more than a few degrees into the wind. They were loaded—overloaded—with the treasures of a brave and innocent New World. A New World being systematically raped by the technology of the Old. Armed with sailing ships, armor, gunpowder, cannon and the mounted horse, the Spaniards looted at will. At first, for scores of years, they had only to scoop up what the Indians had already fashioned. Later, the Indians would be made slaves in the mines to extract what remained.

Between the early 1500s and the early 1800s, the Spaniards extracted what today would be worth about 215 billion dollars from the New World. And because they traveled these Caribbean waters, waters laced with coral reef and sand bar, marauded by hurricane and pirate, not all made it from the New World to the Old.

You can take your pick of figures. Some say 20 percent of the treasure didn't make it. Some say ten. It doesn't matter who is correct. If you take the lowest figure, the amount is still over 20 billion dollars. That's billion, with a B.

More than 400 years later, little has changed. The coral still grows, encrusting doubloon and silver bar, covering goblet and chalice and bronze cannon. The men who sailed those vast lumbering treasure ships—*pájaros puercos*, or flying pigs, as the sailors of the day called them—are long gone to the fishes and salt water.

But although currents alter and sand bars shift and the sea life grows, men do not change. Today, on any given day, they sail these waters once again, using their technology to extract riches, but this time they use the technology of the New World to rape the Old.

It is a technology of cesium magnetometers, aluminum scuba tanks, twin-screwed motor yachts and hydrosuction hoses. And more. It is the technology of banking consortiums, stock offerings, big men who know how to attract big money. It is the technology of the press, how much a docudrama or TV special can be worth, not just in publicity but in the actual value of the treasure coins found.

"You can call it romantic if you want to," a treasure-hunting banker told me, while sipping coffee in the Nicolás de Ovando Hotel in Santo Domingo. "I call it good business. It makes sense. It makes profit. It's better than oil. The risk-reward ratio is favorable."

The Spaniards knew about risk-reward ratios, even if they didn't call them that. Not until Germany a few centuries later would there ever be such bureaucrats. Every gold *ducado*, escudo and doubloon, every silver real, every pig and goat, every plate of china and bolt of silk, every block of indigo, every man and cannon ball was recorded in triplicate.

And at the House of Trade in Seville, every record was kept. Significantly, the vast trading house—whose records still exist—was set up in 1503, while Columbus was still careening around the Caribbean on his fourth voyage. The Spaniards set up their countinghouse even before the first gold coin had been minted. They had no worries. They knew the treasure was there.

"It's there, all right, it's *still* there," said Bleth McHaley, spokesperson for Mel Fisher's Treasure Salvors in Key West, Florida. "You have to keep in mind one thing. People who have made the kind of money to invest in treasure hunting have done it in dull and boring ways. They are no longer excited by money, but they are by the *hunt* for money. By the hunt for treasure. We sell the mystique as much as we sell the treasure."

•

Spain kept her best ships to defend her coast line and the New World got the rest—consumed by the wood-eating teredo of the Caribbean; holds, passageways and decks piled too high and wide with treasure, cannons, livestock, trade goods, passengers, soldiers and slaves; the high sterncastles and forecastles lending to their instability. The miracle is not that so much treasure lies beneath these waters but that so much made it to Spain.

Not only did the ships carry the registered cargo, with 20 percent—the royal fifth—going to the king of Spain, but at least another fifth was illegally smuggled on board. Armed with compasses and simple navigational instruments, the two great Spanish treasure fleets would sail out of Havana to catch the darker blue waters of the Gulf Stream and whip around into the Atlantic on their voyage home. Not until the 17th Century did any man know how to figure longitude on a daily basis. They sailed by dead reckoning and by constant prayer. Every sailor who sailed in the Spanish fleet knew the 107th *Psalm* and the awesome power of God and His storms. He could, indeed, lift up the waves. And often did.

On September 13, 1641, the *Flota Nueva España* left Havana en route to Spain. This New Spain Fleet carried chiefly the treasures of Mexico and Peru and had harbored at Vera Cruz before making for Cuba and the return trip home. At Vera Cruz, it had also picked up porcelain, silks and spices from the Orient, which had been transported overland by burro from Acapulco.

There were 13 ships, and one of the biggest was the Nuestra Señora de La Limpia Y Pura Concepción. If that long name seems vaguely familiar, you probably read it a few months ago on the front page of *The New York Times* or saw it in *Time* along with the name Burt Webber, a barrel-chested former brickmaker and encyclopedia salesman who happens also to be the discoverer of what may be one of the richest treasure finds in modern times.

The Concepción was unusually rich because there had been no treasure shipment to Spain the year before. The 140-foot galleon carried 6,000,000 pesos (old value) of gold and silver, 321 chests of worked silver, 43 chests of pearls, 21 chests of emeralds from the Muzo mine in Colombia and 436 chests of trade goods from the Orient. There was almost certainly another 2,000,000 pesos smuggled aboard to escape the king's tax, plus an undetermined amount of indigo, cochineal, drugs and spices. The ship also carried some 530 human beings, 340 of whom would soon be dead.

It displaced 1000 tons, was heavily armed with bronze cannon and carried—as did all galleons—three masts, two of them square-rigged. Life on board was a stinking hell. Even though there were rules against it, the treasure-laden hold soon also would be filled with vomit, urine and garbage. The smell, even by 17th Century standards, in which no home was exactly a bouquet of roses, was overpowering. Vitamins were unknown, and the loathsome symptoms of scurvy were common. Lice were everywhere. Clothes could not be washed in salt water, because they would shrink. The sailors never undressed, even in the baking heat of the hold.

In the years from 1551 to 1650, the voyage from Havana to Spain averaged more than 67 days. Columbus had made it in 21 days in 1502, a record that has seldom been equaled in the history of sailing. But not only was Columbus an extraordinary sailor, he also was not sailing

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"Sexist pig!"

CRUEL SHOES

and other wild and crazy stories

By STEVE MARTIN

CRUEL SHOES

ANNA KNEW she had to have some new shoes today, and Carlo had helped her try on every pair in the store. Carlo spoke wearily, "Well, that's every pair of shoes in the place."

"Oh, you must have one more pair. . . ."

"No, not one more pair. . . . Well, we have the cruel shoes, but no one would want . . ."

Anna interrupted, "Oh, yes, let me see the cruel shoes!"

Carlo looked incredulous. "No, Anna, you don't understand; you see, the cruel shoes are . . ."

"Get them!"

Carlo disappeared into the back room for a moment, then returned with an ordinary shoe box. He opened the lid and removed a hideous pair of black-and-white pumps. But these were not an ordinary pair of black-and-white pumps; both were left feet; one had a right-angle turn with separate compartments that pointed the toes in impossible directions. The other shoe was six inches long and was curved inward like a rocking chair with a vise and razor blades to hold the foot in place.

Carlo spoke hesitantly, ". . . Now you see why . . . they're not fit for humans. . . ."

"Put them on me."

"But . . ."

"Put them on me!"

Carlo knew all arguments were useless. He knelt down before her and forced the feet into the shoes.

The screams were incredible.

Anna crawled over to the mirror and held her bloody feet up where she could see.

"I like them."

She paid Carlo and crawled out of the store into the street.

Later that day, Carlo was overheard saying to a new customer, "Well, that's every shoe in the place. Unless, of course, you'd like to try the *cruel shoes*."

THE BOHEMIANS

Were they rebels? Were they artists? Were they outcasts from society? They were all of these. They were the bohemians.

These bohemians, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Williams, and their seven children, Biff, Tina, Sparky, Louise, Tuffy, Mickey and Biff Number Two, lived in a notorious artists' colony and planned community.

Naturally, the bohemians' existence thrived on creativity. Early in the morning, Mrs. Williams would rise and create breakfast. Then, Mr. Williams, inspired by his wife's limitless energy, would rush off to a special room and create tiny hairs in a sink. The children would create things, too. But, being temperamental artists, they would often flush them away without a second thought.

But the bohemians' creativity didn't stop there. Mr. Williams would then rush downtown and create reams and reams of papers with numbers on them and send them out to other bohemians, who would create special checks to send to him with figures like $7.27 written on them.

At home, the children would be creating unusual music, using only their voices to combine in avant-garde, atonal melodies.

Yes, these were the bohemians. A seething hotbed of rebellion—the artists, the creators of all things that lie between good and bad.

SOCIETY IN ASPEN

ASPEN'S NEWEST CRAZE:
LAZY MAN'S HORSESHOES

Throwing horseshoes is a game as old

ILLUSTRATION BY ED PASCHKE

as time itself. There is evidence that early amoebas were playing horseshoes nearly four billion years ago.* Modern horseshoes began in Turkey about 2,000,000 years before Christ (Christ himself played the game with uncanny accuracy) and no doubt was used to settle disputes among tribesmen about who could throw horseshoes the best. The game evolved somewhat oddly: the post first being discovered, then the horseshoe and, finally, the horse.

Today, modern man has revived this ancient pastime, and, especially here in Aspen, posts can be seen springing up everywhere. But horseshoes has been cursed with a time-consuming chore: removing the shoes from the horse. The newest innovation in the game, consequently, has been to leave the shoes where they are and toss the entire animal. This gives the game a new sophistication, introducing breeds and show animals to the playing field. Also, greater skills are required and different throwing styles have emerged: the American, the English and the Thud. The first two are essentially the same, with the exception that in the American, if a tossed horse misses the post, he is kicked in the genitals. The third, the Thud, is a three-quarters-higher toss than the American or the English, and derives its name from the sound the animal makes on arrival. However, it's the horse's movement through the air that distinguishes most modern horseshoe players. Some toss the horse so it spins vertically, end over end; others try to keep the airborne horse motionless. In spite of the variances, the object is the same: to rest the horse's foot directly on top of the post.

With the influx of visitors into the Aspen area for horseshoe season, a primer for locals on modern horseshoe technique is necessary. With your left hand, grasp the horse by the nape of the neck, the right hand going under the buttocks. Lift firmly, keeping your eyes on the post before you. Decide whether you want to throw the poor beast laterally or vertically; then build your desire. Desire is the key to winning modern horseshoes. Think of the glory. Think of the firm bulging muscles on the animal you are holding. The statuesque legs, that great build. Then heave! With proper concentration, and a little practice, the horse will hurtle gracefully toward the goal with astounding precision. Feel the satisfaction, as, although this may not be the first case of a rider throwing a horse, it may be one of the most premeditated.

The development of Lazy Man's Horseshoes in Aspen is a hopeful step toward a new sports consciousness in Colorado. With enough support from the community, it is the kind of thing that can put Colorado on the map. So let's get behind the horse, give it a little push and not be afraid to put both feet into whatever comes out.

*Journal of Scientific Verbiage. "Amoebas Without Morals," p. 271; August 1972.

COWS IN TROUBLE

These were not the average "contented" cows. They were cows born for trouble. They were not cows who could stand by and let people call them Bossy. They were cows who could not hang around all day lowing. They were cows who could be just as happy chewing someone else's cud as their own. These were renegade cows.

My first experience with the renegade cows began one day as I was admiring a particularly attractive cow at Johnson's Weed Farm. As I stood there, watching her sultry body moving lithely through the rushes, I noticed several other cows staring at me through the weeds, giving me that look that only a cow can give.

Later that night, I was at home, thinking over the day's events. The Rubber Duck Throwing Contest, the parade that followed: bands and floats and baton-tossing girls all marching down the middle of the Missouri River. I *should* have been analyzing the glare of those cows I'd seen earlier that day.

The doorbell rang. I opened the door, glad to have a visitor, but found myself face to face with three renegade cows. I could not see their eyes behind the dark glasses.

They ambled in and I did not try to stop them.

That night, they just stood around my bed and watched me sleep, much the same way my potatoes do, and I guess you might say I learned my lesson: *Don't fool with renegade cows.*

DOGS IN MY NOSE

When I woke up that morning, it didn't take me long to realize there were dogs in my nose. I could hear their muffled barks; I could feel their playful vibrations.

It's not dangerous to have dogs in your nose; in fact, it's quite all right to leave them in there for an hour or so. But in this case, because they got in there without permission, I decided to expel them immediately, coaxing them out with a piece of hamburger.

"Pop . . . pop . . . !"

The dogs popped out and landed on the floor. They shook their little floppy ears and bounded off, and I was amused at the prospect of some other weary Traveler awakening to find he *had dogs in his nose.*

HOW TO FOLD SOUP

We middle-class folks are now all pretty much aware that the lunch pail is strictly a boorish accouterment. It's just about impossible to maintain an air of dignity when you're carting around a clumsy tin box with a bologna sandwich in it. Yet, it *is* certainly stylish to bring one's own lunch to work. Many people who sought the chic of a brought-from-home lunch weren't about to tote that bulky lunch pail, and the answer for most citizens was to hide the food on their body, then at lunchtime produce it from various pockets and hidden belts. This is a wonderful solution and can even give the most dreary office building a certain outdoorsy feel.

However, with all the ingenuity involved in hiding various delicacies on the body, this process automatically excludes certain foods. For example, a turkey sandwich is welcome, but the cumbersome cantaloupe is not (science has provided some relief, of course, like the pecan-sized watermelon ready to be popped into the mouth). One person lined a vest pocket with vinyl so he could carry around dip and munch all day, dipping the chips into his pocket and having them emerge fully doused with onion spread. Another acquaintance had a sports coat equipped with a banana loader, arranged so that by lowering his arm, a banana would secretly drop into his hand. This proved ideal for long meetings that continued through lunch, as the drop was made so discreetly that others would naturally think you had been eating a banana all along.

These "tricks" may seem too elaborate for the average unique person desiring to bring his lunch from home yet still insisting on a fully balanced meal. The answer is soup. Soup is a robust addition to any meal and just about everyone has a favorite. But the primary concern is "How can you carry soup on your body without appearing ridiculous?" When you ask yourself this question, you are ready for soup folding.

First prepare the soup of your choice and pour it into a bowl. Then take the bowl and quickly turn it upside down on a cookie tray. Lift the bowl ever so gently, so that the soup retains the shape of the bowl. *Gently* is the key word here. Then, with a knife, cut the soup down the middle into halves, then quarters, and *gently* reassemble the soup into a cube. Some of the soup will have run off onto the cookie tray. Lift this soup up by the corners and fold slowly into a cylindrical soup staff. Square off the cube by

(continued on page 286)

Dance Hall Demoiselles

one man's salute to cancans past

THERE WAS A TIME in Paris, during the latter part of the last century, when a gentleman could go to a dance hall, get swacked on overpriced nonvintage champagne and see a chorus of very sexy *femmes* kicking their legs about to show off their undergarments. Now, thanks to the noted English photographer James Wedge, we can take a peek at that era when "color" photographs were hand-tinted—like these.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES WEDGE

All in all, dance-hall girls had a pretty easy time of it. They had the luxury of lolling around in their underwear until show time, and were able to enjoy the extravagant effects of absinthe without, seemingly, enduring harmful side effects. These demimondaines were the charming focus of a time dedicated to frivolity. They were the ones who kept a generation jumping with their all-night wiggle.

Some dance-hall girls even enjoyed royal patronage. Like other young women, they hoped for the day their prince would come. Some of them were lucky enough to help a Prince of Wales come. They knew how to make their rich friends forget a hard day of policy making and laissez-faire capitalism. Toulouse-Lautrec, for all his shortcomings, understood very well that dance-hall demoiselles grabbed all the gusto they could, and got away with it.

OCEAN KILLINGS

(continued from page 122)

"The winds rose, the anchor lines parted and the hull strained, cracked and burst with a hideous sound."

in a criminally overloaded and badly leaking ship.

The crew of the Concepción prayed in the morning and evening, and the ship's boys chanted prayers every half hour. In the evening, all hands sang *Salve Regina*. Sometimes it didn't help.

A few days out of Havana, the Concepción began taking on so much water that her pumps couldn't keep up. The fleet returned for repairs and then sailed on September 28 into the teeth of a brawling hurricane in the Straits of Florida. The fleet was scattered, many ships literally splintering on the coral reefs that lurked sometimes only six inches beneath the waves. The Concepción, her sails shredded, drifted through the treacherous waters, her crew pumping around the clock.

With jury-rigged rudder and makeshift sails, she hoped to stay afloat long enough to reach Puerto Rico. Had she been able to make repairs at sea, she might have tried for Spain. Treasure for Spain wasn't a luxury. With a monetary system based on coin and not on paper, the loss of gold and silver had a calamitous effect on the Spanish economy. Without the treasure ships, which were virtually Spain's entire gross national product, the nation would fall into political, economic and social ruin.

But water had reached the Concepción's gunpowder stores, wetting all but 100 pounds. Without gunpowder, the ship was defenseless and easy prey for the marauders, especially the Dutch, who also sailed these waters. So for a month, the great ship drifted. The pilots, who, like everyone else on board, were licensed by Spain, began to disagree with the admiral over the position of the ship.

They insisted on heading south, where they assumed Puerto Rico lay. The admiral and other navigators on board felt that the ship was already dangerously close to the Abrojos, a deadly reef which translated to "Open Your Eyes." The admiral was sure that the pilots' course would take them onto the deadly coral. He was right. But Spain was strict in its bureaucratic laws and a pilot's decision was supreme.

At 8:30 P.M. on October 30, the Concepción struck bottom. The damage was then minor, and the crew desperately rigged extra anchors out of the huge bronze cannons to keep the ship from being dragged across the jagged reef. But the winds rose, the anchor lines parted and the hull strained, cracked and burst with a hideous rending sound. "I saw that any further efforts would be useless other than to save the silver, artillery and the people," Admiral Juan de Villavicencio wrote. "I sought to place what silver I could up on the decks, but this appeared to all as dangerous inconvenience for the risk of the enemy and that it would be more secure left in the bottom of the hold. . . ." By three A.M. on November second, the ship had completely sunk except for the sterncastle, which was seated on the reef. "The night was wild and terrible with lashing waves and wind," the admiral wrote.

Following fierce fighting over who would leave with him, the admiral took 50 men in his boat and set out, correctly judging that he was north of the island of Hispaniola. Several other boatloads, misguided by the pilots, sailed to their death. A few dozen people stayed with the ship. There is disagreement in the records as to whether or not those who stayed piled the silver and gold onto the reef in order to make its rescue easier. Eventually, when no help came, those on the ship made a raft and sailed for Hispaniola. Only one survived.

Spain did not take the loss of such treasure sitting down. She had a well-organized salvage operation, using Indian and black slaves, who dove naked to depths of 150 feet, an achievement today duplicated only by the pearl divers of Japan. Careful records were kept and the wrecks were closely guarded during the salvage, which sometimes took years.

But the Concepción was never found by the Spanish salvors, even though rumors circulated of great pyramids of silver bars that survivors had allegedly piled atop the reef. The king of England financed a search for it in 1683 to no avail and it remained yet another mystery of the sea until a Massachusetts shipbuilder and merchant named William Phips made history four years later. Today, he would be on talk shows and the cover of *National Geographic*, and would be seen tossing a Frisbee to his dog in *People*. Back then, they made him a knight.

Phips, like his current counterpart, Webber, seemed an unlikely hero. One of 26 children, he left his father's farm to become a shipbuilder in Boston, where talk of Spanish treasure was as common then as it is in the Florida Keys today. In his 30s, the owner of a small merchantman, he went looking for the Concepción, which had sunk nearly a half century before. Even though it was nearly 300 years ago, Phips needed the same things that the current finders of the Concepción needed: legal backing and wealthy investors. Phips got his from King James II, the Duke of Albemarle and other rich Englishmen.

With two well-armed ships and a diving bell (which turned out to be useless), Phips headed for the same place that the current treasure seekers headed for as a base of operation, Puerto Plata, on the northern coast of Hispaniola, then Santo Domingo.

He found the wreck on February 20, 1687, and for the next two months, he and his Indian divers tried to recover the treasure from the badly overgrown wreck. Coral, which can grow up to three inches a year, will cover anything. It is rock-hard and has to be broken by hammer and chisel or explosives. Phips's divers free-dived in over 60 feet of water and managed the extraordinary feat of recovering more than 37,500 pounds of coin, 27,500 pounds of silver bars, 347 pounds of silver plate, 25 pounds of gold ingots and bags of pearls and other gems. A fantastic treasure, it still amounted to only about 13 percent of what the Concepción carried. Phips immediately sailed to England, where he was made a knight of the realm.

In his honor, the Abrojos reef was renamed Silver Bank.

Phips returned to the Massachusetts Bay Colony, where he became the first governor, and then returned to the wreck site for more booty. After chasing off a number of other boats, he tried to break into the stern, where he believed the main treasure to be. But without effective underwater fuses for the gunpowder kegs, little was accomplished. After a few weeks, he gave up.

For the next few centuries, many others tried to again locate the Concepción, including Jacques Cousteau in 1968; he was more interested in a television special than in treasure. All failed, but the searches continued until Burt Webber finally lucked out.

•

The new treasure hunters, with all their fancy equipment, still face the same old problems. You have to know where to look, you have to find the ship once you know where to look and you have to get somebody to pay for it all. That last item requires some work. Treasure hunters aren't usually the type of guys who have friends at the Chase Manhattan. Many are dashing, romantic types such as Mel Fisher, founder of Treasure Salvors, who became the most written-about hunter of all time when he found the $100,000,000 treasure ship Nuestra Señora de Atocha off the Florida Keys.

A freewheeling, balding, 56-year-old

(continued on page 191)

"They make very good spaghetti, don't they?"

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

article **BY RICHARD RHODES** *the good news is that we're on the threshold of a longer life. the bad news is that we may not be around to enjoy it*

THIS IS A PROGRESS REPORT. It's about immortality. I went out looking for signs, any signs, of progress in the work of making us immortal. What's happening in immortality research today? Are we getting any more immortal, or can we become immortal, or, failing immortality, can we live a lot longer, or, failing that, can we live a *little* longer, and does anyone know why we age in the first place? And how come, with all this top-of-the-line equipment of ours, these adaptable bodies and big, wily brains, we have to check out somewhere on the near side of 100 years?

I found out a lot, some of it trivial but interesting, some of it discouraging, some of it really promising. But the first thing you should know, the first thing I found out, is that immortality in the here and now isn't in the cards. The second law of the universe is that all physical systems run down, even the *(continued on page 140)*

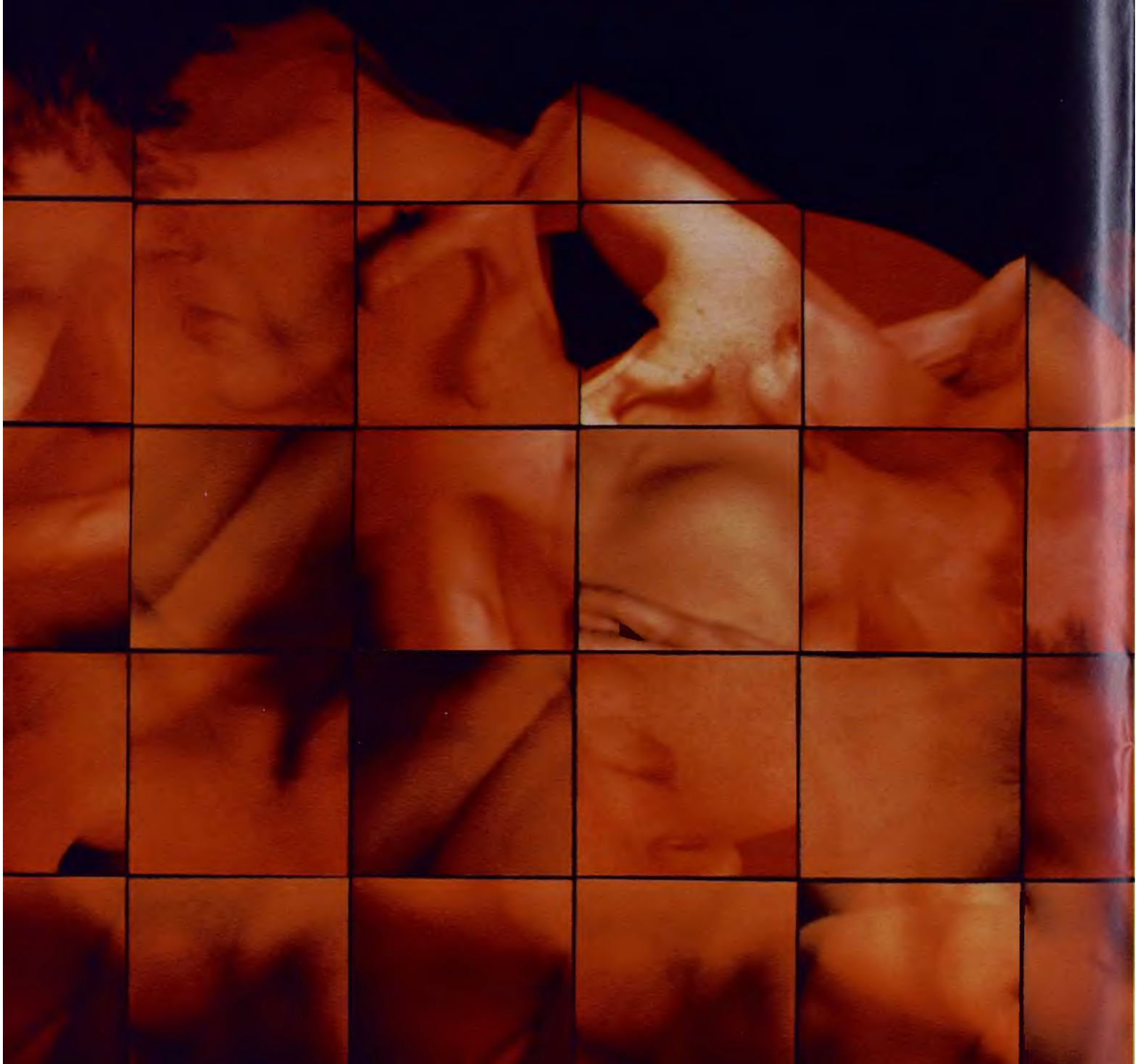


ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL LABADIE

PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS & GRADS

Below: Flash! The iceman cometh not; this is really a handmade heavy Plexiglas ice bucket, by Grainware, abaut $120, but it sure does look like a chip aff the ald ice block.

Above: Sovereign Electra 9700XL typewriter has a self-carrecting ribbon that enables the user to fix mistakes without using an eraser, by Silver Seiko America, $309, with case.

Below, left to right: Starburst Watch, by Texas Instruments, features liquid-crystal indicators for hands and push-button readouts far hours/minutes, minutes/seconds, day/date, plus more, $325. Casio's MQ-5 is a calculator, alarm, timepiece and calendar all housed in a compact case, $69.95. Ralph Lauren Pola cologne, by Warner/Lauren Ltd., $16 for 4 azs.

Above, left to right: Tennis, anyone? This sleek-looking Graphite 70 racket, by Yamaha International, has three configuratians of graphite incorporated into the frame, $155. Sansui J-33 compact speakers, with a luxurious piano finish, measure only 16″ x 9½″ x 8″ yet put out terrific sound via an 8¼″ woofer and a 1″ soft-dome tweeter, $450 a pair.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

Right: Panasonic's CT-6000 CinemaVision color projection system features a 60-diagonal-inch screen; controls disappear into a handsome wooden cabinet, about $4000.

Below: For on-the-go sounds, there's an AM/FM/MPX cassette in-dash unit, by Clarion, $3B9.95. Below that is a Sony PS-X50 semiautomatic direct-drive turntable, $330.

Above: Advent's 400 FM Receiving System includes a receiver and a separate acoustic-suspension speaker; an auxiliary input jack is provided for additional hookups, $139.95.

The technically advanced Strada three-door comes with a five-speed transmission, front-wheel drive and a 1.5-liter overhead-cam engine, from Fiat of North America, $4690.

Below: Boris is a chess computer mounted on a hardwood panel that has been incorporated into a chrome-and-glass chess table, by Chafitz, $495, including Napoleonic pieces.

Above: The Match is a portable tennis machine with adjustable velocity control, $379.95, that can be hooked up to an optional oscillator, $129.95, both by Tennis Match.

IMMORTALITY

(continued from page 134)

"If you want to trust in spiritual immortality, you're welcome to. I'm interested in the here and now."

universe itself. The black holes are going to swallow up the universe someday, and anyone hanging around for the show is going to be swallowed up, too, and that's the end of that.

But immediately you say, "Dummy, no one's talking about billions and billions of years, we're talking about maybe thousands and thousands of years, functional immortality; and, speaking of thousands and thousands of years, what about the incredible track record of the bristlecone pines?" Well, it's true the bristlecone pines have been around for 4000 years and they're still going strong, but it's not true that they're old. That's just a story the Sierra Club puts out. You can count the rings as long as you like, the bristlecone pines are only a few hundred years old at a time. They make a new ring of cells every year and then a little more heartwood dies. That's not immortality, that's a family tree. Roots, so to speak, with only an outer Alex Haley band of pine left alive to tell us, standing sturdy on the mountainside.

So no immortality in the classic sense. *But.* But we might, if all goes well, if science and medicine do their stuff, get to live out our allotted span of 100 years in reasonably good health. And that within the next 21 years, no later than the millennium, by the magical year 2000, when the calendars turn. And later on, we might get to live 200 years or 350 years or 1000 years or even 20,000 years. That's not immortality, by a long shot, but you and I both know we'd take it if we could. Even if it meant 5000 years of childhood, God forbid, and 5000 years of youth and middle age and then 10,000 years of old age, as it almost certainly would. If we didn't want that second 10,000 years, we'd just down the hemlock, right? Skip the last act, just like Hemingway. But that first sweet 10,000—fantastic.

I had to cover a lot of ground to find out what's going on. There's no one place, except maybe the CIA, where they're working on immortality. There's no National Institute of Immortality, though there's a National Institute on Aging, fairly new. There are people all over the place working to keep us alive a little longer, and that's phase one of this report. There are people all over the place working on aging itself, on keeping us young, and that's phase two. And there are a few people working on figuring out our DNA. If they can figure out how our DNA works, they might someday be able to reprogram it; and if they can reprogram it, they might be able to reprogram it for longer life span, the 200 or 350 or 1000 or 20,000 years I mentioned. And that's phase three.

One more cavil before I start phasing. I didn't go exploring among religions, new or old. Everyone who's ever been near a church *or* a synagogue or a temple knows that story. The more recent claims—Elisabeth Kübler-Ross's evidence of life after death in the visions of the temporarily dead, for example—strike me as suspect, to say the least. The heart stops, consciousness dims, but the brain's still clicking on, making up those incredible stories. What else is a poor brain to do? Give me someone who's been dead for at least a week—heart-dead, brain-dead, no artificial life supports—and let *her* come back with her stories, and maybe then I'll believe. No, I went looking in science, where the action is. If you want to trust in spiritual immortality, you're welcome to. I'm interested in the here and now.

•

Let's start with the basics, phase one, keeping us alive a little longer. That means medicine and maybe bionics. Medicine's been extending our lives for about the past 200 years. Before that, the average life expectancy was around 40 years. By 1900, in the United States, life expectancy at birth had climbed to 46.3 years for men and 48.3 years for women. Today it's in the 70s. The early gains came from improving public health—vaccination, sanitation, safer childbirth. Then the conquest of childhood diseases added more years and antibiotics added still more. These days, the increments come harder. A cure for all the forms of cancer, doctors estimate, would add an average of two years to our lives. Great for cancer victims, but not exactly the Irish Sweepstakes. Medicine's close to bumping up against the life-span barrier. In 1964, the Rand Corporation reported expert predictions that by the turn of the century we'd see a 50 percent increase in average life expectancy, but that's almost certainly too high. We might average 95 or 98 years, though, most of them healthy middle years instead of old age. I'd buy 35 extra years to kick around in. So would you.

There's still a lot of fixing up that medicine is learning to do. I'd like to report that bionics is a big item, but despite *The Bionic Woman* and *The Six Million Dollar Man*, it isn't. It's so backward that those two space-age superpeople still make bionics researchers mad. Have a look.

At the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company Research Center in Hopkinton, Massachusetts, Dr. Carlo J. De Luca and his associates show me a white rabbit with electrodes implanted on the severed nerve that transmits motor signals to one of its legs. The animal hops, but one leg is affected; we see a nerve signal on an oscilloscope. Dr. De Luca sets the rabbit on a table and tips it. The rabbit tries to balance itself and the nerve fires and the signal jumps on the screen. "*The Six Million Dollar Man* infuriated me. It raised false expectations," De Luca says. "I couldn't watch it. I never did." He has sorted out the nerve signals, the one for up, the one for down. If he can figure how to make an implant that won't rot the nerve, he might be able to develop a motorized limb controlled directly from the brain, like Steve Austin's arm and leg.

But that's a long way off. For now, the insurance company manufactures something called the Boston Arm, a prosthesis for above-the-elbow amputees with a servomotor in its elbow and batteries and a printed circuit in its forearm that is controlled by muscle signals. It has a hollow plastic upper arm that contains electrodes on its inner surface that touch the skin, picking up control signals from the amputee's muscles. Flex your biceps, what's left of it, and the artificial forearm goes up. Flex your triceps and the forearm goes down. There are only about 40 Boston Arms in use, and the amputees who own them are glad to get them after making do with World War Two–vintage harness-and-cable arms, but they're ten years behind NASA-level technology, and Steve Austin wouldn't have given them the time of day.

"The problem with this bionics business on television," says Robert Mann, professor of biomedical engineering at MIT, "is that it overdramatizes the possibilities and makes them appear so commonplace. The lay citizenry assumes that all it takes is putting resources to bear. That's a gross oversimplification. The problem's really bimodal. The hardware could be greatly improved if the economics were better. Twenty million people requiring rehabilitation and almost as many problems. It's just not big business. The people who make prostheses are metal benders and plastic molders, not electronics men.

"But the fascinating and, in the long run, more important problem is relating the machine to the human. The interface. Creating a symbiosis between the human and the machine, so that the human will command the machine in a way he finds compatible and comfortable.

(continued on page 208)

ILLUSTRATION BY RICK ELLIS

a tornado is nature's way of saying "up yours!"

TWISTER!

article **By JAY CRONLEY** My wife and I toured New York City with a group, and after our orientation lecture, which consisted mostly of a bag and body count, I suggested a stroll along the western front of Central Park for some fresh night air.

Our host said that whereas the Big Apple was a sight for sore eyes, particularly when there was no wind to blow the soreness out of state, *(continued on page 200)*

OUR TARNISHED BRASS

essay **By JOHN SACK** TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO, I was a lowly private on the western front in Korea. I lived with a few other privates in a sand castle made of sandbags, a so-called hootch (from *uchi*, the word in Japanese for *maison*) on the mountaintop on the safer side of Old Baldy. In our man-made cave, the only light was a pale gray shaft of sunlight from the one embrasure (or, after dark, from a candle in a C-ration can) and the dim

the flow of leaders who are either too weak or too strong is endless. but there is one person you can count on. and the sooner you understand that, the better

furniture was in the fashion of early ammunition crate—it said EXPLOSIVE on every splinter-ridden table and chair. On our shelves, we had our own commissary of tamales, pumpernickel, anchovies, sardines, shrimps, kippered herring and two cans of after-dinner mints from the Gourmet's Club of Goshen, Indiana. And there beneath the almond eyes and the 82-millimeter mortars of our enemies, we sat around *(continued on page 254)*

ILLUSTRATION BY SEYMOUR ROSOFSKY

playmate louann fernald is a coed with a cause

SUN-KISSED CRUSADER

LOUANN FERNALD is proud of her Florida heritage. Her father worked in Satellite Beach, designing guidance systems for missiles. Now he raises oranges. She grew up in a house filled with good books a few blocks from one of the finest beaches in the world. Our Miss June is at home in the world of words and the world of pure physical activity. She divides her time at the University of Florida in Gainesville between studying and running. She almost never watches television. ("My life would have to be pretty boring to plug into the tube, wouldn't it?") Louann considers herself a product of her environment, and when she sat down to talk about a story that would go with her gatefold, the thought of protecting that environment was on her mind. She recalls the rock-climber who scaled a skyscraper and, when the TV crews arrived, unfurled a banner asking the world to save the whales. "Ideally, I would like to do the same thing with the pictorial. You know, 'As long as I have your attention, I would like to say the following.'" While walking along the beach in Daytona, Louann delivers an impassioned plea to save Florida from pollution, unthinking tourists and corporate criminals. She points out the beer cans left, she's

"I enjoy being a bit of a rebel," says Louann—who's shown, conventionally enough, strolling the University of Florida campus with some friends (top right).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER

"Regarding sex: I think the final act is overrated. Or maybe it gets just the rating it deserves—great. But it's the intrigue of the chase that makes it."

sure, by visitors from the North. She points to the surf. "It's beautiful today, isn't it? Well, some days I run on this beach and look at the surf, and it's *orange*. Tankers dump their oil offshore before coming into port and it turns the surf orange. Don't they realize that someone lives here? Small acts by small-minded people ruin the world for the rest of us." In a complicated fashion, becoming a Playmate may be just one step in Louann's campaign to save the beaches. "I was working my way through college when I saw an ad for The Great Playmate Hunt. I decided to give it a try. The money would pay for my senior year and, for once, I could concentrate on my

"I view courtship as a series of silent-movie moves. First you notice each other. You exchange glances, acknowledge that there is an interest. Only then do you start to talk."

studies without the hassles of holding down a waitressing job. I'm majoring in public relations. I've given some thought to working for a conservation group after I graduate. It's going to be hard. There is a prejudice against outspoken women. People write off what you say with a 'You're cute when you're angry' attitude. It's not cute. I really care about this issue. A lot of people think that now that I'm a Playmate, I'm going to run off to Hollywood and live happily ever after. Not on your life. My commitment is here."

"It's sad that men think women are passive, that romance and sex are somehow one-sided. I'm not quiescent. For me, being feminine is an active, subtle role. Relationships should be based on coexistence, not conquest."

"I love to do the unexpected. Like what? Well, one year I gave my boyfriend a calendar with nude pictures of myself. How's that?"

"People who live in Florida seem to be in touch with their bodies. They are more physical. I think fitness and pleasure are related. The more control you have over your body, the more you can make it do what you want."

"I jog every day at school—just for the high. I've been doing it for years. My girlfriend used to live six miles down the beach. We'd meet halfway, decide which section had the best lifeguards and run back that way."

MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Louann Fernald

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jovann Fernald

BUST: 35" WAIST: 23" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5'4½" WEIGHT: 110 SIGN: Libra-Scorpio

BIRTH DATE: 10-23-57 BIRTHPLACE: San Antonio, Texas

GOALS: to be happy, to make others as happy as I can, to live life to its fullest.

TURN-ONS: stimulating conversation, good food and good music, outdoor living, my boyfriend.

TURN-OFFS: jealousy, litterbugs, superficial people, rude people.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Gone With the Wind, The Fountainhead, Psycho-Cybernetics, anything by E. Hemingway.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Dr. Zhivago, Fiddler on the Roof, Patton.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Jethro Tull, Bruce Springsteen, Beatles, Fleetwood Mac, Mozart and Chopin.

FAVORITE SPORTS: I enjoy running, swimming, water-skiing and watching surfers, tennis and basketball.

FAVORITE FOODS: I'll eat anything, but I love Mexican food, prime rib, tangerines and eggs Benedict.

18 mos.

conserving water

age 4

ready to show-down

Sweet Sixteen

and just been kissed

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Calling a nurse he knew after midnight, the fellow said, "I apologize for disturbing you at this hour, Lorraine, but I have—well—an erection that just won't subside, and it occurred to me that you might know what to do about it."

"It's pretty late for house calls, Bob," giggled the nurse, "so I suggest you take a long, cold shower. If that doesn't succeed in reducing the swelling, though, use it to dial me again."

What with the push for product diversification these days, a major fast-food firm has decided to begin making crotchless panty hose, too. It plans to call the handy undies Muff McLeggins.

Word has reached us about a prostitute named Joyce who has expertise not only in copulation, fellatio and masturbation but also in various more specialized and exotic sexual practices. The first thing she routinely and invariably asks a client is what service or combination of services he's interested in.

That's referred to in the brothel where she works as the "multiple-Joyce question."

Tonight is a no-no," the Pennsylvania Dutch girl told her date. "I have the hex."

When a man queried saleslady Shedd
As to whether a fully made bed
Had springs that were quiet,
She answered, "Just try it!"
As she pulled down the blankets and spread.

It seems I've informally been named advisor on sexual matters at my company," the drinker announced to the bartender.

"That sounds real interesting," responded the mixologist. "Does that maybe mean you'll be counseling the big bosses on relations with their secretaries?"

"I'm not sure yet," answered the drinker. "During a staff assembly, I popped up to suggest a reduction in executive expense accounts, and it was after that I was told that if they ever wanted my fucking advice, they'd let me know."

This producer tried to tempt me," related the young actor to his roommate, "with the promise of the juvenile lead in his next production."

"Did you succumb, Gerald?"

"Heavens, no! I laughed right in his balls!"

Maybe you've heard about the all-Catholic female rock group that was forced to disband when its rhythm section got knocked up.

I told this really big guy who picked me up that I wanted him to give me twelve inches and make it hurt," the girl confided to a friend, "so the joker gave me three inches four times and hit me with a rock!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Consommé!* as the exultant cry of a French bridegroom.

Though a horny young locksmith named Shore
Had the hots for his favorite whore,
When the cops got inside,
With a true craftsman's pride,
He was making a bolt for the door.

Into the office of the director of the nudist camp strode a determined-looking little blonde. "Mr. Raleigh," she announced, "I want to report something. That newest camper, Margie Buffington, is covering herself indecently down by the lake."

The man looked at the girl quizzically. "Covering herself indecently with what, Debbie?" he inquired.

"My boyfriend!" stormed Debbie.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *false pregnancy* as a preconceived notion.

What an obvious untruth is called, Mr. Soong," explained the instructor to the young Chinese scientist who was taking a crash course in idiomatic English, "is a bare*faced* lie—not a bare-assed one."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *slowpoke* as the opposite of a quickie.

While visiting her uncle's farm, the 16-year-old sexpot came on his 14-year-old son playing with himself behind the barn. "You know, there's something better you can do with that thing, Chad," she purred. "Let's go up in the hayloft!"

So they did, and the girl whipped off her jeans and panties, positioned herself and the boy and instructed him, "Now push it in."

Chad did so, and then the girl said, "Now pull it almost all the way out."

When the boy had complied, his mentor directed, "Now push it all the way in again!"

"Make up your mind, Cousin!" snapped Chad. "I've still got plenty of chores to do."

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'm sorry. I guess I just got carried away."

IN SUPPORT OF GARTER BELTS

IT IS SATURDAY at Bloomingdale's and I am standing in front of the garter-belt counter, trying to find a "lacy little white one" with satin ribbons. The purchase of a garter belt has not been my idea. But more on that later.

Bits of a conversation between a man and a woman who are looking at the black garter belts drift over to me. At first, I can't figure out what a couple in their late 50s are doing in Bloomingdale's picking out sexy black garter belts together. But then I look up and see that they're not in their late 50s at all; the self-conscious, halting tone of the woman's voice has thrown me off.

"This one?" I hear the woman of the couple say uncertainly. Her attractive mate, who looks more than anything else like a lawyer, nods decisively. The two of them seem to be solid citizens in their 30s.

The saleslady passes by.

"I'll . . . uh . . . take this one, please," says the woman nervously.

"Did you try it on?" the saleslady asks.

"Oh, I'm sure it will fit fine," the woman says. But before she can close the deal, the saleslady reaches over the counter with the garter belt and insists that the woman try it on over her dress.

"Oh, no, no, I *know* it's perfect," says the woman, pulling back mortified.

"Will that be all, then?" the saleslady says, turning to the cash register.

The man is standing to the woman's left. He begins jabbing her repeatedly in the side with his elbow. "The *panties*," he whispers urgently.

"Oh, yes," the woman says, "I'd like some bikini pants to go with it."

"Panties would be in the next section," says the saleslady.

"Oh . . . OK . . . fine. Just that, then."

As they walk away looking relieved, I find that I am

o ye of this panty-hose generation, take note: nothing raises a man's consciousness faster than slinky stockings held up with a little elastic and lace

article
By SUZANNE O'MALLEY

ILLUSTRATION BY GUY FERY

laughing hysterically. What am I laughing for? *I* have just spent half an hour browsing through the lingerie department, trying to figure out how to purchase a lacy *white* garter belt without being too conspicuous. I rehearse asking outright for a white garter belt, white panties and white hose and letting the saleslady and the people at my right and left think what they please. Then I backslide and consider introducing myself to the saleslady as an old-fashioned nurse in need of a complete set of undergarments.

•

I am on a mission of love, you see. My boyfriend, who doesn't seem to like anything as well as shiny white underpants, has regularly asked me to please, just for kicks, get a white garter belt and panties and hose. I'm from the panty-hose generation; I grew up snickering at ladies in garter belts. I thought being totally undressed was sexy; he thought being partially undressed was sexier. I kidded him about it; he mentioned his craving less often. He was hopeful; I was firm. We dropped the subject.

Then one week, he went out of town and a friend of mine invited me to see my first porno film. It was Gerard Damiano's *Odyssey*. I'm told that most porno films have a little something for everyone, and I believe that is true of *Odyssey*, which even has a scene for that army of people who have soft spots for ladies shooting themselves in their vaginas. I wasn't so much interested in the character who shoots herself in the vagina as I was in what happens right before: She methodically shaves her pubic area and then slips into a pair of little white bikini pants threaded with tiny pink ribbons, a white-satin garter belt and white nylon stockings. She glows. She looks clean and beautiful and she seems even to smell good. And, to tell you the truth, I decided on the spot that Damiano's genius for porn didn't have a thing to do with how clean and beautiful she looked—it was the white garter belt, the white panties and the white nylons that did it.

So here I am in Bloomingdale's. I begin to worry that I have too much in common with Marabel Morgan, but I push those thoughts aside and get down to the serious business of deciding which *style* of white garter belt to buy. I pick two minimal white ones and go into a fitting room. I pull my jeans down to my knees and hook the tinier of the two garter belts around my waist. The vision in the mirror takes my breath away.

Now that I have actually seen myself in it, I am feeling doubly lascivious and eager to conceal my motives. I want the exchange of money to be over as quickly as possible. At the garter-belt counter, I am earnestly looking for a saleswoman, when a man walks up.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Sims," says the saleslady I had hoped was coming to wait on me. "You're back so *soon*."

"Well, I . . . er . . . just like to keep up with the new merchandise," he says, obviously realizing too late he should have stayed away longer.

"We do have a few new things—a garter belt from Christian Dior," the saleslady says.

"Well, perhaps," says Mr. Sims, trying to conceal his eagerness.

They walk off to another counter. Pervert, I think.

I look around and notice that the lingerie department has become a sea of hands. There are literally hundreds of people—men as well as women—grabbing at the underwear for sale. I am amazed at the number of couples who appear to be from wealthy New York City suburbs. In fact, I later meet the Bloomingdale's lingerie buyer, who six years ago was responsible for putting the first pair of black-lace bikini panties into a Bloomingdale's catalog. The stock on those panties sold out four times (that's 11,000 panties). If the panties had been white, the buyer said, fewer than half as many would have been sold. A large portion of the orders came from the city of Philadelphia and the state of Connecticut. The orders were placed more by men than by women. According to the buyer, an enormous percentage of the men were doctors.

I also see young career women like myself who are doubtless on their own intimate buying missions. Most importantly, it occurs to me that when a major department store devotes three entire counters to garter belts and related undergarments that are more sexy than functional, I no longer need to fear embarrassment when making my purchase.

I boldly seek out another saleslady. "Can I please pay for this?" I ask.

"Sure, I'll be glad to help you, dear," says the kindly matron I've picked out. "Just a minute."

I hand her the white garter belt and my credit card.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" she asks.

"Yes," I say, wondering why she would ask such a question.

She rings up my purchase and as she hands me my package, she says *sotto voce*, "Let me give you some advice. What you really ought to buy is a *black* garter belt and *black* hose."

I am not certain what determines a preference for white or black. For the most part, the matronly saleslady is right: Whenever I confess how garter belts intrigue me, the person I am talking to inevitably tells me his or her own *black*-garter-belt story.

I have a 25-year-old friend who comes from a wealthy and famous conservative family. Panty-hose generation or no, he told me of an *affaire de coeur* that involved a woman who bought *black* panties, *black* hose and a *black* garter belt to please him. A cousin of mine, on her honeymoon, stopped into a New York lingerie shop to pick out a garter belt. It had been a joint husband-and-wife venture until, in front of the saleslady, my cousin asked her new husband which of three *black* garter belts he preferred. He took sudden intractable interest in pink-flannel nightgowns. "Whatever *you* want, honey. Makes no difference to me," he said offhandedly.

Nonetheless, my boyfriend liked "lacy little white ones." So did Gerard Damiano. And now so did I.

•

My boyfriend returned home from his trip on the evening of the Saturday I had gone to Bloomingdale's. While I awaited his arrival, I took a bubble bath. I smoothed lotion over my entire body. Dusted myself with fragrant powder. I stepped into the white panties with the pink-satin ribbons and hooked the lacy little white garter belt around my hips. I pulled the nylon stockings on the way it is done in the movies. I started at the toe, flexed my knee and slowly extended my leg until the stocking pulled tight at my thigh. I surveyed myself in the mirror and savored my accomplishment. Then I put my clothes on.

He rang the bell. At the door, we kissed and hugged. He carried his bags to the bedroom and sat down, out of breath. I bent down to kiss him, as I always did, knowing he would caress the back of my thigh, as he always did.

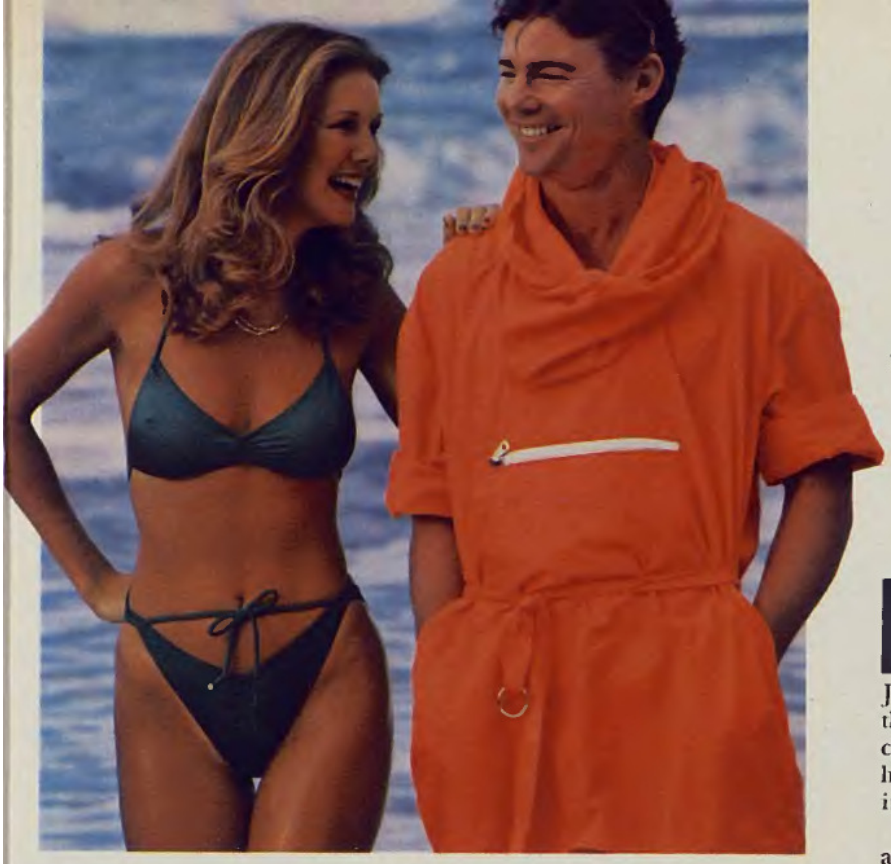
At first, he simply grazed the back of my skirt with his hand. Feeling something slippery, he moved his hand under my skirt near my knee. I tingled. When his hand reached the garter clasps, *he* gasped.

"A garter belt!" he exclaimed in the singular manner of a man who has for the first time discovered that his girlfriend is wearing a garter belt.

I stepped back and lifted my skirt slightly to afford a view of the garter ensemble. He tackled me affectionately on the bed.

"I thought you *hated* garter belts," he said, between kisses.

Sometime later—much later—that night, I lay sleepily musing on the power of lacy little white garter belts, white panties with pink-satin ribbons and nylon stockings. Visions of other lacy lingerie I could buy at Bloomingdale's danced before me. I wondered whether or not it would be too soon to go back on Monday.



Above: Yes, that's Jan-Michael Vincent making happy talk with a friendly native. In case you haven't noticed, he's wearing a nylon pullover with a zippered chest pocket, $55, over matching boxer shorts, $18, both by David Leong.

MAKING A SPLASH

what's a film star like jan-michael vincent doing in hawaii? showing off the latest in beachwear—with a little help from his friends

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

HANDSOME MEN wear great-looking bathing suits and are often seen in the company of beautiful women. So what else is new? Not every man, of course, is as handsome as Jan-Michael Vincent, star of *Big Wednesday* and the forthcoming flick *Defiance*, but almost everyone can afford to buy a plane ticket to Hawaii and have enough left over to pick up the latest look in beachwear.

The new styles, as you see them here, are moving away from prints and tiny bikinis. Paradoxically, this isn't because men's bodies are getting worse but, rather, because a nation of joggers, volleyballers, racquetballers and tennis players has taken to

Above: Bubble gum and bottles of beer. What a way to happily wind up on the racks. And it's even better when wearing (left) a polyester/cotton acrylic pullover, $21, with matching boxer trunks with contrasting trim, $11, bath by Jantzen; and (right) a cotton madras pullover with removable button-on hood and zippered placket, $30, and matching shorts with belt loops and buttoned rear pockets, $16, both by Gant.

Above: Now, here's a line-up of rugged-looking individuolists. The guy at far left likes nylon/elasthane swim trunks, by Jeanskin, $22; while his buddy favors nylon shorts, $17, worn over a matching bikini, $10, both by Catalina. Next is Jan-Michael Vincent in polyester longer-cut boxer swim trunks, by Trenco V.D., about $45; while the end man hos on cotton knit trunks with contrasting trim, by Brentwood, about $10.

wearing its sport shorts everywhere—including the beach. So swimwear makers are repaying the compliment by producing clothing that is longer and fuller—suits that can appear on a court or around town, as well as by or in the water.

The beach party we photographed, incidentally, took place a mile down the sand from the Kuilima Hyatt Resort Hotel on the north shore of Oahu. It's where Jan-Michael likes to hang out between films. The late-morning swimming turned into a long, lazy afternoon of tequila, beer and, in one girl's case, bubble gum. What is that girl doing with the spear gun? A couple of miles away, troops of the 25th Infantry Division (Tropic Lightning) were on maneuvers. It was clear that Vincent's party needed a sentry, but there was no need to be unfriendly about it. What, after all, were those soldiers sworn to protect?

Left: This chap won't be a stranger in paradise for long in his polyester/cotton top with satin-trimmed sleeves, about $12, and matching shorts, also about $12, both by Hansley. Right: We'd quit work and go spearfishing, too, with a companion like this; her weapon—the LE47, the most powerful spear gun in Dacor's Stingray line, $85.

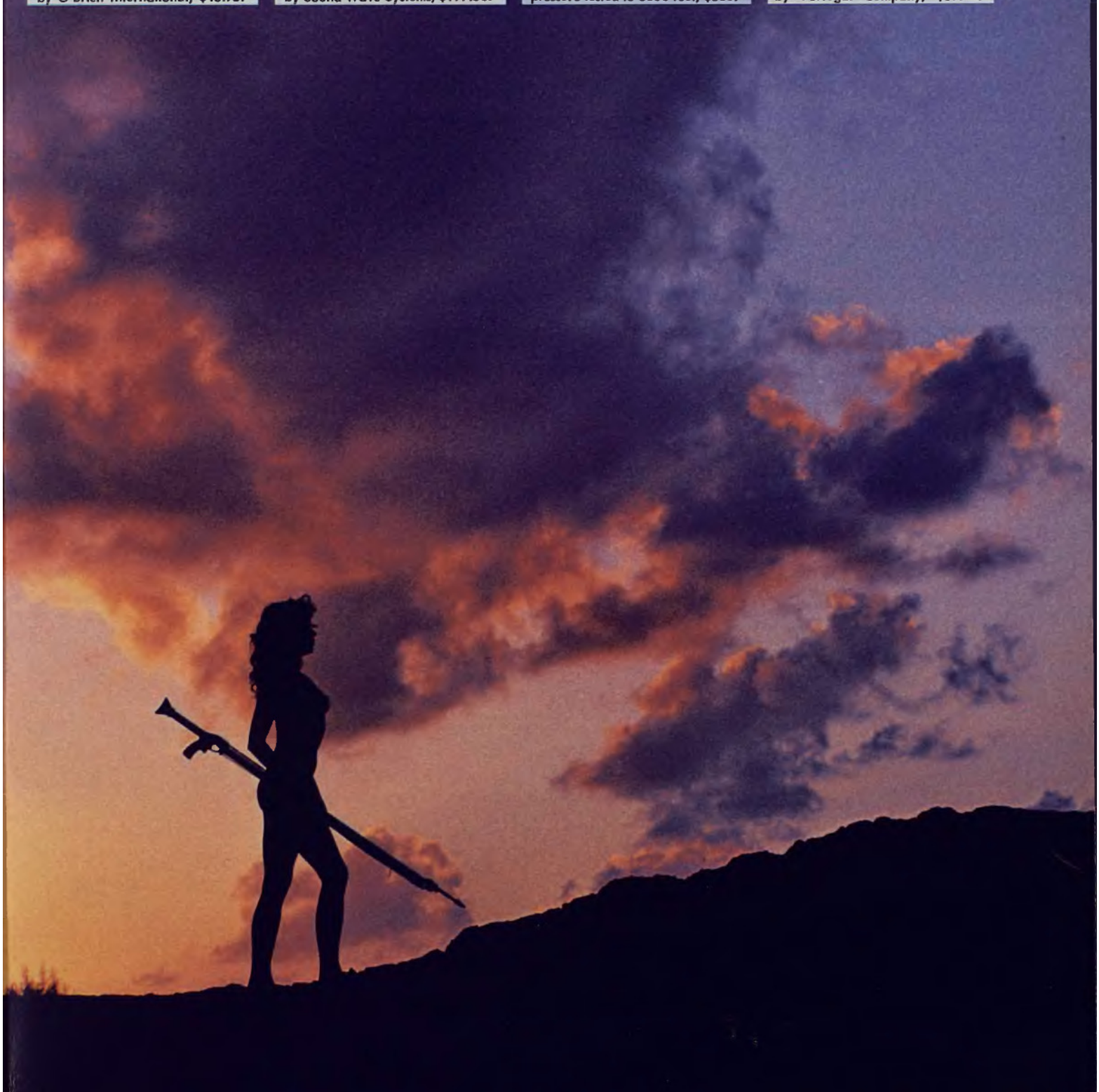
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

To avoid that sinking feeling, try this ski vest of Ensolite, by O'Brien International, $48.95.

For wireless underwater communications, there's the Sport Phone, by Sound Wave Systems, $197.50.

Dacor's UWMI electric quartz Professional Diver watch has been pressure-tested to 3300 feet, $335.

The Hydro Slide is a kneeboard that's ideal for aquatic tricks, by Portugal Company, $89.95.

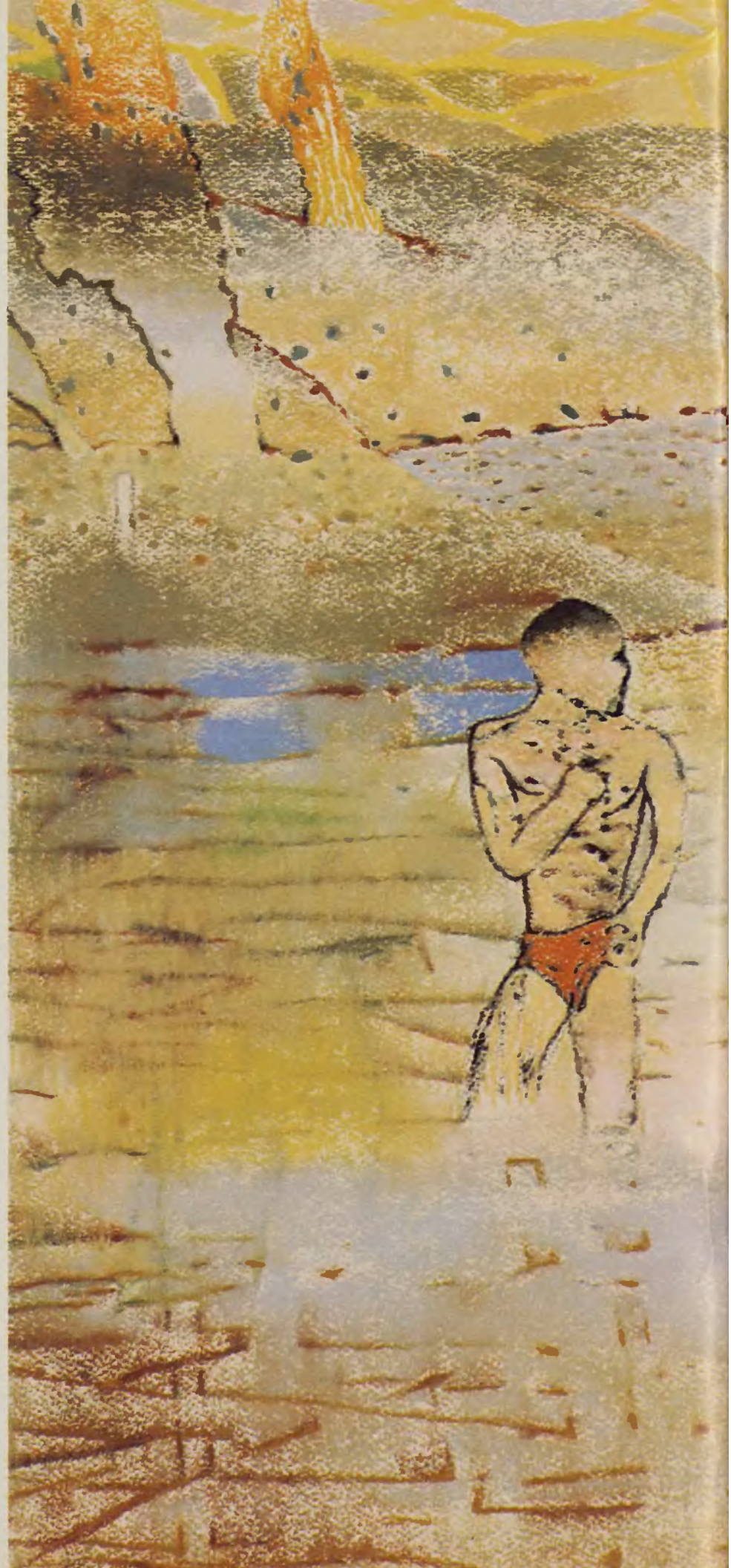


fiction

BY ELLIOTT ARNOLD

A BAY CHANGE

it was the most classic of triangles—two women, one man—with the most unclassic of angles



THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS early that Sunday, the morning haze burning off and the summer sun laying itself hard on the water off the Pines at Fire Island.

Morgan and other weekend guests were prowling around in the bay like scavengers because their host wanted to serve for lunch his famous version of clams cassino. The host was not with them, having the good sense to remain at home to grapple with the crossword puzzle in the Sunday *Times*, but Morgan had gone along with the others with no protest because he had never before had the opportunity to hunt down the elusive hard-shell bivalves.

That was where he was, clawing at the cluttered bay bed in murky water that scarcely reached above his knees, though he was more *(continued on page 204)*

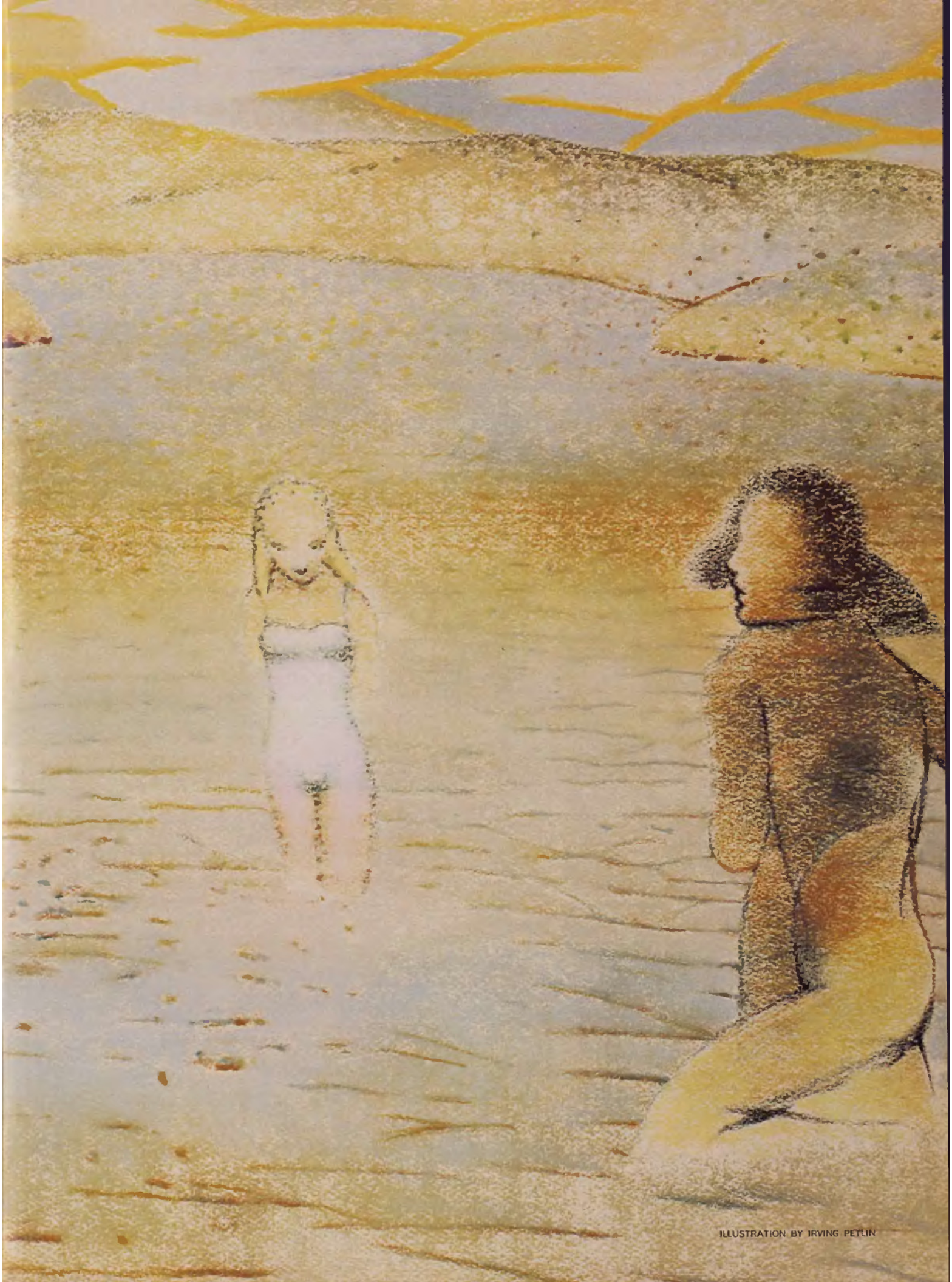


ILLUSTRATION BY IRVING PETLIN

Playmates of the Year:

Past Winners Take Another Bow

YOU NEVER GET TOO MUCH of a good thing, it's said, and our readers seem to agree. The reprise of 303 Playmate pictures in January's Silver Anniversary Issue elicited calls for "More!" So here's a look at all of the Playmates of the Year chosen since we began the practice in 1960. We reinterviewed most of these ladies recently and were impressed with their zest and eagerness to try new things—qualities that make them as outstanding now as they were then.

ELLEN STRATTON, 1960 When she was named first Playmate of the Year, Ellen (above) was a legal secretary who hoped to become a lawyer. She didn't, but a modeling career and many TV appearances followed publication of her photos in our pages.

LINDA GAMBLE, 1961 Struck by her incredible green eyes, readers were almost unanimous in demanding that Linda (above) become our second Playmate of the Year. Lucky keyholders later saw her in Bunny costume at the Chicago Playboy Club.

CHRISTA SPECK, 1962 Being first lady in producer-husband Marty Krofft's life has occupied most of her time for the past 17 years. Now Christa (below) is thinking of going back to modeling, and we may see her in print and in commercials soon.

JUNE COCHRAN, 1963 Doing public relations for an auto-parts manufacturer keeps June (below) traveling across the country on a course she loves. She'll be with boyfriend Billy Engelhart's team when he drives his Bignotti-built car at this year's Indianapolis 500.

DONNA MICHELLE, 1964 She made her movie debut in *Mickey One* with Warren Beatty. Several films later, Donna (right) moved around the camera and became a still photographer. PLAYBOY documented her abilities in *Donna Clicks* (April 1974).

JO COLLINS, 1965 Retired from her post as Playboy's Bunny and Playmate Promotions Director, Jo (below) is one of the few women with a license to race thoroughbreds in Illinois. Tahvin, her four-year-old, ran at Sportsman's Park this year.

ALLISON PARKS, 1966 Her selection as Playmate of the Year resulted in such a demand for her services as actress and model that Allison (below) has had to spend much more time on land than she formerly did as a swimming instructor and flying enthusiast.

VICTORIA VETRI, 1968 For her PLAYBOY picture story, Victoria's press agent changed her name to Angela Dorian, creating some confusion for readers who subsequently saw this dimpled, dark-haired beauty (left) under her real name on television and in movies.

LISA BAKER, 1967 Six months of her year are spent traveling around the States and Europe, appearing at trade shows. Between trips, she works as a photographer's model. To slow down the pace, Lisa (below) has moved from L.A. to a small town in central California.

CONNIE KRESKI, 1969 Connie (above) is seen on television screens a lot, in commercials, movies and miniseries. She's had roles in two very popular multi-installment epics: *Aspen* and *Captains and the Kings*. She plays tennis and recently joined the jogging parade.

SHARON CLARK WEBER, 1971 An English teacher in Micronesia when we met her, Sharon (below) is now making movies in Hollywood. Her first, *Lifeguard*, rated good reviews and she has just finished *The Little Dragons*. In private life, she's a doctor's wife.

CLAUDIA JENNINGS, 1970 *Fast Company*, her 26th movie in ten years, is to be released this summer. Not long ago, Claudia (below) interrupted her film making to start a formidable remodeling project on a huge old house she bought in the Hollywood hills.

LIV LINDELAND, 1972 She does an occasional movie, travels around the world and, with her husband, owns and races thoroughbred horses. By the time you read this, she may be selling real estate. For relaxation, Liv (below) paints abstract oils.

MARILYN COLE, 1973 Her affiliation with Playboy started in 1970, as a Bunny in the London Club, and has continued with Playmate, public-relations and promotional activities. Marilyn (below) now travels extensively with boyfriend Baron Stephen Bentinck.

CYNDI WOOD, 1974 Actress–model–world traveler Cyndi (below) stays on the go. We'll see her in theaters this year in *Apocalypse Now* and as the star of *Van Nuys Blvd.*

MARILYN LANGE, 1975 She was the fourth-round draft choice of the Chicago Sting soccer team in 1976. Marilyn (above) didn't quite make the team, but she did do Sting promotions.

LILLIAN MULLER, 1976 Two German films, *Casanova & Company* with Tony Curtis and a made-for-TV movie followed the Playmate appearance of this Narwegian miss (above).

PATTI MCGUIRE, 1977 Her image adorned the cover of PLAYBOY's November 1976 issue, the one in which Jimmy Carter admitted to lusting in his heart. Patti (above) and her husband, ace racketman Jimmy Connors, are expecting a baby this summer.

DEBRA JO FONDREN, 1978 She has enjoyed it so much that Debra Jo (right) is sorry her Playmate of the Year reign is over. "Nothing will ever top the experiences of this past year," she says. Her future includes a real-estate course, movies, television . . . and a haircut.

she came into the world when playboy did; now monique st. pierre reigns as our premiere gatefold girl, and her gifts are as unique as she is

Left: Guess what surprise awaits our heroine this evening as she descends a sumptuous staircase? A $32,000 silver Porsche 928! How do you feel now, Monique? "It's so beautiful, I feel like I'm falling in love." (For the full array of Monique's gifts, turn to page 282.)

Playmate of the Year

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

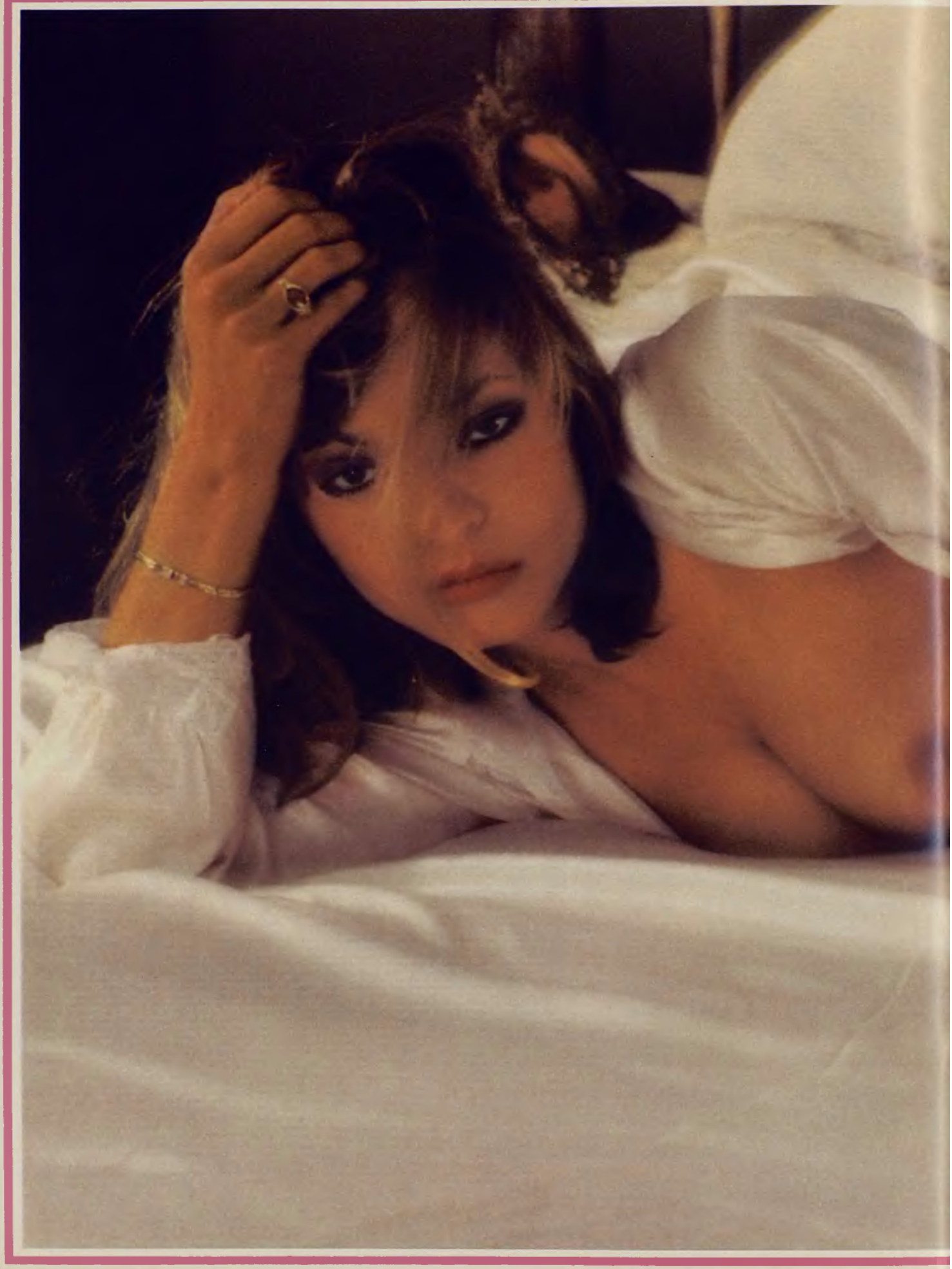
IT COULD ALMOST be Christmas. The ingredients are here: the scent of pine, an extraordinary gift, an air of joy. But the Southern scrub pines on the horizon are unadorned, the gift, a Porsche 928, is idling beside a dirt road outside Jacksonville and the holidays are already fading into memory. The car's new owner, Monique St. Pierre, is somebody very special. Born November 25, 1953, just a few days after a fledgling publication called PLAYBOY made its first appearance on the newsstands, Monique has in a sense come of age with PLAYBOY. The magazine is celebrating its Silver Anniversary and Monique has just been named its 20th Playmate of the Year. Now she sits behind the wheel of the Porsche, her catlike eyes wide with anticipation. Peter Gregg, who has been called America's best *(text concluded on page 280)*

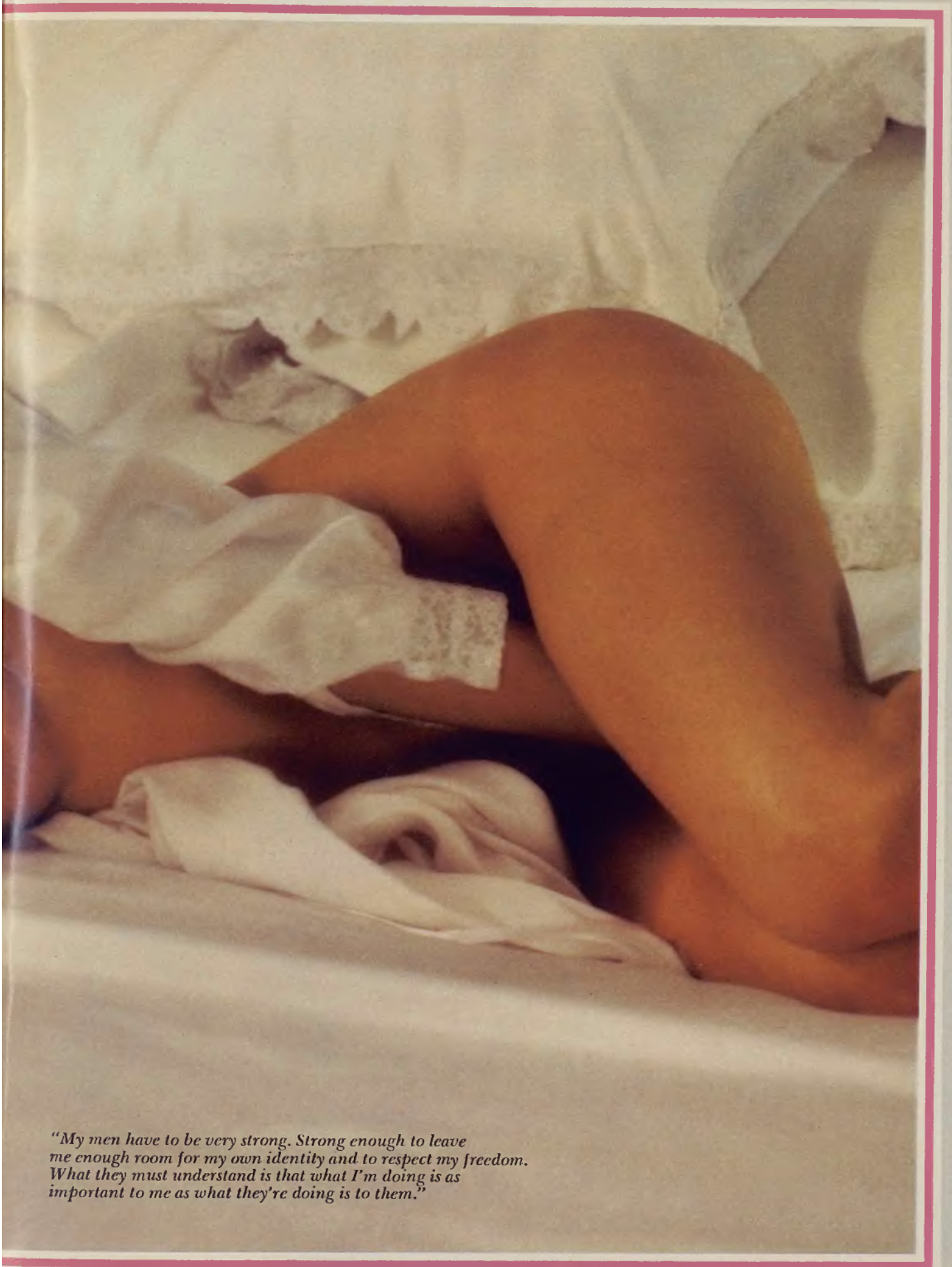
At right, Monique savors the view from the sun deck atop L.A.'s Playboy Building. As the warm night breezes gently caress her body (lucky breezes), she is heard to say, "Los Angeles has been good to me. I think I'll stay here for a while." (Lucky Los Angeles.)

"I think that if a person suddenly comes into money and success, the first thing to do is to remember what things made him or her happy before. Often, we find that even after our situation has changed, the same things make us happy. I've found that's true of me, anyway."

"Though I won't let people walk over me, I'm giving, considerate, loving. When I'm your friend, I'll always be there when you need me. I'm willing to sacrifice for you."

"I'm strong and independent, but I'm also very feminine. I love being a woman!" And we love your being a woman, too, Monique.





"My men have to be very strong. Strong enough to leave me enough room for my own identity and to respect my freedom. What they must understand is that what I'm doing is as important to me as what they're doing is to them."

"Herbie!"

MY STORY TELLS of Olori the beautiful. If it were possible to close your eyes and see only beauty, then you would close your eyes and see only Olori. For those breasts that stood up, for that belly with a navel of gold, for those darker places, not even a god was ripe enough.

No one could win that beauty, yet there was no man who saw her without making a try. Kings came with gold bracelets and cloths of blue, but she refused them. Chiefs came from Ife and Akure, but she refused them. Shining youths with arms like iron came, but she refused them. She would not be a wife, she would not be a lover for any man.

Now, Obarun the tortoise saw all this. After every man had failed, he said, "I will have her!"

And the people of the village answered, "Obarun, you worthless trickster, will she surrender to a tortoise? Will those thighs of honey open for a cracked shell? Crawl off, you repulsive boaster!"

But he insisted, "All right. The whole world will know when I get her. I will not do it in secret!"

Now, this Olori, who would not taste men, could not stop tasting garden egg. She adored it and would eat it whenever she could get her mouth on it. So Obarun made his farm by the side of the road. He went and found the best garden-egg seed and he planted it there. In a little while, his fruits were big and enticing. The villagers would say, "Obarun, won't you sell those garden eggs to us? Our mouths water for them."

But he answered, "I won't sell them."

It happened that on one market day, when the garden eggs were at their most succulent, Olori came down the road. All the other villagers had long since gone to the market. She walked along, but her eyes were on those swollen and hanging fruits. Poor Olori—she was like a goat in the paws of a leopard. She didn't know what to do. She looked at them longingly and passed on. But she came back. She looked forward and she looked backward, but she didn't see anyone. Her breasts stiffened. She reached out and plucked one *ikan*. And then she plucked another *ikan*. And then a third *ikan*. She dropped them into her basket and hurried away.

Those three garden eggs should have satisfied her, but Olori was a hungry girl. She wanted more. She wanted all. She went back and she plucked and plucked, as if she would pluck them all, until she heard a raspy voice call out, "Why do you steal my garden eggs, Olori?"

She cried out to the trickster, "Oh, brother Tortoise, cover my shame. Do not expose me as a thief to the world. If people hear I've stolen your garden eggs, how will I walk in the streets again?"

Cunning Obarun replied, "Quiet! There is nothing to get excited about. I won't expose you. I am going to market, too. You know the sun is hot. Just put me in your basket. Carry me on your head to market. Once you put me there, there will be no need for you to pay for garden eggs anymore. And no one will know your secret. Come. Come closer!"

So Olori cried, "Thank you, my brother!" as she picked him up and added him to the load she was carrying on her head.

Well, that cunning tortoise settled in nicely. After some time, just as they were approaching a few villagers on the road, Tortoise began singing:

"I will say it, I will say it,
Olori plucked my garden eggs.
People will hear it,
For I will say it,
Olori plucked my garden eggs."

"Oh, my brother," she cried, "you said if I carried you on my head, you would keep my secret."

But he complained, "Since you sway your hips, this load shakes from side to side. I am not comfortable. Now, if you were to move me down between your breasts, there would be no problem."

What could she do? She put him there, where kings had longed to go, and now she felt what she had never felt before. Tortoise latched on, indeed.

Soon the road grew thick with villagers. She whispered to that wrinkled head sucking on her bosom, "Please, we are getting near the edge of the market. Won't you get down?"

He looked up at her and began to sing:

"I will say it, I will say it,
Olori plucked my garden eggs. . . ."

"But you promised," she cried, "you would leave me after I had done what you said."

"Oh, no," he said. "Don't you know what remains? Just there, near your navel—your shining knot—once you put me there, my head will rest on your breast and that will be all." So she put him on her navel.

Then they entered the market. Obarun stretched out his hand, but it couldn't quite reach what he really wanted. So right there, in that crowded market place, he sang the song once again. People turned around now. The whole market was wondering, What is that sound? Who is making that awful noise?

And Olori whispered, "What can I do? What will make you keep quiet?"

So he answered, "Well, there is just one more thing. That place that is so black—that damp, warm place—once you put me there, I won't say a word."

So she put him in that dark place between her thighs. Then she went to sit beneath the great iroko tree in the middle of the market.

Obarun was silent. He waited for the market place to be full. You see, when he saw that the market was packed, he looked up from his work to sing again.

Everyone in the market turned toward Olori. She sat under that tree, her eyes now closed and her hands over her loincloth, which was moving up and down. People gathered around. "What is happening to you? Is it Obarun making that sound between your thighs?"

From underneath her loincloth, his raspy voice replied, "Nothing can remove me from this sweet place. Wasn't it said that no one could win her? But now I, Obarun the tortoise, have tasted what the king was forbidden!"

Now the whole market knew. They knew that it was between Olori's thighs that Obarun planted his choicest garden eggs. They tried to make her stand, but she couldn't. So they carried her to the king's palace. Then they set her down and the king asked, "Olori, what is wrong? The people say something sings between your thighs."

And then, for the last time, Obarun sang his boastful song. The king was furious. "Olori, strong men have wooed you. Chiefs have wooed you. I have wooed you. But look who has you today! Look what becomes of a woman who says she won't lie down for a man!"

The king then ordered Obarun out from that dark place, but he would not move. So strong men pulled him, but the tortoise held on like a baby to his sweet bean cake. The king therefore ordered him to be cut away. They cut that tortoise—they severed the shoot he had planted so firmly in Olori's secret garden.

But alas, not all could be removed. They cut off that tortoise's penis, but a little of it remained in Olori. That little finger of flesh that sticks out so in her black place, that much she owes to Tortoise. And so, too, since that day, all women have had a little of that trickster's shoot in their secret gardens. That much they all owe to Tortoise.

—Collected by Segun Oyekunle
Adapted by Don Cosentino

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

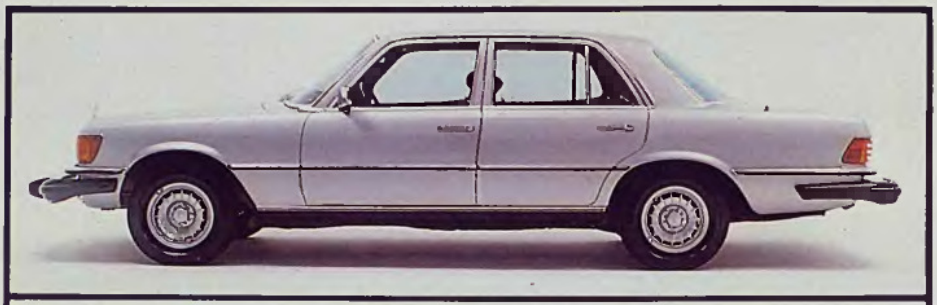
PLAYBOY's special Buick Riviera S turbo is loaded with goodies. Clockwise from top left: Our tasty pinstriping and a set of Pirelli radials; a custom wood-rimmed Racemark steering wheel; a 747-type dash that includes a trip monitor; the turbo'd six-cylinder engine; set atop the dash, an Escort radar detector; and, as seen at right, a pair of powerful Hella fog lights.

with big brother saying engines must get smaller and fuel economy must increase, what happens to performance? that's where the turbocharger comes in

A RIGHT TURN TO TURBOS

modern living By BROCK YATES SALVATION! A performance resurrection is upon us. Just as automotive enthusiasts everywhere were resigning themselves to levels of stimulation heretofore associated with mopeds and single-cylinder garden tractors, a massive revival in the more visceral aspects of motoring has appeared. And it has come almost at the last possible moment. Until recently, it seemed that a ragged cabal of Government agencies, anticar Luddites, environmental zealots and OPEC loonies was succeeding in banishing all inherent

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ERIC MEOLA



MERCEDES-BENZ 300 SD

The coupling of Mercedes-Benz's five-cylinder diesel engine with a turbocharger has produced a machine that's a model of engineering efficiency and spunky performance.

CAPRI RS TURBO

Lincoln-Mercury's sister ship to the Ford Mustang Cobra differs only in the cosmetics. The turbo'd four-banger should take it to 55 mph in just over eight seconds.

MUSTANG COBRA TURBO

Ford's fresh-bodied Mustang is offered in this three-door Cobra model that sports a 2.3-liter four-cylinder turbocharged engine that supplies impressive performance.

PORSCHE TURBO

Capable of blowing just about everything else off the road, the turbo version of the 911 wears a distinctive whale tail and flared fenders. The 924 also has been turbo'd.

SAAB 900 TURBO

Saab's new 900 series includes this top-of-the-line five-door model. Its turbocharger adds 20 horsepower, which comes in handy for cutting in and out of traffic.

excitement in automobiles in the sacred name of its own varied interests. But now we stand in amazed witness at the appearance of a small mechanical talisman that, when attached to an internal-combustion engine, can in a large measure restore the horsepower that because of increasing profits for a varied collection of desert fiefdoms has been squeezed out of engines for the sake of hotly debated improvements in air quality and reduced fuel consumption.

We call it a turbocharger. It is not to be mistaken for a supercharger or any other gadget intended as an energizer for weakhearted power plants. It is a wonderfully ingenious device that has been used for decades on airplanes and various automobile- and boat-racing engines. Now, thanks to a variety of external circumstances mentioned above, this turbocharger thing appears to have a bright future in an everyday world of cars where the search for horsepower has gained Holy Grail dimensions (at least among people who care about maintaining a pace on the highways something in excess of that associated with joggers, oxcarts and municipal buses). The really neat aspects of a turbocharger are as follows: (1) It is light, compact and simple. (2) It can be attached to practically any internal-combustion engine, either gasoline or diesel powered, and generate dazzling increases in horsepower. (3) This multiplication of output comes without seriously affecting drivability or the exhaust-emission standards or radically increasing the fuel-consumption rates.

Imagine the turbocharger as a small pump. Imagine, too, that an internal-combustion engine's horsepower increases in direct relationship to the amount of fuel that can be delivered into its cylinders. Most automobile engines are what we call normally aspirated; i.e., they burn only the amount of fuel that is pushed into them by the earth's atmospheric pressure. It stands to reason that if that fuel volume can be artificially pumped into the engine, the more power it will deliver, just as more coal in a furnace or more wood in a fireplace will generate more heat. Turbochargers and superchargers operate in essentially the same fashion, in that they both force the fuel charge into the engine's combustion chambers under pressure. They were conceived for a similar purpose: that of supplying extra power for aircraft power plants at altitudes at which normal air pressure is reduced to a point where power output drops radically. The difference lies in the manner in which they operate. The supercharger runs via gears or belts from the engine to which it is attached. It therefore is something of a parasite, draining away some of the extra power it helps generate for its own operation. However, the turbocharger is

"Well, golly, Mom! You've been wishing I'd wear something besides jeans!"

a much more ingenious application of the same principle. It is operated by a little fan—or impeller—that is driven by the exhaust gases as they exit the engine. This is "free" unused energy and the turbocharger therefore can generate bonus amounts of horsepower without any wastes in its own behalf.

If the turbocharger is capable of supplying quantities of virtually no-cost added power, one might reasonably ask why the thing has not been an integral part of all automobile engines from time immemorial. In keeping with that aged wisdom about there being no such thing as a free lunch, it should be noted that there are certain deficiencies in the turbocharger that limit its appeal and its application. First of all, it is expensive out of all proportion to its size. Because the aforementioned impeller spins in excess of 30,000 rpm, exotic metals have to be machined to precise tolerances, which is anything but cheap. Moreover, the turbocharger operates on a sort of closed-loop system whereby the faster the engine runs, the more the exhaust-gas velocity that energizes the turbocharger, which pumps in more fuel, which produces more power, which makes the engine run faster. . . . This means one thing: If a turbocharger is permitted to run free, it will finally pump so much fuel into the engine that self-destruction is the only possible result. The turbocharger will pressurize the internals of an engine to a point where it will literally blow apart. This requires what is called a waste gate—a device to vent excess pressure built up by the turbocharger—which adds both cost and complication. Moreover, if one wants really significant boosts in power from a turbocharger, a specially designed engine is necessary, like those that run at Indianapolis. There turbocharged engines rule the roost but cost $35,000–$40,000 each. Yet consider what a turbocharger does for an Indy engine's output. Normally aspirated, a Drake-Offenhauser four-cylinder or a Cosworth-Ford V8 will produce between 300 and 400 horsepower. With a turbocharger attached, the output jumps to over 900 hp! The same blossoming outputs are also to be found in various Porsche sports-racing-car engines—along with even more prodigious price tags. Turbocharging is a superior way of gaining massive power increases from engines with limited displacement, but it is relatively expensive. Given a choice, engine designers can gain similar results by simply making normally aspirated engines larger. The old saying "There is no substitute for cubic inches" still applies, but when that avenue is closed, turbocharging is the next-best key to horsepower.

That is the reason passenger-car manufacturers are becoming so enamored with turbos. As the demand for smaller, lighter, more fuel-efficient automobiles increases, large-displacement engines are becoming as antiquated as tiller steering and wooden-spoked wheels. They simply gobble too much fuel for normal applications, even in America, where monster V8 engines have been practically as much a part of the culture as hot dogs and gangland killings. At the beginning of this decade, something like 80 percent of all cars made in America carried engines in excess of 300 cubic inches. Today that figure has dipped drastically and by the mid-Eighties, many auto makers are expecting that as many as 60 percent of their products will be powered by small four-cylinder engines. A majority of the remainder will be modestly sized V6s, with nothing being propelled by any engine larger than 350 cubic inches.

This Brave New World of minimotors will be wonderful in the context of fuel conservation, but, as we noted earlier, visions of stop-light drag races between one's automobile and a muscular teenager on a ten-speed cause massive depression among enthusiasts everywhere. They are the ones who are viewing the turbo with such optimism, because it is a device perfectly suited to their needs of injecting performance and excitement back into vehicles of all sizes.

That quite obviously is what Buick Division of General Motors had in mind with its new S-type Riviera. This startling machine, introduced amid much hoopla this year, is a glimpse of the future, at least in terms of what so-called high-performance automobiles will be like perhaps a decade hence. It is a taut, close-coupled four-place American grand touring car, featuring such technical exotica as front-wheel drive, independent four-wheel suspension and front disc brakes, plus a small-displacement V6 engine fitted with a turbocharger. The Riv is a sister car to the General Motors E-Car series, which also includes the Oldsmobile Toronado and the Cadillac Eldorado. They are, beneath their various styling flourishes, identical automobiles, except that Buick has pushed its S type considerably farther down the road to sportiness than the two other makes.

Stiffer springs and shock absorbers combined with heftier antisway bars make the S type a solid handler under all but the most arduous conditions. Its front-drive layout has eliminated the nasty penchant for radical understeer and a condition called torque steer (feedback through the steering when the wheels are turned under power) often found in such applications. New is a word that is bandied about in the car business in the same fashion in which the news media overuse crisis or sportscasters employ great, but the Riviera truly deserves the label. It obviously began life on a clean sheet of paper and the thoroughness with which its components have been integrated speaks well for the future of automobiles in their increasingly miniaturized configurations.

The Riviera has been around since 1963, when Buick introduced it in the form of a classically sculpted four-seater similar in size to the latest version. Following its exciting birth, the car experienced an unpleasant adolescence. It became bloated and awkward. Worst of all, it was dull. Sales slumped until this year, when the latest version revisited attention on the vehicle that had been lacking since its introduction.

Of course, the car can be loaded with all manner of gimcrackery, including a digital-readout instrument panel featuring a mini–trip computer for frustrated astronauts, power sun roof, optional lights of all descriptions, leather bucket seats, stereo radios, etc.; but the centerpiece of this buffet of gadgetry is the turbocharger. This tiny device, nearly hidden from view in the fiendishly complex maze of pipes, wires and hoses that conceals the engine, is that which boosts the S type's 231-cubic-inch V6 engine from an otherwise stock 115 hp to a rather lusty 185 hp at peak boost. This power plant, revised and radically improved with new intake and exhaust manifolds and redesigned cylinder heads, is the element that adds the needed jigger of clout to what is otherwise an interesting and competent but somewhat pallid machine.

As if the Buick we took under our wing were not gadget-ridden enough, we could not resist adding a few of our own fillips in the name of added performance and individuality. To enhance the already solid road-holding characteristics of the car, we installed a set of the much-respected, aggressively treaded Pirelli CN-36, 235/60 VR 15 tires. These famed European GT radials firmed up the rather soft ride of the Buick and increased cornering and braking power substantially, especially on wet pavement. Moreover, their slightly smaller diameter lowered the car, which added not only to its handling but also to its already racy appearance.

Inside, we bolted on an exquisite wood-rimmed Racemark custom steering wheel, imported by Racemark International of Burnt Hills, New York, which also supplied us with a set of powerful Hella fog lights for really heavy-weather motoring. And, as a final extra, we hooked to the dash an Escort radar detector manufactured by Cincinnati Microwave—generally acknowledged to be the finest, most sensitive, most uncompromising effort at high technology in the field.

However, let it not be mistaken that the S-type Riviera is a fire-breathing, pavement-ripper throwback to the madcap days of the Sixties, when the "muscle

(continued on page 194)

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CLASS REUNION

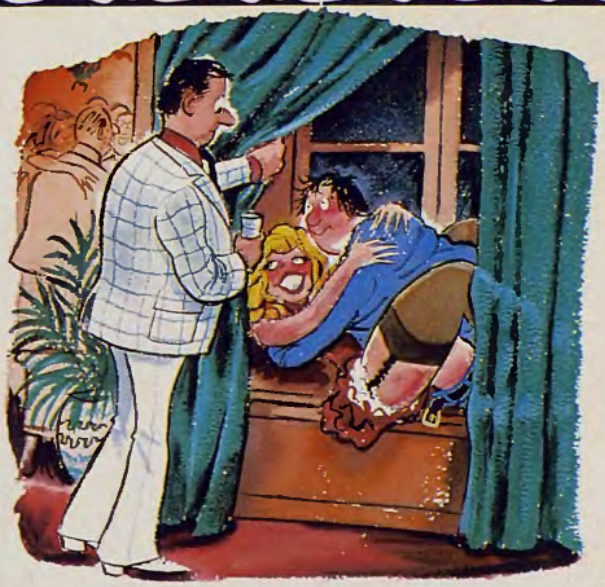
it's remembrances of flings past when the alums invade academe

Interlandi

"I know, professor, but in those days I needed a passing grade. . . ."

"Sure I remember you. You had the hots for the gal I married. Still want her?"

"The years have been good to you, Ernie. You still get an erection when you dance."



"Honey, you remember Harvey Bennet here—voted most likely to succeed. . . ."

"Not this table, Selinger. This table is for those of us who have made it."

"Well, if this isn't a winning combination! Ol' 82 and ol' 69!"

"No, I still have my maiden name, professor. Hooker is my business."

"Remember me? English lit, blonde pigtails; I sat on your face once in Cooney's van!"

"But, Agnes, it's not a reunion without a reunion!"

"Hold on to your hat. Guess who I heard turned queer!"

"Well, it took a long time, but now I can say I nailed every broad in the class."

OCEAN KILLINGS

(continued from page 132)

"It's hard to decide whether the mood of Key West is one of seedy gentility or of genteel seediness."

former chicken farmer from Hobart, Indiana, Fisher would walk into a prospective investor's office, drop a seven-pound gold disk onto the desk, and then spill a bunch of gold coins from his pockets onto the desk, floor or whatever.

It was said to have had a great effect.

A slow-moving, drowsy talker, who wears a gold doubloon on his bare chest, Fisher has been out of money as much as in it. His fight with the state of Florida for the legal rights to the Atocha treasure—most of which has eluded him—has drained his resources. It is estimated that the search for and salvage of the Atocha has cost him about $5,000,000, as well as the deaths of a son and a daughter-in-law. The eventual value of what he has already found may reach $600,000,000—if he gets to keep it all.

Located on a Walt Disney–like recreation of a Spanish galleon harbored in Key West, Fisher charges the tourists to go aboard and gawk at the cannons and treasure he has pulled from the Atocha. It helps pay the bills.

"If a wreck is not going to be worth $10,000,000, we can't afford to salvage it," Treasure Salvors' Bleth McHaley said aboard "ship" as an overburdened air conditioner droned in the background. "Where do we get investors? I'd say three quarters are already millionaires looking for a thrill. It compares to investing in wildcat oil strikes, but it's more fun. Treasure hunters may be tall or short or quiet or voluble, but they have one thing in common: They're obsessed."

Key West, formerly a mecca for pirates, has now become the same for treasure hunters. Some would say there's little difference. It is a perfect location for the obsessed. It's hard to decide whether the prevailing mood of Key West is one of seedy gentility or of genteel seediness. Until a recent crackdown, it was the last hippie outpost in America with real hippies. Wearing shoulder-length hair and with their eyeballs focused on infinity, they roamed the streets and slept in other people's front yards under balmy skies and lime trees.

But along with the hippies is a nearly endless supply of kids, sometimes with a gold fishhook through one ear, who long to go out treasure hunting. They still are recruited by Treasure Salvors, which now checks for criminal records and encourages them to go to diving school. In the old days, Fisher would drive through town, recruiting people to stay aboard the engineless hulk that guarded his wreck site, promising intoxicants and female companionship to anyone with the guts to stay out there.

One of the Atocha's most beautiful treasures, an exquisitely carved silver whistle, was used by the shipboard kids to smoke marijuana until it was rescued. Dress aboard ship is so informal that it's sometimes dispensed with entirely. And when one member of the crew showed up in a real bathing suit, instead of torn-off blue jeans, he was greeted with the shout: "Who the hell do you think you are—Jacques Cousteau?"

But when Fisher got it into his head one day to call Castro to ask him if he could see certain ship records in Havana, even his people didn't have the guts to ring Fidel.

"Mel," they said, "it would be like an ordinary guy calling up Jimmy Carter."

"Naw," Fisher said, "it would be like a *movie star* calling up Jimmy Carter."

But along with Fisher's romanticism, he has a hard business sense. Having survived a Securities and Exchange Commission investigation, he needs it. And along with hard business come the media. Fisher was the subject of literally thousands of newspaper and magazine articles when the Atocha was found. He has been the subject of two books, one television special and some investigative reporting.

"We sold *National Geographic* the television rights for $10,000," McHaley said. "ABC later offered us $100,000. We sold the magazine rights to *National G.* for $5000." *National Geographic* holds a hallowed place with treasure hunters, who figure angles like billiard players figuring a shot.

"Look, *National G.* bestows legitimacy on you," one treasure hunter told me. "It sits around in people's garages for five, ten years. You can be the biggest cowboy in the world, and if *National G.* writes you up, all of a sudden you are respectable."

The press descends on treasure finds like vultures on carrion. "They all came, network TV, everyone," McHaley said, remembering that awful day. "We had a guy from *National Geographic* on board, yelling and screaming to the other newsmen: 'Get away! You can't be here, get away!'

"I'll never forget when CBS rented a seaplane to land at the wreck site. When they landed, it was about a one-foot chop. When they took off, it was about four feet and they barely made it. I really thought they were going to buy the farm on that one."

But media, whatever problems they create, mean money for one very good reason. The value of a gold or silver coin is not just what you would get for the metal if you melted it down. At that rate, a peso would be worth about $6.53 today, and the worth of the remaining treasure on the Concepción, for instance, would be only about $28,000,000.

But the numismatic value is about $43 per peso, raising the Concepción to its $190,000,000 figure.

What makes the difference? Publicity, for one thing. The coins from a famous wreck such as the Atocha or the Concepción, which have been written about and seen on television, are going to be worth much more than coins that wash up on Miami Beach. And treasure-wreck coins and artifacts are auctioned by such prestigious houses as Sotheby Parke Bernet.

"Who do we sell the stuff to?" one treasure hunter said. "Coin collectors, museums, Arabs. Anyone who wants it. And, of course, there's the tax thing."

There is the tax thing, indeed. Treasure hunting can be tremendously lucrative as a tax dodge, just as oil drilling can be, especially if the treasure is found outside the United States. Using a trust set up in the Bahamas, for instance, an unscrupulous American investor can attempt to escape without paying any tax at all, even if he finds millions in treasure. As long as he doesn't bring the money into the United States—and who needs to?—he gets off scot-free. That is, if he isn't caught.

•

If Mel Fisher and the Atocha people are the romantic cowboys of treasure hunting, Burt Webber and the Concepción people are the men in gray-flannel suits. The find, financed with a $450,000 venture put together by a successful Chicago investment banker, is controlled with a well-oiled, well-heeled smoothness that would impress IBM.

Under the name Seaquest International, Inc., located in Chicago, a 90-page well-documented, well-written prospectus was put out for investors. On page 72, an interesting line appears: "No person," the prospectus reads, "should consider investing in this project unless such loss can be borne without hardship." Once again, most of the investors were millionaires looking for adventure, fun and profits. The first operation, in 1977, named Phips L.P., after William Phips, the first discoverer, came up empty-handed. But in the meantime, a new $16,000 magnetometer was developed by a Canadian firm and modified to meet Webber's requirements.

The magnetometer is the single most useful tool to the underwater treasure hunter except for scuba gear. Simply, it

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as "the magician of lublin," alan arkin can charm the pants off any woman; but what does he really want to do? fly, that's what

THE MAGICAL MR. ARKIN

Maia Danziger (below left) plays Magda, the magician's waiflike assistant. In a Warsaw night club (above), Magda prepares to vanish in a puff of smoke at Yasha's command. Below right, they bathe together: Nothing up *their* sleeves. It's all in a day's work for Magda and Yasha.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY YONI HAMENAHEM

CAN A 19TH CENTURY illusionist find happiness touring Poland as he peddles his magic and juggles his women? You'll find the answer in the forthcoming movie *The Magician of Lublin*, taken from the novel by PLAYBOY contributor and Nobel laureate Isaac Bashevis Singer. Alan Arkin plays Yasha Mazur, who wants two things in life—to fly and to perform at Warsaw's Alhambra Theater. On the road to Warsaw, he romances his wife, his assistant and a buxom peasant, among others. We won't tell you whether or not he ever learns to fly, but you can see from the photos that Yasha is no dull boy, either on the stage or off it.

Master of charms that he is, Yasha appreciates the charms of Zeftel (Valerie Perrine), a sex-hungry peasant who flips for the magician and asks to see his mystical pawers. After Yasha indulges in a little sleight of hand, Zeftel is a willing subject for his next ploy, placing a zloty atop each breast. For an encore, he garners Zeftel's standing ovation. Now, *that's* a neat trick, Yasha.

TURBOS

(continued from page 186)

"It is Porsche's role in this epic to take the most avant-garde approach in terms of highway autos."

cars" ruled the road. Rather than trigger comparisons of the Riviera's performance to the best of those thundering machines, the turbo engine merely restores a level of adequacy to the S type's acceleration and top speed. It will run from 0 to 60 in about ten seconds, which is acceptable for an automobile hitting the streets at 3900 pounds but hardly enough to prompt danger of whiplash among the passengers. Moreover, the sleek contours of the car, which suggest a hefty three-digit top speed, are deceiving. While the Buck Rogers model LED speedometer indicates only to 85 mph, then lapses into fussy spasms of blinking, the S type strains to reach a modest terminal velocity of 105 mph.

Some of those limitations in performance are due to Buick's conservative application of the turbo. One of these units can be adjusted in terms of boost; i.e., the amount of pressure applied to the fuel charge as it enters the combustion chambers. The Buick turbo operates at a rather conservative two-to-five-psi boost, which gives satisfactory but hardly stupefying gobs of horsepower. Other production cars—namely, Porsche and Mercedes-Benz—use turbos with more than twice as much boost, but they employ much beefier and more expensive engines to absorb the extra internal pressures created by the turbocharging.

If the Buick employs a modest, even cautious turbo setup, it is Porsche's role in this epic to take the most avant-garde approach in terms of highway automobiles. Its whale-tailed, chunky-tired little 930 coupe is, with its 165-mph top speed, one of the two or three fastest road cars in the world. With a 3.3-liter (201-cu.-in.) engine that pumps 253 hp out of its overhead cam, horizontally opposed six cylinders, the 930 is a hyperbolic automobile from almost all aspects—including its $41,000-plus price tag. Because its engine is a rugged unit capable of racing applications, the 930 turbocharger operates at an eye-popping 12.3 psi, producing absolutely blistering acceleration (0–60 in under five secs!), as well as its incredible top speed.

If Buick is the leader in mass-produced turbocharged engines, then Porsche is surely the pioneer in the application of turbos in the sports/GT cars that have made that smallish Zuffenhausen, Germany, firm world-famous. Not only have its turbocharged cars dominated the great endurance races at places such as Le Mans and Sebring but the 12-cylinder 917/30 that overwhelmed the Can-Am series in the early Seventies in the hands of Mark Donohue has been called the ultimate road-racing car. That streamlined, ground-hugging machine was capable of speeds over 220 mph and developed over *1200* hp in race trim! From technology gained from such competition cars, Porsche was able to produce the spectacular 930, as well as the recently introduced version of the 924 coupe that has a turbo added to its overhead-cam four-cylinder engine. That particular vehicle was originally criticized for being down on power, but with a new turbo, its original 110 hp has been bumped to an impressive 170 hp, producing 0–60 acceleration times in the neighborhood of 7.5 seconds and a top speed nearing 140 mph. However, like all Porsches, the 924 Turbo is not cheap. The projected price is $20,000—a $6000 boost over the normally aspirated version.

Turbochargers are not new in the market place—Corvair and Oldsmobile briefly and somewhat diffidently marketed turbo cars in the mid-Sixties, before Porsche swept in with its incredible Turbo 911 (now called the 930). Then came Saab, the feisty Swedish firm, which appeared in 1976 with a turbocharged version of its odd-shaped, anvil-tough little coupe.

By adapting a turbocharger used in its trucks and military vehicles, Saab was able to add some desired punch to the overhead-cam four-cylinder fuel-injected engine used throughout its line. This year, an improved 900 series has been introduced, featuring improved handling and interior comfort levels inside a mildly restyled exterior. The turbo engine is available in both a sporty three-door coupe and a more luxurious five-door sedan. While the displacement of the Saab engine is identical with that of the 924 Porsche (121 cu. ins.), the conservative boost of the turbo limits horsepower to 135. However, when compared with the normally aspirated version that produces 115 hp, the results are vivid. The Saab is especially effective at low speeds, where

(concluded on page 198)

"Is it a good aphrodisiac? For openers, Rutledge ran off with one of the guinea pigs."

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finally, after reading through 216,000 jokes, we bring you the winners of playboy's first annual humor competition

FUNNY MONEY

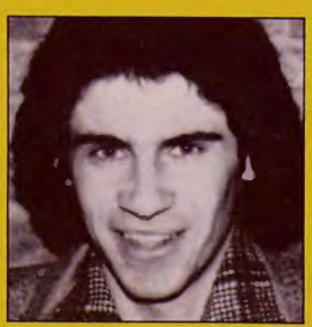
To be perfectly honest, when we conceived of this humor contest last year, we figured maybe 1000, possibly 2000 of you would enter. The editors would screen the 1000 or so entries down to a manageable number; then we'd send them off to our Distinguished Panel of Judges (David Brenner, Art Buchwald, Bill Cosby, Rodney Dangerfield, Buck Henry, Martin Mull and David Steinberg) and run the results several months later. That was the plan, anyway. As it turned out, our predictions were way off—we received over 12,000 entries. If you multiply that number by the number of gags and one-liners in each entry (18), the figure is 216,000. Do you have any idea how taxing it is to the human brain to read 216,000 jokes? Let's put it this way—three of our editors have defected to Russia. But don't feel guilty. All you did was fill in the entry blank. Anyway, that's all behind us, thank God! Now, for the winners. For the best *over-all* entries, the Grand Prize of $1000 goes to Jeff Kwit, Chicago, Illinois; there was a tie for Runner-Up, so $500 will go to Frieda and Scott Fivelson, Niles, Illinois, and Dennis Miller, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Over-all means that those entries scored the most laughs out of a possible 18 laughs. However, in going over the entries, we found a considerable number in which one or two lines were great; so what we've done is choose the very best gags for each section. The people responsible for those receive Honorable Mentions and a check for $100. *Where two entries had the same line, we chose the one with the earlier postmark.*

WINNER

Jeff Kwit
Chicago, Illinois

RUNNERS-UP

Frieda and Scott Fivelson
Niles, Illinois



Dennis Miller
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

ILLUSTRATION BY LOU BROOKS

GAG LINES, PART ONE

In which you were asked to supply a funny gag line for each of the following old movie stills:

"Just wait until those suckers at the sperm bank find out who the donor *really* was."

Robert Pargament
Rego Park, New York

"All right, which one of you prop guys nailed her shoes to the set?"

Vic Pisano
Studio City, California

"The button thief? Yeah, he went thataway."

Doug Payne
Santa Monica, California

"She's down to her underwear. Quick, give me another quarter."

Sid Shiplacoff
Albuquerque, New Mexico

"I may be wrong, but I don't think Jimmy Connors got *his* start hitting hard-boiled eggs off kitchen walls."

Greg Clancey
Mill Valley, California

GAG LINES, PART TWO

In which you were asked to supply a caption for each of the following cartoons:

"This is not what I meant when I said you could use it as a guest closet."

Frieda and Scott Fivelson
Niles, Illinois

"Richard, I'm having an affair."

Tom Martin
Lansdale, Pennsylvania

"You'll have to collect on Thursday. I'm paying the paper boy this morning."

Francis Monte
Livonia, Michigan

ONE-LINERS, PART ONE

In which you were asked to come up with one-liners based on the following topics: 1. A FEMINIST CONVENTION; 2. GROUP SEX; 3. PICKING UP A GIRL IN A SINGLES BAR; 4. PRESIDENT CARTER; 5. A NEW CONTRACEPTIVE.

A FEMINIST CONVENTION
My wife just got back from a feminist convention—I'll tell you about it when I've finished the vacuuming.

Joel Knecht
Kankakee, Illinois

(concluded on page 248)

IT'S SUPERHONDA!

PLAYBOY's Honda CVCC turned into Supercar with a Ron Nash turbocharger package.

Constant readers will recall a story in our October 1975 issue regarding the conversion of a boxy little Honda Civic CVCC into a wacky, neatly packaged miniature GT car. The project, which included flared fenders, custom wheels and tires, special bucket seats, new instrumentation and a coat of black epoxy paint, was the creation of Ron Nash Engineering, located in the pastoral Upstate New York village of Perry. That effort involved basic cosmetics. Only minor modifications were done to the power plant and the running gear. However, since that time, Nash has moved his operation into custom turbocharging, joining the two dozen firms in the field.

It stood to reason that the installation of a turbo in the old Playboy Civic would give us a solid base line for comparing the kinds of power increases one can gain from turbocharging a stock engine. Nash placed one of his turbo kits—which includes a Rayjay Industries Model 302B turbocharger, a Weber 40DCOE carburetor, a TurboSonic BPR waste gate and all the necessary manifolds, exhaust pipes, clamps, fittings, lines, gaskets and gauges—on our Civic and achieved the following staggering results: Dynamometer tests on our particular car indicated that the peak horsepower of the stock engine was 58 at 4200 rpm. With the turbocharger installed, and no other modifications, horsepower zoomed to *104* at 5200 rpm!

Suddenly, our Honda was able to burst away from stop lights and leap from 0 to 60 in 8.6 seconds. Moreover, top speed increased to 112 mph!

While the power increases in the Honda were prodigious, Nash, who holds a degree in physics, as well as having practical racing experience with turbo engines in Indianapolis-type competition, says the average turbocharger installation will produce boosts in horsepower of 40 percent to 80 percent. "It depends on the engine and the amount of boost you apply," he says. "For example, a single turbo on a normal 350-cubic-inch Chevrolet engine will increase power by about 40 percent." Prices for most after-market turbo kits will run between $800 and $1300, says Nash, depending on the complexity of the engine to be turbocharged.

"There is no way you can say your engine is not being taxed more heavily with a turbocharger," Nash warns those contemplating the purchase of a turbocharger. However, he says that the normal turbocharged engine is under full boost only about five percent of its operating life, which should not interfere with reliability. "I installed a turbo on a V6 Mustang II and it has been running trouble-free for 60,000 miles," he notes. In one final word of caution, Nash recommends that no one consider installing a turbocharger kit on his car unless he has a solid understanding of basic mechanics, and that special caution be taken when installing kits on air-cooled engines such as Porsches and VW Beetles or the new line of domestic diesels that have been converted from conventional gasoline units.

TURBOS

(continued from page 194)

its small size, good visibility and short-burst acceleration make it effective in the cut-and-thrust conditions of heavy urban traffic.

Of all the turbocharged cars presently on the market, the Buick S-type Riviera is the only totally new product. However, another car is a recent addition to the American scene and promises to be a forerunner of a whole new concept of automobile. That is the Mercedes-Benz 300SD, a turbocharged diesel version of its famed S-class four-door sedans. The engine is a modified model of its pioneering five-cylinder diesel that startled the world upon its introduction several years ago. The mating of this particular engine and a turbocharger is a marriage made in engineers' heaven. Turbochargers work on diesels like magic: Every aspect of performance improves; horsepower, fuel mileage, reliability. To wit, the 300SD produces over 40 percent more horses (110 *vs.* 77) and *better* fuel consumption, never mind better acceleration and top speed (which, at 105 mph, is about equal to the more powerful Riviera's).

Ford Motor Company jumped into the turbo business this year with a 2.3-liter (140-cu.-in.) overhead-cam four-banger that first saw life in the original Pinto. The engine is fitted in both the new Ford Mustang and its sister car, the Mercury Capri. Again, this is a rather mild application of turbocharging—as must be the case when working with low-cost mass-production engines—but the results are impressive. When coupled with the cars' optional handling packages, the turbo Capri and Mustang are not only the lowest-priced turbo cars on the market but among the most responsive and nimble automobiles made in America.

Where will it all end, this turbocharging business? That question cannot be answered, because the trend has barely begun. Several manufacturers, including most of the domestic builders, as well as Peugeot, Volkswagen, Volvo and others, are reported to be poised on the brink of jumping into the market place with turbo cars. Most agree that turbos are the one simple way to tweak small-displacement engines while retaining good fuel mileage (the turbo does not operate at low speeds, meaning fuel consumption remains normal) and acceptable emissions. As we said, the benefits are even greater on diesels, meaning the turbo boom may be even vaster than anyone can imagine at this time. Either way, turbos have given performance drivers a new lease on life, even on older, nonturbo cars (see left), and that alone is worth rejoicing about.

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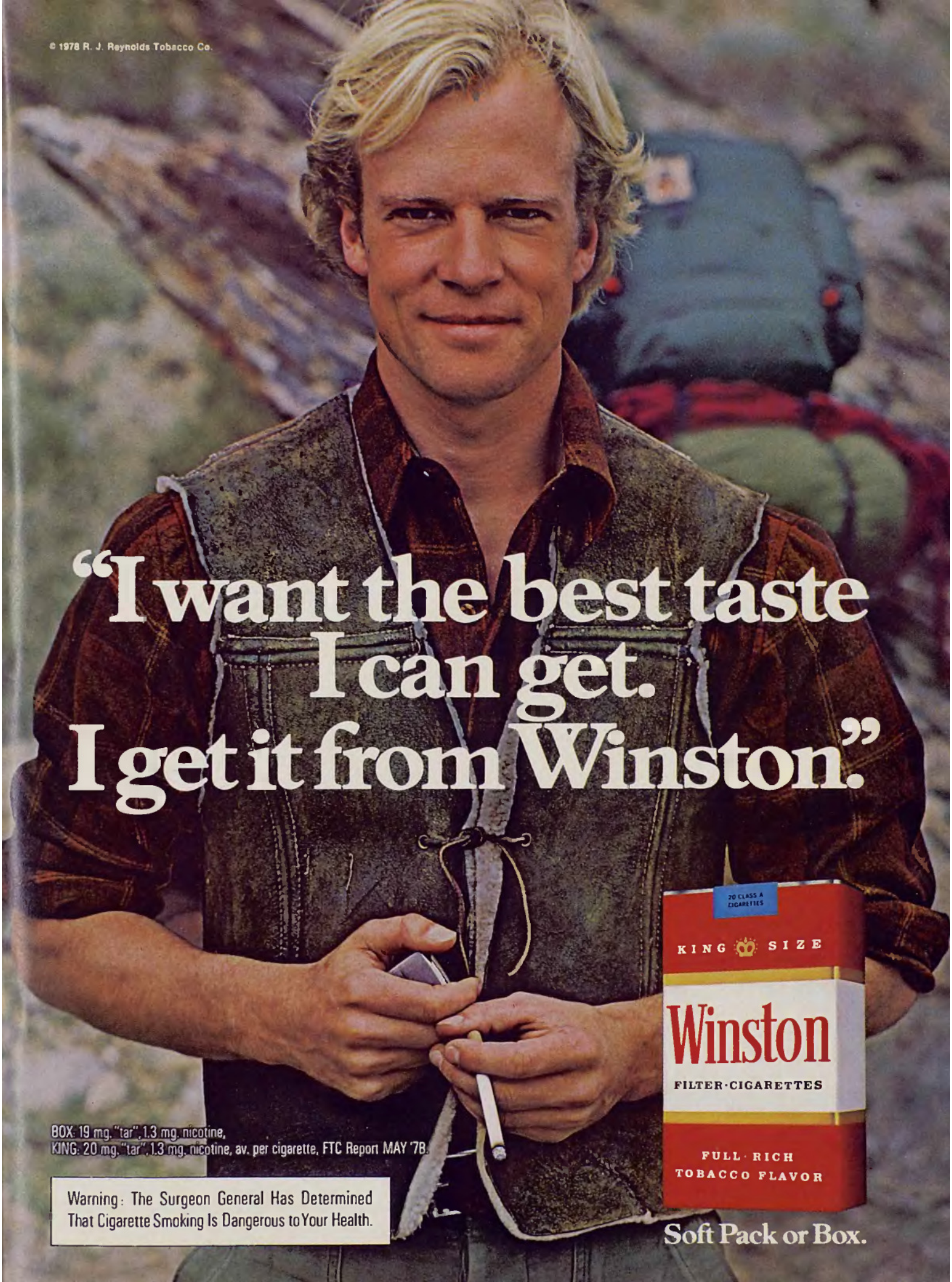


"I want the best taste I can get. I get it from Winston."

BOX: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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

Soft Pack or Box.

TWISTER!

(continued from page 141)

"'Tornado like big-name entertainment,' the old Indian said. 'Never hit Tulsa.'"

night strollers should be cognizant of the following tourist traps, some of whom might follow you for blocks: muggers, purse snatchers, pushers, pullers, gangs, gangsters, arsonists, kidnapers, hijackers, winos, contagious or deranged outpatients, unemployed people and prostitutes or dogs in heat.

It is the ambition of all males native of the Southwest to be suckered by a prostitute.

We went outside. That was thought to be a demonstration commensurate with rolling in a waste product or some other alleged fuel substitute to protest the price of gasoline, because a mugger had been sighted up the block, gliding our way.

The night was safe. We walked. We skipped. There were a family from Texas and some honeymooners from Kansas, and we formed teams and played hide-and-seek on the fringes of Central Park. Other tour members, firmly entrenched in the hotel lobby, likened our behavior to that of a rube who'd flick ashes in the face of a Hell's Angels pledge.

Those of us walking under the mugger alert that evening were joined by a geographic bond that makes neighbors of anybody living west of Kansas City and east of Denver, and by a spiritual bond that is known as the Bible Belt; and if you take transparencies of those two bonds and place one over the other on a map of the United States, you have Tornado Alley.

Tornado Alley is that area from north-central Texas up through mid-Kansas, where it happens every spring. I am from Tulsa. I was the guru of that particular group of vacationers. In 1976, only 28 tornadoes were reported in Oklahoma, and I was so happy I quit drinking, only to resume with a vengeance in 1977, when we had 54.

The wind comes down the plain, all right, only sometimes it vacuums instead of sweeps. Some find it contradictory that Tornado Alley infringes on that loop of the Bible Belt. I find it self-explanatory. That is God's country, and He is clearing it prior to occupancy.

A tornado can kill or humiliate you. It can strip away basic protective devices, such as courageous auras, roofs and pith helmets. It can catch you with your pants down or it can take your pants off.

There are an average of 662 tornadoes a year in the United States, with more than half occurring in April, May and June. In 1977, there were 852; Oklahoma gets anywhere from about eight to ten percent of the yearly total, many of which we try to export. Tornadoes usually move northeast. In return, Missouri probably recommends Oklahoma to welfare applicants.

A tornado is the ultimate horror story—fear of the unknown, that which intimidates, stalks, sucks and multiplies. It is nature's bastard offspring, an unnamed orphan. Although hurricanes are given feminine names, tornadoes are more masculine, and they are merely known as sons of bitches.

After reading *Jaws*, the only thing residents of the Alley were afraid of was affairs. We think of high-rise fires and earthquakes and hurricanes and mid-air and mid-ocean collisions as borderline science fiction, as likely as consecutive blackjacks dealt from a single deck and as sinister as the Luxembourg infantry.

We strolled that night until a cloud gave Brooklyn an overdose of lightning. In April of 1974, a tornado hit a little of Canada. On June 9, 1953, tornadoes killed 90 in central and eastern Massachusetts. Any place with hot and cold running air is vulnerable.

Tornadoes are often preceded by a dazzling display of lightning of the variety that was hung out like a sheet over the Brooklyn Bridge.

We evacuated the street and set up a protective circle in a tavern. Our group of strollers was praised for finally coming to its senses, because we were obvious marks.

"To the children of the street," we toasted.

May a tornado never drop one on our heads.

•

When I was a preteen living in Oklahoma City, my mother would rush us to the southwest corner of our house during a tornado warning, and while we hid under a mattress, my father read magazines and swallowed whiskey; but, unfortunately, such preventive measures have been exposed as folklore.

Tornadoes can expose anything.

It has been proved that hiding in the southwest corner of a dwelling is safer than hiding under the southwest corner of a milk cow, is about all. For years, people have gone from room to room, searching for a neutral corner, but it has been conceded that a southwest nook is no more immune to suction than a northeast nook. About the only bit of advice that has remained intact down through the years is, get the hell under something that won't collapse and squash you. And a tornado that hit Tulsa in 1974 hit a beer store *and* Oral Roberts University, thereby dispelling a number of myths passed along to me by an old Indian.

"Tornado like big-name entertainment," the old Indian said. "Never hit Tulsa."

I bought him a cold one. I told him that I lived on the 15th floor of a high-rise apartment building and that my whiskey and tobacco bill the spring before had been $250. In addition to what you can scratch, tornadoes also attack the most private of parts, such as livers and lungs.

The old Indian said, "Funnel like ancient buffalo; love to graze."

He told the next person who bought him a drink, a person who said he had just built a one-level home, "Tornado like urban renewal; eat buildings."

"Old Indian like ancient buffalo chip," I said. "Always dry."

After the tornado hit Tulsa in 1974, I looked up the old Indian, and he said that when the Tornado Never Hit Tulsa myth was originated, Tulsa was much smaller. Had the 1974 tornado hit in, say, 1905, "Tornado miss Tulsa, bad."

A child living in Tornado Alley often learns how to identify and react to a tornado before he learns how to classify sexual urges, which might be why some more mature residents of the Alley find something sensuous about the counterclockwise downward thrust of a funnel, and that might also be why a young lady I used to know, who had been in three twisters as a girl, used to enjoy making love on a Lazy Susan.

I still believe many rumors concerning freaks of nature.

It comes under the heading of "Know Your Enemy."

I got to know him real well. He lived near us and he had the foresight to construct a bomb shelter in his back yard because the Russians were going to attack North Georgia Avenue in Oklahoma City during the Fifties. In the event the Russians broke through the outer door of his bomb shelter, he was going to give them a pickle and tell them that he had mistaken the Russian bombers for tornadoes, because tornadoes sound like freight trains, diesel engines, bombers and people pounding on bomb shelters.

"Let me in," I once said. "I am afraid of tornadoes."

"Maybe this will teach you not to laugh at citizens who invest in all-purpose preventatives."

It almost did.

It was computed that a specific location would experience a tornado only once every 250 years. That computation, probably compiled by an odds maker in northeast Nevada, was obviously made before Baldwyn, Mississippi, was struck

(continued on page 276)

THERE ARE many theories of how and why the Mafia actually began, but most *mafiosi* agree that it was created in June of 1479 by Sicilian tailor-philosopher Don Turridu Laminula. Known also as the father of symbolism, Laminula invented the Black Hand logo, designed the first club jacket and came up with the idea of putting a canary in a man's mouth if he talked. Since its humble beginnings, the honored society has flourished. Membership now numbers in the thousands, and almost every member is celebrating this year, 1979, as the Cinquecento—the 500th birthday of the Mafia. Blow out the candles!

humor **By DON NOVELLO**

MAFIA CINQUECENTO

Official Flower: Carnation

Official Drink: Anisette

Official Bird: Canary

Official Color: Black

Official Vegetable: Artichoke

Official Saint: Saint Ferrari, Patron Saint of Getaway Drivers

Official Song: "La Mafia e Come un Carciofo" ("The Mafia Is Like an Artichoke")

HONOR THY HISTORY!

On July 10, 1943, Lucky Luciano and a team of U.S. Naval Intelligence officers landed on Gela Beach, Sicily. With Lucky's help, the Allied armies had no trouble making a rapid, organized conquest of the island, thus turning the tide of World War Two. On November 14, 1957, Federal agents raided that year's Mafia get-together at Apalachin, New York. The landing at Gela and the raid at Apalachin are only two historic episodes in Mafia history celebrated in this series of Dominic sugar envelopes. You'll want these Cinquecento commemoratives on display at all your favorite bars, restaurants and airports. Order them by the gross at 45 cents.

HE'S A DOLL!

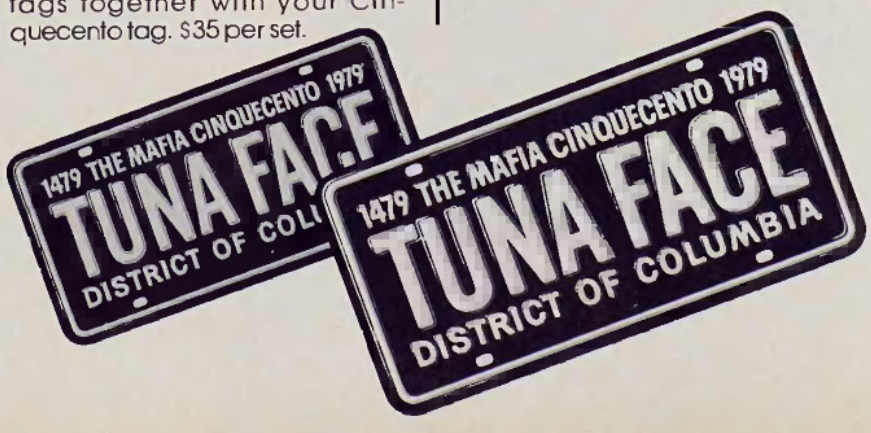
Move over, Ken and Barbie—here comes Carmine! Pull the string attached to Carmine's back and what does Carmine say? Nothing! It's a joke that will make your friends and business associates laugh for hours! And he's got a miniature wardrobe that would make Sammy Davis Jr. blush. Ten different pairs of shoes! Star sapphire pinkie rings in five different settings! Gold chains with good-luck charms so small it takes a microscope to find out if they're really there!

Kids will like playing with him, too! Comes packaged in a miniature oil drum.

Carmine, $25. Gold chains, $5. Rings, shoes, $4.

TAKING LICENSE

It used to be that a mafioso's status was determined by how late into the day he could wear his pajama tops. Now you can have this Official 1979 Cinquecento License Plate! You'll also receive a valid registration certificate from the District of Columbia Department of Motor Vehicles. Check with your own state department of motor vehicles to see if you must display your state tags together with your Cinquecento tag. $35 per set.



LEND A HAND!

Get in the spirit of '79 with these official black-hand products. Limited-edition Cinquecento ashtrays are serially numbered, so hurry! $25 each. Matching Cinquecento necklace charm and belt buckle are 24-kt. gold. $250 each.

IT'S A HIT!

Sick and tired of "the meat" messing up important jobs? There will be no more misunderstanding instructions with these new Cinquecento Official Contract forms. Only $1 for a tablet of 30 sheets.

MAFIA
OFFICIAL CONTRACT
"Body Work"

Be it signed, this piece of paper will serve notice that the _____ (name of contractor) _____ Family wishes _____ (name of mechanic) _____ to do it the favor of offing/injuring _____ (name of victim-elect) _____ on or before _____ (date) _____.

Reason:

Personal vendetta ☐ Political favor ☐
Family business ☐ Government subcontract ☐

Type of damage to be inflicted:

All the way ☐ Internal bleeding ☐
Broken thumb ☐ Lacerations and contusions ☐
Broken ribs: Fewer than three ☐ Three or more ☐

If "all the way," body should be disposed by:

_____

Names and addresses of victim-elect's favorite restaurants, girlfriends and barber:

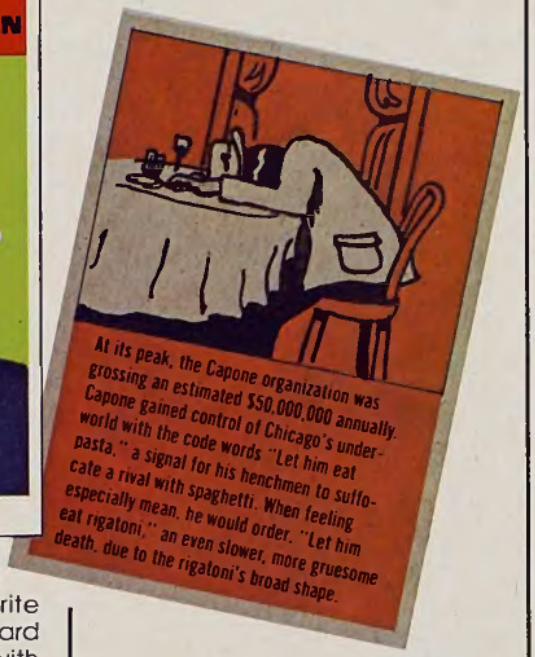
_____
_____
_____

Amount of contract $ _____

Advance payment $ _____

_____
Mechanic's signature

_____
Contractor's signature



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

Collect all 200 of your favorite mafiosi in this exciting trading-card series. You'll want to trade with friend and foe alike. It's fun—and time-consuming, too! Five cards per pack, with gum, 25 cents. Ten-pack minimum per order. Available in 14 languages! Order now!

GREAT MOMENTS IN MAFIA HISTORY
Commemorative Medals

From our very own mint, in pure 24-kt. gold! You'll want the entire six-medal set. Only $1500!

1492—Birth of Blackmail
1501—Birth of Rolando Sconto, Founder of the Kickback
1893—Invention of the Jukebox
1919—Beginning of Prohibition
1941—Birth of Las Vegas
1972—"The Godfather" wins Academy Award

TEE-RIFIC!

The official Cinquecento T-shirt. Buy one for each member of the family. S, M, L, XL. Fifty for $200. They're fun.

BONUS GIFT

A 100-pound bag of Omerta cement mix sent free with every order over $500.

BAY CHANGE (continued from page 164)

"She might have been some pagan goddess who had shouldered her way through the clam beds."

than a quarter of a mile offshore, occasionally uncovering his quarry, which he dutifully dropped into the communal pail floating around in its Styrofoam collar, when the two women came wading out.

The woman in front was tall, almost six feet, Morgan would have guessed, and she was built with carefree splendor. She strode through the water with a power and fierceness that pleasantly enlivened the sleepy air. She wore a string suit the same color as her tanned body. She might have been, Morgan thought with awe, some pagan goddess who had shouldered her way through the clam beds of the Great South Bay into the sunshine of the world.

The woman who followed in her wake moved more slowly, feeling her way delicately. She was smaller—though what woman of ordinary size would not be?—and she had pale blonde hair and her body was white, which on Fire Island in the summer was very near to felony.

The first woman joined the resolute clammers in a clatter of splashing water, casting around a dazzling smile as though she were bestowing benefactions. She was in her late 30s and although she was not one of the covey of weekenders, she seemed to know almost everyone. She called around greetings and then marched over to Morgan. She extended a hand and pronounced herself Terry Welles. Her grip was firm and her eyes sparkled and she made everyone else look weary.

She was just returning Morgan's hand when the other woman joined them and Terry Welles introduced her as Anne. She did not supply a surname for Anne, who seemed about 25. Anne's face was shaped like a heart and was clefted in the chin. She wore a tight, one-piece bathing suit. She had the lean body of a high-board diver.

Terry Welles surveyed Morgan. "I've never seen you around here before."

"I've never been here before."

"What do you do?"

(Geoffrey Wallace, Morgan's host, a Londoner in beatific exile, had remarked once to Morgan that he could never understand why Americans could not be in the company of a stranger for more than a couple of minutes before demanding to be informed what that stranger did to justify his visit on earth. "Why do you chaps have to categorize immediately?" Wallace had asked. "You're all like the bloody Japs, trying to establish relative status.")

"What do you do when you're not digging clams?" Terry asked.

"I'm a newspaperman." Morgan's eyes lingered on Anne.

"A written-word newspaperman?" Terry asked.

Morgan nodded. He wondered who Anne was. She might have been Terry's younger sister.

Having extracted Morgan's identification, Terry turned to Anne. "Better start collecting some clams, Annie, if you expect your share of chow later." As Anne walked off obediently, Terry asked Morgan, "Do you consider this fun?"

"Nothing I'd rather do first thing in the morning." He kept watching Anne. "I'm just not very good at it."

"Is this your first time clamming as well?" Terry asked.

"For hard-shells." He thought how much simpler it was to gather in the soft-shelled clams in Maine. One walked along a beach with a hod at low tide and looked for air holes in the sand. "What do you do, Terry?" he asked, joining Terry in proving Wallace's observation, excusing himself lamely to himself on the ground that it might lead to more information about Anne, who now was bent over in her searching and whose body was a single lovely line that might have won the approval of George Balanchine.

"I'm an interior decorator," Terry said. She saw that Anne was now wandering purposelessly toward shore. "Annie, the clams are under your feet, not on the land." She kept her eyes on Anne until the younger woman again took up the quest. "Lazy, lazy, lazy."

Morgan had come to understand in the few minutes he had known Terry Welles that in her lexicon, laziness was close to blasphemy. He saw that Terry now was making a final inspection of him, fixing him into some filing cabinet in her mind, and then she swept away to contribute her own labors.

They all continued through the morning as the sun got hotter. There were techniques, Morgan learned. Some of the diggers bent over all the time, as he did, groping in the sand with their hands. Others, apparently more experienced, or adept, moved about erect, dreamily, as though sleepwalking, searching with their toes, coming to life when the toes encountered game, bending down quickly and snaring it. Morgan waited for someone to come up with a clam between the toes, but that never happened.

After a little while, Morgan straightened his back, which ached, and to forget

"We'd better hurry, dear. It wouldn't do to have the bride and the best man late for the wedding, would it?"

IMPORTED BY B-F SPIRITS LTD., N.Y., N.Y., CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80 PROOF, © 1978.

that twinge, he sought out Anne. Anne was putting her hands into the water now and again, but her mind seemed not to be on clamming. He wondered what it was on. He would have liked to ask her.

He looked at Terry. Terry moved with flaring panache, part of the time using the toe method, at other times scooping with her fingers. Either way, she showed style. When she worked her feet in a kind of underwater ballet, it did handsome things for her hips and belly and large breasts. When she bent over, her rump was a cause for celebration. She was the kind of woman who ordinarily would have had an enormous attraction for Morgan, and he wondered why his thoughts, rather explicit thoughts, centered on Anne instead.

He noticed something else as he moved about, using his toes now, faking a pursuit for sustenance. He saw that Terry was solicitous of Anne. Terry stayed fairly close to her, as though they were all on the other side of Fire Island, prey to ocean crosscurrents and rip tides, instead of here in the placid bay where one could almost walk across to the mainland and where sailing boats of even small draft had to be careful not to run aground.

He sauntered over, not directly to the two of them. Terry was coming up with a handful of clams, more than he had found all morning. She made her way to the pail, dropped them in, walked back.

"Do you have a place out here?" Morgan asked Terry.

"Yes, we live in that little yellow house just down the street from Geoffrey," Terry said.

We. . . . Did that mean a Mr. Welles?

"Anne, I think perhaps you've had enough. Better go back now."

"Do I have to?" Anne asked.

"You'll scratch your hands too much," Terry said. "You know how chafed they get. I don't like you to have rough fingers, you know that."

"But I'm just beginning to enjoy myself," Anne said.

"And I told you to wear your big straw hat," Terry said. "You know what a mess the sun makes of your face."

Morgan, who had been prevailed upon by his host to wear just such a hat, took it off. "She can wear mine."

"Please don't interfere," Terry said pleasantly.

"I want to stay a little longer," Anne said.

"You will do as I say." Terry still smiled.

Morgan sensed that Terry was aware that Anne was looking to him for more support.

"But I'm having fun," Anne said. "You said this morning that this was going to be a good day and I could have fun." Her chin trembled. She looked 15.

A quietness passed over Terry's comely face. "You will leave now. You will go over to Geoffrey's house and wait for the rest of us to come in. If you continue to be stubborn, I will make you go home and you will remain there the rest of the day and I will punish you. You know how you will be punished."

Anne raised her eyes to Morgan and, not finding the backing she never truly expected, she looked down again and Morgan thought she was going to cry and he wanted to take her in his arms and console her. He knew he must, of all things now, do nothing and say nothing.

After a moment, Anne slumped and turned and started her way back to shore. She walked very slowly, as though hoping against hope that Terry would relent and summon her back. She finally climbed onto the narrow, sandy beach and then up the boardwalk leading to Geoffrey Wallace's home.

Morgan looked at Terry. She was standing erect, arms akimbo, watching Anne vanish among the trees. Terry finally turned to him. Her eyes were luminous. She sighed softly and rubbed the sides of her breasts.

"She's such a child," Terry said.

"Is she your sister?" Morgan asked.

Terry brightened the morning with her smile. "Anne is my wife."

•

"I'm alone a great deal," Anne said to Morgan. "That's how I get to read so much. That's how I know about Reich."

"I suppose I should not be surprised," Morgan said.

"That I'm alone a lot or that I know about Wilhelm Reich?"

"Isn't he rather heavy going?"

"I'm not stupid," Anne said.

The guests were still in their bathing suits, sitting around Geoffrey Wallace's pool. The clams had been brought in and delivered to the purveyor of meals and lodging. The Englishman, a gentle and rather smallish man, had cleaned them, diced them, mixed them with a variety of spices the identities of which he would not reveal, had returned the mixture to the shells and had baked them. They had been consumed with much cold wine and the morning's chore had justified itself.

"It's always such a pleasure to eat food one has collected oneself," Geoffrey said. He was an engaging man in his 40s who managed to look British even in swim trunks. "There is something marvelously atavistic about it."

"You collected none of it," Terry said, glancing over to where Morgan and Anne were seated. "You never got off your British butt."

"I take your point, old girl," Geoffrey said. "But there is something basic here, making old lady nature supply one's wants. It is good for the soul, I must say."

"I have given my soul over to Terry," Marge Rawlinson said. "And she won't give it back."

Marge Rawlinson had arrived for lunch. She was a middle-aged divorcee who was spending the summer on her yacht tied up in the Pines' harbor. She had a purring voice and a jet-set air.

Terry Welles broke into laughter. "You'd better explain that, Marge. People might get peculiar ideas."

Marge looked puzzled and then she, too, laughed.

"What Marge means," Terry said, "is that I am decorating her Sutton Place apartment. And I damned well will not return her precious soul until I have everything there precisely as I want it to be."

"The naughty woman won't even allow me to have Haitian cotton," Marge said.

"Haitian cotton was out before it was in," Terry said in an authoritative, quiet voice that precluded gainsaying.

"Do you believe in Reich's theory that neuroses come from what he called orgone energy that's all around us?" Anne asked Morgan.

"I don't know. You know, Anne, I once interviewed Reich before they put him in jail."

Anne's eyes widened. They were a shade of blue Morgan had seen nowhere except when gazing on a sunny day at the Mediterranean. "What was he like?"

"I was very young then," Morgan said. "Just starting in. I didn't know very much. I wish I had the chance to do it over now."

"I believe in so many of the things he wrote," Anne said, leaning closer to the man who once had interviewed Wilhelm Reich. "I can feel it when I lie on the sand, that special sense of well-being he describes." She was silent for a moment. "Terry doesn't allow me to spend too much time in the sun. She says she likes my skin to stay smooth and soft."

Ever since that moment when Terry had informed him that she and Anne were lovers, more, in their eyes married as were conventional couples, Morgan had tried to adjust himself to that simple state of affairs. But he found himself caught short when Anne spoke of her skin and how Terry wanted it to be and he was aware, as were all male chauvinists, of the specific pleasures given and taken by the two of them.

He was aware, too, that despite his knowledge of Anne's preference, he was still drawn to her, and more and more. He knew that there were women who were fascinated by male homosexuals, taking them as a challenge to their own powers, looking at their inclination as an aberration they could set to right. Did

(continued on page 239)

SHAKING UP THE DAIQUIRI

ten tempting variations on papa hemingway's favorite tipple

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

BY RIGHTS, the daiquiri should be known as the conquistador. It was those Spanish adventurers who first compounded the soothing amalgam of rum, sugar and lime juice—quaffing it from conch shells, on sunny Caribbean shores. It could just as easily be called a rum sour, since that's what a daiquiri is, essentially. But the drink was christened officially around 1900 by a crew of fun-loving American mining engineers in Cuba, who guzzled it to ward off yellow fever. (Or so they claimed.) The name was borrowed from the Daiquiri iron mines, near Santiago, which the thirsty *yanquis* were developing for American interests. Perhaps the biggest daiquiri on record was concocted for steel tycoon Charlie Schwab and his entourage, when they toured the mines. Ten bottles of light Cuban rum, the juice of 100 limes, a pound of sugar and some ice—an American nicety—were slopped into a wooden keg and stirred with a paddle. As the executives emerged from the pits, each *(continued on page 292)*

ILLUSTRATION BY PAT DYPOLD

IMMORTALITY

(continued from page 140)

"Suppose your body were dying and someone could transplant your head. You'd take it, right?"

There's where I was bugged by *The Six Million Dollar Man*. The lay view is that science and technology can do anything they set their minds to. The fact is that the really exquisite, marvelous mechanism is the human. Intriguing, complex, not understood. We know very little about how to connect a machine to a human. The hardware can be done. The interfacing cannot be done. Not yet."

But some exotic work on bionic vision is under way at the University of Utah. Researchers implant a grid of 64 platinum electrodes against the visual center of the cerebral cortex at the back of a blind volunteer's brain. They attach the feed from the implant to a computer and fire the electrodes one by one. The volunteer senses points of light in his mental visual field and charts on a pad the location of the flashes in his visual space. The chart reveals distortions. Electrodes 1 and 16 appear side by side; electrodes 30 and 32, which ought to be next door, appear at the bottom and the top of the field. The computer adjusts for the discrepancies and the volunteer learns to read Braille at 30 letters per minute, faster than he can read by hand. Someday a miniature camera might be implanted in the socket of his eye and he might see patterns with the same coarse discrimination as the flashing scoreboards at football stadiums.

At Utah and elsewhere, researchers continue to develop artificial hearts. They've kept calves alive for seven months on prototypes, but the power source is outside. The hearts need a cool, portable, reliable power supply, and that's still being tested. Fidelity Electronics of Chicago, the largest American distributor of prostheses and bionics, sells a myoelectric hand that, like the Boston Arm, reads muscle signals to open and close a plastic hand or a triad of metal hooks. Fidelity has a switch a stroke victim can wear in his shoe to fire a dragging leg to lift when he walks. And a sip-and-puff control for quadriplegics, a straw attached to a control center that allows the paralyzed to adjust their beds, make telephone calls, turn on lights and TVs. Fidelity's tooling up to install a hot-cold, hard-soft touch-feedback system in its myoelectric hand. And that's about it for bionics, though university and VA laboratories are hard at work.

If not bionics, what about transplants? We've been hoping for success in that department since the first successful kidney transplants in the late Fifties. Nothing ought to lengthen life more certainly than brand-new or slightly used organs.

The transplant record improves. At Stanford, Dr. Norman Shumway counted 69 of his heart-transplant patients alive at the beginning of 1979, one of them on his third heart, the best record in the world. Kidney transplants have become almost routine. Livers have been transplanted, and lungs, and heart and lung together, though only experimentally. Rejection is still the stone wall. The host rejects the graft or the graft rejects the host. Tissues have types just as blood does, but many more of them. The closer the tissues are matched, the less chance of ultimate rejection, which is why the first successful kidney transplants were performed on identical twins. Kidney transplants today get their organs from their immediate families, matches close enough that there are some 20,000 still alive around the world. But Mom and Sis and your kid brother aren't allowed to donate their hearts, though someone in Pennsylvania once offered to donate his heart to ailing ex-President Eisenhower. Dr. Shumway's Stanford group monitors its heart patients with catheters and biopsies, doses them carefully with immunosuppressive drugs, floods them with antibiotics at the least sign of infection, gets them up and makes them jog. Heart transplants come out of Stanford these days at the rate of 20 a year. You might want to file that fact away for reference.

A PLAYBOY researcher discovered what looked like the ultimate transplant in a story in *Der Spiegel*, West Germany's answer to *Time*. I tracked its developer down in Cleveland, Ohio, close to home. Suppose your body were dying but your brain were OK. Suppose you could get a new body. Suppose someone could transplant your head. You'd take it, right? This is an old medical-school joke. The joke goes on: Would you take it if they couldn't reconnect the spinal cord and you couldn't move the new body but would still be alive and quadriplegic? Would you take it if they could keep your brain alive but cut off from the outside world, a brain in a jar? Most medical students shudder at that point in the joke and say, Christ, no, who'd want

"An exceptionally well-trained dog you have there."

Sometimes the guys who get hit the hardest aren't even in the game.

Time out for Alka-Seltzer®. The sound of fast relief.

It can get pretty rough up there in the grandstands. Every year spectators are clobbered by hot dogs, peanuts, popcorn, candy and beer. And when 15,000 fans begin to roar, many are hit with pounding headaches.

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to be a brain in a jar? Some take the head on the pillow with the bright, searching eyes.

Dr. Robert J. White is a distinguished Ohio neurosurgeon, professor of neurosurgery at Case Western Reserve and a former Mayo Clinic man, and he has perfected most of the technology necessary for a head transplant. He calls the procedure a cephalic transplant, points out that it's really a body transplant, since the identity of the survivor would come from the head, and emphasizes that it isn't high on his list of priorities. He has transplanted the heads of rats and monkeys and kept them alive for three or four days. The monkeys were trained to respond to tests with facial signals, and after their transplantations, they did, indicating that they were aware and functioning. While working on the cephalic transplant, Dr. White and his team have developed skills useful in brain surgery. But he can't reconnect the spinal cord, which means the grafted bodies serve only as immobile power packs—organic equivalents of artificial life-support systems like artificial kidneys and heart-lung machines and respirators. And since it's only rats and monkeys, he hasn't yet had to worry about graft-host rejection. He hasn't kept his experimental animals alive that long. If he did, they'd start rejecting just as heart transplants do.

When medicine masters the rejection process, a cephalic transplant will be a possibility to consider if all else fails. You'd be what White calls a "head on a pillow," but he notes that he has patients in that predicament right now. You could have a man's body or a woman's body or whatever turned you on, except you wouldn't feel it below the neck. White and I speculated on the ethics of hooking up the head of a dying Einstein to the brain-dead torso of a strapping young motorcyclist and the conversation turned philosophic. The chimerical monkeys, set in little chairs and serving the worthy purpose of improving neurosurgery, have been seen to grin. A year, White says (discounting the problem of rejection), would give him the technology to do as much for humans.

Since we're still talking about phase one, about patching people up and keeping them alive a few years longer, let's look at predictions of medical progress. At the beginning of 1977, *Medical World News* published the results of a Delphi poll conducted for it by a Baltimore think tank. The Delphi poll method was developed by the Rand Corporation, which is why it wears such an oracular name. It predicts future developments by asking questions of a panel of specialists eminent in whatever field is under study. *M.W.N.*'s specialists were eminent in medicine. Their predictions are encouraging and, taken together, they explain Rand's prediction of a 50 percent increase in life span. This is the cream of

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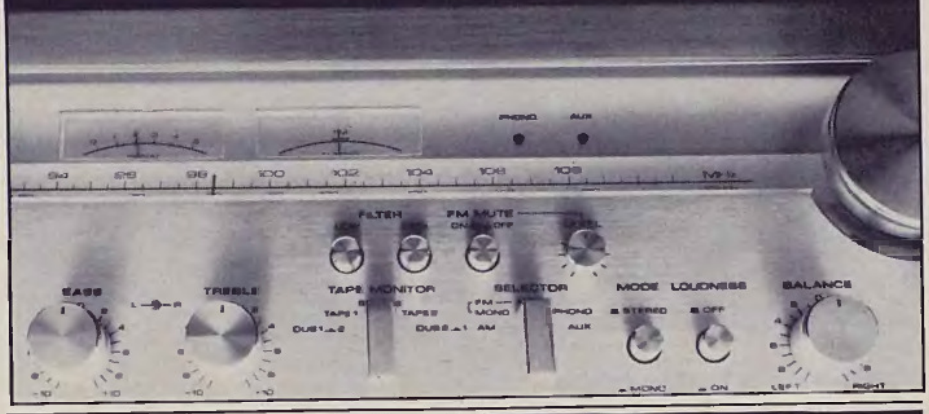

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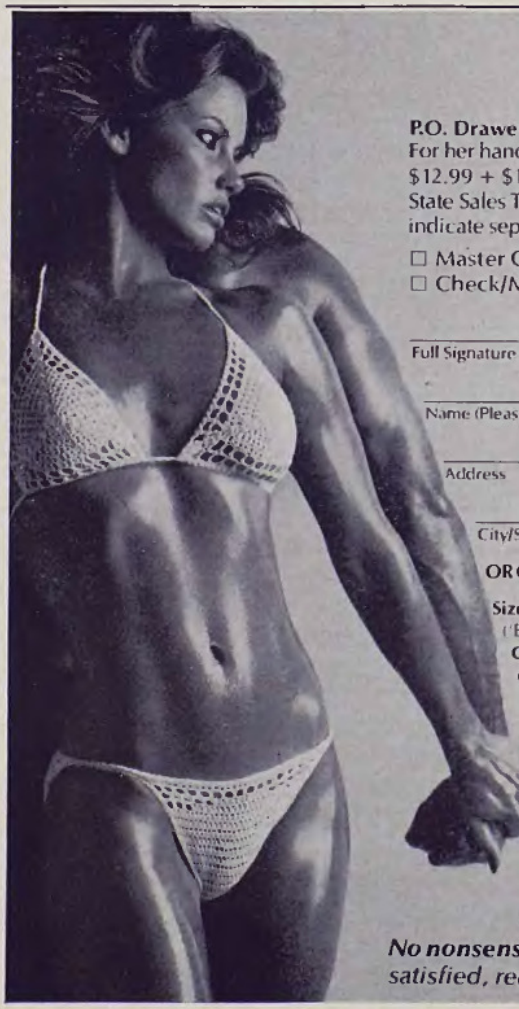

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- Nonnarcotic treatment of pain (1980)
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- Reliable liver transplantation [Goodbye, cirrhosis!] (1980)
- Medical treatment of mental disease (1980)
- Organ transplantation to correct genetic diseases (1985)
- Routine use of implantable artificial bladder, heart, kidneys, pancreas and liver (1990)
- Discovery of the main causes and prevention of diabetes (1990)
- Enzyme-replacement therapy [to keep us young] (1990)
- Manipulation of the immune system to control organ transplantation, autoimmune diseases [such as rheumatoid arthritis] and suppression of fertility (1990)
- Marked reduction in incidence of heart disease by massive lowering of circulating blood lipid concentration (2000)
- Vaccines against viruses [Goodbye, viral pneumonia; goodbye, herpes virus 11] (2000)

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•

Which brings us to murkier waters, phase two, the ugly business of aging. Doctors can cure our diseases and transplant our organs, but aging still goes on. It goes on throughout the body at a more or less uniform rate. Skin loses its elasticity, connective tissue toughens, muscles weaken, the lungs move less air and the heart pumps less blood. One of the difficulties with heart transplants is that strong young hearts put excessive pressure on weak old blood vessels. The kidneys last a lifetime if they aren't diseased, and so does the liver, but the hormone system slowly goes haywire and the immune system retreats, recruiting disease. The balance tips between the various systems of the body, and no amount of patching will fix it up, and eventually we depart—right around the 100-year mark, maximum, though a few of us live to see our second century, if we can still see. It's been 100 years for 100,000 years now, and before that, it was less. Aging's the turn of the screw, the kick of the gun, and no one has yet figured out how to slow it down, much less reverse it.

Not for want of trying. There have been almost as many theories of aging, and remedies for aging, as there have been researchers in the field. Some of those theories and remedies have been

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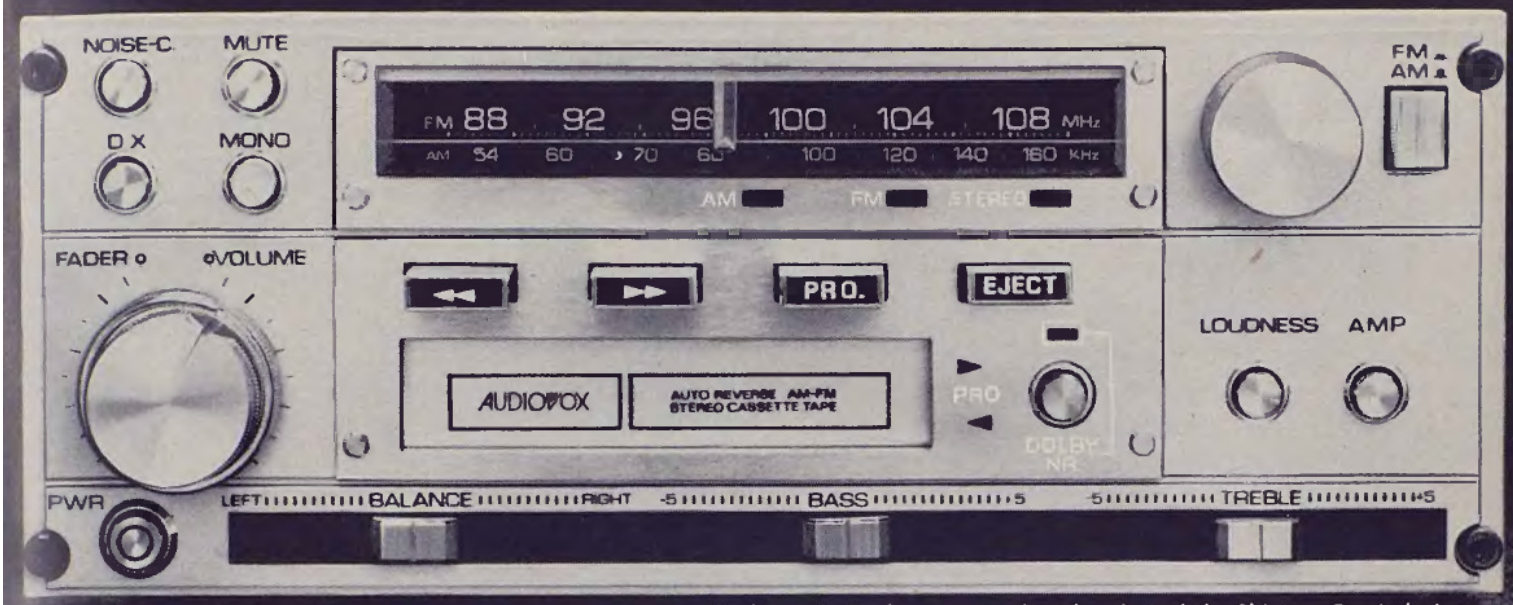

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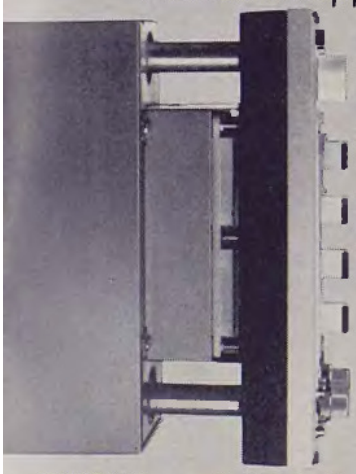

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This Month in oui

Yvonne's lovely lips are just two of June OUI's many special features. Other shapely pieces this month: *Best of Sex*, our annual crazy review in which flesh and fantasy collide. An interview with Nick Nolte on the set of *Heartbreak*, the upcoming film about Kerouac's road adventures. An eye-opening report on appliances that can nuke away your health right in your home. Plus an eye-witness account of the revolution in Nicaragua; a short, sexy history of the saxophone; inflatable ideas to keep you afloat this summer and much more. June OUI will kiss you all over.

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misguided, some of them have been outrightly fraudulent, some of them have been merely oversimple and none of them have worked. The company cafeteria and the health-food store sell yogurt because of the autointoxication theory of an aging Russian Nobel laureate named Elie Metchnikoff. Metchnikoff believed we age because harmful bacteria in our intestines poisons our bodies. As a remedy, he proposed a diet of cooked food and sour milk: yogurt. A London surgeon took Metchnikoff's theory one step further. He cut away great sections of his patients' intestines. "Abdominal spring cleaning," one of his followers called it. A French physiologist touted testicular extracts from guinea pigs to rejuvenate his clients. A Russian surgeon transplanted monkey testicles. An American con man from Kansas named John Romulus Brinkley got rich transplanting the testicles of billy goats. A Viennese advised vasectomy to seal in the youthful hormones. Others injected novocaine or scrapings of cells from unborn lambs. In Europe, they still do. John F. Kennedy worked at staying young with lamb cells. Wheat germ, vitamin E, the sardine diet are recent additions to the list.

To see how far the science of aging—gerontology—has been from finding simple, reasonable answers to the questions of why and how we age, you have to hear some of the theories. I talked with researchers all over the East Coast, and I began to think aging must be beyond human comprehension. Bear with me while I summarize, because there's a ray of hope at the other end.

One theory I didn't hear was wear and tear. Wear and tear's the obvious theory, and for a long time it was the only theory (forgetting yogurt and animal glands), but it has been thoroughly discredited. It argues, basically, that the body's a machine, and machines wear out, therefore, so does the body. But the body isn't a machine; it can repair itself, and does, though repair systems break down as we grow older.

Another theory, still popular in some circles, is aging due to the accumulation of metabolic by-products. They accumulate in the body's cells and the cells can't work as well. The evidence is there, metabolic by-products *do* accumulate in cells—trace-metal ions, "age pigments," chemical cross-linkages. But the rate of cross-linkage is the same for all animals, and some animals live longer than others. The degree of cross-linkage in the cells of a three-year-old mouse is the same as the degree of cross-linkage in the cells of a three-year-old child, but the mouse at three is old, the child at three just getting started.

Another theory is error accumulation. When our cells divide, as many of them do, they transcribe the genetic information stored on their DNA. Sometimes they make errors, and then the errors get

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passed on and multiply. Enough errors, goes the theory, and the whole system gets out of whack. But young cells repair their genetic material more efficiently than older cells, so something behind error accumulation governs aging.

Some researchers have argued that we're programed for aging. They've proposed the existence of a "death clock" in the hypothalamus, the master hormone-control center buried deep in the brain. They think the clock causes the hypothalamus to lose its sensitivity to information feedback from the body, throwing the hormone system out of balance and causing us to age. The death-clock theory goes against everything that scientists know about evolution. Evolution selects positive, not negative characteristics. It picks out the characteristics that keep us going, not the ones that knock us off, and there's no evidence that aging is a positive characteristic for which evolution would select. The old argument that aging is designed to make room for the young by killing off the old doesn't make sense: If no one aged, the entire population would be young.

Those aren't the only theories, but the common denominator in all the ones I heard is that they don't explain why we age and they don't explain why, despite our best efforts, we live a maximum of only 100 years.

Except one. At the end of two weeks of interviewing, after a month of reading the literature, when I was ready to give up, I almost accidentally bumped into a man in Baltimore who has figured out life span. He doesn't know what *specifically* causes aging, but he knows what aging is and why we have it, and he thinks he knows a little of what we might do about it. Maybe most important of all, his theory puts all the other theories based on reliable experiment in a sensible context. The only trouble is, most of the other researchers with whom I talked hadn't heard of him yet.

Dr. Richard G. Cutler, a biophysicist, became interested in gerontology when he noticed its mass of conflicting theories and sensed the possibility of a simple explanation. He conducted research in aging at the Brookhaven National Laboratory. Today, at 43, he is on the staff of the Gerontology Research Center of the National Institute on Aging in Baltimore.

Instead of studying individual bodily systems, as most researchers do, Dr. Cutler stepped back to look at life span in a larger context. That context was evolution, and the choice turned out to be inspired, because it was in evolution that he found the elusive answer. He noticed, first of all, that mammals are structurally very similar. They have the same kinds of organs, the same kinds of bones, the same kinds of tissue. In terms of DNA, they have the same kinds of structural genes. The chimpanzee shares more than 98 percent of its structural genes with its closest relative, man. On the structural level, man and the chimpanzee are almost identical.

But man and the chimpanzee are dramatically different in life span. Man's *maximum life-span potential*—Cutler abbreviates the phrase to M.L.P.—is about 100 years. The chimpanzee's M.L.P. is about 50 years. And there are equally dramatic differences in M.L.P. among all the species of mammals, which are structurally so much alike. One common laboratory mouse has an M.L.P. of three to four years. Another common laboratory mouse, almost identical, has an M.L.P. of eight years. Cutler found those differences intriguing.

"If you compare different mammalian species," he explains, "you find that they have different life spans. It's hard to convince some people of that. They say, 'Are you sure? Wouldn't a lion live just as long as man if you took equally good care of it?' But, no, no matter how well you take care of a lion, or a deer, or a mouse, it still ages faster than man. Moreover, the life spans are different, the rate of aging is different, but the *process* of aging is the same. The same problems pop up, the same kinds of physical decline. So man, for example, appears to age at a slower rate across the board than the chimpanzee. The chimp ages about twice as fast as man. He loses his immune function twice as fast, he loses his eyesight twice as fast, and his hearing, his cognitive ability, and so on."

Which dispenses, Cutler points out, with any simple theory of wear and tear. If you want a car to last twice as long, you build it better from the frame up. Stronger materials, better parts, more careful machining and assembly. A better structure. If aging were only wear and tear, man would have better structures than other mammals. He doesn't. "Life span," Cutler concludes, "isn't a matter of better design."

If not better design, then what? Cutler's startling insight, for which he marshals considerable evidence, is that life span *evolved*. It evolved to fill up the time each species had available to live, if that makes sense—in a minute, I'll let Cutler explain it—and aging is a by-product of that evolution.

All living species have had the same amount of evolutionary time. That's a basic fact of evolution. Then why, asks Cutler, didn't they all evolve 100-year M.L.P.s?

Because they couldn't use them. "If you go out into the wild and try to find an old mouse," Cutler says, "you won't find it. Old fish, old deer—you don't find them, either. In their natural environments, animals are always killed off before they show any signs of senescence. A one-year-old bird has the same probability of being killed as a half-year-old

bird, even though there aren't as many one-year-old birds around. The probability remains constant. Take a bird with a short life span in the wild and put it in a laboratory and see how long it really can live and you'll find that it doesn't live much longer. It starts to *age* about the time that it would have been *killed off*. So do animals. The longer-lived animal is able to live longer in the wild because its environmental hazards are lower." Which suggests, Cutler concludes, that "animals evolve a life span that is the maximum for their environmental niche, for its hazards."

"If you look at man," Cutler explains, "you don't have to go very far back to find that the mean life span used to run around 30 to 40 years. There was always the man who'd squeak out to 90, but the mean life span was much lower, and above the mean, the survival curve was exponential, just like the bird's. And when does man really begin to undergo senescence? At 35 or 40. We evolved with genes to keep us alive until about 35 or 40, when we'd normally have been killed off. But then we suddenly lowered our environmental hazards drastically, within the past 200 years. And so we see this aging. Aging is completely unnatural. Nature doesn't like aging, it's not good, there's nothing good about it."

Picture it this way: Nature's primary strategy for lengthening life span has been to lengthen childhood and youth. The chimpanzee is immature for seven years, man for 14. The chimpanzee is young from seven to 25, man from 14 to 35 or 40. After that, the system begins to break down, because after that, the hazards of life—disease and predators—begin to wipe out the chimps and the men and women who survive. By 50 for the chimp, by 100 for man, the mortality is almost 100 percent.

If longer life evolved, then it must have been an advantage, or evolution wouldn't have selected for it. What was the advantage? "The first primate appeared about 65,000,000 years ago," Cutler notes. "It had a life span of about seven or eight years. It was a small, shrewlike organism. From there, primate life span steadily increased. We've never found an example of where it went down. And this increase has always been accompanied by an increase in brain size.

"Well, there's an advantage to having a larger brain. The mammals may be unique in exploiting the advantages of learned behavior over instinctive behavior. Learned behavior gives more adaptability. But to take advantage of learned behavior, you have to have time to learn. And you have to have time to teach. So suppose you had two mutations: a greater ability to learn, meaning a larger brain, and a little more longevity. Those two mutations would evolve. They'd be mutually beneficial."

And that's Cutler's hypothesis: that brain size and M.L.P. evolved together to give the larger brain time to learn and time to teach its offspring. One of his most impressive tables shows the estimated M.L.P. of man's extinct relatives and immediate ancestors, the hominids. *Ramapithecus*, which appeared on earth about 14,000,000 years ago, had a predicted M.L.P. of 42 years, though it probably averaged less than 20. *Homo habilis*, which appeared about 1,500,000 years ago, had a predicted M.L.P. of 61 years. *Homo erectus*, which appeared about 700,000 years ago, had an M.L.P., based on evidence of tooth wear, of at least 60 years; Cutler predicts it to have been about 69 to 78 years. Neanderthal man, 45,000 years ago, had an M.L.P. of 93 years. Our own M.L.P. Cutler puts at between 95 and 100 years. The brain size of these hominids goes up accordingly: *Ramapithecus*, 300 cubic centimeters; *Homo habilis*, 660 c.c.s; *Homo erectus*, 860 c.c.s; Neanderthal man, about the same as modern man, 1460 c.c.s. Brain size evolved, and life span with it, as far as it could go, given the natural hazards. And there it stopped, because dead men don't reproduce their kind.

Equally important—the promising part of Cutler's theory—is that the evolution of life span was fast, amazingly fast as evolution is measured. Between 1,500,000 years ago and 100,000 years ago, the hominid brain more than doubled in size, and life span also increased remarkably along with it. Which means that not many genes can be involved. Evolution proceeds across the long run by mutation, by random changes in the genes. "We know," says Cutler, "that the rate of mutation in living creatures is constant and fairly slow. New genes don't appear very often. If you compare the evolution of life span with the rate of mutation, you find that there can't have been very many mutations involved in lengthening life span. I calculated that only a very few, maybe 100 to 300 mutations, accompanied the evolution of about every 14 years of human M.L.P. Which is a drop in the bucket compared with how many genes there really are." Biologists estimate that man's DNA comprises at least 100,000 genes, and possibly 1,000,000 or more. By Cutler's calculation, no more than 100 of them may be involved in setting man's life span.

"The general conclusion in studying the evolution of species," Cutler points out, "is that the structural genes are identical. There's not much difference from one species to the next within the mammals. What's different is the other broad category of genes, the regulatory genes, the genes that turn the structural genes on and off. Apparently, the genes for aging are regulatory genes."

The regulatory genes turn man on for

40 years and then shut him down. Here Cutler begins to elaborate a theory of aging. His example is the two species of laboratory mice with different life spans, three to four versus eight years. "They're virtually identical in every other way. But we find that the DNA in the longer-lived species keeps on repairing itself. The longer-lived mouse has a more efficient repair process. Not different, just more efficient. In 1974, Ronald W. Hart and Richard Setlow at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory determined the DNA repair capacity for a number of mammalian species, from the mouse up to man. They found a beautiful correlation: The longer-lived the species was, the more repair it had. Same system, just a matter of degree. Turning something on a little more intensely. It doesn't have to be a whole new set of genes. That's why it could evolve so quickly."

Go back, then, to phase one, to the Delphi poll, to the prediction of enzyme-replacement therapy by 1990. Regulatory genes convey their messages to structural genes to produce important enzymes. If science can dope out which enzymes are implicated in aging and can synthesize them and replace them, it might have devised a way to keep us young. Unfortunately for you and me, there's probably a catch: To benefit from enzyme-replacement therapy, people will probably have to start it young, before aging begins.

But whether we're a youngish 100 or an ancient 100, we're likely to continue dying at 100 or earlier until the genes themselves can be modified. Cutler's cheering news is that not many genes will need to be modified and that the evidence from evolution is that modification works. "No inherent biological limitation for the further increase in longevity in any mammalian species is evident," he has written. "If positive selective pressure exists to evolve a longer life span, it should occur. The same is true for man."

Since man has lowered his environmental hazards and opened a larger niche for himself, evolution may already be pushing up his M.L.P. But the process is slow and Cutler doesn't think we're likely to wait around for it. He believes we'll try to accomplish it ourselves. "These changes might be achieved," he writes, "by inducing the enzymes involved to higher levels by analogue stimulants, by direct enzyme-addition therapy or by genetic engineering." Well, stimulating the enzymes is obvious, and we've talked about enzyme-replacement therapy. What about phase three, genetic engineering? What about redesigning man himself?

•

It's promising, but it's primitive, and it's in trouble these days, and nature may have fixed things so it won't work.

A little basic information: We've been doing genetic engineering for the past 10,000 years, but not on man. We took wild plants and wild animals and bred them into domestic plants and domestic animals, and that was genetic engineering eons before anyone ever heard of DNA. We never did it with people, because it would have taken hundreds of years and no one was willing to sit still that long. We do it today in a helpful, voluntary way with genetic counseling, warning some people that their offspring have an increased risk of genetic disease. Man is still literally a wild animal, and genetically highly diverse. That's why the supposedly inferior poor aren't going to breed the supposedly superior rich out of existence and pollute the race. The poor have as much genetic potential as the rich. More, since God made more of them.

Identifying the function of human genes is the work of the new science of molecular biology. The work's barely begun. Molecular biology became a promising science only 26 years ago, when James D. Watson and Francis Crick discovered the structure of DNA, the large biopolymeric molecule that is the basic unit of genetic information for every species on earth. We reproduce by transmitting DNA. DNA guides the manufacture of all the body's proteins and regulates their functions. It's life's master control system, the secret of life. Scientists assembled for a biology conference a few years ago were asked to define life. All the old textbook answers came out—"Life is matter that reproduces," and so on. The molecular biologists cooked up the plainest and coldest and bluntest and most precise answer of all. "Life," they said, "is the expression of the surface properties of the biopolymers."

A polymer is a large molecule built up of repeating, linked small molecules. The DNA molecule takes the shape of a double helix, two exterior backbones of sugar phosphate coiled around each other with a right-hand twist. Bridged between the two backbones like the steps of a spiral staircase are small repeating molecules of four chemicals. Their names are usually abbreviated to A and T, G and C. T combines with A, G combines with C by locking their surfaces together. The four chemicals are the genetic alphabet; the sequence in which they are laid down in DNA spells out the genetic message, and with it, DNA reads out a program for the living form it is coded to produce.

I saw a sequence written with colored chalk on the blackboard of one of the laboratories I visited, and I asked a scientist about it. "That's a gene from a bacterium," he said casually. "We just figured it out." The more complicated the life form, the longer its DNA. Man's DNA is fiercely complex, a molecular strand six feet long and 1/250,000,000th of an inch wide coiled up inside almost all the body's cells. No one has yet figured it out.

"We want to know the structure of the genes in our body," Dr. Walter Gilbert, a molecular biologist at the Harvard Biological Laboratories, told me. "That's the question that people are just now beginning to try to attack. In a bacterium, which we understand very well by now, there are genes and each one does something. But there are tremendous areas of human DNA that don't seem to be doing anything. We've got ten times more DNA than we seem to need. There's something else going on that we don't understand. In fact, there's real mystery about what's going on in our bodies in detail, both the structure of the genes and how they're controlled. It's only in the past three years that people have begun to get interesting genes out in a form that they can examine. That's the leading edge of biological research, but it hasn't produced any answers yet."

The new and controversial technique called recombinant DNA makes it likely that it will, given enough time. In the recombinant-DNA technique, the biologist isolates a small piece of DNA that he wants to study by cutting it out of the long DNA strand with enzymes. Next, with other enzymes, he glues it to a small piece of bacterial DNA called a plasmid. Then he reinserts the plasmid into the bacterium. If the bacterium can live with the strange DNA in its midst, it proceeds to make copies while it's making copies of its own DNA—while it's dividing and reproducing. In a sense, recombinant DNA is a kind of microscope. It allows the biologist to enlarge a tiny fragment of DNA by duplication until he has a volume of identical copies large enough to work with. Then he can play around with the test tube full of copies until he figures out what that particular piece of DNA does.

Recombinant-DNA research has raised fears of doomsday diseases, of man-made Andromeda strains destroying the world. The city of Cambridge, Massachusetts, hearing of such research starting up at Harvard and MIT, declared a recombinant-DNA moratorium a couple of years ago—until a committee of citizens it appointed decided that the work wasn't dangerous to the city's safety and health. But biologists themselves still quarrel acrimoniously over the safety issue. They assembled in California in 1974 and voluntarily imposed restrictive guidelines on themselves. One of the extreme cases, which someone had actually proposed to attempt, involved inserting a piece of DNA from a virus known to cause cancer in monkeys and suspected of causing cancer in man into a laboratory strain of the common human intestinal bacteria *E. coli*. Someone raised the possibility that such a chimera, if it escaped from the laboratory, might introduce a virulent new kind of cancer into the world.

The biologists agreed not to do any cancer-virus insertions. They agreed to

(continued on page 226)

There's nothing ordinary about the Mamiya M645 System. Its owners are as ingenious as its design.

This is a medium-format camera that handles and performs like the finest systems in the 35mm category. But unlike 35mm systems, the M645 produces a 6x4.5cm image on film.

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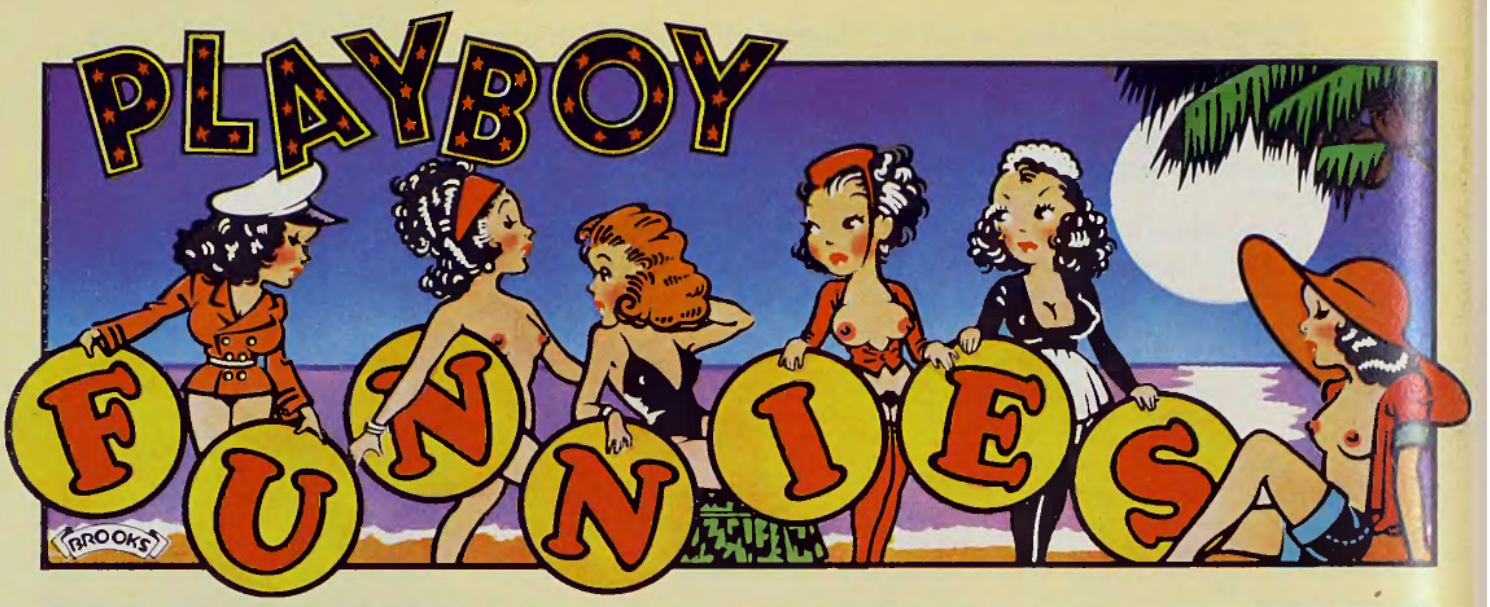
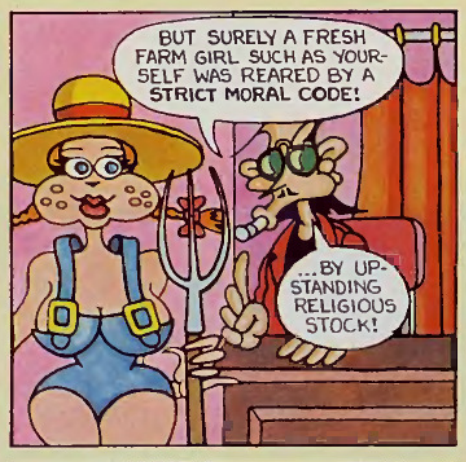
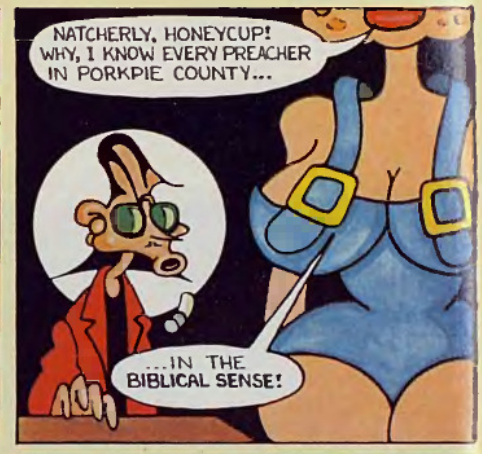
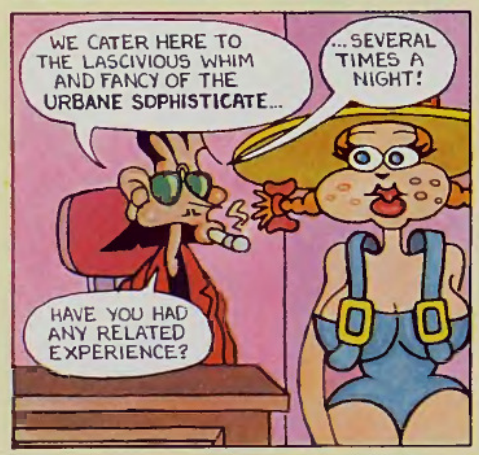
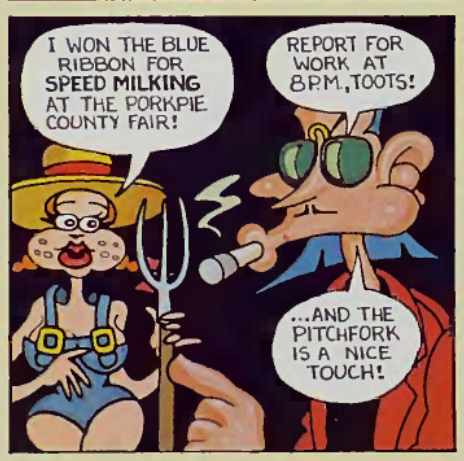
It would be a pity to use an M645 for ordinary photographs.





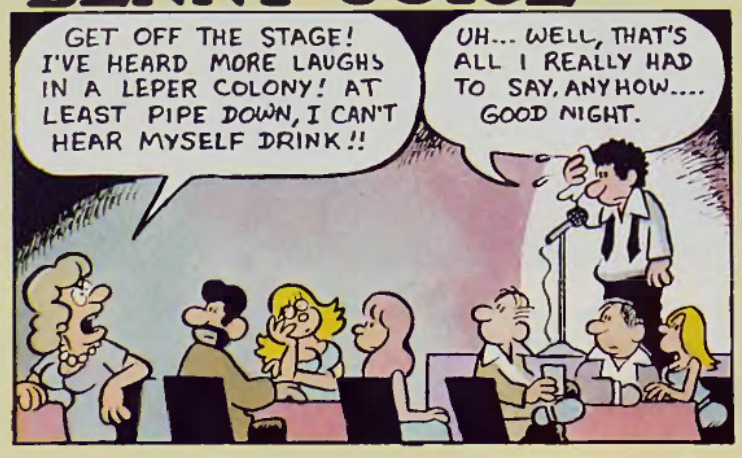


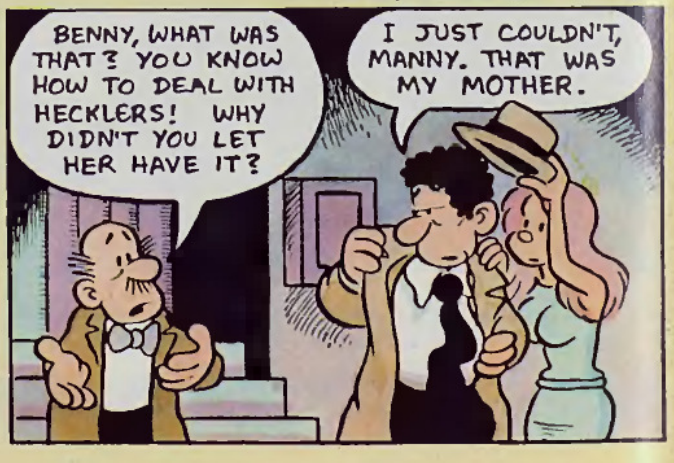


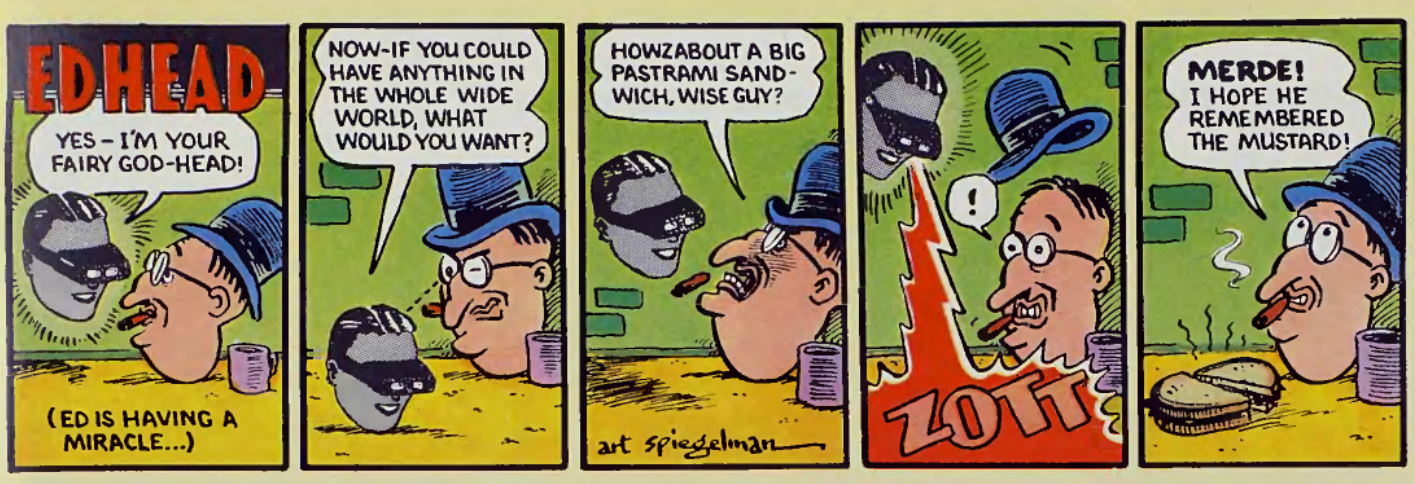


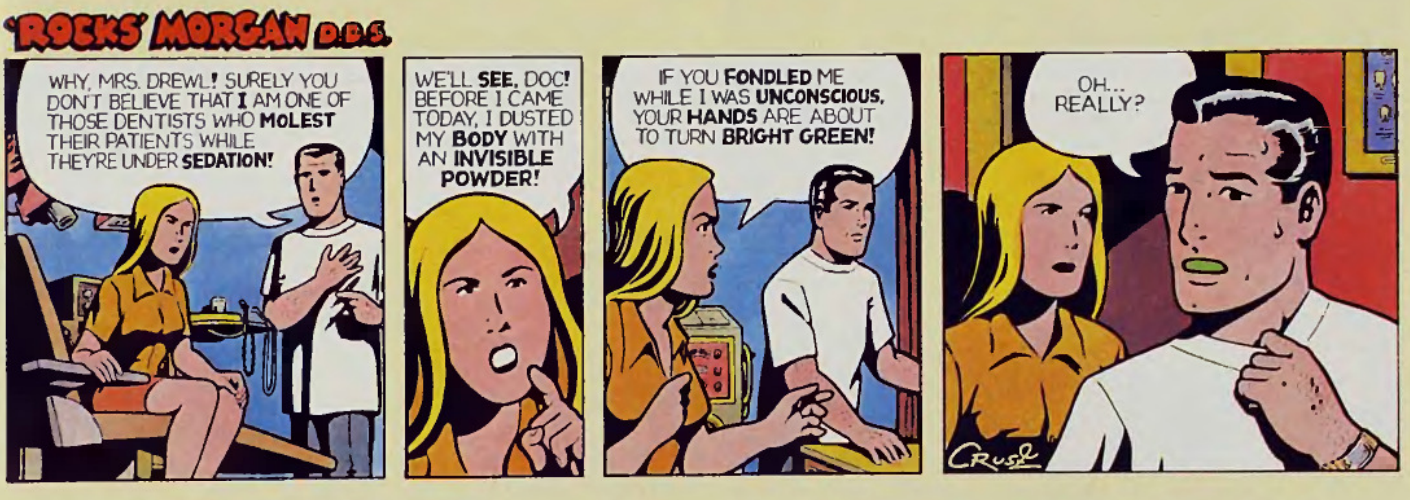
BENNY JUICE

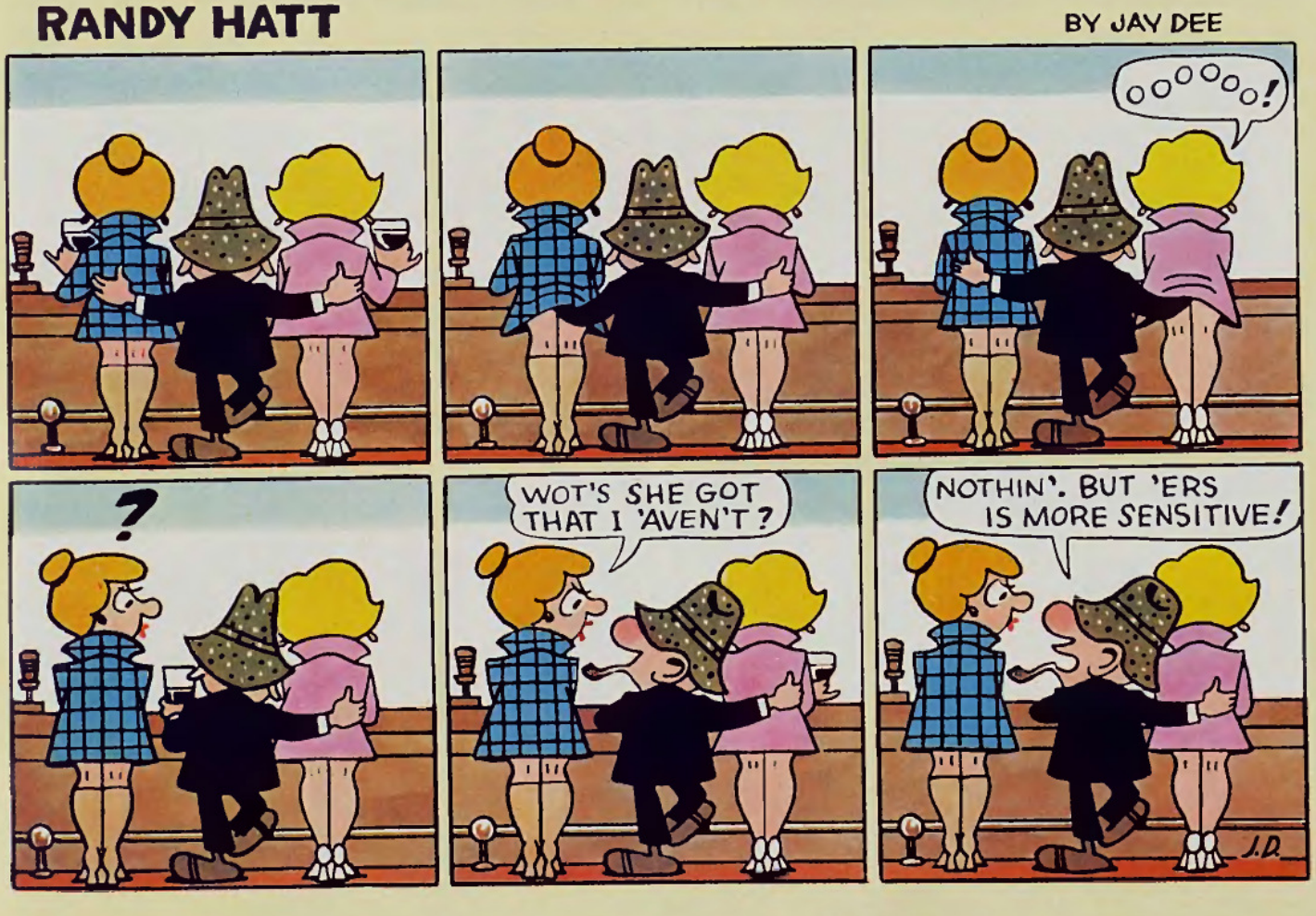
— Christopher Browne





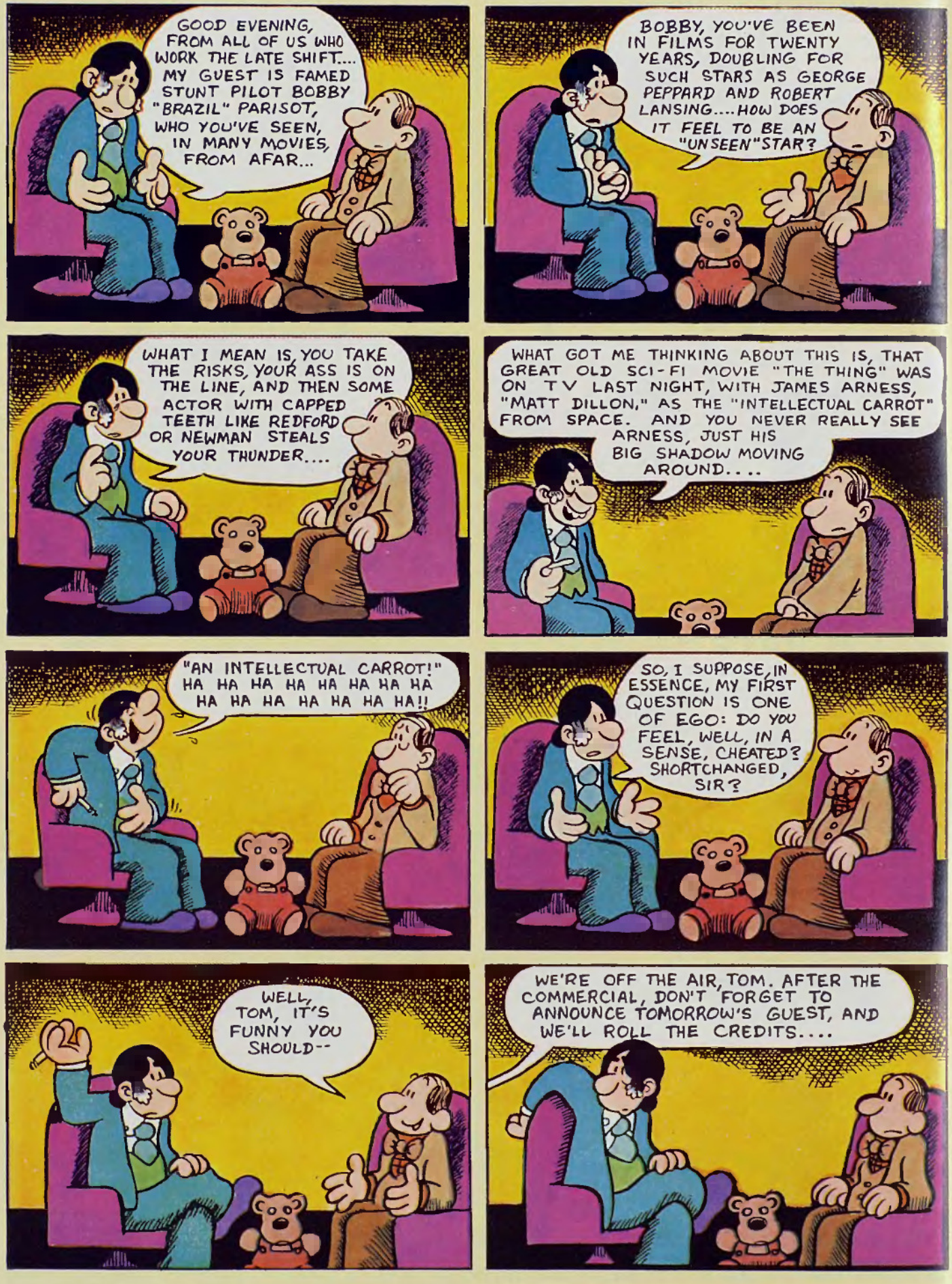

EDHEAD
YES – I'M YOUR FAIRY GOD-HEAD!
(ED IS HAVING A MIRACLE...)
NOW-IF YOU COULD HAVE ANYTHING IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD, WHAT WOULD YOU WANT?
HOWZABOUT A BIG PASTRAMI SAND-WICH, WISE GUY?
art spiegelman
!
ZOTT
MERDE! I HOPE HE REMEMBERED THE MUSTARD!


'ROCKS' MORGAN D.D.S.
WHY, MRS. DREWL! SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT I AM ONE OF THOSE DENTISTS WHO MOLEST THEIR PATIENTS WHILE THEY'RE UNDER SEDATION!
WE'LL SEE, DOC! BEFORE I CAME TODAY, I DUSTED MY BODY WITH AN INVISIBLE POWDER!
IF YOU FONDLED ME WHILE I WAS UNCONSCIOUS, YOUR HANDS ARE ABOUT TO TURN BRIGHT GREEN!
OH... REALLY?
CRUSE


RANDY HATT
BY JAY DEE
OOOOOO!
?
WOT'S SHE GOT THAT I 'AVEN'T?
NOTHIN'. BUT 'ERS IS MORE SENSITIVE!
J.D.

TOM MORROW

by Christopher Browne



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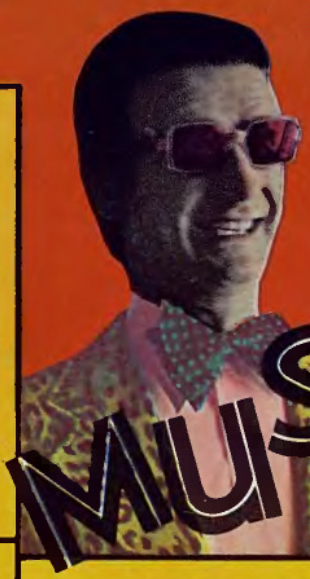

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Sell one to Mom, Sis, friends and neighbors! Even Grandma will want to keep one in the canning shed for those days when no one's watching! You can sell an entire order in one day!

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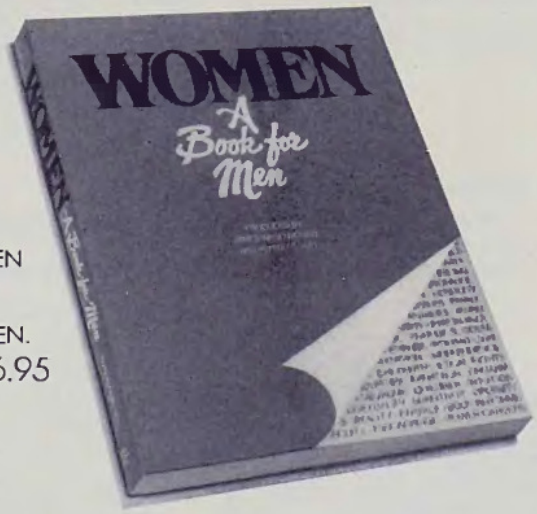

WOMEN: A BOOK FOR MEN
by the authors of
MEN: A BOOK FOR WOMEN.
AVON Paperback. $6.95

IMMORTALITY

(continued from page 220)

categorize their research into four stages of potential risk and to proceed through the stages only in increasingly isolated laboratories. Stage-four research would require a laboratory at least as well sealed as the one NASA built for its first look at the rocks that the astronauts brought back from the moon, rocks NASA feared might harbor extraterrestrial microbes. The biologists also agreed to try to design a special research strain of *E. coli* so fragile that it couldn't live outside the laboratory. They're using it today.

The debate over the possible dangers of recombinant DNA continues. It serves to alert the rest of the world to a truth that molecular biologists have already discerned: that biological research today is as pregnant with possibilities for the good and ill of mankind as research in nuclear fission was in the late Thirties. A recombinant-DNA strain of bacteria that manufactures insulin has already been designed. If new discoveries take place at the same rate at which they've taken place in the past, it may be possible within the next two decades to change the genetic structure of some plants. Wheat, for example, might be fitted with the nitrogen-fixing system of legumes, allowing it to grow without artificial fertilizer in average soil.

But redesigning bacteria is one thing; redesigning human DNA—comping up a life span of 20,000 years—is entirely another. Dr. Gilbert again: "We understand the level of control very well in bacteria. We don't know beans about it in human beings. We assume the control operates on the DNA, but we don't know what to point to, or how to do anything, or how it's being done. Abysmal ignorance. The higher cell is a thousandfold more complicated than the bacteria, and we've understood the bacteria only in the past decade. It won't take 1000 years, but it will take some reasonable fraction of time."

No functional immortality tomorrow. There's another strategy. It will be much easier to make copies of living men and women than to design new ones. The technology of individual copy making is called cloning. Successful cloning of a higher organism was first reported in 1966 by Oxford University zoologist Dr. J. B. Gurdon. Dr. Gurdon cloned seven frogs. To make each clone, he extracted the nucleus—the part of the cell that contains its DNA—from the intestinal cell of a frog and implanted it in an enucleated frog egg. The eggs developed into tadpoles and the tadpoles into frogs. Gurdon's clones were perfect copies of the frog from whose intestinal cells they had come. In effect, they were identical twins one generation removed.

Cloning has progressed to the stage of

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Its back and bracelet are also solid stainless. And these, as well as the case, are components that are carefully machined, not quickly stamped out.

Brawn with brains.

Realtime is also about as smart as chronographs come. The watch's accuracy is guaranteed to ±5 seconds per month, though yours probably won't vary more than 1–2 seconds (due to special synthetic crystals, formed under pressure, which maintain unusually stable vibration characteristics).

In stopwatch mode, it times any event with precision to $\frac{1}{100}$ second. And you can go beyond 60 minutes, uninterrupted, with its automatic start-over. Take time-out. Switch to time of day and back without stopping the count. Also record splits, lap times, and 1–2 finishes.

The easy reading, continuous liquid crystal display shows month, date and day of week at the flick of a button. The computer chip automatically adjusts for month's end. The Union Carbide battery lasts a year or more and can be replaced by any jeweler. A separate battery powers its nightlight.

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promising work with mice and rabbits. In the near future, it will probably be used to improve the quality of domestic animals. Cloning could populate America's farms and ranches with identical copies of prize bulls, cows, pigs, chickens and sheep, producing a quantum jump in the quality of American livestock.

Human cloning should be feasible within the next 50 years. It will be an important medical treatment for genetic disease. Parents who are symptomless carriers of such disease might choose to clone their children rather than risk producing diseased offspring.

Cloning may have other advantages. Identical twins apparently communicate with each other more quickly and completely than the rest of us do. A genius might choose to have himself cloned and teach his clonal offspring, who might then surpass him. What appears certain is that when human cloning becomes possible, some parents will choose to reproduce that way. "My, doesn't he look just like his daddy?" will then be a statement of fact. A clone's M.L.P. would still be 100 years, however: The "immortality" cloning would confer would be sequential, not accumulative.

There's a catch to all this business of figuring out human DNA and redesigning it, a nasty catch that Nobel laureate Watson and several of his colleagues recently proposed. DNA may not allow itself to be redesigned. It took over the role of preserving information in the first place, back in the soup of the primordial seas at the beginning of life, because it was the most efficient preserver of information of any of the molecules brawling there. In those ancient days, it wasn't protected by a surrounding bubble of cell, it was naked to its enemies, and its enemies were all the billions of other combinations of elements and molecules that wanted to break it down and use its components to keep themselves "alive." It's had several billion years to perfect its defenses. It may be proof against any kind of attack scientists can devise. One recalls the quandary of the scientists who tried to develop new diseases for bacteriological warfare: They ended up with plague and encephalitis and anthrax. Nature had already done the job better than they knew how to do.

But *if* DNA lets us in, and *if* man gets around to redesigning himself, it's going to be tedious. He can't redesign every one of the body's billions of cells. He'll have to redesign an egg or a sperm or both, and mate them, and then wait until the recombinant child is born, and then wait at least 20 years to make sure it isn't a monster. And he can't redesign too many genes at once, or he won't know which one went wrong. If Cutler's calculation of the small number of genes responsible for human life span is correct, then engineering for longer life spans might be one of the first recombinations attempted. Men with longer life spans would have time to learn more and could apply what they learned to more elaborate redesign.

No one knows how much increased life span those future generations are likely to get. The body changes with chronological age in ways that aren't affected by its rate of aging. Muscles get stringier regardless. Waste products accumulate regardless. The ultimate human life span might be 350 years or it might be 1000 years or it might even be the fabled 20,000. It won't be forever; that's still the prerogative and the curse of the gods.

But you know us. We'll give it a shot. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the physicist who hated the title the world correctly gave him, Father of the Atomic Bomb, made the point about us near the end of his painful 62 years of life. "It is a profound and necessary truth," he said, "that the deep things in science are not found because they are useful; they are found because it was possible to find them." If it's possible to find a way to redesign mankind, to improve the model, to give it a little more time, to cheat death, mankind will.

After 20 years of driving Volkswagens religiously, the Reverend Dr. Gray-Smith converted.

Converting the Rev. Dr. Gray-Smith didn't take a miracle. It took a Renault Le Car hatchback.

He chose it over Rabbit, Fiesta, Chevette, Civic, and Mazda.

Le Car's 41 estimated highway mpg, (26) estimated mpg* was one good reason. But "in addition to needing a practical, economical car," he wrote, "I wanted one with style and personality." Le Car was the answer to his prayers. "Never before have so many friends said, 'We like your new car.'"

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*1979 EPA estimates. Remember: *Compare* these *estimated* figures with estimated mpg for other cars. Your actual mileage may differ, depending on speed, trip length, and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower. California excluded. †Price excludes transportation, dealer preparation and taxes. Stripe, Mag Wheels and Sun Roof optional at extra cost.

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MAN & WORK

HOW TO SURVIVE AN INTERVIEW LUNCH

The job has everything you're looking for. Big bucks. Prestige. Prime location. Prodigious perks. An office on the Corridor of Power and a key to the Room at the Top. Even social relevance. You like the firm and it obviously likes you, because one of its loftiest honchos has just invited you to join him for a quiet chat over lunch at one of his favorite restaurants.

No big deal. You've eaten lunch every day without incident. Why should this lunch be different? Because your whole life depends on it? Or because you happen to have found out that executives can use a business lunch as an industrial-strength truth serum, causing many an unwary candidate's dreams of occupational nirvana to vanish with the dirty dessert dishes?

Employers exploit the supposedly relaxed atmosphere of the luncheon to observe a candidate's social bearing and to coax him into disclosing hitherto undivulged elements of his character, his past and his private life. Management consultant John R. Wareham, writing about the business lunch in *The New York Times*, said, "The object of the exercise, of course, is to go beyond the mundane facts and figures of a candidate's life—they can be checked by a competent personnel department—and to probe his core values, opinions, tastes, those imprecise but vital qualities that constitute a total person." Wareham goes on to describe a Machiavellian employer who plies victims with strong drink while he sips kiddie cocktails, feigns absorption in the candidate by declining prearranged imaginary phone calls brought to the table and pops his toughest questions when the hapless candidate is distracted by a waiter or a mouthful of food. These shenanigans are designed to pressure the applicant into spilling the beans about political biases, financial obligations or marital problems.

THE DRINK DILEMMA

The first obstacle of the business lunch is the prelunch cocktail. Should you or shouldn't you? Drink and he may think you're a boozer. Refuse and risk his taking you for a Mormon, a reformed alcoholic or just an oddball who's potentially not a team player. Executive recruiter Allan J. Cox suggests that unless you happen to know your host's preference, you play this round for a draw. "Tell him you can go either way, that you don't *always* drink but you're not opposed to it. If you have to drink, white wine is chic and safe and neutral. It's not a double martini, but it's not a virgin mary." If you prefer hard stuff, don't order a drink with a parasol in it. Keep it simple. Don't experiment with new drinks and, regardless of what he does, don't drink more than you can handle. Any sign of drunkenness on your part dooms you to instant oblivion.

Food is the least important element of the business lunch. We assume you won't order a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich or "steak tartare, medium well," but you should also steer clear of anything adventurous, extravagant or gluttonous. Wareham recommends fish. Salads are apparently OK now for men, but pass on the diet special—even if you happen to be a fatty. Of course, you can always win bonus points by requesting a recommendation by your host, who may also call upon you to order the wine. Unless you qualify as black-belt oenologist, punt and defer to his expertise. You don't want to ruin his lunch by ordering an inappropriate wine from an unfamiliar cellar.

ATTITUDE AND ETIQUETTE

"Be yourself, but stay alert," advises John Trainor, an M.B.A. candidate and veteran of countless recent noon-hour gauntlets who now savors the suspense and believes the gamesmanship provides excellent practice for future corporate maneuvering. He turns the pretense of relaxation to his advantage by soliciting forthright answers to questions about the job. This tactic also keeps the host talking and the more he talks, the less chance you have to blab about your former position as Cleveland's financial advisor or your eight years in a Turkish prison.

Mind your manners: Don't sit before your host does. Don't drink before being Cheered or Skoaled. Unless he insists, don't call him by his first name. Don't ever call him Chief. American businessmen are casual compared with Europeans or Japanese. Before lunching with a foreign agent, learn his protocol. If your host is a woman, treat her as one by opening doors and pulling out chairs and doing everything you'd do on a first date except pay the check. The prospective employer always pays. He wants the psychological edge accruing to a host and your attempt to pay may be construed as a disconcerting lack of graciousness. Don't hesitate to cut short the luncheon to return to your present job or take care of other urgent business. Your chances won't be hurt if the employer believes his job isn't the only thing you've got going for you.

Surviving the business lunch depends to a large extent on how successfully you refrain from doing your own thing in favor of doing your potential employer's thing. Don't waste tears if you blow it; you're unlikely to be happy working for a guy if you can't even handle lunch with him. Everybody says there's no such thing as a free lunch. Just remember that the business-interview lunch is the least free of them all. *Bon appétit!*

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SPORTS TORTS AND COURTS

The courts are becoming increasingly concerned with legal liability involving sports' participants and spectators. The law imposes liability in sports under a general rule of "reasonableness." You may find that while skiing, playing golf or racquetball, swimming or watching a hockey game, the law is there to protect or indemnify you or, if you're not so lucky, to make you pay big money for the consequences of your negligence. A lawyer experienced in negligence litigation would be in the best position to evaluate your claim or defense and to advise you of the probabilities of recovery or exposure.

IF YOU ARE A SPECTATOR

In a burst of partisan enthusiasm, a fan of the opposing team assaults you. He gets lost in the crowd and while lying in your hospital bed, you wonder who is going to pay your expenses.

The proprietor of a stadium may be held liable for damages if he fails to take reasonable precaution to protect patrons from injury. This does not mean that he will necessarily be liable for conduct or negligence over which he has no control. Should the proprietor have known that you would be victim of an assault? Were there sufficient security personnel? Did people complain about your rowdy attacker to the ushers, who did nothing to restrain or evict him?

The liability for damages in such cases depends upon the circumstances of each incident. If the management has knowledge that dangerous conduct frequently occurs and takes no steps to prevent future incidents, it may be held by the court to have acted unreasonably. However, spectators must also use reasonable care to protect themselves and they cannot complain if they place themselves in unusually high-risk situations. Did you know that the hockey puck might fly into the second row? Did you know that standing at a car race's suicide curve exposes you to serious danger? Did you know that running onto the field might cause you to be trampled by the crowd? All of those circumstances will be considered by the court in determining whether or not you voluntarily exposed yourself to the risk of injury that will prevent recovery of damages.

IF YOU ARE A PLAYER

Your dorm at school has some pretty good athletes and you enter the intercollegiate touch-football tournament. The fraternity down the block that specializes in superjocks also fields a team, including a gorilla who played first string last year on the varsity football team but was ineligible this year because of poor grades. You're feeling pretty proud when you catch a short pass. Your pride is interrupted by a clip from the gorilla that is designed not only to tag you but also to put you into the hospital.

It has been said that in sports you "assume the risk" and cannot recover damages for your injury. This is an oversimplification of a doctrine of law that might relieve the offending player of liability for his conduct that caused your injury. This legal doctrine is not a defense for the infliction of injury—negligent or willful. As one court has said in similar circumstances, "[One] is never held to assume the risk of another's negligence or incompetence." You may be held to assume normal risks in a particular sport, but gratuitous violence, intentional infliction of injury or negligence that departs from the normal activity of the game might well create legal liability. A good defense lawyer will emphasize that risk of injury is part of the game, but athletes have been held liable in civil damages for negligence and have even been known to face criminal charges for gratuitous or willful violence. The fraternity superjock might well have to pay damages for his overzealousness. The trend in law is to penalize unnecessary violent conduct. Even coaches—paid or volunteer—may be held responsible for injuries to members of their team. Inadequate equipment, grossly unequal competition and failure to provide prompt medical care have all been the basis for successful lawsuits. The court will inquire as to whether an injury is the result of an "accident" or could have been anticipated and avoided.

IF YOU TAKE A GUEST

You're an inveterate baseball fan. You take a date to see her first game. You splurge and buy two seats in the third row just behind third base. The first batter walks, the second sacrifices and the third strikes out. The cleanup hitter lines a sizzler into the stands with uncanny accuracy, since both you and your date are knocked out cold by the foul ball. A month and $500 worth of doctor bills later, you and your date file suit against the stadium and the hitter for damages.

Strangely enough, *you* may not be able to sue, but the girl you took might well be granted substantial damages. Why? Because, as an experienced fan, you knew of the risk of the game. You knew that you were exposing yourself to line drives and voluntarily requesting the seats that you did might prevent you from recovering damages. Your date may be able to recover damages because she had no knowledge of the danger and, therefore, "assumed no risk."

Today, as always, sports activities will cause injuries. Competition will create danger. But today you may have legal recourse should you get beaned at the old ball game or maimed in a friendly game of touch.—BURTON JOSEPH

"13 YEARS AGO I BOUGHT THIS VOLVO BECAUSE IT WAS ADVERTISED AS THE 11 YEAR CAR."

—William Stiles, Bronx, New York

13 years ago, William Stiles, an expert in American Indian history and artifacts, discovered the treasure you see here: a 1966 Volvo.

He bought it because ads of the time said Volvos were so durable they lasted an average of 11 years in Sweden.

As Mr. Stiles recalls: "One ad said that a Volvo was so tough, you could 'Drive it like you hate it.' I did exactly that. In my field work I've driven this car 295,000 hard miles, much of it through former Indian territory. It's held up even better than promised. Driving it like I hated it made me love it."

Expressions of love are not uncommon among Volvo owners. In fact, 9 out of 10 people who have bought new Volvos are happy.

So if you're unhappy with your current car, do what Mr. Stiles once did after reading one of our ads. Buy one of our cars.

VOLVO
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ALL ABOUT SAILING SCHOOLS

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by. . . .
—JOHN MASEFIELD

Of course. What red-blooded chap doesn't fancy himself all squinty-eyed at the helm of a sailing vessel? But you say you don't know a jib from a jibe? You think a boom is whoopee on Wall Street? Then scrape off the barnacles and cruise into one of the country's 500 sailing schools, where they routinely transform lubbers into tars. "Where to Learn to Sail," a free booklet published by the National Association of Engine & Boat Manufacturers (P.O. Box 5555, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017), lists 150 sailing schools on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, Caribbean islands and inland lakes, from small local outfits to big multibranch "sailing universities."

AVOIDING THE REEFS

How do you pick a sailing school? Look for a full-time staff of professionals and a complete, structured curriculum. Most teaching should be on the water, solidly anchored in classroom study. How qualified is the skipper? The instructors?

More importantly, beware of yacht brokers who may offer hodgepodge courses chiefly to peddle boats or charters. A school's success—measured by age and size—is a good indicator of prowess.

Find out what boats the school uses. If your goal is to skipper a sleek 25-foot fully rigged craft, apprenticing on an eight-foot dinghy won't do you much good. A high-performance boat, instead, will give you the feedback you need while you're learning your bow from your aft.

AN ARMADA OF SCHOOLS

Most communities on an ocean or any other large body of water have Red Cross, Coast Guard or U.S. Power Squadron courses. And if one of those communities is your home town, that's so much the better, as it's good to get your sea legs under local conditions.

The Long Island Sound Sailing School (P.O. Box 200, Trumbull, Connecticut 06611), for example, teaches the sound's winds and currents. At the John Beery Sailing School (90 Bolivar, Aquatic Park, Berkeley, California 94710), you earn your degree in San Francisco Bay. Newport International Sailing School and Cruises (5 Beaver Road, Barrington, Rhode Island 02806) teaches you to master the tides, as you tack through East Passage.

Some schools have extensive programs. The New York Sailing School (340 Riverside Drive, New York, New York 10025) offers a variety of weekday and weekend courses. The California Sailing Academy (14025 Panay Way, Marina del Rey, California 90291), headed by former U.S. Naval Academy coach Paul Miller, turns out 2500 sea dogs a year.

Want to skipper from your easy chair? Audio Navigation Institute (Suite 5, 1444 Pioneer Way, El Cajon, California 92020) teaches sailing via audio cassettes. So does Pacific-Cruising College (Box 189, Redondo Beach, California 90277), which also offers classes aboard a 55-foot fiberglass ketch. Other schools cater to nautical special interests, from catamarans to tall ships. But for a concentrated dose of sailing, plus a vacation, check out a large school. The biggest are Colgate's Offshore Sailing School (820 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10017) and the Annapolis Sailing School (Box 3334, Annapolis, Maryland 21403).

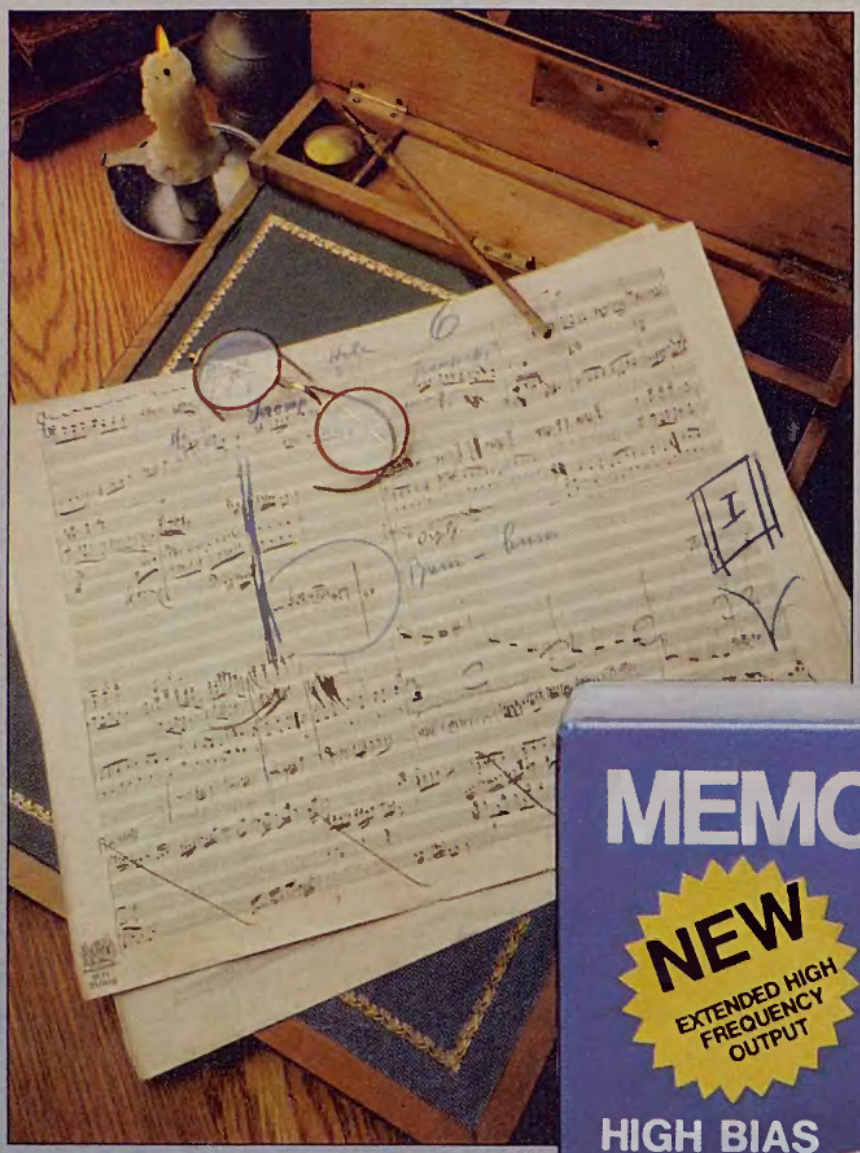
Annapolis' nine branches in Massachusetts, Maryland, two in Florida, the U.S. Virgin Islands, Wisconsin, California, the West Indies and Washington offer two-, three- and five-day courses for $110–$195, using 24-foot Rainbow sloops. The school also has live-aboard cruising courses and advanced two-day navigation instruction.

You begin the basic Annapolis course with two days of classroom and on-the-water instruction, followed by three days of supervised cruising. On the last day, you sail on your own. Courses vary slightly at different sites, with a variety of accommodations available at each.

Former Olympic racer Steve Colgate's Offshore Sailing School graduates about 3000 sailors a year from its seven branches (Martha's Vineyard, the British Virgin Islands, Maryland, South Carolina, New York City and two in Florida). You can arrange lessons and accommodations as a package: Offshore even handles your airline tickets. Prices for the basic, cruising, racing and advanced courses range from $219 to $249. Prices for a complete vacation package vary with season, site and accommodations. For example, options at the school's Captiva Island, Florida, branch range from a singles dorm ($16 a day) to a four-bedroom beach home (about $800 a week).

Offshore means business—it sends you a textbook to study before you arrive. Then you sail three hours daily, morning or afternoon, with classroom sessions in the evenings. On the last two days, the instructor abandons ship and your four-student crew solos in the trainer—a 27-foot Soling Olympic racer. By then, you should have mastered rigging, wind-sail mechanics, maneuvering, heeling, spinnakers, balance and mooring, plus other curriculum. Graduates, as automatic members of the Offshore Sailing Club, can sign aboard for annual cruises anywhere from the Maine coast to the French Riviera. Now, that's *our* kind of sailing.
—RICHARD WOLKOMIR

WHICH NEW HIGH BIAS TAPE WINS WITH MAHLER'S FOURTH SYMPHONY?



Original manuscript sketch for the first movement of Gustav Mahler's Fourth Symphony. Courtesy of The Newberry Library, Chicago.

Choose eight measures of Mahler's Fourth that are really rich in the high frequencies. The type of passage that high bias tapes are designed for.

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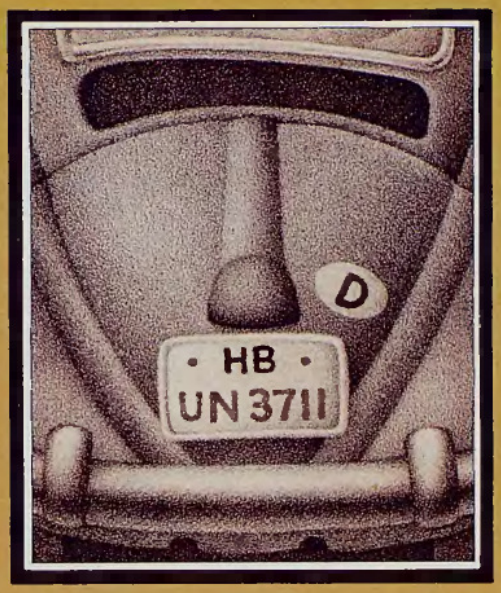


RENTING A CAR IN EUROPE

Rut-strewn country roads, maddening city traffic, stratospheric gas prices, demented drivers and malevolent traffic cops waiting to pounce on you. You've heard all of those arguments against driving an auto in Europe, but still you're undeterred. There *is* something special about renting your own car and touring about the Continent as your whim may dictate.

WHOM TO RENT FROM

Choosing the right car-rental agency may well be the least of your problems. If penny-pinching is foremost on your mind, then go to one of the smaller, locally owned budget agencies. They're particularly common in Italy and Spain, and often their rates are cheaper and their cars tend to be smaller and less gas-guzzling than those available from one of the international car-rental outfits.

But do keep in mind their shortcomings. There will be no way to reserve your car in advance of your trip, for example. Also, you'll have little, if any, recourse back in America, should something have gone wrong with your rental in Europe.

We prefer to stick with Hertz, Avis and National—the main American rental firms now doing big business in Europe. To begin, you need only visit your American travel agent or dial a toll-free number to confirm an advance rental reservation virtually anywhere you are planning to go. The next big advantage of the American firms is the number of rental locations they provide. Between the two of them, Hertz and Avis offer the biggest network of offices, garages and repair facilities in Europe. Hertz, for example, has 187 locations in the hinterlands of France alone—all the way from Agen to Voiron—to say nothing of nine locations in Paris. All of the big American firms are just about everywhere, except in Albania, Bulgaria and Liechtenstein.

The cars that are available are manufactured in Europe for European driving conditions. Forget about automatic transmissions or air conditioning, unless you're willing to pay a heavy premium. On the plus side, they're cars that you've seen, driven or heard about back home. Avis even offers a $97,000 Rolls-Royce Corniche at its London locations for a miserly $113 a-day, plus 85 cents a mile.

THE COST

For the most part, rental rates are about the same as for comparable cars in America—allowing for the sags in the value of the U. S. dollar. A Ford Fiesta rented from Avis in France runs you about $12 a day, plus something like 12 cents a kilometer and gas. In West Germany, Hertz is offering a two-door Volkswagen Polo (similar to a Rabbit) for about $170 a week, with unlimited mileage, or a Ford Granada for about $30 a day, plus about 25 cents per kilometer, gas not included.

Taxes on car rentals can be killers in Europe, running all the way from 2.7 percent of your total rental bill in Spain to a whopping 20.63 percent in Sweden. Luckily, there's a loophole in those rental-tax provisions. If you tour from the country in which you rented the car to another, the taxes are often waived or reduced the moment you cross the border.

But isn't there an additional charge if you rent a car in France and drop it off in Spain? The answer depends more on local laws than on the inconvenience a drop-off might be to the rental company. The most expensive one-way drop-off charge is $300. You'll have to pay it if you rent a British-registered, right-hand-drive car in the United Kingdom and leave it anywhere on the European Continent, where it will have to be taken back to Blighty by ferryboat.

ALL ABOUT RED TAPE

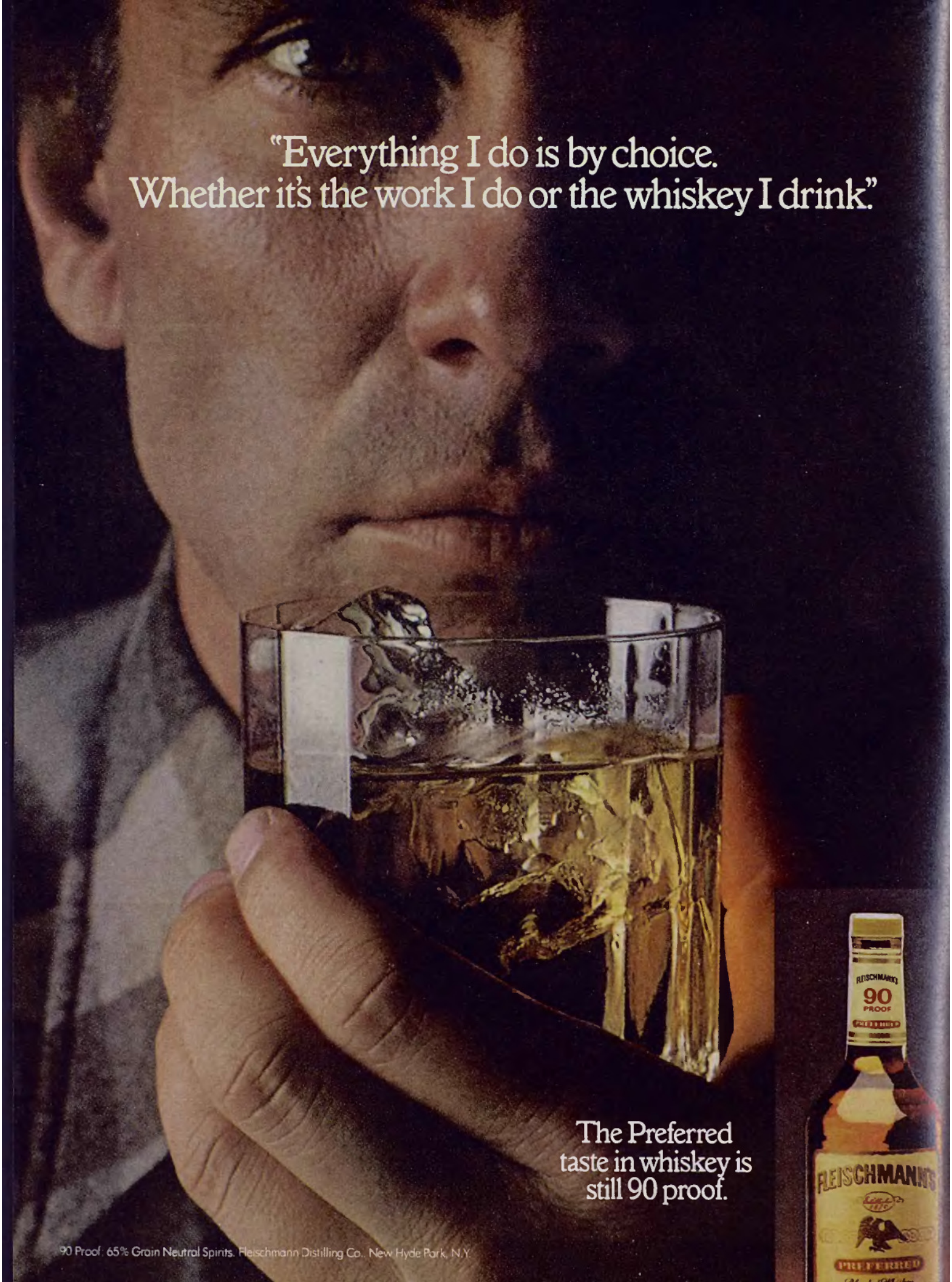
The procedures for renting and driving a car from an American rental agency in Europe are virtually identical to the procedures followed in America. The paperwork is practically the same. All the major credit cards are accepted and, if you're in a hurry, you can leave your car keys and the rental agreement on the counter at the rental office and a copy of your agreement will be mailed to your home address. As in America, the rental rate will include fire, theft and collision insurance, with the usual waiver for the deductible portion of the coverage upon the payment of a minimal daily fee. And, yes, most attendants speak English.

What if your car breaks down and you're stranded in the middle of nowhere? Hertz has an emergency telephone number attached to the dashboards of all its cars. Call it collect at any hour and an English-speaking service attendant will answer and make arrangements to help you.

If you're driving a rented car in Eastern Europe, particularly in the Soviet Union, be sure to follow *all* the local traffic and security rules. And stick to the designated routes and highways. Don't deviate from them unless you're moonlighting for the CIA or are an innocent prepared for a whole lot of trouble if you're caught.

Make it a point to learn as much as you can about the local traffic laws before you drive away from your rental agency. Watch your speed limits. Don't make improper turns. Forget about jumping traffic lights. In Western Europe, your American driver's license will suffice; in Eastern Europe, you'll need an International Driver's Permit, obtainable through most American travel agencies.

—DAN ROSEN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Whether it's the work I do or the whiskey I drink."
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BAY CHANGE *(continued from page 206)*

"He turned to see the young woman's lesbian lover descending on him with a kitchen knife."

that kind of mindless arrogance enter into his feeling for Anne?

"I like to slip-cover everything," Terry said in a voice that demanded attention from all within earshot, an extended area.

Marge Rawlinson chortled. "Would you believe she made me buy brand-new club chairs and then she had slip covers made for them?" Marge delivered this intelligence with a kind of martyred pride. "But not with Haitian cotton."

"Why on earth would one buy new chairs simply to recover them?" Geoffrey Wallace asked. "Strikes me as a bit odd."

"Ever since Billy Baldwin started that, it is considered chic." Marge was careful to pronounce the word as it is spelled, showing her international sophistication.

"But then, this Baldwin chap must have been dealing with old wrecks he had to disguise," Wallace said.

Morgan looked at Terry. Her eyes were fastened on Marge Rawlinson, who was still chuckling to herself and shaking her head. Morgan sensed that an explosion was imminent.

Instead, without raising her voice, Terry said, "Annie."

"Yes," Anne said.

"Pour me some wine, dear," Terry said.

"In a moment," Anne said. "Morgan is telling me something about Wilhelm Reich. Can you imagine, he once interviewed him."

"I'd like some wine now," Terry said. Of Marge, she asked, almost casually, "Are you implying that I imitate Billy Baldwin?"

"I didn't mean that," Marge said.

"If you prefer Billy Baldwin, you are perfectly free to change over to him, or anybody else, for that matter."

"Now, Terry, you know better than that," Marge said. "Nobody has your dash."

"Anne, where the hell is that wine?" Terry asked.

Anne jumped as though stung. "I'm getting it."

"And you're taking the whole fucking day!"

Anne ran over to Terry and took her empty glass. She hurried to the bar. Morgan saw Terry fix her eye on him. It flashed through his mind that some years before, at a party in Southampton, he had danced with a young woman he had never before met. There was a sudden commotion behind him and he turned to see the young woman's lesbian lover descending on him with a kitchen knife. It took two men to hold her back.

When Anne brought over the refilled glass, Terry made room for her on the chaise. Anne sat down. Terry drew her closer and kissed her on the lips. She ran her fingers lightly over Anne's face and neck and then cupped one of Anne's small breasts.

Lighting a cigarette, Terry announced she would in her work deal with nothing but primary colors. "I consider pastels no colors at all."

Anne snuggled against her like a kitten.

•

"I quit smoking," Morgan said.

"This isn't the same thing," Terry said.

"I know it isn't the same thing." He looked around at the green-and-orange deck on Marge Rawlinson's yacht. "Primary colors."

"Go to hell," Terry said cheerfully.

It was late afternoon now and the tea dance on the terrace of the waterfront hotel was under way. The music could be felt as well as heard. Psychedelic constructions lit and unlit faces.

All of Geoffrey Wallace's guests, fully dressed now, were lounging on the outsized deck. It was cool. An offshore wind had risen and plastic curtains had been lowered, cutting down just a trifle on the crashing music and allowing the captive air to thicken with the sweet smell of pot.

"Get loose, Morgan," Terry said, holding out a joint.

Morgan took the skinny stump from which three or four persons had already sucked their hopes of miracles in this life and passed it untouched by him to Anne, who was seated on his other side. Anne, denying herself bliss as well, handed it to Geoffrey Wallace.

"What's the matter with you?" Terry asked Anne.

"I don't want to get stoned tonight."

"You don't have to get stoned."

"I don't even want to get high. I want to try to remember some of the things Morgan has been telling me." Anne turned to Morgan. "Was he a lion of a man? Reich looks like that in his picture."

"He was," Morgan said. "What first interested you in Reich?"

"The orgasm," Anne said.

"It was that simple," Terry said.

"That sex was for the orgasm itself and how the orgasm benefits human beings and how procreation is only secondary," Anne said. She was wearing Levis and a T-shirt that had THE PINES printed on it in large letters. Her hair was plaited in two braids that hung over her shoulders. She looked like a schoolgirl. "It turned everything around. It was so great."

"Especially if you're burdened with that smidgen of guilt," Terry said. "Would you like some *pâté*, Annie?"

"No, thank you."

The pounding and the surging of the

music seemed to have worn down the feeble resistance of the plastic curtains and now charged freely around the deck. The terrace of the hotel was jammed. There were men drinking and women drinking but not with each other. Men danced with men and women danced with women. In the midst of that mandatory polarization, moving with the wariness of wanderers lost in an alien forest, a few straights held to each other and their archaic habits.

On the pier just outside the deck, a young bearded man kissed another young man and shivered with pleasure. Morgan glanced at Terry. She grinned. Terry, it was patent, was altogether free of that small encumbrance of guilt.

A young man who was supplying Marge Rawlinson with her comfort these days climbed aboard and kissed Marge all over her face and neck and announced that he had brought with him marijuana that was the finest he had ever smoked. A little while after that, it was wholly unnecessary to suck on joints passed around with such love and comradeship and trust. The air itself, Morgan knew, had only to be breathed.

Geoffrey Wallace got up to talk to someone in the group and Terry immediately took his seat next to Anne. She cradled Anne's face in her hands and kissed her. She held her lips against Anne's for a long time.

"I think I'll take a little walk," Morgan said to no one in particular, wondering whether he were ceding ground in some battle he had never sought, whether there were a battle. Marge Rawlinson, who had been stoned when they all arrived, nodded imperial permission. Morgan climbed down. The music hit him with an additional blow and the lights seemed to be blinking inside his skull.

"I'll go with you," Anne called out in a stronger voice than she had used all day. She was on her feet and off the deck before Terry, who was embarked on a lecture about Persian rugs, could interrupt herself quickly enough to stop her.

•

Morgan, feeling a peculiar diffidence, as though he were a youth on his first date, walked along the pier with Anne past the dancers. The women who were dancing with each other appeared to him to be more constrained than the men who were dancing with other men. There was an obscure observation that crossed Morgan's mind, but he realized that Anne was not the woman to share it with.

He had, as his senses lived with an expectancy that was at the same time unknown and impossible, to keep reminding himself that he was not walking with a plain, ordinary garden-variety girl. He would have given much if she were, because she brought about in him the right feelings in the right places. Oddly

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO DRINK LESS THAN THE REST OF THE BOYS?

Some people think the more a man can drink, the more of a man he is. However, it usually works the other way around.

Men who drink to build up their egos, end up putting themselves down.

The guy who claims he can drink everyone under the table looks pretty low. Especially if he gets there.

The hero who thinks it's macho to drink like a fish is regarded by sensible people as an animal.

That's why we, the people who make and sell distilled spirits, urge you to use our products with common sense. If you choose to drink, drink responsibly.

A real man has the strength to say no when he's had enough.

Distilled Spirits Council of the U.S. (DISCUS), 1300 Pennsylvania Building, Washington, D.C. 20004

IT'S PEOPLE WHO GIVE DRINKING A BAD NAME.

enough, in quite another way, she moved him in a realm of compassion. There were questions he would have liked to put to her, but he knew he never would.

They reached the end of the jetty. The bay lay out before them and flickered gently against the pillars of the pier. Across the water, the lights of the mainland shimmered weakly, like stars too feeble to make it up into the sky. The music from the dance could hardly be heard and was much improved.

"How long do you and Terry remain out here?" he asked. He wanted, in a foolhardy challenge of instinct, to know where she and Terry lived in the city.

"Most of the summer," Anne said.

She gazed across the water and Morgan allowed himself to fancy that she was in some way imprisoned and was looking toward a liberty, and he knew what a conceited, outrageous male concept that was. Her profile could have been chiseled by a master and that, he knew, was no dreamy trick of his mind.

"Terry arranges her work so that she can come out here on Thursdays, during the summer, and she goes back to the city on Mondays," Anne said. "Did I hear you say that this is your first visit to Fire Island?"

"Yes."

"How do you like it?"

"I like it."

"But you wouldn't want to remain out here too long, not at the Pines, anyway."

"I don't know."

"Because of people like us?"

Morgan would have liked to understand why that last question came along as a small blow. Of course, it was because he was always forgetting, or because he wanted to keep forgetting, or, ultimate male vainglory, because a part of him refused in the face of everything to believe.

"I haven't worked that out," he said.

"You've worked it out with male gays," Anne said, and she did not seem quite so young now. "You didn't have to work that out. You had that built in. But you don't feel the same way about us. Most straight men don't."

Morgan remembered an old Hemingway story about a woman who was leaving a man she had loved to begin an affair with another woman and how the man felt. He couldn't feel that way, because there was nothing more than a few hours between Anne and himself, but he felt something and he was shaken by that.

"You must not judge Terry by the way she speaks to me sometimes," Anne said.

"I have no right to judge her at all." Wasn't this the classic corny moment, here at the edge of lapping water in yellow moonlight?

"She loves me," Anne said.

"Yes."

"She loves me very much."

Morgan nodded.

"She's very good to me."

"I believe that."

"I could never love anyone but her," Anne said.

She looked up at him and the moon gave her face an unbearable wash and he lifted her chin and kissed her. It was a silly thing to do, effecting the final spoilation; it was like kissing a pane of glass and he released her chin, feeling foolish and embarrassed, when he felt her stir and he felt her mouth open to him and he felt her body press against him and he felt through the T-shirt her small, hard breasts.

When she drew away, she said, "It's different when Terry kisses me. When she kisses me, I feel it down to my toes." She smiled. It was the smile of an ever-so-slightly tarnished angel. "But I enjoyed it with you. It was funny, but it was good."

He didn't say anything. He wondered why he was feeling such a sharp pain. He wondered why he was feeling pain at all.

"She keeps me on a short rein," Anne said, pulling down her T-shirt, moving her plaits from back to front. "She really doesn't have to, but she does."

"Do you resent that?" It had happened so quickly, the swift response

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from her body, that he was almost certain now he had only imagined it. The swaying of the jetty, probably.

"Most of the time, I like it. I think I need it. I'm wayward."

"What do you mean by that? How are you wayward?"

"Oh, I've never done anything serious and I never would, not so long as I love Terry and she loves me," Anne said. "I've always been faithful to her. There were other women before I met Terry, but since we have been living together, I have never cheated, really cheated."

"By cheating, you mean with another woman," he said, unable, despite his awareness of the fatuousness, not to say it.

"Of course. How else? Still, Terry says I'm wayward and says she has to watch me."

"And you like that most of the time." The ache now was all in a ball in his belly.

Anne nodded. "She loves me. She's jealous. Sometimes she smothers me."

"There you are," Terry said.

She was standing a dozen feet away. Her hands were on her hips and in her blue jump suit, she looked like a policeman.

"Let's go to the dance," Terry said to Anne.

"Will you come, too?" Anne asked Morgan.

"I'll catch up," he said.

Terry closed her arm around Anne's waist and led her away and Morgan remained at the edge of the jetty and thought this would be a good time to have a cigarette if he were having cigarettes. He had a rushing vision of Anne and Terry in bed and while he normally found that scene exciting, he was shaken by how it disturbed him now. And he wondered if he would have called up that picture so quickly if Anne were any old girl taken away to a dance by her boyfriend.

He wondered how long Terry had been standing there. He wondered if she had seen them kiss. He remembered Terry's threat of punishment earlier that day. He wondered how Terry punished her wife. In any case, that kiss was nothing Anne had felt down to her toes.

Shit!

He walked back to the dance, tossing away the cigarette he had never held. He saw that some of the dancers were popping pills under their nostrils as they clung to each other.

He saw Terry dancing with Anne. Terry held Anne gently and led her around with obvious, loving grace. Morgan started to walk on, the edgeless pain still rummaging around in his stomach. He heard Anne call his name. He turned to see the two women looking down at him from the low terrace.

"Would you like to dance with me, Morgan?" Anne asked.

"Thanks," he said. "But I have two

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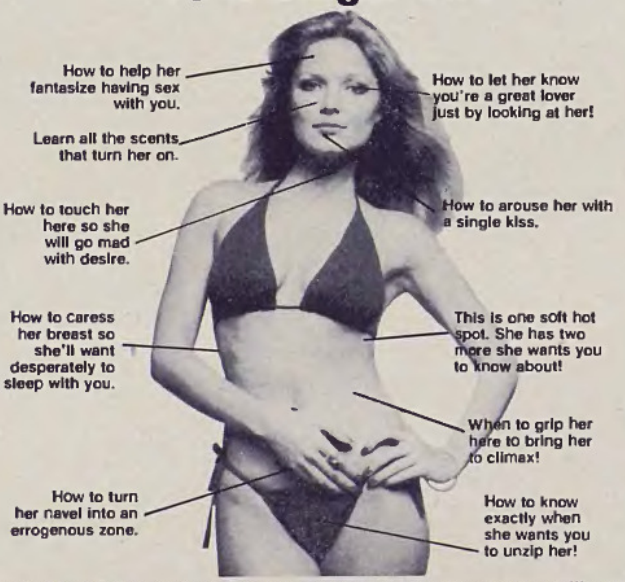

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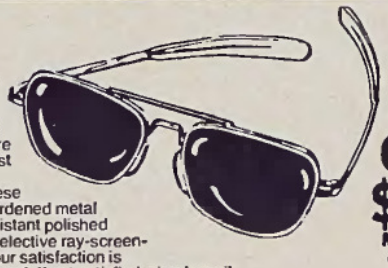

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left feet when it comes to dancing."

Terry made a move to get Anne back onto the dance floor, but Anne would not budge. "Do you live in the city?"

"When I'm around."

"Would you like to have lunch with me sometime?" Anne asked.

Morgan looked at Terry. Her face had on it the bleak lifelessness of a marble statue. "Sometime, perhaps," he said.

"The number is listed in Terry's name. She spells her last name with an E. W-E-L-L-E-S."

Morgan nodded. The music suddenly exploded, but he was glad of that now.

"When will you call?" Anne asked. "We'll be back in the city right after Labor Day. I'm free almost every day. Terry goes off and I'm alone. There are so many things I want to ask you."

Morgan brought his eyes to Terry again. The lights were flashing on and off again, playing havoc with her features, but against lopsided odds, her face, still set, had a curious dignity. Her magnificent body was straight. Her carriage was erect. She could have worn the uniform of a Prussian officer without showing a wrinkle. There might have been something in her eyes, but that could have been put there by the manic, batting glare.

"I'm afraid that can't be for some time, Anne," he said. "In a couple of days, I'm off on an assignment in India." He could not have said whether he rued or welcomed that simple truth.

"But you will come back one day," Anne said.

He nodded.

Terry moved again to lead Anne back to the dance floor.

Anne shrugged her off. "I think I'll go home."

"But it's so early, love," Terry said.

Anne leaned down and kissed Morgan on the cheek and walked away, the braids swinging back and forth.

"Anne!" Terry called out. Her voice was swallowed by an upsurge of music. She looked like a huge mime, mouthing without sound.

Anne pushed her way through the people on the terrace.

"Anne!" Terry called again.

Morgan watched Anne disappear into the crowd on the pier. He raised his eyes to Terry. She looked larger than life, silhouetted against the persevering lights. She looked to Morgan as though she might topple, like a felled tree. She did not. She lifted a hand to Morgan in a kind of bewildered farewell, and then it was borne fully upon her that something had happened and she started after Anne. She walked slowly, heavily, through the mob, her back now sagged, her head lowered. When she was clear of the terrace, she moved faster, and then she began to run.

Morgan watched her for a moment, and then he started to run after her. He had no sense of what made him chase her. He pushed people to one side and the other, and then he was stopped as abruptly as if he had run into a brick wall, and he was astonished to see that what had stopped him was the slender arm of Geoffrey Wallace.

"Where do you think you're going, old boy?" Wallace asked.

"You know where I'm going."

"Yes, true. But I don't know why."

"Who knows what she'll do to her?"

"What who will do to whom?"

"For Christ sake, Geff!" Morgan tried to brush aside Wallace's arm. He was astounded by the strength that lay in it. He cocked his arm to swing.

"Don't be a damned fool," Wallace said.

"You saw her."

"I saw a very unhappy woman." Wallace dropped his arm. "You're my guest, old man. Please don't forget that. And as it happens, I rather fancy Terry Welles."

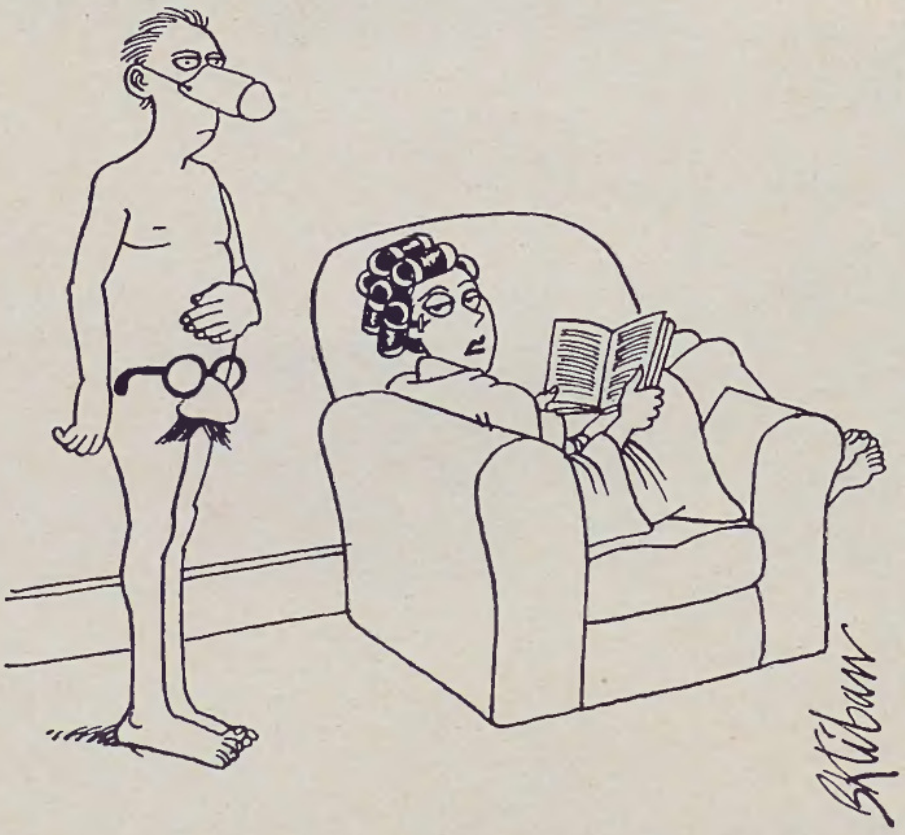
"She's been threatening to punish her all day."

"You are a bloody ass, you know," Wallace said. "You're such a clever journalist and such a blasted idiot." When Morgan would reply, Wallace said quietly, "Morgan, those two are married. Married. Can you get that through your thick head? Married. You may think it abnormal, but I assure you they look upon us as abnormal. Married. Like any married couple. Quarrels. Flirtations. On little Anne's part. That angel face. First-class bitch, in actual fact. Let me put it to you: The pier. The moonlight. A kiss. Tongue in your mouth after a moment. Body thrust against you. Later makes a date for lunch in town. And all the time ready to throw up, I promise you. She does this to Terry all the time. And if she thinks she's laid enough on Terry for that day, she'll let her make love to her."

Morgan took a deep breath. The pain was gone now, but there was another kind of pain and he couldn't zero in on that right away and he thought perhaps it would be some time before he could.

Wallace kept him on the pier for a little while longer, and then they started back to Wallace's house. They passed the little yellow cottage. One room was lit dimly. Morgan heard Terry's voice, low, and then he heard Anne giggle, and then he heard Anne catch her breath with a gasp.

Wallace took Morgan by the arm and propelled him on. Morgan felt chilled on that warm summer night and tired and old and he knew he had to catch the first ferry back to the mainland in the morning.



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(continued from page 197)

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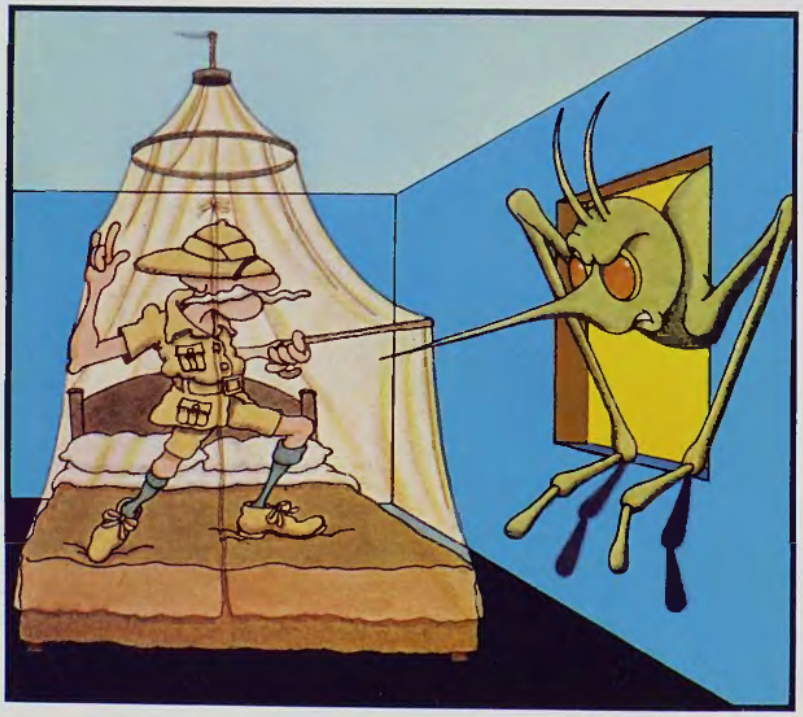

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This 2'10"-tall statue crafted by Chicago sculptor Charles Heinrich is made of hard white pine—and hard also describes what you'll see when you open Mr. Flasher's trench coat and pull the cord that's hanging from his back. The signed Flasher statue (which is detailed right down to its belly button and shoelaces) sells for $365, postpaid, from a local fantasy paradise: Hudson Brown, 72 East Walton Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Keep it closed when the minister calls.

GO ASSERT YOURSELF

If you look like Warren Beatty, Paul Newman or Robert Redford, you won't need Assertionotes. If you don't, send $6.50 to Assertionotes, P.O. Box 580, Lincoln, Massachusetts 01773, for a little packet of 50 clever, corny, suggestive and straight opening lines, each printed on a business-sized card. The idea, of course, is that if you send a little card in an envelope across a crowded room reading "After you're through with me . . . will you promise to let me down easy?" or "You may be wondering what a nice person like me is doing in a place like this. Wanna find out?" the recipient will be dying to meet you. Maybe.

FREE FORMS

The old adage that there's no such thing as a free lunch may still hold true, but Freebies Magazine, P.O. Box 5605, Santa Monica, California 90405, has helped erode it. What you get for $6 sent to Freebies are 12 monthly 16-page poop sheets listing all types of free stuff, from a booklet on "How to Read a Flood Insurance Rate Map" to the latest mail-order catalogs. Our favorite freebie is the pamphlet "Can You Really Strike It Rich in the Government Oil and Gas Lottery?" We think we know the answer.

LISTENING TO A MASTERPIECE

In May, *Masterpiece Radio Theatre*, a 52-week series of radio dramas taken from classic British and American fiction, began broadcasting over National Public Radio. First over the airwaves was the BBC's three-week dramatization of Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, and it's to be followed by, among others, *Jane Eyre*, *Moby Dick*, *Sons and Lovers* and *Les Misérables*. Like its TV counterpart, *Masterpiece Radio Theatre* originates from Boston. Julie Harris is the host. Classy.

NAUTICAL BUT NICE

If there's a distaff landlubber in your life who doesn't know her port from her starboard, Lands' End Yacht Stores, 105 Leffler St., Dodgeville, Wisconsin 53533, has just the answer: It's a ladies' cotton T-shirt that has the words PORT (in red) and STARBOARD (in green) discreetly silk-screened *upside down* on milady's chest. The shirt sells for $16.75, postpaid, in sizes 8–14. Head for port.

"As far as I'm concerned, the size of the organ is <u>everything</u>!"

DEMAND PROOF

TARNISHED BRASS

(continued from page 143)

"Our absolute rulers did not have their heads screwed on any more securely than the men in the trenches."

(in the words of e. e. cummings)

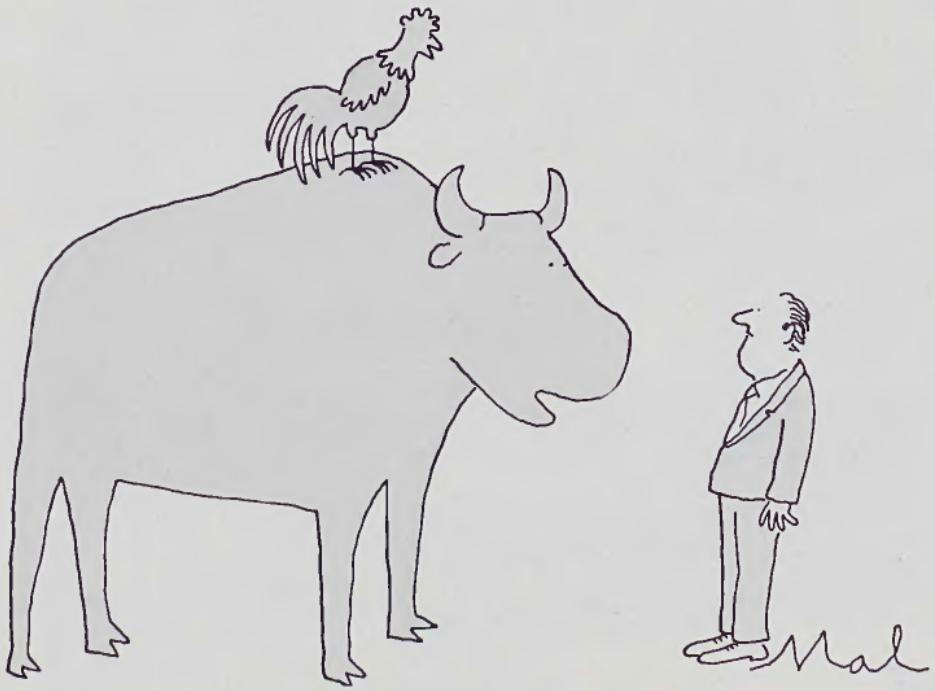
in the deep mud et

cetera
(dreaming
et
cetera of
Your smile
eyes knees and of your Etcetera)

and looking at pinup pictures of girls whose arms, legs and faces were visible flesh, and listening to *Dear John (Oh, How I Hate to Write)* on radios rigidly tuned to Radio Station Nomad.

One day in March, our idyl was interrupted by a surprise visit by three great generals. Now, I had read many books, and I was aware that a general was no less susceptible (was more susceptible, historically) to a man's weaknesses than a private was. Alexander had thought that a one-yard snake was his father, and he had killed 13 men for not saying yes, you are right, sir, and Caesar had taken care at his own assassination to tighten his *tunica laticlavia* (he used his left hand, we're informed) under his toga so his dingdong wouldn't show when he told everyone in Greek, "Then fall, Caesar." Invariably, Napoleon had eaten in 15 minutes (his preference was the *poulet à la marengo*) and, in the 45 minutes saved, he had collapsed on the floor complaining of gas, groaning and vomiting until the empress came with a cup of *thé avec des herbes*. He tried to kill himself once ("Goodbye, Louise. Kiss my little son for me," he wrote to Marie-Louise. "Goodbye, Louise."), but he just vomited up the opium, hellebore and belladonna.

I had also heard of the generals there in Korea. The one who had thrown typewriters out of the window, saying, "They're dusty!" The one who had built the toilet seats in the shape of thunderbirds, saying, "Well, this is the Thunderbird Division, isn't it?" The one who had run around and around his $30,000 hootch in hot pursuit of Marilyn Monroe. Our absolute rulers in Korea did not have their heads screwed on any more securely than the men in the trenches, rumors were. So why—*why*—were the other soldiers and I so wide-eyed at noon on March 25, 1953, to see our division commander, our corps commander and our army commander come up the 100 sandbag steps to our unimportant hootch? A two-star general, a three-star general and a four-star general—what was it that made soccer balls of our eyeballs as we saw them approach us? Was it the sun, perhaps, on the 45 stars on their right shoulders, left shoulders, right collars, left collars and on their fur-lined caps?



"Would you like to hear a cock-and-bull story?"

"Jumping Jesus! Look outside," a boy hollered at us as he ran into the hootch. "Look outside!"

We weren't, thank God and little fishes, eating the kippered herring. On the other hand, we weren't scrubbing our belt buckles, either—we were just watching the goings-on on Baldy and listening to *Grandma's Lye-Soap* on Radio Station Nomad. For many months, we (and everyone else in Korea) had requested it one, two, three times every hour, and the announcer at Nomad—on the edge of a lye-soap-occasioned insanity—was now trying to silence us by broadcasting it nonstop since five on that early-spring morning.

Mrs. O'Malley! Out in the valley!
She suffered from ulcers, I understand!
She swallowed a cake of Grandma's lye-soap
And had the cleanest ulcers in the land!
So let's——

And snap! I turned the radio off as the four-star general (a man who played tennis every day in Seoul and was steps ahead of the two other generals) presented himself in our dim potato bin in his starch-saturated fatigues. Now, remember: I was just 22, and I was every bit as tongue-tied as a boy would be who won some contest in *Stars and Stripes* for tea for two at the White House. My only thought was, Oh, there's mud on my boots, though there was mud (and a number of pine needles) on the general's pair of clodhoppers, too. By the grace of God, a boy with presence of mind in our crowd cried out, "Attention!"

"At ease, gentlemen," the four-star general said to us. "Can you see Old Baldy?"

"Yessir, out the window, sir," a boy replied.

"Appreciate it." And strutting there, the general began to look single-mindedly out of the six-inch slit. And that indicated to our indescribable relief that he wasn't there on any inspection of anchovy cans but of the treeless, shrubless, flowerless and, in words of one syllable, dirt-dump sides of Old Baldy. All that morning, the hill had looked like the *mise en scène* of some fast-paced farce—in scene one, the GIs were running into the trenches there; in scene two, the GIs were running out and the Chinese were running in; in scene three, the Chinese were running out and *and* and *and*—and, truthfully, the battle on Baldy did seem something out of the *Comédie Française*.

"Uh, where do you think the front line to be? The most advanced troops?" the four-star general asked.

"I think, sir," a boy replied, "I *think* they're at that bunker with the large aperture with—oh, God!" As he was

talking, an artillery shell fell on that very bunker.

"Uh, that round is pretty short there," the four-star general said.

"That's incoming, sir," the boy replied.

"Oh," the four-star general said. He went athletically to the two other generals (the two other tottering generals were at our eagle's nest now) and declared, "We should go down there to stimulate those boys. Well, shouldn't we?"

The two-star general grinned as if he were saying, "Oh, how jolly, General." But the three-star general, a man whose face was a bag of butter beans, sat on an ammunition crate as though the bell had rung, panted for air and spat, sometimes, into the cartridge case of a 175-millimeter artillery shell—a knickknack like an umbrella stand. He was silent, otherwise—he was clearly *hors de combat* at that moment in Army-Navy time. And that meant a question of etiquette that no one could answer short of transmitting an international cable to *Dear Abby*. To appreciate this, do you remember when the artillery shell fell out of the ten-meter cannon—*plop*—in the first reel of *The Great Dictator*? The colonel, remember, told the lieutenant colonel to please pick it up. The lieutenant colonel told the major, who told the captain, who told the lieutenant, who—to relieve everyone of the hot potato—told it to Charlie Chaplin. See, the Army's unwritten etiquette is that every order is issued by a four-star general to a three-star general to—but, whoops, the three-star general was a missing link in the daisy chain that day. "Uh," the four-star general said to the two-star general, unable to order him to do this, that or the two together at the biggest battle of that winter in Korea—"Uh, I'm not here to announce how to run this operation," the four-star general said. "It's your show here, but if I were you——"

"Yessir?"

"I suppose I'd pull everyone off of Baldy," the four-star general allowed. "I'd send in some smoke today," send in some artillery today, "and I'd, uh, *I'd really work it over tonight*. And then attack tomorrow."

"Yessir," the two star general answered.

In our dimly lighted room, a bear rose slowly out of its winter sleep. The three-star general stood up and hobbled (he used a cane, honestly) to the two-star to reinstate himself, immediately, in the great chain of being. "Now, *General*," the three-star general said so threateningly that the two-star general came to Army-academy attention, "the attack has failed, General. All you're doing is fooling around on Baldy. Is fooling around! Is fooling around! Is," spitting into the un–umbrella stand, "is fooling around on Baldy!"

"Yessir," the two-star general said. He stood as stiff as an old cigar-store Indian.

"Do you follow me? Is fooling around, General," the three-star general shouted, the spit dripping out and his face going from butter beans to the red of kidney beans. "So call your people off Baldy! And pound it with your artillery! And when you're ready, call me and we'll attack it!"

"Yessir," the two-star cast-iron general said.

"But stop the fucking fooling around!"

The two-star looked unhappy. The three-star looked as though he wanted to hammer his knot-covered cane on the two-star, shouting, *"Du Dummkopf! Das ist nur Spielerei,"* and the four-star, forced by his officer's code of conduct to dissociate himself from the two men's delirium, looked out of the six-inch slit as preoccupiedly as one who had spotted a rare olive warbler on Baldy. We peons, we privates, stood in the shadows of our little citadel like the *hoi polloi* that the noblemen seem so oblivious of in Shakespeare.

> *Why, look you, I am whipp'd and*
> *scourged with rods,*
> *Nettled,*

Hotspur is screaming to the turrets themselves with no nevermind to the pages, heralds, beadles and other sundry attendants whose ears (we must assume) must be as big as wassail bowls. In our more modest hootch, the sound of our loudmouthed leaders did the same metamorphosis, converting our eyes, ears, noses and open mouths into ears—we were entirely ears. To us, the cane-carrying general seemed to be no less immune to the lower passions than a man with three yellow stripes instead of three silver stars, and to listen to his hysteria was to be reminded that the rank is but the guinea's stamp, as we're assured by Burns. A man's a man, unquote.

Our sympathies were with the little fellow, the two-star general. Our own closest commander (as of the day before: He had just arrived in Korea), he was a gentle-looking man who now looked as if he wanted to cry—yes, really. His eyes were wet, as my own eyes had been a year earlier when an old master sergeant shouted at *me* ("Now sound off!" "Sack!" "Louder!" "Sack!" "Do you unnerstand me, Sad Sack? I said louder!" "Sack!" "Louder! Louder! Louder!" "Sack!" "You little fruit! You have a cunt where a cock oughta be"). Even today, I can feel for the two-star general. In my imagination, I can see what might be the outcome if he weren't taught at his military academy that a big boy doesn't cry. In my inward eye, I can see the tears rolling down his fatherly face and I can hear him say, "Oh, sir, don't shout at me. It hurts to be shouted at."

"*Crybaby*," the three-star general

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shouts. "I wouldn't shout if you weren't fooling around on Baldy! If you pounded it with your artillery, instead!"

"But, sir," the two-star general says. "*Sniffle*, I've already pounded it with twenty thousand artillery shells."

"So, dummy! So pound it with twenty thousand more!"

"I can't, General, sir," the two-star general cries. "I can't because——"

"I say you can! I've half again as many stars, and I say you can! You little fruit!"

"I can't, I can't, I can't," the two-star general cries. "Oh, *sob*, you aren't smarter than me just because you're bigger than me. I can't because——"

"You *can* because——"

"I can't because there *aren't* any, sir," the two-star general cries, the tears rolling down and the salt-streaks scarring his soft-skinned face. "The army is almost out of artillery shells."

"*What?*" At the six-inch slit, the four-star general turns as athletically as a man returning a backhand overhead, saying, "Are you alluding to *my* Army, General?"

"Yessir, General, sir," the two-star general says, and he blows his red-rimmed nose in a Kleenex. "It's almost out of shells, General, sir."

The four-star general glowers. "Now, General, there are *hoi polloi* in our presence here, and you are not stimulating them by suggesting that."

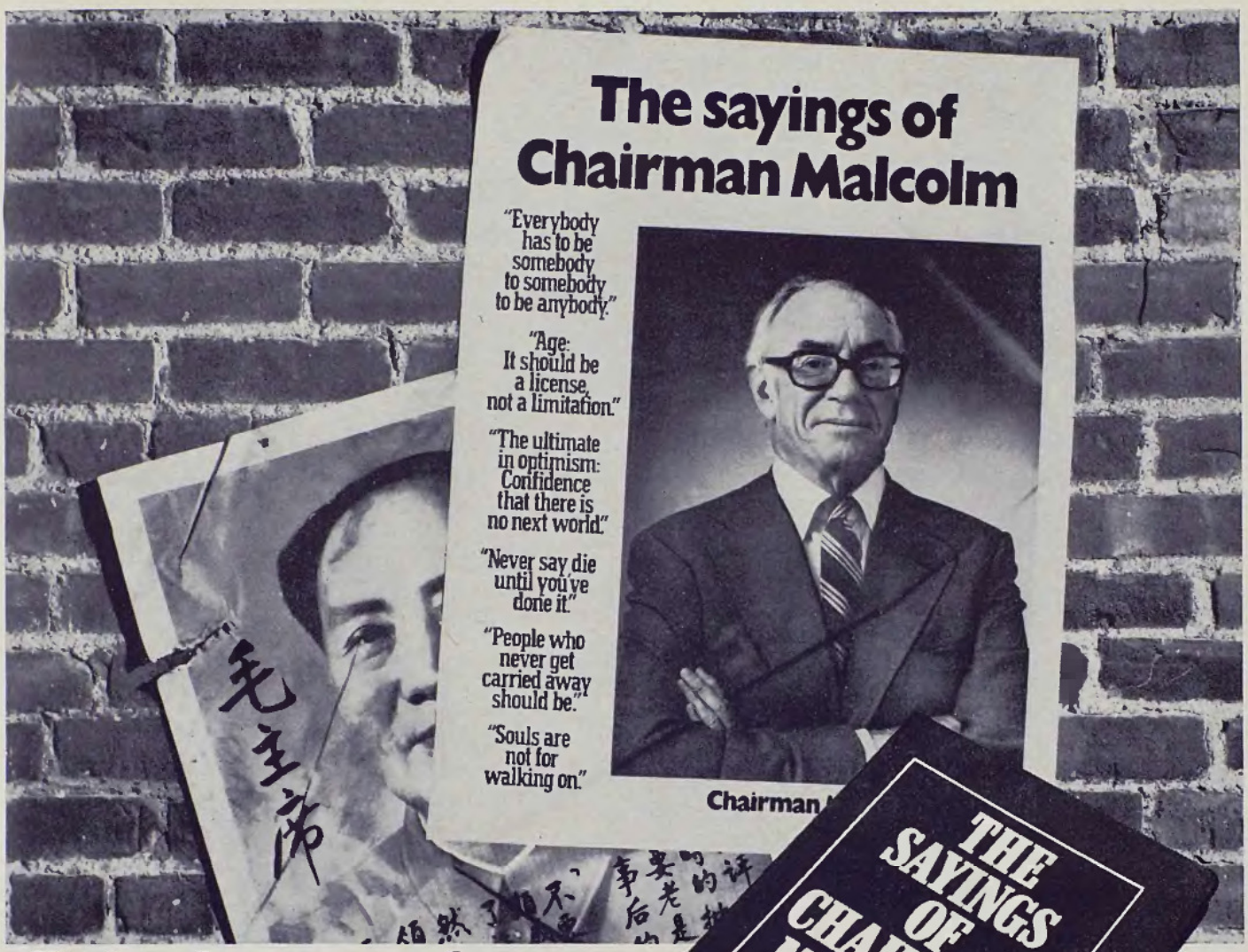
"*Sob*," and the two-star general starts to cry once more. "Oh, General, I've tried to behave like a model major general——"

Enough. Let the record show that the Army was, in fact, practically out of artillery shells, and the more chrome-covered stars one of those generals had, the more wrongheaded the general was. Oh, those crewcut clowns in Korea! We stood up (our heels together and our toes at an angle of 45 degrees) in their awesome presence. We sirred them, we saluted them and we didn't use our bore patches as the cleaning tools for our earwax in the presence of one-, two-, three- and four-star generals. But, honestly, can it be argued that we were such utter incompetents that we really *needed* them?

All right, it can be argued, friends. And was argued in the mid–17th Century by Thomas Hobbes.

•

Now, Hobbes (I have looked this up) was just 12 years old at the start of the 17th Century, and, as a gentleman's secretary, he did nothing to boast about (oh, he did learn to play the cello pretty well) for the next 30 years. In 1630, though, while a guest at a minister's home in Geneva (or some say in Paris), he experienced what was a bolt from the blue above in his uneventful life. In the minister's library, the finger of fate directed



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him to an open book and a simple sentence in Greek,

> Ἐν τοῖς ὀρθογωνίοις τριγώνοις τὸ ἀπὸ τῆς τὴν ὀρθὴν γωνίαν ὑποτεινούσης πλευρᾶς τετράγωνον ἴσον ἐστὶ τοῖς ἀπὸ τῶν τὴν ὀρθὴν γωνίαν περιεχουσῶν πλευρῶν τετραγώνοις.

and, reading it, he just gasped. "By God," Hobbes is recorded as having said, "this is impossible!" The book was by Euclid, and the sentence alleged that in any right-angled triangle, the square of the hypotenuse equaled the sum of the squares of the two other sides.

Now, that wasn't bulletin news to the Western world. Twenty-two centuries earlier, it had occurred to Pythagoras, who had sacrificed an ox (or, according to Galileo, a whole 100 oxen) in honor of that quadratic equation, but to Hobbes (who hadn't majored in mathematics at Oxford), it was like lightning from Mount Olympus. And poring over the proposition, he was referred to the 46th, the 41st, the 14th and the fourth propositions and—as he went backward, backward, and the sun started to set on Burgundy—to the very first postulate and its indisputable statement that a line could be drawn from A to B. All right, agreed—and Hobbes, his red goatee trembling, his fingers a family of fat brown bookworms on all that geometry, started to go ahead again into the many cheerful facts about the hypotenuse, and, God! It was accurate what was in Euclid! Life, for Hobbes, had begun at 40 and at the perception that, ahhh, indeed, squared and squared equaled squared! His face, which so far had been yellow, became (and for 50 years remained) a ruddy red, for he had been born again as a convert to plane and solid geometry.

At dinner that day, he didn't cut his *petit pain* into a cone, cylinder or parallelogram as the people on the flying island did in *Gulliver's Travels*. But that same night, he did, indeed, sit in bed drawing a little pinkprint of triangles on his thighs, just as Archimedes had drawn them (in the olive oil on his thighs) at the baths at Syracuse, Sicily. He did that night after night, and Hobbes—in the course of many months—came to look at our good green earth as nothing but a concatenation of lines, triangles, rectangles, of rigid geometry as reliable as any watchmaker's watch in Geneva. *It was efficient*—or, rather, it would be efficient but for the endemic incalculability of one little element. And that little element was so addicted to spilling out of its proper sphere that no rulers or compasses in all creation knew how to circumscribe it. A living thing, it went about on our planet on four legs in the morning and two legs at midday and—you have guessed it!

People! The people (as our man would write in *Leviathan*)—the men, women and children of our own silicone sphere are, in the last analysis, madmen, for, like madmen (or like drunks, he would continue), we are often possessed by our passions, and our passions unguided are, for the most part, madness, unquote. As closet lunatics, we become pale if we love someone and we become black if we hate someone—we laugh and cry in any six-hour afternoon to a degree that no right-angled triangle would, and to laugh and cry in our clockwork world is just double trouble to Hobbes:

> *The passion which maketh . . . laughter . . . is incident most to them that are conscious of the fewest abilities in themselves. . . . On the contrary [there] . . . is the passion that causeth weeping . . . and they are most subject to it that rely principally on helps external, such as are women and children.*

To love, to hate, to laugh, to cry—to *feel* is to let ourselves overflow the mathematical measures of the six-foot fathom and the 60-minute hour. It is generative of everything evil, like "war, which is necessarily consequent . . . to the natural passions of men," and is corrosive of the golden goal of society: efficiency, in the considered opinion of Mr. Hobbes.

Well, what can one say? All people do have passions—sorry, there is no prescribing them not to. Accordingly, it appears there is no solution to the people problem but the final one of the Queen of Hearts in *Alice*, "Off with their heads," or of the lieutenant at My Lai, "Waste them." But our man, Hobbes, was more tenderhearted (he had also learned the six-stringed lute) and he wanted to institute efficiency by some other means than one of benevolent genocide. Accordingly, he moved to Paris, and for the next 20 years he woke up at seven o'clock every day and (after his breakfast of bread and butter) went walking in the *jardin*, thinking, thinking, dipping the tip of his quill into the inkwell in his walking cane, and, in spite of his palsy, writing, until by the mid–17th Century he had concluded and, in *Leviathan*, had announced that to have farms, factories and other desiderata of his century—to have efficiency—we must subordinate ourselves and our mad, mad, mad, mad passions to some absolute authority, "as if every man should say . . . I give up my right of governing myself," and I am yours, sahib. All right: I do agree. No one can harbor doubts that the one thing wrong in the world (as the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th

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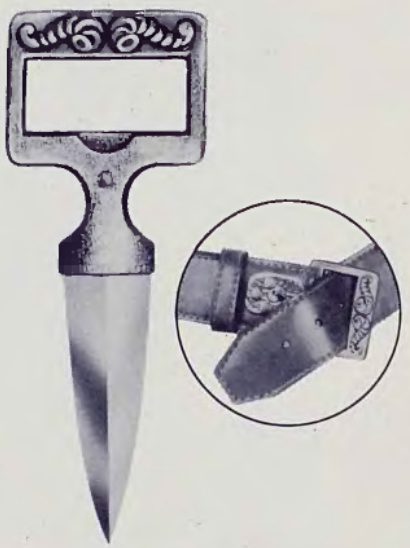

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Equipment: One gamesheet and one pencil.

Object: To be moving at the highest speed at the end of the game, by out-guessing your opponent.

Play: Each player chooses one of the cars on the gamesheet. Either player may go first. Keeping the gamesheet out of his opponent's view, the first player marks the top half of one circle (A, B, or C) in the first horizontal row under his car. His opponent then guesses which letter was chosen. (You can use the bottom halves of the circles to keep a record of guesses, for future strategy.) If the opponent's guess is wrong, the first player darkens the top square on his side of the speedometer. If the opponent's guess is right, the first player does not darken any squares.

Next, it is the other player's turn to mark one of his circles in secret, and the first player's turn to guess which one was marked. Play alternates in this fashion throughout the game. On the second round, circles in the second row are marked, and so on until the last row has been completed.

Advancing:
When in first gear, cars accelerate by darkening 1 square at a time.
When in second gear, 2 squares at a time.
When in third gear, 3 squares at a time.
When in fourth gear, 4 squares at a time.
Each square moved represents an increase of 5 miles per hour.

Winning: The player with the highest final speed (most squares darkened) at the end of the race is the winner.

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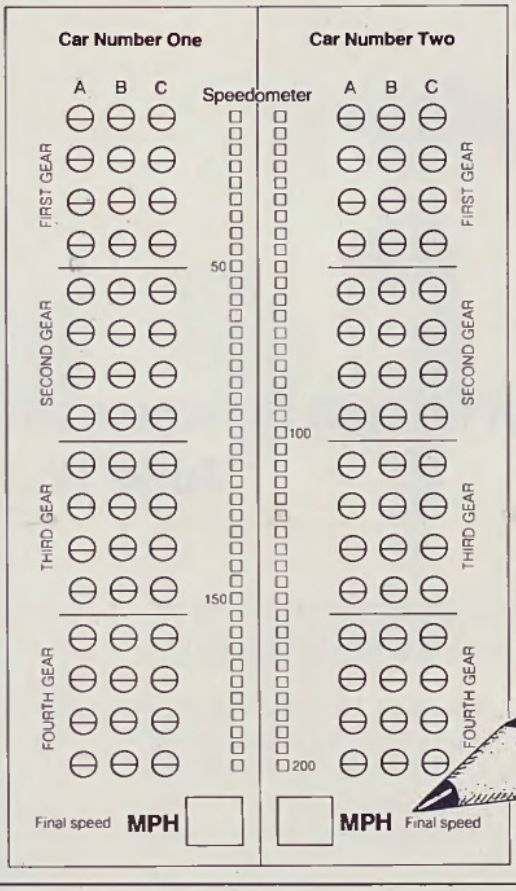

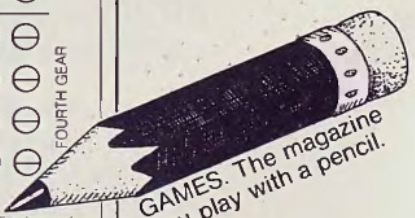

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JTD17

centuries see it) is that there're people in it, or that something—anything—has to smother them if they're ever to be as efficient as an Accutron. Nor can anyone fault the logic of our philosopher until, in his 17th chapter, he swallows a so-called camel in his announcement that the absolute authorities are to be people, too.

What? What? the blind to be leading the blind, sirrah? No, I can accept that I must accept a vegetable—a summer squash in my refrigerator, say—as my absolute authority, or even some species of dull, listless and passionless animal like the hippopotamus who, a few years ago, was nearly elected to the state legislature of São Paulo, Brazil. But people? Is it not circular to reason that if I'm human and if I'm mad, accordingly, it behooves me to surrender myself to a creature of the same human condition? Of the same species as the two-, three- and four-star neurotics in my once-halcyon home in Korea, the men who were standing at catatonic attention, shouting at Mad Hatter–party pitch and staring out the six-inch window at the spring plumages of the birds on Old Baldy? I, who don't drink (and Hobbes, who was drunk a total of once every year), am to sir and salute a creature that he himself likens to a drunken bum? Oh, you're putting me on, Mr. Philosopher!

Of course, that is easy enough to say with 20-20 hindsight. For, unlike me, Hobbes did not sit—correction, stand—in the mad generals' presence, although, having done a satisfactory translation of Homer,

Tell me, O Muse, th' adventures of the man
That, having sack'd the sacred town of Troy,
Wander'd——

he ought to have known from the poor sportsmanship of Ajax, the peevishness of Achilles and the prattle of Nestor what an accumulation of fools those generals could be. And doubtless, if Hobbes (or the cavalier-collared ghost of Hobbes) had floated up to those hotheads in our wobbling hootch in Korea, he'd have resolved his cognitive dissonance by saying, See—it is as I've said! The generals, he would say, are such irremediable madmen that a really—*really*—absolute authority has to have sovereignty so as to enforce efficiency on those Keystone Cops. Alas, the President of the U.S.A. and overlord over the two-, three- and four-star generals was, in that month, a five-star general himself. The next President (the big-toothed President) was one who once called the Pentagon to complain that a sailor didn't stand at attention for him; and the next President (the big-eared President) sat and put his feet in his administrative assistant's lap; and the next President (the big-nosed President) sat in his oval office, looking at his own autobiography, saying, "It makes fascinating reading."

"Yeah," his administrative assistant said.

"I want you to reread it," the President said.

"OK," his administrative assistant said.

"And everybody else," the President said. "I want them to reread it."

"Sure," his administrative assistant said.

"The book reads awfully well," the President said.

Oh, God's wounds, did Hobbes ever actually *see* any absolute authority? We are informed that he did, indeed, in the very year—1651—of the first edition of *Leviathan*. On the seventh of September, the sun in Paris was shining and Hobbes was looking out his oriel window when the most absolute authority in one-and-one-half thousand years of Western history went by on his yellow horse—an Isabella, so called from the yellow color of the archduchess' sheets. The man wore so much golden embroidery that no one knew what, if anything, he wore underneath it, and magnanimously he kept tipping his indescribable hat to the *hoi polloi* on the rooftops, at the windows (and at the new windows cut for the great parade) and at his horse's feet in the stone-cobbled streets of Paris. Oh, I can almost see Hobbes in his linen and lace at his own open window, shouting, with all of Paris, "*Vive Louis Quatorze! Vive Louis Quatorze! Vive——*"

The king was 13 years old. His mother was (or was until recently) spanking him, and for saying *merde* she was shutting him in his room for 48 hours. At *l'école*, he had sat writing,

A king can do as he pleases
A king can do as he pleases
A king——

in his schoolbook, but he was still awarded a "dull" on his royal report card. A few years earlier, he had absent-mindedly spat on his younger brother's bed and—oh, his brozzer, he spitted on Louis's bed, and Louis, he spitted again on his brozzer's bed, and his brozzer, he did

"Miss Beasley, why are you resisting? I voted for the E.R.A.!"

his oui-oui (*et pissa dessus*, my sources say) on Louis, and Louis, he did his oui-oui on his brozzer, and Louis, he hitted him in the *bouche*, and Louis——

And that was the man without whom (to listen to Hobbes) our whole lives would be nasty, brutish and short.

•

Well, I say that's bullshit. For even a one-eyed look at human history (a hand clapped on the other eye in horror, like the lost soul in *The Last Judgment* in the Sistine Chapel) is quite enough to suggest that the kings, queens and big cheeses were *at the very least* as nasty as anyone else ("A great inconvenience," Hobbes allows). Nor were the rulers themselves in all ages ignorant of their existential incompetence. As many as 5000 years ago, Gilgamesh, in what today are the Arab lands, wanted to make war against the king of Kish. I'm serious. "*Gaammasigendeen!*" ("Let's smite him!") he cried in his mud-walled chambers, but he didn't take up his war spear until all his men unanimously voted with him, "*Gaammasigendeen!*" Gideon, on being urged to be ruler of Israel ("Rule thou over us, both thou, and thy son, and thy son's son"), said in one-syllable words, "I will not!" Alas, there isn't anyone now as modest as Cincinnatus, who 2500 years ago was the dictator of Rome but—after telling everyone to do this, do that, for the better part of a day—said to just forget it, and abdicated. No, the only known parallel in the 20th Century (and one that would hardly qualify for Plutarch's *Parallel Lives*) is a Mr. Gumbert of Omaha, Nebraska. A nominee for state senator, he withdrew on being enlightened that it was impossible to represent the men, women, white, black, rich, poor—the 20,000 individuals of the Ninth Legislative District. "I recommend," he announced to the open-mouthed reporters, "the voters refrain from voting, in the hope that no one will hold this office."

Amen. And with those trumpet-tongued words, let us seize the opportunity to return at last to the western front in Korea. Our own loud absolute authorities—the two-, three- and four-star window-rattling generals—departed by the sandbag stairs, and a day later (the generals, remember, had to tell some colonels to tell some lieutenant colonels to tell some captains to tell some lieutenants to tell us) and a few dead soldiers more, it was announced that the men in the trenches were to stop fooling around and get themselves off of Old Baldy. To no one's astonishment, they did and (*one, two, three*) as fast as cottontail rabbits, too. In utter refutation of Hobbes, the men didn't decide to go on making war and go mad, potted and passionately to the crest of the hill, yelling, "*E pluribus unum!* And death to the yellow belly!" As we are reminded by Koestler, a man who thinks war is consequent to our natural passions is a man who was never a private himself—a private like us, who killed or were killed on Baldy only because the authorities told us to. Abolish authorities and

We will live,
And the war will end,

promised a prior philosopher to Hobbes: Chuang-tzu of China.

And silence. For ten minutes, there were no sudden sounds on Old Bald-Headed Mountain. A balloon—red, round, model 51—a round balloon rose to the blue abode of Korea's god, Hananim. No doubt, it had been released by a soldier in charge of ascertaining the wind direction and of reporting that to the artillerymen. For suddenly—*boom*—we heard the big bass drum and the tin whistle of a 155-millimeter shell (a shell a half foot across) on its way overhead to Old Baldy. It was followed, like a snow goose, by another 1000, till it sounded as if the whole *primum mobile* were in fragments, falling, like the 1908 meteor, on the poor Communists—*boom, boom, boom*. And then, suddenly—silence, the cupboard was bare. We turned on Radio Station Nomad,

Mrs. O'Malley! Out in the valley!
She suffered from——

and we looked out the six-inch window

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BY BAUSCH & LOMB

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to see squad after squad of godless Communists in the fresh shell holes of Baldy. And digging, digging, digging in; but our orders were to ignore it if we saw one, two, three or any number of Communists short of 15 at any one time together—not to telephone the Army artillery, for the Army was almost out of 105-, 155- and 175-millimeter shells. On the brighter side, it still wasn't out of red balloons, and at sundown one of those floated as at a birthday party over the enemy trenches on Old Mount Acomia. Hail to thee, blithe spirit.

Of course, the order that no one should shoot if he didn't see the whites of their 30 eyes was a secret one. I myself didn't tell (I am no tittle-tattle, to quote the immortal words of a five-star general: of General MacArthur) but I am sure someone did, as it soon appeared at the top of *The New York Times*. The secret was out, and, reading it, the Secretary of the Army himself flew to Korea to see if there were no ammunition in our only ongoing war. An ex–textile executive, the man was chewing gum as his chopper dropped on a boy whose name was Dabravalskas at the 630th Ammunition Company. And, popping out, the secretary asked him, "Do you have plenty here?"

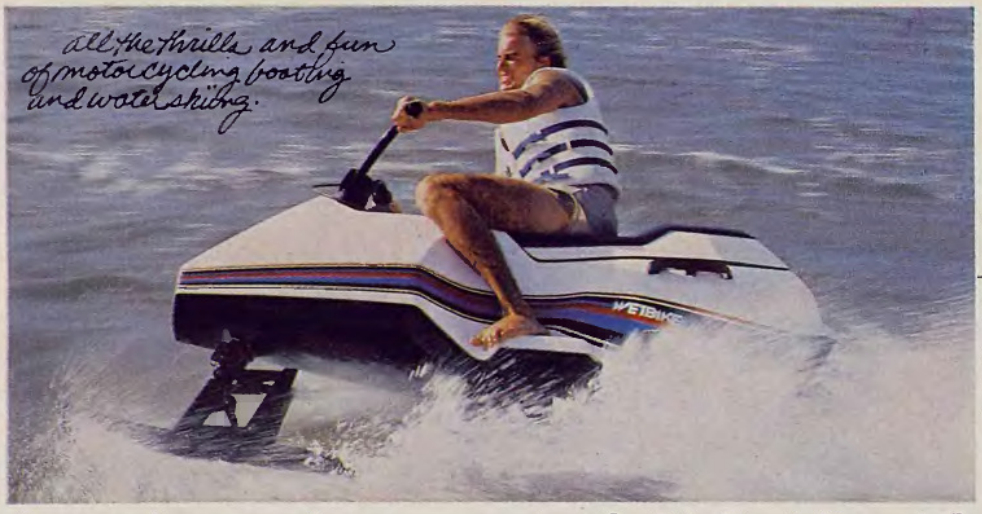
Well, Jesus! What is he *supposed* to say to the secretary and all the four-star generals in the Far East Command? "No sirree, sir, the situation is all fucked up"? One morning, a mere lieutenant colonel came to our own area, saying to us Willies, "Is the food satisfactory, men?" "Oh, yessir," we chortled in our response, though it was noon and we had had nothing but a hard-edged quadrilateral of toast apiece, black as a brick in a chimney—there was a food shortage, too. I mean, honestly! A man is mad to run every risk of 40 lashes by telling the truth to his massa, and it was in self-defense that the soldier said at the 630th Ammunition Company, "Yessir. We have the normal number of artillery rounds."

"Thank you, sir," the secretary said, and he departed at noon—or two hours before the deadline for *The New York Times*.

The reporters asked, "Did you see any shortages there?"

"One," the secretary answered. "An enlisted man told me he had trouble getting color film. And that was the only shortage——"

Oh, fuck you, Mr. Secretary! On that whole western front, there wasn't a Pfc. (a chicken on his knee, kippered herring



How it looks on paper:

Hull length	7.5ft
Width	2ft
Hull height	3.5ft
Stationary draft	2.5ft
Planing draft	4 inches
Weight	350 lbs.
Gas Capacity	8 U.S. gals
Max Speed	over 30mph
Fuel Type	oil and gas mixture (50:1 ratio using Spirit Marine Oil)
Flotation Capacity	2 adults
Engine Type	2 cyl. 50HP, 2 cycle 723cc.

automatic bilge pump and blower.
Meets all non-exempted U.S. Coast Guard regulations.
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A motorcycle on water? At first the idea seemed all wet.

It's new. It's imaginative. It's a combination of all the thrills and fun of cycling, boating, and water skiing. It's an experience. It's like nothing else before. It's the Wetbike watercycle.

Wetbike

It also sounds a little unbelievable. After all, how do you get a 350 pound motorcycle up on top of the water?

Putting the principle of hydroplaning to work.

To get the feel of a motorcycle on water, Wetbike had to rise up and then skim across the top of the water. It had to hydroplane like a slalom water ski, but without the aid of a tow rope.

Then where would Wetbike's power come from?

Jet vs. propeller.

At first, a conventional propeller driven outboard motor was tried. And tried. And tried.

Then came the idea of a jet pump drive. There was no exposed prop, which made it much safer. And the jet pump was noted for good solid thrust at the low end.

In every respect, Wetbike's specially designed jet pump drive proved to be ideal. Wetbike was up on the top of the water, running straight and true. But what if you wanted to turn?

Many months went into designing the front and rear skis. The results?

Wetbike can bank into turns with speed and agility. The riding position is very similar to that of a motorcycle. You lean into turns and forward into jumps. Even riding two up, the response and handling is quick and sure.

Should you fall, the engine automatically stops and the Wetbike settles, upright, into the water. And again, there's no propeller to worry about.

The reliability of a proven engine.

To make sure you have more fun out on the water, we put in a time tested, trouble free engine. A 50 h.p. (723 CC) Suzuki-Spirit outboard powerhead. Each one is tested and run at the factory for 30 minutes. So when you turn on the electric start and hit the gas, you've got dependable power. Power to get Wetbike up on top of the water, into turns, over rolling waves, then back to shore. Time and time again.

Ready to get your feet wet?

Until you see the Wetbike in action, or better yet, get on one and ride, you're not going to feel the excitement that's there, just waiting.

The Wetbike watercycle. It's a whole new wave in water sports. And to get on it, send us the coupon below. We'll send you the name of the nearest Wetbike dealer.

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WETBIKE

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on his crates, whatever) who wasn't more of a real authority on the being and nonbeing of 105-, 155- and 175-millimeter shells than you. But thank you, too (and thank you, two-, three-, four-star, fourflusher generals), for the timely reminder that an expert is—to quote from *The People, Yes*, by Sandburg—a damned fool a long ways from home, and an authority is not our rock and our redeemer, necessarily. Oh, God, in the groans of T. E. Lawrence. Send us no more saviors, please!

When will Thou teach the people, God, to save themselves?

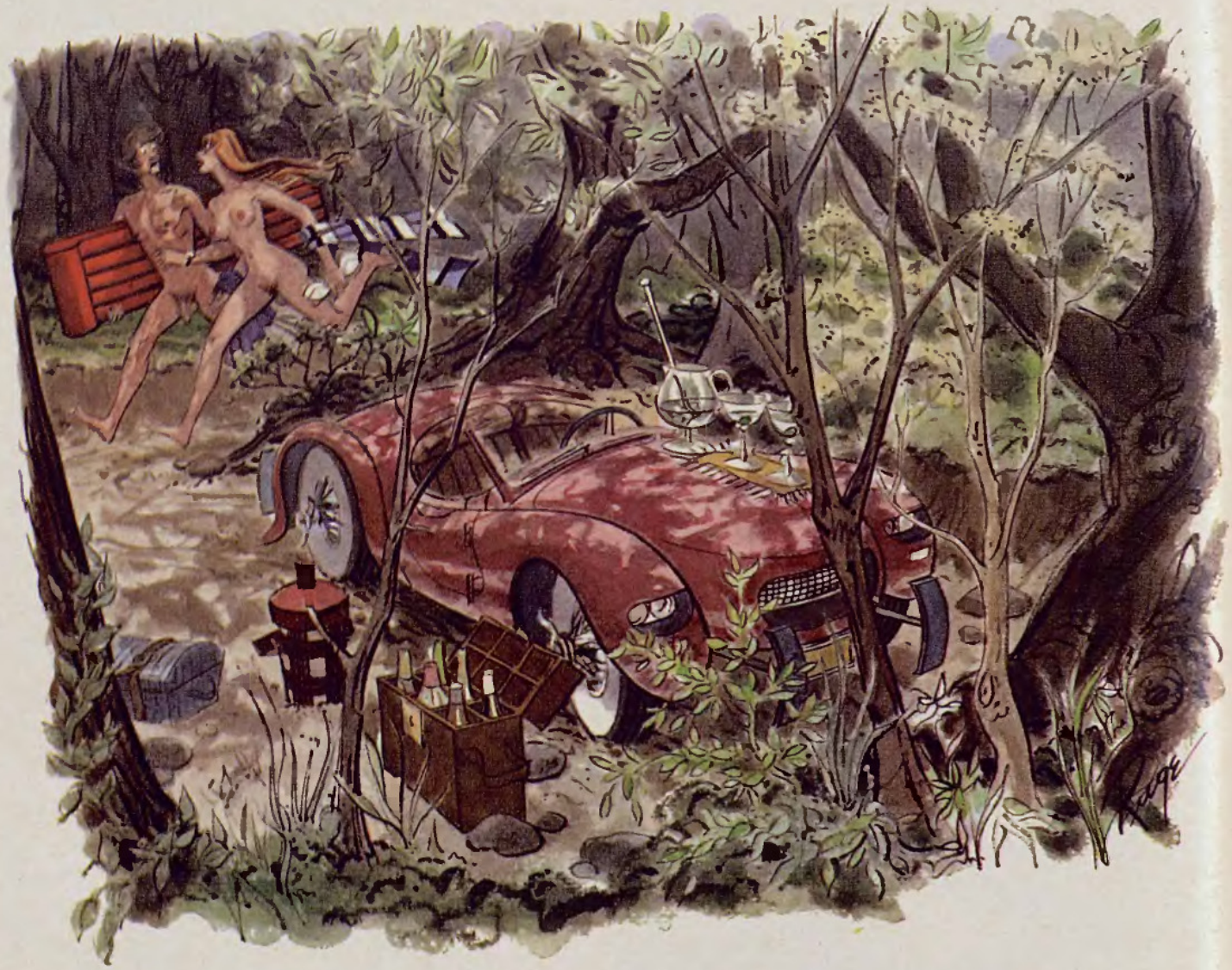
And when will the people learn to put not their trust in these pashas, princes and Presidents?

•

Well, I think they've learned it. Hey, hey, L.B.J., Tricky, Jerry and Jimmy—Christ, a man must be 40 years old to have voted for a President and to be unembarrassed about it. In these sordid Seventies, we have learned what the Army taught me at a more tender age. As the Twenties began with the Armistice, the Thirties with the Crash, the Forties with Pearl Harbor, the Fifties with the Senator's speech in Wheeling, West Virginia ("I have here a list of 205 Communists") and the Sixties with the Peppermint Lounge, so did the Seventies begin with the strip of adhesive tape on the door in the Watergate. In ten years, we were taught the truth of Presidents, of Vice-Presidents, of Congressmen, of FBI agents ("Get rid of the pinhead," the director said, and the FBI, obedient, got rid of the agent with the smallest hat) and the CIA's hallucinogenic agents. By now, we have so little trust in authorities that (to go by opinion polls) the only lower occupation is the used-automobile dealer's, and the television itself is not ginger at giving us *Washington Behind Closed Doors* or *Grandpa Goes to Washington*. Or those incompetent authorities, the mayor in *Carter Country*, the principal in *Welcome Back, Kotter* and the radio and television executives on *WKRP* and *W.E.B.*

"If our destruction comes, it will be because [of] our faith in men who were only flesh and blood," said the press secretary, retired, to one President of the United States. It isn't that the authorities are a party of evil, wicked, irredeemable people—it is that they're people, period, and the best and the brightest of those creatures are as imperfect as I am at administering my one and only life. In fact, they're worse, for they haven't even met me.

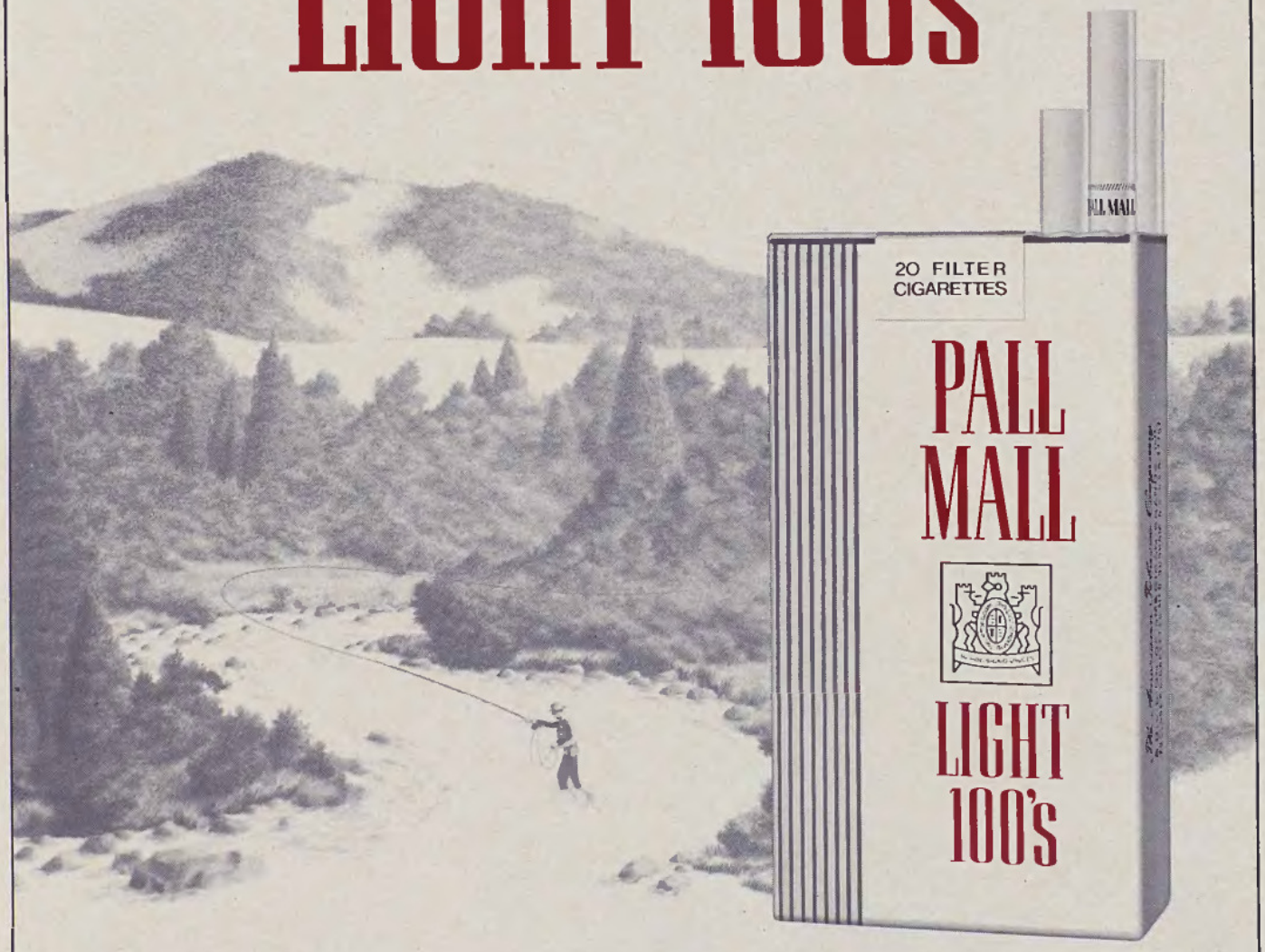
Now hear me, America! I learned long ago and I've learned again, I won't indenture myself to any authorities but me, myself, my shadow and I. So, long live me! The most efficient ruler of me! *Viva* John Sack!



"Well, you've got to admit that I prepared for everything but skunks!"

Decisions...decisions...Make your decision

PALL MALL LIGHT 100's



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OCEAN KILLINGS

(continued from page 191)

"Though the waters in Silver Bank have the clarity of a martini, he couldn't just sail out and find the ship."

measures the magnetic field of the earth. When certain magnetic objects (iron cannons, ship's fittings, etc.) are found, that registers as an anomaly in the earth's magnetic field—an extra jolt. Webber used a hand-held cesium magnetometer the second time around that translated readings to vibrations that played on the diver's mastoids. Nobody just looks overboard anymore.

But the new technology alone was not enough to find the Concepción. The other half of any good treasure hunt is research. In this case, it seemed like a gift from heaven when researchers found Phips's long-lost journal giving bearings for the Concepción to within a one-eighth-square-mile area.

But even though the waters in Silver Bank have the clarity of a dry martini, Webber couldn't just sail out and find the ship. For one thing, the ship didn't exist anymore. All timbers had long since rotted. And the treasure was long overgrown with coral. The magnetometer was needed to find what once had been the Concepción. And on November 28, 1978, in four-foot seas under a bright sun, Webber found his treasure ship. Amazingly, it was the first real success he had had in 17 years of treasure hunting.

Webber, 36, is not the gold-doubloon-around-the-neck type. Given to drab clothing and quiet talking, he only occasionally gives way to a grin. And that is usually under water. He was born in the Amish country of Pennsylvania, the son of a Buick dealer. Asthmatic and a victim of 26 allergies, he dreamed of iron men in wooden ships and the treasure they found and fought for.

"The neighbors always said, 'That Webber kid does peculiar things,'" he told a reporter. "I learned to swim in the millstream when I was six. I dreamt about sunken ships and going down and doing salvage. The big thing in my life was that there was never enough excitement. I've always been a hyper person. I started diving when I was 16. When I was 17, I found five slot machines in the Millardsville [Pennsylvania] quarry—with money in the payoff tubes—but none inside."

That was his first treasure and he remained bitten by the treasure bug. He didn't go to college and was dissuaded from the Navy for fear that his asthma would keep him from being a frogman. Instead, he went to a diving school and finished second in a class of seven. He dived with the George Washington of treasure hunting, Art McKee, and found a number of wrecks, few of which contained enough treasure to pay expenses.

"It was sort of ridiculous I hung on as long as I did," he said. "But if I were to quit at my age, what could I do? I'd burned all my bridges. I'd worry about it, then I'd say, Look, you decided when you were a kid what kind of life you wanted . . . but I have four kids now, we're renting half a house in Annville, Pennsylvania. I had to put up with the humiliation, with working in the brick factory."

He doesn't have to put up with humiliation anymore. He was on the *Today* show and, like Fisher, he will be the subject of countless news programs, TV specials, books and maybe even a movie. And when one newspaper published a photo of his home, he had to hire guards at $100 per day to protect the place. The Concepción is big business.

"I could see that salvagers were like pirates," Webber once said. "They ended up fighting. I knew it had to be done in a more businesslike way."

One of the most interesting business decisions Webber and Seaquest made was their deal with the government of the Dominican Republic, a nation whose method of choosing leaders sometimes resembles *Let's Make a Deal*. The Concepción is located 65 miles northeast of the Dominican Republic in waters considered the high seas by the United States, Great Britain and international law. They also happen to be waters claimed by the Dominican Republic, Haiti and the Turks and Caicos Islands, a British dependency.

By law, what Seaquest found was its to keep. But if the Dominican Republic, which has a navy it knows how to use, suddenly showed up in a gunboat, who was going to be able to call a lawyer? Seaquest decided that discretion was the better part of valor. It worked out a deal with the Dominicans that gave the country 50 percent, straight down the middle. In return, the Dominicans would guard the site.

As the Seaquest prospectus puts it, the deal provides them with "the protection of the Dominican navy, which provided a 145-foot frigate manned with 42 men and credible firepower to dissuade intruders." One intruder from another treasure-salvage company was, in fact, dissuaded by the Dominicans. But what if someone doesn't get dissuaded? The wreck happens to be in international waters. What

(text concluded on page 272; "Seven Tough Challenges" follows on page 268)

Technics
SILVER EDITION

You're looking at two components from Technics Silver Edition. The SU-8099 DC integrated amp and the ST-8077 stereo tuner.

Listening to the SU-8099 amp will tell you all you need to know about its performance. But 3-Dimensional Analysis (3 DA) told our engineers what they needed to know to achieve it.

3 DA gave our engineers far greater insight into important aspects of amp behavior than is possible with conventional measurements. It's a computer measuring system which plots 4000 precise measurements in a three-dimensional display. This enabled our engineers to evaluate and fine-tune the SU-8099 to the point where even elusive amp characteristics like slew-rate limiting and TIM distortion can be identified and corrected. The result is a Controlled High-Speed integrated DC amp which delivers astonishing clarity during complex musical transients.

And the SU-8099 is hard to beat for a lot of other reasons. It has a frequency response from the deepest possible bass (0 Hz) to far beyond the audible range (200 kHz−3dB). And our fluorescent FL power meters are fast, completely electronic, and highly accurate.

SU-8099

Continuous Power Per channel into 8 ohms	Total Harmonic Distortion at Rated Power	Phono S/N
115 watts (20 Hz–20 kHz) 100 watts (5 Hz–100 kHz)	0.007% (20 Hz–20 kHz) 0.05% (5 Hz–100 kHz)	96 dB (5mV)

ST-8077

FM Sensitivity 50 dB (stereo)	FM Selectivity	Stereo Separation (1 kHz/ 10 kHz)	Total Harmonic Distortion (stereo)
37.2 dBf	75 dB	45/35 dB	0.1%

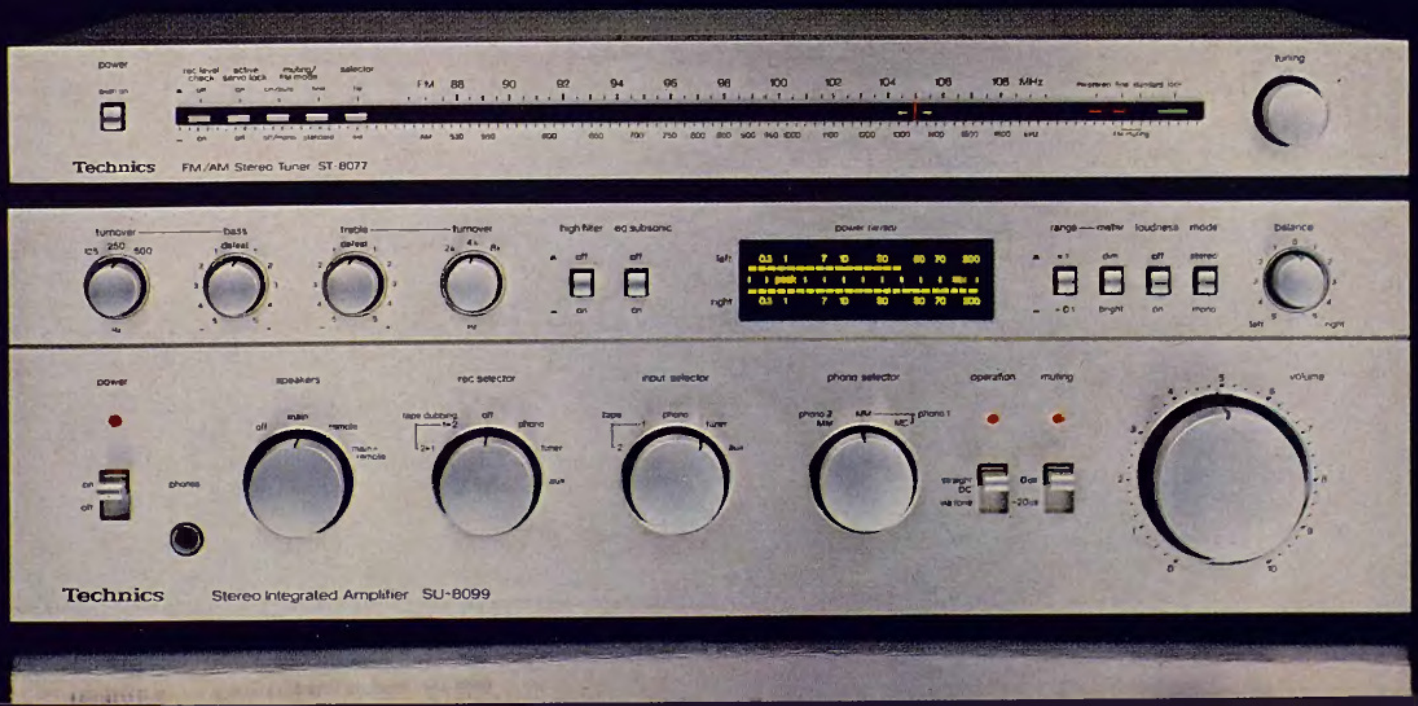
In the preamp section, we included both a moving coil pre-preamp and an extremely quiet phono equalizer complete with Technics-developed ultra-low-noise transistors.

Our highly sensitive ST-8077 tuner features our new approach to tuning. Center-of-channel indication is right on the tuning dial where it's easy to see. Two LED arrows point you in the right direction for fine tuning.

And for inaudible distortion and excellent selectivity, the IF stage features a five-stage, differential amplifier and surface acoustic wave filtering.

To really appreciate what these new components do for music, listen to the Silver Edition from Technics.

Technics new approach to amplifier and tuner design. The Silver Edition.



SEVEN TOUGH CHALLENGES FOR YOUR NEXT TREASURE HUNT

If you plan to take up treasure hunting, you might as well set your sights on something big. Fortunately, there are still a good many stupendous treasures waiting to be discovered by some enterprising soul such as yourself. Take the seven listed below, for instance—if you can.

The Money Chests of Barranca del Cobre: According to well-known treasure hunter Charles Garrett, in 1975, in the southernmost region of the Sierra Madre Mountains in Mexico's state of Chihuahua, a farm hand discovered a small cave in the Barranca del Cobre (Copper Canyon). Inside, he found two large iron boxes, one filled with gold coins, the other with silver, plus numerous church artifacts and an old diary in Latin. The diary revealed that in the 1840s the local Tarahumara Indians rebelled against the church, burned missions and drove the clergy from the region. The treasure, which was hidden by the priests before they fled, was to be used for the rebuilding of the church

A jeweled gold sword handle from a wreck found off Florido.

after the rebellion had been quashed. The discovery frightened the farm hand so much that he has since disappeared. This treasure is worth an estimated $20,000,000.

The Treasure of the Sierra del Carmen Hills: Garrett says that in 1963, a hiker in the foothills of the Del Carmen mountain range of west Texas reportedly found in a gully a solid-gold crown mounted with precious stones. The find tied in with an old story: In the late 1600s, church fathers in Spain, disturbed by reports that some New World padres were amassing personal fortunes in gold and silver, issued a ban on such practices. Several priests in northern Mexico ignored the order and instead pooled their loot and stashed it in the hills, moving it from time to time. In the early 1700s, using mules and helped by a small group of the faithful, the pecunious padres carried the treasure into the foothills of the Del Carmen Mountains, where they buried it and never returned. A map is said to exist. The hoard may be worth $50,000,000.

Montezuma's Treasure: In 1520, following Cortes' first foray into Mexico (which led to the death of the Aztec ruler Montezuma), control of the nation fell to the war chief Cuitláhuac. Knowing the gold-hungry Spaniards would return with an army, Cuitláhuac loaded the vast royal treasury onto the backs of royal porters and transported it to a new hiding place. To ensure secrecy, Cuitláhuac sacrificed the bearers to the Aztec god of war, then six months later succumbed to smallpox, taking his secret with him. Most accounts claim that Montezuma's treasure, valued in excess of $250,000,000, was taken north, very possibly into New Mexico, and stored in a cave. One story places the treasure as far north as Utah.

The Oak Island Mystery: In 1795, on this small island off Nova Scotia, a farm boy discovered *(concluded overleaf)*

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A strange question? Not at all. Because your muffler can have an effect on gas mileage.

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TENNECO

on a tree limb an ancient tackle block hanging over a shallow depression in a clearing. Intrigued, the lad returned with two friends and began digging. At three feet, the trio found a layer of flat stones covering a seven-foot-wide clay-lined shaft; at 12 feet, a platform of oak logs; and at 27 feet (with no end in sight), the three were forced to abandon the task. In the 184 years since then, more than 20 well-financed attempts (including one backed by F.D.R. in 1909) have continued to dig, finding at 30 feet a layer of charcoal; at 40, a layer of soft clay; at 50, another oak-log platform; at 80, a large flat stone with mysterious inscriptions—and so on, down to a depth of 170 feet. Complicating matters are two tunnel openings carrying in sea water to keep the shaft flooded beyond the 32-foot mark. Engineers have pronounced the construction a work of genius. What's in there? The Holy Grail? Who knows? But if you decide to do some spadework, take your checkbook.

A gold doubloon from a 1715 Spanish galleon.

The Flagship of the 1715 Fleet: Of the ten treasure galleons wrecked on Florida's east coast in 1715, one has not been found in modern times—the flagship. Spanish salvors found the ship in shallow water and recovered 940 of the vessel's 1300 chests of coins. Left aboard were 360 chests, perhaps 100 more containing unlisted gold and silver contraband, as well as a fortune in jewelry destined for the wife of King Philip of Spain. Total value: about $100,000,000.

The San José: When the warship San José approached Cartagena, Colombia, in 1708, only to take a dive after a battle with English warships, Spain's credit rating nearly went down with her. The galleon's cargo included 7,500,000 pesos in gold and silver (a peso equaling an ounce), as well as pearls, emeralds and other precious stones. Its cargo today is valued at roughly $150,000,000, making it one of the two or three richest shipwrecks of the New World fleets.

The Gold of the Confederacy: During the final months of the Civil War, senior government officials of the Confederate States of America buried the Confederacy's entire gold reserves in and around Atlanta. Contemporary documents indicate that the stash includes a substantial number of gold bars from the placer mines of Georgia and North Carolina. Evidence points to the existence of detailed maps to half a dozen locations. Find the whole lot—worth $250,000,000—and you won't just be whistling *Dixie*.

—JOHN GRISSIM

A double handful of Spanish silver coins recovered from a wreck.

Dayton introduces Quadra.

For confidence in the crummiest driving conditions.

Nothing shakes your confidence like beastly driving conditions and worn tires on slick pavement.

And nothing restores it quicker than Quadra, the new, smooth-riding, always-in-season radial from Dayton.

Quadra's precision-engineered radial construction and year-round tread design give you confidence in the country's crummiest driving conditions. Winter blizzards and icy roads up North.

Dayton TIRES

Blistering heat down South. Record rains out West. Slush and snow in the East.

For long wear and improved mileage potential get Quadra, the year-round radial. And feel confident, even in the crummiest driving conditions. Check the yellow pages for your nearest Dayton dealer.

The safety and mileage of any tire depends on inflation pressure, vehicle weight and driving conditions.

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TREASURE HUNTING FOR AMATEURS

There is no getting away from a treasure that once fastens upon your mind. —JOSEPH CONRAD

Like nothing else, hidden treasure excites the primal gleam. There's something unquestionably solid about it—something plastic cards and computerized bank balances will never have.

Treasure hunting is quite likely the fastest-growing new hobby in America. Currently, there are more than 150 treasure-hunting clubs, over half a dozen treasure magazines and many newsletters in the U. S. In the Florida Keys, scores of weekend salvors are wreck diving with scuba gear, using small sand dredges. Relic hunters scour long-forgotten Civil War battlefields and forts. Other treasure hunters—they call themselves T.H.ers—are exploring old Indian campsites, ghost towns, abandoned missions and even resort beaches.

The treasure T.H.ers seek is not just gold and silver but also artifacts such as old pewter, jewelry, coins, firearms, bottles, pottery and pioneer tools—all convertible to cash on today's flourishing antique and collector's markets. Moreover, a growing number of T.H.ers are turning up buried and hidden caches of currency and coins.

Aside from the adventure of the thing, T.H.ers have a very practical motivation for their hobby. During troubled economic times, the value of gold and silver coins and artifacts more than keeps up with inflation. A sterling example: A perfectly struck Spanish eight-escudo gold coin valued at $3200 ten years ago now sells for around $9500.

The single most important reason for the quiet explosion in treasure hunting is the metal detector. That once-cumbersome piece of electronic gear first used by the Army to detect enemy land mines has evolved into a lightweight, sophisticated, commercially available search tool that has revolutionized treasure hunting. It has provided a third eye to treasure hunters who may be short on second sight. And it's paying off. Last year, amateur and professional treasure hunters around the world found with detectors an estimated $25,000,000 in gold, silver, coins, currency, gems and artifacts. Very likely, they'll find at least that much this year. Very few of the discoveries have been made public, principally to avoid taxes and litigation over claims of ownership.

There are currently 24 manufacturers producing detectors that range from Radio Shack's $19.95 model, which can detect a quarter buried three to four inches deep, to the $379.95 Garrett Master Hunter ADS, which can catch a Wells Fargo strongbox at a depth of 12 feet in the right soil and can spot gold or silver buried in the middle of an iron mine. With annual sales approaching 200,000 units, the marketing of metal detectors for treasure hunting has become a $30,000,000-a-year industry. More than half a million Americans regularly use their metal detectors, mostly on weekends to search parks and beaches for coins (called coin shooting). For instance, during a stormy five-week period in the 1977–1978 winter, in which heavy waves swept offshore huge amounts of sand from one California resort beach, several dozen coin shooters found 30,000 coins.

Over the years, the east coast of Florida has been the richest and most easily accessible treasure region for American coin shooters. Along the 350-mile stretch from Cape Canaveral south to Key West, there's an average of one offshore wreck for every mile, including many Spanish galleons. Millions of dollars' worth of coins and artifacts from those galleons has been retrieved from the state's beaches and offshore reefs. Even though the sands by now have been picked nearly clean, detector users by the busload still regularly work the Florida "money beaches." During the stormy winter months, when high tides and surf cut heavily into the sand, one may see in the dead of night a zombie procession of cold, rain-drenched figures with detectors trudging slowly along the water's edge. One diligent coin shooter, over a 15-year period, has found on Florida beaches Spanish coins with an aggregate value of $200,000.

After the detector, the second greatest boon to treasure hunting has been the expanded access to underwater wreck sites made possible by scuba gear, a diving breakthrough that wasn't readily available to the public until the early Sixties. Add to that the development of other technological aids such as bottom-profile scanning sonar and sensitive magnetometers, and today's treasure hunter has an improved chance of discovering his own underwater El Dorado.

But if not El Dorado, there are always Granny's coin-filled Mason jars that local gossips claim she buried somewhere in the back yard before she passed away. Or how about a bootlegger's stash under the floor boards of a Kansas filling station? Or a long-gone hooker's mad money in the wall of a ghost-town whorehouse? Not as glamorous as a chest of gold doubloons but treasure nonetheless, and within reach of anyone with a detector, patience and a knack for sleuthing. —JOHN GRISSIM

OCEAN KILLINGS

(continued from page 266)

if, as part of their deal with Seaquest, the Dominicans kill or maim other treasure hunters? "Are you kidding?" a source close to Seaquest told me. "The Dominicans are very happy with Seaquest. Everything is being kept in the admiral's vault and they would do anything to keep Seaquest happy."

I asked what "anything" meant.

"You name it," the source said.

The contact man with the Dominicans is a colonel trained in the elite American Army Ranger and Navy Seal program, a hero of the 1965 revolution, who is personally credited with the killing of more than 100 men—all in the line of duty.

The Seaquest investors operate out of the Nicolás de Ovando, overlooking the Ozama River in Santo Domingo. Restored in 18th Century style, it is a place of dark wood beams and whitewashed walls, with red-plush antique chairs. The investors, wearing white sport shirts that bear the legend OPERATION PHIPS II, were lounging at poolside one day when one asked another how to get a flight back to the States on Sunday, a difficult task, since Pope John Paul II had just visited and the airport was still reeling.

"Call the colonel," he was told. Since the questioner found it strange to be calling an army colonel to arrange a flight, he asked what the colonel could possibly do.

"He'll kick somebody off Air Dominicana for you," was the reply.

Just how much treasure will be or has been found on the Concepción is a matter of speculation. Privately, investors will confide that the amount is truly stunning. Publicly, Webber told a reporter: "We bring up anywhere from one to five coins every single minute. It's just like Christmas Day every day."

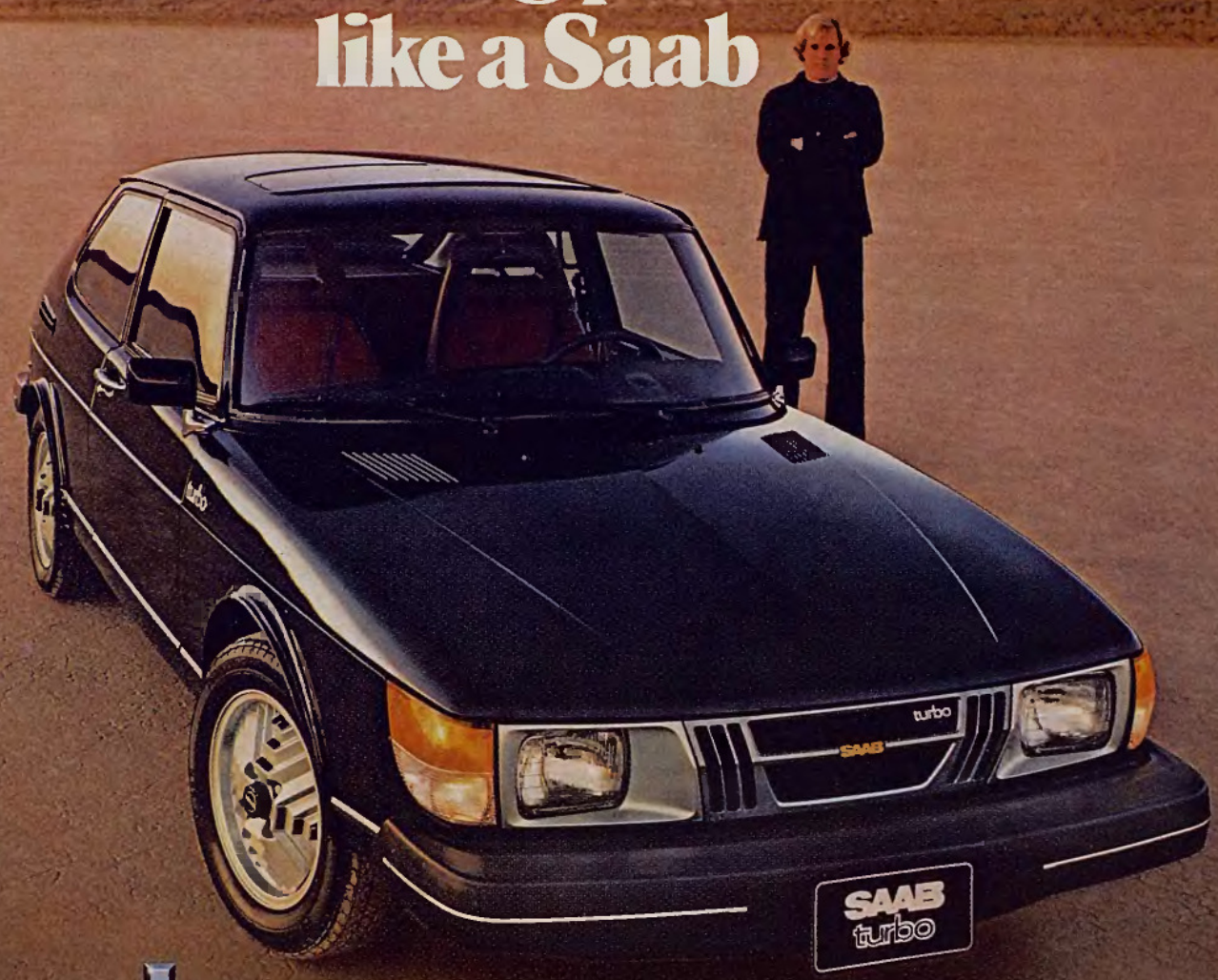
So far, the only gold found on the scattered, coral-encrusted wreck site is a gold ornament, leading everyone to believe that the best is yet to come. Even so, the amount of silver coinage has grown so massive that a larger vault in Santo Domingo has been sought. Along with the silver are Ming Dynasty vases, plates, candlesticks and other artifacts that will bring a handsome return at auction time.

Seaquest doesn't intend to rest on its laurels. It means to begin searching for others of the more than 28,000 recorded shipwrecks in these waters. Other treasure hunters will be searching with them for one very excellent, very exciting, very profitable reason.

"One third of all the gold ever mined now lies beneath the sea," Fisher insists.

McHaley puts it more bluntly: "There's enough treasure still down there," she says, "to satisfy the greed of everyone."

Nothing performs like a Saab



turbo

The world is filled with ordinary cars. But there's still a chance to own a thoroughly unique automobile. The new Saab 900 Turbo.

A feel for the road.

At its heart is the Saab turbo engine. Saab engineers took the kind of power that dominates the big race tracks like Indianapolis and LeMans and harnessed it to work at everyday driving speeds. They did this by designing a turbocharging system that puts out more torque at lower engine speeds. So when you have to pass, or merge into fast moving traffic, there's an incredible surge of power at your disposal.

The performance car perfected.

In addition to having extraordinary power, the new Saab Turbo is uniquely equipped to control it. A longer wheelbase, new suspension geometry and front wheel drive give the car cat-like agility – even on rain, snow and ice. Bilstein gas shocks and rack and pinion steering help you cling to the road. Power assisted 4-wheel disc brakes help the low profile Pirelli P6 tires come to smooth, sure stops.

Sports car excitement/Comfort for 5.

The 5 passenger interior is tasteful, restrained and superbly organized. The relationship between the steering wheel, windshield and the hood provide an ideal field of vision.

Upholstery is soft velour, front seats are fully reclining and the driver's seat is heated. A sliding sunroof made of steel is standard.

Engineered in Sweden, this is one of the world's most unique cars. For sheer comfort, excitement and driving confidence, nothing performs like a Saab Turbo.

SAAB 900

No less an authority than Canada Dry recommends white rum and tonic.

When Canada Dry suggests you mix their tonic with white rum, it's time to give it a try.

Puerto Rican white rum is the perfect companion for the classic summer tonic, and makes a much smoother mixed drink than you may be used to.

Because Puerto Rican white rum is aged, by law, for at least one full year before it's bottled. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

Next time, instead of mixing gin or vodka and tonic, mix Canada Dry tonic with Puerto Rican white rum and a squeeze of lime. It's definitely the smoothest way to get through the summer.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS

Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. P-6, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019 ©1979 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico.

"How come there's no exit?"

TWISTER!

(continued from page 200)

"I was well prepared for the tornado that hit Tulsa on June 8, 1974. I was drunk."

twice during a one-hour period on March 16, 1942, and before Codell, Kansas, was hit by tornadoes in 1916, 1917 and 1918, all on May 20, and before Oklahoma City was dealt some 80 tornadoes between 1950 and 1977. It has since been concluded by residents of Tornado Alley that probability charts and other such vagaries are as reliable as predictions of rain, in percentages.

A tornado did not hit me the night I begged admittance to my neighbor's shelter, and the all-clear signal can be likened to a good chest X ray, in that it makes you want to have a cigarette and relax. When my neighbor crawled out, I told him that it was asinine to expect Russians or tornadoes at midnight, because, as everybody knows, Russians and tornadoes prefer the filtered light of dusk. About 35 percent of all tornadoes in Oklahoma take place between three and six P.M. About 31 percent happen between six and nine P.M.

I was able to maintain that effrontery of mock bravado until the tornado warning the next evening, when I offered to buy three square feet of beautiful all-purpose shelter for the going rate of Pacific ocean frontage.

A tornado, which contains winds that average 100 to 150 miles per hour, is generally repulsive to witness; but just as there is an offbeat beauty before a bolt of lightning hits a three iron, the tornado that connected itself to Tracy, Minnesota, on June 13, 1968, was thin and tapered like an elephant's trunk. In contrast, the beast that razed Xenia, Ohio, on April 3, 1974, looked like an elephant's butt with diarrhea, a revolting shaft that killed 34.

For many years, it was assumed that all tornadoes were made up of a single vortex, or funnel. That is also folklore, along with the supposition that tornadoes will not strike religious institutions, rivers, Chinese restaurants, old Indians, whorehouses or cities with an X in their names. The single-vortex theory is even more debatable than my aunt's belief that tornadoes are sent to punish my uncle because of his weakness for cheerleaders.

In 1974, a tornado was filmed in Indiana containing at least four suction vortexes, all rotating individually around a central point. The tornado was comprised of four smaller tornadoes.

Averages of past tornado performances are as reliable as averages of past 30-game winners. The average width of a tornado is 500 yards, but the one that rode through Lubbock, Texas, in 1970 was a mile and a half wide.

There are as many theories pertaining to the spawning ritual of a tornado as there are theories pertaining to the spawning ritual of a headache or a fish. With a tornado or a headache, hiding under the bed often helps.

The Mechanical Theory stipulates that a tornado is caused when cyclonically rotating winds flow toward a central point near the base of the thunderstorm. As the radius of the rotation decreases, something else increases, producing tornadoes. That is also known as the Oh, Christ Theory, because it takes a lot of twine and guts to measure the radius of cyclonically rotating winds.

The Thermal Theory advances the belief that tornado formation is a result of energy changes that take place when cool air overrides warm air. There is a rapid upward convection that produces a rotary low in the thunderstorm and finally produces a funnel. Simply put, when the weatherman's eyes are as big as half dollars, beware. That activity can be better understood by the layman if he hits himself in the chin with his fist.

Another theory indicates that atmospheric electricity causes rotary winds in thunderstorms to increase.

To simulate any of these theories, the new resident of Tornado Alley needs but a small, bladed air fan, and the urge to go to the bathroom.

A more recently conceived theory is that there are a hell of a lot of tornadoes because there are more automobiles, and, as everybody knows, in Tornado Alley we drive on the right side of the highway, except during tornadoes and on Saturday nights. The counterclockwise air flows that result from cars passing on the highways produce swirls that will later appear as organized tornadoes.

I don't believe that.

There are more tornadoes around six P.M. because that is when everybody turns on the garbage disposal.

•

Knowing your enemy is half the battle; surrendering with honor is the other half.

I was well prepared for the tornado that hit Tulsa on June 8, 1974. I was drunk. I had seen one tornado previously, while driving west through Kansas in 1960. That was the last time that feat had been attempted by anybody who was not poor, lost or fleeing the law. I saw that tornado hit a farm. It was as if a straw were connecting heaven with a field of vegetables. God was hungry.

I got out of my car and crawled into a ditch and I threw up on myself, and because the tornado missed me by a good half mile, I have since been known to throw up on myself every time I drive in Kansas.

After I cleaned myself, I drove over to see if the farmer needed assistance, or an amen or two, because his house was all right. The farmer lost a silo, some cows and one of his ten lives. (Farmers in Tornado Alley are like cats in traffic. They get nine lives as credit for farming, plus a bonus life for regularly contributing to the church of their choice.)

The farmer was going fishing.

"They bite better after tornadoes," he said.

They are also easier to pick up.

On June 8, 1974, my wife and I were guests at Bob and Caroline Gregory's in residential Tulsa; and whereas the Gregorys are nice people, they live by a creek that floods when it rains a lot; therefore, I always drink conclusively when I am there, because I cannot swim. And whereas the Gregorys' house is a nice house, with central air and house plants, it does not contain the most recent innovation in household tornado detection, the pressure device that is even more revolutionary than the anchor that keeps mobile homes from orbiting during a twister.

The pressure device is like a burglar alarm. It reacts to pressure. When there is a drastic pressure change within the confines of a house, an alarm is sounded, meaning two dozen burglars armed with Mace in spray cans have just kicked in 25 windows or that a tornado may be breaking and entering.

After dinner, a radio announcer, up two octaves from normal, reported that a tornado had been sighted near Drumright, Oklahoma. I have a drink every time a tornado is sighted. When a tornado is within 50 miles, I have two drinks.

Just as the bomb shelters of the Fifties converted nicely into tornado shelters and places to pickle, and the air-raid sirens converted nicely into tornado sirens and birds' nests, the flying-saucer sighters of the Fifties now sight tornadoes. Whereas many saucers were in reality airplanes and Venus, I try to assume that many of the reported tornadoes are nothing more than somebody's imagination multiplied by fear and subtracted from common sense.

"Probably just a tall building," I said of the tornado near Drumright.

"There are no tall buildings in Drumright," my wife said, pooping the party.

The announcer then reported that Drumright had been relocated by a tornado. Radio announcers make me nearly as nervous as tornadoes. After a tornado had been sighted near Tulsa some years back, an announcer said, "A tornado has been sighted. Do not panic. Panic is our own worst enemy. Just do what you can to save your lives."

Second radios and television sets are not a luxury. They are our extra eyes

Source comparative 'tar' and nicotine figures: FTC Report May 1978.
Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. 'tar.' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette.
Golden Lights: 100's—10 mg. 'tar.' 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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

100's smokers: How can you reduce tar without cheating your taste?

With this.

10 MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.

Golden Lights™ 100's.

As low as you can go and still get good taste and smoking satisfaction.

©Lorillard, U.S.A., 1979

and ears and something to crawl under.

We went out back and looked at the sky, which appeared about to lay eggs. Almost everybody in the neighborhood was in a back yard, looking up.

Although you cannot prevent tornadoes, you can track them. You can project their courses with the assistance of the weather bureau's Weather Search Radar-74 unit, which can pick up a hook echo, meaning a tornado, from as far away as 125 miles. The unit is also capable of measuring a storm's intensity. Advance warning saves lives.

"Neighbors," I said, "it is a damn shame that small tornadoes with only one- to three-minute lifetimes and wind speeds of around 100 miles per hour don't usually show up on the damn radar screens."

"The way Drumright doesn't show up anymore," said Kendall, the Gregorys' seven-year-old daughter.

One neighbor threw a stick at me for scaring his children.

I threw him Oklahoma's native bird, the Double-jointed Take That.

"Drunken lunatic," he said.

He was just jealous.

We went back inside.

Scotty, Bob and Caroline's three-year-old son, asked what a tornado was, exactly. I explained that "tornado" is a Latin derivative of "to turn," and I swirled Scotty around my head by his ankles.

Caroline wrung her hands.

My wife had a vodka and tonic, leaving me with two. I told her not to throw the ice out back into the creek, it would bring the water over the bank.

Kendall said nothing as a television station went off the air because of the storm.

Jason, the Gregorys' seven-day-old son, cried because of general principles.

We needed a leader.

I suggested an old favorite among Alley residents, Plot the Lightning. Light travels at about 186,000 miles per second, and sound travels at about 1100 feet per second, or a mile in slightly less than five seconds; therefore, you can tell how far away a bolt of lightning is by counting seconds until thunder.

Lightning. One, one hundred. Thunder.

"That lightning hit me in the thigh," I said.

When the announcer said that tornadoes were in the immediate area, Caroline suggested that we retire to the bathtub. I said, "A friend of mine who teaches geography and atmosphere at the University of Tulsa says that he survived two tornadoes while living in Livingston, Illinois, and that during each tornado, the center contained a yellowish-green haze that was easily visible.

"We might be alert for that.

"Also, the actual strike may be preceded by a prolonged dose of lightning."

The electricity came back on and I stuck my head in the toilet.

"This is just like *The Wizard of Oz*," my wife said to Scotty.

He asked, "Who?"

"Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz* invented no-frill flying," I said.

"Oh, hell," my wife said. "He is officially crocked."

I made one final attempt to spark our spirits. Tornadoes are fickle. I told everybody about the cow near Shawnee, Oklahoma, that was lifted by a tornado, carried one mile, then placed back on its feet, alive, and I told them the one about a chicken that was plucked by a tornado, and lived, and I mentioned the tornado that lifted a rug from beneath a family, without harming its passengers. Unfortunately, I also told them about the man who had a feather driven through his jugular, and the man who had his head twisted off, and the man who had his eyes sucked out, and the man who had a sliver of glass driven through his foot.

"I'm glad I'm a girl," Kendall said.

Bob closed his eyes. I tried. I couldn't. I looked in the mirror to see why.

"Look at my eyes," I said. "I have red jaundice."

When it got about as dark and loud as possible, the Gregorys got into the bathtub, and because it was their bathtub, my wife and I assumed positions flanking the toilet.

Somebody got out of the tub and went to the bathroom.

I could have perished.

The tornado went over the house, and it caused about $25,000,000 in damage to other parts of Tulsa. My wife said it took her four hours to drive five miles home, because many of the neighborhoods had been stirred like a green salad. I woke up once, noticing houses in the street and cars in the yards, and a tree coming up out of one living room. I guessed that I was dreaming. It was not a particularly bad one, as nightmares go.

After they put me into the car and we left, the Gregorys' house flooded, and they put seven-day-old Jason into a beer cooler and floated him to the rescue boat.

We spent the remainder of June eighth in our apartment's laundry room, washing one pair of socks to death. Kendall called the next day to thank me for helping them through a difficult time.

I apologized for passing out on the bathroom floor.

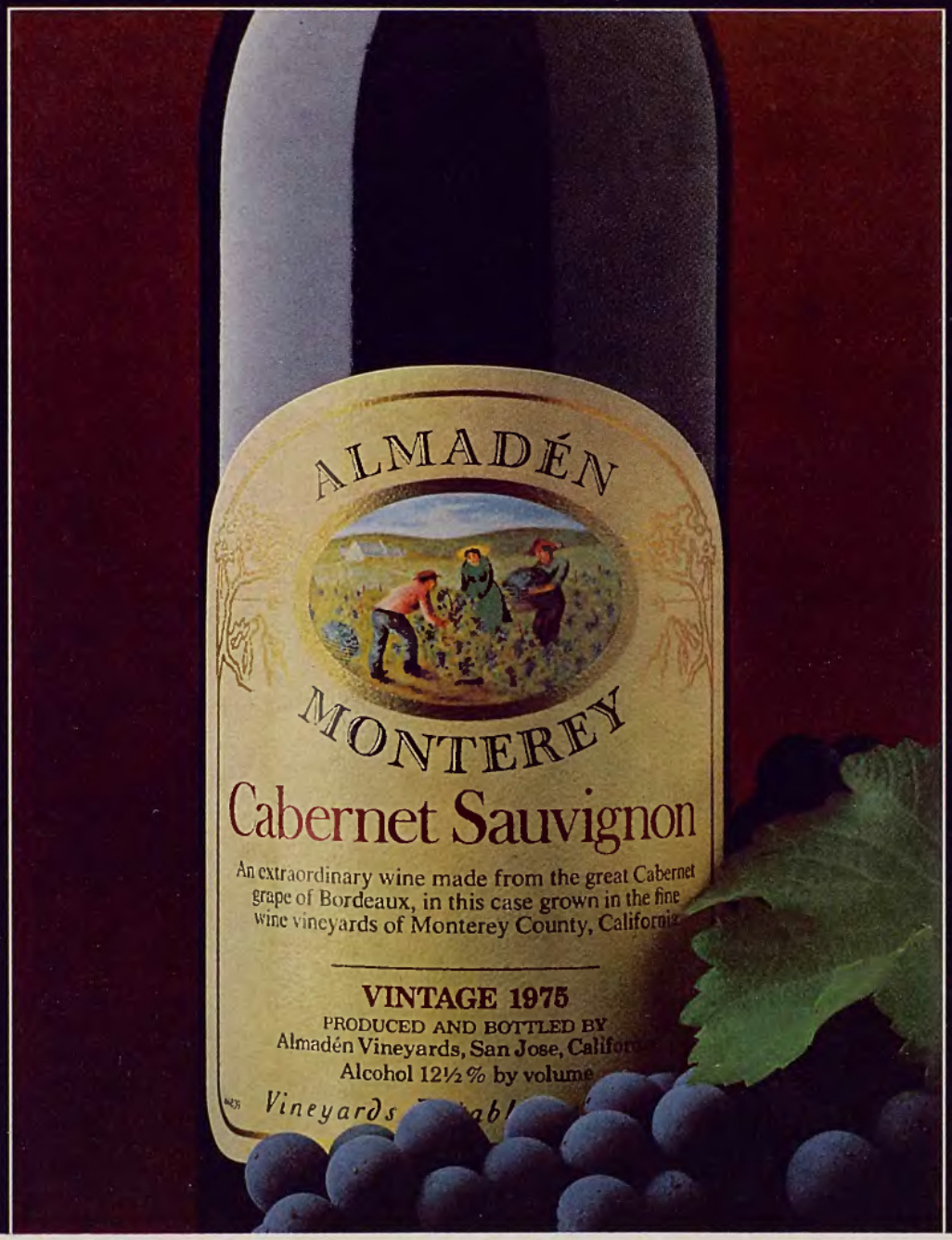
"Only eleven more years," she said.

One may legally drink beer at the age of 18 in Oklahoma.

So spare us the locust plagues and avalanches and killer-bee assaults and volcanic eruptions and train derailments and radiation poisonings and mine cave-ins and roller-coaster hijackings of the future, for $3.50 per ticket at your favorite first-run indoor theater.

We'll catch them next spring at the drive-in, for a more justifiable price and better mobility.

"Well, that rules out delusions of grandeur!"



We are proud of the birthdates of our children, the grapes of Almadén.

Yes, we are very proud. And we show our pride by putting a vintage date on our classic varietal wines.

Because each vintage—each year's harvest—is like a new child. A child we lovingly care for as it develops and matures. And we give each its just recognition by giving it a vintage date.

For you, the vintage date adds yet another dimension to the enjoyment of our classic varietal wines. Because each vintage has a different personality. Subtle differences you may taste and enjoy.

ALMADÉN

©Almadén Vineyards, Inc. 1979, San Jose, California

Also, while all our wines are ready to drink when purchased, you may sometimes wish to set a few bottles aside. Here you will find the vintage date helpful in giving the wine the additional aging you desire.

We invite you to enjoy the incomparable quality of our vintage-dated wines. An incomparable quality you will find in our entire family of Almadén wines.

Playmate of the Year

(continued from page 172)

"'So I'm lying there naked as a jay bird, and I notice someone peeking in. It's Barbra Streisand.'"

sports-car driver, is in the seat beside her. At a nod from him, she slips the stick into first, then second, third and fourth. When the purring Porsche approaches 100 mph, she considers shoving it into fifth but, mindful of the career ahead of her, lets the urge pass and sighs as the speedometer drops. "My God," she whispers, "so much *power*." Gregg smiles at her obvious pleasure. And who wouldn't be pleased? As Playmate of the Year, Monique is receiving a $145,000 cornucopia of gifts, including a royal flush of electronic gear, a 22-foot single-engine catamaran, equipment for both snow and water-skiing and, of course, the Porsche 928. Oh, yes, and $10,000 for parking meters and other incidentals.

And on top of all that, we arranged for the adventurous Monique to take lessons in driving, tennis, water-skiing and snow skiing from masters in each sport. In Jacksonville, Gregg (who also owns a Porsche 928) instructed her on the handling of her new car. In Calgary, world pro skiing champion Andre Arnold took her down the slopes on her new skis. In Fort Lauderdale, world-champion water skier Wayne Grimditch taught her how to stay up behind her new boat; and in Los Angeles, tennis great Jimmy Connors gave her tips on her backhand.

Finally, remembering that when we interviewed her for her November 1978 Playmate pictorial she wanted an acting career, we arranged for her to do a screen test for Paramount Pictures.

Being selected Playmate of the Year capped the incredible hot streak German-born Monique has been enjoying since making her PLAYBOY debut. Partly because of her centerfold, and partly because of the poster shot she had done for Lange ski equipment, she found herself with one of the most recognizable faces in America. Eager to take advantage of the opportunities she sensed within her grasp, she left her former home in Denver and, after a brief visit to New York to acquaint herself with top fashion photographers there, decided to settle down in Los Angeles. Modeling jobs began rolling in, as well as movie and television offers. She had a part in *The Sacketts*, a TV-movie pilot starring Glenn Ford, Slim Pickens and Ben Johnson; made a promising screen test for *Legacy of Evil*, starring Ruth Gordon and Rod Taylor; and, she says, "there's even talk of an installment of *Mork & Mindy* in which Mork meets the Playmate of the Year."

Not surprisingly, she's delighted with all this. "When I got involved with PLAYBOY, I hoped it would help me in my career, but PLAYBOY has come through beyond anything I had imagined. I *really* appreciate that."

But perhaps the most exciting, though somewhat bizarre, thing to occur in Monique's life lately happened while she was posing for this pictorial. Some of the photos were taken in a very exclusive L.A. furniture store (that's right, a furniture store), where a couple of rooms were blocked off for the shooting.

"So I undress and I'm lying there naked as a jay bird, and I notice someone peeking in. It's my idol, Barbra Streisand. I mean, of all times to meet Streisand. Somebody introduced us and she said hello very nicely and under the circumstances, it was all I could do to smile. A hell of a way to meet someone you idolize."

And what, one might wonder, does this high-speed vixen plan to do with her winnings? "One of the first things I'm going to buy myself is a piano. I've always wanted to play the piano. But being Playmate of the Year means much more to me than money. I'd like to give something back to PLAYBOY in return for all it's done for me."

Like what?

"Open new doors for Playmates—get them involved in charity work, if possible. Since a lot of the girls are very athletic, I'm trying to get a Playmate softball team going. We could play games and donate the money to charities. That would really enhance the public image of Playmates."

Always one to practice what she preaches, Monique has already volunteered to help raise money for the U.S. Olympic ski team.

The lady has beauty, brains and a truckload of healthy ambition. We're awfully glad we put her in the driver's seat.

"I don't know her name, but I remember that she had an infectious laugh."

For a look at Monique's spectacular array of gifts, see page 282.

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Lime.

15¢ **NEW Right Guard Lime. All-day odor protection with a fresh new scent.**

Retailer: Gillette will redeem this coupon for face value plus 5¢ for handling, provided you have complied with offer terms. Good only when received by you from a customer purchasing the 2.5 oz. size of Right Guard Deodorant Stick (Lime or Regular). Proof of purchase sufficient to justify redemption must be provided on request. Failure to do so may void all coupons presented. Only retail distributors of our products and those specifically authorized by us may present coupon for redemption. Any unauthorized application constitutes fraud. Coupon not transferable and void where prohibited, taxed or restricted. Limit: One coupon per purchase. Customer must pay any sales tax. Cash value: 1/20¢. Valid only in U.S.A. **Offer expires March 31, 1980.** Mail to Coupon Redemption Office, P.O. Box 301, Kankakee, IL 06091.

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G-3017

G-3017

15¢ STORE COUPON

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15¢

Gifts Fit for a Queen

IF THERE'S JOY in giving (and there is), then PLAYBOY is one of the happiest places in the world this month, because we've just helped our Playmate of the Year to a whole caboodle of elegant gifts. If you glance at this page and the one facing, the gifts (each better than the next) may well blend into a collage of opulence. But for our chosen lady, Monique St. Pierre, each one held a special appeal. "I was really thrilled with the Sony Betamax. There are so many TV shows I'd like to watch—either because someone I know is in them or because *I'm* in them—but which I have to miss because I have to be at a modeling or acting job. This way, I can go to work and still catch the shows I want. And the diamond necklace is so beautiful. It's so well designed and the black diamond is just incredible. I was completely delighted with the 50-inch television screen, too; it guarantees that during football season, I'll be the most popular girl on the block." If you aren't already, Monique, we think you live on a very weird block.

Left: This diamond necklace from Baumgold Bros., Inc., adds up to 16.58 carats of a woman's best friend. In the center is a single 5.51-carat black diamond, $50,000.

Above: 14-kt.-gold Bulova watch with 22 diamonds totaling 1/5 carat and silver second hand, $1200.

Below: L'Air du Temps eau de *toilette* from Nina Ricci Parfums, in a carved-crystal bottle designed by Lalique, $1000.

Above: A handmade 14-kt.-gold ruffled cuff designed by Esther Gallant, N.Y., $1000.

Below: The Minolta XD-11 multimode 35mm automatic compact camera, plus MD Rokkor-X lenses, Auto Electroflash 200X. Camera and accessories, $2086.

Below: Eight-piece set of Viso luggage from Ventura Travelware, Inc., covered in soft, synthetic Vectrex and suede, with digital locks, $1120.

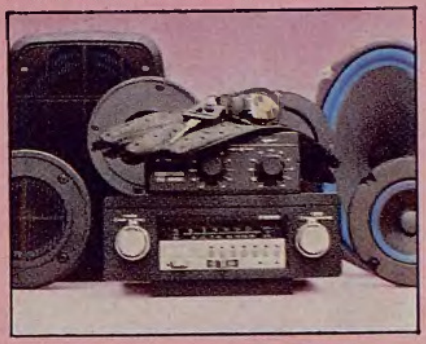
Below: The Apple II computer, a briefcase-sized model with memory bank and keyboard, can help manage Monique's money and create color graphics, too, $970.

Above: The Sony KP-5000 television projection system featuring a 50-inch screen, control console and remote control, all folding into one unit, $3500.

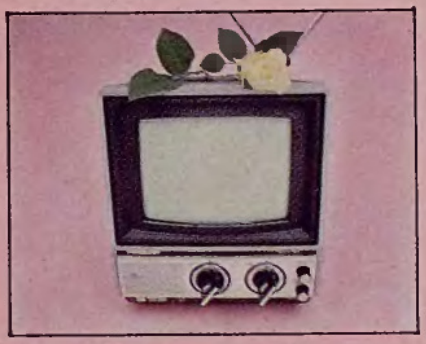
Above: To hook into the KP-5000, the Sony Betamax SL-8600 video recorder with L.E.D. clock/timer, record/pause indicator and remote pause button, $1150.

Above: Pioneer luxury hi-fi system featuring PL-630 turntable, SX-980 receiver, cassette and reel-to-reel tape decks, tuner and four-way speakers, $4000.

Below: A complete Jensen car stereo system featuring the Model R420 AM/FM stereo radio and cassette player, six separate speakers and control box, $660.



Below: The Outsider, a portable 7-inch color TV by Panasonic (Model CT-77B), operates on house current or 12-volt D.C. battery, with car cord adapter, $440.



Below: A complete ski outfit from Head Skis, including the AT 70 skis from Head's Sports 70 series, plus Head ski boots and ski suit (not shown), $1000.

Left: Our Playmate of the Year wears a natural-fox jacket with white trim from Grosvenor Furs, $7500. Her gown, specially designed by Bob Mackie, costs $7000. Ahhh, Monique. *C'est chic!*

What better gift for an aspiring actress than a screen test for Paramount Pictures? That's what we gave Manique, and it wasn't just any old screen test. It was with the cast of the popular TV series *Taxi*. In the photo at left, the gents surraunding Manique are (from left) Judd Hirsch, Danny DeVito, Randall Carver, Andy Kaufman and Tony Danza.

Although being voted Playmate of the Year didn't give her the ability to walk on water, it did bestow on Monique the next-best thing: a Bristol Bluewater Boats, Inc., Ski Deck catamaran with a 175-hp Mariner outboard engine (left, above), water skis and lessons from champion Wayne Grimditch. At left, Wayne and Monique smile for the camera on her (well-named) boat before class begins (above).

At left, Manique takes pro racer Peter Gregg's Porsche 928 for a spin. As you can see above, she was invigorated both by the car and by her instructor.

You'll notice that the person on the left in the photo above lacks perfect form. But, as you can see at right, pro skier Andre Arnold liked Monique's form off the slopes just fine.

As if life hasn't already been good enough to tennis whiz Jimmy Connors (left)—after all, he's married to one Playmate of the Year, Patti McGuire—he had the good fortune to walk out onto a tennis court and find another one (below) waiting for a lesson.

Expert Advice for Our Leading Lady

We tried to wrap most of Monique's gifts, but four of them wouldn't hold still long enough. They're two-legged critters who move around too fast for anyone to slip a ribbon over their heads. And they're all champions. For the first time in history, we gave our Playmate of the Year free lessons in snow and water-skiing, sports-car driving and tennis. Her teachers? Only the best: world pro skiing champ Andre Arnold, water-skiing champ Wayne Grimditch, top sports-car racer Peter Gregg and tennis great Jimmy Connors. And while it was Monique who won the lessons, it was the teachers who won Monique. Just listen to her on her lessons with Andre Arnold: "It was so cold—I think 32 below or something—that all the hairs in your nose froze, you know? But still Andre taught me to use my poles and my knees better than I had before. He's only 23, but he's so manly, so worldly for his age that it's just incredible. Such a gentleman, too." On Grimditch: "I'd water-skied only once before, seven years ago, so I was real raw material. But though I fell the first time up, I never fell again. Any time I started to, Wayne grabbed my arm and held me up. I never realized how much upper-body strength you need to water-ski." On Gregg: "Peter and I got along so well that he interested me in possibly getting into sports-car racing myself. The main thing he taught me was how to *feel* a car. I always thought you just drove them." On Connors: "I just love him. I didn't expect him to be such a nice guy, because he's so temperamental when he's playing. But he's really very down to earth and goodhearted. Just a Midwestern boy."

Bald Eagles once soared above America by the tens of thousands. Today, fewer than 1100 breeding pairs survive south of Canada. For a free booklet on how to help save this extraordinary bird, write Eagle Rare, Box 123, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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Eagle Rare. We challenge anyone to match our spirit.

ONE TASTE AND YOU'LL KNOW WHY IT'S EXPENSIVE.

CRUEL SHOES

(continued from page 126)

stuffing the cracks with this cylindrical soup staff. Place the little packet in your purse or inside coat pocket and pack off to work. When that lunch bell chimes, impress your friends by forming the soup back into a bowl shape, and enjoy! Enjoy it until that day when the lunch pail comes back into vogue and we won't need soup folding or cornstalks up the leg.

THE CHILDREN CALLED HIM BIG NOSE

The innocent cruelty of children is something each of us has to face. Their simple honesty sometimes compliments, but more often hurts us. Each person has to accept the verdict of the children and know that they are right. For example, a friend of ours is known to the children as Big Nose. They refer to him in the most casual manner, "Big Nose, pass the butter," or "Thank you for the dolly, Big Nose!" Although he doesn't show it, I think secretly inside he is hurt by it. The adults, of course, tactfully call him "Abundant Nose," and even young Thomas just out of high school has the courtesy to call him simply The Nose.

O, sometimes I wonder why children can't be born with an innate sense of respect. But at least one person has learned something about himself, because *the children called him Big Nose.*

TURDS

The Turds never became accepted in this country because of their name. The Turds, or people from Turdsmania, were people of healthy stock. They were tall, with long, straight hair; the men robust, the women bold and beautiful. The first Turds arrived on these shores in 1589, one year after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. They were unjustly blamed for the defeat of the Spanish fleet when a Spanish admiral remarked, "No wonder we lost, we had a bunch of turds managing our cannons!"

When finally in America, they also had trouble with lodgings. Most boarding-houses had a sign on the front, NO TURDS. The Turdsmen naturally interpreted it to mean, "No people from Turdsmania, please." They consequently felt rejected, as would any turd.

Even those who decided to return to Turdsmania had a rough time going back. Once on the boat, they would ask, "Where do the Turds stay?" And a mate would innocently reply, "Why, in the can, sir," thinking it was some kind of Navy test. The Turdsmen would spend the rest of the voyage huddled in the men's room. Once back in the homeland,

however, their lot became a happier one. Each man and woman could pass each other on the street and proudly say, "I'm a Turd!"

THE DAY THE DOPES CAME OVER

I was sitting at home, peeking through the blinds at my neighbor's wife, minding my own business, when my doorbell rang. "Who's there?" I shouted.

"We don't know," came the reply. I immediately knew the dopes had come over.

I opened the door and invited them in. I was happy to have company, even if they were a bunch of dopes.

"Well, what brings you over this way?" I queried.

"Yup."

"Yup."

"Yup."

"Yup," they said.

"Would you like some coffee?" I asked.

"Gol," said one dope, "how long have we been here?"

"About two minutes."

"Gol, we should have left hours ago!" And they packed up some of my things and lumbered out.

"Goodbye, dopes!" I shouted.

They turned to me and shouted back, "Goodbye, you big fuckin' idiot!"

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI INDIAN GIVER

Carolyn wanted so much to give Roger something nice for Christmas, but they didn't have much money and they had to spend every last cent on candy for the baby. She walked down the icy streets and peered into shopwindows.

"Roger is so proud of his shinbones. If only I could find some way to get money to buy shinbone polish."

Just then, a sign caught her eye. CUTICLES BOUGHT AND SOLD. Many people had told Carolyn of her beautiful cuticles, and Roger was especially proud of them, but she thought, This is the way I could buy Roger the shinbone polish! And she rushed into the store.

Later, at home, she waited anxiously as Roger came up the steps of their flat. He opened the door and wobbled over to the fireplace, suspiciously holding one arm behind his back.

"Merry Christmas!" they both said, almost simultaneously.

Roger spoke. "Hey, Nutsy, I got you a little something for Christmas."

"Me, too," said Carolyn, and they exchanged packages.

Carolyn hurriedly opened her package, staring in disbelief. "Cuticle frames?! But, Roger, I sold my cuticles so I could afford to buy you some shinbone polish!"

"Shinbone polish!" said Roger. "I sold my shinbones to buy you the cuticle frames!" Roger wobbled over to her.

"Well, I'll be hog-tied," said Carolyn.

"You will? Oh, boy!" said Roger.

And it turned out to be a great Christmas after all.

THE UNDERTAKERS

Old Pops had been stone-cold dead for two days. He was rigid, gruesome and had turned slightly green, and now he lay on a slab at the undertakers, about to be embalmed by two lovable old morticians.

"At least he lived to a ripe age," said one.

"Yep," said the other. "Well, let's get to 'er."

Suddenly, Old Pops bolted upright and without opening his eyes, began to utter this story:

"In 1743, Captain Rice set sail from England with an unreliable and mutinous crew. After three days at sea, the mast of the mainsail splintered and then broke completely in half. The ship tossed about at sea for two days; the men mutinied and the ship tossed about for another two days. At the end of the third day, a ship appeared on the horizon and rescued them and good Captain Rice failed to mention to the admiral the incident of mutiny, and his crew became faithful and hard-working and devoted themselves to their captain."

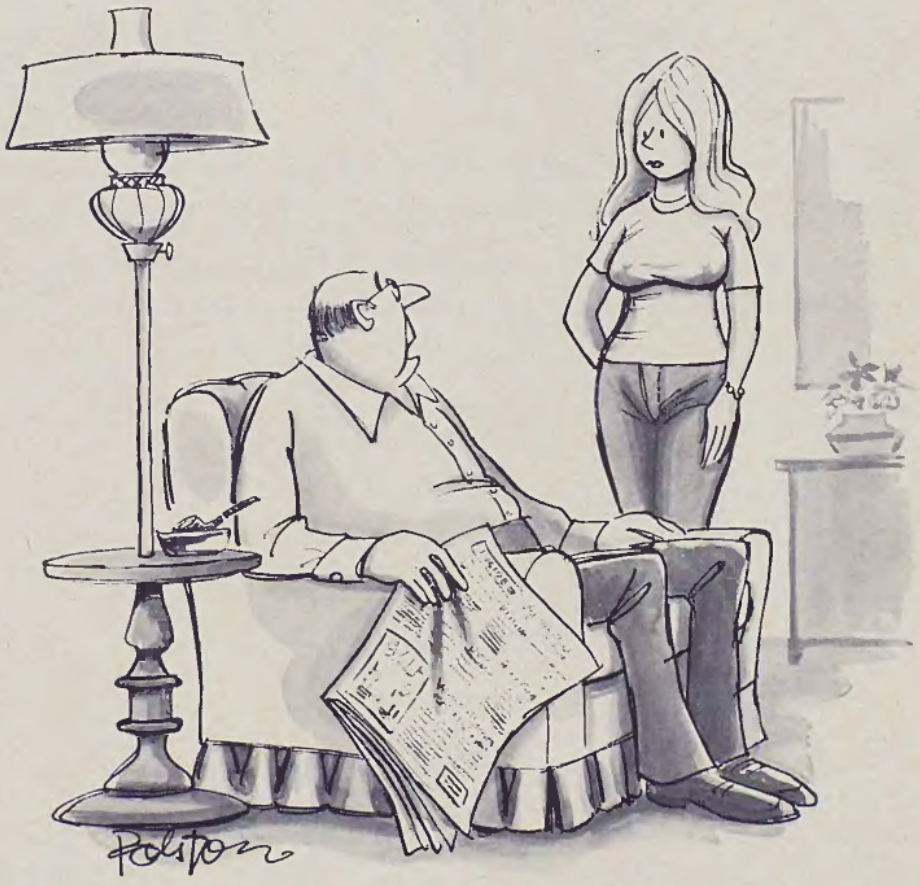
Old Pops lay back down on the marble.

"Well," said one mortician, "there goes the old saying 'Dead men tell no tales'!"

WOMEN WITHOUT BONES

The Amazon sheltered many tribes of people from the civilized world. Among them were the primitive Brazilian river dwellers and the Chinese displaced Mud Standers. But perhaps the most frightening tribe known along the Amazon was the Women Without Bones.

The Women Without Bones (*Humanus de filet*) had been practically disregarded by ethnologists because of their poor posture: Who wanted to spend three years studying a bunch of slouchers? But today their curious habits have attracted many American Nutty-Putty hobbyists into their mysterious wilderness. We can look forward to the day scientists will be able to study the Women



"Cindy, in my day, 'all the way' meant sexual intercourse. Tell me, what does it mean now?"

National Smoker Study:

Merit Science Works!

Low tar MERIT with 'Enriched Flavor'™ tobacco delivers taste equal to–or better than–leading high tar brands.

The 'Enriched Flavor' science of low tar MERIT, 12 years in the making, isolates and fortifies flavor components of smoke for a taste way out of proportion to tar. But, can that taste satisfy smokers long term?

Read the results from a detailed, nationwide research effort involving smokers who taste-tested MERIT against leading high tar brands.

Confirmed: Majority of smokers rate MERIT taste equal to—or better than—leading high tar cigarettes tested! *Cigarettes having up to twice the tar.*

Confirmed: Majority of smokers confirm taste satisfaction of low tar MERIT.

And in interviews conducted among current MERIT smokers:

Confirmed: 85% of MERIT smokers say it was an "easy switch" from high tar brands.

Confirmed: 9 out of 10 MERIT smokers not considering other brands.

Confirmed: Overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers say their former high tar brands weren't missed!

MERIT has proven conclusively that it not only delivers the flavor of high tar brands—but *continues* to satisfy!

This ability to satisfy over long periods of time could be the most important evidence to date that MERIT science has produced what it claims: The first real taste alternative for high tar smokers.

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Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

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

MERIT

Kings & 100's

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Project the winning horses intelligently and reliably, with this ingenious new electronic rating system...

- **No previous handicapping knowledge required**
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- **Identifies and projects the real contenders!**
- **Guaranteed to increase your winnings or your money back!**

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How the "Computerized-Performance-Rating* System works: Utilizing a new micro processor-based engineering design, the "C.P.R."* Calculator combines, weighs and then projects the Past Performance Information (from conventional racing forms) into a SPEED RATING for each horse in today's race. The horses with the highest projected speed rating are those most likely to win.

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The CPR Rating System is amazingly accurate, as proven at several major derbies: Developed recently by an Arkansas engineer, the system was first tried at the Arkansas Derby. It immediately picked the horse that went on to win that Derby. When used at this year's Kentucky Derby, the RaceTrack Computer's highest rated contender ran a very close second. There are even some inside tip sheets that are regularly listing the "C.P.R." projected winners.

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Without Bones and answer such questions as "What time is it?" and "How come no bones?"

WHAT TO SAY WHEN THE DUCKS SHOW UP

I, for one, am going to know what to say when the ducks show up. I've made a list of phrases, and although I don't know which one to use yet, they are all good enough in case they show up tomorrow. Many people won't know what to say when the ducks show up, but I will. Maybe I'll say, "Oh, ducks, oh, ducks, oh, ducks," or just "Ducks, wonderful ducks!" I practice these sayings every day, and even though the ducks haven't come yet, when they do, I'll know what to say.

DR. FITZKEE'S LUCKY ASTROLOGY DIET

The problem with the diets of today is that most women who do achieve that magic weight, 76 pounds, are still fat. Dr. Fitzkee's Lucky Astrology Diet is a surefire method of reducing with the added luxury that you *never feel hungry*.

Here's how the diet works:

	FOODS ALLOWED
First Month:	One egg
Second Month:	A raisin
Third Month:	Pumpkin pie with whipped cream and chocolate sauce

If after the third month you haven't gotten to your dream weight, try lopping off parts of your body until those scales tip just right for you.

COMEDY EVENTS YOU CAN DO

1. For something funny, sing this to the tune of *Ebb Tide*:

First, the tide rushes in,
Second, it plants a kiss on the shore,
And third, I've got my heart open wide like the
Sea is open wide. I know it is. Oh, sing it.

2. When at an elegant dinner party, excuse yourself to go to the bathroom. When you return, say, "Boy, I really smelled up the place in there."

3. (For men only.) Go up to your best friend and say, "I like you, George, but personally, I prefer a stronger man."

4. Put an atom bomb in your nose, go to a party and take out a handkerchief. Then pretend to blow your nose, simultaneously triggering the bomb.

5. Go to the Huntington gallery and hold a razor blade a quarter of an inch away from *The Blue Boy* and shout, "Ding dong, ding dong. . . ."

The Rose's Gimlet.
Four parts vodka, one part elegance.

The elegance, of course, is Rose's Lime Juice. Which is the essential ingredient for turning any vodka into the most elegant of cocktails.

That's because Rose's Lime Juice has an uncanny way of stimulating the taste of vodka, gin or light rum without overasserting itself.

To make the Rose's Gimlet properly, simply stir 4 to 5 parts vodka, gin or light rum with one part Rose's Lime Juice. Serve ice cold, straight up or on the rocks.

Taste a little elegance tonight. Have a Rose's Gimlet.

DAIQUIRI

(continued from page 207)

"If Constantino was the high priest of the daiquiri, Rudi Greiner may be its modern apostle."

was greeted with a hefty dose of this "medicine."

Constantino, the legendary mixologist of Havana's La Florida Bar, is generally credited with popularizing the daiquiri. Patrons crowded around the small bar, gaping at the maestro's virtuoso performance. Limes were freshly squeezed, drinks shaken to order—then strained into champagne coupes. It was a good show and a sprightly drink.

In Cuba, they say there's only one true daiquiri—*como Dios manda*—as divinely ordained, calling for 1½ ozs. rum, 1 teaspoon sugar and 1 tablespoon lime juice. But that dictum did not suppress Constantino, a Mozart of the mixing glass, who played innumerable variations on the original theme . . . adding a dash of curaçao, a nip of maraschino liqueur, a splash of grapefruit juice or a few drops of Falernum—as the spirit moved.

If Constantino was the high priest of the daiquiri, Rudi Greiner, general manager of San Juan's Condado Beach–La Concha hotels, may be its modern apostle. Both hotels offer a stunning variety of tropical-fruit daiquiris, including guava, coconut, papaya, mango and guanábana, or soursop—a pulpy, exotic fruit with a skin like a crocodile's. Banana and pineapple, too, of course.

Despite his enthusiasm for the daiquiri, Greiner concedes that it's a capricious drink—sometimes crisp, tart-sweet and quenching; occasionally listless and dull. Among the essentials are *fresh* limes, light rum, superfine sugar and lots of ice. Drinks should be mixed to order and shaken *vigorously*. Serve immediately in chilled glasses, preferably straight up.

A word about limes: Most recipes specify "the juice of ½ lime." However, limes vary in size and liquid content, so it's best to measure if you want drinks that are consistent in taste. Incidentally, Stateside bartenders lean to the large, seedless Persian limes, grown in Florida. Island barmen favor the juicy *limón del pais*, using only the end cuts and discarding the seedy centers. A good bartender will run the lime peel around the rim of the glass, for an inviting piquancy. Do the same on the recipes given below.

"Well, lots of success back in government or in private business, whichever the case may be."

DERBY DAIQUIRI

A prize winner from the Mai-Kai restaurant in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

1½ ozs. light rum
½ oz. lime juice
1 oz. orange juice
1 teaspoon sugar
½ cup crushed ice

Buzz all ingredients in blender for about 10 seconds. Pour unstrained into chilled champagne coupe.

FROZEN DAIQUIRI

Most bartenders toss too much ice into the blender and the drinks are more like sherbets. This one, from Puerto Rico's Caribe Hilton, is just right.

1½ ozs. light rum
½ oz. lime juice
1 teaspoon sugar
½ cup crushed ice

Buzz all ingredients in blender until slushy. Pour into chilled goblet. Serve with short straws.

DAIQUIRI

Note the moderate change from the original Daiquiri mines formula. The additional ½ oz. rum makes for a crisper, drier drink.

2 ozs. light rum
½ oz. lime juice
1 teaspoon sugar

Shake all ingredients with cracked ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass or over ice in rocks glass.

BACARDI COCKTAIL

The Bacardi is the only cocktail recipe mandated by a Supreme Court decision. It's the original daiquiri with a teaspoon grenadine added, in deference to the Cuban sweet tooth, and Bacardi rum "as its sole alcoholic ingredient."

COCO DAIQUIRI

1 oz. light rum
1 oz. CocoRibe liqueur
½ oz. lime juice
½ teaspoon sugar

Shake all ingredients with cracked ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass.

(concluded overleaf)

RABBIT AND COSTELLO.

How did photographer Marty Costello happen to opt for a VW Rabbit?

"I was shooting for the performance," answered Costello.

See, every day Rabbit and Costello travel the 35 miles round trip from Hammond, Indiana (where they live), to downtown Chicago (where they work). That's a lot of miles.

And a lot of driving in temperatures that plummet to a merciless 20° below in winter and climb all the way up to a sticky, not-so-terrific 100° in summer.

"So why a Rabbit?" we asked.

"Look," he said, "my Rabbit and I have been performing together for over a year now, and we're still going strong. Why? I'll tell you why. I get a lot for my dollar with it. I get a comfortable ride, great visibility, incredible road handling with front-wheel drive, and sensational service from people who are even friendlier than I am."

Nicely put, Mr. Costello.

"And don't forget," he added, "my work has me hopping around all over the place. I need a car that can get me everywhere quickly and comfortably. One that's rugged enough to be driven almost anyplace, anytime. With my Rabbit, I've got a lot more than just a car with enough room to pack all my cameras, props and lighting equipment. I've got a pretty good idea that everything will always arrive in one piece."

Then we asked Costello one final question.

"You seem to get a million calls a day. What determines which job you take?"

To which he replied, with an appropriately devilish grin:

"Who's on first."

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

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Ah...Frangelico

Taste perfection.

Taste perfection. Frangelico. A precious liqueur created from wild hazelnuts delicately blended with berries and herbs.

Taste Frangelico. A liqueur so subtle, so exquisitely different. With a flavor that's unexpected and intriguing. Taste Frangelico, tonight. And experience perfection.

Frangelico® liqueur

Imported from Italy.

Frangelico liqueur 56 Proof. Imported by William Grant & Sons, Inc., New York, N.Y.

STRAWBERRY DAIQUIRI

1½ ozs. light rum
½ oz. strawberry liqueur
½ oz. lime juice
5–6 fresh strawberries
1 teaspoon sugar
½ cup crushed ice

Buzz all ingredients in blender until almost smooth. Pour unstrained into chilled wineglass. Garnish with whole berry on pick.

BANANA DAIQUIRI

A creation of Ismael Miranda, who reigns at La Concha Hotel's Mi Sitio bar in San Juan. A slug of banana liqueur adds zing to this irresistible daiquiri.

1 oz. light rum
½ oz. banana liqueur
¼ oz. lime juice
1 teaspoon sugar
½ medium-size ripe banana
1 cup crushed ice

Buzz all ingredients in blender until well combined. Pour into chilled brandy snifter. Serve with short straws.

BROWN DAIQUIRI

An exception to the light-rum rule of thumb, which results in a mellow, full-flavored drink.

2 ozs. Jamaica or añejo rum
½ oz. lime juice
1 teaspoon honey

Pour lime juice and honey into shaker and stir until well blended. Add ice and rum; cover and shake briskly. Strain into chilled cocktail glass.

PEAR DAIQUIRI

1½ ozs. light rum
½ oz. pear liqueur
½ oz. lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar
¼ ripe Bartlett pear, cored but not peeled
⅓ cup crushed ice

Buzz all ingredients in blender until almost smooth. Pour into chilled goblet. Serve with short straws.

LA FLORIDA DAIQUIRI

One of the daiquiri variations credited to *el maestro*, Constantino, and it's a good one.

2 ozs. light rum
Juice of ½ lemon
1 teaspoon grapefruit juice
1 teaspoon maraschino liqueur
1 teaspoon sugar
½ cup crushed ice

Shake all ingredients briskly until well blended. Pour unstrained into large rocks glass.

The next time you're sipping daiquiris, offer a toast to Christopher Columbus, the guy responsible for it all. It was Columbus who brought sugar-cane cuttings and lime seeds, the things that supply the basic ingredients for the daiquiri, to the West Indies. *Como Dios manda.*

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PLAYBOY
ON·THE·SCENE
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

FASHION

COLOR HIM BASIC

At first glance, you might think the outfits shown below were pieces borrowed from a Mondrian jigsaw puzzle rather than some very exciting men's apparel. But no, the colorful combination of interchangeable parts, all by a New York manufacturer with an equally colorful name, Rudi-Did-It, are eminently wearable and a lot more fun than a puzzle. The idea is shockingly simple: Each item in a classic three-piece-suit ensemble is made from the same fabric, cotton/polyester chintz, and each element (including the detachable shirt collar) is offered in a spectrum of primary colors, thus leaving it to the customer to put it all together in any combination he chooses, from monotone to basic bubble-gum machine. The look may not be right for the office, but watch for it at your local disco.—DAVID PLATT

CHRIS CALLIS

This guy's outfit, from the detachable shirt collar to the shirt, slacks, vest, tie and jacket, may be made from the same fabric, cotton/polyester chintz—but it definitely ain't chintzy. Above left: First you take a black shirt with banded cuffs, $29, and add a white removable collar with a stud closure, $5, a bright-green skinny tie, $10, and double-pleated slacks with top pockets and straight legs, $40. Above center: Then you add a yellow three-button vest, $40. Right: And, finally, you top it all off with a red double-breasted jacket, $55. The manufacturer of everything is Rudi-Did-It—and did he ever! (The belt is a tie, by Vicky Davis, $10. His canvas tricot sneakers, by Tretorn, $28.80.)

SHELVING YOUR INTERESTS

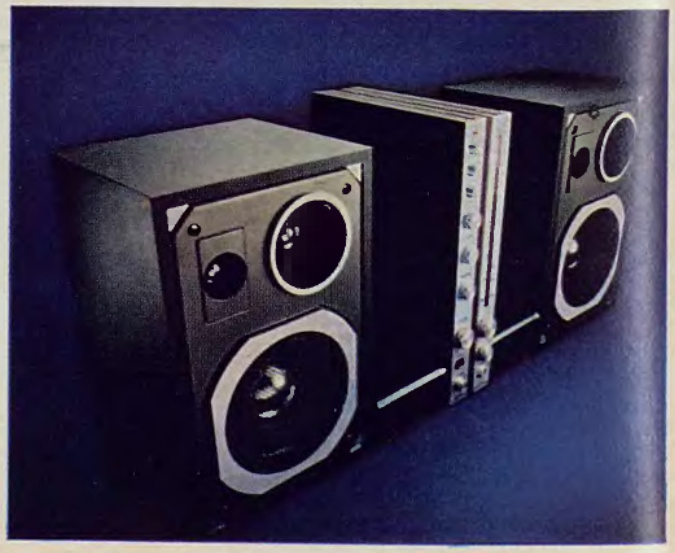
Right: Sony's go-anywhere portable KV-8000 Trinitron color television with a 7.7-diagonal-inch glare-free screen and automatic color and hue control will easily fit on a bookshelf or travel when it's hooked up to an optional $16 battery pack. The price for the basic unit: $529.95.

Below: Pioneer has pioneered another nifty electronic component; this one is a Model TVX-9500 television audio tuner that plugs into your hi-fi receiver and then picks up both VHF and UHF station signals and pipes them through your stereo speakers with exceptional clarity, $250.

RICHARD IZUI

Below: The heart of Rotel's 555 20W Music System is an 11¾"x8"x6" receiver that puts out 20 watts per channel to the two speakers shown and features AM/FM, plus phono, tape and tape-monitoring capabilities and dual bass/treble controls, $310.

Below: This skinny Randix LX40 stereo system features a micro amp that delivers 15 watts per channel to a pair of three-way air-suspension speakers, and a tuner section that offers LED tuning and a stereo indicator light, about $440, including amp/tuner base.



BREAKING THE LANGUAGE BARRIER

Kiss your foreign-language dictionary with the useless phrases goodbye. Hand-held electronic translators with vocabularies of about 1500 words and the capability to handle any language from French to Chinese or even Arabic are proving to be the biggest boon to international travelers since the invention of the drip-dry suit. To translate an English word to another language, or vice versa, all you do is spell it out on the keyboard and the equivalent word in the language selected appears on the display. The Lexicon one, below, even makes metric and currency conversions. *Sacrebleu!*

DON AZUMA

Top: The Craig M-100 has a vocabulary of about 1500 words and 50 phrases in your choice of Spanish, French, Italian, German or Japanese, $200, plus $25 for each additional plug-in language memory capsule. Above: Lexicon's LK-3000 conversion computer will eventually be able to translate English into 13 languages, $225, with carrying case, one language module and 110/220-volt adapter charger; additional language modules, $65 each.

Still Loved by the Little People

Despite the poor response to *Moment by Moment* and the postponement of her next movie, *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*, LILY TOMLIN's characters Ernestine and the Bag Lady, as you can see, are standing firmly by her. And that's the truth.

MICHAEL CHILDER / SYGMA

The Shape of Things

In CAROL LYNLEY's new movie, *The Shape of Things to Come*—a space adventure that takes up where the Thirties' H. G. Wells classic left off and co-stars Jack Palance—she plays the ruler of planet Delta III. Carol's a great-looking leader and she *doesn't* have a brother Billy. Now, what more could you ask for in a head of state?

HARRY LANGDON

On and Running

DICK CAVETT has taken up jogging between talk-show duties and a stint on Broadway. Some say it's for health reasons, but we know better. Cavett wants to be in shape for his next cross-town jaunt with Marlon Brando, who beat up *paparazzo* Ron Galella last time out.

RON GALELLA © 1978

Liza Gets a Leg Up

Actress, singer, dancer, superstar LIZA MINNELLI was once a kid just like we were. Well, not *exactly*. It's pretty eerie to compare these two photos of Liza: at six working the rings and more recently working the boards. Born in a trunk, etc.

NANCY BARR

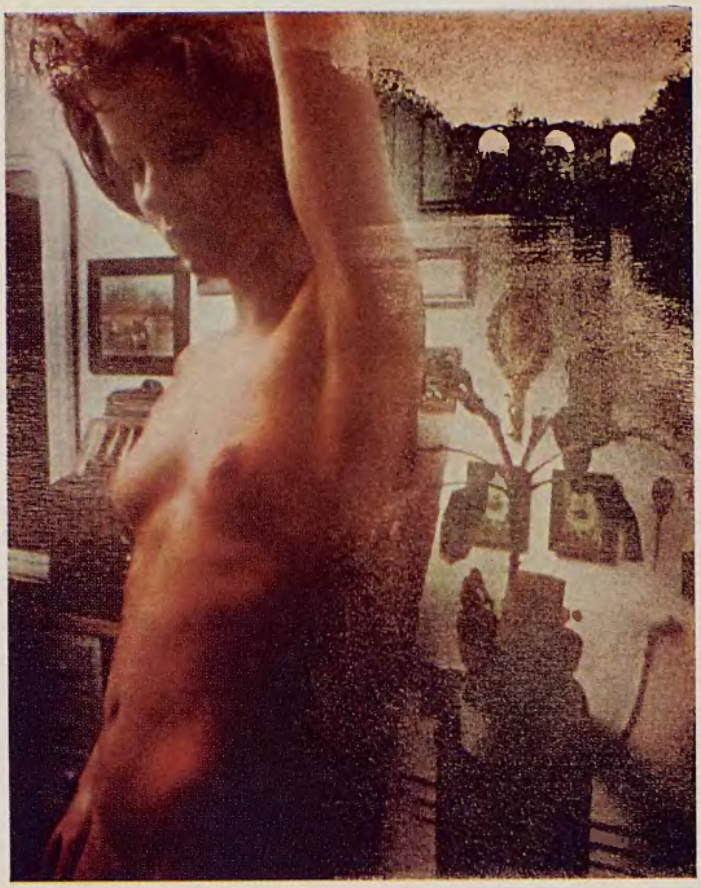
MELISSA HILL/LYNN GOLDSMITH INC. © 1978

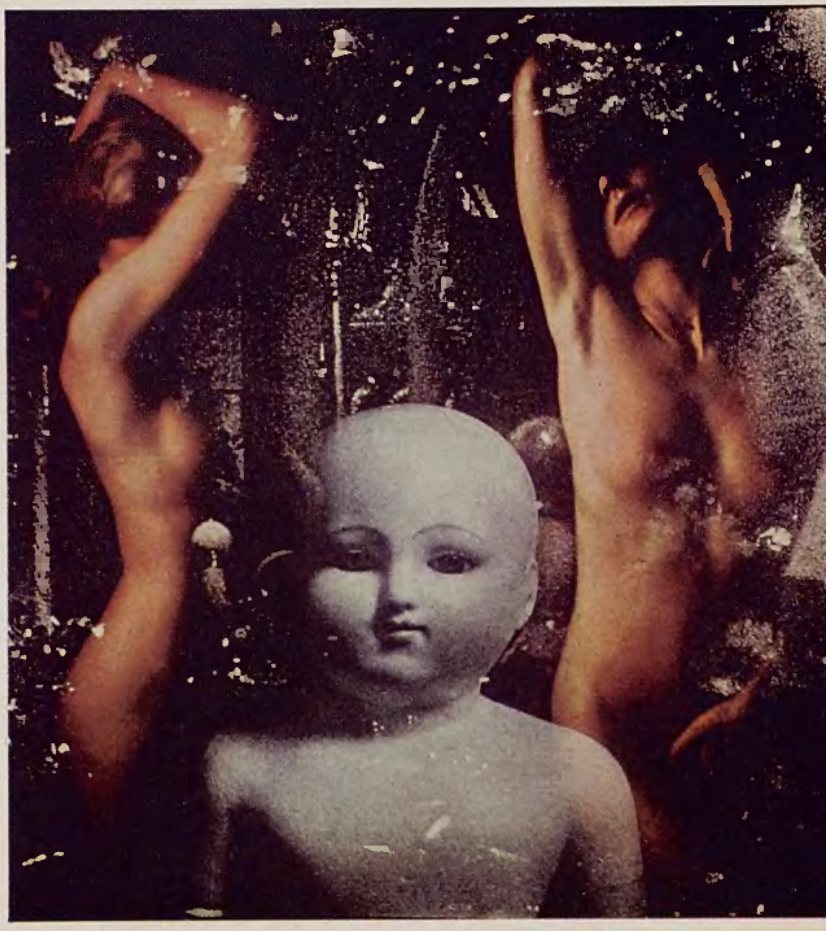
Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?

That's the musical question ROD STEWART asks on his recent hit album *Blondes Have More Fun*. OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN and DONNA SUMMER apparently don't think so. Which brings up another song, *Attractive Female Wanted*, on which Stewart laments his loneliness and considers writing "a letter to Mr. Hugh Hefner, confidentially." We've consulted the *Playboy Advisor*, Rod, and he recommends two aspirins and plenty of bed rest.

The Erotic Fantasies of René Broebli

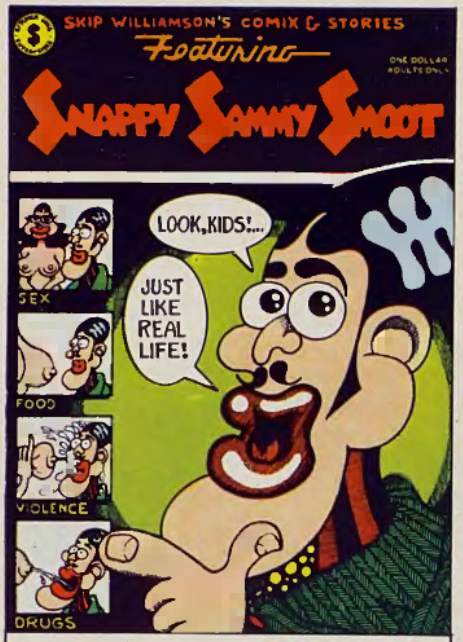
Last fall, *Roving Eye* was strolling the streets of New York when we came across an exhibit of erotic photographs by René Broebli. The 52-year-old Swiss artist has spent the past 30 years of his life behind the camera. The images (seven of which are shown here) were a labor of love. For those of you who missed the show, the prints have been collected in a limited-edition volume called *Fantasies*, available from Images Gallery (11 East 57th Street, New York, New York 10022) for $250—making it, we imagine, the most expensive photo book of the year. Click.





BIRDS AND BEES FOR THE BLIND

Explaining sex to children has always been a challenge. Educators employ a battery of books, records, slides, films, cartoons and models to put the message across. Since most sex-education materials are visually oriented, blind children largely get excluded from instruction. For that reason, a pair of education researchers has introduced a tactile sex-education program for blind children. The program, developed by Dr. Pearl Tait of Florida State University and Carol Kessler of Temple University, includes tape-recorded instructions and a family of dolls that the sightless child can explore by hand. The doll family consists of a female with breasts, a male with an erect penis, two dolls having intercourse, dolls in progressive stages of pregnancy and a mother breast-feeding a newborn. The tape recording guides the child among eight boxes into which the dolls have been placed. At each stop, he feels the anatomically correct doll parts—vaginas of quilted polyester and breasts and testicles sculpted from Styrofoam.



Here's a naughty new comic collection by PLAYBOY Associate Art Director Skip Williamson, known as Flippy Skippy to underground-comix fans. You'll find *Snappy Sammy Smoot* (the Don Quixote of the pulps) at your local comix dealer for a buck, or send $1.25 to Kitchen Sink Enterprises, P.O. Box 7, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968.

JOGGER'S ALTERNATIVE: GET WHIPPED INTO SHAPE

Dr. Christiaan Barnard, heart-transplant newsmaker, recently took joggers to task in a Johannesburg, South African, newspaper: "I see no difference between this form of masochism and that bought for a simple fee from the ladies who specialize in chain-mail bras, leather pants and rack of whips." Before you trade in your Adidases for a set of thumbscrews, note that Barnard's rant was against jogging on highways, where runners encounter speeding autos and noxious emissions.

GONORRHEA RX: NO MORE PRICKS

For years, gonorrhea, the most widespread of the venereal diseases, has been treated by penicillin injection, usually one hefty shot in each buttock. Now there's a cure that you can take sitting down. In its latest report on treatment of gonorrhea, the Venereal Disease Division of HEW's Center for Disease Control recommends the antibiotic tetracycline, given in pill form. Officials speculate that the painless treatment will encourage more infected people to seek help.

EVEN THE MAYOR'S DAUGHTER

Can people who have had venereal diseases be identified by particular personality traits? If so, a new avenue of V.D. prevention is opened by focusing on people with those traits. Two studies in this area found abnormal degrees of extroversion, introversion and neuroticism among V.D. patients. Another project concluded that people who have had V.D. tend toward impulsive behavior. Now a new study is out that disagrees with all of the previous findings. Dr. William L. Yarber of Purdue and Dr. Robert Kaplan of Ohio State have concluded that V.D. victims are not deviates. They administered questionnaires to students in health-care classes at seven universities. Drs. Yarber and Kaplan described female V.D. victims as sober, placid, trusting, affected by feelings and forthright. Males who had been infected were tender-minded, assertive, relaxed, practical and expedient. V.D. sufferers and nonsufferers were equally intelligent. Yarber and Kaplan concluded that while V.D. patients can be identified by certain personality traits, all of the traits are within the range of normal personality. Therefore, potential carriers probably can't be screened through psychological testing. Those results should help erase the social stigma that deters victims of venereal disease from seeking treatment.

More pictures from the *Sex News* animal scrapbook. This time, we've invaded the privacy of two common houseflies after a madcap chase around the kitchen table.

Det kan vara bra att ha med sig kondomer när man är ute och reser.

Clearly, this robust maiden is doing some specimen collecting. She decorates a Swedish condom ad that, roughly translated, says a condom is the best thing to have when you're going on an excursion.

SLEEPING SINGLE IN A DOUBLE BED

If a woman suffers from insomnia, chances are she's experiencing sexual dysfunction, too. Dr. Ismet Karacan, psychiatry professor at Baylor College of Medicine in Houston, estimates that 60 to 70 percent of his female patients complain of insomnia accompanied by sexual frustration. In contrast, Dr. Karacan, a sleep researcher, finds no correlation between insomnia and frustration among his male patients. He speculates that frustration actually causes insomnia in women. Men, he reasons, actively seek sexual satisfaction. But the double standard has discouraged women from taking matters into their own hands.

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There's something about a Spitfire that brings out the pure joy of driving—any type of driving.

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Or maybe it's the competition proven sports car features of Spitfire. Fully independent suspension, front disc brakes, a rugged 1500cc engine, rack and pinion steering, and radial ply tires. And Spitfire's record of 13 national racing championships.

Whatever the reasons, it seems that Spitfire drivers naturally seem to have more fun.

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Bombay
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NEXT MONTH:

BONO BEAUTIES

LEASER EVIL

TOO OUMB

BLOOD SISTERS

"CARDINAL SINS: THE MAKING OF THE POPES, 1978"—FOR THE FIRST TIME, AN INSIDER'S LOOK AT THE MACHINATIONS BEHIND THE ELECTIONS OF JOHN PAULS I AND II, BY PRIEST AND SYNDICATED COLUMNIST **ANDREW M. GREELEY**

"BOND'S BEAUTIES"—A LOOK AT THE LOVELIES WHO POPULATE THE NEWEST 007 MOVIE, *MOONRAKER*—AND A CONTEST THAT GIVES YOUR GIRL A CHANCE FOR A PART IN THE NEXT CINEMATIC ADVENTURE OF BRITAIN'S SEXIEST SECRET AGENT

"THE LEASER OF TWO EVILS"—DETECTIVE-LIEUTENANT HEALEY RAIDS MASSAGE PARLORS, BUT HIS ALTER EGO WRITES PORNO NOVELS. HIS SOLUTION IS A REAL BITCH. A SATIRICAL STORY BY **PHILIP JOSE FARMER**

"WE ARE TOO DUMB TO SURVIVE"—WHAT WITH NUCLEAR ACCIDENTS PROBABLE, CARCINOGENS LURKING IN OUR FOOD AND THE NEXT ICE AGE JUST AROUND THE CORNER, WE'RE ON OUR WAY DOWN THE TUBES. GRIM REPORTAGE BY **DAVID BLACK**

"WHERE SEX IS CONCERNED, THE DOCTOR IS OUT"—YOU MAY ACTUALLY BE BETTER INFORMED THAN YOUR FRIENDLY LOCAL PRACTITIONER—BY **MORTON HUNT**

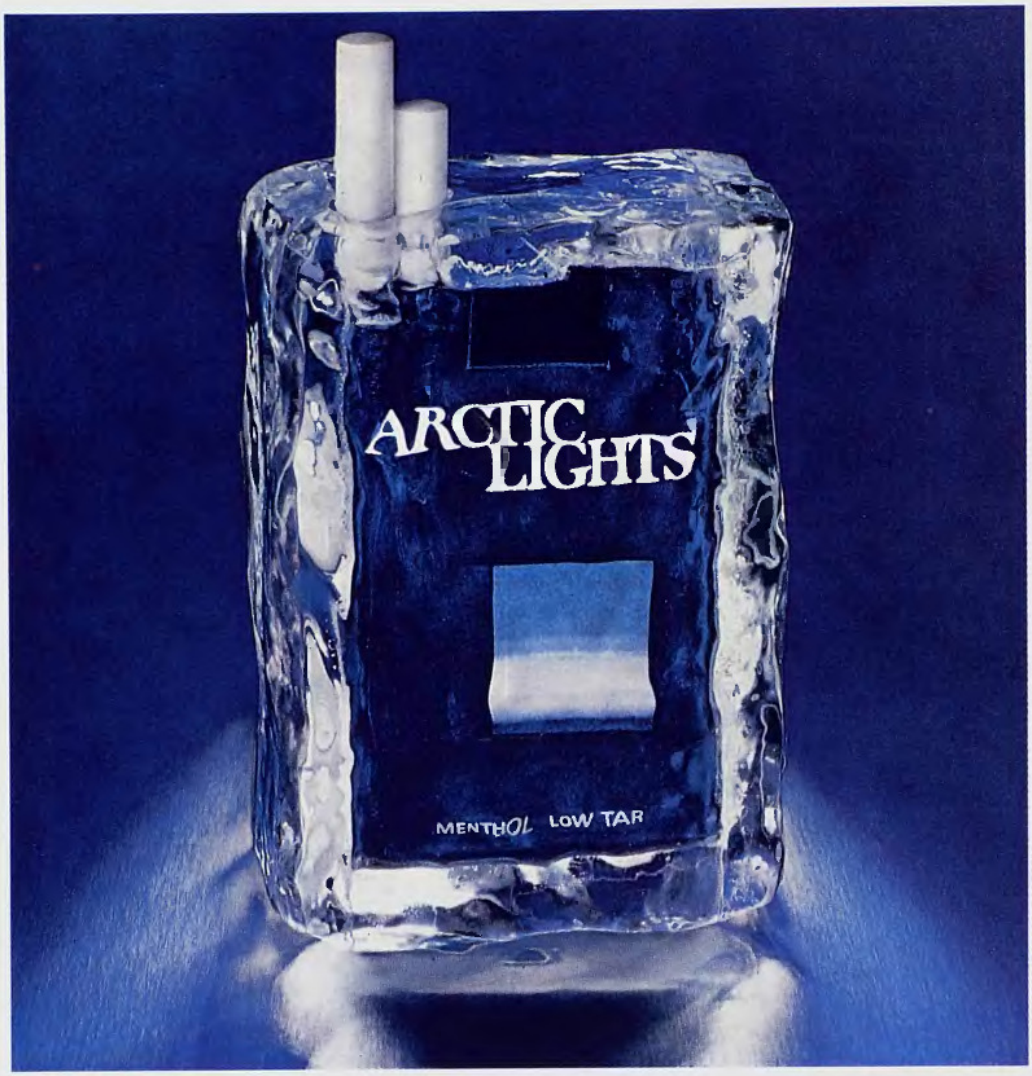
"THE SECRET LIFE OF BASEBALL"—WHICH PITCHER TURNS THE MOST BATTERS GREEN, AND VICE VERSA? FASCINATING INFO, MOSTLY LOW AND INSIDE, ABOUT THE NATIONAL PASTIME—BY **MAURY LEVY** AND **SAMANTHA STEVENSON**

"THE PERFECT HIGH"—*PLAYBOY*'S PERIPATETIC RENAISSANCE MAN PENS A POEM ABOUT A MOUNTAINTOP VISIT TO A GURU—BY **SHEL SILVERSTEIN**

"BLOOD SISTERS"—A 21ST CENTURY SAM SPADE FINDS HIMSELF GETTING MIXED UP WITH A BEAUTIFUL CLONED CALLGIRL WHO'S RUNNING FROM THE MAFIA. SEX, VIOLENCE AND TROPICAL NIGHTS IN A TALE BY **JOE HALDEMAN**

"FAST WOMEN"—KITTY O'NEIL, JANET GUTHRIE AND OTHERS OF THEIR ILK ARE 100 PERCENT FEMALE OFF THE RACE COURSE. WHEN THEY'RE ON IT, WATCH OUT FOR THEIR DUST (OR HYDROPLANE SPRAY)—BY **WILLIAM NEELY**

"DOING IT IN THE DARK"—EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SET UP THE PERFECT HOME PHOTO LAB



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