PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1981 • $2.50

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS BASEBALL SUPERSTAR STEVE GARVEY

Playmate of the Year

TERRI WELLES
A NEW WOMAN FOR THE EIGHTIES

THE ROAD TO EXECUTIVE POWER, A SHORT COURSE BY MICHAEL KORDA

THE EYE-POPPING GIRLS OF THE NEW JAMES BOND FILM, PLUS OUR OWN BOND-CONTEST DISCOVERY, GORGEOUS ROBBIN YOUNG

JACK LEMMON TELLS WHY HOLLYWOOD CAN'T MAKE LOVE STORIES

Gilbey's idea of a Gin and Tonic:

Taste the gin, too.

Gilbey's Gin is made with a unique idea in mind. The taste of the gin is important and should not be hidden by the mixer. So when you drink a Gilbey's Gin & Tonic, you'll taste the gin, too.

The Frosty Bottle with the diamond label is an official trademark registered with the U.S. Patent & Trademark Office. Distilled London Dry Gin. 80 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd. Distr. by Nat'l. Dist. Products Co. N.Y.C.

Panasonic has car stereos that eliminate unnecessary noise. The Supreme Series.™

I'd like to say a few words about unnecessary noise. Unnecessary noise from car stereos. Like static, fuzz and interference. Not to mention stations that fade, drift and overlap. They're all the result of one overriding factor. Cars move.

That's where the Panasonic Supreme Series FM Optimizer (FMO) and other noise-quieting circuitry come in. FMO monitors all incoming radio signals and automatically adjusts to match changing conditions.

If you're driving away from a radio station, its signal strength decreases. The adaptive front end compensates automatically by increasing your radio's sensitivity. That reduces fading, drifting, and overlapping stations.

The automatic treble control constantly monitors the signal-to-noise ratio and turns on a filter when the noise gets too high.

There's Impulse Noise Quieting (INQ) circuitry that tunes out the interference created by your car, passing cars and the surroundings.

Supreme Series AM/FM stereo cassette players. Some come with Dolby,* auto-reverse, electronic tuning and LED clocks. And to make the Supreme Series really sing, Panasonic has 18 speakers. From a 1" thin model to speakers that handle 100 watts of power.

Take it from Reggie Jackson, when it comes to eliminating unnecessary noise, the Supreme Series has a lot to make noise about.

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.

Capture a million save $100 RCA's best color

There's never been a better time to videotape your little girl's

birthday, New Year's Eve, a beautiful woman, or any of the once-in-a-lifetime events you live.

RCA's new CC010 video camera lets you capture them live, in color, and at a savings of $100!

Introducing the new RCA CC010. The state of the art in home video cameras.

A versatile *8:1 lens* is standard. So you can videotape your daughter's birthday smile (as close as 4 inches). And *two-speed zoom* lets you switch to wide angle party shots at the touch of a button.

Whether you're right or left-handed, a *reversible electronic viewfinder* lets you see what the camera sees as it records New Year's Eve.

An *automatic white balance switch* adjusts a beautiful girl's beautiful color levels without a TV monitor. And, an

memories and with video camera.

automatic iris adjusts the proper lens setting.
You can even record sound with a *built-in microphone*. And monitor it through an *earphone jack*.

And, no matter what events you shoot on videotape, an *automatic fade button* gives you smooth, professional-looking transitions between scenes.

The camera for most VHS systems. Including RCA's best.

The CC010 is lightweight, portable and comes with a *compatibility switch* that lets you use it with RCA's Convertible SelectaVision Video Recorder—or most any other VHS system. So you can shoot almost anywhere, anytime or anything.

Save $100 when you buy now.

We've made the CC010 our best camera yet. And now we've made it more affordable.

During RCA's Save 'N Shoot Spectacular you can save $100 on the CC010—in a check directly from RCA. And you can save $75 on the CC007 model camera, and $50 on the CC005, too.

It's all going on now through June 7, at your participating RCA Dealer. Save now during RCA's Video Camera Save 'N Shoot Spectacular. And save a million memories for years to come.

For the complete line of SelectaVision VCR models and color video cameras, write to: RCA Consumer Electronics, Department 32-312H 600 North Sherman Drive, Indianapolis, Indiana 46201.

IMPORTED BY CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

Because you enjoy going first class.

In London or at home, life's more satisfying when you're enjoying the best. That's Passport. Enjoyed worldwide because it's made of Scotland's finest whiskies. Ask for Passport—go first class.

Passport Scotch.

PLAYBILL

ANY MAN, OR WOMAN, would be proud to call **Terri Welles** a friend. She's smart, beautiful and our Playmate of the Year. She's also her own woman: sassy, assertive and possessed of a potent wit that can either charm or send one running for cover. Inside, photographer **Phillip Dixon**'s sizzling shots represent a—if you'll excuse the expression—job Welles done. If you think it might be a challenge to get to first base with Terri, consider how most National League sluggers feel when they confront **Steve Garvey**, the tenacious and talented first baseman of the Los Angeles Dodgers. We sent expectant reporter **Samantha Stevenson** to interrogate Garvey for our *Playboy Interview*; by the end of the project, newborn daughter **Alexandra** was accompanying Mom to Q-and-A sessions. If Alexandra later joins the Little League, we think we'll know the reason why: Diamonds are a girl's best friend.

F.D.R. once said the only thing we have to fear is fear itself, and that's just the way the folks at the Pentagon like it. For years they've proclaimed that the Russians have bigger, better and more armaments than we do. To doubt them was to be traitorous. Yet as the U.S. military budget has risen over the years, so have the eyebrows of a select group of experts at an unusual Washington think tank called the Center for Defense Information. In *What You're Not Supposed to Know About the Arms Race* (illustrated by **Duane Orlemann**), Contributing Editor and armchair general **Asa Baber** visits the center and comes away with the feeling that the main thing we have to fear is the Department of Defense.

Fear has no place in the lexicon of **Michael** (*Power!*) **Korda**, whose *When Business Becomes Blood Sport* is a ballsy primer on upward mobility, S.W.A.T. style. Korda's guidelines ought to get us through what he warns are the coming bad years unscathed. Oscar winner **Jack Lemmon** hasn't been entirely unscathed, but he's certainly a survivor. In this month's *20 Questions*, he talks about marriage, maturity and why Hollywood can't make a decent love story these days.

Kathy Calderwood went to an earlier age to illustrate *A Change in the Weather*, a comic fantasy by science-fiction specialists **Gardner Dozois** and **Jack Dann**. It's about an ordinary man who's plagued by, uh, dinosaurs. If life among the behemoths thrills you, stick around a few eons or so for the invention of the cave woman's first power dildo, a previously unremarked event included in **Randy Cohen**'s *The History of the Vibrator*. Cohen reports: "I thought I'd be embarrassed when I went to my neighborhood sex shop to research this piece. But I found out that the clerks were all very matter-of-fact, each one an est graduate." Only in America.

It's amazing what some people will do to get kicks. Take, for instance, the young couple in **Andre Dubus**' short story *Anna* (illustrated by **Don Baum**): They rob a store. When the money runs out—well, read it and find out. Looking ahead to vacation time, Travel Editor **Stephen Birnbaum** put together *The Ploys of Summer*, perking with hot tips on where to go and how to get there, even if you're on a budget. Photographer **Stan Malinowski** (who brought us the famed Suzanne Somers shots) snapped summer swimwear for *Getting into Deep Water*. For more fair-weather fun, zero in on the *Informed Source* report on bicycling; then check out the piston-driven version in *Futurebikes*. There's more: *The New Tattoo*, fiction by **Robert Cole**, in his first PLAYBOY appearance; and a look at the new James Bond film, *For Your Eyes Only* (featuring lovely **Robbin Young**, winner of the PLAYBOY/United Artists James Bond Girl Contest). Sean Connery no longer plays Bond, but we've also got shots from *his* new film, *Outland*, in *Roving Eye*. June's Playmate, **Cathy Larmouth**, upholds the finest traditions of the breed. We know you'll probably flip to (and for) Cathy first, so we won't even tell you to turn the page.

DIXON

STEVENSON, STEVENSON

BABER

ORLEMANN

KORDA

DOZOIS

DANN

CALDERWOOD

DUBUS

BAUM

BIRNBAUM

COHEN

MALINOWSKI

PLAYBOY (ISSN 0032-1478). JUNE, 1981, VOL. 28, NO. 6. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHGO., ILL. 60611. 2ND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHGO., ILL., & AT ADDL. MAILING OFFICES. SUBS.: IN THE U.S., $18 FOR 12 ISSUES. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLO. 80302.

PLAYBOY

vol. 28, no. 6—june, 1981

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

Anna's Adventures P. 136

Bond's Bock P. 122

Nuke Fear P. 138

Top Playmate P. 162

Powerful Thinking P. 118

PLAYBILL 5

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY 13

DEAR PLAYBOY 17

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS 23

MOVIES 28
Master of the macabre Romero turns to cycles and chivalry; the long-awaited *La Cage* sequel arrives; Streisand and Hackman can't save *All Night Long*.

BOOKS 40
Limits: Time for tightening social reins; fine new novels from Leonard Michaels and Lisa Alther; at last, a guide for the suddenly single.

MUSIC 48
Get ready for Slim Whitmania; a down-home gem from John Starling.

COMING ATTRACTIONS 50
Expect a Neil Simon film blitz; U.A.'s banking on a new *Lampoon* feature.

PLAYBOY'S TRAVEL GUIDE ..... STEPHEN BIRNBAUM 53
Just because it's summer doesn't mean you can't revel at your favorite ski resort.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR 55

THE PLAYBOY FORUM 59

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: STEVE GARVEY—candid conversation 75
The Dodgers' celebrated first baseman is known as one of the nicest, classiest, most *upright* guys in the major leagues. Last year, when a sports magazine published an account of Steve and Cyndy Garvey's marriage, Mr. Nice Guy decided to go to bat—in court. An insightful discussion with an all-American about baseball, love and politics.

WHEN BUSINESS BECOMES BLOOD SPORT—article . . MICHAEL KORDA **118**
The battle for survival in the Eighties is going to be fought where it's always been fought: in the office. Staying *in* the game isn't enough to stay *ahead*. The author of *Power!* and longtime analyst of executive gymnastics stresses game strategy and *chutzpah*.

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY—pictorial 122
A preview of the luscious ladies you'll be seeing in the new James Bond flick, including the delightful Robbin Young, winner of the PLAYBOY/U.A. James Bond Girl Contest.

THE NEW TATTOO—fiction ..... ROBERT COLE **128**
In a neighborhood grocery, an omniscient observer sees beneath the skin to find odd links among customers.

GETTING INTO DEEP WATER—attire ..... DAVID PLATT **131**
Swimwear that'll improve your form no matter what kind of stroke you practice.

ANNA—fiction ..... ANDRE DUBUS **136**
She's a 20-year-old cashier whose idea of a good time is a little alcohol, a few drugs and, for a change of pace, a robbery.

WHAT YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO KNOW ABOUT THE ARMS RACE—article ..... ASA BABER **138**
Are we really falling behind the Soviets? Is the Government's proposed defense-budget increase a play on our paranoia? A penetrating look at the *real* arms situation reveals we're not in the bad shape our leaders would have us believe.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1981 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE, MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DEPOSEE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER: MODEL/PLAYMATE TERRI WELLES. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PHILLIP DIXON. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: OSCAR ABOLAFIA/TRANS-

COVER STORY

Just over a year ago, a stunning blonde flight attendant graced our cover, captivating our readers; she then went on to become the December centerfold. Soon Terri Welles will be airborne again—flashing that smile and traveling cross-country as PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Year. Her cover shot was photographed by Phillip Dixon and produced by West Coast Photography Editor Marilyn Grabowski. For more of Welles, see page 162.

LADY OF THE LAKE—playboy's playmate of the month 140
Our Miss June didn't quite make it as a surfer, but if Cathy Larmouth wanted to *walk* across June Lake, it wouldn't surprise us if she succeeded.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor 152

THE PLOYS OF SUMMER—travel .....STEPHEN BIRNBAUM 154
When you plan a trip this summer—here or abroad—you can spare expense and avoid crowds with the help of a little imagination and a lot of advance preparation.

THE HISTORY OF THE VIBRATOR—humor .....RANDY COHEN 158
If you thought the great American dream machine was a recent invention, you'll be surprised to know that your Stone Age aunt-cestors were getting their rocks off eons ago.

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—pictorial 162
It's tough singling out a winner from a year's worth of beauties, but December Playmate Terri Welles won our—and your—votes as 1980's favorite centerfold.

GIFTS FIT FOR A QUEEN 195
A royal assortment of presents selected especially for our Playmate of the Year.

LE ROY NEIMAN SKETCHBOOK—pictorial 175

SOME BAWDY VICTORIANS—ribald classic 177

PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS & GRADS—merchandise 179
For Father's Day or commencement celebrants, an array of presents perfect.

A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER—fiction .....GARDNER DOZOIS and JACK DANN 182
A short-short tale about an old man who's literally under the weather.

20 QUESTIONS: JACK LEMMON 184
Veteran character actor and Academy Award winner Lemmon reflects on middle-age craziness, his long, loving marriage to actress Felicia Farr and why Walter Matthau is his favorite leading lady.

FUTUREBIKES—modern living .....JAMES R. PETERSEN 188
These new, supersize imports prove that, as motorcycles go, bigger can be better.

PLAYBOY FUNNIES—humor 209

PLAYBOY'S PIPELINE 217
All about replicars.

PLAYBOY FOTPOURRI 254

PLAYBOY'S INFORMED SOURCE 277
Everything you need to know about cycling: the latest bikes, gear, travel tips and more.

PLAYBOY PUZZLE .....NICOLE GREGORY 281

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE 287
Sound housing; belts for tied-together looks; two-seater cars; Sean Connery and company in *Outland*; *Grapevine* and *Sex News*.

Vibratory History P. 158

Dads, Grads P. 179

Hot Wheels P. 188

Miss June P. 140

Weather Change P. 182

WORLD. P. 122, 125 (2); DON AZUMA, P. 278-279; MARIO CASILLI, P. 14, 117; DAVID CHAN, P. 13; RICHARD FEGLEY, P. 172-173, 292-293; ARNY FREYTAG, P. 20; KEITH HAMSHERE, P. 123, 125, 126; CHARLES L. HOOTS, P. 13; DAVID JAMES / SYGMA, P. 122; RICHARD KLEIN, P. 5 (2), 136, 254; LARRY L. LOGAN, P. 5, 14; HARRY LUDWIG, P. 5; STAN MALINOWSKI, P. 5; BRUCE MCBROOM, P. 50; KERRY MORRIS, P. 5, 13 (2), 14; DAVID NEELY, P. 14; REPORTAGE (INT'L, P. 50; HERB RITTS, P. 14; VERNON L. SMITH, P. 5 (7); DICK ZIMMERMAN, P. 24. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: MIKE ARASTAS, P. 40; EARL HOKENS, P. 49; PAT NAGEL, P. 23, 55, 59; REGIS POPE, P. 60-61; THEO RUDNAK, P. 277; DAVE SCANLON, P. 279; PAUL VACCARELLO, P. 53; SKIP WILLIAMSON, P. 48. P. 287, SEX NEWS: LEAR: CAROL BOND, COURTESY OF "THE COMEDY WORKS"; ROSANNE ZVEK. JUNE SIMPSON: JAMES A. GRIFFIN, SR.; NIKKI DEE: CAROL BOND. INSERTS: JEREMIAH WEED CARD BETWEEN P. 32-33, 266-267; PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL CARD BETWEEN P. 234-235.

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor and publisher

NAT LEHRMAN *associate publisher*

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

DON GOLD *managing editor*

GARY COLE *photography director*

G. BARRY GOLSON *executive editor*

TOM STAEBLER *executive art director*

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: JAMES MORGAN *editor;* FICTION: ALICE K. TURNER *editor;* TERESA GROSCH *associate editor;* STAFF: WILLIAM J. HELMER, GRETCHEN MC NEESE, DAVID STEVENS *senior editors;* JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer;* ROBERT E. CARR, WALTER LOWE, JR., BARBARA NELLIS, KATE NOLAN, JOHN REZEK *associate editors;* JOHN BLUMENTHAL *staff writer;* SUSAN MARGOLIS-WINTER, TOM PASSAVANT *associate new york editors;* J. F. O'CONNOR *assistant editor;* SERVICE FEATURES: TOM OWEN *modern living editor;* ED WALKER *assistant editor;* DAVID PLATT *fashion director;* MARLA SCHOR *assistant editor;* CARTOONS: MICHELLE URRY *editor;* COPY: ARLENE BOURAS *editor;* STAN AMBER *assistant editor;* JACKIE JOHNSON, MARCY MARCHI, BARI LYNN NASH, CONAN PUTNAM, PEG SCHULTZ, DAVID TARDY, MARY ZION *researchers;* CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: ASA BABER, STEPHEN BIRNBAUM (*travel*), LAWRENCE GROBEL, ANSON MOUNT, PETER ROSS RANGE, RICHARD RHODES, DAVID STANDISH, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (*movies*); CONSULTING EDITORS: LAWRENCE S. DIETZ, LAURENCE GONZALES

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director;* LEN WILLIS, CHET SUSKI *senior directors;* BRUCE HANSEN, BOB POST, SKIP WILLIAMSON *associate directors;* THEO KOUVATSOS, JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant directors;* BETH KASIK *senior art assistant;* PEARL MIURA, JOYCE PEKALA *art assistants;* SUSAN HOLMSTROM *traffic coordinator;* BARBARA HOFFMAN *administrative assistant*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor;* JEFF COHEN, JANICE MOSES *associate editors;* RICHARD FEGLEY, POMPEO POSAR *staff photographers;* JAMES LARSON *photo manager;* BILL ARSENAULT, DON AZUMA, DAVID CHAN, NICHOLAS DE SCIOSE, PHILLIP DIXON, ARNY FREYTAG, DWIGHT HOOKER, R. SCOTT HOOPER, RICHARD IZUI, STAN MALINOWSKI, KEN MARCUS *contributing photographers;* PATTY BEAUDET *assistant editor;* ALLEN BURRY (*London*), JEAN PIERRE HOLLEY (*Paris*), LUISA STEWART (*Rome*) *correspondents;* JAMES WARD *color lab supervisor;* ROBERT CHELIUS *administrative editor*

PRODUCTION

JOHN MASTRO *director;* ALLEN VARGO *manager;* MARIA MANDIS *assistant manager;* ELEANORE WAGNER, JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI *assistants*

READER SERVICE

CYNTHIA LACEY-SIKICH *manager*

CIRCULATION

RICHARD SMITH *director;* ALVIN WIEMOLD *subscription manager*

ADVERTISING

HENRY W. MARKS *director*

ADMINISTRATIVE

MICHAEL LAURENCE *business manager;* PATRICIA PAPANGELIS *administrative editor;* PAULETTE GAUDET *rights & permissions manager;* MILDRED ZIMMERMAN *administrative assistant*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

DERICK J. DANIELS *president*

It has the world's thinnest shaving head.
It shaves as close as you can get. How do you improve on that?

The new Sunbeam SRX Razor has an exclusive roller bar that helps reduce drag, and makes a close shave comfortable.

But there are other things that make the SRX a great razor.

Like a motor that moves stainless steel blades 133 times a second. And a shaving head that's so thin, it shaves you as close as you can get. And a shape that's designed to fit comfortably in the palm of a man's hand.

For a razor that makes a close shave comfortable, see the new Sunbeam SRX Razor at your Sunbeam dealer.

$6 Factory Rebate
See local retailer or shaver carton for complete details.

The New Sunbeam SRX Razor
As close as you can get.

Sunbeam

©Sunbeam Corporation 1980 ®Sunbeam/TM SRX

Dynamic styles for men and women in lightweight Optyl® frame material.

See the world through Playboy Sunglasses . . . the eyewear collection designed to fit your lifestyle.

PLAYBOY® EYEWEAR

Playboy and Rabbit Head design are Trademarks of Playboy Enterprises, Inc.

optyl.

© 1981 OPTYL CORPORATION

Ride the Thorobreds.
There's strength in the Thorobred line of radials from Dayton. Daytona S/P, Blue Ribbon and Quadra. We have a full stable of smooth riding, American-made radials that can save you gas. And that means saving money.
If that's not enough, ask about Dayton mileage warranties that cover you now, and down the road.
There are Dayton dealers from coast to coast. Check the Yellow Pages for the one nearest you.
Ride that special breed. The Thorobreds from Dayton.
Dayton
TIRES
Dayton Tire, P.O. Box 2797
Akron, Ohio 44319.

NO RUM REFLECTS PUERTO RICO LIKE RONRICO.

Puerto Rico is the Rum Island, the world's foremost rum-producing region. And Ronrico is *the* rum—authentic Puerto Rican rum since 1860. Ronrico's smooth, light taste has been the pride of six generations of Puerto Rican rum masters. One sip will tell you why.

RONRICO: AUTHENTIC RUM OF PUERTO RICO.

White & Gold Rum, 80 Proof. Purple Label, 151 Proof. General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.C.

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

PLAYBOY JAZZ: CROON A TUNE IN JUNE

At a Mansion West bash to announce plans for the 1981 Playboy Jazz Festival, "Stix" Hooper hugs twin Bunnies Piper and Tara Perry (left). Hooper will perform with fellow Crusaders Wilton Felder and Joe Sample at the festival. Below, jazz-fest producer George Wein (left) and Mel Tormé check out doodlings from Flip Wilson, who will m.c. the fest June 20–21 at Hollywood Bowl.

WORKING-CLASS HERO

PLAYBOY illustrator Brad Holland's work below depicts the words of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.: "The labor hater and labor baiter is a twin-headed creature spewing anti-Negro epithets from one mouth and antilabor propaganda from the other mouth." Holland and other U. S. artists contributed work for a touring exhibit and a book called *Images of Labor*.

PLAYMATE UPDATE: GAIL STANTON

Just like the Duke, she jumps into the saddle and everybody starts shooting—pictures, that is. June 1978 Playmate Gail Stanton rides the bull at Memphis' Cheyenne Social Club (above), where she judged a Western Playmate contest. Gail, straddling a mere chair in her Playmate shooting (above right), now models for Michelob Light and Tahitian Sun Products.

PLAYBOY IN FASHION

Brisk newsstand sales of the first *Playboy Guide to Fashion for Men* have primed the pump for issue number two, due out next September. Shown above, beside the cover of the still-available first *Guide*, are (clockwise from lower left) Jhane Barnes, the first female Coty Fashion Award winner, profiled inside; *Guide* Editor Maury Z. Levy; Managing Editor Margery Rosen; Art Director Jim Minnich.

VICKI PASSES THE BAR

Playboy's Corporate Promotions coordinator and September 1979 Playmate Vicki McCarty (below) arrives at the Beverly Hills courthouse. Vicki passed her California bar exam and now can practice law in that state.

ROSANNE KATON AND HER GOLDEN GLOBES

PLAYBOY readers may have spotted a familiar face on the televised *Golden Globe Awards* show this year—Rosanne Katon, Miss September 1978. At right, as Miss Golden Globe, Rosanne presented awards to honored film and television dignitaries. To refresh your memory, the barely essential Rosanne (left).

SHIP TO SHORE: AUBREY MUSTERS OUT

The Navy has dropped misconduct charges against former Yeoman Darlene Aubrey for posing in our November 1980 feature *Beauty & Bureaucracy*. Honorably discharged Darlene grins between her attorneys Philip Hirschkop and Victor Glasberg.

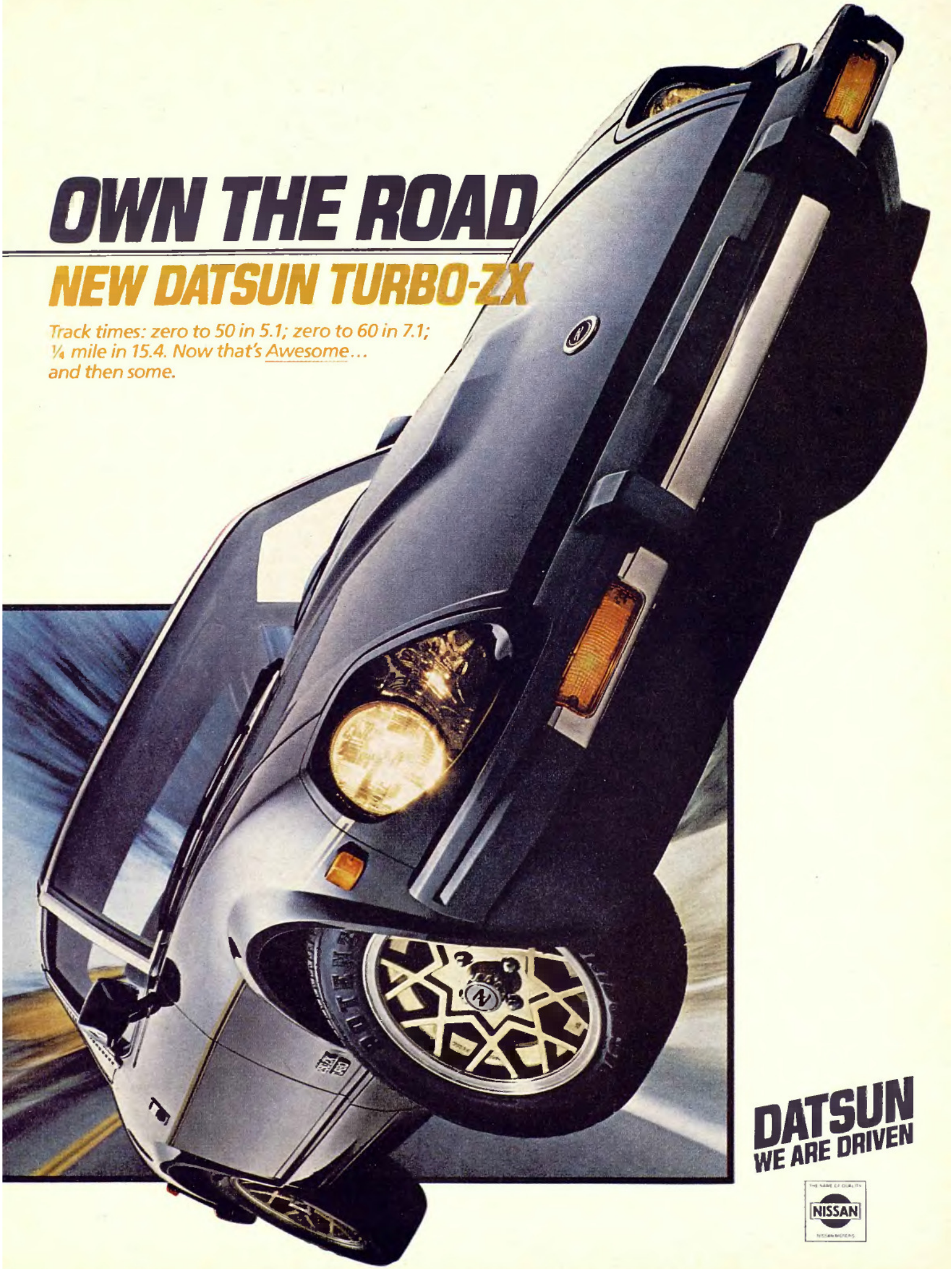
COLD HAND, WARM HEART, RICK?

Above: Bunnies Gianni (left) and Karen help Cheap Trick members Pete Comita, Bun E. Carlos, Rick Nielsen and Robin Zander cool down after their concert at the Los Angeles Forum. Concert tickets were prizes in a Playboy promotion.

OWN THE ROAD

NEW DATSUN TURBO-ZX

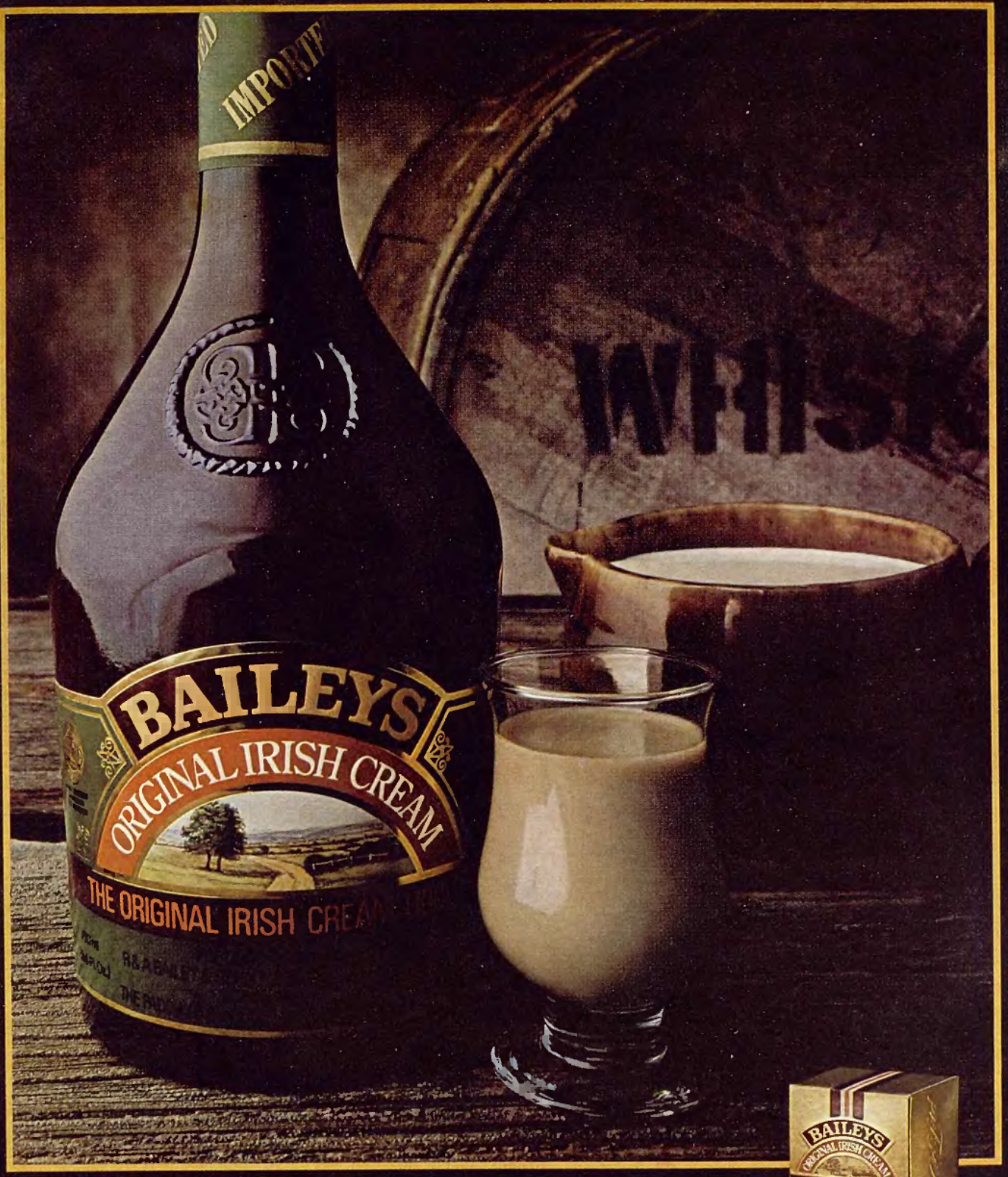
Track times: zero to 50 in 5.1; zero to 60 in 7.1; ¼ mile in 15.4. Now that's Awesome... and then some.



DATSUN
WE ARE DRIVEN

NISSAN

Imported by the Paddington Corporation, New York, N.Y. 34 Proof © 1980



BAILEYS.
THE ORIGINAL IRISH CREAM LIQUEUR.

THE CREAM IS REAL. THE WHISKEY IS REAL.
ONLY THE TASTE IS MAGIC!

DEAR PLAYBOY

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

THE RIOT NEXT TIME

Thirty-Six Hours at Santa Fe, by Roger Morris (PLAYBOY, March), is a true reflection of the Santa Fe explosion. As long as people choose to ignore the horrors of our prisons, allow questionable individuals carte blanche over entire systems, refuse to allocate sufficient funds for adequate facilities and pay salaries to the uneducated violent to guard the uneducated violent, the catastrophes will surely repeat themselves.

Dan L. Rea
Maryland Correctional Institution
Hagerstown, Maryland

Morris' article is the best argument I have seen for capital punishment. Morris rightly inveighs against the corrupt administration of justice in New Mexico, but does anyone question that what happened when that administration broke down was infinitely worse than the harassment even corrupt and sadistic guards could dish out?

If not the death penalty, what punishment or rehabilitation *is* appropriate for someone who burns a living human being's eyes out with an acetylene torch?

Jay Priest
Huntington Park, California

What a rare pleasure it is to discover a journalist with the insight, empathy and guts to burrow through bureaucratic bullshit and get the story straight! Roger Morris seems to be such a reporter. One of the many tragedies of the New Mexico riot is that middle America will no doubt react to the incredible savagery of the rioters with shock and revulsion, while dismissing the savagery of the prison system itself as "only what those animals deserve." Such a smug attitude can only guarantee that the Attica and Santa Fe stories will be repeated.

Before being paroled to face charges in other states, I served a few years—in the middle Fifties—in Santa Fe. The path to success for guards in those days was membership in the goon squad, which enjoyed regular trampoline practice on the guts of inmates. By the middle Sixties, many of the members of the squad were solidly entrenched in high staff and administrative positions in the prison. The fact that I learned to fight the system on a different level and am now considered a solid, middle-class citizen is due to the seed planted by a few of those "bleeding-heart liberals" who were briefly allowed into the system during New Mexico's feeble efforts at prison reform. Unfortunately, as Morris relates, the cliques soon forced them out.

(Name withheld by request)
Garden Grove, California

GARNERED PRAISE

Hats off to you and Lawrence Linderman for the delightful March interview with James Garner. One understands, after reading about his colorful past, why his characters are, indeed, so colorful.

John Summers
Chicago, Illinois

Your interview with James Garner is great! I've always admired the guy for the natural talent he possesses.

Norm Buller
Marin County, California

Garner is probably the best contemporary actor around, and his comments are both frank and revealing, showing the public the physical and financial downs in a profession that, until recently, was thought of as all fun and glamor. Thanks for a great piece of reading.

Al Dotts
Melrose Park, Illinois

I enjoyed every word of the March interview with my favorite leading man, James Garner, but where, oh, where is

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), JUNE, 1981, VOLUME 28, NUMBER 6. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, $48 FOR 36 ISSUES, $34 FOR 24 ISSUES, $18 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, $24 FOR 12 ISSUES. ELSEWHERE, $31 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, POST OFFICE BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: ED CONDON, DIRECTOR / DIRECT MARKETING; MICHAEL J. MURPHY, CIRCULATION PROMOTION DIRECTOR. ADVERTISING: HENRY W. MARKS, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; HAROLD DUCHIN, NATIONAL SALES MANAGER; MICHAEL DRUCKMAN, NEW YORK SALES MANAGER; RICHARD ATKINS, FASHION ADVERTISING MANAGER, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO 60611, RUSS WELLER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE; TROY, MICHIGAN 48084, JESS BALLEW, MANAGER, 3001 W. BIG BEAVER ROAD; LOS ANGELES 90010, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 4311 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD; SAN FRANCISCO 94104, TOM JONES, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Aftate® for Athlete's Foot

With the medication doctors prescribe 10 to 1 over that in Desenex.

Aftate kills athlete's foot fungi on contact. It contains Tolnaftate, a most effective medication against athlete's foot, and it's available without a prescription.

Aftate speeds healing of raw cracked skin and helps prevent reinfection.

Doctors prescribe the medication in Aftate 10 to 1 over that in Desenex.

Read and Follow Directions.

Also try Aftate® for Jock Itch in the green can.

©Plough Inc. 1981.

STORE COUPON
30¢ 30¢ OFF 30¢
ON AFTATE® FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT OR AFTATE® FOR JOCK ITCH
GOOD FOR ANY REGULAR SIZE AFTATE PURCHASE (except trial size).

TO DEALER: You are authorized to act as our agent for the redemption of this coupon. We reimburse you for the face value of this coupon plus 7¢ handling, provided that you and the consumer have complied with the following terms: invoices showing purchase in the last 90 days of sufficient stock to cover coupons presented must be shown upon request. Coupon is good on the purchase of one package of any form of Aftate, except trial size. Consumer must pay any sales tax involved. Void when presented by outside agency, broker, or others who are not retail distributors of our merchandise, or where taxed or prohibited or restricted by law. Any other application of this coupon constitutes fraud. Cash value 1/20 of 1¢. To redeem, mail to: PLOUGH, INC., P.O. Box 1510, Clinton, Iowa 52734. OFFER EXPIRES 3/31/83. COUPON REDEEMABLE ONLY IN U.S.A.

41100 10280

LYNCHBURG
HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE
23 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352

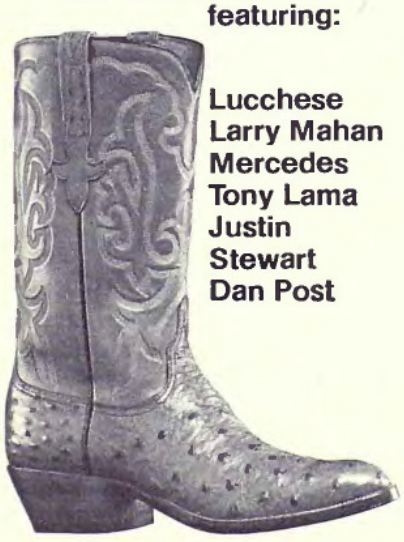
JACK DANIEL'S
COUNTRY CLUB CAP

This is a comfortable, practical sportsman's billed cap with a Jack Daniel's Country Club Patch and appropriate gold braid. It fits all head sizes and is guaranteed to start interesting conversations on the 19th hole or backyard barbecue. My $7.50 price includes postage and handling.

Send check, money order, or use American Express, Visa or Master Charge, including all numbers and signature.

(Tennessee residents add 6% sales tax.) For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items and Jack Daniel's memorabilia, send $1.00 to above address.

The largest selection of exotics and handmade boots for men and women featuring:



Lucchese
Larry Mahan
Mercedes
Tony Lama
Justin
Stewart
Dan Post

For our latest Boot and Clothing Catalog send $5 which may be applied toward purchase.

JONATHAN Western

1705 S. Catalina Avenue
Redondo Beach, CA 90277

the explanation for the marvelous rapport between Jim Rockford and his screen dad, Noah Beery, Jr.? The subtle humor in every episode, the human klutziness that makes that series *still* the very best on TV, owes a lot to the affection and concern between those two characters.

Ann E. McCoy
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

COUNTERATTACK

In September 1980, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith gave its First Amendment Freedoms Award to Hugh M. Hefner. The award evoked a critical column by conservative pundit William F. Buckley, Jr., which was dissected (rather nicely, we thought) by PLAYBOY *Associate Editor Walter Lowe, Jr., in our March issue ("Playboy in the News"). Buckley has graced us with further comment as follows:*

Your attack on my attack on the Anti-Defamation League's misbegotten award to Hugh Hefner amuses me, and I receive it good-naturedly. But I am left owing your readers and Mr. Hefner an explanation or two: (1) I didn't imply that Hefner is a man of "essentially criminal mentality," crime being something the commission of which usually gets you behind bars, whereas the informal legal arrangements of our time concerning the publication of pornography leave Mr. Hefner on the safe side of the law, at least as currently interpreted. (2) I am astonished that you are astonished that a writer can at one and the same time write for a journal while disapproving the philosophy or habits of its editor. Your 5,000,000 readers, of whom I am however irregularly one, should not be deprived of my perceptions (or Nabokov's, or Jimmy Carter's, or Reinhold Niebuhr's—or Cotton Mather's, for that matter). Even if the principal motive for bringing those readers to the journal is lubricity. Count me in as one who is not put off by the presence of a Bible in a brothel. (3) You say that "the First Amendment protects not only Nazis but everyone else. Perhaps Buckley thinks it shouldn't, in which case he should say so directly." I don't think it should, and I *have* said so. Shall I say it again? I don't believe Nazis have the right under the Constitution to propagate or agitate in behalf of their racist doctrines. Neither did Justice Felix Frankfurter; see *Beauharnais*, which, by the way, is about an Illinois statute as widely disregarded as Illinois' obscenity statutes. (4) "The crux of the matter is that Buckley feels qualified to determine what God loves and what He doesn't." Not quite right. But Buckley does read in the Bible exhortations to modesty, fidelity and abstinence which no literate person could confuse with *The Playboy Philosophy*. That we are all sinners is a part of the Bible-Buckley philosophy. (5) Re "parted pudenda," you say, "PLAYBOY doesn't photograph women quite so graphically." Why?

William F. Buckley, Jr.
New York, New York

Lowe replies:

Thanks for your response to our attack on your misbegotten attack on Hugh Hefner's well-deserved award from the Anti-Defamation League. Elegant prose may not be a substitute for rational thought, but you certainly come close to making it work. It is heartening to know that (A) you, a brothel and a Bible may have been together at the same time; (B) you really don't think Hefner's a crook; and (C) we are all sinners. It is even good to know that you wonder why there aren't parted pudenda in PLAYBOY. *It may explain why you're not a regular reader.*

WHALE OF A TALE

I was deeply moved by the ABC *Sunday Night Movie* on February first, *A Whale for the Killing*. As a medium of entertainment, television is sorely lacking in such quality productions. I noticed that your organization was the coproducer with the star, Peter Strauss. Maybe that excellent production will show the many moralistic snobs in their enclosed world that Playboy is not the vulgar and lascivious monster they say but an organization involved in important issues.

Lidia J. Ackermann
Bellevue, Nebraska

We hope "Whale" will be retelecast this summer. Meanwhile, here's a shot of

Strauss with co-star Dee Wallace to refresh your memory.

I wish to commend Hugh Hefner and the Playboy organization for the courage and conviction displayed in producing the wonderful television movie *A Whale for the Killing*. At a time when human causes crowd the center stage of controversy, your eloquent parable puts a spotlight on the cruel plight of the earth's nonhuman creatures. Many species that

Why is Heineken
America's number one imported beer?
IMPORTED
BY VAN MUNCHING & CO. INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
SERVE AT 45°-50° F
Heineken
HEINEKEN LAGER BEER
BREWED AND BOTTLED IN HOLLAND
Heineken
BREWED IN HOLLAND
DIPLOME D'HONNEUR
Taste.

share this planet with us humans are not only oppressed, they are threatened with the most brutal of all fates—extinction! In too many instances, man has had a hand in pushing a species to the brink; the great whales are an excellent example.

Geoffrey B. Holland
Sherman Oaks, California

The destruction of marine mammals by foreign and privateer whaling vessels is a disgrace. These murderous acts must be stopped. I am sure those who watched Playboy Productions' *A Whale for the Killing* realize that. Thank you and all others involved in the film for commenting on this horror and adding to my compassion for those magnificent animals.

Thomas C. Zetkulic
Lincroft, New Jersey

KLASSY KYM

The March centerfold of Kymberly Herrin proves that men *will* make passes at girls who wear glasses!

Jim Falkenstine
Grafton, West Virginia

In your article about her, Kym came across as so sincere, so kindhearted and so charming that I quickly fell in love. As well as a stunning beauty, she is a figure of mental loveliness, demonstrating how a person with a great attitude (including driving ambition) can make the best of his/her talent and potential. Thank you, PLAYBOY, for showing me this fascinating woman.

Scott Malloy
Brea, California

Your March Playmate, Kym Herrin, is, indeed, a great way to start the spring. I just subscribed, and that was my first issue. Boy, do I have something to look forward to every month!

Rob Martinez
Clawson, Michigan

East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet, except in Santa Barbara. Your photo of "sunrise" on page 120 is most interesting.

H. N. Cornay
New Orleans, Louisiana

Listen, smart guy, we blew the entire special-effects budget for the year on that shot. Nothing's too good for our Playmates.

In looking through all of my past issues of PLAYBOY, I can find no Playmate more electrifying than Miss March, Kymberly Herrin. My compliments to Arny Freytag for the best pictorial of the best Playmate I've ever seen.

Steve Hyde
Wichita Falls, Texas

I'd like to congratulate you on your superb pictorial of Kymberly Herrin. She is one exquisite lady. Your centerfolds have given me the privilege of casting my eyes on some of the most beautiful women in the world. Keep up the good work. One more shot for me and the boys at the Louisiana State Penitentiary—please!

Timothy G. Saizon
Angola, Louisiana

Gentlemen, if another shot of Kymberly will aid in your rehabilitation, we

consider it our duty, and a distinct pleasure, to provide it.

THE PROFIT OF DOOM

I would like to sincerely thank PLAYBOY for the John Dorfman article *How to Buy Life Insurance and Get Out of It Alive* (March). My insurance clients are generally considered well above average in their careers and incomes and several contacted me after reading that fine article. Without exception, the callers indicated that the *logic* portrayed in the article showed them that their decisions to buy whole life were justified.

David B. Singleton, C.L.U.
Houston, Texas

It greatly pleased me to see an exposure of the myths surrounding cash-value life insurance. Many others have attempted to say the same thing. However, they have been smothered by the bloated three-trillion-dollar industry protecting motherhood and apple pie with everything from good hands to umbrellas. People who study the industry outside its sacred C.L.U. walls know the former are in consumer pockets and the latter appropriately inserted.

Jerry D. Castleman
Brandon, Florida

The overriding fact is that a person's insurance program should be only part of a total economic master plan, and it should involve a professional insurance advisor who truly considers each person's needs and goals on an individual basis. Dorfman's generalizations only perpetuate the image of insurance agents as hustlers interested only in commissions. I'm sure that neither PLAYBOY nor Dorfman buys insurance from individuals characterized in the article.

Richard Spenny, Vice-President
Gaylor Insurance Agency, Inc.
St. Helen, Michigan

I am an insurance agent and have been for 12 years. It is about time that someone on a national level exposed the inequities of whole life insurance. Dorfman does a very good job. The article shows that he certainly did his homework well. My compliments to Dorfman and to the PLAYBOY editors. Keep up the good work!

Harry R. Weidner, C.L.U.
Springfield, Illinois

I happen to be one of the brainwashed but friendly life-insurance salesmen you refer to who, because we deal with the reality of people's lives, know to deal in a context different from that which your writer presented. Most people already know that, compared with other investments, life insurance often pays a smaller return. Most people already know that if you buy term insurance and invest the difference, you do better. However, the queen, in the final analysis, doesn't have balls, so she can never be king. And people know that if they had to count on their own financial self-discipline and apply the theory Dorfman advances, they would fail.

Stuart Kirsner
The Stuart Financial Group
New York, New York

As a life underwriter, I was once "whole life oriented." It took a while, but I finally came to realize the error of my ways. Now that I'm a professional life underwriter, I feel confident that the services I render to my clients are current and up to date with today's economy by the use of term-insurance products and tax-deferred annuities in their insurance programs.

Henry Hensley
San Diego, California

I sincerely wish that the vast majority of life-insurance agents would read your article with the intent of learning rather than criticize you for publishing it. But maybe I am too hopeful, since their high commissions are paid from the sale of whole life and not from the sale of PLAYBOY.

Rick Welke
Rapid City, South Dakota

© 1980 Shulton, Inc.

Seven & Seven.
Sounds so good you can taste it.

Seagram's 7 and 7UP® over lots of ice. Crisp. Icy. Delightful.
And if you think it sounds good, wait until you taste it. Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY – A BLEND. 80 PROOF.
"SEVEN-UP" AND "7 UP" ARE TRADEMARKS OF THE SEVEN-UP COMPANY ©1981.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

THE SOCRATIC METHOD

It's always nice to see ourselves in the news—especially when we provide an occasion for thought-provoking discussion. A case in point involves former hostage Army Colonel Leland Holland. After his release, he recalled for the press how he often had to endure interrogation by his captors for long stretches of time—sometimes as long as 30 hours. He said that the Iranian militants frequently and vehemently bad-mouthed the United States' emphasis on sex and specifically *The Playboy Philosophy*. "I would argue with them and say, 'What's wrong with that?' It would drive them crazy." Glad to be of help, Colonel.

SNAKE BITES MAN

Here's proof positive of the survival-of-the-calmest theory. In Monroe, Louisiana, a highly poisonous snake bit its handler, James Lee. The snake, a krait (more poisonous than your common cobra), got rattled during din-din and bit the hand that fed it. Lee was rushed to a hospital, where a blood transfusion saved his life. The snake, however, passed away. "I think the whole situation caused a lot of stress on her," Lee explained. Hmmm. Perhaps psychotherapy would have helped.

MAGAZINE OF THE MONTH

The *Journal of Therapeutic Humor* is directed toward that madcap bunch of guys and gals known as mental-health workers and devoted to putting the fun back in hysteria. The *Journal* services its readers through features such as "The Hostility Corner," which expresses "rage and indignation on controversial issues, professional injustices and clerical errors," and interviews with such prestigious people as a Professor Finkelstein, who "has authored voluminous volumes in the fields of milieu therapy, placebos and Wisconsin." Will psychiatry welcome their innovation? We only know that *J.O.T.H.* (1054 East 13th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11230) will not shrink from the scrutiny of its peers.

LEARN, BABY, LEARN

Students at Tucson's Santa Rita High School had just finished watching police captain Tom Nichols, head of the local Metropolitan Area Narcotics Squad, give his show-and-tell lecture on the dangers of drugs. To illustrate his points, Nichols used a display board with such wide-ranging exhibits as the U. S. Constitution, fake cocaine and a two-ounce chunk of hashish. As the students ganged up in front of the exhibit, Nichols noticed that the hash had gone. He lost his temper.

"Before I came here I'd heard that Santa Rita students were the lowest of the low," the narc snarled at his remaining audience. "But you guys are even lower than that." And with that, the angered Nichols grabbed his display board—minus the hash—flipped the students the bird and stalked out of the room.

Tucson police are investigating the theft. As for Nichols, at last report he was busy redesigning his exhibit.

AMERICAN GRAFFITI

In New York City recently, a group of community organizations sponsored a children's poetry reading at the 42nd Street IND subway station. The children had been asked to write poems about subways in an effort to call public attention to deteriorating services. One of the best-received works was a limerick by 11-year-old Steven Shaw, part of a group of poems he titled *Subway Sillies*. When called upon, Steven intoned: " 'A kid with a can of red paint/Who should be in school where he ain't/Started spraying like mad/and used all that he had/You could tell that he wasn't a saint.' "

When the thunderous applause died down, Steven was asked how he'd got to the reading.

"We took a cab," he replied.

PRETTY HAIRY

Better Living Through Science Department: Apparently, a cure for baldness has accidentally been found in the drug minoxidil, developed by The Upjohn Company for treatment of hypertension. Besides being great for treating high blood pressure, the stuff often grows a goodly amount of hair on bald heads. The only hitch is that it also grows a goodly amount of hair on one's face, forehead, cheeks and upper lip. At this point, Upjohn doesn't know exactly what to do with the drug, though many of the company's board members are supposedly praying for the Lon Chaney,

Jr., look to become the next big fad. At that point, they figure the drug should be a howling success.

KISS AND YELL

Nearly 2000 teenage youths marched through the streets of Sorocaba, Brazil, to protest Judge Manuel Morales' ruling barring passionate kissing in public places. While some of the demonstrators carried banners that read KISS AND BE A CRIMINAL and chanted "Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!" other youths protested silently, with tape over their lips. Morales, a family man in his late 40s, took particular issue with "the cinematographic kiss, in which salivas mix to simply swell the sensuality." The demonstration ended in a stone-throwing clash with police when many youths rejected organizers' pleas to disperse. The Brazilian bussing ban proved one thing: Latins may be lousy lovers, but they are fervent about their lip service.

HAVE A NAZI DAY

If you always have a miserable time on your vacation, you might want to check out scenic Camp Butlitz in England on your next transatlantic trip. Butlitz is a brand-new Nazi prison camp set up by a former British army paratrooper for people who "like to suffer." A weekend costs only $66 and camp commandant Bob Acraman guarantees to "give everybody bloody, absolute hell."

A typical Butlitz weekend includes bunks in unheated barracks replete with dirty camp uniforms, a diet of gruel with stale bread and water, night parades, punishment drills, Nazi music and speeches, sessions in the cooler, scenic barbed-wire fences and delightful watchtowers, featuring machine-gun nests.

Acraman says escape attempts are cheerfully encouraged, but anyone caught will be punished "most severely." Nice try, Bob, but it *still* sounds more appealing than a singles weekend in the Catskills.

SON OF SAM LOVES....

In the grand tradition of Romeo and Juliet, Tarzan and Jane and Heckle and Jeckle comes the smoldering romance between David "Son of Sam" Berkowitz and Louis "Diane" Quirros, a transvestite convict.

As reported by the *New York Post*, Berkowitz, serving time at Attica for murder, met Louis/Diane during his/her brief sojourn at the prison. Quirros, serving a sentence of six to 12 years for robbing a transsexual, has taken massive doses of hormones to make his breasts grow and get rid of body hair. He has been allowed to grow his red hair down to his waist and wear self-made make-up.

A real looker, Quirros recalls the fateful encounter thus: "Dave lived three cells away from me. He was the cellblock porter. He used to spend hours in front of my cell talking to me. Then he started bringing me the *Times* every morning, plus items from the commissary, like cans of tuna fish. He told me he loved me and never wanted me to leave."

Despite both David's dedication and the tuna fish, prison officials decided to separate the twosome for their own good. Berkowitz was transferred to another part of the cellblock and Quirros to another prison. Quirros is doubly miffed. Despite repeated requests, prison officials are refusing to allow him to undergo a sex-change operation at the taxpayers' expense. Aww, nuts.

CHECKING IN

Jane Seymour, *whom we all saw in "Live and Let Die," "Somewhere in Time," "Seventh Avenue" and "East of Eden," met with Fred Robbins in New York.*

PLAYBOY: Do you have much trouble getting dates?

SEYMOUR: I've been very fortunate. I seem to meet special guys. It's hard to find a man who has enough self-image so he's not threatened that I may earn more money than he does, have more fame, more success in what I'm doing. I've never dated or lived with an actor; it seems that I spend most of my time around people who are either business people or doctors or lawyers.

PLAYBOY: Gee, we just noticed that your eyes are different colors.

SEYMOUR: Well, I've obviously lived with that all my life. The strange part is that all my life I'd be doing something very serious, like a ballet examination, and I'd be terrified and suddenly there would be this piercing stare from the examiner, who would walk straight up to me and say, "Your eyes are different colors." But I've got used to that now.

PLAYBOY: What's your life like when you're not working?

SEYMOUR: I have an empty house with a swimming pool and a Jacuzzi and an enormous mortgage. When I'm not working, I pride myself on the fact that people don't know I'm an actress. The other day, I went to somebody's office party and I was playing softball with the secretaries and, apart from the fact that I didn't know how to play softball, I was doing pretty well, blending in with everyone else. Number one is to be a person; otherwise, you can't possibly be a good actress: You're just going to play some plastic caricature of human beings, unless you are one.

PLAYBOY: American men appreciate English women, perhaps because they are perceived to be more feminine. Do you think that's true?

SEYMOUR: Yes, women here are tougher. I don't know why; maybe it's the pioneer spirit or something. And, yes, American men do find us different. It can be funny. I had an American boyfriend, from Texas. The first half hour of the morning we couldn't understand a thing we were saying to each other! In England, a bathroom is called a loo and I was in the bathroom and I couldn't find any paper, so I said, "Where are the loo rolls?" And my boyfriend said, "What are you talking about that black singer for?"

PLAYBOY: Oh, yeah, Lou Rawls.

SEYMOUR: So now we don't refer to bathroom tissue as bathroom tissue anymore. We say, "Do we have any more black singer?" So it's quite amusing.

PLAYBOY: What would you like to see happen with your career?

SEYMOUR: I'd like to be considered, one day, in the same league as Jane Fonda, Meryl Streep, Anne Bancroft, Vanessa Redgrave and Glenda Jackson, but I don't expect it to happen tomorrow. I can only be as good as the opportunities I'm given.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that someone as stunningly beautiful as you are will be given the chance to develop as an actress?

SEYMOUR: Well, I was given the opportunity to do the T-and-A route very early, when I was James Bond's leading lady. So I'm not frightened of being the most glamorous, sexiest woman in the world—I mean, that would be wonderful. And it's very hard work. Cheryl Ladd and Jackie Smith and Kate Jackson are my friends—I know them very well and I wouldn't change places with them in a million years. I mean, I didn't become a star overnight; I'm not a millionairess, I don't live their kind of life. I can walk down the street and no one has the foggiest idea who I am. I

RICOH.
A NAME WORTH LOOKING INTO.

We're the first to admit that we're not the first name you think of when it comes to 35mm photography.

But in Japan, where everyone has a photographic mind, Ricoh has been a name that people have been looking into and deciding upon for over forty years.

What's in our name?

Technology so advanced that we're about to introduce a camera that's powered by the sun. And the first 35mm SLR auto-focus lens that's incredibly simple to operate.

But if your needs are even simpler, we can offer you a 35mm camera that's a cinch to operate. With more features than some of the more familiar names.

If you're interested in a palm-sized camera, we've got one of the most precise ones available. As well as a complete collection of lenses, auto-winders, flash attachments and equipment.

Stop by a camera shop and listen to the dealer when he suggests you look into a Ricoh. Chances are, you'll decide you won't have to look any further.

RICOH OF AMERICA, INC. 20 GLORIA LANE, FAIRFIELD, NEW JERSEY 07006

ALIENS' LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

they came from outer space. postage due

DEAR EDITOR:
I am the copilot of a medium-range, Class-C flying saucer. While on a routine exploratory flight over Earth, I spotted a large airborne object. At first it appeared to be a gigantic bird, but on closer observation, it proved to be a metallic, self-propelled, winged aircraft.

This object was in clear view and then—whoosh!—it just disappeared. I've never seen anything move that fast!

The trouble is, no one else on the saucer saw this thing, and now they think I'm crazy. They keep telling me it was an optical illusion or swamp gas or something. But I know what I saw!—(Name withheld by request)

DEAR EDITOR:
Our planet is missing a squadron of eight turbocruisers. They were on a mapping mission over Earth when they entered the region you call the Bermuda Triangle. Now they've just vanished!

What gives? I mean, we've lost 47 turbocruisers there already. Enough is enough!—#P. Jr.

DEAR EDITOR:
Why does your planet's film industry insist on using props, puppets and even humans to portray us in the movies? Right now, there are thousands of unemployed aliens right there in Hollywood. It seems a shame.—Ms. P=Y""""""

DEAR EDITOR:
Hey, listen. I'm really sorry about that incident with the Hindenburg. I was just cleaning my cathode bazooka and it went off. Whoops!—%%-zzz

DEAR EDITOR:
Be honest. Did you Earthlings come here thousands of years ago? There are some landing strips and big statues and other things we can't figure out.—66-J:)

DEAR EDITOR:
Congratulations to author Lefrond P. Morris for the great article (May) on the situation in Iran. Believe it or not, the papers on our planet carried almost nothing on it.—+.9.I.

DEAR EDITOR:
What wine goes good with humans?—¼(Firpo)

DEAR EDITOR:
How come the guys on your planet always do everything we tell you to? Is it our wings? Our halos? What?—Praap-333

DEAR EDITOR:
That one of your scientists coldly refers to our planet as FE-121 is a disgrace! The *name* of our planet, if you please, is Second Planet from the Big Orange One.—Neehoo-W.!14

DEAR EDITOR:
Wow! Where do you find all those beautiful Earth girls? The chicks on our planet aren't nearly as gorgeous. In fact, most of them don't even have internal skeletons.—X.X.

DEAR EDITOR:
Got any jumper cables?—*** "Bubba" 17

DEAR EDITOR:
Last December, we abducted, hypnotized and physically examined a Mr. and Mrs. Donald Higginbotham of St. Louis, Missouri. Would you please inform them that they're due for their six-month checkup?—R.R.@.

DEAR EDITOR:
We just received a radio message from Earth, thus disproving our earlier theory that your planet was uninhabited. We'll be there tomorrow to kill everybody.—M.93.(*)

—JACK HANDEY

don't wear mink coats and diamond rings. This is it—a dress I've been wearing for three years. And shoes that need mending.

PLAYBOY: When you changed your name from Joyce Frankenberg to Jane Seymour, a name otherwise remembered as that of Henry VIII's third wife, why didn't you pick, say, Anne Boleyn?

SEYMOUR: I didn't want to change my name at all. I was a classic ballet dancer at the time and it was my agent's idea. He told me Joyce Frankenberg couldn't be remembered. I'd always hated the name Joyce. I liked Jane; it had the same initial and it was a plain, ordinary name. Then someone in my agent's office thought, What about Seymour? Nobody could think of why we all sort of remembered that name until someone made the connection with Henry's wife—the one you never bothered to learn about in school. So we thought it was safe and we took it on. And it had instant appeal. My agent would mention my name and people would say, "Don't I know her? Didn't I meet her at a party?" It was fantastic for someone starting out.

BOOT ME TO HAVANA

Manuel Morales Torres, 26, wanted to be a skyjacker in the worst way—which is exactly how he did it. Boarding an Eastern Airlines New York–to–San Juan flight while stoned out of his gourd, Manuel told an attendant that he was being pursued simultaneously by the Mafia and the New York City police. The only place he would be safe, he mumbled, was Cuba. Recounts an airline official: "The poor guy was out of it—we don't know on what, but he was out of it." Unsure of the contents of a large leather purse on Manuel's lap, the captain radioed ahead to have the lights at San Juan's Isla Verde Airport doused so it could not be recognized.

"Don't worry, sir," a flight attendant whispered to the muttering Manuel, "the captain has changed the course for Havana." When the plane finally taxied to a stop, Manuel ran to the exit. Standing tall in the doorway, he proudly declared, "*¡Viva Cuba!*" At that point, an off-duty flight attendant, Leroy Washington, snatched the purse from Manuel's hand and drop-kicked the skyjacker unceremoniously down the steps.

"Welcome to Puerto Rico," said an awaiting cop. The mysterious purse turned out to be empty. So, apparently, was the space between Manuel's ears. When last seen, he was still mumbling, this time to a pair of FBI men.

•

From the Wilmington, Delaware, *News Journal*: "CURSE IS THE WORK OF THE CUNNING LINGUIST, ONE SAYS." Don't rap it, we'll eat it here.

The bald eagle is in danger of extinction. For a free booklet on how to help save this living symbol of our country, write Eagle Rare, Box 123, New York, N.Y. 10151.

Capture the spirit of Eagle Rare.

The 101 proof Bourbon aged 10 years.

No bird in America can soar as high as the eagle. No Kentucky Bourbon tastes so fine as Eagle Rare. Whiskey that has been smoothed and mellowed by ten years of careful aging. Eagle Rare.

We challenge anyone to match our spirit.

One taste and you'll know why it's expensive.

Spills, not chills, are the order of the day in writer-director George A. Romero's ***Knightriders*** (United Film), which revives the chivalric code of the Middle Ages and brings it roaring into the small towns of Middle America. Jousters in armor, tilting lances at one another from the saddles of motorbikes, are the heroes of the piece—and there is no doubt at all that Romero meant to present these bruised *macho* men and their damsels as throwbacks to the era of the Arthurian legend. (Three of the performers, in fact, came from actual Renaissance-fair troupes.) They are the hippies of the Eighties, incurably romantic roughnecks who dream a little dream of honor, valor, integrity, community spirit. A far cry from the beleaguered bands of characters fending off zombies in previous Romero shockers (e.g., *Night of the Living Dead*), they could well ignite some of that youthful (and destructive) enthusiasm set off by the controversial *The Warriors* a couple of years ago. Rousing action sequences in the arena are the best of it, and the driving physical momentum of *Knightriders* tends to sweep away my critical qualms about an erratic script and some flatness in the acting. Everyone looks fine and clean-jawed, with Ed Harris as the Arthurian Sir William, Gary Lahti as a princely Alan and Tom Savini as the black-bearded Morgan, Sir William's chief challenger for the crown, all appropriately glittering knights opposite a bevy of fair ladies without much inner fire. Courtly love does not seem to be anyone's top priority. Hot-rod heroics amid the trappings of medieval pageantry have strong visual impact, and there's something about this movie that lingers in the mind—despite its simplistic values and the fact that I reviewed it in a rough, overlong, not-quite-finished state. Looking good, *Knightriders* ought to make a fascinating companion piece to John Boorman's new *Excalibur*, Round Table–hopping of the olde school. ¥¥½

•

The rousing action of ***Nighthawks*** (Universal) sweeps away most of the quibbles one might raise, here and there, about motivation or credibility. Directed by Bruce Malmuth, this thriller starts on a fast track—with date-lined sequences to set up intersecting lines between a terrorist killer's moves in London and Paris and the path of two New York decoy cops assigned to nail him when he lands here. Sylvester Stallone plays a disgruntled cop in a very low-key Serpico style that's a striking change for him. As a man who abhors violence but can be driven to kill in the name of justice, he's almost professorial on the outside, all flammable rage within. Billy Dee Williams provides yeoman service as Stallone's partner opposite two stunning adversaries—Holland's Rutger Hauer, perhaps the handsomest homicidal matinee idol since Richard Widmark started pushing old ladies' wheelchairs down the stairs, as the superterrorist Wulfgar, and exotic Persis Khambatta, the bald beauty of *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*, as an unnervingly icy executioner. In the threatened-girlfriend role, Lindsay Wagner has less to do but does it quite effectively. *Nighthawks* ultimately evolves into a suspenseful one-to-one confrontation between the idealistic lawman and the ruthless hired killer who's convinced he serves only worthy causes. I won't give away the ending, but the movie's pell-mell tension seldom eases through explosions, shoot-outs, subterranean chases, murder at the Metropolitan Museum and a harrowing crisis involving UN personnel held hostage in a cable car high over Manhattan's East River. Great escapism, with very few long dark thoughts to fret about as the smoke clears. ¥¥¥

Knightriders: hot-rodding, Arthurian style.

Knights on shining motorcycles, Stallone as a cop, Brooks as a windbag.

Cops Williams, Stallone in *Nighthawks*.

Brooks, Harrold pair up for *Romance*.

•

As the doomed bridegroom of *Private Benjamin*, who simultaneously comes and goes on his wedding night, Albert Brooks was a gas. As co-author, director and star of ***Modern Romance*** (Columbia), he is merely a windbag, hogging the camera with monologs, talking to himself at least as often as he talks to leading lady Kathryn Harrold, who is worthy of far more attention than she gets. She plays a likable career woman. He's a possessive, insecure, egocentric schlemiel who yammers away about the movie he is editing between quarrels. Why anyone should want to suffer through the ups and downs of their dreary little affair never became clear to me. The real problem Brooks has here is that he is determined to do a one-man show but insists on disguising it as a contemporary romantic comedy. Compared with the rambunctious, madcap humor of his first full-length feature, *Real Life*, Brooks's sloppy second virtually sags with unkept promise. ¥

•

A father and son find out that they're both balling a fireman's wife (Barbra Streisand) while the fire fighter (Kevin Dobson) pulls night duty. That's ***All Night Long*** (Universal), a tedious comedy with some fleeting moments of dopey charm, mostly provided by Gene Hackman and Dennis Quaid. Playing the senior swinger, Hackman reveals an unexpected flair for flippant humor as a chain-store exec

INTRODUCING
ROYAL COMFORT Pipe Tobacco.

If it's a cool smoke you seek...Take Comfort.

If you're tired of hot, biting pipe tobaccos... now you can take comfort in knowing there's a good tasting aromatic specially blended to smoke cool. To always satisfy. Pipe after pipe. New Royal Comfort. If it's a cool smoke you seek... take Comfort.

ROYAL COMFORT

A Distinctively Cool Smoking Pipe Tobacco.

Light Aromatic

NET WT. 1.5 OZ

©1980 R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

LONGINES
XII
XI
III
VI
LONGINES
Quartz

Announcing a stunning new watch from Longines

MIRAGE™

Very Thin
Very Swiss
Very Longines
$495

There's never been a Longines like this for less than $4,000.

Mirage™ is a new $495 edition of a $4,800 limited production Longines masterpiece. Put it on your wrist and even a jeweler would have to look hard to see the difference. Mirage is that elegant.

Closer inspection reveals that, for all its elegance, Mirage is a sturdy, practical, reliable performer, a watch you can wear with assurance as well as with pride.

The Quartz movement, for example, is Longines' acclaimed "960," Swiss engineered for reliability and conveniently crown-set. This sophisticated assembly is sealed against moisture and dust, and further protected by Longines' scratch-resistant Mineron® crystal.

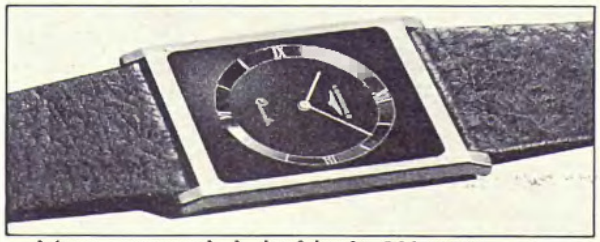
"Thin" has never been so practical.

In Mirage, Longines technology and a genius for style have met to bring the ultra-thin watch within affordable reach. Mirage is available with gold-tone bracelet at a suggested retail price of $495, with lizard strap at $425, and in your choice of a gilt or black dial.*

Your jeweler invites you to come in and see the many faces of Mirage. Ultra-thin and Quartz, of course, Mirage is all you'd expect of the world's most honored watch.® It makes a spectacular gift.

For the name and address of the authorized Longines-Wittnauer jeweler nearest you, write the Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company, New Rochelle, New York 10802.

**All prices are manufacturer's suggested retail*



Mirage captures the look of this $4,800 18K Longines.

LONGINES
WITTNAUER
Time can be beautiful

who finds happiness when he loses his wife (Diane Ladd), his home, his inhibitions, his job and his pension benefits. Quaid is nearly as good, and that's very good, as the gauche sprig who resents Dad's horning in on his bored married lady. I've saved the bad news: Barbra, talented as ever, is totally miscast as a petulant, sexy, zany blonde of a type that might have been played by Marilyn Monroe in her heyday, circa *The Seven Year Itch*. This is not home ground for Streisand, and in *All Night Long* she's unattractively dressed, coiffed and made up by saboteurs, harshly photographed and stuck with a so-so script directed without a trace of verve by Jean-Claude Tramont, husband of Hollywood superagent Sue Mengers. Tramont obviously knows the right people, but he does 'em wrong. ¥¥

•

Suffering the fate of most sequels, ***La Cage aux Folles II*** (UA) is only half as funny as its predecessor. However, since the original *Cage* brimmed with high-camp hilarity from beginning to end, even an encore at reduced strength turns out to be more fun than nine out of ten current comedies. Reprising their performances as a pair of flashy old bags who run a night club in the south of France, Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi prove again that gay is beautiful when played with just the right amount of featherweight humor and underlying humanity. I don't think the new story line—all about spies and killers and a missing capsule of microfilm—gives the stars much help, but these stars are as sure-fire as Laurel and Hardy in Alençon lace. My favorite bit occurs when Albin and Renato lam off to seek refuge with Renato's mother in Italy, where the prissy Albin (Serrault) has to bake bread, scrub floors and fend off lusty *macho* peasants. Not the kind of country where a stylish senior drag queen can enjoy being a girl. Already a blockbuster success in Europe, this gilded *Cage II* may be only chapter two of a long, long series. I rather hope they'll quit while they're still ahead. ¥¥½

•

Another down-home Southern-fried slice of life, ***Back Roads*** (WB) teams Sally Field with Tommy Lee Jones under the direction of Martin Ritt, who helped Sally win her Oscar in *Norma Rae*. *Back Roads*, however, is a no-win situation—two exceptionally good performers in search of a script, with lots of fights and screams and curses, plus local color sliced as thick as pork chops to fill the void. She's a hooker whose big dream is to become a manicurist; he's a down-and-out boxer who robs or cons somebody whenever he needs a buck. Thumbs up, they set out for L.A. and a series of picaresque misadventures that are probably intended to add up to a warm human comedy about two pathetic losers who find love, if nothing else. The trouble with these characters is that Field and Jones have to do everything but tap-dance to sustain the illusion that Amy and Elmor are either interesting or likable. In fact, beneath a thin veneer of movie-star charisma, they struck me as the kind of people whose pictures hang in the post office. If you saw them hitchhiking, I suspect you'd put on some speed. ¥¥

An *All Night*er with Hackman, Streisand.

Barbra, Sally are dealt duds; *Cage II* is a semisuccessful sequel.

Serrault, Tognazzi in *La Cage* sequel.

Losers Field, Jones in *Back Roads*.

•

As animated features go, Ralph Bakshi's ambitious ***American Pop*** (Columbia) occasionally looks and sounds like *The Godfather* set to music. He tells a straightforward story about four generations of a Russian-Jewish immigrant family—Zalmie, who survives the pogroms, gives up showbiz, becomes a biggie in organized crime and begets Benny, who marries a *mafioso*'s daughter and plays piano and, before he dies in World War Two, begets Tony, who becomes a burned-out hippie songwriter and begets Pete, who becomes a rock superstar. To Bakshi, that's the American dream, which he has interwoven with a powerhouse score adapted by Lee Holdridge to explore every American musical style from jazz and ragtime to hard rock. There is no reason whatever for this tale to be told through animation instead of by live actors, and I'm sure that's precisely why Bakshi did it: to prove he *can* push the limits of animation so far beyond Disney that we can never go back to cunning raccoons and twittering bluebirds. First filmed live, with animation as an overlay, in effect, then with a few documentary film clips added as an index to the passing decades, *American Pop* is exceptionally well played by the actors, whose voices on the sound track achieve surprising subtlety and emotional nuance. Although the film strikes me as a cinematic stunt, the stunt is flashy, schmaltzy and Bakshi through and through. ¥¥½

•

The Australian wilderness stars in ***The Earthling*** (Filmways), with William Holden and little Ricky Schroder shuffling through splendid landscapes and bridging the generation gap as an odd couple—a sick man who has come home to die in his valley and a marooned lad whose parents have been killed in a tragic mishap. It's the basic course in Survival 101, with Holden gruff and stalwart, Schroder scared but plucky. ¥

•

Federico Fellini's dazzling ***City of Women*** (New Yorker) goes over some of the same ground he has covered for better and for worse in earlier films—I'd say better in his classic, timeless *8½*, considerably worse in the cynical *Casanova*. This rematch in the age-old battle of the sexes stars Marcello Mastroianni, maestro Fellini's favorite alter ego and beyond question one of the greatest

Jeremiah Weed

SIGNAL LANTERN SWEEPSTAKES

$100,000.00

IN CASH AND PRIZES AVAILABLE TO BE WON

THE GRAND PRIZE

$10,000 in cash PLUS an expense paid adventure train trip for two across the continental United States up to $3,000.

TEN SECOND PRIZES

$1,000 in cash PLUS free train travel for two anywhere in the continental United States up to $1,000.

"Bless you Jeremiah Weed!"

Also available to be won: 1,000 Third Prizes of winners' choice of a genuine Signal Lantern or a gold-plated replica of a traditional railroader's pocket watch. (Value to $100.) Void where Prohibited.

Take your Ticket to the Jeremiah Weed Signal Lantern display at your nearest participating bar or package store. You will know immediately if you are an instant winner. Jeremiah always bet on a sure thing. And so should you. You may already be a winner!

100 Proof Jeremiah Weed

Jeremiah Weed® Bourbon Liqueur, © 1981 Heublein, Inc. Hartford, Conn.

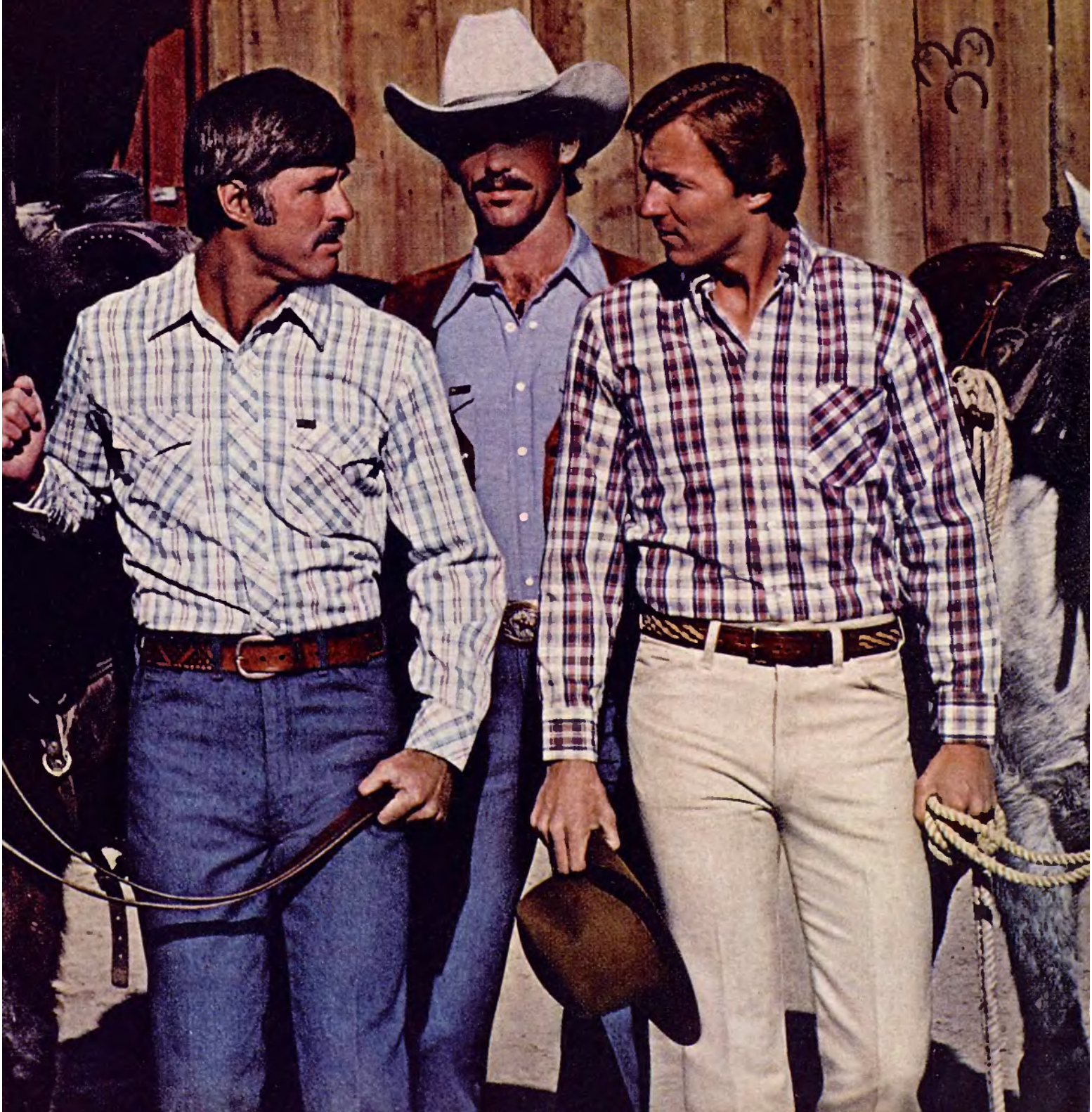
©1981, Blue Bell, Inc.

HERE COMES WRANGLER®

with the perfect fit jeans for men...

Wrangler has jeans for the guy who likes a little more room, a little more give—in the waist, in the thighs, in the seat.

Like all Wrangler jeans, they're cut for comfort and fit—the legendary Wrangler fit that's always in style. Wrangler makes perfect fit jeans for men of all ages.



And a Perfect Fit Sweepstakes for Father's Day.

To introduce you to Wrangler jeans for men, and how comfortably they fit, we're running a sweepstakes—The Perfect Fit Sweepstakes, tailor made to fit your style.

Grand Prize: A 7-day, 6-night, expense paid vacation for two at one of 5 Great American West vacation spots of your choice. A tennis vacation or a golf vacation in Arizona. A ski vacation in Colorado. A canoe trip on the Rio Grande. A dude ranch vacation in Texas. Plus a whopping $5,000 in cash!

5 Second Prizes: 7-day, 6-night, expense paid vacation for two at your choice of one of the Great American West vacation spots above.

100 Third Prizes: Bell and Howell Movie Outfits including Super 8 Camera, Projector, Camera Case, Table Top Projection Screen—the works!

500 Fourth Prizes: 500 lucky winners will receive a gift certificate for a pair of perfect fit Wrangler jeans.

With Father's Day just around the corner, it's a perfect time to buy Wrangler jeans for men and discover just how well they really fit. And a wonderful time to win a dream vacation for two. So read the sweepstakes rules carefully. And when you fill in the entry blank, be sure to list the name and address of your favorite Wrangler store.

Wrangler®

OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

1. To enter, hand print your name, address, zip code and the name and address of your favorite Wrangler store on the official entry blank or on a 3" x 5" plain piece of paper. Include with your entry a waistband size tag from a pair of Wrangler jeans for men or, in lieu of proof of purchase, print the words "Wrangler jeans fit men of all ages" on a 3" x 5" card.
2. Enter as often as you wish; but each entry should be mailed separately to: WRANGLER PERFECT FIT SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 2336, Westbury, New York 11591. Entries must be received by July 31, 1981.
3. Winners will be determined in random drawings conducted by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. All prizes will be awarded and winners notified by mail. Only one prize to an individual or household. Prizes are not transferable, exchangeable, or redeemable for cash. For a list of major winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: WRANGLER PERFECT FIT WINNERS, P.O. Box 2358, Westbury, New York 11591.
4. Sweepstakes open to all U.S. residents, except employees and their families of BLUE BELL, INC., its advertising agency, and Don Jagoda Associates, Inc. Void wherever prohibited. Subject to all federal, state and local regulations. Taxes on prizes, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winners. Winners may be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release.

Mail entry blank to:
Wrangler Perfect Fit Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 2336
Westbury, New York 11591.

Your Name _____ (Please Print) Telephone _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Favorite Wrangler Store Name _____

Address _____

Include a waistband size tag from a pair of Wrangler jeans for men. Or in lieu of proof of purchase, print on 3" x 5" card "Wrangler jeans fit men of all ages." Entries must be received by July 31, 1981.

movie actors on the planet. *City of Women* opens brilliantly with Mastroianni on a train, weary but horny as only he can be, plunging into a tunnel, then into a feverish pass at a voluptuous fellow passenger who lures him off the train, into the woods and into a most unlikely hotel in the middle of nowhere. There's a sort of feminist convention in progress, where Marcello as a character named Snaporaz (I wouldn't be a bit surprised if that were an intentional pun for snap her ass) embarks on a male chauvinist's guilt trip often startlingly similar to Bob Fosse's in *All That Jazz*. In fact, Marcello at one point grabs a hat and cane to tap through his Fred Astaire fantasies with a couple of bare-bottomed chorines. Movies are an important part of the hero's image of himself and the images of women in his dreamworld. His other love objects include melon-breasted amazons who wrap themselves around him, a neglected wife and some shrill militant feminists and lesbians giving their battle cry: *Abolish fellatio!*

Obvious sex symbolism—the old train-into-tunnel shot is merely for starters—along with spectacular production numbers make *City of Women* both exciting and controversial. After its world premiere at last year's Cannes festival, some outraged critics called the film a grievous insult to womankind. Quite the contrary, it is primarily a sad, ribald, often astonishing mockery of "man-arrogant—with member erect." There's no question about that when Snaporaz, pursued by a feminist posse, finds refuge in a villa owned by a foolish old fop named Züberkock, who lines his halls with moan-and-groan talking portraits of ladies he has bedded. Because the movie is overlong and overstated, moviegoers who feel claustrophobic in that six-ring-circus world so natural to Fellini would be wise to stay away. For a confirmed Felliniphile, and count me among the faithful, *City of Women*—while it may not be Mecca—is an exotic place to visit. Just think of it as a *Phallus in Wonderland*. ¥¥¥

•

Like his *Pretty Baby*, French director Louis Malle's ***Atlantic City*** (Paramount) has the curious feel of an American film with a slight but charming foreign accent. The effect is fresh because Malle seems to look at everything as if for the first time, and finds both innocence and enchantment in all of it—the Boardwalk, the fast-food shops, the junky rooming houses giving way to new resort hotels, even the Mafia thugs whose search for some stolen cocaine keeps everyone in the movie on the move. Although it's only a throwaway joke, one of the most telling bits of local color to brighten up any movie this year is a scene set in the Frank Sinatra wing of an Atlantic City hospital, where Robert Goulet (playing Robert Goulet) and a fine-feathered chorus line are doing a song-and-dance routine in the lobby. With cameras rolling, robed patients standing by. Probably a dedication ceremony. No one says, exactly. Perhaps because no one knows.

Female Satisfier from *Alpha Blue*.

Most of *Atlantic City* is similarly eccentric, and gets more so as it goes along, never doing quite what you expect. One winning number is Susan Sarandon, who usually finds herself in movies considerably smaller than her talent, here playing a girl who slings shellfish to put herself through croupier school because she wants to improve herself and go to France. Opposite Sarandon, Burt Lancaster gives his best performance in years as a small-potatoes numbers runner who plays nursemaid to a faded Boardwalk beauty (Kate Reid) and waxes poetic about the good old days: "It used to be beautiful . . . with rackets, whoring, guns." This bizarre senior citizen finally manages to turn back the clock, in a sense, by making love to a young woman and getting in some gunplay of a more violent nature. Playwright John Guare's trenchant dialog and screenplay are a good part of the reason for *Atlantic City*'s success as an odd, amoral comedy of crime-and-to-hell-with-punishment, rather weird but at long last irresistible. If upward mobility is the name of the game, the weathered old Jersey resort taking a new lease on life becomes a perfect symbol. ¥¥¥

•

Maybe the Up America patriotism of the Reagan era will make passionate dissent unpopular, yet ***The Line*** (Independent Cinema Associates) is an independent, antimilitarist cry of pain that deserves to be seen and heard. Based on several actual incidents of riot and rebellion by harassed prisoners in Army stockades back in the volatile Sixties, the movie was partially shot on location in Florida at a converted chain-gang camp to achieve maximum realism. Which means fasten your seat belts. Co-producer and director Robert J. Siegel, who established a name for himself with Coca-Cola commercials on TV before he switched from hucksterism to social protest, succeeds remarkably well at infusing heat and light and emotional intensity into a heavy subject. Russ Thacker, Lewis J. Stadlen and Brad Sullivan top *The Line*'s mettlesome cast, though TV watchers are apt to spot more familiar faces (Erik Estrada of *CHiPs*, David Doyle of *Charlie's Angels*) in lesser roles. Right there's your clue that this is a substantially reshot and drastically improved version of a film originally made almost a decade ago (titled *Parades* when panned in these pages in November 1972, and who ever said the movie business was easy?). The story lags at the outset, with Thacker as an A.W.O.L. soldier in a sorry mental state over his memories of Vietnam. Once captured and thrown into the slammer with other "fags, freaks, Reds and bums," as their brutal keeper calls them, the sick boy becomes dangerously psycho. While I wish the scriptwriters had resisted such excesses as naming the bad jailer Sergeant Hook, Sullivan's dynamic performance conquers that handicap and *The Line* gathers undeniable momentum. It's brutal, bloody, hard to take and all but boiling with conviction. ¥¥½

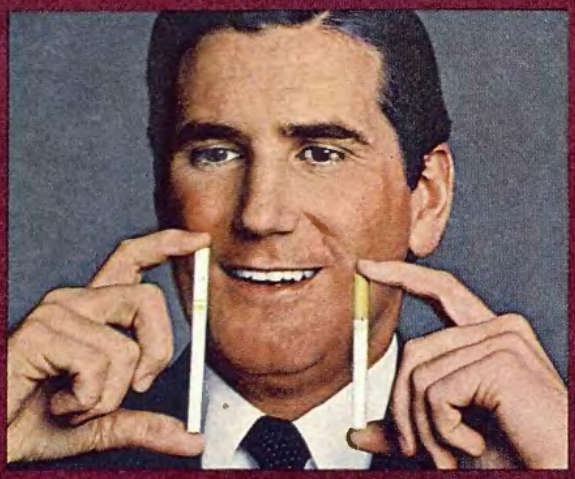
•

The reason you haven't been reading much about porn movies these days is that there haven't been many worth reporting on. A trio of exceptions:

Insatiable (Miracle Films) is an event if only because it marks the return of Marilyn Chambers, still the nonpareil of porn queens. *Insatiable* is already so successful there may be an R-rated version released this year. If so, you'll miss the heat of a truly epic sexual encounter between Marilyn and John C. "Johnny Wadd" Holmes—and hard-core rarely gets hotter than this.

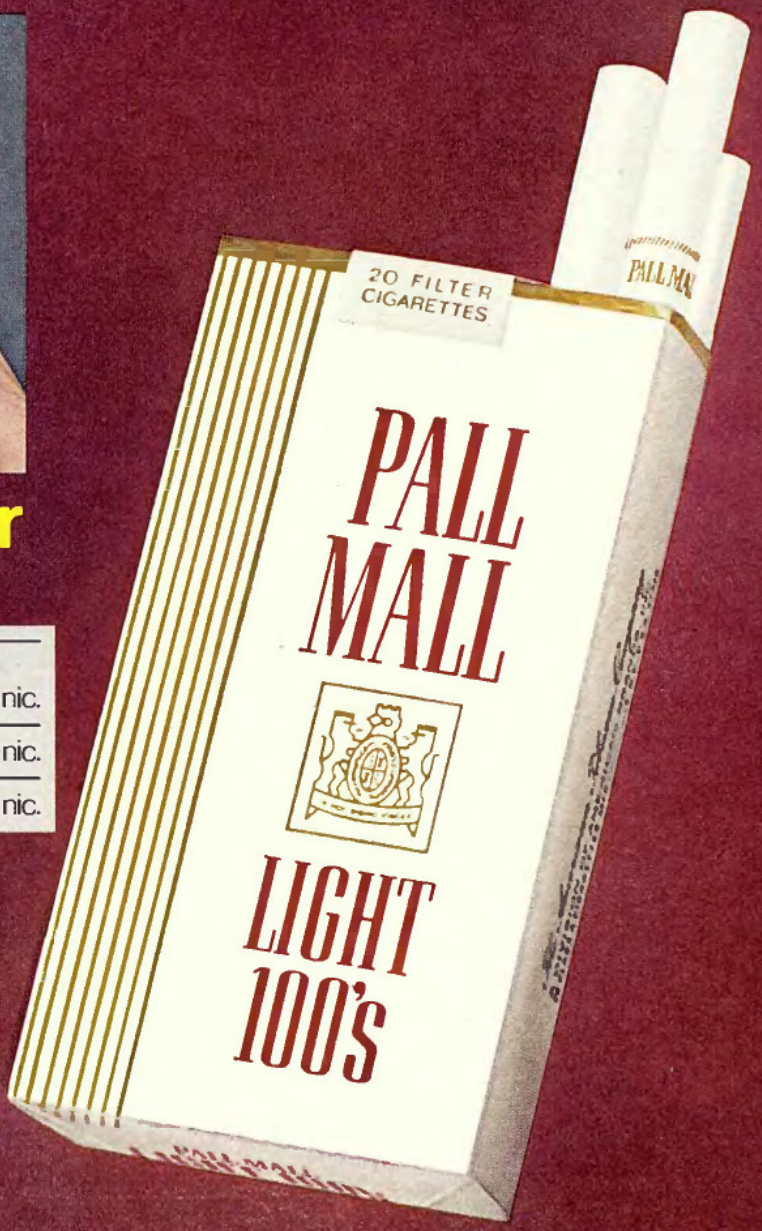
A small bright package of words, music and amusing pubic byplay, ***Blonde Ambition*** (Mature) verges on being too good for the usual briefcase-and-raincoat crowd. The showbiz saga of a tacky sister act (Suzy Mandel and Dory Devon), it's more satirical than sexual but a good try at blending the best of both worlds. Sexual science fiction resurfaces in ***The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue*** (Audubon), porn pioneer Gerard Damiano's trendy, futuristic orgy about a society totally dedicated to computer sex, foolish but well filmed. A few of Damiano's characters express nostalgia for romantic love as in "the old days," in contrast to the kind of robotized female Satisfier who boasts, "I'm the best fuck in cubicle seven." —REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

A third less tar
than the leading filter 85



Longer, yet lighter

Pall Mall Light 100's	10 mg. tar 0.8 mg. nic.
Leading filter 85	16 mg. tar 1.1 mg. nic.
Lowest brand less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic.	



PALL MALL LIGHT 100's

10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

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

Fill a TDK cassette with music and the playback is unforgettable. It's music, full and rich. Charged. Vibrant. Instruments cascade, surround, bathe you in music. Crystal clear. Not a note missed in the flow. On TDK cassettes the extraordinary happens. Music lives. Experience the energy of TDK. Start the music. Then glow with it.

TDK cassettes warranted for a lifetime. © Copyright 1981 TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, N.Y. 11530

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

All Night Long (Reviewed this month) Streisand and Hackman as a comic team harnessed to a turkey. ¥¥

American Pop (Reviewed this month) A fathers-and-sons cartoon saga. ¥¥½

Atlantic City (Reviewed this month) Upward mobility on the Boardwalk. ¥¥¥

Back Roads (Reviewed this month) Proceed at your own risk. ¥¥

The Boss's Son A young film maker's helpful primer on how to succeed in business by not working for Dad. ¥¥½

City of Women (Reviewed this month) Fellini tackles feminism. ¥¥¥

The Dogs of War Christopher Walken as Frederick Forsyth's mercenary hero fighting the Third World's battles. ¥¥¥

The Earthling (Reviewed this month) Many a brave smile merely deepened my sleep. ¥

Eyewitness Love and murder with Sigourney Weaver and William Hurt in Peter Yates's ace thriller. ¥¥¥

Fort Apache, the Bronx Paul Newman's charisma, plus cops and robbers. ¥¥½

Hard Country That's Texas. Big state, small movie, but nice performances by Kim Basinger, Jan-Michael Vincent. ¥¥½

The Howling Eerie doings at a kind of Esalen where ghouls and werewolves go for group therapy. ¥¥

Just a Gigolo Berlin in the bad old days with David Bowie, Marlene Dietrich and other decadents. ¥¥¥

Knightriders (Reviewed this month) The wheels of chivalry. ¥¥½

La Cage aux Folles II (Reviewed this month) Those old gay blades cut the mustard in an OK sequel. ¥¥½

The Last Metro Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu earn applause in Truffaut's ode to the theater in wartime France. ¥¥¥

The Line (Reviewed this month) Army drama of dissent. Strong stuff. ¥¥½

Modern Romance (Reviewed this month) Albert Brooks undoing his thing. ¥

Napoleon That 1927 silent masterpiece by France's Abel Gance, mostly restored and unforgettable. ¥¥¥¥

Nighthawks (Reviewed this month) New York's finest *vs.* terrorists, with Stallone wearing the blue. ¥¥¥

Popeye Swee'pea the wonder baby and Shelley Duvall's delectable Olive Oyl are almost the whole show. ¥¥

The Postman Always Rings Twice James M. Cain's steamy classic revisited, with Jack Nicholson and his killer grin going all the way for Jessica Lange. ¥¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

BVD. The Great American Fit for the Great American Male.

America Discovers Hip Grip. It's Hip Grip.™ The BVD® midrise brief designed with continental style to fit the great American male. It's made of 100% combed cotton with an elasticized fashion waistband. And just like the name says, it gently contours and supports the hips in total comfort. Hip Grip. By BVD. It features the fit, feel and look every American man's been waiting for. Available in lots of colors, too.

BVD

The Great American Underwear Company.

© 1981. BVD Company, P.O. Box 780, Bowling Green, Kentucky 42101

BOOKS

When Americans anointed the touring Pope John Paul II as *Father Knows Best* for the Eighties, something obviously was up. In ***Limits: A Search for New Values*** (Potter), Maxine Schnall claims we were looking for leadership. Our muddled sense of values, a result of the movements of the past three decades, left us thirsting for order. It's tempting to describe this book as Christopher Lasch's *The Culture of Narcissism* for beginners. Schnall continues Lasch's version of the greatest love story ever told—how we fell in love with ourselves and why the relationship is doomed. She says we're our own worst enemies: We've collapsed into a self-indulgent frenzy of freedom without limits. The key element in our failure has been the search for unconditional love. In the world according to Schnall, romantic love and casual sex are out. Commitment and something she calls rational love are in. Schnall writes most acutely about her own life: coming of age and marrying in the Fifties; first reacting negatively to, then identifying with, Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique*; next becoming "self"-aware and subsequently divorced. She does less well with the generation that came of age in the Sixties, blaming Dr. Spock again for its excesses. Spock wasn't really all that permissive. The Sixties antiestablishment feeling more likely derived from the fact that the same kids who cleaned their plates on behalf of the starving Asian children were later asked to shoot what was left of them in adulthood. Still, this book could be for the Eighties what *Passages* was for the preceding decade.

•

Leonard Michaels' novel ***The Men's Club*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is a quiet, powerful book about men looking for love. They assemble at a friend's house, ransack the refrigerator, drink too much wine and tell stories in which they reveal why their wives don't like them, why they cheat and why they even distrust the awkward fellowship of their first meeting. It is a short, beautifully written, intelligent account of men who are neither desperate nor content. In other words, guys like us.

•

Richard Schickel calls his new book on urban emotional survival ***Singled Out: A Civilized Guide to Sex and Sensibility for the Suddenly Single Man—or Woman*** (Viking). Don't let the title—which sounds like a 17th Century prescription for Valium—mislead you. Schickel is an intelligence agent in the war between the sexes. He has taken the new antihero—Burt Reynolds in the *Starting Over* scenario, Dustin Hoffman in *Kramer vs. Kramer*—and written a handbook on the new human condition, that of the suddenly single. He tells whom not to emulate ("So don't think Clint or Burt when you take the lady home. Even Burt and Clint aren't imitating Burt and Clint anymore—not full time, anyway."), what kind of women to avoid, how to begin and end affairs, when it's time for the grand gesture. Women have had this kind of sympathetic advice—from their friends, if not in print—for centuries (nowadays they call it consciousness raising). It's long overdue for men.

Limits: return to commitment.

New values may well be traditional ones; too bad we can't bring back the good old days in sport.

Mudville's Revenge: Pro sports strike out.

•

Long before American sports were chopped up into tenuous franchises, it was possible actually to get involved with the athletes, to take pride in their accomplishments, share their misfortunes. A winning season meant more than increased revenues and a losing season devastated the soul of the community. In ***Mudville's Revenge: The Rise and Fall of American Sport*** (Seaview), Ted Vincent resurrects that old joy. In a history of the development of professional track and field, baseball and basketball, Vincent shows what went wrong: how the fan became the spectator, how the athlete became a commodity, how sports were taken from the people. It is a story of struggle and growth and, finally, commercial success—which is not necessarily a happy ending.

•

Gorky Park (Random House), by Martin Cruz Smith, may turn out to be the best novel of the year. Set in modern-day Russia, it follows the trail of Chief Investigator Arkady Renko as he tries to solve a brutal crime: Three mutilated bodies are discovered under the snow in Moscow's Gorky Park. Arkady's search for truth in the midst of the stifling bureaucracy and weary cynicism of the Communist state is fascinating. The scenes of daily life in the U.S.S.R. are brilliant and precise. This is a mystery story that rises above the normal limitations of that form, and when Arkady finds the tables turned and is the victim of a K.G.B. interrogation, we want him to win, to live, to be our friend. Parts of *Gorky Park* read as if Dostoievsky had come back from the dead to haunt us. All in all, an imaginative coup.

•

Before you quit your job and go to Hollywood with your screenplay under your arm, read Don Carpenter's novel ***Turnaround*** (Simon & Schuster). It's about Jerry Rexford, would-be screenwriter, and the people he runs into—and is run over by—as he struggles to survive in Tinseltown. There's Richard Heidelberg, the young, hot-shot producer who snorts a lot of coke and plays tough, and Alexander Hellstrom, the older and wiser movie mogul who makes the mistake of falling in love in a climate that seems not to understand what love is about. Best of all, Carpenter (author of another show-business novel, *A Couple*

83 Proof Imported by W. A. Taylor & Company, Miami, Florida

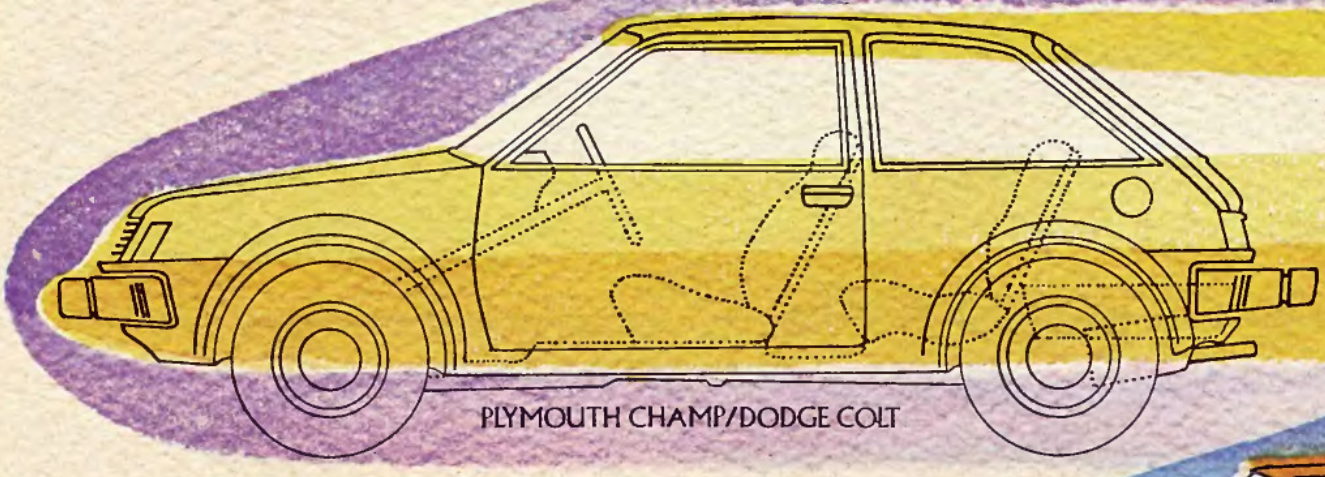
"It looks like a Tia Maria night."

Tia Maria, the delicious imported liqueur that has the golden color of a sunset. Smooth and mellow—your first taste is a glowing promise of what's to come.

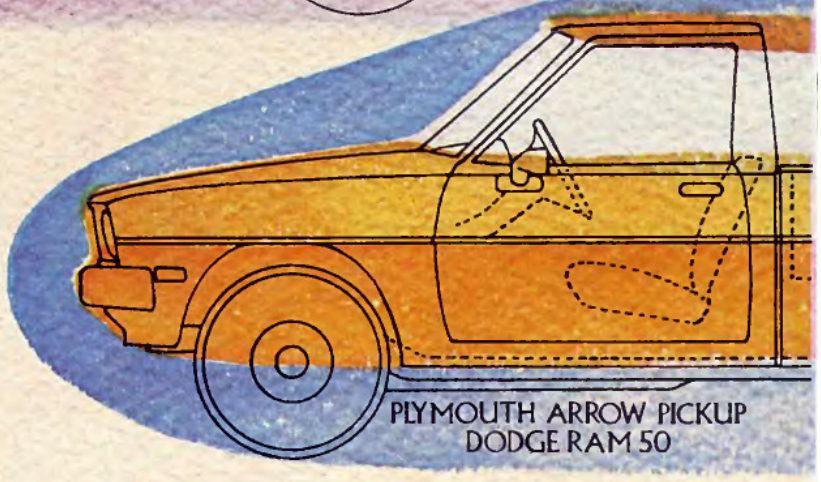
Send for tempting Tia Maria recipes, W. A. Taylor, 825 S. Bayshore Drive, Miami, Florida 33131.

MITSU

INNOVATION FROM THE INSIDE OUT.



PLYMOUTH CHAMP/DODGE COLT



PLYMOUTH ARROW PICKUP
DODGE RAM 50

Mitsubishi puts high technology to work to bring you the kinds of cars and trucks you want.

For example, Mitsubishi builds the car rated #1 in gasoline fuel economy in the size America wants most, the subcompact.

Mitsubishi also builds a peppy small pickup with plenty of power, payload *and* personal comfort.

Then, for those who want a luxury sports sedan, Mitsubishi builds one with standard high-technology luxury features not available in any other car.

No maker of cars and trucks is more aware of the practical needs of drivers in the 1980's. Yet Mitsubishi designers and engineers realize that people also want performance, handling and comfort.

At Mitsubishi, our answer is to put high technology to work—with innovation from the inside out.

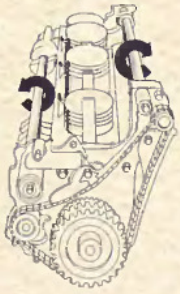
MITSUBISHI MOTORS

EXCLUSIVE MCA-JET SYSTEM

Standard on all Mitsubishi-built vehicles, this engine design features a third, or "jet," valve that injects an extra swirl of air into the combustion chamber to provide lively performance while allowing us to exceed today's tough emission standards. Nothing like it exists in any other car or truck.

EXCLUSIVE SILENT SHAFT ENGINE

Standard on Mitsubishi-built pickup truck and sports sedan, this engine features two counterbalancing shafts which rotate in opposite directions to cancel out noise and vibration inherent in conventional four-cylinder engines, for a smooth, quiet ride.

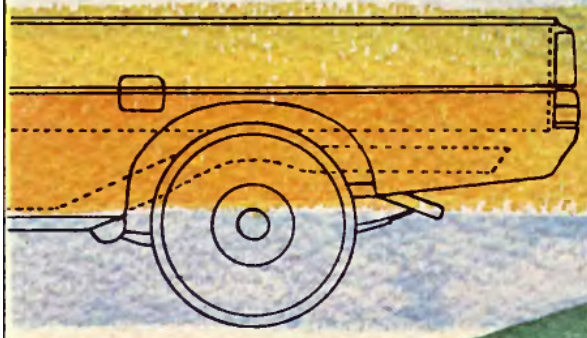


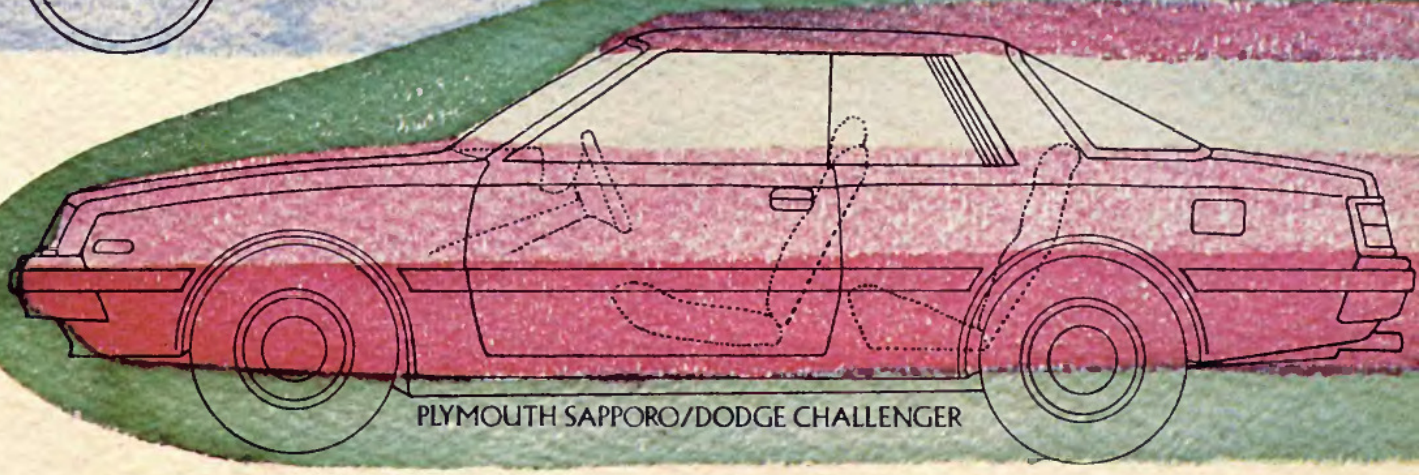
MITSUBISHI'S HIGH-TECHNOLOGY CARS AND TRUCKS.

BISHI

37 EST. MPG
50 HWY. EST.
COLT/CHAMP

1981 EPA estimates for **Dodge Colt Hatchback** and **Plymouth Champ** with 1400 cc engine and 4-speed manual transmission. Use this number for comparisons. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower than the highway estimate. California estimates are lower.





PLYMOUTH SAPPORO/DODGE CHALLENGER

© MITSUBISHI MOTORS CORPORATION 1981

SOLD AT CHRYSLER-PLYMOUTH AND DODGE DEALERSHIPS

of Comedians) writes about the people, contracts, finances, snobberies, work habits, perversions and attitudes of Hollywood with a precise, sometimes even forgiving, eye.

•

Robert Palmer's ***Deep Blues*** (Viking) is easily the most pleasing history of the blues we've seen, and not only because The Blues Brothers aren't mentioned. The writing is clear and crisp, and it's an especially human telling of the story. From its scattered African origins, changed by the daily realities of slave life on a plantation, through its almost mysterious appearance around 1900 to the driving electric urban blues of Muddy Waters, Palmer tells the story of the blues with rich detail and an emphasis on the people involved. *Deep Blues* is as much a social as a musical history, tracing the movement of a people through the perspective of the blues, and doing so with considerable success.

•

In 1977, Francine Hughes, for 13 years a battered wife, killed her husband. She pleaded temporary insanity and was acquitted. Since that celebrated case, family violence has been a frequent topic for writers; Helen Yglesias adds to the literature with her novel ***Sweetsir*** (Simon & Schuster), an account of a woman who retaliates against her abusive spouse. Yglesias could have stooped to sensationalism but, instead, has given us an intelligent portrait of a lower-middle-class couple whose lives have gone awry.

•

Love, of one kind or another, is at the center of each of the 13 tales in Laurie Colwin's new short-story collection, ***The Lone Pilgrim*** (Knopf). Colwin makes the ordinary important. Read one and you'll be back for more.

•

In the small mill town of Newland, Tennessee, five children play: two white girls, daughters of the mill owner; two white boys, sons of a mill foreman; one black boy, son of a maid. Lisa Alther, in her novel ***Original Sins*** (Knopf), takes these children from their Fifties playground through their Sixties adolescence to their Seventies young adulthood. Along the way, she neatly lays bare this Southern community and examines its indelible imprint on these five inhabitants. This novel is sometimes wildly funny, sometimes painfully serious, always totally engrossing.

•

Raymond Carver has been touted as one of the best short-story writers in America, and his new volume of 17 stories, ***What We Talk About When We Talk About Love*** (Knopf), can only reinforce that reputation. Carver's talent lies in capturing little moments in ordinary lives and giving them a meaning far beyond their surface appearance.

WOLVERINE TOUGH OUTSIDE PURE COMFORT INSIDE

The spirit of the Wolverine is uniquely expressed in these rugged boots and shoes. Sure-footed Vibram® soles let you step into the outdoors in confidence. And Wolverine® tanned natural pigskin "breathes" as you walk —letting in fresh air. You'll take the most rugged terrain in stride. And in comfort.

These Wolverines are exceptionally tough, too. Stronger, more scuff-resistant than cowhide. They're for the man who demands authentic footwear equal to the rigors of his lifestyle.

Try on a pair and see what Wolverine® quality (made in America) really means.

WOLVERINE®
Boots & Shoes

© 1981 Wolverine World Wide, Inc., Rockford, MI 49351

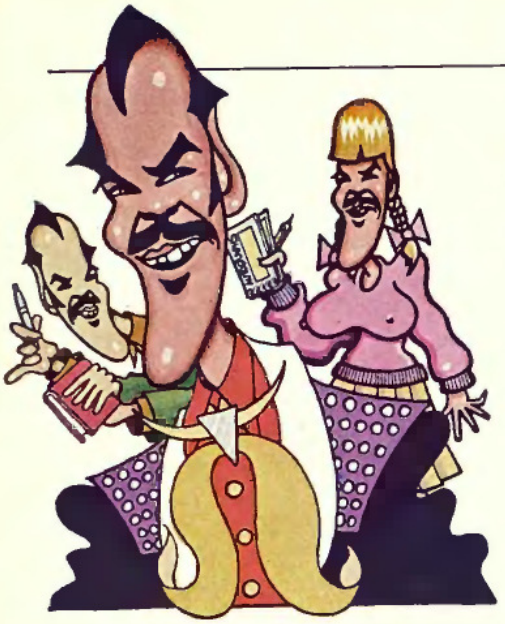
After a toast with Finlandi

IMPORTED FINLANDIA®. THE W

a Vodka, retire the glasses.

ORLD'S FINEST VODKA.™

DISTILLED FROM GRAIN, 80 AND 100 PROOF, VODKA, IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORP., N.Y., N.Y.



FAT CITY SLIM: In case you didn't know, our nation is hip-deep in something **Slim Whitman**'s fans call Whitmania. With a purry tenor vibrato that zigzags through a melody much as a crinkle cutter slices through a potato, Whitman has won the hearts and minds of America. Johnny Carson, Tom Snyder and Mike Douglas have all hosted him. High schools hold Slim Whitman Days, featuring prizes for the most Slim-like costumes. College booking agents are hot on his trail and someone's even marketing a Slim Whitman look-alike kit. He has sold more than 2,000,000 albums in just over a year. Not bad for a guy nearing retirement age.

Chances are that if Elvis Presley's financial Svengali, Colonel Tom Parker, ever stopped to think about it, he'd say Slim Whitman was the big one that got away. It was Parker, after all, who introduced the singing shipyard worker from Tampa, Florida, to RCA in 1949. Later, Slim signed with Imperial, recording several dozen albums and building an extensive catalog that was subsequently sold to United Artists. He had hits with sugary ballads, including *Indian Love Call*, *Rose Marie* and *Secret Love*. Then his corduroy intonations faded from earshot—in the U.S., that is. For some reason, his popularity in England and Australia just kept building throughout the Sixties. How quixotic, considering that the chief British export to the States then was the Beatles.

So why are Yankees suddenly eating him up like corn on the cob? It's a promotional miracle as unforeseeable as that of the Hula Hoop. Suffolk Marketing, a record merchandiser that had scored some success hawking Guy Lombardo reissues on late-night TV, noted Slim's continuing British sales and decided to pitch him in the U.S. It leased tapes from United Artists and asked Slim to lip-sync some now legendary TV spot ads for *All My Best*, a collection of old hits.

With a hairline that can't quite decide where it's receding to, a pair of front teeth you could pass a table knife between and a dazzling black suit of rhinestones and polyester, Slim was the most arresting screen image since Yoda. As record orders poured in, Cleveland radio personality Ray Hoffman started speculating (on the air) about the comings and goings of the chimerical Whitman, hinting that Slim was romantically involved with actress/hair-spray *aficionado* Rula Lenska. Meanwhile, Slim began touring America's urban satellites, eventually arriving at The Coliseum in Richfield, Ohio, for a huge concert hosted by Hoffman. The resulting Whitmania placed local record stores under siege for Slim discs. Word traveled fast to Cleveland International Records, the same folks who brought us Meat Loaf. They immediately signed Slim, who dashed off to Nashville to record *Songs I Love to Sing*, a country album that sold more than 200,000 copies; a Christmas album sold a healthy 100,000. A new album will be in the stores this summer.

What's next for Slim? Bill Catino of Cleveland International says: "We're trying to make him a serious artist, which we think he is." In fact, the record company approached Dayton television evangelist Rex Humbard about a guest appearance for Slim, who doesn't drink, smoke, perform in saloons or, incidentally, speak to writers from certain kinds of magazines. Unfortunately, the deal fell through. However, we *have* heard that Slim and Cleveland International are considering putting together a new spiritual album. Hallelujah, another American marketing miracle.

—KATE NOLAN

REVIEWS

A few years back, John Starling, a young, inventive country rocker, cut an album that he hoped to sell to Capitol Records. He had some impressive help: Emmylou Harris on backup vocals, Lowell George and Bill Payne of Little Feat in the band. The record was a gem, or so the knowing said: good singing, well-chosen songs, inventive instrumentation. But since the record company didn't buy it, its excellence was nothing but a tantalizing rumor. Lately, a tiny label called Sugar Hill has picked it up,

EARS OF THE STARS

Question: What have you been listening to lately?

GROVER WASHINGTON, JR.: 1. Steely Dan / *Gaucho*. 2. Leon Huff / *Here to Create Music*. 3. MFSB / *Mysteries of the World*. 4. Nat King Cole / *King Cole Trio*. 5. Dexter Gordon / *Gotham City*.

RICK NELSON: 1. Carl Perkins / *Boppin' the Blues*. 2. Elvis Presley / *That's Alright Mama*. 3. Elvis Presley / *My Baby Left Me*. 4. Bob Seger / *Stranger in Town*. 5. The Cretones / *Thin Red Line*.

TED NUGENT: 1. ZZ Top / *Degüello*. 2. Bruce Springsteen / *The River*. 3. Cheap Trick / *All Shook Up*. 4. Blackfoot's newest album. 5. AC/DC / *Back in Black*.

CARL WILSON: 1. Michael Jackson / *Off the Wall*. 2. The Doobie Brothers / *One Step Closer*. 3. Sailor / *Dressed for Drowning*. 4. Randy Meisner / *One More Song*. 5. Steely Dan / *Gaucho*.

How many pearls lay in our catch we had not yet ascertained. Palo seemed hopeful, but now, diving deeper, he slipped from view.

The shark warning was still fresh in my mind when suddenly a form rose swiftly toward the canoe. It was Palo. As his net broke the surface, I saw at once our expedition would not go unrewarded. There in the net rode three cold bottles of San Miguel Beer.

With feline grace and economy of motion Palo gathered himself into the canoe, pulling in the extraordinary cargo along with the weighted foot rope that had aided his descent. As I began paddling for shore, Palo drew his knife and opened us each a San Miguel, explaining how he kept a supply of this hearty beer hidden in a crevice among the rocks at considerable depth, protected and well-chilled. It was clear he knew his business.

We paddled for the island leisurely, paying scant attention to the nacreous wealth within the shells, rewarding ourselves instead with gratifying sips of San Miguel.*

**Inspired by Jules Verne's 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea.*

San Miguel

Classic beer of the Pacific.

©Imported by San Miguel International (U.S.A.)

Wolfe

TUACA. ITS TASTE HAS COME.

Tuaca is a very different liqueur. It costs a bit more but it's worth it. Imagine a big, bold brandy taste lightly laced with a subtle sweetness. Unboring. Unusual. Imported from Italy.

Tuaca. It's what's missing from your collection of liqueurs.

Tuaca. The bold but subtly sweet Italian liqueur.

70/84 PROOF IMPORTED BY CALVERT DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C., N.Y.

titled it ***Long Time Gone*** and turned the rumor into a delightful, down-home reality. For those of us who labor amid the deepening stacks of new releases, it poses a riddle. Why is it that this prize got passed over when every day's mail brings in more mindless do-do from Eddie and the Zygotes? Who's in charge here, anyway? (If your local record mart knows nothing of Sugar Hill, you can reach it at P.O. Box 4040, Duke Station, Durham, North Carolina 27706.)

•

Our nicest surprise in months came when we heard the new Garland Jeffreys album, ***Escape Artist*** (Epic). Jeffreys has been around for years on different labels, but commercial success has always managed to elude him. *Escape*, however, might be the LP that puts him on the radio and over the top. Jeffreys offers a clean blend of East Coast rock, *reggae* and British-influenced New Wave, brought to you with the help of dozens of session musicians ranging from Lou Reed and David Johansen to members of Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band and The Rumour (who have split from Graham Parker and are now backing Garland on tour). Out of 13 great new Jeffreys songs, four are on a bonus EP that comes with the album. But we think his version of ?(Question Mark) & the Mysterians' Sixties classic *96 Tears* is by itself worth the list price. With today's mother lode of hot rock coming from the U. K., *Escape Artist* gives you good reason to buy American.

•

Met any fine ladies recently? Even if you have, you'd be well advised to check out ***Billie, Ella, Lena, Sarah!*** (Columbia Jazz Odyssey). This collection features classic early recordings by Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald, Lena Horne and Sarah Vaughan of some of the songs they made famous. If hearing Billie's *The Man I Love*, Ella's *My Melancholy Baby*, Lena's *Out of Nowhere* or Sarah's *Ain't Misbehavin'* doesn't make your mouth dry and your knees weak, we suggest you take your problem to *The Playboy Advisor*.

SHORT CUTS

Aretha Franklin / *Aretha* (Arista): Rock and romance from a revitalized Ree.

Joe Sample / *Voices in the Rain* (MCA): Let's hope there isn't a Beautiful Music impresario lurking inside every good funk/jazz pianist.

Denise LaSalle and Satisfaction / *Guaranteed* (MCA): Unpretentious soul grooves that are solid and sexy.

J. J. Johnson / *Concepts in Blue* (Pablo Today): Actually, Johnson and guests Clark Terry and Ernie Watts—plus rhythm—work over, under and all around the blues.

Jacky Ward / *More!* (Mercury): More country pop. We particularly admire the "Choolie-pop-do-it-do-it" chorus on *Somethin' on the Radio*.

FAST TRACKS

WHO PUT THE BOMP IN THE BOMP SHU BOMP OEPARTMENT: Steven Halpern, a Northern California audio researcher, that's who. Halpern says he has discovered that different parts of the body respond to different pitches of sounds. The lower part of the body "feels" the low sounds, which explains why Ed Sullivan didn't allow Elvis' pelvis on TV. The middle portion of the body feels middle sounds, while the head is most affected by high pitches. Punk, for example, consists mainly of middle sounds, which vibrate through the midsection, and Halpern suspects that too much of it can lead to stomach-aches. We *always* thought so. . . .

REELING AND ROCKING: We're hearing reports that **John Travolta** will star in a film bio of the late **Jim Morrison**. . . . Plans are in the works to make a movie version of *The Pirates of Penzance* with **Linda Ronstadt**. But it could take as long as five years for us to see it. The play's producer, **Joseph Papp**, has signed a deal with **Francis Ford Coppola** that prevents the movie from being shown until the stage show completes its run. . . . *This Is Elvis!*, starring guess who, should be in the theaters any minute. The Warner Bros. film was made with the cooperation of the **Presley** estate and **Colonel Tom Parker** and includes existing film footage of actual performances with dramatic re-creations of behind-the-scenes events. . . . Country singer **Mickey Gilley**, part owner of Gilley's, the bar featured in *Urban Cowboy*, plans to write a musical about his courtroom struggles with rival mechanical-bull manufacturers. He owns the patent on the original bucker.

RANDOM RUMORS: Here's the latest on The Killer, which occurred in Providence, Rhode Island, when **Jerry Lee** failed to show for the first set of a local gig. An off-duty soldier from a nearby Army base leaped up to the stage and ripped through an entire set of vintage Lewis, backed up by the real band. By the time The Killer arrived for the second set, people were hanging around to see who could do it better, the singer or the stand-in. . . . **Debbie Harry** says she'll do a solo album with help from members of **Chic** but that **Blondie** is *not* in any danger of breaking up. . . . Are you ready for the **Heebeegeebee's**? The group's resemblance to the **Bee Gees** is said to be intentional and its first record is called *Meaningless Songs in Very High Voices*. . . . The **Beach Boys** reportedly brought down the roof in Salina, Kansas—literally. The crowd was so enthusiastic that ceiling material and lighting fixtures in Salina's Bicentennial Center fell. . . . We hear that *Billboard* bought *Musician: Player & Listener* magazine for more than $2,000,000. . . . The new **Todd Rundgren** album will be solo in every sense of the word. *Healing* features Rundgren on all instruments, singing the vocals of songs he wrote himself. He even shot the front-cover self-portrait. It's due out later this year.

NEWSBREAKS: A Toronto record store, Rena's Rent-a-Record, has initiated a policy of *renting* albums to customers for a 36-hour period at $2.50 per record. Some record companies are opposed to the concept because of its potential adverse effect on sales, but the store's proprietor, **David Nancoff**, has received enough inquiries that he has sold three franchises. . . . A Gallup survey named **Queen** the most popular group in America. . . . Rhythm guitarist for **The Dead, Bob Weir**, has formed a rock band, **Bobby and the Midnites**, which he'll work with when he's not recording with The Dead. . . . **Marsha Hunt**, who successfully sued **Mick Jagger** for child support for their daughter, has formed a group called **Marsha and the Vendettas**. . . . A London label, Charly Records, has released a long-out-of-print **Beatles** promotional album featuring interviews with the group during its second U. S. tour. . . . And, finally, **Julian Lennon** will play drums with **Yoko** in a recording studio later this year. —BARBARA NELLIS

☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: We'll be seeing a lot more of **Neil Simon**'s work onscreen soon if plans by 20th Century-Fox jell. On the list of 1981 film projects for the studio are no fewer than three Simon scripts: *I Ought to Be in Pictures*, starring **Walter Matthau** and **Dinah Manoff**; *Max Dugan Returns*, with **Marsha Mason** in the story of a schoolteacher struggling to raise a child; and *The Curse of Kulyenchikov*, about a town in which all the inhabitants are cursed with utter stupidity. Also on Fox's agenda: *Modern Problems*, a comedy about an air-traffic controller who suddenly develops telekinesis, starring **Chevy Chase** and **Patti D'Arbanville**; *The King of Comedy*, with **Robert DeNiro** and **Jerry Lewis** under the direction of **Martin Scorsese**; *Making Love*, featuring **Michael Ontkean**, **Kate Jackson** and **Harry Hamlin** in the story of a woman whose husband is cheating—with another man; *Taps*, with **Timothy Hutton** in the account of a take-

Mason

Hutton

over by students at a military academy; *Charmed Lives*, based on the **Michael Korda** best seller, with **Nicholas Meyer** set to write and direct; and *The Scout*, the story of a down-and-out baseball scout starring **Peter Falk**. . . . So much for movies. CBS has announced some of the series pilots it will order for the fall season. They are: *Big Bend Country*, a period piece set in Tennessee after the Civil War; *Quarrel*, a spy program about a State Department courier; *Moonlight*, a comedy involving a delivery boy who's recruited by a special intelligence network; and *San Francisco Cop*, about a single father who is a policeman. The feeling at CBS is that those shows, and others in its roster, will satisfy new feelings in America caused by social and political changes of the past few years.

•

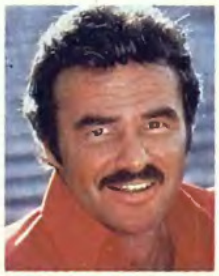
MOVIOLA: If anything can save an ailing United Artists, it's the *National Lampoon*. The *Lampoon*'s first feature since *Animal House* will be under the U.A. banner this time (*Animal House* was for Universal). The *NatLamp* editorial staff has put together *National Lampoon Goes to the Movies* and, not unlike *The Kentucky Fried Movie*, it's a parody of film genres, four in all. Considering inflation at the box office, getting four

Benson Widmark

films for the price of one isn't a bad deal. Anyway, the first is *The Municipalians*, a satire of Wambaugh-type cop films, starring **Robby Benson** as the idealistic cop and **Richard Widmark** as the tough cop. They pursue a psychotic killer (**Christopher Lloyd**) who has murdered a series of women to get back at a bank that turned him down for a vacation loan. The second is *Growing Yourself*, a send-up of the *Kramer vs. Kramer* genre in which a husband (**Peter Riegert**) decides that his wife (**Candy Clark**) should leave him and have a career so they can both find out who they really are. Third is a parody of the **Jacqueline Susann/Harold Robbins** films. Titled *The Success Wanters*, it's the story of beautiful Dominique Corsaire (**Ann Dusenberry**), who arrives jobless and dreamy-eyed in New York City, ends up a millionairess and has an affair with the President of the United States (**Fred Willard**) *and his wife*. Last is *The Bomb*, a tongue-in-cheek disaster epic about a group of terrorists who hide an atomic bomb in a ballet theater that has only one exit. Directed by **Henry** (*Sitting Ducks*) **Jaglom** and **Bob Giraldi**, formerly a commercial director, the film was shot in record time by two crews to make an early summer release possible. I'm told there'll be plenty of surprise cameo appearances.

•

Not since *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* has such a star-studded cast been assembled for a film. **Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, Farrah Fawcett, Roger Moore, Sammy**



Reynolds

Jogger

Davis Jr., Dean Martin, Bianca Jagger, Jamie Farr, Terry Bradshaw, Mel Tillis, Adrienne Barbeau and **Valerie Perrine** all appear in *The Cannonball Run*, directed by **Hal Needham**. Reynolds plays J. J. McClure, a man obsessed with winning a wild and chaotic cross-country dash called The Cannonball—a race without rules, regulations or even a prize for the winners; the thrill and reward lie in the victory itself. J.J. and his partner, Victor (DeLuise), decide the best way to make time and avoid cops is to travel in a vehicle that is above the law—an ambulance. Farrah is Pamela Glover, a tree lover who is catapulted from a sedate Friends of Nature meeting to unwilling participation as their beautiful patient. Davis and Martin disguise themselves as priests to avoid the law; Farr plays an Arab sheik driving a white Rolls with his sister (Jagger); Bradshaw and Tillis are two good ol' boys driving a red stock car; and Perrine plays a highway-patrol officer. Since Needham directs, we can expect an abundance of death-defying stunts. Release is set for July.

•

NORTH OF EDEN: Although **Raquel Welch** is currently in litigation against MGM over her release from the production of *Cannery Row*, the filming has continued—with **Debra** (*Urban Cowboy*) **Winger** co-starring with **Nick Nolte**. The movie re-creates **John Steinbeck**'s Cannery Row

Nolte

Winger

area in the Forties, when it was a waterfront haven for derelicts and dreamers. The story's focal point is the love affair between two of the most interesting characters ever to inhabit Steinbeck's fiction—Doc (Nolte), an eccentric marine biologist, and Suzy (Winger), a young drifter rescued by Doc from the bawdy-house where she is a newcomer. The film reunites producer **Michael Phillips** and writer-director **David S. Ward** for the first time since their Academy Award collaboration in *The Sting*. The script, written by Ward (who also directs), actually combines the original novel with its 1954 sequel, *Sweet Thursday*. "*Cannery Row* has been a favorite book since high school," says Ward. "I reread it every couple of years to recharge my idealism and belief in humanity. Steinbeck once wrote that 'In life, if you're not defeated, you win.' There are no real losers in *Cannery Row*." The flick is set for a fall release. —JOHN BLUMENTHAL

©1981 Volkswagen of America

Better get to a Volkswagen dealer like quicksilver. We're celebrating 25 years of being Volkswagen in America. In this festive mood, we're offering silver anniversary prices and deals on all our silver anniversary Volkswagens. Rabbit. Dasher. Scirocco. Jetta. Vanagon. And our super sporty Pickup. What a time to buy a Volkswagen. The price of silver may never be better.

VOLKSWAGEN CELEBRATES 25 YEARS OF BEING VOLKSWAGEN IN AMERICA.

Roam the world with ease

Now MasterCard™ Travelers Cheques.

Now a Travelers Cheque
bears the MasterCard symbol.
Respected, recognized and accepted the
world over. Refundable and replaceable
twenty-four hours a day, so you can travel
truly care-free.
Next trip, roam the world with ease, with the wind
at your back. Ask for MasterCard Travelers Cheques.
Next trip,
Run With the Wind.

SKI RESORTS SANS SNOW

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

Who says you can't have a ball off the slopes in summer?

THE FIRST FLASH of recognition came last June, at the end of a hairpin turn outside Aspen, near the top of Independence Pass, 12,000 feet up. Snow still cloaked the highest mountain cols and the thin, fresh air made a Rocky Mountain high more than just a song title. The scenery was as staggering as only mountaintop vistas can be; and the flash was that somebody in the neighborhood was really nuts.

The misguided were those who arbitrarily labeled summertime in Colorado off-season and those who did the same in neighboring ski areas stretching from New Mexico to Montana. Ditto back East in Vermont and New Hampshire. It seemed clear the local rate makers had not looked out the window recently.

The most dramatic price differentials—and most striking summer vacation values—exist in the mountains of Colorado. Back in the days after the miners and homesteaders had left, the area enjoyed considerable reputation as a summer vacationland, and that appeal stayed pretty constant through the early part of this century. It was only in the late Thirties that the invention of uphill tows began Colorado's genesis as a major-league wintertime destination and summer somehow took a back seat.

So the recognition of Colorado as a superb summer stopping place has been pushed onto a back burner. Nevertheless, virtually every permanent resident living near one of the nearly three dozen major ski areas scattered through the Colorado peaks and valleys knows better. They will tell you straight out that while they came to the mountains for the extraordinary skiing, they've stayed on for summer's special appeal.

Still, the off-season designation serves warm-weather visitors very well, indeed, since the best of Colorado's mountain resorts are available at bargain rates.

At ultraswank Keystone (the major resort nearest Denver), a studio apartment in summer costs only $69 per night for two, compared with $92 last winter. That's a 25 percent saving.

The lure is more than low cost, however, since Keystone offers virtually every conceivable summer sports activity in abundance. The same mountains that are magnets for skiers in winter offer top terrain for hikers, climbers, picnickers and even those who just like to ride the ski lifts to a nearby peak to look out onto the Colorado landscape.

In addition, there's a fine John Gardiner tennis complex, with both indoor and outdoor courts, and some of the best tennis instruction anywhere. There's swimming on Keystone's own man-made lake and in its heated pools. There are also varying levels of raft trips—from sedentary-style excursions on a serene stretch of the Colorado River to more challenging (read damned dangerous) rides on the far rougher Arkansas. Keystone's own stables offer trail rides through the pine-covered Rocky Mountainsides, and the new Keystone Ranch golf course combines the best elements of mountain, meadow and links play.

Similarly, the village of Vail has a full summer program of sports and cultural activities, with room rates 40 to 50 percent below winter prices. In addition to golf on two first-class courses, there's tennis at more than 50 municipal and private courts, hiking, biking, rafting and a series of Saturday-night concerts featuring jazz, rock and classical music. For culture buffs, Colorado Mountain College offers a series of workshops in everything from drawing and photography to sculpture and jewelry making. There's even instruction in *haute cuisine* at the Jean Cuisine Cooking School.

No Colorado valley is more active in summer than Aspen. This classy community of restored Victorian houses also includes a bunch of $2,000,000-a-copy condominiums that shriek with the chic of Beverly Hills. So the over-all ambience includes traces of campus naïveté, Scarsdale stuffiness and some partying worthy of Gomorrah.

In summer, the Aspen Music Festival—June 26 to August 23, 1981, will mark its 32nd incarnation—brings some of the world's greatest concert artists to town. The world-renowned Aspen Institute sponsors writers' conferences, playwrights' workshops, ballet performances and symposia all summer.

Spectacular scenery surrounds the valley that stretches from Aspen to Snowmass, which contains virtually every summer sport except surfing. Snowmass even hosts a series of colorful hot-air-balloon races, and to tell the truth, just riding back and forth over Independence Pass is enough reason to visit Aspen and environs in summer. Again, accommodations are available at about half the winter tariffs.

Although the Colorado price appeal is not matched in Vermont—summer and winter rates are virtually equal—the scenery, sports and relatively small crowds are attractive. At Mount Snow in West Dover, Snow Lake Lodge becomes a kind of mid-mountain country club, as the focus turns to golf and tennis. The Mount Snow Playhouse offers a straw-hat repertoire for eight weeks.

Killington, which legitimately calls itself a four-season resort, offers both two- and five-day tennis instructional plans very similar to the local ski-school techniques. From July third to August 23, accommodations, instruction and use of courts during non–school hours costs $170 per person, double occupancy, for a two-day package. A five-day package, which runs from Monday through Friday, costs $415.

Vermont's chic Sugarbush ski area also calls itself the "soaring capital of the East." A separate sports center offers swimming, racquetball, squash, tennis.

Stratton Mountain probably has the most intense summer sports program of any resort in the Green Mountains. All three inns at the base of the mountain, Birkenhaus, Liftline Lodge and Stratton Mountain Inn, have golf packages. One special deal at Liftline is as low as $44.44 per person per day, double occupancy, and it applies to any three consecutive days from May 26 to September 15.

In addition, the John Newcombe Tennis Center operates from June through September. There are also horses for hire and both English and Western riding lessons. The New Life Health Spa offers weekend and five-day exercise programs that concentrate on body awareness and good nutrition. Winter and summer rates at Stratton's inns and lodges are virtually identical.

That's a sampling. Once you've tried it, you may even return in winter.

Now. Natural taste in Amaretto. Imported. Delicious.

Bravo Leroux!

The whole world is falling in love with amaretto and Leroux Imported Amaretto is winning *Bravos* wherever it's tasted. For its delicious flavor. For its handsome decanter bottle. Like all fine Leroux Liqueurs, it's made with only the finest ingredients and flavor so natural you'll think it's just off the tree.

Once you've tasted Leroux, no other liqueurs will do.

Leroux International Liqueurs

More than 40 superb liqueurs with great natural taste. 56 proof. For free recipes, write General Wine and Spirits, Box 1645 FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

A couple of guys at the office came up with a question that we think is a natural for the *Advisor*. Simply stated: If you were on your way home from work with only $15 and were planning to spend that money on a date, how would you spend it for maximum effect?—T. H., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

We discussed a similar question at a recent articles meeting. If you were given $5000 and told to furnish an apartment, what would you do? Does the guy who spends $5000 on a stereo and sleeps on a straw mattress have better luck with women than the guy who spends the money on an antique brass bed, mirrors, whips and chains? We decided that the guy who bought the stereo had the better deal—at least if he wasn't getting laid, he could still enjoy the stereo. The same thing applies to the economics of dating. Spend the money on items that say something about yourself: Buy a bottle of wine and two copies of a James Clavell paperback. Take along the latest Bruce Springsteen album. Or convert your cash into quarters and head for the nearest Space Invaders machine. Try for the double bill at the Bijou. A person is always more interesting when he is having fun. Of course, the next step is spending your money wisely—on the things you've learned interest your date. Special gifts: the collected works of her favorite poet. Batteries for her vibrator. Like that.

Having finally decided to tie the knot with my girlfriend, I would like to preserve the occasion for posterity either on movie film or on video tape. Which would be the better system for that use? I think it might be a kick for our children to see our marriage ceremony.—R. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Your descendants will be a lot happier with video tape. Color film deteriorates after a few years. You'll end up looking like a character in a "Late, Late" movie in a short time. Video tape should last much longer than film and if you store it properly, the quality will be the same as new 15 or 20 years from now. Just put it in a cool, dry place, standing on its end, with the full reel on top (to reduce tension on the strand between the reels). After that, all you have to do is produce the descendants, a subject we've covered in previous "Advisors."

For the past few months, I have been involved with a terrific guy. The sex has been sensitive and astonishing, or so I thought. The other night, my lover rolled over and said that he had grown tired of "making love," that for once in

his life he wanted to be made love to. I wasn't aware that I had been doing anything wrong. What's more, I had no idea of what he wanted me to do. What do you think of that situation?—Miss C. W., San Francisco, California.

You are in the front lines of the sexual revolution. Nowadays, men are starting to question the sex roles that make them totally responsible for the sex act—from initiation to culmination. Women's lib has created a generation of what Michael Castleman calls "delivery boys." In "Sexual Solutions," he writes: "Some men become so wrapped up in giving their lovers pleasure that they lose touch with their own sexual needs. Ignoring one's own needs can result in the same frustrations and sex problems that develop from ignoring a lover's needs." It's an interesting reversal, and long overdue. For years, men have asked, "What is it that women want?" Now that the roles are reversed, don't expect a clear answer. We doubt that men have had the time to give their own needs a whole lot of thought. Don't be surprised if your first attempts at communication are clumsy. You might want to read Castleman's book for pointers. You can order "Sexual Solutions" from Self-Care Associates, P.O. Box 161, Boulder Creek, California 95006, for $14.45.

I'll be beginning a new job in the fall that requires that I wear a suit. With the cost of suits so high these days, I'm wondering if I can get away with a couple of those convertible suits (five outfits in one suit), at least until I find out whether I like the job or not.—R. B., New York, New York.

To paraphrase an old friend of ours: You could do it; it would be wrong, but you could do it. The fact is, convertible suits end up looking like . . . well, convertible suits. No one is going to be fooled into believing you have a complete wardrobe. The ideal situation is to have at least ten suits, five winter and five summer. That will allow you to wear a suit one day a week and then let it rest for a week. That rest is important to let the fibers rejuvenate themselves, eliminating set-in creases and dispelling body odors. It will also make cleaning easier. Once or twice a season should be sufficient, barring rude pigeons, of course. Do yourself a favor and make the investment. Studies have shown that well-dressed people work better and feel better. You'll also benefit from the increased respect people show to those who look as though they care about their appearance.

About a year ago, I tried anal intercourse for the first time, liked it and have been fairly heavily into it ever since as part of the variety I like in my sex life. I wasn't a total stranger to the sensation. I'm lucky in having a doctor with whom I can talk frankly, and during a physical, I asked him about anal intercourse. He said there's nothing wrong with it, if both partners are willing, and that all I had to remember was to wash my partner off afterward if we also intended to have vaginal intercourse. He also suggested using a lubricant, which I did the first few times. But I've learned that most times it's not necessary unless a guy has an unusually thick penis, and then saliva works fine. Recently, at a wedding shower for one of my friends, the conversation got into some fairly private aspects of sex. Of the 14 girls there, nine of us had tried anal intercourse. Those of us who had done it agreed that it's a marvelous variation and that there's no other feeling quite like it. The problem is that a lot of guys are really reluctant to try it. I've been with some who have been outstanding lovers in every other way but who simply wouldn't try anal intercourse. I think most of the myths about it have been dispelled as far as women are concerned, but for some reason, the men in our lives are still playing by obsolete rules. All of the guys I've done it with have really liked it once they got started, but sometimes getting a guy to do it is almost more trouble than it's worth. Perhaps you can say something

Stress can rob you of vitamins

What is stress?

Severe injury or infection, physical overwork, too many martini lunches, fad dieting—any condition that places an unusual demand upon your body constitutes stress and may cause B and C vitamin depletion, if the diet is inadequate.

Vitamins the body can't store.

Your body absorbs two kinds of vitamins from the food you eat: fat-soluble and water-soluble. Substantial reserves of the fat-soluble vitamins are accumulated in body tissues. But this is not true of most of the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C. They should be replaced every day.

When your vitamin needs are increased by stress, your body may use up more B and C vitamins than your usual diet can provide. When that stress is prolonged, a vitamin deficiency can develop.

STRESSTABS® 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins can help.

STRESSTABS® 600 has a single purpose: to help you avoid a B-complex and C vitamin deficiency. With 600 mg of vitamin C, and B-complex vitamins, high potency STRESSTABS® 600 can help restore your daily supply of these important vitamins.

STRESSTABS® 600 also contains the U.S. Recommended Daily Allowance of vitamin E.

A stress formula to meet a woman's need for iron.

STRESSTABS® 600 with Iron combines the basic STRESSTABS formula with 150% of the Recommended Daily Allowance of iron, plus folic acid and more B_6, to help satisfy the special nutritional needs of many young women.

STRESSTABS® 600 with Zinc.

Because zinc requirements have also been found to increase during various forms of stress, it has recently been concluded that there are times when your body may need more zinc.

STRESSTABS® by Lederle. The Stress Formula Vitamins preferred by physicians.

Doctors have relied upon the quality of Lederle medicines, vaccines and research for over 70 years.

Today, that same quality goes into STRESSTABS,® recommended by doctors more often than any other stress formulas.

Look for the Lederle mark on every STRESSTABS® package. If it doesn't say Lederle, it's not STRESSTABS.®

© 1981, Lederle Laboratories

to your male readers that will help them past their shyness and maybe give females who enjoy it some tips on getting our guys to at least try it.—Miss J. M., Rockford, Illinois.

What are you doing next Friday night? Never mind. Your problem stems from one of society's most ridiculous taboos: Women talk with women about sex (witness your bridal shower) but never bother to convey their curiosity to men. How did you initiate the conversation with your female friends? Try the same tactic with your next date. You might say you read this great letter in "The Playboy Advisor" about anal sex. What does he think of it? You may be surprised at his response. We have learned this about sex talk: The greater the detail, the greater the sex.

I do a lot of freeway driving in all kinds of weather and I have a hell of a problem with hydroplaning. All it takes is a light drizzle and my car seems to lift right off the road. This is disconcerting at least, and at worst dangerous. I have heard of a process that cuts slits in your tires to reduce hydroplaning. Would it be a good bet for me?—L. R., Santa Barbara, California.

Before cutting up your tires, try a less drastic solution. Radial tires, especially all-season radials, for instance. They're much better on rain-soaked roads than bias-ply tires. The process you mention is called siping and involves cutting slits (sipes or microsipes) in the tread to supplement the ones that are already there. That has been known to increase adhesion by as much as 64 percent. But the process is controversial, because it can weaken the tire tread, causing chunking at high speeds or reducing the stability of the tire itself. Knowing the dangers, it's pretty much up to you to decide whether siping or hydroplaning is the worse evil.

My husband enjoys attending porno movies but does not like to take me along. Since I also enjoy sexual titillation, I decided to see one on my own. I dressed conservatively, entered the theater early, sat quietly in the back and left before the ending, in order not to disturb the male customers. The theater was very dark, but I assume that I was the only female viewer. I enjoyed the film. I was mildly excited at the time. I was very excited when I returned home. I masturbated. I had a terrific orgasm. I was very satisfied and happy. I'd like to do this more often. But I don't want to make the male customers in the theater uncomfortable. How *do* men feel about women's attending what is primarily a male event?—Mrs. L. M., Richmond, Virginia.

We wouldn't worry about disturbing the male customers: Their attention is on the screen, not on the audience. We think you should tell your husband about your adventure and your response. We have noticed that women often experience a delayed reaction to viewing erotica. It is not until they are safe at home that they let their imaginations roam. So be it. Too many husbands view their wives as nonsexual beings. You should try to share this side of yourself. It's possible that your husband uses the films as an escape—in which case your presence might be felt as an intrusion. If you don't want to go out, save your money and buy your husband a video deck. Most of the best erotic films are available on cassettes.

It was an expensive deal, but I finally got an AM/FM cassette car stereo system I can be proud of. Now the question is, how do I keep it that way? I know the usual procedure for maintaining home stereo equipment, but is there anything special I should do for my auto hookup?—L. S., Duluth, Minnesota.

The simplest answer we can give is this: Anything you would do for your home stereo, do it twice for your car outfit. If you wanted to go out and find the worst possible environment for that kind of electronic equipment, you couldn't do better than the average car. The temperature extremes alone may be enough to damage both hardware and software. When you add the forced-air systems that blow dust and dirt into and onto your system, it's a wonder the little marvels work at all. There's not much you can do about the first problem; cars get very hot and very cold. It's a good idea to use the radio until both tape machine and tapes warm up. Your tape machine will not work as well cold as it does warm and tapes can crack or stretch at temperature extremes. Don't leave a half-played tape in your machine; they have a tendency to conform to whatever position they're left in. Instead, play them through and store them in an airtight box. (Tapes should never be stored tightly wound, as happens on fast-forward or rewind, since that increases the tension on them.) If possible, don't play a tape with the windows open. The debris flying around will surely be sucked into the machine, damaging the mechanics and causing head abrasion. Demagnetizing heads is a must. Six hours of play time is plenty before demagnetizing. Head cleaning cannot be done too frequently, either. If you have rear-mounted speakers, be careful how you close the trunk. Avoid slamming it, as the air rush can cause the speaker cones on the rear deck to hyperextend. Finally, watch the volume. The horns on your favorite piece aren't as important as the horns on other cars.

If a chick makes a date for Sunday afternoon with a guy but still has a guy left over from Saturday night, should she cancel the Sunday-afternoon date, send the Saturday-night date packing, make it a threesome or what? I realize the ultimate answer depends a lot on personal factors, but I would like your thoughts on the matter. I was Sunday afternoon; and even though the lady in question had not promised anything, I felt kind of burned. After some thought, I decided the guy wasn't serious competition and that the chick wasn't worth it—she was a rather shallow sorority chick as opposed to the hard-driving businesswoman I'd expected. Ended up saving time and money and even had a good conversation with the guy. What do you think of the woman's behavior?—T. S., Houston, Texas.

Obviously, this woman will never make it as an air-traffic controller. She must read Cosmopolitan *magazine. It recently conducted a survey of readers and found that 47.4 percent had gone to bed with more than one man in the same 24-hour period. We can't really say what that statistic means—it was the first time that question had been asked, and we know of no comparable study of men. However, chances are you will meet other women who juggle relationships. Our rule: Anything goes as long as it does not intrude on your time together. We draw the line at a woman who calls another man while we are making love. At least we draw the line unless we are terminally horny. Ethics are so flexible these days.*

My girlfriend has the disconcerting habit of losing consciousness at the climax of sex. It's really starting to worry me. Is that a symptom of some kind of health problem?—D. B., Dallas, Texas.

Maybe it's your technique. Actually, there is nothing to worry about. Sex therapist Avodah K. Offit describes this reaction: "Just as a penis fills, so a woman's pelvis fills. Her vagina engorges; her large lips fill their venous plexuses; the uterus may grow to twice its size because of all the blood in it. Climax expels immense amounts of blood from the pelvic plexuses. The literal amount of fluid that moves in and out of the orgasmic pool is enough, in some cases, to deprive women of consciousness, the same way that fainting does." The tide is high, so hold on.

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.

SX-70 AutoFocus without strobe also included in offer

These Time-Zero cameras not only focus themselves, they give you the time of day.

Free.

Just send us a dollar to cover the cost of handling and we'll send you a Texas Instruments digital chronograph by return mail. It's part of the bargain when you buy the Time-Zero SX-70 AutoFocus, Time-Zero Pronto AutoFocus or one of the "plus" models with strobe.

They're all incredible cameras with advanced electronic circuitry and Polaroid's exclusive Sonar automatic focusing. And all of them use new Time-Zero Supercolor film. So you get precisely focused, Time-Zero Supercolor pictures every time.

And the Texas Instruments digital chronograph is an equally ingenious technical marvel in its own right. It will keep time in 2 zones, includes a stopwatch with automatic continuation, interior illumination, nighttime viewing and accuracy up to 1/100 of a second. Plus day, date and year readouts.

Just send the dated sales receipt, customer registration card, a coupon from your participating dealer and one dollar for handling to this address: Polaroid Chronograph Offer, P.O. Box 2814, Reidsville, N.C. 27322.

Polaroid

© 1981 Polaroid Corp. Polaroid, SX-70, Pronto and Time-Zero • Limit one digital chronograph per family. Camera must be purchased before June 30, 1981 and response postmarked no later than July 31, 1981.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SMUT SURVEY

Recently, I received an envelope in the mail that was boldly marked SEXUALLY ORIENTED AD. It came from a company called Psychological Interviewing Systems that claims to be taking a nationwide opinion survey on pornography. As the enclosed brochure says, "If you agree to participate in this survey, you will be sent a series of exhibits and questionnaires. The exhibits you will receive include explicit pornographic materials, including filmed acts of sexual intercourse and deviate sexual behavior. . . . The success of this survey depends on your willingness to respond, no matter what your attitude toward pornography might be."

There were eight sections to the survey, each one covering a different kind of bizarre sex (section five, for example, is called "Sex Acts Between Humans and Animals"). A letter from the director of research says, "Please view *all* of these materials, even if you find some of them personally distasteful. You will be doing a great service to us, and possibly to your own community."

I'm confused. How can looking at distasteful pornography help the community? Is it possible that this is some kind of entrapment effort (putting SEXUALLY ORIENTED AD on the envelope to get the post office's attention)?

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

Not entrapment but certainly a fine scam. Note, in the small print, that you have to pay five bucks for each "pornographic exhibit" you choose to evaluate in helping "document America's true attitude toward pornography today." At last, the wicked smut peddlers have figured out an ingenious ploy that will permit the Falwellians to have their porn and hate it, too.

PAPAL FIXATION

In the unlikely event that no one has noticed, let me point out that Pope John Paul II has been displaying something of a fixation on sex. I've followed this only through articles in the newspapers and weekly news magazines and can't give you a complete rundown, but it seems as though every time the Pope makes a major pronouncement, it concerns lust, priestly celibacy, con-something-or-other that evidently refers to sex acts or sexuality [concupiscence; it means to desire ardently] and, most recently—and what prompts this letter—is the papal pronouncement that humans properly feel a sense of shame concerning their sexual organs. I love the newspaper headline on that one: "POPE JOHN PAUL LINKS SHAME OF SEX ORGANS WITH HOLINESS."

He quotes Saint Paul as stating, "The parts of the body that seem to be weaker are indispensable and those parts of the body we think less honorable we invest with the greatest honor." I find that a little confusing, but the Pope explains it as reflecting "the sense of shame felt by mankind since the loss of original innocence and the subjection to concupiscence, particularly to the lust of the flesh." I also find his explanation a little confusing, but I submit that, even with his preoccupation with sex, John Paul II is a *fun* Pope. And a lot less dangerous than His Righteousness Jerry Falwell.

Larry Richardson
San Francisco, California

Confusing is right. Maybe our "Forum Follies" essay on page 64 will help.

"These are threatening times to citizens who believe in the rights of individuals."

BUTTON, BUTTON

Here in Denver, the Catholic archdiocese has been running a cartoon advertisement (similar to the old Charles Atlas ads) that says, "Not ready for sex? Say it with a NO button. Write to Debby c/o WIN," etc. Now it's sending out press releases to the national media claiming that half the local high school kids are wearing those NO buttons. I don't believe it (remember Jerry Ford's WIN buttons?), but, just in case it's true, I have developed a series of four simple questions that a Denver boy might want to ask a Denver girl wearing one of the buttons:

1. Are you a virgin?
2. Do you believe in confining relationships?
3. Is there any sort of sexual activity you find distasteful?
4. Are your mom and dad going to be home tonight?

After getting a negative response to each of those questions, the boy then would give the button a quick 180-degree turn and—*voilà!*—the NO button magically becomes an ON button!

(Name withheld by request)
Denver, Colorado

You're a clever rascal, you are.

ABORTION ATTACK

The freedom to choose a legal abortion is under fire by a minority of self-styled moralists throughout the country. As an obstetrician and gynecologist in active practice who performs pregnancy terminations and who, in addition, was a successful candidate for political office, I received a double-barreled attack.

During the fall of 1980, numerous ob-gyn physicians in San Diego County began to receive hate mail from anonymous sources. Most of it was addressed with the word abortionist across the top. The letters usually contained derogatory remarks about the physician's earning money by pregnancy terminations or contained pro-life propaganda.

During the past political campaign, the antichoice moralists were even more active. I was a candidate for the city council of Poway. On the evening prior to the election, members of the San Diego Right-to-Life Political Action Committee distributed a flier in which I was compared to Ku Klux Klan candidate Tom Metzger and called a "socioeconomic hatchet man . . . who actually takes human lives with his own

hands." Fortunately, much of that hate literature was collected before it received widespread distribution. I went on to win one of the five council seats, coming in second in a field of 28.

Clearly, these are threatening times to citizens who believe in the rights of individuals to make their own personal decisions. I shudder at the thought of returning to the dark days before the Supreme Court decision of 1973, when women died by the thousands after illegal or self-induced abortions, and when all couples lived with a real fear of unwanted pregnancy. I'm sure PLAYBOY, which has championed the cause of personal moral freedoms, will become deeply involved in the fight to retain a woman's right to a legal and safe pregnancy termination.

Bruce J. Tarzy, M.D.
San Diego, California

PLAYBOY's position on abortion has always seemed to me to be properly conservative and eminently reasonable, asking only that the decision be left entirely to the woman and her doctor, with no interference from the state. Let personal conscience and medical science be the only considerations. In fact, there are strong arguments to be made favoring, and even encouraging, abortion as a sensible alternative to the cultural destruction that this country faces from mounting numbers of unwanted children being born to women who are impoverished or unmarried, or both, but I would rather deal with that problem than with the threat of even an enlightened Government that sought to deny the most ill-equipped and unworthy woman the choice of whether or not to bear a child. That kind of social planning would spell the end of the personal freedom that the anti-abortionists themselves seem so determined to deny to individuals for entirely different reasons, but with even worse social effects. In the absence of religious doctrine, the people who so oppose abortion now would see their social and cultural interests best served by making it mandatory. The anti-abortionist who is capable of dispassionate logical thought must confront a terrible dilemma, realizing that the vast majority of those innocent unborn lives will ultimately and statistically become the destroyers of his country and the culture he holds dear.

(Name withheld by request)
Atlanta, Georgia

VETS VS. HOSTAGES

When the hostages returned from Iran in January, accompanied by military salutes, parties, parades and about a million yards of yellow ribbon, one dissenting group raised its voice: the Vietnam veterans, who stood, once again, on the side lines, looking grim.

Their complaint—that they received

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BRIDES AND GROOM

RIO DE JANEIRO—*A long-planned wedding ceremony with 250 guests was thrown into chaos when a woman in the last stages of pregnancy stepped forward and announced that she and the bridegroom had been living together for the past ten years. While a*

brawl ensued between the families of the bride and the groom, the pregnant woman went into labor and was rushed to a hospital, where she delivered a baby boy. Police managed to quell the fighting and the bride said she still wished to be married, but the local priest refused to perform the ceremony.

STAMPING OUT SIN

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON—*The Washington state library system has refused to disclose to the Moral Majority the names of public schools or school employees who check out a 21-minute film titled "Achieving Sexual Maturity." The state's M.M. director, Michael Farris, said he wants the information to document for state legislators the widespread use of the film and to campaign for a law requiring that parents be given a chance to preview such material before it is shown to students. Farris acknowledged that the movie did not depict sexual intercourse but insisted it was pornographic "in the context of a high school."*

Meanwhile, Senator Jeremiah Joyce is promoting a bill in the Illinois legislature that would make librarians subject to criminal prosecution under state obscenity laws for allowing a minor to check out material legally found to be harmful. Present law exempts librarians from criminal charges stemming from books merely passing through their hands in the course of library business.

Elsewhere:

- *The Moral Majority of California has announced it will join the national Coalition for Better Television in a campaign to clean up sex and violence on prime-time TV. The groups intend to tally up offensive incidents that appear on the tube over a period of three months and then go after program sponsors by listing them in print-outs sent to "fundamentally millions" of coalition members and supporters. That tactic was described as neither censorship nor black-listing but as militant "promoral" consumerism.*
- *In Salt Lake City, Western Airlines and airport authorities have been under strong pressure to remove a large mural by a prominent Utah artist depicting two stylized nudes and a bird in flight. A member of Citizens for True Freedom declared the painting "repulsive" and suggested it could cause impressionable teenagers and certain psychiatric patients to "get so excited they'd go out and kill or rape." The director of the Utah Museum of Fine Arts called that "absurd," but an airlines spokesman said the company was catching plenty of flak over the art.*
- *In Nebraska, about 130 students at the Omaha Christian School watched as their principal set fire to a pile of books, Daffy Duck comics and an issue of the* National Geographic, *declaring the publications to be distractions that could "hinder Christian lives."*

CHILD SUPPORT

HARTLEPOOL, ENGLAND—*Local magistrates have ordered a 16-year-old schoolboy to pay five pence, or about 12 cents, a week toward the support of a child he is accused of fathering when he was 14. The 18-year-old mother said that she and the young man had had a sexual affair for more than six months but that the romance ended when she told him she was pregnant. The court rejected the youth's contention that he was not the father and ruled on the basis of the girl's testimony and a blood test that strongly indicated the baby was his.*

CONNUBIAL CONFUSION

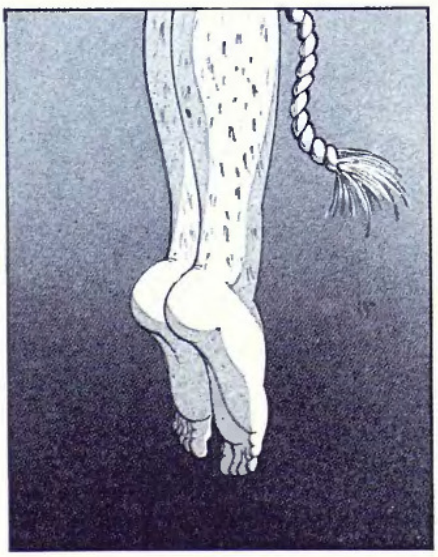
CHICAGO—*By invalidating a divorce procedure used in Illinois since 1977, a three-judge appellate court may have created "thousands of bigamists," according to various legal experts. The court nullified the state's revised divorce law allowing final decrees before settlements were reached on important matters such as property, child custody and alimony. Until attorneys and possibly higher courts sort out what one lawyer called "a real can of worms," an estimated 5000 to 10,000 couples will not know if their divorces are valid or their second marriages are bigamous or if the children of the latter are legitimate.*

EQUAL NONPROTECTION

MONTGOMERY—*Alabama's Supreme Court, deciding a case on the basis of sex discrimination, has struck down a 129-year-old state law banning the use of foul language in the presence of women. In its five-to-three decision, the court held that "these laudable concerns to protect females as a class are no longer viable in light of the recent decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States."*

BELL RINGER

MESSINA, SICILY—*A civil tribunal has decided it is not a crime to ring a church bell in the middle of the night to celebrate an episode of sexual intercourse. The issue arose when a 61-year-*



old man made love to his 20-year-old girlfriend and afterward began ringing the bell in a vacant church, to the displeasure of his wife, who proceeded to file a nuisance complaint. The tribunal found in favor of the fornicator and refused to penalize him.

TAXING SIN

NEW YORK CITY—*A New York drug official has suggested placing a one-dollar tax on the sale or radio play of recordings that tend to promote drugs. Julio Martinez, director of the State Division of Substance Abuse Services, said his agency was "developing a legislative proposal that will tax every musician who makes money on recordings that suggest drug abuse. . . . These groups make millions of dollars on songs that are inducing young kids to get high on drugs. The state doesn't get any of the profits, but I have to deal with the casualties." Martinez has also named an "enemies list" of worst offenders that includes The Rolling Stones, the Grateful Dead, Jefferson Starship, Jackson Browne, Lou Reed, Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton and even Paul Simon, whose recent hit, "One-Trick Pony," vaguely alludes to teenage pot smoking.*

PRO-LIFE POSITION

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Over the objections of many of its members, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops has decided that the Church's opposition to abortion logically requires that it also oppose the death penalty. In an 11-page statement issued during the closing session of the annual convention, the bishops said, "We do not wish to equate the situation of criminals convicted of capital offenses with the condition of the innocent unborn or of the defenseless aged or infirm, but we do believe that the defense of life is strengthened by eliminating . . . a judicial authorization to take human life." The statement asserted that abolition of the death penalty would be an important step in breaking the "cycle of violence" and a way of demonstrating "intelligence and compassion rather than power and vengeance."*

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

NEW YORK CITY—*A Brooklyn Family Court judge has allowed a 22-year-old homosexual to legally adopt his 26-year-old lover after ruling that it violated no law and that the action served legitimate legal and economic purposes for both men. The judge noted that the New York Court of Appeals voided the state sodomy law last December and that the adoption proceedings, in this particular case, involved settlement of an estate and simplified such matters as inheritance, insurance and pension coverage and renting or buying a home. In 1980, a Wisconsin judge permitted one man to adopt another for similar reasons, though, in that state, homosexual acts remain illegal.*

MARRIAGES OF CONVENIENCE

FORT BENNING, GEORGIA—*The Army is warning male and female Service personnel against "convenience" marriages intended merely to qualify the couple for a housing allowance. Noting an increase in that practice, a base*

legal officer said such arrangements, Platonic or otherwise, could lead to numerous complications if the female GI should become pregnant or if one spouse should leave the Service. The officer added that, theoretically, the Platonic couples "could be prosecuted for fraud, by taking a basic allowance for off-post quarters when there is no real intention to live with a spouse."

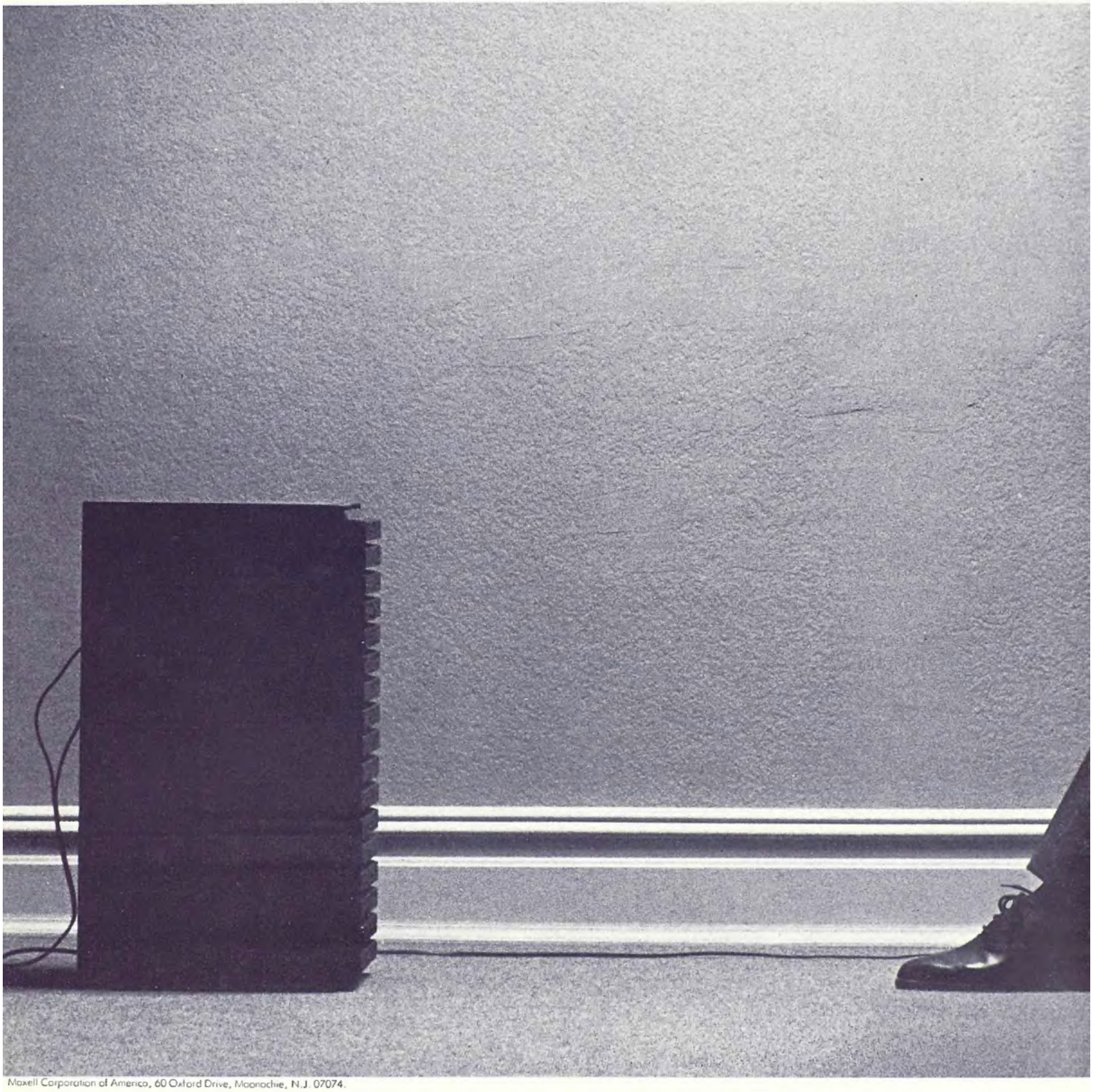
WEEKLY SEX

LONDON—*The British Court of Appeals has voided a divorce decree that was granted to a 30-year-old mechanic on the ground that his wife would make love only once a week. "It seems quite impossible for any court to find that the refusal by a wife to have sex more often than once a week is unreasonable," the judges held. "It seems an extraordinary proposition." The husband complained: "I am very unhappy. It's all right for the judges to say it is not unreasonable. I had to live with it."*

DORK AND BEANS

NEWPORT, TENNESSEE—*A jury has ordered a major canned-food company to pay $2500 to a man who found a condom in his pork and beans. The plaintiff testified that he not only became physically ill after picking the prophylactic out of his can of beans during a lunch break in 1979 but also became the butt of jokes among his fellow employees. In awarding damages, the jury decided that the company had breached its warranty.*

AFTER 500 PLAYS OUR HIGH FIDELITY



Maxell Corporation of America, 60 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074.

TAPE STILL DELIVERS HIGH FIDELITY.

If your old favorites don't sound as good as they used to, the problem could be your recording tape.

Some tapes show their age more than others. And when a tape ages prematurely, the music on it does too.

What can happen is, the oxide particles that are bound onto tape loosen and fall off, taking some of your music with them.

At Maxell, we've developed a binding process that helps to prevent this. When oxide particles are bound onto our tape, they stay put. And so does your music.

So even after a Maxell recording is 500 plays old, you'll swear it's not a play over five.

IT'S WORTH IT.

forum follies

PRURIENCE AND THE POPE

Pope John Paul II, having made the papers with his many pronouncements regarding sex, apparently has struck fear in the heart of Professor Joe Frantz, a prominent historian from the University of Texas who found himself in Rome at the very moment the Pope came down heavily on lust. Concern for his own safety behind enemy lines inspired him to submit the following report.

Here I am in Rome, land of the Saturnalia. For 3000 years, men here have devoted themselves to sexual pleasure, mirroring the thrust of this phallus of land into the Mediterranean Sea. Tiberius, Caligula, Nero. What heroes! I imagine myself joining the ranks of those great Romans, if in the guise of a visiting scholar lecturing on American history at Italian universities. I even brought my own woman: brilliant and sexy. My only problem is my neighbor the Pope, who has caused quite a flap with his pronouncements on lust. Seems a man who looks at his wife with lust commits adultery in his heart, or something like that, and every Italian knows that committing adultery with one's wife takes all the fun out of it. The result is much confusion, and if *Il Papa* had to be elected by popular vote today, he couldn't carry his own precinct. For, up to now, the Italians have endured his pronouncements on celibacy, abortion, birth control, remarriage, and the like with shrugs that said: "He doesn't mean us." It is accepted practice here to ignore the Pope the way Americans forgive political candidates their campaign promises. Like most 60-year-old men, the Pope keeps on talking about sex. And like too many of them, he does nothing about it.

Consequently, the Italians continue with their ever-smaller families, their divorces or divorce substitutes, and their abortions. With legal abortion brand-new since 1978, the Italians have just issued their first statistics on the situation. They are an eye-opener: In 1979, one out of every four Italian pregnancies ended in abortion, *Il Papa* or no *Papa*.

Meanwhile condoms are advertised openly in magazines; contraceptive foams and jellies are available on the self-service shelves of the local *farmacia*. Even in the venerable Piazza Della Repubblica, theater posters advertise explicit skin flicks. *Erotic Sex Orgasm* and *Carnal Excitement* are two of the gentler titles. On billboards, breasts and pubic areas are covered, but with such transparent paper that the forbidden areas are only highlighted and advertised.

Italian lovers only smirked with satisfaction. The Pope did not inhibit them nor their sparring partners.

But then His Holiness spoke on concupiscence and the people blanched. Especially at his statement ordering sex without lust, even with your own wife.

After listening to some general grumbling, I asked several Italians for their reactions. Claudio, my resident sage, responded:

"I've been married seven years. Believe me, I need all the help I can get! Even lust!" And he spread his hands in a gesture of futility.

"No lust, no sex," forecast Luigi. "It's the end of the human race."

"This puts sex in the hands of 13-year-old boys, if you know what I mean," moaned Adriano.

"I may as well get an electric milker," sighed Mario.

A scientist friend cited the immutable laws of physics: "What has gone up must now come down."

And a fellow historian mused aloud: "The grandeur that was Rome . . . what would Casanova have done in a situation like this?"

The one woman I sought out allowed that she might hie to a nunnery. "What is the purpose of a varied wardrobe," she said, "if it can't inspire lust in the heart of a man?"

Even the venerable local shopkeeper opined as how he was considering throwing out his entire stock of skimpy, see-through Italian lingerie. "It's bloomers from here on," he suggested. "They're so much more practical." For what, I wondered. Perhaps, I thought, he can still salvage his sales by hawking his silkies for altar cloths, as the Pope, who won't drop the subject, has since directed that his priests love the Church with the ardor that most men reserve for their "brides." Which, even priests seem to think, is going a bit far.

Despite the pontiff's teachings, my thoughts keep wandering to the bedroom, where the woman I love is curled languorously between the sheets, sleeping but engaging, I hope, in a losing battle with the forces of lust. I just checked my passport and a few other documents, and unless my landlord has an extradition treaty with Vatican City, I think I'm safe.

—JOE B. FRANTZ

no hero's welcome when they came home from Vietnam—is a curious one. First of all, what is it the Vietnam vets think they deserve? They did their *duty*, however execrable the cause. More important, the hostages were kidnap victims, not soldiers; they were neither expected nor trained to deal with the terrors they encountered. The fact that the American public responded to their release with such fervor has little to do with the veterans' lament. Truth is, we just love a parade.

When I expressed those views to a friend, she called them inhumane. I doubt that. But what troubles me deeply is this: What happens to a society so aggressively softhearted that it can no longer realize it's going soft in the head, as well?

Fred Galley
New York, New York

THE HOSTAGES

I was drafted; they were all volunteers.

I was sent against my will; they took their families.

I saw brutality, injustice and waste; they endured.

I had no support from students; students held them hostage.

I got letters from only my family; the whole world became their family.

I had marches and demonstrations against my being there; they had marches and demonstrations to help them come home.

The Government divided and fought while I was there; it united for them.

I came home to my wife and family; they came back to the open arms of millions.

I fought in a police action because my country told me to. When I came back, my country booed me.

I'm not bitter. I'm just confused. I think the hostages deserve all the love they are getting. I just want so say, "Thank you, America."

Rowland Huth
Marion, Ohio

The sense of relief and happiness I felt when the American hostages were freed from Iran has begun to fade as I recall the reception our Vietnam POWs received upon their return. In fact, I wonder if some of the concern and honor lavished on the hostages did not, in some small way, spring from guilt many of us must feel about the Vietnam war and the unrewarded sacrifices made by so many thousands of Americans who also did their duty but who came home in the roles of either fools or losers.

The more I think about recent American history, the more I feel that I've been manipulated and exploited and programed by our national leaders, who seem to have been just as stupid and uninformed, misinformed and unreason-

ing as I was. The only difference between me and a President, I've decided, is that the President—L.B.J., Nixon, Ford, Carter and now Reagan—must have the strength of character either to delude himself, if he's basically an honest man, or to lie very convincingly to an entire nation.

(Name withheld by request)
Des Moines, Iowa

Before, I was concerned for the safety of the American hostages in Iran; now I feel sorry for them. There seems to be a backlash of resentment because of the national hoopla over their release. I think the hoopla opened some old Vietnam wounds and that's the real source of resentment.

Let us try to remember that Vietnam vets were not hero-worshiped because they were symbols of either military defeat or political folly. The diplomatic personnel in Iran were seized and held hostage because they were symbols of America—but they received a hero's welcome also because they were symbols. I'm so sick and tired of the madness represented by symbols or inspired by them—flags, crosses, swastikas, etc.—that I urge all rational and reasonable people to band together now and *burn all symbols!*

There! I feel much better.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

Fanatic!

CHURCH AND STATE

It seems to me that Congress' first order of business should be to pass legislation for separation of church and state, making it illegal for its members or Presidential hopefuls to suck up to, endorse or espouse the spiritual-exploitation morality of present or future Ayatollahs.

David Protzman
Cooperstown, New York

The Pharisees of Biblical times were notorious for automatic self-righteousness. Like the religious advocates of today, they believed in unification of church and state; in that way, problems with their children were greatly reduced. Once the collar of Supreme Authority was fastened and the Christian doctrine thoroughly ingrained, the elders could breathe easy. After all, it just wouldn't do to have those impressionable young people thinking for themselves.

The public school is no place for religious indoctrination; separation of church and state is a must. The bound-for-glory types have every right to believe they are, indeed, bound for glory, but the bottom line is that our Constitution, in granting freedom of religion, also guarantees freedom *from* religion, especially the religious pressure now being brought to bear upon our children.

It's no wonder that thousands of young people are turning away from the church. By and large, they are being overseen by adults so crystallized in their archaic beliefs that all they end up teaching the young is that long ago somebody said it had to be this way.

(Name withheld by request)
Hot Springs, Arkansas

BIGGER BONFIRE

A religion columnist in a local paper reported something that I find fascinating, logical and most frightening. It seems that a 20-year survey conducted by the International Movement for Reconciliation in Fribourg, Switzerland, found that Christians in the U. S., Canada and West Germany are more likely to approve of war than are non-Christians in those countries. The people most in favor of the use of nuclear weapons are Catholics; those least in favor are atheists.

That, of course, figures. The stronger one's belief in some afterlife, an eternity of happiness in a heaven, the less fearful one should be of dying for a cause—or of destroying the planet, which is pretty much what the Bible promises will happen anyway, sooner or later. To religionists, from the early Christian martyrs to contemporary Allahistas, a hydrogen bomb is just a bigger bonfire.

It would suit me fine if belief in an afterlife disqualified anyone from holding high political or military office. I happen to believe in only one planet and one life and would like to make the best of both.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

Not to worry. In 1945, Admiral William Leahy told President Truman that the atomic bomb "is the biggest fool thing we have ever done. . . . The bomb will never go off, and I speak as an expert in explosives."

PROJECT FUNDING

When times are hard, they're especially hard for community organizations seeking funds for social-change programs. To make things easier, the National Network of Grantmakers and the Interreligious Foundation for Community Organization, with a little help from the Playboy Foundation, have published the *Grantseekers Guide, a Directory for Social and Economic Justice Projects*, by Jill R. Shellow. It lists and describes more than 100 sources, with application procedures and advice on proposal writing, organizational accountability, tax exemption and related matters. It's available for five dollars, prepaid, from the National Network of Grantmakers, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Fifth Floor, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

RADICAL REVIVALISM

It's been quite a while since I had my head thumped at the Democratic Convention in Chicago or got a snootful of police tear gas at anti-Vietnam demonstrations. It happened exactly as predicted: Jerry Rubin is a corporate type, Bernardine Dohrn's coming-out party hardly caused a ripple and I've got a mortgage like just about everybody else I know. But I want Alexander Haig and Ronald Reagan to know that inside this three-piece suit, there are still some principles intact. What's more, I think there are a whole lot of others just like me. If this Moral Majority bullshit goes too far and if the new boys on Capitol Hill start messing with my personal freedoms, they're going to be hearing from a born-again radical.

(Name withheld by request)
Madison, Wisconsin

You're reminding us of the country-and-western song "When Hippies Grow Older (And the Hair on Their Shoulders Turns Gray)." Hang in there, and keep your powder dry. You may get recalled to active duty.

FORWARD INTO THE PAST

Here in Arizona, sex education is defined as "instruction on the sum of the peculiarities of structure and function that distinguish a male human being from a female human being." Never mind that most children have grasped this "peculiar" difference by the time they are five; our legislators are forging ahead—into the past.

Former Representative Marge Ollson, holding forth in true zealot fashion before the House Education Committee, has proclaimed that sex education is part of the "anti-God, antifamily, anti–U. S. religion of humanism." To further expose her total ignorance of 20th Century sensibilities, she added, "Each generation discovers sex by itself. There is little to teach." In retaliation, Dr. Mendi Mowake-Aradabillie said, "How come you are trying to protect unborn babies when you won't help a 12-year-old kid who is crying for help because she is pregnant?"

Little to teach! The "antihumanist" forces are out to deliberately deprive their children—and ours—of an education they desperately need.

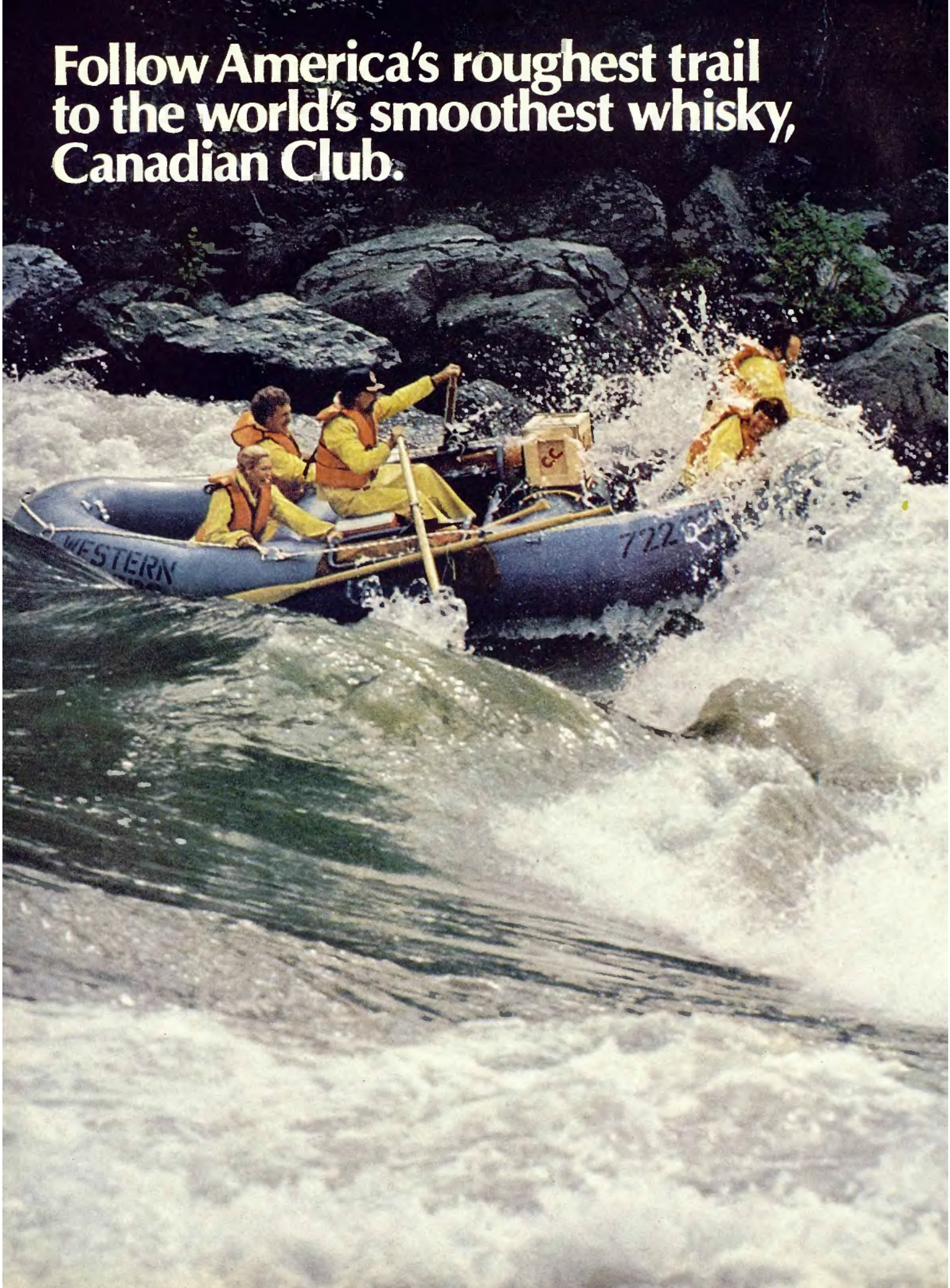
(Name withheld by request)
Flagstaff, Arizona

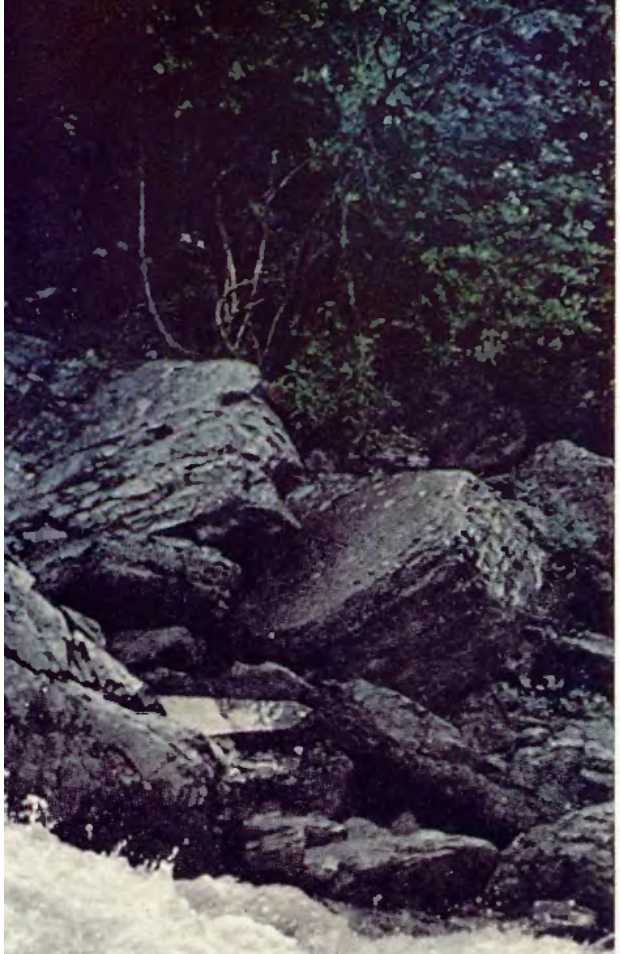
TEDDY-BEAR BLUES

I want to tell you a sad story about a prisoner (me), a Teddy bear and a bureaucracy.

Several years ago, a small green-and-white Teddy bear was found in the trash

Follow America's roughest trail to the world's smoothest whisky, Canadian Club.





Find the case of C.C.® we hid along the Lewis and Clark trail.

We retraced Lewis and Clark's historic expedition up the Missouri River into Montana. And where they found their roughest going, we hid a case of the smoothest whisky, Canadian Club.

Where Lewis and Clark had floated the unspoiled river, Canadian Club's rafts followed. We tested our nerves, as the explorers had, on the wild rapids of the Clark's Fork. As we explored those historic streams, we buried our case of Canadian Club overlooking the very site of one of the expedition's most important sightings. One clue: neither Lewis nor Clark made it.

Discover the taste of the world's finest whisky.

As you search along this historic trail, remember Canadian Club has a proud history of its own. For over 120 years it's been enjoyed by those who seek the very best. Canadian Club is lighter than Scotch, smoother than bourbon, and enjoyable on the rocks, in a sour or Manhattan, or with your favorite mixer.

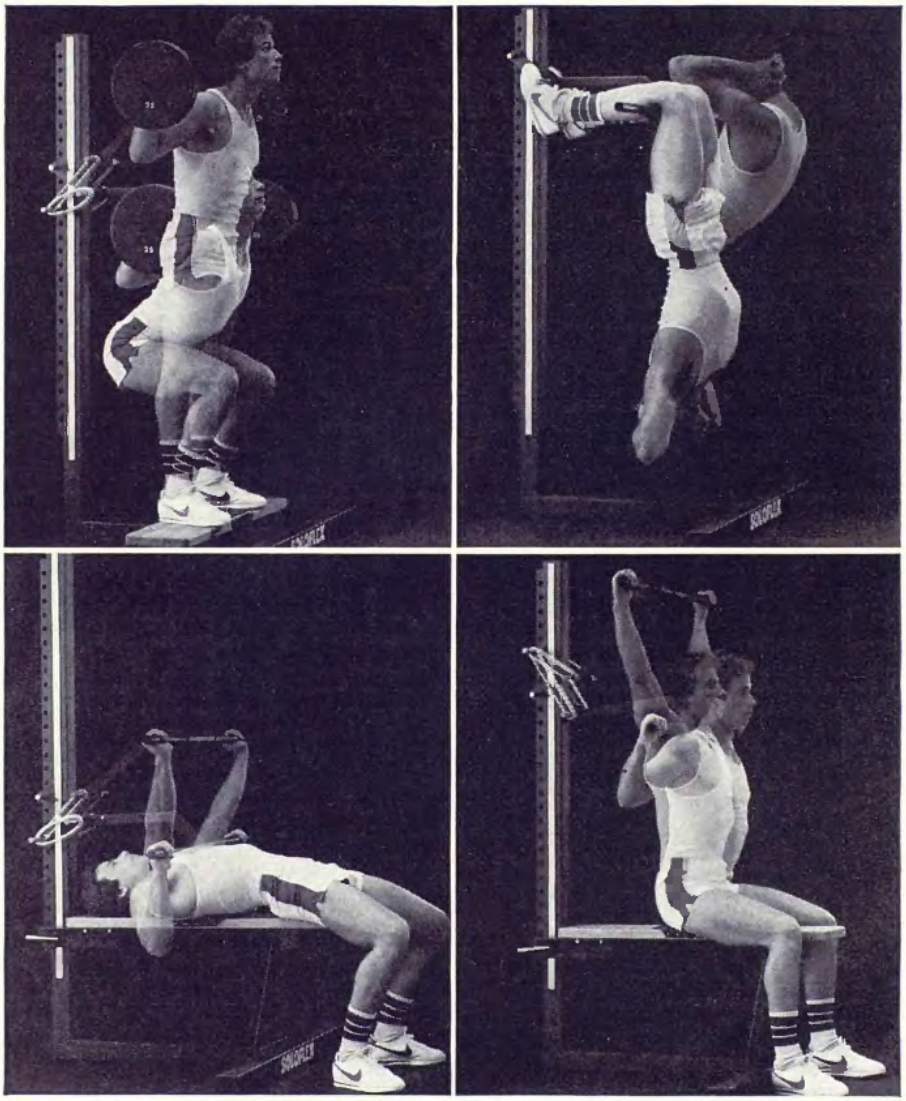
So come search along the Lewis and Clark trail to discover why it's "The Best In The House."

Canadian Club®

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

6 YEARS OLD IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT MICH. 86.8 PROOF BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY © 1981

PUMPING IRON LIKE YOU NEVER IMAGINED.



Designed for heavy duty weight training, Soloflex has every traditional barbell, pulldown, & freebody station required to pump you up, and keep you that way.

SOLOFLEX

Please call toll free 800-547-8802
for our free 24 page brochure.
$495.00 U.S. Patent Number 4,072,309

The Wilson Design Group, Hawthorn Farms Industrial Park, Hillsboro, Oregon 97123
Member, National Strength Coaches Association

by a fellow prisoner as he was cleaning out one of our buildings. He took Teddy back to the honor dormitory, where he served as friend and mascot to the men, passing from owner to owner as they were paroled. Finally, Teddy was given into my care and sat on my desk for two years.

Harmless as he was, Teddy got me in trouble. A zealous lieutenant, making his rounds on the night of July 22, took notice of him, determined that he was not state issue and ordered him confiscated. I received a disciplinary "ticket" for harboring Teddy. That was later dismissed, but the authorities have steadfastly refused to return him to me. I have appealed to the warden, the Institutional Inquiry Board and the Administrative Review Board in Springfield—all to no avail.

Consider the problems that plague Illinois prisons: poorly prepared food, sexual assault, drugs, theft and riots. Then consider the use of the taxpayers' money to write up, bureaucratize and imprison a Teddy bear.

David L. Zynda
Joliet Correctional Center
Joliet, Illinois

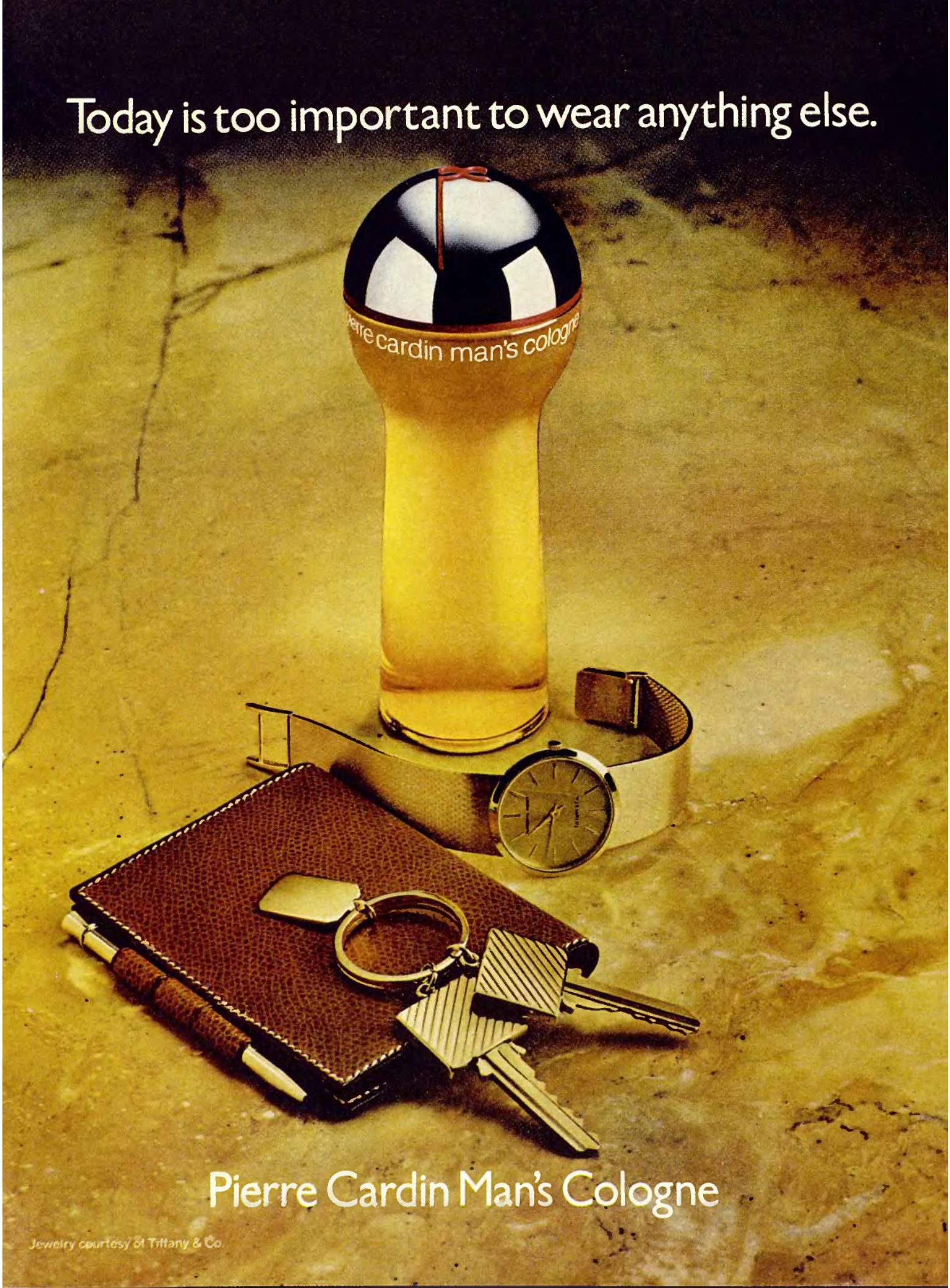
POT VS. POLYESTER

Concerning the restrictive marijuana laws in the United States, I have a new theory to explain their existence. According to reports from rural areas in England, some people there are wearing clothes that are hundreds of years old. They rarely wear out and are handed down from generation to generation. Such clothes are made from the famous hemp plant.

According to the November 13, 1980, issue of *New Scientist*, Harry J. Anslinger, former longtime head of the old Federal Bureau of Narcotics, made the following statement concerning the hemp plant:

> Now, this hemp is the finest fiber known to mankind; my God, if you ever have a shirt made out of it, your grandchildren would never wear it out. You take Polish families. We used to see marijuana in the yards of Polish families. We'd go in and start to tear it up and the man came out with his shotgun, yelling: "These are my clothes for next winter."

Is it possible that the antimarijuana laws passed since the Thirties are really designed to protect the cotton, man-made-fiber and clothing industries in the United States? According to the 1981 edition of the *World Almanac*, the U.S. produces 14,600,000 bales of cotton, 103,000,000 pounds of wool and more than a billion pounds of man-made fiber yearly. The oil companies have a tremendous stake in the man-made-fiber industries, and the clothing industry had


Today is too important to wear anything else.
pierre cardin man's cologne
Pierre Cardin Man's Cologne
Jewelry courtesy of Tiffany & Co.

PRESENTING OUR NEW CAMERA

When it comes to competition, the new Minolta XG-M stands alone.

How can we say that?

Simple. No other 35mm SLR in its class has its unique combination of creative features, yet is so easy to use.

All you do is point, focus and shoot.

The automatic XG-M does everything else to give you clear, sharp, beautiful pictures.

It even has electronic features to prevent mistakes. And advanced features like manual metering for advanced photographers.

To separate it further from the competition, we gave the Minolta XG-M something you only find on more expensive cameras. The option of professional motor drive, to let you take pictures at an incredible 3.5 frames per second.

So you can capture fast action. Like a diver's twisting entry into the water. Or a racer's moment of triumph at the finish line.

And when you hold this camera you'll know it's extraordinary, inside and out. Its built-in textured grip was sculptured to fit your hand more comfortably. And its advanced design represents an exciting new achievement in making fine cameras. Something we've been doing for over 50 years.

The XG-M accepts over 45 interchangeable, computer-designed Minolta lenses. As well as the Minolta system of SLR accessories.

The new Minolta XG-M. It's designed to have everything.

Except competition.

WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE HOW GOOD YOU CAN BE.

MINOLTA

For more information write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446
Or see your Minolta dealer. In Canada: Minolta, Ontario, L4W 1A4
Product appearance and/or specifications are subject to change without notice.
©1981 Minolta Corporation.

AND ITS COMPETITION.

more than 43 billion dollars in sales in 1979.

All those multibillion-dollar industries would be threatened if the hemp plant were produced in large quantities for the manufacture of fabrics. Perhaps that is the real reason why this plant is outlawed, and not because it is dangerous to one's health.

Michael Cohen
Bronx, New York

That's a new theory, all right.

FOSDICK RIDES AGAIN

Does anybody remember Fearless Fosdick, the parody of Dick Tracy who supposedly was the comic-strip hero of *Li'l Abner* before *Abner* bit the dust? Anyhow, the country's narcs remind me of Fosdick, who did more damage in the name of crime fighting than the villains he was after. I can remember that in his efforts to save Americans from an elusive can of poisoned beans, he managed to shoot just about anybody who was innocently preparing to eat beans, to protect them from possible poisoning. Then, after he had surveyed the bodies and had determined that the beans in question weren't the poisoned ones, he'd come up with some line like, "Well, I guess the joke's on me!"

When it comes to putting people in prison for smoking marijuana or staging violent raids on wrong addresses, our present narcotics officers personify Fosdick so closely that I'm surprised nobody has brought up the comparison.

E. Ross
New York, New York

Some aging members of our staff recollect those Fosdick episodes with glee and wish to add that Fosdick usually justified his excesses by citing his duty to protect citizens from themselves.

SEX AND POLITICS

It seems to me our elected officials in Washington are spending too much time on their sexual interests and not enough time promoting the taxpayers' interests. What I'm referring to is the incident involving a conservative Southern Congressman who allegedly was found performing oral sodomy on another man in a public men's room. I recall other cases involving both the heterosexual and the homosexual activities of our Congressmen, but, for a number of reasons, this case is different. I don't believe the Government should be monitoring the Congressional Office Building's men's rooms to see who's blowing whom. While I think our public officials owe it to the electorate to perform their jobs with the integrity and authority we've vested in them, who are we to question what they do behind closed doors? Lots of people jerk off in rest rooms; if they do it with a friend, that's *their* business. I'm far more concerned about my representative's voting record than about his sex record. Perhaps if we didn't chastise one another for our sexual preferences, everyone could get on with the business at hand, and I do mean business. My feeling is that if attempted sodomy is a misdemeanor, we shouldn't treat it as a felony. I thought private acts between consenting adults were a right we were entitled to by law; why shouldn't lawmakers be entitled to the same privileges?

(Name withheld by request)
Washington, D.C.

For a while, we were keeping score, wondering if the data would indicate that upright, uptight conservatives would tend toward furtive blow jobs in men's rooms, while morally and fiscally irresponsible liberals would tend toward conventional adultery and the molesting of their female office staffs. No clear trend emerged. As they say in statistical analysis, the data are skewed.

"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.

JOCKEY®
INTRODUCING THE NEWEST DOUBLES TEAM IN TENNIS:
HAROLD SOLOMON AND JOCKEY WORLD CLASS TENNISWEAR.
This year world class tennis star Harold Solomon and Jockey World Class Tenniswear have designed an exciting new line of tenniswear. Made in comfortable blends of cotton and DACRON® polyester, it's functional enough to meet Harold's demanding standards, fashionable enough to meet your own. So this season, let Jockey World Class Tenniswear help make you a winner on and off the court.
JOCKEY®
More than a name. A commitment.
DUPONT Dacron®
©1981 Jockey International, Inc., Kenosha, Wisconsin, 53140.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka
The spirit of the Czar

Life has changed since the days of the Czar. Yet Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka is still made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka

100 PROOF

80 PROOF

Product of U.S.A. Distilled from grain • Wolfschmidt. Relay, Md.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: STEVE GARVEY

a candid conversation with the squeaky-clean, all-american baseball star

The woman in the polyester red polka-dot dress stopped eating her apple pie. Her fork dropped, her mouth hung open and she nudged her womanfriend next to her. In moments the whole place had turned into a real-life remake of the E. F. Hutton commercial. A second of silence and then the buzzing began. In the corner, three men in pinstriped suits stared. Across from them, a boy, probably playing hooky from school, waved. Steve and Cyndy Garvey walked through the room unfazed. Steve sat down at the table and, life being a training table, ordered steak. Cyndy, the adventurous one in the family, ordered a fancy chicken dish.

He is the star first baseman of the Los Angeles Dodgers, his wife a popular local-TV-show hostess. And they look frighteningly like human versions of the Ken and Barbie dolls, a comparison they once embraced and thought "cute." They look happy together. You'd never know they were the same couple written about in the article "Trouble in Paradise," by journalist Pat Jordan, which appeared in the August 3, 1980, issue of Inside Sports *magazine. It was that article that they claim falsely reported Cyndy's comments about her marriage and her sex life with Steve, and that made headlines on sports pages and in gossip magazines for months. The Garveys have since filed an $11,200,000 suit for libel, invasion of privacy and breach of contract against Newsweek, Inc.*

At home, their two daughters, Krisha, six, and Whitney, four, are home from Catholic school, waiting to be taken to their ice-skating lessons. Yesterday it was gymnastics. The day before it was swimming. Tomorrow it will be ballet. The house sits on a hill overlooking a man-made lake in an exclusive development called Calabasas Park. It is at least a $250,000 home, with a red Spanish-tile roof, a complex security system, a gardener and a pool man. Inside, like the couple, the house is perfectly turned out. Cyndy walks upstairs to change into warm-ups for the skating rink. Steve, aware of his family duties, calls the girls over to brush their hair. He enjoys mothering.

Obviously, it is not Garvey's main role in life. Down at Chavez Ravine, he is known as Mr. Consistency. As of the end of the 1980 season, he had played in 835 consecutive games at Dodger Stadium and away. He was the National League's Most Valuable Player in 1974, the Most Valuable Player for the All-Star Games in 1974 and 1978. In 1978, he was the M.V.P. for the play-offs. He received more than 1,000,000 write-in votes in the 1974 All-Star Game, the highest such tally ever. This season, he received the 11th Roberto Clemente award for sportsmanship, character and humanitarianism.

He is 32 years old and makes about $330,000 a year, a salary he believes doesn't even rank in the top 75 in baseball—a figure he matches with outside ventures. In 1982, he will have honored his six-year contract with the Dodgers and will be eligible to become a free agent if the team doesn't come up with the money he feels he's worth. What is he worth? He says he may be a millionaire after taxes when he retires around 1986.

That's a long way from a crewcut, freckle-faced, pudgy little boy who lugged bats for Gil Hodges of the old Brooklyn Dodgers and rode shotgun for his daddy, a bus driver for the Dodgers during spring training. Garvey grew up in Tampa, Florida, a sprawling middle-class community with lots of grapefruit and orange trees. His mother was an executive secretary. He received enough college offers to be able to choose Michigan State in order to play both baseball and

"Running for the U. S. Senate is an option I would hopefully have at the end of my professional baseball career. . . . I wouldn't have time for local politics. I start at the U. S. Senate or nothing."

"I've had thoughts about having an affair, but, in essence, the actuality has never happened. I'm still basically a romantic. . . . Since I've never answered this question before, it's tough."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY L. LOGAN

"Since I'm a professional athlete in entertainment, if so much as one person comes to that stadium to see Steve Garvey, I'm obligated to play. So I'll go out there if I have to hobble."

football. He started in eight or nine games in 1967 for Duffy Dougherty and once tackled O. J. Simpson. But baseball was his game and he signed with the Dodgers in his sophomore year as a fourth-round draft pick. There were no telephones ringing or flashbulbs popping. He read about his selection in the newspaper.

It was just about that time that he met Cyndy in a dormitory food line at school. She was a food server wearing a hair net. They became sweethearts in 1971 and had a big Catholic wedding.

Garvey was up and down during his first couple of seasons with the Dodgers' farm teams. But he was in good company in the minor leagues: He had Tommy Lasorda for a coach and Ron Cey and Bill Buckner for teammates. Known as a "scatter arm," Garvey was held back by his wild throws from third base. (That was because of a shoulder separation from his football-playing days.) In June 1973, Walter Alston was managing the struggling Dodgers and decided to move young Garvey to first base. It worked; by 1974, Garvey was on his way to becoming a baseball star.

From the start, Garvey struck his fans and teammates alike as too good to be true. He was religious, patriotic, charming and always well groomed. He was so nice that once some of his teammates complained to the press that he was a phony and didn't have any friends on the team. The tension grew and three seasons ago it exploded in a clubhouse fight between Garvey and Don Sutton. Garvey still won't talk about the incident other than to say he was protecting the honor of his wife. But along with his detractors, Garvey has also attracted a following that dotes on him and regards him as the sort of person every American mother, father and wife wish their sons and husbands would be. Both Steve and Cyndy admit there has been a strain placed on their marriage because of the article in Inside Sports *and the impending trial. But their intense ambition, among other things, has obviously kept them together. He looks to the United States Senate immediately following baseball. She looks to becoming another Barbara Walters.*

As Garvey scoffed at the idea of a divorce and prepared for the 1981 season, he agreed to answer questions about his life at Dodger Stadium and away. PLAYBOY *sent* **Samantha Stevenson** *to talk with the baseball idol. Stevenson is a veteran of two other "Playboy Interviews," with Pete Rose and Terry Bradshaw. She reports:*

"The first time I ever saw the Garveys was in an elevator at Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia. It was after the 1979 play-off games and Steve and Cyndy were rushing to make the bus outside the building. There were a few other players and their wives squeezed into the elevator and I'll never forget the stark difference between them and the Garveys. The Garveys were carrying Louis Vuitton luggage and looked ready for a photo session.

*"The first morning I went to Steve's house in Calabasas to begin the interview, I heard Cyndy's program on TV through the door. When I knocked, Steve answered. He had been watching her nine-*A.M. *show and told me he tried to catch it whenever he was home—which wasn't often, I found out, either during the season or in the off season.*

"Yes, I found him to be as nice as everyone has written. He believes in himself and is sincere and reverent about the all-American way of life. He is a grown-up man who plays a kids' game and has never forgotten his manners.

"He has a trophy room in the house, a room he calls his gallery. It is filled with plaques and balls and gold gloves and silver trophies and magazine cover stories—all magnificently framed and mounted. LeRoy Neiman originals hang on the walls. It makes you feel as if you had walked into the Steve Garvey Hall of Fame.

"Through the living room and into the den there is a picture room. Dozens of photos of Steve Garvey and celebrities of every make, all framed in the same wood. Sitting alone on a countertop is a photo of Cyndy in a passionate embrace with Burt Reynolds.

"That first day, Cyndy came home early to meet me and we all went to lunch. She told me that she felt threatened when she drove up in her driveway and saw my car. She said she felt there was an intruder in her home and she told me that she may never trust another journalist again after the Inside Sports *article.*

"I asked her why she had been so open with the author if she hadn't wanted to see her comments in print. She said that most of the things in the article she'd wanted to get off her chest, and most of the feelings were true but the majority of the quotes were taken out of context and distorted. Cyndy was clearly the dominant member of the family throughout the lunch. I found her to be wide-open to the point of once again being vulnerable to exposing her intimate feelings.

"During my sessions with Steve, there was a distinct indication that Garvey is no longer just Steve Garvey the baseball player. It is Steve Garvey and Cyndy Garvey, a packaged product. I asked Cyndy to sit in on an interview session to get some of her opinions. She liked the idea but couldn't make up her mind to participate. Finally, after going public with my offer by discussing it on her talk show with her co-host, Regis Philbin, she began to demand editorial guarantees that PLAYBOY *doesn't give its full-fledged interview subjects, and so negotiations foundered. Still, I thought it was a shame she didn't take the opportunity to speak up. She is clearly Steve Garvey's not-quite-flip side.*

"The interview with Steve, however, goes a long way toward confirming what many suspected—and many more doubted: that there are such things as red-blooded all-American sports heroes left; and that as we move into the Reagan age, it can be interesting to listen to a young man's old-fashioned creed."

"I'm ambitious. Remember when people used to say, 'He's an ambitious young man'? Now you say he's ambitious and people are a little leery."

PLAYBOY: You've maintained an almost flawless image of the all-American baseball player——

GARVEY: I don't use the word image. Everybody else talks about image. I use the word consciousness, consciousness of who I am.

PLAYBOY: Well, in your consciousness of who you are, do reporters generally ask you if you really live up to your all-American image?

GARVEY: Oh, sure. I've had people start a conversation or an interview by asking, "Are you *really* that good? Are you really the all-American boy?" No groundwork or anything first. And what I've said to myself is, That's rude. They should ask preliminary questions that would build up to the reasons I've been classified as the all-American boy and Mr. Perfect. What can I say? A lot of times I just say, "Well, I'd rather be the all-American boy than the all-Communist boy," or try to make light of it.

PLAYBOY: So, Steve, are you *really* that good?

GARVEY: [*Laughing*] I'm ambitious. And I'm an overachiever. That kind of falls into the area of ambition. Ambition is, I think, an ardent desire for money, fame, power. It used to be fashionable to be ambitious. Remember when people used to say, "He's an ambitious young man"? Sure. Now you say he's ambitious and people are a little leery, because they feel that he might try to use them or step over them. But what would this

Drop for drop, Jōvan Musk Oil has brought more men and women together than any other fragrance in history.

For Men.

JŌVAN
musk oil
aftershave/cologne
FOR MEN.

Musk oil for men.
The provocative scent that instinctively calms and yet arouses your basic animal desires.
And hers.
In an aftershave/cologne. To take you a long way to where it's at. To the most pleasurable of conclusions.
Because it is powerful. Stimulating. Unbelievable.
And yet, legal.

(CONTINUED ON BACK)

4 FL OZ 118 ml

MUSK OIL

JŌVAN
musk oil
FOR MEN.

4 FL. OZ.

For Women.

JŌVAN
musk oil
cologne
concentrate

Musk Oil. The exciting scent that has stimulated passion since time began.
Ready to be discovered in a concentrate that goes on like cologne, but comes on like perfume.
You'll discover that every spray is more provocative.

(CONTINUED ON BACK)

spray mist

2 FL OZ 59.1 ml

At fine stores everywhere. Jōvan, Inc., 875 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611 © 1979 Jōvan, Inc.

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

Lights: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—
Kings & 100's: 17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'79.

Come to
Marlboro Country.
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
LIGHTS
LOWERED TAR & NICOTINE
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
100's
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
100's
Marlboro Lights, Longhorn 100's and famous
Marlboro Red—you get a lot to like.

COOPER
TM
Gordon Cooper thinks NASA computers are out of this world. But his personal computer is the best on earth.
I've been around computers most of my life, and I'm impressed with the Atari®800™ Nothing so complex has ever been so simple. It's as easy to set up as a stereo. It's so easy to operate, your kids can use it.
My life didn't end when I left NASA. Today, I'm a businessman and writer. I've even gone on the lecture circuit. I trust my Atari computer to help me.
So, if you're looking for a way to stay on top of your affairs, look into the Atari 800.
Ask your local computer dealer for a demonstration.
The ATARI® 800™ Computer
For further information write:
Atari Inc., Computer Division,
1196 Borregas Avenue, Dept. A-11
Sunnyvale, CA 94086
ATARI
Computers for people.™
©1981, ATARI, Inc
A Warner Communications Company
Gordon Cooper
Former Astronaut

country be like if you didn't have ambitious people? Ambitious people are going to keep striving to attain new goals. And each place they stop at, they're going to make it better.

PLAYBOY: Your all-American image was shaken by an article in *Inside Sports* that led you and Cyndy to sue Newsweek, Inc. It made you baseball's most famous couple because of Cyndy's allegedly disparaging description of your sex life. Any comments?

GARVEY: It's tough for me to comment. It's still in litigation and will be when this interview comes out. And, really, I don't want you to allude to *Inside Sports* and the situation. It's really tough. Even any reference to it at all, I can't really comment on it.

PLAYBOY: All right, but without commenting on the contents of the article, what about the rumors that you and Cyndy are supposed to be divorcing as a result of the article?

GARVEY: [*Laughs*] There are odds all over the place of us getting a divorce. I tell people, "Don't bet on it, because you're going to lose."

PLAYBOY: Does that kind of rumor upset you?

GARVEY: Yes. People don't understand. Their perception of Steve and Cyndy Garvey has been a plastic connotation. We're just like any other people: the same problems, raising children, careers, living life, trying to get as much out of it as possible, but having certain times where there are voids, separations. I'm playing somewhere, Cyndy is here. They'll read that we're in different cities and say we're permanently separated. So, hopefully, by the time I'm done with this interview, people will have a better idea about Steve Garvey, about Cyndy Garvey's input, about a professional person who's in the entertainment business and about the humanity of it.

PLAYBOY: Did you have the feeling that perhaps your private fortress, your home life, had come under attack because of the article?

GARVEY: Well, I know my wife better than anybody—except maybe her mother and father—and I feel the fortress *was* undermined. But my ego was never deflated. I know who I am and what kind of husband and father I am. I would rather have Cyndy be honest than guarded and a little deceiving. But, like I said before, the fortress *was* undermined. there were bits and pieces and whole statements that weren't in the article. . . .

PLAYBOY: It was perfect soap-opera material. Why were people surprised that you reacted so strongly—by enjoining the publication and starting a lawsuit?

GARVEY: We're supposed to be catatonic, really. We're supposed to just float

through and never react to anything. Well, you're dealing with people who *do* have emotions. I am an easygoing, basically soft-spoken person and will put up with a certain amount of ignorance and disrespect to a point where it affects my family or myself. But it takes a lot really to rile me up.

PLAYBOY: And Cyndy reacts more strongly?

GARVEY: Yeah, she's a little more volatile. She's got a temper to her. But she's also got spirit, and she stands up for those things she believes in. She's also the type of person who can walk into a room and people will focus their attention on her. She can control the atmosphere of a room of people with her presence.

PLAYBOY: We'll get back to you and Cyndy, but let's move on to a topic you find easier to talk about—baseball. This interview won't be out until after spring training; is it a part of your life you actively look forward to?

GARVEY: Spring training is like a cat with nine lives; a baseball player has X number of lives and each spring is the birth of a new life. You're born on March first and that life dies with the end of the season and your epitaph is your statistics for that season. So far, there've been ten lives to Steve Garvey's professional career. They accumulate. I look forward to the next one.

PLAYBOY: Are your goals already set for this year?

GARVEY: I have basic goals every year and they've been the same since I've been in a starting position with the Dodgers: 300, 200, 100—a .300 average, 200 hits, 100 R.B.I.s. I also want to play every day and to hit about 30 home runs. The most important is playing every day. The *single* most important thing.

PLAYBOY: You've played in 835 consecutive games. Why is that streak so important to you?

GARVEY: What is important and what has always been important is my obligation to myself. Giving an all-out effort. That's what I get paid to do—to play baseball. My teammates depend on me. Since I've decided to be a professional athlete in entertainment, if so much as one person comes to that stadium to see Steve Garvey, I'm obligated to play. I mean, I owe it to that person because he is paying his hard-earned entertainment dollar to see me play. So I'll go out there if I've got to hobble out there. As far as the streak is concerned, now, that is in God's hands.

PLAYBOY: Well, it's also in the hands of your manager, Tommy Lasorda. Is he going to let you play every day?

GARVEY: Our rapport and philosophy is that I will give him 100 percent of my time and effort and all I ask in return is just to play, just let me play. And that's what I would ask from any manager. Just please let me play.

PLAYBOY: What about injuries?

GARVEY: If you worry about getting injured, you're going to be concerned over what you do and the majority of the time you'll get injured. The more you try to be cautious, and not be aggressive, the greater the chance of being injured. I've always set an aggressive field. I call it controlled aggressiveness. Not running through the wall or whatever but being aggressive and under control of what I'm doing. Sliding hard into second base. Worrying about sliding safely can get you a broken ankle. I think I've developed a respect from the opposing infield as being a good, clean slider. In other words, I go in there and if my job is to break up the double play, I'll slide the best, fairest, hardest I can to break up the double play. I'm not going to use my spikes or try to elbow or knee somebody.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of injuries have you had?

GARVEY: The worst injury I've had has been a broken bone in my hand that kept me out for about five weeks in 1971. Since that time, I've been very fortunate. With the streak that's going now, I think I have played with a hyperextended elbow, with 22 stitches in my chin, pulled hamstring muscles, bruised

For a few dollars more than a Timex, you can give a watch that will make a real impression. A Caravelle® by Bulova carries a name backed by 100 years of fine watchmaking. And it's also backed by our special Add-A-Year Service Program.

Even more important, independent research shows people prefer to receive a Caravelle as a gift over Timex.

So give a Caravelle. It doesn't cost much more to look like you went for a lot more.

CARAVELLE® BY BULOVA

For a few dollars more than a Timex, give a Caravelle. And look like you went for broke.

PLAY IT AGAIN ON SCOTCH. THE NETWORKS DO.

Now the great heroes and the great performances can live again on Scotch® Videocassettes.

The networks tape the old classics and new favorites just like you do. They know that no other video tape outshines Scotch in the brilliance and clarity of its picture. And they know that no other video tape shows the true colors of a colorful drama better than Scotch. That's why all three major networks use Scotch video tape.

That's why you should use Scotch Videocassettes for your permanent reruns at home. Scotch Videocassettes are engineered to give you all the color and clarity your VCR can deliver.

So when you record at home, do as the networks do. Get Scotch Videocassettes.

FREE VIDEOCASSETTE OFFER.

Buy 5 Scotch Videocassettes and get a free L-500 or T-120. Details at participating retailers. Offer limited to cassettes purchased for home use only. Limit 4 free cassettes per household.

Not good in conjunction with other Scotch Videocassette offers. Offer expires September 4, 1981.

SCOTCH® VIDEOCASSETTES. THE TRUTH COMES OUT.

3M

the body billfold®

It could re-form you.

Lumping along with a bulging bump of a billfold? The Body Billfold is out to re-form you. To help smooth out the line of your otherwise body-tailored clothes. It's made of select, top grain leather, always soft and flexible. Plus, Amity's special nylon stitching offers extra give and take. So your billfold is fantastically form-fitting. Make your tailor happy . . . try on a Body Billfold. And re-form for good.

AMITY®

©1981 Amity Leather Products Company

TRI-FOLD Body Billfold Wallet in Black Brass Cowhide. Suggested retail $16.50. Other fine leathers from $9.00 to $27.50. **Call toll free 800-447-4700** for your nearest Amity Dealer. In Illinois 800-322-4400. Or write Amity, West Bend, Wisconsin 53095

M★E★S★H

The Converse Classic™ for men is a super-comfortable mesh shoe designed for the battle conditions of super competition. It's flexible but with firm support in all the places your foot needs support. It's shaped with a wider toe to reduce pinch and the fatigue of confinement. If you play as if your living depended on it, you should be wearing the Converse Classic. And if it's an all-purpose court shoe you want, you should be wearing the tough, lightweight Converse Court Star.™

CONVERSE®

© Converse 1981, An Allied Chemical Company.

heels, migraine headaches, flu, 103-degree temperature. . . .

PLAYBOY: Why would you play with so much pain?

GARVEY: It's too easy to sit out. It's my character to go ahead and play, because I'm trying to set an example, trying to show leadership by going out with a little pain and still getting a couple of hits or making a defensive play. We've crossed the line between amateur and professional sports. We're paid to play and to win.

PLAYBOY: How do you rate yourself and others as first basemen?

GARVEY: My analysis of first base is that it's easy to be an average first baseman; it's very, very tough to be a champion first baseman.

PLAYBOY: Assuming you rate yourself among the championship-quality types, how many are there?

GARVEY: Well, you can't take everything away from a player because his team didn't do well, but I would say there are probably two, at the most three, championship-quality first basemen in each league.

PLAYBOY: Who?

GARVEY: Well, the National League has more good first basemen than the American League, OK? [After several long exchanges and with much reluctance, Garvey says that Chris Chambliss, Keith Hernandez and Pete Rose are among the best.]

PLAYBOY: Is there anything you especially fear playing first base?

GARVEY: Well, I'd rather not have to go up the first-base line for a high throw. I do it, but it's a singularly vulnerable moment when you have to leap up three or four feet in the air for a ball and be completely exposed to the runner, who is going full speed.

PLAYBOY: It must be particularly tough, considering you're not very tall as first basemen go. Ever wish you were?

GARVEY: Sure, I always thought, Gee, I'd love to be 6′3″. But then you say to yourself, Gee, God had a plan for this body and made it a certain way, and I've had a lot of success with it, so I'd never change it. Kiddingly, Cyndy will say, "Hey, Stumpy," just as when I'm in batting trouble she calls me Slumpy, but at 5′10″ I'm taller than the average American. Usually, I try to disarm people who are uncomfortable around me by kidding about my height.

PLAYBOY: How?

GARVEY: Well, a woman may be nervous asking for an autograph, and if she's 5′2″ or something, I'll put my arm around her and say, "You know, Cyndy always says I should have a girl your size who fits under my arm." Things like that. I try to make a person comfortable so I can knock down any image he or she may have of me.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't that part of your recipe

RAMLÖSA

FROM SWEDEN WITH LOVE.

Ramlösa sparkling mineral water. Pure and natural from deep within the caverns of Sweden's famous Ramlösa springs. Icy crisp and naturally refreshing, Ramlösa's a delicious, no-calorie taste treat that turns any moment into a special occasion. Ask for Ramlösa today... in the beautiful blue bottle.

Make pure, natural ice cubes with Ramlösa and enjoy your favorite beverages to the fullest.

RAMLÖSA SPARKLING MINERAL WATER.

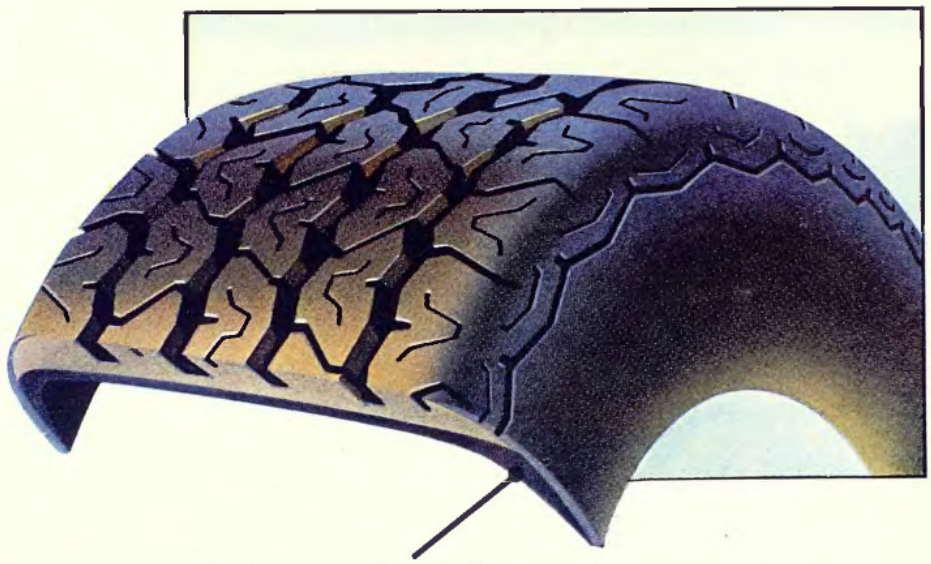
Exclusive agents: JB & Associates, Winter Park, Florida. ©1981

T/A® HIGH TECH™ RADIALS

Objective: Develop a traction block radial tread design that helps reduce hydroplaning and maintains European-style handling qualities.

The Mark T/A™ tire has excellent wet handling characteristics because its low rubber-to-void ratio and independent tread blocks with transverse grooves squeeze water out to help reduce hydroplaning.

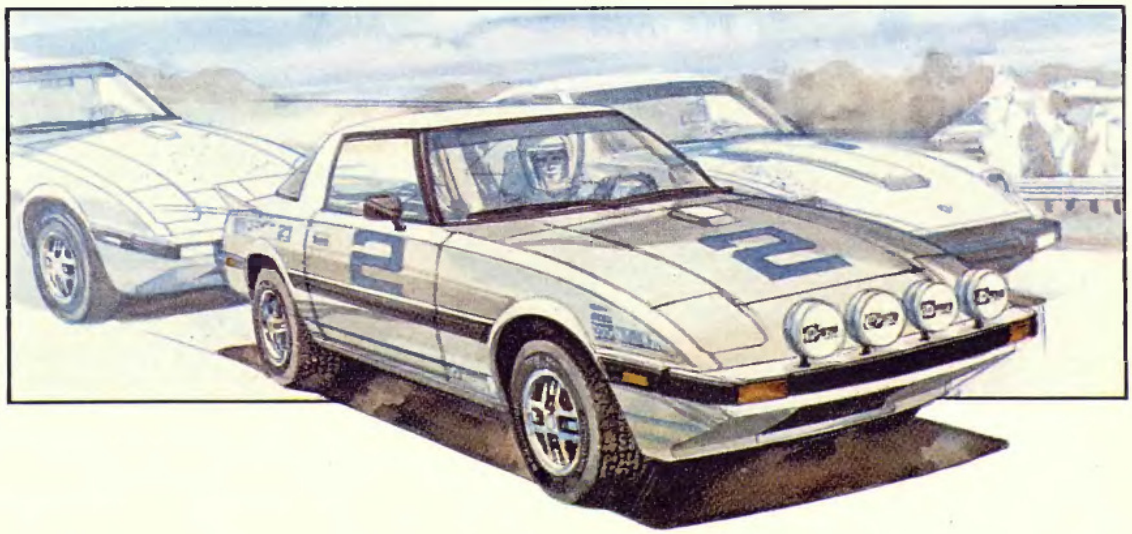
BFGoodrich



Dual compound tread offers the benefit of cool-running tires with excellent wear characteristics. Dependability is so exceptional BFGoodrich offers free replacement warranty coverage for The Mark T/A.

The Mark T/A radial's flat tread radius keeps the tread rubber in contact with the road surface during transient conditions, high traction tread compound further enhances dry handling.

Every Radial T/A utilizes state-of-the-art technology to meet the driving requirements of a particular vehicle type. Whether you drive a sports car, light truck, import, or a sedan, there's a Radial T/A designed for you. T/A® High Tech™ radials. Truly, the State of the Art.



©1981, BFGOODRICH CO.

for success when you started in the big leagues—"Be nice and you'll go far, kid"?

GARVEY: It has nothing to do with success. To me, it has to do with life, having people feel comfortable around you. I've been blessed with athletic ability combined with a personality that has put me at a certain level of visibility. When people visualize you from a distance on TV or wherever it may be, they have a tendency to have a certain amount of hero worship. So when I meet them, I don't want them to feel that when I'm in their presence. I want us to just interact as human beings.

PLAYBOY: We asked you what you feared most as a fielder. What scares you the most when you face a pitcher?

GARVEY: I think in the back of all our minds is this closet fear of getting hit in the head by a baseball. It's back there. Not that it affects us: I put it out of my mind. If I worried about that, I wouldn't be around today. But I think there's the realization that that is the single most terminating part of the game.

PLAYBOY: Who is the toughest pitcher you've faced?

GARVEY: The toughest pitcher? Gosh. Tom Seaver, a couple of years ago, was very, very tough. Steve Carlton from time to time. James Rodney Richard from time to time. And a player that you wouldn't think, but Phil Niekro with his knuckle ball. Sometimes it's just impossible to hit it.

PLAYBOY: Do you know, as a batter, when a pitcher has *got* you?

GARVEY: [*Laughs*] Well, I admire Bjorn Borg as much as anybody in sports, because I think I can relate to his philosophy when he's playing. That is, you never know whether he's beating *you* or you're beating *him*. And that's what I try to project. But when I know I've been intentionally knocked down or brushed back and I shake that fear, and get a hit—that's a great moment.

PLAYBOY: What about the greatest moment of all? Which stands out?

GARVEY: As far as a personal achievement that goes in the record book, it was the one day in 1976 when I was five for five, for five for five. I was up five times, scored five runs and five hits and five R.B.I.s. *That* was a very special day. It was one of those days in your career when you put everything together. I received six standing ovations that day, and to me that's the greatest accolade an athlete or performer can receive, when people stand and applaud you. What made it also so very special was that it was Nuns' Day at Dodger Stadium.

PLAYBOY: *Nuns'* Day?

GARVEY: Yeah, and just before the game, our public-relations director came up to me and told me about a girl who was a quadriplegic. He said, "She's a big fan of yours; would you just come over and say hello to her?" I said sure. She was above the visitors' dugout and it was only two minutes before the game. I went over and saw her: she was a very pretty girl, long blonde hair, about 11 or 12 at the time, and she had been in a gymnastics accident that had caused her to be a quadriplegic. I talked to her for a few minutes and I said, "Well, I'll try to get a hit for you today." I probably had the best single day of my career.

PLAYBOY: That's even more heart-warming than winning one for the Gipper. You spoke about slumps—how badly do they get to you?

GARVEY: I've been fortunate through my career to have experienced just a few slumps—a couple of them were rough ones. But because of the type of hitter I am—I hit to all fields and I make contact—I've avoided long slumps that can really turn a season around for you and make it a very bad year. Slumps are psychological the majority of the time. Once they start, they just seem to happen, and you compound them by your own mental approach to them. Your worrying, your anxiety—then overthinking.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of overthinking, many sportswriters feel that among professional athletes, baseball players are the dumbest. What's your opinion?

GARVEY: I never like to categorize people

MORE PROTECTION FOR MEN.
BECAUSE MEN PERSPIRE MORE.
Introducing the first Right Guard® stick
that fights wetness as well as odor.
New Right Guard Solid Anti-Perspirant. Regular scent or unscented.
It's another Right Guard answer to the fact that men perspire more.
And that's what Right Guard's for.
NEW
Gillette
RIGHT GUARD
SOLID
ANTI-PERSPIRANT
©The Gillette Company, 1981

AKAI QUICK-REVERSE.
FOR PEOPLE WHO HATE TO INTERRUPT
A GREAT PERFORMANCE.

AKAI very stylishly announces an end to musicus interruptus.
Our GX-F60R. Set it to play one side and stop. Or both sides and stop.
Or continuously, without missing a beat. For much more information
on this quick-reverse, bi-directional, metal-capable beauty, write AKAI,
P.O. Box 6010, Compton, Ca 90224.

A K A I

YOU NEVER HEARD IT SO GOOD.

TOUGH UNDER FIRE.

A high-powered rifle blasts a half-inch hole clear through a Master lock, and it still holds tight! A dramatic test of strength filmed for TV.

There's a Master lock for most anything worth keeping. Even special locks for trailers, guns, bikes and skis.

Now, who makes locks that can take a beating? Master Lock, sure as shootin'.

Master Lock Company
MILWAUKEE, WI 53210

and I hate to be categorized myself, but if you look at it realistically, basketball and football both draft from college players. So you're talking about guys who have basically gone at least through four years of college. Now, baseball's a different story. A majority of players are signed out of high school, where they don't have the maturity and the advanced education of college. You may have three players with a college education in the upper 15 percentile of the major-league teams. That, coupled with the fact that baseball, which runs from March first to October first, is programed and has everything provided for the athlete. You go from the airport, you take a bus to the hotel; the next day, the bus picks you up and takes you to the ball park. You know where you're going to be just about every day, every hour for all those months. Now, that's not very stimulating, either socially or educationally. It's your profession, yes, but what it is, I think, is intellectually stagnating. Unless you force yourself to read, to take advantage of some of the cities you travel to, of the arts—whether it's theater, performances, museums, things like that. What I try to do is I try to read all of your major periodicals—*Atlantic, Harper's, Business Week, Time*—all those. I try to read, I would say, anywhere from five to ten novels a season. Stuff like *The Powers That Be, The Kennedy Legacy, A Time for Truth*, by William Simon, Gordon Liddy's book, which I thought was fascinating. By the way, his interview in PLAYBOY was fascinating. Anyway, I try to stay abreast of what's going on in the world. So I know what's going on. So I can at least make a knowledgeable statement about world affairs.

PLAYBOY: We had a lot of trouble getting you to rate first basemen. Let's rate managers.

GARVEY: Let's *categorize* managers. If you rate managers, you have a tendency to lump them all in one category—some are psychologists, some are tacticians. I think a Gene Mauch and an Earl Weaver would be tactical-type managers—they really play the percentages of baseball. They're tactical in their approach to the game—using left-handed hitters against right-handed pitchers, a certain batter who does better against a certain team or pitcher. They're *always* thinking about the percentages. Other managers seem to be more motivational, more psychological. A Tommy Lasorda is like that. A Billy Martin is a psychologist *and* a personality who's infectious to his players. Your winning managers every year are the ones who are able to blend a knowledge of the game with a knowledge of the people they have playing with them. I think Chuck Tanner is that way. His players are loose, they're not confined by a set of rules. They go

mombasa magic...

Intimate • Old-Fashioned • Unique

Romance is Back ... with Mombasa Magic™!

Both decorative and functional, the almost transparent weave of the Mombasa™ Mosquito Netting makes a most fashionable canopy of soft, sheer, 100% nylon.

Just drape it over your bed, sofa, table for two, even your bath — and each is transformed into a place of splendid intimacy. The Mombasa™ Mosquito Net fits all ceilings and beds including kingsize and is easily installed from a single hook.

Dept. P-6-81

Yungjohann Hillman Co., Inc.
1350 Manufacturing • Suite #221 • Dallas, Texas 75207

Please send me _____ "Mombasa Mosquito Nets at $69.50 ea. (includes insured delivery) in Desert Sand ☐ Tropical White ☐ Flamingo Peach ☐ Palest Blue ☐ Mist Green ☐ Black Magic ☐

I have enclosed my payment of $_____ in the following manner: Check ☐ Money Order ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐

Charge Account #_____ Exp. Date_____

(Texas residents add 5% Sales Tax)

Or Call Toll Free 24 Hours Daily. 800-228-2028, Ext. 516

Name_____ Phone_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Machine washable in cold water — hang dry.
Approx. delivery time 2-5 weeks. No exchanges for colors.

out and they play up to their capabilities.

I think former players, former star players, have a tendency to be much tougher on themselves and find it much tougher to be managers, because they've reached a certain level of success and of achievement and it's very tough for them to teach. They may not understand that others may not have the same abilities or aggressiveness that they have. I see that from time to time. So I think managers fall in different categories.

PLAYBOY: Mauch, Weaver, Lasorda, Tanner. Would those be your top four managers in the game?

GARVEY: I would say in the areas I mentioned they are the best at what they do.

PLAYBOY: Is a manager necessary? There are those who believe managers are excess baggage if a team has great talent.

GARVEY: There always has to be someone in control, in charge. That's what a manager does. He orchestrates. *Especially* on a professional level. We all basically know the game, but we have to have somebody to look up to—somebody to lead, to tell us what to do—because if you don't, you have chaos. When you play together and live together for seven months a year, it's tough. A manager is the man who can be the brother, the father, the general, the manager—and he is each one of those to every player. So I think a manager is very, very important. I think the manager can mean the difference in five to eight victories a year—which is enough to win when the teams are evenly matched, as they are now.

PLAYBOY: What about home-run hitters—any favorites?

GARVEY: Growing up, I used to love to watch Mickey Mantle. He had the most fluid and powerful swing that I had seen. Your home-run hitters today? Mike Schmidt is powerful. Greg Luzinski is very powerful. Dave Kingman. Willie Stargell through the years. I was fortunate to play against Willie Mays and Hank Aaron. All these fellows get great bat speed. They have a certain amount of strength, especially in their arms.

PLAYBOY: Is there common strength to being a power hitter and getting those home runs?

GARVEY: Bat speed, I think. There are some lighter players I've admired who have hit home runs and generated good bat speed—Jimmy Wynn was a great example of a smaller man who hit for power and hit a very long ball. Then again, I've seen big guys very rarely hit home runs, because they don't generate bat speed. The key, as in some very small golfers, is to get the club or the bat accelerating as fast as possible through the ball, so I think the approach is good strong hands and wrists and forearms—this is what really whips them. And when I want to hit for more power, or when I'm going for the home run, I will take my bat back a little farther, so I have a longer area to accelerate through.

PLAYBOY: What about the violence in baseball? There may be less than in other sports, but do you think there should be legislation passed to control violence in all sports?

GARVEY: I don't think the Government can. I don't think that's its jurisdiction. I think it will be handled if it is flagrant and premeditated, such as clubbing somebody with a bat or just taking a stick and beating him. I think there's a fine line, but as to making it a criminal offense, it would have to be only in those flagrant instances.

PLAYBOY: Are you seeing more violence as the years pass?

GARVEY: No. I don't think so. I think it's tapering off. But all it takes is one incident and then they tighten up, and then it slowly loosens up over a period of time until something happens and then they tighten it again.

PLAYBOY: Is there a lot of plain dirty play in baseball?

GARVEY: I think it goes on less now than it used to in the Fifties and Sixties. But it happens from time to time now and it's up to the umpires to handle it. It's their job. They are the policemen on the field. So when they see something that's flagrant, they have to take it into their hands and stop it at that time. Now what you hear from them is, "Hey, we don't have support from our higher-ups, from the league president's office or the commissioner's office. Why should we subject ourselves to the possible loss of our jobs?"

"Don Sutton was quoted making an allusion to someone's Madison Avenue image—and that someone was me. . . . That is the low blow of jealousy."

PLAYBOY: During last year's world series, it sure did look like the Phillies pitcher, Dickie Noles, tried to bean George Brett, didn't he?

GARVEY: Well, see, it may be that if he really tried to throw at him, he would have aimed at his body and hit him. What he did was he tried to throw the ball up and in the back away from the plate and George was just going into the ball, and it's just one of those things. If he really wanted to hit him, he would have thrown at his right rib cage and he would have got him. But I'm talking about things that are premeditated. Something happens the night before, the guy comes up the first inning, the first pitch, nobody on, leading off the game, he gets hit—he gets drilled purposely. You got to prethink a little bit on those situations. Joe Ferguson, for instance, last year against the Phillies, with the intention of trying to walk him, bases loaded, he reaches out and hits the ball through the hole and two runs scored. The next batter, Billy Russell, comes up. He gets hit. So a fight starts. I try to keep people off, try to protect people.

PLAYBOY: Unless, of course, you happen to be throwing a few punches yourself. Which brings us to the famous fight you had with Don Sutton in 1978. A lot of fans were shocked to see you in a brawl. Who threw the first punch?

GARVEY: That's a good question. I still can't answer you. It happened so fast. We were face to face and before too many serious punches were thrown, everybody grabbed each of us off the ground.

PLAYBOY: What happened to provoke the fight?

GARVEY: The initial problem was a reference to me in an article about somebody else. The article was on Reggie Smith, about Reggie's season, and being an M.V.P. candidate. I agreed at the time, too, that he was having a great year. There was a reference to Reggie's personality and manner, which was fine. But then Don Sutton was quoted making an allusion to someone's Madison Avenue image and other things—and that someone was me. Now, you don't use an article about one person to get at somebody else. That is the low blow of jealousy.

PLAYBOY: But Sutton never mentioned your name in the article.

GARVEY: No; but 99 out of 100 people who read the article knew who he was talking about. So I confronted him with the article and told him the same thing that I had told jealous people in the past—that he should have more integrity.

PLAYBOY: Didn't the argument have something to do with Cyndy?

GARVEY: Well, I'm getting to that. Then he alluded to Cyndy and some other woman, and I said, "This is not the time or the place. All I'm talking about is this article." But he continued to bring Cyndy into it.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

GARVEY: Just a reference to Cyndy's interaction with some other woman on the team. Anyway, all of a sudden he just exploded. It just happened: the finger on the chest and then my reciprocation or whatever. I had no intention of any fist throwing.

PLAYBOY: Many star players don't believe in giving autographs, but you make a point of never turning down an autograph seeker. Why?

GARVEY: Autographs are truly personal and my philosophy has always been that

86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

HERE'S TO GUT FEELINGS AND THOSE WHO STILL FOLLOW THEM.

Ted "Captain Outrageous" Turner

Ted Turner does lots of things people advise him not to do. And he succeeds at them. He turned Atlanta's WTBS-TV into a "Superstation" using a communications satellite and recently founded Cable News Network, the world's first 24-hour TV news network. He bought the Atlanta Braves and moved them out of last place; won the 1977 America's Cup after being fired in the '74 races; and was named "Yachtsman of the Year" four times.

Ted Turner puts his feelings where his mouth is. He also puts a great scotch there: Cutty Sark. And while he's been called Captain Outrageous by some, one thing's sure: Ted Turner's enjoying himself.

The Scotch with a following of leaders.

CUTTY SARK®

©1981 B&W T Co.

The pleasure is back.

BARCLAY

99% tar free.™

Also available in 100's and Box

Kings and Box, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine;
100's, 3 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

BARCLAY

if somebody wants my autograph, then I'm going to give it to them, because although it may just be a piece of paper or a magazine or whatever, if they feel it's something special and something binding between them and myself, then why not? It's just a fleeting moment of your time and of your efforts—physical and mental—to write your name. And if they want it, then why not? It's a chance to put back something into the game of baseball from the fan standpoint, that we get out of it from their cheers, their applause and their reinforcement of us. Again, a lot of people don't want to take the time, don't feel it's important. But I think it is. That one little piece of paper—although it may be thrown away an hour later—at that moment was special. The fan and the athlete came together in a personal way.

PLAYBOY: Sometimes the interaction isn't that pleasant. Haven't you also gotten on the wrong side of deranged fans?

GARVEY: Well, I had three death threats just last year. Fortunately, none was real. And hopefully there never will be one. But there's the reality—it exists and it has happened before in other professions. I just hope that people put into perspective what we're doing—we are entertainment, we're entertaining others. Fans release their anxiety and some of the problems in their life by watching us and cheering for us. But when it comes to the point where it affects somebody's actions in eliminating a human being—I would hope that that would never come.

PLAYBOY: Can you feel safe wandering around freely when you visit other parts of the country?

GARVEY: You can't. You really can't. Over the years I've had, say, four *serious* death threats. People who think Steve Garvey's life is very simple and easy. [*Laughs*] But I've had six plainclothes policemen walking around me out of stadiums. I've had bomb threats in New York and Los Angeles. I have to be very conscious of the security of my family. And what makes me so mad is to have the papers instigate or plant the seed of the thought into the mind of someone with articles. My salary and my whole contract has been listed in the papers with my name in headlines. Steve Garvey makes X number of dollars per day.

PLAYBOY: It's a good thing you're not paid much.

GARVEY: [*Laughs*] Well, first of all, it's an invasion of privacy. I don't see any publishers or editors putting their contracts in the paper. They put mine in there and then they put my name in the headlines. They separate me and put me in headlines! They think nothing of who they are possibly instigating to jeopardize my family through kidnaping or whatever it may be, burglary.

PLAYBOY: Kidnaping?

GARVEY: Oh, sure. I'm very conscious of it. It's very tough. The very safety of where our little girls are outside my own house. But that doesn't make me down on society. It's just something that's transpired around the world—the threat of kidnaping to executives has forced them to have bodyguards. Security systems at home now. Cars. Bulletproof cars.

PLAYBOY: We don't want to add to your security problems, but today a lot of talk about baseball centers on money. We understand that the last six-year contract you signed is not up to today's sky-high standard. What is Steve Garvey worth?

GARVEY: With free agents and with signings, we are getting a very good idea of what Steve Garvey is worth in baseball. It's going to change even further with each ensuing month and year, so that by the time I start to negotiate for my last contract, I'll have a good idea, an even better idea than when you and I are talking about it today.

PLAYBOY: You said the papers have already reported their estimates, so let's just ask: How much per year do you make playing for the Dodgers?

GARVEY: Three hundred and thirty thousand dollars would be in the ball park.

PLAYBOY: Since you're not scheduled for

We knew it'd be another fantastic Chardonnay. And then we got lucky.

There we were. Two weeks 'til harvest. Everything (including Myron Nightingale, our Winemaster) pointing toward a 1979 Chardonnay as outstanding as our '77 and our '78.

Then we got lucky.

An unexpected heat wave pulled the last bit of sugar out of the vines and crammed it into the grapes.

And what came out of the oak was a very special wine. Big. Buttery. Creamy.

A Chardonnay with such exquisite varietal character, it ranks among our finest. (Which puts it in select company, considering all the excellent wines we've made in the last 105 years.)

So when you see our Napa Valley Chardonnay in the stores, snap it up. And celebrate the day we pressed our luck.

Beringer.

One hundred and five years at the same address: St. Helena, Napa Valley, California.

Still going strong, with less than an hour to go.
After 23 hours of racing, Firestone HPR's are still
helping the McLaren Mustang handle Daytona's high banking.

INTRODUCING THE STREET TIRE TOUGH ENOUGH TO TAKE ON THE 24 HOURS OF DAYTONA.

THE NEW FIRESTONE HPR® RADIAL

What a debut for a street tire! Pitted against the G's of Daytona's high banks, the raw power of a race-built McLaren Mustang, the grind of 24 punishing hours.

Yet the new Firestone HPR ran wheel to wheel with the race tires worn by Ferraris, Porsches, BMW's...and the McLaren Mustang finished the 24 hours without a hint of tire trouble. Hard to believe this was a street tire...modified only by shaving off a few sixteenths of original tread.

In this country's most famous endurance race, the HPR cornered, braked, and handled like a champ. The Firestone HPR–High Performance Radial—had earned its name in one very tough neighborhood.

HPR: designed from Day One to be a handler. Two aspect ratios: 55 and 65, for a low-to-the-road profile that helps keep the HPR on its feet in corners.

HPR DIMENSIONS (IN INCHES)

•TIRE SIZE	LOAD RANGE	DESIGN RIM WIDTH	OVERALL TIRE WIDTH	OVERALL DIAMETER	STATIC LOADED RADIUS	TREAD WIDTH
P195/65R13	SL	5.50	7.72	22.99	10.16	6.00
P205/65R14	SL	5.50	7.99	24.49	10.82	6.30
P255/65R15	SL	7.00	10.04	28.07	12.41	7.83
P255/55R14	SL	7.00	10.04	25.04	11.06	7.83
P255/55R15	SL	7.00	10.04	26.02	11.49	7.83

Short, stiff sidewalls carry steering inputs to the road in a hurry. Wide, wide tread, backed up by interwrapped belts of steel and aramid, boosts cornering coefficients; minimizes tread squirm.

An aggressive block tread hooks up all your horses to dry pavement, yet resists hydroplaning.

What kind of car deserves the HPR? 'Vettes, Z-cars, Trans Ams, Camaros, McLaren Mustangs—good-handling wheels like these are what the HPR performs best on. And looks best on. (White outline letters on one side, black on the other—so you can choose—and change—your look.)

See your Firestone dealer for the full HPR story. He speaks high performance...and that's what the HPR is all about.

Firestone

the contract table until 1982, why don't you renegotiate? It's certainly in vogue.

GARVEY: My philosophy and that of my agent, Jerry Kapstein, is that if we have signed a contract, we'll live by it. You won't hear me complaining about it. You won't hear me talk about renegotiation. But when the time comes, I will have a very, very good idea of what my worth is to the Dodgers or to any team in baseball.

PLAYBOY: You mean you would say goodbye to the Dodgers and become a free agent?

GARVEY: If the Dodgers decided that I wasn't worth what Steve Garvey is truly worth, yes. Now, let me preface that by saying I would never place myself any higher than what I truly am worth, because I just don't believe in that. Who am I to say if this player makes $1,000,000 a year that I want to be the highest-paid player? If the highest-paid player makes $1,500,000, I want $1,600,000? It's not an ego situation for me. I just want truly what I'm worth. If the Dodgers were to say to me, "Steve, this is a business, we appreciate what you've done for us, but we don't feel you're worth that," then my obligation to myself and to my family would be to offer my services to whoever thinks I am worth that. Now, what I am saying would be a last recourse, because I've put in my whole life with the Dodger organization. My life is in Southern California with the people, and every avenue would have to be exhausted before I made that stand.

PLAYBOY: For Steve Garvey to give up the Dodgers *does* sound a bit drastic. . . .

GARVEY: Well, would they want to give me up? is the question. That's the question. It would be very tough for me to give up the Dodgers. Unfortunately, my naïveté crosses lines into what I always thought was more than a business—that there was a certain amount of feeling, emotion . . . what's the word?

PLAYBOY: In Pittsburgh, it's called being *family*.

GARVEY: Yeah. Somebody who has given basically his whole life to one organization. From the age of six until 32—26 years now, so that's quite a long time. I've given a lot of time, blood, sacrifices, I give my life—I give my life 12 months a year. I think Steve Garvey is synonymous with the Dodgers. They don't usually say Steve Garvey alone, but Steve Garvey of the Dodgers. The Dodgers, Steve Garvey—*that* goes hand in hand. There are only a few ballplayers who are truly synonymous with their teams. Yastrzemski of Boston, Rose *was* at Cincinnati, Johnny Unitas was with Baltimore, Bob Cousy was at Boston, Roger Staubach at Dallas. Steve Garvey of Los Angeles. You just hope that there's a mutual respect beyond the financial situation. Beyond the business end of it. There's more of a personal feel for accomplishment and for dedication. I dedicated myself to them.

PLAYBOY: And you're being underpaid?

GARVEY: As far as today's value in market is concerned, yeah, I think I'm a pretty good bargain in 1981. But let me preface that by saying that when I signed in 1976, I signed a contract that was probably one of the ten best at the time. I signed it for security reasons—you know, the length of contract, knowing that my family would have financial security. I was satisfied with it. I signed the contract and will abide by it for six years and you'll never see me go in and renegotiate.

PLAYBOY: Can we safely guess that 1982 will be your last contract in baseball?

GARVEY: Lifetime or career-ending contract? Yes, that would be my last contract.

PLAYBOY: So a retirement date of about 1985, 1986?

GARVEY: I would say 1986 would make me 37 years of age, that's a pretty good career. That will be shortened if I feel that my skills no longer sufficiently let me perform to the expectations of the people.

"You won't hear me talk about renegotiation. But when the time comes, I will have a very, very good idea of what my worth is to the Dodgers."

PLAYBOY: You could come on as a pinch hitter.

GARVEY: No. I performed too long at a certain level. I may have an off year. If I come back the next year and have an off year, then over two seasons you get a pretty good idea if something's happened. It's a feeling of age. Timing. You're not quite as quick anymore, you know. Legs starting to go. Fortunately, I have a good strong body; hopefully, I'll avoid any injury and I'll keep my eyesight, which is the biggest thing.

PLAYBOY: Pete Rose has certainly set an example for older players.

GARVEY: Well, Pete hit .285 last year and you *know* he's tailed off a little bit. Scored runs as a lead-off man. He's still an excellent ballplayer, but I'm quite sure he feels it now. He played every game and he said that he shouldn't really have played every game, should have taken a day off from time to time. But that's not Pete Rose to take a day off. Pete Rose is going to play every game.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of Pete Rose, he said in his September 1979 *Playboy Interview* that he took greenies, or diet pills. Anything going on like that on *your* team?

GARVEY: I don't look for it. Maybe it's because I don't want to see it a lot because I'm so concentrated on doing my job that I don't look for it to happen. I know that from time to time it does happen and there is something taken here and there. I can't tell you who, I just can't, I don't concern myself with it. I know it happens, but it is happening less.

PLAYBOY: So you don't see guys running to first base so loaded up that it's obvious they're on some kind of speed?

GARVEY: It's tough enough to hit a baseball with a sound mind and body and a clear head, much less in a state of drug use. I don't see it that often; they don't *get* to first base that often. [*Chuckles*]

PLAYBOY: What about other teams?

GARVEY: There are some teams who are maybe much heavier into it than other teams. It's not a big problem in my environment. The only time I see it is if it's obvious. I'm not looking for it. I've got a job to do. I'm not the first baseman who's trafficking potential drug users, you know. "Here, let me check your eyes, your pulse, OK, OK, go ahead and pitch." I don't have time for that. There are times I can tell that somebody may be just a little more high-strung that day due to something he ingested.

PLAYBOY: But you don't take guesses on what he's ingested?

GARVEY: Maybe he had too much coffee. I don't know that stuff, anyhow. Next question. Let's go.

PLAYBOY: We were talking finances. You have five agents and companies representing you. Just how elaborate are your investments?

GARVEY: I believe in the stock market and the development of small business as a financial trend for the Eighties. But as a personal investor living in Southern California, I've primarily invested in land and buildings. On an even more personal basis, I enjoy art. But art is intangible. Art is what appeals to you. I don't invest in art simply for the investment. I like art for what it shares with me. So any art that I have is for enjoying—I am a fan of LeRoy Neiman and his work as an American artist, so I have a collection of his work. But I have also gotten into artists who are developing a name for themselves who have appealed to me.

PLAYBOY: Any Monets?

GARVEY: No; but I have a Picasso.

PLAYBOY: So you keep your money moving?

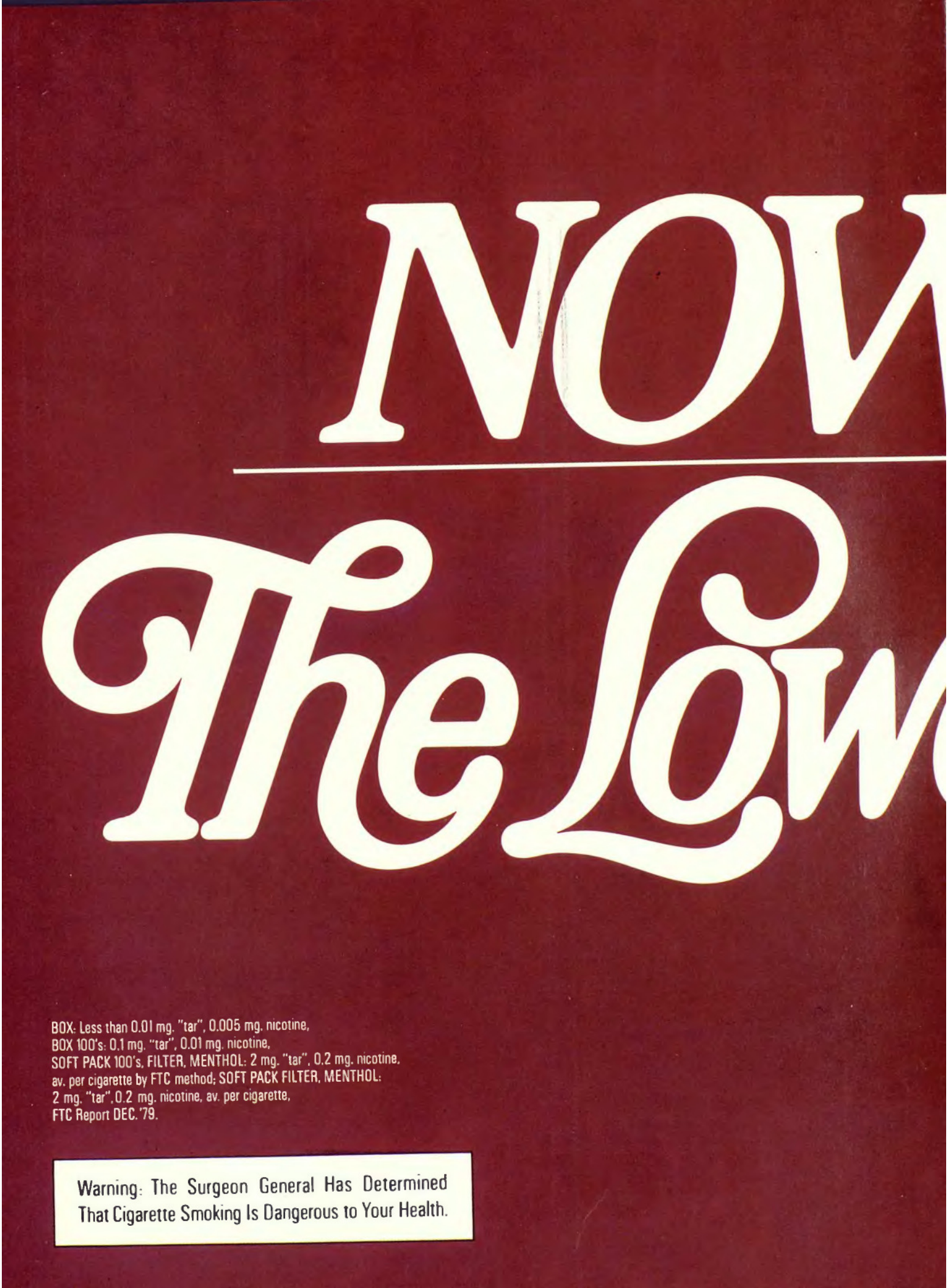
GARVEY: I'm a low-risk, conservative-type person. I try to get the best advisors that I can find and try to keep my money working for me, but also, I keep a percentage of it liquid, just in case of

AUSTIN, NICHOLS DISTILLING CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KY. ©1981

WILD GIFTS FOR DAD

Give him the Big One on his Big Day: the great Wild Turkey in the sculptured 1.75 Liter.*
Whether you choose 101-proof Wild Turkey or 86.8-proof, you're giving him the acknowledged King of Bourbons.

*Available where legal



BOX: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.005 mg. nicotine,
BOX 100's: 0.1 mg. "tar", 0.01 mg. nicotine,
SOFT PACK 100's, FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method; SOFT PACK FILTER, MENTHOL:
2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette,
FTC Report DEC. '79.

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

©1981 R J REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO

V

est

Box
Less than 0.01 mg tar

Box 100's
0.1 mg tar

Also available:
Soft Pack 85's
and 100's

Regular or Menthol

problems. I would say for someone in Southern California, land is your best bet.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that by the time you finish your career, you will be a millionaire?

GARVEY: I would hope so. It's interesting. When someone signs a $1,000,000 contract, they call him a millionaire. When, in essence, that's not true. To me, a millionaire is someone who has a net worth of more than $1,000,000. Not somebody who's making $1,000,000 a year. A $1,000,000-a-year contract—cut 61 percent of that away for income taxes and state taxes and then take your living expenses and then find out exactly how much net value you have.

PLAYBOY: So it helps to have Cyndy's salary.

GARVEY: Yeah. Every little bit helps. People say, "Well, the more money you make, the more taxes you pay." That's fine, that's OK with me. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Which brings up Dave Winfield, the multimillion-dollar, highest-paid player in baseball——

GARVEY: Let's preface that by saying that he has a $1,000,000-plus-per-year contract. Whether he is a millionaire depends upon him and how he invests his money and how he takes care of it. You don't know if he has bonus clauses, or whether it's true cost of living or what; I mean, you really don't know. I would say that there's a difference between being rich and being wealthy.

PLAYBOY: What is the difference?

GARVEY: A millionaire is rich. I would say a rich person can go up to about, say, anywhere from $1,000,000 to $40,000,000. A wealthy person is someone who really has absolutely no concept of economic problems at all. And a wealthy person is someone . . . like going through the San Francisco Museum of Art: I would say a vast majority of those paintings are donated by the Rockefellers. It's just mind-boggling, the value of those paintings being donated by those people. A wealthy person probably has $50,000,000-plus. His money has an effect on the financial picture in this country.

PLAYBOY: So you are in the not-even-rich-yet category.

GARVEY: [*Laughs*] Not even, not yet. Well, maybe borderline. Upper-middle-class.

PLAYBOY: How do you think those high salaries are affecting baseball?

GARVEY: I think that baseball is in a strong position right now. You can look at attendance, you can look at gross revenues, you can look at increased participation, televisionwise—both network and local cable—to see that baseball is very, very appealing to the masses. And I think it's very profitable. It's unfortunate that certain people are alarmists in saying that free agency and lax spending will be the demise of baseball in the near future. That attitude right there is

ludicrous, simply because since the onslaught of free agency, you have seen a steady growth in the business. You just have to look at the bottom line to see that baseball is continuing to rise; the components are there.

As long as people keep coming out, and the owners are only going to pay salaries to the players if they can afford them. An owner is not going to give a player $500,000 if he can't afford it. So he *must* be able to afford it. And I think in the near future they'll be more and more influenced by cable and pay TV. Some of the teams in the major markets—New York, Chicago, Los Angeles—will be heavily influenced by your pay television. And even myself, as a fan of other sports, and as a fan of baseball, would still go out to the ball park to watch a game live. It's still probably the best entertainment dollar in Los Angeles.

PLAYBOY: The owners say they're losing money.

GARVEY: I have respect for the owners and it *is* a business. In the past, they have had baseball people handling the baseball business, where a lot of times business needs a businessman to administer it. So I think what's happening now is more and more owners and teams are bringing astute businessmen in to work with them on developing better financial situations and public-relations situations and marketing situations because a lot of baseball's marketing is untapped. It's only been in the last three or four years that programs have popped up on TV to promote baseball. OK. If you made $4,000,000 last year and you made $3,000,000 this year and you tell people you're losing, well, theoretically you are, but in essence you're still making a large profit. So it's a slap in the face a lot of times when I hear baseball people say, "Well, I can show you in my books." Well, as anybody knows, a good accountant can alter a book to make a profit into a loss.

PLAYBOY: So free agency is here to stay?

GARVEY: Free agency is here to stay.

PLAYBOY: The players' association has voted to strike just about when this interview goes to press.

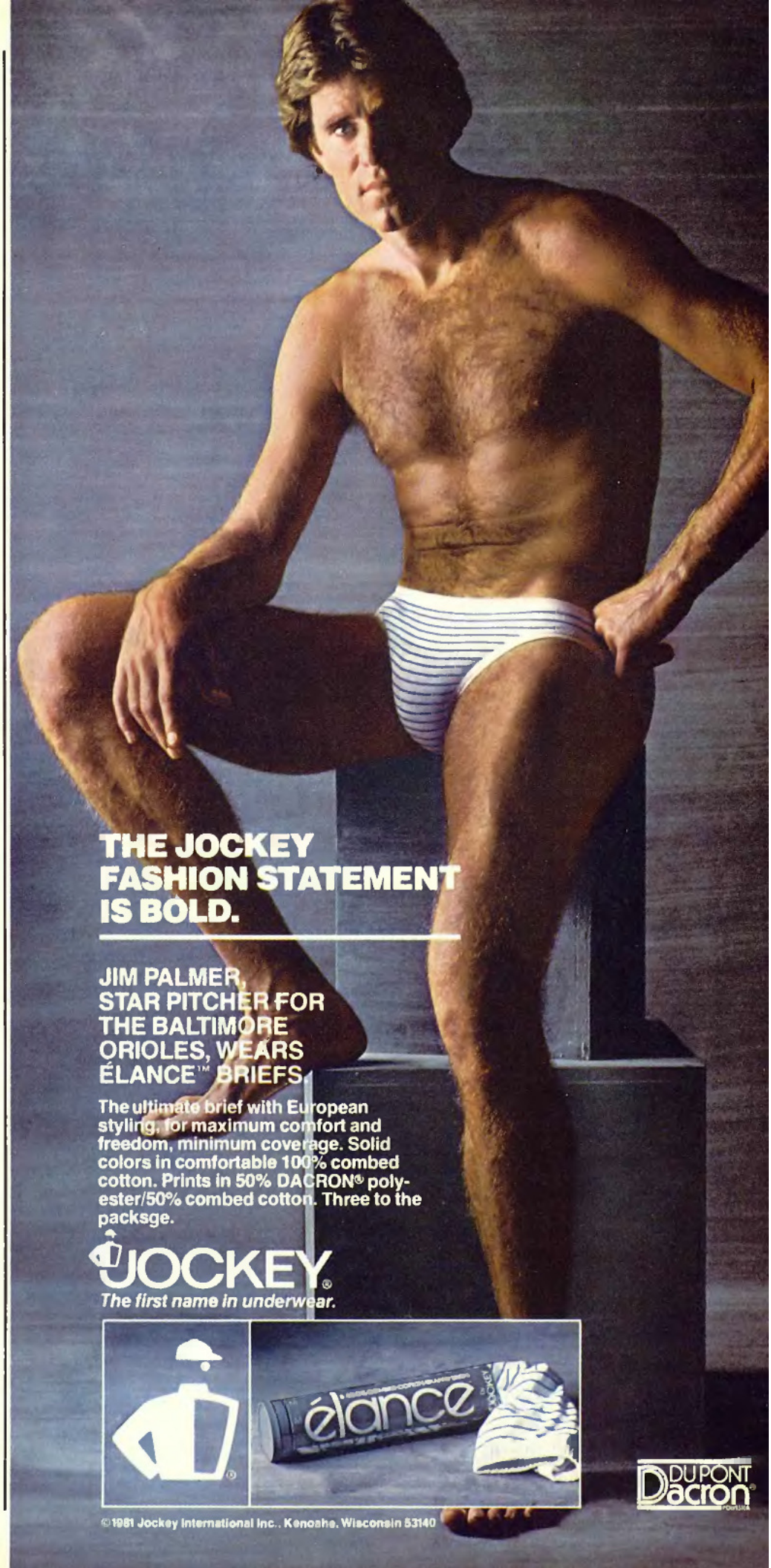
GARVEY: Only if the ownership implements compensation.

PLAYBOY: Would you be behind the strike then?

GARVEY: Yes, I would be behind the strike. Because I'm not about to give up something that's been given to me—that's the right to free agency without anything more than a first-round compensation.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever felt owner control in baseball has created a type of slavery for you as a player?

GARVEY: Less now. It's been a self-inflicted slavery through the years, because you've developed your skills and you sold yourself to a team. But it was an



income and a livelihood and a profession. Now you have the opportunity, as in any democratic society, to move laterally if you want to. But again, we're still keeping a basic obligation of six years, which I think is OK. We've given an organization six years of our playing abilities and they said, "Well, we took this much money to develop you" and, well, OK, you're getting six years from us in the long run.

PLAYBOY: Let's return to the subject of your good-guy image. Hasn't that aroused a lot of resentment among some of your more irreverent teammates? Some have even denounced you in public.

GARVEY: Wait. At one point, that may have been true, but that's diminished. It's diminished as my career has progressed and my consistency has continued and people have seen me year in and year out in different situations. The cynics and critics and jealous people are suddenly realizing that their attempts have failed to stop me from accomplishing what Steve Garvey wants to accomplish. Those people are now more or less in a purgatory position because they're saying, "Well, geez, maybe we're wrong, he *hasn't* changed." And maybe they've matured in their own lives, so they know more about people; they know somebody can be the way I am.

PLAYBOY: And yet there have been stories in the past quoting some teammates to the effect that you had no friends on the team.

GARVEY: Yes, and they knew better. To think someone would say that in the paper, where 1,000,000 people could read it. [*Shakes his head.*] It was like somebody hit me in the stomach. To be critical of your family, of all things. . . . I've never criticized a player in the paper or on the air; I've never criticized my managers, the decisions of coaches. You get paid to play together as a team. So when you start to criticize each other, you're tearing down the basic concept of a team sport.

PLAYBOY: What did you do about all that?

GARVEY: I stood up at a team meeting and I said, "Here's an article. I want you to read this and when you're done, tell me why you weren't men enough to come up and tell me if you had a problem. Come up and confront me."

PLAYBOY: Did anyone say anything?

GARVEY: I think they were too surprised. I said, "Whose are the anonymous quotes here? Stand up right now and say it. I know you're gutless, because you wanted it made anonymous to begin with, but why don't you stand up right now?" Nobody stood up, of course, but I eventually knew who they were. See, that's my journalistic pet peeve—the anonymous quote.

PLAYBOY: Sometimes they're necessary. That's how Watergate unfolded.

GARVEY: Sure, it's a gutless form of journalism that helps no one.

PLAYBOY: That obviously depends on circumstances, but you must admit that with your Goody Two-shoes image, you're a tempting target for writers.

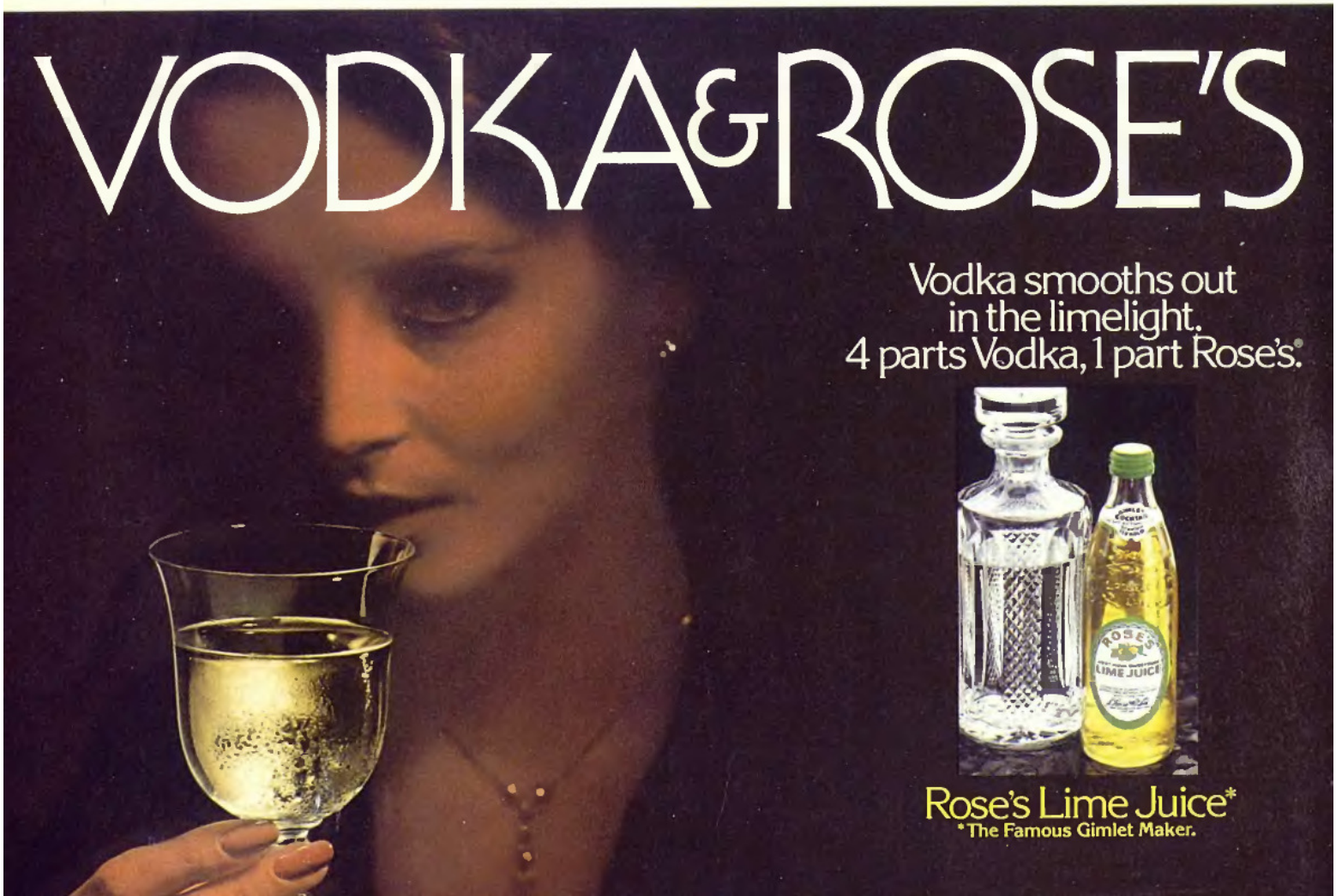
GARVEY: Yes, I would imagine it would be very tough to write about me now unless you wanted to do something specific on my opinions about things—like I've mentioned to other writers. I mean, it's 1981. What are my thoughts on this decade and my feelings on the remainder of my career, what I've accomplished, or could I have personally done more or less or better? Let's not dwell on things that have happened in the past.

PLAYBOY: And what do the writers say?

GARVEY: [*Laughing*] They nod their heads and agree, then go ahead and write about the past.

PLAYBOY: After the publication of the *Inside Sports* article, you were quoted as saying you were "concerned" about some of the older sportswriters and their opinions. Why?

GARVEY: Yeah, I said I was concerned that some of the sports journalists who had been around for a number of years and knew me pretty well couldn't perceive that an injustice had been done. When everything is said and done and the final story told on that article, I'd



like them to come back and admit how wrong they were. Or at least admit that they didn't give the whole situation time to develop or unfold.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about taking the position of restricting freedom of the press, so to speak, with your lawsuit against Newsweek and *Inside Sports*?

GARVEY: In dealing with court cases, and so forth, I can understand the First Amendment and a kind of restraint. I also can understand a respect for privacy and safety of the individual. But if the press is protected on one side, then the individual has to be protected on the other side. So there's an inequality there. You can't write about somebody and just say, "Hey, that's my opinion," if it's slanderous and false and the person who is written about has no recourse at all. I am for the Constitution and the Bill of Rights and all those things, but still, the individual has to have some protection.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel any embarrassment about dragging the *Inside Sports* article through the papers again?

GARVEY: No, because how often do you have two individuals suing something as large as Newsweek? We set a figure of $11,200,000, but money is not the thing. We're spending $200,000 out of our pocket on a matter of principle. For ourselves, primarily, but also so that this case will set a precedent for others in the future.

PLAYBOY: Was it a difficult decision to make?

GARVEY: It was easy. After it sunk in, we said, what can we do? The best thing is not to battle it in the paper but to make a public statement as to our feelings that Steve and Cyndy Garvey feel that malice, defamation, obstruction has been the case here and are suing Newsweek for libel, slander and $11,200,000.

PLAYBOY: Are you prepared to settle out of court?

GARVEY: They'll try to have the case thrown out of court somehow, but so far they've lost on all points. See, what we did, we got a restraining order to prevent its being reprinted in the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* through two local courts. Then, of course, it was overturned in the court of appeals in Sacramento. But we got five days. The Pentagon papers only got two days. Isn't that amazing? The only way we would settle would be a total retraction. Plus remuneration at this point for what we already spent.

PLAYBOY: Since you have mixed feelings about the media, why are you doing this interview?

GARVEY: I hope the reason I'm doing the *Playboy Interview* is so people will get a better idea of Steve Garvey's thoughts and opinions and know that I am sincere in my feelings about myself and my family and the people that I associate with and how much I truly respect and enjoy being an American in this country.

PLAYBOY: Well, you're certainly sounding like a good patriot.

GARVEY: Yes, I am.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a real sense of being regarded as a sports hero?

GARVEY: Yeah. We are in the entertainment business, but we still perform heroic deeds. I understand that certain things I do are inspirational to people. And I would like to see the emergence of the political hero, of the business hero, the military hero. I know we're not involved in war now, and I hope we never are, but we've diminished our heroes in those three areas. And those three are more important than a sports hero.

PLAYBOY: Who is your political hero?

GARVEY: I was personally influenced by John Fitzgerald Kennedy at a very young age. Now it's Ford.

PLAYBOY: Gerald Ford is your hero? Why?

GARVEY: Well, what President Ford did—and not many people realize this—he took an office, the single most important office in the land that was totally discredited, and in the two years there, he put credibility back into the office of the Presidency. He took a devastated White House and made it respectable again. He took a foreign policy and worked

That's the reaction that's made Puerto Rican Gold Rum one of the most popular and fastest growing liquors in America today.

Any way you try it, Gold Rum is a smooth alternative to bourbons, blends, Canadians—even Scotch.

Enjoy it on the rocks, or with a dash of soda or your favorite mixer. The first sip will amaze you. The second will convert you.

Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican. The people of Puerto Rico have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional taste and purity.

No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS
Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free "Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. P-4, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10102 © 1980 Government of Puerto Rico

with it and made it strong. And he did it while being ridiculed as a klutz and clumsy and he may have mispronounced a word now and then, but he was the people's President. He did more in two years than 90 percent of the people realize. He got people to work for him. He got people to instigate his programs. It takes more than two years. Lots of times it takes more than four years to get this accomplished. But I think he did more in two years than, geez, who knows how many Presidents? The majority of them.

PLAYBOY: Did you get close to him?

GARVEY: I know him personally and I stood up for him at the tail end of his campaign in 1976. Voted for him. It's tough for me to declare one way or the other—Republican or Democrat—because when you play for a public team, it's tough to alienate yourself one way or the other. I don't think it's fair to my employer to be hard-line Republican or Democrat. But I am influenced by the individual.

PLAYBOY: And you didn't come out for anyone in last year's election?

GARVEY: No. I was hoping, well, I had a feeling that President Ford was going to get into the race. And I thought that the Ford-Reagan ticket would have been even stronger. But I think, all in all, I was impressed with the people of this country and their decision to make a change. That's happened so infrequently in our history. The incumbent has always won. People have said, like President Reagan the last two weeks of his campaign, "Are you any better off now than you were four years ago?"

PLAYBOY: Did you vote for Reagan?

GARVEY: Yes. I think he was a very good governor. I think his policies now are solid and he also made a statement that's true: We're *not* better off now than four years ago. Therefore, it was our prerogative to change. And for the first time in history, we did make a change with an incumbent President. People are concerned now whether the President will be taking a strong, active position on things, will he be in the forefront at all times? Well, I think Reagan will, but he won't be out there as visible. He'll have all his people surrounding him and working—knowledgeable people. I think he's selected some great people for his Cabinet. I think we'll see more done in a wider variety of areas.

PLAYBOY: Is there any truth to the rumors you might want to try to run for the U. S. Senate when you've hung up your spikes?

GARVEY: It's an option I would hopefully have at the end of my professional baseball career. It's a stimulating thought to me, because I feel I have something to offer people—and that is a willingness to make this society a better place to live in for all of us. That's what I'm

introducing RAVELLO 2000

now you can walk on air.

The design principle that makes the Ravello 2000 so revolutionary, originated in Europe. But it was perfected here by Florsheim.

The sole is a molded molecular substance injected with literally millions of tiny air bubbles invisible to the naked eye. It forms an extremely lightweight, cushiony support that is so flexible, you can bend the sole from the toe back. And, remarkably, from side to side.

Amazingly comfortable yet incredibly durable. Perhaps even more extraordinary, the bottom on the Ravello 2000 is so tough it probably will outwear any sole and heel you have now. (Florsheim feels this entire bottom will virtually never wear out.)

One additional note about comfort: all too often, some shoes feel quite good on a store carpet. But once outside, they can feel quite uncomfortable. Florsheim's Ravello 2000 shoes feel as comfortable on pavement as they do on carpet.

Air bubble comfort, Florsheim style. Comfort and style, unfortunately, don't always go hand in hand, despite what others claim. You'd undoubtedly expect shoes this comfortable to look a little strange. But you'd be overlooking one fact. Ravello 2000 shoes are Florsheim shoes. Which means you'll receive supreme comfort in styles versatile enough to wear to work, a night on the town, or even with jeans.

Bathe your feet in bubbles. In the final analysis, however, your feet simply must experience Ravello 2000 shoes themselves. Come. Come to wherever Florsheim is sold and feel what it's like to walk on air.

Keep on one of your own shoes and try on one of ours for a side-by-side comparison.

Millions of tiny air bubbles are waiting to bathe your feet in comfort that is nothing short of astonishing.

RAVELLO 2000

another choice from The Florsheim Choice

Florsheim®

an INTERCO company

For free style brochure, write:
Florsheim, Dept. 19, 130 So. Canal St., Chicago, Ill. 60606

doing now, what I've done all my life: develop ideas and principles that will set examples for people and also that will stimulate me to improve our society in areas that I feel have to be improved. So if I was to run for an office and to be elected, people would know they have, number one, somebody who is dedicated to them, number two, somebody who would be willing to sacrifice principles and ideals and to work tirelessly to improve our society.

PLAYBOY: You probably don't mean you'd *sacrifice* ideals and principles, but spoken like a true politician. In fact, you seem to be throwing your hat into the ring. Have any political pros approached you?

GARVEY: Very high-profile people in both parties.

PLAYBOY: Who?

GARVEY: I'd rather not say.

PLAYBOY: What have they said?

GARVEY: They feel that I would be a very big asset to their party and to whatever party I ran for, because of personality, accomplishments, ideals, and so forth.

PLAYBOY: What do you think?

GARVEY: I'm confident I could run. I really am. I think that I could be an influence, I could make an impact.

PLAYBOY: You don't feel you should start with local politics?

GARVEY: I wouldn't have time for that. Either I start at the U. S. Senate or nothing. Because I wouldn't have time to work my way up. I'd be 36, 37 or 40, whatever my age might be.

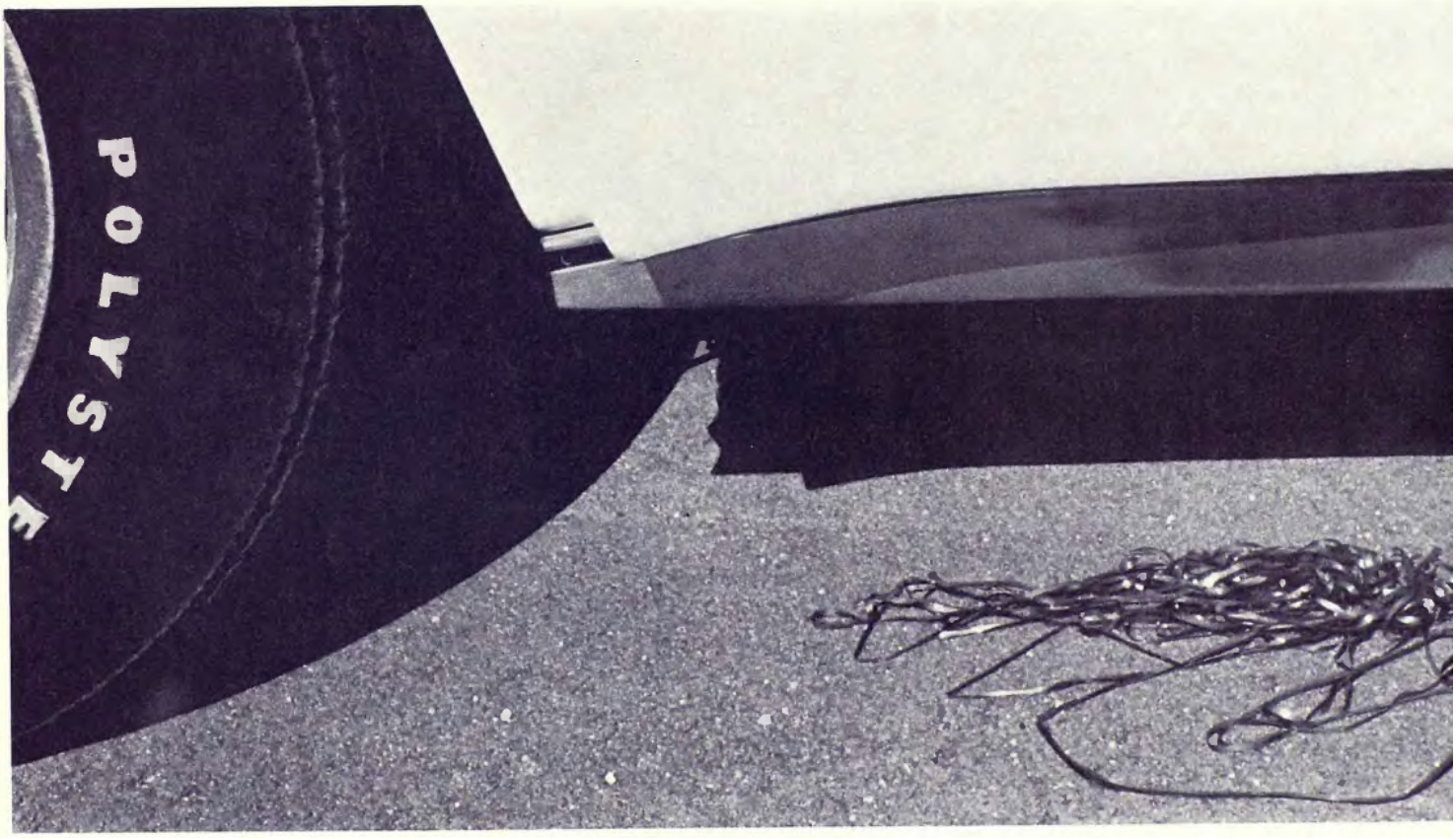
PLAYBOY: If you were successful in the Senate, would you think of running for the Presidency?

GARVEY: Oh, if you've ever thought about political office, and if you brought yourself to a point where, as a person and a politician, you felt you could do the job, I think you'd consider it. *I'd* consider it. I'd consider it because I know myself as a person and I know if I were elected to that position, it would be nothing short of my complete, total dedication.

PLAYBOY: We may have a movie actor as a President now, but don't you think there's something odd about a professional athlete's running for the Presidency?

GARVEY: I think, sure, there will be a time when an athlete will be running for the Presidency. There are people who could very well be qualified in the near future. You know, I read the other day that there've been five athletes who have run for political office and won. And there have been five journalists who have run for political office and lost. So [*laughs*] the dumb-jock syndrome is diminished and the intelligent journalist may have been tarnished.

PLAYBOY: In your opinion, what's the



Does your car

TS-167 KP-7500

greatest political problem our country has?

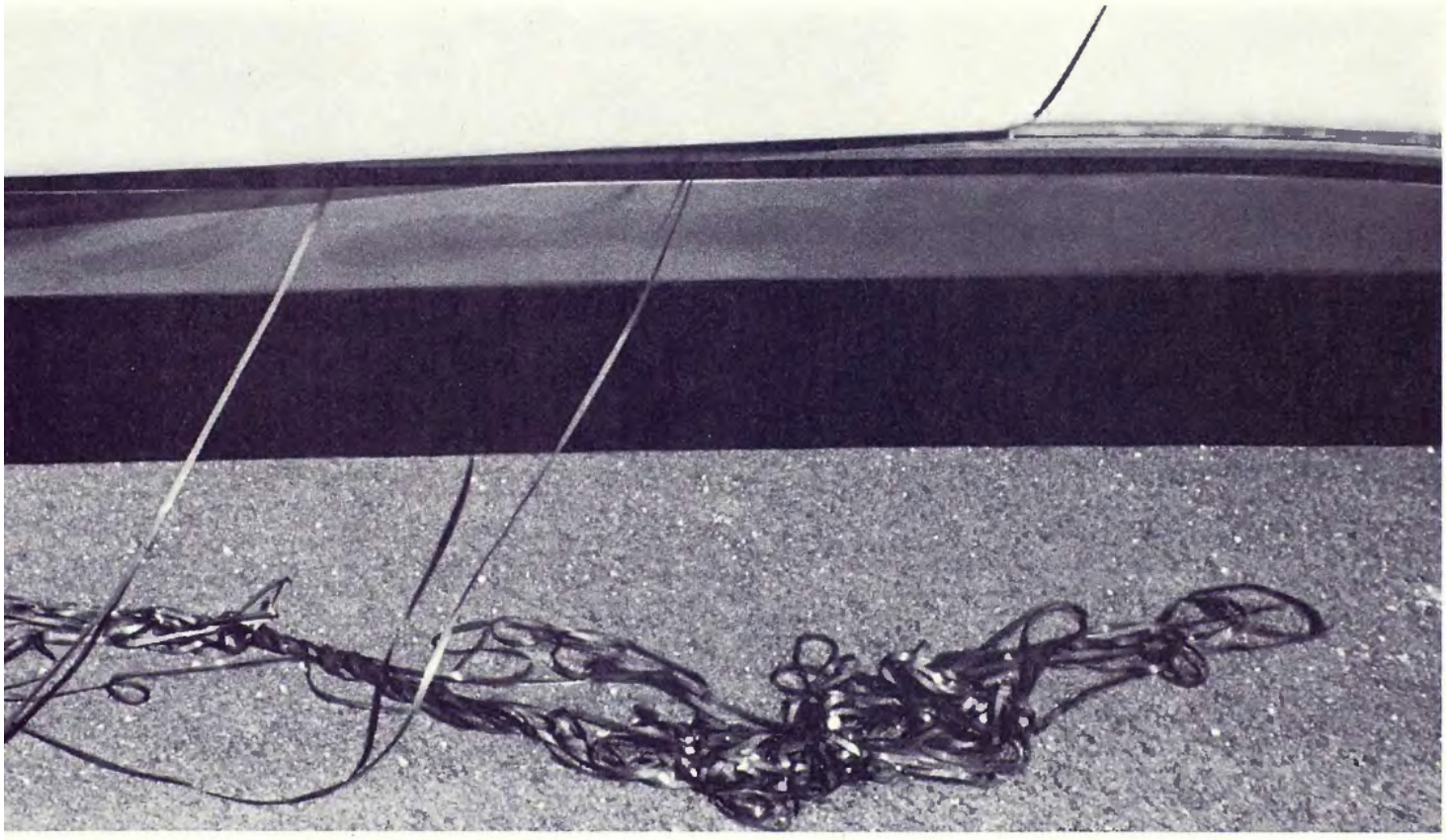
GARVEY: We need an all-out effort to reestablish the strength of the United States militarily. What concerns me is all the articles and all the news that we're no longer the strongest country in the world. That to me is the beginning of the end, when you become a second-rate power that has diminishing resources and is striving for survival. The United States, I really feel, is the most powerful in the world, but without a proper defense we've become susceptible to being overtaken. Economically, too, we're in trouble. When Japan becomes the largest auto maker in the world by a noticeable difference, it makes you sit down and say, "Wait a second, we invented the automobile." Through all those years we were the greatest auto maker in the world. Now Japan has taken over the spot. Something's happening. We're starting to slip, to lose perspective about growth. We have to project growth in this country. But what has happened is, because it's so competitive and all those outside sources come into our country and saturate each market, we have now driven ourselves to the point where we have to show profit in a relatively short time, so that our executives are forced to show a profit in a short time or they will be gone. How do they do that? They develop short-range programs for success. I think a lot of times we've forsaken our long-term projects and set ourselves back.

PLAYBOY: We began this discussion with the subject of heroes. Getting back to that, besides yourself, who is a sports hero?

GARVEY: Oh, there's a lot of them, really. I think Roger Staubach is a legitimate hero because of what he stands for. Julius Erving is a hero to a lot of people. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar is a hero. Terry Bradshaw is a hero. Probably an Earl Campbell, if you're talking about people who perform on a level of excellence. But, to me, a true superstar is somebody like Joe DiMaggio, who performed at the top of the game for a number of years and then transcended into retirement, but still maintained dignity and class and popularity 25 years later.

PLAYBOY: Don't you find it sad to see him shilling for Mr. Coffee?

GARVEY: No, I don't find it sad. I still admire him. People criticize him for doing Mr. Coffee or Bowery Bank commercials, but they are two good products—one is a very good bank and the other is a coffee machine, and how many million people drink coffee? He's making a nice income and living and he's living well, as we want our heroes to live. We don't want our heroes to fall. He's the same person today he was



stereo get car sick?

You know the nauseating facts.

You're cruising down the highway all set to hear your favorite cassette when suddenly it's devoured.

And when you go to its rescue, your car stereo simply belches out a floor full of tape.

But you can solve all that with a Pioneer Auto Reverse car stereo with ATSC. Our new Automatic Tape Slack Canceller feature.

It automatically loosens tight tape and tightens loose tape before play. Which guarantees your music will be heard and not eaten. So you'll always have your music the way you want it.

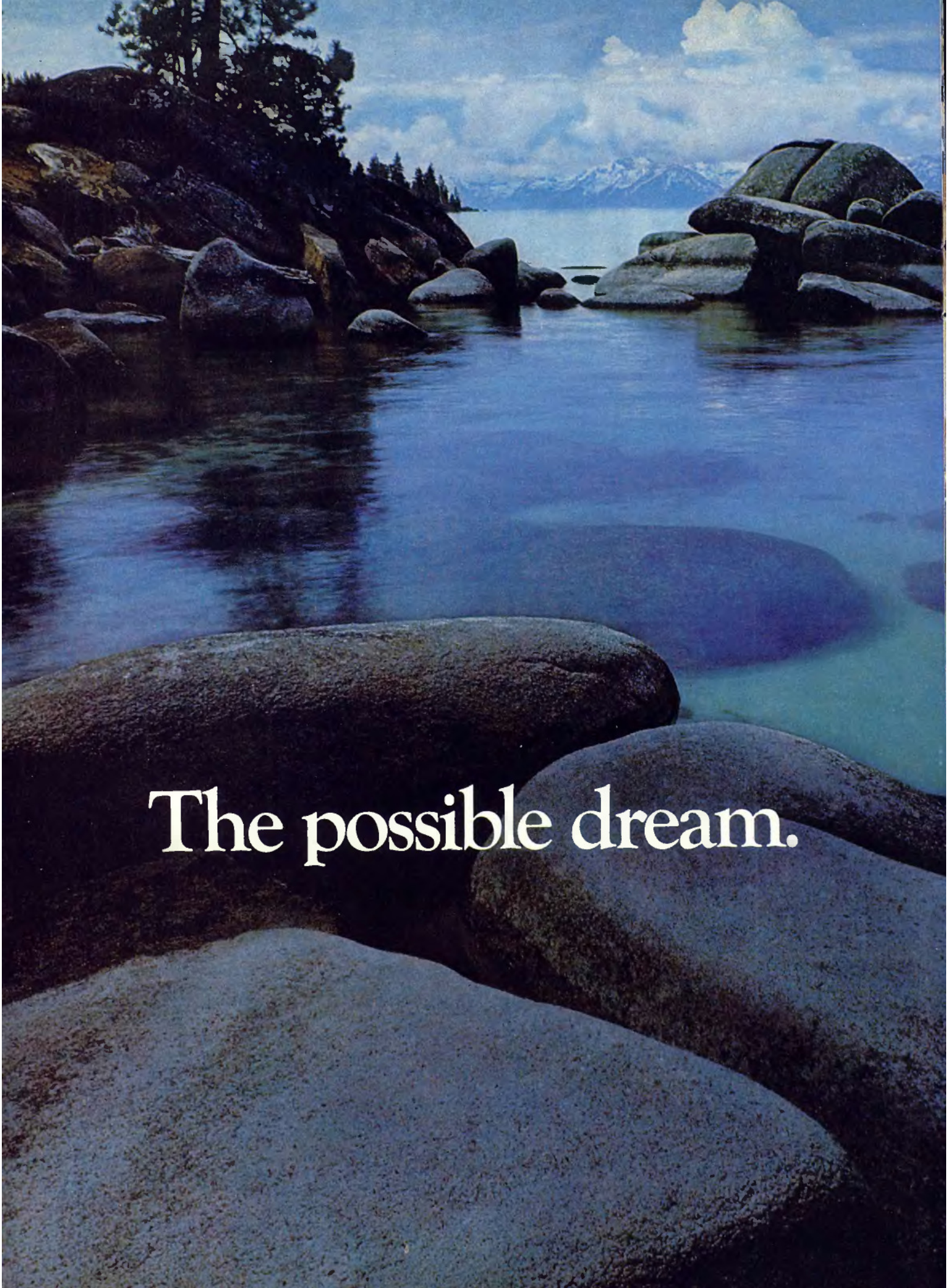
Coming out of your speakers.

And not your dashboard.

PIONEER®

The Best Sound Going.

©1980 Pioneer Electronics of America, 1925 E. Dominguez Street, Long Beach, California 90810
To find your nearest dealer, toll-free, call: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois: (800) 322-4400


The possible dream.

Chase your dream. To the ends of the earth. And beyond.

Saltwater, fresh water, a hidden cove. Whatever your pleasure, your Mercury® dealer can put you there with your own boat and motor. For a lot less than you think.

And you know Mercury. They've been making outboards for more than forty years. Forty always-out-in-front years. That's why, when you buy a Merc you know exactly what you're getting.

Like a motor that's tested and re-tested before you ever put hand to throttle.

Like a comprehensive one-year warranty on both parts and labor that's honored at more than 6,000 dealers, worldwide.

And like long-lasting value that helps protect your investment.

Very simply, this all means that Mercury is an engine you can count on. On and on.

Go ahead. Chase your dream. And let your Mercury dealer help. After all, he knows anything is possible.

Mercury Marine, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, Canada, Australia, Belgium,

MERCURY OUTBOARDS
A BRUNSWICK COMPANY

25–30 years ago. But he is a superhero who is still the same in the minds of the public as he was when he played.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to be like him someday?

GARVEY: What? Selling products nationally? Or a legend?

PLAYBOY: Both.

GARVEY: Well, the family philosophy is not to endorse a product that we wouldn't want our children to use or use in the future.

PLAYBOY: How about the part about being a legend?

GARVEY: I would like people to remember me for what I contributed to my profession; maybe I made my profession a little better by my presence and by my actions. And that once off the field, I was an example for people as to how a human being might give back to his society, his community, what he got from his profession; that I *shared* my life with people.

PLAYBOY: Do you have some memories to share of your childhood? You started as a bat boy for the Dodgers at the age of six, didn't you?

GARVEY: My dad started with the Greyhound Corporation as a bus driver. The spring I was six years old, he had to drive the Detroit Tigers and the Cincinnati Redlegs to their spring-training sites. Then came a trip to Tampa to drive the Brooklyn Dodgers and he took me along. Well, I thought, Oh, geez, great, because the Brooklyn Dodgers were my grandfather's favorite team—he was from Brooklyn—and I was getting into sports at that time. We met the team at Tampa, Carl Furillo, Gil Hodges—the *real* Brooklyn Dodgers—people like Roy Campanella, Johnny Podres. They had just won the world series. So I became a bat boy that day. I did that for the next six or seven years, until I got to be about 13.

PLAYBOY: What was it like on the bus with them?

GARVEY: [*Laughing*] They were great to me. You know, I got patted on the head so much that if I didn't have a little flattop crewcut then, my hair probably would have been flatter. I had freckles. I was a cute little kid. I was a little pudgy at the time.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember any scenes vividly?

GARVEY: I remember playing catch with Gil Hodges on the side lines before a game and sitting next to Jim Gilliam. And Leo Durocher arguing with an umpire. I can still vividly remember the smell of the fresh leather gloves, the cowhide, the new balls, the pine tar, the rosin. I remember taking broken bats home, big bats for me, and swinging them outside. They were heavy, but I'd swing them around.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you had a terrific father.

GARVEY: I think all in all my father was the perfect role model as a father. He exposed everything to me as far as sports go, as well as cub scouts, playing the trumpet. And he got me the best possible equipment they could afford and encouraged me. Dad was a traveling man. He'd go to Tallahassee and Jacksonville, to Miami, to Gainesville and all those places. He was a very hard-working man. And my mother again—nine-to-five secretary. Notary public. She's been an adjuster in insurance most of her life.

PLAYBOY: How did she influence you?

GARVEY: Very strongly. She did more of the disciplining than my father did. I was an only child. I helped make the dinner and when Mom and Dad came home, we'd have dinner, do the dishes and I'd take garbage out. I mowed the grass, I washed the car. I had my chores. Things to do. We did them as a family. We were a family unit. I was a postwar baby. I was one of those babies who arrived when America had settled down again into a respect for the family unit.

PLAYBOY: How about your grandmother?

"I remember in high school there was a certain amount of jealousy—always. I could feel that even then."

You've said she was an important part of your life.

GARVEY: My grandparents lived close to us in Tampa. After my grandfather died, my grandmother moved in with us. When she was a young woman, she and my mother were walking down the street one day and a tire came off a truck and it hit her. That caused complications of her neurological system that limited the use of her hands and arms, so she was a semi-invalid. She learned to do a lot of things, though. She was an inspiring woman because she said, "Hey, I can't use my hands, but I'm going to learn how to do things."

PLAYBOY: We can probably assume that in high school, you maintained your clean, upstanding image.

GARVEY: [*Laughs*] Yeah. I was a perennial vice-president. A lot of the times I ran for office, kids said, "Hey, Steve's involved in a lot of things. I'll vote for the *other* guy." I remember there was a certain amount of jealousy—*always*. I could feel that even then.

PLAYBOY: Were you considered good-looking?

GARVEY: Yeah. I didn't have too much acne and I was always neat, fastidious. I always used to have the Gant shirts with the little monograms on them. It took all my allowance. I bought those myself. I'd work, mow lawns, wash cars, to buy the Gant shirts. That was big in high school. And a certain type of sweater. And a certain type of loafer. Mom and Dad would help from time to time, but if I wanted something, I worked for it.

PLAYBOY: What was your love life as a teenager? A lot of locker-room stuff?

GARVEY: No, it was never talked about that much. I think it was before it was fashionable to have to, you know, go all the way. I didn't have to impress the guys by having sex with another girl. To me, there was no need for me to impress anybody that way. My form of impressing somebody was personality, what I did for them and what I did athletically.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember the first time you made love?

GARVEY: Yeah. Oh, yeah. I remember my first love. In college. Freshman year. I was 17 or 18.

PLAYBOY: Was it traumatic?

GARVEY: The first time was educational, I think, more than anything else.

PLAYBOY: When did you meet Cyndy? Was it a torrid romance?

GARVEY: We never lived together. Any physical relationship we had was a period of adjustment to find out if we had this spiritual feeling of love, as well as a physical feeling that was compatible. It became very evident to me that this was the girl who I wanted to marry, and the following summer she came to visit me in Spokane, and I was up and down in 1970, and then she came to Los Angeles and we were sitting talking and I just said, "Will you marry me?" I think she was prepared for it. She said yes. They announced it that night at Dodger Stadium. I was on the on-deck circle, just getting up to home plate, and they said, on the loud-speaker, "Steve Garvey announces his engagement to Cynthia Ann Truhan, Grosse Pointe Woods, Michigan."

PLAYBOY: Why is there so much gossip about you and Cyndy—other women, other men?

GARVEY: I feel that people don't understand. Perhaps as they get older they'll understand that it's possible to have a friendship with someone of the opposite sex and to enjoy conversation or dinner without sexual involvement. It amazes me the number of people who, if they were to see you with some woman other than your wife, would immediately assume that that is a sexual relationship. And I feel it's unjust. But the gossip still amazes me.

PLAYBOY: Have you considered having an affair?

GARVEY: It's a feeling I've had for, gosh,

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

Have you ever seen a grown man cry?

a couple of years now. Anything is possible. But given the relationship I have with my wife and the feelings we have for each other, the odds against it are lopsided. Of course, I've had thoughts about having an affair, but, in essence, the actuality has never happened. I'm still basically a romantic. Kissing somebody goodbye, touching them . . . I'm a touching person. A certain amount of charm is sexual, romantic. To me, a laugh and the use of language could be romantic, very sensual. I've always said you don't necessarily have to have the physical act to really experience a sexuality and sensuality. The carnal act itself is pure and as much as I enjoy it with my wife, again, it's only part of human sexuality. A lot of times a good womanfriend may be more loyal and trusting than a man. So as far as my marriage is concerned, and my love for my wife, our relationship has never reached a point which has forced me to go out and have a sexual affair with another woman. And since I've never answered this question before, it's tough.

PLAYBOY: Well, you've answered it, even if you are blushing a lot. And that brings us back to Cyndy. Do you wish she wouldn't speak so frankly about herself and your relationship?

GARVEY: No. Because I know exactly what she's saying. I've never cautioned, coached, prodded or sanctioned. I think that happens too much. Husbands are so scared of what their wife may say they put them in a different image or light. They put a lock and key on the verbality of the woman or her expressing her own opinion. But when you continuously keep someone from expressing her opinions, suddenly you're turning her into a monotonous, thoughtless, expressionless person. Both Cyndy and I have received awards from different E.R.A. groups, women's groups, about opinions we've expressed. I worry for people who don't understand.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you that Cyndy doesn't often go to your games?

GARVEY: No. She's never gotten a hit for me or made an error or struck out or hit a double, so it's nice to see her there when she *is* there, but when she isn't, I mean, I've played too long and we've been married nine years now and I don't need her there at every game. She went simply because that was her time to be with me. As time went on and I started having success, and then a family, the girls kept her from going a lot. Then her career. It's been a gradual progression. And she's changed as a person. The same foundation, but the priorities have changed. She went from Mrs. Steve Garvey, Mrs. Cyndy Garvey, to Cyndy Garvey.

PLAYBOY: So you don't feel threatened by her new emergence?

GARVEY: Oh, I saw a bumper sticker the other day and it said, "A man of quality is never threatened by a woman of equality." So, in essence, what it says is a man who feels good about himself, is confident in himself, should never be threatened by a woman but can cohabit and work and be successful with a woman.

PLAYBOY: Even though you are surrounded by a family, a lot of friends, fans and teammates, we get the feeling that you are apart, almost lonely.

GARVEY: I think because I was an only child and I did a lot of things by myself that I became very independent. I've gone through so much in my career and outside of my career—people constantly trying to attack or whittle away at Steve Garvey and my family and my feelings—that at times I can detach myself. You and I have talked about why people have to criticize, why people have to attack. I know that they do and there are times that I can stand alone and battle all these people. I don't want the people that I love and are close to me to be affected by it. So that's why there are times when I am lonely.

PLAYBOY: Whatever people think of you, you seem to have been blessed with more than your share of luck.

"Maybe I was at the very start of this new wave of patriotism, this feeling of being glad I'm an American. Maybe I was a forerunner in the new era."

GARVEY: Yeah. A big part of my life, I've been blessed. Blessed with being in the right place at the right time.

PLAYBOY: Is it straight luck, or is it from God?

GARVEY: Oh, I think luck is dictated from the gates of heaven, definitely, for sure. But I've always been prepared for luck, too, which is maybe why I got my share of it. I never cheated myself. I was never *not* in shape for the game or the season, or I never *didn't* read the book, or I was never *not* in the right place when the girl walked by [*laughs*] or things like that. I think that no matter how we feel about luck itself, in the end, the final decision is made by us. We truly control our destiny.

PLAYBOY: You certainly control yours. And except for a few sparks here and there, we get the feeling, after talking with you for many weeks, that you've controlled your words in this interview very strictly.

GARVEY: Well, let's go back to where we were talking about a certain image that I try to protect. I've tried to say that it isn't an image, it's a consciousness. I've tried to laugh and kid around as we did this, but because of the magnitude of the interview itself, I have to be conscious of what I'm saying. What I told you is what I really believe. I know this will be read by teenagers and maybe by senior citizens, and many people may agree or disagree. But I think people will know that these are my sincere feelings; this is who I am.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever bust loose? Lose your temper?

GARVEY: Yeah, once in a great while, I have to get away to be *strictly* by myself. Or something that upsets me, I may confront it briefly or walk away from a situation.

PLAYBOY: Do you cry?

GARVEY: Yeah. Yeah. I've cried at movies, or over emotional events. I think you can be more of a man for crying in certain situations, because you're showing your true feelings. *Macho*ism can stop you from it, but shedding tears shows that you're human and capable of loving.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree that this is an appropriate time to be talking with someone who is seen, at least by many sports fans, as a hero?

GARVEY: I think that in the Sixties and the early Seventies, it was *not* fashionable to be a hero. Then, in 1974, when I won the Most Valuable Player award and did things heroic in the baseball profession, people wanted to know more about me and more about my thoughts and beliefs. People found out just who Steve Garvey was and what I believed in. Then, through the Seventies, there was a gradual shift: people getting away from drugs and demonstrations and going back to beer and patriotism. I think that culminated with a couple of events: the winter Olympics of 1980, where the U. S. hockey team—true heroes—defeated the Russians. Then the country said, "Hey, we haven't really changed in the last four years with President Carter: Let's try somebody new." That was a show of patriotism in voting for President Reagan. There were also the hostages—a lot of patriotism over that long ordeal. So I think the hero has become more and more prominent in the last five or six years. Maybe I was at the very start of this new feeling, this new wave of patriotism, this feeling of being glad that I am an American. Maybe I was just a forerunner in the new era.

PLAYBOY: Maybe. This has been a lot of serious talk with a baseball player. Hero or not, aren't you still just a boy?

GARVEY: Yeah. Any time you earn your living by wearing pajamas and getting dirty, you maintain a relative amount of boyhood in you.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He is an eager participant, a dedicated sportsman, a strong-willed competitor—a man who is moved by the team spirit. When he wins, he can exult in it—whether the game is lacrosse or softball—not simply because he's beaten opponents but because he's been at his best. He shares his victories and his joy; a woman is a vital part of his support system. So is PLAYBOY, the magazine he turns to for the strategy and tactics that lend structure to his lifestyle.

WHEN BUSINESS BECOMES BLOOD SPORT

article
By MICHAEL KORDA

to survive in the ruthless corporate world of the eighties, you have to know when to be a lion—and when to be a lamb

THE WORD SURVIVAL, because of its most recent connotations, has come to be associated with those pessimistic souls who are convinced that a Communist-inspired world economic collapse ("It"), an urban uprising ("Them") or some other catastrophe is going to force middle-class white Americans to the hills, where they will have to live off the land and defend themselves against whoever the enemy turns out to be, domestic or foreign, according to their ideology. Judging from the voluminous literature of "survivalists" (as they call themselves to show they're not just passive survivors), Armageddon is going to be like a homicidal boy-scout outing.

But surviving the Eighties may well turn out to be not so very different from surviving the Seventies or the Sixties, or even the Forties. The key weapon will not be a handmade dagger or a roll of gold coins strapped to your waist but, as usual, smarts, quick thinking, a keen sense of competition and the cultivation of

K. Y. Craft

basic survival instincts. The battleground will not be in the hills, mountains and urban streets but where it has always been: right there in the office, where you're trying to hold on to your job or work your way up to a better-paying one.

And with good reason. When corporations talk about running lean and cutting out the fat, when interest rates soar and business stagnates, when corporate America hunkers down, *they mean you*, as several million of your fellow citizens have already discovered. As the economy falters, as more women enter the work force, as companies tighten up in the face of foreign competition, the race to the top is going to be harder, tougher and faster. What's more, even those who *do* survive are going to have to get themselves promoted at a rapid rate if they're going to stay ahead of inflation.

It's no longer enough just to do your job. You have to do it better than your competitors or, at any rate, *be seen* as doing it better. Born survivors don't have problems in that area. Nobody has to tell *them* to look out for number one. They've been doing it for a lifetime. They can step into a revolving door behind you and come out ahead. It's in their blood. Nothing personal, but if you're in the way, too bad.

•

"The fast track is getting faster all the time," my friend Hal Grieff says, as he nurses a Perrier with lime in the grillroom of The Four Seasons, casing the house. Architect Philip Johnson is here; Sy Newhouse, the financier who has just bought Random House, is here; Morton Janklow, the lawyer-agent who represents Judith Krantz, is here; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is having lunch with theatrical superlawyer Arnold Weissberger; Irving Lazar is table-hopping from Truman Capote to John Chancellor. Grieff looks content, or as content as a 24-hour-a-day survivor can ever look. He's among winners.

Actually, Grieff is more at home in "21," where there's a less glitzy group of winners—David Mahoney, reputedly one of the highest-paid corporate C.E.O.s in the country; Roy Cohn, the lawyer whose very name strikes terror in the hearts of opposing counsel; Michael Burke of Madison Square Garden, the Rangers and the Knicks. It's essential to Grieff that he isn't surrounded by losers, nonentities, *schleps*. He can breathe.

Grieff stares at a plump, elderly man seated across from us with a ravishing young woman, pulling on a Davidoff Monte Cristo Individuale, while watching the maître de spoon out caviar. There is a bottle of Dom Pérignon champagne in a silver ice bucket beside the table. The elderly man's eyes resemble the caviar: They are black and very, *very* cold.

"Gunther Kleinfeld," Grieff says with approval. "A *real* survivor."

Kleinfeld, it so happens, has survived being a concentration-camp inmate, a displaced person, a penniless refugee; he has made and lost several fortunes, survived innumerable bankruptcies, divorces, mergers, acquisitions and lawsuits to emerge as a heavyweight hotel and resort developer. Who else, Grieff asks rhetorically, could have persuaded Saudi investors to put their petrodollars into an Israeli hotel?

Grieff's eyes sparkle with admiration. He relishes survival stories. He himself has danced from network to network and back again, always leaping one step up in salary and title while leaving behind him a trail of disaster. He knows exactly when to ask for a raise (when his numbers are up), when to move to a new job (when he knows his numbers are down but before the company has found out), when to say yes, when to say no; when, as they say, to play his hand and when to fold.

When Grieff worked at CBS ("Black Rock"), he outfitted himself with a dark suit from Morty Sills, black Gucci loafers, capped teeth (a $10,000 investment in success), blown hair—the CBS hard-edged look. At NBC (more *haimish*, particularly under Fred Silverman), he switched to tweed suits from Dunhill Tailors, brown brogues from Peal & Co., knitted ties. At ABC, he adopted what he called his "off-the-rack" look, the fighting underdog image. Grieff's talent for camouflage is impeccable.

He himself is a connoisseur of survival techniques. He tells how he was invited to lunch by the chairman of the board of a major corporation. Grieff was in one of his periodic slumps—"kamikaze time" he calls it—when, every so often, he runs something into the ground. And when he does, he's off to a new job before the news is out on the street. He buys a few new suits, eats out at expensive restaurants, puts on a show. He doesn't believe in waiting around glumly for the ax to fall; he's off and running in time for it to descend on his former subordinates who stayed behind.

The chairman's secretary suggests lunch the next day at one in Biarritz. Grieff knows most of the restaurants in New York, but Biarritz doesn't ring a bell. "Which Biarritz is it, honey?" he asks, hoping to conceal his ignorance.

"Biarritz, France," the secretary says.

A lesser man would express surprise, or ask for a ticket, but Grieff is a survivor. He charges a Concorde round-trip ticket to his American Express card, flys to Paris, rents a car, drives to Biarritz, and at one the next day, he's having lunch with the legendary tycoon, who shows no surprise that Grieff has flown the Atlantic to see him.

"You staying in France long?" he asks Grieff after picking his brain for two hours, between telephone calls.

Grieff doesn't hesitate. "No," he says, "I'm going back to New York tonight. I have a heavy day tomorrow."

"Tomorrow is Saturday."

Grieff shrugs. "I get my best work done on weekends. It's the only time the office is quiet."

A look of respect crosses his host's face. "You flew here just to see me?" he asks.

Grieff nods.

"At your *own* expense?"

Grieff hesitates, but he knows his man. "No," he says, "at *yours*. I'm billing you for the whole thing."

His host smiles with relief and shakes Grieff's hand. "Good!" he says. "You want the job, you got it. For a moment there, I thought you were a schmuck!"

Grieff laughs as he tells the story. Hell, that's nothing. Gunther Kleinfeld once rented an apartment in Aristotle Onassis' building and rode up and down in the elevator for days so that he could meet Ari "by accident" and pitch him a hotel investment. What's more, he persuaded Onassis to put up $13,000,000 between the 24th floor and the lobby, and got a lift downtown in Onassis' limousine afterward.

•

Grieff studies people like that. He's a fast learner for a boy from the Bronx, for a boy from *anywhere*. He has his shoes polished twice a day, at his desk. He carries no money in his pockets. He doesn't own an overcoat, gloves, a raincoat, galoshes or an umbrella. A guy who goes everywhere in a limo doesn't need them, and Grieff knows that owning any one of those objects stamps you as a nonlimo person.

Grieff gets a limo written into his contracts for starters, though he's too shrewd to make a point of it, which might suggest that his limo status was a matter for negotiation. During his discussions, he merely alludes to the world-famous entertainment company that was just about to hire a major executive at $250,000 a year and lost him because it refused to give him a limo. Chintzy!

Everybody laughs; nobody wants to be thought chintzy. Grieff's limo slips in without argument. After all, if a guy is worth a quarter of a mil a year, he's worth a limo. And a cost-of-living clause, and half a mil of life insurance, and first-class travel.

Grieff dismisses those things as unimportant. He knows how to sell himself—he's money in the bank. He talks about what *he* can do for them. In a gentlemanly way, he takes it for granted that they're going to look after *him*. No demands, no specifics, no shopping list of

(continued on page 258)

"I am going to an orgy. Do you want me to bring you back something?"

a dossier on some of the divine creatures from the latest james bond film

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

For Your Eyes Only is the 12th in the series of 007 adventures. The exact details of the plot are, as usual, a matter of international security, to be revealed on a need-to-know basis at the proper time and with a side order of popcorn. It seems that this time out, James Bond must locate a top-secret naval device that has been lost in the depths of the sea, somewhere off the Greek-Albanian coast. Agent 007 encounters a Greek millionaire whose idea of a good time is tying Bond to a young girl (Carole Bouquet), then tossing the two of them to the sharks. The chase leads Bond to Italy's ski resort Cortina d'Ampezzo, where he meets a figure skater played by figure skater Lynn-Holly Johnson. Need we say more? Oh, yes. For those of you who rely on the Bond movies to tease you with state-of-the-art automobiles, there is a Lotus Esprit Turbo—with extras, no doubt. For those of you who rely on the Bond movies to tease you with state-of-the-art women, just keep reading.

Naturally, *For Your Eyes Only* features the usual bevy of beauties we've come to expect from Bond. This year's collection includes (top photo, from left, front row) Viva, Vanya, Kim Mills and Lalla Dean. Flanking Roger Moore are Lizzie Warville (left) and Alison Worth. Carole Bouquet is shown taking a dip with 007 at left.

By now, you are familiar with the recipe for a James Bond film. First a beautiful woman, then a fight scene. Next another world-class woman, then a car chase. Then another stunning lady, followed by an underwater scene or maybe some ski footage. Judging from the stills above, bath shat in Cortina, Italy, this 007 movie is as actian-packed as its predecessors. As though we would get bared looking at the likes of Lizzie Warville (below left) and Max Vesterhalt (below right). Warville was born in England—appropriately. Her favorite activities—water-skiing, wind-surfing, tennis and horseback riding—seem to qualify her for the pace of an action epic. Vesterhalt is a native New Yorker who claims that her ambition is to rule the warld, or at least half of it.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

The Bond beauties are truly women of the world. Tula Cossey (left) was born in Rome but now resides in London, where she works as a model, takes care of her tropical fish and occasionally escapes for a camping holiday. Kim Mills (right) was born in England, educated in a convent and now keeps a flat in London. She spends her leisure time reading science fiction, which may explain how she wound up in a Bond extravaganza. The thing with the funny arms and legs (above) is not the creature from the Michelin tire ads. It's not even a clone of R2-D2. It is a villain, dressed in the latest in deep-sea-diving formalwear.

Ice-skating star Lynn-Holly Johnson makes a special appearance as Bibi in the new Bond film. That's Lynn in bed below. Needless to say, she also skates and skis in the film. On the beach at Corfu, Claus, one of the villains (Charles Dance), tries to wipe Bond out with a dune buggy (bottom). That's what we call a hit-and-run holiday.

PLAYBOY Magazine and United Artists Announce a Fabulous Contest!

THE GRAND PRIZE:

An Appearance in the Next James Bond Motion Picture!

For the 3 Finalists: A trip to Hollywood A major screen test

PLAYBOY was happy ta cooperate with United Artists in spansoring a contest far aspiring Bond beauties. Robbin Young, the lucky winner, flew from her home in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, to Cortina, where she met producer Albert R. Broccoli (above left) and Roger Moore (above right), who gave her acting tips. Robbin has a small part in *Eyes Only* as a flower-shop salesgirl. She wrote to us about it: "I filmed for four days. I would usually shoot from noon until three P.M. The rest of the time I watched. I was nervous, but once the camera started, I loved it. I knew I was a ham. Someone asked me for my autograph. I almost died. I was so happy. Thank you for giving me a beautiful experience and a lasting memory." The pleasure was all ours, Robbin. We expect to see a good deal more af you.

THE NEW TATTOO

fiction

By ROBERT COLE

MILK, EGGS, cigarettes, the paper. As Frank Robins enters the Micro Mart, he nearly stumbles over Alice Kibbert, who is squatted near the door, putting together the sections of the Sunday *New York Times*. He stands over her, panting, sweating lightly, as she collates the different piles of newsprint, the "Arts and Leisure" section, "Book Review," "The Week in Review," and so on. Alice looks up at him sullenly, and Frank smiles at her. She thumps a completed *Times* down at his feet. Frank picks up the paper and moves on to the dairy case.

Frank has seen something so startling, the image is still vivid to him as he opens the refrigerated case and takes out a dozen eggs. The girl has a tattoo, a large, scarlet heart, on her left forearm. He isn't sure whether it's a real tattoo or a temporary appliqué. It looks like wet paint.

Alice has noticed these things about Frank: He's about 30, trim medium build, a jogger, probably; that's why he came busting through the door like that. He's wearing white tennis shoes, gym shorts and a T-shirt that reads: EROS LOVES PSYCHE.

She sees the words plainly enough but doesn't know what they signify. Some fruity nonsense or other. He has a broken nose and short brown curly hair. Jewish or maybe Protestant—most people in this neighborhood are Italian. Alice is of Irish and German descent, though she is only vaguely aware that she has any heritage at all. She likes to notice things about customers, because it's something to do. When no one is in the store, Alice can be content standing by the cash register, staring at the far wall.

Frank is a lapsed Presbyterian of Scotch-Irish descent. He is married and has no children. He and Natalie are trying, though, and tomorrow the doctor will phone with the result of the lab test. It will be positive. Frank works as an admissions officer at Yale. He broke his nose playing second-string halfback at Brown. He has had sinus trouble ever since.

The Micro Mart has a seedy, sleazy look to it, like the kind of place that gets held up all the time. An accordionwork of steel bars the windows after closing time. The store carries no fresh fruit, meat or vegetables but has one brand of most things you might need on short notice—light bulbs, orange juice, roach spray—and it's open till late, seven nights a week.

Frank moves down the aisle and

frank prides himself on knowing everything. what he doesn't know is that he's usually wrong

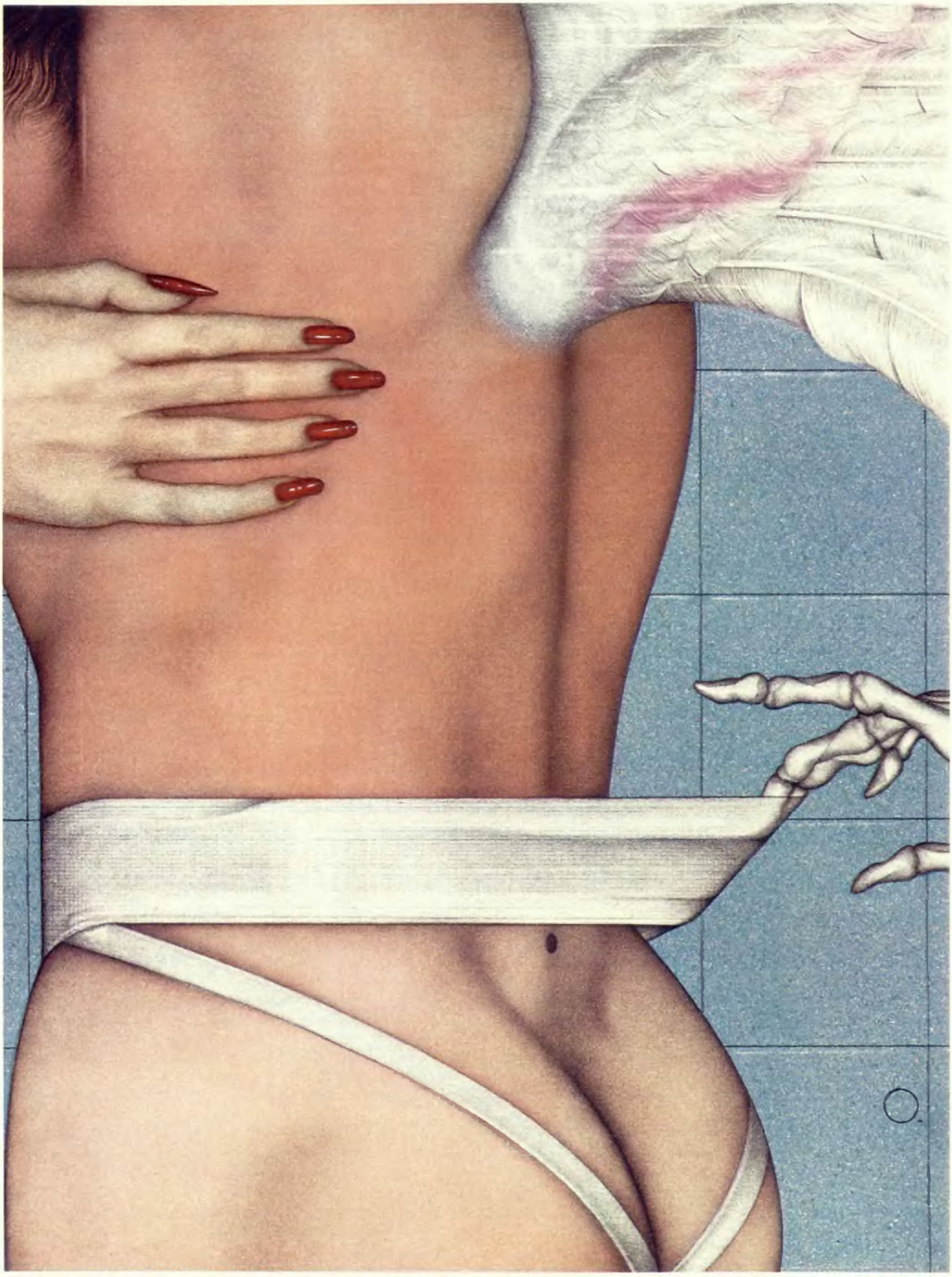


ILLUSTRATION BY MEL ODOM

picks up a half gallon of milk. The Micro Mart carries only its own brand, Micro Mart Farms, which sells for several cents less than major brands of milk. Frank knows enough to know there is no *farm*. Micro Mart Farms is an industry, with plants in New Jersey and Massachusetts. They buy raw milk by the tank-truck load, pasteurize and package it, and make their own brands of sour cream, yogurt, cottage cheese and ice cream.

What Frank does not know is that Micro Marts, Inc., which includes 168 stores in five Northeastern states, the two dairy-products plants and a fleet of refrigerated trucks, is owned by one Jason Hivarios, of Greek descent, religion Orthodox, who built up the business from a mom-and-pop store founded by his mother and father in 1923, in Rutgers, New Jersey. Micro Marts went public in the Sixties, but the Hivarios family still holds controlling interest. Jason Hivarios owns homes—estates, actually—in Cherry Hill, New Jersey, and Westhampton, Long Island. It is his dream, next summer or the next, to sail his sloop across the Atlantic, through the Straits of Gibraltar and across the Mediterranean to the ancestral islands of Greece. In fact, he will do just that, three summers hence, but will get such a bad scare during a storm in the Aegean that he will sell the boat to a rich American expatriate living on Lesbos, will fly home to the States and never seriously set sail again. Although Jason Hivarios never graduated from high school, his daughter Melina is, at the moment Frank reaches for the carton of milk, a sophomore at Vassar College.

The churches have not let out yet and there are few customers in the store. Frank often runs into people he knows in the Micro Mart, but he prefers not to. Sunday is his and Natalie's day together, reading the *Times*, taking leisurely walks. It has been part of the Sunday ritual that Frank bring home a couple of Danish pastries, for the sake of Natalie's sweet tooth. Frank does not approve of sweets, does not care for them, and today he is putting his foot down. When he gets home, they will have a real brunch, which he will prepare. Natalie still bakes a cake now and then, but he hopes that, if and when she turns up pregnant, she will give up sweets entirely, for the sake of the baby.

On his way to the Micro Mart, Frank jogged past a Presbyterian church and heard the strains of a Scottish hymn that evoked for him memories of childhood, sitting in spare wooden pews, the stained glass glowing softly, dark velvet padding the bowl of the collection plate. Frank had never chafed at being taken to church, but once he was grown, he decided, quite rationally, to quit attending, because he couldn't believe certain basic, supernatural premises of Christianity. Of course, he reasoned, the whole notion still has efficacy as a *metaphor*.

Frank has begun thinking about the church lately, not because faith is rekindling in his heart but because if they *should* have a baby, he doesn't want the child to grow up as a heathen, ignorant of the tradition into which it was born. Church will expose the child to a wealth of music and literature, and it has an ethical system, that's important; it has its own internal logic, even if, personally, Frank cannot agree with its conclusions. Everyone needs a foundation, and you can't just make one up from scratch. When they got married, Natalie had wanted them to compose their own vows, with Bach played on a cello and perhaps a friend on guitar singing a contemporary love song. But Frank had insisted on a traditional ceremony with the traditional words spoken and Mendelssohn played on the organ.

Although lapsed from the Calvinist faith, Frank still believes that, by and large, virtue is rewarded on earth. He knows that it's more complicated than that. Frank's father owned a sporting-goods store in Lowell, Massachusetts, until his death last year of cancer. Cancer, certainly, was an unjust reward for a life of probity and good will, such as his father had led. He had a "full" life, though, and he died graciously, complaining only of the pain, not of the injustice. Frank's older brother runs the store now, so there's some continuity there, and his mother is healthy, active in the church and community, and seems good for another 20 years.

Frank was a good, if undistinguished, student at Brown. He enjoyed his college years and was not overly disappointed that he was not the football star in college that he had been in high school. He picked up a master's in history at Yale, thinking he would get the doctorate and teach, but soon saw that he would not be an academic star, either, and went to Europe to knock around for a year. When he returned, he moved back to New Haven, largely because he felt comfortable there. He eventually got the job as an admissions officer and married Natalie. They found a three-decker house in New Haven and bought it with help from his mother. He and Natalie live on the first floor and are making the mortgage payments with the rent collected from the two other floors. Natalie worked as a secretary to a dean at Yale until recently, but because they don't need the extra money, and because she wants to start making babies, she is staying at home, puttering around and trying her hand at water colors, which she has always wanted to do. Lately, she is sure that she is putting on weight.

Frank still weighs what he weighed when he was running halfback. He drinks wine and beer in moderation and is down to half a pack of cigarettes a day, looking to quit entirely. A couple of months ago, he noticed himself in the mirror looking a bit pale and paunchy, and started jogging, nothing extreme, two or three miles a day. This morning, he ran the two miles from his house to the Micro Mart at a good clip. On the way home, he will treat himself to a cigarette.

Although it is a bright fall morning, little light comes through the dingy windows of the Micro Mart, and the fluorescent tubes overhead cast a sickly greenish light on everything. Bottles of yellow disinfectant, cans of peas on the shelves, boxes of ice-cream sandwiches in the freezer—all look vaguely unhealthy and disheartening. Frank hurries to the check-out counter, eager to be home.

His way is blocked by a woman wearing a homemade blouse without sleeves and maroon polyester slacks that clutch her fat thighs. Her black-dyed hair is bound with an ocher scarf. She is filling a shopping cart with various junk foods. Dry cereals that are mostly sugar. Dehydrates reputed to "help" hamburger. Ice cream, soda, potato chips. A young boy of four or five, dark-featured and dirty-faced, wearing short pants and an undershirt and tennis shoes, clings to her leg, whining for a certain brand of candy that, perversely, considering the junk she has already chosen, his mother refuses to buy. Frank clears his throat and the woman, whose name is Margerie Savant, nee O'Casey—she is of Irish extraction and is married to a French-Canadian auto mechanic; they haven't been to Mass since the kid was baptized—swats the kid and yanks him out of the way.

Frank steps into the opening and clears it but, having done so, turns and stares pointedly at the woman for slapping the kid's leg like that. He notes with distaste her sour face and sallow complexion and sagging belly, her cheap ill-fitting slacks and the varicose vein that reaches down like a loose cord from her cuff and curls around her anklebone.

Margerie looks at Frank and figures, correctly: Yalie, and dismisses him as an asshole.

Alice sees the whole thing. From her position by the door, where she was putting together the *Times*, and now from her station at the cash register, she has watched Frank circle the store doing his shopping. She sees the dirty look he gives Margerie. So where does this jerk get off? Margerie has had a rough life. That kid is a constant pain.

(continued on page 283)

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

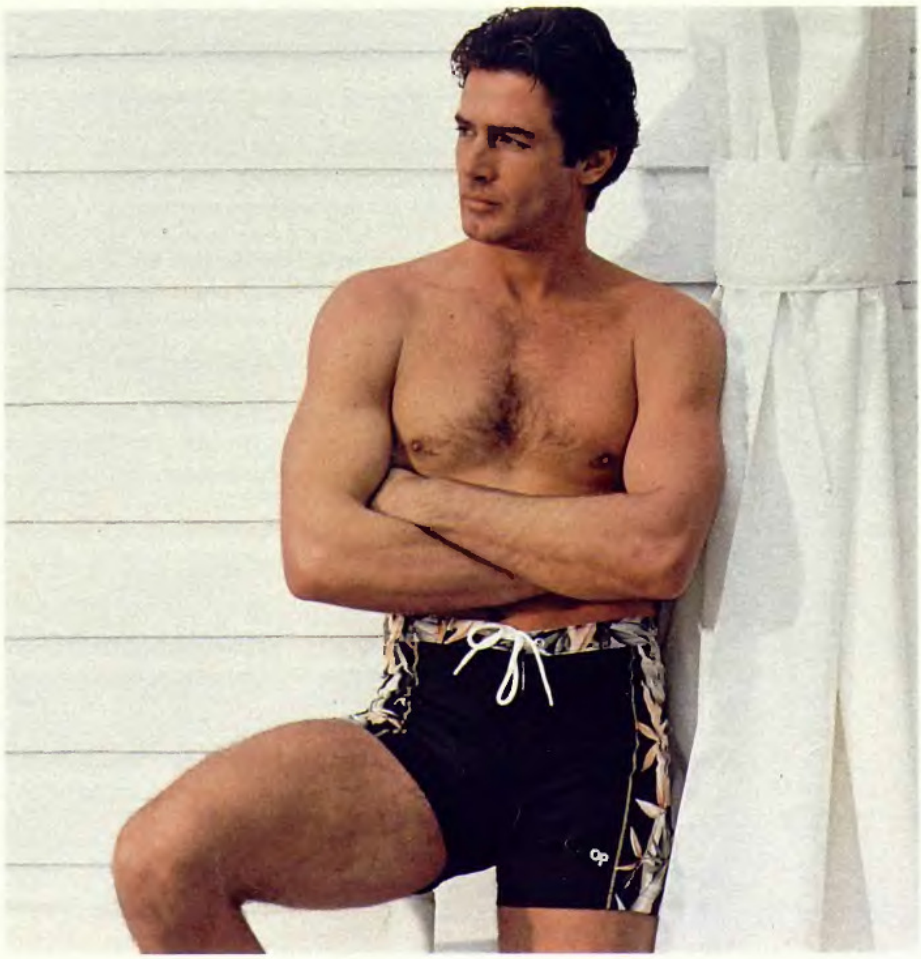
GETTING INTO DEEP WATER

a splashy look at the latest in trunks, tops and beach cover-ups

Above: No, this isn't Jon Hall, Jr., romancing a budding Tondelayo in a remake of *Ramar of the Jungle*, it's just a beach-wise chap who has slipped into something comfortable—a gold-colored cotton collarless shirt with cap sleeves, for Crash by Marzotto, about $55; and a pair of pleated cotton slacks with straight legs, on-seam pockets and belt loops, by Marylynn Novak for Turnbury, about $60.

DATE LINE SUMMER '81: That lucky old sun will soon be beating down on some of the best-looking swim trunks, tops and casual cover-ups to come out from cabanas and onto the strand in years. Color is going to be a key factor; shades will range from blinding brights to funky offbeat pastels and even some black and white. Patterns and prints continue to wash ashore in profusion—many punctuated with a dash of wit. (Case in point is the French beer emblem Coq Hardi appliquéd to the Wong swim trunks, overleaf.) Added

Above: Who knows what this poolside tête-à-tête is going to touch off—with him in only a cotton beach jacket, $36, worn over polyester/crepe de Chine swim trunks, $28, both by David Leong. (His mirrored sunglasses are by Foster Grant, $8.) Right: Our guys are double decked out in a nylon reversible jacket, $40, plus nylon reversible trunks, about $20, both by Mirage Mensport; and a terry pullover, $21, with iridescent trunks, $17, both by Jantzen.



Top right: Gallic beer lovers will recognize the emblem of the French brew Coq Hardi that's been appliquéd to this fellow's polyester/cotton swim trunks, by Wong, $42.50, for obvious snickers. Right: Block is the basic color of this lad's swim trunks, by Ocean Pacific, $21, that feature a Velcro front, drawstring waist and a wild and crazy multicolor tropicol-flower design.

dash comes from the increased use of shiny fabrics. Swim-trunk manufacturers are continuing to deep-six blatantly sexual bikini styles in favor of the square-leg or mid-thigh look. That isn't to say that you can't look sexy in the longer lengths, but rough-and-tumble beach games and surfside jogging are more fun in trunks that provide extra protection. And after the beach ball is over and you want to cover up and nurture that budding suntan, look for lightweight terrycloth zip-front jackets, easygoing pullovers and soft cotton slacks that you can wear right on through cocktail hour and into the evening. Beach bum's the word, mates.

Left: There may be nothing new under the sun, but don't tell this guy, who's hot to catch some rays in his colorful beach outfit that includes a cotton thermal round-neck pullover, by Daniel Cleary Sport, $8; and cotton poplin swim trunks with elasticized waistband and zip patch pocket, from Polo by Rolph Lauren, about $28. (His sport glasses ore by Foster Grant, $10.) Below, left to right: A strong show of arms (not to mention the lady's delightful appendages) doesn't detract from our guys' multicolor nylon/ciré trunks, by Wong, $42.50; and red nylon/ciré trunks with a zip-front pocket, by Fiorucci, $40. Right: Didn't we meet in Horry's Bar? Or was it the one reproduced on the back of his rayon short-sleeved shirt, by Al Tino, $35, that's coupled with cotton slacks with contrast piping, by A. Smile, $29?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STAN MALINOWSKI

CONSTRUCTION BY DON BAUM

ANNA

they knocked off the drugstore because they thought that money would change their lives. it did—but not enough

HER NAME was Anna Griffin. She was 20. Her blonde hair had been turning darker over the past few years, and she believed it would be brown when she was 25. Sometimes she thought of dyeing it blonde, but living with Wayne was still new enough to her so that she was hesitant about spending money on anything that could not be shared. She also wanted to see what her hair would finally look like. She was pretty, though parts of her face seemed not to know it: The light of her eyes, the lines of her lips seemed bent on denial, so that even the rise of her high cheekbones seemed ungraceful, simply covered bone. Her two front teeth had a gap between them and they protruded, the right more than the left.

She worked at the cash register of a Sunnycorner store, located in what people called a square: two blocks of small stores, with a Chevrolet dealer and two branch banks, one of them next to the Sunnycorner. The tellers from that one—women not much older than Anna—came in for take-out coffees, cigarettes and diet drinks. She liked watching them come in: soft sweaters, wool dresses, polyester blouses that in stores she liked rubbing between thumb and forefinger. She liked looking at their hair, too: beauty-parlor hair that seemed groomed to match the colors and cut and texture of their clothing, so it was more like hair on a model or a *(continued on page 174)*

fiction

BY ANDRE DUBUS

WHAT YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO KNOW ABOUT THE ARMS RACE

EARLY ON THE MORNING of July 27, 1960, I was participating in a classroom exercise at the First Marine Division's ABC (Atomic, Biological and Chemical Warfare) School at Camp Pendleton, California. My job that morning was to plot the theoretical destruction of a city by a nuclear warhead. In this case, the city chosen for the exercise was Chicago. There was some irony in that: Chicago was the city where I had been born and raised and where my parents still lived.

Instruction in nuclear warfare is designed to give the clear impression that nuclear weapons are sensible and controllable devices—just arrows

some very knowledgeable people say that we're ahead—but nobody is winning

article **By ASA BABER**

in the quiver, each one marked for a logical target.

For the exercise, I had been handed maps, special grids, charts, meteorological data and other classified information. In determining how to nuke Chicago, we were to calculate such variables as wind direction, temperature, cloud cover, potential military targets, kill ratios, and so on. We had plastic overlays with concentric circles on them that showed how far blast damage would occur and how much radiation would spread depending on local conditions and the size of the warhead.

I calculated that for a single one-megaton *(continued on page 204)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DUANE ORLEMANN

LADY OF THE LAKE

it's hard to improve on the scenery around june lake— unless, of course, you look like miss june, cathy larmouth

MAE WEST knew how to do it. Marie "The Body" McDonald didn't. Dolly Parton can do it. Edy Williams never quite got the hang of it. What we're talking about is a woman's knack for referring to her most obvious assets without seeming cheap, while at the same time retaining her attractiveness. The key, of course, is a sense of humor. Mae had it. Dolly has it. Cathy Larmouth, the lady with the fabulous pair of binoculars pictured at right, definitely has it. When asked if she feels like a celebrity because she has been chosen a Playmate, she replies, "I don't want to be famous, don't particularly want to be an actress or a model. I just want a good man and a family. I hardly think showin' your bazongas to 6,000,000 people qualifies anybody as a celebrity. On the other hand, it's a great way to meet people." There's something earthy and at the same time old-fashioned about Cathy that puts the inner man at ease. She says things that are so completely unliberated, so utterly unchic that the intellectual/liberal/ *(text continued on page 147)*

Cathy loves outdoor activities such as hiking and riding, so Contributing Photographer Ken Marcus took her to June Lake, on the eastern slope of the Sierras. She fell in love with the area and plans to move there soon.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

"I can't say any particular combination of qualities in a man guarantees that I'll be attracted to him, but generally, I like a man with a strong intellect, a good sense of humor and a sensuous nature. And I'm always a little more attracted to men who have a lot of the little boy in them. Boys are fun to play with."

"Don't you think 27 is too old to be a Playmate? You don't? Well, how about titling my pictorial 'an oldy but goody'? No? Well, anyway, I think my age is an advantage. On the one hand, I've led a fairly sheltered life, so I haven't been hardened. On the other hand, I didn't just fall off the turnip truck yesterday. I guess you could say I'm a combination of innocence and experience."

"If a man turns me on, I don't need a lot of coercing. I can be impulsive. There are times when I'm more susceptible and responsive to romance than others, but it's never impossible under the right circumstances. Like after two martinis (just joking). I know there are women who say they can take or leave sex, but I could never take that attitude. I love it, especially when I'm in love. I'd never make a good nun."

feminist supporter in us cringes and starts to protest. But there's another, deeper part of us that's secretly comforted by Cathy's philosophy of male-female relations. "I'm not against E.R.A., but the fact is that men are very different from women. For instance, a lot of women may hate my guts for saying this, but I think women *are* more emotional than men. I don't think blurring the sex roles makes any sense. Pretty soon, you'll be calling your grandmother your grandperson. That's not my style." So where do you think Cathy's from? Maybe somewhere in the Deep South, right? Nope. Manhattan Beach, California, just south of Los Angeles. A place heavily populated by the fabled California surfer (Homo surfboardus), a peculiar breed of American that, taken as a whole, is probably the largest segment of our society comprised of persons holding no opinions on anything whatsoever. Cathy, needless to say, is opinionated, which is one reason she wasn't destined to be a surfer. "I never made a good beach girl. I tried; I really tried. I got the darkest tan, I sun-bleached my hair *(concluded on page 235)*

When we discovered Cathy, she was a secretary-typist for a Los Angeles advertising firm. Above, she leaves for her lunch break and later meets two friends (bottom right) at one of her favorite restaurants, the Mirabelle on Sunset Boulevard. Cathy has since given up secretarial work to do promotions for PLAYBOY*; now she has more time for such fun as panning for gold (above right).*

MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Cathy Larmouth

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Cathy Larmouth

BUST: 38 WAIST: 26 HIPS: 37

HEIGHT: 5'8 WEIGHT: 127 SIGN: Cancer

BIRTH DATE: 7-15-53 BIRTHPLACE: Torrance, California

GOALS: To be a complete woman and make it to heaven!

TURN-ONS: Sharing enjoyable experiences with those I love, trivia, witty conversation, the future.

TURN-OFFS: Pretentious people, broken promises, screen violence, punk rock, getting up early.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Sayonara, Of Human Bondage, Lady Chatterley's Lover, Les Misérables, Lolita!

FAVORITE MOVIES: Wuthering Heights, Sayonara, Annie Hall, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, Casablanca.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Andrés Segovia, Charlie Byrd, David Sanborn, the Eagles, George Benson, Stevie Wonder

FAVORITE SPORTS: Scuba diving, tennis, fishing, camping, bowling, horseback riding.

BIGGEST JOY: Will be when I get married.

"Miss Piggy" in the making.

Preparing for womanhood!

Trying desperately to look sweet.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"I wonder how Marcia manages to stay so slender," remarked one girl in the typing pool after Marcia had left the room.

"Do you think it's with sexual exercises?" smiled a second keyboard pounder.

"What you mean is sex, sex, sex!" catted a third. "It's common knowledge that Marcia spreads herself thin."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Shōgun* as Japanese flashing.

When some farmers attending a convention of the National Grange visited a house of ill repute, one especially nervous member of the group put on a flexible false face to conceal his identity. After the rural sports had left, one of the girls asked another, "Say, who was that masked John?"

"Can't you guess?" was the giggled reply. "He was the blown Granger."

Rosie Ruiz of Boston Marathon notoriety has surfaced again. She's plugging panty hose that don't run.

Mused a tourist in Moscow named Fred,
As he humped young Natasha in bed:
"I am prosperous, true—
But I so love to screw
That I've ended up here in the Red!"

There's a trendy massage parlor that has its girls wear Big Yank overalls.

Because they knew their son-in-law-to-be was a coffee fancier, the bride's parents supplemented their major gift to the couple with the newest version of an old-fashioned coffee-brewing machine. As the wedding reception drew to a close, the girl's father retoasted the newly marrieds separately. "May you experience all kinds of domestic bliss, son, with my darling daughter," he intoned to the groom.

"I know I will, sire," the young man responded, "including in the kitchen—thanks to your having provided a perky copulator."

Deep in the maze of intelligence offices, two spymasters were reviewing the debriefing report on an agent who had barely managed to make it back from a perilous mission. "By God," exclaimed one, "this chap Smithers must be one tough son of a bitch! They kept sticking a cattle prod up him, they repeatedly used electrodes on his balls and they beat and beat his dong with a rubber hose—and he lasted for an incredible period of time before finally cracking! I suggest he be put in for a special commendation."

"Let's hold off on that," countered the other supervisor. "I've had separate word from a double agent that Smithers ultimately broke down when they threatened to stop."

Graffito on wall above hot-air hand drier in a Chicago City Hall rest room: PUSH BUTTON FOR A MESSAGE FROM YOUR MAYOR.

The pre-teeny-bopper shyly told her father one evening, "Daddy, I've got a boyfriend."

"A pretty little girl like you with only *one* boyfriend?" teased her father.

"Well, Daddy," chirped the moppet, "after all—I've only got one pussy."

We've been touched by the tale of a young thing so orally gifted that she rose from poverty to become a quite wealthy woman—though at the cost of aching nerves in her jaw. It's a real Fellatio Neuralgia story.

You know, Vera," the new girl in the office confided, "Mr. Rittenhouse murmured to me this morning that we could make beautiful music together."

"Sure you could, honey," commented the office veteran, "provided your taste runs to the *Minute Waltz*."

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.*

"Of course we have to do it this way. How else can I see if you're bringing the right muscles into play?"

THE PLOYS OF SUMMER

unconventional wisdom for ducking crowds and dodging inflation

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

THERE ARE TWO SAFE BETS regarding summer vacation this year. The first is that any place you go will probably be very crowded. The second is that a vacation definitely will be more expensive this year than last. So if you intend to survive with nerves intact and wallet not held hostage, you'll need clever tactics and a flair for the unconventional. Our summer-vacation survival guide provides some of both.

HOORAY, THEY'RE FULL

There are plenty of air fares that reward flexibility, and it's possible to save lots of cash when you don't have to arrive or depart at a precise time. Perhaps best of all is the conditional fare, for which you pay full fare and hope you don't get on the plane.

Eastern Airlines, the veteran in this field, calls its conditional reservation Leisure Class. It's designed to deal with the problem of no-shows on flights that are fully booked. (You can find out which flights *are* booked by calling the airline and inquiring about the availability of Leisure Class on the flight you're interested in.) The prospective passenger initially pays the full coach fare for a seat. He then heads for the airport, where he's treated (at his request) as a *stand-by* passenger. Everyone knows that there's a gamble involved in getting a seat, and the Leisure Class ticket purchaser genuinely hopes he doesn't make it. He is given a seat (in first class at times) only if some passenger with a reservation does a no-show. But if there is no seat available, the Leisure Class ticket holder gets all his money back—*and* a free, confirmed seat on the next available flight. Although chances are good you'll get on the flight you've booked, there's still a fair possibility you'll get to travel free and, after all, there's nothing to lose.

HOLD THAT FREIGHTER

Perhaps the most persistent of all travel dreams is the romantic notion of boarding a slow-moving freighter on its way to exotic ports. For a change, it's one that's relatively easy to gratify.

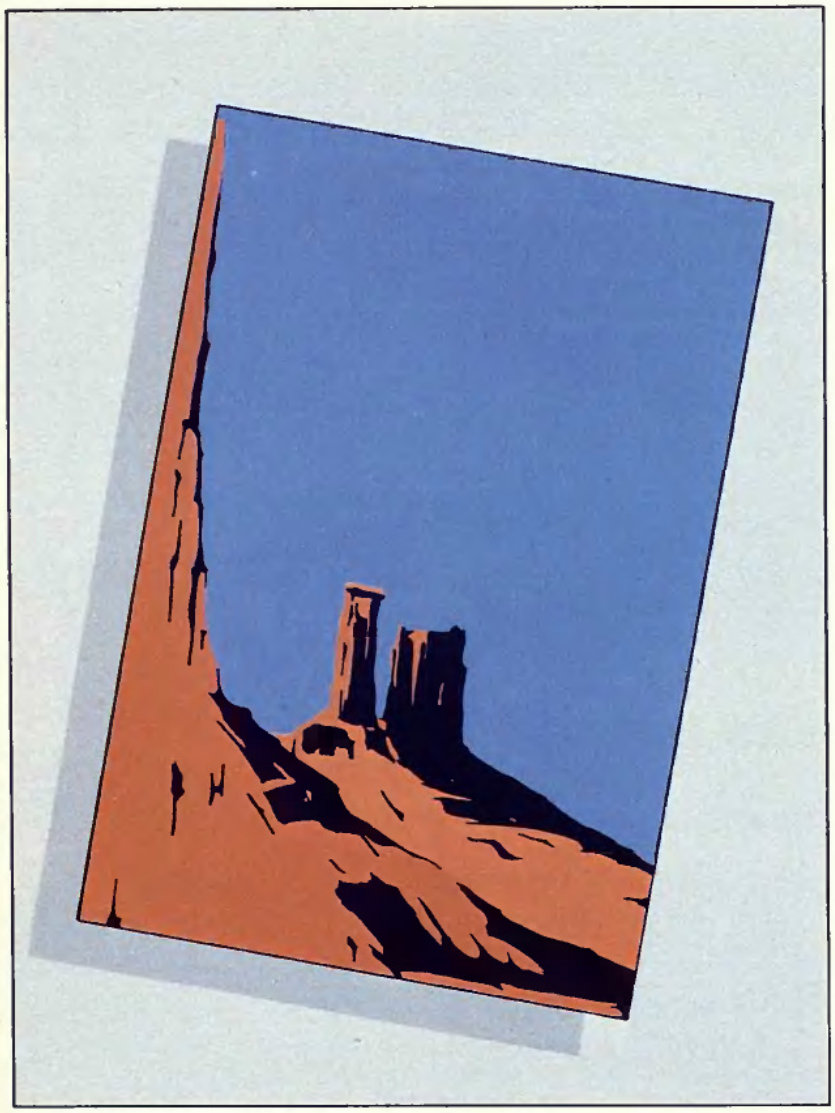
Traveling by freighter hardly provides a Love-Boat-beside-the-banana-crates atmosphere, but there are no crowds and costs are surprisingly low. That doesn't mean, however, that the level of creature comforts is something out of *Mutiny on the Bounty*. Cabins are usually the same size (or larger) as those on conventional cruise ships, and their location amidships assures a relatively stable passage. The number of nonworking passengers can vary from as few as four

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAT NAGEL

to as many as 60, but a dozen is about average. Since there are no organized distractions on board for passengers, anyone who is less than enraptured by the sea and the workings of ships could experience considerable boredom, so the best possible advice is to travel with a friend.

Freighter travel is perfect for laid-back types with plenty of time and the biorhythms to go with the flow of an erratic arrival-and-departure schedule. Food is usually an attraction, since the fare is intended to satisfy the hearty appetites of able-bodied seamen.

Costs run about half those of luxury liners. Figure a base of about $50 a day, depending on the length of a specific trip and its precise itinerary. For a first-timer, it's wise to try a freighter fling of relatively short duration—30 days or less—to discover just how your metabolism reacts to life aboard a working ship.



Sources and Resources: Few travel agents have much experience booking freighter passage, so it can be hard to find up-to-date data. But freighter travel is more popular than you might imagine, and there are outfits that specialize in it. The best of them are:

Pearl's Freighter Tips, Inc., 175 Great Neck Road, Suite 306B, Great Neck, New York 11021 (516-487-8351)

Air & Marine Travel Service, 501 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022 (212-371-1300)

TravLtips, 163-09 Depot Road, Flushing, New York 11358 (212-428-4646)

Freighter World Cruises, Inc., 180 South Lake Avenue, Suite 335, Pasadena, California 91101 (213-449-3106)

If you would like to do some research before calling about freighter bookings, here are some worthwhile references:

Ford's Freighter Travel Guide, available by writing to P.O. Box 505, Woodland Hills, California 91365 ($4.95)

Trip Log Quick Reference Freighter Guide newsletter, available from Air & Marine Travel Service, 501 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022 ($2 per issue)

TravLtips Freighter Bulletins, available for a $15 membership fee from TravLtips, 163-09 Depot Road, Flushing, New York 11358

DON'T FEED THE BEARS

This summer is likely to be the most crowded vacation season ever for U. S. national parks. Heightened domestic travel interest by Americans and what amounts to an invasion by overseas visitors mean that national-park space is going to be in particularly short supply in 1981. It also means that this might be the right time to take note of those parts of the park system that attract the greatest number of visitors and then stay as far away from them as you can in 1981. Here are the ten national parks most heavily visited in 1980, a good list to use as a guide to where *not* to be in June, July and August. As you'll note, they tend to be close to major metropolitan areas and heavy on historical significance—perhaps reflecting Americans' loss of mobility and Bicentennial-plus-five reawakening of patriotic interest.

1. Golden Gate National Recreation Area—California
2. Bandelier National Monument—New Mexico
3. Natchez Trace Parkway—Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee
4. Great Smoky Mountains National Park—North Carolina, Tennessee
5. Gateway National Recreation Area—New York, New Jersey
6. George Washington Memorial Parkway—Virginia, Maryland
7. Colonial National Historical Park—Virginia
8. Lake Mead National Recreation Area—Nevada, Arizona
9. Cape Cod National Seashore—Massachusetts
10. Valley Forge National Historical Park—Pennsylvania

Given those top ten as the sites to skirt this summer, where, then, to go if you crave an unstructured holiday among nature's bounty? Well, the National Park Service's wilderness areas draw substantially fewer visitors than the more developed national-park enclaves, and you might think seriously about focusing on the following somewhat wilder bits of terrain. Crowds, though hardly absent, are likely to be substantially less dense:

Badlands National Monument—South Dakota
Black Canyon of the Gunnison National Monument—Colorado
Blue Ridge Parkway—Virginia, North Carolina
Buffalo National River—Arkansas
Carlsbad Caverns National Park—New Mexico
Chiricahua National Monument—Arizona
Craters of the Moon National Monument—Idaho
Everglades National Park—Florida

Great Sand Dunes National Monument—Colorado
Guadalupe Mountains National Park—Texas
Gulf Islands National Seashore—Florida, Mississippi
Haleakala National Park—Hawaii
Hawaii Volcanoes National Park—Hawaii
Isle Royale National Park—Michigan
Joshua Tree National Monument—California
Lassen Volcanic National Park—California
Lava Beds National Monument—California
Mesa Verde National Park—Colorado
Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument—Arizona
Petrified Forest National Park—Arizona
Pinnacles National Monument—California
Point Reyes National Seashore—California
Saguaro National Monument—Arizona
Shenandoah National Park—Virginia
Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park—North Dakota

THE NEED TO BE KNEADED

One of the best ways to get away from large crowds is to head for a place that's so elegant and expensive that few other mortals can handle the tariff. The best oases of planned pampering used to be the exclusive property of overweight women—until the current fitness craze expanded to include such hedonistic delights as beauty treatments for men, massages that involve multiple muscles, and closely supervised diets and health seminars. Most of the more luxurious spa-*cum*-resort oases remain the exclusive province of the feminine set, but *The Golden Door*, in Escondido, California, now accepts *men only* during the first two weeks of March, June, September and December, and permits *coed* health happenings during the last two weeks of those months. The accent there is fiercely Oriental, with goings on focused within what appear to be the walls of a serene Japanese inn. The regimen of treatment also follows certain Japanese traditions—such as the communal bath (with a Western touch added in the form of pulsating waters). There are herbal wraps that leave you smelling like a eucalyptus tree, and the price for being turned into a perfumed, virile being comes high: currently, $2135 per week.

Less expensive, and sexually unsegregated, is the Door's just-south-of-the-border cousin, *Rancho La Puerta*, in Tecate, Mexico. Coed all year (but couples only for a two-week period, which in 1981 is September 13–27), the ranch emphasizes vegetarian cuisine. Rates for singles vary from $550 to $675 per week. Incidentally, spies tell us the ranch, with its high female–male guest ratio and surprising proportion of already shapely ladies, is a great place to score. Take vitamins.

BABY, YOU CAN DRIVE MY CAR

If you have a valid driver's license and, again, a little bit of time, it may just be possible to get from here to there by driving someone else's car. Several companies (with networks of offices all around the U.S.) can ease the transportation problem for prospective travelers over 21 years of age by letting them work as auto transporters.

The cars to be driven are relatively new—and, for the driver's sake (and the owner's), each car is fully insured—and drivers are usually required to post a deposit of approximately $50–$200. In some cases, the driver also is responsible for the cost of gasoline, though some companies allow drivers to take along passengers to share expenses.

Here are some companies to check if you're interested in more information:

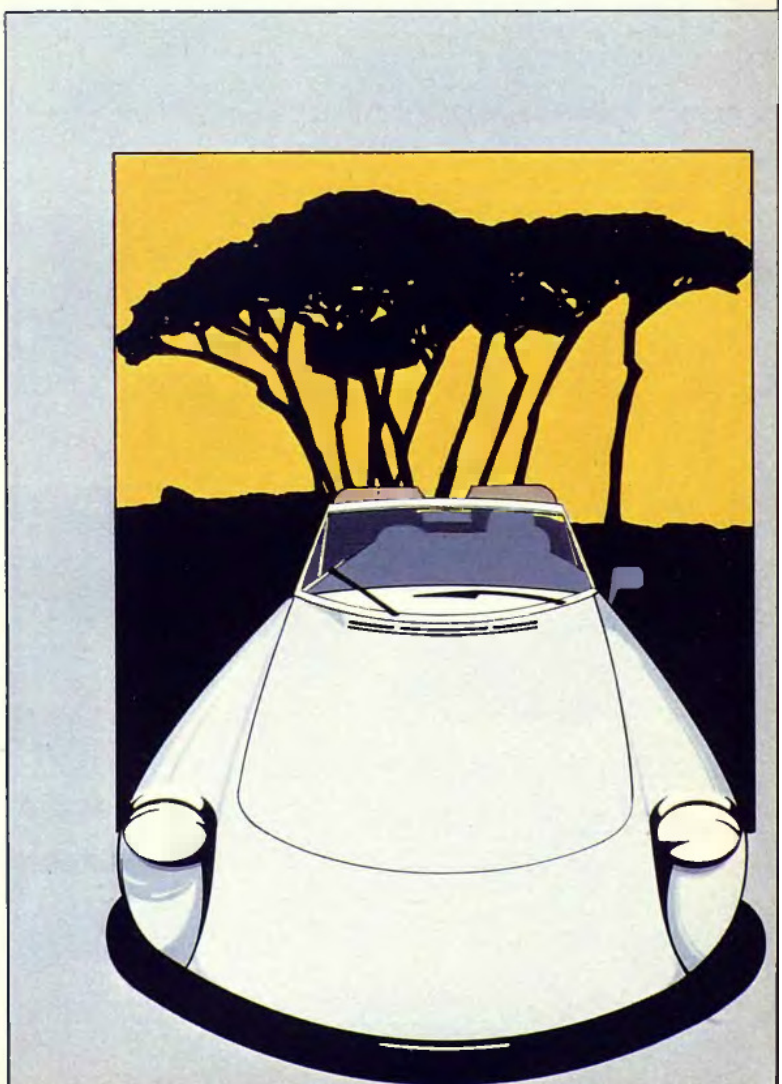
AAACon Auto Transport, Inc., 230 West 41st Street, New York, New York 10036 (212-354-7777)

American Auto Shippers, Inc., 225 West 34th Street, Suite 2001B, New York, New York 10001 (212-594-2690)

Auto Driveaway Co., 42 Broadway, Suite 1827, New York, New York 10004 (212-943-2414)

Dependable Car Travel Service Inc., 130 West 42nd Street, New York, New York 10036 (212-840-6262)

Nationwide Auto Transporters, *(continued on page 160)*



humor By RANDY COHEN

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MAGDICH

AS WE NEARED the shop where she wanted to buy her first vibrator, my friend's skepticism returned.

"Why do I need a machine to do something I can do perfectly well by hand?" she demanded.

"With that attitude, we wouldn't have the food processor," I replied.

"But I *don't* have a food processor," she said. "I've got a paring knife."

"And it takes you 45 minutes to make a salad."

"But what a great salad!"

"Would you rather we went to a grocery store?" I asked.

"No, no," she insisted, "I want to do this."

So we wandered around our neighborhood sex shop, examining objects whose functions were totally obscure to us. The vibrator counter itself presented a bewildering variety of appliances, each of which would, presumably, quiver on command, sending waves of bliss through the body. We were overwhelmed. It looked like the display *(concluded on page 178)*

THE HISTORY OF THE VIBRATOR

and all the time you thought this gadget was a janey-come-lately

PLOYS OF SUMMER

(continued from page 157)

"Cheap fares can get you to London, but hotel costs can send you to debtors' prison."

Inc., 140 Sylvan Avenue, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey 07632 (201-461-3660)

COURIERING FAVOR

The theory is simple: You call the traffic manager at any courier service and tell him where you want to go and when you are available, and then pray they have a parcel for which they need an escort. Ideally, the dispatcher calls back with an assignment and the company provides a plane ticket. You usually don't even have to carry the package to the airport; it's taken there for you to have placed in the baggage hold. And upon arrival, you're met by a company employee to whom you turn over the baggage checks.

In practice, however, the erratic nature of this device is daunting enough to discourage all but the most flexible (and insolvent) would-be travelers. Not all courier services use free-lancers, but the courier method sure is worth a try.

Flexibility of *destination* will increase chances of striking a responsive courier chord. (Speaking a foreign language helps, too.) If you want to go abroad, just tell the man you want to go to Europe and let *him* pick your specific destination. Air fare is strictly one way, so you must be adaptable about your return trip. Local dispatchers schedule outbound journeys only, and their counterparts at the other end are responsible for scheduling a trip home. They may or may not come through.

So if you'll do anything to travel cheap, let your fingers do some fumbling through the Yellow Pages (check "Couriers" and "Messengers") and start making some calls.

THE LONDON CONNECTION

Although getting to London is relatively inexpensive, the problem is seeing more of Europe than just Great Britain. It's tough because intra-European air fares are the most expensive in the world.

To solve that problem, Britons use an extensive network of charter carriers—several of which own their own fleet of aircraft—that offer packages (sometimes including accommodations and some meals) for prices that are as little as 20 percent of the scheduled round-trip air fare. The accommodations can be lousy and the food even worse, but it's possible to purchase these packages, discard the land arrangements entirely and still have the pleasure of bargain air transportation.

Most travel agents in the U.S. don't know about or don't offer these England-originated packages, so you'll probably have to make arrangements on your own. That means contacting the British tour operators well in advance, so that all confirmations are in hand before you leave the States. A letter to any or all of the following British operators will get you a spate of offerings from which you can create an inexpensive European itinerary. All of them say they will deal directly with U.S. travelers.

Cosmos, 69-15 Austin Street, Forest Hills, New York 11375 (212-268-8088)

Frames Tours Ltd., 46 Albemarle Street, London WI 4EP, England; Attention: Dennis Carter (011-441-499-6050)

Laker Air Travel, 9-13 Grosvenor Street, London WI XOEE, England (011-441-493-5601)

Romanic Tours, 1315 High Street, Horley, Surrey RH6 7BH, England (011-44-2934-75961)

Thomson Holidays, Rochester House, Belvedere Road, London SE19 2HQ, England (011-441-653-8899)

Twickenham Travel Ltd., 84 Hampton Road, Twickenham, Middlesex, London TW25 QS, England (011-441-898-8221)

FLAT RATES

As we just mentioned, cheap transatlantic fares can get you to London all right, but current hotel costs can send you directly to debtors' prison. One solution is to forget about conventional accommodations and look into programs that provide furnished apartments (they're usually called service flats in Britain) and/or country houses as places to put up. They are especially attractive to families or groups of two or three couples who'll enjoy the freedom, convenience and economy of having a foreign home away from home.

Prices vary from program to program, and for more detailed information, ask British Airways for its 1980–1981 booklet called "Business Services in Britain." Accommodations can be booked through any travel agent, and if yours is unaware of the program, contact the American wholesaler: Inquiline, Inc. If you live in Chicago or east, the address is 2122 Boston Post Road, Larchmont, New York 10538 (914-834-7742). West of Chicago, write to 1714 Orchard Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106 (801-278-4677).

The British Tourist Authority also offers a free leaflet called "Budget Apartments in London" that allows travelers to make arrangements on their own. It's available free from the B.T.A. offices in New York City, Chicago, Dallas and Los Angeles.

Other U.S. representatives that deal in British apartment and house rentals are:

A.A.D. Associates, P.O. Box 3927, Amity Station, New Haven, Connecticut 06525 (203-387-4461)

Dial Britain, 1735 Eye Street N.W., Suite 718, Washington, D.C. 20006 (202-223-6492 or 800-424-9822)

Eaststone Overseas Rentals, 21 East 40th Street, New York, New York 10016 (212-683-9150)

Interchange Vacations, 213 East 38th Street, New York, New York 10016 (212-685-4340 or 213-271-0575)

Utel International, 119 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019 (212-757-2981)

A very valuable reference, called "Self Catering in Britain," is a list of 15,000 houses, cottages, chalets, bungalows and apartments that have been approved by the British Automobile Association. It can be obtained from the British Travel Book Shop, 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019 ($7.95).

THIS TRIP WILL PAN OUT FOR SURE

With gold prices having bounced between $400 and $800 this past year, there is a good chance for a dedicated traveler to turn a profit on holiday. You see, there's still lots of gold that hasn't been hauled out of Canada's Yukon Territory.

Another gold rush is very much in progress as you read this, as folks recognize the wisdom of re-examining proven gold-yielding grounds on the chance that there's an odd nugget lying about. On a more practical note, they're looking for old lodes that were once unprofitable to work but now make very different economic sense.

The headquarters for the current crop of gold groupies is around the city of Dawson, where just about a 45-mile radius has been staked out by "eighty-oners" who are rummaging through old tailing piles—those gracefully fluted mounds of "barren" gravel that was once tossed cavalierly aside. Today's recyclers are finding that those mounds contain significant bits of ore; and while there's lots of large-scale mining going

(concluded on page 192)

"I'm glad you caught me . . . we were just going out for lunch!"

Playmate of The Year

trading her wings for a rocket to stardom, wise, witty terri welles is clearly a woman for the eighties

TERRI WELLES is on a roll. Just a few short months ago, her domain was seats 10A to 20D on a United red-eye. She was a flight attendant. It's an OK gig and she was good at it, but you don't ask a thoroughbred to pull a plow. Any passenger half into his morning coffee could see this woman was several cuts above the ordinary. Goodness knows, *we* saw it. Scant moments after meeting her, we cleared the cover of our May 1980 issue for her act; in that outing, a simple stun and run, she was pictured sitting provocatively in a flight uniform to herald our legendary pictorial on stewardesses. It all came about when an old friend of Terri's, who happened to be the brother of Playmate Sondra Theodore, took her to Playboy Mansion West for a visit. It was a fateful evening for Terri and for us. We saw a woman with sparkle and verve about to blossom into something very special. *(text concluded on page 203)*

Thoroughly modern Terri is a shining example of what the future will bring for the liberated woman. "The woman of the Eighties," she says, "is anything she wants to be." (For a look at Terri's gifts, turn to page 195.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON

Terri's moods run the gamut from pensive to sexy to downright bubbly. She has a strong sense of self, tempered with modesty. "Me, glamorous?" she asks. "You're not glamorous unless someone else thinks you're glamorous. To me, I'm just me!"

Committed to an acting career, Terri contemplated her options on a recent jaunt to Jamaica. "The only other thing I can see myself doing is being an executive. I think I'd make a good administrator. In the entertainment field, of course." Another Sherry Lansing? "Perhaps. I have a lot of respect for her."

Terri advocates constant study to make it in the acting business. "I hope I never get to the point where I feel I know all there is to know about acting. That's what makes good actors good. They always feel there's room for improvement and they do something about it, whether it's classes or actual work."

A girl with smarts and an independent streak like Terri's can seem unfeminine to some men. "Whoa! I'm no rocket scientist," Terri allows, "but I do think femininity can also include courage and intelligence."

Is love in the future for our woman of the Eighties?
Will she someday settle down? Terri says with a twinkle,
"I don't consider marriage settling down. In fact,
I think it's growing as opposed to settling.
Besides, I never say no to a challenge."

ANNA

(continued from page 137)

"A Buck hunting knife was under Wayne's leather jacket, unsheathed and held against his body."

movie actress, no longer an independent growth to be washed and brushed and combed and cut, but part of the ensemble, as the boots were. They all wore pretty watches, and bracelets and necklaces, and more than one ring. She liked the way the girls moved: They looked purposeful but not harried. One enters the store and stops at the magazine rack against the wall opposite Anna and the counter, and picks up a magazine and thumbs the pages, appearing even then to be in motion still, a woman leaving the job for a few minutes, but not in a hurry; then she replaces the magazine and crosses the floor and waits in line while Anna rings up and bags the cans and bottles and boxes cradled in arms, dangling from hands. They talk to each other, Anna and the teller she knows only by face, as she fills and caps Styrofoam cups of coffee. The weather. Hi. How are you? Bye, now. The teller leaves. Often, behind the counter, with other customers, Anna liked what she was doing; liked knowing where the pimientos were; liked her deftness with the register and bagging; was proud of her cheerfulness; felt in charge of customers and what they bought. But when the tellers were at the counter, she was shy; and if one of them made her laugh, she covered her mouth.

She took new magazines from the rack, one at a time, keeping it under the counter near her tall three-legged stool, until she finished it; then she put it back and took another. So by the time the girls from the bank glanced through the magazine, she knew what they were seeing. For they always chose the ones she did: *People*, *Vogue*, *Glamour*. She looked at *Playgirl*, and in *Oui* she looked at the women and read the letters, this when she worked at night, not because there were fewer customers then but because it was night, not day. At first she had looked at them during the day, and felt strange raising her eyes from the pictures to blink at the parking lot, whose presence of cars and people and space she always felt because the storefront was glass, her counter stopping just short of it. The tellers never picked up those magazines, but Anna was certain they had them at home. She imagined that, too: where they lived after work, before work. She gave them large pretty apartments with thick walls so they heard only themselves; stereos and color television, and soft carpets and soft furniture and large brass beds; sometimes she imagined them living with men who made a lot of money, and she saw a swimming pool, a Jacuzzi.

Near the end of her workday, in its seventh and eighth hours, her fatigue was the sort that comes from confining the body while giving neither it nor the mind anything to do. She was restless, impatient and distracted, and while talking politely to customers and warmly to the regular ones, she wanted to be home. The apartment was in an old building she could nearly see from behind the counter; she could see the gray house with red shutters next to it. As soon as she left the store, she felt as if she had not been tired at all; only her feet still were. Sometimes she felt something else, too, as she stepped outside and crossed that line between fatigue and energy: a touch of dread and defeat. She walked past the bank, the last place in the long building of bank, Sunnycorner, drugstore, department store and pizza house, cleared the corner of the building, passed the dumpster on whose lee side teenagers on summer nights smoked dope and drank beer, down the sloping parking lot and across the street to the old near-yardless green wooden apartment house; up three flights of voices and television voices and the smell that reminded her of the weariness she had just left. It was not a bad smell. It bothered her because it was a daily smell, even when old Mrs. Battistini on the first floor cooked with garlic; a smell of all the days of this wood. Up to the third floor, the top of the building, and into the apartment whose smells she noticed only because they were not the scent of contained age she had breathed as she climbed. Then she went to the kitchen table or the bed or shower or couch, either talking to Wayne or waiting for him to come home from Wendy's, where he cooked hamburgers.

At those times, she liked her home. She rarely liked it when she woke in it: a northwest apartment, so she opened her eyes to a twilit room and, as she moved about, she saw the place clearly, with its few pieces of furniture, cluttered only with leavings—tossed clothes, beer bottles, potato-chip bags—as if her night's sleep had tricked her so she would see only what last night she had not. And sometimes, later, during the day or night, while she was simply crossing a room, she would suddenly see herself juxtaposed with the old maroon couch that had been left, along with everything else, by whoever lived there before her and Wayne: the yellow wooden table and two chairs in the kitchen, the blue easy chair in the living room and, in the bedroom, the chest of drawers, the straight wooden chair and the mattress on the floor, and she felt older than she knew she ought to.

•

The wrong car: a 1964 Mercury Comet that Wayne had bought for $160 two years ago, before she knew him, when the car was already 11 years old, and now it vibrated at 60 miles an hour, and had holes in the floor board; and the wrong weapon: a Buck hunting knife under Wayne's leather jacket, unsheathed and held against his body by his left arm. She had not thought of the car and knife until he put the knife under his jacket and left her in the car, smoking so fast that between drags she kept the cigarette near her face and chewed the thumb of the hand holding it; looking through the wiper-swept windshield and the snow blowing between her and the closed bakery next to the lighted drugstore, at tall Wayne walking slowly with his face turned and lowered away from the snow. She softly kept her foot on the accelerator so the engine would not stall. The headlights were off. She could not see into the drugstore. When she drove slowly past it, there were two customers, one at the cash register and counter at the rear, one looking at display shelves at a side wall. She had parked and turned off the lights. One customer left, a man bareheaded in the snow. He did not look at their car. Then the other one left, a man in a watch cap. He did not look, either, and when he had driven out of the parking lot to the highway it joined, Wayne said OK and went in.

She looked in the rearview mirror, but snow had covered the window; she looked to both sides. To her right, at the far end of the shopping center, the doughnut shop was open; and in front of it, three cars were topped with snow. All the other stores were closed. She would be able to see headlights through the snow on the rear window, and if a cruiser came, she was to go into the store, and if Wayne had not already started, she would buy cigarettes, then go out again, and if the cruiser was gone, she would wait in the car; if the cruiser had stopped, she would go back into the store for matches and they would both leave. Now, in the dark and heater warmth, she believed all of their plan was no longer risky, but doomed, as if by leaving the car and walking across the short space through soft angling snow, Wayne had become puny, his knife a toy. So it was the wrong girl, too, and the wrong man. She could not imagine him coming out with money, and she could

(continued on page 236)

LEROY NEIMAN

•SKETCHBOOK•

WE'RE BREEDING taller Americans these days. No one is astounded anymore by seven-foot basketball stars; but when it comes to admiring heights, I prefer to look ot todoy's Amozonion showgirls. Although they don't ottain the level of celebrity of todoy's elongated fashion models, showgirls ore equally elegant and doubly sexy. Like rhinestone goddesses, they stride languorously ocross stage and runway, heads high and shoulders bock, obove the ogling crowd. But the dressing room (top right) is where they are most oppealing. The sketch above left wos done in Paris and the one above right wos done bockstage ot the Stordust Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas. —L.N.

"I want a girl just like the girl who just married dear old Dad."

The Pearl was a scandalous underground English magazine published 100 years ago by an editor who signed himself D. Cameron. The contributors were all anonymous.

The Duet

Since music is the food of love,
I thought that I would go
To Maestro Julian's concert
(Where the price is very low).

So off I went at eight o'clock
And rushed in very quick
To hear the quadrille playing
While great Julian shook his stick.

The ladies all wore fashions new—
The dress that's almost stark,
The muslin being thin enough
To show their watermark.

I chanced on one, a beauteous maid
With smiling face and sunny,
A pretty mouth, much golden hair
And gently pouting cunny.

Said she, "The band is starting up."
Said I, "It shakes the walls."
Said she, "Oh, no, that's only when
Great Julian shakes his balls.

"He stands erect and pumps his arms;
His staff so well displayed is
Because he knows a good, long piece
Is sure to please the ladies."

The names of all the instruments
She then inquired about,
Especially of that big, brass thing
Was sliding in and out.

She said she loved the clarinet,
Likewise the German flute,
Because they looked like instruments
A lady well might toot.

Now, the 40 parts are all so off
They almost make one start.
Then, suddenly, the ophicleide
Sounds—like a thund'rous fart.

The place got overpowering
And our ears were deaf with drumming.
She said, "I think I soon must go—
How soon will you be coming?"

She took my arm; I called a cab
And, once inside, we soon uncased
Our joyful instruments
And pumped a hearty duet:
Lento, parlando,
Legato, glissando,
Mezzo staccato,
Oh! Pizzicato!
Through many happy movements.

The Swing

How oft I've sworn to Caroline
The world no sight can shew
To match her locks, her lips divine,
Her bosom's hills of snow.

But, oh, I find myself belied—
Two lips have I beheld
That nestle on the nether side,
A sight unparalleled!

For chance has shewn me all that lies
Beneath her virgin zone,
Sure never seen by any eyes
Of man, save mine alone!

As backward, then, the swing I drove,
As wider flew her thighs,
The heavenly opening of love
Met my delighted eyes!

Her bosom shows no curve so fair,
Less primrose are its tips.
Her head has no such auburn hair—
Nor such enchanting lips!

Yes, I've looked on the glossy mount
Where all her graces center.
I've seen the rosy, secret fount
Where he she loves shall enter!

While, from within her petticoat,
A warm and savory breeze
Full in my face did sweetly float,
Loaded with ecstasies!

Now, be not vexed, my gentle maid,
Nor blush so deep with shame.
I've tricked you not, nor you betrayed—
It's Chance must take the blame.

Oh, pardon me!
(But I confess
That henceforth when I gaze
Upon the beauties of thy face,
My fancy elsewhere strays!)

Temptation

Poppa and Momma, Arabella and I,
Were supping one night on a cold pigeon pie.
Now, because they believe me a cozy old fellow,
They want to induce me to wed Arabella.

I like the girl well, but I don't choose to wed;
Fair Bella perceives I'm not easily led.
But while Poppa was telling some prosy old fable,
Bell was scratching her marrowbones under the table.

She looked in my face and, on our eyes' catching,
I leaned down my head to see what she was scratching.
She had got her right ankle upon her left knee,
And up past her garter was where I could see.

She looked in my face without shame or aversion,
While scratching her nakedness for my diversion.
While I sat electrified, stuck like a fool,
She lowered her petticoats, easy and cool.

And ten minutes later, she did it again,
Well knowing I'd look to see it quite plain.
Come—there was a prank for a delicate virgin,
Who thought an old bachelor needed some urging.

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

HISTORY OF THE VIBRATOR *(continued from page 159)*

"'Incidentally, there is no truth to the legend that Martha Washington had a wooden one.'"

rack at an auto-parts supply house. Sensing our confusion, a clerk came over to offer counsel. When we confessed to total ignorance of matters vibrational, he offered us The History of the Vibrator, from its inception to the present. It was, as you'll soon see, a saga of inspiration, innovation and erotica.

•

"During the Pleistocene Epoch," he began, "a protohuman female sat crouched upon a massive boulder when an earthquake struck. The trembling of the earth was transmitted through her rocky perch, along her legs and throughout her innards, resulting in the first orgasm, or at least the first to leave fossil remains. Naturally, she was delighted. Rather than wait around for another quake, this resourceful creature came up with the idea of letting a friend club the rock while she sat upon it. The rhythmic clubbing sent shock waves through the boulder and, hence, through our prehistoric sexual experimenter, achieving the desired results. And so the club and the rock are regarded as the first vibrator. It was, as you might imagine, a big, crude, clumsy device, but so were the people of that age. Refinements would come later.

"As civilization developed in the Fertile Crescent—the land between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers—the vibrator developed with it. Trade between tribes of the region spread vibrator lore to the Babylonians, Assyrians and Phoenicians. Archaeologists believe that the Sumerians employed a mobile vibrator powered by the wheels of their speedy chariots. That is considered to be the first form of transportation entertainment, the progenitor of the car radio.

"A few hundred miles to the west and a few hundred years later, vibrator use flourished in ancient Egypt. The women in the courts of the Pharaohs possessed vibrators powered by the labor of thousands of Hebrew slaves. For that reason, they were reluctant to heed the plea of Moses to 'Let my people go.' It was shortly after the time of Moses that the Egyptians made great advances in the domestication of animals. Before then, they weren't sufficiently motivated.

"In the Ninth Century, the Orientals developed *ben-wa* balls—a pair of metal spheres the size of large marbles that a woman could slip into her vagina. As she walked, the balls rattled against each other, sending tremors through her pelvic cavity.

"This advance," said the clerk, smiling, "came during the Wang dynasty." (That was a sex-shop joke designed to lighten the mood. It didn't.)

He coughed and continued. "The contemporary counterpart of *ben-wa* balls is the vibrating egg, a soft-plastic device about the size and shape of a grade-A small. It, too, is worn internally. A thin flexible wire runs to the battery pack and ON/OFF switch the user clips to her belt. At this very moment, in office buildings all over town, thousands of secretaries are switching on and having sneaky orgasms at their desks. Some don't even stop typing.

"It was in Renaissance Europe that the Dutch, those skilled designers of windmills, dikes, sailing ships and tulips, perfected a wind-powered vibrator. It had it all over the previous system, which required two donkeys and a treadmill. However, the world was waiting for a method that wasn't dependent on the vagaries of the weather.

"With the Industrial Revolution, the waiting ended. In 1769, in Glasgow, Scotland, James Watt produced the first steam-powered vibrator, the forerunner of all modern sexual devices except the leather ones. Watt's tiny machine offered dependable service.

"Meanwhile, in America, the pioneers were going West. As the settlements of the new nation advanced toward the setting sun, Janey Vibraseed went with them, spreading multiple orgasms to the frontier. Unlike Watt's sophisticated European device, with its need for fuel and fine tuning, Janey's was a simple, honest American machine that delivered a simple, honest American climax. Resembling a small butter churn, it was ideal for the rugged conditions under which it was used. Today, this Shaker vibrator is prized by collectors of Americana who know it as the vibrator that won the West. Incidentally, there is no truth to the legend that Martha Washington had a wooden one.

"By the late 1870s, Thomas Edison had established his laboratory in Menlo Park, New Jersey, where he produced the world's first electric vibrator as an anniversary present for Mrs. Edison. As the 20th Century began, the pace of innovation picked up. Alexander Graham Bell produced his long-distance vibrator and his pay vibrator; the Wright brothers created one that made you feel as if you were flying.

"Henry Ford capitalized on the idea of mass production. He built vibrators for the millions, among them the popular Model O with its moody hand-crank starter.

"Suddenly—war! While the men went off to fight our World Wars, America's women made do on the home front. As the fighting wound down, teams of American agents were dispatched to occupied Europe to recruit the best German vibrator scientists—to keep them from falling into Soviet hands. Mission accomplished, our agents returned with documents, experimental equipment and the cream of the German researchers, including the noted Dr. Wernher von Pelt, head of the entire Vibrational Study Group. Although Russia was to become the first nation to experiment with sex in orbit, it would be America, with the help of ex-Germans, that would be the first to achieve a soft landing on the moon.

"In the late Forties, as part of the Atoms for Peace program, a major effort was begun to create a nuclear vibrator. However, with the increasing availability of cheap supplies of petroleum, the project was abandoned. Today, there is little enthusiasm for atomic sex. We are all aware of the risk of pelvic meltdown, the fatal afterglow and the addicting urge for more sex an hour later—the China Syndrome. Today, the major research effort is being concentrated on the solar vibrator, the geothermal vibrator and sin fuels.

"The past 30 years have brought us peace, prosperity and progress. Who can forget the 1952 Olympic games in Helsinki, where Dorothy Palmer, the British star, became the first woman to shatter the four-minute-orgasm barrier? And who would have guessed that, a scant four years later, at the Melbourne games, little 14-year-old Lisa Parker, the American beauty, would achieve orgasm in less than two minutes? Now that the 60-second orgasm is routine for millions of vibrator users, these may seem trivial accomplishments, but at the time, they thrilled the world."

•

His tale complete, our historian threw in the clincher. "All of our vibrators come with a 30-day guarantee," he said. "If, for any reason, you are sexually unsatisfied, merely return your purchase for a full refund."

Who could resist? My friend and I consulted, and she narrowed it down to two models: the Eroticizer and the Orgasmatron. Finally, she bought the Eroticizer—it was on sale.

PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR

DADS & GRADS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

Above: Hit the road, Jack; take a boot to Bermuda or explore a back street in Singapore, but be sure to pack this Devin corduroy toiletries case that comes packed with an assortment of travel-size shaving accessories, including cologne, after-shave and cream shave foam, all by Aramis, $17.50.

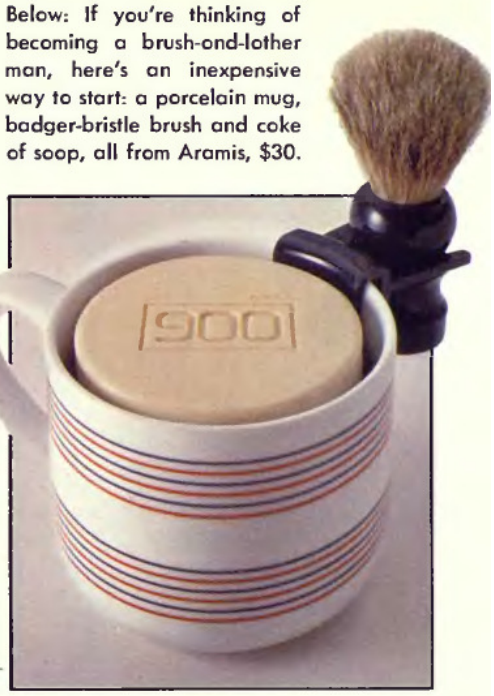
Below: If King Tut were alive today, he would be getting Cheops thrills listening to this somewhat pyramid-shaped anodized-cast-aluminum amplifier that puts out a kingly 200 watts per channel of X power (more power at high sound levels, less power at low sound levels, for greater efficiency and minimum heat build-up), by Yamaha, $950.

Above: No, you can't scratch and sniff this photo of Yves Saint Laurent Pour Homme soap, but if you could, the scent would be a masculine amalgam of citrus, sandalwood and patchouli that's guaranteed (well, almost) to drive the ladies wild, $15 for three cakes and a handy soap dish.

Right: A cassette tape deck is a tape deck is a tape deck, right? Wrong, close-minded stereo person. This RT-6605 unit, by Optonico, features dual side-by-side tape compartments for recording and playback—and, most important, you can edit and program from cassettes in your collection by inserting one in the playback portion of the deck and recording from it onto a second tape held in the record section. At only $550, how can you go wrong?

Below: Professional-football thrills and goofs of the past decade are captured in this collection of video cassettes (Beta II and VHS) that's available from N.F.L. Films, Mount Laurel, New Jersey, for about $35 to $50, depending on cassette length.

Below: If you're thinking of becoming a brush-and-lather man, here's an inexpensive way to start: a porcelain mug, badger-bristle brush and cake of soap, all from Aramis, $30.



Above: Minolta's new 35mm CLE auto-range-finder camera features automatic shutter-speed selection (aperture preferred) and a system in which the flash and all light-metering is done directly off the film plane, $600 for the camera body; 40mm lens, $184; 28mm wide-angle lens, $334; 90mm telephoto lens, $300; and the flash unit, $92.

Left: Pioneer has just pioneered the TS-1600 rear deck speaker in which the tweeter faces forward, thus improving reproduction; they retail for $169.95 a pair.

Right: This X-10 Interplay System, by Mitsubishi, features a vertical linear-tracking turntable, a Dolby cassette deck and an AM/FM/MPX tuner/amplifier, $690 complete.

Above: Big sounds come from small packages, as is the case with this minicampanent music system (amp, tuner, cassette deck and speakers), by Hitachi, $720.

Far left: The Pulsafe system for cars protects your machine via a portable transmitter, activating lights and horn and disabling the engine, by TMX Systems, $450.

Left: A pair of civilized-sized (about 17" x 10" x 6") acoustic-suspension AR-18 bookshelf speakers, by Teledyne Acoustic Research, at a civilized $180.

Below: The Imagination Machine I, by APF Electronics, is a $399, nine-K personal computer with dual-track cassette on which you can store data and a separate audio program hooked up to your TV. You also get dual joy sticks and a keyboard for screen games. APF video monitor shown, $149.95.

Left: No more leaping from the shower to quiet Ma Bell, as this cordless Go Fone has all the features of a standard telephone, provided you stay within 600 feet of the base station. The handset weighs only 11 ounces, has automatic redial capability and a telescoping antenna, by Technidyne, $249.95.

Above: RCA's battery- and A.C.-powered EFR-293 ColorTrak set with a nine-inch screen is the perfect partable mate, complete with built-in weather-band radio, about $410.

Left: These oblong SR-Lambda electrostatic headphones approximate the elliptical shape of the outer ear, so that you use your entire ear to listen, by Stax, $340, with adapter.

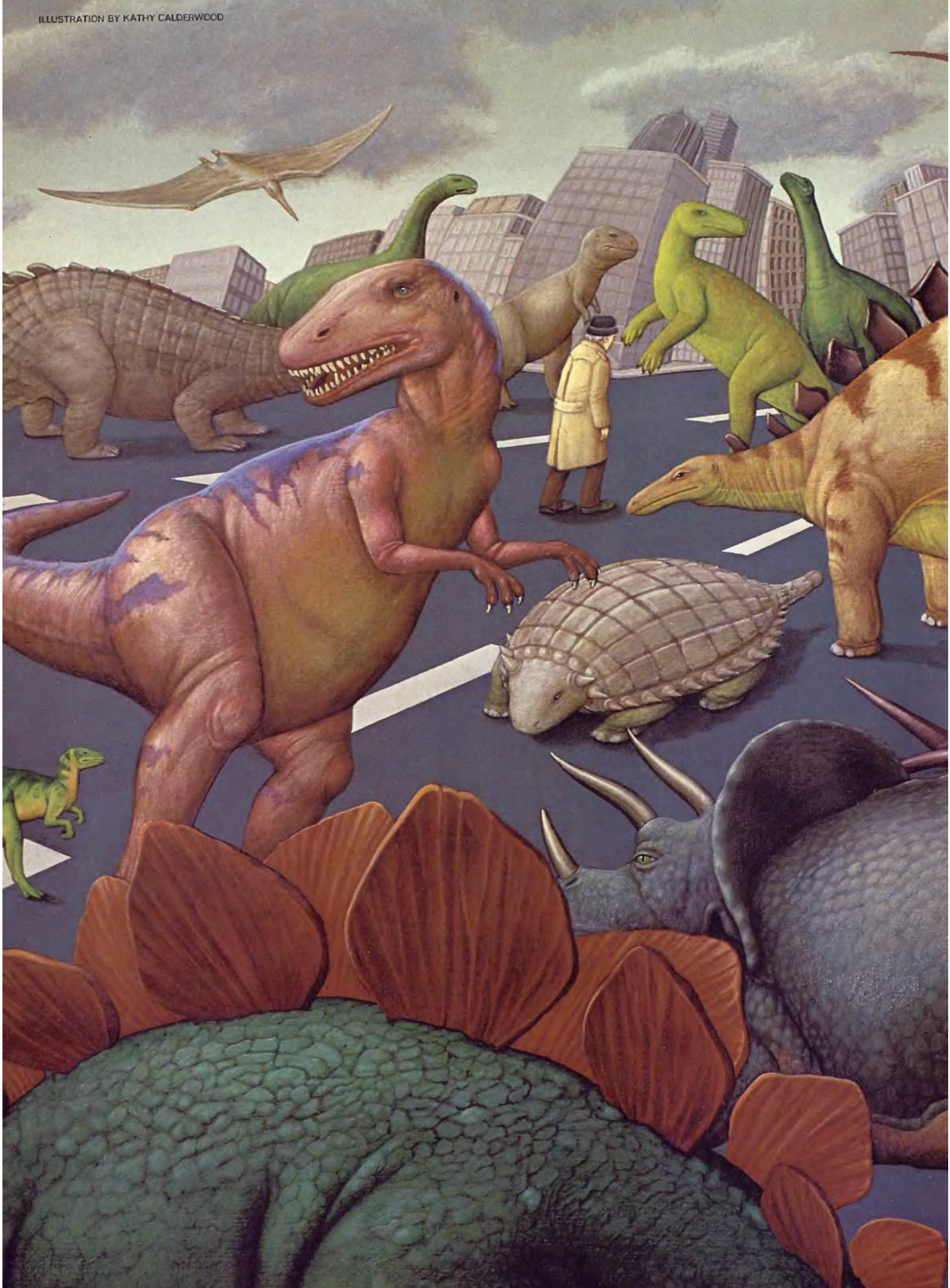
Below: A baseball glove with dimples for easier catches, designed by SSK America, $80.

Far left: A rustproof Porsche-design compass watch with a 22-kt.-gold movement and a face that flips up ta show the compass, from Schaffhausen Watch Corp., New York City, $1800.

Left: Olivetti claims this Logos 9 printing calculator is the world's smallest, as it weighs only B.B ounces and still features percent, percent change and automatic averaging up to nine decimal points—plus a digital clock, abaut $100.

Right: Even if you don't carry anything more important than your lunch ta work, you'll still find it tastes better transported in this Italion calf briefcase with brass fittings, from Susan Bennis/Warren Edwards, New York City, $375.

ILLUSTRATION BY KATHY CALDERWOOD



A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER

another good example of how the world is going to hell

fiction

By GARDNER DOZOIS and JACK DANN

IT LOOKED LIKE RAIN again, but Michael went for his walk anyway.

The park was shiny and empty, nothing more than a cement square defined by four metal benches. Piles of rain-soaked garbage were slowly dissolving into the cement.

Pterodactyls picked their way through the gutter, their legs lifting storklike as they daintily nipped at random pieces of refuse.

Muttering, the old man shooed a pterodactyl from his favorite bench, which was still damp from the afternoon rain, sat down and tried to read his newspaper. But at once his bench was surrounded by the scavengers: They half-flapped their metallic-looking wings, tilted the heads at the ends of their snakelike necks to look at him with oily green eyes, uttered plaintive, begging little cries and, finally, plucked at his clothes with their beaks, hoping to find crusts of bread or popcorn. At last, exasperatedly, he got to his feet—the pterodactyls skittering away from him, croaking in alarm—and tried to scare them off by throwing his newspaper at them. They ate it and looked to him hopefully for more. It began to rain, drizzling out of the gray sky.

Disgustedly, he made his way across the park, being jostled and almost knocked over by a hustling herd of small dromaeosaurs who were headed for the hot-dog concession on 16th Street. The rain was soaking through his clothes now and, in spite of the warmth of the evening, he was beginning to get chilly. He hoped the weather wasn't going to turn nippy; heating oil was getting really expensive and his Social Security check was late again. An ankylosaur stopped in front of him, grunting and slurping as it chewed up old Coke bottles and beer cans from a cement trash barrel. He whacked it with his cane, impatiently, and it slowly moved out of his way, belching with a sound like a length of anchor chain being dropped through a hole.

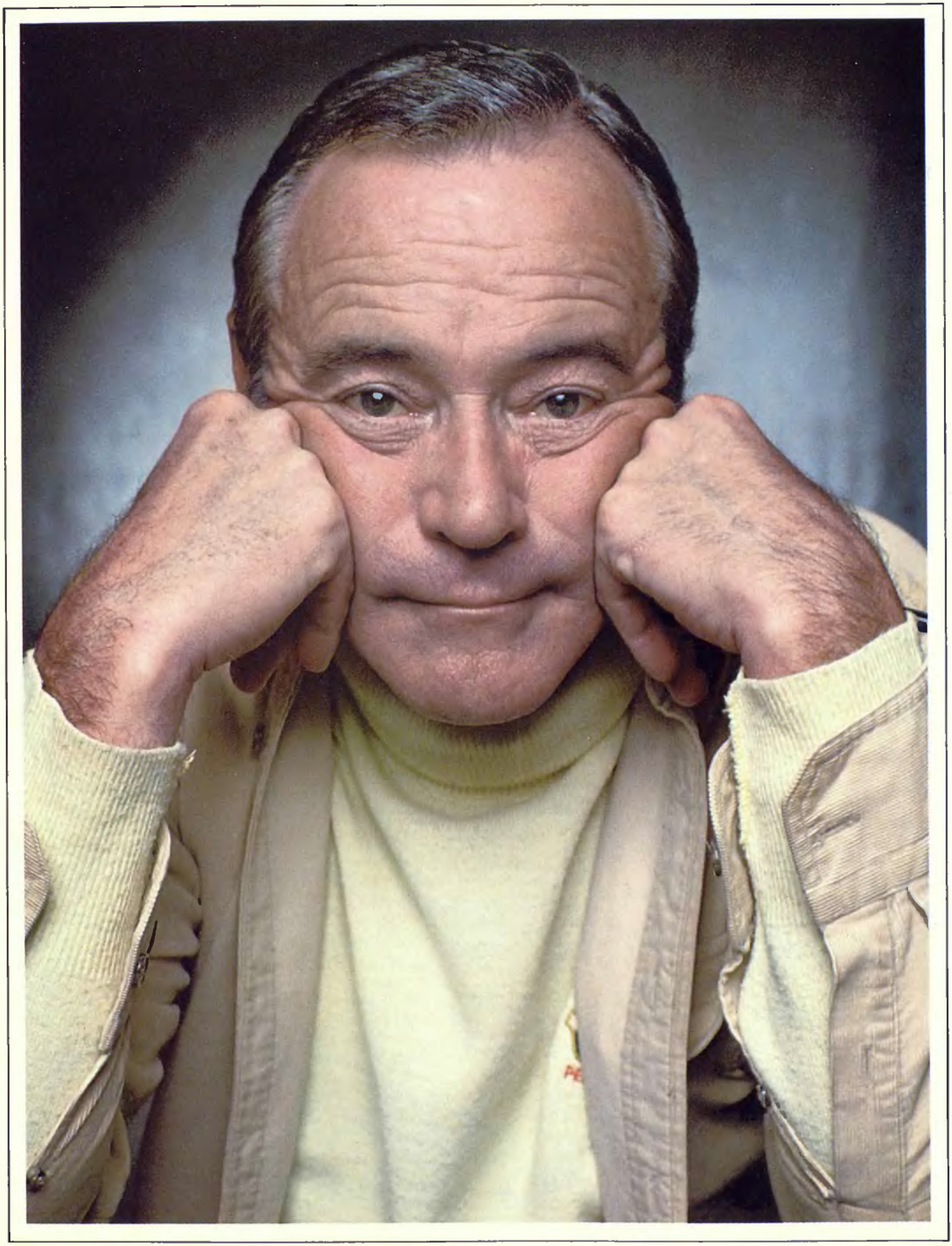
There were brontosaurs lumbering along Broadway—as usual, taking up the center of the street—with more agile herds of honking, duck-billed hadrosaurs dodging in and out of the lanes between them, and an occasional carnosaur stumping along by the curb, shaking its great head back and forth and hissing to itself in the back of its throat. It used to be, a person could get a bus here and, without even needing a transfer, get within a block of the house; but now, with all the competition for road space, they ran slowly if they ran at all—another good example of how the world was going to hell. He dodged between a brachiosaur and a slow-moving stegosaur, crossed Broadway and turned toward Avenue A. The triceratops were butting heads on Avenue A; they came together with a crash like locomotives colliding that boomed from the building fronts and rattled windows up and down the street. Nobody in the neighborhood would get much sleep tonight. Michael fought his way up the steps of his tenement brownstone, crawling over the dimetrodons lounging on the stoop. Across the street, he could see the mailman trying to kick an iguanodon awake so that he could get past it into another brownstone's vestibule. No wonder his checks were late.

Upstairs, his wife put his plate in front of him without a word, and he stopped only to take off his wet jacket before sitting down to eat. Tuna casserole again, he noticed without enthusiasm. They ate in gloomy silence, until the room was suddenly lit up by a sizzling bolt of lightning, followed by a terrific clap of thunder. As the echoes of the thunder died, over even the sound of the now torrential rain, they could hear a swelling cacophony of banging and thudding and shrieking and crashing.

"Goddamn," Michael's wife said, "it's doing it again!"

The old man got up and looked out the window, out over a panorama of weed-and-trash-choked tenement back yards. It was literally raining dinosaurs out there—as he watched, they fell out of the sky by the thousands, twisting and scrambling in the air, bouncing from the pavement like hail, flopping and bellowing in the street.

"Well," the old man said glumly, pulling the curtain closed and turning from the window, "at least it's stopped raining cats and dogs."



20 QUESTIONS: JACK LEMMON

the actor who wins oscars portraying men in crisis speaks out on marriage, maturity and why hollywood has a hard time making love stories these days

Syndicated television reporter Nancy Collins met with Jack Lemmon in the presidential suite of the Westwood Marquis Hotel in Los Angeles. Lemmon had just spent three days hyping and interviewing for his movie "Tribute," for which he received an Academy Award nomination. Collins tells us: "It was perhaps one o'clock in the afternoon and Lemmon was sipping a martini and smoking a cigar. He was relaxed and extraordinarily warm. He really likes questions about his wife, Felicia Farr. He is noticeably very much in love with her after 18 years of marriage."

1.

PLAYBOY: There are those who would argue that the roles you played in *Days of Wine and Roses, Save the Tiger* and now *Tribute* are very similar to one another. What is a Jack Lemmon character?

LEMMON: I have busted my ass to make sure that I don't know. The biggest problem I've had is not being pigeonholed. I pick material that you can't put a label on. *Tribute* is a marvelous blend of comedy and drama, which is very difficult. The last role I had that really worked as well was in *The Apartment.*

2.

PLAYBOY: You play men who have a lot of miles on them; men having mid-life crises—whether they're 20 or 30 or 40. Since you have obviously studied him a lot in order to play him over the years, who is the American male today in terms of how the movies see him?

LEMMON: Damned if I know. I just *identify* when I'm reading a character. A lot of the scripts I get now are heavier, which reflects the increasing pressure on us. It's just the worst goddamned time in history. The world is no longer just a small town. Ten minutes after something happens, we all know about it. A kid on the street has no naïveté by the time he's ten, because of the tube. We are affected by everybody else's problems. It's impossible to be an isolationist and survive. Those pressures are affecting us on every damned level. The divorce rate keeps increasing. American men are confused about the family and how to treat it, about marriage and its value. Middle-aged men are confronting the younger generation's morality. It's enticing to them, but they don't know how to handle it. I have seen it affect a lot of people I know. It was hysterical: guys in their late 50s or 60s growing their hair long and opening three buttons on their shirts. They had 18 pounds of gold hanging around their necks and they looked totally fucking ludicrous. But what they were trying to do was not let the parade pass.

3.

PLAYBOY: What kept you from getting involved in all that?

LEMMON: I don't know. I just didn't, thank God, but maybe I'm not old enough yet. I'm 56. Maybe I've got to wait until I'm 60 or 65 and suddenly try to be a youth again. Fortunately, my marriage has worked; I haven't had that enticement to go roaring off.

4.

PLAYBOY: Why has your marriage been so successful?

LEMMON: It's a combination of things. My wife has great appeal as a woman. The excitement that dissipates in a marriage is a direct parallel to the release of a film. A movie can be a great hit. But how long is it going to be a hit? Usually, it begins to dwindle and slowly fade. So it's a matter of how long it stays a hit. Well, we stayed a hit. The attraction is there. The physical thing is absolutely as strong. My wife is very, very bright. A good sense of humor. A lot of laughing, I think, is vital. Plus, she's not afraid to criticize me—she's the most honest woman I've ever known—which can be infuriating, because I have my own ego and vanity, but, oh, I listen. She's one of the handful of people I really go to for advice. Her taste is on a very high level. I have done a few pieces of shit about which she said, "Guess what's going to happen?" and she's been right.

5.

PLAYBOY: Did you meet her in Hollywood?

LEMMON: Yeah; she was under contract to Columbia when I was. It was, God's truth, a love-at-first-sight thing. I was absolutely knocked on my ass when I met her. There was a chemistry, an electric thing that happened.

6.

PLAYBOY: Did you just go over and say, "I'm knocked out"?

LEMMON: Damned near. In retrospect, I realize that I psyched myself right out. I was married when I met Felicia, but the impact of our meeting had nothing to do with my first marriage's failure. It was two years later when I saw Felicia again and then I was free. We went together for three or four years. I think we were both petrified to marry.

7.

PLAYBOY: What qualities do you find appealing in a woman?

LEMMON: Intelligence and the lack of a need to come on. Trying to be sexy totally turns me off. But women turn me on. I *love* women.

8.

PLAYBOY: How important to you has your career been?

LEMMON: When I was young, it was everything. It has to be in this crazy profession, because the dedication you must have in order to make it is overwhelming. Even with talent, you've got to be able and willing to stick against an awful lot of odds, because luck is involved. You may not get the chance to show the talent.

9.

PLAYBOY: Did it ever occur to you to stop?

LEMMON: No, it didn't, but there was an awful lot of fear and insecurity the first few years. Still, I would not have quit. The terrible thing is that it isn't a matter of just getting a little job now and then or a small part. An actor really can't begin to know how good he might or might not be until he actually gets a couple of good parts, with a good cast, in a good piece, with a good director. The rest of the time, you don't really know. And it may be ten years and then you're going to have to look in the mirror, finally, after all of that time, and say, "I'm a journeyman," or, "I can't cut it."

10.

PLAYBOY: What advice would you give a young actor today? Would you tell him to go into the business?

LEMMON: Boy, *(concluded on page 194)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NORMAN SEEFF

INTRODUCING
GREAT LOOKS™
Fashion Underwear

BECAUSE A MAN'S LIFE SHOULD BE FILLED WITH ADVENTURE

It's style that won't be tamed. Colors that command attention. And the kind of fit that feels fantastic. It's Great Looks. A new line of men's underwear from Fruit of the Loom.® And it's a whole new spectrum of styles, colors, fabrics. Just invented for adventure. And all with famous Fruit of the Loom value. So slip away from safe, and plunge into Great Looks. Ask for them where you buy Fruit of the Loom underwear.

Now every man can afford a little adventure in his life.

FRUIT OF THE LOOM
UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Great Looks™

© 1981 Union Underwear Co., Inc., P.O. Box 780, Bowling Green, KY 42101. An operating company of Northwest Industries.

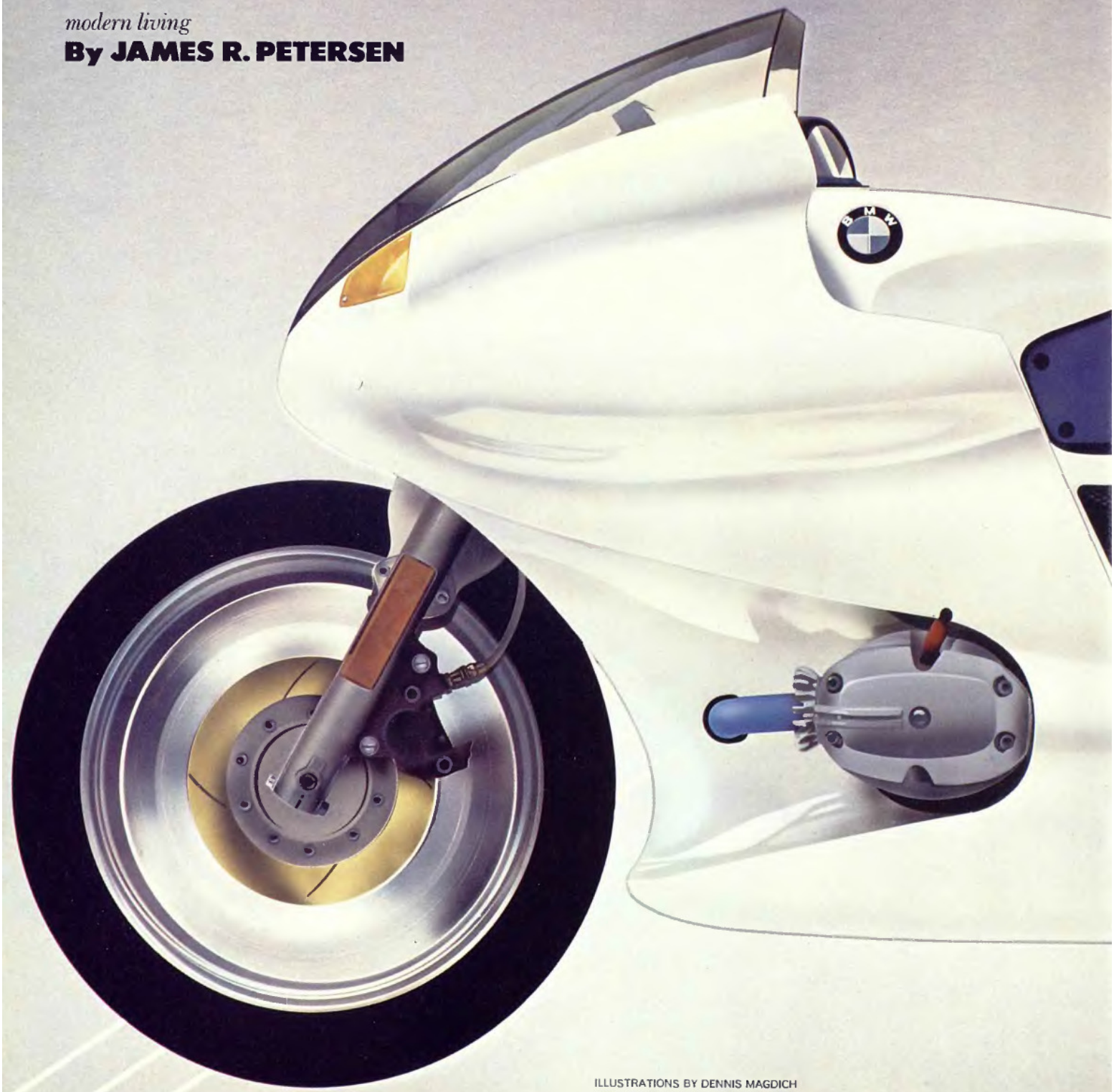
FUTUREBIKES

wheels on fire—
a sneak preview of the
motorcycles of
the eighties

modern living

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

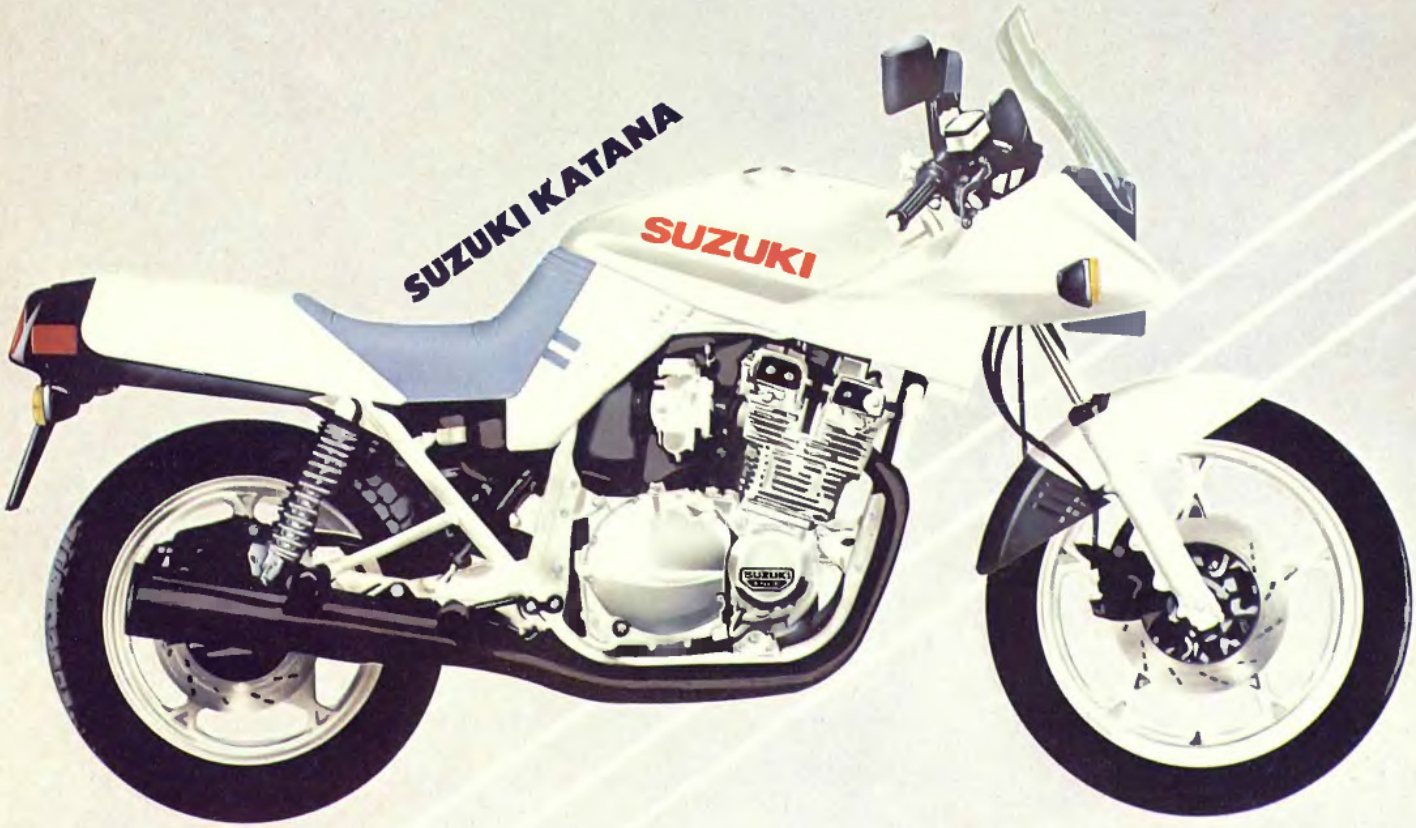
ONCE A YEAR, the men who make motorcycles gather in Cologne, Germany, to compare notes, display their wares and, occasionally, to make public the figments of their imagination. They are manufacturers. They provide goods. They are bound by the law of supply and demand. They are not free to build what they want; they have to build what the customer wants. Sometimes, for the pure joy of it, the designers



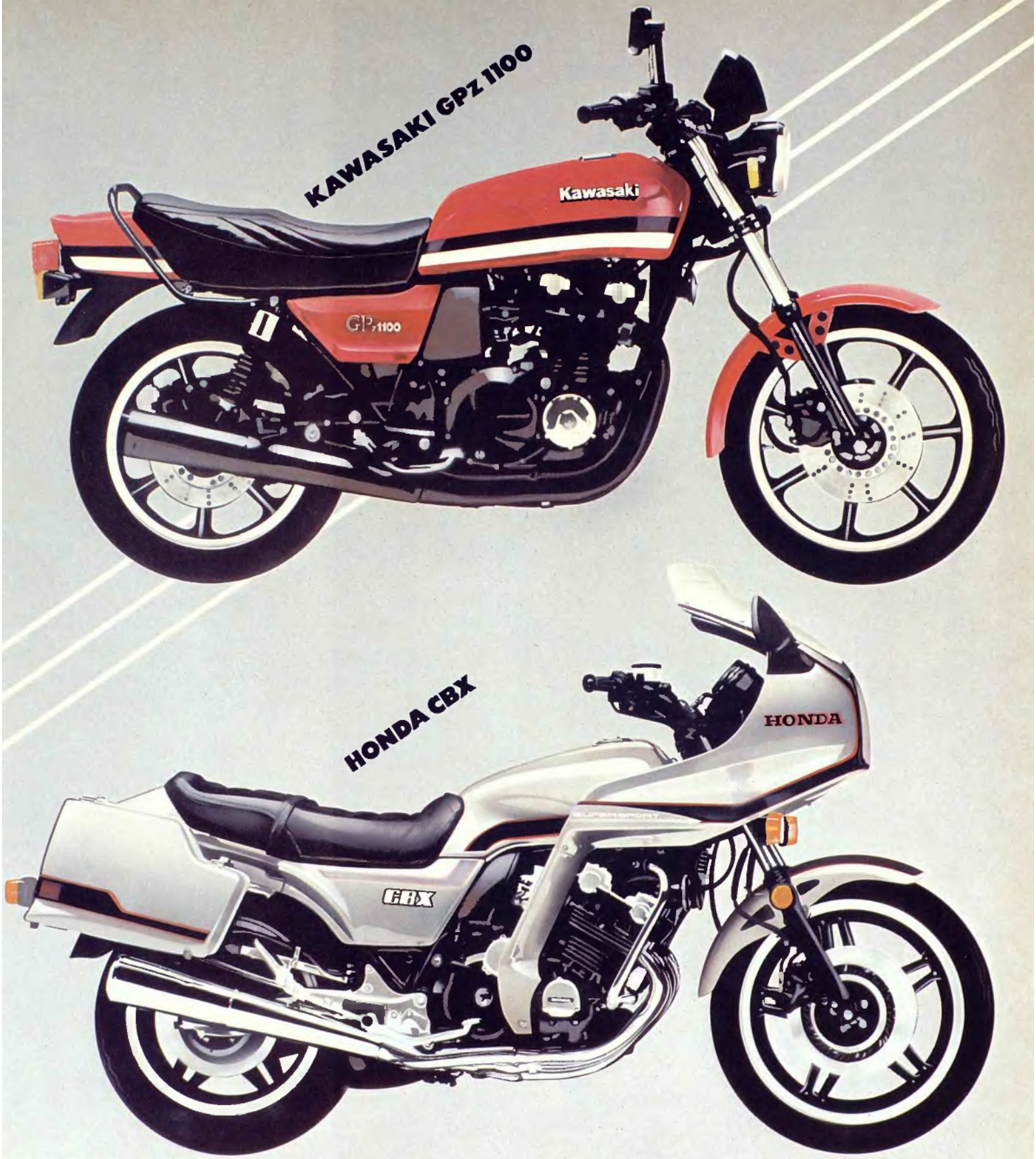
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENNIS MAGDICH

The Shape of Things to Come? The Porsche Yamaha (left) is a design study by the grandson of the man who invented the Volkswagen. It's a 500-c.c. single-cylinder, automatic-shift, shaft-drive Volksbike—simple, lightweight, economical. BMW also looked to mechanical simplicity and aerodynamics in its design of the BMW Futuro (below). Put a computer-cantrolled turbocharger on an 800-c.c. engine and you have a bike that is capable of hitting 210 kmph.

BMW FUTURO



play with the possible, the fantastic, the if-only. At the last gathering, Honda unveiled a 500-c.c. turbocharged wonder, a collection of moving parts so special that the bike qualified for 230 U. S. patents, just sitting there. Not to be outdone, BMW offered a sleek aerodynamic sculpture called the Futuro. To top it off, Porsche presented its idea of the motorcycle of the future. Alas, the prototypes may never make *(continued on page 271)*



The future is now: Our stable of state-of-the-art motorcycles ranges from the sublime to the meticulous. The Yamaha Seca 750 (top left) is a narrow-profile shaft-drive bike with an on-board computer that tells you the readiness of the oil, brakes, lights, gas, battery, side stand—but not how many payments you have left. Estimated cost: $3199. The Kawasaki GPz 1100 (top right) is a high-performance bike "for the experienced rider who appreciates what the outer edges of motorcycling are all about." It is the only production bike that may turn a ten-second quarter mile. Be the first on your block for $4399. The Suzuki Katana (above left) is a limited edition based on the Suzuki GS 1100. Katana is Japanese for sword. The first cut is into your wallet. The Honda CBX (above right) may be the ultimate in sports touring: The Eurobred Supersport goes for approximately $5595. It belongs in the Museum of Modern Art. Gentlemen, choose your weapons.

PLOYS OF SUMMER *(continued from page 160)*

"Question: 'What did you do this summer?' Answer: 'We did a bit of gold mining.'"

on, most prospecting is still of the mom-and-pop variety.

If you'd like to become a miner, the requirements are relatively straightforward. You literally drive a couple of sticks into the ground where you want to stake your claim and then record the claim within ten days at the Mining Recorder's Office in Dawson. Within a year, you must prove to the authorities that you've taken at least $200 worth of ore out of the ground or you'll have to forfeit the claim and pull up stakes.

And even if you don't find much gold, think of the cocktail-party-conversation potential.

Question: "What did you do this summer?"

Answer: "Uh, well, we did a bit of gold mining. Staked a claim up on Bonanza Creek, near Dawson City, and. . . ."

LOONY DOIN'S

If all of the above still seems too tame, you might prefer to join some of the organized madness that routinely erupts around the U. S. landscape in summer. Here is just a small selection of communal insanities guaranteed to get participants committed.

June 6: *World Posthole-Digging Championship*, Boise City, Oklahoma. Men, women and children compete to dig the perfect hole. The event is part of the annual Santa Fe Trail Daze festival. Information: Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 1027, Boise City, Oklahoma 73933 (405-544-3344).

June 19–20: *National Hollerin' Contest*, Spivey's Corner, North Carolina. Left over from the days before telephones, when each farmer had his own distinct yell. Last year, a three-legged dog barked right along with the human hollerers. Information: Ermon Godwin, P.O. Box 111, Dunn, North Carolina 28334 (919-892-4133).

June 27: *National Rooster-Crowing Contest*, Rogue River, Oregon. Roosters from across the nation attempt to beat the 1978 record set by White Lightning—112 crows in 30 minutes. Information: Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 457, Rogue River, Oregon 97537 (503-582-0242).

July 23–25: *Central Maine Egg Festival*, Pittsfield, Maine. The festival committee persuaded Alcoa to manufacture and donate a frying pan ten feet in diameter (the world's largest), and then coaxed Du Pont into coating it with Teflon. The skillet warps easily, and the world's largest propane burner, which supplies the heat, does its job unevenly, so the ensemble is never going to win any prizes among fine chefs. But for cooking 3000 eggs at a cackle, you can't do much better. You'll also find a Chicken Flying Contest and the World's Largest Egg competition. Information: Central Maine Egg Festival, P.O. Box D, Pittsfield, Maine 04967 (207-487-3136).

August 1: *81st Annual National Hobo Convention*, Britt, Iowa. Social Security and welfare have devastated the ranks of these free spirits, yet the event is still billed as the largest one-day convention in the U. S. Upwards of 20,000 people congregate to watch the parade of floats, bands and other units from all over Iowa, to listen to the politicians sing their own praises, to enjoy free platters of mulligan stew and to help select a king and a queen. What's the difference between a hobo and a bum? A hobo will work when necessary; a bum will not. Information: Chamber of Commerce, Britt, Iowa 50423 (515-843-3867).

August 12–15: *International Banana Festival*, Fulton, Kentucky. The twin cities of Fulton, Kentucky, and South Fulton, Tennessee, celebrate the area's role as "Banana Crossroads of the United States" and "Banana Capital of the World" with banana-eating contests, a banana-recipe cook-off and a one-ton banana pudding that serves 10,000. Information: International Banana Festival, P.O. Box 428, Fulton, Kentucky 42041 (502-472-2975).

"Now, if you can just hold that expression. . . ."

Would good friends
really go at it this hard
just for a beer?

Well, consider...
they're playing for Michelob Light,
a rich, smooth taste you can compare
to any beer you like.

Michelob® Light.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS, MO

JACK LEMMON *(continued from page 185)*

"Sensitivity and intelligence go hand in hand. I never met a really good actor who was dumb."

it's very tough to give advice. The experience is very tough to get, compared with when I was young and television was wide open, and there were no stars and you could get big parts. A complete education is a great help, and not just concentrating on the theater or acting at the expense of everything else. An education broadens your horizons. It teaches you how to think.

11.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any heroes?
LEMMON: Beyond me, you mean? I don't really have heroes per se, but there are people in different walks of life I admire. Like Jack Nicklaus. There is something about the way that man handles himself. He has immense innate dignity. And I also know him. So I know it's not a put-on. That's why a lot of people respect him. Also, what that man can do professionally! There isn't anything more frightening to a golfer when he's coming down the stretch than to hear Nicklaus' footsteps behind him. Nicklaus can sink a four-mile putt on the 18th hole with more consistency, under that kind of pressure, than anybody who ever lived.

12.

PLAYBOY: What is your worst fault?
LEMMON: Ha! I'm a very compulsive person. I have a tremendous amount of nervous energy and everything is on tap. If I'm really excessive, it's about emotion, but I can't help it. I let emotions ruin me if I'm not very careful. I have probably cried at more comedies than anyone who ever lived. When something is done well, really well, I cry. I have sat in comedies in a theater or in a movie and seen a scene and the actors are doing it so brilliantly, it moves me and I cry.

Actors are lucky. They can be a little sadder than the average person under any circumstance, or under circumstances that would never bother the average person. By the same token, they can appreciate and see things—that other people won't see—that are quite beautiful. They retain a capacity for excitement. Sensitivity and intelligence go hand in hand. I never met a really good actor who was dumb.

13.

PLAYBOY: Why is it so hard for the studios to make a good love story?
LEMMON: Maybe because we're all so damned confused now. For at least ten years, I've been looking for a love story about—at this point, obviously—a middle-aged man. But I would love to do a *really* good love story. I'd love to do it with Sophia Loren or with Audrey Hepburn. A story about people old enough to know something, who don't just go with the flesh.

14.

PLAYBOY: You have a 15-year-old daughter, Courtney. Do you want her to be an actress?
LEMMON: Only if she wants to, just as with my son, Chris. I never pushed him at all. If he drove a cab and that was what he loved to do, Godspeed. My old man was in the baking industry. He did not have a college education—just about got through high school—but ended up as a senior officer in a large company in the baking industry. He would have loved it if I had started at the bottom, as he did, and worked my way on up. You know, I think every father would like that. After I got out of Harvard, I asked him if I could borrow 300 bucks, which I would pay back, and go to New York and try to be an actor. I had already done some summer stock, but now I was going to go save the theater. Except nobody would let me. So he said, "OK. You don't want to come into my business?" He knew. I said, "I got to find out, or I'll live always wondering." And he said, "You love it," and I said, "Yes," and he said, "Well, that's good, because the day I don't find romance in a loaf of bread, I'm going to quit."

15.

PLAYBOY: Are you going to write your autobiography?
LEMMON: I have no desire to. It's a bloody bore to me, because I know what's going to happen on the next page.

16.

PLAYBOY: How will your epitaph read?
LEMMON: That's simple. Jack Lemmon in _____.

17.

PLAYBOY: Who are the best actresses you've worked with?
LEMMON: That's like asking, "Who's your favorite leading lady?" I always say Walter Matthau, because I don't want to slight anybody. I've never worked with anybody I didn't get along with or didn't like. I've never had any of that temperamental bullshit going on.

Judy Holliday has to be up on the top; she was the first lady I ever worked with. Not only was she a great actress, she was the Carole Lombard of her time, as far as being able to do comedy. She was one of the reasons I really began to concentrate on films. I did my first and third pictures with her and those experiences were so sensational. Annie Bancroft and Lee Remick are just sensational. Shirley MacLaine is one of the best instinctive actresses I've worked with. She would rather work spontaneously, which is fine by me. And how can I not include Jane Fonda, who may be rapidly becoming the best actress of her generation? Working with her is heaven. She's not only an incredibly bright lady but also totally professional—and fun. All of those actresses have one thing in common: When you're working with them, you never, ever get a feeling that they give one goddamn about how the lighting is on their faces or where the camera is. It's into the eyeballs and you do the scene and you act with the person and not at her. Ninety percent of actresses are listening for cues, but they're not listening to the point that's being made.

18.

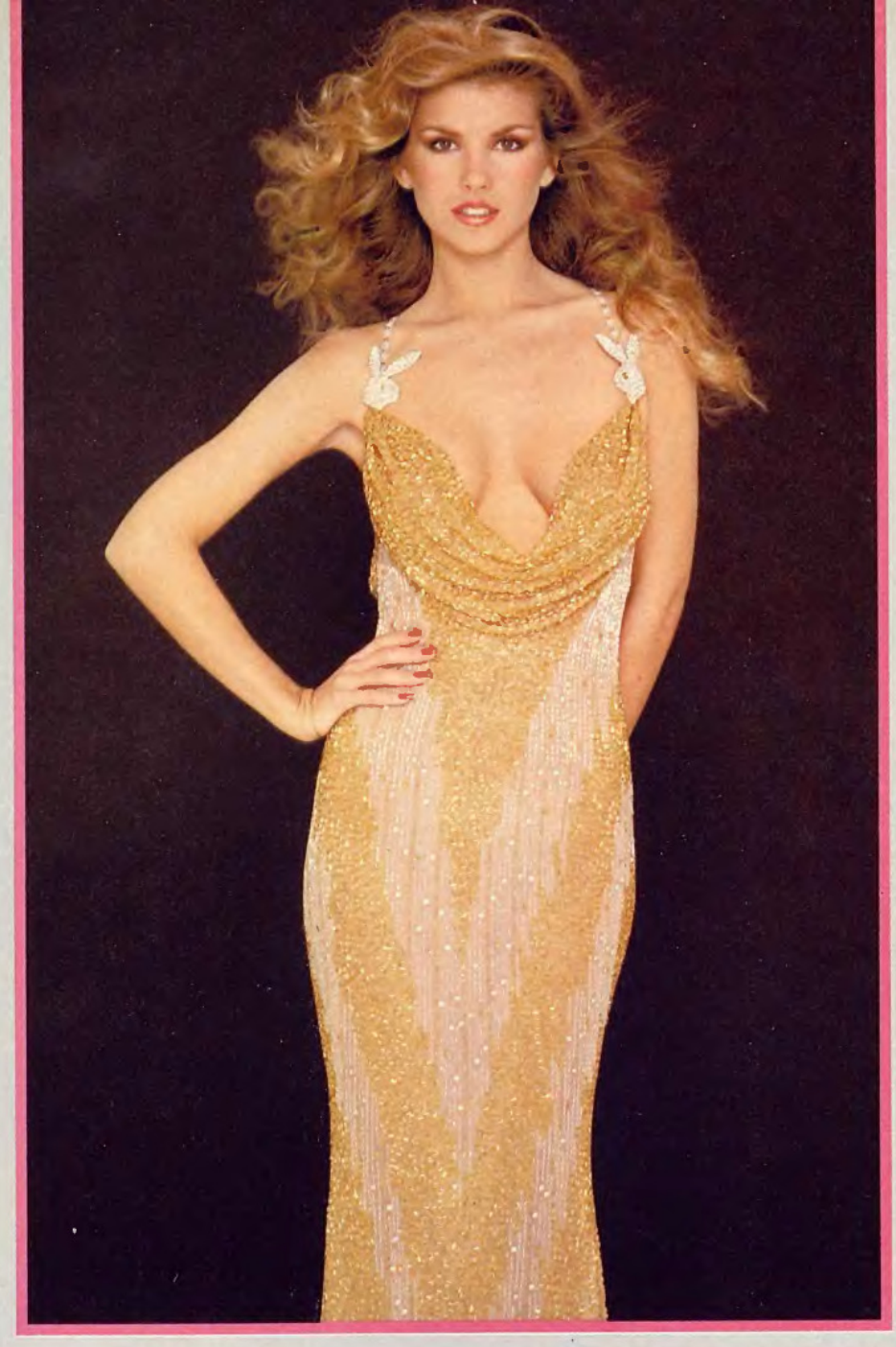
PLAYBOY: Who's your best friend?
LEMMON: I've got three or four of them. Walter Matthau and Billy Wilder and there are a few others you wouldn't know—Freddie Jordan, Dick Elliott—guys I've known for a large part of my life. Freddie and I went to school together. He now owns Producer Studio.

19.

PLAYBOY: What is it about Matthau that you like so much?
LEMMON: I don't know, but he's got a lot of it, whatever the hell it is. I love Walter. I respect him immensely as an actor. He's never been tapped. He's bright and terribly funny. And that face! It's the map of the world. It really should be on Mount Rushmore.

20.

PLAYBOY: There are a number of extremely talented young actors in Hollywood these days. Are you ever jealous of them?
LEMMON: No. The emergence of incredibly serious, immensely talented younger stars—Hoffman and De Niro and Pacino, just to name a handful—is sensational. I'm delighted that guys like them are immediately recognized by the public for the marvelous actors they really are, and not as sex symbols or something. And, me, jealous, when I'm the greatest? No, I'm not jealous. But I'm only half joking with that. Of whom should I be jealous? Nobody's had it better. As an actor, nobody has had more marvelous parts over the years. Christ, a good actor would give anything just once in his life to have one of those parts and I've had a number of them.



Gifts Fit for a Queen

a cache with cachet for our lucky playmate of the year

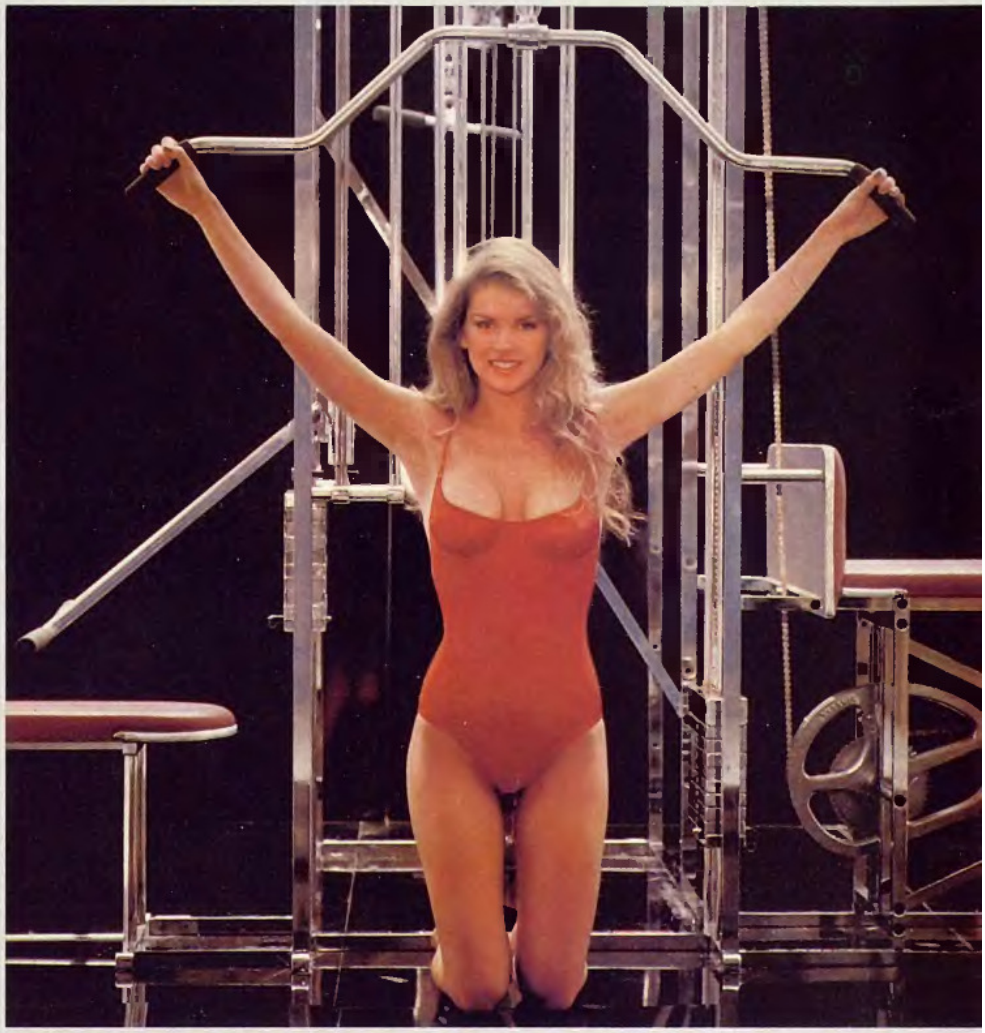
TO PARAPHRASE an old saying: Them that has it all gets it all. It's certainly true that Terri Welles has it all and we've tried to match nature's gifts to Terri with a veritable department store full of goodies. If it seems we or the manufacturers went a little overboard, just remember, this is the Playmate of the Year we're talking about.

First off, from the corporate coffers, we've supplied Terri with $25,000 in walking-around money. You never know when a girl is going to want a snack—or to build an addition to her home to house the rest of the gifts.

To supplement her birthday suit (which we thought adequate), Terri received a *(text concluded on page 203)*

Our premier Playmate will be a sure showstopper in her original creation (above) by renowned Hollywood designer Bob Mackie. Replete with bugle beads on a sheer background and featuring a clever use of our Rabbit Head symbol on the shoulders, it's a steal at $10,000. Luxurious transportation was provided by Volkswagen of America in the sleek form of a platinum metallic Porsche 924 Turbo, fully loaded, with leather seats and AM/FM cassette sound system, $25,000.

Figure maintenance will be a pleasure for Terri with her new Lifecycle (left) electronic exerciser, from The Gym, Manroe, Wisconsin, $2750, and the five-station Dynamic Gym (below) with 22 different exercises, from Dynamics Health Equipment, $5060.



Terri can rack up some sweet sounds with her H. H. Scott stereo system (below) featuring 460A integrated amp, 570T tuner, PS78 turntable, 21SC cartridge, 675DM cassette deck, 312 speakers and AR161 rack, $2500.

Almost too pretty to sleep in is this Pekino high-gloss-black-lacquer bedroom ensemble, with queen-size bed, nightstands and four-drawer dresser, from Roche Bobois, $3800. The dove-gray "Fiandra" quilt and matching cotton sateen linens are from Pratesi, New York, $1722. Waking hours will be fun, too, with the Atari Video Computer System (below right) that features 42 different games, $1200.

Meals in seconds are possible with the HeatWave microwave/convection oven (below), compliments of Quasar, $900.

Watching sunsets at the tiller of this Prindle 16 catamaran, $3700 with trailer, is obviously the way ta ga. Its ease of handling will make docking a snap. Terri will also receive a $2420 one-year membership at Marina del Rey's plush Morina City Club (below), a private resort and recreational complex.

Nothing pleases an actress more than landing a part—and Terri's got one at The Burt Reynolds Dinner Theater (below) in Jupiter, Florida, according ta David Gershenson, Reynalds' representative.

Fun, fast and ecanamical is the 90-miles-per-gallon Exciter by Yamaha (below). If you should see our Playmate of the Year swooping down the freeway on this $1200, 185-c.c. beast, wave as she flies by.

Milady models new furs from Landae Furs, New York, and clothing by Polly Edwards for Tenderness (from left): a suede wrap dress, $500; "Harlaw" fox fling, $1500; rose-suede pants, $260; jacket with silver collar tips, $360; and "Buck-shot" mink bomber jacket, $4000.

On target for the Eighties is this pewter metallic wrap jacket and pants by Polly Edwards for Tenderness (right). Jacket and pants, $750, are of soft leather. Terri will have flowers every month of her reign and two dozen roses an her birthday, courtesy of Teleflora, $550.

Above, three of a five-piece Halliburton luggage set manufactured by Zero Corp., $1400. Below, from Frederick Prete Ltd., a rare yellow-jade necklace with diamonds set on a 14-kt.-gold disc, $13,500; and a 44-diamond 14-kt.-gold quartz watch from Bulova, $3300.

Exciting hame entertainment is assured with RCA's new SelectaVision videa-disc player and 19-inch colar TV (above), $1190.

Sunglasses, including the 14-kt. solid-gold Porsche Carrera model, $2800, and 12 ather pairs, are provided by Optyl Corporation, at a total value of $3695. *Movement in the Third*, by Ira Sapir, from Marilyn Faith Gallery in Chicago (below center), is valued at $2500. L'Air du Temps perfume (right) in Lalique crystal bottle is from Nina Ricci, $1350.

To record her memories, Terri will receive a Pentox LX 35mm camera (top) with accessories, $1539. For finoncial record keeping, she'll have the Apple II 16K personal computer system (above), $1330.

Les Must de Cartier provides a trove of accessories: Above center, a Santos quartz clock, brushed-steel and gold lighter and fountain pen, suede jewelry roll and desk diory with calendar and address book, $1180. From Fortunoff, New York, an 18-kt.-gold bracelet (obove right) with 11 carats of diamonds, $22,500.

Terri's favorite gift, and understondably so, is this full-length Conodian baby belly lynx coat supplied by Landoe Furs, New York. It's a lot of luxury for only $28,000. Terri commented, "It feels as good os the Porsche when you put it on." Wear both in good health, Terri.

FASHION PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP OIXON
STILL LIFE PHOTOGRAPHY BY OON AZUMA AND TOM KELLER

Hennessy.

Hennessy stands tall,
all around the world.

For special occasions
everywhere,
the drink is Hennessy.
The reason is simple:
consistent quality and
excellence.
Next special time
call for Hennessy,
and know
the rewards of the world's most civilized spirit.

HENNESSY COGNAC, 80 PROOF, IMPORTED BY SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.

"You're hot, right? Be there in a jiffy!"

ALKA-SELTZER®. AMERICA'S HOME REMEDY.

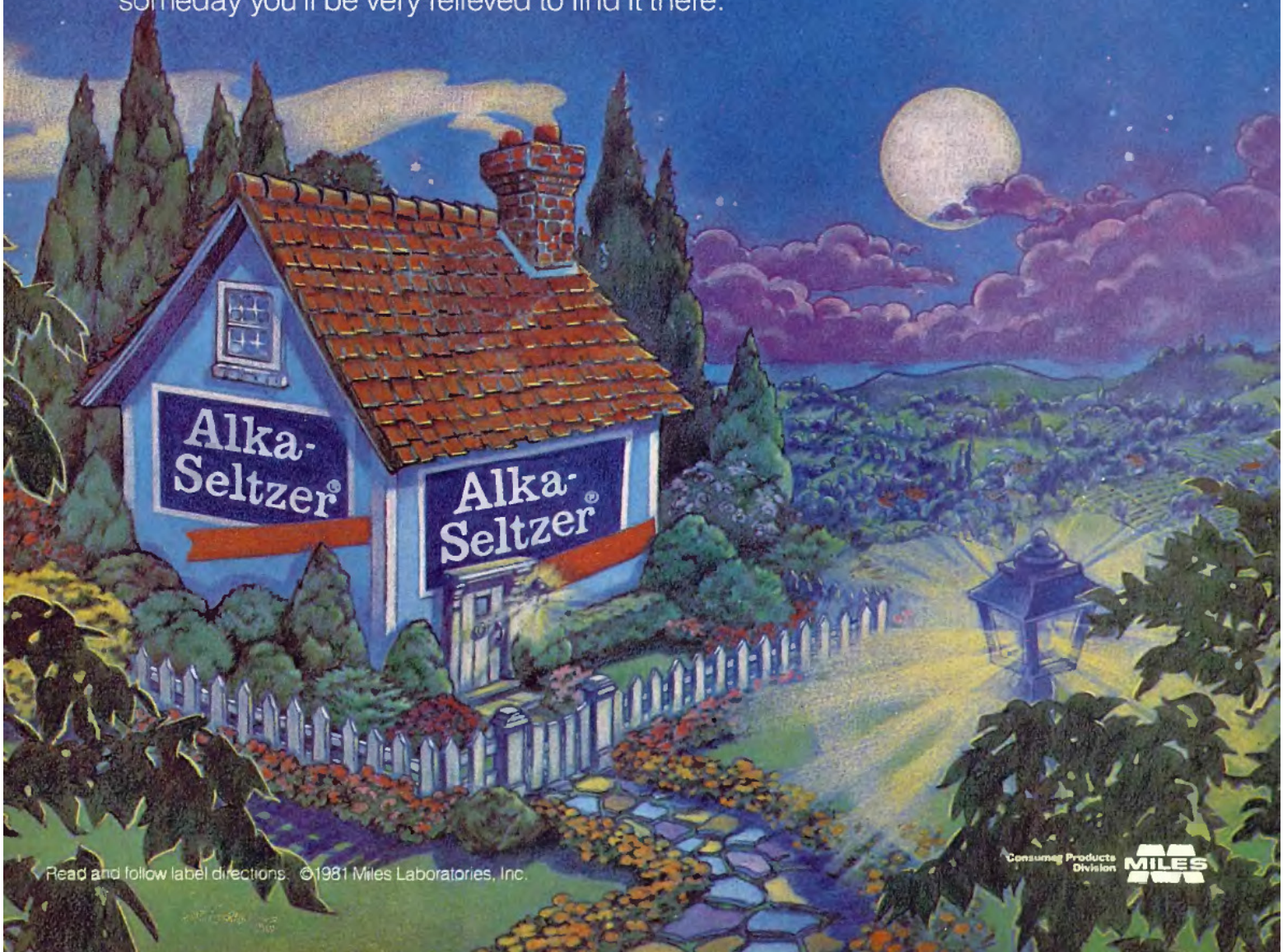
NOTHING WORKS BETTER, NOTHING IS MORE SOOTHING.

On any given night, in any given town, someone in America is waking up with an upset stomach and an aching head.

Groping in the dark, they make their way to the medicine chest. And there between the cotton balls and the bandages they reach for America's home remedy. Alka-Seltzer.

They know Alka-Seltzer is effective. And they're comforted in knowing it's gentle, too. As they shuffle back to bed, they also know Alka-Seltzer will bring relief quickly. Just like it did last time.

So make sure America's Home Remedy is in your home. Because someday you'll be very relieved to find it there.



Read and follow label directions. ©1981 Miles Laboratories, Inc.

Consumer Products Division MILES

Playmate of The Year

(continued from page 162)

Terri saw an opportunity for a fling in the world of modeling, a career she previously had toyed with between hops around the country. It was only a one-shot, a cover on a prestigious national magazine. Just the thing to get a new career into gear. But neither we nor Terri expected the enormously favorable response of our readers to that cover. They were intrigued. They wanted to see more of this fresh-faced, leggy stew from California who at that time was known as Terri Knepper.

We convinced Terri that her destiny lay not in the sky but among the stars and in December we moved her into the rarefied atmosphere of our centerfold. It was in that layout that Terri's secret was revealed; behind her gorgeous exterior was an equally appealing interior. She had an ego-wilting wit, an electric personality and, perhaps most importantly, a clear, levelheaded perception of what she was.

Traditionalists would have decried her independence, her lack of fawning femininity. We are not traditionalists. We were inspired by it. This, we agreed, was what the 20th Century had wrought, awaited assertion of the strength of womanhood. Miss Welles, a glittering product of her time, was a woman for the Eighties.

There could be no other choice for our 1981 Playmate of the Year.

The trouble with the top is that once you get there, everybody forgets how much of a struggle it was to make it. Terri did not snap her fingers and find herself on the top rung. She did it by extending herself, accepting challenges. It took a lot of inner strength. Where did that strength come from?

"From me!" says Terri, laughing. "Of course, the Lord, my family and friends helped a lot. But I'd always known that one day my family and friends might be gone—hopefully, not all on the same day—and I would have to depend on myself. Actually, everything I've done in life has made me stronger. What is life if you don't have challenges?"

Among the challenges Terri has recently accepted is one from L.A. Kings hockey superstar Charlie Simmer, who has asked her to be his wife. His asking—and her accepting—came as something of a surprise to Terri, who had been perfectly content with her single life. "Marriage wasn't an important issue with me until I met someone I wanted to marry." Finding the right man, at the right time, has given her the inspiration she needed to really bear down on her career goals.

Terri's current goal is to make it as an actress. With a face and a body like hers, you'd think she'd be a shoo-in. But she knows there'll be challenges there, too. "I suppose I'll have the problem of being stereotyped into being T-and-A when I walk into a casting director's or producer's office. So I know I'd better be a damn good actress when I do it."

You'll be able to judge Terri's acting ability yourself when her first movie, *Looker*, is released this year. Her role is small, so it wasn't a peak experience in her life, but it was a start. "For that ten minutes, I worked over a period of two months. Not every day . . . sometimes three or four days in a row, then one day, then not for two weeks. Some days I'd work all day just for 30 seconds of a scene. I play the part of a perfect female, which was, I admit, ego gratifying. But I found the real kick in acting comes when you hear the director say 'Cut; that's fine.' In a way, it's stroking for an actress. It means it's over and you did a good job."

With her eagerness to work and to please, we think Terri's film career can't miss. Meanwhile, she'll be *our* queen, traveling all over the country as PLAYBOY's 1981 Playmate of the Year. Terri is ready for the assignment. "I'll get a chance to present what I hope will be a good image of the Playmates to the public."

In the hands of Terri Welles, the Playmate image has never been better.

Gifts Fit for a Queen

(continued from page 195)

variety of wardrobe items, including a special original creation from the drawing board of Bob Mackie, one of Hollywood's foremost designers.

Fortunoff, a jeweler with stores in Manhattan, Westbury, Long Island, and Paramus, New Jersey, really came through, with a dazzling $22,500 bracelet of 18-kt. gold set with diamonds, more than 11 carats' worth.

Volkswagen of America's Porsche Audi Division also came through, with a hot new $25,000 Porsche 924 Turbo.

Our own Pat Nagel, creator of the illustrations for *The Playboy Advisor*, among other things, produced a fabulous acrylic portrait of Terri with a value of about $3000.

Behind the Roche Bobois bedroom ensemble on page 196, you can see a brilliant 9′ x 12′ hand-painted trompe-l'oeil backdrop, available from & Vice Versa, New York, a gift from Isbell & Elliott that goes for $2365.

There's a lot more; and the fact is, Terri's gift selections make as fine a catalog of classy items as can be found anywhere. You might want to browse through in search of gift ideas for that special playmate of yours.

"How's the water?"

ARMS RACE *(continued from page 139)*

"'There were ten admirals and one brigadier general, and it was astonishing how little we knew.'"

bomb exploding on the ground, the area of burnout (total destruction) extended about 2.6 miles from ground zero in all directions, and that radiation damage could occur within hundreds of square miles. An air burst would increase the area of burnout to about 60 square miles.

On that July morning, just as I stuck a pin into the map and decided on an air burst at 10,000 feet over the Loop, I was told to report to the commanding officer's headquarters. There was an emergency telephone call for me.

I took the call and learned that my father had died a few minutes before from a heart attack while seated at his desk at the Chicago Title and Trust Company in Chicago's Loop. My father was 56 years old, a staunch Republican who would have voted for Richard Nixon that following November despite the missile gap that Senator John F. Kennedy was declaring.

I carried the news of my father's death with me like the Marine I was trying to be, but the peculiar conjunction of that morning's forces—death and nuclear weapons—has been vigorously linked in my imagination ever since.

•

There's a 30-minute film called *The SALT Syndrome* that's been shown on TV stations all across the U. S. the past couple of years. It has also been available for private showings. Financed through a $5,000,000 fund-raising campaign by a group called the American Security Council (A.S.C.), *The SALT Syndrome* can't exactly be called a documentary—it interrupts itself several times to ask for contributions, for example. But whatever else it may be, it is a very effective movie, well written and well produced, and its attack on the strategic-arms-limitation treaties probably has had a lot to do with the negative public opinion of those treaties in recent months.

The SALT Syndrome argues for a strategic doctrine that it calls "peace through strength." That concept is based on the argument that the U. S. is in terrible shape militarily, that we need a massive arms build-up and that we must regain superiority over the Russians.

The pictures and words in the film will scare the hell out of you. The Russians, it is reported, spend three times what the U. S. spends on strategic arms. Not since Hitler's Germany, we learn, have we seen such a rapid build-up of arms by a foreign power. At the same time, there are pictures of various proposed weapons systems being X'd out of our lives. We hear that this process of "unilateral disarmament" has been going on since the early Sixties, when Robert McNamara was Secretary of Defense.

The SALT Syndrome alleges that the Soviets have a six-to-one advantage over us in missile firepower, a three-to-one advantage in attack submarines, a 93-to-41 superiority in all types of ballistic-missile submarines. Their Delta-class submarine has a ballistic missile with a range of 5500 nautical miles, a range, we are told, that is 3000 miles greater than that of any of our sub-launched ballistic missiles. We see a Russian missile launch, tensing up during the countdown while the film's narrator speaks of our own "clear military inferiority."

General Alexander Haig comes on camera and describes previous defense policies as "immoral, self-defeating and devastating."

Henry Kissinger testifies that "rarely in history has a nation so passively accepted such a radical change in the military balance."

Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, former Chief of Naval Operations and now on the Texaco board of directors, says, "We're already behind," and suggests that "we must accept either disaster through weakness and disarmament or peace through strength."

William Clements, a former Deputy Secretary of Defense and now governor of Texas, declares that the U.S.S.R. spent 104 billion dollars more on strategic weapons in the previous decade than did the U. S. Senator Henry Jackson calls SALT II "appeasement in its purest form."

The film ends with a plea for contributions to the American Security Council Foundation to aid it in distributing the film. Admiral Moorer reports that more than 1600 flag and general officers, now retired, have signed a statement asking the Senate to reject SALT II. And as the final images fade, we're left with some nagging questions: Just how close *are* all those Russian missiles—and how soon will they rain down on an undefended, unsuspecting America?

•

But wait. If you haven't taken your M-1 out of Cosmoline and retreated to your basement, you should know that there is some expert opinion in this country that runs contrary to the pessimistic message of *The SALT Syndrome*. The film had a lot of money behind it and played to a huge crowd (it was, for example, shown an average of 16 times a day in South Dakota during last year's campaign to knock off George McGovern). But that does not mean it presents an accurate picture of our defense posture. The American Security Council contributed to the shaping of Ronald Reagan's 1980 campaign; eight of its officers were on his Defense Advisory Board, and among A.S.C. sponsors you will find such well-known names as Clare Booth Luce and James Angleton. But not even that makes the film invulnerable to criticism.

Admiral Moorer, it is comforting to remember, is not the only admiral in this sea of information about our present defense capabilities. There is another one, Admiral Gene La Rocque. He does not agree that we are behind the Soviet Union. He thinks *The SALT Syndrome* is a misleading and inaccurate film and that arms control is necessary for survival. La Rocque retired from the U. S. Navy in 1972 and started a citizens' watchdog agency called the Center for Defense Information (C.D.I.).

"I think the center is unique in a number of ways," he says, "and it has been from the year I started it. For one thing, we don't take any Government money. For another, we have no active-duty military people on our staff. Brookings, for example, does take Government funding and does have active-duty military people on board. The A.S.C. people have no published budget; they have secret funding. But our books are open to anyone. So I think we are, by definition, more open and independent than those other institutions."

C.D.I. was born, in a sense, when the admiral's military career came to a standstill. "You could use a polite term for it and say I was being laterally transferred," La Rocque says. "But it was clear to me by the early Seventies that I was out of the Navy's flight plan."

And how did that happen to the man who in 1965 was selected admiral first among those in his grade—ahead of the Annapolis hot-shots and all the other favored sons?

"Well," La Rocque says, laughing—he reminds you a little of Jason Robards, Jr., in both features and voice—"it wasn't easy. Actually, I started out with the best job a young admiral could have, as assistant director of the Strategic Plans Division in the Chief of Naval Operations' office. Paul Nitze, then Secretary of the Navy, was a man ahead of his time, and in 1966 he put me in charge of a team that was to examine the Vietnam war. The question was, 'What should the U. S. do?'

"There were ten admirals and one brigadier general on the team, and it was astonishing how little we knew. No one had read the French on *their*

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

Reg.: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—
Men.: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'79.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1981

Benson & Hedges & Weekends & Me

Because the pleasure lasts longer.

Benson & Hedges Lights

Vietnam experience, for example. We looked at all the options for completing that war. It became obvious that we were wasting kids without really knowing why. There were no real goals. And that was what I told General [William] Westmoreland. 'You're spending $90,000,000 a day,' I told him, 'and you don't really know why.'

"And that was the essence of the verbal report we carried back to the Secretary of the Navy. 'We can't tell you what to do, because we don't know what you want,' we said." La Rocque laughs again. "Nobody wanted that report. There was never any name attached to it and it was never published. That's when the 'lateral transfers' began. I stayed in the same Plans Division, and technically you could call it a promotion when I was made director of Pan-American Affairs. But it was simply movement on one level.

"By the time they made me director of the Inter-American Defense College, I knew I would soon leave the Navy. There was no future in it for me. So I started a file for something I thought I'd call the Eisenhower Institute. I was very affected by Eisenhower and his warnings about the military-industrial complex. I thought Ike was right, and I wanted to start an organization that believed in a strong national defense but that stood as a watchdog over the excesses.

"The people in the Fund for Peace, the umbrella organization that the center works under, began talking to me before I retired from active duty. Morris Abram and I had dinner at Averell Harriman's house, but I don't think those people really trusted me at first. You know—I was still in uniform, on duty.

"I went and talked to Admiral [Elmo] Zumwalt about leaving the Service. He made it clear there'd be a good job for me if I stayed in but that he couldn't promise me what my life would be like if I left the Navy. I went ahead and decided to get out."

La Rocque had been trained in that hard-nosed American can-do attitude that had led him up the ladder in the Navy, and once he made up his mind to start C.D.I., there was no stopping him. He had already hired David Johnson as his assistant (still with him, Johnson is director of research) and lined up some foundation money and some seed money from the Fund for Peace.

Today C.D.I. is run out of a building owned by Stewart Mott. La Rocque pays $32,000 a year in rent, raises his own funds from private contributions and has an annual operating budget of $400,000. The building is actually a converted house, something like a brownstone, nestled in a narrow triangle of land on Maryland Avenue between the Supreme Court and the new Senate Office Building. The offices are small, the conditions crowded. It is a humble place by Washington standards.

The admiral's credentials as a practical military analyst are impeccable. He is a watchdog of the Pentagon who just happens to have spent seven years *in* the Pentagon. While he was there, he was awarded a Legion of Merit for his performance as a strategic planner. La Rocque served both in the office of the Chief of Naval Operations and with the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

During his 31 years in the Navy, he served about 16 years at sea. He commanded his first destroyer escort at the age of 27. His other sea commands included two cruiser-destroyer flotillas in the Atlantic and a task group in the Mediterranean. His last ship command was of the guided-missile cruiser Providence in the Pacific. That cruiser carried nuclear weapons.

When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, Gene La Rocque was an ensign on board the U.S.S. Macdonough. He spent the next four years participating in 13 major naval engagements in the Pacific. He was awarded the Bronze Star and the Commendation Medal for action against the enemy. His professional experience also includes three years of service on the faculty of the Naval War College, three years of staff work with Admiral Arleigh Burke, temporary command of the aircraft carrier Saratoga (unusual for a "black shoe"—nonaviator—officer) and command of Task Group 60.2 in the Sixth Fleet.

"When I went into the Navy, there were no nuclear weapons," La Rocque says. "Then we made a quantum jump, and by 1960, when I was helping put the Polaris program together, I realized we had them all and that the Russians were developing a nuclear capacity, too. It was a whole new ball game. Clausewitz' dictum—'War is a continuation of policy by other means'—was out. Nuclear war simply was not a sensible option.

"I'm for a strong U. S. military position in this world. I haven't changed. I'm for discipline in the Services. Listen; in 1965, I threw a young Annapolis guy off my cruiser when he questioned the need for the nuclear missiles we were carrying. There's no place inside the

(continued on page 218)

"You act like you've never seen someone riding piggyback before."

IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN, 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 94.6 PROOF, IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y. © 1980

Why give the common,
when you can give the preferred.

Tanqueray Gin. A singular experience.

YOU DON'T GET TO BE THE BEST SELLING IMPORT IN MAINE, VERMONT AND ALASKA ON LOOKS ALONE.

It isn't just the mountains that are rugged in Maine. The driving conditions and the price of gas are no picnic either.

The same goes for Vermont. And certainly for Alaska.

That's why it's very, very interesting that in all three states the #1 imported car is Subaru.

Why? Our cars are dependable. Easy on gas. And easy to handle.

We make a full line of front wheel drive and *On Demand* 4-wheel drive vehicles that can handle almost anything.

And on top of being very affordable, they've earned a reputation for durability and reliability. Great to have no matter where you live.

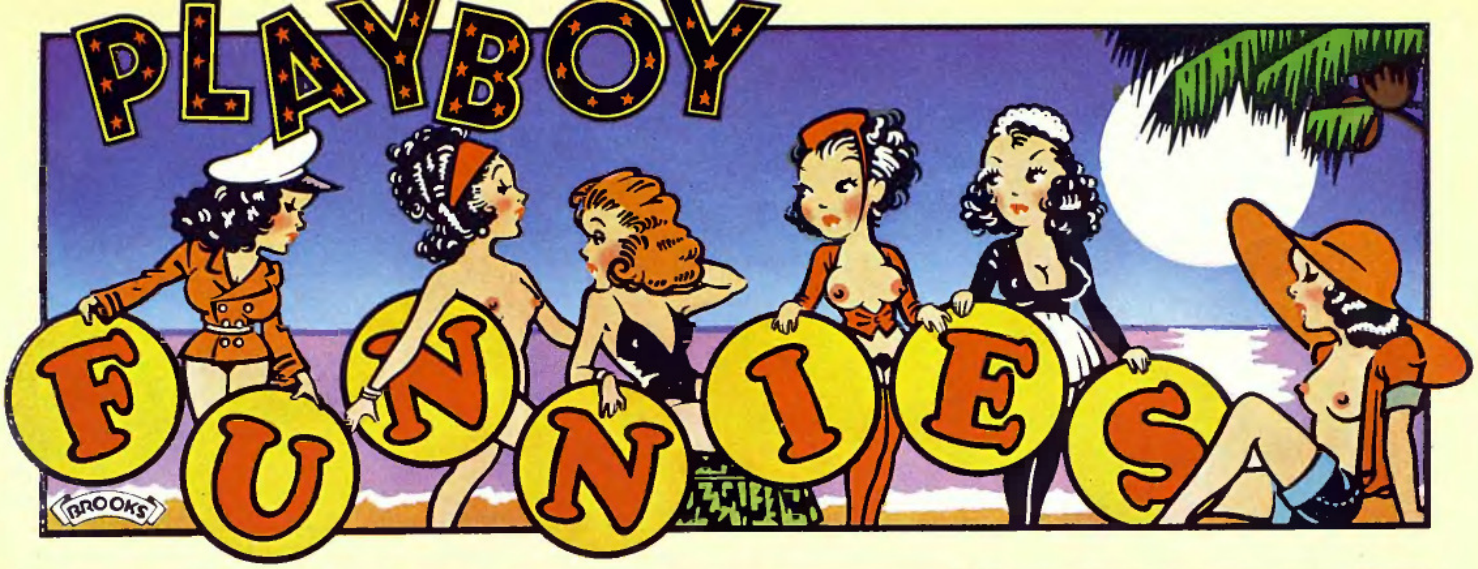
In fact, even if you only see snow on television, wouldn't it be great to have a car that's over-qualified?

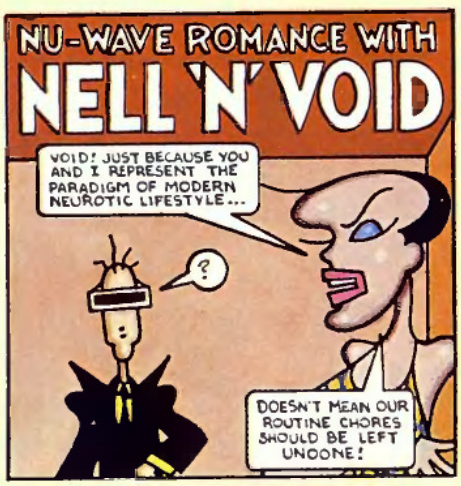
SUBARU®

INEXPENSIVE. AND BUILT TO STAY THAT WAY.

*1981 EPA ESTIMATES FOR OUR 4WD WAGON. USE ESTIMATED MPG FOR COMPARISONS. YOUR MILEAGE MAY DIFFER DEPENDING ON DRIVING SPEED, WEATHER CONDITIONS AND TRIP LENGTH. ACTUAL HIGHWAY MILEAGE WILL PROBABLY BE LESS.

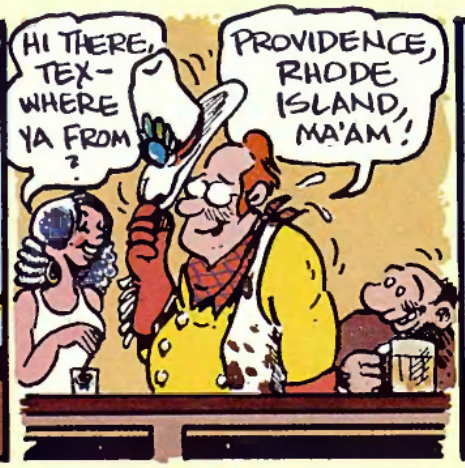
©SUBARU OF AMERICA, INC. 1980.



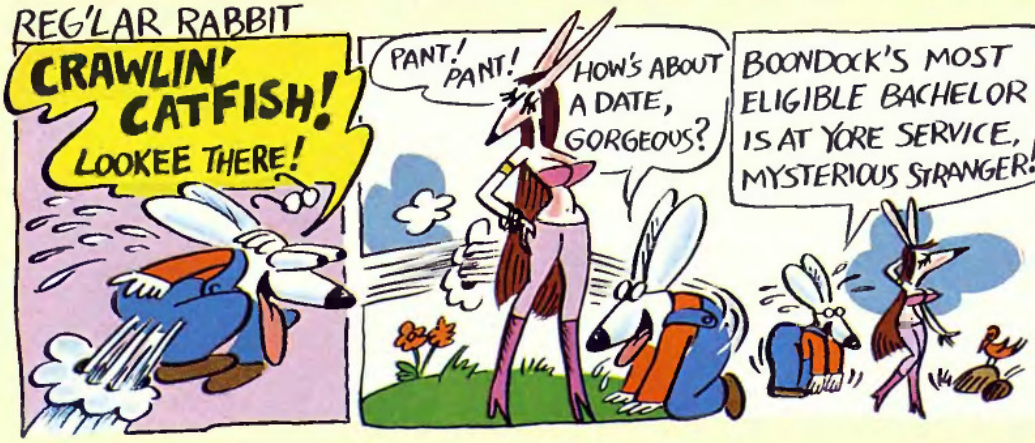


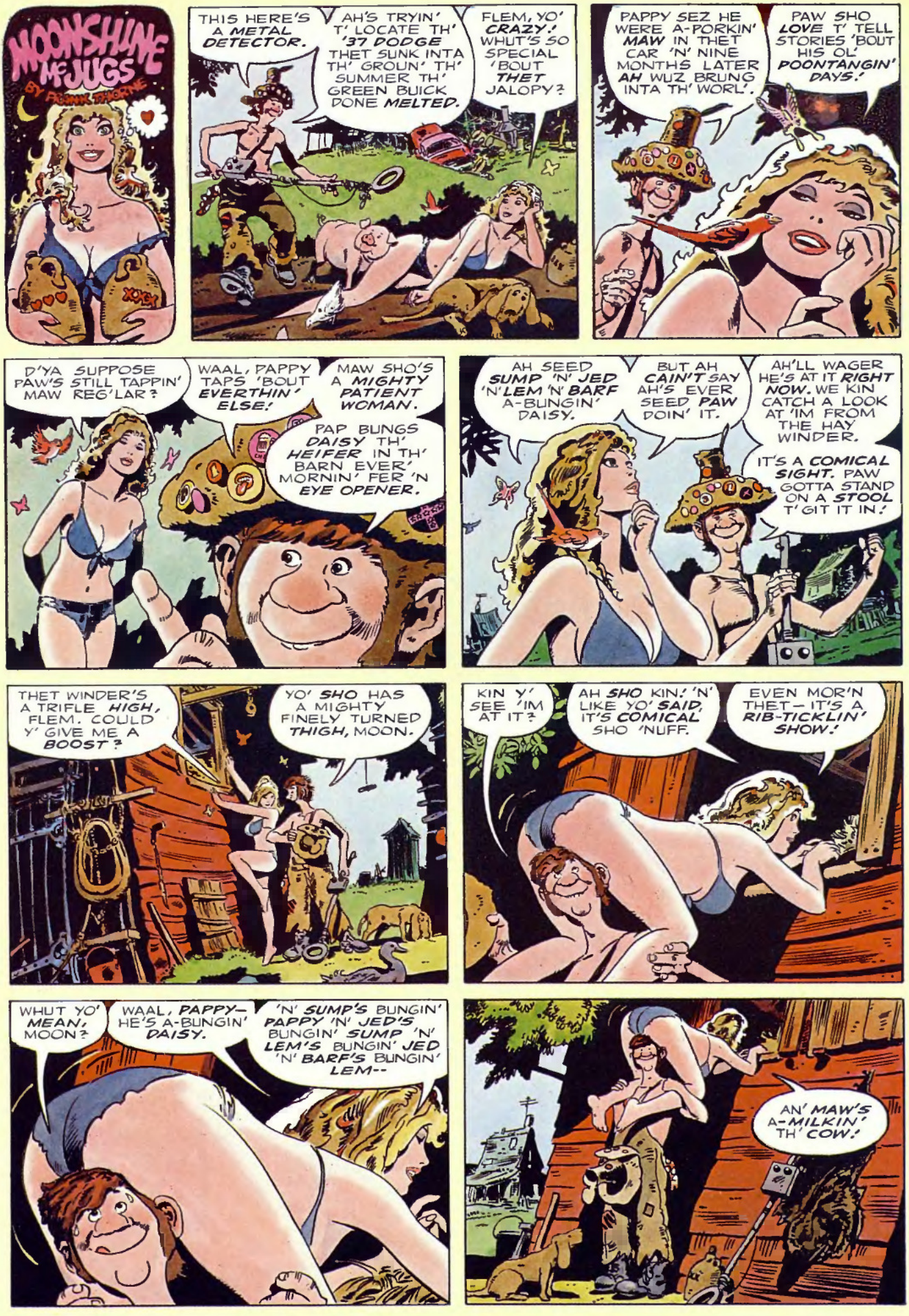
annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard



REG'LAR RABBIT

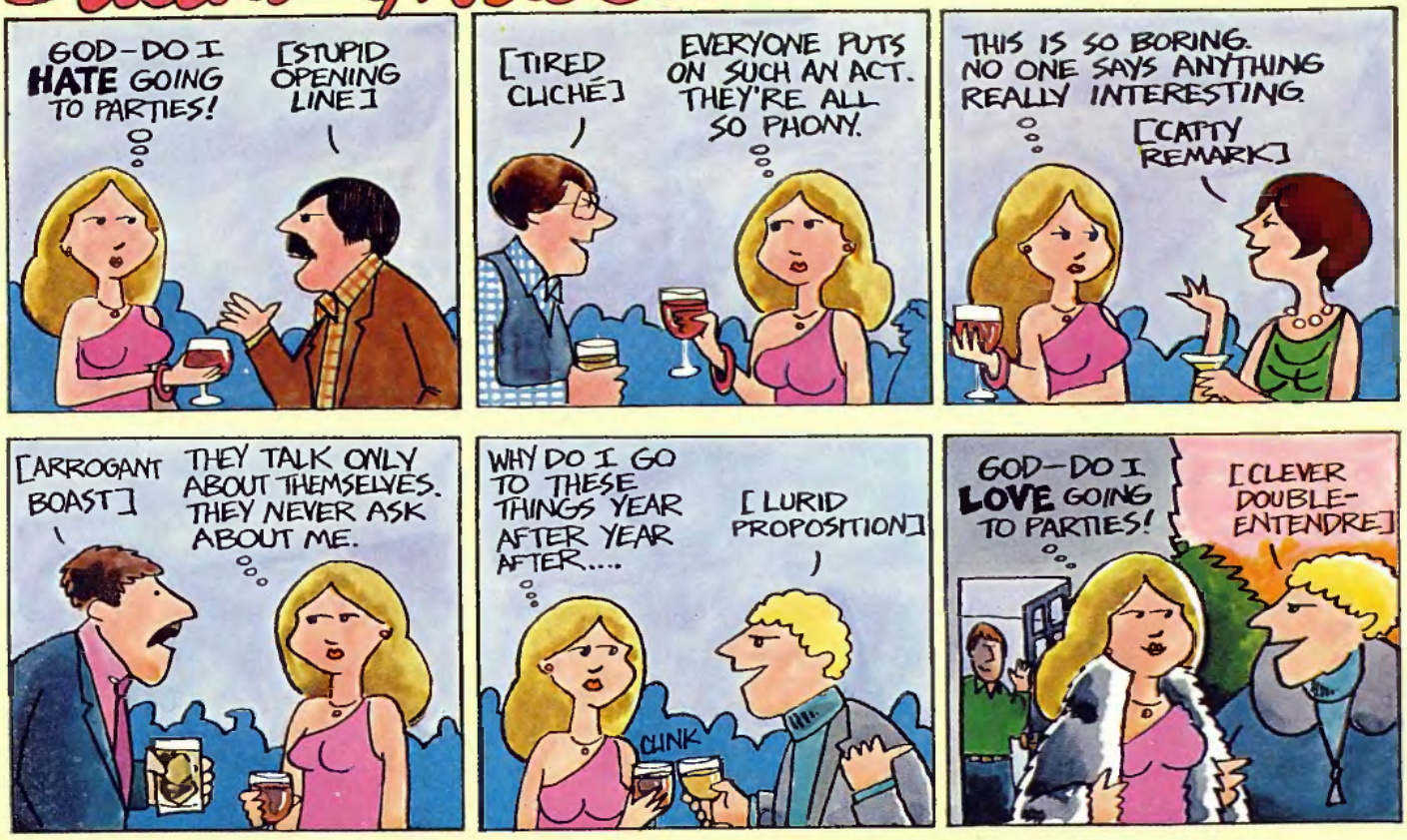



MOONSHINE McJUGS
BY FRANK THORNE
THIS HERE'S A METAL DETECTOR.
AH'S TRYIN' T' LOCATE TH' '37 DODGE THET SUNK INTA TH' GROUN' TH' SUMMER TH' GREEN BUICK DONE MELTED.
FLEM, YO' CRAZY! WHUT'S SO SPECIAL 'BOUT THET JALOPY?
PAPPY SEZ HE WERE A-PORKIN' MAW IN THET CAR 'N' NINE MONTHS LATER AH WUZ BRUNG INTA TH' WORL'.
PAW SHO LOVE T' TELL STORIES 'BOUT HIS OL' POONTANGIN' DAYS.'
D'YA SUPPOSE PAW'S STILL TAPPIN' MAW REG'LAR?
WAAL, PAPPY TAPS 'BOUT EVERTHIN' ELSE!
MAW SHO'S A MIGHTY PATIENT WOMAN.
PAP BUNGS DAISY TH' HEIFER IN TH' BARN EVER' MORNIN' FER 'N EYE OPENER.
AH SEED SUMP 'N' JED 'N' LEM 'N' BARF A-BUNGIN' DAISY.
BUT AH CAIN'T SAY AH'S EVER SEED PAW DOIN' IT.
AH'LL WAGER HE'S AT IT RIGHT NOW. WE KIN CATCH A LOOK AT 'IM FROM THE HAY WINDER.
IT'S A COMICAL SIGHT. PAW GOTTA STAND ON A STOOL T' GIT IT IN!
THET WINDER'S A TRIFLE HIGH, FLEM. COULD Y' GIVE ME A BOOST?
YO' SHO HAS A MIGHTY FINELY TURNED THIGH, MOON.
KIN Y' SEE 'IM AT IT?
AH SHO KIN! 'N' LIKE YO' SAID, IT'S COMICAL SHO 'NUFF.
EVEN MOR'N THET—IT'S A RIB-TICKLIN' SHOW!
WHUT YO' MEAN, MOON?
WAAL, PAPPY—HE'S A-BUNGIN' DAISY.
'N' SUMP'S BUNGIN' PAPPY 'N' JED'S BUNGIN' SUMP 'N' LEM'S BUNGIN' JED 'N' BARF'S BUNGIN' LEM--
AN' MAW'S A-MILKIN' TH' COW!

You know, there's something so nice about going out with another female for a change.
Yes, it's great being here together where we can be ourselves.
It's important to be able to talk woman to woman.
I like being in a social situation without sexual tension.
And I love being able to pay for my own drink without a hassle.
We should do this more often. It's so good for us.
Table for two?
It's good going out with another guy for a change.
Yeah, we should do this more often.
Sarah Downs

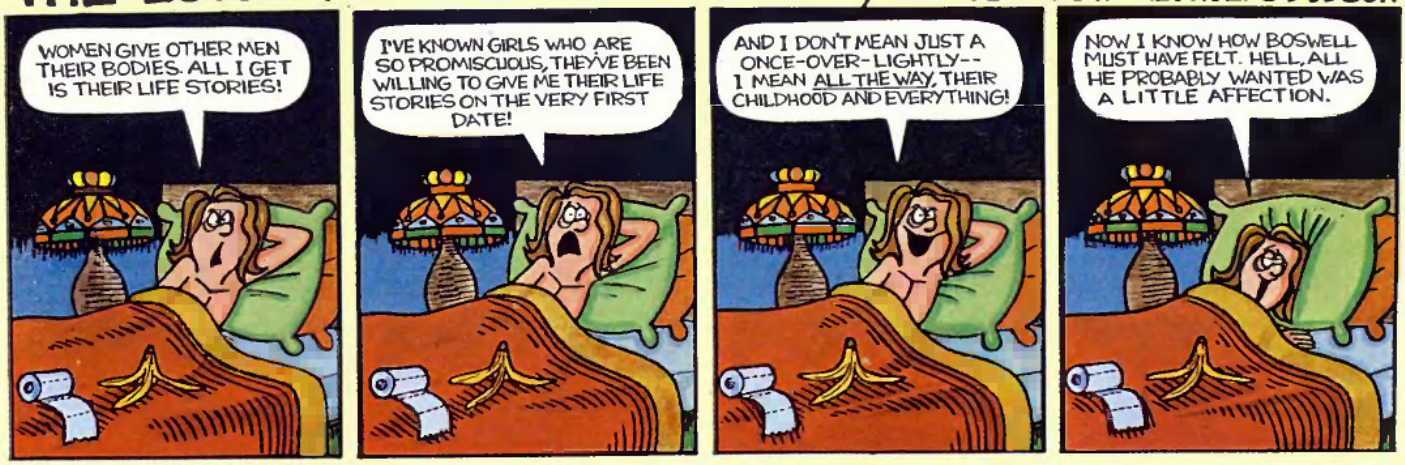
Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON



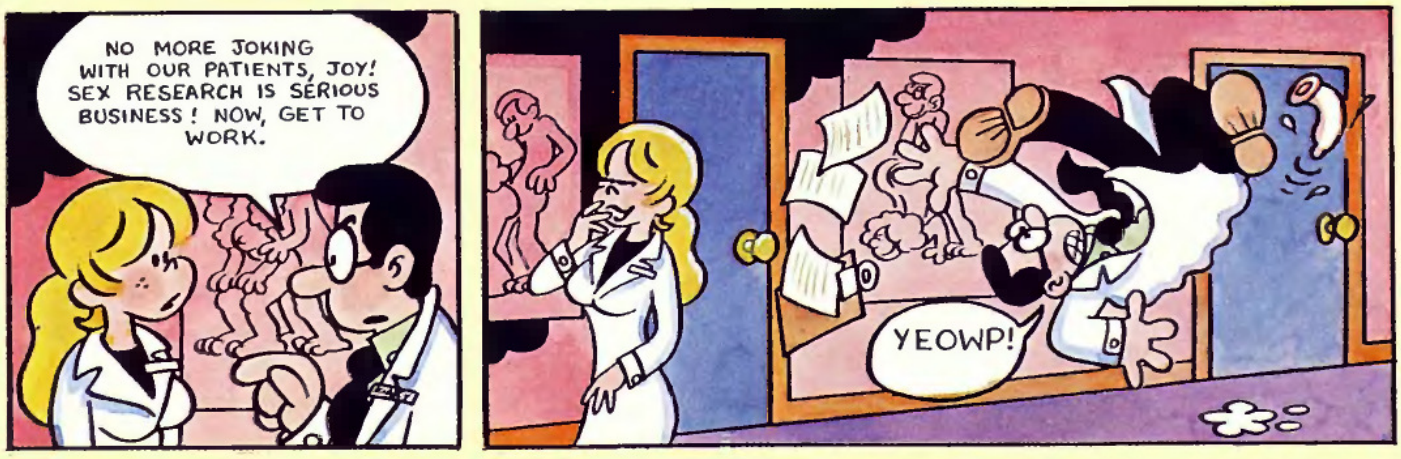
THE LONER

by FRANK BAGINSKI+REYNOLDS DODSON



The Kinky Report

by Christopher Browne



"$1,200 for an engagement ring? What did you do, knock over a bank?"

Not exactly.
See, I didn't think I'd ever be able to give Susie the kind of engagement ring that makes people look twice. In fact, it wasn't until I figured out how much money I went through every month, just on myself, that I got up enough courage to even walk inside a jewelry store.

Since I didn't know the first thing about diamonds, the jeweler showed me a few different ones up close, so I could see for myself why some diamonds are worth so much more than others. And he gave me a great tip on figuring out how much I should spend on the ring. He said that a diamond engagement ring should be worth at least one to two months' salary.

That's when I realized I could afford to give Susie the big, beautiful diamond I liked best. Was it worth it? Well, let's just say, every time she gets a compliment on her ring, I know I'll feel ten feet tall.

Prices shown are based on retail quotations and may vary. Send for the booklet "Everything You'd Love to Know...About Diamonds." Just mail $1.00 to Diamond Information Center, 3799 Jasper St., Philadelphia, PA 19124.

A diamond is forever.

JEWELERS OF AMERICA, INC.

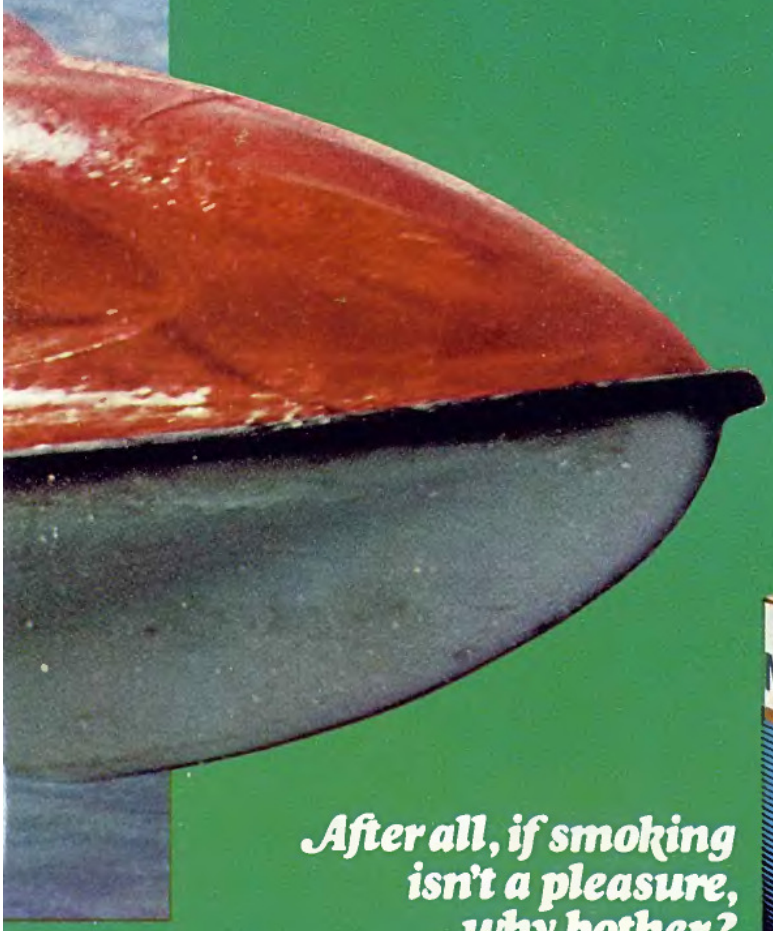
This message is presented by the Diamond Information Center in cooperation with Jewelers of America, Inc. Look for their logo for more information.

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1961

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

Alive with pleasure!

Newport



After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 20 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report January 1980.

GIVE YOUR DRINKS OUR GOOD NAME.

The smooth and refreshing taste of Seagram's Gin
makes the best drinks possible. Enjoy our quality in moderation.

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 80 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

THE ACCELERATING WORLD OF REPLICARS

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

For reasons of style, performance or other endearing characteristics, certain automobiles become highly desirable after they're no longer manufactured. The few remaining machines are primped, polished and hoarded like the jewels they are. They change hands at ever-increasing prices and are driven only on sunny Sundays. Restoration of such a faded gem is also possible but usually takes three times the time and money you think it will. You're not likely to get much driving enjoyment out of owning a classic car, either, because the fear of doing bodily harm to it is always just around the next corner. Hence the advent of replicars.

WHAT IS A REPLICAR?

A replicar looks like a classic collectible but isn't. Built in small quantities by small manufacturers and sold either complete or as a kit, a replicar often has a fiberglass body over an inexpensive, workaday chassis and power-train components. A VW Bug (not the Super Beetle) is the most common replicar platform, though some are derived from more modern, American-built cars. Seats, instrument panels and interior trim are manufactured as close copies of the originals.

COMPLETE CARS

With a wide variety already on the market and new ones springing up almost weekly, we can list only a handful of established manufacturers. The most well-known replicar builder is Excalibur of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The latest Chevrolet-powered Excalibur Series IV is patterned after the 1937 Mercedes-Benz and is priced at $43,500. In the same ball park at $49,500 is one of the nicer of several classic Auburn replicars, the Ford-powered Auburn Speedster of California Custom Coach in Pasadena.

Then there's the pulse-pounding, Ford-powered Stallion sports car built by Special Editions, City of Industry, California, which, though not a real replica (it's longer, wider, roomier), closely resembles a mid-Sixties 427 Cobra SC. Others worth noting are: Lafer Auto Sales' deluxe $13,900 Lafer MP VW-based MG-TD copy; Unique Motor Cars' $19,000 1963–1964 Porsche S-90-inspired Super 90, also on VW Beetle components; and Moselle Specialty Cars' 1928 Pseudo SS Mercedes Replicar, available with a selection of Ford chassis and drive train, $29,750–$37,500, depending on the engine.

KIT CARS

While the selection is nearly unlimited and prices are far more reasonable than those of finished cars, kits are recommended only for accomplished wrench twisters or certified masochists. Besides the kit itself and a running chassis in good condition (usually a VW Beetle, *not* the later Super Beetle), you need a lot of time, patience, skill, a suitable place to work and Band-Aids for busted knuckles to complete one of these. Plan on 100 hours minimum, even for a fairly simple kit, says one expert, who adds that 75–80 percent of the kit cars sold are never completed by their original purchasers.

Also, beware of the volatility of the kit-car industry—even reputable makers sometimes go out of business, or sell their molds to someone else, and may not be around when you need their help the most. Some of the better builders, though, will provide a chassis and arrange assembly if you want the car but not the hassle of building it—and are willing to pay the extra tariff of $7000 to as much as $18,000. One company, Unique Motor Cars of Costa Mesa, California, mentioned previously as the supplier of the Super 90 Porsche coupe replica, also distributes fully assembled classic MG, Alfa Romeo, Bugatti, Mercedes, Cobra and Jaguar kit cars, plus two originals, Puma and Ventura, and will build virtually any kit you want to your requirements.

Claiming to be the world's largest replicar manufacturer, Classic Motor Carriages of Miami, Florida, has bought the molds for the very nice Classic Speedster 1954–1958 Porsche copy (formerly the Intermeccanica Speedster) and will sell kit versions for about $6000, or $18,500 fully assembled. Classic's other kits include a 1929 Mercedes SSK replica called Gazelle and two different late-Twenties Bugattis with prices starting at $1695.

Antique and Classic Automotive of Buffalo, New York, also sells a variety of kits based on vintage Jaguar, Frazer-Nash, Bentley, Alfa Romeo and Bugatti sports cars and ranging from about $2000 to $6000, and Fiberfab, Inc., of Minneapolis, Minnesota, is known for kit cars. Daytona Automotive Fiberglass of Holly Hill, Florida, markets a $5000 MG-TD look-alike, while newcomer ERA Replica Automobile in New Britain, Connecticut, has a nice 427 Cobra copy for $12,900.

For those interested in kit cars of any type, we recommend *The Complete Guide to Kit Cars*, $8 ($11 first-class) from Auto Logic Publications, Box 9312, Wilmington, Delaware 19809.

Do some homework before plunking down even a modest deposit for one of these cars. What is the company's background? How long has it been in business? How many cars has it built? What about warranty service after the sale? Ask for a list of satisfied customers you can call for references.

BOTTOM LINE

Are replicars a good investment? Unlike the originals from which they're copied, most replicars are best used for driving fun. Good ones should at least retain their value if properly maintained and cared for; the expensive, hand-crafted ones should appreciate in accordance with supply and demand. Bad models will likely be worth less than the sum of their parts in the long run. Buy only from the first-rate, established makers and watch out for the fly-by-nights and incompetents crowding into this fast-growing market. —GARY WITZENBURG

ARMS RACE

(continued from page 206)

military for these kinds of questions to be debated in any active way. The changes have to come from outside.

"We've institutionalized the military in this country. A lot of people feel comfortable with the military solution to a problem. But we've got some 50,000 nuclear warheads ready to go between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. alone. And I suggest that war is not and cannot be the solution. There simply will be no winners in a nuclear war."

•

As *The SALT Syndrome* was touring the country, the Center for Defense Information released a detailed rebuttal to it, quoting from the findings of a Government interagency task force that included representatives of the CIA, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Defense Department. Here are some of the major points.

• The U. S. is not at a strategic disadvantage to the Soviets.

• The B-52 bomber is not obsolete, as *The SALT Syndrome* claims. "While the aircraft design is relatively old, the weapons and avionics of the B-52 are quite modern and are being further improved. . . . The bombers will continue to be effective launch platforms for cruise missiles into the Nineties."

• *The SALT Syndrome* claims that the number of U. S. strategic missiles was frozen at the 1967 level. But the introduction of MIRV (multiple independent re-entry vehicle) "accounts for the fact that since 1967 the total number of warheads in the U. S. inventory has more than doubled."

• The film asserts that the Soviets enjoy a three-to-one advantage over the U. S. in attack submarines: "True in terms of number of ships, but our attack submarine force is vastly more capable than the Soviet force, which relies more heavily on diesel subs than ours does. The over-all U. S. antisubmarine warfare (A.S.W.) capability is far ahead of Soviet A.S.W."

• The charge made in *The SALT Syndrome* that the Soviets enjoy an almost five-to-one advantage when all types of active combat ships are counted is "absurd." The claim conceals major force differences. For example, the U. S. has 13 heavy-aircraft carriers; the Soviets have two light-aircraft carriers, which are equipped with less capable aircraft.

• The film claims that the U.S.S.R. has a six-to-one advantage over the U. S. in missile firepower because of the larger size of its missiles. But "the U. S. has nearly twice as many nuclear weapons on its total force than does the U.S.S.R."

The list goes on, but let's take a look at that last point: missile size. This one example shows how easy it is to make

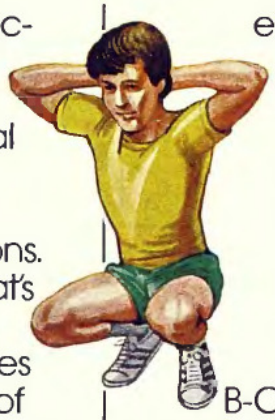
"Being active can drain a man's body of zinc— a metal 'more precious than gold' for good health."

Dan Gable, Olympic Wrestling Champion
Coach of 1980 U.S. Olympic Wrestling Team

"Nothing's more important to me than keeping my body fit. And I know that Zinc is an essential mineral for every man who wants to maintain good physical condition. That's why I make sure our wrestling team takes Z-BEC.® It's rich in Zinc—a metal 'more precious than gold' for helping a man stay in shape."

Z-BEC is one high potency formula that's fortified with fifty percent more than the U.S. recommended daily allowance of Zinc—the mineral not available in most formulations. What's more, Z-BEC gives you an extra supply of the B-Complex vitamins and Vitamin C...vital elements that your body cannot store. And since these important vitamins are water-soluble and eliminated daily, you may need more than you get from your daily food intake.

Let Z-BEC fulfill your body's normal needs for 6 essential B-Complex vitamins, as well as Vitamin E, Vitamin C and Zinc.



A·H·ROBINS 1407 Cummings Drive Richmond, Virginia 23220

Copyright, 1980

the situation sound gloomy, when, in fact, it is not. "A six-to-one advantage in missile size?" you ask. "Their missiles are bigger than our missiles?"

But missiles, like snakes, aren't necessarily poisonous in proportion to their size. The air-launch cruise missile we are developing and deploying isn't very big, perhaps 20 feet long, yet it can carry a powerful hydrogen warhead and fly below Russian radar and read the terrain and deliver the warhead with what they call house-address accuracy; that is, it can be programmed to land at a specific spot on any given city block.

"Comparing the sizes of U.S. and Soviet missiles is like comparing the sizes of our calculators," says La Rocque. "Bigger doesn't mean better. We build our missiles smaller because our technology is more advanced. Our ICBMs have miniaturized, computerized guidance packages, more efficient rocket engines, thinner but more effective heat shields, greater accuracy and more compact, efficient hydrogen weapons."

The SALT Syndrome undoubtedly has convinced a lot of people that we are in terrible shape—and that we need to spend billions in order to improve our position against the Soviets. But neutral observers who know the arms-control field will tell you that the interagency task force was accurate in labeling the film misleading and rhetorical. Sometimes it seems that we want to believe the worst, that we cling to dark interpretations of our national defense posture. We'll listen to anyone who says we're in trouble, long before we'll believe the person who says things aren't all that bad.

But La Rocque and his colleagues think it's time for us to hear—and believe—the other side of our defense situation. To that end, C.D.I. has also made a film on the subject. It's called *War Without Winners* and, in it, La Rocque offers some new information that translates into a cosmic good-news, bad-news joke:

> Each of our strategic submarines can destroy 160 Soviet cities. And each of our new Trident submarines will be able to destroy more than 240 Soviet cities. No one can say we are not very powerful militarily.
>
> Now, it's very difficult and somewhat embarrassing for military men to accept the fact that we have no defense against Soviet missiles and Soviets have no defense against our missiles. We can destroy the Soviet Union even though they destroy us first. There are no winners in a nuclear war.

> The fact of the matter is that we in the United States Navy can keep firing nuclear weapons at the Soviet Union from our submarines for about three months. So even if the Soviets were able to move their people out of the cities, and I don't think they can . . . we would lob nuclear shells at the Soviet Union, thousands of them, for at least three months.
>
> We keep more than 3000 nuclear weapons right off their coast at all times. The Soviets keep about 300 nuclear weapons off our coast. Our submarines, which are constantly on station around the Soviet Union . . . are ready at an instant's notice to start this three-month attack.

War Without Winners is a good film, directed by Haskell Wexler. It's influential when seen. But whereas *The SALT Syndrome* played on more than 1100 TV stations, *War Without Winners* has been aired on about 200. The center didn't have $5,000,000 to buy TV time. It didn't have the political-action committees and expensive organizational talent that the A.S.C. had. It couldn't saturate the market or play an average of 16 times a day in South Dakota.

Widespread distribution—whether of bread or wine or propaganda—takes money, and money is most plentiful in the pockets of the military-industrial complex that Eisenhower warned us about. We taxpayers fund the defense industry. Our dollars—a trillion and a half over the next five years—go to those who support and *profit* from defense, not to those who would control it. As a people, we have yet to understand how much clout, air time, advertising, column space, lobbying, opinion research and influence defense-industry money will buy.

Former Ambassador to Russia George F. Kennan wrote recently of "a dreadful militarization of the entire East-West relationship" and suggested that "governments in this modern world have not yet learned how to create and cultivate great military establishments, particularly those that include weapons of mass destruction, without becoming the servants rather than the masters of what they have created."

Kennan concludes that this perverted master-servant relationship must be set right, and says of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.: "Both sides must learn to accept the fact that only in the reduction, not in the multiplication, of existing monstrous arsenals can the true security of any nation be found." Viewing the increasing momentum in the arms race, Kennan appraises the current status of the world: "Not for 30 years . . . has

YOU DESERVE A LOT MORE FROM A 35MM CAMERA THAN JUST AIM, FOCUS AND SHOOT.

CONTROL THE MOST UNCOOPERATIVE LIGHT WITH EXPOSURE COMPENSATION.

CAPTURE ACTION IN MID-FLIGHT WITH 1/2000 SECOND SHUTTER SPEED.

CHANGE THE MOOD AND FEELING DRAMATICALLY WITH PUSH-BUTTON MANUAL OVERRIDE.

Contrary to what the TV commercials tell you, a truly creative 35mm photograph, one that startles, exhilarates, inspires, is seldom the result of just a quick punch of a button.

It's a combination of skill and imagination and a camera's ability to respond to those qualities.

Which is why we created the Super Camera.

EASY SNAPSHOTS OR BRILLIANT PHOTOGRAPHS.

On automatic, the Super Camera is just as easy to use as any aim-focus-shoot camera. So you can take good 35mm photographs of your kids, relatives and friends as simply and quickly as if you were still using your old pocket camera.

But when you take the Super Camera's controls away from its computer and put them into your own imaginative hands, you can use the light to produce photographs that will startle, exhilarate, and inspire.

You see, with the ME Super's remarkable push-button manual override, you can control your shutter speed electronically.

SPEED WITH CONTROL.

With the ME Super, you have the ability to stop a 200 mph Formula One Racing Car dead in its tracks. How? With a shutter speed of 1/2000 second, a feature found on only the most expensive professional cameras.

And the ME Super.

And if you want to go out and be a great photographer, you shouldn't have to worry about something as basic as loading your camera. That's why Pentax invented the Magic Needle loading system. It grabs the film and holds onto it, so you can keep your mind on taking great pictures—without wondering if your film is actually going through the camera.

A PHOTOGRAPH IS ONLY AS GOOD AS THE LENS IT GOES THROUGH.

Since we began as an optical company more than 60 years ago, we've incorporated numerous innovations and refinements into our lenses, most of which have found their way into every 35mm lens today.

The most revolutionary is Super-Multi-Coating, a seven-layer coating we put on every surface of every piece of glass we put in a lens. It's laborious and costly, but it makes our lenses visibly superior, helping to produce photographs of exceptional brilliance.

Today, we offer over 40 high-quality lenses, from fish eye to super telephoto, including nine zooms. So you can take exactly the kind of picture you want, from an insect's eye to a lighthouse that's five miles offshore.

EVERYTHING THAT FINE 35mm PHOTOGRAPHY SHOULD BE.

The fact is, the longer you own a Pentax Super Camera, the more you'll come to appreciate how its many innovations can help you to be the kind of 35mm photographer you want to be.

Which is, if you're interested in photography enough to read this far, a long way from aim, focus and shoot.

PENTAX®

First where it means something to be first.

© 1981 Pentax Corporation. All rights reserved

For more information, write Pentax ME Super, 35 Inverness Drive East, Englewood, Colorado 80112.

THE MYTH OF THE SOVIET SUPERMAN

we get an earful about his nukes, but have you heard his problem with driver's ed?

Former C.D.I. staff member William M. Arkin is another ex–military man who has done a great deal of research on arms control and the balance of power between the U. S. and the U.S.S.R.

"What has made C.D.I. important is its research," says Arkin. "People are being told all the time that we're falling behind the Russians, but C.D.I. has been able to say, '*The facts* prove otherwise.' C.D.I. has the raw data to make that judgment."

If he chose, Arkin could write a good spy novel about his experiences in Army Intelligence. A short, quiet man with a professional demeanor, Arkin spent three and a half years in Berlin in the mid-Seventies. He was engaged in covert intelligence collection, which includes a lot of activities that he cannot talk about. Put simply, he collected data and reported on Soviet and East German military movements.

"I'm still an intelligence collector at heart," he says. "The essence of good intelligence work is putting the pieces together. It's like a mosaic. You have to see the forest *and* the trees. But the U. S. seems to collect a lot of crap and not know what to do with it. I'm after net assessment, the bottom line. I don't want to become boring to myself. There are a lot of 'pieces people' in this business. They know only a few things, like the history of the left widget on the MIG-25 or something absurd like that. The Defense Intelligence Agency may have 3500 pieces people, but there are only about 20 mosaic people."

Arkin talks at some length about the weaknesses of the U.S.S.R. "In the conventional military world, the idea of a juggernaut is very romantic. It's also very wrong. There's the myth that the Russian soldiers are all 6'2" supermen. But it's not true. The U. S. and the U.S.S.R. have equivalent problems.

"Yes, there are drug problems for the GIs in Europe. But do you have any idea of the Soviet alcoholism rate in the military? It's tremendous. The isolation of Russian soldiers in Eastern Europe is almost total. The rate of homosexuality is high. And few outsiders realize how much people like the Poles and the Czechs hate the Russians. The Soviets cannot depend on their satellite countries to fight with them in all situations and that affects their calculations of their own power potential.

"The Soviet officer corps has terrible problems. For example, maps in the Soviet army are classified. Officers don't work with them a lot and the common soldier may never see one. The company-grade officers are not brought into the planning process. And in East Germany, for example, the officers spend a great deal of their time training 160,000 conscripts who are right off the Russian farm, 160,000 conscripts twice a year.

"Driver training is a major project in the Soviet military. Seventy to 80 percent of the enlisted men don't know how to drive. So they spend a lot of time in truck parks wheeling around and around, under officer supervision, just learning.

"The Russians are aware of these weaknesses. They know they're not strong enough to attack NATO. They're very careful about that. But on the U. S. net-assessment side, it seems that we don't have much of a feel for their problems."

Arkin goes on to talk of other advantages we have over the U.S.S.R. that are rarely mentioned as our own fearful public perception is fed and formed: that we are 10 to 20 years ahead of them in microelectronics and increasing our lead, three or four generations ahead in precision guided-weapons systems, 10 to 20 years ahead in surveillance techniques. We're at least five years ahead in computerization in general and increasing our lead in war gaming, antisub warfare, signal processing and early-warning systems. We're about a generation ahead in anti-tank and anti-air missiles and are at work in several areas that the Soviets have hardly touched.

"To make intelligent decisions about the arms race, you have to be willing to get the facts," Arkin says, "and often that can mean that you have to do some digging. But I really do believe that the data is there in public sources and that important things can be learned by doing solid research. And with that research, you can make some very accurate assessments of the relative strengths and capabilities of the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R."

—ASA BABER

there been so high a degree of misunderstanding, of suspicion, of bewilderment and of sheer military fear."

Part of what makes people like La Rocque and Kennan so valuable is their willingness to think long, hard and openly about some things most of us would rather put out of our minds—such as the modest estimate that the U. S., the U.S.S.R. and others have enough destructive nuclear firepower to destroy every city in the world several times over, some 15,000,000 kilotons in all arsenals. The atomic bomb that destroyed Hiroshima had a destructive force equivalent to 15 kilotons.

•

It would be difficult to label General Bertram Gorwitz anything but a patriot: Tough, loyal, smart, he served as C.D.I.'s deputy director for six years, until his retirement just as this issue was going to press. But in his time there, Gorwitz put his stamp on the center; his sensibility and his concerns are reflected in those of the place itself.

Gorwitz served on active duty in the U. S. Army from 1941 to 1974, rising from private to brigadier general. Twenty-two of those years were on parachute duty. He participated in more than 600 parachute jumps, from World War Two and the 82nd Airborne Division through Korea, Lebanon (he parachuted into Beirut during the 1958 crisis) and Vietnam (as commander of the 23rd Infantry Division). As if those credentials don't make him tough enough, Gorwitz was also an instructor and staff officer in the Special Forces. That was back in the middle of the Fifties, before the Green Berets got all that publicity. His academic credentials can stand toe to toe with his military credits: a B.S. from the University of Maryland, an M.S. from George Washington University and extensive graduate work at Johns Hopkins.

Gorwitz isn't a large man, and his appearance is deceptively mild. When he speaks, it is with respect toward thinking he does not agree with.

"The conservatives in this country are *not* the enemy," he says. "They are good people. Sincere. Patriotic. At the present time, they're better organized than we are and they have more money." He talks about the growth and changes in his own thinking. "I took an advanced-management course at Harvard in 1967, and during that year, I used to sit around the campus and listen to the kids talk. They were protesting the Vietnam war, and so were their professors. I could take the kids all right, but the professors really made me mad. I used to argue with them when they brought the war up in class. But I could feel myself starting to turn.

"I went to Korea in 1968. I'd served there twice before, once as a captain in

Engine shown with optional air conditioning. Truck shown with optional step bumper. ©1981 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

OH, WHAT A FEELING!

TOYOTA

THE NEW TOYOTA DIESEL TRUCK.

We took a tough Toyota Truck and made it even tougher by putting a Diesel engine in. Is that going too far? We don't think so. We say the new Toyota Diesel Truck is what a Diesel should be.

Take mileage. 38 EPA Estimated Highway MPG, (31) EPA Estimated MPG is higher than any gasoline-powered truck!*

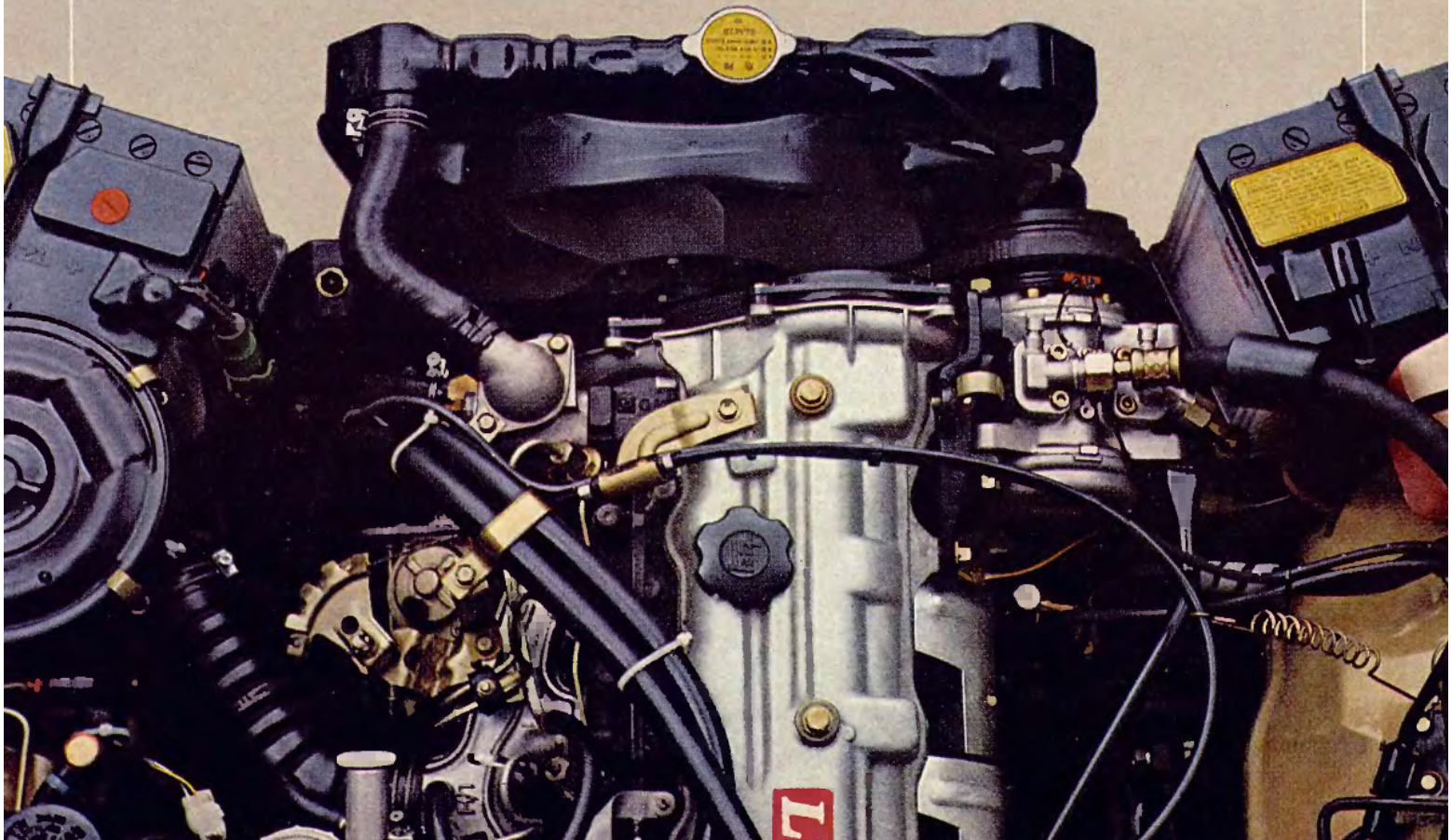
But this Diesel is more than just economical. Our obsessive attention to detail has paid off by reducing engine noise, for quieter operation.

Equipment? We believe a Diesel should be equipped only one way. The right way. With features like a 5-speed overdrive transmission standard, not optional. A 7-foot cargo bed, not 6-foot like some. And a separate, rugged frame (like an 18-wheeler has) so Toyota's Diesel Truck carries a full 1000 pounds of payload. Inside, the interior is what every truck should be—comfortable.

Drive one of these tough new trucks. You'll find that what your Diesel should be...is a Toyota!

*Remember, use this EPA Estimated MPG for comparisons of other trucks with manual transmission. Your actual mileage may vary, depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions, and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the EPA "Highway Estimate."

INTRODUCING THE TOYOTA OF DIESELS.



"CHIVAS on the rocks." "Scotch on the rocks." "Scotch on the rocks."

command of a parachute artillery battery during the Korean War, then as a battalion commander, and on this last tour I was corps artillery commander.

"We had a brigade on line in Korea, ready to meet any invasion. I knew that I didn't like the way the South Korean government worked, and I knew that if Kim Il Sung decided to come south, our American brigade would be the first troops he met. In short, it was an inflexible position. That made me very uncomfortable. We essentially had no alternatives. I proposed to the corps C.O. that the division be moved south so we would have a choice—and so we would have time to *think* about that choice. He didn't take my advice, by the way.

"Then, in 1971, I went back to Vietnam and soon took over as C.O. of the Americal Division. I was concerned about how badly the war was going. I went to the hospital every night to pin Purple Hearts on the wounded. I had a year of that, and every time I looked at those brave men, I had to ask myself, How does this war affect the security of the U.S.A.? I wrote letters. I talked to people. I probably made myself unpopular. And I got sent back to the States. Then to NATO in Italy. I finally retired in 1974.

"I had a chance to join up with a defense-related industry, but I knew about the center and I signed up as the admiral's deputy in 1975. I'm not a peacenik or a disarmer. I have two sons in the Army. I believe the military Services need the best people this country can offer. But I also think we've got to have more debate, more open-mindedness in these questions of war and peace. And let me tell you: The junior officers in America's Armed Services are asking real questions these days. They're considering both sides of the debate."

Gorwitz focuses on one last tactical point: "The U. S. has never renounced the first use of nuclear weapons. Do you realize that? We still retain the right to launch a first strike. So when we announce programs like the MX missile, it creates paranoia in certain parts of the world."

As the interview is ending, the general seems to have one more thing he wants to say. "During my first tour in Korea, during the Korean War, I was given a mission to parachute into North Korea to stop a train that was filled with American POWs. While my men were loading up, an Army chaplain by the name of Jimmy Shelton was going around looking for a place on a plane so that he could go in with us. He bugged and bugged me for a seat on an aircraft. I finally bumped a guy to let Jimmy on.

"Well, it was a difficult operation. There was a storm that delayed our take-off, and when we finally got over the drop zone, it was late afternoon. We had four 105 howitzers that were supposed to be dropped by chute, but only two came down and only one was serviceable. One howitzer to support a whole battalion behind enemy lines! And to top it off, one of the pilots came in too low after some of my men had jumped and ran through a whole stack of paratroopers in the air, cutting their main chutes right off of them.

"Still, we managed to handle everything. The guys who lost their chutes pulled their reserve chutes at 700 feet and made it down. The one howitzer fired so rapidly that we had to water down the tube to keep it from overheating.

"But when we got to the train, we found that it had been stopped in a tunnel and the American POWs had been hauled out and slaughtered right there before we could get to them. They had been in terrible shape, too; vermin-infested and starved.

"So there we were, taking a lot of incoming artillery and trapped behind enemy lines and having no prisoners to save anymore. Through all of this, I noticed that Jimmy Shelton was walking around as calmly as anyone I'd ever seen, patting men on the back and literally creating light in the middle of all that darkness. About three the next

morning, there in a rice paddy in North Korea, 19 of my men and I were baptized into the Protestant faith by Jimmy Shelton."

So add this to General Bertram Gorwitz' extraordinary credentials: In his time, he has been president of Toastmasters International, a district chairman of the Boy Scouts of America, a little-league baseball official and a Protestant lay minister. Not an easy man to stereotype.

•

Since 1972, the Center for Defense Information has published a magazine, *The Defense Monitor*. Most of what C.D.I. has to say to the world is included in the *Monitor* and runs contrary to claims that the Russians are ahead of us, that we must spend trillions to catch up with them, that arms-limitation agreements are not adequate or verifiable and that nuclear war is a valid option, bearable and winnable.

Last year, one issue of the *Monitor* made the following points:

• A study of trends of Soviet influence in the 155 countries of the world since World War Two "does not support perceptions of consistent Soviet advances and devastating U. S. setbacks."

• Of the 155 countries in the world today, the U.S.S.R. has significant influence in only 19.

• Soviet setbacks in China, Indonesia, Egypt, India and Iraq dwarf marginal Soviet advances in lesser countries.

• Soviet influence in the world reached its high point in 1958; by 1979, the Soviets were influencing only six percent of the world population.

• The balance of world power rests heavily in favor of the U. S.

To illustrate the last point, the *Monitor* published a chart based in part on a recent book, *World Power Trends*, by former CIA official Dr. Ray Cline. Using a combination of demographic, geographic, economic and military factors, Dr. Cline developed a system of "power ratings" for 78 countries (the remaining 77 were assumed to have no power). Based on Cline's ratings, the *Monitor* concluded that the U. S. and pro-Western countries had a total power rating of 1800—as opposed to the U.S.S.R.'s 556.

The June 1980 issue of the *Monitor* contains an article called "American Strength, Soviet Weakness." It features a box score of Four Major Military Indicators that just might rattle the popular perception that the U.S.S.R. is a monolithic and overwhelming force.

In the area of strategic nuclear weapons, anti-Soviet countries (NATO and China) lead the U.S.S.R. by 10,500 to 7000. In one year's military spending (1979), the anti-Soviet countries outspent the U.S.S.R. 265 to 175 billion dollars. The anti-Soviet countries have 9,500,000 military personnel compared with the Soviet's 4,800,000. And the anti-Soviet countries have 445 major surface ships compared with 235 for the Soviets.

The *Monitor* states boldly: "The U. S. and its allies are superior to the Soviet Union in all elements of national power, including most important military factors. Even utilizing the CIA's questionable methodology for comparing military budgets (which assumes that the Soviets pay as much as the U. S. does for soldiers and weapons), combined NATO military spending has exceeded that of the Warsaw Pact for many years."

Wait a minute. *That* bears repeating: According to C.D.I., NATO has been outspending the Warsaw Pact for many years. That fact is so unknown that you could win a lot of drinks by betting on it in a bar—either here or in Europe.

Other measures of the arms race? As reported by C.D.I., we are ahead of the Soviets in total strategic nuclear weapons, in numbers of long-range bombers and in nuclear weapons aboard submarines. As of 1980, we had about 5000 nuclear weapons on board our strategic submarines, while the Soviets had about 1500. We are behind the Soviets in land-based ICBMs, but, according to C.D.I., "fixed, land-based systems are becoming vulnerable and obsolete."

C.D.I. also has some interesting things

Imagination has just become reality.

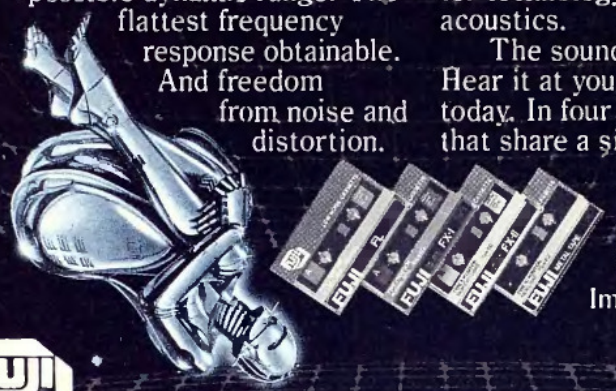
Finally. The elusive goal, attained.

Audiocassettes of such remarkable accuracy and clarity that differences between original and recording virtually vanish.

This is the sound of the future. Tapes with the widest possible dynamic range. The flattest frequency response obtainable. And freedom from noise and distortion.

New Fuji tapes: Born of microscopic particles made smaller, more uniformly than ever before. Permanently mated to polymer film so precise, its surface is mirror smooth. The product of intensive research that unites physics, chemistry, computer technology and psychoacoustics.

The sound of the future. Hear it at your audio dealer today. In four superb tapes that share a single name.



FUJI
CASSETTES
Imagination has just become reality.

FUJI

© 1981 Fuji Photo Film U.S.A., Inc., Magnetic Tape Division, 350 Fifth Avenue, NY, NY 10118

Meet Women Without Even Trying!

This is it! The brand new, updated edition of the original world-famous classic. It's already helped over 600,000 men to do better with girls. Now it's bigger and better than ever before — filled with dazzling photographs of America's most beautiful girls. You'll learn: • **125 Great Opening Lines** • Incredible new places to meet women. • **The "Lazy Man's Way" to pick up girls** • How to be sexy to women • **The divorced man's guide to picking up** • How to get women to pick you up • **And a whole lot more.**

Why *work* at picking up girls? Order the colossal 1980 edition of **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** today and find out what it's like to meet all the girls you've ever dreamed of . . . *without even trying!*

How To Pick Up Girls!

This full length, hardcover bestseller was written with the help of hundreds of attractive, desirable women. They reveal incredibly effective secret techniques for picking them up: • **The Ultimate Compliment every woman wants to hear** • How champagne and music help women feel romantic toward you • **How to attract older, richer, even married women** • How to turn rejection into romance • **And so much more!**

How To Pick Up Women!

HOW TO PICK UP WOMEN costs far less than a tankful of gas, yet you'll find it a thousand times more helpful when it comes to meeting attractive, new women!

Make check or money order payable to: Symphony Press, Inc. Mail to: Symphony Press, Inc., Dept. PB-6, 7 West Clinton Avenue, Tenafly, NJ 07670

Check books you're ordering:

☐ HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS ($11.95 plus $1.50 postage and handling). [GL]

☐ HOW TO PICK UP WOMEN ($11.95 plus $1.50 postage and handling). [WM]

☐ BOTH BOOKS ($22.90, plus $1.50 . . . a $2.00 saving!). [GL/WM]

All customers fill out below:

Name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Visa and **Master Charge** cardholders may charge books by sending card number and expiration date, or phoning toll free **800-631-2560**. Operators are on duty 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. In N.J., call **201-569-8555.**

to say about the trillion-and-a-half-dollar defense budget we Americans will probably be frightened into funding over the next five years. Here's how it runs:

1982	222 billion dollars
1983	255 billion dollars
1984	289 billion dollars
1985	327 billion dollars
1986	368 billion dollars
TOTAL	1461 trillion dollars

"There are far too many extremely costly programs in the military budget today," says the *Monitor*. "We cannot simultaneously acquire a vast new arsenal of nuclear weapons, expand costly forces for defending countries in Europe and Asia, add to substantial forces for rapid intervention everywhere in the world, enlarge a very expensive Navy for deployment on all the world's oceans, develop new weapons which are always better than Soviet weapons and keep existing forces at a high level of readiness and training. Something has to give."

No question about it. *The Defense Monitor* makes fascinating reading to anyone who is trying to understand military defense issues. The *Monitor*'s record from 1972 to the present shows that it took on issues before they were in the public eye: the Trident submarine in 1972, the B-1 bomber in 1973, the cruise missile in 1976, the MX missile in 1977. In those same years, it alerted its readers to future problems that would stem from U. S. development and deployment of MIRV technology, warning that MIRV offered only a temporary advantage to the U. S. and that the arms race would, by definition, be escalated (i.e., the Russians would obviously be forced to catch up with us).

In 1975, the *Monitor* pointed to the danger of arms sales in the Persian Gulf countries, particularly Iran, and warned that the U. S. was in a dangerous position by being too closely tied to regimes like that of the shah. And in that same year, and again in 1980, the *Monitor* analyzed the growing military uses of space, especially the antisatellite programs being worked on by both superpowers.

The staff at the center has consistently produced material in the *Monitor* that refutes simplistic and aggressive thinking. A senior editor of *The Washington Post* put it this way: "The admiral's outfit is pretty damned solid. I haven't seen any of their basic research attacked."

Even William Colby, former director of the CIA, has a few kind words: "The Center for Defense Information plays a vital role in Washington policy circles," he says. "With many voices promoting their favored weapons and forces, its objective and independent analysis provides fact and figure in true proportion. Its publications and presentations carry

U-HAUL ..has it all*

* EVERYTHING FOR MOVING

Wherever you're going, whatever you're moving, U-Haul has everything you need. Trucks, trailers, packing boxes, hand trucks, furniture pads, hitches, tow bars. Everything from self-storage rooms to packing and loading help.

* TRIM LINE GAS SAVER FLEET

The rental fleet designed specifically for household moving. For the care and protection of your personal possessions. U-Haul moves families—not freight.

* SAVINGS IN MONEY, TIME & WORRY

U-Haul will match any competitor's rate, discount or guarantee.† And U-Haul has more than 7,000 Moving Centers and Dealers ready to support your move.

* SAFETY & SECURITY

Over 70 million family moves have been made the do-it-yourself way with U-Haul. Your safety and security is our primary objective.

* Plus WIN A MILLION Sweepstakes

Study this ad and discover why millions of families save millions with U-Haul products and services. And you could win a million dollars in the U-Haul "Win A Million" Sweepstakes! Official Entry Forms, rules and full details are available only at U-Haul Moving Centers and participating Dealers. See the White Pages for your nearest U-Haul location.

No purchase or rental required. Sweepstakes open to licensed drivers 18 years and over residing in the 48 conterminous United States. Limit one Entry Form per family per visit per week. Void wherever prohibited by law. Sweepstakes ends April 30, 1982. The odds of winning will depend upon the number of entries received. RESIDENTS OF OHIO ONLY may receive an Entry Form and details by submitting a separate, self-addressed, stamped envelope to: U-HAUL OHIO ENTRY FORMS, P.O. BOX 21503, PHOENIX, ARIZONA 85036. Requests must be received by March 31, 1982.

U-HAUL
MOVING & STORAGE

For Savings, Safety & Security. . U-Haul has it all.

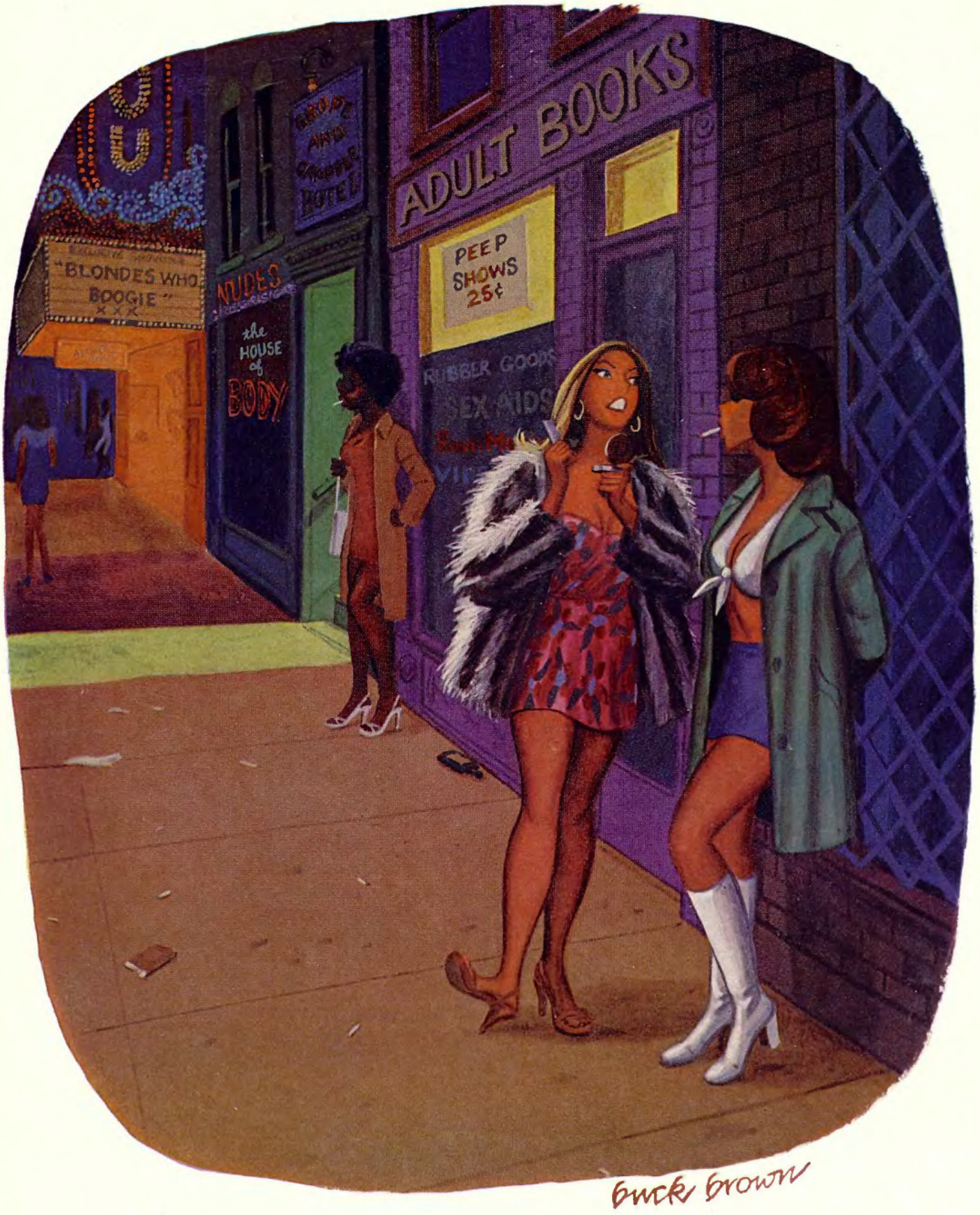
SELF-STORAGE ROOMS

PACKING & LOADING SERVICE

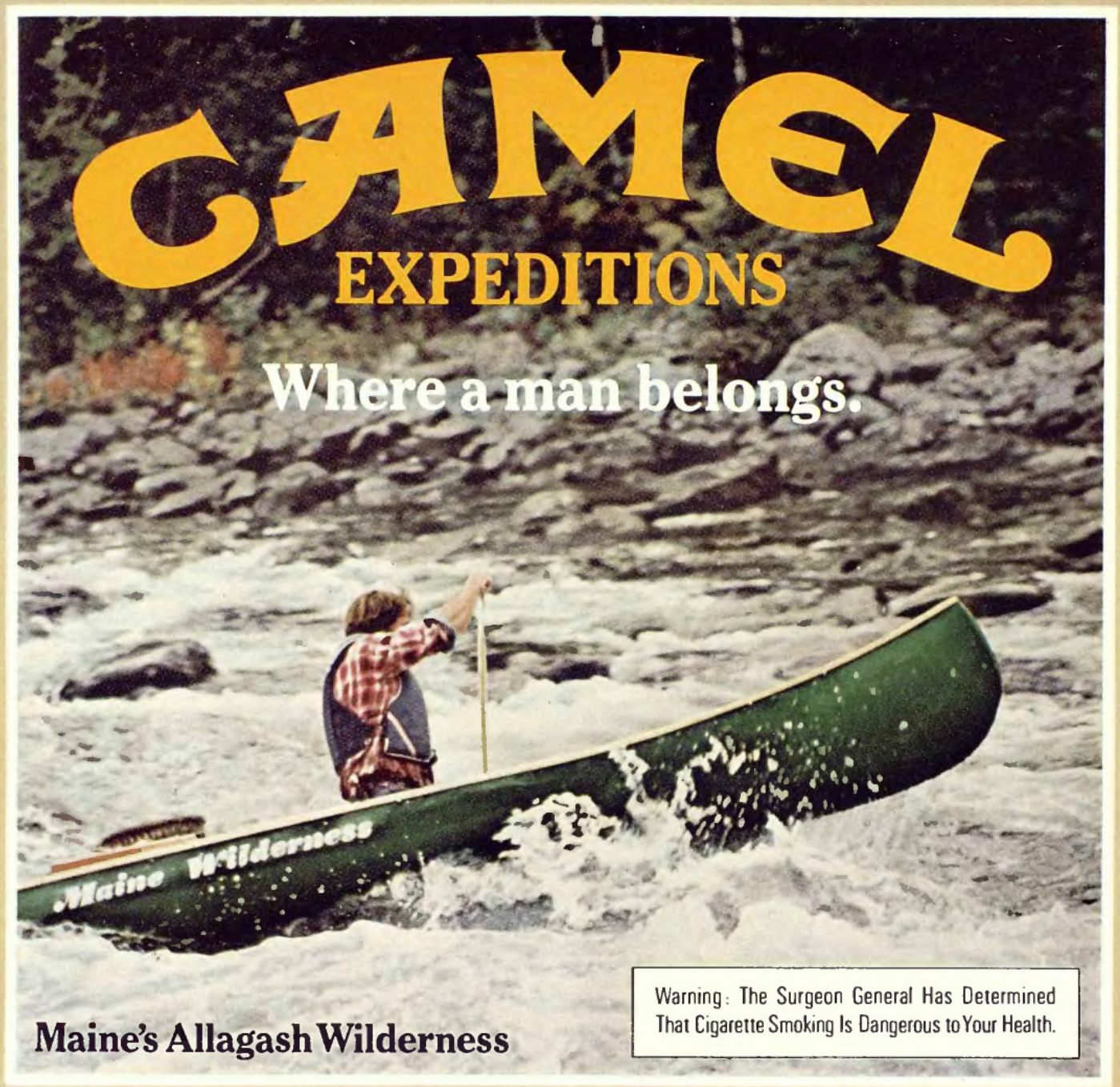
TOW BARS

CUSTOM TRAILER HITCHES

†EXCEPT WHERE DISTRIBUTION FEES APPLY.



"I had a real sickie last night—this guy wanted me to act out a jeans commercial."



8 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

©1981 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

No man alive should miss it.

For here you can prove just what kind of man you are.

Here on the wild and awesome and profoundly majestic Allagash.

You'll find no tourists here, no travelers searching for the customary.

What you will find are 92 miles of waters that cut and hack and gouge their way through 200,000 acres of unspoiled Maine wilderness.

You'll discover rapids that pound and soar and lift you up into exhilaration.

You'll canoe across rivers unmarked by signs but carrying the names the Abenaki Indians gave them hundreds of years ago: Umsaskis, Crosswise, Five Fingers.

You'll pitch a tent, do the chores, portage your canoe and spend nights listening to the voices of the bobcat and otter, the coyote and phantomlike goshawk.

This is a land rich in lordliness and lore. It's rugged and remote, astonishing in its grandeur, overwhelming in its majesty.

This is an expedition of the unexpected.

We'll send you a brochure describing in complete detail all the wonders of Maine's Allagash. Or you can pick one up at any office of Thomas Cook or your local travel agent.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Camel Expeditions
P.O. Box 1637
Winston-Salem, NC 27102

Thomas Cook

its message to those seeking real defense at reasonable cost."

•

When John Buchanan talks about his days flying jet attack aircraft in the U. S. Marines, he doesn't use his hands as much as most pilots do. He speaks calmly, modestly, the way a trucker might describe a night drive on a break at a truck stop. Buchanan looks a little bit like a trucker. Or a farmer. He's 6'2", 200 pounds, and his voice carries the South in it, remnant of a childhood in Florida and high school at Columbia Military Academy in Tennessee and the University of Virginia.

He was in the Marine Corps for 22 years, ending up as a lieutenant colonel. But a lot of things happened in those 22 years and Buchanan finally decided to pack up his seabag and retire. While he was taking his last physical exam, a fellow officer showed him a copy of C.D.I.'s *Monitor*. He arranged for an interview with Admiral La Rocque and joined the center last year.

Buchanan is representative of many of the people at C.D.I. He is not antimilitary. "I love the Marines," he says. "They're fine men." He has earned a certain right to love the Corps. For example, he won the Distinguished Flying Cross for action over Con Thien, Vietnam, in 1967. D.F.C.s are hard to come by.

"We were up north of the DMZ," Buchanan recalls. "It was a night hop, north of Con Thien, flying A-4s [jet attack aircraft]. An Army spotter plane saw some rocket fire coming out of the mountains. We were carrying napalm and a dozen 250-pound bombs. Dick Jacobs, my wingman, rolled over and went in first. I thought I saw him go down and I heard the spotter on the radio saying, 'Dash-One, pull out!' and I saw a huge ball of fire on the ground.

"I assumed Dick had bought the farm. But I just went in. I mean, it's what I'd been trained to do. I remember the tracer fire coming up at me like a stream of water. I managed to hit the rocket site and head on back home, and damned if I didn't see Dick Jacobs limping along at 20,000 feet, so I escorted him back and then landed myself."

Buchanan flew hundreds of combat missions during 1967 and 1968 in Vietnam. He was there for Tet. In one of those small, ironic moments that make history come alive, he tells about the time he fired under a helicopter that he later heard was carrying Bobby Kennedy. "It was an emergency mission," Buchanan says, "a cloudy day up north, and we'd gotten a call to go into Hué in support of the Marines, the first air-combat mission over that city for us. We went out over the ocean east of Hué and then came in at about 100 feet. We had Zuni rockets. R.F.K. was up there learning about the war at precisely the wrong time. We probably rocketed within 50 meters of his chopper. I thought we'd get chewed out for coming so close, but when we got back, they loaded us up with CS gas [tear gas] and sent us right back into action. Hué turned out to be one hell of a battle, of course, and no matter how you argue it, the Fifth Marines got mauled. After Phu Bai, the Fifth Marines were given two or three months guarding roads, that sort of thing. But the institution of the war just kept grinding on."

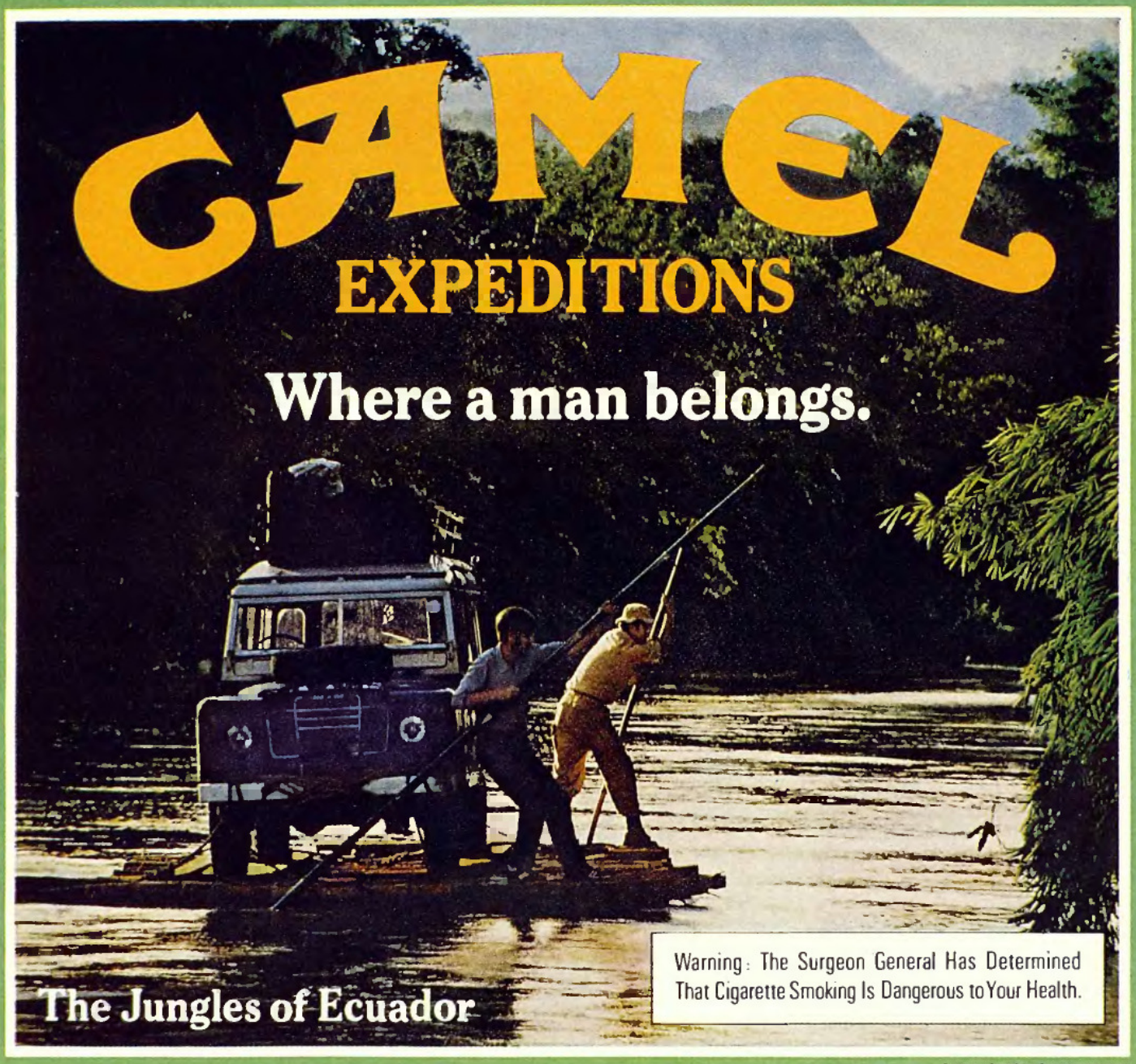
As Buchanan talks, the simplicity of his language belies the complexity of his thinking. This is a man who has had to assimilate a million contradictory experiences. The questions he is asking himself are significant: "You know," he says, "I think of myself as a patriotic man. I still get choked up on the Marine Corps birthday. I used to stand there in my dress blues and they'd read that list of battles—Belleau Wood, Tarawa, Chosan Reservoir, Khe Sanh—and I felt damned proud to be a Marine. But that doesn't mean that I think the Armed Services should dictate our national policies.

"One of my jobs here at the center is to study the concept of a rapid-deployment force. That's the combined force of Army, Navy, Marines and Air Force who would be asked to strike fast if necessary in places like the Middle East. And I've got all sorts of questions about the viability of that concept: What is a 'vital interest' and what does 'intervention' mean and if you intervene, do you do it on a cultural and economic level as well as a military level? And if we develop an R.D.F., does that mean we'll automatically use it?"

Buchanan uses phrases that might have made John Wayne grimace. He talks of "the interdependence of humanity," of "paradigms," "perceptions and imagery," and he constantly goes back to the question of how aggression occurs, how it begins, what the factors are in an aggressive situation.

"What can really get to me," he says, "is the difference between public and private argument. The R.D.F. is always publicly discussed in grandiose terms. But the guys I know, my friends, the retired Marines in the defense industry who stand to benefit professionally from the establishment of an R.D.F., just laugh when I bring up tactical-strategic questions in private. 'Look,' they tell me, 'it's money in the bank for us. It's a license to steal. We can write our own

"What do you say to a little Scotch, just as an icebreaker?"



8 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

©1981 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

When you step into this land, you step away from land. You enter the unknown.

Welcome to the law and lore of the jungle. And to the uncivilized and the unexpected.

You'll travel in dug-out canoes that snake along snakelike rivers drinking up miles in the tropical heat. Meanwhile, you'll drink up the tropical lushness dancing before your eyes.

You'll live in huts that are raised on poles and eat manioc and xinxim and drink chicha.

You'll meet the primitive Cofane Indians, the mysterious Secoyas, the Cayappas that weave baskets of awe.

You'll take a primitive train and ride past wild expanses of solitary marshland and waterfalls that thunder majestically.

But more than anything else, you'll be staggered by the energy and fervor of the jungle. It's intoxicating. It simmers in splendor and breathes with a terrifying eloquence. You'll hear it in the exotic cries and chants of jungle life. And see it in the fantastic lushness and overwhelming profusion of the foliage.

When you've lived in the primitive and unknowing Ecuadorian jungle, you'll discover just how much of a man you are.

And how much more of a man you've become.

We'll send you a brochure describing in complete detail all the adventures awaiting you in the Ecuadorian jungle. Or you can pick one up at any office of Thomas Cook or your local travel agent.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Camel Expeditions
P.O. Box 1637
Winston-Salem, NC 27102

Thomas Cook

ticket.' And that's scary. You start to wonder how many other programs are being boosted for similar reasons."

•

If you are a citizen trying to make sense out of things, the Center for Defense Information is not a bad place to hang your hat for a while, if only to get another side of the story. After all, you've been through missile gaps and bomber gaps and Red scares. You've been warned, taxed, cajoled, taxed again. For the past three decades, you've lived with the threat of nuclear war, sometimes vague, sometimes specific.

C.D.I. is not a perfect place. Spend several days there and you will run across the normal pressures, conflicts, jealousies. It is not the only organization in Washington working for arms control, either. But it does have some unique and experienced individuals on its staff, not all of them military, and it does have a track record that speaks for itself. Most important of all, it does give us some facts and figures and thoughts to counterbalance films such as *The SALT Syndrome*.

"One of the great myths being perpetrated on the American public is the story that the Soviet Union is ahead of the United States in military nuclear technology," says C.D.I. board member Dr. Herbert Scoville, former deputy director for science and technology at the CIA. "This is just plain nonsense. The U. S. has always been ahead of the Soviet Union. But you would never hear this, because the myth of U. S. inferiority is being spread to try to panic the public in the United States.

"Spending money does not produce security. The average taxpayer is led to believe that the more money he spends for our weapons, the more secure he is. But he's actually getting less secure. The taxpayer is being raked off on this deal for the benefit of a very few corporations and individuals, and, in the meantime, he's increasing the risk that he is going to be wiped off the face of the earth."

Incredibly, Dr. Scoville's suggestion that nuclear war would destroy us is still met with derision in certain quarters. "You talk about the end of the world if you had a nuclear exchange," says retired Army Lieutenant General Daniel O. Graham. "Now, that is science-fiction bunk. And it's perfectly provable by science as to what would really happen. If you count how many casualties would occur on both sides, and so forth, it should put the United States, in terms of its population, agriculture and industry, back to somewhere around 1925 to 1932, depending upon what you think the destruction would be. But that is not the end of the world. You're not going to destroy the world by having a nuclear war."

Perhaps General Graham should be reminded that in case of nuclear war between the two countries, there would be an estimated 253,000,000 deaths in the U. S. and the U.S.S.R. (not including the rest of Europe). And if those numbers don't mean much to the general, he should be informed, for comparison, that we Americans have lost a total of 1,000,000 people in all our wars from the Civil War through Vietnam. Does he really think we're prepared to lose 140,000,000 citizens in World War Three?

Or maybe the general should read Nigel Calder's excellent book *Nuclear Nightmares*, wherein Calder reports: "The most probable kind of nuclear war . . . is one in which both sides simply smash each other as rapidly as they can. . . . Five hundred million dead around the Northern Hemisphere seems a conservative estimate for all the exchanges. And those are just what wargamers call the 'prompt' casualties. . . . Many more will die in the aftermath, from the long-term effects of untreated burns, wounds and radiation sickness, and as a result of the disruption of civilized life."

Calder goes on to describe "the incalculable effect on the climate of so many nuclear weapons, and the destruction of much of the earth's ozone layer by the huge quantities of nitrogen oxides produced in the explosions." He concludes: "No one can really begin to guess what the combined and cumulative effects of physical damage, fire, atomic radiation, fatal sunburn and climatic changes will be, or predict their consequences for crops, farm animals, wildlife and human life all around the world."

Speaking at the 1979 annual meeting of the Arms Control Association, Senator Joseph R. Biden of Delaware had this to say:

> We meet at a time when arms control has fallen under simultaneous siege by two rival armies. One has attacked from the right, the other stands to the left. The main thrust has come from the right.
>
> How has the rightist attack on SALT been so effective? As a politician, I find its powerful appeal explicable only by reference to a marked shift in the American political climate over the past decade. When the SALT process began, America was essentially self-confident. The intervening decade, however, has produced a deeply disturbing sense of American vulnerability in the world. Just as defeat in Vietnam and the Watergate scandal were undercutting the faith of Americans in the efficacy of their Government, a host of fundamentally challenging problems rapidly emerged: chronic inflation, rising foreign competition, a declining currency, a series of environmental alarms and—most ominously—a steadily increasing dependence on unreliable foreign resources. An aura of jeopardy arose. Inevitably, such dramatic changes in national mood find political expression, and not always in a logical way.
>
> Thus it is that I believe SALT has become a lightning rod for a good deal of the country's current anxiety. In a time of complexity, politicians and pundits do not find it easy to placate the public desire for solutions. It thereby becomes intellectually and politically tempting to focus constituent anger on our familiar adversary, the Soviet Union, and, even more specifically, on a target such as SALT.
>
> If we are to succeed with arms control, I know of no other way than to continue to carry the message to the American people that arms limitation, when properly conceived and implemented, can contribute effectively to the security of this nation.

Three months before he was killed by a terrorist bomb in August of 1979, one month before his 79th birthday, Lord Mountbatten made a plea for arms control that was later published in *The Defense Monitor*. "In the event of a nuclear war," Mountbatten said, "there will be no survivors—all will be obliterated. And nuclear devastation is not science fiction—it is a matter of fact.

"I regret enormously the delays which the Americans and Russians have experienced in reaching a SALT II agreement for the limitation of even one major class of nuclear weapons. . . . I regret even more the fact that opposition to reaching any agreement is becoming so powerful in the United States. What can their motives be?

"As a military man who has given half a century of active service, I say in all sincerity that the nuclear-arms race has no military purpose. Wars cannot be fought with nuclear weapons.

"There are powerful voices around the world who still give credence to the old Roman precept—if you desire peace, prepare for war. This is absolute nuclear nonsense and, I repeat, it is a disastrous misconception to believe that by increasing the total uncertainty, one increases one's own certainty.

"The world now stands on the brink of the final abyss. Let us all resolve to take all possible practical steps to ensure that we do not, through our own folly, go over the edge."

EARLY TIMES.
THE WAY IT WAS, IS THE WAY IT IS.

1871. A hastily arranged reception for a pioneer balloonist.

On July 4, 1871, an astonished crowd in Kalamazoo, Michigan beheld a lone balloonist descend from the sky. He was Professor Steiner, the first mortal to fly across Lake Michigan. And even then, what would have been more appropriate at a welcoming party than Early Times. The whisky that made Kentucky whisky famous.

Today, we're still slow-distilling it the same way we did then. And thoughtful people always have several bottles on hand for friends who drop in out of the blue.

86 OR 80 PROOF • EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO., LOUISVILLE, KY. © 1980.

THE ONLY THING STRAIGHT IN THIS MOVIE IS...THE JACKET!

CHEECH & CHONG'S NICE DREAMS

(WHERE TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE)

COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS A C & C BROWN PRODUCTION
"CHEECH & CHONG'S NICE DREAMS"
STARRING CHEECH MARIN & THOMAS CHONG AND STACY KEACH AS SERGEANT SHRAGER
WRITTEN BY THOMAS CHONG & RICHARD CHEECH MARIN ASSOCIATE PRODUCER SHELBY FIDDIS
PRODUCED BY HOWARD BROWN DIRECTED BY THOMAS CHONG

© 1981 COLUMBIA PICTURES INDUSTRIES, INC.

Columbia Pictures

COMING THIS SUMMER TO SELECTED THEATRES

LADY OF THE LAKE *(continued from page 147)*

"'I was 5'8" when I was 15 and I weighed about 96 pounds, about ten of which were breasts.'"

and let it grow down to my butt, but I just couldn't carry it off. I'm not a good swimmer, for one thing, and I could never stay up on the surfboard. But more than that, I just didn't *look* the part. The perfect beach girl is Bo Derek. Blonde, willowy, Nordic-looking. I always looked kind of different. The Eurasian girl next door, maybe."

Actually, Cathy's heritage is English, French and Mohawk Indian. She was the youngest of four children (she has three older brothers) and admits that she was spoiled, especially by her father, who died when she was 22. "I loved my father more than anyone," she says, "and maybe I still do. He was a warm, funny, very smart man. I always carry a poem I wrote to him after he died, so in case I ever get hit by a truck or something, whoever finds my identification will know that I was a person who had a heart."

Cathy admits she's a hopeless romantic, who "should have been born 40 or 50 years ago. Politically, I'm very conservative. I love peace and quiet, and never listen to rock if I can avoid it. My favorite songs are from the Thirties, Forties and Fifties; my favorite bands are Glenn Miller's and Nat 'King' Cole's and my all-time favorite piece is *Clair de Lune*, by Debussy." Without too much persuasion, Cathy can be induced to sing one of her favorite oldies, such as *Cry Me a River* or *More Than You Know*. She has a good voice and loves to imitate various female pop stars, ranging from Dolly Parton to Helen Reddy.

"I've never done this stuff on a stage," she says, "and I probably never will. It's mostly for the shower." Still, it's a better-than-average voice. Why *not* try for a singing career?

"I hate to say this," she answers, "but the truth is, I'm not motivated. I'm basically lazy. I'd like to write a great satirical novel, for instance, but I never get around to it. I write poetry that isn't half bad, and I realize that all girls write poetry, but I think mine's a cut above that awful stuff you see in the women's magazines like *Cosmopolitan*, stuff like, 'I looked out the window at where your Rolls once sat/The sight of your tooth marks on the Gouda cheese/Nostalgia and pain/I dropped two 'Ludes and turned on the dishwasher.' That kind of stuff."

We suggest that maybe Cathy has a future as a poetic humorist. She demurs. "Oh, come on. That's the hang-up most everybody in Los Angeles has. Everybody thinks she can sing, write and act, and that she's beautiful. The fact is that very few people get to be really good at any one of those things. And only a few people are really all *that* attractive, and they tend to float through life without ever developing themselves."

Could she be describing herself? "Well, somewhat. I'm sure I would have developed my potential a lot more if I looked more like, say, Lily Tomlin than Little Annie Fanny. Unfortunately, until I was about 20, that's what I looked like: a comic character. I was 5'8" when I was 15 and I weighed about 96 pounds, about ten of which were breasts. I had a low-cut dress with a push-up bra that I wore to school sometimes. Once, in my math class (which I wasn't doing so well at), my teacher, who was a man, stopped beside my desk and whispered, 'If you wear that dress to my class twice a week, I'll give you an A.' Not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, I did and he did. Isn't that awful?" She giggles mischievously.

"However, one can't just go through life being led by one's chest. At the end of my life, I'd much rather look back and see that I'd been a good wife and mother than that I'd been a model. But I need the right man to give me the feeling of protection I need. Once I've found him, I don't care if I never have another modeling job."

Having pretty much given up on the possibility of finding the kind of man she's looking for in Los Angeles, Cathy is planning to move to June Lake, California, where Ken Marcus took her to shoot the outdoor photos in this pictorial. "June Lake is the most beautiful place I've ever seen," she says, "and the life people live there is the kind I like to live. I feel so lucky that PLAYBOY introduced me to that area. It was sort of an unexpected bonus."

Cathy wants to give special thanks to Marcus. "Ken is one of the smartest, nicest, funniest men I've ever met. When he found out that I have a pretty big appetite, he nicknamed me Miss Piggy. Soon, everyone at Playboy Studio West was calling me Miss Piggy. Ken and the other PLAYBOY staffers helped me live up to my nickname by taking me to all my favorite restaurants and letting me eat all I could. I once ate an $80 lunch. You might say I can put it away. After the shooting, they had a party for me at Studio West, and someone had a cake made with a picture of Miss Piggy on it. Ken shoved my face into the cake. I didn't mind. I love slapstick." Marcus always did have a way with women.

At 27, Cathy is pretty well traveled. She's already been to Europe, the Philippines and South America, but she hopes to see even more of the world (and the U. S. A.) on PLAYBOY promotional tours. "Seeing the world is about the only thing I really want to do before I settle down," she says, "but I don't expect to find anywhere more beautiful than June Lake."

And we can't think of a more beautiful June Playmate, Cathy. Good luck.

"Those aren't insect calls—those are paging beepers."

SATIN SHEETS

ELEGANT, ULTIMATE, INTIMATE

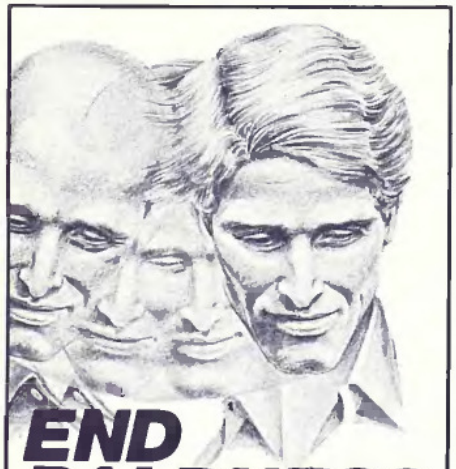
EASY CARE—Colors to blend with any decor! Lt. Blue, Royal Blue, Champagne, Brown, Red, Burgundy, Black, White. Sheet Sets include: 1 Fitted Sheet, 1 Flat Sheet, 2 Matching Pillowcases.

Twin Set .....$24.00 Queen Set $39.00
Full Set .....$35.00 King Set $43.00
3 letter menogram on 2 cases—$4.00

prompt shipping on credit cards & money orders
Add $2.00 for Postage & Handling
Easy Ordering 'Round the Clock
305-586-1300
Florida Residents add Sales Tax

Size _____ Color _____
☐ Money Order ☐ Check ☐ Mastercharge
☐ American Express ☐ Visa
Card # _____
Signature _____ Exp. Date _____
Name _____
Address _____
Town _____
State _____ Zip _____

Palm Beach Satins
Dpt. F6 205 Worth Ave (210) Palm Beach Fla. 33480



END BALDNESS

A medical hair transplant. It's the only way medical science knows to permanently end your problems with thinning hair and baldness. Gives you your own natural growing hair again. Easy. Affordable. By physicians. Tax deductible. Learn why - write:

CHC Corporate Headquarters
1930 N. Cleveland-Massillon Rd.
Bath, Ohio 44210

CLEVELAND HAIR CLINIC CHC

13 Clinics in U.S. and Canada

FREE color brochure in a plain envelope. No one will call.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
Dr. C. J. Puig, Medical Director PBY 6/81

ANNA

(continued from page 174)

"He went around the counter and took out the knife and held it at the druggist's stomach."

not imagine tomorrow or later tonight or even the next minute. Stripped of history and dreams, she knew only her breathing and smoking and heartbeat and the falling snow. She stared at the long window of the drugstore, and she was startled when he came out: He was running, he was alone, he was inside, closing the door. He said Jesus Christ three times as she crossed the parking lot. She turned on the headlights and slowed as she neared the highway. She did not have to stop. She moved into the right lane, and cars in the middle and left passed her.

"A *lot*," he said.

She reached to him and he pressed bills against her palm, folded her fingers around them.

"Can you see out back?" she said.

"No. Nobody's coming. Just go slow; no skidding, no wrecks. Jesus."

She heard the knife blade slide into the sheath, watched yellowed snow in the headlights and glanced at passing cars on her left; she held the wheel with two hands. He said when he went in he was about to walk around like he was looking for something, because he was so scared, but then he decided to do it right away or else he might have just walked around the store till the druggist asked what he wanted and he'd end up buying tooth paste or something, so he went down along the side wall to the back of the store—he lit a cigarette and she said, "Me, too"; she watched the road and taillights of a distant car in her lane as he placed it between her fingers—and he went around the counter and took out the knife and held it at the druggist's stomach: a little man with gray hair watching the knife and punching open the register.

She left the highway and drove on a two-lane road through woods and small towns.

"Tequila," he said.

In their town, all but one package store closed at 10:30; she drove to the one that stayed open until 11, a corner store on a street of tenement houses where Puerto Ricans lived: on warm nights, they were on the stoops and sidewalks and corners. She did not like going there, even on winter nights when no one was out. She stopped in front of it, looked at the windows and said, "I think it's closed."

"It's quarter to."

He went out and tried the door, then peered in, then knocked and called and tried the door again. He came back and struck the dashboard.

"I can't fucking b*elieve* it. I got so much money in my pockets I got no room for my hands, and we got one *beer* at home. Can you believe it?"

"He must've closed early——"

"No shit."

"Because of the *snow*."

She turned a corner around a used-car lot and got onto the main street going downhill through town to the river.

"I could use some tequila," she said.

"Stop at Timmy's."

The traffic lights were blinking yellow so people would not have to stop on the hill in the snow; she shifted down and coasted with her foot touching the brake pedal, drove over the bridge and parked two blocks from it at Timmy's. When she got out of the car, her legs were weak and eager for motion and she realized they had been taut all the way home; and, standing at the corner of the bar, watching Johnny McCarthy pour two shots beside the drafts, she knew she was going to get drunk. She licked salt from her hand and drank the shot, then a long swallow of beer that met the tequila's burn as it rose, and held the shot glass toward grinning McCarthy and asked how law school was going; he poured tequila and said, "Long but good," and she drank that and finished her beer and he poured two more shots and brought them drafts. She looped her arm around Wayne's and nuzzled the soft leather and hard biceps, then tongue-kissed him and looked down the bar at the regulars, most of them men talking in pairs, standing at the bar that had no stools; two girls stood shoulder to shoulder and talked to men on their flanks. The room was long and narrow, separated from the dining room by a wall with a half door behind the bar. Anna waved at people who looked at her, and they raised a glass or waved and some called her name and old Lou, who was drinking beer alone at the other end of the bar, motioned to McCarthy and sent her and Wayne a round. Wayne's hand came out of his jacket and she looked at the bill in it: a 20.

"Set up Lou," he said to McCarthy. "*Lou*. Can I buy you a shot?"

Lou nodded and smiled, and she watched McCarthy pour the whiskey and take it and a draft to Lou, and she wondered if she could tend bar, could remember all the drinks. It was a wonderful place to be, this bar, with her back to the door so she got some of the chill, not all stuffy air and smoke, and able to look down the length of the bar and at the young men crowded into four

A comparison of projections from manufacturers' treadwear ratings under the new government Uniform Tire Quality Grading System indicates that on a government-specified course:

Uniroyal Steeler projected to last 15,000 more miles than comparable Goodyear or Goodrich tires.

The U.S. Department of Transportation recently gave the public a standard yardstick to compare tires by.

Now, each tire company is required by law to grade its tires in three areas. Traction. Temperature resistance. And treadwear.

And then to emboss the resulting grades on the side of the tires.

When compared, most of the similarly priced steel-belted radials in the chart fared equally well in the traction test. Same for temperature resistance.

But one tire pulls ahead of the pack when it comes to the important grade that indicates the relative wear rate of your tire.

That tire: the Uniroyal Steeler.

In fact, when you translate its 220 rating into projected miles on the government-specified course, you see it was no photo finish.

On that course, the mileage projection for the Uniroyal Steeler is 66,000 miles.

That's 15,000 miles longer than the Goodyear, Goodrich, General and most Firestone ratings in the chart would project.

And 24,000 miles longer than Michelin's rating would project.

These mileage projections (including those in the chart) should be used for comparison only. You will probably not achieve these results. Actual treadlife will vary substantially due to your driving habits, condition of vehicle and, in many sections of the country, road conditions and climate.

See your Uniroyal dealer for details.

UNIROYAL

Clip and take this to your Uniroyal dealer:

MANUFACTURERS' RATINGS FOR U.S. GOVERNMENT QUALITY GRADING SYSTEM			PROJECTION OF MILEAGE ON GOVERNMENT-SPECIFIED TEST COURSE
Manufacturer/Tire:	Traction and Temperature Resistance	Treadwear	
UNIROYAL Steeler	B/C	220	66,000
GOODYEAR Custom Polysteel	B/C	170	51,000
FIRESTONE 721 (13" & 14" sizes)	B/C	170*	51,000
GENERAL Dual Steel II	B/C	170	51,000
B.F. GOODRICH Life Saver XLM	B/C	170	51,000
MICHELIN XWW	A/B	140	42,000

*Most 15" Firestone 721 tires rated 200 which projects to 60,000 miles.

Source: U.S. D.O.T., 12/19/80.

For a free booklet on grade-labeling, please send your name and address to: Uniroyal, Inc., Tire Advertising Department, Middlebury, Connecticut 06749.

©1981 Uniroyal, Inc.

tables at the end of the room, watching a television set on a shelf on the wall: a hockey game. It was the only place outside of her home where she always felt the comfort of affection. Shivering with a gulp of tequila, she watched Wayne arm-wrestle with Curt: knuckles white and hand and face red, veins showing at his temples and throat. She had never seen either win, but Wayne had told her that till a year ago, he had always won.

"*Pull*," she said.

His strength and effort seemed to move into the air around her, making her restless; she slapped his back, lit a cigarette, wanted to dance. She called McCarthy and pointed to the draft glasses, then to Curt's highball glass and, when he came with the drinks, told him Wayne would pay after he beat Curt. She was humming to herself, and she liked the sound of her voice. She wondered if she could tend bar. People didn't fight here. People were good to her. They wouldn't—— A color television. They shouldn't buy it too soon; but when? Who would care? Nobody watched what they bought. She wanted to count the money but did not want to leave until closing. Wayne and Curt were panting and grunting; their arms were nearly straight up again; they had been going slowly back and forth. She slipped a hand into Wayne's pocket, squeezed the folded wad. She had just finished a cigarette, but now she was holding another and wondering if she wanted it, then she lit it and did. There was only a men's room in the bar. "Draw?" Curt said.

"Draw," Wayne said, and she hugged his waist and rubbed his right biceps and said: "I ordered us and Curt a round. I didn't pay. I'm going piss."

He smiled down at her. The light in his eyes made her want to stay holding him. She walked toward the end of the bar, past the backs of leaning drinkers; some noticed her and spoke; she patted backs, said, "Hi. How you doing? Hey, what's happening?"; big curly-haired Mitch stopped her: Yes, she was still at Sunnycorner; where had he been? Working in New Hampshire. He told her what he did, and she heard, but seconds later she could not remember; she was smiling at him. He called to Wayne and waved. She said, "I'll see you in a minute," and moved on. At the bar's end was Lou. He reached for her, raised the other arm at McCarthy. He held her shoulder and pulled her to him.

"Let me buy you a drink."

"I have to go to the ladies'."

"Well, go to the ladies' and come back."

"OK."

"You didn't read the directions carefully, sir. See, right here—'To be rubbed on by young woman. . . .'"

She did not go. Her shot and their drafts were there and she was talking to Lou. She did not know what he did, either. She used to know. He looked 60. He came every night. His gray hair was short and he laughed often and she liked his wrinkles.

"I wish I could tend bar here."

"You'd be good at it."

"I don't think I could remember all the drinks."

"It's a shot-and-beer place."

His arm was around her, her fingers pressing his ribs. She drank. The tequila was smooth now. She finished the beer, said she'd be back, next round was hers; she kissed his cheek: His skin was cool and tough and his whiskers scraped her chin. She moved past the tables crowded with the hockey watchers; Henry coming out of the men's room moved around her, walking carefully. She went through the door under the television set, into a short hall, glanced down it into the doorless silent kitchen and stepped left into the rear of the dining room: empty and darkened. Some nights she and Wayne brought their drinks in here after the kitchen closed and sat in a booth in the dark. The ladies' room was empty. "Ah." Wayne was right: When you really had to piss, it was better than sex. She listened to the voices from the bar, wanted to hurry back to them. She jerked the paper, tore it.

Lou was gone. She stood where he had been, but his beer glass was gone, the ashtray emptied. He was like that. He came and went quietly. You'd look around and see him for the first time and he already had a beer; some time later, you'd look around and he was gone. Behind Wayne, the front door opened and a blue cap and jacket and badge came in: It was Ryan from the beat. She made herself think in sentences and tried to focus on them, as if she were reading: He's coming in to get warm. He's just cold. She waved at him. He did not see her. She could not remember the sentences. She could not be afraid, either. She knew that she ought to be afraid so she would not make any mistakes, but she was not, and when she tried to feel afraid or even serious, she felt drunker. Ryan was standing next to Curt, one down from Wayne, and had his gloves off and was blowing on his hands. He and McCarthy talked, then he left; at the door, he waved at the bar, and Anna waved. She went toward Wayne, then stopped at the two girls: One was Laurie or Linda, she couldn't remember which; one was Jessie. They were still flanked by Bobby and Mark. They all turned their backs to the bar, pressed her hands, touched her shoulders, bought her a drink. She said tequila and drank it and talked about Sunnycorner. She went to Wayne, told McCarthy to set up Bobby

ANNOUNCING

The Purolator First 50,000 Mile Engine Protection Plan

(PUROLATOR OIL FILTER LIMITED WARRANTY)

Purolator's got so much confidence we're offering buyers of Purolator oil filters *The Purolator First 50,000 Mile Engine Protection Plan* at no additional cost.

Here's what it means to you: If your car—import or domestic—has less than 20,000 miles and meets all other eligibility requirements, you may qualify for the Plan when you buy your next Purolator oil filter. If you comply with the requirements of the Plan, Purolator will pay for certain damage caused by oil filter failure to specified engine parts in your car up to its first 50,000 miles.

Pick up your registration form with details, conditions and limitations of the Plan at any participating Purolator retailer. Or write Purolator at the address below.

So buy Purolator and start getting Purolator's engine protection for your car. If you act now, you can get a dollar back from Purolator on your next filter purchase. Just use the coupon below.

Purolator®

Purolator Products Inc
970 New Brunswick Avenue
Rahway, New Jersey 07065

THE PUROLATOR FIRST 50,000 MILE ENGINE PROTECTION PLAN

BONUS OFFER $1.00 REBATE

Please Note These Terms:
1. Offer good in USA. 2. Valid on Purolator oil or air filters only. 3. This form must not be mechanically reproduced and must accompany your request. 4. Purolator direct or indirect retailers including warehouses, retailers, jobbers, and dealers are not eligible. 5. Please allow up to 60 days for delivery.

This form must accompany your proof-of-purchase.

Please mail me a refund check for $1.00. I have enclosed one proof-of-purchase from any Purolator Oil or Air Filter (Red and Blue Purolator Signature from the box).

Place in stamped envelope and mail to: **PUROLATOR, P.O. BOX NB776, EL PASO, TX 79977** along with proof-of-purchase.

Name _____
(please type or print clearly)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

LIMIT ONE PER FAMILY. OFFER EXPIRES 6/30/81. PB6

and Mark and Jessie—leaning forward: "Johnny, what is it? Laurie or Linda?"

"Laurie."

She slipped a hand into Wayne's pocket. Then her hand was captive there, fingers on money, his forearm pressing hers against his side.

"I'll get it. Did you see Ryan?"

"Yes."

She tried to think in sentences again. She looked up at Wayne; he was grinning down at her. She could see the grin, or his eyes, but not both at once. She gazed at his lips.

"You're cocked," he said. He was not angry. He said it softly and took her wrist and withdrew it from his pocket.

"I'll do it in the john."

She wanted to be as serious and careful as he was, but looking at him and trying to see all of his face at once weakened her legs; she tried again to think in sentences, but they jumped away from her like a cat her mind chased; when she turned away from him, looked at faces farther away and held the bar, her mind stopped struggling and she smiled and put her hand in his back pocket and said, "OK."

He started to walk to the men's room, stopping to talk to someone, being stopped by another; watching him, she was smiling. When she became aware of it, she kept the smile; she liked standing at the corner of the bar smiling with love at her man's back and profile as he gestured and talked, then he was in the men's room. Midway down the bar, McCarthy finished washing glasses and dried his hands, stepped back and folded his arms and looked up and down the bar; and when he saw nothing in front of her, he said, "Anna? Another round?"

"Just a draft, OK?"

She looked in her wallet: she knew it was empty, but she looked to be sure it was still empty; she opened the coin pouch and looked at lint and three pennies. She counted the pennies. Johnny put the beer in front of her.

"Wayne's got——"

"On me," he said. "Want a shot, too?"

"Why not?"

She decided to sip this one or at least drink it slowly, but, while she was thinking, the glass was at her lips and her head tilted back and she swallowed it all and licked her lips, then turned to the door behind her and, without coat, stepped outside. The sudden cold emptied her lungs, then she deeply drew in the air tasting of night and snow. "Wow." She lifted her face to the light snow and breathed again. Had she smoked a cigarette? Yes. From Lou. Jesus. Snow melted on her cheeks. She began to shiver. She crossed the sidewalk, touched the frosted parking meter. One of her brothers did that to her when she was little. Which one? Frank. Told her to lick the bottom of the ice tray. In the cold, she stood happy and clear-headed until she wanted to drink, and she went smiling into the warmth and voices and smoke.

"Where'd you go?" Wayne said.

"Outside to get straight," rubbing her hands together, drinking beer, its head gone, shaking a cigarette from her pack, her flesh recalling its alertness outside as, breathing smoke and swallowing beer and leaning on Wayne, it was lulled again. She wondered if athletes felt all the time the way she had felt outside.

"We should get some bicycles," she said.

He lowered his mouth to her ear, pushing her hair aside with his rubbing face.

"We can," his breath in her ear; she turned her groin against his leg. "It's about two thousand."

"No, *Wayne*."

"Ssshhh. I looked at it, man."

He moved away and put a bill in her hand: a 20.

"Jesus," she said.

"Keep cool."

"I've never——" She stopped, called McCarthy and paid for the round for Laurie and Jessie and Bobby and Mark, and tipped him a dollar. Two thousand dollars: She had never seen that much money in her life, had never had as much as $100 in her hands at one time; not of her own.

"*Last* call." McCarthy started at the other end of the bar, taking empty glasses, taking back drinks. "*Last* call."

She watched McCarthy pour her last shot and draft of the night; she faced Wayne and raised the glass of tequila: "Hi, babe."

"Hi." He licked salt from his hand.

"I been forgetting the salt," she said, and drank, looking at his eyes.

She sipped this last one, finished it and was drinking the beer when McCarthy called: "That's *it*. I'm taking the glasses in *five min*utes. You don't have to go home——"

"But you can't stay here," someone said.

"Right. Drink up."

She finished the beer and beckoned with her finger to McCarthy. When he came, she held his hands and said, "Just a quick one?"

"I can't."

"Just half a draft or a quick shot? I'll drink it while I put my coat on."

"The cops have been checking. I got to have the glasses off the bar."

"What about a roader?" Wayne said.

"Then they'll all want one."

"OK. He's right, Anna. Let go of the man."

She released his hands and he took their glasses. She put on her coat. Wayne was waving at people, calling to them. She waved: "*See* you, people. Good *night*, Jessie. Laurie. Good *night*. See you, Henry. Mark. Bye-*bye*, Mitch——"

Then she was in the falling white cold, her arm around Wayne; he drove them home, a block and a turn around the Chevrolet lot, then two blocks, while in her mind still were the light and faces and voices of the bar. She held his waist going up the dark stairs. He was breathing hard, not talking. Then he unlocked the door, she was inside, lights coming on, coat off, following Wayne to the kitchen, where he opened their one beer and took a swallow and handed it to her and pulled money from both pockets. They sat down and divided the bills into stacks of 20s and tens and fives and ones. When the beer was half gone, he left and came back from the bedroom with four Quāāludes and she said, "Mmmm," and took two from his palm and swallowed them with beer. She picked up the stack of 20s. Her legs felt weak again. She was hungry. She would make a sandwich. She put down the stack and sat looking at the money.

He was counting: "Thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty——" She took the ones. She wanted to start at the lowest and work up; she did not want to know how many 20s there were until the end. She counted aloud and he told her not to.

"You don't, either," she said. "All I hear is ninety-five, hundred, ninety-five, hundred——"

"OK. In our heads."

She started over. She wanted to eat and wished for a beer and lost count again. Wayne had a pencil in his hand, was writing on paper in front of him. She counted faster. She finished and picked up the 20s. She counted slowly, making a new stack on the table with the bills that she drew, one at a time, from her hand. She did not keep track of the sum of money; she knew she was too drunk. She simply counted each bill as she smacked it onto the pile. Wayne was writing again, so she counted the last 12 aloud, ending with: "And forty-*six*," slamming it onto the fanning 20s. He wrote and drew a line and wrote again and drew another line and his pencil moved up the columns, touching each number and writing a new number at the bottom until there were four of them, and he read to her: "Two thousand and eighteen."

The Quāālude bees were in her head now and she stood and went to the living room for a cigarette in her purse, her legs wanting to go to the sink at her right, but she forced them straight through the door whose left jamb they bumped; as she reached into her purse, she heard herself humming. She had thought she was talking to Wayne, but that was in her head, she had told him, Two thousand and eighteen, we can have some music and movies now and she smiled aloud because it had come out as humming a tune she had never heard. In the kitchen, Wayne was doing

Carlton is lowest.

Box or Menthol:

10 packs of Carlton have less tar than 1 pack of...

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Kent	11	0.9
Kool	16	1.3
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit 100's	10	0.7
Virginia Slims	16	1.0

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Benson & Hedges Lights 100's	11	0.8
Pall Mall Light 100's	10	0.8
Salem Lights	11	0.8
Vantage 100's	12	0.9
Winston Lights	14	1.1

Carlton Box—lowest of all brands.

Less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic. Carlton Menthol—Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; Menthol: Less than 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

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

something strange. He had lined up their three glasses on the counter by the sink and he was pouring milk into them; it filled two and a half, and he drank that half. Then he tore open the top of the half-gallon carton and rinsed it and swabbed it out with a paper towel. Then he put the money in it, and folded the top back, and put it in the freezer compartment and the two glasses of milk in the refrigerator. Then she was in the bedroom talking about frozen money; she saw the cigarette between her fingers as she started to undress, in the dark now; she was not aware of his turning out lights: She was in the lighted kitchen, then in the dark bedroom looking for an ashtray instead of pulling her sleeve over the cigarette and she told him about that and about a stereo and Emmylou Harris and fucking, as she found the ashtray on the floor by the bed, which was a mattress on the floor by the ashtray; that she thought about him at Sunnycorner, got horny for him; her tongue was thick, slower than her buzzing head, and the silent words backed up in the spaces between the spoken ones, so she told him something in her mind, then heard it again as her tongue caught up; her tongue in his mouth now, under the covers on the cold sheet, a swelling of joy in her breast as she opened her legs for him and the night's images came back to her: the money on the table and the faces of McCarthy and Curt and Mitch and Lou, and Wayne's hand disappearing with the money inside the carton, and Bobby and Mark and Laurie and Jessie, the empty sidewalk where she stood alone in the cold air, Lou saying: "You'd be good at it."

•

The ringing seemed to come from inside her skull, insistent and clear through the voices of her drunken sleep: a ribbon of sound she had to climb, though she tried to sink away from it. Then her eyes were open and she turned off the alarm she did not remember setting; it was six o'clock and she was asleep again, then wakened by her alarmed heartbeat: all in what seemed a few seconds, but it was ten minutes to seven, when she had to be at work. She rose with a fast heart and a headache that made her stoop gingerly for her clothes on the floor, and shut her eyes as she put them on. She went into the kitchen: the one empty beer bottle, the ashtray, the milk-soiled glass, and her memory of him putting away the money was immediate, as if he had just done it, and she had not slept at all. She took the milk carton from the freezer. The folded money, like the bottle and ashtray and glass, seemed part of the night's drinking, something you cleaned or threw away in the morning. But she had no money and she needed aspirins and coffee and doughnuts and cigarettes; she took a cold five-dollar bill and put the carton in the freezer, looked in the bedroom for her purse and then in the kitchen again and found it in the living room, opened her wallet and saw money there. She pushed the freezer money in with it and slung the purse from her shoulder and stepped into the dim hall, shutting the door on Wayne's snoring. Outside, she blinked at sun and cold and remembered Wayne giving her $20 at the bar; she crossed the street and parking lot and, with the taste of beer in her throat and tooth paste in her mouth, was in the Sunnycorner before seven.

She spent the next eight hours living the divided life of a hangover. Drinking last night had stopped time, kept her in the present until last call forced on her the end of a night, the truth of tomorrow; but once in their kitchen counting money, she was in the present again and she stayed there through twice waking, and dressing, and entering the store and relieving Eddie, the all-night clerk, at the register. So, for the first three or four hours while she worked and waited and talked, her body heavily and slowly occupied space in those brightly lit moments in the store; but in her mind were images of Wayne leaving the car and going into the drugstore and running out, and driving home through falling snow, the closed package store and the drinks and people at Timmy's and taking the Quaaludes from Wayne's palm, and counting money and making love for so drunk long; and she felt all of that and none of what she was numbly doing. It was a hangover that demanded food and coffee and cigarettes. She started the day with three aspirins and a Coke. Then she smoked and ate doughnuts and drank coffee. Sometimes from the corner of her eye she saw something move on the counter, small and gray and fast, like the shadow of a darting mouse. Her heart was fast, too, and the customers were fast and loud, while her hands were slow, and her tongue was, for it had to wait while words freed themselves from behind her eyes, where the pain was, where the aspirins had not found it. After four cups of coffee, her heart was faster and hands more shaky, and she drank another Coke. She was careful, and made no mistakes on the register; with eyes trying to close, she looked into the eyes of customers and Kermit the manager, slim and balding, in his 40s; a kind man but one who, today, made her feel both scornful and ashamed, for she was certain he had not had a hangover in 20 years. Around noon, her blood slowed and her hands stopped trembling, and she was tired and lightheaded and afraid; it seemed there was always someone watching her, not only the customers and Kermit but someone above her, outside the window, in the narrow space behind her. Now there were gaps in her memory of last night: she looked at the clock so often that its hands seemed halted, and in her mind she was home after work, in bed with Wayne, shuddering away the terrors that brushed her like a curtain wind-blown against her back.

When she got home, he had just finished showering and shaving, and she took him to bed with lust that was as much part of her hangover as hunger and the need to smoke were: silent and hasty, she moved toward that orgasm that would bring her back to some calm mooring in the long day. Crying out, she burst into languor; slept breathing the scent of his washed flesh. But she woke alone in the twilit room and rose quickly, calling him. He came smiling from the living room and asked if she were ready to go to the mall.

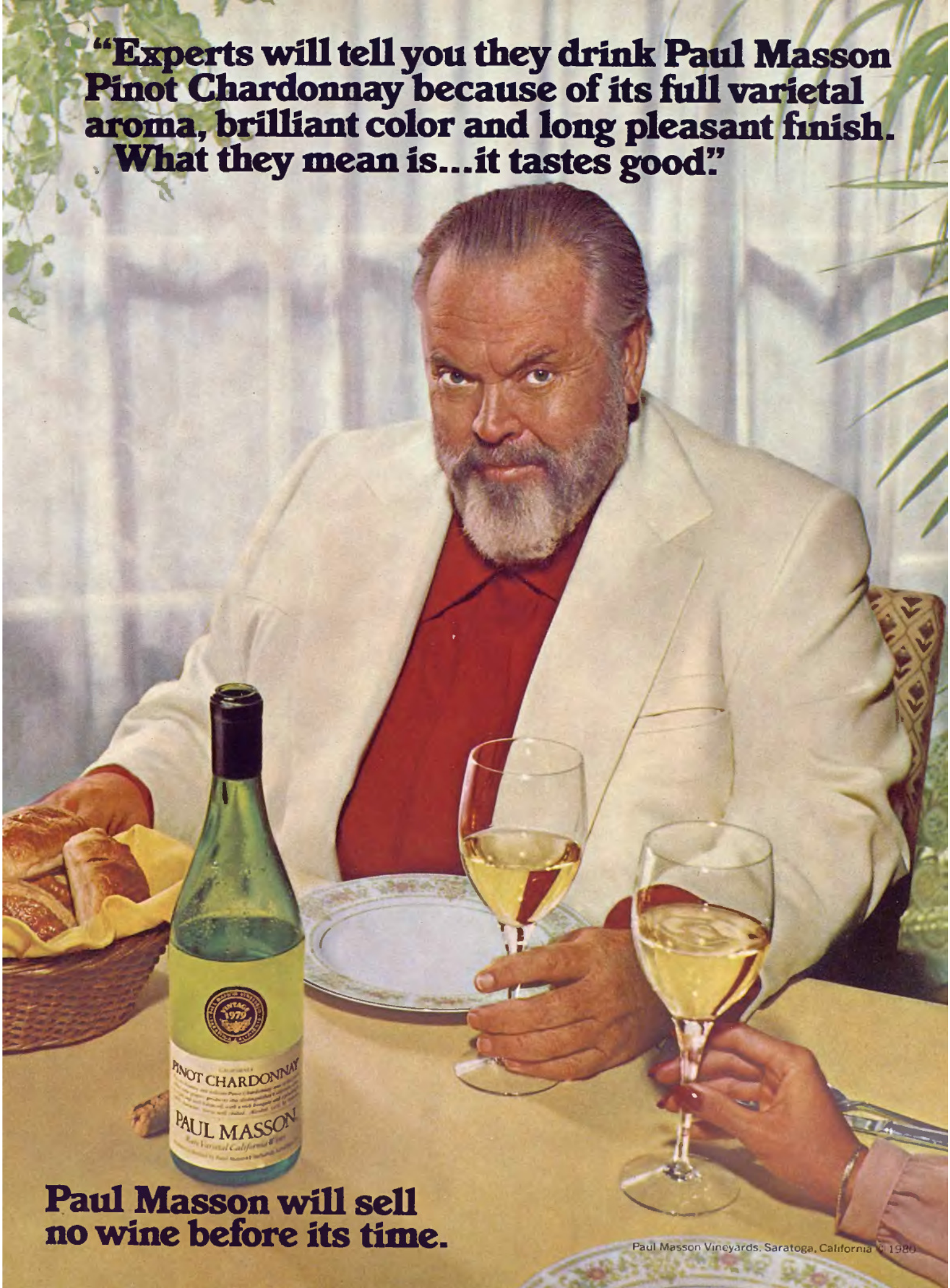
•

The indoor walk of the mall was bright and warm; coats unbuttoned, his arm over her shoulder, hers around his waist, they moved slowly among people and smells of frying meat, stopping at windows to look at shirts and coats and boots; they took egg rolls to a small pool with a fountain in its middle and sat on its low brick wall; they ate pizza alone on a bench that faced a displayed car; they had their photographs taken behind a curtain in a shop and paid the girl and left their address.

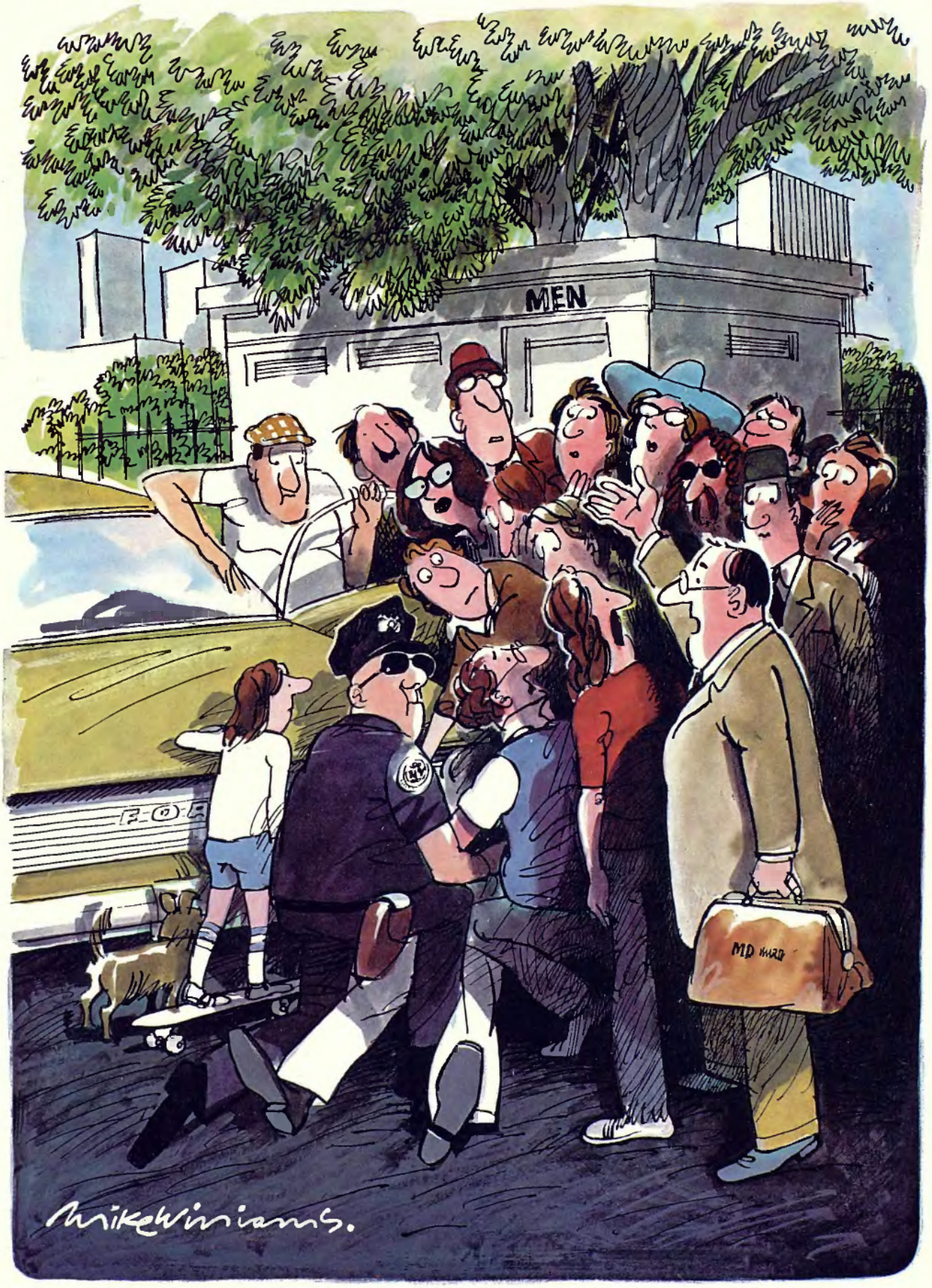
"You think she'll mail them to us?" Anna said.

"Sure."

They ate hamburgers standing at the counter, watching the old man work at the grill, then sat on a bench among potted plants to smoke. On the way to the department store, they bought fudge, and the taste of it lingered, sweet and rich in her mouth, and she wanted to go back for another piece, but they were in the store—large, with glaring white light—and as the young clerk wearing glasses and a thin mustache came to them, moving past television sets and record players, she held Wayne's arm. While the clerk and Wayne talked, she was aware of her gapped and jutting teeth, her pea jacket and old boots and jeans. She followed Wayne following the clerk; they stopped at a shelf of record players. She shifted her eyes from one to the other as they spoke; they often looked at her, and she said, "Yes. Sure." The soles of her feet ached and her calves were tired. She wanted to smoke but was afraid the clerk would forbid her. She swallowed the taste of fudge. Then she was sad. She watched Wayne and remembered him running out of the drugstore and, in the car, saying Jesus Christ, and she was ashamed that she was sad, and felt sorry for him


"Experts will tell you they drink Paul Masson Pinot Chardonnay because of its full varietal aroma, brilliant color and long pleasant finish. What they mean is...it tastes good."
PINOT CHARDONNAY
PAUL MASSON
Paul Masson will sell no wine before its time.
Paul Masson Vineyards, Saratoga, California © 1980

STP's New SON OF A GUN with
SUNSCREEN
an Exclusive Formula*
NEW exclusive
SUNSCREEN formula
STP
SON OF A GUN!
PROTECTOR
BEAUTIFIER
SCREENS HARMFUL
ULTRA VIOLET RAYS
ON VINYL, RUBBER & LEATHER
New Triple Silicone
formula provides
Longer Lasting
Shine and Protection
Now with
Fresh Clean Scent
© 1981 STP Corporation
* Patent Pending Sunscreen Formula



"Please let me through . . . I'm a doctor and I want to go to the toilet."

because he was not.

Now they were moving. He was hugging her and grinning and his thigh swaggered against her hip, and they were among shelved television sets. Some of them were turned on, but to different channels, and surrounded by those faces and bodies and colliding words, she descended again into her hangover. She needed a drink, a cigarette, a small place, not all this low-ceilinged breadth and depth, where shoppers in the awful light jumped in and out of her vision. Timmy's: the corner of the bar near the door, and a slow-sipped tequila salty dog and then one more to close the spaces in her brain and the corners of her vision, stop the tingling of her gums, and the crawling tingle inside her body as though ants climbed on her veins. In her coat pocket, her hand massaged the box of cigarettes; she opened it with a thumb, stroked filters with a finger.

She wanted to cry. She watched the pictures on one set: a man and a woman in a car, talking; she knew California from television and movies, and they were driving in California: the winding road, the low brown hills, the sea. The man was talking about dope and people's names. The clerk was talking about a guarantee. Wayne told him what he liked to watch, and as she heard hockey and baseball and football and movies, she focused so hard on imagining this set in their apartment and them watching it from the couch that she felt like she had closed her eyes, though she had not. She followed them to the cash register and looked around the room for the cap and shoulders of a policeman to appear in the light that paled skin and cast no shadow. She watched Wayne count the money; she listened to the clerk's pleased voice. Then Wayne was leading her away.

"Aren't we taking them?"

He stopped, looked down at her, puzzled; then he laughed and kissed the top of her head.

"We pick them up out back."

He was leading her again.

"Where are we going now?"

"Records. Remember? Unless you want to spend a fucking fortune on a stereo and just look at it."

Standing beside him, she gazed and blinked at album covers as he flipped them forward, pulled out some, talked about them. She tried to despise his transistor radio at home, tried to feel her old longing for a stereo and records, but as she looked at each album he held in front of her, she was glutted with spending and felt more like a thief than she had last night waiting outside the drugstore, and driving home from it. Again she imagined the apartment, saw where she would put the television, the record player; she would move the chest of drawers to the living room and put them on its top, facing the couch

Radar Clairvoyance

Nobody expects a radar detector like this

Clairvoyance is the ability to perceive matters beyond the range of ordinary perception. In this case: radar. The perception of ordinary radar detectors is frustrated by hills, blind corners, and roadside obstructions. What is offered here is very different—the ESCORT® radar warning receiver.

More than the basics

Any self-respecting radar detector covers the basics, and ESCORT is no exception. It picks up both X and K bands (10.525 and 24.150GHz) and has aural and visual alarms. It conveniently powers itself from your cigar lighter socket, has a power-on indicator, and mounts with either the included hook and loop fastener or the accessory visor clip. ESCORT's simple good looks and inconspicuous size (1.5H x 5.25W x 5D) make its installation easy, flexible, and attractive. But this is just the beginning.

The first difference—Unexpected range

ESCORT has a sixth sense for radar. That's good because radar situations vary tremendously. On the average, though, ESCORT can provide 3 to 5 times the range of ordinary detectors. To illustrate the importance of this difference, imagine a radar trap set up ¼ mile beyond the crest of a hill. A conventional detector would give warning barely before the crest; scant seconds before appearing in full range of the radar. In this example, a 3 times increase in range improves the margin to 30 seconds before the crest. For this kind of precognition, ESCORT must have 100 times as much sensitivity as the absolute best conventional units have. What makes this possible is, in a word, superheterodyne.

The technology

The superheterodyne technique was invented in 1918 by Signal Corps Capt. Edwin H. Armstrong. This circuit is the basis of just about every radio, television, and radar set in the world today. ESCORT is the first successful application of this method to the field of police radar detection. The key to this development is ESCORT's proprietary Varactor-Tuned Gunn Oscillator. It continuously searches for incoming signals and compares them to an internal reference. Only signals that match the radar frequencies are allowed to pass. This weeding-out process enables ESCORT to concentrate only on the signals that count. As a bonus, it takes only milliseconds; quick enough to catch any pulsed radar. The net result is vastly better range and fewer false alarms.

The second difference

All this performance makes things interesting. When a conventional detector sounds off, you know that radar is close at hand. However, a detector with ESCORT's range might find radar 10 miles away on the prairies. In the mountains, on the other hand, ESCORT can be limited to less than ½ mile warning. Equipped with conventional light and noise alarms, you wouldn't know whether the radar was a few seconds or 10 minutes from greeting you. The solution to this dilemma is ESCORT's unique signal strength indicating system. It consists of a soothing, variable rate beep that reacts to radar like a Geiger counter and an illuminated meter for fine definition. Its smooth and precise action relates signal strength clearly over a wide range. With a little practice, you can judge distance from its readings. An abrupt, strong reading tells you that a nearby radar has just been switched on; something other detectors leave you guessing about.

Nice extras

ESCORT has a few extras that make owning it even more special. The audible warning has a volume control you can adjust to your liking. It also sounds different depending on which radar band is being received. K band doesn't travel as far so its sound is more urgent. The alert lamp is photoelectrically dimmed after dark so it doesn't interfere with your night vision. And a unique city/highway switch adjusts X band sensitivity for fewer distractions from radar burglar alarms that share the police frequency.

Factory direct

Another nice thing about owning an ESCORT is that you deal directly with the factory. You get the advantage of speaking with the most knowledgeable experts available and saving both of us money at the same time. Further, in the unlikely event that your ESCORT ever needs repair, our service professionals are at your personal disposal. Everything you need is only a phone call or parcel delivery away.

Second opinions

CAR and DRIVER..."Ranked according to performance, the ESCORT is first choice...it looks like precision equipment, has a convenient visor mount, and has the most informative warning system of any unit on the market...the ESCORT boasts the most careful and clever planning, the most pleasing packaging, and the most solid construction of the lot."

BMWCCA ROUNDEL..."The volume control has a 'silky' feel to it; in fact the entire unit does. If you want the best, this is it. There is nothing else like it."

PLAYBOY..."ESCORT radar detectors...(are) generally acknowledged to be the finest, most sensitive, most uncompromising effort at high technology in the field."

PENTHOUSE..."ESCORT's performance stood out like an F-15 in a covey of Sabrejets."

AUTOWEEK..."The ESCORT detector from Cincinnati Microwave...is still the most sensitive, versatile detector of the lot."

No fooling

Now you know all about ESCORT. What about Cincinnati Microwave? When it comes to reliability, we don't fool around. ESCORT comes with a full one year limited warranty on both parts and labor. This could turn out to be expensive for the factory if many units fail in the field. They don't. So it isn't. We aren't kidding about ESCORT's performance either. And to prove it to you, we'll give you 30 days to test it for yourself. Buy an ESCORT and use it on your roads in your area. If you're not completely satisfied, send it back within 30 days and we will refund your purchase as well as pay for your postage costs to return it. No obligation.

How to order—It's easy

To order, nothing could be simpler. Just send five things to the the address below. Your name and address. How many ESCORTs and Visor Clips you want. Any special shipping instructions. Your phone number. And a check.

VISA MasterCard

Visa and Mastercard buyers may substitute their credit card number and expiration date for the check. Or call us toll free and save the trip to the mail box. Order today.

CALL TOLL FREE....800-543-1608
IN OHIO CALL.....513-772-3700

ESCORT.....$245.00
($11.03 Ohio res. tax)
Visor Clip.....$7.00
($0.32 Ohio res. tax)

CINCINNATI MICROWAVE®
Department 307
255 Northland Boulevard
Cincinnati, Ohio 45246

where—— She saw herself cooking. She was cooking macaroni and cheese for them to eat while they watched a movie; but she saw only the apartment now, then herself sweeping it. Wayne swept it, too, but often he either forgot or didn't see what she saw or didn't care about it. Sweeping was not hard, but it was still something to do and sometimes for days it seemed too much to do, and fluffs of dust gathered in corners and under furniture. So now she asked Wayne and he looked surprised and she was afraid he would be angry, but then he smiled and said OK. He took the records to the clerk and she watched the numbers come up on the register and the money go into the clerk's hand. Then Wayne led her past the corners and curves of washers and driers, deeper into the light of the store, where she chose a round blue vacuum cleaner.

•

She carried it, boxed, into the apartment; behind her on the stairs, Wayne carried the stereo in two boxes that hid his face. They went quickly downstairs again. Anna was waiting. She did not know what she was waiting for, but standing on the sidewalk as Wayne's head and shoulders went into the car, she was anxious and mute. She listened to his breathing and the sound of cardboard sliding over the car seat. She wanted to speak into the air between them, the air that had risen from the floor board coming home from the mall as their talk had slowed, repeated itself, then stopped. Whenever that happened, they were about to either fight or enter a time of shy loneliness. Now, grunting, he straightened with the boxed television in his arms; she grasped the free end and walked backward up the icy walk, telling him, "Not so *fast*," and he slowed and told her when she reached the steps and, feeling each one with her calves, she backed up them and through the door and he asked if she wanted him to go up first and she said, no, he had most of its weight, she was better off. She was breathing too fast to smell the stairway; sometimes she smelled cardboard and the television inside it, like oiled plastic; she belched and tasted hamburger, and when they reached the third floor, she was sweating. In the apartment, she took off her coat and went downstairs with him and they each carried up a boxed speaker. They brought the chest into the living room and set it down against the wall opposite the couch; she dusted its top and they put the stereo and the television on it. For a while, she sat on the couch, watching him connect wires. Then she went to the kitchen and took the vacuum cleaner from its box. She put it against the wall and leaned its pipes in the corner next to it and sat down to read the instructions. She looked at the illustrations and thought she was reading, but she was not. She was listening to Wayne in the living room: not to him, but to speakers sliding on the floor, the tapping touch of a screwdriver, and when she finished the pamphlet, she did not know what she had read. She put it in a drawer. Then, so that raising her voice would keep shyness from it, she called from the kitchen: "Can we go to Timmy's?"

"Don't you want to play with these?"

"No," she said. When he did not answer, she wished she had lied, and she felt again as she had in the department store when sorrow had enveloped her like a sudden cool breath from the television screens. She went into the living room and kneeled beside him, sitting on the floor, a speaker and wires between his legs; she nuzzled his cheek and said, "I'm sorry."

"I don't want to play with them, either. Let's go."

She got their coats and, as they were leaving, she stopped and looked back at the stereo and the television.

"Should we have bought it all in one place?" she said.

"It doesn't matter."

She hurried ahead of him down the stairs and out onto the sidewalk, then her feet slipped forward and up and he caught her against his chest. She hooked

THE SPARKOMATIC SOUND. WIDE OPEN AND SPACIOUS FOR AMERICA'S TRAVELIN' MAN.

Come the weekend, you head for the great outdoors. Traveling great distances to follow the lure of the land Even if you drive a compact, you've got Sparkomatic's wide open and spacious sound big as life.

GE 50 Equalizer/Booster

Fitting big sound into small space is a feat. And Sparkomatic achieved it. Audio purists are heaping praise upon it. Even the leading source in consumer reporting, reported Sparkomatic best in their tests.

Just switch on Sparkomatic's SR 304 Cassette AM/FM Stereo inside any European, Japanese or small domestic car including Citation. It fits. And the features and specs are phenomenal. Highlighted by a high-performance cassette with locking fast forward and rewind. And more.

And speak about spacious! Sparkomatic's SK 400 Dual Cone Speakers are small on indoor space. But gigantic on output. The separation and virtually distortion-free (no "ear pollution" here) fidelity is outstanding.

Pack our compact GE 50 Equalizer/Booster into your system and you have an abundance of power to play with.

Want to know more? Let your Sparkomatic dealer shed some new light on the subject of compact car stereo equipment.

For our free Car Sound catalog, write "For The Travelin' Man", Dept. PL, Sparkomatic Corporation, Milford, PA 18337.

SPARKOMATIC®

For the Travelin' Man...and Woman®

FILM CLASSICS

NOTHING SACRED
starring Carole Lombard
and Fredric March

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS
singing voices of Lanny Ross
and Jessica Dragonette

SANTA FE TRAIL
starring Errol Flynn
and Olivia De Haviland

THE LITTLE PRINCESS
starring Shirley Temple

THE THIRD MAN
starring Orson Welles
and Joseph Cotten

Plus . . .

THE BIRTH OF A NATION — THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL — TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY — THE JUNGLE BOOK — A STAR IS BORN — THE EVIL MIND — HORROR EXPRESS — DIABOLIQUE — REPULSION — NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD — THE 39 STEPS — M — THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH — SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT — RAIN — THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL — GHIDRAH, THE THREE-HEADED MONSTER — THE SOUTHERNER — THE STRANGER — THE OUTLAW — STAGE DOOR CANTEEN — THE BLUE ANGEL — REEFER MADNESS

Here's your chance to experience the greatest and most memorable movie classics ever filmed, right on your own home screen. Meticulously transferred to video tape from original film masters, these cinema giants can now be enjoyed in the comfort and convenience of your living room, with all of the intensity they had when first (as long as a half-century ago) they were viewed by fascinated millions on the "silver screen."

Suggested Retail Price $49.95 — $79.95

© 1980 FILM CLASSICS, INC.

use your MASTERCARD — VISA — AMERICAN EXPRESS — CARTE BLANCHE — DINERS CLUB

DIRECT VIDEO

1717 N. Highland Suite 701 Los Angeles, CA 90028 (800) 423-2452 Calif. (213) 764-0348

June OUI is packed with star attractions, such as sultry centerfold Toni White and a full house of features on some of cinema's hottest personalities. You'll find a conversation with sexy actress Karen Black and read about the triumphs and tragedies of exiled director Roman Polanski. For laughs, Monty Python's Eric Idle wacks out, and for screams, Godzilla goes ape. Between shows, June OUI talks to the Cleveland Indians' Joe Charboneau, checks out the best sports cars under $10,000 and ushers in some of the loveliest ladies you'll ever see. June OUI. Your ticket to super entertainment. At newsstands now.

$49.95 NEVER SOUNDED THIS GOOD!

You won't believe the sound of the Sonora Sportsmate. More than a portable radio, it's a portable AM/FM stereo receiver! Just flip the switch, put on the featherlite earphones, and wherever you are, the beautiful music is yours. The sound is so rich and pure, you'll swear you're listening to one of the world's most expensive stereos.

TURN IT ON AND LET IT TURN YOU ON!

The Sportsmate is designed to go where you go. Its computer circuitry and space-age design make it super lite! A special built-in clip lets you attach it to your belt or pocket. You can take it anywhere—skating, skiing, or jogging. Take it to the beach or the ballgame, the office or the opera. The Sportsmate is perfect everywhere.

IT'S YOUR OWN, PRIVATE, STEREO RECEIVER.

4½" x 3" x 1" radio unit.
Weighs 12 ounces.
Carrying case.
Stereo balance control; stereo indicator light.
Operates on 3 AA batteries.

AN AM/FM STEREO RECEIVER FOR $49.95?

Other comparable units retail for up to 3 times the price of the Sportsmate! Now, for the price of theirs, you can get two, one for you and one for her.

CALL TOLL-FREE AND ORDER YOUR SPORTSMATE TODAY.

The Sportsmate is FCC approved and guaranteed by Markline. To order your Sportsmate by mail, send $49.95 plus $3.50 for shipping, handling and insurance (Massachusetts residents add $2.50 state tax). You can also order by calling Markline, toll-free, at 800-225-8493 or 800-225-8390.

Call or write to order Markline's Free Catalog.

OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD ELECTRONICS.

The Sportsmate is one of the many unusual and exciting electronic products we carry. Our new, 32-page, full color catalog features the newest and the best in unusual electronics, from talking clocks to hand-held computers. Give us a call and we'll send you our free catalog.

Markline was featured in "Best of the Catalogs" in *Playboy's Guide to Electronics Entertainment,* fall 1980.

MasterCard VISA

ORDER TOLL-FREE

800-225-8493
800-225-8390
(IN MASS. 1-617-891-6495)

MARKLINE

P.O. Box 171 Dept. 5690
Belmont, MA 02178

her arm in his and they crossed the street and the parking lot; she looked to her left into the Sunnycorner, two men and a woman lined at the counter and Sally punching the register. She looked fondly at the warm light in there, the colors of magazine covers on the rack, the red soft-drink refrigerator, the long shelves of bread.

"What a hangover I had. And I didn't make any mistakes."

She walked fast, each step like flight from the apartment. They went through the lot of Chevrolet pickups, walking single file between the trucks, and now if she looked back, she would not be able to see their lawn; then past the broad-windowed showroom of new cars, and she thought of their—his—old Comet. Standing on the curb, waiting for a space in traffic, she tightly gripped his arm. They trotted across the street to Timmy's door and entered the smell of beer and smoke. Faces turned from the bar, some hands lifted in a wave. It was not ten o'clock yet, the dining room was just closing, and the people at the bar stood singly, not two or three deep like last night, and the tables in the rear were empty. McCarthy was working. Anna took her place at the corner and he said, "You make it to work at seven?"

"How did you know?"

"Oh, my *God*, I've got to be at work at seven; another tequila, Johnny."

She raised a hand to her laughter, and covered it.

"I made it. I made it and tomorrow I don't work till three, and I'm going to have *two* tequila salty dogs and that's *all*: then I'm going to bed."

Wayne ordered a shot of brandy and a draft, and when McCarthy went to the middle of the bar for the beer, she asked Wayne how much was left, though she already knew, or nearly did, and when he said about 220, she was ahead of his answer, nodding but paying no attention to the words, the numbers, seeing those strange visitors in their home, staring from the top of the chest, sitting on the kitchen floor; then McCarthy brought their drinks and went away, and she found on the bar the heart enclosing their initials that she and Wayne had carved, drinking one crowded night when McCarthy either did not see them or pretended not to.

"I don't want to feel bad," she said.

"Neither me."

"Let's don't. Can we get bicycles?"

"All of one and most of the other."

"Do you want one?"

"Sure. I need to get back in shape."

"Where can we go?"

"The Schwinn place."

"I mean riding."

"All over. When it thaws. There's nice roads everywhere. I know some trails in the woods and one of them goes to a pond. A big pond."

"We can go swimming."

"Sure."

"We should have bought a canoe."

"Instead of what?"

She was watching McCarthy make a tom collins and a gimlet.

"I don't know," she said.

"I guess we bought winter sports."

"Maybe we should have got a freezer and a lot of food. You know what's in the refrigerator?"

"You said you didn't want to feel bad."

"I don't."

"So don't."

"What about you?"

"I don't want to, either. Let's have another round and hang it up."

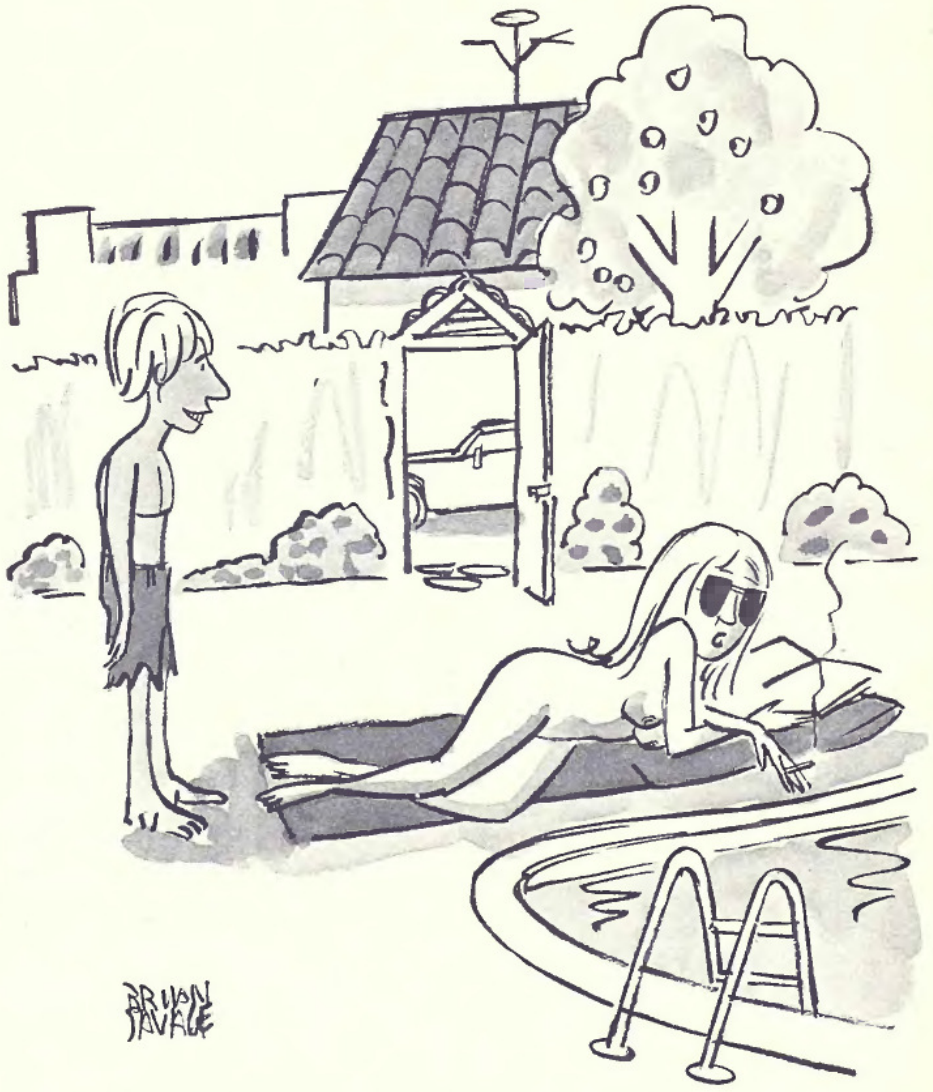
•

In the morning, she woke at six, not to an alarm but out of habit: her flesh alert, poised to dress and go to work, and she got up and went naked and shivering to the bathroom, then to the kitchen, where, gazing at the vacuum cleaner, she drank one of the glasses of milk. In the living room, she stood on the cold floor in front of the television and the stereo, hugging herself. She was suddenly tired, her first and false energy of the day gone, and she crept into bed, telling herself she could sleep now, she did not have to work till three, she could sleep: coaxing, as though her flesh were a small child wakened in the night. She stopped shivering, felt sleep coming upward from her legs; she breathed slowly with it, and escaped into it, away from memory of last night's striving flesh: she and Wayne, winter-pallid yet sweating in their long quiet coupled work at coming until they gave up and their fast dry breaths slowed and the Emmylou Harris album ended, the stereo clicked into the silence, a record dropped and Willie Nelson sang *Stardust*.

"I should have got some 'Ludes and Percs, too," he said.

Her hand found his on the sheet and covered it.

"I was too scared. It was bad enough



"Go home, Jimmy. The only way to improve my game is to play with someone better than myself."

THE FIRST BOAT SHOE DESIGNED TO PERFORM AS WELL ON LAND AS IT DOES AT SEA.

The boat shoe we're referring to is made by Timberland. And it's the first one that takes into account this simple fact:

MOST PEOPLE WHO WEAR BOAT SHOES NEVER SET FOOT ON A BOAT.

The boat shoe, as we know it today, is actually a misnomer.

Because what started out as something worn exclusively by people who sail is now something worn by virtually everyone.

Today, boat shoes are as acceptable with a sport jacket and tie on Saturday night as they are with foul-weather gear that same afternoon.

The problem is, while their acceptance has improved tremendously, the quality of boat shoes hasn't.

THE TIMBERLAND BOAT SHOE VS. THE SPERRY TOP-SIDER®

When people think of boat shoes, one name always comes to mind. Sperry Top-Sider®

We're about to change that. And we've started at the bottom.

The sole on Sperry's biggest-selling boat shoe is made of a soft rubber compound. Timberland's is a rugged Vibram® sole.

Theirs is anti-skid, anti-slip; excellent on boats. So is ours.

But where Sperry's sole falls down is on land. Sperry's sole is stitched directly to their uppers. When the stitching breaks, Sperry's sole flaps. Timberland's sole is bonded to a mid-sole. Ours doesn't flap.

But the heart of a Timberland boat shoe isn't just the sole. Unlike Sperry's, Timberland's uppers are made only of waterproof leathers which are impregnated with oil.

Timberland uses waterproof leather impregnated with oil. It remains soft and supple. Sperry Top-Sider® leather has a painted-on pigment finish. It eventually dries out and cracks.

Our laces are rawhide. To prevent rusting and resist salt, our eyelets are solid brass. Sperry's are painted metal. Once the paint goes, so does the protection.

An abrasion count measures a sole's resistance to wear and tear. The higher the number, the better. Sperry's abrasion count is about 70. Timberland's is twice that.

We use only solid brass eyelets. They use painted metal ones.

Finally, Timberland boat shoes are completely handsewn. They're so comfortable, the breaking-in period ends the day you put them on. And they're handcrafted in New England, by people whose families have been practicing this art for generations. While Sperry's are often made by machine, a long boat ride away.

So what it comes down to is this: You can get a pair of boat shoes designed to hold up well just on a boat. Or a pair of boat shoes designed to hold up.

Timberland®

The Timberland Company,
P.O. Box 370, Newmarket, New Hampshire 03857

Available at Vanguard-Open Country.

waiting for the *money*. I kept waiting for somebody to come in and blow me away. Even him. If he'd had a gun, he could have. But I should have got some drugs."

"It wouldn't have mattered."

"We could have sold it."

"It wouldn't matter."

"Why?"

"There's too much to get. There's no way we could ever get it all."

"A *lot* of it, though. *Some* of it."

She rubbed the back of his hand, his knuckles, his nails. She did not know when he fell asleep. She slept two albums later, while Waylon Jennings sang. And slept now, deeply, in the morning, and woke when she heard him turning, rising, walking heavily out of the room.

She got up and made coffee and did not see him until he came into the kitchen wearing his one white shirt and one pair of blue slacks and the black shoes: he had bought them all in one store in 20 minutes of quiet anger, with money she gave him the day Wendy's hired him; he returned the money on his first payday. The toes of the shoes were scuffed now. She kept the shirt clean, some nights washing it in the sink when he came home and hanging it on a chair back near the radiator so he could wear it next day; he would not buy another one, because, he said, he hated spending money on something he didn't want.

When he left, carrying the boxes out to the dumpster, she turned last night's records over. She read the vacuum-cleaner pamphlet, joined the dull silver pipes and white hose to the squat and round blue tank and stepped on its switch. The cord was long and she did not have to change it to an outlet in another room; she wanted to remember to tell Wayne it was funny that the cord was longer than their place. She finished quickly and turned it off and could hear the records again.

She lay on the couch until the last record ended, then got the laundry bag from the bedroom and soap from the kitchen, and left. On the sidewalk, she turned around and looked up at the front of the building, old and green in the snow and against the blue glare of the sky. She scraped the car's glass and drove to the laundry: two facing rows of machines, moist warm air, gurgling rumble and whining spin of washers, resonant clicks and loud hiss of driers, and put in clothes and soap and coins. At a long table, women smoked and read magazines, and two of them talked as they shook crackling electricity from clothes they folded. Anna took a small wooden chair from the table and sat watching the round window of the machine, watched her clothes and Wayne's tossing past it, like children waving from a Ferris wheel.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

PIGGY GOES TO MARKET

Pigs are riding pretty high on the hog these days and it's not just Miss Piggy who's responsible for the porker's increased popularity. A store called Hog Wild! at 280 Friend Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02114, has taken piggy to market by selling a barnyard full of pig-related items—everything from a $1000 fiberglass-and-oak rocking pig (left) to piggy shorts, T-shirts, swizzle sticks, stuffed animals, bikini briefs, pig-out invitations—and even a child's pine pig seat, where young porkers can park their hams. (The foam-rubber pig hat pictured here is $11.50, postpaid.) To really go whole hog, however, send $1 for Hog Wild!'s catalog. It's a hogalog of goodies—and the store's sales-pigs definitely aren't swine.

SPLASH WITH DASH

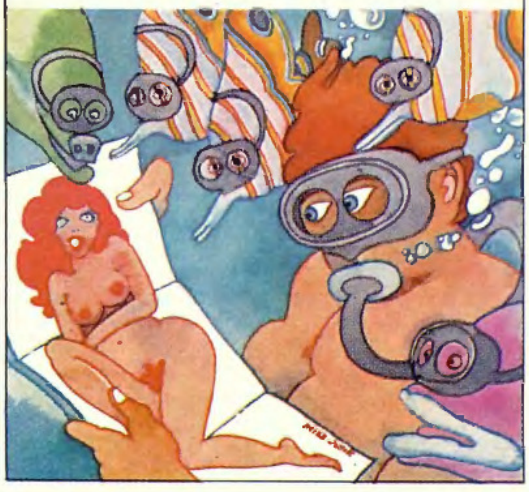
Going down to the sea in style used to mean climbing behind the wheel of a sporty mahogany speedboat for an afternoon of jumping waves. It still can: Black Bottom Runabouts, P.O. Box 1552, Rocky Point, L.I., New York 11778, is manufacturing a 16-foot mahogany replica of the fabulous speedboats of the Forties, complete with brass fittings, a 225-hp engine and other water-borne goodies. The price: $18,700 F.O.B. New York. Hit the beach.

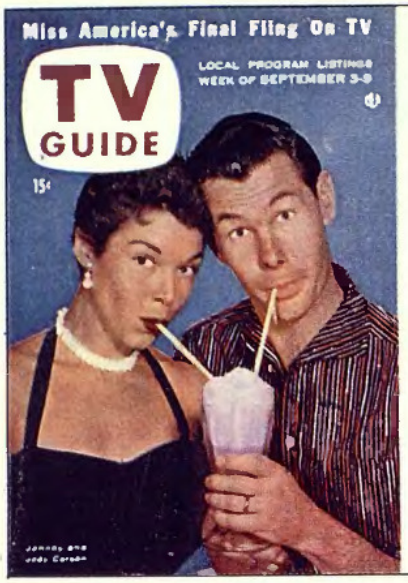
REAGAN AND THE BEAN STALK

When Ronald Reagan's hand reaches across the Presidential desk and grabs something red, it's not the hotline but just a handful of Jelly Bellys—the gourmet jelly beans that Goelitz Candy Co. in Oakland, California, is producing at a record rate as Americans shuck Carter peanuts for the sweet taste of Republican success. Jelly Bellys, which sell for about $4 a pound in class-act department and candy stores, come in 36 delicious flavors, including papaya, cotton candy, hot jalapeño pepper, chocolate and coconut. Grits isn't one of them.

BASIC SEEMANSHIP

Anyone who wears glasses knows that it's no fun to scuba dive when you can't tell a barnacle from a barracuda. To the surface comes Squid Inc., a company at 1555 North Dearborn Parkway, Chicago, Illinois 60610, marketing a prescription underwater mask. Just send Squid Inc. your prescription for each eye and $75 for glass lenses ($85 for plastic ones) and it'll see to it that you never mistake a girl for a buoy again.



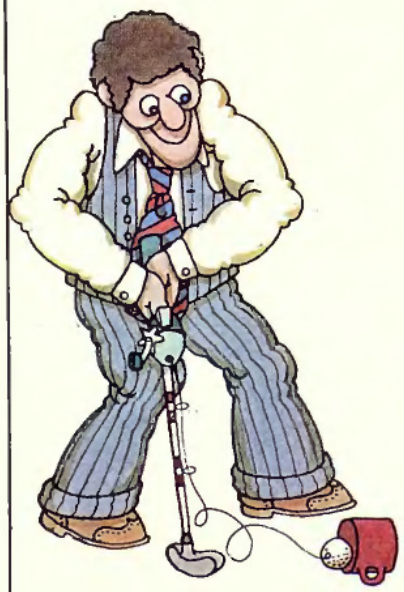


JOHNNY, WE HARDLY KNOW YOU

Every week for 28 years, you've been tossing out the *TV Guide* with Friday night's fish, right? Too bad, dummy, because Jeffrey Kadet, who operates TV Guide Specialists, Box 90, Rockville, Maryland 20850, buys and sells old *Guides* like bars of gold. His catalog costs $2—and if you really want to read something and weep, he's asking $130 for the 1956 Elvis Presley one. This 1955 Jody and Johnny Carson copy goes for a paltry $25. We'll take a dozen.

BRIEFLY SPEAKING

There's the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Fruit of the Month Club; now comes the Brief of the Month Club—an unusual merchandising idea that allows you to select a different sexy bikini-style brief each month for only $6.50 per pair sent to Centurian, P.O. Box 137(R), Holbrook, New York 11741. (A brochure of styles is $1.) Or you can take potluck and have Centurian send you a different style each month (small, medium or large) as an undie surprise. Yes, girls, there's a ladies' club, too, so sign up if your skivvies are looking a bit ratty.



DUFFER'S REEL DEAL

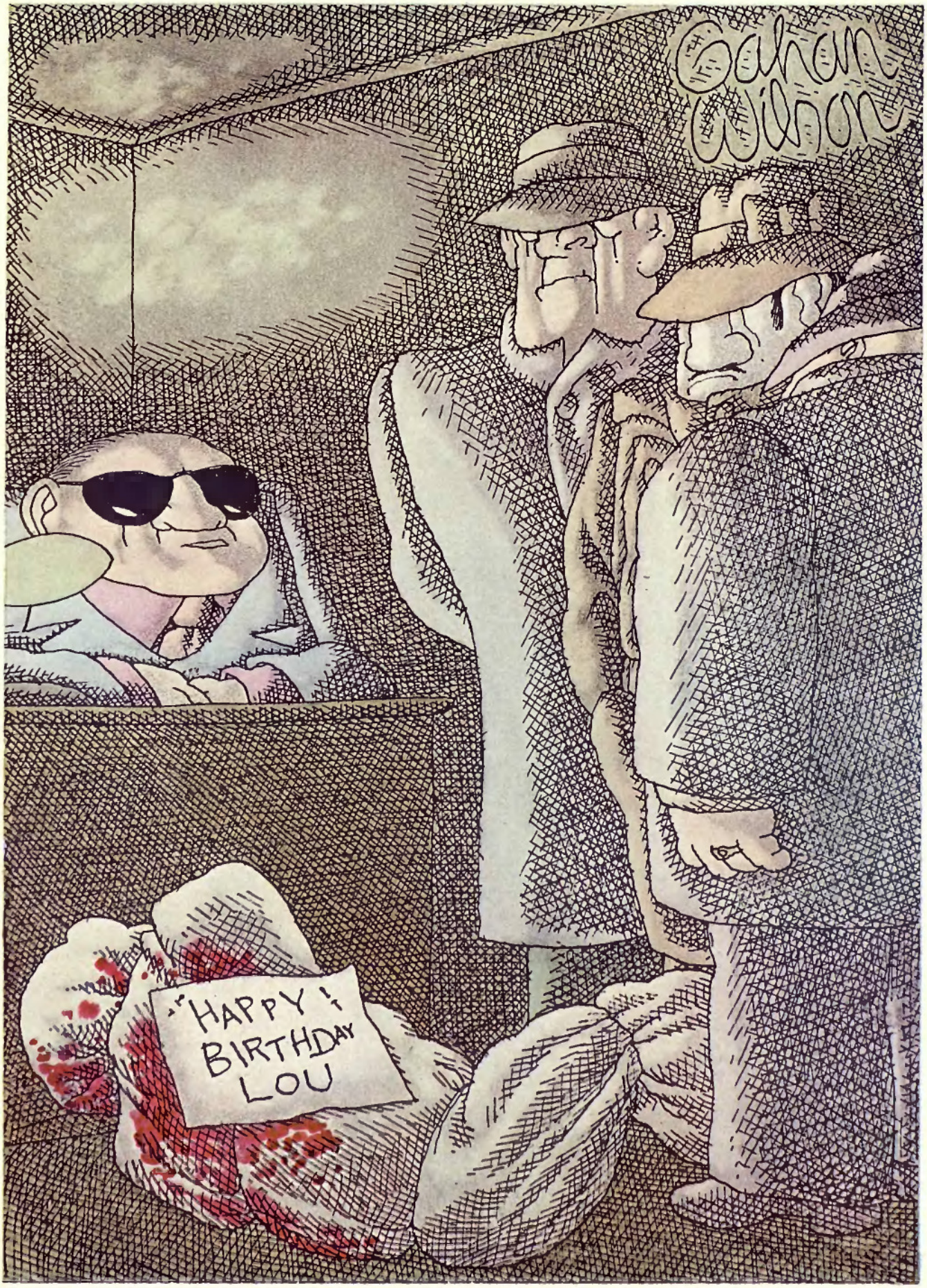
Not every executive has a secretary willing to go after his balls (*golf* balls, you feelthy-minded duffer) that he traditionally putts about the office on days when he's too lazy to head for the links. That's when a Lay-Z-Putter comes in handy—and even though it looks like it was created by Rip Taylor or Spike Jones, this curious gadget with a Repco fishing reel attached really does putt straight with no line drag. The price is $36.95, postpaid, sent to Lay-Z-Putter, 13823 Clifton Boulevard, Lakewood, Ohio 44107. Remember, you never have to tip the caddie.

CATALOGING THE CATALOGS

To keep you abreast of the most unusual goodies your mail-order money can buy, Maria Elena de La Iglesia, who wrote *The Catalogue of Catalogues*, is now offering the *Catalogue of Catalogues* newsletter, published five times annually for $10 sent to the newsletter at 250 West 94th Street, New York City 10025. A recent issue lists sources for Tyrolean leatherwear, gourmet chocolates, plus an English firm that's "whip and glove makers to the queen."

ALICE MALICE

California artist Julie Inman paints what she likes—and judging from her latest creation, *Malice in Wonderland*, what she likes is the stuff that nasty children's dreams are made of. If you'd like to hang this 16″ x 22″ print in your little girl's room, send $17 to Miss Inman at 1278 Glenneyre, Suite #1, Laguna Beach, California 92651. (A signed and numbered limited-edition print costs $62.) Who knows? Someday your daughter may grow up to be Squeaky Fromme.



"I'm very touched, fellows."

Call this man. He could connect you with $25,000.

Enter the "Call Johnnie Walker® Red Contest." Win $20,000 first prize plus a $5,000 bonus. From any phone dial toll-free 1-800-223-0353 (In N.Y. State call: 1-800-522-5630)

The toll-free call you make to Johnnie Walker Red will get you the question that could be worth $20,000 in prize money. And at your participating Johnnie Walker Red liquor store, you'll find our contest display with the bonus question that could win you an extra $5,000.

The answer to the $20,000 question can be found on the labels of any Johnnie Walker Red bottle. The answer to the $5,000 bonus question is on the special greeting card gift boxes you'll find at most liquor stores that sell Johnnie Walker Red.

Look for our unique Greeting Card Gift Boxes.

So make your toll-free call to Johnnie Walker Red. And clip out the entry form from this ad or get one from your local participating restaurant or liquor store. It could add up to $25,000 for you.

"Call Johnnie Walker Red Contest" —Official Rules

1. To enter, fill in official entry form or, on a 3" x 5" plain piece of paper, clearly print your name, address and the answer to the official contest question. The question can be obtained by dialing the Johnnie Walker Red national toll-free number, 1-800-223-0353. New York State residents dial toll-free 1-800-522-5630. Dial any time, day or night, seven days a week, from April 20th to June 30th, 1981, or if you wish to have the question mailed to you, write Johnnie Walker Red Contest Question, P.O. Box 85, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576. Please print your name, address, city, state and zip code. The information needed to answer the question may be found by looking at the labels on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch Whisky. Labels may also be obtained by requesting some from: Labels, P.O. Box 34, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576. Please print your name, address, city, state and zip code. To qualify for the Bonus Prize, print the year in which the Johnnie Walker Red Greeting Card Gift Box was copyrighted. You'll find that year on the box, or send to Johnnie Walker Red Bonus, P.O. Box 6, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576 for Bonus Greeting Copy from which you may deduce the answer. **2.** Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope no larger than 4-1/8"x 9-1/2." Mail to Johnnie Walker Red Contest, P.O. Box 8016, New Canaan, Connecticut 06842. Entries must be postmarked by July 3, 1981. **3.** Winner will be determined in a random drawing, from among all correctly answered and eligible entries, conducted by V.I.P. Service, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decision is final, and will be notified by mail. **4.** Grand Prize: $20,000 in cash. Bonus Prize: $5,000 in cash. Winner will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility and release granting to Somerset Importers, Ltd. the right to use winner's name and photos in its publicity. **5.** Bonus Prize will be awarded if Grand Prize winner correctly answers Bonus question. Both prizes (total value $25,000) will be awarded if Bonus question is answered correctly. If not, $20,000 will be awarded. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the winner. **6.** Contest open to residents of the United States. Employees and their families of Somerset Importers, Ltd., Norton Simon, Inc. and its operating companies, their advertising agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, and V.I.P. Service, Inc. are not eligible. Contest void in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas, Utah and wherever prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. **7.** ENTRANTS MUST BE OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE UNDER THE LAWS OF THEIR HOME STATE. **8.** To learn winner's name, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to: Johnnie Walker Red Winner's Name, P.O. Box 202, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576. Please do not send entries to this box number. **9.** Entry forms mechanically reproduced not acceptable. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.

Official Entry Form "Call Johnnie Walker® Red Contest"

First Prize $20,000.
Bonus Prize $5,000.

To enter the "Call Johnnie Walker® Red Contest" you must answer the contest question. To obtain the contest question dial toll-free 1-800-223-0353 (New York State residents dial toll-free 1-800-522-5630). Then look at the labels on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch and print your answer below.

ANSWER _____

BONUS ANSWER _____

Mail your completed entry form to: "Call Johnnie Walker Red Contest" P.O. Box 8016, New Canaan, Connecticut 06842

I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state.

_____
NAME

_____
ADDRESS

_____
CITY

_____
STATE ZIP

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies, 86.8 Proof.
Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y., N.Y. 10036 ©1981.

BLOOD SPORT

(continued from page 120)

"Survival is an art. Survivors are artists. The best acting is done in daily life, not on the stage."

perks. Grieff talks about profits, bottom line, the dazzling future. He lets *them* suggest what they'll offer him, nodding his head impatiently, almost with embarrassment, as if those details were of no interest to him compared with the challenge and excitement of the job at hand.

They almost think he'd pay them to let him do the job. By the time he's through, they're throwing limos, stock options and health-club memberships at him, and he's shrugging—sure, that's fine, whatever you guys want. I'll take whatever you think is fair. Shit, I don't care if I ride the *subway*, except it's a waste of time, but let me tell you how I can turn this area around for you. . . .

•

It's easy to overlook the fact that success is not a question of ego, because most successful people are egomaniacs, self-involved to an extraordinary degree. But (and it's the 24-kt. but) they have their ego firmly under control. Survivors know that pride and ego are heavy burdens to carry on the way up. As the late Harry Cohn, the foulmouthed, tough, genius boss of Columbia Studios, used to say, "I need a guy, I'll kiss his ass in Macy's window at high noon; I'm not proud."

You want the deep respect of your peers; you don't want to demean yourself; your self-image is important to you? Congratulations; you're a wonderful human being. But that sudden pain between the shoulder blades just may be a knife. Survivors believe in getting what they want. As one successful executive thoughtfully said, "I need to feel good about myself 24 hours a day. And I feel good about myself when I've *won*."

A scene: The garden of a house in Bel Air, California, survival capital of the Western world. Here is the town where a guy can blow $20,000,000 or $30,000,000 on a movie and get financing for another even as the first one is sinking, because, in the words of one executive, "At least a guy like that *thinks* big, you know. There's always a chance he'll score; whereas some *schlep* who hasn't got the guts for a big failure probably won't ever have a hit."

This is the town where, when David Begelman, the studio boss, was convicted of check forgery, he was sentenced to make a documentary film on drug addiction (in other towns, he probably would have gotten one to ten in the slammer) and given a standing ovation by the "industry" when he went into Ma Maison for lunch after the sentencing. "Look," someone explained, "he made money for Columbia, right?"

In any case, Daren Yegrin, the head of a major studio, is waiting by the pool of his Bel Air home for the arrival of a man he hates, Bobby Dime. Bobby is a film maker who has made at least two expensive flops for Yegrin, who had a much-publicized love affair with Mrs. Yegrin, who divorced her husband to marry Bobby, with even more publicity. Bobby has been in litigation with Yegrin for years. There are lawyers who have bought themselves beach houses in Malibu from the feud between those two men.

The pool is empty. Yegrin is not the kind of guy who wastes time swimming. Just at the moment, he *needs* Bobby Dime. A car door slams, Dime comes up through the lemon groves and topiary bushes, tanned, lean, handsome, shirt open to the waist; his face lights up in a smile. Yegrin stops grinding his teeth with rage, smiles like a maniac, rushes down the steps, throws his arms around Bobby, hugs, pats, feels, strokes, paws.

He virtually drags Dime to the pool, takes his arm as if they are about to be married, raises it high above his shoulder, hand in hand, and says with profound emotion, "This is my boy!"

Bobby looks touched, moved, humbled. He takes Yegrin's hands in his. "You've always been like a father to me, Daren," he says, his voice husky with emotion. "So what's the deal?"

What's the deal? The deal, as it turns out, is pretty much what you'd expect. Bobby will drop his lawsuits against Yegrin. Bobby's wife (Yegrin's ex) will give back the two Maillol bronzes she took with her when she left Yegrin. Yegrin will finance Bobby's new movie. . . .

Bobby walks back to his car. An associate asks Yegrin how he managed to bridge the hostility so quickly. "Schmuck," Yegrin says pleasantly, staring at his empty pool, "I *need* the cocksucker, he needs me. You got to hand it to Bobby. He's a *survivor*."

A touch of affection crosses Yegrin's face. Survivors are a class apart: realists, operators, guys you can trust because you know they can always be relied on to do the best they can for themselves, and at least that's consistent. You can count on them for *something*.

Doesn't Yegrin resent the fact that Bobby ran off with his wife? Yegrin looks pained. As of ten minutes ago, Bobby is his brother, his son, a fabulous guy. Yegrin has little or no patience with people who don't get the message. "That was a long time ago," he says. "Besides, what's a wife compared to a picture?"

•

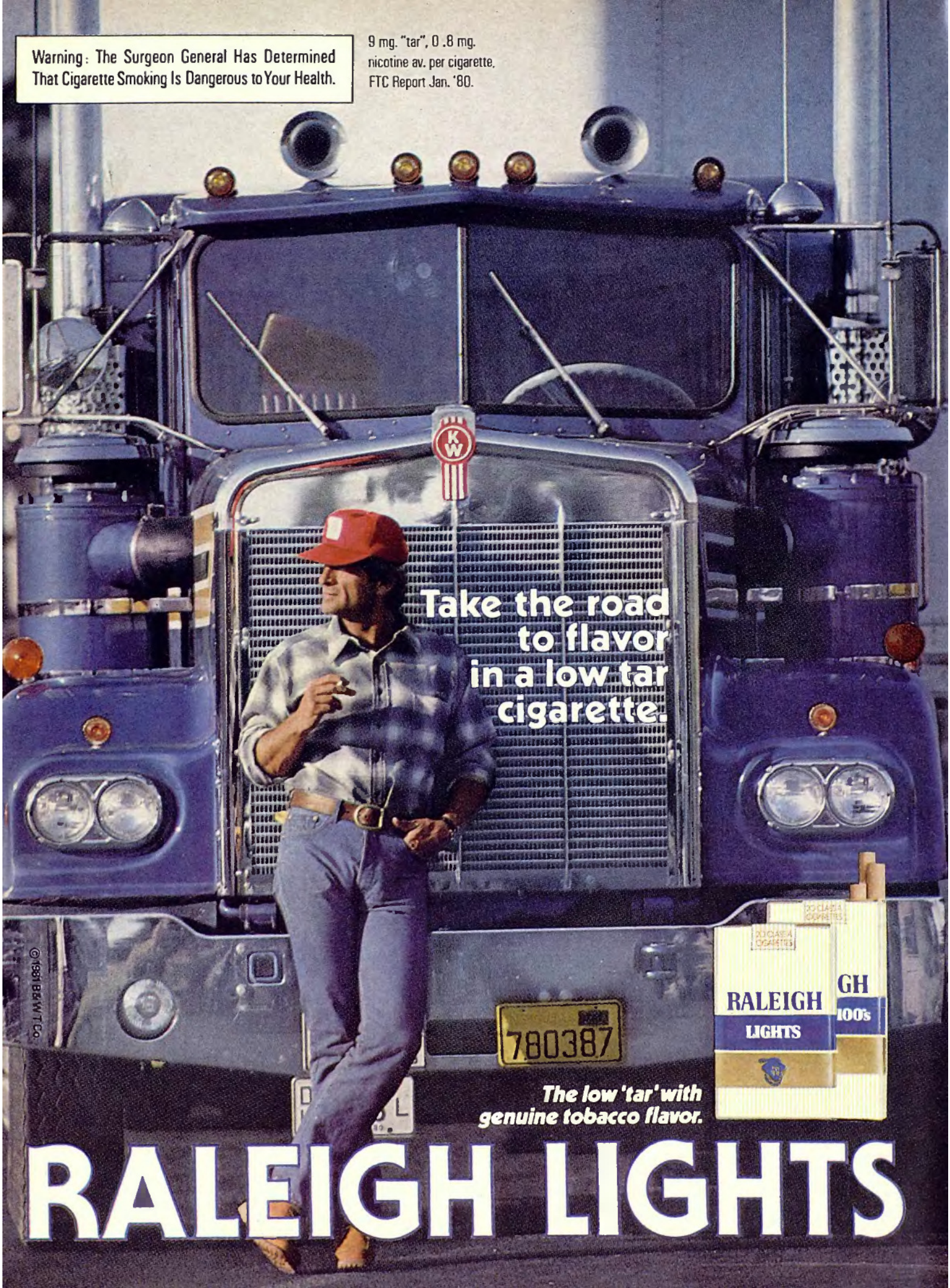
Survival is an art. Survivors are artists. The best acting is done in daily life, not

Stren® fishing is catching.

Great fishing is something you want to share. It's a test of skill. A touch of luck. And the good feel of tackle you can trust. That's why you're fishing Du Pont Stren® fishing line. Because Stren has the proven toughness to take on anything that comes along. And the easy handling to keep your fishing fun. Cast after cast. Fish after fish. That's why more people fish Du Pont Stren than any other premium line.

The best fishing is Stren fishing.

DU PONT


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
9 mg. "tar", 0 .8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '80.
Take the road to flavor in a low tar cigarette.
780387
RALEIGH
LIGHTS
The low 'tar' with genuine tobacco flavor.
RALEIGH LIGHTS

"Why can't you just sell pottery and blankets like everybody else?"

on the stage. My late uncle Sir Alexander Korda, the motion-picture producer who could "charm money out of an empty safe," was a gifted survivor. Once, a group of investors called him in to complain that he had lost £5,000,000 of their money. Most men would have tried to defend themselves. Alex did not. He sat there, the living picture of dejection and guilt. They were right, he said quietly; he had been wasteful, careless. He had chosen the wrong scripts, paid too little attention to the budgets. He was too old for this business. He would retire. Perhaps he would be happier living simply in Antibes or Monte Carlo. He might write his memoirs. Possibly a few old friends would visit him, though he doubted it. He only hoped the investors would forgive him.

Within an hour, the investors were busy encouraging Alex, cheering him up. It was out of the question for him to resign; they wouldn't *hear* of it. And by lunchtime, Alex had £2,000,000 more of their money and was back in the action again. When I asked him if he was happy about it, he shook his head, exhaling a cloud of cigar smoke inside his Rolls-Royce. "No," he said, "I let them off too easy. They would have put up three or four million, I think. Still, it's a good lesson for you to learn. Always settle for less than you could get. It doesn't hurt to have a reputation as a gentleman."

•

Survivors never fall on their faces. They don't show pain, fear, resentment or defeat. They have, to use the basic word, *balls*. Also *chutzpah*, realism and a sense of self-interest as highly developed as a bat's sonar. Plus a certain degree of inevitable ruthlessness. If you already *have* all those qualities, and are using them to the maximum degree, you're in good shape for the Eighties, whatever form the apocalypse takes. If there's the slightest fear in your mind that maybe, just *maybe*, you're not moving as fast as you'd like to, or as fast as the guy (or gal) next to you, there are a number of things you should learn about survival. In fact, if your salary isn't increasing by 20 percent a year, given the current rate of inflation, you'd better start learning *fast*.

Survival *can* be learned. Start by recognizing that the days of the organization man (or woman) are gone, partly because organizations themselves are becoming more flexible, less hierarchic, forced to change at a rapid pace because of new technology and unimaginable financial conditions. Organizations no longer "look after" their people. Stay on long enough and you'll find your boss is a man (or woman) 20 years younger than you are, who can't even remember your name. This is not the age for putting in 40 years and retiring with a gold watch. People who put their faith in the Chrysler Corporation for job security, for example, have recently found out (1) that no matter how large a corporation is, it can turn bottoms up in the age of OPEC; and (2) that when a corporation is in big trouble, it doesn't hesitate to shed even its oldest and most loyal employees, while those at the top, who made the original decisions that led to disaster, stay on, with stiff upper lips and six-figure salaries.

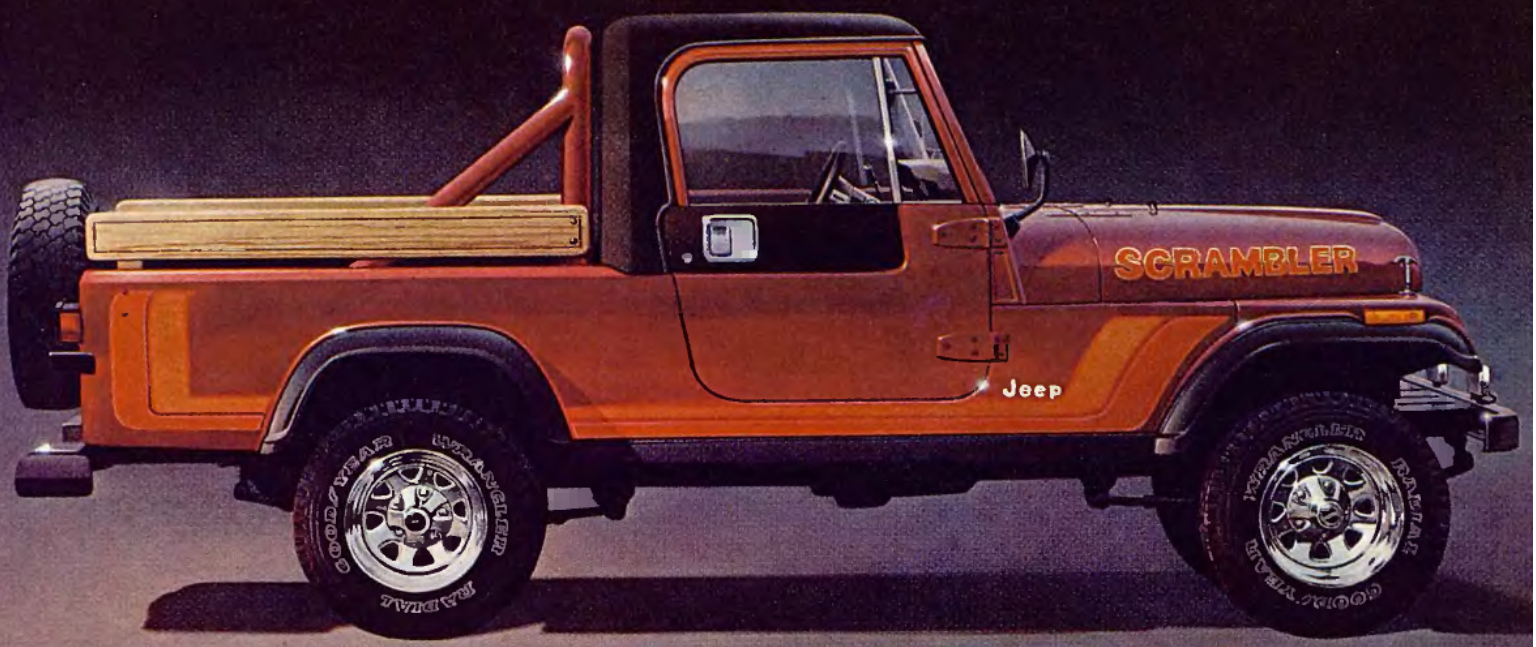
"Satisfied?"

In business, the usual practice is to reverse maritime tradition. When the ship hits an iceberg, the captain and the officers take to the boats and the passengers and crew go down with the ship. The lesson to be learned from that is: The higher up you are, the safer your job is. At the *very* top, those who have screwed up go to the International Monetary Fund, or are co-opted into government, or step up to become chairman of the board, or run a foundation. There, it is assumed, since they can do no good, they will find it difficult to do any harm. Even at a less exalted level, the senior executives of a company have the advantage of being better informed (they know when it's time to jump ship) and are in a better position to blame other people (you, for example) for what went wrong.

The trick is to understand the organization the way you understand a woman you love. You don't have to think she's without faults, you may be aware that she has certain secrets in her past, but you have to accept them and understand them. Blindly believing she's perfect is not the best way to survive a love affair or a marriage. It's the employees who are always telling you "This is a great place to work" who usually get canned first in times of trouble. The realists stay on, unless things are so bad it pays to go elsewhere. In the same way, you have to commit yourself to the organization's goals without becoming a company man and trusting that Big Brother, whether it's G.M., Chrysler, CBS or Bankers Trust, will take care of you. Big Brother, you may be sure of it, is looking out for number one.

The first step is to identify the immediate power elite—the men and women who are insiders, who not only participate in the crucial decisions (at

New Jeep Scrambler



It's a go-anywhere 4-wheeler. A hard working cargo carrier. A fun-loving, sun-loving convertible. A money-saving gas sipper. It's the toughest, most versatile creature on wheels.

Haul a half-ton of timber to the country. Or a barrelful of fun to the beach. With Scrambler's roomy cargobed, anything goes. Just pack it up and let Jeep's legendary 4-wheel drive take it from there...with the best gas mileage of any 4-wheeler built in America*.

The amazing new Jeep Scrambler. No matter how you look at it, it's like nothin' you've ever seen. Scramble down to your American Motors/Jeep dealer today.

Jeep Scrambler
AT AMERICAN MOTORS

*Figures are for comparison. Your results may differ due to driving speed, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will be less. California mileage will be different. Jeep Corporation, a subsidiary of American Motors Corporation.

whatever level you're involved) but also influence the way in which more senior managers rate their subordinates. This is where survival training pays off. Where there's an "in" group, you have to become part of it, while keeping your eyes open for ways to outflank the group. If the "in" group wears dark-blue suits, buy a dark-blue suit (even if you're a woman). If they're interested in football, learn to talk football (even if you're a woman). The main thing is to be seen as part of the company's basic inner circle, even if it's at some inconvenience to yourself. When the ax falls, it's better to be among those who are busy deciding who gets axed than among the axed. Basic survival.

•

My friend Dennis Trumbull is a perfect example of what happens when you don't do that. He was hired away at a considerable increase in salary to run a major department in another company. Now, Dennis is bright, make no mistake about it, but he's also a man nursing an oversized, but fragile, ego—a man obsessed with status.

He fusses over details, over personal prestige—the size of his office, whether or not he's getting engraved stationery and business cards, whether or not his secretary will have a new IBM Selectric. A survivor knows that none of those things matters. Everybody knows you want all of those things and more, but you don't show it—you pretend that you don't care. "Just give me a goddamned desk and a telephone and I'll get to work," as Grieff would say, all the time planning for a corner office with four windows and a sofa.

Dennis worries. Is his office big enough? Is he being invited to the right meetings? Those are not the questions a survivor asks. A survivor's office is just a temporary stopping place on the way to a larger one, and any meeting he attends is made important by the fact that he's there. Also, survivors never worry, or at least they never show they're worried. Or surprised. Or upset. Or upstaged. They don't get mad; they get even. Give them bad news and they smile or simply nod to suggest that they heard about it before you did and already have it under control.

Survivors don't ask what the limits of their authority are; they simply assume they have all the authority in the world until they reach a stone wall. Dennis spent a lot of time drawing up organization charts and trying to find a way of emphasizing his place in them, without realizing that anybody who does that is simply building a cage for himself. Corporate power players ignore charts: They like to operate *between* the lines and boxes, making other people worry about where they fit in. First-class players, like Grieff, are so good at it that one executive at a network used to complain he couldn't decide whether Grieff reported to him or he reported to Grieff. Of course, by the time he'd worked out that Grieff was his subordinate, Grieff was already his boss.

Not so with Dennis, who was already being written off by the inner circle while his carpet was still being tacked down and his new furniture installed. Dennis wanted things firmly fixed, posted. He was comfortable only when secure. But survivors—and this is of the essence—thrive on insecurity. They operate best in chaos. They thrive on crisis, which is why the present unsettled state of business and the world in general doesn't frighten them a bit. On the contrary. Armand Hammer built his fortune in the aftermath of the Soviet Revolution and civil war. H. L. Hunt made *his* in the wake of the oil-lease crash. Fred Silverman went to NBC-TV when the network was on the skids "because of the challenge." Survivors relish excitement and change, and know how to exploit it.

When my friend Grieff heard about Dennis' organization charts, he laughed. "Dennis is going to be finding out about food stamps soon," he said. "You want to survive, the less you put on paper,

OO LA LA!

SASSOON

MEN'S JEANS • SUITS • SLACKS • OUTERWEAR • WESTERN BOOTS • BRIEFS • SHIRTS • KNIT TOPS • LUGGAGE • BELTS.

the better. I don't even write memos. I phone. No files, no Xeroxes. They have a way of turning against you."

•

Survivors also know how to put on a show. The survivor tends to be a chameleon—he fits in. An acquaintance of mine was recently hired by a record company in desperate need of his skills as a cost cutter and manager, but he soon found that nobody would take him seriously, not even the president of the company, who had recruited him in the first place. The managers and producers were young, hip, dressed in blue jeans, cowboy boots, turtlenecks, most of them with long hair, beards or mustaches. My friend wore a dark-gray suit, a tie and black Gucci loafers, par for the course at William Morris, whence he came, and to which he reckoned he soon might have to return at a lower salary. He did not change his opinion about what needed to be done in the way of reorganization, but gradually, bit by bit, he changed his appearance: a mustache first, then a pair of Porsche aviator glasses, then a casual jacket and a pair of tailored blue jeans; finally, cowboy boots to replace the Gucci loafers.

Soon, people were listening to him, accepting his recommendations even when it hurt, deferring to him. He had joined the organization, in the sense of adopting its dress and its traditions, and was therefore now criticizing it from the inside, instead of as a hostile stranger. Needless to say, he not only survived but is now running the company. The true survivor always remains an outsider in his secret heart, even when he's inside.

Dennis, of course, failed. He played the game by the rules, not realizing that the rules were there to be ignored. He never understood that survival, in any organization, is a high-stakes game in which everybody wants you to lose. He would have benefited from a conversation with Gunther Kleinfeld.

•

It is five A.M. and it's dark inside Kleinfeld's plane, as he flies back from Los Angeles, where he has been putting together a deal. Kleinfeld puffs on his cigar as the plane descends toward New York at nearly 600 mph. He is almost, but not quite, relaxed, his legs stretched out with his feet on a leather ottoman, his shoes off. Kleinfeld is in his element.

"What time do we arrive?" he asks, pushing the button on his intercom.

"We'll be landing pretty soon, Mr. Kleinfeld, don't worry," the pilot replies.

A spasm of anger crosses Kleinfeld's plump face. "I didn't *ask* that," he says. "I asked *what time*."

A pause. The pilot clears his throat. "E.T.A. is exactly 5:45, Eastern standard time, Mr. Kleinfeld."

Kleinfeld nods. "Thank you," he says, switching off the intercom. "A new boy," he points out. "He hasn't learned yet. Well, we all learn."

What has Kleinfeld learned?

He stares out the window, thinks for a moment. "To keep moving. When I used to work for other people, I discovered that if you sat for more than a year at the same job or the same salary, you were dead. Get out. Move. Switch jobs. Success is an escalator. If it stops, you're stuck between floors. What do you do if the escalator stops? You get off, take the elevator, take the stairs. Right? You don't just stand there, waiting for it to start up again."

Is that true even when business is bad?

Kleinfeld nods. "Business is bad? So what else is new? There are always problems. Listen, in a plague, you sell coffins, yes? In a drought, you sell water. In a flood?"

"You sell boats."

He smiles. "Or water wings."

How has he always managed to survive?

A moment of thought. "I kept in mind the simple fact that you can only survive by understanding the world as it *is*. Most people think it ought to be some other way or, worse yet, they hope it really is, despite what they see every day with their own eyes. What you see is what there is. It isn't going to be any better. So you say to yourself, OK, that's the

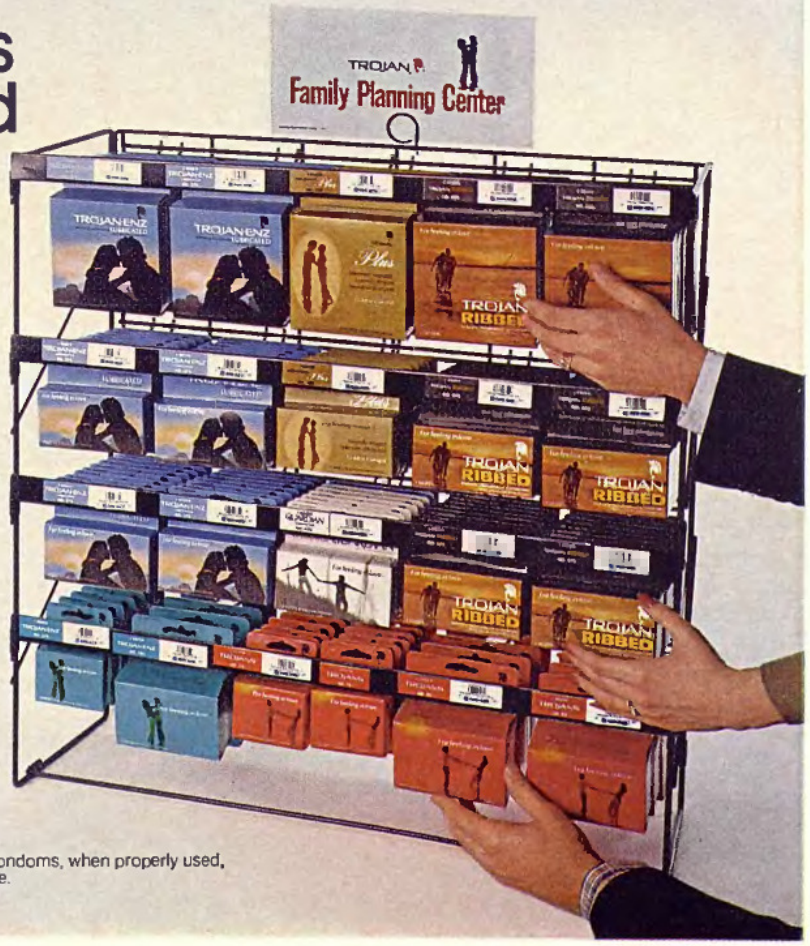
Your pharmacist's #1 choice should be your choice.

Today, more people choose Trojan brand condoms for pleasure and protection than all other brands put together. And for some very good reasons. Trojans are thin but safe—as thin as they can be, to be as safe as they have to be. And with Trojans there's no such thing as side effects.

In fact pharmacists sell more Trojans than all other brands combined. And that's why millions of people trust Trojans.

Look for a complete assortment of Trojans the next time you visit your favorite pharmacy.

YOUNGS DRUG PRODUCTS CORPORATION
P.O. Box 385, Piscataway, New Jersey 08854 ©Y.D.P.C. 1981



While no contraceptive provides 100% protection, Trojan brand condoms, when properly used, effectively aid in the prevention of pregnancy and venereal disease.

"Roger, you had to find out sooner or later.
Meet Raskolnikov, the Human Fly."

way it is; now"—Kleinfeld pantomimes rolling up his sleeves—"let's get down to it!"

Isn't he ever depressed by that Manichaean point of view?

He laughs. "No. I'm not depressed. Not ever. I survived the Nazis. I survived being a refugee. I survived working for people who were real monsters. I know what matters is to be honest about oneself. I'm ambitious. Fine. I admit it. I'm greedy. OK, so *nu?* I live by my wits. Who doesn't? I'll tell you something. The first time I was ever sent out to negotiate a big deal, I went to England, and I met with these guys in their Savile Row suits and their accents, and I was *impressed*. So we get to dealing, and I realize that I'm brighter than these people, even if they do have old-school ties and handsome shoes. When we get to the end, we settle on two million, and I'm delighted. I was figuring a million five, tops. We all shake hands. The guys stand up to leave, and the chief negotiator for the other side suddenly looks as if he'd forgotten something. 'Oh, Mr. Kleinfeld,' he says, 'dollars or pounds?' Well, in those days, the pound was worth four bucks. I thought for a moment and I said, 'Pounds.' He nodded as if that was what he expected, and we shook hands. I couldn't believe it. I was willing to settle for $1,500,000, and here I just got $8,000,000 by *keeping my mouth shut!* It taught me a lesson."

What lesson? The plane banks over Manhattan, as the lights begin to turn off in the dark below. The flaps and wheels go down with a subdued hum. Somewhere down there, Kleinfeld's limo is waiting; somewhere in his cooperative apartment, coffee is being brewed for his return. He stares at the SEAT BELTS sign as it lights up and pushes a button to turn it off.

"A guy can land without a seat belt on his own airplane," he says. "I told them to take the signs out. . . . What lesson? If you want to survive in business, even in life, *listen before you talk*. Let the other guy suggest the price. Let the other guy say what he's going to do. Let the other guy mention a number."

The plane lands smoothly, draws to a stop, the stairs descend with a low whine. Outside, Kleinfeld's chauffeur waits in the damp dawn with an umbrella. The limo is parked under the wing. Kleinfeld yawns and makes his way to the door. "Survival," he says, as the copilot helps him into his suit jacket, "is like getting laid—it's just a question of self-confidence and opportunity."

And desire?

Kleinfeld stands on the steps, while the chauffeur holds the umbrella as high as he can to shelter him. "Of course, desire," he says. "The rest you can fake, but the desire to survive—that's the bottom line."

He gets into the car, slams the door, picks up the telephone. Rain is beading the windows. He looks up, pushes a button, his window goes down.

"Hey," he says, "it's raining. You want a lift?"

I nod.

"You know," Kleinfeld remarks, "a real survivor would have stepped into the limo right after me, without asking. I once did that to Onassis, and you know what he said to me? He said, 'You could get shot for that. I have bodyguards.' So I told him, 'I'm not worried.' 'Why not?' he asked. 'Because then you'd never find out what my deal is!' "

Kleinfeld sits back in the limo. He is silent for a moment. "I *liked* Onassis," he says, like a man offering an unpopular opinion. "He was a real survivor." Kleinfeld looks almost sympathetic in the gray dawn light. He is thinking of Onassis. "He taught me another valuable lesson," he remarks in a quiet voice.

I ask what it was.

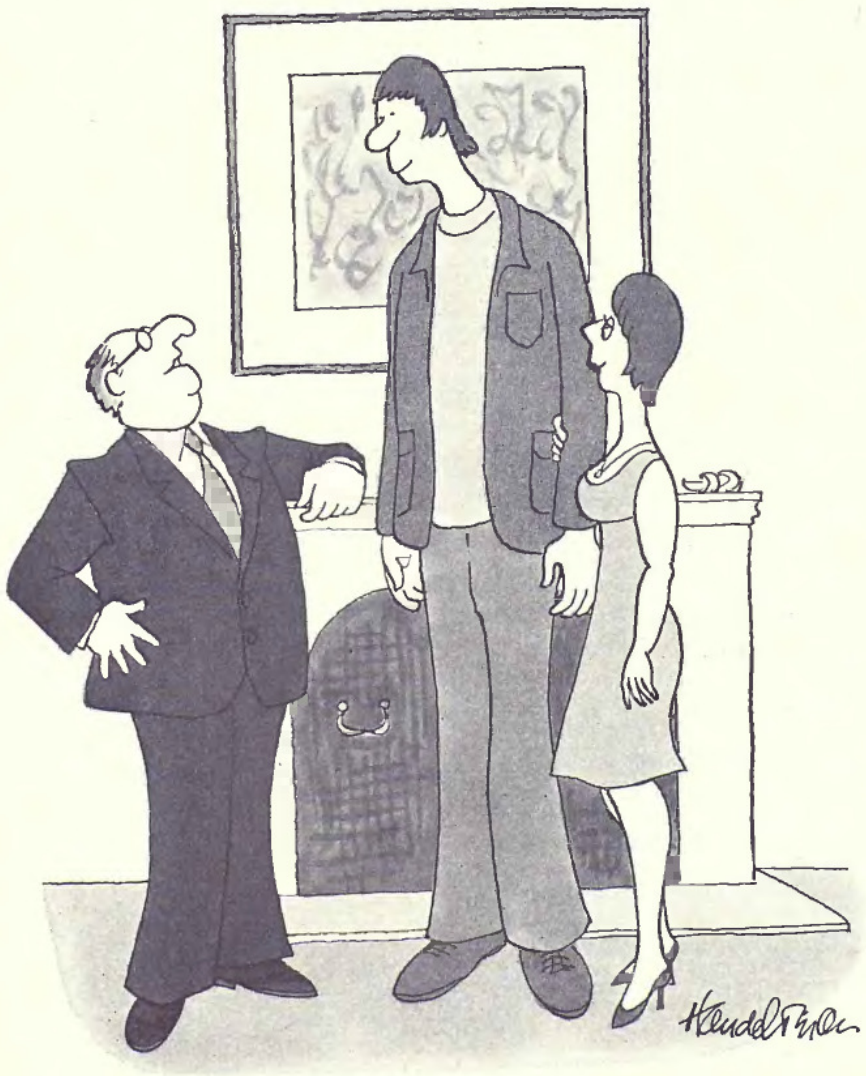
"Nobody's ever too big to listen to a deal. If you want to survive, you've got to look as if you're *giving*, not getting, *offering*, not asking. A survivor seduces the world. Losers try to rape it, or don't even give it a try, but a survivor believes in *all* the possibilities. He's an eternal optimist about himself—and a pessimist about other people."

Not a bad combination, I suggest.

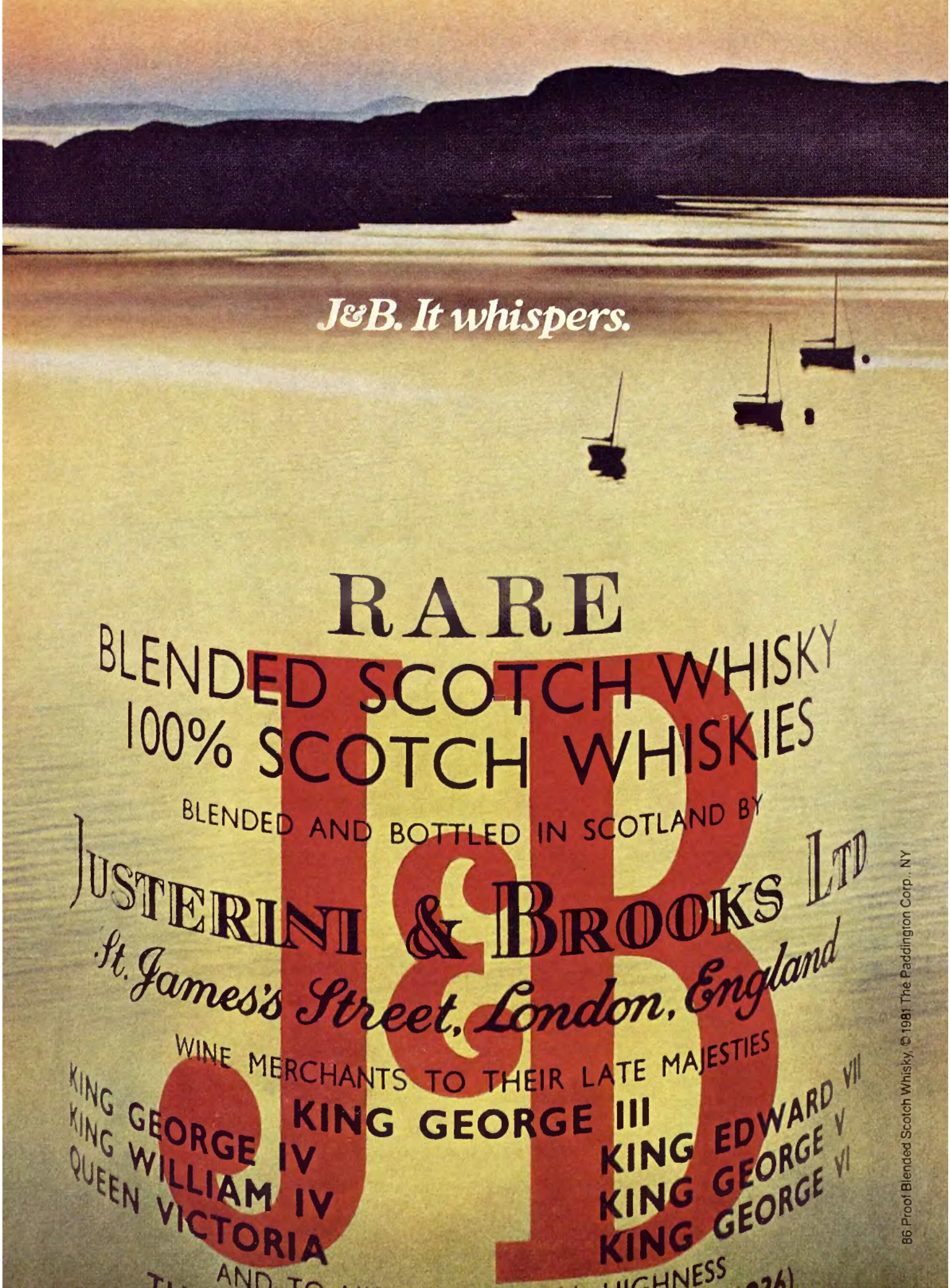
"Not bad." Kleinfeld looks out at the grimy rows of houses, the rusting el, the potholed streets. "Life teaches you survival," he says. "It's just that most people don't want to learn. They want to believe in organizations, companies, rules, friends, lovers, wives, brothers-in-law. In the end, you want to survive, you got to learn to trust only one person."

He pulls a curtain down to close off his view of Queens—you've seen one pothole, you've seen them all.

"Yourself."



"Young man, you seem to have dribbled your way into my daughter's heart."


J&B. It whispers.
RARE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY
JUSTERINI & BROOKS LTD
St. James's Street, London, England
WINE MERCHANTS TO THEIR LATE MAJESTIES
KING GEORGE III
KING GEORGE IV
KING WILLIAM IV
QUEEN VICTORIA
KING EDWARD VII
KING GEORGE V
KING GEORGE VI
J&B
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. © 1981 The Paddington Corp., NY

City lights.

When night falls on the city, the lights come on. Feather light. Sophisticated. Worldly. Shoes that can dance all night and ask for a raise in the morning. Your choice in leather or canvas. Turn them on.

Dexter
Shoemakers to America

© 1981 Dexter Shoe Company, 31 St. James Avenue, Boston, MA 02116

FUTUREBIKES

(continued from page 188)

it to the market place, but the message is clear. Given half a chance, these guys can do anything. We began to wonder what bikes will look like in the Eighties. We talked with experts, designers, marketing men at each company. They were secretive about details but agreed about the general direction of motorcycling.

Would they become super-fuel-efficient, maximum-mpg machines? According to some, America discovered the motorcycle in 1974, when the price of gas skyrocketed from 38 cents a gallon to 55 cents a gallon. Gene Trobaugh of U. S. Suzuki explained: "People panicked. Within six weeks, dealers sold their entire inventory of street bikes, and a year's production. It was a false alarm. For every man who bought a motorcycle for economy, there were 100 who used the gas lines as an excuse. The people who buy motorcycles aren't looking for reasonable transportation. Our buyers want speed, performance, exhilaration. Motorcycles are the last chance for true performance on the street."

When gas hits three dollars a gallon, Americans will start to look upon gas as a controlled substance, a drug to be used sparingly, knowledgeably, on the right occasion. They will turn to motorcycles, in search of a specific feeling, an altered state of consciousness. Quality, not economy.

"We design for the enthusiast, who knows enough about bikes to know what he wants. He buys a motorcycle for what it *does*," said Ed Burke of Yamaha. "The guy who buys a Porsche doesn't go for Sunday drives in the country. He takes his car out for exercise, to experience the machine. Americans have an insatiable appetite for performance, be it measured by the time it takes to cover a quarter mile, top speed or handling. We build bikes with one thing in mind—the intensity of the ride. If you are the kind of guy who likes to test his skills against the machine, you can buy a high-performance bike. If you are simply interested in viewing the scenery, you can buy a touring bike. If you want to be looked at, you'll buy one of the custom bikes."

Different strokes for different folks. There is no single state-of-the-art machine. Within each category, manufacturers try to find the perfect balance, to apply the latest technology to create the right tool for the right job. The goal is refinement, not reformulation. Designers study breakthroughs in other fields and figure out ways to combine the technology with the basic concept of the two-wheeled vehicle. They study plastics, metallurgy, electronics.

Does a computer belong on a motorcycle? How would Marlon Brando have reacted to an L.C.D. readout of the vital signs of his chopper? One designer asked

The Original Outrageously Classic String Bikini in Crochet at a Value-Packed Price of $14.99

SUNUP/ SUNDOWN

P.O. Drawer 11899 Ft. Lauderdale FL 33339

For "THE ORIGINAL CLASSIC STRING BIKINI IN CROCHET" send ONLY $14.99 plus $1.75 handling charges. (Florida deliveries add 4% state sales tax). We do offer mixed size service — Indicate very clearly and add an additional $5.00.

☐ Master Card ☐ Visa ☐ Check/Money Order

Full Signature Account Number Expiration Date

Name (Please Print Legibly)

Address (Include Apartment Number)

City/State/Province/Zip/Postal Code ..... STYLE 100/PB6

OR CALL TOLL FREE 800-358-9151 or 800-327-5559.
THESE NUMBERS FOR ORDERS ONLY— OPERATORS CANNOT ANSWER INQUIRIES.

SIZES: ☐ SMALL (5-7) ☐ MEDIUM (7-9) ☐ LARGE (9-11)

COLORS: ☐ Virgin White ☐ Sexy Black ☐ Ocean Blue ☐ Chocolate ☐ Natural Tan ☐ Deep Purple ☐ Scorchin' Orange ☐ Lemon Yellow

SECOND COLOR CHOICE: _____ (PLEASE FILL IN!)

No-Nonsense Guarantee — Refund if not totally satisfied, if returned immediately. $14.99

A Revolutionary Sleeping Experience

The Original Velveteen AIR BED® from $49.95

Lightweight...Sensual...Adjusts to your comfort. An experience in rest or play unmatched by any other support structure. Takes the seasickness, immobility, and weight out of waterbeds, yet offers the same "give and take" sensation. *The air coil construction, with multiple controlled air chambers, supports your body evenly, independently.* **The AIR BED is the most revolutionary and luxurious way to spend a third of your life.** You are gently but firmly supported by 100% air instead of metal springs and stuffing. **Store it on a shelf, take it camping, use it in your van, boat, summer home, on a floor or in a frame. Sunbathe and float on it.** Available in Twin, Double, Queen and King sizes. Inflates in minutes with most air pumps or canister vacuum. (Bed comes with adapter) Durable 20 gauge poly vinyl cleans with soap and water. Repair kit included. High Powered Air Pumps available: AC pump operates from standard electrical outlet. DC pump operates from auto cigarette lighter. $29.95 each.

Do not be confused by inferior imitations. This is the original, permanent, red velveteen Air Bed...once priced as high as $119.95. Try it for 10 days at our expense. If you are not satisfied, return it within 10 days for refund.

CREDITCARD ORDERS CALL TOLL FREE. **800-648-5600** Nevada Residents Call: 800-992-5710

OPERATOR NO. 48, 24 HOURS A DAY, 7 DAYS A WEEK
790 Maple Lane, Bensenville, Illinois 60106

Contemporary Marketing, Inc.

Air Coil Construction

Stores Easily on Shelf

Please send me the following AIR BED(S):

☐ Twin Size	(Item 2339)	$49.95
☐ Double Size	(Item 2354)	$69.95
☐ Queen Size	(Item 2360)	$79.95
☐ King Size	(Item 2374)	$99.95

Add $6.95 per bed for shipping and insurance.

☐ AC Air Pump-(Item 0004) $29.95
☐ DC Pump-12 volts (Item 0005) $29.95
Illinois Residents include 5¼ % sales tax.

☐ Check/M.O. Enclosed ☐ Charge My Credit Card:
☐ Master Charge ☐ American Express
☐ Visa ☐ Diners Club

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Signature _____

Contemporery Marketing, Inc.
790 Maple Lane, Bensenville, IL 60106
Dept. PBME-152 ©CMI1980256

us to consider for a moment the digital watch. "How do you judge different technologies? This is sophisticated. It may be complex, but in application, it's simple. It does the job, without requiring a lot of attention. We design bikes the same way. If microprocessors can do a better job than carburetors, terrific. If on-board computers can adjust your suspension, terrific. We want to produce bikes that offer maximum technology, at a minimum price, to as many people as possible."

The Yamaha Seca 750 features shaft drive, an antidive suspension for improved cornering and an on-board computer that keeps track of gas, oil, brakes, lights and God knows what else. It tells you when to worry and when to wail. In the near future, electronics will control carburetion, suspension and your bank account. All you have to do is ride. The Honda CBX Supersport introduces unique self-ventilating dual disc brakes (made possible by the automotive side of Honda), an injection-molded fairing and a Pro-Link suspension originally developed for motocross bikes. The Kawasaki GPz 1100 demonstrates that simple measures—cutting weight while increasing horsepower—can produce astonishing results. Catch it if you can. The Suzuki Katana is an experiment in styling: A European car designer was asked to create a form that would match the function of one of the world's best superbikes. The BMW Futuro made its point! The opposed cylinder twin is still viable in a world of multicylinder bikes. If something works, why fix it?

The expert's advice: The bikes to watch in the Eighties are the mid-size cycles. Today's 550-c.c. bikes can run circles around last year's 750s. Next year's 750s will challenge the megacycles—the 1000-c.c. behemoths that currently define the limits of the genre. Expert maximum performance from motorcycles that cost less to own, operate and insure.

What will bikes look like? Pretty much the same. Mike Vaughan of Kawasaki explained why. "You can build a bike in a wind tunnel. You can build a bike for the street. Europeans believe that a motorcycle should deliver ultimate performance with no frills or distractions. Form should follow function. Americans have a different set of standards. They will take a high-performance bike, put on high handle bars and a low seat and turn it into a chopper. It's the look they want and one that sells. Design will always be dictated by what you see in the streets."

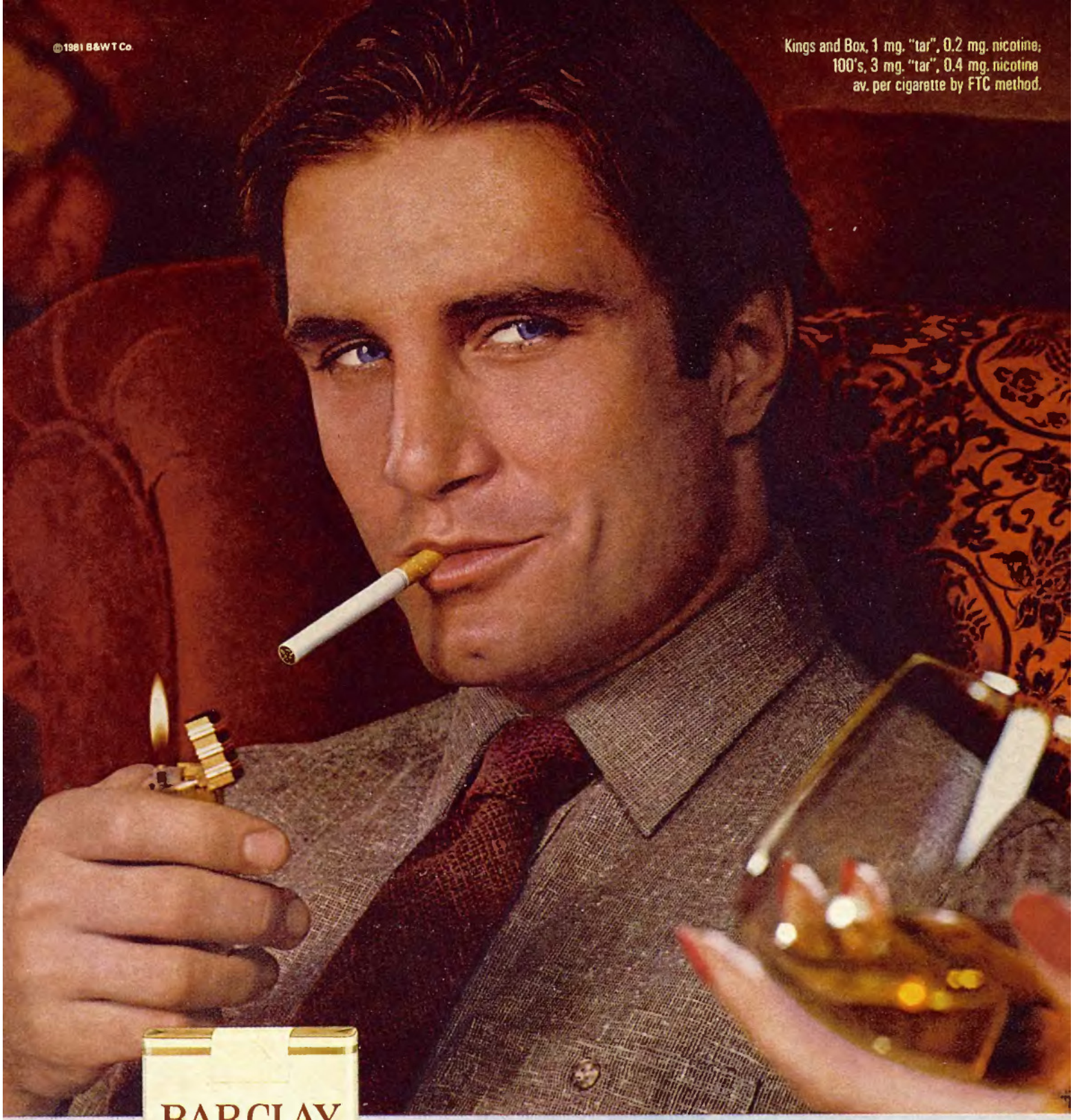
There's no accounting for taste, but the companies try. Jon Row of Honda confessed, "We hired a psychologist to explain the difference between the American look and the European look. He discovered that nine out of ten women prefer European-style bikes. A café racer accentuates the derrière. Most women are crazy about buns. Ironically, most men prefer the chopper-style bikes. The psychologist thought it had to do with biceps. The upper body is emphasized. Guys ride around in T-shirts thinking they're in a Charles Atlas ad. It's a great insight, but try building an ad campaign around it."

The next few years should prove interesting. Somewhere, someone will come up with something that you will want to own forever. The perfect execution of an idea. In a dusty lot near the Long Beach waterfront, the Hughes H4 Hercules, known as the Spruce Goose, nests concealed beneath a circus tent. The Spruce Goose was the largest airplane ever flown; constructed of plywood, flown once by Howard Hughes. It is an American Stonehenge, a relic of an ancient genius, obscure technology. In 34 years, no one has matched or surpassed Hughes's accomplishment. The moral? Keep your eyes open. At some point in the next few years, the men who make motorcycles will create a classic that will last for all time. You owe it to yourself to ride the sucker.

"Well, what do you think?"

©1981 B&W T Co.

Kings and Box, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine;
100's, 3 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Also available in 100's and Box

The pleasure is back.

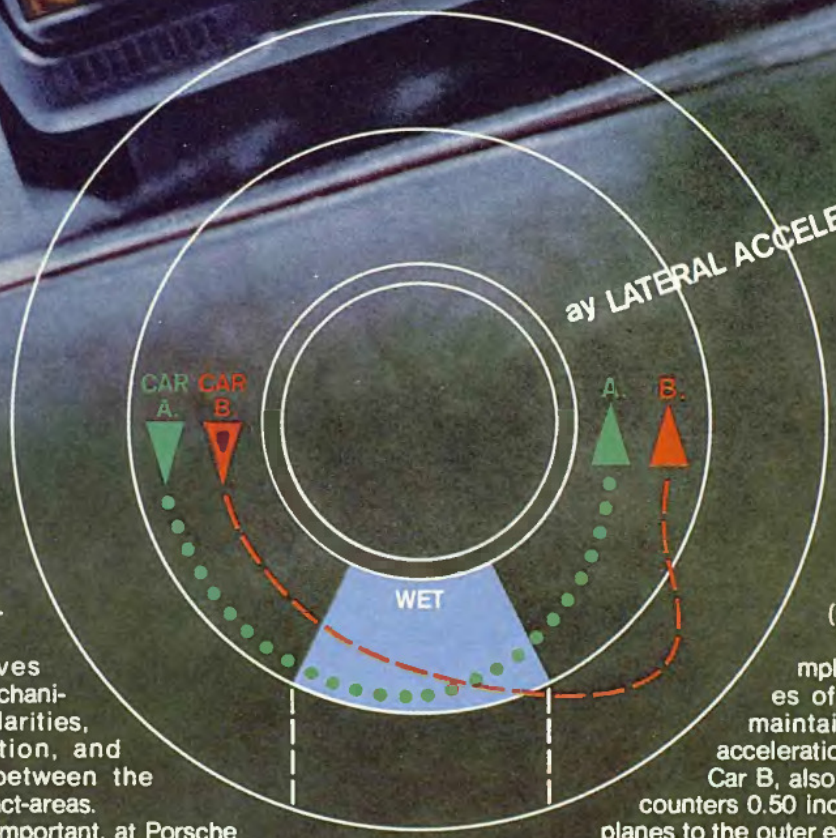
99% tar free.™

BARCLAY

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

Consumer Orientation
No. 10 in a Series
Subject:
The Dynamic Response of Tires

10 Porsche 924 Turbo



An automobile propels itself and changes direction through reaction to the ground.

Most of the external forces that act upon it are generated through and limited by the friction of its tires.

The tires themselves generate friction by mechanical gripping of irregularities, high-speed deformation, and molecular adhesion between the rubber and ground contact-areas.

Because tires are so important, at Porsche we do more than merely specify their type and size. We work with tire manufacturers in their design and testing.

Consider our hydroplaning tests. Hydroplaning occurs when a vehicle's tires cannot displace water from the tire-ground contact area fast enough to allow them to make contact with the ground. Instead, the vehicle's tires actually ride up on a film of water. And, as a result, traction, directional stability, and control are greatly reduced.

Because hydroplaning can never be totally eliminated—on the skid pad at Weissach, we test for both water dispersal and vehicle directional control on recovery (see diagram at left).

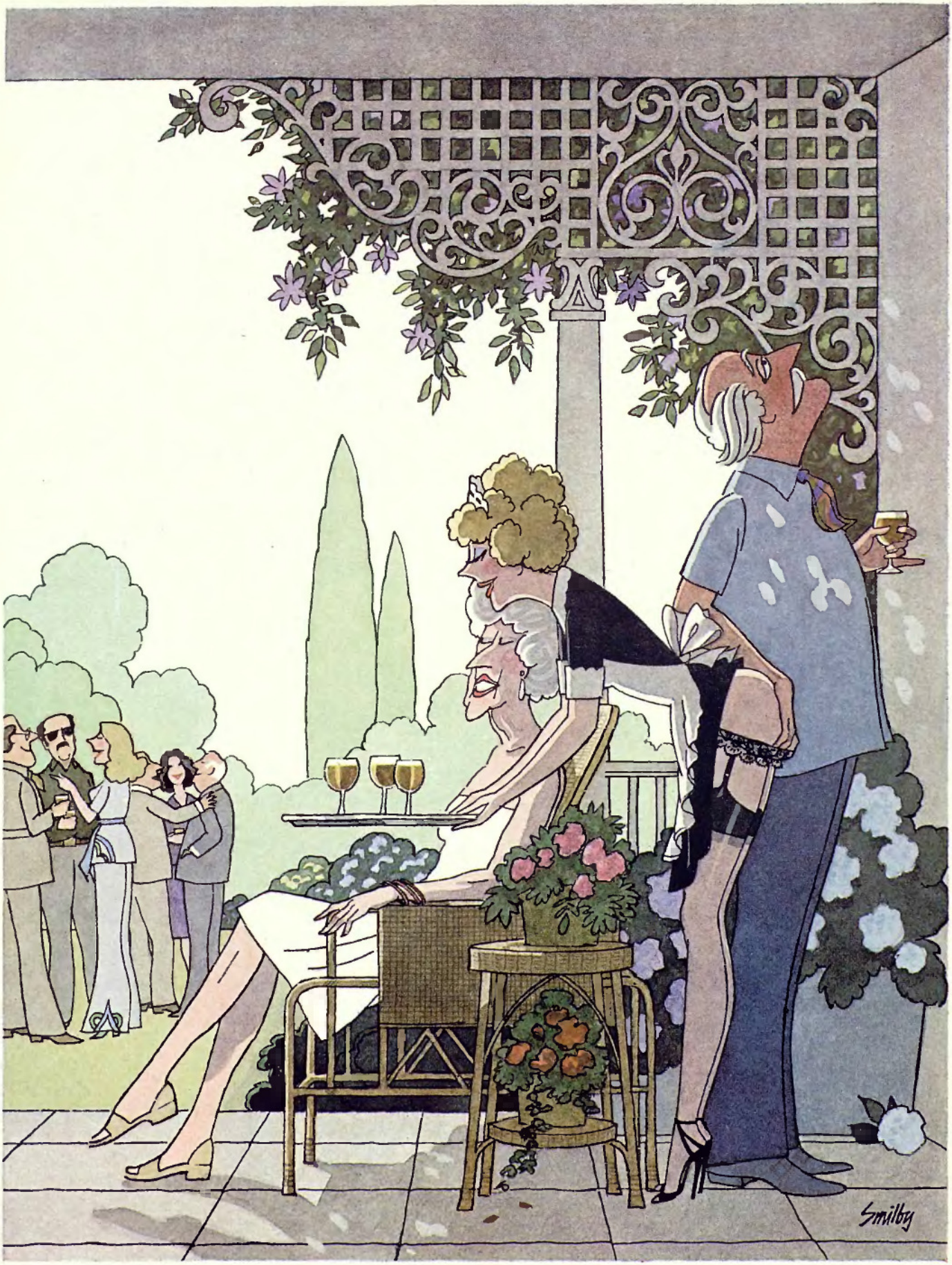
Car A, traveling at 45 mph, disperses the 0.25 inches of water in its path and maintains a constant lateral acceleration.

Car B, also traveling at 45 mph, encounters 0.50 inches of water and hydroplanes to the outer edge. Lateral acceleration diminishes during hydroplaning, but returns on recovery.

What we learn from our hydroplaning tests, we incorporate into the tires, the suspension, the total car. Because in over 30 years of competition driving, we've learned it's the sum of an infinite number of details that separates winning from all else.

Test drive the Porsche 924 Turbo today. For your nearest dealer, call toll-free: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

PORSCHE + AUDI
NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE



"And remember, Suzette, watch out for my brother-in-law—you know what he's like."

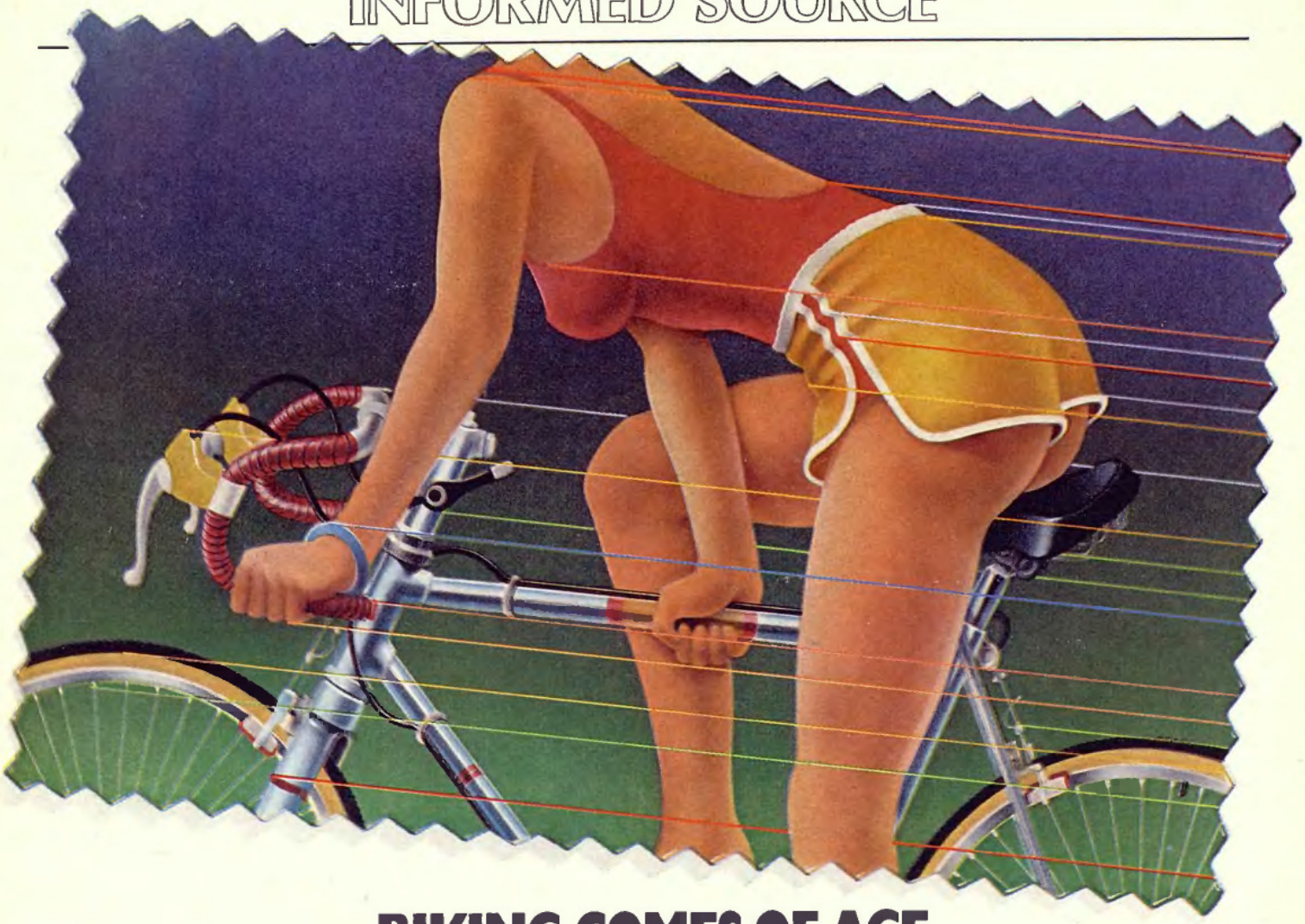
"Last year I switched to rum. This year I graduated to the flavor of Myers's."

Drench your orange juice, cola, and tonic with the one rum that dares to be delicious. Myers's Rum. In any kind of mixer, even by itself.

The reason? Myers's master blending. It makes the rum smoother, softer. For the ultimate in rum taste, try Original Dark Myers's Rum.

What makes Myers's precious imported rum cost more, makes Myers's taste better.

Free Recipe Book, Write:
Myers's, PO Box 4605, Westbury, New York 11590.



BIKING COMES OF AGE

laugh at the energy shortage.
pedal power makes big wheels of us all

NO LONGER just a step on the way to a driver's license, bicycling has earned its place as a rewarding, healthy activity on a par with skiing, running and tennis, with bonus applications—commuting and long-distance travel.

Nearly 40,000,000 American adults ride bikes. It improves aerobic fitness, is easier on the joints than running and has no bone-jarring skeletal impact. Thousands bypass stale summer vacations and hit the road for days or weeks at a time. Dozens of local cycling clubs, mostly offshoots of the League of American Wheelmen, and about 50 organizations lead tours all over this country and the rest of the world, pedaling between country inns and campsites. State tourism boards have caught on in a hurry: Minnesota, for example, uses computers to track the least traveled, most scenic and historic areas of the state and then prints maps of those as the best biking routes.

Bicycles are vehicles of business as well as pleasure. Since 1975, the number of bike commuters has quadrupled to more than 2,000,000. Of course, it helps if one's employer provides a guarded bike parking area, showers, free towels and lockers, as some companies do for their employees who bike to work regularly.

What kind of bike you ride and how much you pay for it depend on how you plan to use it. Expect to spend $200, or you might wind up with something less than a biker's dream. If you want to do nothing but ride to and from the office and the grocery store, check out the Rugby Sports Deluxe European Three-Speed for Gentlemen by Steyr Daimler Puch, $285; Fuji's new Cambridge VI, $295; and Schwinn's World Tourist, under $200. If you want a more versatile vehicle, something for day trips and short tours as well as errands, look for a ten-speed, 12-speed, or even 18-speed, between $200 and $400. Models include Japanese bikes such as Univega, Fuji, Miyata, Nishiki and Panasonic; old European favorites at moderate prices include ten-speeds by Motobecane, Raleigh and Peugeot.

In bicycling, less costs more: The lighter the bike, the higher the price. Bicycles costing between $400 and $650 are attracting a lot of attention among bikers with an appreciation for fine design and the more specialized needs of touring. That kind of money buys between 23 and 27 pounds on name-brand frames: Columbus, Ishiwata, Reynolds, Vitus, Tange—made of chrome-molybdenum-alloy steel; name-brand components—Campagnolo, Shimano, SunTour, Dia-Compe; and a good leather seat by Avocet, Brooks or Ideale. If you plan to tour seriously, Trek, with its hand-built frames, is a good brand

Biking provides a great workout en route to the office, as well as some very compelling reasons to play hooky. As the gentleman has noticed, the day tripper is admirably equipped, and she rides with the right stuff, besides: a Raleigh Gran Sport ten-speed, aerodynamic shorts and jersey by Vigorelli, Eclipse handle-bar bag and Bata biking shoes. (The lady on the left is also decked out in style with a jacket by Baleno/Santini and Kuchorik shorts.) Will he turn around and give chase on his three-speed Steyr Daimler Puch? Will his partner follow suit on her Schwinn Le Tour ten-speed? Will anyone get to the office?

to look at, along with Bob Jackson, Mercian and Stella.

The upper end of this price range is the taking-off point for custom-built bikes, which average around $1200 but can shoot up to $3000 and weigh only 15 to 19 pounds if all the latest components and oval-tubed frames are used (the latter being more aerodynamic than round tubing). For serious cyclists with big budgets (or bodies not of average proportions), a custom bike is the way to go. Some of the top brands are Rossin, Colnago, Klein, Eisentraut, Cinelli and Guerciotti.

Whatever your price range, make sure the bike you lust after fits you. Wearing bike shoes, straddle the frame; if you can lift the bike an inch (gently!) before it hits your crotch, you were made for each other. But before you buy, remember that touring bikes have longer wheelbases, fork rakes and chain stays than racing bikes, and their head-tube and seat-tube angles should be between 70 and 73 degrees. Ask your dealer to translate. If he looks at you funny, put your checkbook away and shop elsewhere.

Savvy consumers may want to take their business to bicycling specialty shops or to mail-order houses such as Palo Alto Bicycles and Bikecology. Salespeople in those places tend to be hard-core bikies who can fine-tune and fix what they sell, and advise on where to ride, too. Also, the bike-accessory market reports terrific demand for racks, packs, clothes, shoes, helmets and such—in some cases, sales are up 80 to 100 percent over the past year. Many variations on a few basic styles are available; Eclipse and Kirtland/Tourpak panniers and handle-bar bags are the best of the batch—and the most expensive at about $110 for top-of-the-line rear touring panniers. Kirtland also has a good line of commuting bags, as does Hartley Alley's Touring Cyclist, whose line includes a biker's briefcase.

Close-fitting bike clothes aren't just for racers anymore: American and European designers are now selling touring outfits at the corner bike store. Granted, the stuff looks a little silly to the untutored eye. But take it from us: Riding a bike feels 300 percent better when the seams of your jeans don't chafe your crotch and when the pedals don't claw through your tennies.

It pays to wear the right stuff: the mid-thigh knit cycling shorts with a seamless chamois crotch, to be worn sans B.V.D.s; a wool or synthetic (not cotton) jersey; stiff-soled biking shoes, to transmit your muscle power to the pedals most efficiently (make sure the bike has toe clips); cycling gloves; sunglasses; and a helmet, the better to keep your head together if you land on it. The whole setup will cost about $150. Brands to look for include Vigorelli, Baleno/Santini and Kucharik in clothes; Sidi, Detto Pietro, Bata and Adidas in shoes, and Bell, Skid-Lid and Pro-tec in helmets.

Even if you've ridden a bike for years, as most of us have, a couple of things will make it easier and more enjoyable. First, stifle the impulse to push your highest gears. Straining is not good exercise, and you'll tire faster. Pedal at a comfortable, brisk cadence—70 or 80 revolutions per minute at first, 90 or more with practice. The rapid spinning improves circulation,

bibliography

***Bike Touring** (Sierra Club), by Raymond Bridge. Comprehensive, readable and full of solid advice. After an overview of touring styles, techniques and training, it launches into the anatomy of a touring bike and tells how to find the best one for your purposes. Other chapters cover clothing, helmets, camping gear and tour planning.*

***Bicycling Magazine's Buyer's Guide** and **Complete Guide to Cycling: Touring, Camping & Equipment** (Rodale Press). These magazine-format guides let you in on the specifics of gearing up and getting out there, respectively.*

***Bicycle Touring USA** (Bicycle Touring Group of America, P.O. Box 7407, Richmond, Virginia 23221, $2, postpaid). Short articles give a good quick introduction to the sport. How to pack, eat, ride efficiently and safely and transport your bike, among other things.*

Getting lost and getting rained on can mar long tours. Fortunately, the gentleman perched on the Fuji S12-S 18-speed and wearing Gore/Tex raingear by Early Winters is prepared. His companian's thoughts, however, have veered into the fast lane. Although there's a Trek 728 18-speed under her, she lusts after the racer's 18-pound, aerodynamic 12-speed (assembled for us by Turin Bike of Evanston, Illinois). Maybe it's the Rossin oval-tubed frame, the Campagnola Freewheel, the King sealed-bearing headset, the brake cables built into the handle bars ($3000!). Hmm. Maybe it's his aerodynamic tights.

which, in turn, prevents lactic acid from accumulating in your muscles and offsets fatigue. Also, spinning may help you avoid knee injury. (On that subject, make sure your seat isn't too high, or you risk hyperextending your knees. If your buttocks rock laterally when you pedal, lower the seat.)

Second, when you ride with a lady, be gracious and take turns leading. Besides giving her an unobstructed view of the scenery once in a while, you can enjoy the advantages of drafting her. Watching those taut thighs and that firm derrière in motion will keep you in cadence.

Even the best bike isn't worth much on the road unless you're prepared to patch flats, fill tires, adjust seat posts and lock up. Handle-bar pads are also a good idea, to minimize shock on your hands and wrists.

WHERE TO GO

These bicycle-touring organizations can take you for short or long rides, with board varying from a tent on the beach to a country inn with meals, beds and full-service bar. Many use sag wagons, which haul your gear so you don't have to. The League of American Wheelmen (P.O. Box 988, Baltimore, Maryland 21203) will mail you a complete list of tour operators and the name of the nearest cycling club, if you send it a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

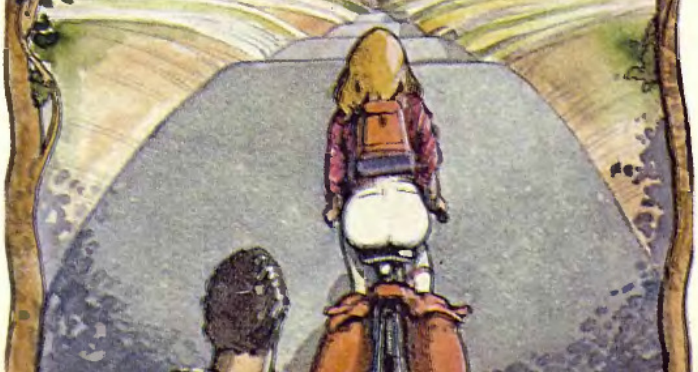
EAST: *Vermont Bicycle Touring* (Bristol, Vermont 05443; 802-388-4011). *Bike Vermont* (P.O. Box 75J, Grafton, Vermont 05146; 802-843-2259). *Country Cycling Tours* (410 West 24th Street, New York, New York 10011; 212-255-4580).

CENTRAL: *Suwannee River Bicycle Tours* (P.O. Box 319, White Springs, Florida 32096; 904-397-2757). *Bike Dream Tours, Inc.* (P.O. Box 20653, Houston, Texas 77025; 713-783-9526).

WEST: *Backroads Bicycle Touring Co.* (P.O. Box 5534, Berkeley, California 94705; 415-652-0786).

NATIONAL: *Bikecentennial* (P.O. Box 8308, Missoula, Montana 59807; 406-721-1776).

FOREIGN: *Rocky Mountain Cycle Tours* (P.O. Box 895, Banff, Alberta, T0L 0C0; 403-762-3477). *Pascal's Bicycle Touring* (175 Freeman Street, No. 515, Brookline, Massachusetts 02146; 617-232-5227). *International Bicycle Touring Society* (2115 Paseo Dorado, La Jolla, California 92037; 714-291-1258).



ERLANGER
Classic 1893
Brewed with pride in our classic tradition this 100% pure barley malt beer is truly a distinctive product of uncompromised quality.
We use only the classic all natural ingredients to brew Erlanger: narrow select barley for an unusually rich mellow character, choice hops blended for a subtle accent, pure yeast and crystal clear water. Erlanger is uncommonly good beer... the absolute finest we brew.
CONTENTS 12 FL. OZ. • BEER
ERLANGER
ERLANGER
Our label tells you this beer is a classic...
One look, one sip, one taste will tell you why.
Taste the moment.
Erlanger... only in bottles and draught.
©1980 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

PLAYBOY PUZZLE

SILHOUETTES, SILHOUETTES....

By Nicole Gregory

You may know their first movies, their latest divorces, their favorite foods and if they like to sleep in the nude. You may secretly have fallen in love with any one of these lovely ladies many times over. But how attentive an admirer are you really? You may know the outlines of their legendary lives, but can you identify the outlines of their legendary bodies?

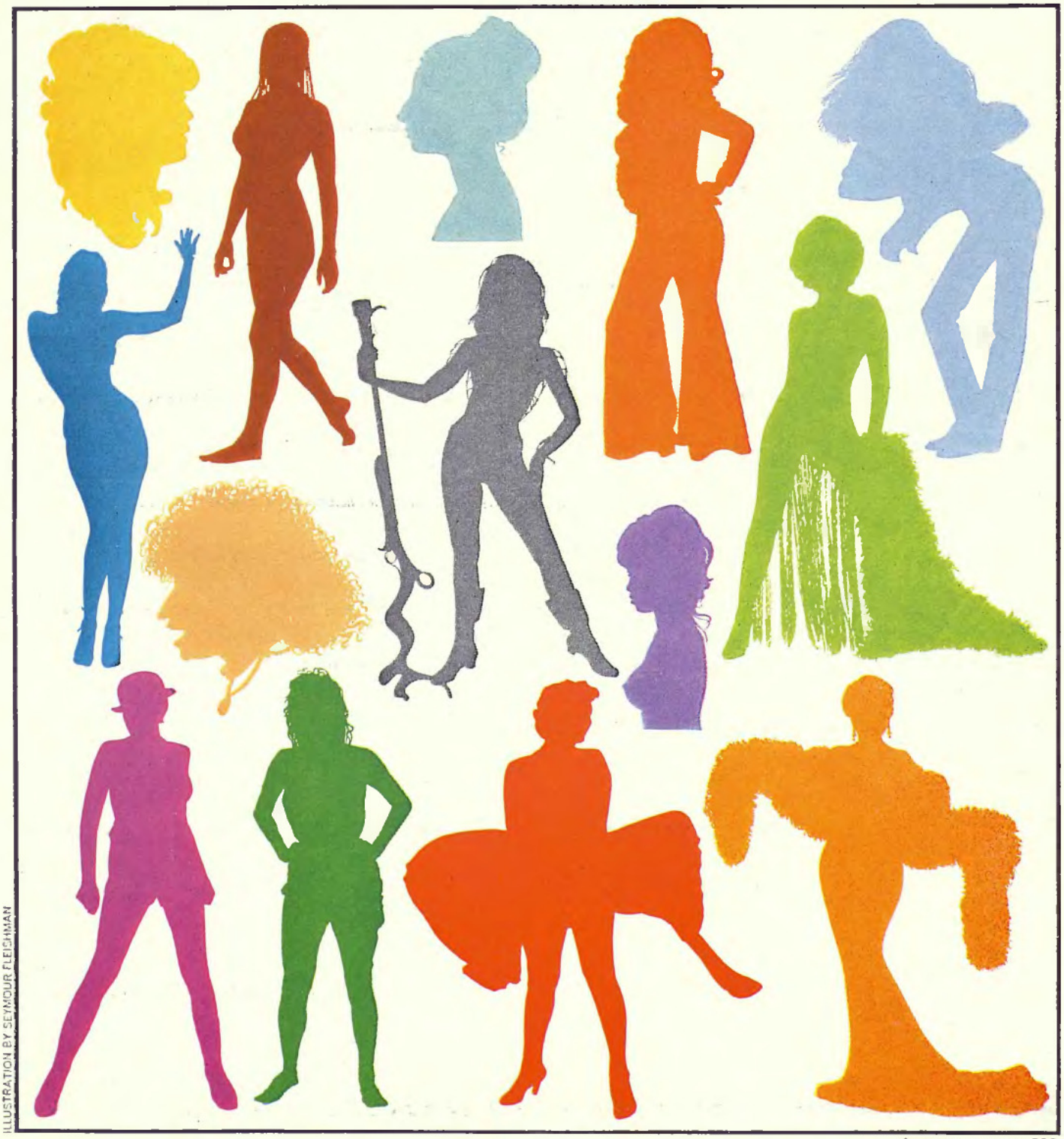


ILLUSTRATION BY SEYMOUR FLEISHMAN

Answers on page 283.

Tested under gruelling conditions. Because life isn't a simple Sunday drive.

The Accord is Honda's luxury car. But that doesn't mean it's built to live a life of leisure.

On the contrary, the Accord is constantly tested to the very limits of performance and durability.

SOME SIMPLE ENGINEERING FACTS.

The Accord's standard engineering features are the result of years of exhaustive testing at every stage. From the design through production.

Beginning with its front-wheel drive. Which we've been perfecting for the past ten years. Including its transverse-mounted engine. Four-wheel independent suspension. 5-speed manual transmission. Rack and pinion steering. And dual-diagonal brakes.

But the testing story doesn't stop there.

DURABILITY HELPS MAKE THE ACCORD SIMPLE TO MAINTAIN.

Since no human is as durable as a Honda, mechanical devices are used to perform the toughest durability tests.

Like the continuous opening and closing of doors.

And bouncing up and down on seat cushions.

Other tests are done in refrigerated rooms or heat chambers.

And then repeated in places like Alaska and Death Valley.

Of course, the chances are you will never drive your Honda in a climate that extreme.

Or push it to those limits of performance.

But if you do, you'll enjoy the luxury of knowing it can take it.

You'll notice the results of this ongoing testing every time you drive your Honda.

But if you ever decide to sell it, you'll notice them especially.

RESALE VALUE. ANOTHER SIMPLE REASON TO CONSIDER THE HONDA ACCORD.

According to the January 1981 *NADA Official Used Car Guide*, the first 1976 Honda Accords have an average retail value of over 90% of their original suggested retail price.

And that's something few other cars can claim.

One more simple reason why when so many Honda owners finally trade in their Hondas, they buy another Honda.

HONDA

We make it simple.

© 1981 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

NEW TATTOO

(continued from page 130)

Frank himself has correctly surmised the broad outlines of Margerie Savant's life, judging by her looks, clothes, the food she buys, the way she treats her kid. Frank is in the habit of making snap judgments about people, based on scanty information. A place like Yale has a dozen applications for every opening, and half of those can be dismissed at a glance. Frank looks at the little boy and figures: No chance in this world.

Frank is dead wrong. The kid will grow up to be a terrific tight end, will enter Penn State on a football scholarship, will barely, but nonetheless will graduate and will open a real-estate agency on the eastern shore of Connecticut and prosper for the rest of his days.

The boy never looks Frank in the face. It humiliates him when his mother swats him in public, and his usual response is to pretend a keen interest in something set at his eye level. In this case, he stares at the black curly hair growing on the inside of Frank's thighs.

Frank places the milk and eggs and Sunday *Times* on the counter. When Alice reaches out for them, he sees again the vivid tattoo on her forearm—a red heart, with a blue banner woven through it, with MOM and DAD inscribed on it. It looks like a gaudy leech that he could reach out and peel from her arm, leaving dead-white skin underneath. Before he can think, he blurts out: "Is that a real tattoo?"

"Yeah, it's real," says Alice, punching the keys of the cash register.

"Give me a pack of Marlboros, please."

She reaches behind her to the cigarette rack and hands him a pack of Winstons.

"No, I said Marlboros."

"Here," says the man behind the counter. Frank recognizes him as being the manager of the Micro Mart. He is taking inventory, checking things off on a clipboard. He finds a pack of Marlboros and places it on the counter. Frank wonders whether the check-out girl is his daughter. He has seen her behind the counter once or twice before, but she seems to be uncertain of how to operate the cash register. The manager finds the key she is looking for, punches it and gives her a warm smile. That's why Frank thinks she must be his daughter—with ordinary help, he wouldn't be so kind. The girl has a sullen, defensive look about her and Frank figures, correctly, that this is because of the tattoo. She is short, with blunt-cut hair and a hard-bitten look; She could be anywhere between 18 and 25. In fact, she is 21. Alice lives with her parents. Her father is a lineman for the railroad and her mother cleans up a lawyer's office after business hours. The manager is not her relative; his name is Roger Walker, and although neither Frank nor Alice knows it, he is a homosexual; he is also a Jaycee. He smiled at Alice simply because he is a nice guy. He feels the same way about the tattoo that Frank does—it's hideous, pure and simple. Alice has deeper feelings about the tattoo—after all, it's on her arm.

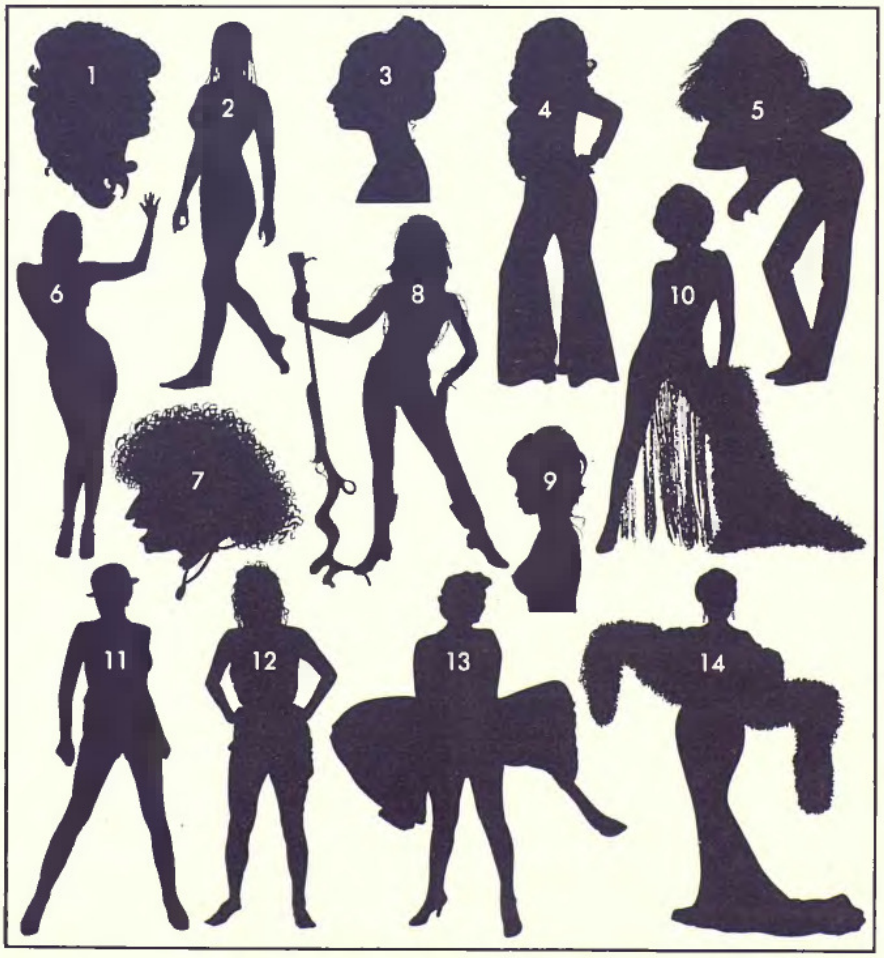
What possessed her, Frank wonders, to do such a thing? Was it done to flatter her parents, or to memorialize them? Was she drunk at the time? Does she regret it? Clearly, he thinks, she does. Frank has seen tattoos that he liked, but the thought of having one himself makes him shudder. He likes his body just the way it is. He knows that in certain circles, tattoos enjoy a certain vogue, but this is no discreet butterfly such as the disco crowd might have applied to a shoulder blade, but a loud, gross and corny abomination.

Alice's feelings are these: She was not drunk at the time. She had thought about having it done for a long time but made the mistake of saying so in front of friends. Knowing Alice's temperament, they had taunted her unmercifully as being too chicken to go through with it. Alice, being combative as well as somewhat dim-witted, showed them all—and now has to live with the consequences of rash pride. What she *thought* of having done was her birth sign, Leo, a small lion's head, over one breast. But she knew her folks would hit the ceiling and sought to assuage their anger by choosing, from the tattooer's sample board, the design that celebrated Mom and Dad. It went on her forearm because that's the kind of design it was—a drunken sailor's tattoo, bold and up front. The tattooer knew it was inappropriate for her, but when he pointed that out to Alice, she became obstinate and he gave her what she said she wanted. He had been in the business 40 years, he had seen it all and argued with no one.

Alice's mother shrieked and ran from the room, to cry her eyes out. Her father had a tattoo on his shoulder, a faded blue anchor from his Navy days,

Answers to puzzle on page 281.

1. Goldie Hown
2. Bo Derek
3. Barbro Streisand
4. Dolly Parton
5. Brooke Shields
6. Raquel Welch
7. Bette Midler
8. Jone Fonda
9. Brigitte Bardot
10. Ann-Margret
11. Liza Minnelli
12. Sophia Loren
13. Morilyn Monroe
14. Moe West



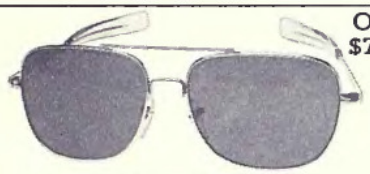
DIRECT FROM U.S. OPTICS QUALITY SUNGLASSES AT FACTORY PRICES

Each pair features: Impact resistant lenses • Handcrafted • Polished glass lenses • Hardened metal frames • No non-sense guarantee.

FREE—limited time only—deluxe velour lined case with each pair of glasses ordered (a $3.00 value). Credit cards accepted. Dealer inquiries invited.

NOTICE: Don't be fooled by cheap imitations. These glasses are made exclusively for U.S. Optics. To make sure you get the best, order now and if not completely satisfied return for refund within 30 days.

Only $7.95

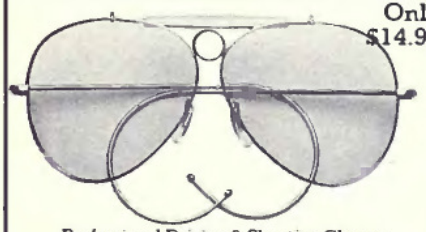


World Famous Pilot's Glasses
These precision flight glasses are now available to the public for only $7.95. If you could buy them elsewhere, they'd probably cost you over $20.00. #20P available in gold or silver frame. A $20.00 value only $7.95. Two pairs for $14.00.

Only $9.95

Aviator Teardrop Flight Glasses
Flexible cable temples. #30A gold frame only. A $30.00 value only $9.95. 2 pairs for $18.00.

Only $14.95



Professional Driving & Shooting Glasses
Wide angle amber lens brightens visibility. #30D gold frame only. A $30.00 value only $14.95. 2 pairs for $28.00.

To order send check or money order to **U.S. Optics, Dept. 712 P.O. Box 14206, Atlanta, Georgia 30324.** Credit card customers please fill in card # and Exp. date

QUANTITY	MODEL #	GOLD	SILVER	PRICE
	20P			
	30A	X		
	30D	X		

Add Postage and Handling $1.00 per pair _____

Total _____

Visa or Master Charge # _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FREE case with each pair.

and he tried to be understanding. He was quiet for most of the evening, but when Alice was going off to bed, he pulled her to him and gently kissed her tattoo. And Alice cried, not in front of her father but later, alone in bed. And now, because she loathes the tattoo, she has to pretend, even to herself, to like it, and is hardening her heart against the scorn of the world.

Frank takes the folded five-dollar bill from the waistband of his shorts and hands it to Alice. She gives him his change and he dumps it into the bag with the groceries. She is staring, he realizes, at his T-shirt.

"What's that mean?" she says, with a sullen jerk of her head.

How to explain it, he wonders, without first teaching her something of classical mythology, and something of this modern age's mordant wit? Frank has surmised, correctly, that Alice is neither very well educated nor very hip.

"It's just a joke," he says.

"What's the joke?"

He smiles apologetically and says, "I don't know, really. Somebody gave it to me as a present."

In fact, Natalie gave him the T-shirt; she bought them matching T-shirts, pale blue with red lettering—EROS LOVES PSYCHE—at a boutique on Martinique, when they were honeymooning there three years ago. Now and again, they show up at parties wearing the matching T-shirts, grinning as if they shared a sweet secret. In the coming months, when Natalie is beginning to show, she will stretch the shirt over her rounded belly and the message will take on a special poignancy.

Frank takes the brown bag from the counter and balances it in the crook of his arm. With his free hand, he tucks the tail of his T-shirt into his shorts and pushes down the broad, tight chafing elastic waistband of his jockstrap. There is a mole at the base of Frank's spine, a seed of dark pigment that has been there since birth, which many doctors have suggested he have removed, because its location makes it prone to irritation. Frank has never had it removed for the simple reason that it is part of his body, and Frank does not lightly give up parts of his body.

It has started bothering him lately, itching and stinging, since he took up jogging. It's the first time in ten years that he was even aware of the mole; not since he was playing football and wearing a jockstrap all the time. The mole has started to grow, and although Frank doesn't know it yet, in the past few weeks it has grown from apple-seed size to the girth of a pencil eraser. It's there, and it's not going to just go away.

Nothing else feels like real gold.

And nobody knows gold jewelry like a jeweler with a "J" on his door.

If your local jeweler exhibits a "J" on his door, walk in.

He's got more to offer than just a nice selection of styles.

He can give you guidance that's based on years of training and experience.

He'll not only give you a fair price, he'll also make the adjustments so a piece fits just right. And you can come back for any after-purchase service.

He even offers in-depth brochures on every aspect of gold jewelry. So you can buy more intelligently.

Having a "J" on the door means he's a member of an organization of professionals, the *Jewelers of America*—dedicated to maintaining the highest standards of service to the consumer. He's in business today...and he'll be there tomorrow.

Buy with confidence where you see this symbol:

™ JEWELERS OF AMERICA, INC.

"Let's keep the washing machine another year."

Nothing else feels like real gold. Nothing else makes any moment so precious. Give her the gleaming, elegant, enduring gift she will treasure all of her life.

KARAT GOLD JEWELRY

For fine jewelry see a jeweler who displays this symbol.™

JEWELERS OF AMERICA, INC.

Like father.
Like son.
About $75
(when available)
About $9
REGISTERED
TRADE MARK
Aged 30 years
Ballantine's
EST'D 1827
86 PROOF
VERY OLD BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
30 YEARS OLD
Ballantine's
BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA
THE LATE KING EDWARD VII
Ballantine's
EST'D 1827
86 PROOF
FINEST BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
George Ballantine & Son, Limited
Scotland
Ballantine's
IMPORTED
SCOTCH
Ballantine's. Makers of the oldest and most expensive Scotch in the world.
Blended Scotch Whisky, bottled in Scotland. 88 proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc. N.Y.C. © 1980

HABITAT

RACK 'EM, STACK 'EM

DON AZUMA

As our audio and video habits become more complicated, we are prone to equipment sprawl. Most rooms don't have an ample amount of counter space on which to put components. The solution, of course, is to stack those babies in racks, mindful that there be sufficient room for ventilation. Not only do racks unclutter your entertainment area but they also make it possible for you to take advantage of the optional features of your system. Racks hide those klutzy-looking cords, too.

Top left: The $120 O'Sullivan AR161 hi-fi rack measures a commodious 44" x 21" x 19", which should provide ample space to hold your stereo goodies within its easy-to-clean hickory-grain-vinyl cabinet. (Inside the AR161 are three Scott components—a stereo cassette deck, an AM/FM tuner and an amplifier—that total about $1030. Atop it is a Technics SL-10 turntable, $600.) Top right: Model 1920 Status Pro Video Slip-in cabinet that's available in either pecan or walnut tone is especially designed for a TV and a VCR or video-disc recorder and includes a retractable shelf and storage space for tapes or discs, by Gusdorf, $235. (Sorry, guys, that price doesn't include the RCA SFT100 video-disc machine, about $500, and the VEM575W video monitor, about $700, shown with it.) At center: This acrylic-and-oak hi-fi cabinet is called Elegant, and the manufacturer, Apres Audio Limited, has incorporated a storage area for micro and macro components behind its acrylic front panel, from Hawk Quan, Chicago, $669. (Atop it are a Beogram 8000 electromagnetic-drive turntable, $995, and a pair of U-70 headphones, $95, both by Bang & Olufsen.)

LET'S GET WAISTED

A plain black-leather belt is a cinch winner threaded through the trouser loops of your gray business suit, but it's got no business holding up a pair of sporty slacks. This is the summer for color, especially in the area of accessories. And, as we've previously noted, such items as socks and neckties are taking the lead in liberating males from the mantle of drab plumage that has settled on us in the past few years. Using accessories to create interesting color combinations also makes sense because it's easy on your wallet—and more fashion mileage can be gained from a number of innovative items than from one wild and crazy outfit that can't be teamed with anything else. The latest looks in belts come in a variety of styles from fabric to tooled leather.—DAVID PLATT

Following the numbers: **1.** Yellow braided rope belt with a gold-toned buckle and brown-leather tip, by Swank, $9.50. **2.** Go for it, fly boy—this woven belt features a silver-colored buckle decorated with Air Force pilot's wings, by Avirex, $15. **3.** Another woven Avirex belt, this turquoise one has a brass military-type buckle, $10. **4.** Baby-blue and yellow hand-woven belt with a blue double-ring buckle, by Susan Horton, $14. **5.** A latigo-leather Western belt with snakeskin detail and a sterling-silver fluted buckle, by Wyly's, $200. **6.** More heavy bread for a snaky look—this dyed snakeskin belt with a sculpted sterling-silver buckle, by Dennis Higgins, goes for $275. **7.** Woven wool belt with leather tabs and a brass buckle, by Trafalgar, $12.50. **8.** Think pink with this elasticized cotton belt with a leather tab, by John Henry for Manhattan Accessories, $10.

RICHARD IZUI

DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

With a little creative attention to detail, you can project a well-dressed, authoritative image without losing yourself in a sea of conformity. For example, reverse dressing: With dark suits, keep both of the main accessories light (as opposed to a white shirt and a bright striped tie); with lighter-color suits, try darker-toned dress shirts (teal or copper, for example) combined with a tie of a color that falls somewhere between the shades of the suit and the shirt or goes much deeper. By all means, avoid the too-"sharp" look that occurs when you combine a very light tie and a very dark shirt.

•

The emerging importance of warm-weather sweaters (in cotton and lightweight-blend knits) is gaining added strength with the addition of summer cardigans. They work well as a sports-jacket alternative with shirt and tie (yes, even at the office), as casual outerwear jackets and as terrific cover-ups.

•

While the tight, white T-shirt (plain or with a message) has gone the way of other punk looks, looser and fuller-cut styles, especially in the revived boat-neck models, are very much on the warm-weather fashion scene. They look good by themselves with shorts and casual slacks. And they give additional fashion mileage when layered over a collared shirt, knit or woven.

•

Looking down the road a bit, the most newsworthy upcoming trend in menswear for fall is the return of pattern in clothing. Not, to be sure, the bold checks and plaids associated with the Duke of Windsor but interesting and eye-catching fabrics (in multiple-color mixes). Inevitably, they will be termed country looks, but to our mind, they'll do just fine in the city.

ADULT ORANGE
...TO GO.

Fresh, Fruity, Frosty.
18 of your favorite cocktails,
ready whenever you are.

THE CLUB.
LITTLE COCKTAILS WITH
BIG REWARDING TASTE.

THE CLUB® COCKTAILS • 25-42 Proof • Prepared by The Club Distilling Co., Hartford, CT.

RETURN OF THE TWO-SEATER

In 1964, Ford introduced the Mustang, a four-seat sporty car based on the compact Falcon, and created a whole new class of automobile: the affordable "personal" car. It was aimed straight at the sizable mass of war babies who had just entered college or the labor force, or were about to. Expected to be a mild success, it shook the industry by setting a new first-year sales record of nearly 420,000 units and helped establish an exciting new image for its maker.

Seventeen years later, Ford's done it again. The new EXP and Mercury LN7 are two-seat hatchbacks based on the front-drive Escort and, like the original Mustang, they pioneer a brand-new market category. Somewhere between the traditional sports car and the sporty coupe, they are America's first small, fuel-efficient, two-passenger personal cars. (For short hauls, a tiny optional jump seat will be available in the fall.) Also like the Mustang, they may be more successful than anyone expects and should contribute toward another much-needed boost for Ford.

Why two-seaters? Because Ford has data banks full of research showing that a surprisingly large portion of the population should be ready and eager for them. Lifestyles have changed dramatically in recent years and, with them, the needs and desires of the country's car buyers. Those war babies have moved through the population curve. Now in their 30s, many are single and most of the marrieds have no more than two children, if any.

Although the two cars are internally identical, there are distinguishing styling differences: the grilles—twin mailbox slots on the Ford, two rows of five rectangular holes on the Mercury—and the rear-hatch shapes, for example. Under their sleek, aerodynamic bodies, the EXP and the LN7 are mechanically much like the car from which they're derived, but with some important differences. Their fully independent suspensions are lower and a bit more taut for improved cornering and agility, their final-drive gearing is weighted more toward performance (at the cost of a couple of mpg) and their driving personalities overall are adjusted several notches up the fun scale compared with the 30-mpg Escort.

This sporty feeling is carried into the roomy (for two) and well-appointed cockpit. There's a big, round tach symmetrical to the matching speedometer, auxiliary gauges in the console and standard equipment (as planned) ranging from functional (power front disc brakes, reclining bucket seats, rear-window defroster) to frills (digital clock, deluxe sound package, electric lift-gate release). Ford's fuel-saving Escort automatic transmission, Michelin TRX tires and wheels with specially tuned suspension, leather trim and a host of other extras occupy the options list.

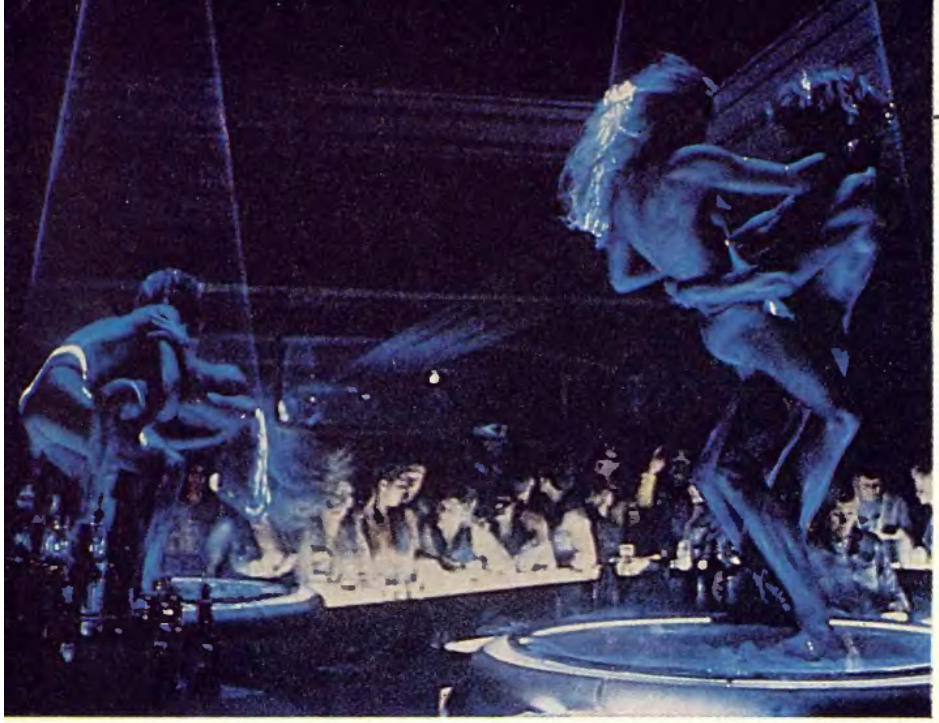
The only significant character flaw is the lack of a nice, close-ratio five-speed transmission to replace the very non-sporting, economy-geared standard four-speed. Otherwise, the 1.6-liter hemi engine pulls willingly, the suspension sticks rubber to road with a vengeance and the whole EXP/LN7 experience is more fun than a barrel of tax refunds. And since these two little cuties are base-priced about $7000 each, not including a long list of optional goodies, how can you go wrong? —GARY WITZENBURG

FoMoCo rides again with a brace of new young-at-heart two-seaters that were born to stretch their muscles on winding roads and win the hearts of foot-loose lovelies hankering to hit the trail with anyone wise enough to invest about seven grand in such a keen little car. Under the Ford EXP's (left) and the Mercury LN7's (right) skin is a front-drive Escort-Lynx platform—and although the LN7's bubbleback body style gives it an edge in drag coefficient over the EXP's notchback shape, both have the best aerodynamic ratings of any standard-equipped American car on the market. Add to that four-wheel independent suspension and a four-speed box (with overdrive) or optional automatic coupled with a 1.6-liter hemi engine, and you've got a fun little package that's a ball to drive—and drive—as the anticipated EPA is about 28 mpg in the city.

Have Laser, Will Travel

Outland, a feature film due momentarily from The Ladd Company/Warner Bros., is sort of a far-out—spaced out, in fact—Western. Sean Connery plays the white-hat character, a Federal marshal who, the producers tell us, "has seen service on just about every frontier hellhole in habitable space." His latest assignment is to uncover corruption on Io, the second moon of the planet Jupiter, which is a mining outpost of the giant Consolidated-Amalgamated Corporation. Con-Am's general manager on Io is a fellow named Sheppard, played by Peter Boyle, who turns out to be a low-down varmint. What distinguishes *Outland* from *High Noon*, *Gunsmoke* and other classics of the genre is, of course, its futuristic setting, brought to life with spectacular—and sexy—visual effects.

After arriving on Io, Marshal O'Niel (Sean Connery, above) soon discovers that the space outpost's corrupt mine manager (Peter Boyle) keeps his workers' noses to the grindstone by providing them with an illicit drug and turning them loose to enjoy no-holds-barred entertainment (including nude dancers) like that shown on these pages. Work 'em hard, let 'em play hard, is the boss's theory. Trouble is, O'Niel learns, the drug eventually leads to episodes of suicidal and homicidal mania.



Like his cinematic ancestors in countless oaters, Connery (below) is superstraight. Having seen enough of the high-jinks on Io, he arms himself for the inevitable confrontation with a pair of gunslingers. See the rest at a theater near you.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

© 1981 RON GALELLA

Moore or Less

Actor DUDLEY MOORE bumped into a couple of terrific fives and singer SUSAN ANTON has been his steady date ever since. There are pluses in being short, obviously. Moore can keep a close watch on how things develop.

Is There a Doctor in the House?

WAYNE ROGERS is probably the only doctor in America still making house calls—if only on TV. This house is getting its pulse checked. OK, OK, when was the last time you found *your* doctor funny?

© 1981 BETTY BURKE GALELLA

© 1981 LYNN GOLDSMITH / LGI

Break Through

If ELLEN SHIPLEY is the future of New Wave music, we'll go along for the ride. She's got class and we like her tailor.

© 1981 RUSSELL C. TURIAK

Barbi Hangs Out with God

We know the story, right? On the seventh day, God rested. We had *no* idea He also went to cocktail parties or posed for photos. But here's the proof: GEORGE BURNS explaining original sin to BARBI BENTON. That's *Oh God! Book III*.

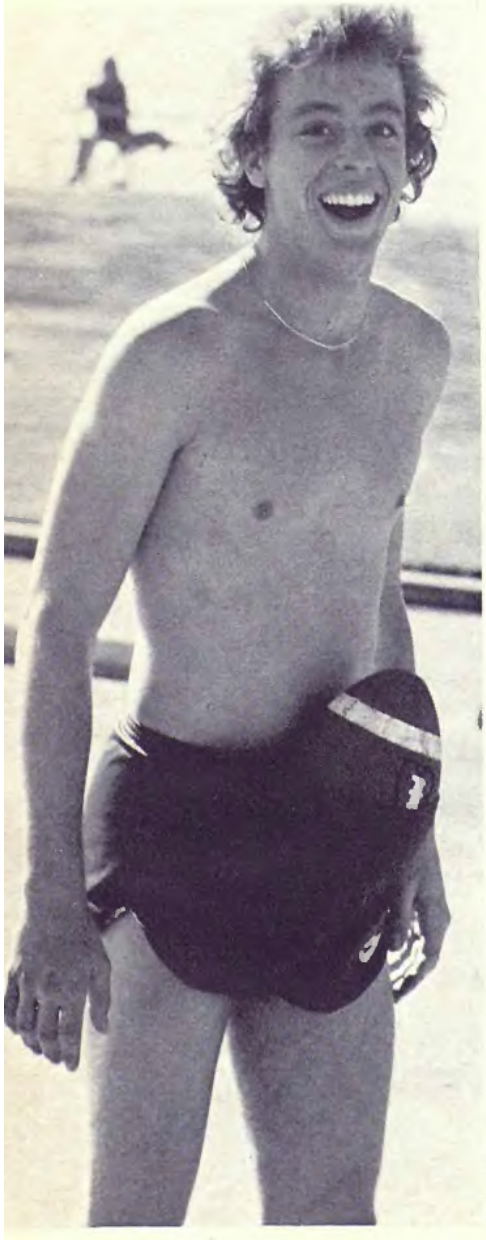
© 1981 LYNN GOLDSMITH / LGI PROPS BY POPEYE

High Tea

If you've ever wondered what kind of treatment rock stars get in high-class motels across the country, here's the dope—actually, three dopes. We didn't get invited to this after-concert party and we're not sorry. We would have called the police, but these *are* THE POLICE. *Bon appétit*, boys!

Holding Penalty

LEIF GARRETT's new movie, *Longshot*, is about big-time European soccer, but it looks to us like the kid's got his balls mixed up. Besides, in soccer you use your *head*.



© 1981 LYNN GOLDSMITH / LGI

Stacked in Her Favor

JUDY LANDERS makes this job easy. Her nickname on TV's *BJ and the Bear* is Stacks—and she is. Which leads us right to celebrity breast of the month—and she is. Thanks, Judy.

© 1981 A. ACE BURGESS / ACE'S ANGELS

Ray-Ban sunglasses.
As perfect now as they were 40 years ago.

See the Ray-Ban line at professional eyecare centers, fine department stores and sporting goods stores.

For all those years, Ray-Ban® sunglasses have been true to what sunglasses ought to be.

And why should they change? What you need in sunglasses now is the same as it was in the beginning.

Glare protection. Sharp, distortion-free vision. Lenses that filter out the proper amount of sunlight.

The only thing that's different now is the variety we offer you: a choice of lenses unmatched by any other sunglasses in the world.

Ray-Ban sunglasses. Still precision-ground from the finest optical-quality glass. Still made with real care by Bausch & Lomb.

In short still the perfect sunglasses, after 40 years.

Ray-Ban®
BY BAUSCH & LOMB

WOMEN AND THE PILL: OUT, OUT DAMNED CLOT

Birth-control pills have been associated with thromboembolism, or blood clots, in several studies. Until now, no one has known whether the pill actually *causes* blood to clot or simply breaks down the body's natural defenses against clots. A new study from Duke University Medical Center begins to close in on the answer. Apparently, the pill aggravates a pre-existing inability to deal with clots among some women. But first, a minilesson in hematology. The body's ability to dissolve blood clots involves a complex series of events occurring both in the blood and in the interior walls of blood vessels. At the site of a clot, vessel walls release a plasminogen activator to convert plasminogen, an inert substance in the blood, into plasmin—the ingredient that breaks down clots. This is beginning to sound like *Fantastic Voyage*. The key step is the release of the plasminogen activator. The Duke researchers studied women who had experienced blood clots while using an oral contraceptive. All subjects had been off the pill for at least a year. It is known that pill-caused abnormalities in their blood returned to normal shortly after they stopped using the pill. Chief researcher Dr. Salvatore V. Pizzo recorded low levels of plasminogen activator among 90 percent of the pill/clot victims. They were six times more likely to have low levels than the healthy control group. The study suggests that *some* women may have diminished defenses against clots before going on the pill. Earlier studies showed an increase in protein involved in clot formation during pill use, but the effect is not known. Combine increased clot-forming proteins with lowered resistance against clots. . . . Well, your guess is as good as ours, because no one, as yet, has made this correlation scientifically. Dr. Pizzo's research produced a significant spin-off—the observation that physical exercise dramatically raises a woman's plasminogen-activator levels. In a subsequent study, Pizzo and others found that a ten-week program of regular exercise raised plasminogen-activator levels an average of 50 percent among 69 subjects. Those who hadn't previously exercised showed increases as high as 250 percent. Pizzo concludes that women who use the pill should get regular exercise. Also, potential pill users should be screened for low plasminogen-activator levels. Pizzo and his colleagues are currently working on a simple test to make wide-scale screening possible.

RICHARD WINTER

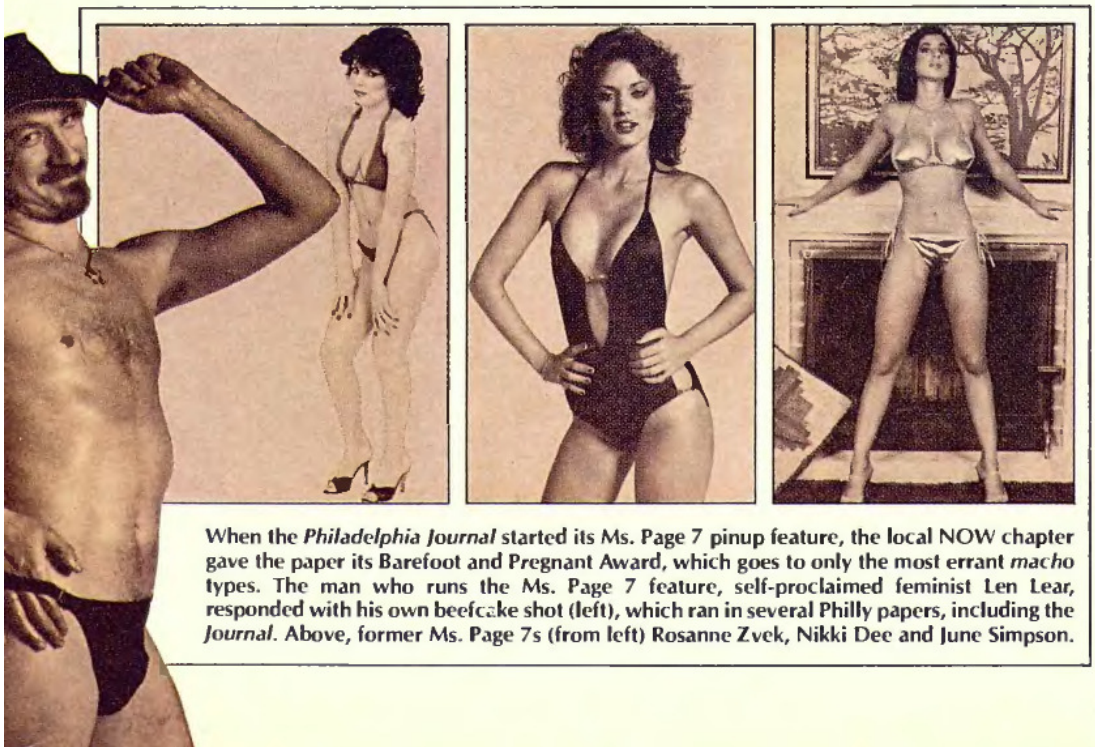
If you're caught in traffic on the road to Vienna, exit at the Fucking off ramp for a detour. But it could be a problem—the tiny Austrian hamlet isn't even on the map.

GARRICK MADISON

Jazz is an American invention named after a favorite American pastime. Need we say more? The shirt's $9.95 from 85° Degrees, Box 3749, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

SOFT PEDALING

Yes, sports fans, it's bicycling season again (see *Informed Source* in this issue) and we've just gotten word of a condition known as numb crotch, often associated with bicycling. Leading to temporary impotence, the syndrome is thought to derive from the contours of the common male-model bicycle seat. The rise at the tongue of the seat cuts in where it oughtn't, resulting in loss of feeling. The cure? First, try lowering your bike seat. If that doesn't help, check out the Avocet Touring Seat. It's designed to disperse the rider's weight over a greater area. In that way, taking the pressure off restores the ability to have an erection.



When the *Philadelphia Journal* started its Ms. Page 7 pinup feature, the local NOW chapter gave the paper its Barefoot and Pregnant Award, which goes to only the most errant *macho* types. The man who runs the Ms. Page 7 feature, self-proclaimed feminist Len Lear, responded with his own beefcake shot (left), which ran in several Philly papers, including the *Journal*. Above, former Ms. Page 7s (from left) Rosanne Zvek, Nikki Dee and June Simpson.

THE GRAPEVINE

Sociologists at Boston's Northeastern University have found a basic difference in what men and women gossip about. Women target people they know well, while men concentrate on strangers and celebrities. Discussions of sex rate evenly between the sexes. As for pejorative gossip—male gossips match females for general nastiness above and beyond the call of duty.

LYNCHBURG
HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE
23 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352

JACK DANIEL
SQUARE GLASS SET

Mr. Jack Daniel was the originator of the square bottle for his whiskey and always wanted to have a matching square glass. Well, here it is! This hefty square glass (each weighs 14 ounces) is the perfect companion to a bottle of Mr. Jack's finest. The inside is rounded to make drinking a pleasure and the original design is fired on for good looks and durability. My $15.00 price for a set of 4 glasses (8 oz. capacity) includes postage.

Send check, money order, or use American Express, Visa or Master Charge, including all numbers and signature.

(Tennessee residents add 6% sales tax.) For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items and Jack Daniel's memorabilia, send $1.00 to above address.

Listen to television on your stereo.

IN SIMULATED STEREO!

TELEDAPTER® easily connects to any TV and plugs into the Aux., Tape, or Tuner input of any stereo amplifier. (TV and stereo can be any distance apart.) All TV programs will come through your stereo amplifier and speakers, even Video Tape, or Cable TV shows. Quality electronic circuitry assures correct 10 to 50,000 OHM impedence matching, for full 50 to 15,000 HZ frequency response. The matrix circuitry actually provides two channels of simulated stereo. Total chassis isolation means protection for both your stereo and TV. TELEDAPTER® is also great for using stereo headphones and taping TV programs. Complete with instructions, and TWO YEAR WARRANTY. 15 day trial or money back if dissatisfied.

The TE-200 Teledapter
only $39.95 Plus $3.00 Shipping and Handling

To order: enclose check or
☐ Master Card ☐ VISA

Card # _____
Expiration date _____

RHONDES
NATIONAL CORPORATION
P.O. Box 1052 Dept. PB
Columbia, TN 38401
(615) 381-9001

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ SEND FREE CATALOG

NEXT MONTH:

UNDERCOVER ANGEL

JAYNE KENNEDY | BEN OSCZHIO | BROOKS'S FLICK

"BEYOND THE PILL: BIRTH CONTROL IN THE EIGHTIES"—A GENERATION AGO, IT WAS A MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY (A CONDOM IN EVERY WALLET). THEN IT WAS THE WOMAN'S (A PILL DISPENSER IN EVERY NIGHTSTAND). NOW IT'S SOMETHING TO BE SHARED—BY **DAVID BLACK**

"THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, PART I"—AN ILLUSTRATED PEEK AT FUNNYMAN **MEL BROOKS**'S LATEST MOTION-PICTURE COMEDY, WHICH MIGHT WELL BE SUBTITLED "THE DECLINE AND PRATFALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE," STARRING BROOKS, **MADELINE KAHN, HUGH HEFNER** AND A CAST OF THOUSANDS, INCLUDING A PRIDE OF PLAYMATES

"BEN OSCZHIO"—IN A NEW AND RIBALD TWIST ON THE OLD WHAT-GROWS-WHEN-YOU-TELL-A-LIE TALE, OUR HERO FINDS HIMSELF HAPPILY WALLOWING IN FAT CITY. A HUMOROUS STORY BY **WALTER LOWE, JR.**

ROBERT GARWOOD, THE ONLY U.S. SERVICEMAN CONVICTED OF COLLABORATION WITH THE NORTH VIETNAMESE, GIVES FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE HIS VERSION OF WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE IMPRISONED FOR NEARLY 14 YEARS, WHETHER OR NOT HE WAS BRAINWASHED AND HOW HE FEELS ABOUT HIS RECENT COURT-MARTIAL IN AN EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"UNPLAIN JAYNE"—A LOVING LOOK AT **JAYNE KENNEDY,** YOUR FORMER FAVORITE ON *NFL TODAY*, NOW STARRING WITH HER HUSBAND, **LEON ISAAC KENNEDY,** IN A REMAKE OF THE JOHN GARFIELD CLASSIC *BODY AND SOUL*

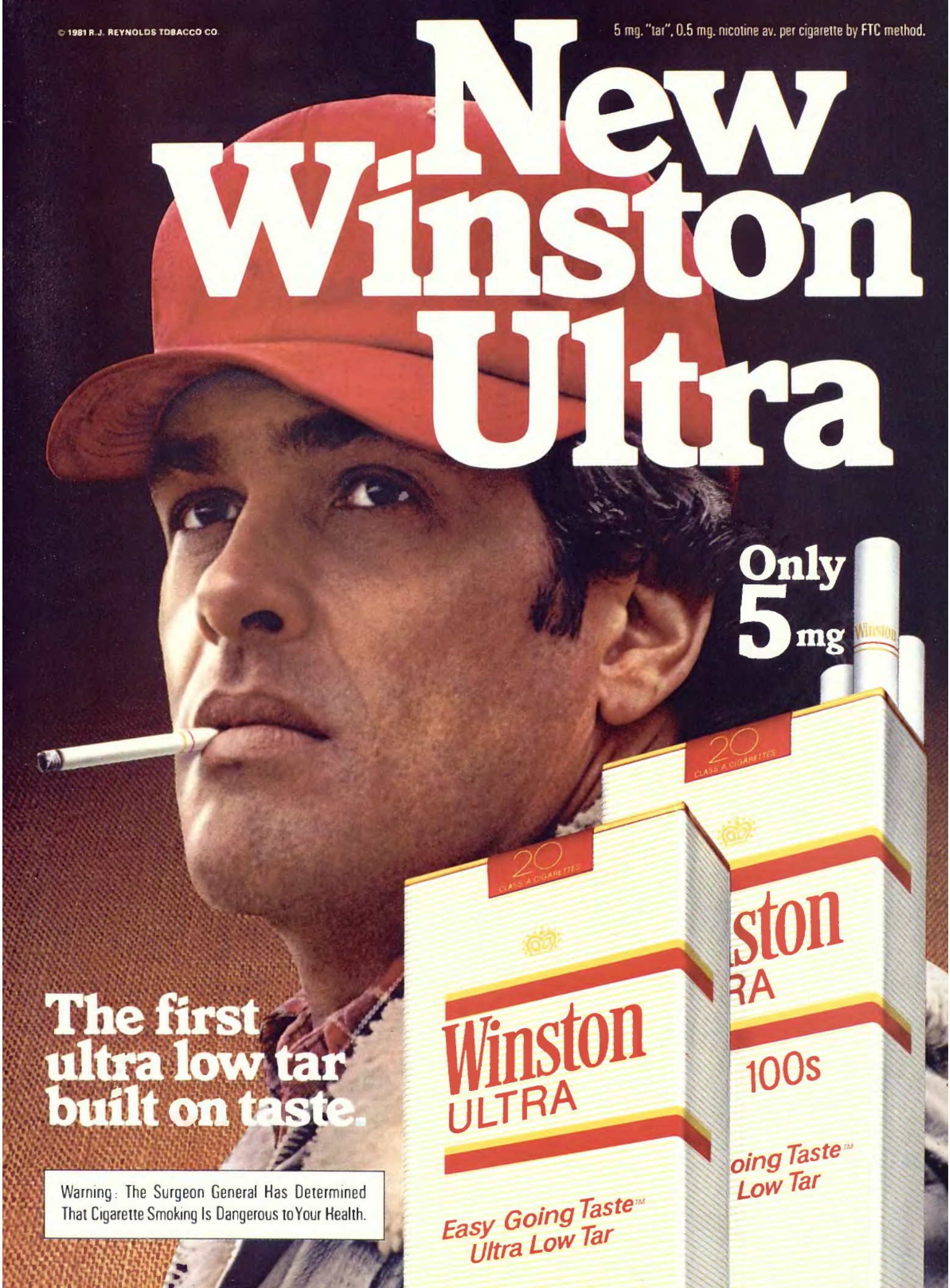
"UNDERCOVER ANGEL"—DAN BLACK WAS A MODEL COP UNTIL HE BECAME A NARC AND INFILTRATED THE HELL'S ANGELS GANG. THEN ALL HELL, LITERALLY, BROKE LOOSE. A POIGNANT TRUE STORY—BY **LAWRENCE LINDERMAN**

"PITCHERS"—SO YOU'VE GOT STAMINA AND A GOOD ARM. WILL THEY EARN YOU BASEBALL SUCCESS? OUR AUTHOR, ONCE A MINOR-LEAGUE MOUNDSMAN, SEEKS ANSWERS FROM THE LIKES OF **TOM SEAVER** AND **STEVE STONE**—BY **PAT JORDAN**

© 1981 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

New Winston Ultra



The first ultra low tar built on taste.

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

"Michelob makes any time feel a little like a weekend."
MICHELOB
BEER
Put a little weekend in your week.
By ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS, MO. • SINCE 1896