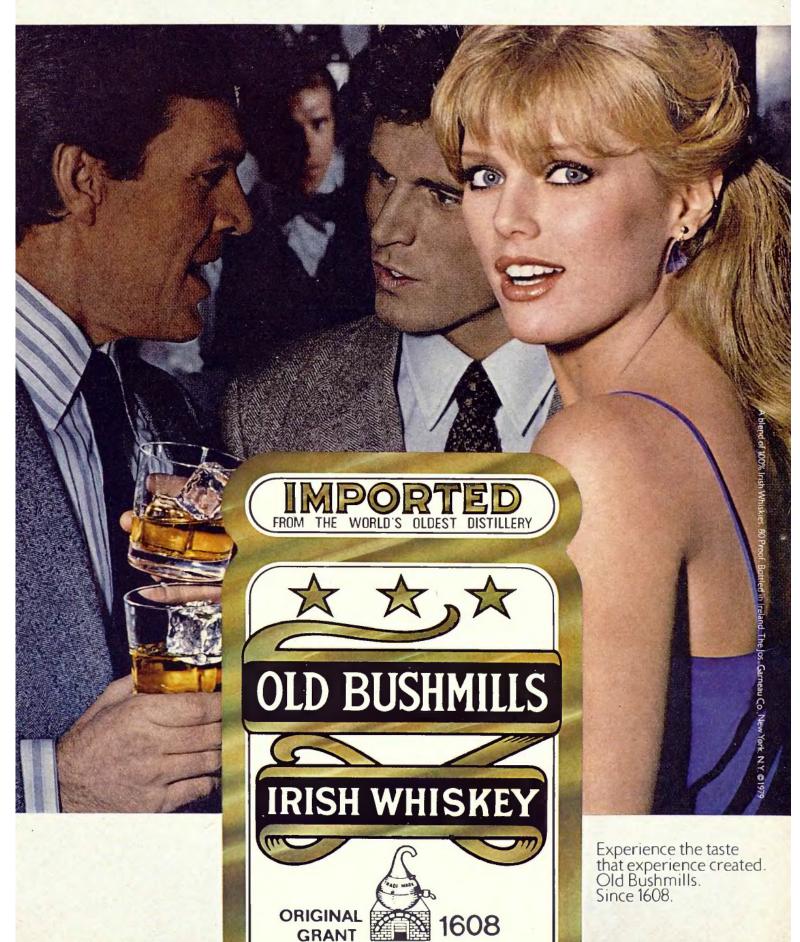


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Old Bushmills.
It's changing people's minds about Irish Whiskey.



PLAYBILL

THIS TIME LAST YEAR, Pope Paul VI was ill and the atmosphere among the cardinals at the Vatican was, in some ways, not unlike that around the site of the Crucifixion when Roman soldiers gambled for the robe. Before you judge that statement harsh, read The Making of a Pope, illustrated by Ron Villoni, an excerpt from Andrew M. Greeley's new book, The Making of the Popes 1978: The Politics of Intrigue in the Vatican (Andrews & McMeel). Columnist-priest Greeley was already in Rome writing a book on the papacy when, in one of the most incredible coincidences in religious history, two Popes died within less than two months. After the holy dust cleared, he emerged with his startling book on the sub rosa wheeling and dealing that precedes the selection of a pontiff.

In the world of deal-wheeling, there are few more bold than former L.A. cop Joseph Wombough, the subject of this month's Playboy Interview. He has seen his five best-selling novels (including The Blue Knight and The Choirboys) turned into three movies and a television series. He has also bucked the film-industry establishment, risking personal bankruptcy to make sure his movies will now be done the way he wants them done. Wambaugh is a tough daredevil on a Hollywood high wire. We asked Lawrence Linderman to spend some time with him; this month's outspoken interview is the result.

The similarity between the human race and Joe Wambaugh is that both dare to flirt with disaster. Unfortunately, humanity hasn't Wambaugh's instincts for survival. At least that's what Dovid Block proposes all too convincingly in Good News for the Practicing Paranoid, anxiously illustrated by Steve St. Germain. After you've read the Good News, you'll no doubt be eager to escape, and there's no better way than with a strong dose of science fiction. Philip José Former style. Illustrated by Korl Wirsum, it's called The Leaser of Two Evils and, in its own peculiar way, it's about that greatest of escapes, sex. If that isn't enough to take your mind off doomsday, try Joe Holdemon's short story, Blood Sisters, about a man who finds it hard to be alone with a clone.

Then there'll always be baseball. Moury Z. Levy and Somontho Stevenson present a unique view of our national pastime in The Secret Life of Baseball. To be precise, it's a collection of tandem thoughts, observations and philosophies from the hairy minds of baseball players, who (need we tell you?) are not like the rest of us. For the serious stuff, see our Second Annual Baseball Managers' Cash-on-the-Line, Clutch-Player All-Star Team.

If, after reading Levy and Stevenson's survey, you think baseball players are out of their heads, consider the fate of Shel Silverstein's hero in The Perfect High or the Quest of Gimmesome Roy, who traveled to the ends of the earth to get totally out of his head, and never got there. Humor of another kind can be found in Morton Hont's Where Sex Is Concerned, the Doctor Is Out, but it's really no laughing matter that American physicians on the whole don't know nearly half as much about the spice of life as your friendly Playboy Advisor.

And, speaking of the spice of life, this is a great month for pictorials. It's a great month as well for Staff Photographer Richard Fegley, who shot not only our Playmate of the Month, Dorothy Mays, but also a choice selection of ladies from the latest James Bond movie. Bond's girls can be found in "Moonraker": New Perils for 007.

To wrap up the issue, there's a special "retrospective" on 1977 Playmate of the Year Potti McGuire, who has formed a doubles team with tennis great Jimmy Connors; a look at a fun foursome of on/off-road motorcycles; shipshape cruisewear; and great recipes for catfish. How's that for summer fare? Tasty stuff, if we say so ourself. Pleasant reading!













LINDERMAN













vol. 26, no. 7-july, 1979

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Two Evils

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Perfect High

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THE MAKING OF A POPE—article ANDREW M. GREELEY 88 Maverick priest-syndicated columnist Greeley takes us inside the Vatican for a behind-the-scenes look at a papal election.

THE PERFECT HIGH OR THE QUEST

Boba Fats was so high Roy couldn't get over him and so wide he couldn't get around him.

WELL MATCHED—pictorial Love doesn't mean the same thing on the court that it does in courtship. Newlyweds Jimmy Connors and Potti McGuire know the difference.

There are beautiful women and there are dogs, and there are always those who, after a few drinks, can't tell the difference.

LOOKING SHIPSHAPE!—attire DAVID PLATT 107 On deck with the perfect fashion gear to sail through summer.

BLOOD SISTERS—fictionJOE HALDEMAN 114 They were the two most beautiful women he'd ever seen, except that one of them had a phany navel.

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COVER STORY

Looking at New York model Denise Gauthier, we feel a sudden fondness for Homburg hats. It's the gun that makes us nervous. It's a mint-condition Walther P38, a spy-film favorite. Executive Art Director Tom Staebler designed and photographed the cover and our resident gun freak, Senior Editor William Helmer, provided the Walther.

If all barbers looked like 8altimore's Dorothy Mays, this would be a better- groomed world.
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor
GOOD NEWS FOR THE PRACTICING PARANOID—article
CATFISH CATCHES ON—food EMANUEL GREENBERG 133 If you think you couldn't enjoy having something with whiskers for dinner, you haven't tasted this increasingly popular fish.
WHERE SEX IS CONCERNED, THE DOCTOR IS OUT—article
THE SECOND ANNUAL BASEBALL MANAGERS' CASH-ON-THE-LINE, CLUTCH-PLAYER ALL-STAR TEAM—sports
"MOONRAKER": NEW PERILS FOR 007—pictorial
THE BAKER OF YESILKOY—ribald classic
THE SECRET LIFE OF BASEBALL—sports MAURY Z. LEVY and SAMANTHA STEVENSON 157 It's a good thing these guys are playing ball: There are some of them you wouldn't want running loose on the street.
PLAYBIKES—modern living JAMES PETERSEN 163 On the road or off, these motorcycles are pure pleasure.
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Uninformed Medics

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Beautiful Barber

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Blood Sisters

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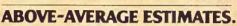
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Our Challenger and Sapporo GTs offer power discs on all four wheels on the optional 2.6 liter Basic Package models.

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Colt wagon	26
Arrow GT Hatchback	26
Challenger & Sapporo	26
D-50 & Arrow Sport pickups	21

*EPA estimates. Use this number for comparisons. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length, and weather. California estimates lower for Champ Custom and Colt Custom Hatchback, Colt two- and four-doors, D-50 and Arrow Sport pickups.

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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



TAKING A CHANCE ON CHARITY

Chipping in for charity at one of two gala Casino Nights hosted at the Playboy Club of Century City for the benefit of the John Tracy Clinic (at left, from left): actor Darren McGavin, actress Jean Stapleton, comedienne Ruth Buzzi, Hugh M. Hefner and Barbara Fisher, member of the board of the clinic's women's auxiliary; (below) actors William Shatner (left) and Robert Culp, with songwriter Carol Connors. The clinic has raised more than \$500,000 during benefits given at Playboy Mansion West, and its president, Walt Disney Productions board chairman Donn B. Tatum, presented Hefner with a plaque in recognition of his generosity.



GATEFOLD PROVIDES TENDER FILM MOMENT

What sort of man reads PLAYAOY? In the recently released film Boardwalk, it's Lee Strasberg, celebrating his 50th wedding anniversary with Ruth Gordon, Gordon, playing a woman who has learned she has cancer, advises her spouse that if anything happens to her, he can find something like this, referring to our centerfold attraction. Boardwalk, co-written and directed by Stephen Verona, is about "love, violence and survival in present-day Brooklyn."



EX-BUNNY LYNNE MOODY STARS IN ROOTS

We hasten to point out that it's make-up doing all that aging, but the actress standing second from left in the cast photo for Roots: The Next Generations below is Lynne Moody, who was a Bunny in Los Angeles in 1972–1973 (left). Lynne played Alex Haley's great-grandmother, Irene Harvey, in both Roots miniseries.



84 reasons to ge to a Pioneer dea

A lot of people pick out a car stereo with their eyes closed. Because, for them, what they hear is all that counts.

rest, we've gathered 83 more reasons (besides great sound) why you should be down at a Pioneer dealer now, instead of reading this ad.

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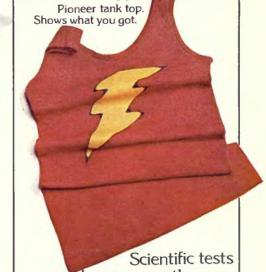


3 through 35. An eardazzling array of speakers. Built with extraordinary attention to design and materials. 32 different deck-mounts, surface-mounts.

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38 through 59. Integrated supersystems. We offer 21 different systems with builtin amplifiers. In-dash or underdash. AM/FM & Cassette. AM/FM & 8-Track. AM/FM only. FM/Cassette combo. Or 8-Track or Cassette alone. Now that's freedom of choice.

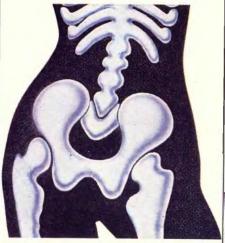
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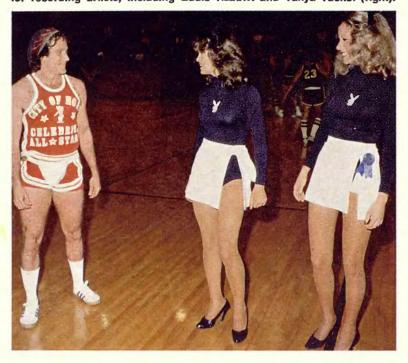
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MORK MEETS BUNNIES, TANYA MEETS RABBITT

Robin Williams (below left), of Mork & Mindy, models the latest in Orkan basketball fashion for L.A. Bunnies Shannin and Gretchen at the City of Hope Celebrity All-Star benefit basketball game in which the Bunnies coached the opposing Beverly Hills Police Department team to a resounding loss. Back at the Los Angeles Playboy Club, MCA hosted a reception for recording artists, including Eddie Rabbitt and Tanya Tucker (right).





A PHOTOG'S LIFE IS QUITE A SNAPPY ONE

PLAYBOY'S roving photographer David Chan (bottom row, left, above) is quizzed on the Chicago-based Phil Donahue show after scouring East Coast colleges for our upcoming Girls of the Ivy League photo feature. Meanwhile, lensman Dwight Hooker (right), in Melbourne on a training mission for photographers of our new Australian edition, uncovers some likely candidates for a possible pictorial on The Girls of Australia.



LOVING COUPLE

Silver Anniversary Playmate Candy Loving found a namesake at Playboy Mansion West. She's Lisa Loving, personal secretary to Hugh Hefner. Oklahomans Lisa (below left), who's from Tulsa, and Candy, who hails from Norman, aren't related.



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IN THE ANCHOL BUILTY



The SGT. is Seagram's Gin & Tonic. Pour 1½ oz. Seagram's Gin over ice. Fill with Schweppes Tonic. Garnish with a wedge of lime. Enjoy it! And enjoy our quality in moderation.

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

PLAYMATE UPDATE

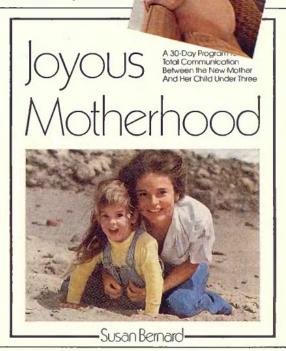


LIFE IS NO DRAG FOR PLAYMATE CLAUDIA JENNINGS

Top-fuel dragsters and funny cars provide the action background of Claudia Jennings' latest film, Fast Company, released this spring. The 1970 Playmate of the Year stars with John Saxon and William Smith. Above, Claudia takes a break on the set with co-stars Nicholas Campbell and Judy Foster.

IT'S SUPERMOM

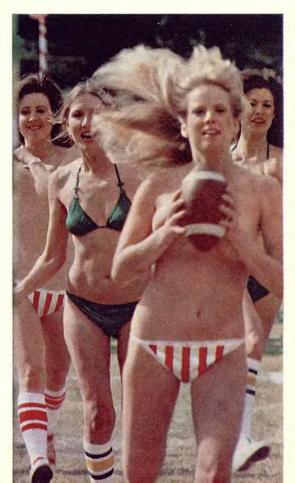
Susan Bernard, our December 1966 Playmate, is a mother now, and an author. Her book, Joyous Mother-hood (Evans), which covers the early years of child rearing, has won raves from child specialists.





SUSAN AND PAM IN FEMALE ANIMAL HOUSE

Two rival sororities battle it out for campus leadership in Derio Productions' film H.O.T.S., which features Playmates Susan Kiger (January 1977), Pamela Bryant (April 1978) and Sandy Johnson (June 1974). Here we have Susan (above) in the swim and Pam (right) toting the ball in a strip-football game.



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MALCOLM'S MILLIONS

I was very impressed by your interview with Malcolm Forbes (PLAYBOY, April). A great piece of work about a very interesting, witty gentleman. I am not by any stretch of the imagination rich, but his opinions make more sense than those of many of the liberals and radical figures we all grew up with. Here's one for intelligent conservatives coming in from the cold.

J. Williams Santa Cruz, California

The one thing I definitely learned from reading Malcolm Forbes's interview is that regardless of your financial standing, money cannot buy a nonvibrating Harley-Davidson (my suspicion for years). Three cheers to Forbes for speaking his mind on other issues.

Harold E. Hamilton Robinson, Illinois

I'm sure it's quite peaceful and serene out there on Forbes's New Jersey estate. I suggest he use some of his money to rent in apartment on Manhattan's Lower East Side. He could live there for a while and deduct it under the heading Reality Therapy.

Jim Bellini Brooklyn, New York

Larry DuBois' interview with Malcolm Forbes is fantastic. I have often wondered how the minds of millionaires work. And Forbes seems to be a man definitely in tune with the times, and welcome, as far as I'm concerned, to his millions.

> Calvin Evans, Jr. Pendleton, Indiana

After reading the Malcolm Forbes interview twice and failing to find anything substantive, I wonder what Forbes stands for. Good times? Social consciousness? I think not. He stands for ignorance. The paternalism Forbes clearly shows toward people when he says making money is easy is symptomatic of inherited wealth. I'd like to see how well he would do on my construction crew!

> Harold Reed Barker Boulder, Colorado

"The Sayings of Chairman Malcolm" leaves this one out: "A millionaire is only a millionaire, but a biker is a free man." Congratulations on a superb interview with one of America's wittiest, wealthiest bikers.

> Joey Jordan Columbia, South Carolina

WINDY CITY SEX

After reading Sex in America: Chicago (PLAYBOY, April), I just had to say that Walter L. Lowe did one hell of a good job. He mentions the exact spots—bars, discos, etc.—that a person such as I would be interested in. I consider this article vital information that should be kept under lock and key, though I do disagree when he says "one probably has to be a Midwesterner to appreciate it." Nonetheless, I still think he did a great job; and when I go to Chicago, I hope to use his article as a guide.

Donnie Guion Huntsville, Texas

An outsider reading the article may come away with the impression that Chicago is rather prudish. Bull! Lowe should remember that Chicago is a true neighborhood city. While the outsider or newcomer may feel the Near North section is where it is at, as any real Chicagoan knows, the action is all over the city.

Allan James White Lafayette, Louisiana

You mention the intersection of Dearborn and Oak as one of the main areas of prostitution in Chicago. I'm not

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questioning this claim, for any resident of the Windy City could attest to its authenticity. However, another profession practiced at Dearborn and Oak—namely, podiatry—is not mentioned in your article. For your information, the Illinois College of Podiatric Medicine is also located at Dearborn and Oak!

Leon Reznik Chicago, Illinois

It's nice that the streetwalkers have relief just a few steps away.

LOTUS LOVERS

Bravo for the article *Lotus Land*, by Brock Yates, in your April issue. I found it both entertaining and enlightening. Of course, one could hardly expect anything less from your magazine.

Dale Molé Kansas City, Missouri

Congratulations on excellent taste and an excellent article in your April issue titled Lotus Land. Yates apparently did his homework on Colin Chapman and his machines, especially in the racing area. Chapman has produced and will, I hope, continue to produce some of the finest-handling on- and off-the-road machines a person could have the good fortune to navigate.

Raymond A. Parker II New Haven, Connecticut

BEAUTIFUL CLEVELAND

Until my receipt of your April issue, I had had serious doubts about your paying any attention to the desires and preferences of my breed: those of us men who prefer the looks of women with smaller, firm, shapely breasts. I hope I am speaking for all the men of my type when I compliment you for the Playmate of the Month layout of Missy Cleveland. Personally, I believe that this is the best pictorial of a lovely young lady that I have ever seen between the covers of PLAYBOY.

H. James Nelson Torrance, California

You've come up with a real winner. Missy Cleveland is, as far as I'm concerned, the best-looking Playmate you've ever had. Mario Casilli did a beautiful job.

Todd Geer Fountain Valley, California

There is only one word for your April Playmate, Missy Cleveland, and that is tremendous. I have never before seen anyone as beautiful as she, Being from Mississippi, she proves beautiful blondes don't come only from California.

Charles Skowronski Iowa City, Iowa

Mario Casilli has captured on film the best centerfold PLAYBOV has had in years. The beauty of Missy Cleveland excels anything imaginable. I've always known that Mississippi has beautiful women, and now the world knows. It's a shame that girls have to move out of state to be discovered.

> Charlie M. Gillespie Macon, Mississippi

It's not always a shame, Charlie. The last time Missy ventured to the wilds of the North, she got caught in Chicago's infamous blizzard of last winter without so much as a cat to keep her warm. A kind stranger seeing her shivering on Michigan Avenue whisked her into a



nearby boutique and bought her this smashing arctic-fox coat. Who was that masked man? Missy never found out, but her experience prompted some of our staffers to take to the streets in the altogether. As luck would have it, they froze their asses off.

HELLER'S WORLD

In Catch-22, Joseph Heller takes an excursion into absurdity that doesn't seem significant until the reader puts the book down and lives a little while longer. Whereupon he realizes in retrospect that Heller's world is the real one. Let's hope for the sake of the nation that he is not equally successful with Good as Gold (PLAYBOY, March, April).

Robert C. O'Brien Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

BILL OF WRONGS

Loud cheers for PLAYBOY! You've done yourself proud with Robert Sherrill's Injustices of the Burger Court (PLAYBOY, April)! It is as perceptive as it is timely; a service to the spirit of the Bill of Rights and a service to that cornerstone of American justice, the principle of an independent judiciary. Remember back in 1937 when F.D.R., at the height of his popularity, tried to

reshape the Supreme Court to his political tastes? He was stopped flat by Congress and by an aroused public. It's a frustrating irony that the discredited Nixon has succeeded where even F.D.R. failed. As Sherrill so scathingly points out, there is little question that Nixon's political philosophy is alive and well in the form of the judicial humbug and banal posturing of Burger. Worse than that, the sum total of Nixonites on the Court clearly amounts to an undermining of the principle of an independent judiciary. The judiciary, it seems, is thus saddled with Nixonism for the foreseeable future. As far as I can tell, the press in this country has pussyfooted around as the Nixonburger Court has chopped away at the First Amendment. It's allfired gratifying to come across a journal and a journalist who let fly with such a refreshing load of good, old-fashioned, Mark Twain-type outrage at the shallow thinking and pompous vapidity of the present Court.

> John Henry Faulk Madisonville, Texas

Broadcast personality Faulk's Mc-Carthy-era black-listing was the subject of the CBS-TV movie "Fear on Trial" and of his autobiography of the same title.

Like Sherrill, I deplore the Burger Court's decisions that have clearly made us less free. But the personal attacks he makes on the Justices will only draw chuckles and "Right ons" from Burger-phobes and strengthen the determination of his ideological allies to chain freedom of speech to their own notions of propriety and responsibility.

Charles F. Sadowski College Station, Texas

Nothing but pure character assassination. Let's be fair about it. For every person who thinks Burger is destroying the system, there are probably two who think he's its salvation.

> J. Temple Silver Spring, Maryland

PLAYBOY has provided a forum to alert those outside the legal community to the continuing dissipation of our personal freedoms by the Nixonites who occupy four seats on the Supreme Court. Is it any wonder that Justice William O. Douglas remained on the bench until death was imminent, knowing that the likes of Burger, Blackmun, Powell and Rehnquist would be left to safeguard our constitutional liberties?

Lawrence Phillip Gulotta Attorney at Law Chicago, Illinois

The most important thing about Sherrill's attack on the Court is that it is an attack on the Court. Many lawyers and politicians and almost all judges cultivate

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the idea that judges and their courts stand above public criticism and controversy. If we could not at least speak out—not only to celebrate them when we think they do well but also to berate them, laugh at them, debate them in the public prints—there would be no convincing answer to the charge that we are governed, at the court of last resort, by a nine-person dictatorship.

Ronnie Dugger San Antonio, Texas

KILLING ME SOFTLY

In reading Killing with Kindness (The Playboy Forum, April). I was stunned by Scott Christianson's thought process. The mere thought of "humane" execution practices is appalling. Has anyone ever bothered to assess the magnitude of the mental and physical stress a murder victim must undergo prior to his death? The long waiting on death row, the agony of uncertainty and the eventual execution, however painful, seem a fitting justice for the crime committed.

Charles Cusumano Sterling, Colorado

If this is the land of "liberty," then a relegated convict should have the right to choose his or her way to die. After all, it's the convict's ass that's going to get slung. And, by all means, let's not forget last requests—sexual, religious or otherwise.

Russell Baiss Tampa, Florida

ON SECOND THOUGHT

Billy Joel—an excellent choice for best keyboards in the 1979 Readers' Poll (PLAYBOY, April). But composer? Someone must have miscounted. The number two, Bruce Springsteen, is definitely the top composer of this rock generation. Thanks for the poll; it keeps us informed. By the way, we both voted.

Keith Taylor Geoffrey Hackett College Station, Texas

Your April issue has a fine report on the 25 years of rock. But I'll have to say you are missing two very important names in the Rock-'n'-Roll Heaven list: the late greats Ronnie Van Zant and Steve Gaines from the Lynyrd Skynyrd band.

Gary Lasky Feeding Hills, Massachusetts

You neglect to note the death of one of jazz/rock's most influential talents: Don Ellis, Heart attack, December 1978.

Bruce Tennant Long Beach, California

You use the phrase "those scattered troops who used to be" in reference to The Shirelles. We would like to clear up one thing, if we may. . . . The original Shirelles—Micki Harris, Beverly Lee and Doris Jackson—have been singing and

have never stopped singing for the past 21 years. During that time, the group has been appearing at colleges, night clubs and on TV shows throughout the world. As of this writing, the girls have just opened in Reno at Harrah's.

Ray Renert Manager, The Shirelles New York, New York

I am writing to you because of a dreadful omission in your Rock-'n'-Roll Heaven list. You left out Ron McKernan, "Pig Pen" of the Grateful Dead.

> George Birt Oxford, Ohio

My response to the results of your music poll is best expressed by Elvis Costello: "I used to be disgusted, but now I try to be amused."

Doug Nance Amarillo, Texas

In your April issue, you write that you would rather salute the Rolling Stones than the "chickenshit" Beatles. You're crazy!

Brian Saltz Jericho, New York

What really amazes me is that every member of that "chickenshit" band is in your Music Hall of Fame.

Mark Wiggins Knoxville, Tennessee

BIANCA'S BURDEN

I would like to comment on the interview with Bianca Jagger that appears in the April issue (Playboy After Hours). I was disturbed by Jagger's response to the question of why, with an advanced degree in political science from the Sorbonne, she gave up politics. I think it is a sad commentary on human values when a person with the intelligence and ability of Bianca Jagger chooses to ignore an intolerable situation that she may just have the power to help change-especially considering her admitted guilt over her inaction. The only thing worse than a lack of education is an education that has gone to waste.

> Fred Hoffman Appleton, Wisconsin

ABBREVIATION ABERRATION

The whole point of my March Playboy's Pipeline piece, Dealing with a Deluxe Restaurant, was to guide the uninitiate away from such gaucheries as calling the waiter "Sir." Your shortening maître d'hôtel to maître de was infinitely worse. He should be addressed by his first name, or referred to as the maître d'hôtel.

Geri Trotta New York, New York Sorry about that, Geri; we must get

¥

together and share a Big McDonald.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



few months ago, many Egyptian citizens prayed to Allah on President Carter's behalf. To help our leader find a lasting peace in the Middle East, you ask? Not quite. One prayer, for example, published in Al Akhbar implored "Allah to rid you of hemorrhoids, because this illness should have been inflicted on an unjust leader rather than you, O Carter." We've heard that a prayer with the opposite sentiment was popular during the same time among Yasir Arafat's followers.

LASSIE, EAT

When people say that the world is going to the dogs these days, they're not kidding. The made-for-pooch business is booming, with new canine-oriented products hitting the stores every month. The latest entry into the tail-wagging sweepstakes is an item called Mother Klein's Kosher Style Dog Food. Soon to be available in local supermarkets, Mother Klein's mutt nosh will come in three flavors: beef, liver and chicken. "When you open a can," enthuses Mother Klein ad exec Peter Coutroulis, "it smells like a deli . . . salami, corned beef, all those good things."

Thanks to the current spirit of religious tolerance around the globe, except in Iran, Mother Klein's Kosher Style Dog Food will be sold to canines of all races, creeds and colors.

DRIVE, HE SAID

A final note about Chicago's Blizzard of '79: Steve M. Sameshima, a wine importer, was run over by his own car in the most bizarre incident of last winter. The event took place outside our own Playboy Building after Sameshima and a friend tried to free Sameshima's car (license plate: SAKE-1) from a snowbank. He put his car in reverse and then propped a stick on the accelerator while he and his friend pushed from the hood. The car leaped from its parking space and began circling backward at a speed

of 30 mph, with Sameshima chasing after it. Patrons of the Playboy Club, where Sameshima had been entertaining friends, poured out to the street and started cheering for the car, which continued to circle for 15 to 20 minutes. The patrons urged the police, who had shown up at the scene, to shoot out the tires or shoot the engine. Neither proposal was heeded.

Since the left door was open in the car, Sameshima took one final leap at the car and tried to get inside, but he was knocked to the pavement and run over. Police then put a squad car in front of the runaway car's path and caused it to deflect into a concrete safety standard in the middle of the intersection of Michigan Avenue and Walton Street.

Sameshima, who escaped with cuts and bruises, said from his hospital bed, "I'll never try it again. It doesn't work well at all."

He was charged with negligent driving

Hugh Heraty was asked how Sameshima could be charged with negligent driving when he wasn't even in the car, he replied stonily, "That will be up to the judge." As we went to press, no verdict had been reached.

We'll take it, we'll take it! A want

We'll take it, we'll take it! A want ad in the *Chicago Tribune* offered jobs for plant security personnel, explaining that the salary was between \$3.20 and \$3.50 an hour and, the ad boasted, there was "lovertime on all assignments."

and leaving an unattended motor ve-

hicle running. When Police Sergeant

It must have been the anchovies. A deliveryman for Angelo's Pizza in San Diego was robbed by four men wielding hammers. The thieves got away with \$31 and two pizzas. By the time the deliveryman returned to the pizza shop to report the theft, the robbers were on the phone, complaining that the pizzas were not very good.

California's Orange Coast Daily Pilot reports in its sports section something we've known for some time. Describing the outcome of a Southern Cal-Oregon State basketball game, it proclaimed: "Beavers Outlast Trojans."



From our It Takes One to Know One Department: "Politics is supposed to be the second oldest profession . . . but I have an idea it's become the first."

—RONALD REAGAN



Did you know that girls who wear cool colors, greens and blues, sincerely want to be picked up? That girls in red are all talk and no action? That girls in black are mercurial and possibly dangerous?

That you shouldn't try to pick up a stewardess on the plane, but, rather, you should approach her on the ground with an opening line that's sympathetic,



humorous and slightly critical of her postflight appearance?

Did you know you can meet lots of nice hard-up girls by advertising a job in the "Help Wanted" section?

And that you shouldn't overlook women over 40 and *never* pass up a denture wearer, because there is *nothing* like a gum job?

The preceding pronouncements were gleaned from the icebreaking pages of the first magazine shamelessly dedicated to picking up girls, Pick-Up Times. "Life is an ongoing series of opportunities to meet people and become intimate with them. Pick-Up Times advocates casual passion," says publisher Robert Singer, who plans interviews with Eric (How to Pick Up Girls) Weber and Billy (How to Pick Up Beer Cans) Carter; how-to-do-it pieces on Picking Up Two Girls, Picking Up Guys, Talking to Any Woman, Turning a Woman on to Kinky Sex, Avoiding Relationships When You Just Want Sex: and a series on making it with ballet dancers, models, French girls-"all the elite female stereotypes."

"Our articles are based on research we have going on at all times. We do laboratory testing of pickup lines, which doesn't mean we stand around in white smocks, asking rabbits, 'Don't I know you from somewhere?' It's already started to pay off. My lawyer just called. He said he was reading Pick-Up Times on the 5:02 to Port Chester and he picked up four girls. One of them sat on his lap because, she said, reading it over his shoulder just wasn't good enough. Maybe he was just being nice, but I didn't question it. His name's Mark and he wants us to run articles on How to Pick Up Mark, Mark's Favorite Lines, How to Touch Mark."

Singer, formerly of High Times, and the author of 300 magazine articles, admits that he and editor Steve Becker, a refugee from various Al Goldstein publications, have scored better in writing than in seduction. "We both grew up wondering at these guys who are constantly getting laid. How do they do it? To me, every pickup was as inconceivable as bullfighting or being William Tell's son. In Pick-Up Times [eight dollars for four issues, Box 439, Canal Street Station, New York, New York 10013], we try to demystify it. We say that women are different, but when you get down to it, you can be friends with them, because, really, they're just funny men."

If you think that there is little room for humor at the interminable SALT II negotiations, you're probably right. But we pass along this story: During a session at the Kremlin, one of Cyrus Vance's aides saw a peculiar bell-shaped object with a button on top. The aide checked it out and absent-mindedly pushed the button. Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Georgi Korniyenko then remarked to the American delegation: "Well, there goes Washington."

The following exchange occurred in successive weeks in Chicago's sea-level free weekly paper *The Reader*: "If only your harmonica were my labia." It was answered by "If only her cunt had ten holes and played the blues."

Well, first paint it green. . . . The *Idaho State Journal* ran the following headline on a story about Saint Patrick's Day festivities: HOW TO HONOR ST. PRICK.

CHECKING IN

Dean Martin's son, Dean-Paul, is starring in a movie about to premiere called "Players," in which he portrays a tennis pro—which he is in real life. We asked Fred Robbins to lob a few questions at him.

PLAYBOY: How's your love life?

MARTIN: It's better than it's been for a



while. I've been able to work out a relationship with Dorothy Hamill; that's no big secret.

PLAYBOY: How do you handle girls?

MARTIN: Very carefully. They can be very tricky sometimes. Really, I don't handle them at all. If I see a gorgeous girl, I have to say to myself, OK, this is it, Dino. You're going to cross the room and say something to this girl. But I can't do it. I get too embarrassed.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever feel guilty about having money?

MARTIN: Not at all. My father worked very hard to earn the money he has. I've worked hard at whatever I've done, and whatever money I've made on my own, I know I'm secure within myself about that bread. And I stopped taking money from my parents a while back.

PLAYBOY: Jimmy Connors once said that the reason there are so few good-looking women playing tennis was that the

women "sweat out there and get muscles in their legs." Do you think that's true? MARTIN: Well, yes. Tennis is not the most attractive sport for a woman to play. Fifty years ago, they got out there, smacked the ball and looked dainty. But now, the game is very competitive, even for the gals. So they're out there huffing and puffing. There are a couple of cuties, but what happens is that the ladies-in a sort of unconscious wayimitate little things that men do in playing tennis. They imitate machoisms—like the walk, which is not the most feminine thing to do. Only a few ladies retain a certain amount of femininity on the court-Evonne Goolagong is one. I'm a good friend of Chrissie Evert's and she starts out each match looking as pretty as she can, but she sweats and it's a drag.

INSERT GUN A INTO BANK B

Probably 18-year-old Richard Reid and 19-year-old Vernon Dixon envisioned themselves as the suave, modern-day version of Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. In reality, however, their brief fling at crime earned them the Abbott and Costello crime award of 1979. Seeking adventure, the two youths decided to become robbers. To help them in their task, they wrote up a few pages of easy-to-read, do-it-yourself robbery tips. Before they ever got a chance to use them, they were arrested by an alert New York City cop who spotted a gun in one of their pockets. During a routine search, the cops came upon the crime-class notes, which were dumb enough to make Dick Tracy wince.

"We must hit a store or a shop that has no hidden cameras," one note began astutely. "First, go into the place, wire up the employees or proprietor, take the money and then the merchandise. And then call a cab,"

Written in a different handwriting, the voice of experience noted next to the "cab" line, "That's stupid. Try to get a van or a car."

A second note listed the supplies needed for a good heist (ski mask, gun, knife, etc.) and a third listed what to do with the captured booty:

Al wants a Sanyo Deluxe for \$120. Robin T. wants a Nikon camera for \$100.

Rennie wants a JVC cassette recorder for \$100.

In police custody, the twosome was given an A in penmanship but an F in criminal ingenuity.

BARK WORSE THAN BRAKES

Here's a little bit of trivia to back up your defense the next time you feel that you've been unjustly ticketed in a highway speed trap. In Florida, a tree Introducing
Rich Lights from Viceroy.



The first low'tar'cigarette good enough to be called rich.

Kings and 100's.

was clocked by a radar "trap" as traveling 86 miles per hour. A nearby house was noticed as abusing the speed limit by chugging along at a mere 28 mph.

Both of those stationary speeders were tracked by radar devices used by the Florida Highway Patrol and Dade County cops. To make matters even more embarrassing for the highway patrol, both "felons" were filmed "speeding" by Bob Mayer and his Miami TV camera crew. Out to prove that radar units could be thrown haywire by citizen'sband blabbing, they patiently waited until the house and the tree were recorded as speeding off down the highway. After seeing the finished film, Dade County judges ordered postponements of all trials of motorists ensnared by the retarded radar device pending further investigation.

The tree was asked to run in next year's Daytona 500.

IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT, DEAD!

Here's a scene you never got to see on last season's Saturday Night Live. Following the Jonestown massacre in Guyana, the Saturday Night folks figured that a Jim Jones take-off was in order. The proposed opening skit for one show called for the camera to pan across the studio audience. Everyone in the studio would be lying on the floor, playing dead. A member of the Saturday Night crew would then wade his way through the bodies, single out one, pick up its limp wrist, spot an identifying name tag, recite the name and then launch into "It's alive from New York, it's Saturday Night!" The NBC censor, however, murdered the gag before it had a chance to hit the air. Said it lacked taste. And that from the network that brought the world such tasteful video entries as Turnabout, Sweepstakes, Hello, Larry and Cliffhangers.

FUN FACTS ABOUT SMART

As we all know, 1979 is the 100th anniversary of Albert Einstein's birth. Considered an intellectual peer of Copernicus, Galileo and Newton (if not their superior), he was one smart cookie. To honor his birthday, we dug up the following compendium of irrelevantiana about intelligence.

- The first intelligence test was administered in a London museum by Sir Francis Galton, who evaluated his subjects' ability to judge the relative weight of rocks, distinguish among high-pitched whistles and react to pinpricks.
- Rapists have lower I.Q.s than other prisoners.
- An excess of subnormally intelligent people are born just before and just after the month of May.
 - · The highest recorded I.Q., 210, be-

longs to a 16-year-old Korean named Kim Ung-Yong, who spoke four languages and performed integral calculus on Japanese TV before the age of five.

 A study of female college students determined that the menstrual cycle did not affect intellectual performance and that subjects on the pill were smarter than subjects who weren't.

Geniuses often have "Jocasta mothers" with unsatisfactory sex lives who yearn for children to fulfill their cravings. Effects of the Jocasta complex (named after Oedipus' mom) include



fear of love, unresolved Oedipal conflicts, intense guilt, paranoia, egocentricity, exorbitant striving for recognition, narcissism and strong tendencies toward masochism and homosexuality.

- Highly intelligent people employ clichés as often as average and stupid people.
- During adolescence, boys' I.Q. scores increase, while girls' I.Q. scores decrease.
- Drivers with low intelligence commit more traffic violations than drivers with high intelligence.
- Among college women, there is no correlation between intelligence and skill at badminton or tennis.
- The smartest country is Japan, which has a mean LQ, of 106.

THEY CALL HIM A GENIUS BUT . . .

- Einstein didn't talk until he was three years old.
- Einstein failed the entrance exam for the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology.

- A psychologist who found that, along with his incredible intelligence, Einstein was incapable of fear, lacked emotion and displayed superhuman objectivity concluded that Einstein must have been a genetic mutation.
- His sister, Maja Winteler-Einstein, wrote that when Albert was angry, his entire face, except for the tip of his nose, turned yellow.
- Einstein never knew how to drive a car.
- Einstein lived the final 22 years of his life in New Jersey.

Sometimes, talking about your problems just isn't enough. A 52-year-old Auburn, California, man drove eight nails into his head with a nail gun in an attempted suicide, and then survived a knife attack by his wife. Later, Raymond Hagstrom was listed in satisfactory condition after surgeons removed eight twoinch nails from his temple. His wife, Marie, was charged with stabbing him and trying to slash his wrists with an eight-inch carving knife. Police Chief Robert Hensley said that the motivation for the attempted suicide has not yet been discovered. "This is my fourth police department and I've never run across people driving nails in their heads," he said.

HOGGIN' THE SPOTLIGHT

In the days of his youth, David Mercer's friends called him Porker. These days, they call him Mr. Porker, thank you. Together with partner Garry Emmons, Mercer has succeeded in bringing pig power to Boston in a big way with a store called Hog Wild!, a popular gift shop that sells only goods having to do with pigs.

"Because of my nickname, I used to get a lot of piggish presents," Mercer says. "I started collecting and thought that other people might want to do the same. As it turns out, I was right."

Opening the store a year ago, the two porkophiles found themselves mobbed by an unexpected flow of ardent oink buffs. And just what can the man on the street hope to find in Hog Wild!? "Well," Mercer says, "we have hog-wash soap, pig games, pig weather vanes, miniature pigs, satin pigs, pig ribbons for pigtails, pig masks, pig dolls, pig earrings, \$250 leather pigs, fuzzy pigs—they're police pigs—hog water bottles, hog-and-kisses T-shirts, pig books . . . heck, we've just scraped the tip of the iceberg!!"

Mercer and Emmons have big plans for their piggishness. "This country doesn't really appreciate the pig," says Mercer. "In European countries, pigs are considered good luck. We hope to become Boston Pig Central and be able to raise pig consciousness in this country."

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BOOKS

We've always had a little trouble con-trolling our technology. Nuclear energy was used to blow up houses long before it was considered a way to heat them. Automobiles proliferated so fast that their impact on the environment has only recently come to light. But nothing really has hit so squarely in the guts of our culture as television. It has the potential to influence every aspect of our lives, from the foods we eat to the people we elect to political office. The men who control it, however, have long been preoccupied with two major areas; sex and violence. And the battle that continually rages over those two subjects is nothing short of fascinating. Geoffrey Cowan gives a dandy blow-by-blow account of it in his book See No Evil (Simon & Schuster). Paddy Chavefsky's Network, a work of fiction, hardly comes close to plumbing the depths of TV bureaucracy that Cowan shows in real life. Take the case of the network "editors" (read censors) who, working from their perceived prejudices of potential viewers, bowdlerize scripts down to the lowest common denominator to avoid offending narrowminded viewers and advertisers. The stakes are so high (as much as \$25,000,000 per Nielsen-rating point) that no one can fault their trepidation. Indeed, there don't seem to be any good guys or bad guys in Cowan's treatise, just a lot of well-meaning business executives trying to please a plethora of masters. The sad part about the whole sex-and-violence wrangle is that what passes for sex and violence on TV hardly approximates real sex or real violence.

As a historian, David Halberstam is a good reporter. As a reporter, he is a good historian. This makes for unusual, sometimes awkward and ultimately irresistible books, of which The Powers That Be (Knopf) is the latest. The difficulty with Halberstam's method is this: The reporter in him tends to invest marginal people and events with great significance. So McGeorge Bundy is worth thousands of words and elaborate analysis in The Best and the Brightest (Halberstam's previous book, about the men who brought you Vietnam). If there is a future Gibbon of our epoch, Bundy will merit a footnote at best; and at that range, he will not look like the best or the brightest anything. Of course, our Gibbon will not give his readers any wonderful Lyndon Johnson anecdotes, either, and his books will be duller for that. So it is best to take Halberstam's books for what they are-even if they do



See No Evil: TV monkey business.

Two hard looks at Big Media; yet another at Watergate.



Halberstam tackles the media.

seem a bit breathless from time to time. The Powers That Be suffers some Halberstam excesses, but if you are interested in the role of the media in the past 30 years of the American experience, then this book is meat, potatoes, a couple of vegetables, dessert, brandy and a toothpick. Halberstam looks at four organizations (CBS, The Washington Post, Time Inc. and the Los Angeles Times) and how they changed America and were, them-

selves, changed by their new power. Some of the personal portraits are engrossingthose of William Paley and Edward R. Murrow, for instance-and some are inflated. The anecdotage is very often fascinating, sometimes trivial. Halberstam even records a bitchy remark Mamie Eisenhower made about Pat Nixon. Of such stuff is history made. The one thing that is missing from this book, for all its length and prodigious research, is a theme. At first this is irritating. The reader wonders just where all these facts and all this gossip are leading. Then sheer momentum takes over and the reader no longer cares. Whoever our Gibbon turns out to be, it will be his job to make sense of Henry Luce and Norman Chandler and Phil Graham and all the rest of them. He can read Halberstam for his raw material or read him as we do-for the sheer pleasure of it.

John Ehrlichman's second novel, *The Whole Truth* (Simon & Schuster), is about bribery, blackmail, perjury and attempted assassination, and most of its characters are thoroughly despicable. In other words, it's another political novel about our Government's leaders.

The enormously powerful head of a multinational empire persuades the President to have the CIA engineer a coup against a leftist government in Uruguay, and, as the plot develops, Ehrlichman's account does have the chilling ring of truth. Is he fictionally spilling the beans about Allende's fatal downfall in Chile? What a great story that would be. Unfortunately, he isn't. The fictional coup, unlike the real thing, fails, and news gets out that the CIA was involved. Somebody has to take the heat, and President Frankling, who was on the Presidential yacht, smashed out of his head, when he gave the order triggering the abortive attempt, quickly throws one of the White House aides to the wolves. The rest of the book is a frequently melodramatic, sometimes downright unbelievable tale of the aide's struggle to place the blame where it belongs. In Ehrlichman's fantasy of how Watergate might have turned out if Nixon had burned his tapes and been more forthcoming, the President goes on national television, tells the whole truth, or at least what passes for truth in the Orwellian world of Washington, and the scandal blows over.

Ehrlichman is not a bad storyteller. He's better, say, than Harold Robbins, and his occasional lapses are compensated for by his venom and his wonderful details of life in Washington. Don't rush

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to your nearest bookstore, but when *The Whole Truth* comes out in paperback and you're embarking on a long plane flight, you could do worse than amuse yourself with this.

Jim Harrison's Legends of the Fall (Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence) should finally reveal a secret some of us have known for a while: that Harrison is among the very best fiction writers in America. These three novellas-Revenge, The Man Who Gave Up His Name, Legends of the Fall-are so good, and so well crafted, it's a little scary. Revenge, especially, is dangerously near being perfect. It is, to borrow a tender phrase from the book biz, the page turner as literature. The story is like some great boulder crashing down a mountainside-look out, folks, no stopping this one-dislodged by the very first sentences: "You could not tell if you were a bird descending (and there was a bird descending, a vulture), if the naked man was dead or alive. The man didn't know himself. . . .' Harrison proves that there is life after Hemingway, writing about many of the last and first things that were Papa's turf, but with an attitude toward them that's more complex and ambivalent-so much so that Hemingway comes to mind only much after the fact of reading these novellas. In much the same way, Legends of the Fall suggests Joseph Conrad transported to the wilds of Montana during the time of World War One. That Harrison started out as a poet shows in his prose and his careful selection of detail. There is a thoughtful, simple beauty in the writing that is deceptive in its seeming ease: You have to be very goddamned good to write that way. What else can we say? Here at last is a book worth its price in hardcover. As they said in Vietnam: Go ahead, you owe it to yourself.

Roger L. Simon, author of Peking Duck (Simon & Schuster), the third Moses Wine detective story, seems to be suffering from the Travis McGee "Stuck Inside a Series, with the Writer's Blues Again." The character of Moses Wine (recently portraved by Richard Dreyfuss in the screen adaptation of The Big Fix) was a great idea-a dope-smoking, ex-Berkeley radical, divorced, with two children and an aunt who reads Marx. As nice a twist on Chandler and Hammett as you could expect. Unfortunately, the third Wine novel shows signs of exhaustion. Peking Duck is a competent travelog of Red China, but as a detective story . . . well, at one point in the book, the lovely Chinese guide asks Wine if he likes detective novels. He replies, "No, I don't, actually. They usually sacrifice everything to the plot." Alas, Simon sacrifices nothing to plot.

DINING & DRINKING

he River Café (1 Water Street. Brooklyn, New York) is one of those restaurants you leave humming the scenery. The place inevitably brings to mind Windows on the World and Tayern on the Green. two other recent additions to New York's gallery of gorgeous dining spots. While it offers neither the restrained splendor of the former nor the kitschy glitter of the latter, it shares with them a spectacular location. Aptly named, The River Café, a smartly converted barge, sits on the Brooklyn bank of the East River, facing

Manhattan, with the Brooklyn Bridge almost directly overhead. The panoramic view sweeps from the Statue of Liberty to the Empire State Building, with Manhattan's skyline strung like a diamond necklace between them. Breathtaking, yet in a warm, human scale that contrasts with the pygmy proportions the city and harbor assume when observed from Windows' 107th floor.

Does the kitchen match the sensational setting? Not quite, but the staff gives it a hell of a try. Almost everything is cooked to order and ingredients are of the highest quality. Fish and vegetables are fresh—chosen according to what's in the market that day—calf's liver comes only from the esteemed plume de veau and the crisp French bread and sweet butter are exemplary. The fare is essentially American, with overtones of nouvelle cuisine apparent in the slightly undercooked, crisp vegetables and light sauces.

Appetizers include such standards as oysters or clams on the half shell, pātē, melon with prosciutto and a special full-smoked salmon. But regulars often opt for splitting an order of Pasta River Cafē, the house version of pasta primavera: fresh linguine tossed with a mélange of seasonal vegetables and a sprinkling of toasted pignolia nuts.

As an entree, this dish makes a hearty portion for one—and at \$8.25, among the least costly on the menu. The sweet, succulent stone crabs, flown in from Florida when available, are served cold,



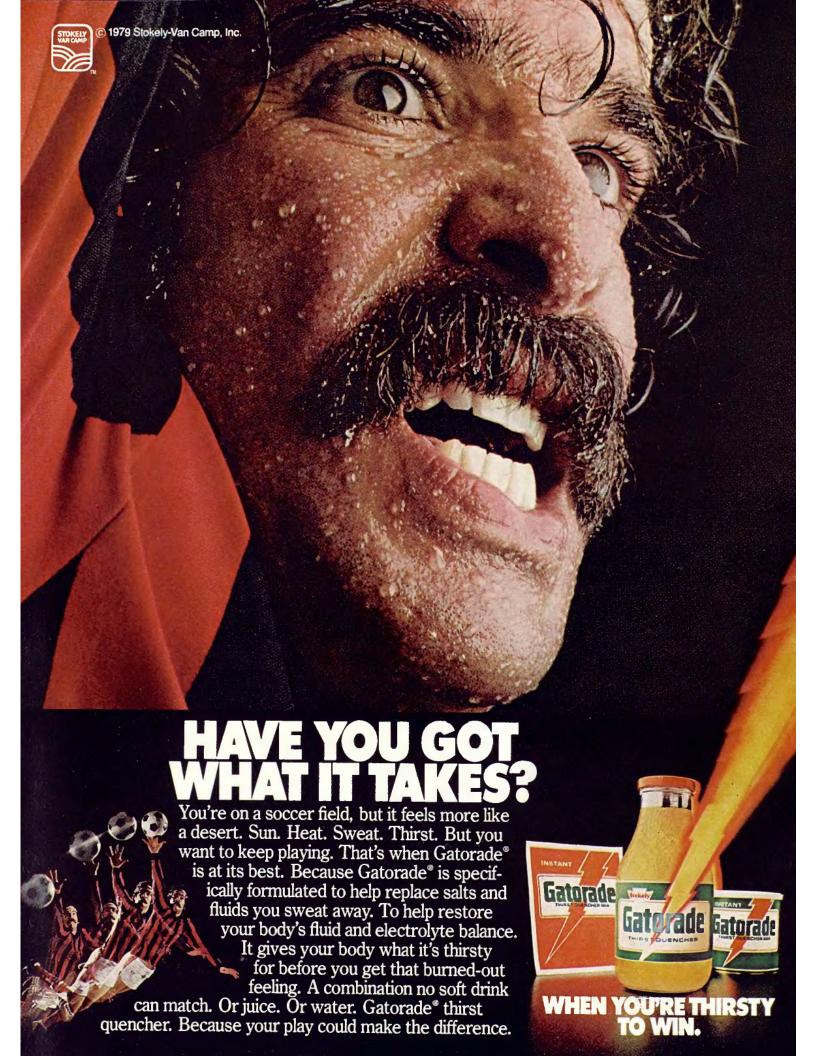
At the River Café, the food's good, but the view's the thing.

accompanied by a mustardy mayonnaise that highlights but doesn't mask their delicacv. Veal is offered in at least three versions. One of the best is Veal Mascotte, a tender, meaty chop served with just a glaze of redwine sauce and a splendid garnish: potatoes, artichoke bottoms and two kinds of mushroomsexotic morels, plus the cultivated. white variety. Steak lovers have a choice of broiled prime sirloin, sautéed tournedos finished with marchand de vins sauce and a bit of marrow, Steak au Poivre-made

with green peppercorns—or a zingy steak tartare. Portions are generous, but it's a shame to pass up dessert. The house special, Gaufrette River Café, is a super sundae: vanilla ice cream nestled in a cup-shaped almond cookie and topped with Sauce Melba, sliced fresh strawberries and homemade whipped cream. A dollop of the cream also comes with the apple pie, a fudgy chocolate cake and a tasty walnut carrot cake.

The wine list is small and heavily French, with some Italian bottlings and a representative assortment from California—the latter by popular request. Table wines appear to have been carefully chosen, even if the prices are a bit on the high side. Champagnes, on the other hand, are quite reasonable, and there are about a dozen choices.

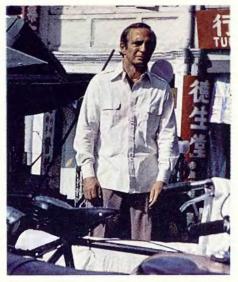
River Café is about a 20-minute cab ride from midtown Manhattan, but ask for precise directions when phoning for a reservation. The restaurant has also instituted an English-taxi limo service from Manhattan that is not much more costly than cab fare and this spring began a launch service that departs from the foot of the Fulton Street fish market. River Café is open seven days a week. Lunch and Saturday brunch 12 noon to 2:45 P.M.; Sunday brunch 12 noon to 4 P.M.; dinner 6 P.M. to 12 midnight. The bar is open 12 noon to 12 midnight. Reservations are essential (212-522-5200). American Express and Diners Club credit cards accepted.



MOVIES

et's note up front that Hugh M. Hefner and Edward L. Rissien of Playboy Productions receive credit as executive producers on director Peter Bogdanovich's Soint Jack. For that reason alone, I might have declined to review this adaptation of the Paul Theroux novel, part of which originally appeared in PLAYBOY. But I happen to admire Saint Jack on film, and anyone out there who believes I might corruptly praise a movie I didn't like certainly ought to be reading another critic. So much for conflict of interest. Can I help it if my Playboy colleagues picked a winner?

While Saint Jack seems to me finer, more profound and personal than any Bogdanovich film since The Last Picture Show, I doubt that it will score the huge popular success of, say, Paper Moon or What's Up, Doc? Those movies stroked an audience; this one disturbs them. Still, Ben Gazzara in the title role-as an American expatriate who "ran out of gas" in Singapore and now pimps for a living-goes for broke with a part that sounds unsavory, and finally delivers a performance sure to rank among those to beat during the rest of '79. The way Gazzara plays him (from a script by Bogdanovich, Theroux and Howard Sackler, author of The Great White Hope), Jack Flowers is a Bogart character restudied in contemporary termsone of the classic, tough survivors Bogey made legendary both before and after Casablanca, doing slightly shady business in an exotic foreign port. As an early Seventies antihero, absolutely deromanticized. Gazzara moves through Singapore's bars, "wang house" brothels, exclusive clubs and luxury hotels like a streetsmart hustler whose ideal is to operate a fine big whorehouse of his own and pile up enough loot to get the hell out. He doesn't really believe he'll make it. He doesn't really believe in much, and Gazzara expresses a professional cad's hot flashes of conscience as if his corroded emotional circuitry were subject to jungle rot-he's cryptic but eloquent when he turns away, pained to witness the tacky girl-girl twosome he has set up for a couple of sheepish voyeurs, or when he ultimately finds himself playing Peeping Tom to entrap a U.S. Senator (George Lazenby, once and former James Bond) who secretly savors boys. Whatever the "saint" in Saint Jack means has been largely lost in translation from page to screen, except that the movie starts out like an exotic underworld thriller and ends up as a serious, low-key and compelling study of an apparently amoral



Gazzara: Singapore slings and arrows.

Saint Jack: pimps, prostitutes and purgatory in the tropics; A romp with Butch and Sundance back in the early days.



Buddies Katt and Berenger.

man, plunged into a melodramatic maze where he is forced, at last, to make moral choices instead of fighting his way out with his fists and a gun as Bogey used to do. Like a quartet of secondary British characters, withering away amid the ruins of a long-gone Colonial empire while headlines blare "NIXON GOES TO CHINA," Flowers is a historical misfit. He supplies solace for his own kind, relieving the white man's tensions and sometimes rationalizing succinctly: "People make love for so many crazy reasons,

why shouldn't money be one of them?" Whether or not you buy Flowers, you won't quickly forget Gazzara-nor Denholm Elliott, brilliant as usual as the most likable of the Englishmen. Newcomer Monika Subramaniam stands out in a polyglot company of callgirls, and my only reservation about casting-a minor one-is Bogdanovich's decision to play a key role himself as a laid-back CIA type who brings about Jack's downfall, or helps it along. At first, this looks like an extended Hitchcockian joke that may prove distracting to moviegoers in the know. Bogdanovich handles the part pretty well, in fact, yet he does everything else immeasurably better; and his cinematographer, Robby Müller, clearly a find, makes Saint Jack look moody, menacingly atmospheric and splendid throughout. See for yourself.

The producers of Butch and Sundance: The Early Days made the right decision when they signed Richard Lester to direct a so-called prequel to the memorable Paul Newman-Robert Redford Western of a decade ago. Both actors sealed their claims to superstardom as Butch and Sundance; they also set the pattern for a string of "buddy" films that gave migraines to militant feminists. Well, here we go again. Lester is the man who turned movie comedy upside down by steering the Beatles through A Hard Day's Night; that was years before he took The Three Musketeers out of moth balls. Who better to bring off another casting coup, to jazz up the middling first part of the story of two legendary outlaws during a time when the legends were scarcely under way? Allan Burns's flip screenplay helps noticeably. But when you want more, more is Lester.

Early Days stars Tom Berenger, stepping nimbly into Newman's shoes as Butch Cassidy (Looking for Mr. Goodbar and In Praise of Older Women are his previous major credits), and Carrie's prom date William Katt, redoing Redford's Sundance Kid with the carefree assurance of a greenhorn gunslinger who knows he can win any showdown with a smile. The Berenger-Katt duo may be a beauty contest (pay your money and take your pick, girls and gays) or a good joke, or a very fancy starmaking contraption with Lester at the controls. But whatever it is, it works wonders. Butch and Sundance revisited has a charm all its own. Young, fresh, flamboyantly commercial, handsomely photographed, it's Everylad's American dream of wild West adventure-I Was a



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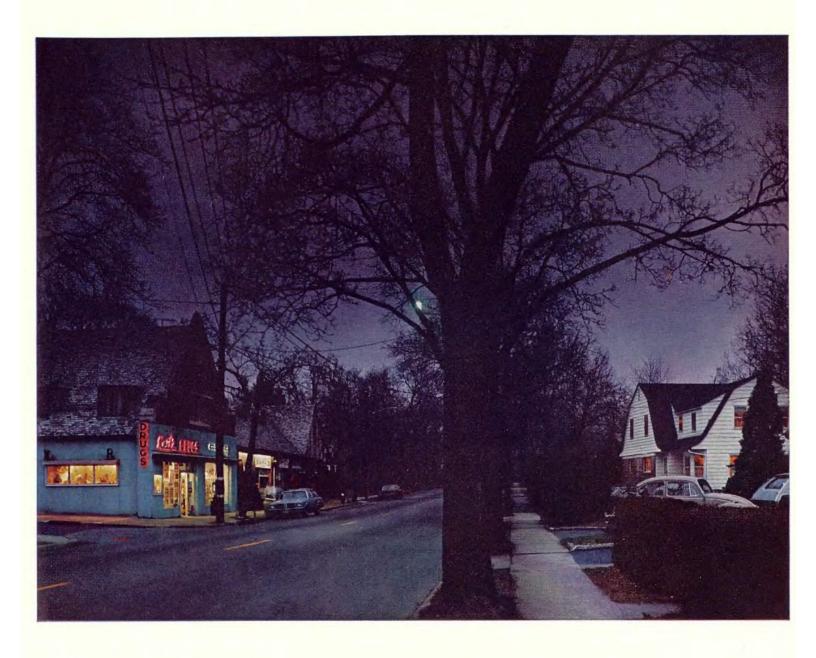


Teenaged Badman evolving into The Rover Boys Rob a Train.

As a timorous bank teller who becomes an overnight celebrity after he foils a daring daylight robbery-and secretly stashes away some \$48,000 that the thief intended to grab-Elliott Gould in The Silent Partner has the sassiest role he has had in a long time, and he shrewdly plays it for more than easy laughs. Made in Canada by director Daryl Duke (whose undersung Payday, with Rip Torn, mercilessly whittled a country-andwestern superstar down to size), this trim suspense melodrama also stars Christopher Plummer as the psychotic crook who dresses up like Santa for the bank heist and turns very nasty when he realizes he's been had. Silent Partner is essentially a cat-and-mouse game between the two men, with two women (Susannah York as a sexy bank officer, Celine Lomez as an even sexier accomplice in crime) among the treasures that lead them into treachery, violence and grisly death. The plot is tidy, the tone wry, with Partner pushing fresh evidence that Duke is a director who knows his trade.

Rona Barrett, Paul Mazursky, Farrah Fawcett-Majors, Brooke Shields and Edy Williams (shucking her clothes whenever a photographer approaches) appear fleetingly as themselves at the 1978 Cannes Film Festival in director Michael Ritchie's An Almost Perfect Affair, Ritchie's easygoing romantic comedy is to film festivals in general what his Bad News Bears was to little-league baseball-an affectionate spoof, strewn with inside jokes and amusing trivia and probably the next best thing to being there. Or the next worst thing, unless you're intrigued by the foibles of such typical festivalites as the big Italian tycoon (Raf Vallone), his son and heir (Christian DeSica, real-life son of the late great Vittorio), the upcoming wheeler-dealer (Dick Anthony Williams) and the would-be celebrity (Anna Maria Horsford), who appears to be improvising her identity as she goes along.

The movie's main event is the quickie affair between an ingenuous young American film maker (Keith Carradine at his clear-eyed boyish best) and the Italian tycoon's enticing wife (Monica Vitti). The lad's got a dreary-sounding film, based on the life of Gary Gilmore, to peddle. The lady's simply got time on her hands. Their story is only a flimsy excuse for fooling around in Cannesand take it from me, shaky credentials are the norm during that annual cinematic circus on the Côte d'Azur. Monica alone makes the trip worth while; she's a joy when she comes to on the morning after her first act of infidelity, amazed that she has "slept with an American boy who made a film for \$300,000 . . . not



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even 35 millimeter." Movie nuts have gotta love it, even if it's not quite perfect.

Blood sport-the kind that leaves two tiny puncture marks to tell the taleappears to be one of the major movie trends of '79. The definitive Draculawith Frank Langella and Laurence Olivier, no less, in a film version of Langella's Broadway smash hit-is scheduled for midsummer release. Then there'll be Nosferatu-The Vampyre. German director Werner Herzog's remake of the 1922 vampire classic, co-starring Klaus Kinski and Isabelle Adjani. Those are supposed to be the biggies. Meanwhile, a couple of lesser flicks have come swooping onto the scene with fangs bared, hoping to suck up some profit before the public grows weary of it all.

Best of breed in the Transylvanianpunk category is Love of First Bite, a surprisingly funny spoof of every past, present or future Dracula, Director Stan Dragoti makes the most of Robert Kaufman's gag-strewn screenplay, while George Hamilton chews the scenery with great relish-and occasionally nibbles at his leading lady, Susan Saint James. Hamilton's Count Dracula is "a fly-bynight" nobleman, persona non grata in his native Transylvania (part of Eastern Europe, after all, where the unwashed proletariat doesn't cotton to landowners who swish around huge, gloomy castles in capes). So his lordship emigrates to New York to discover blood banks, disco and a delicious top model (Saint James) who goes all the way on a first date ("What are you doing? Oh, that's kinky!" she groans in delight) and comes back for more. The model is so enthralled with "a dynamite hickey" from Dracula that she decides to stop sleeping with her analyst (Richard Benjamin), a direct descendant of Dr. Van Helsing, Dracula's archfoe. See what I mean? The jokes are about as sophisticated as a Henny Youngman routine, but the stand-up comedy of Love at First Bite not only stands up, it gets better as it goes along. Arte Johnson is hilarious as Renfield, Dracula's mad man Friday, and Dick Shawn plays all cards wild as a gullible police lieutenant. Finally given a role he can sink his teeth into. Hamilton shows a flair for low-jinks and looks like the kind of liberated, latter-day Bela Lugosi who might hang out at Studio 54.

In Nocturno, veteran character actor John Carradine is cast as a decrepit old Dracula wearing dentures. "In my youth, I had magnificent fangs. . . . I was hung like a walrus," he wheezes. Here, the cream of the crudity is handled by the celebrated one-man horror show Brother Theodore; former TV Munster Yvonne De Carlo portrays Jugulia, a blood-thirsty doxy who knew Dracula way back



Johnson, Hamilton in Love.

Horror galore: Dracula's celluloid comeback sucks some laughs, some songs and some screams.



Bonet (right) and lady vamps.

when. Mostly, Nocturna is a vanity production starring Nai Bonet, who used to be a belly dancer but has resurfaced as the mover and shaker (that's called executive producer) of "a horror-musical comedy" about Dracula's granddaughter. The old homestead, heavily taxed. has been transformed into the Hotel Transylvania, where Nocturna is content to prey on paying customers until she falls in love with a beautiful blond rock musician (Tony Hamilton) who obviously spends a lot of time grooming his hair. She follows him to the Big Apple, wriggly with excitement (Bonet does not attempt to act, but she undulates quite expressively, à la Mae West). A moviegoer might writhe in embarrassment, except that Nocturna is too dumb and too innocent to stimulate any reaction stronger than incredulity.

The hero of Martin is a modern male vampire (played with bloodcurdling conviction by John Amplas) brought forth

from the feverish imagination of writerdirector George A. Romero, whose Night of the Living Dead (1968) has become a midnight special and cult classic, earning well over \$10,000,000 to firm up Romero's reputation as "the Pittsburgh Hitchcock." Already steadily booked around the country in postmidnight programs for thrill seekers, Martin is fearsome, freaky, stylish, original and ambiguous in a way that only the great schlock-shock B-movie masterworks dare to be ambiguous. Romero gives us Martin not as a monster but as a muddled teenager in the suburbs of Pittsburgh. He may not even be a vampire, though a crazy old cousin of his (Lincoln Maazel) changes into a bat. In fact, Martin likes to zonk his female victims with a hypodermic injection and assault them sexually before bringing out the razor blades and . . . aw, you don't want to hear the rest. In Romero's updated mixture of screaming-meemie creepiness and high camp, there is considerable compassion shown for Martin, who's not always sure he's doing the right thing and regularly phones the host of a local radio talk show to say what's on his mind. Crazy? Unabashedly. And Romero is crazy like a fox.

Romero's newest, slickest and goriest epic is Down of the Dead, a sequel in glastly living color to the ghoulish Night of the Living Dead, which was black and white and bled all over. A 1978 box-office phenomenon in Italy (where they called it Zombi), Dawn dispels any doubt that Romero may have a message cleverly concealed within his nightmarish imagery. This time around, the flesh-eating zombies have multiplied at an alarming rate, and four determined young survivors (David Emge, Ken Force, Scott Reiniger and Gaylen Ross) commandeer a helicopter, then fly to a vast shopping center that, of course, is abundantly supplied with everything imaginable to sustain life in a modern consumer society.

When the dead discover the shopping center, they stalk the joint as if driven by instincts deeply ingrained, larger than life and obviously extended well beyond it. And if that's not social satire, Mother Goose isn't a nursery rhyme. I won't divulge the plot (marginal) or the gory details (maximal). I'll merely issue a warning that Dawn of the Dead will curl your toes if you're even faintly squeamish about blood, guts, severed limbs, gouged eyes and such. If you look closely, however, the movie may also convince you that Romero is an audacious, stunningly talented film maker. If you look even more closely, you'll discover our own Assistant Editor Tom Passavant. in zombie drag, crawling out of a tepee.

Australian director Peter Weir, who established himself as a promising young master of suspense with *The Last Wave*,

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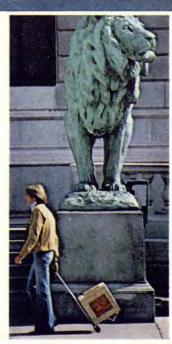
Who said "Less is more"?

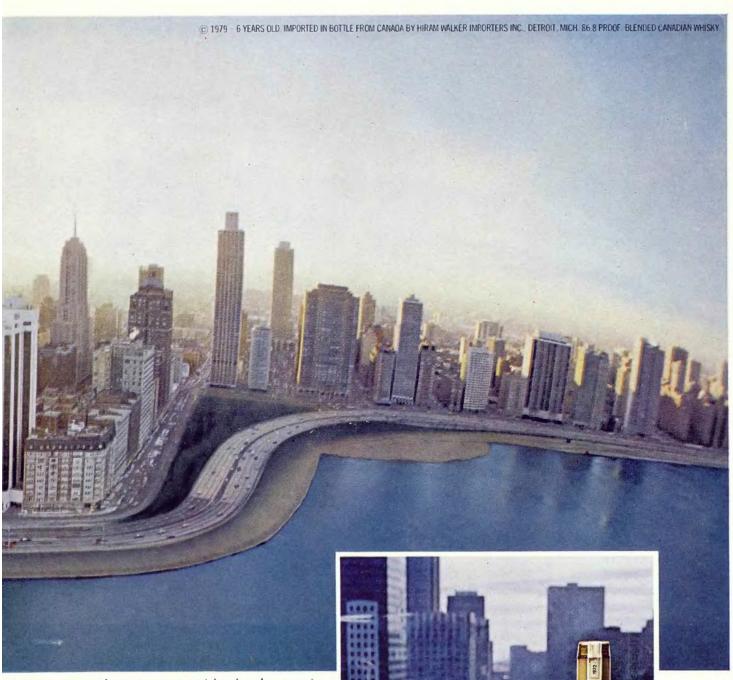
Now look right and find Mr. "Less is more." Back on your former path, continue past a plaque recalling the last time the "outs" were "in," and head straight across an island to an "old bald cheater." Buy him a C.C. He's got time.

Next, head toward Chicago's oldest dwelling, counting columns in the street to 14. Here cross the street, turn right, and walk till you reach footloose rocks (not the kind you'd pour C.C. over). Then traverse the nearest lobby, and head again for the oldest dwelling.

Find an island and a mountain.

If you find "Arris," you're getting warm, so cool off with a C.C. Sour.





Retrace your path past an eastern island and mountain until you're cater-corner from a famous paddler's place. Here turn left, walk to the ninth light pole, and find a date four years older than C.C. inside the second door to the right. Now retrace your steps to the corner. In sight once stood a warehouse designed by a famous Bostonian. Learn what its owners did, enter the nearest building whose owners are in the same business, then exit toward water. But don't get wet 'cause you're hot.

Ascend and descend.

Go against the flow till you spot what Chicago newspapers are full of. Count 'em, ascend that number of floors, descend 90 steps. Enter a place that doubles itself, say "C.C., please," and claim your case. Armchair adventurers can discover C.C. at any of Chicago's taverns, restaurants or package stores with the same request. Just say "C.C., please."





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does equally well in Picnic at Hanging Rock, an earlier work-just released herethat's brim full of eerie and ethereal mystification. A hot ticket at the Cannes Film Festival a couple of years ago, Picnic is a conundrum wrapped in a riddle-baffling clues followed by evasive answers, all drawn from a novel (by Joan Lindsay) based on possibly apocryphal stories about a carriageload of nubile schoolgirls in prim white dresses who leave a private boarding school near Melbourne for a carefree outing on Saint Valentine's Day, 1900. Two of the prettier girls (Anne Lambert, Jane Vallis) go for a stroll through the wild high country near Hanging Rock and never come back. A third girl (Christine Schuler) returns in hysterics, having lost her companions. The fourth member of the walking party is found a day or so later but swears she can remember nothing. One teacher-chaperone who goes to look for the girls is not seen again. The school's stern headmistress (played with her usual aplomb by Rachel Roberts) also comes to an untimely end, later, for reasons never quite clear. Such movies can drive a person crazy, because it's irritating to be bombarded with clues but never, never arrive at any logical solutions. However, that happens to be the whole story of Picnic, which is photographed beautifully-like a misty vintage valentine edged with a telltale drop of blood-and subtly prods the viewer to dream up his own explanations, anything from flying saucers to earthier stories of ravaged innocence. Unabashed spook-show connoisseurs can count on a leisurely wallow.

FILM CLIP

The Bell Jur: Sylvia Plath's milestone novel about an overachieving college girl in the summer of her discontent (she wins a guest editorship on a woman's magazine in Manhattan, which seems to trigger a nervous breakdown) falls flat as a film by Larry Peerce. Marilyn Hassett, an intelligent, attractive actress whose stiff upper lip became a legend when she played Jill Kinmont (a top American skier paralyzed by an accident during the Olympic trials) in two movies, does everything right. Still, The Bell Jar has a hollow, wrong ring to it, and I'm not quite sure why. Either Peerce is too obvious and ham-handed to direct such a delicate work or frontline feminist sympathizers were overzealous all along about placing Plath on a pedestal as the feminist, posthumous Salinger. She committed suicide less than a month after The Bell Jar was published in 1963. Now may she rest in peace, for her miniclassic has been cinematically reduced to self-pitying moans and mug shots.

-REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

Porno films are looking so tired-and the cast of dozens regularly employed in them is becoming so familiar (like French-kissin' cousins with an idée fixe about oral sex)—that it's a challenge just to remember who did what to whom and on what pretext while limping away from the hard-core fleshpits to a hot typewriter. But lust springs eternal. Let me see, now. All About Gloria Leonard is an obvious, though generally inept, effort to do for Gloria what Inside Jennifer Welles did for another durable veteran of the skin flicks. One of the most stylish and handsome ladies on the porn scene, Gloria in real life also edits a magazine called High Society, though she's more famous for her reel-life spreads and layouts. Flashiest bit in her dully photographed tour de phallus is a triple whammy featuring Gloria with Jamie Gillis and Marc (101/9") Ste-

vens, two seasoned pros who leave no aperture untouched.

The Fur Trup stars a blonde billed as Kelly Mint, a smoothly functioning sex object who humps from film to film under so many new and different names that she ought to consider just calling herself Sextette. Here she plays one of those bored housewives who starts to model furs on Seventh Avenue, soon graduates to quick tricks and stag parties, finally pops out of a cake to meet her own horny husband, the adman. Which, of course, puts a little excitement back into their marriage. Although it has a fillip of sophistication, Fur Trap is not



Gloria in sexcelsis.

Porn-film makers keep right on grinding out their product, but where are the Throats of yesteryear?



Raunchy Ranch.

apt to grab you where the hair's short unless your erotic fantasies are relatively straight and simple.

The costumes removed during Pussycat Ranch provide a solid clue that someone, at some point, intended to dude up the standard quota of cum shots by incorporating them into a comic cowboy movie. A ranch madam known as Ma Belle (played by an unfunny overactress known as Molly Malone) urges her three comely daughters to tame a part of the West that appears to be no more than a day's ride from Times Square. Pussycat's wellpracticed cowpokes can stay in the saddle, all right-tryin' to lasso a laugh is what throws 'em.

Eric Edwards and Richard Bolla, cast in Pussycat Ranch as Billy the Kid and a frontier lawyer, respectively, reappear in The Pleasure Palace as

coproprietors of a massage parlor in Connecticut. Jamie Gillis plays the local Mob chieftain who wants to take over the joint along with two hot-blooded "hostesses" (Serena and Veri Knotti) who are counted among its major assets. This tale of struggle between gangland enforcers and two amiable muff-divers must have been at least a long weekend in the making, and the effort shows. Producer-director Carter Stevens tries to weave in some rough stuff, even a murder and a lackadaisical surprise ending. The only part of the formula he has fully mastered, unfortunately, is that everyone gets screwed, the moviegoer most of all. Oh, where are the Throats of yesteryear? -B.W.

MUSIC

Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock are among the premier pianists of jazz. Over the years, their careers have paralleled and crossed each other in fascinating ways. In 1978, the two combined keyboards for a joint tour (of America and Japan). An album of highlights from those concerts has been released by Columbia and a second is due from Polydor; and Corea and Hancock are planning another tour—this one in Europe—to follow their June 16 appearance as stars of the Playboy Jazz Festival at the Hollywood Bowl. Recently, Tom Nolan talked with them about the past, present and future.

PLAYBOY: You two seem to have developed similar attitudes toward music. What were your first gigs like?

COREA: The first band I ever put together was with an accordion player. I think I played the trumpet. We played a gig for the Italian-American war veterans when I was about ten. And I put little bands together for school gigs. Then my father started getting me work in commercial circles around Boston. I got a tuxedo and started playing coming-out parties at country clubs.

HANCOCK: I think the first gig I played was at the Y.M.C.A. They had these clubs called Hi-Ys, for high school students. I could only play blues chords, and I couldn't improvise, so I did the same thing all night long, I was 15 or 16. I'd been listening to people like George Shearing, Oscar Peterson, Erroll Garner. Then I started knowing something about Charlie Parker and Bud Powell and Dizzy. I began to play jazz in high school. At that time, the students who seemed the most cool and laid back, who weren't always going around with their tongues hanging out, were the guys who were into jazz. They were like mystery people, you know. "These cats are all right!" And they were listening to West Coast jazz. This was in Chicago. One guy in particular said that West Coast jazz was happening and hard bop was not. I had no idea what hard bop even was. Then one day I saw this album called Hard Bop, I think it was, by Horace [Silver], or was it [Art] Blakey? Anyway, I put on this album and it killed me. I said, "What the hell was this guy talking about?" From that point on, I gave up all the West Coast music and started listening to East Coast jazz.

PLAYBOY: Did you both start working professionally right away?

COREA: I moved to New York soon after high school, around '59. I got a gig with the Billy May dance band, without Billy May. It was Billy May's charts, but he wasn't there.

HANCOCK: He was probably out here in California, doing movies.

COREA: There was a period right after I



Hancock, Corea double play.

Keyboard heavies Hancock and Corea talk about what was, is and will be.

moved to New York, for about six or eight months, when I decided the piano was no longer gonna be my main instrument, because every gig I worked had terrible pianos. So I rented a loft and practiced drums for about six months, and I started working gigs on drums.

PLAYBOY: You could overdub a duet album with yourself.

corea: I'm going to put my drumming on some albums. I've got to get my technique sounding a little bit cleaner.

PLAYBOY: Tell us a bit about when things started to happen for each of you.

HANCOCK: I'll tell you a small turning point for me. After I came out of school, I went back to work in the post office, which is what I always did in the summer, I was living with my folks, and they were paying the bills, but I played some gigs once in a while. Coleman Hawkins came through Chicago and he hired me to play in a pickup trio. I was just so amazed to be working with this international star, one of the founding fathers of jazz. The gig was for 14 straight nights, four sets a night, and five on Saturdays. You worked from nine in the evening until four or five in the morning. OK, I had to be at the post office at eight. After two days. I was sick. The drummer told me, "Look, man, you've got to quit that post office, because it's messing with the music." About the third afternoon, I was delivering mail, and I walked up someone's steps and rang the bell and a lady came out. I'm thumbing through the mail, one foot on the top step, one foot on the step below, and the next thing I

know, I hear this voice saying, "Mailman, are you all right?" I'd fallen asleep standing up. That day, I went back to the post office and quit. The supervisor, he was mad.

COREA: I didn't know you'd been a postman. The only nonmusician job I ever held was for a little less than a year, behind the counter at a drugstore, making sodas and stuff. I kinda dug it.

HANCOCK: You were a soda jerk?

COREA: I dug it. But I started working gigs in Boston and then in New York. It was a while, though, before I started getting the kind of gigs I really wanted to play. The first one was with Mongo Santamaria, in '60, I think.

PLAYBOY: You both played with Miles Davis at different times in the Sixties. What was that like?

HANCOCK: It was an incredible experience. First of all, those were my formative years, from '63 to '68, when I was beginning to develop a style and all that. What better group could I have been with? It was perfect for me.

PLAYBOY: You played in that same group later, didn't you, Chick?

COREA: Yeah, I replaced Herbie. I spent at least six months trying to play just like him.

HANCOCK: You want me to tell you something? Somewhere in the middle Sixties, I heard people talking about my style. I never knew what the hell they were talking about. And one day I heard something you played that reminded me of me. And because of that, I said, Maybe I do have a style! Then I started listening to see what it could be.

corea: Man, you could have come over to my pad around 1963 and I could have showed you all *about* you.

PLAYBOY: Chick, how did you go about

finding your own voice?

COREA: In 1971, I put music aside for about six months and studied Scientology. One of the things I did was to take every plan and goal I had and kind of switch it off, just to have a reflective time. I learned a whole lot and mainly got rid of a lot of personal barriers. Then, around that time, I met Manfred Eicher, the founder of ECM Records. He asked me if I'd like to do a piano-solo album. I made a couple of albums for him, pianoimprovisation albums. And that's when I had the realization that I could take what I knew and render it in a way that came completely from me. To me, that's the basis of what is called a style.

PLAYBOY: Herbie, you must have experienced some kind of personal breakthrough of your own when you decided to make the *Headhunters* album, which turned out to be such a commercial success. How did you get involved in that particular sound?

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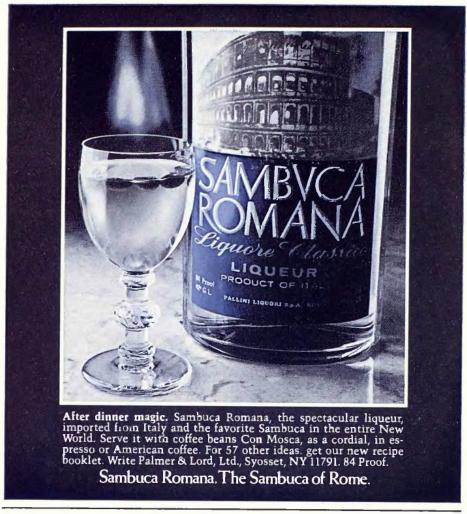
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HANCOCK: Actually, the first time I was turned on to popular rhythms after getting involved with jazz-the first record I dug-was Papa's Got a Brand New Bag, by James Brown. I heard something in the rhythm that was much more interesting to my ears than I had ever heard in rhythm-and-blues or rock. The idea of getting into it didn't happen until 1973, when I had sort of a revelation. At that time, I had been practicing Buddhism for about a year. I was in the process of re-examining my life, and I started to realize that I didn't want to get involved in funk, which I liked, because I felt it to be inferior to the kind of "artistic jazz" I was into. The thing that made that such a paradox was that I was always disgusted with people who'd say, "Oh, rock and rhythm-and-blues and funk ain't nothing-give me some jazz." Yet, when it came down to me involving myself in it, my attitude was, I didn't want to do that. And when I saw that in myself, I said, OK-do I really want to check this music out? And my answer was ves, so I did Headhunters.

PLAYBOY: The two of you have at one time or another been labeled everything from fusion to Latin to funk. Yet it all seems to fit comfortably somehow under the umbrella of jazz. Is that at all surprising, considering that 15 years ago there was doubt in some circles that jazz would last out the decade?

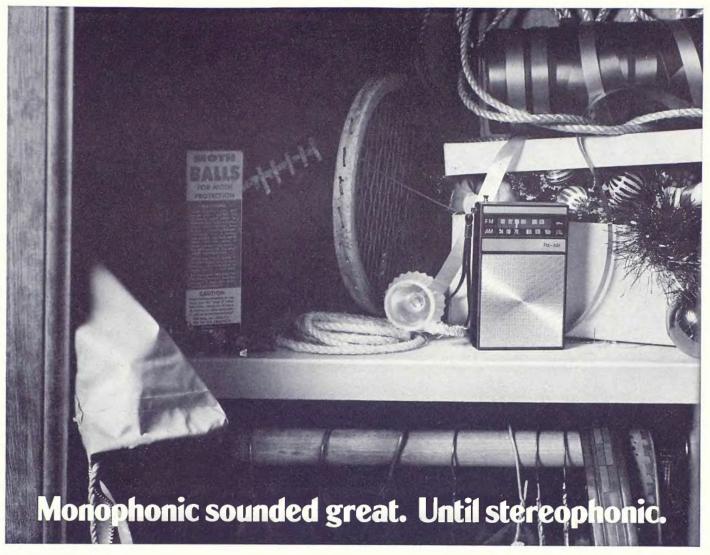
COREA: I didn't hang around expecting it to end. [Laughter] No, I don't remember that rumor. But my personal impression of the whole music-and-art scene is one of increased health. I think there's increased attention being paid to artists who are not afraid to do different things.

HANCOCK: Artists are opening themselves up and taking bold steps in unexpected directions. Joni Mitchell's doing an album I'm fortunate enough to be on, an album of Charles Mingus' music. Joni is really getting into jazz, and she's got the talent for it. It's like diving into the water over *here* and emerging right up into the nucleus.

COREA: That's a great sign. I did some improvisations—man, you're gonna die when you hear this!—with Cyprien Katsaris, this classical pianist. And he knows nothing about jazz, but he's got the balls to dive into some music and improvise. He, like, *eats* the piano when he improvises.

HANCOCK: It's happening.

Roxy Music has broken a long silence with Munifesto (Atco), a record that sounds as if the boys should have kept quiet. The title song runs on forever: Its lengthy, repetitive introduction is followed by an extremely long lyric, succeeded by an inability to reach a conclusion. The words are apparently important—why else would they go on so long?—but they are very hard to catch. The result is a manifesto that doesn't



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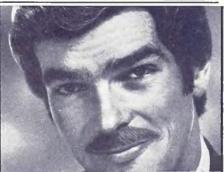


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manifest itself, Angel Eyes sounds like an outtake from a Beatles session of the Sgt. Pepper era; it's a good song mucked up by overproduction. Again and again, Roxy falls into a languid, swoony style that just sounds enervated. The record has its moments, literally. A few bars here, a few there, the melody on this cut, the words on that.

You don't have to be ugly, short, bespectacled and British to write great rock-'n'-roll songs, but if you're that, pissed off and literate, too, now is the time to make a move. It also helps to have support and direction from a major record company—which is what Graham Parker has finally gotten for his fifth album, Squeezing Out Sparks (Arista). Unlike those of Elvis Costello, who has benefited from the enormous promotional powers of CBS (his third LP in the U.S. went gold and the two others are close), Parker's four previous albums went Teflon before he could free himself from a contract with Mercury Records. With the change of label has come a shift in direction for his music. Gone are the horns, the riffy organ and the whole pub-band sound that, without strong promotion, made Parker and his band, The Rumour, hard to distinguish from Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes, Instead, Parker has come up with an album loaded with hooks and catch phrases and, with all that, S.O.S. contains perhaps only one dog out of ten new tunes, and two songs. Discovering Japan and Local Girls, stand among his very best. As words and music have been brought into line. The Rumour has been subordinated for the sole purpose of delivering a song. Whether this is producer Jack Nitzsche's decision or Parker's, the result is a tight, tough and commercial record that will put Parker on the map here. He's overdue.

Ask most folks to define a singer-songwriter and they will come up with a clone of John Denver—some mindless twit armed with an acoustic guitar singing about one too many mountains. If you're one of those people who are allergic to mountains, may we introduce you to an urban singer-songwriter. Steve Goodman, whose album High and Outside (Asylum) is a wry and witty commentary on city life. A sample of Goodman's lyrics, from a tune called Men Who Love Women Who Love Men, follows. If he ever gets tired of songwriting, he can get a job as The Playboy Advisor:

There are men who love women who love men

Women who love women every now and then

There are men who love men
Because they can't pretend they are
Men who love women who love
men.

There are those who make love for pay

There are those who make love anyway

Over in the bar with the bottle of Scotch

There are those who rather just watch.

There are those who make love to machines

That don't talk back and are easy to clean

There are those who will tell you out loud

That they can only make love in a crowd.

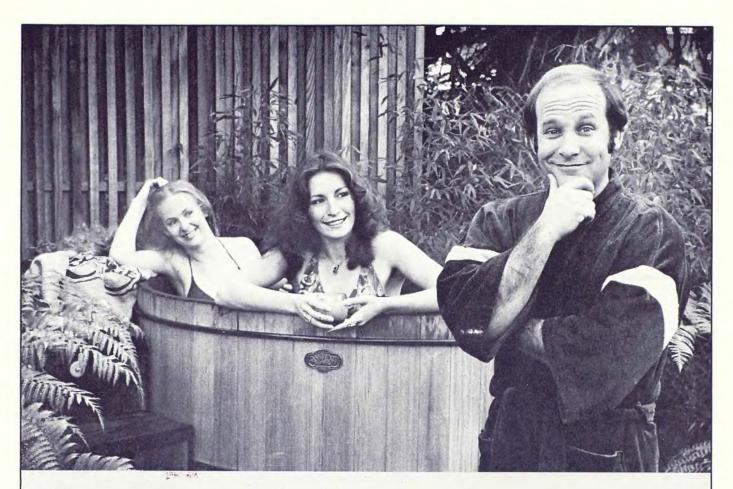
In the pursuit of true love's joy
Boys will be girls and girls will be
boys

But it's so hard to know what to do When you don't know who you're talking to.

Did he leave anyone out?

Put on your headphones and settle down for a sexy, seedy evening with Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros.), the most interesting chick singer to come out of Los Angeles in years, In her debut album. Jones covers the same turf as Tom Waits (is the world ready for a female Tom Waits?)-pool halls, truck stops, all-night diners and a dark place of the soul called The Last Chance Texaco. She has a street poet's way with names-Weasel and the White Boys Cool, Kid Sinister with the Bus Stop Blues, Saint Cadillac. Bragger and Junior Lee drift through her songs with a casual arrogance. The music is smoky, finger-snapping jazz-the perfect backup for a voice that sounds like a tougher version of Laura Nyro or Valerie Carter. But we'd expect nothing less from such studio wizards as Victor Feldman, Red Callender, Tom Scott, Ernie Watts and Randy Newman (himself a fair songwriter). You'll be hearing more from this lady.

Comeback Corner or Entropy Made Visible: For reasons to ponder, given all the nasty things they said in print about one another after the breakup, The Allman Brothers Band is newly reconciled and reformed on Enlightened Rogues (Capricorn). Also, Bad Company is back after a couple of years' absence with one called Desolution Angels (Swan Song); and The Beach Boys keep on hangin' on with their latest bid to remain among us, L.A. (Light Album) (Caribou). What these albums share is that each in its way is devo: a falling away from earlier heights, the intrusion of confusion and noise, decline. During the early prime of the Allman Brothers, the intertwining guitar trades and high sweet tandem soaring between Duane and Dickey Betts were sometimes truly breath-taking-as was Gregg's voice, on blues especially, like



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some deep, clear backwoods spring overflowing pure, uncut cracker pain. But there was a cloud over the Allmans, as big and black as the one over the house of Atreus, from Duane's motorcycle death, just as success hit, to the drug bust that ripped the band to bitter shreds. So it's no surprise that this tentative regrouping has nothing on it to rival It's Not My Cross to Bear, Midnight Rider or even the boogie-band anthem Whipping Post. It does have a song bearing the prescient message "You can't take it with you when you go," and another called Need Your Love So Bad that sounds in places like Cross to Bear gone limp. The players-Gregg Allman, Dickey Betts, "Jaimoe" Johanny Johanson, Butch Trucks and Dan Toler, plus newcomer David Goldflies on bass-are fine. The trouble is they've done it all before, in slightly different shapes and often more intensely. At its best, Enlightened Rogues is like running into an old buddy you haven't seen for a whileit feels good to cover the old stomping grounds again. Whether or not such nostalgia is worth \$8.98 is up to you. Bad Company could apparently use the same doctor, since it's suffering the same way. Desolation Angels shows only glimmers of the sexy fire and ice of its first two albums. Among its current messages are "Life is like a merry-go-round" and "Oh, I love you, 'cause I want to. . . ." And while we hate to be the one to give away the secret, it seems like the cut Lonely for Your Love just might be a cleverly disguised retread of Hungry for Your Love. Since Paul Rodgers has one of the most haunting voices in rock, it's nice to have Bad Company back; but, in its way, this one's devo, too, We're not so sure about The Beach Boys' L.A. (Light Album), partly because The Beach Boys have always had a little streak of devo in them, so perhaps they are just being true to their school. In any case, they reach odd new outer limits with this one. Chief evidence that they may finally be over the dune is a 10:57 disco rendition of their Here Comes the Night. Another called Love Surrounds Me has a languid reggae breeze blowing through it, and Angel Came Home, strangely enough, sounds like a cut from Elvis Costello. On another, they sing those classic Beach Boys harmonies in Japanese for a while, and only they would close an album with the old kiddie favorite Shortenin' Bread. Is this experimentation or lack of direction-or just The Beach Boys being a little silly again? Your choice. We're going to keep playing the old Holland album (a couple of the tracks here sound like deteriorata outtakes from it) and watch the energy of the universe slowly dissipate, like we always do.

Rosemary Clooney? Don't remember her? Not to worry. She's back—with a

vengeance. Her new album, Here's to My Lody (Concord Jazz), a tribute to Billie Holiday, is smashing. Clooney has had enough grief in her own life to impart the proper tone to the Holiday repertoire-I Cover the Waterfront, Good Morning, Heartache and Lover Man attest to that-and the vocal instrument she's been toting around all these years still has the little throb in it that made her something very special. But the icing on the cake is the group behind Rosiea superb jazz ensemble featuring tenorsax man Scott Hamilton and cornetist Warren Vaché. For us, the high point among the ten tracks is Don't Explain, the other Arthur Herzog, Jr.-Billie Holiday tune (God Bless the Child always got the play), which is about as good as it's going to get for a torch song. It looks like the future is Rosie.

The Godz are angry. In fact, their new album should establish them as the meanest, most pissed-off rock band in the



Angry Godz.

history of this surly music. The cover of Nothing Is Sucred (Casablanca) features the four Godz roaring out of the mist on their Harleys-all black leather and silver studs. On the back, the four of them are draped over their parked bikes swigging bourbon and beer, allowing goodlooking women to fondle them, staring at the camera with rampant menace. A lurid paranoid fantasy. They are so mean they even misspell the song titles on the album; e.g., Festyvul Seasun, Luv Kage. You want to walk up to these brutes and tell them they can't spell? Musically, the Godz belong to the great tradition of Grand Funk Railroad: loud, fierce, primitive, pounding rock 'n' roll. And all that meanness on the cover is no come-on. Their songs are real hard-ass stuff. Viz.: "Do us both a favor / Get out of my life girl / As fast as you're able" (Luv Kage). Even better (from Hey Mama), "You keep up with this bullshit / I ain't gonna be here long." The same song threatens—"Gonna blow your away"-and pleads, "If I can't get a piece

of ass, baby, at least give me peace of mind," in rather more direct terms than, say, Neil Diamond. We can safely nominate the Godz for recognition as the band least likely to sell out. Who would make them an offer? What if they thought it wasn't enough?

It's a cliché to say that while Muddy Waters has sounded pretty good in the Sixties and Seventies, he hasn't sounded as good as he did in the Forties and Fifties-or that he hasn't made a live album to rival the old Chess LP of his concert at the riot-marred 1960 Newport Jazz Festival. That's a cliché that can be dropped from the critic's lexicon, now that Blue Sky has released Muddy "Mississippi" Woters Live, an album that presents a reborn Waters singing better than he ever has. The tempos are slow, but the music is spellbinding as Muddy and producer Johnny Winter take turns scorching each other with red-hot slide-guitar licks: their collaboration has jelled to the point where this live effort sounds better organized than their earlier studio

Given comparable levels of commercialism, Brazilian music always seems a trifle beyond ours in its harmonics and rhythms—a notion that is reinforced by Gilberto Gil's Nightingole (Elektra). A songbird of the first order, Gil writes tunes that sparkle with ideas, and he's gotten some suitably iridescent arrangements from producer Sergio Mendes. The music shows just enough norteamericano influences, from disco to Tin-Pan Alley, to please the average listener and is sure to hollow out some new spaces in just about anyone's ear.

SHORT CUTS

Bill Withers / 'Bout Love (Columbia): The melodies are ingenious, the sound is solid—but the tunes have a certain sameness that begins to drag.

Albert Lee / Hiding (A&M): A well-trayeled sideman applies his skills as singer, guitarist and pianist to a fast-stepping set of country-inflected rock tunes.

George Benson / Livin' Inside Your Love (Warner Bros.): A four-sided collection of stylish guitar solos and soulfully sung ballads: a day's work for George.

Queen / Jozz (Elektra): Fat Bottomed Girls is an anthem that should be song of the year, so far. Record includes a color foldout photo of about 50 naked women on bicycles. Where else could you find something that excessive?

Lonnie Liston Smith / Exotic Mysteries (Columbia): The conversion of Saint Lonnie of the keyboards, erstwhile jazzman, into a disco star continues—with aplomb.

Lindisforne / Back and Fourth (Atco): Composer Alan Hull writes dynamite material, but he should let somebody else sing it. His labored performances don't do justice to his superb songs.

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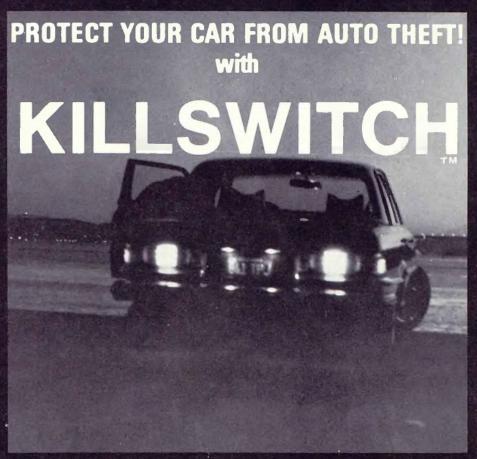
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☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

together a new team for his longawaited musical production of Jules Feiffer's Popeye. The original scenario, you'll recall, called for Dustin Hoffmon to play the spinach-chomping old salt, tily Tomlin to be Olive Oyl and John Schlesinger to direct. Now Robin (Mork) Williams will play the title role, with Shelley Duvoll as Olive and Robert Altmon directing. . . . I recently heard that the Turks are planning to retaliate for the bad rap they've taken due to Midnight Express-they'll make a film called Midday Express to depict their side of the story. . . . WNET in New York has commissioned leading American writers to pen original teleplays for public TV. The first of these to be broadcast will be John Cheever's The Shady Hill Kidnapping, scheduled for the 1980-1981 season. . . . ABC's series Soap is about to give birth to its first spin-off. Robert Guilloume, who plays Benson, the butler, has been signed to star in



Williams

Duvall

a series called-you guessed it-Benson. . . . Peter Boyle and Saturday Night Live's Bill Murray will star in Universal's Where the Buffalo Roam, a film based on events in the life of Dr. Hunter S. Thompson. The project was originally set for John Belushi and Don Aykroyd, as previously reported here. . . . Some of the networks seem to be making a concerted effort to get quality writing on TV. CBS, for example, is considering the possibility of adapting the following novels: Seize the Day, by Soul Bellow, Pale Horse, Pale Rider, by Kotherine Anne Porter and The Home Place, by Wright Morris. James Baldwin's Go Tell It on the Mountain is also under option as a possible four-hour miniseries. It would be the first time

RUMBLINGS FROM REGINE'S: My New York celebrity watcher talked with Andy Worhol about the new movie he's acting in, Cocaine Cowboy. "We just finished the last shot in a New York hotel room," says Andy. "Don't be confused by the title—it's not a sequel to Lonesome Cowboys and it's not connected in any way to Midnight Cowboy." In the film, which deals with a rock band that's the cover for a cocaine dealership, Warhol plays himself. Andy has also just finished co-

Baldwin's work had ever been on TV.

writing a book he first called Social Disease—not one that requires treatment but the "disease" that leads night people from dinner party to disco to disco. The chapters discuss many celebrities,



Warhol

such as Jockie O., Lee Rodziwill and Trumon Copote. Insiders say Warhol is pleading for less decadence among members of the social set and hopes this book will cause them to see the foolishness of their ways. Don't be a spoilsport, Andy.

LEMMON DROPS: "When I was younger, I couldn't wait to get older," says Jock Lemmon. "When I started in this business about 25 years ago, I'd say that in interviews and they'd think I was nuts. But I've always looked forward to the character parts-they get richer as you get older," Jack was referring specifically to his part in The China Syndrome and to his upcoming screen role in Tribute, the Bernard Slade play in which he starred on Broadway and elsewhere. "I start filming Tribute in the fall," Jack says. "God, it's a great part, maybe the best part I've ever had. My character is a wild, crazy nut in his 50s who has a college-age son. They're poles apart. The father, Scotty,



Lemmon

has never knuckled down to any responsibility. Then, one day, he wakes up and he's got leukemia and he decides he's going to at least do one thing—he's going to develop a relationship with his son. And there's a great deal of comedy in the attempt."

TWINKLE TOES: Will Paramount's production of Nijinsky do for 22-year-old George de la Pena what The Turning Point did for Mikhail Baryshnikav? We'll soon find out—Nijinsky, directed by Herbert Ross, has just wrapped after filming on loca-

tion in Budapest, Nice, Monte Carlo and Sicily. Judging from the production notes, which call the film "a tragedy and a triangle, a homosexual-heterosexual conflicting relationship never before dealt with in films" (whatever that means), it ought to fare well at the box office. De la Pena, an alumnus of the American



De la Pena

Ballet Theater, will re-create famous Nijinsky roles in Scheherazade, Petrouchka, Le Spectre de la Rose, Carnaval and a host of other favorites. Alan Botes will play ballet impresario Serge Diaghilev and Leslie (The Turning Point) Browne is Madame Nijinsky. Ah, culture!

COMEBACK? Aside from his telethons and the fact that French audiences seem to find him fascinating, I hadn't heard much about Jerry Lewis in ages. Lewis fans will be overjoyed to know that he has a film project in the works. He's directing and will star in something called Hardly Working; it's his first directorial effort since The Day the Clown Cried was not released seven years ago. Jerry's cast includes Suson Oliver, Deanna Lund, Billy Borty, Gary Lewis and the Playboys, among others.

BOOK BEAT: "Wild, funny, terrific, and unlike anything she has ever done," says one source about Erico Jong's new novel, just being completed. Tentatively titled The True Adventures of Fanny Hackabout Jones, the novel is set in 18th Century England. . . Solly Quinn is hard at work on a novel about Washington



Jang

that's supposed to be "hot and juicy." . . .

Jomes Michener's next book will be along the lines of Hawaii but will involve South Africa, from its colonization to the present.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL





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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

am a young man of 25 who has been dating the same girl for the past three years. Our sex life is fairly good; though she doesn't always reach orgasm, it doesn't seem to bother her that much. Still, I would like to make our relationship better. If I had to work on one area, where should I start?—F. O., Dallas, Texas.

Well, we could give you a secret Oriental sex technique that we picked up from our Honda mechanic last week, but we haven't gotten the results from our test bedrooms yet. So let's talk general strategy. James Halpern and Mark Sherman, authors of a new book called "Afterplay," did a study of several hundred people and tried to determine what most affected the over-all satisfaction with a relationship. For women, the factors ranged from the number of orgasms per session (10 percent), percentage of time orgasm occurs (19 percent), satisfaction with intercourse (24 percent), satisfaction with foreplay (24 percent) to satisfaction with afterplay, or the postintercourse experience (40 percent). In other words, there was no significant relationship between the number of orgasms or the percentage of time orgasm is reached and satisfaction. The key, and probably the reason those two wrote the book, seems to lie in the postcoital experience. According to the study, the most significant aspects of afterplay for a woman are her partner's attitude (does he want to remain close to her and cuddle or does he head for the kitchen for a beer?) and whether or not he talks to her after making love. If you touch and talk lovingly, and try to sustain the mood for the next hour or so, you will win her heart forever. That's it.

What can you tell me about a drug called "free base"? Friends in Los Angeles tell me it's the latest craze. Apparently, it is a form of pure cocaine, but I always thought that, at best, what passed for coke was only 87 percent pure. What's the scam?—P. W., Hartford, Connecticut.

May fat white caterpillars turn to butterflies in your nose. Ahem. Most of what passes for cocaine in this country is actually cocaine hydrochloride—a salt that is only 80 to 86 percent cocaine by weight. It has the advantage of being water soluble—if it weren't, the snow wouldn't melt in your nose, stomach or veins. Pure cocaine—the base free of the acid it is mixed with—is not water soluble, but it does dissolve in fat. Your lungs happen to be full of such tissues. L.A. rock stars, degenerates and other socially irresponsible citizens take the "free base," put it in their pipes and smoke it for the



desired result. When smoked, the free base is milligram for milligram more efficient than cocaine hydrochloride. It is also more expensive. It gets you lots higher, so be careful, until you know what you're doing. Oh, yes: Free base is just as illegal as the real thing.

have an age-old question about an ageold dilemma that, frustratingly enough, incurs a myriad of solutions, yet to date I have been at a loss to find even one. Countless times I have been to record stores, restaurants, roller rinks, theaters and the like that attract and are often frequented by members of the opposite sex and, surprisingly enough, have encountered numerous unescorted females who seem receptive to glances and other signals and are conscious of my interest; but time and again, I have been at a complete loss as to how to approach them without appearing totally inept. Too often have I allowed golden opportunities and luscious beauties to slip away for lack of any come-on . . . period, not just a witty or intelligent or original approach. In brevity, what does one say initially to a girl to break the ice and get the ball rolling, if you know what I mean?-C. B., Atlanta, Georgia.

Sounds to us like terminal shyness. May we suggest a bit of reading? Arthur

C. Wassmer has written a book called "Making Contact," in which he makes the point that you can learn to become unshy only when you understand that shyness is what you do-not what you are. Wassmer states that shy people "believe they are different ('odd') and for inferior to other people. They feel other people are constantly evaluating them and making negative judgments. . . . If, for instance, I feel different from or worse than other people, I will naturally avoid situations in which they may discover my inferiority. I won't talk much, since I expect to speak poorly and embarrass myself. . . . And since I expect to, I probably will." Sound familiar? Shyness is a learned behavior-it's not a life sentence. To change, all you have to do is learn a new behavior. Look at the situations you describe. If you see someone in a record store, bookstore or roller rink, you already have something in common. Start a conversation about records, books or roller skating. Don't try to be entertaining. It is better to show interest than to pretend to be interesting. The conversation may last only a few minutes and, in all probability, won't lead to an orgy on the floor behind the punkrock racks. But chances are, if your paths have crossed once, you'll see the girl again and it will be easier to talk. Go for it.

Being a gadget freak, I'm dying to get my hands on one of those new home computers. On the other hand, I'm no mathematical genius nor am I rich. What are my chances of making a quantum leap into the 21st Century? Specifically, would it be worth the investment?—M. P., Des Moines, Iowa.

What, bored with your pocket calculator already? Let's not beat around the bush. If you're as much of a gadget freak as you say, you're going to buy a computer no matter what we say. And you'll find that it can do everything from balancing your checkbook to playing games with you. But you'll have to study. Computers don't speak English. Most of the new ones speak BASIC, which isn't. And, depending on what system you buy, you may have to learn to program. If you're smart, you'll get one with preprogrammed cassettes available. But before you're totally blinded by the glitter of the hardware, understand that this is a fledgling industry. It's a lot like television in its early days. Systems are expensive, costing anywhere from about \$250 to several thousand dollars, not counting add-ons. Still, that's not the worst. Computers break down. Anyone with a credit card knows that. And finding someone who can fix it will be your number-one problem. There just aren't enough repairmen around to service industrial and home computers. Plus, repairmen get as much as \$25 per hour for their services. If none of that scares you, by all means, get one. At least it'll help you figure out where the money's going.

After having a very close relationship with me for precisely two years, my girlfriend has suddenly announced that she'd like to date other guys. She feels that, since I was her first real date, she should be able to date some other guys to see if I really am the guy she'd like to remain with for a while. I hate it. We really do love each other, and I can see her point, but I can't stand seeing her with other guys. I don't see her even half as much as I used to, due to the fact that she doesn't think that we should see as much of each other while she "plays the field," as it were. (A) Do you think that she might just be trying to get rid of me? (She's still friendly when we're together, but that's not 100 often.) (B) Is there a way that I can get her back? (C) Should I be excessively nice to her, or should I let her know I'm furious? (D) Should I join the French Foreign Legion?-D. H., San Francisco, California.

She just might be trying to get rid of you. Vague dissatisfactions felt by one member of a relationship can wreak havoc on the other. Since you were the first person with whom your girlfriend had a serious affair, it seems to us natural that she might want to see what other guys might be like. That doesn't make it any easier, mind you. On the other hand, if it's the kind of intimacy you've shared for two years that she's having problems with, it could spell trouble. Nobody likes to be compared with other guys. Everything seems to be on the line. Consequently, when you do see her, the impulse is to be exceptionally attentive and solicitous-i.e., you become a simpering wimp. Hang loose. We suspect that your girlfriend is just going through a maturation process. If she finds someone she likes more than you, let her go. If she wants to come back, fine. Just tell her that once is enough. If that's not the case, hang on to your memories and break new ground. You shouldn't join the Foreign Legion unless you kill her. If it comes to that, you can apply to: French Foreign Legion, 13400-Aubagne, France.

Convenience is very important to me in the care of my clothes. As a result, I have a large number of polyester items in my wardrobe. Sure, people sometimes snicker and tell me I look plastic, but at least I'm neat. What do you think? Is my fashion sense off center?—A. B., New York, New York.

Polyester has a couple of advantages: It doesn't wrinkle and it'll go through your washing machine many times and come out sparkling. But so will a wet suit. The problems are that the material snags, shines, loses its shape easily and doesn't breathe. This last makes it too cold in the winter and too hot in the summer. Plus, a sudden rise in temperature could fuse your fly shut. On the other hand, natural fabrics such as cotton, linen, silk and wool tend to wrinkle too easily. Their current high status in the fashion world probably is due to the fact that their owners can afford to have them cleaned and pressed regularly. Obviously, the solution is a blend of polyester and natural fibers. The more balanced the blend, the better: That is, 70 percent polyester and 30 percent wool is not a particularly good blend; a 55-15 blend is better. In those instances, the natural fiber gives a garment the absorption, warmth and character that the synthetic fiber doesn't have. The key word there, of course, is character, a subtle but nonetheless important function of a material's weave and texture. What's convenient to you just may look cheap to others. You've got only one body; why not show it a good time?

his may sound strange coming from me, a woman, but I thought maybe I could get a man's point of view. You see, I am very deeply in love with a man I've been apart from for almost a year. He is in the Marines and has been stationed in California, When I saw him last, we made love often and it was fantastic. Since we have been apart, I've done some reading and have found that I'm more aware of myself as a woman than I was when he left. Please tell me if men appreciate a change in their women. Can I let him see the new and sexually aware me without seeming to have been taught in another man's bed? Please help me! I want to make him happy both in and out of bed, and I believe that if a man is completely happy in bed, pleasing him out of bed is no problem.-Miss S. C., Columbia, Missouri.

If he asks, tell him you got all your new ideas from reading playboy. But we suspect he'll be too busy to ask.

recall reading in a Sunday magazine supplement a few months ago that West German doctors had found a drug that cured baldness in three out of four patients. Now I find that my hairline is receding and would like to investigate the matter further. Any news?—E. L., Dallas, Texas.

The drug is DNCB (2,4-dinitrochlorobenzine), a chemical that has been used for the treatment of some forms of cancer. In the November 12, 1977, issue of the journal The Lancet, Drs. Rudolph Happle and Karin Echternacht of the Department of Dermatology of the University of Munster, West Germany, reported on the induction of hair growth

in cases of alopecia areata treated with DNCB. Alopecia areata is not the common form of baldness but, rather, a disease characterized by rapid and complete loss of hair in patches, usually on the scalp, the bearded area, the eyebrows, the eyelashes, and rarely on other hairy areas of the body. Drs. Happle and Echternacht treated 43 alopecia areata patients with weekly applications of DNCB on one side of the head, the other side serving as a control region. The drug produced a significant difference of hair growth between the treated and the untreated sides in 33 patients. Twenty-one of those showed regrowth of hair exclusively on the treated side, and in 12 patients, regrowth was considerably faster and more dense on the treated side. So the drug seems to cure a specific form of short-term hair loss. However, DNCB has not been used in the treatment of common (so-called male-pattern) baldness. At the present time, there is no medicine available that will induce growth of hair. One out of three men suffers male-pattern baldness. What does that mean? Well, if you are standing between two guys, the guy on your right has more hair than you have. The guy on your left has more hair than you have. But that's all right. God gave you two middle fingers to raise.

My girlfriend and I have just switched methods of contraception (she thought she needed a rest from the pill). Our choice is to use a diaphragm and contraceptive foam. My question is this: How long is the foam effective? Sometimes we engage in marathons, with three or four separate sexual acts within a relatively short time. Is one shot of foam enough?—E. R., Boston, Massachusetts.

Sorry to break your rhythm, but according to a medical report on current concepts in contraceptive treatment, you should partake of a pause that refreshes: The active ingredient in foam becomes diluted and less effective with time. For maximum effectiveness, foam must be reinserted prior to each act of intercourse. The report also states that there is no clinical or scientific data to support the theory that it is necessary to take a rest from the pill. In fact, statistics show that unless another method is used during that time (the choice you made), a rest period is a primary cause of unplanned pregnancy. If the constant use of foam is a bummer, switch back to the pill.

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

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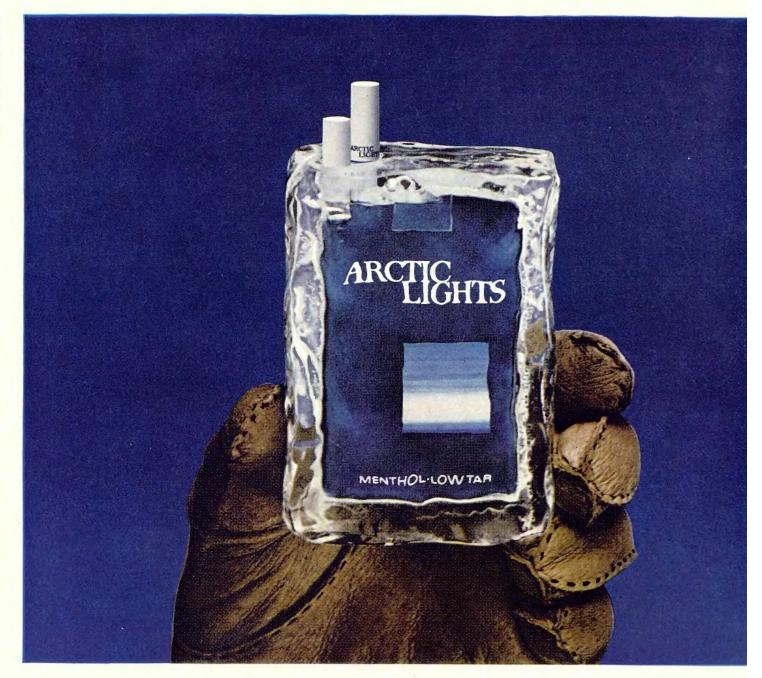
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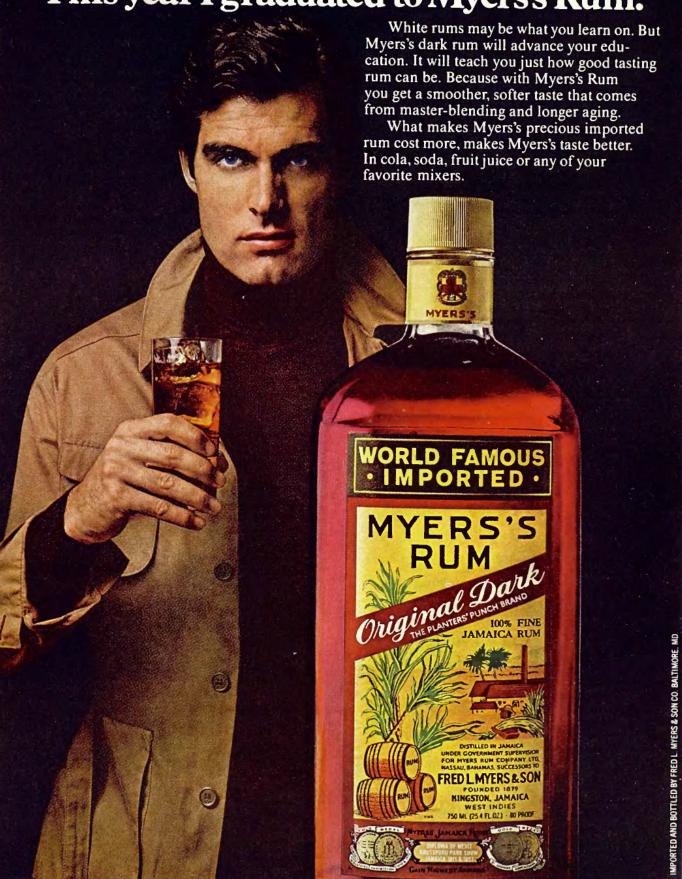
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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

NEW NONSENSE

In order to provide another worthy stimulus for PLAYBOY's readers, especially those with deep-seated religious convictions, I propose a contest—one in which readers offer their suggestions that deal with the intentions of their deity. I refer, of course, to the "If God wanted man to . . " concept.

Amazingly enough, I just happen to

Amazingly enough, I just happen to have a couple of examples that might be used to start things off:

"If God had intended that Texans should ski, He would have made bullshit white."

"If God had not intended that man should perform cunnilingus, He would not have made that thing look so much like a taco."

> Paul W. Marsh Bozeman, Montana

If you were a faithful reader of "The Playboy Forum," sir, you'd know that we published the taco one last September—submitted by a Texan, incidentally.

WEIRD SEXUAL EXPERIENCE NO. 16234

Falling out of bed may not be most people's idea of fun, but my companion and I experienced it with fantastic results. We were enjoying each other in a cross-legged position (she on my lap) when I made an unannounced decision to roll her over onto her back. About halfway through this maneuver, we tilted to the left and slid over the edge of the bed onto the (luckily) thick carpet below. The downward slide, though probably lasting less than a second, seemed to last forever, and the jolt when we stopped was indescribable. The best part was still to come, when we were both overcome by laughter. My friend described it as being molested by a 200-pound vibrator.

(Name withheld by request) Tunis, Tunisia

EVERYBODY'S PROBLEM

Picture me on the cover of a hypothetical magazine called *Today's Woman*. Thirtyish, bright and pretty. Smiling confidently. The caption would read, "A Successful Mix of Career and Motherhood."

See me five years ago. Divorced, in a slummy apartment. Working, going to school, raising a kid. Too numb to think. Too tired for a man.

Now I wear three-piece suits and carry a briefcase. My job is a challenge and pays well. My six-year-old son is delightful. I can share my soul with a few close friends. Brimming with health, I have never looked better.

But, damn it, I'm lonely.

Most of my clients and colleagues are men. We joke, we share anecdotes, we commiserate. Sometimes we flirt. The talk gets intimate. They perspire. Bantering sputters to a stop. You scare me, is what they're saying.

I meet men at parties, in bars. At first, they are eager. They want to make love to a woman they have seen in a commercial somewhere. Wait a bit, I say.

"Not so long ago, making love with social or professional equals was taboo."

Know me a little first. I am honest, funny, intelligent, *like you*. I have a kid and a tough, demanding job, like you. They fold up. Troubled departing glances. Is equality so frightening?

Some men are not scared. They are either gay or married. You are my sister, they say.

I protest! I like men. I like sex. If anything, I am a humanist. Are equality and sexual intimacy mutually exclusive? Perhaps. Not so long ago, making love with

social or professional equals (men) was taboo. Perhaps they feel they must compete with me and can't—biologically, we're built to cooperate. Perhaps they have read too much about Performance Anxiety and How to Love a Single Woman. Oh, there are plenty of reasons.

But I am still alone. Alan Alda, do you really exist?

(Name withheld by request) Austin, Texas

A little over a year ago, we published a similar letter from a woman in Washington, D.C., and the U.S. Mail nearly blew its fuses from an overload of letters. What we discovered was that countless women (and also men, we might add) have similar problems of overcoming artificial barriers to potentially honest relationships—social, sexual or any other kind. On the classic desert island, it can be accomplished in less than 36 hours, provided there are only two people and a shortage of food. Otherwise, patience and nonaggressive honesty eventually pay off. Incidentally, we don't forward mail.

LOVE, MECHANICAL STYLE

Re the lady who got it on (and off) with the electric sander (The Playboy Forum, February): Having been a Navy enlisted man for less than a year, I am still doing my share of buffing the decks. Trying to make the job as easy as possible, I lean on the buffing machine's handle to take the strain off my arms. Early on, I discovered that if the handle pressed into my crotch area, my crank came to attention. The combination of the vibration and my wild imagination gave me sensational orgasms. Since then, I'm the only sailor on board who doesn't bitch about deck buffing. As the saying goes, "It's not just a job; it's an adventure!"

> (Name withheld by request) Pensacola, Florida

The electric sander sounds great, but I've found something better: Last Mother's Day, my hubby gave me a shower massager. Now I shower every day and reach an average of three orgasms each time.

> (Name withheld by request) Hempstead, New York

As an amateur remodeler, I have two questions for the woman who was sanding her floors in Evanston, Illinois: What is the size and brand of the sander? What did the floor look like when you were finished?

Michelle Ryals

San Jose, New Mexico

Neither our time nor our good judgment permits us to try to call our correspondent, so we say to you: It was obviously a common orbital sander, as opposed to a belt sander (just ask your local hardware dealer and explain what you need it for); and the floors probably came out fine because she didn't rush the job.

JOHNNY APPLESEEDS

In a publicity project that has applications everywhere, a group of us here at Stanford University has started a massive drive to plant marijuana in essentially every fertile spot on campus. Students are being asked to clean their lids thoroughly and to plant their seeds wherever they might grow—in dormitory gardens, library planter boxes, the police-department grounds, everywhere.

It is our hope that this effort will continue in future years and that, as a result, dope plants will become a common (and ineradicable) sight around the Stanford campus. We also hope that this movement will spread to schools and cities everywhere.

To date, efforts have involved the publication of classified advertisements in the *Stanford Daily*, the distribution of over 200 handouts, the spreading of information by word of mouth and the planting of several hundred seeds. A few sprouts are already visible in selected locations,

Stanford Organization for Narcotic Overgrowth (STONO) Stanford, California

If the school officials have good sense, they'll be grateful that your project involves the planting of seeds instead of explosives and deal with it accordingly. But do try to work out a new acronym. Marijuana is not a narcotic.

ALL IN A GOOD CAUSE

I'm not sure what it means, but I take it as a good sign of something that several prominent women in this area have intentionally gotten themselves arrested for soliciting. They were soliciting funds for the Polk County Heart Association, and their arrests, convictions and fines were all part of a publicity gimmick in which everybody from the county sheriff to a circuit-court judge cooperated, with big grins on their faces. The sheriff played his role by saying the women obviously had no respect for the law. The women raised the defense of soliciting for a worthy cause, and a good time was had by all,

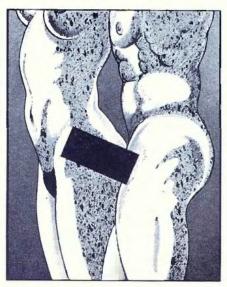
Now, if we could just treat hookers the same way! Were prostitution legalized, that in itself might drive out the criminal elements and solve most of the

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SEX DISCRIMINATION

GENOA, ITALY—An Italian judge has acquitted a 20-year-old woman of sunbathing in the nude but fined her three male codefendants ten dollars each. The judge decided that nudity was not



necessarily obscene in the case of a woman but that "the male anatomical conformation can become obscene, even unconsciously."

SURPRISE

MEMPHIS—A 17-year-old woman has sued to have her marriage annulled after discovering that her husband is female. The minister who counseled the couple at length before marrying them in an elaborate church ceremony confirmed that the discovery came as a complete shock to the girl, church members and himself. "I'm a certified sex therapist," he said; "I'm not that easily fooled."

HOIST ON HIS OWN PETARD

ROSEBURG, OREGON—Sheriff's officers have charged a 16-year-old boy with burglary and the attempted rape of a 66-year-old woman who proved to be more than a match for her attacker. Awakened at four A.M., the woman grabbed her assailant by the genitals and dragged him outdoors screaming. The suspect broke free but was arrested a short time later.

BACK TO THE BUSHES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Federal Communications Commission has reminded the country's police departments that they're not permitted to use radio-jamming techniques to combat motorists' use of radar detectors. Noting that some departments had modified obsolete radar units to trigger the detectors into confusion, an FCC official advised that that constitutes operating an unlicensed transmitter and one that could interfere not only with motorists' radar receivers but also with other electronics systems.

In Michigan, however, motorists who use radar detectors now face a maximum fine of \$500 and up to a year in jail. The court of appeals has upheld a state law that prohibits unauthorized persons from equipping their cars with electronic devices capable of receiving frequencies assigned to police use by the Federal Communications Commission.

PRISONER PROTECTION

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Bureau of Prisons has paid a \$20,000 out-of-court settlement to a prisoner who was homosexually raped while he was an inmate at the Petersburg Federal Penitentiary. The American Civil Liberties Union, which supported the suit through its National Prison Project, called the settlement a major victory that would pave the way for other inmates to bring legal action against prison authorities who do not adequately protect them against sexual assault.

PHONY PHYSICIANS

In separate cases, two men have been convicted after falsely claiming they were doctors for the purpose of obtaining sex:

- In Detroit, a 35-year-old suburban man faces up to 15 years for posing as a gynecologist and giving a woman a pelvic examination. The prosecution alleged that the defendant had been working this scheme for a period of time and, with his background as a paramedic, had managed to convince numerous people he was a physician who had recently moved to town and was setting up practice.
- In Houston, a 32-year-old man has been sentenced to six years for obtaining drugs illegally in the course of posing as a physician. Prosecutors in the case said the defendant offered free gynecological examinations and then diagnosed a form of cancer that he claimed he could cure through sexual intercourse because of a secret drug formula he had injected into himself.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

BANGKOK—A 38-year-old waiter has been charged with cruelty to animals for having "raped" a bitch dog. The man told police he often had sex with dogs, because he considered them cleaner than the bar girls at his place of employment.

FATAL MISTAKE

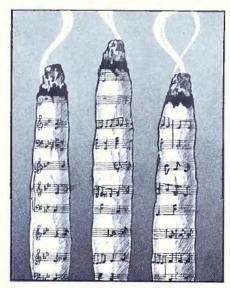
CHICAGO—A policeman accused of pushing a rape suspect out a fifth-floor window to his death has been ordered to pay \$1,500,000 in damages for violating the dead man's civil rights. The victim turned out to be a resident of the building where the rape occurred and a friend of the woman who was assaulted. The judgment was handed down by a six-person Federal civil jury in a suit brought by the man's father and will probably be appealed by the city of Chicago.

IT'S STILL ILLEGAL

Liberalized laws and attitudes toward marijuana are not greatly affecting the number of pot busts. The FBI reports a record 457,600 marijuana arrests in the U.S. during 1977, surpassing the 1974 record of 445,600. Over 90 percent of the arrests were for simple possession of small amounts.

HIGH FIDELITY

MONTREAL—An effort to smuggle some 300 pounds of marijuana from Jamaica into Canada has been foiled by agents who became suspicious of a large shipment of phonograph records. Royal Canadian Mounted Police said that



most of the albums, discovered during a routine airport check, contained not records but pot pressed into record-size discs and masquerading as everything from Mendelssohn to Englebert Humperdinck. Four Jamaican women were arrested later at a downtown record

Meanwhile, U.S. Customs officials are complaining about the hanging of Peter Max posters at border-crossing points. The posters welcome people to the U.S., but, as one Customs inspector grumped, they "look like something in a magazine for a pothead."

GOOD INTENTIONS, BUT. . .

NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY-Rutgers University police have curtailed their handing out of "rape cards" to female students after women's groups complained that the printed warnings were "sexist" and reinforce "the myths that blame women for rape." The cards read, IF I WERE A RAPIST, YOU'D BE IN TROUBLE, and were being given to women whom officers found hitchhiking, walking alone after dark or in other situations the police considered dangerous. Such warnings "reinforce a dangerous and misguided blame-thevictim' mentality and border on a perverse form of terrorism," according to a statement released by one women's group. "The blame is shifted to the potential victim, [implying] it is something she does or does not do which ultimately causes the crime." The police have agreed to limit their warnings to female hitchhikers.

DANGEROUS OCCUPATION

DETROIT—A 32-year-old woman is scheduled to stand trial on rape and other charges in the case of an 18-year-old man who claims he was tied up for four days, not allowed to eat or urinate and forced to commit sexual acts at gunpoint. The man told authorities he had done housework and other chores for the woman over the past three years and that she apparently suspected him of having stolen \$3500 from the house a few days earlier.

DEATH TO VIOLENCE!

STOCKHOLM—Sweden, which traditionally referees international war games, has announced a ban on the sale of war toys beginning in December 1979. Under a voluntary agreement between the national consumer board and the country's toy retailers' association, all war toys based on weaponry made after 1914 will be cleared from shelves before next Christmas.

HAZARDOUS HOAX

VENICE, FLORIDA—An elderly bank customer has been exonerated of attempted robbery after police decided he was merely the victim of a hazardous prank. An unidentified person apparently had written a holdup note on the back of a blank deposit slip and then

replaced it in the stack on the bank's counter, where it was unwittingly filled out and submitted by a customer making a routine deposit. The teller, who turned the slip over for stamping, read the note and sounded the alarm. The matter was sorted out when someone remembered that such a hoax had been described a few days earlier by a television comedian.

BAD TRIPS

EL PASO, TEXAS—Medical authorities have expressed concern over the increasing number of young people requiring treatment for locoweed intoxication. The William Beaumont Army Medical Center has reported 29 severe cases over



a three-year period, mostly among teenagers who have experimented with eating the seeds of the plant Datura stramonium, also called Jimson weed. Besides experiencing severe hallucinations, the patients have been described by one doctor as "hot as a hare, blind as a bat, dry as a bone, red as a beet and mad as a wet hen," as a result of atropine-scopolamine poisoning. Two deaths have been reported elsewhere: one adolescent who wandered into the desert and died of exposure and another who drowned in a swimming pool "looking for red-eye dolphins."

HAVE YOU SLUGGED YOUR KID TODAY?

Parents who abuse children may find themselves on the receiving end when the kids get big enough to fight back. Research by Professor Richard J. Gelles, a University of Rhode Island sociologist, indicates that children in one out of every ten American families eventually use a gun or a knife against their father or mother. Gelles estimated that such attacks result in 1500 to 2000 deaths per year and notes that most violent children were themselves beaten when younger.

problems associated with prostitution—which, I think history has taught us, does not go away just because we pass laws against it.

(Name withheld by request) Lakeland, Florida

Reminds us of the scam that volunteer fire departments used to pull, and maybe still do. They'd create a great smoky fire near some country road, blow every siren in town, corral a few hundred fire-truck chasers on the road to the "big fire," and then smiling county cops would collect donations for some charity equivalent to the fine for following an emergency vehicle. We haven't heard of this happening in several years now; probably some lawyer got nailed and decided it qualified as extortion.

THE RIGHT TO WAIT

At 16, I was raped by a stranger and soon learned I was pregnant by him. My choices were clear: I could have "gone away" for a while, but in a town our size-population 1000-that ruse fools no one and still brings disgrace upon an entire family; I could have had the child, but at 16, I was far from ready, both emotionally and financially, to be able to raise it properly; and I could have had an abortion. My parents supported me in what was, in fact, my only sensible choice: abortion. Now, four years later, I am married to a wonderful man and thank God every day that I had a chance to start my life over with him. Unlike my earlier experience, I know that any children we have together will be planned, loved and well provided for.

> (Name withheld by request) Kansas City, Missouri

PATERNITY PROBLEM

It's a shame that more women liberated enough to exercise their new-found sexual freedom aren't also liberated enough to stand on their own two feet and face the consequences.

A woman in my town, supposedly an adult, neglected to use any form of birth control when she seduced my husband, with predictable results. She has given my husband's name to the welfare office so she can get monthly payments, and although she has admitted sleeping with other men as well, the county is going ahead with a paternity suit. We are paying a lawyer money we can't afford and I fear that we'll end up paying for that illegitimate son of hers. What's worse, my husband and I are losing ground in our relationship as a result.

(Name withheld by request) St. Paul, Minnesota

SEEKING JUSTICE

Now that Tennessee's Governor Ray Blanton has been ousted (I think that term is historically if not technically correct), I hope playboy will see fit to offer him employment as a consultant, at least, on its Legal Defense Team. Hell, Blanton sprung more cons out of prison in a single night than playboy has done in its entire history of "fighting for justice." You rescue a doper or a sodomist here and there. Blanton released 52 criminals, almost half of them murderers, and was about to sign the papers for about 30 more when they locked him out of his office. The man must have gone mad, but that's consistent with Tennessee politics. Ten four?

(Name withheld by request) Shelbyville, Tennessee

We're a bit more selective in our criminal cases than you give us credit for, and Governor Blanton has not sent in his job application. But we're certainly impressed with his style.

REVIVING THE DRAFT

It seems that enactment of a draft law is being considered again. In spite of lessons learned in the recent past, legislators, Army bigwigs and, of course, media meatheads are crying for an expanded Army and reserve system. Why

"The most vociferous supporters of the draft are codgers who will never have to serve."

is it that the most vociferous supporters of the draft are codgers who will never have to serve themselves and nothing-tolose parents of daughters (unless this time women are drafted, too)? The arguments for the draft are always based on meeting some future war or deterring a foreign power by maintaining peacetime strength. Never thinking that a variation of the Peter Principle may come into play: Wars occur because of the capacity to wage them. I, for one, feel that the concept of drafting young people is passé. If they think fragging, desertion and outright disobedience were rampant during the Vietnam debacle, what do they think will happen when they attempt to conscript for even more specious reasons? Waving the flag as a cue to charge into battle against an enemy force that we will probably wind up subsidizing whether we win or lose has gone on long enough. The gung-ho assholes having their way thus far have fucked up long enough. Does this country have to do everything the hard way? It seems to be the same people who want to send somebody else to war, take away the citizens' right to bear arms, keep everybody crawling at 55 mph on highways built for 70 mph, pay people for not working, subsidize tobacco growers yet warn people against smoking, intervene in foreign disputes while not being able to cast the mote from their own eye and the countless other infringements and stupid activities that burden us today. They know who they are and so do we. What they don't know is that they're not going to win. For every one of them, there are an increasing number of us. If history doesn't teach them a lesson, we will.

(Name withheld by request) Chicago, Illinois

CONJUGAL VISITS

I know I'm not the first prisoner to air this gripe in *The Playboy Forum*, but I hope I'm not the last if we are ever to convince penal authorities to allow conjugal visits in the U. S. prison system.

I am serving a three-year sentence for possession of marijuana and am permitted visits from my wife only on weekends and holidays. Our meetings are always monitored by a prison guard and no physical contact beyond a welcoming hug and kiss is permitted. I expected punishment for my "crime," but the humiliation and frustration brought upon my wife, and thousands of other wives, is unfair and unjust. Conjugal visits would be a simple, humane and natural answer to the problems of frustration, strained marriages and prison violence and would do more toward easing the transition to the outside world than any of the socalled rehabilitation programs now in operation.

> Mark DeFevere Florence, Arizona

I am a prisoner at Angola, where it isn't unusual to see an inmate facing 30 or even 100 years, and I can really say why we need conjugal visits. People are constantly talking about prison rape and homosexuality. If we could make love to a wife or a girlfriend, do you think we would want to rape another man? True, we are here because we committed crimes against society. But why should we be deprived of our sexual needs? I am more than sure society doesn't expect us to masturbate for the rest of our lives.

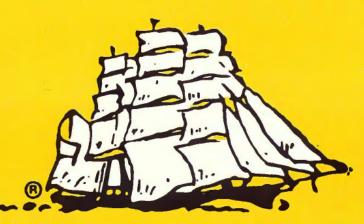
There are two or three states that permit conjugal visits and the reports are that rape and homosexuality have been greatly reduced. If more people would only take time to consider this matter, I think they would agree that conjugal visits would help reduce prison violence.

Jimmy Cox Angola, Louisiana

INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS

In answer to Nathan W. Post's letter accusing PLAYBOY of promoting drug use (*The Playboy Forum*, March), I must say

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



One may detect a certain leeway in the taste of

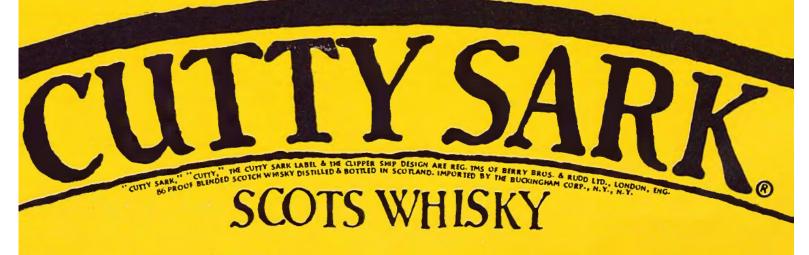
some Scotch from bottle to bottle.

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

Perhaps this is why the Culty Sark drinker can tell instantly if he has been served something other

than the genuine article.

So even if your taste for Cutty Sark is only recently acquired, it won't take you long to regard it as "Old Faithful."



that it appears he spent the Sixties with his head up his rectum. If anything, he should have learned that it is up to the individual to decide what he is going to do with his "complex and delicate instrument," the brain. I am not denying Post's right to express his opinion, but that does not include the right to criticize PLAYBOY for bringing information to the public eye.

As for Post's reference to the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), I can safely say that its cause is not idiotic. How can it be idiotic to give one the right to do with one's own body as one wishes? For example, eating oleander leaves can kill a person, yet no one has sought to make that illegal.

Post also refers to NORML's "moronic

assumptions." That can only mean that he thinks the organization considers marijuana totally harmless. In all of the interviews and articles I have heard and read, no one has ever made such a claim. which would, indeed, be a moronic one. These days, a person cannot drink diet soda pop, much less take a breath of polluted air, without risking some degree of harm to his body.

My main point is that Post should be less concerned about what other people are doing to themselves and worry more about what he and others like him are doing to other people's rights.

Kathleen A. Reed

New Orleans, Louisiana Thanks. We've never advocated drug use, much less drug abuse, but some people insist on placing that interpretation on any efforts to reform drug laws.

REEFER MADNESS

interesting.

Every time I smoke pot, I feel transformed into a mad-dog killer-rapist. I also get so calm and laid back that I can never remember where I left the bullets for my gun and don't feel much like hassling with some screaming female in a dark alley. So I always settle for watching TV, because in such a drugcrazed state, I even find the commercials

> "Reefer Man" Galveston, Texas

UGLY AMERICANS (CONTINUED)

As Canadians, my wife and I have traveled extensively in Mexico and Central America and have, as a rule, found our reception by latinos to be friendly, helpful and courteous. That's why the letter from the San Antonio correspondent who experienced "harassment" from Mexican authorities so angered me (The Playboy Forum, March).

The truth is, most of the nasty incidents we have witnessed involved arrogant Americans who got caught breaking the local law, got dragged to the local slammer and then loudly demanded their "rights." Naturally, few were prepared to argue their cases in the native language, so it is understandable that the finer legal points may have been lost on the Spanish-speaking constabulary.

If Americans intend to travel beyond their Southern borders, it might be well for them to remember that they are visiting foreign countries, not extensions of the United States, as so many are inclined to believe. Latinos are not impressed by gringo "superiority" American notions of manifest destiny. Americans will find that they'll get along just fine if they abandon the idea that because they are U.S. citizens, they can do anything they damn well please. and if they follow some simple rules of travel: carry all required and recommended documents, learn at least something of the local culture, familiarize

FORUM FOLLIES

It was with great interest and admiration that I was finally able to obtain and read PLAYBOY Senior Editor Bill Helmer's report on the penisenlarging device marketed by English sexologist Dr. Robert Chartham-with interest because I have relevant information to contribute; and with admiration because your gallant Helmer put his limb on the line in his search for scientific data (see Playboy After Hours, September 1978).

Frankly, Helmer need have felt no apprehension. While Dr. Chartham presents the device mentioned as his own innovation, I am convinced that this is simply another example of that disgraceful phenomenon only too common today: a cheap Anglo-Saxon imitation based on the same principle as a prior piece of high-quality Japanese research and production.

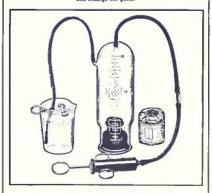
After searching my files, I have located an instruction manual from the Arita Drug Company of Kobe, Japan, describing the patented Arita Vacuum Vessel, which seems to anticipate Chartham's device and claims in almost every particular. Inasmuch as this manual is dated 1937, it is apparent that the vacuum extender must properly be attributed to the seeping spread of Japanese inventive genius that accompanied all of Japan's other expansions at the time of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere (approximately 1935-1945), rather than to the nattering negativism of Great Britain in its contemporary state of inventive flaccidity.

Other English researchers of the period of the Second World War mentioned in passing the intense preoccupation of the enlisted personnel of the Japanese army with practices designed to deal with the problem of dimensional insufficiency to which the Arita and the Chartham devices apply. These researchers noted that the Japanese equivalents of our own GI Joes sometimes emplaced weighty, doughnut-shaped attachments on the extremity of members deemed to be of insufficient length, in the fond hope that this application of gravitational pull in the relaxed periods of nonextension might tend to develop more magnificent elongation during more erotically stimulating moments. It is typical of the Japanese armed forces of that period that their technological conservatism kept the Arita development from achieving its possibly welldeserved world recognition at that time; and it is also typical that there is no record that any hardy Japanese military experimenter ever tried the expedient of rotational motion with the doughnut attached, which might have added the power of centrifugal force to that of gravitation alone. Japanese soldiers spinning around in

(PATENT) ARITA VACUUM VESSEL

> KING OF THE INVENTION FOR 1937 HAPPY LIFE comes from SWEET HOME

The best physical instrument that would strengthen and enlarge the penis



ins of Vacuum principles this little apparatus stimulates the blood vessel in the muscles of the Penis and sets it right, or in other words it revives the organ to a healthy and perfect condition

There is no worry about being poisoned, as usually caused by the use of some harmful medicines or "materia medica", or toy the use of some narmon memories or materia memor, or por reaction, etc. The apparatus is very simple in operation, and it can be used privately in one's room. 'We can claim that this Vacumi Vessel is the only natural animator, and, therefore, for such persons whose penis does not sufficiently stand erect or who are experiencing prenature ejaculation, or having ejaculation in dreams, or insensibly, this apparatus is just the thing needed to get right and none can excel it.

STUDY CONTENTS OF THIS PAMPHLET AND FOLLOW DIRECTIONS GIVEN. DON'T GET IT MISLAID!

small circles with such weights attached might justifiably have expected not only elongation but also a favorable increase in shaft elevation angle analogous to the simple steamengine governor mechanism familiar to students of elementary physical mechanics for more than a century.

Many thanks and a hearty "Banzai!" I. Katz

Mechanical Research Consultant Service Chicago, Illinois

'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



Vantage

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's.

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.

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

themselves with local laws and, for God's sake, learn at least some Spanish.

Dr. Joseph D. Oliver San José, Costa Rica

THE F.U.C. FINALE

That formula for determining one's fornication utilization constant, or distance theoretically traveled by one's dick ("Forum Follies," *The Playboy Forum*, August 1978, March 1979), points up one of the least understood yet most startling situations in America today—a major cause of inflation, underutilization of natural resources and a general malaise pervading the country.

Given that all other numbers in the original example cited are valid, and recognizing the depth of the average vagina (A.V.D.) to be 18 centimeters, as compared with 15 centimeters for average penis length (M.P.I., or maximum penis insertion), and assuming a mean of 50,000,000 women participating in the F.U.C. program, we modify the formula accordingly and discover that in this country, last year alone, we suffered an A.V.D. surplus of 269,568 billion meters—or well over 150,000,000 miles of unused available pussy!

J. C. Krebs Yonkers, New York

I am afraid that by publishing the fornication utilization constant (F.U.C.). you may have caused more trouble than you realize. Now the equation for the amount of work per incident of fornication is there for the asking. Far be it from me to open the Pandora's box any wider by revealing this revised formula, but inherent in it is the concept of work and the amount of energy expended to perform that work. That is all the Government would need to enter our sex lives forever. Washington would start asking, "How many cities could we light. if we cut back on 'unauthorized' sexual activity?"

Sure, the Government would suggest voluntary controls with slogans such as: "Don't screw yourself out of energy." But then, before you knew it, there would be an upheaval in the Middle East and we would have mandatory five percent cutbacks on our F.U.C. Give a bureaucrat a number and he will immediately regulate it.

You may laugh now, but you also laughed at the 55-mph speed limit. They have taken away our wheels; can our women be far behind?

Mark K. Spiegel Memphis, Tennessee

Since the discovery of the fornication utilization constant (F.U.C.), I strongly feel that condom manufacturers should come out with mileage guarantees for their products. Just recently, I was traveling by prophylactic way out in the boondocks when suddenly I had a blowout. So there I was, up shit creek with a flat rubber and no spare. Fortunately, I had a jack.

Textured condoms should have guarantees on the tread. If a penny is inserted into such a rubber's texture and the top of Lincoln's head can be seen before the guaranteed mileage is up, then the used portion should be allowed against the purchase of new rubbers. That is, short of road hazards, of course.

John Bentler Seattle, Washington

In April 1978, I came up with the idea that six inches in and six inches out equals one fuck-foot, and that 5280 strokes, in and out, equals one fuck-mile. The appearance of the fornication utilization constant four months later confirms to me that flashes of inspiration

"Condom manufacturers should come out with mileage guarantees for their products."

often occur to many people around the world almost simultaneously. Personally, I prefer to use the units of fuck-feet per second for the velocity and the fuck-miles for the distance traveled during copulation. In my case, the maximum velocity is about three fuck-feet per second, somewhat depending on the partner. I have found that it takes about five to eight hours to go one fuck-mile without trying to break any records, again depending on the partner, our passions and physical conditions. My ex-wife and I almost made ten fuck-miles in 22 years of marriage. In the hot summer of 1976, a passionate new partner and I made about 50 fuck-miles in three months! On the average, it seems that about ten fuck-miles per month keeps me satisfied. It's unfortunate that Masters and Johnson didn't quantify their research based on quantified velocity-distance analogies. Whoever invents a simple gadget to measure these parameters (a fuckometer?) will rake in a mint!

> C. Meyer Oak Ridge, Tennessee

At the risk of running the subject completely into the ground, we'll conclude all this nonsense by reprinting the following short scientific article by Professor Alan D. Conger of the Temple University School of Medicine in Philadelphia. Titled "A New Unit of Work for Population Genetics: The Cock-foot," it appeared originally in Volume 21,

Issue No. 1 (1978) of the Journal of Irreproducible Results, was called to our attention by Tom J. Dougan of Pittsburgh and appears here with the kind permission of the Journal:

"While idly observing the contents of the effluent from a Philadelphia sewer one day with a fellow geneticist, we were inspired to consider the amount of work, a large fraction of it fruitless, that goes into human reproductive efforts.

"The consideration of work done (work = force x distance; $W = Fs^*$), so important in the quantitative sciences, has been sadly neglected in the field of population genetics.

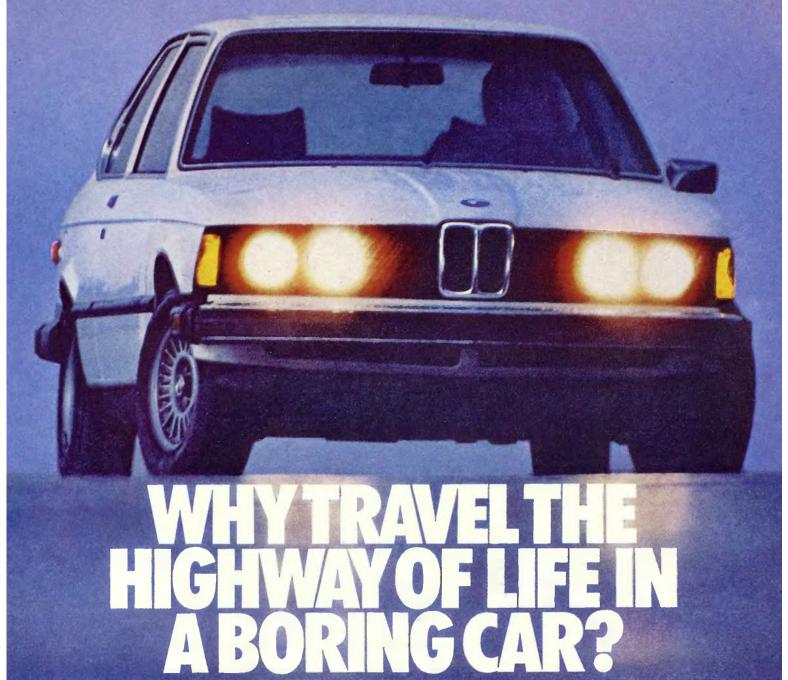
"Our meditations led to the unit proposed in the title, the 'cock-foot.' This new unit of work for human reproductive effort, the cock-foot, is equivalent, with proper (but hard to obtain) conversion factors, to the more familiar physical unit, the 'foot-pound,' but is expressed in more easily understood and close-to-hand biological dimensions.

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"The unit should allow for the fact that it will be applied to populations as small as one individual up to very many. To extend the unit for different scales of magnitude, we prefer and suggest that biological prefixes rather than physical (pico-, kilo-, giga-) be used. Such extensions will be obvious in use, as, for example, the cock-inch for but a single individual, or several enfeebled ones; the cock-yard (not to be confused by our English friends with a chicken farm, nor by the Filipinos with the site of a cockfight), or the cock-meter (not a measuring or rationing device) in the metric system, for larger numbers or the more vigorous; the cock-mile for the cumulative work of sizable populations; and finally, perhaps, the cock-light-year for the truly cosmological efforts of the entire world's popula-

"The F in the equation above should not be confused by biologists with their well-known and oft-used Errol Flynn constant: $F = B4I4Q \frac{RU}{10}$."

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOSEPH WAMBAUGH

a candid conversation about real cops, movie cops and hollywood craziness with the best-selling author of "the onion field" and "the black marble"

Until Joe Wambaugh came along, American novelists traditionally treated police as either pigs or paladins but rarely as human beings. In 1971, Wambaugh, then a moonlighting member of the Los Angeles Police Department, made his literary debut with "The New Centurions," a highly charged novel based on his career as a cop, and since then, Americans' view of the police has never been quite the same. In subsequent best sellers—"The Blue Knight," "The Choir-boys," "The Black Marble"—Wambaugh depicted police the way he knew them: less than heroes, more than mercenaries in blue. Wambaugh's station-house characters are almost never detached "peace officers" or idealistic guardians of the law. Instead, they are often brawlers, liars, petty-bribe takers, skirt chasers and drunks. Yet they are also men who do a difficult job rather well even while being battered by what Wambaugh calls the "emotional violence" of police work.

Wambaugh knows whereof he speaks. As a 14-year member of the L.A.P.D., he didn't miss much in the course of going from uniformed patrolman to detective sergeant. He quit the force in 1974, but only after his own celebrity had made it

impossible for him to function as a police officer. As any of his fans who've since followed Wambaugh's meanderings can attest, he still yearns for the life as a cop. But there are obvious compensations. By now, he is a wealthy man, yet he doesn't really get off on being a big-shot author. These days, as he himself might put it, his ass might be on a tennis court, but his heart is still in the streets.

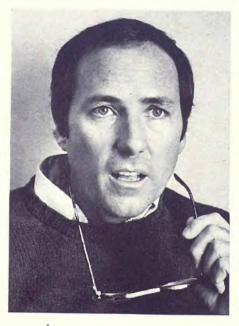
Joseph Aloysius Wambaugh is one Irishman who is fiercely proud of his working-class roots. Born in East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on January 22, 1937, he was the son of a policeman and an upstairs maid. "I was always very proud of the fact that my mom was in domestic service-she worked for the Morgans of the Pennsylvania Railroadbecause I was the only kid living in the shadows of the steel mills who knew how the WASPs lived," he recently recalled. "She used to come home and fill my head with stories about being one of 18 servants taken to Atlantic City for the summer, or how some of the other maids would treat the stone-deaf great-uncle who'd eat dinner alone. They'd say outrageous things to his face, like, 'Would you care for some more mashed potatoes, you old prick?' I loved hearing those kinds of things."

When he was 14, the family moved to Southern California, an unsettling experience for Wambaugh. "Everybody 1 grew up with in the East had a kind of unhealthy ethnic look," he noted. "I came out to California looking pale and consumptive and all the kids I met were blond and tan and looked like they drank a lot of orange juice. Boy, it was intimidating," he remembered.

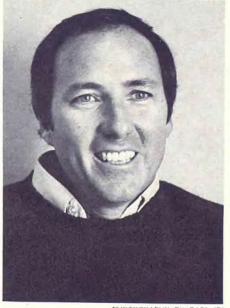
After being graduated from Chaffey High School in Ontario, California, Wambaugh joined the Marines and, a year later, married his high school sweetheart. Upon being mustered out of the Marines, he worked in the steel mills for three years, while his wife, Dee, worked as a telephone operator. Wambaugh began taking night classes at California State College at Los Angeles and eventually earned a B,A. and a master's degree in English. He joined the L.A. police force when he was 23 and by the time he left at the age of 37, he had become an adroit detective-and one of the nation's most successful novelists. To interview him, PLAYBOY sent free-lancer Lawrence Linderman to meet with the writer



"I don't really buy the idea that being a cop is all that physically dangerous. But when you look at figures for suicide, divorce, alcoholism and mental illness, police are at the top of the list."



"The way it works now, every script that goes to a major film company is literally emasculated, torn apart by men in power who think they understand movies better than the writer. . . . How dare they?"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL IR

"I rejoined the force after writing 'The Onion Field,' but I couldn't make it work. Guys I'd arrest would ask if they could audition for parts in 'Police Story.' It was ridiculous. I wasn't a cop anymore."

at his home in San Marino, California. Linderman reports:

"I first met Joe Wambaugh in 1973, just after he'd written 'The Onion Field' and had returned to work in the L.A. Police Department. At the time, Wambaugh was trying to keep a low profile around the station house, and so, despite several hours of conversation, I honored his request not to do a story on him. Joe was then one tense cop/author; but when I recently caught up with him again, he seemed like a different and much more relaxed guy. For the record, Wambaugh stands 5'11" tall, weighs about 165 pounds, considers himself a puny physical specimen (he's not) and admits to having a thunderous temper and matching demented green eyes. He's done all right by himself and his wife and three kids: The Wambaugh home is a red-brick mansion on the edge of San Marino, and amenities include a large swimming pool, a tennis court and five and a half acres of manicured lawns and forest glade.

"After getting reacquainted over a cup of coffee, Wambaugh and I headed for Monahan's Pub in Pasadena in search of something more substantial to drink. Monahan's, as it turned out, serves more Stolichnaya Vodka than any other restaurant or bar in the U.S., an achievement due entirely to the fact that Wambaugh and his pal Peter Monahan, a silver-haired rogue in his 50s, two years ago created the Black Marble Martinia drink that has often been the ruination of both men. The recipe, according to Wambaugh: 'To begin with, you take two ounces of Stolichnaya-80 or 100 proof, depending entirely on the weight of your pelotas-which you pour over ice. You then drop in a Greek black olive for the bitter of life and rim the glass with orange rind for the sweet of life. You then flame the drink for the fire of life and, although the flame lasts for but a second, in your body the fire will burn for hours. With or without the match, you still wind up with the world's greatest martini."

"Thus fortified, we sat down to do some serious drinking. Wambaugh was winding up postproduction work on the film version of 'The Onion Field,' which he personally produced. It would not endear him to his enemies in Hollywood, and it was on that subject that we began the interview."

PLAYBOY: Having been a cop, a novelist and an outspoken critic of the Hollywood establishment, you've just produced your own book as a film—The Onion Field. What do you suppose your Hollywood enemies are going to say about you now?

WAMBAUGH: Well, at least I know they won't say I'm dishonest. What they will say is that you can't deal with Wambaugh because of his ego, his temper, his

immaturity, his lack of tact, his inability to communicate and his big mouth. You'll hear all of that—and some of it will definitely be true.

PLAYBOY: What would you prefer they said about you?

WAMBAUGH: I'd like them to say I've made a movie better than a studio could have made it. Movies made by the major studios have become so expensive that it's criminal. I hesitate to use the word eriminal, but lately some movie people have been nailed by the law and that's because what they were doing was criminal. I admit The Onion Field would have cost more if I hadn't been willing to give up all my fees, but still, movies don't have to cost what they've been costing. . . . This kind of talk, by the way, is why a lot of people in Hollywood want me to fall on my ass. Let's face it: If you make a movie that's a commercial and artistic hit and if you do it for less than half the studio cost, it's not going

"Writers are a little like guppies swimming in an aquarium filled with sharks, killer whales, squid. And plenty of squid shit."

to make certain people's jobs more secure. For the same reason, though, a lot of people are wishing me well.

PLAYBOY: But you're essentially a writer, not a producer. Why do writers have such a tough time of it in Hollywood? WAMBAUGH: The way it works right now, every script that goes into a major distribution company is literally emasculated and torn apart by lawyers and former

publishers, publicists and agents who are now in positions of power in the film industry and who think they understand movies better than the writer. But I don't give a goddamn what the medium is, any story is nothing but a mix of plot, character and dialog-and who but a writer is in the best position to understand how those three elements are going to work together? I mean, how dare a producer or a studio executive who is a Harvard lawyer or worse-how dare he say he's in a better position to understand plot, character and dialog than a writer? And yet each and every one of those guys thinks he can do it, even though movies are nothing more than stories on celluloid instead of on the printed page.

PLAYBOY: But movies—as you well know—are also very risky financial enterprises. Why don't writers understand the manipulative games played by studio executives?

WAMBAUGH: My feeling is that writers are vulnerable people involved in a lonely profession. They do their work within the four walls of their office or their home, and they don't necessarily have the opportunity to wheel and deal on a daily basis like those other guys do. Writers are a little like guppies swimming in an aquarium filled with sharks, killer whales, squid, octopuses and other creatures of the deep. And plenty of squid shit. I think most writers are finally unable to swim with the sharks and the killer whales, and so those guppies are constantly getting swallowed up and therefore give out with that famous Hollywood cliché: Take the money and run. I don't know who the hell coined that one. Was it Ernest Hemingway?

PLAYBOY: Possibly Woody Allen.

WAMBAUGH: It may have been, but it still drives me insane. I mean, why take the money and run? If members of the Writers Guild of America stood firm and didn't take the money and run-if they kind of became a partner in the operation and had the say-so of a partner and stood up to those people-why, this whole dreadful experience of screenplay writing could be changed. I'd like someone to tell me how those schmucks are going to make a living without a screenwriter. They won't be able to. You can't just take a camera and a bunch of actors and go into a room or into the street and make a movie. You need that screenwriter to get it started.

PLAYBOY: If that were true, movies would be a writer's medium, not a director's medium.

WAMBAUGH: It's only a director's medium at this point in film history. It didn't start out that way, if you'll recall. The last czar of Russia, Nicholas Romanov, actually created the American film industry, because the people he persecuted left Russia, and many of them came to America. Some of them, like Irving Berlin, landed in the East on Tin-Pan Alley; others came to the West Coast, where they created a fantasy world that had always been denied them, a world that never was and never could be. Those guys were producers, and in effect, they said, "Look, we're a persecuted people. and we're going to create a better world on celluloid." And they made all those grand films and didn't give a goddamn how plot, character and dialog worked; it didn't matter, because they were creating spectacles, and that's all movies were about from the very beginning of silent films up until film became a star's medium in the so-called golden age-or Goldwyn Age. For quite a while, movie stars took over by virtue of their charisma, and people went to movies just to see an Errol Flynn or a Bogart or whoever else was popular.

PLAYBOY: But weren't producers still pulling the stars' strings?

WAMBAUGH: Yeah, and they'll never really



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have that power again. About 25 years ago, some fucking Frenchman said, "A director is an auteur." I don't even remember who that frog was. Anyway, he said a director is an auteur, and what is an auteur but an author, right? How does a director suddenly become an author? This auteur label was applied to a bunch of guys who, once again, were former press agents who became directors who became auteurs. A certain mystique developed around a couple of them and, boy, I've got to hand it to the directors: Unlike writers, they were able to seize upon the power that was offered to a few of them and suddenly ten of them had power, and then 20 had power. Look at the power that a Robert Altman has, or a Steven Spielberg, or a Francis Ford Coppola. Power! Man, do you know that the cost of Spielberg's new film, 1941, is now up to \$24,000,000? He doesn't care. He says, "So what? I'm going to make my film." That's mind-boggling power, isn't it? Coppola, meanwhile, has been on Apocalypse Now to the tune of about \$35,000,000. I mean, there are apocryphal stories about Apocalypse Now and I don't even know how much that film is going to cost, nor does anyone else. I'll tell you this: No movie star has ever had that power. No writer ever will have that power. And I don't think any producer ever had that kind of power. Directors must have enough of the killer whale in them to be able to go in there and really get a mouthful and hold on.

PLAYBOY: Would you prefer that the leverage stay entirely with studio executives?

WAMBAUGH: Of course not, but it seems to me that the star directors I've just mentioned have at least a couple of turkeys or potential turkeys in the oven right now. Altman, for instance, came out with Quintet, starring Paul Newman, and that was a loser. How about A Wedding—what do you think that baby cost? And what about Buffalo Bill and the Indians?

PLAYBOY: We take it you don't like Robert Altman's work?

WAMBAUGH: Listen, I liked McCabe & Mrs. Miller and M*A*S*H and there's no question that Altman has done some good stuff. My point is that any director—and I don't care who he is—had better, by God, have the word in front of him before he starts making a movie. Do not give any director \$10,000,000, \$20,000,000, or 35 cents until he has the word in front of him. And the word can only be written by a writer.

PLAYBOY: According to what we've heard, top screenwriters such as Paddy Chayefsky are in such strong positions that they actually grant backers the privilege of financing their screenplays. Have we heard wrong?

WAMBAUGH: Do you really think any writer has control over what he does? The answer is no. As a matter of fact,

when I was going through one of my many lawsuits with Hollywood, Joe Levine, a producer, was quoted as saying, "If Wambaugh thinks a writer is ever going to control a movie, he's crazy." To me, that was an absolutely perfect moviemogul quote, for it implied that the writer was the *last* guy who should ever be able to control how a story is told.

PLAYBOY: If screenwriters are held in such low regard by producers, why don't they get together and stand up for their profession?

WAMBAUGH: They won't because the Writers Guild is controlled by eunuchs who won't fight for their rights. If screenwriters stood together and said, in Paddy Chayefsky's words, "We're mad as hell and we're not going to take this anymore," it seems to me that there could be some kind of clause written into the Writers Guild contracts that would be similar to the one playwrights have-which is that you take their work as is or you don't take it at all. Another problem is that screenwriters with clout do a terrible cop-out and say things like, "I'm in screenwriting only until I can become a director," or a

"The movie version of 'The Choirboys' was a debacle that caused my black, tormented soul a great deal of trouble. I joke about it a lot, but I really did suffer."

novelist, or whatever. They don't get respect for their craft, because they don't demand it. Instead, they just complain about how they're treated and then go on to something else.

PLAYBOY: So what actually caused you to leave your typewriter and produce your own movies?

WAMBAUGH: Oh, there are a lot of reasons, but I think the most important has to do with the movie version of The Choirboys, a debacle that caused my black, tormented soul a great deal of trouble. I joke about it a lot, but I really did suffer. I'd been hired to do the screenplay of my novel, and I had certain verbal assurances about script changes that I relied on. I thought the people at Lorimar Productions were my friends, but let me tell you something about that: It's been my experience that policemen who prematurely become cynical—as the cops in The Choirboys did and who deal in a world wherein they distrust everyone, have to feel excessive trust for a few people or else they suffer the ultimate policeman's disease, which is to end up eating their guns. I think

that explains why, in business dealings, I still tend to trust excessively certain people beyond any common sense. In fact, I trusted everyone associated with the movie version of *The Choirboys*, until two days prior to the start of filming, when a spy in Robert Aldrich's company smuggled a copy of the shooting script to me. What he showed me was this dreadful, slimy, ugly, vile thing that had my name on it. Even though I could recognize pieces of it out of context, it was not my script, and I had had no idea that kind of thing was going on.

I'd never really had anything so outrageous happen to me, and so I initiated the first of my major lawsuits against Hollywood. I went to Universal Studios, which was distributing The Choirboys, and I talked to one of the head men there. Without sparing any words, I described specifically how vile the script was and what a black eye the film would be for Universal. I told him The Choirboys was going to be a disaster movie, but not like Airport '77 or Jaws, the kind Universal was used to. Because I can read, I know that if plot, character and dialog are horrendous, you're going to wind up with a horrendous film, it doesn't matter how good the performers are. So I literally tried to stop production, but that didn't work. Well, I had ten percent of the gross of The Choirboys, from the first dollar to be taken in, which is the kind of deal a Clint Eastwood or a Burt Reynolds gets. My lawyer called Universal and said, "Joe Wambaugh is so outraged that his screenplay has been rewritten and that you are about to shoot this horrible piece of dogshit"that's what I always called it-"that he's willing to give up half his percentage plus \$300,000 to fire Aldrich and replace him with anyone, including your Aunt Tilly,"

PLAYBOY: That obviously got you nowhere, since Aldrich did, indeed, direct the film

WAMBAUGH: Right. Universal said that Aldrich had an ironclad contract and that it couldn't do anything about it. Hence my lawsuit, which was based on verbal assurances to me that there would be no script changes. Everyone I knew in the film business told me, "Verbal assurances in Hollywood mean nothing. There is no such thing as a verbal contract."

Well, I know a lot about criminal law from being a cop for 14 years and I also know something about civil law just from osmosis. And I know for damned sure that there's nothing in California law that says a verbal contract isn't binding. On the contrary, if you can prove it, a verbal contract is binding. So I told my lawyer, "Let those schmucks laugh. I believe that a verbal contract is binding and I'm willing to go to the mat, in front of 12 good men and true, at a jury trial and let them listen to this



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guy and let them listen to me. And if they believe this guy over me, then I'm going to lose. And if that happens, my faith in the American system of justice will be totally destroyed, and I'm just going to pack up the wife and kids and go back to my grandfather's home in County Galway and raise rocks." People said, "That's a silly, frivolous lawsuit, Wambaugh. You're saying that a man broke his word to you. You've got nothing in writing." That's exactly what I was saying, and I was getting ready to say it in a deposition, but the case didn't get that far.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

WAMBAUGH: An offer was made to delete my name as the film's screenwriter and to settle on me what I think is the largest amount of cash any writer has ever taken away from Hollywood at one time; seven figures. Universal wrote me a check. I'd tell you how much it was for, but I believe the final legal agreement is that I'm not allowed to tell. In any case, my part of the settlement was that I couldn't talk about the film or anybody connected with it for a year, which was up last December. I could never tell anyone what a sleazy, insidious movie The Choirboys was. The film was not only an insult to my work, it was an insult to everybody who took part in the goddamned thing.

PLAYBOY: What bothered you so much about it?

WAMBAUGH: Among other things, Robert Aldrich had an actor portray a policeman crawling around on his knees and barking like a dog while a prostitute whipped him. Oh, yes, the guy had a night stick dangling from his neckhow's that for a subtle phallic symbol? When I read that in the screenplay, I took out an ad in Variety apologizing to the American Kennel Club for men who crawl around on their knees and bark like cocker spaniels. When the film was being shot, Aldrich was quoted in one of the movie trade magazines as saying, "Joseph Wambaugh is not going to like my interpretation of his story." Aldrich certainly didn't say that when he and I met in those early days and he was being considered to direct the movie.

What he ended up making was a movie about policemen as fascists, and I'd written a film about individuals who have a job that subjects them to all sorts of emotional distress and causes them to build up outrageous kinds of defensive humor. The Choirboys was a kind of poor man's Catch-22; it was my attempt to approximate in police work what Joseph Heller did in his great book. Choir practice is not a term I coined, by the way. It was used in the Los Angeles Police Department long before I joined up, and is still the name given to the wild drinking orgies policemen have when they get together after work to kind of just howl, let off steam, complain, wail, cry, gnash their teeth, com-

miserate, drink and screw around if they're lucky enough to have women attending. It's all a result of the terrible trauma they suffer as policemen, but you couldn't get that from the movie, because there was no serious intent to the film. For instance, in the book, a homosexual is walking through the park during choir practice; in the film, the guy becomes a flaming fag parading around with a pink poodle. Aldrich didn't even film the movie on location in MacArthur Park. He said he didn't want to subject the cast and crew to the hazards of the park, including dog feces. So, on a sound stage, he created a plastic park, including plastic dog feces. I believe it was Omar Khayyám-or maybe it was Omar Sharif-who said, "Beware, my beloved, lest ye who sow plastic dog feces shall reap the real McCoy." And reap it they did with that film.

PLAYBOY: But The Choirboys made money, didn't it?

WAMBAUGH: According to Variety, it grossed \$6,000,000 in America, which is not a successful film by any measure. But

"The director didn't want to subject the cast and crew to the hazards of the park, including dog feces. So, on a sound stage, he created a plastic park, including plastic dog feces."

it also did \$6,000,000 overseas, which is quite successful. The movie was disgusting enough and showed an American city in such tawdry terms that it appealed to foreign audiences who want exploitation films of violence and sex with little thought.

PLAYBOY: Why was your screenplay changed?

WAMBAUGH: Aldrich, like everyone else connected with the project, believed he could do it better. Which is the story of every Hollywood failure made from a good or popular book. I mean, how many atrocious films have you seen that were taken from good books about which you've thought, How could they miss by so much? It seems to me that a decent writer could easily have lifted 120 pages of dialog and stage direction from The Choirboys, and for all I know, the eventual writer of the screenplay did. But. when you get an ego involved like the one belonging to Robert Aldrich, or to some of those other people who have control of a film, it's really out of the writer's hands.

PLAYBOY: By becoming a producer aren't you giving up the fight as a screenwriter? WAMBAUGH: In The Onion Field, the credits will say only, "Screenplay by Joseph Wambaugh," which is my little ploy to remain pure: If I'm not identified as a producer, I can always say I'm not one, that I'm still a pure writer. But what you say is true: I've bought and paid for the power to control this movie, because I've always thought The Onion Field was my best work, and I feel a tremendous, tremendous desire to tell that story to as many people as possible. I think it's an important story.

In 1963, two Los Angeles policemen were disarmed at gunpoint by a pair of robbers they'd stopped on a routine traffic matter, and the officers were then kidnaped and driven to a remote onion field, where one of them, Ian Campbell, was summarily executed. Karl Hettinger, the other officer, barely escaped with his life. From then on, subtly and not so subtly, the police department and his fellow officers made Hettinger feel responsible for the death of his partner. and he began to deteriorate. Hettinger was condemned by his peers who believed-because of some totally absurd police concept of machismo-that he didn't do enough to save his partner. The police department, you see, feels that God kills by thunderbolt, and that you don't let some punk disarm you. kidnap you and kill your partner unless you die trying to prevent it. Hettinger suffered the same thing at the hands of the police department that Lloyd Bucher, commander of the Pueblo, suffered at the hands of the Navy. Hettinger finally became so overwhelmed by guilt that he was almost destroyed by it.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

WAMBAUGH: In 1966, Hettinger was fired from the police department for shoplifting. I was then a policeman and not yet a writer, and when I heard about it, I felt there might have been a connection between his experience surviving the onion-field execution and his shoplifting. I was told at the time that his shoplifting was so clumsily done it was almost as though he wanted to get caught. I filed it in the back of my mind and thought there might be a story there someday, and by the time I began researching the case. psychiatrists had confirmed that Hettinger had, indeed, been overcome with guilt about his partner's death. In an honest man, guilt cries out for punishment, which is why the guy went out and committed some pathetic thefts. He was finally caught after plunging his hand into a box of cigars and grabbing a few of them. It turned out that Hettinger had been shoplifting for a year, but in our society even an inept shoplifter can get away with it for quite a while. He had to practically shoplift in front of a witness' nose and say, "Punish me, punish me," before he was caught. He was

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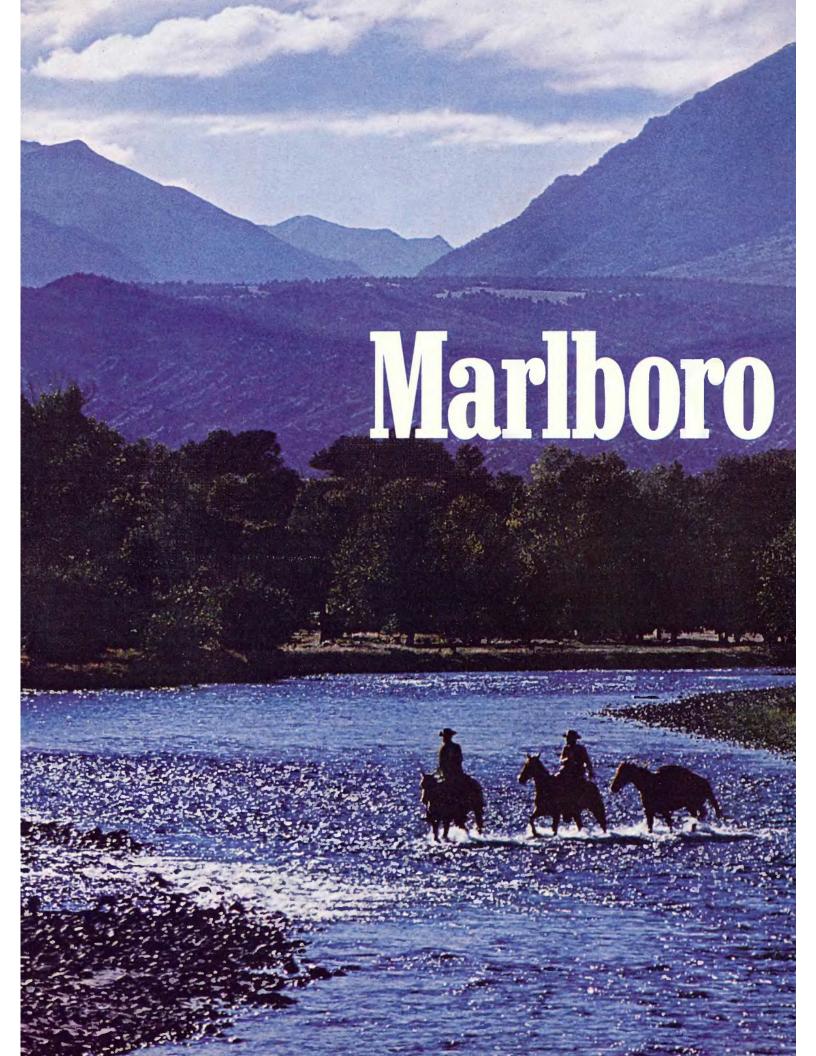


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then dismissed from the police department in disgrace, but he felt that wasn't punishment enough, and he almost committed suicide with the very gun that was taken from him by Campbell's killer. And that's basically what fascinated me about the case—that and the fact that I would have done the same thing Hettinger did the night he and his partner were kidnaped.

PLAYBOY: You seem more obsessed with *The Onion Field* than with your other books. Why?

WAMBAUGH: I feel I was put on earth to write this story, and I've never had that feeling before or since. Nothing could ever stop me from writing The Onion Field: I felt it was my sole reason for living, and that no one else understood or knew the ramifications of the onionfield murder. I interviewed 65 people, spent weeks reading court transcripts of what became the longest criminal trial in California history, wrote the book and then sent off a copy to Hettinger, who'd become this strange, disturbed man who mowed people's lawns. And then I waited and I waited for a response from him, and when I didn't receive one I thought, My God, what have I done? A psychiatrist who'd examined Hettinger had told me, "You're fooling around with a man's life. Hettinger is a fragile man who doesn't understand what happened to him. Your book can be good medicine or

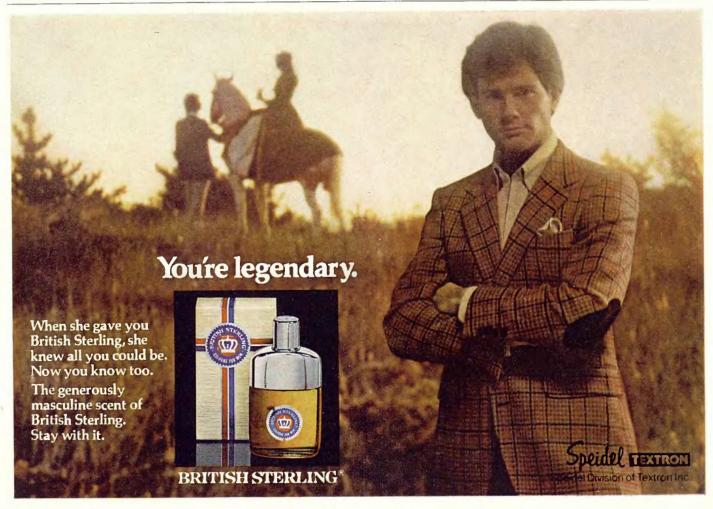
bad, but you're taking a risk." Well, I knew I was playing God with the man, but I felt that the story was more important than Hettinger, me and everybody connected with the case. And I had to tell that story-but that didn't stop me from feeling what I felt. After I sent the book to Hettinger and didn't hear from him for two weeks, I thought, If anything happens to him as a result of my book, I'm going to inherit his guilt complex. I'm going to be the guy someone else is writing about. For two weeks, I couldn't sleep or eat properly, but then one day I got a call from Hettinger. He'd been away on a fishing trip with his wife and kids, and he'd just finished reading

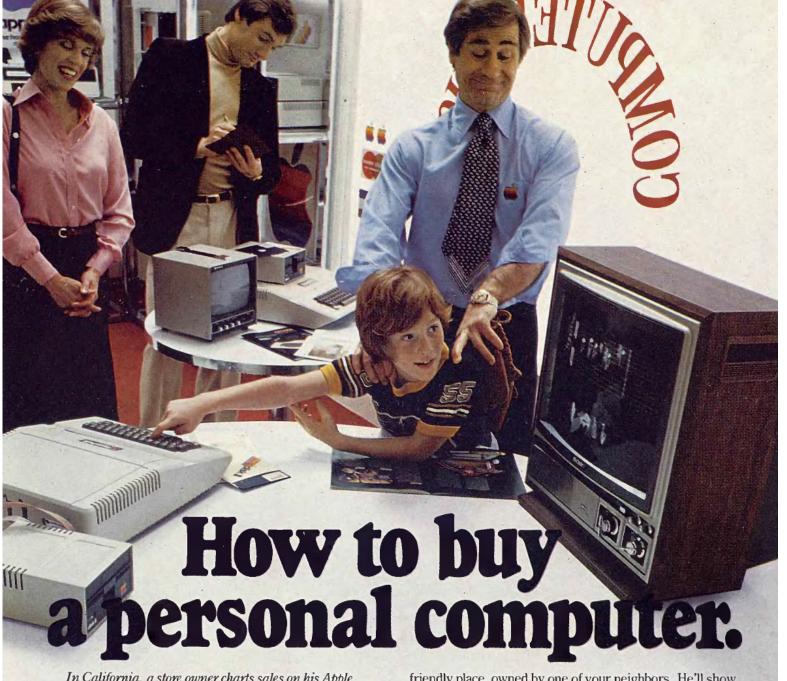
I've gotten some rave reviews in *The New York Times*, but I've never gotten a review like the one he gave me. It was six words long. Hettinger said, "It didn't make me feel bad." That was the greatest review I'd ever gotten or will get, and from then on I never worried about him again. He's since gotten a job as a kind of field deputy for a state senator near Bakersfield. After that, I publicly told everyone how a good movie was finally going to be made from one of my books, so I sat down and wrote the *Choirboys* screenplay—and immediately ran into all of that Hollywood nonsense.

PLAYBOY: Were you as put off by the movie version of The New Centurions as

you were by The Choirboys?

WAMBAUGH: No. I wasn't. To begin with, I didn't do the screenplay for The New Centurions, I only sold the film rights. I thought the movie was sort of a comicbook police melodrama with a couple of good performances. I didn't like it personally, but I could see how people who just wanted a mindless action movie might like it. And George C. Scott was terrific in it, but he did a lot of things in the movie I never wrote in the book. Scott starred in The New Centurions on the heels of Patton, and when he joined the cast, he was the biggest movie star in the world. The moment he signed on, it became a different film. That is no reflection on him, but the producers said, "Hey, we've got George C. Scott, a major part of this movie will have to be about his character," which is why The New Centurions never really had a chance. That's one of the ironies of the film business: If you hire an enormously successful actor to play a small part, every studio in Hollywood will throw the script right out the window and redo it for that star. Right after that, I got involved with television. The Blue Knight was made into a TV miniseries with William Holden and it later became a weekly series with George Kennedy, and in both cases, they did a pretty fair job for TV. I only sold the rights for the Holden miniseries, but I did get involved with





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the weekly series for the short time *The Blue Knight* was on. We made four or five episodes with George Kennedy in which we attempted to approximate the Bumper Morgan character from my novel, but the series was canceled before those shows were broadcast, which is an old TV story. In any case, I didn't really care too much about it. For whatever reasons they had, the producers felt they could do better than the character I'd written about in *The Blue Knight*, Which didn't particularly come as a surprise to me.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

WAMBAUGH: Well, by then, I knew my way around television. I started getting an education in TV in 1973, when I was approached by a very aggressive producer named David Gerber. He wanted to start a TV series about police with my name on it, so I wrote a two-page outline about an anthology series that would feature different actors each week. I told him we'd dramatize my philosophy about police, which goes something like this: We will deal with the emotional violence inherent in police work, because that's real, that's what makes police cynical, that's what makes police destroy themselves emotionally. We won't deal with physical violence, which you can see on any cop show on TV and which is not what police work is all about, anyway." In those days, I thought nothing about whoring around a little bit for TV, and I really wanted to get that show on the air.

So, having given them my two-bit philosophy on emotional violence versus physical violence and all the shit that I say all the time, I realized it didn't mean a goddamned thing to those network and studio people. Nothing. They want numbers. They want 35 and 40 shares of the audience, and they think they know how to get them: action; i.e., violence. Also tits and ass, and there's no substitute for that. Well, I didn't have tits and ass to offer, but I do know some violent people. I know a lot of violent people, as a matter of fact. So I took one along to the first meeting I had with network executives in the NBC commissary. He was a one-eved guy built like a linebacker and he happens to be a colorful storyteller in his own right. Once we sat down, the first thing they all asked him was, What's your job? And he said, "Surveillance detail." Oh, what's that? they asked, and I could see they were all a little afraid of this guy. He said, "Well, our job is to tail people without them knowing it. Let's say a known criminal comes to town; we tail him, but he doesn't know it. We put him to bed at night, we wake him up in the morning-everywhere he goes, we go." They asked him if the point of his job was to gather intelligence information. "Sometimes, but that's really not what we're about," he said. "We prefer to tail the guy until he

commits a felony of some sort." Oh, and then what do you do? He said, "Well, there are two choices: We either arrest him, or we kill him." The NBC guys went into shock—and I knew I had my show. Police Story was born that day.

PLAYBOY: Did that teach you anything about TV executives?

WAMBAUGH: Oh, absolutely. From then on, I realized how easily they could be intimidated, so whenever I was trying to make a deal, I'd take along some of my buddies from the half-ton squadfour enormous, mean-looking Mexicans with big mustaches like the kind Alfonso Bedoya wore in Treasure of the Sierra Madre. The guys all went better than 250 pounds apiece, and in addition to being very fierce characters, they could also be very, very funny. In arrest situations, for instance, if suspects would say to them, "How do I know you're a cop? Let me see your badge," those guys would say things like, "Bodge? I don't got to cho you no stinking bodge." They loved to lay lines like that on people.

"Whenever I was trying to make a deal with TV executives, I'd take along some of my buddies from the half-ton squad—four enormous, mean-looking Mexicans."

Anyway, I'd always take those guys with me, off duty, naturally, but we'd still be wearing our suits and our hardware, and we'd all walk into the offices at Columbia and sit down and the first thing we'd say was, "God, it's hot in here." So we'd take off our coats—and all you'd see were guns, guns, guns. We had everything but crossed bandoleers and machetes. In fact, I once had Ray Comacho carry a switchblade knife that must have opened up to about 14 inches—he was very showy about cleaning his fingernails with it. I'm nothing if not melodramatic.

PLAYBOY: Having made the deal and gotten *Police Story* on the air, what do you think the difference was between your cop show and other TV series about cops?

WAMBAUGH: Well, when Police Story was cooking, which was about 20 percent of the time, it was really honest and had some of the best drama on TV. I always felt Police Story earned the Emmy it won for best dramatic series, and it was always nominated. We had a couple of very fine writers, such as Liam O'Brien,

who wrote The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker, and Ed Waters-basically, they were fucked-up Jesuits like Jerry Brown. Anyway, they wrote some marvelous shows, and Dave Gerber always used to say, "OK, that's one for the Irish art theater, now let's have a couple of bangbang shows for the network." Whenever we'd do one for the Irish art theater, it seemed to me Police Story would accomplish what I wanted it to accomplish. The trouble was that Charlie's Angels, with all the tits and ass, began giving us some very stiff competition, and the network wanted Police Story to have more pizzazz; pizzazz meant action, and action is a TV euphemism for violence. I've said, and maintain, and can prove that the average policeman never fires his gun in combat in 20 years. But that same average policeman will suffer all sorts of blows to his self-esteem because he starts to believe the world is a garbage pile, and from there it's a short step to saying, "Well, if people are garbage and I'm a person, then I'm garbage, too."

That's exactly what policemen feel, which is why police work is so emotionally dangerous. It's certainly not the most physically dangerous job in the world. I remember that when I worked at Kaiser Steel, four ironworkers in a crew of 500 were killed on the job within a period of two weeks. Jesus Christ, the New York police force has almost 25,000 men, but if four of its guys were killed within a two-week period, it would be treated as the greatest catastrophe the city'd ever seen. I mean, you'd read nothing but headlines about it. So I don't really buy the idea that being a cop is all that physically dangerous. But when you look at figures for suicide, divorce, alcoholism, mental illness and so on, police are at the top of the list.

PLAYBOY: Since the start of the Seventies, police have made a comeback of sorts; they're no longer seen as "fascist pigs." What has changed?

WAMBAUGH: The Vietnam war is over, that's what's changed. During the Sixties, everybody was mad about Vietnam, so we'd have a demonstration that would turn into a riot and policemen would be drawn into it to preserve the peace, and so police became the symbol of repression for whatever the hell people were angry about. Honest to God, I'm so glad all that shit's over! It was at the point where, if somebody didn't like the bus service in Watts, there'd be a goddamn demonstration that night that would turn into a riot and we'd be putting our frigging helmets on and using our sticks because somebody in Watts wasn't able to catch a bus to go to Beverly Hills, where she was in domestic service. I was working Watts then, and was I sick of that shit! I think that people-and I'm not restricting this to black people or chicanos in any sense-no longer have

any causes they're angry enough about to take out on the visible establishment symbol.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be picturing cops as victims of the Sixties, but isn't it true that—especially during the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago—police got their rocks off by slamming antiwar demonstrators around?

WAMBAUGH: No, it isn't. Listen, Lyndon Johnson visited Century City around the same time and we had a riot in L.A. that was more or less the same as Chicago's: "a police riot," right? You know what it boiled down to? One 23-yearold facing another 23-year-old across a barricade. The guy on the other side might be white, yellow, black or brown, but the guy on our side was blue, I don't give a shit what color his face was. And the blue man's viewpoint would come down to this: "Look, asshole, I don't want to be here. I don't know what your beef is, and I know I don't care at the moment. Right now, I'd like to be anywhere but here, where I'm looking at your ugly face, which is spitting at me from across this barricade. That's the last frigging thing I want. Besides that, I've got a date tonight and I don't want to get hurt. And I'm scared. So if you take one more step and I run the risk of getting hurt. I'm gonna respond: Me against you."

Now, you're going to say this can be solved with police training, right? Bullshit! It's human nature to respond. I remember people hitting me, and I would hit them back much harder. Or I'd get my buddies to help me, and I mean we'd play catch-up. If they hit me once, we'd hit them twice or three times. They used fists, we used sticks. They used sticks, we used guns. As Spermwhale Whalen says in *The Choirboys*: "There ain't no rules out here, you cocksucker! The Marquis of Queensberry's just some fag over on Eighth Street!" And that's the way it is.

PLAYBOY: But you must agree there should be rules governing police behavior.

WAMBAUGH: Absolutely. But remember now, in those situations, the blue guys are identifiable, outnumbered and scared, precisely because there are restrictions on what they can do. They have to think about rules even while they're protecting themselves or retaliating. At the same time, rightly or wrongly, they feel that the other team has no rules, period. At any rate, all that shit ended when the war in Vietnam ended.

PLAYBOY: How do you think people regard police today?

wambaugh: I don't think policemen will ever be popular, because, by the definition of their jobs, they restrict people's freedom. If someone feels he should have the freedom to drive 65 miles an hour instead of 55 on the freeway and you restrict his freedom to do it, you

become the antagonist. That's what the job boils down to: You preserve the status quo. You may not set the status quo—someone else does that—but you preserve it. That doesn't sound very romantic, but that's what a policeman does. He restricts people's freedom, and people don't like that. If you want love, join the fire department.

PLAYBOY: But weren't firemen also getting shot at for a while?

WAMBAUGH: Yes, but only because they were establishment symbols. Usually, a fireman is loved by everyone everywhere. I suspect that people have become educated enough to understand that the cops no more started the Vietnam war than they are responsible for whatever the hell's the latest cause. What is it now, pollution? Heterosexuality?

PLAYBOY: If being a cop in the Sixties was so painful, why did you become one? WAMBAUGH: It was a good job. Look, as with any 23-year-old who joins the force, I discovered that police work pays more than being a schoolteacher and that the medical, dental and pension benefits are terrific. A guy on the L.A.P.D. can

"I suppose I was suffering from the John Wayne syndrome—if I could join the force, I could knock down doors, drive fast cars and shoot."

retire after 20 years with about 40 percent of his salary. Which is tremendous, Do you know what that means? You can be 43 years old and retire with nearly half the gross salary you're earning, and, as I said, policemen get paid pretty damn well. If a guy retires after 20 years and he's a sergeant-which isn't all that much-he'd be drawing better than \$10,000 a year for the rest of his life, no matter what else he decides to do. It's guaranteed forever and there are cost-ofliving increases, and if he dies, his pension goes to his family as long as the wife doesn't remarry. So that, to me, seemed like a tremendous job, Christ, without lifting a finger, a police widow makes more money than most working stiffs on the street. A young guy sees what a cop makes and he says, "Jesus, I can get all that for a high school diploma and if I can pass their tests and if my background checks out." So there's no ideology; ordinary, healthy guys get into it, but then they start getting bombarded by these emotional forces over which they have no control.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you became a cop? Was it strictly for the benefits and the money?

WAMBAUGH: No. I probably wanted a little action. I was going to college and was going to become a teacher, and I thought I wanted a job with a little more machismo to it than teaching offered.

PLAYBOY: What kind of action were you looking for?

WAMBAUGH: Physical action. I watched the TV cop shows and, at that point, I suppose I was suffering from the John Wayne syndrome—if I could join the force, I could knock down doors and drive fast cars and have people shoot at me and I could shoot back. I discovered that's not what you get. As I said before, when we began talking about *Police Story*, you start believing that people are garbage and that you are, too.

PLAYBOY: Is that the kind of police work you wanted *Police Story* to concentrate on?

WAMBAUGH: Yes, and I started losing my enthusiasm for *Police Story* when we got away from the emotional violence of police work. Someone was always insisting that there be a sniper in a window, or a couple of wild-looking black dudes with Afros and shotguns to scare the shit out of white middle-class America. We didn't *have* to have that shit on *Police Story*.

PLAYBOY: Is that what finally caused you to quit the show?

WAMBAUGH: It was something like that, yes. As Police Story became more and more successful, I had less and less clout, and that's when I left. It was really a cumulative thing about television and the whole show-business scene in general that made me want to leave. Actually, it was the whole goddamn system. I'll never forget one experience I had, after which I knew I had to leave. We did a show based on a true story about an L.A. police-helicopter crash. A chopper carrying three policemen crashed during a training exercise: one guy was thrown clear of the helicopter and was hurt badly; another guy died; and the third was trapped in the chopper and suffered terrible burns, I know the guy very well, and he had to spend a long time in a hospital burn ward. He looks OK today, but before his face was reconstructed with plastic surgery, he looked monstrous. His face was horribly scarred and his hands were like claws, and because there was no flesh there, he had to keep them covered with white-cotton gloves, This policeman is one of the bravest men I've ever met, and we signed him on as a technical advisor to the show.

Well, in the show about the helicopter crash, there was a true and beautifully written scene in which he comes home from the burn ward and when his little children see his terribly scarred face, they scream in terror and run from MENTHOL: 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, FILTER: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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him. That night, he goes into their room, sits down on a bed and talks to his children, who are hiding under their covers. They hear their daddy's voice coming out of this monstrous face, and after a while, the kids come out from under the covers and embrace him in a scene that was just heartbreakingly beautiful. Unfortunately, when that episode was shot, I was told that the actor involved didn't want to play the scene with burn make-up because he would be too ugly. Instead, the actor wore a beard. I mean, Santa Claus wears a beard, right? That beard was supposed to substitute for the horrible disfigurement of the man's face, but how could it? Now you may say, OK, it's no big deal, it's only a television show-except that having read the script, I cannot remember a scene, not only on TV but also in films, that had the potential to be one of the most moving moments an audience would ever experience.

Here's the payoff on the story: I always saw the episodes prior to their being shown on the air, and when this one was being screened, who suddenly walks in the fucking door but the policeman who'd been in the helicopter crash? By then, his face had been rebuilt through plastic surgery, but he still had to wear his cotton gloves, and he came in with his wife and his parents. Well, I didn't know about the actor's wearing a beard until I saw it up there on the screen, and as I watched it, I thought, How am I going to walk out of this screening room in front of this man who had the courage to live through this terrible experience, when we didn't even have the courage to do a TV show about it properly? To this day, I can't really deal with the humiliation I felt in that screening room. If I were that guy, I would have kicked Wambaugh in the balls right there in that screening room. I don't even remember what I mumbled to him when I crawled out of there, but from that moment on, television was never the same to me. I left Police Story soon after that. Then came The Choirboys debacle, after which I said no one's ever gonna make another movie of my stuff unless it's done right, which is why I'm making The Onion Field myself.

PLAYBOY: In 1973, Columbia Pictures paid you \$315,000 for screen rights to *The Onion Field*, and later shelved the project. Are we correct in thinking they were happy to sell the property back to you?

WAMBAUGH: You couldn't be more wrong. When I offered to buy it back, Columbia turned me down. I couldn't understand it, so I went to see a studio executive. I told him, "Look, what can you lose? I know Columbia is in debt for \$140,000,000, so we're not talking about a lot of money here, but, Jesus, why say no to it?" And the guy then showed me kow the business works. He said, "You

have to understand that after we bought the rights to *The Onion Field*, we hired a producer, a director and two writers, and wound up firing all of them. You come back five years later and you want to buy *The Onion Field* back from us—but what happens if you make it into a hit movie? How is that going to make *us* look to the chairman of the board and our stockholders? Like schmucks, right? Sorry, but we can't sell it back to you." And that was that.

PLAYBOY: How did you finally persuade them to sell you the rights?

WAMBAUGH: I sat down and wrote *The Black Marble* and then calculated a way in which I could use it to break *The Onion Field* loose from Columbia. I knew it was going to be a successful book, and I showed it to Columbia before publication. I told an executive there, "I will give Columbia the right of first refusal for *The Black Marble*, which is going to be very big. You won't have to better any other deal that is offered to me, you only have to equal it. Furthermore, no one else has even seen it; you

"I discovered I was lousy at raising money. The first thing I do is tell everyone what's wrong with my film, and then my guilt drives me to talk about what might go wrong with it."

have an exclusive. What do I want for this? I want to buy back movie rights to The Onion Field. It's of no use to you, and since you're not the executive who bought it, you can't look bad, even if I make a hit out of it."

PLAYBOY: A logical argument. Did it work?

WAMBAUGH: Yeah, it was accepted verbally. In other words, a verbal contract. But when it came down to the nitty-gritty, the project seemed to be tied up, so I walked into this executive's office and said, "OK, your time's up; shit or get off the can. What are you going to do?" And I was told by him that he'd promised to sell me back The Onion Field only if Columbia ended up buying screen rights to The Black Marble-which was enormously different from our agreement about the right of first refusal. I will never forget how angry I became. I got right up out of my chair as the guy was saying, "Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe-" He'd got the fifth Joe out of his mouth, and I snapped, "Sit down and don't say one more fucking word! Just give me a chance to calm down!" He didn't say another fucking word, and I got myself together while he began talking soothingly to me the way you'd talk to a rabid dog. He then strolled over to a corner and picked up his putter; he didn't seem to have any golf balls around. I was then quickly ushered into another office, where all my demands were duly noted, and where someone else gave me a song and dance. The executive then called my lawyer and told him he'd never been so upset in his life and that Columbia would have nothing further to do with Joseph Wambaugh or his project. I don't really remember putting my hands on the guy, but maybe I almost did. How's that for qualifying something? I know I was thinking about strangling him. The guy then told my lawyer that Columbia didn't want to be added to the long list of my lawsuits, so I immediately sued them for violating a verbal contract. Now, remember, I'd won The Choirboys fight because I said that regardless of what people in this business say, a man's word is good if a jury believes it. I was again ready to go into court and see who a jury would believe, but then a new man took over at Columbia.

PLAYBOY: Was he more receptive to your overtures, or did you want to strangle him as well?

WAMBAUGH: Oh, no, the new president at Columbia was a nice guy named Danny Melnick. After I gave a deposition in the presence of Columbia's attorneys, Melnick called me in and said, "Hell, I don't have any use for The Onion Field," and he sold the damn thing back to me. Melnick is gone now, of course. Columbia has this revolving door for executives, and you never know who the hell you're going to wind up dealing with from one month to the next. Columbia must actually have trap doors in its offices; people fall through them and go clear to Amagansett, where they get deyoured by some of the sharks who were extras in Jaws.

PLAYBOY: It's good to know you don't hold grudges. After reacquiring the rights to *The Onion Field*, was it easy to raise money to make the movie?

wambaugh: No, I discovered I was lousy at it. I can't even sell a used car, because the first thing I do is tell everyone what's wrong with it, and then my guilt drives me to talk about what might go wrong with it two months from now. I couldn't raise movie money for the same reason, because all I'd do was tell Hollywood horror stories to potential investors.

PLAYBOY: Would you care to give us a sample of your sales pitch?

WAMBAUGH: It went something like this: "Hi, Mr. Prospect. I know that you've never invested in motion pictures and that you spend all your time here in San Marino singing the same old USC frat songs and going to John Wayne movies and raising your flag and walking your

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STRADA. ANOTHER ITALIAN WORK OF ART. eagles and voting Republican. I don't know if you'll like the movie business, because it's really zany and wacky, and there're a lot of weirdos and freakos in it, and they do a lot of crazy things with spoons, and not just wear them around their necks, either, and I know that's the way you feel about it, too, but I really think that we can make a movie and make some money. Except that everyone's going to cheat us and screw us, especially the distributors, but I'll do my best to keep them from screwing us too much. One other thing to remember is that about 90 percent of the films released last year went right down the toilet, so really, if you want to look at it mathematically, chances are you're going to lose everything you invest.'

I didn't get any takers. I was embarrassed to beg money from people, so I went around to the banks and begged them for money, and I discovered that I didn't have enough money or property of my own to finance a film.

PLAYBOY: How much were you looking

WAMBAUGH: It came to \$2,400,000, and there's no way a bank would lend me that. I then had a hostile time with my publisher. I went to Dell Publishing and asked them to cosign a loan with me. I felt it wouldn't really be a big deal if I went bankrupt; I'd just write another book for them. I wanted my publisher to be a loyal, stand-up guy, which is the same code of honor that lifelong convicts and cops share among themselves. Dell didn't go along with me, so I couldn't raise any money, but Dee. my wife, did. The smallest chunk was \$25,000, from a retired police buddy of mine, and those investments have me feeling guilty, which is no surprise, really, since I feel guilty even when I don't have a morning bowel movement. In any case, Dee and I put in a third of the \$2,400,000, which is all the money I could raise. Right now, everything I own is tied up, and I could use a few CARE packages for the kiddies. But I got my money, we shot the film and it'll be released in the fall.

PLAYBOY: Having become, in effect, a producer, did you find yourself behaving the way typical producers are supposed to behave?

WAMBAUGH: At times, yes. I was there for every minute of the shooting. We were filming during one of the coldest Decembers that California has seen in this century. We'd be shooting at four A.M. in places like a remote onion field up in Saugus, where everything was covered with ice, which was unusual for California, and many were the nights I'd sit there with pencil and paper and compute the overtime we were logging. And I would suddenly announce, "OK, that's it, that's fucking it! You will not do another take." Naturally, you can imagine the frustration of the director and

cinematographer and even the actors who felt they needed another take or two to get a scene right. I'd be going frigging crazy knowing something they didn't: We were running out of money. In this business, regardless of what a producer will say, there's always more money. But with me, there was no more. It was so hard to make people understand that.

The whole thing was finally an education for me, and I've already decided to make *The Black Marble* the same way—for less than \$3,000,000, using really good young actors but no stars. Some films are strictly star vehicles, but there are only a few of those. I really think there are only two stars, incidentally, who can guarantee a box-office hit—Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds. You cannot but make money with either one of those guys, and they're the *only* two who can do it.

PLAYBOY: That sounds more like an opinion than a fact to us. Are you sure about that?

WAMBAUGH: Well, think about Jack Nicholson and Warren Beatty in *The* Fortune, which lost a bundle. How big

"I've had a recurring dream ever since I left the police force in 1974. I've never had it explained satisfactorily, so I hope some shrink will read this interview and write in."

do you want to get? Assuming that Marlon Brando is a bigger star than Beatty-and I'm not sure that he is-let's try Brando and Nicholson in The Missouri Breaks, another big loser. Straight Time with Dustin Hoffman was a good film, but it also lost money. I don't know what those movies would have done with actors who aren't stars, but when you're paying guys \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000 a crack, I imagine those movies would have lost less if they used lesser-known actors. And there are some wonderful actors around Hollywood who will work for very little money, and a lot of them are in The Onion Field.

PLAYBOY: Now that you've finished the film, how would you compare producing a movie with writing a book?

WAMBAUGH: They're both very tough. But really, I'm still comparing everything I do now with being a policeman, which I was for 14 years—and which I miss. In fact, I've had a recurring dream ever since I left the police force in 1974. I've never had it explained satisfactorily, so I hope some shrink will read this interview and write in. I don't know

why, but in this dream I'm constantly going back to the police department, and yet, in the dream, I know it can't work. I'm a celebrity writer, and I realize I can't be one and also function as a cop. I know it's not going to work and that I'm going to have to quit the police department again, and people are going to think I'm crazy. And even though I spent my last six years with the L.A.P.D. in plain clothes, in the dream I'm always in uniform and always having trouble getting it together properly for inspection. I'm usually trying to run to a uniform store to buy another service stripe to sew on the arm of my uniform, and I'm rushing because I know I'm late for roll call. This dream used to drive me crazy, and for a while I would have it every night, over and over and over and over. The service stripes are always a problem to me, because I left the department too soon. I'm trying to fudge and put on one more five-year stripe that I haven't quite earned yet, but which my classmates have earned. I make a decision that I'm going back to the force, and that's how the dream ends.

PLAYBOY: You returned to police work after the six-month leave of absence you spent writing *The Onion Field*. Why did you go back?

WAMBAUGH: Because I was bored by everything. I was just sitting around the house, and you really can't jump into another book right away, and I'd just had this tremendous experience of writing *The Onion Field*. But it was over, and I was fucking bored, bored! And so I went back to the police department. It wasn't because I like running around, trying to shoot people or break down doors and all that. I just liked being in the company of the guys.

[At this point in the interview, the reporter and Wambaugh had repaired to Monahan's, a Pasadena bar frequented by cops. Several drinks accompanied the following exchanges.]

PLAYBOY: Since you gave us your dream to analyze, what would you think if a police psychiatrist diagnosed you as a classic case of repressed homosexuality? The "company of the guys" and all that. WAMBAUGH: I hope there's nothing to it. but I'll admit that I like the company of rough men.

PLAYBOY: How rough? Leather? Chains? WAMBAUGH: [Laughing] I don't like them that rough, doctor. I just enjoy their company, maybe because they're so uncomplicated. When I rejoined the force, though, I really couldn't make it work. There were always people calling the station house to talk to me. Guys I'd arrest would ask if they could audition for parts in Police Story. I rejoined the force for about a year, and it was ridiculous. I wasn't a cop anymore, I was just going through the motions. I really felt like an outsider, which, indeed, I was.

(continued on page 112)



"Let's give Dad Scotch" If he likes fine Scotch, he'll love light imported Jameson Irish Let Dada

Let Dad try a glass of Jameson Irish Whiskey the way he would his favorite Scotch.

He'll notice how much it tastes like fine Scotch—only lighter and more delicate.

difference.

Though it may take a little time for him to get used to saying, "Jameson Irish on the rocks, please."

Jameson. World's largest-selling Irish Whiskey.

THE MAKING OF A POPE

article By ANDREW M. GREELEY

for the first time ever, an insider's look at the papal election process and its master manipulators—those holy horse traders to whom the <u>only</u> cardinal sin is political naïveté



IT WAS THE YEAR of the three Popes, a year of shattering changes in the papacy. The cardinals assembled in August, took a big gamble and won, more spectacularly, perhaps, than they had expected. Then death wiped out the September smile and the cardinals went back and took an even bigger gamble. At the present moment, they seem to have won that one, too.

Cardinals are not usually high-stake gamblers.

Rereading my notes from the years of research before August 1978, I can trace the pattern of events that produced the dramatic moments of late summer and early autumn of that year. In retrospect, the hints were all there. As George Orwell would



have said, all Vaticanologists are wrong, but they are wrong in different ways.

I have not attempted to hide the mistakes I made in trying to put together this story—the bad predictions remain here alongside the good ones. My journal of the events as they unfolded appears in regular type; the insights I gleaned later from confidential sources appear in italics.

The purpose of this story, though, is not to set up a ledger sheet of successes and failures in predictions. It is, rather, an essay in understanding, an attempt to grapple with go-for-broke cardinals, a *Pinocchio*-quoting Pope, self-destructive curialists, and then a Polish Pope who writes learned philosophical articles and canoes down turbulent rivers.

It will be evident that I don't like the way the Catholic Church has been rungreat comedy but poor church. However, my criticism is not that of a detached outsider but of a passionately committed insider—an American priest, who is also a sociologist and a journalist. Composed of humans, the Church will have human faults, but those who love it are committed to reducing those faults, not covering them over. We wash our dirty linen in public because that is the only way to get it clean.

It is just as well that I could not interview all the cardinals. It is part of the conspiracy of dishonesty and secrecy that surrounds papal elections and papal government that cardinals are not supposed to tell the truth. There are exceptions, thank God. I learned about what happened from "sources" whose lives and careers would be destroyed if their names were revealed (I thought of calling one source Deep Purple). So much for an institution whose Founder talked about working in the open and speaking from the housetops. The reader will have to accept the fact that my sources are well informed, and that I quote them accurately. I have so obscured their identities, however, that it would be pointless for anyone to try to break through the disguises. In using material from confidential sources that was critical of the various actors in the conclave drama. I followed the Washington Post-Woodward-Bernstein rule of not including allegations that could not be confirmed by two independent sources. In several cases, I asked some of those in a position to know about such allegations to read them in manuscript form to correct any inaccuracies that might have crept in. I omitted one particularly juicy raw dossier on an Italian cardinal-given to me by a major Vatican agency-even though I was able to obtain partial confirmation. I simply was not satisfied with the precision of the documentation.

This is the true account, as best I can tell it, of the year of the three Popes. I tell it in the conviction that, as Pius XI said, "The Catholic Church has nothing to fear from the truth."

Rome, Friday, May 12, 1978

My feelings driving into Rome today were mixed, more sharply ambivalent than they've been at any other time here. It was a lovely day, robin's-egg-blue sky, soft sunlight, green fields. Weather in the high 60s. The country between Fiumicino and Rome (once doubtless part of the Mediterranean sea bed) is flat and kind of nice-looking, and the city glows in the distance. It is one of the loveliest cities, I think, in the whole world.

On the other hand, they just buried Aldo Moro, as much a martyr to the Christian Democratic Party's coalition with the Communists as a martyr to the Red Brigades. Coming in from the airport, I passed various roadblocks of cops, with machine guns at the ready, though whatever earthly good they were doing, I can't fathom. For anyone with any experience of this country at all, it's not surprising they couldn't find Moro or his kidnapers. Indeed, what's surprising is that anything works here at all.

Then there's the Holy Roman Catholic Church, this year busy celebrating the 20th anniversary of the Second Vatican Council, the 15th anniversary of Paul VI and the tenth anniversary of his encyclical *Humanae Vitae*. Talk about a downhill slope.

The Roman authorities have sent out word that they want celebrations of the encyclical. It seems to me to make as much sense as celebrating the sinking of the Titanic, the Johnstown flood or the Chicago Fire. Still, Pope Paul clings to the papacy, apparently too weak now to see any visiting bishops, and the Church drifts aimlessly.

It would be a mistake to underestimate the amount of spontaneous paranoia to be found in Italy. The typical Italian driver, for example, believes firmly that the things going on on the highway around him are part of an organized conspiracy. "They" are out to get him, and their behavior on the highway only confirms his suspicions. It is something of a self-fulfilling prophecy, of course, because if everyone is out to get you, you've got to get him first. So you cut in front of him, switch lanes on him before he can do it to you.

The same thing goes on in the Vatican. The thought of a well-organized curial conspiracy is something that can only be dreamed up by quasi-fiction writers like Malachi Martin. There's not enough trust in the Curia to generate a systematic plot. A curial scheme to reverse the effects of the Vatican Council is as much fiction as is organized crime in the United States. The effects are the

same as if there were a plot, but there is no "grand conspiracy" and no evil genius behind it. There does not have to be.

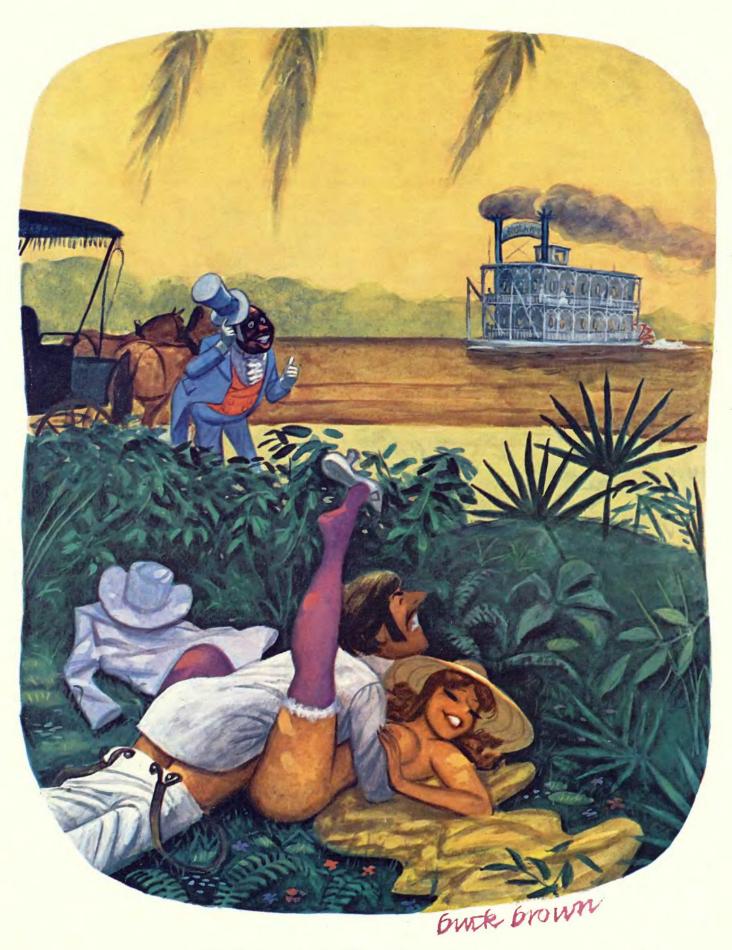
Saturday, May 13

I had dinner tonight with a weary and discouraged friend, Father Adolpho [not his real name]. Paul VI has been slipping badly week after week. Adolpho says he does not see how he can last another year. This is the same Adolpho who said last fall that Paul could go on for four or five years.

The Vatican, Adolpho tells me, has ground to a halt. Decisions don't get made. In Pope Pius XII's declining days, Madre Pasqualina, the German nun, was running the Church. With Cardinal Giovanni Benelli now in Florence as archbishop, nobody is running the Church. Monsignor Pasquale Macchi, the secretary, is concerned about the Vatican library and the Vatican museum; Cardinal Jean Villot [who died on March 9, 1979], the Vatican secretary of state, is ineffective. It used to be said that Villot had no power because Benelli had it all; it now turns out, according to Adolpho, that Benelli had all the power because Villot was incapable of exercising power. Archbishop Giuseppe Caprio, who is Benelli's replacement as Substitute of the Secretariat of State and the only one besides Macchi who sees the Pope every day, is a pleasant and wellmeaning fellow, not terribly intelligent and certainly not motivated to make any hard decisions. Everybody is waiting, biding his time.

Adolpho had complimentary things to say about Il Signor Cardinale's [another confidential source] management of his congregation. He said he's the only one who really runs an efficient congregation in the Curia. He also said he's a very shrewd man. I mentioned that Cardinal Corrado Ursi (archbishop of Naples) was the cardinal's candidate, and Adolpho said he and Ursi were close personal friends, that Ursi is a nice man but terribly, terribly sensitive and easily goes off into rages over hurt feelings. Cardinal Albino Luciani, the patriarch of Venice, whom my friends of this afternoon thought the Romans were pushing. would be a nice, pleasant man but very unconfident.

At lunch, Father Micheli [pseudonym for another of the author's confidential sources] showed me some raw-data files from a curial office (which apparently are being passed around to everyone in Rome) containing the most vile accusations against one of the candidates, accusing him of cronyism, corruption, venality and greed. I have had some slight confirmation of these charges from a hint given to me by an American bishop, but it would be irresponsible to



"Talk about y' coincidences, Mistuh Yancey. . . . Ol' steamboat's comin', too!"

set down even in these notes the charges or the candidate's name. To provide some idea, though, of the nature of the charges, one of the women who are supporting this cardinal's candidacy for the papacy in Rome is described as the "slut of priests"; that is to say, someone who is readily available, even though she is married, to supply affection to various curial cardinals who need affection. Lots of juicy, raw meat, but thank you, no, I don't want any.

That ends the first day's notes. The two interviews give somewhat different messages: Micheli thinks that there will be a long delay before the Pope dies. Adolpho feels it will be a rather short time. I am sure that Micheli's position is far more common in Rome than Adolpho's. However, those folks don't get a look at the Pope every week.

Sunday, May 14

I spent an hour and a half talking with Pat Kelly, member of the staff of one of the lesser Roman agencies set up since the Vatican Council to go through the motions of honoring the council and still not make any trouble for anybody in the real Curia. Kelly confirmed that Cardinal Sebastiano Baggio, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation for the Bishops, is making a vigorous power play right now for the papacy. He wants it so bad he can taste it. (Incidentally, in Rome, he's known as "Viaggo Baggio," a Roman pun meaning "Baggio the traveler.")

Kelly also confirms the hatred of Villot for Baggio. The people in the secretary's office are doing everything they can to blacken his name, so if there is so much being expended in Rome to destroy the cardinals who are likely candidates, Adolpho may very well be right. The curialists smell a conclave and are getting ready for it by attacking their opposition. You get told over here that the Curia is factionalized, and you begin to believe it when you hear stories of the sort that I've been hearing the past couple of days about the character assassinations.

I'll be heading back home tomorrow with the conviction that the conclave is near.

Chicago, Friday, August 4

Sebastiano Baggio has been in our city. In a secret stop on his way to a meeting in Latin America, he visited Cardinal John Cody with a "request" from the Pope that Cody yield power. The cardinal is already telling people about the visit. I hear there was a fierce shouting match most of one night at Cody's villa on the grounds of the seminary at Mundelein, with the cardinal adamantly refusing to go along with the request. This is Rome's most recent attempt to act on

the dossier of charges that has been collected against the cardinal-charges alleging racism (in fact, Cody is hardly a racist, but he closed several innercity schools, many attended largely by non-Catholic blacks, because he feels the Church has no mission to educate non-Catholics); financial maladministration (among other things, failure to account to Rome for the investment of some \$60,000,000 in parish funds); poor administration; conflict with the clergy; unpopularity with the laity; and "extraordinary" personal habits (tales of his involvement in complex political and military machinations, vindictiveness, a passion for secrecy and mystery). While it does not have the resources to sort out fact from fiction in these rumors, Rome operates on the assumption that where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire.

As one Roman said to me, "Any bishop on whom they had all that material would have been a chaplain in an old people's home five years ago." But Rome is reluctant to move against a cardinal, no matter how bad the case and how great the potential scandal.

So Paul VI approached his final days knowing that he had a major unsolved problem in Chicago and that one of the men likely to vote for his successor was a man on whom a huge negative dossier had been prepared by staff members who were normally anything but squeamish about the aberrations of highly placed ecclesiastics. Most human leaders are prone to the temptation to ignore unpleasant issues if they possibly can. No one should be shocked that Popes do the same thing.

Sunday, August 6

The Pope had been worn out even before he left Rome for Castel Gandolfo on July 14. During the 15-mile ride, he had said to his staff, "We are leaving, but we do not know if we will return or how we will return." On Friday, August fourth, he did not feel well, and his doctor, 70-year-old Mario Fontana, diagnosed the ailment as a return of the bladder infection that had recurred several times since his prostate operation.

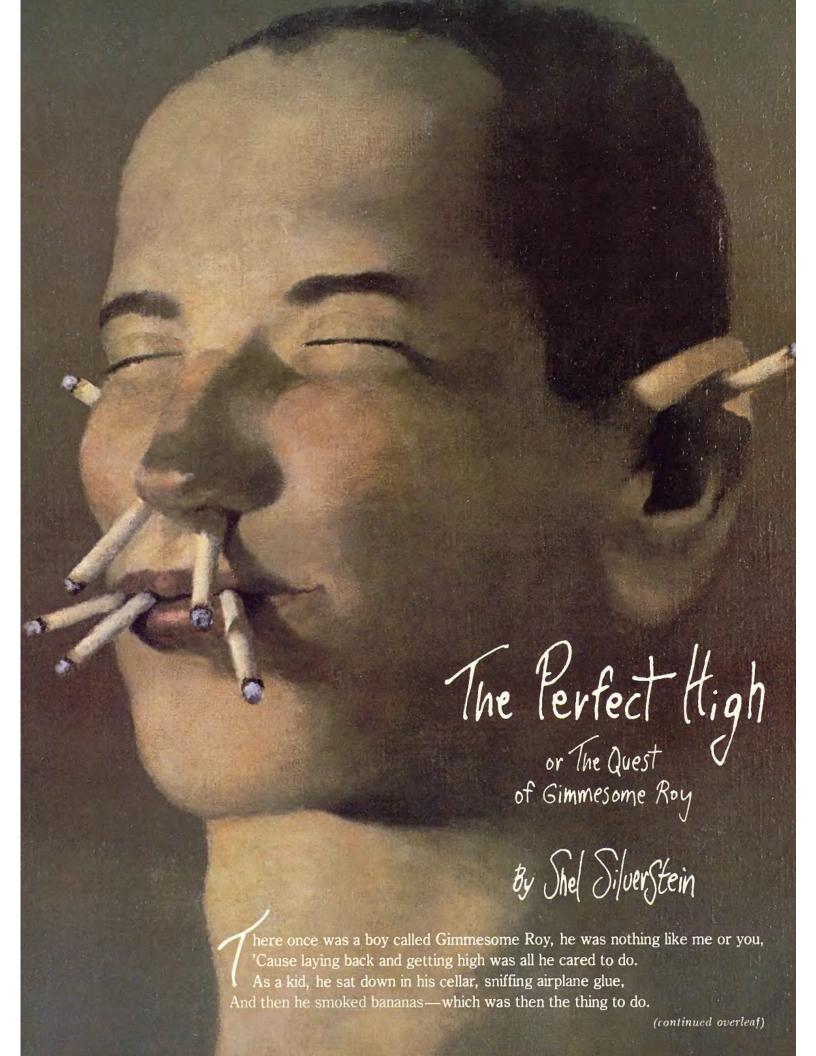
As a precaution, Dr. Fontana ordered the Pope to bed in his damask-walled room overlooking the castle gardens. Fontana checked with the urologist in Rome and began treating the infection, uneasy because of the Pope's age and generally weakened condition but not yet seriously worried. Monsignor Macchi urged him to announce on Saturday the cancellation of his noonday Angelus blessing on Sunday. The bladder infection worsened on Saturday; Sunday his fever continued to be moderately high, but he was awake and alert, and the doc-

tors were not unduly alarmed. Macchi began Mass for the Pope at six o'clock Sunday evening in the chapel next to his bedroom. Father John Magee (his other secretary, Irish born), a doctor and a few other members of the household were present at Mass. Just before Communion, the Pope became extremely agitated but pulled himself together to receive Communion and then lapsed into semiconsciousness. His blood pressure now began to vary greatly, first high, then low, then high again. The doctor diagnosed the seizure during Mass as a heart attack. The Pope was put into an oxygen tent and Villot, the camerlengo (the man who would be acting Pope during the interregnum), was summoned from Rome. The Pope's brother, former Senator Ludovico Montini, was also called. The heart attack was announced to the world, but the Pope was still conscious when Villot arrived. Villot spoke with him privately for five or six minutes. Then the Pope's breathing grew more labored and he said, "We have arrived at the end. We thank . . ."-using the formal "we" almost to the end. A little later, he said simply, "Pray for me." Now everyone was present who should have been there-Villot, Caprio, Macchi, Fontana, Magee, the Pope's nephew, Marco Montini, and four sisters who cared for the papal household at Castel Gandolfo. At 9:40 P.M., Sunday, August 6, 1978quietly, almost as though he were falling asleep-Giovanni Battista Montini, Pope Paul VI, came to the end of his life.

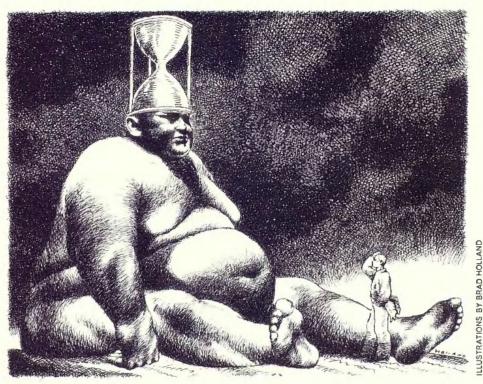
Rome, Tuesday, August 8

Rome is almost a deserted city. Everyone, as someone said to me, was away on vacation when the Pope died—even the Pope. There were apparently only four cardinals in Rome; now all the cardinals are hustling from all over the world. The funeral won't be until Saturday—a seven-day wake, too much even by Irish standards. They are going to bring the Pope's body down from Castel Gandolfo tomorrow evening.

The Italian papers are already filled with speculation about who the next Pope will be. They are talking about Villot, who is almost 73 years old; Benelli, who is 57; Baggio, who is 65; Cardinal Eduardo Pironio (one of the most influential of the progressive Latin American bishops), who is 57; Cardinal Johannes Willebrands (archbishop of Utrecht), who is 69; Cardinal Sergio Pignedoli (most widely traveled and most progressive of the curial cardinals), who is 68; and Cardinal Franz Koenig (archbishop of Vienna), who is 73. Koenig himself, however, has said, in effect, that he does not choose to run and that the next Pope



He tried aspirin and Coca-Cola, breathed helium on the sly,
And his life was just one endless search to find that perfect high.
But grass just made him want to lay back and eat chocolate-chip pizza all night,
And the great things he wrote while he was stoned looked like shit in the morning light,
And speed just made him rap all day, reds just laid him back,
And Cocaine Rose was sweet to his nose, but her price nearly broke his back.
He tried PCP and THC, but they didn't quite do the trick,
And poppers nearly blew his heart and mushrooms made him sick.
Acid made him see the light, but he never remembered it long,
And hashish was just a little too weak, and smack was a lot too strong,
And Quaaludes made him stumble, and booze just made him cry,
Till he heard of a cat named Baba Fats who knew of the perfect high.



ow, Baba Fats was a hermit cat who lived up in Nepal,
High on a craggy mountaintop, up a sheer and icy wall.
"But hell," says Roy, "I'm a healthy boy, and I'll crawl or climb or fly,
But I'll find that guru who'll give me the clue as to what's the perfect high."
So out and off goes Gimmesome Roy to the land that knows no time,
Up a trail no man could conquer to a cliff no man could climb.
For fourteen years he tries that cliff, then back down again he slides,
Then sits—and cries—and climbs again, pursuing that perfect high.
He's grinding his teeth, he's coughing blood, he's aching and shaking and weak,
As starving and sore and bleeding and tore he reaches the mountain peak.
And his eyes blink red like a snow-blind wolf and he snarls the snarl of a rat,
As there in perfect repose and wearing no clothes—sits the godlike Baba Fats.

hat's happening, Fats?" says Roy with joy. "I come to state my biz. I hear you're hip to the perfect trip. Please tell me what it is. For you can see," says Roy to he, "that I'm about to die, So for my last ride, Fats, how can I achieve that perfect high?" "Well, dog my cats," says Baba Fats, "here's one more burnt-out soul, Who's looking for some alchemist to turn his trip to gold. But you won't find it in no dealer's stash, or on no druggist's shelf. Son, if you seek the perfect high—find it in yourself."

hy, you jive motherfucker," screamed Gimmesome Roy, "I've climbed through rain and sleet, I've lost three fingers off my hands and four toes off my feet.
I've braved the lair of the polar bear and tasted the maggot's kiss.

Now you tell me the high is in *myself*, what kind of shit is this?

My ears 'fore they froze off," says Roy, "had heard all kinds of crap,
But I didn't climb for fourteen years to listen to that sophomore rap.

And I didn't crawl up here to hear that the high is on the natch,
So you tell me where the *real* stuff is or I'll kill your guru ass."

K, OK," says Baba Fats, "you're forcing it out of me. There is a land beyond the sun that's known as Zaboli, A wretched land of stone and sand where snakes and buzzards scream, And in that devil's garden grows the mystic Tzu-Tzu tree, And every ten years it blooms one flower as white as the Key West sky, And he who eats of that Tzu-Tzu flower will know the perfect high, For the rush comes on like a tidal wave and it hits like the blazing sun, And the high, it lasts a lifetime and the down don't ever come. But the Zaboli land is ruled by a giant who stands twelve cubits high. With eyes of red in his hundred heads, he waits for the passers-by. And you must slay that red-eyed giant and then swim the River of Slime Where the mucous beasts, they wait to feast on those who journey by. And if you survive the giant and the beasts and swim that slimy sea, There's a blood-drinking witch who sharpens her teeth as she guards that Tzu-Tzu tree." "To hell with your witches and giants," laughs Roy. "To hell with the beasts of the sea. As long as the Tzu-Tzu flower blooms, some hope still blooms for me." And with tears of joy in his snow-blind eye, Roy hands the guru a five, Then back down the icy mountain he crawls, pursuing that perfect high.

ell, that is that," says Baba Fats, sitting back down on his stone,
Facing another thousand years of talking to God alone.

"It seems, Lord," says Fats, "it's all the same, old men or bright-eyed youth,
It's always easier to sell them some shit than it is to give them the truth."

MAKING OF A POPE (continued from page 92)

"The London bookies are giving odds on the election, with Pignedoli as a front runner."

should be a young man and non-Italian.

The cardinals are starting to arrive in Rome. They really have so little time. They know, relatively speaking, so little of one another. They are being pulled away from vacations. It's likely to be hot here in Rome (though the weather has been lovely today and is already cooling off this evening). The requirements of secrecy, prohibitions against explicit campaigning, the protocol that forbids the cardinals to admit their real differences of opinion-all of these are going to restrict and inhibit the wisdom of their decision even more.

Only 12 men have been in the conclave before. Inexperienced men without the time or the preparation or the freedom of discussion are going to make perhaps the most critical choice that a group of cardinals has made in the past half millennium. I have the knot of fear in my stomach once again.

Wednesday, August 9

The Pope's body was brought back tonight. I'm sure the papers tomorrow will speak of the large crowds of people-"THRONGS MOURN POPE," the headlines will say. But there weren't throngs, there was only a thin line of people along the barriers and several thousand clustered up in the front of St. Peter's, where a brief service took place. There's no way to sort out how much of this is indifference to the papacy, how much of it is indifference to Paul VI and how much of it is simply August. However, despite the vacations, there are still a lot of people in Rome, and the sidewalk cafés in the streets a few blocks away from St. Peter's seem to be filled with people, and there are young folk going in and out of the moviehouses. Of course, what else should they do on a cool, lovely summer evening?

There is a meeting tonight on the Via della Conciliazione long after darkness between the Brazilian cardinal Agnelo Rossi (who works in the Curia) and the ineffable Cardinal Pericle Felici, prefect of the papal appellate court. Rossi has come as a delegate of Pignedoli, who proposes an alliance with Felici to protect Pope Paul's status quo. Two men, clad in black cassocks so that they will not be recognized, talk briefly as they walk along the sidewalk close to the walls of the buildings that line the street. Felici dismisses the proposal out of hand.

Pignedoli is a lightweight; he wants no part of him.

There will be no such deal. Rossi nods noncommittally and says that he will convey Felici's refusal to Pignedoli. Felici returns to his apartment near the Vatican and relaxes on his favorite couch and continues to make phone calls. There is no real support, he is convinced, for either Baggio or Pignedoli among the foreign cardinals. He and his allies in the Curia trust neither of the men. They can easily be stopped. But who, then, to nominate-Cardinal Paolo Bertoli, the 70-year-old former diplomat who has been on Paul VI's shelf? A difficult and contentious man, too rigid in his principles, but at least not a lightweight like Pignedoli or an unpredictable opportunist like Baggio. There must be support for Cardinal Giuseppe Siri, archbishop of Genoa, on the first ballot, of course, for old times' sake. But Siri cannot win. Felici thinks briefly of Luciani, his good friend from Venice. The dean of the College of Cardinals, Carlo Confalonieri, who will not be able to vote because he is over 80, has also spoken of Luciani as a good and gentle man. Luciani's holiness would doubtless be attractive to foreigners: Since he has gone to Venice, he has proved quite responsive to curial instructions. Doubtless he could easily be persuaded to see to the promulgation of a new code of canon law to which Felici has devoted so much of his time in the past decade. Yes, Luciani might be a good compromise candidate. Perhaps Felici briefly thinks of his own chances and then dismisses them. The foreigners are too unpredictable. There is no way of knowing what they will want.

Thursday, August 10

Today is the first day of the papal wake in Rome. The cardinals continue to arrive. Koenig has repeated his idea that the next Pope ought to be a young man and non-Italian, possibly non-European. Cardinal Leo Suenens, archbishop of Mechelen-Brussels, has suggested that it might be a good idea to have four Popes, one for each part of the world. The Third Worlders are being very discreet but sounding tough. Cardinal Joseph Cordeiro of Pakistan, for example, observed that it would be all right if it were an Italian Pope, so long as he was chosen by the Third World

cardinals. Half of the American cardinals are here; the others, including Cody, are arriving today. The American reporters are trying to get an answer from our cardinals as to why everything has to be in secret. The cardinals are trying to answer, but the only real answer is that the secrecy is intended to keep the influence of the Austrian emperor out of the election. At least that's the official historical explanation, but no cardinal will dare say that, because it makes the secrecy sound as absurd as it is. Indeed, the cardinals do not know where the other cardinals will be-nobody provides them with an address list. If they want to find out where someone else is staying so they can invite him to supper, they just have to ask around.

The London bookies are giving odds on the election, with Pignedoli as a front runner. Their own man, Cardinal George Basil Hume, is somewhere around 50 to 1, which strikes me as being a not unreasonable estimate.

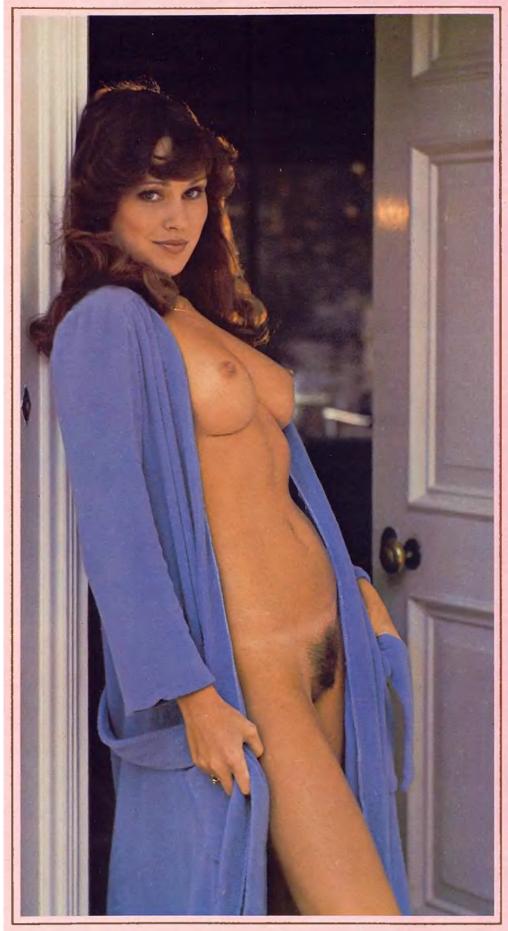
I'm now in the line for the Pope's wake, having overcome my untypically Irish reluctance to attend. I'm sorry, but the whole thing reminds me of the King Tut exhibit in Chicago. Though, unlike the King Tut viewing, you move quickly in and out of this one. There's lots of curiosity, but no sign of mourning or

The northern European cardinals, by the way, are taking their sweet time coming down here. Either they are very confident about their ability to organize things in a few days or they haven't thought about organizing. If the former is the case, then they are presumptuous; if the latter, they're irresponsible. No wonder people are saying that Felici is in a euphoric mood. No wonder Rossi vigorously denounced the collaborators and staff of Paul VI. The absence of any organization among the foreigners or the progressives is enabling the local rightwingers to feel their oats. They may think they've already got things sewn up. Lord, what a disaster for the Church that would be.

The cardinals and their assistants are shuttling around the city now in their black cars, discreetly ducking in and out of colleges and seminaries, not campaigning, since that is not permitted, but "consulting"-all things here must be done with elegance and grace. Right now, the best guess is no guess at all.

But one thing can be said with confidence-the winner will be a compromise candidate. The fact is built into one critically important mechanism of the election: the two-thirds-plus-one majority (75 votes) required to elect.

I hear from my sources that so far the (continued on page 199)



Some new doors opened for 1977 Ploymote of the Year Potti McGuire when she eloped with tennis star Jimmy Connors. For one, she gets free lessons. At right, the happy couple on the road.

MATCHIED

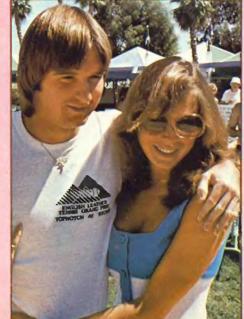
when tennis ace met top playmate, the net result was love

BELLY UP to the bar, boys, we've got a sad tale to tell. Sadder than *The Face on the Barroom Floor*. Sadder than Casey's epic fanning at Mudville's biggest game. Sad enough to soak the hankies of every red-blooded bachelor who ever eyed a centerfold.

Patti McGuire went and got herself hitched.

That's right, the luscious C.B. lady from St. Louis was roped, thrown and hog-tied. Carried off under our very noses by some itinerant racket jockey. Jimmy Connors, the name is.

Steamed? You bet we are. Patti was the best. We'll never forget that first meeting. There she was in November of 1976, a dream of a woman, delectably draped on a vintage Wurlitzer in a roadside café. We could









An early centerfald shot (left), subsequently rejected, with Patti and an unnamed friend; Patti at the pram (center) with another unnamed friend; and Patti in St. Louis with, hey, that's Janis Schmitt, February 1978 Playmate. Below, our then Playmate of the Year rinses out a few things.



almost hear the music. It was *Convoy* or some equally romantic tune. We didn't care, it was *our* song.

We could tell just by looking at her parts that this was no ordinary woman. And when she batted those steel-gray eyes and whispered, "I like to keep the hammer down," we knew this girl couldn't get a speeding ticket if she laid rubber in the police-station parking lot.

Since then, we've kept a close watch on Patti. We watched her move from Missouri to California. We watched her on promotional tours for PLAYBOY. We watched her on TV, fighting crime with Starsky and Hutch. And when she ran the Colorado rapids for a pictorial, we even watched her brush her teeth.

Despite such close scrutiny, we couldn't find a damn thing wrong with her. So in June of 1977, we made her Playmate of the Year in a televised ceremony that nearly everyone in America watched.

Somewhere along the way, she ran into the aforementioned tennis player (we couldn't watch her all the time!). Connors, of course, is known for a formidable forehand, a two-fisted backhand and a devastating fanny wiggle. In any event, he's good—good enough to have taken Wimbledon. And he picks up

One of PLAYBOY's most popular Playmate emissaries, Patti toured the country (below left), posed under a Christmas tree with a familiar-looking Santa for a yuletide subscription ad (below center) and became our June 1978 calendar girl, which explains why same people never got to July.







A TV game show (below left) found Patti in a juggling act with January 1976 Playmate Daina House; and winners of a California ski-slalom event got a pretty presenter.









Patti was such a hit on aur Navember 1976 cover (above) that nobody noticed who the interview subject was. Well, almost nobody. At left, where the idyl began: the super centerfold that started it all.



Above, Patti is crawned Playmate of the Year on national TV by 1976 Playmate of the Year Lillian Müller as Hef looks on. Below, actor Jimmy Caan and bodybuilderactor Arnold Schwarzenegger with a friend.





Playmate House Party, Patti was shown working very hard on her tan with July 1977 Ploymate Sondra Theodore.



Above, Jimmy Coon strums and Patti hums at an impromptu hoot at Playboy Mansion West; below, Patti welcomes a surprise guest during the cover shooting for her Playmate of the Year pictorial.



Along with Sondra Theodore ond, of course, Hugh Hefner, Patti was immortolized on the scoreboard of Bally's Playboy pinboll mochine (above), causing many a player to miss his turn.

walking-around money on the weekends hustling the likes of Vilas, Ashe, Gottfried, McEnroe, Solomon, Nastase and, occasionally, Battlin' Borg. Some would say he's the best tennis player in the world. (Some would, Bjorn wouldn't.)

In spite of Connors' competitive experience, though, our Patti managed to take him in straight sets at an invitational variously rumored to have taken place in Japan, in her home town of St. Louis and in his, Belleville, Illinois. Only Patti and Jimmy knew for sure and they, as of this writing, were playing peekaboo with the press as they awaited the birth of a prospective Davis cupper, or Playmate.

The Connors-McGuire combination would seem to be a dynamite doubles team. And those of us who are still playing singles have ample reason to mourn.

Gentleman that we are, we wish them the best, albeit with tears in our beer and a lump in our throat.

Oh, somewhere there is laugh-Amidst our toil and strife, But there is no joy at PLAYBOY, Pretty Patti . . . is a wife.



open air with model Cindy Russell

and Playmate Hope Olson.

We certainly hope marriage doesn't couse Jimmy Connors' game to suffer. But with someone who looks like this waiting for him after a match, what man wouldn't hurry his shots?



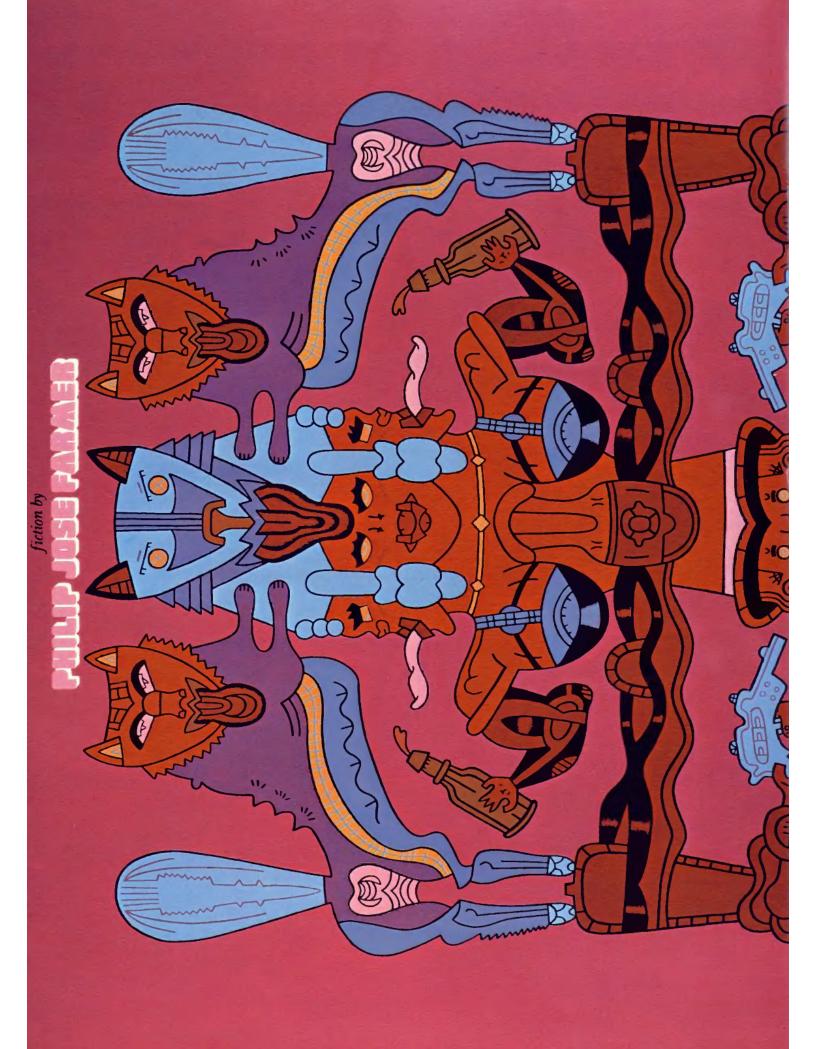
When Patti's sister Jenny came to visit her at Playboy Mansian West, Patti played both tour guide and hostess, intraducing her to hause guests Fred Dryer of the Los Angeles Rams (abave) and actor Harry Reems (below).

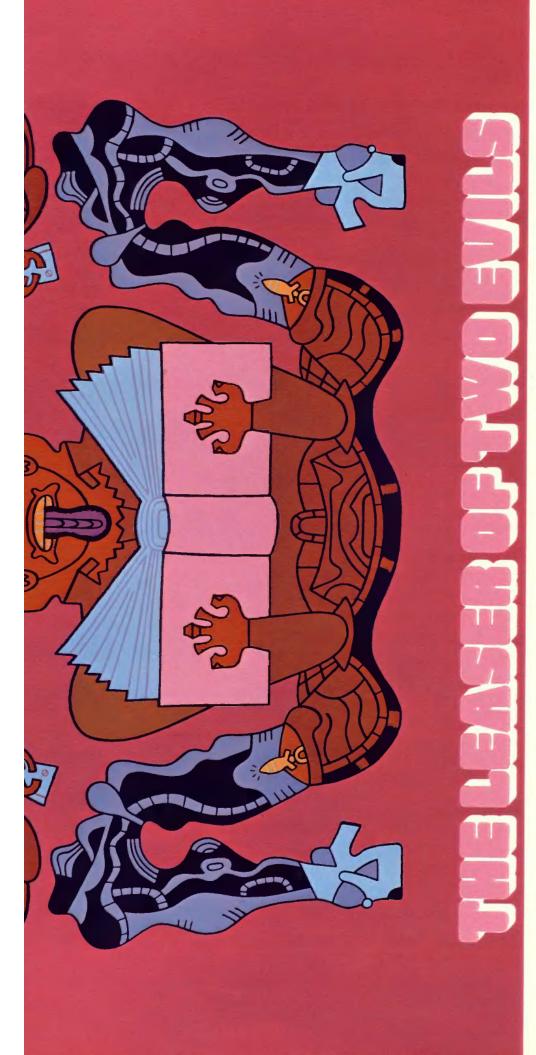


Althaugh they had been seen together aften (below), Patti and Jimmy taok the world by surprise when they announced their marriage. It apparently was a case of love at first set.









the hugo award winner who brought sex to sci-fi gives incest a new twist and makes the statement that a dog is man's best friend an undeniable truth

DETECTIVE-LIEUTENANT John Healey had had a bad day. That morning, he'd raided a massage parlor and had caught in a compromising position a prominent politician, William "Big" Pockets. It was difficult to say who was more embarrassed, he or the vice squad. The city council had been notified before the bust, so that this very situation could be avoided. But Pockets had just returned from a vacation and so had not gotten the word.

For a dangerous minute, Healey had considered arresting him. Discretion had won over his outrage,

but he'd hurt. Later, he'd raided an adult bookstore that had displayed his sister's complete works. He was certain his men didn't know she'd written these, but twice he turned suddenly and caught them grinning at him.

That evening, he'd attended the first meeting of a citizens' decency league, which he'd help found, though in an unofficial capacity. The first item on the agenda was the title of the new organization. A woman had proposed the Association for Suppression of Sin. That had seemed like a good idea

until Healey had written out the initials.

Red-faced, choking, he had pointed this out, and half the people had laughed themselves silly and half had booed. After the uproar subsided, a man suggested the Society for Preventing Evil and Rotten Morality. That was voted down during a terrible tumult. The third moron had proposed the League against Undesirable Sexual Transgressions, as if there could be any desirable. During the howls that followed, Healey caught on. The Warriors Against The Suppressors had sent saboteurs to make

a mockery of the good people.

Then a fourth person almost had his proposed title spelled out, Committee Of Christian—— before Healey shouted him down. Afterward, though, he couldn't help wondering what the final letter stood for. When he got home, he'd go through the K section of the dictionary.

As chairperson, Healey had ordered the infiltrators ejected. This was done with much screaming about freedom of speech, as if those filthmongers had the right to pollute the moral atmosphere. But TWATS had agents throughout the auditorium, and the meeting ended in fistfights. One citizen had an attack of nervous diarrhea, though not fatal, and the cops had to be called.

Healey burst into his own house as if he were raiding it with the authority of a search warrant. He strode into the back bedroom, yanked open the closet doors and began ripping the dresses, skirts and gowns from the hangers and the wigs from the boxes. That helped his red mood cool off a little, but he wasn't so angry he followed his original intention of scissoring them. What good would it do? His sister would just buy more clothes with her ill-gotten money.

The rest of the evening was torture. He tried to watch TV, but the shows were still de-emphasizing violence and stressing braless jigglers, their idea of sexual stimulation, and they were right. He shut the set off and paced back and forth. He couldn't even drink to raise his spirits. He abhorred all strong liquor, not to mention the weak. Nor could he take a tranquilizer, though he badly needed one. No drugs except those prescribed by a doctor would pass his lips, and he wasn't going to tell a pill pusher why he needed them.

But the temptation to knock himself out with a strong sedative was almost overpowering. That would show the bitch. If he slept, she would, too. On the other hand, when the drug wore off, she might wake up and still be uninhibited enough to do something crazy. Like dancing in the street with only her wig, bra, panties and high heels on. He shuddered and went to bed. His last thought was that at least he wouldn't dream.

He awoke in the morning with the stereo blaring that detested rock. His mouth tasted as if it had been used for an ashtray. Which he hoped to God was all that it had been used for. His brain was a size-nine foot jammed into a size-six shoe. Stale tobacco fumes hobnobbed with whiskey stink. His eyes were rotten onions. And, Oh, my God! his anus was sore and dribbling stickiness.

Quivering, his stomach twisting like a snake trying to bite its own tail, he shot out of bed and into the shower. Ten minutes later, physically clean but mentally still filthed, he went into the front room. It was a shambles, dirty glasses, an empty fifth, a forest-fire aftermath of butts and ashes. He'd have to clean up before the cleaning woman got there. After turning off the sterco, he ran back to the back bedroom. Horrified, he gazed at the rumpled sheets, spotted with what looked like poltergeist crap but wasn't.

The kitchen table held her typewriter and carbons from a manuscript. At least she'd done some writing before the orgy. When it came to work, all Healeys were conscientious. Though, in her case, the world'd be better off if she neglected it.

Unable to eat breakfast, he read part of her new novel. *Prude and Prejudice*, by Jane Austen-Healey. It was her usual filth, its only redeeming quality being not social significance but its potentiality for making money. Whatever her vices, a disdain for money was not among them. Thank God, she wasn't a Communist.

The novel took place in the near future, which made it science fiction, another black mark against it. The women's lib movement had resulted in an accelerating number of young impotents. One of those, a shamus named Johnthe bitch named all her protagonists John-had gone to a penitorium. This was run by a mad scientist, Herr Doktor Sigmund Arschtoll, who'd invented a quick method for transplanting male genitals. John Jemencule had been given a penis guaranteed to rise, but he'd found that occurred only when he was in church and singing hymns. The scientist had offered a refund or a new cock. John had taken the latter, only to discover that it inflated only during the singing of the national anthem. Arschtoll couldn't understand what had gone wrong. So he offered John, who was a detective-all Jane's heroes were dicks, the bitch-the job of tracking down the culprit. John had accepted, though not before getting another organ.

The moment he stepped into the men's room across the hall, he discovered that it was of the gay persuasion.

"Zee vhat I mean?" Arschtoll said. "De manufacturer'ss schlipped in a bad bunch on me. Prooff it, andt I'll giff you four grandt and trow in an Iron Cross."

"First, give me another pri-pri-pri-... uh, male member," John said. "They can't all be bad, can they?"

"De only vay to findt out iss to be zientific. Dat is, ekshperiment. Here. Try dis vone."

It was too late to start the new case that day. Jemencule went home to watch the Erotic Box Office channel on TV. By the time he'd seen three shows, he was wondering what was wrong with his fourth organ. He found out when he

switched to a straight channel, showing a musical version of *The Sheepman*.

John Healey threw the carbons onto the floor. No use destroying them; Jane hid the top sheets. This couldn't go on. Like it or not, he must see a psychiatrist. He wasn't mentally ill, but he'd do anything to get rid of Jane, anything that was moral, that is.

Dr. Irving Mundwoetig, Cut Rates for Oral and Anal Fixations, Multiple Personalities a Specialty, looked across his mahogany banana-shaped desk at Healey.

"It's no disgrace. You'd be surprised how many policemen have sneaked in. Take off that ridiculous fake mustache and those dark glasses and tell me what troubles you."

Healey gulped and then blurted, "I'm

"Aren't we all? Well, begin at the beginning. You don't mind if I drink and smoke? It makes me more relaxed."

John reared up from his chair. "I hate those filthy habits! All filthy habits!"

"You don't shit?"

"I'm leaving. I have to put up with dirty talk from my fellow officers, but I don't have to from you."

"Most rigid," the doctor murmured. "Very well. No you-know-what from now on. So, sit down."

Haltingly, blushing, squirming, Healey told him of the terrible events of the past four years.

"This case could make me famous, a best-seller author," the doctor murmured. "What?"

"Nothing. Did anything traumatic occur just before the emergence of your sister?"

"I woke up one morning and found the spare-bedroom closet full of women's clothes. And a douche bag in the extra bathroom, for pity's sake!"

"At least she's clean, What I meant was, did anything traumatic happen before then?"

"Nothing."

"You've repressed the incident, since you purchased the feminine articles."

"Not me!" Healey shouted. "She did it! Don't you dare say I'm the same person as that cu-cu-...uh...woman!"

Sighing, Mundwoetig poured out a triple bourbon.

"OK. When you were twelve, you went for a hike in the woods near your home. You took your female German shepherd along. A police dog, note. Your twin sister, Jane, insisted on following you. You forced her to leave, but she refused to go without Princess. Neither was ever seen again. You think some sick man killed the dog, raped her, murdered her, then buried both someplace."

"I think he raped Princess, too."

The doctor's eyebrows rose. "Oh?
Why?"



"Actually, I just wondered if I could use your bathroom."

"You know how those perverts are."

"Anyway, you felt great guilt. Your child's mind determined then that you'd be a cop, avenge your sister by ridding the world of perversion. Since then, you've led a puritanical life. You've never even had intercourse with a woman."

"With anyone."

"Curious you should say that. However, you have been having intercourse in your persona as Jane Austen-Healey, porno writer and, to use your own phrase, general all-round slut."

"I can't take it anymore! I've thought of committing suicide, that'd show the bitch, but it wouldn't look good on my record. On the other hand, maybe I'd be doing her a service. Like putting a sick cur out of its misery."

"How do you know she's not having great fu- . . . uh, isn't well adjusted?"

"Would you call a woman well adjusted who maliciously and vindictively forces her own brother to get bug-bugbug-...sod-sod-sod-...degrades him?"

"You say she usually takes over when you're asleep? But lately you've been blanking out in the evening, always at home? Are you aware that sometimes the new persona absorbs the old . . . ? Do you feel faint, Mr. Healey?"

"It must be the smoke."

"If you can't stand the smoke of speculation, you'll never be able to endure the heat of the fire of fact. Hmm! Not a bad phrase. I'll put it in my . . . never mind. But it does need polishing. Anyway, I'll just drink, if the smoke really gets you down. Now, what we have to do is find out why Jane has appeared. We might get a clue to that by observing how she behaves. This is a mystery, and you're a detective. If you applied the same type of reasoning in this case as you do in your policework, then..."

"You want me to arrest myself and

then read my rights to myself?"

"That would be a bizarre turn! The readers . . . uh, I meant to say, we've done all we can this session. Besides, the bottle is empty. I'll see you tomorrow."

Swaying, the doctor rose.

Healey groaned and said, "Oh, God, doc, what if she took over while I was on duty? I'd be disgraced. The department would drum me out if I was caught arresting a public-comfort-station queen while I was in drag."

"It could be worse. If you were caught

"Don't you dare say it! Doc, you think we got enough time?"

"I certainly hope so. There's not enough material yet. I mean. . . . Hey! I just thought of something! It's a wonder you didn't long before now. Why don't you correspond with her? You 106 might establish a beautiful relationship.

You must admit, there's a wide communication gap between you two."

Dear Jane:

He erased the words. He wasn't a hypocrite. He wouldn't address as Dear anyone he hated, unless that person owed him money.

But the omission might make her furious.

Dearest Jane:

Please. Could we correspond? Maybe we could work something out, get to like each other. Then I'd give you more of my prime time if you'd quit boozing and whoring around and would write respectable novels. You could take over right after my supper and maybe then you could get to bed early and without sinning and I could get some rest. And I wouldn't wake up feeling like I'd been raped all night. Though, God knows, with you it's not rape.

He tore the sheet up. No use pi-pi-...

angering her.

But the longer he sat trying to mentally compose a friendly letter, the angrier he got. Why should he demean himself? Besides, he couldn't trust her to limit herself to the agreed-upon time sharing. Let a bitch get her nose in and she'd take over the whole kennel.

I give up. You got me by the KANY shott haits neck. But I just can't take it anymore. There's only one way out for me. And for you. Unless you agree to reform 100 percent. Believe me, if you don't, I'm going to shoot myself in the head. It'll be a suicidehomicide case, though the police won't know it. But, though desperate, I am open to reason. If you can tell me how we can work this out, and it's moral, I'll do it.

Your loving but long-suffering brother

Brother!

You think I like it any better than you do? You don't know how disgusted I am to be incarcerated in the body of such a repulsive uptight bluenose. Or the nausea I have to overcome each night when I find myself in your clumsy hairy ugly body. I should have boobs and a cunt and be properly fucked. And I yearn to have a baby. It's your goddamn fault

I wish I could peel you like I do my panties and drop you in the garbage. But I can't, But two can play at this game. If you don't quit bugging me about killing yourself, I'll take poison. And when I'm dead, a dear friend will mail to the D.A. a long letter I've written. This will be a confession by you in which you admit to being a closet alcoholic, smoker, blasphemer, drug addict, porno writer and queen. Your fingerprints will be all over the pages, and of course it's easy for me to forge your signature.

The whole police department and the decency league will piss on your grave. Have a good day.

John groaned. The bitch wasn't easily scared. She did have his great courage. And now, though it sickened him, it was his duty as a law officer to read Jane's just-finished novel. Grimacing, he picked up the carbons.

Jemencule, Arschtoll's undercover agent, had gone to work for the manufacturer of artificial penises. Professor Castor Fouteur, another mad scientist, had a simple recipe for preparing the wonder pricks. First, he dumped tons of bull pizzles into a vat, added some chemicals, turned on a low heat, and thus made a vast pot of liquid protein. Add a touch of Spanish fly, stir well and run off into molds, where the cooling stuff formed huge phalli lacking only the nerves. These were hand-stitched in in separate rooms.

The rooms were air-conditioned; music of the workers' choice was piped in; there were four ten-minute sex breaks. Morale, though not morals, was high.

After 100 pages, during which his sleuthing was often interrupted by sexbook boiler-plate orgies in which he unfortunately couldn't participate, he figured out what was wrong with the product. The chemicals in the vat had accidentally sensitized the protein to certain types of sound. When the phalli were subjected to the genre of music played in each room, conditioned reflexes, a kind of imprinting, were installed in them. This explained why they became erect only under certain circumstances.

It wasn't the gays or the sheep that had made Jemencule's organs stand at attention. It was the Muzak in the men's room and the film score.

But, unscrupulous bastard that he was, he decided to keep the secret to himself until he could sell it for a huge sum to a syndicate. Before leaving the factory, he concealed six organs in his clothing. Not only would he need them as samples for analysis, he could use them himself. All he had to do to ensure potency was to affix one suited to the type of his date, musically speaking. If she loved rock, he'd play that in his pad. If she was a classical buff, Beethoven's Fifth would guarantee a tremendous fu-fu-... uh ... coitus. And what a climax!

But a surprise door check exposed him manifold. Fouteur tortured him-all (continued on page 194) on these pages, we've shoved off for the Caribbean in style aboard Costa Line's sleek M/S World Renaissance to dispel the myth that cruisewear has to be comprised of tacky, dull-looking drip-dry duds. Even though you'll be at sea, one of the most practical items for ocean-going is a Dacron/cotton safari jacket or two. When teamed up with such items as a lightweight washable kimono, an easygoing cardigan, cotton shorts, polyester/cotton slacks and a wrinkle-resistant three-piece suit for the captain's table, your wardrobe will be shipshape—and you'll be sailing light.

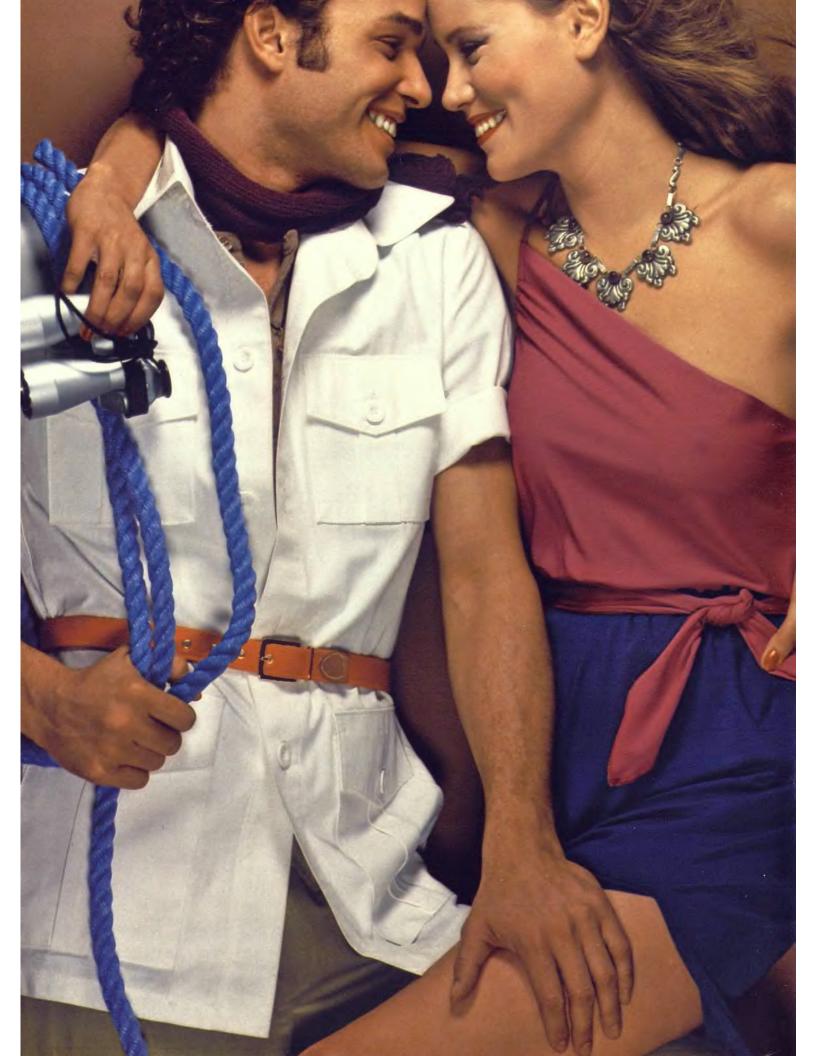
Below: This straight shooter is bull's-eye in a Docron/cotton jacket, by Gleneogles, obout \$60; knit shirt, by Hothawoy, about \$20.50; and Dacron slacks, by Jaymar-Ruby, about \$26.50. (Her dress by Tracy Mills.)



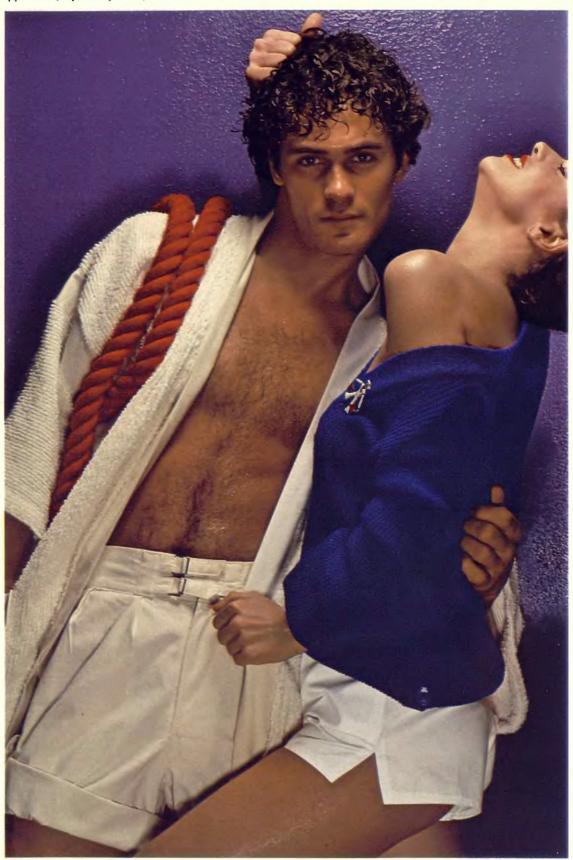
LOOKING SHIPSHAPE!

easy-to-care-for cruisewear that's destined to make fashion waves

attire By DAVID PLATT



Left: It's only the first day aut and already somebady has been hooked by this chap's line. Why not, when he's also wearing a safari jacket, by Jaymar-Ruby, about \$65, including matching slacks (not shown); woven double-pleated silk slacks, about \$60, and silk knit shirt, about \$35, both by Irka for Gary Miller; and a canvas leather-tipped belt, by Nancy Knox, about \$13? (Her top and skirt by Giovanni de Moura; necklace by Richard Utilla.)

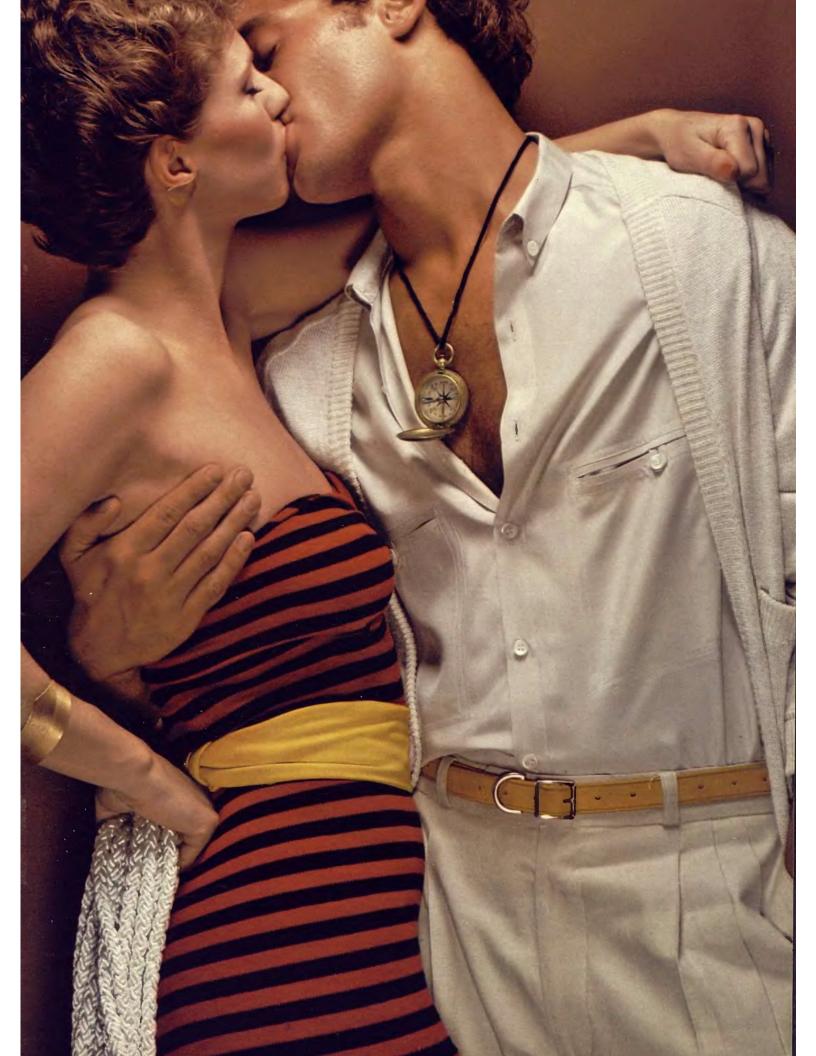


Abave: By the sea, by the sea, by the beautiful sea.... This young salt's Caribbean-bound companion isn't bad-looking, either, as she checks out his belted cotton kimono with two patch pockets, from Halstan X by Weldon, \$45; worn over cottan walking shorts that feature a double-closure self-belt, double-pleated front, on-seam pockets and roll-up tab-closure legs, by Catalina, about \$22. (Her V-neck sweater by Dianne B; shorts by Cygne Designs.)

Right: You don't need a compass to tell which direction this lucky seagoer is headed in his lightweight viscose/ acrylic/flax three-button cardigan, by Egon Von Furstenberg, \$48; silk shirt with buttondown collar and pockets, about \$90, and linen/cotton triple-pleated slacks, about \$85, both by Morgan Ayres for Morgon & Company; and a leather belt, by Gil Truedsson for Swedish Fashion Group, about \$18. (Her striped body suit by Cothy Hardwick.)



Above: On a cruise, the table stakes are high when you're dining with the captain. Our mon has evened his odds with a Dacron/wool/silk textured three-piece suit with patch pockets, belt-looped trousers and a six-button vest featuring lower welt pockets, by Austin Reed of Regent Street, about \$215; worn over a cotton shirt with medium-spread collor, by Arrow, about \$18; and a polka-dot-patterned silk tie, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, \$12.50.



JOSEPH WAMBAUGH (continued from page 86)

PLAYBOY: How could you have possibly thought it was going to work? A famous writer passing himself off as an anonymous cop?

WAMBAUGH: It was just a mark of my immaturity. Of course, a celebrity of any kind couldn't be effective as a cop. I finally figured that out. But it doesn't feel right to me, even if I did figure it out. When I left, I felt-in fact, I still feel-that I didn't finish my 20 years, that I didn't do my duty in full.

PLAYBOY: There's no couch in this pub, but it seems to us you've just delivered an excellent interpretation of those service stripes in your dream: guilt over quitting the force. How does that strike

WAMBAUGH: You know, I don't . . . I really think that, um . . . you really got it. Do you think that's it, doctor? Really?

PLAYBOY: Definitely. A clear-cut case of a guilt junkie.

WAMBAUGH: [Averting his eyes] I can't even look at you now. You're getting too close. I should call over the proprietor, Peter Monahan. Peter's always telling me I'm fucked up, too. Anyway . . . all right, I do feel a tremendous amount of guilt. [Explodes into laughter] Jesus Christ, you're really getting to my tormented soul now.

PLAYBOY: You've said that a couple of times. Is your soul really tormented?

WAMBAUGH: [Staring at the ceiling and still laughing. Finally, he collects himself.] Jesus, let's not talk about me. Oh, boy, those fuckers really gave me a tremendous dose of guilt about everything you can think of. You know something? People think the Puritans understood about guilt, but they didn't really. You know who taught them? The Catholic Church, and you know who the consummate Catholics were? The Irish. In Spain, people would physically whip themselves to expiate their guilt; the Irish do it emotionally. Really, I can't think of anything I ever experienced during my childhood that wasn't associated with guilt and suffering. The whole experience of Mother Church to me was nothing but guilt and suffering. And so, as an altar boy, I did my best to learn my Latin before everybody else. Jesus Christ, you're really getting close here.

PLAYBOY: Trust us. Here's a tissue.

WAMBAUGH: [More laughter] You're very kind. Anyway, guilt has always interested me. In the Catholic school milieu of Pittsburgh in the early Forties, guilt was the strongest weapon of the school and the Church. The strongest weapon. Catholicism at that time was ritual, mystery-absolute, awe-inspiring mysteryand guilt. And the Church choreo-112 graphed ritual, mystery and guilt the

way I, as a writer, choreograph plot, character and dialog. But then the liberal saint, John, came along with all of his dullard companions in the Vatican. Those priests were too stupid, all of them, to understand that when they decided to "reform"-well, they didn't understand that the Church is nothing more than ritual, mystery and guilt. So, in effect, John began the emasculation of the Catholic Church, which profoundly affected my life. All we're left with now is an ecumenical, Billy Graham love-in.

PLAYBOY: An ethical-culture club?

WAMBAUGH: Exactly. You have a group grope where people sit around shaking hands and playing guitars, a kind of Protestantizing of the Church that has destroyed the Church. The Church itself doesn't really know that it's destroyed yet, but millions of Catholics know it. It's the end. It's over, especially for a lot of sorry, middle-aged Catholics like myself, who grew up fed and nurtured by

"The whole experience of Mother Church to me was nothing but guilt and suffering....Jesus Christ, you're really getting close here."

that guilt along with the ritual and mystery. That's where I came from. The idea of Vatican II, of course, was to spread the ecumenical spirit of brotherhood and of all Christians being united and all that. But what Vatican II didn't understand was that Catholics could never have become brothers with other Christians, because Catholics were not any more like Protestants than Jews are like Protestants. They were different animals, let's face it. And you know, 'twould ever have been thus. So what I'm saying is this: In effect, I lost my faith in the Church because I'm not prepared to become a Protestant any more than I'm prepared to become a Buddhist. They took and destroyed what I was.

PLAYBOY: Just by lightening up on the guilt and magic?

WAMBAUGH: They destroyed the magic, they destroyed the magic totally. The magic and mystery are gone now. In their place, all I see are just a lot of panic-stricken men wandering around conducting their ritual in the most banal vernacular that you can imagine, doing their very best to make things more banal to accommodate the Philistines. I sup-

pose I was a bit of a snob about all of that, even when I was a working-class kid with not a lot of education, but you know, a Catholic school education is a pretty good one, generally. I think I just sensed what Aquinas and all those people were trying to accomplish-and what lesser minds, like John and Paul VI, were doing to corrupt that kind of purity. Anyway, that's how I became interested in guilt as a concept, and I think The Onion Field was a catharsis.

PLAYBOY: What value is there in being loaded down with guilt?

WAMBAUGH: I think it's an opportunity to experience things more intensely. If you don't feel guilt about all the little peccadilloes in life, then you don't feel relieved at times when you're guilt-free, you know. I understood that, I needed it, and it's not there anymore. I'll tell you something else as I look back on what the Church gave me, a Church that no longer exists and that will never exist again. The sense of guilt the Church gave me made me the writer that I am, it made me as sensitive as I am and it actually gave me a great deal of intense feeling about how to enjoy life in all its aspects. Frankly, I would hate to be a sociopath, a person who doesn't experience guilt. I would hate to go to bed at night and just fall asleep without any qualms of conscience about my fuck-ups for that day. How dull that would be.

PLAYBOY: Guilt is beautiful? Don't you believe that one can experience pleasure without the tension of a guilt trip?

WAMBAUGH: Pleasure will never be so pleasurable as when you're feeling guilty about it, I'll tell you that.

PLAYBOY: How has guilt made you a better writer?

WAMBAUGH: Oh, guilt definitely enters into that, hell, yes. If I'm not doing my duty, whether it's as a cop or as a writer or as an altar boy, or whatever, then I'm too uncomfortable to experience pleasure or anything else, so I must do my duty. I must do my 1000 or 2000 words a day when I'm working. Maybe other people don't need guilt to drive themselves on, but I have no way of knowing that, because I've never been without it. PLAYBOY: Do you feel at all guilty about not having another book in the works?

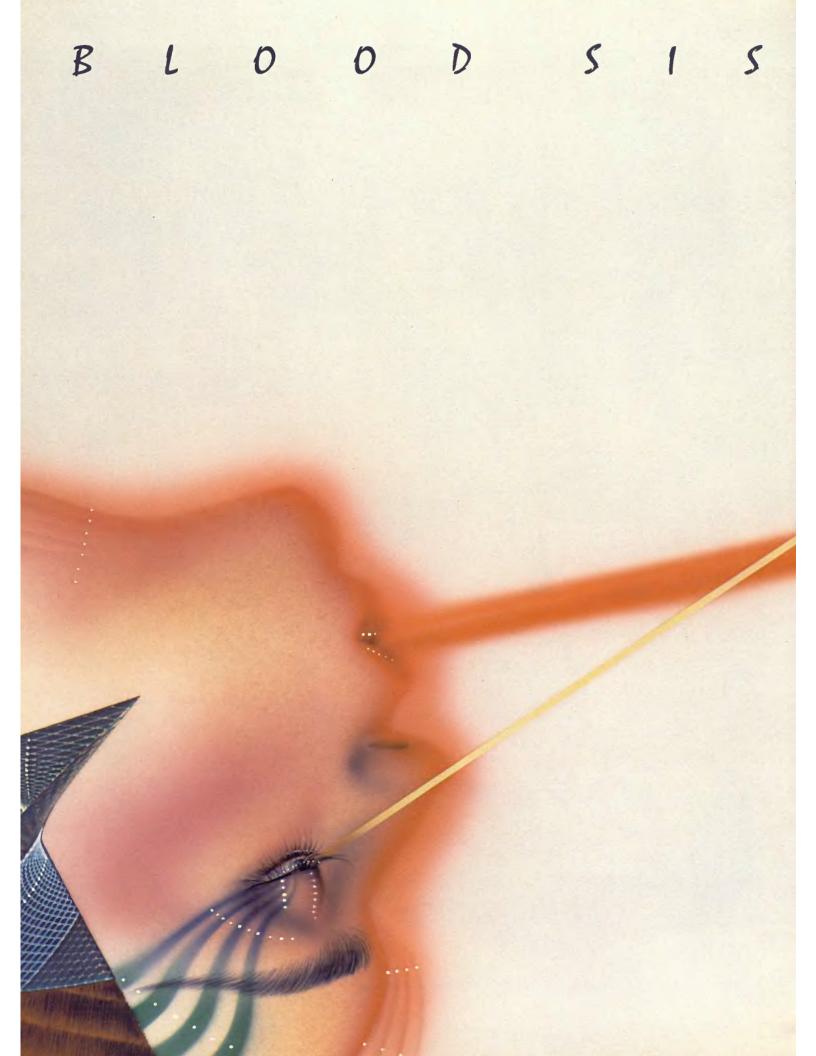
WAMBAUGH: Well, the mood hasn't come upon me yet and won't for at least another year, for I still have to make the Black Marble movie. That will add up to a year of hassles before I can even start thinking about another book.

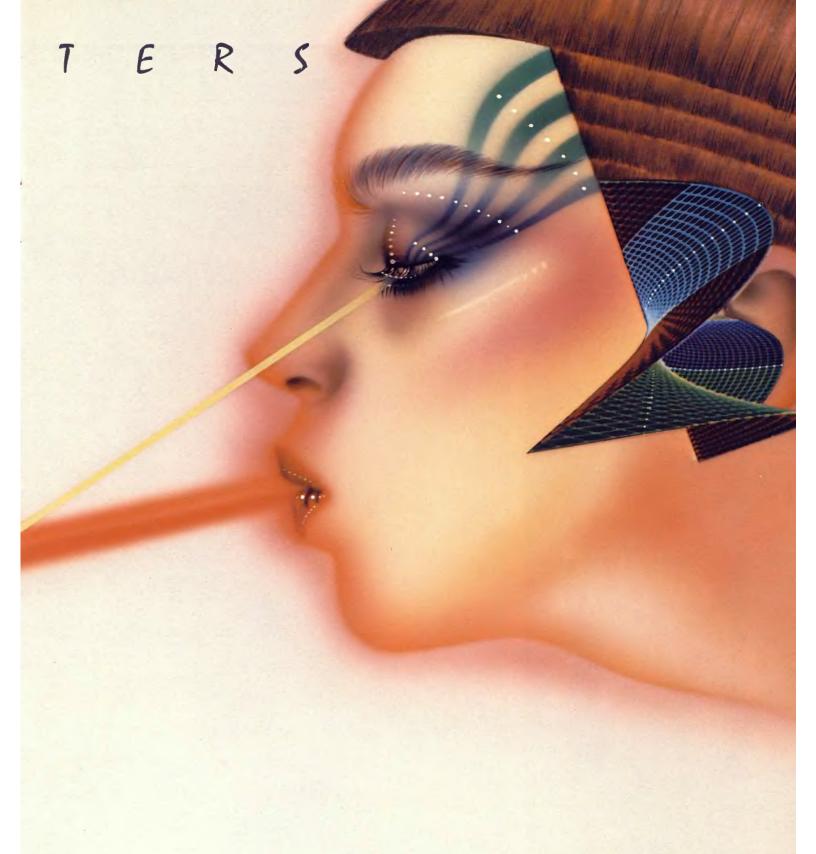
PLAYBOY: How do you regard yourself as

WAMBAUGH: To be honest about it, I don't think I was very good before I wrote The Onion Field. I've since become a much better writer. You know, I only started experimenting with writing (continued on page 220)



"There's one that doesn't look like a chicken!"



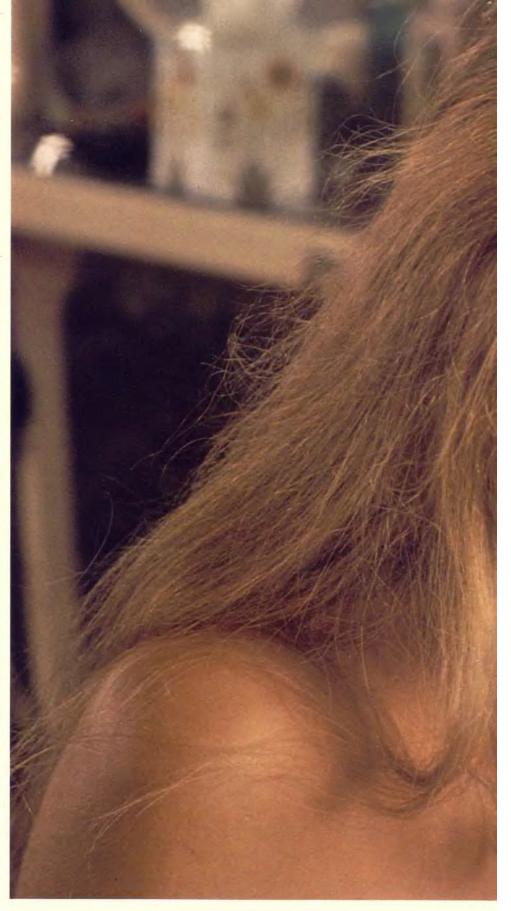


fiction By JOE HALDEMAN

she was a mafia-made clone who had switched loyalties—and she had come to me, a private eye, to help her find a new life SO I USED TO CARRY two different business cards: J. Michael Loomis, Data Concentration, and Jack Loomis, Private Investigator. They mean the same thing, nine cases out of ten. You have to size up a potential customer, decide whether he'd feel better hiring a shamus or a clerk.

Some people still have these romantic notions about private detectives and get into a happy sweat at the thought of using one. But it is the 21st Century and, endless Bogart reruns notwithstanding, most of my work consisted in sitting at my office console and using it to subvert the privacy laws of various states and countries-finding out embarrassing things about people, so (continued on page 172) 115 Below, Dorothy leaves Head First,
the men's-hair-styling shop
where she works. "I love cutting
guys' hair. Every 45 minutes,
you meet a different person, and
each of them becomes your
friend. I'd never cut women's
hair. They're never satisfied. But
with guys, they come in, get a
haircut and leave in a completely different frame of mind.
They're easy to please. Besides,
once you get their heads in your
hands, they tell you everything!"



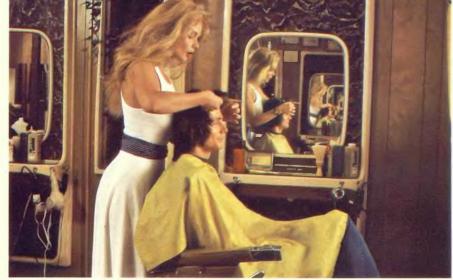


if playmate dorothy mays styles your locks, you'll wind up feeling terrific—and your hair will look nice, too



SHEAR WONDER

THEN DOROTHY MAYS was 19, she was all set to be married, but the bridegroom failed to show up at the altar. "I was too young," she says in retrospect, "but I was crazy about him." In our book, it's the guy who must have been crazy. Now, three years later, Dorothy's less eager to settle down. "At this point, I really don't have enough time to devote to a relationship. I'm basically a very romantic person. And if I found a guy I was really in love with, I'd want to do so much for him I wouldn't have time to get my business together." Dorothy, you see, is a talented hair stylist who wants to set up her own shop: "I hope to have enough money





"I'm a very funny person. I can talk to just about anybody. I enjoy people. Barbering is like therapy. It can also be a very sensuous experience for a guy. I really pamper his hair; I wash it, cut it, dry it, style it. If you know what you're doing, you can make the guy feel really good."









saved to open it by the time I'm 25 years old. I already know how the shop will be laid out. It'll have those old-style comfortable barber chairs, but there'll be a lot of mirrors. You know, a touch of the old, a touch of the new. Of course, I'll have a subscription to PLAYBOY, so my customers will have something to read." We suspect, though, that despite our fine articles. Dorothy's clients will have their attention riveted firmly on her. Dorothy was not always as self-disciplined as she is now. "When I turned 14, I started getting cute. Before that, I was the pits. I became popular with guys and we used to do a lot of

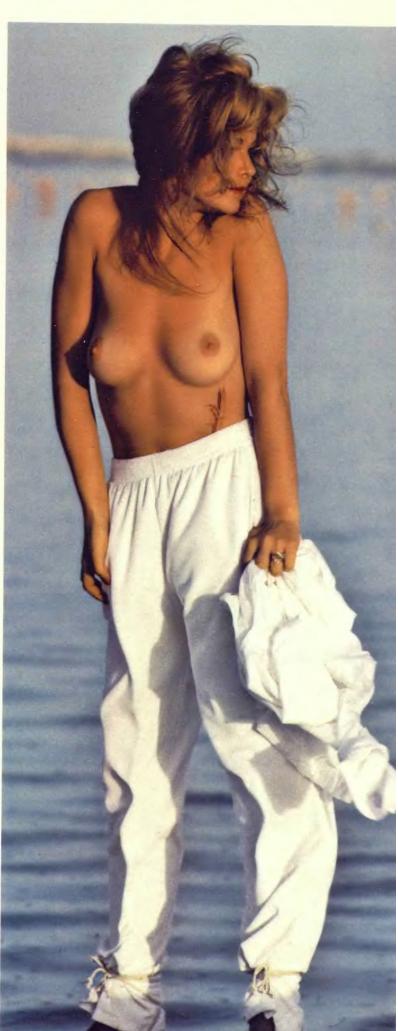


"Sex is fun. Whatever you feel like doing, you should go out and do it. Just make sure you know whether or not you really want to do it. I believe people should be selective. I know if I go out and meet someone and go headlong into a relationship, I'm usually bored with it two months later."

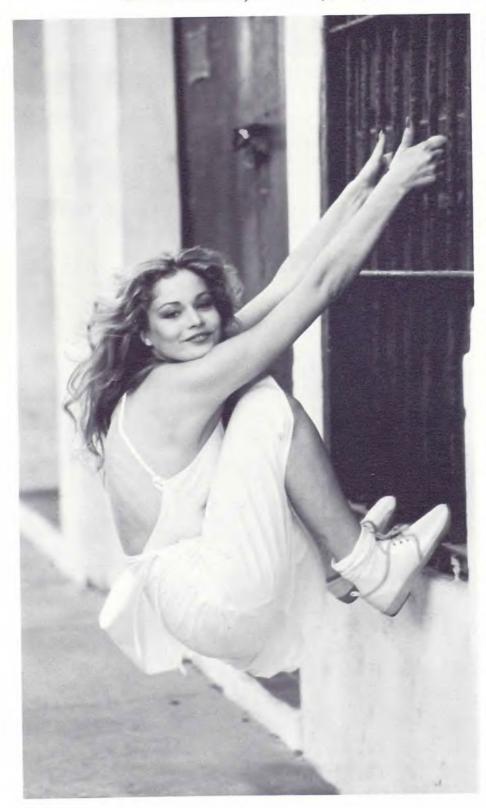


partying. A lot of partying. My parents were very strict and I couldn't go out at night, so I had to do everything before 4:30 in the afternoon. I did a lot of writing then-still do-and I would write everything down in my diary. I also had a pen pal, Nancy, in New Jersey, and we used to exchange endless letters with each other. One day, when I was 16, I ran away from home and went to find Nancy in New Jersey. I went to her school; she was in typing class. We had never met until then. I stayed with her until her parents got suspicious. I guess they didn't believe what I had told them: that I had already graduated from high school. I was pretty wild back then, but when I got home and saw what it had done to my mother, it straightened me right out." Dorothy, though, still has an edge of impatience about her. "I try to do everything myself. That way, I know it gets done. Having to wait drives me crazy, though not as much as it used to. But three years to get my own shop doesn't seem too long to wait, does it?" Not to us. We may wait that long for our next haircut.





At right, Dorothy tools around the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, which is just a few miles from her home. "I'm not looking for fame or fortune. If I were, I'd be out in Hollywood, or in New York modeling. I know I could do it. But I don't like New York, and in Hollywood they take your life away. I'd rather be here in Maryland with my family and my friends."









PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Dorothy Mays
BUST: 35 1/2 WAIST: 24 1/2 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 57 WEIGHT: 1/8 SIGN: Leo

GOALS: To open up the highest-quality men's

hair - Styling shop in Maryland

TURN-ONS: The beach, good friends, writing, reading

TURN-OFFS: Jealousy, materialistic people, poor

organization

FAVORITE MOVIES: One Flew Over the Cyckoo's Nest

Midnight Express, Close Encounters of the Third Kind

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Mork and Mindy 60 Minutes

Saturday Night Live

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Bob Dylan, Surge, Linda Ronstadt

FAVORITE BOOKS: Siddhartha, The Thorn Birds

HII the President's Men

SECRET DREAM: To one day own a farm with lots of horsest cows
grow my own vegetables, sell them the happily ever after.



Age 3, I was a sweetheart then...



Age 14, life is starting to be fun!



Age19, waiting for my ship to come in ...

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

During a lord's absence on a Crusade, his lady consoled herself with amatory visits from a handsome young peasant. Because she was highborn, though, the lady considered it beneath her to fondle the young man's sexual organ and entrusted that task to a loyal serving maid. The latter would excitedly announce when the peasant had an adequate erection. . . . And that, of course, is how the expression Serf's up! originated.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines prostitute's vagina as a chamber of commerce.



At the orgy," the girl confided to her roommate, "this fellow told me how beautiful, how intelligent, how shapely, how desirable I was . . . and then he started to butter me up."

While doddering through the woods on the way back from their favorite fishing stream, two old-timers happened on a young couple embracing, naked, in a small clearing. "Why is it we never hook anything like that, Ed?" one of the oldsters asked sotto voce as he ogled the ripely built girl through a screen of branches.

I guess it's because if we did," sighed his companion, "our poles wouldn't be able to take the strain."

The approach of a cocksman named Ferd Is as crass a technique as we've heard: He flips girls the finger, And some of them linger

To the point where he'll slip them the bird.

Having admired the attractive timepiece every day as she walked by, the young woman finally entered the shop one afternoon. "How much is that lady's watch with the baguette diamonds in your window?" she inquired.
"It's eight hundred dollars, miss," the jeweler

Would you consider selling it to me on time payments?"

"What sort of payment schedule did you have in mind?"

"Would you be interested in two times a week for the next three months?"

Right from the start, I had this feeling that Harvey somehow wasn't right for me," the sexpot complained to a girlfriend. "After I went to all the trouble last weekend of getting us caught in the rain, the turkey asked if I shouldn't change into a dry T-shirt before I caught cold!"

A story is circulating about the flaky botanical geneticist in Southern California who is trying to cross a Mexican jumping bean with a cucumber in order to produce the world's first organic vibrator.

Having just been harshly criticized in a party conclave, the politician wryly told newsmen, "I've just learned the difference between a cactus and a caucus.'

"What's that, Senator?" he was asked.

"In the case of a cactus," he retorted, "all the pricks are on the outside."

Asked why he looked so glum, the man replied that his wife had backed the car out of their garage that morning. "But that shouldn't necessarily have upset you," insisted his

"Oh, but it did," muttered the fellow. "You

see, she backed it in last night."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines premarital sex as unbridaled passion.

n screwing a ewe," the grizzled mountaineer explained to the horny young shepherd, "you sneak up behind her, quietly loosen your bootlaces, and then grab her rear legs and jam them into your boots."

"But that's awkward," objected the horny one. "In that position, how can I kiss her?"

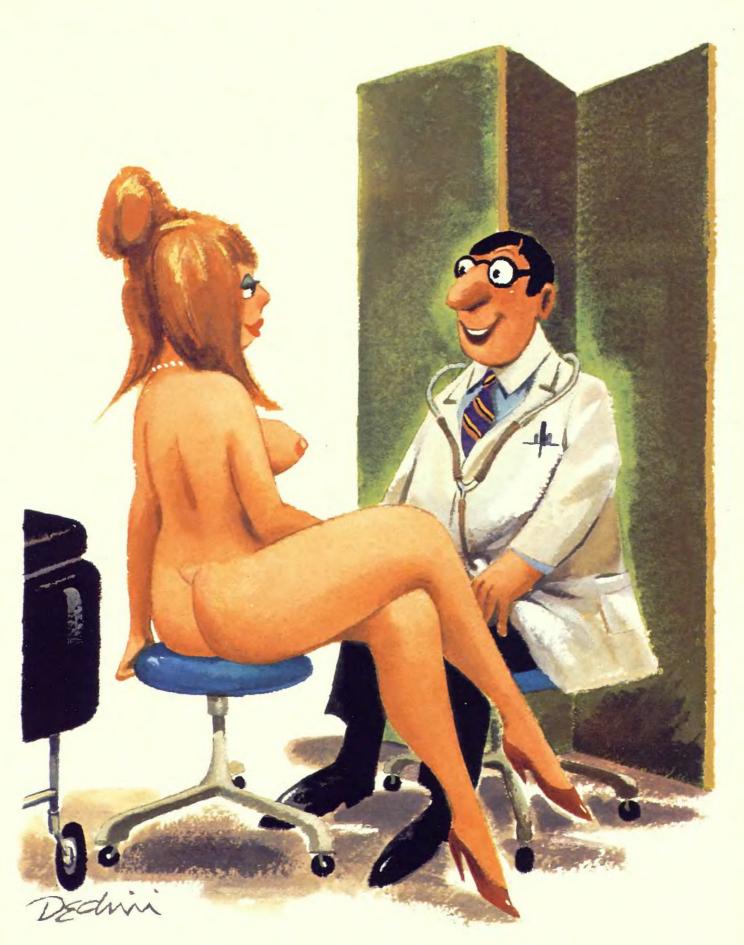


Planned Parenthood has issued a warning about using improvised contraceptive devices. . . There was the case, for example, of the semifrigid woman who, incessantly importuned by her husband, simply threw in the sponge.

You know," mused one American male tourist to another as their bus passed a grove of trees in Greece, "I can never put a fig in my mouth without thinking of female pudenda."

"But if that bothers you," said his traveling companion, "why don't you just stop eating figs, period?"
"Hell—that's the reason I started!"

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.



"Junk food has been good to you, Miss Neville."



no matter where you look these days, there's ample evidence that the entire planet is going down the tubes

The greatest enemy to man is man. -ROBERT BURTON, "The Anatomy of Melancholy"

Don't let it bother you.

-FATS WALLER

THE FOUR HORSEMEN of the Apocalypse are no longer Famine, War, Pestilence and Death. They have become Exhaustion of Resources, Holocaust, Genetic Mutation and Poisoning of the Environment. Exhaustion of Resources is a gaunt specter. Holocaust is as plump as the head of a nuclear cloud. Genetic Mutation looks like a cubist painting of The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms. Poisoning of the Environment is a shrouded figure whose cowl hides a skull.

The first two Horsemen are familiar fiends who have stalked the planet for years, though Holocaust can wear many disguises-for example, Sabotage and Terrorism. According to the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists, there were 128 threats to nuclear facilities, 14 security breaches, 117 cases of vandalism and sabotage and 11 attacks between 1966 and 1976. Not long ago, the United States Energy Research and Development Administration (now the Department of Energy) reported that the Government had lost over 8000 pounds of plutonium and enriched uranium, enough to make 500 bombs, each with the blast power of the one dropped on Hiroshima. Since both Princeton and Harvard students have independently demonstrated how anyone can build a nuclear bomb (the Princeton bomb costs only about \$2000, plus plutonium), some of those 500 bombs-if the nuclear material has reached the wrong hands-could be a terrorist group's trump.

The third Horseman, Genetic Mutation, spends much of its time prowling universities that have sponsored recombinant-DNA research, genetic mix-andmatch experiments that could lead to the creation of new forms of life. The scientific community is divided over whether or not such work could loose an Andromeda Strain on the world, but the possibility is great enough for the National Institutes of Health in 1976 to have

issued a set of rules governing genetic engineering-even though, at that time, 17 drug and chemical companies said they would rather not comply with those rules. They wanted to keep their work secret, patent the results and make profits. Recently, the Government's rules have-incredibly-been relaxed. The restrictions no longer cover one third of the kinds of experiments previously in-

cluded under the guidelines.

Even if scientists don't create bacterial Frankenstein monsters, radioactivity from fallout, from nuclear material both at power plants and in transit (in 1975 alone, there were 2,500,000 shipments of radioactive substances within the United States, a third of which were exempt from standard safety regulations; more recently, four casks of weapons-grade uranium with broken seals passed through Kennedy Airport in New York) and from accidents (radioactive wastes have polluted the drinking water of a number of Colorado towns) may have already slipped enough jokers into the gene pool to haunt us for generations to come. By then, however, female space pioneers may be giving birth to freakish children who were conceived and brought to term in unearthly environments-a problem Dr. Neal Bricker of the University of Miami was asked to study by NASA.

The fourth Horseman, Poisoning of the Environment, is the most pervasive horror of all, a Mephistopheles who offers us dreams and gives us nightmares. Yes, this monster says, you can have preserved meats, but you may get cancer from the nitrates used for preservative. You can use antibiotics to promote the growth of cattle, increasing the world's meat supply, but you'll create antibioticresistant bacteria, which can cause untreatable diseases. You can use fireretardant foam for insulation, hoping to escape immolation, but the fumes of the heated foam may give you seizures or kill you. You can eat saccharine so you won't get fat, but you may get bladder cancer. Your aspirin will cure headaches, but it may cause internal bleeding. Your paint remover makes redecorating a cinch, but one kind may give

GOOD NEWS PRACTICING PARANOID

article **By DAVID BLACK**

you a heart attack and the other kind might cause leukemia. Estrogen in birthcontrol pills may keep a woman from having unwanted kids, but after 40 its residual effects may cause cancer of the lining of the womb. Progestins may stem abnormal vaginal bleeding in women, but if pregnant women take them, they may cause heart defects or deformed limbs in their children. Plastic soda bottles are convenient, but they may cause liver cancer. Hexachlorophene kills bacteria but may lead to brain damage. Chloroform makes tooth paste taste good but can cause cancer. You can have air conditioners, but the aluminum particles from the corroded metal that may be spewed out can leave you gasping for breath. You can style your hair with a drier, but the asbestos particles from the insulation liners that some blow into the air may give you cancer. You can control your pest problems on farms with mercury, vinyl chloride and dichlorodiphenyl-trichloroethane, but mercury can twist your hands into claws and cause paralysis and blindness, vinyl chloride can cause stillbirths and miscarriages dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane (the use of which is at a world-wide high) is poisoning our streams, our rivers, our oceans, and even nursing mothers' milk, which is also tainted by polybrominated

which is also tainted by polybrominated biphenyl.

DDT, PBB, DMCC, CMME, PPB, TCDD, PCB, DES, DDVP, PVB, TDI—an alphabet of death. We are like ancient Celts carving mysterious runes, not on stones and trees but on chains of molecules. We are arrogant magicians who conjure up chemical demons we can't control. When the U.S. Depart-

ment of Agriculture decided to solve the fire-ant problem in the South, it found the perfect anti-fire-ant agent, Mirex, which since 1962 has been used to destroy the pests. In spring 1975, the USDA sprayed the insecticide over 6,000,000 of the 133,000,000 infested acres in Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia and Arkansas. The Mirex controlled the increase of fire ants (which do not significantly hurt crops); but the chemical lodged in at least 25 percent of the population living in the sprayed areas. Since Mirex may be a cancer-causing toxin and since two to five percent of it in time turns into Kepone (a roach killer that is poisoning fish and people from Chesapeake Bay to

Sheepshead Bay), the USDA may have traded a fire-ant sting, equivalent to that of a bee, for cancer, paralysis and death for people in four states.

No, we're not arrogant magicians, after all; we're still at the level of the sorcerer's apprentice, fumbling our spells and creating havoc. But no sorcerer will return to cancel the clumsy charms and rescue us. We are trapped in a world out of cholesterol and saturated fatty acids found in butter, which may cause hardening of the arteries and heart disease; but margarine, according to a University of Illinois chemist, may do more damage to the arteries than butter. We're the buffoons of fate, the fools of our own cleverness.

One of our common anesthetics, halothane, not only may cause liver damage in patients but may create behavioral and learning problems in doctors, nurses and anesthesiologists who use the stuff, a comforting thought for the operating room. We replace the carcinogenic Red Dye Number Two with Red Dye Number 40-which also may be carcinogenic. To avoid flies and mosquito bites, we might risk genetic damage by hanging toxic insect-killing strips in our homes. We're spewing so much lead into the environment that the number of children in the U.S. suffering from lead poisoning increased in one year (from 1974 to 1975) by 76.2 percent. Last December, the EPA announced that our country was blighted with about 32,254 chemical dumps that could become health hazards.

There are at least 150 cancer-causing chemicals contaminating factories and offices in our country. The Labor Department has proposed a 90-decibel standard for noise in workplaces, which means half the workers subjected may suffer hearing loss. And low-frequency vibrations, particularly five cycles per second, produced by many machines (including trucks) may cause circulatory, digestive, respiratory and muscular problems in workers. A 1977 Government study claimed that one out of every four Americans who work is exposed to disease or death-causing substances. But we have made our Faustian bargain. We are an industrial nation with one of the highest standards of living in the history of the world. And, anyway, the situation can't be that bad; the people in charge wouldn't let things get out of control. Would they?

Shortly after the Second World War, a friend of my father's, a science teacher at a local high school, started cutting a bomb shelter out of a granite hill next to his house. When he finished, he invited my family over to inspect his work. We climbed on top of the hill and squinted down the air shaft. We slithered down the side of the hill and edged into the narrow corridor that led to a cold, damp chamber the size of a closet—the room where his family would huddle, their portable radio tuned to the civil-defense station, while the world above them exploded and burned.

I was 11 and a child of the times—that is to say, a paranoid. Once a day, at school, my classmates and I got on our knees and bowed our heads under our desks as though in prayer—our civildefense drill—while our teacher recited the nuclear catechism:

What's the first sign?

Short blasts on the warning siren.

What do you do?

Crouch under the desk and put your hands over your head.

Where do you look?

Away from the windows.

Why?

So you won't be blinded by the flash of light before the explosion.

How long do you stay under the desk? About five minutes—until the all-clear signal.

Like natives in an afternoon television movie praying to a volcano not to erupt, we prayed to the bomb not to fall. But, if it did, I knew all about radiation. Radiation was more dangerous than the bomb blast and the fire storm that followed. Radiation-I knew this from movies-might cause ants to grow to be the size of airplanes or might thaw the ice block inside of which a prehistoric monster slumbered. Radiation, like poison, could make you very sick. To be prepared, I clipped and carried in my wallet the section on radiation from the civil-defense pamphlet our teacher had given us to take home to our parents, which recommended the following to those exposed to radiation: rest, aspirin for headache, Dramamine for nausea, water, and table salt for sore gums. I may have been young, but I wasn't stupid. They were treating radiation sickness like a cold. I knew it was worse. But our teacher, our local civil-defense sibyl, priestess of our atomic coven, dismissed my distrust.

"They know what they're doing," she

"They know what they're doing" alternated with "There's nothing to worry about" and "That's just your imagination"—magic phrases adults used to quiet my childhood fears. After seeing a production of *The Skin of Our Teeth*, I became obsessed with the inevitability of a new ice age. On winter nights in Massachusetts, when I saw the northern lights flickering up from the rim of the horizon, I was sure they were reflections from a gigantic glacier that was working its way down from the Arctic Circle.

When I warned my parents, they said, "There will never be another ice age. There's nothing to worry about."

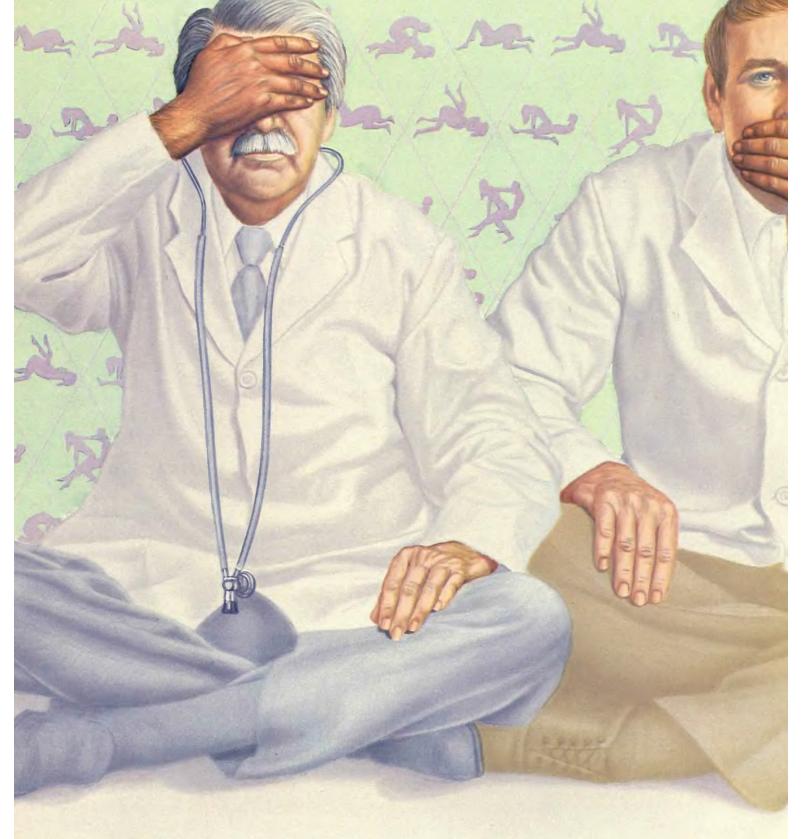
Having watched the Pods take over everyone but Kevin McCarthy in *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, I became convinced that aliens were lurking somewhere out beyond the moon's orbit. I started clipping newspaper items that reported UFO sightings and started reading books by George Adamski (who

(continued on page 160)

if you haven't yet tried this favorite down-home dish, prepare to be hooked

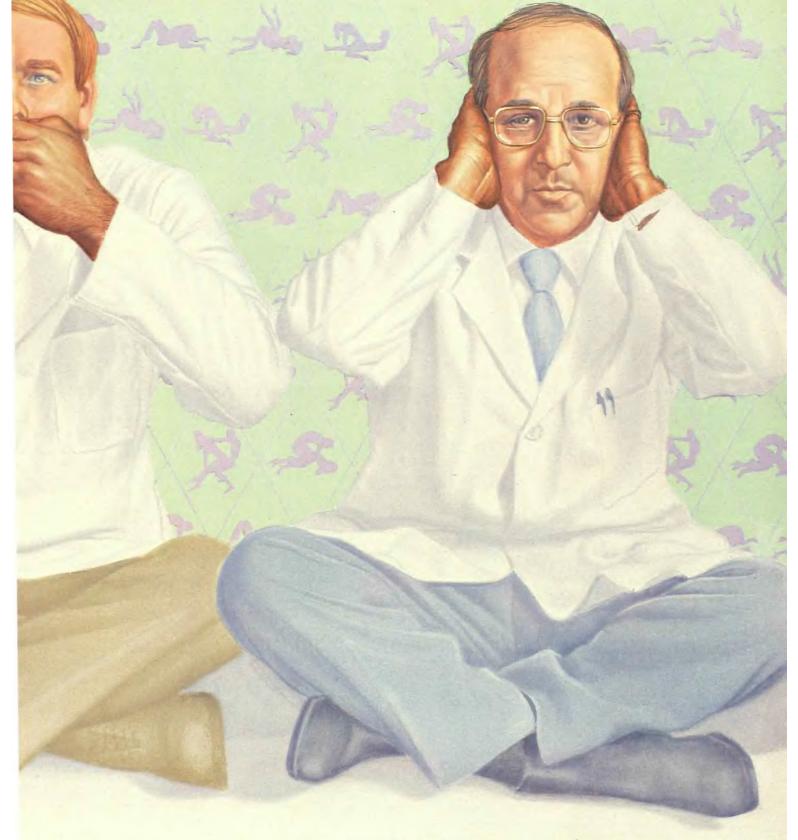
food By EMANUEL GREENBERG IN WALL STREET jargon, cat-fish is a growth industry. Yes, they're growing catfish. On farms. Hold the chuckles, Charley, the story gets funnier. Last year, some guys in Mississippi took a 100,000,000-pound crop of farm-raised catfish to market. That's \$200,000,000 at retail—and the trend is vertical! These numbers are luring such unlikely corporate pillars as Coca-Cola, Campbell Soup and Weyer-haeuser into the aquiculture (growing fish as a farm crop) business. Obviously, you don't get that kind of production fishing off the levee with a bent pin. ConAgra, an agricultural conglomerate, treats catfish as just another farm crop like poultry and feed grain, which it also handles. (continued on page 214)





WHIFIRE SIEX IS
CONCIERNIED,
THE IDOCTOR

article
By MORTON HUNT



remember when you used to play doctor with the little girl down the street? you knew as much about sex then as most real doctors do now

N A LOUNGE at Downstate Medical Center in Brooklyn, two medical students, thumbing through a new textbook, stop to stare and to laugh. At what? No, not at a picture of a loathsome tumor or a suppurating ulcer but at a photo of a sexually stimulated, well-engorged clitoris, as seen from a nose length away. A few pages later, they find one of an erect penis, hand-held and ejaculating. A bit farther on, there's a Japanese erotic print of an elegantly gowned gentleman kneeling between the thighs of a lady and amiably applying his lips to her labia. . . . This is a medical textbook? Absolutely.

In a darkened classroom at the University of Pennsylvania, 15 latent physicians clustered about a conference table stare raptly at a small film viewer. On its screen, a long penis is rhythmically disappearing into and reappearing from the mouth of an attractive young woman. The film ends; class is over. "Would you want to stay and see 135 another one?" asks the professor. The reply is unanimous: You bet!

In a lecture hall at New York University, three homosexual men and a lesbian are putting on skits for an audience of medical students. In one, an obtuse doctor is talking to a man who says he has been exposed to V.D. "What are your symptoms?" asks the doctor.

"I haven't any," says the patient.

"Then what makes you think you're infected?"

"My contact told me later that he has syphilis."

"I see," says the doctor, who sees very little, "and what was her name?"

The medical students, less obtuse than he, laugh appreciatively.

In an auditorium at the University of Minnesota, an audience of medical students watches the screen, stupefied and dazed. Six "explicit" sex films are being shown simultaneously—a veritable smorgasbord of erections and flowering vulvas, heaving buttocks and bouncing breasts, busy hands and mouths, glistening secretions. No wonder the students are stupefied; the show has been going on for what seems like hours and they're saturated and numbed by it.

According to various studies, at least one patient in six, and perhaps as many as one in two, has a significant sexual problem, often caused by—or causing—other physical ailments. Moreover, the family doctor is the one most people with sexual problems turn to for help, if they can bring themselves to turn to anyone. Obviously, then, sexual problems are a major part of the average doctor's work.

Unfortunately, in the past, medical school deans and department heads considered the topic of human sexual behavior infra dig and would have none of it in their curriculums. As recently as 1960, only three of the 100-odd American medical schools offered any instruction in sexuality; at all the others, medical students were taught nothing about it. Oh, to be sure, they learned about infections, tumors and the like affecting the sexual organs—but about the human meanings of sex, the many problems people have with it and the techniques of dealing with those problems, they heard nothing.

We lay persons assume that our family doctors are both knowledgeable and wise about sex; we do so because of the general awe with which we regard them. But those who know them intimately say otherwise. Dr. William Masters claims that most physicians "know no more and no less about the subject than other college graduates. They share most of the common misconceptions, taboos and fallacies of their nonmedical conferees."

general practitioners said that while they themselves were well informed about sex, most of their fellow physicians were not.

Not only wasn't your doctor taught anything about sex in medical school, he probably didn't learn much about it through personal experience, for during the years of training, medical students lead very restricted sex lives; medical school leaves almost no time for the pursuit of personal relationships or pleasure, Indeed, a recent survey shows that today's medical students, like those who went before them, have had distinctly less sexual experience than other college graduates of their age. Even more serious, studies made of medical students in the Sixties and early Seventies report that most of them are obsessive-compulsive personalities-hard-working, precise, perfectionist and self-controlled. All of which is essential to anyone trying to get through medical school; but such a personality configuration also tends to make one sexually rather inhibited, puritanical, distant and thoroughly uncomfortable when forced to discuss sexual matters or to deal with sexually troubled patients.

That is why so many doctors, even today, avoid asking their patients about their sex lives when taking their history as part of the diagnostic search for the root of some malady. A study made a few years ago found that among doctors who see patients in primary care, more than half do not routinely ask them anything about their sex lives, though it can be as clinically revealing as those matters they do routinely ask about-appetite, digestion, elimination and the like. The study also showed that doctors who don't ask about sex are only half as likely to spot sexual problems as those who do, for many patients can't bring themselves to volunteer the information and need to have it drawn out of them.

Doctors who do ask about sex are often so ill at ease when they do so that their patients find it hard to open up to them and try to get off the subject as fast as possible. When a doctor asks, with an oafish bonhomie that hardly conceals his discomfort, "And how are things in the sex department?" you have to be uncommonly dull or thick-skinned not to recognize that the hidden message is, "I really don't want to talk about this."

One distinguished urologist in a major Eastern city recently asked a male patient, "How are things at home?" The patient said everyone was well, thanks. The doctor looked pained. "No," he said, "I mean, how are things at home?" The perplexed patient repeated his answer. At last the doctor said, sternly, "You know what I mean! How are things with the wife?"

"Oh!" said the patient. "You mean

sex!" But, of course, by then he was as uncomfortable as the doctor.

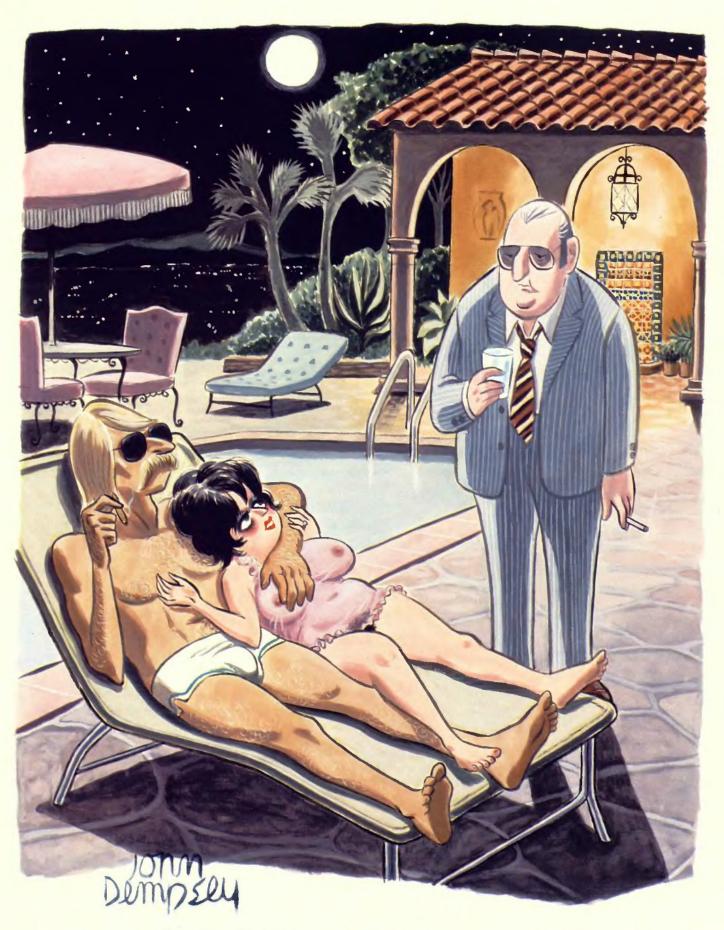
A few years ago, I was asked by an orthopedist, "And how often do you service your wife?" I had a bad neck, not a sexual problem, but had it been the latter, I doubt that I could have talked freely about it with someone who considered my married sex life a species of animal husbandry.

Even when doctors do elicit admissions of sexual problems, they often give advice contaminated by their own moral values. Sex educators cite, as common examples, the doctor who unduly alarms a postcardiac patient about the risks of having sex, or even forbids him to; the doctor who warns a prostatectomy patient that he may become impotent, and thereby makes him so; the doctor who assures an anorgasmic woman that hers is a common condition and that she should learn to enjoy intercourse without orgasm; and the doctor who tells a young divorcee that he cannot control her recurrent yeast infections as long as she insists on sleeping around.

Good reasons, all, for teaching human sexuality to medical students. But the most compelling reason is that many doctors-to-be simply are more misinformed and uninformed than most of us would suppose possible. Dr. Harold Lief, professor of psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania and doyen of medical school sex educators, is the codeveloper of the Sex Knowledge and Attitude Test (SKAT), now widely used in medical schools; he says that recent feedback from schools using SKAT shows that before taking a course in human sexuality, nearly ten percent of today's medical students believe the condom is the most reliable means of birth control; 15 percent believe that masturbation can cause mental illness; 27 percent believe that very few married couples ever have oral sex; and about 40 percent believe that there are two physiologically distinct kinds of female orgasm, the clitoral and the vaginal. That being so, what could they know about such common sexual problems as premature ejaculation, impotence, insufficient vaginal lubrication, painful intercourse, lack of female orgasm, worry about "performance" and the changes in sexual response and capacity that come with the passing of the years or with chronic illness?

For such reasons, sex education made its way into a handful of medical schools during the increasingly liberated Sixties; by the end of the decade, the movement reached critical mass and exploded.

The time was ripe. The sexual revolution was in full swing; Masters and (continued on page 156)



"Darling, this is Greg, our pool maintenance man. He also moonlights as a stud."



a year to the Philadelphia

Phillies, but he's barely worth a moment's notice to the managers of baseball's major-league teams. And such alleged diamond stars as Reggie Jackson, Bucky Dent and Vida Blue are similarly held in low esteem by the managers when it comes to picking the players who

perform best under pressure.

Says who? PLAYBOY'S Second Annual Baseball Managers' Cash-on-the-Line, Clutch-Player All-Star Team, is who, This is the poll, you'll recall, in which we ask the managers-the people who know players' weaknesses and strengths better than any, including Tony Kubek-which players they would pick to play on a nine-man team in the most crucial money game of the season; the players, in other words, who are best able to deliver supreme ability when it counts-in the ultimate clutch situation.

This question was first put to the major-league managers last year, between the 1977 and 1978 baseball seasons, and this is the team they selected, as reported in the June 1978 PLAYBOY: first base, Rod Carew; second base, Joe Morgan; third base, tie between Pete Rose and George Brett; shortstop, Dave Concepcion; left field, George Foster; center field, Cesar Cedeno; right field, Dave poll was prepared in January, with an eye to engaging the managers' attention during that fallow period before spring training begins and their attention is fragmented. But nature slipped us a sneak pitch. It snowed in Chicago in January, and it snowed some more, and among the more notable victims-along with ex-mayor Michael Bilandic-was the Baseball Managers' Cash-on-the-Line, Clutch-Player All-Star Team. The weather's effect on the mails and the office routine combined to delay the ballots on both ends and prevented us from catching the managers at the most opportune moment. (Silly us; the vast majority of the baseball managers live in Southern California and Florida; not one lives in Chicago.)

The 26 managers whom we (eventually) contacted were Joseph Altobelli, San Francisco Giants; George Bamberger, Milwaukee Brewers; Ken Boyer, St. Louis Cardinals; Pat Corrales, Texas Rangers; Bobby Cox, Atlanta Braves; Roger Craig, San Diego Padres; Herman Franks, Chicago Cubs; Jim Fregosi, California Angels; Roy Hartsfield, Toronto Blue Jays; Whitey Herzog, Kansas City Royals; Darrell Johnson, Seattle Mariners; Don Kessinger, Chicago White Sox; Tom Lasorda, Los Angeles Dodgers; Bob

Lemon, New York Yankees; Jim Marshall, Oakland A's; Gene Mauch, Minnesota Twins; John McNamara, Cincinnati Reds; Les Moss, Detroit Tigers; Danny Ozark, Philadelphia Phillies; Chuck Tanner, Pittsburgh Pirates; Jeff Torborg, Cleveland Indians; Joe Torre, New York Mets; Bill Virdon, Houston Astros; Earl Weaver, Baltimore Orioles; Dick Williams, Montreal Expos; Don Zimmer, Boston Red Sox.

managers — which players they'd want on their side when winning means

everything

Response to the PLAYBOY poll, given the unusual circumstances, was impressive. We received replies from 18 of the 26 managers, with a ten-eight split between American and National League pilots (one respondent, not counted, told us to put him down for "whoever the other guys voted for"). The majority-plus response is certainly high enough to give us a sense of the majors, and only three individual contests-Carew vs. Garvey at first, Brett vs. Nettles at third and Rice vs. Cedeno in the outfield-are likely to have been affected by the outstanding eight ballots.

The most surprising result in our poll was the substantially different make-up of this year's team from last year's. The point most disputed in our offices before we conducted our second clutch-player poll was whether or not, in fact, the managers would simply vote for the same proved veteran players year after year, with no thought to current levels of performance. That fear proved unfounded. There were wholesale changes at four positions, and a half change at one (third base, where last year's co-winner George Brett was this year's sole winner). These changes include the election of three players who received not one vote in last year's balloting-second baseman Dave Lopes, shortstop Larry Bowa and pitcher Ron Guidry.

Enough is enough. The winners of PLAYBOY'S Second Annual Baseball Managers' Cash-on-the-Line, Clutch-Player All-Star Team are as follows:

FIRST BASE: Rod Carew, California Angels (9 votes). The remarkable Carew

won his sixth American League batting title in seven seasons last year, with a robust .333 average (he has seven titles all told and a fairly awesome lifetime average of .334). Although Carew was down last year in every major hitting category from his sterling 1977 season (when he flirted with .400 and ended at .388), he was still sufficiently strong in the clutch for the managers to give him a squeaker nine-seven poll victory over Los Angeles' Steve Garvey (also second in last year's poll). (Other first-base votes: Garvey, Los Angeles Dodgers, 7; Chris Chambliss, New York Yankees, 1; Carl Yastrzemski, Boston Red Sox, 1. Missing from last year: Keith Hernandez, St. Louis Cardinals; Tony Perez, Montreal Expos; George Scott, Boston Red Sox.)

SECOND BASE: Dave Lopes, Los Angeles Dodgers (9 votes). Last year, Cincinnati's second baseman Joe Morgan was the poll's leading vote getter with 20 votes, while L.A.'s Lopes received a princely zero tab (and even Jorge Orta got one). So this year, here comes Lopes with a position-leading nine ballots and there goes Morgan with a dismal two tallies (Orta got none, meanwhile). The explanation is a solid if unspectacular year for Lopes (.278 batting average, 93 runs, 58 runs batted in), a bad year for Morgan (a .236 batting average from a man whose lifetime is .279) and the fact that Lopes was showcased (if not always to his best advantage) in the world series for the second straight year while Morgan's Reds stayed home. And Lopes is captain of the Dodgers, mind-testimony to his clutch-busting hustle. (Other second-base votes: Willie Randolph, New York Yankees, 4; Morgan, 2; Frank White, Kansas City Royals, 2; Bobby Grich, California Angels, 1. New since last year: White. Missing: Orta, Chicago White Sox; Rennie Stennett, Pittsburgh Pirates.)

THIRD BASE: George Brett, Kansas City Royals (61/2 votes). In last year's poll, Brett had to share this spot with Pete Rose; this year, Brett withheld the surge of Graig Nettles (five votes) and has it all to himself. An odd tabulation, this: While Brett had a perfectly respectable season (.294 average, 150 hits, 62 runs batted in), his stats were lower than in 1977-and were also lower than Rose's 1978 figures in certain key areas (.302 average, 198 hits). And don't lorget, 1978 was also the year that Rose set a National League record for hitting in consecutive games, a not insignificant clutch performance. So were managers, through our poll, showing their intense displeasure with Rose's off-season meat market? Or do they honestly think that a man who can hit safely in 44 straight games has lost it in the clutch? Congratulations, anyway, Brett. (Other third-base votes: Nettles, New York Yankees, 5; Mike

Schmidt, Philadelphia Phillies, 3; Enos Cabell, Houston Astros, 1; Ron Cey, Los Angeles Dodgers, 1; Phil Garner, Pittsburgh Pirates, 1; Rose, Philadelphia Phillies, 1/2. New: Garner. Missing: Butch Hobson, Boston Red Sox.)

SHORTSTOP: Larry Bowa, Philadelphia Phillies (10 votes). Like second baseman Lopes, Bowa received nary a vote in last year's PLAYBOY poll (Dave Concepcion, this year's runner-up, won with ten ballots) but was swept in this year on the strength of a cozy .294 batting average and a .986 fielding average that placed him ahead of all other major-league shortstops. (Other shortstop votes: Concepcion, Cincinnati Reds, 6; Mark Belanger, Baltimore Orioles, 1; Robin Yount, Milwaukee Brewers, 1; Missing: Rick Burleson, Boston Red Sox; Bill Russell, Los Angeles Dodgers; Garry Templeton, St. Louis Cardinals.)

LEFT FIELD: George Foster, Cincinnati Reds (12 votes). Last year, Foster nailed down this position with a stunning 1977 season in which he led the majors in home runs (52), runs batted in (149) and total bases (388); this year, he nailed it down with a 1978 season in which he led the National League in home runs (40) and runs batted in (120).

CENTER FIELD: Jim Rice, Boston Red Sox (8 votes). OK, OK-in truth, our highest vote getter in the center-field slot was Houston's Cesar Cedeno (who won the spot last year), and Boston's Jim Ed Rice may not have seen action in the pivotal pasture since little league, but: When all outfield votes were counted, Rice came up one crucial tally ahead of Cedeno (whose showing is remarkable, considering that he broke his leg in June 1978 and was out for the season) and so we arbitrarily decided that left-fielder Rice would move to center and that would be that. As it should be, given that Rice had the sort of season that would make Abner Doubleday ask for his ball back: leading the majors in home runs (46), runs batted in (139), hits (213), triples (15) and total bases (with that awesome 406 figure); and being voted the American League's Most Valuable Player.

RIGHT FIELD: Dave Parker, Pittsburgh Pirates (16 votes). Parker won his second straight National League batting crown last year (at .334) and his second straight election to the PLAYBOY clutch team. He was also the National League's most valuable player and its total-base leader (340). He hit 30 home runs and had 194 hits, scored 102 runs and batted in another 117. He stole 20 bases. He led all players in our poll, being picked on all but one ballot. Anyone who is 6'5", weighs 230 and can do all that should be given anything he wants. (Other outfield votes: Cedeno, 7; Fred Lynn, Boston Red Sox, 3; Reggie Jackson, New York

Yankees, 2; Greg Luzinski, Philadelphia Phillies, 2; Jack Clark, San Francisco Giants, 1; Andre Dawson, Montreal Expos, 1; Amos Otis, Kansas City Royals, 1; Dave Winfield, San Diego Padres, 1. New: Clark, Otis, Winfield. Missing: Bobby Bonds, Cleveland Indians; Lou Brock, St. Louis Cardinals; Al Cowens, Kansas City Royals; Jose Cruz, Houston Astros; Ruppert Jones, Seattle Mariners; Garry Maddox, Philadelphia Phillies; Al Oliver, Texas Rangers; Mickey Rivers, New York Yankees; Bill Robinson, Pittsburgh Pirates; Joe Rudi, California Angels; Reggie Smith, Los Angeles Dodgers; Carl Yastrzemski, Boston Red Sox; and the late, loved, much-lamented Lyman Bostock, of the California Angels.)

CATCHER: Thurman Munson, New York Yankees (9 votes). When the Yankee catcher was elected to PLAYBOY's clutch-player squad last year, we wrote that the victory was "testimony to the fact that Munson has finally outpaced his nemesis Johnny Bench in their Olympian mano-à-mano." This year's victory would tend to confirm that fact-except that Bench finished such a respectable second. despite a wretched injury-shortened 120game, .260 1978 season. Munson, by contrast, lasted 154 games, was tenth in the league batting lists (at .297) and had a good go-round in the play-offs and the series. Still, as many votes were cast against Munson as for him. Maybe the managers just don't like him. (Other catcher votes: Bench, Cincinnati Reds, 5; Ted Simmons, St. Louis Cardinals, 3; Jim Sundberg, Texas Rangers, I. Missing: Joe Ferguson, Los Angeles Dodgers; Carlton Fisk, Boston Red Sox; Darrell Porter, Kansas City Royals.)

PITCHER: Ron Guidry, New York Yankees (10 votes). Considering the season Guidry had in 1978, it is truly a wonder that there were any votes cast for other major-league pitchers. He had a 1.74 earned-run average; 25 wins, three losses; nine shut-outs; 248 strikeouts; a start in the Yankees' sudden-death victory over the Red Sox; two wins-in the playoffs against Kansas City and in the series against the Dodgers. In last year's poll, Guidry received no votes, as Tom Seaver ran away from the field with nine ballots. Say good night, Tommy. (Other pitcher votes: Seaver, Cincinnati Reds, 3; Jim Palmer, Baltimore Orioles, 2; John Candelaria, Pittsburgh Pirates, I; Rollie Fingers, San Diego Padres, 1; Tommy John, New York Yankees, 1. New: Candelaria, Fingers. Missing: Bill Campbell, Boston Red Sox; Steve Carlton, Philadelphia Phillies; Jerry Koosman, Minnesota Twins; Sparky Lyle, Texas Rangers; Bruce Sutter, Chicago Cubs; Don Sutton, Los Angeles Dodgers; Frank Tanana, California Angels.)

That's the line-up, fans. Play ball! -TERRY CATCHPOLE







NEW PERILS FOR DO7

secret agent bond finds all sorts of undercover action in his latest film thriller. good show, james!

Bond films are synonymous with death-defying action and Moonraker is no exception. The opening title sequence finds the inimitable 007 (Roger Moore), sans parachute, getting himself pushed out of an airborne jet (above sequence) by that model of orthodontia gone haywire, Jaws (Richard Kiel). In a less suspenseful but no less gripping moment, Bond beds Drax's chopper pilot, played by Corinne (Story of O) Cléry (below).





IKE ALL the James Bond films, Moonraker, the 11th epic based on the adventures of the famous Ian Fleming superspy, does not lack death-defying action, ambitious special effects and, closest to our heart, beautiful women. In fact, Moonraker, scheduled to appear on your neighborhood screen in July, may have more gorgeous girls in its cast than any of its predecessors—so many that 007 himself (played by Roger Moore) remarked, on location filming, that "one of the consolations of playing in a succession of

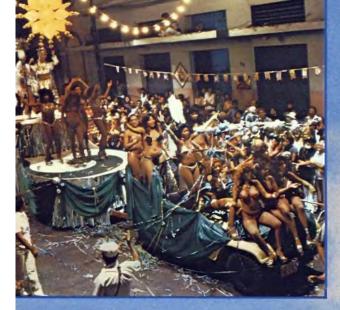




Danger lurks everywhere for James Bond, who finds himself in the clock tower of a Venetian glassworks (above), tangling in kendo with Drax's henchman, Chang, and, later, more pleasantly tangling with CIA operative Holly Goodhead, played by Lois Chiles (above right). Bond's assistant, disguised as a gondolier (below), is knifed by a Drax assassin, but 007 keeps his cool, since his gondola is not only motorized but amphibious.



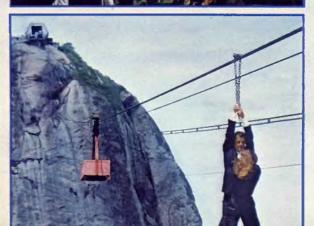




Above, a carnival float chock-full of lovely cariocas parades down the street in Rio. Below, top to bottom, 007 and Holly try to escape from Jaws via cable car an Sugarloaf Mountain high abave Guanabara Bay, Brazil; Jaws catches them in a car coming from the apposite direction; and Bond and Holly escape, clinging precariously to the cable.







Below, the evil Drax, flanked by guards, interrogates Bond; 007 and Holly float weightless in the command satellite/space station after he has neutralized its gravity mechanism; the station in orbit. At battom, Holly and Bond dock for a special kind of rendezvaus. At far right, Bond poses with Drax's Lavers (fram left) Françoise Gayat (sitting), Chichinou Kaeppler, Irka Bochenko, Catherine Serre and Anne Lonnberg.



Bond films is that the girls are always different. They seem to be better-looking each time, so why should I complain?" Why, indeed? In addition to the two female lead roles, played by Texas-born Lois Chiles as a CIA agent and French film star Corinne Cléry as the archvillain's head chopper pilot, the *Moonraker* script calls for a bevy of eight shapely misses to play what have come to be known as the Bond Beauties. (If you think your girlfriend stacks up to the Bond Beauties, you can help her get a crack











at an appearance in the next Bond thriller. See page 225.) The eight girls in Moonraker, all European models and actresses, play Space Lovers, employees of the villain, Hugo Drax (Michael Lonsdale), who plans to take them up to a space station to propagate a new master race (he has boy Lovers to match each one) after he has destroyed the rest of the world. Officially, Drax is a billionaire contractor, a legitimate builder of space shuttles; secretly, he is a multinational megalomaniac with plans to rule the

PHOTOGRAPHY OF CORINNE CLERY BY ALBERTA TIBURZZI





"MOONRAKER"

NEW WOMEN FOR 007

Corinne Cléry plays Corinne Dufour, a helicopter pilot employed by Drax. In one scene, she meets Bond at Los Angeles International Airport and flies him to Drax's palatial desert estate (inset far left). Corinne, who loves dogs and "being alone with time to think," has just completed a role in Humanoid, with Richard Kiel (minus his steel teeth) and Barbara Boch, co-stars of a previous Bond epic, The Spy Who Loved Me.





world. When a space shuttle on loan to Britain from the U. S. is mysteriously hijacked, M assigns James Bond to investigate. As Bond begins to sniff around, he is led to Drax's secret underground mission-control center hidden in the South American jungle. Special effects that rival those of *Star Wars*, involving space shuttles, space stations and the various ingenious gadgetry that has become synonymous with Bond epics, heighten the suspenseful action. And, naturally, 007 gets himself into a lion's share of do-or-die



Drax's shapely astragirls exercise at the villain's estate (inset top). Among them is France's Catherine Serre (abave and left), who was featured in Foreign Sex Stars (PLAYBOY, May). An accomplished skier and sailing enthusiast, Catherine studied medicine before embarking on her acting career. "I have an absolute passian for cinema," says Catherine, who played the role of a prostitute in One Two Two, a recent French film about a World War Twa bordello.

Chichinou Kaeppler (right) is first seen in Moonraker at Drax's estate, stylishly dressed in an equestrienne's outfit for a pheasant hunt. A Parisian fashian model wha has been posing far top European magazines since the age of six, Chichinou tells us that water-skiing is one of her principal passions, along with riding and schussing the slopes. The Bond epic is her first major motion-picture rale.





situations, including a push from an airborne jet, sans parachute, a gondola chase in Venice, a struggle with a kendo expert in a clock tower in St. Mark's Square, and a death-defying scuffle with Drax's steel-toothed henchman, Jaws (Richard Kiel), along a tram cable, scarily high above Guanabara Bay, Brazil. And, of course, a James Bond film wouldn't be a James Bond film without those tender bedroom interludes; Moonraker doesn't fall short on that score, either. Eat your heart out, Sean Connery.

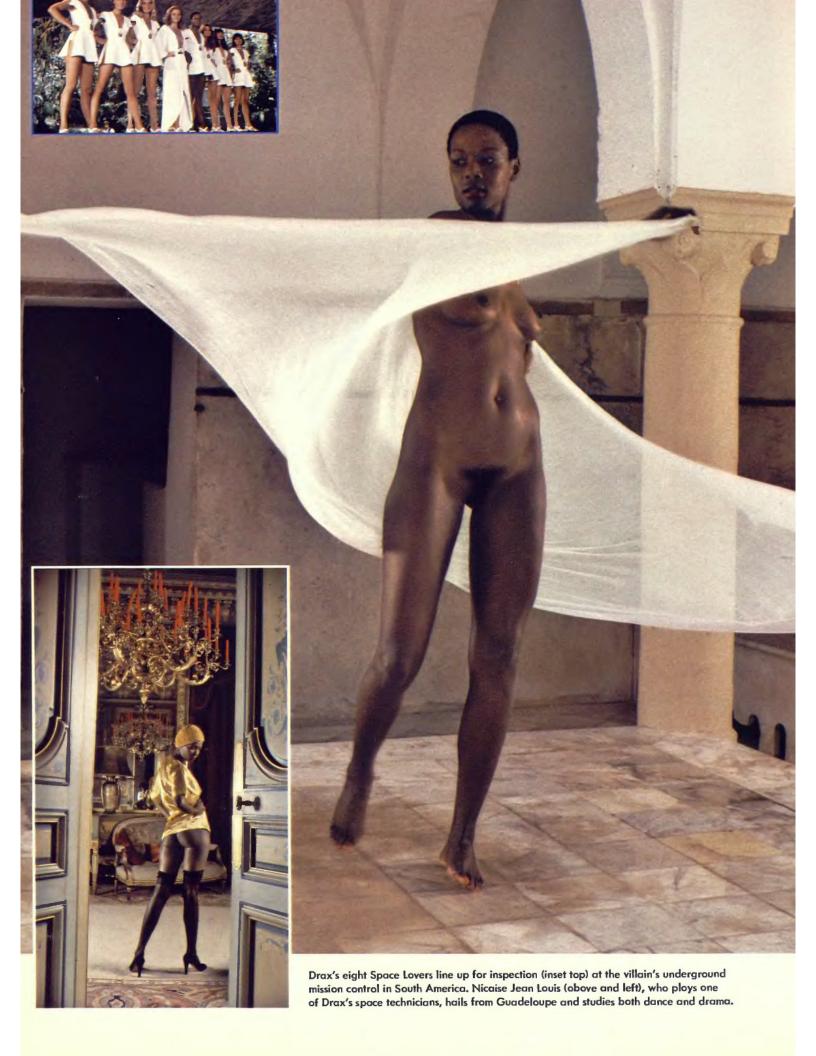
To keep an eye on Bond, M has a staffer (left) follow him around in an MP (a Brazilian replicar based on the MG-TD soon to hit the market). He might prefer keeping an eye on Christina Hui (below and right), daughter of a Chinese pianist, a top fashion model who speaks four languages.

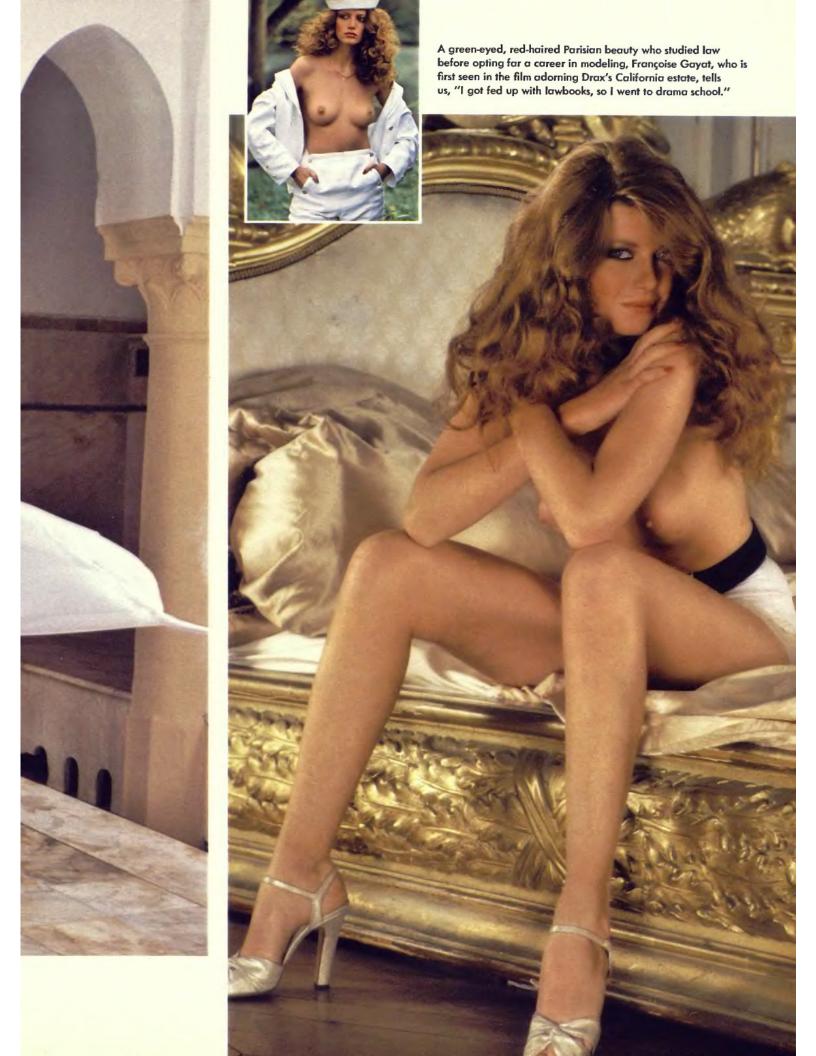






To find Drax's secret underground command post, Bond follows Irka Bochenko (above) to the Brazilian jungle, via Rio. Irka, a Polish beauty, is trilingual, has appeared on numerous television programs and attends drama school. She hopes to become a leoding European actress.







 $"You're\ not\ thinking\ intergalactic, Olson!"$

IN THE DAYS of Suleiman the Magnificent, in the small caza of Yesilköy near the vilayet of Constantinople, there lived one Hajji Selim, who twice daily supplied his fellow villagers with ekmek, the heavy, coarse, flat loaves of bread. His younger brother Turhan plied the family trade in the kitchens of the sultan's Janizary guard about 30 versts away.

Hajji Selim was a strong, well-favored man, but he had no children, a matter

that saddened him greatly.

He had tried mightily with two wives, now dead, as he now tried fitfully with his third wife, Helsina, a buxom, lusty girl of 19. He had paid a heavy bride price for Helsina, who was of Hellenic stock and well schooled in the erotic arts of that ancient culture. Eagerly, she caressed and fondled him at night; she kissed, tickled, pinched, licked and massaged him to rouse his feeble passions. She fed him rich foods hotly seasoned with stimulating herbs. But all that availed little.

Now it happened that when Turhan came home to the village for a visit over the Bayram holidays, Selim complained at how quickly the chimney of his bakery

became clogged with soot.

"Hani," he said affectionately, using Turhan's diminutive, "you are still slim and lithe, while Helsina has been feeding me so well that I cannot any longer fit into the chimney. Will you just clean out the soot for me while you are here?"

"But, Selim-bey," replied Turhan respectfully, "we cannot damp the fires during the Bayram, when the villagers must have their holiday meats and cakes baked. Besides, it is really no longer necessary to sweep chimneys in the oldfashioned way-in Constantinople, we have a new substance we throw onto the fire to keep the chimneys clear of soot.

"Bismillah!" cried Selim. "This is wonderful news! How can I get some of

this substance?"

Tomorrow, when I return, I will steal a bag of this stuff from the storeroom. I shall send it to you with some Yeşilköy farmer returning from market."

"Chowk ghazzel, very good," beamed Selim. "That will solve my only problem in life-except," he added sadly, "for my own clogged tubes, which keep me child-

less and without heir."

"Ehu, Selim," chuckled Turhan, "this stuff is mixed with fulminate, niter and I don't know what else. Put a spoonful into your tea and it should be powerful enough to clear even your tubes! I know it isn't poisonous, because some got mixed with the flour once and the soldiers didn't get sick. They complained that the ekmek tasted of sulphur, but sulphur is known to cleanse the blood-perhaps it will cleanse your tubes as well.'

A few days later, Selim received a small, heavy jute sack accompanied by a note from Turhan:

Arkadash Selim-bey (Respected Brother Selim), May peace be with you. Here is four oka of the powder. Be careful. It is very dangerous and powerful. It must be put on the fire when the oven is very hot. Cast it on gently, a little bit at a time.

Now, in the idiom of the day in the sultanate, the phrase a little bit at a time could be interpreted in two ways: Turhan meant a small quantity at a time, but Selim understood it to mean a small distance at a time.

The fire would be hottest when the morning bread was baked. Helsina always tended the fire beneath the oven, raking the coals, while he stood behind her, manipulating the loaves with a longhandled, flat-bladed kurek. But he wanted to handle the chimney cleaning himself, so he arranged for his young cousin Razzoul to take his place with the kurek on the following morning.

That night, he extracted some of the dark-gray powder from the sack to mix with his tea. The resulting foul taste persisted long after supper, but there was some effect-Selim entered Helsina briefly but strongly before they slept, enough to excite but not to fulfill her.

Before dawn, Selim ascended to the roof and began lowering the four-oka bag of fulminate powder gently into the tall chimney, one careful centimeter at a time, at the end of a long, stout cord. Meanwhile, young Razzoul was laboring mightily, moving the loaves in and out of the white-hot oven over the bent back of Helsina, tending the fires below.

Working deeper into the oven, he began to feel Helsina's resilient young buttocks pressing and rubbing against his



leather apron. On her part, Helsina became aware of a stiffening of the supple leather as Razzoul's vigorous manhood became turgid, and she redoubled the pressing and waggling of her buttocks. Soon they were pursuing their tasks with wild gyrations of their lower parts.

Finally, Razzoul could stand it no longer. With one hand, he loosened his baggy trousers, from which his engorged and quivering member sprang free, and with a quick sweep he lifted Helsina's voluminous skirts clear of her sweet, rosy posterior. With a huge, groaning sigh, Razzoul plunged deeply into the moist and ready tunnel that awaited him and Helsina's immediate cry of pleasure was muffled in the roaring of the fire.

As the fateful bag inched slowly down the chimney, Razzoul's swollen cock plunged repeatedly into the fiery heat of Helsina's lusty body, and she raked the coals as they had never been raked before.

It must have been a jest of the gods that crime, punishment, satisfaction, disaster and success were combined in one moment. Just as Razzoul reached his exploding point, the jute sack was heated to its critical temperature and, with a hollow whooom, the old stone

chimney erupted at both ends.

Selim, bending over the top, was blown skyward in a dense cloud of soot. At the same time, Razzoul and Helsina, hips locked in passionate coupling, were blasted straight through the window of the bakery, to bring up against the stone wall of the gendarmery on the other side of the alley-just as Razzoul's own explosion jetted a mighty stream of seed into Helsina's quivering womb. And, under the force of the impact, she achieved the first orgasm she had ever experienced unaided by human hand and she let out a great swelling scream of joy-which the villagers, beginning to queue up for their morning bread, assumed to be an expression of fright.

Selim, blackened and dazed but undamaged, landed on sacks of flour stacked in the alley. The couple had fallen so that Razzoul was almost entirely covered by Helsina's voluminous skirts. After some seconds of stunned astonishment, the villagers hurried to help the trio. As Helsina was lifted from atop Razzoul, her skirts fell into place and his leather apron dropped over his manhood; he wavered to his feet unaided, hastily retying his belt under his apron, with a satisfied grin and no apparent damage.

Nine months later, a bouncing baby boy was born to Helsina. As an expression of his gratitude, Hajji Selim proudly called the child Turhan, while Helsina privately called him by an affectionate diminutive, Zouli, and life went on in the village of Yeşilköy.

-Retold by Charles Wallach

Complete Accord.

In 1976 we introduced the Honda Accord® Hatchback. With its stunning array of standard features, it was an instant success. But some of you told us you'd like to have an Accord that was even more luxurious. We responded in 1978 with our elegant Accord LX.

Was that the end of the line? Not quite. We now began hearing from people who loved the Accord but needed a slightly bigger car. So this year we are introducing our brand-new 4-Door Sedan.

That gives us a complete line of Accords. And, more important, the way we equip our cars, every Accord is in its own way a complete Accord.

Besides a roomy interior, the new Accord 4-Door Sedan gives you a spacious trunk that is equipped with an interior light, two stowage boxes for small items, and a lever that permits you to release the trunk lid from the driver's seat. Other standard



features include variable assist power steering, AM/FM radio, remote control rear-door locks, and rear-seat heater ducts.

The Accord LX comes with air conditioning, AM/FM stereo radio with cassette player, power steering, digital clock, and tonneau cover.

Many additional features are standard on all three Accords. These include our transverse-mounted CVCC® engine (increased in size this year to 1751cc), front-wheel drive, rack and pinion steering, power brakes with front discs, four-wheel independent MacPherson strut suspension, electronic warning system and automatic maintenance reminder, steel-belted radial tires, tachometer, tinted glass, and a lot more.

Of course, we realize that some car makers might say that three models aren't enough to qualify as a complete line. But we like it this way. After all, by giving you just three Accords to choose from, perhaps we've made your life just a little bit simpler.

HONDA

We make it simple.



"In schools with special courses on sexuality, the average number of hours of instruction is 23."

Johnson were making sex therapy a respectable medical specialty; the American Medical Association itself had begun urging medical schools to teach human sexuality; and in 1968, with a grant from the Commonwealth Fund, Dr. Lief set up the Center for the Study of Sex Education in Medicine at Penn and, through it, propagated his faith to medical schools everywhere and passed on all the information he could gather as to the content to be taught in human-sexuality courses and the new techniques for teaching it. Suddenly, sex education was "in"; schools everywhere began adding it to the curriculum. Some, conservatively, tucked a number of lectures on the subject into already existing courses, such as introductory psychology. Others, more boldly, created special courses devoted entirely to human sexuality. And many were entranced by and adopted a razzle-dazzle new approach to sex education called Sexual Attitude Restructuring (SAR), aimed more at loosening up the students' feelings than at adding to their knowledge (though it sought to do that, too). SARs were first given in medical schools in 1970 at Indiana and Johns Hopkins universities, and in 1971 at the University of California, San Francisco; thereafter, they could be found all over the country.

The typical SAR, an intensive assault on the students' inhibitions and prejudices, consisted of 16 or more hours—in a single weekend-of slides, video tapes and sex-action films, plus intimate, smallgroup discussions of every imaginable kind of sexual activity and malady. A SAR program would start with nonsexual but sensuous films (someone slowly peeling an orange, for instance), then would proceed to films of artistic and historical erotica; and after hours of that, would at last shift into high gear with the "Fuckarama"-an hour or two of commercial hard-core sex films, four to eight of them being projected simultaneously. The purpose was to overload the senses and carry the students beyond shock and revulsion, beyond fear and disapproval, and even beyond arousal, to a numbed and "desensitized" state. In that condition, they could talk openly, in small groups, about the activities they had seen and the feelings they had had about such things before becoming desensitized; they could also listen-with newly opened mindsto lectures about sexual behavior and

sexual problems. Students tested with SKAT before and after such a weekend of total immersion showed not only considerably greater knowledge of the facts, afterward, but distinctly liberalized attitudes toward masturbation, homosexuality and other traditionally disapproved forms of sexual behavior.

Within a few years, the fad for sex education swept through the nation's medical schools. A survey Lief conducted in 1974 showed that, by then, 84 percent of the medical schools were offering special courses in human sexuality, while nearly all the rest were teaching at least a certain amount of human sexuality within other courses. Nearly all the schools still relied, in part, on the traditional lecture format, but nine tenths also used erotic films and smallgroup discussions, some in the form of SARs and others as part of semester-long courses. There was no general consensus on what should be taught, or how it should be taught, but at least, wrote Lief with considerable satisfaction, "Human sexuality had become an accepted part of the medical curriculum."

That's the good news. Now for the bad. First, the enthusiasm for sex education in the medical schools crested in 1973; since then, a few schools have dropped their courses and a few others have cut back on the hours they allot to sex education. Elsewhere, sex educators feel lucky if they hold the line. "Every year," one professor told me-and his complaint is a common one-"we have to defend ourselves before the curriculum committee all over again. They think of sex education as expendable."

A survey by Drs. James Lloyd and Emil Steinberger of the University of Texas Medical School at Houston found that as of the 1975-1976 academic year, nearly a fifth of American medical schools were giving no instruction at all in human sexuality-a distinct retreat since 1973. Fewer than half of the schools were offering special courses in the subjectand in only 20 percent of the schools was the course required. But where it isn't required, most medical students, already overworked, skip it. At Harvard, for instance, where a very good course is available, fewer than half the students take it.

All in all, only about a fifth of today's medical students are currently taking special courses in human sexuality. Most

of the rest get a fragmented sexual education, consisting of scattered hours in a variety of other courses-a way of teaching human sexuality that a World Health Organization study says is simply inadequate. And a fifth of all medical students now receive no sex education whatever.

Still, isn't it true that most of today's medical students are taught more about human sexuality than their predecessors? Yes, but not much more. In schools with special courses on sexuality, the average number of hours of instruction is 23; in those in which it is taught in fragmented form, the average number is only 18. That's not much time in which to become well informed on such an immensely subtle and complex subject. Medical students are usually given that many hours on ophthalmology alone and 20 times that many hours on anatomy. Put another way: The average medical student today spends less than one half of one percent of his or her instructional hours learning about human sexuality.

Medical students not only get too little sex education, they get it too soon. It's usually taught in the first or second year; but medical school faculty members say that subjects taught early, unless used and reinforced in the third and fourth years, when students are dealing with actual patients, soon fade from memory. Many of the subjects taught early are used in the later years (anatomy and pharmacology, for instance). But except in a minority of schools, the students' knowledge of human sexuality is not put to clinical use in the third or fourth years. In those years, students peer down innumerable throats, palpate hundreds of bellies and ask endless questions about diet and stool, until they become skilled at such things, but rarely, if ever, are they given the opportunity to practice questioning patients about their sex lives or diagnosing sexual disorders. By the time they have done their internships and residencies and begun to practice medicine, the course in which they learned about human sexuality-possibly the one weekend in which they were taught something about it-is five to seven years in the past.

Dr. Arthur Zitrin, a psychiatrist who teaches sexuality at the New York University School of Medicine, says, "Ideally, the course should be taught during the third and fourth years; then it would become part of what they're actually seeing and doing."

Dr. Robert Dickes, former chairman of the psychiatry department at Downstate, goes further: "I don't know of any medical school—ours included—that gives an adequate sex education. I feel that every (continued on page 234)



throughout last season, our reporters dug in in dugouts and loitered in locker rooms, trying to get beneath the well-scrubbed surface of our national pastime, what they turned up was a lot of funny, offbeat information—most of it very low and inside

sports By MAURY Z. LEVY and SAMANTHA STEVENSON

MANAGER YOU'D MOST LIKE TO PLAY FOR

- I. Billy Martin
- 4. Chuck Tanner
- 2. Tom Lasorda
- Ken Boyer
- 3. Herman Franks
- 6. Jim Fregosi

Most players seem to think Martin got a bad rap. Many call him "a fine leader of men." Reggie Jackson says he'll never play for Martin again. But he'll play for Bob Lemon anyplace, any time, as long as it's not New York. He wants to get out of New York. He wants to play "anyplace in California."

PHIL GARNER TEACHES YOU HOW TO CHEW TOBACCO LIKE THE PROS

"You have to do tobacco like you do women. You must let it work up to a good chew, let it get moist and juicy. If you chew too fast, it'll become dry and fall apart. So stay calm, be alert and chew with care." Garner says his favorite chew is Red Man.

PLAYERS YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO MESS WITH

Dave Parker won for the toughest man in baseball. Other high finishers of note included Lenny Randle,

who's a karate expert, and Steve Carlton, who holds a black belt. Dave Winfield got some votes for just being there.

THINGS THAT ANGRY FANS HAVE THROWN AT PETE ROSE

Flashlight batteries, chicken bones, a 25pound bag of flour and a crutch

TERMS BASEBALL PLAYERS USE WHEN REFERRING TO WOMEN

Most common are hog, beef, sparkplug, little spinner, bitch and queen.

THURMAN ON REGGIE

"His friends are those who tell him how good he is."



REGGIE ON THURMAN

"He's the biggest asshole in baseball. And the most overrated."

JUST ANOTHER CLASS BROAD

After hearing that her husband, Pete, had decided to sign a \$3,200,000 deal with Philadelphia, Karolyn Rose's response was, "Do they have a K mart there?"

THINGS DO GO BETTER WITH COKE

Just before the start of last year's world series, a Yankee who ended up playing well over his head made a cocaine buy that totaled almost \$10,000.

BASEBALL'S ALL-TIME HEROES (IN ORDER OF VOTES)

- 1. Mickey Mantle
- 2. Babe Ruth
- 3. Jackie Robinson
- 4. Spiderman

CROTCH CLUTCH

The Dodgers wear metal crotch cups against the Pirates and plastic ones against the Phillies.

THEY DON'T READ, AS A RULE

Some 80 percent of the players polled said they had never read the rules of baseball and saw no reason to.

USHERETTES OUT FOR ACTION

Philadelphia won easily. Evidently, they aren't named the Hot Pants Patrol for nothing. Management has had trouble keeping many of them in line. There are

even special rooms some of them use for pregame quickies. For after the game, visiting players just give notes to male ushers ordering their picks to meet them at the Hilton across the street. Arlington won in the American League, but for much cleaner

reasons.



WORST SLIDER INTO BASE

Sal Bando looks like a blimp landing. Pete Rose was voted the best, not because of his classic form but because "he's fun to watch to see if he'll knock himself unconscious."

HITTERS WHO SCARE THE SHIT OUT OF PITCHERS

- 1. Dave Parker
- 4. Greg Luzinski
- 2. George Foster
- 5. Reggie Jackson
- 3. Jim Rice
- 6. Reggie Smith

Parker and Foster wound up in a virtual tie. But Parker gets the edge because "he hits like a motherfucker."

PITCHERS WHO SCARE THE SHIT OUT OF HITTERS

- I. J. R. Richard
- 4. Vida Blue
- 2. Nolan Ryan
- 5. Ron Guidry
- 3. Rich Gossage
- 6. Tom Seaver
- "J.R. throws the ball so goddamn fast," Willie Stargell says, "I can't hardly see

it."

Butazolidin wins hands

SWELL DRUG

THE STARS

JUST A MILLION LAUGHS

John Candelaria once urinated on a birthday cake in the clubhouse.

THE BIGGEST **BOOZERS** IN BASEBALL

The Yankees won easily as the heaviestdrinking collection of players. "It's become a contest," Sparky Lyle says. "You gotta drink just to stay around here."

IT'S NOT EASY BEING DOUG RAU

For no apparent reason, Rau once painted the entire contents of the Dodger 158 locker room a shade of green.

YOU CAN'T BEAT HIS MEAT

Sparky Lyle, angry with the lack of variety of a clubhouse postgame spread, pulled out his prick and dragged it across the bologna.

THE VISITING-CITY HIT PARADE

- 1. San Diego
- 6. Anaheim
- 2. Montreal
- 7. Los Angeles
- 3. San Francisco
- 8. Chicago
- 4. New York
- 9. Boston
- 5. Arlington
- 10. Atlanta

San Diego won in the player poll, with remarks such as "Good air and good beaches," "Easier lays" and "More and better-looking stewardesses." Blacks liked it because it wasn't racist. And while Montreal actually beat it out for the most promiscuous women, most redneck types didn't like Canada because of the language barrier and the sophistication of the women.





PLAYERS WHO COULD ALWAYS FALL BACK ON SINGING "THE STAR-SPANGLEO BANNER" PROFESSIONALLY

Rick Waits, Cleveland; Lamar Johnson, White Sox; Derrel Thomas, Los Angeles

BIGGEST ASS KISSER

Steve Garvey got the most votes here for being "Mr. Goody Two Shoes," for having a "plastic, Hollywood image" and for "kissing" Tommy Lasorda. It's interesting that this was the one question that most players didn't want to answer.

MAJOR-LEAGUE PLAYERS WHO ADMIT THEY BELIEVE IN VOODOO

Leo Cardenas

THE BIGGEST SLOB IN BASEBALL

Most players think they know why Richie Hebner is still a bachelor. He spits his chew all over himself and at runners who dare to take his base, and at the umpires. He even chews on dates.

SPECIAL ORDERS DO UPSET US

"I signed Oscar Gamble under the advice of my attarney," says San Diego owner Ray Krac. "I na longer have Oscar Gamble and I no longer have my attorney."

PLAYERS KNOWN TO PERFORM WELL WITH A HANGOVER

Steve Carlton, Catfish Hunter, Gaylord Perry, Vic Davalillo



MOST LUSTED-AFTER WIFE

Cyndy Garvey



Mike Schmidt, Oscar Gamble, Dave Winfield, Barry Foote, Rawly Eastwick, Dave Cash, Lee May, Ken Singleton

THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND

After finishing his worst season in the majors, Mike Schmidt sat down to write an instructional book on hitting.

BEST PLACE TO PLUG IN YOUR HAIR DRIER

Yankee Stadium won far the best clubhouse facilities. In addition to hair-drier and radio outlets, there are huge lockers and comfortable chairs, free toiletries and other supplies, a brand-new sauna and a private TV room. Most votes for worst clubhouse facilities went to Cleveland Stadium, which, according to Reggie Jackson, "is full of flies and roaches." It just beat out Wrigley Field (below).



On a broken-bat swing, five hard, compressed rubber balls went flying out of Graig Nettles' bat and hit the home-plate umpire.



GOOD NEWS (continued from page 132)

"Civilization is about to hit a patch of ice that will send it skidding uncontrolled into the future."

claimed to have ridden in a flying saucer) and Gray Barker (whose book They Knew Too Much . . . told what happened to saucer investigators who got too close to the truth).

I became a suppertime Jeremiah, raving about space people and flying saucers and the possible danger to earth they posed. I rattled off the probable number of planets in the universe that could support life. I went over the experiences of unimpeachable witnesses to saucer landings: state patrolmen, small-town mayors, Air Force officers. I constructed foolproof logical traps as though I thought I could capture an alien by luring it into the dining room with arguments proving the existence of UFOs.

My parents, unimpressed, said, "Flying saucers don't exist. That's just your imagination. When you grow up, you'll see we're right."

Well, 22 years have passed. I'm now 33-more or less grown up. A couple of years ago, I picked up The New York Times and found a two-column headline: "ASTRONOMER FEARS HOSTILE ATTACK; WOULD KEEP LIFE ON EARTH A SECRET." Britain's Astronomer Royal, Sir Martin Ryle, a Nobel laureate in physics, had issued an appeal to radio astronomers, asking them not to try to communicate with extraterrestrials, because, if anyone were out there, they might decide to discover us the way Europeans discovered the American Indians.

Within a week of running across the article on Sir Martin, I found an item in the paper about Dr. James D. Hays of Columbia University, who (according to the Times) said that it may be possible to predict the next ice age. In fact, the earth has already begun cooling down and "this cooling trend should continue for on the order of 20,000 years. In that length of time, I think there is not much doubt that we will build substantial ice on the Northern Hemisphere continents."

That still leaves us plenty of time to get the thermal underwear out of storage, but an article published in Science News around the time I saw the items on Sir Martin and Dr. Hays took an even gloomier view. Not only may the earth be at the end of an interglacial cycle, "with the approach of a full-blown 10,000-year ice age a real possibility," but this change "can be rather sudden-a matter of centuries-with ice packs building up relatively quickly from local snowfall that ceases to melt from winter to 160 winter." A spokesman from the National Center for Atmospheric Research not long ago suggested that Ice Age climates could start within 100 years.

But a true connoisseur of angst doesn't need a major ice age. Even a little ice age, like the one that chilled the Northern Hemisphere from the early 1400s to the mid-1800s, could disrupt agriculture enough to create massive famines, plagues, wars to control fertile land and a world-wide depression that would make what happened in the Thirties look like a gentle slump in the economy.

A report published a few years ago by the CIA warned that climate changes soon will create serious agricultural problems in China, Canada, the U.S.S.R. and India. It predicts India will have a severe drought every four years. The report has been frequently criticized-no one believes the weatherman-but few scientists argue that Europe recently suffered the worst dry spell in 500 years. Crops withered. Forest fires broke out all over the continent. Thousands of people suffered heat strokes. (One British bus driver, addled by the suffocating weather, hallucinated Jesus and distributed the fares he'd collected to his passengers.) The three decades from 1930 to 1960 were the best years for farming in a millennium. Deserts are now spreading at a rate of 14,000,000 acres a year.

While new climate conditions produce skimpier and skimpier harvests, the increase in the world's population creates a growing demand for food. (In about 40 years, there may be twice as many people on earth as there are now.) Over 450,000,000 people are currently starving to death on this planet, and it's been estimated that by the year 2000, another 500,000,000 children in developing nations will die of malnutrition and related diseases.

Instead of mobilizing to meet this crisis, the industrial nations act like cartoon characters ripping up the hull of their boat to feed the boat's furnace. In our country (which is one of the greatest food exporters, producing half of the world's corn and two thirds of the world's soybean supply), we are building on or paving over nearly 600,000 acres of farmland a year. Even if we were reclaiming that much fertile soil instead of losing it, crop yields would still be reduced, not only by the natural climate change but by a man-made chill. Dust, puffed into the air by farming and construction machinery, and sulphur compounds released into the atmosphere when coal and oil are burned, reflect sunlight back into space. In heavily polluted areas, like the Northeast of the United States, perhaps as much as 50 percent of the sunlight that enters the atmosphere is lost. The chill above smoggy cities seeps over the hemisphere and eventually all over the world. In a little over a quarter of a century, the earth's temperature has cooled 0.5 degrees Fahrenheit. Civilization is about to hit a patch of ice that will send it skidding uncontrolled into the future.

UFOs, ice ages and, of course, nuclear radiation (which the Chinese generously sent us twice in the fall of 1976); all my childhood terrors have stalked me for the past two decades and, hidden around some corner in my present, have waited-apocalyptic flashers-to surprise me.

"They know what they're doing." "There's nothing to worry about." "That's just your imagination."

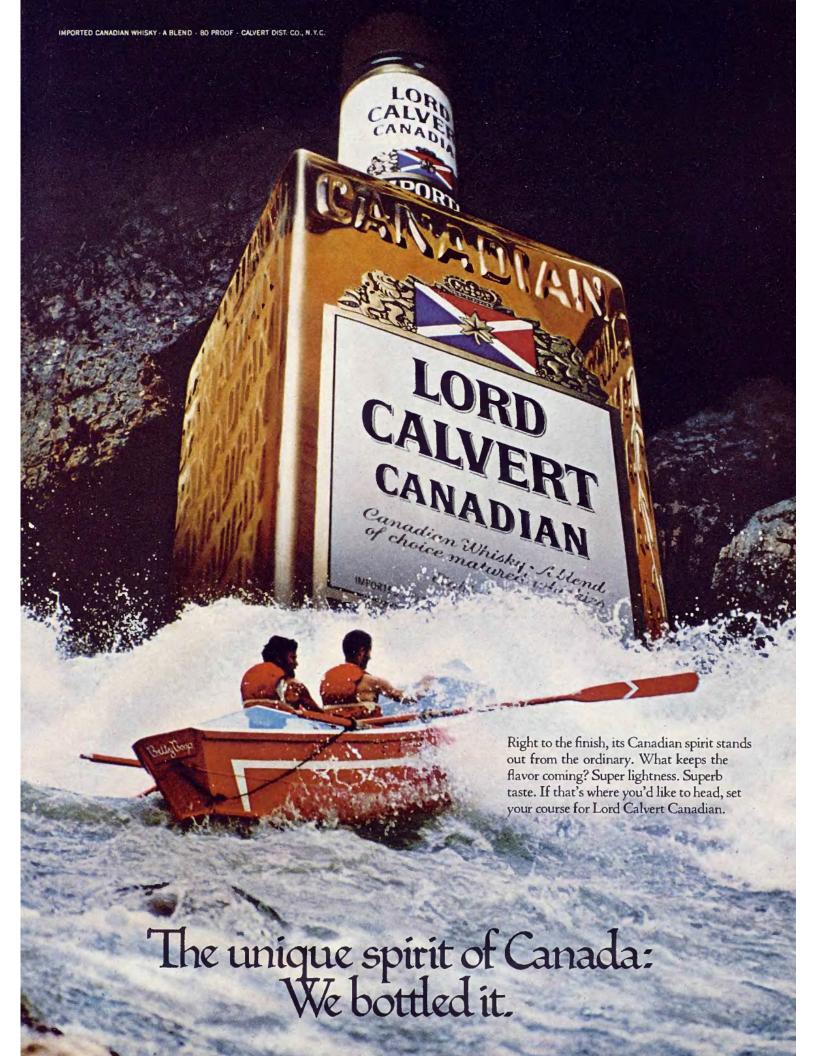
There's small consolation in saying "I told you so."

Consolation, however, comes to the practicing paranoid in the apparent limitless supply of things to worry about. Every newspaper is a Pandora's box waiting to discharge its dreadful load. A true virtuoso of foreboding can (like Caesar trisecting Gaul) divide the modern map of horrors into three territories: natural (like ice ages), unnatural (like UFOs) and man-made (like radiation).

Radiation has always been my favorite. It's a Lucifer among terrors, a fallen, glowing angel. Nuclear power was, after all, supposed to bring mankind such wonderful benefits. But, as though under some Midas curse, everything it touches is poisoned. Nuclear power is to us what sex was to the Elizabethans. The Elizabethans believed that every orgasm shortened a man's life by a day, but they couldn't keep from screwing. We believe that radiation can destroy life (I suspect we are more correct than the Elizabethans were), but we continue to build reactors and bombs and to store radioactive wastes that have lifetimes of tens of thousands (in some cases hundreds of thousands) of years in containers that are liable to corrode and crack in about four decades.

At the Hanford nuclear facility in Washington, where over 50,000,000 gallons of nuclear waste are stored, at least ten of the 140 tanks have leaks, and one tank has spilled over 100,000 gallons of radioactive material into the soil. The Hanford reactor itself had to be shut down a few years ago when it accidentally drained radioactive water into the Columbia River.

Leaks and discharges are not uncommon. In Connecticut, Colorado and, more recently-and more seriously-in



Pennsylvania at Three Mile Island, nuclear plants have sprayed radioactive mist into the air. In Kentucky, Vermont and New York, nuclear power plants have spewed wastes into water tables and rivers. In fact, the cesium 137 and cobalt 60 that Columbia University geologists found concentrated (in some places 100 times above normal) in the Hudson River were evidently discharged from the Indian Point nuclear power station as part of the normal functioning of the plant. Scientists had assumed that the current would carry the wastes out to sea. They were wrong.

High levels of plutonium waste have been found in what had previously been considered uncontaminated areas of the Pacific Ocean, and in another part of the Pacific, giant sponges have been discovered feeding on radioactive wastes that are seeping from cracked tanks. While it's a relief to know radiation won't kill all life on earth, it's discouraging to think that the planet will be inherited by creatures whose skeletons humans use to scrub their backs.

Detroit was almost vaporized when a nuclear plant there had a partial core meltdown. (The words are not as ominous as the reality they signify: Meltdown sounds no more tragic than the loss of a snowman on a sunny day. Nuclear technocrats hide grisly facts behind rouged and powdered phrases as though it were the language that needed to be decontaminated, not the nuclear wastes.) In March 1975, an electrician held a lit candle to an electrical cable in the Browns Ferry nuclear power plant to check for an air leak. The candle flame ignited the cable's insulation. The fire spread through the cable to the electrical control room and, through the electrical control room, to the room housing the reactor. Both the main and the backup smoke-detection systems failed, and workers tried to smother the fire with dry chemicals, which only fed the flames.

Our tragedies insist on becoming farces. We live like Charlie Chaplin in The Gold Rush, in a house that is tectering on the edge of an abyss-except we are even deprived of Chaplin's dignity. We have Moe, Larry and Curly guarding our safety (trying to douse a fire at a nuclear power plant with chemicals that burn). In what could be the last days of our lives (there are 70 nuclear plants operating in the United States, an average of more than one catastrophe per state, and some 200 more plants planned for the near future), we can't even take noble poses, standing as heroic as Hugo in exile, our faces turned toward the apocalypse, our hair streaming in the radioactive wind, because the people in charge of safety at nuclear plants areum-less than candid with us.

Seven fires that broke out at the

Browns Ferry plant since the March 1975 blaze were not reported. They were discovered only when the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (formerly known as the Atomic Energy Commission) investigated a rumor that, well before March 1975, its own staff members had warned of the danger of fire at the Browns Ferry plant and had been ignored.

A few years ago, three General Electric engineers and two Nuclear Regulatory Commission engineers quit their jobs to protest inadequate safety standards in the nuclear-energy industry; and one of the two NRC engineers, Ronald M. Fluegge, charged that not only was the commission covering up potentially disastrous malfunctions at the Indian Point plant (which is only 30 miles north of New York City) but there were at least 28 cases in which pressure in reactors had been allowed to build higher than NRC standards allow. Around that time, Jack Anderson said that II other NRC engineers and scientists claimed that the nuclear-power industry was forcing the NRC to accept designs that "don't meet even the commission's own dubious safety regulations."

But we are told the nuclear-power industry knows what it's doing; there's nothing to worry about; any dangers we think exist are just our imagination. A report published by the AEC a few years ago (the Rasmussen Report) fixed the odds of a serious accident in a nuclear power plant at one in 20,000 per plant per year. Critics of the report have pointed out that that means with 100 plants in operation, a major accident could happen somewhere once every 200 years. In 40 years, when there might be 1000 nuclear power plants in operation, a major accident could happen once every 20 years. (In 40 years, scientists may have developed new safety devices and perhaps the safety devices may even be in use, though given the charges of the NRC dissidents and the reality of human and design error at the Three Mile Island reactor in Pennsylvania, we can't count on that. Still, no matter how accidentproof the reactors are, there will be other Moes, Larrys and Curlys around ready to light candles in order to check electrical cables, and to fight fire with fuel.)

Thinking about nuclear energy is like living in a skewed room in an amusement-park fun house. Perspectives are subtly altered, surfaces are slightly slanted, angles are a little awry. If you try to stand upright, you'll go tilting across the floor. To function, you've got to accept the craziness. The fact is—at least until we've developed adequate systems of solar, tidal, wind or geothermal energy—we need nuclear power. Our known supply of oil and gas will give

out about the turn of the century. About 100 years after that, if our energy demands continue to increase at their current rate, our coal will be exhausted. By then, we'll also be short on or out of aluminum, iron, chromite, cobalt, manganese, copper, nickel, gold and tin.

In another 100 to 150 years, the waste heat from all the burning fuels-this is our one chance against the glaciers-may have begun melting the world's icecaps. Of course, we might cook ourselves orthrough a rise in ocean levels from melting ice-swamp our coastal cities long before that. By the year 2000, we will have pumped enough carbon dioxide into the atmosphere to raise the planet's temperature by half a degree. (A major ice age involves a lowering of the earth's temperature by only two or three degrees; a corresponding rise in temperature could be catastrophic,) Oil spilled on ice increases the ability of ice to absorb sunlight by over 90 percent. One split supertanker and the affected ice cover will melt like an Eskimo Pie in an oven; an oil-rig blowout off Alaska's coast might melt enough arctic ice to put Chris-Craft into the ark-building business.

Civilization, of course, has been pouring oil onto untroubled waters for years-about 6,100,000 tons every year, to be exact, mostly sluiced from crippled tankers. If for every major oil slick you were to draw a black blot on a map of the world's oceans, it would look as if the seas had contracted a kind of liquid leprosy, with dozens of dead spots blotching the globe from the Strait of Magellan (where oil from a 1974 spill will foul beaches for at least another decade) to a 55-mile strip off the New Jersey coast line that sometime during the past ten years quietly died. Divers who recently examined the sea bottom along that area found dead fish, dead mussels, dead starfish, dead anemones . . . everything dead, the corpses settled on a petroleum goop that covered the sand. Half a dozen years ago, scientists at Cape Cod's Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution figured that more oil floated in the seas than photosynthetic plants. Since most of the oxygen we breathe is produced by marine photosynthetic plants, we may already have our thumbs on the global windpipe.

But we may be about to suffocate ourselves more quickly than that. A few years ago, an article in the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists suggested that "an atomic weapon might ignite a thermonuclear reaction in the atmosphere." Those who escaped the fire storm would be left flopping on the floors of their shelters, gasping for the burned-up oxygen.

Over 30 years ago, before the first atomic-bomb test, scientists at Los Alamos made bets on whether or not the

(continued on page 226)

modern living By James Petersen Last winter, when Chicago was buried under some 80-odd inches of snow and the PLAYBOY staff was suffering from terminal cabin fever, our Managing Editor came up with a mercy mission: Go out to California and ride some dirt bikes. On the day we tested the machines, there was a 100-degree temperature difference between where we were and Chicago: It may have affected our judgment. We had wanted to get as far from home as possible, to locate the totally elsewhere. We succeeded. But then, that's the reason these bikes were invented. Four-stroke, single-cylinder playbikes have a long tradition: The old English BSA Victor and the larger Gold

PLAYBIKES



a fiery four-stroke
with the speed of light,
a cloud of dust
and a hearty hi-yo silver,
away—street-legal dirt
bikes offer the
best of both worlds





Up a fire road. Down a dry creek bed. The phallic singlecylinder engine had enough torque to get you through anything. If you didn't have enough power to get up the hill, you simply twisted the throttle and spun your rear wheel until had its four-strokes.

The four-stroke single fell out of favor for a few years as Japanese two-strokes entered the field of dirt bikes. The people who race motocross or enduro bikes like to live on the edge:



Two-stroke engines are peaky—putting out most of their power just this side of red-line. The riding technique is simple—crank it on and fly. The combination of high rpms with knobby dirt tires is effective; indeed, it's not unlike putting a front wheel and handle bars on a circular saw. Most state governments view dirt riders as maniacs and have acted accordingly, confining the activity to special parks and tracks. So much for spontaneity. Before you can haul ass, you have to haul your bike in a trailer or a van. That can get expensive.

Weekend range riders needed a more sedate bike, one that you could put on a side stand and let idle while you opened a cattle gate, or took off your date's clothes. Two years ago, Yamaha introduced an update of the classic BSA Gold Star—called the XT500F—a power sled that could take you through "hill or high water." Suzuki followed with the medium-sized SP370. This year, Kawasaki supplied the market with a simple but

effective 250 and Honda pulled out the technological stops to create a truly modern 500. The bikes are street-legal versions of tougher race-tested enduro models, a compromise between the civilized and the competitive. They've got the necessary extras—turn signals, mirrors, headlights, and the like—but they've also got balls. You can use them for errands or for serious business.

Off-road riding is a challenge: Your body has to make \$00 physical decisions a minute as you negotiate a line through natural and man-made obstacles. The demands being made on your reaction time and balance turn your body into an adrenaline pump: The only comparable sport is downhill skiing. (It is not accidental that America's top two skiers—Phil and Steve Mahre—spend their summers keeping in shape by riding dirt bikes.) In skiing, you choose your line down the mountain. In motorcycling, you can go in both directions.

We photographed the bikes at Pismo

"For God's sake, hurry! While we stand here, the dollar is devaluating!"

Beach, California, a small town that most people bypass on their way to the better-known rush of Big Sur. Pismo Beach has a ten-mile stretch of flat sand, where the powers-that-be have set aside a national clam preserve. During clam-digging season, people haul a couple of thousand tons of bivalves back to their RV stoves. Most of the tourists never bother to leave the beach and so miss the sand dunes that stretch for miles inland.

The Playboy Light Panzer Division did it all. Steve Holladay, the pro rider we used as a model, took the Honda 500. He normally rides a 250-well enough to win the Baja 500 twice and, for a chaser, the Baja 1000. That's 2000 miles of largely unwitnessed excellence. For fooling around, he prefers the feel of a 500. Watching him work out-pulling wheelies on the crests of sand dunes or jumping the small cliffs that form on the inland side-was like watching Baryshnikov dance. The Honda, with its oversized front tire and special tread design, was exceptionally sure-footed. Later, Holladay put a friend on the back and rode off into the sunset. In California, when you ride into the sunset, it's a very short ride The Honda took to the surf without second thought.

The Yamaha XT500F shared power honors with the Honda. In practice, a 500 and a 250 have the same top speed in the dirt (you're going to go only so fast before your instinct for survival cuts in). The benefit comes from the engine's lowend torque. We put a ladyfriend on the back of the Yamaha and started carving turns on the flanks of dunes. It was a lazy day of cruising, discovering hidden lakes and an occasional rusted truck half buried in the sand.

The 500s are heavy (in the sense of intimidating) machines. The Kawasaki KL250-A2 and the Suzuki SP370 sacrifice a touch of horsepower for a light, frisky feel that is pure delight. We kept finding excuses to take the two bikes out—from hauling photographers' assistants back to the truck for more film to sending one of the girls out for some vintage Gatorade.

By the end of the day, we were sure of one thing: Dirt riding is addictive. Any of the four bikes we tested is capable of supplying a fix. Not wanting to go cold turkey once we got back to Chicago, we investigated ways of begging, borrowing or renting bikes. It turns out that most resorts have rent-a-cycle outfits that carry street-legal dirt bikes. (Perhaps they figure that a novice out for the first time is just as likely to be off the road as on the road.) Keep it in mind next time you're suffering from cabin fever. We guarantee that one day in the saddle will burn out all the cobwebs.

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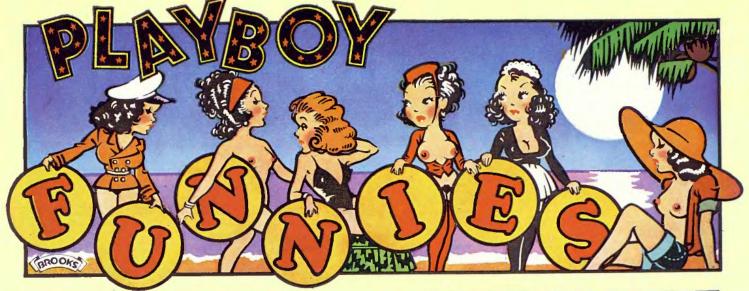


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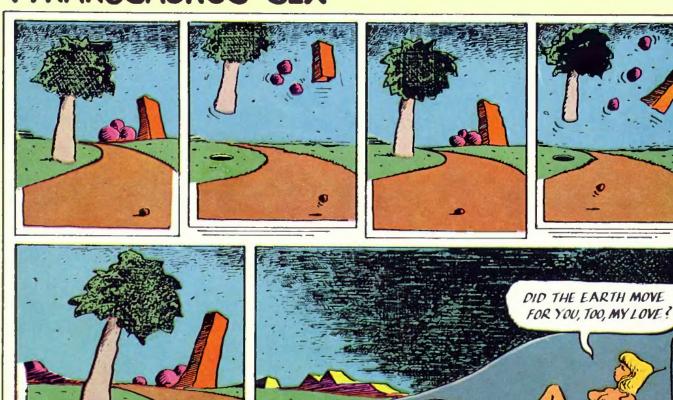


CONTESTED AND MICHOLINCH





TYRANOSAURUS SEX



TEN L

BLOOD SISTERS (continued from page 115)

"I stay on this side of murder, treason, kidnaping. This brain may not be much, but it's all I have."

other people could divorce them or fire them or get a piece of the slickery.

Not to say I didn't go out on the street sometimes; not to say I didn't have a gun and a ticket for it. There are forces of evil out there, friends, though most of them would probably rather be thought of as businessmen who use the law rather than fear it. Same as me. I was always happy, though, to stay on this side of murder, treason, kidnaping-any lobo offense. This brain may not be much, but it's all I have.

I should have used it when the woman walked into my office. She had a funny way of saying hello:

"Are you licensed to carry a gun?"

Various retorts came to mind, most of them having to do with her expulsion, but after a period of silence, I said yes and asked who had referred her to me. Asked politely, too, to make up for staring. She was a little more beautiful than anyone I'd ever seen before.

"My lawyer," she said, "Don't ask who

With that, I was pretty sure that this was some sort of elaborate joke. Story detectives always have beautiful mysterious customers. My female customers tend to be dowdy and too talkative, and much more interested in alimony than in romance.

"What's your name, then? Or am I not supposed to ask that, either?"

She hesitated. "Ghentlee Arden."

I turned the console on and typed in her name, then a seven-digit code. "Your legal firm is Lee, Chu, and Rosenstein. And your real name is Maribelle Four Ghentlee, fourth clone of Maribelle Ghentlee."

"Arden is my professional name. I dance." She had a nice blush.

I typed in another string of digits. Sometimes that sort of thing would lose a customer. "Says here you're a registered

"Callgirl," she said frostily. "Class-one courtesan. I was getting to that."

I'm a liberal-minded man; I don't have anything against hookers or clones. But I like my customers to be frank with me. Again, I should have shown her the door-then followed her through it.

Instead: "So. You have a problem?"

"Some men are bothering me, one man in particular. I need some protection."

That gave me pause. "Your union has a Pinkerton contract for that sort of thing."

"My union." Her face trembled a little. "They don't let clones in the union. I'm an associate, for classification. No protection, no medical, no anything."

"Sorry, I didn't know that, Pretty oldfashioned." I could see the reasoning, though. Dump 1000 Maribelle Ghentlees on the market and a merely ravishing girl wouldn't have a chance.

"Sit down." She was on the verge of tears. "Let me explain to you what I can't do.

"I can't hurt anyone physically. I can't trace this cod down and wave a gun in his face, tell him to back off."

"I know," she sobbed. I took a box of tissues out of my drawer, passed it over.

"Listen, there are laws about harassment. If he's really bothering you, the cops'll be glad to freeze him."

"I can't go to the police." She blew her nose. "I'm not a citizen."

I turned off the console. "Let me see if I can fill in some blanks without using the machine. You're an unauthorized clone."

She nodded.

"With bought papers."

"Of course I have papers. I wouldn't be in your machine if I didn't."

Well, she wasn't dumb, either, "This cod. He isn't just a disgruntled customer."

"No." She didn't elaborate.

"One more guess," I said, "and then you do the talking for a while. He knows you're not legal.'

"He should. He's the one who pulled

"Your own daddy. Any other surprises?" She looked at the floor. "Mafia."

"Not the legal one, I assume."

"Both."

The desk drawer was still open; the sight of my own gun gave me a bad chill. "There are two reasonable courses open to me. I could handcuff you to the doorknob and call the police or I could knock you over the head and call the Mafia. That would probably be safer."

She reached into her purse; my hand was halfway to the gun when she took out a credit flash, thumbed it and passed it over the desk. She easily had five times as much money as I make in a good year, and I'm in a comfortable 70 percent bracket.

"You must have one hell of a case of bedsores."

'Don't be stupid," she said, suddenly hard, "You can't make that kind of money on your back. If you take me on as a client, I'll explain."

I erased the flash and gave it back to her, "Ms. Ghentlee, You've already told me a great deal more than I want to know. I don't want the police to put me

in jail, I don't want the courts to scramble my brains with a spoon. I don't want the Mafia to take boltcutters to my appendages."

I could make it worth your while."

"I've got all the money I can use. I'm only in this profession because I'm a snoopy bastard." It suddenly occurred to me that that was more or less true.

"That wasn't completely what I meant."

"I assumed that. And you tempt me, as much as any woman's beauty has ever

She turned on the waterworks again, "Christ, Go ahead and tell your story. But I don't think you can convince me to do anything for you."

"My real clone mother wasn't named Maribelle Ghentlee."

"I could have guessed that."

"She was Maxine Kraus." She paused. "Maxine . . . Kraus."

"Is that supposed to mean something to me?"

"Maybe not. What about Werner Kraus?"

"Yeah." Swiss industrialist, probably the richest man in Europe. "Some rela-

"She's his daughter and only heir."

I whistled. "Why would she want to be cloned, then?'

'She didn't know she was being cloned. She thought she was having a Pap test." She smiled a little. "Ironic posture."

"And they pulled you from the scrap-

She nodded. "The Mafia bought her physician. Then killed him.'

"You mean the real Mafia?" I said.

"That depends on what you call real. Mafia, Incorporated, comes into it, too, in a more or less legitimate way. I was supposedly one of six Maribelle Ghentlee clones that they had purchased to set up as courtesans in New Orleans, to provoke a test case. They claimed that the sisterhood's prohibition against clone prostitutes constituted unfair restraint of trade."

"Never heard of the case. I guess they

"Of course. They wouldn't have done it in the South if they'd wanted to win."

"Wait a minute, Jumping ahead, Obviously, they plan ultimately to use you as a substitute for the real Maxine Kraus."

"When the old man dies, which will

"Then why would they parade you around in public?"

"Just to give me an interim identity. They chose Ghentlee as a clone mother because she was the closest one available to Maxine Kraus's physical appearance. I had good make-up; none of the real Ghentlee clones suspected I wasn't one of them.'

"Still . . . what happens if you run into someone who knows what the real



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Kraus looks like? With your face and figure, she must be all over the gossip

sheets in Europe.

"You're sweet." Her smile could make me do almost anything. Short of taking on the Mafia. "She's a total recluse, though, for fear of kidnapers. She probably hasn't seen twenty people in her entire life.

"And she isn't beautiful, though she has the raw materials for it. Her mother died when she was still a baby-killed by kidnapers."

"I remember that."

"So she's never had a woman around to model herself after. No one ever taught her how to do her hair properly or use make-up. A man buys all her clothes. She doesn't have anyone to be beautiful for,"

"You feel sorry for her."

"More than that." She looked at me with an expression that somehow held both defiance and hopelessness, "Can you understand? She's my mother. I was forcegrown, so we're the same apparent age, but she's still my only parent. I love her. I won't be part of a plan to kill her."

"You'd rather die?" I said softly. She

was going to.

"Yes. But that wouldn't accomplish anything, not if the Mafia did it. They'd take a few cells and make another clone. Or a dozen, or a hundred, until one came along with a personality to go along with matricide."

"Once they know you feel this

"They do know, I'm running."

That galvanized me. "They know who your lawyer is?"

"My lawyer?" She gasped when I took the gun out of the drawer. People who see guns only on the cube are usually surprised at how solid and heavy they actually look.

"Could they trace you here? is what I mean." I crossed the room and slid open the door. No one in the corridor. I twisted a knob and 12 heavy magnetic bolts slammed home.

"I don't think so. The lawyers gave me a list of names and I just picked one I

I wondered whether it was lack or I. Michael. I pushed a button on the wall and steel shutters rolled down over the view of Central Park. "Did you take a cab here?"

"No, subway. And I went up to a hundred and twenty-fifth and back.'

"Smart." She was staring at the gun. "It's a forty-eight magnum recoilless. Biggest handgun a civilian can buy."

'You need one so big?"

"Yes." I used to carry a .25 Beretta, small enough to conceal in a bathing suit. I used to have a partner, too. It was a long story and I didn't like to tell it.

"Look," I said. "I have a deal with the Mafia. They don't do divorce work and I don't drop bodies into the East River. Understand?" I put the gun back into the drawer and slammed it shut.

"I don't blame you for being afraid-

"Afraid? Ms. Four Ghentlee, I'm not afraid. I'm terrified! How old do you think I am?"

"Call me Belle, You're thirty-five, maybe forty. Why?"

"You're kind-and I'm rich. Rich enough to buy youth: I've been in this business almost forty years. I take lots of vitamins and try not to fuck with the Mafia."

She smiled and then was suddenly somber. Like a baby. "Try to understand me. You've lived sixty years?"

I nodded. "Next year."

"Well, I've been alive barely sixty days.

"Hold it. Before we go any further, what's your position on the Lee Marvin case?"

After four years in a tank, growing and

'Learning isn't being, though. Everything is new to me. When I walk down a street, the sights and sounds and smells . . . it's, it's like a great flower opening to the sun. Just to sit alone in the dark-" Her voice broke.

"You can't even know how much I want to live-and that's not condescending; it's a statement of fact. Yet I want you to kill me."

I could only shake my head.

"If you can't hide me, you have to kill me." She was crying now and wiped the tears savagely from her cheeks. "Kill me and make sure every cell in my body is destroyed."

She took out her credit flash and set it on the desk. "You can have all my money, whether you save me or kill me."

She started walking around the desk. Along the way, she did something with a clasp and her dress slithered to the floor. The sudden naked beauty was like an electric shock. "If you save me, you can have me. Friend, lover, wife . . . slave. Forever." She held a posture of supplication for a moment, then eased toward me. Watching the muscles of her body work made my mouth go dry. She reached down and started unbuttoning my shirt.

I cleared my throat. "I didn't know clones had navels."

"Only special ones, I have other special qualities."

Idiot, something reminded me, every woman you've ever loved has sucked you dry and left you for dead. I clasped her hips with my big hands and drew her warmth to me. Close up, the navel wasn't very convincing; nobody's perfect.

I'd done dry-cleaning jobs before, but never so cautiously or thoroughly. That she was a clone made the business a little more delicate than usual, since clones' lives are more rigidly supervised by the Government than ours are. But the fact that her identity was false to begin with made it easier; I could second-guess the people who had originally dry-cleaned her.

I hated to meddle with her beauty, and that beauty made plastic surgery out of the question. Any legitimate doctor would be suspicious, and going to an underworld doctor would be suicidal. So we dyed her hair black and bobbed it. She stopped wearing make-up and bought some truly froppy clothes. She kept a length of tape stuck across her buttocks to give her a virgin-schoolgirl kind of walk. For everyone but me.

The Mafia had given her a small fortune-birdseed to them-both to ensure her loyalty and to accustom her to having money, for impersonating Kraus. We used about half of it for the dry cleaning.

A month or so later, there was a terrible accident on a city bus. Most of the (continued on page 185)

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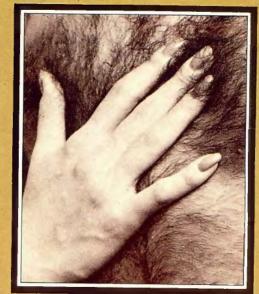
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SPLIT DECISIONS

She has started spending most of her free time in the company of newly beloved "sisters." Your once-celebrated daily arrivals are now greeted by the stony sounds of silence—especially if she's there. Her evenings at home are devoted to hushed behind-closed-doors parleys with her mother ("a real friend") and when she does speak to you, it's only to announce whether tonight it's the headache or the cramps.

You notice that you don't really mind working late and on weekends. At night, you go home either bone-tired or obsessed by a previously dormant craving for *The Tonight Show*. At parties, you ditch her at the door and beeline for the foxes—the drunken argument saved for the ride home—and you've stopped feeling that you ought to commit hara-kiri each time you don't make her come.

Obviously, it's time to break camp, split up the records and the friends and scrape the barnacles off the little black book.

Maybe not, though. The bittersweet truth is that your relationship may have entered an inevitable, miserable but not necessarily terminal stage characterized by mutual despair and seemingly insurmountable obstacles to happiness. Daniel Goldstine and Shirley Zuckerman of the Berkeley Therapy Institute, co-authors of *The Dance-Away Love*, call it Stage II.

"Everyone in Stage II thinks his relationship is on the rocks," says Goldstine. "No couple stays infatuated from the day they meet until death do them part. The craziness of the intoxicated state goes and then there're the real problems which have to be solved. No particular behavior indicates a terminal relationship per se. For instance, when people have affairs, it may just be recreational or to have a little excitement. People don't have to think that because affairs always taste good, their staple diet must be bad.

"We're living in a time when people's expectations for relationships are so high," adds Goldstine, who believes that three fourths of all divorces are unnecessary. "Touchie-feelie—the human-potential movement—is in and there's also a real change in a woman's prospects for survival outside of a marriage. Those two things together create rising expectations for communication and connection and romanticism. Both of you are supposed to be terribly romantic, devoted to each other, sexy, alive, and making real big money."

"Even serious sexual problems don't indicate a terrible relationship," says Zuckerman. "They just indicate that you have a relationship."

How can you distinguish transient Stage II hassles from

the more serious problems of a breakup made in heaven? "When you think your relationship is in serious trouble, you're probably in Stage II," says Zuckerman. "The key issue is not the extent of the couple's problems but their willingness to work on them. It's possible, with persistence and good will, to reach a place beyond resentment, a place where concord is not banality and harmony is not the simple absence of discord. Just be careful not to mistake the warning signs for The End."

On the other hand, if your persistence and good will are played out, perhaps it is time to sever the relationship. If, after weeks of seeking real concord on your part, she continues to call out someone else's name in her dreams, take the hint. And have her take a walk.

MAKING HER FEEL IMPORTANT

One of the drawbacks of a comfortable relationship is that it's often too damned comfortable. When courting, every gesture counts; you maneuver until you find a good fit. Afterward, everyone—but especially men—tends to rely on habits to keep the relationship afloat. Nothing is more devastating to a woman. She feels neglected—nothing special happens anymore. She begins to want something more from the relationship, but—and this is the important part—not a lot more. She just wants to feel needed, to know that she's an important part of your life. The following are a few suggestions to remedy that.

Break the routine. Call her when you're not breaking a date or asking if she picked up your cleaning. Call her to chat. Take an afternoon off and spend it with her doing things she wants to do.

Surprise her with a gift—especially when none is required. But forget extravagant. In *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, George Peppard gave Audrey Hepburn a ring from a Cracker Jack box, but he had it inscribed at Tiffany's. That's the kind of gesture you should aim for.

Put it in writing. When was the last time you wrote her anything more passionate than "Need toilet paper"? Write something about her. No lady can resist a three-page endorsement of her left kneecap. Take advantage of the Postal Service's relaxed obscenity standards by penning a torrid love letter. Describe a recent lovemaking session. Be graphic and specific. Remind her of what you did and what she did and how much you liked it. Propose future projects.

Basically, surprise her by remembering the things she figured you probably had forgotten, such as that your life would be hollow without her and that it is remarkably wonderful because of her.

—THEODORE FISCHER

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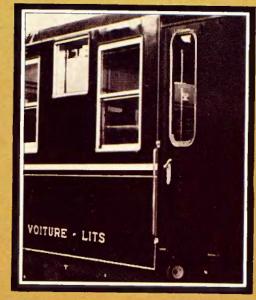
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ALL ABOARD EUROPEAN TRAINS



Irrive and trains resemble American trains in one important way: They both run on rails. Beyond that, it's like comparing Seattle Slew with Mister Ed. Even without the legendary Orient Express, which used to race from Paris to Istanbul, European trains boast such foreign (to Amtrak) qualities as speed, efficiency and comfort. Best of all, rail travel on the Continent can still be a considerable bargain, especially if you plan ahead.

SHOULD YOUR RAIL BE EURAIL?

First, decide what cities you want to visit. Once you've shortened your list to something manageable, check the cost of taking the train from point to point. (We'll tell you how to do that later on.) If you're going to be in Europe for several weeks or more and visiting at least three countries, about halfway through your itinerary, the cost of individual rail tickets will probably exceed the purchase price of a Eurailpass—a prebought ticket resembling a credit card that's good for unlimited first-class travel in 15 countries. Although the cost has gone up recently and now starts at \$190 for 15 days and goes to \$460 for three months, the Eurailpass covers all of western Europe, from above the Arctic Circle in Norway and Finland to the sunny beaches of Spain, Portugal and Greece. The pass includes many extras, such as bus trips, ferries, lake steamers in the Alps and Rhine River cruises. The freedom from standing in endless lines, buying tickets, is also something to remember. The reason it's so important to plan ahead is that the Eurailpass can be purchased only from a travel agent or an office of the various European national railway systems here in the U.S. Once you cross the pond and discover that even a second-class ticket from Paris to Copenhagen costs \$86.20, it's too late. The French National Railroads, with offices in New York, Coral Gables, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco, is helpful. Consult it or your travel agent for information about fares.

If you can't afford a Eurailpass, there are plenty of alternatives. The British Isles are not part of the Eurail system but, instead, offer their own BritRail pass, which costs \$75 for one week and goes up to \$165 for a full month in England, Scotland and Wales. In addition to the BritRail pass, there's the Eurail Youthpass (\$260), good for two months of second-class travel for those under 26 years of age. Every country in the Eurail system has its own unlimited mileage ticket, but unless you can resist that famous spot just over the border, it may not be such a bargain. No passes exist for Eastern European countries such as Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Russia, but individual tickets can be purchased from travel agents.

ROLLING EASY

Once you decide to go by rail, with or without a pass, there are other facts to keep in mind. Thomas Cook & Sons publishes a comprehensive train schedule, but even The Hulk wouldn't lug one around Europe. Better to get a copy of Through Europe by Train, a compact guide given away by the European railways, from any of the sources mentioned above. Every train station in Europe has easy-to-read timetables posted on the walls, and information offices and other facilities are easy to find, thanks to signs that point the way in unmistakable pictograms. Also worth checking out are Europe by Eurail, by George Ferguson, and Baxter's Eurailpass Travel Guide, by Robert Baxter. Both books contain detailed information based on the authors' firsthand experience, plus excellent scenic itineraries.

No matter what else you do, it is essential that you pack lightly for train travel. Although there are no limits to the amount of baggage you can lug aboard or check through, porters vanished around the bebop era and, unlike bebop, show no signs of returning. Platforms can be endless and pocketed with stairs and underpasses. Lockers are available in most stations, so you can case a new city for a decent hotel or just spend an afternoon there before moving on. Taking advantage of them is smart, but most lockers won't take steamer trunks or anything close. Packing lightly means freedom on your vacation.

As for sleeping aboard in something other than your seat (which is fairly easy off season, especially in first class), there are a variety of private berths for one or two, not-so-private berths for three or more and couchettes, which are like a sofa without sheet or pillow. All cost extra, should be reserved in advance and tend to be expensive. Whenever possible, it is best to avoid overnighters. Try to travel between cities within six hours or so of each other, take an early-morning train, arrive around noon and get a good hotel room before the crowds arrive in the evening.

DINNER IN THE DINER

Food, often very good food, is available on longer runs, but it, too, tends to be expensive. Formal dining cars serve five- or six-course dinners for \$10 to \$12, and even self-service diners charge from a third to a half of that. Better to do like almost everyone else and take your own. Don't forget a bottle opener and some bottle caps. Water on trains is not drinkable, so you'll have to tote a liter or two aboard. With water, some wine, fresh bread and cheese, you'll feel like a native and your trip will certainly be on the right track.

—Tom Passavant



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Vast expanses of curved glass and valleys of vinyl all encased in steel. A less than ideal place to listen to music. But, unfortunately, a lot of us do. Because this is the interior of a car. It's here that Panasonic teams up two 100-watt amps with a built-in graphic equalizer to create the stereo system that can outrun the problems your car's interior creates.

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The Panasonic 200-watt dash gets off to a running start with the CQ-7600: An AM/FM stereo tuner, graphic equalizer, cassette player with Dolby and a bi-amp. The bi-amp further separates the music by routing most of the low notes through the rear speakers. And most of the high notes through the front speakers. The CQ-7600 runs in concert with a matched pair of CJ-5000 power amps. Each with 100 watts of total power (30- and

40-watt amps are also available). And to handle all that power, Panasonic has the Sound Pumps™ 100 speaker system.

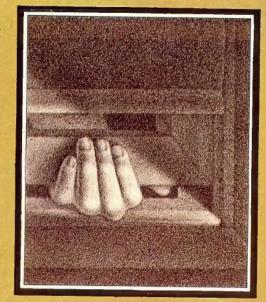
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WHAT'S NEW IN SECURITY DEVICES



hances are you've already invested hard-earned dollars in valuable electronic goodies around your pad—everything from a deluxe stereo system and video recorder to that fancy new microwave oven in the kitchen. Sure, it's great stuff, but it's all very inviting to the burglar, since it has a very high resale value.

The same electronics industry that brought you all that equipment can also come to your rescue with some truly sophisticated new security devices and systems. There are ultrasonic detectors galore, automated police dialers and remote-controlled lighting and appliance controls that can help discourage anyone making bumps in the night.

LIGHTING SYSTEMS

What does it cost to protect all your possessions? Anywhere from a few dollars to several thousand—depending on how much and what kind of protection you want. At the bottom of the price scale, at \$40, is Vigilite, a processor-based, preprogramed light-control unit that fits into a home wall switch. When activated, Vigilite will turn your ceiling lights on and off in a pattern that makes it look as though you're home. Tucked neatly into the stainless-steel wall plate is a digital LED clock.

Another lighting-control package is the BSR System X-10, which remotely operates lights and appliances anywhere in the house from the bedroom or any other convenient location via a push-button command console. If there's a strange sound, all you need do is press one button to activate any or all of the lights in the house that you've incorporated into the system. The X-10 will also dim lights remotely and works with both a plug-in and a wireless command controller. No wiring is needed; radio-like signals are sent through the regular electrical wiring in the house or apartment. Each piece sells separately, but a starter system can be assembled for about \$100. It's available at Sears (under its own brand name) and at other stores.

ALL-PURPOSE ALARMS

Want wireless home security-alarm protection from both burglars and fires? Norelco has a Home Patrol package that screams its head off when doors or windows are opened or a fire begins to smolder. It does the same job as hard-wired systems—the more conventional security setups with foil tape on the windows and all that—without the expense and trouble of running wire. You can install it yourself in an evening. Optional goodies include an automobile protector that makes the unit in the house sound off when somebody tries to make off with your wheels.

Probably the most intriguing alarm is Seaboard's Dial-

Alert. This unit is hooked up to a phone on the protected premises, such as your office. If somebody breaks in, the gadget senses it and automatically dials your home—or whatever number you've programed it to call. When you answer, you hear a series of beeps. That's the machine's way of telling you that your office is being robbed. Then you get on another phone and call the cops, while listening to the burglars through the unit's built-in microphone.

The gadget has patience, too. If it gets a busy signal when it dials your number, it'll keep trying until it gets through. The same thing happens if you don't answer the phone; it'll keep calling until somebody picks up the receiver. Of course, this means that you may not get the call until hours after the burglars have made off with your office safe, but it's better than walking in on a scene of devastation the next morning. The Dial-Alert will also warn you of fires, and you can turn it on or off by telephone, too. Prices begin around \$170 and escalate.

Seaboard, the company that makes the Dial-Alert, is one of those organizations that specialize in microwave security systems, a type of device that many people feel is more reliable than the ultrasonic kind. The typical \$79.95 ultrasonic detector will be set off by prowling pets or wind ruffling a curtain. Microwaves are easier to control and can cover a larger area. Yet ultrasonic systems have a lot of appeal. They're packaged in a number of disguises and often look like books on a shelf. It's that very unobtrusiveness that helps make them so popular.

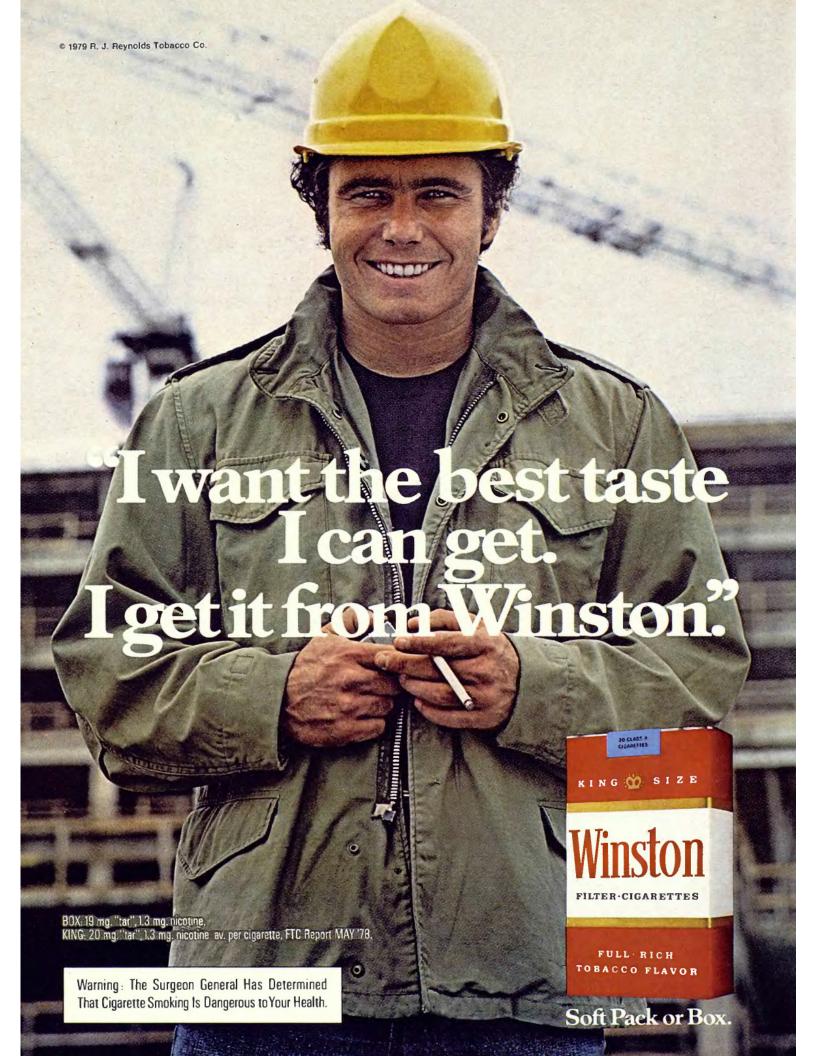
SECURITY FOR BOATS

Another product from Seaboard is a lightweight computer-controlled burglar foiler that works equally well on almost anything portable but right now is being sold for boats. It radios a warning to a nearby marina that your vessel is being ransacked or is on fire or is taking on water. A flashing light on a monitor board shows the exact time and nature of the trouble. It can also hook in directly to police headquarters.

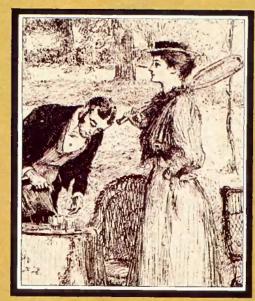
The marina system has a range of 30 miles, and the boat's transmitter will lock onto other marinas as the boat is moved from one location to another. Insurance underwriters are already at work reducing the rates to boat owners who use this system. For more information on all of Seaboard's electronic security products, write to the company at 70 Church Street, New Rochelle, New York 10805.

The nice thing about electronic security is that none of these systems conflicts with any other. You can buy one now and next week go out and add to the bag. By the time you finish, you'll probably be better protected than Tiffany or Fort Knox.

—WALTER SALM



GOING TO THE HAMPTONS



uffolk County-the eastern part of Long Island, New York-is the summer home of Truman Capote, George Plimpton, Lauren Bacall, Andy Warhol, Leonard Bernstein and dozens of other socialites, celebrities, businesspersons and just plain Beautiful People. This area, known collectively as the Hamptons, is the setting for Fitzgerald's The Great Gatsby, and that picture of opulence and refined casualness still prevails. But there are plenty of reasons—other than stargazing to enjoy the Hamptons. You'll find miles of uninterrupted duned beaches, and those familiar with Cape Cod's nippy water temperature will appreciate the warmth of the ocean. Some of the best sport fishing for shark, tuna and swordfish is found in the area and you can also discover the kind of rustic, bucolic scenery that tends to put things back into perspective. All this is just 100 miles from the Big Apple.

SORTING OUT THE HAMPTONS

Each of the towns that make up the Hamptons has its own character. Southampton is where most of the larger estates were built early in the century. It has a reputation for being social-conscious and formal. East Hampton, where Jackie Onassis summered, bills itself as being more discreetly rich. Montauk is an active commercial fishing port and is the setting for the fictional town Amity in Jaws. Andy Warhol summers there. Sag Harbor, once a whaling boom town, is host to a colony of writers.

HOW TO GET THERE

By car from Manhattan, it takes roughly two hours to drive to Southampton via the Long Island Expressway. During the rush hours (especially on Friday nights), the expressway becomes a parking lot, and often much of the after-weekend conversation centers on what a bear of a commute it was. The Long Island Rail Road operates out of Penn Station, but its service is not always reliable and the cars are often crowded. An alternative is the Hampton Jitney, a fleet of Mercedes buses that shuttle between Manhattan and the Hamptons several times a day, picking up passengers for the \$15-to-\$18 one-way trip at several points in midtown. Reservations are required (212-895-1941).

For about \$50 one way, you can fly to East Hampton or Montauk from La Guardia, or take a Ventura seaplane from either the 23rd Street-East River depot or the foot of Wall Street. Ventura's air service is on demand (516-767-1566) and the fare is based on the mileage. (A flight to Southampton, for example, costs \$132 and takes 40 minutes.) Once there, you can easily rent a car or a bike.

WHERE TO STAY

Members of the old guard either own houses or rent them. Hotels are plentiful, but if you expect to visit the Hamptons during the high season, reservations should be made well in advance—and often you're required to book for the minimum of a week. Gurney's Inn in Montauk (about \$84-\$110 per day during the season) is the largest resort on the island, and it has the facilities to keep even the most particular person happy. The tiny American Hotel in Sag Harbor (\$50 per day during the season) oozes charm and its restaurant and wine list are impressive, even by New York standards. Season prices at the charming Hunting Inn in East Hampton are slightly more modest, beginning at about \$40.

WHAT TO DO

Once you've checked in and unpacked your Hampton wardrobe—a tennis shirt, jeans, moccasins, a pair of slacks and a blazer—do what the folks who live in those immense estates do: Relax. Beachcomb, swim, or fish off Montauk (all-inclusive boat rentals are about \$300 a day). Bicycle out to the antique shops that dot the Montauk Highway or have a clambake on the beach. (Many of the local fish markets will prepare one to go.) There are schools of excellent seafood restaurants to visit, including Gosman's Dock at the mouth of Montauk's harbor and John Duck Jr.'s and Shippy's in Southampton. Or try Squires, a restaurant in East Hampton that some consider the best eating place on Long Island.

ON THE TOWN

As with most resort communities, the night life in the Hamptons is somewhat limited unless you have entree to private house parties. If you're up for dancing, check out the Club Marakesh disco in Westhampton Beach or the Blue Cloud in Water Mill. For an evening that's slightly more sedate, try Bobby Van's in Bridgehampton—a barrestaurant that's usually stocked with both socialites and literary types. O'Mally's Saloon in East Hampton is an inexpensive bar that's a favorite hangout for writers.

OFF-SEASON BARGAINS

Many people feel that the best time to visit the Hamptons is right after Labor Day. The weather usually holds up until October and you can rent a house or book hotel accommodations for a fraction of their seasonal rates. The crowds have vanished, there's room in the bars and you can walk along the shore without having to hopscotch over bodies. Hit the beach!

—JOHN REZEK



It's crystal-clear. When it comes to a crisp Gin & Tonic, the world comes to Gordon's:

"Sooner or later, we figured, some paparazzi would find her and there would be pictures."

bodies were burned beyond recognition; I did some routine bribery and two of them were identified as the clone Maribelle Four Ghentlee and John Michael Loomis, private eye. When we learned the supposed clone's body had disappeared from the morgue, we packed up our money-long since converted into currency-and a couple of toothbrushes and pulled out.

I had a funny twinge when I closed the door on that console. There couldn't be more than a half-dozen people in the world who were my equals at using that instrument to fish information out of the system. But I had to either give it up or send Belle off on her own.

We flew to the West Indies and looked around. Decided to settle on the island of St. Thomas. I'd been sailing all my

life, so we bought a 50-foot boat and set up a charter service for tourists. Some days we took parties out to skindive or fish. Other days we anchored in a quiet cove and made love like happy animals.

After about a year, we read in the little St. Thomas paper that Werner Kraus had died. It mentioned Maxine but didn't print a picture of her. Neither did the San Juan paper. We watched all the news programs for a couple of days (had to check into a hotel to get access to a video cube) and collected magazines for a month. No pictures, to our relief, and the news stories remarked that Fräulein Kraus went to great pains to stay out of the public eye.

Sooner or later, we figured, some paparazzi would find her and there would be pictures. But by then, it shouldn't make

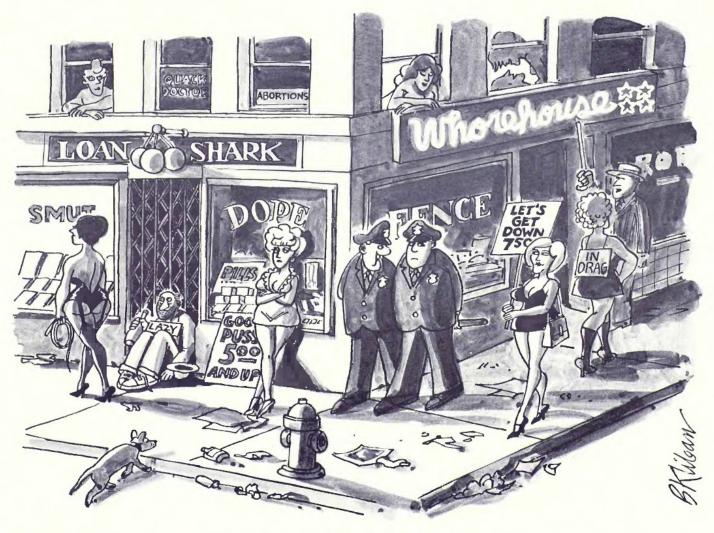
any difference. Belle had let her hair grow out to its natural chestnut, but we kept it cropped boyishly short. The sun and wind had darkened her skin and roughed it, and a year of fighting the big boat's rigging had put visible muscle under her sleekness.

The marina office was about two broom closets wide. It was a beautiful spring morning and I'd come in to put my name on the list of boats available for charter. I was reading the weather printout when Belle sidled through the door and squeezed in next to me at the counter. I patted her on the fanny. "With you in a second, honey."

A vise grabbed my shoulder and spun me around.

He was over two meters tall and so wide at the shoulders that he literally couldn't get through the door without turning sideways. Long white hair and pale-blue eyes. White sports coat with a familiar cut: tailored to de-emphasize the bulge of a shoulder holster.

"You don't do that, friend," he said



"It might not be a good neighborhood, but it's an honest neighborhood."



with a German accent.

I looked at the woman, who was regarding me with aristocratic amusement. I felt the blood drain from my face and damned near said her name out loud.

She frowned, "Helmuth," she said to the guard, "Sie sind ihm erschrocken. I'm sorry," she said to me, "but my friend has quite a temper." She had a perfect North Atlantic accent and her voice sent a shiver of recognition down my back.

"I am sorry," he said heavily. Sorry he hadn't had a chance to throw me into the water, he was,

"I must look like someone you know." she said. "Someone you know rather well."

"My wife. The similarity is . . . quite remarkable."

"Really? I should like to meet her." She turned to the woman behind the counter. "We'd like to charter a sailing boat for the day."

The clerk pointed at me. "He has a nice fifty-foot one."

"That's fine! Will your wife be aboard?"

"Yes . . . yes, she helps me. But you'll have to pay the full rate," I said rapidly. "The boat normally takes six passengers."

"No matter. Besides, we have two others."

"And you'll have to help with the rigging."

"I should hope so. We love to sail." That was pretty obvious. We had been wrong about the wind and sun, thinking that Maxine would have led a sheltered life; she was almost as weathered as Belle. Her hair was probably long, but she had it rolled up in a bun and tied back with a handkerchief.

We exchanged false names: Jack Jackson and Lisa von Hollerin. The bodyguard's name was Helmuth Zwei Kastor. A clone: there was at least one other chunk of overmuscled Bratwurst around. Lisa paid the clerk and called her friends at the marina hotel, telling them to meet her at the Abora, slip 39.

I didn't have any chance to warn Belle. She came up from the galley as we were swinging aboard. She stared openmouthed and staggered, almost fainting. I took her by the arm and made introductions, everybody staring.

After a few moments of strange silence, Helmuth Two whispered, "Du bist ein Klone."

"She can't be a clone, silly man." Lisa said. "When did you ever see a clone with a navel?" Belle was wearing shorts and a halter. "But we could be twin sisters, That is remarkable.'

Helmuth Two shook his head solemnly. Belle had told me that a clone can always recognize a fellow clone, by the eyes. Never be fooled by a man-made navel.

The other two came aboard. Helmuth One was, of course, a Xerox copy of Helmuth Two. Lisa introduced Maria Salamanca as her lover: a small oliveskinned Basque woman, no stunning beauty, but having an attractive air of friendly mystery about her.

Before we cast off. Lisa came to me and apologized, "We are a passing strange group of people. You deserve something extra for putting up with us." She pressed a gold Krugerrand into my palm-worth at least triple the charter fare-and I tried to act suitably impressed. We had over 1000 of them in the keel, for ballast.

The Abora didn't have an engine: getting it in and out of the crowded marina was something of an accomplishment. Belle and Lisa handled the sails expertly, while I manned the wheel. They kept looking at each other, then touching. When we were in the harbor, they sat together at the prow, holding hands. Once we were in open water, they went below together. Maria went into a sulk, but the two clones jollied her out of it.

I couldn't be jealous of Lisa. An angel can't sin. But I did wonder what you would call what they were doing. Was it a weird kind of incest? Transcendental masturbation? I only hoped Belle would keep her mouth shut, at least figuratively.

After about an hour, Lisa came up and sat beside me at the wheel. Her hair was long and full, and flowed like dark liquid in the wind, and she was naked. I tentatively rested my hand on her thigh. She had been crying.

"She told me. She had to tell me." Lisa shook her head in wonder, "Maxine One Kraus. She had to stay below for a while: Said she couldn't trust her legs." She squeezed my hand and moved it back to the wheel.

"Later, maybe. And don't worry; your secret is safe with us." She went forward and put an arm around Maria, speaking rapid German to her and the two Helmuths. One of the guards laughed and they took off their incongruous jackets, then carefully wrapped up their weapons and holsters. The sight of a .48 magnum recoilless didn't arouse any nostalgia in me. Maria slipped out of her clothes and stretched happily. The guards did the same. They didn't have navels but were otherwise adequately punctuated.

Belle came up then, clothed and flushed, and sat quietly next to me. She stroked my biceps and I ruffled her bair. Then I heard Lisa's throaty laugh and suddenly turned cold.

"Hold on a second," I whispered. "We haven't been using our heads.'

"Speak for yourself." She giggled.

"Oh, be serious. This stinks of coincidence. That she should turn up here, that she should wander into the office just

"Don't worry about it."

"Listen. She's no more Maxine Kraus

than you are. They've found us. She's another clone, one that's going to---"

"She's Maxine. If she were a clone, I could tell immediately."

"Spare me the mystical claptrap and take the wheel. I'm going below." In the otherwise empty aftercompartment, I'd stored an interesting assortment of weapons and ammunition.

She grabbed my arm and pulled me back down to the seat. "You spare me the private-eye claptrap and listen—you're right, it's no coincidence. Remember that old foreigner who came by last week?"

"No."

"You were up on the stern, folding sail. He was just at the slip for a second, to ask directions. He seemed flustered——"

"I remember. Frenchman,"

"I thought so, too, He was Swiss, though."

ough."
"And that was no coincidence, either."

"No, it wasn't. He's on the board of directors of one of the banks we used to liquefy our credit. When the annual audit came up, they'd managed to put together all our separate transactions—"

"Bullshit, That's impossible."

She shook her head and laughed. "You're good, but they're good, too. They were curious about what we were trying to hide, using their money, and traced us here. Found we'd started a business with only one percent of our capital.

"Nothing wrong with that, but they were curious. This director was headed for a Caribbean vacation, anyhow: he said he'd come by and poke around."

It sounded too fucking complicated for a Mafia hit. They know it's the cute ones who get caught. If they wanted us, they'd just follow us out to the middle of nowhere and blow us away.

"He'd been a lifelong friend of Werner Kraus. That's why he was so rattled. One look at me and he had to rush to the phone."

"And you want me to believe," I said. "that the wealthiest woman in the world would come down herself, to see what sort of innocent game we were playing. With only two bodyguards."

"Five. Two other Helmuths, and Maria is . . . versatile."

"Five bodyguards and the Swiss Foreign Legion: so what? Look at them. If they're armed, they've got little tiny weapons stashed away where the sun don't shine. I could——"

"That proves my point."

"In a pig's ass. It doesn't mesh. She's spent all her life locked away from her own shadow——"

"That's just it. She's tired of it. She turned twenty-five last month and came into full control of the fortune. Now she wants to take control of her own life."

"If that's true, it's damned stupid. What would you do, in her position? You'd send the giants down alone. Not just walk into enemy territory with your flanks exposed."

She had to smile at that. "I probably would." She looked thoughtful. "Maxine and I are the same woman, in some ways, but you and the Mafia taught me caution. Maxine has been in a cage all her life and just wants out. Wants to see what the world looks like when it's not locked in a cube show. Wants to sail someplace besides her own lake."

I almost had to believe it. We'd been in open water for over an hour before the Helmuths wrapped up their guns and started tanning their privates. We would've long been shark chum if that's what they'd wanted. Getting sloppy in your old age, Loomis.

"It was still a crazy chance to take. Damned crazy."

"So she's a little crazy. Romantic, too, in case you haven't noticed."

"Really? When I peeked in, you were playing checkers. Jumping each other."

"Bastard." She knew the one place I was ticklish. Trying to get away. I jerked the wheel and nearly tipped us all into the drink.

We anchored in a small cove where I knew there was a good reef. Helmuth One stayed aboard to guard while the rest of us went diving.

The fish and coral were as beautiful

as ever. but I could only watch Maxine and Belle. They swam slowly hand in hand, kicking with unconscious synchrony, totally absorbed. Although the breathers kept their hair wrapped up identically, it was easy to tell them apart, since Maxine had an allover tan. Still, it was an eerie kind of ballet, like a mirror that didn't quite work. Maria and Helmuth Two were also hypnotized by the sight.

I went aboard early, to start lunch, I'd just finished slicing ham when I heard the drone of a boat, rather far away. Large siphon jet, by the rushing sound of it.

The guard shouted, "Zwei-komm' herauf!"

Hoisted myself up out of the galley. The boat was about two kilometers away and coming roughly in our direction, fast.

"Trouble coming?" I asked him.

"Cannot tell yet, sir, I suggest you remain below." He had a gun in each hand, behind his back.

Below, good idea. I slid the hatch off the aftercompartment and tipped over the cases of beer that hid the weaponry. Fished out two heavy plastic bags, left the others in place for the time being. It was all up-to-date American Coast Guard issue and had cost more than the boat.

I'd rehearsed this a thousand times in







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my mind but hadn't planned on the bags' being slippery with oil and condensation, impossible to grip and tear. I stood up to get a knife from the galley, and it was almost the last thing I ever did.

I looked back at a loud noise and saw a line of holes zipping toward me from the bow, letting in blue light and lead. I dropped and heard bullets hissing over my head, tried not to flinch at the sting of splinters driving into my arm and face. Heard the regular cough-cough-cough of Helmuth One's return fire, while at the stern, there was a strangled cry of pain and then a splash; they must have gotten the other guard while he was coming up the ladder.

For a second, I thought I was bleeding, but it was only urine; that wasn't in the rehearsals, either. Neither was the sudden chatter of the bilge pump; they'd hit us below the water line.

I controlled the trembling well enough to cut open the bag that held the smallcaliber spitter, and it took only three tries to lock the cassette of ammunition into the receiver. Jerked back the arming lever and hurried up to the galley hatch.

The spitter was made for sinking boats, quickly. It fired tiny fléchettes, small as old-fashioned stereo needles, 50 rounds per second. Each carried a small explosive charge and moved faster than sound. In ten seconds, they could make a boat look as if a man had been working over it all afternoon with a chain saw.

I resisted the urge to squeeze off a blast and duck back under cover (not that the hull gave much protection against whatever they were using). We had clamped traversing mounts for the gun onto three sides of the galley hatch, to hold it steady. The spitter's most effective if you can hold the point of aim right on the water line.

They were concentrating their fire on the bow—lucky for me, unlucky for Helmuth—most of it going high. He must have been shooting from a prone position, difficult target. I slid the spitter onto its mount and cranked the scope up to maximum power.

When I looked through its scope, a lifetime of target-shooting reflexes took hold: deep breath, let half out, do the Zen thing. Their boat surged toward the center of the scope's field, and I waited. It was a Whaler Unsinkable. One man crouched at the bow, firing what looked like a 20mm recoilless, clamped onto the rail above an apron of steel plate. There were several splashes of silver on the metal shield; Helmuth had been doing some fancy shooting.

The Whaler slewed in a sharp starboard turn, evidently to give the gunner a better angle on our bow. Good boatmanship, good tactics but bad luck. Their prow touched the junction of my cross hairs right at the water line and I didn't

The Shy Man's Guide To A Successful Love Life!

A brilliant psychological writer explains how you can conquer shyness literally overnight.

by P. Woodland-Smith

I am a shy person myself.

Yet I could walk into a party tonight and within five minutes be talking, dancing, making dates with the prettiest girls in the room.

I could walk into a restaurant or pub and walk out an hour later with a new acquaintance, a new friend, even a new lover.

Yet the extraordinary thing about all this is that up until recently I was so pathetically shy I often didn't go out for months at a time

At work I did fine. Socially I was a bust. My lack of dates even became sort of a joke among my friends. Some joke.

Then about six months ago a kindly relative lent me a copy of a book called GET-TING TOGETHER. The rest is history. In slightly more than two weeks I was dating several new women. And today . . . just six months later . . . I have so many girlfriends, really good-looking ones, I hardly ever spend an evening home alone. My social life has blossomed to the point that it's started interfering with my work life. Sometimes I have to take the phone off the hook to get any writing done. (A problem, of course, that I'm quite willing to put up with.)

The only thing that depresses me is all the time I've wasted.

If only I'd known that in two short weeks I'd be able to cure myself of something that had been making me miserable every day of my life. Why, lately I've been having a ball. And I'm absolutely convinced that anyone ... no matter how incurably shy they think they are ... can do the same.

Thousands of Women Are Dying to Love You.

What GETTING TOGETHER taught me is that there are more girls out there ready to love you than you ever dreamed possible. At work, at school, on the street, in parks, museums, restaurants, everywhere! All you have to do is ask. Just imagine how successful you'd be if you weren't afraid to say what was on your mind... to speak what was in your heart ... to be as free and as open as you'd like.

Well, GETTING TOGETHER will show you scores of techniques for doing just that: For example, you will discover: A simple, upfront way of letting a woman know you're attracted to her without appearing weak or desperate... a brilliant technique for making girls feel "special" when they're in your company... A completely reliable way of telling if someone likes you (you'll be amazed at how many potential lovemates you've been overlooking)... A simple way to "trick" yourself into being looser and friendlier at parties.... How to get invited to more parties and what do do



once you get there (not the same old things that make you angry and frustrated with yourself the moment you get home)... An easy-to-learn system that can literally triple your confidence when meeting new women.

GETTING TOGETHER will teach you a whole new way of getting women to open up to you warmly, spontaneously, lovingly. That's because GETTING TOGETHER isn't some long, poetic, philosophy book on love. To the contrary, this is a simple, practical guidebook chock full of effective, foolproof ways for freeing the incredible charm, sex appeal, and lovableness you were born with.

The Sooner You Attack Your Shyness The Easier It Is To Cure

It is my fervent recommendation that you send for your copy of GETTING TOGETHER immediately. And I'll tell you why. Most psychologists agree that shyness doesn't usually get better by itself. In fact, as you get older, it often gets worse.

So don't procrastinate. Don't delay. Don't kid yourself into thinking that next time you go to a party you'll be braver, more outgoing. That's the classic shy person's trick for staying shy. No, if you really want to get better, really want to know the joy of meeting super-looking women who really want to be with you...then send for this mind-opening bestseller today.

Just read it through once or twice and you'll discover that what used to terrify you no longer has the slightest bit of power over you. The idea of approaching a stranger will now seem as pleasant as enjoying a good meal.

Alright, maybe you're thinking, but what if GETTING TOGETHER doesn't work for me. No problem. Simply return the book and the publisher will send you a complete and immediate refund. No questions asked. Even if you secretly feel the book has done you some good.

But I'm so thoroughly convinced GET-TING TOGETHER will change your life, I hate to even bring up the guarantee. That's how sure I am this amazing new book will work for you.

So send for GETTING TOGETHER today. And start enjoying all the love and good times you've been dreaming about. Thousands of pretty girls are out there just waiting for you. It's so damn simple to get your share, it'd be a crying shame not to.



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Because we know that our Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls works. But you don't. So if we have to go out on a limb to prove it to you ... so let it be.

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Remember also - that you may not lose your shyness. But you may soon be meeting so many beautiful girls in spite of it that it won't matter the least bit anymore.

We gave Don a little wooden sign to hang in his apartment. It reads: "Most men are too busy trying to pick up girls to meet

Don't take as long as he did to find out what it means.

The Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls is by far - also the easiest way. And we'll prove it to you, if you'll just send in the coupon now.

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even have to track. I just pressed the trigger and watched a cloud of black smoke and steam whip from prow to stern. Not even an Unsinkable can stay upright with its keel chewed off. It nosed down suddenly—crushing the gunner behind a 50-knot wall of water—and then flipped up into the air, scattering people. It landed upright with a great splash and turned turtle. Didn't sink, though.

I snapped a fresh cassette into place and tried to remember where the hydrogen tank was on that model. Second blast found it and the boat dutifully exploded. Vaporized. The force of the blast, even at our distance, was enough to ram the scope's eyepiece back into my eye, and it set the Abora to rocking. None of them could have lived through it, but I checked with the scope. No one swimming.

Helmuth One peered down at me. "What is that?"

I patted it, "Coast Guard weapon, a spitter."

"May I try it?"

"Sure." I traded places with him, glad to be up in the breeze. My boat was a mess. The mainmast had been shattered by a direct hit, waist-high. The starboard rail was chewed to splinters, forward, and near misses had gouged up my nice teak foredeck. The bilge pump coughed out irregular spews of water; evidently, we weren't in danger of sinking.

"Are you all right?" Belle called from the water.

"Yes . . . looks all clear. Come on——" I was interrupted by the spitter, a scream like a large animal dying slowly.

I unshipped a pair of binoculars to check his marksmanship. It was excellent. He was shooting at the floating bodies. What a spitter did to one was terrible to

"Jesus Christ, Helmuth. What do you do for fun when you don't have dead people to play with?"

"Some of them may yet live," he said neutrally.

At least one did. Wearing a life jacket, she had been floating face down but suddenly began treading water. She was holding an automatic pistol in both hands. She looked exactly like Belle and Maxine.

I couldn't say anything; couldn't take my eyes off her. She fired two rounds and I felt them slap into the hull beneath me. I heard Helmuth curse and suddenly her shoulders dissolved in a spray of meat and bone and her head fell into the water.

My knees buckled and I sat down suddenly. "You see?" Helmuth shouted. "You see?"

"I saw." In fact, I would never stop seeing it.

Helmuth Two, it turned out, had been hit in the side of the neck, but it was a big neck and he survived. Maxine called

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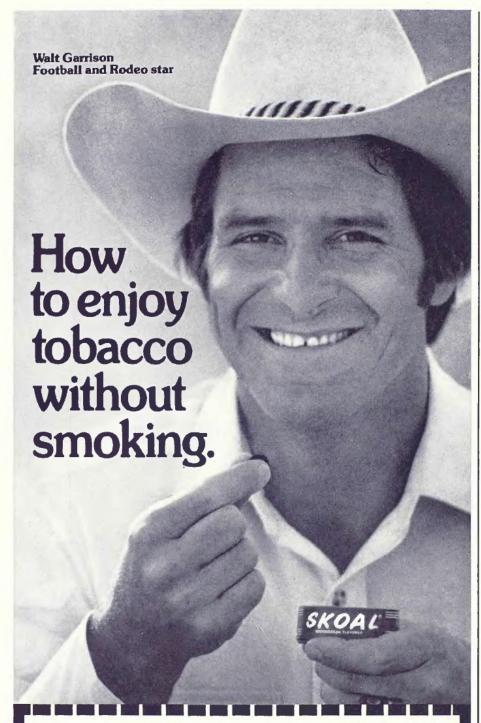
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a helicopter, which came out piloted by Helmuth Three.

After an hour or so, Helmuth Four joined us in a large speedboat loaded down with gasoline, thermite and shark chum. He also had a little electrical gadget that made sharks feel hungry whether they actually were or not.

By that time, we had transferred the gold and a few more important things from my boat onto the helicopter. We chummed the area thoroughly and, as the water began to boil with sharks, towed both hulks out to deep water, where they burned brightly and sank.

The Helmuths spent the next day sprinkling the island with money and threats, while Maxine got to know Belle and me better, locked behind the heavily guarded door of the honeymoon suite of the quaint old Sheraton that overlooked the marina. She made us a job offer—a life offer, really—and we accepted without hesitation. That was six years ago.

Sometimes I do miss our old life—the sea, the freedom, the friendly island, the lazy idyls with Belle. Sometimes I even miss New York's hustle and excitement, and the fierce independence of my life there. I'm still a mean son of a bitch, but I never get to prove it.

We do travel sometimes, but with extreme caution. The clone that Helmuth ripped apart in that placid cove might have been Belle's sister, pulled from Maxine, or it might have been Belle's own daughter, since the Mafia had plenty of opportunities to collect cells from her body. It's immaterial. If they could make one, they could make an army of them

Like our private army of Helmuths and Lamberts and Delias. I'm chief of security, among other things, and the work is interesting, most of it at a console as good as the one I had in Manhattan. No violence since that one afternoon six years ago, not yet. I did have to learn German, though, which is a kind of violence, at least to a brain as old as mine.

We haven't made any secret of the fact that Belle is Maxine's clone. The official story is that *Fräulein* Kraus had a clone made of herself, for "companionship." This started a fad among the wealthy, being the first new sexual diversion since the invention of the vibrator.

Belle and Maxine take pains to dress alike and speak alike, and have even unconsciously assimilated each other's mannerisms. Most of the nonclone employees, and the occasional guests, can't tell them apart. Even I sometimes confuse them, at a distance.

Close up, which happens happily often, there's no problem. Belle has a way of looking at me that Maxine could never duplicate. And Maxine is literally a trifle prettier: You can't beat a real navel.

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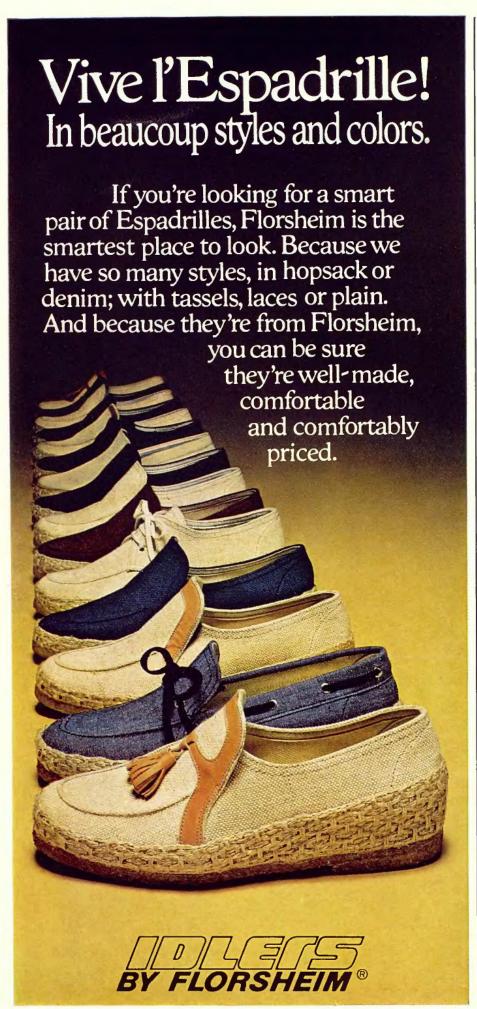
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CEASEROFTWOEVILS

(continued from page 106)

Jane's Johns were tortured, the vindictive so-and-so—until he confessed. The professor couldn't permit the spy to go free, and he was short of protein supply, anyway. Screaming, Jemencule was added to the basic recipe of bulls' pizzles.

"What your sister symbolizes there," Mundwoetig said, "is that you're a big prick. But she, in a literary sense, turns you into a bunch of little pricks. Hence, you become harmless and, in fact, comic. Not to be taken seriously."

"Horse poppies!"

"What's meat to the unconscious is poison to the conscious. Hmm. Like that phrase. This is going to be a cornerstone classic."

The doctor poured out a large glass

from a gallon-sized decanter.

"My analyst and I really got someplace last session. I'm off the hard stuff now, a giant step forward in my therapy. However, back to work. We're at the stage where I can give you some clues, but you'll have to work out their significance yourself. Otherwise, you'll refuse to believe it.

"Jemencule becomes soup before being made into many practically independent phalli. That is, they're more organisms than organs.

"Neverhard, in Sensuality and Sensibility, is pressed flat as a shadow by a trip hammer and then buried in a bed of pansies.

"Heisslippen, the time traveler in Man's Fouled Park, accidentally becomes part of a dinosaur egg.

"Petard, in *Enema*, is eaten by a giant

Venus's-flytrap.

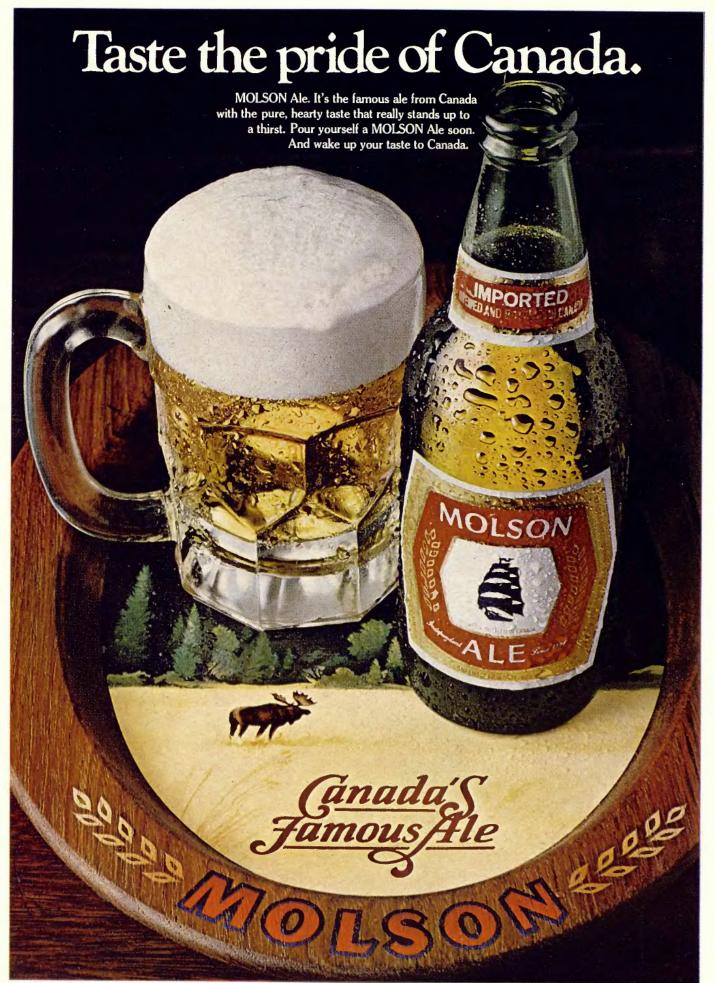
"Does all this suggest anything to you? No? All right. Is Jane unconsciously encoding messages to you? And to herself, of course? You don't think so. Well, try this one on for size. Pizzle, in *Prude and Prejudice*, equates with puzzle. Solve the puzzle and you've got a pizzle. Does that grab you?"

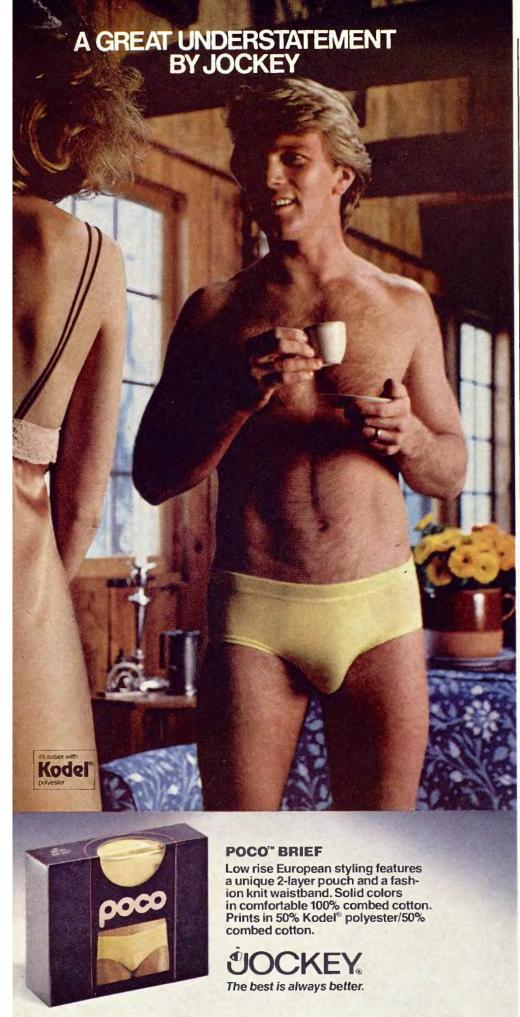
"You're nuts."

"Would I spend all my time talking to funny-farm candidates if I wasn't? Just joking. But sit down! It's time for a long, hard penetration of your defense mechanisms. You act as if your sister is an entirely separate entity from you. Originally, she was. But now she's not a person who was borne by your mother. Like Athena sprung full-grown from Zeus's head, Jane was conceived full-blown, maybe I should retract that phrase and say completely adult, in your own mind.

"She's an artificial personality you've made. Thus, she can behave as you unconsciously wish you could. Yet you need not be guilty about her mode of life, because she's an independent person.

"On the other hand, you do feel guilt because of what happened to her. Which





was really what? Here's something you've been dodging whenever I bring it up. You say Jane took Princess back with her so Jane'd have both a companion and a guardian in the woods. But...."

Pale, shaking, Healey stood up.

"You're even more perverted than my sister is! I don't have to let you bury me in your filth! I won't listen to it!"

Mundwoetig, shouting, staggered after Healey as he ran down the hall. But the detective couldn't understand the words because of the finger jammed into each ear. Which made Mundwoetig wonder, fleetingly, if he'd overlooked an aural fixation in his patient.

Healey, plunging into the crowd in the lobby, could hear well enough to know that the doctor had quit shouting. And he could hear him suddenly stop yelling and start whistling at him. Fighting the urge to turn back, he kept on running.

So many suicides took place in bedrooms because they were where the fu-fufu-... conceptions occurred. A bedroom was the beginning, the alpha, and so should be the end, the omega. And since he was born naked, he'd go out naked. Almost, anyway. He just hadn't been able to take off his shorts. A man had to preserve at least a minimum decency.

His finger curled around the trigger of the .38, the muzzle of which was close to

his temple.

"Goodbye, Jane. I'm really sorry about the whole thing, though God knows I didn't do anything to start it. I just can't stand this anymore. I've spread newspapers around so the blood won't mess up the carpet. Here goes!"

A loud voice, a woman's but recognizable as that of the child he'd known so

well but so briefly, spoke.

"Oh, no, you don't! You're not going to kill me twice. I managed to eavesdrop today, for the first time ever. I understood what your analyst was saying, even if you didn't, you dumbhead. So I've been bull-dozing my way through the barriers because I knew that if I didn't, we'd die.

"I don't particularly care for the way I'm going to use to save us. But it's the

lesser of two evils.

"So . . . I'm pulling the switch, you dogfucker!"

The doctor, approaching the front porch of Healey's house, could hear the barking.

"Too late, too late," he muttered as he swung open the front door, which was unlocked. "Oh, well. Win a few, lose a lot. Maybe it's for the best. Or am I rationalizing?"

Healey bounded awkwardly toward him, his tongue hanging out. Mundwoetig patted him on the head, which encouraged him to rear up and lick the doctor's face.

"Sit, Princess!"

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"The whispering campaigns continue to be intense and almost all are started by people in the Curia."

cardinals who are here are talking in generalities in their formal sessions in the morning, trying to hammer out some kind of a job description, and then, in the afternoons and evenings, at their informal sessions, they are very discreetly, very elegantly and very informally trying to fit people to the description.

Pignedoli, whose cooks, two Canadian nuns, are said to be superb-the best pasta in Rome, one hears-is already tooling his campaign up by having people over for dinner. He is running like mad. Some people here who basically support his position think he's hurting himself by being too obvious.

Friday, August 11

In one of the most bizarre events in the history of papal elections, the process of the "making of the Pope" has ground to an unexpected halt. The cardinals will not go into conclave until August 25 and will not start voting until August 26, three weeks after the death of Pope Paul VI. Some cardinals are actually leaving Rome to go home in the interim; others are dispersing to the countryside.

It is the longest delay in modern history-a ten-day wait occurred before the conclave that elected Leo XIII in 1878, the same period for the Pius X conclave, 12 days to the beginning of the Benedict XV conclave, 18 days for Pius XI.

A bitter Roman official commented, "The man is as difficult in death as he was in life." Some Vatican experts see the delay as a curial plot to give the Italian cardinals more time to manipulate the foreign cardinals. One can never tell about curial conniving, but the delay also gives a non-Italian-particularly such charismatic types as Hume, Cardinal Aloisio Lorscheider of Brazil and Cardinal Jaime Sin of Manila-time to put together a coalition.

In fact, the decision to delay was made by only 32 cardinals (the ones present at the meeting in which the date of the beginning of the conclave was set)-and mostly because of the inability of the camerlengo. Villot, to impose any order on discussion and debate. Villot is also blamed for the long delay before the funeral, which spread out the crowds and made each day seem poorly attended. One Vatican type told me, "Whatever chances Villot had to be elected went down the drain in those decisions." But don't bet on it. In the Vatican, anything can happen.

Felici is not the only one who can use

the telephone. Already, the Church leaders in the Low Countries, France, Spain, Austria and Germany, as well as some in Italy, are talking to one another discreetly on the telephone. They ignore the foolish speculations in the Italian newspapers and agree that neither the Baggio nor the Pignedoli candidacy is satisfactory to them; they begin to sense in one another the desire to have a Pope who is pastoral in his orientation, an "experienced pastor," and has nothing to do with the Curia. Anticurial feelings among the Europeans are strong, and at least some of them know from their travels that many of their non-European colleagues share their feelings.

Saturday, August 12

Today, the day of the Pope's funeral, a number of American cardinals are being quoted in the press; their statements are profound. New York's Terence Cooke says we want the best possible man, and Boston's Humberto Medeiros says we want a Pope just like Paul VI. The current betting odds in London are five to two on Pignedoli, seven to two on Baggio, seven to two on Ugo Poletti (cardinal vicar of Rome), four to one on Benelli, eight to one on Willebrands, 12 to I on Pironio, 16 to I on Koenig, 25 to

I on Hume, 33 to I on Cordeiro, 33 to I on Lorscheider and 33 to I on Suenens. I wouldn't bet on any of them at this stage of the game.

Monday, August 14

I had a dream last night. I was in the Sistine Chapel with all the other cardinals. I had a card in my hand, on which was printed "Eligo in summum pontificem" ("I choose as Supreme Pontiff"). Unable to control my dream, I found my hand writing the words "Daniel Patricius Cardinalem Moynihan." I walked up to the altar, where the somber faces of the cardinal scrutineers (vote counters) were watching me, and dropped my folded card into the chalice, taking an oath that this was the one I thought should be elected. At that point, Michelangelo's Last Judgment fell in on me.

I told one of my friends about voting for Senator Moynihan and he said, "You've been here too long-but we could do worse."

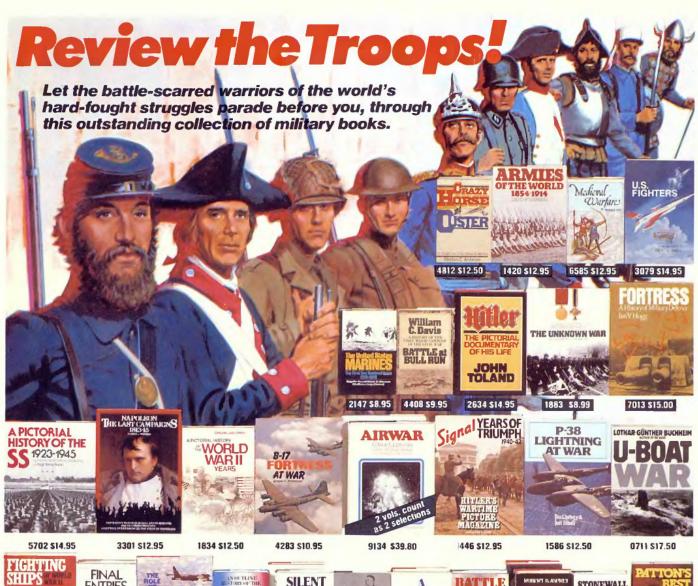
I finally got a chance to see Adolpho today. He told me that the Vatican information services were preparing biographies for 34 cardinals, each one of them a possible winner-things are that uncertain. The curial strategy is apparently putting Siri first, then Felici, then Bertoli, and Baggio after Bertoli. Baggio is quite low on the list-though the Curia might ultimately settle for him. However, the whispering campaign against him has been especially vicious-he is described as a lover of jewelry and expensive clothes. Pignedoli is still not taken seriously here, and it is thought



"I hope you won't think me presumptuous, miss, but I'm eighty-nine years old and you've just given me an erection."



"I'd tell you to shove it, but the last guy I said that to tonight took me seriously."





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that his friends from the Third World will desert him after the first couple of ballots. That's the Monday-morning line, at least in Adolpho's view of things.

The whispering campaigns continue to be intense and almost all of them are started by people in the Curia. Some examples: Koenig was in an auto accident last year and has not been able to work for a sustained period of time since then; Lorscheider's health is even worse than is publicly admitted; Cardinal So-and-So is not emotionally stable; Cardinal Suchand-Such has close womenfriends, etc., etc. Apparently, most of these rumors originate in Villot's office, though that gentle little man has nothing to do with the rumors and may even be unaware that they are being spread.

Tuesday, August 15

The papal election is a horse race, with a large number of front runners bunched together. No one here wants a deadlocked conclave; the cardinals, the massive press corps, the citizens of Rome—everyone wants to get back to the last precious days of August vacation. A long conclave is therefore unlikely. Yet no one minimizes the difficulties the cardinals face as they busily "consult" with one another and prepare to be locked up in the Vatican Palace.

Felici discreetly raises the name of his friend Luciani with some of the foreign cardinals. So does Confalonieri, forbidden by age to enter into the conclave but permitted to attend the general congregations. The name at first seems to stir little interest. Most of the foreign cardinals do not know him. He is thought not to have traveled widely. For a day, some of the Italian newspapers mention his name, and rumors about him percolate around the Vatican Press Office. But then Felici and Confalonieri seem to drop the idea. In fact, Luciani has traveled to both Uganda and Brazil, where his diocese has missions, and has paid frequent visits to Paris and Vienna and the Low Countries. Lorscheider and Cardinal Paulo Evaristo Arns (archbishop of São Paulo) were greatly taken with him during his trip to Brazil. Suenens and the French are delighted by his charm, his wit and his broad cultural background. Many ecumenical meetings are held in Venice; this is because Luciani is always extremely friendly and hospitable, inviting the visiting churchmen to his house for dinner or visiting them in their meetings with several bottles of wine in his hands. Dr. Philip Potter, the secretary general of the World Council of Churches, says to Willebrands at one of these meetings that Luciani would make a superb Pope, and Willebrands agrees. Luciani is not as unknown as he at first appears. The non-Italian cardinals are not organized yet; they are busy trying to elaborate their job description.

The Luciani trial balloon is reported by Benelli loyalists in the Secretariat of State to Florence, where Benelli is amused to discover that he and his bitter enemy Felici are supporting the same candidate. Benelli consults with Suenens and finds him in agreement.

Wednesday, August 16

The campaigning is subtle, occasionally blunt and once in a while ruthless.

There are times when it reminds me of the way the Cook County regular Democratic organization chooses its chairman. All appearances of conflict are avoided; decisions are made often by what is not said rather than by what is said; understandings are implicit; commitments, such as they are, are at most gentlemen's agreements; loyalty to friends and allies is taken for granted; and occasionally someone says something vigorous to the press, just to keep the pot boiling.

If a man says, "The Church must be deeply concerned about the needs of the small countries of the world and must have leaders who speak many languages," he is indicating his support for a multilingual Pope (thus endorsing men like Salvatore Pappalardo of Palermo, Bertoli of the Curia, Baggio and Pignedoli, who have traveled widely—and indicating opposition to men like Ursi of Naples or Poletti of Rome, who speak only Italian).

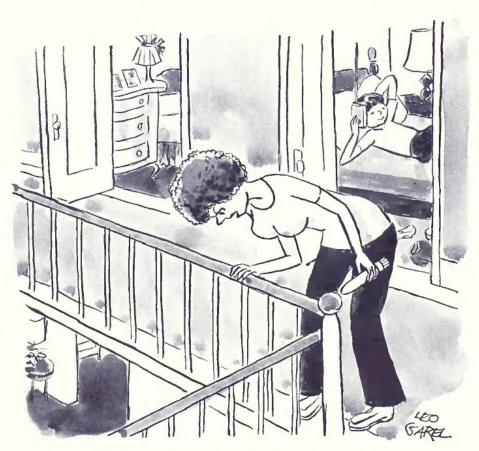
If a man says, "We must be vigilant in our fight against communism," he is warning against Cardinal Koenig of Vienna, who has dealt diplomatically with the Communist countries. Or a comment like Koenig's in favor of a younger man could mean he was supporting Pironio or Benelli or Hume.

Thursday, August 17

Little was done during the latter half of this week to promote the development of the coalition, partly because the European leaders were still in their dioceses and partly because some of them (certainly Suenens) were urging restraint. The Latin American cardinals, in particular, must be given time to develop and crystallize their own ideas about the papacy. For the rest of this week, curialists sent up trial balloons, only to have them shot down by other curialists. The non-Europeans stayed out of Rome; the Latin Americans talked discreetly among themselves; and Cardinal Sergio Pignedoli gave great dinner parties.

Saturday, August 19

The places where the various cardinals are meeting to sit down and talk informally are now pretty well known to me. The French meet in Villot's office in the Vatican: the Germans at the Collegio Germanico: the Africans meet in Cardinal Bernardin Gantin's office in the Commission for Justice and Peace in the Piazza di San Calisto: the curialists, of course, meet in their Vatican offices. All



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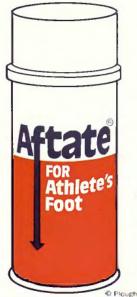
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the Americans live out at the Villa Stritch, but they seem to be sitting around, waiting for the Holy Spirit to tell them for whom to vote. Most of the cardinals who are not living in their own national colleges are living in the religious-order houses, a triangle bounded on the south by the Janiculum, on the north by the Borgo Pio and on the west by the Piazzale Gregorio VII, a rather small district in which it is fairly easy to move in a car or on foot by side streets and hardly be noticed. So if you want to consult with a cardinal who is a friend or who thinks like you do, you can talk with him on the telephone, scurry down a side street or take a very quick automobile ride. At these informal gatherings of two, three, four or five cardinals, after an exchange of generalities about the needs of the Church, the participants get down to brass tacks and begin to discuss specific candidates. We know whom they are discussing in the Curia, because there are pipelines from the curial offices to the Italian press, but whom are they discussing at the religious houses near the Vatican or at the Piazza di San Calisto or in Villot's apartment? About that, as yet, there isn't the slightest hint.

On Saturday, Arns and Lorscheider decide that they have delayed long enough and that it is a time for a larger meeting to hammer out a clearer description of the characteristics the new Pope should possess. Phone calls are made and a meeting is arranged for Sunday afternoon.

Sunday, August 20

The critical meeting took place at the Brazilian college on the Via Aurelia (where Lorscheider had stood me up last year during the synod). Arns, the more "evangelical" of the two Franciscan cardinals from Brazil, presided over the meeting, the charismatic Lorscheider choosing to stay somewhat in the background. The cardinals worked out a detailed description of the kind of Pope they wanted, heavily emphasizing a pastoral orientation, personal holiness, openness to the poor, along with an ability to exercise a world-wide appeal and a commitment to more collegiality in the Church. The final document is stated in very general terms and will be distributed the next day to all the other cardinals. They do not decide to endorse a specific candidate, since the leadership feels that it is too early to attempt such a tactic and fears it will lose some of its potential coalition members. It will line up support for a candidate short of the last minute. Privately, at least some of them have designed a strategy in which they will support Arns on the first ballot and then Pironio on subsequent ballots-as a show of strength to counter the curialists and perhaps to impose a compromise candidate of their choosing and not of the Curia's choosing. The Sunday-afternoon group is virtually unanimous in its implicit rejection of any candidate who has been a curial cardinal. Thus, Baggio and Pignedoli have lost their support on the left and are already vetoed on the right. After Sunday afternoon, their candidacies cease to be important.

Late in the Evening

I've just learned from one of my sources that the anti-Bertoli sentiments are picking up steam. He is said sometimes to grow so angry that he must stay in his room for several days to calm his temper, so that he will not blow up in public. I wonder who's spreading this rumor. Perhaps Benelli or Benelli's allies in Rome. Since there is no love lost between those two, if there is anything to Bertoli's temper, Benelli certainly would have had a chance to watch it in Paris, where they were once assigned together. The trouble with a campaign by character assassination is that sometimes the stories may be true and sometimes they are not; you have no real way of telling the difference, even if you are a cardinal, since you are not really likely ever to have seen Bertoli under strain.

Benelli learns of the meeting at the Brazilian college when he returns to his house in Florence. Even before he gets the letter, he knows what's in it. He also knows from his friends at the Secretariat of State how the draft speech for the new Pope is emerging, a more precise summary of the cardinals' thinking than any of the rest of them have available. He is now convinced that Luciani can be elected. He is a candidate who has something for everyone: collegial with his priests, simple in his personal life, a man of the. poor, a whole life of pastoral work, a charming personality-all of that will appeal to the progressives and the foreigners. Solid in doctrine, loyal on Church discipline, firmly anti-Communist-that will appeal to the conservatives. Has not Felici already suggested him? Anyone who can win both Felici's and Benelli's support must be a saint, after all. But the foreigners do not know him well enough. So a dossier must be prepared of some of his recent statements, to be distributed, not to all the cardinals but to some of the key leaders. emphasizing his intelligence and his "fit" with the model prepared at the Brazilian college. Benelli places phone calls to some of his younger protégés in Rome. They will begin speaking with key cardinals in the next couple of days, showing them a Luciani dossier. The coalition is beginning to fit into place.

The next day, Suenens speaks with the Brazilians, the Dutch and the French and discovers that they are becoming more and more sympathetic to the Luciani candidacy. The secret is well kept and the forces have now been set definitely

in motion that will lead to next Saturday's quick conclave. Three spokes go out from Suenens: one to the Low Countries and France, eight votes; one to Arns and Lorscheider and the Third World progressives, perhaps 20 votes; and one to Benelli, Pappalardo and some of the other Italian residential bishops, six or seven votes. Something like 35 votes for Luciani on the second ballot-almost, though not quite, in the bag. Benelli and Suenens do not push their respective constituencies. There is still time. Besides, Felici can be counted on to deliver half a dozen more votes, taking them away from whoever the curial candidate may be (unless it is he himself) when Luciani gains momentum.

Monday, August 21

This is not an easy day to be proud to be an American. Three American cardinals gave a press conference today at the U.S.O. They said very little that was newsworthy, but the stories will go out of here, anyhow, quoting Cardinal Terence Cooke as saying that there are no formal discussions among the cardinals about the next conclave and that the cardinals are meeting in a "brotherly, friendly atmosphere." Cardinal Timothy Manning added that they haven't organized special luncheons with other cardinals to pull everything together. Cardinal Humberto Medeiros said that the outcome of the conclave ought to be left in the hands of the Holy Spirit.

There was a meeting at the Brazilian college yesterday afternoon of about 20 cardinals, doubtless led by Lorscheider and Arns, to devise a strategy, a program and a candidate profile for the conclave. The American cardinals weren't invited to that and probably wouldn't have gone if they had been invited-they may even be unaware that such meetings occur. Perhaps they are telling the truth when they say that there are no meetings because the meetings that occur they simply don't know about. The secrecy requirements that Paul VI imposed on the cardinals are, indeed, rigid, as are the requirements against campaigning, but he certainly did not forbid meetings and conversations. The American cardinals seem to be content with putting the strictest possible interpretation on the rules of Paul VI, and thus avoiding all conversation even amongst themselves as to what will happen when the conclave begins Friday night. The Italian journalists are already making fun of what the American cardinals said. Many American reporters were equally skeptical. One non-Catholic reporter said to me glumly, "They're lying; they can't expect us to believe that baloney.'

He was wrong. In their pious conviction that they ought not to prepare for the conclave by active discussion, the Americans are being their honest, sincere and, I must confess, likable selves. They are decent men, fair, kind and dedicated. Unfortunately, they believe that everyone else, including the frantically campaigning Italian curialists, is playing by the same rules. They also believe that the inspiration of the Holy Spirit works most effectively, not when you've prepared to the hilt but when you're not prepared at all.

Like so many other cardinals here, they are lambs being led to the curial slaughter.

Tuesday, August 22

I saw Adolpho this morning. In a deadlock situation, he observed, just watch Benelli become the kingmaker, supporting some relatively unknown Italian cardinal like Luciani or Giovanni Colombo, and then emerge himself as the power behind the throne.

Adolpho was right. Benelli did have a compromise candidate, but rather than wait for a deadlock, he had anticipated it. The coalition was growing. Its existence was still absolutely secret. Not a single Halian newspaper got wind of it.

There were enough paradoxes in the Luciani choice to fill several cases of empty Roman wine bottles. The coalition candidate was an Italian who had come prepared to vote for a non-Italian (Lorscheider). He was thought to be a right-winger but had the massive support of the progressives. The anti-Roncalli [Pope John XXIII], anti-Montini curialists first mentioned him, but Benelli, a man who was forced into exile by those folks, was now his strongest supporter. He was being presented as a simple, holy, pastoral man, but he was, in fact, a complex, cultivated and well-read thinker, who had once said that if he were not a bishop, he would be a journalist, and that Saint Paul, if he were alive, would probably be the head of Reuters or A.P. He was a long shot (he put himself on the G list), but he went into the conclave as the candidate of a (though silent and un-selfconscious) majority consensus.

Inside the Apostolic Palace— Wednesday, August 23

A conclave is a nice place to visit, but you wouldn't want to live there. It's not quite as crowded as the enlisted men's section on an aircraft carrier, but if you have any liking for fresh air or breathing space, stay away from the Vatican Palace. All the windows are sealed and either painted over or draped. The plastic chairs in the dining room in the Sale Borgia look like a discount-store bargain sale. The rugs they put in the Sistine Chapel (floor raised 80 centimeters above the usual level) are of cheap felt and will be filthy after the first group of cardinals walks down the aisle to vote.

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pens that barely work and maybe ten sheets of writing paper in a reprocessed folder. Each also gets a plastic wastebasket out of a dime store, a washbowl and pitcher, a red-plastic glass, a tiny bed lamp, one hard-backed chair and an even harder-looking kneeler. To make it clear that he ought to get out in a hurry, he gets only one bar of soap and two very tiny towels, which will drive the Americans up the wall.

A second-class pensione it is not.

The beds are the worst thing I've seen since the seminary, and they ought to be, because they were borrowed from a seminary. They are very narrow, with thin, hard mattresses over wire mesh. Some of the floors are parquet, but most are slippery marble. All have tiny rugs with exactly the same flower design on each, some red and some brown. There is, it would seem, about one toilet for every five or six voters, and I couldn't find many showers at all, which is probably the reason for the small towels. Save for an occasional walk in a tiny courtyard, the electors are going to have to live in a hot, stuffy, dense atmosphere until they send up the white smoke.

There are traffic signs at various intersections in the conclave area showing the way down the narrow corridors to the dining hall, the Sistine Chapel and the various bedrooms. But it is easy to get lost, as I did (and was almost locked up in the conclave by mistake!). If

you want to find a colleague for a "discussion" (one doesn't conspire in conclaves), it's likely to take a bit of doing.

You're going to have to wander down some corridors and climb some steep staircases, and heaven only knows what other wandering "discussers" you are going to meet slipping discreetly down the corridors, quite possibly lost, too.

By Thursday night, Felici and Confalonieri persuaded a number of Italian curialists that after a complimentary vote to Siri on the first and perhaps the second ballot, they ought to shift to Luciani. All things considered, it was the best you could possibly expect. News of this decision reached Benelli by Friday morning. In the course of Friday, there was a communication between Arns and Benelli through Suenens confirming that after a complimentary vote on the first ballot, a substantial number of Third World cardinals would vote for the patriarch of Venice. The French and the Lowlanders and Koenig have already more or less committed themselves. Benelli could afford a momentary sigh of relief. Everything had gone according to plan. Perhaps 35 votes on the second ballot, 40 to 45 on the third, into the 50s on the fourth ballot and election before noon on Sunday.

Friday, August 25

This is the day they go in, and tomorrow morning they begin to vote. They

had the Mass this morning for the election of the Pope; 110 cardinals standing, the Samoan cardinal, Pio Taofinu'u, with his sore foot, sitting. Villot preached the sermon. I avoided recording the various sermons, because they're generally pretty dreary affairs.

The procession into the Sistine Chapel has a certain drama. The cardinals look solemn, serious and responsible, some of them quite vigorous, some of them very haggard and infirm. There is a long, long wait while people scurry around, fulfilling their various requirements. Now, finally, the papal master of ceremonies, Monsignor Virgilio Noè, says "Extra omnes" in a reasonably firm voice and, with Villot standing by, the door is slowly and dramatically swung shut.

Despite the reports that there was great tension and nervousness among the cardinals, it was quite peaceful, if already very stuffy, inside the conclave the first night. The cardinals seemed relaxed, now that the long period of waiting was over and at last they were getting on with their task. Conversation at the evening meal was subdued but friendly. Most of the electors retired to their rooms early, some of them wandering in confusion down the wrong corridors as they searched for the right room. If there was any consultation in the nighttime hours, it was done very quietly. The rooms were hot and the full cardinalatical robes already were beginning to show the telltale effects of human perspiration.

Saturday, August 26

The concelebrated Mass over and a light breakfast eaten in the refectory (at other times part of the modern-art gallery of the Vatican Museum), the cardinals, with mounting tension, proceed to their chairs in the Sistine Chapel. First of all, voting cards are distributed by the master of ceremonies to the cardinals, two or three to each elector. Then by lot are chosen the names of three infirmarii (who collect the votes of any sick cardinals, though there was no need for such this first day) and of three revisors (in effect, recounters).

The cardinals grow somewhat impatient now. The long, tedious ceremonies have begun to wear on their nerves and they wish to get down to business. The upper half of the card contains the printed words "Eligo in summum pontificem" ("I choose as Supreme Pontiff") and the lower half has a space for writing the name of the person chosen. The card is designed so that it may be folded in two and be about one inch in size (Paul VI was not one to leave a single detail to chance). After the cards have been distributed and before the writing may begin, the various functioneries-the secretary of the conclave, the master of ceremonies, the assistant masters of ceremonies-must leave the chapel. The



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doors are shut and finally the cardinals are able to vote. Paul VI was careful to remind each of them that he had to write down the name of his candidate secretly, even to the extent of disguising his handwriting. He also wanted them to write no more than one name, as that would make the vote invalid. With some awkwardness and embarrassment because they are seated so close together, the cardinals write a name and fold a ballot, trying to reassure one another by gazing rigidly straight ahead that they are not trying to peek at other ballots.

Then, one by one, in order of precedence (oldest in terms of service first—cardinal bishops before cardinal priests, cardinal priests before cardinal deacons), they walk down the aisle, holding up their cards so that the others may see them, to the altar, where the scrutineers are standing, upon which is placed a chalice covered with a plate. When each reaches the altar, he kneels, prays for a short time and then rises and pronounces aloud yet another oath, "I call to witness Christ, the Lord, who will be my judge that my vote is given to the one who, before God, I consider should be elected."

He places the card on the plate—nothing so hasty as putting it into the chalice—and then drops it from the plate into the chalice. He bows to the altar and then returns to his place. The tension

grows perceptibly as this tedious process continues. Benelli wonders if the Luciani strategy will really work. The first ballot should give at least some hint.

Finally, the 111th card is in the chalice. A scrutineer shakes it several times in order to mix the cards (Paul VI was quite careful to make sure that they wouldn't forget to shake the receptacle) and the last scrutineer counts the ballots, picking them out of the chalice in full view and depositing them in another chalice. Fortunately, the number of cards is 111, and there is no need to burn the cards and start over.

The three scrutineers sit at a table and begin the count itself. The first opens a card, notes the name on a piece of paper, passes the card to the second, who does the same, then, in turn, passes it to a third, who finally announces the name on the card and also writes down on his tally sheet the name of the candidate. The process continues, with the last scrutineer piercing each card with a needle and thread through the word eligo (again, nothing left to the imagination). As the names are read, there is visible relaxation among the Luciani supporters. Nothing unexpected is happening. Siri and Luciani are getting about the same number of votes. The others are spread out: Pignedoli, Baggio, Koenig, Bertoli, Pironio, a couple for Lorscheider and Felici.

After the names have been read from

each ballot, the ends of the thread are tied in a knot and the scrutineers count the votes on their tally sheets. Siri has the most votes, 25. Luciani is behind him, but only by a few votes; Pignedoli has fewer than 20 votes; the others are widely distributed, with Baggio, Koenig, Bertoli, Pironio, Lorscheider and Felici all having fewer than ten votes. The coalition leaders relax. No surprises, everything according to plan. Pignedoli and Baggio hide their emotions. Luciani frowns. How could it be possible that he got so many votes? He shakes his head, mutters something under his breath that a cardinal near him thinks sounds like the word absurd.

They look at their watches. The whole process took only an hour. It seemed longer. The revisors hastily recount the ballots, check the tallies. The count is accurate. They proceed to a second ballot. Again, the tension increases slightly. The first ballot was exploratory: Compliments were being paid, feelings were being protected-though the feelings of Pignedoli and Baggio are beyond protection. But the second ballot is the serious one. Will it be Siri or Luciani who gains the votes? They are now going to drift away from the other candidates. Halfway through the count, it becomes clear what is going to happen and Luciani is visibly upset. It is truly absurd, There is absolutely no reason why he

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should be Pope. Cardinal Antonio Ribeiro, the handsome young patriarch of Lisbon, leans over and whispers to him, "Courage, the Lord gives the burden. He will also give the strength to carry it." And on the other side, tall, thin, bespectacled Willebrands, one of Luciani's many close friends, whispers to him, "Don't worry. All over the world, everyone is praying for the new Pope." The ballots are counted, the tally sheets are added up, totals are announced and a sense of relief passes through the Sistine Chapel. The job is virtually over, the task has been done. It turned out to be easy, after all. The conclave will be over before the sun goes down. Tonight will be the last night.

Tomorrow they will be out of the purgatory of the Vatican Palace and the Sistine Chapel. Luciani has gained votes and now has 55. Siri supporters remain unmoved with their solid block of approximately 25 votes. Pignedoli has slipped back now to 15 votes and Lorscheider has risen to 12. In the afternoon, surely, enough of the Lorscheider and Pignedoli votes will switch to Luciani to guarantee his election. The ballots and the tally sheets are placed in the stove at the back of the chapel and black smoke goes up. The cardinals again look at their watches and smile. It is earlier than most people believe possible for them to have finished two ballots. Many are going to be caught unawares over in the piazza. Someone whispers in Luciani's ear. "The next time, it will be white." He smiles hollowly. Lunch is affable and relaxed. Pignedoli is cheerful; Baggio smiles and chuckles; Luciani tries awkwardly to ignore what is happening; Benelli, Suenens, Arns, Lorscheider exchange pleased smiles. Felici decides that he and his less than completely intransigent curial allies have stayed with the Siri ship long enough. Luciani is a happy solution to the problem.

The patriarch of Venice goes back to his room, room 60, and tries to take the brief siesta that is his daily custom, but he does not sleep.

Back in the chapel in the late afternoon, the cardinals are in an almost frolicsome mood. The Holy Spirit is working among them. Particularly happy are the electors from the disorganized middle, who really had no idea of the candidate for whom they ought to vote. Cardinal John Carberry of St. Louis will speak later of a feeling of revelation. It was clear on the first ballot that Luciani was most likely going to be the winner, so many of the uncertain cardinals in the middle promptly jumped onto his band wagon. The coalition leaders expected to pick up 15 more votes. They got double that number. Perhaps the third ballot would do it, certainly the fourth. It was easier than anyone had expected. The coalition of the left and the moderate right against the far right and the disorganized center had now won over much of the center, too, and was about to elect Albino Luciani as Pope.



"But, Harry, you said you'd be home late. And to think I trusted you."

But not quite. Some of Pignedoli's supporters and some of the Siri supporters (including Felici) turn to Luciani on the third ballot, but not quite enough. He still falls five or six votes short. The cardinals are smiling, happy and carefree. The next ballot is a formality. Luciani will certainly win and the conclave will be over. A sense of peace and joy flows through the Sistine Chapel. The Holy Spirit has done his work well. "Now," says Luciani to a colleague smiling warmly, "it begins to get dangerous for me."

The cardinals have now dispensed with taking the oath each time they vote (thus frustrating Paul VI's cautious safeguards against the possibility that a cardinal would on a later ballot not vote for the man he thought was best suited for the job). As the third scrutineer reads off the votes, only Luciani's name is heard. At 6:05, the 75th Luciani vote is recorded and the cardinals applaud enthusiastically. The Swiss guard posted outside is startled. A Pope so soon? There are some 90 votes for Luciani, one dogged ballot for Lorscheider (the new Pope himself, of course) and 20 blank votes cast by the stubborn Siri supporters, who are sending a message in this election just as they did in the last, so that the new Pope would not have a unanimous mandate-but they are dissenting more gently than their predecessors did against Montini. (Later they will try to claim they voted for him much earlier in the day and that it was the Pignedoli supporters who stuck it out until the end.)

The doors of the chapel are opened and the various masters of ceremonies come in to accompany the smiling camerlengo, Villot, to the speechless, flustered Luciani. His face beaming with joy, Villot says the words required by Paul VI's constitution. "Do you accept your canonical election as Supreme Pontiff?"

Luciani replies, "May God forgive you for what you have done in my regard." Having reached into his memory for a quotation out of the past for which he would later apologize, he then adds, "Accepto" ("I accept").

"By what name do you wish to be called?" asks Villot.

"John Paul," replies the now smiling Luciani. The cardinals are delighted; the name is marvelously appropriate.

Luciani is led out to don the temporary white papal robes. Grinning happily now—never in his life could he repress the grin—he takes the chair in front of the altar and the joyful cardinals approach one by one to kiss the papal ring and embrace him. He has a kind and friendly word to say to every one of them.

"Holy Father, thank you for saying yes," says Leo Suenens, who has had perhaps more to do with electing him than anyone else.

The new Pope responds with his

broadest grin, "Perhaps it would have been better if I had said no."

Sunday, August 27

Earlier today, as the cardinals poured out into the courtyard of St. Damascus, leaving behind, doubtless for a good many years, the cramped, uncomfortable conclave area, they seemed happy men. "It was the greatest day of my life," said Cardinal Hyacinthe Thiandoum of Africa.

"It was a grace, a gift of God," said his African colleague Gantin.

"The Holy Spirit helped us," said Austria's Koenig, who just a few weeks ago was calling for a young non-Italian Pope.

Benelli was ecstatic in his enthusiasm. "A striking manifestation of the unity of the Church supported by the presence of the Holy Spirit," he said. "The electors came from every part of the world, from every culture and with very different mentalities and, in a single day, reached complete agreement."

John Paul's September was a revolution. He swept away the throne, the crowning, the majestic "we," the word pontificate, the formal and aloof monarchical style of the papacy. He shook hands with the Communist mayor of Rome and promised cooperation. He walked unannounced in the Vatican gardens with Villot (throwing the Vatican security forces into confusion and disorder). He wandered around the offices of the Secretariat of State to see who was doing what. He spent long hours preparing his seemingly spontaneous homilies and Sunday remarks. He grinned, he smiled, he laughed. He quoted 19th Century Roman romantic poetry, as well as Jules Verne, Mark Twain, Napoleon and Saint Bernard. He asked children questions at his audiences, he charmed the simple and ordinary people of the world. But he never did quite manage to make it with the more sophisticated of the world press.

He was, according to the all-wise editors of Commonweal, the "unknown Pope." It was as though the wise and the learned of the world (and is not one wise and learned if he writes for Newsweek or Commonweal or Le Monde?) bitterly resented the Pope's ability to instantly capture the imaginations of ordinary folk. He was a peasant, a conservative, a simple man. Given more time, his true conservative orientations would have shaped a papacy perhaps not even as broad as that of Paul VI. The world, you see, was wrong and the wise folks of the press were right.

The Curia was bitter and tried to censor his speeches, reinserting the majestic "we" where he had used the simple familiar "I." It ignored him, harassed

him, tried to freeze him out and complained that he wasn't doing his administrative work. Papers were going unsigned and major problems of the Church were being ignored while he prepared his Sunday homilies and his catechetical instructions for his audiences. He himself admitted that he had to get out the Annuario Pontificio to find out who did what in the Vatican administration, and he confessed to one of his friends that about the operation of the Curia, "I know nothing." A nice, simple, pastoral man, yes, but scarcely qualified for the administrative tasks of the Curia. The crowd applauded; the Curia murmured.

When at his first talk on faith he quoted "Pinocchio" and compared the soul in the modern world to an automobile that breaks down because it runs on champagne and jam instead of on gasoline and oil, the learned folk shook their heads in dismay. When he casually remarked that God is even more our Mother than our Father, the Italian papers produced learned articles asking if this were a change in the Church's theology and whether a fourth person was to be introduced into the Blessed Trinity (only to have the Pope come back at a later talk and dismiss the whole controversy with a laugh by saying he was only quoting the prophet Isaiah). When he quoted Jules Verne at his audiences, the solemn Vatican protocol types shook their heads; his incorrigible habit of calling little children up to interview at his audiences dismayed those who were responsible for keeping the papacy presentable.

Thursday, September 28

The Pope had a hard day. He spoke about justice and liberation to a group of Filipino bishops in the morning and talked with Milan's Cardinal Colombo in the afternoon. Apparently, he tried to persuade someone to accept the diocese of Venice as his replacement and was rudely rejected. The Curia was still freezing him out. He huddled with Cardinal Baggio about some critical appointments and replacements in the world hierarchy. (In the interview with Cardinal Baggio, John Paul had given orders for the replacement of Cardinal Cody. The papers of the Cody case were in his hands when he died.) He saw Cardinal Villot and may have received reports from him about troubles in a certain Catholic country. After night prayer in the chapel, the staff told him about the ambush of a Communist by right-wing extremists: "They kill each other-even the young people." He shook his head and with a sheet of paper in his hands, some German notes and some appointment material left by Baggio, went into his bedroom.

At 4:30, Sister Vincenza, his housekeeper, took the usual cup of coffee and left it on the table outside his door. She went back later to take away the coffee cup and discovered it had been untouched.

There was a light on in the papal bedroom. She summoned his secretary, Father Magee.

Friday, September 29

The Piazza of St. Peter's at noontime—bells tolling. There are people in the square—tourists, as always, somewhat more subdued than for Paul VI, perhaps, but hard to tell. People with flight bags and cameras moving through. There is supposed to be a viewing of the body by journalists, which is why I'm down here. I don't know whether anything will come of that or not. It sounds pretty gruesome to me.

There was a simple announcement of the Pope's death in the Vatican Press Office. It's only 5:30 a.m. in the United States. Americans are just waking up to find out about what happened during the night.

I'm walking down the steps away from the room by myself. I was in the first rank of the third group they let in. I walked by the casket, said a couple of quick prayers and got out. They had taken off his glasses; it didn't look like him at all. Which is, of course, a stupid Irish thing to say, isn't it? It's all very ghoulish. Reporters and photographers, chattering away, plying their professional trade in the presence of what, less than 15 hours ago, was an extraordinary human being. The frailty of all things human.

It's a whole new ball game, and while the players are virtually the same, give or take one or two, they are the same men who are now experienced conclavists, men who have lived through a month of John Paul. And that changes the whole thing. It is not enough just to pull out the notes of the previous game. They are not freshmen anymore, not rookies; and there has been a month of world experience of what the papacy can be with the right kind of man.

Sunday, October 8

Today, Benelli's secretary had lunch just off the Piazza Venezia with Cardinal Karol Wojtyla, Bishop André-Marie Deskur, Wojtyla's close personal friend, and Bishop Rubin, the Polish bishop who is the secretary general for the synod of bishops. It is not known what happened at that meeting, though there is some speculation that the message from Benelli to Wojtyla was that the former would be prepared to throw his support to the latter as a "compromise" non-Italian. Wojtyla did not at that time consider himself a serious candidate, and if such a discreet commitment were made, he probably responded by saying that he was grateful for the compliment-but hardly expected it to be necessary for Cardinal Benelli to honor such a commitment. . . .

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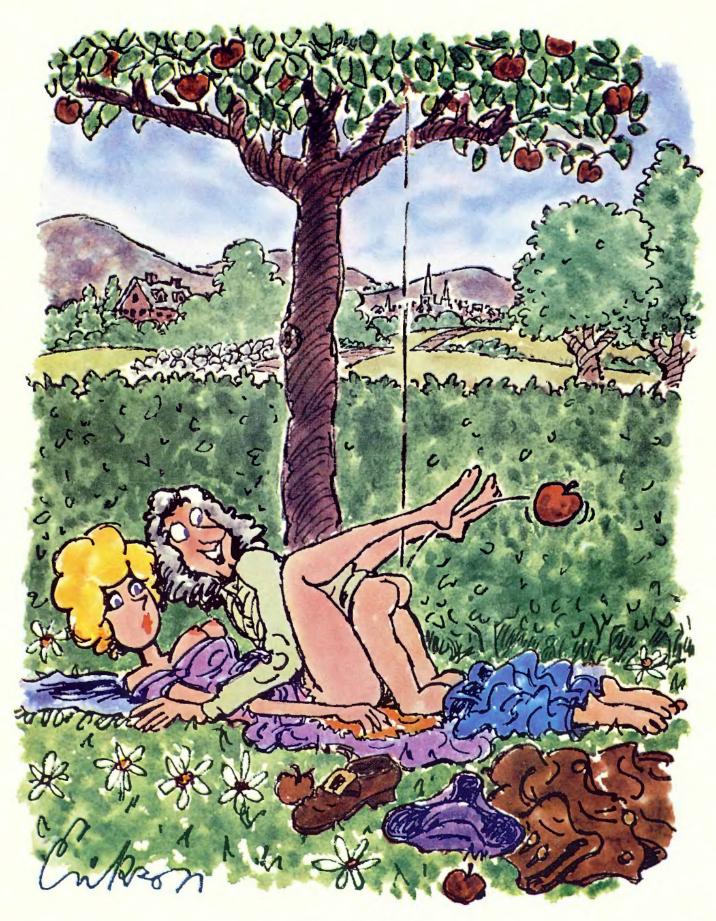
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"Eureka! Gravity!"

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

BANG, YOU LOSE

If you love a mystery, then you'll be dying to own Ideal Toys' new minicomputer game, Electronic Detective, that's currently selling in stores for about \$45. The computer sets the crime (one of 130,000 in its memory bank), and then it's up to you and the other players to deduce who did it by grilling the various suspects. When you think you've solved the mystery, make your accusation: If right, you'll hear a police siren. But if you're wrong, the real villain hauls off and shoots you. Great family fun!



IT'S CURTAINS FOR YOU!

There probably isn't a person who has seen the movie Psycho who still doesn't think twice before hopping into a shower and pulling the curtain closed. At least that's what the people at a store called Cactus On Rose, 411 Rose Avenue, Venice, California 90291, believe; they've created a chiller-diller of a shower curtain that has the figure of a knife-wielding killer imprinted on it coming at you with murder on his mind. The price for this nightmare in the making, fortunately, is nothing to scream about: \$25, postpaid. Hang one in your bathroom and the next time your girl decides to take a solo shower, see if you don't wind up tandem tubbing.

PICK UP YOUR SHORTS

British songwriter Mitch Murray, notorious for the pop hit *The Night Chicago Died*, has tuned in on another market: short-wave radio. Rightly presuming that most C.B.ers would like to stretch their ears, he has just released the LP *Long Live Short-Wave*, which identifies various short-wave signals and also includes call sounds from stations around the globe. The LP's price is \$6.95, postpaid, sent to Trans-Island Productions, P.O. Box 24, Douglas, Isle of Man, British Isles. Beep!





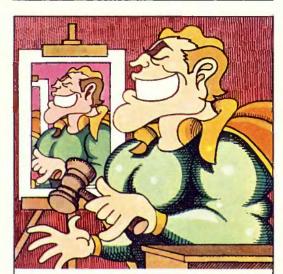
GRINGO! YOU NEVER BEAT THE BAJA!

On Fantasy Island, you pay your money and you take your chance living the thrill of your choice. Veteran race driver Paul Davis, who operates Off-Road Racing Adventures, also is selling a fantasy: the chance for anyone with \$1250 to spend ten days prerunning and pit-crewing in this year's Baja 1000 off-road race that's scheduled for early November in Baja California. Or, for \$1750, you can actually compete in the race and split any prize money you win. For more info, contact Davis at T & J Four-Wheel Drive, 1085 North Parker, Orange, California 92667. Bring water.



BOX POPULI

Pity the poor cigar box; born to hold cherished stogies, it invariably ends up the repository of nuts and bolts in the basement workshop. But no longer, An avid cigar-box collector named Tony Hyman has published the Handbook of Cigar Boxes, a signed 166-page limited edition stuffed with black-and-white photos of such brands as Cure All and Winnie Winkle. For a copy, send \$27.50 to Cigar Box Handbook, Arnot Art Museum, Elmira, New York 14901. Now you're smokin'.



MAKING BOOK ON COMICS

Comic collectors are a different breed of Krazy Kat; not only will they lay out big bucks for a vintage D.C. but they'll also spend their last cent on original comic art. If you're a collector, start saving, because the Chicago Comic Art Convention will be held in the Windy City this July 20th to 22nd at the Pick Congress Hotel and on the last day, there'll be a charity auction with such artwork as original Dick Tracys and Brenda Starrs going on the block. Annie Fanny, too.

FOR PIPER CUBS ONLY

Amazing grace, how sweet it is . . . especially when that old Scottish air skirls forth from a bagpipe played by a skilled Highlander. Now, we're not guaranteeing that the Lawrie of Scotland Learn-to-Play-the-Bagpipe kit that The Scottish Shopper, 14202 First Avenue South, Seattle, Washington 98168, is selling for \$55, postpaid, will turn you into a candidate for the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards' marching band, but the practice chanter, bagpipetutor booklet and instructional cassette that come in the kit will be a first step. And now, laddie, we've a request: Would you please play far, far away?





POP GOES THE WHEELS

Roundheels used to be the nickname for girls who'd do the dirty deed on their first date. Now it refers to the fact that disco freaks have got Saturdaynight fever for wheels on their feet. With the trend to roller skates rolling along, a company called Pop Wheels in Muskegon, Michigan, is selling at department stores for about \$40 clever Italian-made sandals that convert to skates at the pop of a button. Unisex sizes are from four to ten and colors include brown, tan, red and blue. Pop the wheels the next time you go out to boogie or retract them when you just want to take a walk. Now we know how a 747 feels.

NEW BOND ISSUE

James Bond never dies and neither do the legion of fans who flock to Bond flicks and collect Ian Fleming books and memorabilia. (See this issue for a revealing look at the latest Bond movie, Moonraker, and the ubiquitous lovelies who flesh out the film.) If you consider yourself a giltedged Bond freak, there's a slick biannual magazine titled Bondage, published by (who else?) The James Bond 007 Fan Club, Post Office Box 414, Bronxville, New York 10708, for \$5 a year. For that paltry sum, you'll also get a newsletter, miscellaneous photos and, of course, a membership card. Flash it at your favorite bar the next time you order a dry martini shaken, not stirred, just like Bond would do.



"Once you get past the ugly visage, catfish are fine fare—light, moist, with a muted aroma."

In the market place, catfish are sold as fillets, steaks-taken from larger specimens and dressed-the whole fish, skinned, eviscerated and headed. The tough, slippery catfish skin is inedible and is always stripped away. In the catfish belt, young ladies are groomed in the art of skinning, and a pincerlike utensil known as catfish pliers is part of every well-equipped pantry.

Easterners consider the bewhiskered catfish exotic and strange, but Ictaluridae are as American as hot dogs and Arbor Day-native to the big rivers and country streams of our South and Middle West. Ichthyologists have identified 28 species of catfish in North American waters, not including Catfish Hunter. Among them are such oddities as walking and armored catfish, ranging in size from the inch-long mad tom to 120-pound blue cats. Only three types are grown commercially in the United States-blue, white and channel catfish, the last by far the most significant. Blues don't do well in tank cars and whites have outsized heads, which make them uneconomical. Not yet available commercially, the flathead, or opelousas, is the connoisseur's choice. Unfortunately, the breed feeds on its own young, a testimonial to its taste

appeal but something of a drag for growers.

Once you get past the ugly visage, catfish are fine fare-light, moist, firmfleshed, with a muted aroma. One authority in the field, McClane's New Standard Fish Encyclopedia, rates them "an excellent food fish." Nutritionally, they're in line with current standards, being high in protein, low in the three Cs-calories, carbohydrates, cholesterol-and loaded with B vitamins. Catfish are extremely versatile: superb in soups, gumbos, salads and quiches, as well as baked, poached, curried or creamed, and even à la Cantonese. But at local fries and other traditional events, they don't mess around. The fish are mealed, deep-fried and served with hush puppies, cole slaw, tartar sauce and maybe French-fried potatoes. La grande cuisine it ain't, but it's good eating-and favored by Plains folks, they say.

Aquiculture is still in a primitive stage, and it's not confined to catfish. Trout, salmon, carp, milkfish, shrimps, scampi, bass, bluegill, mullet, oysters, lobsters and abalone are being grown either commercially or experimentally. Technology is continually being refined, and perhaps some Viennese fish psychologist

will find a way to curb the opelousas' cannibalistic predilections. So while farmraised fish have a lot to offer now, the best is yet to come.

ESCABECHE

(10 to 12 hors-d'oeuvre servings)

2 to 3 lbs. catfish fillets, thawed if

Flour, seasoned with salt, pepper Oil for frying

2 large red onions, thinly sliced

4 cloves garlic, slivered

I cup oil (may be part olive oil)

1/3 cup wine vinegar

Juice of 1 lemon

2 cloves garlic, crushed

I tablespoon salt

1 teaspoon sugar

1/2 teaspoon each dry mustard, oregano

1/4 teaspoon pepper

Cut fillets in 2-in. strips and coat lightly with seasoned flour. Heat 1/8 in, oil in large skillet and fry fish until golden brown on both sides. Layer fish with sliced onions and slivered garlic in wide bowl or deep glass or enamel baking pan. Put remaining ingredients in blender and blend until combined. Pour over and around fish. Cover container and refrigerate at least 24 hours before serving.

> BATTER-FRIED CATFISH AND HUSH PUPPIES (Serves four to six)

Hunters, enjoying a fish fry, would toss bits of fried corn-meal batter to the baying hounds, calling, "Hush, puppies." Tasting the morsels themselves, the men found them delicious and made them part of the menu. And that's how hush puppies were born.

Oil for deep frying

I package (8 to 10 ozs.) corn-muffin or corn-bread mix

1/8 teaspoon each pepper, garlic powder

1/3 to 1/2 cup milk (according to package directions)

2 lbs. catfish fillets, thawed if frozen

1/4 cup chopped onion

Heat 11/2 ins. oil to 350° in large, deep skillet or electric frying pan. Combine corn-muffin mix with pepper and garlic powder; mix with egg and milk as package directs. Dry fillets with paper towels and dust lightly with flour. Spread a thin coating of batter on both sides of fillets. Lower fillets into hot oil, but don't crowd pan. Fry until well browned, turning if necessary. (This takes 3 to 5 minutes.) Lift fish from pan, drain on paper towels and keep warm.

HUSH PUPPIES

When all fish have been fried, add chopped onion to remaining batter, Drop batter for each hush puppy into hot oil with teaspoon and fry until deep golden brown. Hush puppies should be about size of walnuts when done. Remove with



"Oh, come on. Hit me, kick me, hurt me. Why should the bad guys have all the fun?"



slotted spoon and drain on paper towels.

Serve fish and hush puppies with lemon wedges, Tabasco, cole slaw and pickle relish, if you like.

SOUTHERN-FRIED CATFISH (Serves four to six)

2 lbs. catfish fillets, thawed if frozen

1/2 lemon

3/4 cup corn meal

I teaspoon salt

1/s teaspoon pepper

Oil for frying

Rub fillets with cut lemon on both sides. Roll in mixture of corn meal and seasonings. Pour ½ in. oil into large skillet and place over medium heat. Fry fillets until brown and crisp on both sides, about 8 minutes in all.

Note: For a spicy, down-home flavor, sprinkle fillets generously with Tabasco instead of rubbing them with lemon.

SLOPPY LOUIE'S CATFISH SAUTE (Serves two or three)

Catfish "Northern style," as prepared at one of New York's top seafood restaurants—Sloppy Louie's—located within casting distance of the Fulton Fish Market.

Blended oil (including olive oil)

1 lb, catfish fillets, thawed if frozen

Flour

Legg, lightly beaten

6 tablespoons melted butter

3 tablespoons dry sherry

Juice of 1/2 lemon

I tablespoon chopped parsley

Salt, pepper to taste

Lemon slices sprinkled with parsley

and paprika, for garnish

Heat ½ in. oil in large skillet until very hot. Lightly dust catfish fillets with flour, then dip in egg. Fry fish about 1 minute on each side, just until pale gold. Pour off oil. Add butter to pan, then remaining ingredients except lemon slices. Sauté fish about 3 minutes more on each side, basting with pan juices. Transfer contents of pan to heated platter and garnish each fillet with lemon slice.

At Sloppy Louie's, they put the chopped parsley on one half of the lemon slice and paprika on the other.

SOUR-CREAM-BAKED CATFISH (Serves six)

A finalist in the fifth National Farm-Raised Catfish Cooking Contest.

6 pan-ready catfish, thawed if frozen

1/9 cup mayonnaise

11/2 tablespoons flour

I pint sour cream

3 tablespoons chopped stuffed olives

I teaspoon celery salt

1/2 teaspoon each paprika, pepper

1/4 teaspoon thyme

1 tablespoon chopped fresh dillweed (or I teaspoon dried)

Lemon wedges, parsley sprigs

Clean, wash and dry fish; place in wellgreased baking dish. Combine mayonnaise and flour. Add sour cream, olives, celery salt, paprika, pepper and thyme. Spread sauce over fish. Sprinkle with dillweed. Bake in 350° oven for about 25 minutes, or until fish flakes when touched with fork. Garnish plate with lemon wedges and parsley.

(Serves six)

1 lb. catfish fillets, thawed if frozen

1/3 cup oil

1/4 cup flour

1/2 cup water

I cup sliced celery

1/2 cup sliced scallions, including green

1/2 cup chopped green pepper

2 cloves garlic, crushed

1-lb. can tomatoes, cut into small pieces

8-oz, can tomato sauce

11/2 teaspoons salt

2 bay leaves

1/2 teaspoon thyme

1/4 teaspoon pepper

I tablespoon brown sugar

I tablespoon lemon juice

1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

2 dashes Tabasco

1/4 cup chopped parsley

Hot cooked rice

Cut fillets into 1-in, pieces. Heat oil in large pan. Add flour and stir until brown. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Add water gradually, stirring until blended. Add all ingredients except catfish and rice. Cover and simmer 20 minutes or until vegetables are tender, Remove bay leaves. Add catfish and simmer 8 to 10 minutes more or until fish flakes when touched with fork. Serve over rice in soup bowls.

(Serves two to three)

1/4 cup soft bread crumbs

1/4 cup grated parmesan or other sharp cheese

½ teaspoon paprika

1/4 teaspoon curry powder

1/2 teaspoon salt

Dash pepper

I lb. catfish fillets, thawed if frozen

4 tablespoons melted butter

Preheat broiler and broiling pan. Combine bread crumbs, cheese and seasonings. Spread mixture evenly over each fillet. Generously grease heated broiling pan and place fillets on it. Drizzle 2 tablespoons melted butter over fillets; set pan 3 ins. from heat and broil for 3 minutes; baste with remaining butter and broil 3 minutes more. Transfer from pan with two spatulas to heated platter.

Of Mississippi boys swear that catfish are more aphrodisiac than oysters. But why not start with oysters, follow with catfish and finish with a tot of cognac? You just might wind up in the catbird seat.





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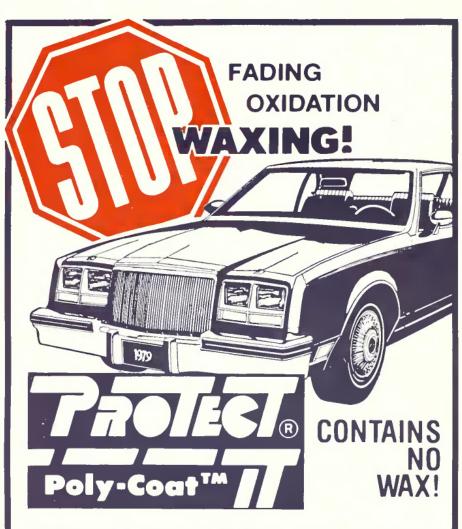
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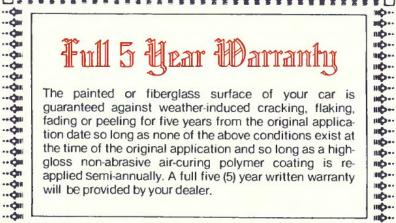
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JOSEPH WAMBAUGH

(continued from page 112)

in 1967 when, at the age of 30, I wanted to achieve a little piece of immortality by having a short story published. Which was all I ever hoped to accomplish as a writer. I was a full-time cop who was worried about what the chief might think if anything I wrote about the police was published, and so I felt a lot of strange pressures. On top of that, I didn't really have the time to polish my prose. My early books, I think, were primitive jobs of storytelling. The last few were much better, but I consider myself only fair to middling, in any case. I think I'm a good storyteller and that I have a lot of vitality and that I also have a lot of good stories to tell. But I can't handle the English language the way Norman Mailer does; I'll never be able to construct metaphors the way he can. As I indicated earlier. The Choirboys was my attempt at telling a serious, horrible story using gallows humor, but I'm no Joseph Heller, I have my limitations. I liked that book quite a lot, because if you read it and compare what's revealed in it with what was revealed in The New Centurions or even The Blue Knight, you'll see an enormous difference. Deep down inside, I didn't see how I could be fired from the force for writing The New Centurions or The Blue Knight, but what if I'd written The Choirboys first? Even if F. Lee Bailey and Melvin Belli both took my case, I still believe my ass would've been fired.

PLAYBOY: Is that your favorite fictional

WAMBAUGH: Yes, and it almost didn't get published. In 1974, I'd become a reborn civilian, having just left the police force for good, and after writing The Choirboys and sending the manuscript to Dell, I was told that the book had no redeeming value as far as they were concerned, and that it was hated by every editor in the publishing house. They wanted me to throw it away, just scrap it, and start all over on something else. When I heard that, I went on a downer that lasted six months. The first couple of days were indescribably painful. I hadn't yet adjusted to not being a policeman-I still felt cut adrift-and when I got the news about The Choirboys, I thought, My God, in giving up my badge, have I given up my balls? Have I suddenly lost my ability to tell a story? Letters came to me from Dell saying they'd shown the manuscript to everyone they could think of and the verdict was unanimous: The Choirboys was duckshit. I stuck the book away and began drinking pretty good. I'd been three for three, and I just couldn't figure it out. And then, in '75, I took the book out of moth balls and looked at it and said, "They've got to be wrong. This is not garbage. It might be full of gallows humor and obscenities,



After 20 years of driving Volkswagens religiously, the Reverend Dr. Gray-Smith converted.

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Renault Le Car has turned millions into true believers.

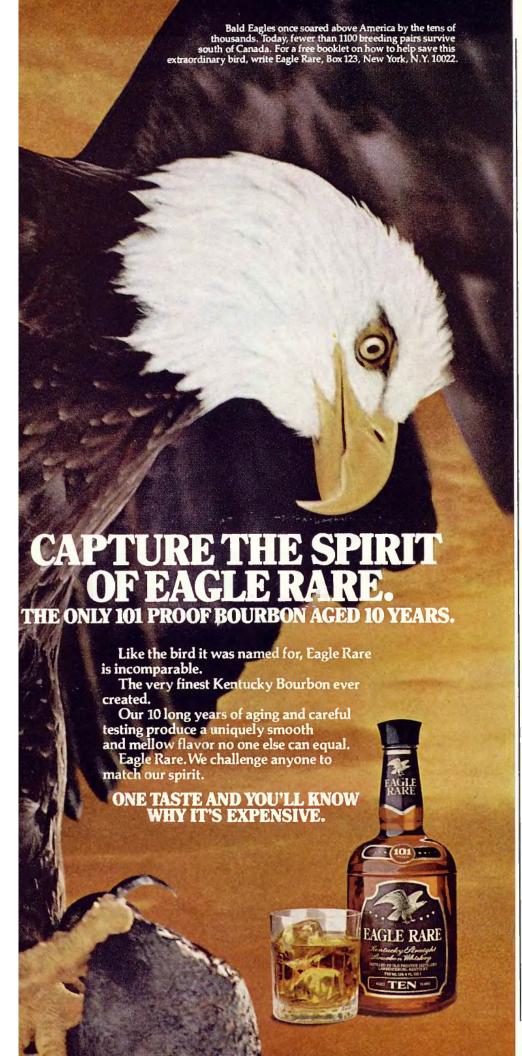
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but there is a serious purpose to this book." I really had to believe in *The Choirboys*, I suppose, and so I forced the company to publish it.

PLAYBOY: How were you able to do that? WAMBAUGH: I told them they'd given me an advance and they could refuse to publish the book, but if they did, I'd still keep the advance-and it was a lot of money, six figures. And they said, "You mean you're really going to force us to publish this book?" Well, that's exactly what I did, and The Choirboys was not only an artistic success-and I mean rave reviews in The New York Times and similar publications-but it was also one of the top best sellers Dell ever had. The Choirboys was the number-one bestselling paperback and the number-two best-selling hardback book in the country for a while, and it would have been number one if not for Agatha Christie's death, which made Curtain a collector's item. But I figured, if Agatha wanted to have the number-one best seller that badly, who was I to stand in her way?

PLAYBOY: Very magnanimous of you. Were you similarly magnanimous with your publisher?

WAMBAUGH: Well, I think editors better be goddamned careful before they play God. I had a strong enough ego not to be destroyed by that rejection, but I was dreadfully wounded and lost a lot of confidence and, really, a lot of money while The Choirboys just sat in my basement. I later discovered that there were several editors at Dell who not only didn't think the book was garbage, they thought it was terrific. But that isn't what I was told by the senior editor there. After the whole experience was finally done with, I coined a new phrase: "To thine own self be true." Do you think it'll play in Hollywood?

PLAYBOY: Not a chance. You mentioned Mailer and Heller, and we're sure you've read of their battles just to sit down at their typewriters. Why are you able to get down to work and complete your books without similar hang-ups?

WAMBAUGH: Well, in my opinion, I've had a more interesting life than those gentlemen, and I think that's the bottom line. You know, when I read a review of Joe Heller's most recent book, Good as Gold, and saw that it was about an American college professor and the Jewish experience, I thought, Oh, no, not again. The fact of the matter is that the literati of America are college professors, and what they do is write and teach classes. Well, reading about college professors is getting goddamned boring.

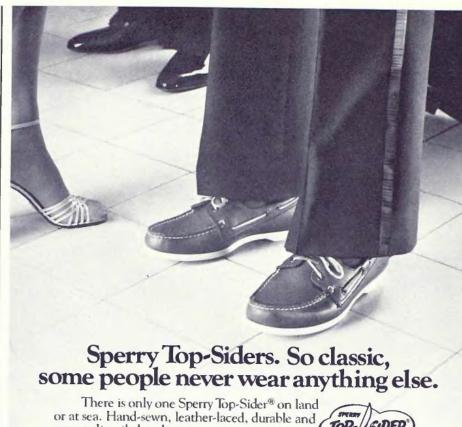
You know, I spent three years in the Marines doing my duty, three years as a fireman at Kaiser Steel doing my duty and 14 years in the L.A. Police Department doing my duty. That's a total of 20 years as a noncivilian working at jobs where either your ass or your emotional

well-being was on the line. Now maybe the stuff about doing my duty was all bullshit, but those 20 years were interesting and gave me a lot to write about. If I'd been a college professor for 20 years, I don't know what kind of writer I'd be today. I know that I'm not a Malamud, I couldn't take from that type of life enough interesting experiences that, by the sheer force of my writing skills, would result in a good book. I need broader experiences, which I was able to have for 20 years.

PLAYBOY: But those days are certainly over for you. You're now living in a magnificent house on a five-and-a-half-acre spread, and the only uniform you wear nowadays is your jogging suit. Are you at all worried that no one is going to be interested in reading about that kind of

WAMBAUGH: Yes. In a word, I've turned into a real pussy. As a matter of fact, going back to Mailer and Heller, in my opinion, those guys never retained the form they had in The Naked and the Dead and Catch-22. Those books were about the period of their lives when they were really on the edge, and I don't think either of them has ever come close to again attaining the thing they had, And look what happened to poor Jimmy Jones when he tried to do something else-and wrote The Merry Month of May. Anyway, I was able to keep it going for a lot of years, living on the edge. And now, here I am. You know, when I was a kid, my favorite book was The Great Gatsby, and look where that sucker wound up. Every time I go out to my Jacuzzi at night, I really think about that guy. In my own way, I guess, I admired Gatsby. I mean, he was a schlemiel and it was inevitable that he wound up the way he did, yet he was a stand-up guy who had a code and who tried to live by it. PLAYBOY: Are you worried that your first nonpolice novel-if and when you write it-might be a failure?

WAMBAUGH: Well, I know I don't want to face the prospects of failure, but I haven't failed yet. My main worry is what will happen if I sit down to write and I have no more colorful stories to tell because I've told them all. What happens then? I don't know, but lately I've been feeling that I don't have any more experiences worth drawing on. I think I've used them all up, so I may have to go out and look for another Onion Field story to write about, which wouldn't be my story at all. I just don't think I can write about myself or my friends anymore. So, yeah, I have that fear, but I don't want to think about it yet. We're taking baby steps for baby feet, and we're trying to live one day at a time here. Isn't that what they teach you at Alcoholics Anonymous-one day at a time? Shit.



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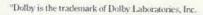
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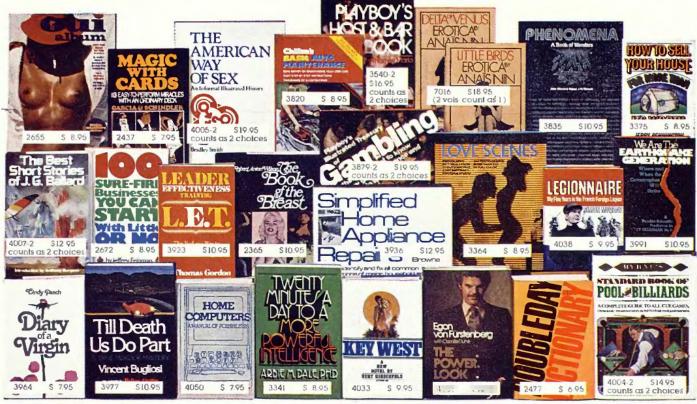




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PLAYBOY Magazine and United Artists Announce a Fabulous Contest!

THE GRAND PRIZE:

An Appearance in the Next James Bond Motion Picture! For the 3 Finalists: A trip to Hollywood A major screen test

Maybe you know her. Or maybe you are her. That special kind of girl who will appear in the upcoming James Bond film, For Your Eyes Only.

Check out the major pictorial feature on the *Girls of James Bond* in this issue. If you, or someone you know, has what it takes to be part of James's next film adventure, here's all you do: Send in *two* photos of yourself—one face shot, one full-figure swimsuit shot, color or black and white, along with the official entry form below. And in 50 words or less, tell us why you belong in the next Bond film as described in the contest rules.

Three finalists will be selected for expense-paid trips to Hollywood. Each will be given a screen test to be evaluated by producer Albert R. Broccoli, director Lewis Gilbert, star Roger Moore, and Hugh M. Hefner. If yours is the screen

test they select, you'll appear in the next United Artists' James Bond production!

Entries must be received no later than August 31, 1979.

Official Rules - Here's How to Enter:

- 1. On an Official Entry Form or plain piece of paper, hand print or type your name, address, telephone number and age. On a separate piece of paper no larger than 83°_{2} x 11° ione side only), tell us in fifty (50) words or less why you belong in a James Bond movie. (Hand print or type.)
- 2. Attach your entry securely to two (2) photographs of yourself (one full face and one full figure in a bathing suit or equivalent). All photographs submitted may be in color or black/white no larger than $8^{\prime\prime}$ x $10^{\prime\prime}$. Oo not submit slides, transparencies or negatives. Be sure to hand print your name and address on the back of each of the two [2) photographs submitted.
- 3. Mail your entry to BE A JAMES BOND GIRL CONTEST, PO. BOX 9249, BLAIR, NEBRASKA 68009. Entries must be received by August 31, 1070.
- 4. Entries will be judged under the supervision of the O. L. BLAIR CORPORATION, an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. Iwenty (20) contenders will be selected. Entries will be judged based upon the following criteria: the appropriateness of entrant's face as shown by photo entry to female character in James Bond movies, as evidenced by similar characters in current and past James Bond tilms = 45%; overall full-figure appropriateness as shown by photo entry to female character in James Bond movies, as evidenced by similar characters in current and past James Bond films = 45%; originally, creativity and appropriateness of the fifty (50) word or less statement = 10%.
- 5. The twenty (20) contenders, selected based upon the above criteria, will be required to submit to a prearranged tape-recorded telephone interview. Tape-recorded responses will be judged under the supervision of the D.L. BLAIR CORPORATION based upon the following.

criteria: appropriateness of responses to questions asked -25% clarity and voice modulation -50% style and humor (where appropriate) -25% .

- 6. Ten (10) semi-finalists will be selected from among the twenty (20) contenders based upon a cumulative point score of the criteria listed in Rule #4 (80%) and Rule #5 (20%). Semi-finalists must agree to travel to Chicago to be videotape screen-tested. Each videotape screen test will be judged based upon appropriateness of face and figure to female character in James Bond movies -40% and ability to follow written script and direction in a given role -60%, under the supervision of 0.1. BLAIR.
- 7. Three (3) finalists will be selected based upon the judging criteria established in the above rules. The 3 finalists selected must agree to travel to Hollywood and be screen-tested for an appearance in the next James Bond film. The three (3) screen tests will be judged by producer Albert R. Broccoli, director Lewis Gilbert, star Roger Moore, and Hugh M. Hefner based upon speaking ability, movement, lacial expression and appropriateness for an appearance in a James Bond movie. The one (1) Grand Prize winner selected will appear in the next James Bond movie. The Grand Prize winner's travel expenses will be paid, and the Grand Prize winner will also be paid the prevailing minimum Screen Actors Guild union rate. The exact value of the Grand Prize will depend upon the winner's place of residency and the number of days necessary to complete the appearance.
- 8. This contest is open to females 18 years of age or older at time of entry, residing in the United States or Canada, except employees of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., United Artists their affiliated companies, advertising agencies, the D. L., Blair Corporation and the families of each All Federal Provincial Municipal, State and local laws and regulations apply. Taxes on the prize are the responsibility of the winner.

No substitution of prize is permitted. A duplicate prize will be awarded in case of a tie. For the name of the winner, available after all judging has been completed, send a SEPARATE self-addressed, stamped envelope to: BE A JAMES BONO CIRL WINNER, PO. BOX 6283, BLAIR, NEBRASKA 68009.

 All entries become the exclusive property of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., and United Artists, ENTRIES AND PHOTOGRAPHS WILL NOT BE RETURNED.

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM BE A JAMES BOND GIRL CONTEST PO. Box 9249 Blair, Nebraska 68009

Gentlemen: I wish to enter the BE A JAMES BOND GIRL CONTEST and hereby confirm that I have read and agree to its rules and regulations.

Name	(Please type or hand print)
Address	
City	
State	Z(p
Phone	Age

atmosphere would ignite. It didn't. But just because it hasn't happened doesn't mean it won't.

The bomb is a security blanket for the paranoid, a familiar terror. We who have grown up in the post-World War Two years have always had it to curl up with at night. There is something attractive about the prospect of a nuclear holocaust. Photographs of A- and Hbomb blasts are beautiful: The clouds are as shapely as Romanesque arches; the light is as uncanny as the halos around saints' heads in illuminated manuscripts. When we detonate a nuclear bomb, we are once more proving ourselves to be children of Adam, both fearful and proud of our acquisition of knowledge. Destroying the world, in a way, is a triumph of humanism: We are incontrovertibly proving humankind's mastery of and control over the elements; we are saying, we not only can understand nature and, by understanding, control it, we also can defeat nature-which the rebellious Adam in us interprets as defeating the architect of nature, God. Mano a mano with Divinity. We may not be able to win such a cosmic arm wrestle honestly, but we can blow up the room in which the struggle takes place. Even a Pyrrhic victory is a victory.

According to the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute, our flirtation with the holocaust is turning serious. We will soon go all the way. Not too long ago, they predicted that within a decade, about 35 countries will have joined the nuclear club. Nuclear war, says the S.I.P.R.1., is probably inevitable.

The war will be launched, most likely, when one nation feels it has a first-strike capability or an effective civil-defense program. A little nation with a couple of nuclear warheads cannot carry its weight in the balance of power. If a superpower is pushed too far by one of those small states with big bombs, one of those Nukettes, it may not feel the restraint imposed on it in its relations with an equally matched superpower. It may charge in all ablast.

A few casually scattered H-bombs in an out-of-the-way country may, like dragon's teeth sown in fertile soil, produce a bumper crop of battles-may, in fact, free everyone of his thermonuclear inhibitions. According to The Progressive magazine, the United States was ready to use the bomb in the Berlin blockade of 1948 (we shipped bombs in B-29s to England), in the Korean War in 1953 (Eisenhower said we would use them enough to win), in the French Vietnam war in 1954 (Dulles offered Paris one to be dropped on Chinese troops near the Indochina border and two to be dropped at Dien Bien Phu), in the Quemoy-Matsu crisis in 1958 (the Joint Chiefs said, if we wanted to face down the Chinese, we had to be willing to use the bomb), twice in 1961 (in the Laotian and Berlin crises) and, of course, in the Cuban Missile Crisis in 1962. Who knows how many times we were on the brink of using nuclear weapons during the Vietnam war, and how many times other nations were ready to risk the holocaust?

If we've avoided nuclear war so far,

it's because use of the bomb has beenever since Hiroshima and Nagasakitaboo. We are savages afraid to walk on sacred ground. But taboos can be broken. and broken taboos are as hard as Humpty Dumpty to put back together again.

Today, the United States and the other nuclear powers have 16,000 megatons' worth of nuclear weapons stockpiled. That's the equivalent of 1,230,770 Hiroshima-sized bombs. Let's see: The bomb at Hiroshima killed 78,000 people and injured 84,000 more. Multiply that by . . . hmm: oh, six, carry the five, one, carry the six . . . comes to 96 billion, 60,000 people killed and 103 billion, 384,680,000 wounded in an all-out nuclear war. Since there are only 4.3 billion people alive on earth, that leaves us with 91 billion, 700,060,000 spare deaths unclaimed and no one to collect the wounds. This tally doesn't even add in the effects of nonnuclear weapons: conventional armaments, lasers, ultraviolet lasers, X-ray lasers, gamma-ray lasers, chemical and biological weapons, ultrasonic weapons, neutron bombs that have small blasts and lots of fallout, RRR ("reduced residual radiation" bombs) that have large blasts and small amounts of fallout, and a new nerve gas-called a binary nerve gasthat the Carter Administration was promoting in the fall of 1978. We're such an ingenious species. Whenever I think about the holocaust, the film that runs in the screening room of my mind is not a war or science-fiction story. I think of it as a children's story, because only in fairy tales does evil exist in so unexplainable and unredeemable a form. The bomb is the big bad wolf ready to blow all our houses down. Except, unlike a kid who can turn on the light and see that the shadowy wolf in his bedroom is really a shirt tossed over a chair. we find that the bomb is the bomb, and no matter how many lights we turn on, it won't go away.

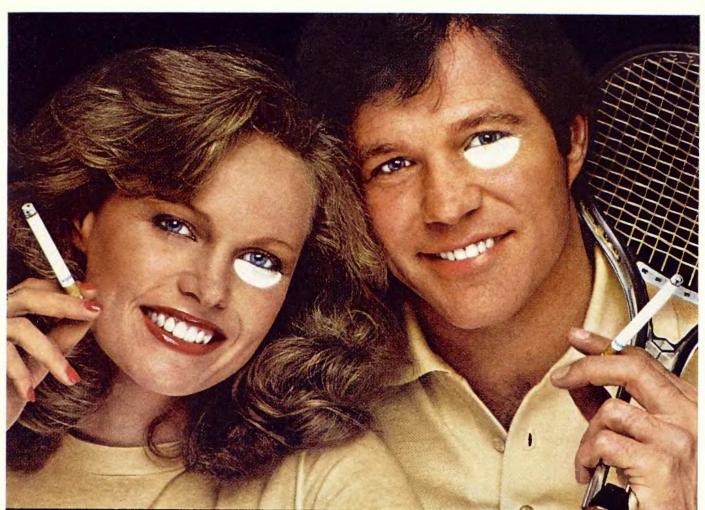
The growing conviction that things are out of control is a kind of creeping paralysis that feels like sodium pentothal seeping into your system, an icicle sliding up a vein; first your forearm gets cold, then your biceps, then-a cloying panic; you can't stop what's happeningyour shoulder goes numb, then, just when your terror is most intense, you relax and, enjoying it, drop into oblivion.

So what if there are carcinogens in our tap water and our deodorant sprays destroy the ozone layer? So what if smog can become fatal, as it did in London in 1952, when it killed 4000? So what if carbon-monoxide levels in Las Vegas have increased for the past several years? And inhaled carbon monoxide may interfere with the ability of red blood cells to carry oxygen?

So what if fluorescent light, the light



"You act like you've never seen a windshield viper before!"



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in most offices, produces toxic substances when its rays hit human cells and might kill living tissue? Or if, according to recent studies by photobiologist John Ott, that light aggravates hyperactivity in children? So what if, as medical nutritionist H. L. Newbold claims, artificial light or sunlight filtered through ordinary window glass disrupts the functioning of the hypothalamus, which controls growth? So what if the electromagnetic waves from TV and radio signals, power lines, motors and microwave ovens might affect the nervous system?

We should imitate the nobles of Florence who, during the plague of 1348, shut themselves in pleasure palaces and fought the disease with ease: good food, good drink and good entertainment. Except the plague we are trying to ward off is man and man's works. No, more—it's life itself and all life contains. When humans lay waste to their world, they are only aping nature, which is constantly destroying itself. Unfortunately, we have only half the routine perfected. While nature destroys, it also renews.

Death and rebirth. Everything is transitory, and we can't stand that. We want to hang on to the moment and the sensations the moment brings. I—like you—am so in love with life, when I feel life slipping away, when I sense my mortality, I'm ready for a lover's pact, a double suicide; me and the world! That the world can continue without us enrages us, and in a secret pocket of the soul lives a madman who wants to drag the world down into the grave with him. When faced with death, even the most dreary moment seems precious. We want to cry, "Stop!" The Instant Replay may be

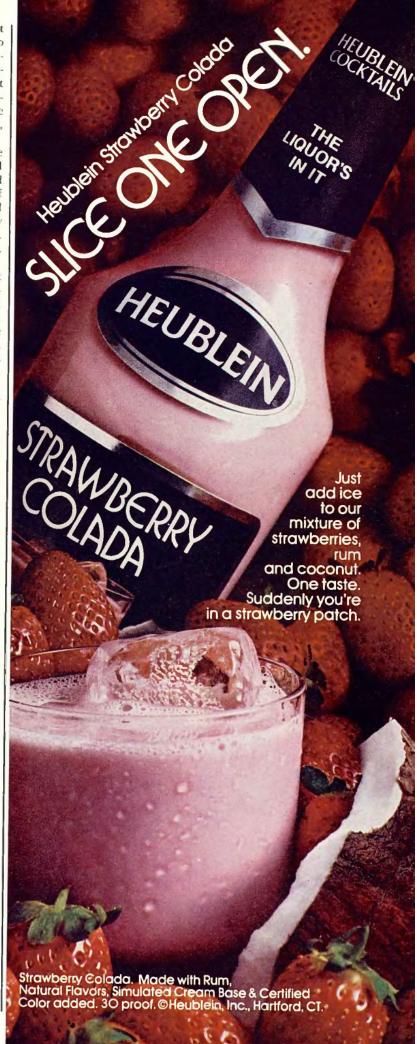
the most characteristic expression of human desire.

But we can't reverse time, stop it and run experience again. All we can do is wander through our lives, as amiable as Krazy Kat and just as certain to get a brick in the back of the head. Or we can—like a kid who breaks his toys when he's mad—throw a tantrum and ruin our planet. We eat, and we drink, and we keep ourselves merry with the knowledge that whatever we come in contact with that wasn't harmful before, now probably is. Thinking about apocalypse can't help but raise a goose-pimple of satisfaction akin to what kids get when they plan suicides and mutter, "Now they'll be sorry." They, in this case, are all the generations who will never be born. So enjoy the plague. Pull your chair up to the crowded table and feast.

Extremely high doses of caffeine from coffee, tea or colas can cause dizziness, shakiness and chronic anxiety. Salt may lead to hypertension. Tobacco is verboten. Disco music, blaring at a typical 120 to 125 decibels, impairs hearing-and alcohol, which reduces the effectiveness of the natural mechanism protecting the ear from loud noises, is commonly consumed at discos. But you shouldn't drink wine, anyway, because some French vineyards filter their products through asbestos and, according to one study, some American wines contain four times as much arsenic as the law allows. Not only has a new penicillin-resistant gonorrhea been found in 11 states but, according to Claes Henning and Lisbeth Jakobsen of Stockholm's Sundsvaal Hospital, gonorrhea can be contracted-yes, the old wives told true tales-from toilet seats (and flush handles and doorknobs and light switches). You can get the clap without even the memory of a sweet screw to console you. Even the candle you burn at both ends-if it has a lead-wick core-may be unhealthy.

There is no escape. The world is rotten around us. Rabies in Alaska. Plague in Colorado. Legion fevers. Swine flus. Mystery viruses in Sudan and Zaïre. We're besieged by old diseases like meningitis, new diseases like Serratia endocarditis (which first appeared in 1951 in San Francisco) and nondiseases like iatrogenic disorders (illnesses caused by excessive medication that upsets the body's natural functioning).

Arson in the United States has increased over 400 percent in ten years. Nazis flourish in California. There is a suicide epidemic among teenagers, who are killing themselves at a rate of between 35,000 and 100,000 per year. Preschoolers, two to eight years old, according to *The Journal of the*





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Bose Corporation, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701 Write for brochure and complete technical information Patent rights issued and pending American Medical Association, commit enough murders to be recognized as a distinct class of killers. Mental illness is on the rise. Over 60,000,000 families in America own 90,000,000 guns. Or is it 200,000,000 guns? No one knows the exact figure. But they need the guns. We live in a dangerous land. Eight hundred thousand Americans have been shot dead outside of wars since 1900. Not too long ago, one report found that, during one recent year, one of every 10,000 Americans had been murdered. For recreation, we can now go into penny arcades and play a game called Death Race, in which the player, driving an imaginary car, tries to run down imaginary pedestrians who scamper across a television screen.

Governments are increasingly repressive. Freedom House reported a couple of years ago that the score stands at Free Countries-61, Unfree Countries-71. Eighty countries, territories and dependencies are a tossup. This accounting, however, assumes that our nation is free. While we are undoubtedly freer than most, possibly among the freest, we are a country with a Central Intelligence Agency (which, in the past, has screened 28,000,000 letters and carried on a secret drug behavior-modification program and keeps 300,000 names in its computer), a National Security Agency, an Internal Revenue Service (which has dossiers on 465,000 citizens), a Federal Bureau of Investigation (which has wiretapped or bugged 10,665 times in a quarter century and has broken into hundreds of homes and offices) and dozens of local Red Squads. We've tried to assassinate foreign leaders and have destabilized governments, perhaps including our own.

To control our citizens—and many think that the danger of nuclear terrorism or sabotage makes control imperative—we have experimented in our prisons with psychosurgery (mind-control operations) and Clockwork Orange—type aversion therapy (which uses nausea-inducing drugs, clamps to keep the eyes from closing and film loops of behavior to be discouraged). We have even toyed with electrode implants in the brain that enable us to change behavior at a flick of a switch. Our synapses are seen as fifth columnists who must be conquered. Maybe an early apocalypse will be a blessing, aborting the coming horrors.

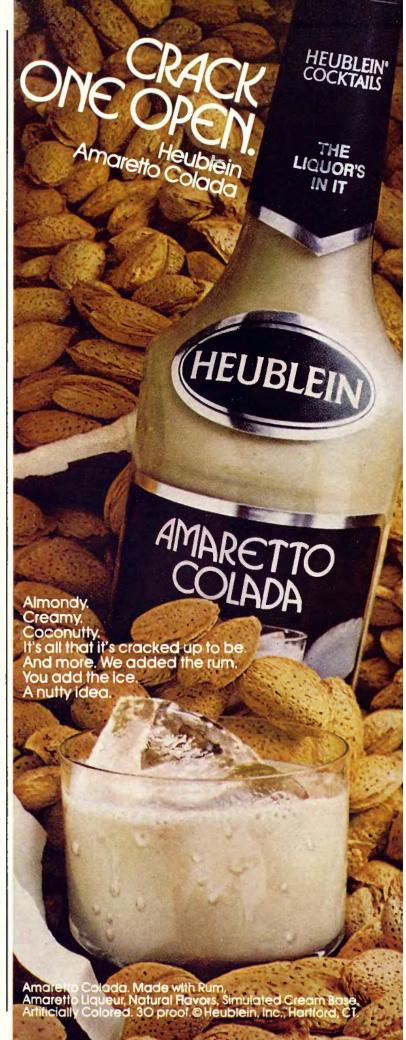
What can we do in a world that is so fouled that the Government once considered using coughing fish to measure water pollution? A world in which the rain (because of the sulphur dioxide spewed into the air) has turned acid? Can we organize committees? Write our Congressmen? Pray?

I once met an old man who was heralding the End of the World. A bad rash covered his face. His skin was blistered, his hair, matted, his eyes, swollen, the pouches below them soft and red like chicken livers. He was having trouble focusing. He talked about the Saving Remnant, the few good people who kept the world from being destroyed. Every generation must have 36, he said.

The Saving Remnant. A pleasant fable. I tried to joke with him. I tried to make small talk. I tried to tell him some of the facts I've mentioned here. He waited for me to finish.

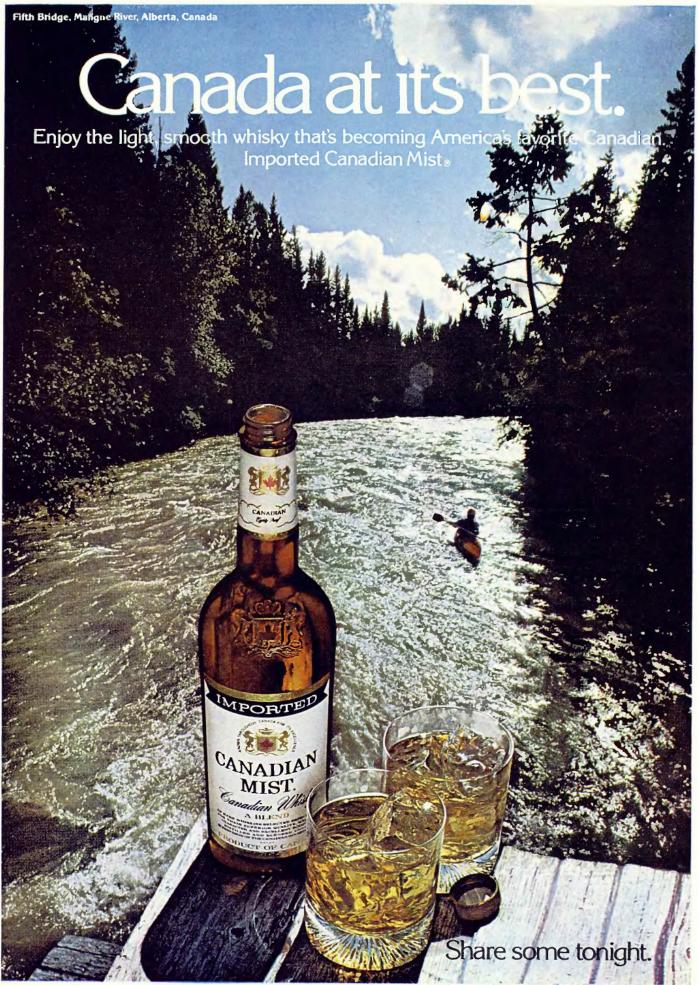
I wanted, suddenly, to justify my failure in not being one of the Saving Remnant. I tried to steer myself back into the role of objective reporter, but the compulsion to explain, a mutt of conscience on a short leash, kept dragging me further in my role of confessor. I dumped my life in front of him like a desperate salesman emptying his sample case and, piece by piece, I tried to sell him my dubious past. Finally, in an ecstasy of humiliation, feeling like the worst snake-oil pitchman who ever drummed up business east of the Hudson River, I packed my life away and tried to justify my embarrassing display by using it as an example from which I would draw a moral:

"We get what we deserve."
"That's right," he said, "God's judgment."
God help us.





"Henry, you've forgotten your raincoat."











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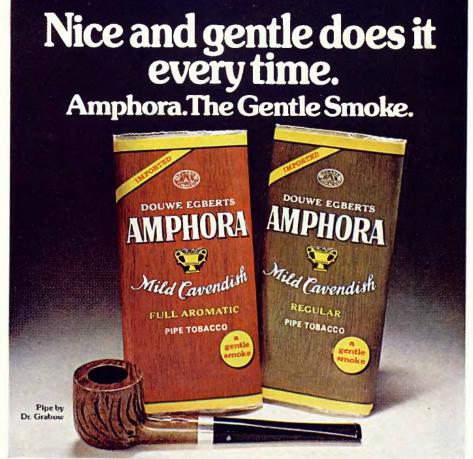
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DOCTOR IS OUT

(continued from page 156)

medical student should have training in human sexuality throughout the four years, and in the latter two, it should include clinical teamwork with an expert in the form of actual cotherapist treatment of patients."

But in many schools, the administration sees things just the other way. Sex education, more often than not, is shoved into waste spaces in the academic year; it's often given as a one-week intersession course, or pushed off into the summer, or crammed into a weekend. Dr. Bernie Zilbergeld, who teaches human sexuality at the University of California, San Francisco, complains, "Instead of giving us a ten-week or 15-week course, they relegate us to a single weekend. Sex education obviously has very low priority here." In desperation, Dr. Zilbergeld and Professor Douglas Wallace, head of the Human Sexuality Program at UCSF, have jammed 20 hours of lectures and case presentations-20!-into their single weekend. It's mind-wracking; it's also murder on the behind. And there isn't even the relief of porn films; Wallace and Zilbergeld felt that the limited time available had to be given to directly useful clinical material rather than to desensitization. "People don't need it as much today as they did half a dozen years ago," says Zilbergeld. "Anyway, there's a limit to how much good it does. I had a physician tell me, T've been desensitized right up the ass-but when a patient comes into the office with a sexual problem, I still don't know what to do!' '

Even the truncated and compressed courses, however, seem to yield some valuable results. Although some of the gain may fade out, most of it still exists a year later; that's as long afterward as anyone has done a follow-up study,

There are clearer results, however, in the minority of schools that have first-rate sex-education programs: Medical students in those schools actually progress to the point of being able to interview patients with relative ease, make reasonable diagnoses of their sexual ailments and suggest at least some form of immediate treatment. About one tenth of the medical schools achieve this level of sexual

One of them is the University of Minnesota Medical School. With the help of a five-year grant from the National Institute of Mental Health, the school has been able to afford a relatively generous program of 42 required hours, plus electives for those who want them, and to use a number of innovative teaching techniques.

In their first year, students get six



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hours of straightforward lectures covering basics of sexual physiology and psychology; these are included in a course called Psychological Medicine. In addition, the students are put through an 18-hour weekend SAR that includes the usual multimedia and multifilm overload of sexual imagery, followed by soul-searching small-group discussions.

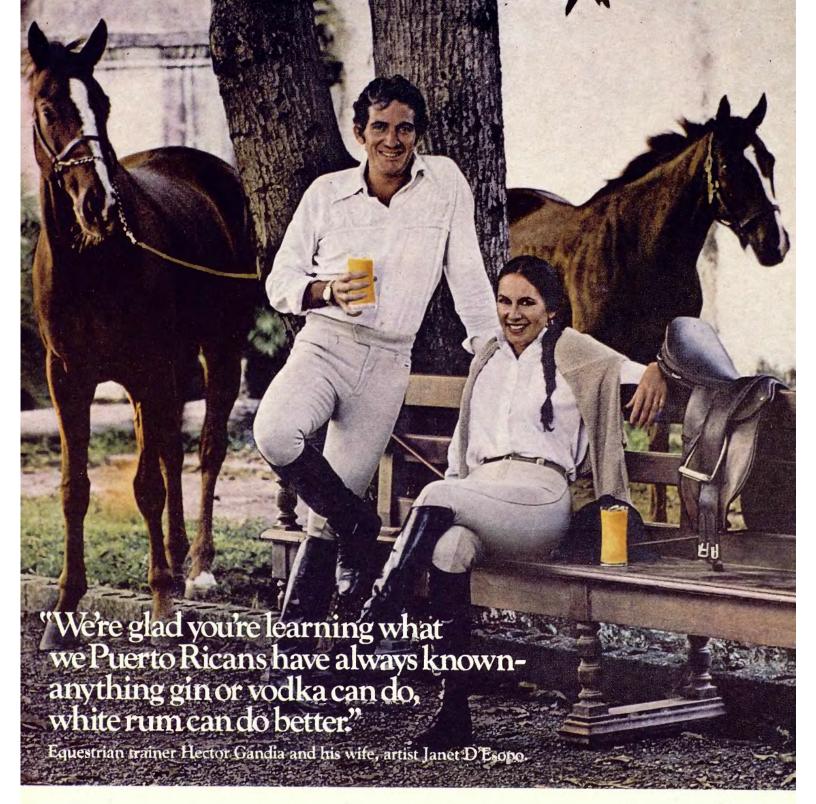
In the second year, they get another 18 hours, this time in the form of a five-week course called Human Sexuality. In it, they attend a number of lectures and video-tape presentations covering all sorts of sexual behavior and disabilities—everything from normal patterns of arousal and response to the most *outré* variations in sexual behavior, and from video-taped interviews with prostitutes and sex offenders to a discussion of sexcounseling techniques.

Moving a step closer to actual patient care, in other classroom hours, they see video-taped presentations of patients with sex-related problems-prostatitis, for instance, or a spinal-cord injury-and, at various points, the tape is stopped and the students have to decide how to proceed. They do so on a special answer sheet and then use a marking pen that causes a latent image on the sheet to appear; it tells them what the consequences of their choice would be, Step by step, the students follow the case through in this way; if they goof, they go back and take the presentation again-and again-until they handle the patient successfully. Would that real life gave us such opportunities.

Coming still closer to actual doctoring, the students then practice taking each other's sex histories under faculty supervision. Each gets a chance to play doctor, each to be the patient—but the patient is free to toss in anything fictional or borrowed from reading or other sources without identifying it as such; that preserves privacy, since no student knows what any other student's sexual life actually consists of.

Finally, they get a chance to interact with actual patients. During the second year, students at the University of Minnesota Medical School spend some time in the several university hospitals, acting as assistants to physicians who are treating patients of all sorts on the wards and in the outpatient clinics. In that setting, each student is required to select any two patients and arrange to take their sexual histories privately. Later, they discuss with the human-sexuality staff what they learned about the patients—and about themselves as interviewers.

Thus, by the end of the second year of medical school, the students at Minnesota have acquired a foundation in human sexuality, some degree of skill and comfort speaking with patients about



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their sex lives and at least some ability to diagnose and suggest appropriate therapy for a number of common sexual problems. Dr. James Maddock, a 37-year-old psychologist who is the course coordinator, is frankly proud of the results, and qualified observers of the scene rate the Minnesota program high among the top ten in medical schools and consider it as effective as any being offered.

That's what can be done in 42 hours of student-teacher contact (plus a fair amount of outside reading, viewing video tapes and taking sexual histories).

It seems a modest snippet of the fouryear total—little enough, considering the scope and importance of the sexual functions and dysfunctions. Then why do so many schools give far less, or make sex education elective rather than required? There are many reasons; it's hard to say which is the most important.

Departmental politics is one. Unless someone keen on teaching human sexuality has a power base—such as being head of a department—the subject remains a poor cousin, begging for a handout of time. Even at Penn, Harold Lief's headquarters, human sexuality is given only eight required hours; Lief is not a department head.

Another reason is that the medical curriculum is overfull. Every hour spent on human sexuality is an hour that has to be pried away from some other subject—and most of the others are well-entrenched, standard materials, not easily overpowered.

A third reason is that medical school faculties tend to be strongly conservative, both professionally and socially. They don't like change and they don't like the

subject of sex. "They're threatened by the subject," one psychiatrist told me. "It makes them anxious." But they cloak their anxiety in fancy dress: One department head at Downstate told Dr. Dickes that he disapproved of teaching human sexuality to medical students because "familiarity breeds contempt" and it would "drive the romance out of it."

Business reasons also play a significant part. Faculties and curriculum committees want their school to look good and to attract the better students, so they favor courses that help students pass the boards, Courses that don't help with the exams-even if they make better doctors-get short shrift. (Happily, California has shown us that we needn't let faculties and curriculum committees have the last word: The state legislature recently passed a law requiring medical students to have had training in human sexuality in order to qualify for a license-and it gave the licensing agency the power to say exactly what kind of course was necessary.)

Still another reason: Lief's grant money ran out in 1974 and, without it, the proselytizing work of his Center for the Study of Sex Education in Medicine, the enthusiasm and momentum of the movement could not be maintained.

The conservative backlash against sexual liberalism may be another factor. With the antigay movement, the antiabortion movement and efforts to attack publishers of sexual materials under way, one would have to expect sex education to run into trouble. Indeed, only two years ago, the human-sexuality program at Minnesota was attacked by a conservative legislator egged on by the John Birch Society. The program survived; one that had no Federal grant to bolster it might have been wiped out.

Last, and perhaps most important, is the matter of values. To what extent should medicine concentrate on saving lives, and to what extent should it seek to make life worth living? A philosopher would argue for a judicious balance of the two goals, but medicine, by ancient tradition, is hell-bent on saving and prolonging life to the exclusion of questions of the worth of that life or of human happiness in general. The leaders of our medical schools view the teaching of human sexuality as unimportant because it has nothing to do with the saving or prolonging of life; happiness and the improvement of the quality of life are, in their eyes, expendable luxuries. Until that primitive viewpoint is changed by law or by public pressure, human sexuality will remain a peripheral part of the medical school curriculum, and most doctors will continue to be inadequately trained to help patients who have sexual problems.



"What they don't seem to appreciate here is that all the time I was fronting for somebody else."

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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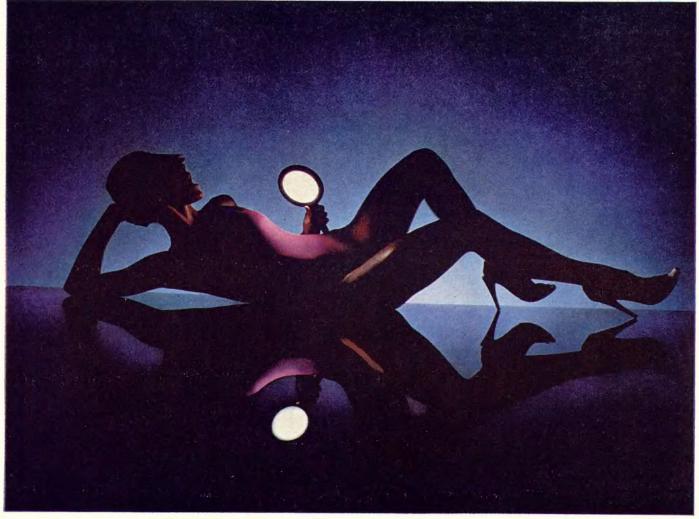
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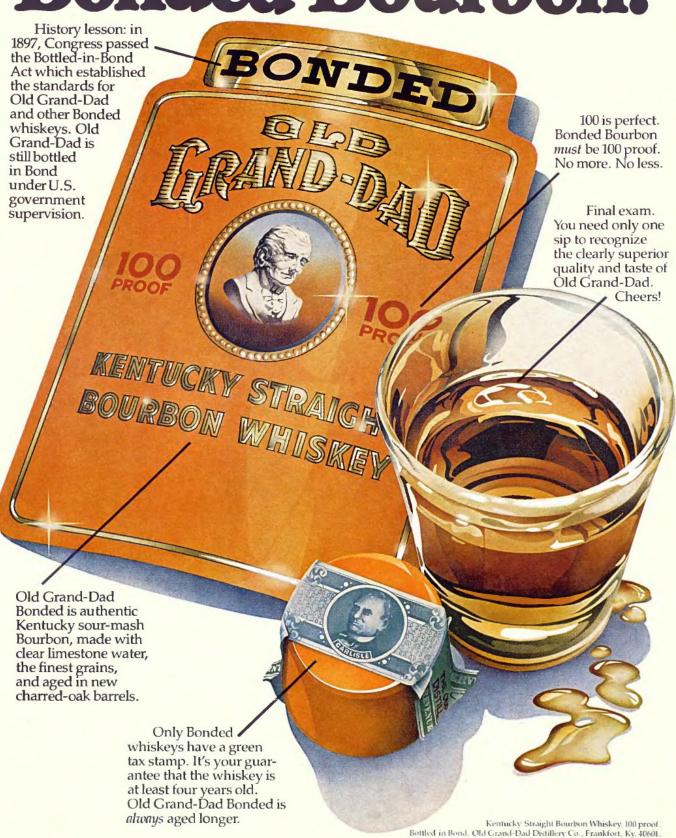


Photograph taken with a Mamiya M645 by Dennis Manarchy ©1979 Bell & Howell Mamiya Company. All rights reserved.



It would be a pity to use an M645 for ordinary photographs.

A short course in Bonded Bourbon.



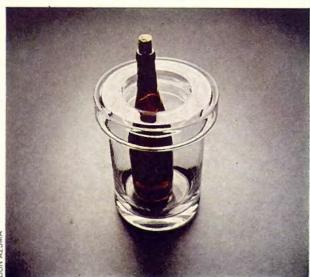


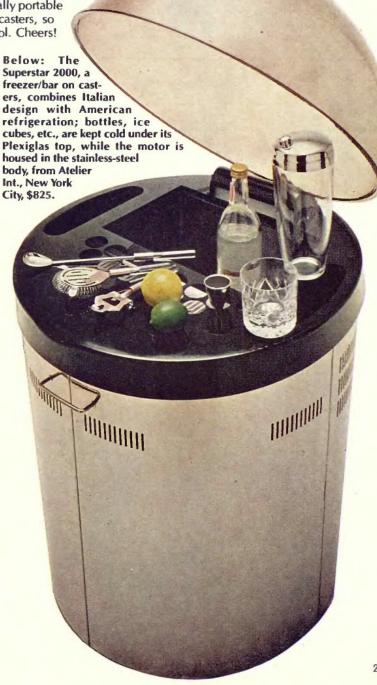
GADGETS

ne way to beat the long-hot-summer blahs is to go jump in a lake. Another is to settle back and watch the rest of the world work up a sweat while you dive into something wet and cold plucked from one of the handsome coolers pictured here. Two are totally portable and the third, an Italian-made domed Plexiglas minibar, is on casters, so that good times can roll-right out to the balcony, patio or pool. Cheers!



Above: This portable 15-lb. fridge plugs into 110 A.C. current or your car/boat cigarette lighter; thermoelectric modules ensure that it will stay at 42 degrees for hours even on the hottest days, from Koolatron of America, Peoria, Illinois, \$185. Below: Colony's two-piece glass wine cooler, \$40.





STYLE.

LIGHT UP YOUR LIFE

matchbox is only a matchbox, but a table or desk lighter is a luxurious plaything that's worth its weight in precious metals. There's only one rule to follow when you're shopping for the light of your life: Don't buy something tacky. A lighter that stands on its own is meant to be taken seriously. If the flame thrower you choose looks like you won it at a raffle, expect to see the look of love in your date's eyes fade faster than she can flick her own Bic. And we swear that your favorite smokes will taste better, too, when they're lit with a butane that costs big bucks.

—HOLLIS WAYNE-BUKSBAUM



Following the numbers: 1. Ronson Varaflame Eric II made of rose-wood and brushed satin aluminum, \$50. 2. French-made 18-kt. gold-ribbed cylinder, by Tiffany, \$580. 3. Four-inch-high silver-plated table lighter, by Dunhill, that's crafted after its classic pocket model, \$250. 4. An elongated Dupont lighter of Chinese lacquer, from Nat Sher-

man, New York City, \$650. 5. Tiffany's sterling-silver ball lighter, \$450. 6. 8raun electronic plastic lighter, \$50, including three ashtrays. 7. Hot Foot, a cigarette lighter on a 12-inch sterling-silver ruler, from A. & S. Olive, New York City, about \$190. 8. Colibri brushed-silver electronic table lighter, from Nat Sherman, about \$35.

DANCING IN THE STREETS

his past March, we pointed out that the new tapered trouser-leg silhouette that's gaining popularity looks better when worn with light, slim-styled shoes. Out of this comes an increasing demand for the type of jazzy professional dance shoe that hoofers on Broadway have been wearing for years. (Obviously, the popularity of disco dancing hasn't hurt the trend, either.) But just as everybody

who wears athletic shoes isn't a Reggie Jackson, not all those who step out in patent-leather Capezios are budding Gene Kellys or Fred Astaires. (With the number of musicals on Broadway this year, many of them may well be.) Colors range from basic black to a leather-soled metallic-silver shoe with a five-eighths
inch heel that's right out of The





A Different Drummer

We've noticed an epidemic in the past few months. Big-name beauties have been falling out of their party clothes all over New York and we're happy to report that MARGAUX HEM-INGWAY, seen playing drums with Tito Puente's band at Studio 54, proved no exception.

Big Wheels

THE CARS were voted best new band by a lot of people last year. They got their start in New England, found their earliest fans at Boston's New Wave club the Rathskeller, received recognition opening for Bob Seger in 1977, signed with Elektra that year, and the rest is hysteria. Now that The Cars have reached cruising speed, they can afford to take time off for other amusements such as the eyes-ometric exercise of jogger watching.

PRESTON / CAMERA

NEAL

Mercury Rising Every big rock act needs a flashy finale and Queen's glittering lead singer, FRED-DIE MERCURY, corralled two of his security guards for an encore to remember. We're wondering if the security team managed to work the concert dressed like the Man of Steel. Who knows? That could be the answer to crowd control.



Wooden Expression

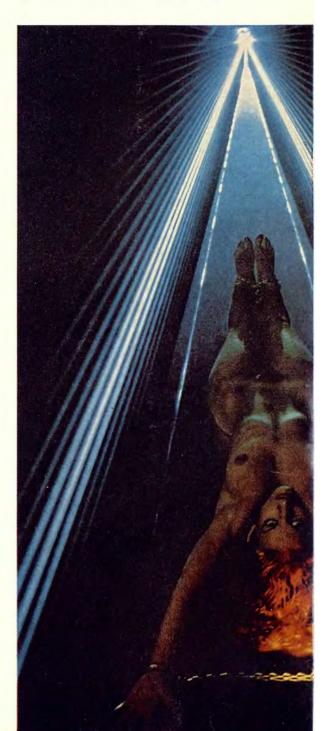
Well, now we know what Charlie McCarthy's been doing since Edgar Bergen passed away. No dummy he, Charlie's taken up with Saturday

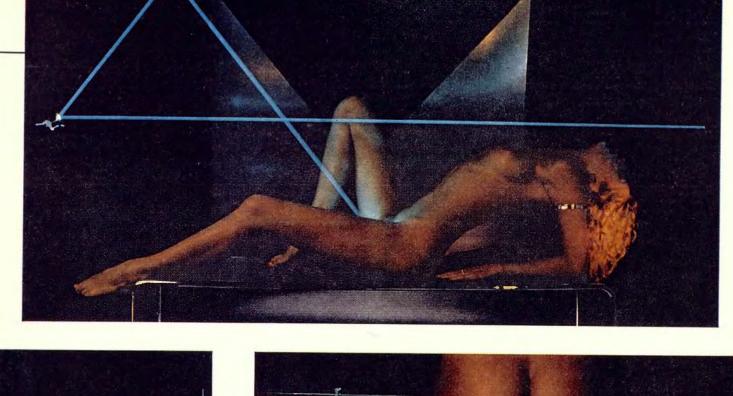




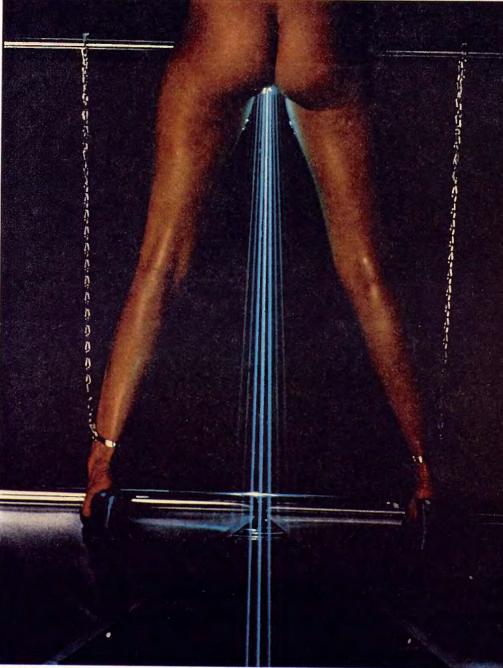
More Pictures from the German Edition of PLAYBOY— Or, We Leica These a Lot

PLAYBOY now has eight foreign editions—in France, Mexico, Italy, Spain, Japan, Germany, Brazil and Australia. Roving Eye's favorite is the German edition: Every month, we look forward to receiving a copy. We know that after we've passed it along to our Porsche mechanic, our car will—inexplicably—run that much better. Our fellow editors in Munich have a slightly different approach to eroticism, one that is a refreshing break from the home-grown variety. As you can see from these pictures, their taste runs to the technological. Photographer Rolf Appelbaum and a team of consultants (Michael Smit, Wolfgang Backhaus and Matthias Lauk) borrowed a laser from Spectra Physics and focused it on an exquisite volunteer, Petra Kleinsorg, herself a photographer. Is this what they call tripping the light fantastic?









COST OF TENDERLOIN SOARS

Prostitution is alive and well in San Francisco, despite the more than \$2,000,000 the city spends each year to control it. During 1977, when prostitutes accounted for 50 percent of the female population in local jails, police recorded 2938 prostitution busts-at a cost, including surveillance, arrest, custody, prosecution and court fees, of approximately \$1000 per suspect. Sociologists Marilyn Neckes and Theresa Lynch, who studied San Francisco prostitution arrests, concluded that those law-enforcement efforts apparently had no impact on the size of the hooker population. With that kind of success



Look familiar? Art aficionados claim that from a certain angle, Chicago's Picasso sculpture resembles a lady's private parts. Wonder what they'd make of this Montreal mural. Is its painter a budding Picasso?

record, it's no wonder vice-squad cops told Neckes and Lynch they'd just as soon decriminalize prostitution, leaving its control to social agencies. The researchers report that 50 percent of the hookers they interviewed wanted to get out of the life but saw no way to do it. Neckes and Lynch recommend diverting law-enforcement funds to job training and halfway houses for women who don't want to go all the way. Neckes found that 65 percent of the prostitutes with whom she talked were runaways. A significant number she termed burnouts-women in their mid to late 20s with no options but hustling and drug dealing. The burnouts claim their police records keep them from finding jobs, so they are forced to stay on the street just to survive. That's one reason Neckes and Lynch conclude that decriminalization of prostitution is an essential step toward solving the problem. Neckes, who is now at work on a locally produced television documentary about runaways, recommends additional social changes including alternative housing for runaways and a round-theclock hotline for prostitutes.

GRIN AND BARE IT

The beach bunny pictured here will have plenty of company around the country this

July 14 and 15, the fourth annual National Nude Weekend. Previous nude weekends have involved skirmishes between local authorities and skinny-dippers trying to establish designated swimsuit-optional beachheads. This year's combat in the buffer zone promises scheduled beach activities from coast to coast. For specific locations, order a copy of Free Beaches Sun & Guide. It's \$3.50 from Free Beaches, Box 132, Oshkosh, Wisconsin 54902.

HERPES HOTLINE

According to HEW's Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, the genital herpes virus, a proved carcinogen, continues to rampage unchecked. Transmitted sexually, the virus, for which there is as yet no known cure, remains for the life of its victim, unpredictably erupting into genital sores. Experts guess the disease is most communicable during this period of inflammation. But both experts

and herpes victims have had to make do with guesswork because herpes studies to date make for a slim volume. That's why the American Social Health Association has founded a new group called HELP—Herpetics Engaged in Living Productively. HELP is dedicated to raising money for herpes research, disseminating information and acting as a support group for

A touch of mink—mink's penis bone, that is. The pendant, augmented by gold nuggets, sells for a paltry \$95 at The Goldsmith—Columbia Rock Shop, 22499 Parrots Ferry Road, Columbia, California 95310.

people who have become infected. A herpes telethon may be in the not-too-distant future. Other planned services include a national herpes hotline to answer urgent questions and a network of local support groups. An annual five-dollar donation buys a subscription to *The Helper*, a quarterly newsletter



on herpes research. For information on joining HELP, write to Sam Knox, HELP Program Director, Box 100, Palo Alto, California 94302.

EVERYBODY MUST GET STONED?

If you think the organic movement has gone too far, with organic shampoo, tooth paste, clothes and furniture polish, stick around. What could be more organic than cows' gallstones? An Australian chemical firm exports the bovine cholesterol crystals to Asia and Europe as an aphrodisiac. The stones sell for about \$70 per ounce and are powdered for use.

PREGNANT HAMSTERS

University of Hawaii biochemist Jane Rogers has discovered a new test for male infertility. She collected sperm from a group of fertile men and a group of supposedly infertile men. She then took the samples and introduced them to a batch of treated hamster eggs. The fertile sperm fertilized from 15 to 100 percent of the eggs, while fertilization rated less than ten percent for the presumed infertile sperm.

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NEXT MONTH:





GOOD SKATES

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE ROLLING STONES"—AN INSIDER'S ACCOUNT OF THE DRUG-DRENCHED CRAZINESS THAT HAS MARKED THE LIVES OF JAGGER & CO.—BY TONY SANCHEZ

ROLLING STONES

"THE TOP OF THE HILL"—MICHAEL STORRS HAD IT ALL, FINANCIAL SUCCESS AND A BEAUTIFUL, LOVING WIFE, AND MAYBE THAT WAS THE PROBLEM. BEGINNING A RIVETING TALE BY MASTER STORYTELLER IRWIN SHAW

"FRONT RUNNER"—IF RUNNING IS RELIGION, AND IT JUST MAY BE, MARATHON MAN BILL RODGERS IS ITS MESSIAH. A PROFILE—BY PETER ROSS RANGE

"CANDY LOVING REVISITED"—IN WHICH, AMONG OTHER THINGS, WE CHECK OUT WHAT OUR 25TH-ANNIVERSARY PLAY-MATE HAS BEEN UP TO LATELY

"WASTE OF THE PECOS"—WOULD YOU LIKE A BATCH OF NU-CLEAR GARBAGE BURIED IN YOUR BACK YARD? THE CITY FATHERS OF CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO, WOULD. SOME OF THEIR FELLOW CITIZENS ARE NOT SO SURE—BY RICHARD RHODES

"PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW"—LAST YEAR, PROGNOSTICATOR ANSON MOUNT PICKED DALLAS TO WIN THE SUPER BOWL. TROUBLE WAS, NO ONE TOLD TERRY BRADSHAW

"TWENTY QUESTIONS: FRANK LANGELLA"—EVERYBODY'S A SUCKER FOR DRACULA THESE DAYS. A CHAT WITH THE GUY MOST RESPONSIBLE FOR TRANSFORMING THE BLOODTHIRSTY COUNT INTO A RED-HOT SEX SYMBOL—BY MARJORIE ROSEN

"GOOD SKATES"—THE NEWEST BALL-BEARING FOOTWEAR TO MAKE YOU THE BARYSHNIKOV OF THE ROLLER RINK

"THE VERY PERSONAL PLANE"—FLYING ISN'T ALL 747S AND DC-10S. THE LATEST IN BUILD-IT-YOURSELF (BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO) AIRCRAFT

"STAY AS YOU ARE"—HOT OFF THE SCREEN, SCENES FROM THE NEW MOVIE STARRING MARCELLO MASTROIANNI AND THE FANTASTIC NEW DISCOVERY NASTASSIA KINSKI

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