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Life is full of compromises. But it's nice to know that when it comes to your music, you don't have to settle for second-best. TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, NY 11530.

*In the unlikely event that any TDK cassette ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to your local dealer or to TDK for a free replacement. © 1979 TDK Electronics Corp





AYB

JANE AUSTEN'S LINE that "One half of the world cannot understand the pleasures of the other" comes to mind as we look at our August line-up, filled with stories of men whose pleasures would be, to the minds of many, no less than extreme pain. Irwin Show's hero, for instance, in The Top of the Hill, Part I of our excerpt from his forthcoming novel of the same title (published by Delacorte), feels that his life's worth living only when he's grinning down danger and death. But if Shaw's tale (illustrated by Vincent Topozio) is about a man with nerves of steel, Tony Sanchez' recounting of his seven years as on-staff dope supplier for the world's greatest rock-'n'-roll band is simply a story of nerves. Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones. . . . taken from Sanchez' forthcoming memoir Up and Down with The Rolling Stones (William Morrow), is final proof (if you need it) that while a little decadence is fun, too much is bad for your health.

Now, one pleasure that's good for one's health is running, but master marathoner Bill Rodgers takes it to limits that few human beings can equal and still call it pleasure. But running isn't Rodgers' torture. Trying to train for the 1980 Olympics as an amateur is. As reported in Going for the Gold, by Contributing Editor Peter Ross Range (illustrated by Dennis Magdich), Rodgers attacks the sports system that separates amateurs and professionals, and makes it hard for world-class amateurs like himself to bring home gold medals and make a living as

Speaking of living, nuclear power was considered a great boon to our way of life ten years ago; but today, after the near disaster at the Three Mile Island nuclear plant last spring and the temporary closing down of many reactors around the country, the word nuclear makes people more uncomfortable than it makes them hopeful. To find out the potentials and dangers of nuclear energy in its many forms, we sent Gila Berkowitz to visit with nuclear physicist Edward Teller, known as the father of the H-bomb. In a frank, informative and sure-to-be-controversial Playboy Interview, Teller discusses the future of nuclear reactors, what he calls the media's overreaction to the dangers of nuclear energy and the danger to national security if we don't keep pace with the Soviet Union in weapons research. Many will disagree with Teller's assessments, but no man can say he doesn't know his business.

Of course, it's a business whose most basic premises seem less than ironclad these days, as the folks in Carlsbad, New Mexico, are finding out. That's why they're having a hell of a time deciding whether or not to let the Government use their town as a disposal for nuclear waste. In Waste of the Pecos, Richard Rhodes visits Carlsbad and looks at the problem of atomic garbage dumps from the viewpoint of the prospective dumpees.

Before you dump a wad of cash on football bets this season, you'll want to arm yourself by reading Playboy's Pro Football Preview, compiled and written by our peerless sports prognosticator, Anson Mount, and illustrated by Reagan Wilson. And while we're mentioning peerless people, let us not forget the unequaled beauty of Condy Loving, our 25th-anniversary Playmate, whom we revisit in Another Loving Look, produced by Associate Photography Editor Jonice Moses and photographed by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag. Obviously, Candy isn't the only beautiful woman on our pages this month. There's August Playmate Dorothy Strotten, whom you first saw in our 25th Anniversary Issue as a runner-up in our Great Playmate Hunt. And to round out the issue (as if Dorothy weren't round enough), we have the latest in hot-weather wear in Turn On Your Brights, written by David Platt and photographed by Morco Gloviono. So who worries about the dog days?





















FREYTAG, MOSES



GLAVIANO

WILSON

PLAYBOY.

vol. 26, no. 8-august, 1979

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COVER STORY

Yes, folks, that's our delectable 25th-anniversary Playmate, Candy Loving (photographed by Executive Art Director Tom Staebler), wearing a satin disco jacket with our 25th-anniversary logo hand-stitched on the back. If you'd like to see more of Candy, turn to page 140. If you'd like to have your very own Playboy disco jacket, send your shirt size and a check for \$98 made out to Playboy Enterprises, Inc., to: Disco Jacket, c/o Playboy Enterprises, Inc., 747 Third Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. And when you boogie, think of us.

SHE'LL TAKE ROMANCE—playboy's playmate of the month 116 Judging from our mail, Vancouver-born Dorothy Stratten was one of your favorite finalists in last year's Great Playmate Hunt. Now she's the centerfold. Who says we don't listen to our readers?
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKEShumor
WASTE OF THE PECOS—article
VIVA VINO BIANCO!—drink EMANUEL GREENBERG 133 Summer is the perfect time to try those amiable, inexpensive Italian white wines.
THE TOP OF THE HILL—fiction
GOOD SKATES—modern living
ANOTHER LOVING LOOK—pictorial
PHYLLIS—ribald classic JONATHAN SWIFT 153
20 QUESTIONS: FRANK LANGELLA
PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW—sports ANSON MOUNT 160 Once again, our peerless prognosticator gives you an early line on teams and players in both conferences of the N.F.L.
PLAYBOY FUNNIES—humor
PLAYBOY'S PIPELINE
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It's crystal-clear.
It's a bit more expensive, but for a flawless, cool Tom Collins, the world comes to Gordon's."

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To make a long story short, we invite you to bring your next roll of 35mm film to a convenient Fotomat Store, drive up to the window and ask for:

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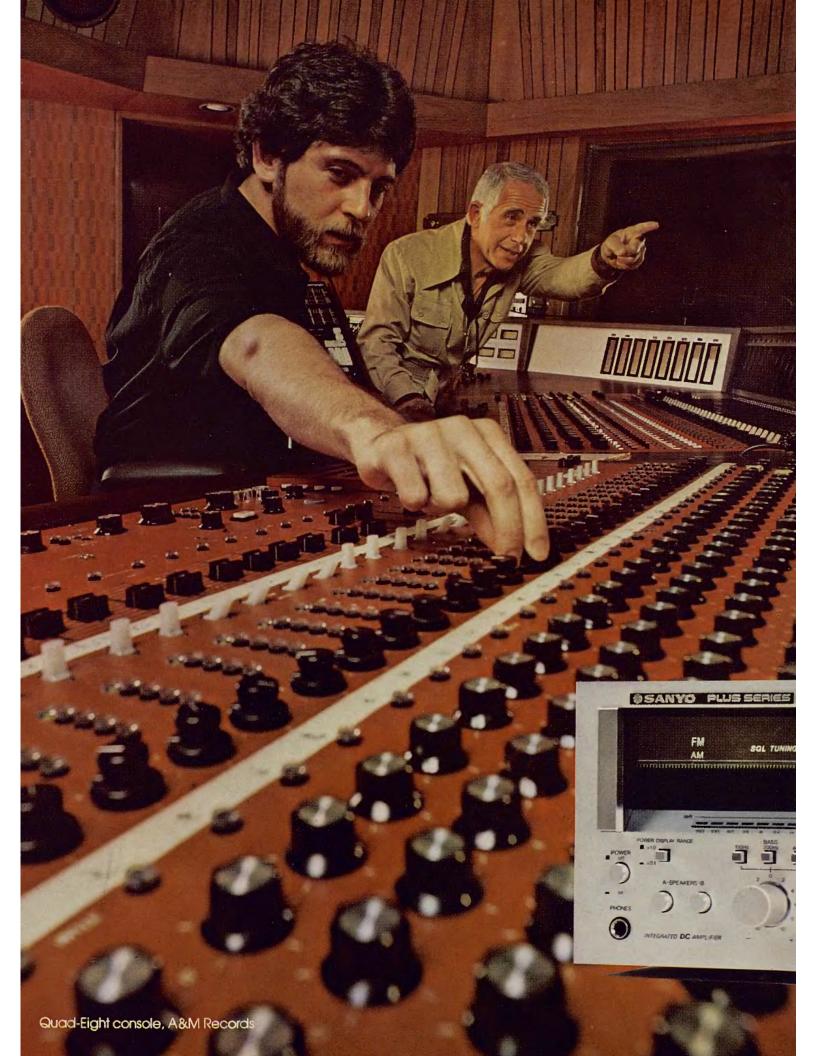
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



Henny who? Our 25th-anniversary Playmate, Candy Loving, breaks up as host Hef gags it up for the assembled troops. (For more on Candy, see page 140.)





Among those hobnobbing at the anniversary event were (above left, from left) Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, Inc., Tony Curtis and agent extraordinaire Irving "Swifty" Lazar; (above right) Norman (The Ropers, Three's Company, 87th Precinct) Fell and his wife, visiting the buffet table. Below, the irrepressible Chevy Chase trades quips with Caan, who made a rare TV appearance in honor of his longtime buddy, Hef.



600 GUESTS BID PLAYBOY A HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

Some 600 guests flocked to Playboy Mansion West for a gala 25th-anniversary party, taped for our special telecast on ABC-TV. Cohost of the event, with Hugh M. Hefner and Tony Curtis, was James Caan (below, with our 1979 Playmate of the Year, Monique St. Pierre, wearing the \$7000 official gown specially designed for her by Hollywood's Bob Mackie—whose television costumes for Cher revealed a great deal of her talent.





Above, Watergate principal John Dean, a 1975 interview subject, and wife, Maureen, visit with Hef; below, 1973 Playmate of the Year Marilyn Cole, accompanied by her steady escort, Baron Stephen Bentinck, pays her respects to Hefner.



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

A SERIOUS INTERVIEW WITH ACTRESS LINOA PURL, ALIAS CAOET JENNIFER SCOTT EVERY CADET AN ATHLETE? GRAYBOY'S WINTER ALL-AMERICA PICKS MACHO MEN— BRAINS AND BRAWN DONBLE JEOPARDY. BY TRAUMA OF A TAP-DANCING NO-TIMER

CADETS SPOOF PLAYBOY Now that the long gray line has a few curves in it, it wasn't surprising that the West Pointers' humor magazine took on



GAIL AND O.J. SOLE MATES AT SHOE FAIR

Acme Boots' John Rimsky was well heeled, celebritywise, at the National Shoe Fair in New York (above). On hand were grid star-actor O. J. Simpson and Playmate Gail Stanton.

CLINT TURNS MONIQUE EVERY WHICH WAY BUT LOOSE

Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre took her own sunshine to Sun Valley, Idaho, for the United States Ski Team Celebrity Invitational at Elkhorn Village. Actor Clint Eastwood (number 102, below) managed a collision with Monique before they reached the slopes.

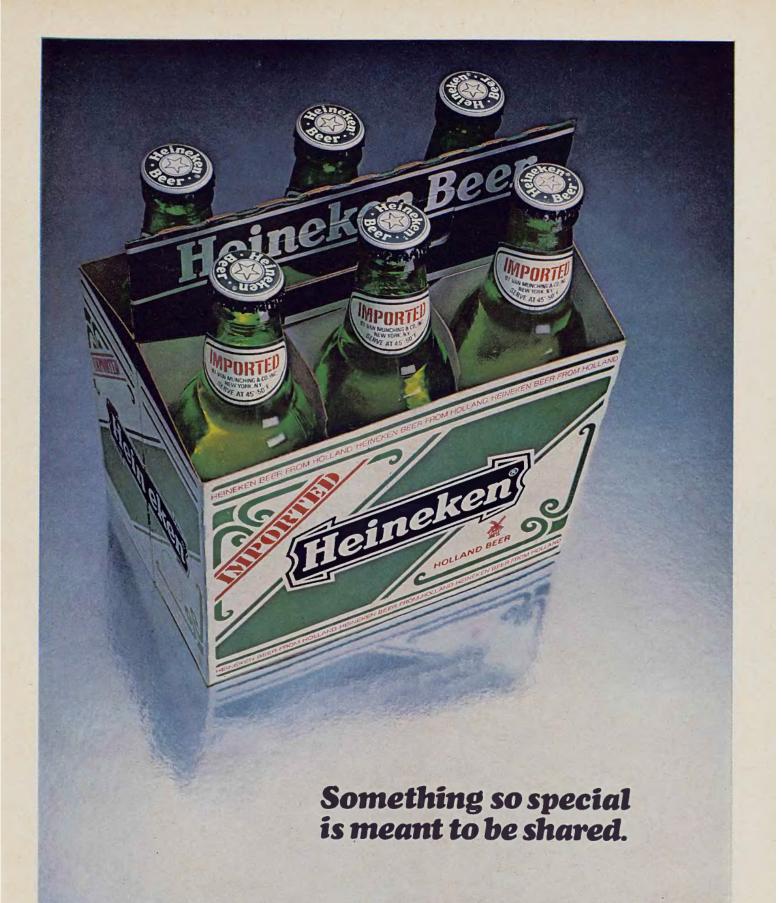


LONDON BUNNY HOPS TO FILMS

Ex-London Bunny Anika Pavel has struck gold in the movie business. She follows parts in *The Spy Who Loved Me* and *The Greek Tycoon* with a co-starring role in *The Golden Lady* from Target International Pictures (below right). The Czechoslovakian beauty is a swimming champ, a successful model and an expert parachutist.







Holland's Heineken, America's number one imported beer.

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

SPORTING GESTURES AT MANSION WEST

Now, that's what we call carrying the torch! Curvaceous USC coed Nancy Amons holds the Olympic-style flame aloft as she streaks across the grounds of Playboy Mansion West to open festivities for Hef's 53rd birthday party, billed as Hugh Hefner's First (& Last) Birthday Olympics. Among the day's events: foot races, obstacle courses, high jumps.



Recruited from the ranks of the Los Angeles Rams' cheerleaders, several Embraceable Ewes appear above as the Embraceable Hugh's, strutting their stuff with pompons. Below, members of UCLA marching band, assembled on the grounds, play—what else?—Happy Birthday to Hugh.







Miss April 1979, the diminutive Missy Cleveland, digs in for a lug of war, aided by the Easter rabbit and friends.





The birthday boy (left), suitably beribboned, expresses his thanks for all the attention, including a medal presentation (above) featuring (from left) songwriter Carol Connors, Muffy Durham and June 1975 Playmate Azizi Johari.



You're looking at three small sonic wonders that prove components no longer have to be big and bulky to sound big and beautiful. The Micro Series by Technics.

Take our power amp, the SE-C01. It has a high-speed switching power supply with filter capacitors that recharge 40,000 times a second instead of the usual 120. That's just one reason for the SE-C01's low distortion and clean, tight bass response. Direct coupling is another. With it, bass response goes all the way down to DC (0 Hz).

With an amplifier like this, you want power meters that measure up to it. 24 LED's provide true peak-power indication with extremely fast attack time.

Another big surprise is the SU-CO1 preamp. It's one preamp but it works like two. Because it has a built-in preamp for moving coil cartridges. It also has gold-plated connections to maximize signal transfer.

To add the finishing touch, there's the ST-C01 tuner. It gives you great FM specs and great FM sound. And that's a big achievement considering its small size.

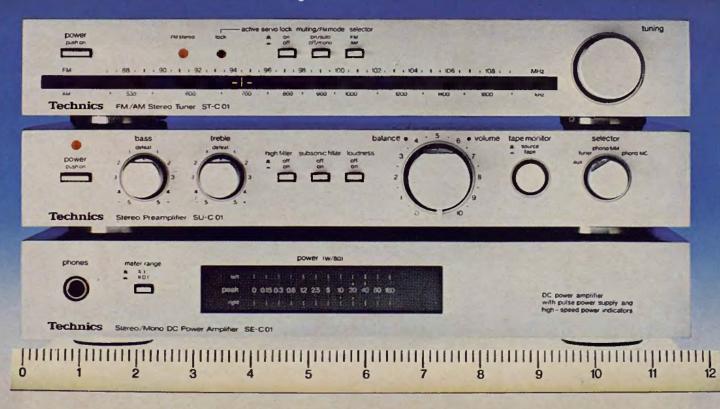
It's also a breeze to tune. Instead of conventional separate tuning meters, the center-of-channel indicator is on the tuning dial, where it's easy to see. Two LED arrows point you in the right direction for fine tuning.

Experience the Micro Series. Once you do, you'll agree: The big thing about them is definitely not their small size.

Technics micro series

SE-CO1				SU-CO1			ST-CO1			
per into	nuous power r channel o 8 ohms, iz – 20 kHz	Total Harmonic Oistortion	Signal to Noise Ratio	Total Harmonic Distortion	Phono Signal to Noise Ratio	Frequency Response	FM Sensitivity 50 dB (stereo)			
40	0 watts	0.03%	110 dB		90 dB (MM, 2.5 mV) 78 dB (MC, 250 μ V)		38.3 dBf	75 dB	45/35 d8	0.15%

With performance this big, the last thing you expect is components this small. The Micro Series by Technics.





DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS DEAR PLAYBOY PLAYBOY BUILDING 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

WENDY'S WINNING WAYS

After reading your May Playboy Interview with Wendy Carlos, I have come to the conclusion that she is probably the most intelligent and sensitive interviewee you've ever had. Her every statement is filled with crudition and a deep understanding of the sometimes terrifying forces we may face in life. Besides which she is very attractive. I kept looking back in amazement from the text to the pictures. I can't wait to hear more of those virtuoso synthesizer performances we've come to love. Welcome back, Wendy!

Ed DeJesus Narragansett, Rhode Island

Thank you for the Carlos interview. You have always had the reputation of shedding light in dark places, and this interview, reasoned, reasonable and compassionate, will do much to help many people. As a transgendered person myself, I have some idea of how much. I only wish I had read it 15 years ago, but I'm glad at least that people can read it now.

Linda Lec Oakland, California

Hats off to Wendy Carlos for "coming out" in a truly joyous way. Hats off to Arthur Bell for conducting this happy and liberating interview. The taboos are breaking down, thank goodness, and we who don't fit society's mold look forward to the day when gender will not matter and sexuality will become a free expression of love between living beings. Thank you, PLAYBOY, for bringing us one step closer to that enlightened age!

Leslie B. Oren Olympia, Washington

I, too, am a transsexual and had sexreassignment surgery three years ago. Back in the town where I went through most of the transition from male to female, I found that the attitudes of most people toward this subject are changing for the better. In a way, I'm sad for Wendy, because she had to disclose her secret to the world. The most successful of us, and perhaps the happiest, are those like myself whom no one will ever know about. I'm living a full and exciting life with my husband (who knows of my past) in a town where no one knows me as other than "normal." All this success is due to the love and understanding of family, friends and hundreds of others who helped me with the journey.

(Name withheld by request) Yakima, Washington

I was surprised and pleased to see that your May Playboy Interview was with a transsexual. Public understanding of this rare phenomenon can only be helped by exposing the public to courageous people such as Wendy Carlos. For persons interested in learning more about transsexualism, the Janus Information Facility (The University of Texas Medical Branch, Galveston, Texas 77550) distributes informational pamphlets and referrals to experienced doctors. Let me also take this opportunity to thank the Playboy Foundation for its monetary contribution made at the time of the founding of the Janus Information Facility. The support of the Playboy Foundation enabled us to carry on this important informationgiving-and-referral service when no other funds were available.

> Paul A. Walker, Ph.D., Director The Gender Clinic University of Texas Galveston, Texas

GALLOPING GASTRONOMES

I read with interest your article *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Eater*, by Rudolph Chelminski (PLAYBOY, May). It further convinced me of the questionable value of a guide such as *Kléber* on the top-level restaurants, since Jean Didier was apparently known at every

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one of the restaurants he visited with your writer. I was especially surprised at the encounter at La Pyramide. Two years ago, I visited that restaurant and had two dreadful meals. Upon returning to Paris, I interviewed Didier and asked him how a restaurant such as that maintained its top rating. His answer, as published in The New York Times, was, "Sentiment." He explained that he knew La Pyramide had fallen but that Madame Point was the aging widow of one of France's great cooks and out of respect for his memory, the rating was maintained. The rating, therefore, is not much help to tourists who follow that guide and spend \$50 to \$60 for an inferior meal.

Mimi Sheraton The New York Times New York, New York

Regarding Rudy Chelminski's wonderful article, *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Eater*, he is a very talented fellow and I think he has done a great job.

> Julia Child Cambridge, Massachusetts

I am amazed at the way Rudy brings in a physical and, parenthetically, a sexual slant to an article on gastronomy, but it all relates. I remember years ago seeing a guy in a restaurant with his girl go through all the preliminaries, stopping, only with difficulty, before actual copulation. My wife and I have been (thanks to Rudy) to several of those restaurants, and I am all the more amazed at Didier's palate—not to say envious of his frank criticisms of chefs and waiters, which I'd never dare.

Henry R. Hope Fort Lauderdale, Florida

FORCED BUSSING

I am an expert in turning women on, Whoever wrote that asinine statement that hand kissing should be reserved for "a midget" or for "titled Europeans over the age of 70" (Playboy's Pipeline, "Man & Woman," May) should review his methods of seduction. I happen to know that hand kissing more often than not is quite capable of making la belle femme feel more than merely charmed.

Mark Fineman

Cambridge, Massachusetts The reference, Mark, is to meeting strangers in public. Naturally, we see no fault in private hand kissing, provided

you don't stop there.

LA BELLE MICHELE

Your May Playmate, Michele Drake, is gorgeous! Her gatefold is one of the best ever to appear in your magazine and has now become one of my all-time favorites.

S. Schmidt Milwaukee, Wisconsin

My first sighting of Michele Drake came with the Great Playmate Hunt

section of your 25th Anniversary Issue. I have contemplated seeing more of her ever since. Of course, I knew you wouldn't let me down. Thanks, PLAYBOY, for a terrific May issue. And especially for a beautiful Miss May.

Tim Wolfe Boulder, Colorado

We, the men of Johns Hopkins University, heartily approve of your pulchritudinous pinup. After seeing Michele Drake, the *California Girl*, we're all headed for Stanford. She has our early vote for Playmate of the Year. Could we please have more?

The Johns Hopkins Astronomical and Girl Watching Society Baltimore, Maryland

We suspect that yours is not an authorized campus organization. However, we can see the value in combining two



apparently disparate interests. We doubt that you'll need your telescopes to appreciate this lunar landscape.

GERIATRIC JOCKS

Roger Kahn's article Past Their Prime (PLAYBOY, May) is a splendid study of aging athletes, but Kahn is remiss in omitting one of the finest examples of the genre. Archie Moore, the old Mongoose, was 45 (or older) when he held the world's light-heavyweight title. He was a fighter of such defensive skills that his handsome face remains unmarked to this day, and he possessed a punch so devastating that his record of 140 knockouts goes unchallenged.

Walter B. Dunning Circle Pines, Minnesota

Kahn fails to mention any NASCAR drivers, such as Richard Petty and David Pearson, who are both in their 40s and surely must be losing their valuable sense of depth perception, requiring instant decisions on their part, which could very

well mean life or death to the aging driver, at speeds well over 100 miles per hour. And what about the aged superstar Jim Bouton, who, at 39, returned to baseball last season? Regardless of what he wrote about baseball (in his best seller, Ball Four), the knuckleballer displayed guts and determination in the four official games he pitched for the Atlanta Brayes.

Michael J. McNamer Orlando, Florida

FILES ON PARADE

The article in the March issue of PLAYBOY magazine (After Hours) is outstanding and we have received many, many favorable comments on it from people around the country. Unfortunately, the article does not show Rolodex® rotary files as a trademark. Rolodex Corporation values its trademarks, since they distinguish our products from competing brands and symbolize our solid reputation in the market place.

Joseph C. Crowley, Jr. Executive Vice-President Rolodex Corporation Secaucus, New Jersey

Sorry. We've filed that information away for future reference.

MM REMEMBERED

Regarding The Private Life of Marilyn Monroe (PLAYBOY, May), Lena Pepitone should stick to domestic duties, as her own allegations smell worse than her "revelations." Perhaps Marilyn's digestive problems stemmed from the food she was served, as apparently her maid prefers dishing out slop.

Gary C. Day Nashville, Tennessee

Your candid article brings to light the sensitive and tortured soul of a misloved woman. Many people can't cope with being "normal," let alone being a lonely sex symbol and star. She was a sincere and genuine person who needed to be loved for herself and herself alone. I wish she weren't gone.

Bill Guyton High Bridge, New Jersey

As far as this reader is concerned, it seems very unfair that her memory is allowed to be tarnished by the likes of Lena Pepitone and William Stadiem! Personal and private stories are best left untold. If they are published at all, leave them for the supermarket tabloids, not for PLAYBOY. One important thing the writers of this story seemed to forget is that for all her fame, Marilyn was only human!

G. Rehm New York, New York

To kick a lady when she's not around to defend herself seems to be the current trend. Joan Crawford has been subjected



Chances are, you're accustomed to drinking the best. So when you want something lighter than your usual, such as wine or an aperitif, why not

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to this viciousness, as has Jayne Mansfield. If Lena Pepitone was Marilyn Monroe's friend, I'd hate like hell to meet her enemies.

> John Dell Santa Barbara, California

Why can't they let this beautiful woman rest in peace? She suffered enough scandals and gossip when she was alive—is there any end in sight? All I personally ever want to remember about Marilyn Monroe is her shining image on the screen and the electricity and sensuality she conveyed. I think this article was in very poor taste and I am shocked that it appeared in PLAYBOY. You're usually far above this sort of gossip.

Monica Pierce Las Vegas, Nevada

Who cares? I would rather enjoy the delicious façade that she so expertly and painstakingly projected.

Jack McDonnell Los Angeles, California

I must admit that I haven't read an article as interesting, sad or touching in quite a long time as the one about Marilyn Monroe in your May issue. I commend Lena Pepitone and William Stadiem for the fine writing and I congratulate you for publishing the article.

James Juanitas San Francisco, California

FICTION FREAKS

I feel compelled to send belated thanks for your March issue. I buy your magazine irregularly, mainly just when the fiction looks particularly fine. Both the excerpt from Joseph Heller's Good as Gold and Harlan Ellison's fantasy All the Birds Come Home to Roost are more than worth the admission price.

Neil Renton Cleveland, Ohio

Let's hear it again, and often, from Philip Cioffari (Lady Chastity's Last Stand, PLAYBOY, May). His fiction is fresh and delightful.

R. D. Reno Albuquerque, New Mexico

TANKS A LOT

The article I Was a Military-Industrial Complex, by Arthur T. Hadley (PLAYBOY, May), concerning the fictitious A. T. Hadley Tank Company, is, on a superficial level, somewhat amusing. There is, however, nothing amusing about the basic dishonesty of keeping up the fiction that such a company existed when, in fact, it was not a functioning entity.

Allan S. Hjerpe Pacoima Moat & Drawbridge Service Topanga, California

I Was a Military-Industrial Complex is one of the most amusing articles I have

ever read and I enjoyed it immensely. I wish that I had written it.

James M. Gavin Cambridge, Massachusetts

Gavin is a retired lieutenant general of the Army, former tactics instructor at West Point and U.S. Ambassador to France from 1961 to 1963.

REGGIE REDUX

In reference to Reg Potterton's fine article on the Antigua outrage (Captains Outrageous!, April), I must direct you to the paragraph atop page 236 in which he remarks, "One fool wears a patch over his right eye where he was flailed by a snapping wire cable on a flogging headsail." There's no fool like one who



will admit his own foolishness. I enclose a photo that you may use as you wish before forwarding it to Reggie with my regards.

> Tom Corcoran Key West, Florida

MOST-WANTED LIST

Thought you might be interested in this all-points bulletin. Apparently, more than one police officer reads PLAYBOY.

ALL POINTS: WE RESPECTFULLY RE-QUEST THAT YOU REFRAIN FROM CHECKING ON THE DRIVERS' LICENSES OF PLAYBOY PLAYMATES DENISE P. MC CONNELL AND CANDICE LOVING-WE ARE NOT AUTOMATED AND IT IMPEDES NECESSARY TRAFFIC FOR REQUESTING STATIONS—THE ADDRESSES GIVEN IN ARTICLES ARE CORRECT AND I BELIEVE THE DESCRIPTION OF SUBJECTS IS OBVIOUS-THE ONLY INFORMATION WE COULD GIVE YOU WOULD BE THE DRIVER'S-LICENSE NUMBER. THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP.-OKLAHOMA CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA.

> (Name and address withheld by request)





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CLASSIC QUALITY SINCE 186



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



SUE THE PASTORS!

Clergymen in Iowa, Wisconsin, Nebraska. Ohio and Colorado can now buy insurance to defend themselves against legal action by parishioners. Church Mutual Insurance Company, a specialist in insurance for churches and parochial schools, started writing the policies in response to entreaties by ministers besieged by lawsuits of ill-advised members of their flocks, usually for providing false counsel on such worldly matters as marriage, divorce and vocational selection. As with policies available to psychologists and guidance counselors, the malpracticewhat-they-preach insurance offers benefits of up to \$300,000 to compensate for both errors of commission and errors of omission.

Remember, the towels belong to the people! A confusing Help Wanted ad in the New Orleans Times-Picayune placed by the Hilton Hotel said it was looking for "Maids, Butlers and Commies."

Let's hear it for Sparrow Teriyaki! The Taei Sangyo company of Tokyo has notified the U.S. State Department that it is interested in buying American sparrows-preferably ones that weigh about 20 grams each and are frozen and ready to eat. The firm said that its representatives are ready to visit the U.S. to assist an American company and guide it "on how to catch small birds and how to process them" into frozen foods for Japanese consumption.

SOLE KISSING

Everybody loves a lover-to a point: that was evidenced recently on the streets of New York. A Scandinavian tourist visiting the Big Apple proved himself a romantic sole man of the first magnitude when he propositioned a plainclothes policewoman-offering to kiss her shoes.

Police officer Mary Glanton was posing as a prostitute on Eighth Avenue when she was approached by Robert Blond of Copenhagen. Blond, in pursuit of happy feet, was attracted to the officer, walked up to her and whispered in her ear, "Give you ten dollars if you let me kiss your feet."

In a move that would make Dr. Scholl shake. Blond was immediately arrested for patronizing a prostitute (and wouldn't you consider yourself patronized if someone was interested only in your patent-leather pumps?) but was subsequently turned loose by a Manhattan criminal-court judge who ruled: "Permitting one's feet to be kissed is not sexual conduct." Uh-huh. Ever wonder why Buster Brown is always smiling when you put your foot into one of his shoes?

Howard Hughes update: This just in from the Fergus Falls, Minnesota, Daily Journal's "Today in History" column: "In 1976, billionaire Howard Hughes

died at the age of 70 while being blown in a chartered plane from Acapulco, Mexico, to a hospital in Houston." And he had been worried about atomic fallout in Nevada!

Sure, it's convenient, but is it worth mucking up the air with fluorocarbons? An ad in the Brownsville, Texas, Herald offered a sale on "Off Incest Repellant."

Not to mention sticky on the shoes. The New York Times recently ran an article titled: "Study at Hooker Plant Found '75 Emissions Dangerous to Health."

THE EYE-OF-NEWT SYNDROME

At a time when most of us are quaking in our boots at the prospect of a group of terrorists' getting their hands on weapons-grade nuclear material, it's comforting to know that the Government is prepared.

According to a publication put out by the Government Printing Office, the U.S. Office of Technology Assessment has written a report on "nuclear diversion controls," the highlight of which is a chart of deterrents including "sanctions, political pressure, curses, spells and incantations."

The Lincoln, Illinois, Courier ran an advice column for senior citizens on how best to offset the effects of winter weather. One of the suggestions was to "Draw window shades and drapes at night to reduce winter heat loss through the ass." And, we suspect, go easy on the prunes, while you're at it.

BIRDS AND BEES AND AIRPLANES

The next Saturday night you find yourself in a romantic mood but without the benefit of a hot date, consider the plight of the amorous carpenter bee-a lovesick lout who often, in the heat of passion,

tries to give a hickey to a passing Boeing 747. Research conducted at Georgetown University has found that the carpenter bee is a Romeo to be reckoned with: a master of mating strategies but not so hot at deciding what to mate with. According to a report, carpenter "males sallied forth from hover spaces and often attacked airborne objects . . . including dandelion puffs." Also high on the indiscriminate bees' hit list were birds and airplanes coming in for a landing at nearby National Airport. Experts at Georgetown cannot really explain the bees' lack of romantic expertise. So until someone comes up with the insect equivalent of Masters and Johnson, perhaps prescription sunglasses would bee in order.

The South shall rise again. Big. The Virginia Jaycees have announced the opening of nominations for the Five Outstanding Hung Men of Virginia awards, The Alexandria Gazette proclaimed. The search is for the five young men "who best exemplify the Virginia tradition of achievement," an organization spokesman said.

SNOW WHITE VS. THE MOON MEN

Some high schools worry about drugs. Others worry about violence. At Middletown North High School in New Jersey, however, the biggest crisis arose in the guise of a group of droopy-drawered dwarfs.

This close encounter of the nerd kind occurred during the Senior Frolic show, an event that raised \$3600 and 1800 eyebrows. The action began during the stage show's finale, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Before hapless Snow White had a chance to warble "Someday my prince will come," five of her seven dwarfs came unglued. They dropped their trousers onstage and treated the shocked audience to a cheek-to-cheek rendition of Hi-hoisms.

Oddly enough, school officials did not find this moonshining artistically valid. And so, when the dwarfs dropped their pants, the school dropped the curtain. Later, it dropped the ax, suspending the five swash unbucklers for three days. The Senior Frolic for next year has already been canceled. Seems that someone heard a rumor about a unique rendition of *The Three Bears*.

COATS AND TIES FOREVER

If you ever want to make a big impression on a sixth grader, just wear a coat and a tie. That's what researchers Bernd Baldus and Verna Tribe have reported in *The Canadian Review of Sociology and Anthropology*. The researchers say that in the eyes of a typical sixth grader, not only do clothes make the man, they also make for attitudes that would give

even the most conservative A.C.L.U. member the dry heaves.

In a study conducted by the University of Toronto, a group of students was shown two photos: The first pictured a well-dressed chap named Mr. Gordon; the second, a casually dressed fellow named Mr. Ellis. Suave and debonair Gordon scored big with the kids, while plain old Ellis was regarded as a social leper. According to the students, well-dressed Gordon simply had to have a big

GUEST LECTURE BRITT EKLAND: MY ADVICE TO WOMEN



First of all, do not move in with a man! At least, do not give up your own home or your work to move in with a man. The more you start getting into a man and his life—trying to make it for the two of you—the less exciting you become. You need that electricity between the two of you all the time, that feeling of excitement present when you first met. Since it included your work and independence, you must never lose it.

I doubt I will ever marry again, because I've got all I could ask for: two kids, a great career and wonderful friends. I don't want anything except for men to get out of my bed in the morning and I don't really care how they feel about that. I've stayed once too often myself.

And I'm not looking for younger men, either, as has been reported in the press. You could say they're looking for me, though. What I am looking for is the kind of energy younger men have. They're not looking for breakfast in bed, ironed pants and someone who does the shopping and mopping up. I don't want someone bringing me breakfast in bed, either. I'll never live with anyone again unless I can find myself a good wife.

house, a great car, friends in high society and obedient offspring. "He has a good business," they envisioned. "He's an executive."

Casual Ellis, on the other hand, was pictured as "the sort of guy that watches football.... He could be a popcorn salesman." Adding insult to injury, Ellis was described as being likely to lie, having friends who hung out on street corners and being a "gambler that loses."

T-shirt and jeans wearers of the world need not be too disheartened by the study, however. After all, this test concerned value judgments made by preteeners only. That is the same group, you will remember, whose role models include such stylish fashion plates as Kiss, Debby Boone and The Incredible Hulk.

James J. Kilpatrick, that Mixmaster of ideas in this age of Cuisinarts, commented in a recent column in the Joplin, Missouri, *Globe* that the Washington State Supreme Court supported the view that cities "can indeed impose come control on these outlets [adult theaters] for X-rated porn."

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

Jogging may strengthen the legs, improve the circulation and do wonders for the heart, but in many metropolitan areas, it may also lead to premature croaking on the part of the jogger. With the number of runners increasing nationwide and more and more dedicated dashers taking to the streets for exercise, police officials are finding incidents of hit and, er, run on the rise. In the New York metropolitan area, for instance, some roadside deaths are ascribed to poor visibility on the part of either the jogger or the driver. In some instances, drivers veer their vehicles too close to joggers for a cheap thrill or in order to toss bottles or other debris at the harried runners.

"Sometimes you take your life in your hands during a regular workout," comments Vincent Chiapetta, past president of the Road Runners Club of New York. Local police are just as upset over the sudden rash of hit-and-jog mishaps. Not only can't they prevent the accidents, they can't keep an accurate record, either. "Part of the problem is that many people wear jogging or running shoes," bemoans Detective Sergeant William Gutersloh of New York's Nassau County Police Department. "If they're hit alongside a road, you don't know whether they have been walking, running or just intended to cross the street."

Knowledgeable joggers urge their peers to run in well-lighted areas, facing traffic, and to wear bright-orange clothing to cut down on accidents. For the more fatalistic runner, there is always the possibility of wearing a handy and helpful



What makes Lee legs look so much longer? It's the lean, clean fit of his European straight-leg jeans in ribless corduroy. And the curvy cut of her denim Capri jeans. They're both sky-high in fashion now. The Lee Company, 640 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 10019. (212) 765-4215.

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medallion that reads: I AM A DEAD JOG-GER; PLEASE DO NOT CONFUSE ME WITH AN ORDINARY PEDESTRIAN.

WOULD DRANO HURT YOUR PIPES?

For anyone wishing to impress a pair of would-be parents with feats of precognition, here's a handy, albeit messy, parlor trick discovered by a doctor in Winnipeg. According to Dr. Sidney Nelko, there is now a way to determine the sex of an unborn child that is simple to perform and effective 80 percent of the time. Carefully mix two teaspoons of liquid Drano (remember, this stuff's caustic!) with two teaspoons of a pregnant woman's morning urine. If the solution turns brown or golden, the baby will be a girl. If it turns chunky, you've grabbed a package of Cup-A-Soup.

The Journal-Times of Racine, Wisconsin, in commenting on last winter's severity, characterized Wisconsin's condition in this bold-faced headline: "AREA LIMP FROM WINTER BLOWS," Let's hope the residents recover sufficiently to enjoy being limp after this summer's sun strokes.

The Playground Daily News of Fort Walton Beach, Florida, published an ad for an experienced concrete estimatorsalesperson who could endure "heavy daily contact with the pubic."

O YE OF LITTLE RATINGS

This past TV season has proved so abysmal that many network programers feel that only divine intervention will prevent this coming season from evolving into yet another full-fledged fiasco. Well, cheer up, network biggies, here comes Father Terry Sweeney, a Jesuit priest who feels that the TV realm is "mission territory." Sweeney, in his off hours, has become an actor, specializing in portraying priests on TV. "When you compare one priest on a pulpit with an actor in front of a camera," he explains, "the extension of the message is so much greater [on TV]."

When he's not portraying inspiring role models on the tube, Sweeney writes modern-day parables for mass TV consumption. No need to worry about violence or excess jiggles in his moralistic scripts, either. His censorship comes from above. Case in point: a recent Barnaby Jones episode penned by the priest. On the night of the telecast, recalls the Jesuit, "a funny thing happened. . . . There was a power blackout in L.A. that cut out the seven minutes of the show that contained a violent killing. . . . It was as if God were saying: Terry, I want you to think twice about writing detective stories."

Now, if only Terry's boss would turn His attention to Hello, Larry.

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BOOKS

Robin Cook has the natural predatory instinct that assures success in the pulp-fiction field. His second novel, Coma, went for the jugular-everyone's natural fear of hospitals and not always unwarranted distrust of doctors. Cook's latest, Sphinx (Putnam), shows a similar appreciation of mass culture. Our guess is that he saw all those people standing in line for the King Tut exhibit and speculated what 1,000,000 times the cover price of a book on Egyptian relics would add up to. Our next guess is that Cook will be able to buy the King Tut exhibit after this book hits the stands. The fast-paced Sphinx is essentially a Nancy Drew Goes to Egypt story for adults. The heroine has a doctorate in Egyptology, a stunning figure and doubts about her relationships with men. Her independence brings her to the Valley of the Kings; her intelligence, or lack of it, brings her into the midst of the black market; and her doubts get her into bed with a tall, dark stranger. Sphinx offers passion, romance, murder and artifacts galore. This book won't last 4000 years, but it will certainly get you through a few hours.

Now that marijuana is about as rare as beer, it's probably safe to predict that books on the subject will proliferate like the killer weed itself. Of the current crop, the best by far is Albert Goldman's Grass Roots: Marijuana in America Today (Harper & Row). Goldman has already published some respectable works on counter- and pop-culture subjects, from Lenny Bruce to disco, and he generally combines a delightfully anecdotal style, a scholarly respect for research and some first-rate analytical history. Those elements are present in Grass, but much of its entertainment value derives from his own account of his field work-a solo journey to darkest-Colombia dopeland.

The reader can easily picture one rather klutzy journalist-explorer whose very helplessness and naïveté so amuse the local cannibals that they choose not to boil him in their pot (as it were). It becomes a fun trip—at least for the reader—followed by an excellent discourse on the incredible ballet presently being performed among professional drug smugglers and their Federal opposition. To students of the American Prohibition period, it sounds just like "the good old days."

Bay of Pigs: The Untold Story (Simon & Schuster), by Peter Wyden, is a definitive history of that tragic time in 1961 when our planned invasion of Cuba failed. Wyden located and talked with men who had served with those who died on the beaches; most of the survivors, he writes, "had never been interviewed. In most



Sphinx: Riddles + relics + romance = \$\$\$.

Cook stirs up death and dollars on the Nile, Goldman delves into dope and Wyden dissects the Bay of Pigs.



Grass Roots: No potboiler this.



Bay of Pigs: macho mistakes.

homes, the wives and in-laws obviously had never heard these memories before.... Defeat is not easy to share."

What comes through loud and clear in this book is that the decision-making process in J.F.K.'s Washington was shaped by strange forces-by men who were eager to please one another, who valued "ambience" and "approval" more than clear thinking, who were relatively inexperienced and who possessed what Wyden calls "the Yale brand" of leadership, lacking respect for basic human rights. President Kennedy himself, a Harvard man, comes in for much of the blame. As seen here, he was neither organized nor perceptive in dealing with the incipient disaster. He spent a lot of time listening to the advice of Allen Dulles of Princeton and Richard Bissell of Yale. It really was an Ivy League time.

These supposedly professional planners made crucial mistakes. There were reefs offshore, which hampered attempts at an amphibious landing; agency men assigned to the operation spoke, for the most part, minimal Spanish; the morale of the Cuban people was woefully misjudged . . . the list goes on and on. After reading Wyden's analysis, you might give the Carter Administration a little more credit for not bringing us the Bay of Iran. *Macho* invasions orchestrated by vain men may be behind us. We hope.

There are those-John le Carré and Frederick Forsyth, for instance-who write superb espionage thrillers and those who pen expert epics: James Michener and James Clavell are the best practitioners of that genre. But there are very few novelists who can combine the cleverness of the first and the broad canvas of the second to produce a totally grandiose, exciting work. Trevanian does all thatand more-in his new novel, Shibumi (Crown), which is characterized by the author's unerring ear for dialog, his facility for storytelling that maintains reader interest despite the complexity of the plot and his ability to make biting satiric commentaries on everything from Americans to the P.L.O.

Nicholai Hel, the hero of this, Trevanian's fourth novel, is the assassin extraordinaire: He's ruthless, cultured, a perfectionist, an expert on food, sex, the good life—a man whose unique powers of perception and concentration give him the decided edge in most confrontations. Hel has retired from the business of exterminating international terrorists, but a young woman, Hannah Stern, brings him out of his retirement in an 18th Century château in the Basque mountains and into the hands of British Intelligence and the CIA.

What's refreshing about *Shibumi* (the title is a Japanese term denoting a rare type of refinement and excellence) is

that it gives us more than a good yarn about terrorists, spies and killings. Trevanian steeps us in both Japanese and Basque history, touching upon such esoteric pursuits as an advanced sexual practice known as The Delight of the Razor as he spins his yarn across decades, continents and generations. If you are already one of Trevanian's fans, you'll agree that this is his most ambitious and intriguing work so far. If you're not, we suggest that you start with Shibumi.

So you think you don't care about shopping centers, the late Bishop James Pike or orchids? You will after you read Joan Didion's The White Album (Simon & Schuster), a new collection of essays that easily rivals her previous nonfiction work, the excellent Slouching Towards Bethlehem. Didion explores, in her cool, very particular, very quiet and precise sensibility, the nuances of existence: from living in Malibu to migraine headaches to what it means to read Doris Lessing. Didion's distinctive voice embraces all her subjects, rendering each of the essays an absolute delight; her personal observations uplift even the most seemingly trivial topics to supreme significance. To read The White Album is to gain insight into life in the Sixties and Seventies, the women's movement, California and, most importantly, the workings of Joan Didion, consummate artist and observer extraordinaire.

A novel about mountain climbing, friendship, injury and manhood, James Salter's Solo Faces (Little, Brown) is one of those compact, stylish, engrossing books that leave you with sweat on your palms. Best of all, it is a study of the modern male—complex and simple, aged and immature, alternately finding and losing conscience and hope in the eternal struggle for identity that seems to be a special war for men today.

Hollywood is built on, and of, so much artifice that it has been difficult for serious novelists to write about. But Karen Stabiner, in *Limited Engagements* (Seaview), has taken a cool, dead aim on the biz of showbiz and produced a first novel that studies, with unsparing accuracy, the relationship of a boy-wonder studio head and his female-director live-in. Stabiner has drawn on her experience as a film columnist to map a landscape where the highest order of sexuality is reserved for deal making.

Dan Greenburg Is Alive and Well in Paperback Department: We got Dan to do an assignment on cops for our December issue if we'd mention that his suspense thriller Love Kills is out in paper (Pocket Books) this month. For hard-core Greenburg fans—and who isn't?—the novel is a must for summer reading.

DINING & DRINKING

on't dismiss Bern's Steak House at 1208 South Howard Avenue in Tampa, Florida, as just another beef eatery; this one-ofa-kind restaurant stands as a monument to American Simple-the steak and baked potato. Bern's prepares both so exquisitely that it has been suggested that the place be declared anational resource.

And besides dishing up the perfect steak, Bern's serves as the depository for the world's definitive collection du vin: No fewer than 6000 entries grace owner Bern Laxer's mammoth wine list, a true reference work for any ocnologist, which is printed by Bern on his basement printing

press.

Immediately upon meeting Bern, a spry man of 55, you know you are in the company of one of the world's most talented eccentrics. Instead of camping out idly behind a desk or hobnobbing with the dozen statues at the front door of his restaurant, Bern, usually dressed in Bermuda shorts, haunts the kitchen, broiling steaks over chemical-free lump charcoal.

Laxer is a man driven by obsessions: He demands that would-be waiters first serve an apprenticeship on his allorganic farm near Tampa Stadium; he grinds and blends up to 12 different types of coffee beans for each cup of coffee (and that only after the diner has ordered coffee); and he watches like an old mother hen over three warehouses nearly bursting with the wines he cannot keep in his cayernous cellar in the restaurant.

Bern and his crew of 170—that's one staff member for every two seats—slave over the mundane to create a work of culinary art from what many restaurants treat as an afterthought. To wit: Bern tosses five varieties of greens, plus peeled celery flavored with anise, a peeled tomato and olives marinated in herbs and olive oil into the house salad. Then



Bern's steaks are big and wonderful, and the wine list is more so.

he lavers a blanket of cress sprouts grown from London-imported seeds and mixes it with a dressing he has concocted in his lavish test kitchen, where such masterpieces are born. It's just a simple house salad, and a microcosm of Bern's vegetarian dinner salad.

And the steaks: 85 variations, aged anywhere from five to eight weeks, allowing the meat to become tender and a bit sweet. About one sampled steak, Robert Gourdin, the national director of Les Amis du Vin, asserted: "It was one of the best-if not the best-I've had. Anywhere."

Bern's desserts range from Bernmelted-and-blended American chocolate to Bern-

brewed cappuccino, reportedly a favorite of restaurant critic Leonce Picot, author of *Great Restaurants of the United States*. Our party happily sampled several desserts and found them all a shade more than decadent. The King Midas, a fresh carrot cake (Bern-grown carrots, of course) topped with Bern-mixed macadamia-nut ice cream and a secret liqueur, disappeared first. The Baked Alaska, too, was a heart stopper.

Before, during and after dinner, it is impossible to keep from inspecting Bern's wine list. And upon careful browsing, you wish that you had a few extra hundreds in your wallet. A 1919 La Tache (calling it rare would be an understatement) goes for a song—and \$730. A bottle of Château Lafite-Rothschild 1841 is \$3100. Bern's list is available for sale, at the restaurant only, for \$17.68 (one to a customer, please).

Because of the national and international interest being focused on Bern's, reservations are a must. Telex (!) 52-436 or 52-437, or telephone 813-251-2421. Bern's is open seven days a week for dinner from 5 p.m. to midnight. Most credit cards are accepted, and since Bern maintains several overseas bank accounts, many foreign currencies are, too.

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ADVENTURES

The Seventies have been busy times for explorers and adventurers. In fact, so many first ascents, descents and crossings have been made in the past decade that people are starting to think that every bit of wilderness has been conquered. They're wrong. At this very moment, hundreds of people are just dying (some literally) to do something no one else has ever done. A sample of what's left for the Eighties:

1. Ballooning across the Pacific: Now that the Atlantic has been crossed by a manned balloon, the Pacific beckons, but only to those who think big. You've got to cross 9000 miles of cold water from Japan to America at about 35,000 feet, up above the weather. You'll need a helium (rather than a hot-air) balloon, a pressurized gondola and twice as many supplies as are necessary to cross the Atlantic. That is not to say it can't be done. After all, the Japanese successfully floated a couple of hundred unmanned balloons loaded with incendiary devices across the Pacific during World War Two. Then again, several thousand others never made it.

2. Crossing the Danakil Depression: Victor Englebert, writing in National Geographic, described this wilderness in northeast Ethiopia as a "terrifying land of fantastic volcanic ruins, rock, lava, dried salt lakes . . . violent colors and merciless desert." Although members of the Danakil tribe gather salt from the area, no expedition has ever crossed the depression from the highlands to the Red Sea. Temperatures reach past 120 degrees and the Danakil tribesmen, armed with rifles and razor-sharp daggers, may be the fiercest, meanest group in the world. If you're not already discouraged, consider this: One of their manhood rites involves bringing back the enemy's testicles and wearing the dried balls on their belt.

3. Climbing K² via the north face: Many experienced climbers consider K², at 28,250 feet the world's second tallest mountain, a much more difficult climb than Everest. The easier south side has been climbed only three times, always via the so-called Abruzzi route pioneered by the Italians in 1954. All the other approaches are enormously difficult, but no one has even attempted the 13,000-foot north face.

4. Swimming from Montauk Point to Manhattan: This is probably the most interesting challenge left in long-distance swimming, despite all the publicity given the Cuba-to-Key West marathon. It's the personal goal of Benson Huggard, who swam from Marathon, Florida, to the Bahamas while listening to John Denver tapes played from his accompanying boat—perhaps to distract him from the noise of sharks trying to eat his protec-



Alexander the Great was wrong: There are still new worlds to conquer. At least ten of them.

tive cage out from around him. The biggest problem with the 150-mile Montauk-Manhattan swim is caused by the tides, which change every six hours along this east-west route. There are sharks, too—immense ones.

5. Soaring 1000 miles in a sailplane: A 1000-mile trip in a single direction (not 500 out and back) remains the Holy Grail of soaring. The current record is 908 miles, but the big problem is that there aren't any ridgelines of mountains much longer than that, and ridges provide the proper air currents for long-distance soaring. Pennsylvania to Florida along the Appalachians is one possibility, and the Chilean Andes are also the source of serious speculations.

6. Surfing the Kaena Point: For years, surfers have contemplated (usually from the shore) the 40-to-50-foot waves that roar in at the northwest tip of Oahu. The really monstrous waves pop up only a few times a year, and nobody has yet ridden one to shore. If you want to try, you've got to be ready to drop everything, grab your board and breathing pack and arrange for a helicopter to fish you out after your wipe-out (and you

most assuredly will wipe out). It's even dangerous to sit on the cliffs and watch someone try it, since the locals tend to hang out there drinking beer and roughing up would-be spectators.

7. Climbing the east face of Cerre Torre: Way down south in Patagonia is this 4000-foot sheer rock face running up the windward side of Cerre Torre. Yvon Chouinard, probably the best big-wall climber in the world, calls it "one of the last great problems in climbing. It's too dangerous for me," he says. "It's got the worst weather in the world, with winds up to 200 miles per hour. The rock frosts up on the top 1500 feet and sudden warm winds can knock slabs of ice down on the climber." The good weather lasts about eight days per year, but the climb takes three weeks, so take your mittens.

8. Running and exploring the Takazze River: The Takazze, which rises about 60 miles north of Dessve in Ethiopia, forms part of the Eritrea-Ethiopia border along its 470-mile length. The name means "terrible," but, according to expedition organizer Richard Bangs, who was the first to explore the nearby Omo River by boat, the 6000-foot-deep gorge cut by the Takazze is more spectacular than the Grand Canyon. The river is nearly dry six to eight months of the year and too high to run during another three. Even if you choose the right month, guerrillas from the Eritrean Liberation Front roam along the canyon walls, determined not to let tourists raft through the middle of their war with Ethiopia.

9. Circumnavigating the North Pole by sailboat: The Northwest and Northeast passages have both been negotiated (and before 1900, at that), but no one has ever completely circled the North Pole in a surface vessel, either sail or motor powered. You've got four summer months to do the job, with ice and 60mile-an-hour gales your two biggest problems. Bureaucratic red tape is a close third, because you must sail above Siberia and the Russians may well think you're a spy. Veteran sailor Walter Levering says that one of the toughest sections will be around King William Island, which lies about 70 degrees north of the equator above Hudson Bay. But at least you won't have to worry about learning celestial navigation: The summer sun never sets up around the D.E.W. line.

10. Making a self-propelled trip to the North or South Pole: No one has ever crossed the arctic or antarctic icecaps to reach either pole under his own power—without dog sleds or snowmobiles but with skis or snowshoes. Some people who have considered such a journey would like to go completely across the icecap, via the pole, making the first traverse under their own power.—TOM PASSAVANT



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.

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 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 $8\frac{1}{2}^n$ x 11" (one 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 B" x 10". Do 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, P.O. BOX 9249, BLAIR, NEBRASKA 68009. Entries must be received by August 31, 1979.
- 4. Entries will be judged under the supervision of the O. L. BLAIR CORPORATION, an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. Twenty (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 films 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%; originality, 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, facial 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 O. 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 GIRL WINNER, P.O. BOX 6283, BLAIR, NEBRASKA 68009.

 All entries become the exclusive property of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., and United Artists. ENTRIES AND PHOTOGRAPHS WILL NOT BE RETURNEO.

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM BE A JAMES BOND GIRL CONTEST P.O. Box 9249 Blair, Nebraska 68009

Gentlemen: I wish to enter the BE A JAMES BONO GIRL CONTEST and hereby confirm that I have read and agree to its rules and regulations.

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MUSIC

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TOMATO JAM: It's not often that we single out a record company for praise, but Tomato Music is no ordinary venture. First of all, consider the range of its involvement in the musical spectrum: In pop, it puts out Melanie; in blues, Albert King and Lightnin' Hopkins; in experimental, a 30-disc John Cage project, plus the work of Philip Glass; in country-and-folk, Townes Van Zandt; in contemporary avant-garde classical, Kryzstof Penderecki and Gyorgy Ligeti; in jazz, Sam Rivers and Leroy Jenkins; all this, along with standard fare such as Beethoven and Bach. Recently, Tomato released a four-record recording of Philip Glass's Einstein on the Beach-one of the truly wiggy and oddly compelling works of modern times. Kevin Eggers, Tomato's 36-year-old president and owner, even says the company is making money. Watch this label. It deserves support.



NUKES NO NIX ON BUX: We were reassured to learn in *Billboard* that except for the cancellation of a Billy Joel concert, the little incident at Three Mile Island had no adverse fallout on the music business in nearby Harrisburg.

DO THE HEATHCLIFF? Disco continues to improve the quality of our lives. You dancing-fool English majors should be happy to learn that there is now a disco version of Wuthering Heights.





I WANT A BOWLEGGED WOMAN: Gabe's saloon in Seattle had the hottest R&B jukebox in town—true low-down grease from the Forties through the early Sixties, out of Gabe's huge collection. Now 30 of the best and bawdiest are on Gusto Records' Gabe's Dirty Blues (\$13.50, postpaid, from D.V.S., P.O. Box 12224, Seattle, Washington 98112). The choices are terrific—from such steamy classics as Sexy Ways and Sixty Minute Man to back-seat obscurities such as Wynonie Harris' Keep on Churnin' and Bull Moose Jackson's Big Ten Inch Record.

REVIEWS

Linda has been off being First Girlfriend, Dolly's gone disco and Bonnie is still working on her album. So the field is clear for a new contender in the Chick Singer of the Year Sweepstakes. Jennifer Warnes gets our vote. Shot Through the Heart (Arista) is a fine showcase for one of those voices people have been known to kill for. Warnes is a talented songwriter (the title cut will stay with you for a long while) with a songwriter's appreciation of other people's material. Her versions of Jesse Winchester's You Remember Me and Bob Dylan's Sign on the Window will erase your memory of the originals. It's nice to hear someone other than Dylan singing Dylan again.

Eight years ago, Edwin Birdsong put out an album on Polydor that was so far ahead of its time it anticipated virtually everything that's happened in R&B during the Seventies. Of course, it went nowhere. He has hung in there, though, as a writer, producer and keyboardist—and now he's out front again with Edwin Birdsong (Philadelphia International), an LP that sounds more commercial but no less inspired. Cola Bottle Baby is a

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uniquely phrased tribute to a uniquely shaped lady; it segues neatly into the onomatopoeic Phiss-Phizz, with its offbeat bass line, and a disco take-off on Roots called Kunta Dance; all are superbillustrations of Birdsong's gift for writing tunes that are always earthy and hiply colloquial, but never dumb. The highlight of side two is Autumn Eyes, a jazz/rock ballad that is springtime to our ears.

The current generation will call The Bob Brookmeyer Small Band (Gryphon) laid back. The antiquarians among us will call it low key. The semantics are immaterial, however. This twin-LP album marks the welcome return of valve trombonist Brookmeyer to the jazz wars after a decade of self-imposed exile in the TV studios of Hollywood. We are happy to report that Brookmeyer's playing has lost none of its softly swinging lilt, and guitarist Jack Wilkins, bassist Michael Moore and drummer Joe LaBarbera move things along with a sturdy sotto voce that makes the album a delight from beginning to end.

SHORT CUTS

Bobby Womck / Roads of Life (Arista): If they hadn't tampered electronically with Womack's voice, the veteran soul man might have had a great album here.

Village People / Go West (Casablanca): This most recent fruit of People's labors betrays no sign of the group's becoming fagged out from its exhausting two-year trip as a star in disco's fairyland.

Jerry Lee Lewis (Elektra): The killer goes straight for the throat with Personality, I Like It Like That, Who Will the Next Fool Be and James Burton on lead guitar. A whole lotta shakin' goin' on.

Joe Jackson / Look Sharp! (A&M): Who is this guy? Van Costello? Mick Devo?

Enchantment / Journey to the Land of Enchantment (Roadshow): Proof that while Motown is now in Los Angeles, the best soul sounds are still in Detroit.

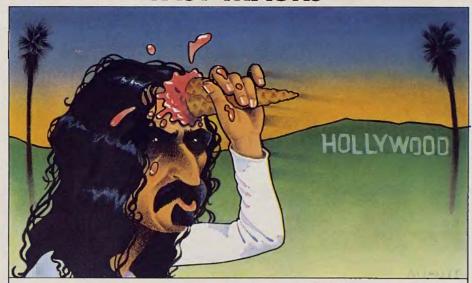
Mandingo Griot Society (Flying Fish): An American rhythm section backs up the African chants of Foday Musa Suso and the sounds of his 21-string kora; it's wild and exotic.

Richard Evans (Horizon) and Richard Tee / Strokin' (Tappan Zee): Studio-slick, mostly instrumental R&B sets by the veteran bassist and pianist; coincidentally, both Richards end with jazz tunes (Round Midnight and Take the "A" Train, respectively).

Average White Band / Feel No Fret (Atlantic): Average Average White groove. Our pick to click is a funkola rendering of Walk On By, the old Dionne Warwick hit

April Wine / First Glance (Capitol): Dread disco may be taking over, but dumbo thumpo thumpo rock is alive and dull.

FAST TRACKS



QUOTE OF THE MONTH: "I'm very fond of stupidity. I think it's probably the most important and least understood aspect of American life. American society... has a concept of coolness and cuteness... both are factors of stupidity.... Now that we've established diplomatic relations with China... those people are ready for coolness, cuteness and stupidity.... It's not getting any smarter out there.... You have to come to terms with stupidity... and make it work for you."—FRANK ZAPPA

RELING AND ROCKING: Saturday Night Fever and Grease proved it; there are big audiences out there for rock movies. Coming up: Elton John's 1975 album Captain Fantastic and the Brown Dirt Cowboy, which was the first album ever to enter the charts at number one, will be turned into a \$2,000,000 animated feature by the people who made Yellow Submarine. Robert Stigwood and Allon Corr are discussing Grease II, with Andy Gibb in the lead role. Neil Diamond is thinking about a remake of Al Jolson's The Jazz Singer. Justin Hayward of the Moody Blues is set to appear in a musical version of Jonathan Swift's classic Gulliver's Travels, with a script by Larry Gelbart (creator of M*A*S*H and Sly Fox) and music by Lionel (Oliver!) Bart. First it will be taped for British TV, but a movie deal is also in the works. Finally, rumor has it that Cheech & Chong are very upset with producer Lou Adler. They're wondering where the big bucks are from their movie debut, Up in Smoke.

RANDOM RUMORS: Is the world ready for the Kazoos Brothers? Rhino Records in L.A. thinks so. It is preparing the debut album of one of the world's only kazoo blues bands. . . . Paul McCartney has announced that Wings' next tour will include unscheduled surprise concerts at small clubs and concert halls in addition to scheduled gigs. No dates for the tour will be announced until the new Wings album is ready for release. . . . Melissa Man-

chester is teaming up with Frank Sinatra to record I'll Be There, a song she cowrote with Carol Connors, for Ole Blue Eyes' next album. . . Debby Boone didn't know that the writer who interviewed her was planning to publish her comments in Playgirl. Now she's concerned that the piece, subtitled "America's Number One Virgin," might be bad for her image. . . . The Grateful Dead parted company with its somewhat controversial keyboard player and vocalist, Keith and Donno Godchaux for "musical reasons." A new Dead album is expected soon and may include reworking some old material.

NEWSBREAKS: Art Garfunkel's fourth solo album, Fate for Breakfast, arrived last spring with six different covers-a first in the record biz. CBS spokesmen deny that this is a new merchandising technique, but we're willing to bet they're wrong. . . . The Bee Gees have announced a fall 90minute TV special to be filmed from this summer's 50-city tour. . . . Jerry Weintraub and Colonel Tom Parker are working on the definitive Elvis film and, unlike all the other Presley movies, Always Elvis will use only his voice in the musical sequences. . . . Frank Zappa's disco parody album, Sheik Yerbouti, had a cut called Dancin' Fool that was turned into a 12-inch disco disc. . . . Do you have a pair of Twinkle Toes yet? The latest in disco shoes have transparent, colorcoordinated soles that glow in the dark or under black lights.

-BARBARA NELLIS

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MENTHOLKIN

MOVIES

Woody Allen's Manhattan, set to Gershwin tunes and photographed in glorious black and white by cinematographer Gordon Willis to resemble a lot of romantic old movies-the way they should have been, if not quite the way they were-is a sad, hilarious and scintillating love letter to New York. That's only for starters. As another step forward in the evolution of Woody Allen from freewheeling funnyman to Very Important American Film Maker, Manhattan marks Woody's return to comedy, but a new kind of comedy-truer, more bittersweet than Annie Hall, with some of the chill brilliance of Interiors giving the laughter a frosty edge. Casting himself as Isaac Davis, a TV jokesmith who impulsively quits his job to concentrate on more serious projects, Woody indicates where he's at aesthetically without using the medium to transmit messages. While the sound track throbs with Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue or Someone to Watch over Me, plus a string of golden oldies to suit the movie's wonderful-town imagery, Manhattan introduces characters who seem entirely out of sync with such mellow music. To quote the film, they're people who "are constantly creating these unnecessary neurotic problems for themselves." The misfits in Isaac's immediate circle include his former wife (Meryl Streep), who left him because she fell in love with another woman and is writing a book about their marriage; his best friend, Yale (Michael Murphy, An Unmarried Woman's truant hubby); the friend's wife (Anne Byrne, once known as Mrs. Dustin Hoffman) and his flaky mistress Mary (Diane Keaton, never better, which means incredibly good). When Yale describes Mary to Isaac as a brainy girl, a writer who is "nervous, highstrung, elusive," Isaac's eyes brighten. "Sounds wonderful" to him. He ultimately inherits Mary from his friend, who wants her back again after Isaac has dumped his own favorite plaything, a high school girl (played deliciously by Mariel Hemingway) precocious enough to handle her homework, along with Isaac's "wry sense of humor and astonishing sexual technique."

Some Allen admirers may be put off by Woody's studied serious side, because he's not entirely joking when he talks about an incurable romantic's vision of the city as "a metaphor for the decay of contemporary culture." My worry is that the great media hype—topped by an effusive *Time* cover story in which Woody was deified as a comic genius—may mislead audiences into anticipating a much larger experience than *Manhattan* can deliver. The people we meet here all seem to be in close touch with their analysts. They are not consistently lika-



Manhattan's Allen, Keaton.

We'll take *Manhattan*, despite the monster media hype; for another angle on the Apple, see *El Super*.



Lane, Bernard in Romance.

ble; they even tend to be bitchy, self-indulgent and shallower than they think. They're typical New Yorkers, the kind you meet every day if you hang out at Elaine's. I loved them, I hated them, I laughed myself sick. Among all-time favorite Woody Allen movies, make mine Manhattan. But in case of sobering second thoughts, let me keep a pedestal free for Annie Hall.

Life in New York is seen from a startlingly different angle in El Super, based on a play by Iván Acosta. The plight of Cuban exiles in America who are physically, spiritually and emotionally displaced has been synthesized by film

makers León Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal in the portrait of a man named Roberto-a wonderful salt-of-the-earth character, wonderfully played by Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato. Roberto has been superintendent of a grungy New York apartment house for a decade-living with his wife and daughter in a basement flat, detesting the city's dismal gray light, the snow and coldness, wishing he could start all over again in Miami. "I can't stand English first thing in the morning," remarks Roberto's wife, Aurelia (Zully Montero), in the first moments of a fine small film that leavens misery with unbeatable human comedy from beginning to end. Mostly in Spanish with English subtitles, El Super has splendid music and photography, plus an irresistible hero surrounded by enough heart-warming secondary characters to stock a Cuban-American family-hour series for several seasons on TV. Let's not spoil a good thing by telling NBC's Fred Silverman.

The mere idea of it is bound to meet resistance, yet the liveliest, loveliest, most winsome love story around right now co-stars a couple of unknown kid actors (Diane Lane and Thelonious Bernard) who are barely into their teens. Opposite them, Laurence Olivier plays an old French con man who accompanies the youngsters on a runaway junket from Paris to Venice. All they want to do when they get there is kiss in a gondola under the Bridge of Sighs. Have I lost you? Well, pause to reconsider. The movie in question is A Little Romance, directed by George Roy Hill (who mixed kids, comedy and romance in The World of Henry Orient long before he began churning out such blockbuster hits as The Sting) from a fresh and frisky screenplay by Allan Burns (also author of Butch and Sundance: The Early Days, the so-called prequel to Hill's pace-setting Butch Cassidy). Sally Kellerman and Arthur Hill, as the poor little rich girl's parents, and Ashby Semple, as her effusive, enchanting school chum, head the near-perfect supporting cast of Romance, abetted by Broderick Crawford as himself-an American tough-guy star on a movie gig in Paris who's attending a wrap party for the crew, he announces bluntly, "because I figure the booze is free and maybe I'll get laid." At which startled hostess Sally burbles archly, "He's such a delight."

Half the time, movies themselves are the real subject of *Little Romance*, which opens with Paul Newman and Bob Redford speaking French in a dubbed version of *Butch Cassidy*. In snippets from other films, John Wayne and Bogart growl perfect français. Young Bernard 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.

With an image nearly three times larger than 35mm, the M645 delivers results that possess remarkable clarity and sharpness. Superior enlargements from an M645 negative or transparency are the rule rather than

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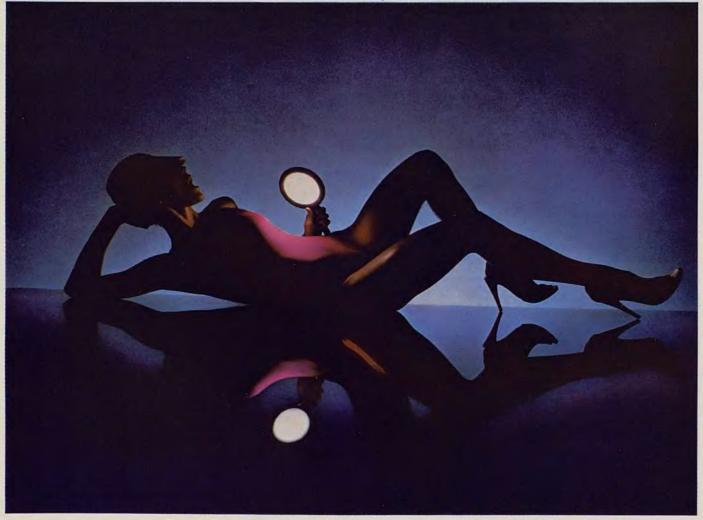
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would be a pity if you didn't own it.

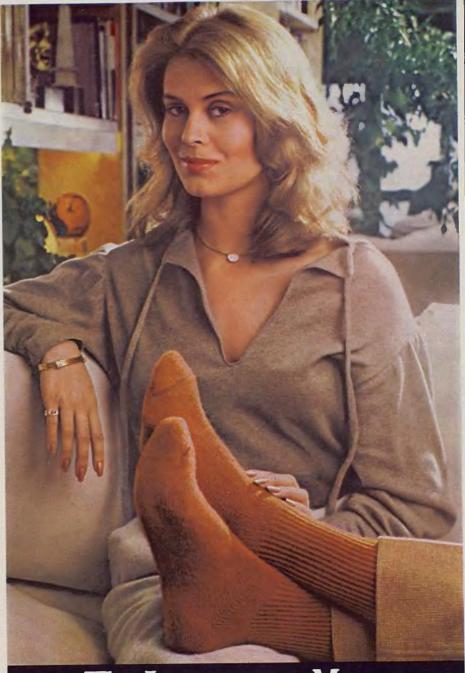
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It would be a pity to use an M645 for ordinary photographs.



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is cast as a film fanatic who fancies himself a Gallic teeny-bopping Bogart, playing Bogey to the American girl whose name just happens to be Lauren. They meet on the set of an American film in progress at Versailles, under a hot-shot director (played by David Dukes so that insiders can almost recognize him) who can't believe they won't let him break a couple of mirrors. Both kids are brilliant, and Olivier at any age is compleat master of his craft. If youth, skill, good will and outright genius beguile you, prepare to be seduced.

Two middle-aged queens who operate a night club featuring female impersonators are portrayed, spectacularly, by Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault in La Cage aux Folles (in translation, something like The Cage of Madwomen or, loosely, The Crazy Cage, after a club by that name in St.-Tropez). Serrault won a César, the French equivalent of an Oscar, for his role as Zaza in this campy, compassionate Franco-Italian comedy based on a hugely successful Parisian stage hit. Tognazzi, a top Italian actor, is no less amusing in sibilant French as the butchier half of the male married couple-he's the club manager, who once went straight just long enough to father a son (Remy Laurent), now grown to handsome manhood. The garçon's not even gay, for God's sake; he decides to marry a girl and wants to bring her affluent, strait-laced parents home to meet his parents. Sacrebleu! Certain problems arise, such as what to do about the nude Greek statues and erotic art, not to mention Jacob (Benny Luke), a flamboyant black boy butler who comes on like a Las Vegas showgirl in heat. The comic complications of La Cage are many and manic, and very broadly theatrical, but director Edouard Milinaro milks laughs from every situation without seeming to snigger. Whether the film's faggoty shenanigans are meant to retard or accelerate the gay-lib movement is a moot point. Like it or not, lads, La Cage has wit, style, innate generosity and scarcely a glimmer of guilt.

Already established as a European superstar and Italy's numero uno in that sunny land of sex symbols, scrumptious Laura Antonelli has thus far tantalized U.S. audiences twice during the past year, in The Innocent and Wifemistress. She really hits her stride and reveals what all the excitement is about in director Luigi Comencini's Till Marriage Do Us Part (as a home-grown hit, it was titled Dio Mio, Come Sono Caduta in Basso, or My God, How Low I Have Fallen). Antonelli is the panting, passionate virgin bride who learns on her wedding night that she is married to her own brother (Alberto Lionello) and spends the rest of the movie trying to be ravished by someone. Anyone. As the tragically chaste

Eugenia, Laura ultimately finds satisfaction (again and again and again) in a roadside hut with her robust Tuscan chauffeur (Michele Placido). There's little more than that to the plot of Till Marriage, though the comic variations on the theme-a spoof of the early 20th Century erotic novels of Italian soldierpoet Gabriele D'Annunzio, who thought he had invented decadence-are ribald, rowdy and inventive. Ultimately, Antonelli is the whole show, proving herself a shrewd comedienne as well as a classic beauty. A heroine in constant heat, enjoying sex mostly when she's racked by guilt because it's down and dirty and delectable, she vows she'd rather die than submit-even while she throws herself upon the mercy of seducers who are expected to ignore her protests. Most actresses might look common or tacky doing the things that Antonelli does here with style and an inimitable touch of class. Let's just call her La Superba.

Back in 1973, A Touch of Class was the year's flashiest romantic comedy; it clinched a second Oscar for Glenda Jackson. Now writer-producer-director Melvin Frank brings Glenda and George Segal together again for a kind of Class reunion titled Lost and Found. Paul Sorvino is brought back, too, as a nosy, philosophical cabdriver whose role seems irrelevant this time around. Everyone tries hard, but lightning doesn't strike twice, even though George and Glenda create some sparks when they colliderepeatedly and literally-at a chic French ski resort. He is a recently widowed New England college professor, she an emotionally bruised English secretary. By the time all their bruises heal, they find themselves married and back in the poky college town where George has to sweat through campus politics while Glenda reluctantly begins to exorcise the spirit of his late, beloved first wife. There's so much genuine anger in Lost and Found that the movie scores low on sex appeal. The problem, I suspect, stems mainly from Frank's consistent mishandling of Jackson. Always a supersensitive actress, in her rematch with Segal, she is about as vulnerable as a flame thrower, too caustic for comfort. The kind of house-hugging shrew who icily orders, "Wipe your feet, please," even as help arrives when she believes her husband is dead. Although George revives for a final predictable clinch, I never stopped hoping she'd catch her plane to London and leave the poor bastard in

The traditional B movie, roughly aimed at blue-collar audiences—or trash addicts who enjoy cultural slumming—may be on the verge of a big comeback. Horror films have always kept the category at least partially alive, and a spooky, profitable potboiler such as *Phantosm*



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proves that the B means business. Writerdirector Don Coscarelli combines ludicrous dialog with a demented nonplot about some teenagers and a mysterious mortuary where blood flows yellow-and a severed finger turns into an aggressive creepy, crawly little beastie. The performers respond to each new trauma with such trenchant lines as "Something weird is going on!" Yeah. Despite its excesses, *Phantasm* is well-made schlock, a campy cliché concocted from bits and pieces of every ghoulish, fearsome, swollen, hairy or futuristic shocker since Boris Karloff first ran amuck.

In another contemporary variation of the B movie, the mutations at large are otherwise normal teenagers who belong to street gangs. Second in a new wave of films about that urban social phenomenon is Boulevard Nights (Walter Hill's The Warriors came first, inciting riots wherever the natives were restless and ready to bop). Director Michael Pressman's tale of two brothers in East Los Angeles is a far superior piece of workhuman, dramatically valid, yet as vivid as graffiti, with cinematography by John Bailey that seems to soak up the color and textures of the Hispanic ghetto and fling them onto the screen like spray paint. Although Boulevard Nights has also provoked some violence-as well as protests from chicano groups-the movie is a seamless slice of life that's stirringly rhythmic, ethnic and ethical at the same time, with malice toward none.

In Walk Proud, the next dubious miniepic about L.A. chicano gangs, Robby Benson, of all people, plays a character named Emilio Mendez, who claims membership in a Venice barrio group known as Los Aztecas. Benson doesn't just walk proud, he walks like John Travolta under the influence of Saturday Night Fever. There are also overtones, though relatively blah ones, of Marlon Brando in On the Waterfront, being beaten to a pulp for sticking to what he believes is right. Must be swell for an ambitious young movie actor to follow in those illustrious footsteps, but to cast Benson as a Mexican-American looks more like a stunt than a challenge. Why do it at all? Walk Proud measurably reduces the forward momentum of Robby Benson's career. Go back one giant step, gringo.

Remakes or rehashes of film classics are in vogue, though the evidence to date suggests that doing a thing over often means overdoing it rather than doing it better. The Champ is a perfect example. I hold my head in my hands to see the powerhouse talent of 1979 Oscar winner Jon Voight-one of the bestfrittered away on Italian director Franco Zeffirelli's pointless modern version of the famous Thirties tearjerker. Wallace



Champ's champions Voight, Schroder.

Broken-down Champ, watered-down Hurricane and a tight Embrace.



Hurricane blows Mia & friends away.



Scheider, Margolin paired in Embrace.

Beery and Jackie Cooper, as the stumblebum boxer and his hopelessly devoted young son, played the original for throbbing pathos. It's all still there. As the boy, movie newcomer Ricky Schroder is a million-dollar discovery who weeps buckets of tears at the slightest provocation. He's the most disconcertingly precocious minitragedian since Margaret O'Brien, and I'm sure he has quite a career ahead of him (though I'm not at all certain I want to be there when he hits his peak). Schroder doesn't, however, steal scenes from Voight, an actor who seldom loses a round. Heaviest loser in The Champ is Faye Dunaway, looking dowdy and dead wrong for her role as the boy's rich, repentant mom.

Under Jan Troell's direction, Hurricone blows away Mia Farrow, Jason Robards, Max von Sydow, Trevor Howard, Timothy Bottoms and Hawaiian-born Dayton Ka'Ne in a costly new game of Beach Party Bingo, which was probably or-dered over long-distance telephone by producer Dino De Laurentiis. As a commanding officer's daughter whose passion for a muscular young native seems to incur the wrath of God (and also annoys doting daddy Robards), Mia looks pretty wan for a femme fatale. She may have done her most effective vamping offscreen, where she reportedly captivated Swedish cinematographer Sven Nykvist, whose lensing of Hurricane is not especially memorable. Nykvist's roving eye appears to have dwelt on calendar artlots of South Sea sunsets and silhouette effects. Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour fared better when the big wind first made waves back in '37.

Although not a remake, Last Embrace is clearly a homage by director Jonathan Demme to the American film noir of the Forties and early Fifties. Dangerous ladies were usually paired with desperate, fugitive men in those elegant, richly atmospheric psychological thrillers (Double Indemnity, Sunset Boulevard and Scarlet Street represented the genre in one recent New York film bash). Last Embrace stars Roy Scheider, who is cryptic, tough and typical as a former Government agent (probably CIA) gone slightly over the edge after his wife's accidental murder. He comes home from the hospital to find a strange girl (Janet Margolin) in his apartment, and soon realizes he's on somebody's hit list. Director Demme proved in last year's unjustly neglected Handle with Care that he can give seeming substance to fairly fragile material. Last Embrace has a plot that scarcely holds water, yet Scheider's star power and Demme's flair hold attention right up to an exciting, preposterous climax at Niagara Falls. Good to the last drop, if you don't mind full-bodied new wine in an old bottle.

-REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

TEWS FLASH: My political spies tell me that Moureen Reagan, sometime actress and daughter of Ronold, is seriously considering running against California Senator 5. l. Hoyokowo in 1982's Republican primary. As of this writing, Maureen has





Reagan

Hayakawa

not announced her plans, but sources close to her claim she has definitely made up her mind to go after Hayakawa's Senate seat. Aside from a few film roles and appearances on a spate of ill-fated talk shows, Maureen has spent most of her time throughout the past few years as an active campaigner for women's rights. Her political views are considerably more liberal than those of her dad.

comedy store: Morty Feldmon co-writes, directs and stars in Universal's In God We Tru\$t (Or Gimme That Prime Time Religion), his first directorial effort since The Last Remake of Beau Geste. Feldman's co-stars in the so-called slapstick fable are Peter Boyle (as a traveling churchman and con artist), Louise Losser and Andy Koufmon, making his film



Feldman

debut in the flick as Armageddon T. Thunderbird, a colorful star of the traveling religious circuit.

NUMBER-ONE GRANDSON: Of course you're dying to know what ever happened to Charlie Chan. According to Hollywood, he is alive and well with his Number One Grandson running the detective business. That's the way producer Jerry Sherlock sees it, anyway. When Sherlock

brings Chan back to the silver screen, Number One Son will have married a nice Jewish girl from Scarsdale. Their half-Chinese, half-Jewish son will naturally try to fill Grandpa's shoes, but, of course, he's very much the bungling detective. The film is still in the developing stages, but word has it that Alon Arkin, Dom Detuise and John Belushi are all being considered for the role of Number One Grandson.

ahead for Rocky III, to start production in 1980. If this keeps up, our grandchildren will be conversant with the antics of Mr. Balboa's progeny—would you believe Rocky Jr. IV? . . . Henry Winkler, in his endless quest for ways to shed the Fonz image, has agreed to play Ebenezer Scrooge in a new TV version of A Christmas Carol on ABC this December. . . . John (Animal House) Londis will direct the film The Blues Brothers, starring—wild



Friedman

Winkler

guess-John Belushi and Don Aykroyd, Aykroyd is penning the script, which concerns the Brothers' attempts to get their band together again after Jake is sprung from Joliet. I have it on good authority that parts of the film will be somewhat bizarre; there's a musical number, for starters, that utilizes 150 automobiles. . . . Bruce Jay Friedman's The Lonely Guy's Book of Life will probably be a TV miniseries in the near future. . . . Philip Roth is well into his next book, a comic novel set in the Sixties about the effects of fame and fortune on a young writer. . . . John Borth is apparently working on a novel called Letters. The book features correspondence between some of the characters in Barth's previous novels. . . . Actor Tom Berenger showed up at a publishing party (in honor of Erico Jong's new book of poetry, The Edge of the Body) pretending to be a book salesman from Philadelphia. His reason for the ruse-to avoid being interviewed.

CIMINO'S NEXT: Two rival Oscar contenders—Christopher Wolken and John Hurt—team up, along with Kris Kristofferson, Jeff Bridges and Isobelle Huppert, in Michael Cimino's Heaven's Gate (originally titled

Johnson County War). Hurt, up for an Oscar for his role in Midnight Express, was edged out for Best Supporting Actor by Walken. "All I can say now," says Walken about the new film project, "is that it's a Western with a twist." Rumor



Walker

has it that Walken and fellow Oscar nominee Meryl Streep are being considered for the lead roles in the film version of Fear of Flying, Erica Jong's novel.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS: Movies based on Peter Benchley novels generally make big bucks, which partially explains why the movie rights to Benchley's third book, The Island, went for an unprecedented \$2,150,000. Now filming in the Caribbean under the skilled direction of Michael (The Candidate) Ritchie, the modern pirate saga stars the inimitable Michael Caine. "I feel very lucky to have Caine," says Ritchie. "Someone once called him an actor who is unable to give a bad performance, and I agree. He plays a reporter for a newsmagazine who goes to investigate a missing yacht in an area where a great many boats have disappeared." Turns out there are pirates in



Caine

this neck of the sea, pirates who operate just like 18th Century pirates. "They keep their women on an island," says Ritchie, "and Caine is kept alive to impregnate one of them. It'll have some rather kinky sex in it, also a finale—when the pirates attack a Coast Guard ship—that'll make Errol Flynn either roll over in or rise up from the grave."

-JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

when a girl asks what you do for a living? Ever since the Michelle Triola-Lee Marvin fiasco, I've been wary of gold diggers. There seems to be a class of girl in California that preys on success. When a girl in a bar starts interrogating me on what I do, I can just see the dollar signs in her eyes. Am I overreacting?—H. S., Long Beach, California.

We once told a girl in a bar that we wrote "The Playboy Advisor" for a living. She said, "That's nice. I have a friend who writes 'The Playboy Advisor' all the time. What's your problem?" Ahem. Now, when the topic comes up, we say something about being a man of letters and let it go at that. Yes, we think you may be overreacting. Can she ask for a property settlement after setting up light housekeeping in the parking lot? We doubt it. A lot of singles are sensitive about the topic of careers-some because they are very successful but don't want to be approached as just another lawyer, and some because they are unemployed but don't want to be approached as just another lawyer. For many years, American men were their work. Now most men view career as a matter of circumstance: They define themselves by their leisure activities. If a girl seems to be scouting out your credit rating, steer the conversation to your avocation. If you run a major corporation, tell her that it's just a part-time gig between your vacations in Aspen. If you're unemployed, tell her you're a runner in training for the New York Marathon. Or tell her you write "The Playboy Advisor."

On the spur of the moment, I bought a rack of pipes. They are expensive and beautifully made, so I want to do right by them. But finding the right tobacco to use is worse than buying ties. As far as I can tell, there doesn't seem to be any starting point. If I could just find a category of tobaccos I like, it would be a blessing. How are tobaccos classified, anyway?-R. D., Memphis, Tennessee.

There are two classifications of pipe tobaccos: those you like and those you don't like. Classifications and nomenclatures vary from company to company. What one manufacturer calls mild is another's strong. Burley tobaccos form the base of most mixtures in the United States, but burley is a very dull smoke. Consequently, many domestic packaged tobaccos are flavored. Further, pipe tobacco is mixed by the manufacturer or the tobacconist into special blends. Knowledge of the proportions of the mix is a closely guarded secret. As a result, you're left with trial and error.



Buy many different kinds and test them as to smoothness, body, flavor and aroma. Remember that you can't really judge the aroma when you're smoking; somebody else has to tell you if it's pleasing. Or take your criteria to a tobacconist and ask him to blend something close to your taste. It may take a while to find it, but we can tell you that the needle is in the haystack.

m a lonely college student and the only sex I've had is with myself. Last Christmas, a friend invited me to stay for a week at his house. His girlfriend's friend and I had been sending letters back and forth. She sent me a picture and I immediately fell in love. When we met at his house, the four of us went to the movies and everything was fine. But afterward, when my friend dropped us off at her house, the trouble began. Actually, I had been hard from the minute I first saw her that evening. We went inside to watch television. After a while, she put her hand on my thigh. I instantly blew my load. Is this quick ejaculation curable? It is quite embarrassing trying to explain the come stains on my pants to a girl who hasn't even kissed me. Should I see a doctor?-B. S., Corydon,

You don't say how the evening turned out, but we can guess. Why be embarrassed? We're not sure this even qualifies as premature ejaculation. After all, you had been thinking about this girl since last Christmas, right? You were simply overexcited. Most women, if you told them, would take that as a compliment, You don't need to see a doctor. Just see the same girl again and again.

s a photographer, I've admired the work in PLAYBOY for years. Now I need some advice. Some film I had developed came back with the notice that it had been exposed to X rays-the result was an unappetizing fogging. What gives? The X-ray security devices at airports have signs saying that they aren't harmful to film. Where did I go wrong?-F. K., Toledo, Ohio.

Well, since you don't live near Three Mile Island, our guess is that you made a long trip with several stopovers. Most of the inspection equipment used in the U.S. is low-powered. According to a brochure from Kodak: "These [machines | subject luggage to less than one milliroentgen of X-ray exposure per inspection, which should not perceptibly fog camera-type films. However, the effects of X rays on film are cumulative. It is therefore possible for films to be significantly fogged by repeated exposures of less than one milliroentgen each but totaling five milliroentgens or higher." Kodak advises that if you plan on going through several inspection points, pack your film in a see-through plastic bag and request a visual inspection. Also, don't leave your film in your suitcase, unless it's in a lead-shielded pouch, since nowadays non-carry-on baggage is also zapped. For more information, you can obtain "Tips for Photographing Your Trip Abroad" for 35 cents from Eastman Kodak Company, Department 841, Rochester, New York 14650.

would like to tell you of my experiences with my ben-wa vibrating balls. You've seen them, little vibrating eggtype things with a few feet of wire, a remote battery and switch. This little gadget is just superterrific! In the morning, when I'm in the mood or down, or when it's just Monday morning, while dressing I insert my little vibrating wonder and put on a pair of tight panties to hold it in place. Then I run the wire up my tummy and insert the small battery pack and on-off switch into my bra, then continue dressing. While on my way to work and stuck in the usual traffic jam, I switch on my little vibrator. I just love it. I turn up the radio and sit back and begin to have my own little private orgy. I also switch it on when things are slow in the office (I have my own reception area, where I have privacy as complete as in my 'Vette). These little ben-wa vibrators work well whether you're wearing a dress (I once wore mine to a disco. Wow!) or slacks or your favorite jeans, as long as you're wearing a full blouse INTRODUCING THE NEW FUEL-INJECTED, SIX CYLINDER, PLUSH, LUSH, CELICA SUPRA.

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to cover the wire to the bra. (I thought this might solve a gift problem for some of your sensuous readers.)—Miss R. A., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Carnal commuting is becoming quite common these days. At 55 mph, there's not much else to keep a person occupied. If your batteries fail, will the Triple A tow truck arrive with jumper cables?

I've noticed that some restaurants that accept American Express credit cards have a form with spaces for tipping both the waiter and the captain. How much should each person receive? Also, how should I handle tips for the headwaiter or the maître de? I have found that a few well-greased palms can result in prompt seating and gracious service. What's your advice?—C. M., New York, New York.

Tipping is the eternal mystery. We asked several restaurant owners for their opinion. Of course, that's like asking Frank Fitzsimmons how much truck drivers should get. The majority suggest that the waiter receive 15 percent of the bill as a gratuity, the captain five percent. As always, the tip should reflect service received (i.e., if the headwaiter recognizes you or helps you with a special dinner arrangement, you should give him a three percent gratuity.) You should always make sure that the restaurant has not already included a service charge on your bill. Of course, there are other people to deal with in most restaurantsbartenders and sommeliers should get up to ten percent of their respective bar totals; again, in response to services rendered. As for cultivating headwaiters and maîtres de-the rule still seems to be cash, on occasion (arriving without a reservation or with 25 relatives). Automatic or ostentatious tipping does not achieve the desired results and only spoils it for the rest of us.

A few weeks ago, I found out that the first girl I ever really loved is getting married. We haven't seen each other for five years, though we sometimes talk. I never really got over her. We just seemed to have been together at the wrong time for both of us. Needless to say, I have some powerful and ambiguous feelings about this girl's impending marriage, and I don't know how to resolve them. Any hints?—J. R., Hartford, Connecticut.

This reminds us of the film "Morgan!" Have you considered renting a gorilla suit to crash the wedding? Seriously, though: It was once said that a first love is like an incurable venereal affliction—it stays with you forever. Nothing wrong with that—first love, that is. What is dangerous is cementing your emotional life in the past. She obviously hasn't, and neither should you. Wish her well in the marriage. Pick out an appropriate gift

that shows that you continue to care about her and one that will, you hope, remind her of you occasionally. Also, make sure she always has your current address; if her marriage doesn't work out, she'll know where to find you.

Sex is, without doubt, my favorite activity. I could do it all night, every night. However, I find that when I ask a man to continue making love, to try for a second or a third round, the results are less than satisfactory. Most of my partners feel threatened or anxious. They shrug and roll over to go to sleep. Is there a polite way to say that once is not enough?—Miss D. L., New York, New York.

Yes, but it means talking with your mouth full. A command performance is not the best way to produce an encore. Words can create an atmosphere that renews desire, but it's chancy. For example, "If you don't get it up again, I'll make you the laughingstock of Manhattan" is not likely to produce the desired result. The best way is without words. Don't break up sex into rounds or make your pleasure dependent upon his having another erection. Just continue doing what you were doing—touching, stroking or mumbling. A little oral communication can work wonders.

The label on a bottle of cognac I have reads Grande Champagne. I thought the champagne name came from a certain district in France that produces the bubbly. Why is my cognac champagne and why is it so grande?—R. L., Chicago, Illinois.

First off, go to your liquor cabinet and hide that bottle in the back and keep it there until a very special occasion. You have the finest of cognacs in that bottle. (On second thought, why wait? Call up a friend and drink that sucker now.) The Grande Champagne is the central core of what is known as the Cognac region in France. Indeed, the Grande Champagne includes the city of Cognac. This particular use of the word champagne refers to the soil in which the cognac grapes are grown, which is rich in chalk, or lime. The Cognac district, or Charentais, has seven subdivisions, which in order of soil quality are (1) Grande Champagne, (2) Petite Champagne, (3) Borderies, (4) Fins Bois, (5) Bons Bois, (6) Bois Ordinaires and (7) Bois Communs dits à Terroir. Your bottle, of course, comes from the very top of the line and that is very grande, wouldn't you say?

our magazine has got me through many a hard time in the past, and I hope you will be able to help me now. My girlfriend seems completely unable to reach orgasm in normal intercourse. I do not believe there can be a psycholog-

ical block, as she can come while masturbating and when I stimulate her clitoris either orally or manually. These orgasms are pretty earth-shattering. As far as I can tell, she is anatomically normal, the clitoris being uncoverable and about an inch away from the vagina. She finds it difficult to understand how sufficient stimulation can be applied to the clitoris during intercourse, given this setup. We are both convinced that there must be a solution to this problem. We have tried everything we could think of, from cognac to spanking to dirty talk. Long an avid reader of PLAYBOY, I am not short of ideas. But it doesn't seem to be a question of horniness or technique, as all the necessary conditions, including mood, have come together many, many times. We have tried abstaining-very difficult-and extreme frequency, both without calculation. We have also used floors, pillows, walls and chairs, all spontaneously and in the heat of the moment. I am beginning to lose faith. Any suggestions?-D. T., Buffalo, New York.

Your problem is not as serious as you make it sound. (How can a person who uses floors, pillows, etc., have a problem?) There is no proper way to have an orgasm and, consequently, those your girlfriend does experience are not inferior substitutes. She has pointed out the major design flaw in the female body-that the clitoris is not exactly situated on Main Street and receives no direct stimulation during intercourse. (Several studies have reported that only 30 to 45 percent of women regularly climax during coitus.) The answer is at hand. There is no rule against self-stimulation during lovemaking. Unless you're into bondage and she has both hands tied, she should be able to add to her own pleasure. There is another solution. Two researchers in Nebraska studied 281 women who were unable to experience orgasm during intercourse and found that they had poor vaginal muscles-specifically, the pubococcygeus muscle, the one a woman clenches to control urination. The pubococcygeus muscle does not receive a lot of exercise in the normal course of affairs. Isometrics (contracting the muscle for ten seconds at a time, several times a day) may remedy the problem. There's no explanation for the relation between fitness and fun, but if it gets results, who cares?

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



Overwork Poor diet Both ends of the vitamin candle

When your body responds to the stress of overwork it increases the rate at which it uses up many kinds of nutrients, including vitamins. From a balanced daily diet your body can store up most nutrients for such emergency use. However, there are certain vitamins the body can't stockpile, no matter how much you take in.

Water-soluble vs. fat-soluble vitamins. Your body absorbs two kinds of vitamins from the food you eat, fat-soluble and water-soluble. The fat-soluble vitamins are accumulated in substantial reserves in body tissues. But this is not true of the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C, and daily replacement through proper diet is considered necessary even when you're well. When your vitamin needs are increased by the stress of overwork, immediate supplementation of the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C, may be indicated.

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High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins. When the diet is inadequate, STRESSTABS 600 can help you avoid a vitamin deficiency by replacing the B and C vitamins lost during stress conditions such as overwork and poor diet. STRESSTABS 600 can satisfy above-normal needs for these vitamins by providing above-normal amounts: 600 mg. of vitamin C plus a high potency formula of the B-complex vitamins. STRESSTABS 600 also contains vitamin E. Also available: STRESSTABS 600 with Iron.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

FUTURE FIRST LADY?

I would like to announce the founding of the Official Linda Ronstadt for First Lady Committee. We have had great First Ladies in the past, such as the crusading Eleanor Roosevelt, the chic and stylish Jacqueline Kennedy and the outspoken and courageous Betty Ford. Now we have a chance to have our first Foxy First Lady. As I come from a state that twice elected a singer, Jimmy Davis, as governor, I believe it is about time we got someone in the White House who could carry a tune. As Davis would sing it, Linda, You Are My Sunshine.

Mickey Roberson Shreveport, Louisiana

Maybe you should be promoting Miss Ronstadt for President. The way you have it set up now, you're supporting that guy from California she's been hanging around with.

WE DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT!

PLAYBOY champions the point of view that sexual freedom is the right of modern man and that religious and other societal institutions irrationally attempt to repress that right. While it is true that many religious proscriptions are absurd, it is also true that some were based on sound rationale. The Jewish proscription against eating pork, for example, made eminent sense in an age that had no medical remedy for trichinosis. Similarly, the Christian proscription against fornication made sense in an age that had no treatment for venereal disease.

The discovery of penicillin and other antibiotics as effective V.D. treatment seemed to release us from those old restraints, and PLAYBOY, among others, encouraged us to promiscuously satisfy all our sexual urges. But surely PLAYBOY must now recognize that those medical weapons will become increasingly useless as new pathogens evolve into drugresistant strains with the increased frequency of transmission that PLAYBOY promotes. It's time to face up to it; the best answer to curtailing V.D. epidemics is-and always has been-monogamy. Many of those who are foolish enough to think otherwise will pay a heavy price to find out.

Joseph A. Jansen, Jr. Houston, Texas

We've been accused of a lot, but promoting the evolution of venereal-disease pathogens into drug-resistant strains? That's a new one.

HOME MOVIES

The small electronics firm I work for throws an annual weekend outing for employees at a privately owned farm with nice swimming and camping facilities; and for the past three years, I've taken my steady girlfriend. We always pitch our tent in a secluded spot away from the main group and conclude the Saturdaynight festivities by retiring there for a couple of hours of sexsport. Our activities have not exactly been a secret, but except

"It created one hell of a shadow show on the tent walls."

for a string of nearby firecrackers on one occasion and a number of wisecracks the next day, our privacy has always more or less been respected.

This year was a little different. There weren't any next-morning jokes, such as "How did you folks sleep last night, har-har?" Which should have made me suspicious, because a week later, I found out why. Several of my grinning colleagues presented me with a gift-wrapped



reel of home-movie film. What the bastards had done was set up a super-8 sound movie camera in some bushes and aim it at our tent. Inside, we had a Coleman lantern going, and I have to admit that it created one hell of a shadow show on the orange-nylon tent walls. The sound wasn't bad, either: plenty of giggles and snorts, with the asshole cameraman using a sportscaster's whisper, like you hear at a golf match, to give a running description of the action.

I thought it was funny as hell and will always treasure the movie, but I haven't had the courage yet to tell my girlfriend about it. Although she's a nurse, she lives at home with her folks and is a bit prudish about certain things.

(Name withheld by request) Milwaukee, Wisconsin Maybe you've just told her.

"DICKLESS TRACYS"

I would like to call your attention to a dangerous situation that is spreading like cancer across the country. I refer to the sexual harassment by the "Dickless Tracy" division of all local police departments, whereby policewomen entrap hapless males into soliciting them for acts of prostitution. No money changes hands, no sexual act is committed, but the man is arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced, and all on the word of a Dickless Tracy.

How can such acts by the police be legal or be condoned? Who puts the pressure on the local police department to use all of the man- and womanpower necessary to make a case? Don't the police have enough to do? Such a waste of time, energy and money!

Keith K. Elford

Pacific Palisades, California

Because prostitution is often associated with crime and other social problems, the police are compelled by law and public opinion to combat it. We suggest that if prostitution were legalized and sensibly regulated, it would cease to be a criminal enterprise and the related problems would vanish. For another view of Dickless Tracys, check out the following letter.

I've heard both good and bad about female police officers. Well, around midnight one day recently, I was driving up Interstate 295 with half a load on when the road began moving faster than my eyes could handle, so I pulled over to the side for a nap. I awoke to a beautiful

feminine face asking what the hell I was doing sleeping on the interstate. By the time I got half awake, I realized that she wasn't just a woman but a state policewoman. With my brain half-dazed from too much joy juice, I managed to mutter, "Well, I'm sorry, but I felt dan-gerously loaded and——" Before I could finish, she whispered, "Do you want to get unloaded real quick?" I'd hardly grasped her words when she was around the other side and sliding into my front seat. She glanced out the dark rear window and ordered, "Don't dare try anything funny!" Then she was tugging at my fly. I was naturally suspicious and started to say, "If this is some type of frame-up," when she asked, "Would you prefer a ticket?" I shut right up and she proceeded to deep-throat me in about 15 seconds. When I got back on the road, I was stone-cold sober but floating from the experience. I now have a completely positive outlook on lady police, and I find myself taking I-295 to get everywhere.

(Name withheld by request) Camden, New Jersey

Are you sure it wasn't all just a nice dream?

RABBIT TEST

I am a sophomore at a large university in Texas and, like most students, I read PLAYBOY. When the April edition arrived, I read the letter in *The Playboy Forum* titled "Post-Mortem Pranksters" and found it amusing as hell.

But the local yokel sheriff was right: A photographic picture can be obtained from the retina. A 19th Century physiologist proved that by taking what he called an optogram with a rabbit's eye. He covered the rabbit's head with a black hood and faced it toward a barred window. He removed the hood and killed the rabbit. Then he removed the retina and placed it in a solution of alum. The retina gradually developed into a clear picture of the window.

Y'all can check this for yourselves on pages 78-79 in the third edition of *Basic Psychology*, published by W. A. Benjamin, Inc.

Mike Tangas College Station, Texas

We checked the book and damned if it doesn't say exactly what you say it says . . . but we're still just a little bit skeptical.

MORE OR LESS ILLICIT

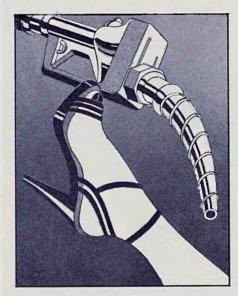
Your reader Ed Walshon (The Playboy Forum, March) finds it mysterious that the Catholic Church has declared artificial insemination illicit. There is nothing mysterious about this decision. The procreation of life is the result of love between human beings, sexually expressed, love that has absolute sacred value. Therefore, artificial insemination, which, after all, does result in a human being, is illicit on a much less significant level

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SERVICE WITH A SMILE

PASADENA, MARYLAND—Anne Arundel County police report breaking up a prostitution ring operating at what they described as a "full service" gas station in the town of Pasadena. For a fee, police said, a mechanic would arrange for customers to have sex with a prostitute in the back seat of a car that was raised



above viewing level on a hydraulic grease rack. One of the station's owners was charged with maintaining a disorderly house and a man and two women were also arrested on prostitution-related charges.

DOESN'T PAY TO ADVERTISE

NEW YORK—The New York City Transit Authority has decided to divest its buses of the 27-foot signs reading, HAVE FUN AT THE WHOREHOUSE. The signs, advertising the Broadway musical "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas," were generating too many complaints. A T.A. spokesman said, "Since we are a public transportation agency...certain sensibilities must be considered."

OLD RUMORS NEVER DIE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Federal Communications Commission is trying to figure out a way to convince a few million Americans that it is not considering any proposals by Madalyn Murray O'Hair to end religious programing on radio and television. Since that rumor got started several years ago, an FGC spokesman said, the agency has received some 9,000,000 letters protesting the idea and denouncing Mrs. O'Hair, the activist atheist whose lawsuit ended prayers in public schools. The letters still are coming in at the rate of nearly 2000 a day. Mrs. O'Hair, president of American Atheists in Austin, Texas, denied any efforts to block such programing: "If those idiots desire to have religious broadcasting piped into their homes, they have a right to their insanity."

LETTERS OF THE LAW

LOS ANGELES—In the case of two men convicted of dealing in obscene films, two appellate justices reversed the convictions on the ground that the police who watched them through binoculars violated their reasonable right of privacy. A third justice strongly disagreed, condemning leniency for so-called victimless crimes, in a 45-page dissent. To this, the first two justices responded in a footnote as follows:

- Some answer is required to the dissent's charge.
- · Certainly we do not endorse victimless crime.
- How that question is involved escapes us.
- Moreover, the constitutional issue is significant.
- Ultimately, it must be addressed in light of precedent.
- · Certainly, the course of precedent is clear.
- Knowing that, our result is compelled.

Attorneys studying the decision are not certain what to make of the fact that the first letters of each sentence spell out SCHMUCK.

FEDERAL MARIJUANA BILL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Seven members of the U.S. Senate have introduced a bill that would eliminate Federal criminal penalties for private possession of less than an ounce of marijuana. If passed, the bill would bring Federal law into line with the laws of the 11 states that have decriminalized small amounts of pot, making simple possession a civil violation punishable only by a fine. Similar measures are expected to be introduced in the House.

PEOPLE POWER

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—Berkeley voters have approved an initiative requiring the police department to make enforcement of marijuana laws its "lowest priority." The measure further prohibits the city from spending locally collected tax revenues to combat pot.

THE TIE THAT BINDS

WILLISTON, NORTH DAKOTA—When a young man struggled into local police headquarters with a ball and chain padlocked to his ankle, officers listened to his story, applied boltcutters and sent him on his way. It seems he was a prospective bridegroom who was given a stag party and then victimized by his friends. In the course of their celebrating, his friends lost the key.

MEN'S RIGHTS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—By a vote of six to three, the U.S. Supreme Court has struck down state laws providing that husbands but not wives may be required to pay alimony. The decision, based on the Constitution's equal-protection clause, voids an Alabama law specifically and effectively invalidates similar laws in ten other states. Writing for the majority, Associate Justice William J. Brennan said, "The old notion that generally it is the man's primary responsibility to provide a home and its essentials can no longer justify a statute that discriminates on the basis of gender." He added that the protection of the needier spouse in any given divorce is a legitimate state objective but one that must be achieved by an alimony law that is "gender-neutral." The decision is not expected to affect alimony agreements already in force.

CONSUMER PROTECTION

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Food and Drug Administration has announced the seizure of defective condoms stored in warehouses in Denver, Brooklyn, Los



Angeles, Atlanta and other cities. The FDA secured court orders to confiscate the prophylactics after inspectors discovered flaws and filed a complaint charging that the product was mislabeled under Federal law. The com-

plaint alleges that the manufacturer wrongly described the rubbers, "in that the label statement 'one of the best aids in the prevention of pregnancy and veneral disease' is false and misleading as applied to a product containing holes."

IN THE NAME OF ALLAH

ENZELI, IRAN—The governor of the resort town of Enzeli has decreed that men and women use separate beaches. The ruling is intended to promote public decency in compliance with religious principles being enforced by the country's new Islamic government.

Elsewhere:

• The military government of Pakistan has proclaimed the following penalties for violations of Islamic law: Married persons convicted of adultery will be stoned to death; thieves' hands will be amputated; and drinkers of alcohol will be subject to 80 lashes.

• In Kuala Lumpur, the Islamic Affairs Department of Malaysia's Negri Sembilan state has warned about 5000 employees at a large industrial estate against committing khalwat fornication—during working hours. The department's chairman did not specify the punishment but said it would be severe.

RARE AFFLICTION

NEW YORK CITY—A physician associated with New York's Neurological Institute has reported two cases of persons suffering temporary amnesia as a result of sexual intercourse. Writing to the New England Journal of Medicine, Dr. Richard Mayeux called the disorder transient global amnesia and said it was caused by lack of blood in the brain due to physical exertion. He added that both patients, a 47-year-old man and a 64-year-old woman, regained their memories several hours later, with no aftereffects, and indicated that the problem seems not to occur more than once.

STRICTLY SPEAKING

COLUMBUS, OHIO-A finger is not legally an object, the Ohio Supreme Court has ruled in the appeal of a Cincinnati man convicted of felonious sexual penetration. The man had robbed a woman at knife point and then inserted his finger into her vagina, While Ohio law specifies that "No person without privilege to do so shall insert any instrument . . . or other object into the vaginal or anal cavity of another," in previous cases, courts had determined that a sauce bottle and a pork-chop bone were objects, since they could be "seen, touched or otherwise sensed." In this case, the court concluded that such objects were inanimate and that a finger—being part of the human body—was not. The robbery conviction was not affected.

WRONG SWITCH

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA—Thanks to a television technician's mistake, the residents of some rural areas of Alaska were treated to five minutes of an uncensored R-rated movie that interrupted the scheduled program. The error occurred when an engineer accidentally mixed up the switching between regular network programing and bedroom scenes from a movie that was playing on Home Box Office cable TV. Both telecasts reach remote parts of Alaska by satellite transmission. One newspaper



reported that viewers seemed to be split about 50-50 on the incident—half upset with the erotic interruption and half with the speedy return to the original show.

SPARING THE ROD

STOCKHOLM-The Swedish Parliament, by a vote of 259 to 6, has passed a law prohibiting parents from striking or otherwise humiliating their children. The law does not specify punishment for offenders, on the assumption that complaints will be referred to family courts, and a government spokesman explained: "We have tried to make it clear that this is a pedagogic law. We hope to use [it] to change attitudes. If we launched a big campaign on the subject, it probably would be forgotten in a year. But the law stays, and it enters the public consciousness." The magistrate who wrote the legislation said it was based on hearings in which expert testimony "showed overwhelmingly that children just do not respond when they are hit or threatened. Their reaction is the opposite. They think in terms of revenge, and they can live in fear."



Robert Merrill listened to us.

He was formerly a baritone with the New York Metropolitan Opera.

After he heard the System B, a vented 4-way, 5 driver loudspeaker system, this is what he said.

"The sound doesn't come directly at me. It seems to come around me which I enjoy."

That's because we painstakingly designed the System B to achieve maximum dispersion of sound.

Here's how we did it.

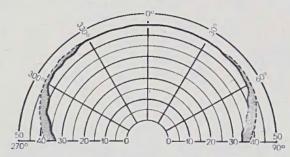
First, we symmetrically positioned all four front-firing drivers to improve dispersion over the complete frequency range.

We didn't stop there, either.

The System B has two specially designed, but different high frequency drivers. One on the front and one on the rear.

With the System B positioned 12" from the wall, the supplementary energy from the rear firing driver is deflected off the wall and dispersed throughout the listening area.

That means the music sounds virtually the same whether you're directly in front of the speaker or off to the side.



The graph pictures the polar response characteristics of System Bat 5000 Hz. It shows improved dispersion (shaded area) as a result of the rear firing driver.

We've gone to great lengths to mini-

mize distortion, too.

We've carefully selected each crossover frequency to subjugate driver resonance below critical crossover points. That completely eliminates distortion in the crossover regions.

It all adds up to music that is clearly defined and accurate.

But this is just part of the story behind this amazing sound system.

That's why you should go to your Jensen audio dealer for a personal demonstration.

After all, your ears are still the ultimate test.

But here's one more thought about the System B from Robert Merrill, a professional baritone.

"I've often thought that I would like to jump off the stage and hear myself sing. I think if it sounded like this, I'd be very happy...yes, very much."

> Listen to our speakers. Robert Merrill did.

Listen with the professionals.



Listen to JENSEN speakers.

than abortion, which entails the destruction of life. The psychological, ethical and moral implications of insemination are nevertheless important, given the general context of scientific and technological manipulation of human beings (the possibility of politically determined genetic tampering, etc.).

> David Gress Rome, Italy

A perfectly legitimate theological position with no basis in either science or law—and therefore a strong argument for the strict separation of church and state.

TAMPERING WITH THE TUBE

I was wondering if your magazine could make an investigation into Government's censoring television, controlling what I and the rest of the country see. For some strange reason, I have the feeling the Government is taking over broadcasting corporations; it may be dabbling in the publishing world as well.

It could just be paranoia, which would be a hell of a lot better than a Government take-over of mass communications. I received the idea from PLAYBOY's interview with Ted Patrick. (You never know, maybe Orwell's 1984 isn't very far away.)

Anthony John Ciccariello III Jackson, New Jersey

We'd scoff at your paranoia in suspecting our Government of meddling in television programing, except that the more we watch the tube, the more likely it seems that some sinister forces must be at work.

MISINFORMED

Your unidentified correspondent from Honolulu has not been correctly informed (*The Playboy Forum*, March).

His atheism, or his unwillingness to take an oath incorporating the phrase "So help me, God," will not bar him from naturalization. The regulations call for the taking of an affirmation in lieu of an oath in such a situation as his.

If he desires to become a United States citizen and believes he meets the other qualifications, he should submit his application to the Immigration and Naturalization Service in Honolulu.

Marjorie Jackson Immigration and Naturalization Service

U. S. Department of Justice New York, New York

DILLINGER'S DONG

When I worked as a licensed tour guide in my native Washington, D.C.. I was frequently asked about the final resting place of John Dillinger's most amazing piece of anatomy. Many visitors claimed to have heard a rumor that it resided in one of the buildings of the vast, respected Smithsonian Institution (resurfacing in Playboy After Hours, July 1978). While the museum has over 65,000,000 cataloged

objects in its collection—only a fraction of which are on exhibit at any one time—none of my informed sources at the institution can claim that the Dillinger penis resides anywhere within the mammoth collection. The claim made by many that they have actually seen his organ on a Washington museum shelf may not be erroneous, however. Perhaps I can shed some new light on the subject.

On the Independence Avenue site currently occupied by the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, there used



The late John Dillinger on a slab at the Chicago morgue in 1934. Could this famous photo hove inspired the legend?

to be an old red-brick building housing the Medical Museum of the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology. Because of its similarity in design and its proximity (next door) to the Smithsonian's Arts and Industries Building, many people mistakenly entered it, assuming it was another part of the Smithsonian's complex on the Mall. Inside, they were treated to an incredible array of gut-wrenching exhibits, including an elephantiasis-infected leg-the centerpiece of a hall of diseased organs. Elsewhere, one could find a pictorial exhibit on gunshot wounds and mechanical accidents and one of the world's largest collections of microscopes.

In my youth, I recall seeing a collection of diseased and oversized penises and testes, which may have included Dillinger's. The building was demolished in the late Sixties, but the museum has been relocated on the grounds of the Walter Reed Army Medical Center.

Steve Hamburg Chicago, Illinois

It just happens that one of PLAYBOY's more historically inclined editors (he prefers that description to what his colleagues usually call him) is a founding member of the John Dillinger Died for You Society, whose meetings, held irregularly at saloons and beer halls around the country, always include one empty chair for what is euphemistically referred to as "the dear departed member." He has pursued the story of Dillinger's prodigious dong for many years and, in fact, wrote a short article on the subject for the January 1976 issue of Oui. His investigations took him to the very medi-

cal museum you mention, and its proprietors denied any knowledge of such a specimen or of how the story got startedwhile admitting that they are constantly besieged by inquiries. Joe Pinkston, coauthor of the best biography of Dillinger ("Dillinger: A Short and Violent Life") and operator of the John Dillinger Museum in Nashville, Indiana, tells us that he has talked with a doctor who was involved in the autopsy on the famous bank robber and who says that Dillinger was quite average in his sexual equipment, but of course they both may be covering up. There's a Chicago crime writer who insists that Dillinger was not the man shot coming out of the Biograph Theater in 1934 and may still be alive. We'd like to think that is true and that, like "Roland, the Headless Thompson Gunner" from the Warren Zevon song, Dillinger is still stalking through the night, in the muzzle flash from his tommy gun, looking for his missing part.

THE "PALIMONY" PUZZLE

Maybe a \$104,000 settlement is a "victory" for Lee Marvin, but I sure as hell couldn't afford it. I hope there's a statute of limitations on "palimony" claims. I've shacked up with three different women for two to three years at a time and am going on one year with relationship number four, which looks to become permanent. We might even get married! With that in prospect, I know my budget couldn't stand the cost of "rehabilitating" three former girlfriends.

(Name withheld by request) Brooklyn, New York

I'm sure it will please PLAYBOY and every American male that the judge in the palimony case rejected Michelle Triola Marvin's argument that her six years of living as a de facto wife did not make up for the absence of a wedding ceremony. I don't like to use the words sexist society, because that might imply that I'm some kind of feminist fanatic incapable of a traditional male-female relationship or one who has a utopian notion that no differentiation between men and women should be allowed to exist. What I'm saying is that these differences do exist and that five or ten years of marriage-official or otherwise-do not necessarily subtract from the life of a man the way they do from the life of a woman. A man of 55, say, is still socially and professionally functional, even if his marriage falls apart; but the same is not true of a woman who has interrupted her career to devote several years to a dead-end relationship. For her, the years between 20 and 35 are her most precious because of social conventions that have not and perhaps never will change.

Mary Scott

Los Angeles, California

Without going into all the ramifications of "Marvin vs. Marvin," Solomon

himself could not have come up with a more creative compromise than did the judge in that unusual case. In fact, he did not reject her argument, as you say; he ruled that she failed to prove it (leaving open the possibility that another plaintiff might argue the same point successfully), and then came up with an "equitable remedy" that went outside statutory law in search of a compromise that would pass as justice. That compromise was giving the plaintiff \$104,000 for "rehabilitation" after what one might call a six-year professional disability. What that means to the average cohabiter who doesn't live in California, who isn't wealthy and who lacks celebrity status is still anyone's guess.

THE MITCHELL CASE

I find it hard even to conceive of someone like Jerry Mitchell (*Playboy Case-book Update*, February) being imprisoned for seven years for a pot sale. I'm responsible for over 20 burglaries, grand larceny, credit-card fraud (over \$5000), at least 20 counts of forgery (amounting to thousands), possession of one ounce of weed and of 50 hits of almost pure codeine. All felonies.

Now, get this, I'm not doing 12, seven, five, or even three years. I was sentenced to eight months. I even confessed to all the charges. And this guy gets seven years for a nickel bag of pot!

(Name withheld by request) Camarillo, California

What gets me is the total inconsistency of our criminal-justice system in this country. Here in Ohio, a man was sentenced to a minimum of seven years in prison for killing his father, mother and brother. Jerry Mitchell received his seven-year sentence for the sale of five dollars' worth of marijuana.

Myron Dale Britton Southern Ohio Correctional Facility Lucasville, Ohio

I'm from a small town in south Texas and the case of Jerry Mitchell was almost a grim pleasure to read. I'm certainly not pleased that Mitchell is in a Missouri prison on a seven-year sentence for grass. I'm just glad that Missouri is helping get Texas off the hook as the state most stupid when it comes to criminal penalties for marijuana use. Actually, Texasat least parts of it-has been dealing with this problem wisely for several years now. But I imagine it will be a few decades before Missouri comes around. I went to school at the state university in Columbia and there a rational human being at least could survive. But the rest of that benighted state only deserves the politicians it gets. Missouri didn't get its mulish reputation for nothing.

(Name withheld by request) Falfurrias, Texas After reading your report on Jerry Mitchell, I wish to terminate my subscription. I am an Army law-enforcement agent stationed in Missouri and my job sometimes includes covert drug purchases. I cannot understand your defense of this man. Mitchell sold the marijuana of his own free will and was caught. It was his decision, no one else's, and he knew the risks involved and the possible consequences.

I never enter a courtroom with a personal vendetta against the accused. I have no interest in the case beyond doing my job and my duty, and I believe every man has a right to a fair trial. But when a person is convicted, he should be required to serve the sentence set forth by law. In short, the hell with Jerry! As I write this,

> "Federal drug-abuse agencies have deliberately corrupted the state laws."

I know that if I were caught making love to a married woman and sentenced to prison for adultery, I would not have the legal aid of PLAYBOY, because I'm a member of the snarling teeth of law enforcement and don't have two blind parents for your magazine to exploit.

Michael J. Clifford

Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri Anyone whose job is putting people in jail has to believe in the laws he enforces or he couldn't live with his conscience, which may explain why drug laws and sex laws seem to push their enforcers to the extremes of rationalization. But one rarely—thank goodness—finds a cop who doesn't privately distinguish between what is law and what is justice, or understand that law is man-made, sometimes in error, and sometimes results in grave injustice.

This cuts both ways, of course. One problem we face in supporting cases strictly on their legal merits is that the defendant may be less than a model citizen and might, in fact, be a despicable character. The dilemma is that of the A.C.L.U. defending the rights of Nazis for the ultimate benefit of all citizens. But in Mitchell, whom we've come to know quite well over the past many months, we found a genuinely gifted, decent, noncriminal teenager with a great deal of potential who may well be crippled for life by righteous hypocrites in positions of power who, we suspect, would not hesitate to use their political influence to protect their own children on any charge from dope dealing to drunk-driving manslaughter. If we sound a bit irritated, it's because we've never supported a case in which we have felt that justice has been so mocked by a bad law and its determined misapplication. (The original "Casebook" report on Mitchell appeared in November 1976. His conviction is still on appeal in Federal Court.)

MEDICINAL MARIJUANA

Robert Randall remains one of the country's few legal pot smokers, despite efforts by seven states to legalize marijuana's medical use by cancer and glaucoma victims. Federal officials, however, have refused to cooperate and the promise of compassionate medical relief held out by the state programs remains bogged down in bureaucratic red tape. Randall says that Federal drug-abuse agencies have deliberately corrupted the state laws.

Early in 1978, Federal authorities terminated Randall's access to Government stocks of marijuana, despite stern medical warnings that without the drug he would suffer "severe and irreversible damage to his sight" from glaucoma. For several months, Randall and his attorneys sought an informal remedy, but Federal officials refused to cooperate. Finally, in May, Randall countered by filing suit in U.S. district court, charging that the Government was deliberately violating his constitutional rights, interfering in his medical care and threatening to blind him. Within 24 hours, Federal drug-abuse agencies, stunned by the suit, agreed to resupply Randall with marijuana. Ophthalmic tests have revealed that he did lose sight during his four months without Federal supplies of marijuana.

For several years now, NORML has been pressing a Federal suit asking that marijuana be reclassified out of the category of Schedule I drugs that are claimed to have high abuse potential and no medical value. Another suit has since been filed accusing HEW authorities of unreasonably delaying any action. "When in doubt, do nothing" seems ever to be the motto of Government officials. Yet medical studies no longer leave room for doubt that marijuana is useful in the treatment of glaucoma and in reducing the side effects that often accompany cancer chemotherapy. Additional data suggest that it is also medically helpful in the treatment of asthma, multiple sclerosis and other convulsive disorders.

> Alice O'Leary, Coordinator Medical Reclassification Project National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws Washington, D.C.

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



Not a Scotch in the world can run with the White Horse.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: EDWARD TELLER

a candid conversation with the "father of the h-bomb" about nuclear energy, radiation danger, the soviet threat and his "candidacy" for the u.s. senate

In October 1959, our very first editorial statement, "The Contaminators," warned against the dangers of radioactivity-in that case, from nuclear-bombtest fallout. In the intervening years, we have provided a forum, through the "Playboy Interview" and elsewhere in the magazine, for proponents of softenergy alternatives to nuclear power: environmentalist Barry Commoner, actor/ solar-energy crusader Robert Redford, actress activist Jane Fonda. Now, in the wake of "The China Syndrome," the near catastrophe at Three Mile Island and, in the biggest demonstration since Vietnam, the march of some 65,000 persons on Washington, demanding that nuclear power plants be shut down, it seems an appropriate time to probe the other side of the argument. We have chosen to present an interview with the man who is perhaps nuclear energy's most outspoken advocate, Edward Teller—the so-called father of the H-bomb. An almost Strangelovian figure to his detractors, Teller is a man of archconservative views who is now considering a race for the U.S. Senate.

Teller's twin passions are nuclear energy and nuclear defense. He is convinced that atomic energy is both needed and safe, and he is a leading proponent of new and more potent weapons for the U.S., including the proposed neutron bomb. Because of these stands, he has been castigated by his enemies as a mad scientist playing with dangerous toys.

His supporters, on the other hand, see him as the savior of American economic and military might, as a Cassandra warning the country of impending energy starvation and terrible defeat at the hands of a powerful Russia.

In this post-Vietnam, ecologically sensitive era, Teller's ideas are often unpopular. The pointed manner in which he expresses them causes even greater resentment. Yet his influence on national military and energy policies has been felt through eight administrations, and he retains close ties with many persons in political power. His unquestioned ability as a scientist lends considerable weight to his beliefs. In Washington, Teller is thought of as one of the last of the Cold Warriors, and somewhat eccentric, at that. But even those who oppose him ideologi-

Teller, a lawyer's son, was born in 1908 in Hungary. His early aptitude for mathe-

cally respect his professional opinions.

matics and science was encouraged by a first-rate education, culminating in doctoral studies at Leipzig and postdoctoral studies at Göttingen, Germany. Two notable things happened during his youth. In 1919, Hungary was briefly taken over by a Communist government. That harsh period incubated Teller's severe distaste for the left and his lifelong Russophobia. And while a student in Germany, Teller lost his right foot in an accident.

As World War Two approached, Teller fled to the United States. He was an academic, a purely theoretical physicistuntil he was called upon to join in building the first atomic bomb. At Los Alamos, the country's first weapons laboratory, Teller played an important but not central role in the making of the A-bomb. That weapon was based on the principle of fission (splitting an atomic nucleus to release large amounts of energy), but during the war, Teller became intrigued with the idea of a potentially far more powerful explosive, a fusion bomb (in which atomic nuclei are united to form heavier nuclei, releasing huge amounts of energy), and set the theoretical groundwork for it.

After the war, Teller was left with the preliminary plans for his superatomic



"Low-level radiations have not proved to be harmful, and the scare stories are just that, scare stories. They are exaggerated, unproved. People are easily frightened by what they don't understand."



"We need more and different weapons, because this idea of overkill is simply not true. The Russians probably would lose less than five percent of their population, while we would lose 50 percent of ours."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY NEIL WHITLOCK

"Einstein made moralistic statements with which I completely disagree. To believe a scientist has more responsibility than to discover, to apply and to explain is a remarkable, wrong kind of immodesty."

weapon. In vain, he sought the support of the Government and of fellow scientists, but Hiroshima had spoiled the appetites of would-be bomb makers. Then, in 1949, the Soviets tested their first nuclear weapon. The West was frightened, the Cold War was on and Teller got the support he wanted. In 1951, the first thermonuclear bomb was tested. It remains the most powerful weapon ever devised.

About the same time, the Russians developed their own version of the hydrogen bomb. The creator of the Soviet weapon was Andrei Sakharov, whose public life is a curious counterpoint to Teller's. The Russian physicist has been the most visible of his country's political dissidents. His outspoken opposition to repressive Soviet policies won him the Nobel Peace Prize, But neither Sakharov nor Teller has won the Nobel for physics; the H-bomb seems too hot to handle, even for the committee that oversees the fortune of the inventor of dynamite.

In 1954, Teller became embroiled in a controversy that changed his life, as well as the nature of the relationship between scientists and the Government in the United States. J. Robert Oppenheimer, a brilliant physicist and a major contributor to the development of the atomic bomb, was denied continued security clearance on the basis of very casual acquaintances with leftists. The hearings on the Oppenheimer case were steeped in the spirit of McCarthyism. Teller was called upon to testify against him, because Oppenheimer had long been opposed to the H-bomb and other Teller projects. Teller denied that the accused was disloyal but testified that he would prefer seeing the reins of power in other hands. In the end, the charges of disloyalty were struck down, but Oppenheimer still lost his security clearance and his career was effectively ended.

The scientific community saw the affair as a vicious attack by political yahoos on a great scientist, with Teller as the hatchet man, a traitor to his own kind. Teller and Oppenheimer made personal peace after some years, but Teller has still not been forgiven by many of his

colleagues.

Despite those resentments, Teller has been a productive man in his field. He has always enjoyed support from some politicians and industrialists-most notably, the late Nelson Rockefeller-which has been vital in achieving his goals. He created the nation's second weapons laboratory, the Lawrence Livermore in California, and developed numerous ideas for the peaceful implementation of nuclear power.

Although he did not continue to concentrate on theoretical physics, Teller was not a one-shot scientist. Even his political foes admit that his intellect is superb; his friend, Nobel laureate Eugene Wigner, has called Teller's mind the most imaginative one in modern physics-and he was not forgetting Albert Einstein.

Outside of the Pentagon, Teller is America's most outspoken supporter of increased weapons research. For decades, he has decried what he sees as the regression of the United States as a world power. That view made him a popular man in the Fifties, a villain to the youth of the Sixties and a subject of renewed controversy in the Seventies, PLAYBOY sent writer Gila Berkowitz to interview Teller. She reports:

"The initial request for an interview was squelched by a growling, Hungarianaccented 'No?' I parried with examples of pre-eminent men who had been subjects of the 'Playboy Interview,' men like Jimmy Carter and Jerry Brown, It was the worst possible argument. Edward Teller disdained the offer because liberals such as Carter and Brown had been interviewed,

"It is a measure of the man that several weeks later, he changed his mind. Colleagues at the Hoover Institution, Stanford University's repository for Nobel laureates, professors emeritus and rightleaning thinkers without portfolio, had persuaded him that PLAYBOY was, after all, an appropriate forum for his ideas. One colleague insisted: 'More scientists read PLAYBOY than any of the professional journals.'

"Teller is 71 years old, and looks it, but he does not look as if the years have diminished his powers. Of course, the great drooping eyebrows, the shock of hair are far less forbidding now that they are white. But the biting wit is consistent; his brittle irony and stinging opinions do not mellow after hours of interviewing.

"And yet, for so vigorous a personality, Teller is also remarkably defensive. He clearly hates being branded a Dr. Strangelove, a reactionary, even if it is by those for whom he has little respect. His place in the history books is already sealed, but he cares about what his peers think now. In the midst of describing his most controversial views, his most unyielding positions, his face will suddenly melt into a poignant little smile, as if he's asking for approval.

'Teller, of course, can also be imperious, stubborn and abrupt. He dismisses his opponents with facile one-liners and glosses over the faults of his favorites, whether they are people or ideas.

"By the time we concluded our last session, I regretted having to leave. To know Edward Teller is not necessarily to be persuaded, but it is certainly to be spellbound."

This part of the interview was conducted within five days of the nuclear accident at the Three Mile Island plant near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.]

PLAYBOY: What do you make of this catastrophe?

TELLER: I would not call it a catastrophe; I would not call it a disaster; I would not call it an accident. I would call it a malfunction.

If I undertake something really dangerous, such as driving a car, and the car stops and I can't make it work, but no one is hurt, that is called a malfunction. If someone is hurt, that is called an accident. In the Three Mile Island malfunction, no one was hurt.

PLAYBOY: But there is great fear that people will be hurt in the future.

TELLER: I am very confident that no one will be hurt. Should I be invited to visit there, I would do so, and I wouldn't feel like a hero, as I have every confidence that I would be all right.

In the functioning of many reactors, health-damaging accidents have been avoided. There is no exception. It just so happens that the antinuclear movement, lacking a real accident, has latched on to this one, promoting it into something that it isn't.

PLAYBOY: Nevertheless, it is the most serious malfunction-if that's what you want to call it-that has occurred so far.

TELLER: Indeed. I estimate that the financial damage will be even greater than it was in the Browns Ferry malfunction, which cost \$120,000,000. My hunch is this will cost even more.

PLAYBOY: For which, of course, the utilities' customers will be paying.

TELLER: If we don't have nuclear reactors, the utilities' customers will be paying much more, because even counting in these costs for shutdowns, nuclear reactors are still cheaper than the next cheapest source of electricity, coal, and much cheaper than oil or gas.

A \$500,000,000 loss, while it may hurt the customers in the long run, has an immediate and severe impact on the utility concerned; it will suffer loss, compared with other utilities. Therefore, the utility has the most direct financial interest in seeing that such a malfunction never occurs again. Right now, there are enormous numbers of responsible engineers who are carefully analyzing the questions: What has gone wrong and what other things may still go wrong? When the story is over, we will know how this kind of nuclear plant might malfunction, and therefore, we will know more about how to keep it safe. Utilities will be more careful in seeing that every component is safe, that instruments are employed in the reactor that will appropriately inform the operators, so that wrong judgments can be avoided. They will train operators to avoid mistakes that may have been made here. So, as a net result, we will have bought added safety for our money, without sacrificing human life or human

This portion of the interview was conducted several weeks after the Three Mile Island accident.]

PLAYBOY: When we were speaking just after the Three Mile Island incident, you refused to call it a catastrophe or a disaster. You would concede only that

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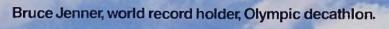
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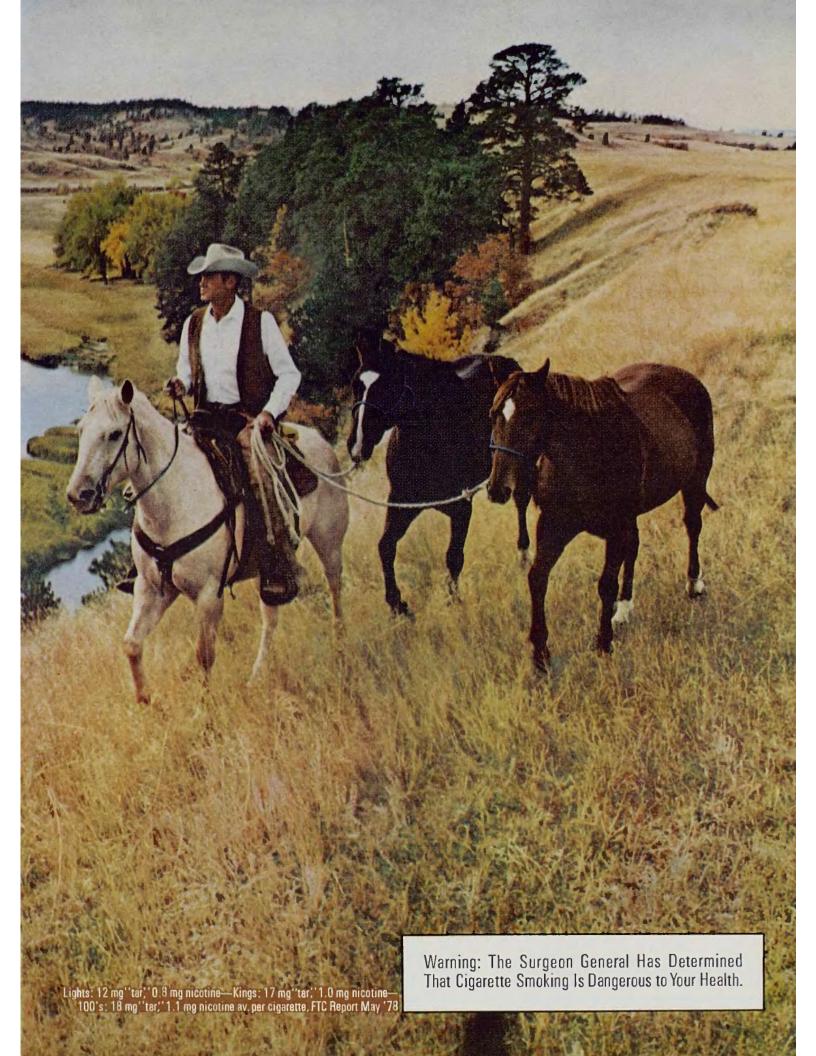
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it was a malfunction. What do you say

TELLER: It was an accident. People have cried wolf so often that when I heard about the catastrophe, I thought it was a false alarm. It turned out that this time it wasn't. The accident was quite a bit more serious than ever before. There's one very important point, however. Absolutely no one was hurt. Now this, of course, is exceedingly important in itself, because of the value of each human life and the health of each individual. But it is also important for another reason. Since no one was hurt, in the long run, I believe it will be possible to discuss this accident in a detached manner with some objectivity and without any exaggerated emotions-emotions that, of course, would be there if people had really suffered.

PLAYBOY: According to the information that you have now, isn't there a possibility that people could have suffered, or might in some future accident?

TELLER: From each accident, we learn how to avoid its repetition. This was an accident that, in a way, I expected. Many years ago, when I was chairman of the first Reactor Safeguard Committee—more than 30 years ago—I came to the conviction that nothing is foolproof. If you believe that it is, it will turn out in the end that the fool is bigger than the proof. The Pennsylvania reactor turned out to be even safer than we expected, but the operators seemed to be less prepared than we hoped.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by that?

TELLER: Well, nobody knows exactly what happened yet. To learn that, one has to cool down the reactor completely, inspect the parts, make measurements and reconstruct everything. It will be a long process, and I believe it wrong to prejudge what will be found. But I want to take the risk and tell you that from the way I can piece the information together, I have now a good guess as to what happened. Not only did the reactor work well but the instruments connected with the reactor worked, on the whole, reasonably well. The valve in the reactor should have closed at a certain moment. It did not. People should have been prepared for that possibility. There is evidence, however, that on several occasions the reactor operators made the wrong decision. They did so, I believe, because they were not well enough informed. It should be relatively simple to install some additional safety equipment, but the major change should be to install better-paid, more highly qualified operators.

PLAYBOY: Are you claiming that the problems were mostly of human error?

TELLER: There was, it seems to me, an accumulation of human errors—human errors that are completely understandable, because I don't want to use the word blame. These people worked under stress. The comparison that comes to my mind

is that not very long ago, over Flint, Michigan, an airplane lost a wing flap and went into a spin. The pilot took over at once and, thinking very fast and very ingeniously, doing much more than working by the book, managed to bring the airplane under control and saved the plane and the passengers. Now some pilots, I guess, are being paid \$100,000 a year. Reactor operators, I have inquired, are being paid \$25,000 a year. We are not as careful in selecting and training reactor operators as we are in training pilots. We could, and should, have really excellent people at each plant. These people can be found and more can be educated. This is a situation where mistake after mistake is made simply because it seems the job is too hard for the people presently there. It is very clear that we need more competence and I'm sure we can

PLAYBOY: We pay pilots well and accept the risks of air travel because the advantages are obvious. But are the advantages of nuclear reactors so obvious that we should take the risk of having something

"Governor Brown is exceedingly nimble in jumping on any band wagon, of any description, going at any speed."

so susceptible to human error, in which the possibilities of disaster are so great? TELLER: First of all, reactors are not so easily susceptible to human error. On Three Mile Island, insult after insult was suffered by the reactor; yet not a single person was hurt. The estimate of the damage now stands at approximately \$500,000,000, but no human life was taken. Now, if we didn't have reactors and if we did not build more, what would we have? It has now been proposed, by Jane Fonda and other experts, that all our reactors be shut down. If they were, we would pay six billion dollars per year more for imported oil. The dollar would depreciate further. All of us would be even more dependent on the tender mercies of OPEC. If we continue to build reactors, there's a much greater chance to break the monopoly of OPEC-a monopoly that would never be tolerated in the United States, incidentally.

Now, you may ask, Why not coal? The answer is the health hazards of coal—in coal mines, by accidents, by black-lung disease, by air pollution to the general population—are almost 100 times greater than any accident associated with the reactor. In the operation of the reactors

themselves, there have been no health hazards.

PLAYBOY: Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Joseph Califano would dispute that. He testified in front of a Senate subcommittee that because twice as much radiation was emitted from Three Mile Island as originally estimated, at least one to ten cancer deaths could be expected among the 2,000,000 people living near the power plant.

TELLER: Secretary Califano wasn't speaking about real expectations but about the worst possible case. The procedures for making those estimates are difficult and are not based on direct statistics. The committee of the National Academy of Sciences that came up with the estimate was split when it rendered its opinion, and it may even now be reconsidering the latest estimate. But taking all that into account, remember that out of a population of 2,000,000, some 325,000 cancer cases are expected normally. In the worst possible case, ten more people might contract cancer along with the 325,000. So, although even this cannot be verified statistically, Califano's statement will have the effect of making any of those 325,000 people think, Maybe I'm one of the ten. I believe this an improper use of scientific hypothesis and an improper way to inform the public.

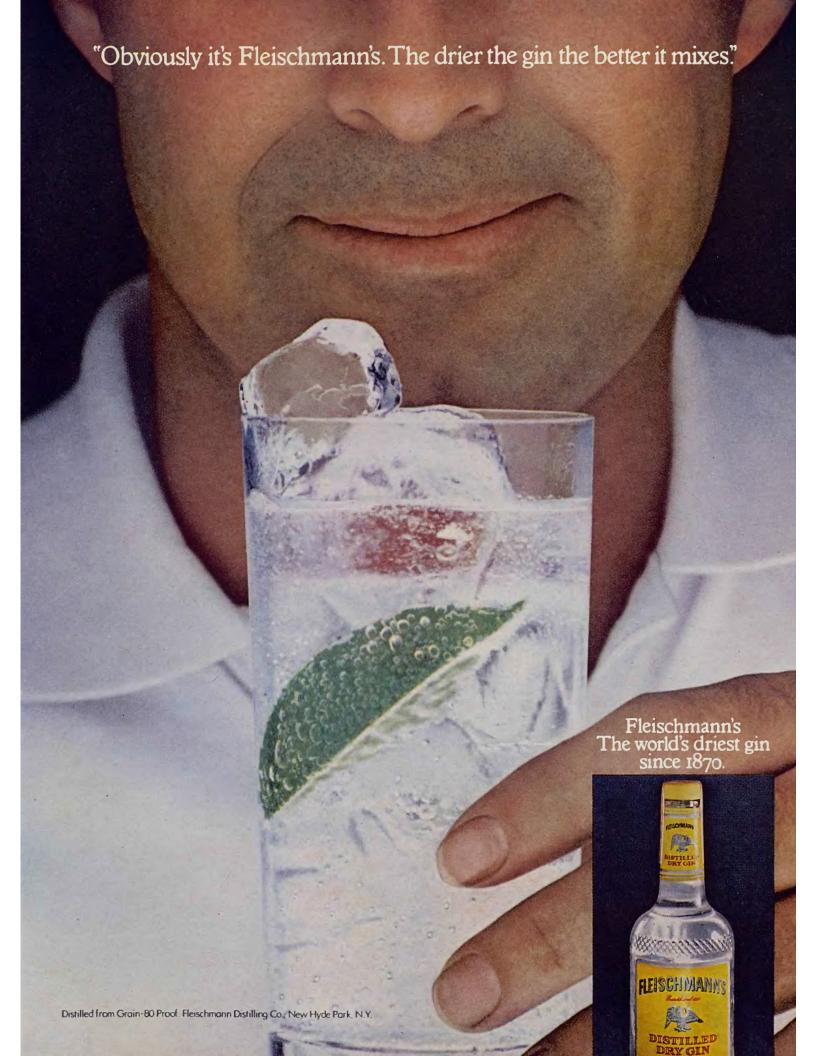
PLAYBOY: It nonetheless suggests to us that the nuclear plant poses a greater health hazard than you were willing to admit. And you can't deny that radiation poses a danger to pregnant women and children, can you?

TELLER: Pregnant women, or, rather, their offspring, are in greater danger. Small children are in less danger, old people like myself are in least danger.

Airline hostesses regularly get excess amounts of radiation because cosmic radiation at the 30,000-foot altitude at which jets fly is much greater than it is at sea level. The airlines used to have a policy of grounding hostesses when they got married. The hostesses protested and took the matter to court, and the courts decided that they must be allowed to fly. Nobody bothered to enlighten the hostesses that if they should get pregnant, even in the period before their pregnancy is recognized, the excess radiation might be damaging to their children. They are exposed to amounts larger than those the protesters are protesting about. This kind of double standard makes me feel that the reasons that the protesters are protesting are a little more complex than they appear to be.

PLAYBOY: Governor Jerry Brown asked to shut down the California plant that is a replica of the T.M.I. plant. Don't you think that was a prudent, justified move? TELLER: I am quite sure it is unjustified.

If Governor Brown succeeds in getting that plant shut down, there will be a need for another 30,000 barrels of oil a day. [The Rancho Seco nuclear plant in



California was shut down on April 28.] We can't have that unless there is a good reason for it, and from everything I know, there is no such reason. There may be some real or imagined political advantage for Governor Brown, who is exceedingly nimble in jumping on any band wagon, of any description, going at any speed.

PLAYBOY: How did you react when you first heard about the T.M.I. incident? Didn't it strain your confidence in nu-

clear power plants?

TELLER: I thought: Nobody has been hurt so far, nobody will get hurt, we will learn something. It will cost something, but it's worth it.

But that mass hysteria should have reached this proportion, that it should have remained top news for as long as it has, that is unprecedented. And it is a thoroughly unhealthy sign; it shows that we have lost all sense of balance.

The very thing that makes reactors safe—that we worry in detail about possibilities—gives fuel to the antinuclear propagandists, who have exploited these worries literally to scare people stiff. For example, detailed calculations lead to the probably correct conclusion that in the Pennsylvania reactor there was a gas bubble. Its existence was not proved but, on circumstantial evidence, is highly likely. The newspapers were full of the term time bomb. They said maybe it would go off in two days, maybe three.

It was reasonable to say, "There appears to be a bubble; it might be hydrogen; it conceivably may lead to danger; let's get rid of it in the most cautious manner possible." All those statements are reasonable. That this should feed headlines, should give rise to petitions and marches, is not as reasonable. I wonder: The energy industry lost, say, \$500,000,000, but did the newspaper industry make \$500,000,000? Was that money siphoned off from the energy industry, which needs the money badly, and given over to the amusement industry, which served the public by amusing it in a somewhat perverse way with horror stories?

PLAYBOY: How do you assess the danger of living near a nuclear plant?

TELLER: According to my daughter, this is a male-chauvinist-pig story, but anyway, it is told that at the hearings about a certain Illinois reactor, Dresden III, one of the protesters, a Dr. T., was confronted by a young man from the Atomic Energy Commission. The man said, "Dr. T., what do you think you get more radiation from, leaning up against an atomic reactor or sleeping with your wife?" Dr. T. didn't know and was confused by the question. So the man from the Atomic Energy Commission said, "I don't want to alarm you, but all human beings have radioactive potassium in

their blood—and that includes your wife. This reactor may have *more* radioactivity but much greater shielding. If you compare the two for radiation, you get just a bit more from Dresden III than from your wife."

That's why I do not advocate a law forcing married couples to sleep in twin beds, but from the point of view of radiation safety, I must warn against the practice of sleeping every night with *two* girls, because then you would get more radiation than from Dresden III.

The postscript to this story is that we had a very hard winter, a coal strike, oil barges stuck on the frozen Ohio River. Illinois did not get into trouble, thanks to Dresden III, which was able to supply the energy needs of neighboring states.

PLAYBOY: What about the Government's reaction to the Three Mile Island accident? Has it been to your satisfaction?

TELLER: The Nuclear Regulatory Commission made a great effort, an honest effort and a useful effort—but perhaps not a sufficient one. I think that agency should

"It was not justifiable that we should have bombed Hiroshima and Nagasaki before giving the Japanese warning.... If we had, all of us now would have a different impression of science, of the atomic nucleus."

be strengthened. However, President Carter did one thing that I think—at least I hope—will have a healthy effect. He appointed an 11-person commission. On the commission, there's not a single person representing the utilities or the nuclear industry. There's also not a single person representing the antinukes. I don't see how one can do better than follow the old legal procedure of appointing people who have open minds.

PLAYBOY: Despite your assurances, the dangers of radiation are what people fear most from both nuclear energy and nuclear weapons. Does the need for nuclear energy justify the harm that it has done or may do?

TELLER: There has been one and only one test—on February 28, 1954, in the Pacific—that did hurt some people. That test was carried out by the Los Alamos Laboratories. I had nothing to do with it, since I was working at Livermore Laboratories at that time. Some of the islanders got overexposed and 100 of them were affected. They would have gotten no ill effects had they known to wash off the

fallout. As it was, they were taken care of and all of them recovered. This unfortunate occurrence happened because the bomb was exploded when there was a change in wind direction. Not enough caution was taken—but the mistake has never been repeated.

During that same test, patrols were sent beforehand to see if there were any ships in the area, but they missed one ship. One member of the crew became very sick and shortly afterward he died. We don't have the records to prove the man died of radiation, but I believe it

would be highly probable.

That death invoked terrible reaction, and rightly so. First of all, a single human life is important. But there is more to it. It was, in my mind, not justifiable that we should have bombed Hiroshima and Nagasaki before giving the Japanese warning. If there had been a warning, if there had been a demonstration, we might have been able to end a horrible war by showing the power of science without killing people. If that had happened, all of us now would have a different impression of science, of the atomic nucleus. We would all be safer and happier.

I don't want to criticize: There were strong reasons for the bombing, to end the war as soon as possible, a war in which many people had died. Those bombings may have prevented other events that would have been even worse. But I still regret that we did not try a

warning explosion.

At that time, however, there was no protest. Here is a remarkable contrast: more than 100,000 people dead in Hiroshima and Nagasaki-incidentally, very few of them, comparatively, from radiation. They died from the shock, from fire-practically all of both cities burned. The immediate physical effects were much more devastating than the physiological effects of radiation. The fact is that very many people died and there were no widespread protests. Later, in contrast, one person died and there were all these protest marches. It was a remarkable psychological situation: I believe it was a delayed reaction to Hiroshima.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about radiation from a bomb blast. What about the reports of harmful effects from lower levels of radiation?

TELLER: These low-level radiations have not proved to be harmful, and the scare stories are just that, scare stories. They are exaggerated, they are unproved. People are easily frightened by what they don't understand.

The fact is, the whole human race and the whole living world has been exposed, during all of its existence, to radiation. The low-level radiations that are permitted by Government regulations are no greater than those we get from natural sources of radiation.

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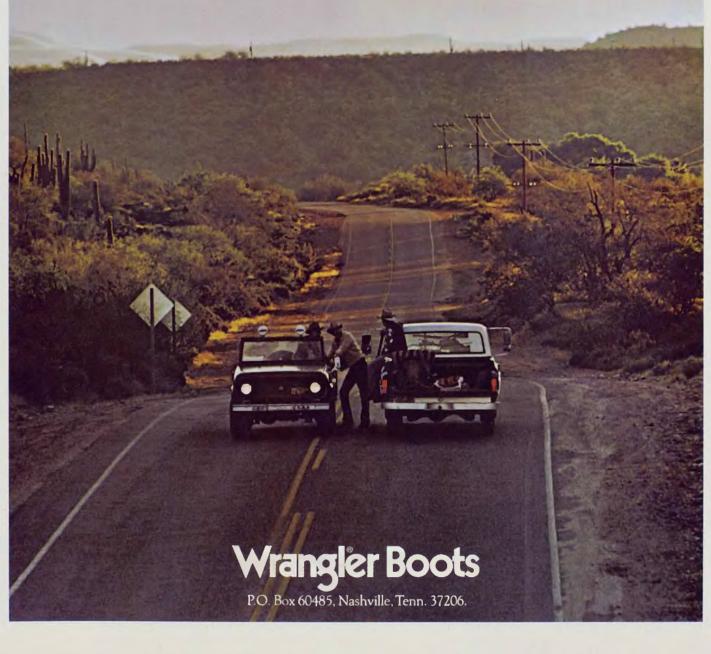
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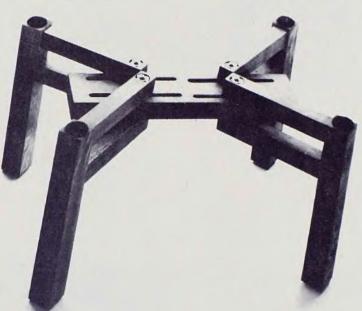
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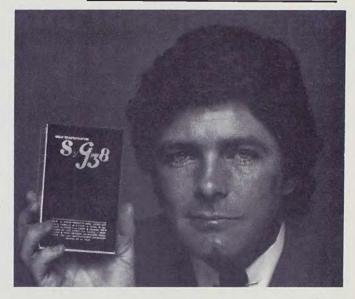
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PLAYBOY: You have been quoted as claiming that more people have been harmed by the fear of radiation than by radiation itself. Why do you say that?

TELLER: It is a very real problem. Radiation has extremely important medical applications, and people are now scared away from these treatments.

Things have gone so far that people refuse even medical chest X rays. I know of a case where a woman became pregnant and a chest X ray was recommended. It is right to say that embryos should not be exposed to radiation; they are more sensitive to it than adults. A chest X ray, however, properly shielded, separating the upper part of the body, would not have affected the embryo. She refused the X ray and thereby an early diagnosis of tuberculosis was missed. I don't know the end of the story, but I do know that she was affected for the worse because of the radiation scare.

PLAYBOY: But it's been shown that excessive irradiation for such things as skin conditions has produced cancer. Isn't it irresponsible to downplay the dangers of radiation?

TELLER: That too much radiation is bad is quite clear. What scares me more is that people will not dare use radiation where it is justified.

This normal radiation to which we are all exposed may have some adverse effacts, or it may have some beneficial effects-we don't know. There are some experiments on rodents that have been exposed to 100 times the maximum permissible dose, and on the average, they lived longer! People have objected to these animal experiments because these colonies of animals tend to be infected by pneumonia. What we know is that the life expectancy of pneumonia-infected colonies has been improved by radiation. But whether or not radiation stimulates something in the body that counteracts pneumonia, or what the connection is, we don't understand.

That there is no harmful effect from very little radiation, I don't know. That there is no beneficial effect from very little radiation, I don't know. And, furthermore, others don't know, either.

PLAYBOY: What about the recent reports of leukemia incidence among children in St. George, Utah?

TELLER: There was a big population exposed to some low-level radiation many

years ago in Nevada, near the Utah border. A study has been made of the civilians who were exposed, with a peculiar result. I said that embryos are more sensitive than people. It is also true that children are more sensitive than adults, and particular emphasis was placed on investigating those who were children at the time of this radiation. We know that strong irradiation does have delayed effects and therefore is difficult to find out. But we are beginning to find out.

Now, with regard to these Nevada results, something very remarkable has happened. Thousands of people, I think even tens of thousands of people, were exposed. Among these, there was an incidence in the exposed population, as there is in all populations. In regard to leukemia, the incidence seemed rather greater; in the case of the other cancers, it seemed rather less. If you added up all the cancer cases, the effect was zero, but the media's reporting of the study was selective. The fact that there were more leukemia cases was reported; the fact that there were fewer other cancer cases was not reported.

"That too much radiation is bad is quite clear. What scares me more is that people will not dare use radiation [for medical purposes] where it is justified."

Whether or not either of these observations is significant, whether or not either has anything to do with additional radiation, we don't know. But there is an enormous amount of guessing and an enormous amount of fear. I cannot tell you with absolute certainty that those experiments may not have caused a dozen additional leukemia cases; they might have. I don't believe it, but they might have. I can tell you that the radiation scare has hurt tens of thousands of people.

PLAYBOY: What about the case of Karen Silkwood, who, some suspect, was murdered to prevent her from telling what she knew about health hazards in the nuclear plant in which she worked?

TELLER: Karen Silkwood had a conflict with the establishment that ran the place in which she worked. It was claimed that she was murdered and this was covered up. If you want to believe, as in the movie *The China Syndrome*—

PLAYBOY: Did you see it?

TELLER: I didn't see it, but I know its plot. If you want to believe that our public companies are at least as bad as the Mafia, then this is a sad situation.

I don't believe it. I doubt that many people seriously believe that, but this has nothing to do with nuclear energy. It has to do with common questions of decency and of law enforcement. We share a respect for decency and law enforcement in this country that not even the President can escape, much less a company executive.

PLAYBOY: Many people would consider that a naïve confidence on your part. Are you really as happy as you seem with the accumulation of power in the hands of those who run the utilities?

TELLER: I didn't say I'm happy about it. I am not. Utilities are, however, under rigorous control. One can argue as to whether they are under wise control or unwise control, but, at any rate, utilities, which provide many people with needed energy, have in their systems something of the checks and balances of the American way of life.

Power concentration in our society does occur. It is far greater in the automobile industry and in labor unions than in the utilities. Whenever and wherever these concentrations of power occur, they should be scrutinized.

PLAYBOY: Chinese nuclear testing has resulted in fallout over American urban areas. Do those incidents, this time executed by a Communist power, worry you? TELLER: They don't worry me in the slightest. I do know that nothing terrible has happened from fallout apart from the one incident in the Pacific, when nearby islands were exposed. It never should have happened; originally, I wanted such tests to go on in Antarctica. But if you disregard this one case, the worst other case of fallout, at the time of much more frequent testing, was an increase in radiation to some parts of human bodies in some places by ten percent over the normal level. In 1958, a friend, Albert Latter, and I wrote a book, Our Nuclear Future, in which we analyzed these cases in great detail. I have not seen the figures on recent Chinese explosions. I am quite sure that the fallout will not have added significant amounts of radiation received by anybody. And by significant amounts I mean more than what he would get by means of one year's normal radiation, more than what he would get by a few round trips from California to the East

You cannot say with any certainty that nobody has been hurt by these small amounts of fallout. But I know that if somebody has been hurt, we can't find him. Furthermore, it is an honest statement that the effect of low-level radiation—adverse, beneficial or otherwise—is something we don't know. Probably, it's more adverse than anything else; that is at least a cautious assumption that I would be willing to make and most other





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people do make. But I don't worry about it more than I'd worry if I were more than two percent overweight. Unfortunately, I am more than two percent overweight, and I am absolutely certain that is a more significant health problem.

PLAYBOY: Since there are so few experts on this subject, perhaps we should ask you for your thumbnail explanation of the nature of radiation—and its effects on humans.

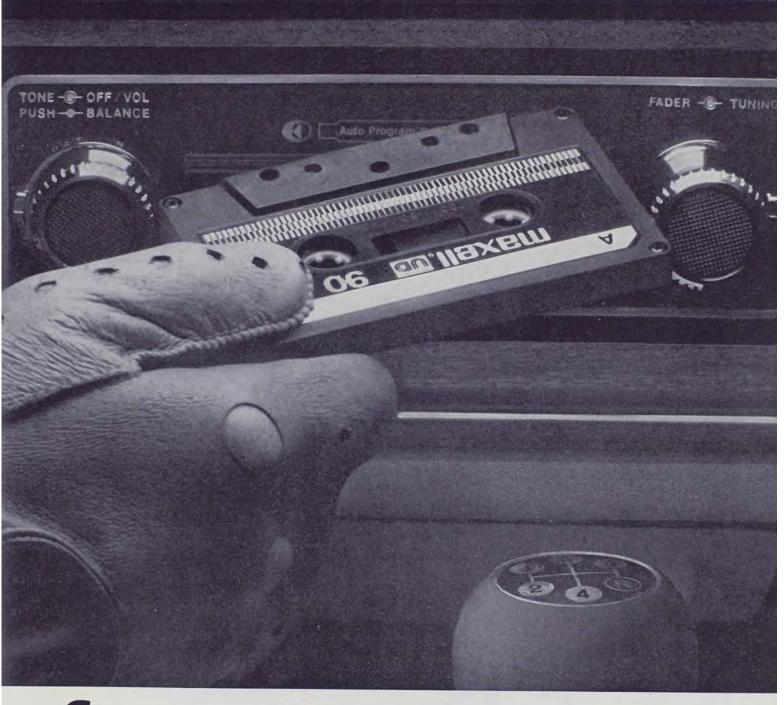
TELLER: In the case of radiation, the only thing that matters significantly is the total amount of energy delivered to a tissue. If we know that irradiation has occurred, or if a radioactive substance has been taken up by the body, has carried radiation into a specific tissue, like the thyroid gland or the bone marrow, then we know that the effect of this radiation is directly related to the amount of energy delivered to that tissue. The paths of these radioactive substances in the body can be easily studied and have been carefully studied: therefore, we know the amount of danger. We know the effect is similar to the effect we get from background radiation, but we don't know whether or not the effect is dangerous in small quantities.

What we are afraid of in fallout, what people talk most about, is radiation taken up by the bone marrow through a particular kind of an atom, strontium 90. When we say that there is no unusual danger, we say that the bone marrow, which is most exposed in this case, is still exposed to much less radiation than it is from cosmic rays.

Cosmic rays affect the whole body; so do some particles of radiation that drift over after an explosion. But important effects of nuclear radiation usually affect only a small part of the body. Our regulations say that no part of the body must be exposed to more than our whole body will get in the normal course of events.

I probably shouldn't say this, since it's a joke, and my intent might be misinter-preted, but you know people are worried about genetic effects, and there is no doubt that radiation increases the rate of genetic mutation. It is also true that without mutations, we would still be in the state of an amoeba. All changes in the living world have been due to mutations. And while most of them are harmful, without mutations there would be no adaptation and no development.

One view of very ancient history is that during the ice ages that occurred in the past million years or so, people were driven into caves. Radiation in those caves is known to be greater than in the open. That the human race developed faster and became human may be due to radiation. But now we are out of the caves, we have stopped developing and we are becoming, therefore, stodgy and stupid. Now, please don't take this seriously! This is not a good argument—but it is no worse than the arguments people use to try to



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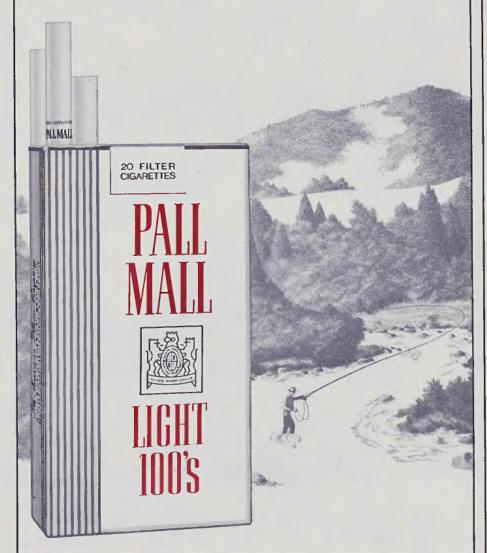
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scare you about radiation. That this argument is no worse than their arguments is no great claim.

PLAYBOY: The question of nuclear energy is critical because of the energy crunch. Since you're so adamant about the scare tactics used against radiation, do you find that the energy crisis has been similarly overstated?

TELLER: The energy shortage is very critical. It is due to a great extent almost exclusively to lack of foresight. Years ago, it was perfectly clear that the shortage was coming, and we did nothing about it. Today, we still do too little about it.

There is no single solution. What we need to do is use every possible available energy source that can be had at a reasonable price and without unreasonable pollution. That means fossil fuels, hydroelectric power, development of solar power in some forms, nuclear power, which has been developed and continues to be cleaner, safer and, very practically, less expensive than any other form of power; and that is still not the end of the list. My most recent book is titled Energy from Heaven and Earth. By that title, I mean that we need energy from wherever we can get it, as long as it is reasonable. People who capriciously and unreasonably object to a particular energy source, be it coal or nuclear or oil, really do the community a very serious disservice.

Incidentally, the people who will be hurt in the worst way by the energy crisis are the poor people in the Third World. Without energy, the developing countries cannot develop, and without energy, we can't produce the fertilizer that their increasing populations require.

PLAYBOY: What about waste products from the production of nuclear energy? There is great concern over nuclear end products that can't be disposed of safely.

TELLER: Waste disposal has been practiced in the nuclear-weapons program for decades without accident, even though during the war, disposal was not done nearly as carefully as we are doing it now.

The American Physical Society conducted an extremely careful study on waste disposal and it published the results in January 1978. Now, the American Physical Society is not especially favorable to any particular form of energy. Its findings were unanimous: Waste disposal is a completely solved problem. Its implementation in civilian reactors has been delayed by our bureaucracy, and this delay is just plain wrong. The best characterization of this issue has been given by a very wonderful lady, now the governor of Washington, Dixy Lee Ray, who was chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. "Waste disposal," she said, "is the biggest contemporary nonproblem." PLAYBOY: That's a rather abrupt dismissal

of an important issue. [See "Waste of the Pecos," page 130 in this issue.] Are you referring to temporary storage of waste disposal rather than permanent storage?

TELLER: I'm referring to both. Temporary storage is being practiced by putting the burned-out fuel elements into big ponds. The water cools them and stops the radiation. The temporary storage elements are easily supervised and extremely safe. After a flue element has been in temporary storage for, let us say, ten years, then we are ready to reprocess, to extract from it the valuable, long-lived, heavy elements, such as plutonium. Those elements stick around for more than 1000 human generations, but we can burn them up in other reactors within a few years. We can reuse them and get rid of them. As to what remains, those elements should be incorporated into an insoluble mass and buried a mile underground. They will never again be in touch with anything that's alive.

PLAYBOY: What about reports that those waste products can contaminate the water table—and eventually our drinking water? TELLER: One puts the waste in a layer that is geologically stable, that has no water to carry away anything. And if there were water, the material is not soluble. You then wait for the few hundred years that radioactivity keeps diffusing, and by that time, it will be less than the radioactivity found in a uranium mine.

I want to add one thing: The military has worked on the disposal of its products—a very similar situation to what's left over in a reactor. Actually, the amount of the material the military has disposed of is, at least for now, greater than all the material from the reactors. There never has been any serious trouble with that. A slight trouble did arise with the material that was disposed of during the Second World War by quite primitive methods, not in the elaborate way I have described. The question has been carefully studied by the American Physical Society and it has found no real problem.

PLAYBOY: You may cite the American Physical Society, but the U.S. Geological Survey has challenged the waste-disposal system we are proposing in our SALT talks with the Russians.

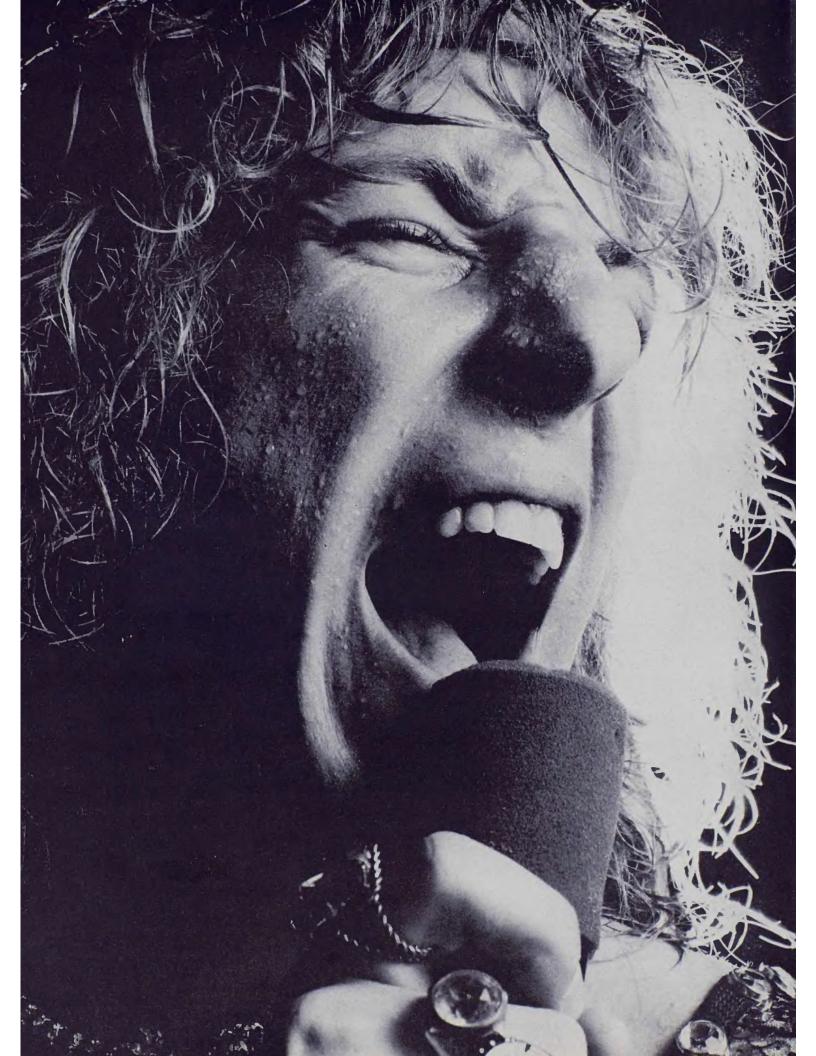
TELLER: That's because of a change in the system I have described, which has been made by President Carter. He has insisted that the plutonium not be separated out before disposal. He's afraid the misuse of plutonium will lead to nuclear-weapons proliferation. So we've stopped extracting and reprocessing the long-lived plutonium. But other nations haven't. We should do so once again—and deal with the proliferation problem by political means—to make waste disposal safer. It still should work, but Carter has made the job unnecessarily difficult.

PLAYBOY: What *are* the problems involved with nuclear reactors, as you see them?

TELLER: The problems are called Ralph Nader.

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production will not make sufficient progress. Public understanding is inhibited by people who should know better. Those who are lacking in knowledge should at least talk a little less. Ralph Nader was right about safety belts; I doubt that he was right about many other things.

PLAYBOY: That's a bit glib of you, as a major proponent of nuclear energy, to say—

TELLER: Excuse me. I am not a big proponent of nuclear energy, no more than I am of oil or coal or solar energy or geothermal energy or wave energy or wind energy or you name it, as long as it is feasible. When you have real shortages, you don't throw away any important components without very good reason.

It so happens that nuclear energy is the cleanest, safest, cheapest source of electricity where electricity is required in large amounts. For small generating plants, nuclear energy is no good. Furthermore electricity is only a part of our energy requirements. Therefore, nuclear energy is certainly not the whole of the answer.

PLAYBOY: Haven't the large oil companies blocked research in other areas of energy? TELLER: Large companies don't suffer these days from too much popularity. And oil companies seem to be less popular than others.

Actually, oil companies have supported research in other fields and they have developed methods for finding and producing oil that are quite ingenious. About three years ago, in California, we had a referendum, Proposition 15, on nuclear reactors. I happen to know that the oil companies supported nuclear reactors and gave money for that purpose. But they did not stand up and say so. The result was that they wound up being accused by everybody. Opponents of nuclear reactors found out that they had given money: proponents of nuclear reactors noticed that the oil companies wouldn't speak up for their convictions. They became uncertain as to whose side the oil companies were really on. So proponents didn't like them, either. Now, to be so cautious as not to dare say what you believe in is not a lovely role, and to that extent, I can fault the oil companies.

I don't think it holds for all of them. In general, I think that big and rich companies do have some responsibility for the common good, and a part of that responsibility, it seems to me, would be to take a stand that is, in their own eyes, the best. Their judgment is probably better than their courage. Corporate courage is usually no greater than personal courage.

PLAYBOY: In terms of personal courage, have you not noted that many opponents of nuclear plants are willing to put themselves at risk, even go to jail, for their convictions?

TELLER: How many did go to jail? And how many, instead, became famous for nothing more than telling lies? Many, I

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believe, do it out of mistaken conviction; some because it's an easy road to fame, and maybe to fortune. There is a man, Amory Lovins, whose only accomplishment is his opposition to nuclear energy and similar big enterprises. He has become a famous man from this opposition alone.

PLAYBOY: One of Lovins' major criticisms of nuclear power is that we produce more electricity than we need and that nuclear reactors lead us to overproduction, that using them is like "cutting butter with a chain saw."

TELLER: I certainly cannot criticize Lovins for any lack of picturesque expression, but let me talk about the butter and the chain saw. In the Sixties, electric consumption was rising seven percent a year. That rise has slackened. For a while, it was quite low; it is now back up to about four percent. Perhaps we could save more, but when you stop producing more electricity, the people you hurt are actually the poorest people, who have not yet had their share of energy consumption. Let's say we stop building new plants. In that case, our present excess would be gone in two and a half years. To build these plants takes maybe ten years, so you do have to plan ahead.

Lovins says, Let's build smaller units, those we can build faster. In a discussion, he was asked if the small units exist now. He said no. Then he was asked when they will exist and he said maybe in the year 2010. So he dreams about inventions that don't yet exist and that he cannot himself invent, because he is not an inventor. He's a dreamer with a remarkable vocabulary.

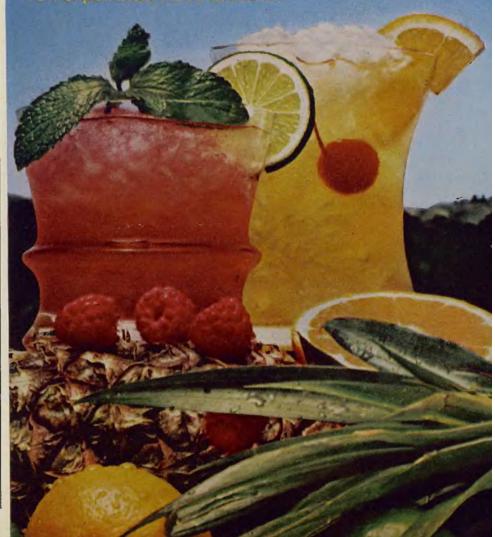
PLAYBOY: You've written extensively about the use of unusual energy sources, such as wave energy. Can such forms as wave energy and solar energy fill major energy needs in advanced technological societies? TELLER: We have to take them case by case. By solar energy, people often mean a lot of different things: growing plants and using the plants for fuel; collecting solar heat for heating and even cooling houses. Many of these are feasible. In my book, I try to visualize what might happen in the year 2000-I try to be fairly optimistic. I make guesses: By the year 2000, 20 percent of our energy may come from nuclear sources, 12 percent from solar sources.

PLAYBOY: You have argued that solar power is not yet developed enough for mass use. Let us quote once again from Lovins. He has said that if all the new houses built in the U.S. in the next 14 years were solar heated, we could save as much energy as we expect to recover from the North Slope oil system of Alaska.

TELLER: I have not made this special calculation, but I can tell you a few things about this statement. Today, we have the means of heating water with solar power, and in our Southern states, that certainly

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could be done. Heating in the South, where we hardly need it, might also be done in an economic manner by solar means. But what will you do in New England or in the Midwest or in practically half the United States, where there isn't enough sunshine? I heard Lovins say in Brussels that all the electricity for Belgium could be produced by solar heat and windmills. This is certainly not true.

The question is, can solar energy be turned into electricity? It can, but only at a price that today is at least five times as great as the price for nuclear electricity. These high costs are due to a lot of fabrication that goes into making the parts of the solar machine; unless we mass-produce, we won't be able to pay for it. So small no longer will be beautiful; small will be expensive. When we mass-produce, that production will give incomparably more pollution and more danger than nuclear reaction. I don't think that solar electricity is impossible forever. There are people who are coming up with new ideas and I am working with them. I want to get energy from every possible source. From nuclear, from solar, from oil and from gas-but, if possible, not from OPEC.

To summarize, the problems of nuclear and solar energies are very different. In the case of solar energy, we don't have the practical technology yet, but it is slowly approaching the stage where its cost will not be too great per unit of energy produced. In the case of nuclear energy, we know how to produce it, but we don't apply common reason to something that is technically well understood. Unfortunately, Jimmy Carter, the nuclear engineer in the White House, forgot what he learned, if, indeed, he ever learned it.

PLAYBOY: But people far less sophisticated than Carter feel that the enormity of nuclear power is simply beyond their grasp——

TELLER: Nuclear power is certainly beyond the grasp of anyone who doesn't want to hear about it. If you want to understand it, you can grasp it very easily.

PLAYBOY: Considering the reservations many people have about it, don't we have a right to be informed about what nuclear power can provide that we don't already have?

TELLER: Today, nuclear power can produce electricity wherever it is needed in large quantities. For any country that has a good electrical-distribution net, it is the cheapest, cleanest, safest source. For the horribly huge cities, the slums of the Third World—Cairo, Mexico City, Bombay, Calcutta, Djakarta, where you have 10,000,000 people living in a crowded area—nuclear power could be used to great advantage without adding pollution. Even so, nuclear power is most useful in the advanced countries, where the distribution net already exists.

By utilizing nuclear power, within ten

years, the advanced countries could decrease their need for oil by 30 percent. This oil could then go to developing countries. What nuclear power could do, therefore, is not only stabilize the shaky economics of the advanced world but also help a lot of the development of the developing world, which will not develop without energy.

There are some very interesting statistics about this. The United Nations' records from 1950 to 1975 show that percapita commercial energy consumption in the developing countries increased in that period threefold. In the developed countries, it increased twofold. It is not true that the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer. It is true that energy is needed for a decent standard of living. And it is further true that the developing countries continue to have too little energy.

The great development in the third quarter of the Twentieth Century has been made possible by oil. These possibilities have not ended, but the limits are in sight. For the sake of the developing world, we need added energy sources; nuclear and solar and geothermal and wave energy and others. Among these, nuclear is already here; so is coal. Nuclear energy could comprise, by the year 2000, about one fifth of the energy of the world. Today, it produces only two to three percent of the world's energy. That 20 percent could make a difference in the world, in stability, in the accelerated fight against poverty.

PLAYBOY: The most spectacular of your scientific achievements has been the development of the H-bomb. How do you feel about being called "father of the hydrogen bomb"?

TELLER: Well, it never sent me a Father's Day card. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Do you feel any pride in that accomplishment?

TELLER: You work on something because you feel it is the right thing to do, and pride is just not the word.

PLAYBOY: Then, are you ashamed? Do you regret your work?

TELLER: Certainly not! I feel it was necessary to do.

PLAYBOY: Is that how you feel about the rest of your work, too? Or are there things you did because you really wanted to do them?

TELLER: When I first chose my work, I decided not to work on applying science but to work on understanding the meaning of the word. I did that for many years with great pleasure and even occasionally with some pride, not that I like the word in any sense. Then came World War Two and I became involved in working on weapons because of necessity, because it seemed that it had to be done.

After the war, it seemed to me that the job was left unfinished. When I heard declarations of Stalin that he "had the atomic bomb and will have much more"-that's literally what Stalin saidthere was even more reason for me to be interested. Yet I went back to theoretical physics and did nothing about it. But when the Russians exploded an atomic bomb, I became uneasy. Moreover, several of my friends came to me and said that it was now absolutely necessary that we do something about the situation. Eventually, it became clear that the Russians and we had gotten at the solution of how to make thermonuclear explosions at nearly the same time. All this was connected with much more personal and professional controversy than I have ever experienced before or after.

When it became clear that we had to work on the hydrogen bomb, I went to see my friend Enrico Fermi and implored him to take over the job. I would have been glad to work for him. He said no. I went to another friend, Hans Bethe. He said yes; then, a day or two later, he reneged. It's not that I wanted to do it—it had to be done.

The idea that any person can accomplish a lot in a complicated field like this one is quite misleading. Afterward, I wrote an article about the development titled "The Work of Many People." That is exactly what it was. Perhaps I worked on the problem somewhat longer than other people: perhaps I worked more consistently when the going, in a psychological sense, became quite difficult. In a way, I'm glad that we didn't fail. But all this has nothing to do with "pride."

Those words—father of the hydrogen bomb—are silly. I object to them mostly because they are in poor taste. I have children

PLAYBOY: Did you advocate the use of nuclear weapons in Vietnam?

TELLER: I participated in the discussions of nuclear weapons in Vietnam and I opposed their use as completely and as forcefully as I have ever opposed anything.

I had a very simple reason for doing so. Nuclear weapons are not appropriate against guerrillas. They can be used against a massive invading force, but that is not what we were dealing with in Vietnam. Our forces had extensive military bases that were vulnerable to nuclear weapons. The Viet Cong was not vulnerable. For us to have initiated nuclear warfare in Vietnam would have been not only inhuman but, in every sense of the word, complete madness.

PLAYBOY: Why do you urge the development of more weapons? Don't we already have the capacity to kill our enemies indeed, the whole world—many times over?

TELLER: The reason we need more and different weapons is that this idea of overkill is, quite simply, not true.

Let me say—on this I must absolutely insist—that the one purpose that I have

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is to avoid the horrible event of a nuclear exchange with Russia. But if there should be one, the Russians have taken precautions, so that, in all probability, the damage to human life in Russia would be considerably less than it was in the Second World War. They probably would lose less than five percent of their population. Since we have done virtually nothing about our civil defense, we would lose more than 50 percent of our population, and the U.S. would no longer exist as a power, a political entity, even as an idea. Our way of life would have become nonexistent, just as the enemies of Stalin have become nonpersons.

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute. Less than five percent of the Soviet population would be affected? Most published figures show that an 80 percent destruction of Russia is expected in case of such an attack by the U. S. Where do you get your figures?

is expected in case of such an attack by the U.S. Where do you get your figures? TELLER: That 80 percent figure, to the best of my knowledge, is out of date. The trouble is that all these discussions are carried out in secret and I don't even know how much of it can be quoted. My figure, five percent or less, comes from non-Government sources. It is compatible with a high degree of property damage, but I wouldn't say as high as 80 percent. However, the Russian people would survive, and the Russians have a superiority in number of nuclear explosives that might easily become great enough so that after such an exchange, they still had a terrific striking force by which they could coerce any nation on earth to deliver to them whatever they wanted-food, machinery, labor-so their property losses could be replaced in an exceedingly short time. Remember the economic miracle in Germany and Japan. Remember that our total national assets equal approximately three years of the gross national product, so it shows that property can be replaced, and rapidly, even without outside help. Human beings cannot.

PLAYBOY: But, going back to your figures, what makes you sure that the Russian population is so much more secure than the American? Does their civil-defense program really make them more secure?

TELLER: Our information shows that the great numbers of truly well-constructed shelters exist for those workers who would have to stay behind after evacuation.

PLAYBOY: But wouldn't the radiation levels after nuclear attack make the shelter programs useless?

TELLER: In a nuclear war, the so-called maximum permissible dose of nuclear radiation would be exceeded, perhaps for everybody in the whole world, but a radiation dose even 1000 times the so-called maximum permissible dose would still produce only limited damage. Damage, yes, but still limited. The direct effects of nuclear explosion—the shock,

the heat, the fires—these are terrible. Because we have been oversensitized to the effects of low-level radiation, we have lost all sense of proportion when discussing a situation as bad as war. Just as 100,000 people were killed at the end of World War Two by nuclear weapons, and then one person died by fallout and got the public reaction, so in other cases where people talk about overkill, they project a chance of something that is terrible, but could still be avoided, into a prediction of certainty.

PLAYBOY: Do the Russians, in fact, have an edge on us in military and scientific capability?

TELLER: They have a proved edge on us in the *quantity* of weapons. We like to claim that qualitatively we are ahead. Unfortunately, the statement about quantity can be proved, but that about quality is much less provable.

In this country, military efforts are attacked from all sides. Scientists are discouraged from pursuing military projects. In Russia, work on weapons is encouraged to the limit.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't the ingenuity of American scientists make up for that—especially since Soviet scientists don't have much of a choice in the projects they work on? TELLER: It may. The proverb "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink" is true, but it has its limits. Sooner or later, all horses want to drink. In the end, all scientists want to work on some technical problem. Any scientist, under most conditions, will try to do his best.

Consider a man like Andrei Sakharov. I don't know in any detail what is going on behind the Iron Curtain, but it seems he has made great contributions to Russian military preparedness. He turned around politically and is now in the opposition. This took an incredible amount of courage. One person among thousands has that kind of courage. The great majority will justify to themselves what they are doing. If you grow up in a country where the only permitted or publicized words are those of the Communist Party, it takes a rare combination of courage and intelligence to speak differently.

There are matters on which I differ from my fellow scientists, but not from the whole society. Even that limited experience has taught me how difficult it is to take a different view from that of those who are around you. What a man like Sakharov has to suffer is really terrible, and I think I understand how rare that kind of behavior actually is.

From what we can find out, the Russian scientists are highly ingenious, just as ingenious as American scientists. I think it is highly likely that among these many ingenious people, a much greater fraction works willingly on weapons than in the United States. It is likely that the Russians today have not only

a greater quantitative advantage but probably even a qualitative edge.

Our Secretary of Defense, Harold Brown, a truly ingenious man, made a public statement when he first took office. It contained the sentence, "I consider it my job that we should not fall too far behind the Russians." For a Secretary of Defense to be as open as that is, in itself, a remarkable thing.

PLAYBOY: Isn't your advice based on a rather extreme distrust of the Russians?

TELLER: I trust the Russians to pursue their ideals. I don't happen to agree with some of their ideals. For instance, I don't happen to believe that the world would be best off under Russian rule. They feel that their way of life is the best, but on that point, some refugees seem to differ. I tend to agree with Alexander Solzhenitsyn more than I agree with Leonid Brezhnev. I also trust Solzhenitsyn more than I trust Brezhnev.

PLAYBOY: Do you see any point to the SALT talks?

TELLER: It may make sense to negotiate with the Russians from a position of strength. But today we are negotiating from a position of weakness—and that makes less sense.

PLAYBOY: Are you really convinced that the Russians want to conquer additional territory?

TELLER: It is very hard to be convinced of that, but their influence has greatly increased recently: in Afghanistan, perhaps in Iran, in part of Yemen, where one of the richest sources of oil, Saudi Arabia, may well get involved. The Russian influence in Ethiopia, in Angola, in Somalia is a matter of record. You cannot avoid the feeling that there is an explanation for why Russia insists on having enough arms to defend itself against an "attack" by the whole world. Their standard of living is low, yet they pour much more money and talent into military preparedness than do we in the United States. I cannot exclude the possibility that the Russians, who are convinced that their Communist way of life is the only right one, are altruistic enough to want to make sure that the rest of the world participates in their excellent way of life-whether it wants to

PLAYBOY: If the Russians are both stronger and more aggressive than we are, you must be pretty pessimistic about this nation's defense.

TELLER: I am not pessimistic. I define a pessimist as a person who is always right but does not get any enjoyment out of it. An optimist is a person who imagines that the future is uncertain. I consider it a duty to be an optimist, because if you imagine the future to be uncertain, you are apt to do something about it.

PLAYBOY: Optimistic or not, you're still claiming the Soviets are ahead of us quantitatively and probably qualitatively. That doesn't square with what we read

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about U.S. superiority in multiple-warhead missiles, in missile submarines and in the superior accuracy of our weapons systems in general. Isn't it a fact, for instance, that Russia's missiles are bigger than ours because they are less accurate?

TELLER: You are asking about Russian secrets, and Russian secrets are not only unknown to us but, to the extent that they are known, we keep them more tightly than our own secrets. I cannot talk about that. But there is a dangerous effect that everybody should keep in mind. If you do something your way, and I do something my way, I am very easily led to jump to the conclusion that you do things your way because you are a fool. It may be that you have reasons to do them that way, and if I were fully aware of the circumstances in Russia, I could answer the questions better-if I were allowed to answer them.

PLAYBOY: We can deal only with what we know. Why should we assume that the Soviets are more powerful than we are, if we have no solid evidence to that effect?

TELLER: We have quite a bit of evidence. For instance, we have evidence of their number of ships, their number of explosives, the weight of their explosives, from which we can quantitatively conclude that they are ahead. In areas where we can only guess, we imagine that we are ahead. PLAYBOY: Can't we draw some conclusions from their space program? That deals with much the same technology as de-

fense, and ours is considered far superior

to theirs. TELLER: By whom?

PLAYBOY: You don't think so?

TELLER: I don't think so and I don't think the opposite, either. I don't know. The Americans' emphasis was on an effort to land on the moon. We did, and in that respect, our victory was obvious and I'm happy about it. The Russians don't talk about everything they are doing. We know that they have very good people working on their space program. We know that the best of the Russian scientists are deeply involved in their military effort, while ours are not. We know that their military-research expenditures are greater than ours. We have here, in regard to quality, a race between the hare and the turtle. The American hare could still outrun the Russian turtle if he would only run; but we are resting on the glories of past accomplishments and our scientists generally don't like to work on the making of weapons.

PLAYBOY: Is there an area in which you see the U.S. at a military advantage?

TELLER: Yes. We're ahead in electronics, particularly computers. And that brings us to one of my favorite hobbyhorses, secrecy. Let's contrast nuclear weapons and electronic computers. In nuclear weapons, we had secrecy-now the Russians are ahead of us. In electronics and computers, we had practically no secrecy

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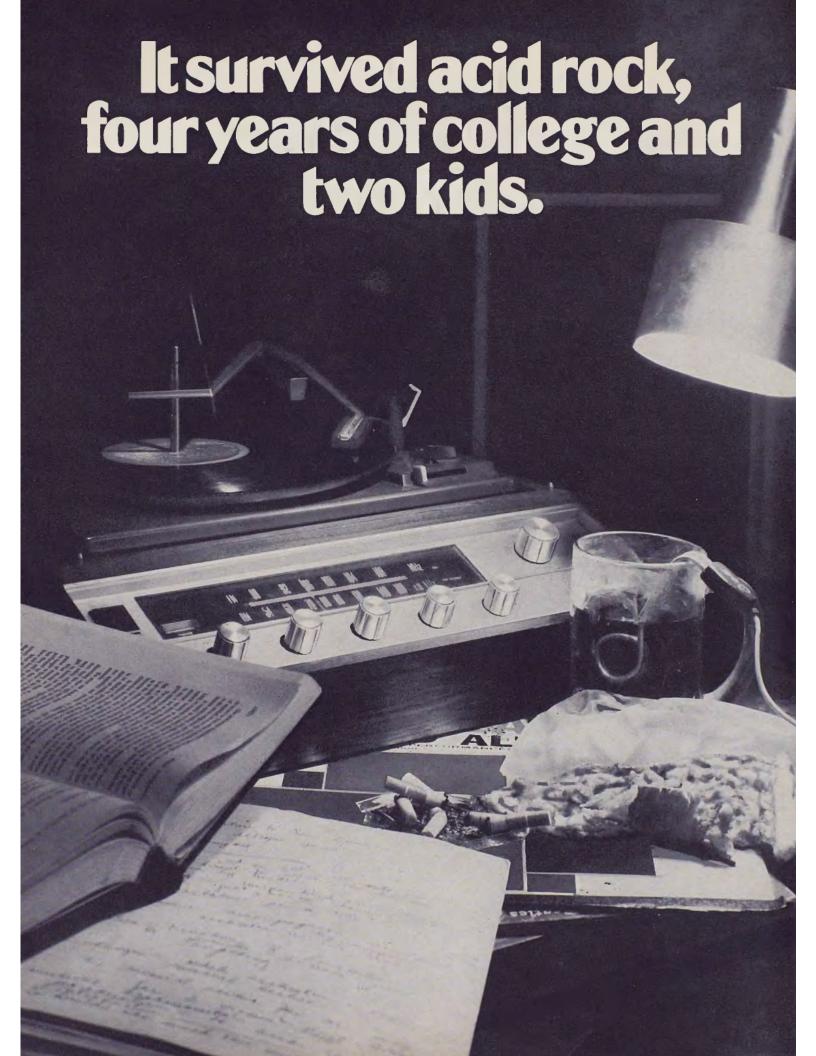
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and we are way ahead of the Russians. That is not due to chance. Computers and other electronics in general, such as television and those other remarkable things, are badly needed in a consumerist society. Therefore, we are motivated toward the development of these instruments.

What we have not done but what we could and should do is to apply our advanced electronics, particularly miniaturized electronics, to produce instruments of war, so that we can take people farther away from the scene of action. In other words, I want to see remotely piloted airplanes, remotely navigated ships, remotely steered tanks. All these instruments can have any number of sensors. They can see, they can hear, they can feel, they can communicate. And they can take orders as to how to act under any circumstances.

This is a field in which I would like nothing better than cooperation with Israel. Israel has something to contribute. In the United States, as I said, for a scientist to work on defense is not easy. If he does so, and I should know, he is subject to all kinds of criticism—not all of it truthful, not all of it agreeable. In Israel, defense has been recognized as an honorable and necessary business.

PLAYBOY: What do you think should be done to ensure our defense?

TELLER: We cannot ensure. The world never has been safe, and it is not safe now. The United States used to be much more secure than it is now because of our ocean barriers. With the world having become much smaller, with interactions with other nations so much greater, the United States today is no safer than Poland was in 1939. Poland lasted only a few weeks when Hitler's attack came. For Americans, this is a new situation to which they have not yet really adjusted.

The first step is to notice that there is trouble. Once we stop fooling ourselves, once we stop asking the wrong questions, once we stop giving the wrong answers because those answers are expected of us, then there may be some hope.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that we need to establish a mentality in this country that is more militaristic?

TELLER: Certainly not! Most people think of militaristic as not just having military power but misusing that power.

In 1945, the U.S. occupied great regions of western Europe and all of Japan. West Germany and Japan recovered. Our military people had power, but they did not misuse it. The proof is the simple fact that West Germany and Japan are our friends today. Of course, there were places where we misused our power. It would be inhuman if it never happened, but on the whole, it did not happen.

We can and must call the Nazis militarists. When their military forces occupied countries, power was misused. As for the Russians in eastern Europe; consider the unsuccessful uprising in Hungary in 1956. As a Hungarian, I know that the Russians have misused their power.

But if the word militaristic signifies a minimum amount of preparedness, as much as we need for the safety of freedom, then I am for it, no matter what word you use.

There is one reason why I particularly admire the Israelis. In the rest of the world, practically without exception, there is a gulf between intellectuals and the rest of the people, most certainly between the intellectuals and the politicians. The one country where this gulf does not exist is Israel. Israel was founded by intellectuals. When they got to Israel, they found that they could not survive without turning into peasants, but they stayed intellectuals. To be an intellectual is a hard habit to break. When they found that they'd be destroyed by the Arabs unless they learned to defend themselves, they turned into soldiers-but stayed intellectuals. That is why they are so vital, why they continue to exist.

"What we did in the Fifties
was talk a lot about bomb
shelters. The Russians
today are doing a lot
with bomb shelters."

PLAYBOY: What measures of defense can you recommend, besides weapons?

TELLER: The thing we must do, first of all, is establish civil defense, to make sure that in case of any disaster, earthquake, hurricane or war, we can save people. This is neglected in this country.

Do you know what China, Russia, Sweden and Switzerland have in common? They all have strong civil defense. Yet you would not call Sweden and Switzerland militaristic. There are many things we ought to do, but among my priorities, the highest is civil defense.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying we should get back to building bomb shelters, as we did in the Fifties during the bomb-scare period?

TELLER: What we did was *talk* a lot about bomb shelters. The Russians today are *doing* a lot with bomb shelters. We know they have a plan to evacuate their cities in case they judge a conflict inevitable. We should take the easy first step of arranging evacuation. Other steps may come later.

PLAYBOY: Aren't civil-defense measures pathetically ineffective in the face of nuclear war and its awesome radiation?

TELLER: I remember what people were talking about before World War Two. They

said that cities would be bombed and there would be no defense. But there was defense. The bombings were dreadful. They were also relatively ineffective in determining the outcome of the war. Measures taken—evacuation and going into cellars—turned out to be, in most cases, really effective.

This feeling that you are now experiencing, that a war would be the end, is the feeling I encountered in 1937. One effect of it was that it softened up the democracies for the attack by Hitler—it did not deter Hitler. Today, it makes us disregard civil defense. The same is not the case in Russia. I don't like to think about a nuclear war, either. War is not unthinkable, but to think about it is very disagreeable. Yet the only way to avoid it is to think about it.

The Russians have evacuation procedures, and if they do, it seems to make sense that we should, too. Furthermore, they have a system of inexpensive shelters that reduce radiation a hundredfold. They are supplied for two weeks. In almost all cases, radiation will have dropped to a tolerable level in two weeks. In the remaining cases, there could probably be decontamination crews coming around.

The difference between nuclear reactors and nuclear bombs should be emphasized. In a nuclear reactor, material is produced that is radioactive, not indefinitely but for a long time. In a nuclear explosion, the radioactivity that is produced lasts a very short time.

PLAYBOY: It seems that all sorts of countries are acquiring nuclear materials. Sometimes, as in the case of Pakistan, nuclear materials are acquired for supposedly peaceful purposes but actually with the intent to make weapons. How can we halt nuclear proliferation?

TELLER: The ban on reprocessing is supposed to help limit the spread of nuclear arms, but it does not. A ban is, however, a real impediment to the development of nuclear energy and, as a result, the energy crisis will become worse. More people will suffer, there will be violent fights over short supplies. The instruments of war will not have been diminished; the reasons for war will have increased.

There is another proposal, one that our President has made, but he has not so far followed it up. Instead of banning reprocessing, we should bring reprocessing under international control. The sense of this is not only in having a strong hold over proliferation but in holding down the high costs of reprocessing for each single reactor. It makes sense for small countries to do their reprocessing with others.

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more peaceful, international cooperation. **PLAYBOY:** What else can be done to increase our sense of security?

TELLER: Minimizing secrecy to the extent that it is possible—which is to a very great extent. One of our main dangers is that we don't inform our public. We keep Russian secrets, in many cases, more carefully than our own. Our people live in a fool's paradise. Perhaps a realistic information campaign is even more important than any physical act of defense.

A few years ago, I gave a talk to the American Physical Society and I was asked afterward if I realized what merits Daniel Ellsberg had in fighting secrecy. My answer to that was that Ellsberg is guilty of a crime and a misdemeanor. The crime was that he himself classified gossip as secret while he worked at the Rand Corporation. The misdemeanor was that after he had so classified it, he published it in *The New York Times*.

As long as we have passed laws concerning secrecy-whether these laws are right or wrong-I believe we should obey them. What we should do, however, is to convince members of Congress that these laws do not serve their purpose, that they should be changed. What I would like to see is a situation in which anything could be classified-and we should respect the classification-but the duration of that classification should practically never exceed one year. Most cases in which we really have to keep secrets are operational matters-such as where a submarine has gone-and a year later, that can be known. In technical matters, where developments have an enduring validity, actual secrecy is hardly ever effective over a long period of time. It is only effective in preventing us from communicating with our colleagues, working with our allies. Now, there may be a very few exceptional cases where permission to prolong secrecy past one year should be granted by a small group of very highly placed people. I could not justify such secrecy for more than, perhaps, 1000 documents. We are now drowning in millions upon millions of secret documents.

PLAYBOY: How about other areas where secrecy is practiced? In intelligence gathering, for example?

TELLER: The identity of an agent is a matter that must be kept secret for a long time. But there is no need to write documents about it. That can be handled on a person-to-person basis, with very few people involved. It is when the cooperation of large numbers of people is needed that secrecy cannot last and should not be made to last.

Once we adopted an open system, we could deny help to any country that did not exercise similar openness. That would have many advantages. We are afraid of proliferation of nuclear weapons. I don't want to see them proliferate. But what I am most afraid of is secret proliferation

of weapons. The chance of a terrorist's being able to make a nuclear bomb is very small. The chance that a government can make a nuclear bomb is considerable. And they can make them with such confidence that the weapons need never be tested.

Shortly after the Second World War, Niels Bohr, that remarkable man who started modern atomic theory, said that in the Cold War, one should expect that each side would use the weapon that it could handle in the best way. The right weapon for a dictatorship is secrecy, the right weapon for a democracy is openness. That sounds rather paradoxical. Openness does not seem to be a weapon, but it could make us strong; it could be the instrument by which peace were made more secure.

PLAYBOY: Despite your calls for openness, you told us at the outset of the interview that the one topic you would not discuss was the article on the H-bomb that a

"As a young man, I was a liberal; today I feel I am a conservative. But I haven't changed; the world around me has changed."

court prevented *The Progressive* magazine from publishing. Why not?

TELLER: I feel very certain that something that is being contested in the courts should not be discussed in an interview. [Ironically, nuclear scientist Theodore Postol claims that the Progressive article, which he has read, contains no new information beyond a previous article on the H-bomb written by Teller for the 1977 edition of "Encyclopedia Americana."]

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about being called a reactionary?

TELLER: I deny that I am a left-winger or a right-winger. I am a middle-of-the-roader. I am pretty sure that I used to be a liberal. I used to be antimilitarist. Before the Second World War, the greatest danger to freedom was Adolf Hitler. Today the greatest danger to freedom is the Soviet Union. I don't think that I have changed my mind about freedom. I cannot feel that I am less liberal than I used to be. But there are people in this country and abroad who have not noticed that there is something really dangerous in Communist imperialism. As a young man, I was a liberal; today I feel I am a conservative. But I haven't changed; the world around me has changed.

PLAYBOY: What is the nature of your work now?

TELLER: I'm feeling badly overworked now, after just finishing my book on energy. I think that intellectuals who end up in hell will have to read page proofs and check indexes there. I am now editing a technical book on controlled fusion for advanced students who might go into that field. It has become an immensely complicated technical subject, and there is much progress in the field. I am also writing about the history of technology. And I have been urged to write something rapidly on the influence of technology on modern warfare.

I lecture quite a bit. On top of that, I am trying to understand one or two phenomena of nature. With all of this work, I would probably be going crazy, except for the fact that, probably, I already am crazy!

PLAYBOY: You've worked with some of the most famous scientists of the 20th Century—in physics and in mathematics. Who left particularly strong impressions on you?

TELLER: All of them. Of course, I was closer personally to some of them. I would like to mention one to whom I was not close in the scientific field but very close to personally. This was the aerodynamicist Theodore von Karman. He was a truly wonderful person, a Hungarian. Another very close friend is the nuclear physicist Eugene Wigner. I seem to talk only about Hungarians, I don't know why.

PLAYBOY: What about Albert Einstein?

TELLER: I had little opportunity to know Einstein. He, of course, did really fabulous things when he was young. Later, he got involved in what he called unified field theory. He did not get very far with it.

He made some moralistic statements with which I am in complete disagreement. He said some terrible things, such as, "If I had known what would come out of it, I would rather have been a plumber than a physicist." Actually, his scientific work had very little to do with atomic energy. The job of a scientist is to do science, maybe to apply it, and then, if he is capable of doing so, to explain what he has found. To feel responsible for what is in nature, or to feel responsible for having increased the capability of people to accomplish something-such feelings are completely misplaced. In a democratic society, the people should decide, or their elected representatives to whom they have delegated their decisions should. To believe that a scientist has more responsibility than to discover, to apply and to explain is a remarkable and wrong kind of immodesty.

PLAYBOY: No fewer than 11 of your scientific co-authors have won the Nobel Prize. A great many people think you ought to get it, too. Do you regret not getting it? Do you want it?

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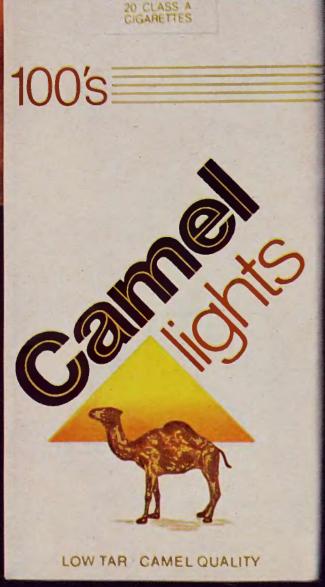
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PLAYBOY: Many scientists with whom we've spoken feel your work clearly deserves that prize—

TELLER: But I disagree.

PLAYBOY: Nevertheless, there is a feeling among them that you were not awarded the Nobel because of your political stance.

TELLER: What makes me tick, what my motivations are, I understand only partly. The motives of others I cannot know at all. As far as I'm concerned, I wouldn't have awarded the prize to myself, and that should suffice.

PLAYBOY: Few events have affected you personally as much as the Oppenheimer affair. How do you recall it?

TELLER: Oppenheimer was accused of security violations. The question was raised whether his clearance, his access to secret material, in his continuing contributions to the work of defense, should be continued or not. In the hearings, one of the questions that was brought up was the controversy of the H-bomb. I had been for it. Oppenheimer was against it. The difference was brought up, I was asked to testify and I got—very much to my regret—involved in the case.

Because I disagreed with a man who stood up at the time for practically no more arms for the United States—I took the opposite view—I was harshly criticized. But I doubt that all of that is of

any real significance.

There is one thing about the Oppenheimer case that is extremely important. It crystallized and reinforced in the minds of scientists the opinion that we should no longer work on weapons. The fact that today America is in a weak position and Russia is the strongest military power, and getting stronger every year, is due to the Oppenheimer case and the events surrounding it.

The Oppenheimer hearings should never have occurred. They did because two very difficult people were stubborn. One of them was President Eisenhower. Oppenheimer was accused of being a Communist, and it was clear that if the case were brought up publicly, there would be a bitter fight. If Eisenhower did not trust Oppenheimer, he simply should not have asked for his advice. If he had taken that path, there would have been no controversy, no case.

The other stubborn man was Oppenheimer himself. The chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, my friend Lewis Strauss, said to Oppenheimer, "The President insists that your clearance be terminated. We have only to

terminate it, we do not need to explain why." Oppenheimer said no, he wanted a hearing.

The reasons why Eisenhower and Oppenheimer wanted that confrontation were very different. That the confrontation occurred was a tragedy. I, unfortunately, was caught up in that confrontation, and under oath I had to say what I thought about the questions asked, even though my answers were quite unpopular among my colleagues.

PLAYBOY: You were unpopular because you seemed to be supporting the accusations against Oppenheimer. Of course he wanted a hearing. If you were in his position, a loyal citizen whose clearance suddenly came into question, wouldn't you want a hearing?

TELLER: No, and I'll tell you why. If I were told that my advice on military matters was not required, I would be perfectly content not to have to do anything more about it. No one should be a judge in his own case.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that if your loyalty were questioned—as Oppenheimer's

"That Nelson Rockefeller never became President is one of our great missed opportunities. If there was any political figure with whom I agreed, it was Nelson Rockefeller."

was—and aspersions were cast on your character—

TELLER: Look, excuse me, the aspersions were not a public affair. Oppenheimer had taken the position that his main interest was thenceforth in pure science. He was given the opportunity to withdraw from those affairs in which he said he did not have a primary interest. If one person felt that Oppenheimer was not loyal, well, perhaps that required that the question be cleared up as completely as possible. But you asked how I would react. I think I am loyal. If somebody wanted to destroy my clearance for any reason, I would leave it to others to judge and would not want to contest it. You asked me how I would behave and that is what I would do.

PLAYBOY: Most people wouldn't consider that an adequate answer.

TELLER: Why?

PLAYBOY: Because most people would not react that way. To have one's loyalty questioned in public or in private is a serious matter that caused Oppenheimer considerable grief.

TELLER: Look, if in my own mind I have

a fair idea of my motives, whether others like my motives or not doesn't particularly bother me.

PLAYBOY: Then, as to your motives, can you say definitely that there was no feeling of malice in your testimony against Oppenheimer?

TELLER: May I say that that testimony was delivered under oath? To speak under oath is a heavy responsibility, and I felt it to be so. Under those conditions, to say anything except what you're convinced of cannot be pardoned, shouldn't be pardoned and usually is not pardoned. Oppenheimer was a man whom I admired, whom in many ways I did not understand, whom a few years later I recommended for the Fermi award. To the extent that I know myself, there was not any more malice in my testimony about Oppenheimer than there was in my recommendation that he get that award.

PLAYBOY: Your name has been linked with those of Nelson Rockefeller and Henry Kissinger. To what extent did you know them?

TELLER: To the extent that my name is connected with Rockefeller and Kissinger, I am proud of it. Nelson Rockefeller was one of the few politicians who was willing, anxious and able to listen. One thing that I managed to convince Nelson of, though he didn't have much success with it, was the importance of civil defense. That Nelson Rockefeller never became President of the United States is one of our great missed opportunities. If there was any political figure with whom I agreed in practically everything, it was Nelson Rockefeller.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Henry Kissinger?

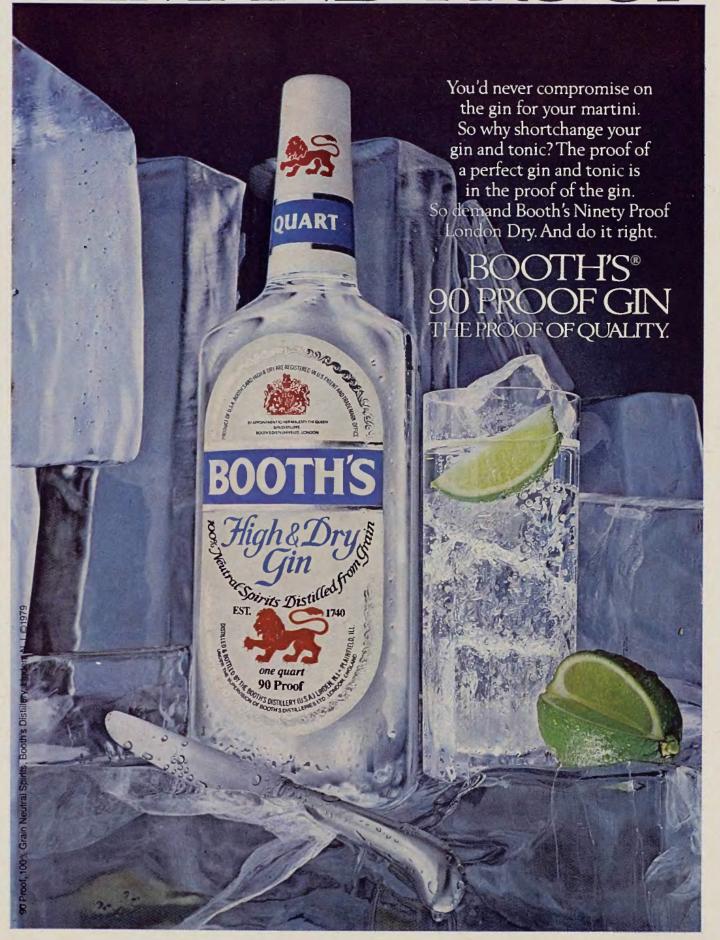
TELLER: Kissinger was one of Rockefeller's helpers. It was at one of the continuing discussion groups that I first met Henry. I have known him for more than 20 years and it is always a pleasure to talk to him. I had an earlier opportunity than most Americans to enjoy his intelligence and his wit. I happen to believe that in an exceedingly difficult situation for a number of years, he managed our foreign policy in the best possible way, probably better than any of our other Secretaries of State.

PLAYBOY: The way you react to people is unique. For example, you liked Richard Nixon at first sight, but as for John F. Kennedy, you cold-shouldered him despite his effort to please you by approving of your role in the Oppenheimer case. TELLER: Kennedy was not only insincere, he imagined he could please me by mentioning a scandalous book that accused people who happened not to be my friends of all sorts of things.

I met Nixon because a friend of mine wanted to build a subway in Los Angeles and asked me to talk to the then Vice-President, who came from that area. He pointed out that if a subway were

(continued on page 192)

DEMAND PROOF



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE ROLLING STONES....

for seven years, the author served as a salaried member of their entourage—long enough to know that life, for the world's baddest band, lies somewhere between rock and a very hard place

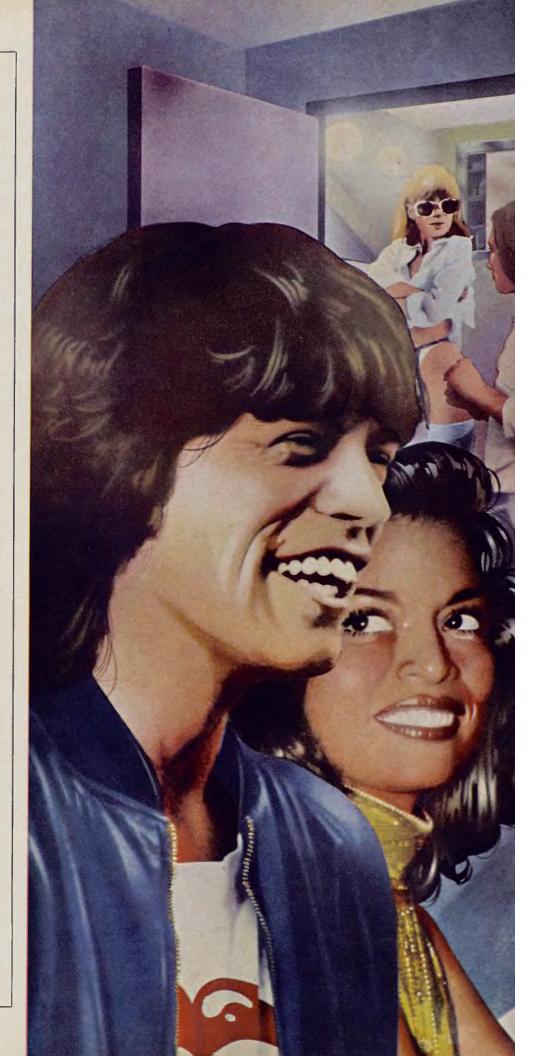
memoir
By TONY SANCHEZ

BRIAN

was still just a little in awe of The Rolling Stones in the mid-Sixties. The Beatles were richer and sold more records, but they had compromised their integrity with neat hair and command performances. In London, the Stones were the new potentates. Their hair styles, their attitudes, their clothes were aped by every young man with aspirations to style-from elegant, leisured aristocrats to schoolboys barely out of short trousers. It is hard to remember now just how vast, if transient, an influence they were. No other musicians in history had wielded such power for social revolution.

At the center of it was Brian Jones. He was the musically gifted Stone, the one who could pick up any instrument—from a saxophone to a sitar—and learn to play it in less than half an hour. He was the one who was playing pure, soaring rhythm-and-blues for a living when

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN YOUSSI





Mick Jagger was a mediocre student at the London School of Economics and Keith Richard was just another grubby, delinquent art student who thought he was Chuck Berry because he could pluck three chords on his out-of-tune guitar.

Brian epitomized the arrogantly hedonistic attitude that was the mainstay of The Rolling Stones' special appeal. He had left six illegitimate children—all by different women—in his wake. He had the longest hair. He was the first to wear make-up and outrageously androgynous clothes—chiffon blouses and Ascot hats. And yet he carried such an aura of street-guerrilla aggressiveness that no one would dare suggest to his face that he looked less than totally masculine. Where Brian led, the other Stones limped along behind.

Brian was still loving it all in 1965. He was living with Linda, the mother of one of his many children. He was the beautiful Stone, the one the fans screamed over while they told jokes about "old rubber lips" Jagger. Brian seemed to have become almost settled, almost content.

Until the foxiest blonde I had ever seen arrived in London.

Her name was Anita Pallenberg and no one ever seemed to know quite whereshe came from or who she was. When pressed, she would reveal that she was half Italian and half German and that she had worked as an actress with the Living Theater. She had tumbling, shining blonde hair, a long, lithe body and wickedly beautiful eyes, and she had only to walk along the street to cause a string of traffic accidents. She was no dumb blonde, either, and the combination of witty conversation and devastating looks rapidly turned her into the darling of aristocratic London.

And since all the well-bred, trendy young things in London were lionizing The Rolling Stones, it was inevitable that she would meet them.

She could, of course, have taken her pick of any of them: Mick's romance with Chrissie Shrimpton had become a scratching, brawling travesty of love. Keith, as usual, had no serious woman in his life, and Brian—well, Brian never refused a beautiful woman. The two other Stones—Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts—didn't count, of course. Even then, they weren't typical Rolling Stones; they were content to do their jobs well, live their lives as quietly as possible and stay out of trouble.

Mick, Keith and Brian all wanted Anita, but once she had met Brian, there seemed to be no contest. The two of them spent every spare second together, cuddling and giggling at private jokes, and within a few weeks, Brian had abandoned Linda and their baby to move Anita into his huge studio apartment in Earls Court.

As a couple, Brian and Anita exuded an almost surrealistic aura: They began to look, dress and think so much alike that they became one—a single presence in silk and satin. They were, at that moment, the reigning Beautiful Couple of Europe, and they took full advantage of the power they possessed over even the young dukes and lords and other highborn friends and admirers who flocked to pay homage.

A mentally worn Brian (above) left the band in June 1969—and died a month later. Charlie Watts and Bill Wyman (right), the two eldest Stones—and rock-ribbed rhythm section—have managed to maintain untrammeled home lives.

In a way, their arrogance was justified. Brian's band had fought the short-haired,

In a way, their arrogance was justified. Brian's band had fought the short-haired, nine-to-five establishment ideal and won. To cap it all, rhythm-and-blues had taken over from jazz as the dominant influence in British music.

Sometimes, though, their arrogance moved across the line to cruelty. Anyone who displeased them would be banished from the apartment as a matter of course—and then shunned by the rest of the crowd, who feared offending Brian and Anita.

Singer Marianne Faithfull tells the story of one memorable occasion when Linda, Brian's ex, showed up outside the apartment with her baby and tried to make Brian feel guilty about not paying her any child support. Inside the house, Brian, Anita and the others giggled and made fun, and Brian refused to even talk to her.

Another time, Anita persuaded Brian to be photographed in a full Nazi SS uniform with his jack boot grinding a doll into the dirt. Brian thought the uniform made him look exotic, and



Anita told him that he should send the picture out to the newspapers and tell them it was an anti-Nazi protest.

When the picture was misconstrued by almost everyone, Brian and Anita were genuinely astonished that the world couldn't see the point of their little joke. The incident was symptomatic of the fact that Anita and the courtiers were cocooning Brian from the real world. Together they went ever further for their kicks. Their sexual activities were extraordinary, and they took up astrology and magic. Eventually, they were given some acid by one of their sycophants, and Brian and Anita went to bed to begin their first trip. That moment marked the peak of Brian's life-and the start of his personality disintegration.

On acid, he was able to write songs and play guitar the way he had always dreamed. "It's as though there are all sorts of amazing songs floating around in my head that I can't get out," Brian told me once. "Acid lets it all out. I hardly even know I'm writing when I'm on a

Mick Jagger had become the Stones' chief link to the jet set by 1971, when Nicaraguan beauty Bianca Perez Moreno de Macias (top) shattered the hearts and hopes of rock groupies throughout the world by marrying him in St. Tropez. Six years later, Mick shopped for Bianca's Christmas gift at Cartier's on the Rue de la Paix (above).



trip." At that time, Brian was turning all the Beautiful People around him on to the drug, and there was something enormously alluring about the exotic, faraway, stoned world they seemed to inhabit. Keith was young and impressionable, and he had always been content to follow where Brian led. Brian turned Keith on to acid, and they were closer than ever, jamming better and writing songs. Suddenly, the most fantastic things seemed possible. Like millions of ordinary kids who were about to follow their deluded example, the two of them believed that swallowing a hallucinogenic drug had in some way expanded their consciousness and made the realization of every fantasy a real possibility. Brian and Keith and Anita grew so close on acid that Keith started spending more and more nights there, until eventually, it seemed only sensible that he move in permanently.

Although the tables would soon be turned, Mick at first was odd man out. Brian, especially, treated him with thinly veiled contempt, knocking the fact that Mick hadn't experimented with acid like the rest of the crowd. Mick was guilty of the worst transgression of all: being straight. For nuisance value, Brian and Keith started referring to Mick as Jagger rather than by his first name, and a rift began that looked as though it might break up the band.

Keith and Brian's closest friend during the LSD phase was young Tara Browne, heir to the Guinness fortune. Tara had often stayed at the apartment with Brian, Keith and Anita, where they would rap long into the night about mysticism and music and all the revolutionary things acid was doing for them.

It was also at that point that it dawned on Brian that Keith was falling in love with Anita.

He didn't worry unduly—he knew that Mick, too, was hot for Anita, but that she was faithful to Brian, always telling him she loved him. It was the beginning, though, of a time of change. Keith moved out of the apartment, because Brian was making it obvious he regarded him as a potential threat. Brian's deep-seated insecurity made him fear that the only woman he had ever loved would be snatched away from him.

Later, Keith dropped acid with Mick, and the trip marked the beginning of an alliance between them. This time it was Brian who was to be ostracized. Brian began to resent the power that his love for Anita gave her. He felt he was losing control of his life, losing Mick and Keith, losing his music because of a mere woman: Brian Jones, father of six illegitimate children, the man who had always been able to discard girls like cigarette butts, was being held in thrall by a chick.

I was married by then, and Gloria and I lived with our baby son in a little apartment in Maida Vale. Soon Brian was phoning every couple of days, asking me to visit—but I knew what he really wanted was dope, more and more of it.

Then Tara died when his Lotus Elan crashed into a parked truck, and the death of his best friend left Brian stunned and confused. Afterward, he would talk to me for hours about how meaningless life had begun to seem to him. At first, I understood his grief and shared it, but gradually, it began to turn to something else. Brian seemed unbalanced, paranoid, eaten up by misery and loneliness.

He talked about the false hope that acid had given him, all the while swallowing great handfuls of barbiturates and Mandrax to blot out his misery. One day I arrived at Earls Court to find Anita with bruises all over her face, and it was obvious that Brian had beaten her savagely. When I asked her what had happened, she said, "It's none of your business."

Another time, I dropped by to find Brian almost hysterical. "Anita's dead!" he screamed. "I can't rouse her!" Anita was lying in their antique bed. I shook her, then slapped her face, but got no reaction—she had taken too much of something. Brian and I carried her downstairs to my car and drove her to the hospital. They pumped her stomach, and when she came to, Brian was crying.

Then she started sobbing silently, with a terrible wounded look in her eyes. "You should have left me, Tony," she said.

Meanwhile, Keith and Mick were writing together with a brilliance and confidence they had never felt before. I started to see Keith frequently, and one day I said, "Seems like you and Mick hardly ever speak to Brian anymore."

"Well," said Keith, "he's burned out, isn't he?" There was icy malice in his voice. He turned away so I couldn't see his face. "The only problem now is what to do about him."

Professionally, too, the Stones had problems. They had always been treated by the media as direct rivals of the Beatles-both in image and in music. To some extent, the treatment was justified, and the careers of both bands seemed to be evolving along parallel lines. But in 1967, after months of music-business rumors, the Beatles had delivered their masterwork, an album titled Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. The album was dazzling and innovative and was hailed by critics as the greatest rock album of all time. The cover, photographed by Michael Cooper, set a new standard for album artwork, and the idea of printing lyrics on the jacket was one that was to be aped by every band in the world. Musically, it had an originality and imaginative quality that rock music had never seen before.

Mick realized at once that it made all

previous records of both the Beatles and the Stones seem curiously outmoded.

"It's psychedelic, man," he argued with Brian. "Pretty soon everything is going to be psychedelic, and if we aren't in there next album, we'll be left behind. No one is going to want to listen to rhythm-and-blues anymore." Brian hated the new sound and he fought bitterly—and vainly—for the Stones to stay true to their roots, to keep on chugging out the high-energy rock 'n' roll that had sent audiences berserk in almost every country in the world.

"If he insists on recording that sort of crap, the Stones are dead," Brian told me bitterly.

But Mick won, and he conceived with Keith the idea of an album he wanted to call Her Satanic Majesties Request, a record that was to be a psychedelic satire on the queen. Brian's hurt was compounded because Anita had drifted to Keith. The album became the focus of everything that was going wrong with Mick, Keith and Brian.

That period marked the low spot of Brian's life. Again he started to sink into the morass of drugs. He would swallow anything that would stab or stroke his mind—until he was unable to recognize me or even speak. Sometimes he would arrive in the studio so zonked that he would just collapse on the floor like a wounded animal. As his confidence went, he seemed unable to play his guitar.

"I don't know what's happening to me," he told me, in a rare moment of lucidity. "My mind won't even let me play music anymore."

Keith and Mick were worried: The album wasn't working out, despite the work they were putting into it, and Keith was discovering that he couldn't ignite the fluid, articulate guitar that Brian had made an essential part of every Stones record.

"He's very tired," I tried to warn Keith once.

"We're all tired, Tony," said Keith.

"But if he keeps on getting out of his box like this, we'll have to find a new guitar player. Can't you find some woman to look after him?"

One day I drove Brian to Olympic Studios in his Rolls. He babbled on and on about the conspiracy Mick and Keith were hatching to force him out of the band. It was obvious to me that he was becoming dangerously paranoid and that he desperately needed help.

We arrived at the studio to find Keith there with Anita—both making it cruelly obvious that they enjoyed being together. Mick was piqued at Brian's lack of interest in psychedelics and tended to ignore his musical suggestions and any songs Brian had written.

I saw them ask Brian to overdub a guitar section on a number they had



"When I was a kid growing up in the jungle, I didn't have Goodyears to play with."

already worked on. Then, once he was shut into the soundproof studio, they collapsed giggling-because they hadn't even turned on the recording machine.

The transistor radio beside my bed crackled reluctantly into life as I turned it on to catch the early-morning news bulletin. "Police believe," intoned the announcer monotonously, "that a man found dead at Hartfield, in Sussex, early today was a leading member of the Rolling Stones pop group. . . .'

It was like a bucket of water in the face. "Whaat?" I said to myself out loud, shaking my head in disbelief. Mick Jagger dead? How could he be? Mick, so strong, so full of life, dead? That meant the end of The Rolling Stones . . . there was no way the group could carry on without him. Mick was the Stones. I had to speak to Keith, I had to know what had happened.

Anita answered the phone. "Is it true?" I asked, speaking in Italian.

"Yeah," she said.

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

"Couldn't they have made a mistake?" I asked desperately.

"No. They found him in his swimming pool."

I was confused. I'd been both to Mick's house in Cheyne Walk and to the one in Stargroves many times, and I knew that neither house had a pool. "Are you sure?" I asked her again insistently.

"Yes, Brian's dead," she replied.

"Oh, God, I thought they said it was Mick."

"No," said Anita. "Thank Christ, it was only Brian. . . . "

KEITH

The world of rock is one of the last bastions of total male chauvinism. Almost without exception, women are bandied about, dropped, swapped and laid in a fashion that is almost primeval.

Keith Richard was not surprised, therefore, when Joe Monk-a Stones hanger-on-calmly offered him his girlfriend one day. Joe was a guest at Keith's Cheyne Walk home, Anita was away at a chalet she and Keith had bought in Switzerland and Joe considerately felt that Keith might be in need of a woman. "Thanks a lot," said Keith. "But you keep her, Joe. I can see you're fond of her."

The whole exchange was accomplished with about as much passion as declining the offer of a cigarette. Yet the idea seemed to play on Keith's subconscious, and some time later, when Joe was out auditioning for a play, Keith leaped into his Bentley with the girl and they raced off to the Lake District, for all the world like a pair of eloping young lovers.

The first anyone knew of the romance

was when Keith phoned Mick from a remote mountain farm to say he wouldn't be able to make a photo session that day for the cover of the new album, Goat's Head Soup. Three days later, he came sheepishly back to London and immediately phoned me. "Have you seen Joe Monk around?" he asked nervously. "He's telling people he's going to shoot me."

"Why should he kill you?" I asked innocently. "He hasn't got the guts."

"I don't know," said Keith. "That Joe is a madman."

That night, we went to see the Faces inconcert at the Sundown, in Edmonton. Afterward, there was to be a party, and Keith told guitarist Ron Wood, "There's a guy called Joe Monk, a spade. Have one of your bodyguards stand by the door, and if he tries to crash the party, don't let him in."

In all the excitement of the show, Woodie forgot, and afterward, as we sat chatting in the dressing room while the Faces changed, Joe burst through the door. In his turban and flowing cape, he looked like a Mongol warrior.

"See there," jabbered Keith. "I told you he was after me, Tony."

"Well, he hasn't made a move toward you yet," I told him. "So cool it."
"OK," said Keith, "but keep an eye on

him. I think he's got a gun.'

Suddenly, the girl who was the cause of the altercation slipped into the dressing room and wrapped her arms around Keith, kissing him gently on the lips. I went up to Joe. "You've really got Keith worried," I said. "He thinks you're going to do something to him."

"Don't worry," he said. "I won't."

"Well, Keith doesn't know that. Won't you come show him you haven't got a gun or a dagger or something? Just tell him there are no hard feelings.'

Joe complied. "Don't worry, man," he said to Keith, "you're welcome to her."

Keith's bravado came back in an instant. He turned to Rod Stewart and boasted, "Yeah, well, I've got a knife on me, and I'd have killed that fuckin' spade if he'd tried anything." But Joe seemed genuinely hurt by Keith's betrayal of friendship. I felt sorry for him.

Keith arranged for me to give Joe his things from Cheyne Walk, and then Keith and the girl settled down together to a life of cozy domestic bliss. Later, a long, gentle, poetic letter arrived from Joe mildly reproaching Keith for stealing his girl and throwing him out on the street. "We're all brothers," Joe wrote, "and I thought you were a good friend."

Prostration wasn't a pose Keith cared to understand-to him, it was just a good chance to kick a rival in the head. He dashed off a reply to Joe: "Don't ever come to my house again. If I see you in the street, I'll spit on you, you fucking

spade." Keith asked me to deliver the note to Joe.

"I can't do that," I told him. "You've already completely demoralized the guy-you've taken his girl away from him. Why dig the knife in even deeper?"

"Just do it, Tony," Keith said. I took the letter from him without further argument and tore it up in secret. Later, when Anita phoned to say she would be home from Switzerland the next day with their children, Marlon and Dandelion, Keith promptly threw the girl out. "Sorry, darling," he said. "But my family is very important to me.'

With Anita back, life in 1973 carried on much as before-with everybody alternately flying up on coke and down on smack. In the midst of this chaos, it was time for the Stones to finalize plans for their seven-week tour of Britain and Europe. Keith knew he was in no condition to go on the road, but there was no time for a cure. Withdrawing would have meant being laid up for weeks. That was out of the question.

But Marshall Chess, head of Rolling Stones Record Company, had a solution. "There's a doctor from Florida who can get you off dope in a few days by changing your blood," he told Keith. "He did it for me in Mexico a while back and it worked perfectly."

The doctor would carry out the blood change for Keith in a villa called Le Pec Varp, in Villars-sur-Ollon, Switzerland. Keith would fly there directly after the Stones' concert in Birmingham on September 19. He would then be cured in time to play with the Stones again in Bern on September 26. Marshall was going to Switzerland with Keith to have his blood changed at the same time.

There was still the early part of the tour to stagger through, plus promotion for Goat's Head Soup. Being strung out on smack had never particularly impaired Keith's ability to function. But one evening came close to disaster.

On September sixth, Mick hired Blenheim Palace, Winston Churchill's birthplace and one of the most magnificent of England's stately homes. There was to be a lavish promotion party for the album, and all Mick's favorite young lords and ladies, influential disc jockeys and journalists had been invited.

Anita didn't want to go; she rarely left the house now and loathed the very idea of parties. But Mick was putting on the pressure. "You've got to come, Keith," he said. "The whole band must be there. It's important."

Finally, Anita capitulated. She pulled on her old jeans, slipped on a sweat shirt and climbed into the back of the limo with Keith, Marlon and me. On the way (continued on page 104)





Nastassja Kinski
(top left), a stunning
new European talent,
has the good fortune to
play opposite filmdom's
number-one Lotin lover,
Marcello Mastroionni
(left), in her first
major motion picture,
Stay as You Are—a sexy
Italian romance with a
decidedly kinky twist.

"STAY AS YOU ARE"

dazzling nastassja kinski's heart may belong to daddy in this sexy new italian movie





Mastroianni ponders the temptatians besetting an older man when faced with an ingénue's charms (left). Deliberatians give way to action (below) as Mastroianni plants un bacio an the increasingly amused Kinski's curvaceous backside.





Stay as You Are, an Italian film slated to open shortly in the United States, promises controversy. If the plot, which involves incest, doesn't create a stir, the fine performances by gracefully aging Marcello Mastroianni and newcomer Nastassja Kinski will. Director Alberto Lattuada's tale stars Mastroianni as a 50ish architect romancing an 18-year-old (Kinski) who just might be his daughter. The enigmatic pairing of Kinski with Mastroianni in Stay as You Are sends screen



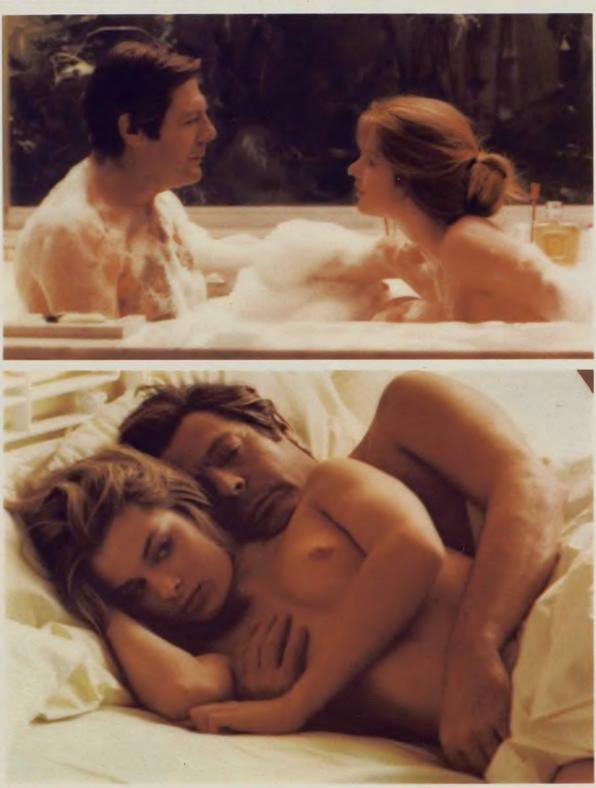
Nastassja is the 18year-old daughter af actor Klaus Kinski (left), who's often seen as the bad guy in German cinema.



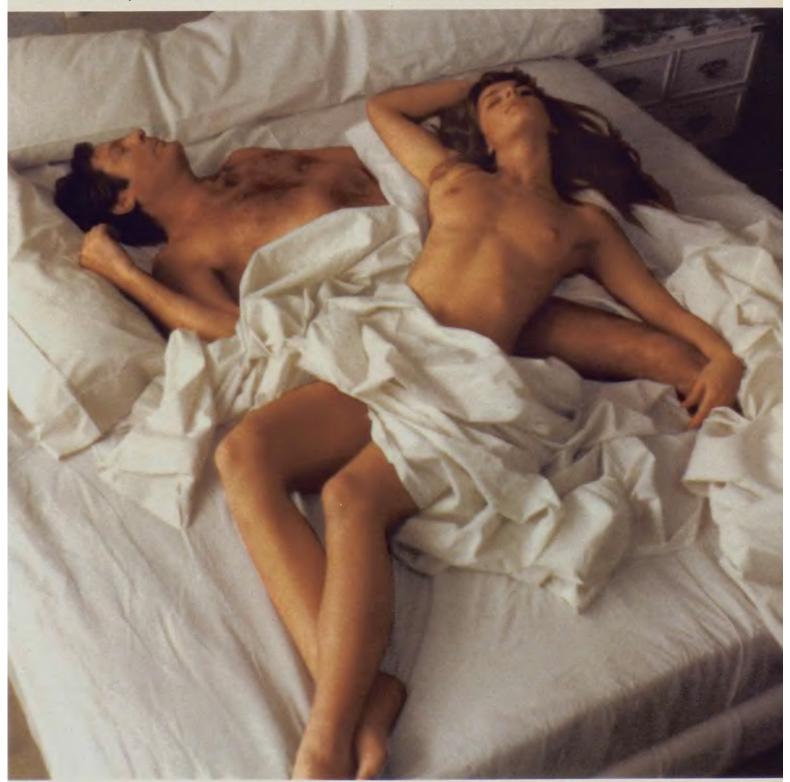




The film explores the older man's lapsed puritanism and his fantasies about the younger woman. On these pages, we find the couple translating fantasy inta reality at play, bathing and abed, where they bask in the afterglow of passion.



sparks flying. Kinski is a budding new German actress who has been likened to Julie Christic and to a young Ingrid Bergman. We can expect to see more of Nastassja: Director Roman Polanski selected her to play the title role in his forthcoming adaptation of Thomas Hardy's Tess of the D'Urbervilles.



ROLLING STONES (continued from page 98)

"Whop! Keith punched Anita in the face. She grabbed him by his hair and jerked him to the floor."

to Blenheim, she took a couple of snorts of smack. By the time we got there, she was asleep. Keith shook her, and she gazed out the window in horror at all the beautiful girls climbing out of their Rolls-Royces in exotic gowns of chiffon and satin. "That's it!" she exploded. "I'm not going in there in jeans with everybody else dressed up like that."

Keith, irritated, said, "You've got loads of jewelry and expensive clothes at home, and you've had all day to get ready."

"Fuck off," she hissed. "I'm not coming in. I'll wait for you here in the carbut don't you dare go in there for more than an hour."

Keith and I set off with Marlon. As soon as we arrived, we bumped into saxophonist Bobby Keyes. I was still only snorting dope then, but Keith and Bobby both fixed. They went into a back room that had been set aside for the Stones to shoot one another up. I was left outside on sentry duty. Ten minutes later, Mick skipped past me, and I could hear him pleading with Keith, "Come on, man, you've got to just show your face."

Downstairs, the party was in full swing, with magicians, fire-eaters and mimes performing around the fountains of the patio while the Stones mingled among the guests. Keith and I sat down quietly at a table, sipping champagne. Bianca came over to us, chatting merrily, obviously delighted that Anita hadn't shown up. A short while later, some primitive instinct made me glance toward the door, where Anita was storming in like a harridan. "Look who's coming," I whispered to Keith.

His face turned white. "Hello, darling." He smiled at her.

"Don't you fucking darling me," she screeched. "You're supposed to be back in the fucking car."

Bianca, bewildered, could only stutter, "What's the matter, Anita? Where have you been?"

"Where have I been?" Anita screamed, so that all heads turned. "It's nothing to do with you where I've been, you stupid bitch. Come on, Keith, we're going.'

Mick heard the commotion and hurried over to Keith. "Hey, man, cool it," he whispered. "Just grab her and get out of here or this ruck is going to be on the front page of every newspaper in the country tomorrow."

"OK, OK," said Keith, furious. He grabbed Anita by the sleeve and hauled her out of the party by a side door.

I grabbed Marlon and ran after them.

I climbed into the back of the car. Both of them glared at me so fiercely I figured I'd be better off in the front seat, beside the chauffeur.

As we drove onto the main road, all hell broke loose in the back seat. Whop! Keith punched her hard in the face. She leaped across the seat, grabbed him by his hair and jerked him to the floor.

"What should I do?" yelled the driver. "Just drive," I told him. I had seen

such displays before.

Every time I glanced in their direction, Anita screamed and lunged at me. "You Spanish bastard. It's your fault as well. You're fired."

Little Marlon was peering out the window, pretending not to notice what was going on. Every ten minutes or so, throughout the two-hour drive, Keith and Anita would attack each other again. He'd punch her in the face. She'd sit there sobbing. Then she'd work up the courage to scratch at his eyes. "Look what you're doing to Marlon," Keith exploded

"Fuck Marlon," she screeched. "Fuck you, fuck Tony and fuck the driver. Just get me home."

An hour later, things were somewhat calmer, but then Anita started demanding heroin. Keith told her he didn't have any. I knew, in fact, that Bobby had given him some at the party. "I'm sure Tony can get you some, though," he said. Thanks a lot, I thought.

When we arrived at Cheyne Walk, she bolted straight up to her room, and I could hear her tearing everything apart, in case there were any crumbs of heroin about that she had forgotten. "You'll have to go up and calm her down," I told Keith.

When Anita heard him coming, she opened the door and threw a boot at him, screaming, "Get out of here! I can't get through the night without some drugs. I can't make it without anything."

"You'll have to get hold of something for her," Keith pleaded. I hustled around for a couple of hours, finally managing to buy a couple of grams of low-grade heroin at an exorbitant price.

I phoned Keith immediately. "Thank God," he said. "Come back right away and give it to her."

"I can't give it all to Anita," I explained. "I need some myself to stop me getting withdrawal symptoms in the

I had expected Anita to be apologetic when I returned, but, if anything, she was

angrier than before. When I went into her room, she simply snatched the heroin from my hand and told me to get out.

"But I need some," I began.

"Get the hell out of here!" she screamed.

Keith suggested I hide in the kitchen until Anita fell asleep, and then he would give me some of my heroin back and I could be on my way. But minutes later, Anita swept into the kitchen and ordered me out of the house.

"I must have the money for that dope now," I said. "Otherwise, I'm not going to be able to get any dope for myself."

"That's your hard luck," she said.

Keith wandered in and whispered to me that he would give me some smack if I'd come back an hour later. So I hung around for a while, but still Anita's bedroom light was on. Early in the morning, though, I could feel cold turkey creeping up on me, so I rang the bell in desperation. I had no money; although I rang for 20 minutes, Keith refused to open the door, and I was forced to stagger home to begin the agonies of withdrawal. The next morning, they were apologetic, and they gave me some heroin, but I never quite forgave them for that little piece of ruthlessness.

On September 17, I flew to Switzerland to arrange final details of the blood change. By a stroke of luck, the taxi I hailed when I landed in Geneva had a Spanish driver. Since my French is poor, I hired him to work for me for the week as translator and chauffeur. I hired two nurses and a maid for the villa. The doctor was to be paid \$5000, plus all expenses, to supervise the course, and I booked him into Le Renard Hotel in Villars-sur-Ollon for a week. I paid \$317 for the rental on Keith's villa and collected \$2500 from Keith's accountant for my own expenses, then I returned to Geneva to meet Keith, Anita and the kids at the airport.

On the way back to Villars-sur-Ollon, the driver casually mentioned that he was taking a little short cut through France. "Stop him, Tony," whispered Keith. "They've still got warrants out for Anita and me in France, so once we cross the border, we're done for."

"I think we'd better go the long way round, thanks all the same," I told the driver in Spanish.

We settled in at the villa and soon the doctor drove up with a nurse. A short while later, Marshall arrived. "You can have a cure as well, Tony," offered Keith. "I'll pay for it."

I was frightened of the radical-sounding blood-change cure and, anyway, I had some methadone that had been prescribed by my doctor, so at least I was in no danger of suffering immediate withdrawal symptoms. I decided to return to

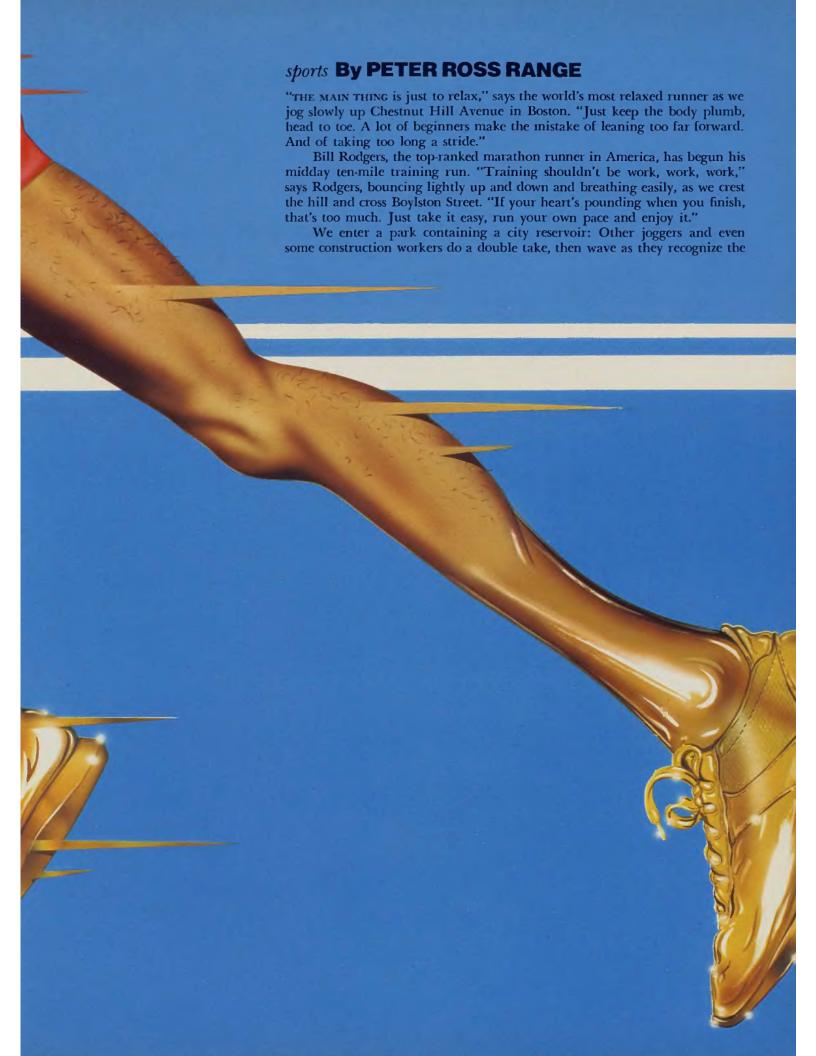
(continued on page 196)



"Hey, wanna sell that bracelet?"



top marathoner bill rodgers
has more than the olympics
on his mind. he thinks it's time
for world-class runners to break
through the ultimate wall—the one
separating them from commercial success



slim, lithe blond guy with the syrupsmooth running style cruising around the gravel path. In Boston, where they have been running the marathon for 83 years and where an estimated 1,000,000 people watched him win it for the third time on April 16, 1979, Rodgers is a hero. He smiles and waves back.

"We're doing about an eight or an eight-fifteen," says Rodgers, instinctively gauging the pace of a run in terms of one-mile increments. "I usually train at six or six-thirty, but last night I did a hard eight-mile run at about 5:30." That does not mean he ran at 5:30 P.M.; it means he ran a mile in five minutes, 30 seconds, and then another and another, until he had done eight of them in 44 minutes. About twice the speed of your good recreational jogger, the kind crowding our sidewalks in unprecedented numbers these days.

"My best marathon speed is four-fiftysix," says Rodgers. "Last April in Boston, I finally beat my personal record of fourfifty-seven-Boston in '75."

Nineteen seventy-five was the year a schoolteacher named Bill Rodgers emerged from the main pack of obscurity in the running world. Wearing a pair of oversized white-cotton gloves that made him look like a blond Mickey Mouse, he set a Boston Marathon record of 2:09:55, the fastest time ever recorded in any marathon anywhere by an American (and the fifth fastest in the history of marathons). Rodgers had a light wind at his back, but that was offset when he startled everyone by stopping four times during the race-once to tie his shoe and three times to sip water ("I couldn't drink and run at the same time like most runners"). Three years later, he won the Boston race again in a time of 2:10:13. "I think I ran a better race in 1978. In 1975, I had that wind behind me and it surely counted for more than 18 seconds."

All this is amusing and slightly academic. In 1979, in a cold 42-degree rain, with the wind in his face, Rodgers won the Boston Marathon in an astonishing 2:09:27. That means he ran the punishing 26 miles, 385 yards at a stunning average of 4:56 per mile. "I probably did a 5:05 on the hills," he adds, casually referring to a mere nine-second-per-mile slowdown while crossing the three infamous Newton Hills (the last one fondly known as Heartbreak Hill) near the 18mile mark of the Boston course.

For two days, I have heard other running experts describe Rodgers as "floating like a leaf," "running like honey pouring out of a bottle" and, simply, "beautiful." Now, circling the reservoir, I see what they mean.

At steady speed on a flat surface, Rodgers is a marvel to behold, the human body in perfect mechanical balance 108 with itself. I fall a stride behind to

observe his quarter flank: His upper body seems incredibly relaxed-no tension in the neck, shoulders, biceps or forearms-though not at all rag-dollfloppy like some runners. He rather appears to glide along; his feet barely seem to touch the ground. With only 128 pounds (and only five to seven percent body fat) on his 5'81/2" frame, Rodgers turns running into ballet. He is a Baryshnikov of the road. He is resisting nothing; no part of his body is working against any other part, (Think about it the next time you run-or walk, for that matter. Notice how your shoulders, arms and hips sometimes seem to be in conflict.)

Rodgers has the perfect runner's physique: a small chest cage and very narrow shoulders; long legs set on high hips, giving him good stride, especially downhill. His standing pulse rate is a nearcatatonic 38. Even his deep-set blue eyes are unusually close together, perhaps the better to focus on the tiny, narrow line, thousands of yards long but barely a foot wide, that constitutes the true playing field of his sport. Concentration is also one of Rodgers' acclaimed abilities-"When I pass a guy, he's out of sight and out of mind"-and that focused face would seem to be part of it.

As he runs, Rodgers' upper torso is allowed a great deal of graceful twisting movement, more like a woman's run than a typical man's (it is said that tenyear-old girls are the perfect natural runners). Unlike those of a football player who pumps up and down when he springs, his shoulders simply rotate from side to side-free, easy, comfortable. He looks as if he could do this all day, which he probably could.

Rodgers is a natural talent who discovered himself late-twice. He first unearthed his running gift when he was a 15-year-old participant in the summer recreation program in his home town of Newington, near Hartford, Connecticut. (Consider that Jimmy Connors found tennis at three and Chris Evert started at six.) He began training in one- and twomile runs with the only other competitive boy in his town and finished the program with a 5:20 mile that won the city championship.

He was always the front runner in training sessions of any length with his brother, Charlie, who is 359 days older, and the dozen or so other boys who formed the nucleus of the first crosscountry track team at Newington High School.

"When the coach would send us out on the road for a two-mile run," remembers brother Charlie, "three quarters of the team would drop off at my girlfriend's house for a Pepsi. Bill would keep running. We all thought he was a little strange. People would ask why. But

Billy was always very in touch with his body. That's why he ran so much."

So much so that by his senior year, Rodgers was occasionally knocking out a seven-mile run for the fun of it and beating everybody on the track team at anything over one mile. "The longest event in those days was the two-mile run," he says. "I went to the New England championships my last two years." Then, near the end of his senior year, he did something that surprised himself as much as everyone else: He saw a road sign that read BERLIN-6 MILES, and proceeded to run all the way there and back.

"Twelve miles!" says Charlie with lingering astonishment 15 years later. "That was unheard of. We thought that was really weird."

Bill Rodgers' long-distance career would almost certainly have soon ended but for the fortuity of meeting Ambrose Burfoot the following year at Wesleyan University. Burfoot was the classic Yankee individualist, a lonely high-mileage man who won the 1968 Boston Marathon and became something of a legend in Connecticut. During his senior year, Burfoot took in sophomore Rodgers as his roommate. Rodgers' primary concern in college was to break a nine-minute "deuce" (two-mile run), but Burfoot exposed him to the special joys of distance training in the bucolic splendor of rural New England.

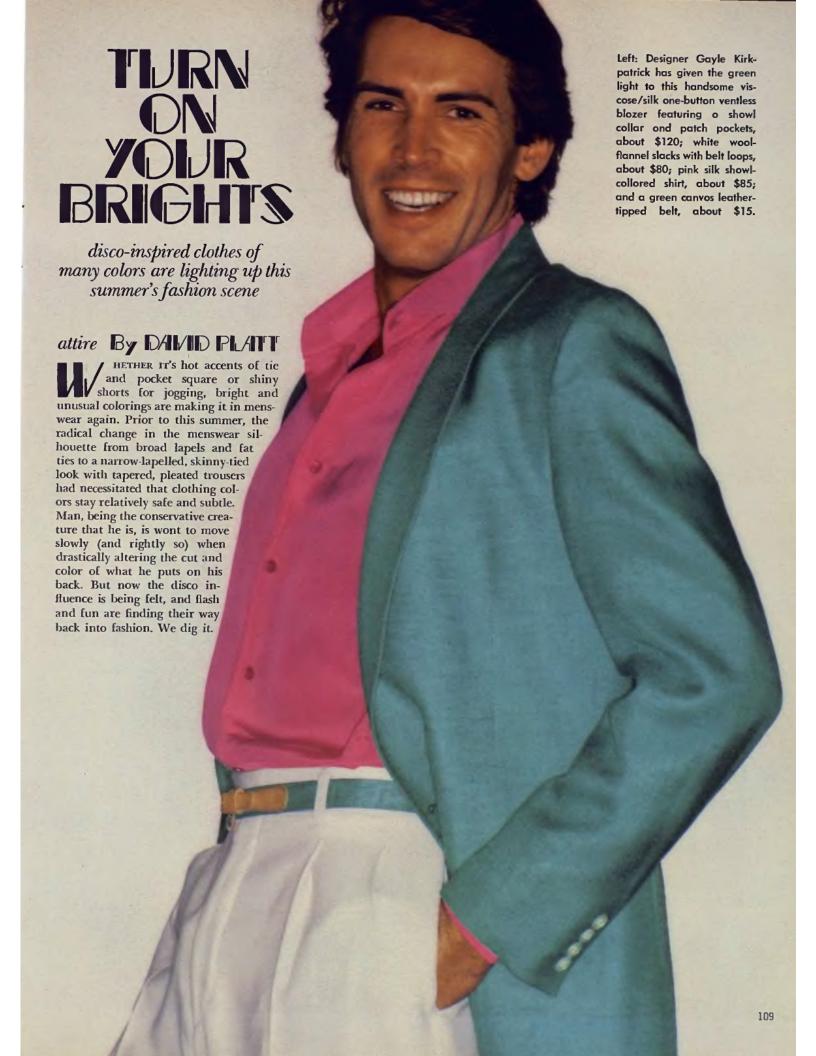
"Amby taught me that training was not all this work, work, work, running around a track," says Rodgers. "He got me out by the lakes and woods, into the primitive setting again. Life isn't supposed to be all cars and concrete. I just fell in behind Amby and followed him as far as I could. We often went 15 miles and one day I stayed with him for 25 miles. But my legs started cramping during the last two."

By the end of their year as roommates, this special chemistry dissolved-when Burfoot graduated and Rodgers achieved his own limited running goal: an 8:58 two-miler. Rodgers was increasingly distracted by the worsening war in Vietnam-it was just months after the 1968 Tet offensive-and decided to join the antiwar movement. He applied for conscientious-objector status. He quit run-

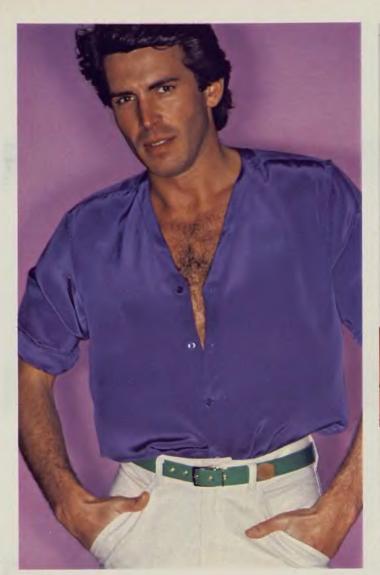
"I was totally preoccupied with Vietnam," he says. "In my last year at Wesleyan, all I could think about was if my C.O. status would come through."

It did (even though Rodgers' high school track coach bullheadedly refused to support his application). To satisfy the requirements of alternative service following graduation, ex-runner and C.O. Rodgers had to take a menial job wheeling dead and dying bodies around the halls of the Peter Bent Brigham

(continued on page 114)









Left: This shady character has taken a shine to a shiny red polyester/nylon baseball jacket with elasticized neck, waist and cuffs, contrasting trim and angled pockets, by Jockey, about \$18. (Not shown are his blue cotton straight-legged jeans, by Cinema, about \$35.) Above left: More hot stuff—including a lavender silk collarless V-neck shirt, by Carara, about \$90; pink cotton carpenter slacks with oversized back patch pockets and side ruler pocket, by Cinema, about \$30; and a green canvas leather-tipped belt, by Nancy Knox, about \$13. Above right: Catch this—a blue nylon jacket with yellow trim, about \$18, and matching shorts, about \$10, both from Logistix by Huk-A-Pao. 111



Above: Our game chap is hooked on an Orlon tank top, about \$16, that's worn with white cotton slacks and a motching belt, about \$30, both by David Leong. Right: Off-white is the color of this fellow's silk/linen jacket, about \$185, with mohair/wool pleated slacks, about \$90, both by Gil Truedsson for Tiger of Sweden, that are coupled with a blue silk/cotton shirt, about \$60, multicolor silk tie, about \$20, leather double-wrap belt, about \$16, and a red silk pocket square, \$9, all by Gil Truedsson.



GOING FOR GOLD

(continued from page 108)

"He had gone almost three years without running and smoked nearly a pack of cigarettes a day."

Hospital in Boston for \$71 a week. By then, he had gone almost three years without running, smoked nearly a pack of cigarettes a day and spent enough evenings in bars to help his figure balloon up to what for his small-boned frame was a plodding 140 pounds. But in 1972, two important things happened to Rodgers: His Triumph 650 motorcycle was stolen and he was fired from the hospital.

"It was two miles back and forth to work," he recalls, "so after the bike was stolen, I just ran." He also started doing a little evening work-three to five easy miles-just because it felt good. Meanwhile, one night in a jazz bar in Boston, he finally met the secretary he had seen frequently as he passed through the Children's Hospital adjacent to Peter Bent Brigham: Ellen Lalone became his girlfriend and mainstay through some very thin months ahead. The hard times began when Rodgers was fired for trying to unionize the low-skilled hospital workers in October 1972. With only six months left on his alternative-service obligation, no one wanted to hire himand he was not allowed to work in the open economy, such being the opaque logic of the American Selective Service System at that time. So he ran.

"For almost a year, I didn't have anything to do," says Rodgers. "So I'd just run in the morning and run in the evening. That's when I started packing in the high mileage—five in the morning and ten in the evening."

He eventually drifted into a job teaching emotionally disturbed children, to whom he bequeathed the trophies he later won-as incentives for good behavior. He also joined the Greater Boston Track Club and began doing what people in the higher reaches of his sport call "speed work" every four days at the Boston College track under the tutelage of coach Billy Squires.

By 1974, Rodgers had begun to make good showings in a few small races-14th in the Boston Marathon and fifth in a rather weak field at the then littleknown New York City Marathon. His big thrill came in March of the following year, when he was sent to Morocco to compete in the annual International Cross-Country Race, an event almost unknown to American sports fans but a very big deal to Europeans. Rodgers was at the time so unpretentiously impoverished that he was running in cold weath-114 er in an old pair of corduroys. The track

club hastily scratched up funds for a decent track suit with USA stenciled on it. Good thing, too: Blazing out of nowhere, Rodgers came in third in Morocco in a strong field of international runners. He still ranks that race as an almost greater athletic feat than what followed only five weeks later-his sensational 2:09:55 win of the Boston Marathon.

Rodgers was as surprised as anyone else in Boston.

"Are you sure?" he asked when told he had set a new American record. "Are you sure of that time?"

"I can remember we were up the night before the race," says Charlie, "handlettering 'Greater Boston Track Club' on his old T-shirt. Billy was still running in rags." Today the question of whose name goes on Rodgers' racing shirts-Perrier water, Diet Pepsi, Tiger shoesis about like deciding which stickers go on the side of Mario Andretti's car.

Rodgers was so unknown that when he won that first marathon, The Boston Globe spelled his name wrong: For weeks, it was Will Rogers, then Bill Rogers and, finally, Bill Rodgers. Today, he is famous in running circles all over the world. He holds the first, second, third and fourth fastest marathon times ever recorded by an American. He is also the American record holder in the 15and 20-kilometer runs, as well as the arcane hour run (he set all those records in a single, officially timed solo run on the Boston University track). Running against several medium-quality distance men in a specially arranged track event in California last winter, Rodgers set a pending world record of 1:14:11.8 in the 25-kilometer run. It was an accident. He was trying for the 30-kilometer record and when he discovered he had set the 25-kilometer mark, decided to stop running. Finally, urged on by the crowd, he completed the final five kilometers. (He still came within 13 seconds of that record.) In 1977, he won the Kyoto, Amsterdam, New York and Fukuoka marathons. He calls Japan's Fukuoka "the world series of marathons, because the best runners come from all over the world." In Japan, they hold babies up for him to touch. Around Boston, his friends now call him "Will-ha," a bastardization of the honorific way the Japanese address

Practically the only trophy Rodgers has not yet won is an Olympic medal. In 1976, with an aching right metatarsus and cramps in both legs, a tensed-up Rodgers finished 40th in the Olympic marathon at Montreal. Now, at 31, he is training for gold in Moscow in 1980. And he is the odds-on favorite to win his fourth New York Marathon this October.

Rodgers devotes all his time to running. It is his life, his lifestyle, his profession. Within the severe restrictions enforced by the Amateur Athletic Union (A.A.U.), Rodgers makes a living at running. In the fall of 1977, he and Ellennow his wife-invested all their savings in a store for running gear called the Bill Rodgers Running Center. Managed by Charlie in a basement location in Boston's Cleveland Circle, the storedespite three burglaries-has been an overnight success and may become a chain. A second and a third store have already opened-in the trendy Quincy Market area and in Worcester, Massachusetts. A line of Bill Rodgers running clothes is already on the racks. Rodgers' notoriety and the respect he commands in Boston bring runners to his store from considerable distances to buy the very same shoes they could get anywhere else. With any luck, they will find Rodgers standing around, sipping apricot nectar, chatting with visitors-often journalists-and taking phone calls from New York, Milan, Stockholm and Johannesburg. The trappings of stardom, but not the money, are fast moving in.

In a nation television-conditioned to having its sports stars come in largerthan-life packages, replete with glamor and gaudiness, Rodgers is a new kind of hero. His fans are, for the most part, like him: health-conscious nonconsumers who cannot resist the impulse to pull on their road shoes and knock out a mile or ten every day just for that giddy feeling of aerobic fitness and, of course, the smug satisfaction of overcoming the sheer sloth of daily life. Rodgers is a smaller-than-life figure: He has simple tastes in food and limited material wants. "I don't want to be a millionaire," he says, "I just want to be able to afford some good acreage in the country, have a nice, small house and an otter pond."

When he travels, Rodgers carries along a running kit-the world's simplest sports uniform-and works in an hour's training whenever and wherever possible. "When I do an hour in some out-of-the-way place or when it's raining real hard, I wonder what Lasse Viren or Jerome Drayton Jother world-class runners] are doing right then," he says. "I figure that's when I can get an extra edge." He once found himself with an hour's layover at Kennedy International

(continued on page 177)



"So—you're not just a lot of hot air, after all!"

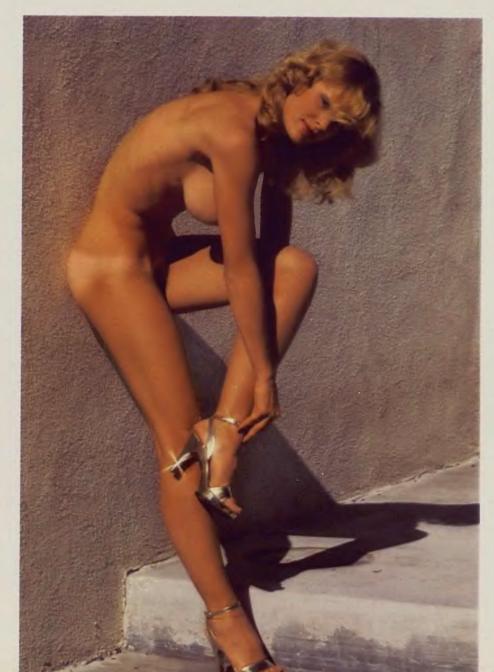


A native of Vancouver, British Columbia, Dorothy (right) was flown to Los Angeles last August and became a finalist in our search for the 25thanniversary Playmate.

SHE'LL TAKE ROMANGE

our gorgeous miss august, an import from north of the border, claims the tender touch warms her heart. bring on the violins

"I'M DEFINITELY a sucker for the romantic approach," admits Vancouverborn Dorothy Stratten, a statuesque blonde who also happens to have been a finalist in our Great Playmate Hunt. "Romance is effective for me," she continues, "because I'm a very sensitive person. I can laugh and cry over something in the same moment. Small romantic gestures-like getting flowers at an unexpected moment-really turn me on; but my main romantic daydream is to be up in the mountains with lots of snow on the ground, in some rustic old cabin with a roaring fire, a candlelight dinner for two and, later, wine on the couch by the fire and soft music. I know it sounds old-fashioned, in a way, but I don't care." When she's not concocting romantic scenarios, Dorothy, who recently moved south to sunny Los Angeles from British Columbia, attends an exercise class regularly ("I'm so paranoid about getting fat-it's the most neurotic thing about me"), takes acting lessons ("I'd like to be competent in all types of actingromance, drama, comedy, even horror"), works as a Bunny at the L.A. Club and writes poetry-romantic poetry, of course. "I think I express myself better in poetic form," Dorothy muses. "I'm basically a very shy person and I often get frustrated trying to express myself verbally, so I'll just write a poem for a friend and communicate my feelings that way. I get my inspirations at the strangest times, though-in the shower, at the



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI



dinner table, on a bus. But no matter where I am, I just have to write my thoughts down immediately." Although Dorothy's poetry is not intended for publication, she did consent to let us print the following verse: "The intimate feeling / of your touch / your body / against mine / embraced / and protected. Words are spared / but are not needed / because the message / is felt / mutually. In your absence / my mind is still / on our time spent / but also, / my mind / is on tomorrow / hoping it will be / as the yesterday / we were together / because / I love you."



"I was made fun of in school until I was about 16 because my breasts were so tiny. Then one day, they just started to grow and they wouldn't stop. Naturally, the teasing ended immediately."











Dorothy makes her film debut this month in "Americathon," a comedy about, in her words, "America going broke. To raise money, they have a telethon. My part was to escort Meat Loaf, who donates his blood, onto the stage. It was just a small role."



"I'm a faithful one-man woman. It might sound old-fashioned, but I have to concentrate all my love on just one man."





"I love taking walks in warm rain," says Dorothy, who's had ample practice in Vancouver, a very wet city. Although she intends to be an actress, for the time being she works as a Bunny in our L.A. Club (below).







PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Dorothy Stratten

BUST: 36 WAIST: 34 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 123 SIGN: PISCAS

BIRTH DATE: 2 28/60 BIRTHPLACE: Vancouver, B.C.

GOALS: TO become a successful actress and do

a lot of travelling.

TURN-ONS: Life, love, postry and little animals.

TURN-OFFS: Skalous prople, a sters people who

don't care about their bodies, wasting time.

FAVORITE MOVIES: One FRUS Over the Cuckon'S Nest,

Midnight Express, A Star Is Born, Silent Movie.

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Mork & Mindy Bionic Woman

All in the Family, The Gong Show.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Barry Manilow, Janis Jan Village People

FAVORITE BOOKS: LOVE of the Flas, Love Story, Oliver's

Story, Valley of the Dolls, Sunshine

FAVORITE FOODS: Steak, Japanese Food, lasagna.

SECRET DREAM: 10 fly to the monto be able to

hear other people think for a day.



Easter Sunday AGE 4





A caugir lat 9 Trying not to laugh

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

It is only fair to tell you, sir," the young masseuse intoned by rote, "that this is a legitimate massage establishment, and that all I can give you is a therapeutic rubdown. Now, is there anything I can do for you before I begin?"

"Yes, in fact, there is," said the client. "Help me get dressed."

We're mulling over the account of a kinky marriage ceremony in which a kook of a feminine activist took a vibrator to be her lawfully wedded spouse, to have and to hold, as long as its batteries lasted.



Having coupled passionately in the back seat of a car out in the country, a teenaged girl and her date lit up and listened to the radio for a while. Finally, the young thing said, "It's pretty late, Larry, so maybe we should be getting back."
"Sure thing, Babs," agreed the boy. Then he licked his lips and suggested, "How about, you

know, doing it once more before I take you home?"

"Sorry, but no seconds," Babs announced firmly. "My folks think I'm too young to go steady."

The Harem Supplement to our Unabashed Dictionary defines sultan's penis as a pooled muscle.

An obliging night nurse in a West Coast hospital has performed fellatio on so many patients that she's popularly referred to as Florence Nightingulp.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines impotence as withering heights.

Grins a fey Swedish groupie named Lynn: "There are Nordics who may not get in. For a screw sometimes bores When it's Danish or Norse, But I sure do put out for a Finn!"

Tired, dear?" asked the solicitous wife as she mixed cocktails.

"Honey," sighed her gynecologist husband, "I'm absolutely bushed."

As the ship that had just been christened began to slide smoothly along the ways to the water, a distinguished-looking marine buff remarked to the young lady who was standing

near him, "How gracefully she goes down!"
"Yes, she does," murmured the girl with an appraising glance at the speaker. "But if someone doused me with vintage champagne like

that, I probably would, too.'

Waiter," cried the startled young chap as a massive erection tilted the table toward his date, "there's Spanish fly in my soup!"

The court hadn't seen in an age The king in so vicious a rage; For the queen, so she said, Went to read in her bed, Where the king found her stuck to a page.

Brushing by the receptionist, the girl marched into the dentist's office. "Do you remember, Dr. Kaplan, that cavity you filled for me last month?" she snapped.

"Why, of course, Miss Smith," the drilling expert replied, smiling. "Is there something

wrong?

"I'll say there is, doc! You should have done a capping job before proceeding to the inlay!"

Hell's bells, I paid for an hour of fun," the man protested to the madam, "and then that new girl Laverne went around the world in eighty seconds!"



What with recent research on how many calories are consumed during a session of lovemaking," says one jogging and reducing fan, "a miss is as good as a mile."

The loneliness that had brought the widow and the widower together blossomed into love and the widower together blossomed into love and into marriage . . . but their wedding night was a disaster. "You simply didn't fulfill my sexual expectation, Walter," the woman com-mented petulantly the following morning. "You're completely right about that," re-

sponded Walter, "but when I offered to fill the void in your life, Ernestine, I had no idea it

would be such a huge one."

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.



"Welcome to Cliché Island . . . have a nice day!"

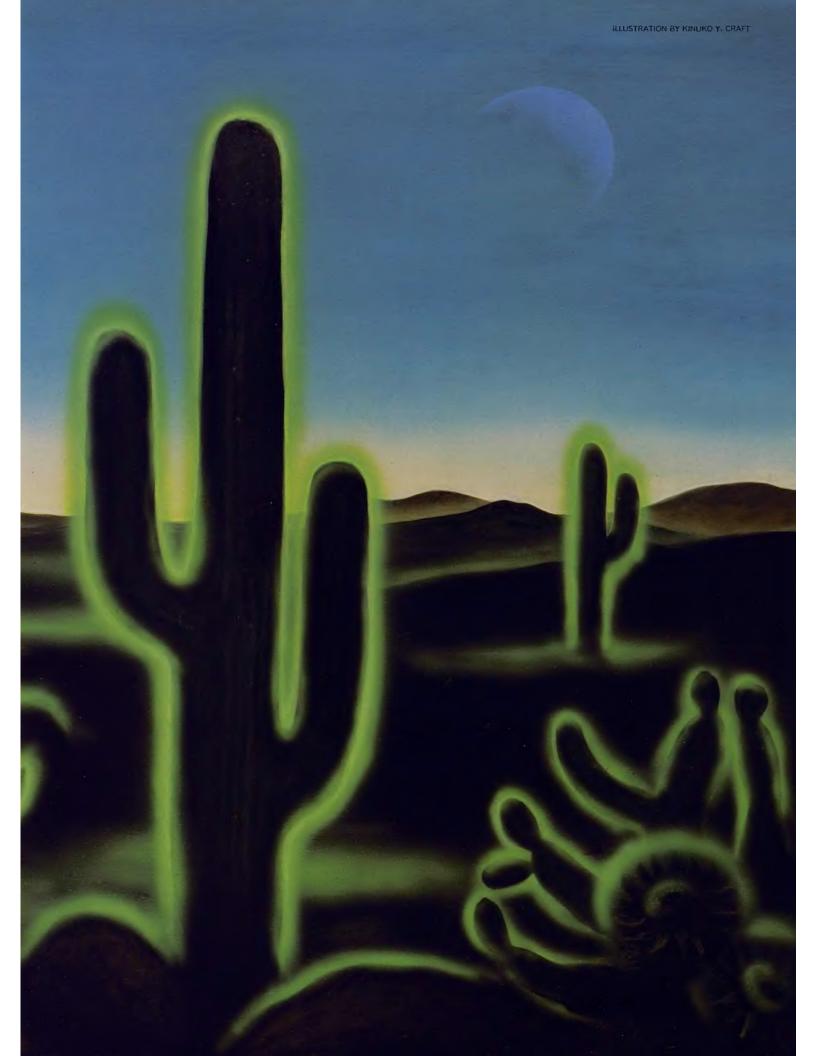
article By RICHARD RHODES

WASTE OF THE PECOS

the citizens of carlsbad have a question:
if you let your government bury nuclear wastes in your town, is it also going to bury you?

Carlsbad, New Mexico, the town that gave its name to the famous caverns, down in the southeastern corner of the state. If you meet a man in Carlsbad named Bob Light, and if you get on with him, he'll show you the river. He'll put you in one of the throaty, silver-flake jet boats he sells as a side line to his oil-prospecting business and take you for a cruise up the Pecos past the expensive riverside





houses that the better people in Carlsbad occupy. He'll tell you who built the houses-his father-in-law built some of them and Bob and his attractive wife, Io Anna, built theirs themselves, laid 55,000 bricks on the facings and the grounds-and he'll tell you about the people who live in the houses. You'll reverse at the country club, tennis courts along the river, and return past the long riverside park, where boys and old men are fishing lazily in the afternoon sun, past the small amusement park on the east bank that the local Coca-Cola people built and maintain for Carlsbad's kids, even though it probably operates in the red from year to year, reverse again at the city power plant that runs cleanly on local natural gas, and dock at the city park. Bob will slip you into the restored XK-E Jaguar convertible you just watched him buy, cash on the barrelhead, as a surprise Valentine's Day present for his wife, and with the top down, wind-blown in Sunbelt warmth, you'll spin through the town, Bob pointing out the landmarks.

Bob will do all this for you partly because he's an open, generous manpresident of Barber Oil, Inc., of Carlsbad; one of three elected county commissioners for Eddy County, of which Carlsbad is the county seat; Western handsome, with three grown sons; talented, intelligent, well educated; good company anywhere.

But partly Bob will be showing you the river and the clean, pleasant town because he wants you to see for yourself that the people of Carlsbad aren't pinheaded or hermaphroditic. He wants you to see that they're normal and live normally in a normal American community, even though they, the better people, especially, are possibly the only people in North America who lately have been willing even to consider welcoming, near their town, the first permanent underground repository for the United States Government's millions of cubic feet of accumulated radioactive wastes.

WIPP, the repository is called: Waste Isolation Pilot Plant. It's still on the drawing boards. It's been on the drawing boards since 1972, its projected date of completion slipping farther and farther forward in time. The U.S. Department of Energy is still working on preliminaries, drilling bore holes, extracting cores. The site, at least, is firm: a grim stretch of red-sand barrens 26 miles east of Carlsbad populated by creosote bush and rattlesnakes and vinegarroons. Government land. Eight-cow-units-to-thesection land—a section is 640 acres, one square mile—the sorriest land around. Salt beds below the barrens—thick, almost level salt beds 2000 feet down. Maybe a 132 little gas and oil deep under the salt

beds and some potash above. If WIPP is ever built, it will be a sort of mine. Some of the salt will be excavated through shafts, and then nuclear wastes will be stored in the excavated spaces, at 2100 and 2600 feet. Sixty acres of buildings up on the sand-buildings for contactwaste handling, for remote-waste handling, for administration-and a railhead and an all-weather road. Twenty-one hundred acres of underground storage below. It sounds secure enough. It even sounds innocuous. It may be, but no one knows: Nothing like it has ever been attempted before. Its fate should be determined within the next 24 months.

Carlsbad, writes a New Mexican historian, was a "gentleman's town." She means gentlemen founded it, cattle gentlemen-founded it deliberately out on the open range. Carlsbad mayor Walter Gerrells tells the story best, sitting tall back in the shoe department of his large Carlsbad clothing store that smells of new denim and boot leather and wool. "Carlsbad didn't just happen," he says. "It wasn't a couple of little old shacks on a crossing of the river. It was a land promoter's dream." Gerrells is a native New Mexican. He's spent his life in Carlsbad; he's been its popular mayor since 1970 and he was a city councilman for six years before that. "This area was the last part of New Mexico to be settled by the Anglo people," he explains. "The Spanish people were all over at the Rio Grande. Back in the 1860s, Kit Carson rounded up all the Navahos, 3000 of them, and set them to farming around Fort Sumner, 150 miles to the north on the Pecos. Texas was pretty well settled up by then. The only thing that kept the Texans out of this part of New Mexico was that east of here, up on the cap rock, there wasn't any water.

"But a couple of guys down in Austin had a lot of cattle, and they figured out that they could bring their cattle across West Texas, hit the Pecos down about 50 miles south of here, drive them up the river and sell them to the Government at Fort Sumner for the Navahos. One of them was named Eddy, Charles B. Eddy. There wasn't any town here then and they said, Well, if we can just get together and dam up the river, we can sell land to people who want to come out here and we'll make some money. So they formed a company and got some brochures together, and then they had to find-I won't call him a sucker-they had to find someone with money to back them. They found a guy named James John Hagerman. Hagerman had made \$7,000,000 silver mining in Colorado. Seven million dollars in 1880 was a lot of money. Hagerman was interested, he was a visionary and he footed the bills,

and they went into this thing and built dams, built irrigation canals, and the prospectus that went out said they were going to irrigate 6,000,000 acres of land. Well, we got 21,000. But they went to France, Italy, the East Coast, and they advertised and sold this land to people and got them out here. They even built a railroad up from Pecos, Texas. That's how Carlsbad got started. It was a promoter's deal."

Carlsbad was named Eddy then, but at the turn of the century, the dams washed out and the town's fortunes declined until someone realized that the gushing mineral springs up the river could restore them. Eddy changed its name to Carlsbad and became a spa, capitalizing on the reputation of a famous European health resort-its waters were similarly brackish, and in those days, soaking in mineral water was a fashionable cure for

a long list of ills.

If Carlsbad already seems to you a town energetic in self-promotion, you're right: It was and is. It has had to be, for survival. Nineteenth Century New England, inward from the fine harbors of its coast, survived by marketing its most disadvantageous resources, granite and ice. Carlsbad's initial disadvantages were semidesert land and brackish water, and it thrived for a time on both. Then, in 1912, when the spa fad was in decline, an oil wildcatter drilling east of Carlsbad tasted his drilling wastes and discovered them to be potash-potassium salts, an important fertilizer-the first such find on Federal land in the United States. By the early Thirties, Carlsbad had transformed itself into a mining town. "Up through the Fifties," Gerrells remarks, 'we had a virtual monopoly in the Western Hemisphere on potash." Carlsbad Caverns, which opened as a national park in 1930, gave the mining town a tourist side (863,000 visitors last year, 900 motel rooms in little Carlsbad). In 1960, Carlsbad counted 25,541 permanent residents. They worked at mining potash, at servicing the tourists, at farming and ranching and retail enterprise. They were comfortable and modestly prosperous; unemployment was low; they enjoyed the river and the Southwestern sun.

"But we woke up here one morning in 1967," Gerrells recalls, "October 13, and U.S. Potash, the largest employer in Carlsbad, announced that as of the first of the year, it would cease operation." With new discoveries in Saskatchewan, the bottom dropped out of the potash market. Prices sank as low as \$11 a ton, down from a high of \$50. "The result, by Post Office count," Gerrells concludes gloomily, "was 1250 empty houses in Carlsbad in 1969. Our population by the 1970 census was 21,297." Carlsbad had

(continued on page 158)



VIVA VINO BIANCO!

summertime, and the sipping is easy with italy's amiable, inexpensive white wines

IF SPIRALING white-wine costs are driving you to lager and lemonade, hang in, chum—the Italians are coming. In fact, they're here! With over two billion gallons produced annually, Italy is the world's largest winegrower. Fortunately, the paisanos are willing to share this bounty to the extent that half our imported wines come from Italy.

While there are no great Italian white table wines, a veritable river of modestly priced vino runs through the boot, from Trentino on the Austrian border to Calabria in the south, with Sicily and Sardinia thrown in for good measure. Italy's big four in the white-wine category are Soave, Orvieto, Frascati and Verdicchio, with Soave easily (continued on page 172)





what makes a man who has everything—success, a beautiful wife, comfort—risk it all to challenge death, time and time again? a new novel by a master storyteller

By QVI SHOW

he met Dunky Aldridge on Thursday on Fifth Avenue after work. It was an unlucky meeting, though they greeted each other cordially and had had good times together and had drunk considerable beer in each other's company. But on Saturday morning, Aldridge was one of the two men who were killed.

"Where've you been, Mike?" Aldridge asked. "I haven't seen you around the drop zone in months. Sneaking away doing secret jumps?"

"I got married three months ago," Michael said, feeling that was enough reason for any absence.

"Congratulations." Aldridge slapped him on the back. He was a burly, redfaced man, who had played football in college. They had both started sky diving at the same time at the field and had made many jumps together. "How's it going?" Aldridge asked.

"Euphoric," Michael said.

"Slippers-and-fireside time now?" Aldridge asked. He laughed, because they were the same age—30. "Keeping away from the old pernicious haunts?"

"More or less."

"Would it be against your marriage vows to have a drink with an old pal?"

Michael looked at his watch. "Half hour before I have to report for duty in the kitchen," he said.

They went into the Gotham bar and

they were there more than 30 minutes and had more than three Scotches.

"You still look in pretty good shape," Aldridge was saying. "In fact, I'd say marriage has leaned you down a bit."

"I do my push-ups."

"Listen, we've got two pretty hot new shots at the DZ. We're doing a four-man star on Saturday morning. If we find a

fourth. Like you, for example."

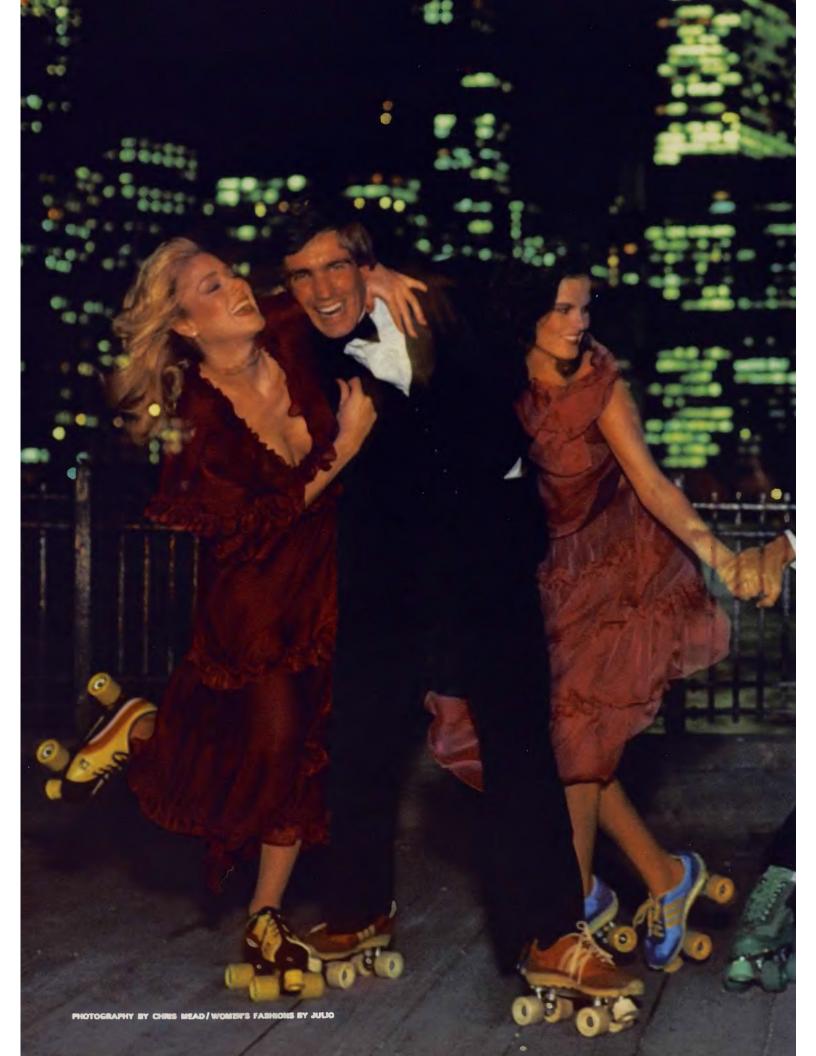
Michael hesitated. Since he had met Tracy, his wife, he hadn't done any free falls. Or anything much but think about her and spend as much time as he could with her and get through his chores at the office. The sight of his friend stirred old memories. Aldridge wasn't really his friend, except in the rough comradeship around the DZ and in the nearby saloon. They had always gotten along well with each other and Michael trusted him.

"It sounds like a nice idea," he said.

"Bring the lady. Give her a thrill. Her old man dropping out of the sky like a shining angel."

"Maybe I will. If I can get her out of bed. Saturday mornings're tough." He took Aldridge's office telephone number and promised he'd call in the morning.

Over dinner, which was laid on a table in front of the fire, he stared entranced at his wife and (continued on page 138)





TOO OF THE HILL (continued from page 135)

"He hadn't ever told her what other kinds of fun he had indulged in before they met."

thought of how Aldridge's eyes and the eyes of the other men at the field would light up when they saw her. He told her about the plan for Saturday and she frowned. "Jumping out of airplanes," she said. "Isn't that for kids?"

"They're all men, about my own age."

"What do you do it for?"

"Fun," he said. He had known her for more than five months, but he hadn't ever told her what other kinds of fun he had indulged in before they met. Time to begin, he thought. "Haven't you ever had a feeling you'd like to fly?"

"Not that I remember," she said.

"One of the mythical longings of the races," he said. "Remember Icarus."

"Not such a happy example," Tracy

said, laughing.

"Anyway, you could try it, too. Not freefall, at least not at first. Just attached to a line that opens your parachute automatically. The earth never looks quite that beautiful again. A lot of girls do it."

"Not this girl," Tracy said decisively.

"Still, will you come?"

"Why not?" She shrugged. "If my husband's crazy, I might as well find out what he's crazy about. Anyway, I have nothing else to do on Saturday morning."

It was a bright, sunny day as they drove out of New York toward the field in New Jersey. As usual, when he left the city, Michael felt exhilarated.

"There's a great country restaurant not far from the field," Michael told her as they turned north on the Jersey side of the river. "For lunch. Wonderful daiquiris and lobster."

"Ummn." She looked across at him curiously. "Aren't you scared?"

"Sure," he said. "I'm scared the other fellas're going to think I married a dog."

She leaned over and kissed him. "Next

time, I'll have my hair done."

Aldridge and McCain, who ran the jump center, were waiting at the shed with the two other men who were to make the jump, and the plane was warming up on the strip. McCain had laid out the target area on the grass, which had just begun to turn damp after the night's frost. The men were affable and polite and obviously impressed with Tracy.

As they walked out toward the plane, Aldridge whispered, "Holy man, Mike."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Michael said innocently.

"That's what I call a fitting audience

for our skill and daring is what I mean, you sneaky bastard."

Then McCain was explaining how they were going to do it—relative work, as free-fall multiple maneuvers were called—the sequence in which they were to exit, reminding them to break away at 3500 feet, no matter how well or how poorly they made the star, to give them the necessary five seconds to get safely away from each other before opening their chutes at 2500 feet. It was all old stuff to the four men, but they listened carefully. If McCain suspected that anybody's attention was wandering, he was just as lief to call the whole flight off.

They got into the plane, McCain at the controls. With the door stripped off and the doorway open, the wind gusting in, cold and biting, they gained speed and took off. Michael looked out the window and saw the small figure in the blue coat standing waving next to the shed. Maybe, he thought, one day I'll get her to see what it's like.

At 7200 feet, they jumped, one after the other. They were supposed to freefall to 3500, planing and meeting up and touching hands in a circle, then tracking away from each other before opening their chutes. Aldridge was the fourth man out. They made a good star and separated as programed, but for some reason that nobody would ever find out, the third man opened his chute immediately and Aldridge crashed into it at about 125 miles an hour and hit the man as the chute collapsed, while Michael and the other man, now swinging safely from their parachutes, and McCain at the controls of the plane watched helplessly. The doctor later said they were both killed instantly, so they were spared the terror as they streamed down to earth.

At least she didn't cry, Michael thought as they drove slowly back to New York, with the shadows of the afternoon already streaking the road, at least that. He put out his hand to touch hers. Her hand lay still, her face averted as she stared out the window. "I'm sorry," he said.

"Please don't say anything," she said. "For a long while."

When they got to the apartment, he made himself a drink, but when he asked if she wanted one, she merely shook her head and went into the bedroom and lay down, coat and all, as though her bones, to their marrow, were freezing.

He must have fallen asleep sitting in the easy chair, the empty glass on a table beside it, when she came in. She still had on her coat and scarf. He had never seen her face so pale. "You're not ever going to do anything like that again, are you?"

"I don't know," he said. "Maybe next

week, maybe next year."

"Next week?" she said incredulously.
"What sort of man are you?"

"Several kinds."

"Don't you love me?"

"I love you. But I don't want to be a man who loves you and lives scared."

"What're you trying to prove?"

"Nothing. Everything. I'll find out later."

"You didn't tell me all this time."

"The subject didn't come up."

"Well, the subject has come up now."

"I'm sorry, darling, I can't honestly promise anything."

"I thought the man was your friend."

"He was. If it'd happened to me, he'd be up next week."

"Macho idiot," she said contemptuously.

"It isn't even that."

"What is it, then?"

He shrugged. "When I find out, when I really understand, I'll tell you."

She sat down opposite him. There was only one lamp on, at the other end of the room, and her face was in shadow, only her eyes glistening. She had waited to cry. Strong woman.

"Michael," she said, "I have something to tell you." Her tone was flat and emotionless and troubling.

While he was sleeping in the chair, he had dreamed that Tracy had left him and he had searched, first in the empty apartment, then vainly in the darkened streets, for her, almost seeing her, a flick of cloth disappearing around a stone corner. "You're not going to tell me you're leaving me, are you?"

"No," she said, still in the flat, dead voice. "The opposite of that. What I have to tell you is that from now on, after today, I'm going to stop taking the pill. I want to have a child."

He stood up then and slowly walked, without speaking, to the window and looked down. In the light of a street lamp below, an old woman with a cane was being helped out of a taxi. It's the wrong thing to be seeing at this moment, Michael thought, the inevitable decay and the approach of death, when the start of a new life is the subject of conversation.

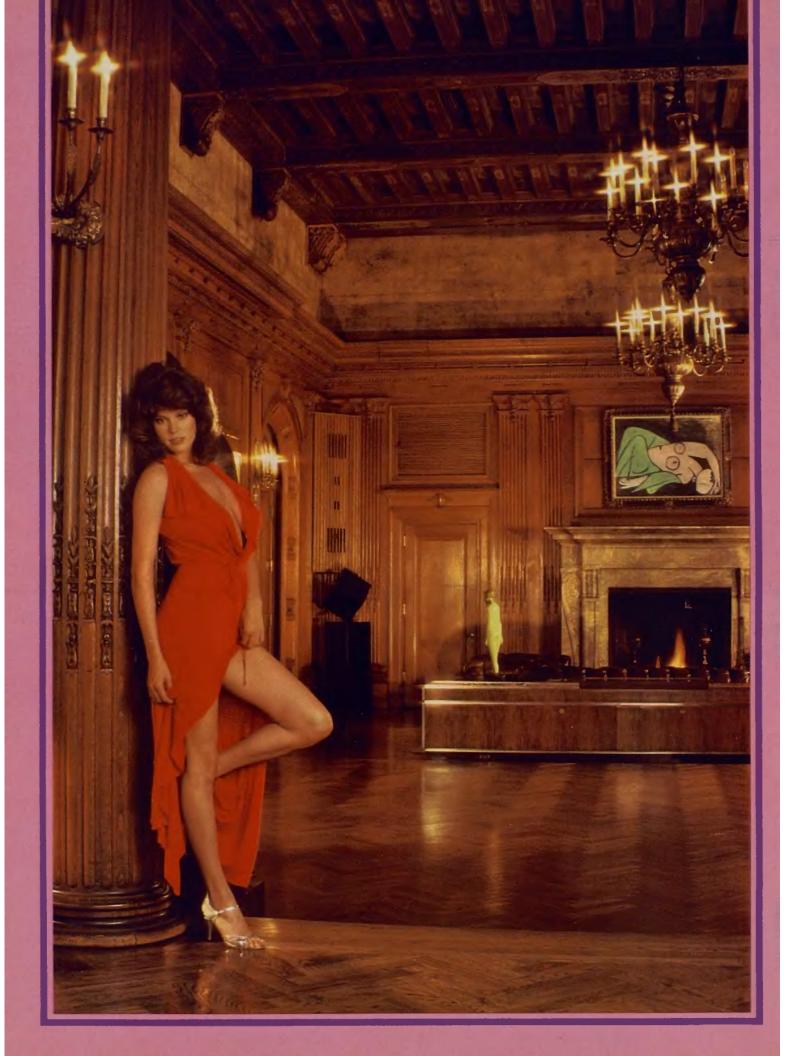
"Well?" Tracy said.

He turned and tried to smile at her. "Well, give a man a little time to think." He went over to her and bent and kissed

(continued on page 210)



"Gosh, Margo—my whole life just flashed before my eyes!"



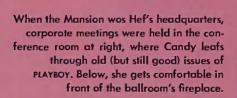


At left, the Playbay
Mansian in Chicago is all
lit up for the arrival
af its special weekend
guest, Silver Anniversary
Playmate Candy Loving.
Soon after her arrival,
Candy set out to explore
her new surroundings.
On the opposite page,
she beautifies the view
of the Mansion's ballroam. (Bet you didn't
even natice the Picasso
over the fireplace.)

ANOTHER LOVING LOK

if there are two things in the world that look better than ever, they're the original playboy mansion and the original 25th-anniversary playmate





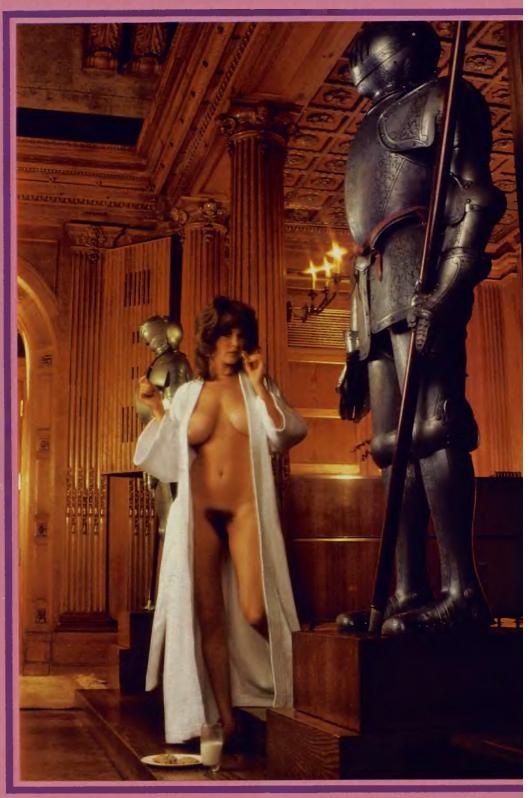




HEN CANDY LOVING, our 25th-anniversary Playmate, visited Chicago last spring, she mentioned that she'd long wanted to visit the original Playboy Mansion on posh North State Parkway, from which, during the Sixties and early Seventies, Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner conducted the business of his burgeoning Playboy empire. It just so happened that on the weekend of Candy's arrival, the Mansion, frequently used by Playboy and other organizations for everything from business meetings to fund-raising dinners, had

Ready to retire on her first night in the Mansion (below), Candy has a bedtime snack. The metallic gent at right almost seems to be asking for some af Candy's cookies.





an empty calendar. So, since Candy's pleasure is also ours, we turned her loose in the 74-room house to seek her pleasure. And Candy discovered something that those of us who live in Chicago know well: Even though Hefner himself has moved West, his Chicago headquarters still have a very special magic. "I felt as if I were in James Bond's

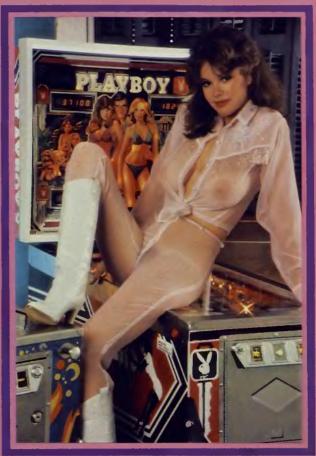




Wearing one of Hef's shirts, Candy combs her hair in his bathraam (above left). Tao excited to sleep, she continues to explare the house. As she takes a dip in the indoor swimming pool (below), we see her through a glass, brightly, via the window in the underwater-bar area—which can be reached by sliding down a brass fire pole (above right), as well as by taking a mare conventional staircase.







Ever the athletic adventuress, Candy cauldn't resist the Mansion's single-lane bawling alley (abave left). We don't knaw how the pins feel, but we're sure bawled aver. After the bowling alley, she visits the game room, where she's pictured (above right) resting after a strenuous baut with Bally's new Playboy pinball machine. As if that weren't enough of a warkaut, she tests aut equipment in the exercise room (below).



Candy descends the winding stairway leading from Hef's bedroom to his private Roman bath (right). Below, she makes like a Roman. Don't you wish you were a soap bubble?

house," Candy says. "Push a button, there's a hidden door to the bedroom; push another button, there's a picture of yourself over the bed; push another button, there's a Jacuzzi."

The solitude and relaxing atmosphere of the Mansion proved timely blessings for Candy, who admits she was "exhausted" after having been traveling almost continuously ever since the end of last year, when she was selected as the special Playmate for our 25th



birthday. By spring, she'd already been to 25 cities in the U. S. and Canada, appeared on numerous radio and television shows (including Merv Griffin's) and even been kissed by Shamu the whale at Sea World in San Diego (now we know what they mean by having a whale of a time).

Candy spent a lot of her own time at the Mansion wet. An avid swimmer, she liked to start and end her days with a dip in the indoor sunken pool and she idled away several hours in Hef's private Roman bath (replete with gold-plated fixtures). "If I were Hefner," she says, "I think this bath would be my favorite place to get away from it all."

Candy was, if you recall, a great observer of Playmates even before she became one, and she immediately recognized two of the Mansion's bedrooms—the Red Room and the Blue Room—as oftused sets for pictorials. "The





Candy continues her bath with a good sooping down. The bath area can be entered only through a button-operated secret daor. Besides the tub, it boasts a water bed, mirrars on the ceiling and, of course, a refrigerator stocked with Pepsi.



A unique feature of the Roman bath is the adjustable overhead waterfall, beneath which Candy (above) rinses her hair. The waterfall can mimic anything from a light shawer to a hurricane, and the tub, naturally, includes a Jacuzzi whirlpool bath.



Candy discovers one of several secret panels in the Mansion (above). This one, operated by a very hidden button, leads from the ballroom to an upstairs bedroom. Below, Candy visits the Chicogo Monsion's video room, which is equipped with 13 TV-monitoring screens. (That's Candy on the big one.)



whole house is like some incredible movie set," she says, "but at the same time, it's so very, very comfortable. The combination of elegance with the technology Hef built into it makes it a perfect symbol of the lifestyle that made the magazine." You're a perfect symbol, too, Candy. A symbol of 25 beautiful years, with many more to come.

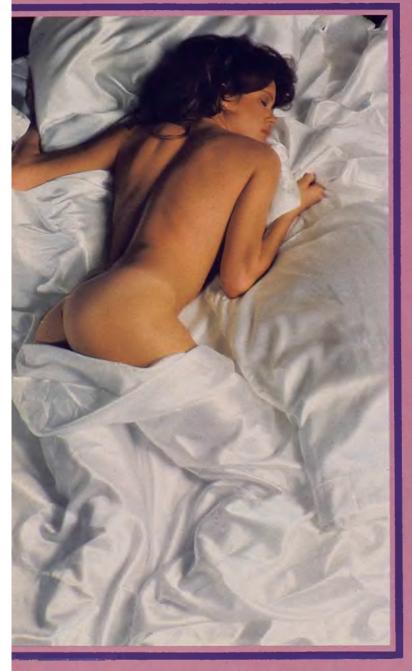


After inspecting the rest of the Mansion, Candy retires to Hef's bedroom and amuses herself with the two lorge video screens operated from his outomated round bed (below), surrounding herself with her own image. At lost, it's sleep time (right).









"I understand why Hef spent so much time in his bedroom in the old days," Candy says, ofter sampling Hef's satin sheets. And who'd want to leave? As you can see, the bed has everything a man could desire.







"Help me, miss! I was just thrown overboard from a singles cruise and I'm in desperate need of affection."



Desponding Phyllis was endued With ev'ry talent of a prude: She trembled when a man drew near; Salute her, and she turned her ear: If o'er against her you were placed, She durst not look above your waist: She'd rather take you to her bed, Than let you see her dress her head; In church you hear her, thro' the crowd, Repeat the absolution loud: In church, secure behind her fan, She durst behold that monster man: There practiced how to place her head, And bite her lips to make them red; Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling, Would lift her eyes up to the ceiling. And heave her bosom unaware, For neighboring beaux to see it bare.

At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppose all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The vicar and the ring bespoke:
Guess, how could such a match be broke?
See then what mortals place their bliss in!
Next morn betimes the bride was missing:
The mother screamed, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phyl! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had skulked for
shame;

Because her father used to say, The girl had such a bashful way! Now John the butler must be sent To learn the road that Phyllis went: The groom was wished to saddle Crop; For John must neither light nor stop, But find her, wheresoe'er she fled, And bring her back alive or dead. See here again the Devil to do! For truly John was missing, too: The horse and pillion both were gone! Phyllis, it seems, was fled with John.

Old Madam, who went up to find What papers Phyl had left behind, A letter on the toilet sees, "To my much honored father-these-" ('Tis always done, romances tell us, When daughters run away with fellows) Filled with the choicest commonplaces, By others used in the like cases. "That long ago a fortuneteller Exactly said what now befell her; And in a glass had made her see A servingman of low degree. It was her fate, must be forgiven; For marriages were made in heaven: His pardon begged: but, to be plain, She'd do't if 'twere to do again: Thank'd God, 'twas neither shame nor sin; For John was come of honest kin. Love never thinks of rich and poor; She'd beg with John from door to door. Forgive her, if it be a crime; She'll never do't another time. She ne'er before in all her life Once disobey'd him, maid nor wife." One argument she summ'd up all in, "The thing was done and past recalling; And therefore hoped she should recover

His favor when his passion's over.
She valued not what others thought her,
And was—his most obedient daughter."
Fair maidens all, attend the Muse,
Who now the wand'ring pair pursues:
Away they rode in homely sort,
Their journey long, their money short;
The loving couple well bemired;
The horse and both the riders tired:
Their victuals bad, their lodgings worse;
Phyl cried! and John began to curse:
Phyl wished that she had strained a limb,
When first she ventured out with him;
John wish'd that he had broke a leg,
When first for her he quitted Peg.

But what adventures more befell 'cm, The Muse hath no time to tell 'em; How Johnny wheedled, threatened, fawned,

jawnea,

Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd: How oft she broke her marriage vows, In kindness to maintain her spouse, Till swains unwholesome spoiled the trade;

For now the surgeon must be paid, To whom those perquisites are gone, In Christian justice due to John.

When food and raiment now grew scarce,

Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic justice;
For John was landlord, Phyllis hostess;
They keep, at Stains, the Old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and
whore.

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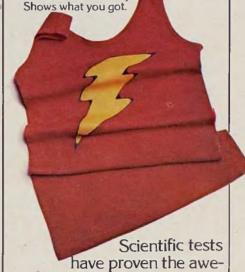
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> Steve Tillack displays himself and his collected

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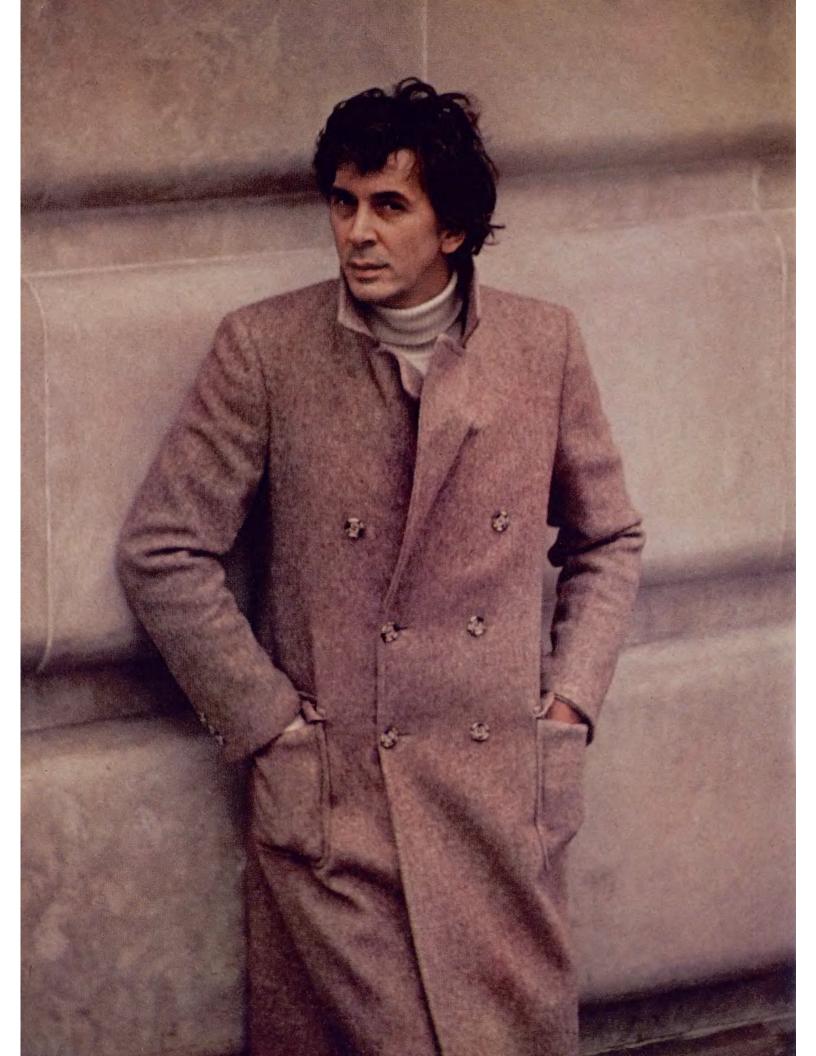
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20 QUESTIONS: FRANK LANGELLA

a matinee idol describes how he turned dracula into the kind of romantic hero america could sink its teeth into

arjorie Rosen, a New York-based writer, met with Frank Langella on an appropriately bleak day. They talked while Langella drank his fill of Tab.

PLAYBOY: In seduction, Dracula starts at the neck. Where do you start?

LANGELLA: (Laughing) That's none of your business.

PLAYBOY: Why is Dracula so appealing these days?

LANGELLA: I think sexuality and immortality are probably two good reasons why he's having a revival right now. Sex and eternal life-they're an unbeatable combination. Also, Dracula deals with a character who's larger than life. After all, he is the quintessential needer and quintessential survivor. Each of us needs something-food, liquor, pot, whateverto help us survive. Dracula needs blood. He must have it. But once he's gotten his fill of it, he has ten or twelve remaining hours of evening in which to live. He's perfectly able to socialize, to have a conversation as you and I are having now, to find humor in things.

PLAYBOY: Then he's the perfect party

LANGELLA: Yes, the nice extra man. But what fascinated me when I began working on him was the thought, Why can't he get what he needs for a night and then have an interesting time in other ways? Why can't he be vulnerable? Why can't he fall in love?

PLAYBOY: What is the nature of Dracula's sexuality?

LANGELLA: Vampires are sexy to a woman perhaps because the fantasy is similar to that of the man on the white horse sweeping her off to paradise. It's interesting to fantasize having a man sink his teeth into your neck for sustenance, knowing that it isn't going to be terribly painful but rather very exciting. The way to a woman's heart is through her veins, through her neck. Certainly, in mortal lovemaking, kissing the neck, being close to the neck, kissing the ear are very exciting. So why shouldn't the woman take the fantasy of that sensation one step further-to penetration?

PLAYBOY: Is penetration of the neck the extent of Dracula's lovemaking?

LANGELLA: That's up to the woman's

imagination. But in my mind, he's a man; he's a man first.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there's any connection between the attraction of Dracula today and the kind of kinkiness that exists in people's attitudes toward sex? LANGELLA: None at all. Dracula is the antithesis of kinky to me. By kinky I presume you mean using whips and chains and lots of dope and hanging from shower curtains, and that you would include people who need all kinds of special gear. But Dracula represents just the opposite. He's pure sex, one-onone sex, the kind of sex that most people in their heart of hearts really want. Which is why people are so attracted to him. With Dracula, there are no acconterments. He wants one thing, and he goes about getting it in one particular way. He doesn't need special lights: he doesn't need vibrators or any other paraphernalia. Dracula suggests the most romantic kind of sex.

PLAYBOY: But you said he represented pure sex. Do you consider that the same as romantic sex?

LANGELLA: Oh, it's the best sex, absolutely the best. By pure I mean that the ideal kind of sex-to my way of thinking and, I believe, to Dracula's-is that kind of sex in which a man and a woman are totally connected to each other, aware of each other, have all their senses about them and are sharing each other's bodies without what you might call those "kinky" extra attractions. As for Dracula, perhaps romantic is a better word for him than pure, but in the 80-odd years since he was created, and especially in recent time. I think that he has been kinkisized. We've seen Dracula's cousin and Dracula's dog, Dracula this and Dracula that, I wanted to restore the character as a pure, romantic, dignified and elegant man, one who really does want to find one special woman, just as most men want to find one special woman. And as most women want to find one special man. Perhaps my thinking is contrary to the current mode, but none of that extracurricular stuff-ménages à trois, bisexuality, homosexuality, etc.-is anywhere near as good as sex with one person, Basically, what every human being wants is a partner he can love and share with on every possible level. And if you're lucky enough ever to

have that in your life, you realize how much better it is than anything else.

PLAYBOY: You married about two years ago, relatively late in life for a first marriage. Was that a conscious decision? LANGELLA: I'd always felt a man should marry later in life. Actually, I didn't expect to marry until I was into my 40s. So I married earlier than I'd planned to-at 37. But I didn't marry until I wanted to.

PLAYBOY: Why do so many people have trouble finding that special relationship? LANGELLA: Because they're conditioned to believe that somebody, something, some object better than what they've got is waiting around the corner. And that extraordinary numbers of bed partners and bedroom techniques are more exciting than the togetherness of two people. But I firmly believe that you can't be emotionally free until you're emotionally committed. And I have a sense that today people are beginning to rediscover the joys of a relationship with one person.

PLAYBOY: Some people have suggested that in this era of random bed-hopping, kinky sex is a way of trying to establish instant intimacy and trust between strangers. How do you feel about that? LANGELLA: The best kind of kinky sex is to have kinky sex with your wife or husband, the person you love. Yes, you're right in that sense, because it does establish an intimacy between two people who decide to trust each other and love each other in that way. There are no taboos in bed, and there shouldn't be any taboos in bed. But how much better if it's all between you and one other person with whom you're already intimate.

11.

PLAYBOY: There are women who would probably sacrifice their homes and husbands for one night with you. Have women ever swooned over you? Do they scream and try to tear your clothes off? LANGELLA: Yes, if you mean at the stage door. That can be a very heady experience. I don't really mind very much, as long as I don't ever begin to believe any of it. Actually, people are very good with me. Even the mobs outside the theater for Dracula never exuded anything but warmth and love. And I liked it. I always signed (concluded on page 195) 157

WASTE OF THE PECOS

(continued from page 132)

"The Atomic Energy Commission turned to New Mexico, which was midwife to the Atomic Age."

lost almost 5000 residents in ten years.

Ned Cantwell, the editor and publisher of the Carlsbad Current-Argus, continues the story. "So the town got really geared up for promotion." Cantwell directs a modern, efficient newspaper plant near the railroad yards in Carlsbad. Young, tennis-trim, with curly salt-and-pepper hair, he's an Ohio native who grew up in Southern California. He went to Carlsbad in 1971 and he expects to spend his life there, WIPP or no. "When I arrived," he remembers, "you could walk into at least one home on every block in Carlsbad and buy it just by taking over the payments. So the town started advertising all over the country for retirees, and within two or three years, it just all turned around. Retirees started coming, potash came back up and stabilized, and home prices now are out of sight. I thought Southern California had the lock on promotion, but this gang down here is very promotion-minded. They've had to be. The mine closing was a terrible economic shock."

In the midst of the shock, in 1972, the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission visited Carlsbad, hat in hand. Years of manufacturing nuclear weapons had swollen the AEC's inventory of military nuclear wastes and it had no permanent place to bury them. It thought it had found a site near Lyons, Kansas, in an abandoned salt mine. It had assured the Kansas state legislature that the Lyons repository was safe, and then a quiet Kansas geologist had informed the legislature that the AEC had overlooked a number of old bore holes that penetrated the mine and that might allow the wastes to leak. Kansas booted the AEC out. It turned in some desperation to New Mexico, the state that served as midwife to the Atomic Age.

On July 16, 1945, north and west of Carlsbad 160 miles across the Sierra Blanca, on a stretch of terrible desert the conquistadors had called the Jornada del Muerto, the Journey of the Dead, at a place code-named Trinity, the United States exploded the world's first atomic bomb, and despite the distance and the intervening range of mountains, Carlsbad saw the light of man-made Western dawn. Los Alamos, the secret scientific city up on a 7200-foot mesa north of Santa Fe, designed and built the bomb and shipped its cousin to Hiroshima and its twin to Nagasaki. A portion of the wastes destined for WIPP is stored at

Los Alamos today. When it comes to nuclear matters, no state in the nation is more experienced than New Mexico.

"So some potash officials and some officials of the AEC came here in 1972," says Gerrells. "We met with them. We had lunch with them. Senator Gant, our state Senator, was there, plus myself, the county commissioners and others, and the AEC laid it right on the table. 'We've been up at Lyons, we've had some problems there, we want to look at salt beds in southeastern New Mexico, what we're trying to do is find a safe place to isolate low-level nuclear wastes.' So right then, we went to Santa Fe and met with Governor Bruce King [who is once again New Mexico's governor, having been reelected in 1978 to a second, nonconsecutive term], and we adopted more or less a policy, if you want to call it that. It's still our same basic policy today: As long as the studies done by the scientific world, the environmental-impact statements, all the other data indicate no harm to the environment or the people, we'll support the project. That's the way we felt then, that's where we are now."

Mayor Gerrells feels that way and so do Ned Cantwell and Bob Light. The Carlsbad Chamber of Commerce feels that way, and the Department of Development, and the Motels Association, the labor unions and an organization of Carlsbad businessmen called Carlsbad Industrial Action, Inc.—the C.I.A. Carlsbad's bankers are said to feel that way, as do officials of its area potash companies. How the townspeople of Carlsbad feel, or the people of New Mexico, no one knows for sure. Nuclear-waste disposal has been rejected, across the United States, by at least eight statesamong them, Michigan, Louisiana, South Dakota, Vermont, South Carolina, Kansas and Georgia (in the latter case, by a governor named Jimmy Carter). Given the volatility of matters nuclear, no one in New Mexico has vet dared formally to poll the population, though efforts to force a referendum are under way in the state legislature.

New Mexico is poor and underpopulated and largely barren. It depends heavily on extractive industries—potash, uranium, gas and oil—whose resources will play out early in the 21st Century. Los Alamos was an economic godsend. So are the clean assembly rooms of Sandia Laboratories, in Albuquerque, that fit into finely polished casings the plutonium and

lithium hydride of the nation's hydrogen warheads. If WIPP comes to New Mexico, its more outspoken proponents argue, so, probably, will the lion's share of the front and back ends of the nuclear-fuel cycle: uranium-enrichment plants, plutonium-reprocessing plants, larger waste repositories. John O'Leary, U. S. Deputy Secretary of Energy, told New Mexico as much on one of his periodic swings through the state to conduct hearings on WIPP and proselytize for nuclear power.

It's not an accident, he said, that they make bumpers in Detroit. But if WIPP isn't welcome, neither will the "bumpers" of the nuclear industry be. A fair proportion of the wastes targeted for disposal at WIPP is contaminated rubber gloves, booties, industrial tissue. If the Department of Energy, the AEC's successor, can't find a place to bury gloves and booties and Kleenex, it's not likely to find a place to reprocess thousands of tons of warm plutonium. Picking their way between imagined future benefits and present citizen fears, the politicians of New Mexico are walking on eggs. They don't seem to realize-any more than do the city fathers of Carlsbad or Deputy Secretary O'Leary-that the eggs are already broken.

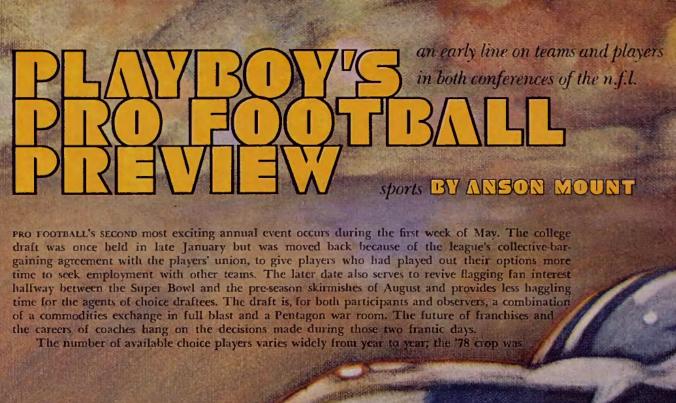
Nuclear power supplies 13 percent of United States electrical capacity today, three percent of total energy, but the nuclear-power industry is a dinosaur industry already in precipitous decline, its demise hastened by such events as the near calamity at Pennsylvania's Three Mile Island last March. The miraculous conversion of matter into energy that was supposed to deliver electricity too cheap to meter has priced itself, and complicated itself, out of further competition. United States utilities ordered 41 power reactors in 1973, the year of the Arab oil embargo. In 1978, they ordered none. Between 1974 and 1978, they canceled or deferred 24 orders and placed 11, and they're going slow on those. Breeder-reactor research has been curtailed at Jimmy Carter's order and plutonium reprocessing embargoed. Three of the four remaining domestic reactor manufacturers are operating at a financial loss, and at least two of them are likely, within the next decade, to permanently close their doors.

Proponents of nuclear power believe they failed at public relations—at convincing Americans that nuclear power is safe—but they failed first at basic physics and at simple cost accounting shortly after that. About one fourth of all the energy consumed in the United States today is used for low-temperature heating—in homes, to heat living spaces

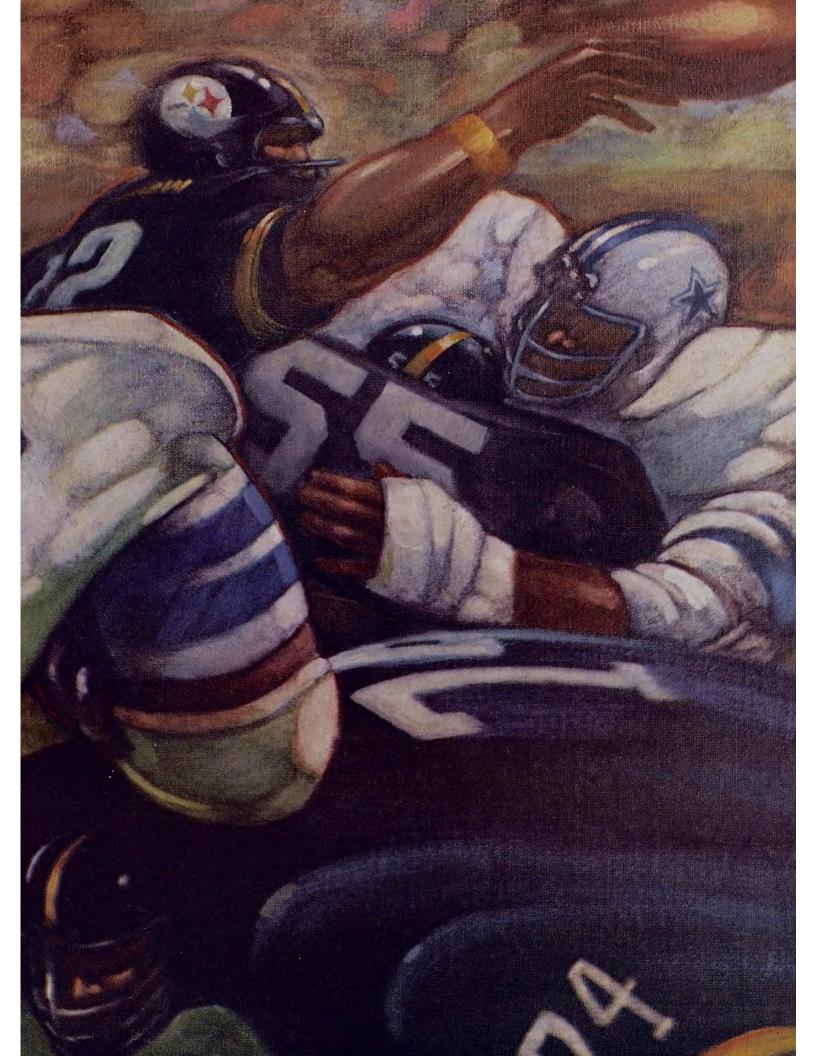
(continued on page 202)



"But, Julia, you've got everything—a loving husband, a wonderful career, a gorgeous home, a fabulous wardrobe and a Mexican gardener who screws your brains out every Thursday."



Last January's Super Bowl was dam nated by the passing and caal field generalship of Pittsburgh quarterback Terry Bradshaw, who kept rifling passes over the heads of the frustrated Dallas defense. The Steelers wan, 35-31.



PLAYBOY'S 1979 PRE-SEASON ALL-PRO TEAM

OFFENSE

Lynn Swann, Pittsburgh	Wide Receiver
John Jefferson, San Diego	Wide Receiver
Billy Joe DuPree, Dallas	Tight End
Dan Dierdorf, St. Louis	Tackle
Doug France, Los Angeles	Tackle
John Hannah, New England	Guard
Joe DeLamielleure, Buffalo	Guard
Mike Webster, Pittsburgh	Center
Terry Bradshaw, Pittsburgh	Quarterback
Walter Payton, Chicago	
Tony Dorsett, Dallas	
Garo Yepremian, Miami	

DEFENSE

Harvey Martin, DallasEn	d
Jack Youngblood, Los Angeles En	d
Louie Kelcher, San DiegoTackl	le
Randy White, Dallas	le
Randy Gradishar, DenverMiddle Linebacke	er
Jack Ham, PittsburghOutside Linebacke	er
Robert Brazile, HoustonOutside Linebacke	er
Mike Haynes, New EnglandCornerbac	k
Louis Wright, Denver	k
Cliff Harris, DallasFree Safe	ty
Thom Darden, ClevelandStrong Safe	ty
Ray Guy, OaklandPunte	er
Rick Upchurch, DenverKick Returne	er

THIS SEASON'S WINNERS

N.F.C. Eastern Division	Dallas Cowboys
N.F.C. Central Division	. Minnesota Vikings
N.F.C. Western Division	Los Angeles Rams

N.F.C. Play-offs Los Angeles Rams

A.F.C. Eastern Division	Baltimore Colts
A.F.C. Central Division .	Pittsburgh Steelers
A.F.C. Western Division	

A.F.C. Play-offs Pittsburgh Steelers

SUPER BOWL PITTSBURGH STEELERS

an unusually lean one, but this past May, the smorgasbord of speed, skill and beef provided goodies for nearly every club.

As usual, most fans—and many sports-writers—were puzzled by some of the teams' choices. The explanation is that pro scouting and player evaluation is a much more thorough and sophisticated business than most outsiders realize. Touchdowns scored, tackles made, passes caught, fleetness, heft and strength are but some of the characteristics pondered by the talent buyers.

Player evaluation has become a systematic science largely through some innovative concepts developed by Gil Brandt, vice-president of the Dallas Cowboys. When Brandt took over the Cowboys' personnel department in 1960, he learned that one of the many enterprises belonging to zillionaire owner Clint Murchison, Jr., was a computer data-processing company. Brandt decided to use its facilities to check out something he had long suspected: that even the seemingly most irrelevant characteristics may be vital keys to an athlete's potential and that the relative importance of those characteristics might vary greatly among players at different positions. Researchers were put to work tabulating dozens of the personal characteristics and physical measurements of hundreds of players. When the relative athletic excellence of the players had been established by their performances on the field, all the information was fed into computers. Over a period of years, there emerged specific (but often complex) patterns of the ideal characteristics of players at each position. Some were surprising: The circumference of a defensive tackle's ankle is quite important; an offensive lineman under six feet tall has a tough time making any prosquad; intelligence is vitally important among quarterbacks and offensive linemen, an indifferent quality at other positions, a moderate liability at still others.

By now, all franchises have developed their own more or less sophisticated evaluation technologies. There have even been reports of some cloak-and-data-sheet cases of business-intelligence theft among the competing scouting departments.

So this past May, if a player from your favorite college team was drafted in a much lower or higher round of the draft than you had expected, it may have been for reasons that never would have occurred to you. A tendency to be a complainer is a definite liability for a proprospect. So is being under contract to a disputatious player agent. Membership in a freaky religious cult is a red flag, but active membership in an established religion is a big plus. Marital problems, inability to handle personal finances and bizarre sexual tastes are bad news. One of the biggest pluses of all is a high score on the personality trait the scouts call emotional maturity.

According to the experts, there were

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LOW TAR-MENTHOL

Smoth taste in Kings <u>and</u> "100's," <u>both</u> at only 9 mg. 'tar.'

At only 9 mg.'tar; it's lower than all these.

Salem





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

19 mg. 'tar' 17 mg. 'tar'

10 mg. 'tar'

13 mg. 'tar'

9 mg. "tar", 0 .8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

many players this year who scored very favorably on all the electronic yardsticks. Which means there may be more rookies creating more excitement and making bigger splashes than in any season in memory. So let's take a look at the teams and see how the coming season shapes up.

EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN	FOOTBALL	CONFERENCE
MULLINIONI	TUUTUALL	DOME TIVELLOT

Baltimore Colts	
Miami Dolphins	9-7
New York Jets	
New England Patriots	
Buffalo Bills	5-11

Not since Joe Namath pulled the floundering Jets into the Super Bowl in 1968 has a quarterback galvanized a team as Bert Jones has the Baltimore Colts. When Jones is out of the game with injuries—as he was most of last season—the Colts are listless and bumbling. When he's running the show, they are capable of beating anyone. Even the defense plays much better when Jones is healthy.

Last year's disappointing 5-11 record was not entirely attributable to Jones's ailments. Both offensive tackles, George Kunz and David Taylor, were also wiped out. One of the few bright spots was the running of Joe Washington, who gives the Colts their first breakaway ball carrier since Lenny Moore. Obviously, if Jones and most of his teammates can stay reasonably healthy this fall, Baltimore has an excellent chance to make the playoffs. That would be an appropriate continuation of the Colts' giddy performance in recent seasons: They finished last in their division in '74, first the next three years and then last again in '78.

The credit for the Miami Dolphins' continuing success belongs mostly to coach Don Shula. Old Lantern Jaw, as his more courageous friends call him, is becoming a latter-day Vince Lombardi. Having once served on his staff is the best of all possible credentials for a young coach applying for a head-coaching job with another franchise. There is good reason for all this awe and respect: Shula has a 73 percent winning record over a 16-year period at Baltimore and Miami.

His percentage could be even better after this season. The Dolphin squad has no apparent weaknesses and at least one area, the defensive line (featuring third-year starters A. J. Duhe and Bob Baumhower), should be even stronger with the added maturity.

Quarterback Bob Griese and runner Delvin Williams get most of the laurels from press and fans, but the principal onfield ingredient of the Dolphins' success is the offensive line. Three of its members, Larry Little, Bob Kuechenberg and Jim Langer, reap most post-season honors nearly every year. They will be reinforced this season by two prime rookies, Jon Giesler and Jeff Toews.

No one could be happier about the

blocking crew than prodigal son Larry Csonka, who has returned to Miami after several years of wasting his substance in not-so-riotous living with the World Football League and the New York Giants. Zonk is a heavy sentimental favorite with Dolphin fans, who are cheering for him to make a big comeback. If he does return to his old form (he spent most of the off season getting into shape), he, Williams, Gary Davis and rookie Tony Nathan will give the Dolphins a fear-some running attack.

Keep an eye on the New York Jets. They look like a team on the verge of making it big. After three consecutive 3–11 seasons, they had a break-even record last fall with probably the youngest squad in N.F.L. history. The Jets' average age was 24 and their average pro experience was just 1.6 years. Most of the credit for the Jets' turnaround goes to head coach Walt Michaels, an efficient organizer and a shrewd judge of talent.

The Jets will continue to be a spectacular offensive team (they scored 359 points last year, topped only by Dallas and Miami), especially if Richard Todd, who was injured most of last year, can regain the starting quarterback job. His primary target will again be Wesley Walker, perhaps the top game breaker in the league. Walker had eight touchdown catches last year—averaging 52 yards.

Although the Jets have a pleasing predilection for making the big play when they need it most, Michaels will try to develop some consistency and ball control for this season. He will also need to shore up a flaccid defense that gave up more points last fall than any defense in the country except Baltimore's.

The Jets have had a crowd of rookies each of the past three years, but with all that good young talent in camp, it will be very tough for more than a few of this year's draftees to make the squad. Best chances belong to defensive linemen Marty Lyons and Mark Gastineau.

As pre-season drills begin, the New England Patriots are in the most tenuous situation of any team in the country. Everything seems to depend on whether or not new coach Ron Erhardt can pull the squad back together and heal the emotional wounds left behind by the messy departure of coach Chuck Fairbanks. Erhardt has the requisite qualities. Although he's a hard driver, he knows how to use humor to ease a tense situation; more outgoing than Fairbanks, he should be much closer to his players.

Erhardt inherits a good stock of playing talent. The Patriots broke many of their own all-time offensive records last season. Runners Andy Johnson and Horace Ivory don't get the publicity that is showered on runner Sam Cunningham, but they furnish much offensive punch.

The Patriots' major need is some reinforcements for the defensive unit. Few of the team's high draft choices in recent years have been defenders, but this year it was different. Three promising rookies, defensive back Rick Sanford and linebackers Bob Golic and John Zamberlin, will provide immediate help.

In only a year, head coach Chuck Knox has made impressive progress in turning around the floundering Buffalo franchise. Although the Bills won only five games in '78, they were closer than most people think to being a winner—seven losses were decided by a touchdown or less.

Knox's job off the field has been even more impressive. He has beefed up a sorry scouting department, joined the Dallas, Seattle and San Francisco clubs in a scouting combine and pulled off some shrewd trades. The most celebrated of the trades (and maybe the smartest trade any team ever made) was sending an aging O. J. Simpson to San Francisco for a bundle of draft choices. The timing of that trade was perfect; the Bills had nine picks in the first five rounds this past May and came away with several quality rookies, mostly defensive types, who could become first-year starters. Linebacker Tom Cousineau, defensive tackle Fred Smerlas and wide receiver Jerry Butler are good enough to win allpro honors their first season.

The defensive reinforcements will be heartily welcomed, because the Bills were woefully vulnerable to the run last season (their pass defense looked good because nobody threw against them).

Butler will be the speedy wide receiver so badly needed to give balance to an offense that features the sometimes spectacular running of Terry Miller. Look for Miller to bloom into one of the premier runners in the country this season.

CENTRAL DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Pittsburgh Steelers		+				_		12-4
Houston Oilers								9-7
Cincinnati Bengals								
Cleveland Browns .								6-10

The Pittsburgh Steelers are now in the same position Dallas was for many years—they are recognized by almost everyone as the top team in the country (that, of course, could be dangerous, there being a normal tendency to lay back and enjoy the glory). The depth of quality on the Steeler squad is awesome—there is no apparent weakness anywhere. Almost every starting position is held by a player of all-pro caliber.

The Pittsburgh players have more than sheer athletic ability. They share an attitude that may be unmatched on any other team. Defensive lineman Joe Greene, linebacker Jack Lambert and safety Donnie Shell are among the most emotionally intense players in the country; their leadership galvanizes the defense.

Perhaps the principal key to the Steelers' emergence in recent seasons has been the growing maturity—both as a leader



British taste/American price: The two sides of Burnett's White Satin Gin

Of all the gins distilled in America, only Burnett's uses an imported Coffey still. The same kind of still that's used in Britain. That's how we keep our taste so British, and our price so American.

and as a player-of quarterback Terry Bradshaw, who is now in his tenth year in the pros and is just reaching the peak of his ability. Bradshaw is also fortunate enough to have a stable of phenomenal receivers. Lynn Swann, John Stallworth, Randy Grossman and Bennie Cunningham are the best crew of pass catchers in the country.

The Steelers have made the play-offs seven straight years, and there is little doubt this will be the eighth. A return to the Super Bowl is also a high probability, and they'll likely do it as they did last year, with a gutsy defense and a devastat-

ing passing attack.

There is a heady optimism in Houston. The Oilers made the play-offs last fall for the first time since the two pro leagues merged, and the fans, players and frontoffice types are brimming with confidence. Many people felt that the Oilers' 10-4 showing during coach Bum Phillips' first year ('75) was a fluke, that they merely sneaked up on several superior teams. But last fall, the Houston squad proved it could play head to head with the best teams in the league. Main reasons for the emergence (other than the cagey coaching of Phillips) are the emergence of Dan Pastorini as one of the league's more respected quarterbacks and the immediate and immense contributions of Earl Campbell to the running game. Campbell is one of the few runners in history who could have gone from high school into the pros and made it big.

All that means that the Houston defensive crew, strong for the past several years, is at last getting some impressive help from the attackers. If there is a cloud on the horizon, it is that aging may soon become a problem in the defensive line. Elvin Bethea and Curley Culp will both be 33 years old this season. Rookie defensive linemen Mike Stensrud and Jesse Baker will be welcome reinforcements.

Another potential problem could be the morale of the Oiler coaching staff, a situation created by owner Bud Adams, Jr. He's notoriously tightfisted. Other owners traditionally give their coaching staffs sizable Christmas bonuses. Pittsburgh owner Art Rooney, for example, gave his coaches \$7500 each last December. Adams, however, hit upon a real original plan for spreading holiday cheer among his coaching staff: He gave them each a choice of a turkey or a ham.

The Cincinnati Bengals will try to avoid repeating as the nose-dive team of the year. Last fall's collapse-they won only four games-was principally caused by quarterback Ken Anderson's broken hand. Backup passer John Reaves simply can't match Anderson's ability (which explains why the Bengals stunned everyone by picking superslinger Jack Thompson in the first round of the draft). The brightest omen for this season is that when Anderson finally recovered his full 166 ability at season's end, the Bengals perked up impressively and won their last two games. Other hopeful signs are the emergence of fullback Pete Johnson and the immense potential of defensive end Ross Browner, who came back from an earlyseason injury to be the team's most valuable player at the end of his rookie year. Head coach Homer Rice has also helped prospects considerably by switching from a three- to a four-man defensive line.

The Bengals' poor finish in '78 resulted in a favorable position in the draft, fortunately, thus enabling them not only to grab quarterback Jack Thompson but to fill other needs for a top-flight runner (Charles Alexander) and another tight end (Dan Ross).

'Our main problem," says director of player personnel Pete Brown, "is being in the same division with Pittsburgh and Houston. We have to try to stop Franco Harris one week and Earl Campbell the

next. That's no great joy."

When the Cleveland Browns released their highlights film at the end of last season, they aptly titled it The Roller-Coaster Ride. The entire autumn was a series of giddy highs and depressing lows, with a final break-even record. The defenders held off the enemy during the first part of the season while the offense was getting its act together. Then, when the attack jelled, the defense fell apart. Now, after a full year under the tutelage of Sam Rutigliano, the shakedown period is over and the Browns enter pre-season drills with a new feeling of confidence. The squad's major assets are quarterback Brian Sipe ("He's a brainy kid," a frontoffice denizen told us. "It's almost like having another coach on the field."), three sterling wide receivers—Reggie Rucker, Ozzie Newsome and Dave Logan-and the running of Greg Pruitt. The offensive line is a good one, too, so the Browns should have no trouble lighting up the scoreboard. The main problem is the nearly nonexistent pass rush, which, it's hoped, will be reinforced by draftees James Raney and Rich Dimler.

WESTERN DIVISION AMEDICAN FOOTDALL CONFEDENCE

AMERICAN	FUUTDALL CUNTERENCE
Denver Broncos	10–6
	gers 9–7
	8–8
Seattle Seahawl	ks 8–8

Kansas City Chiefs 4–12

Under head coach Red Miller, Denver has become one of the most stable franchises in the league. But, having won their division championship two years in a row, the Broncos must guard against complacency. There are no serious weaknesses anywhere on the squad, though the punting and place kicking could stand improvement and the offensive line suffers from too much youth and too little depth. The latter problem may be solved if some nuggets are found among a group of free agents signed during the off

season. The former problems should be solved by two draftees, punter Luke Prestridge and kicker Dave Jacobs.

The Broncos will again have one of the two or three best defensive units in the country. Only Pittsburgh yielded fewer points last season. The rapid development of last year's number-one draft choice, nose tackle Don Latimer, will probably enable Miller to use a four-man front. Add a ferocious linebacking crew, led by Randy Gradishar, the squad's best player, and there could be a few shutouts this fall.

If Denver falters, the San Diego team is in a prime position to usurp the laurels. To many knowledgeable observers, the Chargers appear to be a team whose time has come. Although they posted a merely respectable 9-7 record last season, the Chargers won seven of their last eight games after new coach Don Coryell took over in midseason. Coryell wisely hasn't made any major changes, but he has offered the players a warm central personality to rally around-something previous coach Tommy Prothro couldn't provide.

The Charger squad is a much better collection of ability than most fans realize. There are good backup players in most areas and the squad has a number of promising youngsters who will improve. Quarterback Dan Fouts has emerged as one of the top half-dozen quarterbacks in the league and John Jefferson, with only a year's experience, is one of the country's premier receivers.

One of Coryell's priorities in summer camp will be to fix an erratic running attack. Don Woods, if he can regain the impressive form of his rookie year in 1974, could provide the answer. Coryell is also looking for a blazing outside runner who can catch the ball, à la Joe Washington, who went to Baltimore.

The Oakland Raiders will be an unknown quantity until the season gets under way, if for no other reason than the absence of coach John Madden. New mentor Tom Flores will be much less obviously emotional on the side lines than Madden, but his credentials for the job are impeccable. As Madden's assistant, Flores was largely responsible in recent years for the Raiders' passing offense, which most other teams feared and many tried to imitate.

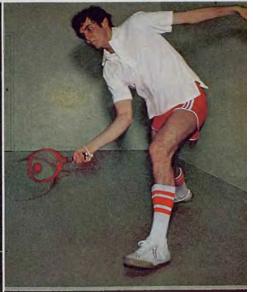
Flores inherits a squad that has much less promise than the Oakland Super Bowl squad of three years ago. The oncepeerless passing attack (except for tight end Dave Casper) has inexplicably lost much of its former potency. The defensive unit no longer terrorizes enemy offenses, though the linebacking crew, led by Ted Hendricks, is still one of the nation's best.

The Raiders' major asset this season could be the running of Mark van (continued on page 180)

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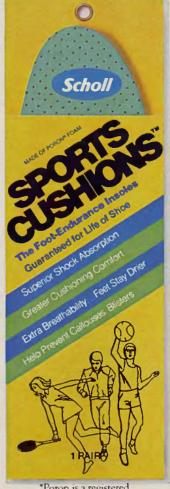
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REG'LAR RABBIT









SUZY Q AND MIDNITE







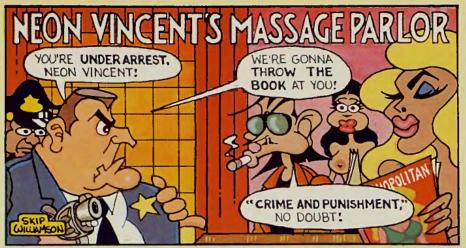










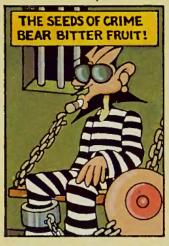






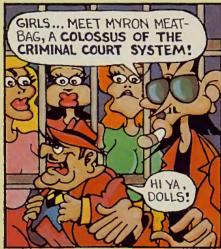








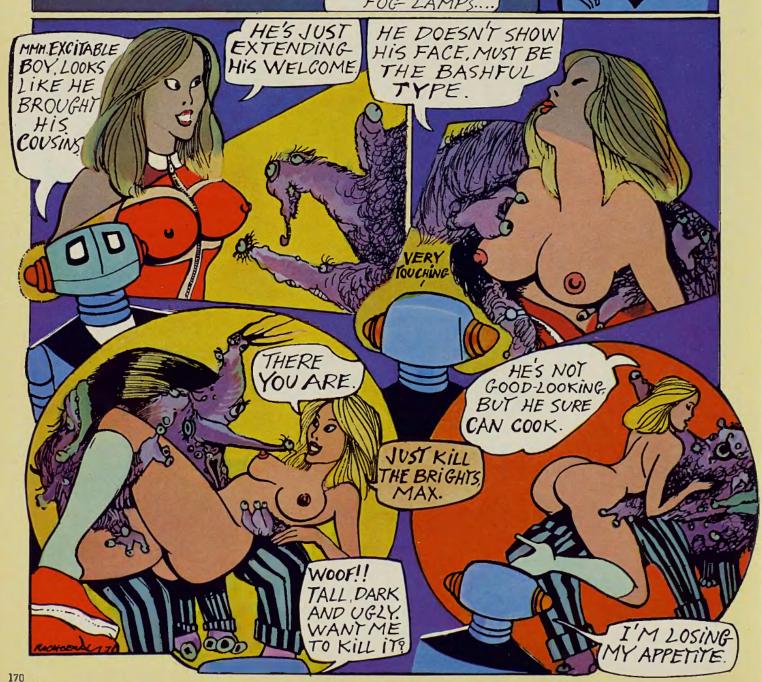








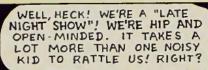




TOM MORROW

by Christopher Browne



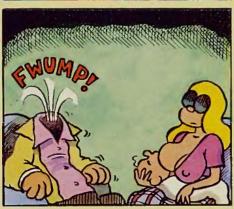




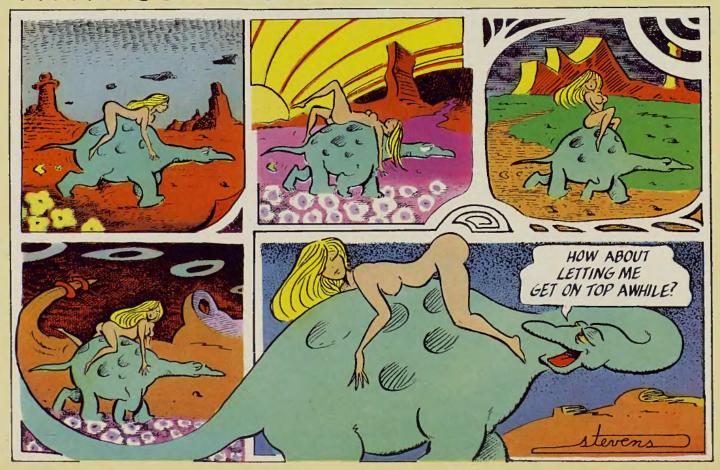








TYRANNOSAURUS SEX



VINO BIANCO (continued from page 133)

"If your impression of Italian biancos goes back a bit, these new-generation whites may surprise you."

the most popular. It is an agreeable, lightish, dry wine with a delicate aroma. Its best offerings have a touch of fruit and a little bite in the finish that adds interest. It is produced in the Verona hills, hard by the ancient walled city of Soave-hence the name. Wines labeled classico take their grapes from the oldest and presumably finest vineyards, and a SUPERIORE must meet minimal alcohol requirements, which are not stringent. There's also an uncommon Recioto di Soave, for which the grapes are picked, left to dry and then crushed. It is rich, velvety and lightly to moderately sweet.

Orvieto and Frascati are also place names. The town of Orvieto, in the region of Umbria, lends its name to that venerable vino, a favorite of Renaissance popes, who summered nearby. At one time, it was predominantly abboccato, on the sweet side, but in response to current market pressures, most Orvieto is now secco-dry.

If you've been to Rome, you know Frascati. It's dispensed directly from the cask in copious quantities at virtually every Roman trattoria. This amiable lemon-colored wine actually comes from the Castelli Romani, a hilly zone dotted with castles, just southeast of the Eternal City. Frascati is also made semisweet and sweet, as are many of these wines.

Verdicchio is the most delicate and can be the most interesting of the big four whites. The name is borrowed from its principal grape—the Verdicchio. It is dry, light but firm in body, with a herby bouquet. Verdicchios are recognizable by their amphora-shaped bottles.

You'll find some of the better values in Italian wines in this group, particularly in the jug sizes. They're clean, palatable and offer a lot more for the buck than French wines. Bars and restaurants favor them as pouring wines, sold by the glass. Just bear in mind that they're good only when fresh. Baron Ricasoli, a respected vintner, prefers them within a year of the harvest. Right now, you should be looking for '78s, or at least '77s; approach anything older with caution. There's also been a proliferation of proprietaries and private labels, simply called dry white wine, or bianco. They tend to be fragrant, low in alcohol and frizzante-spritzy. Labels read MEL-LOW—SERVE CHILLED; code words for a touch of sweetness. Try them if the price is right. With a little luck, you'll find one that pleases your palate. Chances are, though, you'll do better staying with the popular brands. They turn over much faster, get supervision in the field and should be in better condition. Bottlings of the co-ops, Cantine Sociali, can be

temptingly inexpensive. However, they produce three or four grades, the bottom levels containing press wine, so caveat

While the big four are most familiar to Americans, there are 933 varieties of white wine (someone counted) grown in Italy-and many are beginning to be sent here. Two that seem to be getting a play are Pinot Grigio and Corvo. Oddly enough, they're from opposite ends of the country. Pinot Grigio, called Pinot Gris in France, is quite dry, balanced and grassy and is from the cool, hilly northeastern area, the Triveneto, which is also an abundant source of other appealing white wines, made with traditional European wine grapes. Corvo is from sun-baked Sicily, an unlikely locale for such a clean, sprightly wine-but the proof is in the glass.

Two unremarkable wines, Est! Est!! Est!!! and Lacryma Christi (Tears of Christ), owe their renown to colorful names and folk tales. There's one about a sybaritic 12th Century bishop on his way to Rome who sent his steward on ahead to rate the vino. The word Est-loosely, "This is the place"-was to signal the good stops. At Montefiascone, the wine was so impressive that the man scrawled Est! Est!! Est!!! all over the tavern door.

Campania, home of Lacryma Christi, yields other estimable white wines, Greco di Tufo and Fiano, now trickling into the States. Tuscany is famous for Chianti, but at one time white wines prevailed in the region, and they're coming back again. Tuscan whites are sturdy, fairly full, with a bit of perfume in the nose from the malvasia grape. Similarly, Piedmont and Lombardy, noted for their red wines, produce worthy whites, too. Cortese, particularly Cortese di Gavi, Bianco Dei Roeri (made with the red Nebbiolo grape) and Erbaluce are crisp, fruity, delightful Piedmonts. Lombardy offers tart, light Lugana-an ideal seafood wine, Franciacorta Pinot, Frecciarossa and a beguiling proprietary, Castel Chiuro. And Valle d'Aosta, perched above Piedmont, sends bracing Blanc de Morgex. The French name is a relic of past occupations.

If your impression of Italian biancos goes back a bit, these new-generation whites may surprise you. They've improved considerably in recent years, due to several bold moves. First was the Denominazione di Origine Controllata law, passed in 1963. The D.O.C. award tells you that prescribed growing and wine-making procedures for the region were followed and that label information is accurate. Its impact is now becoming evident. Belatedly, Italian vintners are introducing modern equipment and technology. They're also bottling and shipping much younger wines and limiting





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or eliminating the aging period. All are steps calculated to maximize the verve, fruity aroma and refreshing snap prized in white wines. Italian trade commissioner Dr. Lucio Caputo feels the sheer wealth of wine should act as a brake on prices.

The guide below is designed to clue you in to the more reliable and available brands. Dependable names in limited distribution include Enofriulia, Collavini, Livo Felluga, Mastroberardino and Duca Badoglio. Prices are approximate, varying

from store to store. Since the beginning of this year, all bottlings have been in standard metric sizes.

As they say along the Via Veneto-Cin-Cin!



PLAYB	OY'S GUIDE	TOIT	ALIA	N WHITE WINES
REGION	WINE	BRAND	3/4-LITER PRICE	COMMENTS
Abruzzi	TREBBIANO D'ABRUZZO	Casal Thaulero	\$3.45**	Fine value! There's also a 3/4-liter vintage bottling."
Campania	LACRYMA CHRISTI DEL VESUVIO	Mastroberardino	\$6.50	Those labeled Del Vesuvio are considered best.
	BIANCO	Cella	\$2.75**	Another mellow wine. Giacobazzi is in the same style.
	CRISTA BELLA	Tribuno	\$3	Liaht medium-sweet, frizzante, low alcohol.
Emilia-Romagna	PINOT GRIGIO	Banfi	\$5	Spicy, grassy, medium body. Complements shellfish.
	RIUNITE BIANCO	Banfi	\$3**	Frizzante, low alcohol, mellow. Serve chilled.
	CHARDONNAY	Enofriulia	\$3.75	An unusual grape for Italy. Makes a light, drv wine.
Frioli	PINOT BIANCO	Duca Badoglio	\$4	Good body. Balanced. Slight bitter, almond afterlaste.
	PINOT GRIGIO	Livio Felluga	\$5	Reliable shipper. In limited distribution.*
	COLLI ALBANI	Barberani	\$2.75**	Same family as Frascati—often less expensive.*
	EST! EST!! EST!!!	Bigi	\$4	Antinori's "Est," also decent, is more expensive."
Latium	FRASCATI	Fontana Candida	\$3.50**	This is a Superiore, with a minimum of 12 percent alcohol.*
	ROMAN WHITE	Villa Banfi	\$2.25**	A favorite pouring wine (by the glass) in restaurants.
	CASTEL CHIURO	Negri	\$5	Good wine but not vintaged. Make sure it's young.
Lombardy	FRANCIACORTA PINOT	Monti Della Corta	\$3.50	A nice mouthful, especially when young.*
	LUGANA	Visconti	\$3.80	Ruffino also acceptable, but more expensive.*
Marches	VERDICCHIO	Fazi Battaglio	\$4.50**	The amphora-shaped bottle highlights Verdicchio's
	VERDICCHIO	Garofoli	\$4	Greek heritage. Good with all kinds of fish and shellfish.*
	CORTESE BIANCO	Pio Cesare	\$3.50	Cortese from the Gavi area is considered best.*
Piedmont	PINOT BIANCO	Fontanafredda	\$4	Serve with seafood casseroles and poultry. Balanced.
Sicily	CORVO BIANCO	Duca di Salaparuta	\$4	There's also a Corvo Rosso (red); light, fruity, tannic.
	PINOT DEL TRENTINO	Tribuno	\$3	Most Tribuno wines are D.O.C.*
Trentino-	PINOT GRIGIO	Cavit	\$3.75	Crisp, dry. fairly clean.
Alto Adige	PINOT GRIGIO	Vaja	\$4	Alto Adige is colled the Moselle of Italy.*
	BIANCO	Brolio	\$4	Delicate flowery bouquet due to Malyasia grape.
	BIANCO	Villa Antinori	\$4.35	There's also a Bianco delle Collinecostlier and better
	BIANCO SECCO	Olivieri	\$3.25**	Also make a more expensive Palazzo al Basco Bianco.
Tuscany	DEL MAGNIFICO	Ruffino	\$4	Companion to the popular Del Magnifico red.
•	LACRIMA D'ARNO	Melini	\$5.50	Good. Consistent. May be a bit pricy.
	POMINO	Frescobaldi	\$3.50	Nice wine. Nice price. Poor distribution.
	VERNACCIA DI SAN GIMIGNANO	Strozzi	\$4	The first wine type to be awarded the D.O.C.*
	ORVIETO ABBOCCATO	Ruffino	\$4	Antinori and Bigi also have acceptable abboccatos.
Umbria	ORVIETO SECCO	Melini	\$4.25	Barberani also has an acceptable secco.*
	TORRE DI GIANO RISERVA	Lungarotti	\$4.50	Also available—Torgiano Bianco—in 1 ½-liter size.*
	PINOT BIANCO	Del Ventuno	\$3.25	From the same general area as Soave.
Veneto	SOAVE	Antinori, Berlani, Bolla, Florio, Folonari, Masi,	\$2.25 to \$4.50	Befitting the most popular category of Italian white wines, about 100 different Saaves are imported

Note: The obove chart is a representative sampling of some Italian white wines currently on the market; it does not attempt to be comprehensive. All prices are approximate and may vary according to point of sale.

*This denotes a wine that has earned the Denominazione di Origine Controllata, or D.O.C. award, ensuring that prescribed growing and wine-making

procedures for the region were followed and that label information is accurate.

^{**}The wine is also available in larger sizes.



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"Rodgers' day is punctuated with a rhapsody of junk food: Fritos, Oreo cookies and candy bars."

Airport, so he simply changed in the nearest men's room and spent the hour running around under the air traffic.

Rodgers' training regimen leads to some unorthodox eating habits. Since he likes to run on an empty stomach at midday, he has only coffee or juice in the morning. He has some kind of lunch after the first run and some kind of dinner (often just a sandwich) after the second, but his day is usually punctuated with an unplanned rhapsody of junk loading: Diet Pepsi, grape juice, Fritos, Oreo cookies and candy bars. Because he takes fluids all day, he wakes up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom, usually about three o'clock. "That's when I have breakfast," he laughs. "A lot of milk and maybe a slice of pizza or some cookies." Although Rodgers insists he gets a balanced diet over the long run, it is safe to say his eating habits are not the secret of his success. His only concession to health food is a trayful of assorted pills that he takes every morning: bee pollen, a magnesium-potassium combination, Body Ammo, protein supplement and a multiple vitamin. Like most serious distance runners, however, Rodgers does practice "carbohydrate loading" before a big race-stuffing himself with pancakes or bread to stoke up on calories for the

When an important race is approaching, he spends every fourth afternoon on the nearby Boston College track doing interval training. He mounts a series of 220-yard, 440-yard, one-mile and twomile runs at racing pace, with light jogging in between. This "speed work" is what enables a runner to put on a surge in the middle of a race, or a "kick" at the end, to break away from his immediate competition and set up a gap for the duration of the distance. "My best mile is 4:18.8. I could probably do a 4:10 if I concentrated on it, but I'll never break four minutes."

Rodgers' strength is the mid-race surge. "I'm not a strong kicker at the end, so I like to put the pressure on early. I'm always a front runner. I like to find out right away who is going to be in the race," he says, explaining the dynamics of the race within the racethe handful of world-class runners who almost immediately leave behind "the pack" of 3000 to 14,000 other entrants in a marathon. "At Fukuoka in 1977, we had a good field-eight or ten guys who could run. At about five miles, I decided to break it up and put on a

surge. Only about four guys came with me. The rest thought they could catch up later or they just said, 'No, I can't go, I can't run that pace. Too risky.' Then at about ten miles, I broke it up again and took the lead. I had a great race. I ran the first half of that marathon at very close to a world-record pace-2:08:40." Without any challengers for the final 16 miles, Rodgers crossed the Fukuoka finish line alone in a very strong 2:10:55.

Rodgers' early-surge tactics almost failed him in the 1978 Boston Marathon. After an enormously competitive race during the middle miles, he finally shook off Frank Shorter, New Zealander Kevin Ryan and, by the time he was striding down Heartbreak Hill, Finn Esa Tikkanen. "The race was going normal, but I was very tired," says Rodgers. "Then with about two miles to go, a policeman told me, 'Somebody's coming up fast.'" The challenger turned out to be a young Texan named Jeff Wells, who discovered at the halfway mark that he wasn't really fatigued. His second-half spurt overtook everyone except Rodgers, who finished as "dead meat" only two seconds ahead of fast-closing Wells. "I've never had a finish like that," says Rodgers.

The 1979 race was a variation on a theme. Near the 18-mile mark, Rodgers passed Garry Bjorklund and finally shook off Toshihiko Seko, winner of the 1978 Fukuoka Marathon, on Heartbreak Hill. "Coming off, I think I had about 40 yards on him. I thought, Maybe I have this today. I tried to keep telling myself that. I noticed that as I got close to the finish, he was falling back, so I relaxed and enjoyed it. I got a chance to savor it this year."

Rodgers has an odd way of savoring victory. Two miles from the finish, he was two seconds off his record 1975 pace, doing what he thought was an acceptable 2:10. He cruised along, waving to the crowd. When he turned the corner at the Prudential Building and saw his actual time on the scaffold over the finish line, he realized he had a chance for a new record and oegan sprinting. The result: a 9:35 for the last two miles and a record-breaking 2:09:27-the fourth fastest marathon in history.

Although he seems a bit of a dreamer off the road, Rodgers is single-mindedly self-aware when he pulls on his applered Bill Rodgers shorts and Tiger shoes. "During a race, I'll be thinking about where the other runners are, whether to push the pace a little, who might be getting tired, when's a good time to put on a surge. Like, I run well into the wind. So if it's an out-and-back course with the wind behind us on the way out, I might try to nail a guy just before the turn, so we'll hit the wind just when I'm pushing the pace. That hammers a lot

"In a race," explains Charlie, an average five-miler who understands the fiercely competitive side of his brother and this noncontact sport, "Billy goes out to nail them physically and psychologically. He's always looking for another runner's weakness. You don't just



"Gee, Dad, seems to me the bees have it real good— forever flitting from flower to flower."

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run past a guy; you've got to defeat him."

At 31, Rodgers seems to be at his peak, with no sign of sliding off. "The past statistics indicate that 30 is when runners start slowing down a little bit," he says, "but they never had statistics from people as fit as Frank Shorter and me and Don Kardong and Garry Bjorklund. We're all around 30 and we're going to change all that."

Rodgers has reached his stride just as the running movement in America has achieved proportions of a growth industry. Or growth religion. George Gallup estimates that 25,000,000 Americans are running today. The 11-year-old National Jogging Association, a magnet to serious runners, reports that its membership has jumped from 8500 to 32,000 in the past 24 months. A preliminary demographics study shows that fully 36 percent of them earn over \$30,000 per year, 52 percent over \$20,000. An estimated 50,000 people competed in an ultimate race-a marathon-somewhere in the United States last year. James F. Fixx's The Complete Book of Running has sold close to three quarters of a million hardcover copies. The fitness fad is here.

Not even the tennis boom took hold like this. Starting from an almost infinitesimal base—"I can remember when there was nobody to run with and people threw beer cans at you because you were out there in your underwear," laughs Rodgers-running has mushroomed in just a few years into the greatest runaway participatory sport since they fed the Christians to the lions. Newly converted runners gladly face their lions, too: biting dogs, speeding cars, snow, ice, residual public ridicule and an exotic variety of lower-body injuries (pulled quads, torn hamstrings, sprained calves, bleeding toenails, Achilles' tendinitis; you name it, they've got it).

"Running is the key to life," preaches Bob Anderson, publisher of Runner's World and several related magazines. "I think running curiches your life, but I don't want to sound schmucky and evangelize about it," responds Rodgers, who is no born-again zealot touting his sport as the new American religion.

Bill and Ellen Rodgers have not gotten rich from Bill's success. They still live in Melrose, ten miles outside Boston, in a \$165-a-month second-floor walk-up apartment with severely out-of-plumb walls and sagging floors and a sofa with stuffing coming out of it. They still drive the 1973 Beetle. Each of them spends all his time in running shorts or jeans (Rodgers wears the large metal belt buckle around his 28-inch waist way off to the side, early Fifties style). Except for the new-found joys of world travel, theirs is a remarkably simple life.

One night, over a Boston dinner of cherry-stone clams and scrod, the outspoken side of the mild-mannered Rodgers came out. "What I'm always ranting and raving about," he ranted, "are the damned amateur rules and the sports priorities in this country. I mean, I'm as good at what I do as Joe Namath ever was, but he was fixed for life as soon as he started pro football. I don't really even consider football a true sport. I mean, they're not true athletes. Except for a few of them, they're not aerobically fit. And yet we hold football up to the kids as the greatest thing. All the money in the schools and colleges goes to football, baseball and basketball, nothing to running, which doesn't cost near as much. I mean, why should ten guys be getting in shape when half the school could be getting in shape? Passing a football straight is nice and dandy, y'know, but I think it's an inferior skill. I'll be running over Joe Namath's grave."

Rodgers is constantly walking the fine edge of deep trouble with his boat-rocking comments about the undeveloped status of road running in the American sporting kaleidoscope. After winning the 1978 Boston Marathon, he remarked: "Financially, it was important for me to win." This is literally true, since he was developing his store and his line of running gear-just as Frank Shorter and English runner Ron Hill had done before him. But the comment outraged faithful running fanatics, who still see theirs as the last pure sport, a bastion of physical perfection unsullied by demon coin. Running is perceived as the one honest pursuit in which a man is emirely dependent on his own inner resources and will. It is also seen as truly egalitarian, where old men with better-developed aerobic capability can outrun younger men; where determined women are beating men by the thousands and rapidly narrowing the speed gap at the top levels; where, in short, anyone can play the game on his own terms, in his own space, and find enormous personal satisfaction. These people become apoplectic when Rodgers talks of money. "Money is neutral," he insists. "It's what you do with it that makes the difference.'

The simple fact is that when 25,000,000 Americans are on to something, it becomes by definition a commercial undertaking. Who wouldn't like to own stock in Nike shoes or Adidas warm-up suits right now? Large companies have moved into running in a big way to capitalize on its popularity by becoming race sponsors. You'll see names such as Pepsi, Perrier, Manufacturers Hanover Trust, Tiger or just the name of your local newspaper attached to nearly every race every Sunday. At the big races-New York, Boston, Chicago, Atlanta-that means an enormous amount of low-cost publicity.

"The sponsor gets to throw up his ads

around a race very cheaply," points out Rodgers, who is the single biggest drawing card on the road-running circuit today. His name is used in prerace promotions like the ads for a boxing card or a bullfight, "If you can't run with Bill Rodgers, come and watch next Sunday . . ." began a newspaper ad for one recent race. "The runners are being exploited," Rodgers continues, "and that's another word for slavery, you know. The sponsors get all the publicity and they want to give nothing to the runners. I tell a lot of other runners we have to fight this or we'll be exploited all our lives. But there's a certain type of personality that likes to be hammeredmasochists, I guess."

Later, sitting at his kitchen table munching Oreos, Rodgers speaks of servitude. "Some of these race promoters think I'm their servant-come here, go there, do this, do that. That's slavery. Yassuh, massa, yassuh. Well, they're just going to keep on exploiting us until we-snip, snip-cut their balls off!

Them days are gonna end!"

He goes on: "Let's face it. The New York Marathon is already a \$200,000 marathon. But the runners don't get the money. It's just like the Olympics. Who gets money out of the Olympics? The architects and the politicians, not the athletes. That's how it has always been and always will be, unless we do something about it."

Rodgers received what he described as "some hate mail" after a small Massachusetts newspaper reported that he had asked for an appearance fee--- "expense money," in the jargon of the under-thetable world of amateur racing-to run in a local race. The money issue is boiling just beneath the surface of the burgeoning distance-running circuit and may yet erupt in time to touch off a major pre-Olympic brouhaha in the international amateur sporting world. Everyone knows that competitors from Communist and some socialist countries are virtual professionals recruited at a young age and groomed for years at state expense for their Olympian talents. Everybody knows that Western European athletes are supported by a thinly disguised system of state and corporate financing so that they may train almost constantly at their sport.

But in America, not many people realize that the Olympic sports-as opposed to pro football, basketball, hockey, tennis and so on-are still in the financial Dark Ages, living on the same kind of sub rosa promoter payments that functioned even 50 years ago. Tommy Leonard, the bibulous Irish running freak and chief guru at Boston's Eliot Lounge, where he tends bar, claims that a relative of his who ran in the 1928 Olympics was secretly supported by an

open charge account at Brooks Brothers-a quiet gift from his well-heeled

"I don't want to be a millionaire," insists Rodgers. "What I want is justice." The great solution, he and everybody else at odds with the A.A.U. seem to agree, "would be an open Olympics-no more amateurism, since it doesn't exist, anyway." The hitch, they say, is that even if you stampeded the crusty denizens of the A.A.U., you would still be up against the hypocrisy of the Communist bloc. It holds sway on the International Amateur Athletic Federation, which could effectively dump a majority of America's serious Olympic hopes for having accepted sponsors' money, thus paying their own way to a lot of Moscow gold.

Rodgers, in the interest of bringing home the marathon gold again, is unwilling to lead the movement for, say, a professional racing circuit in the United States. Instead, he runs more races than he should—over 30 a year—and tries to make do on "expense money" and his store. Yet, by running so much, he risks

burning out early.

"If we had an open Olympics, I'd be the first one to wave the flags and celebrate," he says. "And I'd join a money circuit. But I don't believe it's going to happen." It is the widely held belief in the running world that the short-lived pro track circuit died not because of a weak market for the sport but because the stars found they could earn more on the under-the-table circuit.

All this comes as shocking stuff to a lot of people whose previous glimpses of Rodgers have shown the gentle, openfaced devotee of pure fitness who would never ask a dime for his labors. But you do not become a world-beater, much less an Olympic threat who can thrill the collective ego of the nation next summer in Moscow, by being a part-time runner. While Rodgers still held his teaching job, he had to race down into the school's furnace room at lunchtime every day to change for his midday run in order to squeeze in ten miles before the break was over. For him, the jig was up when, after he won his second New York Marathon, school officials called him in and complainingly asked, "Do you really have to run at lunchtime?" A bit like asking Chris Evert why she spent all her afternoons on the tennis court.

"You see what I mean?" implored Rodgers after telling that story. "I may be one of the top American distance runners, and one of the best marathoners in the world from time to time. But it doesn't carry any weight in this country. In terms of the sports media, television, the society as a whole, it doesn't mean dog doo."

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PRO FOOTBALL (continued from page 166)

"Tom Landry's fascination with trick plays, which cost his team dearly, will probably be suppressed."

Eeghen. Much depends on the performance of an aging offensive line. Tackle Art Shell and guard Gene Upshaw were once the best pair of blockers in the country, but they are now 32 and 34 years old, respectively, and some of their youthful vigor has departed.

The Raiders had only a second-round pick in the first four rounds of the recent draft, so don't look for many new faces

on the squad this fall.

The Seattle Seahawks posted a 9-7 record their third season. Not since the Cincinnati Bengals won eight games their third year has an expansion franchise succeeded so quickly. The Seahawks are now a stable, mature organization that also has the vitality of a young and enthusiastic club. Much of the reason for their success is attributable to their systematic way of building through the draft and developing their own players and team leaders.

The Seahawks have also enjoyed a lot of good luck in their personnel search, the best example being southpaw quarterback Jim Zorn, who was obtained as a free agent after failing to make it with both the Dallas and the Los Angeles teams. Zorn looks to us like the Fran Tarkenton of the future. He reads defenses well, has a strong arm, is mobile and has plenty of smarts. He is the fulcrum of an excellent and exciting offensive unit, constructed principally by offensive coordinator Jerry Rhome, who appears to be the country's leading candidate for the next head-coaching vacancy.

Another major asset could be the place kicking of Efren Herrera, if he can regain the form he had when he was with the Dallas Cowboys.

Coach Jack Patera will spend much of the pre-season trying to strengthen an inconsistent pass rush. Most of last year's defensive linemen were second-stringers before going to Seattle. The rookie crop could provide the needed help in the persons of defensive tackle Manu Tuiasosopo and linebackers Joe Norman and Michael Jackson.

Coach Mary Levy is beginning to turn around the fortunes of the Kansas City team, but fans shouldn't harbor great expectations for this year-there's still a long way to go. The Chiefs won four games last fall, double the production of the previous season, and they did it with a squad composed largely of callow youths. Twenty-three of the 45 squadmen had three years or less experience. Thirteen were rookies. The Chiefs may 180 be even younger this time, because a

favorable position in the draft produced an impressive group of rookies.

Much of the Chiefs' hope for success lies in a strong wing-T running attack, featuring Tony Reed, Ted McKnight and Arnold Morgado. Last fall, Reed was the first Kansas City runner to gain 1000 yards in a season since Mike Garrett in the glory days of the mid-Sixties.

Levy's principal concern is an unstable quarterback situation. Mike Livingston is the only returning passer with any experience, but he could be challenged in summer camp by any of a group of free agents or rookies. Pete Woods, who sat out his first year with a knee injury, could also take the job.

The team's most dramatic improvement this year will likely be in the play of the defensive line, which was made up last fall of three rookies, led by future great Art Still. They will be joined this fall by yet another superrookie, Mike Bell.

Those few glimmers of hope are the source of much comfort to the long-suffering Kansas City fans, who had been making mutinous noises the past few years. Best sign of all is that season-ticket sales are up.

EASTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

MATIONAL POUTBALL CONFERENCE	
Dallas Cowboys	1-5
Washington Redskins	9-7
	8–8
	8–8
Philadelphia Eagles	7-9

As usual, there will be few obvious changes in the Dallas team. The Cowboys' only apparent need going into the draft was a top-quality cornerback, and chances are good they will find him among their usual collection of obscure draftees and even lesser-known free-agent signees.

Like other perennially successful franchises, the Cowboys enjoy an important psychological edge over some of their less successful opponents; when players know they are on a team that can win, there is little danger of squad dissension. There is also less owner-coach acrimony and fan discontent.

Look for the Cowboys to again get off to a relatively slow start, then look unbeatable the last half of the season. Runner Tony Dorsett, just coming into his prime, will again furnish most of the offensive excitement. Coach Tom Landry's new fascination with trick plays, which cost his team dearly on a couple of occasions last year, will probably be suppressed this fall.

Few fans outside Dallas understand

how valuable Roger Staubach is to the Cowboys. There may be better quarterbacks in the league, but not many. His icy cool and mechanical perfection are the key ingredients of the Dallas offense. A less obvious but equally valuable commodity is Danny White, probably the best backup quarterback in the country. He also doubles as punter, effectively giving the Cowboys room for an extra player on the squad.

The St. Louis and Washington teams were mirror images of each other last season. The Redskins seemed indomitable in the early weeks, winning their first six games, but then took a shocking nose dive, losing eight of their last ten. The Cardinals, conversely, opened the first half of their season looking like the Mudville Gophers, but then effected a nearly miraculous turnaround, winning six of their last eight games.

The Washington collapse was mostly due to small things-goofy ball bounces and some freaky officiating-but the players began to feel they were snakebitten, and morale suffered.

The Redskins are still a basically sound team, the major liability being a dearth of quality backup players-a legacy that comes from years of trading away draft choices for experienced players.

The Redskins' major need is quality depth in the offensive line-a situation that could be solved by more trades before the regular season. General manager Bobby Beathard has notified other franchises that every player on his squad is available, if the price is right.

There will be one major difference in the Redskins' bargaining posture, however: Unlike the past, no draft choices will be given up; the Redskins will have their full complement of picks in 1980. It's about time-they haven't had a firstround choice since 1969.

The Redskins' defensive secondary, featuring Ken Houston, Jake Scott, Lemar Parrish and Joe Lavender, should again be the best anywhere, and the special teams are still the talk of the league. If the depth of both lines can be reinforced, the Redskins could once again challenge Dallas for the division title.

The St. Louis Cardinals' sudden midseason revival was an overwhelming emotional experience for the players, and they enter this season bouncing off the ceiling. The Cards' hustling defensive unit improved tremendously toward the end of last season, when it abandoned the wait-and-read approach for a hellfor-leather attack style. Perhaps their biggest plus is the personality and expertise of coach Bud Wilkinson. He comes on as a pleasant, mellow, gregarious, literate, cultured fellow; but he has deceptive inner toughness, knows what he wants and lets his players know he expects it.

Wilkinson still needs to upgrade the kicking game and find a runner who can provide an outside threat to take the

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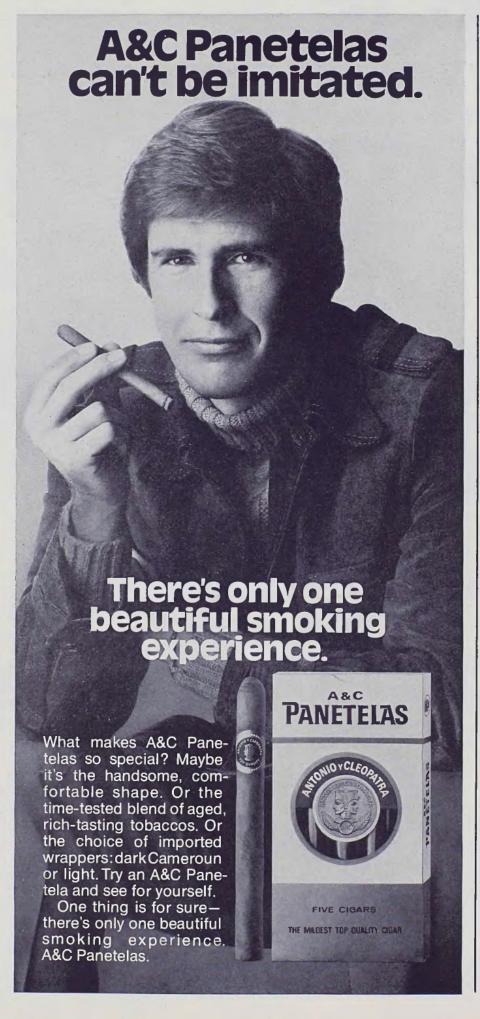
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heat off premier passer Jim Hart. The latter problem was almost certainly solved by the draft, which brought prime runners Ottis Anderson and Theotis Brown.

The New York Giants have the largest and most vociferous following of any perennially losing team in the country. In the agony of their frustration, those fans hire airplanes to skywrite their discontent over the crowded stadium, hold ticket-burning ceremonies and mail rotting fish heads to the front office. "They're entitled to squawk," says the Giants' PR man. "Besides, it shows they're emotionally involved."

But hope springs eternal in the breasts of Giant fans, and this past spring, they were again standing in long lines to buy season tickets and speaking hopefully about the possibilities of a 12–4 season.

And, indeed, there is hope. This could be the best year for the Giants since the early Seventies. Main reasons for the optimism are the arrivals of new general manager George Young and new head coach Ray Perkins. Young, a workaholic with two masters degrees, is one of the nation's best judges of player personnel—an ability sorely needed by the Giants. Perkins established a reputation as an offensive genius while an assistant coach at San Diego. They inherit a Giant squad with many young but promising players who need only motivation and direction to reach their potential.

Perkins and his staff are skilled teachers, and their main problem in summer drills will be to give a crash course to the quarterbacks. All three have been playing the past two years virtually without benefit of a quarterback coach. Passer Joe Pisarcik says he learned more during an hour's conversation with former pro Len Dawson at the bar at Manny's than he had learned from his coaches.

The Giants' major asset is their defense. The entire unit has played well the past two years. Also, they have drafted several promising offensive linemen in recent years who should now be maturing into dependable players.

The Philadelphia Eagles made it to the play-offs last December by getting more performance out of the least talent of any team in the country. They had only three first- or second-round draft choices on the entire squad. Most of the credit goes to head coach Dick Vermeil, who looks like Audie Murphy but coaches like John Wayne.

The Eagles' major assets are the quarterbacking of Ron Jaworski, the play of middle linebacker Bill Bergey (who will be joined this year by superrookie Jerry Robinson), and the running of Wilbert Montgomery, who was the first Eagle runner to gain over 1000 yards a season since Steve Van Buren did it in 1949. The kicking game will be vastly upgraded by two rookies, kicker Tony Franklin and punter Max Runager.

If the Eagles are to reach the play-offs

again, Vermeil must shore up a weak secondary in summer drills and find some dependable backup players at nearly all positions. With a talent-thin squad, injuries could be catastrophic.

No longer can Minnesota enter every season as the certain winner of its division championship. That is not because the Vikings suffer from creeping senility but because four former weaksister teams of the conference are suddenly much stronger. Last fall's mildly disappointing record (Green Bay came close to usurping the title) was largely the result of injuries and an inexperienced offensive line. Chuck Foreman, who is most of the Vikings' ground attack, was hobbled much of the season. Another unsettling factor was quarterback Fran Tarkenton's not so subtle hints at imminent retirement. Players and fans alike now realize that richly talented Tommy Kramer is the Viking quarterback of the future, so Tarkenton's departure won't be such a cataclysmic event.

The best news as the Vikings enter summer drills is that all of last year's

CENTRAL DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

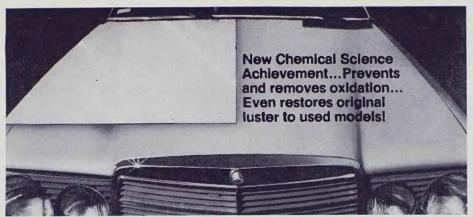
Minnesota Vikings	9-7
Green Bay Packers	
Chicago Bears	8-8
Detroit Lions	
Tampa Bay Buccaneers	6-10

breaks and sprains have healed and the young offensive line appears to be much tougher and smarter. The running game will have added muzzle velocity with the arriv I of rookie Ted Brown.

But if the Vikings don't do it, Green Bay is waiting in the wings. The Packers look like a team with a bright immediate future. They were in contention for the division championship all of last season, winning eight games with an extremely young team. Twenty-four of the 45 squad members were first- or second-year players.

Credit for the Packers' miraculous rehabilitation over the past five years goes to coach Bart Starr, who held the whole franchise together when the situation looked hopeless. The fans deserve credit for hanging on, too-there hasn't been an empty seat in Green Bay since 1959.

The Packer squad is loaded with able but obscure youngsters, thanks mostly to the perspicacious use by Starr of late draft choices. A young offensive line can only get better with time. Ditto quarterback David Whitehurst, though Lynn Dickey (who sat out all of last season with an injury) will be back in camp and could take the job if he can get the rust off. Terdell Middleton is one of the better runners in the league, but he needs a running mate, a need that could be ably filled by either of the Packers' first two draft choices, Eddie Lee Ivery or Steve Atkins. Keep an eye on the Packer



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The Bears also have a good chance to make the play-offs if coach Neill Armstrong can solve a serious quarterback situation. Bob Avellini's confidence was badly shaken by last year's midseason eight-game losing streak, and backup passer Mike Phipps may need to reach some of the potential he showed when he came into the pros ten years ago.

The best indicator of early success for the Bears is the fact that they enter training camp this summer with a much more talented squad than the one that began play in '78, thanks to three very fortunate acquisitions during last season—receiver Golden Richards, tight end Mike Cobb and defensive lineman Alan Page. Also, the Bears had two first-round draft picks this past spring, using them to grab off defensive linemen Dan Hampton and Al Harris. Both should be immediate starters.

And, of course, the Bears' biggest asset is the running of Walter Payton and Roland Harper, who garnered more yardage last season than any other pair of runners in the league. They also caught more passes than did the Bear receivers. When the Bear running game is clicking, everything else seems to work better—including a well-rested defense,

Coach Monte Clark's sudden resurrection of the moribund Detroit team must surely inspire regretful envy in San Francisco, where Clark was abruptly ousted two years ago by erstwhile general manager Joe Thomas. One of Clark's major assets as a coach is the immense confidence his players have in him. He served his apprenticeship under Don Shula during the Miami Dolphins' salad years, then became an instant winner when he took over a floundering San Francisco squad three years ago.

One of the better indicators of Clark's coaching savvy is the fact that he gave the quarterback job to young Gary Danielson after last season's fifth game. Danielson is a future great—he has an ability to make things happen.

Cautions Clark, "We still don't have the week-to-week consistency of a championship club." But that is mostly because the Lions are a very young team. There were four rookie starters last year—three on the offensive line—and there may be nearly that many this season.

The happiest surprise at Detroit is the defensive line, led by awesome Al Baker, who was an instant starter last fall as a rookie and won a sackful of post-season honors.

Clark needs to shore up the defensive backfield and find another good linebacker and a big running back. If he can, the Lions could be one of the surprise teams.

The Tampa Bay Buccaneers can't seem to get out of rough water. After suffering through three disastrous first seasons as an expansion franchise, the Bucs won four of their first eight games last year, then the entire starting backfield was wiped out by injuries for most of the rest of the season. Total disaster was prevented by a tenacious defensive unit (one of the best in the country), which kept games close even when the crippled attack couldn't score any points.

With better medical luck, this could be Tampa's first winning season. Quarterback Doug Williams will have limitless potential with a healed jaw and some experience under his helmet. Almost as promising is the running tandem of Ricky Bell and Jimmy DuBose. Unfortunately, the offensive line—because of injuries—hasn't jelled yet, but it could do a lot of growing up before December. It will be ably reinforced by rookie guard Greg Roberts.

WESTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Los Angeles Rams	12-4
Atlanta Falcons	8–8
New Orleans Saints	7-9
San Francisco 49ers	2_14

The mark of a healthy organization is the ability to continue functioning efficiently even when the main man is gone, and the late Los Angeles owner Carroll Rosenbloom obviously presided over a healthy organization. It now appears that Rosenbloom's tragic death last winter has not been as disruptive to the Rams' hopes for success as fans first feared.

There will be very little difference between this Ram squad and last year's, except for the retirement of guard Tom Mack. The squad is so deep that few of the rookies have a chance of surviving pre-season drills. Had the running backs not been depleted by injuries last season, the Rams almost certainly would have realized their longtime dream of reaching the Super Bowl. We think this will be the year for them to do it, now that head coach Ray Malayasi has a successful shakedown season under his belt.

Their only apparent need is for another backup quarterback. Rookie Jeff Rutledge may be the answer. Malavasi believes a club should have three passers on its roster, and the Rams have been making do with only Pat Haden and Vince Ferragamo. They're both good, but two injured knees could mean disaster.

The Rams moved their offices to Anaheim this summer, and the games will be played in the Anaheim stadium in 1980. The fans will like the change, despite the bitching of Los Angeles politicians. The seats will have better visibility, the parking will be more convenient and the traffic will be easier to fight.

The main hope of the Atlanta team is that its incredible good luck doesn't run out. The Falcons made the play-offs last fall by winning nine games, five of them in the last two or three minutes. It was the first respectable season in Atlanta



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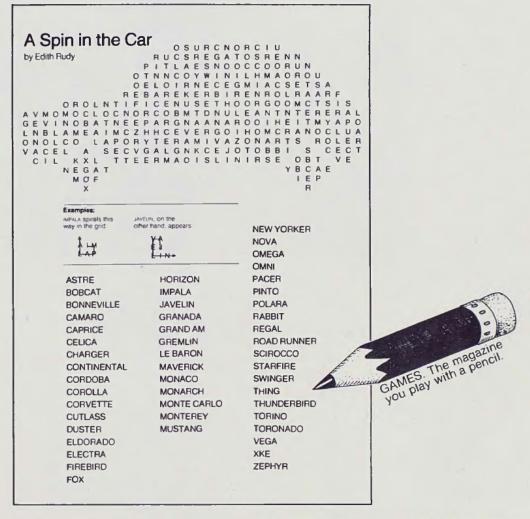
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since 1973, and the fan reaction was explosive. If quarterback Steve Bartkowski can stay healthy (last year was his first injury-free season since he left college), the Falcons will again have a big-play offense. The squad's main strength, though, is a veteran defensive unit, keyed by the linebacking crew of Greg Brezina, Fulton Kuykendall and Robert Pennywell. The running game must be reinforced, but the needed help should be provided by the draft, which brought in three promising runners, James Mayberry, William Andrews and Lynn Cain. The draft also produced two of the better rookie linemen in the country, defensive end Don Smith and guard Pat Howell.

The future looks promising for the Falcons, due primarily to the presence of general manager Eddie LeBaron and head coach Leeman Bennett. They have brought a feeling of stability and confidence unprecedented in the 14-year history of the franchise.

Much of the Falcons' good luck in '78 came at the expense of New Orleans, their bitterest rival. The Saints managed to lose both Atlanta games in the last few seconds, which should make this year's opening game a barn burner when the two teams meet in the Superdome.

The best omen for the Saints' continued improvement is the accrued maturity of quarterback Archie Manning. Much of his increased productivity is due to the presence of gifted receivers Wes Chandler, Ike Harris and tight end Henry Childs. Manning's recent and unaccustomed freedom from injury also helps.

Another reason for hope is that the Saints will be much better adjusted to second-year coach Dick Nolan's methods and systems, especially the intricacies of the flex defense. Nolan still needs to find a couple of stud linebackers and a good backup runner to spell Chuck Muncie and Tony Galbreath. Also needed is a dependable place kicker—the Saints went through four last season without finding Mr. Right. They found him in the draft, though; Russell Erxleben is the best combination punter—place kicker in the history of college football. He can only get better in the pro ranks.

San Francisco has a promising new head coach (Bill Walsh, formerly of Stanford) but very little else. Walsh inherits a team with a pathetic lack of depth. For example, the starting quarterback will likely be Steve DeBerg, a former tenth-round draft choice of the Cowboys, who came to San Francisco on waivers. Behind DeBerg there was no one until the draft produced Joe Montana. The former Notre Dame field general was far from being the most coveted quarterback in the draft pool, but in college he had an uncanny knack for pulling off last-minute miracles-a gift that will be sorely needed by the 49ers in years to come.

This sad state of affairs exists largely because a treasure-trove of high draft choices has been dealt away over the past three years. The two most disastrous trades were the ones that brought quarterback Jim Plunkett and runner O. J. Simpson. The 49ers now have nothing to show for the Plunkett deal, and this will almost certainly be the last season for O.J.

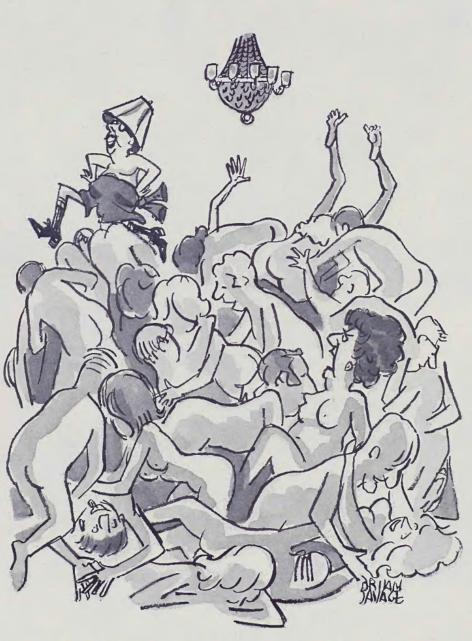
Walsh seems to have the moxie and the drive to rebuild the San Francisco club, but it will likely take several seasons. In the meantime, injuries to any of the few blue chippers on the team (linebacker Dan Bunz, tackle Keith Fahnhorst and defensive lineman Cleveland Elam are the best ones) could be disastrous, because there is little talent behind them.

And, finally, let's take a look at a device invented by the N.F.L. fathers

last year, one that may have more to do with which teams get into the play-offs than talent, luck or dingbat officiating. It's something called position scheduling—which means that when the league office draws up the schedules for the coming season, it arranges them so that the stronger teams are matched mostly against one another in nondivisional play. Ditto the weaker teams. So if Buffalo or Kansas City should win as many games as Miami or Denver this fall, don't draw any hasty conclusions about their relative strengths.

Unfortunately, it also means that with a little luck, some soso teams could nose out some much stronger clubs for playoff berths. All of which will give us football nuts even more fodder for barroom arguments during the bleak months of the off season.





"That's it, Edward; go right ahead and make a goddamn fool of yourself!"



Why wait for Christmas?

MAN & WORK



HOW TO GET TIME ON YOUR SIDE

Benjamin Franklin said "Time is money" but forgot to stipulate the rate of exchange. If you work late every night and can't remember what "weekend" is supposed to mean, you'd better read these timely tips for turning minutes saved into minutes earned.

TIME KILLERS: MEETINGS AND PHONES

Meetings are often unnecessary and always costly. Execu* Time, a year-old monthly newsletter (\$36 per year from Box 11318, Newington, Connecticut 06111) dedicated to raising time-use consciousness, points out that a meeting of five \$15,000-a-year employees costs the firm \$5.40 a minute. Curtail them by routing the pertinent information and replace brain-storming sessions with a circulating ideas and problem-solving notebook. Avoid traveling to meetings by scheduling conference telephone calls. If meet you must, distribute an agenda in advance and reformulate discussion topics as questions to be considered beforehand and acted upon during the meeting.

The telephone is working time's enemy numero uno, but it doesn't have to hang you up. Never answer the phone yourself if you can possibly avoid it. Make three lists for your secretary: won't talk to, talk to except while in conference, always talk to. Schedule hours when you can't be reached by phone. Make notes before and during phone conversations. And be sure to get off the phone as soon as you can.

PAPER CHASING

Handling paper costs money and time. Try to touch each piece of paper you receive no more than once. Don't put it down until you've done something with it-written a reply, made a phone call, filed it or, best of all, thrown it away. Don't put it in writing yourself unless it passes the what's-the-worst-that-can-happen-if-I-don't? test. Use the phone instead: Besides saving paperwork and time, you can exchange ideas and get instant feedback. Confine messages to one page and either ignore typos or correct them by hand. Although a recent study revealed that you will never retrieve 85-90 percent of what you file, some documents must be retained. Good filing equipment costs much less than time wasted looking for lost items. Be prepared to start new file headings as opposed to commingling distant relatives. Number files and record the titles and reference numbers in a separate book. Examine your files twice a year and toss everything you no longer need. When in doubt, deep-six.

DON'T DO IT YOURSELF

Often, the fastest way to do something is to get somebody to do it for you. Executives delegate far less than they could, because they think it might betray weakness and a loss of control. The opposite is true: Delegating work saves your time while multiplying your accomplishments and upgrading the skills of your employees. Delegate all routine and time-consuming tasks, as well as anything that doesn't require your special touch. Choose qualified subordinates. Make sure they understand their particular assignment and how their task contributes to an over-all plan. Be sure they know exactly what you want done and the limits of the delegated responsibility and authority. Be open-minded about accepting as satisfactory something that may be different from the way you would have done it. Try never to redo a subordinate's unacceptable work; send it back until it's right, unless you have a brain storm that solves the problem easily. Don't pile on assignments and always award credit for work well done. Remember that some responsibilities should not be delegated: Any duties involving discipline, morale or confidential information are best kept to yourself.

CONTROLLING TIME

"Stress, the number-one executive disease, tends to attack people whose time is out of control and pressuring them," states Execu*Time. "About 54 hours is a national average [work week] for executives, but more and more companies are saying: 'If you can't get your job done between nine and five, you're not the executive we thought you were.' "There are industries in which an 80-hour work week is de rigueur and the key to advancement; but even with more time, executives have to know how to control every minute.

San Diego psychiatrist Dr. Zalman Magid treats patients with psychosomatic stress-related diseases—hypertension, ulcers, asthma, obesity, alcoholism—with a set of techniques he calls Time Therapy. "I zero in on three kinds of time—work time, leisure time and health time that is exercise or actually relaxing the muscles. Patients write out their goals and I program the goals with a form of self-hypnosis in which each day, before getting out of bed, they visualize what the whole day is going to be like. It's like transcendental meditation, but this can take as little as five minutes, whereas TM takes forty minutes."

So the time crunch is like the oil crunch: We bemoan how much we waste of both while constantly depleting reserves, but, with ingenuity and discipline, we can get a lot better mileage from what we have left.—THEODORE FISCHER

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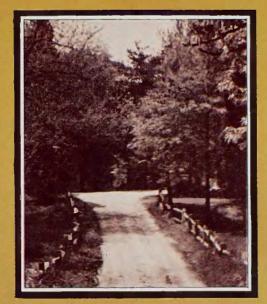
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BUYING LAND IN THE COUNTRY



h, yes, we can see it now: a log cabin nestled in the tall pines, crickets gently chirping at dusk, perhaps a little brook winding down the side of a hill. What harried urbanite hasn't dreamed of a country place for getting away from it all?

More and more city dwellers are, in fact, acting on their fantasies and purchasing rural land. And the price of acreage in the country, especially if it is within commuting distance of a city, has skyrocketed in the past few years. Good buys are still to be had—but you have to look a little harder.

SHOPPING FOR LAND

Start by deciding how far from home you'll want to travel to your future hideaway. Then get into your car and go. A hundred miles? Take several weekends and a friend and drive north one week, south the next. Take notes on the smaller towns you pass through and keep track of the countryside that appeals to you.

Once you have located several areas that you like, the next step is to contact a local real-estate broker in each place. Tell him what you're looking for (how much land, price range, scenic qualities) and let him get back to you with possibilities. Finally, once he has located some prospective sites, ask the following important questions to determine if you've got a good deal:

• Are utilities available? Depending on just how rustic you want to be, your dream cabin will need water, electricity and telephone service. Well drilling is very expensive and the cost of bringing in power lines can be prohibitive.

• Is there a guarantee of clear title to the land? Insist on title insurance or a warranty deed with a title search by a reputable attorney.

• Is the land on a hill? Unless you're planning a ski resort, a slope of more than 25 percent (a one-foot drop for every four feet on the level) makes building very difficult and expensive. A surveyor or contractor can give you good advice.

• Are you buying from a large developer who has painted grandiose pictures of future golf courses and other recreational delights? Be careful. You may be paying a premium price for improvements that you'll never see.

FINDING A WEEKEND RETREAT

Of course, you may want to avoid the whole hassle and find a place that's already built. At least you'll be assured that adequate utilities are available and you'll know for certain what the package price of the venture will be.

First, check out a national real-estate publication such as United Farm Agency's quarterly catalog (612 West 47th Street, Kansas City, Missouri 64112). There you'll find over 3000 listings of rural property organized by state. Some are bound to be dumps, but at least you'll get a pretty good sense of what's available at what prices.

Really good buys in rural land, however, rarely come through a broker; they're usually the result of a personal contact with the owner. Once you've decided on the area (or areas) in which you're interested, the next step is to get to know some of the local people. Ask questions and make the rounds of farm-equipment dealers, feed suppliers and general stores. Drop by the local tavern and buy the bartender a drink. And be up front about what you're interested in. Follow up the hottest leads and keep in mind that not all land is equally valuable to a farmer. The scenic piece that looks good to you may be just a nonproductive strip of property that came with the field he bought last year. Be sure to check with the county extension agent, too. He's the local expert who knows every square foot of land in the area.

Finally, don't pass up the local Production Credit Association. The P.C.A. is a cooperative lending organization for farmers and it occasionally has to foreclose on bad debts. A few years ago, I found 200 acres in northern Maine for \$37 an acre; and the P.C.A. was happy to have made good on the loan!

BUYER, BEWARE

Once you've located a good potential buy, here are some hazards to avoid:

- Make sure that there is access to the land from a public highway. Will you be using the land during the winter? See that you won't need snowshoes to get in.
- Are there any easements established in deed or through use? You never know when your weekend peace may be interrupted by a local cattle drive.
- Boundaries aren't always clear in rural areas. Check with all the neighbors to see where everyone thinks they are. If there are disagreements, work them out before signing anything.
- Have a local attorney handle the paperwork. He knows all the people involved, is familiar with local customs and can perform a title search most easily.

Land in the country is at once a source of enjoyment and a good investment. Prices have been keeping pace with a rising demand and the really good buys are becoming harder to find. So if you've had a yearning for the countryside, take a look around.

—DR. KARL BORDEN

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Ray-Ban® Sun Glasses by Bausch & Lomb offer you maximum protection against glaring sun, surf and sand. Unlike ordinary sunglasses, they are precision ground from the finest optical glass, so you always see clearly, without fatiguing distortion, no matter how brilliant the sunlight.

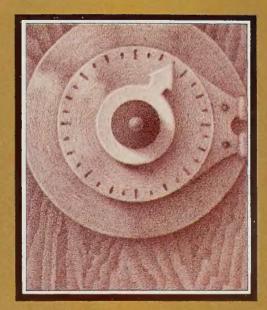
Ray-Ban Sun Glasses come in 10 different lenses, specifically made for different uses. And, you can choose from over 28 different frame styles. With Ray-Ban Sun Glasses you get more correct protection for more kinds of light than any other sunglasses in the world. Select the Ray-Ban Sun Glasses perfect for your needs, at fine department stores, sporting goods stores and professional eyecare centers.





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THE TRUTH ABOUT SPERM BANKS



hout 50 years ago, a woman we'll call Mrs. Hoffman became pregnant despite the fact that she and her husband hadn't had sex in years. Mr. Hoffman sued for divorce. Mrs. Hoffman's defense was that she had inseminated herself by putting some semen from her husband's nocturnal emission onto a candle. She won the case in court.

Artificial insemination has come a long way since then. About 400,000 people are now alive in the United States who were conceived that way. The procedure is performed perhaps 20,000 times a year and it's a welcome and increasingly common source of help for couples with fertility problems.

There are three kinds of artificial insemination: AID, AIH and AID+H. In AID, the sperm of a donor (almost always anonymous) is used. In AIH (often chosen when a man has erectile difficulty), the husband's own sperm is used. The third procedure, "confused" artificial insemination, or AID+H, involves mixing a donor's sperm with the husband's. This preserves the theoretical possibility that the impregnating sperm is the husband's.

GIVING AND RECEIVING

Most doctors who perform artificial inseminations choose local medical students to supply them with sperm. If you're a medical student, you shouldn't have much trouble finding a doctor who'll want to buy your sperm, assuming you don't have a history of genetic disease. Payment should be about \$25 per ejaculation.

If you're not a medical student, you still may be able to become a donor. (Check your Yellow Pages under doctors who specialize in the treatment of fertility problems.) Or you may be able to donate to one of the large sperm banks that provide frozen sperm to physicians throughout the country. Three of the biggest are Xytex, in Augusta, Georgia; the Infertility/Sperm Bank Service, at the University of Oregon Medical School in Portland; and Idant Corporation in New York City.

If you want to donate, you'll first be screened regarding your medical history. Then you'll be given a plastic bag and instructed to go off in private and masturbate into it, returning with the semen no more than an hour after ejaculation. If your sperm passes a number of tests, you may be asked to go back weekly, and be paid \$20 to \$25 a visit.

Some men who are perfectly virile and good lovers happen to have low sperm counts, making it difficult for them to impregnate their wives. If you have that problem, artificial insemination may be the answer, but you should first check with your personal physician or your

wife's gynecologist for the name of a reputable practitioner or clinic in your area. Or you can contact the American Fertility Foundation, 1608 13th Avenue South, Birmingham, Alabama 35205.

THE LEGAL QUESTIONS

If you donate sperm, the legal risks to you are very small. Theoretically, your biological child could someday sue you for support or a share of your estate. That has happened with both adopted and illegitimate children. But we don't know of a case in which an AID donor has been sued that way. In fact, eight states have laws explicitly saying that an AID child has little or no legal right to learn the identity of the donor. Six of those states give donors extra protection by saying explicitly that a donor can't be considered the legal father of a child. In the other states, it's common practice for physicians to protect the confidentiality of donors.

If you and your wife decide to employ AID to impregnate her, you should be aware of the legal implications. First, it's only fair for you to put your consent in writing: some states require it. Otherwise, various legal snarls can occur. For example, your wife might be technically guilty of adultery.

With the divorce rate now around 50 percent, you also have to reckon with the chance that you and your wife might someday split up. If a husband has consented to AID, he bears legal responsibility to support the child. A California man was convicted of criminal nonsupport when he failed to give his ex-wife money to care for their AID child. If the husband wants to win custody of the child, he may be able to nowadays—but wives still win most custody battles.

If your wife decides on her own to be artificially inseminated, and finds a doctor willing to do it without your consent, you could still find yourself obligated to support the child. The law is the same as that for adultery. If she becomes pregnant by another man, the resulting child is considered legally to be yours.

In Washington state, an unusual new law celebrates science over intimacy. The law lets a donor and a mother sign an agreement making the donor the legal father of their AID child. Ironically, no such arrangement can be made between unmarried people who conceive a child through intercourse.

Although its use is increasing, AID is still something many people with fertility problems haven't seriously considered. It's nothing to be ashamed of and positive results can bring new life to a marriage with biological difficulties.—JOHN DORFMAN AND JEFFREY M. SHAMAN



EDWARD TELLER (continued from page 90)

built, it might also be useful for civil defense. Now, Nixon completely neglected to make any flattering remarks, which most politicians do. Instead, he invited me to sit down in a comfortable chair, listened to me for half an hour, without interrupting, then questioned me for another half hour, in a way that made it very clear that he had listened in detail.

PLAYBOY: Did you hold any position in the Nixon Administra-

TELLER: Not really. I was named to an intelligence advisory board. In that connection, we saw Nixon from time to time. I think it was a somewhat useful position, on some occasions.

PLAYBOY: And you can't tell us which, because that information's classified?

TELLER: Oh, everything was classified. The only thing I never heard anything about was Watergate.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that our society rewards scientists appropriately, financially speaking?

TELLER: I doubt that in the greatest days of music, which is my favorite kind of art, the giants of the period became particularly rich men. I don't think that Bach, Mozart or Beethoven got rich. I don't think that it is a real necessity that excellent scientists today should do better in a financial respect.

Perhaps with fewer cares and difficulties, Mozart would have lived longer. I don't want to underestimate the importance of material rewards. Scientists get some. Whether or not it is enough, I am not particularly concerned. The reason to work is the work itself. The nice part of living in an affluent society is that financial rewards are no longer quite as improbable as they were when the lot of the average person was much harder than it is today in the United States.

PLAYBOY: What is your opinion of the caliber of American science today?

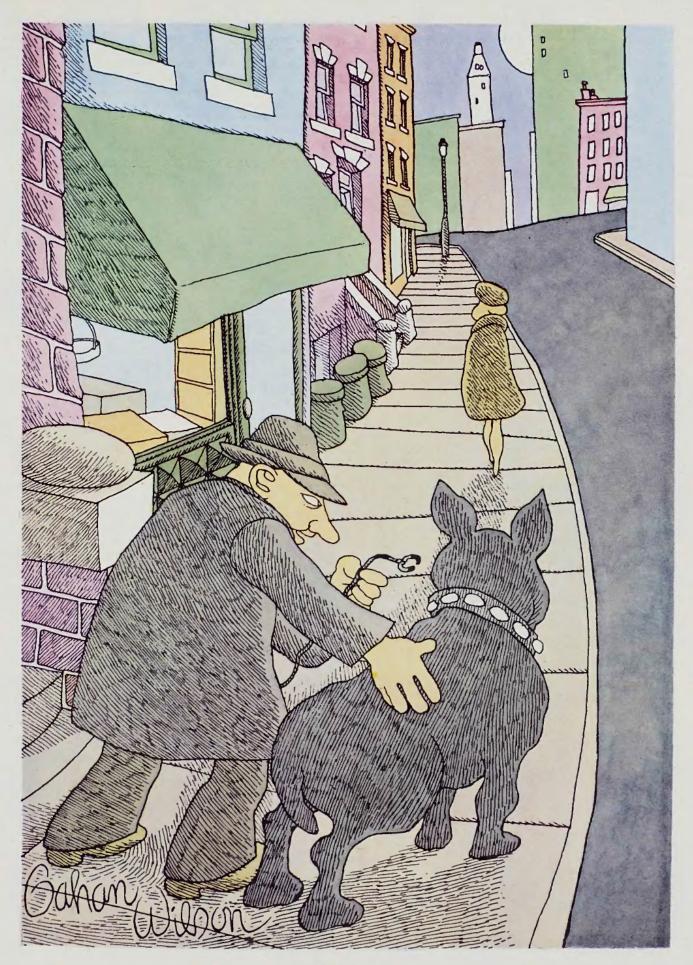
TELLER: There are a lot of excellent American scientists, a lot of admirable achievements. To praise it is superfluous and, in a way, meaningless, because you can't do so without going into details.

It is necessary, however, to criticize it. It tends to be overspecialized. American scientists, unlike Israeli scientists, have lost touch with the people. Perhaps because of that, they have tended to lose touch with one another. More and more, I see that scientists split up into tiny groups and only the "in" group understands the language. In the end, I suspect that some scientists might find themselves in a position where only they understand what they are talking about. More clarity, more attention to expressing one's ideas, in a generally understandable fashion, and a very little dose of modesty would do all of us good.

PLAYBOY: Of your generation of scientists, many were educated abroad. What is your opinion of scientific education in the United States today?

TELLER: I got my Ph.D. degree when I was barely 22 years old. There were many of my generation who got it at a younger age. American education is strung out over too long a period. It is planned in too great detail. Academic freedom today means that the professors can do whatever they like. Academic freedom in Europe meant that the students could study whatever they liked. I had the best of both worlds, because I was a student in Europe and a professor here. I still believe that a greater freedom of choice in the subjects of education and an earlier completion of education would be helpful. I am greatly worried about what is now going on in our high schools. I do not mean only the distractions, such as violence, I also mean that scientific subjects are presented in a boring manner and few students get the impression that there is high excitement in understanding the laws of nature.

There is one subject that is taught to our young people in a really first-class manner. Please don't take this in a facetious way—our teaching of football is excellent. The indication of this is that children who want to be good football players



"Fetch!"

don't complain that the work is too hard. If we can establish the spirit where the young people want more rather than less, that is a good sign. But that sign is absent in the science classes of our high schools.

PLAYBOY: Science has been the religion of our time. You have been present at some of its most spectacular moments. Is science the answer, or a major answer, to the world's problems?

TELLER: I have to say no. It was said about Gertrude Stein that she asked on her deathbed, "What is the answer?" and didn't get any answer. Then she asked, "What is the question?" and at that point she died. I believe that not only does science lack the answer, it even lacks the question.

Science, like the very best of art, is fascinating. You could have asked me with equal justification whether or not Mozart had the answer. Almost equal justification, because science also has another role. Science has become closely connected with technology. In my mind, technology is the greatest of all humanizing influences. Of course, many young people today say that science is dehumanizing. What they mean is that technology can be misused. I say technology is humanizing because it makes the difference between us humans and the rest of the living world ever greater. Therefore, it makes us more human. I have not said whether it is good or bad to be human. I believe, in fact, it is both. Now, we have some sort of question, but it is not a question that can be answered by any single portion of human activity.

PLAYBOY: Are there any particular discoveries you wish you had gotten to first?

TELLER: There are many—but absolutely none about which I feel any regret. Scientific insight is beautiful. That excludes,

or at least diminishes, any feeling of jealousy and any overemphasis on competition. But all that holds only as long as scientists remain strictly scientists.

PLAYBOY: You may not remain strictly a scientist. There have been rumors you might enter politics, perhaps run for the Senate from California against Alan Cranston. Would you care to comment?

TELLER: Now, I am going to tell you something that sounds very improbable: that is that I am thinking—and you know, thinking is a very dangerous occupation and I don't do it very often, partly because I find it habit-forming, partly because it sometimes gives surprising results—I am thinking of the possibility that I might conceivably be running for the Senate seat from California. When one starts to think, one never knows what will happen next.

PLAYBOY: Those sound to us like the words of a politician tentatively throwing his hat into the ring.

TELLER: But I am not a politician. That's the only reason I might consider doing such a crazy thing as to run against an exceedingly popular Senator like Cranston. No man in his right senses would think about that, but I do. And I'm really thinking about it.

PLAYBOY: What do you think you could offer the citizens of California that Cranston cannot?

TELLER: Cranston is a popular Senator who does everything he possibly can for his constituents. He is a nice man. I happen to disagree with him on some very important issues. I believe the 1980s will be dangerous years. The energy problem is only one of the danger signals. I think that to look after everyone's special interests will not do. We have to save ourselves all together. You know, I came from Hungary; I saw that country go

down and it was a nightmare. I studied in Germany; I saw Hitler's rise to power because there were not enough farsighted people who would put aside their differences to stop him. We are heading into danger, and having had this experience, I don't know whether I can help. Senator Hayakawa has mentioned that he might support me. And if a good man like Hayakawa tells me to try, then I want to stop to listen and consider.

PLAYBOY: On what issues would you rum?
TELLER: The energy issue is obviously going to be of interest to voters. There's another one: inflation. With something like 50 billion dollars going abroad for oil each year, inflation cannot be stopped. You can then try to quarrel about who should bear the burden. The main point is not to distribute the wealth but to get at the cause of it, to solve the energy problem, to get energy from heaven and earth, in every possible way, not only from nuclear reactors but from solar energy, from oil, from wherever we can get it, from our good neighbors in Mexico.

One of the most important reasons for the strength of the United States has throughout its existence been its spirit of innovation. Our young people are beginning to be afraid of innovation, particularly innovation in technology. They take all the good things that come to them for granted. Without the development of the proper use of technology, America will not remain strong and may not remain free. To discuss the questions raised by technology in all fields is one of the main reasons-perhaps the main reason-I am thinking of such a strange thing as politics. Because to most politicians, the very foundations of technology are obscure. Of course, knowledge of technology and science is not enough. But I have been buffeted around in a number of situations where I got at least a little acquainted with the people in politics, so I might just be able to be of some real use in the questions that develop when technology and politics get into contact or conflict. The elections in 1980 might turn out to be the last chance for Americans to select the way of action that might save all of us from rather harsh consequences.

PLAYBOY: Your reputation as a scientist has been contentious. Could you learn the political arts of compromise?

TELLER: There are many people I like from both political parties. There might be a very few with whom, in the end, I could not work. But they are a minority. You know, it turned out that even among physicists, I managed to work with a great number at one time or another, and if there is a group of people crazier than politicians, it may well be physicists.

PLAYBOY: Well, that wraps it up, unless there is something you would like to add. TELLER: Best regards to the centerfold.



"Thanks to the Arabs, it looks like I'm out of gas."

"Intelligence is enormously sexy. So is a sense of humor. Physical qualities don't matter that much."

autographs when I could and always stayed and chatted with them when I could.

12

PLAYBOY: How do you say no to a proposition if you aren't interested?

LANGELLA: I say, "No." I'm a firm believer in absolute honesty.

PLAYBOY: What do you find sexy in someone else?

LANGELLA: Intelligence is enormously sexy. And so is a sense of humor. Physical qualities don't really matter much. I'm not saving it doesn't matter if a person has three heads and four legs. It matters a lot. It's nice that the person you're with is attractive and has a beautiful body, but if the mind and the humor aren't there, the attraction is going to wear thin.

14.

PLAYBOY: Some people have remarked that you are carrying on the tradition of the ambisexual male star that was started by Laurence Harvey and Montgomery Clift. Has that helped or hindered you?

LANGELLA: Probably both. Because if you do represent someone who has such a duality of persona, it's probably bound to be appealing to some and offensive to others. But I am aware of that quality; and I've never been frightened to display any emotion required for a character, even if it meant calling upon those feelings, sensitivities and emotions that one would normally regard as feminine. As an actor, you must be willing to display every element of yourself, so it would never occur to me to hide any part of myself. However, I don't by any means suggest that I'm always playing myself. As a matter of fact, I rarely ever play myself.

PLAYBOY: If you could play a public figure in the world today, who would it be? LANGELLA: Elvis Presley, because I'm intrigued by the man's life, by his plight and by the obvious manipulation of his life by others. The sadness of the man, the unrealized brilliance of his talent fascinates me. I don't know enough about him to know how or why his talent was never developed. But it was obvious that he had that magic, that indefinable magnetism, long before anyone else-long before the Jaggers or the Travoltas. But it never grew. I would love to try to play Presley to find out just why. I probably wouldn't find out why, but he'd be an interesting character to work on.

PLAYBOY: What made you want to become an actor?

LANGELLA: Somebody asked me the other day why there are suddenly so many Italian-American actors enjoying success. I think it had something to do with the combined passions of the kitchen table and the Catholic Church. I grew up in a household where everybody lived at the top of his lungs. Plus being hustled off to church every Sunday morning, where the rituals were so impressive: I'd see the incense being burned, hear beautiful organ music and be mesmerized by the priests in all their robes. To a young mind, the combination of those experiences is so incredibly exciting. So it's no surprise that I always had a great love of majesty and size, heroism and grandeur. The first thing I wanted to be was an opera singer; I was five then, and opera was playing in our house all the time. But I was drawn to it; my brother, on the other hand, was drawn to baseball. Then, for a hot three or four weeks, I wanted to be a concert pianist. But when I was seven or eight, I did my first little piece of acting. And that was it.

PLAYBOY: It could be argued that James Dean, Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift have male fans who are just as rabid and involved with their fantasy images as the female fans are. Do men find you as attractive as women do?

LANGELLA: I hope not, but there's no way of knowing, because my female fans are more vocal. And, also, it's something I don't much want to explore.

18.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been turned down by a woman; and, if so, how did you feel about it?

LANGELLA: Oh, sure, and you feel differently when you're turned down at 17 than when you're turned down at 30. Rejected, that's how you feel. And it certainly makes you more sensitive and aware of what it's like when you turn somebody down.

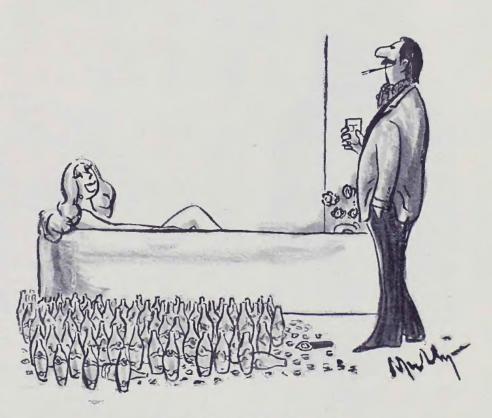
PLAYBOY: What's the most romantic thing a woman can do for a man?

LANGELLA: Listen to him. And I don't mean obey; I mean to listen-to hear what he says.

PLAYBOY: What does one have to do to make romance happen these days? To create that warm and terrific feeling for someone else?

LANGELLA: All you have to do is give your partner as much as you're capable of giving, and as generously as you can, and it will all come back to you.





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ROLLING STONES (continued from page 104)

"Mick cut down on booze and dope, took up cycling and running. He wasn't about to end up like Elvis."

England and leave them to their cure.

Eight days later, the Stones performed at the Olympiahalle in Munich. I flew over to meet them and was astonished to find Keith and Marshall both looking as fresh-faced and healthy as schoolboys. "How the heck did that doctor do it?" I asked Keith.

"It's quite simple, really," Keith explained. "He just changed our blood little by little, so that there was no heroin in our bodies after 48 hours. There was no pain at all and we spent the rest of the week just resting and building our strength up."

Later that night, I saw him accept a snort of coke from Bobby. I reproached him for his foolishness. "Yeah, well," said Keith, "it doesn't matter if I get hooked again now. I can give it up any time I like without any bother."

MICK

Altamont, the 1969 California concert that erupted into violence, had frightened Mick, made him take stock and ponder what he wanted to do with the rest of his life. At first, he had considered quitting rock and taking up politics. He had always been driven by a need to scale new heights, and he knew he couldn't take rock-'n'-roll stage performances any further. He had broken barriers, destroyed taboos, and now, like an aging boxer, he was doomed to gradual decline. "But it has become my life," he said. "There's nothing else I really want to do." He decided to consolidate his position-keep on as the greatest rock star in the world as long as he could. He knew he would have to stay in perfect shape to survive, and he cut down on booze and dope and took up cycling, running and tennis. He wasn't about to end up like Elvis.

The European tour proved decisively that the charisma of the Stones remained undimmed. On the first date, Helsinki, the usual total mayhem ensued. By the time Jagger and his men hit Hamburg ten days later, they were pumping it out with the power of an express train. Riot squads had to be drafted to deal with 1000 window-smashing fans.

In Berlin, all hell broke loose: 50 arrests. On September 20, 1970, the Stones played the first of two shows at L'Olympia in Paris, The Parisian kids had yet to realize that Mick Jagger had long ceased toying with ideas of revolution, and they used the gig as an excuse to bombard the long-suffering gendarmes with bricks and iron bars. There were many arrests.

Mick was tired and considered skipping the party held in his honor afterward. But he was very aware of the need to be his own public-relations man, and he knew that the French record-company executives would be piqued if he snubbed them. So he went along to sip a few glasses of champagne and to be nice to people, hoping he would be able to make a discreet exit after about half an hour. And then he saw her.

"Hi, Mick," said Eddie Barclay, a record-company executive and old friend. "I'd like you to meet Bianca. She's going to be my wife." Mick looked and could not believe his eyes. The girl took his breath away. She looked exactly like him-the same full lips, the same high cheekbones, the same look of sophistication and decadence, the same slender, tiny-boned body. She was perfect and he wanted her.

'Sure," said Barclay. "Dance with her if you want. But remember, she's going home with me.'

Bianca was flattered by Mick's attentions and pleased that the whole room stared when they danced. It had been the same when she lived with actor Michael Caine. People had admired her, treated her with respect because she was the woman of a rich, powerful, famous man. Mick was fastidiously polite to her, treating her in a slightly awed, little-boy way-like a princess.

He suggested an intimate club where they could meet later, and she slipped away without a word to Eddie. Mick followed half an hour later, enormously flattered that she had dropped her fiancé to be with him. It appeared that she had fallen as instantly for him as he had for her. Only later was Mick to discover that Bianca was insecure and needed constant reassurance of her charm and power to attract beautiful men-that in the future, she would feel as little compunction about humiliating Mick as she had felt about walking out on Eddie.

"I'm a bit destructive," she was to admit later. "I used to be destructive in a relationship because I was scared of it getting out of hand. It wasn't really to destroy other people but to protect myself."

But on that balmy September night, it seemed to Mick that he had at last met the woman of his dreams. She was a perfect lady, refusing to sleep with him at first, telling him that, yes, she too had never been quite so happy in her life. He had a few days to spare before the next gig, and so they spent every second together, dining in candlelit restaurants, walking around the fairy-tale gardens of

Versailles, holding hands like kids. Mick offered her a little coke and she snorted it so clumsily that he thought she had probably never tried the drug before. He said nothing, thinking only how different she was from the other girls he had known.

But still they didn't make love, and Mick was more entranced than ever. Bianca was holding back, making excuses, letting him know that he hadn't totally captured her, and he was as aroused and intrigued by her as he had originally been by Marianne Faithfull. The Stones flew to Vienna for the next gig, and Mick arranged for Bianca to fly to Rome a couple of days later, when they played there. He sent a limousine to the airport to meet her and arranged for a separate room for her. "This," said Keith, "has got to be the real thing."

He was right. Mick and Bianca made love for the first time that night, and for both of them, it was the best thing they'd known. For the remaining ten days of the tour, Bianca traveled with The Rolling Stones, sleeping in Mick's bed, watching every one of their shows. They were together incessantly.

Journalists covering the tour were eager to find out every detail about this woman who seemed to have replaced Marianne in Mick's life. Photographers were everywhere. When one of them tried to snap their picture in Rome, Mick ran toward him and punched him in the face. The photographer called the police and Mick was later fined \$1200 for assault. In Frankfurt, a bodyguard smashed another photographer's camera while Mick and Bianca escaped over a wall, giggling like two kids after a particularly daring prank. When they returned together to London after the tour, the reporters were especially eager to talk to Mick about his love life. Marianne had just been divorced by John Dunbar on the grounds of her conduct with the head Stone. But as newspapermen crowded around them at Heathrow, Bianca would only say, mysteriously, "I have no name, I do not speak English."

Mick couldn't resist his favorite romantic euphemism: "We're just good friends."

Soon after Mick and Bianca returned to London, he phoned me at my apartment to ask if they could come over to say hello. I was surprised, because Mick had been slightly frosty toward me ever since my brief romance with Marianne. I suppose he's having trouble getting hold of coke, I thought cynically. But as soon as they arrived, it became apparent that Bianca just wanted to chat with somebody who spoke her native language, Spanish. "It's such a strain, being with so many brilliant people and having to be witty and charming in a foreign language," she said. I understood why Mick had fallen so hard for her. She was different from the women who hung around The Rolling Stones.

I asked Bianca if she'd like a hit of cocaine. "Oh," she said when I brought out my ornate snuffbox filled with the powder, "it's white."

"Of course," I said, "What color did you expect it to be?"

"Surely it should be pink," she replied, like a connoisseur of wine who has just been served a Nuits-Saint-Georges when she expected Blanc de Blanc. "The best coke is always pink." She was wrong, of course, but I smiled and nodded. Mick grinned one of those grins that split his face in half like a shattered coconut. She laughed, too, and suddenly it hit me: They were twins. Mick could love this woman because she was he. She looked the same, thought the same, and making it with her was the closest he could possibly get to his ideal: making love to himself.

Anita hated Bianca from the start. She still harbored a deep desire for Mick herself, and the presence of this new woman posed a threat to her relationship with Keith, dreary though it was. Wives are often threatened when a close friend of their husband finds a new woman; it unsettles the husband, makes him question his own relationship.

On the tour, Anita would borrow clothes from Bianca and then "forget" to return them or just leave them bunched up and filthy in Bianca's hotel room. By then, Anita, like most junkies, had stopped worrying about everyday irritations like baths, and the clothes were frequently in such a repugnant condition that Bianca could only throw them away.

Mick made it clear he didn't want Bianca to fall out with Anita. "You'll have to sort it out between yourselves," he said. "Anita is one of the Stones now. Put up with her as best you can."

Back in London, Anita made ever more flagrant passes at Mick. Keith was in the next room when I caught her pinching Mick's ass and trying to tickle him. When Mick brought Bianca along, though, there was an entirely different reception waiting. Mick wanted to talk with Keith about a song they had been working on together the previous night and he left the girls together to chat, as Anita and Marianne had always done. But Anita refused to look at Bianca and stalked out of the room.

"Why has Anita got it in for Bianca?" I heard Mick ask Keith. "I mean, it's so obvious. Bianca is getting really upset."

"Oh, don't worry, man," said Keith.
"You know what Anita is like. It's just her moods. She'll get over it."

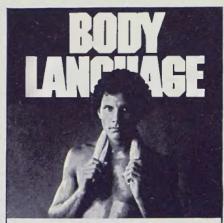
When Keith mentioned Bianca's reproach to Anita, she stepped up her campaign of hatred. "It's up to us, Tony, to get rid of Bianca," she told me. "That chick is going to break the Stones up just

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like Linda Eastman broke up the Beatles. We've got to do something for the sake of the band."

"Why me?" I asked querulously.

"Because she trusts you," said Anita.
"Let Mick know she's lying about her age. She says she's twenty-five, but I'll bet a million pounds she's thirty-five if she's a day. I'll bet her tits are all droopy. She's certainly got something to be ashamed of—nobody has ever seen her with her clothes off."

Anita's schemes were bizarre—Bianca was a man who had had a sex-change operation, she said. She offered me a fortune if I could dig up some proof from the press or the police.

"That's ridiculous," I said. "There's no way Bianca could ever have been

a man.'

"Well, get something, damn you," said Anita. "Just get something from the cops or the papers that we can show Mick. If you don't pull your finger out, he's going to fucking well marry her, and that'll be the end of The Rolling Stones and the end of you."

"I'm sorry, Anita," I told her eventually. "I like Bianca; I know she's a bit stuck-up, but I don't think it's any of my business to go causing trouble for

the two of them."

"It doesn't matter, anyway," she said. "I've put a curse on her. She won't be around much longer."

Anita must have been too stoned to say her abracadabras. Bianca stayed very much alive and Mick confided to Keith that they were getting married. "Good luck, man," said Keith. "If you love her, that's all that matters."

The tiny whitewashed Chapel of Sainte Anne is perched on a hill in St.-Tropez, overlooking the vast azure sweep of the Mediterranean. The white yachts of the new jet set flock to the water, and to the north are the mountains and the lush, cool forests of pine and tumbling streams.

Mick and Bianca stumbled upon this holy place by accident as they ambled around the town one day, hand in hand.

"Marry me here," he said, "and we'll sail away in a big white yacht and spend our lives making love and looking after our beautiful children."

"I love you," she replied, kissing him.

Mick was bubbling with excitement when he called Dartford to invite his parents to the wedding. "You must come," he told his mother. "I've booked a suite for you and Dad at our hotel in St.-Tropez."

On the other end of the line, Eva Jagger sobbed at the thought of finally becoming a mother-in-law. "Oh, I'm so happy, Mick," she said. "So happy."

"Just one thing," Mick added. "Don't tell anyone about the wedding. We're trying to keep it very quiet."

Marrying in the little church proved

more complicated than they'd expected. Sainte Anne's was Roman Catholic and Mick was Church of England. He studied Catholicism for four weeks under the guidance of the church's pastor, Abbé Lucien Baud, to prepare for his marriage. "It's not a question of his becoming a Roman Catholic," Father Baud said. "He is merely acquiring an understanding of our faith. He is a very serious, intelligent man. He is an Anglican, of course, but I don't think a practicing one. He has a great sense of religion, that boy. He really has a feeling for it."

Rumor of the impending nuptials spread rapidly, but when Mick and Bianca were photographed leaving a boutique in St.-Tropez on April 18, Mick said, "We're definitely not getting married. No way." The wedding was sched-

uled for May 12.

Mick wanted only close friends at the ceremony: Keith, his brother Chris, Roger Vadim, Natalie Delon. Bianca insisted on an occasion, however, and they chartered a jet to fly in about 75 friends from London. Mick phoned to invite me and swore me to secrecy. "We don't want the whole place swarming with reporters," he said. "That would ruin everything." I was amazed at his naïveté. Did he really suppose that he could stick the cream of Britain's superstars and aristocrats on a special chartered jet without the press's finding out?

Mick phoned me again the night before the wedding. "How are you coming, Tony?" he asked. "You will be coming on the plane tomorrow, won't you?"

"Sure," I said, "I'm really looking forward to it. By the way, I know it's a bit late, but we were wondering what you would like in the way of a wedding present. I've got a little surprise for you, but if there's anything special you really want, don't be embarrassed about asking."

"Well," he said, "you know what I'd really like, don't you, Tony?" And I knew he meant cocaine. "I'd be grateful," he said. "A guy needs a little c-o-k-e to get

him through his wedding day.'

I didn't know what to do. There was no coke in London: The narcs had just wiped out three of the biggest dealers. I had a friend who was a dentist in the Midlands, and he'd swapped me coke for advance pressings of Rolling Stones albums in the past. Though he had to keep a strict record of the cocaine he used, he got around the problem by giving patients another type of anesthetic but entering in his record book that he had given them cocaine. In that way, he managed to stash away at least a grain of cocaine a week.

When I phoned him to explain the problem, he was eager to help. "Sure," he said. "I've got about three grams here. You can have it right now if you like. But you'll have to pay for it. I'm not going

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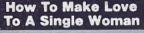
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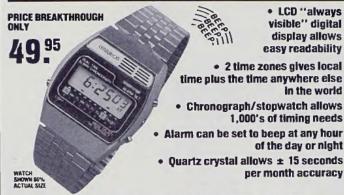
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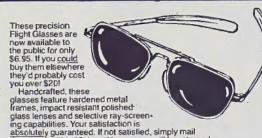
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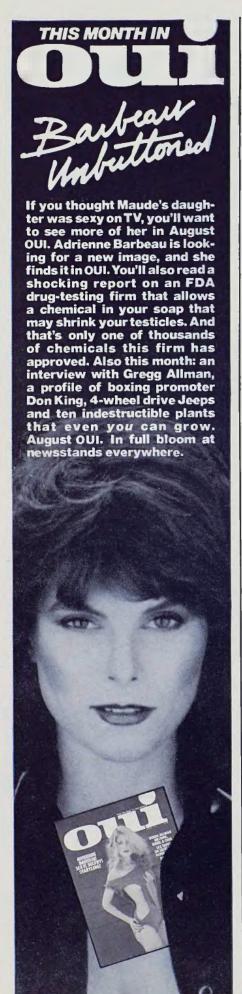
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to just swap it for a record this time."

'No problem at all," I said. "I'll happily pay you the going price."

I phoned Mick at once in St.-Tropez and he was ecstatic. "Fantastic," he said. "Look, I'll send a private jet across to Heathrow to pick you up and you can bring me my present tonight. I'm not going to get through this gig without it."
"You're joking," I said. "That'll cost

a fortune. It's ridiculous."

"No," he said. "I want you here straightaway, and I'm not taking no for an answer."

"Hang on," I said. "I'll just doublecheck that I can get everything arranged

that quickly."

The dentist panicked when I asked him if I could send a friend to the Midlands that night to pick up the package. "No, definitely not. It's in my office," he said. "I'm coming down to London tomorrow morning, anyway, so I can let you have it at ten A.M .- but not a second earlier.'

"Fuck," said Mick when I told him.

A veritable Who's Who boarded the jet at Gatwick-Paul McCartney with Linda; Ringo Starr; Eric Clapton with his aristocratic girlfriend, Alice Ormsby Gore; Keith Moon; Peter Frampton; Donyale Luna; even Robert Fraser. The press laid siege to the airport and everything that moved got interviewed (I was caught by CBS).

We drank champagne all the way to Nice, and at the other end, a bus waited to whisk celebrities to the wedding. As the dope bearer, I got special treatment. A chauffeur with a mile-long Cadillac held a placard with my name on it. When I approached him, he said, "Yes, sir, Mr. Jagger asked me to collect you. He wants me to take you to him."

This posed a slight problem. I had paid a friend to carry the cocaine for me, and he was now ensconced in the bus. We finally caught up with it and flagged it down on a busy highway, much to the merriment of the assembled celebrities.

There was much jeering from McCartnev and Clapton as I grabbed my smuggler and pushed him into the limo. We arrived at length at the Hotel Byblos, which is where all the Stones were staying. Situated between the sea and the forests, the Byblos is one of the great hotels. Guests stay in small villas around a central sky-blue swimming pool.

Keith grabbed me the second I climbed out of the car. "Thank God you've made it," he said. "I haven't had a snort for days. Anita's only got her heroinsubstitute tabs and she's going balmy."

He half dragged me into their villa and I pulled out some coke that I had brought for myself. They both took huge snorts from my bottle, and then Keith lolled back on the bed. "You didn't just bring this little bit, did you?" he asked. "Where's my stash?"

"You didn't ask me to bring anything for you," I said. "Anyway, you can keep the rest of my bottle if you're really desperate. I've got to nip out for a minute."

I knew only too well that Keith and Anita would have no compunction about grabbing the \$2400 stash of coke I had hidden in my trousers for Mick if I didn't beat it before they talked me into giving it to them.

Mick was alone in his room. We chatted about marriage and he seemed pensive. "The whole fucking thing is more hassle than it's worth," he said.

He'd had a furious row with Bianca over their marriage contract. In France, a couple can choose joint ownership of their possessions or individual ownership. Bianca had plumped, unsurprisingly, for 50 percent of Jagger's multimillion-dollar fortune. Mick had insisted on an individual-ownership agreement or the wedding was off. With a bitter curl of her lip, Bianca reluctantly capitulated.

They were unable simply to marry in Sainte Anne's, after all. They had to go through a legal ceremony in the town's council chamber before their union could

be blessed in the church.

The longer Mick and Bianca delayed, the more crowded the council chamber became. Fans, reporters and photographers were milling about, buzzing, waiting for the show to begin. Mayor Marius Estezan, the man who was to conduct the civil ceremony, proved to be a pretty good warm-up act, preening like a peacock as he fielded a hail of questions and posed for photographers.

But when Les Perrin, Mick's press officer, called the hotel to warn Mick about what to expect at the council chamber, Mick blew up. "Get rid of them," he yelled. "If there's going to be all that crowd, I'm not going to get married. I do not wish to wed in a goldfish bowl and

I am not the king of France."

It was then 4:20 and the wedding had been scheduled for four o'clock. Perrin tried to clear the chamber but to no avail. Under French law, weddings are open to the public.

"If the bride and groom are not here by four-thirty," announced Monsieur Estezan, "I shall go and there will be no

wedding."

Perrin phoned Mick to explain the situation. "Fucking hell," said Mick. "I wish to God I'd never said I was going to get married in the first place." But he relented, Perrin persuaded the mayor to stay on and the guests began to arrive. Keith was wired and fighting everyone who got in his way-one photographer had his camera smashed and an autograph hunter had his book hurled to the floor.

In the midst of the mayhem, Joe and

Eva Jagger, Mick's parents, arrived. They looked frightened and sat uncomfortably between Lord Patrick Litchfield and Ronnie Wood, trying hard to appear inconspicuous.

Then Mick and Bianca drove up, almost an hour late by this time, and as soon as they stepped from their car, they were captured by camera lights and riddled by a volley of questions from the veritable babel of international reporters. "Fuck this," Mick muttered. "I'm not going through with it." And Bianca, wearing a white V-cut suit that almost bared her nipples, began to cry—much to the delight of the gathered newsmen.

"You've got to get it over and done with," Perrin whispered, and Mick relented. He told the press to take their pictures and leave them in peace, but he was just as ineffectual with them as he had been at Altamont. They got their pictures and stayed anyway.

The ceremony was over in minutes. Mick and Bianca signed the register and their signatures were witnessed by Roger Vadim and Natalie Delon.

As the hapless couple left the council chamber to climb into the Bentley for the drive to the church, Mick was again mobbed by photographers. A small group of student revolutionaries was staging a protest at the \$60,000 extravagance of the wedding: The man who had promised to blast apart the status quo

was spending his loot on a bourgeois bean feast for the indolent rich. The kids kicked his car and showered him with insults. Mick didn't care anymore; he had cut himself off from the debacle.

At the church, Perrin was determined to prevent the press from ruining at least this part of the ceremony. So tight was security that Mick and Bianca were accidentally locked out. The bridegroom thumped at the heavy oak doors as autograph hunters pulled at his clothes. "Les, Les, let me in, damn it!" he screamed to no avail. At length, the door was opened and the disheveled couple slipped inside.

It wasn't the usual crowd you would find in church; Father Baud was obviously unhappy about the flagrant indecency of girls in see-through tops, microskirts and hotpants in his house of worship. As he spoke, the organist played Bach and a schmaltzey medley from the film Love Story. The music had been selected by Bianca.

Lord Litchfield led Bianca down the aisle and gave her away.

The priest liked Jagger, and he smiled paternally as he told him, "You have told me that you believe youth seeks happiness and a certain ideal and faith. I think you are seeking it, too, and I hope it arrives today with your marriage. But when you are a personality like Mick Jagger, it is too much to hope for privacy for your marriage."

As dusk settled on one of the least languid days in St.-Tropez history, there was a party for hundreds of people at the fabulous Café des Arts. I stared as Brigitte Bardot undulated through the crowd. As a beauty, Bardot is in a class by herself—just as dazzling offscreen as she is on. I am used to beautiful women, but this one left me speechless.

Bianca wore a diamanté turban and a diaphanous waistcoat that made her effectively naked from the waist up. In St.-Tropez that season, boobs were in.

The party was decadent in its extravagance—all the caviar and lobster and champagne you could consume. A local band played, dismally, but then there was a reggae set from the Rudies and a few songs from Terry Reid. At last, Mick went onstage to sing with Doris Troy, P. P. Arnold, Steve Stills and a stageful of other stars. They were magnificent.

Bianca, piqued at the way Mick was pointedly ignoring her, slipped back to the Byblos alone. Joe and Eva Jagger had also found it difficult to speak with their egocentric son. They had wandered around all evening, waiting for a chance to hand him his carefully wrapped wedding present. They left still holding the package. "I hope," Mrs. Jagger said to a reporter, "that my other son doesn't become a superstar."





WASTE OF THE PECOS (continued from page 158)

"As long as we rely on nuclear power, we encourage nuclear proliferation and hasten the holocaust."

and water-and a nuclear reactor is a monumentally inefficient machine for heating water and air. A third of U.S. energy moves our vehicles around, and unless we contrive to electrify our cars and trucks and trains, nuclear power is of no direct value for that. Nor can the United States, for all its prosperity, afford massive electrification, nuclear or otherwise.

If the United States had continued on the energy path it was following at the time of the Arab oil embargo, it would have had to do the following-by 1985to meet demand: bring in 900 new offshore oil wells; open 170 new coal mines; open 100 new uranium mines; build one new uranium-enrichment plant, 40 fuel-fabrication plants and three fuel-reprocessing plants; build 180 new 800-megawatt coal-fired power stations, 140 1000-inegawatt commercial nuclear reactors (at a current price of 1.2 billion dollars each), 160 hydroelectric and 350 gas-turbine power plants. Building these high-technology systems would have required 100,000 engineers, 420,000 craftspeople and 140,000 laborers, and would have cost more than one trillion dollars, about three fourths of the net funds that would have been available in the United States during the decade 1975-1985 for all private investment. We couldn't possibly have afforded such a program; we couldn't possibly have accomplished that much building, even if God or the Saudis had picked up the tab. It may not surprise you to learn that almost exactly such a program was proposed, in outline, in his January 1975 State of the Union message by none other than President Gerald R. Ford.

We may be grateful that the nuclear industry is collapsing. We would be well advised to encourage it on its way. A nuclear reactor, even a power reactor, is primarily a machine for making plutonium. As a by-product, it produces heat, which can be used, two thirds of it wasted, to make electricity. The only important use for plutonium in today's world is in nuclear weapons. As long as we rely on nuclear power, develop its technology, export that technology around the world, we are encouraging nuclear proliferation and hastening the holocaust. If we turn away from nuclear power, so, necessarily, must other nations: We have been, throughout the world, its salesman and mainstay and support. A Soviet power reactor in Finland, for example, operates with U.S. and West German safety systems, which

the Soviets didn't bother to design and which the Finns quite properly demand. As the U.S. goes, in more ways than one, so goes the world.

We won't shiver in the dark without nuclear power. There are other, simpler technologies we can turn to. But whether the United States follows a hard energy path or a soft, something will have to be done about nuclear wastes. They continue to accumulate from military sources as well as from civilian-bombs get old, like bullets, and must be replaced. Military and civilian wastes are now about equal in total radioactivity, though not in volume.

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency classifies waste into three categories: high-level, low-level and transuranic contaminated, or TRU. High-level waste is hot, and it emits penetrating gamma radiation. Much of it-military wastes from bomb making-is currently stored in liquid form, more than 76,000,000 gallons accumulating at a rate of about 300,000 gallons a year. Commercial high-level wastes, in the form of spent reactor fuel assemblies, represent the equivalent of more than 1500 metric tons of uranium, also accumulating-a commercial reactor runs through its fuel every three years. Low-level wastes, commercial and military-including those booties and gloves-total more than 80,000,000 cubic feet of waste packages, accumulating at a rate of 3,300,000 cubic feet a year. The commercial accumulation rate is increasing. TRU wastes may be low-level or high-level. They're categorized separately because they are contaminated with long-lived elements than uranium-neptunium, americium, plutonium-and will have to be segregated from the environment for geologic periods of time to allow their radioactivity to decay to safe levels. Military TRU waste, stored or buried, currently totals about 21,000,000 cubic feet. Another 3,500,000 cubic feet is expected to be generated by 1990, when WIPP is scheduled to come on line.

All these wastes are currently stored: aboveground in tanks, in trenches, in water-filled cooling pools at reactor sites. They present varying degrees of danger to mankind. Some of them will be rendered essentially harmless by radioactive decay in a few decades or a few hundred years, but some of them will continue to be dangerous for more than 240,000 years. Hence the need for some method of permanent disposal.

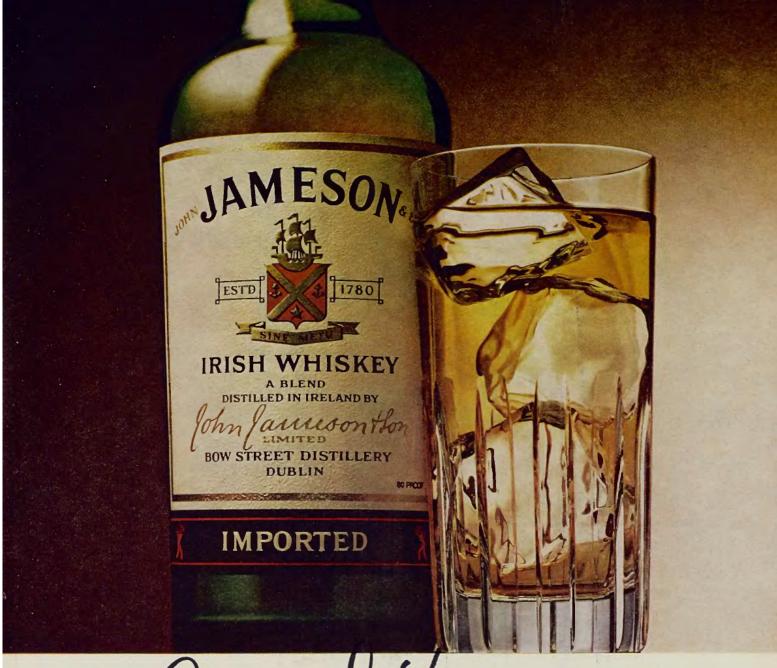
Scientists have proposed a number of

ingenious disposal methods-including shooting wastes off into space and sinking them into the antarctic icecap, where they would melt their way down to bedrock-but the only even remotely practical disposal method at the present time is burial in deep geologic formations. The basic requirement of deep burial is isolation of the wastes from underground water, because water in contact with the wastes would eventually leach them into the environment.

Following this logic, in 1957, a committee of the National Academy of Sciences recommended that the United States look into deep burial in salt beds. It reasoned that salt is highly soluble in water; therefore, salt beds that have lain undisturbed underground for millions of years must be dry, and are likely to stay dry for an unknown number of years to come. Salt is also a mastic: It deforms when it is heated. It would therefore, the NAS reasoned, fill in around hot waste canisters and seal them in place. That reasoning led directly to Lyons, Kansas, and then to the deep salt beds east of Carlsbad. Other scientists proposed looking into other geologic formations-granite, basalt, shale. The AEC was in a hurry. It gave only token attention to the other materials. It moved ahead on salt. The choice was less than inspired, as we shall

Midweek in Carlsbad: Valentine's Day: I attend a Rotary Club luncheon as a guest of Bob Light. The Rotarians have invited their wives and the dining room is crowded. We pledge allegiance to the flag, and pray, and sit to a generous buffet. After we eat, the ushers pass out heart-shaped boxes of chocolates for the wives, and then a cast of Carlsbad high school seniors, clean-cut boys and pretty, confident girls, sings highlights from Oklahoma! They sing People Will Say We're in Love and Poor Judd Is Dead and Everything's Up to Date in Kansas City. A classmate accompanies them on an upright piano. They are fresh as the morning. After the luncheon, I talk with an elderly, cane-wielding, impeccably dressed Harvard man, a retired Carlsbad rancher. He favors WIPP. He says people come out to his ranch on weekends and shoot holes in his cattlewatering tanks. He asks me if I realize who those people are. I say I don't. He says they're environmentalists.

Vocal opposition to WIPP first emerged in New Mexico in the summer of 1977, far to the north of Carlsbad in Albuquerque and Santa Fe. Environmentalists denounced the project as a move to make New Mexico the unwitting dumping ground for all U.S. nuclear wastes. They saw WIPP as a measure of the Government's desperation to solve the vexing problem of waste disposal, a



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MERIT Kings & 100's problem that by itself could collapse the nuclear-power industry. With fuel reprocessing currently embargoed and no permanent repositories yet on line, the storage pools of commercial reactors are filling with spent fuel assemblies and some reactors may have to shut down by 1983 for want of storage space. Worse yet, from the nuclear industry's point of view, one state after another-California, Maine, Iowa and Wisconsin so farhas declared a moratorium on new commercial reactors until a safe, proven method of waste disposal can be devised.

WIPP was originally scheduled to store only military wastes, and those in retrievable form, to study salt-bed disposal and to determine if it is practical and safe. So the Government said. The environmentalists didn't believe it. They saw no reason to believe Energy Secretary James Schlesinger, who, as late as December 1978, was still calling for a "major use of nuclear power around the world." They saw no reason to believe Schlesinger's deputy John O'Leary, who was formerly energy advisor to Jerry Apodaca, Governor King's predecessor, and who has been heard to say smugly that he has New Mexico in his pocket. WIPP, argued the environmentalists, wasn't an experiment, nor a pilot plant, nor exclusively for military wastes; nor were the transportation systems designed to deliver wastes to Carlsbad-systems that would cross the state north and south at a rate of some hundreds of rail cars and trucks per year-proof against spills and contamination. The WIPP site wasn't even selected on sound geologic principles, the environmentalists asserted: It was selected because it was politically expedient, on the assumption that New Mexico-and Carlsbad-would be the least likely places in the United States to reject the project out of hand.

In 1978, environmentalists in northern New Mexico succeeded in introducing into the state legislature a resolution calling for a constitutional question-on which the people of New Mexico would vote-banning nuclear wastes from the state. "We were amazed," says Mayor Gerrells. "At first we were kind of mad, and then we realized it didn't do any good to get mad. We went up to the legislature and managed to convince them that you don't change the constitution every time you have a damn problem. If it's good, OK. If it's bad, OK. But don't change the constitution." The resolution failed by a three-vote margin, 36-33.

In the meantime, opposition to WIPP finally surfaced in Carlsbad. A 29-yearold housewife, Roxanne Kartchner, who had never been politically active before, spoke out forcefully to the national press. "A friend of mine," Kartchner remembers, "was told by Mayor Gerrells in no uncertain terms that WIPP was none of

her business, none of the town's business. The mayor was very angry and upset about it. That made me curious. Anything that goes on in this town and this country is my business. Any citizen's business. I wondered why WIPP was such a tight, closed little arrangement. I wasn't a radical hippie opposed to nuclear power. I was very ignorant about it. But I thought that whatever was going on should have open discussion. I have a little boy. He's seven years old. It's my responsibility to see that the future is safe for him in every way I can. So I got involved." Sitting at the dining-room table of her suburban ranch house, she laughs. "For the first and last time."

She continues: "I'm very, very opposed to the project now. I think the public was deceived. WIPP supposedly started out as a pilot project, but as I went through the documents from Sandia, which is the DOE's contractor, I realized that WIPP had the potential for being much larger. It was supposed to contain low-level and TRU military wastes, period. But the documents say that it has the capacity to contain all the low-level, TRU and high-level wastes, both military and commercial, that will be generated in the United States well into the 21st Century. I thought that was strange, and when the DOE proposed adding 1000 commercial spent fuel assemblies to the waste inventory at WIPP, I saw why

The new DOE proposal, added to WIPP in 1978, has not yet been approved. It requires Congressional concurrence and Nuclear Regulatory Commission licensing. It was almost certainly a response to the California moratorium. The DOE apparently reasoned that a quick demonstration of commercialwaste disposal at WIPP might satisfy the state commissions and lift the moratoria that California and other states had declared. The House Armed Services Committee doesn't like the proposal because it brings a project that was supposed to be exclusively military under Congressional scrutiny and NRC licensing, a long and complicated procedure. Kartchner saw the proposal as a test of the DOE's good faith-a test, in her opinion, that the DOE failed.

"I don't think the commercial demonstration is something the DOE's just come up with," she says. "If a housewife in Carlsbad can foretell the full scope of WIPP, then it seems obvious to me that the DOE was thinking about enlarging it long before I found out. My philosophy is, tell us the whole truth, not halftruths. I'm not a physicist. I have to depend on these people-the Government people. If they haven't been honest with me about the real scope of the project, how will I know they're being honest with me about its safety?"

To fight WIPP, Kartchner formed a

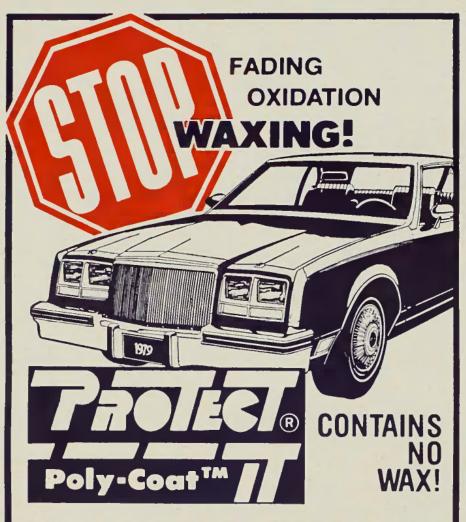
citizen's group, the Carlsbad Nuclear Waste Forum, which currently has a membership of about 20 people. The group staged an anti-WIPP rally in the Carlsbad city park-no radiation with-OUT REPRESENTATION, the banners readand more recently it has begun a doorto-door petition drive. Kartchner thinks the majority of Carlsbad's citizens are opposed to WIPP, and she is bitterly critical of the town's leadership for what she believes to be its suppression of dissent.

"I don't think our leaders represent the public in Carlsbad. I don't understand how they can say they do, because they've never asked the public. We've got support for the Forum that won't speak out locally, people influential in the community. I personally asked them for donations. They were eager to give the money and they supported what we were doing, but they forbade us to use their names. Some people have been told that if they don't butt out, their jobs will be in jeopardy. The impression I get is that it's none of my business, that the public shouldn't hear about it, that it's a scientific decision and you aren't qualified to make a scientific decision unless you're the pro-WIPP editor of the newspaper, or a pro-WIPP politician, or a pro-WIPP businessman. Well, WIPP isn't just scientific. It's also political. I'm trying to get the issue before the people so we can vote on it."

Carlsbad's leaders are clearly not happy with state and local opposition to WIPP. "The anti-WIPP people are pretty well organized," Mayor Gerrells says. "They're going to the schools, where people are easily led, they're going to the colleges, going to some of the churches, to the women-whoever is doing these things, they're not doing them haphazardly. There's no big swell of anti people. This is a well-thought-out campaign. It worries me. Not locally. It worries me that we have some organization that is concerned about stopping nuclear power and is attacking it all along the line. The next point of attack is the uranium mines. They could go after them next."

"I just feel the WIPP business has gotten terribly emotional," Bob Light said before we left on our boat ride up the river. "I can't say I'm for WIPP or against it, because I'm still evaluating it. But I think we ought to continue to evaluate it until the time comes to make a decision, and I still feel that decision should be left up to the people who are knowledgeable. Our Federal Government has spent millions evaluating this project. We have terrific scientists working for the Federal Government. They know what it's all about."

Like many American communities, Carlsbad is run by an informal network 205



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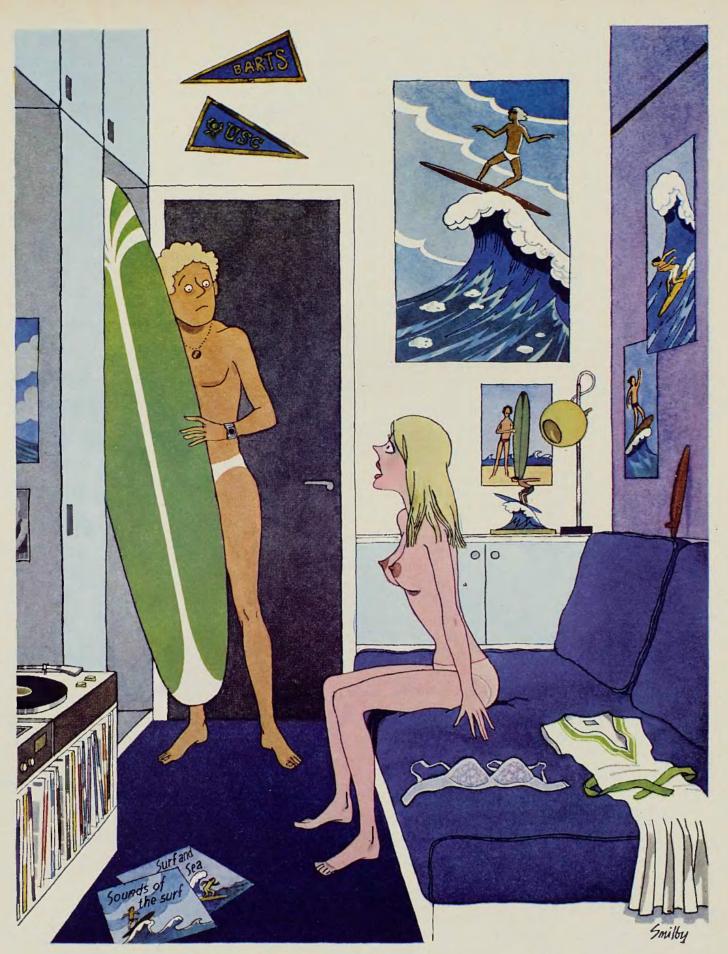
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of businessmen and businessmen-politicians. The community's interest is usually also their own interest, and many of them volunteer their time. They rarely encounter dissent, nor are they comfortable with it. They make decisions over lunch, on the golf course, at the country club, as well as in council chambers and city offices. Activists have lately condemned this process of government as undemocratic, and it may be, but it continues with the plain labor of keeping communities running whenever activists fail to appear. Someone has to worry about sewage treatment, the condition of streets, the declining city hospital; in most communities, businessmen do. They take their responsibilities seriously, most of them; their motives are as much patriotic as social or economic. None of the Carlsbad leaders I met owns land at the WIPP site, nor is the transportation of nuclear wastes through Carlsbad likely to increase land values within the town. WIPP will inject most of \$430,000,000 into the Eddy County economy; as businessmen and as elected officials, they have legitimate reason to welcome such funds. Provided. Provided WIPP is safe. They all qualify their endorsement of WIPP with that proviso. As they understand it, safety is what WIPP is supposed to prove. The people who oppose WIPP want its future in New Mexico determined by a vote of the people who will have to live with it for at least the next 30 years. Carlsbad's leaders want the United States Government to decide.

The question that polarizes New Mexico, then, the question that is polarizing Carlsbad, is more fundamental than WIPP. The question is whether or not an American citizen can any longer trust the officials of his Government. The Bay of Pigs, the war in Vietnam, Watergate—they all look down on New Mexico like malevolent ghosts. Environmentalists clearly don't trust the Government. Carlsbad's leaders equally clearly do.

"We worked with the AEC," says Mayor Gerrells, "then with its successor agency, and now with Sandia and the DOE. We have excellent communications with every one of these people. The people they've sent down here without exception are high-caliber people. Any problem that they've had in all the testing they've done over the past seven years, we've probably been the first people they've notified."

"The DOE and its predecessors have been very honest and open and aboveboard with us," says Eddy Lyon, Carlsbad's director of development. Lyon, 54, a modest man with gray eyes and a weathered Western face, was an executive with a salt-mining company before he joined the Carlsbad administration in 1975; his children and his



"Herbie, just once could we not do it on your surfboard?"

grandchildren live in New Mexico. 'We've got no complaint," he continues. "I don't think they're trying to do a cover-up job or anything. We've seen just volumes of material." Lyon has put together a 64-page information brochure on the WIPP project. It's exceptionally complete and answers numerous objections raised at public hearings. It's based on Government data. It gives the Government's answers.

"In all these matters," Ned Cantwell summarizes, "I think that at some point you have to put your faith in someone's integrity. I have a lot of faith in the integrity of Sandia, because I've known those people since 1972. I say to myself, Why would those guys knowingly put something in my back yard that's going to kill my kids? I don't think they would. I don't think they're motivated to sell us a bill of goods. They've been extremely open with us. And I just don't believe it's ethically or morally correct to be terribly provincial about this problem. You can't just say, 'I don't want it in my town, put it in your town.' I believe that if Carlsbad is the place for it, then we at least have the responsibility to the rest of the country to allow the studies necessary to find out, because waste is a national problem and we're part of the nation."

Counters Roxanne Kartchner: "If I thought WIPP was good for the country, I'd just move out of Carlsbad. But I don't think they've done enough to go ahead with WIPP. WIPP isn't the best possible facility. It's the only facility vet proposed. They're not looking into disposal as seriously as they should be. If they put WIPP in here, everything I've seen about them indicates they're going to say, 'Hey, relax, we've solved your problem.' The funds are going to start dwindling, the research is going to go to pot and they're going to continue with the status quo until something happens. Then we're going to be stuck. Then we're not going to have any choices."

You see the conflict.

Governor King has not yet committed himself publicly on the question of nuclear-waste disposal in New Mexico. U.S. Senator Pete Domenici has committed himself to the extent of insisting that the DOE devise some mechanism for state concurrence in WIPP. Senator Harrison Schmitt, the former astronaut, has opposed siting commercial spent fuel assemblies at WIPP, an opposition that might be interpreted as either pro- or anti-WIPP, depending on whether you believe Schmitt is looking for a way to avoid NRC licensing or championing relative safety for the project in the form of only low-level wastes. The state legislature continues to debate. Carlsbad's leaders don't want a popular vote. Environmentalists do. Politicians being politicians, the people of New Mexico 208 will probably have the last word on

WIPP, this year or next. No one knows how the vote will go.

The U.S. Geological Survey has doubts about salt as a containment medium for nuclear wastes. "The mystique has built up that salt is dry and it's OK," Dr. David Stewart of the U.S.G.S. told The Washington Post last year. "Salt is not dry and it's not OK." The DOE has long planned to dry high-level liquid wastes and fuse them into glass logs. Materials scientists recently questioned such use of glass. Tests within the past year demonstrated that glass corrodes in a matter of days when subjected to heat and pressure in salt brine. The WIPP project also violates several criteria that the Environmental Protection Agency has established for long-term waste dis-

Logically, the DOE and its predecessors should have started research on deep burial by testing a number of geologic media and selecting the most promising for a scaled series of experiments, leading eventually to one or more demonstration repositories like WIPP. That's not what happened. The AEC chose salt, and Lyons, Kansas, and Carlsbad, and the DOE is forging ahead with WIPP. It's easy to see why environmentalists suspect the department's motives.

A more sensible approach to nuclearwaste disposal would be to continue storing the U.S.'s accumulation of wastes aboveground-where they will continue to cool, in terms of both heat and radioactivity-while investigating a number of possible disposal media. The impending decline of commercial nuclear power makes such an approach practical; the uncertainty of salt-bed storage makes it the better part of wisdom. If the DOE continues to push WIPP, it can only be doing so for political reasons-to bolster the commercial power industry and to establish a working disposal site before its site options are foreclosed everywhere in the United States. If it pushes too hard, it may lose New Mexico. The nation will then be back where it started in the early Sixties, with a growing inventory of wastes and no permanent place to put them.

Carlsbad got its own atomic bomb in 1961. Some wit in the bomb community named the operation Project Gnome. It was the first flowering of President Dwight Eisenhower's dreamy, misguided Plowshare program that was supposed to hammer the nuclear sword into artificial Alaskan harbors and a new Panama Canal and that foundered on the 1963 ban on atmospheric testing: a modest explosion 1200 feet underground, in salt, not five miles from the proposed WIPP site, Carlsbad was fascinated. City leaders journeyed to Nevada's Jackass Flats to watch the military testing above- and

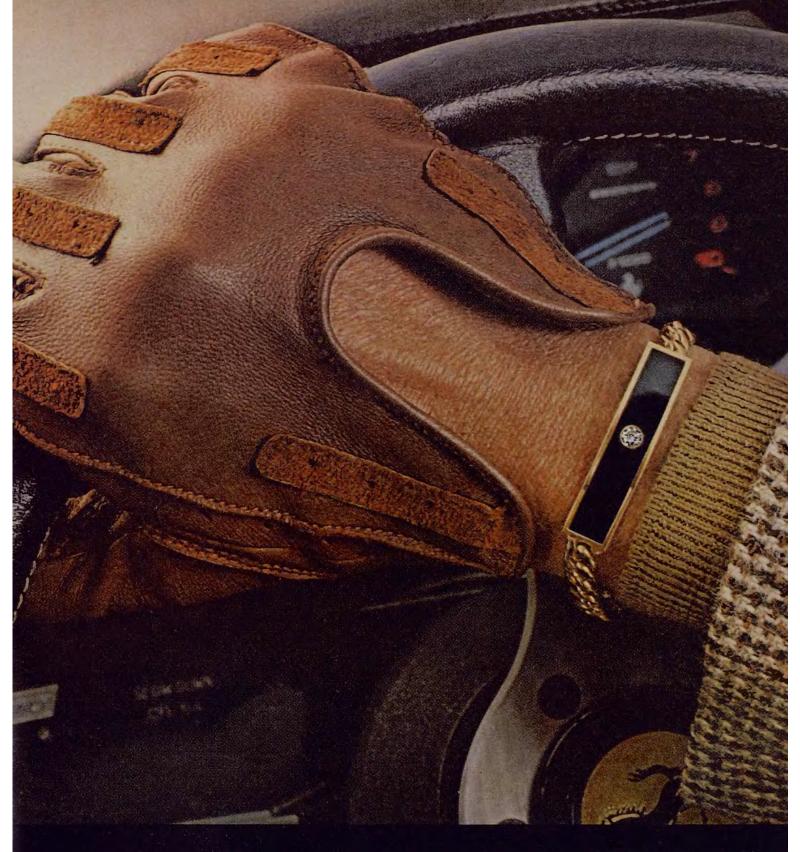
below-ground there. "Eminent scientists have concluded," reported the Carlsbad newspaper, "that the [Gnome] explosion will be fully contained in the salt bed, that no radioactive material will escape and that underground formations will not be damaged." The Gnome project manager explained that the explosion would create a hot cavity of molten salt. If all went well, his team would then pump in water and see if such a cavity could be harnessed for steam generation. Gnome wouldn't be commercially viable, but later, larger explosions might be. When President John Kennedy approved the shot, late in 1961, the people of Carlsbad, its newspaper reported, were "quietly jubilant."

Gnome was a bust. A Carlsbad surgeon, Dr. George B. Markle IV, a gray-templed, pipe-smoking Yale man, remembers watching the shot from an observers' station four miles away, while his wife, back home on the Pecos, cooked up a batch of chili to feed the crowd. Scientists and officials from all over the world had assembled at the station, among them hawkish Dr. Edward Teller [see this month's Playboy Interview], the father of the hydrogen bomb, a transplanted Hungarian. When the shock waves subsided, someone looked toward ground zero and turned uncertainly to Teller and asked, "Dr. Teller, what's that white vapor coming out of the ground?" And Teller, nonplused, said, "Dot? Vhy, dot's—dot's—dot's—vhite vapor." The conclusions of eminent scientists notwithstanding, breached its containment; the radioactive cloud blew across the only road back to Carlsbad; the crowd waited four hours for the road to be decontaminated; the chili chilled.

"I don't suppose it would be possible," Mayor Gerrells muses, "but we have thought of taking our local officials and going direct to Washington and saying, You just come down here to Carlsbad and deal with us." Gerrells may be joking. "We're a community that probably has a basic trust in the United States Government," he says, not joking at all. "It appears to me that when you lose faith in government agencies, and in government itself, you've got a hell of a problem. We just don't have that problem,"

"You can't blame the politicians," Roxanne Kartchner says near the end of our interview. "You can't blame the mayor, you can't blame the people who are financially affluent for controlling your life if you sit back and let them. I think we should all be working together. It really grieves me that we're not."

And the Pecos flows on, past salt and desert barrens and a pleasant Southwestern town that would have been described as quiet, once upon a time.



He knows where to wear his diamonds.

(continued from page 138)

"She did not make her usual move, and for the first night since they were married, they didn't make love."

the top of her head. She sat rigidly, "You have to admit, it's pretty sudden."

"What's sudden about it? You may disappear like that." She snapped her fingers, the sound like ice crackling in the quiet room. "I don't want to be left with nothing-nothing. Anyway, we've been married three months. I'm twentynine years old. You're thirty. As far as I know, you may never see thirty-one. How old was your mother when you were born?"

"What's the difference?"

"How old?"

"Twenty-three."

"Well . . . ?"

"Those were different times."

"Every second is a different time. That doesn't stop people from getting born." She moved to the sofa and sat down on it. "Come here and sit by me."

He went over and sat next to her. She was shivering under her coat. I must refuse, he thought, to surrender to her anguish. "I destroyed my mother," he said gravely. "I think the real reason she died so young was me. She never admitted it even to herself, I think, but she knew I hated her.'

Those are the risks you take."

"Not necessarily," he said. "There's no law I know of in America that says, Go thou now and procreate." He sighed. "And I was the unhappiest and most unappealing little boy anybody had ever seen. At the age af twelve, I was contemplating suicide."

"You're not twelve anymore. You're a big grown man with a good job and a bright future and a wife who, as far as I know, loves you."

"Let me tell you something about my job"-if ever there was a time for truth and resolution, this was it-"I despise it. If I thought I had to continue in it for the rest of my life, I'd be the twelve-yearold boy again, contemplating suicide."

"Melodrama," she said harshly.

"Call it what you will," he said. "With a family, I'd be locked in for good. The chains would be permanent."

"I suppose I qualify as one of the chains, too."

"You know I don't think that."

"I don't know what you think." She stood up. "I'm going out for a walk. Let's not talk about it anymore tonight."

He watched her stride toward the door and click it shut behind her. Then he sat at the table before the fire and poured himself a glass of whisky.

He was still there at the table, with the 210 half-finished bottle of whisky in front of

him, when she came back. She didn't greet him but went into the bedroom.

When he went in two hours later, walking unsteadily, the light was out and she was asleep or pretending to be asleep. When he got into bed, she did not make her usual move toward him and for the first night since they were married, they didn't make love.

He couldn't sleep and he got out of bed and went back to the living room and the second half of the whisky bottle.

I remember Momma, he thought drunkenly. The title of an old play. He sat staring into the semidarkness.

Michael Storrs, Jr., stopped being Jr. at the age of five, when his father was killed in a barroom brawl. Lila Storrs, the mother of Michael, Jr., a fragile, overeducated, incompetent beauty of 28, called the death irresponsible. The elder Storrs had been an executive in his father-in-law's bank in Syracuse. He had stopped in at a bar on his way home after what had been perhaps an especially wearing day at the bank and while sipping his first glass of bourbon, had witnessed an extremely bloody fight between two of the other men at the bar and had stepped between them and tried to get them to quit. One of the contestants, later identified as a man who had been released three days before from the Matteawan State Hospital for the criminally insane, had pulled a knife and killed the young banker with one stroke.

The effects of the death were momentous, especially for the son. Lila made a nunnery out of widowhood, vowed never to marry again and to devote her life to the care and upbringing of the boy in such a way that the accidents of life would leave him uninvolved and forever safe. Thus, the boy was overindulged, overprotected, overfed on highly nourishing and scientifically chosen foods, kept from the hurly-burly of ordinary childhood, forbidden to climb trees, go out for teams, consort with rough children, play with toy guns or bows and arrows and to go to and from the neighborhood school unescorted. When other boys were playing baseball, young Michael was practicing the piano, for which he had no talent. During the summer vacations, when his classmates sported in swimming pools and on beaches and perilous playgrounds, he was taken, well guarded against sunstroke and offensive foreigners, on extended tours of museums and churches in France, Italy and England. In the evenings, he

was treated to lectures on proper behavior. Profanity was an evil in the eyes of God, masturbation was the cause of untold disasters in later life, sly little girls and wicked older men would try to lure him into corners, where unmentionable temptations would be offered to him, belligerence had led to his father's death and contributed to wars in which beautiful young men like himself were killed in the millions. He was the staff upon which she must lean and she would always expect him to remember her words, even after her death; he had a fine and promising future; he was the only thing she loved in this world and he must never, never disappoint her. If Freud had been at the table, his giant groan would have been heard from Vienna to Catalina

The most painful moment of his school career came when a boy his size, named Joseph Ling, challenged him to a fight after taking his hat.

There was a sudden hush as the other boys gathered round. Fighting, on Michael's mother's list of prohibitions, was the lowest of vices, lower, even, than masturbation. Ling had a sneering, monkeylike little snubbed face, as though there hadn't been enough stuff in his parents' genes to give their son a full-size human nose or eyes, and Michael trembled with the desire to hit him. But his mother's admonition-"Your father died in a fight, never forget that"-was too firmly graven on his brain for him to move. He just stood there in the iron schoolboy hush and said not a word.

Contemptuously, Ling dropped the pretty fur hat into the dirty snow at his feet and ground it with his boot.

Then the bell rang. Silently, Michael walked over and picked up the hat and put it on his head and got into line. Later, through the years, he would dream of the moment and awake, sweating, at the memory of it.

The next day, the game was repeated. Only this time, as he ran after his hat, he was tripped and sent sprawling and a chant of "Pansy! Pansy!" echoed mockingly on all sides. Finally, Ling got the hat and, just as he had the day before, stood still with it and said, "If you want it. fight for it."

Michael knew there was no other way out. And suddenly, he didn't want any other way out. He walked slowly up to Ling and hit him in the face with all his force. Ling fell back a step, more surprised than hurt, and Michael was all over him, hitting wildly, oblivious of everything but the sneering, unfinished face in front of him, an exaltation he had never known before sweeping over him as he hit, was hit, fell tangled with the boy in the muddied snow, felt his nose begin to bleed, punching, kicking, trying to strangle, being strangled in turn, unconscious that the bell had rung, that a man was bending over him, trying to tear the two boys apart.

Finally, the two boys were pulled to their feet, the two faces bloodied, the hat a trampled mess, the manly little coat torn at the shoulder and filthy. "You wanted a fight, you motherfucker," Michael said, "you got it." He didn't know where the word came from, or what it really meant, and he certainly had never used it before, but it gave him great satisfaction to say it and he repeated it loudly. "Motherfucking little shit."

It was like a stream of pure music and he listened to himself, marveling, ignoring the teacher, who was saying, "Enough of that, Storrs, enough. You're in enough trouble as it is."

"Go fuck yourself, Mr. Folsom," Michael said, high on his personal wave.

"Your mother is going to hear of this, Storrs," Folsom said.

"Let her hear of it," Michael said, suddenly weary.

"Now, get in line," Folsom said.

Michael didn't put his hat on but threw it over the fence. And he didn't try to brush the dirt off his coat, not on the way up to the classroom nor when school was over and he went out of the gate to where his mother was waiting.

When she saw him, she began to weep. "What's there to cry about, for Christ's sake?" he said.

"Get in the car," she wept.

"I'm walking home." And, hatless, carrying his briefcase, the blood caked on his face, he walked steadily away.

He never went back to the school that was just five blocks from his home and was considered one of the best public schools in Syracuse. Instead, he was put in a private school 100 miles from home.

He made no more friends at the new school than he had at the old, but it was a small, quiet place with a teacher for every ten boys and so rigidly disciplined that there was no fighting or bullying and students who wished to be left alone were permitted to go their own way as long as they kept their marks up to a respectable standard and broke none of the school rules. What Michael's mother had not realized was that adjoining the school grounds, there was a hill with a tow to which the entire student body was led by the physical-education teachers four times a week to ski. For the first time in his life, Michael began to feel the exhilaration of grace and speed and he soon became so daring a skier he had to be warned time and time again by his instructors to slow down.

When the coach of the ski team suggested that he write a letter to Michael's mother explaining that he could become the star of the team, Michael shook his head obdurately and forbade him to communicate with his mother. His skiing was a secret he guarded for himself.

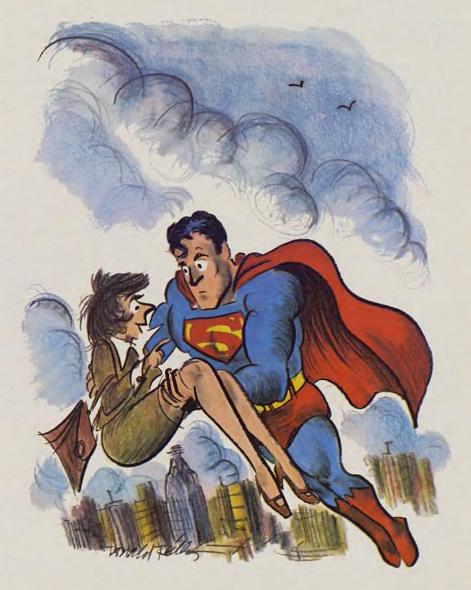
His deception went further. Having glimpsed on skis the zestful uses of his body, he made a grim resolve to lose weight and worked out regularly in solitary dedication, on the pulleys, ropes and parallel bars in the school gymnasium, and was rewarded by the newfound tone and strength of his muscles, the leanness of his face, the loose-limbed spring in his step. When the skiing season was over, still obeying his mother's injunction to keep away from team sports, he ran cross-country, a lonely, melancholy, determined figure, four miles every afternoon.

By now convinced that he could plan his own life, subterraneanly, so to speak, he worked unflaggingly at his studies and led his class, with especially high marks in mathematics. He had set his heart on going to Stanford—first because it was the farthest he could get from Syracuse and second because California, with its benevolent climate and athletic population, would give him the widest choice of the

sports that had begun to capture his imagination, such as skiing, surfing and sex.

He was graduated at the age of 18, a handsome, powerful young man, a loner who had won the first prize in mathematics and had been accepted by Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Stanford.

Three and a half years later, he left Stanford with a degree granted summa cum laude. While he was at the university, he had earned a pilot's license for single-engine planes, had had it suspended for buzzing the stadium during a football game, had become a dazzling skier on weekends and winter holidays, had taken up sky diving and had made 25 free falls, had surfed up and down the California coast in all sorts of weather and tried some scuba diving, had talked his way out of having his driver's license revoked for repeated speeding, had grown to be six feet tall and weighed 180 pounds, had paid no attention to his male classmates and a great deal of attention to his female



"Who did your logo?"

ones, had made no friends. He had paid for his expensive pleasures by winning high stakes at backgammon, where he had a considerable edge on his opponents because of his mathematical bent and training. To the men who knew him on the campus, he seemed lonely and somewhat mournful. To the men with whom he skied or dove both in the air and under the sea and to the boys he met casually on the surfing beaches, he seemed dangerously reckless and coldly gay. To the girls and women he slept with, he seemed charming, irresistibly handsome in a dark, brooding way, insatiable and fickle.

To appease his mother, at least geographically, he took the winter off, after he got out of Stanford and before entering the Wharton School, to go back East, to a small ski resort called Green Hollow, in Vermont, as a ski instructor.

Michael's mother died that summer and left a surprisingly small trust fund that she had prudently arranged in such a way that nothing but interest would go to him until he reached the sober and fiscally dependable age of 35.

At her funeral, he was distracted by the dark beauty of a girl whose mother had been a classmate of his mother's at Vassar. He found out her name-Tracy Lawrence-but did not meet her until eight years later, when he was working in New York for a management-consultant concern called Cornwall and Wallace.

He was in a theater lobby between acts when he saw her again, the dark, thick hair, the small white, pointed face and blue eyes. She was talking to an older woman, her eyes lively and smiling. He was alone.

Standing there, he remembered the funeral, the dark-blue coat she had worn, his quick feeling of guilt as he'd sensed her attraction, his mother's coffin before the altar, receptacle of so many confusing memories for him. He remembered her name—Tracy Lawrence. She happened to look his way and, after a hard glance at him, smiled. He made his way across to her and said, "How do you do, Miss Lawrence?" hoping it wasn't Mrs. Somebody by then.

She didn't correct him. "We didn't meet at the funeral," she said. "How do you happen to know my name?"

"I asked." He grinned. The death was far enough in the past so that it could be relegated to the status of just another ordinary occasion, a wedding, a christening, an anniversary, with no marked connotations.

The girl-woman-looked momentarily amused, complimented.

"This is my aunt, Mrs. Grenier," Tracy said. "Mr. Storrs."

He greeted the aunt. She was fashionably dressed, her hair groomed over a 212 gentle, weary face.

"How do you like it?" Tracy asked. "The play, I mean?"

"Good for an evening. I'm going back for the second act. And you?"

"We, too," she said.

"Perhaps we all could go out for a drink after it's over."

"I'm tired," the aunt said. "I'll just take a cab home. You young folks go have your drink."

The buzzer rang for the curtain and he followed the women into the theater. She walked erectly, her shoulders squared, lovely legs, no coquetry as she moved, a simple, nonrevealing dress, dark green in color.

She sat three rows in front of him and he could see the dark head, distinguish her laugh, which was full and unconstricted, from the other laughter. He paid very little attention to the play, thinking about her, knowing that he was attracted, not in the generic, male way in which he had been attracted often enough by other women, but in a specific stab of feeling, a message across the darkness from her to him, as though he heard a voice whispering, "Special."

After the play, they bundled the aunt into a taxi and she took his arm lightly and they walked over to Sardi's, since neither of them had had dinner.

As they were escorted to a table by the headwaiter, he saw the men turn their heads and stare at her. She must be used to it. Well, women always looked at him, too, and he was used to it. He had become accustomed to women trying to impress him. That, too, like his work, had begun to pall on him.

He ordered a bottle of chianti and spaghetti for both of them. They discussed the play. "A lot of talent," Tracy said, as she ate with gusto, "and not enough thought. The blight of our age. What did you think?"

"I wasn't paying much attention. I was thinking of other things."

She lifted her head quickly and glanced at him, her eyes on his. "Were you?" But she didn't ask what the other things were.

"Business," he lied. "I should have stayed in the office tonight. I have some things on my desk I'll have to report on on Monday. But by Friday night, I get tired of business." He laughed, low. "The fact is, I'm beginning to get tired of business quite early in the week these days. Like Monday morning at ten o'clock."

"What sort of business?"

"Management consultant."

"What do management consultants

"They consult with managers in the managerial society that enslaves us all,"

'More specifically?"

"We go into factories, we examine books, we roam through offices, we interview employees and we strike terror in hearts wherever we go." He realized he

had never talked like that to anybody and that he somehow felt free to say whatever came to his mind with this woman whom he had just encountered.

"Why terror?"

"Because we are trained ferrets, armed with computers, statistics, expertise, coldness of heart. We ferret out incompetence, waste, larceny, nepotism, tax evasion, incompetent bookkeeping, sickly correlations between profit and loss, lack of attention to important aspects of the consumer society such as relations with Washington and unrewarding advertising campaigns. We advise changes, Draconian measures, we are the church militant of efficiency. In some cases on which we have worked, companies have looked like battlefields after we have passed-with bodies strewn everywhere, factories closed down and left to rot, presidents and chairmen deposed, men who have grown too old for their jobs out on the street."

"Are you good at all this?"

"A rising star." This was no lie. Old man Cornwall had told him the month before that he was pleased, deeply pleased with Michael's performance, that he was the best man the firm had, and had virtually promised him a junior partnership the next time somebody resigned or was fired.

'You don't make it sound very attractive," Tracy said.

"It is not the business of business to be attractive. Whatever attractiveness we can muster we save for evenings and weekends. Now that I have told you the worst about me, my dear Miss Lawrence, what have you to confess?"

"Tracy," she said. "My dear Tracy."

"First of all," she said, sipping at her wine, "it isn't really Miss Lawrence."

"Oh." He felt a dull ache somewhere in his body.

"I'm still married. Mrs. Alvin Richards." She laughed. "Don't look so woebegone. I'm in the process of getting divorced."

"How many years?"

"Two. Years of error for both of us."

"What does the man do?"

"He's a theater director. Like tonight-a lot of talent and no thought. Also, overequipped with ego. Necessary in his profession, he's told me, but not so hot for marriage."

"And how do you earn your daily bread?"

"I'm a designer. I do patterns for fabrics, wallpaper, things like that."

"Good?"

"Not so bad." She shrugged. "I earn my way. People seek me out. You have probably sat on dozens of chairs and sofas upholstered with cloth that I've designed."

"Happy in your work?"

"More than you, I'd think," she said



challengingly. "Actually, I love it. The joy of creation and all that jazz." She smiled. She had an enchanting smile, childlike, crinkled around the eyes, without affectation, and she didn't smile too often or merely to flatter or to ingratiate herself.

"Now," he said, "the preliminaries are over."

"What preliminaries?" She suddenly

"The exchange of biographies, Now we go on from there."

"Where?" Her tone was hard.

It was his turn to shrug. "Anywhere we choose."

"You seem too practiced," she said.

"Why do you say that?"

"You're too expert in talking to women. Everything falls into place too quickly. A little night music, a well-rehearsed aria before falling cozily into bed."

"Maybe you're right," he said thoughtfully. "I apologize. The truth is, I haven't talked to anyone else in the whole world the way I've talked to you tonight. And, for the life of me, I can't figure out why I have. I hope you believe me."

"That sounds rehearsed, too," she said stubbornly.

"I have a feeling you're too tough for

"Maybe I am." She set down her glass. "And now I'm ready to go home. I have to get up early in the morning."

"On Saturday morning?"

"I'm invited out to the country."

"Naturally," he said. "I'm invited out to the country tomorrow, too."

"Naturally," she said.

He laughed. "But I'm not going." "Well, then, I'm not going, either."

He shook his head wonderingly. "Your moves are too fast for me, Tracy, darling. I'm dizzied."

"I'm free for lunch tomorrow."

"By a happy coincidence . . ." he

"Come up to my place at one o'clock. I'll give you a drink. There's a nice little restaurant down the street. Now, shall we leave?"

He paid the bill and they got up and walked toward the door, the other men in the restaurant staring at her and the women staring at him.

They got into a cab and she gave him an address on East 67th Street. He repeated it to the driver.

"I live on East 66th Street," he said. "It's a sign."

"A sign of what?"

"I don't know. Just a sign."

They sat apart from each other on the way uptown, not touching. When the cab reached the converted brownstone in which she had her apartment, he told the cabby to wait and went up the steps with her to the front door of the building.

After she had unlocked the door, she 214 turned to him and said, "Thanks for the spaghetti and the wine. I'm glad my aunt was tired."

"Good night," he said formally. "Until tomorrow.'

She frowned. "Aren't you going to kiss me good night?"

"I didn't know matters had progressed that far," he said stiffly. She had put him off balance and he didn't want to give her any more advantage than she had already acquired.

"Oh, don't be a goof," she said and leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. Her lips were soft and sweet smelling. He didn't put his arms around her.

"Night," she said casually and opened the door wide and went through it.

He stared at the closed door for a moment, then went back down the steps and into the cab and gave the driver his own address. By the time the cab had turned the corner and drawn up to his own apartment building, Michael knew that he was going to ask her to marry him. Probably at lunch the next day.

Tracy was divorced and they were married two months later at the Hamptons home of her parents, where Tracy had grown up. It was a small wedding and except for old Mr. Cornwall, whom Michael had invited to be his best man, all the guests were friends and relatives of the bride.

They flew out to Aspen for the honeymoon. Tracy didn't ski and had no intention of learning, but she knew that Michael had skied when he was younger and yearned for the snow and she said that she loved mountains and cold weather.

The snow was good, the weather perfect for a mountain honeymoon, and he skied blithely all day, with the old exaltation that he thought he had forgotten in the years he hadn't been on skis. He left for the slopes early each morning, leaving Tracy lying cuddled lazily in bed. During the day, she took long walks in the bulky fur coat he had bought her for his wedding present, and when he saw her in the early evening in the bar they had chosen for their own after the last run down the hill, she was rosy from the cold and looked, he thought, like a glorious 18-year-old girl.

"I see how the girls keep looking at you. Tell me, what do you do with them up on the mountain all day long?" Tracy said teasingly.

"It's ten below zero up there, darling. There's very little fucking over ten thousand feet in the winter in the Rockies."

"You mean I have to worry about the summers-at sea level." She was still teasing him.

"I want you to remember one thing," he said, more seriously. "For the first time in my life, I have discovered the ultimate sexual pleasure-monogamy. I invite you to join me."

"Will do, as you put it," she said.

For a moment, they just sat in silence, soberly, looking into each other's eyes.

"You're a different man up here," she

"Than where?"

"New York. This seems to be your climate, your ambience."

"Am I better for it or worse?"

"Better, I think. I haven't caught you looking melancholy. And you seem ten years younger."

He laughed. "That's just what I was thinking about you when you walked in

in your fur coat."

"Maybe we ought to set up housekeeping in a place like this and never go down off the hill." There was a note of wistfulness in her voice. "Maybe I'm a mountain woman myself."

On Friday, he ran the downhill race. He had scouted the course the day before and memorized the points where he would have to check if he didn't want to wipe out. It was a tough course, long, with difficult, sneaky turns and a couple of places where you were in the air for 20 feet or so and some hidden, sharp drops. He had a late starting number and he watched intently as the men before him made their descent and noticed that the good ones hardly checked at all, taking everything full out. When his turn came and he skated off, he knew he wasn't going to check anywhere, either. He had never gone so fast and, even with his goggles, his eyes began to tear, and he nearly made it to the finish line, where he knew Tracy was standing, watching for him. But just before the last schuss, there was a bump that sent him into the air unexpectedly and he came down in a pinwheel, his skis' tips digging into the snow. Luckily, the skis came off and he rolled downhill another 50 feet, head over heels, before he came to a stop. He stood up quickly to show Tracy that he was unhurt, but had to limp down the rest of the way because his knee had twisted in the fall.

He limped off, Tracy holding his arm, without watching the rest of the race, and for the rest of the honeymoon, he didn't put on a pair of skis again and they had a fine time spending all day and all night together.

When they got back to New York, Michael finally moved into Tracy's apartment. Except for an old leather chair that Michael liked to read in, he didn't take any of his furniture.

She turned out to be a good cook and, smugly satisfied with the place they were living in, with themselves and each other, they felt no need for anybody else and rushed home immediately after work to help each other in the small kitchen, eat on a table before the fire with a bottle of wine, spend the evening reading and comparing notes on what they had done during the day. When Michael was sent out of town on a job, he tried to cut his trips as short as possible and called home every evening for long talks with Tracy.

The euphoria of their honeymoon lasted until the day Aldridge was killed and she told him she wanted a child.

The Saturday after the sky-diving tragedy, he awoke early. Tracy was still asleep and he dressed quietly, in a pair of old corduroy pants and a windbreaker. But before he could get out of the room, Tracy awoke and said, "Good morning." He was on the other side of the bed and he could see her looking at him, observing how he was dressed.

"Good morning, darling," he said and went over and kissed her. She moved her head quickly, so that he just brushed her cheek. She smelled of sleep and faintly of perfume. "I'll be back by the middle of the afternoon," he said.

"Where're you going?"
"It's just . . ." he began.

"Don't tell me," she said. "I know." She turned so that her back was toward him and covered her head with an upthrown arm.

"You have to understand," he said,

"Don't try to explain. I'll see you later."

He shrugged and went out of the

When he got to the drop zone in New Jersey, the wind was gusting and the wind sock blowing, first in one direction and then another. McCain and his assistant, a lanky blond boy, were in the shed, drinking coffee. McCain looked up at him, without surprise, as he entered the shed. "Early today, aren't you, Mr. Storrs?" McCain said. They had seen each other twice during the week, at the two funerals, but had said nothing to each other.

"I have things to do in New York this afternoon," Michael said. "I thought I'd just take a couple of nice little mediocre jumps and get back. Am I the only one this morning?"

McCain nodded. "The only one," he said. "Trade's been slow this week. And the weather's not so hot. You sure you want to go?"

"Sure."

McCain got up slowly and after Michael had put on the jump suit and boots, which he kept in a locker in the shed, and the lanky blond boy had helped him strap on the main parachute and the flat backup belly parachute, they all went out to where the plane was parked next to the strip. "The wind's tricky this morning," McCain said, as he started the engine. "Stay well north of the field." There was a stand of tall pines that

bordered the southern end of the field and it was a standard warning each time McCain took anybody up. "It's not a day to do anything fancy. Pull it at no less than three thousand. Understand?"

"OK."

McCain gunned the motor and they took off. The plane shuddered and bucked in the wind. Michael had felt sleepy and slow-moving all the way out from New York, but now the cold slap of the wind coming through the hole from which the door had been stripped woke him completely and he felt the old feeling, expectation, an electric sense, total alertness, the tingle of mindless, ecstatic, primitive pleasure, as the adrenaline started flowing.

At 7500 feet, McCain gave him the signal and he went out. There was the familiar great feeling, first of breathless dropping, then of soaring exaltation, as he hurtled through space, planing, swerving, supported by the rushing air, purposeful as a bird. His hand was on the rip cord and he didn't bother to look at the altimeter on his wrist and the stand of pines was getting closer and closer, dark in the windy morning sunlight. It was with regret that he pulled the rip cord and felt the jerk as the parachute opened above him and he pulled at the toggles to keep away from the pines. He landed hard, with the wind throwing him over at the last moment, not 20 yards from the



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edge of the woods. He stood up and gathered up the canopy, breathing deeply, sorry it was over, his mind and spirit drained, overwhelmed, full only of flight.

He walked toward the shed while Mc-Cain circled the plane down for a landing. He was in the shed when McCain came in. He was frowning, biting his lips.

"Mr. Storrs," McCain said. "I told you to stay well north of the field. You pulled the rip cord at a thousand. If anything had gone wrong, you'd be lucky to have the time to say, 'Mother, Mother,' and we'd probably be scraping you off the ground right now." McCain's voice was like granite. "I told you three thousand as always, didn't I?"

"I just felt everything was going fine and gave it an extra few seconds. It's a beautiful morning."

"So it is, Mr. Storrs," McCain said. "And it's the last time you jump from this field. Two men died here last Saturday and I don't want to make it a weekly habit."

"Whatever you say, Mac." Michael shrugged. "What do I owe you?"

"Nothing. The last two jumps, today and last week, are on the house."

"As you like it," Michael said. He was still feeling too high from the jump to be angry or even annoyed.

The apartment was empty when he got home. There was a note from Tracy, propped up against the telephone. "Have gone to visit my parents. Will be home late Sunday night or in time for work Monday morning." It was signed "T."

He crumpled up the note and threw it into a wastebasket. "T." Not "Love, T." or "Please call me, Tracy" or "Why don't you get into the car and drive out, too, darling?" In time for work Monday morning—not in time for love. And how did she get out to the Hamptons when he had used the car to drive to New Jersey? Probably one of her old friends, one of the masses of friends.

Not even sure which day she was going to get back. Sleep alone, my dear, one night, two nights, what does it matter? The rebuke was clear.

After the beauty of the morning, the freedom of the sky, the cozy little apartment, all neatly tidied up, was like a prison.

Angrily, he picked up the phone and dialed her parents' house. Might as well have it out here and now. Your husband arrived on your scene equipped with certain needs, tastes, aberrations, if that's what you want to call them. He is devoted to challenge, the illusion of escape. The equation is simple—ten minutes of flight, of conquering danger, equals five days from Monday to Friday. It concerns you only peripherally, except that it permits me to live joyously with you. I will not be trapped with female caution. You are not my mother forbidding me to

climb trees. This is not Syracuse.

The telephone kept ringing. There was no answer. He let it ring ten times, then slammed down the receiver. Wifeless, he thought, wifeless.

He tried the telephone again. Still no answer. Saturday afternoon, Saturday night, urban revelry, stretched before him—a desert. He could not bear the empty show-window apartment, full of silent reproach. He dialed again, but this time a number he knew well, from before his marriage.

"Josey speaking." A light, eager voice, a particular familiar way of answering the ringing of the bedside instrument.

"Michael," he said.

"Ah, the lost bridegroom."

"Lunch?" he asked.

"Why not?" Without hesitation. How many dates, with how many other men, had she broken, without hesitation, for him?

"One o'clock?" he said.

"Will do." She had picked up the phrase from him. "Promptly."

"The old place," he said.

"Of course."

"You're a reliable lady."

"My vice," Josey said. "I'll wear a red rose in my hair so you'll recognize me."

"No need."

"It's been a long time, bridegroom."

"Not so long."

"I'll be lightly clothed," she said.

He laughed. "I'm not thinking beyond lunch."

"I am," she said. "I'm on champagne these days."

"What else is new? I'll have it ready in a bucket."

It was her turn to laugh. Her laugh was a curious giggle, low and girlish. He had been charmed and amused with it for a long time, because it was in such contrast with the way she looked-tall and haughty and disdainful. She had been a fixture in his life for years, off and on, if any woman could be said to have been a fixture in his life before Tracy. There were no grappling irons between them. When he called, after a month or so of silence, she would say, "Ah, you're convoking me again," but without complaint in her voice. She had been a simple but stunning young girl, when she had come to New York from Alabama, had had a brief but dazzling success as a photographers' model, had married rich and had divorced rich and had enjoyed every minute of everything, as she sometimes said when people tried to talk seriously to her. "I am the net," she had once said, giggling girlishly, "under the tightrope of numerous marriages."

So much for Saturday afternoon. He stared at the phone as he put it down, felt a pang of doubt, wondered if he oughtn't to call her back and say he was sorry, it had just been a random impulse, it would be better if they did not meet, better for both of them. He did not call the familiar number and, although he didn't know it then, he was dooming his marriage.

"Ah," she said, with a contented sigh, stroking him with soft fingers after they had made love in her shadowed, alimonied bedroom, "ah, well-known, wellbeloved territory. I'm glad you put off



"Morning, Mr. Grimley. Hot enough for you?"

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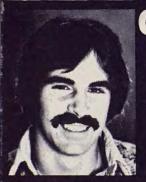
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breaking your neck at least until next Saturday." He had told her of his jump that morning. She had watched him often and had even jumped twice, to amuse him. "I am just one of those female idiots," she said, "who are a male clichéa darned good sport. Loads of fun, the boys tell me. If ever I find a man as rich as my ex-husband and one I like as much as I like you, I'll stop being loads of fun so fast it'll be like the sonic boom. Glad to have you aboard, bridegroom, even if it's only on furlough."

"Stop calling me bridegroom."

"Is your wife loads of fun, too?" she

"Not in the way you say it."

"Is this the way you usually spend your Saturday afternoons, or do I detect

"I have no usual way of spending Saturday afternoons."

"How's it going?"

'So-so," he said.

"Tempered steel," she said. "I haven't had the pleasure of meeting the lady, but I have gotten reports from acquaintances."

"Let's not talk about my wife," he said. "Is that all right with you?"

"Everything is all right with me," she said, putting her long, lean-muscled leg over his in the soft bed. "Can I expect further Saturday calls?"

"Time will tell." He pulled her to him and kissed her to keep her quiet.

They made love for the rest of the afternoon and after that, while they were dressing and discussing where they would go for dinner, Josey said, "You ought to jump out of airplanes every day. It makes you marvelously horny."

She chose a noisy, crowded restaurant, where she seemed to know everybody and men kept coming over to the table and kissing her and saying, "Wasn't it a great party last night?" or last weekend or, "Where have you been, darling?" while Michael sat quietly, drinking a little too much wine and wondering what Tracy was doing while he was sitting there. By the end of the evening, Josey was wandering from table to table and Michael paid the check and slipped out and went home, where he sat looking at the telephone for an hour before he went to bed.

"And now," Josey said, "we bid a fond farewell to tender childhood toys, for I am to be well and truly wed tomorrow morning." She patted Michael's cock gently. They were in bed in his room at the Bel-Air Hotel in Los Angeles. Cornwall and Wallace did not stint on the accommodations for their representatives. Michael had received the invitation to the wedding in the mail in New York and had volunteered to go on a job to a company in downtown Los Angeles so as to be able to attend. After such a long time, it was, he thought, the least he could do

(continued on page 222)

"Penalties against possession of a drug should not be more damaging to an individual than the use of the drug itself.



... Nowhere is this more clear than in the laws against possession of marijuana in private for personal use.
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—President Jimmy Carter Message to Congress, 8/2/77

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Give justice a hand PB879				
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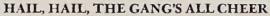
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



DO THE SPLITS

Divorce is no laughing matter. Aside from the emotional trauma, there are all kinds of personal hassles involving credit-card firms, insurance companies and others who need to know that you've reached the Great Divide. To aid you in this, Kaufman-Pope Enterprises, P.O. Box 77254, Atlanta, Georgia 30309, is selling for \$12.50, postpaid, a get-well kit for the newly divorced called Split Decisions that contains 25 preprinted letters and envelopes addressed to everyone from your apartment landlord to magazine subscription departments, insurance companies and banks, plus a new address book with a pencil, legal and tax tip sheet and-partially for laughs-a packet of Alka-Seltzer. That's a company that really knows how to hurt a guy.



If you'd like to dress your girlfriend up like a pro-football cheerleader, the R.F.P. Company, P.O. Box 348, Yonkers, New York 10710, is selling white polyester supershort shorts and fringed vests for only \$11.95 and \$6.95, respectively—or the ensemble for \$18.50, postpaid. Sizes are from 5 to 13, and R.F.P. even includes a belt. We'll lay odds your girl won't have the outfit on eight seconds before you have it off.





PINBALL ON THE WALL

Pinball wizards who can't get enough flipper action may also wish to own a foot-square battery-powered Plexiglas-and-wood wall clock titled Sea Battle that artist Jim McInerney is selling for \$29.95, postpaid, from P.O. Box 403, Western Springs, Illinois 60558. Or, if mermaids and underwater monsters aren't your bag, he has also created Pirates of Venus, Demon and Zira's Revenge. Sorry, flipper freaks, they don't light up or pay off.



CASTING SHADOWS

The weed of crime may bear bitter fruit, but how sweet the financial rewards can be. Case in point: This summer, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich is bringing out *The Shadow Scrapbook*, by Walter B. Gibson, a compendium of man-with-the-laugh-of-menace memorabilia, including a chronology of radio broadcasts, comic strips, color pulp covers and a never-before-published story, *The Riddle of the Rangoon Ruby*. Bool



FORTUNE HUNTERS ONLY

Fortune cookies are always fun, despite the fact that they invariably dispense dippy prognostications. But now an imaginative store called The Chinese Grocer, 209 Post Street, San Francisco, California 94108, is selling custom fortune cookies that come with your choice of a two-line message (allow 25 spaces or fewer per line) at \$16 for 100 or \$20 for 200, postpaid. You can use one to tell off your boss or propose to your girl, but what will you do with the 99 that are left?

DIRTY WALLS

Tired of your dingy bedroom wallpaper? Hang Orient Excess, which, as you see here, pictures a very scrutable Japanese couple doing what comes naturally in a variety of delightful ways. Orient Excess is available from Crane Wallcoverings, 46 East Oak Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611, at \$33 per roll in black and brown, rust and brown or blue and beige. Or, if the whole world has really got you down, there's Hostility, another wallpaper from Crane (at \$24 a roll) that's strewn with graphic graffiti saying Fuck everything from landlords to the tooth fairy. And for the prudes, there's even a "Frig it" thrown in.



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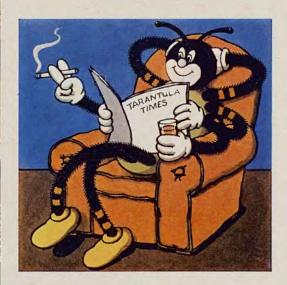
PUT IT THERE, LEFTY

Southpaws are a true minority; doomed to wander through life all thumbs, forever having to use implements ass backward. Now the good news: An organization called Lefthanders International, 3601 S.W. 29th Street, Topeka, Kansas 66614, has organized the First Annual Worldwide Lefthanders Convention to be held this August 10th, 11th and 12th at the Crown Center Hotel in Kansas City, Missouri. There'll be lessons on golf, tennis and knitting, plus more. You can shake hands left-handed, too.



GAMES OENOPHILES PLAY

A loaf of bread, a jug of vino and some of your grape-loving buddies seated around The Wine Game and an otherwise dull evening can turn into an intoxicating international romp through the world's great vineyards as everyone competes to see who'll wind up the wealthiest player. The game, which includes money and a grape-cluster board, sells for \$17, postpaid, sent to Wine Diversions, Ltd., 200 East 58th Street, New York, New York 10022. Or you can blow the \$17 on a bottle of good Bordeaux.



JEEPERS! CREEPERS!

You may or may not be glad to learn that tarantulas have come out of the woodwork and are now being bought as family pets. One supplier, Pet Ranch Imports, 4340 W. Ajo Way, Tucson, Arizona 85706, will send you a hairy Central American or Haitian Black for only \$9.95, postpaid. Then, \$5 annually sent to the American Tarantula Society, P.O. Box 2312, Bellingham, Washington 98225, will net you a bimonthly newsletter, the "Tarantula Times." We'll take a pass.

TOP OF THE HILL (continued from page 218)

"They were approaching a breaking point, but out of memory of happier times, postponed the moment."

for a friend. In the past two years, he had volunteered more and more often to go on the out-of-town trips. New York was becoming increasingly unbearable to him and after a week there, the noise, the constant insensate pushing, the subterranean jockeying for power in the office, the look of maniac effort on everybody's face, the drunken forgetfulness at the end of the day, he found himself with his nerves scraped raw, insomniac, waking fretfully at all hours of the night, listening to sirens, going through the motions of work and marriage with a bonedeep weariness. Living in the same small apartment, he and Tracy had grown steadily apart and the good moments between them had become briefer and rarer.

When he came home from his trips, Tracy asked only the most perfunctory of questions. She was becoming more and more successful in her work and had started a small business of her own. He went on his holidays alone, because if she had any free time, she said the only place she wanted to be was her parents' house in the Hamptons, where she could not do anything but lie in the sun.

He was making considerably more money than before, and so was Tracy, and he had suggested that they move to a bigger apartment where they could have separate bedrooms, but Tracy had been firm about staying where they were and they still slept together in the same oversized bed. She no longer made advances to him when they lay side by side, but was as warm and ardent as ever when he moved toward her. At those moments, he would feel that he would never grow tired of that lovely, familiar body; but when he was away from her, he hardly ever thought about her and it did not interfere with his pleasure with other women.

They knew that they were approaching some sort of breaking point, but out of timidity, politeness, memory of happier times, they both postponed the moment.

"Now," Josey was saying, "I am going to get dressed and I am going to walk out of your room and through the garden as though I just dropped in for a cup of tea and from tomorrow morning on, I am going to devote the rest of my life to making my gorgeous, rich young husband the happiest man in Southern California. You will be invited to family dinners and the christening of children and you will be asked to cruise with us on our yacht and you will not tempt my husband to jump out of airplanes with you or dive for treasure or whatever it is you do underwater or to follow you down a ski slope. Understood?"

tandels wan

"It's especially tough when the magic goes out of a group marriage."

Michael laughed. "Understood," he said.

He watched her get out of bed, stretch the magnificent long body like a giant cat, then quickly, with businesslike efficiency, get into her clothes, whip a comb through her lustrous dark-red hair. Gone, gone, he thought, self-pityingly.

The next afternoon, after the wedding, Michael got into his car with his surfboard and drove out to Malibu. He parked across from the cove and got into his bathing trunks and walked barefoot, carrying his board, to the beach, where a fine mist made blurred shapes out of the buildings to the north. The sea was rough, whitecaps out beyond the long rolling breakers. It was a cold day and there was nobody else riding a board.

Gingerly, because the water was brutally cold and he hadn't brought along a wet suit, he slipped into the foam, then plunged, lying on the board, and started to paddle out. It wasn't easy. The waves came one after another, in short, chopping series, and he was knocked around as he submarined with the board under the curl

Finally, he was out beyond the breakers, sitting on his board, resting, breathing deeply after the struggle to get out, at the point where, he judged, he could start in when he saw the right wave sweeping in behind him. The shore seemed far away in the gray mist and the ocean was his as he rose and fell on the swells. He was warmed by the paddle out and he was in no hurry. He was blessedly alone, his life afloat, his world wind, water, waves and salt, and he embraced it all. He took a deep, tonic breath, saw the wave he wanted massing up in the mist, started paddling, felt the gigantic power of the Pacific under him, knew that he had caught it right, stood up and, sure-footed and triumphant, rode the giant diagonally, just in the cup, the crest of the wave foaming high above his head. Then, suddenly, it was too much for him. The wave was breaking more sharply than he had thought it would. He held on for a moment, and then the board went shooting out from under him and he was tumbled, deep, over and over in tons of black sea water. He held his breath, fought, came up, was swept under again after one short breath of air, came up in a turmoil of chopping, swirling water.

The board was gone, but he could breathe now, careful to duck when the waves broke on him and hurled him toward the bottom. Calmly, knowing that if he worked too hard now, he would exhaust himself quickly and never make it, he began swimming, feeling the pull of the undertow, catching a wave when he could to take him a few yards inshore then going along with the current, parallel with the shore, not resisting the ebb





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tide, until another wave pushed him a little closer toward the rim of beach. If there had been anyone in sight, he would have waved for help, but the beach was deserted.

It took him a full half hour to get in and as he crawled onto the beach, he was sure that he couldn't have lasted another two minutes. Then he did something that he knew was crazy even as he did it. He threw his arms up into the air wide above his head and, with fists clenched, shouted hoarsely, wordlessly into the gray, empty mist, shouted with joy.

His clothes felt soft and warm against his skin as he drove down the Pacific Coast Highway until he reached a bar. He went in and ordered a whiskey and looked at himself in the mirror behind the bar. His face was scratched from the sand and a little bloody and his sunstreaked hair, now dark with salt water, was tangled and thick with seaweed and sand. Neptune's lucky child, he told himself, grinning at his frightening reflection, what a marvelous day. Another day, another death challenged and overcome. Mother, dear, if you could see me now.

Tracy was sitting looking at the news on television when he got home from California. She kissed him reservedly without getting up when he came into the room.

"Anything important tonight?" he asked after he had told her his trip had been successful.

"Nothing much," she said. "The world is crumbling, as it does every evening at seven. Nothing to worry about. I was too busy to make dinner. I thought it might be nice to go out your first night home."

"That's a good idea," he said, though he was tired and looking forward to a quiet evening.

They did not have much to say to each other during dinner and it was only while they were having their coffee that Tracy said, "I tried to call you Saturday night." She looked at him squarely, without emotion. "Several times."

"Did you have anything special to say?"

"No." She shrugged. "Just that I missed you. There was no answer.'

"I was invited out to the beach for the weekend. I should have left the number at the hotel."

"Yes," she said, "you should have." He was sure she knew he was lying.

It isn't going to last much longer now, he thought. He wanted to get up and fold her in his arms and hold her tight, but it wasn't something you could do in a restaurant, so he merely ordered another coffee.

That weekend, Michael drove out to the Hamptons with Tracy. Saturday was raw and windy, but he and Phil Law-224 rence, Tracy's father, had planned to go sailing in the morning and they got into the car and drove down to Three Mile Harbor, where the 25-foot sloop, named Tracy, was berthed. The long, protected, ordinarily placid harbor was ruffled with small whitecaps. Michael looked across the water doubtfully. "Don't you think it's a little rough, Phil?" he said.

"Been out in stuff a lot worse than this," Lawrence said. He was an ardent and skillful sailor and he was always hunting for people to help him crew

'If you say," Michael said, still doubt-

They cast off and Lawrence deftly got the boat away from the dock and into the harbor proper, using the outboard motor. Once they were in the channel leading out to the wide reaches of the sound, Lawrence cut the motor and they raised the mainsail, and then Michael put up the jib. The boat heeled over sharply and sped toward the mouth of the harbor. Michael saw that it looked rough out on the sound and said, "Maybe we just ought to cruise around a bit inside the harbor, Phil."

"Nonsense," Lawrence said. "This boat has handled seas five times as bad as this." He was not by nature a vain man, but he was touchy when matters of seamanship came up. "I'm not a fair-weather sailor. If all you did was go out and flap around when the sea is as flat as a pancake, there'd be no sense in owning a boat."

'You're the skipper," Michael said. He could see that the old man, his long gray hair streaming in the wind and his face highly colored and wet with spray, was enjoying himself hugely.

Out on the sound, the wind caught hold and the sails were taut and straining and the boat, heeled over more steeply now, with the rail in the water, bounced sturdily through the waves, the curl at their bow impressive because of their speed. Michael sat crouched in the cockpit, leaning to port to balance the starboard heel. Lawrence sat next to him, bent over, putting his full weight on the tiller to keep them on course.

"This is the life, Mike, isn't it?" Lawrence grinned at him. "Better than bird watching. And there isn't another damn fool out today." It was the closest Michael had ever heard the old man come to gloating.

"Michael," Lawrence said, his tone changed, "there's something I've been wanting to talk to you about and there's no way of getting you alone in the house."

"What is it?" Michael said, bracing himself for what he expected was coming.

"It's about you and Tracy." The old man took a long breath, as though he would need fresh oxygen for what he was going to say. "You're not getting along very well together, are you?"

"Well enough."

"I like you, Michael. You know that."

"I know."

"And I love Tracy. The best of my three daughters. She's a tremendous girl."

"Tremendous."

"You're both putting on an act for the old folks," Lawrence said somberly. "The loving smart young couple, living the glamorous New York life. Only you're not the loving smart young couple and you're not living the glamorous life, are you?"

'Not completely," Michael admitted.

"You treat each other as though you're both made of glass. As though if either of you made one wrong move, one or the other would crack into a thousand pieces. She's a sad girl now, Michael, and she wasn't made to be a sad girl."

"I know," Michael said.

"What is it? You got somebody else?"

"No." Go back as far as a year and that was no lie.

"She have another fella?"

"Not that I know of."

"You travel too goddamned much, Michael," Lawrence said harshly.

"Not anymore."

"Not anymore." Lawrence nodded, his long wet hair swinging over his eyes, like a shaggy old English sheep dog. "In the past, though?"

"Perhaps."

"You don't mean perhaps," Lawrence said belligerently. "You mean yes."

"I mean perhaps. It goes deeper than that." He could have said that it went back to a downhill ski race, two men colliding and dying in mid-air, himself nearly being drowned a couple of times while surfing, almost being killed because he was driving too fast. But he didn't offer anything more. He would not complain to his wife's father about her, would not say that if they both had known about themselves and each other before they were married, they would never have been married. All he said was, "There are certain things on which we don't see eye to eye."

"One year after I was married," Lawrence said, "I was ready to leave her mother. Luckily, it turned out she was pregnant. How is it you haven't had any children?"

"That's a question you'd better ask Tracy," Michael said.

"She wouldn't tell me, either," Lawrence said sadly.

There was another, stronger gust of wind and the boat shuddered and dipped its bowsprit into a wave.

"The wind's freshening a bit, Michael," Lawrence said. "You'd better pull down the mainsail. It's getting a little rough, so remember the old maxim-one hand for the boat and one for yourself. But first go into the cabin and bring out

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the life jackets," he said almost casually. "I do believe we're in for something of a squall."

Michael went forward to the cabin. He came out with one life jacket. "There's only this one," he said, putting it at Lawrence's feet. Before Lawrence could say anything, he went forward, holding on with difficulty as the deck bucked beneath him. It took him a long time and all the strength he could muster to take down the mainsail and furl it, with the wind snapping at the sail like a pack of malicious dogs.

"Well done," Lawrence said when he got back to the cockpit.

"I've sailed before," Michael said. Lawrence looked up, squinting at the darkening, violent gray-and-black sky. "I guess I misread the weather. Hubris. We're going back. Get over to the other side fast when we go around. Ready?"

"Ready."

Lawrence put all his weight onto the tiller and the boat swung around, groaning and creaking, every plank protesting, the wind screeching through the stays. Both of them scrambled, the old man surprisingly agile as he switched his position. Now they were heeling over more than ever, even with only the jib up, and Lawrence was whistling through his teeth a tuncless, abstracted sound.

'We're in trouble," Michael said.

"A person might say that." Lawrence kept up the same tuneless whistling, slacking off as much as he dared. "Sorry about that."

"Put on the life jacket," Michael said.

"Do you think you could hold her on course while I went and looked for the other jacket?"

"I'll hold her," Michael said. "But you're wasting your time."

"Here, take it."

Michael slid over and grabbed the tiller. It nearly pulled out of his hand and he had to lean his full weight on it. The old man must be a lot stronger than he looks, he thought, as he watched Lawrence go crablike to the cabin.

In a little while, Lawrence came skittering back. "Those goddamn kids," he said, as he took the helm. "Little wharf rats. They steal everything they can lay their hands on. It's my fault. I should have looked before we took off. Put the jacket on," Lawrence said sternly.

Michael stared landward. The low bluffs that bordered the eastern side to the entrance of the harbor were at least two miles away. "If it comes to the sticking point," he said, "I can swim for it. Christ, I could swim from here to Connecticut if I had to."

"I'm not in the mood for youthful boasting. Put the goddamn thing on. This is an order from the captain of the

"If you don't put it on, I'm going to throw it overboard. I have no desire to



"That talk we had this mornin' about more variety in our meals? Forget it!"

float into shore and tell your family that I left you to drown."

"Nobody's drowning," Lawrence snapped.

"Will you put that in writing?"

Lawrence looked stern for a moment, then smiled, a thin-lipped Yankee old man's smile. "I didn't think I could convince you," he said.

Michael held the tiller while Lawrence struggled into the jacket. The wind was howling now and the waves were breaking completely over the craft, the water sluicing through the cockpit. "Have you got a radio on board?" he asked.

"No. Never needed it before. I'm rarely out of sight of land."

"We're in sight of land now," Michael said, "and we could use a radio."

"You should have been around when I outfitted the Tracy. You're a few years too late with your excellent suggestion."

Michael stared at the old man, struggling with the tiller, his lips bared in a crazy grin. By God, he thought, the old lunatic is enjoying it.

Then the jib split, with a noise like a cannon going off. In a few seconds, it was in shreds and the boat broached to. Hastily, Michael tore off his tennis shoes and threw off his wet-weather gear and sweater, then his pants. If he was going to have to swim for it, he wasn't going to do it dressed as though for a winter in the Alps.

A few seconds later, the Tracy capsized and they were both in the water. The boat lay on its side, heaving up and down wildly. Lawrence was a few feet away from him, appearing and disappearing in the waves. Michael grabbed him by the life jacket and, both of them swimming furiously, they reached the boat. As it swept down upon them, they both grabbed onto the rail.

"Can you hold on?" Michael gasped.

"I'd better," Lawrence said. He swallowed a lot of water, but he held on. From then on, he didn't say anything as, side by side, they wallowed in the turmoil of the sea.

After a while, Michael could see that Lawrence's grip was getting weaker and he decided that if the old man let go, he would let go, too, and take a chance that he could keep them both afloat.

Then, as suddenly as the squall had come up, it passed over them, howling westward. The sea calmed magically and it was a lot easier to hang on. But a mist thickened around them and soon Michael couldn't see land and knew that if he had to swim for it, he'd have to guess in which direction to go.

There was no way of telling how long they had been in the water. Both of their watches had stopped when they had been hurled overboard and there was no sun to indicate how late it was getting. Lawrence was getting blue from the cold and his hands were becoming a numb, frozen white on the rail. What seemed like many hours later, they heard the sound of a helicopter overhead. Lawrence finally spoke. "They must have phoned the Coast Guard at Montauk," he said.

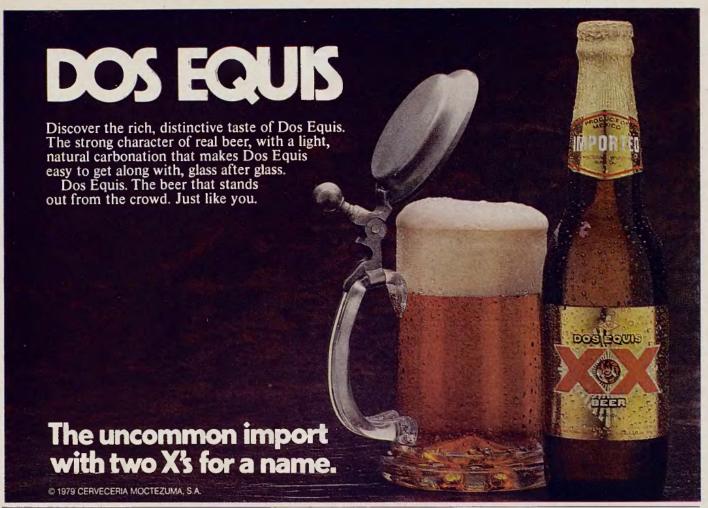
But the mist was too thick for anyone to see them from a helicopter and they listened as the sound of the engines dwindled in the distance.

One of Lawrence's hands slipped and Michael lurched and put an arm around him to hold him steady. Lawrence grinned weakly at him. "I thought you'd be in Connecticut by now," he said.

Then they heard the sound of powerful motors approaching them. The men in the helicopter must have seen them, after all. A shadow loomed in the mist, grew closer, darker, as Michael waved and shouted. The engines slowed and a moment later the Coast Guard vessel glided up to them and figures on board were throwing ropes down to them. Stiff-fingered, Michael tied one of the ropes under Lawrence's armpits and he was hoisted aboard. Then, with his ultimate effort, he tied a sling for himself and was hauled aboard.

As the coastguardmen were putting a line on the Tracy to tow her behind the cutter, they were hustled down below decks and toweled off and given blankets and hot coffee. "What time is it?" Michael asked the captain of the ship, who





had come down to see how the two men he had rescued were doing.

"Four ten," the captain said. "What time did you go into the drink?"

"About eleven A.M."

The captain whistled. "Five hours in the water." He looked with admiration at Lawrence, whose hands were trembling as they held the steaming mug of coffee, "You have a tough old friend."

"You can say that again."

Lawrence seemed too stunned to understand that they were talking about him, shivering and holding on to the mug with his two hands as though that, too, might be in danger of sliding away from him.

"You were lucky, pal," the captain said to Michael. "We got messages that two other boats foundered and we haven't found any survivors yet. You're also lucky that we've had a hot spell these last ten days and the sound is warmer than it usually is this early in the season. Water sports." He shook his head.

Dressed in a sailor's pants and sweater that had been lent to him, Michael was on deck as they came alongside the dock at Three Mile Harbor. Tracy and her mother and her sisters were on the dock. They were dressed in sweaters and they were all wearing scarves that twisted in the wind and to Michael they looked like the womenfolk of fishermen, waiting to see which of their men were safe and which ones had been lost on the last voyage. He waved to them and Tracy's sisters and her mother waved back, but Tracy kept her hands at her sides, plunged into the pockets of her sweater.

So be it, he thought, and went down to wake Lawrence, who had been sleeping, and to help him get into a pair of dungarees and a peacoat. There was no comb in the cabin and there was nothing Michael could do about Lawrence's hair. which hung stiffly in all directions and gave him a wild and baleful appearance, like that of a malevolent, senile pirate. When they climbed to the deck, Lawrence waved once to his family, then went aft to look at the Tracy lying on its side, its sail tattered, low in the water. He shook his head sadly, "Poor betrayed Tracy.'

Michael wished he had given the boat another name.

They debarked, and Mrs. Lawrence bundled her husband into the station wagon with the two girls, and Tracy and Michael walked to where the sedan was parked and got in, Tracy behind the wheel, all in silence.

Tracy put the car into gear and they moved off and followed the station wagon. Michael glanced over at his wife. Her hands were so tight on the wheel that her knuckles showed white and her face

was rigid, her mouth set in a grim line, her eyes narrowed and glowering. Finally, she let it out. "It's not enough that you don't give a damn whether your wife becomes a widow or not, you have to drag my father along with you."

'I tried to insist . . ." he began.

"I can just imagine how you tried to insist."

"You ask your father...."

"He admires you, he's told me he wished he had a son like you, he'd like to pretend he's almost the same age as you. I know you. Without even saving a word, you shamed him into it. He's a careful, peaceful man, a sensible sailor, it's the first time in his life he's ever done anything as suicidal as this. I wish I'd never brought you into the house."

'Let's continue this when you've calmed down a bit, shall we?" he said placatingly.

"I'm calm right now. And there's nothing to continue.'

The rest of the drive they rode in silence until they reached the house.

Lawrence was coughing and looked feverish when he got out of the car and Mrs. Lawrence called a doctor and put her husband to bed, where he fell into a troubled sleep. When the doctor came, he said Lawrence would have to remain in bed for a few days and stay quiet. The atmosphere in the house was mournful and Michael felt that all four women 229 kept looking at him accusingly and excused himself from dinner and took the car and went into Bridgehampton, where he had a hamburger at a bar and drank too much both before and after the meal.

Tracy was waiting for him when he got home. She stood against the door, looking at him coldly, as he sat down on a straight wooden chair in their room. The pallid rigidity of her face was incongruous with the soft, pretty wool robe she was wearing.

"For your own good, Michael," she said, "I suggest that when you're as drunk as you obviously are now, you leave the car outside the bar or wherever you happen to drink yourself senseless and get a taxi to drive you home. I know you don't mind killing yourself, but I doubt that you'd like to do it crashing unheroically into a tree."

"I'm not drunk." He knew his speech was a little thick and that he had had some trouble climbing the stairs, but his mind felt clear, ready to make sensible decisions.

"In the last year or so, Michael," Tracy went on steadily, "you've become a drunkard. A solitary, pitiful drunkard."

"I won't argue with you."

"I don't intend to argue," Tracy said. "Waiting here tonight, I realized it was all over, Michael. It's too bad, but there it is. Today was the end."

"I told you I insisted . . ." he said, feeling misused. "I know I've been guilty a lot of times before for many things. . . .

She laughed, without amusement.

"But today," he continued doggedly, "it wasn't my fault. You have to believe that."

"I don't have to believe anything. It's been coming on for a long time and I kept hoping that one day you'd wake up and see what you were doing to yourself, to me. I can't live anymore being afraid that every time you go out of the house the telephone will ring and somebody will tell me my husband is dead. If for over a year you haven't been able to bear even to touch me and you have to whore all over the country-don't think I haven't heard, I have good friends or not-so-good friends who are more than anxious to let me know what my husband is doing-and if you detest me so much you'd rather die than stand the sight of me, why in the name of God do you want to hang on?"

"I love you," he said, staring down at his hands.

Again she laughed, the same mirthless half-sob. "Maybe, in your own crazy way, you do. But if it is love, it's love that's destroying me. And just for your information, you're not the only one who's found consolation in other beds."

"What do you mean by that?" He looked up, genuinely surprised. Somehow, it had never occurred to him that she. . . . There had been no signs. Womanly deceit, he thought, hurt.

"You know what I mean," Tracy said. "What did you expect?"

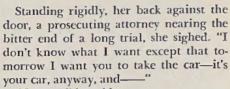
He considered this for a moment. "I should have expected it," he said humbly. "I don't blame you."

"If it's of any use to your ego," she said, "it was never any good, it changed what I thought of myself, it erased me.'

"Oh, darling," he mumbled sadly.

"It's too late for darlings."

"Do you want a divorce?"



"Our car," he said.

"There is no more our. There's only yours and mine from now on. And tomorrow you take your car and drive in to the city and take every last thing of yours out of my apartment."

He looked at the big double bed. He knew that he couldn't lie side by side with her for one last time for the rest of the night. Finally, he stood up. "In that case," he said, taking great trouble to speak clearly and intelligently, "in that case, there's no sense in waiting till morning. I'll pack my bag and get out right now."

He quickly packed a bag, left the house, got into the car and started the engine. He looked up at the second story, where the one light shone. Then the light went out and the house was dark. He drove carefully out through the front gate and onto the road, the fog swirling low on the glistening road in the diffused glare of the headlights. Tears clouded his vision again and again, and he drove slowly and with care, but even so, he was alarmed when he saw the flashing lights of a police car speeding out of the mist behind him. But the police car swept past him, the officer not interested in a weeping drunk going 40 miles an hour, hugging the edge of the highway, hurrying to an accident, a murder, a fire, to any one of a thousand disasters that could happen in the middle of the night 100 miles from the city of New York.

Some time later, on his 35th birthday, Michael dialed Tracy's office. He didn't know what he wanted to say to her and they hadn't spoken since the morning he had cleaned his things out of the apartment, and he had to catch his breath when he heard the familiar low voice saying, "Tracy Lawrence," over the wire.

"Michael," he said.

"Michael." He could hear the sharp intake of breath over the phone. "Happy birthday."

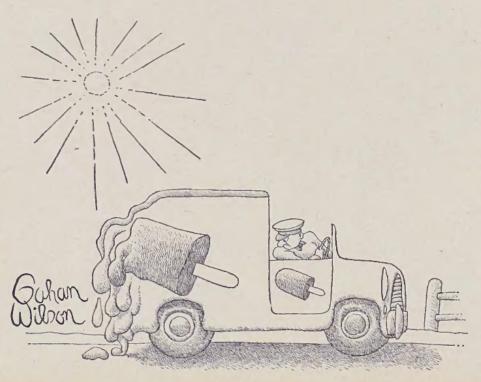
"Time marches on," he said. She had remembered.

"I'm glad you called. There are some things I must talk to you about."

"Today's as good a day as any. Dinner tonight?"

She hesitated for a fraction of a second. "All right," she said.

"Shall we meet at the bar of the Oak Room and then go on someplace for dinner?" One thing was certain-he wasn't going to pick her up at her apartment. Birthday or no birthday, the





apartment was one place he was not going to visit.

"Fine," she said briskly.

"Seven thirty."

"Seven thirty it is." She hung up.

He walked slowly to his office, wondering what she wanted to talk to him about and dreading what it might be.

She came into the bar of the Oak Room, cool and splendid, in control of the city, the men, as usual, staring at her as she made her way to the table near the window where he was sitting. She was wearing a new dark fur coat, not the one he had bought her as a wedding gift. Whose gift was this? he thought as he stood to greet her. Unworthy thought. A girl who looked like Tracy had a right to as many fur coats as she could lay her hands on.

She didn't make a move to kiss him as they said hello and they stood facing each other awkwardly for a moment and then shook hands, which made Michael feel absurd, especially since they both moved in circles in which people kissed each other on the cheek at the most casual meetings.

Over their drinks, the conversation was impersonal. Tracy was tanned and had been in the Bahamas for ten days, where it had been warm and the weather perfect. Her father and mother were well. Her father had sold the Tracy some time ago. Her middle sister was living in California and had married a newspaperman

in San Francisco. Her own business was doing well and they had had to move to larger quarters on Upper Madison Avenue, which was convenient for her, because she could walk to work in five minutes. They had both seen two of the same plays, on different evenings, and they disagreed politely on their merits. No, he had not had the time last year to do any skiing, but he had taken up hang gliding last summer and liked it. She looked at him coldly after he told her that and abruptly changed the subject and asked him how he was doing at the office. He was doing fine, he said, but no one at Cornwall and Wallace had resigned or been fired and Cornwall's promise that Michael was going to be made a partner had not been realized

There was no mention of the fact that she had said over the phone that afternoon that there were some things she had to talk to him about.

When they finished their drinks, Michael said he was taking her to a new, very good Italian restaurant on 61st Street. He had carefully chosen it because they had never been there together.

The small talk continued over dinner. Let her tell me what was on her mind, he thought; he would not ask. Then, over coffee, she said, abruptly, "Michael, I think it's time we got a divorce. I can't go on hanging in limbo like this forever."

"Whatever you say," he said. Unreasonably, he was shocked. Living together or living apart, he still thought of her as his wife. A wife was a permanent fixture. "If that's what you want."

"That's what I want," she said.
"There's a man I've met and I like him
and he wants children, too. I'm getting
too old to wait much longer."

"What sort of man is he?" he asked.
"What does he do?"

"He's forty," she said. "A widower. He manufactures fabrics. He's very well off." "Your parents will be pleased."

She ignored that. "Naturally, I won't ask for alimony or anything like that and there's nothing we have to divide," she said, crisply businesslike. "But we'll both have to get lawyers."

"Of course," he said. "There's a law firm that does the work for our office. I'll put them on notice."

"It shouldn't be too much trouble," she said. "Thank God we don't live in Italy or Spain, where they make such a fuss."

"Thank God," he said.

She looked at him harshly. "Don't be ironic."

"This is my first divorce. I don't know what the proper reaction should be."

"Not irony."

"I'm just trying to be civilized and modern," he protested, willing to hurt her now, because he was hurt. "I don't suppose I've met your friend jumping out of airplanes or sailing or hang gliding or anything like that, have I?"

"No, you have not. Now you're turning ugly. It isn't like you." Her voice was trembling as she spoke.

"Give me time to get used to the whole thing and I promise to improve. I may even turn out to be the perfect divorced husband as matters progress."

"I'm taking my maiden name," she said, "and I'll keep it after I'm married."

"Go with the times," he said.

"It's my firm's name, anyway," she said. "Why not?"

"I shall introduce you from now on as Ms. Lawrence."

"Introduce me as anything you wish," she said. "Are we finished here?"

"Finished," he said, and waved for the waiter and the bill.

Outside the restaurant, she surprised him. Just as he was about to hail a taxi to take her home, she said, "It's early yet. I'd love to hear some music. And Antoine's place is just around the corner." Antoine was an old friend whom Michael had not seen in some time.

He looked at her speculatively. Was she trying to punish him, taking him to where Antoine's playing and singing would painfully remind him of all the good times they had had together? But all he said was, "I'm sure Antoine will be most pleased to see you." He took her arm and they walked down the street,



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arm in arm, like a sedate married couple.

Antoine greeted them warmly, kissed Tracy when they went in and made them sit at a table next to the piano. Michael noticed that at the bar were three large men who were speaking loudly in what Michael guessed were the accents of

Antoine began to play C'est Triste, Venise in Tracy's honor and made a small bow to her from the piano. Tracy smiled widely, like a little girl who had

just received a present.

Then he began to sing the words. Sentimental French bastard, Michael thought, displeased with the way Tracy was leaning forward, intent, singing softly, in her nice American French, along with Antoine.

The loud men came away from the bar, marching three abreast toward the piano. "Hey, listen to that, will ya?" One of the men said. "He's singing frog."

"I do believe he is. Frog," one of the other men said.

They were standing at the piano now. "Hey, lissen, pal," said the first man, his voice booming, "you're in the good old U.S. of A., taking our money in dollar bills; the least you could do is learn the language."

Somewhere in the room, a woman hissed. The three men ignored her. Michael could feel his body tensing and Tracy, almost instinctively, put out her hand and touched his arm.

"Venice," said the third man, who had not spoken yet, "he's singing about Venice. I was there once and it smelled like a sewer."

"Come on, pal," said the first man to Antoine, who was bravely smiling as he sang, "give us a little Yankee Doodle

"Sit still," Tracy said, gripping Michael's arm because she could see his fists clenching.

"Well, then," said the first man, who

was the largest of the three of them, "if you won't, we will." He started bawling, 'The eyes of Texas are upon you . . . and the two other men joined him, completely drowning out Antoine's faltering voice.

Michael jumped up, tearing away from Tracy's grip on his arm. "Shut up, you fucking, shit-kicking drunks," he shouted.

Grinning, the three men sang on. "Join in," the first man said to Michael. "We'll make it a quartet. You sing soprano." He put his arm around Michael's shoulders, the feel of his hand on Michael's arm not at all friendly.

Roughly, Michael pushed the man's arm away. The man swiveled and pushed Michael, hard, under the chin, with the heel of his hand. Michael hit him on the jaw, with a wild, intense pleasure as he saw the man's eyes go momentarily blank, Joseph Ling in the schoolyard all over again.

"OK, pal," the second man said, "you asked for it." He hit Michael in the stomach and Michael doubled over. Then, while the first man, who had recovered by now, held Michael's arms from behind, the two others hammered at his face, his ribs. Michael dropped to the floor. Dimly, from somewhere in the room, he could hear a woman screaming. Then he went out, as the first man knelt over him and clubbed him with the side of his clenched fist twice more.

The man stood up and looked around the hushed room. "Anybody else here don't like our choice of music, just step up here and voice your objections."

Only Tracy moved. Sobbing uncontrollably, shouting, "Animals! Animals!" she sprang up, holding her glass, and threw her drink into the man's face.

The man grinned. "Sit down, you New York whore," he said and pushed her violently back onto the piano. Then the three men marched abreast, deliberately, toward the exit, with everyone between them and the door getting silently out of their way.

Michael woke up in the hospital. Tracy was sitting on a chair by the side of his bed. He tried to smile at her. "How do you feel?" she asked, tremulously.

"Someone is exploding giant firecrackers inside my head," he said in a voice that he couldn't be sure was his own. "And it is no great pleasure to breathe. Otherwise, I'm in tiptop shape." He began to feel himself sliding under again and he fought to remain conscious.

"You've been out for two and a half hours," Tracy said, "and you've got three broken ribs and a beautiful concussion. Otherwise, as you said, you're in tiptop shape."

Michael chuckled, then gasped as the ribs moved.

A nurse came in and said, "Oh, you've come to." She laid a cool hand on his head. "A little fever. Not too bad, considering. If you need anything, push the buzzer. I'm just down the hall at the desk." She went out, footsteps noiseless.

"Now sleep," Tracy said, taking his

"Well, it was to be expected, winding up in a hospital, it being my birthday and all." He smiled brokenly. "I'm sorry," he whispered.

"Ssh. Sleep."

He closed his eyes and slept, clutching his wife's hand.

Tracy went in to visit him every day, but she saw that it was hard for him to talk, and she stayed only a few minutes and didn't say anything of importance and seemed in a hurry to leave.

By the end of the week, Michael felt ready to leave the hospital. The firecrackers had stopped going off in his head and he could eat solid food again and his ribs bothered him only if he laughed or happened to cough. He got the hospital barber to shave him and when he looked into the mirror afterward, he chuckled grimly at his reflection. The swelling had gone down, but the left side of his face or faces—there seemed to be two Michael Storrs in the mirror, with the ghost of a third-was streaked with a variety of colors, going from purple through yellow and a selection of sickly greens. The doctor assured him that his face would return to its normal color in due time but refused to discharge him. "You had a massive concussion," he said, "and you have to remain under observation for at least ten days before we know for sure that something nasty won't kick up in your brain."

Michael didn't tell the doctor that when he looked at him, he saw two or sometimes three doctors. If he had mentioned that interesting phenomenon, God knows how much longer they'd have



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kept him in the hospital. He was grateful to the barber. If he had tried to shave himself, he would have had to guess which of the two or three faces to lather.

Antoine, too, when he finally was allowed to visit, appeared in a multiple version, but Michael was glad to see the Frenchman just the same. He was tired of his own company and Antoine always cheered him up.

"How is it, mon vieux?" Antoine said.
"I'm bored, Otherwise splendid."

"You do not look splendid. Those barbarians."

"Did anyone ever find out who they were?"

Antoine shook his head. "The police came with the ambulance, but they said if nobody knew their names or where they were staying, there was very little the police could do. They were very insouciant about the matter. Les flics. Scum of society. What could be a question of life or death to a civilian is merely routine to a policeman. You know, they hit Tracy, too."

"They did?" Michael could feel something buzzing furiously in his head. "Why?"

"She called them animals and she threw a glass of whiskey into the face of their leader. Didn't you know?"

"Tracy didn't tell me anything."

"A noble woman. I believe you were on the floor and unconscious when she did it. What a fatal evening." Antoine sighed mournfully. "Forgive me. I am not very cheery these days," he said. "I lost my job and I have had to move and the Immigration—"

"Oh. Have you heard from them?"

"Not yet. But they will come. I feel it in my bones. I can already hear the engines of the airplane warming up to take me to France. My life has turned into a sordid mess."

"Your bones don't know anything about the Immigration," Michael said. "Don't be such an old lady."

"You can say that. You don't have to, have a work permit. I have moved in the utmost secrecy to a small hotel on the West Side. A perfectly horrid small hotel, which is used almost wholly to house pimps, whores, dope pushers and women who scream all night as though their throats are being cut. It has one advantage. The police do not dare approach it. I will give you its telephone number if you promise not to give it to anyone else. And if you ask for me, my name is now René Fernoz."

"It's a nice name," Michael said, smiling. He watched Antoine scratch his new name and the hotel's telephone number on a pad.

"There," Antoine said, laying down the pencil. "The new false Frenchman."

"Is there anything I can do to help you? A little thing like money, perhaps?"

"You have helped me enough and have

suffered enough." Antoine put on his noble face, diminished in effect somewhat by the scar and his acne.

"Yes. I helped you get fired and maybe deported. Why don't you get down on your knees and thank me? Do you need any money?"

"Not for the moment," Antoine said.
"If there arrives another moment, I will take advantage of your foolish generosity. It may be very soon. Thank you, my friend."

"Forget it. You'll pay me back."

"I never have paid anybody back in my whole life," Antoine said glumly. "It is an aspect of my character that I deplore."

Michael laughed. "All right. Then don't pay me back. I've just come into some money and I'll be able to eat, no matter how deplorable your character is."

"And you?" Antoine asked. "When you leave the hospital, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to quit my job and get out of the city," Michael said, surprising himself as the words came out of his mouth, because he hadn't thought of anything but fleeing the hospital.

"Where will you go? What will you do?" Antoine looked shocked.

"I haven't thought about it yet. Someplace, anyplace."

"Please, don't do anything hasty. Just because of an incident in a bar over a foolish little pianist."

"That has nothing to do with it. That just triggered it off. Something else—maybe a little less showy—would have triggered it off one time or another. I've been getting ready for it a long time."

"If you do go—and I implore you to think it over carefully, you are in no condition now to make grave decisions if you do go, will you let me know where I can find you? I have too few friends to see my best one disappear into the wilderness of America."

"Of course I'll let you know," Michael said gently. "I couldn't bear not hearing you play the piano from time to time."

"You are my tower of strength and goodness, Mike," Antoine said emotionally.

"Will you, for Christ's sake, stop sounding like a literal translation from Racine?" Michael said roughly, to hide how deeply Antoine had touched him. "And now get out of here, because the doctor said for my head's sake I should talk as little as possible."

Antoine stood up to leave.

"Au revoir, Monsieur Fernoz," Michael

He watched Antoine walk to the door and noticed that his walk was different, slower, less jaunty, as though he no longer heard the interior syncopated music to which he used to move.

Michael lay back wearily but contentedly. Antoine's visit had cheered him immensely, but not in the way he had expected. Actually, he had cheered himself. Antoine's questioning had brought him to a decision that he had too long post-poned. "I'm going to quit my job and get out of the city," he repeated, whispering to himself, establishing it as a fact as he lay back on the pillow, thinking, elatedly, Better times ahead.

It was beginning to snow, large, wet, deliberate flakes. He smiled. Of course, he thought. That part of his decision was being made for him. Snow country. There was a lot of snow country in the world and he was in no hurry to decide which mountains he would favor with his presence.

Soothed, confident now that his life would sort itself out, a devotee of winter, he slept.

Three days later, he had decided. Looking back upon his past, it seemed to him the calmest and healthiest period of his life had been the four months he had spent as a ski instructor at Green Hollow in Vermont. Of course, it might have changed and probably had, as had he, but as a possible starting point on a new existence, it attracted him. For some reason, he had never gone back-fearing, perhaps, that his memories of a particularly pleasant segment of his young manhood would be spoiled by a later examination. Also, once he had started working for Cornwall and Wallace, he had been sent out often to the West, where the skiing was much more challenging and spectacular. Now, he told himself, he was no longer interested in that kind of challenge, at least for the

When he called to tell Tracy of his decision, she said, her voice calm, "Have a nice, peaceful winter. You can use it. And call me if you need anything."

"Thanks," he said. "When I settle in, I'll give you my address, if you have to talk to me about—well," he said lamely, "well—about the divorce or something."

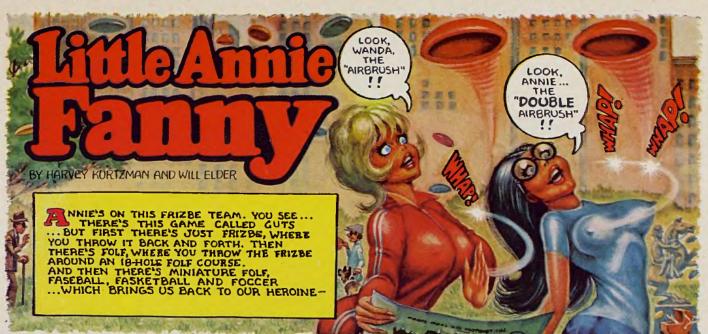
"I'm not going through with the divorce, unless you want to. I can't live with another man," she said, almost whispering. "At least, not for the time being. I can't live with you, either."

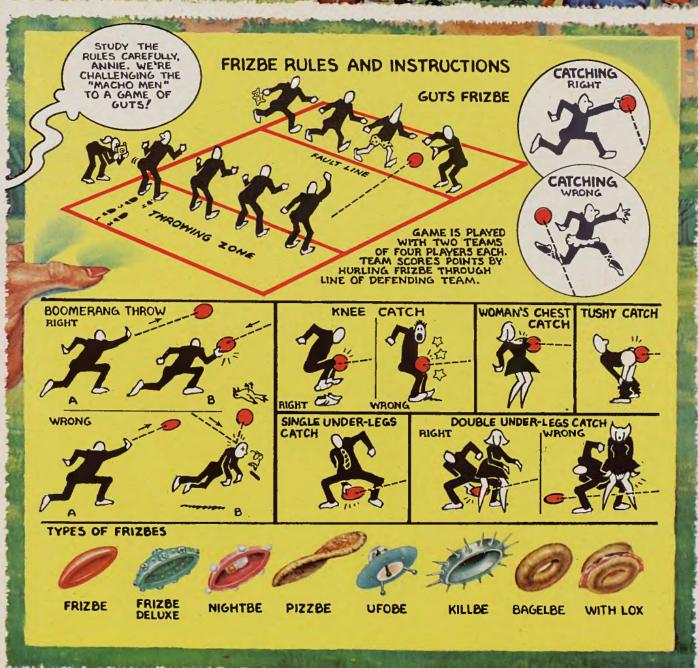
He was silent.

"Don't say anything now," she said.
"Better to keep quiet and both go our separate wonderful ways."

Two days later, with most of his belongings packed into a trunk in the hotel basement, he got into his car and started north, on a windy, clear day. As he sped into the foothills of the mountains, there were patches of snow on the fields.

The second part of "The Top of the Hill" will appear in the September PLAYBOY.



















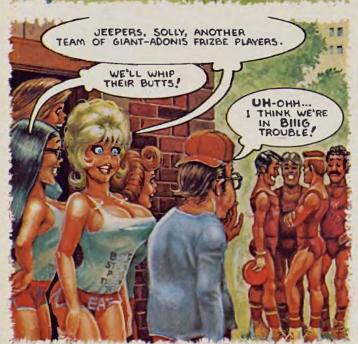


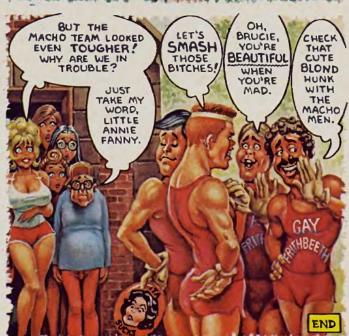




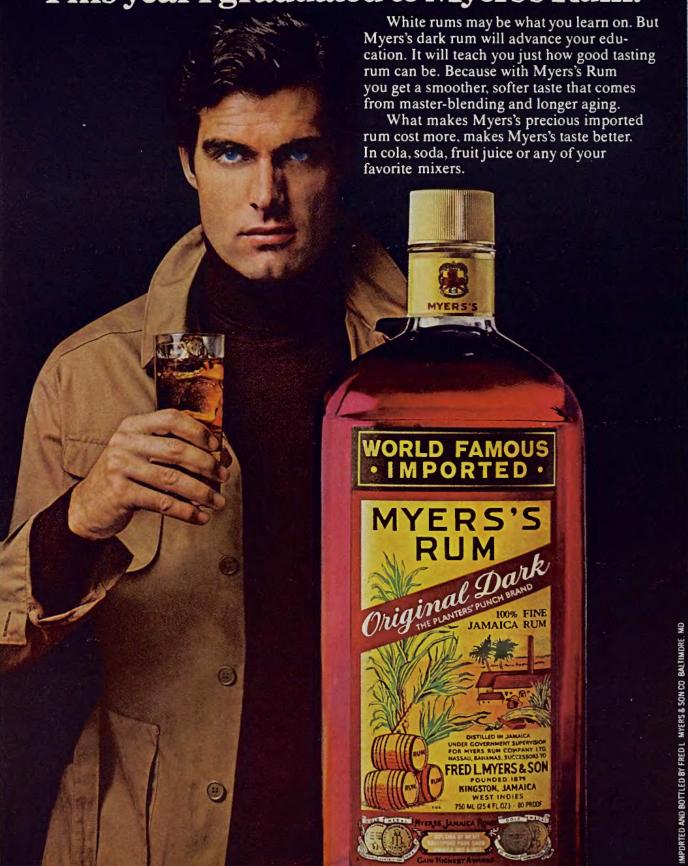








"Last year I switched to rum. This year I graduated to Myers's Rum."





HABITAT

COLD COMFORTS

andy is dandy and liquor is quicker, but if you really want to thaw a young lovely's cold, cold heart, try serving her some homemade ice cream. No, you don't have to spend the day churning rock salt and ice. Technology has eliminated the hassles; you just add the ingredients and turn on the machine. Almost before you can say chocolate chip, you'll have enough ice cream (or sherbet or frozen yogurt) to satisfy her innermost cravings. And who knows what that might lead to?

Right: The Great American Dessert Machine has a light that tells you when dessert's ready, by American Electric, \$19.95.

Left: Just load Salton's icecream machine and put it in the freezer; about an hour later, you'll have fresh ice cream, \$21.95.



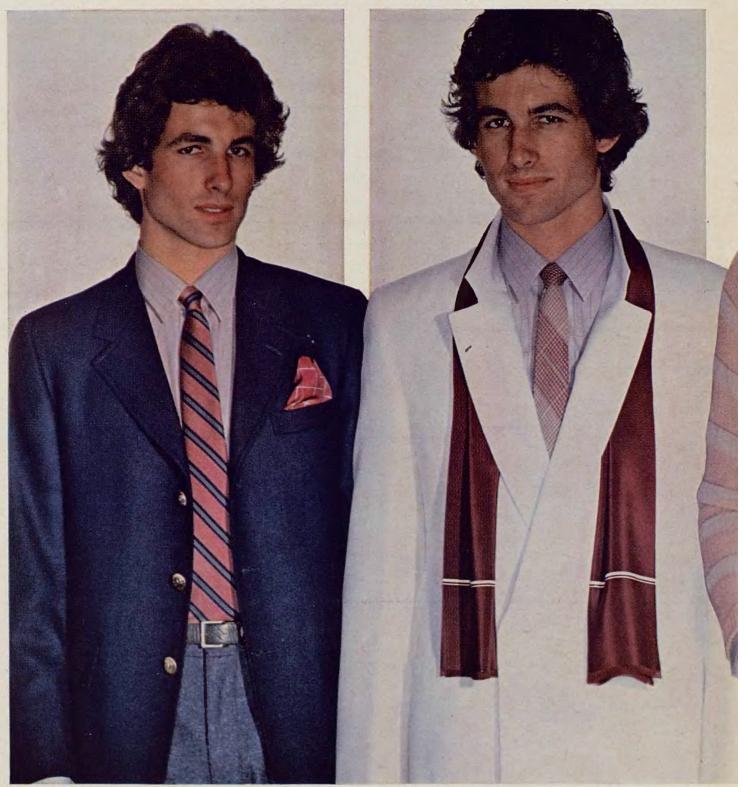
Right: The N'Ice Cream Machine, by Hamilton Beach, makes up to two quarts of delicious soft ice cream in only 20 minutes, \$39.



FOUR LIVES OF A SHIRT

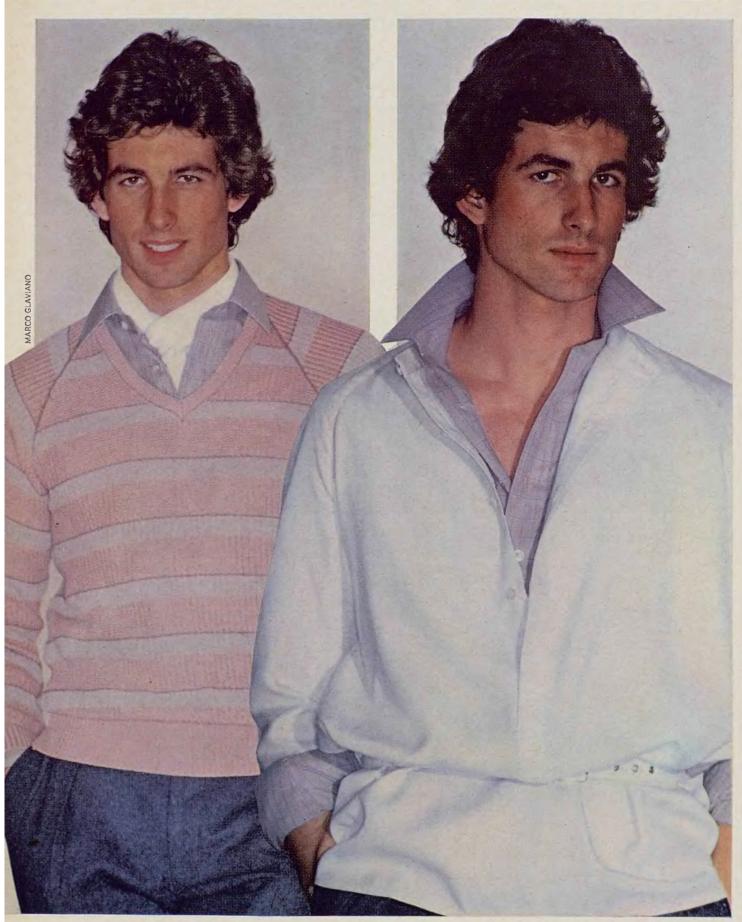
ART OF THE ART of dressing well is not so much accumulating a closet full of clothes as it is using what you've acquired in imaginative ways. For example, while manufacturers still label some shirts DRESS and others SPORT, the man with fashion self-confidence realizes that a shirt is a shirt

and that it can be worn in a variety of ways, whether or not it comes in exact neck and sleeve sizes or small, medium and large. Here, we have created four distinct looks using the same shirt throughout. Our point is simple: The more you dress with imagination, the closer you come to having true style. —DAVID PLATT



Above: For a conservative business look, this cotton multicolor plaid spread-collared shirt, by Egon Von Furstenberg, about \$28, has been teamed up with a classic flannel blazer, by Graham and Gunn Ltd., about \$175, along with a striped silk/wool tie, by Berkley Cravats, about \$10.

Next, we've pulled a casual switch and coupled the same shirt with a viscose/linen/silk herringbone jacket, by Christian Dior Sport for Hart Schaffner and Marx, about \$155, a plaid wool tie, by Berkley Cravats, about \$9.50, and a silk crepe scarf, by Yves Saint Laurent, about \$50.



Yes, that's the same good-looking Egon Von Furstenberg shirt now ready for a weekend pub crawl or walk in the park, having been combined with a khaki linen/cotton V-neck sweater, by Nani Bon for Gary Miller, about \$65, and a dashing silk mesh knit scarf, by Gil Truedsson, about \$15.

Last, our man could have boogied all night in the same shirt (he didn't, but that's another story), especially after mating it with a silk pullover big shirt featuring a banded collar with hidden placket front, by Gayle Kirkpatrick, about \$150, plus a canvas belt, by Nancy Knox, about \$13.

U.S. Government Report:









Box or menthol:

have less tar than one pack of...

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Kent	12	0.9
Kool Milds	14	0.9
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Merit Menthol	8	0.6

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Parliament Lights	9	0.6
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Vantage Menthol	11	0.8
Winston Lights	13	0.9

Carlton is lowest.

Less than 1 mg. tar,

0.1 mg. nic.

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton Box: less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

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

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

TRIUMPH OPENS UP

he sounds and sensations took me back almost 20 years. A cold, damp wind whipping over and around the swept-back windshield, caressing the tips of my hair. A little British sports car darting through this corner and that of a lovely country lane. Exquisite exhaust noises of a strong and willing four-cylinder engine going about its work—growling, buzzing and burbling, combining with the wind and muted mechanical whirs and whines into a mixed symphony of erotic sound.

My first car was a bright-red MGA with swoopy fenders and real wire wheels. I considered it a poor man's Jag and it created all those sensuous sounds and sensations that only a proper ragtop can. It also rode like a mining cart and had a top that took two strong men 20 minutes to erect, a heater that wouldn't dent the frost on an October pumpkin and a gearbox that shifted like a can full of bolts and Super Glue. I hated it almost as much as I loved it, and when one of its insidious pair of rear-mounted batteries fell right through the rusty bracket onto the road one day, I began to lose The Faith.

I got it back when the Triumph TR-7 bowed some four years ago. It had an interior that actually accommodated two full-sized adults in spacious comfort, a well-designed attractive and functional instrument layout, a ride like a real car, a heater that heated, a shifter that shifted and a futuristically wedgy profile that inspired ad men to show it being driven smartly into doorstop-shaped garages. About the only thing it didn't have was a retractable top.

The U.S. Government safety nuts were threatening to outlaw soft tops entirely when the TR-7 was designed, so British Leyland (now Jaguar Rover Triumph) saw what it thought was the writing on the American-market wall and gave it a fixed roof. That pleased some people but ruined it for others. How, they questioned, could one enjoy the sounds and sensations of a proper British sports car without a proper convertible top, preferably down?

Well, thieves and dirty air haven't done much for the old convertible top, but the Government octopus hasn't yet touched it. Open-air lovers are still lining up to buy the few remaining convertibles in encouraging numbers, and JRT's own antique Triumph Spitfire, MGB and MG Midget have been selling in record numbers year after year. The people at JRT thought, perhaps we made a mistake with the TR-7.

And so comes the TR-7 convertible, a proper British five-speed roadster. They've chopped off the top, beefed up the chassis, cleaned up the rear-deck profile a bit and bolted on a rag roof that looks good, allows plenty of rearward visibility and goes up and down with the ease of a child's umbrella.

As mentioned, it was a cold and dreary day when we test drove a factory prototype through the rolling countryside near England's Donington race track, but my companion and I braved the elements with top and windows down and grins firmly fixed on our unbundled faces. The heater kept our bodies toasty while the windshield kept the wind off our faces.

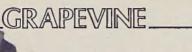
And how much will this little jewel box of a machine set you back? The manufacturer's suggested retail price is \$7995. If you're the automatic-transmission type, add \$215. Metallic paint ups the ante \$75, and if you want air conditioning, come up with another \$530, Mr. Gutless.

We also tried a prototype TR-8, which is essentially a tin-top TR-7 with a 3.5-liter Rover (ex-Buick) V8 engine. Sometime later there'll be a TR-8 convertible. I can't wait to try that one!

—GARY WITZENBURG

Below: Break out your tweed caps, don your scarves and fasten your goggles, chaps; the Triumph TR-7 convertible is coming and it promises to be Britain's snappiest little back-to-nature machine since the Frazer Nash. The price for a five-speed: \$7995. Automatic is optional.







Beach Blanket Bozo

OK, we admit it: This is not Annette Funicello. But then, who is these days? Here we have GILDA RADNER pretending to be Annette waiting for Frankie. At first we hoped it might be From Here to Eternity's dirty beach scene, but Annette would never do that.





How Do You Spell Superman?

Who could resist this photo of CHRISTOPHER REEVE signing autographs on the back of April's PLAYBOY? Someone asked him if he could guess the color of the Playmate's undies. He guessed right.

Kiss Is Just a Lick Away

BROOKE SHIELDS's tongue is not reviewing Kiss in concert; it's mimicking bass player GENE SIM-MONS' trademark. Gene wears more make-up than Brooke does, but he's older. We're surprised Brooke's mom OK'd Gene; the last media date the kid had was with God (a.k.a. George Burns).

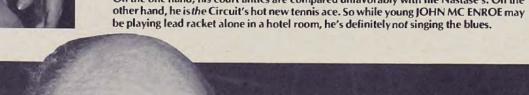




With a Little Help from

Your Friends...

You Don't Need Any Enemies Department: We don't know who is offering New York's Mayor ED KOCH that joint, but we doubt if they're bosom buddies, since this photo was taken in a restaurant-Elaine's, to be exact. Intrepid photographer Ron Galella, who has a way of showing up at the most embarrassing moments, caught this for posterity. We don't have Koch's views on pot, but we bet he isn't crazy about Galella.





BIRTH CONTROL FOR PLANTS?

We can see how it could happen. You start talking to your plants. They start talking back. You put on some soft music to help them grow. One thing leads to another. In a moment of unbridled passion, you go too far. The result: another unwanted Boston fern. How to avoid this tragedy? Read on. A household-hints column in a local paper has come up with a new use for birth-control pills. It seems that Fran Allison, the human third of the TV classic Kukla, Fran and Ollie, has taken to fertilizing her house



Porn-movie fans now can see their favorite sex stars at home on super-eight film. Amber Hunt (above), Terri Hall, Sue McBain, Tina Russell, Ming Toy and other cinema sirens perform separately in 18 films by Cinema Tech, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036. Write for a price list. You provide the popcorn.

with birth-control pills. She buries a pill near the roots of the plant, adds water and then sits back to watch what she claims is incredible growth. She used to talk to puppets, you'll remember. (We checked with some scientists, who noted that many plants naturally contain estrogenlike substances. They speculated that the synthetic estrogen in the pill might come to the aid of the plant but were dubious:) What's next on the horizon? Well, we were at a party the other night and saw someone empty a martini into a potted palm....

EYEWITNESS SEX

We've heard of wedding photographers, but this is ridiculous. An editor in our West Coast office says that there are several "Have Video, Will Travel" outfits operating in the Los Angeles area. For a fee, they will come to your home, set up lights and cameras and provide you with a lasting memento of you and your loved one doing what comes naturally (or otherwise). It's not The Gong Show, but it's close. The professionals advertise via word of

mouth and claim that there is no shortage of jobs. Question: When a couple splits up, who gets custody of the video tapes?

IT'S 10:30. DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR CHILDREN ARE?

The pitter-patter of little feet can sound like the thrashing of Godzilla to a couple at intercourse. After coitus interruptus is duly mourned, Mom and Dad have one thing on their minds—guilt. Have they irreparably harmed the child and branded him/her a deviate for life? This may not come as any

comfort, but psychiatrists don't seem to know, either. In a poll conducted by the journal Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, 47 percent of psychiatrists polled felt that no enduring harmful psychological effects could be attributed to a child's seeing parents make love. Forty-eight percent thought the experience could be harmful. Analyzing the results, Dr. Maria Paluszny suggested that the shrinks might have shown more agreement if the poll had asked a more detailed question. She pointed out the poignant

difference between a young child wandering unsuspectingly into the love nest and one who witnesses the unbridled sexual urges of parents, possibly drunk, with no concern for the child's presence. The poll also covered other commonly debated questions. Concerning the effect of seeing parents nude, 25 percent said it could be arousing or



Modern proverb say that man who warns against eating crackers in bed never dated girl from backwoods Georgia. Or tasted the likes of these X-rated animal crackers.

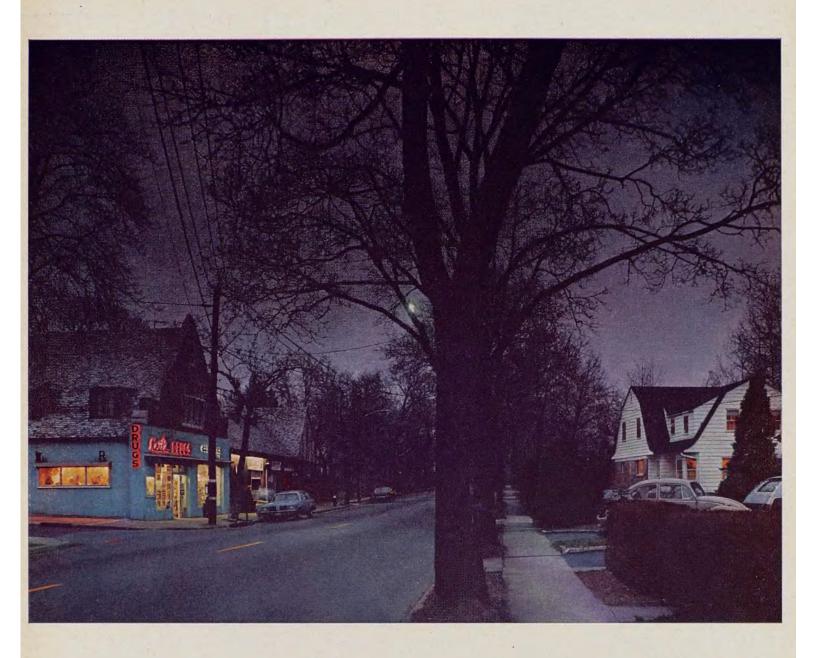


Who says women's lib has raised the consciousness of the American male? The Ancient Angler Poster Co., 1808 Eucalyptus Hill Road, Santa Barbara, California 93108, sells these for \$5.45, postpaid.

frightening, 28 percent thought it beneficial and 44 percent figured it had little effect. The shrinks came out strongly in favor of early sex education. A bare majority advised that children should be given the facts of conception between the ages of five and ten. A significant minority (21 percent) advised sex education before the age of five. In general, the poll results encouraged an open and unworried attitude toward sex. In fact, 82 percent of the psychiatrists opined that it was OK to occasionally allow kids under ten to sleep in the parents' bed. Even Dr. Spock had said that was a no-no.

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S UNFIT WE PRINT

What's happening in the wonderful world of porn? Well, according to The TAB (The Adult Business) Report, we'll soon be able to buy men's underwear with the mask of King Tut printed on the crotch. Will people stand in line to see your exhibit? We wonder. The TAB Report is a newsletter devoted to the problems of the sex industry-it includes business and legal advice, plus information on taxes, licensing and new products. It's an idea whose time has come. Dennis Sobin, the Washington, D.C., sociologist who publishes the monthly, plans to sponsor a smutindustry trade show in Washington this fall. Part of the proceeds will establish a legal defense fund for pornographers. TAB's annual subscription rate is a whopping \$48, which, Sobin explains, supports its no-advertising policy. A sixmonth trial subscription is available for \$28 from The TAB Report, 1228 Half Street S.W., Washington, D.C. 20024.



THE SECRET TO COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY IS AS CLOSE AS YOUR CORNER DRUGSTORE.

Simply walk into your corner drugstore and osk for a roll of Fuji film.

Take pictures. Then return the roll to your corner drugstore to have it developed.

Getting brilliant Fuji color is easy, isn't it? This same little phenomenon takes place in towns and cities all over America and in the other 119 countries where Fuji film is sold.

So from Osaka to Oshkosh, you'll find a

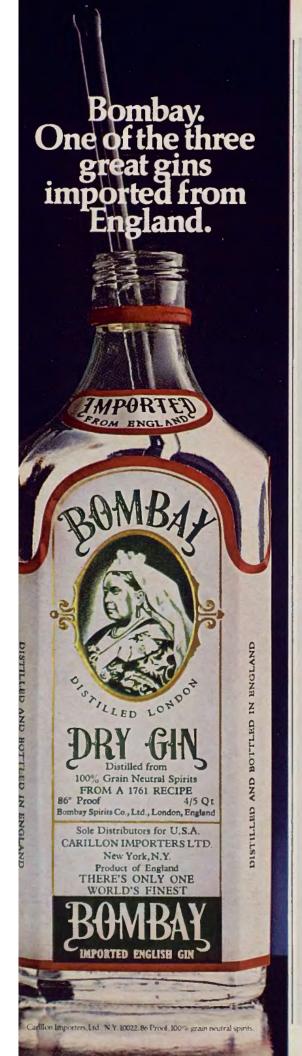
roll of Fuji film in every popular size, one that is sure to fit your camera.

And from Tokyo to Tuscoloosa, you'll find

that the place where Fuji film is sold is also the place where you take Fuji film to be developed.

We never were ony good at keeping secrets.





NEXT MONTH:







"ARSON, INC."—IT'S LITERALLY THE HOTTEST CRIME IN THE COUNTRY TODAY, AND THE BIG BOYS ARE MUSCLING IN. A FRIGHTENING INVESTIGATIVE REPORT—BY JAMES MCKINLEY

"SEX IN AMERICA: NEW ORLEANS"—IN THIS THIRD INSTALL-MENT OF OUR SERIES ON THE EROTIC TEMPERATURE OF U.S. CITIES, WE FIND THAT THE FRENCH QUARTER HOLDS THE KEY TO LOCAL LUBRICITY—BY PETER ROSS RANGE

"OIL: WHO NEEDS IT?"—YOU DON'T, NOT AS MUCH AS YOU THINK YOU DO, ANYWAY. TEN RELATIVELY EASY WAYS TO UTILIZE SOFT ENERGY AND THEREBY BE ABLE TO TELL THE OPEC COUNTRIES TO STOW IT—BY RICHARD RHODES

"GIRLS OF THE IVY LEAGUE"—THE PICKET LINES ARE DOWN, THE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR FILED, AND HERE THEY ARE, THE BEAUTIFUL AND BRAINY WOMEN OF THE NOT-SO-EFFETE EAST

"THE TOP OF THE HILL"—IN PART TWO OF THIS EXCERPT FROM THE NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF RICH MAN, POOR MAN, MICHAEL RETREATS TO VERMONT—BY IRWIN SHAW

"PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW"—ONCE MORE, PEERLESS PREDICTIONS ON COLLEGIATE FOOTBALL FORTUNES FROM AMERICA'S TOP FORECASTER, ANSON MOUNT

"NUMBERS"—ON A SCALE OF ONE TO TEN, THE CHICK IN THE BAR RATED... WELL, WE'LL LET OUR FAVORITE RENAISSANCE MAN TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT IN VERSE—BY SHEL SILVERSTEIN

"CHINESE PLAYBOY"—FIVE MINUTES LATER, YOU'LL BE HUNGRY FOR MORE OF THIS SCRUTABLY ORIENTAL PARODY OF OURSELF, STIR-FRIED BY JOHN BLUMENTHAL

"NICK NOLTE HANGS TOUGH"—IN THE STAR BUSINESS, YOU SOMETIMES HAVE TO BE A LITTLE BERSERK. A SLICE OF THE LIFE OF A HOT NEW STAR, WHO'S SOON TO BE SEEN IN NORTH DALLAS FORTY—BY O'CONNELL DRISCOLL



After 20 years of driving Volkswagens religiously, the Reverend Dr. Gray-Smith converted.

Converting the Rev. Gray-Smith didn't take a miracle. It took a Renault Le Car hatchback. He chose it over Rabbit, Fiesta, Chevette, Civic, and Mazda.

Le Car's 41 estimated highway mpg/(26) estimated mpg* was one good reason. "But I also wanted a car with style, personality, and comfort," he wrote. Renault Le Car was the answer to his prayers. "Never before have so many friends said, 'We like your new car."

With the longest wheelbase in its class, Renault Le Car has a smooth ride Car and Driver calls "a new standard for small cars."

In addition to four-wheel independent suspension to ride on, there are front seats Road & Track calls "probably the best among small cars" to ride in. Surrounded by more headroom than a Honda Civic and more legroom than a Datsun 210.

And when it comes to handling, the retired minister doesn't have to preach the virtues of Le Car's combination of front wheel drive, rack and pinion steering, and Michelin steel-belted radials to anyone.

Renault Le Car even comes with a comfortable price, which, at \$3,895, is hundreds less than Honda, Rabbit, Fiesta, or Datsun.[†]

Renault Le Car has turned millions into true believers.

Renault Le Car makes the owners so comfortable that in four consecutive surveys, satisfaction averaged a miraculous 93.5%.

To learn more about the car that inspires such adoration, call toll-free 800-631-1616 for the brochure "Love Letters to Le Car." (In N. J., call collect 201-461-6000.) We'll also give you a free Le Car catalogue. And the name and address of a dealer who'll give you a Renault Le Car to test-drive yourself.

*Remember: Compare these 1979 EPA estimates with estimated mpg for other cars. Your actual mileage may differ, depending on speed, trip length, and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower. California excluded. *Based on 1979 manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Transportation, dealer preparation, and taxes excluded.

Renault (*)

Millions of satisfied owners are our best testimonial.

