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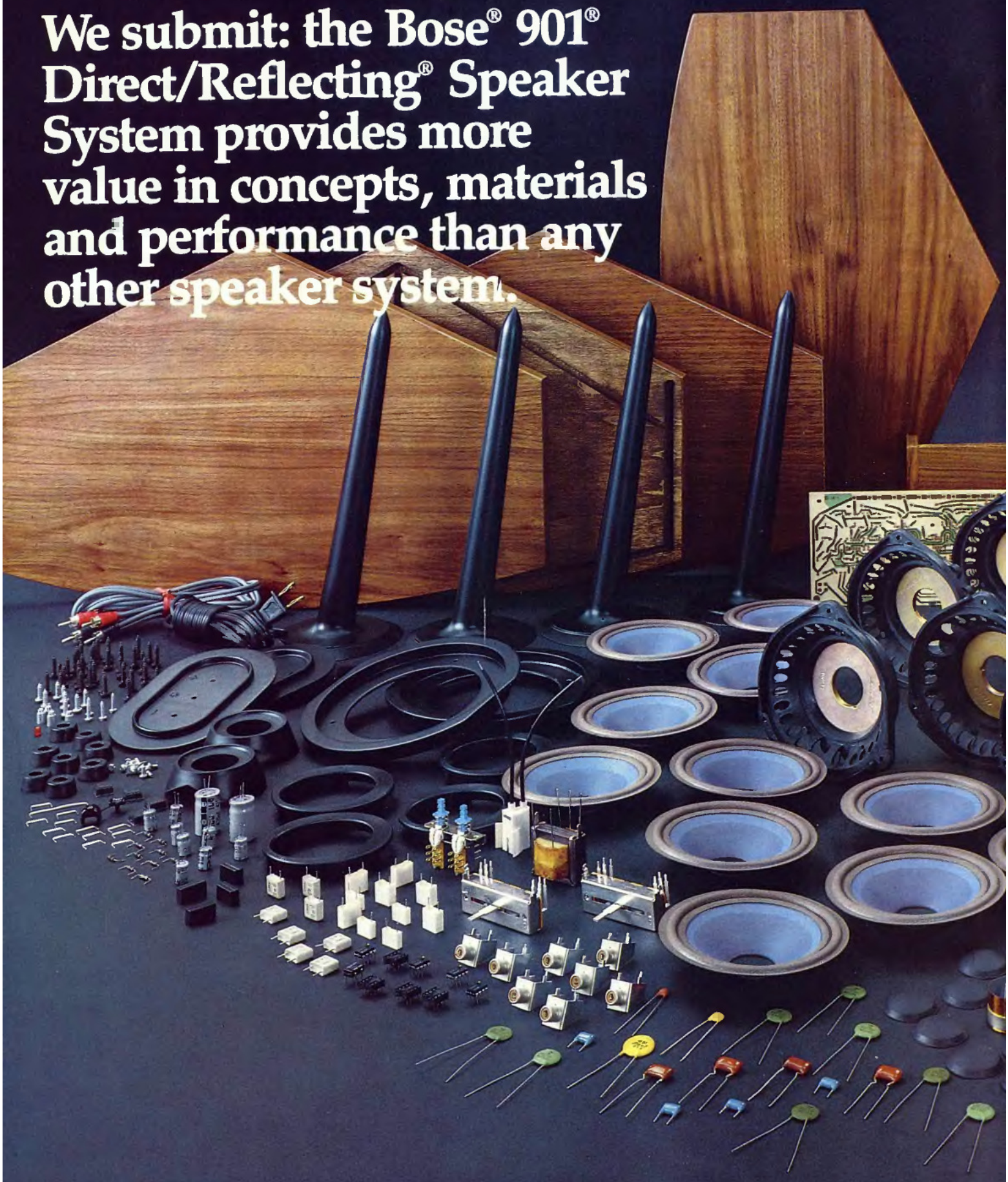

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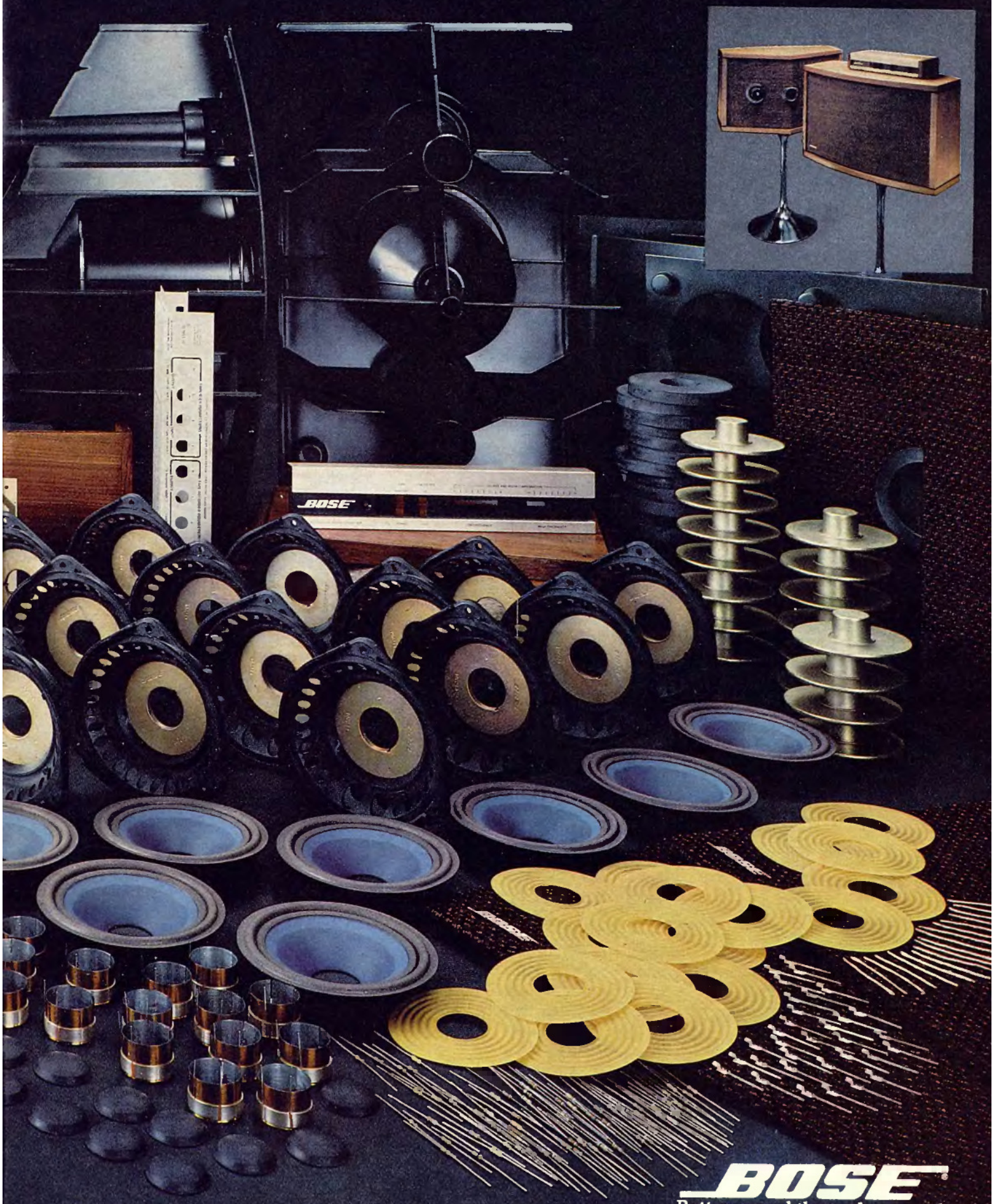

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PLAYBILL

IF YOU HAPPEN to be reading this on an airplane, take a good look at the person who just brought you your coffee and then turn to page 166. See anyone familiar? If so, good buddy, you have the best of both worlds. You've got a great excuse for an opening line right here in your hands, and if that doesn't work, you can always spend the rest of your trip looking (very closely) at what might have been. As for you guys who aren't airborne, you can still take a flight into fantasy with *Perfect Attendants*, our tribute to America's most beautiful stewardesses, topped off by photographer **Arny Freytag**'s focus on Playmate **Martha Thomsen**, who flies for Eastern.

While we had our (excuse us) head in the clouds, **Gay Talese** had his feet on the ground, logging in countless hours of practical research for his forthcoming book, *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, touted as *the* definitive work on American sexual attitudes. Even though the decade is still in diapers, this book will establish a bench mark for the Eighties—all the sexual treatises that follow will be compared with it, measured by it. The book is reviewed in this issue by *New York Times* columnist **John Leonard**. And when all the chatter turns into a roar, you'll already be on top of it, since Talese is the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*, conducted by **Larry DuBois**.

Surprisingly, a man you don't hear much about is **Wallace D. Muhammad**, leader of the World Community of Al-Islam in the West, formerly known as the Black Muslims. It's surprising, because his ties to the Arab world could affect us all. In *The Islam Connection* (illustrated by **Joann Daley**), Chicago freelancer **Bruce Michael Gans** and PLAYBOY Associate Editor **Walter L. Lowe** give us an insightful look at Wallace.

If you're into intrigue, *Papageno*, by **Asa Baber**, is required reading. It's the story (illustrated by **Herb Davidson**) of a very unlikely hit man. We don't want to tell you *too* much, but beware of accountants bearing double-barreled calculators.

Jay Stuller, with a little help from the experts, gives us a calculating look at *The Toughest Job in Sports*. How does a hockey puck in the teeth stack up against Ali's left? Luckily, you can find out without having to suffer the consequences. If you do happen to run into Ali, you'd be well advised to mind your manners. Speaking of manners, we don't think Emily Post has all the answers—for example, should one register one's cocaine spoon at Tiffany's? We asked **Bruce Feirstein** to outline the social dos and don'ts for the decade in *Etiquette for the Eighties*, illustrated by **Christina Ramberg**.

Nobody has a greater reputation for propriety than the Bostonian, but **Ken Bode** has, for our continuing series on *Sex in America*, managed to catch Bean Town with its collective pants down. In less abandoned moments, Bostonians pride themselves on being art lovers. So they (and you) will appreciate **Silvana Suarez**, who serves as the living, breathing and beautiful canvas for Managing Art Director **Kerig Pope** in *The (Sur)real Miss World*. **Pierre Eggermont** photographed the results, aided by stylist **Bill Drendel** and photographer **Verser Engelhard**. All, as you can see, ended up with lots of bread.

In all the world, you won't find any more devoted movie freaks than Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson**, Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen**, Assistant Photography Editor **Patty Beaudet**, Assistant Art Director **Theo Kouvatsos** and Editorial Assistant **Janet Adelman**, who, together with our West Coast editorial and photo staffs, produced *The Year in Movies*, which includes a few categories for which you won't see Oscars awarded. Personally, we like Westerns. We like 'em so much we decided to check out the real thing. In *Meanwhile, Back at the Dude Ranch*, Travel Editor **Stephen Birnbaum** tells all you drugstore cowboys where to horse around on your next vacation. If that's not enough to guarantee a memorable May, your spring fever may be more serious than you thought.

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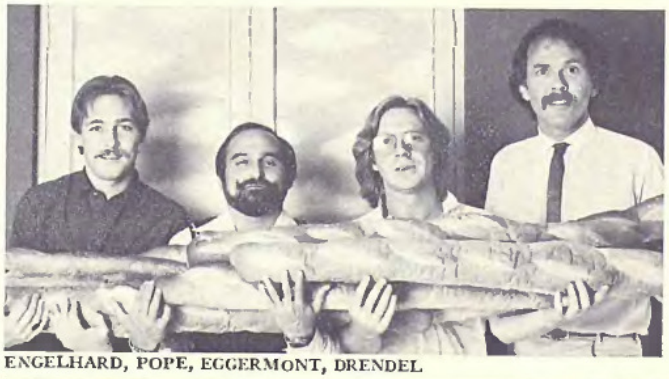
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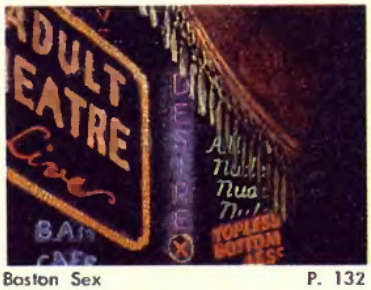

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COVER STORY

The skies aren't just friendly, they're positively huggable when United Airlines' Terri Knepper is your flight attendant. Contributing Photogropher Arny Freytag photographed Terri and pinned the emblem of our own Cottontail Airlines on her lapel. Hmm. Could we soy the Rabbit wings improve her looks by a hare?

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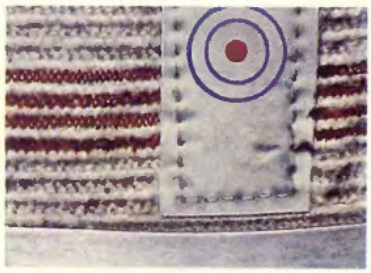

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

AULD LANG SYNE AT MANSION WEST

There is always an elaborate New Year's Eve party at Playboy Mansion West, and this year some special friends stopped by. At left, lest old acquaintance be forgot, Hef greets Barbi Benton and her husband (behind her), attorney/businessman George Gradow, who arrived to help him say hi to the Eighties. The Gradows were married last October at the bridegroom's Pasadena home.

Below, Patty Hearst, her husband, Bernard Shaw, and Hef enjoy one of Christie Hefner's anecdotes. Did we forget to mention it was a pajama party? Must you ask?

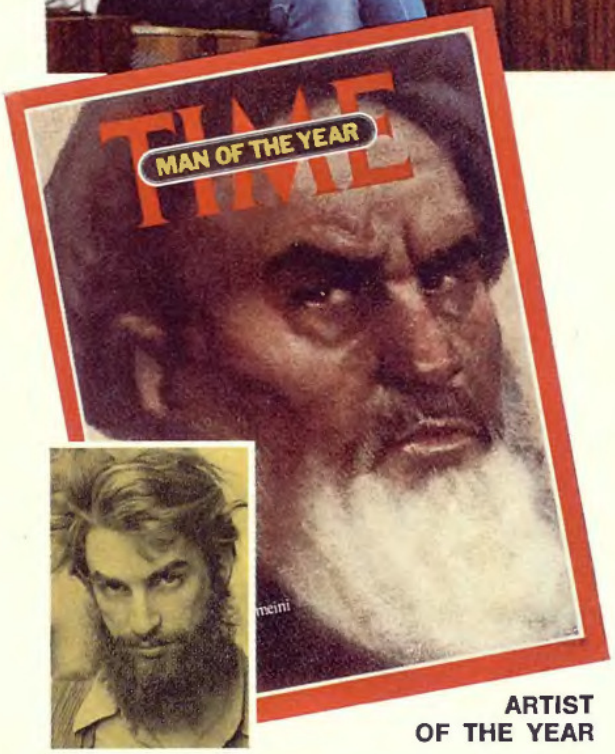
Dudley Moore (above) may still be looking for a 10, but Playmate Gail Stanton (June 1978) is successfully helping to distract him for a while. Her costume—of strategically located little Rabbits—was a big hit with all.

THE BOSOM RETURNS

Many of you remember the pictorials of June Wilkinson that appeared in PLAYBOY in 1958, 1959 and 1960. At left is a shot from *The Bosom Revisits Playboy*. Above, "The Bosom" revisits Hef and reveals that some things never change.

HEEEERRRREEE'S DOROTHY

That's Playmate Dorothy Mays below, doing a guest spot on *The Tonight Show* with Johnny Carson. As a lady barber, she was appalled to hear that Carson spent $60 to get his hair cut. She offered to do it for $3.50. For some reason, he declined. At right, an outtake from her July 1979 pictorial.



ARTIST OF THE YEAR

Brad Holland (inset), illustrator of our *Ribald Classics* since 1969, won one of 1980's most prestigious assignments: *Time*'s "Man of the Year" cover.

WELCOME PILGRIM

When Janet Pilgrim—the original girl-next-door Playmate and the only one to have appeared three times in PLAYBOY's centerfold—visited our Chicago headquarters recently, she found familiar faces still at work. Below, she renews memories with John Mastro, Vice-President and Production Director.

D.J., PHOTO EDITOR SWITCH JOBS

It seemed like a good idea at the time. Art Dineen (left) of WXYZ in Detroit had been interviewing Associate Photo Editor Jeff Cohen (right) for his all-night radio program when light bulbs appeared over both of their heads and they decided to have a go at each other's jobs for a day. Although it probably is fun to run a radio show, we suspect Dineen got the better deal.

Introducing the

CAMEL COLLECTION

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by JOHN HENRY

A new line of sportswear is here with a symbol as unique as the men who will wear it. The Camel Collection by John Henry. Knit shirt $19.50 in 14 colors, woven shirt $23.50 in five colors. Pants $30. All 100% cotton. Look for the Camels where fine men's wear is sold.

JOHN HENRY

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

CAMEL LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '79.

Instead of an ordinary lining, the Ruby Ltd. uses a layer of the same fabric laminated to the outside layer. So it's lighter, more comfortable. And fits as good as it feels.

*T.M. applied for and patent pending

Ruby Ltd.* The most comfortable tailored sportcoat ever designed. You've got to try it on.

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ALABAMA
Birmingham — Chas. Arndt Custom Apparel
Birmingham — Yelding's
Decatur — Cunningham Ltd.
Fayette — Robbie's
Florence — Roger's
Florence — Otto Spaske
Huntsville — Ed's Men's Wear
Mobile — Gayler's
Montgomery — Fannin's
Montgomery — Gayler's
Sheffield — Otto Spaske
Troy — The Tailor Shop

ARIZONA
Mesa — Henny's
Mesa — Pomeroy's
Phoenix — Henny's
Scottsdale — Henny's
Sun City — Pomeroy's

ARKANSAS
Benton — Bryan's Store For Men
Fayetteville — The Mansize Shop
Fayetteville — Mansland
Fayetteville — Trumbo's
Fayetteville — Village Gap
Forrest City — Edwin Houston
Fort Smith — The Mansize Shop
Hot Springs — Schrader's
Little Rock — Paul Bunyan
Rogers — Dean's Men's Wear
West Memphis — Saig's

CALIFORNIA
All Stores—Harris & Frank
All Stores—Hastings
All Stores—Silverwoods
Anaheim — Dattilo From Italy
Buena Park — Bob's Men's Shop
Campbell — Berg's Private Stock
Concord — Lion's Den For Big And Tall
Hemet — Dattilo From Italy
Indio — Bob Williams
Los Altos — Lion's Den For Big And Tall
Los Angeles — The Sport Shop
Mountain View — Palm Plaza Yorkshire
North Hollywood — Big Fella's Men's Wear
North Hollywood — Robbin's Clothing
Oakland — Lion's Den For Big And Tall
Palm Desert — Desert Golf Wear
Palm Desert — Hale's
Palm Desert — Jack Petri Desert Golf
Palm Desert — Al Stutz Men's Wear
Palm Springs — Gerry Malcolf's
Palm Springs — Robert, Ltd.
Roseville — Paul Wagner
Sacramento — Wagner Big & Tall
San Bernardino — Big Guys
San Diego — Rancho Bernardo
San Diego — Al Rivera's
San Francisco — Lion's Den For Big And Tall
San Jose — Berg's Private Stock
San Ysidro — Casa Avanti
Santa Barbara — The Big & Tall Gent
Santa Barbara — Laufer's Big & Tall
Santa Monica — Hershey's
Woodland — Charlie's The Men's Store

COLORADO
Colorado Springs — Gentlemen's Quarter
Colorado Springs — The Regiment
Denver — Wm. Frost
Denver — Joslin's

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport — Wallachs
Ansonia — Herbert's
Westport — Ed Mitchell Inc.
Wethersfield — Mag's For Men

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington — George & Co.
Washington — Latt's Country Squire
Washington — Woodward & Lothrop

FLORIDA
All Stores—Forest Men's Shop
All Stores—Wallachs-Dick Richmond
Boca Raton — Arthur Buck
Del Ray Beach — A. George & Sons
Ft. Lauderdale — Frankel's Big Men—Tall Man
Ft. Lauderdale — Men's Sport Shop
Hallandale — Frankel's Big Man—Tall Man
Jacksonville — Halpern's
Jacksonville — Levy/Wolf
Lauderdale Lakes — Hy Rubin
Miami — Baley Men's Wear
Miami — Berdon Clothing Co.
Miami — Bema Men's
Miami — Frankel's Big Man—Tall Man
Miami — Julius Clothing
Miami — Laepoca Dept. Store
Miami — Latino International
Miami — Monte Carlo Men's
Miami Beach — Eddy Harth
Naples — Heritage Shop
Newport Richey — D'Henry's Men's Wear
Orange Park — Alexander Steed
Palm Beach — Forest Man's Shop
Pensacola — Gayler's
Plant City — Earl's Men's Wear
Pompano Beach — Town & Cruise
St. Petersburg Beach — Town & Country Men's
Sarasota — Carriage Clothiers
Sarasota — D & G Clothes
Tallahassee — Hinson's Inc.
Treasure Island — Wale's
Winter Haven — K-C's Station

GEORGIA
Albany — Rosenberg's
Athens — George Gibeon's
Atlanta — Hyroop's
Atlanta — Zachrys
Brunswick — Herold's
Doraville — The Gentleman's Shoppe
La Grange — Mansour's
Lilburn — The Gentleman's Shoppe
Milledgeville — Simpson's
Savannah — Morris-Levys
Smyrna — Hyroop's
Warner Robins — Gentlemen's Choice

HAWAII
Honolulu — Andrade
Honolulu — Kramer's Big 'N Tall
Honolulu — Ross Sutherland
Maui — Kramer's Big 'N Tall

IDAHO
Coeur D' Alene — Fisher's
Rexburg — Vern's and Ferrel's

ILLINOIS
All Stores—Baskin
All Stores—Karoll's
Arthur — Delbert's
Belleville — Imber's Menswear
Berwyn — Stephen's Store For Men
Bloomington — Robert's
Calumet City — Jimmy's Big/Tall Men's Wear
Chicago — Brighton Clo.
Chicago — Central Men's Wear
Chicago — J. V. Cizek & Sons
Chicago — Cohn & Stern
Chicago — R-B Clothing
Chicago — M. L. Rothschild
Chicago Hgts — Sheperd's
Collinsville — Imber's Menswear
DeKalb — Finn's Ltd.
Edwardsville — Imber's Menswear
Forest Park — Kreat Custom Tailors
Granite City — Trattler's
Hickory Hills — Lew Bess & Sons
LaGrange — Jacks Men's Shops
Maroon — Earl Ross Clothiers
Moline — Mosenfelder's
Orland Park — Bylon's Men's Wear
Palos Heights — Bud's Store For Men
Palos Heights — Jac's Men's Wear
Rockford — John Carlson's
Rock Island — Mosenfelder's
Tinley Park — Jimmy's Big/Tall Men's Wear
Waukegan — Storey's
Western Springs — For Man Of Western Springs
Worth — That Guy

INDIANA
Anderson — Clair Call
Angola — Strocks
Bedford — The Toggery
Bremen — The Male Room
East Chicago — Lewin's
East Chicago — Mill's Store For Men
Elkhart — Myer's
Evansville — Mr. Fashion Big & Tall
Greenwood — David Williams
Highland — Highland Dept. Store
Highland — Lewin's
Indianapolis — Raleigh Limited
Lafayette — Gents Big & Tall
LaPorte — Low's Clothing Store
Linton — Rhodenbeck's
Merrillville — Exquisite Tailors
Merrillville — Superior Tailors
Michigan City — Blake's
Michigan City — Greiger's
Nappanee — J. & R. Coppes
Shelbyville — Todd & Bennett
South Bend — Gilbert's
Tell City — Siebert's
Vincennes — Albert's
Whiting — The Garment Wheel

IOWA
Ankeny — Dave's Apparel
Bettendorf — Lord Cumberland's Clothiers
Cedar Rapids — Armstrong's
Cedar Rapids — Holley's
Davenport — Mosenfelder's
Des Moines — Dave's Apparel
Des Moines — Kucharos
Des Moines — Mr. B's
Manson — Foley Clothing Co.
Mason City — St. Clair Starks
Muscatine — Mosenfelder's
Storm Lake — Green's Mens Wear

KANSAS
Colleyville — Wainberg's Western Wear
Dodge City — Turners
Great Bend — Brentwood Ltd.
Olathe — Gentlemen's Quarter
Salina — West Ltd.
Topeka — Ray Beers

KENTUCKY
Florence — Dawahare's
Lexington — Dawahare's
Louisville — Dawahare's
Murray — Corn Austin
Owensboro — The Earle
Paris — Corn Austin

LOUISIANA
Alexandria — Caplan's
Baton Rouge — Cohn-Turner Co.
Baton Rouge — Four Corners
Baton Rouge — Todd Garland & Co.
Baton Rouge — Goudchaux's
Baton Rouge — The Varsity Shop
Bossier City — Pope's
Houma — Earl Williams
Lafayette — Goudchaux's
Lafayette — Emile Joseph's
Lake Charles — Love's
Metairie — Devinney's
Morgan City — Du Rel's
Natchitoches — Caplan's
New Iberia — Man's Fashion Shop
New Orleans — D'Avanti
New Orleans — Hesse's Sportswear
New Orleans — M. Ponce Inc.
New Orleans — Porters—Stevens
Shreveport — Jordan & Booth
Shreveport — Male Shop
Sulphur — John's & Jerree's

MARYLAND
All Stores—Woodward & Lothrop
Baltimore — Gage Clothes
Baltimore — Hamburgers
Elkton — Robert's
Gaithersburg — Bernard's
Glen Burnie — Raymond, Inc.
La Plata — P. S. Bowling
Lexington Park — The Captain's Walk
Lutherville — Andrew's
Rockville — George & Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
All Stores—Wallachs
Boston — Artle's
Braintree — Natales
N. Cambridge — Congress Man's Store
Springfield — Steiger's
Stoughton — Martin Edward's

MICHIGAN
Alma — Miller's Men Shop
Ann Arbor — Vahan's
Byron Center — Kountry Kasuals
Dearborn — Muirheads
Dearborn — Price's Men's Wear
Farmington — Washington Clothiers
Fenton — Fenton Haberdashery
Grand Rapids — Captain's Quarters
Grand Rapids — Jurgens & Holtvluwer
Grand Rapids — Wm. Klein's Men's Store
Grand Rapids — A. May & Sons
Grand Rapids — Rogers Dept. Store
Hastings — Clevsland's
Holland — Lokker-Rutgers
Kalamazoo — Etienne's
Kalamazoo — Al Taxter
Lapeer — Thorne's
Livonia — Stephen Bruce
Oak Park — Shifman's
Owosso — Storrors
Rochester — Mitzelfeld's
Saginaw — Paul's
St. Clair Shores — Wale's
Sturgis — Carl Rehm
Traverse City — The Captain's Quarters
Traverse City — P. A. Jacob's
Wyoming — Roger's

MINNESOTA
Duluth — M & K
Hibbing — M & K
Minneapolis — Eklund's
Minneapolis — Liemandt's

RUBY LTD. BY JAYMAR

St. Paul — Liemandt's
Virginia — M & K

MISSISSIPPI
Columbia — Magnolia Hall
Greenwood — Star Tailors-Phil's
Jackson — Gayler's
Jackson — The Men's Shop
Jackson — Steven's
McComb — Tailor's Bench
Natchez — Benoist Bros.
Poplarville — Apples Ltd.
Starkville — Mullin's Dept. Store
Vicksburg — Karl's

MISSOURI
Blue Springs — Davison's
Kansas City — Hall's Crown Center
Kansas City — Stix Baer & Fuller
Lebanon — Clark's Men's Wear
Lees Summit — Browning Bros.
St. Louis — Aronson's
St. Louis — Stix Baer & Fuller
St. Louis — Wolff's Clothiers
Springfield — Freeman's

NEBRASKA
Dickenson — Fad Inc.
McCook — Vogue Clo.
Omaha — Landon's

NEVADA
Las Vegas — Grodin's
Las Vegas — Harris & Frank
Las Vegas — Silverwoods
Reno — Grodin's

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Nashua — Award's
W. Lebanon — Ed's Man's Shop

NEW JERSEY
All Stores—Field Bros.
All Stores—Wallachs
Atlantic City — Barclay Men's Shop
Atlantic City — Jules Men's
Beach Haven — Island Shop
Hakensack — Kartch
Jersey City — Barrett's
Livingston — Hahne & Co.
Newark — Hahne's
North Caldwell — The Forum
Pleasantville — Jules Men's
Ridgewood — Mac Hugh Inc.
Rockaway — Hahne & Co.
Tenafly — Impressions
Trenton — Elton Shop
Trenton — Jack's Custom Shop
Vineland — Dom Michaels
Westwood — Mac Hugh Inc.
Woodbridge — Hahne & Co.

NEW YORK
All Stores—Field Bros.
All Stores—Wallachs
Buffalo — Charlie Baker
Buffalo — Kleinhan's
Eastchester — Armando's
New Hartford — Wicks & Greenman
New York City — Lord & Taylor
New York City — Macy's

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville — The Man Store
Charlotte — J. D. Jones
Gastonia — Warren Gardner
Goldsboro — Eastgate Men's
Morganton — Burand's
Rockingham — Gent's Inc.
Sanford — Dee-Jay Sports Center
St. Pauls — Joe Suger's
West Jefferson — Jefferson House

OHIO
Akron — Bernie's
Akron — Lang-Vicary
Canton — Lang-Vicary
Cleveland — B. R. Baker
Cleveland — Harry Wainraub
Cleveland Hts. — Mark Isler's Den
Columbus — Walkers
Defiance — Squire Shop
Lakewood — Geiger's
Louisville — Chuck's
Newark — Mitchell's
Salem — Mr. Ted
Solon — Wickliffe Man's & Boys' Wear
Tallmadge — J. Crider

OKLAHOMA
Altus — Austin's
Altus — Surrey Shop
Ardmore — Agnew & Smartt
Bartlesville — Den's Men's & Boys' Shop
Chickasha — Hicks-Crutcher
Enid — Austin's
Oklahoma City — Hyroop's
Oklahoma City — Mr. Dales
Oklahoma City — Pierce's Man's Fashions
Oklahoma City — Rothschilds
Purcell — Hicks-Crutcher
Tulsa — Hyroop's
Woodward — Ken's Haberdashery
Woodward — Star Model, Inc.

OREGON
Eugene — Prager's/High & Mighty
Portland — Prager's/High & Mighty
Portland — Rosenblatt's
Salem — Bishop's

PENNSYLVANIA
Altoona — Fisher's
Bethlehem — Frey Brothers
Chalfont — David Israel
Dallastown — De Vono's
Dunmore — Philip Friedman
Erie — Isaac Baker & Son
Harmony — Casual Male
Harrisburg — DeVono's
Johnstown — Miller's
Lancaster — DeVono's
Lebanon — Lawn's
McKeesport — David Israel
New Castle — Fisher's Big Wheel
Philadelphia — Strawbridge & Clothier
Uniontown — Daniel's
Uniontown — David Israel
Washington — David's Ltd.
Washington — The Hub
West Hazelton — Moody's Men's Shop
Williamsport — Ulman Bros.
York — DeVono's

RHODE ISLAND
Pawtucket — Carter's Men's Store
Providence — Dino's Clothes
Warwick — Wallachs

SOUTH CAROLINA
Columbia — Heritage Ltd.
Greenville — Heyward Mahon
Myrtle Beach — Belk
N. Augusta — Belk

SOUTH DAKOTA
Huron — Hedblom's
Sioux Falls — Weatherwax
Watertown — Gregory's
Yankton — Hanny's

TENNESSEE
Memphis — Wilbenks & Everett
Mt. Juliet — Lineberry's

TEXAS
Abilene — Grissom's
Amarillo — The Brogue
Amarillo — Canterfield Shop
Amarillo — Coat Clothiers
Amarillo — Kevin Francis Clothier
Arlington — Watson's Dept. Store
Austin — Clift's
Austin — Merrill, Schaefer & Brown
Austin — Sam's Styles
Baytown — Mister B's
Big Spring — Gibbe & Weaks
Brownsville — J & D Men's Wear
Brownsville — Peri Bros.
Brownsville — Topel's
Brownwood — Ernest Morris
Bryan — The Gentleman's Quarters
Bryan — Tremont's
Cleburne — Twaddell's
Conroe — The Man's Shop
Corpus Christi — Sarman's
Corpus Christi — Winsteads'
Corsicana — Morgan-Jones
Dallas — L. D. Hammon's
Dallas — Hyroop's
Dallas — Joske's
Dallas — James K. Wilson
Denison — L. D. Hammons
Denison — Brian Powell
Dumas — Aldrich's
El Paso — Marchese Weiss
El Paso — Union Fashion
Ft. Worth — R. E. Cox & Co.
Ft. Worth — Jack Howard
Gainesville — Manhattan Clothiers
Galveston — Schwartz's
Grand Prairie — Watson's
Greenville — L. D. Hammons
Harlingen — The Man's Shop
Henderson — Earl's Men's Shop
Hereford — The Brogue
Houston — Buck's
Houston — Dudley's Men's Wear
Houston — Floyd's
Houston — Hyroop's
Houston — Kasper's Man's Wear
Humble — Priddy's Men's Wear
Huntsville — The Collegiate Corner
Hurst — Watson's
Irving — Paul's Clothing
Littlefield — Ware's Inc.
Longview — Terrie's Timeless Fashions
Lubbock — Dunlap's
Lubbock — Hemphill-Wells
Lubbock — Latham's
Lubbock — Reed's
Lufkin — Blackstock's
McAllen — Baum's Men's Wear
McAllen — Christopher's
McAllen — The Men's Shop
McAllen — The Squire Shop
McLean — Billie's
Midland — Grammer-Murphey
Midland — S & O Clothiers
Missouri City — Bill Hill
Monahans — Benham's
Nacogdoches — Jimmie Simms
Odessa — Melvin's Clothiers
Odessa — The Model Shop
Pampa — Kevin Francis Clothier
Pampa — Saied's
Paris — L. D. Hammons
Perryton — Saied's
Plainview — Ken's Men's Shop
Plainview — Marse & Son
Rosenberg — His Closet
San Angelo — Crowder's Menswear
San Angelo — Gabriel's
San Angelo — Mr. Sam's
San Angelo — Tindall's
San Antonio — Duffy T's King Size
San Antonio — Frank Bros.
San Antonio — Pincus Company
San Marcos — Beall's
Sherman — The Gentry
Sherman — Smartt's
Stamford — Hind's Men's Store
Temple — Daniel's
Tyler — J. Massad's
Waco — Cox's
Wichita Falls — Muehlberger's
Woodlands — The Man's Shop

UTAH
Salt Lake City — Arthur Frank
Salt Lake City — Utah Woolen Mills

VIRGINIA
All Stores—Woodward & Lothrop
Arlington — Ted Louis Shop
Hampton — The Hub
McLean — George & Co.
Norfolk — George & Co.
Norfolk — The Hub
Richmond — George & Co.
Virginia Beach — The Hub

WASHINGTON
Bellevue — Mister's
Lynnwood — Prager's/High & Mighty
Mt. Vernon — Latiner's Men's
Olympia — The Guardsman
Seattle — Klopfenstein's
Seattle — Prager's/High & Mighty
Tacoma — Dattunds Men's Room
Vancouver — Prager's/High & Mighty
Yakima — The Big & Tall Shop

WEST VIRGINIA
Logan — Logan Mercantile
Princeton — The Stag

WISCONSIN
Delavan — Mathison Clothiers
Green Bay — Carl Putzer
LaCrosse — Newburg's
Madison — The Hub
Madison — Carl Putzer
Milwaukee — Holtzman's Big & Tall
Milwaukee — Mr. Sonny S Inc.
Milwaukee — Schmitt-Orlow-Stumpfe
Oshkosh — Carl Putzer
Racine — Jorgensen's
Wausau — St. Claire

WYOMING
Casper — Rich's
Casper — Ruckman's
Casper — Woods For Men

PUERTO RICO
Guaynabo — Georgie's Men's Wear
Rio Piedras — Mercier, Inc.
San Juan — Gonzalez Pedin Co.
Santurce — Gentleman, Inc.

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GETTING TO WORK SHOULDN'T BE WORK.

Our new Exciter I is just about the most fun anybody can have getting to work.

So you can imagine how much fun it can be getting anywhere else.

The Exciter I gives you all the muscle you can handle, without needing a lot of muscle to handle it.

An electric starter allows you to kick over the 249cc, 4-stroke engine by simply lifting a finger. The engine is equipped with a special balancer, so you get smooth, steady power. And a responsive suspension system insures an equally smooth ride.

But you don't even have to be moving to appreciate the Exciter's practical design, comfort and handling.

Just sit on one in your Yamaha dealer's showroom and you'll notice the low two-tier seat allows you to put your feet squarely on the ground. And the graceful, pullback handlebars reach back to you.

The overall feeling is that the Exciter I could just about drive itself. And it just about can.

Maintenance is minimal. And gas mileage is phenomenal. Over 75 miles per gallon.*

So now you can make money on your *way* to work.

YAMAHA

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Electric starter includes a safety mechanism which prevents the motor from starting unless the bike is in neutral or the clutch is fully depressed.

The low, stepped seat contributes to a more comfortable ride, and allows you to put your feet squarely on the ground when you come to a stop.

Pick up a free "How to buy a Motorcycle" *booklet at your Yamaha dealer. Or write: Yamaha "How to buy" Booklet, 1349 West 166th St., Gardena, Ca. 90247.*

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL

To be blunt, your February Special Valentine Issue is a masterpiece. With pictorials like the Concorde weekend and that captivating Sandy Cagle and articles like *Women at War*, it's a combination easily worth PLAYBOY's cover price. I must say, you people really hit the jackpot sometimes. I'm damn glad I've got a subscription!

Randal Castinado
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Thanks, Randal; your check's in the mail.

RAPE AND PORN

I don't know how many women readers you have, but I subscribe to your magazine and thoroughly enjoy each issue. I'd like to give an opinion on the linked articles Robert Shea's *Women at War* and Kate Nolan's *Does Pornography Lead to Rape?* and the Joe Oteri interview with Marcia Womongold in the February issue. I was very much against the inference by the leader of Women Against Pornography that PLAYBOY is a pornographic magazine. The articles concerned are excellent examples of the consistent honesty, fairness and high quality of your magazine. I've gotten some pretty strange looks from friends when I tell them that I subscribe or when they've first seen a copy in my living room. These people, I can tell, have never read an issue of PLAYBOY—either that or they don't know me very well if they consider your magazine or my choice in entertainment pornographic.

Allison J. McKowen
Los Angeles, California

I think that the outcry against pornography and such magazines as PLAYBOY that we hear from many so-called feminists has little to do with their concern for the effects, proven or unproven, of pornography. By demanding that all women conform to their standards, these feminists reveal their secret desire—to dominate their sisters in the same way they claim men have done for centuries.

Robert Kneller
Palisades Park, New Jersey

As Robert Shea points out in *Women at War*, the scientists and intellectuals of this country are still at odds as to the connection between pornography and aggression toward women. Scientific evidence *has* proved, however, that a high-sugar, unbalanced "junk food" diet *does* promote aggression and hostile attitudes. Why don't the rifle-toting ladies of WAP, WAVPM et al. leave the First Amendment alone and turn their guns on Dolly Madison and Sara Lee?

Dan DePrez
Los Angeles, California

I agree with Joe Oteri when he states in his interview with Marcia Womongold that "pornography is in the eye of the beholder." Each person must decide for himself or herself at what point something becomes pornographic, and I certainly don't need Womongold to make that decision for me. Being a member of the fair sex myself, I do not find PLAYBOY in any way dangerous to my womanhood, insulting or even "woman-hating" but quite the contrary.

Chris Howe
East Weymouth, Massachusetts

Marcia Womongold seems to have been one of those children chastised by her parents for reading erotic material. The opinions she shares with you in your February issue are just the kind that threaten our one most important freedom. She is hiding behind a wall built by misrepresented statistics and her own sexual hang-ups. Her wholesale

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COFFEE, COLA OR VIVARIN?

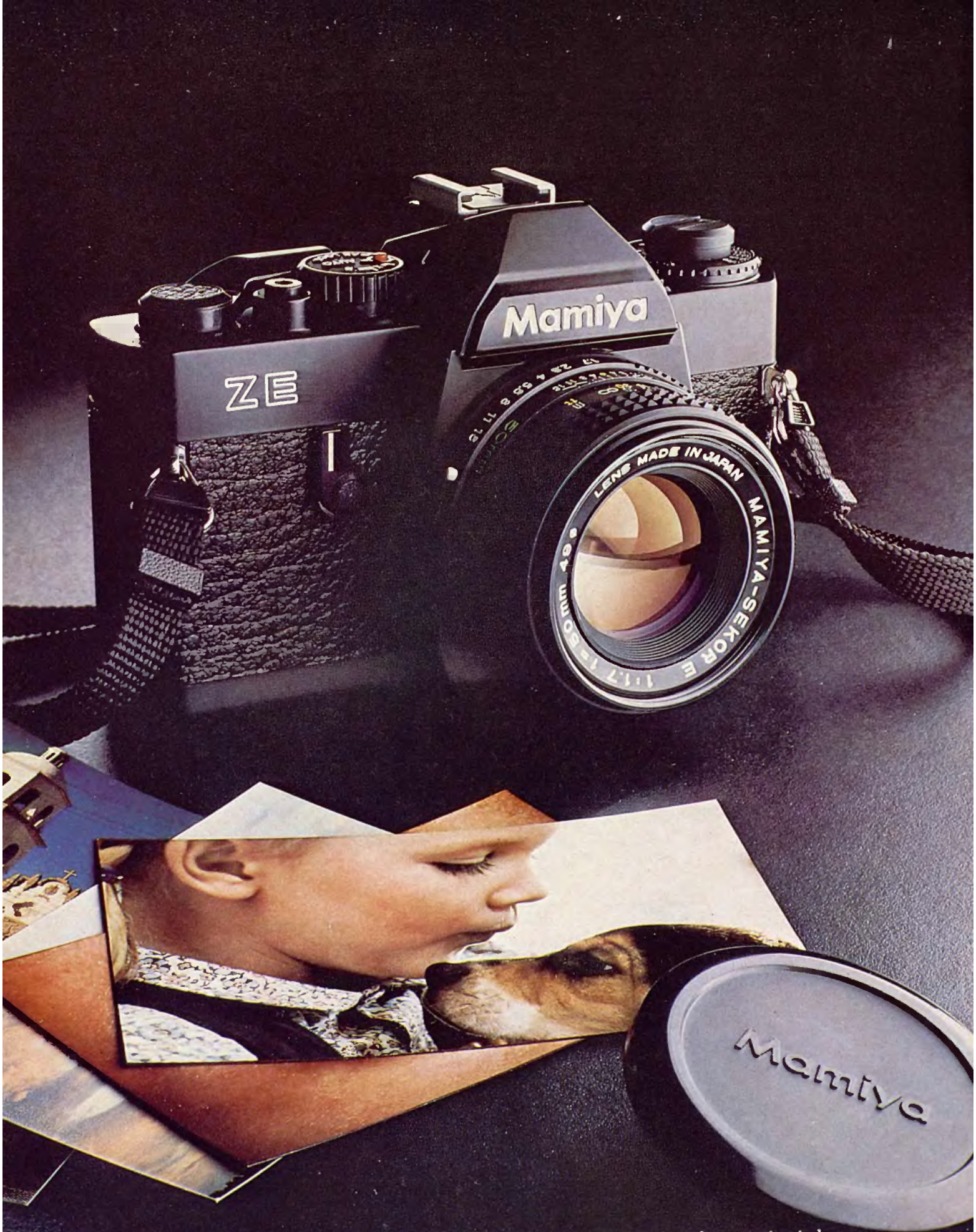
There are times when nothing beats a cup of good, hot coffee or an ice cold cola. They taste good, and give you the lift you want.

But if, as the day wears on, you sometimes find yourself having coffee or cola just for the lift, you really should know about Vivarin.

Vivarin is the gentle pick-me-up. The active ingredient that makes Vivarin so effective is the caffeine of two cups of coffee (or about six glasses of cola) squeezed into one easy to take tablet.

Next time you want a lift, pick Vivarin. It's convenient, inexpensive and it really works.

Read label for directions.



The ZE system is available with a selection of lenses, electronic flash, and automatic winder.

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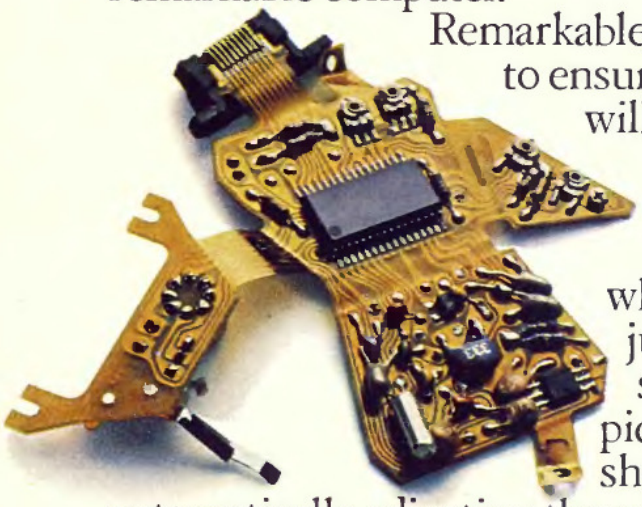
Built into the new Mamiya ZE 35mm camera is a remarkable computer.



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The new 35mm Mamiya ZE. Don't think of it as a camera. Instead, think of it as a computer programmed to take simply beautiful pictures.

The new Mamiya ZE. The computer makes it simple.

attacks against magazines such as PLAYBOY, which supposedly make "sex seem like cruelty or selfish fun or aggression. Or rape," are thoughtless and do nothing for her credibility.

Greg Hutchings
Syracuse, New York

CARTER'S CADDELL

My compliments on a fantastic February interview with Pat Caddell. I only wish more people could see the side of President Carter that he sees. It is the kind of great reading that only PLAYBOY can provide.

Jeff Thomas
Pembroke, Virginia

Like so many before him, Pat Caddell has sacrificed his skill and objectivity in order to preserve his proximity to power. Nothing else could explain the self-serving bullshit offered up in his *Playboy Interview*. Realizing that he will no longer be able to call up his hot honeys from Air Force One if the Carter clan is thrown out of office, he has sacrificed his professional integrity to defend the most confused, inept and obsequious Administration of the 20th Century.

Steven Mansee
Chicago, Illinois

WISCONSIN WONDER

Beer may have made Milwaukee famous, but after one look at Miss February, I'm convinced it just as well could have been Sandy Cagle. How about a six-pack to go?

Michael Krambeer
Melrose Park, Illinois

I must applaud Pompeo Posar for his great pictures. Sandy is truly one of the most beautiful women I have seen in a long time.

Steve Jones
Hayward, California

The February issue went through 14 pairs of hands in the first 24 hours and Sandy Cagle definitely hit the spot with us. Even at this time of year, Milwaukee surely has its warm spots.

The Crew
Coast Guard Cutter Cape Fairweather
New London, Connecticut

Posar's uncanny talent for taking extremely sexy shots is amazing. It's a woman like Sandra who makes one feel good to be alive. Sandra gets my vote for Playmate of the Year.

Jay Brown
Wilmington, Delaware

I never thought it was possible to fall in love just by looking at someone's picture, but your February Playmate has convinced me otherwise. She is one of the most beautiful girls ever to grace the pages of PLAYBOY. From what I read about her, I also get the impression she possesses just as much inner beauty as she does outer beauty.

Jim Hutcheson
Atlanta, Georgia

Why don't they have girls who look like that in Virginia? I'll get the rest of my body on the next plane to Wisconsin. My heart is already there. Please let's see one more picture of Miss February, the beautiful Sandy Cagle, while I pack.

David Templeton
Lynchburg, Virginia

Perhaps the grass looks greener only because of the extra blue in Sandy's eyes,

David. But we'll run another shot, anyway, on the off-chance that you can look at it and still concentrate on packing.

WARPED WIZARD

After reading Harry Crews's *The Buttondown Terror of David Duke* in the February issue, I must say it's a *great* job of writing! I wish every man, woman and child in America could read his article for its frightening insight into the racial schism that still divides America.

Nick Garrison
South Pasadena, California

There are, in every state in the union, men who trace their membership in the true Klan back to the original organization as established by General Forrest. It is a tradition that has been passed from father to son, and along with that tradition, a sense of honor and responsibility has prevailed. Businessmen, lawyers, physicians, teachers and almost any other professional calling are represented in the Klan. These are not the men who shoot into houses in the middle of the night and attack defenseless people. These are the true Klansmen. Crews notes that in Rogers, Arkansas, the Klansmen had the fronts of the hoods cut out so that their faces were visible. That is the nature of the invisible empire. We are not ashamed of our organization. Our main problem is harassment by the people who hate us. For that reason, I ask that you not publish my name if you publish this letter.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

Harry Crews touches on a very interesting point when he alludes to Duke's 170 I.Q. and his LSU education. It seems that Crews is showing the reader that some people, no matter how intelligent or learned they are, and in spite of the manner in which they master certain facets of education, will remain ignorant enough to persecute others because of their skin color or religious beliefs.

James I. Scofield
Baltimore, Maryland

By giving David Duke space in your magazine and allowing him to espouse his genocidal doctrine, you are, in effect, legitimizing and lending credibility to a cause that should only be laughed at. In fact, Duke should at best be laughed at. Once we take creeps like him seriously, we're in trouble.

Kandie Alexis Press
(Address withheld by request)

Duke's not laughing, Kandie, so we're not.

Harry Crews is one hell of a writer: honest, passionate and genuinely concerned. Congratulations on a terrific piece!

Jim Elliott
Long Beach, California

The Klan survives because of educated and brilliant leaders. It survives because people like me who are no longer members support it monetarily. The invisible empire remains secret and would surely scare the life out of the American public if the actual Klan membership were known.

Kenny Cantrell
Norman, Oklahoma

No one will ever know the actual numbers, Kenny, as long as each member claims to be three people, as you did in your three letters to us. You tried to disguise your handwriting but used the same paper and form. Pretty tacky for an "empire."

The David Duke article brings the fact home that this species has yet to learn anything about itself. Duke is obviously an incredibly dangerous creature. But the sheep who follow that wolf without thought or question—they

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cause the anguish. Can't we at least develop the guts to hate someone personally? That at least takes the effort of knowing the person first. Blind hatred, impersonal hatred, takes no effort—just the willingness to blame others for problems you should be solving. Duke could be destroyed, but he is a known terror. The terror of our ignorance and blindness is that we don't and/or won't acknowledge it and therefore won't fight it. The blind unreasoning hatred that goes with Duke, especially in this age of modern destruction, may solve all our problems for us. Maybe we deserve David Duke.

(Name withheld by request)
Canton, New York

THE GIRL ON PAGE THREE

The sexiest woman in your February issue is illustrator Sandra Hendler, pictured on the *Playbill* page. Could you please tell me more about her and consider running another picture of this gorgeous woman? Of course, I am equally impressed with her illustration.

Rick Pamplin, Editor
South Bay Magazine
Redondo Beach, California

She's a free-lance illustrator, Rick, which is information aplenty for any magazine editor worth his salt.

SUPERSONIC WEEKEND

Stephen Birnbaum's article *To Paris—with Love and the Concorde* is one of the best wrap-ups we've seen on how to make the most of a short stay in Paris. And one of the nicest things is, whether one takes the Concorde on a Vacances budget flight, stays at a grand hotel or a charming, inexpensive smaller one and dines in a lesser-known and lower-priced but excellent restaurant, the Paris he writes of is there for everyone. It's one of those exceptional places that offer affordable delights for every traveler and a beauty that is unmatched anywhere in the world. If your readers follow his leads, they'll see for themselves.

Ed Tourtellotte
Public Relations Manager
Air France
New York, New York

May I ask you to convey my sincere appreciation to M. Birnbaum? Furthermore, I should be pleased, indeed, to honor him by making him a member of my select Club de la Casserole when he comes to Lasserre next time.

R. Lasserre
Lasserre Restaurant
Paris, France

Stephen Birnbaum's article turned out very "peaches and cream," which, of course, is appropriate for your upscale market, but I hope it doesn't scare away too many readers who are planning to spend less than $5000 to $10,000 on a trip to Paris. Maybe he would be interested in doing something on how to be chic in Paris on a budget. That is possible, too.

George L. Hern, Jr.
Public Relations Director
French Government Tourist Office
New York, New York

I greatly enjoyed your Concorde weekend in Paris! My holiday in Paris was far different from yours but just as exciting. My Freddie Laker charter flight to London, a ferry across the English Channel and then a train into Paris was not as grand (or as expensive) as the Concorde flight, but it got me to the same destination and was a very enjoyable experience. While my budget restricted me from dining and shopping in the caliber of PLAYBOY, I still found many exquisite little restaurants, cafés, shops, bars and night spots that were within my meager budget. I couldn't examine the wine cellars at Lasserre's, but I did enjoy very fine (house) French wines that I could not afford in the States. A fur coat from Fourreres Sack would not fit into my backpack, so I had to settle for a T-shirt and some nice prints from the bookstalls along the Seine. Nevertheless, I walked down the same streets, visited the same fine museums and churches and dined on outstanding French cuisine as PLAYBOY did. Reading articles such as yours makes me reminisce and fantasize about Paris. Someday, I'll take a PLAYBOY Concorde weekend in Paris. But until that time, I'll have to settle for my budget vacations and depend on PLAYBOY to fill in the extravagant details. Thanks for the excellent article.

Thomas L. Weertz
Rochester, Michigan

BOLERO AT 78 RPM

In your February issue, *The Playboy Advisor* notes that orgasmic contractions in both the male and the female occur at .08-second intervals. I believe you mean .8-second intervals.

Howard McKee
La Mesa, California

The .08 seconds quoted by your Advisor would punch out at the frequency, and probably the intensity, of a hand-cranked Gatling gun. If a couple ever survived the physical toll of the whole incident, they would in all probability crawl away from each other vowing never *ever* to do *that* again!

(Name withheld by request)
Remsen, New York

Sorry about the overenthusiastic typesetting. We hope nobody out there got hurt trying to match our figures.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

The *Douglas Neighbor* of Marietta, Georgia, published an ad that read: "For your wedding, the best laid plans begin at Ramada Inn. . . . Spend [the wedding night] in the Honeymoon Suite and Make a Quick Getaway in the Morning." Presumably, you can phone your wife later.

•

Knock three times on the water if you want me: The Laurentian Trading Post in Ottawa is offering, on a 45-rpm record, instructions for hunters in making moose calls—in both English and French. One cut on the minialbum teaches the art of imitating the sound of a moose cow urinating in a lake.

GRAVE RESPONSIBILITY

"I'll do everything for my customers short of digging up the graves," 25-year-old Harris Peet says about his Hollywood Memorial Tours, on which he takes his customers to the gravesites of their favorite movie stars.

"What I try to do is give serious movie buffs the next natural extension of their admiration for a star. They've seen the movies, read the life story, driven by the house, and now I show them the gravesite," Peet explains.

His customers can choose from more than 150 famous names laid out over nine cemeteries in the Los Angeles area. (The five most popular requests, he says, are for Marilyn Monroe, Clark Gable, Rudolph Valentino, Humphrey Bogart and Jean Harlow.) He has even driven up to Santa Barbara (200 miles round trip) just to show Ronald Colman's grave. "It was a good trip, because old Ronald has a unique stone: black marble with a curtain closing over it."

Peet says he's "not very mercenary" about fees for his services. During the summer, he'll book as many as 15 tours a month at $30 per two-hour trip. But "it's something I'd do for free if anybody would just pay for the gas."

For those of you who want to visit the final resting place of those stars whose careers are now up in the air, contact Peet, who is the doorman at The Comedy Store on Sunset.

WRITE ON

Dick Tracy usually KOs his crooks; Sherlock Holmes usually leaves them baffled. But district court judge Charles Marchese of Long Island makes them jot till they drop. When a 16-year-old Long Island youth was arrested for writing "The only good Jew is a dead Jew" on the frosted window of a neighbor's car, Marchese saw the chance to endorse long-hand law and order. Michael Dietz, who could have gotten a 15-day jail sentence for harassment, was ordered to pen a 500-word epic renouncing his crime.

"When you write a phrase like I wrote," the boy expounded, "not only does it make those who are concerned feel offended but it can make people think you are against all races. . . . Also, it's not right to criticize anybody no matter how much you can't even stand looking at them." Most astutely, he wrote, "Writing on a car window in the moisture is so ridiculous to get arrested for."

Next issue's crime stopper: Idi Amin must scrawl "I will not eat ladyfingers" 100 times.

•

Our bodies, our wrists: According to the Oregon City, Oregon, *Enterprise Courier*, an Oregon City woman recently foiled an attacker who grabbed her from behind, pulled her into an alley and attempted to sexually assault her. "The woman, who was not injured, told officers she struggled with the man, beat him off and fled."

EASY COME, EASY GO

Here's a piece of information that totally devastates Dad's favorite adage, "We get too soon old, too late smart." Dr. Peter Huttenlocher, a pediatric neurologist at the University of Chicago, claims that infants between the ages of one and two have about 50 percent more synapses per cubic millimeter of cortical brain tissue than adults. The density of synapses explains why babies can fully recover from brain damage that would leave an adult handicapped and why tiny tots can pick up a second language without an accent. After the age of two, the doctor explains, the density begins to decline until it has attained adult levels at the age of 16. At which time the child purchases his first Kiss album,

passes his driver's-license test and starts shopping around for a college. Kind of explains *Animal House*, doesn't it?

LAST SELF-HELP BOOK

You say you just can't learn how to win through intimidation? You'd like to look out for number one, but you can't count that high? Boy, have we got a book for you. The Voluntary Euthanasia Society of Great Britain is considering publishing the ultimate self-help book—a layman's guide on how to commit suicide.

Purpose of the pamphlet, which would be distributed exclusively to the club's 2500 members, is, according to the society's general secretary, Nicholas Reed, to ensure that "if people are going to do it, they don't do it in such a way that has unfortunate consequences for others. We think it's important our members know what to do."

The finished tome will contain about half a dozen methods, along with a few "fail-safe" systems involving two methods at once. Not included in the book will be the famous New York City Subway head-butt method or the Los Angeles Breathe-the-Air-for-More-Than-an-Hour trick.

•

Twenty Years of Schooling and They Put You on the Day Shift Department: The Journal Messenger of Manassas, Virginia, described the following hiring criteria in a help-wanted ad for the C. Rinker Paving Company:

1. Must be able to tell time
2. Must have hair short enough to see and hear
3. Must know address or make and model of car you are living in
4. Must have shoes and trousers
5. All nose and earrings should be light enough not to interfere with your work
6. Must be able to go eight hours without drugs or alcohol
7. Must know left from right, right from wrong and be able to use a phone
8. Must be able to check the gas and oil in a vehicle
9. Must be able to drive from Manassas to Centreville nonstop
10. Must be able to gulp down a sandwich in 30 minutes and be able to work at least 30 minutes without going to the rest room or drinking something.

CHUTZPAH OF THE MONTH

A disgruntled consumer appeared at the counter of a New York City electronics store with his video cassette recorder. "It doesn't work," the fellow moaned. "Can you tell me how to contact the manufacturer?" The clerk was solicitous, providing the information he requested. He even helped the beleaguered consumer tote the recorder back to his car. It wasn't until the next day that it was discovered that the allegedly malfunctioning unit had come from the store's own display area, where the ballsy con man had unplugged it and lugged it to the counter.

CHECKING IN

We sent free-lancer David Rensin to talk with the sweetheart of NBC-TV's "Real People," Sarah Purcell. He reports, "She looks better in person."

PLAYBOY: Are you surprised at the success of *Real People*?

PURCELL: Yes and no. Yes because I never expect anything to go, especially on network TV. No because almost from the beginning, people were excited to be a part of what we were doing. It's the kind of enthusiasm that tells you it's a hit.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your fan mail.

PURCELL: I get a lot, and some of it's obscene. There's one guy who sends me something about every two weeks with pictures that you couldn't print in PLAYBOY. Of course, I pass them around to all my friends. The guy's weird.

PLAYBOY: Is he good-looking?

PURCELL: I have no idea. The pictures aren't of him. They're of fornication. I do get pictures of men, though. I got a shot of someone in the nude the other day. Also one of a guy sitting on a fence post in his shorts. Cute, too. But the first guy sends me perfectly normal letters, just with those odd pictures.

PLAYBOY: Does that worry you?

PURCELL: No. I know they're out there. As long as they don't know where I am. Just the other day, some guy wrote this letter proposing marriage and gave it to the security guard at the studio. It said he would be waiting for me in the parking lot. It was sweet but a little strange.

PLAYBOY: What do you think that says about your appeal?

PURCELL: I never thought of myself as a particularly sexually appealing person. I guess it's because for a long time, I was very married. But now that I'm separated, I'm beginning to think otherwise because of the reaction I get. I always thought of myself as the girl next door.

PLAYBOY: Actually, we saw a slightly trashy appeal beyond that.

PURCELL: Me? Trashy? We're going to have to have a little talk about that.

PLAYBOY: We mean someone who does it and sometimes talks about it. Someone who could hold her own with the boys.

PURCELL: Yeah. I guess that's what I am, really.

PLAYBOY: What's the strangest story you ever covered?

PURCELL: I usually don't get the odd ones, but I'd have to say it was the kahuna from Hawaii. She is a 70-year-old priestess for the goddess Pele, the goddess of fire. She still goes to the volcano and puts in offerings for people to have good luck and things. I mean . . . the woman's out there.

PLAYBOY: Anything embarrassing ever happen?

PURCELL: Well, sometimes we have logistic difficulties. We went out to Death Valley to interview a couple of miners. She was 76, he was 84. There was no plumbing around and when you have to find someplace and you work on a crew with seven men—there are no secrets. Another time we were going down the Colorado River in a raft and everyone got sick 24 hours into the trip. Thirty-seven of us. The cameraman was going crazy. I looked like death warmed over. I was on my back and didn't care about anything. I told the cameraman I'd give him five bucks if he would shoot me.

PLAYBOY: What real people wouldn't you put on the show?

PURCELL: It's hard to say. There are some stories we've done—I'd rather not mention them for the record—that I would have left off. Let's just say I wouldn't put on those stories that end up being mean to someone. I'm not interested in commenting on people. We're not *60 Minutes*. I'd rather let the people at home comment on their own.

PLAYBOY: Are you a real person?

PURCELL: Yes. That's why I live in Toluca Lake.

PLAYBOY: What kind of car do you drive?

PURCELL: A 1970 Mercedes 220 diesel. It smokes a lot and the brakes are going.

PLAYBOY: Don't you see yourself as becoming a celebrity?

PURCELL: My goal has not been to become famous, just to be good at what I do. Fame has been somewhat of a nuisance. Now, if I go out on a story, I end up signing autographs if there're more than three people around.

PLAYBOY: Do you mind?

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**EPA estimates for comparison purposes for GS Model with 5-spd. trans. The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length. The actual highway mileage will probably be less. California, 16 estimated mpg, 27 estimated highway mpg.

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The more you look, the more you like.

SUPERGROUPS OF THE EIGHTIES

The same bunch of rancid, decadent old farts can't smother the scene much longer. Pere Ubu, the Clash, Devo, Bootsy's Rubber Band and the Ramones have been coasting on their bloated reputations for so long now that someone has to put some meat back into the music. Who's going to replace these creaking antiques in the months and minutes to come?

Sensible, businesslike rockers who speak computer languages, that's who. Rock has been around long enough for trends to be predicted—much like Presidential election returns—on a statistical sample of .001 percent of the album sales in a small New Hampshire record shop during the first three months of 1980. We see no reason to wait till 1990 to publish a retrospective.

THE WIVES

What's more inevitable than the emergence of an all-woman hard-rock supergroup? Who'd be more marketable than Yoko Ono, Bianca Jagger, Linda Eastman, Maggie Trudeau and Anita Pallenberg? What could be more sublime than dancing to *Honky Tonk Walrus* at your palimony-settlement party?

DAGWOOD

A former *Reader's Digest* "Most Unforgettable Person" fronts a Suburban Wave dance band at CBGB's North (in Westport, Connecticut). Lead singer Harry Deborah gains notoriety by ordering his entire wardrobe from mail-order ads in *The New Yorker*. Their first big album, *Parallel Parking*, goes double platinum after only three weeks on the charts on the basis of its catchy single *Heart of Pewter*.

MADONNA WINTER

A black American nun with great pipes is discovered by an Italian producer in a German cloister. Together they create *Disco Virgin*, the most influential dance record of the decade. Its hit single, *Hate to Love You, Baby*, features a 15-minute break during which Madonna alternates between shrieking "Never! Never!" and murmuring serenely in Latin. Jaded men the world over find themselves berserk with lust. They make Madonna the biggest star in the world with the release of her follow-up album, *Joy of Repression*, and her movie debut, in *Bride of Jesus*.

LES MISERABLES

Here on the Planet of the Valiums, an audience for romanticized trauma, grief and shame grows daily. The sourest *crème de la crème* coagulates. Neil Young, Karla Bonoff, Leonard Cohen, Janis Ian and J. D. Souther join moans, depressing themselves to undreamed-of profits with songs of acne-ridden, nihilist, urban cowboys tortured by lovers, Asian hunger, white guilt and people they've never met. Their first album—*Nurse, Nurse!* Their first hit single—*A Song for Ronstadt*.

TELL

Four New York heavy metallurgists start a band with a unique visual hook. Their faces—indeed, their heads—are never seen. They wear head-to-toe black-leather bondage outfits. The only skin showing is in the oval cut out around the buttocks, on which are painted fabulous faces. Tell performs with backs to the audience, passing wind in harmony, the bass player occasionally striking a match and sending a gust of flame across the footlights.

GERIATRIC AND THE PACEMAKERS

Arteries hardening, millions of jowly rockers awake each morning and ask themselves the terrifying question, *Is this the day I'll get too old to boogie?* Geriatric and the Pacemakers, all over the age of 90, clean up by proving they can still rave up, though they do tend to lose a drummer once every 3.4 gigs. (The class move is considered to be kicking off during *Hello Goodbye*.) Hands down, this group does history's most lurid version of *Sweet Little Sixteen*.

THE REMAINS

Even dumber than the Ramones! These psychedelically lit jars of viscera labeled Jimi, Jim, Janis, Brian and Keith just sit on the stage and churn along to prerecorded music. Sixties nostalgia meets Seventies minimalism to create the Eighties' necrobeat! Old stars never die, they just get repackaged. —LENNY KLEINFELD

PURCELL: No, but it does nothing for my ego. I figure people just throw them away once they get home.

PLAYBOY: If you give us some *Real People* T-shirts with your autograph, we won't throw them away.

PURCELL: (*Laughs*) OK. Sure.

PLAYBOY: Write something trashy.

PURCELL: Everyone has a trashy side, I guess. Well, I *can* get down. That's another reason I live in Toluca Lake. I can get down without a lot of people knowing about it.

PLAYBOY: What do you do to get down?

PURCELL: I sit around with friends . . . and get blasted.

PLAYBOY: Are you into sports as well?

PURCELL: I water- and snow ski. Play tennis, too.

PLAYBOY: What do you love the most?

PURCELL: To laugh. I love to gather people who are witty and intelligent around me. That's my idea of fun.

PLAYBOY: Do you read PLAYBOY?

PURCELL: Yeah, I have, a few times.

PLAYBOY: Ever want to be a centerfold.

PURCELL: No. I don't think I'm the centerfold type. I want people to love me for my mind.

PLAYBOY: What advice would you give to real people everywhere?

PURCELL: I usually don't do this, but I would say: Go for it. Do it. In everything. You only go around once. When you go out and meet these people, as I do on the show, you see that one thing they all have in common is that they all went for it. They didn't care if the lady next door disapproved or if their families didn't like it. They did it anyway. They are, for the most part, intelligent, and I'm proud of them. I just want to tell them that what they do is wonderful. It's not easy to be who they are or sometimes to not get the validation of their peers. So if what you want is important enough to you, then, by all means, go for it—and do it up brown.

MATTRESSIDE

Anyone who thinks that today's students can't take pressure need only look at the Whitworth College campus in Spokane, Washington, to see that they're mistaken. A group of Whitworth students claimed a world's record for piling the most people onto a water bed, when 104 students struggled onto the mashed mattress, breaking an existing record of 94. The folks at Whitworth were aiming for 120 but stopped when they realized that those students on the bottom of the pile would soon wind up as liquefied as the mattress. Underachievers.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Marlon Brando, when asked about his role in *Apocalypse Now*, replied: "Is that the one where I was bald?"

PLAYBOY 7VN15

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TELEVISION

Watch CBS program schedules during April for fresh new evidence that *Wide World of Sports* is not the only kind of television that Americans do better than anyone else. *Hallmark Hall of Fame* (a Wednesday evening, usually) has a real winner coming up in ***Gideon's Trumpet***, based on the book by *New York Times* writer Anthony Lewis—the meticulous account of a landmark U. S. Supreme Court case that completely altered the machinery of American justice. Sounds heavy. But this case history—tightly dramatized by David W. Rintels, directed by Robert Collins—turns out to be enthralling, with a performance by Henry Fonda as good as anything he has ever done (and what *hasn't* he done?). It's natural to assume that Fonda, true to form as a man of distinction, would be cast as nothing less than the U. S. Chief Justice. This time, he fools everyone by taking the key role as dour, grizzled Clarence Gideon, an obscure Florida drifter and habitual felon who was sentenced to a five-year prison term by a Dade County court for breaking into a local pool hall back in 1961. The following year, Gideon wrote a crudely composed petition to the Supreme Court, reminding it that he had been tried without counsel, compelled to argue in his own defense. The Court agreed to hear his case, appointed the illustrious Abe Fortas (José Ferrer, at his mettlesome best) to represent him and ultimately handed down its historic decision. As Gideon sourly sums up: "At least nobody's going to go on trial in this country ever again without a lawyer."

That's the essential story, though the best is yet to come back in a somnolent Southern courtroom, where the underdog has his day. When Gideon is released and retried, the drama comes satisfyingly full circle, with the same Florida judge, the same eyewitness accusing him, the same weary old landlady (a comeback role for Fay Wray, of all people, fair lady to the original King Kong) as his only character witness. The way Fonda plays him, Gideon is never lovable and scarcely likable, albeit innocent. In fact, he's such a single-minded curmudgeon that at first he obstinately refuses the legal aid he has moved mountains to obtain. John Houseman, Sam Jaffe, Dean Jagger, Nicholas Pryor and Dolph Sweet stand out among the characters encountered between jailhouse and the halls of justice, though Fonda quietly dominates the proceedings from end to end, as usual. Of course, Henry may be the *Spirit of '76* incarnate. Inspiring but absolutely unsentimental,

Ferrer, Houseman and Fonda in *Trumpet*.

Trumpet's a triumph,
Son a tepid family drama;
Ann-Margret adds sparkle
to a weary script.

Son's indulgent daddy: Michael Williams.

Gideon's Trumpet is either a throwback to Camelot or a welcome antidote to cynicism in our era of doubt. During these two hours, America the Beautiful *lives*.

•

In line with our national effort to develop energy sources at home, this may be the moment to question *Masterpiece Theatre*'s policy of plowing Mobil oil profits almost exclusively into English imports. A BBC–Time-Life series adapted from Howard Spring's 1938 novel, ***My Son, My Son***, will run for seven weeks beginning April 13, in the usual hour-long Sunday-evening slot on PBS outlets. One of those sweeping historical dramas in the *Forsyte Saga* pattern, *My Son* is your standard, splendiferous made-in-England production—literate and grandly acted throughout, meticulous in period detail. The story of two Manchester families over a 20-year period, roughly 1900–1920 in Julian Bond's adaptation, *My Son, My Son* describes how fathers seeking to live vicariously through their children may ruin them instead. One sire is a famous writer (marvelously played by Michael Williams) who makes his son a destructive wastrel by spoiling him. The writer's best friend is an Irish-born designer and decorator (Frank Grimes) who wants his boy brought up to be a flaming rebel. Prior to a supremely corny climax, when the two lads are brought together as enemies during the Irish rebellion, the series covers sex, politics, show business, World War One and a long, bitter father-son feud over the same beddable blonde (Ciaran Madden, who is certainly smashing). All very well, but after initially being dazzled by the show's rich upholstery, and long before *My Son, My Son* had its sundry subplots sorted out, I knew this was not a book I'd pack to take on a cruise. There must be a five-foot shelf of American novels richer in suds, or substance, or whatever PBS wants to plant in the public mind. The way things are going, 50 years from now we may all be a mutant race of teatotaled Anglophiles.

•

She plays a silent-film star opposite Dom DeLuise, several Scarlett O'Hara hopefuls opposite Roger Moore's Rhett Butler, a fading movie queen with Dean-Paul Martin as her young lover, a typical Hollywood bimbo opposite George Burns. In such stellar male company, my favorite pinup should have got luckier than she gets in ***Ann-Margret—Hollywood Movie Girls***. A bouquet to the lady, one of our most underrated comediennes and an accomplished all-round performer, who clowns, acts, sings, dances and undulates with inimitable verve. However, in her first ABC-TV special, a 90-minute spectacular slated for prime time in mid-April (probably April 15, but check your guides), Ann-Margret has to contend with spotty basic material and some rather sloppy continuity in a production as smooth as glass. Her breezy interludes with Burns—who, in fact, discovered her all those years ago—are at least relief from a stale running gag featuring Danny DeVito (of TV's *Taxi* series) as a philosophical soda jerk at the celebrated Schwab's Drug Store, where Lana Turner was supposedly discovered. *Hollywood Movie Girls* has a couple of razzmatazz production numbers that look like Ann-Margret knocking 'em dead in Vegas. The rest is a frayed, familiar showbiz scrapbook straight from the bottom drawer. —BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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MAGICAL MYSTERY POSTER: Thanx for all those cards 'n' letters telling us what's written on our nostalgic psychedelic mystery poster (October). Apparently, there are more leftover hippies out there than anyone's admitting. Not a few respondents reminisced fondly about bygone chemicals and the New Year's concert in question. Allan W. Wells of Laramie, Wyoming, even sent us a photocopy of his ticket stubs from the memorable eve. The stumper proved to be the name of the other band billed after the Doors and the Allmen Joy. Was it SINGER FRED BLU? . . . INCERRREDBLL? . . . KIKIDEE? . . . ENGLISH WEDGES? . . . YOUNG WEDGES? . . . IN THE RFK ED BLD? . . . IN CERKKEDELL? . . . BACKGAMMON? . . . GERB RED BLU? . . . BEARFACTS? . . . INEEFFFDBLU? . . . GINGER BRENBLO? . . . FUNKADELLIC? All were submitted. And some thought the whole line in question read ALL MEN ENJOY PSYCHEDELIC. . . . ALL ENJOY INLEK K KEOBLU. . . . ALL MEN ENJOY JULIUS KEDELLS. . . . ALL ENJOY AND ENLIGHTEN. . . . ALL MEN ENJOY CHICKEN. . . . and ALL MEN JOY IN A RARE DBLU. We know *we* do. The favorite answer—and, we think, the right one—was GINGERBRED BLU, presumably a local Denver band circa 1967. John D. Webb of Golden, Colorado, whose guess was ALL MEN JOY IN EKKKEDKLU, also told us that while the club is long defunct, the building remains and has flourished under the name of P.T.'s since 1974. Thanks to all who played. The 50 of you who, in our judgment, correctly deciphered our mystery poster will be getting free one-year subscriptions to PLAYBOY, the better to keep up regularly with Yours Truly here in the Music Department.

THE BARD OF THRILLBILLY: *He is the rock equivalent of a minor poet. A scholar of romance whose bittersweet love songs have been recorded by Linda Ronstadt, Bonnie Raitt and Nicolette Larson. Although he had recorded two solo albums for Elektra-Asylum and was one third of the would-be supergroup Souther-Hillman-Furay Band,* **J. D. Souther** *had seemed the one recluse in the Southern California music community. Until last year. Switching labels, Souther recorded "You're Only Lonely," scored his first AM hit and began touring with a hot, definitely rock band. We sent Senior Staff Writer James R. Petersen to interview Souther in his hotel room. An attractive publicist for CBS made the introductions, then left. Souther watched her exit.*

SOUTHER: Fine. The only woman in the room just left. There goes my reputation.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of reputations, you've been linked with half of Hollywood—the half that sometimes wears bras. What is your secret?

SOUTHER: Well, I meet more women singing than I would selling cars. If I have any advice for your readers, it's this: Stay skinny. Then women will want to take you home to feed you.

PLAYBOY: You seem to possess a certain insight into women. How else do you explain your role as songwriter to the stars?

SOUTHER: If you had a choice of hanging out with Nicolette Larson, Bonnie Raitt or Linda Ronstadt as opposed to, say, Bob Seger, which would you choose? These people are just friends. Linda would hear things over my shoulder. A few days later, she would come back and say, "Play that song again. No, that's not how it went." She has an incredible ear for melodies. If she likes something, it

Question: What have you been listening to lately?

RACHEL SWEET: 1. Beach Boys / *Summer Days and Summer Nights.* 2. *The Doors.* 3. Jan & Dean / *Gotta Take That One Last Ride.* 4. Fleetwood Mac / *Tusk.* 5. *Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols.*

JIM MESSINA: 1. Earl Klugh. 2. Eagles / *The Long Run.* 3. Bill Withers / *'Bout Love.* 4. George Benson. 5. Larry Carlton. 6. Neil Larsen.

TOM SCOTT: 1. The Doobie Brothers / *Minute by Minute.* 2. Miles Davis / *Porgy and Bess.* 3. Ralph MacDonald / *The Path.* 4. Joe Sample / *Carmel.* 5. *The Rite of Spring* / Pierre Boulez, conductor.

J. D. SOUTHER: 1. The Rolling Stones / *Some Girls.* 2. *24 of Hank Williams' Greatest Hits.* 3. Bobby Lewis / *Tossin' and Turnin'.* 4. Ernie K. Doe / *Mother-in-Law.* 5. Dave Edmunds / *Repeat when Necessary.*

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will turn up on her album.

PLAYBOY: Do you like her versions?

SOUTHER: I'm usually thrilled. Now you're going to ask me about the usually, right?

PLAYBOY: We were going to save the Mike Wallace questions for later, but sure. Take *Prisoner in Disguise*. Which is better, the S.H.F. Band version or Linda's?

SOUTHER: That's *our* version on her record. It's the best we ever sounded together. I think I do a better job on *Simple Man, Simple Dream*. Or *White Rhythm and Blues*. Of course, she always makes a one-word mistake when she records one of my songs. She makes a one-word mistake in Karla Bonoff songs, too. But it's not a competition. Nicolette and Linda were both recording songs of mine while I was working on the new album. We knew their versions would be out on the streets first. It's gonna happen. People think I'm the guy who sings the Linda Ronstadt songs.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to be a member of what has been called the Southern California acoustic rock Mafia?

SOUTHER: Actually, it's more of a Florida-Detroit-Texas Mafia. We were all imports to California. The only one who was actually born and raised in Hollywood was Lowell George. The rest of us got together out of a love for a given music, the groove music that seems to affect Detroit suburbs. Then we moved to California. The critics labeled it the Southern California sound. I've noticed that they use the term as a basis for their like or dislike without ever tracking down the roots.

PLAYBOY: You work on one another's albums. You co-author songs. It does seem to be a conspiracy.

SOUTHER: Name another business where you can work with your friends for ten years. The California sound, such as it is, was conceived in poverty. It started off at hoot nights at the Troubadour. Jackson [Browne], Glenn [Frey] and I lived in a house up in Echo Park. It was not Beverly Hills. It was not life in the fast lane. We had one car. It took three gallons of water just to get it down the hill. We lived in a slum. The writing on the walls was the only thing that was holding the house up. Jackson met David Geffen, who was just starting Asylum Records, and said, "Trust this guy."

PLAYBOY: Now that you have a hit single, have you considered becoming a T-shirt?

SOUTHER: I'm not one for taking positions. If I had a T-shirt, I guess it would say NUKE THE WHALES UNTIL THEY GLOW. Go to war against the suckers. The breeding rate always goes up after adversity. Drop some bombs and you'd have whales in the Los Angeles River.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe the new album?

SOUTHER: It's thrillbilly music. Tex-Mex. I grew up singing Sam Cooke shuffles. Then one day I realized that no matter how hard I tried, I would never be Sam

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Cooke. So I started writing my own songs. Until this last album, I never thought I'd written a hit. This one is a better collection of tunes. There's more continuity. You can take them onstage. They are very physical and more fun to perform. Maybe it's just that they are simpler. Too much intelligence gets in the way of rock 'n' roll.

At that point, the telephone rang. After a brief discussion, Souther returned.

SOUTHER: That was a girl who always finds out where I'm staying and calls. She tries a different story every time: "Remember me? We met in Florida. Or Los Angeles. Or the Eagles tour. Or we met when you were running guns to the I.R.A." I don't know her, but if she comes up with a good enough set of details, I just might take her up. Maybe she has a more interesting version of my life.

REVIEWS

Seldom have we heard as spectacular a comeback as Jack Wilson makes on ***Margo's Theme*** (Discovery). Badly banged up in a car crash two years ago, the veteran jazz pianist shows nary an ill effect as he sure-hands his way through a sparkling set of ballads, blues and bop. The accompaniment—bass and drums, with an occasional touch of electric piano—allows him to develop his ideas without obstruction.

•

In the mid-Sixties, Marianne Faithfull was an ornament and icon of British pop society, consort of Mick Jagger, who co-wrote her only hit, *As Tears Go By*. In ***Broken English*** (Island), she tells what she's been up to for the past 15 years, and it's not a pretty tale. The songs are harsh, harrowing and absolutely brilliant, sung in a voice that sounds like Teresa Brewer, after voice lessons from Patti Smith, trying out for the *Threepenny Opera*.

SHORT CUTS

Sonny Rollins / *Don't Ask* (Milestone): More bright, dancing melodies from the modern master of the tenor sax, featuring two lyrical duets with Larry Coryell and *Disco Monk*, a funk / disco tune that works both ways.

The Undertones (Sire): Great punk music made slightly underwhelming by panty-waist punk lyrics.

Friendship (Elektra): Lee Ritenour, Ernie Watts and four other fusion stars mesh beautifully as a group but maintain their individual personae.

The Romantics (Nemperor): Welcome to *Life After the Knack*.

Bonnie Pointer (Motown): It's a hit, so maybe we shouldn't argue—but these redone Motown classics won't replace the originals, and the background functionaries won't replace The Pointer Sisters.

FAST TRACKS

SPARE CHANGE DEPARTMENT: Well, Mick's name is being bandied about a courtroom again, but this time he didn't do it. Artist Peter Max is being sued for over $1,000,000 in damages for allegedly copying and making money on an exclusive photo of Jagger taken during a 1972 Stones concert by Lynn Goldsmith. We think someone should pay *Mick* for being a work of art.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Joni Mitchell** is currently hard at work in a film studio editing footage shot during a Southern California concert last year. She plans to add her poetic illustrations and the film will include performances of songs from her past four albums. . . . **Bette Midler** has sued the producers of a 1971 16-millimeter film satirizing the life of Jesus. Midler is seeking money and an injunction blocking the advertising of her as the star of *The Divine Mr. J.* . . . A movie of the **MUSE** (Musicians United for Safe Energy) concerts will be released soon and the proceeds will be donated to non-nuclear-energy causes.

RANDOM RUMORS: Do you believe in magic? A business associate of comedians **Cheech and Chong** claims that those two champions of dope smokers don't use any drugs and in reality are just a couple of physical-fitness nuts. Have you all got that? . . . According to the head of the Drug and Alcohol Abuse Program at the University of Minnesota, the songs of **Willie Nelson, Kenny Rogers** and **Waylon Jennings** may cause bar patrons to drink more than they should. After studying bar atmosphere, **Dr. James Schaefer** found that country-music joints have dim lights, *macho* decorations, small dance floors and a tolerance for drunken and disorderly behavior. So it's one more for my baby and three or four for the road. . . . The father of 17-year-old **Scott Cantrell**, who committed suicide in **Keith Richards'** home last year, continues to insist that Keith's longtime girlfriend **Anita Pallenberg** should be held responsible. New York authorities regard the case as closed.

NEWSBREAKS: **The Playboy Jazz Festival** is on again in the Hollywood Bowl, June 21 and 22, with the usual group of biggies performing. . . . **Paul McCartney** has so much *tsooris*, we don't know where to start. His problems in Japan could affect his ability to perform in this country, and certainly jeopardize his spring tour of England. So much for having a rep as the "good" Beatle. . . . Flash: **The Association** has regrouped. . . . A number of superstar recording groups that did not release albums last year are gearing up for this spring. Among the New Wavers, you can look for albums from **Elvis Costello, The Clash, the Ramones, The Knack** and **Rachel Sweet**. Also, both **Linda Ronstadt** and **Bob Seger** will be debuting New Wave sounds. Will there be life after punk? . . . Last year was a bad one for rock concerts. A *Cash Box* magazine survey found attendance down in most U.S. cities. Promoters are encouraging rock acts to change the formats of their concerts by appearing in medium-sized halls rather than in outdoor stadiums. . . . Let's hear it for teen power! Which groups were the most popular with kids in 1979? According to a Gallup Poll, **Styx** was first, with the **Bee Gees** and **Led Zeppelin** second and third. **Fleetwood Mac** and the **Stones** weren't even in the top 15. . . . Slow train grinding to a halt department: **Bob Dylan** is back in the studio, cutting a new album. More Gospel from born-again Bob? Will the fans survive? . . . **Bob Geldof**, lead singer of the **Boomtown Rats**, hit the keyboard a little too hard while taping a **Dick Clark** *American Bandstand* segment. The piano he danced on belonged to **Lawrence Welk**, who billed Geldof $1500 for repairs. The price of happy feet? —BARBARA NELLIS

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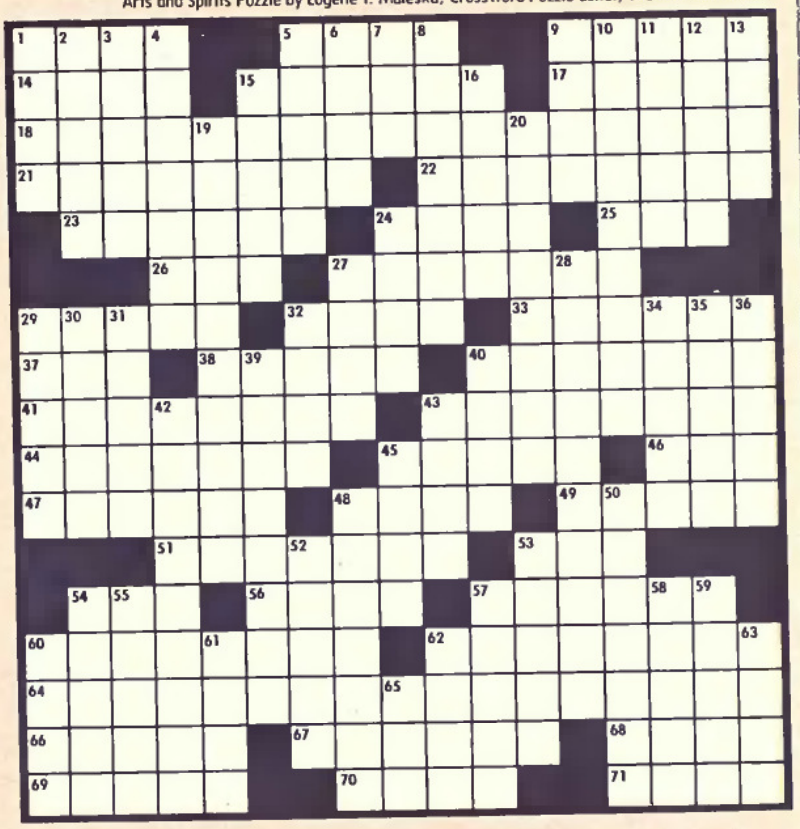

ACROSS

1 Carpenter's file
5 Game with 32 cards
9 Plowed land
14 Nanking nana
15 Audient
17 Noted Finnish philosopher: 1835-1924
18 Start of a poem by Burns
21 Too young to be served liquor
22 "--- tavern..."
23 Rubbernecking
24 Make sound
25 Q-U connection
26 "--- for the road"
27 Composer of "The Red Mill"
29 Middle East weight unit
32 Walleyed pike
33 Matador's lure
37 Raggedy doll
38 Philippine trees: Var.
40 Round Table town
41 China
43 Equipment for Mr. America
44 He has no deity or piety
45 Japanese lyric
46 Seine sight
47 Yucatecs
48 Undiluted
49 "And every --- queen": Kingsley
51 Goes
53 What an R.N. gives
54 Watering place
56 Birds called wahoos
57 Secular
60 Part of an atom
62 Painted the town red
64 Dos Passos novel
66 Famed Austrian contralto: 1803-77
67 Eiffel Tower levels
68 Douglas Hyde was its first president
69 German sculptor-painter: 1440-1533
70 Argus' multiple features
71 Ocular ailment

DOWN

1 Stew, in Siena
2 Mohammed's mother
3 White --- National Monument, N.M.
4 One that may set the world on fire
5 Flock of herons
6 Danny, Sammy or Stubby
7 Estuary
8 Reeling
9 "Kilt him --- when he was three"
10 Church of Scotland clergyman: 1804-68
11 He spawned Hitler
12 "When thou --- this terrible thing": Isa.64.3
13 Author Seton
15 Viscount Templewood
16 Therapy center, to a G.I.
19 Battle site: Sept. 11, 1777
20 Skier's turn
24 Linen marking
27 Darner's target
28 Uproar; fracas
29 Palindromic title
30 Loos or Louise
31 Not bashful
32 Gossip's interest
34 --- Bell (Emily Bronte)
35 End of a Hemingway title
36 Flummoxed
39 Foreign visitor's need
40 Item to go with ale
42 Vexatious situations
43 Man from 40 Across
45 Shebangs
48 Turn the palm downward or backward
50 Impeaches
52 Make --- of (record)
53 Gogol's "--- Bulba"
54 Distort a report
55 Hungarian coin: 1925-46
57 Roman tutelary gods
58 --- as a fiddle
59 Suspicious
60 Australian avifauna
61 Grog quaffers
62 Drayman's charge: Abbr.
63 Scotch for grief
65 Aye neutralizer

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2. Everyone who submits a correct, completed and eligible puzzle will be named a finalist, and receive a certificate to this effect. The Prize Winner will be selected from among all finalists in a random drawing conducted by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. The Prize will be awarded, and the winner notified by mail. Winner may be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release. The prize is not transferable. For the winner's name, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: J&B RARE SCOTCH CROSSWORD PUZZLE WINNER, P.O. Box 2676, Westbury, New York 11591.

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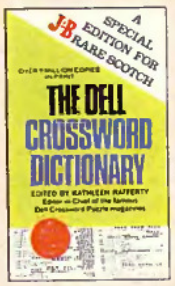
4. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in the state of their residence as of March 1, 1980.

Official Entry Form
J&B Rare Scotch Crossword Puzzle Contest



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J&B RARE SCOTCH

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Gay protesters wanted to keep ***Cruising*** from being made in the first place, arguing that writer-director William (*The French Connection*) Friedkin—with Gerald Walker's novel as his source—was sure to make the gay lifestyle look grim. At a press screening of the finished production, *The Village Voice*'s Arthur Bell told Friedkin: "A hateful film . . . garbage . . . you are the worm of worms." Well, all the hullabaloo turned out to be more exciting than the film itself. While I'll defend to hellandgone Friedkin's right to make any kind of film he chooses, I wish I could defend *Cruising* with a little more zeal. Militant gays might have served their own cause better by letting the movie, a story about a series of brutal homosexual murders in Fun City, sink out of sight unpicketed, unpublicized and unsung. Al Pacino plays the decoy cop dispatched to trap the killers; although I admire Pacino more than a little, if I were Detective Captain Paul Sorvino, I'd send an irresistible hunk of beefcake out to the fleshpots as bait, not a guy who's short, sullen and 40ish. Pacino sneaks away occasionally to have wham-bam sex with his girlfriend (Karen Allen), but whether to reassure himself or the audience that he's still straight you'll have to guess. That's not the only confusion in *Cruising*; the film also leaves you wondering whether or not the cop himself is a killer (no, says Friedkin; yes, says the book). *Cruising*, finally, is just a sexploitational slice of life full of S/M hardware and greased buttocks, played against a background of music for restless reamers and probably no more damaging to the gay world than *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* was to singles bars. ¥¥

•

The Man with Bogart's Face almost succeeds as a wry, tough-minded movie in the true Bogart tradition. Obviously, though, the promoters behind *Bogart's Face* had something else in mind. Mostly, the film is a sound-and-sight gag with Bogart look-alike Robert Sacchi starred as a private eye named Sam Marlowe. Sam ogles the ladies (Olivia Hussey, Michelle Phillips, Sybil Danning and Misty Rowe), foils the crooks (Franco Nero, for one) and tries to locate two elusive priceless sapphires known as The Eyes of Alexander. Done up to resemble Gene Tierney in *Laura*, Phillips plays fast and loose and looks more like a sophisticated comedienne than ever before, while Misty portrays Marlowe's secretary as if dumb blondes had just been invented. Sacchi's job is to spout old-movie trivia in a gravel voice that might even fool Lauren Bacall, though he's a pretty nondescript imitation of the one-and-only Bogey, if you squint a bit. Flaws and all, *Bogart's Face* is harmless fun for film nuts on a rainy night when *The Maltese Falcon* is nowhere to be seen. ¥¥

Tilt's pinball pro Brooke.

Cruising: Much ado about little. Meanwhile, hustling's alive and well in Hollywood.

Gere and conquest.

•

Movies about professional hustlers—whether their game is pool, poker or pinball—share a fairly rigid format. There's got to be a formidable champion opposite a sympathetic challenger (our hero) and his (or her) side-kick. In Rudy Durand's ***Tilt***, a pleasant, easygoing fable about the world of pinball champs who play for moderately high stakes, the upstart virtuoso is Brooke Shields, cast as a bona fide child, for a change—albeit a precocious one who boasts she has never lost a game. The subject here is exclusively pinball, not teeny-bopper sex or child molesting. Nary a hint of hanky-panky, even, between Brooke and her pal-opponent (movie newcomer Ken Marshall), who travel to Texas to take on a legendary player known as The Whale (Charles Durning) for $3500. Says Brooke: "I saw this in a movie once . . . it was called *The Hustler*." Right on, but *Tilt* does light up or ring a bell now and then. ¥¥

•

In ***The Baltimore Bullet***, Omar Sharif plays a presumably unbeatable pool shark known as The Deacon, with James Coburn and Bruce Boxleitner (The Bullet and the buddy) as two smalltime hustlers battling their way across country to beard The Deacon for $20,000 or more after a big televised tournament. En route, they pick up a country singer (Ronee Blakeley) and her horse. It's a pretty standard comedy, agreeable but without sufficient emphasis on cutthroat pool, despite the presence of Lou Butera, Irving Crane and others billed collectively as "the ten greatest pool players in the world." What stays with you are positive impressions of Boxleitner as an attractive, energetic young actor said to be on his way to bigger and better games. ¥¥

•

From *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* through *Yanks*, then on to Broadway stardom in the current, controversial *Bent*, Richard Gere has secured his niche as one of America's fastest-rising young actors. As a registered Richard Gere watcher, I was hoping for a hell of a lot more from ***American Gigolo*** when he became a last-minute replacement for John Travolta. Especially because writer-director Paul Schrader also came to it with a promising track record of hits and near misses (most recently, *Blue Collar* and *Hardcore*). Somehow, nothing seems to work in *Gigolo*, which offers Gere as a multilingual hustler in Beverly Hills, with Lauren Hutton as the California Senator's wife, a cardboard character who falls in love with her male whore and sticks by him even after he is framed for murder. This is the same world of overprivileged decadence we saw from a slightly different angle in *Shampoo*, yet Schrader's view seems curiously detached—without vitality or conviction, or any real sense of events occurring among real people. Gere's role does very little for him, and there's little he can do with chunks of sappy dialog in which he muses about his line of work ("giving pleasure to women") as if he were an idealistic stud assigned to Hollywood as a member of the piece corps. Elegant Nina Van Pallandt plays the heartless madam from Malibu, though her part is peripheral to the

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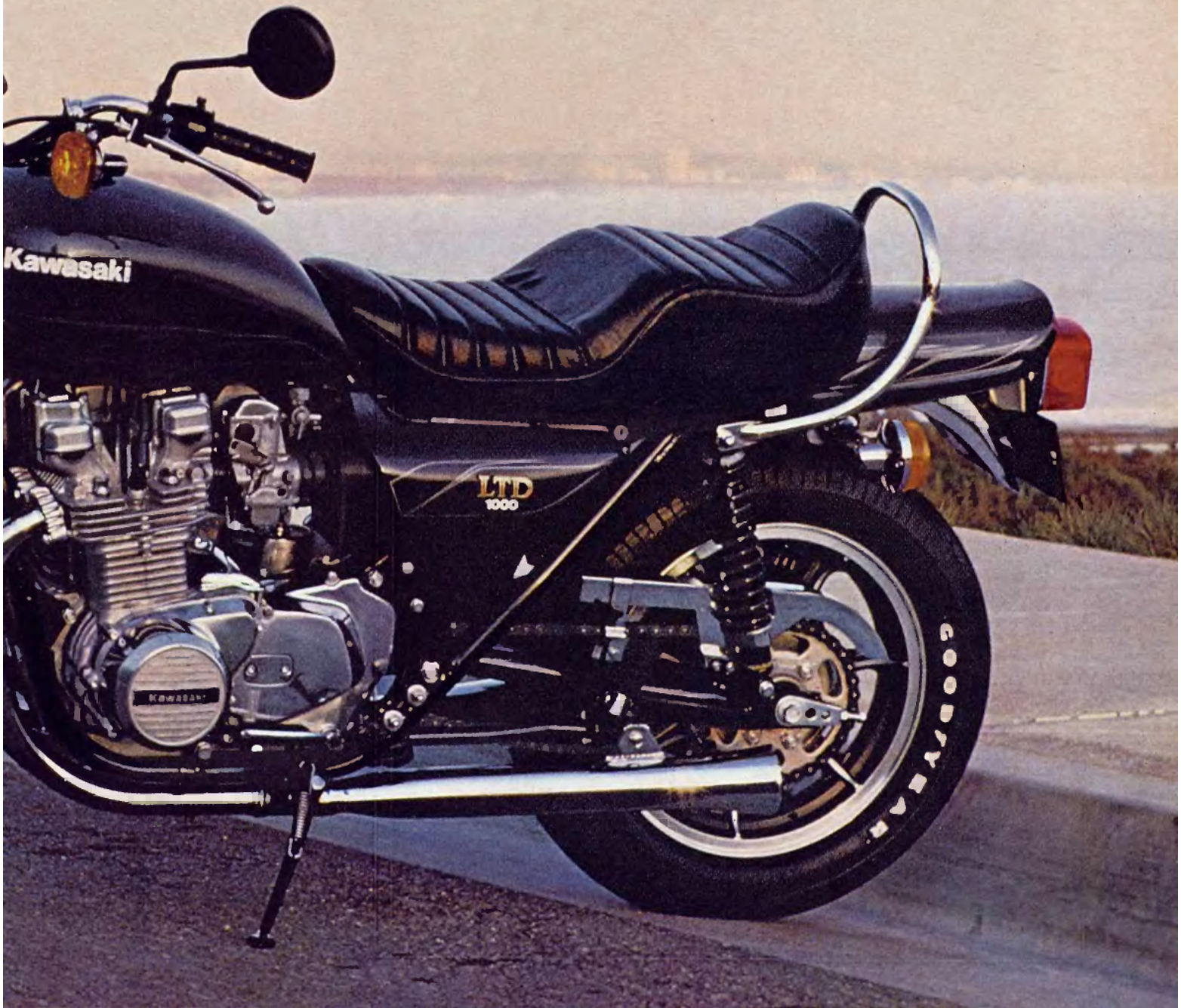

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predictable homicidal frame-up in which all the people who look guilty *are* guilty. To put it succinctly, whether you're male or female, gay or straight, there's no way you can count on *American Gigolo* to show you a good time. ¥

•

Representing Italy in the Academy Award competition for Best Foreign Film, Franco Brusati's ***To Forget Venice*** is an eloquent and tender mood piece—distinguished on several counts but above all for the performance of Erland Josephson as an aging homosexual who decides to grow up, and grow old, gracefully.

To Forget Venice has no plot as such but simply studies the intricate relationships among a group of friends idling away a weekend in the country on the eve of an excursion to Venice. Brusati concentrates on two homosexual couples: Josephson as Nicky, an older man with a boyish business partner–companion named Picchio (a tricky role in which David Pontremoli maintains a delicate balance between virility and sexual ambiguity); then vibrant Mariangela Melato and luscious Eleonora Giorgi as Anna and Claudia, who have never left the countryside to face reality or themselves. *To Forget Venice* is weakest when its subtle meanings are underscored to make understanding easier. What it's about is learning how to live one's life; it's not really *about* homosexuality in any sense. ¥¥¥

•

The French Oscar contender is Claude Sautet's ***A Simple Story,*** for which Romy Schneider has already picked up a best-actress award over there. Formerly a vixenish Viennese ingénue, Romy at 42 is sensuous, sophisticated and beautiful as ever, with a comfortable, womanly way that adds authority to her attractiveness. Not so simple, *Simple Story* opens with Romy as a divorced career woman having an abortion to write *fini* to a love affair that just isn't working out. Her peevish lover (Claude Brasseur) finds solace soon enough; her attentive former husband (Bruno Cremer) is living with a much younger woman; her teenaged son doesn't really need her anymore; and most of her friends are facing mid-life crises of one kind or another. There's plenty of talk about everything and everyone during French country weekends, but the subtitled dialog by Jean-Loup Dabadie is the pithy, literate stuff they save for the very best French films. "I can't have a child and a man at the same time" is one of Romy's more telling lines, delivered en route to a surprise climax that feminists should cheer. That's all I want to tell, except to say that Romy is terrific in a *very* adult movie. ¥¥

•

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PB5

Brilliant Career, an amusing and sensitive account of the coming of age of a free-spirited young girl in rural Australia at the turn of the century. Adapted from a novel well known down under, *Career* introduces fresh, irrepressible Judy Davis as a teenager well ahead of her time, who would rather become a writer than marry a wealthy young squire and settle into the comfortable rut of country life. Director Gillian Armstrong takes her time with a tale that's languid as a summer snooze in a hammock compared with the kind of hype an American moviegoer grows accustomed to, but the change of pace is refreshing. And the past feels timeless when Miss Davis gets going as a race-you-back-from-the-pond sort of rebel who scandalizes her elders when she bangs out honky-tonk tunes on the piano, instantly transforming a sober front-parlor social into "a Bacchanalian debauch." That's my kind of girl. ¥¥¥

•

Farrah is back and Kirk Douglas has got her—though he cannot manage to keep her—in ***Saturn 3***. As a major film star, Farrah Fawcett keeps running into tough luck through no fault of her own. Despite what you may have heard, she was excellent in *Somebody Killed Her Husband*, well up to par in *Sunburn*. That big-screen magic just refuses to happen, and I doubt that the inconsequential *Saturn 3* will mark a change. In this handsomely designed futuristic chase film, Farrah lives and works with Douglas on an idyllic outer-space station, a veritable Eden until Harvey Keitel (the snake) appears as a psychotic captain with a kit bag full of pills he calls blue dreamers (the apple). "You have a great body . . . may I use it?" he asks. The time is eons from now, earthlings, and there's not a minute to waste. Keitel has also brought along a robot, a sort of lesser Alien named Hector. Hector wants to use Farrah, too, for Lord knows what. Things get rather messy all round. ¥

•

As ***The Fog*** thickens, one thing becomes perfectly clear: Director John Carpenter, the man who made *Halloween*, is a young master of shock and suspense in search of a script equal to his talents. Since he is co-author of the screenplay (again collaborating with producer Debra Hill), as well as composer of the eerily effective score, Carpenter must shoulder the blame for *The Fog*'s shortcomings while taking bows for the good stuff—edge-of-your-seat terror, dry lips and wet palms and things that go bump in the night. Carpenter begins appropriately with John Houseman as a grizzled old sailor spinning this tall tale of murder, stolen treasure and a 100-year-old curse to kids around a campfire. *The Fog* becomes more preposterous reel by reel, though I went with it, held by the vivid atmosphere, an air of impending evil and a fine bunch of actors including Hal Holbrook, Jamie Lee Curtis (*Halloween*'s surviving baby sitter), Janet Leigh (Jamie's mother in real life) and Adrienne Barbeau (director Carpenter's wife) as a very sultry deejay who broadcasts from that lonely lighthouse waaaay out at the point. Adrienne adds a touch of sophistication that the movie sorely needs but soon loses. ¥¥

Farrah in space shocker.

•

A haunted house harbors some deep, dark secrets in ***The Changeling,*** which pits George C. Scott and Trish Van Devere against the supernatural. They, too, triumph over everything but the plot, which gets better treatment than it deserves from George and Trish and Melvyn Douglas, all superbly directed by Peter Medak. *The Changeling* is silly but nonetheless scary and consistently high-grade. ¥¥

•

George Segal and Natalie Wood are ***The Last Married Couple in America***—prototypal California people, feeling the heat of the sexual revolution and wondering why they're still happy. You see the gimmick? It's *Bob & Carol* without *Ted & Alice* a decade later—with Natalie in top form, looking as good as she did back in 1969, and George holding his own as the definitive Anxious American. Not much new has been added, except now everyone says fuck a lot. The movie still winds up endorsing fidelity, domesticity and morality. Directed by Gilbert Cates, *Last Married Couple* is an OK comedy for semisquares. If OK is good enough for you, go. ¥¥

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

All That Jazz Bob Fosse's tour-de-force musical about art, love and coronary seizures, starring Roy Scheider as the dancin' genius. ¥¥¥

American Gigolo (Reviewed this month) An unmeshed Gere. ¥

Apocalypse Now Marlon Brando, bad as he is bald, mooning through the final scenes of Francis Coppola's magical mystery tour to Vietnam. ¥¥¥

Being There Power politics with Peter Sellers, in his best role since *Dr. Strangelove*. ¥¥¥

Caligula Opulent, violent and prurient but terminally tedious, this $17,000,000 porno fiasco mixes hardcore and ancient history into a heady brew. Then Malcolm McDowell, as the ignoblest Roman of them all, rubs everyone's nose in it. ¥

Coal Miner's Daughter The story of country-music queen Loretta Lynn, stunningly acted and sung by Sissy Spacek. ¥¥¥¥

Cruising (Reviewed this month) Pacino plays boy meets boy. ¥¥

The Electric Horseman Redford and Fonda play boy meets girl in Vegas, incidentally hijacking a multimillion-dollar horse. ¥¥¥

The Fog (Reviewed this month) Passable, but no *Halloween*. ¥¥

Heart Beat Nick Nolte personifies the Beat Generation while John Heard (as Jack Kerouac) writes about it. Sissy Spacek plays The Girl. ¥¥¥

Hide in Plain Sight James Caan's directorial debut and star turn is a solid true-life melodrama. ¥¥

The Jerk In his runaway box-office hit, a Horatio Alger fable rewritten as graffiti, Steve Martin proves low comedy never had it so good. ¥¥

Kramer vs. Kramer Marriage on the rocks: Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep in an explosive custody battle that definitely looks like a title match. ¥¥¥¥

La Cage aux Folles This jolly French farce dotes on two lovable old fairy queens. ¥¥¥¥

The Last Married Couple in America (Reviewed this month) To swing or to split—that is the question. ¥¥

The Man with Bogart's Face (Reviewed this month) Fun à la *Maltese Falcon*. ¥¥

1941 Steven Spielberg's folly. ¥

Star Trek—The Motion Picture For nonbelievers, like attending a class reunion at someone else's school. ¥¥

To Forget Venice (Reviewed this month) A homo in the country. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ So-so ¥ Forget it

BOOKS

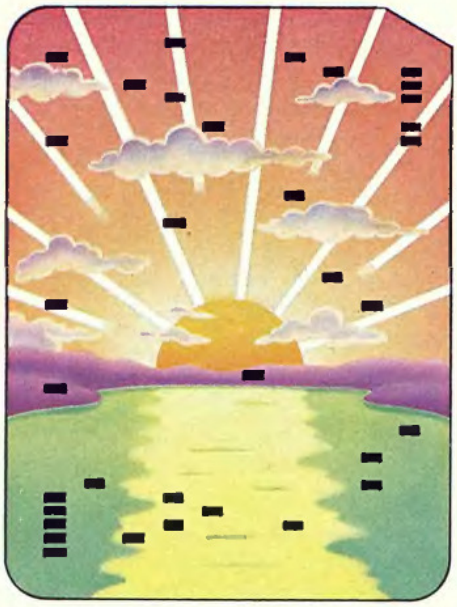
This book is about the revolution. Which one? Well, it's not about the struggle between communism and capitalism or the fight for equal rights between the sexes or the looming confrontations between Islam and the West. No, Christopher Evans in ***The Micro Millennium*** (Viking) is writing about *the* revolution: the computer revolution. (PBS hopes to tackle the subject in a six-part series based on the book and narrated by Evans.) Once you've read Evans, you'll understand that something momentous is occurring, something larger and more important than the other revolutions we're watching these days: "It will have an overwhelming and comprehensive impact, affecting every human being on earth in every aspect of his or her life." The microprocessor is here to stay, eventually to dominate—and Evans doesn't think that's half bad. He spends his first 50 pages giving us a history of the development of computers (did you know, for example, that Lord Byron's daughter published one of the first studies on artificial intelligence? Or that Hitler could have authorized a project to build the first fully electronic computer in 1940, but he turned the project down because he thought he'd already won the war?). Then Evans takes off on a series of scenarios, showing how computers will affect us from now to the year 2000. This well could be the most important book of the next two decades. Read it and wonder and laugh and weep.

•

Robert Ludlum's latest thriller, ***The Bourne Identity*** (Richard Marek), is not about a White House doctor. Close, but not quite. Instead, Ludlum has borrowed one of the oldest altered states of consciousness—amnesia. His hero is fished out of the ocean close to death, the only clue to his identity a tiny piece of microfilm embedded in his thigh. The mysterious stranger is plagued by flashes of his past—and by an endless stream of people trying to do him in. It seems that he is a killer who cries named Bourne with a couple of million stashed in a Swiss bank account. And, for some reason, Carlos, the international terrorist, is on his case. If it's not one thing, it's another. And that adds up to an evening of escapist fiction.

•

No doubt, Darryl Ponicsan had a movie in mind when he wrote ***An Unmarried Man*** (Delacorte). He has all the right ingredients: a poignant courtroom moment, a lovable, sassy kid, a bitch of a wife, a gorgeous, understanding mistress. But writing with one eye for the camera does not make a winning novel. The characters here are too pat and the blame is too neatly parceled. This has all been done before—and better.



Micro Millennium: digital days ahead.

Fortunately for us, Hitler was wrong about computers.

Identity in limbo.

•

Anne Tyler's ***Morgan's Passing*** (Knopf) is the story of Morgan Gower, a comic character who builds a fanciful world to escape the chaos of living with a wife and seven daughters. Morgan keeps his sanity (of a sort), while confusing the lives of everyone else. Tyler brings just the right touch to this grimly humorous novel.

•

Junk Food (Delta), produced by five young New Yorkers with the aid of 86 contributors, provides all you need to appreciate *cuisine rapide* but the Rolaids; cleverly packaged, yin-yanglike, in a junk book.

•

Larry L. King is these days known for Broadway's *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, having cooked it up and co-written the play. But King is also one of the best working journalists ever to escape the Lone Star State and live to tell the tale. And ***Of Outlaws, Con Men, Whores, Politicians, and Other Artists*** (Viking) is collected 100 proof of it. Along with *Best Little Whorehouse*, which got its start as an article for PLAYBOY in 1974, are excursions strange and various, all deftly led by King's warm, solid voice.

•

Thomas Berger is a little bit like film director Richard Lester. For some strange reason, every third or fourth work is a charm—the rest are bombs. When Berger connects, the result is a classic like *Little Big Man*. When he misses, the result is ***Neighbors*** (Delacorte).

•

For the layman—dope smoker or not—***Legal First Aid for Today's High Society*** provides a good basic education on the rights of suspects in criminal cases. It's a 212-page paperback by attorneys Kenneth L. Weiss and David J. Kurland, available for $9.95 from Legal First Aid, Inc., P.O. Box 5202, Clearwater, Florida 33518. The book's emphasis is on drug laws, but its information on searches, evidence, arrest and questioning applies across the board.

•

George V. Higgins, in ***Kennedy for the Defense*** (Knopf), reminds us that some lawyers are really just ordinary guys struggling to make a megabuck. The Kennedy in the title is Jeremiah, a personable fellow (at least to those he likes) who fast-talks his way into one unsavory case after another. The lively dialog makes this another Higgins winner.

•

The Other Racquet Sports (McGraw-Hill Paperbacks), by Dick Squires, suggests that racket and paddle games other than tennis may be the next craze coming our way. Both popular and esoteric pastimes are included, along with methods of play, court descriptions, equipment needed, glossaries and illustrations. The author says there are more than 75,000,000 Americans out there wielding rackets or paddles. If he's right, a lot of people are going to want this book.

☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: Will there or will there not be a sequel to *Kramer vs. Kramer*? At presstime, no one was quite certain, but most were optimistic. One source at Columbia told me, "Everyone involved in the movie wants it to happen. It's a natural." Certainly, from a financial point of view, it would be a good idea (the flick, starring **Dustin Hoffman** and **Meryl Streep**, has been big at the box office) and if it sweeps the Oscars, I'd put money on it. Says associate producer **Richard Fischoff**: "It was apparent from the beginning that there was a sequel in *Kramer vs. Kramer*, but at this time it's premature to say whether it'll happen. Dustin has expressed a *lot* of interest in doing a sequel, but we have no script at this time—and even if we do one, we're not sure if it'll involve Ted and Joanna Kramer or if it'll be about another couple." We'll just have to wait and see. . . . *Ordinary People*, the film based on

Hoffman Streep

Judith Guest's successful novel, has been wrapped. Directed by **Robert Redford**, the flick stars **Mary Tyler Moore, Donald Sutherland** and **Judd** (*Taxi*) **Hirsch**. . . . **Frank Sinatra**, whose last film effort was *Dirty Dingus Magee*, circa 1970, will coproduce and star in *The First Deadly Sin*, based on the **Lawrence Sanders** novel. At one time, the film was slated to be written and directed by **Roman Polanski**. . . . The campaigns for Oscars aren't filled with as many dirty tricks as the Nixon 1972 election effort was, but this year Hollywood has raised an eyebrow over a report published in *New West* magazine that *Chapter Two* producer **Ray Stark** leaned on columnist **Rona Barrett** to praise the performance turned in by **Marsha Mason** and ignore **James Caan**. When the columnist refused, sparks flew. We hear that the reason behind it all is the belief of Stark's pal **Neil Simon** that an Oscar will be enough of a career capper for Marsha to stay at home and simply be Mrs. Neil Simon.

•

ARKIN VS. HARTLEY: **Alan Arkin** and **Mariette Hartley** star in *Proper Channels*, a romantic comedy about a contemporary couple who split up because the woman wants to do her own thing and end up getting back together to fight the bureaucracy that evolves over the custody

Arkin Hartley

of their child. (Yes, I know it *sounds* like *Kramer vs. Kramer*, but this one's a comedy.) Hartley, who has been in countless B movies over the years, really got her big break, so to speak, through the Polaroid ads with **James Garner** and the subsequent confusion as to whether Garner and Hartley are actually man and wife (they're not). "To use **Burt Reynolds**' line," she says, " 'it's taken me 20 years to become an overnight success.' All of a sudden, I'm getting the good offers." Says Arkin: "There's a real chemistry between Mariette and me. One of the best compliments anybody can give me after seeing one of my pictures is to tell me, 'It really looks like you had fun making that one!' That's what everybody said to me after *The In-Laws* and that's what they're going to say after they see *Proper Channels*."

•

KID STUFF: "Our son's success has amazed us," says **Ricky Schroder**'s mother. "At first, all we wanted was for Ricky to do some TV commercials. I started taking him around to the different agencies because I was bored and wanted something to do. And I thought if we could also make some money for his college, so much the better. Now we can buy the college!" Sort of makes you weep, doesn't it? Young Ricky's next flick is *The*

Schroder Holden

Earthling, in which he shares billing with none other than **William Holden**. The nine-year-old child actor plays a kid who loses both of his parents in a jeep accident in the Australian bush country and, while stumbling lost and forlorn in the countryside, encounters Holden, a man who has come home to Australia to die. And, of course, the boy gives new meaning to the old man's life, etc., etc. Says Holden of his young co-star: "He probably has the best instincts of any actor I've ever worked with."

•

IS THERE LIFE AFTER FARRAH? Having recently turned 40, **Lee Majors** wants to change his career direction and prove to critics that he's an actor who can handle meatier parts. Word has it that he's looking for a comedy to star in. The last film he completed, a sci-fi adventure story about a future age in which there are no cars and no gasoline, had him playing an ex–race-car driver who hides a Porsche 917/10 in his garage and ends up taking it out for one last drive to the Coast—teaming up with a young electronics genius who's developed a special pump that can tap into the residue of gasoline remaining in deserted filling

Majors

stations. As for estranged wife Farrah, Majors says of her career: "If I were still watching over her, I think I would have suggested different material. She's made mistakes. But, to be fair, she's also taken what was available. She was offered the **Goldie Hawn** role in *Foul Play*, but that fell through." Incidentally, Majors himself was offered the **Mac Davis** role opposite **Nick Nolte** in *North Dallas Forty*, but a previous commitment kept him from accepting. The previous commitment, an independent production, never got off the ground.

•

BACK TO THE STONE AGE: **Ringo Starr** will star in *Caveman*, a film that's being billed as "a prehistoric comedy." If you ask me, half the comedies Hollywood produced last year were prehistoric.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

GOIN' SOUTH IN COMFORT

Enjoy a helping of true regional hospitality in one of Dixie's cozy inns.

THE VERY WORD inn conjures up the most comfortably romantic images, though there's widespread misconception that the great inns of America are restricted to New England. Fortunately, that just ain't so, and the southernmost of the original 13 colonies (and their neighboring states) are chock-full of wonderful small hotels that are among America's best-kept secrets. Furthermore, the glorious sights and smells of a Southern springtime and the regional traditions of generous hospitality and gentle warmth add a special feeling of well-being that should be cherished as much as the plump mattresses and the historic surroundings. Here are eight of our favorites, representing a taste of the South that very few have sampled.

Greyfield Inn—Cumberland Island, Georgia

The main house (there are also two cottages) was for many years the home of Andrew Carnegie's brother Thomas; its inn-carnation began several years ago under the direction of Lucy Ferguson, Carnegie's grandniece. Cumberland is a one-of-a-kind island off the Atlantic coast, just north of the point where Georgia meets Florida, and only a handful of souls live here permanently. More important, only a few outside guests (outside the family circle, that is) are accepted at the inn each year. This is the perfect place for those who cherish something far off the beaten track (access is by boat or charter plane only) and who won't be too disappointed by the absence of tennis courts, swimming pool or other conventional resort facilities. For information: Greyfield Inn, Drawer B, Fernandina Beach, Florida 32034; 904-356-9509.

Lamothe House—New Orleans, Louisiana

Not every notable inn need be set in the countryside, and here's an exquisite example of an early New Orleans town house. Elegant antiques fill the rooms and guests often feel they are living in an earlier era. Breakfast is the only meal served, but it's a genuine event, with all of the inn's guests seated at a single table, where coffee is served from a more-than-200-year-old Sheffield urn. For information: Lamothe House, 621 Esplanade Avenue, New Orleans, Louisiana 70116; 504-947-1161.

Nu-Wray Inn—Burnsville, North Carolina

If you can get high on sheer altitude and breath-taking scenery, here's a place for you. The Pisgah National Forest, one of the wildest in the East, and Mt. Mitchell (at 6684 feet, the highest summit east of the Mississippi) provide the basic background landscape. The only discordant note is the old plantation bell, which is rung each morning promptly at eight. For information: Nu-Wray Inn, Box 156, Burnsville, North Carolina 28714; 704-682-2329.

Wayside Inn—Middletown, Virginia

A favorite of early Virginia planters, this hostelry once served as a key stagecoach stop on the old Shenandoah Valley Pike. A Washington, D.C., banker and antique fancier undertook the restoration of 21 rooms, which he has now filled with marvelous antiques of varying origins. One of the dining rooms, which includes a huge fireplace, dates from 1742 and was part of the original slave quarters. This is a prime place in which to sample such Southern specialties as peanut soup and country ham. For information: Wayside Inn, 7783 Main Street, Middletown, Virginia 22645; 703-869-1797.

Inn at Shaker Village—Harrodsburg, Kentucky

Although this is an authentic Shaker structure, that religion's requirement of chastity (which has just about killed off this industrious communal sect) is no longer strictly enforced on the premises. In fact, it has been more than half a century since any Kentucky Shaker lived in this town, but the countryside was once (in the early 19th Century) the wild West, and the Shakers helped civilize the frontier. Recent interest in the Shakers inspired a nonprofit organization to restore and maintain all 27 of the town's original buildings. Ten are now set up to lodge visitors and the rooms are furnished with carefully crafted reproductions of notable pieces of Shaker furniture. For information: The Inn at Shaker Village of Pleasant Hill, Route 4, Harrodsburg, Kentucky 40330; 606-734-5411.

Chalet Suzanne—Lake Wales, Florida

If architectural style can be described in a single word or phrase—Victorian, Colonial, motel modern—this hostelry is pure Bertha Hinshaw. The late Mrs. Hinshaw began with a small restaurant during the Depression and, when she died not long ago, left behind an eclectic 32-room enterprise, an amalgam of decks and turrets that is somehow more appealing than bizarre. The food can be a bit erratic—some love it, some say it's no longer up to Mrs. Hinshaw's standards—but no one complains about the unusually attractive atmosphere. For information: Chalet Suzanne, P.O. Drawer AC, Lake Wales, Florida 33853; 813-676-1477.

Sword Gate Inn—Charleston, South Carolina

In a city famed for its restoration of historic homes, this very small (only five rooms) lodging is a perfect place in which to immerse yourself in the ambience of Old Charleston. In springtime, this makes an ideal headquarters for a visit to the Spoleto Festival U.S.A. (May 23–June 8). Everything—from the gingham comforter on the bed to the fresh flowers that seem to be everywhere—heightens the feeling of comfort and elegance. For information: Sword Gate Inn, 111 Tradd Street, Charleston, South Carolina 29401; 803-723-8518.

The Country Inn—Berkeley Springs, West Virginia

George Washington not only slept hereabouts but he thought enough of the local spa to build a summer home in Berkeley Springs after the Revolutionary War. The six pillars that frame the entrance to the inn provide an imposing façade, and the interior accommodations are equal to the first impression. Southern specialties fill the menu, and you can work off the resultant extra inches at the next-door spa, which includes Turkish and Roman baths and some very talented masseurs. For information: The

Country Inn, Route 522, Berkeley Springs, West Virginia 25411; 304-258-2210.

Other Southern inns of note:

The Alexander-Withrow House
3 West Washington Street
Lexington, Virginia 24450
703-463-2044
Six suites, open all year

Battery Carriage House
20 South Battery
Charleston, South Carolina 29401
803-723-9881
Ten rooms, open all year

Boone Tavern Hotel
Berea College, Berea, Kentucky 40404
606-986-9358
59 rooms, open all year

Doe Run Inn
Route 2, Brandenburg, Kentucky 40108
502-422-2982
12 rooms, open all year except Christmas Eve and Day

The General Lewis Inn
301 East Washington Street
Lewisburg, West Virginia 24901
304-645-2600
30 rooms, open all year

Hound Ears Lodge & Club
P.O. Box 188
Blowing Rock, North Carolina 28605
704-963-4321
25 rooms, open all year

Maison de Ville
727 Rue Toulouse
New Orleans, Louisiana 70130
504-561-5858
14 rooms, 7 cottages, open all year

The Red Fox Tavern
Washington and Madison streets
P.O. Box 385
Middleburg, Virginia 22117
703-687-6301
Six rooms, open all year

Robert Morris Inn
Oxford, Maryland 21654
301-226-5111
32 rooms, open all year except Christmas

Rod and Gun Club
Everglades City, Florida 33929
813-695-2101
18 rooms, open all year

17Hundred90 Inn
307 E. President Street
Savannah, Georgia 31401
912-236-7122
14 rooms in main house, two townhouse suites; open all year

Snowbird Mountain Lodge
Joyce Kilmer Forest Road
Robbinsville, North Carolina 28771
704-479-3433
16 rooms, open mid-May through October

RED HOT OR LIQUID

Perhaps for some, the idea of a custom motorcycle is relatively simple. Slap a package of bolt-on goodies to a reasonably interesting motorcycle and that's that.

Perhaps for some. But not for Honda.

The 1980 CB650 Custom and CX500 Custom bring a larger meaning to the term. They represent outstanding efforts in both design and technology. The results please the eye, quicken the pulse and boggle the mind.

Slide your eyes up the long front forks, over the graceful sweep of the pull-back handlebars, and along the shimmering, sleek teardrop tanks. Rest a while on the low riding stepped seats, and roll on to the 16-inch rear wheel.

Dramatic ComStar™ wheels. Chopped megaphone pipes. And chrome. More than just a splash.

These machines are Custom right down to their toenails.

But it's the heart and soul of these Honda Customs that set them apart from their peers.

Beneath the gleaming surface of the CB650 Custom throbs a proven-powerful Honda classic. The SOHC 627 cc 4-stroke Honda Four is the updated successor to the engine design that started the Superbike revolution.

Four 26 mm carbs, an accelerator pump, and CDI ignition all contrive to give you a machine that is cat quick as well as cat slick. Punch the starter, crack the throttle open and things begin to happen. Remarkably quickly.

Low stiction front forks and two-stage rear shocks make it smooth. Disc and drum brakes

COOL.

make it stop. The clean, positive shifting five-speed gearbox lets you cruise smoothly mile after red hot mile. And lest the blurred image of you on your machine leave anyone in doubt, this Honda Custom sounds the mellow note of that justly famous quadrophonic exhaust.

Across the aisle, the CX500 Custom sounds a different note. A throaty rumble. Urgent. Commanding. It starts deep within the muscular engine and pours out of the upswept pipes.

The rugged 496 cc transverse V-twin 4-stroke is fed by 34 mm CV carbs, sparked by a Tri-Pulser™ electronic ignition, and breathes through four valves per cylinder. With a liquid cooling system for controlled engine temperature. And a fully enclosed shaft drive for a silky transfer of power from the five-speed gearbox. It's every bit as smooth as it is powerful. Handling it inspires confidence. Low stiction front forks, two-stage damping rear shocks and a front disc/rear drum set-up let you tour the town or the turnpike with ease.

And now, for the dilemma. You're faced with a choice between two uniquely satisfying machines. Both sleek, stylish, sure-footed and powerful. Take comfort in the fact that, whether you select the red-hot CB650 Custom or the liquid cool CX500 Custom, either one will leave the competition just a little sweaty.

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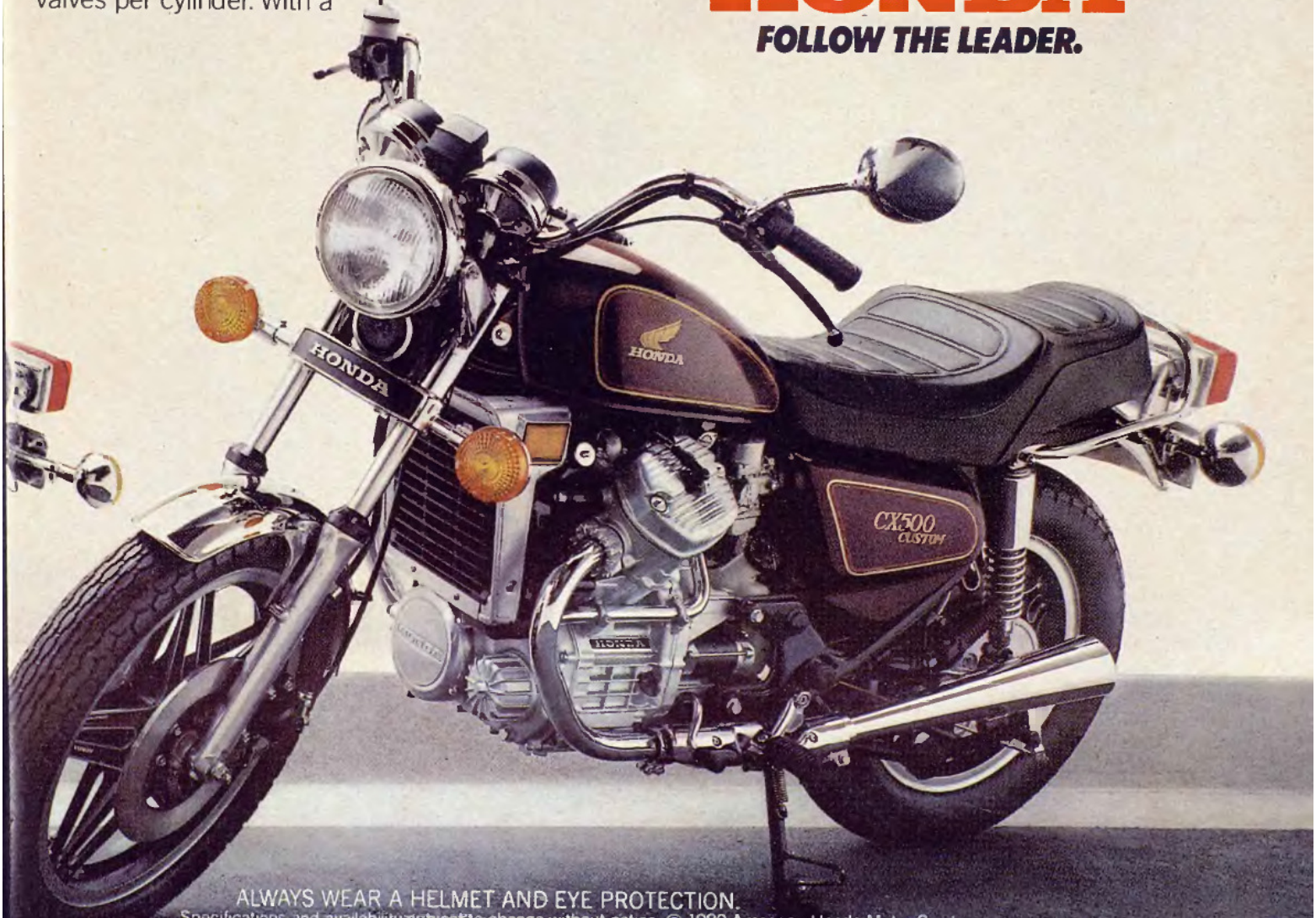

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A Reviewer's Notebook

"THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE"

author gay talese sets out to explore america's sexuality—but rarely gets beyond his own preconceptions

opinion **By JOHN LEONARD**

Gay Talese's forthcoming book about sex in America, "Thy Neighbor's Wife," is already a blockbuster—a sure best seller, a major event in Hollywood—and clearly the year's big book. It's also likely to be a bench mark for the decade, and future works on the topic will continually be compared with Talese's. Because of our own interest in the subject, Talese is the subject of this month's "Playboy Interview." And because we're in Talese's book, we went outside for a detached impression by the well-known New York Times *reviewer and columnist.*

WHEN AT LAST we take our leave of Gay Talese, he is naked, no longer an altar boy but a young god, about to brave the cedar-colored waters of the Great Egg Harbor River, somewhere in surprising New Jersey. It is certainly time for a bath. After years of research into "America's new openness about sex, its expanding erotic consumerism, and the quiet rebellion that I sensed within the middle class against the censors and clerics that had been an inhibiting force since the founding of the Puritan republic," Talese has arrived at a climax: "This nation," he tells us, "is being gradually overtaken by a silent revolution of the senses, a departure from conventionality."

Talese knows, because he has read books on censorship, watched obscenity trials in courtrooms, interviewed the editors of such magazines as *Screw*, dropped in on nudist colonies and sexual communes, drunk in topless bars and gone to X-rated movies, talked with marriage counselors and body painters and theologians and centerfolds, patronized massage parlors (Johnson's baby powder, please), *managed* a massage parlor, risked ridicule and his own marriage to bring back the Big Story, "one of the most important stories of my lifetime."

Of what does this revolutionary departure consist? Speaking only for the middle class—and Talese is very middle class, preferring the "college-educated masseuse" to "the contemporary streetwalker," who is "invariably a poorly educated young woman from the ghetto with a drug problem" and who is "rarely even attractive"—he sums up:

> There is now an ever-increasing tolerance for sexual expression in films and books, and a more accepting attitude among couples in the bedroom with regard to what had once been considered "kinky"—having mirrors around the room, colored lights and candles, vibrators at bedside, Frederick's of Hollywood lingerie, X-rated movie cassettes, oral sex and other acts that many state laws still condemn as "sodomy."

What's more:

> At polite dinner parties you now hear people discussing the intimate aspects of their private lives in ways that in the mid-Sixties would have been socially unacceptable. Homosexual bars are no longer the constant target of police raids since homosexual activists have organized. And most middle-class parents of college students are resigned to the fact that premarital sex is hardly uncommon in offcampus apartments or even in dormitories.

Finally:

> While I can't prove it, I think that middle-class American husbands now, more than ever before in American history, can live with the knowledge that their wives were not virgins when they married—and that their wives have had, or *are* having, an extramarital affair. I'm not saying that husbands are not bothered by this . . . I'm only suggesting that the contemporary husband, unlike his father and grandfather before him, is not so shocked by such news, is more likely to accept women as sexual beings, and only in extreme cases will he retaliate with violence against his unfaithful wife or male rival. . . .

Wow. For this, Hollywood paid two and a half million dollars? Of course not. Hollywood paid for the ambience and the anecdotes. *Thy Neighbor's Wife* is a pile of anecdotes, stapled together at random, of recipes instead of people, of ingredients and tics of personality and vehement longings: new uses for old organs! The enigmatic anus! More than 20 years ago, sizing up his competition in *Advertisements for Myself*, Norman Mailer decided that J. D. Salinger was "no more than the greatest mind ever to stay in prep school." In *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, nobody seems ever to have graduated from junior high—certainly not Talese.

We are introduced to Anthony Comstock of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice and John Humphrey Noyes of the Oneida Community and Barney Rosset of Grove Press and Hugh Hefner of PLAYBOY and William Hamling of *Rogue* and Samuel Roth of the *Roth* decision and Wilhelm Reich of the orgone box, not to mention Masters and Johnson, Alex Comfort, Max Lerner, Hieronymus Bosch and everybody else who helped make the sexual revolution possible. Since Talese parajournalizes so promiscuously—reaching into their minds, reading their thoughts, scratching their itches—one would expect at the very least to emerge from his book, as if from a novel, with some improved comprehension of what they stand for and a different angle on the culture that produced them. One emerges instead, as if from a soft-porn movie in the middle of the afternoon, reproached by sunlight and feeling peripheral to the main business of the universe.

To be sure, Maurice Girodias and Ralph Ginzburg and Edward Mishkin and Al Goldstein and Larry Flynt aren't exactly Lenin or Darwin or Bolivar or Daniel Boone or Captain Kangaroo. What they stand for seems no more complicated than the right to cash in on loneliness; what they have achieved is to make America safe for pubic hair. The First Amendment, in my opinion, protects even the toads in the erotic garden, but it does not oblige us to admire them. Still, these men had mothers and, like the rest of us, they will die alone. If Talese—who wrote the advertising copy that compared Flynt to a Soviet dissident, which ad I added my name to with the usual misgivings—expects us to take his revolutionaries as seriously as he himself takes them, he has to put them in a social context and make them sound interesting. He doesn't.

I've met Barney Rosset; my appreciation of him is in no way improved by the news that he is descended from "a hapless Russian Jewish patriarch who made corks for champagne bottles." I've met Max Lerner; I would like to know what, if anything, he thought of the Sandstone sex commune run by a part-time engineer who turned himself into a philosopher by reading the novels of Ayn Rand. I haven't met Harold Rubin, the Chicago

boy who grew up to run a massage parlor; why should I care that he favored masturbating in front of photographs of Diane Webber in an "art-camera" magazine in 1957? Nor have I met Hugh Hefner, another Chicago boy, who grew up to run the magazine for which I am writing, but I wonder whether I am much the wiser for being told that:

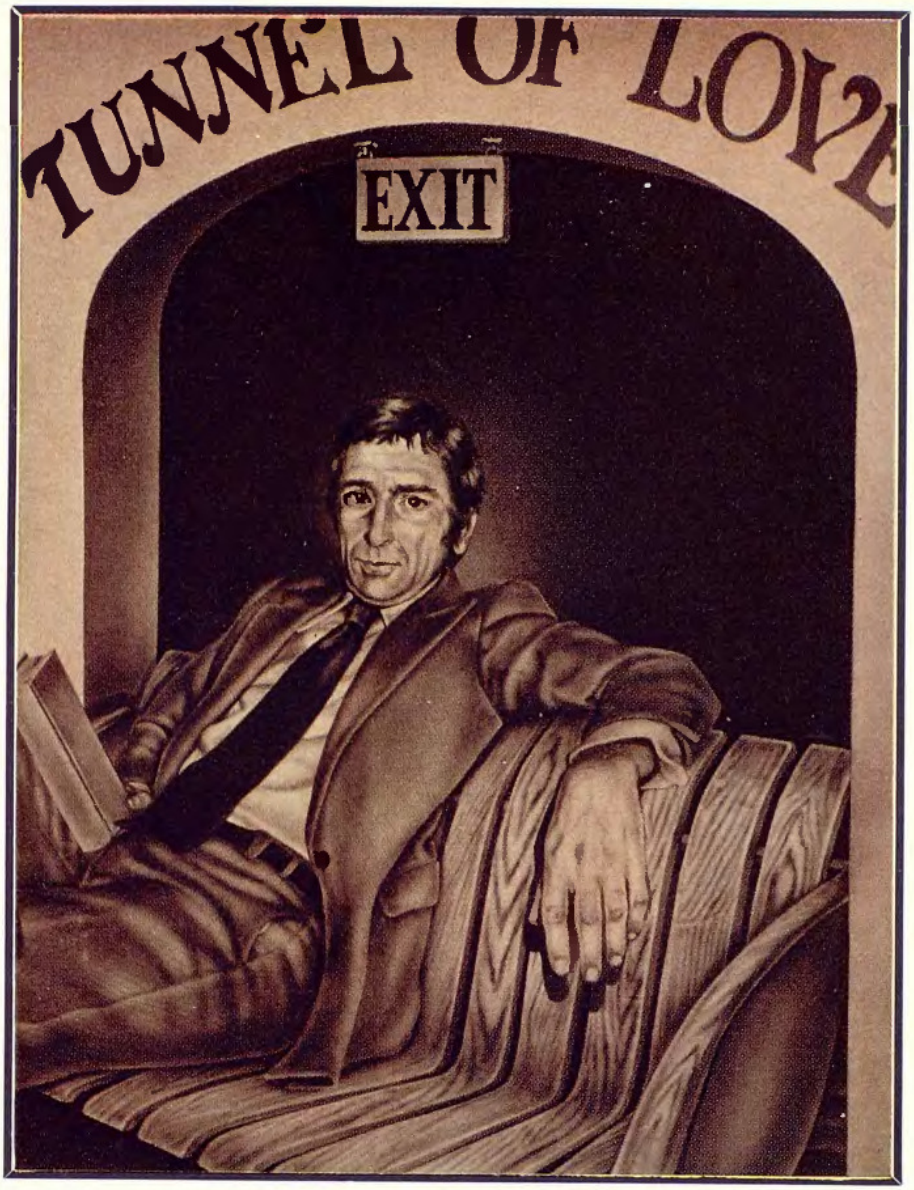
Hefner remembers being an usher in a movie theater. . . . He took long walks through the Chicago night, looking up "at the luxurious towering apartment houses," seeing "women standing at the windows," imagining "that they were as unhappy as he was," wanting "to know all of them intimately." . . . He drinks 12 bottles of Pepsi-Cola every day. . . . His favorite writer is F. Scott Fitzgerald (what? Not Spinoza? Not Saint Augustine?). . . . He bought Barbi Benton a red cotton-candy machine. . . . Whereas, once upon a time, at the Acapulco airport, he stomped on his own briefcase, although we aren't sure whether he was wearing white socks that day——

What am I supposed to do with this information?

Talese, who seems to be wandering around in a fog, looking, perhaps, for a physically aggressive woman, stops to ask himself why "so many Americans accused of scandalous publishing and trading" were born and raised in Chicago—like Hefner and Hamling and Rosset, like Marvin Miller of the X-rated movies and the porno paperbacks, like Ed Lange, who snapped all those shots of Diane Webber that Harold Rubin used to ogle. And then why did so many of them end up in Los Angeles? He replies: "It was as if that strongly Irish-Catholic town was destined to produce sexually obsessed native sons, most of whom would eventually exile themselves into more liberal surroundings. Chicago was America's Dublin."

At last, a generalization. If Chicago is America's Dublin, does that make Los Angeles America's Paris, a crash pad for our home-grown Jimmy Joyces and Sam Becketts? I ask: Why not, instead of Chicago, a strongly Irish-Catholic Boston in Massachusetts, or a strongly Mormon Provo in Utah, or a strongly German Cincinnati in Ohio? I also ask myself why I'm asking. What is the point?

Writing a book about sex in America, Talese almost totally ignores feminism. Gay liberation doesn't interest him. Children, conveniently, do not exist; if they did exist, they would make group sex—Tinkertoys! Erector Sets!—an unseemly hassle. Freud is trivialized. Marx isn't even mentioned. Can you imagine what Marx would have said after one long look at the



romper room in which we live? I can: He would have reminded us that the "fetishism of commodities" includes the vibrator.

For Talese, the sexual revolution seems to mean that more people are getting more of it and not feeling quite so bad afterward. Off, then, to California, where we remove our disposable clothes and go to water bed and discuss "primary" versus "secondary relationships."

Really, Talese should have had a long talk with the autumnal Freud about greed and bad faith. Is sublimation really necessary? If I defer my gratification, will you defer yours? Would Freud, smoking his sad cigar, be interested to hear that Hefner began as a cartoonist, doing obscene parodies of the Dagwood-and-Blondie comic strip? That Arthur Bremer, wearing a vest and a tie, failed to achieve orgasm in a massage parlor only a month before he shot and paralyzed Governor George Wallace?

What has possessed Talese, whom I have met and who has never before been dull? The reporter in him founders. He starts to tell us about obscenity prosecutions in this country, on which Irving Wallace was more informative in his novel *The Seven Minutes*; he digresses to discuss sex clubs, about which Jerzy Kosinski was more entertaining in his novel *Passion Play*; then we find him in the middle of a casual précis of D. H. Lawrence, about whom one would do better to consult Norman Mailer in *The Prisoner of Sex*; but he has already moved on to Wilhelm Reich, about whom Paul Robinson had much more to say in *The Freudian Left*; however, now he is explaining Ayn Rand, who needs no explanation for anyone who read the review of *Atlas Shrugged* by Whittaker Chambers—the famous ex-Communist who translated *Bambi*—in the pages of *National Review*, a magazine without pubic hair. . . . And so on.

Nor, in his books on *The New York Times* and the Mafia, was Talese so slapdash. Because Hefner's magazine has a lead time of months instead of weeks, I am reading *Thy Neighbor's Wife* in

1979 in manuscript, and possibly the publisher will clean it up some, but don't bet on it. The San Francisco earthquake happened in 1906, not, as Talese has it, in 1904. The Free Speech Movement in Berkeley was launched in 1963, not in 1965. And while he may have wound up as a Los Angeles Ram, the Bernie Casey who cohabited with Max Lerner and Alex Comfort and Daniel Ellsberg at Sandstone in the nude spent most of his professional football career with the San Francisco 49ers.

Quibbles? Yes. I suppose that to complain about the lazy misuse of presently and hopefully is also to quibble; and that only purists object to a relentless, almost maniacal splitting of infinitives, four or more to the page; and that when a husband calls his wife on the telephone prior to group sex and a divorce action, such locutions as these are acceptable:

1. Calling Judith to suggest that they have dinner at their favorite restaurant, she refused. . . .
2. Still speechless on the phone, Judith asked if he could hear her.

I quibble because I get the feeling that there is something disheartened and desperate about Talese's slapdash, as if he wanted to escape in a hurry from his own book, as if the subject had begun to mystify and alarm him, as if he were afraid he could not come back normal, after all those years in massage parlors and *New York* magazine and *Esquire*. Out in the world, we seethe. Is the act itself, no holds barred, merely reactional and hygienic, a kind of horizontal jog? Or does it partake of something deeper, down in the dreams? He is sometimes the little boy outside the window of the toy-sex shop, about to slaver; at other times he seems to fear that it won't work, we'll be punished, members of the John Birch Society ought not to behave this way, hedonism lacks sincerity, the compass has gone crazy.

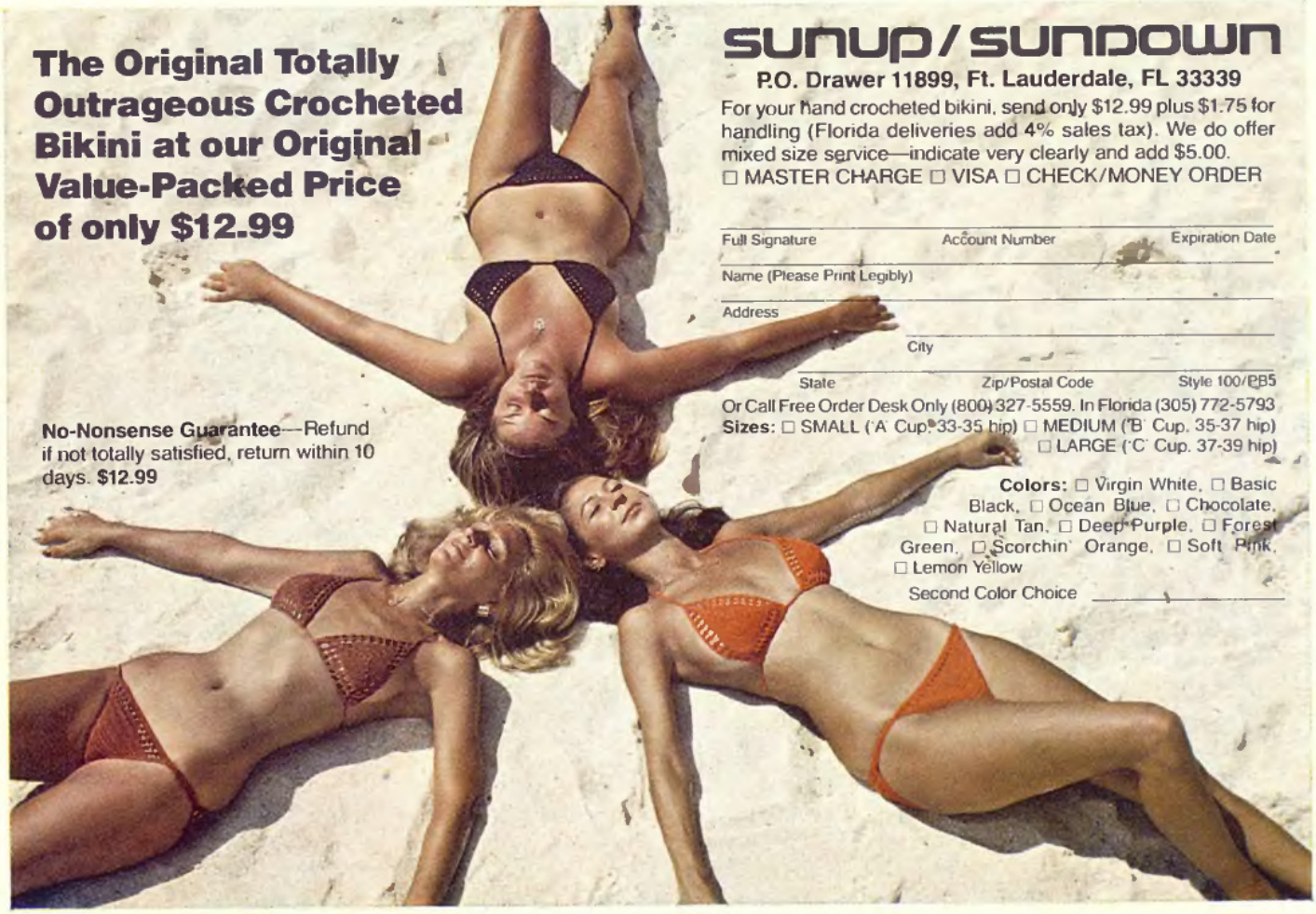
Who knows? I certainly don't, but I didn't write a book on what I didn't know. According to Tallulah Bankhead:

> I don't know what I am, dahling. I've tried several varieties of sex. The conventional position makes me claustrophobic. And the others either give me a stiff neck or lockjaw.

Closing *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, looking around at romper room, I wonder whether in the postindustrial whatever-it-is, we insist on service stations for a baffled eros. Cars need filling stations; maybe the rest of us need emptying, on odd and even days. How sad. The critic Irving Howe has written of our new "psychology of unobstructed need." Sexuality is proposed as "the ground of being, and vital sexuality the assurance of a moral life." But what if "the needs and impulses of human beings clash . . . if the transfer of energies from sexuality to sociality" doesn't go smoothly? We let it all hang out, and Howe finds in the hanging out

> a curious analog to laissez-faire economics . . . by means of which innumerable units in conflict with one another achieve a resultant of cooperation. Is there, however, much reason to suppose that this will prove more satisfactory in the economy of moral conduct than it has in the morality of economic relations? . . . Against me, against my ideas it is possible to argue, but how, according to this new dispensation, can anyone argue against my *need*?

These are questions Talese didn't ask himself, as if his revolution were all Woodstock and no Altamont, all Bunnies and no Mansons. Is anybody happier? Missing from *Thy Neighbor's Wife* are history and stamina and celebration and mystery, along with birth, blood, death and beauty, not to mention earth, fire, water, work, politics and everything else that isn't our urgent plumbing, that refuses to swim in our libidinal pool—everything that used to distinguish us from paramecia. Who wants to be a god in such a universe?



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THE WORLD'S THINNEST DIRECT DRIVE MOTOR ELIMINATES PLATTER WOBBLE.

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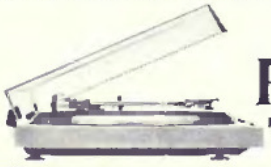

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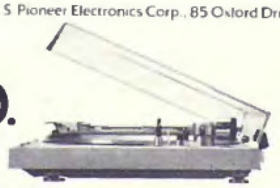

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

About a year ago, my husband and I were at a party. When one of the guests started making passes at me, my husband encouraged me to respond. He sat across the room, enjoying watching this total stranger run his hand up my dress. Naturally, things got hot and eventually this stranger and I retired to the bedroom, where I thoroughly enjoyed making love. Later that night, my husband got off simply by having me tell him about this other guy. Since that night, he has encouraged me to go braless with tight, thin tops. He has me wearing garter belts, stockings and skirts with long slits. At parties, he wants me to seduce strangers. If there's no party, we go to a bar, where he sits across the room, watching me do my thing. I'm not allowed to leave the bar or party with anyone, but I can retire to a bedroom or the parking lot. I really enjoy all this freedom, but in the past year, my husband hasn't made love to me except when super turned on listening about someone else getting into my pants. What's your reaction to this situation?—Mrs. L. S., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Uh, we're having a little get-together next week and if you're free . . . oh, never mind. The standard advice is that anything goes, until it becomes the only way to go. If your husband is obsessed with your kiss-and-tell activity—to the point that he cannot become excited by any other activity—then you may have a problem. Not as serious as the crisis in Iran, or inflation, or meeting mortgage payments, but a problem, nonetheless. On the other hand, if you are both comfortable with the demands of the situation (you sound as though you're having a good time), go for it. The impulse to watch one's mate make love is one of the sources of swinging.

At a California wine-tasting party, a friend happened to mention that just because a wine is labeled Pinot Chardonnay doesn't mean that that's the only kind of grape in the wine. I thought there were regulations about that sort of thing. Are substitute grapes being used for my favorite varieties?—R. D., Dallas, Texas.

Don't be alarmed. The regulations, such as they are, are still in effect. It's just that in California, any wine bearing a varietal name as opposed to a generic name (chablis, burgundy, claret) must contain at least 51 percent of the variety named. Those laws will be toughened in 1983 so that all varieties contained will have to be named on the bottle. It wasn't a rip-off to begin with, just custom that allowed such labeling. But consumerism and the wine boom have combined to force more specific information. That will be especially helpful in jug wines to which wineries have been free to add preservatives, flavorings and colorings with no indication on the labels that that has been done. Among possible benefits of new regulations include a new wave of multivarietal wines, kind of like cocktails, with new blends that should have enormous appeal to fickle American tastes.

Please reconsider your advice to the man who was worried about his so-called premature ejaculations. The idea of premature ejaculations is a myth perpetuated to keep men feeling guilty about sex and about enjoying themselves with abandon. An ejaculation is not premature as long as it accompanies orgasm. On a more personal note, I thoroughly enjoy turning a man on so totally that he loses control of himself and spurts forth here, there, anywhere. I feel more at ease telling the gentleman what he can do for me once he has had a turn of his own, anyway. And I am quite pleased when all his activities are directed at gratifying me. I need not fear that he will lose sight of me in his last throes and ruin my up-and-coming orgasm by thrashing around arrhythmically or, worse yet, violently. I can assure you that a soft warm penis is quite as efficient at stimulating me as an erect penis, a tongue, a shower-massage spray or my own hand, as long as it is moved around consistently in the appropriate area. Indeed, the only drawback I associate with men who have quicker-than-average orgasms is that I hate to deal with a crestfallen guy who won't stop apologizing long enough to let me tell him that he's OK and that I actually *like* it that way. Please tell the guilt-ridden sufferers that they can all be perfectly fantastic one way or the other as long as they don't immediately assume they've failed. Please point out (again) that it's the whole show that counts, not the performance of one member of the cast.—Miss S. D., Santa Clara, California.

We've been telling our readers that for years. If there were more women like you around, we'd be out of a job. Thanks.

Ever since my husband bought his new video-tape recorder, he's gone completely mad, taping everything he sees. This is no joke. He's got *last year's Miss America Pageant*. The real problem is that the tapes are everywhere. He just dumps them on tables, chairs, countertops, anywhere there are a few square inches of space. I've tried to con him into some organization by telling him it's bad for the tapes, but he says the cassettes are nearly indestructible. Can you help?—Mrs. R. G., Sacramento, California.

You don't suppose we could get a dupe of that pageant, do you? Oh, well, on to your problem. To be sure, mistreatment of video cassettes can be hazardous to their health. The same rules that apply to audio-tape care hold true for video. The enemies are heat, moisture, cold and dust. Magnetic fields, such as those of electric motors, also should be avoided. Ideally, tapes should be stored in a dust-free cabinet about 70 degrees Fahrenheit, with about 50 percent humidity. Obviously, a chair will not do. Temperature extremes of any kind should be of concern. Below minus 40 degrees, tape has the flexibility of an Internal Revenue agent, and above 110 degrees, every cassette becomes "The China Syndrome." If your tapes do get hot or cold within retrievable range, it's best to let them reach room temperature before show time. That should be enough ammunition for now. Unless, of course, you could find a spare Phyllis George lying around.

For the past few months, I've been hearing about a substance called zoom, or blast-off. Supposedly, the stuff is a legal cocaine, or a cross between coffee and cocaine. Users report that they feel a surge of energy after taking a few of the pills but that the rush is a little

more laid back than from amphetamines or cocaine. What's the story?—J. M., Tempe, Arizona.

The active ingredient in zoom (pill form) or blast-off (capsules) is guarana—a South American herb that is essentially caffeine. A couple of capsules should equal a few cups of coffee. People tend to forget how powerful a stimulant caffeine is. Consider the following description from "The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics," by Louis Goodman and Alfred Gilman: "Caffeine stimulates all portions of the cortex. Its main action is to produce a more rapid and clearer flow of thought, and to allay drowsiness and fatigue. After taking caffeine, one is capable of sustained intellectual effort and a more perfect association of ideas. There is also a keener appreciation of sensory stimuli and reaction time to them is appreciably diminished. . . . In addition, motor activity is increased; typists, for example, work faster and with fewer errors." Sounds like a rap for cocaine, right? So you should take those subjective reports with a grain of salt or, better yet, with cream and sugar to go. If you want to investigate this new legal high, fine. It's been around for only a couple of centuries.

My wife is pregnant. The good news is tempered by the disturbing fact that she occasionally suffers from herpes. We've read that women with herpes have to deliver by Caesarean section, in order to avoid infecting the baby. Is that always necessary? We were planning to share the experience of natural childbirth. Anything you could tell us would be appreciated.—M. M., Los Angeles, California.

According to medical experts, your wife has a two-out-of-three chance of normal delivery. A Caesarean section is recommended only when the herpes virus is actually present in the birth canal. (That can be determined by culturing the virus or, in some cases, with a Pap smear.) Your wife should inform her obstetrician of the details and schedule the appropriate tests. Good luck.

My lover says that she likes to be kissed in the ear. Indeed, she claims that aural stimulation causes her to reach orgasm. I've always thought that a woman required clitoral stimulation to reach orgasm. Is she pulling my leg?—T. R., Lyons, Illinois.

No, she's tugging your lobe. Perhaps you've heard the phrase "Stick it in her ear." It has physiological origins. Writing in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, *Dr. George F. Melody notes that clitoral stimulation is not necessary: "Many women have a highly sensitive auriculogenital reflex, so that lingual stimulation of the external auditory canal—supplied by the nerve of Arnold, i.e., the auricular branch of the vagus nerve—will induce orgasm." We don't know who Arnold is, but the advice seems clear. If you've been avoiding this erogenous zone, it's time to whisper sweet nothings.*

I'm having some trouble getting used to my new radial tires. I can't complain about the ride, but they always look flat to me. Should I put more air in them, even though they are at recommended pressure?—J. L., Daytona, Florida.

Put your trust in your pressure gauge, not your eyes. It's the structure of radial tires that makes them look different from bias-ply tires and it's all intended. Keep them at the recommended pressure and check it periodically, when the tires are cold, to make sure they're not losing that pressure. You should also periodically rotate your radials, just as you would do with bias-ply, except that you should switch front and rear tires on the same side of the car, not crisscross them as you did with your old tires.

A few years ago, it was considered fashionable to let your date pick up her share of the dinner tab—if not the whole check. That was at the height of women's lib. Recently, I've noticed a swing in the other direction. My dates head for the powder room when the waiter shows up with the check. Is there a new generation or a new etiquette?—J. P., New York, New York.

Dutch treating may have been considered fashionable, but it was never widespread. A recent Gallup Poll revealed that only 38 percent of the men surveyed had ever had a check picked up by their date. Only 36 percent of the women surveyed said they had taken a man to lunch or dinner. (We assume the 36 percent date the 38 percent; the remaining two percent probably need glasses.) Our rule: Play it by ear. If she doesn't move for the check, pick it up. If you can't pay the full tab, volunteer to wash dishes for 15 minutes. Then ask for the employee discount.

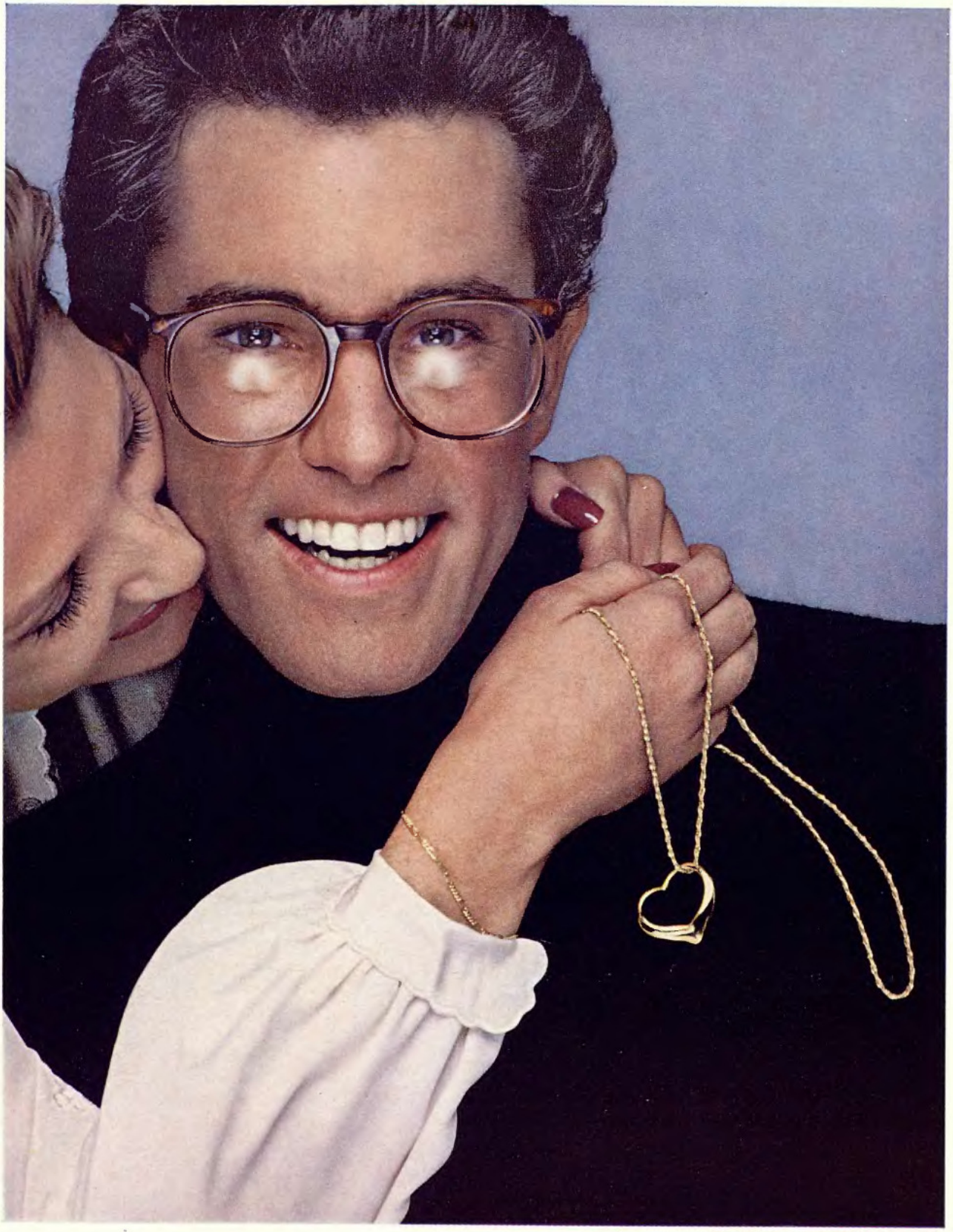
My partner likes to play with his balls until all the fuzz is worn off. I say by the time that happens, all the air is gone out of them and it slows down the game. He says he does it just in practice, not in tournaments, so it can't hurt. What do you say?—M. P., Cincinnati, Ohio.

We say that what two consenting adults do in the privacy of their own tennis court is their business. This is a tennis question, isn't it? On the slight chance that it is, we can tell you that some world body sat down and created an international standard for the rebound characteristics of tennis balls. They weren't just killing time; the ball is the only stable element of the game. Everything else, except, of course, the dimensions of the court, is an option. Most balls sold in this country have a hollow center filled with compressed gas. Pressureless balls are more common in Europe, where the rubber itself is the primary rebound agent. Hitting pressurized balls releases gas until, after about ten sets, more or less, they simply lose their bounce. Playing surface, pace of play, moisture and atmospheric pressure can affect the life and change the playing characteristics of any ball. If you play with substandard balls, your stroke, speed and accuracy will all be different from what they would be with a regulation ball. That's of no real concern if you're rallying with a friend in a downpour; but if you're practicing your serve, you could end up with a lot of bad habits and missed serves at tournament time. You should therefore try to play with reasonably fresh balls all the time. The cost isn't really that great and your game will be much more consistent.

With all the bad press the pill has gotten recently, I've decided to switch to condoms for birth control. I have found that the various lubricated condoms I've tried have too much or too little lubrication and that the unlubricated models are uncomfortable. Also, I find they cut down a bit on feeling. Any recommendations?—H. S., Miami, Florida.

Finding the perfect condom is purely a matter of trial and error. You'll have to go to the local pharmacy and buy one of every kind till you find something to your liking. A willing partner will make the experiment a lot more fun. If you decide on an unlubricated condom, to which you apply your own lubricant, remember to use K-Y jelly—not petroleum jelly. Petroleum products can dissolve the latex, with disastrous results. As for feeling: Condoms made from skin seem to enhance sensation by conducting body heat. A recent study suggests that the decrease in sensitivity may be an advantage. Twenty-seven percent of the people polled felt that the reduction in sensitivity helped prolong intercourse. While most people who use condoms report diminished feeling, some eight percent of the women polled actually found that they increased sensitivity. It takes all kinds to fill the freeway.

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



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

BARE FACTS

Really, the things that take up precious space in already overstrained brains! Some crazy lady in the January *Playboy Forum* apparently feels her freedom is being infringed by the customary usage of gowns in doctors' offices. Does PLAYBOY intend to take the fight to the Supreme Court? Will we soon see hordes of indignant and sexually liberated women marching on the A.M.A., demanding their rights to be naked during examinations? Obviously, the woman has a mouth, so why doesn't she just use it when she visits her physician? I'm sure her personal nudity can be arranged. But, please, no more "the-body-is-natural-so-why-don't-we-all-get-naked?" crusades!

(Name withheld by request)
Cleveland, Ohio

I read with great interest the letter titled "Medical Cover-up" in your January issue and I feel it deserves some thought and comment.

The gown and sheet that are a part of nearly every physical examination done in this country are not meant as cheap, prurient, "peekaboo" mechanisms. Rather, they are tools for the specific purpose of preserving the modesty and integrity of the person as patient: they leave no doubt that the physician's right to examine is extended as a privilege imbued with trust and not as a titillating way to see a good-looking woman. The majority of patients I see have no qualms about baring themselves to whatever extent necessary. I have yet to have a patient complain about superfluous covering. I am not sure why the lady author of the letter mentioned above has such a penchant for nakedness, but I sincerely doubt that her sentiments would be shared by any significant number of women.

In addition, I always have a nurse in the room when doing any sort of gynecological examination. That is not born out of the paranoia inherent in today's litigious society (though that may often be a realistic reason) but is meant to reinforce my professionalism and communicate the fact that I respect the privacy and sanctity of the physician-patient relationship. Besides, I need someone to hand me my instruments.

Kris Sperry, M.D.
Public Health Service Indian Hospital
Red Lake, Minnesota

DEFLATED

My husband, Bill, and I travel throughout the country in connection with his sporting-goods business. On a recent trip to North Carolina, we met a group of young ladies who helped cure him of some of his male chauvinism.

One night at a bar, Bill was discussing with another man his favorite topic—the physical inferiority of women. The barmaid, Ann, couldn't help overhear him describe how women lack muscle bulk and tone. After an hour of this, she asked him if he would like to prove it. Bill said, "Any time."

"On a recent trip to North Carolina, we met a group of young ladies who helped cure him of some of his male chauvinism."

At that, Ann called over two friends, Sue and Carolyn. All three young ladies were pretty, thin and much smaller than Bill, who is 6'2" and an athletic 200 pounds. Bill nearly dropped off his barstool when Ann suggested three arm-wrestling matches; he was so confident that he bet each one $25 that she "couldn't even come close."

Carolyn was first, and at the word go, she nearly pulled Bill, who outweighed her by 90 pounds, out of his seat. I was amazed, but Bill only sputtered about not being ready for her quick start. Sue stopped to comb her hair to give him a chance to get ready, then easily beat him. Ann was last, and within 20 seconds, Bill was $75 poorer, humbler and smarter.

Linda Cayne
Memphis, Tennessee

Did you happen to find out what those female arm wrestlers do for a living? Or maybe you did find out.

WOMEN AT WAR

Robert Shea's article *Women at War*, in the February issue, is nothing short of brilliant in both content and clarity, and I am especially impressed with the calm objectivity he brings to such an emotionally charged subject as pornography. I personally would like to see violent pornography disappear, though not through any new prohibitive legislation, which I think only generates more interest and demand for it. Here, the Danish experience is worth noting: Once that country completely legalized pornography and the excitement wore off, porn sales went into a steep and steady decline. The main customers for it now are tourists from countries where it's not available and therefore still a forbidden fruit. Were this country to similarly legalize all porn and allow its open sale to adults, I believe three things would happen: The demand would drop dramatically, the criminal elements would lose their grip on the industry and gradually much more artistic and tasteful forms of erotica would begin driving out the disgusting garbage that understandably offends the average person's sensibilities. Cheap porn thrives on suppression.

Andrew Williamson
London, England

I'd say the *Women at War* are off the track in their efforts to make pornography the scapegoat for rape. Rape was on the rise long before porn came into the open in this country in the early Seventies. If one thing can be blamed for this problem, it quite possibly is the suppression of prostitution during the past 25 years or so. According to FBI statistics, rape increased dramatically in Chicago between 1960 and 1968—a period when prostitution was vigorously combated by

police superintendent Orlando Wilson. In Gary, Indiana, rape more than doubled after reform mayor Richard Hatcher closed down the red-light district. Common sense would suggest that there just might be some connection.

James Dunn
New Orleans, Louisiana

Rape is or should be an issue of equal concern to both men and women, not an issue used by some feminists to create division and animosity between them. Rapists may be men, but every rape victim is some man's wife or daughter. I suspect that if men were not made so defensive by the fact that only *their* sex commits this crime, the victims of rape would receive much better treatment by the police and the courts.

Jan Moore
Los Angeles, California

By attacking the First Amendment, some so-called feminists have revealed themselves as disturbed fanatics rather than clearheaded and compassionate reformers. Their private distress must clearly spring from hatred of their own bodies and themselves. While their individual issues are sometimes valid, their sense of inferiority is glaringly obvious in the circular development of their preposterous assertions: They began by rabidly denying any differences between men and women and ended by insisting upon them with the fervor of racists.

David C. Morrow
Arlington, Texas

I'm no psychologist or college graduate, but I think I know a little about rapists. I've been in and out of prison (where I am now) since I was 16 and have gotten to know quite a number of them, some of whom have been my cellmates. We did a lot of talking about our attitudes, our crimes, our behavioral problems, and I have yet to meet a rapist who gave the slightest indication that pornography was a factor in his actions.

What I did find was that most of these men were badly abused as children, usually by their mothers and in the absence of a real father. Often their mothers were alcoholic or brutal, or both, and readily beat them for minor infractions. Some would bring their sex partners home with them, indifferent to the effect such behavior had on their kids. Eventually, these kids strike back at women in the act of rape. If they are caught, one person who also will suffer is Mother.

Larry L. Miller
Huntsville, Texas

THE KLUXERS

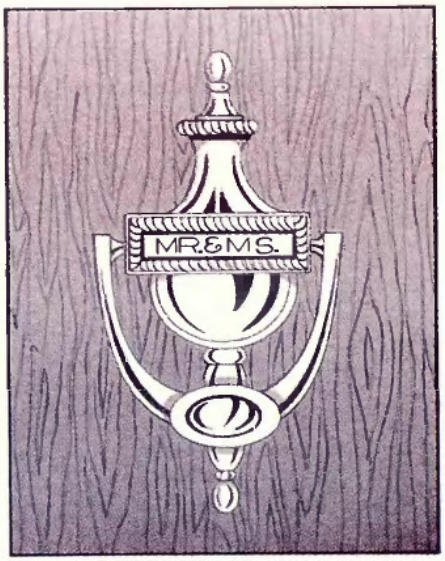
The more I consider the article on David Ernest Duke, leader of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, in your February issue, one point becomes very

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

UNWED COUPLES

Cohabitation is becoming so tolerated and popular that the practice of unmarried couples' living together may soon become the national norm. Dr. Graham Spanier, a sociologist at Pennsylvania State University, says that while most social changes occur slowly, living together increased by 19 percent in just one year, from 1977 to 1978, and



at that rate could become "almost universal in another generation." He noted that most unwed couples eventually marry, but not necessarily to each other.

COSTLY COHABITATION

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS—*A divorced woman can lose custody of her children if she takes up residence with a boyfriend, the Illinois Supreme Court has ruled. Voting five to two, the justices held such a living arrangement to be immoral and in violation of a state law against "open and notorious" fornication. "Conduct of that nature, when it is open, not only violates the statutorily expressed moral standards of the state but also encourages others to violate those standards and debases public morality," the court held. The action cost a Cook County woman custody of three daughters, seven, ten and 12, and attorneys predicted that the decision would lead many other Illinois fathers to seek custody of their children.*

LEGAL PATERNITY

VINELAND, NEW JERSEY—*A man whose sperm was used by an unmarried woman to inseminate herself artificially has won the right to have the baby bear his name, to visit his son and to make child-support payments. A family court found that the man had provided the semen when the couple were friends in 1976 and that the father's motivation was "laudable and clearly in the child's present and future best interest."*

FATHERS' RIGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY—*A Utah father's fight to win custody of his two daughters from their suburban Chicago mother has developed into a class-action lawsuit charging the states of Illinois and Utah with sex discrimination. The suit, filed while the couple's divorce actions are pending in both states, charges that Illinois and Utah deny fathers their constitutional rights by routinely awarding custody to mothers on the presumption they "are inherently better equipped" to care for children.*

Meanwhile, in Pontiac, Michigan, some 70 members of a group called Fathers for Equal Rights burned their underwear in a symbolic protest against what they contend is unfair treatment of fathers in the granting of child custody.

COMMUNITY PROPERTY

NEW ORLEANS—*A new state community-property law strips Louisiana husbands of their unique status as "head and master" of the household, able to conduct most business and financial transactions without consent of their wives. The revised statute eliminates the more sexist provisions of Louisiana law, which is based on the Napoleonic Code rather than English common law, as in all other states. The new law also provides that property owned by husbands prior to marriage does not automatically become community property.*

DEADLY DOSE

MIAMI—*A 29-year-old San Francisco man arriving from Bolivia collapsed while going through Customs at the Miami airport and soon afterward died of cocaine poisoning. Authorities said he had swallowed 110 small multicolor balloons containing more than half a pound of the drug. A county medical examiner called the smuggling method "pretty lethal" and said that "rubber is semipermeable to water. Over the length of time that it takes to pass through the gastrointestinal tract, [the balloons] absorb water. The pressure builds up and they burst."*

ROOT THERAPY

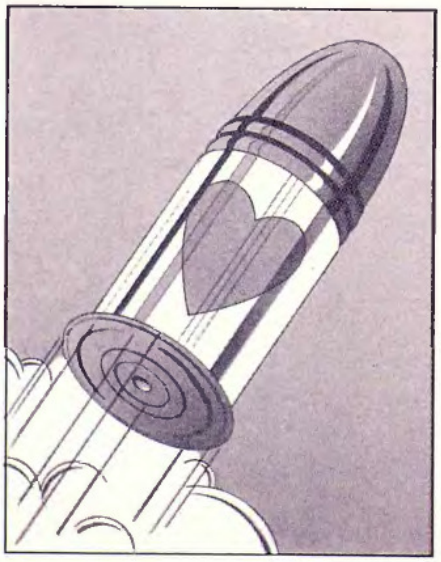
SAN JOSE—*A 40-year-old California psychiatrist has been sentenced to six months in jail for having sex with several female patients and then charging the state's Medi-Cal program for their "therapy." The court also ordered the doctor to make restitution of $2000 in fraudulent charges and to undergo psychiatric treatment.*

THE WILL OF ALLAH

TEHRAN—*A woman convicted of adultery in the city of Ardebil was executed twice—once by an Islamic revolutionary firing squad and later by a guard at the local morgue when she was found to still be alive. In Ahwaz, a woman convicted of prostitution and operating brothels was executed after receiving 100 lashes. Meanwhile, the Tehran newspaper* Bamdad *reports that Islamic authorities have established a "center for the abolition of sin." Included in the list of sins: performances by women singers and dancers, showing provocative pictures in movies or magazines and admitting male customers when accompanied by their mistresses.*

MUY MACHO

SAO PAULO—*A Brazilian jury has acquitted a 45-year-old man of murdering his girlfriend "in defense of his honor." The defendant admitted that he became enraged at the woman's flirting, went to her home and shot her four times in the head. The jury found the man guilty only of fleeing the scene of*



a crime and of using "excessive" means to protect his dignity, for which he received a two-year suspended sentence. A Brazilian lawyer commented, "You could say that with his verdict, Latin-American machismo *was judged and found absolved."*

ROOM RIGHTS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*By refusing to hear an appeal, the U.S. Supreme Court has let stand a decision by the California Supreme Court that police may not search a teenager's room in his own home, even with permission of his parents, unless they have a warrant. The case arose after parents of a 17-year-old boy invited officers to search their son's room, where they found nine lids of marijuana in a toolbox. With two dissents, the California court ruled that the teenager's constitutional rights against warrantless search and seizure took precedence over parental rights of care and discipline.*

NEW CONTRACEPTIVES

SAN DIEGO—*Researchers at the University of California, San Diego report encouraging results after four years of testing a new and presumably safer contraceptive pill. Clinical trials with small groups of women found the drug both effective and lacking in side effects, which should permit the start of large-scale testing within the next several months. The pill contains a synthetic relative of the brain hormone LHRH and prevents pregnancy by interfering with normal ovulation.*

Elsewhere:

• Doctors at Chicago's Cook County Hospital are beginning tests of a new and safer type of intrauterine device—a tiny plug that blocks passage of the ovum and that theoretically can be removed at a later date to restore fertility.

• The Research Triangle Institute in North Carolina is planning clinical tests of a device implanted under the skin that steadily releases a contraceptive drug in amounts large enough to prevent pregnancy but small enough to avoid the side effects of birth-control pills.

• In San Francisco, a panel of women scientists has called for a research moratorium in the areas of test-tube fertilization, infant sex selection and women's contraceptives, charging that such medical technologies presently affect only females, without the involvement of many women scientists in policy-making positions.

SALOON SOCIETY

The music and general atmosphere of a bar seem to be important factors in how much its patrons drink, according to a University of Minnesota researcher. In a pilot study published in the Journal of Studies on Alcohol, *Dr. James Schaefer reports that taverns with mournful country music, dim lights and a generally* macho *decor appear more conducive to heavy boozing and occasional brawling than fancier places with brighter lights, dancing, upbeat music and an equal balance of men and women. The study doesn't try to explain the connection but suggests the need for further studies.*

DEADLY BREW

KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYSIA—*The Malaysian Indian Congress has called for the death penalty for the brewers of an illegal liquor known as* samsu. *The potent and often deadly moonshine, popular among predominantly Indian*

plantation workers, is produced in secret jungle distilleries and in one month last year led to 11 deaths and five cases of blindness or paralysis. Present law provides mandatory caning and prison terms for offenders.

PARAPHERNALIA LAW VOIDED

WESTBURY, NEW YORK—*A Federal judge has declared unconstitutional a local drug-paraphernalia law on the ground of vagueness. Ruling on an Oyster Bay ordinance banning the sale of items "primarily intended to be used with drugs," the court held that it would be impossible to determine if such items as pipes and rolling papers were "primarily intended" for dopers or for smoking legal substances such as tobacco.*

GOVERNMENT PIMPING

PARIS—*A prostitute has filed suit against the French government, charging that its tax on her earnings constitutes pimping, in violation of French law. The woman appealed to a Paris court after a judge in her home town, Strasbourg, refused to take her complaint. She said she couldn't pay her bill for $139,000 in back taxes over seven years. French law permits discreet prostitution, but living off a prostitute's earnings, as the woman claims the government is doing, is prohibited by law.*

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clear. If this man really has an I.Q. of 170, then he cannot possibly believe all of the garbage he preaches. He is on a power trip and has decided to use Nazi methods to achieve his ends. There is nothing new in any of the prejudices he professes. They have all been passed down for centuries, especially the venom he uses against the Jews.

From his bucket of bile, I find nothing more repulsive nor frightening than his contention that the Holocaust was a hoax. Frightening, because by denying that the Holocaust occurred, he sets the world up for a repetition of that hideous event. It might interest his followers to know that when I visited Dachau in Germany, I found that the camp was described in guidebooks by a Catholic priest, not a Jew (many Christian clergymen were imprisoned by the Nazis). Dachau was liberated by ordinary GIs, and Bergen-Belsen was liberated by British soldiers, not Jewish fanatics. The conditions found by those soldiers were recorded by military historians. Testimony given at Nuremberg was collected from people of all faiths and racial groups, including white Anglo-Saxons, Protestants and Catholics.

Goebbels in Nazi Germany used the big lie very successfully in the Thirties; it seems that Duke might be our man for the Eighties.

David C. Cownie
Huachuca City, Arizona

BOOK BANNERS

Whoops! It looks like while our backs were turned, the self-proclaimed regulators of the morals of our youth were very busy. A recent National Council of Teachers of English survey has found that the number of challenges of classroom teaching materials—books, magazines and films—has increased 20 to 30 percent in the past ten years. Conservative pressure not only has succeeded in removing acknowledged masterpieces from some school-library shelves and required-reading lists but also has thrown teachers into a quandary over their classroom responsibilities and has put many textbook publishers and school boards on the defensive.

A few examples: According to Marguerite Michaels, writing in *Parade* magazine, an Anaheim, California, school board banned from high school reading lists all of Shakespeare's works except *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet*, all of Charles Dickens' except *Oliver Twist* and found all but one of Mark Twain's works "unsuitable." In Texas, five dictionaries were banned for containing such words as horny, fag and slut. In Levittown, New York, 11 books by such authors as Langston Hughes, Kurt Vonnegut and Bernard Malamud were removed from school shelves because they had been labeled "anti-Christian, anti-Jew, antiblack and anti-American in general" by a conservative parents' organization.

While many people feel justified in thinking that some of the academic programs and standards stemming from the turbulent Sixties were overreactions to youthful demands for "relevance" and "truth," censorship seems to me to be the least desirable way to return to the so-called basics.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

FETUS FANATICS

In a frenzy amounting to hysteria, opponents of abortion rights have bombed, burned, vandalized or invaded dozens of abortion clinics from Alaska to Virginia in the past two years.

The nature of some of those assaults proves just how little is really meant by the "right to life" catch phrase. Many clinic raids occurred while patients were being treated; clinic employees have been anonymously threatened with death and the kidnaping of their children. Apparently, abortion foes reserve all their concern for the unborn but care little for the living.

Because of the rise in antichoice violence and because of the coming elections, we need help now more than ever. We must convince the politicians that prochoice is the majority position in the opinion poll they respect—the vote.

Karen Mulhauser, Executive Director
National Abortion Rights
Action League
825 15th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20005

With anti-abortionists voicing their position so loudly and often successfully to political office seekers, NARAL has launched its own campaign to remind legislators that the great majority of citizens—including most Catholics—believe that abortion should be a matter of conscience, not law. NARAL's 11th annual

QUAINT CUSTOMS

Over lunch with some visiting writers and a gentleman who does occasional research for PLAYBOY, *the subject of censorship came up. Everyone expressed concern, especially at the increasing efforts to censor or suppress high school texts in various parts of the country. Everyone, that is, except our researcher, who out of pure contrariness was inspired to write the following miniessay:*

In case you haven't heard, the Thornapple-Kellogg School Board in Middleville, Michigan, has banned J. D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* from a local high school's college-preparatory English class. Of course, the civil libertarians are howling "Censorship!," the teachers are moaning about how far such an action sets back education and even parents are protesting. That was my first reaction, too. How, after 25 years, can even the most backwoods school board find anything offensive in that charming little book that has become such a literary classic and an academic staple? As I recall, the naughtiest word in it is fuck, and it occurs only once or twice—after Holden Caulfield sees it scribbled on a wall in some public place and is mightily offended, because his innocent younger sister could just as easily chance upon it. Caulfield was a paragon of virtue constantly battling sin in the form of his own normal, adolescent temptations. Sheee!

Then my sense of outrage melted as I began to see this act of foolishness in another light. Why, how quaint, how charming, in these days of hard-core porno flicks, that we still have a few little school boards left that will get all fussy over *Catcher*! How traditional and rustic, sort of like seeing a rugged old farmer still plowing behind a horse, watching an aging World War One veteran proudly wearing his original doughboy outfit in an old-fashioned Fourth-of-July parade. Sniff!

The more I think about it, the more I'm convinced that the literary community should decide that the banning of *Catcher* is not a threat but a quaint American folk custom to be preserved and celebrated at least once a year out of respect for tradition, like the Holland, Michigan, tulip festival or an old soldiers' reunion. If the time comes when no school board is willing to ban *Catcher*, then we should organize a reenactment society, like the fellows who put on uniforms and restage famous Civil War battles. Writers, editors and publishers could dress up like school-board members, teachers, students, parents and A.C.L.U. lawyers and hold great shouting matches in replica meeting halls, denouncing and defending *Catcher*, followed by barbecue and beer.

"Pretty eloquent defense of the First Amendment you laid on me today, Joe, I gotta admit."

"Hell, Jim, you didn't do too bad yourself with those impressive teenage drug-use and pregnancy statistics."

So let's not lose our historical perspective on these things and throw out something that today might seem tacky and out of style but that could one day become a valuable antique. I know I feel sorry that thoughtless Chicagoans tore down the Saint Valentine's Day Massacre garage, but then perhaps I'm just a sentimentalist. —VAL CHRISTMANN

10 AGAINST ONE.

THE MAGIC OF CLARION'S NEW MAGI-TUNE™ FM OUTWEIGHS TEN LEADING CAR STEREOS IN SAN FRANCISCO CHALLENGE.

The San Francisco area may be a visual delight but it's a nightmare for car stereo reception.

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QUALITY FOR THE MAGIC IN MUSIC

meeting is scheduled to be held in Washington, D.C., May 30 through June 2, with the object of "mobilizing America's prochoice majority to make an impact on the 1980 elections through political activism and campaign work."

STRAIGHTS AND GAYS

I was deeply saddened by Nora Gallagher's article *The San Francisco Experience* (PLAYBOY, January). Your informative political and social coverage on issues that concern us all has been more than just commendable, so I ask you to publish this letter to refute the idea of the straight community's turning antigay. The very thought is absurd and untrue. San Francisco has always had a sincere tolerance and acceptance greater than any other city in this country (perhaps the world) for people of all races, creeds, religions and sexual preferences.

Our Gay Freedom Day parade was widely celebrated by festive crowds of young and old and was unequaled in magnitude by any others in the city's history. STRAIGHTS FOR GAYS was a poster carried by many, but more memorable to me was one lone young man's voice that cried, "Gays for straights." That warm feeling of brotherhood pervaded and left me appreciating even more this freethinking and loving city that I've called my home for the past five years.

Diane L. Meza
San Francisco, California

OPTIONAL PARENTHOOD

We're pleased that *Forum Newsfront* reported our research on the effect of children on marital satisfaction (January). Deciding whether to have a child or to be child-free is a decision many people are dealing with today. As our society becomes more and more complex, as opportunities for women increase and as our economy declines, that decision becomes more crucial than ever.

The National Alliance for Optional Parenthood has been concentrating its efforts on providing information that will help men and women who want to make a thoughtful and informed decision when considering parenthood versus nonparenthood. We want to offer your readers several pamphlets, free of charge, that they will find helpful in making this vital life decision. They can write to Am I Parent Material?, c/o NAOP, 2010 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. They will include more information on how children impact on a relationship, as well as issues that individuals and couples need to consider when deciding whether to have a child, additional children or to be child-free.

Carole Baker, Executive Director
National Alliance for Optional Parenthood
Washington, D.C.

MICROPECKERS

In your January issue, you report the reputed fact that the flea has the largest penis in proportion to its size of any living creature. I heartily disagree with your claim.

Ostracods are minute fresh-water organisms, class Crustacea, subclass Ostracoda. These critters are bivalved crustaceans whose size ranges from one millimeter to five millimeters in length. The male penis in some species is one half the length of their shell and to copulate, they have to invert it 180 degrees.

Also, their sperm length is outrageous! In one species, in their adult stage, the length is 1/32 inch, their penis is 1/64 inch and their threadlike sperm is one fourth of an inch long! They keep it rolled up in a seminal pouch.

Barry L. Thomas
Denver, Colorado

We spent a lot of time and went to a lot of trouble settling that bar bet on the flea. Do you realize how silly our researchers feel when they have to call museum curators and university entomologists to verify the length of a flea's penis? Do you think we're going to bug them again to verify the length of the penis of an ostracod? We'll just wait until we hear from dissenting microbiologists. Or from female ostracods.

FIRST AMENDMENT AWARDS

The Playboy Foundation has announced the establishment of the annual Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards, designed to recognize and support the efforts of individuals working to protect and enhance this country's constitutional guarantees. The American Civil Liberties Union will assist in administering prizes of $3000 in each of six categories—print journalism, broadcast journalism, book publishing, law, government and entertainment—as selected by a panel of judges from nominations received before April 30, 1980. The judges are Los Angeles mayor Tom Bradley; Victor Navasky, editor of *The Nation*; Tom Wicker of *The New York Times*; author-cartoonist Jules Feiffer; and Fay Kanin, President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Winners will be announced in June.

BOURBON AND HYPOCRITES

Three cheers for Dave Marks, who correctly describes the wetness of the supposedly dry counties in Alabama (*Playboy Forum*, January). As a native of Kentucky who had sense enough to leave, I feel a real kinship with this dude.

Kentucky has a similar situation. When I left that place 16 years ago, about 80 percent of its counties were dry, and I use that term very loosely. It was a land of bourbon and hypocrites, and I moved away because Kentucky exports the former but not the latter. There used to be the saying, "This county will stay dry as long as the Baptists and the bootleggers can stagger to the polls."

Ed Mahoney
Buchanan Dam, Texas

MEDICINAL MARIJUANA

The response to the letter in the November *Playboy Forum* concerning marijuana and multiple sclerosis has been overwhelming. My office has been inundated with inquiries from quadriplegics, multiple-sclerosis and other spasticity patients. Once again, this indicates to me the very real need for the Medical Reclassification Project. It also demonstrates the importance of *The Playboy Forum* as a means of informing people and guiding them toward correct information on marijuana's medicinal properties.

We are now entering a critical phase of the fight to legalize marijuana for medicinal purposes. There is a very great danger that Federal officials, seeking to resolve the situation, will release inadequate and inferior supplies of the THC capsule. Present formulations, however, are less than reliable and Federal Government memorandums candidly admit that, "all in all, the cigarette may be the best means of administering the drug." Despite this, Federal officials have been literally "pushing THC" and there are now indications that it will be released on a broad scale in order to nullify the growing pressure toward legalization of marijuana in cigarette or other effective form for therapeutic application. As a result, many cancer, glaucoma and spasticity patients may be exposed to a drug the Government has itself termed erratic and not acceptable.

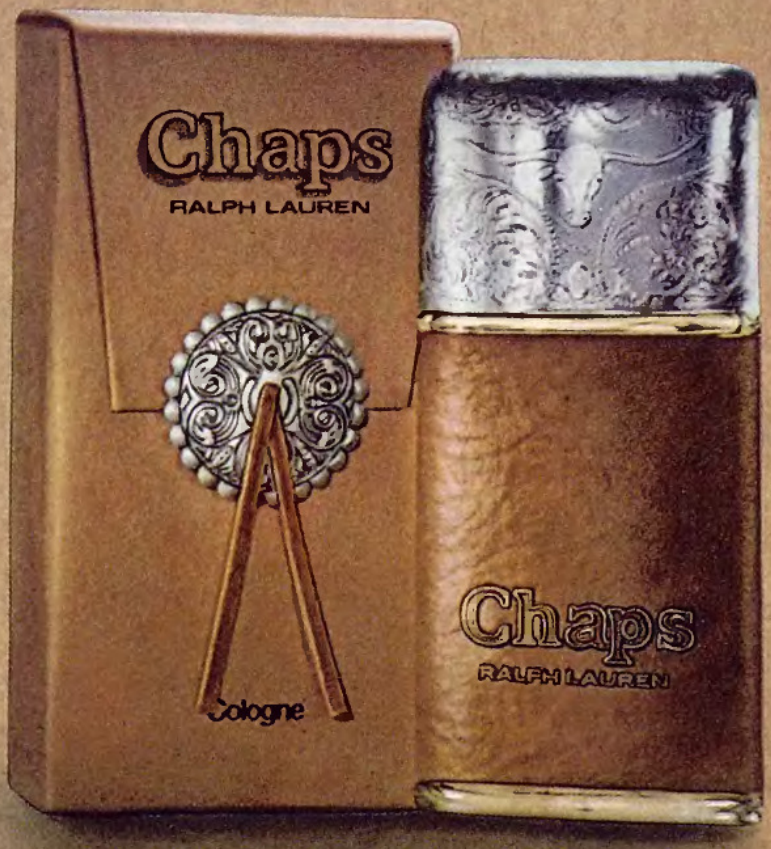
Our project will need the support of many individuals if this sham is to be halted. PLAYBOY readers in the past have clearly indicated their support. I hope this letter will encourage many who have not contacted us to take the time to indicate their willingness to help.

Alice O'Leary, Coordinator
Medical Reclassification Project
National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws
2317 M Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20037

"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.

The West.
It's not just stagecoaches and sagebrush.
It's an image of men who are real and proud.
Of the freedom and independence we all would like to feel.
Now, Ralph Lauren has expressed these feelings, in Chaps, his new men's cologne.
Chaps is a cologne a man can put on as naturally as a worn leather jacket or a pair of jeans.
Chaps. It's the West. The West you would like to feel inside of yourself.

Chaps. The new men's cologne by Ralph Lauren.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GAY TALESE

a candid conversation with the author of "thy neighbor's wife" about sex in america and his eight years of personal—and controversial—research

She was completely nude, lying on her stomach in the desert sand, her legs spread wide, her long hair flowing in the wind, her head tilted back with her eyes closed. She seemed lost in private thoughts, remote from the world, reclining on this wind-swept dune in California near the Mexican border, adorned by nothing but her natural beauty.

Thus begins Gay Talese's epic book "Thy Neighbor's Wife." Scheduled for publication by Doubleday this month, it has already been sold to United Artists for $2,500,000, the highest price paid for the movie rights to a book in the history of publishing. The subject is sex in America, and, in the reportorial form that has come to be known as the nonfiction novel, Talese tells his version of the history of sexual mores in America, going back to the founding of the Puritan republic three centuries ago.

But the book primarily focuses on the more contemporary events of the "sexual revolution" in America since World War Two and on the public role and private sex lives of a host of characters who were influential in changing the ways Americans view sex. Some of Talese's highly personal portraits attempt to capture the sexual pioneers in mainstream, middle-class life. The life of Hugh Hefner and his founding of PLAYBOY *are told in detail. Talese also describes Alex Comfort watching couples and groups make love at Sandstone, a sexual retreat in Los Angeles, and then writing "The Joy of Sex." Some of the characters are farther out on the fringe of sexual attitudes: for example, Al Goldstein, the editor of* Screw. *In all, the book seems destined to head straight to the top of the best-seller lists and to become the most controversial publishing event of 1980.* *(See review, page 56.)*

Talese is no stranger to controversy or to reporting the private moments of real people. As a New York Times *reporter in the Fifties, through his finely etched portraits of politicians, sports stars and offbeat characters, he earned a reputation as a vivid writer on a newspaper not known for allowing its reporters much leeway in demonstrating their personal flair. In the early Sixties, Talese's longer and more ambitious profiles of celebrities earned him a reputation as a reporter who used novelistic techniques so skillfully that he became a celebrity in his own right as one of the leaders of what came to be called the New Journalism.*

Talese's Esquire *articles—on Joe DiMaggio, Peter O'Toole, Frank Sinatra et al.—were making a deep impression on journalists and critics all over the country. They became central to an inspired debate over the New Journalism and whether or not it was really new or legitimate—was this "objective" reporting or literary license?—or even journalism.*

Then Talese took the plunge into the book-length nonfiction novel style in "The Bridge." He spent over a year living with the tough, gutsy bridge workers who constructed the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, and told the story of their lives—and of the death of one, who fell 350 feet from the cable. "The Bridge" went largely unnoticed by critics and public, but it was a minor classic in demonstrating how deeply—and subjectively—a reporter could involve himself in the lives of his subjects and bring the flesh and blood of real people to paper in a way that was usually expected only in novels. And it set the scene for

"When you watch women make love to men, you realize how much sexual energy some women have. They are capable of exhausting most men, and I mean the average woman, not some Linda Lovelace."

"I wanted to report the bedroom. I wanted to report—not fictionalize, as a novelist might do. If there is anything pioneering about this book, it is that it uses real names. The events are real."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERNON L. SMITH

"I've spent the past eight years convincing people there is nothing wrong in acknowledging their infidelities and sexual adventures. Having managed to do that, I felt I had to do the same thing."

Talese's three largest works, which have followed in the past 14 years.

"The Kingdom and the Power," which became a number-one best seller, took readers into the behind-the-scenes power struggles and personalities of the journalists and executives who run The New York Times. *Then, in 1971, "Honor Thy Father," Talese's story of Bill Bonanno, the son of Mafia don Joe Bonanno, also became a number-one best seller.*

Since 1971, however, Talese has written only one magazine article. Other than that, his name has appeared mainly in articles and gossip columns that gleefully chronicled the "research" he was doing in massage parlors, sex communes and the like. Married since 1959 and the father of two daughters, the 47-year-old writer became, increasingly, the target of titillating gossip—especially when the book's publication was postponed by five years. "Thy Neighbor's Wife" came to be known in publishing circles as "the most talked-about work in progress of the Seventies," as often as not spoken of with a wink about Talese's slow progress. But finally, in late 1979, Talese finished, and Esquire *quickly ran two long excerpts about Hefner and* PLAYBOY. *Well before anyone at* PLAYBOY *had read the manuscript or had any idea of how much Talese dealt with Hefner and this magazine, the decision was made that this important work about sexual attitudes in America warranted a "Playboy Interview" with Talese. So we assigned* **Larry DuBois,** *one of our longtime contributors, who had conducted the 20th-anniversary-issue interview with Hefner in 1974, to do the Talese interview. DuBois' report:*

"The first time I heard the name Gay Talese was in 1964. My professor in a college writing class, a rather aristocratic novelist who maintained a reserved distance from his students, burst into class one day carrying a copy of Esquire. *With an enthusiasm he had refused to show before that day or after, he raved about an article he had just read. He had never read a piece of journalism, he said, quite like it. It used techniques previously reserved for novels to create scenes rich with detail and dramatic moments that revealed character from the subjective view of the author. It was not an objective listing of 'facts,' fleshed out with balanced quotes, pro and con—which was then the generally accepted format for feature-length articles. This journalist, the professor said, as if dazzled, had written an article as artistic as a John O'Hara short story. Then he sat down and spent the entire class time reading aloud Talese's article about boxer Floyd Patterson, 'The Loser.'*

"Four years after I heard his name, in 1967, I met Talese. Since then, I've gotten to know him pretty well. On the surface, Gay Talese is a very controlled man. What he shows is his discipline. He is in perfect shape from several hours every week of highly competitive tennis. He will not set foot in public unless dressed impeccably in exquisitely tailored, European-cut clothes. He wears hats. His manners are Old World perfect and he speaks in cultivated sentences that avoid slang or profanity. He would never take off his jacket, roll up his sleeves, loosen his tie, loosen his tongue and ingratiate himself as 'one of the boys.' There is about him an air of dignity and intensity that commands respect from strangers, whether they encounter him on an elevator, at a gathering of the literary high and mighty or in a Midwest massage parlor. He is, in short, a striking character, who could understandably be seen, as he is by some, as totally contained, humorless and sure of himself to the point of arrogance.

"So much for appearances. Beneath the surface, Talese is a warm and friendly man with a quick and self-mocking sense of humor. Privately, he paints a picture of himself as struggling and self-doubting. He laughs easily and often about his inadequacies. He barely got into college and, sporting what he saw as 'the worst case of acne in the United States of America,' he barely got into the worst fraternity on campus. He studied journalism, but he can't remember the name of the honorary society, because it wouldn't let him in. The Army tried to turn him into a tank commander, but he was so mechanically inept he finished 68th out of a class of 69. He still uses the manual typewriter he bought 22 years ago, because electric typewriters intimidate him. 'The words want to come out too fast,' he says. But he keeps writing because it's the only thing he knows how to do. 'I couldn't be a businessman. I still count on my fingers. With good cause,' he says, 'do I regard myself as flawed.'

"His greatest gift is empathy. The people he interviews sense what his friends know, that he feels their vulnerabilities as keenly as they do because he is so aware of his own. No matter who you are, you don't spend much time with Talese without opening up to him in a way you would normally reserve for an old friend or a loved one—or a shrink. His wife, Nan, once said, 'Gay is happiest when he's asking questions.'

"Despite his success and fame—and now, to many, notoriety—Talese hasn't changed much in the past 13 years. He hangs out with the same old friends, spends as much time as possible at his homes—on Manhattan's Upper East Side and on the beach in Ocean City, New Jersey, where he grew up—with his wife and daughters. And he is as obsessed as ever with his writing. That's the one part of his life in which he defiantly claims greatness, the critics be damned.

"I think all that comes across in the interview. I caught him at a particularly low moment. He was on deadline, correcting the galleys of the book that had driven him for eight years, and he was feeling the psychological letdown of being finished, as well as fighting one of his usual bouts of writer's block on an almost laughably trivial assignment we discussed early on. He was worried about the impact of his book, not on his professional reputation—even though he was well aware that would come under attack—but on his wife and children.

"He was busy and harassed, but he came through like a champ. Almost every afternoon for nearly two weeks, he showed up at my hotel suite right on time and patiently answered every question I asked. Even though his remarks frequently dealt with sensitive and controversial matters, from his sex life and his marriage to his own view of his work, he never once asked me to turn off the tape recorder. I did not feel that I had to pull my punches because he was an old friend. On the contrary: I felt free to ask him questions and to challenge him in ways that would be difficult to do with someone I had just met—especially if that someone were the seemingly reserved, aloof Gay Talese.

"Here, as in his book, he is open to criticism from many different angles about the blunt, outspoken portrait he paints, but I know for sure that he believes what he says and, just as with his writing, he stands by it. Whatever one's view of his morality and his work, Gay Talese is a most uncommon man."

"I see America as an adulterous state, so 'Thy Neighbor's Wife' seemed to be an apt metaphor for dealing with sex in America."

PLAYBOY: Why did you call your book *Thy Neighbor's Wife*?

TALESE: Because the book is about coveting, and the whole phrase is "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife." But I see America as an adulterous state, so it seemed to be an apt metaphor for dealing with sex in America. Coming out of my own Catholic past, filled with all its sexual taboos, so much of what I've written about has been exploring "sin."

PLAYBOY: The book has certainly caused a commotion in publishing circles. Before

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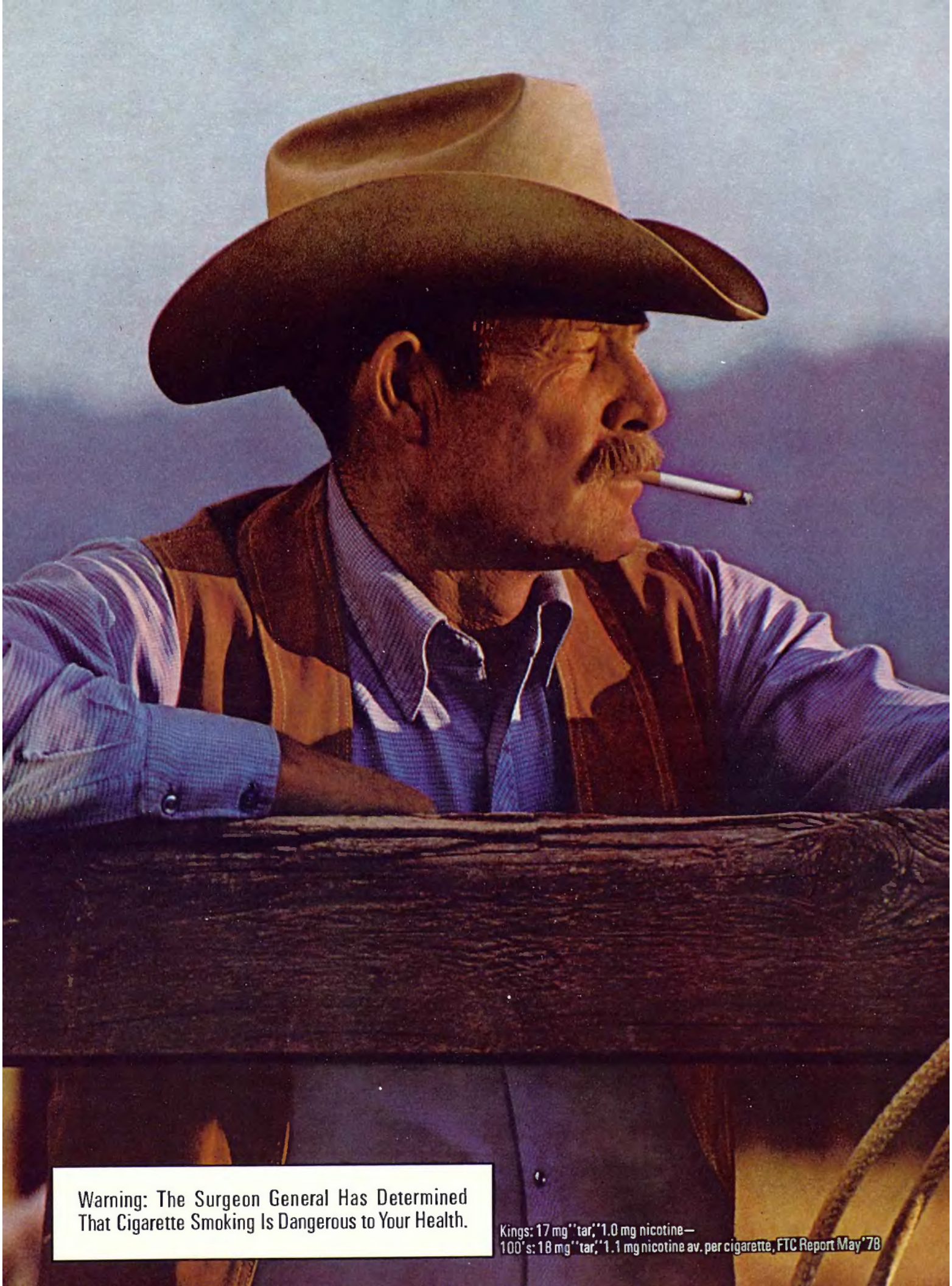

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Kings: 17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—
100's: 18 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

Come to where the flavor is.

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you get a lot to like.**

publication, you've earned $4,000,000. Why do you think your book was worth $2,500,000 for the movie rights, more than any other book in history?

TALESE: I don't even understand why Doubleday, the publisher, gave me a $600,000 advance before they had seen a word.

PLAYBOY: No doubt because of the financial success of your earlier books. But why the movies?

TALESE: I gather the movie people read the book and thought there were good scenes and good characters in it.

PLAYBOY: Many books are written with good scenes and characters. Wasn't it the topic—sex in America—that sold it?

TALESE: It's not the sex. It's the story that was so unusual. But I don't know anything about the movie business. I was amazed it got *any* movie sale. I wasn't expecting it at all.

PLAYBOY: But why did they give you so much?

TALESE: I wouldn't know. I couldn't have disputed *any* figure they decided to offer me. I saw that Truman Capote was just offered $500,000 for the movie rights to a magazine story. I don't know why they do those things. Maybe they thought the story about the two couples who started the sexual experiment known as Sandstone tells us where this country is going sexually. Those two couples are sort of showing us future sex in America. In their relationships and in sexual intercourse, they went beyond what most people would admit to having explored. Part of what they wanted to achieve was the elimination of jealousy and the double standard. It is possible that they are as much as a decade ahead of the Eighties. And, I should add, those people were very much a part of the middle class: They had regular employment, were legitimately married, had children—but they took that extra step into the future. So a movie made from the story of those people might be a pretty good indication of what millions of Americans are going to be doing, or trying to do, a generation from now. Is that possible? I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Let's get some perspective: What were you trying to do with the book?

TALESE: I wanted to do a book that had never been done before. I wanted it to be three things. One, a true story. This is a book that reports sexuality as it really happened between people who are alive and whose names I use. I wanted to report the bedroom. I wanted to *report*—not fictionalize and create, as a novelist might do. The bedroom has been traditionally out of bounds for the serious reporter. If there is anything pioneering about this book—and I think there is—it is that it uses real names. The events and even the sexual details are real, were actually described to me by the participants.

Two, I wanted to write about people who had influenced the redefinition of morality in America. I wanted to write about people who were responsible, to a greater or lesser degree, for fomenting this change, provoking it, inspiring it. And these people, although pioneers, were average, middle-class people.

Three, I wanted to tell, through those stories, the sexual and social history of America, going back to the founding of the Puritan republic. I describe, for instance, the Civil War period by focusing on Anthony Comstock, the original censor, who believed in protecting us from the evils of masturbation and pornography. I wanted to tie all my characters and their eras together to bring a sense of 300 years of American history into focus.

PLAYBOY: But despite the scope you describe, the book's emphasis is primarily on events in the past 30 years.

TALESE: We've seen the most radical change in sexual attitudes since World War Two. The war brought with it penicillin, which, of course, created a sexual freedom that had never existed in the history of the world. And the postwar era brought with it, among other things, less stringent censorship laws, PLAYBOY, the pill. I wanted a big book that was set against the background of a changing America, an America that was very different in the Seventies from what it was in the Forties. I spent the first couple of years just traveling around America, looking for characters, like a Fellini looking around the countryside for faces and attitudes, for personal stories I could interlink into one big story about sexual change in this country.

"I missed the deadline by five years. I guess if you're going to miss a deadline, you might as well really miss it."

PLAYBOY: The story of your own personal search, to which you devoted the final chapter of your book, has already caused a lot of controversy. You participated in sexual communes, managed a massage parlor, had sex with some of the women you interviewed. You were the subject of magazine articles and gossip-column items that implied you had figured out a good scam to indulge in extramarital sex. How do you react to that?

TALESE: Good scam figured out. Hardly! It wasn't true. It wasn't as glamorous as it might have seemed. The most difficult part of the work that I do is that I have to spend enormous amounts of time with people I may not have a lot in common with, and remain patient and interested. As the manager of a massage parlor, I would sit behind the desk and there might not be any business all afternoon, and I would be sitting around, talking to the masseuses, and I'm telling you, a lot of those masseuses were not exactly Susan Sontag. I spent more boring afternoons in massage parlors than anybody in the country. Much of the time, my research was uneventful, but the very mention of the word research became a reason for laughter among friends as well as others. At first, I accepted it with humor. But after a while, I didn't find it so funny. Because that is not why I wrote the book.

PLAYBOY: Why *did* you write the book?

TALESE: Because it was the most important story I saw in the Seventies, and it had not been written. The story of the sexual revolution—who effected it, why it happened—had never been written. It was the biggest story I knew of that any writer of nonfiction could deal with.

PLAYBOY: Why did it take you so long?

TALESE: When you are asking people to open up to you about the most intimate moments of their lives, you have to spend weeks, months, sometimes years developing that relationship and building their trust. What is hard for critics—who don't know about the art of interviewing—is how much people will tell you about themselves if they really trust you. Even many writers of nonfiction do not spend that much time with their sources. They simply do not have the patience to hang around. I'm among the few who have the patience to spend years getting to know my sources. The art of hanging out . . . boy, it's tough.

I was supposed to deliver the book in June of 1974. And I did not deliver it in June of 1974. By June of 1975, I had not written a word. I didn't even know what I was going to write or how much longer it was going to be before I said, "No more research." In 1976, I still had not started. In 1977, I started and began to get an idea of where I was going to go. In 1978, I was going a little better. And in 1979, I really started going.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about your lateness?

TALESE: I missed the deadline by five years. I guess if you're going to miss a deadline, you might as well really miss it. It's amazing: Doubleday didn't harass me. But I was embarrassed. And I became angry at people who constantly asked me when the book was going to be finished. The publicity began almost as soon as I signed the contract, so everywhere I went, I got asked about it and I became ill-humored. I think more than anything else, I became angry at myself for not being able to deliver. It was grating on my nerves, partly because there are some fine writers who are

fast. My friend David Halberstam is amazing. I don't know how he does it. He is a *fast* writer. Norman Mailer must be a fast writer. He's done about 14 books since I started this one, and the last one of his, about Gary Gilmore [*The Executioner's Song*], he did in about a year and a half and it's about 5000 pages long. Eventually, about 1976, I started lying a lot, saying, "It's going to be finished next month."

PLAYBOY: What was your problem?

TALESE: They talk about writer's block. I'm *always* blocked. Writer's block, for me, is a natural condition. A good day for me might be one paragraph. One paragraph I'd be thrilled. Because too often I come back with nothing. Of course, I throw paper away. I throw paper into the wastebasket. That's one thing I do well. And I keep putting more into the typewriter. I tried to put pressure on myself. I must turn out these pages, I'd think. I can't be so hung up on everything. But I have never written with ease. And I don't like what I write as I write it. I go through stages of a kind of self-loathing—no, not self-loathing but a kind of disappointment with everything I put on paper, because it could be better. I always think it can be better. For me to go through a page and finally to accept it as being worthy of publication, I have first to go through a kind of punishment, a flagellation. I feel that unless you suffer, it's no good. Anything that comes easily is unworthy of you. And that comes right back to those miserable Irish nuns I grew up with. I mean, guilt has been very much a part of my life, growing up as a Catholic where the ritual was very strict. Those Irish nuns were tough. Their philosophy was tough. Guilt, sacrifice and fear. It was guilt that you were not measuring up to what would get you to heaven. You were always going to be a loser because you were never going to make it. You were never good enough to get to heaven. That miserable Catholic upbringing must be a factor in the way I write, because it's . . . it's S/M writing. [*Laughs*] It is misery. You have to be punished all the time. Great work must be done with pain. There are athletes who learn to play with pain. I write with pain.

PLAYBOY: After so much of a struggle, how does it feel to be finished?

TALESE: I am really tired. I don't want to make too much of it, but you are seeing me *now*, in this condition, exhausted after eight years of work on this book, and I need time away. I need to get away from the routine of writing seven days a week. But I did something very foolish right after the $2,500,000 movie sale. I promised a friend at *The New York Times* that I would write a piece for him about two speed skaters who are part of the Olympic team, a brother and sister named Eric and Beth Heiden. They're the Donnie and Marie—Osmond, Osmondson, whatever it is—of speed skating. So instead of getting some time off, I was on the next plane to Wisconsin. At least, I felt, it is not about sex. It's different. I'll be in dairyland, where there are more cows than people, and I'm going to have time with two wholesome youths. Well, I have been blocked on that piece for four weeks and it is driving me crazy. I'm obligated to do it, but I am spent as a writer for now. I just do not have the energy. As I speak to you now, I have two more days before the deadline on this piece. And I am just . . . blocked.

PLAYBOY: That's pretty funny: Famous author Gay Talese, brooding and blocked over a modest magazine article after he just banked $2,500,000 on the movie sale of his big book.

TALESE: It is not very funny to *me*, because I've been on this thing for four weeks. I do have a magnificent lead, though. [*Laughs*] I describe ice. There are different kinds of ice. If the water is polluted, with a lot of iron and minerals in it, the ice is slow, it is coarse. There is a lot of texture to that ice. If you're doing 500 meters, you're going to be about two seconds slower than you would be if the water came from the pure stream of a mountain.

"Guilt has been very much a part of my life. Those Irish nuns were tough. Their philosophy was tough. Guilt, sacrifice and fear."

PLAYBOY: What's your fee for that article?

TALESE: Three hundred dollars.

PLAYBOY: Let's see, that would be about $75 a week so far.

TALESE: Very funny. And I had to buy a pair of leather boots, because it's so cold out there. They cost me $250 and they're already ruined! But enough of that miserable assignment. As silly as it may sound to you, and to anybody who reads this, the fact is that I gave my word to write that article, and so I have to do it, and do it as well as I possibly can, even though hardly anybody will read it, including, probably, the people who are featured in it.

PLAYBOY: We'll be delving into some of the characters and stories in your book, but first we have to acknowledge the curiosity about your own story of writing the book. How, as many people have wondered, did you keep your marriage together during your eight years of famous research, exploring the world of sexuality?

TALESE: People like myself who keep marriages together do it because we *want* those marriages to endure. Nan and I love each other. During the past 21 years, I have never felt any less in love with my wife. In fact, the reverse seems to be true. I'm more in love now; the love I feel for her has grown with time and she has remained throughout the marriage physically desirable to me. Now, if you say I'm not faithful to my wife sexually, I might say I'm faithful to her in a spiritual sense—but people would laugh so loud I wouldn't be able to stay on the stage for long. But it is true. When I am home, I am home, and even when I am away from home, I am home. The fact is, I remain faithful to Nan in that I choose this marriage over any other relationship or form of relationship.

PLAYBOY: At any point in those eight years, did you feel threatened by falling in love with someone to the point of leaving your marriage?

TALESE: A couple of times.

PLAYBOY: So you were playing with dynamite.

TALESE: Yes, I was. A couple of times I was very attracted, beyond just the sexual gratification and companionship and joy. I liked the person, wanted to spend time with her, was not eager to go back to New York and to my wife and the married life I had known since 1959. The marriage, which is now in its 21st year, has certainly been tested.

PLAYBOY: Why did you always go back?

TALESE: The reason I choose to remain married is that I recognize I am married to an extraordinary woman. Were she not, I don't see how I could have stayed married this long, because I've met some other women who are also exceptional, who helped me tremendously. But our marriage is based on many things. It is based, of course, on a mutual respect. In this case, you have two career people who share an appreciation of each other's work. She is a vice-president of Simon & Schuster, and she is the finest editor I have ever known. She has had a hand in every paragraph I have written in the past 20 years. I don't always like her criticism. In fact, I resent her criticism some of the time, but I always keep going back, because I know she's the best. If I pass her judgment, I am getting the best judgment I can get on my work.

We share a very private language, as any couple together a long time does, and we have all the years of shared experience, the good times and the bad, and those moments when you get really keen insight into the other person, and you like what you see. There was a moment, about 1962, when I thought we were going to die together, and I liked what I saw in her. We were driving on a mountain road in North Carolina in the winter, and I hit a patch of ice and the car started skating about 40 miles an

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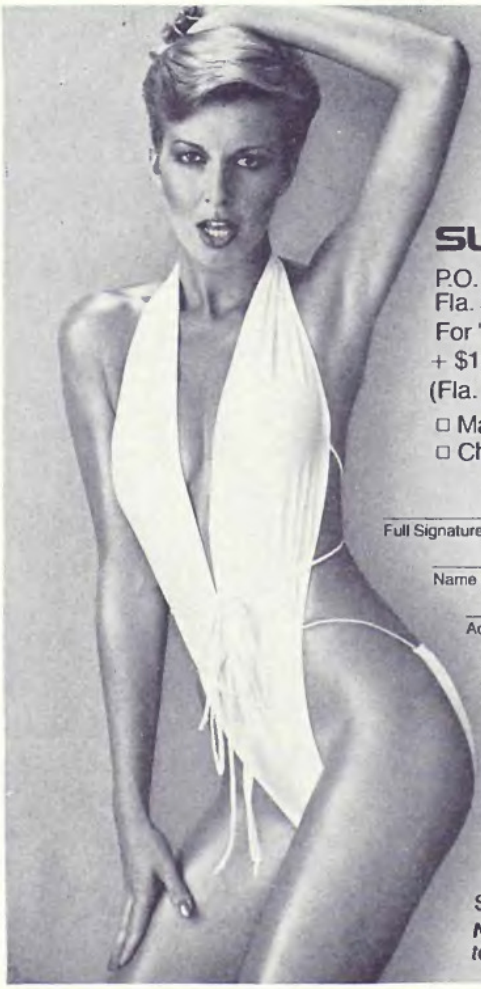

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hour straight for a drop-off of about 2000 feet. I thought, This is it. And I turned to Nan and she looked at me. She knew what was happening. We didn't say anything. I was looking at her face for signs of panic, or fear, or rage at me, or whatever one looks for when both of you know that you're out of control and you're seconds away from dying. And what I saw on her face was serenity. I saw calmness under pressure, a fearlessness of what was ahead. The fact that I am speaking to you now is evidence that we didn't go over the cliff, but nothing in the past 18 years has happened to make me feel any less confident of her capacity to take pressure or to change how I felt about her at that moment.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think Nan chose to remain married to a guy who——

TALESE: I'm not really sure.

PLAYBOY: Don't give us modesty.

TALESE: I'm not going to give you modesty. She must love me. And I know she is aware of how much love I have for her. But I have often wondered about it. I have often asked myself why.

PLAYBOY: Were you monogamous before you began researching this book?

TALESE: No, before this book I was not living the life of a monogamous married man. I am not going to insult your intelligence by saying that I was monogamous, because I wasn't. I had never fallen out of love with Nan—it's been a constant love affair with this woman I am married to—but I have had a constant attraction for other women throughout the past 30 years. I find women endlessly attractive. I can find things in women who may not seem beautiful to others that are beautiful to me. I am endlessly in awe of women. I like women. I like liking women. I find the companionship of women exciting. My sense of curiosity about women is nearly limitless. I have this wonderment about women and it exists now for my own daughters, aged 15 and 12. I've been watching since they were infants the process of growing from girlhood to womanhood, and they're approaching that right now.

PLAYBOY: How do you think your daughters, reading the book and the publicity about the book, are going to feel about their father's extramarital activities?

TALESE: A lot of women friends have talked to me about their fathers, and I have often asked them what they knew about their fathers' private lives. The women who say they understand their fathers, who have maintained a close relationship with them, frequently say they have been aware of other women in their fathers' lives. They think none the less of their fathers for it. At least the women I've spoken to. And I hope that long after I am dead, if my daughters are asked about their father, they will say, "But we loved him very much,

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he was not a great source of embarrassment or pain. To anyone."

PLAYBOY: How would you feel if you discovered that Nan was having an extramarital affair?

TALESE: I don't think I would *want* to know about it. People say, "Aha, you're afraid." No. It's not that I'm afraid. It's just not for me to say what she does nor to judge what she does, and it's also not for me to know what she does. If I have any position, it would be that I don't want to know about it. Why? Because it has nothing to do with me. I *hope*. If it has something to do with me, I will surely find out about it, because she will tell me. Often when women confess their infidelities, it is because they want to have their husband act upon it and leave, because they don't know how to get out of the marriage. That's also true of men when they confess. I never confessed anything, until this book. That's one of the results of this book: It put me in a position where I felt I had to give interviews like this. I have not done this comfortably. I wish I didn't feel I had to do it.

PLAYBOY: Why do you have to?

TALESE: Because I've spent the past eight years convincing people that there is nothing wrong in acknowledging their infidelities and their sexual adventures. And, having managed to do that, then I felt I had to do the same thing. I was as honest as I could be writing about real people, so I had to be the same way about myself. I didn't do it happily. I don't like having to answer a lot of questions, since I am the father of two daughters. But there was no way I could avoid acknowledging for the record that I have not been a monogamous man. Was not before the book, was not certainly during the book, and I have to take my chances as to how people will judge my work because I admit what I do personally. And I'll take my chances.

PLAYBOY: What about the chances in the marriage?

TALESE: Obviously, I'll take my chances in the marriage, too.

PLAYBOY: What about the chances you're taking with your daughters?

TALESE: I have to take them. In admitting to you what I have, as a father—and a loving father, which may sound like a subjective remark, but let me indulge it—I have already run the risk of having children my daughters go to school with say to them that they have a bad man for a father. I don't know how this is going to affect them. If that sounds selfish or ill-advised, what can I say? I will just tell you that I was committed to doing this book. I wanted it to be as honest as I could make it and, in that case, I had to be honest about myself. But most people do not want to be honest about sex. People lie about sex. People lie about how they *feel* about sex,

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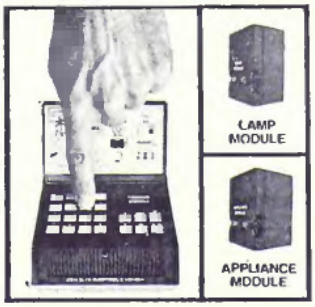

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although often they don't know how they feel about sex. Many people are still embarrassed by any reference to sexuality. So this honesty brings me no pleasure. But this is what I had to do, I guess.

PLAYBOY: With so much of a personal stake in this book, what is the message or over-all idea you're trying to get across?

TALESE: If it were a simple book, there would be a simple message, and I could tell you about it in simple language, and I would get it right the first time. This is not that sort of book. It is not one-dimensional. I'm not lecturing or posturing. I'm not espousing a cause. The book has no message, except, in a sense, it is an attempt to open people up to other people, to show them how other people live in private. If we knew the private lives of average people, we would see how extraordinary those lives are.

PLAYBOY: But your book isn't about average people. Using your own description, you wanted to write about sexual pioneers. Pioneers aren't average people.

TALESE: I wanted the change in the sexual behavior of the middle class to be explored in this book, and the people in the book are people who were influential in bringing about those changes. Take Hugh Hefner. Definitely a pioneer. You could not write about the changes in sexual attitudes in America in the past 25 years without writing about Hefner. Yet he came from a typical background, raised by Methodist, middle-class parents in the Midwest, and his audience is definitely middle-class. He has not been publishing his magazine for a bunch of unusual people. The women who are photographed each month are middle-class. The girl next door really *is* the girl next door.

I also wrote about Alex Comfort. Alex Comfort is a major figure in the sexual revolution. But he is an average, middle-class person. Nobody ever heard of Alex Comfort until he wrote *The Joy of Sex*. That was a pioneering work that sold millions of copies. But the reason he is famous is that his work was sold to the middle class in Kroch's and Brentano's and stationery stores that a few years ago would not have touched a picture book depicting sexual acts. Comfort is famous because he was accepted by the middle class, by millions of average people.

PLAYBOY: People like Comfort and Hefner may have come from typical backgrounds, but they have not lived average lives, and what they eventually did would be considered extraordinary by most people, not exactly representative of sex in America as it is practiced by the large majority of people.

TALESE: I don't think the people in my book are so extreme. They may seem to some to be extreme because in public we are all normal people, living the normal

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lives of people. Our persona is to suggest that we are not extreme in our behavior. But I can tell you, after eight years of asking hundreds and hundreds of people about the most intimate moments of their private lives, that if you really knew the *truth* about people, a truth that few people would care to have known—not because it's so reprehensible, it's just private—we are *all* extremists about sex. Each in our own different way has a private, internal vision that is extreme, no matter what kind of manner we try to exhibit to our colleagues in the office, to our friends and associates and to the person we are married to or dating. The truth about our sexuality is always more extreme than we will admit.

So many millions of people in this country who are not thought of as being exhibitionist or adventurous or extreme, just average people who work in companies, as schoolteachers, piano instructors, charwomen in hotels, ordinary people you see in the streets and don't even look at twice—if you were privy to their private sexual lives, you would be amazed at how those lives are lived. I don't mean to suggest they are part of great orgiastic scenes. I'm just talking about the act of sex itself and the role it plays in their lives.

PLAYBOY: Your book touches on the lives of so many people—from censors to lawyers to publishers to sexual experimenters—that we'll have to concentrate on just a few. To begin, tell us about the couple who started the Sandstone sexual retreat and why you feel they were important enough to have been one of the focal points of the book.

TALESE: Sandstone was started in 1967, when a man named John Williamson, a former space-program engineer at Cape Canaveral, bought a 15-acre property above Topanga Canyon in L.A. He and his wife, Barbara, along with another married couple, John and Judith Bullaro, began there the experimental sexual and living role that eventually embraced thousands of couples, many of them average, middle-class married people.

One of the purposes, if not the main purpose, of Williamson's experiment was to eliminate jealousy between the sexes. He was a student of Wilhelm Reich, one of whose theories was that society advances marriage as an institution that protects women but deprives them of their freedom. Williamson had an almost revolutionary attitude toward government, feeling that women were especially held back by generations of conditioning to be submissive to men and to accept a sexual double standard.

So Sandstone became a Reichian experiment, and within their private domain, women could be the sexual aggressors, women could have sex with anybody they wanted to. Nobody would put them down. Women could become as free as men. They didn't have to worry about sexual fidelity, or jealousy, or possessiveness. Williamson felt that if women could get over their sexual inhibitions and not seek their sense of self-worth through men, or what they perceived men's opinions of them to be, then women would be more influential in the society at large. And he saw that as a way of diminishing the establishment as he believed it was structured in the Sixties to produce warlike, aggressive and hypocritical decisions. Williamson believed that if women had more political power, we would not have had Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: But your portrayal of him in the book is that of a man with considerable sexual power over women, a sort of Svengalilike character. A lot of women are going to say those are beautiful theories, obviously true, but designed as a clever rationale for him to be able to have sex with as many women as he wants. How do you react to that?

TALESE: No doubt, some critics are going to believe that Williamson was creating a community in which *he* would thrive as the great sexual guru, the great resident rooster having the pick of all those adoring hens, and he would have a rollicking good time embellishing his hedonism with a lot of lofty slogans and ideals. But that is not true. Women were *equal* at Sandstone. I can testify to that. They were equal as I never saw women equal anywhere else in the U. S. On that little 15-acre plot of sexual freedom up there on the mountain, women had an equality not to be rivaled anywhere else in the country that I know of, even to this day. Williamson practiced what he preached. He and Barbara are still married and taking their lifestyle to other parts of the country. And I can tell you that there is no woman in America who has become more liberated from being possessed, inhibited, the target of jealousy or inequality of the sexes than Barbara Williamson.

"On that little 15-acre plot of sexual freedom up there on the mountain, women had an equality not to be rivaled anywhere else in the country."

PLAYBOY: When did you first go to Sandstone?

TALESE: It was 1971. Right away, what I noticed about groups of nude people was that they were very tranquil. Sitting on sofas, just talking, they were so tranquil that you would think they were stoned, but it has nothing to do with drugs. Drugs were prohibited at Sandstone. But, as I later discovered myself, being around people without your clothing mellows you out, for some reason. You become at peace with other people, in ways that I, at least, had never felt in gatherings of people with their clothes on.

PLAYBOY: If Sandstone was so idyllic, why did the Williamsons sell it and leave in 1972?

TALESE: Williamson thought he'd done everything he was going to do in L.A. He was restless with the real-estate boom that was moving into his previously secluded area. It was less private. And for four years, he had been the center of a very active sexual circle of friends. As what he called a change person, someone who used himself as an instrument of change in the lives of other people, he became so involved with so many others' personal lives that, as one of his colleagues put it, he almost overdosed on other people. He reached the point of saturation. He needed a change of venue. But he succeeded in bringing about the change he wanted far beyond even his own expectations, and beyond even the ambitions of so many people who make their living in any kind of change business, such as marriage therapy or psychiatry.

PLAYBOY: What was it he succeeded in doing?

TALESE: There are many, many people in this country whose sexual attitudes have been influenced by Sandstone. Alex Comfort is a good example. He had not yet written *The Joy of Sex* when he went to Sandstone. In *More Joy*, he writes a whole chapter about Sandstone, in which he gives it credit for having some influence on him. I don't believe he would credit Sandstone for his own ability to discover what is relevant, but there was no place where Comfort was going to have the opportunity to observe firsthand what he later wrote about so well. Sandstone allowed him to observe sexuality, and, as Comfort himself says in his book, there are *very* few places where we can observe sexuality. People are private about sexuality. Two people in a bedroom with the blinds down. That's sexuality, as we tend to know it. But at Sandstone, sexuality was openly practiced. There was a ballroom in the main house, something like a country club, with wall-to-wall carpeting, dim lighting, music and lots of mattresses. On party nights, you could find dozens of people in the act of making love in various ways, and in various numbers. Sometimes group sex, sometimes couples, sometimes threesomes, whatever, and I know, having been there many times—sometimes in the company of Alex Comfort—that you could see there human

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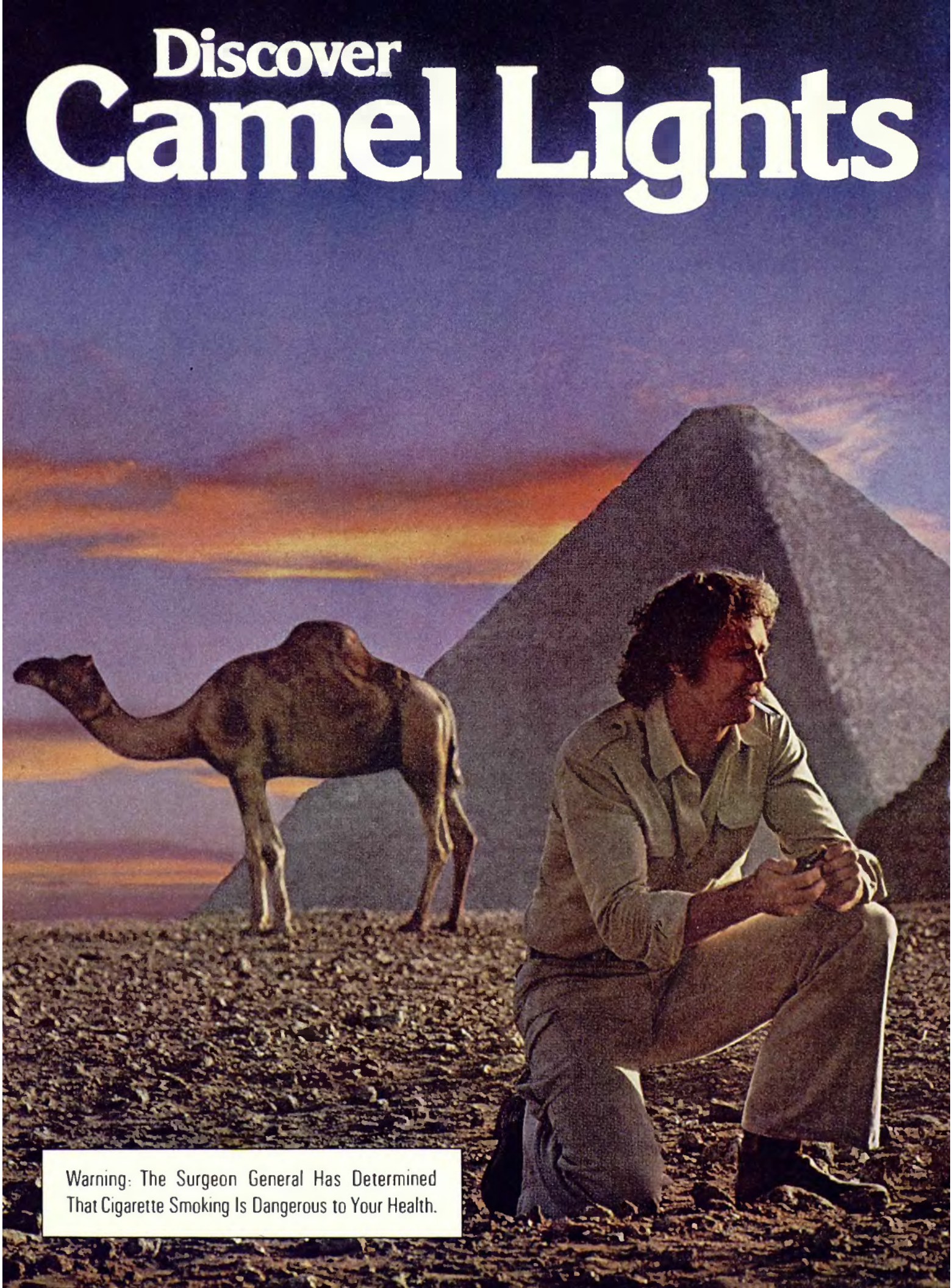
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nature in ways you never could see it anywhere else. It was incomparable.

PLAYBOY: For example?

TALESE: Just take the most orthodox act of sex: the missionary position. Very few people in the U. S., as I speak to you now, even among this PLAYBOY audience of 20,000,000, have ever seen another couple make love. How many PLAYBOY readers have ever seen that? I'll bet hardly any. Movies, yes, but not in real life. At Sandstone, *everybody* had seen it. And two people making love, that's an extraordinary thing to see.

PLAYBOY: What did the experience do for you?

TALESE: It enlightens you in several ways. First, you see that there isn't any one way to make love. You see that there is such variety, first of all to the human body. You see how different men perform. I don't mean just watching a bunch of lancers pumping away in an endless display of energy, but how men go about pleasing women. Sometimes you would see men who weren't muscular, or maybe not handsome, but who had really nicely developed abilities to satisfy women. At Sandstone, I and a lot of other men were seeing other men's erections for the first time. Most men are almost totally unaware of other men's sexuality. Very few men ever see an erection on another man. We spend time in locker rooms, but we do not see erections, what men look like when they're sexually aroused. I don't mean just sizes of penises. I mean how much we really have in common. I think men could do a lot to ease whatever sexual anxieties they have about their adequacy or performance by experiencing something like Sandstone.

PLAYBOY: Why?

TALESE: The first time, usually, for a man is disastrous. Before you go, you will be very excited about the idea of going to a so-called orgy. As you drive up the hill with your ladyfriend, you have marvelous fantasies about what it's going to be; but once you get there, you have to confront not your fantasy but the unusual presence of all those people who, you know in your heart, have nothing better to do than to watch you. You discover that you have difficulty maintaining an erection as a newcomer to this situation. The reason? That's open to as much or as many interpretations as you can conjure up. It's not the obvious reason, that you're afraid of not being well enough endowed. It's just a very awkward situation for men. You're under a lot of performance pressure, even though probably very few people in the room are aware of you, fewer still are looking and hardly anyone cares what you're doing. But *you* care! So, as sure as anything, you lose your erection. That is something almost every man goes through on his initial introduction to group sex. Then you come to realize it's a normal reaction, then you realize that you *don't* have to perform. That's a wonderfully liberating lesson in itself.

PLAYBOY: How did the nudity affect the way you approached women?

TALESE: It's a visual aphrodisiac. You're not just making eye contact; you're seeing a whole body, a whole female form. There are practicing nudists who would want you to believe that there is nothing sexual about nudity, that it is just a very healthy state, a natural state, and you don't see people in a sexual way, as you might if you saw them dressed or in a bikini. I don't believe that's true. You do see people who are nude as sexual creatures. What I found fascinating was that some people with their clothes off, particularly women, are much more attractive than with their clothes on. I'm talking about the average woman, not just the beautiful one. The naked female form is rarely unattractive when nude. There's something that's always exciting about it, and I'm not speaking here with a genital orientation. There's just something very lovely, very sensuous, very exciting about women in the nude.

"At Sandstone, I and a lot of other men were seeing other men's erections for the first time. Most men are almost totally unaware of other men's sexuality."

PLAYBOY: What struck you about seeing women not just in the nude but having sex?

TALESE: When you watch women make love to men, you realize how much sexual energy some women have. They are capable of exhausting most men, and I mean the average woman, not some Linda Lovelace of Georgina Spelvin. And you see how free women are, how aggressive they can be, the incredible variety of ways women can perform oral sex. A place like Sandstone demonstrated beyond any debate that women are much more open to expression. Men are much more rigid and hesitant about doing anything that would question their masculinity. Almost all the threesomes would be two women and one man. Even men who are bisexual are much more inhibited in a group setting than women. Women are much freer.

PLAYBOY: In your opinion, why is that?

TALESE: Men are simply afraid to manifest any sign or emotion or behavior that might suggest a touch of homosexuality in their nature. Women are less afraid of being thought of as homosexual. I mean, they are not rigidly reared to prove that they are women. A little girl just grows up and automatically becomes a woman. A little boy grows up and does not automatically become a man. He has to prove it constantly, that he is worthy of being called a man, and one of the things that might cast doubt on that is if you seem to be physically fond of men. The mere act of touching another man in a gentle, caring way, stroking his back or gripping his arm—and certainly kissing, even on the cheek—could be a sign of homosexuality, and men dread that. They will be repelled by such acts and will back away from any drive to demonstrate that.

PLAYBOY: What was your first experience with group sex like?

TALESE: I was just like other men, very inhibited at first and much slower to respond than the woman I was with that night. She was a close friend who went with me to Sandstone. It was still new to both of us, but we met this other couple who were experienced members. They were married and lived nearby and they were very friendly. They approached us in a very genteel way and I was as attracted to his wife as he was to my friend. Before my friend or I knew what was happening, this man was seducing my friend—softly stroking her as we chatted—in the subtlest possible way. They invited us to go with them to a private bedroom in the main house and we went. Looking back, it sounds ridiculous and it's going to come off as ridiculous, but I thought we were only going off to talk some more. It was happening so fast I didn't even know it was happening until it did. This was a masterful couple. Very quickly, the four of us were on this bed and my friend was making love to him. That was a new experience! I mean, seeing another man make love to her.

I found it difficult to try to make love to his wife. I'm a person who likes to talk, to know something about the person. The love act is fun and physical, but I also like to accompany it with conversation, and I couldn't talk to her, because here was this guy I'd met only two hours before making love to my friend on this bouncing bed, and there I was with this very attractive woman I barely knew, trying to think of something to say and knowing that no matter what I said, it was ridiculous on that bouncing bed. I felt very awkward. I was interested in watching my friend make love to this guy, but that wasn't enough for me. I was sexually frustrated in that situation. I wanted to have a connection with this person, this other woman, but I could not make a connection with her. I just couldn't connect. There. On that bouncing bed. I finally said to her, "Let's get out of here. Let's go someplace else." When we were alone, I was able to have sex with her. It was most enjoyable. Then we went back

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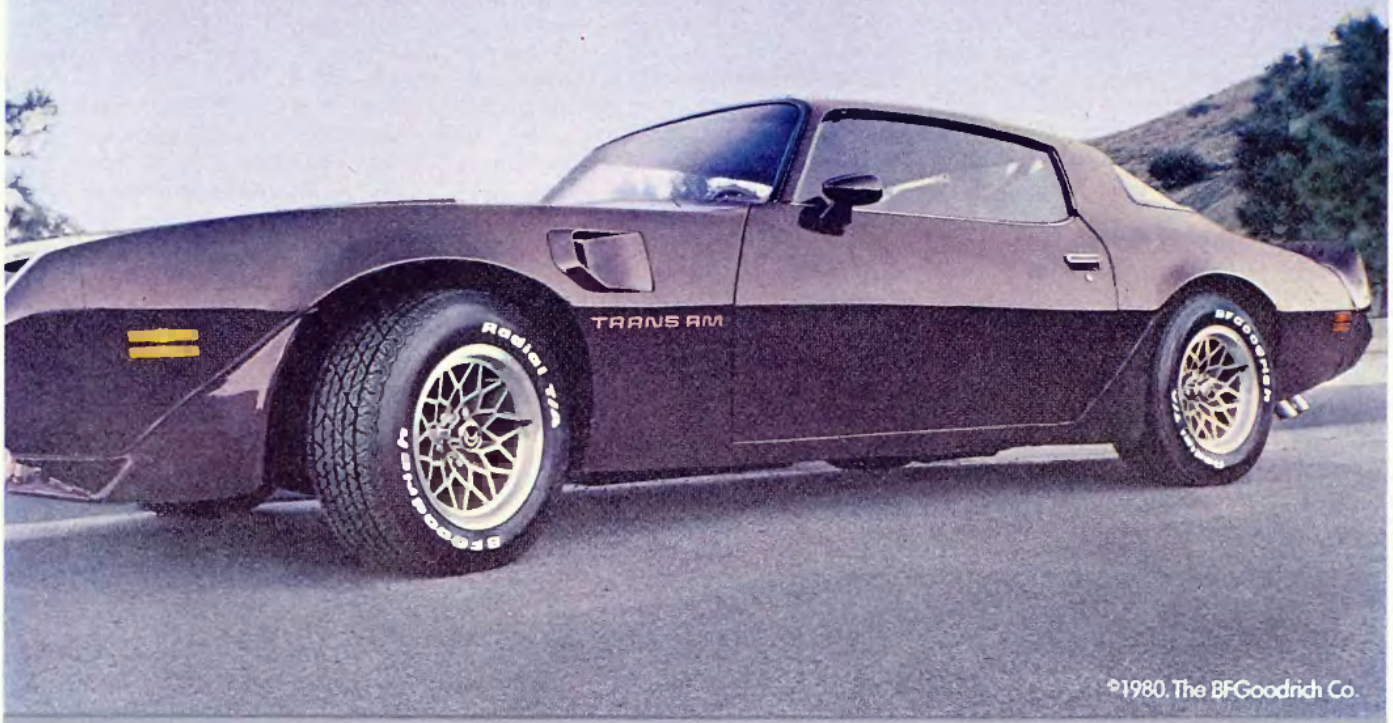

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and rejoined that man and my friend. And we all kind of embraced. It was very natural. What was interesting was that after the sex was over, we were very free. The anxiety, the curiosity, the pent-up energy, whatever you want to say, had been released. It was discharged. Good riddance to it. And now, we were human beings together, without the barriers that so often sexual denial creates.

Once you get the sex over with, when you get past all the inhibitions, past all the Biblical preaching that goes back to the dark ages of our minds, then you're human and open and cheerful and free. You're young again, and innocent, and it's mirthful. And that night was wonderful. The four of us became a unit. Not just a sexual unit. We were more than that. We were human, divided by four. We were one. It was a good time. Wonderful. In all my travels as a writer, just a gazeteer from one end of the country to the other, nothing like that had ever happened to me before. Nor had I ever had that feeling before about a new friendship with a man. For the first time in my life, I had developed a friendship with a man through sex. And after that night, the four of us had sex several times and it was more relaxed, filled with laughter. It was a very gratifying experience.

PLAYBOY: Elaborate a bit on what you mean by a friendship with another man.

TALESE: For the first time in my life, a friendship was characterized by my touching another man. As I said, we men are taught to back away from any physical sign of male affection. Except in such rare centers of experience as Sandstone, where it was not only possible, it seemed like the most natural thing in the world to touch a man through a sexual experience.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that you had a homosexual experience?

TALESE: No. I'm not homosexual. I'm not bisexual. I have never had a sexual experience with a man. I'm merely suggesting that being as free and gentle with a man as I have been on occasions might be interpreted by other men who are fearful of being regarded as homosexuals, or who fear the fact of homosexuality, who want to eradicate it from the earth, who want to abolish it as a form of pleasure, that sort of man might have interpreted what I was doing as bordering on homosexuality. I wouldn't agree with that.

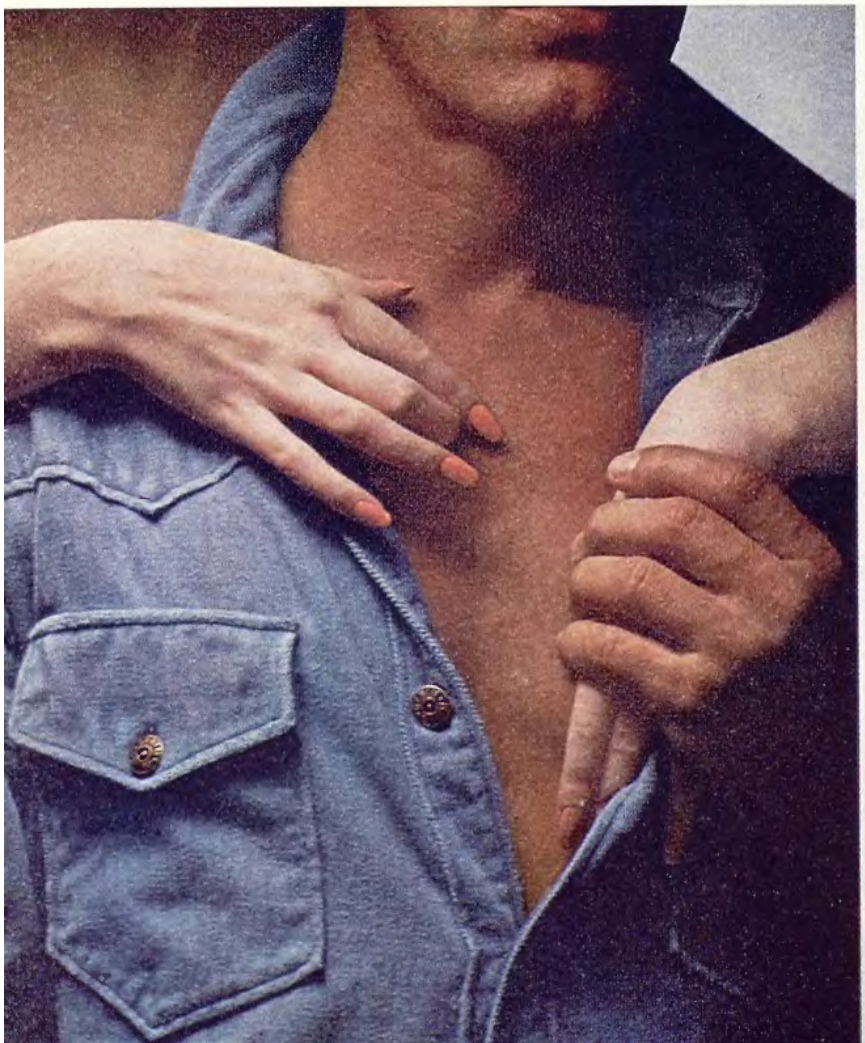
PLAYBOY: But given your own male attitudes when you started, it must have forced you through some changes in your mind.

TALESE: If it should have, it didn't. It was natural. I mean, the aftereffect—I didn't wake up the next day thinking, Oh, what did I do? What will he think of me? Not at all. Because I saw those people all the time. I felt a kinship with those men. And it was through women! Without the women, we never would have had the opportunity to feel it. But the next night you might be in some restaurant, having dinner with those same people. You have carried the friendship outside the sexual setting, and those friendships do extend into your larger social life that you and those people happen to share. I have now, all over this country, as a result of such experiences, a kind of relationship with many men, and women, too, that this society doesn't give us much opportunity to develop. It's a very nice feeling.

PLAYBOY: What about your old male friends who haven't been willing to go through this kind of experimentation with you?

TALESE: I have different categories of friends. My best friends are writers. They're Nicholas Pileggi, David Halberstam, A. E. Hotchner, Michael Arlen. I respect all of them. I like their work. I enjoy being with them. We go to Elaine's, P. J. Clarke's, we go to the ball game. We cheer one another on when our books are published and lament the terrible or stupid reviews we get. But not one of them has shared with me that kind of sexual experience I found so gratifying in California.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think you were the one to seek out those experiences? Most men haven't felt compelled to go



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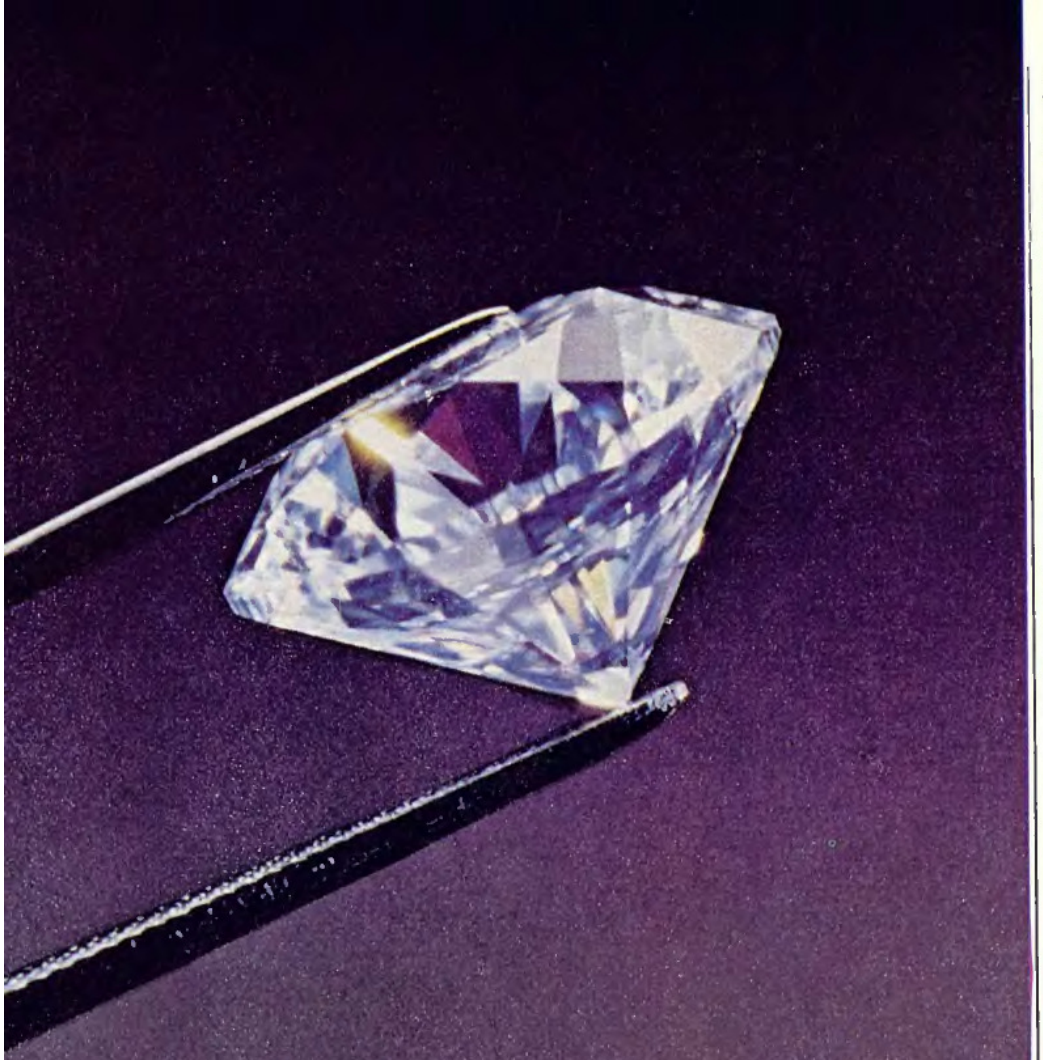

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through what you went through.

TALESE: Would my repressed background make me a likely candidate for what I did? More so than a person who was less repressed growing up?

PLAYBOY: Perhaps.

TALESE: Would it? All those years growing up? My yearning? No touching? Well, then I'm not going to argue with that. I can only attest to the fact that I found it liberating. I found it long overdue. I wish I had discovered it when I was younger. I wish I hadn't had to be 39. I wish I had been 29. But when I was 29, I still had a long way to go in overcoming my repressed childhood. Oh, was I repressed.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about it.

TALESE: The overly controlled family background is what I came from. Usually, you have either a strong father or a strong mother. I had both. I always knew where the direction was, because they were both pointing it out to me, and there were not a lot of side routes there. I was an altar boy, scared to death of those nuns and priests, growing up on the straight, rigid Catholic family road, and I followed that. All through parochial and high school, in this small town of Ocean City, New Jersey, my life seemed very grim. There weren't any options. Yet, within my mind, I had rich fantasies.

PLAYBOY: What were they?

TALESE: Through high school, Esther Williams was the star in my sex life. My fantasies of her kept me going on many dreary Saturday afternoons at the movies. She was the most lascivious creature I could imagine. She was wet all the time. She was always doing that wonderful backstroke and then getting out of the pool, dripping. I mean, if anyone ever had ravenous thoughts, it was what I had in mind for Esther Williams. It was so bad that I grew up thinking chlorine was an erotic scent. I constantly imagined being with Esther Williams in some chlorine-scented cabana.

But in real life, all I had was a little cheerleader I found *so* desirable and totally unapproachable. I just didn't think of myself as a serious prospect for an erotic experience. To paraphrase Mr. Marlon Brando, I was not a contender. I didn't, through high school, have *any* sexual experience. And I didn't have any fun any other way. I feel a very real sympathy for people who are not doing well, because so much of my early life was spent not doing well *at all*. I was not a good student. I was not a good athlete.

They were joyless years. If you grow up in a tiny resort town, which caters to seashore summertime activity, the nine months of the year that are not summer are really depressing. Everyone who came during the summer and had a good time is gone. Labor Day would arrive and the awnings in front of the summer

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houses came down, and the cars left and the beaches were closed up and the lifeguards went away and the rowboats were stored under the boardwalk with the canvas put on top of them. The merry-go-round stopped whirling and the boardwalk games were closed, their steel shutters up for the winter. That was the sign of the death of a season for me. It was also the beginning of school, which was another sign of gloom. From September through June, it was the dark ages for me in that town. Even now, at the age of 47, when the autumn comes, I get depressed and I remain depressed from practically Labor Day until June 22nd. I have been that way since I was about six. I didn't have *any* fun when I was growing up. I didn't even masturbate until I was 20.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

TALESE: I'm sure that many people didn't masturbate until maybe later than that. We just reach different stages of development at different times. There are people who fulfill themselves professionally at 25 and it's all downhill after that. There are people who sort of stop living at 35. They stop exploring. Their best times were when they were young. In my case, the best times were not when I was young. My best times are now. But you're asking me why. I don't know.

Still, with all I'm telling you that sounds grim and indicative of a man who knew little else but failure, there is one thing I *didn't* fail at. I was good at one thing. I could do something with a typewriter. I wrote for the school paper. I started interviewing people when I was 14. I'd wander around town and wonder about people. Is there a story here? Is there a story there? I was 15 when I got my first story published in a local newspaper.

I was a failure at everything else except reporting. Whatever self-esteem I had came from that. But with all the modesty and self-effacement that's part of me—and all my self-doubt and recognition that self-doubt is good, to run scared is better, don't assume anything is going to work out, never count on anything unless it has already happened—there is also a part of my nature that is very vain and egotistical. I have a strong ego. Lord knows why. In my work, I am very egotistical. If my name is on something, it had better be good. I care a lot about my name on something. Because I want my standards of writing met, and it is hard to meet my standards. Maybe it's because seeing my name in print on what I had written was the *only* source of self-respect I had to cling to for so long.

When I was elevated to *The New York Times*'s writing staff in 1955 and started to get my name in print regularly, sometimes the copy readers would change what I wrote. They changed what everybody wrote. But if they did it to me, I wanted my name off the story. You couldn't stand there and read over their shoulders to see if they were changing your lead, or your sentences, so I'd wait out on the street with Nan, whom I was dating then, until the first edition hit the newsstands about 10:15 at night. Then, if they'd changed anything, I'd call the head of the copy desk from a pay phone and say, "You changed my story, take my name off it." They'd get terribly angry, because they didn't want to go to all the trouble of resetting type.

PLAYBOY: They must have thought you were a prima donna.

TALESE: I *was* a prima donna! No question about it. *Am* a prima donna.

PLAYBOY: Your years as a *New York Times* reporter remind us of the dictum of that newspaper's editor Abe Rosenthal. Since you obviously slept with some of the sources for *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, aren't you contradicting his statement that reporters who cover the circus shouldn't sleep with the elephants?

TALESE: [*Laughs*] That's funny. But Abe's never written about the sex lives of the elephants.

PLAYBOY: Are you sure that, having slept with your sources, your objectivity about them wasn't shaken?

TALESE: *What* objectivity? It wasn't shaken because this is not a very objective book.

PLAYBOY: But were you able to write about your sources truthfully?

TALESE: Yes. Absolutely. After you've read the book, you certainly won't think I was compromised when you consider how I wrote about Judith Bullaro and Barbara Williamson.

PLAYBOY: How did you manage to get the characters in the book who weren't public figures to sign releases?

TALESE: That's most of the characters. You do not get a release right away. First you have to spend time building up trust with the people. Over the years I devoted to this book, much of the time was spent building relationships that people knew were not going to be violated and reassuring people of what I knew to be true: that the sex would be precisely described, but never in an exploitative way. From the beginning, there was a lot of handholding on my part. These people were really taking a chance. But they had read my earlier work and they knew from my record as a writer of books that I was not an exploitative writer. My reputation was good.

PLAYBOY: How much control did those people have over what was published?

TALESE: None. I had a researcher who tape-recorded and transcribed verbatim many of the interviews dealing with the most sensitive material, and I sent a copy of those transcripts to the people to amend or amplify. And if there was something, on reconsideration, they wanted to X out, they were welcome to do that, too. But they did not know how I would end up using the material. Those people trusted me. That means I had to respect and honor that trust. I did not want to take advantage of people by getting them to talk at times when they were expansive and then becoming inflexible with them later on, even if their lives had changed and I could bring great harm to them by publishing the stories they told me.

PLAYBOY: How did you deal with the potential conflicts when someone who had confided in you might feel betrayed?

TALESE: One good example is John Bullaro, who's certainly one of the main characters in the book. I wrote about the period of his life when he was married. But by the time I finished the book, he and his wife, Judith, were divorced. I had one very long scene in the book, which I think is one of the most sexual scenes I will ever write in my life. Oh, is that scene visual! It involves what it was like for Bullaro to *see* for the first time his wife make love to another man. It took place in a cabin at Big Bear Lake in California. It was a time when Bullaro was being honest about his infidelities with Barbara Williamson. Her husband, John, had befriended both Bullaro and his wife. They became a friendly foursome. Bullaro's wife had not had sex with Williamson, but her attraction to him was becoming more intense.

Then the four of them drove off together to spend a weekend at the lake. It was not preordained that they were going to have a mate-swapping situation, and certainly Bullaro had not faced his true feelings about his wife's becoming adulterous, even though he already was. But the reader almost knows that it's possible for her to do it even before we see them arrive at the cabin.

Later on in the evening, after dinner, after wine, the four of them are lounging around, the fire is burning, they're reminiscing, the four of them feeling very close as friends. Bullaro is talking about his early life in Chicago and he starts to describe a traumatic situation he lived through, and it upsets him and he cries. He excuses himself to go into his bedroom to be alone for a while. Barbara Williamson joins him, and she closes the door and proceeds to make love to him, even though his wife is in the other room with John. Then Bullaro falls asleep, and when he wakes up, he hears sounds coming from beyond the closed door in the living room. He describes how he walks out into the darkened room, the fire still going in the fireplace, there's this orange glow from the fireplace, and he sees this couple lying on the floor. The man is on top of the woman. The bodies are silhouetted and he can see them kind of glowing from the light of the fire. And Bullaro is fascinated. He has never seen two figures together sexually. Two nude figures. It's beautiful to him to behold.

At first, he is fascinated by the sight, excited. Then it occurs to him that the

thighs of this woman wrapped around this man, these thighs and legs that are extended in the air, and the toes that are pointed toward the ceiling, and the pelvic motion of this woman, and the blonde hair, and the carriage and the buttocks being pressed back by this man making love to her are all familiar, and this man's penis is reflected in the light of the fire. He can see it, penetrating her like a red rivet. And suddenly, it hits him, rather remarkably in that it was belated, that his wife is in front of him, having sex with this other man. Suddenly, he is jolted to the realism of the moment and he just collapses. It was one of the worst moments of his life.

I described that experience in detail, and what it was like for Bullaro. Well, that was very much a scene that I did *not* want to remove from the book. I knew I had the facts right. I had four witnesses. I got that story from each of those four people. He'd already signed a release. There was nothing he could do if I went ahead and printed it without his permission. But I just had to read it to him. And I read that whole story over the telephone to John Bullaro. Just voluntarily did it.

PLAYBOY: Why?

TALESE: There were no precedents for what I was doing. No book in nonfiction had ever described sex as explicitly as this, and I felt that there was a *chance* that the people I interviewed at great length, spent weeks or months with over five, six, even eight years, might not have realized that I was going to put into the book things they'd told me about themselves. They might have felt that since such things had never appeared in nonfiction books before, they would not appear in a nonfiction book now. I wanted to make sure that they would not feel a sense of betrayal on my part toward them. There were some scenes, like that Bullaro scene, that were so intimate that I felt I owed the people—not that they expected it—at least a complete understanding of how I dealt with those sexual scenes in the book. Even though I took notes in front of them and in many cases had a researcher along with a tape recorder, it could have been that those people spoke so freely to me because they had never before read nonfiction that dealt with sex as intimately as I did.

PLAYBOY: What would you have done if Bullaro had given you solid reasons why the publication of that scene now would harm his life and begged you not to publish it, even though he had long ago signed a release?

TALESE: [*Pause*] I don't know. It didn't happen, I'm glad to say. But I don't know. He *had* read the transcripts of many of our interviews, so the material in the scene did not come as a complete surprise.

PLAYBOY: How did he react when he heard the story?

TALESE: First, he was impressed with the writing, which is the best thing he could have said to me. And he was moved by it. And it evoked memories of that disastrous moment. He felt again what he had felt then. What he told me was that it took him way back to emotions that he had all but forgotten and made him recognize the man he had been, the pangs of insecurity and jealousy he had felt. He was totally demeaned by the experience at the time, seeing his wife make love to another man. That's an experience *very* few men have ever had to live through or been privy to. Nor would most men want to be, though both of the Bullaros later said the experience opened them up to communicating with each other and with other people.

PLAYBOY: Let's return to some of the conclusions you draw in your book. What did your years of research tell you about women's sexuality and whether or not they have reacted in the same way as men to changing mores?

TALESE: If women were more sexually aggressive, I'd like that more. I think women need to get more emotionally involved than men do to have sex. If fewer women were offended by men wanting to go to bed with them—on the contrary, if more women wanted to go to bed with men just for their own pleasure—I think it would be healthier for society.

"Suddenly, it hits him, that his wife is in front of him, having sex with this other man. Suddenly, he is jolted to the realism of the moment and he just collapses."

PLAYBOY: Claiming that women need more emotional involvement than men for recreational sex would be labeled by some a male-chauvinist statement.

TALESE: I stand by that statement. If anyone challenges that fact—I'm presenting it as a fact, on the basis of the research I've done in the past eight years—that men are much more capable of recreational sex, the one-night stand, are much more eager for it, crave it more than women, if any woman or man wanted to challenge that, I would feel very comfortable with my position.

PLAYBOY: Why do you claim women are less capable of enjoying casual sex?

TALESE: Because the average woman does not want sex as a man does, on an impersonal level. Most women in America in 1980 are not interested, as men are, in one-night stands or even casual sex. I'm not saying that many women don't indulge in casual sex, I'm just talking about percentages, about numbers. On any given night, in any given city in America, there are going to be many more men who are interested in, craving, casual sex than there are women. So the percentages are against men. And the result of this uneven ratio between supply and demand is that in any city, at any time, you will find men looking and women looking away. And late at night, after dinner, you will find men alone, in cocktail lounges, on the streets, searching for the companionship of women and not finding it. And that's why you will find large numbers of men all over America going to prostitutes and massage parlors and peep shows and X-rated movies. And relying on the visual stimulation they get from men's magazines, masturbating to those pictures in hotels and motels at night, in lieu of the company of a woman. That goes on. That's the national pastime in this country, at least for the lonely man: masturbation. It is the biggest sport in town. Bigger than pro football. And it is a manifestation of male frustration. It is a sign of loneliness. Especially, it is a sign of loneliness of the man on the road. This is a country, of course, of men on the road, and there are not enough women who are going to make themselves available to have sex with those men. Women are just more personal about sex than men are.

PLAYBOY: Is it also because men don't feel comfortable approaching strange women?

TALESE: That's right. Most men probably feel awkward about having to be the pursuer. There are many men, I know, who would welcome women who are aggressors. I'm certainly one of those who would welcome aggressive women. It's a rare experience.

PLAYBOY: Do you find it rare even in the world you've been traveling in the past eight years?

TALESE: Yes. In that one sense, 1980 is not so different from 1950. It's still the men who ask and the women who say yes or no. It is still the men who risk rejection when trying to establish some connection with a woman. From the time he's an adolescent, a man gets accustomed to having to get up the nerve to ask, which is not always easy to do. Men grow up with a great familiarity with rejection. Women do not have that same experience.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that a woman's reluctance to have casual, impersonal sex is more the result of conditioning than of genetic differences?

TALESE: I don't believe it's all conditioning. Conditioning, that's a Seventies word. I hope it fades in the Eighties. There *is* a difference about the way

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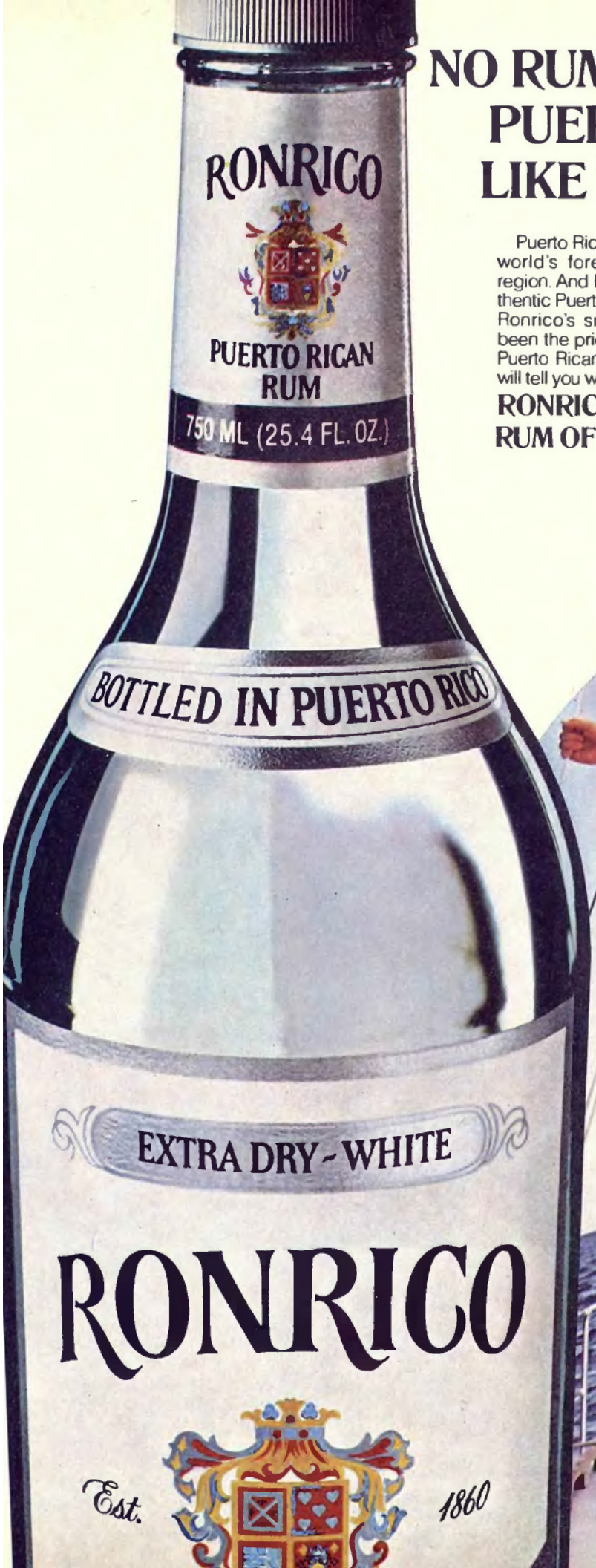

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women regard sexuality and the way men do. Women are *invaded* sexually, and that will never change. A woman is literally invaded by a penis, and if the man is a stranger, an alien body, it won't be as pleasurable an act of intercourse for her. It's like the body itself; it rejects anything that is foreign. Whereas a man has a sense of detachment from his penis. He walks around with a stranger in his pants. He frequently names it. Lady Chatterley and her lover named his penis John Thomas. Or it's Rodney. Or Old Buford. I've heard all kinds of names.

The main problem that men have today, in 1980, as they did long before I was born in 1932, is that they still have a difficult time finding women to have sex with. If women were *freer* sexually and more interested in just enjoying sex, and used men as instruments for their pleasure, I think men would like that role and would not be, as some people tell us they'd be, offended by it or intimidated by it or lose their erections because of it. We are told by many that when a woman becomes aggressive, a man runs. I'm sure there are men who will. But I'm sure there are a lot of men who hate to always have to be the aggressor. Men feel awkward. But today we get a picture of women resenting men coming on to them, yet men coming on to them anyway, and it's become a kind of political issue. In that sense, women are not very different than women were 100 years ago.

PLAYBOY: And yet you've written a book that is, at least in part, about women who are more aggressive——

TALESE: It's mostly about women who are in *love*, except for the masseuses, which was mercenary sex——

PLAYBOY: All the women at Sandstone were in *love*?

TALESE: It was recreational sex at Sandstone. You're quite right about that. Recreational sex was one of the principles there.

PLAYBOY: Then would you say those women had to overcome their biology?

TALESE: Lenny Bruce had a line: "Does she, does she, does she, does she?" He was expressing the idea that men are there to beg and women are there to say no, and that women are using their sexual gifts, bestowing them on the winner, the guy who behaves most properly.

PLAYBOY: Exactly. But you've written a book about some women who don't do that. The question still is: Do you really believe the differences are innate?

TALESE: Do you mean is it innate of men to want to have sex and of women to say no?

PLAYBOY: Yes. What do you believe in your heart of hearts?

TALESE: I believe that women, generally speaking—with the exception of the 5000 of them who are going to send letters saying this is wrong—are quite different from men, in that they are more restrictive, more restrained, less interested in sex for the sake of sex. I am not quoting Erica Jong as one of the great thinkers of our time, but I agree with her when she said that sex is in the mind—especially for women.

PLAYBOY: You're still not addressing the question. Are you saying women are born with some kind of will-you-respect-me genes? Or is it societal conditioning?

TALESE: I think the difference is innate. It is in women's very nature. Sex researchers would support me statistically when I say that women are not as orgasmic, at least when they're with men. Coupled with men, women frequently do not have orgasms. Men nearly always have orgasms, unless there's some dysfunction. I love *that* Seventies word, dysfunction. Whoever invented dysfunction? Women, in order to enjoy sex, have to have feelings for the man.

PLAYBOY: Why do you believe that's the case?

TALESE: One reason is justifiable: the fear factor. Women are fearful of strange men. Women are still—and justifiably, I should add—concerned for their own welfare when in the presence of a strange man. They can never know if they

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might become among the unlucky few who end up like the heroine of *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*. Secondly, impersonal sex is not as physically pleasurable to women as it is to men. Women are not so easily orgasmic with men as men are with women.

I also think women are not as visual about sex as men are. They have to have more attraction than just liking the looks of a man. Men can look across the lobby of a hotel, or the beach, or the park, or a bar, any public place, and find themselves visually attracted to a woman. Just as men are visually attracted to photographs of women. The magazine racks of America, from the smallest towns to the largest cities, are filled with men's magazines featuring naked women, and men are visually aroused by those photographs of strange women. But women, generally speaking, are not attracted to men visually to the point of being sexually aroused. A woman is not going to be sexually aroused to the point of masturbation by pictures of strange men without clothes on. In my interviews with numerous women about their masturbatory fantasies, I rarely heard a woman say she'd ever masturbated to a photograph of a nude man, no matter how attractive he was. It is just not in the nature of women.

PLAYBOY: What did the women you spoke with have as fantasies?

TALESE: They tended to masturbate to vaguely defined images or a husband or lover or someone they felt close to. It might be some very erotic situation in which they were being pursued, or were in an aggressive role, but they hardly ever had in mind any specific stranger. They would not, as I said, be looking at a picture of a man they did not know personally.

PLAYBOY: Given all you've just said about your views of the differing natures of men and women, couldn't women argue that the sexual revolution was about nothing more than a bunch of guys, such as Williamson at Sandstone, figuring out good ways to get laid a lot?

TALESE: It's a fair comment that Williamson used Sandstone as a way to get laid. But we *all* are doing that right now, in our own ways. Men set up incredibly elaborate structures to get themselves laid. Now, what does it say about men? It suggests we can't get as much as we need. We *can't get enough variety!* It's true, isn't it? Why don't we just settle down and stay happily married and be faithful to our wives who are, after all, probably better lovers to us than the women we pick up?

PLAYBOY: Why don't we?

TALESE: It's in the nature of man. It's in the nature of the beast. It points to the fact that we need a lot of women. We need these fixes. Sex fixes. We're junkies.

PLAYBOY: Some men aren't. Some men learn to control their lust.

TALESE: Yes, some men don't have the drive. Some men truly don't need women. They just don't have that particular kind of energy directed that particular way. I don't believe, however, that men who deny themselves women, because they consider sex either sinful or a waste of time, use that energy more constructively than lustier men. I think what they're doing is practicing a philosophy of denial that restricts people and controls them. Catholic priests, by their example of denial, are supposed to keep in line the flock who might otherwise do differently; the flock lives in fear of falling out of grace into a state of guilt by sexual sinning. As you can probably tell, I drifted away from the Church a long time ago.

PLAYBOY: And yet some readers may feel that the influence of those Irish nuns is still with you, that there is a sort of "wages of sin" tone in which the characters are ultimately punished for their transgressions. How do you react to that?

TALESE: It is not a joy-of-sex book, that is true. It is a series of complex stories about complex characters and the baffling, troubling, exciting, sometimes painful role of sex in their lives. It is not a simple book. You take *Sophie's*

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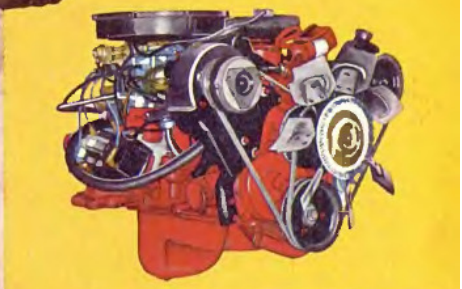

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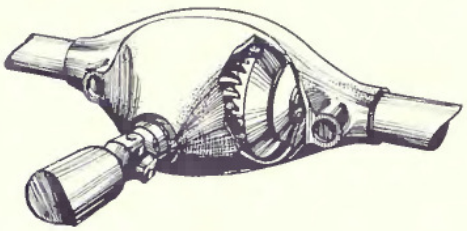

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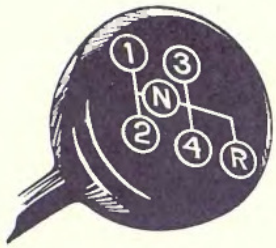

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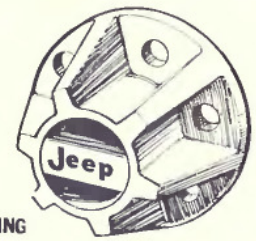

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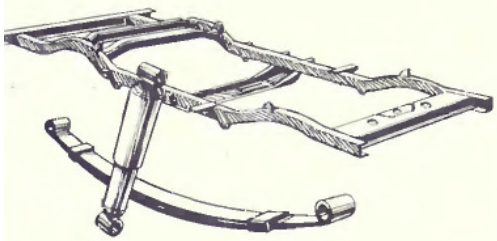

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Choice, which is the great novel of last year. What is it about? You talk to six critics and you'll get six versions. It's a novel. It's about many things. It's an artistic achievement. My book is an artistic achievement in nonfiction. That's what it is to me.

PLAYBOY: But would you agree that there's a grimness about the ends some of your characters come to?

TALESE: No. I think there are people in the book who *are* grim, as there are people in novels who are grim. I write about some men, like Anthony Comstock, who wanted to eradicate *any* expression that is flagrantly physical. But there are also people in the book who enjoy life, who, to use a PLAYBOY expression, have a lust for life. Hefner is one of those. Sally Binford, one of the women I describe at Sandstone, is a very exciting and fulfilled individual. John Williamson is such a man. As I said before, his wife is probably one of the most liberated women in the United States.

PLAYBOY: We were thinking of someone like the Williamsons' friend John Bullaro, who seems to have paid a price for his sexual experimentation. When his story starts, he is a successful young businessman, and when we leave him, he is broke, he doesn't have a job, he doesn't have his wife——

TALESE: And he's happy! For the first time in his life, he's happy. I saw him about a month and a half ago. He's in L.A. He lives with a lovely lady. They live a wonderfully free life, sexually and otherwise. He's become an expert in outdoor survival—which he began learning as a result of his friendships at Sandstone. He has gone from selling protection against fear, which is what the insurance business is about, to teaching risk, and how to be at peace with risk, and how to survive risk. He teaches survival courses. I'm sure he doesn't even buy insurance anymore.

PLAYBOY: Yet at the end of his story, you describe him as being "alone, jobless, without a sense of hope." Isn't the reader going to be left with the feeling that this man lost everything because of his sexual explorations?

TALESE: No, I don't believe I would interpret it that way. He gambled and lost what? He lost the capacity to lie and to fear he was going to lose his job because his superiors might discover he was having an extramarital affair with Barbara, who sold insurance for the same company. He starts off as a man living a sexual lie, afraid that if he is caught, his job is in jeopardy. In a way, the job, which was his badge of respectability then, was his yoke. Years later, he has lost that job, but he is glad he has.

PLAYBOY: You say that he's a happy man *now*, leading a much freer life as a result of his experiments in sexual openness, so why did you end his story at a period of his life when he was "without a sense of hope"?

TALESE: I don't know if I had him ending without a sense of hope. There is more about him in the last chapter that shows that his marriage became an open marriage.

PLAYBOY: But then it dissolves. We're being persistent because this is an important point. You are trying to write a book that makes people feel that sexual openness and honesty is a good thing, yet one of the main characters starts out living conventionally, then experiments with more openness, and when his story concludes, he is alone and without a sense of hope. Why?

TALESE: That's reading it wrong. That's focusing on something that I don't think is at all the picture of the man Bullaro in the book. Bullaro discovered a different life he was able to adapt to. You begin with him as a straight insurance salesman, a worried man. By the end, he has gone through traumatic experiences, no question about that. And his marriage did break up. But in breaking up that marriage, he was a freer man, not a happier man, necessarily, but a more fulfilled man, a less worried man.

PLAYBOY: "Without a sense of hope"?

TALESE: I don't believe that's right.

PLAYBOY: We're quoting from the manuscript.

TALESE: Well, look, you can quote one line out of a book and say "Without a sense of hope," and that does not say a damned thing to me about that character. I don't think that character comes off without a sense of hope. And I know for a fact that he has been very revived by his new experiences. I saw it myself.

PLAYBOY: OK. When Bullaro looks back on that tumultuous period of his life you wrote about, when he has changed from the clandestinely adulterous married businessman to the man on the fringes of sexual experimentation who lost everything he had before, how does he feel about it?

TALESE: When he reads what I wrote, he recognizes that person he was at the beginning, and he has great sympathy and empathy for that character he was, but he's glad he's no longer that person. There are parts of that person, of course, still with him today, but he thinks he's taken the best of the character I wrote about—from the Sixties and early Seventies—with him into the Eighties. And those parts of him that were exciting to him back then, but undeveloped, he has explored and developed—his willingness to take risk, to move outside conventional circumstances, to not need the security of a large corporation.

Bullaro is about 47 now, my age, and when I picked up his story in the mid-Sixties, when he was in his early 30s, he was a corporation man out of the Eisenhower years. His goal then was to be a

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major figure in the insurance business, and he was on his way to achieving it. He was willing to live within the limitations of that life for the greater reward of being a corporate property. Now he doesn't want any of that. There's nothing less appealing to him than the idea of being an anonymous gray-suited executive with some big corporation. I think Bullaro is going to touch a lot of men. He was a Fifties man who put himself through some dramatic changes and who feels at the beginning of the Eighties that time hasn't left him behind.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned Hefner as an example of a sexual pioneer who is a happy man. From your own recent conversations with him, however, you know he's not particularly happy with the portrait you drew of him. Do you feel you might have focused too much on Hefner's private sex life and not enough on his role in the sexual revolution?

TALESE: Hefner is one of the most influential men in the United States in the mid–20th Century, no question about it, and the book does credit to his contribution, through his uniqueness as an editor and his courage as an individual. The achievements of PLAYBOY as an institution in influencing the postwar generation are well noted. In his reaction to the excerpts about him that appeared in *Esquire*, he said there was too much emphasis on his private life, his indefatigable quest for sexual adventures with new young women. But the fact is that he *does* have an extraordinary amount of energy for those sorts of new experiences. He is one of the few multimillionaires in the country who really have fun. I can tell you, he *does* have fun in his real life. And that's part of him that I think I captured in the book, Hugh Hefner having fun. It has been suggested by other writers that his fun-loving image was just a creation of PLAYBOY's Publicity Department, that he is really a lonely man. In some magazine articles, he was portrayed as a man who didn't even like women. In a few cases, it was even suggested he was homosexual. Or that he was a dispassionate or disenchanted man. I mean, so many people want to believe he has *not* had a good time. But he has, and I portrayed that.

PLAYBOY: But do you think you underestimated the importance of *The Playboy Philosophy*, which he wrote in the early Sixties and which is barely noted in the book?

TALESE: Again, I don't agree. I'm one of the few people who read that *Philosophy* three times. I *know* that *Philosophy*. So much of what he wrote in that important series did find its way into the book, but the book does not always quote *The Playboy Philosophy*, because some of Hefner's attitudes and research were similar to my own. We both researched ecclesiastical law. We both dealt with

America in the 17th and 18th centuries, from the founding of the Puritan republic. I was very cognizant of his *Philosophy*. I don't think I ignored it. But realize that this is not a book about Hefner and PLAYBOY. This book deals with the history of the country sexually since the 1700s.

Look: This is an unauthorized book. This is not a book that seeks the approval of the people I am writing about. There have been other unauthorized books about Hefner and PLAYBOY—one by Thomas Weyr and one by Frank Brady, for instance. Hefner was critical of both of them. The writing I did about everyone in this book, Hefner included, was as honest as I could make it. I talked to everyone I could talk to, in Hefner's case, his mother and father, his former wife, Mildred, his children, many people who worked for PLAYBOY during its first 25 years. And Hefner made himself accessible to me. He's a wonderful interview subject, never dodged tough questions, and the times I picked up information about him from other people, even when he was not as forthcoming as they were, he confirmed things for me. I've written about many powerful and famous people in the media, and some of them are the worst about allowing themselves to be interviewed, the way they expect other public figures to sit for it. But not Hefner. He preaches openness, and he practiced it for me. He preaches the First Amendment, and he practiced it here.

He does not agree with parts of the portrait I painted of him in the book. But I don't see why he should *have* to agree. Nor do I necessarily want him to agree. This book is *my* point of view. Hefner has a different point of view. When he writes his autobiography, that will be from his viewpoint, not mine.

PLAYBOY: But how do you know for sure that your portrayal of him and the other characters in the book is accurate?

TALESE: I'm a portrait painter and I paint my portraits with words. Any portrait painter relies on his own sense of color, his own perceptions, but if you believe in what you do, you believe in your essence of truth about that person you have portrayed. However, when the person reads about himself, when the great moment of unveiling takes place, with a Churchill or a President or whomever, it is frequently the case that he does not like the portrait. So the option is to break up the portrait, throw it out, not hang it on the wall.

As I said, Hefner is not going to agree with my assessment of him. I'm not going to agree with PLAYBOY's assessment of me, through this interview. We are trying to get as close as we can to what we feel, to what we represent. And we hope we are going to be able to live with the portraits we attempt to paint. I know I can live with mine. I have been

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interviewing people for 34 years and I suggest to you that it is an indefinable art that can get me into the lives of other people and have them trust me with their lives, with their most private selves, and that, finally, they know I will not violate that trust. I'm not saying that I am always going to portray a picture that they are going to be comfortable looking at. But I add that after they have pondered that portrait, they come to terms with it, they accept it. They won't always like it, but they will accept it as true enough for them to say, "Yes, that is me, that is who I am, or who I *was* at the time Talese was writing about. He caught a part of my life." That has happened again and again. There are very few people I have written about who do not talk to me today. I have made very few enemies among those who have confided in me. And yet I've never been censored by them or failed to fully express what I felt about them.

PLAYBOY: How is the reader to know that the portraits you have created of Hefner and the others from eyewitness accounts are factually accurate? Especially since different eyewitnesses will present different versions of the same story.

TALESE: That's right. Yes.

PLAYBOY: So aren't you faced with the problem of *Rashomon*? Do you ask four people to tell the same story they all took part in and get the truth? Or four different truths, with you left as the arbiter?

TALESE: Just as a director will choose which camera angle best portrays emotion, you have a number of cameras going on at the same time, all focusing on the same scene but from different angles. There is no one way to look at any one individual.

PLAYBOY: But the question is——

TALESE: Who's right?

PLAYBOY: Yes. Commenting and interpreting is one thing, but you're also asking them to be reporters of themselves. The question is, how does a reader of the book know these people are factually accurate reporters of themselves?

TALESE: Your instincts as a reporter and the experience you have reporting tends to give you guidance about which sources are to be trusted and which are not.

PLAYBOY: But let's take your big scene in which Bullaro is watching his wife make love to Williamson. What if the four witnesses to that night gave you four sets of facts? One said the fireplace was over here, the other said the fireplace was over there. One said the rug was red, another said it was blue and someone else said there was no rug. We're back to *Rashomon*. How do you know what the truth was?

TALESE: I have a reputation that I think is very good. I wrote a book about *The New York Times* and, in that, I was writing about hundreds of reporters, editors, copy editors, journalists. I wrote the history of the *Times* going back more than 100 years, and I certainly dealt in detail with the contemporary history of the *Times* that all those journalists knew about. They had lived it. When that book was published, there were no complaints about the accuracy of what I wrote, even though I was writing about what all those hundreds of journalists were privy to themselves. I think that speaks for itself about my facts. In *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, there will naturally be differences of opinion about whether or not I made the right choice in believing one person's point of view as opposed to someone else's.

PLAYBOY: Did you use any stories based on the account of only one person?

TALESE: I'm glad you brought that up. The answer is no. If somebody told me that a certain event had happened, I had to be able to confirm it somewhere else or I wouldn't use the story. There's nothing in the book, sexual or otherwise, on which I am running the risk of its being called a falsehood or factually wrong. I'm not nervous about that. I am secure in this sense: I have written as truly as I can write what took place. There is nothing I have exaggerated, wittingly or unwittingly. I don't think that is necessary. I think that life is so fantastic that the challenge is to find out what happened

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and to describe truly what happened. You do not have to embellish. Because the truth itself is fantastic. It gets back to what we discussed earlier, about what is extraordinary or exceptional. I say that the most average life, if you can just get to the truth of it, is extraordinary. If you can just get to be a part of the audience of human nature, and if you can have a press box right on the edge of human nature, and see it and understand it and describe it and interpret it, then you will have a truly remarkable book.

PLAYBOY: Are you ready for the controversy that's coming when *Thy Neighbor's Wife* is published?

TALESE: I have no idea what's going to happen when the book comes out.

PLAYBOY: We could make a good guess.

TALESE: Then you tell me.

PLAYBOY: Some people will love it, but some people will hate it. It is going to get some very bad reviews. After eight years of work, how are you going to react to that?

TALESE: It is a great book. And that's all that's important. It is a great book. But the critics are not going to find it a great book.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

TALESE: First of all, it's about sex, and they're going to be uncomfortable with that. Sex is a subject that everyone thinks he knows everything about, or at least he has very strong attitudes about. A strong point of view. And sex cuts very deeply into people's own personal lives, maybe more deeply than anything else. So, in some cases, the book is not going to be reviewed as a book, necessarily. It is going to be an excuse for many people to justify the way *they* interpret morality. Those people might condemn me for presenting a number of immoral people in a favorable light, because I'm writing at least in part about people who are behaving unconventionally in bedrooms, who are allegedly defying community standards with regard to sexual behavior. I might be seen as humanizing people who a number of others would like to see in prison—eternally. That was a criticism, incidentally, of my Mafia book [*Honor Thy Father*]. Many people thought I made the Mafia family, the Bonanno family, too human. But they *were* human. They *are* human. I didn't make them out to be the monsters some people want Mafia members to look like. But if the reviews of certain critics, a Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, a John Leonard or a Wilfrid Sheed, are negative, I can live with that, because I've had those bad reviews before on other books. That's not a problem for me. All they'll be saying is that they don't like the book. Well, *I* don't like their reviews. And I also know that this book is written better than they could do it. It's a beautifully written book. So I'm my own critic. I

believe more in my own judgment as to what is good writing, and what are important books, than in any of those critics I mentioned.

PLAYBOY: Why do you believe this is an important book?

TALESE: As a work of nonfiction, it is pioneering because, for the first time, it reports what really happens in bedrooms, what really happens in the most private moments of real people's lives, and it stands behind the reporting. It presents the real names. It gives you information you can verify.

PLAYBOY: Why is it important, in terms of literature, for readers to know what happens in the bedrooms of real people? Why is that more important than, say, realistically drawn fictional characters?

TALESE: It tells you more about human nature. There are people who say we don't want to know more about human nature. We certainly don't want to know more about our sexual nature. There's too much sex, sex, sex in the world today, they say, we have gone too far. They want to contain, control, censor, restrict, edit out, dim down, lower the shades and enough of this openness. There was too much of this, they contend, in the Sixties and the Seventies, let us alone and stop, no more. I don't have that point of view. I am still exploring as a writer in new forms.

PLAYBOY: But why was it so important that the characters be real people? As Ken Kesey once said about novels, some things are true even if they never happened.

TALESE: True, maybe, but not *real*. If I had used composite characters, or even just changed the names, it wouldn't have been real.

PLAYBOY: That will be one of the criticisms, that you invaded those people's privacy.

TALESE: It *is* an invasion of privacy. The book is an invasion of privacy, no question about it. Those people became pioneers when they gave me releases to write about them. They *allowed* me to invade their privacy. Some people who read it will say, "This is disgusting, invading their privacy," but the people I wrote about won't say that, and that is what counts. Those people who are afraid of invading other people's privacy should not read my book.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you're vulnerable to the criticism that you wrote only as a reporter telling a series of dramatic stories without understanding and conveying the deeper philosophical meaning of those stories?

TALESE: Wrong. The characters are described, are understood, are understood in their historical time, and the historical time of the 20th Century is reflected against the background of the 19th Century. If the book were what you described, I could have done it in six months.

PLAYBOY: Earlier, you said some of the

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main characters in your book represented "future sex." If they do, indeed, what might that mean for the readers of this interview—or the readers of the book ten years from now—about what they can expect in their own futures?

TALESE: They will see what the lives of their children will be like sexually and, were the readers younger, their own lives as mature people; that is, a more egalitarian sexual society, where women are free to be, as I said earlier, as good as men or as bad as men.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean, as bad as men?

TALESE: In terms of indiscretions, in terms of promiscuity, without being judged by the double standard, without being called immoral women for doing what men have always tried to do. And there are definitely two standards of behavior for the sexes. Men are more or less pardoned, at least by other men, for being unfaithful or, if they're not married, for being promiscuous. Whereas until now, if a woman has been promiscuous, she has been judged much more harshly, by men and women both. But Barbara Williamson, who is one of the characters who might be indicative of future sex, knows as much or more liberty than any woman in America. She can be as aggressive, or promiscuous, or chaste, as any woman without worrying that her neighbors or her husband will think badly of her. When this book comes out, she is going to be discovered as one who *really* represents a liberated female.

PLAYBOY: Barbara is a married woman who has engaged in extramarital sex, though without hiding it from her husband. At least some of the more uptight critics are going to take your book—and you—to task for condoning, or advocating, extramarital sex, which they would argue leads to a high divorce rate.

TALESE: More marriages are broken up by the guilt over sex than by the sex itself. If you are able to have extramarital relationships that are pleasurable, then you can bring pleasure from them back to your marriage. But if you can't find those relationships pleasurable, if they cause you to bring guilt back to your marriage, or if you can't keep them to yourself—they should be private—then. . . .

PLAYBOY: *You* haven't kept them private.

TALESE: That's one thing the book has done for me, and I don't think it's a favor. I've dealt with the most intimate acts in people's lives, so I have to explain how I was privy to all that went on. Was I sitting in some press box, watching those people? Or was I in the ballroom at Sandstone? Well, I was in the ballroom at Sandstone some of the time, not sitting on the side lines, as a lot of cautious reporters would like their audience—and their wives and families—to believe.

I fear the book may not be read as a whole work, but rather will be filtered through all the static, all the smoke screen, all the excitement and bombast and prejudicial viewpoints and fear that people have with regard to sex. There is much very real irrationality that attends the subject. I believe this book probably won't be read in the way I would like to have it read for many years. It will have to settle in and maybe be accepted in 1990 for what I intended it to be in 1980. To a degree, that's true of other things I've written. When my book on *The New York Times* came out, all the reviews were gossiping about the power struggle going on between the New York office and the Washington bureau that I described in the last part of the book. The book was reissued in quality paperback in 1979, and ten years after it was published, people are reading it as I wanted it to be read. Probably, that is what is going to happen here.

PLAYBOY: All right, what are you going to do for the *next* eight years?

TALESE: I'm going to take my first vacation since 1971. Nan and I are going straight to John Gardiner's tennis ranch in Arizona and play tennis for a week; then I'm going to Italy with my father for a while. I've had a great story in my family that I've never told, with a series of rich characters. They include my father, grandfather, aunts, uncles and cousins—a family that has lived in Italy for hundreds of years. There's even a town south of Naples, in the region both of my parents' ancestors came from, called Talese.

"People who do nonfiction well are doing an art form as high as fiction. And the people who are doing it well are working harder than most novelists."

PLAYBOY: What are you looking for?

TALESE: I'm just looking for a story. My father is a very unusual man, and I want to go back with him and have him help me check some things out, lead me to certain places and people I've heard about all my life. I want to write about my father as an immigrant, as the last of a generation who came to this country after World War One.

I've done some work on this already. I wrote what will be the beginning about ten years ago. I started it ten years ago! Funny, it started as a novel. But I wouldn't want to write a novel now.

PLAYBOY: Why?

TALESE: Because I'm beyond that. You can now do with nonfiction things you never could have done before. Nonfiction as an art form has opened up to where it has *all* the possibilities of fiction. People are willing to talk about themselves, so there's no reason to hide behind fictional characters when you can base your story on real people. And I've opened myself up in this book enough that I'm *really* open for the next one. There's nothing left I need to hide.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that you're doing a higher art form than novelists?

TALESE: People who do nonfiction well are doing an art form as high as fiction. And the people who are doing it well are working harder than most novelists.

PLAYBOY: A lot of novelists and literary critics are going to challenge that statement.

TALESE: I think the literary critics are committed to a more traditional form of art, the novel. They're unaware of the art of nonfiction. But I certainly consider myself an artist. I have no modesty about what I do, and I feel that I work harder at this art form than most novelists do at the fictional form, by and large. There are some notable exceptions, like William Styron, who writes on a grand theme, and John Fowles, my favorite writer in England.

PLAYBOY: How do you think your own future work is going to be affected by these sudden millions from *Thy Neighbor's Wife*?

TALESE: I read in the newspapers that I've already made $4,000,000 out of this book before it's even published. And it's true. But I read that as if it is someone else who is making that $4,000,000. I don't relate to it at all. I haven't bought anything. I haven't changed anything. Look at this watch—it's an old Bulova that somebody left behind in Ocean City years ago, and my mother gave it to me. I used to have a wonderful Cartier gold watch, but somebody stole it out of my tennis locker about a year ago. I thought after the movie sale, I'll replace that watch. But with the price of gold now, it would have cost about $2000, so I didn't. I'm still wearing this battered old self-winding watch.

PLAYBOY: Why?

TALESE: I guess I do not crave material things. And I get attached to what I have. I do not want to change. I still live in the same homes in New York and Ocean City that I have for many, many years. I still have my old 1957 Triumph 3, and I really love that car. I really love old things that are made to last and that have served me well. I still use the same old Olivetti manual typewriter that I've written on for 22 years. So I'm sorry that watch was stolen from me. But it was. And it is unnecessary to replace it. And I haven't.

PLAYBOY: What *are* your indulgences with money?

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TALESE: I like tipping. [*Laughs*] I've always liked tipping, because I've always liked waiters and restaurants. I'm not a gourmet, but I like the *idea* of restaurants. They trust you to pay them after you've consumed their product. It's the only business where they do that. Can you imagine buying a movie ticket on your way out of the theater?

PLAYBOY: No. But tipping surely isn't what you regard as your biggest indulgence with money.

TALESE: I don't think I have any real indulgences with money. I spend a lot of money on clothes, if you want to call that an indulgence. But I have pride in my appearance. I like to wear well-crafted clothing, just as I aspire to writing well-crafted words. I have pride in myself, in the way I appear in a room or the way I appear in print.

PLAYBOY: Earlier today, when the tape recorder was off, you mentioned that you have misgivings about giving interviews about the book and your private life. Why is that?

TALESE: Because there's nothing to be gained in the sense that people understand gained. If you are a married man and a family man and you deal publicly with your private sexual life, you gain nothing. Even this interview is a no-win situation.

PLAYBOY: Why did you agree to do it?

TALESE: I guess I agreed to do it for the experience. Maybe just to see what it really is like to talk to a reporter about what has been locked in my mind all these years.

PLAYBOY: Are you sorry you agreed to do it?

TALESE: In a way, I am. I agreed to do it, and I have done it, and now we are getting to the final twirls of this tape. It is going around the final times. I'm not certain it was a good idea. It probably would be better to leave more to the imagination of readers. If you're a writer, your life should be represented through your writing, and I did that, to a degree, in the book. Wiser men than myself said long ago that if you want to be a writer, write, but don't talk about your writing. So, I admit it, I am feeling a little bit of trepidation about being interviewed.

PLAYBOY: Is Nan going to tell her side of the story to the press?

TALESE: I don't know. That's her decision.

PLAYBOY: How would you feel if she did, telling the world about *her* private life after the book is published? Doing the same thing you're doing, in other words.

TALESE: I certainly think she would have every right to do that.

PLAYBOY: But would you feel the same way about her?

TALESE: Of course, I would think. But perhaps this *will* affect our marriage. I don't know. I don't know how any of this will turn out, because we're dealing with a subject that is, in this country at this time . . . explosive.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean there is still another serious test coming for your marriage when the book is published and all the publicity is generated about your personal behavior?

TALESE: I would think so. If I acknowledged to Nan privately that I lived as a nudist at Sandstone and participated in group sex, or had sexual relations with women at massage parlors, she might accept it with understanding, or she might be piqued. It is, however, something quite different to mention it in a national magazine, in writing, that will be seen by her sisters and brothers and nephews and nieces, her employer, her fellow editors, the writers she edits, the wives of the writers she edits, the agents of the writers she edits, all the people who are a part of the book industry she's been involved with. They are all going to react to this in various ways.

One way is: "Here is a man who does not have the good taste to keep his private life private." They'll say that. Or, on the contrary, they may argue, "Here is a man who is boasting of his infidelities." And that's what I really hate to hear. Nothing is further from the truth. But it's the way I'll be interpreted. I would like to be private about my private life, but what I was doing in this book precluded that. I had to put myself under the same spotlight I put on the characters I wrote about; otherwise, I would be called a hypocrite.

"In my personal life, certainly there is much that I am willing to apologize for the next day. But not in my work. I never apologize for the work I do."

PLAYBOY: Why is it so important to avoid being called a hypocrite that you're willing to risk your marriage?

TALESE: I think I'd have to undergo psychiatry, which I never have done, to understand that. But you're right about my fear of being a hypocrite. I think it has something to do with my strict upbringing, with being an altar boy close to the Church, and how shattered I was early in life as I discovered that the priests and the nuns and the people close to them were hypocrites. I just don't want to be like my background. I want to get away from that. I want to believe that I am willing to risk anything as long as I can stay away from the kind of background that shaped me, that was based on the appearance of morality but loaded with hypocrisy. I guess it is in my nature to want to break out of my nature.

PLAYBOY: Even if the price for that might be losing your marriage?

TALESE: I hope I won't have to pay the price. But I'm willing to pay the price, whatever it is. I was willing to pay the price during the eight years I wrote this book. And I've risked the price before. On the book about the Mafia, I could have been shot. I was traveling with gangsters who were knocking one another off in the famous Bonanno war. I was hanging around with Bill Bonanno, and when I was driving with him in his cars in Brooklyn with no card in my hatband saying PRESS, PLEASE DO NOT SHOOT, I took my chances. I took my chances with *The Bridge*. I walked across those steel cables in the high wind and I drove up to Canada with those Indian bridge workers at 109 miles an hour while they drank Chivas Regal. I risked my physical safety on *The Bridge*. I risked it on the Mafia book. My personal life is on the line with this one.

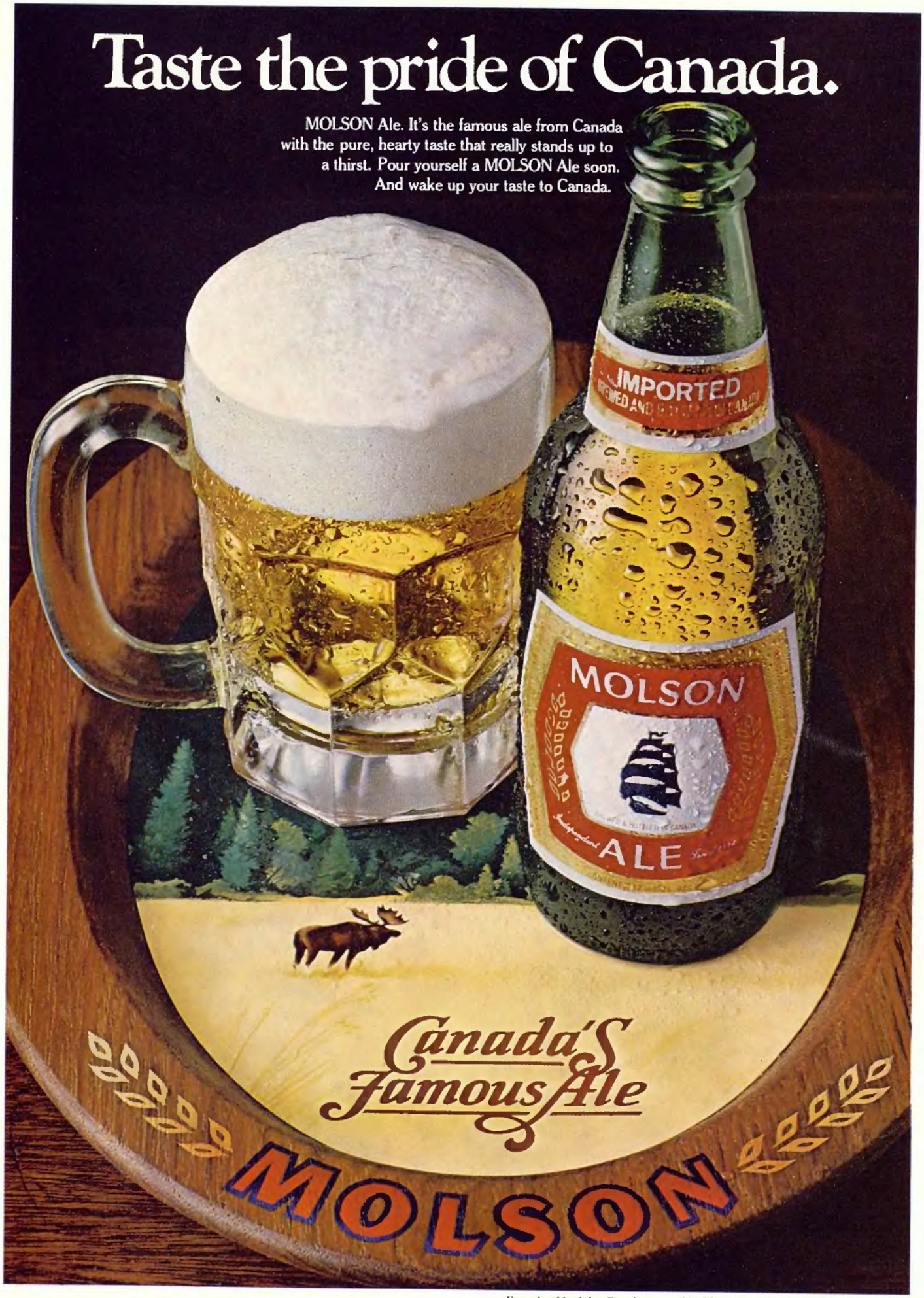
PLAYBOY: What is it about a book with your name on it that makes it worth taking that kind of risk? Why are those books so important to you?

TALESE: [*Pause*] They represent the totality of my experience, my drive, my very worth.

PLAYBOY: Those books define your worth?

TALESE: Yes, they do. In my personal life, certainly there is much that I am willing to apologize for the next day. But not in my work. I never apologize for the work I do. That is deliberate, very carefully crafted, done with love and care. I have never been ashamed of anything I have written. Success is marvelous, but all I'm really committed to is writing well. I find no comfort in money. I've never gotten any satisfaction from anything except feeling that what I did was very good. There's no *Crack-Up* here. Fitzgerald was looking for false gods. Success to him was like something out of the movies. I'm a realist. I'm not at all concerned with the mythology of fame and success but with the real *soul* of success and the bitterness of attaining it and the heartbreak in not attaining it.

I hate impermanence. I am obsessed with writing that is going to last. I am against that which is merely fashionable. People get tired of old clothing, old Presidents. I want to cut through all that transient frivolity and create, as a cabinetmaker does, something that is going to outlive me. I want to construct substantial, timeless books that will survive. Why? Why does a man want to protect what he treasures? Why does he want to bequeath it, invest it wisely, hammer it into monuments? Because he doesn't want to die, that's why. It's because he's so goddamn vain that his vanity extends beyond his death. And because he was very, very proud of his life.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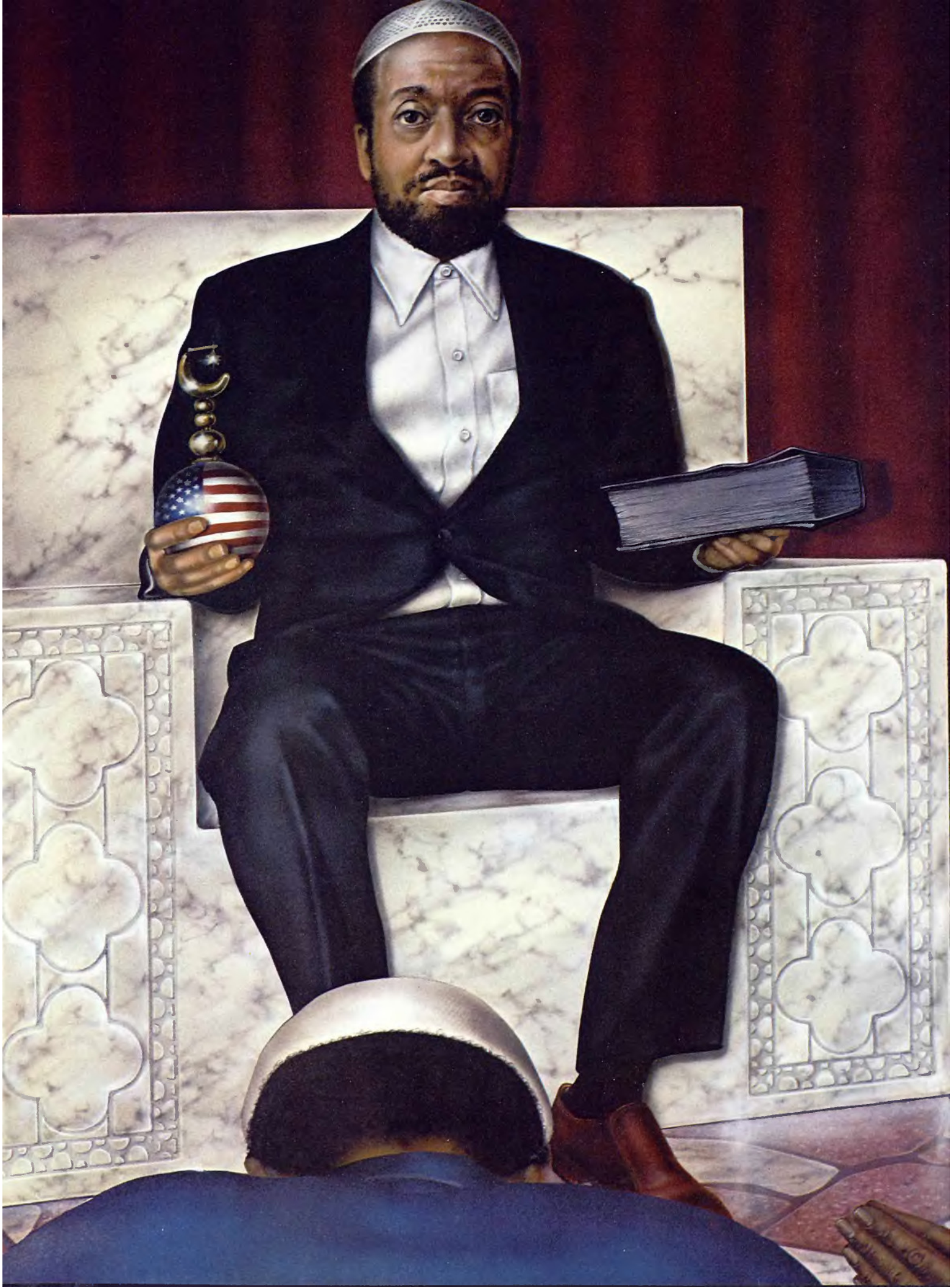

THE ISLAM CONNECTION

article

By BRUCE MICHAEL GANS and WALTER L. LOWE

he is an american, a black, a moslem—for all those reasons, he may become the most influential religious leader of the decade

HE SITS ALONE, a solitary figure on a marble dais so spacious it seems to cradle him. He sits pensively, his eyes lowered, as though gazing inward. He is short, somewhat pudgy, this fiercely private, complex 46-year-old man.

Before him, seated wall to wall on the vast green carpet of this elegant mosque on Chicago's South Side, members of the largest Moslem community in the Western Hemisphere are awaiting the weekly guidance of their spiritual leader, or imam.

In a moment, he will deliver a two-hour khutbah, or sermon, that will be broadcast by radio into 64 cities around the country. It will be prefaced, as many Moslem prayers are, with the serpentine Arabic cadences of the Al-Fatiha: "In the name of Allah the Beneficent, the

ILLUSTRATION BY JOANN DALEY

Merciful. Owner of the Day of Judgment. Thee alone we worship. Thee alone we ask for help. . . ."

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This is the story of an American Moslem and an American problem. The Moslem is Wallace D. Muhammad, spiritual leader of perhaps 1,000,000 American Moslems, nearly all of whom are black. The problem is this country's obvious unpreparedness to encounter (much less control) what can only be called an Islamic revolution in the Middle East.

It is ironic that such a zealously *Christian* Administration should be the first to face the rising star of Islam; more than ironic, it may prove perilous. To the Christian American, separation of church and state is the natural order of things. That means that God's justice is separate from man's justice. To the Moslem, God's justice prevails, and only the foolish government is founded upon the mediocre standards of human justice, for such a government will surely collapse. The ideal government, in that view, is one of religious law—which means that compromises can't be made, for fear of God's wrath. Thus, the Iranian crisis must be seen as primarily a confrontation of two fears; on the American side, of the loss of political face; on the Iranian side, of the loss of religious face.

Americans have a hard time understanding religious face; therefore, Americans don't understand Moslems. We're going to have to change that. At the very least, we need to understand the *psychology* of Islam, the force that so unexpectedly has exploded as a world political power, independent of any nation in which it thrives. At best, we need to be able to converse—or argue—with emerging Islamic strong men in the Middle East on religious grounds in a way both our Government and our Christian religious leaders have thus far proved woefully unequipped to do.

Take, for example, the capture of innocent people at the American Embassy in Tehran. The Islamic sanction of the revolutionary students' (and the Ayatollah Khomeini's) actions is *quisas*, or the law of retribution. Since Christianity allows for no retribution against injury ("Turn the other cheek"), there was a built-in breakdown in communication between our fundamentalist Christian Administration and the representatives of the Ayatollah Khomeini.

But wouldn't it have been impressive if, on the day after the take-over of the embassy, President Carter had appeared on national television with a copy of the Koran and calmly explained to the Ayatollah, via satellite, that according to the Moslem holy book, Allah was due to break the Ayatollah's thumbs in a matter of months, so we weren't really worried at all? Of course, Carter didn't do that. One doubts that a copy of the Koran has been inside the White House before this year (if now), though Islam is the world's second largest religion.

On the other hand, Carter might simply have called Wallace D. Muhammad, who could have told him right off that "*Quisas* does not apply, as Khomeini has applied it, in the taking of innocent hostages who are in no way directly responsible for the crimes committed—in this case, by the shah. The Koran doesn't sanction retribution on innocent people."

Carter would have had an instant, authoritative *religious* position on the matter that, in retrospect, might have been a wonderful piece of political judo. And when we say authoritative, we mean that Wallace D. Muhammad is your Moslems' Moslem. He has addressed and conversed with Middle Eastern Moslem religious and political heavyweights at international Islamic conferences (as the guest of the governments of Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Egypt and the United Arab Emirates) and, most importantly, he has been named by the governments of Qatar, Saudi Arabia, Sharja and Abu Dhabi as the "sole consultant and trustee for all American organizations eligible to receive assistance from those countries for the propagation of Al-Islam in the Western Hemisphere." Which means that Wallace Muhammad is not only an American Moslem leader, he is also technically Islam's number-one PR man on these shores.

Needless to say, this is not a great time to be an American PR man for Islam—it's not the best time to be a Moslem in America, period. And considering the fact that being black in America has always been difficult, one can understand how Wallace's life might be less than serene. He must constantly perform an internal juggling act, balancing the tenets of the three systems of reality of which he's comprised—he was born a black American; he was son and heir to Elijah Muhammad, the late head of the Black Muslims; and he is now the leader of the largest unified orthodox Moslem community in the Western Hemisphere, having worked untiringly to bring his father's sheep out of the darkness of racist fantasy into the light of true Islam.

But it is because he inherited the Black Muslim organization—the one that produced Malcolm X and converted Muhammad Ali—that Wallace's influence in America, particularly in the black community, extends far beyond the 90,000 active members of the once-militant group he renamed, after his father's death, the World Community of Al-Islam in the West (W.C.I.W.). Since the Fifties, tens of thousands of blacks have joined the Black Muslim movement and dropped out, while retaining a spiritual allegiance to the basic beliefs of Islam. In the Sixties, the attraction for many of those blacks was the charismatic Malcolm X, who, toward the end of his life, renounced the racist preachings of his mentor and converted to orthodox Islam. In the Seventies, more blacks were attracted to the Muslims by the outspoken world heavyweight champion, whose unprecedented fame and popularity served to make Islam seem more acceptable to a people traditionally bound to either the Baptist or the Methodist denomination.

Hasan Sharif, nephew and aide to Wallace Muhammad, estimates that between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 American blacks have, at one time or another over the past 30 years, considered themselves a part of the community that Wallace leads. Sharif feels that more than half that number, if called upon today to profess their religion, would say Islam. Wallace himself estimates that at least 1,000,000 American blacks consider the W.C.I.W. their spiritual base.

To those fully aware of the impact of Islam among a sizable segment of the U. S. black population, Khomeini's call, early in the Iranian hostage crisis, for American blacks to rise up against the "satanic" United States was a chilling moment in history. For three decades, Elijah had taught his thousands of followers that the white man was Satan and Western civilization an expression of his evil powers. Had the elder Muhammad been alive and still heading the Black Muslim organization when Khomeini made his challenge, it might have been the perfect fusing of destructive forces into a megablast of racial and religious violence that America could not have survived. Indeed, the fact that Wallace and not his father now leads those who were called Black Muslims is one of God's most profound blessings on this nation.

Certainly, the Ayatollah wasn't the first Islamic leader to recognize the potential for a power base within the American black community. Just as Marxism often has a heady appeal to downtrodden nations under the thumb of capitalist governments, Islam is most attractive to those who have been treated as the bastards of the world, no matter where they are or what their political system.

Christianity once had that appeal, that strong identification with the world's oppressed. But somewhere between the Crusades and the Vietnam war, it became identified in the minds of the poor with power, aggression, greed and domination. Islam, on the other hand, offers every man an equal chance—an eye for an eye, on that it stands. Blacks have sought justice in America for 200 years. Theoretically, they should be ripe for a

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"Mind getting on top? I've got tennis elbow."

quaaludes with meat or fish? which fork to choose in an orgy? finally, some cues for dealing with these and other pesky questions of the day

IN EVERY AGE, manners have separated civilized gentlemen from the world of cads, deadbeats, pikers and Reno divorce lawyers.

Adam knew it was only proper to offer Eve the first bite of the apple. Attila the Hun reportedly drank to his enemies' health before running off to rape, pillage and plunder half of Europe. Al Capone sent flowers to his victims' funerals. And even during the raucous Seventies, when society seemed to be throwing all good taste and common sense to the wind, whenever there was a question about the

humor By BRUCE FEIRSTEIN

ETIQUETTE FOR THE EIGHTIES

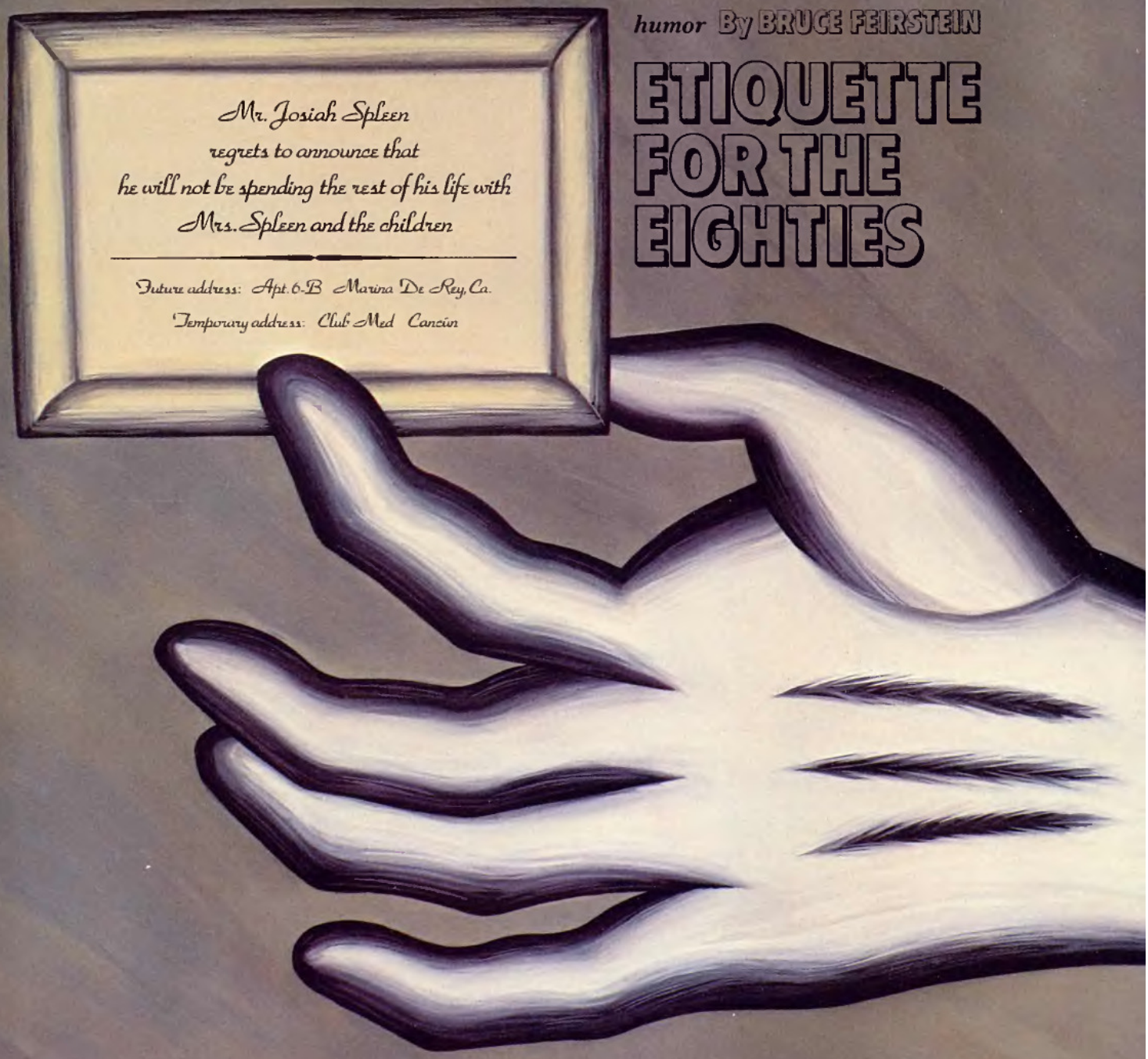

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTINA RAMBERG

correctness of a social gesture ("Is it proper to bribe the governor of Maryland with groceries?"), there were always dozens of etiquette books one could turn to for advice on any subject.

As we enter the Eighties, however, the socially adroit man of the world is in deep trouble. Society is changing so fast, no one knows the right way to act anymore. Civilized people everywhere are in a panic about whether or not it's couth to pollute imported French water with domestic ice cubes. Dukes, kings, barons, confidence men and Greek shipping magnates are confused about the proper attire for disco roller skating. And even the everyday common man—the guy who opens doors, says please and doesn't pop plastic bags around people with heart trouble—is baffled about how to act at wife-swapping parties, Turkish drug busts and ruthless Mafia killings.

In order to keep PLAYBOY's man of the world truly a man of the world, we offer a new, updated etiquette, a handy guide designed to tell the civilized gent the right thing to do, whether he's in a Malibu Jacuzzi with 17 naked women, backstage at a Rolling Stones concert with Margaret Trudeau, or even under house arrest at a Latin-American embassy.

Remember: With gentlemen, as with cattle, breeding shows.

CHAPTER ONE: Thou Shalt Not Covet Thy Neighbor's Wife (Unless He's Into It)

No area of modern life cries out for sane rules of etiquette more than the area of sex. Grown men and women of all perversions are in a quandary about how to act at orgies, how to determine who's responsible for the birth control and where to buy vibrators that match the wallpaper.

Fortunately, in sexual relations, as in almost everything else, the key to proper etiquette is largely a matter of common sense. And even the man who lacks a solid Ivy League background can succeed with just a few simple rules. For example: While Sunday brunch may be the perfect meal for a first date, offering to pick up the woman at 9:30 the night before is somewhat crass. Ditto for leaving *The Joy of Sex* open on the coffee table to your favorite position. And while the chances of scoring on a blind date may be better than ever today, it's still considered bad form to show up at the girl's apartment naked with three great Danes and a movie crew. Remember: Subtlety is the watchword of good taste.

Beyond those general notes, we now get into some specific sexual etiquette problems of the Eighties.

Orgy Etiquette The first thing to remember upon entering an orgy is to remain cool. Act like James Coburn. Pretend that seeing 20 or 30 people writhing on the floor in ecstasy is one of the everyday occurrences at your house (it is at mine). Above all, keep in mind you're there to enjoy yourself and partake of the sexual smorgasbord—but in case you're nervous, here are a few tips that should make the entire experience more enjoyable:

- Shower first.
- Try to take the host an appropriate token of your appreciation (velvet-lined handcuffs are always stylish).
- Quickly R.S.V.P. to the invitation, so the host can plan on having enough people to go around.
- In case you don't know where to begin, remember your basic table manners: Start with the outermost fork and work your way in.
- Never ask "Who's doing that to me back there?" It's bad form. And, besides, if you're extremely heterosexual, you probably don't want to know, anyway.

Communicating Your Needs Since the beginning of time, the articulate gentleman has been held in a position of high social esteem. The same holds true in bed. If you need to be held tenderly and then flogged with Charmin, for God sakes, say so. If you can't do it without the Green Bay Packers looking on, speak right up. There's no point in getting into bed in the first place if you can't have your wildest dreams fulfilled. And under no circumstances should you—the erudite man of the world—feel embarrassed about expressing your specific desires. You'll be surprised to find how many people have the same sick fantasies you have.

What to Do When Two Men Want the Same Woman In the wild West, this sticky social problem was usually solved with a blazing gun battle at high noon. In movies of the Forties, Gene Kelly inevitably fled Jersey City and became a priest. In the Eighties, civilized people will do the only sensible thing—arrange a *ménage à trois*.

Venereal-Disease Announcements With V.D. reaching epidemic proportions it no longer carries the shameful social stigma it once did. Not only does that alleviate the need to make up lies about public toilet seats but it allows the refined gentleman to break the news in a dignified manner. Here's an excellent example of the handwritten informal note:

Dearest Jane,
When we made love last night, I gave you more than my unyielding promise to love, cherish and defend you forever...

Notice the way it manages to convey the message yet still be warm and personal. For larger groups, however, you may wish to use the more formal society announcement:

Phil Benson
in conjunction with the
Cincinnati Board of Health
respectfully requests your
presence at a
Venereal Examination
June 3, 1981 **Nine A.M.**
Two weeks of abstinence to follow

For more information on sexual etiquette, consult *The Playboy Advisor* throughout the decade.

CHAPTER TWO: Registering Your Cocaine-Spoon Pattern at Tiffany's

Now that the drug generation of the Sixties has become the establishment of the Eighties, we might as well begin to act like it. No more chintzy five-dollar bills for snorting coke. No tacky plaid rolling papers. Socially correct couples of the Eighties will use *designer* rolling papers (with designer initials, of course). We'll register not only soup-spoon patterns but cocaine-spoon patterns as well (indeed, in certain affluent circles, silver soup spoons are already doubling for cocaine use). And as we enter this era of Queen Anne coke spoons, it can't be too long before Quaaludes are served like chopped liver at weddings—molded into the shape of salmon and other obscure fauna.

Admit it. Don't you already miss the days when the most vexing question confronting fashionable society was, "Should a gentleman offer a Tiparillo to a lady?"

Dealer Protocol As an important figure in contemporary society, your local dealer deserves the same respect afforded to Congressmen, foreign-auto mechanics and middle-level clergy. A few specific things to keep in mind:

- No last names. Most dealers prefer to remain anonymous; a simple "Harry," "Rocco" or "Your Dealership" will suffice.
- Terms of payment are usually cash—small bills, nonconsecutively numbered. Few dealers accept personal checks, food stamps or major credit cards; some will extend credit, though penalties for late payment include broken arms, death blows to the brain and, in the most severe cases, bad credit references.
- Invite the dealer? As a simple matter of respect, he should be invited to weddings, christenings, Communions, barbecues and other family milestones; dealers are generally excluded from drug busts.

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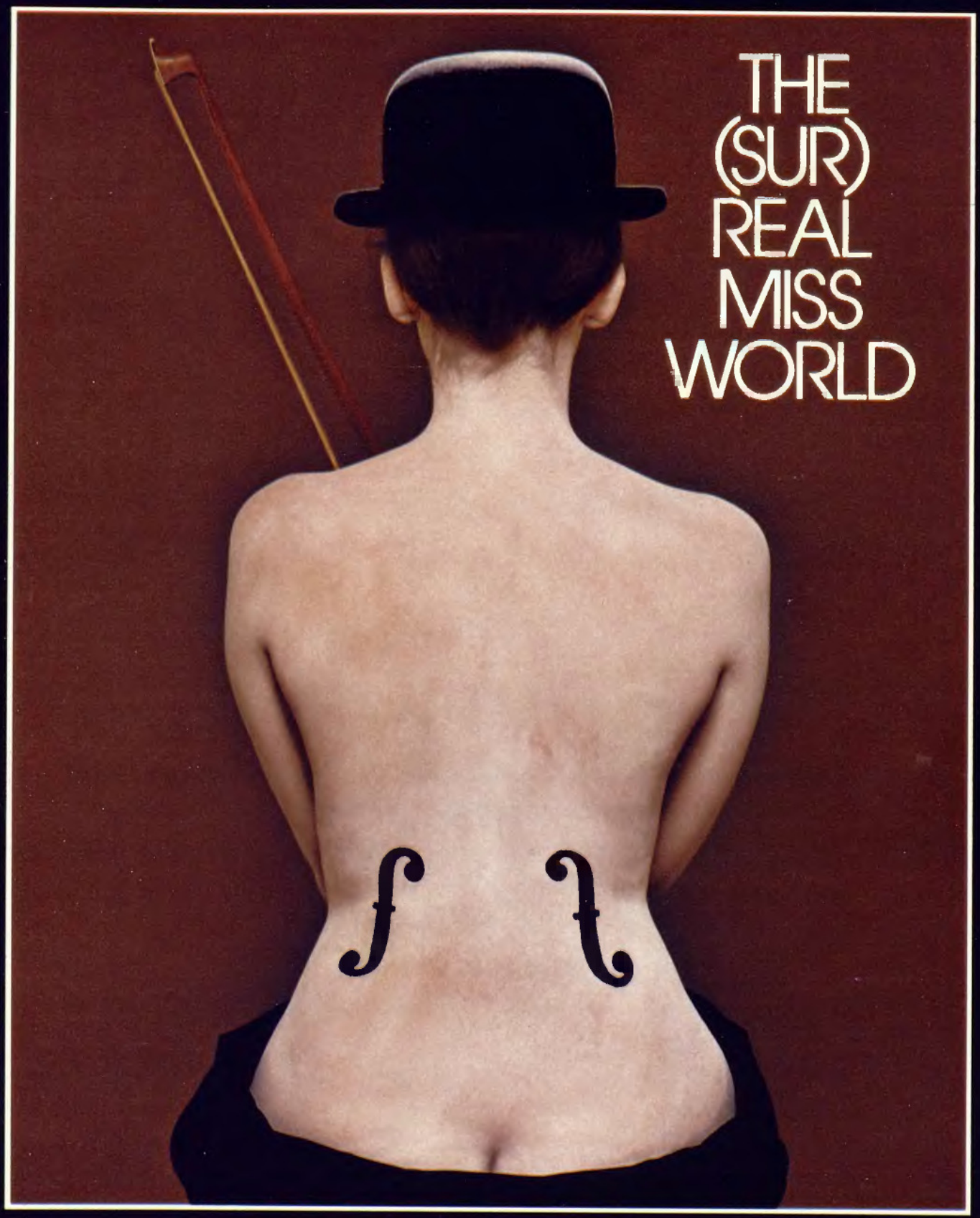
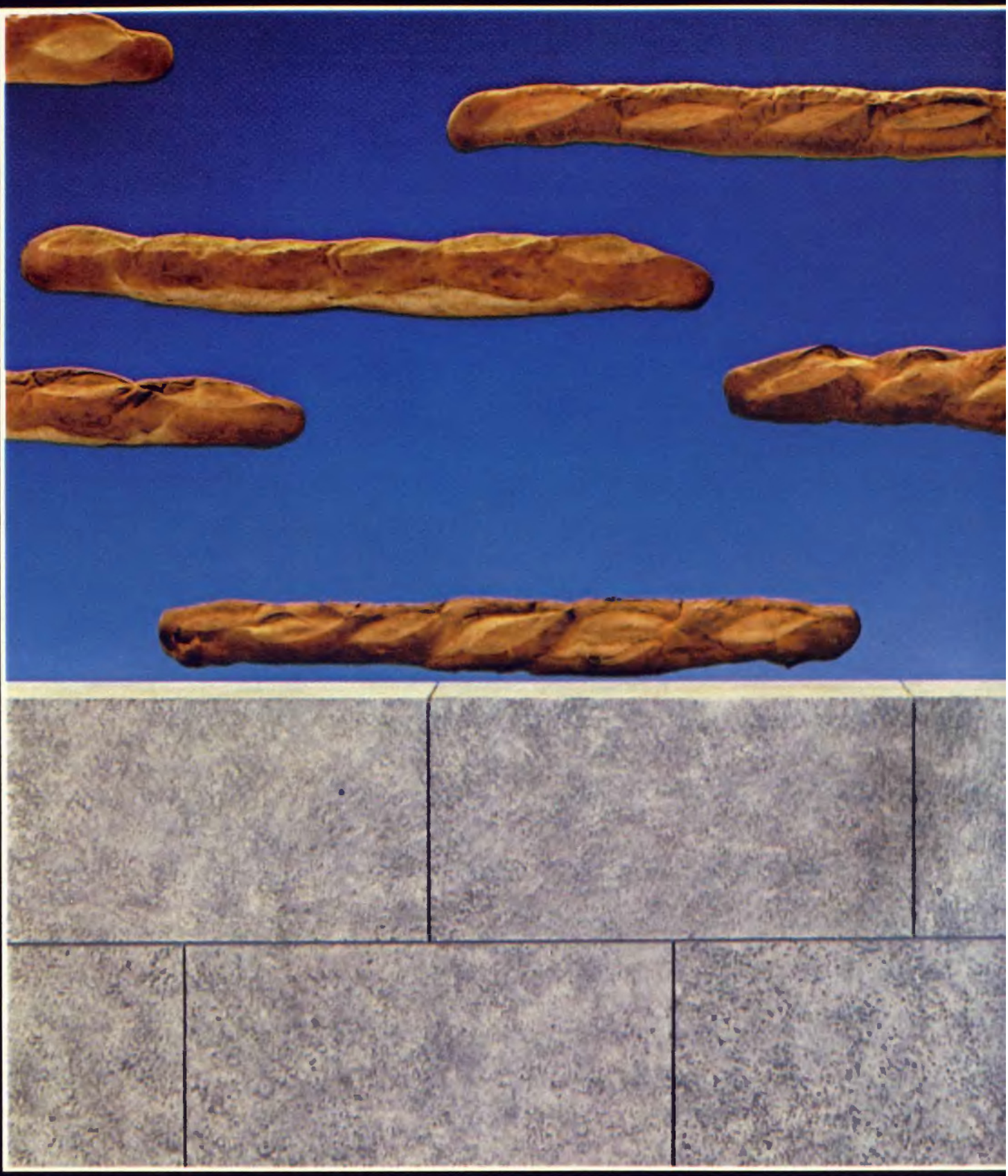


silvana suarez doffs her crown —
and her gown —to her favorite painter
in a provocative magritte suite

Art imitates life, it has been said, but (in case you can't figure out what's going on here) sometimes life imitates art. The life in this instance is that of the just-retired Miss World, Silvana Suarez, and the art she's imitating is that of the Belgian surrealist René Magritte (1898–1967). The inspiration to incorporate a real woman into Magritte-style photographs came from Belgian fashion photographer Pierre Eggermont, who met the 20-year-old Argentine beauty queen while attending the Miss World 1978 finals in London.

Silvana, a former Miss Argentina, smiled as she was crowned Miss World 1978 (right) on the stage of London's Royal Albert Hall. A college student, she hopes to become an architect rather than a model. In keeping with that kind of individuality, she smokes a pipe, which she carries with her everywhere. Except, that is, onstage at The Royal Albert.



At left, Silvana, shortly after being crowned, poses with her runners-up. For the picture above, Managing Art Director Kerig Pope spent as much time painting the wall as he did painting Silvana. "Silvana was initially quite hesitant to pose nude," Pope says, "but she told me that somehow she didn't feel nude after I had painted her."

Eggermont mentioned his love of Magritte's work to Silvana and was delighted to learn that she, too, was a lover of the surreal and of the works of Magritte in particular. Together they contacted PLAYBOY and we turned them over to Pope. Pope, not a bad surrealist himself, painted both the sets and Silvana. Showing remarkable self-control, Silvana sometimes stood still for Pope's brush for three straight hours. Says Pope of his artwork on Silvana's prize-winning form, "It's hard to paint on soft curved surfaces."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PIERRE EGGERMONT

ISLAM CONNECTION

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"In 1978, certain Arab factions inquired as to his availability for heading a pro-Arabic lobby."

religion that says it's OK for men to *take* justice, to *make* justice, if necessary. As long as it's *Allah's* justice.

Most Middle Eastern Islamic organizations refused to acknowledge Elijah as a true Moslem—not only because of his racial philosophy but more because he claimed to have been personally appointed Allah's messenger during a visit by Allah Himself. That, of course, would put him one up on the founder of Islam, the Prophet Mohammed, who spoke only with an *angel* of God.

Nevertheless, in 1972—seven years before the Reverend Jesse Jackson took an active role in Middle Eastern affairs in return for financial support from the Arab world—the Libyan government of Muammar el-Qaddafi made an interest-free, $3,000,000 loan to the Black Muslims, then headed by Elijah. The money was for the purchase of a stately and lavish Greek Orthodox church on Chicago's South Side—and its conversion to a mosque.

Since Wallace's ascension to the leadership after his father's death in 1975, the W.C.I.W. has received nearly $3,500,000 in gifts from a variety of Arab sources, all tagged for "the propagation of Al-Islam in the Western Hemisphere." For instance, in 1976, after Wallace had conducted a thorough "house cleaning" of his father's rapidly degenerating organization and made it clear to the Black Muslim community that he intended to teach straight, orthodox Islam, Sheik Sultan Bin Mohammed Al-Qassimi (ruler of Sharja, a state in the United Arab Emirates) gave a check to the W.C.I.W. for $250,000. A few months later, Sheik Zayed Bin Sultan Al-Nahayan, ruler of Abu Dhabi, sent another $1,000,000. Last year, the secretary-general of the Islamic World Conference, Dr. Ahmadou Karim Gaye, gave the W.C.I.W. $320,000 for the development of an Islamic teachers' training college in Chicago.

But apart from the money—small sums, actually, considering the current Arab riches—the best indicator of Wallace's relationship with the Middle Eastern Moslem community is that the Saudi Arabian Hadj Pilgrimage Committee, supervisors of the travel arrangements for all world Moslems who make the pilgrimage to Mecca, encourages the American Moslems who want to make the hadj to go through the W.C.I.W.

And that brings us to some very obvious questions. What, if anything, do his Arab donors want from Wallace and his followers? Do they, in fact, control him? Is he potentially dangerous to us—not only because of his possible obligations to Middle Eastern Arabs but also because there might be a remnant of his father's megalomania and hatred of America in him that could, with the right trigger, explode with horrific consequences? Have we a terrorist in our midst?

Wallace avoids the limelight so well that he has been described in the black press as having "the charisma of a post-office clerk." But while he seldom speaks openly about his motivations and intentions, his actions do provide a promising pattern. No sooner had he taken over the Black Muslim organization than he began to admit whites—in accordance with the spirit of brotherhood that orthodox Islam teaches. Needless to say, few whites joined (amazingly, some dozen or so did), but many of Wallace's followers were outraged and abandoned the W.C.I.W. In time, their places on the membership roles were filled by more middle-class, educated blacks than Elijah had attracted with his antiwhite and anti-American philosophy. And, whereas Elijah forbade Black Muslims to partake in the American governing process (they weren't allowed to vote), Wallace urged W.C.I.W. members to go to the polls. He vocally supported Jimmy Carter in the last election, and even attended his Inauguration.

At this point, the Arabs who have developed admiration for Wallace apparently admire him simply because of his devotion to orthodox Islam, not because of his possible usefulness as a political tool. When he made a three-week tour of the Middle East in 1977 as a personal guest of Saudi Arabia's King Khalid and Egypt's Anwar Sadat, he visited religious leaders and religious institutions, made appearances on television and radio and spoke at several colleges. He was introduced everywhere he went as an American *mujaddid*, or reviver of the faith. In the Islamic world, that is an appellation reflecting deep respect.

And yet, politics being what it is—and Islam being a political religion if ever there were one—it must be said that certain doors have been discreetly opened by Arab interests, doors through which Wallace might have entered into a larger political role in U. S.–Middle East relations. In 1978, certain Arab factions inquired as to his availability for heading a nationwide pro-Arabic lobby to counteract America's pro-Israeli interests. And last year he was approached by what a source calls "P.L.O. interests" to stage demonstrations for Palestinian rights at the UN. Not only did Wallace turn down both offers, he annoyed some segments of the Arab community in Chicago by giving an award for public service in communications to columnist Irv Kupcinet, who is Jewish and strongly pro-Israel.

No, Wallace Muhammad does not appear to be a dangerous man. And if he is not, that's a miracle in itself. It's also a unique story. For in an age when religious cults are constantly in the news, it must be noted that not only has Wallace Muhammad deprogramed himself, he has apparently deprogramed tens of thousands of members of what was once the largest—and some say the most dangerous—cult in America as well.

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To fully understand *mujaddid* Wallace D. Muhammad and the miracle he has wrought, one must understand the significance of his first name.

It's Wallace as in Wallace D. Fard, self-proclaimed Supreme Ruler of the Universe, Allah incarnate by his own admission and founder of the Black Muslims. A swarthy, thin-lipped peddler, Fard arose out of nowhere about 1930 into the black section of Detroit. There he started a religion, provided a "divinely revealed" theology and appointed Wallace's father, Elijah, his Divine Prophet and second-in-command. Fard personally bequeathed his name to Wallace. He also designated Wallace the eventual undisputed leader of the collective American black community by scrawling "Wallace" across a door in Elijah's house.

Shortly thereafter (about 1934), Fard abruptly plunged back into nowhere—a fate that subsequently tended to befall anyone who posed a serious threat to the absolute authority exercised by the energetic son of a rural Georgia Baptist preacher, Allah's Messenger, the Honorable Elijah Muhammad (nee Poole), in his divine capacity as "Leader, Teacher and Spiritual Head of the Lost-Found Nation of Al-Islam in the West," known among friends as the Black Muslims.

Fard's theology had an enormous impact on American society as a whole, on the black community in particular and on the sorely menaced psyche of Wallace D. Muhammad most of all. Dressed up and served attractively, Fard's food for thought is by no means indigestible. On the contrary; it strikes at the very essence of the most explosive issues America faces today in her relations with OPEC and the Middle East Moslem community.

Consider: Fard, via Elijah, preached

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"Tut, Tut, Tutsie, goodbye. . . !"

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

SEX IN AMERICA:
BOSTON

two centuries ago, the redcoats were coming. now practically everyone is

article By KEN BODE BOSTON PROPER, which proudly knows itself as the Athens of America, is a town of 620,000 souls bordered by 76 smaller cities that bring the population of the metropolitan area up to 3,700,000. Boston is a dozen variegated layers. It is Beacon Hill, the heart of the old Yankee establishment where the Cabots used to converse with God, with its narrow streets, red-brick sidewalks and 23-kt.-gold domed Statehouse. It is the North End, the city's oldest neighborhood, first a haunt for Yankee settlers, then home to Jews and Irish, and now a setting for the back-yard shrines to the Virgin and street festivals of the sons and daughters of Neapolitan, Genoese and Sicilian immigrants. It is Government Center, where a modern maze of concrete called city hall has risen from the ruins and honky-tonk once known as Scollay Square, 60 acres of bars, tattoo parlors and burlesque houses. Just behind is Faneuil Hall, vintage 1742, where Samuel Adams once preached revolt, now flanked on one side by the greengrocers, meat stands and fish stalls of Quincy Market and on the other

To most of us, The Chase means subtle repartee, candlelight, the proper wine. To Bostonians, it means running The Marathon (above), an event that evidently makes some people horny. Bean Town's main claim to sexual fame is the Combat Zone—an area devoted to adult entertainment. And, yes, Virginia—there are nude college girls. These festivities (left and below) were snapped at a party for Princess Cheyenne—a stripper and coed who stems from a social-register family. In Boston, even the Combat Zone has class.

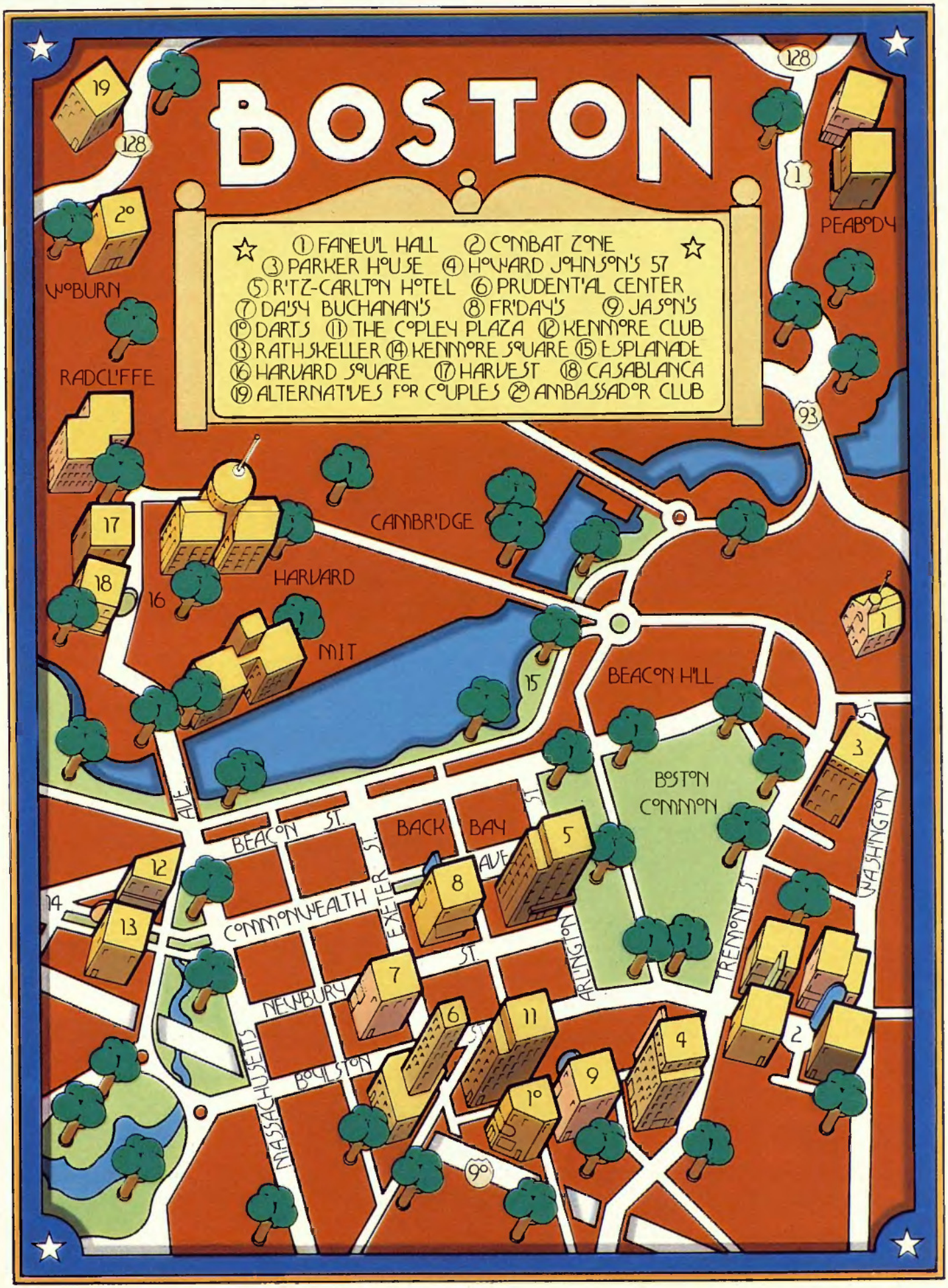


ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CRAIG

by the cobblestoned arcade of shops, restaurants, flower stands and singles bars.

Situated just across the stately Charles River is Cambridge, home of Harvard, the nation's historic seat of knowledge and the most powerful institution of learning in America. There are 53 degree-granting institutions in the Boston area, with 200,000 students, a vast body of mostly young, mostly affluent, mostly modern that leaves a powerful mark on the social rhythms and sexual moods of the city.

Add to the mix the towns that outlay Boston around Route 128, which rings the city, towns with names such as Lynn, Peabody, Revere, Lexington, Medford and Newton. When the textile industry fled to the South, Massachusetts became a magnet for high-technology electronics and computer industries. This is where they settled. One massage-parlor owner says he opened his place in Woburn simply on the basis of numbers. "There are 15,000 guys who work within five minutes of here," he says. So the drift of commercial sex to the suburbs is largely a matter of economics. The law of demand and supply.

Farther north up Cape Ann to the coast is Gloucester, a fishing village grown larger and more modern, the center of the state's fishing industry. Farther south and east around the peninsula is Cape Cod, with its 300 miles of coast line, sand dunes, scrub pines and summer places for the rich and the lucky. At the Cape, there's no need for massage parlors or other forms of commercial sex: A measure of your inhibitions have been left behind in Boston.

Boston is a hodgepodge sexually, and the old traditions have struck deep roots in the neighborhoods, and sometimes in the laws. Adultery is still a felony punishable by a three-year imprisonment, for example. The Holy Roman Church is the only institution in the city that exceeds *The Boston Globe* in influence. There are 2,000,000 Roman

Harvard men would have us believe they are our future world leaders. Top right, some future world leaders buckle down to some basic studies. Not everyone in Boston enjoys the freedom these strippers do. When we recruited coeds for *Women of the Ivy League* (see Lindsey Palmer, right), *The Harvard Crimson* refused our ad; and New England Patriots cheerleader Ita Siders (below right) was fired for appearing in PLAYBOY. Finally, though many people rave about Boston's shellfish, we prefer to get scrod.

Catholics in the Boston area, and the archdiocese has been enormously influential in shaping the attitudes of its parishioners—even the not so faithful—and the laws of the state. For years, Cardinal O'Connell kept a registered lobbyist in the state legislature, and it was not until 1970 that the state supreme court struck down the legislature's ban on dissemination of birth-control information. "Sex is still a Roman Catholic stronghold," says a local counselor. "Even for those who no longer go to church, the sexual taboos remain." Pope Paul said in 1976 that masturbation and homosexuality were sins, and most parish priests are inclined to go by the book.

Mainly because it is suspect by the Church, sex education is minimal in the Boston school system. So Boston children are learning sex the same way the older generation did, which is to say, they figure it out as they go along, and some familiar legends are being passed along—girls' getting pregnant because some guy beat off in the shallow end of the swimming pool and the standard improvisation of plastic-wrap-and-rubber-band condoms.

Against that backdrop, things are changing. Children are getting acquainted with sex earlier through television and the movies, then are going on to practice on their own. One father who waited patiently for the PG version of *Saturday Night Fever* to accompany his 12-year-old son to that movie found that the lad had already seen the R-rated version twice, including the famous backseat blow job. Women, even very young women, are getting early permission from the media. "They're being told to be sexual, to have sex and enjoy it, by magazines, movies and television, and they're doing it," says Sylvia Cohen, who chairs a council of sex therapists in New England.

Most parents here still want their children to make only one decision about sex—chastity. But that decision is out of reach these days, in Boston as it is in New York, San Francisco and even Sioux City. There is a new sexual ethic in the younger generation of Boston, and its outposts were staked out a decade ago. One Boston writer who now "deep throats" all her sexual partners asks coyly, "Doesn't everyone?"

Anchors of tradition have slowed the drift, but there's nothing being tried elsewhere that is not going on in Boston, at least to some degree. The more liberated sexual lifestyle of a new generation is not yet the dominant one here, but since the mid-Sixties, it has established its beachhead, held its ground and begun to inch farther and farther toward the dominant terrain. A visitor from New York or San Francisco will need no assistance in identifying the signs of progress.

Sex in Boston is a salmagundi. A walk through the city's famous Combat Zone takes you by no-name bookstores where cellophane-wrapped magazines with names such as *Bondage Trios* and *Animal Lovers* are peddled along with rubberized sexual apparatus, and past strip joints advertising TOTALLY NUDE COLLEGE GIRL REVUE. Along the Freedom Trail to the historic Boston Common, where legend has it that pirates, witches and Quakers were hanged from the elm near the Frog Pond, today we see guys, dolls and gays strolling by, casually holding hands. At the same time, the crux of any native Bostonian's identity is in the neighborhood of his birth, and the most distinct cultures of Boston still reside in the North End, South Boston and Roxbury. Even at Cape Cod, summer cottages will be known as Dorchester or Southie or Charlestown cottages. The guys who hang out in neighborhood taverns together, play softball together and fight together try to get away from home and score together. The younger generation may slip off to the discos and the older generation to the ring of suburban massage parlors, but there is a strong vestige of ethnic, Catholic, neighborhood propriety. When a New England Patriots cheerleader doffed her T-shirt for a PLAYBOY spread on the cheerleaders of the N.F.L., she may have stirred the boyhood fantasies of every red-blooded Patriots fan from Braintree to Beverly, but the front office didn't have to wonder how that would go down in the parishes. It asked the young lady to leave the squad.

SINGLES

Before about 1965, it was considered unrespectable for girls in Boston to go into bars, either alone or in pairs. That was the year The Improper Bostonian, a precursor to the city's current crop of singles bars, opened its doors, helping to create what current owners call "a revolution in a certain market." Before that time, organized singles action was confined to a few private parties. Brian Wallace, then a social-studies teacher at a local junior high and now manager of three bars and discos at the Kenmore Club, ran a Sunday singles party out of his $110-a-month two-bedroom garden apartment. "Everybody was supposed to pay five dollars," recalls Wallace, "but attractive girls were waved in free and any guy who came with five girls also got his entry fee covered. I used to clear $1000 to $1200 in an afternoon."

Wallace's business philosophy is unchanged: "Our business is completely oriented to getting attractive girls into the place. The men and the money will follow."

Any guidebook to the area's top singles haunts will include the Harvest, Casablanca and 33 Dunster Street, all in or near Harvard Square. In the Back Bay–Park Square area, there are Friday's, Daisy Buchanan's, Jason's, Copley's at the Copley Plaza Hotel and the Club Max. The South End has one of the city's trendiest bars in St. Botolph's. Faneuil Hall and Quincy Market offer Seaside and Lily's. Farther along is The Winery for drinking in the standard wood-glass-metal and hanging-plants-modern decor, along with quiet musical stylings from local artists. For a noisier scene, Kenmore Square brings a cluster of clubs—Narcissus, Celebration and Lipstick—all under one roof; and just across the street, the punk-rock Rathskeller (known and advertised locally as The Rat).

The greatest concentration of action is along Boylston Street from Kenmore Square to the Common. A bar owner who has capitalized on his ability to estimate the concentration claims, "On ten side streets there are 10,000 single women who work for insurance companies, department stores, banks, hospitals and all sorts of other places." Week nights the crowds are typically 80 percent stag, and in the early evening, women often outnumber men two and three to one.

On Thursday evening, the last night to get a date before the weekend, the crowd at Friday's stretches around the corner and down the block.

The state of affairs is this: In singles bars, the common presumption among males is that if you leave with female companionship, the odds of scoring are pretty good. Among females, "Let's say you know you're going to be dealing with the question," says a 23-year-old honey blonde, a Newbury Street executive assistant who helped PLAYBOY scout the Boston singles haunts. The Playboy Boston Telephone Survey (see page 222) uncovered some interesting statistics: 59 percent of the people we polled thought bars were the best place to meet singles; 42 percent had been to a bar themselves; 30 percent of those had gotten lucky.

Observers of the scene over the past 15 years claim the pill was the great emancipator—along with a general easing of concern among Irish and Italian males about a lady's history. That, in turn, was hastened by the new tendency of young, working singles to get out on their own, initially to share an apartment with one or more roommates, then to live alone.

Roxanne Kalis, a French and economics major during the day and a waitress

(continued on page 212)

"Disco madness!"

from wallets to passport cases, here's every top-grade leather goody you'll ever need to tote

POCKET PICKINGS

TREATED PROPERLY, a good leather pocket secretary, credit-card case or address book can be a thing of beauty and a joy practically forever. And if leather's good looks and wearability don't turn you on to a well-tanned hide, consider the fact that most leather wallets today are so artfully designed that you can pack a fistful of credit cards and a wad of money into one and not look like you've got a gun in your pocket. All right!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

Following the numbers: 1. Leather-lined Yves Bernier ostrich secretary, by Indlex, Ltd., $125. 2. Calfskin pocket organizer with money clip and slots for credit cards, from The Horchow Collection, $25. 3. & 4. Brass-cornered wallet, $56, and credit-card case, $56, both by Les Must de Cartier. 5. & 6. Morocco-leather note pad, $55, and matching breast-pocket wallet, $70, both by Alfred Dunhill af London. 7. Coachhide wallet/credit-card case, by Royce, $30. 8. Cowhide passport case with zippered compartment, by Bond Street, $37.50. 9. & 10. Italian-made calfskin gold key case, $14, and matching credential case, $40, both by Bosca. 11. Yves Bernier ostrich hip wallet, by Indlex, Ltd., $90. 12. Kidskin wallet and credit-card case, by Edward Harvey Leather Accessories, $26. 13. Coachhide address book and week-by-week organizer, by Royce, $30, including pencil. 14. French-made lambskin coin purse, by Alfred Dunhill of London, $47.50. 15. Brass-cornered suede license case, by Les Must de Cartier, $50. 16. Mini flat-fold dress wallet and credit-card case, by Royce $20. 17. Monthly reminder and address book of American belting leather, by Bosca, $30, including pen. 18. Calfskin-and-suede passport wallet with zippered compartment and removable traveler's-check holder, by Alfred Dunhill of London, $145. 19. Tabbed address book of American belting leather, by Bosca, $17.50.

GOLD QUARTZ POCKET WATCH, BY CONCORD, $1370. 18-KT.-GOLD WATCH CHAIN, FROM TRABERT & HOEFFER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, $600. 18-KT.-YELLOW-AND-WHITE-GOLD PEN, FROM TRABERT & HOEFFER, $525.

fiction **By ASA BABER**

I ALWAYS COME OUT HERE after a job, because no one knows where I am. It's like being on the moon. The dry lakes and cinder hills and Joshua trees stretch for hundreds of miles. The jeep is parked in my cave on the high ground and all I have to do is wait for the signal on the short wave. While I wait, I live off the land and play my cassette and write in my diary and watch time pass with the shadows on the ridge line.

Most people would tell you that deserts are sterile places, but that is not true. There is water here in every cactus, and there is life wherever you look. There are insects, rabbits, hawks, lizards, coyotes, snakes. You just have to know where to find things.

I killed a rattlesnake this morning. It was curled very close to my face as I woke up. I suppose it had settled near me for warmth during the night. When I opened my eyes, there it was, not three inches from me, eye level, and as I stared at it, I could hear its tail start to shake like beads in a gourd. If I had blinked, I would be dead now, but I rolled over, fast, and the rattler struck the back of my sleeping bag. I jumped out and grabbed my entrenching tool and smashed its head. I will make a belt out of its skin and a choker out of its rattles. I am lucky in the desert.

It is a good life out here and sometimes I think about staying forever.

"Your Mexican connection is screwing you," I said to Giordano. He had sent his bodyguard away and we were alone in his kitchen. The tax forms were spread on the table and he was squinting at the numbers. We were trying to

the desert is filled with skilled killers—but papageno is the best

decide what had to be laundered and I talked about his options.

"The IRS is probably going to write up a reciprocal agreement with the Bank of Mexico," I said, "and if that happens, Skipsey won't be able to help us. OK, do we go through Bueno, then?"

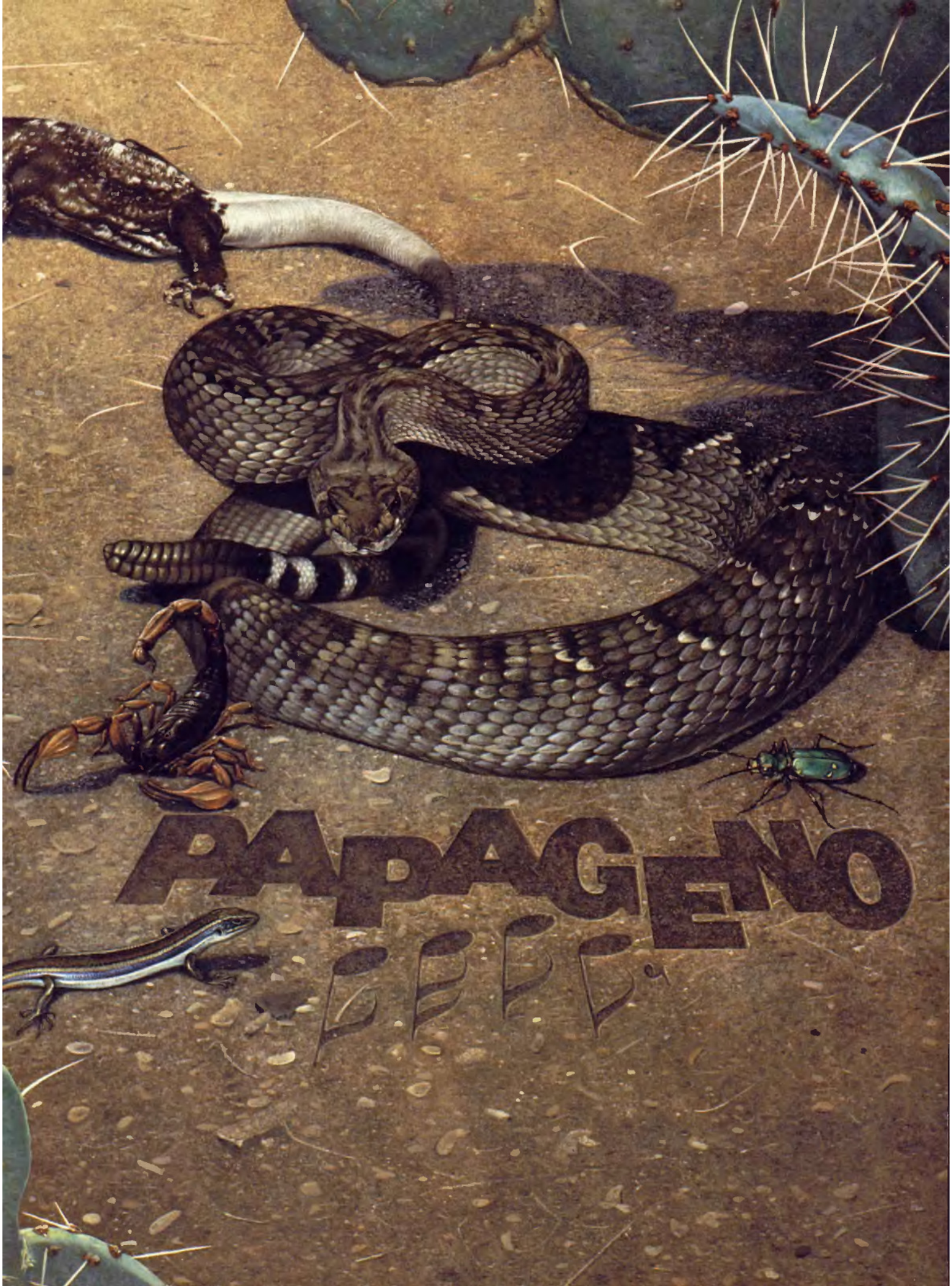
"I don't trust him," Giordano said. He stood up to stir a pot of sauce on the stove. He wiped his hands on his apron—yes, he was wearing an apron.

"I don't trust him, either," I said. "But the Nevada skim is supposed to show up in Cuernavaca."

"Change it," he said.

I wanted him sitting down, so I kept talking. "OK, we'll work the Bahamas harder." *(continued on page 162)*

ILLUSTRATION BY HERB DAVIDSON


PAPAGENO
PEEP

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

CELESTIAL BEAUTY

martha thomsen left the wheat fields of washington state for a high-flying life in manhattan

"Everything you've ever heard about stewardesses is true, but you've heard only half the story. The job is incredibly demanding. At 35,000 feet, you're on your own. There's nowhere to hide."

"I came to New York straight out of training class. They had to push us off the plane. We were clutching our purses, looking for muggers. Now I love the city. New York is pure entertainment."

YES, THE FACE is familiar. Two years ago, when PLAYBOY was scouting the West Coast for coeds to put in a *Girls of the Pac 10* pictorial, somebody handed us a slip of paper with a name and number: Call this girl. We did and met Martha Thomsen. She agreed to pose. Fully clothed. "Long sleeves. The works. I used to be very shy." You can see the picture in our October 1978 issue. Times have changed, and so has Miss May. A year ago, Martha took a leave of absence from Washington State University and became a flight attendant for Eastern Airlines. She left the shy country girl behind, in the rolling hills and wheat country of eastern Washington, and moved to New York. "The job is a learning experience," says Miss May. "I've gone through the normal first-time-in-New-York experiences. Junior flight attendants always end up rooming together in apartments 'out in the country'—that's slang for Queens. It's a permanent party—you're always surrounded by friends. Now I share a place in midtown Manhattan: a chrome-and-glass apartment with a green door. I think it used to be a brothel." The apartment overlooks the East River. The sun comes through a wall of windows, past some house plants, to make patterns on the wicker furniture as we drink coffee

"I'm a person of extremes. I'm caught between the romantic and the bizarre. I love things that are not necessary. Instead of going to the Beef and Brew for a hamburger, I like to go to the Palm Court for champagne and strawberries. I like the night life. I don't go in for your basic 'sit down and watch' type of activities."

and discuss the joys of flying. "The people you work with are fantastic. Independent, ready for anything. But tell your readers that we are also human. Don't come on with a line like, 'I bet I fly as much as you do.' Don't be rude or make absurd demands. We are there for safety reasons as much as for service. Show some sympathy for the job, some appreciation of our expertise, and you'll make friends." Martha is putting off the decision to return to school. She's having too much fun: "This city is crazy. I love to watch the acts. People on stilts at

neighborhood fairs, the guys with headphones roller-skating in Central Park. New York is like a small town, except the people you see on the streets and in discos are the people you see in movies or read about. It's an open-air classroom. I may never leave." New York won't mind.

Last fall, Martha represented New York airline personnel in the Miss Airlines World contest in Nassau. Her mother and sister (below) flew down to celebrate with her.

"The best thing about growing up in the country as a kid was just being turned loose. I remember hot summer days, sitting on a picnic table in the sun, licking Popsicle sticks with other kids. New York is different. It's a great place for grown-up kids."

MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
The Best Pieces
Martha Thomsen

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Martha Elizabeth Thomsen

BUST: 37 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 130 SIGN: Aquarius

BIRTH DATE: 1/25/57 BIRTHPLACE: Moses Lake, Washington

GOALS: to become independently wealthy and buy a ranch where I can raise lots of horses and dogs.

TURN-ONS: fox hunts, collies, honeysuckle, Central Park on Sundays, good investments

TURN-OFFS: Early-morning flights, insects, taxes, white patent shoes on men

FAVORITE FOODS: Sushi + sashimi, homemade bread, caviar

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Vassar Clements, Mick Jagger, Blondie, Bonnie Raitt

FAVORITE SPORTS: Whitewater rafting, horseback riding, basketball

FAVORITE BOOKS: Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, The Thorn Birds, The Shining, The Plague Dogs

PERFECT EVENING: candlelit dinner and dancing in a beautiful place, toasting the sunrise with Champagne

Age 2 - finally some hair!

Age 12 - Starting Junior High School

age 15 - in my backyard

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

It was during the first afternoon of their weekend together that the egotistical stud asked his more than willing shackmate, "On a scale of one to ten, how would you rate my performance?"

"Three," replied the girl to her shocked partner. "But you have seven more chances to get a perfect score."

As was said of a dedicated prostitute who refused to be sidelined by a case of Rocky Mountain spotted fever, "She took a ticking, but she kept on licking."

Considering all the martinis I quite foolishly overindulged in with my date at the Zeta Beta house party last weekend," the coed remarked ruefully, "I suppose you could say that I went and lost my olive."

When bored with the old tried-and-true way,
As well as the dildo-in-lieu way,
A zookeeper's wife
Put zest in her life
With a fling at "a fabulous gnu way!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Russian premature ejaculator* as a spurtnik.

Two Volkswagens had their bumpers locked and the drivers were unsuccessfully trying to disengage them when a little old lady wino shuffled onto the scene. "Tell you what to do, boys," she cackled. "Throw a bucket of water on 'em!"

Just relax, my dear," the lecherous gynecologist told the girl when he'd gotten her onto the examining table and removed her panties. "There's nothing at all to worry about."

"Maybe not," gulped his patient, "but this will be the first time I've ever had a doctor look *up* my throat."

Disciplinary action was recently taken against an airline pilot and a stewardess for endangering the safety of their passengers when she caused him to become seriously distracted. The FAA suspected a cover-up, though, when the report of the incident placed the blame on "head in the clouds."

I do believe that Roger is really beginning to care about me again," the woman who had been feeling alienated from her husband confided to her friend. "Last night, after sex, he actually wanted to talk!"

"That's great news!" said the friend. "What, if I'm not being too awfully nosy, did Roger want to talk about?"

"It wasn't too clear," replied the woman. "He said, 'You know——' and then I heard his secretary yell at him to hang up."

A patient old fag named McQueen
Kept watch in a public latrine.
He would gaze and compare,
And response to his stare
Might result in his making the seen.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Oriental daisy chain* as a closed erectrical circuit.

Marketing experts maintain that manufacturers of those panty hose that "massage" a woman's legs have set their sights too low.

I wouldn't want to say that Babs down in accounting is promiscuous," the fellow commented to an office buddy, "but she's the only girl I've ever dated who had a condom-vending machine on the wall of her john."

Goddamn! the girl thought as she lay naked on the motel bed watching her picker-up undress. He wasn't much on the dance floor . . . and he's probably underhung . . . besides which, he has handed me this felt-tip pen, so he's probably got something kinky in mind. . . .

But her eyes widened when the fellow worked off his shorts and she saw the extent of his manhood. "I'll take that pen now, baby," he smiled, and then added, "For your sake, I think I should draw the line somewhere."

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.*

FORMERLY
AT
42 nd
AND
8th AVE.
DEDINI

SPORTING PROPOSITIONS

should a lady beware of a gentleman bearing gifts? not when he's coming on in a sports coat

attire

By DAVID PLATT

THE SPORTS COAT has made such a splash returning to the fashion swim of things that it may very well be the most indispensable item in your wardrobe. For the economy-minded, a single sports coat can serve many levels of formality, particularly as dress standards continue to be relaxed. However, we recommend that you own at least two coats: perhaps an all-purpose white-silk single-breasted one, such as the type in our opening shot, and a double-breasted model, perhaps in tweed or a wool-synthetic combination that holds its shape and doesn't wrinkle easily. This *(text concluded on page 160)*

Left: This gentleman caller armed with the bouquet is smooth as silk in his flecked silk jacket, by Sedgefield Spartswear, $120; and cool as cotton in denim jeans, by Jordache, about $36; coupled with a cottan knit shirt, by Cauntry Britches Spart, about $22.50; and a reversible canvas belt, by The French American Group, $10. Right: Our man, trying harder, bears champagne and same great-looking threads, including a silk jacket, by Corbin Ltd., about $260; summer card slacks, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, $42.50; short-sleeved cattan shirt, by Bert Pulitzer, $31.50; and a knit pullover, by Abbracci, $95.

Showing lots of good scents is this chap in a silk/rayon tweed jacket with side vents, by Nino Cerruti for the Rue Royale Collection, $130; tapered baggy-style slacks, about $50, and a crepe de Chine patterned revere-collared shirt, about $48, both by John Korl Ltd.; and a reversible canvas belt with brass buckle, by The French American Group, $10.

How can she resist, old sport, with you coming on in a rayon/linen jacket with slightly padded shoulders, $100, worn with a cotton-voile/polyester shirt, $35, and a ramie/acrylic knit V-neck, $29, all by Ron Chereskin, Ltd.? And in case you're wondering, he's also wearing a pair of silver-gray rayon/linen slacks, also by Ron Chereskin, Ltd., $45.

Just the ticket for a night out is this polyester/wool tweed double-breasted jacket with patch pockets, about $150, that has been combined with polyester/wool straight-legged slacks, about $55, and a tie, about $8.50, all by Evan Picone; plus a multicolor polyester/cotton shirt with a contrasting collar, from Concepts by Arrow, $21.

will give you a solid base from which to branch out and try a few more adventuresome offerings, such as shiny fabrics and offbeat colorings. Buy wisely and you'll be surprised by the mileage you can get out of just a few coats. And by rotating them with a variety of nifty slack selections, you'll ensure longer wearability. That's good news for all sports-coat fans.

Well, we have to hand it to our man, it looks like all that gifting has paid off beautifully—and we like his finishing touch, too; a cotton soft-shoulder jacket, about $295, combined with cream-colored silk slacks, about $150, both from Linea Pitti by Peter Tauber; a cotton shirt, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, about $32.50; and a tie, by Vicky Davis, $9.50.

PAPAGENO *(continued from page 140)*

"I held the calculator in my hands and pointed it at his right temple. Then I shot him."

"Yeah. Good," he said.

I put the new signature cards on his place mat. I knew he would have to sit down to sign the cards. He did, slowly. I took out the calculator and turned it on. He checked it with a flick of his eyes. Then he went back to reading the cards while I talked.

"Murdoch is short-weighting all of the silver, even the dollars, but the receipts don't check with the totals. I think that's happening south of the border. Now all we've got to do is keep it out of domestic income, so I'll open a chain of offshore accounts for shell corporations. The IRS can't find that. And we'll change the Nevada route completely; different pilots, different flight plans. I think we'll be OK."

"We better be," he said as he leaned forward. He signed the cards slowly. He was breathing like an asthmatic. It was five days before he was supposed to testify and his nerves brought on his illnesses.

I held the calculator in my hands and pointed it at his right temple. I pushed the safety. Then I shot him. I shot him six times, once through the roof of his mouth, because I had to make it look right and proper, a family hit, and it was the method to deliver a shot through the mouth if it was the mouth that caused the concern. Giordano was about to testify before Congress re our Cuban connections, and that was reason enough for many of his own people to want him quiet.

"*Ca va mieux?*" I asked his corpse. I could hear Mozart in my head as I pushed the trigger mechanism back into the slot. I was singing to myself while I dusted the table, the glasses, anything I might have touched. It is not that I was happy, but I needed to stay calm, and Mozart did that for me.

I ran out the back door just as I heard the bodyguard come in the front door.

Falcone met me with the taxi in the alley. I hopped in and we took off. I talked to the back of Falcone's head as he drove me to O'Hare.

"You need more insulation for the barrel housing," I said. "It got hot in my hands." I studied the calculator and wondered who had invented such a thing. "The silencer baffles rattle. Somebody should fix that." I was shaking and I could not hear Mozart anymore. I tossed the calculator onto the front seat.

"Glad you liked it," Falcone laughed. He was smoking a cigar, but I could still smell his lime after-shave. He stopped the taxi at the edge of the forest preserve and threw a regular .22 pistol into the woods. Not too far. Someone would find it. People would think what we wanted them to think. The .22 had been prefired. Its barrel was identical to the barrel in the calculator. The fingerprints of the bodyguard had been carefully etched into the weapon. It was all very cute.

"We'll let you know when it's cool, OK, Gene?" Falcone asked me as he let me out on the airport ramp.

"OK, I'll be listening," I said.

"OK, man. Good job, hey." Falcone offered his hand out the window. "So where you going to be, huh?"

I did not shake his hand. "See you," I waved. I turned my back on him and went into the terminal and flew to Palm Springs by way of Los Angeles.

When I came out to the desert that time, my jeep got stuck in a gully during a flash flood. I stayed under my shelter half and wrote in my diary and waited for the sun to bake the mud. I did not like being out on the flatland, where people might see me. It was very quiet after the storm. I trapped a wild rabbit. I know how to do things like that.

Last night I drove south across the lava flow that lies east of the Bullion Mountains. The Marines were firing illumination rounds toward Mesquite Lake. The flares looked like burning seeds while they were hanging from their parachutes. I sat up on the ridge line and watched the fireworks: 105s, 155s, high explosive and white phosphorus, barrages that sounded like God's own thunder. After it was over, I drove back here to my cave and I played my cassette and sang like a madman:

"Der Vogelfänger bin ich, ja
Stets lustig, heissa, hopsassa!
Der Vogelfänger bin bekannt
Bei alt und jung im ganzen Land."

I pretended that I was in Vienna for the first time, a young kid with stars in his eyes hearing Mozart and eating chocolate at Demel's and making love with the streetwalkers who gathered near the cathedral. I was 19 then. I had spent the summer in East Germany on French papers. I was supposed to assess how the young people felt and thought in Magdeburg and Leipzig and other forbidden places. Then I was to come out through Eisenach and take a vacation in Vienna, write up a report, talk to debriefers. In Vienna, I went to *Die Zauberflöte* every chance I got. Then I talked to our people and told them what they did not want to hear: that there were 22 Russian divisions in-country, that there were no young people to meet, because they were all in government service, that the state was highly organized and that you had to run machine-gun nests and guard towers to get back on the autobahn. Revolution? Not hardly. But that was in 1956, two months before the Hungarian Revolution, and our people thought that all of Eastern Europe would soon be in flames. They heard only what they wanted to hear, and then they asked me to drive the Simca back to Paris and sell it for whatever I could. They called it my honorarium. I did not know what the word meant.

The desert is a community of energy. Its rhythms are as neat as Mozart's. There is a sense of order here: Lizards eat insects; rabbits eat vegetation; hawks eat rabbits; coyotes eat anything. Everything works until people arrive. When the Marines come up from Twentynine Palms or when the bikers ride out from Los Angeles, then things start to go wrong. I wish the desert were always empty and I did not have to worry about people.

I had to kill an old man three days ago. He was a prospector and he stumbled past my cave in the early morning. It was my fault, I suppose, because I was not being careful, and if I had not been listening to the short-wave, perhaps it would have gone differently.

I pretended that it was good to see him. I gave him a full canteen from my water bags and we talked: of homesteading, mineral rights, weather patterns, gold mines, silver speculation. He smiled like a toothless monkey. We watched a Cessna flying over Kelso Peak and the prospector nodded at my jeep, which was covered with camouflage netting.

"You think that son of a bitch knows we're down here?" he asked.

"No. Not unless he's got special lenses," I said.

"I'll bet he's a revenuer," the old man laughed.

It was his last laugh, even though I would not have chosen death for him if I could have helped it, even though I could tell that he had survived great chaos in his life and probably deserved to live. But it was him or me. Possibly, Falcone sent him. How was I to know? I used to trust Falcone, but now I don't trust anyone.

"Say, there, buddy," I yelled after I had gotten upwind of him, after the atropine injection and the cloth over the mouth and the deep breath that I

(continued on page 272)

LEROY NEIMAN

•SKETCHBOOK•

One of the treats for the eyes at the horse races these days is the delightful new breed of jean-clad female stable hands. Before each race at New Jersey's elegant Manmouth Park, these spirited young "grooms" stand along the rail at the finish line, halters in hand, to urge and cheer their horses home. Then, at the end of the race, after the jockeys have removed their tack and gone to weigh in, the girls smartly take the sweating, iridescent steeds in hand and lead them back to the barns. Shapely fillies all. —L.N.

THE TOUGHEST JOB IN SPORTS

finally, an answer to the toughest question in sports—who ranks first in the old balls game?

article **By JAY STULLER**

CRUSHING HEAT and humidity flooded Manila's Philippine Coliseum on this October morning in 1975, enveloping the 25,000 spectators and the two weary and pained fighters in the middle of the ring. Muhammad Ali and Smokin' Joe Frazier were taking it to the mountain for the third time, both resolved to tear out the other's very soul and annihilate a rivalry that had spanned five bitter years. Only Ali, that child of the heavens, would touch the summit.

His body heavier with age, Ali still fired those flashing and vicious left jabs, now backed with real power, and they snapped Frazier's bobbing but unguarded head in the first three rounds. Then Frazier, crouched low, began waging his own personal inquisition in the sixth. Like a starving and desperate wolf, he ripped at the champion's chest and kidneys, unleashing that legendary and evil left hook to Ali's jaw. The fight festered into a noble but wicked war until the 14th, which Ali later described as being "like death. The closest thing to dyin' that I know of." Ali barely stumbled off his stool for the last round, but Frazier's manager, Eddie Futch, saw his fighter as a spent shell lying cold, with not a wisp of smoke remaining. "Joe, I'm going to stop it," said Futch.

"I want him, boss," said Frazier, whose eyes were swollen shut.

"Sit down, son, it's all over."

Indeed, at the age of 31, it was essentially all over for the former heavyweight champion. He had fought only 35 professional fights, won 32, 27 by knockout, and, after losing one more fight, would be resigned to the less punishing vocation of singing and dancing. This self-described "fightin' machine," this man of inestimable heart and will, was through in a sport that's been called modified murder for damn good reasons. Frazier knew countless pugs who had absorbed too many blows to the skull and who now shuffled through a world they perceived with half-somnambulant minds. They slurred their speech, and Frazier wanted no such fate.

But what more could be asked of a man in peacetime? Or in the world of sport? What athletic task could compare with entering a confined space and facing men like Ali or the brutish George Foreman in the ancient and ultimate test of man versus man, a duel of the fists?

For Frazier, fighting Ali is a hell of a lot less terrifying than swimming. He would rather be tied up in the ropes and pummeled by Earnie Shavers than go near the water. To him, Mark Spitz is one tough mutha, a conclusion formed during Frazier's memorable performance in the *Superstars* competition, in which he nearly drowned a few seconds after hitting the pool. For Frazier, who fears no man or beast, there are several sports he considers far more difficult and dangerous than his own.

Hockey goalie? "Lawdy," says Frazier, whistling through his teeth at the thought of a frozen puck rocketing his way in excess of 100 miles per hour, "I don't want nothin' comin' at me that I can't stop. That's why you don't see no black hockey players. Blacks don't fool with sports that put you on ice, on snow, in the air or in water. You won't find us skiing, swimming, skating or parachuting. Those are too dangerous, man. Now, I wouldn't mind playing football, runnin' with the ball. But then I wouldn't *(continued on page 216)*

SCULPTURE BY PARVIZ SADIGHIAN

YOU CAN SEE THEM on the concourses of any of the world's airports, striding along in pairs. Women of mystery. Birds in perpetual migration, their plumage turned out by a top designer. They exude confidence and poise. A select and proud group, they have been culled from literally thousands of applicants to represent their airlines in the highly competitive air-travel industry. They are, of course, the flight attendants.

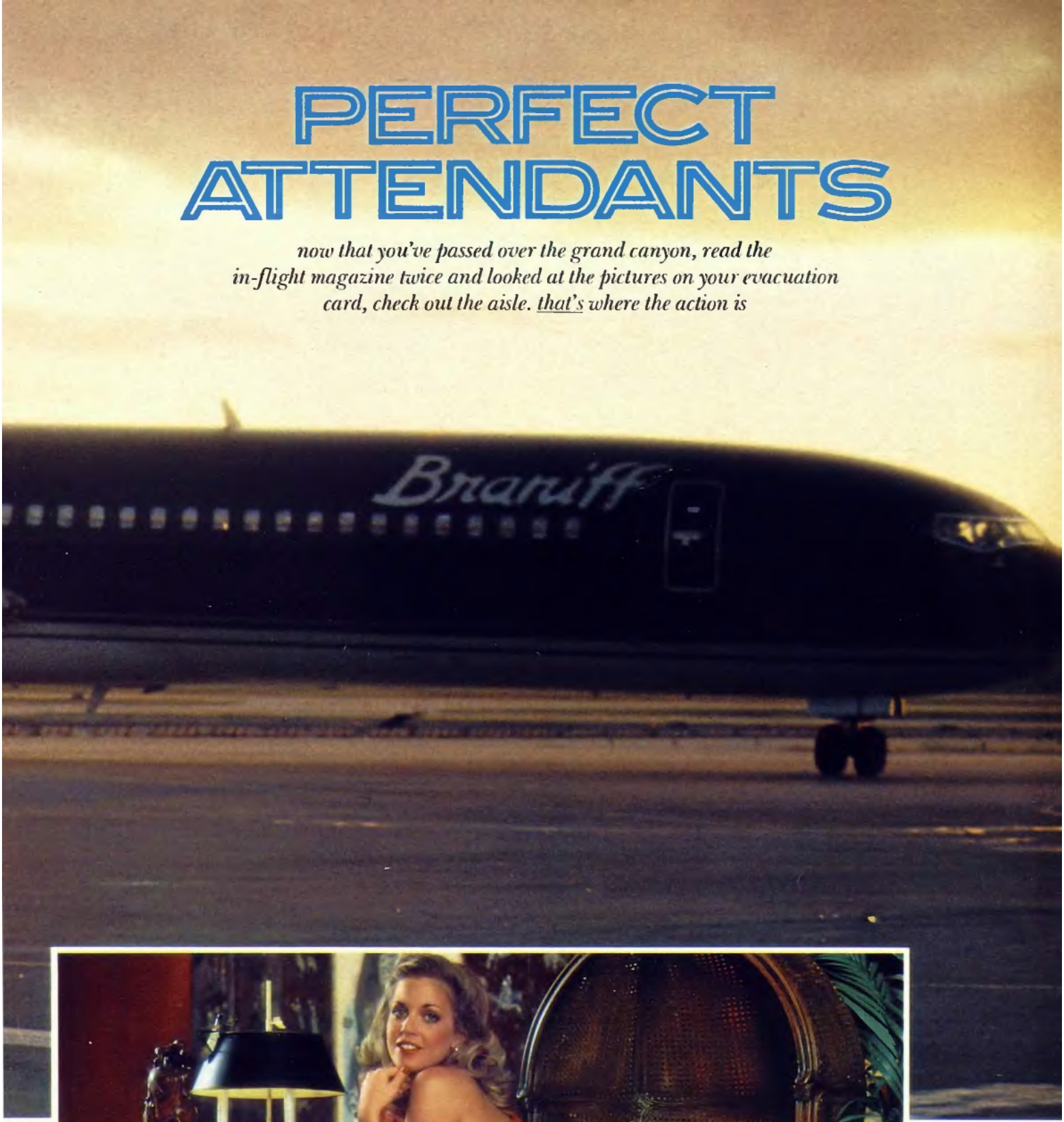
To the millions of travelers who buckle themselves into outrageously narrow seats every year, they *are* air travel. Far more so than the austere gentleman in the teardrop sunglasses who sits behind the closed cockpit door. He's only the pilot. He doesn't bring you food and drink. He doesn't fluff your pillow for a quick *(text continued on page 268)*

June in January, that's **January Whitaker** (above and left), who flies the colorful birds of Braniff. January is also a model and holds a degree in zaology. She and fellow Braniff attendant **Charlie Newsom** both hail from Texos.

Eastern Airlines flight attendont **Victaria Worley** (right) spends layovers at home in Florida getting into arts and crafts and sewing. Impulsive, she likes to "take off on the spur of the mament with my husband and go exploring."

PERFECT ATTENDANTS

now that you've passed over the grand canyon, read the in-flight magazine twice and looked at the pictures on your evacuation card, check out the aisle. that's where the action is



Born in Budapest, **Judith Huff** (left and below) holds a degree in psychology. Although she now works for PSA, she is a graduate student and will someday go into private practice as a clinical psychologist.

Linda Lehner (left and below) flies for Delta out of Florida, where jogging, tennis and cycling fill her earth-bound hours. Since she enjoys "meeting people from all over the world," an airline career is most appropriate and most rewarding for her.

Sierra Pacific Airlines has a winner in **Colleen Rothschild** (left and below), a Tokyo-born California resident who counts among her special joys her collections of shells and wicker and (luckily) flying!

California is also home bose for **Tami Klein** (below), a Continental attendant who flies under her own power in modern dance, jozz and ballet stage productions. But not for long, since Tomi's ambition is to move to the cockpit by getting her license as a private pilot.

When **Lindsey Remmell** (left and below) isn't manning the coffeepot for World Airways, she skis and ploys tennis. Her favorite place for letting go is under the sun on the island of Bali.

Flying is a family affair for **Shellee Fowler-Cane** (below left and below), who brightens the flights of Eastern Airlines. Her husband, Jim, is a copilot for the same airline. A high point of Shellee's career was the time she assisted in the delivery of a baby while in flight.

A former mogician's assistant, **Kathleen Rowsey** (above) now materializes on board one of Continental's jets. Racquetball and skiing are her current passions, though she hopes one day to say goodbye to her airplanes, not in a change of career but as a sky diver.

What with flying for TWA for a living and spending aff days scuba-diving, **Nancy Nachtigal** (left and below) hardly ever sets foot on terra firma. When she does, though, you'll likely find her browsing thraugh shops to add to her antiques collection.

American Airlines' **Karen Abbott** (right) has danced at Carnegie Hall, works part time as an actress and says she doesn't have time for hobbies, though an occasional fling on the tennis courts or the ski slopes is not unheard of. Karen likes men who treat women as their equals.

Katherine Lanyi (abave) really gets around—on wings as a flight attendant for Pan Am and an roller skates between flights in her home state af California. No slouch in the brains department, Katherine holds a B.A. in anthropalogy.

A finalist in the 1980 Miss Airlines World contest, Continental's **Janice Murdoch** (below left and right) free-lonces as a model and make-up artist. You may also have seen her act in the TV flick *Having Babies* and Continental commercials.

Texan **Julia Flayd** (right), the pride of Southwest Airlines, models on the side ond keeps her fingers busy with fashion design. Racquetball keeps her body in trim and, for mentol health, she tokes off for a vacation to London.

Port Chinese, part Cherokee, part English ond part Irish, **Janice Tomlinson** (above, top and bottom) is a one-woman UN. She flies for Aloha Airlines out of Hawaii, where she also lives. What does she do for fun? Probably vacations in Buffalo.

Paula Macoubrie (right, above and below) is one reason United's skies are so friendly. But she's also a licensed cosmetologist and sells real estate. As if that weren't enough, she's an amateur photographer who hopes someday to turn professional. Her fervent wish: more time.

Svelte **Laura Harrison** (above) calls California home but was educated at the Sorbonne. Crewing on PSA pays the rent. She skis both snow and water, needlepoints, plays the piano and speaks French.

Despite an occasional tendency to get airsick, **Leslie Lahman** (above and inset) of National has flown for nearly ten years. A Floridian, Leslie can't wait to become a charter-boat captain in the Keys.

Lots of work in dinner theater and summer stock gives a clue to the real passion of **Patricia Kelly** (below), who flies for American. She also likes old movie musicals, Italian food and being in love.

Does cupid fly at 30,000 feet? You bet your wings he does. Ask **Tori Braun** and **David Cummings,** who're both flight attendants for American. David holds a B.A. in education and Tori has her master's in educational psychology. But both love to travel, so the airlines it was. A common interest in running helps keep the relotionship going, especiolly since they can run on weekends in Tahiti or Acapulco. Obviously, these two have the perfect balance of work and pleasure.

Hughes Airwest is the lucky airline that employs **Christine Gibson** (above). An admitted extrovert, Christine hopes to be an actress. She has already done several TV commercials. At home in Arizona she breeds great Dones.

The secret to looking as good as **Kim Scolari** (below and inset) is lots of skiing, running, horsebock riding and aerobic dancing. Marching the aisles of PSA doesn't hurt, either. Kim is saving her flight pay to open a clothing store.

"Hi! Could I borrow a cup of Kama Sutra oil?"

chloe's candle

Ribald Classic

from a manuscript collection of Kit-Cat Club verse in the British Museum, circa 1703

Through Chloe's room, as Strephon sighing passed,
His eyes by chance he on her toilet cast;
On which, behind a book, a candle lay—
The nymph, it seems, could frig as well as pray.
In private sports it had been lately tried,
And she forgot to put the tool aside.
Its shape and length and most immoderate size
Amus'd awhile the wondering shepherd's eyes,
And as he poised it in his hand, he found
It could not weigh much less than half a pound.
But when more near this utensil he viewed,
Which as he held it like a truncheon shewed,
He soon discovered the fair wanton's crime,
For on its sides there hung a lucid slime.
Brown curling hair, which in the furious joy
The melting tallow plucked unfelt away,
Did here and there with amorous twinings stick,
Round the big end of this Lieutenant Prick;
By which unquestioned trophies it was plain,
The candle made a cuckold of the swain.

At length the nymph back to her chamber came,
Once more with melted grease to quench her flame.
But soon as she the yellow candle spied
In Strephon's hand, 'twas thought she would have died.
Each florid blush and her confusion tell,
She shrieked and breathless on the bed she fell.

The youth, inflamed with anger and surprise,
Gazed on her swooning charms with ardent eyes,
Kissed o'er the dying beauties of her face,
And scarce forebore to search another place.
But thinking what these springs did late invade,
He thus exclaimed, "Ah, lovely cruel maid,
How is thy passion and thy guilt betrayed!
Is this the rival that has been so long
The cause of Chloe's pride and Strephon's wrong?
'Tis true, he may have often made thee spend,
And to the rising vapors been a friend,
But mutual bliss that lovers do receive,
This senseless thing could neither taste nor give;
No tender raptures in soft moans express,
Or ebbing life in glimmering eyes confess;
No sighs, as in ecstatic joys they lie,
And changing souls together pant and die.
This, if thou had been wise, had been our lot,
Till wild with transport we the world forgot.
But for a candle to be thus denied,
My angry prick swells up with native pride,
And as I softly steal an earnest kiss,
Commands me thus to rush upon my bliss.
Eager for joy and urgent for the fight,
Thus, thus I seize the altar of delight!"

With that he seized her, panting, in his arms,
Greedy of tasting the forbidden charms.
Swift through the curling brake his pintle drove,
To seek among dark shade the springs of love.
With ease he pierced the sacred gloomy shade
Through the same passage with the candle made.
And when the furious swain was just arrived
At love's soft goal, the waking nymph revived.
Scarce yet recovered from her trance she lay,
And felt his strokes with wonder and with joy.

With arms and legs embraced the amorous swain,
Cried, "Oh, my dear!" then spent and died again.

Thus she feels ecstasies unknown before,
Resolved to use the tallow tool no more,
And finding from a prick such true delight,
Leaves the dull taper to supply the night.
Thus he fucks on with many a vigorous thrust,
Blest by the nymph, though by the candle curst.

—Modernized version by Catherine Howells and George T. Amis

Note: The Kit-Cat Club was an 18th Century London literary group. Some of its members were Matthew Prior, Richard Steele, Joseph Addison, William Congreve and John Vanbrugh. Although the author of this poem is unknown, he might be one of those.

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

ISLAM CONNECTION (continued from page 130)

"And since Allah was about to take away white Western power, the future belonged to blacks."

that the centuries of international supremacy western Europe and America have imposed upon the vast majority of mankind (who do not happen to be white or Christian) would draw to a screaming end by 1984. Further, he said that Christianity would simultaneously disappear from the face of the earth, for a number of reasons. Had not Christianity, he said, been used by its adherents to sanctify the atrocities committed, say, by France, Britain, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Rome and the United States in the acquisition of Third World colonies? Had Christianity not provided the moral justification necessary to maintain that power? Fard was not the first to observe that those "victories" were automatically held up as proof of God's shamelessly self-indulgent favoritism.

He went even further: Black Americans, he said, owed no allegiance to the United States; their natural ancestors were Asiatics, Africans, Arabs; historically, their true religion was Islam. Characterizing America as morally degenerate, Fard called for American blacks to reject Christianity and the United States. And since Allah, that is to say, Fard, was about to take away white Western power, the future therefore belonged to blacks and their nonwhite brothers.

Taken symbolically, Fard's theology addressed the social conditions of blacks in America with a unique, unexpurgated honesty. As rhetoric, the candor of its hatred provided an outlet for blacks inside and outside the movement to tell off white America. But Fard's theology wasn't presented to Wallace's childhood mind as a symbol.

It was presented as the truth, the divinely revealed Gospel of God, and it was a long way from the Koran. Fard based his teachings on something he called Yacub's History, a line of thought that went like this:

In the beginning, the moon separated from the earth and Original Man was created. He was black. A god. Just as each and every black today is God. They founded Mecca and it was paradise. Around 6000 years ago, there arose 24 scientists among them, including a child prodigy with an oversized skull called Mr. Yacub, nicknamed the Big-Headed Scientist. He was a member of the tribe of Shabazz, from which all American blacks are descended. Born to raise hell, Yacub was eventually expelled from paradise, along with 59,999 of his followers.

To avenge himself on blacks generally and on Allah in particular, Yacub decided to create a lighter, weaker race made susceptible to evil through genetic engineering. In 200-year intervals (during the first of which Yacub died, leaving detailed instructions for the continuance of his plan), his group stuck needles into the brains of every newborn black godlet until the red, yellow and finally the white race was created. The whites were shameless animals who walked on all fours. They were also devils with infernal powers, supernaturally evil.

Although black gods drove the whites out of Saudi Arabia and into the caves of Europe, Allah eventually permitted them to steal from blacks and claim credit for everything worth having and knowing. Blacks, in fact, were brought as slaves to America to observe devils up close. Nevertheless, in 1914, Allah ended white-devil domination. He granted a 50-year grace period to enable original black gods to prepare themselves to receive and administer the incipient golden age.

No matter how that theory looks in print, for Wallace and thousands of others, the belief in Fard's divinity, the truth of his theology and the divine endowments of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad were undisputed facts for more than 40 years. On February 26 of each year, thousands of Black Muslims from all over the United States would converge upon Chicago for a festival to commemorate Fard's assigned birthday, known among the faithful as Savior's Day. (Wallace has all but phased out Savior's Day, though he himself came to power on February 26, 1975, a fact both he and his flock consider a divine omen.)

Why Savior's Day? For one thing, Fard's message redeemed thousands of junkies, prostitutes, convicts and strong-arm men, as well as untold numbers of citizens who had been crushed by white America and its Christianity that considered them the divinely cursed descendants of Ham. Fard offered an infinitely more majestic identity and destiny—so majestic, in fact, that when Elijah died, thousands of the faithful were profoundly shaken because they had believed from the bottom of their hearts that he was immortal. Fard's Gospel was the very air that Wallace and thousands of others breathed.

•

To young Wallace, the temple—the national religious supremacist headquarters his father had begun to construct and rule with an iron hand—was a second home. All members of the temple police force, the Fruit of Islam, knew Wallace and his special destiny. To him they were forbidding men in special uniforms who served as bodyguards for his father and other ministers; men who searched for concealed weapons on every person entering; men who barred whites from admittance and intervened at police precincts when a Black Muslim had been collared.

The Fruit of Islam was more than that, though. It was an emblem of the new order, the master race. It was Elijah's enforcer, answerable only to him. It also supervised Black Muslim trials, in which defendants, who were not permitted to present evidence or offer a defense, were brought before the court for sins ranging from adultery to obesity, from growing rich on Muslim funds to consuming alcohol. The Fruit of Islam pronounced judgment, which was final.

As a child, Wallace was also well known to many members of the Muslim Girls Training and General Civilization Class, the organization that trained the women in the arts of Muslim homemaking and husband serving. And, finally, he was all too familiar with the message by which his father commanded the allegiance of those people who needed very much to hear it again and again:

"The white man is the Devil and Satan is the cause of all evil in the world! The Devil cannot be corrected. He must be eliminated from the planet! History teaches us we must not associate with evil nor participate in the phony, worthless political system the Devil has imposed upon us! After all the hell the white American Devil has caused the divine black race, any black man praising him is an Uncle Tom, blind to the sufferings of his own people, and guilty of treason!"

Someone once asked Wallace to recall the most cherished memories of his earliest childhood. He replied that the only vivid memories he had were painful. He remembered nightmares, waking up screaming, thinking he was holding a crowbar in his hands to keep invaders from murdering his family.

According to the leading scholar of the Black Muslim movement, Duke University religion professor C. Eric Lincoln, the movement was conceived in strife (including an instance or two of human sacrifices on makeshift altars—a practice Elijah did not condone). Elijah and his family were run out of Detroit before Wallace was old enough to walk.

Wallace was raised in a ferociously fundamentalist household. "My father

(continued on page 200)

OPENING GAMBITS

want to start something? try an aperitif

AN APERITIF. Isn't that what you order in a smoky Parisian *brasserie*, standing at a zinc-topped bar? But of course. And you also order it any time you want an appetite stimulator, a civilized, often pungent pre-prandial drink that doesn't anesthetize your taste buds the way a double martini does, yet gets your gastric juices flowing, priming you for the meal to come.

Almost any alcoholic beverage that stimulates the appetite can serve as an appetizer. However, aperitifs can be separated into four or five broad and occasionally overlapping groups. The most distinctive compounds are the wine-based bittersweets, the bitter accent being derived from barks and *(concluded on page 190)*

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

WIN THIS ISLAND

A SWEEPSTAKES

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The rich low 'tar.'

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1. **THE PRIZE WILL BE AWARDED AND CONSISTS OF A CENTRAL FLORIDA LAKE ISLAND AND FURNISHED HOUSE SHOWN ("IMPROVED ISLAND") OR, AT THE WINNER'S OPTION (EXERCISED NOT LATER THAN OCTOBER 1, 1980), THE SUM OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS ($100,000).**
2. If at any time the island or the house on it is destroyed or, in the sponsor's sole judgment, is so damaged as to make restoration impractical, or if the present owner breaches its agreement to convey marketable title, the sponsor, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, reserves the right to award in lieu of the improved island a sum equal to the price to be paid by the sponsor for the improved island, and the payment of said sum shall fully satisfy the sponsor's obligations to the winner. Except as provided in Rule #1, no cash or any other substitution for the prize as offered will be allowed. Prize is not transferable prior to award. Liability for taxes is the sole responsibility of the winner.
3. To enter, hand-print your name, address and zip code on the Official Entry Blank or on a 3" x 5" plain piece of paper and mail to: RICH LIGHTS "Win This Island" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box CC, Chicago, Illinois 60677. Each entry must include either a proof-of-purchase of a package of RICH LIGHTS cigarettes (one closure seal) or the words "RICH LIGHTS CIGARETTES" hand-printed on a separate 3" x 5" plain piece of paper. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.
4. Enter as often as you like, but each entry must be mailed separately. Entries must be postmarked by July 15, 1980, and received by July 31, 1980. No post cards, metered mail or mechanically reproduced entries accepted.
5. Winner will be determined by random drawing from among all complying entries received prior to deadline by H. Olsen & Co., an independent judging organization whose decision is final. The odds of winning will be determined by the total number of your entries and the total number of entries received.
6. Winner will be notified by mail. To obtain name of winner, available after September 1, 1980 send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: RICH LIGHTS Winners List, P.O. Box CC, Chicago, Illinois 60677.
7. Sweepstakes is open only to residents of the U.S.A., its territories or possessions who are 21 years of age or older except employees of (a) Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, its subsidiaries, affiliates or advertising/promotional agencies, or (b) H. Olsen & Co. Void wherever prohibited or restricted by law. All Federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. Proof of eligibility and age will be required. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.

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Please enter me in the RICH LIGHTS "Win This Island" Sweepstakes. I've enclosed the closure seal from a package of RICH LIGHTS cigarettes; or I've enclosed the words "Rich Lights Cigarettes" hand-printed on a separate 3" x 5" plain piece of paper. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Name: _____

(I certify that I am 21 years of age or older.)

Address _____

City _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Mail to: RICH LIGHTS "Win This Island" Sweepstakes
P.O. Box CC Chicago, Illinois 60677

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925

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Dealer: Write your regular one pack selling price here.

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the best moments in films aren't always the ones for which they give oscars

THE YEAR IN MOVIES

MAGIC MOMENTS

EVERY YEAR about this time, Hollywood gears up for the Oscars. An entire notion holds its breath, waiting to find out which costume designer in an industrial film less than five minutes long will make a speech in sign language about the rights of Serbo-Croatians. We aren't saying that Oscars don't have a rightful place—we have it on good authority that, properly heated, they make excellent sexual aids. We think you go to the movies for other reasons. You go to the movies to see the unexpected, to cop good lines, to see Laura Antonelli bare her body for art, to see action on a scale that requires you at least to move your eyes—something that doesn't happen on TV. The only thing that makes Monday morning tolerable is the opportunity to discuss the movies you saw that weekend. There's an old saying: Never buy a car that was built the Monday after a Burt Reynolds movie opened in Detroit. We thought we'd take this opportunity to discuss the things that turned us on in the past year—a collection of magic moments. Images that will live forever—gum stuck in the aisles of our mind.

This year's Guess Who's Coming to Dinner Award goes to the creature in *Alien*, whose surprise appearance at the crew mess of the star freighter Nostromo levitated the entire audience. The director wanted a gut reaction; he got one. *Alien* also introduced Sigourney Weaver. Amen. Someone called our office and offered PLAYBOY nude outtakes from *Alien*. Imagine our expectation; but all we got were nudes of the Alien. Maybe next life. All in all, it was a pretty good year at the movies. We had Miss Piggy and Bo Derek—two "10s" in 12 months ain't bad. We had little bits of business that were entirely charming: Pig Eye Jackson juggling kittens in *The Jerk*; Malcolm McDowell finding a spare pair of glasses in the H. G. Wells exhibit in *Time After Time*; Cheryl Bornes singing *Easy to Be Hard* in *Hair*; Jaws falling in love in *Moonraker*; the coming-attraction trailers for *The Empire Strikes Back*. We had good popcorn, good dates and a good time. Encore.

HEROES, VILLAINS, ET AL

Forget the Oscars. We don't know if it's acting, but we know what we like. Sigourney Weaver in *Alien* gets our vote for Best Hero. She did everything better than the guys. After her two movies about TV, Jane Fonda is our candidate to replace Jane Pauley on *Today*, while Peter Sellers showed definite possibilities as a Johnny Carson clone in *Being There*.

George Burns was responsible for the Best Caper in *Going in Style*. When asked what to do with the haul from a bank job, he muses, "Go to the movies?" That's class. *The Onion Field*'s psycho, James Woods, was, without doubt,

FROG ON A WIRE: Special effects are supposed to make the audience ask, "How did they *do* that?" In the case of *Star Trek—The Motion Picture* and *The Black Hole*, the more frequent response was, "Why did they bother?" The most intriguing special effect belongs to *The Muppet Movie*; specificolly, the scene in which Kermit the Frog appears to be riding a bicycle. How wos it done? Well, to begin with, the crew built (at great expense) a rodio-remote-controlled two-wheeler. The idea was that when the bike got going, its turning pedols would move Kermit's legs and, presto: Kermit could do his imitation of the racer in *Breaking Away*. Unfortunately, like the shark in *Jaws*, the very expensive bike broke down on the set. So much for mechanical marvels. The director mode do with an overhead crane, monofilament wire ond skilled puppeteers.

HOLLYWOOD ON FIVE MILLIGRAMS A DAY: The Burt Reynolds–Jill Clayburgh–Candice Bergen comedy *Starting* Over has more than its share of magic moments. When Clayburgh first encounters Reynolds on a dark street, she screams, "Get the fuck oway from me. I've got a knife. I'll cut your fucking balls off. So help me." In Hollywood, this is known as the *meet cute*. Later, while shopping for a sofa in Bloomingdale's, Reynolds suffers a massive onxiety attack. His brother asks the assembled crowd, "Does anyone have a Valium?" Twenty or 30 bottles appear from purses and pockets. Apporently, this scene was bosed on a real-life—such as it is—incident. Reynolds freaked out at Ma Moison—the ultrachic restaurant in Beverly Hills—and was offered a pharmacy by the patrons. Take o meeting and call us in the morning, Burt.

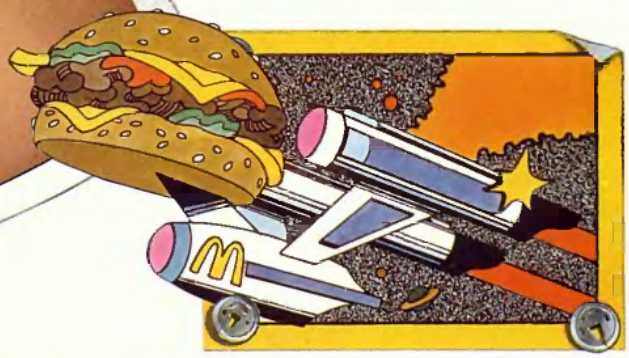
the Best Villain. Bette Midler in *The Rose* was the Best Victim, the Best Voice, the Best Legs and the Best Everything Else.

FOOD FIGHT!! Ever since James Cagney attacked Mae Clarke with a grapefruit in *The Public Enemy*, the battle between the sexes has escalated, and it's finally come full circle. In *The Seduction of Joe Tynan*, Meryl Streep empties a Heineken's into Alan Aldo's crotch, then remarks casuolly thot things do shrink with the cold. We hope she offered him a suitable chaser. Or maybe she just likes beer to have a good head.

ONE-SHOTS

The world of movies extends far beyond the magic of the silver screen. There is also the world of movie memorabilia—the odd artifacts ond news stories that surround the business that is show. For example, in the movie "10," Bo Derek tries to seduce Dudley Moore to the turgid rhythms of Ravel's *Bolero*. The moment is pure slopstick, but one man's satire is another man's sound track. A record store in New York reported o tremendous run on recordings of *Bolero*. All copies were sold out within weeks of the opening. The records were selling like Frisbees. It beats disco, but this is ridiculous. For those of you with children or kinky roommates, there was Kenner's

Alien toy, available from J. C. Penney. For those of you who collect posters, there wos the soon-to-be-collector's-classic *Killer Nun*, starring Anita Ekberg. (Other ecumenical titles: *Satan's Slave*, *God's Gun*.) In the oreo of creative publicity stunts, we had the stunning coincidence of Three Mile Island and *The China Syndrome*. The Nuclear Regulatory Commission hos guaronteed an encore when the film is sold to television. Probobly the worst promotionol compaign of the year was McDonald's Star Trek Meal—a box lunch with a cheeseburger, fries, soft drink, cookies and toy. One bite ond you wont to beam up. At least it wasn't an Alien lunch box.



BEST LINES

"I'm gonno find me a bottle of tequila. I'm gonna get me one of those keno girls who can suck the chrome right off o troiler hitch, then I'm gonna kick out."
(Willie Nelson, *The Electric Horseman*)

"If I say it's safe to surf this beach, Coptain, then it's sofe to surf this beach."
(Robert Duvall, *Apocalypse Now*)

"We don't serve hippies."
"That's all right. We don't eat them."
(Dialog between the owner of a truck stop and Bette Midler, *The Rose*)

"Kah-vetch, Koh-vetch." (Sally Field, *Norma Rae*)

"I think next week I'll be able to send more money, as I may have extra work. . . . My friend Potty promised me a blow job." (Steve Martin, *The Jerk*)

Where are the classic couples of yesteryear? Bogart and Bergman. Tracy and Hepburn. Nowodays, the most exciting onscreen chemistry occurs between some-sex couples: second row, left to right, the good buddies of *The Deer Hunter;* Ugo Tognozzi ond Michel Serrault in *La Cage aux Folles;* Nick Nolte and Mac Davis in *North Dallas Forty;* Dustin Hoffman and Justin Henry in *Kramer vs. Kramer;* Tom Berenger and William Katt in *Butch and Sundance: The Early Days;* Alon Arkin ond Peter Falk in *The In-Laws.* Holding the fort for heterosexuals were Malcolm McDowell and Mory Steenburgen in *Time After Time* (top left), not to mention Kermit and Miss Piggy. The Worst Sexual Chemistry Award goes to John Travolta and Lily Tomlin in *Moment by Moment* (top center). It seems Hollywood hod the hots for cripples: Witness the disfigured heroine in *The Promise* (top right), the blind skater in *Ice Castles,* the deaf girl in *Voices,* the comatose Talia Shire in *Rocky II.* If this is chemistry, true love is a telethon.

BRUCE WILLIAMSON'S HIT LIST

The 10 Best Movies of 1979
(in alphabetical order)

All That Jazz: Sex, showbiz and heart surgery with flashes of madness.

Apocalypse Now: A memorable, mind-bending experience, even with a bad end from Brando.

Being There: Peter Sellers in his funniest role since *Dr. Strangelove.*

Breaking Away: Heart-warming proof that the movie big time is not reserved for heavy spenders.

Hair: The Broadway hit of the Sixties transformed, brilliantly.

Kramer vs. Kramer: A bitter custody battle—played to the hilt.

La Cage aux Folles: A couple of aging faggots in the funniest damned movie of the year.

Manhattan: Woody Allen's first reolly serious comedy.

Starting Over: The kind of ricochet romance sure to banish the blahs.

Yanks: An impeccable, atmospheric valentine; one of the most misunderstood movies of the year.

The 10 Worst Movies of 1979
(in alphabetical order)

Fedora: Factory seconds from Billy Wilder.

Hurricane: A long-winded remake. Mia Farrow should eschew sarongs.

Luna: Motherfucking vs. methadone, hopelessly miscast.

Meteor: One big bad disaster movie takes the rap for all.

1941: Between car wrecks and plane crashes, I counted one good laugh.

Nosferatu: The so-called German New Wave bores me stiff.

Old Boyfriends: Vengeful wallflower Talia Shire may be Francis Coppola's sister, but who cares?

Rocky II: A virtual scene-by-scene remake of *Rocky,* crassly packaged.

The Runner Stumbles: Adorable nuns make me nervous.

Sidney Sheldon's Bloodline: Utter nonsense linking Big Business with snuff movies.

THE YEAR OF THE ORGASM

A few seasons ago, *Time*'s review of the *Silver Streak* suggested that the dialog sounded as if it had been written by the Playboy Advisor. Thanks. We liked the movie, too. Last year, however, movie dialog sounded like letters written to the Advisor. In *Manhattan*, a lady at a cocktail party in the Museum of Modern Art comments, "I finally had an orgasm, but my analyst says it's the wrong kind." In *Starting Over*, Candice Bergen

turns to Burt Reynolds the morning after and sighs, "When we made love last night, I had a *vaginal* orgasm." We thought Masters and Johnson settled that debate. In *Being There*, Shirley MacLaine dutifully tries to find out what arouses TV addict Peter Sellers. He replies, "I like to watch," indicating the boob tube. While Sellers tunes in to a yoga class, MacLaine masturbates—unwitnessed—on a bearskin rug (above). Later, she confesses she never had it so good. Self-help is the best help. In "*10*" (opposite page), Dudley Moore portrays an urban astranomer with a somewhat similarly inclined neighbar, who tells him, "I've given you X-rated, all you've given me is PG." He may eat those words. When George Segal bailed out af the leading role, his lawyers charged that "*10*" was a porn movie. Sure, George. *Luna* (opposite) shows ane mather's attempt ta deal with the question "Do yau know where your kids are tonight?" Jill Clayburgh solves the Oedipal conflict by jerking aff her son. Funny Freud didn't think of that. Finally, we noticed that Hallywaod had a strange obsessian with sex, violence and baldness, frequent cancerns of the Playboy Advisor. The bald-headed lover in *Bloodline*, above, strangles his wamen. The bald-headed vampire in *Nosferatu* (opposite page) sucks—blood. The bald-headed Persis Khambatta in *Star*

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION

How to Get a Head in Hollywood. The two primary concerns af cinema are (1) sex and (2) death and destruction. Since PLAYBOY regularly deals with the farmer in *Sex in Cinema*, we thought we'd take this opportunity ta discuss the latter. Decapitation was a big trend in Hallywaad last year. In *Apocalypse Now* (top left), Marlon Brando tasses Frederic Forrest's head into Martin Sheen's cage. In *The Silent Partner* (bottom left), Christopher Plummer uses an aquarium as a guillotine, leaving Celine Lomez' head afloat amidst the fish. In Robert Altman's short-lived *Quintet*, Nina Van Pallandt (far left) gets an arrow through the head, earning her the Dumbest Steve Martin Impersonation Award. In *Dawn of the Dead*, a Hare Krishna gets his head shaved down ta the neck by a helicopter. That should teach them not to solicit at airports. So much for death. They say the only difference between men and boys is the

Trek—The Motion Picture (top right) is turned into a machine by a mysterious intruder. She finally goes off with her childhood lover in a cosmic parody of computer dating. In *Apocalypse Now* (top), a bald-headed Marlon Brando manages to fuck an entire movie.

IN CINEMA

price of their toys; well, the only difference between men and directors is about seven figures. Tinseltown rumor has it that the Hollywood Boulevard plane crash in Steven Spielberg's spectacle *1941* (above) cost in the vicinity of $1,000,000 per take and that perfectionist Spielberg shot the scene three times. Ah, wretched excess.

OPENING GAMBITS *(continued from page 181)*

"Bitter aperitifs are intensely flavored; like them or not, they leave an imprint on the palate."

roots. This group encompasses Dubonnet, St. Raphael, Byrrh and Cora's new Very Americano Aperitivo—a product that needs no mixer. It also includes a spirit-based segment—Campari, Suze and Amer Picon. Campari is easily the leader in this collection, but romantics will remind you that a dollop of Picon in the water canteen kept the French Foreign Legion going. This category is intensely flavored; like them or not, they leave an imprint on the palate.

Aromatized wines, vermouth and its variations, are the other major aperitif group. While this takes in your basic sweet (Italian) and dry (French) vermouth, such as Martini & Rossi, Boissiere, Duval, Tribuno and Noilly Prat, it also covers sprightly Lillet; zesty Punt è Mes, a vermouth with an extra measure of bitters; *biancos*, sweet golden vermouths favored in Italy; Rosso Antico, a cunning mélange of aged wines and vivacious aromatics that wants only chilling; and two new rosé vermouth *aperitivos* from respected producers. Stock is light, dry and understated, while Cinzano Rosé is moderately sweet and piquant, with hints of citrus. A slice of lemon in the glass highlights that property.

For a different taste, you might explore pastis, licorice-flavored spirits such as Pernod and Ricard. They're quite intense—often diluted with four or five parts mixer with one of pastis in such drinks as the Suisse and the Pimplemousse (Pernod and grapefruit juice).

Bone-dry sherries such as Tio Pepe and La Ina or the fuller Dry Sack, dryish Rainwater, Sercial or Cossart's Viva madeiras and the drier white portos are familiar fortified-wine aperitifs, but table wines are equally agreeable. Chilled *brut* champagne is classic, the nonsparkling, dry Coteaux *champenois* is delightful, as are flowery *Gewürztraminers* and Rieslings from Germany, Alsace and California. Again, you want them on the dry side and of good quality. Remember, they'll be out there on their own, sans food, so any flaws will be more apparent. Not ordinarily listed with aperitifs, crisp Portuguese *vinho verde* and *dry* muscat d'Alsace are also interesting.

Beyond those are various proprietary specialties that defy classification but deserve inclusion in any aperitif review. Perceptive sippers are taking to Reynac Pineau des Charentes, a winning French combination of three-year-old cognacs and *mistelle*—unfermented grape juice. Only the Italians could invent Cynar—distinctively flavored by a maceration of artichokes. Japan sends Shogun, white wine discreetly accented with sake, for tang, that should be served chilled or on the rocks. And for the indolent, there's La Gallique—a premixed kir. At one time, this popular aperitif cocktail was known as Vin Blanc Cassis, or Vermouth Cassis, when made with dry vermouth. The new name was adopted to honor Canon Felix Kir, a French Resistance hero, later mayor of Dijon—and, coincidentally, to stimulate interest in two local products: *bourgogne aligote*, an acidly white wine, and crème de cassis liqueur.

It's a simple matter to prepare kirs and a variety of aperitif combinations to your own taste. Being generously flavored, many aperitifs are easier to appreciate when blended with compatible mixers. Compare the following drinks with the straight aperitif—and see if you don't agree.

ROYAL KIR

This sparkling version of the kir is served at Manhattan's sparkling Four Seasons Restaurant.

2 teaspoons crème de cassis
1 teaspoon *framboise* (raspberry brandy)
4 ozs. *brut* champagne, chilled

Pour crème de cassis into chilled champagne flute and swirl to coat sides. Add *framboise* and champagne. Serve immediately.

Note: For Wild and Crazy Kir, use Vin Fou instead of champagne.

REYNAC REFRESHER

2 ozs. Reynac Pineau des Charentes
½ oz. cognac
½ slice orange

Stir Reynac and cognac with ice. Strain into cocktail glass, decorate with orange.

When in doubt . . .

PUNT

Punt è Mes
Orange peel

Strip section of orange peel about ¾" x 1½" from fresh, thick-skinned orange. Pour 2 to 3 ozs. Punt è Mes over ice in small old fashioned glass. Hold peel between thumb and forefinger of left hand. Grasp match with right hand, ignite and hold so flame is about 1 in. from peel. Snap peel sharply between fingers to expel oil. If you do it right, the flame will catch the spurting orange oil and spark or flare for a moment. Drop peel into glass; stir and imbibe.

BIG RED

2 ozs. Rosso Antico, chilled
2 ozs. dry vermouth, chilled
Lemon slice
¼ oz. brandy

Pour Rosso Antico and vermouth over one ice cube in old fashioned glass; stir quickly. Add lemon slice. Float brandy on top.

LILLET SPLASH

A charming aperitif that may be better known here than in its native France.

3 ozs. Lillet, chilled
Thin slice orange, with peel
Club soda, chilled

Pour Lillet into wineglass. Add orange slice and light splash of soda. Stir once.

APERITIVO PAPPAGALLO

A clever mixture from Bologna's highly regarded Ristorante Al Pappagallo.

Juice of ½ orange
½ oz. gin
½ oz. sweet vermouth
⅓ oz. Martini & Rossi Bianco
Dash bitters

Shake all ingredients with ice and strain into champagne flute or cocktail glass.

CYNARA

2 ozs. Cynar
Lemon soda, chilled
Lime wedge

Pour Cynar over ice in 8-oz. highball glass. Add soda to taste. Squeeze in juice of lime; add peel. Stir once.

Note: For drier drink, substitute club soda for lemon soda.

RED ROBIN

1 oz. Dubonnet
1 oz. vodka
Ripe strawberry

Pour Dubonnet and vodka over ice in small old fashioned glass. Stir well. Spear berry with pick and place in glass.

ITALIAN FIRECRACKER

2 ozs. Campari
1 teaspoon grenadine
3 ozs. cranberry-juice cocktail
Lime slice

Pour Campari, grenadine and cranberry juice over ice in thin 8-oz. highball glass. Stir. Hang lime slice on edge of glass.

ORANGE SAINT

1½ ozs. St. Raphael
2 ozs. orange juice
Lemon slice

Pour St. Raphael and orange juice over ice in old fashioned glass. Stir; add lemon slice.

Aperitifs needn't be limited to stimulating the appetite. They can set all your juices flowing. Try them and see!

The freezer. There's a Ford Granada in that block of ice – with Shell Fire & Ice motor oil in its crankcase. After we chopped through the ice, we turned the key. The engine started in four seconds.

The oven. Same test car, same Shell Fire & Ice, towing a 30-ton crane in the Mojave Desert 36 hours later. The oil temperature hit 270°F (well above normal). But Shell Fire & Ice protected the engine.

From the freezer to the oven in 36 hours: The Shell motor oil that had to earn its name.

Take a new Ford Granada and ask it to crank up fast, frozen in a huge block of ice. Then, after you've thawed it out, ask it to pull a 30-ton crane through several miles of Mojave Desert.

Do that and you aren't just asking the car to perform. You're demanding peak performance from its motor oil.

A frozen Ford gets a quick start

Shell Fire & Ice® 10W-40 is an *all-season* motor oil. And an all-season motor oil should be able to help cold engines start fast.

Enter "the freezer."

First we built a special mold to hold our Ford Granada.

Then we put it in a gigantic freezer at zero degrees and sprayed in gallon after gallon of water. Layer by layer, the water was frozen around the car.

Inside the Ford's crankcase, the oil temperature dropped to well below freezing.

When we removed the walls of the mold, the ice was so solid that it took us an hour with two pickaxes to hack our way into the passenger compartment.

Finally, we turned the key.

Immediately, the engine cranked. In four seconds, it started. We'd gotten our Shell Fire & Ice All Season Motor Oil down to subfreezing, and it *still* helped the engine start fast.

"The Oven"

An all-season oil also has to protect when the going gets hot. And the going that gets an oil the hottest is towing a heavy load.

So after we'd defrosted our test car (a 36-hour task), we hooked it up to the crane we'd used to lift the ice block out of its mold.

The crane weighed in at over 60,000 pounds—the Ford Granada, a mere 3,500 pounds.

We started towing. By the time we'd gone several miles, the oil temperature had hit 270°F. Well above normal.

Did Shell Fire & Ice protect? We tore the Ford's engine down the next day for a closer look. And after carefully examining its critical parts, our technical experts had the proof:

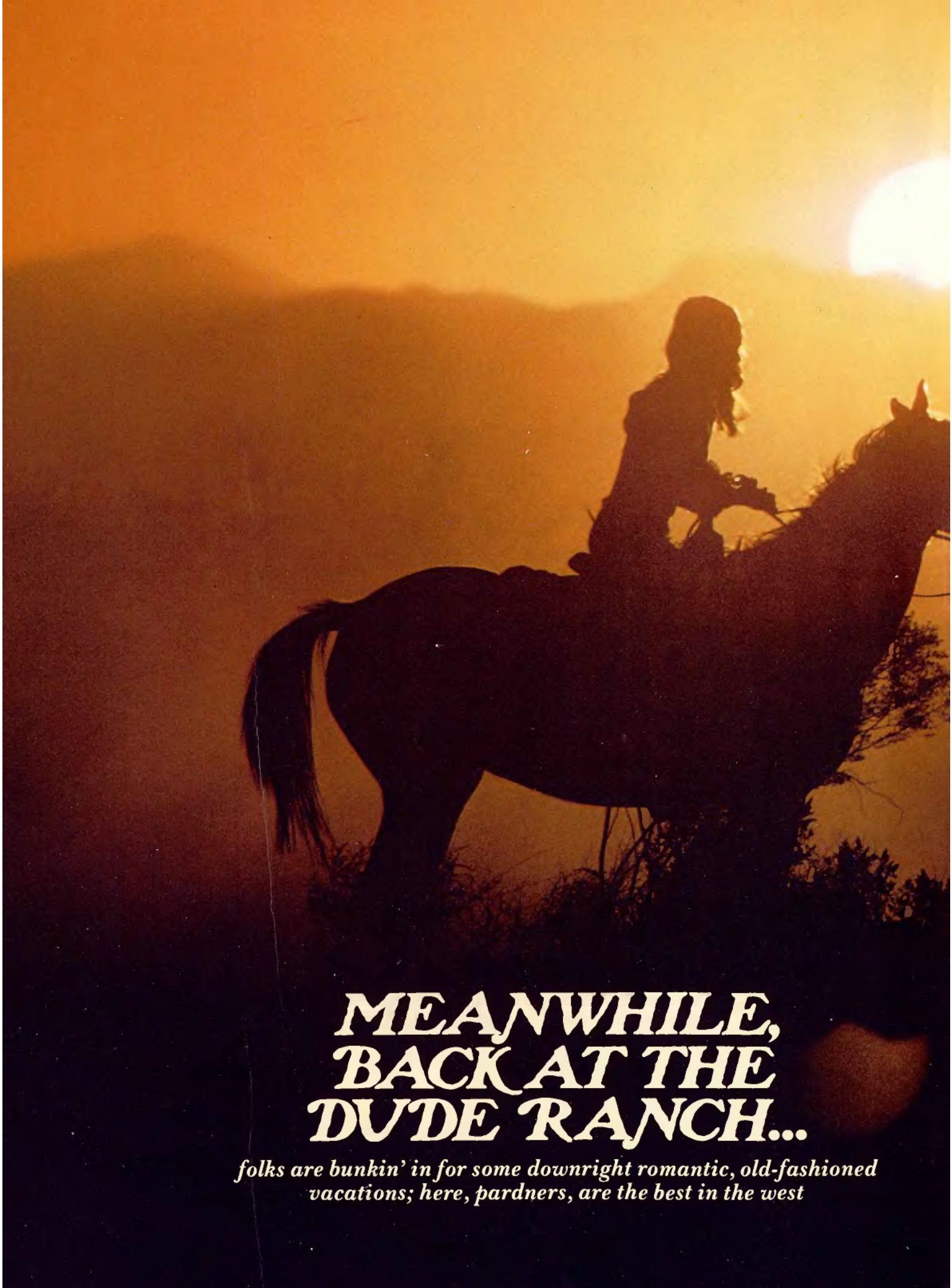
There was not one bit of abnormal engine wear. 36 hours after helping a cold engine start fast, the same Shell Fire & Ice Motor Oil had protected an extra hot engine.

Gas-saving formula.

Shell Fire & Ice All Season Motor Oil is formulated to save gasoline. Your mileage will depend upon car and conditions.

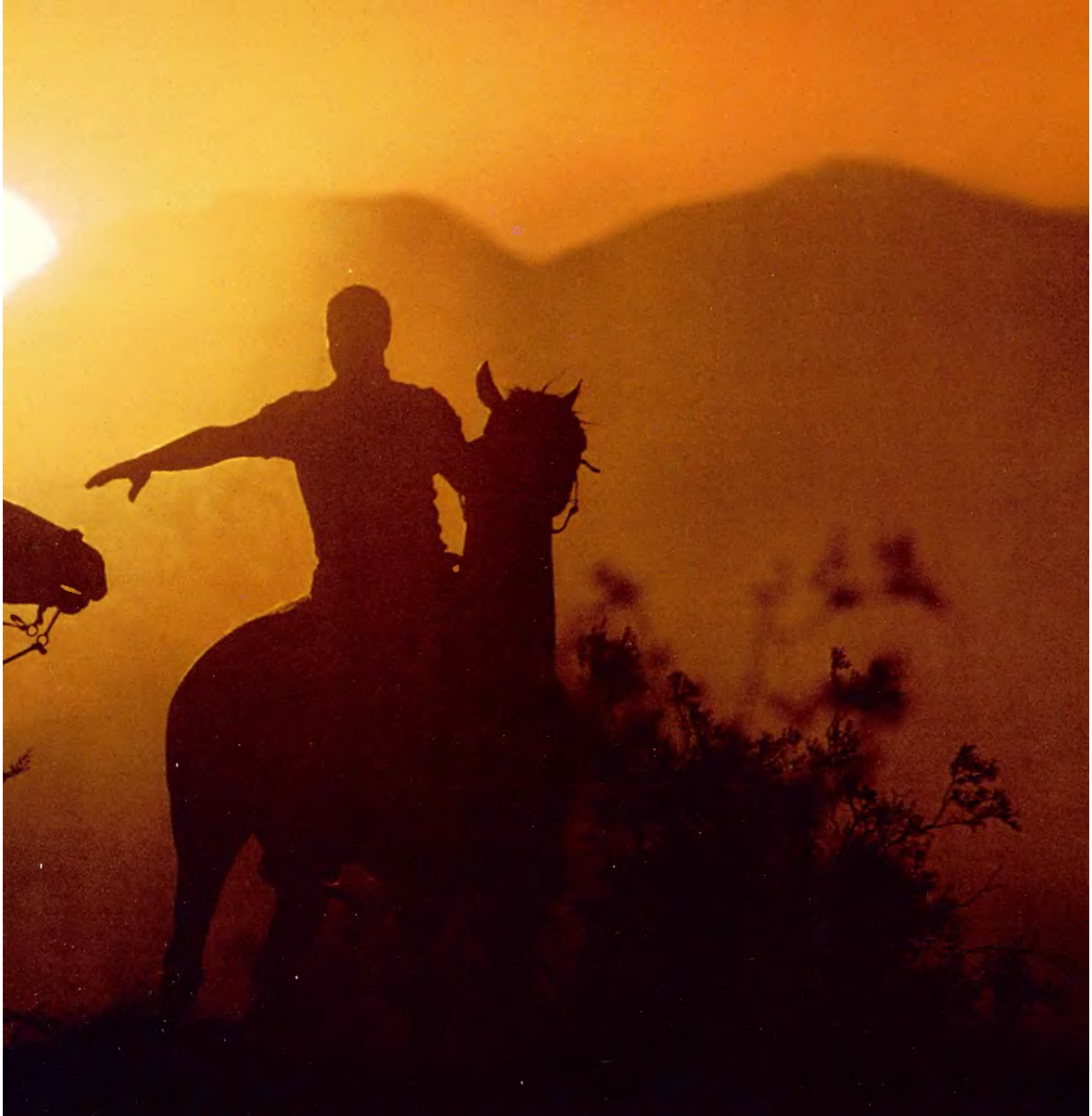
So change to Shell Fire & Ice 10W-40 Motor Oil today.

Shell



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE DUDE RANCH...

folks are bunkin' in for some downright romantic, old-fashioned vacations; here, pardners, are the best in the west



travel By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

THEY SAY the West is dead—the old wild West, that is—where men were men and you shot first and checked a guy's politics afterward. Today we hear that the rough-and-tumble days are now long gone and that they live on only in reverent memory—or on television or in the movies.

But whoever is passing out all those cow chips obviously hasn't spent much time poking around many bunkhouses lately. The cattle drives north on the Chisholm Trail may have been replaced by more temperature-controlled means of transportation, and the old shoot-outs between cattlemen and

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA

farmers may now more commonly be tussles involving agribusiness conglomerates. But the fact is that the Western spirit has never soared higher and that domestic and international interest in Westerniana has never been greater. From the Italian spaghetti Westerns to the world-wide worship of ranch-rough jeans, the cowboys-and-Indians legends are obviously still vibrantly alive in many hearts and minds. And when you discover that guest or dude ranches (the terms are virtually synonymous) continue to proliferate from New England to the Pacific, you get some sense of the degree of global involvement.

What's even more surprising is that these guest farms and ranches are available in a dazzling variety of imposed sweat and stress. They haven't quite come up with the ultimate upholstered horse (including power steering), but there are several spreads that come pretty close to treating the tenderest tenderfoot in appropriately sybaritic style. And at the other end of the spectrum, there are the true working ranches that accept guests on what sometimes seems like a grudging basis, where the welcome and hospitality are genuine enough, but they are offered with the clear understanding that the work of the ranch comes first and that the guest must be prepared to be treated just like every other hired hand. In between, there are guest ranches with swimming pools, trout streams, Jacuzzis, rodeo arenas, hot tubs, square-dance halls, and some with enough tennis courts so that the blisters you spawn are far more likely to be on your racket hand than on the part of your body that most often hits the saddle. You have only to pick your appropriate personal poison.

This selection process—that is, determining the precise degree of Western authenticity you can (or choose to) handle—is a crucial one, often involving matters of life and love, and can involve a fair portion of painful self-analysis. My own very first foray into the wild West is a good example of the perils that can befall the self-deluded, and it was with no small sense of loss that I watched a potentially epic romance disintegrate due to a misguided appraisal of my ability (literally) in the saddle.

In my case, the lady in question had been raised on horseback just about since birth, though initially I saw that as no great chasm between us. And when she suggested we spend an idyllic week at a "working ranch," I agreed with enthusiasm. After all, I considered myself the prince of Central Park, an urban horseman of no small experience, though admittedly mine involved mostly pulling up at stop lights and negotiating blacktop side streets rather than plains and prairies. What I didn't realize initially—but would later come to recognize with dismaying swiftness—was that there's a hell of a lot of difference between the horses out West (even the guest-ranch variety) and those that have come to know exactly when an hour is up and routinely turn back toward their high-rise stable at that split second.

I can't even say that my own ignominy was the result of being hurled into the dust by some fiercely bucking stallion, since I actually never quite got that far. My humiliation took place right beside the corral fence, quite close to the bunkhouse, where all the world could watch with glee. You see, in my experience, horses arrived fully dressed—that is, wearing such basic items of horsely attire as saddle, bridle, halter and other necessaries for trotting or cantering about. So it was something of a mild surprise when the walk down to the stables after a hearty breakfast that first morning revealed a corral full of nearly naked equines.

Now, my mother didn't raise an entirely dumbbell son, and I'd been weaned on the admonition that when you don't know what to do, watch someone who does and follow his (or her) lead. Sounds easy enough. So I hung back a tad as the head wrangler handed each guest a fair length of braided rope (with a hook at one end) and asked us to select one of the horses in the corral and fetch it to a nearby hitching post for saddling.

My new light of love sprung nimbly from the top of the corral fence on which she had been perched and walked confidently across the corral, directly toward a horse that looked like it ate at least one unwary guest every morning for breakfast. She calmly threw her rope over the horse's head, hooked it to the other end of the rope (which she still held in her hand) and quietly led the horse back toward the saddling area. The six other guests in our group did likewise, and it all looked easy enough. So there was no discernible flicker of uncertainty when America's Greatest Living Jewish Horseperson strode manfully across the corral, toward a horse that looked most like his late grandmother, and attempted to emulate the horsemanship of the others.

The spirit was certainly willing enough; it's just that talent and experience were totally absent. I'd love to be able to relate a tale of at least moderate injury (to add to the sympathy quotient of my sad saga), but the fact is that for the next three quarters of an hour, I would continually get to within three feet of the last remaining horse in the corral and that horse would then routinely move exactly three feet away. I'd take a step and so would it. For a full 45 minutes, we unwillingly entertained the other guests and ranch hands doing the tenderfoot gavotte, all to the great amusement of the assembled throng, save for the humiliated young woman with whom I was attempting to establish an ever more meaningful relationship. Although the rest of the week brought no similar *gaffes*, our time together was never again to create the chemistry it had prior to my revealing myself to be a strictly second-rate John Wayne. Those of you who anticipate a similar embarrassment—or worse—because you are an inexperienced rider should relax. Ranch owners and their wranglers are very careful about matching your skills with a suitable horse. The high insurance premiums ranches must pay for your riding make sure that they do. So when the head wrangler sizes you up and orders a mare named Dude Killer—laugh. It's supposed to be a joke.

Fortunately, detailed information on the relative rigors (or lack thereof) of America's guest ranches is available in considerable detail and is very easy to come by. So it's hardly necessary for you to repeat my sad experience. Prime among the current information sources is a guide called *Farm, Ranch & Country Vacations*, which condenses reams of brochures and random data into very comprehensible form. The current incarnation is in its 30th edition, which says something about the experience of its author, Pat Dickerman; and her knowledge of the many properties listed has made her book the most useful ranch reference resource available. (If you can't manage to find it in a local bookstore, it can be obtained for $6.95, postpaid, from Farm & Ranch Vacations, Inc., 36 East 57th Street, New York, New York 10022.)

It's also wise to take note of the very different seasonal allures of the ranches that follow. In Arizona, for example, desert temperatures can reach hide-frying heights in summer, and you wouldn't wish that kind of heat on a Gila monster. So the prime Arizona ranch season is from December through the first week in May, while Colorado, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming ranches don't really thaw out until June and get pretty cold again around mid-October. The time in between is the best for these Northern sites.

ARIZONA

Although Western fever has inspired the creation and expansion of Western-style resorts in virtually every state of the Union, the main concentration of the most appealing (and authentic) of those resorts is on the geographic spine that runs roughly down the Rocky Mountains from the Canadian border as far south as Tucson. And if just one state had to be selected as the guest-ranch headquarters of this country, Arizona would be it.

Specifically, the town of Wickenburg, located about 55 miles northwest of

(continued on page 231)

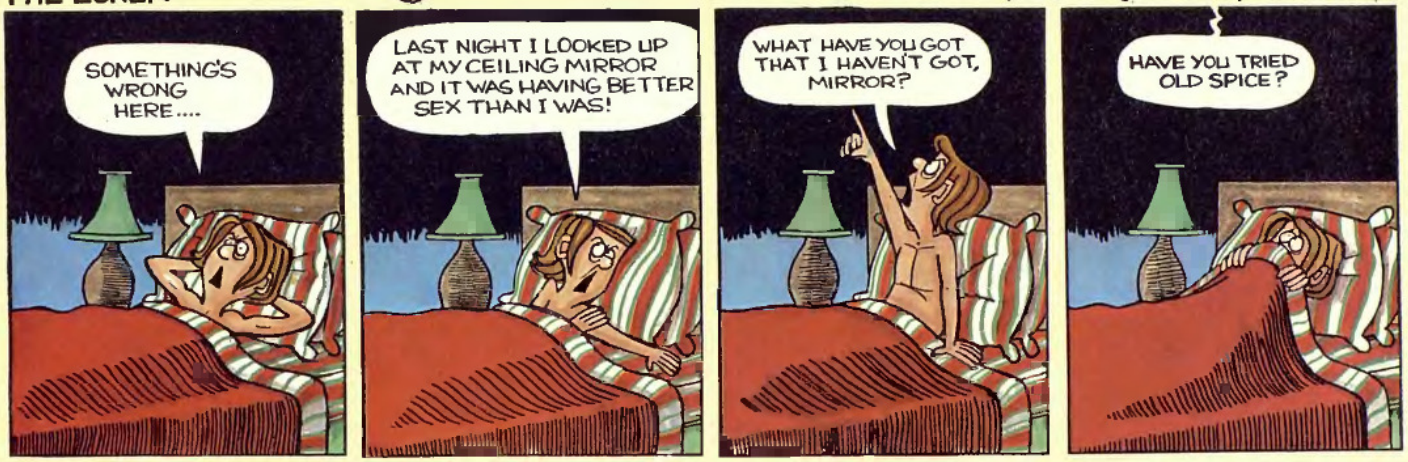
Vodka smooths out
in the limelight.

Vodka & Rose's - 4 parts Vodka, 1 part Rose's Lime Juice*

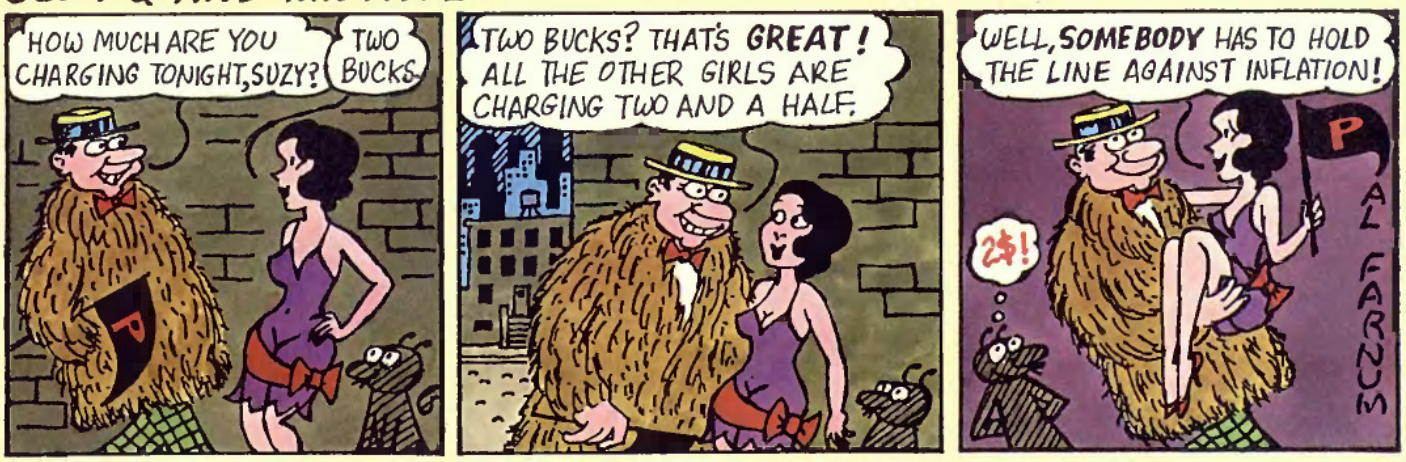
*The Famous Gimlet Maker.

THE LONER

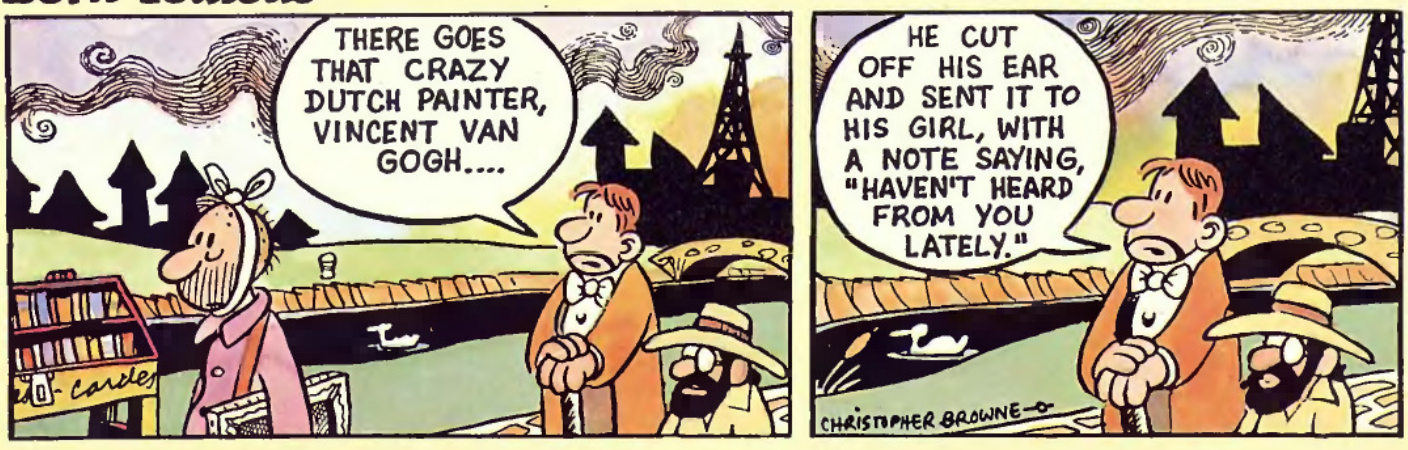
By Frank Baginski & Reynolds Dodson

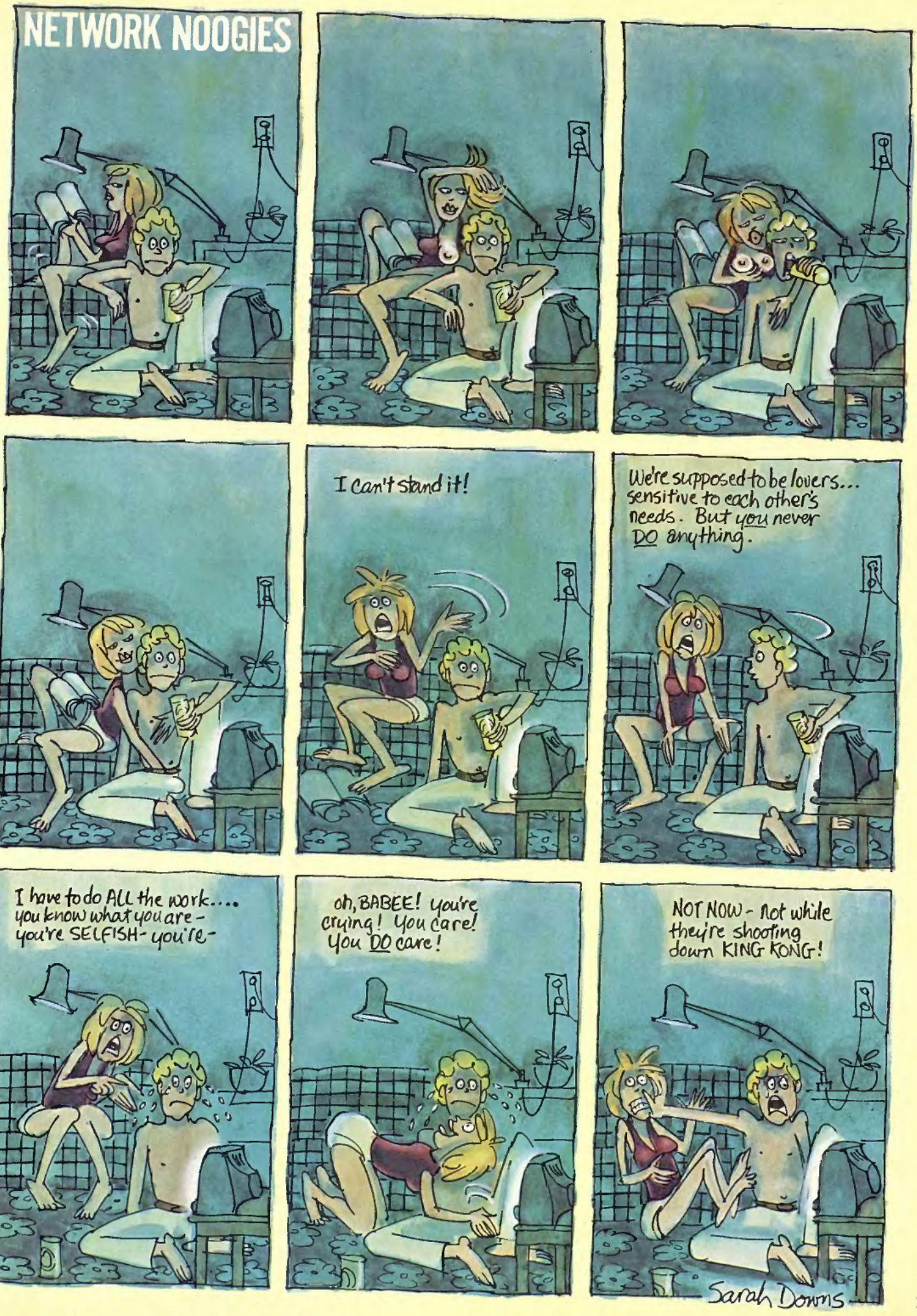


SUZY Q AND MIDNITE



Born Toulous




NETWORK NOOGIES
I can't stand it!
We're supposed to be lovers... sensitive to each other's needs. But you never DO anything.
I have to do ALL the work.... you know what you are - you're SELFISH - you're -
oh, BABEE! You're crying! You care! You DO care!
NOT NOW - not while they're shooting down KING KONG!
Sarah Downs

THROUGH SPACE AND TIME WITH SCHWIMMER AND JONES
THIS MONTH: "LA DIPLOMATIE D'AMOUR"
by Randy Jones EUGENE SCHWIMMER
TODAY, WE FIND OUR HEROES ON THE PLANET AROCK!, WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED THE TASK OF TRANSPORTING THE AROCK! AMBASSADOR AND HIS WIFE TO AN IMPORTANT SUMMIT ON THE NEIGHBORING PLANET, TLOM.
OK, YOU GOT US HERE, WHERE'S THE AMBASSADOR AND HIS WIFE?
YOU'RE LEANING ON THEM!
SKRATCH
YOU MEAN WE CAME HALFWAY ACROSS THE GALAXY FOR A COUPLE OF STUPID ROCKS?
PLEASE— THE AMBASSADOR IS VERY SENSITIVE!
I FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT!
MAYBE WHEN WE GET TO TLOM THE AMBASSADOR'LL TAKE US TO A "ROCK" CONCERT, heh, heh, heh....
I FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT, BUT YOU ARE AN IDIOT!
BANG
GALAXY GARBAGE BAGS
LATER...
BOY, AM I BEAT!
THOSE MOTHERS MUST WEIGH A TON APIECE!
MESS HALL
MORE LATER...
EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN.
CAN HARDLY KEEP MY EYES OPEN....
Z
THIS IS RATHER DELICATE, BUT... THE AMBASSADOR AND HIS WIFE WOULD LIKE TO... YOU KNOW... BUT MILADY SEEMS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN HER... UH... CONTRACEPTIVES... SO I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD... UH....
PULL HARDER!
I AM, YOU MORON!
GALAXY GARBAGE BAGS
ANYTHING ELSE?!
NO, THAT'S ALL. GOODNIGHT — AND THANKS!
STAR COMMAND'S GOING TO HEAR ABOUT THIS!!
"YAWN" AW, TAKE IT EASY! JUST GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP. YOU'LL FEEL BETTER IN THE MORNING....
LATER THAT NIGHT....
BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM
THIS IS GONNA BE A LOOOONG NIGHT!

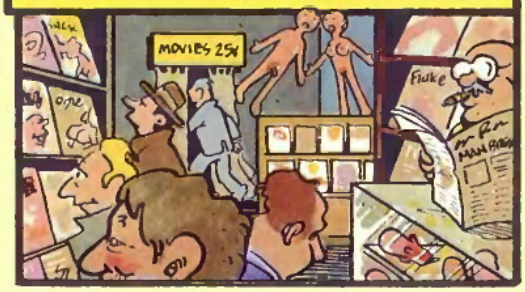
LATEX LOVE

by J. Michael Leonard

THE DAYS WERE PRETTY MUCH THE SAME DURING THOSE FIRST, GIDDY MONTHS WHEN SUZIE AND I FELL IN LOVE....

AH, SUZIE! COY, ALMOND EYES... SKIN OF PLASTIC ALABASTER... PERT, SENSUOUS MOUTH... SHE WAS A GODDESS!

WE HAD A BEAUTIFUL, PLATONIC RELATIONSHIP, HANGING IN THE BACK OF BROTHER ZIM'S LIBIDO PALACE... EXPERIENCING EACH OTHER'S PRESENCE... SHARING EACH OTHER'S HOPES, DREAMS AND ASPIRATIONS....



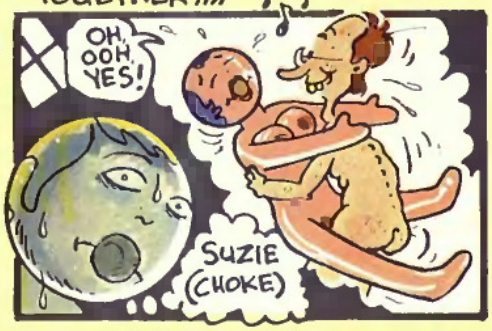
THOSE IDYLLIC MONTHS PASSED UNNOTICED... TIME HAD NO MEANING TO US.... WE WERE YOUNG, UNREALISTIC... WE FELT THE MOMENT WOULD ALWAYS BELONG TO US....

BUT THEN, ABRUPTLY, IRREVOCABLY, HE ENTERED HER LIFE!

WHAT COULD I OFFER THAT HE DIDN'T ALREADY HAVE? MONEY? A CAR? — HELL, HE COULD WALK! TALK! HE COULD TAKE HER PLACES I COULD ONLY DREAM OF!

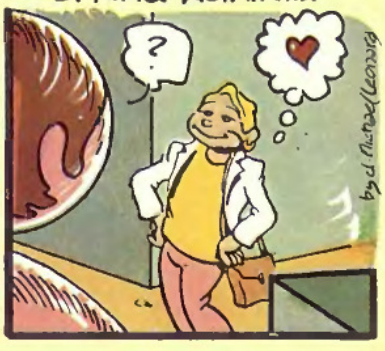
ALL I COULD DO WAS STARE, OPENMOUTHED, AS HE SWEPT HER OUT OF MY LIFE FOREVER!

I WAS DEFLATED, AS IT WERE... I WENT INTO AN EMOTIONAL AND MENTAL DECLINE... I WAS HAUNTED BY WILD IMAGES OF THEM TOGETHER....



A LOT OF THAT PERIOD IS A BLANK... I COULDN'T CONCENTRATE, I LOST WEIGHT... I MISQUOTED THE SAME VERSE BY OSCAR WILDE FOR HOURS ON END!

BUT LIFE GOES ON, WOUNDS HEAL... AND BY THE TIME I MET GERARD, IT WAS SPRING AGAIN....



AND, WHAT THE HEY — ? I COULD HAVE DONE WORSE THAN A FLAT IN DIAMOND HEIGHTS WITH A SENSITIVE C.P.A. WHO COOKS....

ANYWAY... NEXT TO THIS DOLL, SUZIE WAS NOWHERE!

ISLAM CONNECTION

(continued from page 180)

"On ice, Wallace made a complete break with Fard's theology. He turned to the study of orthodox Islam."

demanded more than God asked," he says. "God said, 'Think.' My father said, 'Don't think, do exactly what I say.' He was building a nation and people were the material you threw in; their sentiments, their hearts, their naked souls were only the nails and the mortar to build the building."

The Black Muslims' worldly empire, once estimated to be worth $46,000,000, earned the Muhammad family the deference that goes with the title royal family. But for Wallace it meant a kind of filial slavery. Elijah insisted everyone stand up whenever he came into a room and keep quiet until he finished talking. When Wallace or his brothers or sisters misbehaved, Elijah would publicly deride them at temple meetings.

For many years, Wallace lived up to his father's minimal requirements. He didn't dare let anyone know he suspected that Fard wasn't God; in fact, out of love for his parents, he tried, though futilely, to rationalize away anything that seemed to increase his suspicions. For example, when he was about 13 years old, Wallace sat immersed in his homework one evening from dinnertime until his mother stumbled over him around midnight. She demanded to know why he had come home so late and when he answered respectfully that he hadn't been anywhere, she snapped, "Don't lie to me."

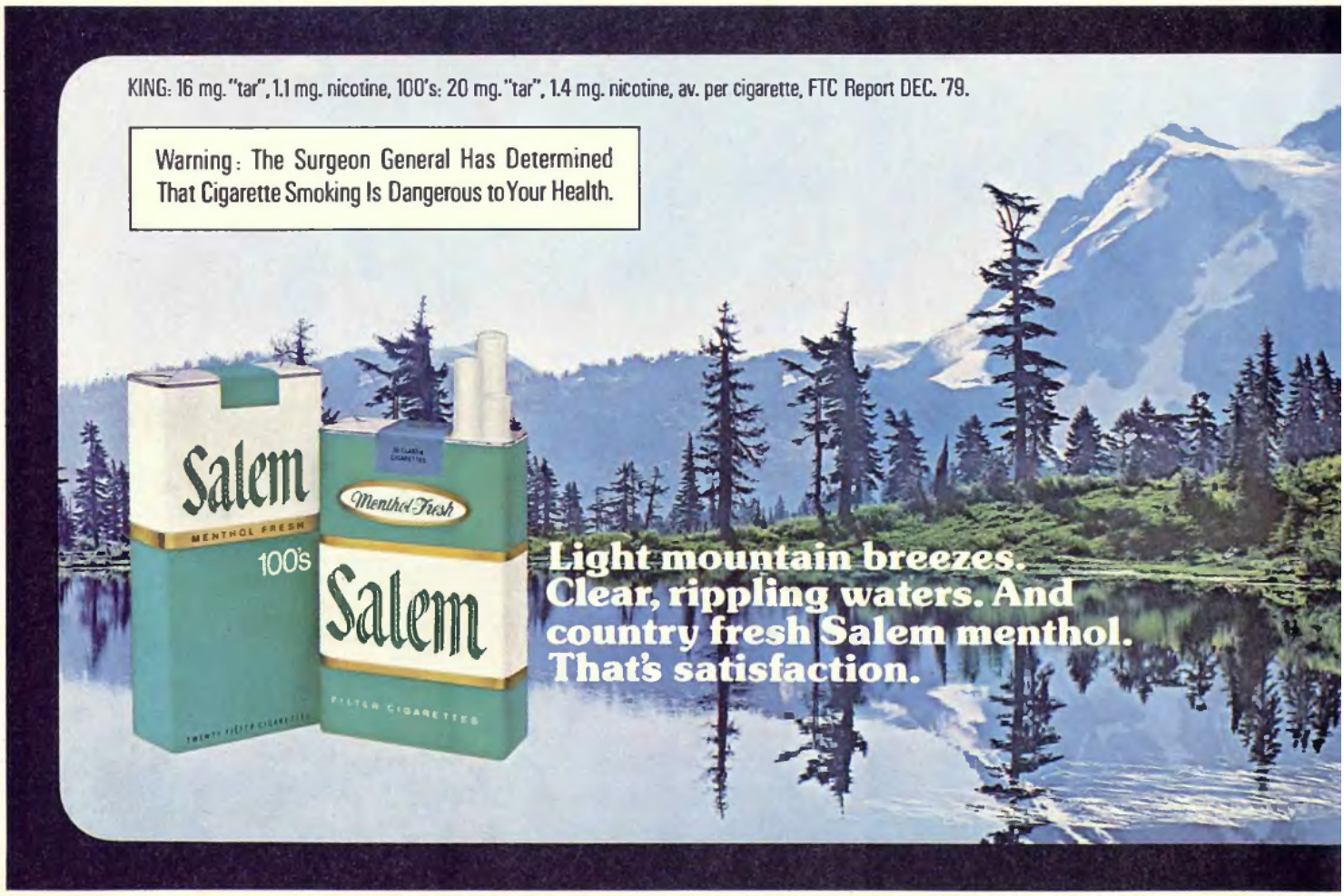
Whereupon his father walked in and added, "Don't dispute your mother. Get upstairs to bed." To Wallace, the moral of that incident was, *God tells my father everything that happens in the world. But he didn't know I'd been home all that time because . . . because God didn't think it was important enough to mention.*

"I was always rationalizing everything that way, you see," Wallace recalls of his battle with a Black Muslim theology he now sees as an "emotional sickness . . . worse than the Ku Klux Klan . . . something that was holding us back, keeping us small, something we had to do not for the white man's sake but to save our own mortal souls."

The rationalizing, a kind of pretzel logic, came in very handy for conducting a life dependent upon his father's merest whim. The elder Muhammad expressly forbade Wallace to develop any skill that would enable him to exist on his own. When, as a teenager, Wallace wanted to become an electronics technician, Elijah refused to pay his tuition. Wallace was later told if he tried to get a job outside the Muslim community, the Nation of Islam would guarantee that he came up empty-handed.

As a Black Muslim, Wallace rejected American citizenship on principle. But when he was drafted in his 20s, his modest, secular ambition surfaced again. Ordered to do alternative duty at a local state hospital—after applying for conscientious-objector status at his father's command—Wallace looked forward to his assignment, because it was a chance to become a lab technician.

But Elijah had chosen to spend 16 months in jail for draft evasion and he ordered Wallace to refuse the assignment, sending his son, for all practical purposes, to jail for three years. On ice, Wallace made a complete, though private, break with Fard's theology. He turned to the study of orthodox Islam and left prison with a set of principles that enabled him to credit the Black Muslims with whatever virtues they had



while rejecting the rest. In that spirit, he returned to the fold as a minister in early 1962.

Unfortunately, a man of integrity cannot live long with himself under such conditions. For if one does not believe that W. D. Fard was God, one has two choices: to walk out or, if the money is too good to pass up, to pay lip service.

Which is exactly what critics and historians of the Black Muslim empire say most of the leadership of the Nation of Islam was doing. For whatever ideals it may originally have professed, by the Sixties it had degenerated into a scam set up to bleed its largely poor black membership (when it wasn't clubbing or shooting it) to death.

According to Sharif, the Black Muslims demanded a minimum of $430 a year in weekly contributions; sometimes a specific project was cited, such as a jet plane the Muslims could not live another day without (Wallace subsequently sold it). In no event was any public accounting of the funds made.

Despite the diversity of the Black Muslim farming, retail and real-estate holdings, the biggest money-maker was their newspaper, *Muhammad Speaks*. Every adult male was required to cough up $45 a week for 300 copies. The prevailing attitude among the leaders, says Sharif, was that whatever papers the people couldn't sell could just as well be used for a couch.

But, of course, Elijah lived in a stunning mansion, and members of his family and lesser officials lived comparably. All that while the membership worked two jobs—one to support their families and another as paper boys who sacrificed their home lives for the Nation of Islam and all it stood for.

Then a couple of Elijah's personal secretaries filed paternity suits against him in 1963. Elijah publicly announced that his most visible and charismatic minister, Malcolm X, had sired the children and that, furthermore, Malcolm was behind the secretaries' charges—in a play to seize control of the Nation of Islam. In early 1964, Malcolm X went to Mecca for the hadj and converted to orthodox Islam. When he returned, he openly rejected Yacub's History, and he and Wallace were expelled, even though Wallace had not come forth publicly as an orthodox Moslem.

"Malcolm was drawing the line," Wallace says, "and my father's followers weren't ready for that." Wallace knew only too well how the more volatile members of the movement operated. The expulsion was the first of three Wallace would live through. Malcolm, of course, was murdered in 1965 by Black Muslims.

When Sharif left with Wallace in 1964, they received the royal treatment for heretics. The Muslims cut off Sharif's income and tried to have his home repossessed. Bricks were thrown through his window, narrowly missing his infant. Fruit of Islam members stationed themselves in sedans by his curb. They threatened Wallace, and the Black Muslim community was whipped into such a frenzy of hatred that, according to Wallace's brother Akbar Muhammad, to save his life, Wallace finally walked into the *Chicago American* newsroom and denounced his father to the press.

Despite that extremely dangerous act, Wallace was allowed to return to the fold after "Malcolm's death," as he puts it, in order to keep the Muslims from falling apart. But he went back as a traitor, no doubt viewed by the faithful as having admitted by virtue of his return that he was wrong and had learned some respect—that, to paraphrase the Lenny Bruce line, he had finally grown up and sold out.

That return lasted about three years. During his next two expulsions, in 1969 and 1971, Wallace supported himself as an upholsterer, a painter and a welder, and at one time he and Sharif worked together in a Campbell's Soup factory. He was readmitted for the last time in 1974, the year Mayor Richard J. Daley proclaimed an official Elijah Muhammad

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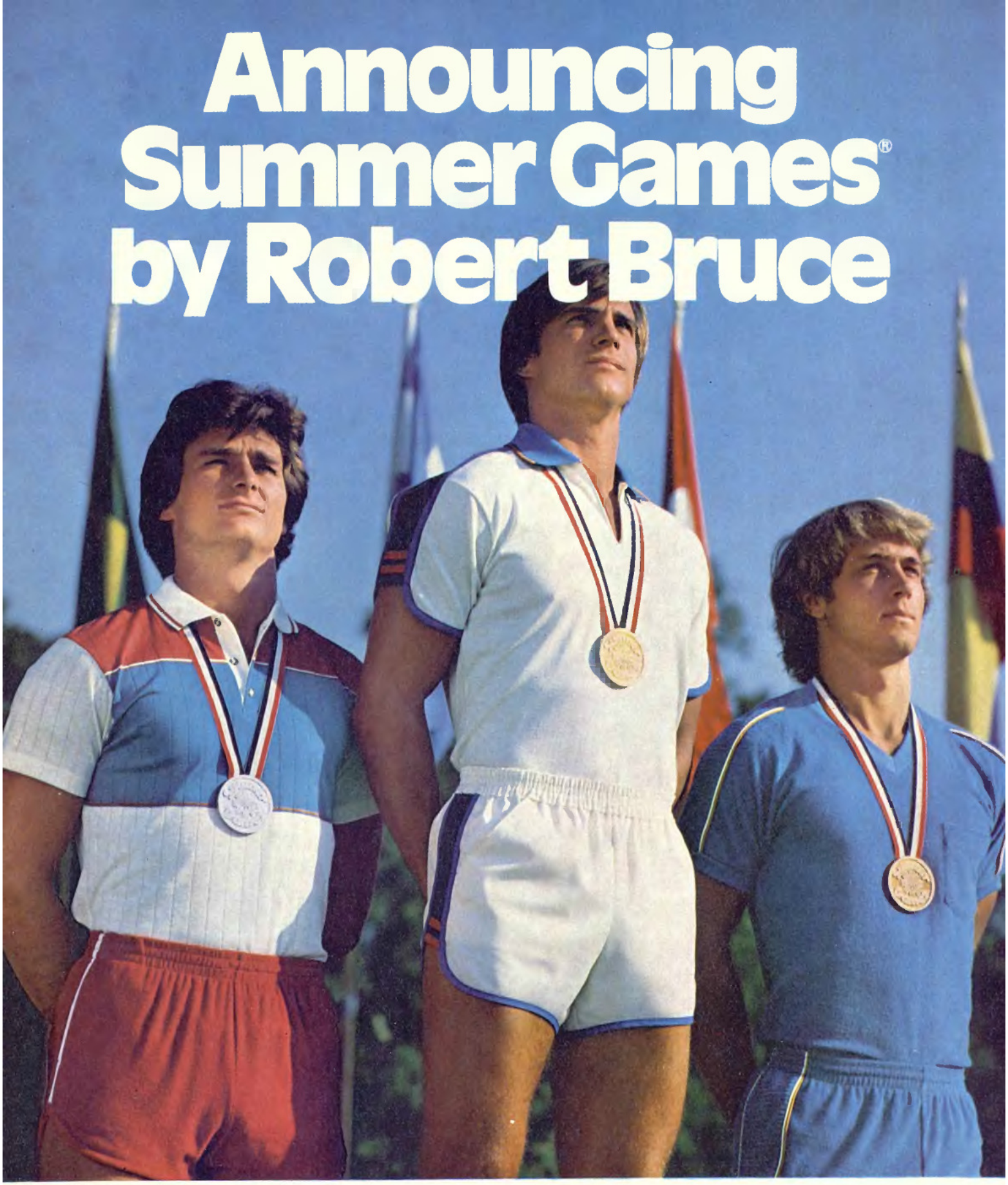

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The following year, Elijah died. Wallace believes he was finally readmitted to the fold because he and his father had come to a kind of spiritual understanding. Others claim the old man knew he was about to go and realized that Wallace was the only one in the family with the brains to run the operation. Whatever the reason, when Elijah finally left for his eternal reward, the leadership panicked—and rallied around Wallace.

Without a trace of irony in his voice, Sharif says it was because Wallace was the only one with a moral image among the rank and file. Of course, Fard's prophecies had conditioned the people to accept Wallace, even though he was known to hold subversive views. And he had always knuckled under, hadn't he? He did resemble a harmless postal clerk, didn't he? Maybe it would work out, after all. Maybe Wallace would prove to be an innocuous figurehead who could be judiciously used to keep the money rolling in.

And so on February 26, 1975, decked out in a Fruit of Islam uniform, Wallace D. Muhammad stood in front of a packed coliseum, waiting while all the major leaders pledged their "undivided allegiance" to him on a closed-circuit broadcast to 200 Black Muslim mosques throughout America. Then he took a deep breath and in no uncertain terms swore that, in the name of W. D. Fard and Elijah Muhammad, he was their divinely prophesied leader, the dictatorial preserver of the world they had come to love. In brief, the undisputed Leader, Teacher and Spiritual Head of the Lost-Found Nation of Al-Islam in the West, known among friends (though not for long) as the Black Muslims.

•

Upon Wallace's ascension, he set out upon two equally difficult tasks: to clean up the Nation of Islam's financial mess and to bring the organization and its 100,000-plus membership within the fold of the orthodox Moslem world.

His first move was to make a public statement revealing the Nation of Islam's real financial condition (in the black community, it was rumored to be fantastically wealthy—though it was actually $6,000,000 in the red) and promise his creditors they would get paid. Next, he changed the name of the Nation of Islam to the World Community of Al-Islam in the West. The older members who had believed in Elijah's way of doing things began getting nervous. They got even more nervous when Wallace opened the W.C.I.W. membership to anyone—regardless of race—in accordance with the tenets of Islam.

Then, in order to leave no doubt in the minds of his followers that a new day had, indeed, dawned, Wallace dropped the term Black Muslim and told the community to call themselves Bilalians, after the first African to accept Prophet Mohammed's teachings. Wallace renamed the newspaper *Bilalian News* and ordered that no W.C.I.W. member would be required to buy or distribute a single copy. Within little more than a year, *Bilalian News*'s circulation dropped from 1,000,000 to barely 50,000. Today the paper has begun to pick up again—obviously, on its own merits rather than through forced buying. An issue from last summer contains a full-page explanation of the upcoming Islamic high holy month of Ramadan. New adherents and former Black Muslims are instructed on what Ramadan is and how it properly should be observed. The issue also contains the now standard announcement that all charitable contributions are to be directed not to Wallace or the masjid but to a fund accounted for by a major downtown Chicago bank. On the inside back page, anyone who cares to can read a detailed ledger of all monies received and allocated within the Chicago mosque.

But, and perhaps of greater importance in the long run, Wallace has worked hard to earn for the W.C.I.W. the respect and recognition of the orthodox Moslem world. By attending Middle East conferences on Islamic laws, he has established himself as a devoted student of Islam in the eyes of Arab Islamic scholars. According to Muhammad Rais, a University of Chicago doctoral student who interviewed a large number of Middle Eastern Moslem clerics in the course of his research, the holy men are thrilled by the Islamic renaissance they think will sprout here around Wallace. Furthermore, they consider him a certified Islamic authority on Middle Eastern issues.

And yet, if the road from America to Mecca is controlled by Wallace, why haven't we heard from him in regard to the sudden increase in tension between the United States and the Islamic world? Shouldn't a man holding such a position in the world Moslem community be more in the public eye?

He has certainly been criticized. John Henrik Clarke, professor at Hunter College, leading scholar in African and Afro-American history and author of a book on Malcolm X, calls Wallace a disappointment. He argues that any black leader who refuses to play off Western and OPEC powers for the progress of his constituency has betrayed it. No one, he argues, seriously maintains that black Americans today are fully assimilated members of our society, so why *shouldn't* a black leader, for example, urge OPEC to use oil prices as a lever to force human rights in America?

Dr. Hasan Abdallah, former president of the Arab Community in Chicago and ex-director of the Arab Information Center in the Midwest, says the local Arab community—while admiring Wallace's religious courage—feels Wallace lacks Jesse Jackson's political courage. And although Abdallah is quick to say most Arabs think both Jackson and Wallace are personally selfless, he points out that the W.C.I.W. has a number of subsidiaries, businesses that are a legacy of the black-separatist economic empire established by Elijah. One subsidiary, American Pouch Foods, was recently awarded a $22,000,000 contract by the Defense Department, the largest ever granted a minority group. Abdallah says he can't help but wonder if the reason Wallace isn't in front of the television cameras championing the Arab cause is that he doesn't want to jeopardize his economic relationship with the American Government.

The fact is, both Clarke and Abdallah probably underestimate Wallace's complexity and religious morality. He does not approve of any form of terrorism, he says, because it's not in accord with the Koran. Furthermore, Wallace says he would argue against the actions of the Ayatollah Khomeini last November, despite his personal revulsion at the reports of the shah's cruelty. Nor does he accept the P.L.O.'s position that Israel has no right to exist and deserves to be exterminated.

Wallace seems genuinely disgusted at the suggestion that he might be moved to his opinions by material advantage—whether from the American Government or from the Arab states. He is, in fact, considering staging black-community demonstrations for greater understanding of the problems in the Arab world but has refused to follow the dictates of any Arab public-relations program. "I know," he says softly, "that if I campaigned more vocally for Palestinian interests, there'd be more substantial gifts. As a Moslem, I identify with their problems, but you don't sacrifice your independence and the integrity of your movement for money."

And, monetary considerations aside, Wallace has little faith that the Arabs would be willing to exert pressure on the United States for the equality of American blacks. The Arabs, he points out, were nowhere to be found when America labored under an official Jim Crow policy. Now that America has legally and morally reversed herself due to the efforts of American blacks, he sees no reason that American blacks can't eventually accomplish the rest of their struggle by themselves. The theme of black self-reliance, of course, is Wallace's primary legacy of the Black Muslim movement, a theme his father hammered away at for decades.

"My moral position, my independence, seems to pay off in practical ways,"

Wallace chuckles. "I believe your value increases when you're independent. People can trust you. They know where you'll be tomorrow. They don't know with people who barter. And the more moral you are, the larger your influence will be in the long run."

Wallace's brother Akbar, who is a professor of African and Islamic history at the State University of New York at Binghamton, sees Wallace as a bit shrewder than many people appreciate. He says Wallace knows that American blacks identify with America just like every other American ethnic group, so Wallace must make subtle moves behind the scenes to align the W.C.I.W. with the Third World Moslems so as not to subject his constituency to anti-Moslem American backlash.

Wallace himself just shakes his head when asked about that. "All I know," he shrugs, "is that people who look at things only from the outside see things only in terms of advantages and disadvantages. The only motives I submit to are truth and justice."

•

Five years after taking over his father's organization, Wallace Muhammad has paid off the bulk of the W.C.I.W.'s inherited debts. Eschewing his father's palatial mansion in Chicago's upper-income Hyde Park area, he lives with his wife and five children in a modest eight-room house in the less affluent South Shore district. Each morning, he leaves home at 9:30 and drives himself to work in a 1977 mid-sized Ford. His office is a back room in the onetime Greek Orthodox church his father bought eight years ago. The stately white building, whose grounds occupy an entire block, is now known formally as the Honorable Elijah Muhammad Masjid, a seat of orthodox Moslem worship and Arabic/African studies.

From there, Wallace works each day to spread the word of Islam to as many Americans as will hear it. Under his direction, each of the 200 W.C.I.W. mosques around the country has formed what are called propagation teams, groups of from five to ten people who volunteer to first interest, then convert newcomers to Islam.

You will not encounter these teams in airports, however, à la the Hare Krishnas; nor will you see them begging for donations on street corners. Wallace's propagation teams work mostly among the very poor in black ghettos and in the prisons.

Although W.C.I.W. membership is on the rise, Wallace pragmatically sees his missionary work as a long, hard pull. "Naturally," he says, "I'd like to see many African Americans embrace Islam. I don't think, however, that mass conversion is likely in the near future, at least not when the spirit of America as a whole is so materialistic and political. Also, Islam—which literally means submission—demands an obedience that most Christians in America—black and white—would find incompatible with their concept of freedom. Christians who routinely drink or commit adultery aren't generally considered bad Christians here. But when a Moslem does those things, his image drops drastically."

Yet the issue of morality that Wallace feels makes Islam so unappealing to the average Western Christian is at the heart of the animosity millions of Middle Eastern Moslems feel toward the United States. Moslems as a whole take their religion far more seriously than the average American takes his, and many of them are repelled by what they see as America's profit madness and abandonment of religious and familial traditions—to say nothing of the open fondness for alcohol, tobacco, television, provocative clothing and pornography.

It is no coincidence that the Iranian mobs who overthrew the shah took special care to destroy boutiques, bars and banks (whose interest rates are strictly against the teachings of Islam); a fundamental tenet of Islam, after all, is jihad, which requires every Moslem to strive for spiritual purity and to spread Islamic justice and observance by every possible means. In its lowest and most innocuous form, jihad may mean to get up, right now, burn this magazine, swear off your lascivious fantasies and contribute the money you would normally spend for next month's issue to cancer research.

More often, however, jihad is taken to mean a holy war waged for Allah. And while jihad is not the primary motive behind the OPEC price gougings, the degree to which the increases have, in effect, enormously enlarged Islam's international prestige and influence appears to millions of Moslems as a joyous victory, the first of many they anticipate in the years to come.

In their view, the Prophet Mohammed gave the world everything it needs for total reform. The Prophet was a statesman as well as a religious leader. He created, and governed, a theocracy for the common good. Thus, Moslems believe that nothing short of a reorganization of the United States—along Islamic lines—can conceivably redeem it.

So what is Wallace Muhammad's value to America as the Islamic revolution rapidly gains dimension in the Middle East? Simply his religious fidelity, his Islamic *morality*. One is reminded of the Biblical story in which Abraham, pleading with God not to destroy the city of Sodom, was told by Him to find ten good men in the city and He would spare it. Considering that Moslems look upon America as godless and degenerate, and on their religion as the avenging power of God in the world, the analogy is plain: *Mujaddid* Wallace Muhammad may be one good man whose mere presence in this country redeems our nation, at least somewhat, in Moslem eyes. Now all we need is nine more.

"There are others waiting, Moriarty!"

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MAN & WORK

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

COPING WITH STRESS

You're supposed to be one of the company's bright young men and you know you have to shine on this assignment. The boss wants a report tomorrow. But right now, your mind is as blank as those pages you're supposed to fill. Your body may react dramatically to the pressure.

"A sledge hammer pounding on my skull" is the way one stockbroker describes his migraine headaches. And it doesn't stop with the pain. "The nausea comes in waves and my eyes won't focus," he adds. "I have to quit work, find a totally dark room and wait for it to pass." The cause? "A bad day will do it."

A young university professor was rushed from his classroom to a hospital. "I panicked," he remembers. "I just knew it was a coronary. I had stabbing chest pains and I couldn't breathe." The symptoms pointed to a heart attack, but the diagnosis was an acute anxiety reaction.

An urban planner one year out of graduate school says, "When a project gets tough, the stomach pains start."

Working may be hazardous to your health, but the problem may lie not in what you do but in how you do it. "Young executives often run in a frenzy trying to deal with the ambiguities of that first job," says Dr. Harry Levinson, a psychologist and consultant to corporations. You're naturally eager to put your skills to work and climb the corporate ladder, but your first task is to make yourself effective within the organization.

Often doctors can diagnose no organic causes for the tension, fatigue, headaches and muscle problems that afflict many young executives. Philip Goldberg, in his book *Executive Health*, calls such nonspecific responses to pressure stress. And researchers have implicated stress itself as a factor in heart disease, arteriosclerosis, hypertension, migraines and other disorders.

There *are* some things you can do to avoid frustration even before you're hired. If, for example, you're offered a position in which you'll deal with problems, make sure you'll have the authority to take action on those problems. Check out growth prospects in the field you're about to enter. From what departments have most of the firm's top managers been promoted? If you're trained in marketing and financial types predominate in the board room, that outfit may not be for you.

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS

Every worthwhile job will challenge you and impose demands. But what do you do when you're stuck or aren't sure of your next move? An advertising copy writer says, "I just can't afford writer's block." When the words won't come, he asks his colleagues for their ideas. They can always find some angle that hasn't occurred to him. Dr. Levinson sees a need to develop "creative evolving alliances" with others in a work group.

Companies themselves are starting to recognize the importance of cross-fertilization of ideas. One executive reports, "Planning, marketing and service all used to be independent departments around here. Now we realize that problems affect the whole company and we solve them as a team."

The line between hard work and potentially harmful pressure can blur. It's natural to feel nervous about a new job or assignment or a heavy work load. In his book *Executive Stress*, Levinson warns executives to expect "isolation and the temporary fear that you won't make it." But how do you know when you're approaching your limit? According to Goldberg, stress disorders are often preceded by psychological danger signals: working harder than seems necessary for a task, difficulty making decisions, excessive worrying, temper outbursts, feeling of worthlessness or inadequacy. But stress also crops up in some unlikely situations. As Hans Selye, the pioneer of stress research, has said, "Stress is the body's nonspecific response to *any* demand placed on it, whether that demand is pleasant or not." Your marriage, a move to another city, even a promotion can push you into a high-risk category.

DIFFUSING THE PRESSURE

Start building your resistance now. Levinson feels that young executives often fool themselves into thinking they're immune to stress. But today's inconvenience can develop into a harmful habit. The hyperactivity you think it takes to get your career moving can set the stage for chronically poor efficiency.

Levinson, Goldberg and others describe strategies for dealing with "stressors":

- Set priorities. If you're involved in several projects, list them in order of importance.
- Keep to your normal routine. Deadlines and presentations will demand peak performance and perhaps extra time, but don't miss meals. Don't stay awake all night. Take breaks.
- Decompress. Keep some time for yourself. Use it for reflection or a hobby. Read light fiction before you go to bed.
- Spend time with others. You can't suddenly start relating to your girlfriend or wife when you make it to the next rung on the corporate ladder. Set aside weekends or plan activities you both enjoy. Midday phone calls can help you keep in touch.
- Exercise. Physicians note that increased strength and endurance can help meet the demands of mental tasks. Pick a sport and make it a part of your life. But leave the cutthroat competition for the market place.
- Reward yourself. You met the deadline. They loved your presentation. Treat yourself to a well-deserved evening on the town or that piece of stereo equipment you've eyed for so long.

Overwork has the bad reputation, but lack of stimulation and change can be equally stress inducing. "A man's conscience needs to be employed doing creative, constructive things," says Levinson. Challenge and stimulation are keys to personal growth. We're not saying it's easy. But you can achieve it. After all, you're a bright young man. —WARREN KALBACKER

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PLAYING THE MARKET ADVISORY LETTERS

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

Should you decide to outsmart today's stock market and seek more wisdom than you might get from your own broker, there are currently more than 1000 stock-market newsletters you can buy to advise and comfort you, and even—more often than not—apologize to you because what they said in the last issue must be contradicted in the latest one. For this good counsel, you can pay about $50–$500 a year.

THE MARKET REPORT

It costs relatively little to start an investment advisory letter, and marketing skill, rather than qualification as an investment advisor, tends to prevail. The fact that a letter's publisher is registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission is no guarantee of either the information or the advice. It's simply a small measure of protection against violations of securities law, such as touting a stock in which the touter has an interest.

The choice of letters ranges from well-established and prestigious services such as Standard & Poor's, Moody's, Value Line and United Business Service at one end of the spectrum to letters such as "The Bowser Report" and "The Magic T Theory Forecast" at the other end.

The larger and better-established letters, with their huge staffs of securities analysts, research assistants and reporters, give you a great deal of news and information, including intensive analysis of the economy, the market and individual stocks. The smaller services tend to give you the publishers' own ideas, for better or worse, about stocks and the market. Some letters, such as "Chartcraft," specialize in technical analysis; others, such as "Junior Growth Stocks," in emerging companies. "The Bowser Report" deals only in stocks selling for less than three dollars a share, and "The Magic T Theory Forecast" functions in the ethereal realm of Magic T Theory, a singular brain child of the publisher. Others specialize in specific industries, such as electronics or energy or gambling stocks.

DECIPHERING INVESTMENT LANGUAGE

Market advisory letters all seem to be written in the peculiar language of Wall Street, which uses a lot of words to say very little, and generalizations and obfuscation are rampant. "The 10-, 20-, 40-, 78-week and four-and-a-half-year cycles all come together at the bottom," says one, in a burst of enlightenment. "The move toward Dow 865 has been much smoother than anticipated," says another, which means that it guessed wrong in an earlier prediction. A view of many of the letters over an extended period of time shows a tendency to say the same things, and with the same assertive certainty. But in most cases, the language is carefully hedged, so that when they're wrong, the apology is easier.

Because of the peculiar turns of language, it's almost impossible to check on the accuracy of the advice of most letters. It can be done only by building a portfolio based on a letter's advice, and then following it through at least two business cycles. Few letters do that for you.

WHY SUBSCRIBE?

Do market advisory letters have any value? Yes, if you're a careful and active investor. You can learn more about the economy in general by reading *The Wall Street Journal* and the major business publications, but the letters can sometimes do a more useful job in giving you ideas to consider. There's a limit to the number of individual companies that the financial journals can cover, and by the time they report on an interesting company development, the news is already reflected in the stock price, Wall Street acoustics being what they are. Not that any of the letters have access to inside information—they generally don't. What you're buying is the quality of their research and judgment. The larger services, with their large staffs, tend to be more detailed and thorough. The smaller letters must depend upon the work of one or two people, and their advice should be checked. And never mind the boasts about the successes. They rarely boast about the failures.

BEST BETS

Perhaps the likeliest letters, in terms of more substance than shadow, are: "The Value Line Investment Survey" ($330 a year, Arnold Bernhard & Co., 711 Third Avenue, New York 10017); "United Business & Investment Service" ($135 a year, weekly, 210 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116); Standard & Poor's "The Outlook" ($135 a year, weekly, 25 Broadway, New York 10004); "Growth Stock Outlook" ($64 a year) and "Junior Growth Stocks" ($54 a year, both semimonthly from Growth Stock Outlook, P. O. Box 9911, Chevy Chase, Maryland 20015); and Ralph Coleman's "Over-the-Counter Newsletter" ($55 a year, semimonthly, OTC Newsletter, P. O. Box 110, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania 19046).

A unique publication, and perhaps the most useful in the long run, is "The Wall Street Transcript" ($540 a year, weekly, 120 Wall Street, New York 10005). It publishes more than 100 separate research reports from brokerage houses nationally in each issue, industry-analyst seminars and transcripts of closed analyst-society meetings. This gives you access to the same input the professionals have and arms you with sufficient information to make your own decisions.

Fortunately, there's a simple way to get your own fix on investment-advisory letters. Select Information Exchange (2095 Broadway, New York 10023) will sell you a trial subscription to any 20 letters from its catalog for $11.95.

Any investment-advisory letter should be used for information only and should be checked. You can do intensive investigation and make your own decisions or you can act on stock tips from a newsletter or your barber. Either way, you can't lose more than you invest.

—BRUCE MARCUS

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WAYS TO LEARN A SECOND LANGUAGE

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

If the prospect of learning a foreign language conjures up unpleasant memories of high school, you're not alone. Most people don't relish the thought of conjugating a list of Spanish verbs. But taking up a new parlance, whether for business, travel or just the challenge of learning something new, can be a practical and pleasurable venture if you choose the right program. Some instructional methods use a conversational approach; others favor the written word. For many novices, however, too much emphasis on grammar is a stumbling block—and a deterrent. Individual instruction, with a teacher or by yourself, is faster and more expedient than classroom training, particularly if you're pressed for time. The following conventional and not-so-conventional techniques, geared for doing it solo, will have you communicating in something other than your mother tongue in no time.

TOTAL IMMERSION

Berlitz is the oldest and best known of the private language schools. And it also pioneered the ultimate in fast, intensive language instruction—Total Immersion (TI), a learning approach in which you spend a nine-hour day (including lunch), five days a week, with one of a team of instructors. TI employs the direct method—conversation without translation into English—as opposed to the self-paced method, which relies on workbooks and tapes.

TI's intensity is also one of its drawbacks; like too much pasta, it's deceptively filling. But if you need to learn a second language thoroughly in a hurry and have the time and money to spend, it is probably the best way to go. Who takes TI? Mainly business people preparing to be transferred abroad who need fluency pronto—and whose company is popping for the bill. Courses cost $925 to $1125 a week. Four to six weeks is the average length of a TI blitz.

PRIVATE TUTORS

You can also find private foreign-language tutors through the language departments of most universities and colleges, or contact a local learning exchange; these nonprofit educational and recreational services will put you in touch with part-time private tutors in your vicinity. A minimal annual membership fee ($15 or so) entitles you to a catalog listing available topics, as well as unlimited calls to the learning center. The cost for a private tutor begins around five dollars an hour and escalates, depending on where you're located and the degree of difficulty of the lesson.

CHEZ VOUS

For those who prefer self-instruction, there are many books, tapes and records available. Some of the better books include the *Teach Yourself* series by David McKay; they're intelligent, comprehensive paperbacks that offer such subjects as Arabic and Colloquial Arabic (invaluable if you're dealing in petrodollars) and several unusual tongues (Yoruba and Icelandic). With diplomatic relations blossoming between the U. S. and the People's Republic of China, you might want to get a head start on learning Chinese. Dover publishes many fine language manuals, including *Chinese Characters*, a hefty tome full of clear, concise explanations and diagrams of that enigmatic tongue. Less serious and definitely more fun is the *Gimmick* series available in French, Spanish and German. These paperback volumes, written by the irreverent Adrienne (no last name: She's pictured on the back cover, decked out in leather, astride a motorcycle), are probably the most readable foreign-language texts you've ever come across and include a compendium of slang words and colloquial phrases your high school teachers probably never knew.

FOREIGN SERVICE AIDS

Among the best buys in do-it-yourself language tapes are our own Government's Foreign Service Institute language courses, designed for diplomats headed abroad. You can purchase a sample, consisting of one cassette and accompanying text of the language of your choice, for $7.50. Complete courses run $40 to $400. For brochures, write to National Audiovisual Center, GSA, Reference Section, Washington, D.C. 20409. There's no guarantee, however, that you won't end up talking like a bilingual diplomat.

ELECTRONIC TONGUES

While no substitute for a rudimentary knowledge of a language, electronic translators, selling for around $200, are indispensable for instant language conversions. All feature push-button alphabetized keyboards. To operate, you simply punch out a word, press the translator button and—*voilà!*—the translation appears in seconds. Some computers' sophisticated memory systems can retain upwards of 7000 words. You can pick up one of these computers at most major department stores; mail-order houses feature them, too. But shop around, as prices can vary from dealer to dealer.

Other new developments in this fast-changing industry include business capsules programmed in English, French, German and Japanese to aid the international businessman or -woman in translating terms (lessons in economic theory not included). Even computers have their limits, though. Translators don't conjugate verbs or deal effectively with complex sentences. But for quick reference, electronic translators are an invaluable aid.

Learning a language the second or third time around can really be quite pleasurable if you do it right. One of the best ways to pick up a new tongue: Start dating foreigners. For that, you're on your own.

—JANET ADELMAN

SEX IN BOSTON

(continued from page 136)

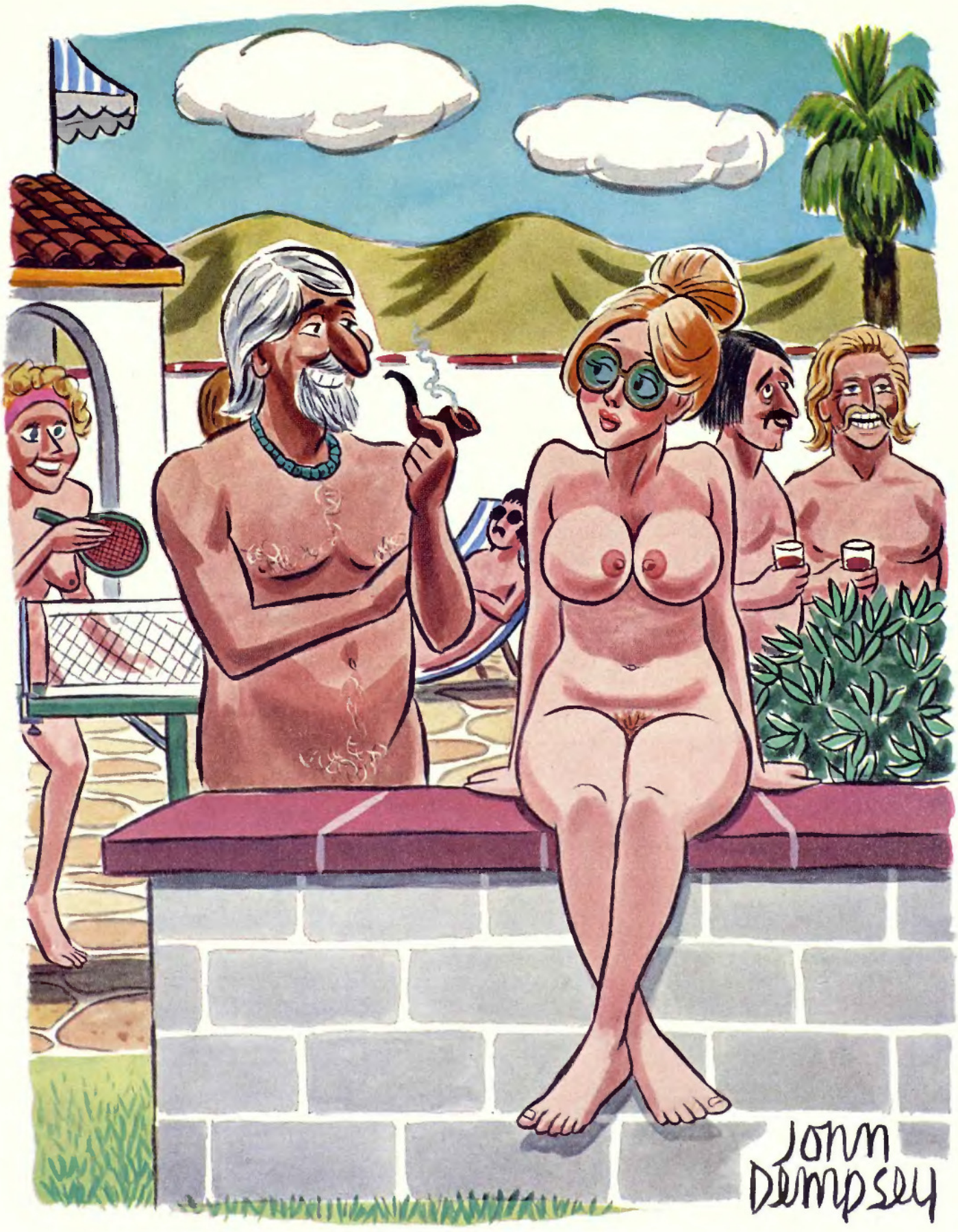
at the Kenmore Club at night, remembers, "When I started living alone, I noticed that my sex life picked up, things accelerated more quickly. Now, I sleep with a guy, he leaves, I've enjoyed myself and nothing is different."

If women are doing more, they're also demanding more in return. Not only that but there is some sharing of notes going on. Women are beginning to pass along their evaluations. "I talk over all my lovers with my sister and one special friend," says a 25-year-old editorial assistant who grew up in Newton. "We talk about penis size. Let me tell you, one of the biggest hoaxes ever perpetrated by Masters and Johnson is the idea that size doesn't matter." Rock-music stars who pass through Boston's groupie community have their cock sizes chalked onto the ladies'-room wall of The Rat, where they're preserved by the management.

Sex is much more up front and on people's minds with singles in Boston these days. It is judged to be an acceptable part of any relationship that goes beyond a few dates. It is acceptably accomplished on the first date, but not always.

Still, the Boston game can have its complications, stemming from generations of strict, moralistic Catholic upbringing. Psychiatrists and counselors call it the Freudian madonna-prostitute complex. In layman's terms, that means it's all right to have sex with a loose woman before marriage, but you don't marry her. Women in the singles market place who want more than an evening of casual, uncomplicated sex learn the local ramifications of Freud firsthand, says Annie Fare, 27, who works at city hall. "Guys will pick up a girl hoping for a first-night score. But they don't want to be with a girl who would take them home the first night. Regardless of what Irish Catholic men tell you about their modern views of sex, they still love the old hard-to-get game. So you protect yourself with the magic three-date routine—first two dates, no dice; third date, well, maybe."

Most people on the singles scene are also dealing with oral sex. Says partygoer Martin Slobotkin, "Oral sex or 69, practically 100 percent." Boston sex counselors and therapists confirm that most of the standard, in-house Boston sex is straight missionary position, but, as one puts it, "There's a lot more experimentation in the grab bag of casual liaisons." A waitress at a singles bar who spends the early part of the evening watching others make contact, then the later part deciding whether she, too, wants company at her Back Bay studio apartment,



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adds, "I'll sometimes give my guy a surprise by slipping in an ice cube on a blow job, but no back doors for me, thanks."

Integral parts of the singles scene in Boston and Cambridge are the receptions, benefits, gallery parties and museum openings on each week's calendar of local cultural events. One great makeout scene is the Bastille Day party given by the French Library, an outdoor summer event featuring a black Haitian band and a roped-off block of festivities on Marlborough Street. Another is anything sponsored by the Institute of Contemporary Art, where the price of admission provides a couple of hours of wine, hors d'oeuvres and mingling with some of the city's trendiest singles. A local music critic recalls last winter's Irish Art Party at the Museum of Fine Arts, where a traveling exhibit celebrating 3000 years of Gaelic treasures was unveiled amidst a variety of local song and dance. "I met one of the young ladies who performed in a string quartet that evening," he says, "and she told me of the dilemmas of her love life involving three separate boyfriends. We adjourned to the back seat of my Duster for a joint and did a Fifties John Travolta special—a blow job in the back seat. Then we each went off to separate parties."

COLLEGE SEX

Boston is infested with colleges. No city anywhere has a higher density of institutions of higher learning. There are so many colleges and so diverse is the composition of their student bodies that no generalization about campus sex circa 1980 is really possible. But the hallowed halls have always been regarded as sexual proving grounds for matriculating youth, and PLAYBOY's survey of the Boston area indicates nothing has changed in that respect.

At Harvard, how you are doing sexually and whom you're doing it with depends on which crowd you run with. If you belong to one of the 19th Century all-male finals clubs, you pretty much have your choice of girls from Radcliffe and Wellesley, but you are also limited to that choice, because you have such a crusty image to maintain. Similarly, if you belong to one of the coed clubs, you bear the image of the group—Adams House has the elitist arts types and the gays, Kirkland House the jocks, Dunster House the artsy but lowbrow.

Or you may reside and party with three or four roommates in a dormitory suite, where you take your chances with whoever you meet in Harvard Square or the library, where some of the most interesting sexual maneuvers at Harvard take place. A complex mix within, Harvard's men nonetheless all project the same old-school personality to the women they date from other schools around the city. Says one Wellesley senior, "They think they're the cream of the crop, so they come on like they have something to prove. They fuck like they have a tradition to uphold."

At MIT, the strongest influence on sex is the ratio—four men to one woman (the cruel definition of an MIT coed: a guy who worked his balls off in high school). Next is the fact that the school has a grueling academic program. It's not unusual for engineering students to put in a 70-hour week sweating through classes, labs and studying. There are other academic sweat shops in Boston, but none to match MIT.

Sex at MIT is fine-tuned to the academic calendar. A former staffer for *Thursday*, a now-defunct independent campus paper, sums it up this way: "MIT is strange just because it's so intense. Studying is more intense and partying is more intense." MIT frats send shuttle buses to Simmons, a liberal-arts college in Fenway. The vans are called fuck trucks—by the Simmons girls.

Two years ago, MIT juniors Roxanne Ritchie and Susan Gilbert published their *Consumer Guide to MIT Men*, in which 36 MIT men who had been fucked by one or both were judged on a star system: four stars, a "must fuck"; three stars, a "good lay"; two stars, "mediocre but maybe worth trying"; one star, "recommended in emergencies only"; and a dot for "a turkey." There was no dispassionate Masters and Johnson clinical language, and Roxanne and Susan actually named the guys involved. One guy who got three stars, for example, was described as a "good strong fuck; I had the impression of getting laid by a bull." Subject 19, who pulled down four stars, was also immortalized to the student body as "innovative and skillful." But consider what it must have felt like to walk through the student union the day the student newspaper carried this description of your prowess: "Close your eyes and waves crash, mountains erupt and flowers bloom. He has a very large, gorgeous cock."

Brandeis, located half an hour west of Boston in Waltham, has the most homogeneous student body in the area. There are only 2800 undergraduates, and size has a lot to do with the observance of sex rites here. "After four years," says a Brandeis woman, "the possibilities get slim without overlapping on someone's roommate or best friend." But the trustees are enlightened about sexual frustration, so the school supplies space for a student-run Sexuality Information Service to dispense counseling and cut-rate contraceptives. Kathy, one of 35 volunteers, says they mostly handle "normality" calls. She says, "People worry because suddenly they are masturbating six times a day or haven't had a relationship in six months, or they've slept with three guys in a week. The answer

"I agree, sire, but when ten thousand assholes speak with one voice, even the king must pay heed."

that works best is to say, 'Yeah, that happens to me sometimes.' "

At Boston College, a 60 percent Catholic student body with a tradition of Jesuit origins, things aren't at all as logical as they should be. Many students live in coed dorms and cohabitation, though not condoned by the authorities, is tolerated. Boston College has all the trappings of a true center of knowledge, but the students don't take it all that seriously. "This isn't in the upper echelon of intellectual giants around here," says Bob Holmes, former sports editor of the student paper. Dean of students Father Edward Hanahan confirms that, "compared with other campuses, BC has many more parties." It adds up and checks out and the sum is this: Boston College is a *great* party school.

Cohabitation has been illegal in Massachusetts since 1784, and living in sin is still punishable by a three-year prison sentence, a two-year jail sentence or a $300 fine. Yet all the universities now have coed dorms and most simply look the other way when students decide to move in together. Father Hanahan says as long as other roommates don't complain when a new guy or girl shows up with suitcases, BC does not stand *in loco parentis*. In other words, as long as it's not a social nuisance, cohabitation is OK.

Often, that can mean screwing at least within earshot of one or more roommates, a phenomenon reported from all the schools surveyed. An MIT fraternity man tells of the compromise the brothers have reached: "When a guy has a woman over, the roommate will leave for an hour or so, then come back and all three sleep in the same room. In the morning, he just has to shut his ears to whatever sounds are coming from the next bed." Wellesley women also prefer to leave while the actual lovemaking proceeds, and some are a little more squeamish than the brothers at MIT about returning to spend the night.

Most sources, women and men alike, insist that casual fucking goes on, but now people are less likely to think they're becoming more liberated with every anonymous consummation. Brandeis sources report that most students there are "serially monogamous," a trend confirmed at most other universities. They are looking for a relationship. A Harvard man tells of meeting a girl at a party, being invited to her room and enjoying a night of fantastic sex. The next day, he dropped by to say thanks and, finding no one home, left a note on the door. Later, he got a furious phone call from the inamorata. Her live-in boyfriend had returned from two days of job interviews in New York and found the note. Serially monogamous, with lapses.

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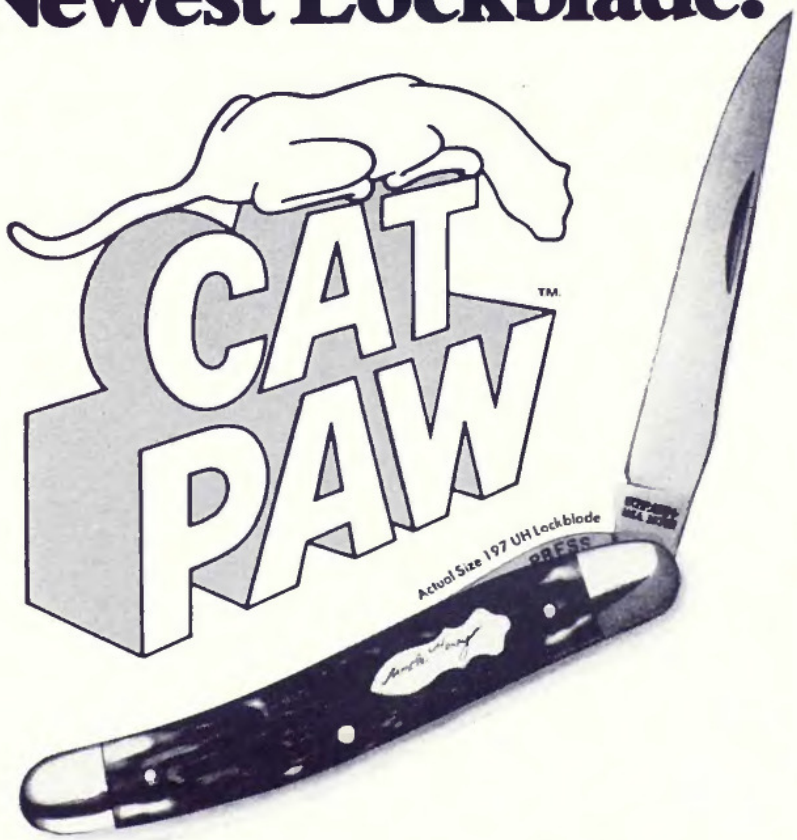

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COMMERCIAL SEX

Barney Frank is a Massachusetts state representative who believes that prostitution should not be a crime. Frank says he works on the principle that consenting adults should be able to do anything they want with each other as long as no blood is shed. So, from a municipal point of view, prostitution is akin to a land-use problem. "In some places, it's fine," says Frank. "In other places, you wouldn't want the noise and traffic and congestion that go with it. It's simply a question of zoning."

Legalization of prostitution is exactly what many people thought the city fathers in Boston had in mind back in 1974, when they created a special zoning category for the peep shows, bookstores, topless-bottomless bars and other sex-related businesses that naturally tended to congregate in a few square blocks near the theater district. Technically, it was called the adult-entertainment district. Colloquially, it's known as the Combat Zone.

The original idea of the zone was to confine X-rated films and nude dancing; other forms of pornography have *never* been legalized in Boston. "We've had calls from all over the country about the zone," reports then Boston

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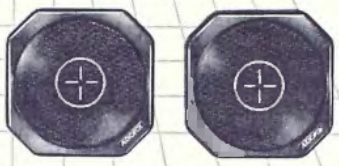

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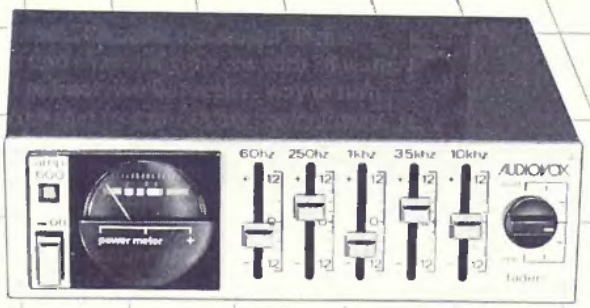

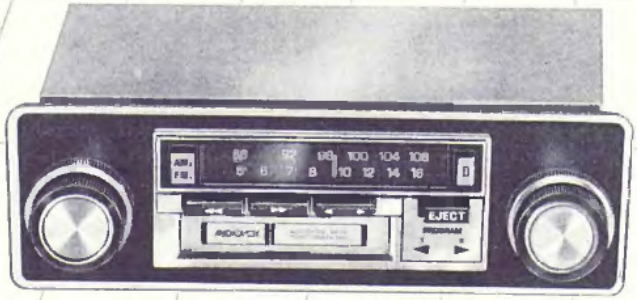

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vice-squad chief John Doyle, a gruff but warmhearted Irishman. "They're all asking the wrong question. They think we've legalized prostitution, of all things!" City officials around the country aren't the only ones who got the wrong idea. Prostitutes and pimps from all over the Eastern Seaboard packed up and headed for Boston.

For about two years, it was open season in the Combat Zone, and officials admit that the way things were handled gave the impression that the cops would lay off inside the zone. In those days, it was possible to go into strip clubs such as the Two O'Clock Lounge, the Caribe and Good Time Charlie's, watch the show and enjoy the company of a young lady dressed in scanty pajamas. For the price of a bottle of champagne—negotiable with the lady at rates ranging from $30 to $250—a visitor could arrange a trip to the back booth for a highly professional blow job. Other favors were available at other prices, and it was so dark in the clubs that a visiting conventioneer could get his ashes hauled with no one the wiser. "They had walkways along the bar and an entertainer would come right over and sit on a customer's head or whatever, you know?" says Doyle.

Not all the action was inside the clubs. Teams of hookers roamed the streets, soliciting from doorways, tapping on the windows of passing cars, confronting, even surrounding tourists as they made their way down the street. "Most of them weren't really hookers," Doyle claims. "They were muggers and pickpockets dressed up in hotpants. Crime in the area was 30 to 40 percent higher than anywhere else in the city and many of the crimes were not reported, for obvious reasons." Police stake-out films taken in the zone during its heyday show the area to be as wide open as any European city. A man stands on the front seat of the passenger side of a Volvo, paused in a line of traffic. His head, sticking out the top of the open sun roof, is lolling from side to side. A girl of about 20 years in short-shorts and halter is leaning in through the passenger window, administering an expert, street-level blow job. Another stroller is waylaid by a hooker and coaxed into a doorway, where she accompanies her sales pitch with an erotic fondling of his crotch. From the synchronized tape-recorded voices of the Boston vice-squad cops who manned the cameras comes the astounded cry, "She's got him by the *horn*!"

The films also bear out Doyle's point: Teams of two and three streetwalkers are shown shoving, grabbing, even punching passers-by, while an accomplice from behind attempts to pick their pockets.

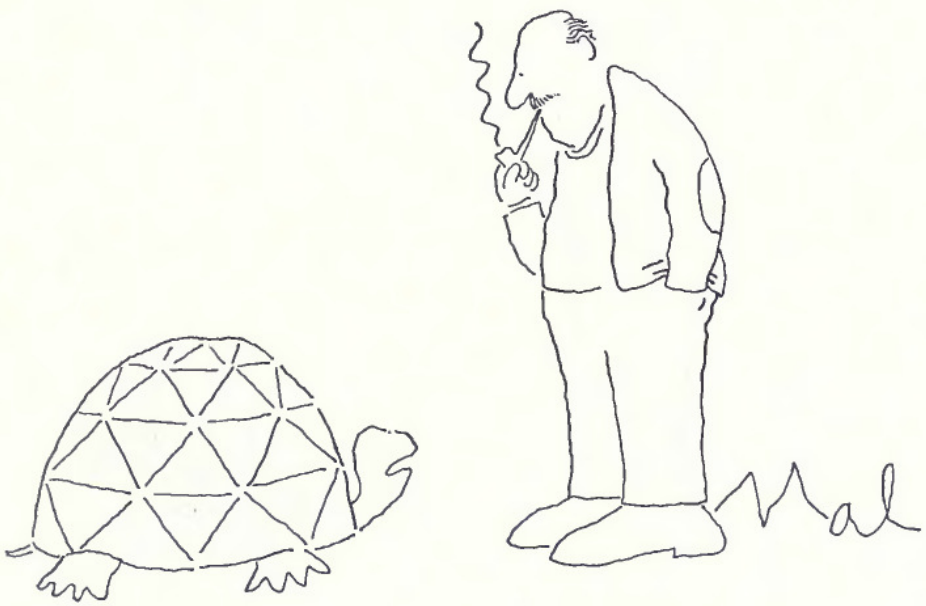
The crackdown in the zone came about the time a report confirming rampant police corruption in the area was leaked to the press in November 1976. Two weeks later, a Boston football player, Andy Puopolo, was killed in an altercation with a few of the zone's more notorious pimps. To cut down on street commerce, undercover cops were replaced with uniformed officers; the entire 25-man Boston vice unit was assigned to the area and prostitutes were hauled in in swarms. To cut down on the rampant sale of sex inside, the Boston licensing authorities decreed that all the clubs had to be lighted by at least one foot of candle power throughout. That cut down on the commerce in the back booths. "The concept of a Combat Zone failed in Boston," says Doyle.

Barney Frank believes the zone idea was never properly implemented in Boston. First, prostitution was not legalized in the area, people just thought it was; and, second, the zone was far too small, too congested. "As long as prostitution is illegal, guys are going to be sure they don't have any police protection when they go looking for a hooker," he contends. Frank introduced a bill in the state legislature to remove prostitution from the criminal statutes and set up several gay and straight zones in which prostitutes could legally ply their trade.

The legalized and regularly inspected brothels that operate in Nevada would not work in Boston, he says. "Up here, regulation is not for the public good but for the jobs it creates. Our politics are too corrupt. If we had legal brothels, the best job you could get in Boston would be nooky inspector." When the legislature held its public hearing on Frank's bill, Doyle showed up to testify against it brandishing a bullwhip and other appliances he said the vice squad had confiscated from a massage parlor—evidence of the kinds of depravity that might accompany legalized prostitution. Frank's bill failed.

Today, Boston's famous Combat Zone is, indeed, a tamer place. It's still possible to see all-nude dancing at the Caribe or the Naked i Cabaret, but several of the most notorious clubs have been closed, burned out or had their licenses revoked, and all have turned up the rheostats in anticipation of visits from the Boston cops with their miniature light meters. The bookstores and sex shops still boast all the titles and equipment you could buy in Times Square, and the peep shows still offer two minutes of loops with titles such as *She Takes Every Inch* and *Nazi Enema* for 25 cents. In most of the show bars, a single male customer will be offered an opportunity to buy a steady stream of drinks for the young lady in the peignoir who slips onto the adjacent barstool and runs her fingers along his inner thigh, cooing promises. This little pleasure will cost the single male customer $1.50 for his own beer and eight dollars apiece for the two ounces of vodka and water brought by the bartender and placed in front of the lady. Most of the out-of-town pimps have chucked it in and returned to greener pastures, and street crime is down, according to Doyle, by 300 percent. There were 1200 prostitution arrests in the zone in 1975, fewer than 300 in 1977.

That doesn't mean that a visiting fireman looking to part with some of his



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Talk to the experts about STRESSTABS® 600 with Zinc.

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cash advance in return for the favors of a lady should avoid the zone. In many of the bars, hookers pay the bartender ten dollars a night for the right to stake out an independent operation for the evening. The action no longer takes place on the premises—at least not so frequently. Working in teams, the girls will take a room for the night in a nearby hotel—the Bradford, for example—and shuttle their clients in and out.

There is plenty of street action in Boston, too. Where? "Newbury Street, since the crackdown," says Lana Lobby, who lives there and whose radiant blonde good looks constantly bring her unwanted offers to try the oldest profession.

"The financial district," says Barney Frank. "Down there, you get hustled by the bankers during the day and by the hookers at night. It's a 24-hour symmetry."

"Behind Symphony Hall," says Doyle, whose men have abandoned the practice of noting license numbers of cruising suburbanites in high prostitution zones, then mailing warnings to their homes that their cars have been seen in a dangerous area.

"On the corners of Stuart and Washington, Arlington and St. James or Boylston and Massachusetts Avenue," says an advertising exec who is knowledgeable about all aspects of Boston night life.

A visitor to Boston who has his own hotel room might find he can score simply by paying a visit to the bar downstairs. Some hotels periodically hire undercover cops if the action gets too flagrant, but girls who work some of those lounges say that Copley's Bar, the Howard Johnson's 57, The Last Hurrah at Dunfey's Parker House and even the staid Ritz-Carlton are prime spots to find an out-of-towner with loose change in his pocket and two pillows on the bed upstairs. In the zone, streetwalkers say to the men passing by, "Hey, buddy, want to go out?" In the bars, you turn it around and ask the girl, "Are you going out?" If she says yes, the price can start as high as $50.

Another way to get professionally laid in Boston or Cambridge is to rummage through the modeling and massage classified advertisements in the counterculture newspapers, *The Boston Phoenix* and *The Real Paper*. Many are outcall services, and if the shopper is prepared to leave his hotel-room number or home phone number for verification, he can happily leave the driving to them.

There's a centuries-old health-code ordinance on the books in Boston banning massage by members of the opposite sex, so there are none of the parlors familiar to many cities operating openly in

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PLAYBOY'S BOSTON TELEPHONE SURVEY

Having fought the American Revolution, Boston seems content to sit out this—the sexual—one. After all, this is the birthplace of the phrase banned in Boston. We did not know what to expect when we asked 494 randomly selected Bostonians between the ages of 18 and 40 to rate the sexual temperature of their city. We wanted to define the standards of the region. Would those questioned bother to answer? Surprisingly, they were eager to cooperate. However, the results were decidedly conservative.

In surveys of other cities, we found that the sexual-temperature self-assessment was a good indicator of the sense of action in town. Sex is akin to the movement of molecules—the higher the perceived temperature, the more frenzied the activity. The citizens of Bean Town rated themselves a startlingly frigid 53—a survey low. Their opinion of the rest of the country was equally chilly. They gave Miami 63, Chicago 64, L.A. 79, New York 80 and Las Vegas 83. The average of those ratings (70) is lower than those we obtained in New Orleans (71), Chicago (74), Los Angeles (75) and Miami (83). Boston is the first city in our telephone survey to place itself *lower* than comparison cities.

And yet civic pride is fairly high: 76 percent thought that there was a lot to do in Boston, 37 percent thought it was a great place to live, while another 39 percent thought that, in general, things were good. However, none of those things is sexual. Only 36 percent thought that Boston had become more sexually permissive over the past five years. Only 43 percent thought the sexual temperature had risen. In every other city we surveyed, the figures revealed that a majority thought the temperature of their particular town had increased. Boston is behind the times, and proud of it.

When we asked Bostonians to agree or disagree with certain statements, we found that the natives viewed their city as essentially proper.

Only 47 percent thought that organized crime had a free hand in the Boston area.

Fifty-five percent thought that drug use had increased over the past five years.

Seventy-three percent thought that if a person wanted to gamble, he could find some action in the Boston area.

Thirty-five percent thought that there had been an increase in the number of adult bookstores.

Eighty-nine percent acknowledged the existence of gay bars in the area.

Seventy percent thought that prostitution was on the increase, with 37 percent citing an increase in the number of massage parlors over the past five years. Only 40 percent thought that police were closing their eyes to the problem.

Once again, most of these figures set new lows for the survey. The perceived reality is that of a basically conservative, clean-cut town. This seems to be the mental image most of the natives carry around. When our reporter questioned sources about sex in Boston, the most frequent response he encountered was: "Sex in Boston? Is there any?" But there is some evidence that—behind their proper façade—Bostonians are curious about sex, intellectually, if not physically.

Adult Movies: Sixty-three percent of the people we polled thought that adult movies should be allowed in the Boston area. A survey-high 73 percent knew someone who had been to an X-rated flick, while 48 percent had gone themselves. Approximately 35 percent of those reported that they enjoyed the experience.

Pornography: A slight majority (56 percent) thought that adult bookstores should be allowed. Almost the same number (55 percent) said they knew someone who had visited a porn shop, while 33 percent reported having browsed in one. While only one third of those reported having purchased erotic material, the majority (59 percent) seemed to enjoy it. People in Boston are students of sex, if nothing else: 37 percent of the people we polled had read a sex manual such as *The Joy of Sex*.

Prostitution: Fifty-nine percent of the people surveyed thought that massage parlors should be allowed to operate in Boston. Another 44 percent thought that the oldest profession should be allowed to operate in the streets. Twenty-four percent knew someone who had been to a massage parlor, but only five percent had engaged in such an experience themselves.

Homosexuality: Sixty-nine percent of the people thought that gay bars should be allowed to exist. Forty-six percent (a survey high) knew someone who had been to a gay bar, while 19 percent (another survey high) had gone to one themselves.

Boston or Cambridge. Noting that his men don't normally spend their time tracking down small entrepreneurs, the gregarious Doyle pored over the classifieds with PLAYBOY, identifying those in which more than a massage was probably available.

A few blocks beyond Harvard Square, Nadine, a statuesque 21-year-old brunette who is working on her Ph.D. in Eastern religion, operates a cottage industry—sensuous massage—in her Cambridge apartment. Most of her repeat clients are locals. "I see professors, students, people from Polaroid, from the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority, a mayor and a chairman of the rent-control board from one of the communities. There's a local TV sports announcer and businessmen who'd rather get eaten for lunch than eat." For $20, Nadine gives a "complete" massage; for ten dollars more she *really* completes it; and for an extra $20, you get a blow job, which Nadine says is the normal request. Hookers all over Boston report that so many of their clients want a blow job that girls can make a career of those and hand jobs, never engaging in actual intercourse. "It seems to me that guys aren't getting much head at home in Boston," she says.

•

With the withering of the Combat Zone, new sources of adult entertainment have grown up in the suburbs. The underground papers and the Yellow Pages reveal a number of saunas and health spas. Once inside, even the out-of-towners can crack the code. The Swedish, Roman and Danish saunas all have a roughly comparable drill, but probably the largest and best adult-entertainment center in New England operates under the name Parisian Sauna and is located in Peabody, a northeastern suburb. The Parisian has a whirlpool, steam room, sauna and weight equipment, a lounge with Advent TV and soft drinks and nine massage rooms with ten or more girls working every shift. On a busy night, there are license plates in the parking lot from New Hampshire, New York, Rhode Island and Vermont, along with the home-state variety. Most of the young ladies who wander about inside dressed in one-piece swimming suits of clinging maillot hail from all over the Northeast, and most are actually trained in massage.

If you've driven all the way to Peabody for a straight massage, that's what you get for the posted prices: $30 for a half hour, $40 for an hour and $40 for *le bain*, the house-special bubble bath. There's more to be had, of course, but the way these places keep open and the girls keep their jobs is to be ever wary of plainclothes police officers. To pro-

tect themselves, the girls never mention money, leaving the initiative entirely with the customer. You might say, for example, "I have an extra $20 and I'd like a French massage." If the lady who has just oiled your backsides takes your money and tucks it away without a word of response, don't worry, it's just more Massachusetts massage-parlor propriety. You've seen the last of your $20, to be sure, but you'll probably enjoy a highly professional French massage, which means the same thing in the Boston vernacular as it does everywhere else.

GAYS

No one—not the city, not gay civic leaders or newspapers, not the politicians who defend gay interests and depend on gay votes for their survival—*no one* is willing to even hazard a guess about how many gays there are in Boston. Sociologists estimate that 13 percent of the males and five percent of the females are gay—with about one percent of those out of the closet, or "outgay," as they say in Boston. By those standards, Boston has a much larger than average—or much more visible—gay community. Probably both.

Boston draws gays from all over New England, mostly middle class or better, with the skills and occupational mobility that enable them to land a good job in a city that easily accommodates their private lives. The neighborhoods where open gay activity is a comfortable part of the street scene are Back Bay (which a few years ago elected a lesbian state legislator), Beacon Hill, Fenway and Bay Village. In the summer, there is Provincetown, the Fire Island of Cape Cod, the gay hub of New England. Then, of course, there's Cambridge, where the open standards of the university community prevail and the on-campus presence of gay faculty and organized student groups make being young and gay or newly gay an easier thing to deal with openly.

In Boston, as everywhere, how things work in practice depends on local enforcement habits. Chapter 272, Section 34 of the Massachusetts General Laws still says, "Whoever commits the abominable and detestable crime against nature, either with mankind or with a beast, shall be punished by imprisonment in the state prison for not more than 20 years." With laws like that and a solid Irish ethic dominating the police force, things tended to go rough on gay haunts until a few years ago, when the Massachusetts Supreme Court moved into the breach with a couple of decisions that removed the heat somewhat. In *Commonwealth vs. Balthazar*, the gentleman in question abducted a woman and forced her, at knifepoint, to give him a blow job. Evidently, the experience had sparkle, because he made a date with her for a return engagement the following week. When he showed up for the second act, he found himself handcuffed and in the custody of the cops. Balthazar made his way to the state's supreme court by arguing that Massachusetts has no legitimate interest in what sex acts he performs in private. Fine and good, said the enlightened justices, except how do you explain the knife? That case put the cops on notice in the matter of privacy. Then, when a local newsman was charged with soliciting sex from a youthful plainclothes copper behind the doors of a video booth in a peep show, the court added a refinement to its definition of privacy: If you have to go out of your way to see it, it's private. The abominable and detestable crime against nature is still banned in Boston, but those two considerations govern local enforcement habits and ease worries about most gay sex.

Boston is a political town, and gays are important enough as a voting bloc that Mayor Kevin White actually appointed a special assistant chiefly responsible for liaison with the gay community. The man who holds that job at city hall is a local lad named Robin MacCormack. He sums up the Boston gay scene: "There are so many outlets now that there's something for everybody." There is a seven-team gay softball league that featured match-ups against the Statehouse and city-hall teams. For the academic set across the Charles, there are Wednesday-evening lectures and play readings sponsored by the Harvard-Radcliffe Gay Student Association. There are also more than 20 gay bars and discos listed in the tabloid, *Gay Community News*.

Among the universities, Harvard, MIT and Brandeis have on-campus gay organizations. Eric Trefelner, former head of gays at MIT, attributes part of that to inexperience and adjustment. "College is often the first time gays are able to face their sexuality," he says. "Straights have a chance to deal with sex in high school, so they know how to behave. Gays often must wait until they get away to college, and then some start very slowly and carefully. Some don't."

Classifieds in *The Boston Phoenix* and *The Real Paper* offer outcall massages of all varieties, even for those interested in a "Pre-Op Trnsxl." There is some gay cruising along the Esplanade, in the Back Bay and in the parks. But most of the incidental nighttime contact is made in the bars and discos. For a flashier evening, there's the three-tiered Club 1270 at that address on Boylston Street, the city's premier gay disco. Behind the Prudential Center, there's Chaps for after-work conversation over a happy-hour glass of wine. The city's oldest gay bar is Sporters, which gives no outward signs of existing besides the address at 228 Cambridge and looks vaguely like a bookmaking operation.

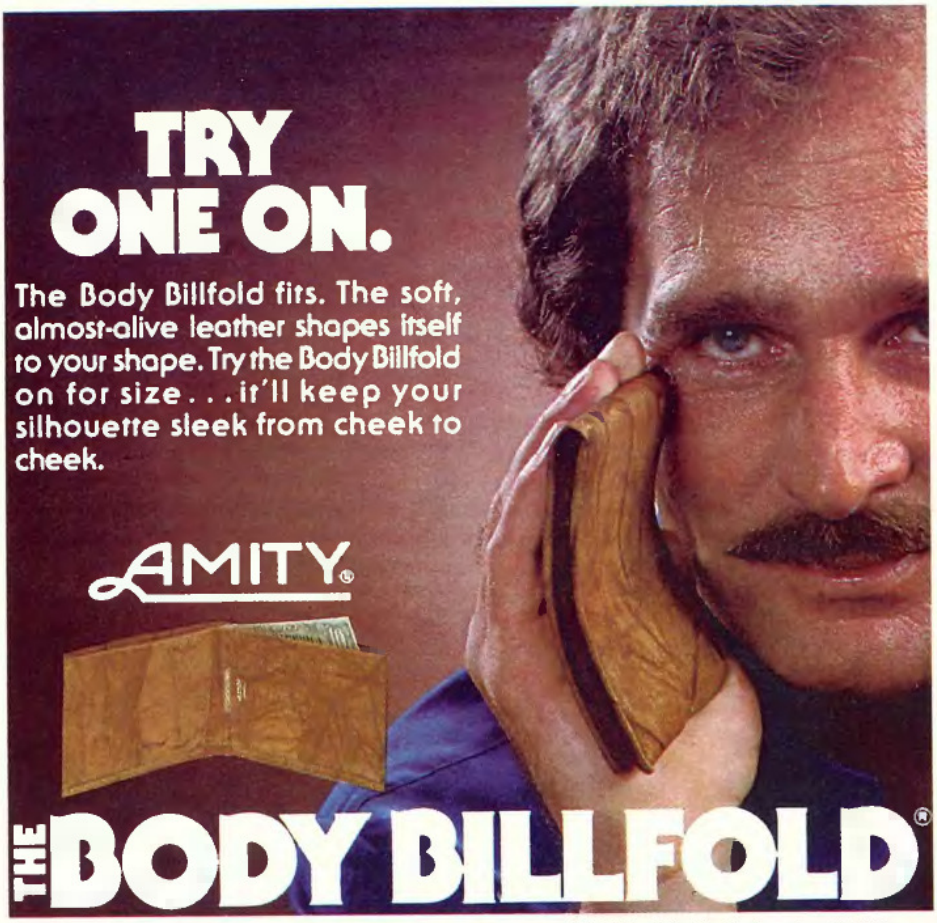
Typical of the atmosphere of Boston's gay bars is Darts, just off Boylston in the Back Bay, where bar and disco are accompanied by plenty of space for conversation and mingling. It's an atmosphere of ease and frank sensuality shared by gays in and out of the closet, suburbanites, conventioneers, regulars and one-nighters. There is more open affection shown among gays in bars than in any other public place. The terms of the encounter are unmistakable. "There's much less restraint with gay sex these days," says a systems analyst who works for a computer firm out along Route 128 but lives on Beacon Hill. "Once you've violated society's greatest taboo, the rest is easy."

SWINGING

For several years, there has been a quiet movement toward swinging all over New England, with Boston as its locus. It's in a more primal stage here than in a place like San Francisco, to be sure, but converts to the movement seem to be sticking with it, even to the detriment of their other social lives. As everywhere else, people in the Boston area got used to variety in their sex lives when they were single and they grow to miss it a bit after they settle down, no matter how good sex is at home.

For a long time, most contacts among swingers here were made through *Select Magazine*, the swingers' guidebook, and many still begin that way. Five years ago, a local offshoot was formed calling itself Noah's Ark. The organizers ran ads in *The Boston Phoenix*, netting 20–30 responses a week, and began holding socials in the upstairs of two Boston restaurants, both now closed.

The success of Noah's Ark spurred several imitators, but the one with the most firmly established foothold is Mark II—Alternatives for Couples, known simply as the Alternative. The original idea for a private swingers' club came when John (Boston swingers observe the emerging national courtesy of using only first names), a retired military officer who is now an environmental consultant for the Federal Government, noticed all the classified advertising in underground newspapers devoted to horny singles seeking mates. He now runs the largest swinging group in New England—one of the few swap groups anywhere that do their business directly by telephone rather than risk the long delays (and loss of interest) involved in the mails. So if a Boston couple develop an urge with a few joints and a bottle of wine on a



DIRECTOR Body Billfold Wallet in Conestoga Cowhide. Suggested retail: $16.50. Other fine leathers from $7.50 to $31.00. **Call toll free 800-447-4700** for your nearest Amity Dealer dealer. In Illinois, 800-322-4400. Or write Amity, West Bend, Wisconsin 53095. ©1980 Amity Leather Products Company.

Saturday afternoon, they can make one phone call and get a line on anything from a quiet swap to a full-fledged orgy for later that night.

There is plenty of action at the biweekly socials—one in Burlington, which draws from New Hampshire, Vermont and the North Shore, and the other in Quincy, which pulls in Rhode Island, Connecticut and the south side of Boston. But the socials are never ass-grabbing orgies. As John puts it, "New England is still pretty staid and stuffy." The admission price, ten dollars for members, $15 for nonmembers, buys entry to a cash bar and an evening of dancing to everything from Glenn Miller to disco. "Downstairs early is like a high school prom," says one regular member. "Upstairs after is where the action is." And the Alternative organizers are happy to help book special rates on rooms.

When the social closes down and those Alternative couples who haven't just swapped phone numbers for future liaisons adjourn to the upstairs, the clothes are checked and, sexually, anything goes until check-out time the next day. Couples pair off and wander away for a session of one on one or two on one or two on two. Just the basics. This is not the scene for really kinky sex.

•

"Couldn't happen here," insisted Stoney Dowling when PLAYBOY asked whether or not Boston was ready for a downtown, walk-in-off-the-street type of swingers' operation on the Plato's Retreat model. Dowling helped run a local swingers' group for several years and nourished hopes of opening an on-premises place himself. "In Boston," he explains, "it would cost too much to pay off the police."

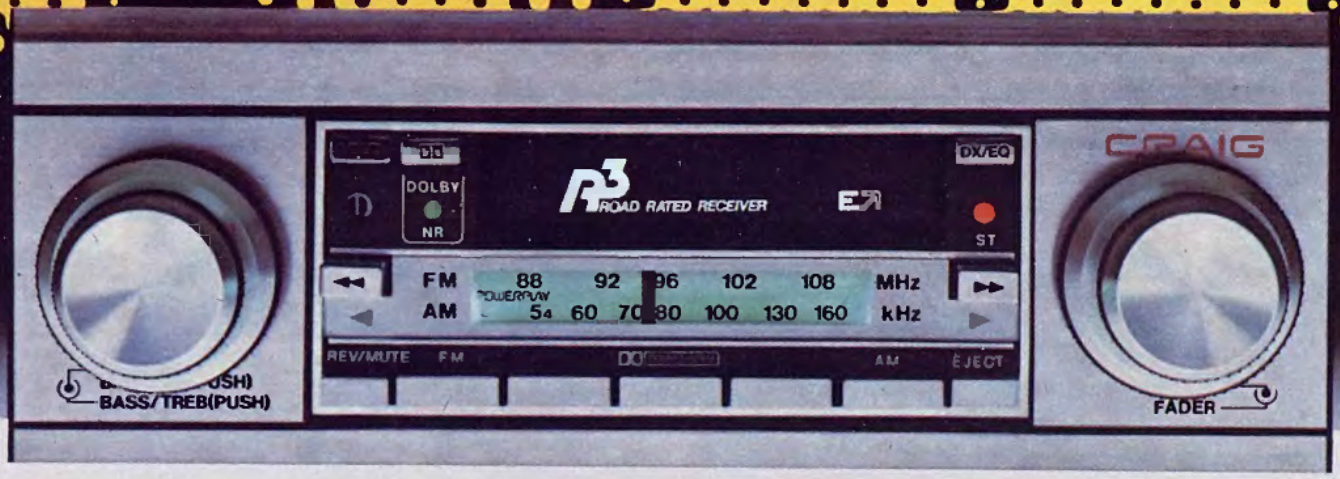
An experiment *was* tried outside the city limits, however, and it was a booming business until officials succeeded in putting a legal damper on the operation.

The Ambassador Club, New England's maiden on-premises sex club, was the brain child of Vinnie Tavernese, a local boy who considers himself a pioneer in the sex business. He located his club 15 minutes from Boston in Woburn, just a few yards off interstate 128 in a quiet office complex across from a shopping mall.

Entry to the Ambassador cost five dollars for membership and $40 per couple for the evening, booze included. It made the sexual smorgasbord an expensive proposition, but the Ambassador's price was delicately calibrated to encourage a certain class of clientele.

Terry and Keri, for example, are typical of the clients the Ambassador attracted. They are both 29, both divorced, and each has two children. Terry and Keri slept around a bit while they were

FIGHT



It's a jungle out there. Especially out on the street. That's why car stereos have it so rough. They're subject to attacks of Fuzzzz. Fading. Overlapping Stations. And something called "Picket Fencing"—the fft-fft-fft you hear when you drive past tall buildings.

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Tri-Flon is a development of the very latest in space-age technology. There's absolutely no better way to keep things moving.

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single. And while they were married, for that matter. They like variety in sex, so they decided to team up and try organized swinging. They found the Alternative socials just a little stiff, but they'd made a couple of new friends there and the orgies they went to proved a great turn-on for them both. The Ambassador offered a new twist. They prefer to go where they've never been before, so every face is a strange one. "Nothing can match the no-holds-barred, sheer electricity of first-night fucking. Especially when you know from the time your eyes meet that's what's going to happen. I just outdid myself!" says Keri, who turned in a couple of performances at the Ambassador destined to become local legends.

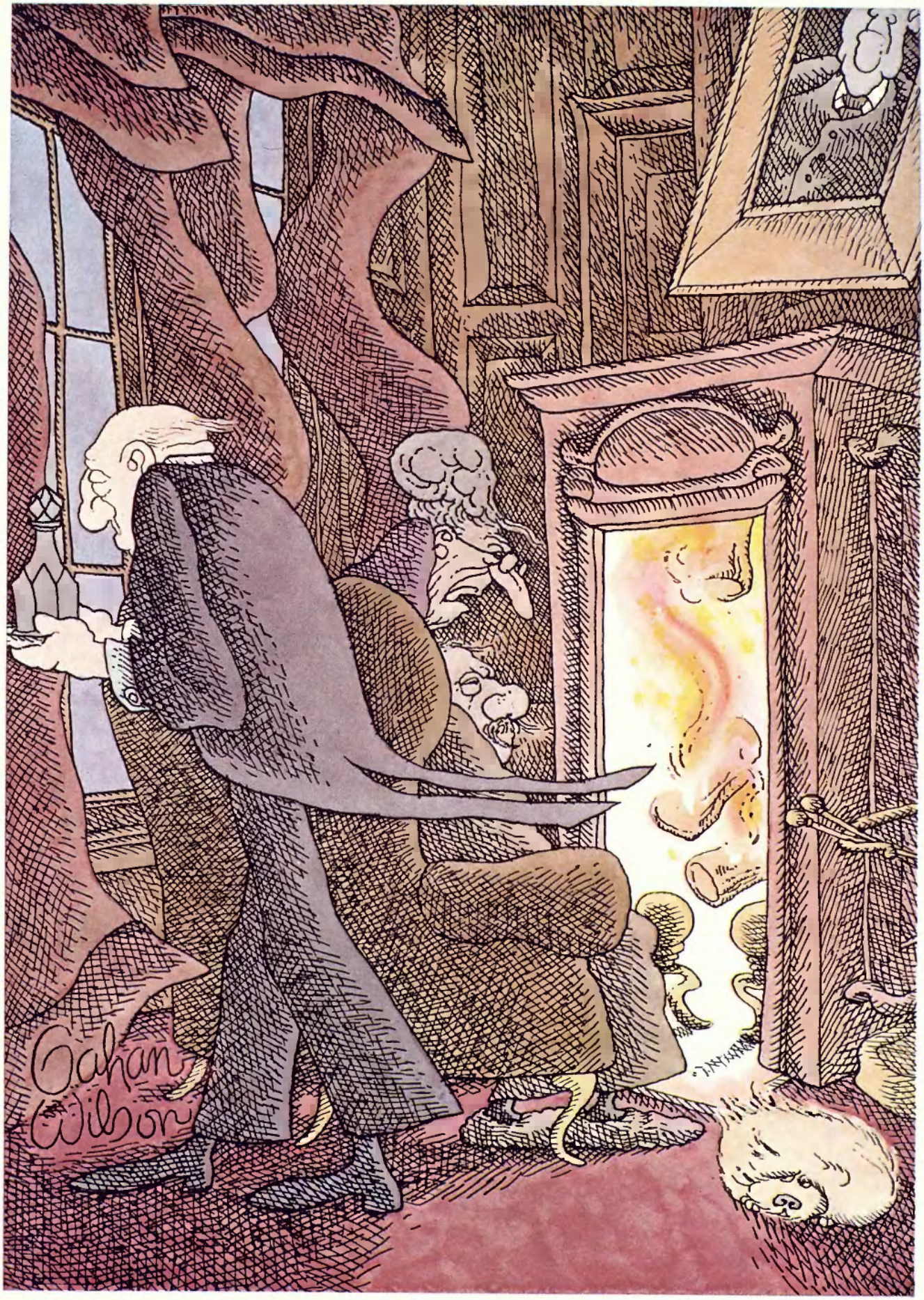
But when authorities in Woburn found out from an article in *Boston Magazine* what was actually going on behind the doors of the Ambassador, it piqued their interest. Swapping partners for purposes of sexual intercourse, they told Vinnie, made his operation a social club of an entirely different dimension, and they began shopping around for a means to give him a hard time. "We would like to think we have an ordinance that doesn't allow that type of activity," says Paul Doherty, formerly an assistant to the city solicitor. Eventually, the Woburn Board of Health closed the club for serving alcoholic beverages on the same premises with saunas and steam rooms.

•

Most of the pairing off at the Ambassador involved straightforward, two-on-two swapping, but Keri recalls the night she took on three guys at once as the main event, warming up by leading two others back to the sunrooms. "I never came so many times in my life," she smiles, "and I don't intend to let that record stand forever."

•

With thoughts of the titillating Keri dancing like sugarplums through the brain, PLAYBOY prepares to leave Boston. The cab ride begins in the shadows of Harvard's towers, across the slumbering Charles River, past the lusty Back Bay and the golden dome of Beacon Hill. We catch a glimpse of historic Faneuil Hall and skirt the markets of the North End before disappearing into the Callahan Tunnel to Logan International Airport. Sex in Boston today is a vibrant combination of high tones and low politics, culture and generations of rigid tradition coming unglued. For the visitor prepared to concentrate his research in groves other than those of academe, sex in Boston can be a withering experience, indeed.



"Well, I think it's drawing far too well."

ETIQUETTE FOR THE EIGHTIES *(continued from page 124)*

"The best way to get along with a female boss is to act like she's one of the boys."

How to Arrange a Major Latin-American Drug Deal Today, the civilized gent has to know how to do more than just tack into the wind and play polo. To pull off a drug deal, first fly to Colombia. Stop shaving. Look shady. Wear a black hat and a solid-gold watch. Throw lots of cash around. Sooner or later, you're bound to contact the right people.

How to Spend the Time in a Major Latin-American Drug Jail After You've Been Busted Shave. Look clean-cut. Swear you're an innocent American art student who's been framed. Throw lots of cash around. Sooner or later, you're bound to pay off the right people.

Stylized Drug Consumption Just as the question of the proper wine to serve with meat or fish has plagued socially insecure people for decades, so does the question of the appropriate drug. Quaaludes with meat? Colombian with fish? Airplane glue at ghetto picnics? Since you insist, the chart below should clear up all questions of what drug to use and when to serve it.

CHAPTER THREE: Disco Etiquette

You're standing in the latest chic disco with Halston, Liza and Truman. The music is unbearably loud. Outside, hundreds of less sophisticated individuals are bidding their arms, legs and first-born children to get in. The deejay begins to play *MacArthur Park*. A gay comes over and asks you to dance. You do the only civilized thing—promise him the first slow one.

CHAPTER FOUR: How Not to Be the Life of the Party

Four statements interesting people won't make during the Eighties:

1. Oswald was alone.
2. Rose Mary Woods was responsible for the 18-and-a-half-minute gap.
3. UFOs don't exist.
4. It's time we found out what really went on at Chappaquiddick.

CHAPTER FIVE: Business Etiquette

In the past, business etiquette involved little more than losing a tennis match or an occasional round of golf to an important client. Once again, times have changed. Today, instead of losing tennis matches, you're expected to lose 26-mile marathons. Instead of being able to say mindless things like "Let's run it up the flagpole" or "Capital idea, J. B.," you have to understand obtuse subjects such as ecology, worker safety and truth in advertising. And instead of being able to deal with other red-blooded American males, you're forced to mix with Arabs, women and a host of "equal opportunity" employees. All things considered, it's no wonder Chrysler is in trouble.

How to Deal with a Woman Boss The best way to get along with a female boss is to act like she's one of the boys. Ask if she "got any" last night. Call her "Hon" or "Babe." Any time she looks troubled, ask if it's that time of the month again. Keep that up for just a few weeks and your anxiety should disappear—along with your job.

Selling Out to Arabs While no one is exactly sure, it's rumored that every 27 minutes, the OPEC nations take in enough money to buy the entire United States—lock, stock and Statue of Liberty. But because the Arabs are highly image-conscious, they don't want to appear gauche by buying the whole country at once. Instead, they've decided to go after small pieces—like your house and

DRUG / OCCASION	Draft Notice	Bar Mitzvah	Seduction	Political Rally	Discotheque	College Reunion	Wedding	Federal Indictment	Cheap Thrill	Escape from Reality	Diet Aid	IRS Audit	Divorce	Side Effects	Serving Suggestions and Special Notes	Cost
Amphetamines	×	×	×	☆	☆	×	○	☆	○	○	☆	☆	√	Perfect drug for game-show host	Serve late in college semester; mix thoroughly with exams and finals	Nothing compared with flunking out
Amyl Nitrite	☆	√	×	☆	☆	√	○	○	☆	√	×	○	☆	Prevents heart attacks	Serve at retirement parties and shareholders' meetings	$3/capsule
Cocaine	☆	×	☆	√	☆	×	☆	√	×	☆	×	○	√	Puts holes in nasal cartilage	The champagne of modern drugs. Can be dyed to match color schemes at society weddings; serve in large soup tureens	$125/gram; free for FM deejays
Heroin	○	×	×	☆	×	√	×	×	○	√	☆	☆	√	Looting and mayhem	Excellent for rock-'n'-roll stars bent on destruction; serve in platinum syringes	Due to inflation, nickel bag is now $300
LSD	×	×	×	○	√	○	×	×	○	☆	×	☆	√	See God now	"In" drug during the Sixties; passé during Eighties. Great for nostalgia night	Latest available price (1969) $5/tab
Marijuana	○	☆	○	×	☆	√	√	√	√	√	×	×	☆	Makes people watch TV with sound off	Beer of the Eighties. Always pass to the right; white rolling papers for weddings, black for funerals	$50/oz. for "really good stuff"; but when have you heard of any that wasn't?
Quaaludes	☆	×	☆	×	☆	○	○	×	○	√	√	×	√	Slurred speech; much falling down stairs	"Mellow" drug; best served late at night or any time in California	Depends on unscrupulous doctor who writes prescription
Porsche 911S	×	×	☆	×	☆	☆	○	○	×	√	×	×	☆	High insurance premiums	Produces pure, recurring rushes of self-esteem; the combination sparks aphrodisiac effect in women	$47,000, plus dealer prep

Key: ☆ perfect; √ acceptable; ○ it'll do in a pinch; × not recommended.

business and local football team. When that happens, don't get upset. Accept the inevitable. Smile. Be courteous. And charge 20 times the normal selling price.

How to Work for an Oil Company and Still Be Respected Let's face it: In this day and age, it's just not possible for all of us to hold down solid, respectable "pillar-of-strength-in-the-community" jobs like bail bondsmen and pawnbrokers. *Somebody*'s got to be responsible for raising gas prices and turning down 18-year-olds for car insurance. If you're the type who can do those things and maintain the respect of interesting women, fine. If not, you may wish to use one of the following euphemisms:

What you do for a living
Dolphin killing
Strip mining
IRS auditor
Oil executive in charge of environmental-impact statements

What you should tell people
Wildlife management
Landscape artist
Professional wrestler
Science-fiction writer

How to Convince Your Friends Who Are Stuck in the Sixties That You Haven't Sold Out—Despite Your Corporate Vice-Presidency, BMW, 6' Advent Television Set, Ski House, Wine Cellar and Tennis Club Tell them you still eat granola.

CHAPTER SIX: How to Get Rid of Pesky Insurance Salesmen

No need to be rude. Simply answer the phone, then cough . . . wheeze . . . choke. Gasping for air, say: "Insurance? Sounds great. Hold on a second while I grab another diet soda and light up a cigarette. I'll tell you, asbestos installation is a tough business. . . ."

CHAPTER SEVEN: Basic Political Etiquette (How to Cope with Republicans and Other Endangered Species)

With Republicans about to join the whale, cheap foreign cars and the frequent American voter on the endangered-species list, any politician who expects to succeed during the next ten years is going to have to learn a whole new style of political behavior. If you're planning to run, heed the following:

- Dirty tricks haven't gone out of style; they're just more sophisticated. Instead of bugging your opponent, donate $1,000,000 to his campaign under the name Frank Exxon. Or George Texaco.
- Don't let the concept of separation of church and state stop you from bringing up your born-again Christianity in every speech.
- If you're going to talk about conserving energy, make sure you fly all over the country to tell people about it.
- Should your opponent turn out to be a former movie star, ask him to submit his hair color to a lie-detector test.
- Always separate the "let's cut taxes" speech by at least 48 hours from your address on more aid for the poor.

CHAPTER EIGHT: How to Attend Rock-'n'-Roll Concerts at the Age of 32 and Not Ruin Everyone's Good Time

Remember when you were 18 and had a cosmic time at the Fillmore? Now that the basic rock-'n'-roll audience is ten to 15 years younger than you are, it's easy to understand your feeling out of place jumping on your seat for encores, asking for loose joints and yelling "Far out" after every song.

But don't be self-conscious just because you're the only one in the theater who remembers *Mod Squad*, Strawberry Alarm Clock and John Kennedy, all you have to do is carry a copy of *Billboard* and pretend you're in the business.

CHAPTER NINE: Notes and Announcements

Despite the crippling rise of illiteracy and the decline of reliable postal service, formal notes between dignified gentlemen have never gone out of style. Worded properly, such epistles can be used to cajole, inform, invite and, in some cases, generate large amounts of cash from your in-laws.

The Invitation Invitations are generally short and to the point, informing the guest of the date, time and site of the affair. Correctly worded, it will set the tone for the entire event:

> **Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Schofield**
> **cordially invite you**
> **to do obscene things with**
> **people you've never met before**
> **Saturday, May 17th**
> ***Come as you'd like***

A classic example of good taste. Here's another one that's slightly more contemporary in tone:

> **Marvin Mitchelson**
> **kindly invites you to split**
> **half your net worth**
> **with your former lover**
> **Los Angeles County Courthouse**
> **August 10, 1981**
> ***—Dangerous legal precedents***
> ***to follow—***

Announcements Using the same basic tone found in invitations, formal announcements are sent to inform relatives and friends of any important event. Here are a couple you may find useful:

Addition to the family:

> **Mr. Howard Schwartz**
> **takes great pleasure**
> **in announcing the delivery**
> **of his first Maserati**
> **2000 pounds, 8 ounces**
> **Six miles per gallon**
> **$49,000**
> ***Both automobile and ego***
> ***doing fine***

Religious experience:

> **Thanks to**
> **est,**
> **Vic Thrust**
> **wishes to let you know**
> **he is now**
> **in touch with his own feelings**
> ***Call whenever you feel like it***

Obviously, those are only two of the ways refined gentlemen are currently using the formal note; more are being discovered all the time. Indeed, no matter what happens during the next decade, you can be sure the formal note will be flexible enough to announce it properly.

> **Mr. Steve Reilly**
> **is relieved to announce**
> **he is officially out of the closet**
> **Please join him in celebrating**
> **this gay event**
> **February 3, 1981, eight P.M.**
> **The Ramrod Bar**
> ***(Please use rear entrance)***

POSTSCRIPT: What Do You Wear to a Nuclear Meltdown?

As these events become more popular, attention must be given to the question of appropriate attire. Some have suggested a three-piece suit made of utility-company stock certificates; but, essentially, you're on your own:

> **The Cosmopolitan Power**
> **and Light Company**
> **welcomes your presence at a**
> **Nuclear Mishap**
> **Power Plant 3** **April 1987**
> ***Glow as you are***

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When your taste grows up, Winston out-tastes them all.

Only Winston's Sun-Rich™ Blend of the choicest, richest tobaccos tastes this full and satisfying.

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Regular and 100's

100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '79.

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

BACK AT THE RANCH *(continued from page 194)*

"Corny, but riding into the sunset and listening to the wranglers sing is worth remembering."

Phoenix, calls itself the Dude Ranch Capital of the World, though the appellation is really a remnant of the halcyon dude-ranch days of the Thirties. A favorite tale told repeatedly hereabouts describes old Henry Wickenburg urging his none-too-cooperative mule toward ominously named Vulture Peak in 1863, when his patience ran out and he stooped to pick up a rock with which to convince the reluctant pack animal to hurry. Although what Henry picked up was just a piece of quartz, he noticed what looked like a seam of gold just under the stone, and it wasn't too long before that sparkle in the ground became one of the richest gold strikes in American history.

The gold petered out, however, and Henry himself is said to have become the victim of cheap booze and bad companions. But the town that still bears his name did much better, and at least one reason is the incredibly consistent, simply superb weather, which, from November to May, is among the most salutary anywhere. Back in the Thirties, when Western-style movies fueled the national passion for escape, there were supposed to have been more than two dozen spreads in the Wickenburg area that catered to visitors. The tourist horde, including more than a fair share of Hollywood notables, was funneled into the area by train, and it was not unusual for a typical guest to spend as much as a month riding the range in relatively pampered style. The numbers of guest ranches have dwindled to only half a dozen, but they still represent one of the country's finest concentrations.

The general geographic area is called the Hassayampa Valley, after the river of the same name, and depending on which local "expert" you choose to believe, the river's name means either "River with Water and Big Stones" or "River That Flows Upside Down." Most Wickenburg veterans prefer the latter, since the Hassayampa now flows mostly underground.

The surrounding Sonora Desert makes spectacular riding country: steep-sided arroyos for ridge climbing; long, rolling prairies; sandy washes; and spectacular mountain backdrops. This is an area where you learn the purpose of a ten-gallon hat very quickly, since pale skins burn very fast in the dry, sunny air, and Suzy Chapstick's favorite lip balm is a very important saddlebag accessory if you want to avoid some painfully chapped lips.

An increasingly favorite destination hereabouts is Henry's old gold pit near Vulture Peak. The 80-year-old mine operation was finally shut down for good just after the start of World War Two, and until recently, visitors had been motivated mostly by an opportunity to see the weather-beaten remains. But with gold prices now nudging the stratosphere, tours around the old diggings have picked up a bit and it might be worth at least one trip to see if there just might be an odd nugget or two lying about.

Any one of the major guest ranches in the Wickenburg area provides a wonderful introduction to Western life, Eighties style. And just how much that style has changed since the days when ranch inhabitants really punched cows—either literally or figuratively—is best seen at the **Wickenburg Inn Tennis and Guest Ranch**. The order of the activities suggested in the ranch's name serves to dramatize priorities here, and it's no accident that a recent issue of *Tennis* magazine named it one of the best tennis resorts in the U.S. Guests are far more likely to arrive with racket in hand than with chaps and a pair of spurs, and even the rigors of a day actually spent astride a horse are often eased in a whirling Jacuzzi. The Thirties tradition of "star" guests continues, though Tyrone Power and Robert Mitchum have now been replaced by Judd Hirsch of *Taxi*.

In making your reservations, be sure to choose one of the adobe *casitas*, each of which has its own fireplace and wet bar. The inn can accommodate 125 guests, and while the population is strongly family-oriented during holidays, unattached couples are not in the least out of place. Riding is included in the basic room cost (something of an exception in conventional ranch economics) and, as the name suggests, the tennis program is first-rate. Although the Arts and Crafts Center and Nature Program sound like something better suited to summer camp, guests find themselves quickly addicted, especially those who hook up with one of Dick Hanna's walks among the fascinating local flora. Above all, try to arrange your stay so you're at the Wickenburg Inn for a Saturday-night cookout. It's corny as hell, but the experience of riding into the sunset to the cookout site, wolfing down a mesquite-broiled steak, and then listening to the wranglers sing and carry on is something worth remembering. The ride back to the ranch in pitch-blackness, lit only by an incredibly dense blanket of stars overhead, is also very high on the list of

"For starters, Son, let's clear away all the bullshit about its being lonely at the top."

Make every day your Brut Day.

Great Days seem to happen more often when you're wearing Brut® by Fabergé. After shave, after shower, after anything.

best Western memories. (For information: P.O. Box P, Wickenburg, Arizona 85358; 602-684-7811.)

Also in Wickenburg is the **Rancho de los Caballeros,** with perhaps the ritziest digs in the area. It's more resort than ranch, catering to the sleekly overprivileged, and many longtime guests have chosen to build houses on the surrounding terrain. The presence of all that high-powered money can make Los Cab a bit stuffy at times, but for those who wish to rub nine-irons with the highest echelon of social and corporate types, there is a nearby private golf course (nine holes) that may be the single largest expanse of green grass within a 100-mile radius. There are also a swimming pool, four tennis courts, 75 horses and about 20,000 acres of open range land to explore. The food is first-class, and just one final caution is that you should double-check to make sure that a business meeting or convention has not been booked for the same time that you plan to visit. (For information: P.O. Box 1148, Wickenburg, Arizona 85358; 602-684-5484.)

The **Flying E** is known as a rider's ranch, and it's obviously a labor of love for the owners and operators, George and Vi Wellik. It's meticulously maintained and is a very pleasant relief from the more high-powered pace of the local resort scene. There are 21,000 acres of high, rolling desert hills, and it's quite an experience to have head wranglers Larry Taylor and Chet Carnahan lead you up along the awesome mountain trails that rim the ranch land. The Flying E can accommodate only 28 guests, so the atmosphere is informal and homey. There's a heated pool and a sauna to help unravel the kinks, and the Welliks work hard to maintain an atmosphere that makes you feel you're visiting relatives out West. More often than not, they achieve their aim. (For information: P.O. Box EEE, Wickenburg, Arizona 85358; 602-684-2690.)

Kay El Bar Guest Ranch is one of Arizona's oldest guest oases—it even occupies a slot on the National Register of Historic Places—and it has just been reopened under the direction of Chuck and Carol Petersen. This is not a place for visitors who wish to be alone, since there really isn't enough room for that luxury. Kay El Bar can play host to only 28 guests when it's chock-full, and visitors have a way of becoming intermingled for the duration of their stay. Wrangler Dave Lookinbill is superb at tailoring trail rides to the competence of individual ranch guests (Oh, where was he when I needed him?) and excursions can include a three-to-four-hour ride to Box Canyon or a two-day pack trip that includes a night under the desert stars. The ranch operates on the American plan (three full meals a day included in the daily tariff) and has its own swimming pool. All trail rides are extra—$8 per person for one ride a day, $12 per person for both scheduled daily rides or $60 a week for as much horseback activity as your backside can handle. (For information: P.O. Box 2419, Wickenburg, Arizona 85358; 602-684-7593.)

The guest ranches farther south around Tucson differ from those in the Wickenburg area mostly in their proof that the West is no longer made up of endlessly wide-open spaces. The population of Tucson seems to increase precipitously almost daily, and that means that the Tucson ranches have to deal with the very real incursions of Sun Belt development.

This urban influence has both advantages and disadvantages. An example of the latter is the chance that reminders of the proximity of civilization (like the bullet-riddled yellow refrigerator spotted during a recent ride in the desert) may suddenly jar you out of a reverie inspired by the otherwise pastoral landscape. An advantage is the opportunity to occasionally leave the ranch site to enjoy a meal in a nonranch dining room and, more important, the opportunity to spend a couple of fascinating hours in Tucson's Arizona–Sonora Desert Museum. Tucson's proximity to the Mexican border also offers the chance for a short side trip to Nogales—just across the border—where prices are low and the seedy attractions of typical border towns are available in abundance.

It's a little hard to make a meaningful appraisal of Tucson's **Brave Bull Ranch** (on Route 19), since it has just come under new management. It used to be the top stop in the Tucson area, and the local citizenry would regularly drive the 20 or so minutes from town to the foothills of the Santa Catalina Mountains. But Millie and Ray Harm (he's one of America's best wildlife painters) split up not too long ago, and Jack and Margo Macy recently took over the ranch's management. So it's a little tough to tell just how things are going to turn out. Jack was formerly in the cement business in Indiana, and he's in the process of modernizing the whole plant. The site is still beautiful and there's a good-sized swimming pool in which to cool off. But it remains to be seen just how well the reconstruction and refurbishing will turn out. (For information: P.O. Box 335, Tucson, Arizona 85704; 602-791-7880.)

The **Hacienda del Sol** was built as a private girls' school and was popular with asthmatic young women from the East, and while the school went broke just after the start of World War Two, the old adobe buildings still form the foundation of one of the best small inns in Arizona. Additions to the basic plant include a swimming pool, Jacuzzi, tennis court, exercise rooms and small corral; but the one element that places the Hacienda del Sol above other Arizona enclaves is its fine food. Chef Arne

Hoelli, who summers as King Olav of Norway's personal chef, is responsible, and this ranch has become the special province of would-be Westerners who cherish top service and superb facilities. The basic crowd runs to the rich and relatively sedentary, though the riding still can be mildly challenging. Unfortunately, the urban encroachment by Tucson is now very obvious (and will likely only increase), though Hacienda del Sol is still a terrific place to sit around and not do a blessed thing. (For information: Hacienda del Sol Road, Tucson, Arizona 85718; 602-299-1501.)

The **Tanque Verde Ranch** sits about as far east of Tucson as you can go without bumping into a mountain. The site is protected to the east by more than 1,000,000 acres of Coronado National Forest, and the area to the south is a mere 63,000 acres of Saguaro National Monument. And while these lands are obviously a public province, they offer a vast area through which guests can roam happily on horseback.

In addition to the typical morning and afternoon ranch rides, there are also all-day trips, where pack horses are loaded down with lunch fixin's and riders can spend a whole day exploring any one of a host of awesome mountain trails. Although the rooms here could do with some substantial refurbishing and the staff could use a drill sergeant, the real reason folks go to Tanque Verde is for the riding, and that is at least as good as advertised.

Tanque Verde also provides a dramatic example of one of the more frequent phenomena of the modern-day West; that is, the more-than-occasional feeling that you somehow no longer speak the local language. That's because the number of foreign guests filling Western ranch rooms is increasing enormously—remember that the passion for the legends of the old West burns most intensely in movie theaters throughout Europe—and the declining U. S. dollar has made America one of the premier travel bargains in the world for foreign visitors.

Tanque Verde also has a place in the authentic history of pioneering and has seen its share of Indian battles—and even a little cattle rustling. Its creation dates back to Civil War days, and though there's more trouble nowadays with other guests' kids than with marauding Indians, the flavor remains pretty authentic and generally appealing. (For information: P.O. Box 66, Tucson, Arizona 85710; 602-296-6275.)

Where Tanque Verde evokes the spirit and image of the old West, the **Westward Look Resort** is a far slicker article. It seems particularly well suited to business meetings—an activity in which it apparently engages often (and well)—and the surrounding Tucson sprawl makes it more resort than ranch. Most odd among this determinedly informal genre of hostelry is the fact that guests dress for dinner, though the spirit of the old, more rustic dude ranch that was operated here years ago is recalled by a room with a genuine ocotillo ceiling. The ocotillo is a branchy form of cactus that often was used by early settlers for ranch-house roofs to provide a very primitive form of insulation. For folks who like their current comforts in large doses, the pool, a hydrotherapy pool, eight tennis courts and nearly 100 comfortable (though motel-like) rooms provide ample sustenance. (For information: 245 East Ina Road, Tucson, Arizona 85704; 602-297-1151.)

But if what you're after is the heaviest possible dose of cowboy atmosphere (at least in the Tucson area), head for the **White Stallion Ranch**. The 30 rooms accommodate a maximum of 50 guests, and Allen and Cynthia True raise longhorn cattle and prize-winning quarter horses. They put on two rodeos a week, with staff and neighbors doing most of the roping and cutting. Cattle are bred to calve (and horses to foal) during the peak of the guest season and there are typically four trail rides available every day. The rooms are quite comfortable, though not quite as flashy as the more resort-style properties, and the ranch boasts the only local hot tub available to guests. (For information: P.O. Box 567, Tucson, Arizona 85704; 602-297-0252.)

Jack Jackson, who, with his wife, Colette, owns the **Sundancer Saddle and Surrey Ranch Resort**, has the enviable job of supervising an all-female staff. The small ranch is one of the best-designed and best-run of all the ranches in the Tucson area, with a pool, hydrotherapy spa and tennis court, all meticulously maintained. The food is first-rate and the riding is fine—though you may have to get used to heading out into the sagebrush led by Marsha the wrangler. It's a fine alternative to the better-known guest spreads. (For information: 4110 Sweetwater Drive, Tucson, Arizona 85705; 602-743-0411.)

One other Tucson guest ranch worth checking out (or into) is the **Wild Horse Ranch Resort**. Although the ranch has accepted guests since the Forties, the present proprietors assumed the reins only last December, so there's hardly any history of management worth reviewing. It's not a working ranch, though there's plenty of good riding available, and the up to 90 guests can enjoy tennis and a swimming pool as well. (For information: P.O. Box 35743, Tucson, Arizona 85740; 602-744-4000.)

It's about 160 miles from Tucson to the **Price Canyon Ranch**, which Scotty and Alice Anderson run in Douglas, Arizona. The Andersons came to Arizona from Connecticut (where they had a riding stable), and you can reach Douglas by

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Some people think the more a man can drink, the more of a man he is. However, it usually works the other way around.

Men who drink to build up their egos, end up putting themselves down.

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small plane or Greyhound bus. Price Canyon is strictly a hard-working cattle ranch and one of the few nonresort Arizona ranches that accept guests all year long. The 23,000-acre range includes rolling grassland (at 4400 feet) and high mountain meadows and forest (up to 9000 feet). Accommodations are in one- or two-room bunkhouse setups, with meals served in the main ranch house (which dates back to 1879). The ranch itself is just over 40 miles north of Douglas, and there's little in the way of conventional resort pampering. Instead, there's fine riding and the opportunity to truly participate in the ranch work—though you may wonder at times why you're paying as much as $70 a day per couple to *schlep* salt to the Andersons' cattle or help mend fences. (For information: P.O. Box 1065, Douglas, Arizona 85607; 602-558-2383.)

Mike Shannon (a new face) now runs **Rancho de la Osa** in Sasabe. The United States and Mexico are said to have once fought fiercely over this property, which is part of an old Spanish land grant along the Mexican border, and local lore has it that rights of possession were finally determined by the Gadsden Purchase. This very special property is notable because its quadrangle layout is believed to be one of the few authentic hacienda-style ranches in the Southwest. There's excellent riding and a Papago Indian reservation adjoins the property. (For information: Sasabe, Arizona 85633; 602-823-4321.)

COLORADO

The Koenigs have run the **Don K Ranch** for many years, and their 2000 rolling acres (and the surrounding San Isabel National Forest) are especially notable for the spectacular mountain riding trails. The southern Colorado section of the Rockies (in which this extremely well-organized and well-run spread flourishes) is the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, which run all the way down into New Mexico. The secluded valley is full of fresh springs and small streams, which keep things very lush and green, and the huge log lodge and pine-paneled cottages are an especially welcome sight after a long day in the saddle. The isolated environment is a striking contrast to the Arizona ranches—particularly those in the Tucson area—and while there's a luxurious swimming pool available, you're more likely to remember the stone fireplaces and fresh-baked bread. (For information: 2677 South Siloam Road, Pueblo, Colorado 81005; 303-784-6600.)

Among the pieces of promotional literature distributed by the **Lost Valley Ranch** is an odd booklet titled "We Believe the Character of a Ranch Is Reflected by Its Clientele." The booklet contains a state-by-state listing of past ranch guests (for God knows what purpose), but perhaps you can spot a familiar name. Bob and Marion Foster are the hosts here, and it's sometimes tough to tell whether guests come more for the riding or for the tennis. There's a large heated swimming pool and fine fishing, and despite the definitely "dude" character of the spread, they raise quarter horses, cattle and Saint Bernard dogs in a very serious way. The Western-accented food—steaks and fresh trout are staples—is first-rate, but getting a drink (booze) is another matter. There's no liquor license, so it's strictly B.Y.O.B., and drinking is frowned upon in public places. If you've never experienced the social pressure of Prohibition, sneaking a drink in your own cabin will give you an approximation of true Thirties covertness.

The secluded valley site is approximately 60 miles from either Denver or Colorado Springs and is set about 7000 feet up in the heart of the Pike National Forest. A leasing arrangement for cattle grazing makes about 28,000 acres of lush grassland and mountain trails available for riding, and the staff here works very hard to keep guests entertained. Even the evening melodramas and staff musicals seem a little less loony after a couple of days. It must be the rarefied air. (For information: P.O. Box P, Route 2, Sedalia, Colorado

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80135; 303-647-2311.)

The **Trail's End Ranch** boasts that its "only scheduled activities are three meals a day and a daily ride," and it keeps pretty much to its word. There's some trapshooting, but this is a very laissez-faire layout, and the desire to hike in the surrounding hills (or even swim in the trout pond) will have to be largely self-motivated. The ranch site (in a spectacular valley 6000 feet high) overlooks Grand Mesa, said to be the largest flat-top mountain in the world. This is very much a working ranch, and Calvin and Jeanne Hackler raise quarter horses. The ranch is about 50 miles from Grand Junction, and accommodations are in rustic log cabins (with private bath). The food (served family style) varies from Southern-fried chicken to semi-lethal Mexican fare, with the weekly steak-fry cookout a social high point. "Sophisticates" among the guests often arrange to spend at least a half day browsing through the Western shops of nearby Grand Junction. (For information: P.O. Box 202, Collbran, Colorado 81624; 303-487-3338.)

It's a great temptation to describe every one of the Colorado ranch settings as "picture book," but we've reserved that glib phrase for the **Wilderness Trails Ranch.** Just about the only Western ranch that actually admits that it's not strictly a family oasis—one of the bits of promotional propaganda actually concedes that it's "great for couples and singles, too!"—the area in the heart of the San Juan National Forest has been branded the Switzerland of America. The cabins here, very accurately described as rustic, are simple, uncluttered and the kind of accommodations you'd expect to find in a secluded mountain valley in Colorado's largest wilderness area. Don't expect many modern appliances. Jan Roberts (who runs the place with husband Gene) recently published a cookbook of often-served ranch dishes (at the request of her guests), so you have a strong sense that the chow is above the ranch-style norm. The staff provides most of the after-dark entertainment, running the not very lengthy gamut from square dancing to hokey musical shows. There's also trout fishing and trapshooting available during daylight, in addition to fine wilderness trail rides. The ranch raises (and sells) Morgan horses, which are noted for their sure-footedness and pleasant disposition—a great boon to tender behinds. (For information: P.O. Box B, Route 1, Bayfield, Colorado 81122; 303-884-2581, summer, 303-247-0722, winter.)

The **C Lazy U Ranch** runs two distinct seasons from its two-story log lodge amid the Arapaho peaks. Traditional Rocky Mountain winter activities—skiing (both downhill and cross-country), sledding, snowshoeing and sleighing—are supplemented by a new year-round racquetball court that includes a hot whirlpool bath and sauna. In summer, the focus is more likely to be on the large swimming pool, tennis courts or trail rides, with an 18-hole municipal golf course and Colorado raft trips relatively convenient. This is a working ranch, though the 5000 acres seem much more devoted to guest activities. The choice rooms, and the most expensive ones, are those with fireplaces. (For information: P.O. Box 378 B, Granby, Colorado 80446; 303-887-3344.)

There are only about 1,100,000 acres of Routt National Forest surrounding the **Vista Verde Guest Ranch,** and while we didn't measure every mile, we'd be hard-pressed to argue with the claim that the surrounding landscape includes 100 lakes and 900 miles of mountain streams. Frank and Winton Brophy gave up a relatively comfortable existence in New York's posh Westchester County to come to Colorado not too many years ago, and they've enlarged the old lodge and refurbished the string of guest cabins. Those looking for other than strictly ranch activities—riding, hiking and just plain lying about—will have to head for nearby Steamboat Springs; but guests seldom resent the fact that the ranch terrain has remained unsullied. Pack trips are a specialty, and when they say they're heading up into high country around here, they often set their sights above the 12,000-foot mark. The Wyoming Trail and the Hole-in-the-Wall Canyon are within relatively easy reach, and the mountain meadows make wonderful ski-touring terrain when snow fills the narrow passes. Good home cookin' is the rule, and the dinner menu often reflects the precise hunting season that happens to be in progress. (For information: P.O. Box 465, Steamboat Springs, Colorado 80477; 303-879-3858.)

Where most ranches try to evoke the spirit of the old West (in both attire and architecture), it's likely that your first impulse on the first morning you awake at the **Peaceful Valley Lodge and Guest Ranch** will be to wonder whether you climbed on an international flight by mistake. The reason for this confusion is that the main lodge looks like a misplaced Swiss ski chalet, and you may initially listen for yodeling rather than the yells more

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commonly heard around ranch corrals. There are both indoor and outdoor riding arenas and a fair-sized indoor swimming pool, and Karl Boehm has even constructed a small mountain chapel with an onion-domed steeple. Boehm is not only a superb host but also a wonderfully well-informed naturalist and a fine horseman. The training rings are superb places to learn to ride (as opposed to merely hanging on for survival), and there are also regular jeep trips along the continental divide. In winter, ski touring replaces horseback riding, and it's hard to note any diminution of enthusiasm among the guests. The ample indoor facilities, in particular, take the sting out of any possible disappointments due to bad weather. (For information: Star Route, Lyons, Colorado 80540; 303-747-2582 or 747-2204.)

IDAHO

The **Bar BQ Ranch** (despite the cutesy name) is a fully operating stock ranch, running cattle, raising Belgian draft horses and taking care of its own saddle stock. Guests are directly involved in the moving of cattle, packing salt and even riding with good old Lloyd as he drives his six-horse hitch of burly Belgians. Rowena Jones's lifelong collection of antique furniture fills the ranch house, though these pieces are from early homestead days rather than delicate Chippendales. There are also traditional horse-drawn buggies and other farm equipment that's used in the day-to-day work of the ranch. In fact, the entire Jones family has tried (wherever possible) to preserve the early ways of the American West. Perhaps the best individual manifestation of old West tradition is the homemade bread (baked fresh every day) and freshly churned butter that appears in abundance on the dining table several times a day. The rest of the grub centers on produce from the ranch garden, steak and trout neatly plucked from nearby lakes and streams. Rodeo riders and guides are drawn from the large host family, which includes saddle bronc and trick riders, pack leaders and trail guides. To quote Mrs. Jones, "Horse know-how is our stock in trade; riding is our big attraction." (For information: P.O. Box 173, Harrison, Idaho 83833; 208-689-3528.)

MONTANA

The 3000-acre **Circle Eight Ranch** adjoins the Lewis and Clark National Forest and Bob Marshall Wilderness at the 5100-foot level. The Teton River flows right through the ranch property, and the Circle Eight brand was first registered by the grandparents of the longtime owners, Ken and Alice Gleason. The Gleasons ran the ranch for 49 years, and when they retired in 1978, the ranch was sold to The Natures Conservancy, an organization dedicated to preserving the best of

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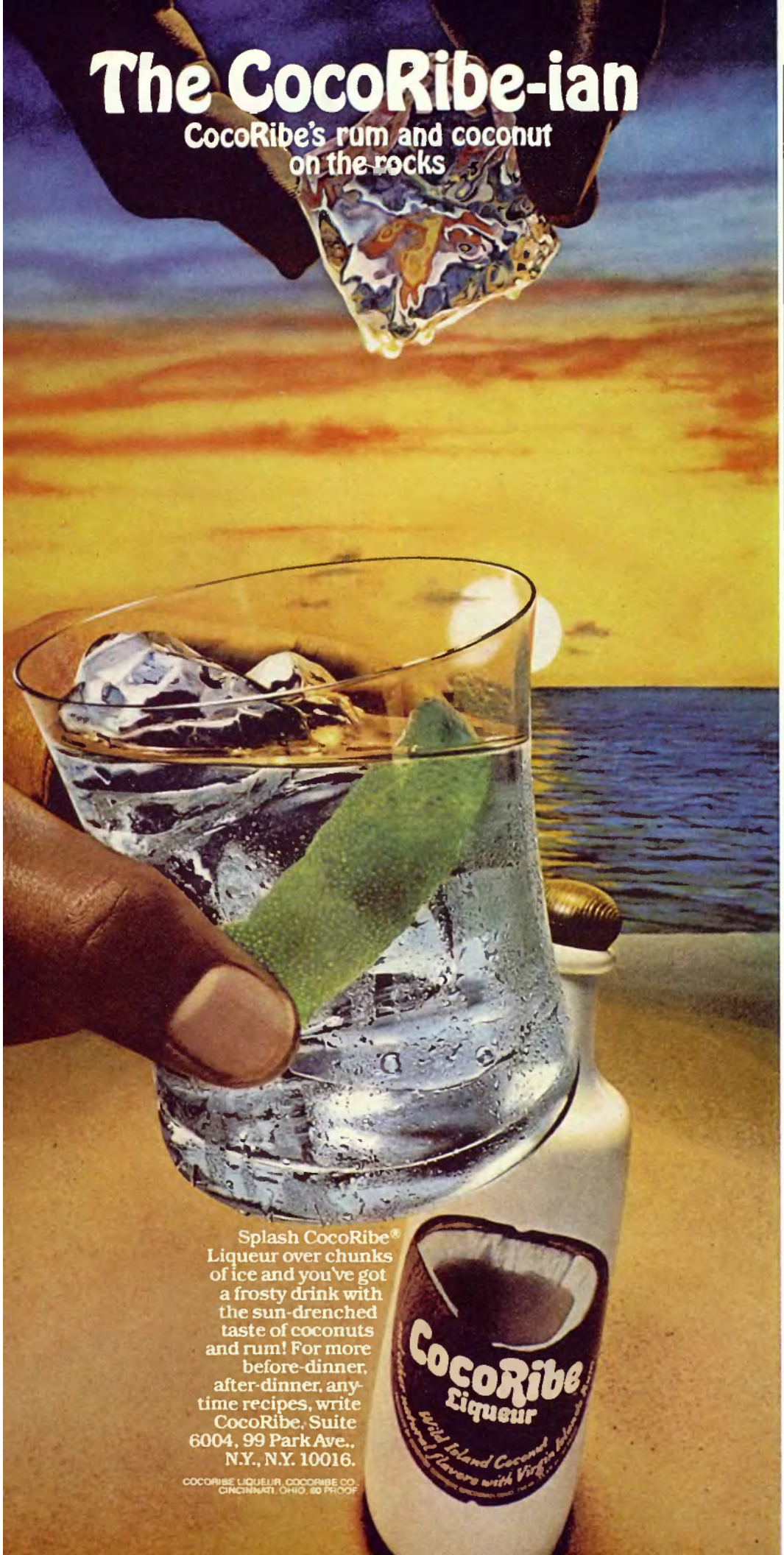


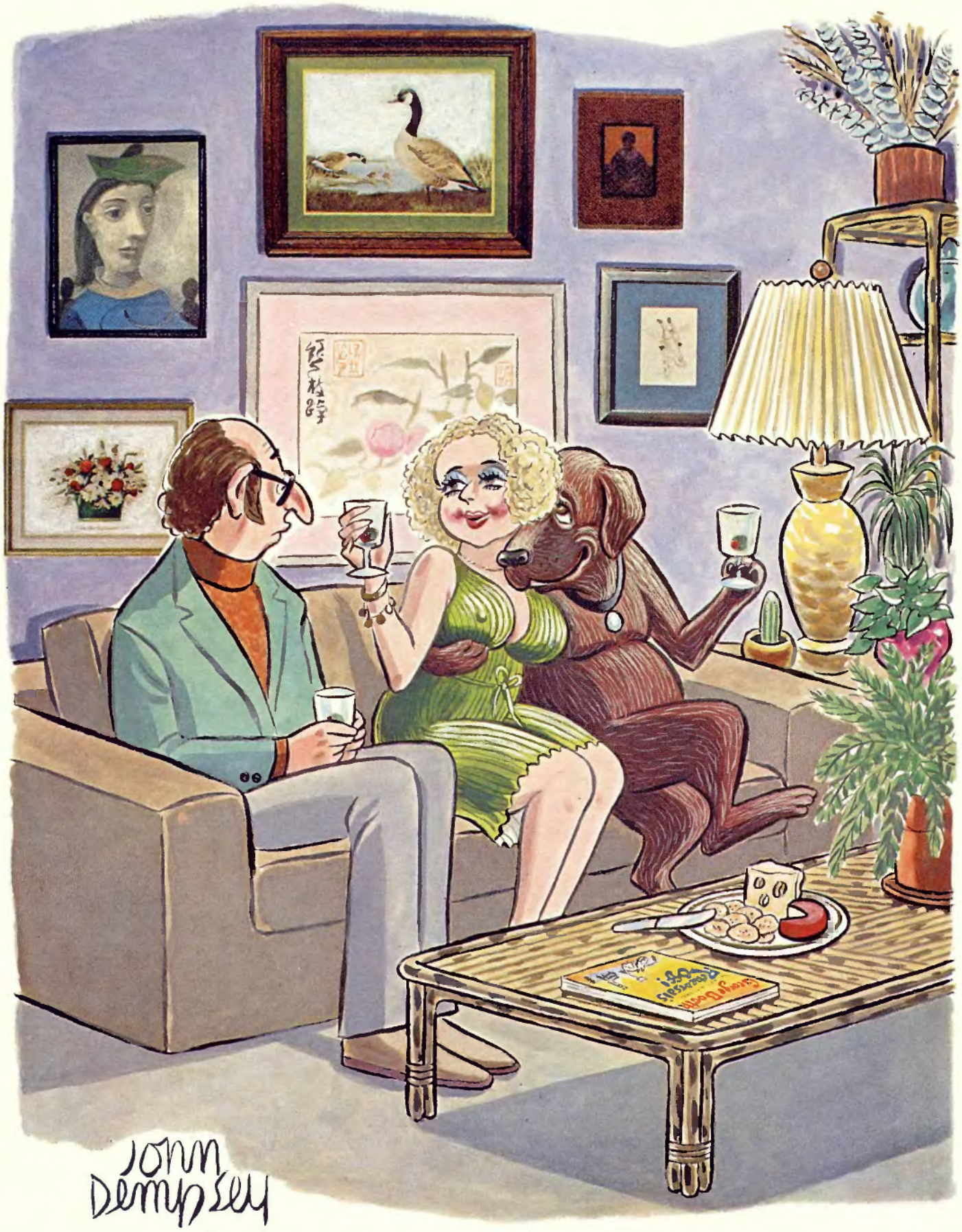
U. S. wildlife habitat. The considerable tradition of the Circle Eight will be carried on by Al Haas (who worked for the Gleasons for ten years) and his family.

Visitors from as far away as Scotland and Denmark have been among the no more than 20 guests that the Circle Eight can accommodate at any one time, and the week-long pack trips head for the highest peaks of Montana's high country. Accommodations are in log cabins (with private baths) and there's a heated swimming pool and fine horse stock. (For information: P.O. Box 457-P, Choteau, Montana 59422; 406-466-5564.)

The Badlands of the northernmost section of the Missouri River is the main attraction of the **Hell Creek Guest Ranch,** which (despite its name) is actually a working spread. The surrounding topography is of substantial archaeological interest, with abundant fossils and formations believed to have been created more than 70,000,000 years ago. It's not at all unusual to find a fragment of dinosaur or an odd tooth from a prehistoric crocodile or shark hereabouts, and John Trumbo (who runs the place with his wife, Sylvia) reported that "two of the largest nonfossilized triceratops were found four miles from our ranch house." Although this area may have been a tropical paradise eons ago, it's now far more notable for the wheat, barley, oats, cattle, sheep and hogs that the Trumbos raise. Guests eagerly participate in the ranch work, and it's very hard for an uninformed observer to distinguish between the paying guests and the hired hands. (For information: P.O. Box 325, Jordan, Montana 59337; 406-557-2224.)

No, the **Sixty-Three Ranch** is not devoted to some hitherto unknown sexual act involving assorted ranch stock but, rather, is a working stock ranch 5600 feet up spectacular Mission Creek Canyon in the Absaroka range. Guests often ride up to the snow line to watch rushing waterfalls leap down the mountainside toward the lakes below. Even novices find enormous pleasure on horseback riding here, and Virginia Christensen and her daughter Sandra provide good food, good company and a natural setting without equal. (For information: P.O. Box 676-V, Livingston, Montana 59047; 406-222-0570.)

Mary and Polly Leffingwell, who, with their family, run the **G Bar M Ranch,** often tape a sprig of sagebrush to their correspondence. The Leffingwell spread is a working stock ranch that takes very few guests, and the family homesteaded here as far back as 1900. Much of the riding is done in connection with moving cattle, and riders check fences and water holes and help doctor calves who get a bit too curious about an unfriendly porcupine. In summer, there's salt to pack up to the cattle on the high ranges, and despite the sound of all this rigorous work, it's really a good place for inexperienced



"Gin makes him lose his inhibitions."

would-be hands, since they very seldom run horses here (the terrain is too steep). (For information: Clyde Park, Montana 59018; 406-686-4787.)

Although this is intended to be a list of *recommended* ranches and Western resorts, I guess I'd also better steer you clear of the **Rooney Ranches** near Miles City, Montana. We'd remembered the 96,000 acres of hills and open country as special because guests got the rare opportunity to learn rodeo skills in relatively safe circumstances. But when we called recently, Mr. Rooney felt impelled to deliver a lecture about the "wages of sin" and the disgrace of those "who lust after women." When the conversation got around to "women are told to be modest in the Bible," we closed our saddlebags and looked elsewhere. The same sort of reception greeted us when we spoke to Mrs. Finch at the **Fir Creek Ranch** near Moran, Wyoming. She described her spread as a "committed ranch of the Lord," and very pleasantly informed us that she did not accept unmarried couples. Sinners, please note.

WYOMING

Valley Ranch (not to be confused with the Hidden Valley Ranch mentioned below) is one of the oldest guest ranches in the West and was homesteaded as early as 1892. It has been accepting guests for more than 60 years and offers genuinely rustic cabins—including a private bathroom and a very welcome wood stove (for cool summer nights)—in addition to breath-taking scenery. This is the land through which the deer and the antelope—to say nothing of moose and elk—literally do roam and there is the option of pack trips on mountain trails or trips into nearby Cody to look at the marvelous Buffalo Bill Historical Center. Again, this is a favorite of foreign visitors, and a French group recently took over the entire ranch for a very international week. They're still talking about the trip back home in "Paree." (For information: South Fork Star Route, Cody, Wyoming 82414; 307-587-4661.)

Marge Bohl accurately describes her **Hidden Valley Ranch** as "4000 acres of horseback heaven." The secluded mountain valley is surrounded on three sides by high peaks and is surprisingly isolated for a site only 15 miles southwest of Cody. Hidden Valley is a little more sophisticated (and better appointed) than its more rustic neighbor, and its accommodations are in log cabins with private baths, picture windows and central heating (that's often welcome). There are breakfast rides and overnight pack trips, though the less ambitious are free to just loaf around the swimming pool. Although this is primarily a guest ranch, the wranglers welcome company as they go about their less frivolous ranch chores, and in the fall, there is trophy hunting for such big game as deer, antelope, elk, moose and sheep. There is also some very good bear hunting in the spring. (For information: South Fork, Cody, Wyoming 82414; 307-587-5090.)

Don and Betty Pellatz run a real working ranch, **Pellatz Pronghorn Ranch**, 50 miles from Douglas, very close to the Black Hills. The strict work ethic of the ranch is best demonstrated by the absence of any slick color brochure, and inquiries are most likely to receive a personal letter, handwritten by Betty. Guests are encouraged to join the ranch's everyday activities—moving livestock, branding calves, fixing fences and the like. For fun, there's a modest above-ground swimming hole and a trampolin, and there's a good chance that energetic hikers may stumble upon interesting arrowheads or fossils. Guests are accommodated right in the Pellatzes' own home, where there are two extra bedrooms and two baths to share. There is also a bunkhouse nearby, though it doesn't boast its own bathroom. The place is perfect for one family or a couple of couples. (For information: Route 2, Douglas, Wyoming 82633; 307-358-2380.)

This article was prepared with the assistance of Associate Editor John Rezek.

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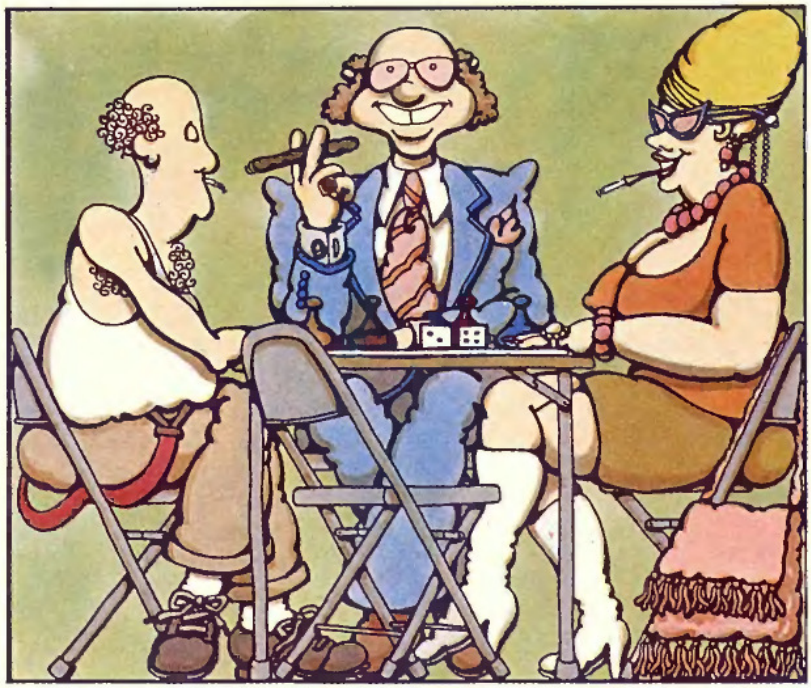
HOLD THAT TIGER

Relax, conservationists: that's not a real tigerskin our tawny lady has slipped onto, it's a 6′ x 8′ canvas that English artist Paul Fortune Fearon has painted to look like a jungle pelt. Fearon's ersatz tigerskins go for about $325; a fake zebraskin is $225; and for homesick bumpkins, a painted-cow canvas costs $180, sent to K-O Designs, 1809 Jewett Drive, Los Angeles, California 90046. They might not fool Frank Buck, but by firelight with a cognac who'll know the difference?



GETTING INTO THE MIDDLE CLASS

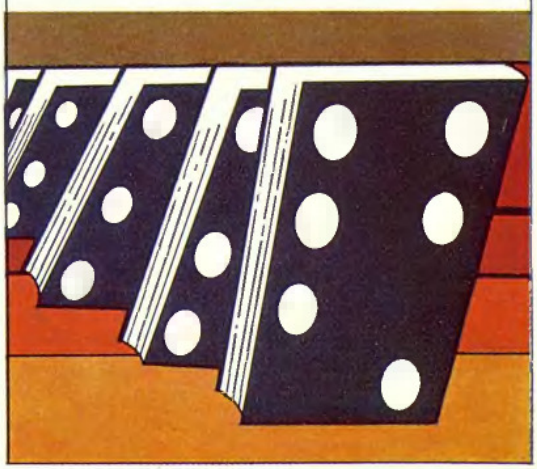
"Collect $500 from the player who, in your opinion, has the most middle-class body." Pick a card, any card, in the Middle Class Game and you're bound to be insulted by some snotty comment designed to put you in your place as you compete against three other players for the game's Holy Grail—reaching Security City with big bucks. If you're middle class enough to find this amusing, send $16 to KlineMates, Inc., P.O. Box 4173, Omaha, Nebraska 68104, and you'll get back the game that includes play money and a game board. How middle class.

SLIP SLIDING AWAY

Inviting someone over to see your etchings is definitely passé, but who could resist if you just happen to drop the news that your bedroom doubles as a skating rink? No, we're not kidding. A manufacturing company called Skate On, Inc. (4350 Riverline Drive, St. Louis, Missouri 63044), is selling synthetic ice for about $8 a square foot that's only slightly less slippery than the real McCoy. And if you don't own skates, chase her around the bed in your stocking feet.

THE DOMINO THEORY

You've seen thousands fall on *The Tonight Show* and now you can learn how to do it yourself—create a continuous chain reaction of dominos set in intricate patterns, curious designs and mind-boggling mazes. *The Great Falling Domino Book*, by Bob Speca, Jr., tells all in step-by-step instructions for 30 setups, and it's only $4.95. Of course, you'll have to spend thousands to buy the dominos, but what the hell, that's showbiz.



AUCTION ACTION

This June 6th and 7th, The Tenth Annual Golden Movement Emporium Auction will be held in L.A., and owner John Wilson has arranged to have some truly spectacular architectural antiques go on the block, including the clubby interiors of Lloyds of London and the Bank of Scotland. Now for the bad news: There's a $250 nonrefundable registration fee to attend the auction and previews. And the sale catalog of 4000 items is $20. (Golden Movement's at 2821 Main Street, Santa Monica, California 90405.) But who knows? You might be the only bidder.

DOGGY STYLE

The next time you're strolling down the boulevard walking your dog, do everyone a favor and carry a Doggie Vac; a heavy-duty aluminum bat that draws your dog's droppings into a self-sealing plastic bag that's retained inside the Vac until you release the bagged contents into a garbage can. The Doggie Vac sells for $21.75 sent to Doggie Valet, Inc., at R.D. 2, Box 573, Kerhonkson, New York 12446. Of course, if you've picked up after your dog and are accosted by a mugger, you can always squirt the Vac's contents into his face.

HAVE A CIGAR BOOK

Lew Rothman smokes cigars. He also owns J-R Tobacco Company, a store at 108 West 45th Street, New York City 10036, where he sells cigars. And he probably dreams about cigars, too. Now he's taken his encyclopedic knowledge of cherished cheroots and incorporated it into the *Cigar Almanac*, a 256-page tome available in hardcover for $14.95 or softcover for $9.95 that pictures and rates thousands of cigars as to quality and value—and also gives valuable tips on how to keep cigars fresh. Light up!

CACTUS POWER

"If the turkey could be immortalized with bourbon, why couldn't the armadillo be honored with tequila?" says Gwenna Allen, co-owner of Lone Star Creations, a company operating out of P. O. Box 14615, Fort Worth, Texas 76117, that manufactures ceramic tequila decanters shaped like an armadillo. The one above is $25; an authentically colored model goes for $30; and there's even a 22-kt.-gold-trimmed container that will set you back $100. Drink up!

GOING BANANAS

If your sartorial tastes run toward tailored khaki shirts, Bombay Bowlers and other military tropical chic, send $1 to a store called Banana Republic, 76 E. Blithedale, Mill Valley, California 94941, for their latest safari outfitters catalog. In it, you'll find Australian bush jackets for $36.50; pith helmets for $21.50; jungle fatigues for $17 (all postpaid) and even sticks of face camouflage for $2. And soon they'll have baggy, British walking shorts for $18. Colonel Blimp would love them.

TOUGHEST JOB IN SPORTS

(continued from page 165)

"I have one friend who firmly believes that professional bowlers are the Greek gods of athletics."

want 11 guys jumpin' on me. I'd get up and want to fight and one of them would have to drop. But I'd take any of them on one on one."

•

They call Robert Brazile Dr. Doom around the National Football League. The Houston Oilers linebacker is 6'4" and 238 pounds of speed, agility, power and zealous enthusiasm. He is clearly one of the hardest hitters in the league, a man you don't mess with. "You tell Joe Frazier to come get me," says Brazile. "I take *him* one on one . . . if I can wear my helmet. I'd play goalie in hockey, but I don't want to do nothing where I get hit in the face. I'll fight Joe, you tell him that, but I'm wearing my helmet."

Tennis pro Arthur Ashe would love to mix it up in the ring with a fighter of his own weight—say a Sugar Ray Leonard or a Roberto Duran. "But I'd never be a pitcher in baseball," he says. "Man, Dave Parker would line one up the middle and it would take my head off."

John Garrett, goalie for the Hartford Whalers of the National Hockey League, thinks tending the nets is a piece of cake, but you could never get him behind the wheel of a race car. Ace driver Richard Petty, however, thinks being a goalie "looks awful dangerous." Rams quarterback Pat Haden thinks Petty is fooling with fire. Houston Rockets forward Rick Barry thinks he could get enamored of speed but, despite being a large man of 6'8" and 215 pounds, is like Brazile. "I don't want to get hit in the face, either," says Barry. They all think downhill skiers ought to be locked away for their own safety.

So what is the toughest job in sports? What is the most ball-busting, nerve-racking sport or position that demands the most of a man or a woman? What draws upon every resource of physical skill, preparation, intelligence, mental cool, gamesmanship and all the other elements that go into athletics? Is it catching hockey pucks in the throat? Having blitzing linebackers pour through the line like a tsunami and tear you into dog meat before you can even set up to pass? Is it catching a knuckle-ball pitcher one night, nursing those bruises for 22 hours and then catching a 101-mph flame thrower while trying to concentrate on your slumping batting average? How about risking death in a race car? Quarterbacks get slammed to the turf, but they don't go up in flames.

When the PLAYBOY editors asked me to try to determine the toughest job in sports, I knew I was in for trouble. The topic has fueled bar debates for years. I have one friend who firmly believes that professional bowlers are the Greek gods of athletics. Says I have a closed mind to their unbelievable skills. Another touts baseball hitters and worships at the shrine of Ted Williams, leaving his mind as open as that of a Moonie.

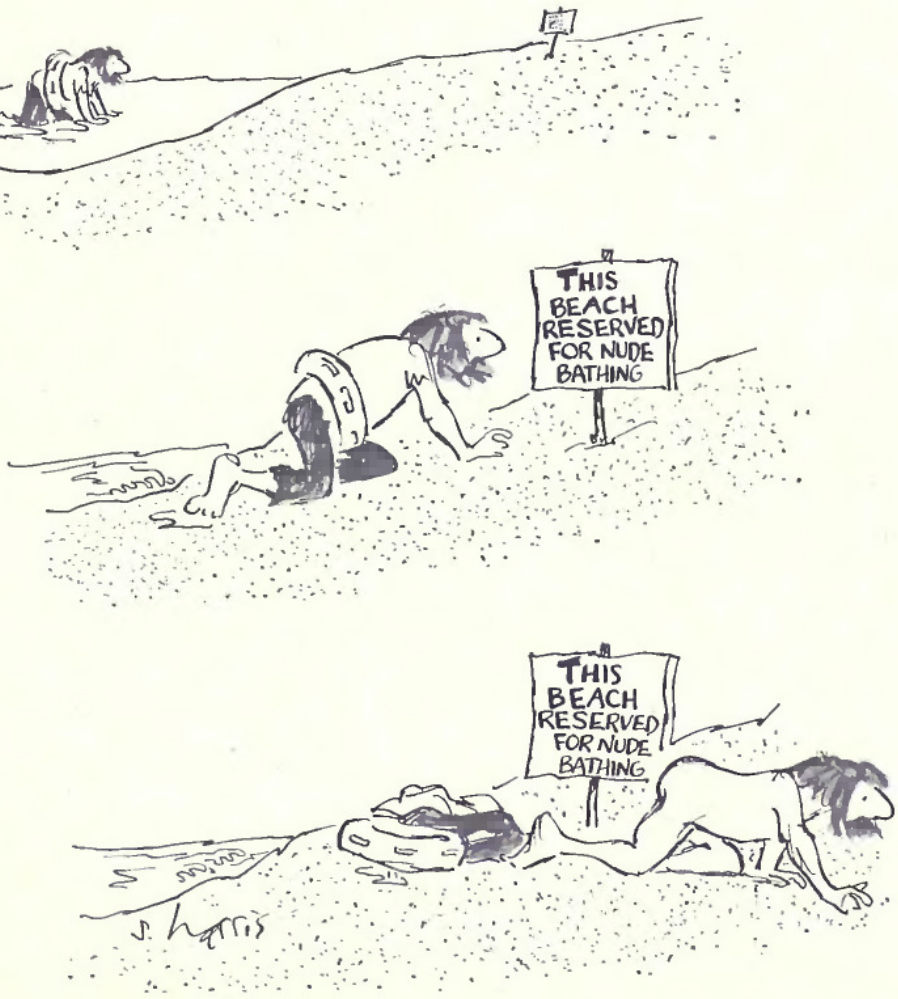
The toughest job in sports is obviously that of sportswriter, especially on an assignment like this. I fully expect *jai-alai* players to write hate letters in Basque, motocross riders to send boxes of dirt C.O.D. and rugby players bottles of flatulence, such is their range of expression. But the editors assured me that this was not a political issue and that people with opposing views would not be allowed equal time in the pages of the magazine. If I were to meet an irate reader in a bar, however, I'd be on my own.

For the sake of limiting the controversy to a small-scale conventional war, I decided to enlist the aid of experts. We would determine a set of measurements—20 or so traits that defined toughness—and apply them to a handful of sports. No sweat.

My first contact was George Plimpton—the Bogey Man, Bozo of the Bruins in the hockey nets, the Paper Lion. George would know the toughest job in sports.

"Every sport has its moment of crisis," says Plimpton from his New York office. "But rating them wouldn't mean anything. The ultimate is, of course, auto racing. But, no, the toughest thing I ever did was play the triangle with the New York Philharmonic. If you make a mistake, you destroy the whole thing. You can't make an error." Thanks, George.

Since so much of athletics deals with the mind, I called Dr. Bruce Ogilvie, a 59-year-old sports psychologist at San Jose State University. Dr. Ogilvie has probed the brains of tens of thousands of athletes since 1953, in questionnaires, lengthy and repeated interviews and counseling sessions. He's been an advisor to numerous college, professional and Olympic teams, helping coaches judge the mind set of athletes and helping athletes cope with their own special brand of psychic problems. Ogilvie works with the Portland Trail Blazers and the Los Angeles Lakers and has spent time with the Houston Astros and



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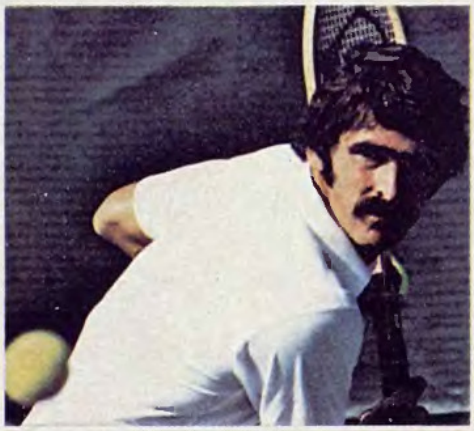

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the San Diego Chargers, among others. If you've ever filled out a psychological sports questionnaire, chances are it was Ogilvie's. He knows what makes athletes tick, or fail to tick, and for the mental side of sports jobs is perhaps the foremost expert in the country.

To get to the nuts and bolts, the physical requirements, I went to see Dr. Marvin Clein, the chairman of the physical education and sport sciences department at the University of Denver. A kinesiologist and former coach, the 51-year-old Dr. Clein is a pioneer in the field of sport sciences. He has been a consultant to Olympic teams and professional franchises and has analyzed and trained more than 1500 athletes, many of whom have either won a world or national championship or made their national team in a sport.

He has worked with national teams from six countries and has analyzed Denver's Nuggets of the N.B.A. and Broncos of the N.F.L. He has made special cases of athletes such as baseball's Toby Harrah and individual players from seven N.F.L. teams.

Clein takes a raw athlete and puts him or her through a battery of physical and psychological tests, checking mental factors, speed, flexibility, reaction time, strength and every measurable component of athletics. He says that top athletes come from a select gene pool and that certain anatomical and physiological traits determine whether an athlete will succeed or fail on a world-class level. Once that's been figured, he can prescribe a training regimen to push an athlete to his ultimate potential. Clein is the man who helped mold Dorothy Hamill into a champion; and if you want to reach the top in a sport, he is the chief Svengali of the Western world.

Clein uses human physical performance as a base for his research and consults with experts in every field that could limit that performance: sociology, psychology, biomechanics, physiology. His Denver laboratory is a warehouse of facts and figures. Neither Ogilvie nor Clein has ever played triangle in an orchestra.

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"Perhaps the prime categories you need to measure are *body coordination* and *required precision of performance*," says Clein. "That is what is most affected by nervous tension. Nervous tension gets into the motor-neural processes and interferes with fine skills. The best athletes can concentrate and relax under stress. But watch a basketball player miss an easy shot in a pinch or a golfer tighten up on a simple putt. That's what we're talking about. It's the yips that hurt precision."

Clein next contributed the information for *special physiological* and *special anatomical requirements*. Each of these categories could be broken down into 20

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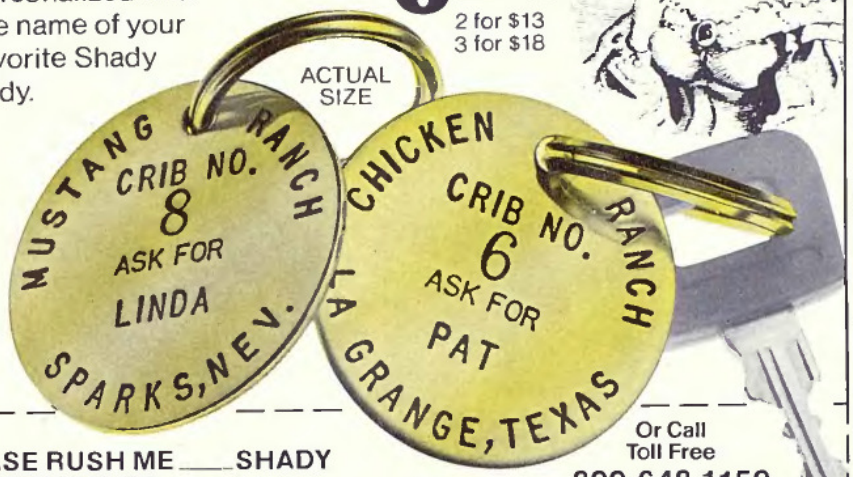

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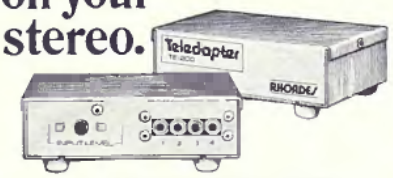

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or 30 subgroupings. It is difficult to compare the foot speed a race-car driver must have in shifting down, a matter of half seconds, with the .20 of a second a baseball hitter has to pull the trigger on a fastball. A boxer needs strength, but he also needs power. A bronco rider needs balance, but a basketball player needs even more, along with jumping ability, good eyesight and eye-hand coordination. If you lump those together, a high physiology rating simply means you're a good all-round athlete. Therefore, a decathlete, a basketball player and a boxer are high, the three sports that require a man to be a top athlete. With physiology in mind, some of those other sports—like race-car driving and golfing—strain the definition of athlete.

The anatomical rating, in turn, could strain the definition of human. "A good baseball pitcher should have long arms, hands and fingers to give him leverage and velocity on the ball," says Clein by way of example. "And a long trunk, tapered upper body and long lower legs, all things that will help throw harder and faster than someone without those characteristics." A large muscle mass will make those levers superior (which still doesn't explain Pirate pitcher Kent Tekulve, who has a mass approaching zero specific gravity and looks like a walking crane).

We included *need for physical preparation*, just how hard and how extensively an athlete must prepare his body. Whereas an Olympic decathlete must be a finely tuned and balanced hunk, conditioned to perfection for his task, a golfer can smoke three packs a day, eat a pound of cheese and gulp a six-pack of beer every night with no appreciable effects on his game. *Complexity of skill preparation* is a different matter. The same golfer must work on his drives, fairway and pitch shots and somehow figure out how to putt on greens that can be fast, slow or tilted at bizarre angles. The sports that demand those most disparate skills are clearly harder to prepare for than something like, say, running.

A marathoner, however, expends nearly every ounce of his energy in a race, so we added *energy expenditure* as a category. Golfers can dance all night after a round: Marathoners wish their legs were removable.

We also decided to assess the *complexity of the game* and the *athletic intelligence* required to master the basics. "There are at least 25 different types of intellectual abilities," says Clein, "and the one that really matters much here is athletic intelligence, the need of an athlete to understand what he personally is doing and what the opposition is doing, the ability to pick up and interpret visual cues and react to them—problem-solving ability on the run, quickly and with the proper response." This definition of intelligence surely helps explain how Leon

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Who discoed, roller skated, roller discoed? Life styles do change. Athletic people become leaner, trimmer. And fashion designers create styles that flatter the human form—or dramatize it. The disco look is sexy, tight fitting, colorful. The trend in men's street clothing is leaner, neater. Try putting that trim suit, short shirt collar and narrow necktie under a head of shoulder length hair. No way. It's discordant. So, good taste crops the hair shorter, trimly tailors it like the clothes. Fashions change.

Then there's the practical aspect. Jock activity works up sweat. And sweaty heads need shampooing—usually every day. Shorter hair is easier to care for, easier to dry. So there it is. Changing life styles affect fashion. And life style and fashion affect hairstyles. It almost makes sense.

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Spinks once became heavyweight champ.

Following athletic intelligence closely is *application of strategy*. Even though many coaches now call plays from the side lines, a quarterback must direct an entire team. He is responsible for the plays, game plan and audibles at the line. Likewise, a catcher must spend time positioning fielders and telling a thickheaded pitcher that the bimbo at the plate hasn't hit a curve in three seasons. A hockey goalie, on the other hand, has less strategy, except to keep the puck away from his face and out of the nets.

"I also feel we should consider *opportunity for environmental distractions*," adds Clein. "Those who play in controlled environments, like basketball players and hockey goalies, do not have the disadvantages of someone who must contend with muddy fields, wind, rain and, say, for instance, patches of ice, as is the case with a downhill skier."

Since athletes in some sports get injured far more often than in others, we broke the injury category into two parts: *frequency of injuries* and *severity of injuries*. Bronco riders, downhill skiers and quarterbacks have limbs broken like rotten trees in a hurricane. Nothing pleases an N.F.L. defensive lineman more than ringing the opposing Q.B.'s clacker. Some football injuries are, indeed, severe, but they don't match the possibilities in race-car driving. Severity of injuries for drivers can be terminal; therefore, only they and the boxers received the high death rating.

Our part-time consultant George Plimpton suggests that athletes fear humiliation more than any physical threat. "They all tell me that the toughest thing is sinking a short putt in golf. A five-year-old child can do it, but put $50,000 on the line and men who've made millions in the sport find something inside them breaking to pieces. They get the yips. Rookies, the young golfers, say it's psychological, but the veterans know that something in the body goes. Something physical happens when they have faced that situation so many times."

Plimpton feels that even marble shooters at a high competitive level experience the same kind of pressure and so need the same kind of mental toughness. Staying consistently on top is difficult in any sport, but Clein believes it is more so in some than in others. We included a category called *degree of success* in which we measured how an athlete can fall from the pinnacle of his sport to obscurity or simply lose his stuff. When you're hot, you're hot. When you're not, how quickly does the news spread?

Following Ogilvie's advice, we added *proximity of the fans* and *potential for fan abuse*. Explains Ogilvie: "We call it the potential for external punishment. Many athletes need the affection of the fans, and when it is taken away or they lose favor with those fans, it can hurt them greatly. They also internalize punishment if they perform poorly and it starts to hurt their performance. It leads to fear. I could list perhaps 100 catchers in baseball who developed such a phobic reaction that they could no longer make a throw to second. They lived in fear that a runner would break for the base, and they washed out of the sport. These things happen with great frequency, but it is something not often talked about. Quarterbacks I've talked with, almost to a man, say the same thing," he says. "They develop the skin of a crocodile when it comes to the fans, just to survive. And the fact that the fans are a good 150 yards away helps create a mental distance as well as a physical one."

How do athletes avoid humiliation—the fear and loathing of the locker room? Ogilvie suggests another category, *lack of opportunity to rationalize failure*. He says that many athletes internalize failure, especially when there is no one else to blame for their mistakes. That is especially true in sports in which an athlete stands alone and has no teammates to blame for screwing up. If Walter Payton has a bad day, it means his blockers didn't block. If Duane Bobick gets his block knocked off by Ken Norton, it's Bobick and Bobick alone who suffers the humiliation.

We assessed the element of *confrontation*, the ultimate test of sport. Looking another human square in the eye, gunfighterlike, and going at it. A physical confrontation, pitting strength against strength, quickness against quickness, nerve against nerve. It is a primitive fear and passion that infects all men. Boxing is a clear standout here, for what could be more personal than a hard right to the snoot? Perhaps a kick to the groin, but that is condoned in none of our sports. Interpersonal conflict, however, puts great stress on a man's will.

We felt that *concentration time* must be a factor. According to Ogilvie, there are several degrees of concentration. Race-car drivers have to focus the entire time they are in a race, a matter of hours. It's intense. A downhill skier is intense, too, perhaps even more so, but for only a couple of minutes. A marathoner, however, tries to unconcentrate, lest he become aware of the stupidity of his actions and quit for his own good.

Finally, we looked at the *frequency of crucial moments*. How often does a game or a match hang in the balance, where an individual's mistake makes the difference between winning and losing? Ali was a master at rising to the occasion, reaching for presence and strength when all seemed lost. Jerry West was such a clutch player, and he faced those moments often in his career, much more often than most basketball players. Every moment for a downhill skier and a driver is a crucial moment. Those requirements

"My son, to the pure, all things are pure."

of grace under pressure test the mettle of any performer.

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We grouped sports relative to one another in the categories. If one stood out one way or another, it was the only sport to get a one or a five. Those that were similar in the categories got similar values. Finally, we added the point totals, treating each category equally. (The chart appears below.) The rankings follow:

14. *Marathoner, 44 points.* Sorry, Bill Rodgers and all you zealous harriers around the country, but your sport just doesn't match up on the board. Sure, running a marathon takes a lot of training (5), expends incredible energy (5) and does seem to require special anatomical traits (5)—such as lack of a brain. But despite all the self-indulgent crap in the horribly boring books on running and the autoerotic blather in running magazines, it just doesn't take much else from an athlete. A marathon man needs the athletic intelligence of a buffalo to put one foot in front of the other. Precision? The most complex thing a runner has to do is lace an overpriced jogging shoe. His task is to run from point A to point B faster than somebody else. "I think running is so popular because it doesn't require many other skills," says Clein. Sorry, that's just the way it is.

13. *Bronco rider, 46 points.* There aren't many cowboys who don't walk with a limp. There are also quite a few cracked skulls in the rodeo circuit. We gave them a max rating (5) for frequency of injuries and a 4 for severity. Bronco and bull riders hang on for life for eight to ten agonizing seconds, their crotches taking a sterilizing kind of beating. Every moment they are on an animal is crucial (5). But, for the most part, they put their hands in a rope, say a prayer, watch the gate open and pick themselves out of the dirt when it's over.

12. *Hockey goalie, 53 points.* A major surprise. Playing goal is dangerous. Bernie Parent, the sterling tender for the Philadelphia Flyers, was poked in the eye by a stick last year and will never play again. Pucks act like baseball knuckle balls, floating in at crazy angles or flying like a bullet. If a goalie comes out of the crease, he's fair game for a body check, just like any other player.

But goal tending has changed in the past few years. Almost all teams split tending duties and goalies now work only half as many games. And nearly all wear masks. Old goalies had faces that looked like they'd been run through a sewing machine, stitch marks crossing stitch marks. Hartford Whalers John Garrett admits that as *athletes*, goalies are not that great. "You've got to have quickness of hands and feet, and intelligence helps in learning the angles of shots. But you see 500 shots in practice and it gets pretty automatic."

Indeed, Clein says the goalie's job is "reactive" and the goalie learns from simply catching a lot of shots. Preparing takes little skill and almost no strategy is required. "You have to anticipate," says Garrett, "but by now I know where the puck is coming from. I might have problems if it's deflected, but it's not like trying to pass a football with linemen diving on you." Still, we wonder why so many goalies turn to voodoo for comfort after a season or two. The potential for humiliation is enormous. If times vomiting during the season were a category, goalies would rank much higher.

11. *Golfer, 55 points.* Golf offers little room for error, especially on the green. Moreover, the best and worst players on the pro tour are separated by very few strokes. The game requires high precision (5) and years of practice are needed to hone the basic skills (another 5). A swing only a few millimeters off on impact will put the ball out of bounds, in a sand trap or water hazard, or worse. Golfers face a uniquely complicated task

RATING THE TOUGHEST JOBS IN SPORTS

With the help of Dr. Morvin Clein, a pioneer in the field of sport sciences, we compiled this list of 20 rotings categories—and then assigned each sport a value in each category based on a scale of one to five, with five being tops. The way we see it, how can you argue with numbers?

SPORT/POSITION	BODY COORDINATION	REQUIRED PRECISION OF PERFORMANCE	SPECIAL PHYSIOLOGICAL REQUIREMENTS	SPECIAL ANATOMICAL REQUIREMENTS	NEED FOR PHYSICAL PREPARATION	COMPLEXITY OF SKILL PREPARATION	ENERGY EXPENDITURE	COMPLEXITY OF THE GAME	ATHLETIC INTELLIGENCE	APPLICATION OF STRATEGY	OPPORTUNITY FOR ENVIRONMENTAL DISTRACTIONS	FREQUENCY OF INJURIES	SEVERITY OF INJURIES	DEGREE OF SUCCESS	PROXIMITY OF THE FANS	POTENTIAL FOR FAN ABUSE	LACK OF OPPORTUNITY TO RATIONALIZE FAILURE	CONFRONTATION	CONCENTRATION TIME	FREQUENCY OF CRUCIAL MOMENTS	TOTAL POINTS
1. BOXER	3	2	5	2	5	5	5	4	5	4	1	4	5	3	5	5	5	5	3	4	80
2. PRO QUARTERBACK	3	2	2	4	2	4	2	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	3	5	3	4	3	3	73
2. DECATHLETE	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	2	3	2	1	3	1	1	5	2	5	4	73
4. BASKETBALL PLAYER	5	3	5	5	4	4	4	4	5	3	1	3	3	2	4	4	2	4	2	2	69
5. AMERICAN SOCCER PLAYER	5	3	4	2	4	4	4	4	5	3	3	3	3	2	3	2	2	4	2	2	64
6. DOWNHILL SKIER	2	5	3	2	3	3	2	3	5	2	5	4	4	4	1	1	3	1	4	5	62
7. BASEBALL CATCHER/ HITTER	3	5	2	1	2	1	2	5	3	5	3	3	3	5	4	4	2	3	3	2	61
8. TENNIS PLAYER	4	4	4	2	3	5	3	4	3	3	1	1	1	3	4	2	5	3	3	2	60
9. RACE-CAR DRIVER	1	4	1	1	1	3	4	4	5	3	5	2	5	5	1	1	1	2	5	5	59
10. FIGURE SKATER	4	5	3	4	3	5	2	3	1	1	3	1	1	3	4	1	3	1	4	4	56
11. GOLFER	2	5	1	1	1	5	1	5	4	3	4	1	1	4	5	2	3	2	3	2	55
12. HOCKEY GOALIE	4	4	2	2	2	1	2	2	3	1	1	3	3	3	4	5	3	3	2	3	53
13. BRONCO RIDER	1	1	3	1	3	1	2	2	1	1	1	5	4	4	4	1	1	1	4	5	46
14. MARATHONER	1	1	3	5	5	1	5	1	1	2	2	1	1	4	2	1	4	2	1	1	44

(5). "What's hard for golfers," says Ogilvie, "is to slide in and out of concentration. They must figure out what to do with a shot, clear their heads and hit the ball. Then they are back figuring the next shot. As with figure skating, emotions here are a great detriment." The putting skill is most susceptible to nerves. Arnold Palmer and Sam Snead are still great from tee to green, but it is sad to watch them agonize on putts.

Jack Nicklaus agrees that concentration is the hardest part of golf. He also thinks there isn't a sport he wouldn't try. He was the only athlete we contacted who said he would participate in *any* sport—which tells you something about either golf or Nicklaus.

10. *Figure skater, 56 points.* A ringer thrown in by Clein. Figure skaters practice religiously, spending thousands of hours to perfect their technique. We rated the complexity of their skill preparation a solid 5, with another 5 for precision of performance. It's necessary: In the compulsory figures, a skater must skate in, say, a figure eight, and then go over it twice perfectly. Being off a quarter of an inch can cost points. And the first shape should be as geometrically perfect as possible.

Says Clein: "Dorothy Hamill is as tough an athlete as A. J. Foyt."

9. *Race-car driver, 59 points.* Richard Petty is the king of the stock-car racers. At the age of 42, he has won more races than any other man.

Petty has suffered a dislocated shoulder, "if you can call that a severe injury," busted ribs and a few other ailments from crashes. But nothing serious so far. "Conditioning for us is a little different than in other sports," he says. "We have to sit and drive and it's tough mentally to pay attention for four and a half to five hours in a car that's got temperatures up to 145 degrees. You've got to tell yourself you're not tired and hot. And we don't get time outs, either. If we make a mistake, we don't go sit on the bench; we get scraped off the wall."

The tolerances in racing are surprisingly small, the margin of error for missing the line on a corner being only a matter of inches. Drivers often walk the track, checking the grooves and looking for rough spots that could give them trouble. They can spot slick patches and when it comes time to race, those woeful hazards they avoid. Many can check a track just once and relate the exact location of every deadly peril. We rated drivers the maximum of 5 for environmental distractions (and/or dangers)—a position shared only by downhill skiers. They also attained a top-of-the-scale rating in concentration, frequency of crucial moments, severity of injuries, degree of success and, finally, intelligence.

Most athletes are through with their sports by the middle of their third decade of life. Race-car drivers are second only to golfers in longevity. You have to have a lot of common sense to live that long. Cale Yarborough has raced for over 20 years, David Pearson is a grandfather and Darrell Waltrip is, at 33, one of the youngsters on the circuit. That in itself cuts down their rating. These guys aren't the hell raisers they were 20 years ago, either. They read *The Wall Street Journal* and check their stocks. The investment kind, not the cars.

8. *Tennis player, 60 points.* This whole debate got started when two of the editors at PLAYBOY found themselves arguing whether it was tougher for a tennis player to return a Roscoe Tanner serve than for Graig Nettles to catch a hot liner at third base. A Tanner serve comes from 78 feet away, traveling 153 mph. You've got to be quick. You've got to have superb eye-hand coordination to return it. But name the last player forced out of a match after being hit with a tennis ball.

"Actually, while Roscoe's serve is fast," says Arthur Ashe, "it's not heavy. John McEnroe and Tony Roche have heavy serves, the kind with speed *and* lots of spin, so that they nearly knock the racket out of your hand. But how often will Tanner ace you? Seven, eight times a match?"

Ashe personally doesn't rate his sport as high as we did, but tennis does require a wealth of skills (a 5 for practice). "Intelligence is not that high a requirement," says Ashe. "It can't help you win, but it might prevent you from losing. A lot of skills here come from practice, and though your legs take punishment, it's the eyes that go first, then the legs and finally the arms. Until recently, tennis players have been poorly conditioned for the sport. Only now are a few lifting weights and doing stretching exercises that might prolong their careers."

Tennis players, like boxers and decathletes, are fine-tuned solo performers, with self-esteem to match. But there are differences. Clein explains that boxers are what he calls reducers. They demagnify pain and discomfort, desensitize any stimulation. It could be said that tennis players do the opposite; witness how many pull out of matches with minor injuries, especially if they are behind. Many players these days are emotional babies, with Ashe a noteworthy exception. They are lucky they even got rated.

7. *Baseball catcher/hitter, 61 points.* Johnny Bench, at 32, is an old man by baseball standards. He has caught 1624 games up to this point, a number he knows off the top of his head. Sitting in the visitors' clubhouse, he's sipping a soft drink and poring over the Astros' statistics, seeing who is hot and who is in a slump. In his 13th major-league season, he still prepares for every game. A catcher is the rival of a quarterback in application of strategy (we gave both the maximum rating), complexity of task and the total involvement in play (the

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frequency-of-success quotient).

Is catching the toughest job in baseball—if not in all sports? "I'd vote for it," Bench says after a moment's hesitation. "Most of these games are two hours and 45 minutes long and for half that time, you're squatting. For a catcher, the legs are the main problem." Bench needs a good 72 hours for the aches to go away, but with the 162-game season, he rarely gets that kind of rest. "And there is no time to daydream," he says. "An outfielder might be able to think about hitting when he's in the field, but I've got to call the pitches, position the defense and be involved in every play."

The only thing worse than trying to catch a 100-mph fast ball is trying to hit the sucker. The batter may well have one of the toughest jobs in sports. The difference between a superstar and a failure is the difference between three hits in ten at-bats and two in ten.

Clein laughs when he hears coaches tell baseball players to watch the bat hit the ball. "With even an average fastball coming in at 80 miles per hour," he says, "the hitter has to decide if and where he's going to swing before the ball is 15 to 20 feet from the pitcher's hand. The reaction times are such that he can close his eyes, because that swing is already predetermined."

A normal person's reaction time is something like .20 second, says Clein. Most baseball hitters average between .15 and .18 second, the reason for their superiority. Reaction time you are born with, but that alone does not a hitter make. A main attribute is the ability to process cues visually. Rod Carew is not a smarter hitter because he necessarily knows more about hitting than other players; but he does have a greater visual processing ability and is no doubt superior in neural muscular function, the ability to direct, adjust and coordinate movements. He has learned to react to a wider range of visual cues and be more effective with a wider range of reactions than a .250 banjo swinger. Hence the ability to go different directions with a pitch.

6. *Downhill skier, 62 points.* Next to race-car driving and boxing, there is no more dangerous sport than downhill skiing. Racers descend icy slopes at 90 mph and they don't wear any fenders. In the world of downhillers, broken legs are as common as hangnails; paralyzing injuries are a definite threat, death is not a stranger. Every second on the course is crucial (5). The precision and intelligence required also rate maximum scores. A mountain is a demanding playground, a dangerous environment (5). "It takes absolute concentration," says Clein, "but the skier had better do his homework *before* he heads down the hill. At the speed he is traveling, if he notices a problem on the course, he's past it before he can do anything to

"Oh, I've had my share of success with women."

correct it." Still, the fastest average reaction time that Clein ever recorded was turned in by pro ski racer Hank Kashiwa, a startling .12 second, equaled only by Broncos quarterback Craig Morton. This is the one sport most often mentioned by other athletes as suicide—for crazies only.

5. *American soccer player, 64 points.* The skills of the soccer player are remarkably similar to those required for basketball. Indeed, only three sports scored 5 in the body-coordination category—soccer, basketball and the decathlon. Soccer players also maxed out in the athletic-intelligence category. Make this a player in Brazil or Europe, where fans take this sport with violent intensity, and it just might usurp basketball for fourth place.

4. *Basketball player, 69 points.* Centers take more pounding than any other players on the court, but guards must quarterback the offense. Other than that, there are no clear positional differences that require separate skills, so we took basketball players as a whole. They are impressive, scoring a full five in body coordination, special physiological and anatomical requirements, and athletic intelligence.

Basketball players tend to be among the best all-round athletes in the world. In the physiological area, a basketball player requires nearly every trait—speed, quickness, strength, jumping ability—in a high dose. One could safely say that most N.B.A. players are genetic mutations, such is their physical superiority. Anatomically, they are giants. They play a strenuous 82-game regular season and must be in superb condition.

Rick Barry, the longtime all-pro forward now with the Houston Rockets, opines, "Basketball is the epitome of a team game that still requires great individual skills." He downplays the pressure situations of the game that Ogilvie rates so high. "You get paid anyway, if you win or lose," says basketball's pre-eminent mercenary. "That takes a lot of the pressure out of it."

Paul Westphal, the all-pro guard from the Phoenix Suns, disagrees. "The fans are a factor," he says. "But you can't let them get to you. In every game, you're going to screw up, or appear to screw up, because no matter what you do, a guy can score over you. Fans affect different players. We had a guy on the Suns who did terribly at home but played great on the road. It's usually the other way around. But the fans expected so much of him and he felt he couldn't meet their expectations. Then you take John Havlicek, who didn't care if they booed or cheered, he just liked getting a reaction."

2. *Decathlete, 73 points.* By virtue of total points, the decathlete ties for second place with the pro quarterback. The decathlete competes against scoring tables, his heights, times and distances adding up to a combination of points. A champion cannot fall far in any event or the unrelenting tables will put him out of it. The decathlete must sprint in the 100 meters, run the 400 meters and 1500 meters, the hurdles, high-jump, toss the javelin and the discus, pole-vault, shot-put and long-jump. Each tests a different athletic function, and putting the events together over two days is a brutal ordeal. Bruce Jenner trained for six years in order to win the Olympic decathlon. The physical demands are awesome. We gave the decathlete maximum ratings in ten out of 20 categories.

The decathletes did, however, fall in the severity-of-injuries category, fan expectations and potential for fan abuse. "We can hardly get 35 people to show up for a national decathlon championship," says Jenner. "It's as exciting as watching paint dry." Half the time the fans wouldn't know whom to boo or what to boo if they even cared. Maybe if the javelin-throwing contest were turned into a javelin-catching contest, the fans would care.

2. *Pro quarterback, 73 points.* The fans of the N.F.L. care. "We're all human," says Pat Haden. "We say we don't hear fans and you couldn't be an efficient quarterback if you did let them bother you, but it bothers you off the field."

Haden, a Rhodes scholar, has developed a thick psychic armor. "I've gotten more reclusive and I probably haven't enjoyed playing the game as much as I did at one time," he says. "It's just made me a harder individual."

Quarterbacks may be the most intelligent players on the field, but Haden says it's "game or football intelligence" that's important. His Rhodes scholarship does not help him at all on the field. The strategy is dealing with Xs and Os, double coverage and blitzing linebackers, and not European history. Quarterbacks rated fives in intelligence, application of strategy and complexity of task. According to Clein, the quarterback has to react to seven visual cues in the 3.1 to 3.5 seconds he has to pass after the ball is snapped. Some quarterbacks have an uncanny ability to read all those things, to sense who's going to be covered and who among the secondary receivers will be open. It's a skill that almost defies teaching, yet it is something an extraordinary few hone to a science.

Bill Walsh, the innovative coach of the San Francisco 49ers, has come up with ways to help quarterbacks systematically read their cues. While coaching

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the receivers and quarterbacks of the San Diego Chargers a few years ago, Walsh showed Dan Fouts how to read "the passing tree," or check first the deep routes, then the middle ground and finally the safety valves. It is a quite simple technique, but it's helped turn the Chargers offense into one of the most explosive in football.

Gil Brandt, vice-president for personnel development of the Dallas Cowboys, feels that quarterbacks are generally the best all-round athletes on the team. The best jocks are made into quarterbacks and pitchers in little league and in high school.

The ideal quarterback is 6'3" to 6'4", strong and noble in the mold of Roman Gabriel. The Colts' Bert Jones is considered a prototype, a guy who can see over the line and has the rifle arm to boot. The ability to run and scramble, albeit dangerous to the coaches' heart and the quarterback's body, is considered an attribute in a Fran Tarkenton or a Roger Staubach. But the days of the slump-shouldered Johnny Unitas are over, such is the physiology required to get into professional football. Unitas wouldn't make it past the first computer program used by the so-called sophisticated scouting services. In would go data that showed Johnny U. built like a pair of pliers, and out would come REJECT.

Too bad, for quarterbacks must be field generals as well as players. Unitas was inspirational to his teammates; they'd know he'd call a play to get them out of a scrape. Most coaches in the N.F.L. today call the plays from the side lines and the merits of this technique are still being judged. But Terry Bradshaw of the Steelers, acknowledged as the best clutch quarterback playing today, calls his own plays, and many feel that gives the Pittsburgh club an edge, for a quarterback has a complete handle on just what's going on on the field.

A lineman takes more straight punishment than a quarterback, who half the time hands the ball off and gets the hell out of the way. But when he's hit, he's clubbed. To be an effective passer, a quarterback has to hang in the pocket, but once the ball is gone, he is highly vulnerable; his ribs are tantalizing targets for onrushing panzers, and he's the star opponents snuff into cinders. There is, however, an N.F.L. rule that went into effect last season, a quick whistle that was to protect quarterbacks from being dismembered. In previous seasons, the injury report on quarterbacks looked like some cannibalistic butcher's bill.

Robert Brazile thinks quarterbacks get injured more often because they are not used to getting hit. "It's a sin to hit a quarterback in practice," he says. "And I don't think that helps them when it's time to really take the heat." But Q.B.s are not the mountains of muscle defensive linemen and linebackers are, and letting them get crunched in practice might be more of a waste of flesh than good experience. It would also be gambling with a valuable commodity.

Since quarterbacks are the focal point, the ones who get the most credit or heat, have the most complex job on the field, they are the ones generally best rewarded. That in itself also adds to the pressure. Fans know they are highly paid and, consequently, expect more. No one is going to boo a right tackle for missing a block. For the punishment a lineman gets and the relatively small amount he is paid, one should expect him to miss an occasional block on general labor principles alone.

1. *Boxer, 80 points.* There are a few athletes today who receive nearly $1,000,000 a year in salary. But heavyweight champs can often command $1,000,000 and more for *one fight.* They deserve it, for theirs is far and away the toughest job in sports. Boxers scored fives in ten of the 20 categories.

People treat them with respect. Once a champ, they're always called "Champ." Joe Frazier says he weighs only 234 pounds, and still goes a few rounds in the gym. Joe could probably still chop down most of the current crop of contenders. "When I was in camp, I stuck with the rules," he explains. "I did what I had to do to keep in condition. I paid the price. And the loneliest part is being on the road runnin'. I hate runnin'. But you'd better do it if you get in the ring. I don't feel no aches when I get up in the morning, but I can't speak for other fighters. I know too many who slur when they talk."

Frazier never calls Ali by his name. He simply calls him "the Champ." Ali once taunted Frazier for being ugly, for not conforming to his standard of physical beauty. But after their last fight, no man receives more respect from Ali than his stubborn adversary.

"The Champ has speed and quickness," says Frazier. "People talk about how fast he was. But he didn't get away from me. I hit him just as fast as he moved. I hit him with punches that would bring down the walls of a city. He's got aches and pains to prove it."

Much has been made of the entry of former Cowboys defensive end Ed "Too

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THE EAGLE HAS LANDED ...ON ALL FOURS. AMERICAN MOTORS

Tall" Jones into boxing. At 6'9" and 253 pounds, the big guy should be able to slap around most heavies, or so he hoped. But offensive linemen can't use their hands. In Jones's first fight, a 6'2", 204-pound Mexican unknown, Yaqui Meneses, pushed him flat on his butt and then punched him rudely in the face while Jones sat there thoroughly stunned. Ernie Holmes of the Steelers is making noises about turning to pro boxing, but those footballers are going to learn it is better to be bitten by Conrad Dobler than to get hacked to pieces by a pug.

One should also consider the sociology of this sport. Boxing, like crime, has traditionally offered the poor and the disadvantaged a way to taste a little of the prime rib of life. It was the tough Jewish and Irish kids who dominated the scene prior to World War Two, minority groups who were discriminated against. Then came blacks, and now Mexicans and Central Americans, those vicious little pounders who rule the lighter weights, throwing every *macho* gristle in their bodies to the fight as if a loss would send them straight back to the misery of the barrio. Which it just might.

An argument could be made that the toughest job in boxing is being fodder for the champs; guys like Jerry Quarry, George Chuvalo, Duane Bobick and others receive good paydays, but they take a malefic beating in return. They can walk into the mouths of the cannons only so many times before their heads turn to cabbage; and whatever skills they once had are beaten into dull pain.

"Successful boxers," says Clein, "have to react to many visual cues and they have to analyze constantly. People don't know this, but boxers must have great athletic intelligence. [They scored the maximum.] The physical preparation is second to none. The energy expenditure in a fight is high, equaled only by decathletes and marathon runners. Interpersonal conflict is the ultimate here." There's no question that being a boxer is the toughest job in sports.

Frazier stresses the surprising opinion that boxing is actually a safe sport, amazing when you consider what a sharp blow can do to a brain encased in only a thin shell of bone. However, between November 1979 and February 1980, head injuries took the lives of four boxers, including a 13-year-old from Kentucky. "Look," says Frazier. "You know the other man is comin' to get ya. One on one. And you've got to bring some to get some."

Bring some to get some, a simple but excellent definition of the job. There are other rugged and brutal sports, some not even on our chart. But if you've got a complaint, take it up with Frazier. You'll get some kind of answer!

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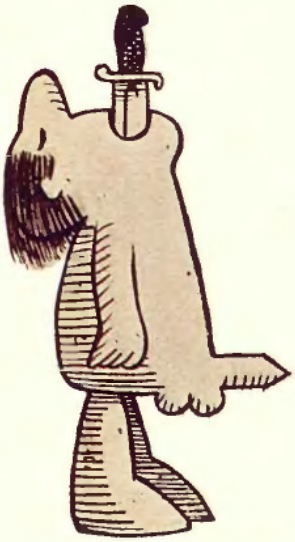

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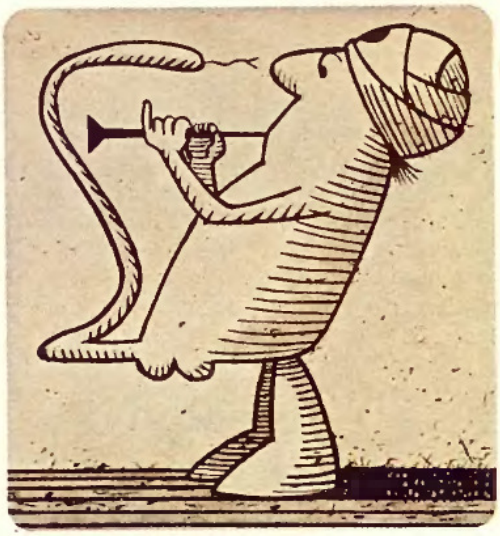

SNAKE CHARMER

KAPLAN'S

Phallusies

IS THERE no end to the long line of artist Ervin L. Kaplan's diminutive chaps whose occupations are an integral part of their anatomy? Apparently not, as this latest collection will attest. Indeed, Kaplan's appropriately hung fellows have become a penile institution. Name the vocation and he can supply the suitable appendage. Which makes us wonder what he'd do with someone who was, say, an editor.

CARPENTER

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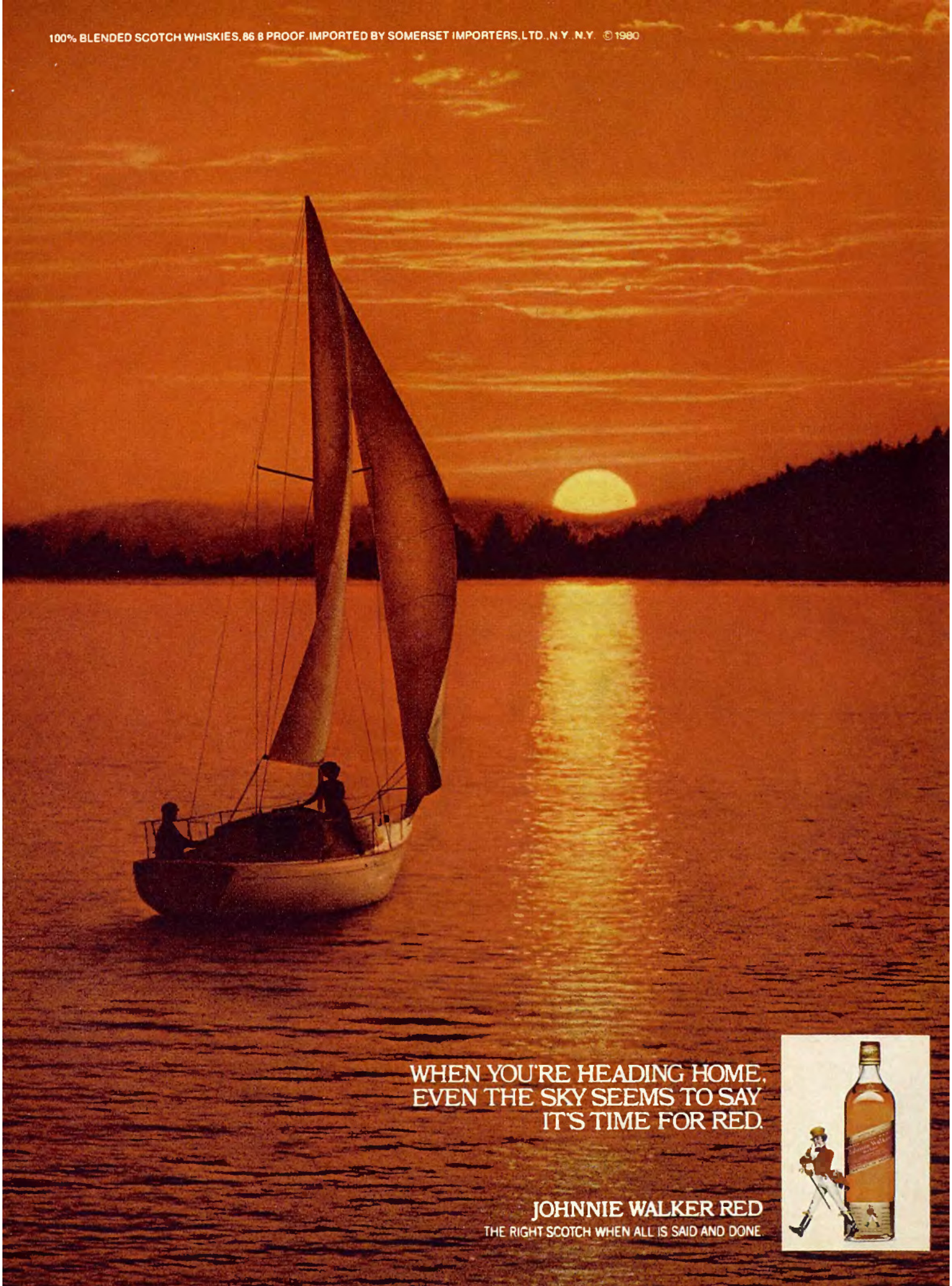

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useful information—from the interconnecting worlds of technology, parapsychology and social science—to help you enjoy the future

SPACE WATCH

The Search for the Other Half of the Universe

If you're a science-fiction lover, the idea of antimatter isn't foreign to you, nor are the ideas of parallel universes (mirror images of ours, invisible to us) and universes that go backward instead of forward in time. If science fiction isn't your bag, what follows may seem like pure fantasy; but it isn't.

Scientists are missing half of the universe. Let us explain.

Most physicists now believe that the universe was created about 15 billion years ago in an incredibly hot explosion of pure energy—a "big bang." Support for this theory has become so strong that the last two Nobel Prizes in physics were shared by big-bang proponents.

But some scientists maintain that the big-bang theory fails to account for half of the universe. In the beginning, there was nothing but pure, hot energy. Since the time of Einstein, physicists have known that energy is just another form of matter, and vice versa. The energy of creation produced matter that condensed as it cooled to form the matter of stars and planets.

Today, scientists routinely convert energy into matter at dozens of laboratories, but the energy always forms an equal amount of antimatter (a kind of mirror image of ordinary matter). If the energy of the big bang had formed equal numbers of particles and antiparticles, all of them might have annihilated (canceled out with release of energy) and we might not be here today. There are only two possible ways to account for our presence. One is that there was an excess of matter over antimatter. The other is that the matter and the antimatter separated early enough to avoid annihilation.

Some of the astronomers who are looking for the missing half of the universe are advancing theories that challenge today's physics. For example:

• The Swedish physicist Hannes Alfvén claims that in the early universe, annihilation energy helped insulate clouds of matter from clouds of antimatter. Thus, there should be domains of pure matter and pure antimatter within some galaxies.

• Maurice Goldhaber of the Brookhaven National Laboratory suggests that the big bang started with a single particle, the "universon." That divided into a "cosmon" and an "anticosmon," which immediately flew apart—perhaps so far apart that we can never detect the anticosmon.

• J. Richard Gott of Princeton suggests that the big bang created three parallel universes: Region I, where we live; Region II, which is made of antimatter and travels backward in time; and Region III, which travels faster than light.

• Richard P. Feynman, who won the Nobel Prize in physics, viewed antiparticles as ordinary particles moving backward in time—like stray members of Gott's Region III.

Chunks of antimatter might even be floating nearby in space. We know that the moon is not made of antimatter—if it were, Neil Armstrong would have been annihilated before he could say, "One small step. . . ." The rest of the solar system is matter, too. But comets and meteors sometimes enter our solar system from remote regions of space where antimatter might predominate.

An antimatter meteorite entering the earth's atmosphere would explode with hundreds of times the energy of an atomic bomb of the same weight. Some

scientists think that is exactly what happened on June 30, 1908, when a tremendous explosion knocked down trees for hundreds of miles in central Siberia. Smaller pieces of antimatter would scatter light over a large distance, possibly looking like a flying saucer and giving rise to UFO reports. Two researchers at the University of Rochester suggest that antimatter meteors hitting the earth's atmosphere thousands of years ago might have depleted the earth's ozone layer, causing the extinction of some species.

While some scientists search for the missing antimatter, others search for new physical laws to explain why we observe an excess of matter. Steven Weinberg of Harvard University shared the 1979 Nobel Prize in physics for a theory that may help explain the imbalance. According to Weinberg and others, the very early universe was filled with supermassive particles called X bosons. Those particles set off processes that broke the symmetry between matter and antimatter, resulting in the present excess of matter.

In the past year, the search for the missing antimatter has been marked by three major accomplishments. First, antiprotons were stored for 85 hours in a magnetic ring at the European Center for Nuclear Research (CERN) in Geneva. Second, gamma rays were observed coming from the center of our own Milky Way galaxy at the precise energy that indicates matter-antimatter annihilation. Finally, just a few months ago, a stream of antiprotons was discovered coming from deep space. In the next few months, two major experiments will study antimatter, one at CERN and one at the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center in California.

There is now no proof of the existence of large amounts of antimatter in the universe. On the other hand, there is no proof that quantities of antimatter are not present in the cosmos. Clear evidence in support of either position will help resolve a historic struggle in physics: the attempt to reconcile the very large world of relativity with the very small world of quantum mechanics.

NEW AGE EXPLORERS

(In the spirit of recognizing genius while it's still alive, this section will introduce you to scientific researchers and theorists from a broad spectrum of disciplines whose collective efforts form the cutting edge of tomorrow's science and technology.)

Stephan A. Schwartz and The Mobius Group: Psychic Archaeology Goes Pro

If you're the president of a fledgling oil company that has problems finding oil by ordinary methods, try an unusual method: The Mobius Group. It will put

NEW AGE PRIMER

a team of scientists and *trained psychics* to work on your problem and before you know it, you could be pumping black gold.

The Mobius Group, a Los Angeles–based corporation, is the brain child of historian, writer and parapsychologist Stephan A. Schwartz, who in 1978 published *The Secret Vaults of Time*, a study of psychic research in archaeology over the past 75 years. Surprisingly, archaeologists have documented psychically assisted "finds" in 14 countries, but until Schwartz, no one ever tried to synthesize the methods of psychic archaeology for profit.

For Schwartz, The Mobius Group started as an experiment in 1977. "I felt that arguments about whether psychic functioning exists were long since answered to the satisfaction of any open-minded researcher," he says. "The question facing science was: 'Can anything of practical value be accomplished with this [psychic functioning]?' " He began by putting together

a consortium of scientists from a number of disciplines ranging from archaeology to computer technology, then located 15 people with above-average psychic ability who were willing to work with him on a long-term basis. The first major success for the group was locating a previously unknown ship that sank off Santa Catalina Island in the Pacific 90 years ago.

Dubbed Deep Quest, it involved five psychics, an observer from the Institute for Marine and Coastal Studies and the use of a $3,000,000 research submarine called Taurus I. Using maps of the area where the ship had sunk, the psychics gave Schwartz and his associates a site where they felt the ship could be found, plus intricate details of the ship itself. Taurus I dove where the psychics suggested and found the ship, which almost exactly fit the description the psychics had given.

Invigorated by its success, The Mobius Group expanded its activities, sending archaeological expeditions to Mexico and Egypt. Over the past two years, it has located Mayan artifacts near Cozumel Island off the Mexican state of Quintana Roo and a previously unknown ancient Ptolomaic building 15 miles west of Alexandria, Egypt. Just recently, Schwartz says, the Egyptian team has pinpointed the location of a building believed by archaeologists to be the Timonium, Marc Antony's retreat.

With those successes on record, The Mobius Group began offering its services as a consulting firm to corporations and clients interested in locating natural resources. "So far," says Schwartz, "we've been concentrating on finding oil, silver and water."

Now, with an eye toward improving the accuracy of its research, The Mobius Group is organizing a national psychic testing program, to find the two to three percent of the population estimated to have well-developed psychic ability.

"I have a feeling," Schwartz says, "that the results of this testing program may have a tremendous impact on the acceleration of psychic research in America." And, needless to say, the Mobius folks will have a tremendous impact on American business methodology if they keep finding the unfindable.

NEVER-ENDING PLEASURE DEPARTMENT

Putting the Pressure on Herpes

Our first installment of the Never-Ending Pleasure Department ("The Serpent Strikes Again," December 1979) was an acupressure technique to revive a flagging erection, and judging from our letters on that item, folks are ready for another sex-related acupressure technique. Well, some of you, anyway: the ones who've contracted that nasty disease called herpes simplex virus type 2 (HSV2), or venereal herpes.

In your quest for never-ending pleasure, there's nothing guaranteed to put a crimp in your style (and your serpent of love) like an onset of HSV2. If you've got it, you know what we mean. You also know the tingling, prickly sensation that usually precedes an outbreak of HSV2. And that's the time to strike back with an acupressure technique that at the very least brings temporary relief from pain, and may even halt the outbreak before it gets into the most uncomfortable stages.

Draw an imaginary line from the

crown of your outer ankle to the nail of your little toe. Begin probing deeply with the tip of your thumb or index finger in the area about one third of the way from your ankle along that line. On many people, there will be a muscular bulge in that area, and the pinhead-sized point is located almost directly on top of that bulge.

While the point ordinarily may be tender, especially if you're a herpes sufferer, it may be almost excruciating during an outbreak of the virus if you probe the point deeply. But it's a pain that's good for you, say Oriental healers; if you massage that painful spot for half a minute or so, you should get immediate relief from the pain and irritation that are characteristic of HSV2. You'll notice a sudden easing of tension and usually a sense of warmth—even perspiration—across your brow or shoulders. And any discomfort from the finger-tip massage quickly passes.

As for those of you who *don't* have venereal herpes, you'll henceforth want to avoid anybody you see at your next orgy who keeps rubbing the tops of his or her feet.

CONTRIBUTORS

Steve Aaronson for "The Search for the Other Half of the Universe"; Brando Crespi for "Stephan A. Schwartz and The Mobius Group"; and Michael Blate for "Putting the Pressure on Herpes."

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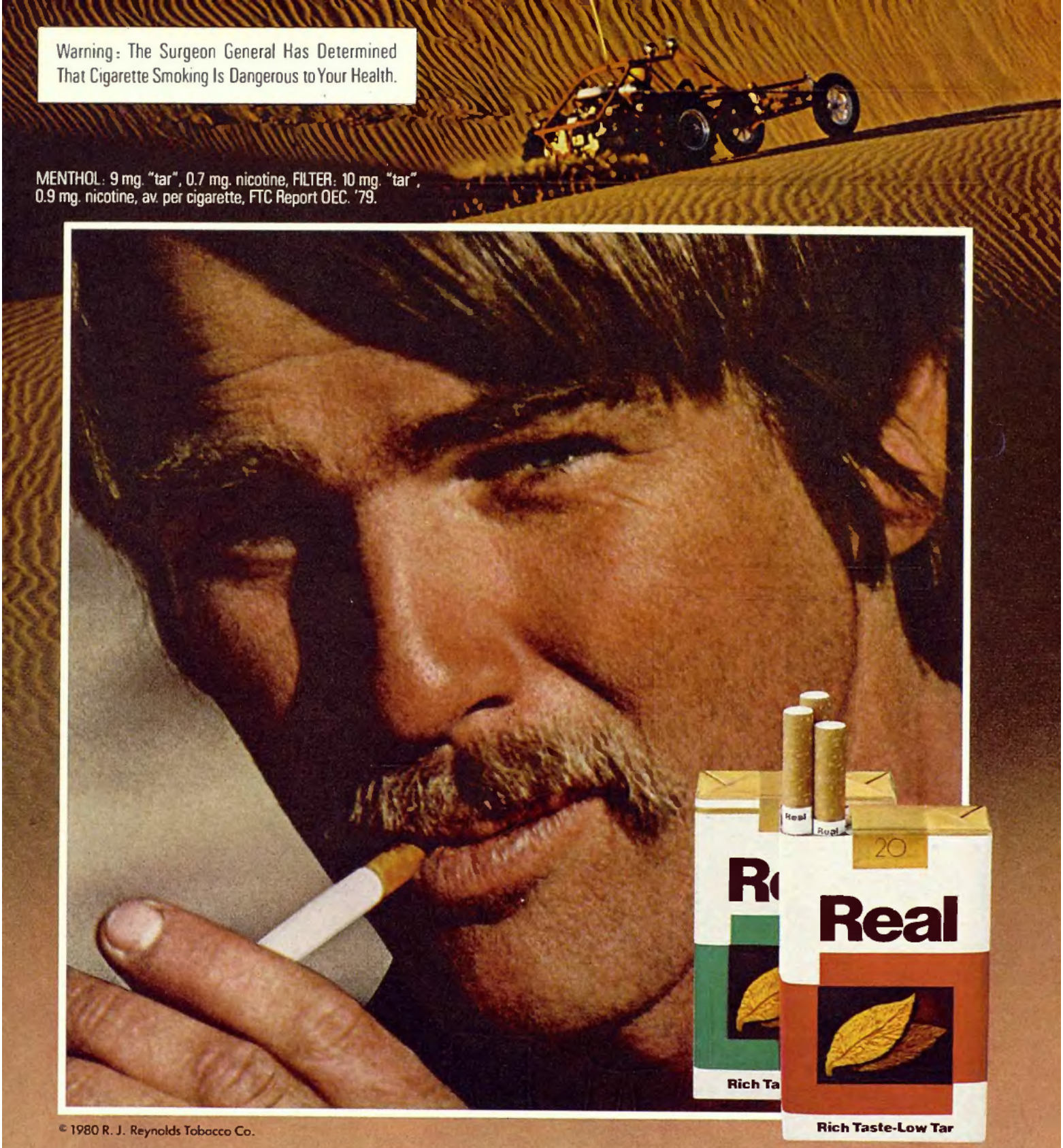

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PERFECT ATTENDANTS *(continued from page 166)*

"'Dream vacations are an integral part of my work, and good sex on a layover merely icing on the cake.'"

nap on a night flight from Raleigh to St. Louis. And, most importantly, he doesn't smile and wish you a "Pleasant flight. Welcome aboard," that much-appreciated little reassurance that dries your palms and takes your heart out of overdrive. That's the purview of the women with the wings.

We should clarify right away that there *are* male flight attendants. But, really, who cares? Not that a man can't do the job, mind you. A man can do almost *anything* a woman can. But not with such grace. And certainly not looking so good while doing it. That's the stuff that the fantasies are made of.

Fantasies? About flight attendants? C'mon! Any airline executive knows that what the weary male traveler wants most is a safe, pleasant, efficiently managed flight from A to B. Computers! That's the ticket. Wire everything up so that a reservations clerk in Albany can book you from Tucson to Des Moines, rent you a room, call you a cab and tuck you in with the flick of a microprocessor chip and the world's passengers will beat a path to your check-in counter.

"Bob always has to be doing something. When he's not digging in the garden, he's masturbating."

Alas, but not alack, that isn't the case. Air travel at its best is infused with Hollywood-style glamor. People going places, doing things. And the figurehead of all that glamor is the female flight attendant.

Is there a more worldly woman than the one who just had breakfast in New York and lunch in Chicago and is about to munch sourdough bread *on* San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf? Are there brighter, more articulate, more personable women than those the airlines themselves choose for just those characteristics?

Probably. But they aren't all in a bunch, rounded up, tested, tried and trained and sitting on the other end of a call button.

So it's no wonder that the sight of a particularly attractive attendant gliding down the aisle to your 23 F seat transports you far beyond the flight plan. The dynamics of the situation are unnervingly romantic. The two of you flying together to a strange city. Neither of you knowing anything about the other. There is *so* little time. Does she have a layover? Will she go *out* to dinner? No matter that the same scenario is rippling through the brains of every one of your fellow male passengers. Indeed, the competition just makes the fantasy that much more satisfying.

The romance is not lost on the attendants, either. They are admired and sought after and they know it. It's part of the glamor that brought them to the airlines in the first place. They do make a trade-off. A few hours of tough, demanding, often demeaning work for a chance to lead a lifestyle ordinarily available only to the superrich. They are paid well, they meet interesting people, they work with professionals and they visit places on weekends that most people save all year to go to on vacation.

Says one flight attendant, "Sometimes I feel like a free-floating spirit. I lose sense of time zones, days of the week and even seasons. I've skied the breath-taking mountains of Aspen on Monday and bronzed under the Hawaiian sun by Wednesday. I've jogged the Ivory Coast of Africa at sunset and spent nights under a canopy of stars in Tahiti. Perhaps tomorrow I'll spend my Lake Tahoe break in a hot tub, sipping champagne with a friend. Seemingly, dream vacations are just an integral part of my work as a flight attendant, and good sex on a layover merely icing on the cake."

Not surprisingly, the romanticism is heightened by the prospect of very real danger. Airplanes, after all, have yet to be perfected. There is a definite "life on the edge" aspect to the career. But careful interviewing and training weed out those likely to be overcome by the vapors.

A flight attendant with seven years'

MITSUBISHI

INNOVATION FROM THE INSIDE OUT.

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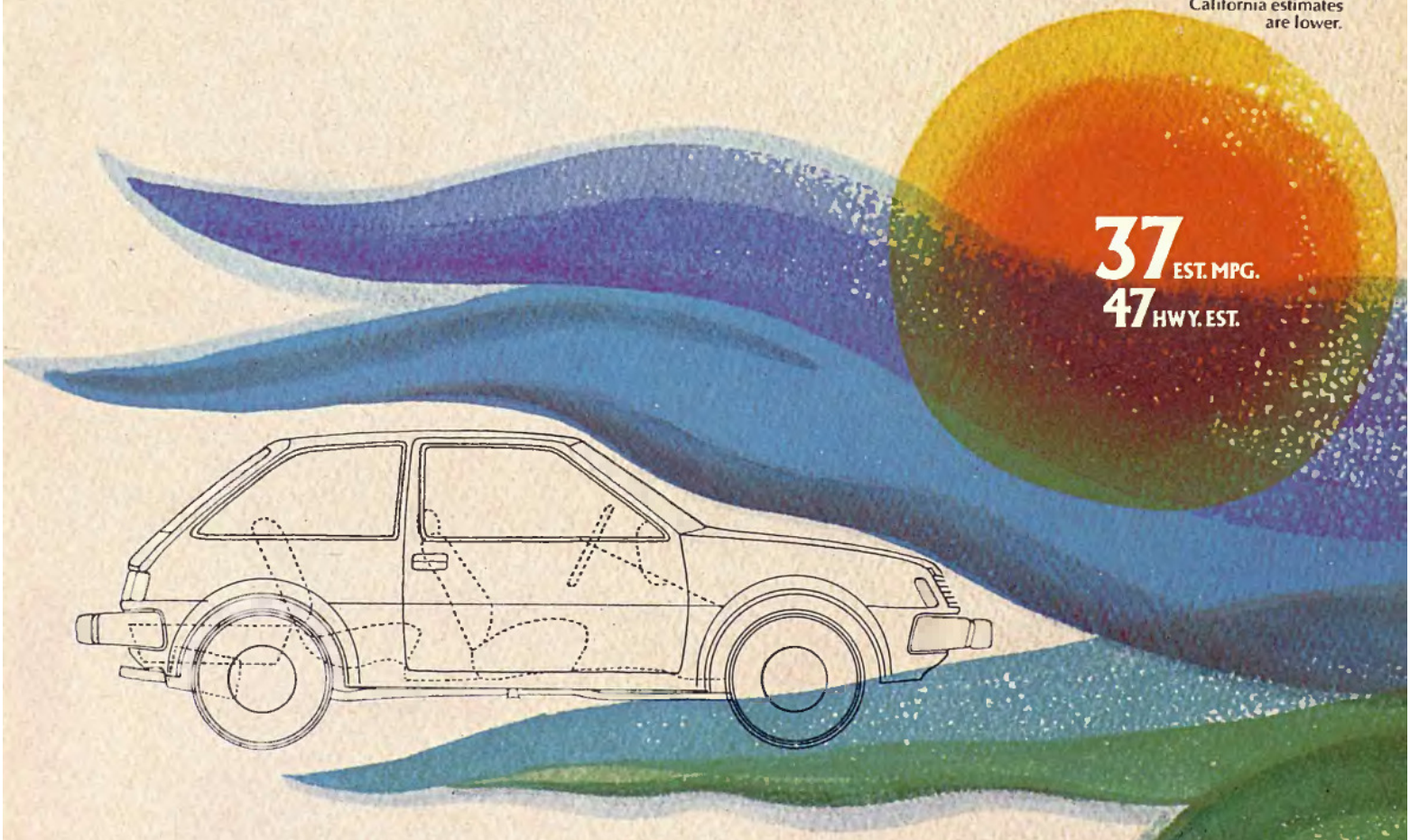

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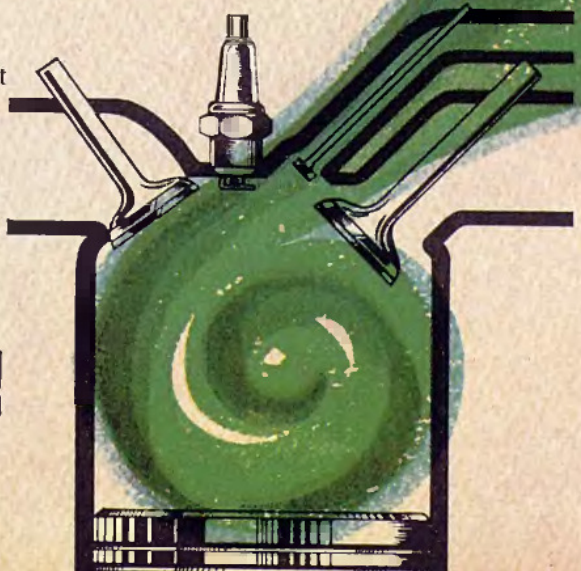

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CONFESSIONS OF A FLIGHT ATTENDANT

yes, virginia, there is sex in the sky

The following was written for PLAYBOY *by a flight attendant who asked that her name not be published.*

As a flight attendant, I often feel that I live a near-fantasy existence. Certainly, sexual nuances loom with every take-off. The very jargon of the airlines is fueled with sensuous implications—flying high, wide bodies, thrusts, riding clouds, cockpits and jet streams. I can hardly keep my mind on serving the chicken Kiev. Company slogans reflect suggestively that we're "Ready when you are" (Delta) or "Doing what we do best" (American); Continental promises that "We really move our tail for you"; United asks you to "Fly the friendly skies." Now American Airlines (or Big Al, my paternal airline boss) has added a large plastic marketing button to the breast pocket of my little uniform that advertises that I MAKE THE DIFFERENCE.

Feminists have frequently chosen the airline industry as the number-one perpetrator of chauvinistic atrocities, but the subliminal realities are difficult to quell. Frankly, I find the level of excitement constantly stimulating and I thrive on the underlying sexual phenomenon. My sensory circuits are constantly being given a boost, sometimes to near overload. I'm always vulnerable to seduction by a guy with a nice smile and a clever sense of humor. I love knowing that I can always maneuver another rendezvous later.

For me, flying is a fantastic pleasure. The French section of an airline manual describes a flight as a "*Chouette de Sentir*" (freely translated: "A sensational feeling"). And, to quote Steve Martin, "The most amazing thing to me is I get paid for doing this."

It's true that being a stewardess can sometimes be lonely. Relationships, whether private or professional, are often too spasmodic to be developed. Flirtations and teasing promises are usually unfulfilled. Yet, for one brief moment in time, the passengers and I are isolated in an immense, multimillion-dollar metal bird, a ship in space. Fate (with perhaps an assist from a travel agent) has brought us together and a bond is established. It is a flexible scenario, the possibilities of which are endless if one has a little daring and is willing to play. Fantasies can be courted and tested and a rapport nurtured. I've seen two strangers perform 69 under a blanket within the first two hours of a transcontinental night flight. They'd just become members of that highly secret organization affectionately called the Mile High Club, whose international advocates include any persons who have gotten laid in an aircraft during flight. Among the list of honored members are executives, schoolteachers, blue-collar workers, rock stars and other celebrities who shall remain nameless, and, occasionally, flight crews. With the advent of many good-looking male flight attendants, there is now a new biological attraction for the female traveler or attendant. Some male flight attendants are gay, so there is really something for everyone. The possibilities are endless.

The main challenge confronting would-be initiates into the M.H.C. is the need for privacy; finding it requires creativity and cunning. The most obvious solution is assuredly the *lav*. I would suggest a coach lav, since it would be discourteous, if not highly rude, to tie up the one first-class W.C. Strategy should be well thought out and executed early into the flight. In fact, it would be wise to request a seat assignment as close to the ritual site as possible. The stews will probably be aware of the devilish plot and can actually sabotage the whole affair by opening the locked lav door; but if a couple follows the elaborate M.H.C. ritual, they probably won't. The prospective lovers must justify entering a small lav together; that is where creativity and theatrics come into play. The most obvious ploy is to feign illness or a contact-lens catastrophe, which would legitimately require the assistance of an accomplice. Fortunately, the lav sinks are perfectly designed for a truly pleasurable position, or so I have been told.

It is my sincere belief that membership in the M.H.C. should be discreet and held in deep respect. One should really not flaunt one's affiliation; only the slightest smile should be indicative of the fraternal bond. It should always be considered a very private but fond memory, which can be renewed again and again on future flights. That should be reward enough.

service in her log told us, "Sure, emergencies come up. If you fly long enough, you learn what a certain airplane is supposed to sound like. If we hear a thump or a squeak that's not supposed to be there, we may glance at each other and wince, but we keep on working. We live with that. It's part of the job. It's the peak experiences that are *un*forgettable, and they make up for the few 'bad times.' "

Most of the time, however, those bad times amount to little more than a six-A.M. flight or an especially obnoxious passenger, both occupational hazards that are universally disliked by flight attendants but that can quickly be forgotten over champagne dinners in some exotic locale. Besides, the hectic pace of their schedules leaves little time for petty grumbling.

In fact, it was the numbing pace of the career that made this pictorial a difficult one for us. It's been in the works for nearly a year, largely because our "models" had a frustrating habit of never being where our photographers were. Photographers who previously had considered themselves globe-trotting professionals threw up their hands as appointments were scheduled and rescheduled.

But that wasn't the only problem. As early as last November, the story broke in the newspapers that we were about to do such a pictorial. There was widespread speculation that some of the attendants chosen could meet the same fate as some of the N.F.L. cheerleaders who posed for us a couple of years ago: early retirement.

In its story, *The Wall Street Journal* declared, "For PLAYBOY, even the sky isn't the limit," and went on to say that the airlines were "vague" about their reactions to the appearance of some of their employees.

That speculation about firings did cause several attendants to pull out at the last minute, but the publicity also brought forth a number of new models who, hearing for the first time about the proposed pictorial, now wanted to be part of it. In the end, we had far more flight attendants willing to pose than we could use. The process of selecting those who would appear was made very difficult, but it was enjoyable.

Frankly, we don't see how anyone could object to the resulting pictorial or even be vague about their reactions. The flight attendants we have chosen are both bright and beautiful, unique in their outlook and lifestyle and hold special interest and appeal for the traveling public. Without such stellar representatives, no airline in the world would ever get off the ground.

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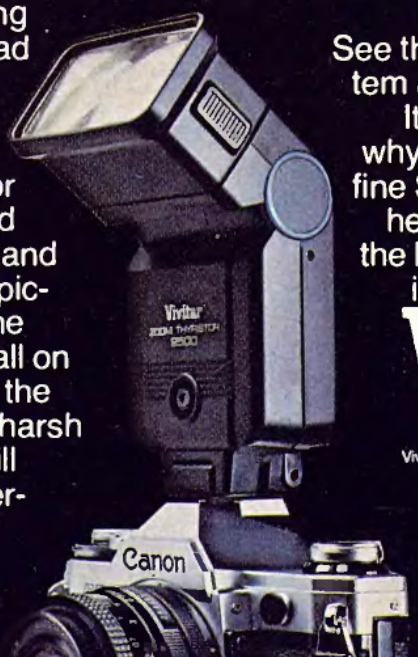

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PAPAGENO

(continued from page 162)

held while I shot the cartridge straight into his face when he turned toward me again. He looked very surprised, as if I had spit at him. The VX sent his heart into fibrillation and he died immediately with all the symptoms of a coronary: purple face, blood in the mouth, eyes frozen open. There was music coming from somewhere and it stayed with me while I drove to the Barstow road and dumped the body, leaving it for vultures, knowing that if someone found him, there was no way an autopsy could reveal anything. Coroners do not run radioimmuno assays on old mule skinners. They do not go to Washington for the reagents or to England for the glass-refractile index. And if that old bastard was a plant, and if Falcone sent him, then whatever they ran could not be published.

The East Germans still work with curare, but I find that too clumsy. You have to scratch the skin, which leaves evidence, and it takes a brush contact to deliver it. When Mulking died down by the docks in Istanbul, our doctors found a small welt on his hand. So we knew what had happened. The method left nothing to appreciate. It was obvious, direct, unsubtle.

Method is everything. You must learn to match the method. Hit men have their M.O.s. Fashions change. You learn to bend with the times like a rice shoot in water. You try to be as graceful as a birdcatcher.

I am letting myself grow a beard out here. With my track shorts and shoulder holster and .45 and running shoes and sweatband, I must be quite a sight. No one knows where I am, and that is OK. My answering service tells people I am in Istanbul again on loan to British Petroleum for an audit. Why not? Sometimes I dream that I am sitting in Bebek with the Bosporus lapping at the sides of the restaurant and the raki curling like smoke over the ice in my glass. Nedim and I argue again about Chekhov and in my dream I am eloquent.

"You don't understand," I say, "that death is an aid to art. *The Cherry Orchard* is Chekhov's best play. It is also his last play. He died shortly after he wrote it. He sensed his death. Imperial Russia's death, and it gave him more reason to work well. Death helps. Mozart wrote his best opera just before he died." In my dream, Nedim's eyes cannot handle that thought and they go blank; but even in my dream, I understand that Nedim has been scarred forever. His own father was hanged alongside Menderes. All of our money could not save him.

People do not seem to accept death the way animals do. For example: I caught a chuckwalla this afternoon. It

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was sunning itself on a rock near Cadiz Lake. It was more than a foot long, and when it heard my steps, it ducked into a crevice and blew itself up like a balloon.

"Hello, chuckwalla," I laughed. "Do you think I can't pull you out of there now?" I reached in and cut its throat. Blood and air rushed out like steam from a casing. There was no struggle, no histrionics. The chuckwalla and I understood the terms. Everything was neat and simple between us.

Tonight, if I build a fire, I will roast the chuckwalla and the sidewinder and I will toast yucca fruit and make tea with juniper leaves. I will eat cactus berries for dessert.

No one can touch me. I could live here for years. If people will just leave me alone.

I think I saw a light tonight in the valley north of Danby Lake. There were thunderheads over the Piute Mountains and it is possible that it was raining on the dry lake bed. Maybe someone down there had to use lights to survive. The thing I do not like about it is that I did not know anyone was there. I must be getting sloppy.

"We are now sleeping with the Devil," Madden had said. "We want you to join us."

We were eating steak in that small restaurant in Florence. Madden had come up from Palermo to see me. He was on sabbatical. He knew everyone in the Italian labor movement and he spoke of the organization we were infiltrating.

"They're a fact of life," Madden said, "like dirt. They are there under all of us. We've needed them since World War Two. We still need them. Very badly."

"I don't see where I come in," I said. The white-tile walls of the restaurant gleamed like mirrors of milk.

"You have the credentials," Madden said. "You're clean. Ivy League. Marines. They like that kind of thing. You bring a certain respectability with you."

"It's good for country clubs," I said. "But that's about all."

"You'd be surprised," Madden said. He was eating meticulously. He did not know that he was going to die in a cell in Cienfuegos years later.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Let us know where their money is going, who they're working with. That sort of thing. We'll never use you for anything but surveillance. We want to use them, not prosecute them. Trust us, Gene. We'll even feed you information to make you look good. You'll be the best damned accountant they ever had. Just trust us."

I sat there drinking wine. I did not speak for a long time. Then I said, "Machiavelli lived right across the river. They kept him under arrest most of the time. You know what he had hanging over his fireplace? The handcuffs he'd worn in prison. How about that?"

Madden saw no connection. He was tired. He wanted to wrap me up. "We think you could do the job," he said firmly.

"You remember how you recruited me the first time?" I asked. "'You don't learn to pick locks at Princeton.' Remember how you used to say that? 'You don't learn to jump out of airplanes at Princeton.' Sound familiar? My own Renaissance and Reformation professor. Putting stars in my eyes. And you're still trying to do it. You got me to go into East Germany twenty years ago. You used me in Laos and Turkey. Off and on. Contract work. Little moments. Lots of dollars. Now you want me to go do the books for some people in silk suits?"

I spoke with conviction, but secretly I was wavering. The price of exertion was climbing. My energies were being newly metered by me. Something inside me was burning out, like a lamp in a mine. I was bored; bored with my family, my colleagues, my life. There was an itching inside my head, as if a thousand cockroaches were running through my brain, and I was wondering if my middle years would be spent playing golf with fat men. Madden was offering me an exciting life again. A voice whispered to me, "Take the job. They won't use you for much. You'll have a good-looking secretary and a lot of money and things will not be dull."

Madden saw my eyes shift. He did not say anything directly. He simply moved on with the proposition. "We need a C.P.A. we've worked with. One we trust. We think we can get you inside. They admire sound financial advice. Your track record is good."

"I can make people money and I can save them money," I said. "I used to think that was the most exciting thing in life."

Madden began joking with the waitress. It was very late and we were the

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last people in the restaurant. The waitress did not know that Madden liked slim young boys with cute butts, and for a time she thought he might go home with her. When he turned abruptly cold, she smiled at me and made the sign of the horns.

"*Finita la commedia*," she laughed.

"Not quite," I said under my breath.

So I went to work for Madden and Company again, and I began to counsel aging *padrones* about real estate, stocks, commodities, Liechtenstein incorporation, exotic investments, daring dodges. I became known as a man who could save millions. I established the reputation of a guru, a clairvoyant, and my work was so good that it seemed miraculous, as if I had access to grand-jury testimony and IRS memos and Justice Department sitreps. Which I did.

I have a copy of the new tax code in my jeep. When I get bored, I read it and laugh and laugh. The people who wrote that are the best comedians in America.

My cave is near the top of Old Woman Mountain. It is like a fortress. I have laid trip wires down all the paths. They will set off flares if anyone tries to get up here. There will not be any more accidental run-ins with prospectors or anyone else. I have transmitters wired down the slope and I have my Starscope and my grenades and my .45. I am good at my work, a renaissance man. I can reconnoiter or figure an itemized deduction.

Only the high ground is safe. That is what Pulaski used to say. "Love the high ground—hate the low ground," he preached. "Don't let nobody get above you, Poppa Gene," he said. Pulaski was the first one to call me by that name. He thought the way I played *The Magic Flute* to myself all the time was funny.

Pulaski was an old Southeast Asia hand who had worked with the French at Dien Bien Phu and then stayed around for the next war. He worked under AID cover out of Vientiane. I was attached on temporary duty to his office from the Marines. He taught me a great deal, and he was a talented man who deserved more than he got.

"Everybody down the slope from you is a pissant," Pulaski would lecture me on patrol. "But don't let nobody get on top of you, understand? Everybody above you owns you. OK?" Pulaski talked like a coal miner, which is what his father had been, and he kept his bad grammar like a badge. He liked to say ain't in the presence of generals. The fact that he also had an M.A. in Asian studies from Columbia was not something he mentioned much.

One time, after we had seeded the trail with special transmitters that were disguised as animal droppings, a technician flew out from Travis to examine what we had done wrong. He was picking up incredible noises on his monitor

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and he was ordering air strikes that produced no joy. "There's something out there," the man said, shaking his head. He wore yellow shooting glasses and a tan canvas hunting jacket with a bird pouch in the liner. He looked like an ad for a sporting-goods store.

"There ain't nothing out there but a bunch of monkeys," Pulaski laughed.

"That's not what the print-outs show," the technician said. He talked as if his mouth were full of cheese.

"We know where the Pathet Lao is," Pulaski sighed. "Our people tell us. Your transmitters must be hearing things."

"There's a large concentration of troops out there." The man pointed at the overlay on the map. He was studying an area southeast of the Plain of Jars, down toward the panhandle of Laos.

Finally, to shut him up, Pulaski and I choppered in and rappelled down through the trees. We lay on the forest floor for two days, on our backs, pointing in different directions, nibbling salami and salt tablets. When the jungle got used to us, we saw the monkeys. They began throwing the transmitters through the trees again and bouncing them on the deck.

I started to laugh. "Foxtrot Six," I radioed back, "what we got here is a baseball game."

"Say again?" the handpiece crackled.

Pulaski grabbed the mike. "The best laid plans of Sperry Rand gang aft a-gley," he said.

There was a long silence, and then the thin voice of the technician asked, "Uh, is that a mayday?"

"Negative," Pulaski smiled. "You got monkeys throwing your shit around. That's what you've been hearing. Do you copy? Mable-Omaha-Nancy-Kilo-Easy-Yankee-Sugar. Monkeys. Is that a Roger?"

"That's a Rog," the voice said quietly. "Easy-Yankee-Sugar."

When we got back to base camp, the technician was already gone.

The monkeys are not there anymore, so do not go looking for them. Between Agent Orange and saturation bombing, they have all gone bye-bye. There are not any leaf monkeys or squirrel monkeys or howler monkeys or Tonkin snub-nosed monkeys. We wiped them out. We did not get rid of the Pathet Lao, but we sure took care of those monkeys.

Pulaski is gone, too. He plowed into a hill near Pakse. I was on the radio with him, coordinating close air support, and Pulaski was flying air observer for the Royal Laotian Air Force. He brought his Cessna down for a look-see, but he cut it too close. "Uh-oh," he said to me just before he hit. "*Sayonara*, Poppa Gene."

"*Sayonara*, buddy," I said after he disintegrated in a bright ball of fire.

All of that happened very early,

THIS MONTH IN OUI

UP FRONT ADVICE

Surviving the '80s in style is a breeze when you heed OUI's street-smart advice. This month, for example, you'll get valuable tips on dealing with *Her Old Boyfriends* so your own relationship gets stronger. In *Bar Fight Etiquette*, you'll learn when to swing, when to duck and how to survive an unfriendly altercation. Then you'll meet the queen of the rock pals, *Bebe Buell*, in the flesh. May OUI also has a very funny interview with a very funny man: *George Carlin*. Plus motorcycles built for the city, using classical music for seduction, how to hustle your way through the Cannes Film Festival and, of course, the sexiest women on earth. May OUI. At newsstands everywhere.

Survival Guide for the '80s

HER EX-BOYFRIEND

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before there was any perception Mainside that we were at war. I flew back to Vientiane that evening and resigned my commission on the spot. There was nothing they could do, because I knew too much, so they let me go. I packed Pulaski's footlocker and shipped it to his wife in Indiana, and then I went back across the shining sea and decided to make a lot of money and forget where I had been. I went to business school and got a C.P.A. I got married and had kids and went to the opera when I could, and I watched everyone around me, including me, start to get fat and bored. Then Madden came along and showed me a way out. I left my family and found excitement again. It was a fair trade.

There may be a nest of coral snakes in the cave next to mine. They look like Egyptian jewelry, all black and red and gold, and I think I will try to net them tomorrow morning. Their venom makes excellent contact toxin. It will be a game between me and them, and I will have to be fast. Accurate and fast.

Poisons interest me. The sting of the scorpion, for example, is highly overrated. I have tested that on myself with the *Superstitiona* scorpions that I keep in the jar by the radio. The *Superstitiona* has two eyes on each side of its head. I wonder what that is like. Quadruple vision.

My thoughts are getting scattered because the wind is picking up. It is hard to concentrate on my diary. I heard something about an hour ago that turned out to be a desert dog running the ridge line. That animal does not know how close it came to being blown away.

I write these thoughts, and then I burn the pages when I am done. It is not a waste, any more than talking is a waste. It is a way of keeping myself company. I would not say that I am lonely, exactly, but I do know that I am tense, and I wish I could trust Falcone more. He asked me too many times where I was going. He talked a little too kindly, smelled too lime-sweet, and I find myself wondering if he followed me out here. It is a paranoid thought, but it is there. I hated Miami and I hated that job.

Falcone was in my Marine basic class. He was one of the few there who had not gone to college. He set the obstacle-course record and he fired expert in all weapons and he was battalion honor man. We thought he was being groomed for great things, but then he disappeared and no one knew much about him. There were stories that he set a free-fall parachute record at Fort Benning, that he was seen at the Navy's Seal School, that he had been killed at the Bay of Pigs. Somebody told me just before I flew out of Kadena for the final time that Falcone had been stationed on Okinawa and was looking for me. That was

"You're free to go, lady; the plainclothesman told us that you were only trying to give it away."

"I'm More satisfied."

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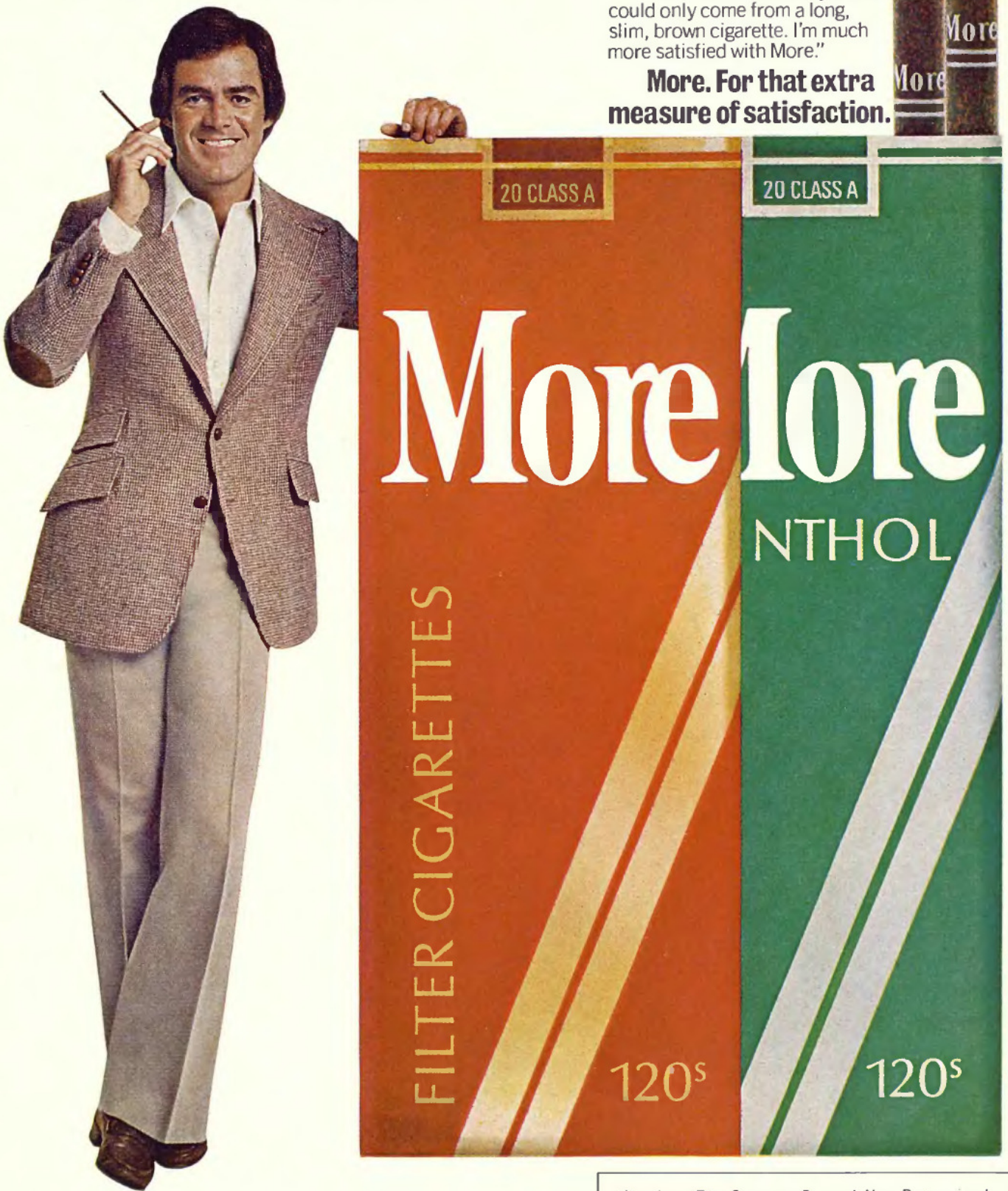

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the last I heard of him until Madden mentioned that Falcone would be my case officer.

"I don't think I want him," I said slowly.

"He's the best we have," Madden smiled, "and, besides, you do not have the luxury of choosing your superiors." Madden held up his hands before I could say anything else. "Gene," he said, "believe me, this is the man for you. He's done it all: pit boss, Teamster, delivery boy, driver—he's been there and back. He'll help your cover, believe me."

"I remember your lecture on the Medici," I said to Madden. "Do you feel like you're working for them now?" It was a wiseass question and I did not expect an answer.

But Falcone did have their trust and he did get me introductions to the right people. Without him, none of this could have even begun. So? Do I owe him? Or does he owe me?

Miami was more than I bargained for. It was almost a month ago, but it seems like it was this morning. I did not want to go through with it and I told Falcone.

He shrugged. He was not impressed. He knew—I think he really knew—that there was something in the work I liked, and that if he waited, I would eventually do what had to be done.

"Take him out any way you like," Falcone told me. "Nobody will find him. Just cut him up a little, like the locals would do. You know the Cubans. Make it their M.O."

"Why don't you do it?" I dared him. We were sitting in a bar in Key West. Falcone smelled like key-lime pie. He was wearing his standard shaving lotion made out of aloe cactus and limes.

"You bring him to me, I'll do it," Falcone said. "But I can't get to him first, remember? That's your job." He was speaking with a smirk on his face, as if the conversation were a matter of form, a discussion to please my conscience, the way a pimp might talk to a John.

"They're going to put all this together sometime," I said. "Somebody will figure out that I was the last one with both of them."

"No way," Falcone laughed. "They already offed the bodyguard on the last hit. We made it look like him, didn't we? Huh? Poppa Gene, what's happening to your nerves, man? We'll take care of things. You are Priority One, baby. You're the tax man, remember? You wear three-piece suits and talk nice. Blue blood, Ivy League, Continental, all that shit. Just do your thing and we'll cover for you. We'll make you look good. Just take him out."

I tried to argue, but Falcone knew my brain was itching with cockroaches and my arms were ready to work and there was something about killing that pleased me. Falcone knew that I had felt alive and powerful only a few times in all my years and the addiction was there, the exciting moment when I could play God. I think that is why I hate Falcone most of all. He had killed before, I was sure of it, but he could walk away from it. I needed it.

Rizzoli was sitting by his pool when I walked in. He was alone. He had his scams that only I knew about, and he did not want his people hearing too much.

"We'll do some commodity spreads," I said. "Butterfly spreads." I raised my hand like a boy scout. "I swear they're almost legal," I tried to joke.

He did not laugh. He was eating caviar on toast, egg and onion on the side, white chianti bottle in the ice bucket. He did not offer me anything. Sitting in his canvas deck chair under the awning by his private pool, he looked like a fox, like a dead silver fox. He was on the docket for subcommittee examination within the week.

I put some commodity-price charts in front of him on the table. "Here's how it works," I said. I was talking very calmly. "You put a silver spread on. One side is this year—it's the loser. You show a big loss. You deduct it. But what the IRS doesn't know, see, is that you've covered yourself by taking an opposite position, same commodity, same pit, the next year. We branch you off into lots of Subchapter S corporations, and they each take the maximum deduction. OK? You can defer year after year after year. Big losses that aren't losses. You can roll over profits ad infinitum."

Rizzoli smiled at my high language. He reached up and patted my cheek. "Bravo, Professor," he smiled. That was all right. He did not know that his street snobbery toward his accountant was going to be the death of him.

I moved behind him while I talked. I wanted the high ground. I talked of false dating and forged trading cards and deals off the floor of the Board of Trade, and with my pen as a pointer, I showed him gaps in the chart action while I was shifting my weight.

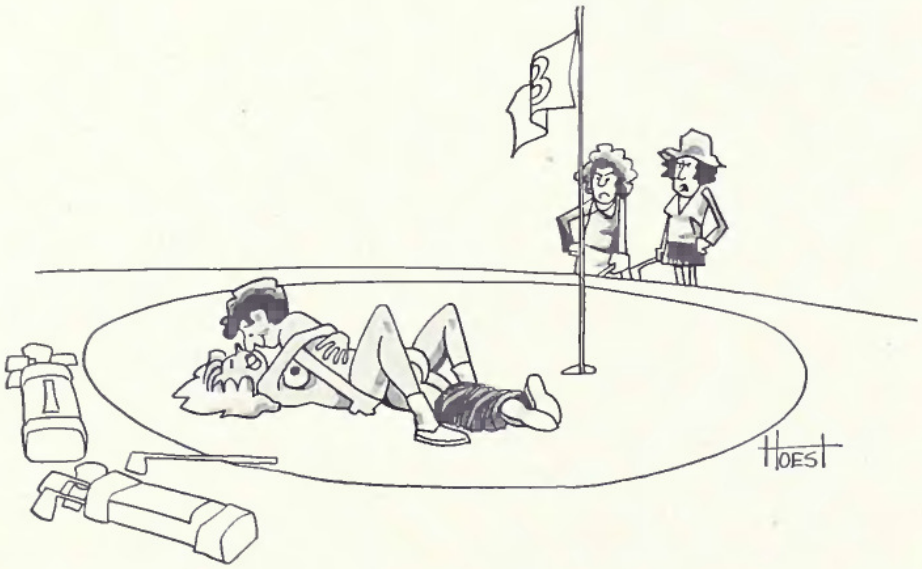
There was a moment of frozen time, like the eye of a hurricane, and then I kneed him in his kidneys. He gasped. His spine arched like a bow. I cracked his Adam's apple with the edges of my hands, and then I held his windpipe, his carotid arteries, and nothing moved for a minute or two. When I knew he was dead, I let him go. He slumped to the ground. I picked him up in a fireman's carry and dumped him into my car trunk in the garage.

As I drove off Key Biscayne, it started to rain. There was something dirty about the rain. It had smoke and chemicals in it, like the breath of sewage and dogs. I whistled Mozart as I drove along. I tried to find him on the FM, but he wasn't there, so I sang to myself and let the music make order for me. Life was not plastic and bitter then; it was not overcrowded and cheap; birds sang like flutes; parks were green and empty and trees were 1000 years old.

Falcone was waiting at the canal with the oil barrel. He was holding an Uzi under his raincoat. He looked like a Borgia with the rain dripping off his nose.

"You do the cutting," I said. "I'm no butcher." I posted myself as an outlook while he wrapped the wrists and ankles in chains and made the proper incisions. I had a headache and I tried to hum to

(concluded on page 286)



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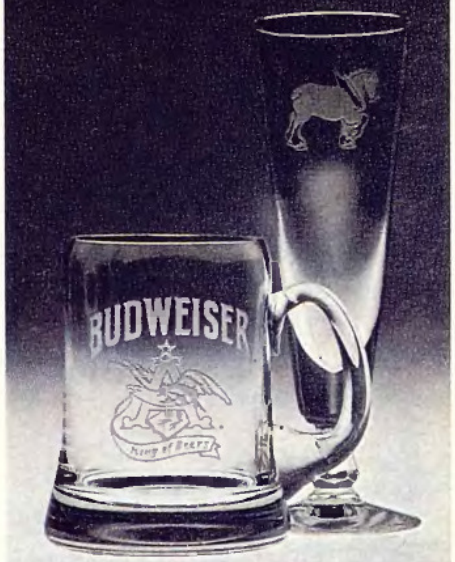

P3

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PLAYBOY PUZZLE

Some people think Hercule Poirot was just a figment of Agatha Christie's imagination. Not so. The dapper little Belgian was Hef's guest at Mansion West a while ago. And, as it happened, Hercule helped Hef out of a potentially embarrassing situation. Hef had invited five Playmates to the Mansion for a small dinner party at which Hercule was the guest of honor. Just before they arrived, Hef confessed his quandary to M. Poirot. "They're all beautiful women," he said, "they're all Playmates, but I haven't seen them in a while and I just can't sort out who's who. I've been looking at these snapshots, but they're not really helping me much."

"Logic is the answer, my dear Hef," said M. Poirot. "Deductive reasoning. Show me the snapshots, tell me what you recall and perhaps I'll be able to help."

If you're as shrewd a detective as the legendary Hercule Poirot, you'll come up with the same answers he did.

Hef also told Hercule that: 1. All the women were Playmates during the same year; 2. Gigi was Playmate of the Month before both Miss Johnson and Miss October but after Kandy and the girl from California; 3. Miss Kane has never been to Chicago; and 4. Miss Jones doesn't like to play games.

M. Poirot drew a chart, like this one, to solve the problem. He knew, for instance, that Tiffany's last name couldn't be Plantagenet, because, according to the caption on the first snapshot, they were both at the pool that day. Hercule simply crossed out Plantagenet in the column under Tiffany's name.

	TIFFANY	MONIQUE	GIGI	KANDY	VALENTINE	JANUARY	MARCH	APRIL	JULY	OCTOBER	NEW YORK	CHICAGO	OREGON	CALIFORNIA	BARBADOS
KANE															
VICTOR															
PLANTAGENET															
JOHNSON															
JONES															
NEW YORK															
CHICAGO															
OREGON															
CALIFORNIA															
BARBADOS															
JANUARY															
MARCH															
APRIL															
JULY															
OCTOBER															

By EILEEN KENT
PREPARED WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE STAFF OF "GAMES" MAGAZINE

THE MYSTERY AT MANSION WEST

Tiffany, Miss March, Miss Plantagenet and the Oregon Playmate at the pool (not necessarily in that order). Valentine wasn't there.

Monique, Miss January, the Playmate from Barbados, Kandy and Miss Victor (not necessarily in that order) certainly can cancan.

Miss Plantagenet, the Chicagoan, Monique and the New Yorker (not necessarily in that order) test their skills at pool and backgammon.

Two very sunny smiles. Of course, Miss April and Miss July have even sunnier smiles—but they're not in this photo.

Answer on page 286.

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Deluxe velour lined protective case. A $3.00 value.

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***Today* is the day to start an ongoing affair!**

See page 33.

Answers to The Mystery at Monsion West on poge 284.

Kandy Kane is Miss March from New York.

Valentine Victor is Miss October from Chicogo.

Gigi Plantogenet is Miss April from Barbados.

Monique Johnson is Miss July from Oregon.

Tiffany Jones is Miss January from California.

PAPAGENO

(continued from page 283)

"I looked at Falcone's face. I did not like the smile on it or the thoughts behind it."

myself to make it go away.

When Falcone was finished, I helped push the barrel into the canal. It did not sink completely.

"They'll find him," I said.

"I don't think so," Falcone said. He was breathing heavily.

"He may sink a little, but he'll be gassy within the week. He'll come back up," I argued.

"Let him," Falcone laughed.

"They'll think what we want them to think?" I asked.

"Exactly."

"Revenge within the Syndicate?"

"Yes," Falcone said, and then he pulled on my arm. "Come on, Gene, let's haul ass," he said. He ran to the car and we drove to the Everglades. The rain followed us. The interior of the car smelled like a lime tree.

I tried to nap, but there was no music in my head. After an hour, Falcone turned off the main road at a sign that said MONROE COUNTY ROAD CREW. I did not know where we were going.

"Back in the Dark Ages," I said, "when Madden first got me to take this on, I was supposed to be used strictly for surveillance. Nothing black." We were passing Quonset huts and a generator. The rain had stopped. A Beechcraft Bonanza sat in the heat at the foot of a red-dirt airstrip.

"You should've seen this place in Sixty-one," Falcone laughed. "Then we had business."

When I got out of the car, I thought I could smell dinosaurs and coal deposits. Everything seemed ancient and slow. I felt very old. I knew I was supposed to hurry, but I could not hurry. The prop wash from the Beechcraft blew moisture out of my eyes.

"Where you going this time, Gene?" Falcone asked me again.

"Same place," I smiled.

"Really?"

"Really," I said. "It's my little secret."

"You want to share?"

I looked at Falcone's face. I did not like the smile on it or the thoughts behind it. "No," I said.

"I was just wondering," Falcone shrugged. "You know, in case we got to get in touch or something."

"Use the short wave," I said coldly.

"OK," Falcone patted me on the back. "OK, Gene."

"*Es siegte die Stärke*," I smiled.

"German?" Falcone asked.

I nodded. "'Strength is the victor,'" I translated. "Mozart wrote it. Hitler perverted it. Now everybody uses it."

"You're a very cultured man," Falcone said as he helped me open the cockpit door. He waved at the pilot and threw my briefcase on the seat.

The engine noise was high. "Culture?" I yelled in Falcone's ear. "It doesn't mean a thing anymore. The *Kommandant* of Buchenwald loved Mozart. So what?"

Falcone was waving his forefinger in a circle. He wanted the engine revved higher and me out of there. "Don't miss your plane," he shouted to me.

"Any one of us can kill anything. Better we should leave it to the monkeys," I said. I climbed in beside the pilot. He was a young blond man who looked like a clerk at an insurance counter.

"Let us know where you are when you feel like it," Falcone shouted through cupped palms. The edges of his hands were dark with calluses.

"Yeah. Sure." I gave him the Sicilian high sign. "Or, better yet, why don't you come find me?" I smiled. "It gets boring where I go."

"I might do that," Falcone yelled.

I closed my door and tightened my seat belt. The plane bounced down the runway, pulled up over the trees and banked hard toward the west. The pilot paid no attention to me. He was flying me to New Orleans, and then I was to be on my own, which is the way I wanted it.

It is dawn now. I have written all night. There have been no sounds on the speakers. Maybe my transmitters washed out. A rainstorm hit about three A.M.

The light disappeared on Danby Lake. All the lakes around here are dry lakes and sometimes people camp on them. To the west are the Ship Mountains. Cadiz is beyond them. I will have to go into Cadiz soon for more gas. I carry four extra jerry cans, but nothing lasts forever.

The air is fresh and clean. Even now it is warm in the early-morning sun. I know that this is going to be a hot day. That is all right. The wind has died down. I am safe here.

There are jet contrails in the sky over Turtle Mountain. I will watch them break up slowly like smoke signals. What else is there to do now? It is boring sometimes, but I know how to occupy myself. I will live off the land, drink cactus water, eat berries, listen to Mozart, sing, talk to the snakes, smell the limes.

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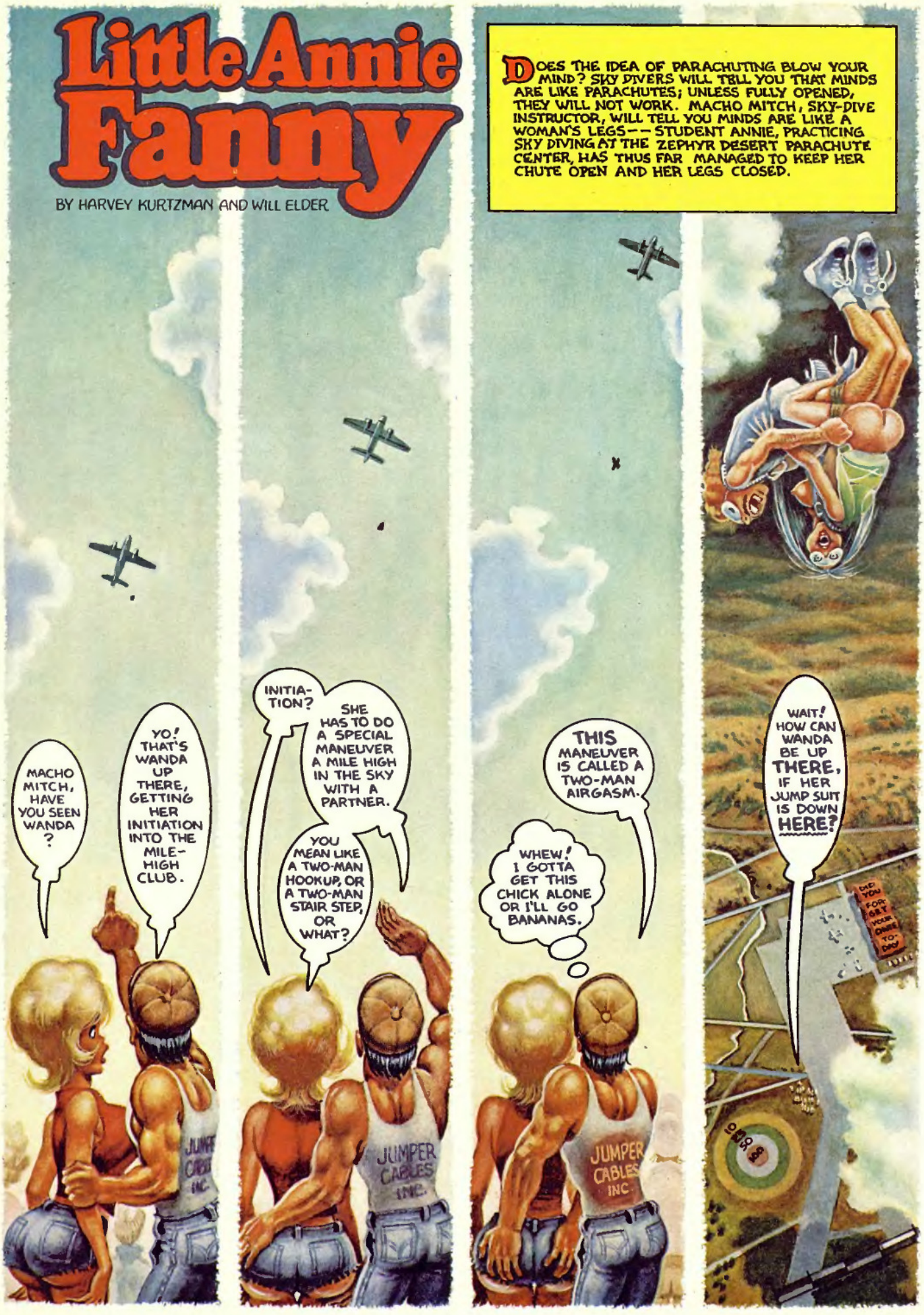
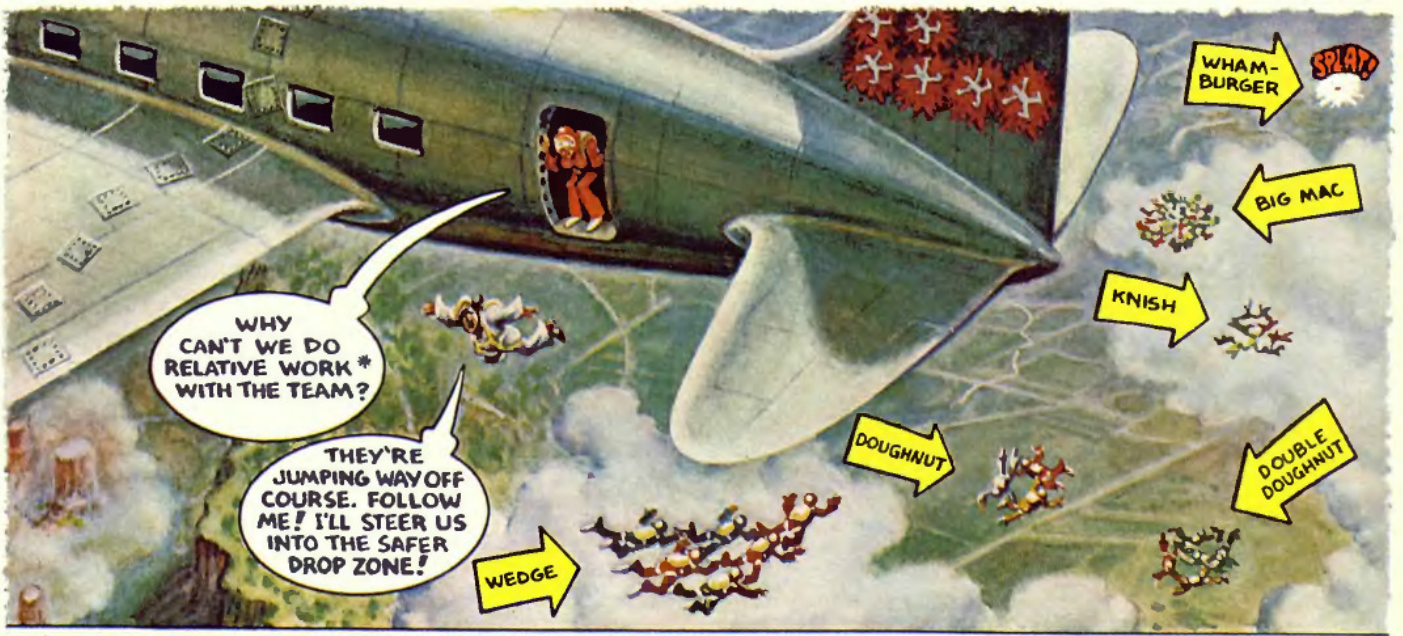
Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

DOES THE IDEA OF PARACHUTING BLOW YOUR MIND? SKY DIVERS WILL TELL YOU THAT MINDS ARE LIKE PARACHUTES; UNLESS FULLY OPENED, THEY WILL NOT WORK. MACHO MITCH, SKY-DIVE INSTRUCTOR, WILL TELL YOU MINDS ARE LIKE A WOMAN'S LEGS—— STUDENT ANNIE, PRACTICING SKY DIVING AT THE ZEPHYR DESERT PARACHUTE CENTER, HAS THUS FAR MANAGED TO KEEP HER CHUTE OPEN AND HER LEGS CLOSED.





* RELATIVE WORK: FREE-FALL MANEUVERING BETWEEN TWO OR MORE CHUTISTS... NOT NECESSARILY KINFOLK.

ALTIM-ETER
YOU DEPLOYED TOO SOON! DIDN'T YOU READ YOUR ALTIM-ETER?
READ IT?! I CAN'T EVEN SEE IT!
IT'S COOL. ...I'LL GET US DOWN.
COMING SOON
Latin Rings Hurt
'EY, FINALLY... WE'RE ALONE! ...I'VE BEEN GOING BANANAS FOR YOU, BABE.... LET ME HELP YOU OUT OF YOUR HARNESS—
WHUP! WHUP! WHUP! WHUP!
JEEPERS, DOES THIS LOOK LIKE MY HARNESS ??
WHEW! YOU GOT A LICENSE TO CARRY THOSE?
SET THE AUTOMOBILE DOWN OVER THERE.
MAKE-UP! GET THE MODELS READY!
PLACES, EVERYONE... WE WANT TO CATCH THE SUNSET.
LIGHTS! OVER HERE!
HERTZ
50 MPG
GOLLY! IT'S A TV COMMERCIAL.
YO!
NO, WANDA, ANNIE HASN'T ARRIVED YET.... MACHO MITCH IS SUPPOSED TO BE DRIVING HER HOME—
AAAY! ALONE AT LAST!
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! LET ME OUT! I SAID I'D RIDE, NOT SMOOCH WITH YOU.
LET HER OUT!
LET ME (PANT) IN!
WE'RE LOSING THE LIGHT. WE'VE GOT A COMMERCIAL TO SHOOT, FELLA!
WHUFFO WE AIN'T FILMING THIS?
TOO MUCH STEAM ON THE WINDOWS!
WHEW! I'M GOING BANANAS OVER THEM MELONS.
END

If you have ever taken a luxury sports car through a tight turn, you know the feeling. It's the sense of supreme precision with which this trim, compact camera proclaims its Nikon heritage. A feeling that is borne out by the professional quality pictures the Nikon FE delivers with automatic ease. And one that, unlike other fine things in life, is readily affordable.

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GEAR

TIME TO TRAVEL

The next time you go traveling, do yourself a favor and tuck a pint-sized travel alarm clock in the corner of your suitcase. The latest models are superaccurate (some to within a few seconds a month), lightweight and ruthlessly persistent; all (except the digital car clock) pictured here emit a wake-up buzz that's virtually guaranteed to get you to a plane or a sales meeting on time. And back home from a trip, they work equally well by your bed or in the guest room.

Top row, left to right: Model 304B miniquartz alarm clock is accurate to ten seconds a month, by Picco, $21.95. Copal's quartz travel clock also is available in beige, red and yellow, $22.95. The Alfred Dunhill of London travel alarm clock in enamel has a 17-jewel Swiss movement, $175. Bottom row, left to right: Picco's Model 633S precision-set alarm clock gives an exact digital alarm readout, $37.95. Another Picco product, the Quartz World Time Traveler, features a dial with readings for selected international cities, $29.95. The Krups travel clock is resistant to changes in temperature and humidity, $50. And for your car: A digital dashboard clock with push-button time display, from Radio Shack, $19.95, including mounting bracket.

SHORT STORY

Although it would take a certain amount of nerve and verve (as well as a pair of good-looking legs) to wear them to the office, shorts are decidedly on the scene for summer. To be sure, the energy crisis has been a motivator to cooler dressing. But the currents of fashion evolution have been independently heading toward the same goal. As men have become more self-aware about dress, so have they tended to be less uptight, less inhibited. And the booming interest in getting and keeping in shape has led to a desire to demonstrate the results. If you're still not convinced that shorts are for you, even in casual situations, think of them as a ploy to encourage a tentative trend in women's wear: the return to short skirts and hotpants. To make a long story short, we think that's a cause for which no sacrifice is too great.

—DAVID PLATT

Following the numbers: 1. Linen jacket, by Giorgio Correggiari for Cleo & Pat, $125; that's been teamed with cotton pleated shorts, by Giovannelli, $62.50. 2. Cotton iridescent shirt, $35, matching pleated shorts, $32.50, both by Pierre Cardin Sport; and a canvas/leather belt, by The French American Group, $9. 3. Cotton/polyester chintz shirt with epaulets, $35, and cotton Gadag shorts and matching belt, $27, both by Bill Kaiserman Design. 4. Velour shirt, $30, and matching boxer trunks, $20, both by Catalina. 5. Polyester/rayon watermelon-design shirt, from Ego by Bond Street Shirts, $19; that's to be worn hanging over a pair of cotton shorts, Equipment by Henry Grethel, $28.50. 6. Cotton terry knit shirt, $20, shown with cotton painter's shorts, $19, both by A. Smile; and a reversible canvas belt, by The French American Group, $10. 7. Cotton knit V-neck pullover, by Bugle Boy, $23; shown with pleated rayon shorts, by Kennsington Blue, $17. 8. The ultimate in underwear: a 100 percent silk pleated boxer short, by Bruno D'Este, $25.

RICHARD KLEIN

DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

Is there life after cowboy boots? You bet. The Western-gear craze taught us to be comfortable in boots with just about anything. Expect the next step to focus on updating the hiking/survival boot for most urban activities.

•

The cotton-knit sweater may be your wardrobe's most indispensable item. A long-sleeved V-neck works by itself under a sports coat or as a handy beach cover-up. Buy it in a natural shade for the most versatility, but several in hot colors are also a good investment.

•

Sweaters continue to increase in popularity for all seasons, for the very good reasons that they are casual, comfortable, soft and sexy, warm and cool. And because they are all of those things, it seems to us contradictorily hard-edged to put zippers on knitwear. Besides, buttons don't snag.

•

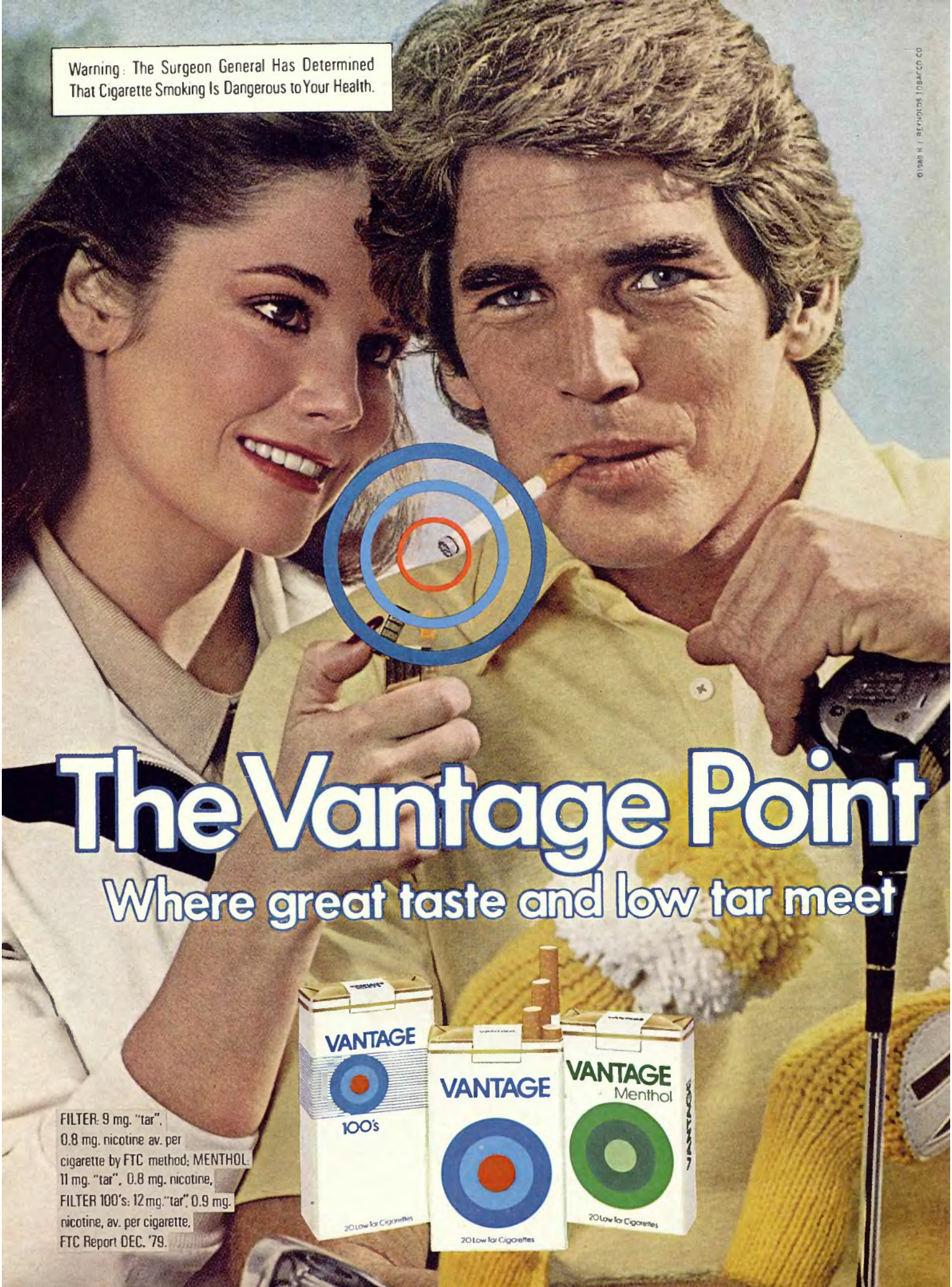
Ever dressed casually for work in the morning and then discovered after you've arrived at the office that you'd forgotten a luncheon appointment? It's a good idea to keep a small nucleus of accessories in the office for such occurrences—or for an unexpected important meeting.

•

What tight money? A Manhattan service, Hair to Go, has opened to provide in-office/home executive haircuts/manicures for $25. For their customers, there is a 24-hour phone service available by dialing 212-586-3705.

•

Most would agree that never wearing white socks with a business suit is one of the ancient rules of dress still valid. But rules are made to be broken and white socks (preferably thin ones) can be combined with light-colored clothing and footwear for summer.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DAY IN COURT

Scoring at the office is no problem for Harry Hahamovitch, who, at 39, is chairman of the board of his own construction company in Miami and a self-proclaimed racquetball nut. No, the action in Hahamovitch's life doesn't take place in a sleazy motel on the wrong side of town, it's all right there behind glass, 20 feet from his desk, in a regulation-sized racquetball court incorporated into his office building. But Hahamovitch, who often works in game clothes, has discovered that, rather than be a distraction, watching friends play an energetic sport ups his own energy level, too. And, of course, there's no hassle or waiting when he's in the mood for a game. Hahamovitch himself drew the basic plans for his unusual office, then had an architect work up the blueprints. The result cost him no more than a modest-sized yacht would have, and probably is a lot more fun. (The upkeep is certainly cheaper.) The maple floor of the 20′ x 40′ x 20′ court consists of three layers for extra bounce; and five tons of cool air is pumped into the court round the clock to keep moisture out of the floor and to make it comfortable for the players. Nearby is a shower/changing room equipped with extra togs and rackets; a huge circular sofa makes a comfy place to collapse. Hahamovitch has an outsized desk flanking the sofa—and his conference table is also impressive: a ten-foot slab of marble resting on an aluminum-and-mica base that Hahamovitch made. Other executives Hahamovitch's age might head for a bar after work. Hahamovitch thinks his routine is healthier: a game of racquetball from five to seven P.M., a shower, then drinks with friends in his office. By the time he's headed home or going out to dinner, he feels refreshed and has missed the rush-hour traffic. "I call racquetball 'nature's tranquilizer,'" Hahamovitch says with a grin. We call his office terrific.

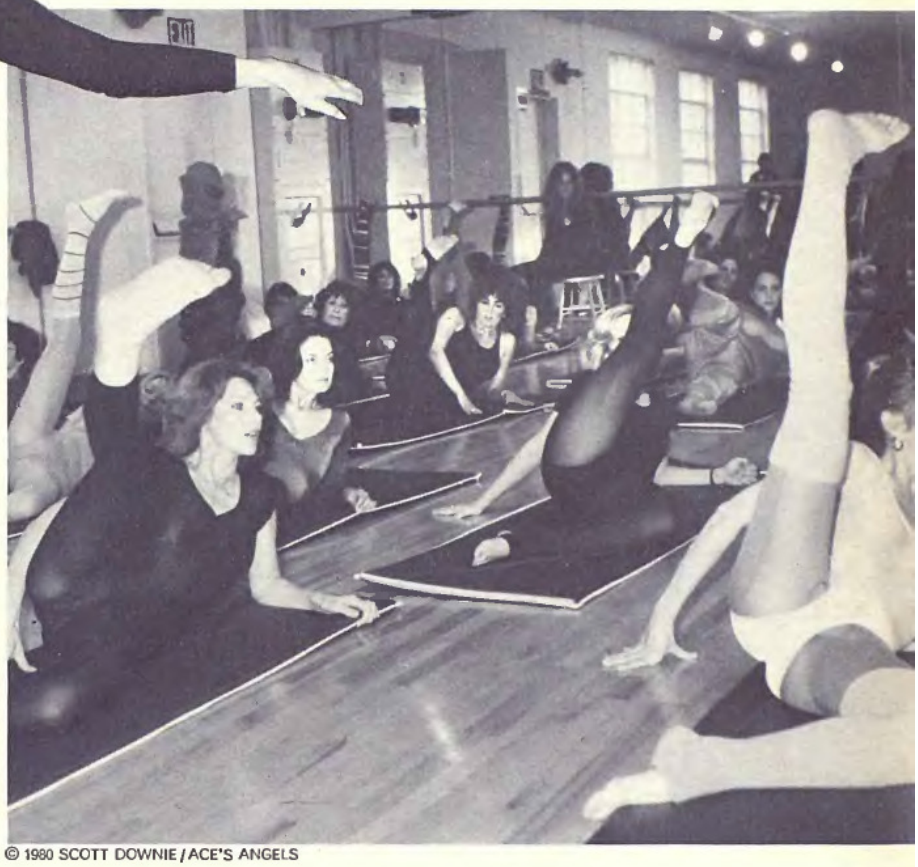
JOE RIMKUS, JR.

Above: Racquetball freaks will be wild about Harry Hahamovitch's Miami office; around the corner from his desk is a racquetball court that's viewable through a huge glass window and, nearby, shower/changing-room facilities and a king-sized couch for collapsing after a game. (The hirsuitable fellow on the couch is Hahamovitch.) Top: Hahamovitch's king-sized marble conference table. With an office like this, who needs to ever go home?

Blood, Sweat and Leers

These pictures are proof that middle-aged spread can be nipped in the butt. Actress JANE FONDA (far right) called in a few friends to open an exercise studio and let the press take a quick look around. Behind Jane on the mat is the answer to the question What ever happened to TINA LOUISE? And in a nifty leotard is the evidence that there is life after Steve McQueen, a trim ALI MAC GRAW. Sure beats hanging out at the Y.

WALTZER / MICHELSON



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Still Crazy After All These Years

The best Sixties rockers stayed strange enough to endure the disco Seventies, and we predict they'll ride right on through the Eighties. Among the survivors still going strong is The Kink's main madman, RAY DAVIES, who can still get it up.

© 1979 RICHARD E. AARON

Budd Blossoms

When JULIE BUDD started singing, she was a mere 13. Since then, she's done concerts, night-club gigs, 50-odd *Merv Griffin Shows*—and become a sexy lady.

Splish, Splash, I Was Takin' a Bath

Highly ranked tennis ace GUILLERMO VILAS finds it a snap to wind down after a game. He just gets his rubber duckie (not pictured) and heads for the bubbles. And you probably thought jocks only took showers. Seriously, we have no idea what this picture means, but we do have a call in to Vilas' mom.

Bach Sweet

Actress BARBARA BACH will be featured in another PLAYBOY pictorial (her first was in 1977) sometime this summer. Until that happy day arrives, you'll have to content yourself with this.

STEVE SCHAPIRO / SYGMA

The Flip Side of Cher

These shots should guarantee CHER another place on Mr. Blackwell's list of the questionably dressed, but Cher asks her fans to concentrate on her music, not her press. After all, she has explained to us all, "You can't dance to the *National Enquirer*."

HIGH-RISK GROUP

It was bound to happen. For years, sex therapists, like medical doctors, have bought malpractice insurance. Therapists could set up encounter groups and possibly some unscheduled encounters on the side believing that their insurance companies would back them up if anyone questioned their methods. The latest malpractice-insurance policy offered to the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists distinctly excludes sexual misconduct from coverage. That means that when a therapist is accused of giving a patient a lab course in sexual response, he or she is on his or her own. Ten years ago, such a clause was unnecessary, because there were few sexual-misconduct claims. Now, with a more litigious public, and after paying off a few costly claims based on sexual activity, the insurers are wary. The new coverage allows some physical contact—back patting, hand holding—but nothing that could be construed as leading to the sex act. We presume that rules out playing Ravel's *Bolero* on the office stereo.

The dope-paraphernalia biz strikes again. Are the makers of this product selling the picture or the goods on which it appears—paper squares called Sweet Toots, a heavy wrapper, presumably for powdered drugs?

THE JOY OF (SWEAT) SOX

British chemists claim that an ingredient in male perspiration arouses women. Like the pheromones of insects and other animals, alpha-androstenol, a secretion in male sweat, attracts women while it turns off other men. That's how sweathog John Travolta gets all those women. As for Joe Namath—it couldn't be his panty hose alone. You'd think somebody would start bottling this stuff. And, of course, somebody is—an after-shave is in the works, but it's not available yet. Just a word of advice to the manufacturers: Go after the top of the line. A few drops of Eau de Sly Stallone, Burt Reynolds or Woody Allen would be worth a jug of sweat from, say, wrestling king Fred Blassie. Meanwhile, don't send her your picture—send her your sweat socks.

FROGS AND SNAILS AND PUPPY-DOG TAILS

Biologists and behaviorists have decided that there are real differences in the way men and women think and behave. A humanities professor in St. Louis has an interesting theory. He says that men are insecure, restless and competitive, while women are stable and secure. He figures it's all because men are conceived in a female womb, rampant with hostile, feminine hormones, ready to mold the young embryo into a fully fashioned female at a moment's notice. The vigilant male embryo must start producing male hormones posthaste or be cuckolded into some kind of eternal unisex. (It must be something like Fiorucci.) To make matters worse, the egg boy is completely dependent on the female organism. Biology has made it impossible for that first man-to-man talk with Pop—and so the die is cast: The young rebel embryo grows into a defiant fetus. From a sea of alien enzymes, he writhes into the world, kicking for his life, a mass of repressed rage, always defensive of his hard-won masculinity. And that, best beloved, according to one man, is why little girls play with Barbie dolls and little boys remove the wings from flies.

T-SHIRT OF THE MONTH

GARRICK MADISON

When in Russia, do what the Yanks do. If they can't get U.S. T-shirts, young Russians letter their own. Of course, if the K.G.B. spots this comrade's unfortunate misspelling, she'll have to spend May Day in Siberia.

Looking for a "10"? How about ten hopefuls from the Miss Nude Europe Contest? The winner was Miss Nude England, third from right. She probably made the best-undressed list.

PHOTOREPORTERS, INC.

BE PREPARED

Teenagers know more about sex now than ever before, right? So how come so many teenage girls get pregnant? Researchers at Johns Hopkins University report that many teenagers are sexually active for as long as a year before using a contraceptive. The reason? Perhaps it's just another pessimistic note of our times, but most say they didn't expect to have sex. Some believe they're too young to get pregnant or figure they don't have sex often enough to get pregnant. Oddly, most have access to contraceptives. In this case, we'd say an ounce of prevention is worth seven and a half pounds of cure.

"YOU'LL PROBABLY FIND IT HANDLES BETTER THAN CARS MORE FAMOUS FOR HANDLING."

—TONY SCOTTI
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NEXT MONTH:

GOOD GUYS

GETTING EVERYTHING

FELLINI'S WOMEN

TOP PLAYMATE

"THE MYTH OF AIR SAFETY"—WE PUT A LOT OF FAITH IN BOTH MAN AND MACHINE WHEN WE STRAP OURSELVES INTO AN AIRPLANE SEAT. A FRIGHTENING AMOUNT OF THAT FAITH MAY BE MISPLACED: FIRST OF TWO PARTS OF *PLAYBOY*'S IN-DEPTH INVESTIGATION—BY **LAURENCE GONZALES**

"SEYMOUR"—FROM THE AUTHOR OF *THE APPRENTICESHIP OF DUDDY KRAVITZ*, A TALE WITH A TWIST ABOUT THE ADVENTURES OF A PORTLY PHILANDERER—BY **MORDECAI RICHLER**

"WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM"—ON LOCATION WITH THE PEOPLE AUDACIOUS (OR CRAZY) ENOUGH TO TRY TO MAKE A MOVIE INVOLVING **HUNTER S. THOMPSON,** THE CELEBRATED HIGH PRIEST OF GONZO JOURNALISM—BY **CRAIG VETTER**

"HOW TO GET EVERYTHING YOU WANT"—LISTEN VERY, VERY CAREFULLY TO WHAT SUPERNEGOTIATOR **HERB COHEN** HAS TO SAY. HE CHARGES PLENTY FOR ADVICE, BUT WE SENT THE AUTHOR OF *THE ONLY INVESTMENT GUIDE YOU'LL EVER NEED* TO GET IT FOR YOU FREE—BY **ANDREW TOBIAS**

"PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"—GENTLEMEN, PLACE YOUR BETS. WILL IT BE **MISSY? CANDY? URSULA?** ONE OF THE **DOROTHYS?** OR ANOTHER OF OUR TEMPTING 12? WE'RE NOT TELLING, YET

"THE GOOD GUYS"—AFTER RIDING AROUND IN A SQUAD CAR, A BEST-SELLING AUTHOR (AND LONGTIME *PLAYBOY* CONTRIBUTOR) CONCLUDES THAT NOBODY, BUT NOBODY, LOVES A COP—BY **DAN GREENBURG**

"FELLINI'S CITY OF WOMEN"—A LOOK AT THE LOVELIES WHO POPULATE THE FAMED ITALIAN DIRECTOR'S LATEST FILM

"PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS & GRADS"—ONCE MORE, STILL WITH FEELING, OUR ROUNDUP OF TIPS TO HELP YOU SHOP FOR FATHER'S DAY AND COMMENCEMENT PRESENTS

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