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OCTOBER 1981 • \$2.50

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CONFERENCE**
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**NO SMALL
TALK HERE**
AN INTENSE
INTERVIEW
WITH DONALD
SUTHERLAND

**EL SALVADOR'S
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AN EYEWITNESS
REPORT

**PLAYBOY'S NEW
ATLANTIC CITY
HOTEL AND
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A REFUGE
FOR WILDLIFE
BESIDE
THE OCEAN

**MAUD
ADAMS**
BREAKS OUT
IN A PLAYBOY
PICTORIAL,
WITH SCENES
FROM HER
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**PEACE IN THE
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A PREVIEW
OF THE AGE
OF SEXUAL
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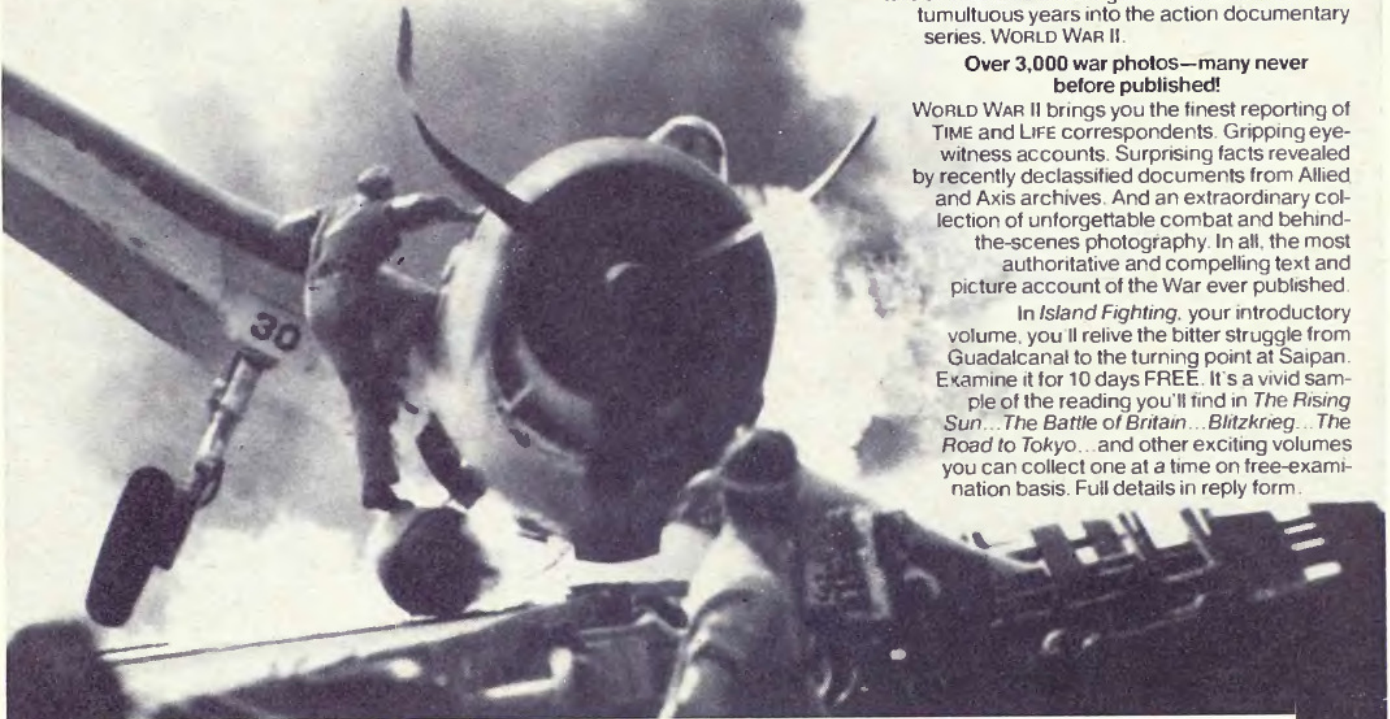
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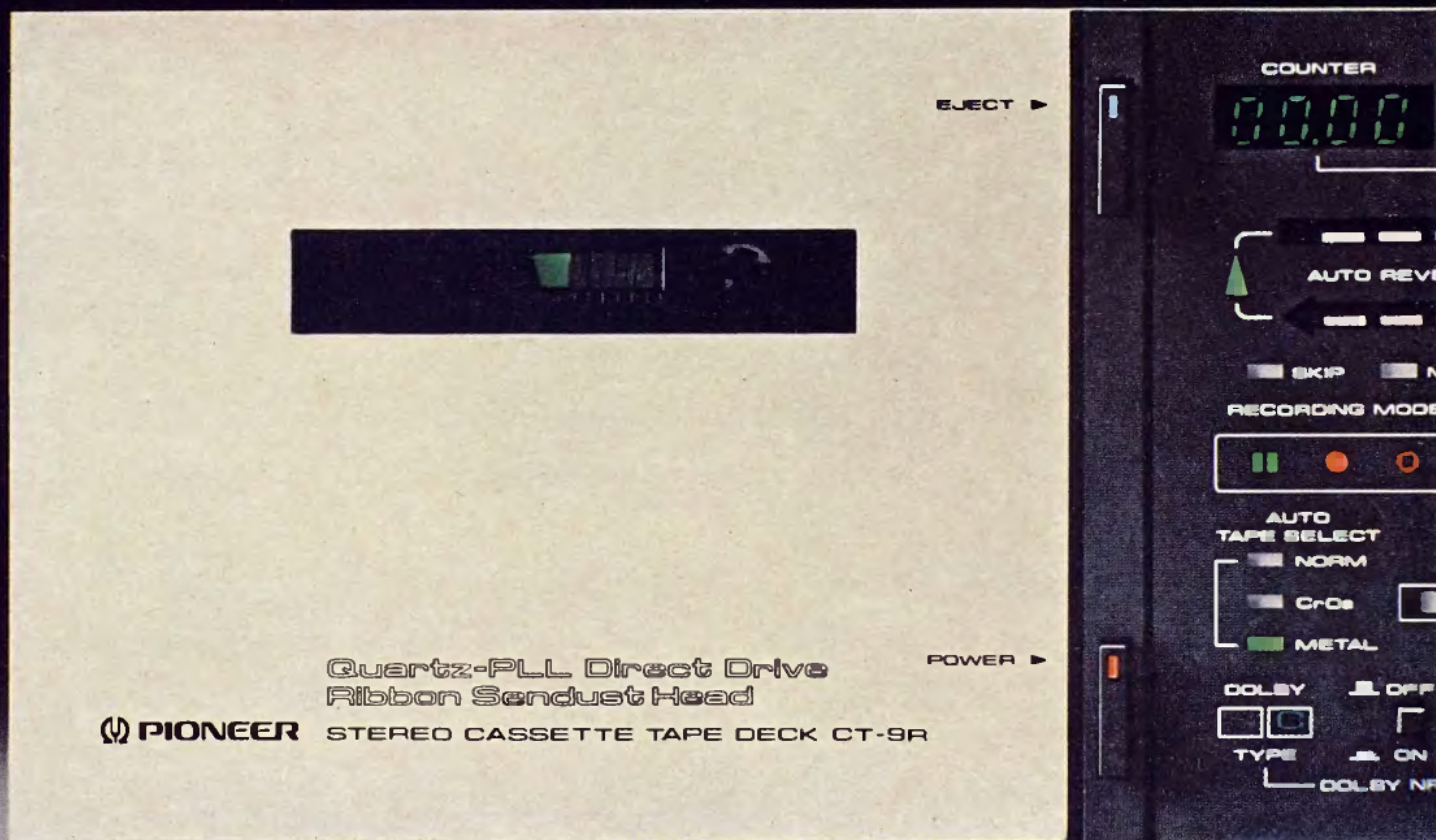
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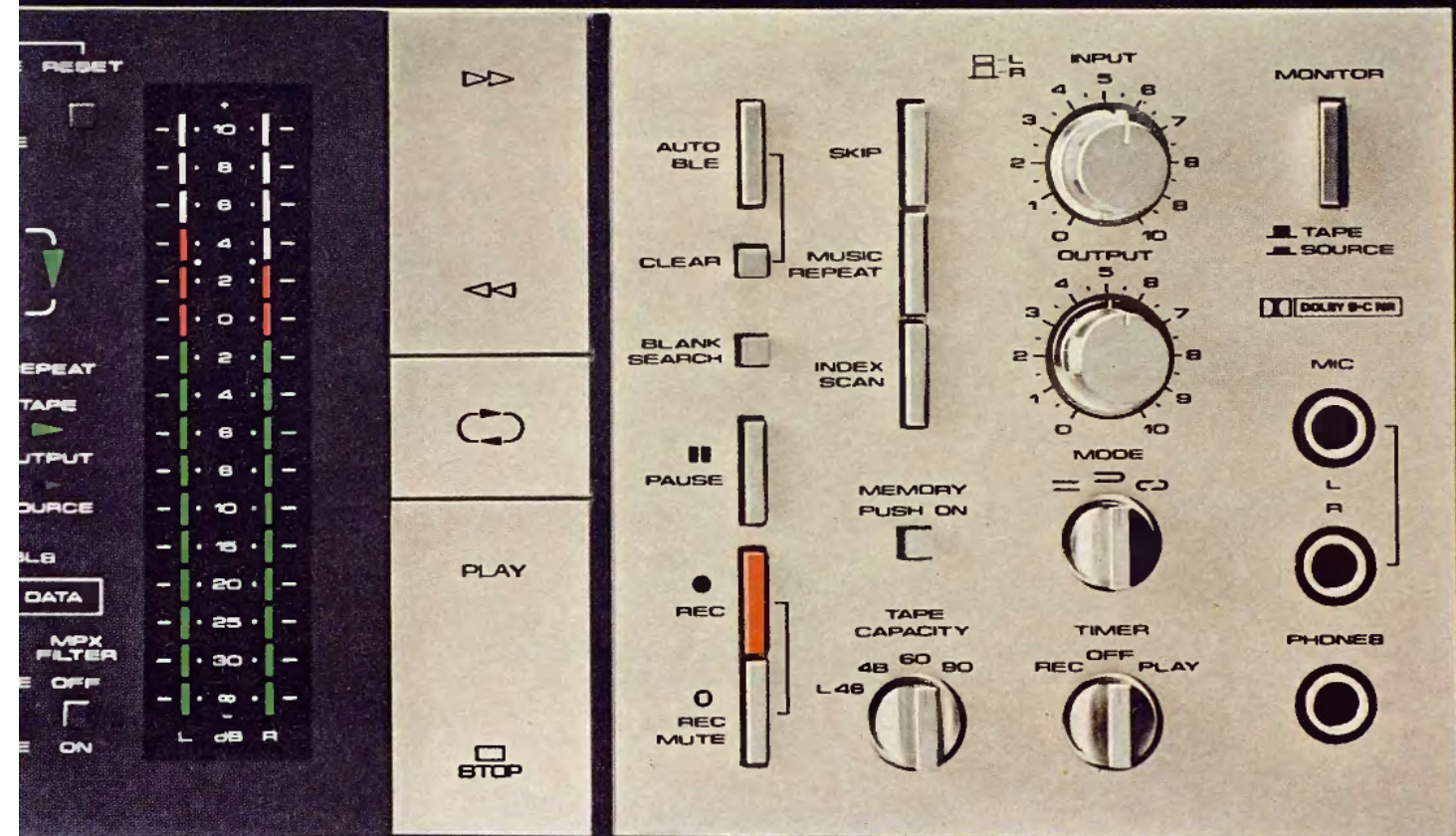
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PLAYBILL

FOR A WHILE in the Seventies, it seemed like we were in an all-out war between the sexes. It was *macho* versus militant in a running battle that saw many chauvinist traditions fall before the forces of guilt and self-awareness. At *PLAYBOY*, we were particularly distressed, since that ridiculous enmity often obscured our best intentions. So we were especially pleased when our front-line correspondents, **Laurence Shames** and **Barbara Grizzuti Harrison**, in parallel articles jointly called *The Age of Sexual Detente*, reported an easing of tensions.

Other battles persist. It is wise to give our full attention to the genuine hostilities in Central America, where El Salvador has already been compared to such hells as Afghanistan and Vietnam. **Christopher Dickey**, Mexico City bureau chief for *The Washington Post*, has been on the scene now for nearly two years to provide us with a firsthand view of *Death as a Way of Life*. Graphics *doyen* **Milton Glaser** helped paint this not-so-pretty picture.

There's a theory that getting the most out of life means occasionally putting your life on the line. Writer **Geoffrey Tabin** and his cohorts, known collectively as the Oxford Dangerous Sports Club, do just that. Tabin's chronicle of *The World's Most Daring Sportsmen* is illustrated in tenuously living color by **Philip Castle**. Adventurers of the armchair variety can quicken their pulse rates in a safer fashion with our excerpt from **Robert Stone's** new novel, *A Flag for Sunrise*, soon to be published by Alfred A. Knopf. It's got drugs, sex and violence all set on a Central American gunrunning cruise.

Actor **Donald Sutherland** was safe and sound in New York, where we tracked him down. Sutherland, whose cinematic adventures are always a treat, bares heart and soul in this month's *Playboy Interview*, conducted by **Claudia Dreifus**. This is the real Sutherland, not the bod from the pod.

Some prefer to find their pods in Chinese restaurants and others prefer to pop them into a wok at home. Home cooking, it turns out, is enough to fill the curriculum of *The Famous Writers' Cooking School*, a compendium of recipes from the likes of **Irwin Shaw**, **William Styron**, **Ken Kesey** and **Tom Wolfe**. Our excerpts are from the book *The Great American Writers' Cookbook*, edited by **Dean Faulkner Wells**, to be published by *Yoknapatawpha Press*.

More food for thought is college tuition, now in the major-investment category. Funnyman **Andrew Feinberg** has dreamed up the first annual report that results when *Harvard Gets Down to Business*. As you might suspect, laughter is the major dividend.

So you think that beautiful women are born with beautiful social skills? Not so. Beautiful women have to work these things out, too. Our favorite women will be doing just that—in response to your questions—in a new monthly column called *Dear Playmates*. The Playmates have consented to share their personal views on a wide range of subjects.

If you weren't in Atlantic City when our new Hotel and Casino opened, you missed a hell of a bash. Luckily, Senior Editor **Gretchen McNeese**, Associate Photo Editor **Janice Moses** and Staff Photographer **Richard Fegley** were on hand to record the virtues of the place for you. Check it out here, then check it out there. What to wear? **David Platt** has the answers in *Playboy's Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast*, lensed by **Francis Giacobetti**. And **Dan Quarnstrom** illustrates the best in grooming aids for the happy hirsute in *The Kindest Cuts of All*. What's all that primping for? Girls, of course! The sort you'll find in Part II of our *Girls of the Southeastern Conference*, put together by Contributing Photographers **David Chan**, **Arny Freytag** and assistants **Sherral Snow** and **Verser Engelhard**. **Maud Adams**, co-star of the upcoming film *Tattoo*, is shown to best advantage through the eyepiece of **Denis Piel's** camera. And look for Playmate **Kelly Tough**, really just a softy. Start anywhere.



SHAMES



HARRISON



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TABIN



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PIEL

PLAYBOY®

vol. 28, no. 10—october, 1981

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COVER STORY

Cathy St. George, one of our West Coast make-up assistants and an upcoming Playmate (it is possible for a Playmate to be the girl next door), is the lady in the tux. Art Director Tom Staebler photographed her for our cover, which he says was inspired by a favorite Vargas illustration. Funny how some women can wear a tuxedo well and others can't. It all depends, we suspect, on wearing the right cuff links.

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 A reporter went to El Salvador to follow the course of American diplomacy in that country and discovered that there's no way to be diplomatic in a nation gone mad without going slightly mad yourself in the process.

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 Defying death for the sake of amusement, the Oxford Dangerous Sports Club has elevated the cheap thrill to an art form.

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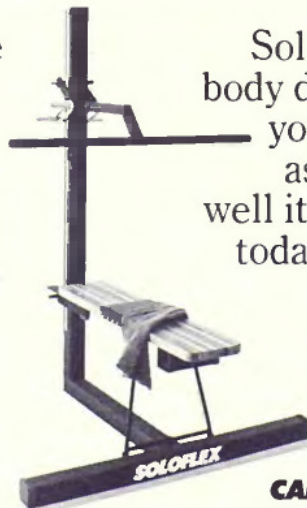
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



ROUND AND ROUND AND UP AND DOWN WE GO

Above left, Hef hoops up for his annual Memorial Day Madcap Marathon, an inspiring occasion characterized by offbeat athletic contests among his friends. Some call it the clash of the celebrity titans. Above right, marathoner Ciri, evidencing the fact that Playboy Mansion West is truly a sportsman's paradise, suits up for the vigorous, if not exactly rigorous, wet-T-shirt event. With games like this, who needs the N.F.L.?



HOPPING DOWN THE BUNNY TRAIL

The Nylons, a campy Canadian singing group, serenade Bunny April at the Chicago Playboy Club, where the quartet played an engagement earlier this year. The group's well-staged a cappella revue is destined for other Playboy Club appearances.

BARBARAMANIA!

Last January, Barbara Bach starred in her own PLAYBOY pictorial. Below, Bach exits London's Marylebone Town Hall with her new husband, Ringo Starr, his daughter Lee (left) and Bach's daughter Francesca (right). We figure Ringo liked the pictures we ran, like the one at the bottom of this page. Probably enough to make anyone pop the question, right?





VERMONT'S HOMECOMING QUEEN

Above left, Jeannette Wulff flaunts the trappings of her fresh victory as the new Miss Vermont. Before returning to her native state, Jeannette worked in Washington, D.C., where we spotted her for our *Women in Government* pictorial last November. Above right, Jeannette as we remember her.



ENTERTAINING THE TROOPS

A trio of modern-day Andrews Sisters greets Bob Hope on his arrival for a sold-out booking at the Playboy Resort and Country Club at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Members of the trio are (from left) Chicago Bunny Angie Chester and Playboy Customer Service Reps Maggie Flynn and Fawn Hughes.

BLACK BLOWS HIS COVER

Ex-undercover narc Dan Black (center) talks about the July *PLAYBOY* article about his adventures, *Undercover Angel*, on ABC's *Good Morning America* with host David Hartman (right) and Bruce Jensen of the Drug Enforcement Administration.



PLAYMATE UPDATE:
BRIDGETT IS
REALLY PUMPING

May 1975 Playmate Bridgett Rollins, who continues to be a sought-after Houston model, recently showed up on the cover of (right) and inside (below) *Texas Country* magazine as its Texas Country Lady.



Bridgett Rollins
TEXAS COUNTRY LADY

Texas has the most beautiful women in the country and this month, *TEXAS COUNTRY* is proud to bring you Bridgett Rollins, our May Texas Country Lady. Bridgett started modeling at the age of 14 in department stores. Photographers saw her and today, Bridgett is one of the busiest models in Houston doing fashion modeling, print ads and convention work. When Bridgett moved to Houston she was knocked out by its size and pace. In the last two years, however, Bridgett tells us that now, Houston feels like her hometown. "I love it here! I've made lots of friends and I really like the people." Bridgett grew up in a small town, an ex-Air Force brat, and has been modeling for the past ten years. Her ambitions change every day she says. She is now taking drama lessons, hoping to get into television commercials and movies that are shot locally. But she doesn't want to continue modeling indefinitely. One reason is her new interest in acting and another is her hope to one day get married and have children. Besides Bridgett's busy schedule, she also loves to read and especially to cook for her steady man. "I like men who are kind of quiet," she says. "He doesn't have to be particularly good-looking, just striking." Well, Bridgett, we think you're doing just fine and *TEXAS COUNTRY* looks forward to seeing you in the movies!



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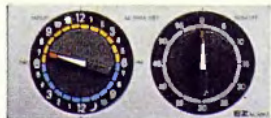
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APOCALYPSE ENOW

For elucidating so many elemental questions about war, nationalism and loyalty in such a compelling manner, the Robert Garwood interview (PLAYBOY, July) has to be the most profound I have ever read.

Paul Belasik
Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania

Garwood's dishonorable discharge makes me ashamed to be an American. Who can judge the acts of a man who has spent his entire adult life as a POW in the hellish jungles of Vietnam? Garwood has nothing to apologize for. He is another victim, another casualty of the Vietnam war. He was sent to Vietnam by his country and was unfortunate enough to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. He paid for it with almost half of his life. But he is home now, and we should be glad one more American lived through that war. It's time to forget it, to stop punishing people for whatever parts they played in it. We have more pressing issues to contend with than drumming Robert Garwood out of the Marine Corps for crimes he never committed.

Brad Brekke
Calgary, Alberta

Survival is one thing; collaborating with the enemy is another. Garwood definitely gave aid and comfort to the enemy, and our GIs suffered because of his actions. I feel for Garwood but reserve my respect for the heroes who gave their lives in the fight to halt Communist aggression.

Kent Ebner
Wynnewood, Oklahoma

So poor Garwood is an innocent victim of circumstance who was held captive for 14 years by the nasty North Vietnamese. He says he shot at a Viet

Cong with his .45 and yet all they could do with rifles was wound him in the arm. Bobby also states he helped the V.C./N.V.A. only because he was forced to. Anyone who believes that should read *Survivors* by Zalin Grant. It describes how, in July 1968, a Marine reconnaissance patrol fired on several enemy, including a Caucasian who cried, "Help me!" when shot by the Marines. The white man was a member of an enemy patrol, wore the enemy's uniform with a red sash for identification and carried an AK-47 assault rifle. According to a POW in Garwood's camp, Bob left the camp for three or four weeks during July of '68. Sounds to us like Garwood was an enlisted man for the other side.

James Gregory
Dean Vanzanardi
Robert Collins
Marine Corps Vietnam Veterans
San Diego, California

Thank you, PLAYBOY, for allowing us to see just how the war unfolded for Garwood. I hope that one day the super-righteous men in our military and Government will stop looking for a scapegoat for their own mistakes.

Scott T. Bowman
Remington, Indiana

To deny Garwood any compensation for the 14 years he spent in hell, as punishment for obeying an order, is a crime of borderless dimension.

Craig Ashley Heaps
Vietnam Veteran
Buffalo, New York

POPPING THE PILL

It is about time you published an article like David Black's *Beyond the Pill* (PLAYBOY, July). It's about time men realize what women go through for the "ideal contraceptive." Men contribute

It's a lot easier to go wrong buying dedicated flash than it is buying a camera

If you know five or six of the right names it's easy to buy a good camera. But it's not so easy when it comes to dedicated flash. For while the names may be familiar, the differences in product are much wider. So a good choice takes careful comparison. And that's when you discover that our new Auto 422 D not only delivers more exclusive features, refinements and accessories, it also delivers more light over a greater distance. Ask your photo dealer and he'll agree.

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50 percent to conception, so they had better learn to contribute 50 percent to contraception.

Anita Franzione
Health Committee Coordinator
National Organization of Women
New York, New York

What Black has succeeded in doing is perpetuating and amplifying anxiety about the pill, which is, in fact, one of the safest and most effective drugs ever invented. Everything in life is a trade-off, a balance of benefit and risk. To concentrate on the hazards of the pill is a dishonest presentation.

Joseph W. Goldzieher, M.D.
San Antonio, Texas

In Black's excellent *Beyond the Pill*, a brief quote from me implies a rejection of natural-family-planning methods. The quote is too short to express my views accurately—may I add a few words? Our pregnancy counselors see clients every day who say they have been depending on "natural methods" or "rhythm" or "timing" to prevent pregnancy. Many of those "natural family planners" figure their safe period on misinformation—from the tail end of a talk show or from a friend whose friend is studying to be a veterinarian. That way it doesn't work! They become pregnant faster than you can say "Billings." Natural family planning does work, but only if it is studied seriously and used conscientiously by people who are highly motivated to make it work.

Lyn McKee
Contra Costa Planned Parenthood
Walnut Creek, California

My congratulations to Black. He has surely opened the door for birth-control responsibility. Keep up the good work, PLAYBOY, and thanks for keeping us informed.

(Name withheld by request)
Prosperity, South Carolina

Thank you, PLAYBOY! It's time this health-conscious society became aware of the very real dangers of that tiny and innocent-looking pill.

Susan Kay Buchen
Fort Worth, Texas

PITCHER PERFECT

My cap is off to Pat Jordan for *Pitchers' Duel* (PLAYBOY, July). The article is one of the best I have seen in my ten years as a reader of PLAYBOY.

Dave Smith
Hummelstown, Pennsylvania

I read your fine article *Pitchers' Duel* with interest, being a former ballplayer myself. While playing high school ball, I faced Fairfield Prep's Pat Jordan.

Could this be the same Pat Jordan? I might add that I hit him pretty well!

Bob Weir
Clearwater, Florida

Jordan did, indeed, prep for his pro career at Fairfield. His high school record was 17-4, so he didn't take many involuntary showers.

HARE APPARENT

Here is a shot of the giant Rabbit Head that popped out of a clear blue sky over Reno. PLAYBOY has put a lot of



people on cloud nine, but I didn't know you went up there yourselves.

Robert Antuna
Reno, Nevada

We could say that you never know where our nimble nimbus might show up. Or, well, simply that Big Bunny is watching you.

BODY AND SOUL SEARCHING

Let's hear it for Jayne and Leon Isaac Kennedy! My husband and I both read PLAYBOY, and of all the layouts we've seen, *Body and Soulmates* is the best! This one will keep us talking.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse A. Sears, Jr.
Fort Collins, Colorado

Apparently, my July copy of PLAYBOY is missing a few pages. I'm still looking for the "sizzling photos" of Jayne Kennedy promised on the cover.

William Keith
La Marque, Texas

Thanks, PLAYBOY, for bringing the subject of our fantasies to us fantasizing fellows. Jayne Kennedy is undoubtedly the most beautiful woman in America.

Joseph Rapkin
Rochester, New York

Jayne Kennedy is the Eighth Wonder of the World. I love your pictorial on her and look forward to her remake of *Body and Soul*.

Teddy Ramsey
New York, New York

I have been a faithful reader of your magazine for many years, and I must express my disappointment. Why print

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postage-stamp-size inserts of truly voluptuous women and then give us full-page blowups of Jayne Kennedy's tongue? Is there a controversy over Jayne's tongue I am not aware of?

David T. Jervis
Wichita, Kansas

Many thanks for your July cover and pictorial featuring the beautiful Jayne Kennedy and her husband, Leon. Congratulations for a job well done.

Marc D. Brown
Atlanta, Georgia

I've been reading PLAYBOY for 20 years and, in my opinion, it has always been the best magazine of its kind. However, your July issue pissed me off something fierce! *Body and Soulmates* is about as sizzling as a trayful of ice.

Henry A. Williams
Roseburg, Oregon

We thought the layout was appropriately braisin'. Apparently, one man's sizzle is another man's fizzle.

HEADY HEIDI

A thousand thanks for July's dazzling Playmate, Heidi Sorenson. She is truly one of the most gorgeous women ever to grace your pages. Chalk up our three votes for Heidi as Playmate of the Year.

The Men of the George
Jenkins Bunkhouse
Ashby, Nebraska

Bravo! Thanks to Ken Marcus and PLAYBOY. There couldn't be many things better than a long Northern night with that spectacular Scandinavian, Heidi Sorenson.

Warren Eckstein
Woodbury, New Jersey

I want to commend Ken Marcus for his beautiful photography of Heidi Sorenson. She is by far the most natural and picturesque girl you've featured in years.

Bob Spector
Eugene, Oregon

I can find only one thing wrong with the pictorial on Heidi Sorenson. It ends. (Name withheld by request)
St. Louis, Missouri

We, the brothers of the Mu-Mu Chapter of Tau Kappa Epsilon, will never see another strawberry Danish without thinking of Heidi Sorenson. She is delectable!

The Brothers of Tau Kappa Epsilon
Hofstra University
Hempstead, New York

Something is fresh from the state of Denmark, and that something is Heidi Sorenson. Heidi, to thine own self I'll

be true, and when I sleep, perchance I'll dream of you. My kingdom for one more look at July's Playmate.

Duncan Brindley
Indianapolis, Indiana

Here's Heidi's curtain call, Duncan, but there's no need to be melodramatic.



Keep your kingdom—we'll settle for a pound of flesh.

FETAL POSITIONS

I've just finished reading "Illegalizing Abortion," by Peter Ross Range, in PLAYBOY's July *Viewpoint*. I only hope the majority of the people who read it will be affected in the same way that I have been. I'm getting off my duff and writing to my Senators and Congressmen, urging them to vote against anti-abortion legislation! There are only a couple of circumstances under which I would have an abortion, but that doesn't mean everyone must feel the same way. Other people have to make their own decisions. If the pro-lifers have their way, Prohibition may well look like a picnic in comparison to their "brave new world."

Deloris C. Stephenson
Nashville, Tennessee

Range's polemics do nothing to settle the matter. He insists it's settled and those who still have questions are part of a lunatic fringe mumbling prayers and thumping Bibles. Most of the "foes of abortion" are not of the hysterical right; they are thoughtful citizens who have questions about the issue.

John Revelle, Chairman
California Libertarian Council
Rohnert Park, California

I believe that if a woman wants a career, she should certainly go ahead and enter the one of her choice. But women's liberation does not give a woman the right to kill an unborn child. The fetus is not simply a part of the woman's body. It is a separate living being with its own distinctive blood supply and genetic make-up (as evidenced by the Rh-factor problem). I feel that the product of conception is a living human and that pregnancy termination is a form

of murder, no matter how euphonious the euphemisms you couch it in.

J. P. Manfred, R.Ph.
Jerseyville, Illinois

Thank you for July's *Viewpoint*. The Helms-Hatch-East strategy is one of the most insidious attacks on privacy and individual freedom that I can recall (I was a mere child at the time of the McCarthy hearings).

Deenie Dudley
Catholics for a Free Choice
Atlanta, Georgia

Can an ovum be made a human being at the moment of fertilization by act of Congress? That would be bureaucracy gone mad.

Alan Williamson
San Antonio, Texas

SCULL-DUGGERY



"Why didn't we think of that? A coxperson!"

Your July issue is great stem to stern. However, nautically speaking, Interlandi's cartoon depicting the shell racing is a bit confused. The "coxperson" is a great incentive, but the scull should be going the other way.

D. T. Martin
Greensburg, Pennsylvania

I enjoyed the joke but, because of my rowing days, noticed that the boat with the "coxperson" was in last place. Crew is one of the few sports in which you move backward to win. But maybe if our coxswain had looked like that, we would have forgotten about the race and spent more time practicing our strokes!

Gregg Kurita
Oakland, California

Different strokes for different folks, gentlemen. Our rowers may have lost the race, but they all enjoyed the shell game.

IT WAS A GREAT GAME, BUT IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME.



Right now you are wishing you didn't eat so many hot dogs and drink that last can of beer. But you're home now.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



SUBCONSCIOUSLY FUNNY

The following blurb appeared in the program of the 1981 Western Psychological Association convention:

"More Sports Results: The Beverly Hills Freudians tied the Chicago Rogerians 0-0 last Saturday night. The match started with a long period of silence while the Freudians waited for the Rogerians to free-associate and the Rogerians waited for the Freudians to say something they could paraphrase. The stalemate was broken when the Freudians' best player took the offensive and interpreted the Rogerians' silence as reflecting their anal-retentive personalities. At this the Rogerians' star player said, 'I hear you saying you think we're full of kaka.' This started a fight and the match was called by officials."

Does ABC-TV know about this?

WHAT'S YOUR SEASON?

Raquel Welch and Hugh Hefner are autumn. Robert Young and Grace Kelly are summer. Doris Day is (of course) spring and Sly Stallone is winter. In sunny California, where getting tan, getting skinny and getting your chart done were once all the rage, "getting your colors done" now has people climbing out of their hot tubs in droves. For anywhere from \$50 to \$300 per consultation, a "color analyst" will study the effects of thousands of different-colored fabrics against your face and reveal what season your colors correspond to.

A San Francisco-based analyst who has been raising Californians' color consciousness for five years says business has never been better. For him, knowing your colors is "more important than make-up, because even though you get wrinkles and gray hair as you get older, your colors stay the same from the day you're born. If you know your season, you'll always look your best."

OK, this for extra credit: What's Rip Taylor's season? And how can we all avoid it?

WHEN YOU'RE HOT, YOU'RE SOT

You say the air conditioning in your office building is on the fritz? You say you just can't stand working in an atmosphere where there isn't enough atmosphere to go around? Relax. Have a drink. When you're done with that, have another. That's the advice given by *Working Mother* magazine, a publication that, after consulting with doctors, says that tanking up is a neat way to beat the heat while on the job. "It will dilate blood vessels and allow them to get rid of excess heat," says the mag. Even better for playing it cool, it continues, is doffing all your clothes at the typewriter. This practice, however, it warns, "is not usually an option in the

office." If *Working Mother* keeps that sort of editorial slant, very soon it will have two sister publications: *Unemployed Mother* and *Arrested Mother*.

SMELLS LIKE ART

When *Los Angeles Times* art critic Suzanne Muchnic gave a bad review to artist Lee Waisler, a guy who describes himself as a "highly regarded abstract expressionist," she never counted on a counterreview. She felt that his work was crap. He was delighted to prove it.

And so, one fine day, Waisler drove a red dump truck to the entrance of the *Times* and unloaded several tons of horse manure on the street to "clear the air."

On top of the pile, prior to unloading, Waisler placed a large black canvas with the label A CRITIC'S CHOICE on it. Although the editors of the *Times* offered no comment on the work, they obviously thought it stank. Waisler felt, however, that he was only doing critic Muchnic a favor. The dung was delivered, he said, to "replenish Muchnic's diminishing supply."

HANKY SPANKY

In April of 1978, the Reverend James Roy, a Baptist minister, had an argument with his 14-year-old daughter, Shirley. She wanted to wear slacks out of the house. He forbade it, citing *Deuteronomy* 22:5. "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment."

Unimpressed, Shirley wore her slacks. When she went home, the reverend paddled her with a shingle. Shirley didn't take that sitting down. And so, with bruises on her buns, she went to family court. The Reverend Roy found himself convicted of child neglect. His daughter moved in with court-appointed guardians and, since that time, Roy



has lost every appeal of the case he launched.

To this day, the clergyman thinks the entire incident wasn't his fault. He had spanked her only once before, he insists, and as for that damaging evidence offered by his daughter, he says that she had gone roller-skating that evening "and fell a couple of times on her buttocks. Those bruises could possibly have been caused by roller skates."

Either that or the Devil made him do it.

SHUT UP AND LIVE

If you're very quiet, you can probably sneak a lot more years onto your life span. According to Dr. James J. Lynch, director of the psychophysiological clinic at the University of Maryland Medical School in Baltimore, tests conducted on 600 people showed that *talking* raises blood pressure by up to 50 percent. Dr. Lynch says communication is the key. If you keep your mouth shut, you can probably live a lot longer. Lynch doesn't exactly know what to do with his findings: he sincerely hopes they don't encourage persons with high blood pressure "to become mutes." Then again, have you ever noticed how Marcel Marceau never seems to age?

NUT CASE

Sometimes you feel like a nut and sometimes you're arrested for it. When St. Louis detective John Russo spotted Emma Harris riding on a bus and eating cashews, he saw red. Although off duty, the dedicated detective promptly arrested nurse Emma after watching her down nuts. He stated that she was violating a city ordinance banning munching on public transport. Although Harris insisted Russo should have issued a warning before pouncing, she ended up paying court costs as a condition of dismissal of the case.

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKER MAN

Screwing around on the job can be hazardous, especially if you're a psychiatrist. Dr. Zane Parzen of La Jolla, California, is finding that out the hard way; he's currently facing a \$5,000,000 lawsuit instigated by ex-patient Evelyn Walker. According to Evelyn, the doc had this nasty habit of seducing her during therapy sessions and then charging her the full \$55 fee for the experience. Dr. Parzen has admitted his guilt. Because Evelyn did not bring charges until *after* the one-year statute of limitations had run out, however, everyone expected the case to be tossed out of court. Not so. A local jury ruled that the suit was tailor-made for the doc and should be allowed to stand. The reason? Evelyn's lawyer successfully argued that her tardiness was due to the fact that after Parzen ditched her, she became a borderline

psychotic and was unable to realize that she had been damaged. Wow. If they ever make a movie out of all this, there's a great role there for Meryl Streep, Jill Clayburgh or Michael J. Pollard.

CHECKING IN



David Lees, a Hollywood freelancer and co-author of the recently published "The Movie Business," interviewed Teri Garr on the lot of Zoetrope Studios. Lees reports: "She did her needlepoint while we talked. She told me she had hired an interior decorator to help her fix up her house—but she was trying to talk the decorator into using props from the set of 'One from the Heart,' in order to save money."

PLAYBOY: Someone once described your best-known screen roles, in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *Oh, God!* as characters possessed of a kind of earnest dizziness. How much of that is you?

GARR: The parts were not written by me, but I guess there has to be an element of me in them. On *Close Encounters*, I went out and stayed with my sister-in-law in Orange County, California, and I went to Tupperware parties, and I found out what the housewife syndrome is. When I got the part for *Oh, God!* it was the same thing. I didn't have to really do much.

PLAYBOY: Was there any reaction from the women's movement concerning those parts?

GARR: No, but when I played the sergeant on *McCloud*, I was accused of perpetuating the myth that women are good just for making coffee. It breaks my heart, because I don't believe that. On the other hand, I've got to make a living and I've got to build a career. The person I portrayed existed in society,

and it's all right to show that the world is offensive.

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, your current role in *One from the Heart* could only be called a romantic lead. Are you comfortable with that departure?

GARR: I was very happy with this part; I'd never done the lead, the central-woman part. The really good thing about this part is that Francis Coppola makes a comment about what is happening now in society. In the movie, Fredric Forrest and I play a couple of low-life people. Later in the story, we split up and he goes off with a girl and I go off with a guy. Forrest goes completely crazy to the point where he comes to the motel room and grabs me out of bed from this other guy. In other words, Coppola is saying men can dish it out, but they can't take it.

PLAYBOY: Since it is a romantic part, with Fredric Forrest and Raul Julia competing for you, we're moved to ask if you believe in romantic love. Or would you prefer something tawdry and unhygienic?

GARR: Absolutely. Anything with whips and leather. No, no, just kidding. I believe in romantic love. But romantic love can be neurotic love. I talk to guys and they say, "I love this girl. She wouldn't even look in my direction. I held this torch for her for years." And I want to say to them, "What are you, crazy?"

PLAYBOY: Have you ever done that?

GARR: That's the story of my life! I've had 85 guys like that. And all of them at best were indifferent to me. Most of them didn't like me, but some of them tolerated me for a brief time.

PLAYBOY: And now that you're a movie star...

GARR: I hope they come back. And I'll say, "Too late." Now I go out with a guy who's really nice and who's crazy about me. I can barely adjust to it. He likes me. He thinks I'm fine. He's gonna turn around one day and say, "You bitch, I've taken enough!"

PLAYBOY: Do movies cost too much to make these days?

GARR: I think they're outrageously expensive. Please, \$20,000,000! People are starving in this world. The way movies are made is determined by the unions. You've got eight guys holding the cable. They've outdone themselves with that shit. In Europe, you can make a great movie for \$60,000. When we did *Close Encounters*, Truffaut was just dumfounded. He said, "It cost \$250,000 for that shot they just did with the helicopter. I could make a movie for that. And they did two takes!"

PLAYBOY: Is your agent contributing to the high cost of films?

GARR: Believe me, I'm an unknown as far as money goes. I just turned down three movies, and the only reason I

SEND FOR THIS PAINTING AND HELP SEND THE NEXT MIKE ERUZIONE TO THE OLYMPICS.

In the 1980 Winter Olympics, Hockey Captain Mike Eruzione's artistry on ice helped clinch a gold medal for the U.S. But now Mike is using that artistry in a way he never imagined.

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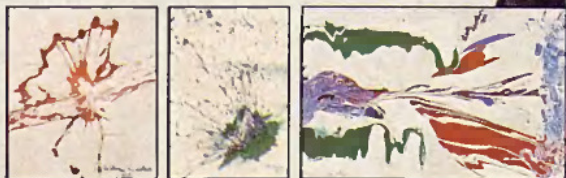
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THEY'VE DONE BETTE DAVISIZED

Ever since Kim Carnes's pipes hit the top of the charts with "Bette Davis Eyes," we've been afraid that a lot of other celebrated anatomies would be hurt by getting short shrift. Assistant Editor Kevin Cook's fingers have penned the lyrics to a few songs that ought to give everybody's ego equal time. They're all sung to the tune of "Bette Davis Eyes."

RONALD REAGAN'S HAIR

His face looks like a map
With interstates to spare.
He'll close the missile gap,
He's got Ronald Reagan's hair.

Even hipper than the Gipper,
He's our ship of state's new skipper.
He's transfixin', and he's got to be
Our hottest chief since Nixon.
Prolétaires don't think he's square,
He's got Ronald Reagan's hair.

DOLLY PARTON'S CHEST

Her hair is two feet high,
She's not routinely blessed.
We pray she'll heave a sigh,
She's got Dolly Parton's chest.

She'll be famous, Rome to Dover,
If she keeps from falling over.
Somewhat buxom, she's a threat to
Crush a dwarf unless he ducks 'em.
We're impressed. Keep us abreast,
She's got Dolly Parton's chest.

BILLY MARTIN'S FIST

His team is green and gold,
Some days they get him pissed.
He's almost ten years old,
He's got Billy Martin's fist.

He'll berate you, if your suit's blue,
Pick your shins to put his boots to.
All the fellows simply love to buy him
Beers, but not marshmallows.
Umpps he's missed are on his hit list,
He's got Billy Martin's fist.

BARBRA STREISAND'S NOSE

Her fans most often kneel,
She's got that *quelque chose*,
She's soft as stainless steel,
She's got Barbra Streisand's nose.

She'll outshine us, but Her Highness
Might look better minus sinus.
Her proboscis is a jumbo
That you may have seen on Dumbo.
When she blows, everyone knows,
She's got Barbra Streisand's nose.

LOU FERRIGNO THIGHS

His skin is gaudy green,
It often jumps a size.
He has Bill Bixby's bean,
Also Lou Ferrigno thighs.

Don't annoy him, little-boy him,
Critics seldom overjoy him.
He's in mean scenes, but geneticists
Go mad about his green genes.
His disguise can't minimize
Emerald Lou Ferrigno thighs.

JIMMY CARTER'S SMILE

He's back at home in Plains,
Our crackerjack exile.
"Ah like it," he explains,
Flashing Jimmy Carter's smile.

"Ah like writing, Ah'm delighting
In my crudite hindsighting.
They all blame me, but Ah'm
Still a star to Bert and Zbig and Amy.
All the while, through Three Mile Isle,
Ah flashed Jimmy Carter's smile."

ORSON WELLES'S WEIGHT

He walks without a Kane,
Too soon he's late and great.
His star was on the wane
Long before he gained his weight.

Once a corker, now a porker,
Not a star like Mork the Orker,
He does magic, and his tragic
Ads for wine look hemorrhagic.
Rosebud's gone, now he's oblate;
He's got Orson Welles's weight.

CHARLTON HESTON'S JAW

His food is Soylent Green,
It sticks down in his craw.
His morals always clean,
He's got Charlton Heston's jaw.

He can plague you, give you ague,
Grit his teeth and Alex Haig you.
He's Mosaic, and he knows just what it
Takes to play Passaic.
He can go to Sinai, get the laws, 'cause
He's got Charlton Heston's jaw.

*You may hate 'em, execrate 'em,
Spindle, fold and mutilate 'em.
You can eat 'em, but for anatomic
Verse it's hard to beat 'em.
Eyes and thighs long victimized
Are prized when Bette Davisized.*

would have done any of them was for the money. But now I just bought a house and I started thinking if I had \$50,000, I could make a new room. If I had more, I could put in a pool. All of a sudden, your life escalates.

PLAYBOY: Are there any parts you really wanted that you didn't get?

GARR: Yeah. The part in *The Postman Always Rings Twice*; the casting people saw everyone in Hollywood and New York, and they wouldn't even see me. I went completely crazy.

PLAYBOY: What about jobs you *did* get that you wished you hadn't?

GARR: Once, I was the Statue of Liberty on roller skates at Disneyland. And I lied about my age to be a chorus girl at the Coconut Grove. I was in Keely Smith's act and Donald O'Connor's act with a letter on my ass. I found it more entertaining than college.

PLAYBOY: What were you like as a teenager?

GARR: Weird and tough—you know, leather and big earrings and crosses and I drank beer. I was light-years ahead of my friends—the girls who were having tea parties and clubs and things like that. I was into all that stuff, but I was also with my other friends. We were into Miles Davis and marijuana.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a "reputation"?

GARR: I wonder. Most kids who are tough in high school aren't tough at all. I was terrified, so I was acting tough. I probably had a reputation.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned marijuana. How would you characterize the use of cocaine in Hollywood?

GARR: Any movie I've ever worked on, the minute you walk on the set, they tell you who's the person to buy it from. But I've never had cocaine. I saw Cher the other day and she said they're going to make these two monuments of us, because these are two girls who lived through Hollywood and they never had cocaine.

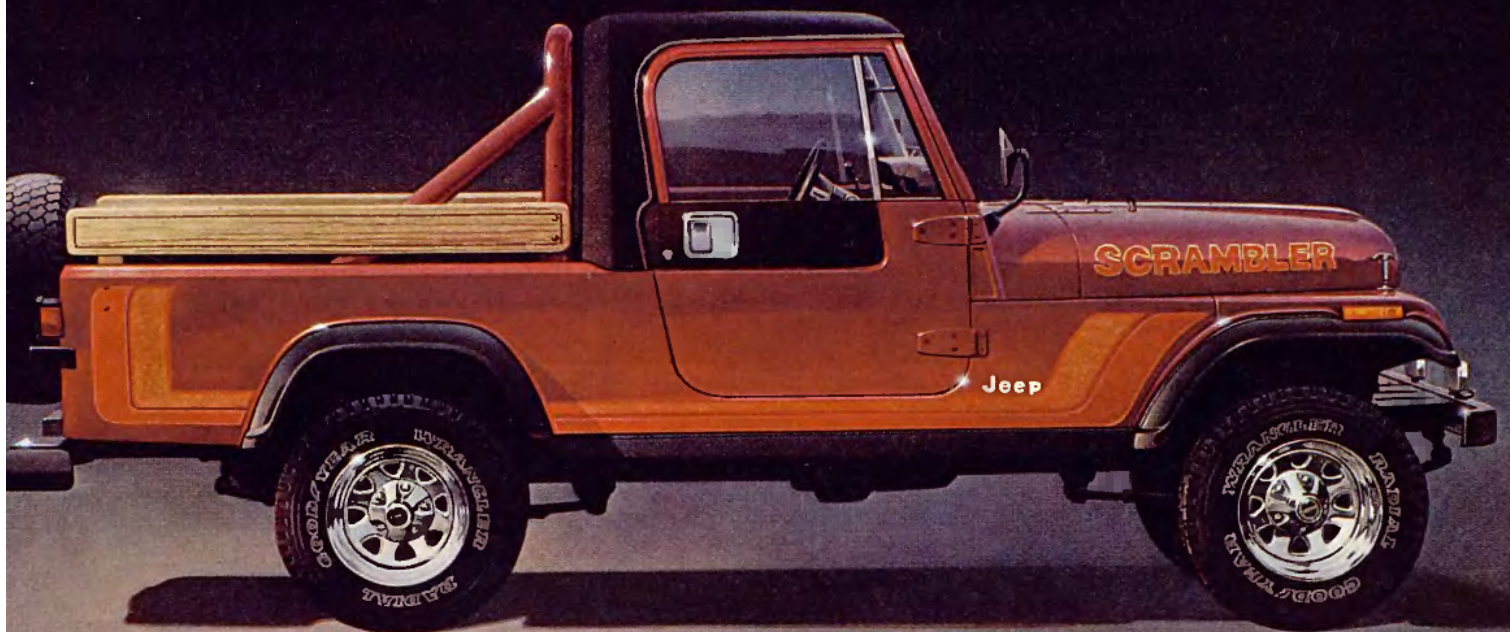
PLAYBOY: You have some nude scenes in this movie.

GARR: I have a lot of them in this movie. The minute I read the script and saw all these nude scenes in it, I thought as long as I look fine, it's OK with me. This movie is about two people in a situation. I never felt that it was about showing tits and ass and fucking or anything lascivious at all. If it had been, well, I'm really uptight and I would have been self-conscious.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to get married and settle down someday?

GARR: Sure, I've always wanted that. I always felt that if I got married and settled down, that would be it for my career. So I always picked Mr. Poison. Now I would be available to somebody who was nice, because I have a foot in the door with my career and I can relax a little bit. I've always wanted security and a house and stuff like that.

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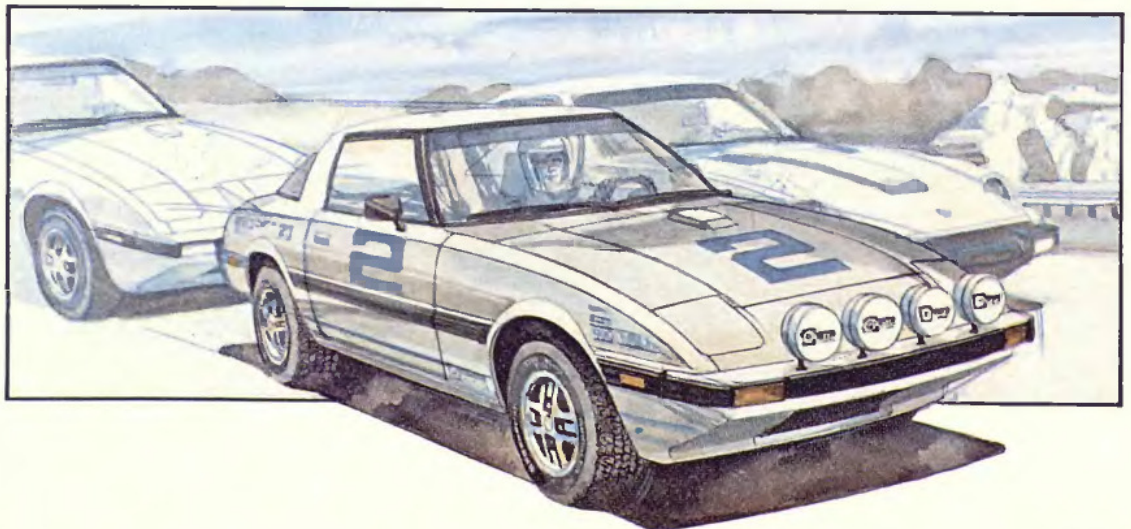
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BOOKS

Previews: Early reports last spring from the annual American Booksellers' Association convention made the fall pickings sound slim. And now that the catalogs have arrived, we must tell you the reports were true. There *are* some fine books to look forward to, but not in the usual numbers. Here's the hot fiction list: National Book Award winner Robert Stone's new novel, *A Flag for Sunrise* (Knopf), about Yankees in a Central American country on the brink of revolution (you can get a taste of it elsewhere in this issue); John (Garp) Irving's *The Hotel New Hampshire* (Dutton); *Confessions of a Homing Pigeon* (Dial), the latest from best-selling writer Nicholas Meyer, who brought us *The Seven-Percent Solution* and *The West End Horror*, among others; and an interesting first novel called *Who Killed Sal Mineo?* (Wyndham), by Susan Braudy, which started out as a purely journalistic effort but turned into a fictional account of the actor's murder. It's being billed as an erotic detective novel, which sounds good to us.

The fall nonfiction situation looks to be a lot more exciting, starting with *Privileged Communication: The Nixon Years* (Simon & Schuster), by John D. Ehrlichman. We expect that Ehrlichman finally comes clean—at least by his own standards. We're also on the lookout for a book on David Halberstam's other abiding passion (aside from power), basketball. It's called *The Breaks of the Game* (Knopf) and it, too, will be excerpted in *PLAYBOY* (November). Two books of note are due from Farrar, Straus & Giroux: Tom Wolfe's *From Bauhaus to Our House*, which hits the past 50 years of architecture and is expected to cause controversy the same way his *The Painted Word* did; and John McPhee's description of the New Jersey Pine Barrens, its geography and folklore, in *The Pine Barrens* (with photographs by Bill Curtisinger). No one else has McPhee's touch for moment and place.

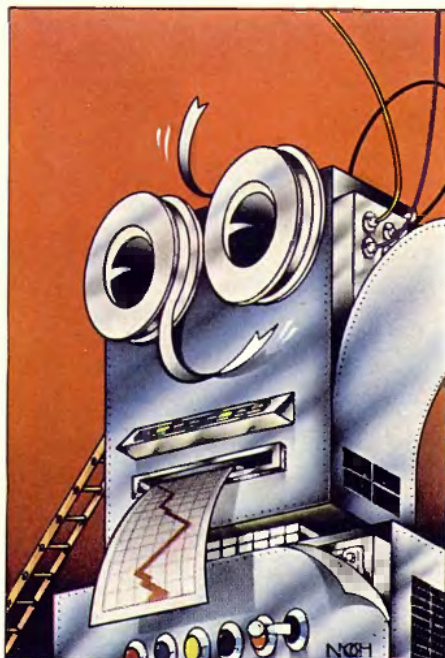
Last, but certainly not least, is John Updike's *Rabbit Is Rich* (Knopf), excerpted in last month's *PLAYBOY*. Updike writes about middle America with a perfect eye. We're lucky to have him.

Richard Nixon's brother used to tap phones as a teenager. When Richard was studying law at Duke University, he climbed through the transom of the dean's office to sneak a look at records. In the late Thirties, he borrowed \$10,000 from friends and tried to start a frozen-orange-juice company. It failed, and there are people in Whittier, California, who still carry some of the costs of that venture on their books. In trouble with a slush-fund scandal, Nixon wept and



More Nixon agonizing.

Definitive Nixon bio; a first-rate book on man and machines; and a Jim Harrison novel.



Soul of a New Machine: technology tamed.

gained public sympathy at the same time, a performance of which Albert Upton, his old drama teacher, who taught him how to cry, commented, "Here goes my actor." In 1954, Nixon strongly supported the dropping of three small atom

bombs to help the French at Dien Bien Phu. Tom Braden, a journalist who had questioned Nixon persistently at press conferences in 1962, found himself audited by the IRS during every year that Nixon was President. These and about a million other fascinating tidbits populate Fawn M. Brodie's *Richard Nixon: The Shaping of His Character* (Norton). Read this book and learn why a truly wonderful guy made you grit your teeth in spite of his admonitions that you should respect your President.

If you like the writing of John McPhee, you'll love the work of Tracy Kidder. The analogy fits. Kidder has written *The Soul of a New Machine* (Atlantic-Little, Brown) with a reporter's eye, a novelist's heart and a technician's understanding. Kidder spent months observing a team of computer engineers who were creating a new machine (that became known as the Eclipse MV/8000). What makes Kidder's book so rich is that he describes the human psyche as well as the computer industry. Rumor has it that the two are going to have to get along, and Kidder deserves credit for enlightening that mysterious alliance with brilliant, concise and original writing.

The hero of Jim Harrison's latest novel, *Warlock* (Delacorte), has a unique solution to his mid-life crisis. He becomes a private detective—trouble shooter for a slightly eccentric doctor whose research includes inventing vibrators that shimmy with the flexibility of a porpoise as it moves through the water. The hero reads children's books to keep his mind cruel and simple. He travels from northern Michigan to Florida, collecting waitresses and hangovers. He abuses his system with drugs. He fools around. His wife fools around. The doctor fools around. The doctor's wife fools around, too. In short, all you would want from a mystery and more. Harrison is on a roll. His last book, a collection of three novellas called *Legends of the Fall*, was strikingly good. This man can write.

The Nuclear Barons (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) is a painstaking and potentially explosive work by London *Observer* reporter Peter Pringle and former Australian government official James Spigelman on the development of nuclear energy from Los Alamos through Three Mile Island.

After the bomb he had fathered incinerated 100,000 people in Hiroshima in nine seconds, J. Robert Oppenheimer issued his famous *mea culpa*: "In some sort of crude sense, which no vulgarity,

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A K A I
YOU NEVER HEARD IT SO GOOD

no humor, no overstatement can quite extinguish, the physicists have known sin." This is the distinction between the physicists and the nuclear barons, those who bank-roll the reactors.

The nuclear nightmares of radiation leakage, radioactive by-products with half lives measured in millennia, atomic terrorism and nuclear proliferation are all the results of choices that were never open to public debate. Pringle and Spigelman vividly show those choices being made in *hubris*-filled rooms by technocrats to whom the bottom line is always uppermost. These men have no knowledge of sin; there is an amorality about them that keeps them from knowing they have struck a Faustian bargain with the atom.

In the Sixties, as the gun sounded for an all-out international arms race, a reporter asked Oppenheimer about the chances of halting the march of nuclear proliferation. He said, "It's 20 years too late."

Now it's 40 years too late.

Ingenious journalists do not necessarily make ingenious novelists. Credit British foreign correspondent Colin Smith (he's the London *Observer's* man in the Middle East) with having made a deft transition. In his first novel, *The Cut-Out* (Viking), Smith has managed to sustain the authenticity of reality while lending plot and drama to the mix. The elements and locales are familiar to Smith: professional terrorists, international intrigue, the inner sanctums of London, Beirut and Cyprus. *The Cut-Out* is a suspenseful, carefully written and memorable novel.

The best thing about *Blue Smoke and Mirrors* (Viking), by veteran *Washington Star* reporters Jack W. Germond and Jules Witcover, is that it's not 500 pages long. Jimmy Carter's Cinderella election in 1976 spawned an excess of verbiage in the making-of-a-President genre, including a massive, well-titled tome by Witcover called *Marathon*. Ronald Reagan's defeat of Carter in 1980 was simple enough to wrap into 322 pages of occasionally dramatic political scenes that could have been justly titled *Why Not the Worst?* This is the book for collectors of political minutiae. We relive Ted Kennedy's disastrous CBS-TV interview with Roger Mudd and get to sweat through the Iranian hostage crisis all over again. We also get the best account to date of the Ford farce at the Republican National Convention. In short, solid political history.

Doktor Bey (a.k.a. PLAYBOY satirist Derek Pell) manages to offend just about everybody in his *Book of the Dead* (Avon). Four stars to the "Michelin Guide to the Other Side."



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MOVIES

Sidney Lumet's brilliant, complex *Prince of the City* (Orion/WB) describes the decline and fall of a young New York City detective who pretty well ruins his life by deciding to go straight. Before he's finished, most of his best buddies on the force have either been indicted or killed themselves—and former narc-squad hot-shot Danny Ciello finds there's cold comfort in the truth. "I wanted absolution," he says, like the good Italian boy he was raised to be. In this part, Treat Williams is anguished, sympathetic and smashingly right, more than measuring up to the promise he showed in the film version of *Hair*. Lindsay Crouse, as his skeptical wife, and Jerry Orbach, as one of the colleagues his testimony condemns, merely set the pace for a large company of performers, all of whom are just about perfect.

Adapted by Lumet and Jay Presson Allen from Robert Daley's book about a real cop named Bob Leuci, *Prince of the City* is a crackling story in the warm-blooded, street-smart tradition of Lumet's own *Serpico* and *Dog Day Afternoon*. This meticulous epic has less going for it, however, as sheer entertainment. It's tough-minded and deals tough-mindedly with some very sticky issues about the morality of society in general, while offering no easy answers about the integrity of a turncoat cop who has to sacrifice quite a few chums in order to clear his conscience. If commercial savvy had been his first concern, Lumet might have made the movie shorter—at two hours and 47 minutes, it seems longish, though never sluggish. Lumet's refusal to compromise may pay off, for *Prince of the City* is uncompromising and almost heroically honest. There's very little shoot-'em-up action, though plenty of fascinating detail about how the machinery of justice tends to grind a man down and spit him out. Warts and all, Lumet's portrait of New York's finest is the most humane and soul-searching police saga I have seen in years. **YYY½**

Subtitled "A True Story," *Chariots of Fire* (The Ladd Co./WB) is a beautiful, enthralling picture about some stout-hearted male athletes who ran for England at the 1924 Olympics in Paris. That says too little, however, for the movie's real concerns are faith, aspiration and the psychology of winning. Two American stars, Brad Davis and Dennis Christopher, appear in smallish key roles as U.S. competitors during the climactic track scenes, and Christopher's bit seems almost a calculated homage to *Breaking Away*. Writer Colin Welland and director Hugh Hudson,



No Treat for *City's* Williams (left).

Cops, athletes and chivalrous heroes make for high-spirited, action-packed entertainment.



Chariots' Ben Cross, Alice Krige.

who herewith give a huge boost to the generally moribund British film industry, focus mainly upon Ben Cross as Harold Abrahams, Ian Charleson as Eric Liddell—two remarkably vital young actors portraying two memorable men who competed in '24. Both are shown to be fierce competitors with complex motives (the title, by the way, is from a William Blake poem not mentioned in the movie). For Abrahams, a Cambridge man who's the proud, quick-tempered son of an immigrant financier, running is "a weapon against being Jewish." His sensitivity on the subject becomes understandable in a vivid scene with a couple of stuffy old Cambridge masters (Sir John Gielgud and director-actor Lindsay Anderson do them to a turn) who reprimand Abrahams for behaving more like a "tradesman" than a sport-

ing good chap—insidious English anti-Semitism laid out like an open wound. Abrahams' most formidable rival appears to be Liddell, the devout son of Scottish missionaries, who runs as an act of faith—and at one point nearly blows his chances because he refuses to compete on a Sunday, even when the Prince of Wales urges him to put king and country before God just once.

While movies about athletes are traditionally considered hard to sell, *Chariots* succeeds on so many levels I'll be amazed if it's not a whopping hit. Slow-motion photography combined with a powerful musical score (mostly credited to Vangelis) gives impact to the running sequences, and the film is visually stunning throughout, bathed in a kind of sepia scrapbook color that opens up the good old days as if they were here and now. Below the surface, there is great tenderness and subtlety expressed in relationships—between school chums or rivals, between Liddell and his pious sister, between Abrahams and a delectable Gilbert and Sullivan singer (Alice Krige) he adores, or between Abrahams and his crusty Italian-born coach (Ian Holm), who sweats out the Olympic competition at the window of his hotel room nearby, watching the stadium and listening to see which flag flutters up the pole, which nation's anthem is struck to signal victory. That's the single most telling moment in a film full of old-fashioned, unexpected pleasures. **YYYY**

Among the major summer releases that were kept under wraps for so long that they're reviewed here more or less as postscripts, *Dragonslayer* (Paramount) is a sumptuous fantasy with a beguiling air of innocence and magic about it. Ralph Richardson plays the old sorcerer, with Peter MacNicol as his heroic apprentice and Caitlin Clarke as the distressed damsel who dresses like a boy in order to avoid becoming a sacrificial virgin—the dragon devours virgins chosen by lot, at regular intervals. One hell of an eerie dragon, too, and a super, bloody climax, though *Dragonslayer's* special effects are so effective I would think they'd scare the bejesus out of small fry. This mythic tall tale looks like a trendy kid's movie primarily for those of us who became kids again after seeing *Star Wars*. **YY½**

Another late arrival (though extensively previewed in our June pictorial) is *For Your Eyes Only* (UA), latest but by no means least in the James Bond series. Preposterous plots are part of the game, of course, and my only quibble on this occasion would be that

Roger Moore's leading ladies—since Barbara Bach in *The Spy Who Loved Me*—have been ice queens stubbornly averse to either thawing or acting. Carole Bouquet, though coolly beautiful as they come, is one of the least exciting Bond babes to date. Figure-skating champion Lynn-Holly Johnson, as a sort of captive teenager in the villain's clutches, doesn't add much warmth. Otherwise, though, the exercises are sharp, swiftly paced and well up to standard. **YYY**

Almost nothing about *Honky Tonk Freeway* (Universal/EMI) is what audiences have been conditioned to expect of director John Schlesinger. Forget his *Midnight Cowboy* and *Yanks*, all ye who enter here, for Schlesinger's first American comedy is a rambunctious farce about a tiny Florida town called Tidlax that tries to trap some tourists after being bypassed by a major interstate expressway. Among the attractions tried by the town's desperate mayor (William Devane) is a wild-game park inhabited by a weary old lion and an elephant somewhat trained to perform on water skis. The fun is that broad, a kind of nutty *Nashville*—mad, mad Americana based on a freewheeling screenplay by Edward Clinton, with Beau Bridges, Geraldine Page, Beverly D'Angelo, Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn and Teri Garr in various vehicles, Paul Jabara on hand to perform several songs on the sound track. D'Angelo and Bridges have some of the best bits, she as a nympho who's carrying her mother's ashes to Miami and has slept with 300 men in Paducah, Kentucky, he as a bored Chicagoan who leaves for work one morning but drives right on to Florida. There seems to be much too much happening, yet it's hard not to notice Deborah Rush as a novice nun who gets turned on by travel and Celia Weston as a waitress who leaves her station to become a hustler. The film's flaky improvised air makes it likable, though I wound up wondering why Schlesinger chose to do a comedy so aimless he finally has to end it with a resounding crash of cars, trucks and top talent gone to pieces. **YY½**

Joining the U. S. Army in *Stripes* (Columbia), Bill Murray requests that they give him undershorts more stylish than standard GI issue: "Got something in a low-rise bikini? Mesh, if possible." If the gag sounds familiar, that's only for starters. End to end, *Stripes* is a macho rehash of Goldie Hawn's *Private Benjamin*, with Murray and Harold Ramis (co-author of the script) as a pair of schlemiels who join up on impulse after Murray loses his job, his girl, his car and his apartment. When they put him into an ill-fitted uniform, Murray cracks, "Chicks in New York pay top dollar for

this stuff." There are compensating moments of off-the-wall humor, but the rest is mostly your standard basic-training joke manual—slob humor that pays off, sort of, in a debacle featuring Murray and his inept comrades-in-arms on a commando mission into Russian-occupied Czechoslovakia. Overall, *Stripes* is a stale concept performed with some spontaneity, though I still get an uneasy feeling that, so far, *Saturday Night Live's* alumni are slowly shrinking the horizons of film comedy to fit that small screen. **YY**

Miss Piggy doing her Ginger Rogers thing in a lavish musical number—with Charles Grodin swooping along as Fred Astaire—is a pure delight that's reason enough to relish *The Great Muppet Caper* (Universal). Later, Miss P. does an encore with an underwater *corps de ballet*, spoofing one of those wild-and-wet fantasies Esther Williams used to glide through. 'S wonderful. Who could ask for anything more? Well, director-Muppeteer Jim Henson and his staff still seem more comfortable on the small screen and may be stretching things a mite in this taffy pull that has Kermit the Frog and Fozzie Bear as a couple of crack investigative reporters. They're after jewel thieves, and I seem to remember something about "the fabulous baseball diamond." Cute. *Too* cute on occasion, even downright awkward now and then, with Grodin, Diana Rigg, Peter Ustinov, John Cleese and Robert Morley at hand for the human touch, plus Peter Falk in an uncredited cameo. If it's fun you're after, stay alert until the band starts playing—and pig out. **YYY**

Movies based on hit songs usually wind up saying a lot less, at greater length, than the words and music of the original. The rule holds in *The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia* (Avco Embassy), much of it a fairly lethargic down-home drama about a country singer (Dennis Quaid) and his kid sister and manager (Kristy McNichol), who wants them to make it big in Nashville. Mark Hamill plays the boyish state trooper who looks cocked and ready for Kristy's sexual coming of age. All the performances are fine, McNichol proving again that she's the most precociously spunky teenaged actress in Hollywood, while Quaid gets a chance to establish himself as a strong screen presence with viable secondary talents as a singer-composer. Aside from its appeal as a showcase, though, there's so much warmth and sincerity and sibling loyalty floating around in this movie that a violent climax seems almost welcome. The next-to-last scene is best by far—a kind of *Easy Rider* riff of rednecked hate and horror that finally catches the essence of that title tune. **YY**

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Blake Edwards' S.O.B. Show and tell with Julie Andrews in a bitchy Hollywood comedy. **YYYY**

Chariots of Fire (Reviewed this month) Runners and racists in jolly England circa 1924—one of Britain's best. **YYYY**

Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams Low camp, but the lunatics will make you laugh. **YY½**

Clash of the Titans Great gods, little fishes, plus Maggie Smith and Olivier. **YY½**

Dragonslayer (Reviewed this month) Leaping lizards. **YY½**

Escape from New York John (Halloween) Carpenter's latest prank—urban decay. **YY½**

Eye of the Needle Donald Sutherland with Kate Nelligan in harrowing spy story. **YYYY½**

For Your Eyes Only (Reviewed this month) Bonded. **YYY**

The Four Seasons Through the years with some amusing ordinary people directed by Alan Alda, co-starring Carol Burnett. **YYY**

The Great Muppet Caper (Reviewed this month) Miss Piggy's follies are a joy. **YYY**

Honky Tonk Freeway (Reviewed this month) John Schlesinger in middle gear. **YY½**

La Cage aux Folles II Return of *les* limp wrists. **YY½**

The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia (Reviewed this month) The song said it better. **YY**

Outland Sean Connery's space-age answer to *High Noon*. **YYY**

Polyester Thanks to a gimmick known as Odorama, this Tab Hunter-Divine romance actually stinks up the screen. **YY**

Prince of the City (Reviewed this month) Police corruption revisited. Just fine. **YYYY½**

Raiders of the Lost Ark So far, nothing better all year than Spielberg's dandy spoof. **YYYY**

Richard's Things A grieved widow (Liv Ullmann) makes out with her late husband's mistress. Stylish but unlikely. **YY**

Stevie (Reviewed well over two years ago but release delayed) Glenda Jackson, as a feisty poet, giving the kind of performance that won her two Oscars. **YYYY**

Stripes (Reviewed this month) Murray top-Billed. **YY**

Superman II Right on target the second time around. **YYYY½**

YYYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look
YYY Good show **Y** Forget it



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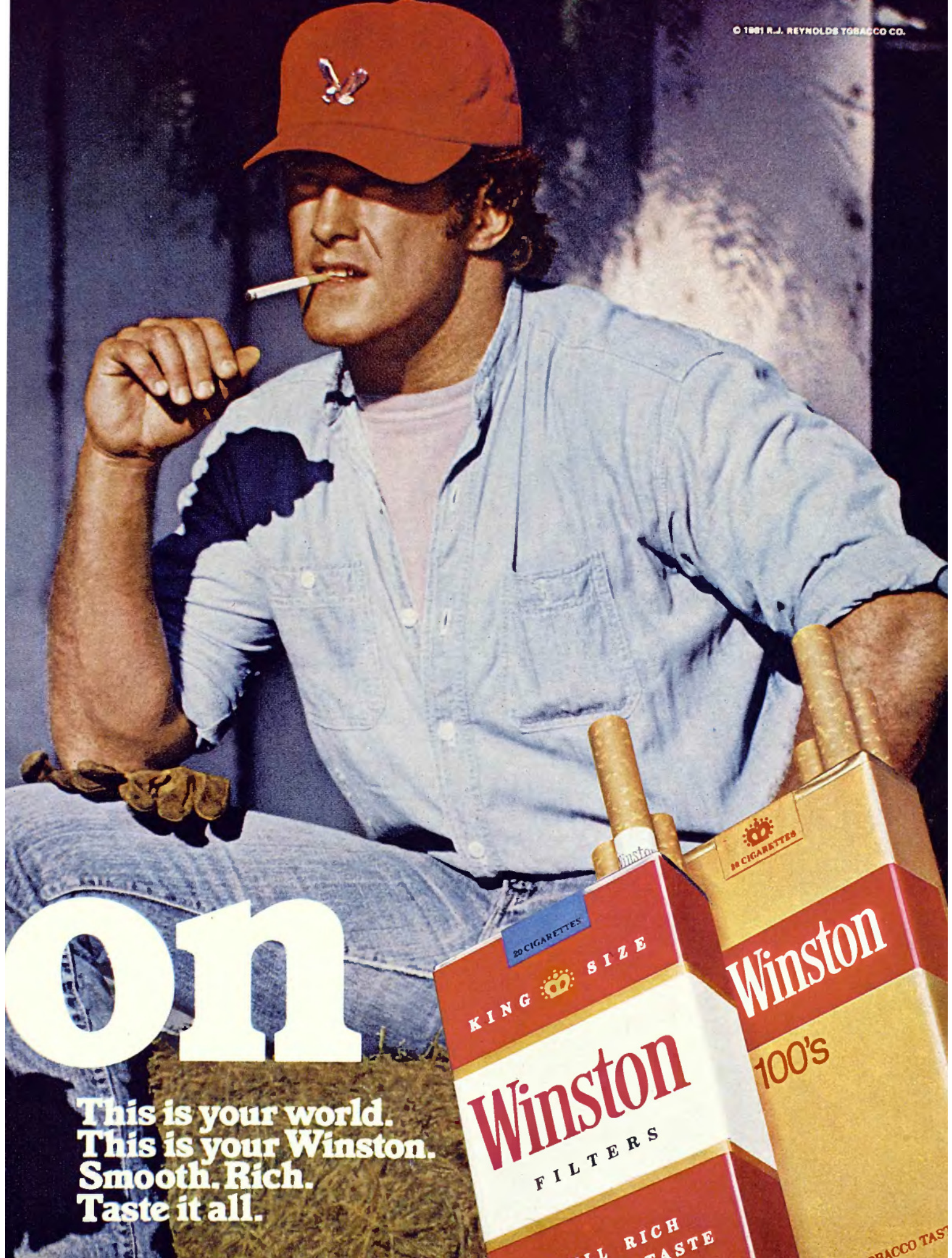
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TELEVISION

Previews: Appraising the new fall collection of prime-time series on the three major networks, I can only conclude that the Moral Majority, the Coalition for Better Television and other such pressure groups have made enormous headway in reducing adult TV to high-minded claptrap. Each network has at least one sprawling, novelistic hour-long drama that's like *Flamingo Road* dry-cleaned. NBC-TV's *Father Murphy* (Tuesdays) stars burly Merlin Olsen, former football star and sportscaster, as a gold prospector in the wild West circa 1870—taking a black man (Moses Gunn) as his partner and giving up his treasure hunt to found a school for orphans. Gloryosky, Daddy. Although unavailable for previewing, CBS-TV's *The Vintage Years* (Fridays) has Jane Wyman—President Reagan's first wife, lest we forget—as the powerful matriarch who runs her family's California vineyards with an iron hand, preserving capitalism at any cost. Ron couldn't possibly object, could he? Over at ABC-TV, they've got *King's Crossing* (Saturdays), which explores the lives of two sisters (Marilyn Jones and Linda Hamilton), aged 17 and 20, whose family returns to their mom's home town because Dad (Bradford Dillman) is a drunken, failed writer. The girls get involved, soon enough, with a stable hand, a symphony conductor and any number of family skeletons.

The crop of new half-hour comedies leaves a lot to be desired, and I'm convinced that nine out of ten sitcoms are shot in the same Middle-American living-and-dining room. NBC seems to have the strongest line-up, with *Gabe and Guich* on Thursdays (Gabe Kaplan of *Kotter* fame plays a native New Yorker who moves his family to Texas to run a country-music roadhouse, aided by Guich Kooch of *Carter Country*). It's corny but could work. An hour later on NBC, Nell Carter in *Gimme a Break* plays a black housekeeper who keeps a widowed police captain (Dolph Sweet) and his kids in line with zingy one-liners. Carter wowed 'em on Broadway in *Ain't Misbehavin'* and should win some new fans here, though the show's Aunt Jemima air is a drawback. NBC also has *The Mickey Rooney Show* (Fridays), in which Mick plays a feisty grandpa who moves into his grandson's campus apartment to bridge the generation gap with gags. Nothing wrong with *Rooney* that a top script doctor couldn't fix. NBC's *Love, Sidney* (Wednesdays) was rumored to be a bold human comedy about an aging homosexual. Well, in the pilot show I saw, Sidney (Tony Randall) has a young man's picture on his mantel. But mostly, he seems to be an asexual old softy who shares his home with an aspiring actress



Lee Majors as *The Fall Guy*.

The fall network line-up's a mixed bag; look to PBS for better viewing fare.



Morse, Brown in *A Town Like Alice*.

and her illegitimate child.

CBS' best shot in comedy is also a pretty long shot, I'd say: Barnard Hughes as *Mr. Merlin* (Wednesdays), a 1600-year-old sorcerer who runs a garage in San Francisco and has to find a teenage apprentice (Clark Brandon) who can learn to perform miracles as of yore. ABC has *Maggie* and *Open All Night* back to back on Fridays—the first created by Erma Bombeck, starring Miriam Flynn as one of those acerbic housewives whose jokes about her husband and kids sound like Joan Rivers out of Phyllis Diller; the second with George Dzundza as proprietor of an all-night deli where lots of craaaazy customers drop by. His wife complains endlessly, and with good cause—bored to death, no doubt. ABC

has a better bet, but hardly a sure thing, in *Best of the West* (Thursdays), a comedy Western about an easygoing Eastern marshal (Joel Higgins) in Copper Creek, that wicked little ol' prairie town on a Paramount sound stage. ABC has put more time and money into *The Fall Guy* (Wednesdays), a one-hour series starring Lee Majors as a veteran Hollywood stunt man who picks up a buck hunting bail jumpers for bounty between gigs. It's broad, with plenty of action, guest stars (James Coburn and Farrah Fawcett play themselves in the two-hour pilot) and a handsome side-kick (Doug Barr) to catch the younger crowd. *The Stunt Man* revisited, this show appears to be running simultaneously in several tracks, and needs a surer sense of direction.

Crime and high adventure remain TV staples, of course, and everyone seems to know the rules for playing cops and robbers. NBC has *The James Arness Show*, as well as *The Rock Hudson Show* and *Chicago Story*, none ready for prescreening, though all sound solid, standard and crime-related. NBC's *The Powers of David Star* (Sundays) is something a little different, with Peter Barton displaying wondrous kinetic powers as a seemingly average superboy whose motto might be: "I was a teenaged Kryptonian." We'll see. ABC has several strong, though traditional contenders in *Code Red* (Lorne Greene heading a family drama about the lives of L.A. firemen) and *Today's F.B.I.* (Mike Connors as a top G man whose agents are truly good guys), both Sundays. In *Strike Force* (Fridays), Robert Stack is the crusty but benign top honcho handling a crew of skilled Gang Busters. If more of the same, desexed, is the trend, CBS' programmers aren't about to turn in their badges. They have *Simon & Simon* (Tuesdays), with Jameson Parker and Gerald McRaney as two brothers having a ball in their San Diego detective agency; *Shannon* (Wednesdays), with Kevin Dobson showing plenty of charisma in the title role as a San Francisco detective who has problems with his motherless son, in-laws, women and life itself. This could be a winner. If they smarten it up, so could *Close-up: Jessica Navak* (Thursdays, CBS), starring comely Helen Shaver as a conscientious television reporter who seems to be a cross between Brenda Starr and Jane Fonda. Wouldn't it be grand if TV came up with something bolder and fresher than top-heavy star vehicles or rehashes of high-grossing movies from past years? Stay tuned, but don't hold your breath.

•
PBS' *Masterpiece Theatre* (Sundays), that old reliable, gets off to a fine full-blooded start on October fourth with a

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six-part series based on Nevil Shute's *A Town Like Alice*. Made in Australia, *Alice* stakes another claim for burgeoning Aussie prestige in TV and cinema, and stars Bryan Brown and Helen Morse are a stunning twosome whose romantic chemistry could brighten up the tube well into autumn. The two meet in Malaya during the Japanese occupation of World War Two, when she belongs to a pathetic band of British women prisoners on a forced march through hundreds of deadly miles of heat and horror. He's a plucky Aussie prisoner who risks his life to help her. Richly sentimental, with raw edges, drenched in vibrant local color, *Alice* is unique—also a nice change of pace for *Masterpiece Theatre* after all those bookish British epics that smack of stiff-upper-lip and teatime decorum.

The fourth season of *The Shakespeare Plays* on PBS will open October 12 with a three-and-a-half-hour *Othello* directed by Jonathan Miller, starring Anthony Hopkins. With Bob Hoskins as an Iago who all but licks his chops over the evil deeds afoot, and Penelope Wilton as a heartbreakingly simple Desdemona, *Othello* on TV is engrossing throughout, though hardly definitive. This production holds an honorable place in this great classic series but seldom lifts it to new heights as Derek Jacobi's Richard II and Hamlet did.

Running the gamut from Andy Warhol to Zoltan Rendessy, owner of New York's ultrachic Zoli model agency, *Model* is an enticing, perceptive, often biting funny documentary by Frederick Wiseman, one of filmdom's most astute social critics. This two-hour-plus presentation in black and white, to be aired over PBS outlets at eight p.m. Eastern time on Wednesday, September 16 (double-check date and time with local listings), whirls through the Manhattan world of modeling with such a wisened-up attitude that Wiseman says it all but appears to be saying nothing unkind. He's merely everywhere at once in an enchanted, glittering void of interviews, fashion shows, photography sessions. You watch a really super professional model (Apollonia) at work, and begin to know what it's all about, or watch perfectly formed hopefuls deal with the tragedy of being only 5'6" tall, which seems to mean practically unemployable in the aeries of high fashion. My own favorite bit features a lantern-jawed male model, posing in ruggedly handsome wool for a photographer who asks him to try a deep, introspective, thinking-man look, just the ticket to sell this particular sweater. "I don't think," says the model with perfect, chilling conviction. But Wiseman thinks plenty, and I think it's fair to call *Model* a must.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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RECORD HARVEST: LOS ANGELES—It was springtime, and the Commodores, as bassist Ronald LaPreard saw it, were here to plant this year's crops.

"That's right," said the Alabama native, who would return there, after a few more weeks of working 26 hours a day in classic Hollywood fashion, to enjoy the silence and small-town ease of Tuskegee. That's where the Commodores met 14 years ago, as students at the pioneer black college founded by Booker T. Washington; it's still their spiritual home—and, for most of them, a physical home as well.

"My crops are music," the long, lean musician explained, his soft voice acquiring a tone of ironic self-mockery, "and I have to plant albums now so by September they will start to grow, bloom and blossom—and I can feed my dogs for another year."

In a frantic burst of activity, the Commodores were simultaneously planting three albums. Their own LP, *In the Pocket*, begun in Tuskegee and Atlanta, was nearing completion in daylong sessions that stayed improbably good-humored (you'd be cheerful, too, if two of your last four LPs had gone platinum). Meanwhile, LaPreard was producing A Taste of Honey, the girl group that did *Boogie Oogie Oogie*—and lead singer Lionel Richie, Jr., was producing Kenny Rogers.

Richie, who established himself as one of America's top songwriters with such emotion-charged ballads as *Three Times a Lady*, *Heroes* and *Still*, had been paged for his writing and production skills by the grizzled country-and-western star; their initial collaboration was *Lady*, a tune that put Rogers on the soul charts for the first time in his long and varied career.

On a Saturday morning, hours after the end of his last recording session and shortly before the start of the next, Richie pool-pooled the notion that there was anything special about the association of middle America's idol and the long-haired lead singer of the flashy R&B group: "We're not concerned about Kenny's reputation, or mine. We're just meeting at the studio every day, teaching each other different recording techniques and trying to come up with the best material possible."

Richie—the other Commodores call him by his surname—was asked to join the group as a Tuskegee freshman because he was carrying a saxophone he didn't know how to play ("They never asked if I could play it"), and joined because it seemed like a good way to meet girls.

Now, having met and married the girls they were looking for, the same



guys were still together, kibitzing and joking in the studio (all six of them write and each oversees production of his tunes, with plenty of help from the others and with producer James Carmichael, whom they call Mr. Motown, functioning as arbitrator). They had gone to New York in 1969 and slept six in a bed at the Y, waking to find their guitars gone (welcome to Fun City). Helped out by Benjamin Ashburn, a Harlem businessman who remains their manager and heads their growing corporation, they proceeded to win over Small's Paradise on amateur night. A booking on the S.S. France started years of globe-trotting in which they picked up a unique grad school education ("I could be a taxi driver in Paris," said LaPreard) and worked their way upward until they could do anything they wanted.

Keyboardist Milan Williams, having finished his work on the new LP, was already en route to Tuskegee, where he'd be opening a lounge blocks from the campus and just in time for the school's centennial celebration. Guitarist Thomas McClary was weighing offers to produce several groups and had co-written, with Richie, one of the songs that Rogers was doing. Horn player William A. King, who helped point the group in the right direction at Tuskegee with a 240-page

term paper on the music business, was awaiting the outcome of an award nomination for the Schlitz radio commercials he had produced. Drummer Walter Orange, who sometimes wishes he were less of a star so it would be easier to go places and jam with people, was thinking about the different music he'll eventually put on an album of his own. LaPreard, a musician first and foremost, who had never dealt with paperwork, was now responsible for meeting a budget and had set up a desk, like a "regular old businessman," in his Hollywood condo. Richie, who would also be heading for Tuskegee when his labors were done (he's moved his parents there from Joliet, Illinois), was writing music for a Franco Zeffirelli film, *Endless Love*, in addition to producing Rogers.

"And to think," said Richie, "that all this has happened to me, an economics major—accounting minor—when the world is full of people who went to The Juilliard School or Berklee College of Music and can really play. It must have been a blessing."

—CARL P. SNYDER

REVIEWS

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contains material composed during a solo stint following his ten-album career as coleader of the popular Siegel-Schwall Blues Band. This record combines Siegel's flair for humor with solid songwriting and displays the reliable strong musicianship one expects from someone who plays harmonica solos with symphonies from time to time.

Since the Fritz Reiner days of the Fifties, Chicago has been a Mahler town and, fortunately for everyone, its orchestra has been more than a match for this titan of romantic music. *Mahler Symphony No. 2: Resurrection* (London Digital), by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, Sir Georg Solti conducting, is another fine performance by both chorus and orchestra, plus another example of London's splendid digital technique. Clarity and balance are remarkable. For those unfamiliar with Mahler, this symphony is a good introduction to his highly praised use of irony. At times, he even pokes fun at his own romanticism.

Manfred Eicher's ECM label has become a jazz powerhouse by putting out musical statements that are strongly individualistic yet fully mature. *Tin Can Alley*, by Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition, and Carla Bley's *Social Studies* (Watt/ECM) are prime examples. With two sax men, one of them rising star Chico Freeman, DeJohnette's quartet comes on strong with a variety of textures. The title tune has a rusty-nail quality; *Pastel Rhapsody*, on which the legendary drummer shows off his pianistic skills, is as delicate as a gauze curtain; *I Know* sounds like rock 'n' roll.

Bley is one of the best composers around, and her new LP is a landmark piece of chamber jazz that works on numerous levels. She's a known activist, but her *Studies* seem to have made her philosophical, judging from the marvelously sedate *Reactionary Tango*.

SHORT CUTS

Joe Vitale / *Plantation Harbor* (Elektra/Asylum): Joe Walsh's longtime drummer turns out to be a fine songwriter and multi-instrumentalist. This is hard-driving rock at its funkiest.

Ramsey Lewis / *Three Piece Suite* (Columbia): His funky keyboard lyricism is by now a fixture, but the choice of strong material and top-shelf arrangements make this an appealing album of very mainstream pop instrumentals.

The Oak Ridge Boys / *Fancy Free* (MCA): The flamboyant Gospel-turned-country-turned-pop group returns to the energetic style of its earlier hits and even closes with a rarity these days: a rousing new Gospel number.

Toshiko Akiyoshi—Lew Tabackin Big Band / *Farewell to Mingus* (JAM): The superb big band salutes one of the century's great geniuses with breath-taking results.

FAST TRACKS



SONGS IN THE KEY OF LAMB: Farmers in 13 Western states are reportedly using the Electronic Shepherd, which is a recording device that, when placed among a flock of sheep, plays Gospel music and scares away coyotes. This nifty little gizmo was developed by Bill Coyle, an instructor at the College of the Redwoods in Eureka, California. Why Gospel music, you ask? Coyotes are afraid of anything that reminds them of humans, and vocal hymns seem to upset the animals. If we'd thought of this idea first, we'd have used John Denver.

REELING AND ROCKING: We hear that Bruce Springsteen is planning to star in a movie based on his album *The River*. Springsteen's manager is said to be trying to package him as a modern James Dean type. . . . A number of rock groups, including Earth, Wind & Fire, Blondie, Cheap Trick and Lou Reed, are working on material for a new film about a rock musician set in the future. The movie is called *Dvats*. . . . Gordon Lightfoot has signed to co-star in *Harry Tracy—Desperado*, with Bruce Dern.

NEWSBREAKS: A New Jersey organization called Presley Day is trying to get January eighth, Elvis' birthday, declared a national holiday. . . . OK, folks, are you ready for born-again New Wave rock? Several nationally based record labels have started distributing recordings featuring Christian lyrics set to a New Wave beat. Both Star Song and Pilgrim America records are promoting English and Irish Christian New Wave acts. . . . Ian Copeland, president of a New Wave booking agency, recently sent the first British New Wave bands to perform in—are you ready?—Caracas. XTC and Jools Holland played to 8000 kids in two nights. Says Copeland, "The Venezuelans are hipper than you think. Two of their exports put them in touch with modern society—oil and drugs." . . . Johnny Paycheck will appear on *The Dukes of Hazzard* this fall. . . . Any minute now, Bantam Books will have its Beatles anthology in the stores. Billed as the largest Beatles book ever, the two-volume collection will contain the music, lyrics and arrangements to every tune they ever recorded, 211 songs in all.

Also, the anthology will have photos, interviews and a detailed history of the Fab Four—all for a steep \$39.95. . . . Merle Haggard is using Willie Nelson's studio in Texas. . . . John Lennon's autograph is now worth \$75 to collectors. . . . We don't usually advertise products in this column, but this is just too much fun to pass up: C & R Guitars, Box 52370, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74152, is selling wonderful rock-instrument jewelry, pins made up like a Stratocaster or a Les Paul, a sax or even a baby grand. For five dollars, prepaid, it's a deal! . . . Jimmy Buffett is hitting the lecture circuit on behalf of Florida's Save the Manatees campaign. So what's a manatee, you ask? A sea-going mammal currently in danger of extinction. The greatest threat to the fewer than 1000 surviving animals in Florida's coastal waters is said to be speeding pleasure boats.

RANDOM RUMORS: Richard Lester, the director of the 1964 Beatles movie *A Hard Day's Night*, says it's ghoulish to rerelease the film this year. The producer, who owns the rights, is said to be putting a prolog of Lennon singing *I'll Cry Instead* on the original. Lester says, "It's greed . . . at its worst." . . . Warner Bros. has apparently rejected a Rod Stewart-produced live album financed by Rod himself. Despite this setback, Stewart is in the studio, getting a new record ready for later this year. . . . Salvadoran military officials have begun a crackdown on "subversive" music, including, we hear, a Traffic album, because the cover shot makes them look like anarchists. —BARBARA NELLIS

WHAT'S A GRENZQUELL?



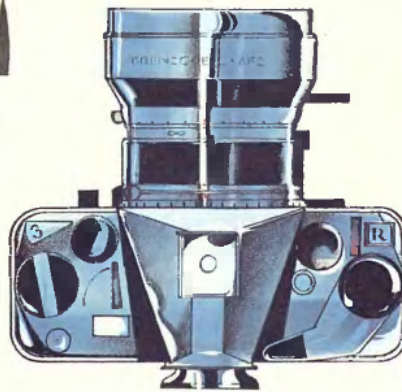
The ancestral home of the ill-fated Duchess of Grenzquell (1432-1489). Now renting for the summer of 1987 at \$5,875 a month.



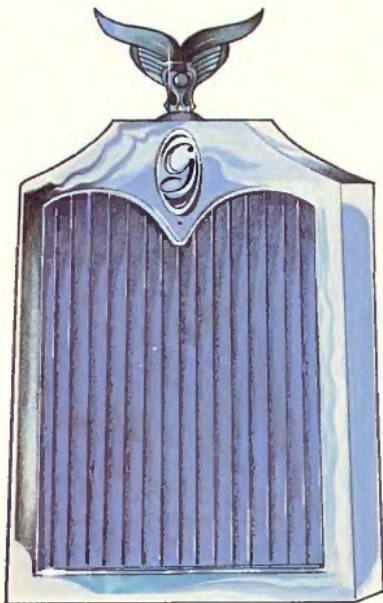
An incredible breakthrough in timepieces from Switzerland. So accurate they have been used by physicists in pursuit of the quark, Grenzquells run on tiny self-contained lasers. Cost: US\$95,000.



A virtually indestructible new tennis ball from West Germany. After 549 sets of play, it has shown no appreciable signs of wear. It sells in Palm Springs for \$85 a throw.



A miniaturized 3-D instant camera developed in West Germany for espionage. The camera sells for \$15,000. A cassette of film the size of a watermelon seed sells for \$90.



A million-dollar limousine from Austria famed for its bullet-proof windows, wet bar, audiovisual controls and unparalleled mileage: 87 EPA MPG city.



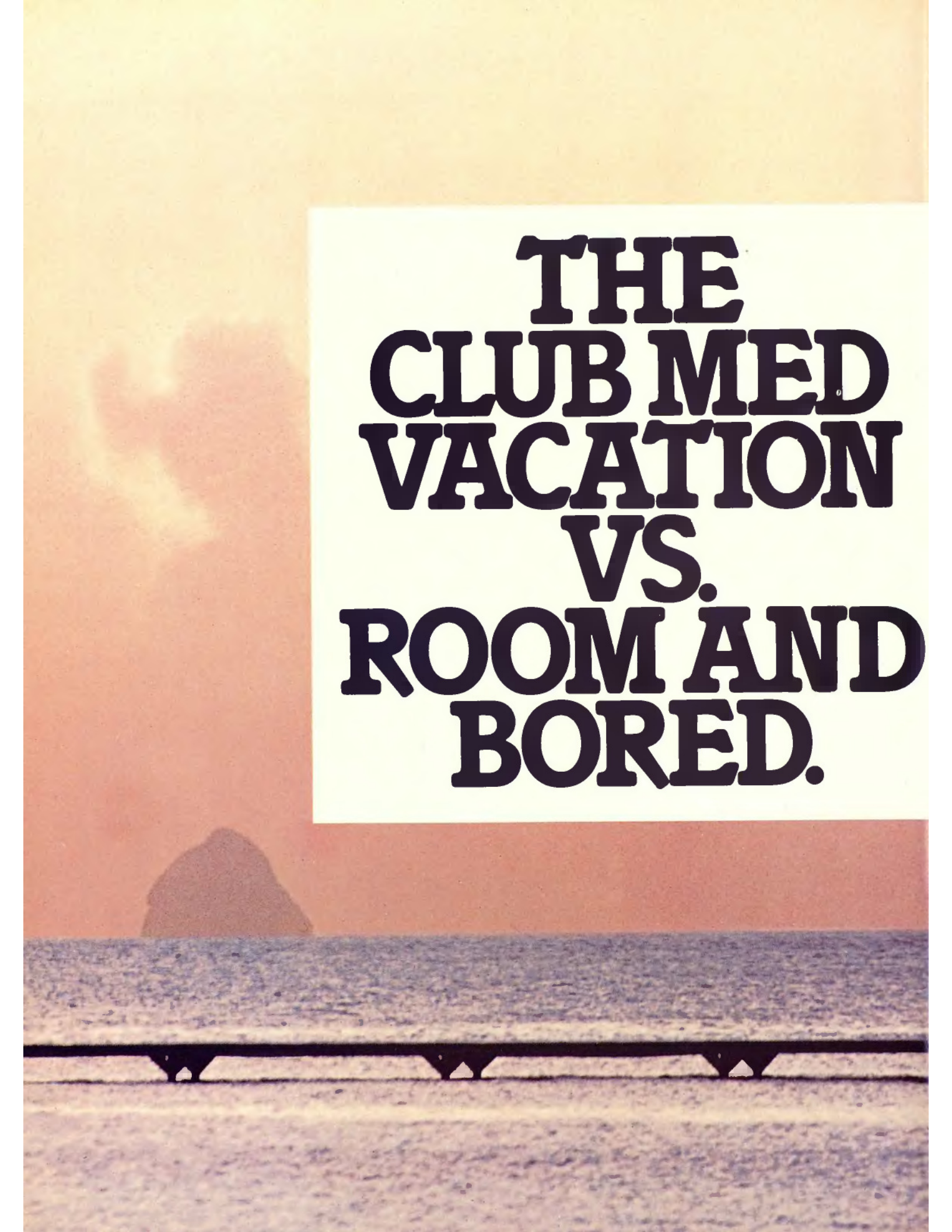
The new German airline that flies only between Hamburg and the Canary Islands. Each passenger enjoys premier service from doorstep to luxurious doorstep. One-way fare: DM 18,595.



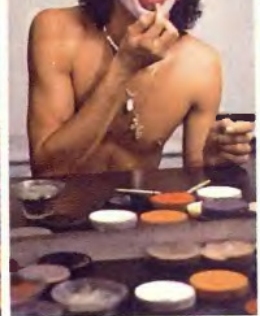
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☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

DOL GOSSIP: Robert Redford's next directorial project will be *Sweet-sir*, based on Helen Yglesias' novel about a battered wife who kills her husband. . . . Bette Midler plays an aspiring lounge singer in United Artists' *Jinxed*, a comedy about luck and intrigue revolving around the world of casino gambling. Rip Torn and Ken Wahl co-star. . . . Director Richard Brooks has kept such a veil of secrecy around his recently completed film *Wrong Is Right* that studio execs at Columbia don't even know what it's about. Only Brooks and his star, Sean Connery, have seen the whole script. Actors went onto the set cold and were given handwritten dialog on yellow tablet paper—at the end of their scenes, they had to hand it right back. "Brooks got very upset whenever he saw a strange face on the set," says one insider. "He'd just scream and have the person thrown off." The film, from what



Midler

Redford

I've been able to put together, concerns an internationally explosive situation involving the Middle East. Connery plays a newscaster; Leslie Nielsen is the President of the United States.

MORE ON PARTNERS: Last month, I reported that Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt would co-star in Paramount's *Partners*, Francis Veber's farce about a gay cop and a straight one. More has come to light since: Hurt plays Kerwin, a closet case of a police officer whose usual duty is the Police Records and Identifications Department. O'Neal is Benson, a homicide detective. When several gay magazine cover boys are mysteriously murdered, Hurt and O'Neal set up house together as a cover to solve the crime. But when Ryan starts bringing a girl, namely, co-star Robyn (*Breaking Away*) Douglass, home, Hurt gets jealous. Seems he's developed something of a crush on O'Neal. We hear the one nude love scene between Douglass and O'Neal required no fewer than 30 takes and the modest Robyn wore a pair of black panties to the set. Says she: "Ryan was on top of me and I had to get my underpants off, but I didn't want him

to roll off of me, because I wanted to be covered up. Well, just try taking off your underpants with someone on top



O'Neal

Hurt

of you!" For the record, Farrah Fawcett (Ryan's girl) and Robyn's boyfriend were watching in the wings. Laughing.

SO HAVE THEM SPAYED: Writer-director Paul Schrader seems obsessed with the darker side of sexuality—*Taxi Driver*, *Hardcore* and *American Gigolo* all testify to that filmic preoccupation. Add to that roster Schrader's latest sextravaganza, *Cat People*. Starring Nastassja Kinski, Malcolm McDowell and John (Heart Beat) Heard, it's about a brother and sister (McDowell and Kinski) afflicted with an old family curse that causes them to turn into black panthers whenever they become sexually aroused (now, there's one for *The Playboy Advisor*). Although the film derives its title and premise from RKO's 1942 classic, the similarity ends there. Schrader claims that it's a simple story "of myth and eros, an emotional roller coaster," nothing more, nothing less. Plotwise, it goes something like this: McDowell is a minister; his sister, Nastassja, is a virgin. When Nastassja falls in love with Heard, she is compelled to reveal her secret to him. Heard doesn't care—he's obsessively in love with her and prefers the company of animals, anyway. There will be one total transformation and a whole bunch of partial ones, all masterminded by effects specialist Tom (*Invasion of the Body Snatchers*) Burman. Moreover, Kinski and McDowell will transform before our eyes, thanks to a recently developed process.



Kinski

McDowell

REMAKE DEPARTMENT: "The Thing has always been one of my favorite films," says writer-producer-director John (Halloween) Carpenter, who is currently shooting a remake of the 1951 horror classic about a vegetablelike creature discovered during a military expedition to the North Pole. Movie buffs will recall that James Arness played the titular life form, which bore a striking resemblance to a large carrot. Carpenter's version, however, will offer a modernized Thing, an extraterrestrial that can take on human characteristics, then change back to its real form. Budgeted at \$10,000,000, the flick will feature an ensemble cast (not yet chosen at presstime) and will differ significantly from the original. To create the effects, Carpenter has hired Rob Bottin, the young wizard who created magic in *The Howling*. "The original," says Carpenter, "was one of the first films to give us a non-Buck Rogers view of space creatures. So they really didn't know what to do with the creature. I can't tell you what our Thing will look like, but it will change form before your very eyes on the screen." In the meantime, Carpenter is looking forward to the release of *Halloween II*, due to hit theaters—you guessed it—this Halloween. "It takes up where the first one left off," he says, "and covers the rest of that night."

OFF WE GO INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER DEPARTMENT: Take a small-town girl who works in a paper-bag factory and




Winger

Gere

introduce her to a dashing young pilot trainee and what have you got? The plot of Paramount's *An Officer and a Gentleman*. Described as "an old-fashioned love story" (R rating notwithstanding), the movie co-stars Richard Gere and Debra Winger and concerns the adventures of an elite corps of aviation officer candidates and their relationships with the local girls, who dream of marrying fliers and seeing the world. Frank love scenes abound, I'm told. To prepare for their roles, Gere submitted to a few weeks of basic training (mostly Marine drill and martial arts) and Winger actually worked in a paper-bag factory.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

A man with dark hair and a slight smile, wearing a red hoodie, is the central figure. He is holding a can of Natural Light beer in his right hand and a glass mug filled with beer and a thick head of foam in his left hand. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Nick Buoniconti.
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Nick Buoniconti switched to Natural Light because he prefers the taste.

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We don't think he even noticed the ingredients listed right on the label: Water, Barley malt, Rice, Hops, Yeast.

But Nick Buoniconti would agree. It's not the name that makes you good—it's what's inside that counts.

Natural Light.
Taste is why you'll switch.



PLAYBOY'S TRAVEL GUIDE

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

IT WAS AT NO SMALL sacrifice, including endless hours swaying in sagging hammocks and forcing down countless rum drinks, that I uncovered this group of special, small hotels in the Caribbean.

What I found at these hotels was the sort of personal attention that doesn't exist elsewhere, though planned activities—to say nothing of ice machines, casinos and coffee shops—are nearly unknown. There is, however, enthusiastic help in the fulfillment of personal desires—whether they involve chartering a yacht or just moving your chair under a shadier palm. And if your biorhythms respond to the romance of candlelight dining—in island patois, "Generator, he out!"—you'll find your own island idyl among these unique oases.

The Anse Chastanet Beach Hotel, on St. Lucia (Soufrière, St. Lucia, West Indies; telephone, 809-455-7355), is actually a cluster of octagonal cottages perched on cool, green hillsides. Most of the 25 rooms have wrap-around views of the island's twin mountains—the jolly green Pitons—their lush valley and the sun-speckled sea beyond. This is the pinnacle of privacy, ideal for reading, writing, loving, sleeping or just watching the bougainvillea ruffle in the breeze.

Biras Creek, on Virgin Gorda (P.O. Box 54, Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands; telephone, 809-495-5455), feels far away because it is, and the 150 acres of resort property takes in three sparkling blue bays. The 32 beachside suites are luxury in depth; and while it's a five-mile hike to town, day-sailing trips to other beaches are much more fun.

On Saba, the Captain's Quarters (Windwardside, Saba, Netherlands Antilles; telephone, 011-599-4-2201) is a very small, special place on a very small island; simple and friendly and soothing. This Victorian house was once a sea captain's home, and accommodations include ten rooms in an annex. In the late afternoon, stroll up to Scout's Place for cold beer and warm conversation.

The first view of Castelets, on St. Barts (Mount Lurin, St-Barthélemy via Guadeloupe, French West Indies; telephone, 011-596-87-6173, via Guadeloupe), suggests that a small, very elegant part of France has been transplanted to an island mountaintop. French Provincial antiques and handsome fabrics decorate the ten rooms—two cozy ones in the main house, eight more in three hill-clinging chalets, and all with a balcony from which to view other islands.

The island of Mustique in the Grenadines is best known as Princess Margaret's personal play place, though the peers at The Cotton House (Mustique,



ISLAND IDYLS

Next to incomparable beauty,
the big attraction at these
delightful Caribbean hideaways
is personal service.

St. Vincent, West Indies; telephone, 809-458-4623, via St. Vincent) are likely to appear most often in cutoffs and bare feet. Once part of a working plantation, this unique enclave has been superbly refurbished and decorated.

The sea-viewing rooms of Curtain Bluff Hotel (P.O. Box 288, Antigua, West Indies; telephone, 809-462-1603) ramble along the beach-lined edges of one of Antigua's best breeze-catching peninsulas. Fewer than 100 guests enjoy a multitude of water sports, plus the best tennis in the eastern Caribbean. Nothing flashy here, just quality down to its tennis socks.

On St. Kitts, the Golden Lemon (Dieppe Bay, St. Kitts, West Indies; telephone, 809-469-7260) is a graceful antique house rescued from ruin by a retired decorating editor. There are only ten rooms, but each has its own scheme and theme, decorated in a perfect blend of wit and charm. The atmosphere evokes a sophisticated house party, and the food alone is worth the trip.

The setting for the Jamaica Inn (P.O. Box 1, Ocho Rios, Jamaica; telephone, 809-974-2514) is lush and green with palm trees and flowers. The small, per-

fect beach near Ocho Rios is reason enough to put up there, but it's the service that is so extra-special.

The Mooshay Bay Publick House and the Old Gin House (St. Eustatius, Netherlands Antilles; telephone, 011-599-3-2319) are set on opposite sides of the road on the island of St. Eustatius. The Publick House (on the land side) is a restored 18th Century warehouse, while the Gin House has its few rooms cantilevered over the sea. The atmosphere is casual and the taste flawless.

The Nisbet Plantation, on the island of Nevis, West Indies (telephone, 809-469-5325), is subject to the nicest kind of haunting. The site once belonged to the Widow Nisbet, who eventually married Admiral Horatio Nelson, and all sorts of romantic stories linger. The house is a reconstruction on the original foundation, and a stay there is like stepping back into another century.

In spite of its name, the Oyster Pond Hotel is actually a small, beautifully secluded castlelike structure on the Dutch side of St. Maarten (P.O. Box 239, Philipsburg, St. Maarten, Netherlands Antilles; telephone, 011-599-5-2206). This is not a place for solitary contemplation, but it's great for selective togetherness.

Peter Island Hotel and Yacht Harbour, on Peter Island (P.O. Box 211, Road Town, Tortola, British Virgin Islands; telephone, 809-494-2561), is simple, sleek and supremely first class. The neat A-frame chalets were all prefabricated in Norway and everything is done with Scandinavian flair. The beach called Deadman's Bay, just over the hill, is one of the island's best.

You feel like the world is yours at Petit St. Vincent Resort in the Grenadines (P.O. Box 12506, Cincinnati, Ohio 45212; telephone, 513-242-1333)—because it really is. All of the 113-acre island is part of the hotel. Sun worshipers set on a total tan should opt for hilltop accommodations. Room service is summoned by raising a flag beside your door.

If Gauguin had headed west instead of east, he could have found barefoot happiness at Young Island Resort, located on a tiny island anchored 200 yards off St. Vincent (Ralph Locke, 315 East 72nd Street, New York, New York 10021; telephone, 212-628-8149). Individual Tahitian cottages, complete with bamboo decor, ceiling fans and outdoor showers, are set among tropical gardens, and there's lots of relaxing on the beach or beside the small lagoon pool. A new tennis court is available for the compulsively active, and a small band of islanders occasionally ferries over to make music for dancing.





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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a 19-year-old male, presently living with my girlfriend, who is also 19. My problem is this: I get very jealous when I think of her past lovers. I tell myself that it's stupid and useless to feel like that, but it doesn't help. Part of the problem is that she started having sex fairly early (at 14) and has had at least ten sexual partners since then. On the other hand, I lost my virginity at 18 and had intercourse only three times (with the same girl) before I started going out with my present girlfriend. I was very shy and never had much luck with girls. It has always bothered me that I started having sex so late and have had such little experience. I guess I'm very insecure about how I am as a lover, though my girlfriend has never said anything to make me believe that I'm not satisfying her. I love her and don't want to hurt her, but I want to experience sex with other women. I don't know what to do. I guess I'm jealous because she has had so much more experience than I have.—G. G., Pittsboro, North Carolina.

Experience means different things to different people. A friend of ours recently had a woman tell him, "You must have had a lot of lovers to get this good." His reply: "No, I merely loved one woman well." All you can learn from a one-night stand is what you can learn from a one-night stand. Quality comes from collaboration. The age at which you lost your virginity doesn't mean anything—though this is a matter most American men are very concerned about (they tend to lie a lot about it). Before you go off on a quest to experience other women, learn what you can from the present relationship. If you have her undivided attention, you have everything.

My car is perfect for me in every way except one: The high revs necessary to keep it moving completely wipe out my factory stereo. Since I can't change the engine, I thought I'd opt for a better box. That is, if I could be sure that even then I'd get good sound. Is this a common problem? What's the solution?—R. V., Albany, New York.

In a small car with little insulation, road, wind and engine noise could wipe out a live rock band if you could fit it inside. To find the solution, you have to decide how you want the music to sound. If you want more volume, a more powerful amplifier may be the answer. But if you just want to fine-tune the sound, you have a chance at a less expensive solution. Speaker placement in



a car, for instance, is critical. Want more bass? Put the speakers on the rear deck, where they have a whole trunkful of air to play with. Want better highs? Door-mounted speakers are the answer. They are closer to your ears and the high frequencies won't get lost in the Corinthian leather. For the best of both worlds, consider adding an equalizer to shape the music to your car's acoustics. If you play tapes on your car cassette, you may find you'll get better sound by taping at home on ferrichrome tape for playback on your auto stereo. Its high bias can boost high frequencies by more than four decibels, which will overcome much of your treble absorption. No matter what you do, however, you're not going to get living-room sound in a small car. So you might have to skip the piccolo solos, drop in something "highway compatible" (such as Willie Nelson's "On the Road Again") and enjoy the experience for what it is.

My fiancée and I have a bet that she can't give me 1000 blow jobs in one year. Could that be harmful to either of us? Is it harmful to swallow cum? We both love this method of lovemaking (and all of the others). One other question: She is able to climax six or seven times while giving me a blow job; is that unusual?—T. C., Wilmington, North Carolina.

Could that be harmful? That depends. Are you planning to hold down a job

this year? What if you get to New Year's Eve with 100 or so to go? Actually, there's nothing physically harmful to this challenge. Your fiancée's responsiveness is normal, if not an outright piece of luck. Masters and Johnson observed that women are often brought to orgasm while performing oral sex. Is it better to give than to receive? For some, perhaps. Of course, we advise that if she loses, you should be a gentleman and offer her double or nothing.

Every once in a while, my roommate and I get a jam going: She plays flute and I pick a little on guitar. It's not concert-quality stuff, but I'd like to record it just for us and our friends. I'm no recording engineer, but I have a pretty good tape machine. The question is, What kind of mike should I use? A trip to my local stereo store, with its wide range of mikes, did nothing but confuse me.—R. L., Topeka, Kansas.

You have basically three choices in microphones: dynamic, condenser and electret condenser. Electret-condenser mikes run off their own internal batteries. They have a wide range and are very sensitive. They are also very delicate and have an annoying habit of running down in the middle of recording. An extra set of batteries is a must. Condenser mikes have an external power supply and are also very sensitive. Although they are used in recording studios, you may find them too sensitive to temperature and humidity for home use. The cost, too, may be a drawback. For casual recording around the house, therefore, the dynamic mike is probably your best bet. The range is fine for anybody but a recording engineer and it doesn't mind being kicked around a bit, should your jam session turn into an old-fashioned jelly roll.

I have an unusual problem. Whenever I start dating someone, I tend to go overboard. I don't know how to break off a relationship, even when there are clear signs that my date and I are incompatible. If we have made love, I feel obligated to call her, to see her again, to let her down gently, to wind up as friends—even if it takes months. Maybe I'm too nice. I don't know how to be casual, or callous. Is there an accepted way to calling it quits?—B. N., Rochester, Minnesota.

The best advice is the oldest: Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. Actually, the etiquette seems to depend on the duration of the relationship. If you enjoyed the first night,

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you call the next morning. If you are convinced after two dates that there is no future, you disappear. (Most of the people we know make up their minds after two or three meetings.) If you have been seeing each other for a while, you owe your partner a word of explanation. We don't know anyone who would willingly submit to a detailed critique of flaws, so keep it short. Pay your respects. Whatever attracted you in the first place is worth recounting. Thank her for a special evening—or episode. Then say that it is a question of priorities. It would be unfair to both of you to continue the relationship. That you cannot slip into something comfortable, however inviting, without creating an uncomfortable situation farther down the road. Just remember: Your ego was on the line in the approach. Once you start a liaison, the woman becomes sensitive to the question of acceptance or rejection. Tread lightly. Someday you may walk into a room filled with former lovers. Better they're friends.

I was perfectly happy with my old cassette deck until I began hearing about new ones with three and sometimes four heads. I'm embarrassed to ask this question, but here goes. Are three heads better than two? Are four heads better than three?—L. A., Ogden, Utah.

Around here we say any head is better than none at all, but this seems to be a stereo question. And in the world of stereo, the head question is a little more complicated. In a two-head system, you have an erase head and a combination record and playback head. A three-head system has separate record and playback heads (sometimes in a single housing). A four-head system has an additional erase head for recording in the opposite direction. There aren't a lot of those around, so you should just concern yourself with two versus three heads. The main advantage of the extra head is in monitoring. You are able to hear the tape as it is being recorded, rather than having to wait for playback. Another advantage is more technical. Optimum recording gaps should be from three to five microns wide, while optimum playback gaps should be set at one micron or less. When record and playback heads are combined, the gaps' distance must be a compromise, so the resulting sound is also a compromise. If you're serious about recording, obviously, three heads are better. You'll have to pay more for the third one, but it's worth it.

I am seeing a darling man who copulates in the same manner most of the time. He stays in the superior position, doesn't stroke but lays most of his weight directly on the pelvic area and kind of squirms from side to side. Sometimes after a session with him, I feel actually bruised

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9. Contest open to all U.S. residents. Employees and the families of the Buckingham Corporation, its advertising and sales promotion agencies, all trade buyers and their families and the Maple Plain Company personnel are not eligible. Contest void where prohibited by state law.

10. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in the state of their residence as of September 1, 1981.

11. Certificates mechanically reproduced are not acceptable.

12. No purchase necessary.

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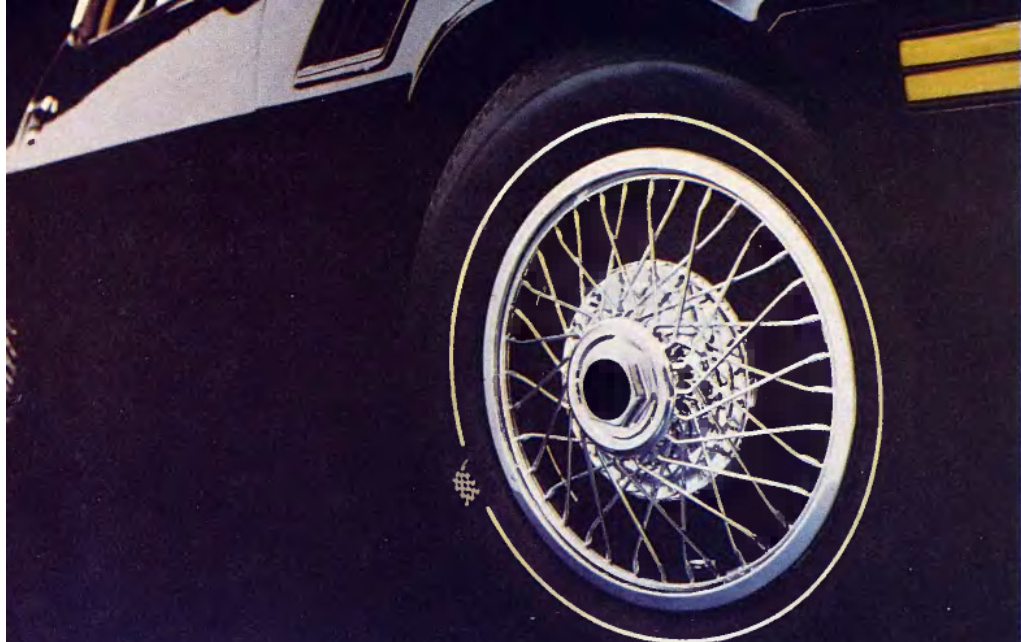
Mail the completed certificate with your name, address and zip code to:
Cutty Sark Contest, P.O. Box 641, Howard Lake, Mn. 55393.
Entries must be postmarked no later than November 30, 1981.

Name _____

Address _____

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in the *mons pubis* area. His former wife was sexually interested in him for the first five years of their marriage but gradually became unable to reach an orgasm. After several years of that, he decided she was "frigid." I have been seeing him for two years. It is getting harder and harder for me to orgasm. He is a lovely person, and I hate to mention any displeasure with his style, but I am getting concerned.—Mrs. C. B., San Rafael, California.

Perhaps you should keep a copy of "The Joy of Sex" at the bedside and enforce reading periods upon him. Seriously, we think you'd be doing him a favor by letting him know what you want. You should be able to think of ways to impart your desires without bruising his ego or your, er, mons. It might be helpful for you to take the initiative by assuming the woman-on-top position. In that way, you'll break the pattern of your love-making and be better able to direct the flow of your movements.

I read your fashion articles with interest. There's only one drawback. How does a working person with a limited income, a wife, three children and house payments acquire the funds to pay \$300-\$500 for good-looking, good-fitting threads? In order to make it in the corporate world, you have to dress the part; but to dress the part, you have to earn an executive's salary. I try my best on a limited budget, but neat appearance still does not equate with "corporate appearance." How does one compromise and still have a decent wardrobe for both work and leisure, without spending all the food and gas money?—D. D., Phoenix, Arizona.

First, you should realize that the people you work for have a very good idea of your income and responsibilities. They do not expect you to show up with a killer outfit every day. (When you're down to your shirt sleeves, sweating out a project, no one notices fashion sense, anyway.) Your goal should be to develop style. Once or twice a month, show up in a superlative classic. Do it on the right day, in taste, and you will make more of an impression than the office clotheshorse. In short, take your time; wait for the sales; buy the classics rather than the trends. You don't have to build your wardrobe or your career overnight.

Concerning your response in the May issue to Mrs. F. L. of Seattle, Washington, regarding anal intercourse: Your advice on technique is excellent; however, there is one bit of expertise you've omitted. It pertains to the risk of infection. I believe it would have been helpful to advise the wearing of a condom to prevent fecal bacteria (*E. coli*) from entering the male urethra and wreaking havoc in the bladder and prostate. Also, a lubricated condom can be

used to facilitate entry. Lovers can then easily move from anus to vagina without stopping to wash—just slip off the sheath before doing so. As an educator and a counselor, I appreciate the helpful information your column provides to the PLAYBOY readership. Keep up the good work.—Miss L. F., Arlington, Texas.

Thanks for the household hint.

My girlfriend recently switched from the pill to a combination of a diaphragm and spermicidal foam. I have a few questions. I enjoy performing oral sex. Is the foam dangerous? If spermicides kill sperm, are they poison? Do they pose a danger to me or my partner?—J. B., Boston, Massachusetts.

This reminds us of the philosophical question, At what point does meat tenderizer stop tenderizing? First the good news. According to an article in Medical Self-Care, spermicides do not kill sperm by poisoning them. Rather, "they alter the pH of the vagina, increasing its acidity to the point where sperm are immobilized. As a result, authorities say there is no reason to fear harm from vaginally absorbed spermicides, or from their inadvertent ingestion, except for the possibility of an allergic reaction (itching, irritation, rash)." In short, it is doubtful that you can ingest enough to do yourself in. (A simple suggestion: Engage in oral sex before applying the foam.) Now for the bad news. While spermicides are safe for the people who use them, there is some evidence that they are not safe for children conceived while the parents are using them. A study by the Boston Collaborative Drug Surveillance Program suggests that children of women who use spermicides—children who were conceived in spite of the birth-control method—have a slightly higher incidence of birth defects. (About 2.2 percent of infants born to users develop birth defects, compared with only one percent in the offspring of women who do not use spermicides.) There is also a higher incidence of miscarriage. Scientists believe that the spermicide can damage both sperm and the egg, resulting in a less-than-healthy fetus. However, the results of the study are inconclusive. Our advice: Don't have children by accident. Plan your parenthood. Do it when you want to—not because you have to.

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.



You never forget your first Girl.

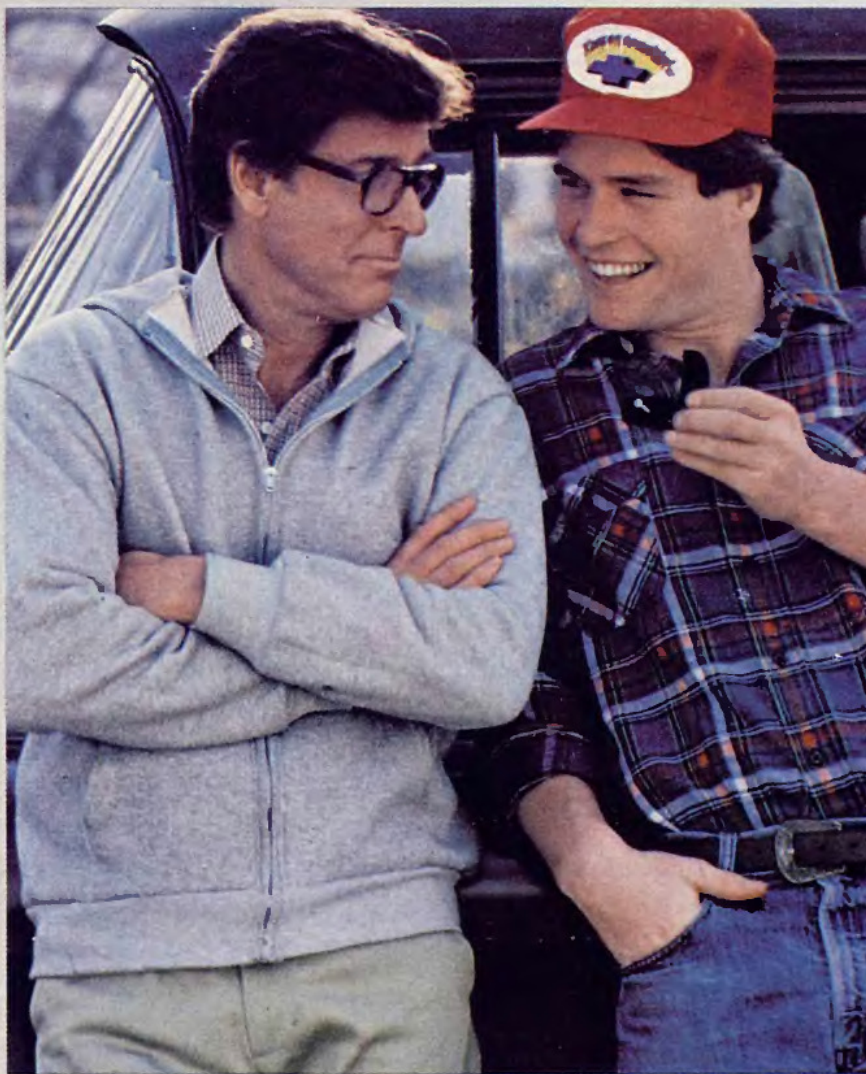


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"Isn't that an expensive engagement ring for a guy on your salary?"

When I started shopping for a diamond engagement ring, \$1,200 sounded like a fortune to me, too. See, I figured I'd spend just what Dad did on Mom's ring. You know, six or seven hundred bucks—tops.

At first glance, one diamond did look pretty much like the next. But when the jeweler let me examine a couple of different diamonds up close, even I could see why certain ones are worth so much more than others. Then the jeweler gave me a great tip on figuring out my price range. He said I should set aside at least one to two months' salary for the ring.



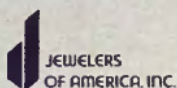
By this time, I understood enough to want to go for the best.

actual size	1/4 carat	1/3 carat	1/2 carat	3/4 carat
				
\$600 to \$1,200	\$800 to \$1,700	\$1,500 to \$3,500	\$3,000 to \$6,000	

After all, I know how much my mom loves her diamond, even today. And the way I figure it, if a person can spend big bucks on stereos and cameras without batting an eye,

why should I scrimp on the one thing my fiancée will wear every single day?

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.



This message is presented by the Diamond Information Center in cooperation with Jewelers of America, Inc. Look for their logo for more information.



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DEAR PLAYMATES

What do women want? is the famous question posed by Sigmund Freud. A more pertinent question may well be, What do women think? About men, relationships, dating, loving, sex. It seemed to us that PLAYBOY's Playmates, the women we know best, might have revealing answers to questions that come up regularly in their lives and in those of our readers. Each month, we're going to pose one such question to a group of Playmates and give them some room to tell us.

This month's question is:

What does a man have to do on a first date to get a second date?

Id prefer someone brilliant and probably a little bit detached. I don't want a man to tell me everything on the first date, starting with when he was born and ending with his retirement plans.



There's got to be a little mystery preserved, or I begin to think, Why bother to get together again? I've got the whole story. I usually try to hold a little bit back, too. My story isn't all that long, but

I'll drag it out over as many dinners as I possibly can.

Vicki McCarty

VICKI MCCARTY
SEPTEMBER 1979

To get a second date, he would have to be funny and fun to be around. A good communicator and interested in sports. I don't like a man who wants to hold your hand or kiss you right away. It totally turns me off to start out with a new man in a gorgeous restaurant being showered with presents. I'd rather go to the beach or have a picnic. Or, if it's an evening date, take a walk or sit by the fireplace and talk as friends first. I'm



not materialistic, so I don't need to be impressed.

Karen Price

KAREN PRICE
JANUARY 1981

Find out if you can hold hands. Some men can't hold hands anymore. Conversation is important but not about past relationships. If you're divorced, try not



to talk about the ex. Why drag that into a first date? It's not that you are keeping secrets, it's just that the relationship is too new to get into that. Go slow; I don't need the pressure. Coming on too

heavy is the easiest way to blow the second date. If that little spark is there, if the vibes are right, it will be there for the next time. You don't have to push it.

Marcy Hanson

MARCY HANSON
OCTOBER 1978

He's got to take things slow. I don't want someone who's going to be all over me on the first date. If a man really wants you, he can wait. I like little things, such as being thoughtful by bringing me some flowers. I don't need a big dinner; I could go down to the beach for an evening. But I usually try to make a first date a lunch date, so if it doesn't go well, I can say I have something else to do that evening and then there's no pressure.



Lisa Welch

LISA WELCH
SEPTEMBER 1980

He has to be romantic and charming, not aggressive and pushy. A lot of men feel they have to take you to the most expensive place and buy you cham-

pagne, but they don't have to do that. They have to be themselves. Once, I went on the road for PLAYBOY and I met



a guy who produced a helicopter to fly me around and it was really bizarre, because helicopters give me the creeps. For the \$900 the helicopter cost him, he would have been better off saving

the money and talking to me. I've never felt that a big gesture obligates me, although I think a lot of girls feel that if a man goes to all that trouble, they have to go home with him. I expect a lot of little attention, like phone calls. Or taking my call if he's in a meeting.

Jeana Tomasino

JEANA TOMASINO
NOVEMBER 1980

A man has to be a very open, honest, consistent person who will treat me like a lady and who will take the time to get to know me. He will not act like he's madly in love because of my looks. He doesn't need to do anything fancy, though it's nice to be spoiled. I'm not going to knock it. But it isn't necessary to get my attention that way. I think small gestures come across much better than large ones. I would prefer that a man get to know me as a person, as Lorraine, instead of his fantasy of who he thinks I might be.



Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

If you have a question, send it to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll do our best.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

THE HOLY WORD

A San Francisco TV Station recently aired a series on Moral Majorityism in which one Christian reverend seemed to agree with the Biblical injunction of stoning homosexuals to death and another M.M.er affirmed that homosexuality was, indeed, a capital crime deserving of capital punishment. That caused a nice flap and the second fellow retracted his statement; older and wiser M.M.ers had advised him he was theologically incorrect, he said.

Frankly, I find that recantation even more sinister than the original incitement to violence. After all, the M.M. crowd continually informs us that it wants to restore "Biblical morality," and there is no doubt that stoning homosexuals, like burning witches, is mandated in the Bible. Both policies are unambiguously endorsed in *Leviticus*, for instance; and, before the rise of secular humanism, Christians did execute enormous numbers of gays and witches (or alleged gays and alleged witches).

It seems to me that the leaders of M.M. forced this reversal not because it was theologically incorrect but because it was politically inexpedient. After all, if a mob of their moron followers descended on one Castro neighborhood with rocks, the gays would throw various things back at them; there would be casualties on both sides; the National Guard would have to be called out; there might be pillaging and raping. Sex in the streets, even, and some M.M.ers might be turned into pillars of salt!

It appears that the leaders of M.M. are not either courageous or fanatical enough to follow the Bible literally, as their ancestors did. That can only mean that they are politically sneaky enough to be dangerous.

M. Chaney
Palo Alto, California

THE HELL YOU SAY

All you foulmouthed fuckers out there are in big trouble now. I've just read a U.P.I. story out of Cambridge, Massachusetts, reporting that a group called Curseaholics Anonymous has kicked off a nationwide campaign to make public profanity a felony offense. Not just a misdemeanor, mind you, or an ordinance violation, but a goddamn felony! The head of the group defined cursing as "vulgar language which is used as an alternative language in our society to show

masculinity, machoism or to insult someone or his property and artifacts." His property? His artifacts? Is that like saying "That's the shittiest goddamn potsherd I've ever seen and you're a piss-poor archaeologist. Fuck you and the jeep you rode in on!"?

Seriously, what this country needs is fewer laws, not more of them, and not

"Stoning homosexuals, like burning witches, is mandated in the Bible."

screwy efforts to correct other people's bad habits by means of legislation.

Dave Shapiro
New York, New York

We agree; but with so many dangerous nut groups on the loose, it's nice occasionally to find a harmless one. The fact that these folks come from Cambridge raises our suspicions of a Harvard prank.

SEX-LAW DEBATE

Your account of the arrest, conviction and eventual salvation of "The Wauwatosa Lovers" (*Playboy Casebook*, February) is both amusing and instructive. You may be interested to know that our Wisconsin legislature is once again debating the weighty issue of whether or not fornication, cohabitation, oral sex,

etc., should at last be legalized for consenting adults in private. At this writing, the matter has passed the senate and is being argued in an assembly committee. I would like to share with your readers some of the lively give-and-take among our enlightened (and otherwise) leaders, as reported in the local press. Keep in mind that present state law prohibits just about everything except marital sex in the missionary position.

Representative Clarenbach of Madison: "Hundreds of thousands of law-abiding Wisconsin citizens would be put in jail if these laws were fully enforced."

Representative Duren of Cazenovia: "It condones fornication in private, sexual perversion in private. I believe the bill is just another foot in the door to lower moral standards."

The Reverend Hallet of the Eau Claire Moral Majority: "The word of God declares and teaches us that homosexuality is a sin. If God condemns it, we are not to court it."

Representative Becker of Milwaukee (a former Catholic priest supporting the bill): "The oversight and dominion of this behavior lies within the religious community," not the legal community.

The Reverend Scott, Unitarian minister from Wausau: "Frankly, I get very tired of people trying to lay their moral standards on others."

Representative Clarenbach again: "Society has not come apart at the seams in Iowa, Nebraska, North Dakota or any of the 25 states that have passed consenting-adult laws."

Representative Dorff of Kenosha: "I'm not going to vote for the budget if this is in it."

The last remark refers to the fact that our courageous lawmakers, rather than go on record as supporters of immorality and perversion, have attached the sex-law revision to a state-budget-review bill in the form of an amendment.

As a closet fornicator, I eagerly await the outcome of Wisconsin's Great Sex Debate.

(Name withheld by request)
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Well, the Wisconsin reform law was again defeated—by an assembly vote of 50 to 49—and it remains a crime to cohabit or fornicate in that part of the country. Some students at Lawrence University in Appleton organized a protest demonstration in which fornicators and cohabiters marched to the local police station to "confess and turn themselves



in." According to the police, Appleton has very few fornicators and cohabiters, judging from the number who surrendered, and they didn't present enough evidence to justify arrest. The officers we talked with sounded disinclined to bust any fornicators even in the line of duty but seemed a bit disappointed at the lack of evidence.

CHANGING TIMES

It remains to be seen just how much damage has been done to tennis star Billie Jean King by the "gay palimony" suit brought by the woman with whom she once supposedly had a homosexual affair. So far, I have to give the American public a certain amount of credit—people seem to be taking the matter in stride, even shrugging it off, perhaps in the more sophisticated understanding of the times that homosexuals are not a rare and exotic breed of sexual pervert dangerous to society and small children on their way to school. And perhaps also in the understanding that a homosexual experience nearly qualifies as statistically normal! And that even a homosexual "affair" does not brand one a card-carrying, full-blown, 100 percent, lifetime *queer*.

I remember only 20 years ago when an extremely talented and popular university professor was literally hounded out of town because the police in a Texas city learned of a "homosexual party" and took license-plate numbers that, with no other evidence, were turned over to school authorities and employers. That crime went unpunished.

Perhaps at last the country is reaching social and sexual maturity.

(Name withheld by request)
Dallas, Texas

The people, maybe yes; their leaders, evidently no; but it's good to hear from an optimist once in a while. Read on.

TWO FROM TEXAS

Once again, Texas has used its habitual-criminal law to translate a minor offense into a life sentence. Recently, an Austin man refused to plead guilty to burglary and accept a 30-year prison term, since that didn't sound like any great plea bargain. He insisted on a jury trial and was found guilty of stealing two bottles of liquor from a house. Because he had two previous convictions, he received a mandatory life sentence.

Those two bottles of booze are now going to cost taxpayers many thousands of dollars and probably turn a non-violent criminal into a walking dead man or a violent menace to society if he ever does get out.

(Name withheld by request)
San Antonio, Texas

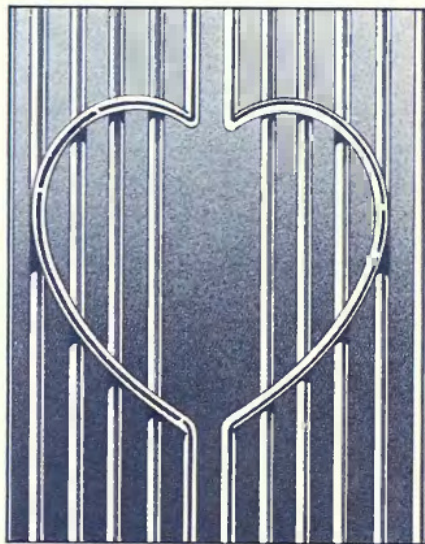
A footnote on Texas politics that you may find interesting: Effective September 1, 1981, the Texas legislature banned

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PRISONERS OF LOVE

NASHVILLE—An otherwise well-executed jailbreak went awry when eight inmates of Nashville's Metro Jail made their way as far as the women's cell block and there found too warm a welcome. Authorities said the male prisoners kidnaped one guard and overpowered another, made their way to the women's facility and stayed so long engaging in sex that other guards with shotguns were able to find and recapture them. A local magistrate commented, "I think it's a fair characterization to say that it was an orgy." He added



that the escapees were being charged with numerous offenses but not with rape, because none of the female inmates would sign complaints.

SNIFF SEARCH UPHELD

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The systematic search of 2780 Indiana public school students conducted in 1979 without a warrant and with the aid of 14 drug-sniffing dogs has been indirectly upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court in its decision not to hear the case. Without explanation, the Justices declined to review a Federal appeals court ruling that had approved the mass-search technique while rejecting the strip search of a 13-year-old girl, which it called so "outrageous" that it "exceeded the bounds of reason by two and a half country miles." No drugs were found on the girl and the entire search turned up only 17 students with drugs or drug-related items, plus three cans of beer.

"DR. DEATH"

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U. S. Supreme Court has sharply restricted the use of psychiatric testimony in determining whether or not a criminal defendant is a menace to society and must be sentenced to death. In its decision, the Court held that "a criminal defendant, who neither initiates a psychiatric evaluation nor attempts to introduce any psychiatric evidence, may not be compelled to respond to a psychiatrist if his statements can be used against him at a capital sentencing proceeding." The issue arose in a Texas murder case after a court-appointed psychiatrist interviewed a defendant for 90 minutes in order to determine his competency to stand trial and later was called as a witness against him during the sentencing phase of the trial. The same psychiatrist had been called Dr. Death in a Texas Monthly magazine article, because state prosecutors regularly used him to testify that convicted murderers were likely to repeat their crimes.

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR WIFE

ANNAPOLIS—Another archaic "criminal conversation" law has been struck down, this one by a Maryland appellate court that found it in violation of equal rights. The court overturned a \$60,000 judgment that a Chevy Chase man's girlfriend had been ordered to pay his estranged wife under an 18th Century civil law that permitted a husband to sue a man for having sexual relations with his spouse but did not afford wives the same privilege. The reversal was granted primarily on that ground, raising the further issue of sex discrimination on which the law itself was found unconstitutional. Similar laws have been overturned in other states, most recently in Iowa, where the supreme court found the concept of alienation of affection "rooted in ideas we have long since renounced, involving wives as property" ("Forum Newsfront," September).

ABORTION POLL

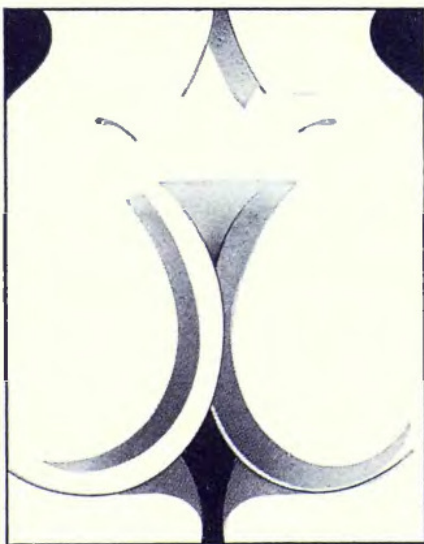
A Washington Post-ABC News poll finds abortion rights still widely supported by most Americans. According to the survey, 40 percent of the population approve of abortion "on demand" and an additional 34 percent approve of it as the woman's choice in most circumstances. Only ten percent would prohibit it altogether.

SURROGATE FATHERHOOD

PASADENA—A California woman has won custody of the child she had contracted to bear for an infertile New York couple. The husband, whose wife is a transsexual and who had donated the sperm for the surrogate mother's artificial insemination, dropped his paternity-custody suit, saying that the publicity generated by the case would harm the child, but his name will remain listed on the birth certificate as the child's father. The action left unclarified a section of California law that states, "The donor of semen provided to a licensed physician for use in the artificial insemination of a woman other than the donor's wife is treated in law as if he were not the natural father of a child thereby conceived."

BAD FAD

SAN FRANCISCO—Eight boys have been expelled from an East Bay junior high school for trying to forcibly pull the pants off female classmates. A school official said the expulsions involved three separate incidents, that "pantsing" had distinct possibilities of soon becoming an undesirable fad and that "we may have nipped this in the bud. . . . This sort of macho rite



requires swift and decisive handling." An administrator in a neighboring school district said no pantsing had yet occurred, but "that sort of thing usually occurs in the fall. [In warm weather] they usually like to throw water balloons."

PATERNITY TESTING

A blood-testing procedure developed for other purposes in 1952 has been found between 95 and 100 percent effective in resolving paternity-suit issues

and is being widely accepted as conclusive legal evidence in courts. Recognition of the procedure by courts in New York has brought to at least 14 the number of states that now accept the test, known as H.L.A., for human leucocyte antigen. It identifies inherited genetic markers in the blood's white cells, allowing a laboratory to match a child with its biological father in almost all cases. The traditional red-blood-cell tests generally were able to eliminate some men who could not be a particular child's father but were not specific enough to prove that someone was.

VASECTOMY FOUND SAFE

Reports that vasectomies can cause heart disease have been disputed by a new study published in the Journal of the American Medical Association. The researchers also found that the mental health of the 250,000 Americans who undergo sterilizations each year appears to be significantly better than that of those who remain fertile. In an interview, one of the researchers said, "I would certainly conclude from this study that there is good evidence against any material, deleterious, long-term effects of this procedure."

V.D. DANGER

CHICAGO—A sexually transmitted disease that can cause infertility, infant pneumonia and other serious medical problems has reached epidemic proportions in this country. The infection is caused by a tiny organism called Chlamydia, which is a bacterium that grows inside human cells. In an interview in the Journal of the American Medical Association, Dr. King K. Holmes of the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital in Seattle said that prenatal testing has found the disease present in five to ten percent of women entering a University of Washington clinic and may be to blame for an alarming nationwide increase in ectopic pregnancies and for pneumonia or eye infections in newborn infants. He added that nongonococcal urethritis due to Chlamydia infection is probably more common than gonorrhea among men in some communities and so far is neither well recognized nor correctly treated in many instances.

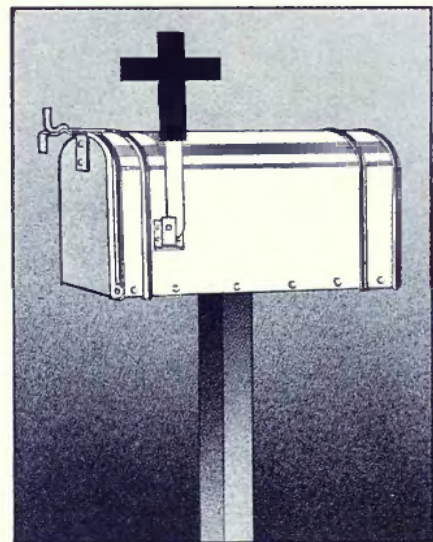
CONSENTING SEX

WASHINGTON, D.C.—By refusing to reinstate the convictions of four New York residents, the U. S. Supreme Court let stand a ruling that the state's "sodomy" law is unconstitutional as

applied to consenting adults. The action came in a single appeal stemming from three separate cases involving both heterosexual and homosexual conduct, including a case dating back to 1978 and supported by the Playboy Foundation.

GOOD TRY

ALBANY—The tax revolt of Ulster County's "mail-order ministers" has been quelled by a New York appellate court ruling that they cannot claim religious exemption for property unless it is exclusively for church use. The decision upheld the state legislature's guidelines enacted to stamp out a rebellion that began in the town of Hardenburgh and soon spread to surrounding communities in which large



numbers of citizens had themselves ordained by mail and declared their homes and farms to be tax-exempt church property.

CENSORS CLIPPED

ANNAPOLIS—After more than 60 years of snipping sexually explicit scenes from movies, Maryland's motion-picture censorship board—the only one in the country—lies dead on the cutting-room floor. The state senate voted 25 to 20 against a house-passed bill that would have given the three-member board another term of existence.

SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

COCOA, FLORIDA—A cable-TV relay station malfunctioned, mistakenly picked up a satellite's blue-movie channel out of New York and gave Brevard County viewers seven and a half minutes of female nudity instead of Oral Roberts' Gospel singers. The cable-TV manager said that the company serves 125,000 customers, but only one complained.

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the sale of "drug paraphernalia" in stores, and possession thereof by individuals has been made a crime. This refers to items sold in record stores, head shops and other places and includes fancy pipes, cigarette papers, coke spoons and key chains bearing pictures of certain wild plants. The governor of Texas has proclaimed that this radical move is guaranteed to drive the drug dealers out of business.

This follows legislation that if passed will require teenage girls to have written consent of both parents before obtaining an abortion.

What an interesting state to live in!
 J. L. Huguley
 Houston, Texas

PUNISHMENT FOR SIN

The big double feature designed for teenage audiences was the Supreme Court's summer special: States may require notification of parents before a teenage girl can obtain an abortion and may require jail terms for lustful teenage boys.

The Court must believe that such parental notification will make girls say no to sex; what it actually will do is send them down back alleys in search of secret abortions.

The Justices also decided that men and women are not always equal and upheld an old statutory-rape law that gives states that want it (and will they ever) the power to send boys to jail, there to mix with murderers, thieves and homosexuals, and come out rehabilitated. If they live that long.

The logic behind these decisions goes like this: Girls too young for abortion should be punished by motherhood; boys should go directly to jail.

J. Andrews
 San Francisco, California

The Supreme Court has finally realized that there is a difference between men and women! In upholding the California statutory-rape law that holds men responsible for illicit sex, Justice Rehnquist said that "virtually all of the significant harmful . . . consequences of teenage pregnancy fall on the young female."

Damn right they do. Maybe now those young studs will think twice before slipping out of their Calvin Kleins and into an adventure that, until now, has been dangerous primarily for women.

(Name withheld by request)
 Milwaukee, Wisconsin

As is their wont these days, the learned Justices gave a variety of weird and conflicting reasons for upholding those archaic statutes. Frankly, I suspect that the real reason the nine old men want adolescent Romeos jailed in California and pubescent Juliets in Utah snatched on by their doctors is

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sheer envy. H. L. Mencken once defined puritanism as the fear old men have that young people might be enjoying themselves.

Francis Dashwood
Monte Rio, California

We remember that Mencken defined puritanism as "the impulse to punish the man with a superior capacity for happiness."

MENTAL SHELL GAMES

Next to the comic strips, my favorite morning reading is columnist George F. Will, because he is always so (unintentionally) funny. His latest gem, defending the Supreme Court's ruling that a teenage boy had to go to jail for having intercourse with his girlfriend, included these remarkable lines: "Increasingly, the cultural assumptions that shape the

AGENT ORANGE

The controversy over the effects of Agent Orange is finally attracting national attention with increasing evidence that the defoliant used in Vietnam may be that war's unexploded bomb, which finally is taking a heavy toll among former U.S. combat troops. *Agent Orange: A Story of Dignity and Doubt* is a half-hour 16mm film or video tape that explores the issue in terms of veterans exposed to the herbicide, who believe their present illnesses are a direct result of that exposure. The film is narrated by Martin Sheen and independently produced by Jim Gambone with the assistance of The Minnesota Veterans Coalition and the Playboy Foundation. It can be purchased or rented by contacting Film in the Cities, Inc., 2388 University Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota 55114 (612-646-6104).

minds of those who shape the law suggest that it is at least quaint, is almost certainly quixotic and probably is wrong to try to use law to promote virtue. . . . But law need not passively reflect social change. . . . One function of law is to express the community's core values."

Evidently, Will wants us to believe that the libertarian notion that the law should deal only with crimes, not with "sins," is a "cultural assumption," whereas his own view that the law should punish sins is a "core value." I think that's so cute it's almost adorable. If you don't watch his hands very closely, you hardly notice the pea moving from one shell to the other.

Mr. Will, I submit that your desire to have the law impose your prejudices is the cultural assumption, and my deep conviction that government should leave us all the hell alone is a core value. Indeed, the idea of limiting government to the sole function of physically protecting people, their property and

their privacy, and *keeping it off our backs otherwise*, may well be the core value that makes our Constitution unique.

Ed Peterson
San Francisco, California

SPACY

The things going on in this country scare the hell out of me. Having realized that the new majority is moralistic, that religious zealots are mounting a campaign to tell us what we can or cannot do with our bodies, I have come up with a simple solution.

My friends and I are presently building a spaceship called the Mayflower. On July 4, 1982, we plan to blast off into outer space and, after several years of space travel, land on Plymouth Rock, Jupiter. There, we will draw up a Declaration of Independence and wait for the militant moralists to send out the redcoats.

(Name withheld by request)

Hendersonville, North Carolina

Movie fans will tell you that things can get pretty grim on Jupiter's moons, not to mention the planet itself, and by the time you make it from the local Plymouth Rock to a Declaration of Independence (roughly 400 years, earth time), there'll probably have to be some traditional witch burnings and other nonsense to put up with. Good luck, anyway.

BLIND LEADING THE BLIND

I work for a state agency helping the sightless and can tell *PLAYBOY* that this handicap is greatly aggravated for many by their lack of a sense of participation in a world of sex and beauty that commonly is presented only visually. The very fact that *PLAYBOY* exists in Braille helps bridge that gap. My patients feel less excluded from the real world, less ignorant of the subjects others discuss frequently, less emotionally and socially and sexually crippled. The sightless are not nearly so blind as the Representative from Ohio who obviously hopes to use specious moralistic arguments to deny them access to editorial material that he finds personally or politically disagreeable.

It should be enough that the sightless are spared visual exposure to material that might please and corrupt them. That they should be spared articles on censorship, social change and stupidity in high elective office is a bit much.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

If it weren't a matter of some seriousness, it would be quite funny—the Congressman from Ohio who wants to cut off funding for the Braille edition of *PLAYBOY* provided by the Library of Congress. How did you wicked devils ever manage to render Playmates or the

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other pretty women into raised dots? That sounds like a fantastic technological breakthrough for the blind.

I know that some people sniff disapprovingly at the nudity in your magazine and that others snicker knowingly at those who claim they buy it for the articles. But if PLAYBOY is so high on the reading list for the blind, that would seem to mean something, and you people should be most flattered that some political mossback considers the magazine sufficiently provocative that even the written material should be suppressed.

Bill Daniels

Baltimore, Maryland

We were flattered to make the famous Nixon enemies list and would be worried only if we didn't meet with the disapproval of some Congressmen. We heartily disapprove of some of them, so

fair is fair. We haven't said much about Representative Chalmers P. Wylie, because this stunt may be his first official act to attract serious national attention and we don't feel like doing him any favors.

PROPER PUNISHMENT

A popular radio news program stated that 65,000 legal abortions were performed during the past year in Pennsylvania. Twenty percent of those abortions were to welfare recipients, at a cost of \$3,000,000-plus to the taxpayer. As a health professional, I calculated the cost of 13,000 welfare abortions (20 percent of 65,000) at \$300 each to be \$3,900,000. That may seem like an overwhelming figure—both in dollars and in human life—but let me continue.

Suppose each of those 13,000 welfare

mothers had carried her pregnancy to term. At a modest welfare grant of \$250 per month (mother and one child) for 18 years, the cost, *per mother*, would be \$3000 per year (or \$39,000,000 per year for the 13,000 recipients). If you consider those figures over 18 years (not accounting for inflation), the final sum is \$702,000,000.

Unfortunately, many of the Moral Majority and "pro-lifers" are also those most adamant against social programs, welfare and other forms of assistance. They would be the first to react negatively to a tax increase to support those people.

In addition, many of those unwanted pregnancies result in children's being born into extremely hostile conditions. Those conditions are foreign to the Richard Schweikers, Jesse Helmses, et al., who would virtually mandate motherhood for all sexually active women. Those unwanted children are often subjected to a living hell of inadequate emotional care, inadequate food, housing and medical care—and to actual physical and mental abuse. Again, the proponents of "pro-life" are less likely to support additional funding for social programs to alleviate such injustices. Those same proponents are not eagerly awaiting the arrival of a handicapped child, a child of mixed race or an older child (often the result of an abusive home situation) into their own homes.

The Moral Majority may well wish to dictate the course of human events—but unless it has the convictions to support its rhetoric with cold cash, it has no right to demand that its personal morality be enacted into law.

Kit Kellinger

Baden, Pennsylvania

You speak wisely but to the deaf. We've long marveled at the depth of ideological commitment that permits anti-abortionists to reject a simple and rational position in favor of one so costly—to individuals, to society, to themselves—that only the fervor of theological belief can defend it. Reason means nothing when the real disagreement is between one group that considers sexual relations something holy and intended primarily if not exclusively for reproduction and another group that considers sex merely one of many facets of life that can bring either great pleasure or serious problems, depending on the exercise of judgment by individuals. The former group probably is correct in its assessment that there's a lot of bad judgment going around, but we are not convinced that motherhood is the proper punishment for either immorality or stupidity.

The following letter, on page 70, is misinformed but unquestionably sincere and illustrates an opposite perception of this issue.

FORUM FOLLIES

While covering Ohio legal decisions, Columbus Citizen-Journal reporter Harry Franken dug up the following gem:

The Tenth District Court of Appeals in Columbus has divided over whether Domestic Relations Court Judge John Hill knows about the birds and the bees or was just kidding when he allowed that a woman plaintiff may have got pregnant from engaging in oral sex.

It seems that the woman sued her boyfriend for bastardy, claiming he was the father of her child. The defendant admitted having had sex with the plaintiff about the time she conceived, but he argued that she had told him she used a contraceptive device. He later changed his story and said the only sexual activity had been prior to the probable period of conception. The woman insisted it had to be her boyfriend because her only other activity had been oral sex with a 54-year-old diabetic who couldn't get it up for sex of any other kind.

Judge Hill refused to rule that the boyfriend was the father, saying:

"I quite frankly have to say to you I don't know, I don't know whether, you know, in the course of someone—people having even oral relations. . . . I frankly don't know whether it would be possible for you to get pregnant through that or not. Now, so, therefore, I can't find by a preponderance of the evidence that he's the father of the child."

Appeals Court Judge John McCor-



mac, with the concurrence of Appeals Court Judge Thomas Moyer, called that "a sarcastic—and ill-advised—statement."

"The trial court did not take judicial notice that pregnancy could result from oral sexual relations in his sarcastic remark, nor is the judgment against the manifest weight of the evidence," McCormac declared in reluctantly upholding the lower court's ruling.

Appeals Court Judge Alba White-side dissented:

"The trial court's statement raises some doubt as to the trial court's findings, even assuming it accurately reflects the trial court's lack of knowledge. Unfortunately, the oral opinion by the trial court at the conclusion of the trial sheds little light on whether there was any other basis for the trial court's judgment than its erroneous conclusion that it might be possible for a woman to become pregnant through oral sexual relations with a man.

"While the majority suggests the trial judge may have been being 'cute' by using sarcasm, the decision of a reviewing court should not be predicated upon conjecture and speculation as to a possible secret, but unexpressed, intent of the trial court's findings."

A closer look at the record indicates that Judge Hill may, indeed, have believed it possible to get pregnant from oral sex, for he contemplates the mysteries of reproduction and observes, "There's such a thing as artificial insemination." —H. B. FRANKEN



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AND NOW...

If the women in this country would open their eyes instead of their legs, there would be no need for abortion. In this day and age, a woman need not get pregnant. Our taxes pay for clinics and family-planning units and they are spread throughout the country. Not to mention the birth-control methods that are sold in drugstores, and the Christian organizations that will care for these women if they should become pregnant, putting the child in a good home, where it will be raised and cared for as the parents' own.

There are too many unfortunate women who want babies but can't have them. There is truly no reason for an innocent child to be destroyed in a way as horrible as abortion. Why should a child suffer for its mother's mistake? I think if women knew how an abortion were done, they would not go through with it. The same is true of men and their reckless actions. I will use an old saying to explain it all: An ounce of caution is worth a pound of cure.

(Name withheld by request)
Aurora, Colorado

EYE FOR AN EYE

I hope I can shed some light on the recent controversy surrounding the so-called Moral Majority. Many of those who call themselves Moral (with a capital M) seem to be missing some very important points of Scripture.

Nowhere in the Bible does God give men the right to enforce God's laws; in fact, the whole message of the New Testament concerns God's forgiving nature. Jesus said, "Let he among you who is without sin cast the first stone." Many modern-day Christians ignore the deep humility implied in that statement. Indeed, the most vocal of them seem more concerned with moral conformity than with self-examination.

In the same vein, I don't personally believe a woman should have an abortion. But if she chooses to do so, it's a matter between her and God—no one else has a say in it.

Finally, this: When Jesus' disciples asked him how they would know when the end of the world was near, he said, "There shall arise false Christs and false prophets. . . . By their fruits ye shall know them."

Jeffrey W. Rutter
Ventura, California

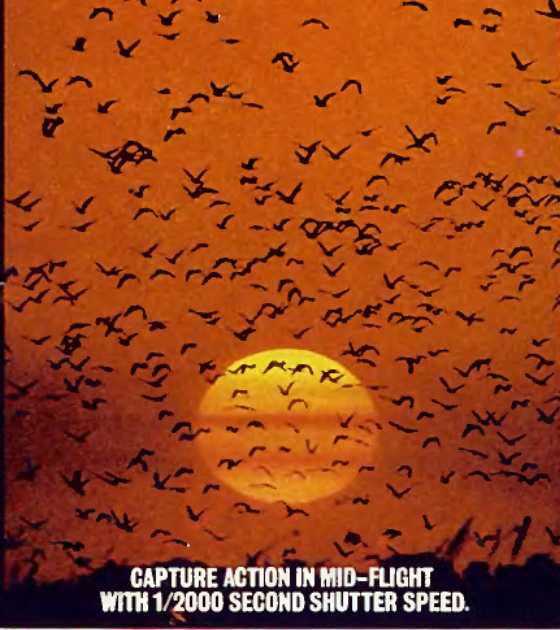
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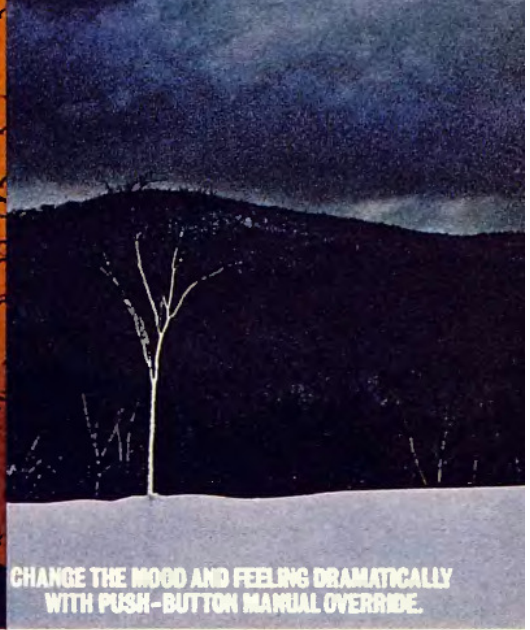
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J.R., we couldn't have said it better ourselves.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DONALD SUTHERLAND

a candid conversation about childhood traumas, sexuality, radical politics and strange roles with the star of "m*a*s*h," "klute" and "ordinary people"

When the 1980 Academy Award nominations were announced last February, one name was conspicuously absent from the Best Actor category: Donald Sutherland, the star of "Ordinary People," the performer whose sensitive portrayal of Calvin Jarrett had brought to life the pain and stress of a very real American father. Sutherland, a veteran of more than 40 films, shrugged the insult off philosophically: He didn't tend to get awards for his work; besides, he wasn't going to worry—too many other things were going right in his life. Indeed, at 46, Sutherland seems to be an actor coming into his own. His films have become big hits with the public. Since "Ordinary People," he has completed "Gas," "Eye of the Needle" and "Threshold." Audiences seem to relate to Sutherland—they like his flexibility, his lanky looks, his abandonment to his roles.

More and more, it seems that Sutherland is becoming to this generation of filmgoers what Humphrey Bogart was to movie fans of the Forties and Fifties: an actor with fascinating and unusual looks, a performer who can play a dozen roles and make each one different. Even when Sutherland's films score low at the

box office, they have a cult following: "Fellini's Casanova," "1900" and "Don't Look Now" are big numbers at the revival houses.

What it may come down to is that Sutherland is an original, and Hollywood—despite all legends to the contrary—is a very conventional place. There is something about Sutherland, about his looks, style, ideas, life, that cannot be put into a box: His politics are leftist and he speaks up from time to time; unlike most actors, he has not built a career with much forethought (instead, he has made a point of taking roles that please him—he will play a cameo or a feature role, if the director is interesting); he's a wild man with money and spends it with unusual abandon; unlike many stars, Sutherland will never end up owning the better part of downtown Arizona as a tax shelter.

As for the private Donald Sutherland, his life is both conventional and not. He's been married twice, had love affairs with some of the most interesting women on two continents; he has no interest in groupies or one-night stands. A critic of traditional marital forms, he's lived for ten years with Francine Ra-

cette, a beautiful French-Canadian actress with whom he's had two sons, Roeg, seven, and Rossif, three. Sutherland and Racette live together without living together very much. He spends most of his year on location and she, who says she likes her privacy, usually doesn't join him when he's making a movie. "It's great fun to have Donald around when he's here," she laughs. "Here" could be one of several places: their Brentwood, Los Angeles, home, their sailboat, a suite at New York's Sherry Netherland, a room in Montreal, Francine's apartment in Paris. Sutherland's life is the life of a vagabond—with five bases.

Yet it is as an actor that he remains his most unconventional. His films are a study in diversity: In "The Dirty Dozen," he's a child killer; in "M*A*S*H," he's a symbol of Sixties anger against war; in "Klute," he's the sweet/hard country detective who saves Jane Fonda from a homicidal maniac; in Bernardo Bertolucci's "1900," he is a homicidal maniac; in Federico Fellini's "Casanova," he's the great lover; in "Don't Look Now," he's an architect who presages his death in Venice; in



"Looking back on it, the years with Jane Fonda provided me with the basis of what I guess will be the rest of my life. Jane helped me come out of an intellectual and emotional closet."



"I was up for a wonderful part, but I was told, 'Sorry. You're the best actor for the role, but this calls for a guy-next-door type. You don't look like you've ever lived next door to anyone.'"



"If I were to live my life over again, the only thing I would do differently is make love more. All the times that guilt or Protestantism held me back, well, that's been my loss."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERNON L. SMITH

"Invasion of the Body Snatchers," he's a San Francisco food inspector who gets turned into an extraterrestrial pod.

Growing up in Nova Scotia, Sutherland spent a pained childhood feeling different from others: He was too tall, too sickly, too imaginative, too creative. His peers called him Dumbo and Goofus. Sutherland spent his childhood developing a fast-paced imagination that would later fuel his acting talent. How he moved from Nova Scotia to Hollywood, how he survived two marriages, several career setbacks, the madness of the Sixties and the dullness of the Seventies are all tales he tells to free-lance journalist Claudia Dreifus. Dreifus, whose interviews usually appear in the Sunday magazine of *Newsday*, filed this report:

"I first met Sutherland in 1971, when he was doing the 'Free the Army' shows with his good friend Jane Fonda. That was during the height of the Vietnam war and the 'F.T.A.' troupe was touring military bases to give GIs an antiwar revue. Sutherland was a big star already. He'd just done 'M*A*S*H' and 'Klute' and, to be nice about it, he was quite full of himself. My job was to cover the first 'F.T.A.' show in Fayetteville, North Carolina, for a rock magazine—and while I thought the show a great idea, Sutherland seemed very unpleasant and hostile. My impression of him then: closed, arrogant, self-righteous, a pain in the ass.

"Ten years later, the Donald Sutherland I met on assignment for *PLAYBOY* turned out to be a very different man. The decade had worked massive changes on his character. His relationship with Francine Racette—free and yet committed—had obviously been good for him. His career, which had been on a roller coaster of ups and downs, was on the upswing again. 'Ordinary People' was turning his life into pure joy—not to mention big money because he had a percentage of the film's gross. On and off for six weeks this past summer, Sutherland and I met regularly in the dingy back office of his New York publicist. As it turned out, he had plenty of free time. A play for which he had signed a seven-month contract, Edward Albee's 'Lolita,' had closed after one week. Each day, we'd sit there with my tape recorder, with a huge pot of coffee, a mound of grapes for his special diet and my note pad of post-Freudian questions.

"Sutherland became extremely attached to the room and could work in no other place. A minor crisis once ensued when Candice Bergen wanted to use the room for something; she was sent elsewhere. At our third interview session, I suggested that Sutherland was qualifying too many of his statements—being too ambivalent at times. He looked at me sharply: 'I don't mean to be. I'll tell you anything you want. I

want to make this a very truthful interview. I don't want to hold back.' And, after that, he didn't.

"When not making tapes, I spent a fair amount of time hanging out with Sutherland. He and Francine are great fun. One night, they took a group of us to a grand dinner; we were going to see Fellini's 'City of Women' after the meal, but that seemed superfluous. Three kinds of wines and champagnes flowed, along with good talk and great food. Francine, who has a French wit, explained why Sutherland had been so impossible to live with while he was making 'Fellini's Casanova' (she had left him behind in Italy for most of nine months): 'You cannot live with Casanova,' she laughed. 'Casanova is impossible. He is like silk. Silk is very nice to feel and to wear, but you cannot wash it.'

"After dinner, the group decided to walk to Rumpelmayer's on Central Park South—it's a place where Sutherland likes to go for postsupper milk shakes. During the ten-block stroll from the restaurant, Francine and her sister got lost. Sutherland was not concerned:

*"In the early Sixties,
the roles I played were
often homicidal
maniacs—but artistic
homicidal maniacs."*

'Francine will turn up eventually.'

"An hour later, a flower girl came in from the street and informed Sutherland that a stranger had purchased a bouquet of roses for him. Not too long after that, a waitress arrived with a huge stuffed dinosaur—presumably, another gift from another admirer. This gift sparked his interest and he dashed outside to see what was going on. There was Francine, selling roses to passers-by: She had slipped the flower girl a few dollars and was plying her trade with a straight face. 'You conceited man!' Francine shouted at Sutherland with a mock pout. 'It sure took you a long time to get the message.' She had also rented a horse and carriage to take them home.

"The main thing I learned about Sutherland in the time I spent with him was that he's a man with a deep need to be loved and appreciated—more than most people in show business. When ABC's '20/20' did a feature on him, several of his actor pals were asked to comment about him oncamera. All refused. Sutherland was wounded. No matter how much his publicist assured him that

people like Robert De Niro, Jane Fonda, Robert Duvall and Robert Redford just didn't do oncamera comments for anybody, he remained hurt.

"'You shouldn't take it personally,' I suggested. 'Hollywood people just don't have a Bronx street sense of loyalty.' He was not mollified.

"What Sutherland does when he needs a fix of affection and affirmation is to look for it on the street. He is the only movie star I've met who likes what happens to him when he strolls down Sixth Avenue. Strangers stop and stare. Autographs are requested. In response, he tips his Panama hat, offers a grin as wide as Central Park—and, for a brief moment, feels like he owns the town. As he signs autographs, he feels his ears are just fine and that he's far from Nova Scotia and Goofus; he feels that his life glows and that, yes, he is, indeed, very beautiful."

PLAYBOY: In a recent magazine article, you were described as a "beautiful giraffe." Do you think you're good-looking, as movie stars are supposed to be?

SUTHERLAND: A beautiful giraffe? Giraffes are ugly. All I see is those long necks and the knobby little things on top of their heads. But, no, I don't like my face much. I'm not wild about my nose, I hate my ears. I wish my face were less thin. And I wish people wouldn't come up to me in airports and say, "My God, you sure look better in person than you do in movies."

PLAYBOY: Your unconventional looks must have had something to do with your early career, when you played bizarre characters. Did you ever think you were in danger of becoming this generation's Boris Karloff?

SUTHERLAND: Boris Karloff? Mmm. I never thought of it that way—but, yes. I was working in British television in the early Sixties, and the kinds of roles I played were often homicidal maniacs—but artistic homicidal maniacs. Later, in my movie work, in *Dr. Terror's House of Horrors*, I played a doctor who killed his vampire wife. At the end of the story, I'm in trouble and I remind the town's other doctor, "But you told me to drive a stake through her heart." He denies it, laughing. "What nonsense." After they cart me off to jail, he says, "There wasn't enough room in this town for two doctors—or two vampires." Then he flies away.

Let's see: In *Die! Die! My Darling*, I put lifts and shoulder pads on, dyed my hair white and played someone with a speech impediment who was retarded. In *The Dirty Dozen*, I played a guy who killed a child. And, of course, there was the one that started it all—*Castle of the Living Dead*, in 1964—and I played a witch in that. Come to think of it, it wasn't just in the early parts. Recently,

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in 1900, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, I played the part of a terrible, vicious killer. I mean, a guy who smashes cats to death by butting them with his head isn't someone most people will identify with.

PLAYBOY: And yet one of the parts you'll be remembered for is that of Calvin Jarrett, the father in *Ordinary People*.

SUTHERLAND: Yes, I can't tell you how wonderful my street life has been since *Ordinary People*. Now strangers come up to me to say they have a cousin who is just like Calvin Jarrett. What I get from the public is warm and wonderful. But it started to turn around before that, in 1978, when I did *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. It was a freaky movie, but my part was very mainstream. For once, I looked like the guy next door.

PLAYBOY: Which must have been a relief.

SUTHERLAND: Yeah, especially when I consider the roles that were denied me because of my looks. Once, about 25 years ago, in London, I was up for a wonderful part in a movie called *Three O'Clock in the Morning*. I read for it and instantly knew I was absolutely right for the part. The next day, I was taken to an office and was sat down as if I were a child about to be expelled from school and told, "We're terribly sorry. You're undoubtedly the best actor for the role, but this part calls for a guy-next-door type. Mr. Sutherland, you don't look like you've ever lived next door to *anyone*."

PLAYBOY: Has it always been that way for you?

SUTHERLAND: Yeah, I was always a gawky kid. I had polio and my left leg was shorter than my right, and when I was ten or eleven, I was a head taller than anyone around. My head was thin and long and everyone called me Goofus or Dumbo. The implication there was that I had ears so big I could fly with them.

Once, during summer vacation, the other kids hid up in a tree and when I walked beneath them, they peed on my head. I went to my mother, who never allowed herself to be surprised about anything, and told her about it. She looked at me gently and said, "Well, Donnie, what did you expect?" She was wonderfully honest and would never lie about anything. I asked her once, "Am I good-looking?" She said, "No." But then she added, "Your face has a lot of character, Donnie."

PLAYBOY: Which wasn't what you wanted to hear.

SUTHERLAND: No. Though I had a wonderful childhood inside my head, outside I was terrified about how I related to the rest of the world. I hoped, somehow, that I had some kind of mask that would let me slide through. I hoped people wouldn't go, "Ugh!" when they saw me.

I really wanted, desperately, to be ordinary—anonymous.

PLAYBOY: It doesn't sound like you had a chance. Do you want to talk about it?

SUTHERLAND: OK. The basic facts about my childhood are that I was born in St. John, New Brunswick, in 1935. My family lived on a farm in Hampton, a half hour out of town. We had a cow named Bossie, and pigs. As a child, I was sick all the time. I had polio, rheumatic fever, hepatitis, a mastoidectomy, two tonsillectomies—the first one was incomplete—and, basically, every illness in the book. I seemed to be accident-prone. Once, my mother said, "Donnie, watch out for that stick," and the next thing I knew, this big wooden stick was stuck in my throat. My mother had to hold on to my blood vessel to keep me alive until the doctor arrived. Getting sick wasn't all that bad. My father, who hates hospitals, would break his ass to get private nurses for me. I was my father's favorite. As for the family, it was loving—close. My mother was a minister's daughter, with a very strong sense of right and wrong.

PLAYBOY: What was your father?

SUTHERLAND: My father is a gambler—an 87-year-old gambler. When my father wasn't gambling, he was a salesman—a wonderful salesman, a brilliant entrepreneur. He used to pride himself on having the largest sales record and the largest expense account of any salesman in all Canada. He used to say that he would have been the best salesman in the world if he had been born an American—which is such a Canadian thing to say.

Canadians are so incredibly insecure. Every single Canadian has, somewhere in his psyche, a feeling that people in the United States have some kind of visceral cultural and life experiences that he does not have. If you're Canadian, you think about a person from the States as the brother who went out to sea and caught the clap and made \$1,000,000 in Costa Rica or Hong Kong.

PLAYBOY: Back to your father. Was it fun—his flamboyance, his gambling?

SUTHERLAND: No. The gambling never was. Sometimes, we'd go to these wonderfully elegant hotels and I remember my father sitting at one and saying, "I wonder what the poor people are doing today." And he'd order something very extravagant from the waiter and turn to my mother and say, "What do we care for expenses? We've got plenty of money!" In fact, he had lost everything. We had nothing. My mother was in tears for the whole meal.

You know, recently, I got a letter from my first wife, Lois. She'd seen *Ordinary People* and she thought I'd played my

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father in it. But that wasn't right—my father is nothing like Calvin Jarrett. He is, in fact, the reverse of him. The closest I've been to my father in a movie was the old man in *Fellini's Casanova*. There were parallels to draw on: My father's a strong individual, but he's never thought all that much about the future. Never. It's a real drag. But, anyway, in *Casanova*, I was trying to sound and move like him. And when they put the old-age make-up on me, I looked in the mirror and I saw the face of *my mother!* Francine came into the dressing room and went, "Ahhhh!" It was a shock.

PLAYBOY: Was being an adolescent in Nova Scotia hard?

SUTHERLAND: Adolescence everywhere is hard. Its normal condition is madness.

PLAYBOY: What about yours in particular? Were you a rebellious teenager?

SUTHERLAND: No, not at all. There was a lot of Calvinist feeling in my house. As I said, my mother's father was a minister, and some things—sex, for instance—were never talked about. People now have no idea how repressed the Forties were—how dry, how sexually ignorant. My body's changes were terribly frightening to me. My first erection happened in a school shower. I had no idea what it was. Well, in school, we had been shown a film about venereal disease and hookers in Japan. No one told us anything useful about vaginas or penises or sexuality or anything we needed to know. All they said was, "Something will happen and you'll get a disease and you'll have huge sores." So when I got my first erection, I was convinced it was a venereal disease. I walked around for two whole days, wondering how I was going to explain to my mother that I had V.D.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a difficult time with girls?

SUTHERLAND: At first, I was mostly afraid and guilty—oh, *so* guilty! But I always had girlfriends—some really wonderful and beautiful women. But it always surprised me that they wanted anything to do with me. The guilt—that was the big thing. My first kind of sexual experience—all it was was kissing and touching. I must have been 13. We sat on her back porch. She was wearing panties and it was so erotic. But as soon as we had finished, I jumped up and said, "I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" And I was kneeling and begging her to forgive me. God, that's so awful. Just the thought of it.

In the next couple of months, someone told me about masturbation. I had *no* idea what he was talking about. Nevertheless, I went home and masturbated. And, God, I have to tell you, it was the hugest shock! I never expected anything to come out from where I peed!

When I suddenly had this overwhelming explosion, I nearly died of a heart attack. Needless to say, I felt this was original sin—this had to be, if anything was.

PLAYBOY: You didn't trust your senses? You couldn't say to yourself, "Hey, this feels good, I should go with it"?

SUTHERLAND: Oh, God, no. You know the Lena Horne song, "If it feels good, it must be right"? Well, the main feeling I had was, If it feels good, it must be wrong. Even when, years later, it came to making love to a girl I was in love with, even *that* felt wrong. Some of this has caused sadness. I think if I were to live my life over again, the only thing I would do differently is make love more. All the times that guilt or Protestantism or whatever has held me back from making love to someone I had affection for, well, that's been my loss.

PLAYBOY: Did you always want to leave Nova Scotia for Hollywood and the big time?

SUTHERLAND: Oh, no. When I was a boy, I never wanted to be a movie actor. It wasn't within the realm of possibility. The idea of being a *stage* actor was fine. Hollywood was someplace you knew existed, like never-never land, but real people didn't live there. And if they did, no one from Nova Scotia ever got there, anyway. As I said earlier, to be born Canadian is to be born with somewhat of an inferiority complex. No, what happened to me was that I decided to study acting at the University of Toronto. I did school plays. I did summer stock. I did terrible work in engineering classes, which is what my father wanted. Then, toward the end of time at school, I made a bet with myself. I had this small part in *The Tempest*, a hard part. I prepared very carefully. There was a very influential critic at the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, Herbert Whittaker, and I said to myself, If he likes what I've done, I'll become an actor. If he doesn't, I'll quit.

PLAYBOY: And?

SUTHERLAND: And he wrote, "Donald Sutherland has a spark of talent that illuminates the stage." So the year after my graduation, when I was 23, I went to England to study at the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art. Very snobby. Very prestigious. Very, very British. It was there that I was completely miserable. And it was there, because of bad training, that I lost my voice. Oh, I had the most beautiful, deep, melodic voice! I could do almost anything with it. My teacher, Iris Warren, said it was the wrong octave for the English stage. She made me do exercises to raise it an octave and I strained my vocal cords and then . . . my voice was gone. I couldn't afford to go to high-priced Harley Street doctors to get it fixed afterward, either.

Iris Warren hated my guts. She once

went up to an actor friend of mine at a school Christmas party and said, "George, you mustn't spend so much time with Donald, we have respect for your work." It was hard for me to be so—disliked. I have a strong need to be liked by the people I'm around. But ever since then, I haven't had much respect for acting teachers. That place was just not good for North American actors—they treated them horribly. North Americans have a different temperament, voice, attitude.

PLAYBOY: Were you treated like a provincial?

SUTHERLAND: I *was* a provincial. I was from Nova Scotia. I was like Klute—the first time he sees New York. By the end of my second year—it was a three-year program—I knew things were only going to get worse if I stayed, so I dropped out. When I look back on it now, I think I had a kind of minor breakdown around that time. I just remember my scalp and my ears moving in a way that was so tense. I was very, very nervous and unhappy.

PLAYBOY: You were married around that time, weren't you?

SUTHERLAND: Yes. I had met Lois at the University of Toronto and we had lived together. When I was at my unhappiest in London, she happened to send me some roses. The next day, she phoned me from Canada. "Did you get the roses?" And I said, "Oh, for God's sake, get on a boat and come here." So she got on a boat and we got married and it lasted for seven years.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't it last longer?

SUTHERLAND: Because it was a fix for my loneliness at that moment. But it wasn't a life remedy. Lois and I . . . even now, we're good friends. She just wrote to me the other day and asked me to send her some tapes of poetry I used to read to her. We did a lot of that: reading to each other.

PLAYBOY: After you left the academy, your career improved, didn't it?

SUTHERLAND: Oh, yes. There was a wonderful year working in a repertory company in Perth, Scotland, and it was there that I developed a great liking for Scotch whisky. By 1961, I was working in repertory theaters all around England and doing parts on British television, on *The Saint* and things like that.

In 1964, I did my first big feature, *Castle of the Living Dead*, which was shot in Italy, and it was there that my film career began to take off. It was also there, in 1964, that I fell into the house of Shirley Douglas, my second wife.

PLAYBOY: What happened to Lois?

SUTHERLAND: I had fallen in love with a woman, a secret woman. We were together about a year, furtively. When

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that relationship ended, so did the marriage. Everything just fell apart. For a while after that, I lived with another woman, a really beautiful, intelligent actress. And then came Italy and Shirley. But the marriage to Lois just basically ended the way it began: It had run its course. It just stopped. It was like a bus ride. I got on the bus and then I got off.

Now, my second marriage, to Shirley, wasn't like that *at all*. With her, it was more like flagging a bus—and getting run over. Shirley . . . Shirley, she's a very complex and interesting woman. Her father was the head of the New Democratic Party—which is the left political party in Canada. I was attracted to Shirley in the same way I'm still attracted to her. She's a very dynamic, powerful, extraordinary person. From the first, we didn't make a very good couple. Our needs were so different. But in 1966, when it turned out that she was pregnant, it wasn't so much like a burden—it was a gift. It was like, "Ah, thank God, maybe this will make the thing work for us." I mean, we *loved* each other. So we got married in the middle of the filming of *The Dirty Dozen*. John Cassavetes was my best man. Shirley and I had three or four very difficult years ahead. We stayed together under the most difficult circumstances until . . . until I met another woman.

PLAYBOY: Jane Fonda?

SUTHERLAND: Yes.

PLAYBOY: We'll talk about that later. Why did you and Shirley have such a stormy time?

SUTHERLAND: Things didn't work because her life and my life didn't fit together. We had twins, and they were wonderful. But we were pulling apart all the time. Shirley was "the boss" in the marriage. My role in the relationship was to be inferior on as many levels as possible. When my career really took off with *The Dirty Dozen* and with *M*A*S*H*, I think my success became very, very difficult for her to take. I wasn't inferior anymore.

PLAYBOY: Did you do a lot of drinking during that marriage?

SUTHERLAND: Drinking is an understatement for what we did: a bottle of Scotch a day. Shirley was a heavy drinker at the time—she's since stopped.

PLAYBOY: Did you drink a lot together?

SUTHERLAND: I think we drank a lot—apart. We'd start the day by getting up and filling an orange-juice glass with Scotch. And things went on from there. Oh, God, I remember . . . once in 1967, we had just moved to Los Angeles from Europe. *The Dirty Dozen* had come out and it seemed a good idea to be near the work in L.A. Well, Shirley thought it was very important for us to live in Beverly Hills, because "the schools are better for the kids." We didn't have two cents to live on. But, somehow, Shirley

borrowed \$50,000 from a bank in England and we moved into one of the most expensive rental houses in all Beverly Hills. Well, we lived there—without money for clothes or food or even the whisky and four packs of cigarettes a day we were doing. One day, after making a total ass of myself at a Hollywood producer's home, I stopped drinking.

PLAYBOY: You just stopped flat?

SUTHERLAND: Yes. That and smoking. All at once. It was Monday and I said, "On Saturday night, at midnight, I will go to bed and never smoke cigarettes or drink whisky again." And I never have. I *do* drink wine. But whisky . . . I hate being out of control.

PLAYBOY: Was it hard to go cold turkey?

SUTHERLAND: No. I can do *anything* I want to. I was obsessed and crazed by it for a whole day—but then I was OK. You know, once in 1967, Shirley had me go to this doctor in England—a psychiatrist. I was depressed, I guess. Well, he put me on Stelazine in combination with something else. The combination was so harmful it was banned in the

*"I don't mind surrendering
will. I mean, I know,
sexually that's what I
do—that's part of
what I do."*

United States. Well, I took those horrible drugs for two years. When I got back to the States, my own doctor couldn't believe I was taking that drug. He told me it would take months to get off. I said, "No, I'm off of it as of this minute." And I was. I don't know what the long-term results might be, but I could get off of heroin if I had to. I might be a banana afterward, but I could still get off.

PLAYBOY: Why did you permit anyone to give you Stelazine? That's a drug usually given to psychotics.

SUTHERLAND: I went to the psychiatrist because Shirley told me to. That is what he gave me. I did everything Shirley told me to do.

PLAYBOY: You just surrendered your will?

SUTHERLAND: I don't mind surrendering will. I mean, I know, sexually that's what I do—that's *part* of what I do.

PLAYBOY: From what we've read, Shirley was very involved in radical politics and, while you were sympathetic, you were less of an activist. Did that make for conflicts?

SUTHERLAND: Oh, yes. I was an actor, *am* an actor. I might imbue my work with

political sensibilities, but I am an actor first. As for Shirley, she spent some of her time on street corners trying to convert any black person she met to the Black Panther Party—something I was not doing. I kind of resigned myself to the situation and tried to figure out the best way to support her and the children. In the end, I thought it was much more important to be an actor. God, you can't believe the strange things that went on in my life during that time! Do you know that Shirley and the Friends of the Black Panthers used to have meetings in my house that were so secret that I wasn't allowed to attend? I found that so appalling. . . . We were making *M*A*S*H* at the time—and the whole thing was maddening. If you look at *M*A*S*H* again, you'll see me get into a fluster about something during one scene. Elliott Gould puts a spoon in my mouth and calls me Shirley. That's because he was making fun of me and the kind of turmoil going on in my house.

PLAYBOY: Turmoil? The FBI *raided* your house; that's more than turmoil—that's big trouble.

SUTHERLAND: That actually happened a couple of times. Once, the police raided our country house in New York. They were looking for Angela Davis, but she wasn't there. Angela, I think, was at the Holiday Inn or somewhere. But the really awful raid was while I was in Yugoslavia making *Kelly's Heroes*. Our house in Los Angeles was raided and Shirley was charged with conspiracy to raise money for firearms for the Black Panthers, or something wild like that. They scared the living bejesus out of my kids and harassed them. During the raid, they said, "All right, Shirley, up against the wall," and they held a gun against my stepson's head. The police went in with guns drawn at two in the morning, and they took Shirley to the station. I don't know what happened—whether it was true that she put a check in the mailbox for \$100, as they said, or whether she had ordered hand grenades or whatever it was. The case was eventually thrown out of court.

PLAYBOY: What did you do in Yugoslavia when you heard about the FBI raid?

SUTHERLAND: It was not the best news to hear. But filming *Kelly's Heroes* was a bummer on a lot of scores. I nearly died there in Yugoslavia. Spinal meningitis. I was in a coma; I remember being inside my body and looking out. And I could see through my eyelids. Doctors at the bottom of the bed were talking, and I couldn't understand a damn word, because they spoke Serbo-Croatian. I guess they were saying I was dying. They called Shirley and told her that I would be dead before she arrived. She flew to Yugoslavia—and apparently made funeral arrangements for me in England. When

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she got there, I was alive. It was an awkward moment for the relationship. For the first time in about six months, she embraced me. I couldn't tell her that in lifting me up off the bed and embracing me the way she did, she was causing me more pain than I had ever experienced in my life. Our relationship had really turned terrible by that time. I mean, she could hardly kiss me.

PLAYBOY: In *Ordinary People*, Mary Tyler Moore's character has great difficulty touching her son—

SUTHERLAND: Yes, but I didn't make the connection until I saw the picture. When I was playing the part, I didn't think about any parallels to my own life. Afterward, when I saw the movie, I started to laugh; it was like home used to be. It wasn't that Shirley had trouble touching me—she couldn't stand touching me. A lot of the wounds I felt because of that relationship finally healed when I went with Jane. Jane is a truly wonderful person to love—a loving, loving person.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned *M*A*S*H*. Was it fun to work with Robert Altman?

SUTHERLAND: I wouldn't say it was fun. I loved Elliott [Gould] and a lifetime friendship was made there. But I was having a hard time with Shirley and *M*A*S*H* was a very "group" kind of thing. I'm not good in groups. People were doing a lot of dope. I was "Elliott's friend." I wasn't Altman's first choice for the part, anyway. He wanted James Garner. Ingo Preminger, the producer, had seen me in *The Dirty Dozen* and it was he who wanted me. The whole experience was very strange, very confused. Altman had thrown the script away and he'd fired the cameraman. Bob was directing it in such a way that we didn't do the same sound take for a close-up or a medium shot. We said different things. I don't know how the sound editor got it all together. I hope he got an Oscar. He sure deserved a citation from God, because he did a genius job on it.

PLAYBOY: Did the stardom that came with *M*A*S*H* feel good?

SUTHERLAND: It felt good for Elliott. For me, it was a mixed thing. But I do remember going to New York after *M*A*S*H*, and Elliott was at the height of his success and people just mobbed him wherever he went. We went into this wonderful restaurant and he ordered a bottle of Château Lafite, 1949, and everyone in the restaurant was looking at us. Four waiters in white tails brought us the wine. The wine was sniffed and poured and approved of and Elliott swirled it around in his mouth. Then he looked up at the waiter, grinned idiotically and let the wine drip out of his mouth onto his suit. The reaction in the restaurant was one of the funniest sights you've ever seen in your life, though nobody laughed.

PLAYBOY: And it was through Gould that



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you met Jane Fonda, wasn't it?

SUTHERLAND: Yes. She had come to Elliott's house for something. She was still with Roger Vadim at the time. I remember we touched hands—just the tips of our fingers—and it was really *electric*. A couple of days later, she came to my kitchen and we talked. Jane was going through huge changes at the time. She was just about to leave Vadim. She and a companion had traveled across the United States and she had seen her own country from a completely new perspective. In a firsthand way, Jane was learning about Indians, ghettos, poverty—things she had known about only abstractly before. And she was so very open to everything she was seeing. She soon announced herself as a radical and became an activist. Well, at the same time that Jane was going through this, we fell in love. I left Shirley—though Jane and I never really lived together continuously. Basically, our three years together were a time when we were both experimenting and seeking: politically, emotionally, personally. I lived mostly in rented rooms. At the Château Marmont in L.A., in a loft in Chelsea in New York while we were making *Klute*.

PLAYBOY: What was it like to mix up your personal, political and professional lives?

SUTHERLAND: It was one big bowl of soup and it was terrific, wonderful. You

couldn't ask for a more generous, exciting, funny, sensuous woman than Jane. I loved her with all my heart. As we talk now, I have a vision of her—of how funky she looked with a curly wig in *Steelyard Blues*. Jane would talk a great deal about "fragmentation"—about how painful it was not to live a life with "a center." We fought, we struggled not to live fragmented lives.

PLAYBOY: Whose idea were the *Free the Army* [*F.T.A.*] shows that you, Jane and others did in the early Seventies?

SUTHERLAND: Jane's—and also Howard Levy's, who was an ex-Army captain court-martialed for refusing to train Green Berets. What we did was tour military bases—here and in the Far East—and put on antiwar revues. My part was to read the final passage from Dalton Trumbo's *Johnny Got His Gun*—the section where the guy wakes up and discovers he has no arms or legs. The idea behind *F.T.A.* was to show GIs—and this was during the heat of the Vietnam war—that not all performers were Bob Hope. We gave them mild antiwar satires and they loved it.

GIs hated that war, hated what they were being forced to do. Wherever we'd go, soldiers would come up to us and tell us of atrocities they'd committed, of the bad dreams they were having because of it, about how much they wanted the war to end. For me, I had no

trouble participating in that kind of protest. I didn't like doing anything political within the United States—because I am, after all, Canadian. But there was a huge Canadian participation in the war—and so I felt, on this, I had a right.

The *F.T.A.* shows were incredibly important to me on a personal level. I had experienced these incredible successes with *Klute* and *M*A*S*H* and it would have been real easy to become overwhelmed by big-star fantasies. The tours always brought me down to earth. You can't feel like you're such hot stuff when you're in the Philippines and some soldier is telling you about how his best friend was blown up for nothing.

PLAYBOY: Did your participation in *F.T.A.* hurt your career?

SUTHERLAND: I don't know. It's hard to say. I don't think the authorities tried to smear me in the same way they tried to smear Jane. What I do know is that I came back from the *F.T.A.* tour and things just fell apart. I had been considered one of the major "bankable" stars, along with Streisand and Redford and folks like that, just before I left. And then, you know, I just went off to the Far East with Jane for a year. When I came back, I was broke and there were a lot of people in the film-making community who weren't particularly happy with my political position. While my

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films remained strong in Europe, nothing really big happened for me until 1973 and *Don't Look Now*.

PLAYBOY: During the years you were with Jane, her every movement was monitored by the Government. What was it like to have a relationship under surveillance?

SUTHERLAND: Funny. Every call was bugged, so you talked in code and gobbledegook. We'd have a supersecret rendezvous. We had a house—or she had a house—with a garage on one street, a front door on another and a back door on a third street. I'd leave the house at night, drive around the block and drive back to the garage, which had a door that led directly to the bedroom, and then we'd go to sleep. For a good year, nobody knew we were together, despite all the surveillance. We had a wonderful time. We'd laugh about it. But once—and this wasn't funny—Jane was coming into the States through Canada, and the police kept her in jail and wouldn't let her change her tampon and other things. They laid it down heavy on her.

PLAYBOY: And not on you? It certainly must have bothered you to see men in dirty raincoats standing in front of your house taking notes every time you and Jane held hands.

SUTHERLAND: No. There had been more of those guys in front of Shirley's house.

PLAYBOY: Why did the affair end?

SUTHERLAND: To be honest, there never

was the sense that it would go on for all that long. I mean, it was not going to be a permanent relationship and we both knew it. While it was going on, it was terribly exciting at all levels. Looking back on it now, those three years provided me the basis of what I guess will be the rest of my life. Jane helped me come out of an intellectual and emotional closet. In the end, I guess, we just fell out of love with each other. We had broken up once before we started the *F.T.A.* tour, and then we got together again. We stayed together as friends throughout most of the *F.T.A.* tour. Jane had a lot of other work. She was going in a whole other way.

PLAYBOY: Was the breakup related to Tom Hayden?

SUTHERLAND: No. Not really. No, it wasn't. It was just over.

PLAYBOY: What did you do after that?

SUTHERLAND: Shot myself! [Laughs] No, what I did was buy a dog. I did. I bought a beautiful Scottish otterhound and I packed my bags and went inside my head. I've come out a lot now and again since then. In the period after that, I spent a lot of time traveling. I was in Japan and then came back through Europe to America. Got my dog and went to Miami. Went to Canada and made *Alien Thunder* there. While on that movie, I met Francine and fell very carefully in love with her. I've been

in love with her ever since.

PLAYBOY: When you say carefully, what do you mean?

SUTHERLAND: Just that. *Carefully*. Falling in love with Francine was like diving into a lake—and I was checking to see if there were any rocks there. Usually, I fell in love and I crashed on my head.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet her?

SUTHERLAND: We were working on this movie together and I took an instant dislike to her. She was tall and dark and very beautiful. She didn't seem to like me very much. For me, the need to be liked is very big. We were both living at the Idylwyld Motel in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. She lived upstairs from me. She had a dog, and I had that wonderful Scottish hound. Most of our communication involved our trying to keep our dogs apart. One afternoon, I was having a shower and I had left my door open so that my dog could come and go. Well, the dog ran off and I ran after it—wet, from the shower, stark-naked. And suddenly, there was Francine standing in the doorway. She took one look at me and she ran away. She was back a minute later, though. She had not run away because she was shocked—she had run to get her glasses! It was funny.

PLAYBOY: What happened to the dogs?

SUTHERLAND: The dogs made love and

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so did we. The dogs had babies and so did we.

PLAYBOY: Today, you choose not to marry, despite the fact that you have two children together.

SUTHERLAND: She chose not to marry. When Francine was about 11 years old, her mother took her to the wedding of a cousin that scared the living bejesus out of her. She was literally so frightened that she ran home and said, "Please—I'll do anything you ask, just don't make me get married ever." And I had a similar experience. But instead of going "to watch," I had "to be." For someone who lives day to day, the way I do, those two marriages weighed on me like a stone. I can commit to the future as long as I'm not compelled to. Francine gives me ample breathing room—more breathing room than the German government would have wanted in 1939. You know, we spent our first two years together not being able to talk much with each other. She spoke no English—I no French. All we ever did was communicate physically and eat and drink.

PLAYBOY: And how do you manage the problems of monogamy and commitment?

SUTHERLAND: Monogamy and commitment? How do I handle them? *Privately—very privately. Very, very privately.*

PLAYBOY: Why did you and Francine decide to have children?

SUTHERLAND: Well, from the very beginning, Francine wanted children. When she entered into the relationship, she said, "Listen, one thing you get to give me out of this is a child." I said, "OK."

I mean, we were in love. It was hard to go about doing it. She had to have all kinds of things done. You know, her body was not ready—there was some kind of blockage of the Fallopian tubes. But as soon as that got corrected, she got pregnant in about three hours. Roeg, he was a pure child of love.

I was present at both of our sons' births and participated in them. It's very exciting and exhilarating to give birth to a baby. Our second son, Rossif, was born with his umbilical cord wrapped three times around his head. When I saw this, I nearly died. When he came out, his face was purple. And that affects you. Whenever he cuts himself or bruises himself, I get shocked.

PLAYBOY: Have you been a parent to the twins you had with Shirley?

SUTHERLAND: They're with Shirley, of course. I was a good parent to them when I was allowed to be alone with them. But it was never like it is now with me and Francine. I mean, we share *everything*, me and Francine. We shift and change roles. I do everything from warm the bottles to feed to change the diapers. She does more than I. But we

do interchange. I wouldn't want to imply that we have a role reversal. I'm not doing what John Lennon did. That wouldn't be within my nature. But the twins, well, Shirley and my relationship was such that we couldn't participate mutually. You know, I just got a lousy letter from one of the twins. She's 14, and 14-year-olds are just crazy. You can't really hold anything they say at 14 against them. The best thing to do is forget it, forget what you might have done if you'd gained custody.

PLAYBOY: Do the twins resent you?

SUTHERLAND: I would think so. Particularly that daughter.

PLAYBOY: Through all this turmoil, you seem like a man who likes—and needs—women.

SUTHERLAND: Oh, gosh. I certainly do. The women I've been involved with through my life have really been terrific. Basically, I have better relationships with women than with men.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SUTHERLAND: I get on better with women because, basically, I like making love with them better than making love with men. And I find everything about their psyche and their struggle wonderful, ex-

*"When I'm acting, I'm
kind of a concubine to
the director. What I have
to do is satisfy him."*

hilarating. There are some men I'm close to—Elliott Gould, Robert Redford, Sean Connery. But, on the whole, I feel more relaxed with women, more at ease.

PLAYBOY: You say you like making love with women better than with men. Does that mean you've been attracted to men?

SUTHERLAND: You mean sexually?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

SUTHERLAND: No. But I do have a friend, a make-up guy I really like to go dancing with. I do have a wonderful time dancing and being with him. But it's not sexual.

PLAYBOY: Freud says that the two things that motivate a human being are love and work; but we've talked mostly about love, about sex. Let's change the subject to your work.

SUTHERLAND: Sometimes the feeling is the same, you know. When I'm acting, I'm kind of a concubine to the director. I mean that, quite seriously. My job is to understand the character and give the director what he wants. What I have to do is satisfy him. It is very intimate, very sensuous, very loving to do that. The director ends up liking you because you satisfy him and you

end up loving him because it is very satisfying making someone else happy. It's like being a good lover to someone—wonderful. With Nick Roeg, with Federico Fellini, with John Schlesinger, with Bob Redford, I think I've been a very good lover.

PLAYBOY: Did you always have that attitude about acting?

SUTHERLAND: Oh, no. I used to think the actor was all-important. The truth is that film making is about directors. When I made *Klute* with Alan Pakula, there were real problems. I had a specific way I wanted the character to be—a different way from Alan's. I wanted Klute to go to New York with a Pennsylvania Dutch accent and I wanted him to be more shocked by the decadence of the place—the shopping-bag ladies, the poverty, the extreme wealth. Well, all of that made for big problems between Alan and me. It was, after all, *his* movie and my ideas were outside the context of the film. Alan is an interesting man. He has a wonderful area on his back—from the shoulder blades just up to his cortex. It's very straight and very interesting to look at. Basically, he didn't like me very much.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SUTHERLAND: I don't know. Anyway, he behaved as if he didn't like me very much. Looking back on it, he was absolutely within his rights, because I was behaving in a self-centered way. I was very self-righteous in those days. Now, when I think about the way I was, I just want to cringe.

Do you know that Jane and I went through a whole period when we wouldn't sign autographs for people? We thought we didn't want to be classified as "movie stars," that being movie stars was elitist and that by signing autographs, we were encouraging people to feel inferior. I'd get a letter from a fan who'd liked *Klute* and who wanted an autograph for his daughter. Then I'd write this guy a long political letter—very personal, no form letter—saying why I was no better or worse than he and that autographs were elitist. I'd sign the letter. Then, a few weeks later, I'd get a letter back from the same man: "Dear Mr. Sutherland—my wife and I would like to thank you for your letter. We thought it was really bullshit, but we cut your signature off for my daughter."

Nowadays, I sign autographs with great pleasure and happiness.

PLAYBOY: When did your attitude about acting change?

SUTHERLAND: I began to understand that the actor is not important with Nick Roeg and *Don't Look Now*. That must have been 1972. Roeg had sent me the script for the movie and then telephoned me. On the phone, I said, "Well, the character should do this and that." Roeg

said, "No, we're not making *any* changes. The script is going to be what I want it to be. Take it or leave it." So I thought to myself, Why not try this? Let's find out what it's like to not interfere. That conversation changed my life—changed my whole attitude about acting. Now I think of myself as the director's plaything. Film acting, basically, is about the surrender of will to the director. Francine and I named our first son after Nick Roeg—that's how important the lesson was. Our second son, Rossif, is named after Frédéric Rossif, the director of *To Die in Madrid*. Francine lived with him for many years and he is a great friend.

PLAYBOY: *Don't Look Now* is a memorable movie. What was it like to shoot it?

SUTHERLAND: I love that movie. Among all my 40 or so pictures, it ranks high as a personal favorite. But making it was *perilous*. We filmed in Venice; and when I had nearly died from spinal meningitis in Yugoslavia, they flew me to Venice. So, when I returned to do *Don't Look Now*, I had this premonition that I was definitely going to die in Venice.

PLAYBOY: Which is what the movie is about—a man who has visions of his own death.

SUTHERLAND: And that's what I was having every minute I was there. A lot of my own life was paralleling the movie. I mean, I was death-obsessed. As a kid, I could tell you everything there was about dying. About how long it took Ethel Rosenberg to die in the electric chair, about how a man looks after he is hanged, about what happens in death by drowning. Me, I've always been convinced that I was going to die by drowning—and there I was in Venice, with water everywhere.

PLAYBOY: This is beginning to sound like Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice*.

SUTHERLAND: It was! For one thing, I had vertigo, and the movie required that I do things like go to the top of a scaffolding in a church, way up, be hit by a board and dangle there in the air, hanging from a rope.

PLAYBOY: Don't film companies hire stunt men for tasks like that?

SUTHERLAND: They couldn't get a stunt man to do it. The Italian stunt man who'd been hired wasn't given the proper insurance. He went up on the ladder and halfway up, he came down and said, "I'm not doing it!" So I'm standing there, and *I've* got vertigo, but I have no choice. The production didn't have the money to hire another church for another day. So I go up there to have some guy throw a wooden board on me. I'm saying, "Fuck it—this film has to happen." I tie myself up on a rig, climb up 50 feet, and I know if I turn a bit too much in the wrong direction, the wire that's holding me will break and I'll be dead. Suddenly, for the first time in my

life, I have no vertigo. I'm 50 feet above the floor. I had never done that before. I made Nick promise me that when I had swung, I would just go over and land on a platform he'd rigged. He had a camera there. Well, I did that, but he got so excited that he pushed me off the platform—and there I was, dangling in the air again. The next day, Julie Christie and I had to shoot the love scene.

PLAYBOY: That love scene? The steamiest, sexiest love scene in modern cinema? Was it embarrassing for the old Calvinist in you?

SUTHERLAND: Well, what do you think? You're in a room for eight hours. In bed. Naked. Two guys with noisy cameras are there and they're photographing your bun, your cock, your mouth, your nose, your everything. Yes, it makes for a little self-consciousness. Julie and I had an agreement that any footage that exposed either of our sexual organs would be given to us, so that we could burn the negatives.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SUTHERLAND: Because I don't think that's

"I was death-obsessed. As a kid, I could tell you about how long it took Ethel Rosenberg to die in the electric chair, how a man looks after he is hanged."

what being an actor is about. If I wanted to do that, I'd just go make blue movies. I draw the line on a certain kind of explicitness—I'd rather people used their imaginations a little. The sex scene was important to the film because it was a way those two people could express their love and their need for each other. But I do draw the line. I remember watching Bobby De Niro and Gerard Depardieu in *1900*, in the scene where they both take this woman to bed. They were nude. Well, it seemed to me that there was a terrible vulnerability and self-consciousness that was inherent in the situation. It seemed a little . . . beyond the pale. And there are so many social taboos in male nudity, and the male sexual organ specifically, that I don't see any value an audience can get from looking at my cock—hard, soft or indifferent.

The reason the sex scene in *Don't Look Now* works is that Roeg cuts away all the time and breaks it up. You have

something else to look at—besides the actual sex. I felt very pure about that scene. And very self-conscious. And very self-protective. Julie and I felt very honorable in doing it. I was dismayed later on, when I heard what happened to that scene in the higher echelons of the old regime at Paramount—and I was dismayed at how much despair it caused in certain quarters. Julie, I think, was punished for that scene by people who felt it was improper for her to do. I heard rumors that some people took the love scene out of context and showed it around in private screening rooms. If that's true, I really resent it. Because that was a beautiful movie, a beautiful scene—and it was hard to do.

PLAYBOY: Were you and Julie offscreen lovers at the time?

SUTHERLAND: No. I was with Francine already. I don't know how that rumor got around. I have a huge amount of respect and affection for her, but no.

PLAYBOY: After *Don't Look Now*, you played the Fascist Attila, in Bertolucci's *1900*. It was an ambitious movie but a commercial failure in the U. S. What was the problem?

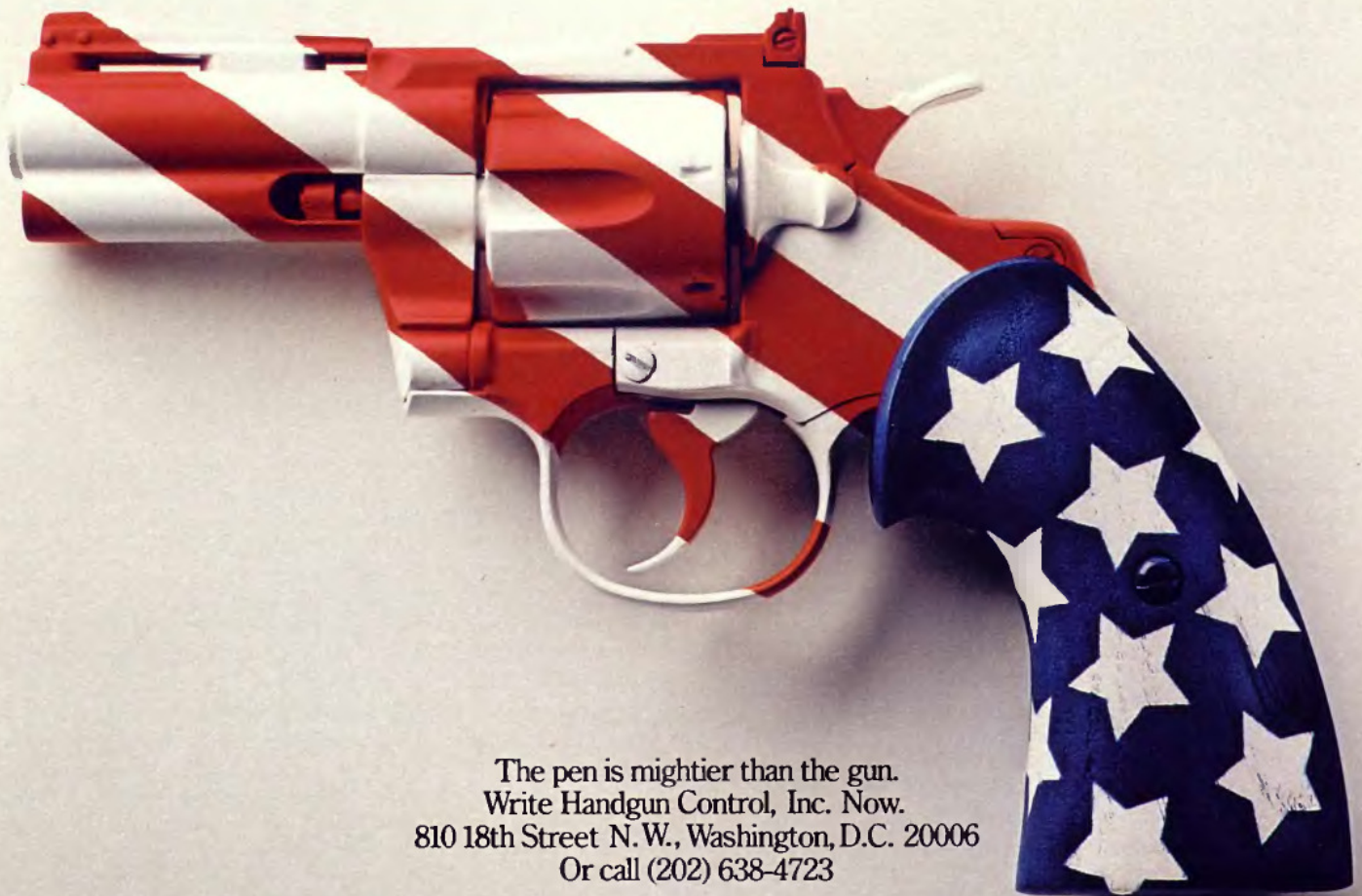
SUTHERLAND: There were many problems with the way the film turned out. Bertolucci, basically, was doing an opera about Italy. As for Attila—my character Attila—he was two-dimensional bordering on one-dimensional. That wasn't really my fault. Bernardo and I had different concepts of the character—and I was into doing it *his* way. This was after Nick Roeg. Anyway, I came to the part wanting to do something out of Wilhelm Reich's *Mass Psychology of Fascism*. I wanted to create a Fascist who started out with fanaticism and a true belief that he was right. He becomes a bureaucrat, not so much out of conviction as out of habit. I wanted to create a bureaucrat who made people think, There but for the grace of God go I. Well, Bernardo had a completely different idea. He wanted an operatic monster. Me, I should have known as much as soon as I saw the script.

But I've got to say, we *did* have some nice parties during the making of that movie. One night, we rented a hotel and we had a wonderful dinner for the whole crew, with a bottle of wine for everybody. And a band. And a magician. And two strippers. At the head of the table, there were turkeys and lambs and pig and geese all cooked. Oh, God, it was wonderful! Actually, the party wouldn't have gotten too expensive if we hadn't ordered a cream cake for each person. By the time we got to the cake, everyone was so drunk and happy that someone pushed his cake into the next person's face. Then, basically, what you had was an Italian custard-pie fight. I had to pay for a new ceiling for the hotel and a new rug. I had to buy a new

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saxophone for the band. One of the strippers was the only person to criticize it. She said she had never seen anything so juvenile and stomped off in a rage. But, gosh, it was a wonderful party.

PLAYBOY: Was it because of *1900* that you came to be Fellini's Casanova?

SUTHERLAND: Well, partly. Actually, we had met during the filming of *Alex in Wonderland*. Fellini had a role in that movie. But when I was in Parma, making *1900*, he came up with a friend and we had a wonderful little lunch together. That must have been in 1975. I wasn't working that particular day, and so I drove him to Milan and as we drove, he told me about his plans for the film. He said, "Forget everything you've thought or heard about Casanova. The film I want to make has nothing to do with anything else. It is about Italy and not remembering the past and about political dilemmas." Mostly, he was talking about Casanova's inability as a person to remember the past and learn by it. Thus, he was constantly repeating himself. As soon as he fell in love, the past didn't exist.

PLAYBOY: After a childhood in which you were thought of as ugly, it must have been a delight to be offered the chance to play one of the great lovers of history.

SUTHERLAND: It was wonderful, truly wonderful. They'd put me in my clothes and I'd sit there happily for ten hours, waiting for Fellini to call me. If he didn't want me, that was fine. I was happy as a pig in shit. They shaved my head, shaved my eyebrows and they gave me a new nose and a new chin, and I truly thought I was beautiful. Now people come up to me and say how brave I was to make myself so ugly. I'm amazed. I thought I looked wonderful.

PLAYBOY: Why did the movie take a year to make?

SUTHERLAND: It was supposed to take only eight months, but there was a hiatus of two or three months in the middle of it. The negative of the film was stolen. Someone broke into the vaults where it was stored and stole raw film, negatives. They took some of Sergio Leone's film, some of Bertolucci's and some of Fellini's. They knew what to take. You see, you don't edit negatives, you edit prints. And, basically, what happened was that someone was holding the entire Italian film industry to ransom. Whether, in fact, anybody did pay for it, I don't know. All I know is I went to Aspen and skied with Francine and eventually we started again. But, as long as it took, some of the times during *Casanova* were quite wonderful. I had a wonderful house with a pool and a vineyard that produced 2000 bottles of wine a year. I think we drank the 2000 within the first six months. The wine could get to the kitchen and no farther.

PLAYBOY: While your European film-

work was artistically important, it did not help put you back into the category of a "bankable" star. Didn't it take *Ordinary People* to do that?

SUTHERLAND: Well, you know, over the years I've never stopped working, and to me I was never so much building a career as working on things that were important to me. It was more important to work with greats like Schlesinger, Fellini and Bertolucci and Redford. I had a lot of bad luck with some of my pictures. But I'd say, yes, *Ordinary People* was a completely wonderful thing to have been part of. Redford, he's a genius. Every note in that film was right. The fact that the movie moved my image to something more like what I wanted made the whole experience even better.

PLAYBOY: Yet you were ambivalent at first about doing the movie, weren't you?

SUTHERLAND: Well, originally, they had wanted me for the psychiatrist. I wanted to play the father. I knew Bob Redford would be a terrific director—it would be impossible for a man as sensitive as he not to be. But it was a weird deal. They

“‘*Ordinary People*’ was a
completely wonderful
thing to have been part of.
Redford, he’s a genius.
Every note in that
film was right.”

weren't going to pay me money up front—just a percentage of the film. I was strapped for money. I was so strapped, in fact, that earlier I had refused a percentage of *Animal House* in exchange for cash up front for my small role in that movie. God, what a mistake! If I had taken the percentage, I'd now be richer than Croesus. Well, who cares? It *doesn't* matter. I live with a huge-debt mentality, anyway. There are debts still from my marriage to Shirley, debts *that* old.

So, anyway, the percentage aspect of the deal didn't appeal to me. And when the offer came, I happened to be in Montreal at an Expos game. Now, I dearly love the Expos. Along with sports cars, they are the great passion of my life. So my agent had me paged in the stadium and said that, yes, indeed, Redford wanted me for *Ordinary People* but that I had to give him an answer right away. I said, "I can't give you an answer now. The Expos are losing to Chicago. I'll call back after the game." Well, by the seventh inning, the Expos had scored

four runs and all was right with the world. So I called California and said, "Yeah, I'll do it."

PLAYBOY: Lucky thing the Expos scored those runs.

SUTHERLAND: Yeah. Lucky thing.

PLAYBOY: How was Redford to work with as a first-time director?

SUTHERLAND: He was brilliant and beautiful—and so easy. Usually, when I start a film, I'm always awkward with the director the first few days. But with Bob, the first few days were much easier. He surrounds actors with a great deal of affection. And I knew things would be right from the first rehearsals at Bob's house in Chicago. You know, there's an e. e. cummings poem that I have a huge affection for, *somewhere i have never traveled*. Well, I walked into Bob's bedroom, and I picked up an anthology of cummings' work, and the book fell open to a page Bob had folded over. And it was *that* poem. It was an omen for the kind of cooperation and understanding that we had in *Ordinary People*.

You know, after we had shot that last scene where Calvin Jarrett tells Beth through his tears, "I'm not sure I love you anymore," I felt that the way I had done it just wasn't right for the character, for what happened to him next. Bob didn't agree. The film editor didn't agree. They thought the take was terrific. I wanted Calvin to be calmer, less hysterical. Well, Bob had enough faith in my sense of it to later hire a complete studio, reconstruct the set and reshoot the scene. By that time, Mary Tyler Moore was already in New York, playing in *Whose Life Is It, Anyway?*, so we reshot the scene with Bob offcamera delivering Mary's lines. And that's what Bob went with—that's what you see in the movie.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you that every other major actor and the director in *Ordinary People* was nominated for an Oscar—except for you?

SUTHERLAND: No.

PLAYBOY: Come on.

SUTHERLAND: It bothers me only in terms of Bob Redford. There were people in Hollywood who gave him flak for casting me. When I wasn't nominated, for a second I felt a twinge of: Maybe Bob will see this as a criticism of his choice.

PLAYBOY: For a man who says he needs to be liked as much as you do, not to be nominated must be wounding.

SUTHERLAND: There were a lot of good people who weren't nominated—and there were a lot of marvelous actors who were. Besides, I never thought I'd get nominated in the first place. I didn't get nominated for Homer Simpson in *The Day of the Locust*, and I didn't get nominated for *Fellini's Casanova*. It doesn't make a big difference to me. It's the performance that counts—and how the director and the audience feel about

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my work. Audiences *loved* that movie, and they loved Calvin Jarrett.

PLAYBOY: What about the critics? They were extremely respectful of you in *Ordinary People*.

SUTHERLAND: True. But they hadn't always been. Pauline Kael . . . Pauline Kael. Now, she's a very interesting writer. Well, Pauline Kael reviews *The Day of the Locust* and she says, "There's nothing specifically wrong with Donald Sutherland's performance. It's just awful." That was the most destructive, stupid piece of criticism I've ever received. What do you do with something like that? I stopped reading reviews after that.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned earlier passing up an opportunity to take a lucrative percentage of a movie. Have you ever handled money well?

SUTHERLAND: I'm always broke. I have no idea why. It may be a legacy of my childhood, but I don't live a very squirrel-like existence. There are enormous debts that I ran up when I was with Shirley. I'm certainly not poor, but I seem to keep only about 15 percent of what I make on a picture. Between United States taxes, Canadian taxes, California taxes, my corporation taxes, my attorneys, my accountants, my agents—well, I end up with 15 or 16 percent. I spend a lot of money when I have it. My expenses are astronomically high. Living at hotels is expensive. There are people in my organization I support. A nice bottle of wine costs. Francine and I bought a house in Los Angeles and we paid \$900,000 for it.

PLAYBOY: Since *Ordinary People*, have you tried to avoid bizarre characters in choosing your roles?

SUTHERLAND: Well, in *Threshold*, I play Dr. Vrain, who's modeled somewhat on Dr. Denton Cooley. And, yes, my character is a decent, dedicated, brilliant, wonderful surgeon. But in my next movie, *Eye of the Needle*, I play a Nazi killer. So, no, I play each part according to the needs of the director. I pick my parts because they interest me. There's no strategy. Otherwise, I wouldn't have chosen to do *Lolita* on Broadway last winter.

PLAYBOY: Why did you take the role in *Lolita* in the first place?

SUTHERLAND: I was living in a Frank Lloyd Wright house in Chicago that attacked me and it caused *Lolita* to happen.

PLAYBOY: You'd better elaborate on that.

SUTHERLAND: It's simple, really. Frank Lloyd Wright designed the house I was temporarily living in while we were filming *Ordinary People* in Chicago. From what I understand, he was having an affair with the wife of the man he was designing the house for. That man was very tall. So Wright, who was short and vain, designed the house in such a way that a tall person couldn't live in

it without severe cranial damage. I hit my head *all* the time. It drove me crazy. Well, one day the phone rang and I smashed my head and landed flat on my back, clutching the phone. It was a young agent saying that, on my behalf, he was turning down the Humbert Humbert role in a new Edward Albee play of *Lolita*, because those were his instructions. I was in such a foul mood I was looking to get back at anybody, so I yelled at the agent *not* to turn down the play.

PLAYBOY: And in retrospect?

SUTHERLAND: In retrospect, it would have been better if I'd been knocked out cold.

PLAYBOY: There was a lot of conflict reported about that play, which closed in one week. Why?

SUTHERLAND: The fault really was with the way the play was written—and also produced. Edward Albee is fundamentally an antiheterosexualist and he had the feeling that unless *Lolita's* mother was ugly, people wouldn't understand why Humbert Humbert is attracted to *Lolita*. Which is bullshit. Shirley Stolar, who is a wonderful actress, was really

"The fault with 'Lolita' really was with the way the play was written—and also produced. Edward Albee is fundamentally an antiheterosexualist."

miscast—and turned into a sight gag. I protested that. Anyway, the play closed and I had my first vacation in a quarter of a century.

PLAYBOY: So it's been nice to take a break.

SUTHERLAND: Yes, it was unplanned, unscheduled—and thoroughly delicious. Francine hasn't had me around for such a long time in years, and she says she likes it. For the past few months, I've done nothing except see my family, watch the Expos play, sail my boat and go for frequent sessions with a **PLAYBOY** interviewer. All of it has been very, very pleasant. You know, until we did this, until today, I never thought a psychiatrist could be used for a thinking process. I've discovered a lot of things for myself. It isn't normal, because I don't usually open up so much in interviews. But this time, partly because of the amount of work that's gone into it and partly because of the vulnerable phase I'm in, it's turned out to be interesting.

PLAYBOY: Is it strange for a work-obsessed person to spend a few months without work?

SUTHERLAND: The basic feeling is good. Although my lawyer very ominously told me he was going to talk to me about my cash flow today. So I don't know. But the vacation is nice. I mean, I *love* acting; but there's something about it that is madness. I don't know why that's true, but I haven't *not* acted in a quarter of a century, and it has affected me. I can now feel layers peeling off, and I like the person who's living underneath. When you're working as an actor, you can't be yourself. A farmer can work his land and still be himself while he's farming. That's why I think acting is crazy. I need to do it, but it's crazy. It isn't normal.

PLAYBOY: There goes that word normal again. It's important to you, isn't it? You said toward the beginning of this interview that being ordinary was an obsession for you as a child.

SUTHERLAND: Oh, I don't know for sure. Normal? Normal? What does it mean? In the Fifties, in Canada, it was very important to be a normal kid. But most of my life, I've felt a lot like Homer Simpson in *The Day of the Locust*. Overbig, innocent, unlovable, out of the mainstream, not normal. As a kid, what I really was obsessed with was executions, with death. Well, now, in the past three years, I don't feel like Homer Simpson at all. Basically, I stopped thinking I was going to be executed.

PLAYBOY: Why would anyone execute you? For not being normal?

SUTHERLAND: Maybe. But the fact is that three years ago, my life began to fit together. Let me backtrack a little to when we began this interview a month ago. I told you that my life felt good because I was winning all this approval—but the truth is that my life feels good because I'm getting hold of my whole person and containing him. My work life, my street life, my family life, they've become one full thing. That fragmentation that Jane used to talk about has disappeared. The other day, Fellini told me how relaxed I am these days. Well, this wholeness leads to a kind of self-acceptance. What it comes down to is that I'm getting closer and closer to someone I'd be content to die with. Do you want to know what the most truthful thing about me is?

PLAYBOY: Sure.

SUTHERLAND: It's this: All I want for my life now is that when people read this, the baseball strike will be settled and the Montreal Expos will be headed for the world series. If that happens, everyone can know that I'm peaceful, happy and optimistic. If it doesn't, I'll be sitting alone on my sailboat somewhere, in a state of despair.



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

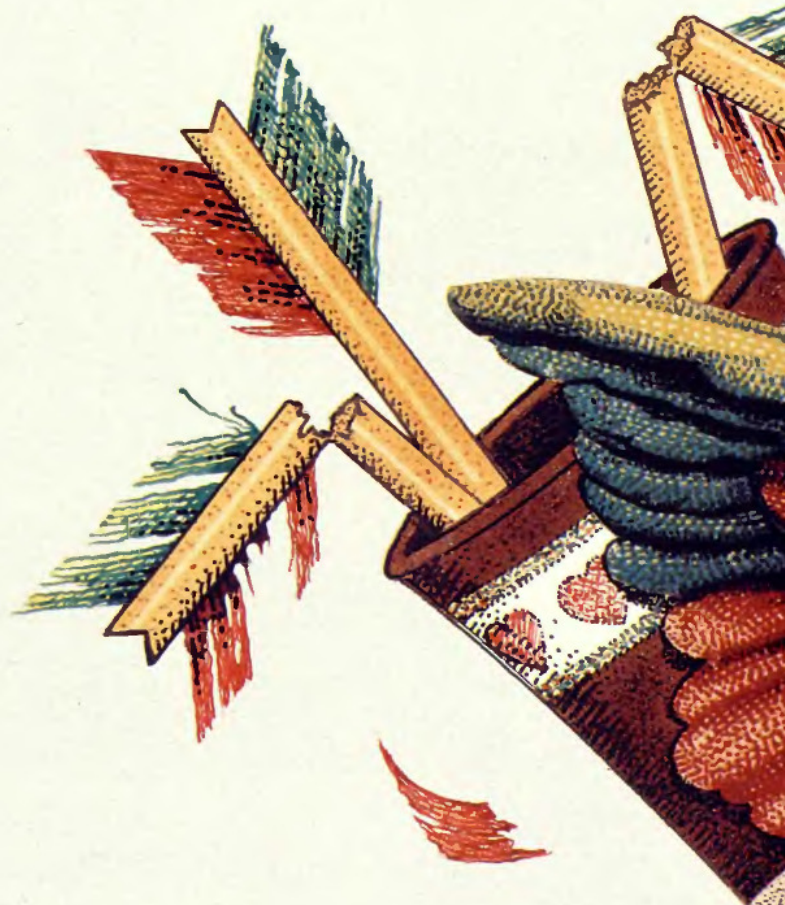
He's a traveler, and he prizes his vacation time—PLAYBOY readers traveled more than 46 billion miles in 1980. He can make "a jug of wine, a loaf of bread and thou" the essence of enjoyment even now. He likes the beach beneath his feet and doesn't mind getting sand in his shoes. He enjoys unhurried days, unfettered women and unlimited access to PLAYBOY, because it keeps him current with the currents of contemporary life.



AFTER MORE than a decade of warfare between the sexes, there's a new accord in the making—and it couldn't have come at a better time. Each side has just about exhausted its emotional stockpile, the result of too many years of second-guessing and *being* second-guessed, of the inability to laugh with the opposite sex, of sex itself about as tender and spontaneous as a contract negotiation.

Righteous cause or not, it was just no way to live. But the good part of the years of conflict is that we men and women have learned some valuable lessons about ourselves and about one another. Some of the differences between us don't seem quite as major as they

THE AGE OF SEXUAL DETENTE





used to. And other differences, when you think about them, really aren't so bad after all.

The border lines are undefined, so there's bound to be some scattered fighting still. And like those World War Two soldiers who hid in the jungle for years, there'll be a few holdouts who refuse to believe the battle is over.

But the signs are unmistakable, and they are everywhere: A new era is at hand. Here's what it means to all of us.

welcome to the postliberation world

article

By LAURENCE SHAMES

THE ARMISTICE was subtle. It was unofficial and unannounced, and you couldn't pinpoint the day when the truce had been effected. It was more a matter of tallying up the understated signs. You might have noticed first, for instance, that women were wearing softer clothes again, that a certain downturned severity had vanished from the corners of their mouths and the recent wariness had departed from their eyes. You might also have remarked that an unaccustomed number of men were doing trade with florist shops, emerging with their tissue-paper packages held aloft, their *(continued on page 98)*

musings of a not-so-angry woman

article

By BARBARA GRIZZUTI HARRISON

I SPENT the past summer with a group of writers, one of whom was inordinately fond of talking about what he liked to call "the lib." His little homilies invariably began like this: "I'm not a chauvinist, and I think Edith Wharton is a terrific writer, but. . . ." Then would follow a list of grievances against women. It was difficult to believe that one man could have so many.

So I got mad at him, and I wrote his name on many slips of paper, which I put in desk and dresser drawers—an old English remedy, prescribed by Nancy Mitford, for those to whom you wish no good to come. Then, of course, I felt guilty. Because *(continued on page 230)*





chins scrupulously shaved, their ties tightened a notch. From movie mar-quees, you might have inferred that the romantic comedy was making a comeback and wondered why love was again becoming such a popular subject and why marriage was again the logical ending to so many stories. On the job, you might have gathered that a certain rite of passage had been accomplished, that women no longer seemed so driven to prove themselves and that men no longer appeared to be sitting back smugly, waiting for them to fail; the old boys and the new girls had become colleagues. At parties, dinner clubs and discos, you might have chuckled at the revival of a quaint and archaic ritual: Men and women were dancing again, and not in the flailing and isolated style of recent times but *together*, in each other's arms, cheek to cheek.

Thus the evidence accumulated, till the glad but guarded conclusion finally came clear: The sexes were making peace. The struggle that might conveniently, if imprecisely, be termed the 13 Years' War (1968-1981) was winding to a close. There were still skirmishes, to be sure—cases still pending in court and grievances still rankling in human hearts—but the overriding spirit of the day was amity.

Men and women were playing the time-honored diplomatic game of pretending an accord, then waiting to see if a true accord developed. And, sure enough, a real understanding—one that transcended politics and had nothing whatever to do with surrender—seemed to be emerging. Its central wisdom was the recognition that life is more pleasant when men and women try—against whatever obstacles, in the face of whatever discouragements—to *like* each other, to observe the childhood edict to *play nice*. After a time of taking everything too seriously to play at all, the sexes were ready to try playing once again. With all its implications of hope, sly negotiations and the continued jockeying for advantage, *détente* was in the air.

In an era of *détente*, there is an understandable tendency to put the recent hostilities out of mind, willfully to forget that a year, a month, a day ago, one would have liked nothing better than to let one's current ally have it right between the eyes. There's nothing to be gained, however, by taking a revisionist stance and soft-soaping the war. It *was* a war, and if we're to arrive at a useful understanding of the present truce, we have to examine what the fighting was like—not the issues involved but how the conflict *felt*, what it did to our view of ourselves and one another. Lest I open myself to rebuke, even at this late and peaceable juncture, I won't pre-

sume to say much about the women's view of the fray. But what's it been like to be a man these past 13 years or so?

Let's say it has called for quick reflexes. In contrast to what most of us had been taught about how history worked, this was a period in which women set the tone and defined the issues, while men were put in the unaccustomed position of having to respond, to account for themselves. And responses were demanded under extreme duress. At this remove of time, we can all be rather blasé about the women's movement—as we can be blasé about the atomic bomb and the fact that men have walked on the moon; it is good to recall, however, that in its early manifestations, the movement was a thing of awe and terror. The collective voicing of women's rage was something new under the sun, and men were as defenseless against it as against the Andromeda Strain. A colleague of mine still trembles in relating his own first brush with the female vanguard:

"It was 1969," he says, "and I was a junior at NYU. I'd registered for a course called Psychology of Women—bozo that I was, I thought it would be a good way to meet girls and also a help in later life. Well, first meeting of the class, I wear my best bell-bottoms and a clean shirt, and all the women are wearing overalls—and not the cute, designer kind, either, but the ones that are meant for working under cars. Then the professor comes in. She's got a crewcut and she opens the festivities by trashing Freud. Next thing I know, they're all talking about orgasm, and that's when I get the news that the clitoris is where it's at, the vagina having about as many nerve endings as a Baggie. The message was crystal-clear: We don't need you, buddy boy."

Confronted by this tidal wave of fury, what was a poor benighted male to do? Many, in the early years, at least, took refuge in their *machismo*, traded blow for blow and let it be known that Betty Friedan could go to hell, for all they cared. Needless to say, women scoffed, sneered and spat at this attitude, but no matter: The men who adopted it were secure in the knowledge that, deep down inside, these very same females wanted nothing more than a roaring good tumble with a he-man such as themselves. This conviction, while almost certainly mistaken, was solace to millions of men in a very difficult period.

As the Seventies began, however, the ranks of the diehards started to thin as more and more men, bombarded by accusations, inundated by angry slogans, assumed the *mea culpa* stance. If women were that furious, the reasoning went, we *must* be the ones to blame. Men looked inward and discovered all sorts

of hateful things about themselves. It's true, their soul-searches told them: We *don't* think little girls are as good at math; we *do* believe that women tend to be lousy at parallel parking. Men became ashamed, and they did penance by depriving themselves of those things that had traditionally been celebrations of maleness. It became profoundly uncool to have muscles, to go fishing, to play competitive sports, to read Hemingway. It was crass to take the lead in seduction, and becoming erect under any circumstances was evidence of the will to subjugate. A cruel historical irony was establishing itself: At the precise moment when women, perhaps for the first time since Biblical days, were becoming able to have sex without guilt, men were moving to the position of having guilt without sex.

Things got worse before they got better. By the middle of the last decade, self-loathing was no longer enough; men were also supposed to be *vulnerable*. This meant that either you cried all over a woman's blouse on the first date or you were an insensitive lout. Now, the really bizarre thing about this insistence on vulnerability is that women ever could have believed that men were *invulnerable*. What a grotesque misreading of the evidence! What a total and utter failure of empathy! Look at the great male icons. Look at Bogart, for Chrissake, the toughest of the tough, wincing and practically doubling over at the tinkle of a melody in *Casablanca*; look at Citizen Kane, the big bad tycoon, blubbering on his deathbed about his favorite boyhood toy. Moments like this, you might have thought, would have served as indications that men have feelings, too. But no, things like that were too subtle for the Seventies; the Seventies demanded grand psychic spectacles, public self-immolations.

And men provided them, in spades. The day of the wimp was upon us. We saw it in the rise of whipped-dog journalism, pages dripping with ecstatic confessions of inadequacy. We heard it in the smarmy ballads of Barry Manilow, a guy who wears his vulnerability like a dress. We cringed at it in the maddening ineffectualness of the husbands in films such as *An Unmarried Woman* and *Ordinary People*.

Something had gone very wrong. The punctures that had been made to effect a not-uncalled-for deflation of the traditional male ego had refused to seal, and all the joy was leaking out of manhood. The vigor, the feistiness and, not least, the humor were oozing away. We were becoming a breed of soft-spoken and agreeable nerds. The gusto was going, going and just about gone.

Fortunately, however, men weren't
(continued on page 205)



"Gee, Sally, I can see my face in your dishes!"



TATTOOED WOMAN

former top model maud adams joins bruce dern in
"tattoo," the year's most controversial skin game

pictorial essay By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

WITH THE UPCOMING autumn release of Joseph E. Levine's *Tattoo*, movie mavens as well as mere voyeurs will be treated to one of those sexual collisions that nearly always provoke controversy. Do they or don't they really get it on? is the big question. We may never know the answer, for magnificent Maud Adams and quixotic Bruce Dern, who co-star as the film's extravagantly adorned busy bodies, have been flashing different signals all year about whether or not their lovenaking during the intensely erotic climax of *Tattoo* is the real thing. Dern said yes in a woman's (text continued on page 104)

Chosen over 200 other dream girls to entice Dern in *Tattoo* (right), Adams shows the distinctive style that prompts superproducer Joseph E. Levine to laud her as "the most beautiful, most promising actress I have had the pleasure to present since Sophia Loren in *Two Women*."





The big talked-about love scene in *Tattoo* (left) and the intense erotic moment just preceding it (opposite page) bring a dramatic new dimension to you-show-me-yours-and-I'll-show-you-mine. "I can't imagine what some people will say when they see this," says Dern, though Maud insists that their sexy close encounter may appear to be *cinéma vérité* but was mostly realistic acting and . . . well, all in a day's work. We say nice work if you can get it—and the Moral Majority doesn't picket theater box offices.



Unveiling his handiwork (above), Dern's compulsive tattooist personifies the film's provocative poster, which proclaims: EVERY GREAT LOVE LEAVES ITS MARK. As director Bab Brooks puts it: "The most horrific aspect of the movie is that he does on the outside of the body what we ordinarily do on the inside—we tattoo each other's heads."





SCENES FROM "TATTOO" PHOTOGRAPHED BY NANCY ELLISON / GAMMA-LIAISON



magazine interview last spring, adding, "The film is not X-rated, but what the crew saw was X-rated." Then a slightly mismatched pair of interviews in *Oui's* April issue had Bruce promising "a whole fucking relationship from beginning to middle to end, including a physical consummation oncamera," while Maud played it cagey in print—and privately began to steam. Such food for feuds seldom hurts at the box office, and there is an honorable historic tradition of speculating about famous love scenes that seem to fog the fine line between hard breathing and hard-core—Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland in *Don't Look Now*, Sarah Miles and Kris Kristoferson in *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace*. . . . That's pretty good fast company.

Adams and Dern, however, don't really need a trumped-up battle of the sexes to sell themselves. He has been one of moviedom's top character actors since the early Sixties, finally nudging his way to superstardom for his hypersensitive





Says *Tattoo* cinematographer Arthur Ornitz, "She has something that Garba had, that almost mesmerizes the camera, but she's a freer spirit than Garbo." Maud's classic beauty becomes gloriously warm when she oils up, then simmers down for photo sessions at a Long Island beach house where she is no longer a captive as in *Tattoo*—merely captivating. A dedicated nature lover, Maud finds "utter bliss" in the outdoors. "That's where I go to seek peace, strength, a new perspective. It's like meditation for me. This is a key to Swedish temperament. When you're brought up in a severe climate, you love warmth. People just blossom like flowers in the summer sun." Call her a queen if you want to turn Maud off. But who would want to?





Working with photographer Denis Piel, says this scrumptious Svensko flicka, "was more like an acting experience than simply posing in front of a camera. He prepares you for a shot almost as a director would, then seems to be peeking in on you with a feeling of intimacy that I love." Whether posing or performing, unguardedly nude or Tattoo'd, what Maud values most is total commitment. "I'm a modern woman in that I've always looked after myself; yet I'm old-fashioned when it comes to love. I like to take care of a man, cook for him. Giving love and being loved back is the most marvelous thing I know."

work in *Coming Home* and last year's unfairly neglected *Middle Age Crazy*. Maud, a Scandinavian cover girl who made her first movie (*The Christian Licorice Store*) in 1971, is the former supermodel well remembered for that rainy, wringing-wet Lip Quencher TV commercial, though she also made a splash opposite Roger Moore's James Bond in *The Man with the Golden Gun*.

Still, what's a more interesting conversational topic than sex? In search of the story behind the movie and Australian-born photographer Denis Piel's PLAYBOY-commissioned exclusive shooting of Maud Adams, I decided to let the lady have the last word. So I talked to Dern first.

Bruce was wearing a plaid shirt and jeans when he showed up at my Beverly-Wilshire Hotel suite. Now 45, with a lean, hungry look, he's a habitual (continued on page 207)







LP-28

VIVA SALVAN

FPL

Muerte a la Junta

ORDEN

CUBA FIDEL

SANDINO, BOLIVAR

Guerra Popular

prolongata

Nada

willm. Gasser

ERR

the reporter went down to el salvador with the most absurd notion—he thought there would be reasons for all the killing

DEATH AS A WAY OF LIFE

article

By **CHRISTOPHER DICKEY**

OCTOBER 15, 1979. The general expected the call, but when it came, he wasn't ready.

For two years, he had been the president of El Salvador, the last in a 50-year line of carefully selected dictators. He had been picked by the general who preceded him because he was tough, and he had set out to show that his reputation was justified. His government would suffer no dissent from Communists who wanted to restructure the society of his little country. They would be taken care of as they were always taken care of. They could leave the country, or they could disappear, or they could die.

But now everything seemed to be going wrong. Everywhere the general turned, more Communists were springing up. They seized factories, government buildings, churches, embassies. In the countryside, they somehow managed to train 30,000 peasants, workers and students. They brought them into the city and marched them through the streets and nothing seemed to stop them. What was the point of having 80,000 paramilitary men in *ORDEN* if they let that kind of thing happen?

Three months earlier, Nicaragua had fallen to the Communists and everything pointed to El Salvador as their next target. Mother of Jesus, if Somoza could fall, *anything* could happen. Thousands of Somoza's national guardsmen had been rounded up and thrown into jail. Some had escaped to El Salvador to tell stories of defeat and chaos, and the general's soldiers had listened to them. Horrified.

Now his troops were growing restless

and disillusioned. He could see it. There were Communists in their ranks and constant reports that they were plotting a coup. The troops were saying they had never had a voice in picking him for the job, but why should they? Nonetheless, they resented him. He paid them, applauded them, and they hated him still.

In August, the general had called several of the most obvious conspirators to the Casa Presidencial. Of course, they denied everything. Where could he turn? Washington was no help. The Yankees were always throwing their weight around, but they were never there when you needed them. Now they were full of this human-rights talk. Human rights was nothing but Communist propaganda, but Mr. Carter up in the White House played right along. The general would have no part of it. He refused to take a single Yankee gun for his troops rather than listen to such nonsense.

Besides, today there was a more immediate problem. All morning long, the general's aides had been calling the *cuartels* and no one was answering. Now there was a phone call for the general from one of those colonels—Jaime Abdul Gutiérrez—who had denied everything in August.

This was too soon. It was the wrong time of day. Coups always came at midnight on a weekend in El Salvador, and this was a Monday morning. Outside the breeze-blown palace, beyond the scar-faced guardsmen with their machetes and machine guns under the trees, traffic was moving normally. The city seemed peaceful, more peaceful than usual.

"*Señor Presidente,*" said the voice, "the armed forces of El Salvador have decided to remove you from the presidency of the republic. We have declared ourselves in rebellion."

•
Within five hours, General Carlos Humberto Romero was on an airplane bound for Guatemala. His key ministers and his high command were with him.

Two young colonels, Gutiérrez and Adolfo Arnaldo Majano, were now in command—vowing economic reforms, respect for human rights and the beginning of a new democracy.

On the other side of the city, behind the reinforced concrete and the bullet-proof glass of the American Embassy, there was palpable relief. "We weren't promoting a coup," an American policymaker said coyly. "We were just promoting things that the general's government

wasn't doing."

U. S. officials knew what the young officers were up to weeks before they finally made their move. And October 15 was not a moment too soon as far as the State Department was concerned. A bloodless coup averts a bloody insurrection. For once, reform had a chance to beat out revolution. The left would be co-opted, its banners removed. El Salvador would not be another Nicaragua.

Maybe the Salvadorans didn't understand all the ramifications and maybe their culture, their history and society gave them no preparation for such a move. But now they would learn to do things with American guidance. The basic principles were easy enough to understand.

•

Washington, winter 1979. A cold drizzle was freezing on 36th Street in Georgetown, but the air inside F. Scott's bar was thick with warm congeniality. Jean-Pierre told three stories that night. One was about the murdered husband, one about the Nazi funeral and one about artillery on the mansion's lawn. Jean-Pierre's English was not good and his memory may have been tinged by the champagne. And probably they were not stories he told often, because so few people had heard of El Salvador and so few cared.

This was before the troubles there became the war and before the White House drew a thick red line around the country warning world communism to keep out. It was before Ronald Reagan was President, before advisors and helicopters and secret slaughter on a massive scale. America was watching Iran for the hostages to be released, for the United States to bomb Tehran in vengeance, for something to restore the nation's crippled pride. Ted Kennedy was on the campaign trail. Carter was in the Rose Garden. Reagan was waiting to make his move. There had been a brief flurry of interest in the Nicaraguan war, but now that it was over, Central America had slipped back to the clichéd recesses of America's mind. Picturesque peasants, comic-opera dictators, bearded revolutionaries. Bananas.

The occasion was a goodbye dinner for one of Jean-Pierre's friends at a back table amid F. Scott's art-deco flash. The friend was a reporter, a novice correspondent about to leave for Central America on his first foreign assignment, and Jean-Pierre had lived in El Salvador with his first wife in the early Sixties. As the champagne flowed, he started talking about his ex-wife and *Los Catorce*, the Fourteen Families. His wife was one of them and he had traveled among them, a Frenchman among Francophiles. Rich Latins seem always to be Francophiles

or Anglophiles or Italophiles; they want so desperately to be European, something other than what they are. Even the idea of Fourteen Families, a journalist's fancy in the Fifties, became a cult among the Salvadorans. Really, there were perhaps 100 families that controlled the wealth of the country, but every one of them tried to prove it was one of the Fourteen.

They told Jean-Pierre all sorts of stories, but there were these three incidents he could not forget.

A young woman of the Fourteen married an American. They lived part of the year on the family's *finca*—a sprawling estate, a hacienda, a world of its own, where the couple were absolute rulers. The American developed a taste for peasant women. Often he returned to his own bed only late at night.

His wife was proud and beautiful, like so many daughters of the Salvadoran rich. She knew too well what the gringo was doing, and one night, as he returned to her side, she ordered him to make love. He apologized: He was tired. She ordered. He demurred and she pulled a revolver from the drawer next to the bed and put it to his side and again demanded love. There was none. Of course, there couldn't be. And she shot him through the liver. It took him three months to die. Then his body was shipped back to the States with no questions asked. None would ever be.

Jean-Pierre smiled and shook his head. "They are that way," he said. "They could always do whatever they wanted. It is like another universe."

It is a universe that accepts brutality and loves the trappings of power. During World War Two, its leaders were quietly sympathetic to the Nazis, breaking relations with Germany only under heavy pressure from the United States. Afterward, a certain kind of German found El Salvador—like the feudal Paraguay and Guatemala—a comfortable place to settle.

The final solution held little horror for the Salvadoran powers that were. Although some of the supposed Fourteen were Jews, they understood the need to rid the country of its dangerous socialist refuse. In 1932, some Communists led by Farabundo Martí ignited a peasant revolt. The military government slaughtered at least 17,000 peasants—maybe 30,000; there was no one really interested in counting. To the Fourteen, it was a satisfactory final solution.

Jean-Pierre knew all that. Still, he was surprised when he saw the honor guard in full Nazi regalia escorting a funeral cortege in San Salvador more than 15 years after the fall of Berlin.

Yet he had grown comfortable in Salvadoran society. It was full of comfortable people—articulate, well educated,

self-confident and competent in the management of their often vast holdings. Even the decadence had a certain appeal. It is fascinating to be rich in a country where the rich are supremely different from everyone else.

But the dinner party changed all that for Jean-Pierre. It made the comfort and the difference seem despicable. The house was one of the most spectacular in San Salvador. Looking back on it, Jean-Pierre smiled. It seemed incredible. The table was set with the finest silver and crystal, of course, but what stuck in the mind was the floor, made of glass, above an aquarium full of exotic fish.

The families gathered there that night would have gone on dining in their accustomed opulence and obliviousness if the troops had not arrived. The soldiers asked at the door and the owner permitted them to come around the side of the house to set up their light guns on the lawn beneath the terrace overlooking the city.

There was trouble below, a student demonstration to be crushed. Champagne was brought out to the terrace, along with such binoculars as could be found, and the ladies in their evening dresses and the men with their cigars flinched a little and called out "Good shot" when the guns went off.

An artillery captain, informed that Jean-Pierre had been in the French artillery, gallantly offered to let him fire a few rounds.

"I shouted at him," said Jean-Pierre, "I couldn't believe it. I went inside. I couldn't watch anymore."

A few months later, he went home to France.

Almost 20 years afterward, as the fledgling correspondent heard the stories, they seemed wicked fairy tales. Over the next year in El Salvador, he looked for the house with the glass floor. Behind the high walls and menacing guards of the rich, he never found it. But killing, guns and that same savage disregard for life were everywhere.

•

The old Communist was 50, but his face was heavily lined. Salvador Cayetano Carpio had once been a seminary student, then the leader of the bakers' union in San Salvador. He gradually rose to be secretary general of the Communist Party. He was arrested and tortured many times. For a while, he lived in Mexico. There were also trips to Havana.

He talked of "*guerra popular prolongada*," a long war leading like Fidel's from the mountains to the cities. He called himself Marcial. Years later, left-wing Latin journalists would call him the Ho Chi Minh of the Americas.

But 1970 was a bad year for Marcial, (continued on page 172)



"Tonight I'm looking for a good guy."

Harvard

VE RI

TAS

HARVARD GETS DOWN TO BUSINESS

now everyone can get into harvard

humor By ANDREW FEINBERG

Colleges and universities, beset by dizzying increases in operating costs, are becoming more businesslike, and Harvard has even considered founding a genetic-engineering company. If this trend continues, the following could be financial highlights from the 1984 annual report of the profitable conglomerate, HarvUcorp:

- Our ten-year licensing agreement with Murjani International has already contributed substantial profits. You have doubtless seen our spicy national campaign for Harvard Jeans, with the catchy slogan "Now everyone can get into Harvard—good jeans that need no splicing." We are especially tickled with the work of our TV spokesperson, Brooke Shields and Henry Kissinger.

- The library system, for centuries a financial albatross, is finally beginning to spread its wings and fly right. Admission tickets to the stacks are selling well and the higher prices charged during exam weeks have met little consumer resistance. (This policy, of course, extracts revenue primarily from "weenies," whom no one likes anyway.) Additional income was realized from the sale of 3,000,000 rarely used volumes to the Scott Paper Company.

- During the past fiscal year, our leasing of Harvard Yard to the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company (3M) proved extremely lucrative. By the end of the decade, the firm's strip-mining will have been completed and the beloved Yard will be returned, even better than new, to all of us who love it. Our 3M agreement may remind you of the controversy over the Exxon drilling platforms in the Charles River. Once again, we state: Those are *not* our rigs, they belong to Exxon and MIT.

- Our sports division increased profits by 46 percent, helped notably by the improved attendance of two of our newest teams, the Boston Red Sox and the Boston Celtics. The new Crimson Betting Service (CBS) not only has allowed students to wager on their favorite teams without associating with an undesirable element but also has been phenomenally profitable for us.

The probability unit of the mathematics division (once known as a depart-

ment) has been plucking grapes in the same vineyard. Its Blaise Pascal Instant Winner Lottery game is thriving.

- Significant increases in class size have resulted in substantial economies. Our smallest seminar—The Role of the Individual in Contemporary Culture—now has 219 students. We've reduced our payroll by merging many courses, and this operation has been overseen by Chauncey Boswell, P. T. Barnum Professor of Economics, French and Fine Arts.

- Cafeteria profits jumped 39 percent when we introduced the Universal Lunch Program. Four days a week, we now serve only one entree—cabbage and soybean paste, topped with Lipton onion-soup mix. On Fridays, of course, the protein-rich culinary delight remains *la viande mystérieuse avec sauce congelée*. (This lunch experiment is being underwritten by a \$1,000,000 grant from the Campbell Soup Company. The firm is interested in the long-term effects of dry-soup-mix consumption and is particularly curious about the nitrite-related Facefirst Linoleum Syndrome. Any students who feel uncomfortable after a meal—or who might just need a lift—are encouraged to buy pharmaceuticals from licensed dealers all over campus.)

- The film division had an extraordinary year. Our lovely campus was flooded with bustling film crews at work on such future hits as *The Paper Chase III*, *Love Story IV*, *Preppie Animal House*, *The Henry Cabot Lodge Story* and *Debbie Does Harvard*.

- Although the Adopt-a-Harvard-Child program started slowly, it is now flourishing. Top Radcliffe students are handsomely recompensed for delivering healthy children (fathered by robust Harvard men), and the young are then auctioned off to the desperate hordes of infertile upper-income couples who aspire to nuclear familyhood.

- In a precedent-setting swap, we sent legal whiz Archibald Cox to Stanford-Com (often called "the HarvUcorp of the West") for Sidney Hook, \$250,000 and a Nobel Prize winner to be named later. Cox's value had barely been keeping pace with inflation.

Now to the true jewels in our economic tiara, the prospering intellectual divisions of our academic subsidiary, Harvard University.

- *Psychology* led all operating units with a 230 percent gain in profits. The division's long-range study of sex roles is progressing well at the 16 university-owned and -operated massage parlors in the Combat Zone. Last year, the division began to sell some of the research animals so gloriously used by B. F. Skinner. Those well-adjusted beasts can fetch fine prices and, even though they tend not to last very long away from Dr. Skinner's exemplary care, they do possess a certain cachet while they linger.

- In a budget-cutting move last April, we eliminated the *Sociology* division, which had been gushing red ink like a sickly squid. No one, except for a few ex-professors, has complained, and even the *Boston Globe* hailed the step as "astounding." Make tracks, *Anthropology!*

- *Physics*, however, had a wonderful year, and revenues were greatly enhanced by the spring sale next to the 3M dynamite-storage center. Fast-moving big-ticket items included quarks and antimatter. The unit's Timothy Leary Space Laboratory, which is investigating how far one can go, has become so popular that student volunteers are now paying \$50 an hour to work in it.

- Profits in the *English* division zoomed 62 percent, spurred by the new Best-Seller Writing Seminars. The courses teach students to emulate Harvard graduates such as Norman Mailer, John Updike, Theodore White and David Halberstam, and the only condition is that 15 percent of all future hardcover, softcover and miniseries revenues be returned to mother HarvUcorp.

- Last year, the *Music* division finally got its act together and went vinyl. Now ivory towers across the land are abuzz with the sounds of our first "Moderno Classico" releases: Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*, with Erich Leinsdorf conducting Blondie; *Disco Schoenberg*; and Van Cliburn's *Satie Night Fever*.

It has been, in short, a marvelous year and the future looks terrific. When it comes to new dimensions in education and marketing, HarvUcorp will always give you the old college try. Our only regret is that tuition costs, which we had hoped to hold steady, will have to rise again next year. In deference to you, the stockholders, the increase should be about 59 percent.



THE KINDEST CUTS OF ALL

from straightedges to electric superrazors, here's everything you need to know about the fine art of shaping and shaving your beard



The line-up of safety razors, above, includes (left to right) a brass-plated petit shaver for mustoches that features a tapered head with two cutting edges ($\frac{3}{8}$ " and $\frac{1}{4}$ "), from Hoffritz, Chicago, \$16.50; a Swiss-mode molochite-handled razor, from Alfred Dunhill of London, Chicago, \$375; a 24-kt.-gold-electroplated pistol-grip razor equipped with a Gillette Trac II cartridge, by Holston, \$40, including a 4-oz. bottle of Holston cologne (not shown); a Gillette Atra razor head that has been crafted to a flared silver-plated handle, by Reed & Barton, \$24.50; and one razor from a Bic 5-Pack, about \$1.25. To the left of the razors is a tube of Lagerfeld Beard Softener/Conditioning Cleanser, by Parfums Lagerfeld, \$8.50; and above them a 6-oz. aerosol can of YSL Pour Homme Extra Rich Shave Foam, by Yves Saint Laurent Parfums, \$6. Above center: German-made straight-edge razor with a double hollow-ground blade, from Hoffritz, \$43; and a badger-bristle shaving brush, from Alfred Dunhill of London, about \$95.

article **By HENRY POST** THE daily ritual of tending to a beard provides a visible and constant reaffirmation of a man's sex, a constant projection of his male image. And, as such, the shaving of the beard deserves the very best. Wet shaving is the method chosen by 75 percent of American men, while 25 percent prefer to use an electric razor. Dermatologists have no medical proof that one type of (continued on page 200)



The Take A Look travel mirror (top center) opens like a book for regular and magnified viewing, by Clairol, about \$30. Next to it is a covered ceramic shaving mug and boar-bristle brush, by Halston, \$50. Continuing clockwise: A bottle of Gentleman Moisturizing After Shave Balm, by Parfums Givenchy, \$13; it stands next to a flask of Rolph Lauren Chaps Soothing After Shave Balm, by Warner Western Fragrances, \$7.50. Beard-and-mustache comb of horn, from Alfred Dunhill of London, \$32.50; and a 6-oz. bottle of Pre-Electric Lotion, by Aramis, \$6.50. The stainless-steel and chrome Model SM-600ST electric shaver is smaller than a cigarette pack but still features a full-power motor, by Mitsubishi Electric, \$90, including a leather kit that contains a chrome-plated mirror and a brush for cleaning the shaver blades. Last, that man-sized electric razor with the stubble grip is an Eltron 990 that comes with a detachable cord and a sideburn and mustache clipper, \$95.

WE BUMPED INTO Kelly Tough for the first time in the kitchen at Playboy Mansion West. She'd stopped by for an orange juice after a daily rehearsal/workout with The Playmates, the Playboy singing group. Kelly's hair was tied back, perspiration delicately matting the finer tendrils to her temples. At that peak hour of twilight, her surname seemed most inappropriate.

Later Kelly explained, in her characteristic don't-mess-with-the-kid style (yes, she's a toughie, even a brat, she says), that the name Tough originated among Norsemen who invaded Scotland. Her particular clan came to rest in Vancouver, British Columbia, where Kelly grew up a few streets away from her high school chum Dorothy Stratten—who, in fact, helped convince Kelly she was Playmate material.

The Toughs found the going tough in Vancouver. "We were so poor," Kelly told us, "that I was allowed to wash my



hair only once a week. We couldn't afford the hot water."

Kelly remembers talking to her rabbits in the back yard at the age of ten, telling them, "One day I'm going to win a beauty contest and the reporters are gonna ask me, 'Is there anything you want to say to your friends back home?' And I'll say, 'I told you I could do it.'" Well, her rabbits, who must have been all ears, told some other rabbits and. . .

As you can see, Kelly's doing better now; she assures us her state of undress doesn't mean she doesn't own any clothes. She has been living in California

Below, Kelly rehearses with (from left) musical director Vic Caesar and Playmates Heidi Sorenson, Michele Drake and Sondra Theodore. "The Playmates already sing well as a group," says Kelly, "but now we're polishing up our individual performances. I have a very big, low voice."

TOUGHING IT

*she's beautiful, she's sensitive and sometimes
kelly tough even lives up to her name*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI







"I'm still too young to get involved. I don't think I've ever been in love. I've loved people, but not love love. I'm not ready for it yet and I'm not going to be ready until I get my career going."

for more than a year, and her present coolheaded manner hardly jibes with her description of herself as nervous ingénue arriving at Mansion West for the first time: "I remember driving through the gates—I sat in front. I'd never been in a limousine before, so I'd looked at the driver and said, 'Can I sit in the front seat with you?' I felt so alone."

At the Mansion, Kelly found a friend in Sondra Theodore, Miss July 1977, who provided a shoulder to lean on. Other Playmates were helpful, too—which surprised Kelly.

"I thought they'd all be sharpening their claws, ready to lunge at my throat," she confessed, "but they're not like that. They stick together. We've all dealt with the same things—like leaving the boyfriend back home."

That's just what Kelly did when she was offered a spot in The Playmates singing group. It was a snap decision—she'd wanted to be a singer all her life. "When I was a little girl," she reminisced, "my mom had an antique umbrella handle



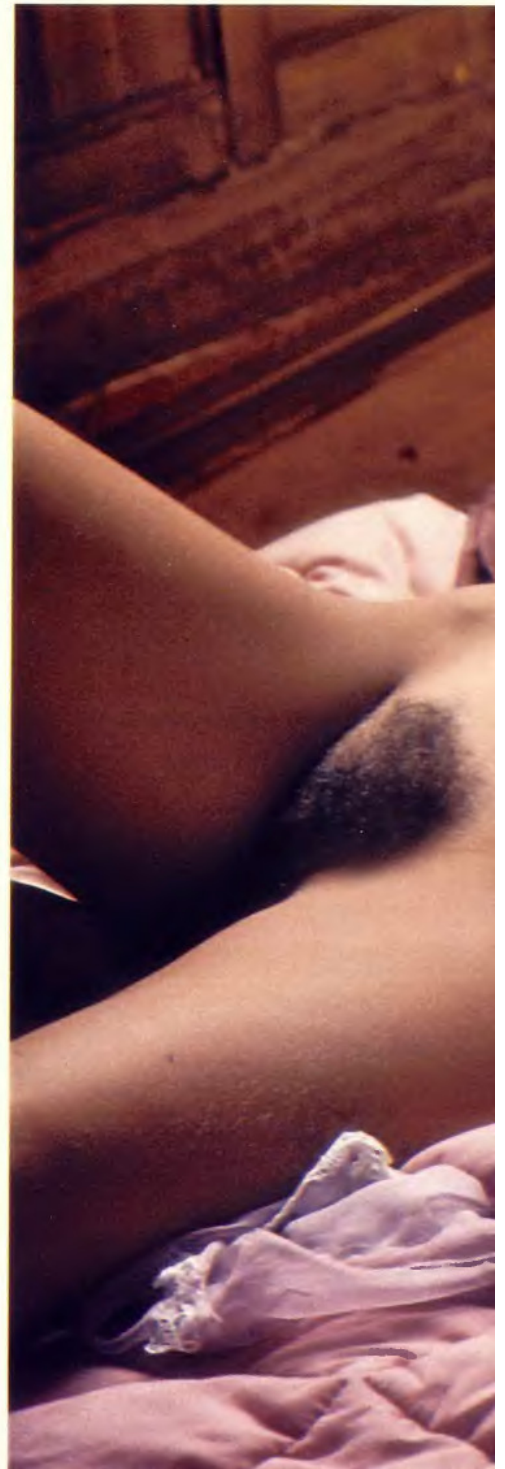
"I've grown up in a liberal age and I agree with its changes. Women should have the opportunity to say, 'This is how I am.' I want an equal

118 relationship, with no double standard. Equal power, equal compromises."





"Doing my centerfold was difficult, because I'm pretty shy. But now I'm proud of it. I love it. It's a work of art. Every time I see it, I ask whoever's with me, 'Wanna see my centerfold?' Of course, I wouldn't take off my clothes and say, 'See?' What kind of a girl do you think I am?"





At left, Sondra and Kelly examine Kelly's Playmate shots. "I do have one close girlfriend—that's Sondra," says Kelly. "I can really trust her. She doesn't give me advice. She tells me my options. That's the kind of person I can relate to."





Kelly spends much of her time these days in rehearsal with The Playmates. At right, she relaxes during a break in the schedule. Kelly's musical tastes are eclectic; she likes everything from classical to bluegrass.



that had belonged to my Auntie Pearl. It was etched in gold with mother-of-pearl and was shaped just like a microphone. I used to turn on the radio and sing along into that umbrella handle—it was my mike." When Playmates musical director Vic Caesar first handed Kelly a mike, commenting that it might feel awkward, Kelly puzzled him by replying, "It doesn't feel awkward; it feels just like Auntie Pearl's umbrella handle."

Propped up by nerve, ambition and Thomas Wolfe's observation that you can't go home again, Kelly has adapted to her Los Angeles lifestyle. While many aspects of her California life thrill her—the weather, the parties, the friends—she admits to some disillusionment.

"I've been disappointed by a lot of people I've met, like TV stars I'd seen and thought I'd like to meet. Then I'd meet one and think, What a jerk."

Would she care to name names?

"No.

"And I miss the outdoors around Vancouver. When Hef showed me the redwoods here, I said, 'We've got a forest back home that makes this one look like twigs.' It's a 20-minute drive to the beach, another 20-minute drive to go skiing. You can hike to places where people have never even been. I miss it. I miss it. L.A. is a complex and fast place. Back home it was all so simple.

"But I'm directing all my energy toward one thing—my singing career. I just remember who I am—Tough."





MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: JELLY ANN TOUGH

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 119 SIGN: SAGITTARIUS

BIRTH DATE: 12/16/61 BIRTHPLACE: VANCOUVER, B.C., CANADA

IDEAL MAN: ACTIVE, WITTY, WARM & SENSITIVE, MOST OF ALL A
MAN WHO CAN NOT ONLY KEEP UP WITH ME BUT KEEP ME IN LINE.

TURN-ONS: SEXY MEN!! A GOOD IMAGINATION, SPENDING
TIME WITH PEOPLE I ENJOY AND THE GREAT OUTDOORS.

TURN-OFFS: BEING PUT ON HOLD, LAZINESS, BAD BREATH,
PESSIMISTS, FOOLISHNESS.

HOBBIES: MY SCRAPBOOK, SINGING, MODELING,
HORSEBACK RIDING, WRITING.

FAVORITE MOVIES: BUGSY MALONE, ROMEO AND JULIET,
THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW, FANTASIA

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: JERRY LEE LEWIS, BILLY JOEL,
TOY PATTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS, SUPERTRAMP, THE BEATLES

FAVORITE SPORTS: SKIING, FOUR WHEELIN', HOCKEY &
SOCCER, OF COURSE.

BIGGEST JOY: ENJOYING FRIENDS, LAUGHTER & LIVING.



CUGHT IN THE ACT,
AGAIN!!
AGE 18 MONTHS.



RAZZLE DAZZLE 'EM
AGE 7



PUBERTY IS THE
PITS.
AGE 17

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

It seems to me that you'd fill the position nicely, Miss Taylor," announced the executive as the interview wound down.

"And I feel I'd enjoy working here as your secretary, Mr. White," responded the girl, "except for one particular thing."

"What might that be?"

"Your Christian name is Thomas, Mr. White, and mine is Ann. . . ."

"What do first names have to do with it?"

"I simply can't see ending every letter you dictate to me by typing 'TW:at!'"



Do you remember that night last month, Eddie," the baby sitter inquired of her clandestine-visitor boyfriend, "when you wrestled off my panties and sprayed me with some of Mrs. Beardsley's expensive perfume?"

"How could I ever forget it, honey?"

"Well . . . I'm fragrant!"

She was unwilling at first," recounted the lewd Air Force chaplain, "but I finally managed to get in on a whang and a prayer."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *depressed nymphomaniac* as a glum-ball machine.

*A retiring old sailor named Tripp
Had a fling upon leaving his ship;
But he failed to use care
In a prostitutes' lair,
Which is why Tripp has postnaval drip.*

Gulliver's Unabashed Dictionary defines *tiny penis* as a Lilliputz.

So what if they do have pictures of you putting it to a sheep?" the left-wing Western legislator's aide argued. "Especially in this day and age, you don't necessarily have to resign."

"It's the ridicule that gets to me," sighed the pol, gingerly picking up the newspaper whose banner headline shouted: "SEX SCANDAL HITS BLEATING-HARD LIBERAL."

Popeye and Olive Oyl had had a terrible row and, as a result, the former sought solace from a prostitute for the first time in many years. "But first let's get something straight, girlie," he grunted. "How much are you going to stick me for in return for letting me stick you?"

"Forty bucks," he was told.

"Well, blow me down!" exclaimed Popeye, shocked by the sexual inflation.

"That'll cost ya an extra twenty, sailor," added the pro.

We don't hold with the theory that what the initials Y.M.C.A. really stand for is Yummy Males Cruising Around.

How well hung was he?" one news-media groupie asked another.

"Let me put it this way," was the reply. "Have you heard the term editorial wee?"

*She exulted, while touring Nantucket,
"I've a cherry, and no one can pluck it!"
Said her guide, with a smile,
"I was raised on this isle.
You've a virginal clam? I could shuck it."*



Robert Niman

The tickets to the sex club's orgy were so oversold that there was insufficient floor space," a participant subsequently complained, "so it was standing-ram only."

My boyfriend and I saw a great picture at the drive-in the other night," one girl told another. "It was very emotional and moving. I kept getting this lump in my throat all through the performance."

"It sounds impressive," commented the friend. "Tell me, though, Ruthie, how did you find time to watch the movie?"

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.



"Well, I'll be damned. I think it's the ball I lost this morning!"

WELL, HE'S GORGEOUS," the blonde woman said to her companion, "but don't you think he's a thug?"

The man with her was about 50, his face deeply tanned and fine-featured. His haircut made him look like a boy in a magazine ad for a military school, gone gray.

He shrugged and lighted a cigarette.

"They're all sort of the same. If you think he's gorgeous, that's good enough for me."

"Damn it," the woman said. "Whatever happened to the carefree college boy we always dreamed of?"

"I don't want a carefree college boy," the man said.

"I want a bad guy I can keep in line."

The woman glanced over at Pablo and worried the lime in her Cuba libre with a candy-striped straw. "But don't you think this cat looks a little demented?"

"Could be he's high on something," the man said, without looking over. "That could be bad. On the other hand—as long as he can work—it could make him easier to handle."

"Are you sober enough to talk to him? I'd like a closer look."

"Sure," the man said. "Let's run him past."

The woman waved her straw languidly until Cecil, the bartender, caught her signal. He walked over

ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

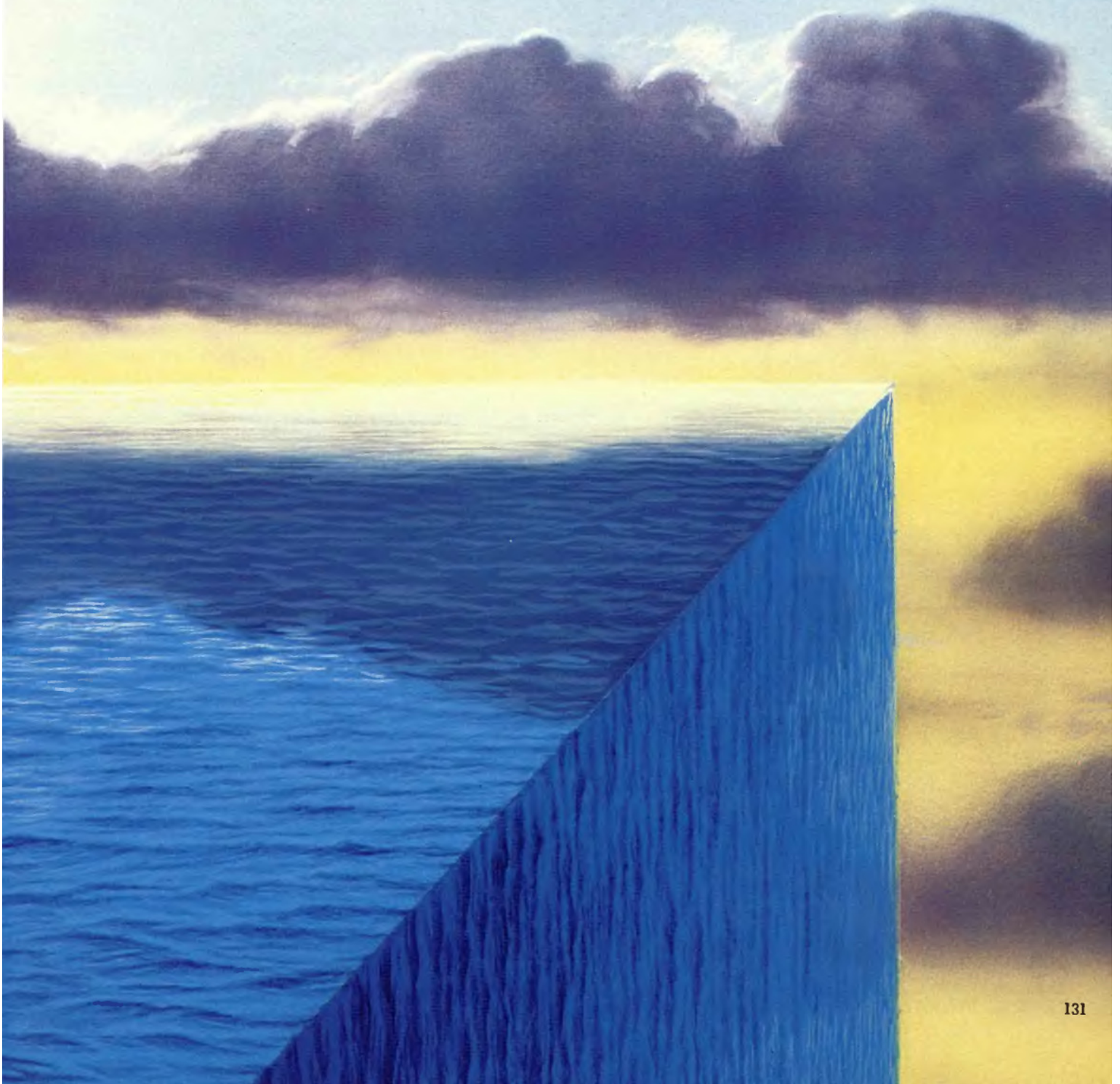


A FLAG FOR SUNRISE

pablo had been set up and there was no more to it. he was among crazy people, in an empty landscape that smelled of death

By ROBERT STONE

author of *Dog Soldiers*



to Pablo, who was beginning to fret over his beer.

"OK, bruddah. Front and center for de mon. I tell dem we know each other from New Orleans."

Pablo sighed behind his Benzedrine. He swung off his stool and marched confidently toward the table where the couple sat. He had been watching them, a little greedily. They looked rich and heedless, the lady sexy and loose. They aroused his appetites.

"My name is Callahan," the gray-haired man said when Pablo stood before him. "This is Mrs. Callahan."

"Right pleased to meet you," Pablo said. "Pablo Tabor."

"Well, we're right pleased to meet you, too, Pablo," Deedee Callahan said. "Please have a seat."

Pablo sat down. Mrs. Callahan called for two more rum and Cokes and another beer for Pablo, while he and Callahan looked at each other blankly.

Cecil brought the drinks. He had a smile for everyone.

"Well, the thing is, Pablo," Callahan said, "that the missus and myself have a boat and we're looking for a crewman. She's a powerboat."

Pablo nodded.

"Do you have seagoing experience?"

"Well," Pablo said, "I can steer. I'm pretty handy with engines. I can operate and maintain any kind of radio equipment you got. If you got radar, I can work with that, too."

"You must have been in the Service."

"Coast Guard," Pablo told him, taking the chance.

"Good for you," Callahan said. "Can you navigate?"

"Guess I could get a fix on a radio beacon. I never used a sextant much."

Pablo chewed his thumbnail. "Where is it you and the lady were going to take your boat?"

"Oh," Callahan said, "up and down the coast. Maybe do a little island-hopping. We'd want you for less than a month. You could leave the vessel any number of places."

"Could I ask you about the salary?"

"Well, I usually leave that to my number one. But I can tell you it's higher than customary. Because the work is hard and we have our standards."

"That'd be OK with me," Pablo said.

"I'll tell you what," Callahan said. "We have a few things to check out before we can give you the OK. If you check back here around five—either we'll be here or we'll leave a message with Cecil."

"Jeez," Pablo said. "I was hoping you could tell me one way or the other."

Callahan smiled sympathetically. "Sorry, sailor. No can do."

When Pablo was on his way, the Cal-

lahans drank another round.

"Jesus, it's depressing," Mrs. Callahan said. "They're all such creeps."

"The only question these days," Callahan said, "is, will they turn on you? It's sad, but that's the way things are."

"I think I've just decided," Mrs. Callahan said, glancing toward the bar, "that I don't like him."

"He's a deserter," Callahan said. "Those guys are usually a good bet."

"Maybe we're supposed to think he's a deserter. Maybe he's a Fed."

"He's too fucked up to be a Fed. I mean, they're just not that good."

"Maybe we can get by without him."

"I don't think so," Callahan said.

They sat in silence for a while.

"It's your decision," the woman said.

"I used to like it," Callahan said, "when the baddest thing around these parts was me. These days I'm just another innocent abroad."

Mrs. Callahan waved the cigarette smoke away from their table.

"Don't get me going," she said. "I'll start to cry."

Three blocks from the bar was an American-style *farmacia* with a green cross over its doorway. Pablo visited it to inveigle some speed from the druggist.

"What the fuck's the matter?" he demanded, holding up his Stateside prescription bottle. "I got a scrip for it back home."

The pharmacist ignored the bottle and gave Pablo not so much as a shrug.

"I'm overweight," Pablo said grimly. He was not in the least overweight. "I'm fucking depressed, dig? How about it?"

When the druggist extended a hand to urge Pablo toward the door, Pablo prepared to belt him. Only at the last minute did he realize that the man's attention was focused on the pink bank note he clutched in his left hand.

The druggist was trying to escort Pablo discreetly outside, an urbane effort that Pablo's nature resisted.

"*Tiene que volver a la tarde,*" the man said softly, trying to speak beneath the hearing of his assistants. "*¿Más tarde, comprende? Ahorita no.*"

By the time they reached the street, Pablo was able to understand that he was being dealt with.

"OK," he said. Glancing at his reflection in the drugstore window, Pablo saw that if he did not appear particularly fat and low-spirited, he did look rather like a bad-news gringo who might shortly be in jail.

"*¿Más tarde, right?*" Pablo asked the druggist. The professional man turned hurriedly inside.

It was hard to be cool. For one thing, the bird calls were driving him bananas;

they kept sounding like someone making fun of him. Pablo reflected that he had been strung out in some shitty places but that none of them seemed quite so shitty as Vizcaya, where even the birds in the trees weirded you out.

Grim and frantic, he waited. The druggist came out the door. He had taken off his green smock and was wearing a dark sports coat. He crossed to the shady side of the street.

"Ritalin?" the druggist asked.

"Uh-uh," Pablo said. "Gotta be amphetamine, pure and simple."

"Dexamyl?"

Pablo nearly snarled with exasperation.

"No downers."

"*Benzedrina,*" said the druggist.

It was the most beautiful Spanish word Pablo had ever heard.

"*Benzedrina,*" he said. "Fuckin' A."

"Twenty dollars," the druggist said as they walked.

"Are you kiddin' me? For how many?"

"For *cincuenta*. Fifty tablets."

"Jesus Christ," Pablo said. "Shit, OK." He was in no mood to bargain.

They turned into a narrow dirt street bounded on both sides by corrugated-iron fencing on which there were a great many posters celebrating the party in power. The druggist gave Pablo an unmarked bottle with the tablets inside. Pablo handed over 20. The pharmacist quickly turned away and walked back toward his drugstore.

Pablo hoped to Christ he had not been taken. He opened the bottle. They were *Benzedrina*, all right, little pink tablets, 500 migs.

Hot shit, he thought; he swallowed two of them and leaned back in the shade of the corner building.

On his empty stomach, he began to get the rush fairly early and it felt like the real thing.

"Thank you, Jesus," Pablo said.

When he returned to the Paris Bar at five o'clock, the Callahans were nowhere in sight. Cecil, still working, paid him no attention. He sat down on a stool, his eyes fixed on Cecil's round, bland face, working himself into a tight-lipped exaltation of rage.

"What the fuck, man?" he demanded of Cecil at length.

"Keep you voice down and you damn head on straight," Cecil said without looking at him. "You been hired."

"Yeah?" Pablo asked. "No kidding?"

"In de mornin', you go to de bus terminal and you get de bus to Palmas. Palmas, you understandin' me?"

"I understand you."

"Dat bus under way at ten in de
(continued on page 138)

PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

forget fads and fuddy-duddyness; looks for the months ahead will be diverse and distinctive—coupled with a dash of the unexpected

attire By DAVID PLATT

THE GOOD NEWS about summer's drawing to a close is that it's also finally bringing down the curtain on any fashion stragglers who are still into high-glitter disco threads, punk costumery and ultraconservative styles right from the pulpit of the Moral Majority movement. To be well dressed today is,

above all, to exude self-confidence without self-aggrandizement. The movers and shakers of menswear are responding positively to the challenge of increasing male fashion awareness by producing an immense diversity of fabrics, colors and cuts—all designed to appeal to the educated eye. And they're



Above: A kiss on the hand may be quite Continental, but this guy's going for higher stakes in his brushed Shetland-wool blanket-plaid jacket with notched lapels and a center vent, \$210, worn with

wool tweed pleated straight-leg slacks, \$104, a worsted wool crew-neck sweater with rib trim, \$110, and a cotton oxford shirt with a buttondown collar, \$35, all from Turnbury by Mary Novak.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANCIS GIACOBETTI



also not putting all their fashion eggs in one basket, as they often do, emphasizing only a single look or a smattering of trends. Instead, manufacturers are giving males a variety of good designs, relying on the individual to put the looks together correctly. Collectively, our fashion eye has learned to expect the unexpected—in part because there are so many

new looks around worn so well. And here's another tip: It's wisest not to mix a single new item of fashion with older, alien elements of your wardrobe, as that type of team-up usually won't jell. For example, if the gun-metal-blue and cream-colored reversible coat by Randy Allen shown in this feature were combined with a conservative business suit, the



Above: Two minds with but a single thought—his polished-cotton outercoat that reverses to a wool model with double-snap-front closure, \$350, rib-trimmed wool crew-neck, \$85, wool long-sleeved shirt with a small round collar, \$120, and flannel slacks with button-through cuffs, \$120, all from ATZ by Randy Allen.

Below: Striped for action in a wool pinstriped suit, \$375, multicolor cotton striped shirt with a medium collar, \$25, and a cotton knit tie, \$15, all by Yves Saint Laurent; plus a cowhide belt, by Buxton, \$12. Bottom: Black is the color of her true love's coat—a cotton/silk polyester-filled one, by Daniel Hechter, \$120; worn over a wool plaid jacket, \$200, wool slacks with straight legs, \$67.50, lamb's-wool/Angora three-button pullover with rib trim, \$52.50, and a cotton herringbone shirt with a medium collar, \$30, all by Jean-Paul Germain.



whole ensemble definitely wouldn't knit. But when the coat is combined—as the designer envisioned—with a cream-colored sweater, shirt and slacks, everything works. It's that understanding of what's mixable and matchable that makes today's fashion scene so interesting—and challenging. Designers are increasingly putting together total looks that integrate but don't overly coordinate. The result is a new enthusiasm for bolder patterns, more unusual colors and textures and unexpected shapes. Take a cue from them and try it yourself.

Right: She's paying more than lip service to his choice of threads, which include a multi-color wool muted-blanket-plaid ventless jacket with notched lapels and flap pockets, \$395, worn with Saxony wool flannel double-pleated slacks with adjustable waist tabs, \$155, a cotton buttondown shirt, \$65, and a satin tie, \$35, all by Alexander Julian; plus a Shetland-wool striped crew-neck, by Alexander Julian for Pringle, \$95. Below: Love turns winter into spring—perhaps with a little help from this chap's wisely chosen cold-weather wardrobe, which includes a multicolor cashmere/wool Jacquard twill jacket, \$425, corduroy Western-style slacks, \$100, and a striped shirt, \$50, all by Giorgio Armani; plus a wool Shaker knit sweater, by Gianfranco Ruffini, about \$65.



Below: Our polished fellow's fashion act includes a polyester/cotton/nylon coat with self-belt and quilted shoulder treatment, by London Fog, \$165; cashmere fisherman's-knit sweater, \$450, plus

lined-to-the-knee wool gabardine slacks with straight legs, \$135, both by Nancy Knox; a multicolor plaid flannel shirt, by Von Heusen, \$15; and a pure alpaca fringed muffler, by Susan Horton, about \$48.



"From the dock, the Cloud appeared to be a shrimper. Inside she had the appointments of a cutter."

mornin' and you got to be on it, because Callahan say so and you best do it. Dese people don' wait on you desires."

Palmas was a gas station at the end of a dirt street that led past mean wooden shacks to the ocean. Pablo climbed off the bus with his gear and walked the length of it. He paused at the dockside—there were a few shops and bodegas and the office of the captain of the port. Tied up at the two piers were two dozen local shrimp boats of 90 or 100 feet, their wheelhouses painted in bright tropical colors like the local buses. There was no craft in sight that looked as though it would be the Callahans' powerboat. He put on his Macklin Chain Saw hat, took his sunglasses from the pocket of his shirt and looked from one quarter of the harbor to the other. Nothing but shrimpers. He walked out onto the pier, set his bag down and leaned against a piling, cursing under his breath.

From behind the tinted-glass windshield of the Cloud, Callahan and Freddy Negus watched Pablo on the pier.

"That's our boy," Callahan said.

"Gawd," Negus said.

"What's wrong with him?" Callahan demanded. Callahan was drinking a rum and soda and the sight of it in his hand at so early an hour made Negus uneasy. "He showed up, didn't he? He's just a deserter, that's all." He saw Negus glancing at the drink in his hand and put it down beside the Fathometer. "I mean, what do you want, for Christ's sake? Billy Budd?"

"You hire these monkeys and then I got to keep them in line. I'll tell you, Jack, I'm getting plumb wore out."

"Hell, Freddy," Callahan said, "you been out in all the weather. An old pirate like you." He stepped unsteadily over the hatchway and into the galley for another drink.

"Maybe that's the problem," Negus said. "We're all getting a little old for piracy." He put his baseball cap on and went out onto the little bridge beside the wheelhouse, squinting into the sun.

"Hey, you!" he called down to Pablo. "Pablo! Come on up here."

Pablo stepped over the rail. The man who had called him was tall and lean, tanned, with lazy faded blue eyes. He indicated a hatchway behind the wheelhouse and followed Pablo through it.

"I'm looking for the Cloud," Pablo explained.

"You're standing in her," the tall man said.

Callahan came forward from the galley, a glass in his hand. "Well done," he said. "Right on time."

Pablo turned from the tall man's steady gaze.

"Christ, Mr. Callahan. You told me you had a powerboat. You didn't say nothing about shrimping." He felt disappointed and betrayed. It was not at all what he had looked forward to.

"You don't see any sails, do you?" the tall man asked him. "This is a powerboat."

"What's happening right now," Callahan said, "is that you're being engaged as a crewman on the shrimp boat Cloud. We're registered out of Marathon, Florida. We're licensed to fish in the territorial waters of the United States, of Mexico, Belize, Compostela and Tecan. Any other questions will have to wait. OK?"

"What am I working for?" Pablo asked bitterly. "A percentage of the catch?"

"That sounds like a question to me," the tall man said.

Pablo looked at the man again. From his accent, Pablo made him out to be a white Bahamian. Hope Town, Spanish Wells, some sorry-ass town like that. A mean redneck.

"Let me introduce Mr. Negus," Callahan said. "My number one."

Pablo nodded. Negus shifted the plug of tobacco in his cheek.

"And let me hasten to assure you that you're not being taken advantage of. If we were looking for cheap labor, there's plenty to come by down here. You'll do fine, but you've got to go by our rules."

"Where you from, son?" Negus asked Pablo.

"Texas."

"Lay out your gear for us." He indicated Pablo's bag and the deck of the passageway in which they stood. For the first time, Pablo noticed that the interior bulkheads were paneled in dark wood, the rubber-matted deck was spotless. He opened his bag and spread his store of worn work clothes, toiletry bag and slickers across it. Negus crouched to rifle through it and motioned him up against the bulkhead. Pablo leaned forward on his palms.

"Sorry," Callahan said.

In a few moments, Negus had an automatic and a diver's knife out on deck. Grimly, he turned out Pablo's

pockets one by one.

"What's all that for?" Callahan asked mildly.

"Just for protection."

"You can't keep that pistol while you're aboard," Callahan told him. "You might have an accident. The knife, OK."

Negus gave him his Dacor knife. "Wear it on your belt where a man can see it, sailor."

"Welcome aboard," Callahan said and took his drink aft.

He walked through the galley and into a dark compartment where the forward ice hold should have been, closing a door behind him. Pablo looked from the well-stocked bar in the galley to the tinted glass fronting the pilothouse. At the forward end of the passageway in which he stood was a Modar U.H.F. transmitter and a C.B. There were A and C lorans and what appeared to be a 72-mile-range radar scanner. The wheelhouse had a brand-new recording Fathometer. From the dock, the Cloud had appeared to be a moderately clean 100-foot shrimper. Inside she had the appointments of a cutter.

There were two ice holds, empty and with their hatch covers off. Aft of them, a hatchway led down to an airless lazaret where there was a single bunk and some bales of chafing gear.

"You can sack out for a while, if you like," Negus told Pablo. "But we're going out before sunset and I want everybody standing to."

"Roger," Pablo said.

Pablo leaned idly on the rail as they cleared the harbor. His want of a bath was bothering him acutely and he wished that he had asked them about it while the boat was still hooked up to a dockside water line. If there was a woman aboard, he reasoned, the Cloud must have a head and shower somewhere.

No harm in asking, he thought after a while, there might be enough water from the evaporators or a fresh-water supply somewhere aboard. They seemed to have everything else. He went forward to the wheelhouse and leaned his head through the hatch. Negus and Callahan were in the bridge chairs.

"If we got some time now and there's water enough, could I clean up? I ain't shaved nor showered for a while."

Negus looked from Pablo to Callahan. "There's enough," Callahan said. "Right behind the galley. Knock first."

He went back to the lazaret to get some fresh clothes and his toilet kit and then up to the galley. Behind it was the door to the dim compartment into which Callahan had earlier disappeared with his drink. He knocked twice on it.

"Hello," called the voice of Mrs. Callahan.

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"Look at it this way. You're living in the golden age of deposed dictators."



article By GEOFFREY TABIN

THE WORLD'S MOST DARING SPORTSMEN



*in defying death for
the sake of amusement, the
oxford dangerous sports club
has elevated the cheap
thrill to an art form*

IN 1933, H. W. Tilman decided he'd like to check out the beach at Cameroon. Only problem was, at that moment Tilman happened to be at his beach-front home in Mombasa, about 3000 miles away. To reach Cameroon's sandy shore required the first east-to-west traverse of Africa through the dense, uncharted jungles of Uganda and the Congo. Tilman was undeterred. Alone on his bicycle, armed only with a machete, he rode off into the sunset, probably pausing each afternoon at four for tea. A little more than two months later, he

reached his destination. At the age of 56, with almost 25 years of exploration in Africa and the Himalayas behind him, the irrepressible old codger then bought a boat and, over several expeditions, eventually sailed it around the world. He even made a trip to the South Pole, which he reached just before his 69th birthday.

The decline of the British Empire and an increasingly well-charted globe have made the Tilmans of this world a dying breed. Once, an Oxford education, tweed trousers, two pairs of socks and a heavy coat were all a British gentleman explorer needed to make an all-out assault on the summit of Mt. Everest. These days it seems to require a six-figure budget, international sponsorship and a small army of Sherpas to get that far. Indeed, "the right stuff," as Tom Wolfe's test pilots called it, is in distressingly short supply. Or seems to be, anyway, until you cast your eye toward one David Kirke and that cradle of the eccentric idle rich, the university town of Oxford, England.

Kirke does not look like an adventurer or a hero of any kind. In fact, seen in his army-surplus coat (secured with safety pins) after a typical Friday evening at a smoky Oxford pub called The Bear, he looks as though he might need help walking home. With a slight beer drinker's paunch, bristling gray-flecked beard topped by bulging eyes and receding brown curls, he seems the quintessential upper-class twit gone to seed. Which he is. But he also happens to be the roguish kingpin of the world's only club devoted exclusively to those sports and diversions so dangerous, so improbable, so utterly outlandish that no one else would even *think* of them, let alone try them. As founder, director, idea man and prime mover of the Oxford Dangerous Sports Club, Kirke is out to prove that the call of the wild still comes through loud and clear. In this age of electric socks and in-flight entertainment, he means to demonstrate that neither skill nor experience is needed to set a hang-gliding record, fly an airplane, climb a mountain, scale a live volcano or leap from a high-speed train. As Kirke carries his celebration of the dilettante to manic extremes, his actions tend to confirm what his friends cheerfully admit: that he is, by usual standards, deranged.

Even in his upbringing, the 34-year-old Kirke seems to have been molded as a Victorian adventurer. With an education in self-reliance through his early years, Kirke proceeded, well prepared, to Oxford. He spent three undistinguished years there, as befits a man of good taste, leaving with a "gentleman's third" in English literature to take up journalism in London. Whatever the

initial romance of a profession that involved watching other people do exciting things, Kirke found early on that he much preferred being watched himself. Helped by the fact that no one seemed to think he was destined to be a great journalist, Kirke packed his bags in 1970 and returned to Oxford, to that haunt of great eccentrics and brilliant cranks.

There, with Christopher Baker and Ed Hulton, two friends who share a bit of that wild gleam that lights Kirke's eyes, he set about experimenting with adventure. Where some Oxonians become self-taught experts in dead languages or Australian wines, he would make himself the world expert on what he calls life-questioning sport.

The first step was to sample the traditional dangerous sports. During the summer of 1977, with no expertise and little equipment, Kirke clambered to the top of the Matterhorn. That August, without ceremony or training, he and Baker launched themselves down the Landquart in Switzerland, thus becoming the greenest of novices ever to survive what is probably Europe's most treacherous stretch of white water.

The reckless successes began piling up as Kirke, fired by his growing enthusiasm for danger, looked for ever greater potential disasters. Later that summer, though he lacked a pilot's license, he somehow rented a small airplane, which he managed to get airborne and return safely to earth without ever having flown one of the contraptions before.

The birth of the Oxford Dangerous Sports Club, however, was delayed until October, when Kirke planned his first group activity: champagne brunch for six, followed by a jump from Rockall, a 63-foot sea stack off the coast of Scotland. After a climb that was treacherous in itself, Kirke's little party looked down to where the ebb and flow of crashing waves created a cycle of filling and emptying pools—one instant safely full, the next nothing but bare rock for a diver to land on. Deciding that discretion was, indeed, the better part of valor, several would-be members of Kirke's new club turned around and risked the climb back down. Two people finally jumped, and Kirke himself dived headfirst into the freezing water, though he had never even jumped from a high board before. All that finally marred this true baptism of the club was that the boys already knew how to swim.

The following summer, for Kirke and his club, was devoted to experimentation. Having by then tried all traditional dangerous sports of importance, they felt it was time to move on, to invent *new* ones. In addition to the simple thrill that novelty provided—and it was becoming increasingly hard to thrill Kirke—there was an increased element

of risk involved. Danger was relatively easy to evaluate when one knew what had happened before; it assumed mysterious dimensions, however, when the odds were unknown. It was about that time that the calculations for all the group's events—the crucial calculations of speed, velocity, impact and so forth that determined survivability—were turned over to Simon Keeling and Alan Weston, two of Kirke's buddies who had taken their respective Oxford degrees in engineering and computing, and who thus could be counted on to produce reasonably reliable estimates. However, because the dangerous sportsmen were not about to let the tedious certitude of modern science interfere with the spirit of their challenge to nature, they adhered to a policy of undertaking only adventures never before attempted, so that there would always be an element of uncertainty involved.

Thus did various bobsled runs in France and Switzerland take on new dimensions in the summer of 1979, when negotiated atop a block of ice fitted with a seat. Wheelchairs turned nearly lethal as they were moved out of hospital corridors and onto steep hillsides for the purpose of quick descent. During the traditional running of the bulls through the narrow Spanish streets of Pamplona, Kirke and company substituted skate boards for foot speed. And in what was planned as the climax of the summer, the tuxedo-clad sportsmen were to have parachuted into the Longleat animal park's lion enclosure, each armed with a revolver containing only one bullet. The fact that this event never came off probably had more to do with lack of organization than with lack of nerve.

Exactly what makes Kirke tread the edge of the great abyss with such regularity is impossible to say for sure. When he is not risking a final farewell, his daily schedule borders on the unbearably routine—a sort of burlesque of life in Oxford. Emerging every day about noon from his chaotic apartment, where books are strewn all over and trophies of dangerous ventures litter the shelves, he ambles to the center of town in time for lunch at The Bear. There, surrounded by his cronies, the world's most daring sportsman sits eating omelets and drinking pints of beer until the sun goes down. Then it's off to his club, where he can sit in a leather wing chair and read the papers with England's finest, warmed by frequent doses of good Scotch.

Now, admittedly, this is not the regimen of either genius or fitness. And, indeed, Kirke takes unconcealed pride in the fact that he is usually at least five years the senior of his fellow Dangerous Sports Club members and apparently in

(continued on page 192)



*southeastern sirens
star in a sequel
that sparkles with belle,
book and candor*



YOU CAN'T GO anywhere these days without seeing a sequel—the next *Star Wars* or James Bond saga is never more than a swashbuckle away, and *Raiders of the Lost Ark* junkies are demanding another fix for their Indiana Jones. The moguls here at **PLAYBOY** think a beautiful Southern belle has to be more smashing than R2-D2, 007 or even the inimitable Indiana any day, so you are now one of the privileged many invited to our special screening of *Girls of the Southeastern Conference, Part II*. While looking at these ladies, you won't want an intermission. Just lean back and enjoy. The preview's over and the feature's just beginning.

For those who missed our first episode (and



An LSU Tigress who hoils from Lebonon, Suzanne Shaheen (left) hails "going crozy" and men who toke core of their bodies." She's driven a few men crozy with the way she takes core of hers.



Part Spanish, part Indian and part Irish, LSU sophomore Devin De Vasquez (left) hopes her rasy future brings along a shy, quiet man of mystery to whisper in her ear. Devin plans to model a career in fashion. Senior Tricia Doyle (below) prays far days of rays so she can sun-bathe. The sharp-eyed men of LSU pray her prayers will be heard.

shame on you), we devoted it to the beauties of 'Bama, the misses at Mississippi and Mississippi State, the visions at Vanderbilt and the fauna of Florida. This month we begin at Baton Rouge's Louisiana State University, where the ladies *are* the Tigers, and slosh our leisurely way northeast through bayou country to tiny Auburn, Alabama, where the football faithful seethe at the mention of Bear Bryant and his Crimson Tide over at Tuscaloosa. From there we pass through the smoky hills of Tennessee to Knoxville, where UT men find out early that *all* UT women aren't Volunteers (our sexual survey shows Tennessee girls to be on the conservative side). Then we make our way farther north to the bluegrass of Lexington, where the prevalent S.E.C. football fanaticism (text continued on page 148)





Two more Tigresses from LSU are Chole Vilas (above), providing New Orleans' French Quarter a vision with Spanish eyes, and Holly Kelley (below), steamingly content in a Baton Rouge spa. Future attorney Chole finds drunks and exams trying but has no objections to good food, exotic locales and Tigers of varying stripes. Holly's ambition was to be in *PLAYBOY*. Now it's to be in *PLAYBOY* with her identical twin.





It's all downhill from here for Tennessee's Carolyn Arnold (below). She wants to fashion a career in textile science upon sewing up her degree, and then ski from October to March. Carolyn's into intelligent men with hairy chests. UT's Sheri Proffitt (right) wouldn't mind becoming the first woman Supreme Court Chief Justice. It's Sheri's opinion she could overrule all the moles who might want to get into her chambers. She loves athletics and athletes, medieval movies, picnics in the mountains and Vols football, but thinks there ought to be a law against the stormy weather in Knoxville.



UT junior Julia Gillis (below left) took up ballet years ago and hasn't put her heels down since. She may one day experiment with biological research. Nature lover Tish O'Connor (below right) says, "I hate it when men say I'm all right. All right compared with what?" With just about anything, we'd say. Weight lifter Crystal McToggart (right), a senior at UT, is a bar belle who holds her own in gym-dandy style.







Don't tell her confederates at Auburn, but Ohioan Marcia Levy (right) is hot for hockey and cold for football. It's rumored she tried to start a local ice-hockey team, but the players all drowned. Marcia's assimilated now, though.

gives ground to round-ball rage at the University of Kentucky. Our campus crusade ends in Athens, Georgia, home of the national football champion Bulldogs and of some lady Bulldogs you'd be glad to find chasing your car.

Last month we revealed some of the results of PLAYBOY's informal study of the sexual practices and preferences of hundreds of S.E.C. women. This month we reach the climax, in which our respondents tell us their most unusual collegiate sex experiences. Our findings needn't be taken as the height



Auburn offers a stunning set of sunshine girls in Shari Helton (left) and Anne Jones (below). Shari, not one to spin her wheels, intends to be a hospital administrator as soon as she motors away from Auburn. Send Anne a dozen roses and a bottle of champagne—she'll number you among her favorite things. Yet another eye-catching sun catcher, Anne plans to become a celebrated artist "even before I pass on."





Kentucky Wildkitten
Deanna Rankin
(right) hopes there's
a place for her in a
high-fashion outfit
when she leaves Lex-
ington. She detests finals, but Wildcats
hope to interest her in preliminaries.

of scientific inquiry, but we take com-
fort in the fact that these revelations
should end the notion that there's noth-
ing interesting to do on a small-town
Saturday night.

Today's S.E.C. girls consider them-
selves more sexually liberated than their
predecessors of the Seventies. Only 15
percent of the girls who sent back our
questionnaire are virgins, and even "com-
mon-law (text concluded on page 198)



Bringing an upbeat to Churchill Downs in
Louisville, Kentucky's Sallie Crutcher (above
left) and Pamela Skaggs (above right)
are odds-on to draw eyes and neighs. Sallie
is a prospective physician, while Pamela's
bullish on the business world. Another future
businesswoman is Kentucky junior Julie
Gayle (right), who's keeping her fires burning
while she waits for a hearth-warming man.





Right: With ladies like these cheering them on, it's no wonder Georgia's Bulldogs are the national champs. Debra Kittle (left) aspires to a thespian career and adores romance above everything else. Kathy Murphy (right) hopes she can break into the record business, vinyly, so she can produce a platinum platter.



Three high notes to keep Georgia on your mind: Senior Candy Howell (above) will soon be a model/economist. Journalism grad student Claire Peterson (below) reports that she wants to be a TV newswoman. (Many Georgia men report that *they'd* like to be Cloirevoyant.) Punnie Brittain (right) is turned off by "men who drool, snore or stagger." So don't go running to Punnie if you're deathly ill or hung over.







"I said I enjoy riding a 'big one'—I didn't say anything about surfing."

short tales from the renaissance

AGOSTINO was a brave soldier of Parma who had lost one eye in the wars, and it so happened that he wed the prettiest girl of the city. Her name was Giulia.

When they awoke on the morning after their wedding, Agostino sat dejected on the edge of the bed and stared into space.

"*Prediletto*, my darling, why are you suddenly so gloomy?" Giulia asked.

"Well, it seems that you've made a fool of me," said Agostino glumly. "I took it for granted that a well-bred girl would be a virgin on her wedding night. Now I've found out that's not true."

Giulia sniffed. "In the first place, you didn't ask me. In the second place, I didn't think it was ladylike to bring up the subject. And third—well, after all, does it make any real difference?"

"When I took you in marriage, you were not whole," Agostino muttered.

Giulia tried to be reasonable. "I took you in marriage and you are not whole. You are missing one eye, aren't you?"

Grudgingly, Agostino nodded his head. "Yes, true. But it was my enemies who made me lose it."

"So?" said Giulia. "In my case, it was my friends who made me lose it."

—Ludovico Domenichi (1515–1564)

When Messer Giuliano Davanzati of Florence was posted as ambassador to the court of Naples, he became quite friendly with King Alfonso. Now, there was a persistent rumor that the king was having a royal affair with a certain Neapolitan noblewoman called Lady Lucretia. It seemed likely enough, since she was without a doubt one of the most superb beauties in all Italy. Her form was perfection; her face was classic; and the color of her hair made the raven's wing look ashy.

There was no evidence at all to support the rumor. The king was never seen tête à tête with the lady. He paid her no special attention in public. The rumor was often denied. And it was none of Giuliano's business (as he would have admitted), but still he was curious.

One shining spring morning, the king invited Giuliano to ride with him and, riding along one of the trails, they met Lucretia with some of her attendants. She bowed her head to the king in a charming but quite formal manner. The king greeted her with equal formality.

After she had passed, Giuliano said musingly, as if half to himself, "Yes, indeed, one of the loveliest women I've ever seen. It's a shame that she has those two ugly blemishes on her body."

"What? What?" shouted the king. "What blemishes are you talking about?"

"No personal observation, I assure you," said Giuliano, "just hearsay—but



it's often said that she has a large black mole on her left buttock and another on the inside of her right thigh."

"By the head of God, that's a thundering lie!" Alfonso exclaimed.

"By the head of God, I believe you," Giuliano said, smiling. "Actually, I was just testing out a real rumor."

—Niccolo Angeli dal Bucine (1430–1499)

Marco Vitelli was a very adept painter and a very short-tempered man, and he was always on the outs with his parish priest, whom he considered a madman. One day, he was at his easel in his second-story studio, just adding a touch of burnt umber to a canvas he had almost completed, when Padre Satrielli burst into the room.

The priest hurried around frantically, sprinkling the floors and the walls with water. In horror, Marco saw a spray of water fall on his newly painted landscape.

"Idiot! What are you doing?" he screamed.

"Why, just my duty," said Padre Satrielli in a calm voice. "This is Holy Saturday. And on Holy Saturday, I am supposed to visit all the homes in my parish and bless them with holy water."

"Why? Why?" Marco wailed hysterically, staring at the spotted picture.

"Because it is good in the sight of the Lord. Remember, God tells us that every good deed we perform will be returned to us a hundredfold from above."

"Oh, He does, does He?" said Marco as the priest went out the door. It struck him as an interesting thought.

He rushed into the bedroom and pulled the chamber pot from under the bed. He ran to the open window and waited for the good father to emerge

Ribald Classic

into the street. Then Marco emptied the load of piss onto his head.

"Here is the hundredfold blessing from above!" Marco yelled. "Come back on the next Holy Saturday and the Lord will provide you an even bigger return!" —Leonardo da Vinci (1452–1519)

Father Arlotto, the famous storyteller and wit, arrived in Naples in the spring of 1448. He had been there only three days when Alfonso V of Aragon, king of Naples, sent for him. "I have heard much of your humor," said the king when Arlotto was ushered in, "and so I wished to have some conversation with you."

They walked in the gardens, toured the palace and finally sat down to enjoy some wine. From time to time, the courtiers could hear shouts of laughter from the king as the priest told some especially amusing story.

In the course of the talk, the king said, "I have heard of the renowned book you keep, that special black book that lists the greatest fools in Europe and the most remarkable exploits of stupidity. Is that true?"

Arlotto nodded.

"Have you found any Neapolitans to enter among the select?" The king grinned, trying to decide which among his subjects had committed the most notable bumbles or blunders.

"There is just one," said the priest.

"Ah, and whose is that?"

"Your own, Your Majesty."

"So?" cried the king in astonishment. "Explain yourself, sir."

Arlotto pulled out his black book and consulted it. "Yes," he said, "I see that you recently entrusted your German servant Teodorigo with five hundred gold ducats and sent him to buy cattle for you in Germany."

"Father, that's hardly something that deserves your list!" exclaimed the king. "Teodorigo, though a German by birth, has been my most faithful servant for twenty years."

"Forgive my suspicions, Your Majesty," said the priest. "But he is a man outside the Church of Rome; he is returning to his native land; and, moreover, one can live comfortably for a lifetime in Germany on five hundred ducats."

King Alfonso remained silent, his face darkened, as he contemplated his mistake. Finally, he looked up and smiled. "Father, you may be right. But, then again, you may be wrong. What if Teodorigo *does* return with the cattle? What will you then do with your famous book of fools?"

"Well," said Arlotto, "I'll just scratch your name and write his in."

—Anonymous. From "*Motti e facezie del Piovano Arlotto*," 1514, retold by Carlo Matteo

looking for an
alternative to high-proof
potables? try a
concoction made with vino

THE WINE-COCKTAIL HOUR

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

THE DRY MARTINI, bloody mary and brethren are alive and well in most of their accustomed haunts, but that doesn't mean our drinking habits and fashions are fixed in marble. One of the intriguing contemporary manifestations, call it a trendlet, is the wine cocktail.

Just what is a wine cocktail? Pretty much what the term implies: a mixed drink, cocktail or cooler, on a wine rather than a spirit base. Now largely the province of avant sippers, wine cocktails may yet prove to be the quaffing wave of the future. They certainly complement the current tilt to moderation and flavor, being light, sapid and satisfying—with roughly half the alcohol contained in standard mixtures. At the very least, wine cocktails add a new dimension to the happy hour—expanding one's possibilities for pleasure. They're also ideal lunchtime libations; you can sip several wine cocktails for sociability and still feel up to the mound of work that's awaiting you back at the ranch.

Although wine cocktails today are an extension of our enthusiasm for wine, they're something of a born-again phenomenon. Such drinks as the adonis (sherry and sweet vermouth) were the rage in Paris during that raffish period known as *la belle époque*. More recently, Harry's Bar in Venice has given the bellini (*spumante* and *fresh* peach juice) international renown. But the most popular wine concoction on these shores is undoubtedly the kir, a simple blend of white wine and crème de cassis. Don't waste a Corton-Charlemagne or top-growth California Chardonnay in a kir. Any crisp, dry white wine will do. However, you should be fussy about the

liqueur. Make sure it's of good quality and fresh. Crème de cassis declines quickly, tending to oxidize and change color. If a bottle lingers in your digs, it's advisable to refrigerate it after opening.

Following are recipes for the kir, with variations, and other exemplary wine cocktails.

KIR

½ oz. crème de cassis (such as L'Héritier-Guyot or Ropiteau Frères)

3 oz. dry white wine, chilled

Pour cassis into wineglass. Twist and turn glass so cassis coats sides. Add wine; stir quickly.

Communard: Substitute chilled dry red wine for the white.

Rince Cochon: Use only 1 teaspoon cassis, just enough to tinge the drink.

PINK BIRD

4 ozs. dry white wine, chilled

1 oz. pineapple juice, chilled

½ oz. sweetened lime juice

½ teaspoon grenadine

Dash bitters

1 teaspoon *framboise*

Slice peeled kiwi fruit, fresh berry

Pour wine, pineapple juice, sweetened lime juice, grenadine and bitters over ice in goblet. Stir well. Pour *framboise* over back of teaspoon to float on drink. Garnish with fruit on pick.

ORLY CARAVELLE

A sparkling notion from the Orly Hilton's L'Atelier Bar.

1 oz. grapefruit juice

2 teaspoons Grand Marnier

3 ozs. champagne, chilled

Shake grapefruit juice and Grand

Marnier with ice. Strain into tulip champagne glass. Add champagne; stir quickly.

RED OX

2 ozs. dry red wine

½ oz. porto

2 ozs. canned beef bouillon, undiluted

Lemon wedge

Freshly ground pepper

Pour wines and bouillon over ice in old fashioned glass. Squeeze lemon into glass; add rind. Sprinkle with pepper; stir well.

SUTTER CREEK COBBLER

4 ozs. medium-dry red wine, chilled

½ oz. lemon juice, sweetened to taste

7Up, chilled, to taste

Pack large wineglass with finely crushed ice. Add wine and sweetened lemon juice. Fill with 7Up; stir quickly.

LEMON ZINGER

Small scoop lemon sherbet

3 ozs. fruity white wine, chilled

3 ozs. bitter lemon, chilled

Lemon slice

Spoon sherbet into large rocks glass. Slowly stir in little wine, then add rest. Add bitter lemon; stir quickly. Garnish with lemon slice.

SPRITZ CON BITTER

4 ozs. dry white wine, chilled

1 oz. Campari

Club soda, chilled

Pour wine over ice cubes in high-ball glass. Add Campari; stir well. Add splash soda; stir quickly.





The Playboy Hotel & Casino

ATLANTIC CITY



*it's a winning combination: luxurious rooms, great food, games of chance,
a lavish show and more—all beside the boardwalk and the beach*

You're not in the race car, or the top hat, or even the wheelbarrow (that's for losers in Las Vegas). You're in a cab. But there's a strange sense of sweeping over a greatly outsized Monopoly board as you turn from Ventnor Avenue toward the Boardwalk. You suspect the hotels will be huge red-plastic blocks with triangular roofs.

The hotel with the Rabbit Head on it isn't quite like that. There is a steel-and-glass glint to it that eclipses the remembrance of cardboard fantasies. So this is not a board-game Boardwalk after all. It's the new Atlantic City, and the building with the Rabbit Head doesn't resemble any hotel you've ever seen before.

The message you get from looking at it is different from that conveyed by the dated elegance of the Waldorf, say, or by



Welcome to the international excitement of the Playboy Hotel and Casino, Atlantic City. Arriving guests (left) pass beneath the glass-and-steel bridges that connect the two buildings of the spectacular \$135,000,000 complex and past David Wynne's sculpture *The Two Swimmers* (above), modeled on Playmate Victoria Cooke and the artist's stepsan, Johnny Wynne. The adjacent arched structure below is Atlantic City's Convention Hall.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



Nothing starts the day out more romantically than a leisurely breakfast in bed—served with a flower, of course. Go ahead and scatter croissant crumbs, you devil; you don't have to make the bed.



Getting into the spirit of things, carefree guests check out the shopping arcade with its colorful florist's cart (above) and pump a few coins into one of the casino's 1262 slot machines (below). The casino space in the hotel is divided into three levels, each looking out over ocean and Boardwalk through enormous picture windows (a feature unique to Playboy's casino in Atlantic City, where natural light is the exception in gaming areas).



the Woolworth's incandescence of Circus Circus. The Playboy Hotel and Casino suggests a different game—a style and substance that don't force themselves—a good time from the moment you pass go.

The \$135,000,000 Playboy Hotel and Casino, at Florida Avenue and the Boardwalk in Atlantic City, opened this past spring as the seventh and most sophisticated of the resort town's hostelryes. It's a dominating presence that looks out over the ocean, its five-story theater structure connected to its 22-story tower by a pair of glass-and-steel sky walks. Right next door is the city's 41,000-seat Convention Hall. Naturally, we think our new property is something special, but we're not alone. Reporter Edgar Koshatka, sent by *The Philadelphia Inquirer* to check out Atlantic City's Xanadu, wrote that





Before there were cosinos, Atlantic City boasted both beach and Boardwalk. They are still there, and still enticing. The beach (above left) is one of the best on the Eastern Seaboard, and the Boardwalk offers fun, gaming, salt-water taffy, of course, souvenirs, snacks, psychic readings and unusual forms of transportation such as the streetcar above right and the traditional wicker rolling chair (now motorized).



Atop the 22-story tower of the Playboy Hotel complex are swimming pool and Jacuzzi (above), the breath-taking Tahitian Room bar and restaurant (left) and health-club facilities (not shown). The Tahitian Room is a good place to relax with a tall tropical drink, listen to a little live music or indulge in a feast of succulent Polynesian, Mandarin, Szechwanese, Mongolian or Cantonese specialties; here, too, a delicious Sunday brunch is served. Below, a Bunny croupier at one of ten single-O roulette wheels, where your odds, by the way, are good.





Most popular of the three casino-level lounges is Hef's (above), which features snacks and entertainment as well as Playboy-sized drinks. Edgar Koshatka, writing for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, proclaimed the drinks at Hef's "better than at any other casino" and the Bunny service "extraordinary." The other lounges are the Playmate Bar, second level, and Cartoon Corner, third, filled with illustrated laughs.



The game of European aristocracy (James Bond played it, too), *chemin de fer* (above), was introduced to Atlantic City by Playboy; it differs from baccarat in that players compete against one another, rather than against the house. Perfect for entertaining is the Chicago Suite (below left), one of six VIP suites on the 21st floor, each named for a Playboy Club or Resort city (others: London, New York, Los Angeles, Osaka, Nassau). At right below, a couple warms to the seductive atmosphere of the Chat Noir, an excellent French restaurant named for the first of the famed Montmartre cafés of the 1880s. Among its habitués were Louis Pasteur, Edgar Degas, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec and Emile Zola. In Atlantic City hang six paintings by Adolphe Willette from the original baite. (Shown here is *La Gifle*.)



Playboy's is "easily the most tasteful of the seven local pleasure palaces."

First things first. You unpack and take an elevator down to the fourth floor, where you find the top level of Playboy's three-story casino.

What you notice first is the light. Really. We know you didn't come here to look at the light; you came for the craps, the blackjack, the heavy tension at the baccarat table. You may even have come for the miles of glowing, money-eyed slot machines. But we promise you, the first thing you'll notice when you step onto one of the three tiers of the casino is the light. You can see for miles through vast banks of picture windows. The ocean seethes right outside. And you can see the sky:



As the day gives way to evening (above), guests' fancies are likely to turn to thoughts of love, logically leading to the lavish Playboy Fantasy show in the Cabaret (below), featuring 36 performers.



PERAMBULATING THE PROMENADE

a walk on the boardwalk is seldom a boredwalk

The Boardwalk is arguably the most famous promenade in America. Back in 1870, Camden and Atlantic Railroad conductor Alexander Boardman and Jacob Keim, proprietor of the Chester County Hotel, fed up with having sand and sea water tracked into their passenger cars and hotel lobby, petitioned the city council for erection of a wooden walkway along the beach front. The council duly resolved to construct one, ten feet wide and one mile long. The rest, as they say, is history, much of it, with other minutiae about Atlantic City, retold delightfully in words and pictures in Vicki Gold Levi and Lee Eisenberg's *Atlantic City: 125 Years of Ocean Madness*. Today's Boardwalk, with its distinctive herringbone pattern designed to keep women's high heels from catching in the cracks, is just under six and a half miles long and 60 feet wide at its widest point. It has seen a lot of history: the first Easter Parade (1876), first Ferris-type wheel (1872) and the first amusement pier built over water (1882), to name a few.

Today, it's a wonderful mélange of the *grande luxe* and the tacky. Splendiferous casinos stand cheek to jowl with ramshackle stands offering WE PRINT ANYTHING T-shirts, salt-water taffy, pizza by the slice, souvenirs, the services of psychic readers and phrenologists, submarine sandwiches. 'Twas ever, apparently, thus: In former days, enormous resort hotels such as the Traymore, the Shelburne and the Marlborough-Blenheim hobnobbed with hawkers of Kewpie dolls and tinted photos.

An amazing number of entertainers got their start on the Boardwalk and the piers that once jutted from it (some, mostly in parlous state, still do). Ed McMahon's old man used to run a bingo parlor on the Boardwalk. Ed himself entered showbiz there as a pitchman. It was the starting point for Jack Klugman and Charles Bronson. The young W. C. Fields was billed in Atlantic City as "America's Greatest Comic Juggler," and John Philip Sousa, Paul Whiteman, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello cut their performing teeth there as well. Even Flo Ziegfeld opened his Follies there in 1906 before taking it to Broadway the following year. Barbara Stanwyck and Carmen McRae were chorus girls at the Cafe Beaux Arts and Paradise Club, respectively; Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis first teamed at the Para-

dise, where they had been signed to work separately.

Then there were, and are, the beauty pageants. Prettiest Waitress (1957 entrant: Ali MacGraw), Little Miss Atlantic City (1939 winner: Phyllis Newman), and, of course, Miss America, which has been going on since 1921—when it was called the Inter-City Beauty Contest. Among that competition's celebrated runners-up: Joan Blondell, Miss Dallas 1927; Vera Miles, Miss Kansas 1948; Cloris Leachman, Miss Chicago 1946; and Anita Bryant, Miss Oklahoma 1959. Misses America, you'll recall, have included Bess Myerson (1945), Lee Meriwether (1955) and Phyllis George (1971).

Even before the Boardwalk—indeed, the reason for Atlantic City's development—came the beach. It's a super beach, with good surf, and the only one in the area still free to the public and where swimming is permitted (elsewhere, it's wading only, please).

You can walk, jog, bike during limited hours, take a tram or a motorized rolling chair along the Boardwalk; you'll want to check out some of the six other casinos, five of which are located on or near the planked path.

Wandering elsewhere in Atlantic City, on avenues that sound weirdly familiar—from the game of Monopoly, invented in 1930 by Charles B. Darrow, who named his streets for Atlantic City thoroughfares—you'll see a number of fast-food palaces specializing in submarine sandwiches. One of the best known is the White House on Arctic Avenue, a shrine of quintessential diner decor (and site of the phone booth from which Susan Sarandon made her call home to Canada in Louis Malle's film *Atlantic City*). If your tastes are more high-brow, Atlantic City also boasts an arts center, a ballet company and, at nearby Somers Point, the South Jersey Regional Theater. The concierge at Playboy's Hotel and Casino can fill you in on details for these and many other attractions in and out of the city, from churches to charter fishing trips. She also has copies of the menus from other restaurants and can guarantee dinner reservations.

Because you're not, after all, going to spend every moment at the hotel. Atlantic City is probably worth at least a week's stay. You'll have something different to do every day.

Daylight, for God's sake. Most casinos you've seen are dark, glitzy, enormous barns. This is glittering but genuine. A place where you can gamble without feeling sensory deprivation. This is gaming without guilt, at a gentlemen's club that welcomes ladies.

You sit down at a table of chemin de fer. You've never played it before, but you've read about it in James Bond novels. It's like baccarat, only instead of competing against the house, you're up against the other players at the table. A Bunny is your dealer. She explains, quietly and efficiently, the essentials. You can't help noticing her graceful hands as she glides one card, then another from the shuffling shoe. She has blonde hair, green eyes and a body that makes it hard to concentrate on this game. But you force yourself.

Eventually, you join your lady at a roulette wheel. It's not quite the same as the ones you've seen before. "It's a single-O wheel, like the ones in Monte Carlo," she whispers. "The pit boss"—she gestures toward a dark, handsome man in evening garb—"explained it to me. He says the odds are better than at the double-O wheels—you know, like the ones we played in Reno."

The odds are better on the ten of Playboy's 15 roulette wheels that feature single-O play. "We want to give casino patrons the best game possible," says Rick Howe, Casino Manager. "It's just good business."

All told, there are 81 blackjack tables, 20 craps tables, 1262 slot machines, two tables of baccarat, one of *chemin de fer* and more than 100 electronic blackjack and poker machines on three casino levels.

When it's time for a break, the two of you take the escalator down, passing the second casino level and heading for the first. An atrium joins the three levels, and shining in its center is a confection of glass and steel, its facets shimmering in the light. From above, you hear melody. Out of the corner of your eye, you catch quick, darting movement. Could that be a bird, flitting back and forth in the diamond-studded branches of that tree?

There was a songbird—a wren, we're told—that took up residence in Rob Fisher's *Northern Lights* sculpture, three stories of suspended stainless steel and brass and Plexiglas. Apparently, the bird had inadvertently been trapped during construction; water from the lavish plantings surrounding it and crumbs scattered by Bunnies kept it alive. Finally,

(continued on page 202)

THE FAMOUS WRITERS' COOKING SCHOOL



whaddaya get when you ask a bunch of big-name authors for their favorite recipes? well, some are light, some are spicy, some are just plain stewed

WRITING AND COOKING *must* have a lot in common—otherwise, why would the jargon be so similar? For example, writers always talk about cooking up an idea. And once they've done that a few times, half of those ideas end up on the back burner. Food for thought, we'd say.

Anyway, maybe that was the connection that inspired Dean Faulkner Wells—who happens to be William Faulkner's niece—to ask a whole bunch of big-name writers for their favorite personal recipes. Wells has blended the results into a cookbook that's as much at home in the library as in the kitchen.

Most of the authors responded with

gusto—after all, tapping out a recipe beats slaving over a hot typewriter *any* day. There was, however, one notable abstainer: John Cheever admitted that he wasn't qualified to contribute. "The only time I ever go into a kitchen," he wrote, "is when someone is chasing me out the back door."

Roy Blount, Jr., is the author of *About Three Bricks Shy of a Load* and *Crackers*.

GARLIC GRITS (Serves Six)

I got this recipe from Maureen Dees,

of Mathews, Alabama, who served me and her then-husband, Morris, some of it in their house, which once had a cross burned outside it.

1/2 cup milk
1 tablespoon salt
1 cup quick-cooking grits
1/2 cup margarine
2 eggs, beaten
2/3 package garlic cheese, finely diced
2 to 3 cups cornflakes, crushed
1/2 cup melted butter

Combine in casserole 1/2 cup boiling water, milk, salt, grits, margarine, eggs and half the cheese. Stir over low heat until cheese melts. Top with cornflakes; 163

pour butter over cornflakes. Sprinkle with remaining cheese. Cook in 350° oven for 45 minutes.

In between bites, sing stanzas of my poem about grits, called *A Song to Grits*.

A SONG TO GRITS

*When my mind's unsettled,
When I don't feel spruce,
When my nerves get frazzled,
When my flesh gets loose—*

*What knits
Me back together's grits.*

*Grits with gravy,
Grits with cheese.
Grits with bacon,
Grits with peas.
Grits with ham,
Grits with a minimum
Of two over medium
Eggs mixed in 'em: Um!*

*Grits, grits, it's
Grits I sing—
Grits fits
In with anything.*

*Grits
Sits
Right.*

*Rich and poor, black and white,
Lutheran and Campbellite,
Jews and Southern Jesuits,
All acknowledge buttered grits.*

*Give me two hands, give me my wits,
Give me 40 pounds of grits.*

*True grits,
More grits,
Fish, grits and collards.
Life is good where grits are swallowed.
GRITS!*

William F. Buckley, Jr., is the editor in chief of *National Review*, a syndicated columnist and host of the television show *Firing Line*. Among his works are *God and Man at Yale*, *The Governor Listeth*, *Stained Glass* and *Who's On First*.

SUPPLY-SIDE-ECONOMICS FUDGE

I cooked feverishly during two summers, age 14–15, and I made a considerable sum of money from my cooking—something on the order of \$14 or \$15 per summer. I produced a most delicious fudge, which I sold via an old lady's institution in Sharon, Connecticut, at 65 cents per pound. My father was so unkind as to point out, somewhere along the line, that the economic model after which I had fashioned my enterprise was perhaps unrealistic, inasmuch as I used exclusively ingredients provided by my father's kitchen.

Anyway (for a double portion):

1½ cups milk
4 squares Baker's chocolate
½ pound butter
2 cups sugar

Stir until you see what look like discrete globlets. Test these by dripping, by teaspoon, a drop or two. If they come down fragmented, you must leave the mixture under boil. If they come down whole, you are ready to lift the mess off the stove. On no account should you pass stage two from inattention, because the effect of this is a granular fudge. At this moment, you should add a teaspoonful of salt and two to three teaspoons of vanilla extract. The point of waiting this long is that you should have not allowed the vanilla to evaporate. If you are living in the post-industrial revolution, you may submit the whole to a blender, adding nuts or not, according to market demands. The beating should continue until the stuff is very nearly cool. And only then poured into a plate.

Harry Crews is the author of *A Feast of Snakes* and *Blood and Grits*, among other works, and was winner of the 1972 American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters Award.

SNAKE STEAK

Take one diamondback rattlesnake. (Fifteen feet of garden hose, a little gasoline in a capped jar, a crokersack and a long stick will be all you'll need to take the snake. On a cold day, 32 degrees or colder, find the hole of a gopher—the Southerner's name for a land tortoise. Run the hose down the hole until it is all the way to the bottom. Pour a teaspoon of gasoline into the hose. Cover the end of the hose with your mouth and blow. Shortly, the rattlesnake will wander out of the hole. Put the stick in the middle of his body, pick him up and drop him in the sack. On the way home, don't sling the sack over your shoulder, and generally try not to get struck through the cloth.)

Gut and skin the snake. No particular skill is needed for either job. Cut off the head six inches behind the eyes. Cut off the tail 12 inches above the last rattle. Rip him open along the stomach and take out everything you see. Peel him like a banana, using a pair of pliers as you would to skin a catfish. Cut the snake into one-inch steaks. Soak in vinegar for ten minutes. Drain and dry. Sprinkle with hot sauce, any of the brands out of New Iberia, Louisiana. Roll in flour and deep fry, being careful not to overcook. Salt to taste and serve with whatever you ordinarily eat with light, delicate meat.

Figure one snake per guest. Always better to have too much than too little when you're eating something good.

James Dickey won a National Book Award in Poetry with *Buckdancer's Choice*. Among his other works are *Into the Stone*, *God's Images*, *The Strength of Fields* and the novel *Deliverance*.

DICKEY'S OFF-TRAIL DEER-LIVER SLUMGULLION

Chop up deer liver from fresh-killed spike buck. Brown with fat in pot on open fire. Chop up onions, potatoes and anything else edible from your buddy's pack. Crumble up dead leaves and sprinkle liberally into recipe. Pour in two cans of mushroom soup and one of beef stew, pretending it is venison. Eat between fire and tent. Accompany with all available fiery whiskey.

My outdoor cookery proceeds from the premise that the hunter will be hungry enough to eat anything and drink anything, even the cans themselves and the deer's horns.

Cooking the Dickey off-trail way is dead easy.

Ken Kesey lives in Oregon, where he was editor and publisher of *Spit in the Ocean*. He is the author of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, *Sometimes a Great Notion* and *Garage Sale*.

HUEVOS WHATEVEROS

My favorite fare is, of course, fried steak—about an inch and a half thick, popped right into a screaming-hot skillet and set sizzling on the table, still in the skillet, so everybody can hack hot bites from the meat as it fries. But what I am famous for is the mystic rapport I have with the remnants of yesterday's meals. In fact, I am known in certain underground gourmet circles as the Jackson Pollock of Leftovers.

An example: my *Huevos Whateveros*. Into a deep black frying pan pile the remains of last night's Mexican meal—refried beans, ruptured enchiladas, forsaken *chile rellenos*, etc. Add enough stewed tomatoes to make this stuff a little soupy. On top of this bubbling *burrito* bed, open and arrange as many fresh eggs as you plan to serve, yolks intact. As all this bubbles over a low heat, grate some cheese over the top and chop in a few green onions. Don't stir. Sprinkle with cumin and cayenne as taste and courage prescribe. When the whites are firming up and the yolks are still open-eyed and slippery, slip the skillet briefly beneath the broiler, until the eggs white over and the cheese blisters. *Don't let the yolks get hard!*

Serve with *tortillas* and *Dos Equis*. *Tortillas* optional.

Larry L. King is the author of *The One-Eyed Man*, *Whores*, *Politicians*, and
(continued on page 188)



Buck Brown

"We can't go on meeting like this, baby; my neighbors and your passengers are getting suspicious."

J&B. It whispers.

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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

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WINE MERCHANTS TO THEIR LATE MAJESTIES

KING GEORGE IV
KING WILLIAM IV
QUEEN VICTORIA
AND TO HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES (1921-1936)

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ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES (1921-1936)

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2. Handprint your name, address, and zip code on the official entry form or a plain piece of paper. Glue or tape it to the back of your photo entry. Do not write on photo. Include cardboard backing to protect picture in mail. Include with your entry the answer to the following question: What do the initials "J & B" on a bottle of J&B Rare Scotch stand for? Your entry will not be eligible for judging unless this question is answered. The information needed to answer this question may be found by looking at the label of any bottle of J&B Rare Scotch. You may obtain a free label facsimile by writing to: J&B Label, P.O. Box 2920, Westbury, NY 11591.
3. Enter as often as you wish. Each entry must be mailed separately to: J&B "IT WHISPERS" CONTEST, P.O. Box 2917, Westbury, NY 11591. Entries must be received by December 31, 1981.
4. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality (0 to 30 points), relevance to the theme (0 to 40 points), composition (0 to 20 points), photographic technique (0 to 10 points). Winners will be selected under the supervision of National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this contest. All prizes will be awarded, and winners notified by mail. Prizes are not transferable or exchangeable. Only one prize to an individual or family.
5. All entries become the property of The Paddington Corporation with all rights, including the right to edit, publish and use any photo without further consideration of payment to the contestant. No correspondence about entries will be entered into, nor will photos be acknowledged or returned.
6. Before receiving a prize, each entrant must warrant his age, that the photograph was taken by himself, that he is an amateur photographer, and that he has full rights to the photograph and that it has won no previous award or competition.
7. The contest is open to U.S. residents, except employees and their families of The Paddington Corporation, its affiliates, advertising and sales promotion agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, professional photographers and Don Jagoda Associates, Inc. Void where prohibited. All federal, state and local regulations apply. Taxes on prizes, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winners.
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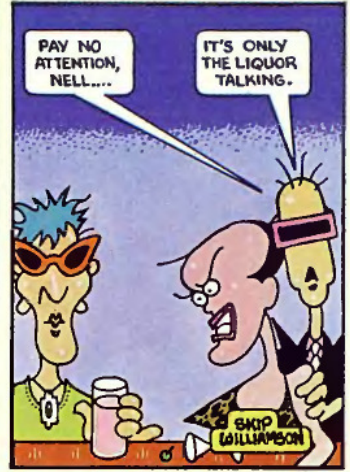
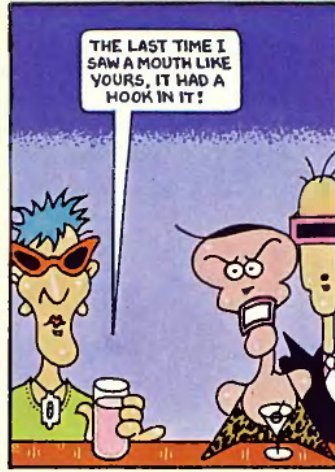
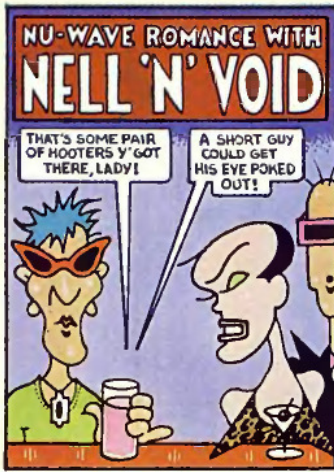
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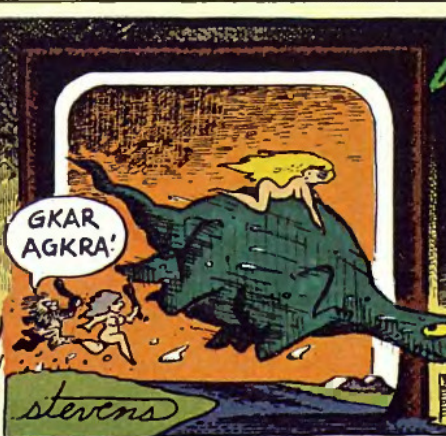


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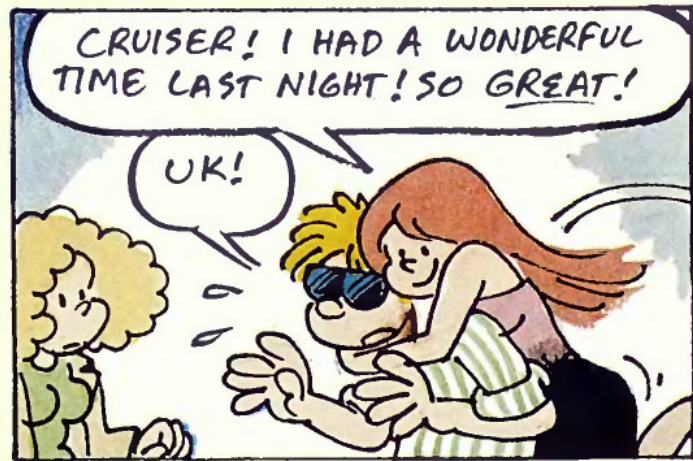
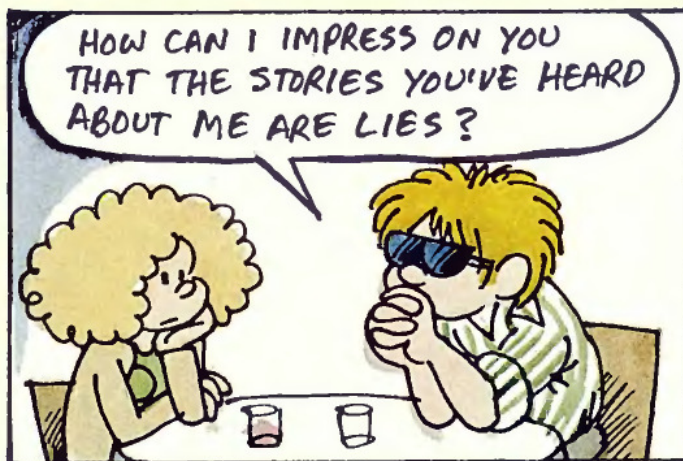
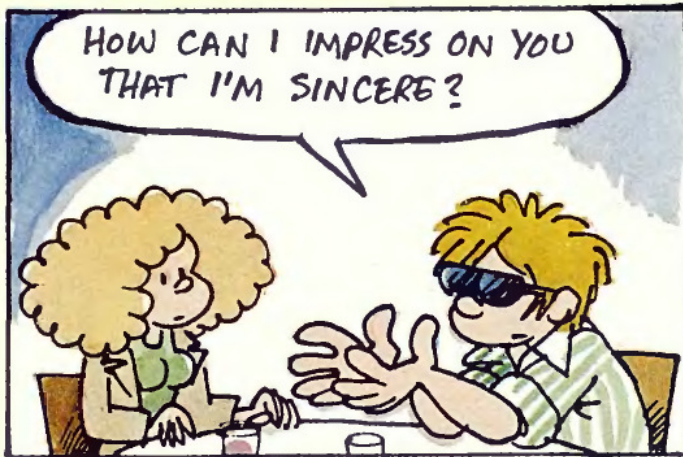
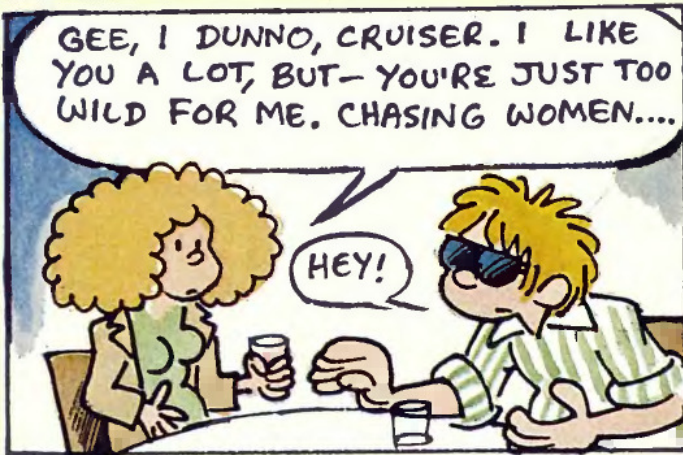
TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

By John Stevens



CRUISER

Christopher Browne



A WAY OF LIFE

(continued from page 110)

"There were guns in the streets. The university was shut down and Duarte was jailed, beaten. . . ."

and 1971 was worse. In those first two years of the decade, El Salvador was moving toward democratic government. Guerrillas seemed superfluous.

The Christian Democratic Party was steadily building a popular base as a fresh alternative to the military regimes of the past. The Christian Democratic leader, José Napoleón Duarte, had been elected to three successive terms as mayor of San Salvador. In 1972, Duarte was running for president and his party had allied itself with every liberal and leftist opposition group in the country. There seemed no way the coalition could lose. All but the oligarchs and the army were behind Duarte, and even *they* were letting him run. He had to win.

After he did, the army moved in. The elections were voided. There were guns in the streets. The university was shut down and Duarte was jailed, beaten, threatened with execution, forced into exile. Suddenly, in the eyes of so many defeated liberals, students, priests and peasants, Marcial's way appeared, as he had always said, the only way. With new confidence, Marcial gave his group a name: the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Forces. Like all political groups in El Salvador, it came to be known by its initials: the F.M.L.N.

Within a few months, another group was formed as well. Its members were looking for a strategy that was not so prolonged, that would fight not just for the hills but, right away, for the cities. Those guerrillas were younger and brasher and their Popular Revolutionary Army—the E.R.P.—went in for direct fund-raising activities. One after another, leading oligarchs and foreign businessmen were snatched from the streets and ransomed for millions of gun-buying dollars.

The soul of the E.R.P. was a student poet named Roque Dalton. He shared leadership with Ernesto Jovel, his closest friend, and with Ferman Cienfuegos and Joaquín Villalobos.

At first, all were caught up in the excitement of their revolutionary commitment to social justice and democracy. But as one, two, three years passed, Dalton began to have doubts about their tactics. He saw his group becoming a collection of freebooting renegades—saw that for all its rigorous militarism, it had garnered no great popular following. For hours on end, he would debate with Villalobos and others, who began to suspect that Dalton's ideals—and, worse, his ideology—were tainted.

The end came suddenly for Dalton. In 1975, he was given a "people's trial" and summarily executed.

Jovel and Cienfuegos were furious. They broke away and formed their own guerrilla group, the F.A.R.N. Following Dalton's thinking, they believed that organization must be the key to insurrection. The masses must be mobilized.

The F.A.R.N. spawned F.A.P.U. The F.P.L. created the Bloque. The E.R.P. finally created the LP-28. The strength of the left instantly started to grow as unions and peasant groups were pulled together into those new "popular organizations."

By the late Seventies, although guerrillas continued their kidnappings and small-scale assaults on the military, the popular organizations were the new vanguard. New leaders emerged. They were bitter, charismatic young men like Juan Chacón of the Bloque, whose peasant parents were slaughtered by the security forces. Chacón led fights for basic issues such as the price of food. People flocked to him.

From their poster-covered offices in obscure corners of the university—in back of the law school stage, in a little room behind the student-union offices—these lords of the streets could virtually paralyze the country at will. And when they were arrested or tortured, their friends would seize an embassy or call a strike and set them free once again.

Yet they were taken by surprise the day General Romero was ousted. The young colonels who were now in command announced that they were bringing all the popular organizations' intellectual allies, even the avowed Communists and socialists, into the government.

Should a truce be called? Chacón briefly thought so. But to call a truce was to abandon the fight for ultimate power when it seemed almost ready for the taking.

Then, too, the security forces seemed uninterested in the colonels' promises. They denied having any political prisoners. They said they just couldn't seem to find any. And while the generals and scores of other officers were dismissed, many whom the left believed were guilty of countless crimes remained in powerful positions. The killing was increasing, not subsiding.

There was no truce.

The reporter packed up his desk in the vast Washington newsroom, sorted files, made an occasional phone call,

getting ready to head south. He needed to know more about the new Ambassador the Carter Administration was sending to El Salvador.

It seemed this Robert White would have a tough time with conservatives at his confirmation hearings. He was Ambassador to Paraguay and blasted the corrupt old dictatorship there for human-rights abuses every chance he got. Now Senators who thought dictatorship was a useful ally against international communism would get a shot at him.

The Carter people at State thought White was just what they needed in El Salvador. He was tough, outspoken, direct, a perfect point man for the Administration's plan. The reporter called one of his friends, a liberal Senator's aide. They talked about how hopeless the Salvadoran situation seemed, how relentlessly bloody and confused.

"White has a lot of enemies already," said the aide. "I don't know what to make of it, but, you know, there are some people saying he's being sent down there to end his career."

Soldiers who heard the tape recording laughed like children who overhear an adult's obscenity. *La Puteada*, they called it, a kind of "Fuck-you song" the military high command used to force out all the civilians in the government ten weeks after bringing them in.

It was never a comfortable union. The civilians blamed the military for continuing violence and repression. Especially, they blamed the minister of defense, Colonel José Guillermo García, and his tight-knit clique in the high command.

García was a short, round-faced, quick-smiling man with a large, unobtrusive mole on his chin. He was about as physically unimposing as anyone who wore a uniform. But he was part of the old order. At one point, before General Romero edged him out, García seemed to be in line for the job of president-dictator. Moderate leftists both inside and outside the government believed he still wanted the job. They wanted him out and they wanted all the armed forces restructured.

With tacit backing from Colonel Majano, the civilians tried to foster a kind of democratic council of young and low-ranking liberal officers to which everyone in the armed forces would be accountable.

It was a bad move. It gave García all the excuse he needed.

The Salvadoran army has a fixation about its integrity. Many of the soldiers who supported the ouster of the generals were lukewarm on the reforms supposed to follow. But they saw that the corruption of the high command was damaging their beloved institution. They

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also saw that the civilians in the government were getting nothing done and now those same civilians were openly attacking the entire foundation of the army.

The showdown came at the end of December. The cabinet and the junta were meeting when suddenly commanders from all over the country marched in and seated themselves around the room.

The commander of the *Guardia Nacional*, Eugenio Vides Casanova, stood up and told the civilians that they were sons of whores, unfit to govern anything. The military, he announced, would not listen to them, would not follow them, and gave its entire allegiance to Garcia.

The civilians were shocked. Some were terrified. What did the armed forces want them to do? For days after the confrontation, they went around asking the question. But the army didn't want them to do anything except get out. It was already negotiating with the Christian Democrats to replace them.

Afterward, White would say that the civilians in the first government were the best people El Salvador had to offer. But by then, most of them were on the side of the guerrillas.

The Pentagon had an idea. Zbigniew Brzezinski on the National Security Council liked it. The Central Intelligence Agency thought it seemed logical and was putting together information that made it seem more so.

A Deputy Secretary of Defense told Congress there was "evidence of Cuban

efforts to orchestrate Communist movements in Central America." He didn't say what the evidence was. "There are also indications that the Cubans currently appear to be involved in the situation in El Salvador." He didn't say what the indications were, but he had begun laying the groundwork for the new idea.

It was quite simple—send American advisors down to show the Salvadoran army how to fight guerrillas while, of course, respecting human rights. Send them transportation and communication equipment to help them fight more effectively. (They already had plenty of guns.) Generally, shore them up, then let them go out and clobber the agents of international communism.

White was livid. Not yet Ambassador, his confirmation stalled by Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina, he already found himself in the middle of a policy showdown.

"The Pentagon has this driving need to get in there and show they can win a guerrilla war," he fumed in private.

The Salvadoran armed forces were butchering people in wholesale lots. They had destroyed the best chance for a political solution by ousting the civilians from the first coalition. The Christian Democrats were already dividing in the second junta because their paper agreement with the colonels proved, within weeks, to be nothing more than that.

And now the Pentagon, with information that some of the guerrillas had been trained in Cuba—ignoring the fact

that they were ill-armed and their support among the people, their real strength, would only grow if the United States endorsed the bloody excess of the military—wanted to give the military everything its chiefs desired.

White was supposed to oversee this lunacy?

"If we are prepared to back a government this shaky," he told a friend, "we have to look at what our options are down the road. I believe that 75 percent of this is political within the United States—a fear by the Administration that it will be accused of 'losing' something else like it 'lost' Iran, Nicaragua and the Panama Canal."

Six American advisors had secretly been sent to El Salvador for a few weeks in November. Now there might be 36. That, White and his allies in the State Department were convinced, would be only the beginning of a new quagmire in Central America. There would inevitably have to be more and more advisors.

If any U. S. troops went in, White made it clear, he would not.

The El Salvador international airport was completed in the last few months of General Romero's rule. It stands gleaming white and modern on the coastal plain, surrounded by the tidy plots of farmland. San Salvador, the capital, is 40 miles away, but the beaches are right at hand. The airport was intended to service international tourists flocking to the wide expanses of gray Pacific sand.

But on the day the young reporter arrived in mid-February, the airport was all but deserted. The only crowd was at the ticket counter for outgoing planes. Anyone who had enough money to get out was leaving El Salvador and, if they were smart and could afford it, they took everything they had with them. Well-groomed men in dark business suits stood waiting, while their bodyguards—square-built thugs wearing dark glasses and carrying briefcases—watched over them. At the boarding area, a sign advised passengers that they would be searched lest they carry guns on board "by accident."

The superhighway leading from the airport to San Salvador dissolves in dirt after about ten miles and taxis must take a seemingly endless, twisted road to complete the trip. The reporter thought about ambushes all the way to the hotel. By the time he got there, he wanted a drink.

At the bar, a pudgy, pig-eyed man with small hands and an obscene voice sat down on the stool beside him. The man laid a wrist wallet showing the butt of a .38 Colt on the bar.

"You always carry that?"

"I am a wealthy man. I take pre-



cautions. In my car, I have an UZI. You know the gun?"

The reporter looked down into his drink and the man started telling anyone who would listen what assholes and whoresons the members of the government were.

"Well," said the reporter cautiously, "where would you say you are on the political spectrum here?"

The man stared. He would have seemed ludicrous if it weren't for the pistol. "I am not capitalist. I am not Communist," he said in his whiny voice. "I am National Socialist. You know—a Nazi."

The reporter cut the conversation off as quickly as he could. It was too much. El Salvador was not a nation of Nazis. Nothing was as simple as that. But already he was being confronted by the mad bitterness, the striving after simple, final solutions. "We must kill all the snakes," said the man.

Old money was more tactful than that. The Fourteen were more secretive and more subtle in their schemes, even if the end were the same. But this was a self-made man, the kind who couldn't get out to Miami as the Fourteen could. He was a madman trapped in a madhouse—believing that murder was the only way out.

Hundreds of people—most of them poor, some in rags—came to listen to the soft, humble voice of the archbishop. There were also some in the crowd who carried notebooks and tape recorders, and at the beginning of his homily, the gray-haired little pastor made what seemed a joke about people who thought "our Masses were more political rallies and that people came out of political curiosity." But this was a serious matter.

"What I intend is in no way to make policy," said the archbishop. "If because of the need of the moment I am illuminating the politics of my homeland, it is as a pastor reading from the Gospel."

Archbishop Oscar A. Romero made that statement in various ways countless times. But there was little doubt that his was the most powerful political voice in the country.

Few priests have ever been so intensely loved or hated. To many of the poor, he seemed a saint. Visiting the shacks that smothered the ravines in the capital, the hovels made of sticks in the countryside, Romero brought the people hope. To the radical left, he was not only an ally but an authority, a figure of international standing—and also a moderating force they found nowhere within their own ranks. To the right and much of the military, he was a Communist demagog.

His platform was the pulpit of the Metropolitan Cathedral, perhaps one of

the ugliest buildings in the world. He left it unfinished because he felt the money was better spent on the poor. Its concrete-and-brick had faded, and rusting iron reinforcing rods protruded from its spires. Where stained glass might be, there was only corrugated fiberglass, its only design the random points of light left by bullet holes.

On this Sunday, the archbishop had heard that the United States might be sending men and military equipment to the Salvadoran government. He had written a letter to President Carter and he read it to his people. The aid would only make things worse, he said. The Salvadoran military was already killing more people than under any previous regime. If the equipment being sent was, indeed, designed to make the soldiers more efficient, whether the equipment itself was lethal or not, then they would only be able to kill more people with more impunity.

"I hope that your religious sentiments and your sensibility for the defense of human rights will move you to accept my decision." Romero wrote to Carter, "thereby avoiding a greater spilling of blood in this suffering country."

To the extent that he could, the reporter ignored the burst of gunfire outside the hotel. He sat on his bed, watching El Salvador's newest television star—a slight, muscular man, a young-looking 40 with thick black hair, who sat behind a studio desk asking his countrymen why so many Communists were still in the government.

Before the October coup, Major Ro-

berto D'Aubuisson was chief of intelligence for the Salvadoran *Guardia Nacional*. He was reputed to have a rather rough way of questioning people, and some of the officers who seized the government from the generals thought D'Aubuisson might have been planning his own right-wing coup at the time, so they discharged him along with the old high command.

Instead of retiring, however, the major went straight into politics. Taking advantage of the new freedom of speech, his backers bought him television time every few nights to blast the liberals in the government and identify the Reds.

D'Aubuisson was well trained to track down Communists. He had studied at the International Police Academy in Washington, D.C., before the Congress found out torture was on the curriculum and shut it down. He went on to refine his antiterrorist techniques with the police in Uruguay and Taiwan, then briefly did a stint with the U. S. Green Berets in Panama during the early Seventies.

Few people would have guessed that he would be so charismatic on the screen. His appearance and his opinion quickly made him the darling of the conservative Salvadoran middle class. After years of living in the shadow of the oligarchy and struggling their way up through any opening in their country of limited opportunity, the burghers of San Salvador had finally found a voice. The left never took them into account—the guerrillas wanted their war to be a class war and the *bourgeoisie* was the incarnation of evil. The middle class was small, but it had grown in the past decade as El



"The finance company would like to have their Mr. Bailey back."

Salvador began to industrialize; and now that most of the Fourteen had abandoned the country, it was up to the middle class to save it. They were being kidnaped and killed, and as far as they were concerned, they were at war. D'Aubuisson might get money and guns from the Fourteen in Miami, but he had the hearts of the middle class.

Tonight he was talking about the Communist reforms the junta was getting ready to announce and he was focusing attention on the Christian Democrats in particular. This man, Mario Zamora Rivas, was a Communist. Why was he allowed to serve as a minister of the government, as the "attorney general for the poor"? Why do the great Salvadoran people endure such a travesty?

Children climbed trees to look over the crowd and down through the shattered windshield of the car. The reporter squeezed among the cluster of spectators. Through their sweat came the butcher-shop smell of the corpses.

Two women had already been taken to the hospital. There was no rush for the men. One in the back seat of the little Toyota was slumped over on his side. Puckered, dime-size holes showed through the torn fabric of his shirt. The man sitting in front of him in the driver's seat was apparently the main target. There was nothing left of his face. An eyeball hung in the vicinity of what was once his cheek. There were some teeth visible in that general area. But so many heavy-caliber bullets had been pumped into his head that it had collapsed like a melon rotted in the field.

The reporter wanted to find some way of putting meaning to what he saw. That was why he had come out here. The only dead he had ever seen before were relatives in funeral homes, the embalmers' wax replicas of people he had known. He wanted to see death as the Salvadorans saw it.

But death, presented like this, on a street full of the curious in a quiet suburban section of the city, without mourners, without even the trappings of officialdom—there were no policemen, no medics—seemed meaningless. The reporter found himself thinking, like the children around him, could he look at it again? He could. He could have looked at it all day, if there had been any point in that. There was not even a story in these deaths. Murder on the streets was a commonplace, not news at all, in El Salvador. But the reporter began asking questions of the bystanders.

It seemed a pickup truck had pulled in front of the little car and slammed on its brakes. Two men riding in the bed stood up with automatic rifles, G-3s, the kind the army used, and started shooting.

The killers had lingered a bit at the scene. One had drawn a large skull on

the wall beside the car and another had taken a glob of the driver's brain and lobbed it into the middle of the drawing—a little message from the Union of White Warriors.

But why were these men killed? An old woman said they had worked for the attorney general of the poor. One of them, the driver, may have looked a little like Mario Zamora. "But they were just clerks on their lunch hour," said the old woman. "They never got involved in politics."

Apparently, the message had gone to the wrong man.

The party was still going on at one in the morning. Most of the Christian Democratic leaders were there telling political jokes and stories while Zamora or his wife kept their glasses filled with Scotch. It took a while for everyone to relax, but they had protection—their bodyguards were stationed near the door.

The death squad came in through the skylight. There were perhaps a half-dozen men in all, but nobody remembers very clearly. Everybody was ordered face down on the floor. One by one, the partygoers were asked their names.

"We don't want to make any mistake," said a gunman. "What's your name?"

"Mario Zamora Rivas."

"Get up. Come on."

No one heard any shots. The gunmen left. When Zamora's body was found in the bathroom, he had more than a dozen bullets in his head.

The Christian Democrats flatly blamed D'Aubuisson for the murder, and privately they said his tactic was obvious. He was trying to intimidate or eliminate anyone who might be a bridge to the moderate left, who might be able to begin negotiations for a peaceful settlement. If he could force them out of the government altogether, he would succeed.

Already the Christian Democrats were badly split. Zamora's death was the final blow for some members. Héctor Dada Hirezi, one of the two Christian Democrats on the junta, resigned from the government and the party and left the country. He was replaced by Duarte.

The military promised a thorough investigation of Zamora's death. No suspect was ever found. There was, in fact, no investigation.

The rhythm of killing was approaching some kind of climax, but it was impossible to say what that would be. The left had slowly pulled its ranks together. All the guerrilla factions except the E.R.P. had joined a coordinating directorate. The leading civilians from the first junta formed the Democratic Revolutionary Front to lobby for world-wide support of the rebels.

Although the Salvadoran government

finally began its reform program in March 1980—after nearly six months of unfulfilled promises—the archbishop was edging ever closer to endorsing insurrection and he continued to blast the government at every opportunity. The reforms were good, he said, but they had to be taken in "the context of the dead and the annihilation."

Something was going to happen, but the reporter was sick and would not wait for it. After only a few days, he returned to the apartment he kept in Mexico. He telephoned the woman in the United States he had been seeing—or trying to see—for more than a year and, on impulse, they decided to get married immediately, before some new horror show dragged him back to El Salvador. It would take just four days in Philadelphia for the blood tests to clear and the papers to be processed.

He didn't tell the office where he was going, just that he would be gone. When he saw his bride-to-be at the Philadelphia airport—how strange and quiet and peaceful even that crime-ridden city now seemed to him—he told her that nothing could stop them from marrying now except. . . .

"They're going to kill Romero. I don't know when, but soon. If it happens this weekend, I'll have to go back down. That's all there is to it."

It seemed, in Philadelphia, so melodramatic to say that. It was just a feeling, after all.

D'Aubuisson's failure to carry off a February coup against the Christian Democrats was a setback, but hardly a defeat. His people reorganized and now, as the Presidential race in the United States was fully under way and Reagan took the lead, they were regaining confidence. Some of them already had contacts among Reagan's entourage who recognized the danger of letting communism sweep over El Salvador and saw what quasi-Communists the Carter Administration had put in power.

Men in the Senate like Helms and his staffers understood the danger and could be talked to. This was a time of phone calls and meetings, a time to build a base of political backing in what D'Aubuisson and his people were sure would be the new Administration.

But there were other things to be done as well, and to be done right now, before the chaos worsened and the left had the guns to mount a full-scale insurrection. Notes made by D'Aubuisson and his friends at the time refer to something called Operation Pineapple. A gun was bought—a .22-caliber rifle with a telescopic sight. Money was deposited in a Miami bank account.

There is a hospital for the incurable in San Salvador. The archbishop lived

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there and often said evening Mass in the adjoining chapel.

This night there was a special service, a memorial Mass for the mother of one of the few leftist publishers still in the country. It was a pleasant evening, with the doors of the chapel open, as always, to let the cool night breeze circulate.

In his Sunday homily the day before, the archbishop had denounced the violence of both the left and the government, but, as so often happened—because there were so many more examples of government violence to cite—he had seemed to be attacking only the regime. More boldly than ever before, he had made an appeal—a demand—for the violence to end. He had directed his words to the troops: “I ask you, I pray you, in the name of God, I order you to stop the repression!”

But this evening his words were quieter. He talked of the need for any Christian to involve himself in the world, despite the risks. “He who wants to withdraw from danger will lose his life,” said the archbishop. But the person who gives himself to the service of others will be like a grain of wheat that falls to the ground and dies—but only apparently dies, for by its death, its wasting away in the ground, a new harvest is made.

The archbishop prepared the Eucharist and raised the chalice to God.

He never saw the gunman just inside the chapel doors.

An awkward calm settled over San Salvador in the days following the archbishop's death. Everyone was waiting for the funeral on Sunday, but the violence did not increase.

Chacón warned his people that they were being tempted into a trap. Stay quiet, he said, the government is trying to produce an insurrection before we are ready. The spontaneous uprising never came, but the tension remained, a palpable bitterness and despair settling over the barrios.

Conservatives openly gloated. Of course, they didn't approve of murdering priests, they said, but one had to admit that Romero got what he deserved. When you put yourself in politics in this country, you have to expect this kind of thing.

Ambassador White had been in El Salvador for three weeks. A personally conservative and religious man, a New England Irish Catholic whose faith was somehow strengthened by decades in Foreign Service posts where suffering was always visible, White was appalled at what he saw in El Salvador.

“When we have *cuerpos de seguridad* who commit more crimes than they solve, it is a very sad situation,” he said. There was no applause that week when he appeared before a chamber-of-commerce

luncheon. It was not a friendly audience and White was not friendly to it.

“The violence in the countryside continues,” he said. “The excesses of the security forces continue,” causing disaffected workers and peasants to join the ranks of the militant left. “They are being killed and tortured and I have talked to them and I know who is doing it.”

White looked around the room grown arctic with silence. Reporters at the rear began furiously taking notes.

The series of right-wing assassinations was an abomination, White continued. What was gained by the killing of Mario Zamora? By the murder of the archbishop? By the killing, just today, of Juan Chacón—

Several reporters dashed out of the room to telephones.

Chacón dead? They began checking furiously. He was not dead. He was at the university, as surprised as anyone at White's remarks.

The import of White's speech that day was lost in embarrassment and backtracking. He had been assured at least twice that morning by his military and intelligence people that Chacón had been killed. They had either lied to him or been lied to by their Salvadoran contacts. Either their information was grossly erroneous or someone was setting White up for a fall.

Palm fronds waved above the heads of the crowd. It was Palm Sunday. The reporter had forgotten.

People were everywhere, filling the cathedral square and spilling over into the side streets. Many, perhaps most, were women and children—50,000 mourners for the archbishop. A folk choir sat around the coffin on the cathedral steps, singing, “You are the God of the poor.” No troops, no guns were in sight. The only people in uniforms were boy scouts manning the ropes that kept the crowd off the sidewalk in front of the high steel gate at the bottom of the steps. The morning sun was hot, and near the rope, where the crowd was most tightly packed, women were fainting.

The funeral oration was begun. A Mexican cardinal delivered a long, droning message of Christ that carefully sidestepped all the volatile issues once addressed by the man now lying in the heavy casket. Above the coffin sat the archbishop's chair, symbolic and empty.

The reporter listened awhile from the shade of trees at the corner of the cathedral, then moved out onto the sidewalk in front of the fence.

A cheer went up from the crowd. The *muchachos*—“the boys”—of the popular organizations had arrived after marching through the city. The crowd somehow managed to pull apart to let them through. Many of the boys and girls

wore kerchiefs over their faces, and some carried banners. Many others carried the plastic bags and satchels and the long thin boxes that the reporter knew from experience held Molotovs, pistols and rifles. At the sides of the crowd, two embassy officials observing the funeral decided to return to their offices.

The cardinal kept speaking. A wreath of plastic flowers in the yellow-and-red colors of the Bloque was passed forward above the crowd and placed on the coffin. Another cheer went up. The *muchachos* raised their fists in salute and chanted a revolutionary slogan. The cardinal paused a moment, then went on.

An explosion.

Everyone turned to see where it came from—somewhere near the closest corner of the National Palace diagonally across the plaza, leaflets were floating through the air. The *muchachos* often used little bombs to launch their propaganda above the heads of a crowd, but this—

Another explosion. Another. A quick burst of shots.

The only place for the reporter to go was over the fence and he surprised himself with his speed as he vaulted it. He shouldered his way up the stairs through the crowd of clerics, but at the top, the priests blocked his way.

Panic had swept the crowd. Shots were going off everywhere now and people were running, most of them toward the cathedral steps.

The priests seemed oblivious to what was happening. “Calm down. Calm down,” they said to the wailing masses. “There's nothing to worry about.”

Automobiles exploded at each corner of the plaza, sending liquid flame spreading out across the pavement. The barrier rope had disappeared and now hundreds, thousands of people were pressing against the fence. It was still locked. Some were making it over, but many were not. Old women were being crushed to death, their faces squeezed between the bars.

The screams, the shooting, the bombs were deafening, and the priests—their cries for calm now altogether lost—fell back into the cathedral, stumbling, knocking over the archbishop's chair, some of them trying to drag the coffin with them. The reporter made his way to the stairs leading into the choir loft and spires, but they were already blocked by masked *muchachos*, pistols drawn.

The gates were forced open and people poured into the cathedral. Desperately, they sought out friends, relatives, some touch of safety. Within minutes the cathedral was so crowded that it was impossible to move. Men who stripped off their shirts and twirled them above their heads to keep the air circulating found themselves so tightly pressed they couldn't get their hands back down



Raymond

"Oh? And what kind of trick were you expecting for five dollars?"

to their sides. Children were lifted onto shoulders.

Behind the reporter, an old man was expiring. The people around him were shouting for room. The old man was naked from the waist up, his chest deformed, his eyes staring at nothing. For 30 minutes he was wrestled through 20 feet of crowd toward one of the areas in the church more exposed to bullets but with more air to breathe.

On his hands and knees, the reporter worked his way up the stairs past women and children and old men who were praying amid the rattle of machine guns and the blast of Molotov cocktails pushing in at them from outside. Finally, in the choir loft, he could begin to study the situation. Most of the shots were outgoing. The *muchachos* were blasting away from all three entrances to the cathedral and from high in the spires. Others were prone in the street, firing at any sound or movement. Some were children, perhaps ten years old, almost overwhelmed by the pistols in their hands.

Everyone's immediate fear was that the military would appear and start firing into the building or even invade it to clean out the snipers. But the army, the police, the *Guardia* were nowhere to be seen.

The shooting died out slowly in the cathedral square and slowly, very slowly, people began to trickle outside. Smoke from burning cars still hung heavy on the scene. The reporter looked at the shoes piled near the fence where their panicked owners had lost them, at the leaflets with Romero's face on them, at the bodies. Volunteer rescue teams had appeared. They were loading unconscious mothers and grandmothers, old men and boys—the possibly alive—into trucks and ambulances to be taken away.

Off to one side of the cathedral was a *muchacho* who had seen a photographer taking his picture when the shooting started. He had struck a revolutionary pose with his Molotov and it had blown up in his hands. Now he lay on the sidewalk, the bones showing at the stumps of his arms, a hole under his chin where a bit of shrapnel had entered, the back of his head gone and the brain spilling where it had exited.

Perhaps he had spun around as he fell or perhaps somebody had come along later and done it. The boy's body was wrapped in a banner of the popular organizations.

The debate about who, how, what had started the massacre would go on for months and never be resolved; but in the end, the question was irrelevant. Anyone could have started the madness and the panic that day. It was the culmination of so many months and years of fear and hatred and hopelessness, and it ultimately made the hopelessness worse. These were the boys who were

asking for the people's faith, who were preparing to lead them in a glorious revolution, and the boys had panicked with everybody else. They had kept firing long after there was anything to fire at—if, indeed, there had ever been—and more than 30, perhaps more than 40 people lay dead for nothing.

A goal of the terrorism all along had been to make the people cry out, "*Basta ya!*"—Enough!—bring us peace, no matter what you have to do. The guerrillas thought "the masses" would believe, as they did, that insurrection was the only answer. The rightists were certain that the great people of El Salvador would support a ruthless crackdown on the troublemaking Communists. But no side looked as if it could win quickly or would deliver what it promised if it did. The people turned inward and with resounding apathy said to their would-be saviors, "To hell with you all."

But the patterns of power-grabbing competition within the government, the embassy and the left continued. They were well established by April 1980 and over the next eight months, the militarists would be strengthened on all sides. Within the government, the pre-eminence of García and Gutiérrez would continue to grow. At the embassy, the Pentagon would find ways to work around White and, in deference to President Carter, put a human-rights veneer on its initiatives. On the left, the popular organizations would steadily lose their power to mobilize the masses, but the guerrillas themselves would begin to get the guns they had wanted and needed for so long.

This was a waiting time, the period of "the phony war," as one disillusioned Marxist called it. The casualties were real enough, but there was a growing consciousness on all sides that each little maneuver, each little skirmish, might be used to influence world opinion.

Delegations of civilians who had once served in the government and now sided with the guerrillas traveled all over the world to establish links with Social Democratic parties and convince potential Western friends that the regime the insurgents wanted would be a democratic paradigm, not a Marxist dictatorship. Duarte and his party lobbied the Christian Democrats of Europe and South America, looking for allies to join the United States in its support of their regime. They were embattled moderates, they said, caught between the extremes of a Neanderthal right and a Pol Pot left, but the reforms were winning them more support every day and their troops had the country under control. D'Aubuisson and his followers traveled mainly to Miami and Washington, with occasional side trips to the sympathetic regimes of Guatemala, Honduras and the southern cone. All they wanted was a

real democracy like the one described in the U.S. Constitution, where free men could work and thrive in a truly capitalist economy.

The left was easily taken care of, they said—it didn't have the support of the people. It might be necessary to use some severe measures against the subversives and their sympathizers for a while, but that was the price you had to pay for freedom.

The hotel was as empty as it had ever been, and after five days in El Salvador, the reporter was glad to be getting out. It was Thanksgiving Day. He tried not to think about it, just listened to the radio as he packed his bags.

"We have it confirmed," came the voice breaking into the music, "Enrique Alvarez, Juan Chacón and four other leaders of the Revolutionary Democratic Front have been arrested."

Jesus, there was no getting out of here.

The reporter called everyone he could think of—Church officials and García, White and the commander of the embassy military group. It was the usual culpability merry-go-round.

The Church claimed that the Democratic Front leaders were getting ready to hold a press conference when men in civilian clothes backed up by uniformed troops broke in and dragged them away. White and Duarte said it must have been right-wing extremists trying to destabilize the regime—but they didn't rule out the chance that some of the security forces helped. García said he had no knowledge of any arrests and had no information on the incident, which had taken place at a Catholic boys' school in the center of the capital. Later in the afternoon, after calling around to all the *cuartels*, he would refine his statement to say there had definitely not been any arrests and the military had had nothing to do with the affair.

There were no clear answers, but the consequences were extreme. In the next few hours, the bodies of the revolutionaries, strangled and shot, were found littered outside the city.

Already the Christmas Muzak drifted through the hotel bar as the reporter sat talking with Jean Donovan and Dorothy Kazel the day before the funeral. The left was trying to explain away the expected small turnout—people were going to show up but not really in force, because you know what happens under this genocidal government and there is no point in having your people slaughtered needlessly. Dorothy and Jean, who spent most of their days with the peasants around La Libertad, were skeptical of the relationship, but they were in constant contact with the fear.

Dorothy was a nun, but the kind of

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nun one meets so often in Central America. More frequently than a habit, she wore blue jeans and a checked shirt. Jean was younger, a lay worker who looked like a nun. It wasn't their clothes that made them so obviously religious women, it was their manner, their smiles and their thinking—their seemingly boundless concern about other people's suffering.

"Things have changed so much in the past year," said Dorothy. "There's such hatred everywhere."

The reporter called it an atmosphere of vendetta. Everyone was looking for some kind of revenge. Often, he said, the clergy were vulnerable targets.

"We're OK," said Jean. "The safest person in El Salvador has to be a blonde, blue-eyed *gringa*."

The reporter was called to the phone and Dorothy and Jean decided to leave. They waved goodbye as they went out the door.

"Let's stay in touch. . . ."

"I'll call you in a few days," said Dorothy.

Robert White knew what he was going to see and he dreaded it. The black bulletproof Cadillac and its two chase cars drove on and on through the parched dry-season countryside. For a while, they seemed headed for the airport along the winding, rough-surfaced little road. Another time, White might have been concerned about the possibility of an ambush laid out from the high banks on either side of the narrow pave-

ment. But he hardly thought of such things anymore. It wasn't worth it. The security men would worry about that. So far, no attempts against him had come even close. He had luck or Providence to thank for that, he supposed. Sometimes it occurred to him that he had been taking up an inordinate amount of God's time since he arrived in El Salvador.

He wanted to *get there*. That was all he cared about. Get there and see who the *gringas* were in the shallow grave, hoping— But there was no hope. He knew who they were. He and everybody at the embassy had been calling everywhere for more than a day. The military had said it had no information. Finally, the Church had gotten a tip.

Two of the women had stayed in White's house just two nights before. They had come over for dinner with the priest they worked with and they had stayed up too late to drive all the way back to La Libertad. So White and his wife had asked them to stay.

It was just the next night that they had gone to the airport to pick up Sisters Ita Ford and Maura Clarke, and then they had just disappeared.

The Cadillac turned off the airport road and headed east toward—what was the name of the little town?—San Juan Nonualco. There were other little villages on the way. Peaceful. Ordinary. As if nothing had happened.

The violence was widespread but so viciously selective. Graham Greene had written about such things. "Cruelty

swept through the country like a spotlight." The Ambassador had been reading and rereading Greene. The books seemed to say a lot about White himself, about his God, about these people—"the torturable class." It had once seemed that certain people were immune to the viciousness, but now anybody, everybody was eligible. Torture had become a great equalizer.

The Cadillac stopped among the reporters' cars plastered with signs telling the world they were PRESS, as if that would do any good. They were clustered around a mound of dirt in a little patch of land like all the other little patches of land, dry and dusty, with a few trees and bushes.

The grave was opened and there were a couple of *Guardia* standing around, watching nothing in particular, and an officious little justice of the peace who had to oversee such things and the reporters and photographers wondering whether or not to look—not knowing not to. The smell of the dead ran like a poisonous current through the still air.

One by one, the bodies were pulled out. Jean. It must be Jean, but her face had been exploded by a bullet in the back of the head. Her pants were half unzipped. Her underwear somehow hung from her ankle. Now Dorothy, Sisters Ita and Maura, being dragged like sides of meat from the pit.

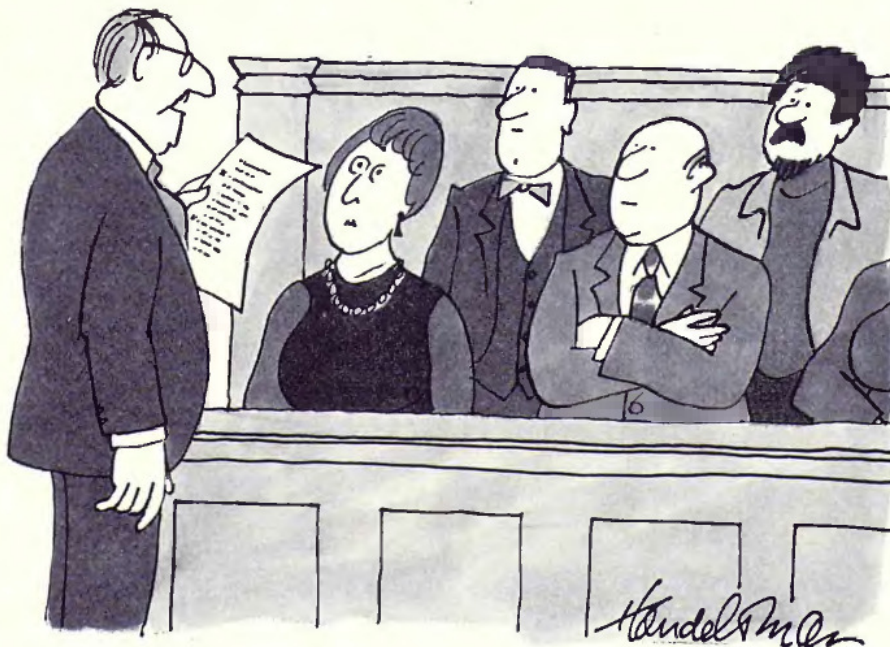
Reporters were talking to White, but he didn't hear. He turned and stared at the *Guardia*, the little judge, the camera crews, stared all around, trying to control himself.

One day after the nuns' bodies were discovered, all United States aid to El Salvador was temporarily suspended. A special commission was appointed in Washington to go down and investigate what appeared to be a cover-up of the killings. Every bit of the evidence that existed, and there was not much, pointed to members of the security forces—most probably the national guard—as the murderers. They had set up a roadblock where the nuns might have been stopped, and it was clear that the military in the area knew where the nuns were buried but had said nothing about it in answer to the embassy's inquiries.

"They've got an old-boy network," said White. "They know damn well who did it, but they're not saying."

More than moral indignation was at work here. There was also the coldly observed political opportunity for the Christian Democrats to gain the upper hand in forging an agreement with the army. They would have the full backing of the United States and they might at last force the military to clean its ranks from the bottom to the top.

The right saw an opportunity as well. D'Aubuisson returned from Guatemala.



"I'm afraid we'll have to excuse you, madam. Your pronounced aversion to armed robbery makes it unlikely that you could serve impartially."

Reagan was already President-elect of the United States. If D'Aubuisson's friends in the military could just hold out a little longer, another six weeks, then the Reagan Administration would take office and the pressure would be off.

All the powers in the country were moving to take advantage of the regime's confusion in the wake of the killings. Some changes were bound to take place and some officials were going to lose out.

The first to go was Adolfo Majano.

He had dithered and plotted for too long and, in his frustration at steadily losing power, he had begun to make thinly veiled criticisms of the high command. Majano was a chess player, one of the best in El Salvador, and he played politics like he played the game—full of infinite calculation and subtle maneuver. But in García and Gutiérrez he was up against a pair of linebackers who simply threw over the board. At a secret meeting of the military's commanders—to which Majano was not invited—a vote was taken and by an overwhelming majority, they voted to remove the colonel from the junta. He was assigned to an insignificant diplomatic post, the usual exile, the kind so many of his former backers had gone to. Instead, he went into hiding.

White was calling on all his powers to resolve the crisis in the Christian Democrats' favor. But his powers were waning. Word had leaked in Washington of a Reagan transition-team "hit list" that named White as one Ambassador sure to be sacked. He appeared a lame-duck envoy of a lame-duck Administration and El Salvador's conservatives saw less reason than ever to listen to him.

White sent a steady barrage of cables to Washington, asking for public support from Reagan's people. For a while, he seemed to get it. Reagan foreign-policy advisor Richard Allen said on national television that the Reagan Administration would continue to support a moderate, reformist regime in El Salvador.

But, at the same time, Cleto DiGiovanni had come to town. He was not exactly a member of Reagan's team, but close to it. A former CIA man, DiGiovanni had contacts with Reagan's advisors on Latin America as well as with D'Aubuisson's people in El Salvador. White was not sure what DiGiovanni was telling those people, but he suspected—and many of the D'Aubuisson crowd believed—that the hidden message he brought was exactly what they wanted to hear: "Do what you want and need to do. The Reagan Administration will back your play."

One by one, the officers walked into the Casa Presidencial with their pistols drawn. The reporter standing in the doorway of the waiting room got a little nervous. He walked down to the guard

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post to see what was happening and, to his relief, saw a long table piled high with pearl-handled .45s and customized .357 Magnums, UZIs, nine-millimeter automatics with extra-long clips. Good idea to leave them down here, he thought. Somebody might get angry.

Upstairs on the balconies above the tropical courtyard, the final decision on the new structure of government was being made. Majano was now officially out. The four other junta members would remain in place, but Duarte would get the title of president. Real power would remain, however, with Gutiérrez, now the vice-president and commander in chief, and with García, still ensconced as defense minister. All that would be made public later in the day. There was another, secret agreement—the price the Christian Democrats demanded for staying in the government.

Certain key members of the military would have to be removed from their commands. Most prominent on the list was deputy minister of defense Nicolas Carranza. A year before, he had voted against bringing the Christian Democrats into the junta. He wanted a military regime with technocrats handling day-to-day administration. That was close to the D'Aubuisson scheme of things and the Christian Democrats suspected Carranza of being their most dangerous opponent within the army. He would have to go in January.

At the same time, a couple of other commanders would be relieved of their posts, and by the beginning of February, the chief of the treasury police was also supposed to go.

It was not an agreement the soldiers liked, but it would do for the moment. And, some considered, it could always be amended.

They picked up their guns and left.

“Let the Yankee Pentagon make no mistake. If it attacks the Salvadoran people, it will have another thorn in its side.”

The Havana auditorium erupted in long, enthusiastic applause, and Salvador Cayetano Carpio stood back and soaked up the adulation. After so many years underground, the 60-year-old guerrilla leader was at the peak of his power, speaking before his socialist brothers at the second party congress of Cuba. Representatives were there from all over the Communist world, and he wanted to thank them for the help that was going to make his revolution possible at last.

For months now, arms bound for El Salvador from Vietnam, Ethiopia, Cuba, Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union had been flowing into Nicaragua—so many that bottlenecks were forming. They couldn't be moved fast enough.

But they were on their way nonetheless

and the Salvadoran guerrillas—with all the people behind them, they said—were going to present Reagan with an “irreversible military situation” by the time he took office on January 21.

“Revolution or death!” shouted Carpio.

“Viva Salvador,” screamed the crowd. “¡Viva!”

But later, when the first shots of the long-awaited “final offensive” came, they missed pretty badly. A guerrilla squad attacked Ilopango, the military air base just outside San Salvador, with some newly arrived American-made, Cuban-supplied recoilless rifles. Every round they fired soared over the barracks, over the planes and helicopters they were trying to hit and over the long, broad runway to land harmlessly in a weed patch on the other side.

It was not an auspicious beginning for the guerrillas and things would get worse. The government army was supposed to split. Except for a few minor incidents, it stayed united. The people were supposed to rise up en masse, as they had in the Nicaraguan revolution, to build barricades and hit the soldiers hard wherever they appeared. But the people did not rise up. Attacks were mounted on *cuartels* throughout the country and the guerrillas demonstrated a level of coordination they had never shown before. But not a single *cuartel* was taken.

After those first few days in January 1981, the guerrillas declared that the final offensive was actually a general offensive. It really wasn't supposed to be final at all, just a beginning.

It was that. The phony war came to an end with the attack on Ilopango airport. In San Francisco Gotera, where some of the heaviest fighting took place, bodies lay rotting on the streets for days. They were burned to help kill the stench and disease until there was nothing left but charred meat on sets of ribs and femurs with perhaps a recognizable foot attached. The same scenes were repeated in Zacatecoluca, in Suchitoto. Soon the countryside would be nothing but deserted fields and clusters of buildings become bullet-riddled ghost towns.

The reporter was sick of it. The bloodshed, the venal idiocy of it all. It meant so little, finally. At least 13,000 people had died in El Salvador since his arrival there almost a year before. One could play games with a statistic like that, could say that proportionate to its population, the United States would have to lose 500,000 people to political violence in order to sense the same social and human cost.

But, of course, death isn't measured that way. Numbers of corpses don't count until you know one, or two, or a dozen of them, or, at least, until you

can see them as some part of yourself—as an American or as a journalist or as a nun. There are cynical axioms in the newspaper business to cover such things. One dead hometown boy is worth ten dead Englishmen is worth 50 Australians is worth 200 dead Chinese or Indians or Salvadorans or . . .

But even the Salvadorans came to look at the numbers of the dead with a numb, sometimes vicious detachment. In their less discreet moments, some of the more extreme rightists would talk of the need to kill 200,000 leftists in order to clean up the country. No one was immune anymore. Everyone was somebody else's Communist or imperialist. No place was safe.

The war had become so much bigger than El Salvador. It was a symbol of the new battle between East and West, and individuals get lost in symbols. After the United States voted in November 1980 to make America tough and strong once again, to bring back its respect, no politician in Washington wanted to be remembered as “the man who lost El Salvador” in the face of the Kremlin's maneuvering.

Robert White tried in his sometimes clumsy, sometimes belligerent and excessive way to keep perspective. In his mind, the issue should have been whether anyone in Washington wanted to be remembered as a supporter of a “genocidal, nun-killing regime.” But even White finally rolled with the tide.

When four or five oversize dugout canoes full of armed men landed on a Salvadoran beach just across the Gulf of Fonseca from Nicaragua, White all but called it an invasion. Nobody else, not even Duarte, went that far; but White had just signed off on a complete renewal of “nonlethal” U.S. military aid to the Salvadoran government, and this was an opportunity to make the point that it was justified.

The intelligence reports about massive deliveries of guns to the guerrillas had persuaded White that the U.S. aid was necessary. The memory of the nuns stayed with him. He was bitter at what he saw as a noninvestigation of their deaths. But the size of the threat, the hundreds of tons of arms supposedly going to the Communists, forced him to go along with the Pentagon at least that far.

Within days, the resupply was extended to include, for the first time since 1977, lethal weapons—\$5,000,000 worth of M-16 rifles, grenade launchers, recoilless rifles and four Huey helicopters. Accompanying them would be U.S. advisors. Just for mechanical training. No combat personnel. Again, White went along with the decision. He hadn't wanted to escalate the war. But the Communists had already done it and the United States could not just sit back and watch. The Salvadoran troops had



"And that would be little Susan."

held off the final offensive "without a single cartridge" from the United States, but now they had started to run out.

There were worries, though. While White was playing them down, at least in public, his aides were despondent. They could see the door opening for the next Administration. Reagan was not even President yet, but Carter, old human-rights Carter, was setting up a Statue of Liberty play, handing him the ball and letting him sprint toward the goal. Carter had only a week left in office, but he was taking responsibility for endorsing the Salvadoran military with gifts of bullets and bombs and American soldiers. Reagan could put in more bullets, more bombs, more Americans, and they would be only increments, not the crucial first step.

Yet even that was not enough for the Pentagon. On the eve of Reagan's Inauguration, Colonel Eldon Cummings, head of the embassy's military group, the U. S. Army's main man in El Salvador, went to White and asked him to sign off on 75 more U. S. advisors Cummings said the Salvadorans had requested.

White exploded. This finally was too much. Let Reagan make the decision tomorrow; White was sure as hell not going to do it. A year ago, he had seen the quagmire coming, had seen the potential for the Vietnamization of El Salvador. He was not going to sign off on it now.

Within a month, Alexander Haig, the

new Secretary of State, called White to Washington. Haig was not happy with his work as Ambassador and White was relieved of his post. As a career Foreign Service officer, he had to be assigned to some new position of equal rank. Haig made him some offers he had to refuse, then effectively fired him from the diplomatic corps.

Colonel Jaime Abdul Gutiérrez took a cigarette from the reporter and loosened his tie. The colonel was relaxing in the Casa Presidencial as he reminisced about the October coup some 15 months before. He smiled as he talked about his feud with Majano, who, after all, had never been a commander as he had, had never been in private enterprise as he had. The fall of the first junta brought a laugh. Now the Christian Democrats were irritated because the head of the treasury police was still at his post, contrary to their little agreement. But that could be worked out. Duarte had proved to be very flexible.

The war was going all right. Of course, Gutiérrez couldn't say that it would be over in four months or one year or two. The guerrillas were pretty heavily dug in in the mountains of the north. There was always the danger that if they pulled off some spectacular victory, the people who thus far had stood apart from them would suddenly and finally rush to their sides as saviors. But the government reforms were work-

ing better than anybody—especially Gutiérrez—expected they would, and maybe the government had won more hearts and minds than anyone knew.

Of course, the problem, thought the reporter, was that no one knew. No one ever knew anything. Elections were being planned with the idea that the people could finally express their preference for one man, one course of action or another. Gutiérrez was very enthusiastic about the idea. It would give the Salvadoran government some legitimacy. But both the left and the right were rejecting the elections as a ploy by the Christian Democrats.

Ah, politics. Gutiérrez just wanted to save his country from the Communists and his army from disintegration and humiliation, and always there were these politicians complicating things.

But finally Washington had come around. As Gutiérrez sat talking to the reporter, there were American cargo planes unloading new guns a few miles away. The Hueys patrolled the skies. Scattered around the country were 54 U. S. advisors to turn his troops into crack units. If more equipment were needed, more advisors, the Yankees now seemed to be dependable suppliers.

The reporter had met some of the advisors. Clean-faced and enthusiastic, full of talk about the great morale of the Salvadoran army and the fight against international communism. They were going to show the Salvadorans how to fight a guerrilla war "even better" than the way the United States had fought it in Vietnam, as Colonel Cummings used to say.

So the colonel had many reasons to be confident about the future. But he was a Salvadoran, and the future, he knew, was never certain.

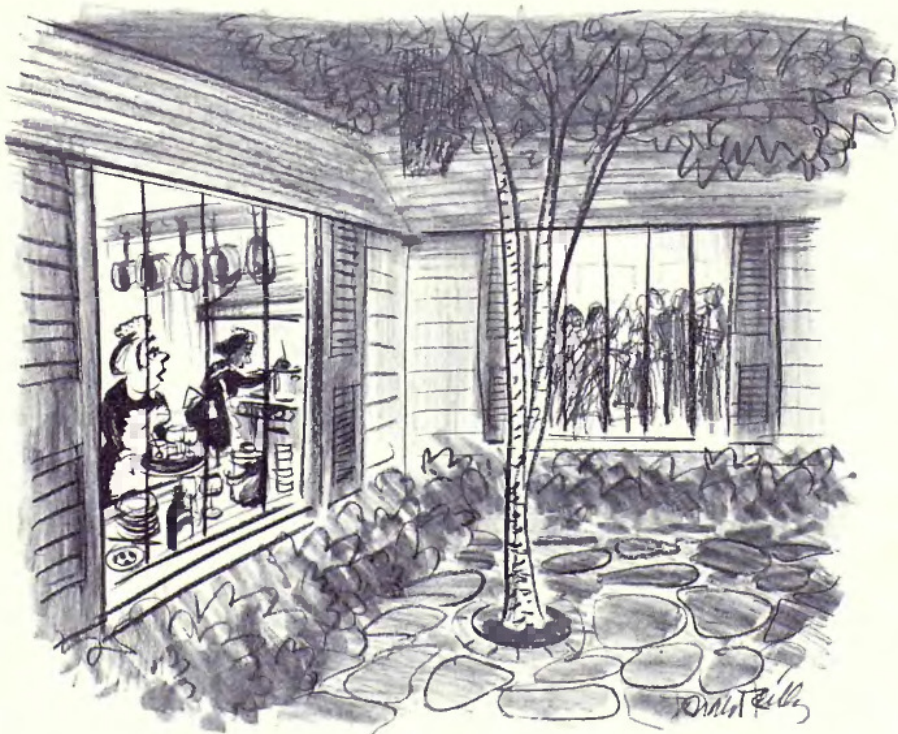
What if there were peace? *That* worried him.

"I want to tell you," said Gutiérrez, "my impression is that peace is tougher than war. What I mean is that in this condition, in this present circumstance, you are concentrating everything on one objective. And no matter how many different trends there are in the army, you can manage, because there is one enemy, because there is danger, because of lots of things. But when all that ends, then comes the question of how to bring together all these forces afterward."

But, Colonel, aren't you worried that there might be some other Gutiérrez out there plotting against you? Would you know it if there were?

He thought for a moment. "No," he said, smiling at the reporter, "you can't know that. Really, when these things happen, the last to know. . . ."

Outside the Casa Presidencial, the streets were quiet, more quiet than usual.



"It's the usual—the women are talking orgasms and the men are talking chain saws."

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '80.

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RALEIGH LIGHTS

"John Birch Society Beans are so named because of the intense internal reaction they produce."

Other Artists and The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas.

GLAZED BARBECUE RIBS VACATION

Pour 'bout 18 bottles of barbecue sauce in a washtub or the biggest pan you can get in your oven. Flop many, many ribs into it and let simmer—oh, a week or two, depending on how much vacation you've got coming. On return, break top glaze with a hammer and fish out ribs while wearing rubber gloves. Keep rubber gloves on while eating. Eat in bathing suit or old clothes you do not care about.

Norman Mailer won Pulitzer Prizes for *The Armies of the Night* and *The Executioner's Song*. His other works include *The Naked and the Dead*, *Barbary Shore* and *The Deer Park*.

STUFFED MUSHROOMS

You chop the stems, squeeze as much water out of them as you can, which is the trickiest part of the whole dish. You have to use dish towels and do it again and again. Then sauté the chopped mushroom with onions very finely chopped, shallots (if you have them) and a good amount of garlic. I give no proportions in this, because it's the sort of dish that must be cooked to the temperament of the chef. The sautéing, incidentally, must be done with a lavish use of quarter-pound sticks of sweet butter.

When it's all going nicely, grate in fresh nutmeg, quite a bit, and a good amount of black pepper. Then set aside to cool. Indeed, you can do better than that and set it in the refrigerator. This is not only for ease in handling but I swear it improves the flavor.

Before the caps are stuffed, brush the tops with butter and bake them on a flat dish for five minutes. Then fill them with cold stuffing and sprinkle them with a mix of bread crumbs, a bit of cinnamon, salt, pepper, mustard powder and grated lemon peel, all of which makes a heavy dust on top of the stuffed mushrooms. Then put it in and bake for five minutes.

Remove. That's it.

Willie Morris is the author of *North Toward Home*, *Yazoo*, *The Last of the Southern Girls*, *James Jones: A Friendship* and *Terrains of the Heart*.

JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY BEANS (Serves 30-35)

These beans are so named because of

the intense internal reaction they produce. Once you master their basics, you can enhance them with all sorts of things. The imagination must be given sovereign reign. As they say about winning football teams, these beans have momentum. Some endow them with aphrodisiacal nuances, while others deem them unimpeachable for hangovers. Now that I live again in my native Mississippi, I serve them on New Year's Eve, as I did in the North, for my beans evoke the nostalgia of sorrow, memory and belonging.

Serve these wonderful beans once and the compliments of your guests will echo in your heart.

3 sticks butter or margarine

As many fresh country sausages as you can afford (Polish sausage will suffice if absolutely necessary; wieners will do, too. As a matter of fact, add a dozen wieners to this recipe anyway)

4 large onions

3 large green peppers

3 or 4 jalapeño peppers (fresh or canned)

2 dozen mushrooms (fresh, if possible; if not, 3 cans)

6 or more hard-boiled eggs

3 cans water chestnuts

3 big cans peeled tomatoes

1 dozen strips of bacon

12 cans, regular-sized, barbecue beans (preferably Campbell's)

Tabasco

Worcestershire sauce

A lot of chili powder

Salt, pepper

One jar molasses

15 slices of cheese (preferably cheddar, but any kind will work, except gruyère and camembert)

Put all three sticks of butter at the bottom of an extremely large cooking pot. As the butter melts, throw in the sausages and wieners, both well sliced. Sauté until brown.

Throw in the onions, green peppers, jalapeño peppers and mushrooms (all finely sliced). Allow these to sauté so they will soak into the sausages and wieners.

Put in the hard-boiled eggs, sliced. Start mixing about now. Add the water chestnuts, well diced. Then toss in the canned, peeled tomatoes. Add the strips of bacon, which also need to be sliced. Let them sauté with the other things.

Put in all the barbecue beans, juice included. Stir again vigorously for a long

time. Make sure the beans get well integrated with the previous ingredients. Add large quantities of Tabasco, Worcestershire and chili powder. In fact, use more chili powder than you think you should. Courage is needed at this point. Salt and pepper a great deal. Continue to stir every minute or so.

Add the molasses, all of it at one time. Keep on stirring. Mix in even more chili powder. Allow all this to simmer over a low-to-medium fire on top of the stove for about 30 or 40 minutes.

Spread the cheese slices all over the top of the beans.

Place the whole pot in an oven heated to about 325°. Keep the beans there for about two hours. But if you do not take them out every now and then to stir, they will stick to the bottom of the pot.

Just before serving, open the windows of your home.

Joyce Carol Oates won a National Book Award for her novel *Them*. Among her other novels are *With Shuddering Fall*, *Do with Me What You Will*, *The Assassins* and *Unholy Loves*. She is also the author of a play, *Daisy*.

THE CAREER WOMAN'S MEAL

1 can Campbell's soup (any variety)

1 can opener

1 saucepan

1 can water

2 soup bowls

George Plimpton is the founding editor of *The Paris Review*. Among his works are *Paper Lion*, *The Bogey Man*, *Mad Ducks and Bears* and *Shadow Box*.

DINTY MOORE BEEF STEW

Years ago, to provide sustenance for those who came to parties in my loftlike digs looking out on the East River, I offered, well, vats of Dinty Moore Beef Stew. I say vats because there always seemed an awful lot of it, both before and after the parties.

I can't remember how I decided on Dinty Moore Beef Stew. Perhaps it was a reaction to years of nibbling on delicate hors d'oeuvres at other people's parties—an anti-water-cress-sandwich syndrome. Of course, being a bachelor, it was a practical matter: I never had the time or inclination to roll oddments around a toothpick or cut squares of salmon and decorate them with an infinitesimal dollop of something or other on the top. To make and offer such things seemed an art to be compared with blowing glass or cracking diamonds. Dinty Moore Beef Stew was an answer, if a rather thunderous one.

Open can. Do this by whatever means possible . . . even an ax will do. The can without the contents emptied is unappetizing at best, and I have never



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.

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To order, nothing could be simpler. Just send five things to 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 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
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ESCORT... \$245.00
 (\$11.03 Ohio res. tax)
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 (\$0.32 Ohio res. tax)

CINCINNATI MICROWAVE

Department 307
 255 Northland Boulevard
 Cincinnati, Ohio 45246

heard of anyone even trying it.

Pour contents into pan and heat. One of the things to remember about Dinty Moore Beef Stew is that it never changes its basic look. It looks the same in the can, in the saucepan, on the plate and dumped into the garbage. It doesn't surprise one—like the abrupt rise or fall, as in the case of a soufflé. It doesn't transform itself from one thing into another—like an honest egg into the jumbled confusion of an ill-made omelet. It doesn't even change color—like a lobster. Or crack and pop like dry cereal. Steam rises from Dinty Moore Beef Stew when it is heated—that is all!

Serve. One can of Dinty Moore Beef Stew serves about 100. The reason for this interesting ratio is that guests don't usually like the looks of the dish, at least the way I make it. They circle it, like dogs circle a porcupine.

Garnitures. For very grand parties, some authorities surround the Dinty Moore Beef Stew with a ring of rice—the over-all effect on the serving platter not unlike that of a whitewall jeep tire.

Plates. The china or iron variety is the best. Dinty Moore Beef Stew heaped on a paper plate will turn that substance into the consistency and resilience of a tissue handkerchief. Even the stoutest cardboard will bend almost instantly under the heft of a helping of the stew.

One last word about serving Dinty Moore Beef Stew at a cocktail party. I used to serve baguettes along with the stew—long loaves of French bread that stuck out of a wicker wastepaper basket like baseball bats. These were for breaking apart and for spooning up the gravy off the iron plates, if one were inclined to do so. Now I find it preferable to offer soft, pliable, newly baked loaves rather than the stiff, rock-hard variety I once used until, well, the incident. This occurred when two guests—apparently inflamed by the sight, once again, of Dinty Moore Beef Stew steaming stolidly on the sideboard—went after me with the nearest implements at hand; namely, those rock-hard baguettes, rather like the bladder-wielding scene in *Tannhäuser*. Those things snap, with sharp cracks, when they hit the noggin, and they leave pebble-hard crumbs on the floor that are extremely painful underfoot. Better the soft variety.

Tom Robbins has served as copy writer for the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* and *The Seattle Times*. His works include *Another Roadside Attraction*, *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* and *Still Life with Woodpecker*.

ZOOP

(OR, ZUKES NOT NUKES)

I cook by vibration and seldom make anything the same way twice, which

means I can do no more than estimate measurements. This smacks of futility, but I'll try to explain how I prepare Zoop.

Several fresh zucchini
Milk
Butter
Cheddar cheese
Lemon pepper

Steam zucchini in chunks. While zukes are steaming, warm the milk. Amount of milk depends on what consistency you like your zoop, thick or thin. Put butter, at least one third stick, in heating milk and allow to melt. When zucchini begins to become tender (don't overcook!), remove from heat and place in blender. Add warm buttered milk. Blend. Pour in large mixing bowl and stir in grated cheese and lemon pepper to taste. Serve immediately. For a special occasion, such as your wedding night, you may add a can of chopped clams, nectar and all. This dish is extremely fast to prepare, it's quite inexpensive, it's nutritious, more delicious than it sounds—and the color is gorgeous.

Irwin Shaw played quarterback for the Brooklyn College Kingsmen in the early Thirties. He is the author of many short stories, including *The Eighty Yard Run* and *The Girls in Their Summer Dresses*. Among his other works are *The Young Lions*, *Rich Man*, *Poor Man*, *Evening in Byzantium* and *The Top of the Hill*.

ITALIAN DELIGHT

First hire a small, dark Tuscan lady. Accompany her ceremoniously into the kitchen. Make no suggestions. Leave the kitchen. Make a martini. Stir well. Drink slowly. Wait. The results are invariably successful.

Red Smith is sports columnist for the New York Times Syndicate. He won a Pulitzer Prize in 1976 for his commentary. His books include *Out of the Red*, *Views of Sport* and *Strawberries in the Wintertime: The Sporting World of Red Smith*.

JIM MOORE'S BOILED-BAKED POTATOES

At Jim Moore's restaurant in New York, known widely as Dinty Moore's, I got the recipe for his boiled-baked potatoes. I went home (to suburban Philadelphia in those days). "You'll love these," I told my wife.

"You empty a nickel bag of salt into a kettle of water," I said.

"You can't get a nickel bag of salt," she said.

"All right," I said. "You empty a ten-cent bag of salt into——"

"You can't get it in a bag," she said.

"You empty a ten-cent box of salt into a kettle of water," I said.

"A whole box of salt?" she said.

I said, "Never mind. I'll do it."

Jim Moore had told me to boil the potatoes seven to eight minutes in the heavily salted water, then bake them. I did, but I used a small aluminum kettle and all the water boiled away swiftly, leaving the potatoes in a bubbling bath of wet cement. I kept adding water, finally baked them and they were delicious.

William Styron won a Pulitzer Prize, as well as an American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters Howells Medal, for *The Confessions of Nat Turner*. Among his other works are *Lie Down in Darkness*, *The Long March* and *Set This House on Fire*. His most recent novel is *Sophie's Choice*.

FLORENCE BASS'S VIRGINIA CLAM CHOWDER

When I was growing up in Tidewater Virginia, our cook was an ample and cheery black lady named Florence Bass, whose genius resided in the way she could take an essentially Northern dish and by a subtle Southern touch transmute it into something extraordinary.

48 cherry-stone (medium-size) clams

4 cups water

2-inch square (or equivalent) slice of slab bacon, preferably Virginia or North Carolina, diced

2 large onions, chopped very fine

4 medium unpeeled potatoes, diced to the size of small sugar cubes

Freshly ground black pepper

3 cups milk

Place clams after washing into a large pot, along with the water. Cover and bring to a boil and simmer until clams open, 10–15 minutes. Let clams cool in the water and their own juice, retaining both. This is a good time to dice the bacon (into 1/2-inch pieces), to peel and chop the onions and to dice the potatoes. Remember that *unpeeled* potatoes, besides being more nutritious, give better taste. A food processor is an excellent onion chopper. Placing the potatoes in the julienne disc of a processor, then roughly chopping with a knife, is an easy method and gives them a fine consistency.

In the bottom of another large pot, fry the diced bacon over medium heat, allowing grease to accumulate at the bottom of the pot. Add the minced onion and sauté well but not enough to brown.

Open clams, which by now should be cool enough to handle. Be careful to retain all residual juice to add to the pot. Chop clams medium fine with knife or in food processor, which is much faster. Add these clams and all of the retained juice to the bacon-onion mixture in second pot. Bring to a boil and then simmer for ten minutes.

Add the diced potatoes, bring to a

boil and simmer for 15 minutes more. While simmering, add freshly ground black pepper in copious amounts. Florence went heavy on the pepper, and it really makes a difference. She never used salt; there is enough in the juice.

Add the milk, which has been brought barely to the boil. Stir well and serve. This chowder improves with age and after a day or two in the refrigerator is at its peak. In the proportions described, it should serve eight to ten as a main course.

Calvin Trillin is a staff writer for *The New Yorker*. His works include *U. S. Journal*, *American Fried: Adventures of a Happy Eater* and *Runestruck*, a novel.

CALVIN TRILLIN'S SCRAMBLED EGGS
THAT STICK TO THE PAN
EVERY TIME

This is my only dish. I turn it out every school morning for my two daughters. They hate it.

Egg

Milk, if you can find it (back behind the lettuce, hidden by the shadow of the Chinese take-out leftovers)

Butter

Burn the butter while looking for sandwich bread for lunch or discussing riboflavin content of various cereals.

Apologize to daughters for your language. Put a little milk (if you can find it) with the eggs and scramble away until you're afraid the butter might burn again. Shove the eggs around in the pan until you remember that the toast is about to burn. Turn back to the eggs, which by this time have stuck to the pan.

Serve with burned toast and wan smile.

Eudora Welty is the author of *A Curtain of Green*, *Losing Battles*, *Delta Wedding* and *The Optimist's Daughter*. Among her honors are a Pulitzer Prize and a National Institute of Arts and Letters Gold Medal.

CHARLES DICKENS' EGGNOG

This is the eggnog we always started Christmas Day off with. I have the recipe my mother used, though she always referred to it as Charles Dickens' recipe.

6 egg yolks, well beaten

3 tablespoons powdered sugar, sifted

1 cup bourbon

1 pint whipped cream

6 egg whites, whipped into peaks but not dry

Nutmeg, if desired

Add the powdered sugar gradually to the beaten egg yolks. Add the bourbon a little at a time to the mixture. Add the whipped cream and the beaten egg

whites, folding gently in. Chill. Serve in silver cups with a little grated nutmeg on top, if desired.

Tom Wolfe is the author of *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, *The Painted Word* and *The Right Stuff*.

THE TEN-O'CLOCK COMPOTE

I'm not much of a cook. My one accomplishment in the kitchen has been my breakfast dish, which I eat 310 mornings each year.

The night before, put the contents of two bags of Mariana Extra Fancy dried apricots, a can of pitted prunes and a box of golden seedless raisins into a big bowl. Fill with water, add half of a lemon and a tablespoonful of sugar and let it stand overnight. In the morning, bring it to a boil and let it simmer for 10 or 15 minutes. Take out a cereal bowl and put about three tablespoons of roasted wheat germ in the bottom. Now spoon in six or seven apricots and prunes and garnish with the raisins. On top of this put a layer of Alpen cereal. Then a light layer of 100 percent bran cereal. Add milk. Save the rest of the compote in the refrigerator for tomorrow . . . and tomorrow . . . and tomorrow . . .



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DARING SPORTSMEN

(continued from page 142)

"What Kirke had his eye on was nothing less than the world's highest suspension bridge."

the worst shape of all. He also takes pride in the fact that while climbing Kilimanjaro, he went straight to the 19,000-foot summit without missing a stride, while his young companions wheezed and gasped their way from behind.

The secret of his stamina and of his remarkable ability to survive the unsurvivable is neither training nor any particular talent but a psychological toughness that produces unparalleled performances through the sheer force of his will. Kirke assumes he *will* survive and, believing it, he does. With heroes of the era of the amateur—with men like Scott in the antarctic and Stanley in Africa—he shares a mental determination that enables him to endure horrendous pain and to think clearly in the most disconcerting of crises. "Everyone has a certain level of anxiety," he says. "I direct my anxiety into the events I attempt. The rest of my life is very calm."

Maybe so, but to the impartial observer, Kirke's behavior is not as calm as he claims. A man who prefers extremes in every aspect of life, Kirke replaces the disintegrating army coat and safety pins each evening with an equally battered black tie and tails. He throws a succession of extravagant parties that seems to keep him stylishly in the hole. It may ultimately be more accurate to say that Kirke's "events" are the safety valve for anxieties and pre-occupations that are larger than life.

But whatever the cause, there can be no doubt that by the fall of 1978, the manic gleam in Kirke's eyes had inspired a full-fledged organization of dangerous sportsmen and assorted hangers-on. With the trio of Baker, Weston and Keeling forming the core of the club around Kirke, the sportsmen were beginning to stir interest in wider circles. Since their personal resources were rapidly dwindling and their schemes growing exponentially more expensive, that was a very good thing. Late in 1978, they enlisted the support of an independent film-production company and the BBC for a hang-gliding expedition off Mt. Kilimanjaro. Kirke had never loitered to master the sport, of course, but his smooth talking and confident air convinced the men holding the purse strings that he was champion.

The expedition served to clinch Kirke's status as a legend among the *cognoscenti* and, at the same time, proved a disaster for the BBC. Loaded

down with hang-gliding apparatus, supplies and the obligatory formalwear, two of Kirke's companions abandoned the attempt during the tortuous ascent. Weston, the only experienced hang glider in the group, got to the top but crashed on take-off, destroying his glider and injuring his ankle. Keeling, meanwhile, managed a take-off, then bounced his wing tip off the mountainside, swooped upward and then screamed back toward earth in a nylon and metal-tubed power dive leftward. The BBC captured approximately 12 seconds of filmed flight, which depicted the Kirke posterior disappearing into surrounding clouds. But what was the end of a short film clip best forgotten by the BBC was only the beginning for Kirke. Once enveloped by clouds, he continued to fly through the mist without a compass or an altimeter, eventually coming in for a gentle landing on a coffee plantation 25 miles away.

The Kilimanjaro exploit proved to be a crucial watershed in the history of dangerous sports. With it came a greater cohesiveness of the group and, symbolic of that new clubbiness, an official club tie (a silver wheelchair on black background). It also established the club as a media darling—and, just as important, convinced the sportsmen that anything they did was a media event. Kirke continued to indulge a mania for secrecy about preparations for the group's events, but he was increasingly receptive to the idea of coverage once the events were under way, particularly if that meant money. And, finally, it was Kilimanjaro that first prompted him to speculate seriously about what was to become the club's most spectacular undertaking—a modern variation on an ancient puberty ritual that would be suitable for mass-media coverage.

Kirke's new scheme actually originated with natives in the highlands of New Guinea who, in a strange rite of passage, tie springy vines to their ankles, then leap from high trees. As they hurtle headfirst toward the ground, the vine snaps them to a mind-jolting halt just inches from the forest floor. Kirke and Baker replaced the jungle vines with elastic bungee cord, similar to the straps used to hold books on the back of a bicycle but strong enough to bring supersonic jet fighters to a stop on the decks of aircraft carriers. And it would not be jungle trees the sportsmen would leap from but high bridges—preferably over rivers.

The first jump, on April Fools' Day, 1979, was from one of England's highest suspension bridges, the 245-foot Clifton Bridge in Bristol. One end of the bungee was tied to the bridge, the other to an improvised harness designed by Keeling and Weston. With champagne toasts, Kirke, Weston, Keeling and Tim Hunt—younger brother of champion race-car driver James Hunt—all stepped off. Like tuxedo-clad yo-yos, the dangerous sportsmen dropped the full length of their cords, stretched another 100 feet waterward and bounced back up nearly 200 feet; then it was down and up and down again, in bounces of decreasing magnitude, until they hung, limp but ecstatic, 120 feet below the bridge. It was only after Weston had popped the cork on the celebratory champagne he'd carried along on the leap that the remaining members of the party hauled them back up to the bridge.

Arrested and photographed, the sportsmen had achieved both of their objectives: They had garnered national publicity and all four jumpers were alive, which proved their new sport could be played. After another trial leap that October from the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco, Kirke decided they were ready for the big time.

What he had his eye on was nothing less than the world's highest suspension bridge. Like a toothpick slung across a funnel, the 1260-foot Royal Gorge Bridge spans that gorge over the Arkansas River just outside Canon City, Colorado. The gap, which is about 800 feet wide at the top, narrows to less than 60 feet at the base. Without even having seen the bridge, the sportsmen were eager to jump from it. Keeling and Weston got to work on their computations. After much deliberation, they announced that a bungee cord 415 feet long, with Kirke attached, could be expected to stretch at least that distance again; Kirke would be subjected to a force of five g's and would pass out on the rebound.

Kirke was intrigued. "This will require total control, mental and physical, and you won't know the result until you wake up. How excellent!" he exclaimed. "If you do everything correctly up to the point you pass out, then you'll survive, but if you don't—if you make a mistake—then you'll die not even feeling your own death." But even as they indulged in that kind of existential reflection, Kirke and friends lost no time wrapping up the publicity and the dollar side of the expedition.

Back in early 1980, *That's Incredible!*, the now-notorious ABC show that specializes in video-taping self-inflicted mutilation for mass consumption, had a lot less to its discredit than it does now. Kirke was convinced that anything called *That's Incredible!* simply had to need

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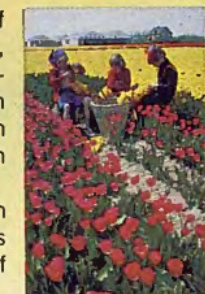
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his kind of adventure. As it turned out, he was right.

Kirke and the producers agreed on an \$18,000 fee to fill the club's coffers. Fill them, that is, so they could be emptied again. For, in the spirit of the club, Kirke ordained that every cent of the take would be spent on the jump itself and associated celebration.

The television company scheduled the filming for March sixth and requested three jumpers. Kirke decided to do it his way or not at all. He insisted on flying over as many of the club members as wanted to go, and most of them converged on London first for a preflight party. From Paris came Hunt and Hubert Gibbs, a shy young musician who was to be the jump's official pianist. From Ireland came ex-Oxonian Anthony Murphy and his wife, Sophia. Oxford yielded Murphy's brother Rob, Kirke and me—an experienced rock-climber, in charge of tying the bungee cords.

Finally, tired and drunk from their various preliminary celebrations, the party converged on San Francisco five days before the scheduled jump. Weston was to meet up with the crew at the jump site, but Paul Foulon, Weston's stepbrother and the group's second American, drove down from Portland in his pickup—bringing with him the bungees used in the Golden Gate jump the year before.

"Every event may be my last," Kirke declared, before we set out for Colorado in a convoy consisting of a white Cadillac convertible, two small trailers and the pickup. "Festivity is required. If anything goes wrong, the party must celebrate life, not mourn death."

A parody of a motorcade, the Dangerous Sports caravan weaved, skidded and violated the law at an average of 70 miles per hour across the Great American West, white Cadillac in the lead, packed to the brim with silly-looking weirdos in ties and tails. To the uninitiated, the convoy itself looked like dangerous sport: \$1280 worth of liquor stowed in the trunk, all being pumped with indecent haste into the already saturated livers of Britain's sickest and strangest, who even in England could not be relied on to find the right side of the road.

No one slept, of course, for total party required total commitment. Besides, if the revelers tried to sleep, they might actually pass out, and given the amount of alcohol diluting the blood of those Englishmen, it might be weeks before they would see daylight again. After 18 hours of continuous merrymaking, the Dangerous Sports Club pulled into the truck stop in Ely, Nevada, at six o'clock in the morning. The boys tightened their bow ties and swaggered in. Forty-five truckers' jaws dropped into sedimented cups of coffee. Warily, the waitress approached. Kirke smiled his evil smile,

while all eyes bulged expectantly. Anthony Murphy, part of the supporting cast, stepped diffidently forward. Dressed in a Royal Navy dinner jacket with tails, he peered benevolently at the permanent-waved waitress. "Excuse me, but can you tell me, how *viscous* is your porridge?"

Later that day, as we crossed into Utah, a storm blew in, and how the Brits loved it! Windows rolled up, visibility zero, we fishtailed wildly down the invisible road—40 miles an hour on a skating rink you couldn't even see! This was danger fit for dangerous men, and they reveled in every bit of it. With public school voices jabbering at cocktail-party levels, the drunken caravan roared on into the dark, a meteor of the English upper class burning insanely across the snowdrifts of the American desert.

We arrived in Canon City, 14 miles outside Royal Gorge, one day before the jump. Up to that point, the club had been a bit worried about how seriously *That's Incredible!* was going to take its sport. One look at producer Alan Landsburg's preparations and all were reassured. In addition to a dozen cameramen, a helicopter had been rented for some aerial shots. Eying the chopper wistfully, Kirke said, "There may be some tangible benefits from this television company, after all. Perhaps I could persuade them to let me have a go with their helicopter."

At the site, the boys took a look around—and down. Standing atop the wind-swept bridge, 1053 feet above what looked like a pencil line of river, the club looked for the first time just the slightest bit pensive. It was a long way down.

No time for regrets now, thought Kirke, and he took the rest of the Brits off for early-afternoon drinks among the natives of Canon City, while the two Americans on the team set to work tying on the cords that would be used in the next day's jump.

It was a tricky business. In previous jumps, Kirke had explained, to my horror, they had used seven-millimeter yachting rope and overhand knots to secure the bungee cord to the bridge. With that sort of knot tying, the jumpers would have about a 50 percent chance of dropping directly into the river below. So we spent eight hours constructing a line from two strands of 17-millimeter bungee cord, then tying the line into a carefully designed mountaineering-rope anchor that would secure the cords while preventing a fatal, frictive rub between the bungee cord and the bridge. Meanwhile, a piano was rented for Gibbs. It began to look as though the event would come off.

Everyone was "quite keen" to be the first off the bridge. Kirke decided to have five jumpers leap simultaneously, on cords spaced evenly along the bridge. Kirke, in the middle, would be on a 415-foot length. Weston and Hunt would flank him on 240-foot lengths, leaving

the outside positions for the novices (Foulon and me) on 120-foot cords.

The biggest risk was Kirke's. Dangling at the end of 1000 feet of line, to within a few feet of the water, he would be subject to immensely widened pendulum swings. The slightest breeze from the wrong direction could blow him off course and slap him into a sheer granite face only 30 feet away at the base. "Strawberry jam spread on rock" was Weston's cheerful description of the probable result of an error in his calculations.

Another problem was the force of gravity, and, again, Kirke was to be most affected. Exactly how much force he would be exposed to if all went well, no one really knew. The Weston-Keeling estimate of five *gs* seemed plausible, but no one would have been surprised if they'd been off by 200 percent. Astronauts in their specially designed suits pass out with a force of ten *gs*. No one wanted to think what would happen if any of the jumpers was head-down when the *g* force built up.

All in all, this was unmistakably a Dangerous Sports Club presentation: No one knew to precisely what length the bungee cords would stretch on a jump from this height. Moreover, no one had really tried to find out. Not knowing, and not wanting to know, was what the club was all about.

Our celebration lasted until three the next morning. The jump was planned for eight a.m., in order to minimize the breezes that could turn Kirke into a pulp; but it wasn't until nine that the first of the club staggered in. We quickly set up a portable bar right next to the ambulance thoughtfully provided by *That's Incredible!* Missing members of the club were pulled from bed at 11 o'clock but still had to dress for the event.

Overhead, the copter blades chopped ominously, and a crowd started to gather. Five characters dressed as game-show m.c.s were about to fling themselves off the bridge. This promised to be better than a hanging.

At noon, Kirke finally arrived, had a drink and was promptly approached by the bridge authorities. They wanted him to sign forms relieving them of all responsibility. His hand trembled as he took the pen. He had to steady himself before he signed. No one had ever seen Kirke shake before.

Looking down at the looped bungee cords dangling off the bridge and blowing gently in the wind, the sportsters were beginning to think quite seriously about getting hurt, and to think especially that if anyone were going to get hurt, it would very likely be Kirke. Hearing that Weston and Keeling had estimated that he would come within nine feet of the river, Kirke approached me and said, "Geoff, old man, I realize you have



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worked hard on the preparations, but is it still possible to extend my rope by four and a half feet? I'm quite keen to just touch the bottom before bouncing up." When it was pointed out to him that he was likely to be unconscious, he decided to reconcile himself to the nine-foot margin.

That settled, the club members wanted to enjoy a few leisurely drinks before the jump, but everyone else seemed impatient. The television crew began to worry about whether or not the leap would take place at all. The ambulance crew fretted about the winds whipping up the canyon, which would throw the jumpers off course. And the tourists complained of the cold and began to call for the jumpers to hurry. Kirke was undaunted. Quieter than usual, he requested that his breakfast of eggs Benedict be lowered to him after he jumped. While Gibbs played appropriate bungee music on the piano, Kirke pondered how to keep the eggs warm on the descent.

Finally, after posing for a picture next to the ambulance, the group began to get ready. Beyond having a few more drinks, that involved my tying each of them into a full body harness and attaching it to the bungee cord. The club has a tradition of never checking its own knots, and only Foulon, who was wearing a cowboy hat with his tuxedo, was gauche enough to inspect his harness. Weston, dressed in a gray morning suit and club tie, seemed worried as he was secured to his bungee, calling for "more drink, please." He lit a large Havana cigar and puffed nervously while the others were readied. Next to be tied in was Hunt, who sported a black tux with tails and a gray top hat secured under his chin.

Now, only minutes before leaping into the unknown, Kirke was moving slowly. Weston impatiently cried out, "Please get to your rope, David. I can't wait much longer. I have to jump off soon."

Kirke nodded and solemnly walked to the long cord in the middle. "Have a good one, old boy," he called to Weston. As I tied him into his harness, he tried to light his pipe, but his hands shook too much to strike the match. Dressed in a black morning suit with tails, a black-velvet top hat and the club tie, he allowed one of the cameramen to assist him with a light. He quickly got control of himself and joked that the harness was too tight. "I really must go on a diet!" he exclaimed. With Gibbs at the piano setting the mood, I finished Kirke's knots and headed for my own rope. It was almost three o'clock.

Walking from Kirke to my place at the side, I was struck by the reality of what I was about to do. Until that moment, I had been so absorbed in the

partying and preparations that I had not really worried about my own jump. Suddenly, there was nothing more I could do for the others. Now it was my ass out on the line. The sounds of classical piano and helicopter blades were replaced in my ears by the pounding of my heart. I gave a final glance at my comrades, then I looked down.

Nearly 1100 feet below, the river looked like a thread. The canyon walls seemed only inches apart. I trusted the bungee cords and the knots I had tied. I was the only one using a safety line—a security measure that Kirke considered highly unethical. Rationally, I knew I would be safe; yet I was gradually enveloped by fear. I tried to calmly remind myself that I'd been subjected to more danger than this climbing vertical rock walls. Just as I began to regain control of my trembling body, I was interrupted by a cameraman who said, "Boy, aren't you afraid that there safety rope will wrap around your neck as you bounce up and hang you as you fall back down?"

I hadn't been, but suddenly I was. My testicles quickly receded into the safety of my body. My entire groin tightened. My mind raced incoherently. The others were already over the retaining fence. I clambered after them while my panicked brain screamed, "No!"

For a moment, we paused on the farthest supports. It was reassuring, at least, to see how much farther Kirke's cord hung down into space, blowing gently at the limit of my vision. All sound ceased. Time stood still. Kirke raised his hand, signaled one . . . two . . . three, then stepped calmly into the air.

I pushed off and my mind immediately signaled, "Error!" Like a cartoon figure, I desperately tried to walk back to the bridge while hanging motionless in the air. Then I fell.

My mind stopped. My heart stopped. The only thing moving was my body, free-falling into the void. My life became calm as I came to a gentle stop 400 feet down—only to be catapulted violently skyward. Accelerating upward, totally out of control, I was elated. The bungee had held. I slowed to a stop again, now 50 feet below the bridge. Regaining body control, I was able to turn and see the other jumpers. Foulon, at the far side, was at the same height I was. Far below, Weston was beginning his first upward bounce. Kirke was still falling, a dot disappearing in the abyss. I watched them all during my next descent, noting happily that no one had become strawberry jam. I thoroughly enjoyed my last few bounces, trying several somersaults as I rose and fell.

Soon we were all hanging like spiders, suspended between heaven and earth in a giant V. The television helicopter circled us and we waved to it and to one another, thumbs up all around. It was

now only a matter of waiting to be hoisted back up. Soon Hunt, Foulon, Weston and I were safely on the bridge. Foulon appropriately described the feeling for the television audience as "incredible."

Meanwhile, Kirke's cord proved to be making it impossible to pull him up. For nearly three hours, he hung 900 feet below us, without so much as an overcoat to protect him from the cold. With wind whipping up the canyon and the temperature near freezing, we knew he was in considerable pain. The harness would be cutting off circulation to his legs. The medical crew began to worry. Finally, we found a way to bring him up by pulling the bungee with a tow truck. When he reached the bridge, Kirke's only concern was the whereabouts of his prized top hat and pipe, both of which had been lost in his struggle to remain upright.

Kirke described the jump for the television cameras, saying such an experience "definitely gives one heightened appreciation for life." Privately, he admitted a slight disappointment with the event. The Weston-Keeling estimates had been way off. He hadn't passed out and had stopped a good 100 feet short of the water. "Quite the worst of it was, I didn't get a good bounce," he said. "My cords stretched and stopped. The shorter jumps were definitely better sport."

While the television crew disbanded, Gibbs and various of the sportsmen took turns jumping. And, as always, the party went on.

For most of them, the Dangerous Sports Club is only an occasional diversion, so this was a rare event, to be savored and prolonged. Only Kirke has made the club a way of life, moving from one event to the next. Recently, he made the first motorized-hang-glider crossing of the English Channel, nonstop from London to Paris. Since the Frenchman Jean Marc Bovier surpassed Kirke's high-altitude hang-gliding mark, Kirke has been trying to talk his way onto an expedition to the peak of Mt. Everest. "I shall hang-glide off Everest by 1985," he predicts, "even if I must charter a helicopter to the summit." He is also planning "an extremely festive outing" for his friends in a padded school bus floating over Niagara Falls. His top priority, however, is to set the world free-fall record by parachuting from a helium balloon at 130,000 feet. It will require a pressurized suit to keep his blood from boiling and a temperature-control device to prevent his freezing in space or burning up on re-entry to the atmosphere. Weston and Keeling are already at work on the designs.



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"We have reports of amorous events on college diving boards, on a trampoline and on the golf course."

virgins" are few and far between. (A common-law virgin is a law or prelaw student who is too busy studying to do much of anything else.)

Quite a few Southeastern ladies say they sometimes go out looking specifically for sex, and those who do report a 75 percent success rate. Rumor has it that groups of concerned campus gentlemen are trying to get in touch with them to attain the 100 percent ideal.

As for sexual inventiveness, S.E.C. coeds are electrifyingly Edisonian, and any suggestion that they're still old-fashioned is patently ridiculous. We've categorized some of their turn-ons, and we've given them heads as follow:

FIELDS OF PLAY: Not only do most girls list the jock as the campus character they're physically attracted to but a great many of them recall athletes and athletic surroundings as the settings for their most uncommon sexual experiences. A number of the ladies admit to an interest in dominating athletic men, which, we suppose, would make them jock satraps.

An Alabama girl tells of making love one night on the football field in coach Bryant's own Denny Stadium, and one has to feel sorry for the throngs who showed up the next afternoon and got to see only a football game. While we're on the subject of crowds, another coed reports being in the act of performing fellatio on a young man in a sailboat when a passenger-laden houseboat drew

up alongside. The passengers cheered, our heroine continued, and the passengers cheered some more. All of this got quite a rise out of the young man, but it has all blown over by now.

We have reports of amorous events on college diving boards, on a trampoline in the gym (did the earth bounce for you, too?) and of afternoon intercourse on the golf course. A Tennessee girl volunteered to join her gentleman on the track at the university. It was late at night, but there were still joggers puffing past. She says the runners "couldn't see us, because it was dark, but they would have had to be deaf not to hear us." She doesn't say whether or not her partner was a broad jumper.

SOMETHING'S BURNING: There was a night not long ago when a Florida lass sneaked her boyfriend into the dorm. "We were in the middle of an outrageous orgasm," she says, "when there was a fire drill." Everything turned out all right, though. Her boyfriend got out in time.

A 23-year-old LSU Tigress was staying with her Tiger in Baton Rouge's Prince Murat motel. During the latter stages of their encounter, the bed next to theirs caught fire. She took it as a sign from God, she reports, and wouldn't allow any more internal combustion.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY: Another young Florida woman reports having had sex with a man who, she found out later, was not who she thought he was. It hap-

pened between doses of Quaaludes, and she'll always remember it as a strange interlude.

Then there's the S.E.C. girl who got into a threesome with identical twins. She had trouble telling which was which, because they undressed the same way.

MULTIPLE CHOICE: Some Southeastern coeds are partial to threesomes. They have particularly enjoyed them in gas-station rest rooms, in fraternity hot tubs, in graveyards at night, with a friend and his wife, with a friend and his friend. One reports fourplay, with a friend and his friend and *his* friend. "Going to sleep with one partner and waking up with another, and having the sex be even better in the morning" is favored by one of our respondents.

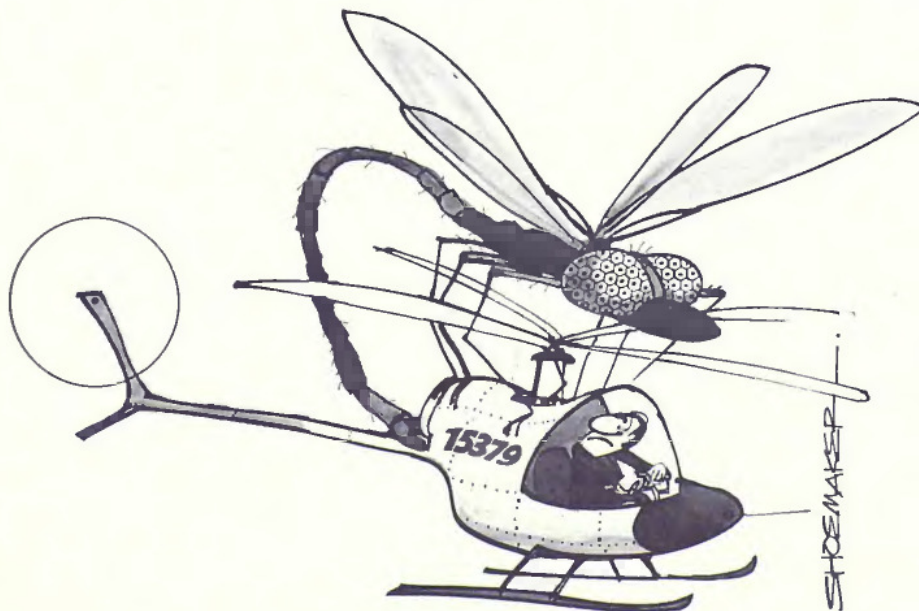
ODDS AND ENDS: One coed picks "sex with a group of both gay and straight men" as her most memorable evening. Another believes you can't beat a lesbian encounter. "Making it with one man while another watches" has rung a few belles, and being fellated in the front row at a Beach Boys concert stunned one S.E.C. lady's date, leaving him begging for an encore.

A Georgia Bulldog girl writes that her most *outré* experience was "sex in the aisle of an all-night grocery store. The chance of getting caught made it exciting."

Performing oral sex in a hot-air balloon over Cincinnati's River Downs and Riverfront Stadium was most elevating for yet another Florida miss; and being roped to a four-poster water bed was bound to be memorable for a Southeastern girl who's all tied up with bondage. "S/M is an interesting mix of pain and pleasure, fear and anger," she wrote.

DOPEY SEX AT DISNEY WORLD: By no means dwarfed by the others, this is our personal favorite. An LSU lady tells us she "got horny smoking marijuana" while she and her partner were at Disney World in Orlando. They must have gotten bored with Cinderella's Castle and the Hall of Presidents, because they bought tickets for the monorail and made love on the ride across the park. And that, as they say in the South, sounds like a rail good time.

That's the last reel of our picture show. We hope you cotton to the girls of the sunny Southeast, who prove that the American beauty still flowers from Knoxville to Gainesville, from Athens to Auburn. If you've been planning to spend some time below the Mason-Dixon line but are afraid you've missed out on all the sexual adventures our rebelrousers have been telling us about, don't worry. We have it on the best authority that the South shall writhe again.





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KINDEST CUTS

(continued from page 115)

"Beards and mustaches can accent a man's best features and camouflage his weaknesses."

shaving is better than the other, except for those with problem skins that demand electric razors. Most men's wet-shaving ritual begins with water. Good old H₂O is still the key to a close, comfortable shave, as beard hairs are easiest to cut when they are softened and cleaned by scrubbing with warm water.

After a splash of cold water to close the pores and tighten the skin, next come the shaving creams, gels, foams, lathers and soaps. No matter what product you use, match it to your skin type. Dry skin requires a lubricant rich in oils and emollients without a high soap content. Oily skin requires a product low in oil and high in soap. Almost all shaving foams and lathers are a mix of four basic ingredients: soap, humectant (moisture agent), oil and scented or unscented emollient. Pick the product that's right for you.

Razor technology has gone far beyond the days of a straight razor that needed to be constantly resharpened. It was King Gillette who revolutionized shaving in 1903, when he introduced the safety

razor with a disposable blade. Since then, other companies have joined in the shaving market: Schick, Wilkinson, American Safety Razor and Bic. And with technological advances, the razor market continues to change.

Having washed your face, splashed on cold water, applied shaving cream and picked a razor, only the act of shaving remains. Allow the shaving cream to settle into your skin for 30 seconds. Then rinse the blade in warm water. (Hot water is dangerous, since it expands the metal blade and can cause a warped, irregular cutting edge.) Start shaving the side of your face while the shaving cream continues to soften the denser beard growth around your chin and lips. Shave down with the grain of your beard. The razor should be kept free of shaving cream and cut whiskers by rinsing after each stroke. Use your free hand to pull the skin tight for a close shave. After finishing the sides of the face, shave the area around your lips and chin. Finally, shave your neck area (remember, neck hairs tend to grow in more than one

direction). For the smoothest shave possible, relather and reshove, this time against the grain.

After shaving, your skin will be sensitive and dry. While many popular after-shaves refresh the skin with fragrance and a bracing sting, those products are heavy in alcohol and astringent content. If your skin is dry, try a product that replaces lost moisture. After-shave balms are rich in moisturizers and protect your skin from irritation. Many of them are also pleasingly scented, as well as medically therapeutic.

Electric shavers come in cord, cordless, rechargeable and battery-powered models that all work on the same mechanical principle: A thin metal screen directs whiskers to steel cutting blades beneath. The blade action is either pulsing or rotary. This electric-shaving technology began in the Fifties with the foil system. A thin, coated shaving foil covers the steel blades. Unlike wet shaving, electric shaving is most efficient when the hairs are dry and stiff, making for quick cuts. A softened and moistened beard would not penetrate the shaving foil, rather like wet grass under a lawn mower.

Not only are beards and mustaches clear signs of masculinity but they can, when well trimmed and cared for, accent a man's best features and camouflage his weaknesses. Of course, the decision to grow a beard or a mustache demands



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at least eight weeks of uncertainty as the beard grows in, often at different rates in different areas of the face. To minimize discomfort, keep your beard cleaned, shampooed and well rinsed to avoid skin eruptions or irritation.

When trimming and shaping your whiskers, start with a clean, dry, well-combed beard. Most men find it's necessary to shave those areas where a beard thins—the cheeks and neck. That also gives the beard a well-defined shape. A wild and untrimmed beard usually works against a man's features. Keep your beard trimmed in proportion to your hair length. A short haircut should be balanced with a short, well-trimmed and sculpted beard. An ultrasleek, short haircut may not survive the distraction of a full beard. Often, a thin mustache is best. On the other hand, longer hair usually looks better with a long beard.

Mustaches are often the key element to redefining a face. A problem nose (too long, too thin, too short, etc.) will fade when a well-defined, assertive mustache is grown. So, too, will a problem set of lips (thin upper lips, tight lips or full lower lips).

While mustaches define the relationship of the lips and the nose, beards change the basic profile of the face. A flabby chin can be transformed into a beard that creates a strong jawline. A thin or triangular chin can be widened with a beard, just as a short or rounded face can be lengthened. In both cases, the trick is to sculpt the beard into a shape that suggests a different bone structure below.

The final factor in deciding how to grow a beard and a mustache is the hairline. A low, full hairline looks best with a minimal amount of facial hair—perhaps just a mustache. A receding hairline often can be balanced with a carefully groomed beard and mustache. Rather than hide the receding hairline, the beard refocuses attention on the lower part of the face. A word of caution: Don't overcompensate for receding hair by growing a long beard. You'll want it short and very well groomed.

Aside from shampooing and trimming, keep your beard and mustache combed. Not only will that daily ritual keep your beard well groomed but it will force you to notice when it needs a trim. If you feel unsure of yourself, have a hair stylist or barber trim your beard. Watch how he does it, removing the tangles, combing the hair at a right angle to the face and then cutting a small amount. If you take on the task yourself, you may find magnifying mirrors, small combs, brushes and trimmers helpful.

Shaving and shaping your beard and mustache can be comfortable, with results that are flattering to your face and to your masculinity.



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Playboy Hotel and Casino (continued from page 162)

"There are 500 guest rooms in the Playboy Hotel and Casino, among them 56 corner suites."

however, hotel employees succeeded in snaring their feathered guest and returning it to its natural habitat. It wasn't charged for nesting past check-out time.

On the first casino level—the second floor of the hotel—you stop at Hef's for an afternoon cocktail. Smooth music. Soothing. That's what you're thinking as a statuesque Bunny takes your drink order. There are cocktail lounges on each casino floor, she tells you when she returns—the Cartoon Corner on the third level, the Playmate Bar on the second. "But I think this one is nicest," she confides. "For one thing, here at Hef's we have entertainment almost around the clock, from midafternoon into the middle of the night."

Right now, there's a four-piece combo backing a singer whose voice is like velvet. You lean back in your chair. Great place to relax. You're feeling expansive. (Doesn't hurt that you left the casino floor a few dollars ahead.)

"Do you want to have dinner in the Chat Noir?" you ask your companion.

The Chat Noir—named for one of the legendary Montmartre cafés that made Paris the place to be in the late 19th Century—is the most elegant of the four restaurants in Playboy's new hotel. The others are the Garden State Café, a 24-hour coffee shop; the Golden Steer, adjacent to the Chat Noir and specializing in steaks and seafood; and the top-floor Tahitian Room, which features Polynesian, Cantonese, Mandarin, Mongolian and Szechwan delicacies.

Your dinner reservation is at eight. Felix, the maître de, smiles a greeting and introduces your table captain. You sip at a Beefeater martini, up, with a twist; she savors a kir while you study the menu (a process that takes longer than usual as you get caught up in the history of the original Chat Noir). You consider Chateaubriand and Rack of Lamb for two but settle on the Medaillon de Veau, while she opts for Fresh Lobster in Champagne Sauce. You share an order of Escargots à la Dijonnaise—snails in an unusual sauce of herbed butter, white wine, cognac, shallots, parsley and mustard—followed by Seafood Bisque (for you) and chilled Cream of Water Cress Soup (for her). By the time you've finished your Water Cress and Mushroom

Salad and she her Hearts of Palm Vinaigrette, you're beginning to wonder if there's still room for the main course. Your entrees arrive and suddenly there's plenty of room. The veal is fork-tender, in a tangy cream sauce laced liberally with sliced morels. Mouth-watering. Your lady, praising her lobster, insists that you try a taste. It's terrific, too, especially with the bottle of Chassigné Montrachet you've chosen from an extensive wine list. You admit that the lobster grabs you.

You're generally able to resist a well-stocked French-pastry cart, but tonight

GETTING THERE

By car: 55 minutes from Philadelphia, two and a half hours from New York, four from Washington. Excellent highways. Parking space for 500 cars at Playboy.

By air: Allegheny Commuter and USAir to Bader Field, in-town airport. Wheeler Airlines to NAFEC airport, ten miles west.

By scheduled bus: Express, air-conditioned coaches from New York 23 times daily, from Philadelphia 38 times daily.

By charter bus: Playboy operates 45 luxury coaches a day from Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and northern New Jersey.

By charter flight: Playboy schedules jet flights from 50 Eastern cities and charters helicopter flights from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. For information, call Ralph Delligatti, Director of Casino Marketing, toll-free, at 800-257-8644.

is an exception. You fall for a Chocolate Torte, she for Soufflé Rothschild with marinated fruit and strawberry sauce. Then coffee and cognac. You're full now, and satisfied.

Leo Kessler, Playboy's Swiss-born Executive Chef, delights in innovation. "If I were to copy another restaurant, I might as well just go work in a bank and count money for a living," he shrugs. His most inventive creations are served in the Chat Noir, but one sees a certain panache even in the coffee-shop sandwiches. We weren't surprised to learn that Kessler had won five grand

prizes in National Restaurant Association competition.

There's still time to catch the 11:30 show in the Cabaret over in the theater building; you pause and pump a few quarters into slot machines on the way. You strike out, but she quickly scoops up a shower of 20 coins.

You've heard that the "Playboy Fantasy" show has a little of everything: dancing girls, singers, even a glowering Bengal tiger. But you weren't prepared for two motorcycle stunt men racing around inside a giant steel-mesh ball.

Playboy Fantasy is directed by Peter Jackson, who has been producing New York revues (most recently, the hit Kicks at the Rainbow Grill) since 1973. Besides 50 Bunnies, it features a cast of 36 singers and dancers dressed in \$250,000 worth of Parisian costumes, all showcased in the best-equipped theater in town.

Back to your room, which you've hardly had time to notice. The maid has turned down the covers; few beds ever looked so inviting.

There are 500 guest rooms in the Playboy Hotel and Casino, among them 56 corner and six V.I.P. suites. The last, each named for a Playboy Club or Resort city, are all on the 21st floor and are cared for by their own concierge.

The sun streams through your windows, reflecting off ripples in the Atlantic below. There's not a cloud in the sky. A few sun bathers are already out on the beach; some surfers, too. It's going to be a casual, comfortable day.

You noted the night before that the hotel offers 24-hour room service, so you decide to indulge with breakfast in bed, including—why not?—champagne. It arrives almost before you've settled back into bed. On the cart, a copy of the local paper and a fresh carnation.

"It should never take more than ten or 15 minutes to get a Continental breakfast to any room in the hotel," says Food and Beverage Director Otto Svensson, a native of West Germany and a veteran of service in the Omni hotel chain. "Something more complicated—eggs Benedict, say—might take half an hour. We don't believe in keeping people waiting."

Stretch. You feel wonderful. You grab a robe, swim trunks, gym shorts and head for the 22nd-floor health club; she goes along, eager for a massage and a dip in the Jacuzzi. You try out the exercise equipment: new stuff this, the CAM pneumatic gear you've heard about. A blond fellow with a mustache, who introduces himself as Health Club

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HASTE VS TASTE



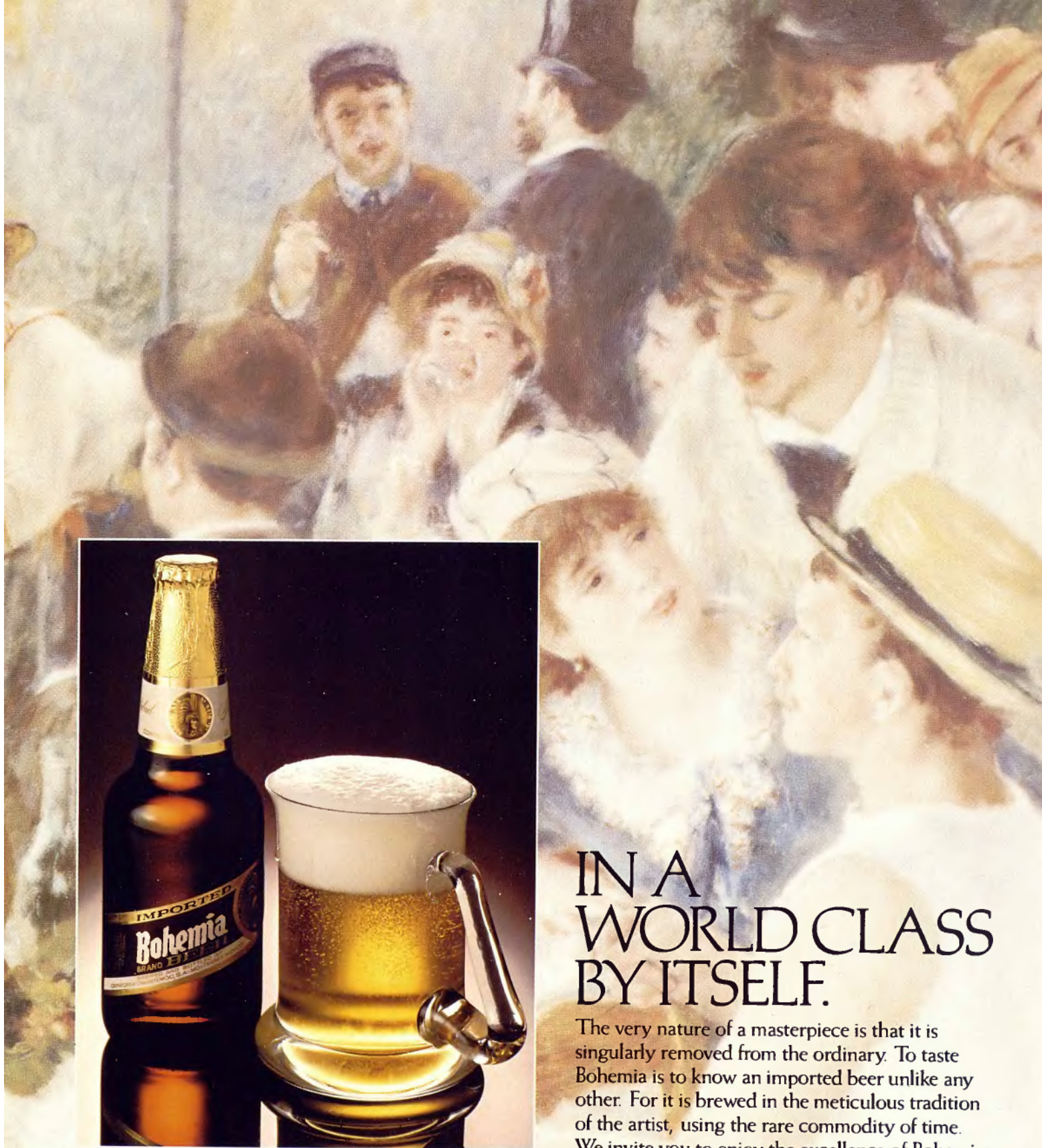
Take a cigarette from your regular pack, and light up. You can't get much faster than that.

Now, settle back with DRUM. Smell the rich imported tobacco. Roll it up in the slow, even burning DRUM paper. Then relax to the surprisingly mild taste. You can get 40 flavorful DRUM smokes for the price of 20 regular ones.

Of course, your regular cigarette is fine when you're in a hurry. But as the saying goes, if you've got the time...

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Director Bill Burton, shows you how to use it. "This is the latest in exercise equipment," he says. "We think its pneumatic resistance is superior to that of systems that use weights, because it's never jerky."

You try it, and like it. You work up an invigorating sweat in the sauna, then join your lady for a swim. The pool area is landscaped with palm trees; it overlooks the Tahitian Room and its stylized golden palms. You feel as if you're on Maui. This, you tell yourself almost aloud, is the life.

The health club offers individual steam and massage rooms for men and women, plus a coed sauna; poolside diners are served during health-club hours from the Tahitian Room bar.

Back to the casino, second level this time. Someone's got a streak going at one of the craps tables. You back him for a while, then move to a blackjack table. Your companion decides to go down to the London Arcade for a shopping promenade.

In the cobblestoned arcade, on the Boardwalk level of the theater building, are the offerings of a tobacconist, a florist, a hairdresser, Fleet Street Sweets and Victoria's Ice Cream Parlor. Over in the tower, the Playboy Gift Shop and Juliette Jewelry gleam with gifts.

At lunch in the Garden State Café, the two men at the next table seem to be making plans for a convention.

"Looks to me like this hotel has the edge," one of the businessmen says to the other. "Right next door to Convention Hall: You can't beat it."

There was a time when Atlantic City was called the queen of resorts. Today, the city fathers are betting on expanded hotel space and revitalized convention facilities, as much as on casino gambling, to spark the renaissance they envision for their town.

"We certainly didn't commit the kind of money that we have put in here for any kind of short-term advantage," Hugh Hefner told reporters at a press conference during the grand opening of the hotel. "The real intention, for all concerned, is to build this community, turn it into a really viable convention city, which will in turn attract business to the casinos and to the city."

The Playboy property—a joint venture between Playboy Enterprises and the Elsinore Corporation—contains 26,342 square feet of meeting-room space, including a grand ballroom that seats 1600 persons theater style or 1000 persons for dinner; the Ventnor and Margate suites, divisible into five and four smaller rooms, respectively; the VIP Room, executive conference room

complete with wet bar; and, of course, the Playboy Cabaret, with its unparalleled stage facilities, where 1000 can be seated for cocktails and 800 for dinner.

Svensson believes Playboy's facilities for such events are "the finest in the city. We can offer theme parties, receptions or a variety of dinners with menus ranging from \$13 to \$30 per person. If you want to have something special, we can design it for you; tell us your budget—or, for that matter, tell us what you need at no budget—and we'll be able to do it for anywhere from 20 to 1000 people."

Playboy's commitment to Atlantic City, as outlined by Managing Director Jean-Pierre Delanney, also involves support of sports and the arts. The first major cultural event sponsored by the Hotel and Casino was Beverly Sills's appearance as narrator of the New York City Opera's presentation of Verdi's *La Traviata* last May. A benefit, black-tie, \$200-per-couple gala at Playboy followed the performance.

The biggest sports event to date took place in July—the running of the Playboy Jersey Derby, the first casino-sponsored horse race ever in America. The Jersey Derby, last run in 1977, was once the state's most famous thoroughbred race; Playboy breathed life back into a dead horse by putting up \$100,000 of the race's \$150,000 stake.

One thing you overheard the convention planners talking about was local

tourist attractions. You knew about the Boardwalk, of course, but what else does this part of New Jersey have to offer?

You check with the concierge, and she outlines a good week's worth of possibilities: the Towne of Historic Smithville, a quaint settlement of more than 65 authentic old structures, plus new restaurants and shops; a pair of wineries that welcome tourists; an excursion to the Victorian seaside town of Cape May, an hour's drive south; or, right at the north end of the island on which Atlantic City sits, Historic Gardner's Basin, site of a maritime village where you can go for a sail on the 130-foot brigantine *Young America*, largest American square-rigged vessel in use.

You'd been planning to spend only a couple of days at Playboy in Atlantic City. Obviously, that's not going to be enough. You cancel those hotel reservations you'd made in Baltimore, walk up to the front-desk clerk and tell him you'd like to stay three more nights.

He smiles, genuinely glad you like his place.

You stride back into the casino and glance over all the gaming tables and gleaming slot machines. The waves roll and break just on the other side of the windows. Will three days be enough?

For reservations at Playboy Hotel and Casino, Atlantic City, see your travel agent, write or call toll-free, 800-621-1116.



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"We are not retreating into innocence but relearning the knack of making poetry out of our appetites."

the only ones who were beginning to miss it. Women, too, re-emerging from the pious self-absorption of the wartime years, were starting to realize that something precious—if at times impossible—in the male nature had been driven into hiding. The *macho* guy had been banished, and perhaps his exile had been necessary to give women a chance to flex *their* muscles, to give men a taste of the emotional depths, to establish a new sort of balance; but maybe now it was time to welcome him back—not in his earlier blustering form, to be sure, but in a wiser, trimmer shape: as a man who respected women but would not pander to them; who was capable of desire without apology and without the need to explain; who was equal to the demands of courtship and pursuit; and who, most of all, reveled in his maleness in such a way as to remind a woman that equality was not the same as sameness and that, ultimately, it was their differences that constituted men's and women's greatest promise for one another.

Women, almost in spite of themselves, had been growing hungry for that sort of man. Now they were ready to receive him, because now they had grown strong enough to deal with him. The stage for *détente* was set.

And that is where the benefit of hindsight ends, because the terms of the *détente* are being debated and defined even at this moment. The ground rules are being discussed in thousands of candlelit conversations, the new tone is being set by an emotional consensus based on millions of instances of eye contact, casual hellos, chance meetings and meetings not by chance at all. Every time a man and a woman reach a private understanding, another clause is added to the treaty. Still, the general shape of the accord can already be inferred: it's possible to make some educated, if scattered, guesses as to what the era of *détente* will offer.

For one thing, it will offer the return of romance. Remember romance? If you came of age in the Sixties or Seventies, chances are you've only read about it or seen it in the movies, because there wasn't much of the genuine article around in the past 20 years. Romance was one of the greatest casualties of the wartime era: the Sixties were too ponderously sincere for it and the Seventies were too cautious. In those days, people "saw each other," "had relationships"—there were all sorts of catch phrases that

diplomatically skirted the issue of real involvement and whose net effect was to keep the exit door wide open. Men and women weren't taking any more or bigger chances than they had to; they were on guard against being too passionately drawn into the game.

And romance is, of course, a game—a headlong and exalted form of play, a hand-rubbing conspiracy between two people who've agreed to strap themselves into the same spaceship and risk it all. Clearly, you can take a ride like that only with someone who's going your way, and in the wartime years—when the dominant image was of a woman walking alone into the sunset while her man paced circles around her absence—the sexes had lost the sense of a common destination. In the golden age of romance—the days of Fred and Ginger, of top hats, evening gowns and bursts into song—men and women *knew* they were dancing down the selfsame road, the longed-for culmination of which was the suburban cottage, the steady job for the husband, the 2.7 kiddies for the wife. These days the options are dramatically broader and more equitably distributed, but the significant point is this: that whatever option a person chooses—a career, a marriage, children, all or none of the above—he or she can again believe that there is *someone* out there who wants the same things and is willing to share the quest. And this returning faith—a central precept of the era of *détente*—is enabling men and women to play at romance again, to go for the big one, to pull out the stops and fall in love.

A delicious paradox enters the equation here: Falling in love is far more serious, far more hazardous, than seeing someone or having a relationship; and because it is, it is also a lot more fun. In contrast to the matter-of-fact couplings of the recent past—when men and women tended to fall into bed at the first opportunity or not at all, and in either case the adventure was over almost before it started—romance is an exquisite tease. Since the stakes are high, the game must be played deliberately; the result is that desire is maximized, longing is taken to the limit and even the smallest gestures become invested with an awesome weight of emotional and physical significance. In the era of *détente*, men and women are rediscovering the silly excitement of dressing to please each other. Couples are again squirming with the near-Hitchcockian suspense of waiting for a kiss

good night. Men are realizing anew what a wild and intimate privilege it is to help a lady on with her coat, to sense her arms sliding down through sleeves, to bring the collar to rest against the bare nape of her neck. . . . In short, the coming of the new accord has enabled men and women to revel again in the trillion sexy intricacies of the mating dance, and to understand that more, perhaps, is lost than gained when short cuts to satiety are taken.

The era of *détente*, then, is shaping up as exceedingly sensuous but, in contrast to the recent past, neither bawdy nor promiscuous. Certain features of the sexual revolution have been adopted into its ethos, while other, more sophomoric or desperate elements have been discarded. The ultimately anti-erotic obsession with orgasm seems finally to have died a writhing and spasmodic death, and the notion of the "zipless fuck" has been recognized as an almost virginal misinterpretation of how passion operates. The central message of the sexual awakening, though—that we are creatures of desire, driven in part by glandular imperatives—has stayed with us; we are not retreating into a pretended innocence but relearning the life-enhancing knack of making poetry out of our appetites.

It took the shock and tumult of the Sixties to chip away our inhibitions so that we could truly enjoy ourselves, and it required the cool decade of the Seventies to give us time to recognize that enjoying *ourselves* was not the object. Enjoying *each other* is the idea, after all, and one hopes that the returning lyricism of the era of *détente* will reconnect the notions of pleasure and partner.

Do you recall from your youth that brave and stirring phrase "going all the way"? Can you remember the giddy, head-swimming invigoration the idea carried with it? Well, the phrase, in its original meaning, isn't quite the battle cry it was, having been robbed of its momentousness by changing times and our own maturing. Those same words, though, are now taking on a new definition—and that is one that can never lose its zing, simply because there's nothing beyond it, no place further to go. In the era of *détente*, going all the way means walking the aisle, taking the vows, fumbling with the ring while some guy plays the organ. Going all the way means getting married.

To say that matrimony is making a comeback is both an understatement and a misreading of the facts. We are in the midst of enthusiasm for the institution that is little short of born-again intensity; but if we think that, as a society, that enthusiasm marks a dramatic turnaround from the attitude of the past decade, we're wrong. Although it's surely pointless to rehash all the nasty

things that were said about marriage during the wartime years, it is worth recalling that the bulk of the accusations came from six novels, eight movies and the testimony of a handful of frustrated suburban matrons (probably lousy dancers anyway) who went on daytime television to testify that their lives had plummeted into mediocrity the instant they dropped out of ballet school to elope. In short, the down-on-marriage movement, while virulent, was hardly of the grass-roots variety.

The fears it expressed, however, were real enough. That marriage *could* be a trap was worth acknowledging. That a family *could* serve—especially, but not exclusively, for women—as an excuse for falling short of a well-rounded life was a sad truth not difficult to illustrate.

That it didn't *have* to be that way, though, was a stubborn faith that never stopped simmering in most of us and that, in the era of *détente*, has boiled over into a new resolve. A psychologist friend of mine frames an interesting paradox: Marriage today, she says, can be better than ever, because it is more acceptable than ever *not* to be married. You can live with someone, you can live

alone. Sex is available and either gender can earn a living. When people *do* decide to marry, it's not because they're cornered by a lack of options; it's because they *want* to, because they're ready. And being ready, they're determined not to blow it. They put on a fierce vigilance that simply won't allow the creeping in of resentments or unfairness—the things that make the pieces come unstuck. They have as clear an idea as human beings ever have of what they want, and an even sharper, saving sense of what they won't abide.

Marriage, then, is becoming anything but the passive choice, the way of life that people just fall into. Rather, it's presenting itself as the option for which men and women reach in the fullness of their spirits. Marriage is an energetic enterprise, the pitting of one man's and one woman's strength against such universal enemies as boredom, temptation, death and taxes, and it can work only—or let's say it works best—when each partner believes that the other is strong and resolute enough to carry on his or her half of the battle.

For a time, it was difficult for men and women to trust one another about

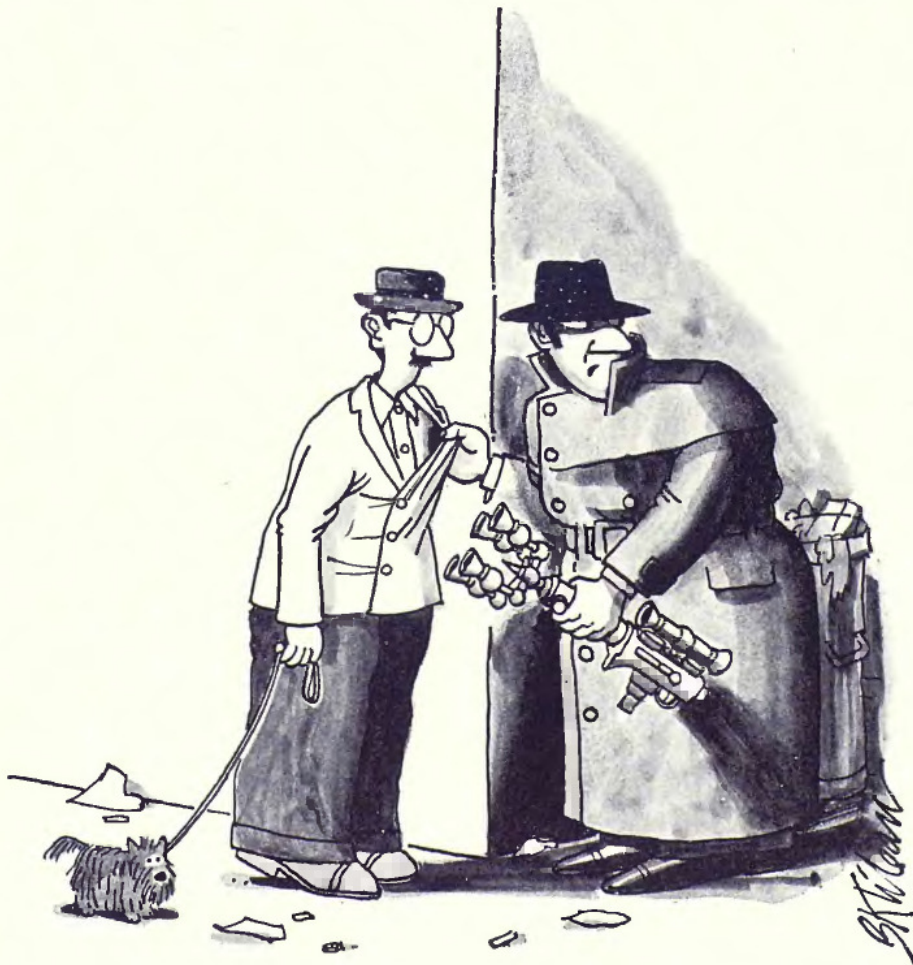
that. In the era of *détente*, they are beginning to again.

So, then, here we are, on the cusp of what promises to be an epoch of adventurous amity and mutual regard between the sexes. There remains just one indelicate but unshirkable question: Are we sure we're not kidding ourselves about all this? Will this cheery assessment of where we stand look profoundly foolish in a decade, in six months—next week? Every age likes to think of itself as more enlightened than all previous ages, but hindsight shows that that has seldom been the case. (What are they going to slam *us* about?) Sceptics may harrumph the very notion of progress in relations between the sexes and may suggest that we are doing nothing but taking another swing along that eternal continuum that runs from can't live with 'em to can't live without 'em. And maybe they're right. Aside from some alterations in vocabulary, a swing back to clothing that respects differences in gender and a spate of love stories at the movies, has anything really changed?

Yes, goddamn it, it has. Think back a dozen years or so. Recall the traumatic incursions by women into the sacred precincts of business; the monstrous awkwardness of it, the wave of panic that swept the ranks of male execs. Remember the bafflement and even—sophisticates though we fancy ourselves—the *embarrassment* of the early, angry discussion of female sexuality, the women's defiant needs and the men's reluctant admissions. Remember the high-minded and absurd simpleness of the labels we stuck on each other. Chauvinist pig, right-on woman—how naïve, archaic and obsolete those phrases already sound. Even at this scant remove, it seems remarkable how little we understood about one another then, how little inclined we were to give one another the benefit of the doubt.

We had a lot to wrestle with, a lot to convince one another of and a lot to reassure ourselves about. That's what the war was for, and it accomplished at least a significant part of what needed doing. Some things *have* changed. The present peace has been hard-won.

Still, it is a fragile peace. Even in the chummiest of times, men and women are not the sort of allies who figure ever to unstock their arsenals. They need one another too much to disarm, to allow the specter of complacency to suck the savor out of things. No, the scenario of *détente* still includes an element of tension—a salubrious tension that keeps the mind alert, the senses keen and the spirit attuned to the intriguing and finally inscrutable character of one's counterpart.



"For God's sake, man! Don't ask any questions! Take this and stick it up your ass!"

“‘Maud and I did more exploring of each other than of the material, in terms of a relationship.’”

runner (lately doing 45–50 miles per week). He used to teach acting, a craft he practices with total concentration and with that hypnotic intensity that became his trademark in the neurotic, weirdo or redneck roles he used to play before Hollywood discovered he could be a certified sex object to hordes of women. Although Dern didn't want to give away too much of the plot of *Tattoo*, he admitted having had misgivings that the character he portrays—a tattoo artist who becomes romantically obsessed with a famous model and spirits her away to his beach house—might be viewed as a throwback to those psycho parts. “I was worried about it. I didn't want the Bruce Dern of *Black Sunday* to reappear in *Tattoo*. But Joe Levine didn't want that, either. This is not the study of a psycho. In this movie, through a character, I feel there is more of the real soul of Bruce Dern than in any role I've ever played. This is a most honest love story, the serious exploration of a relationship.”

The casting of Maud, Dern confid-

ed, was a combination of flukes. “Actually, they offered the role to Nastassja Kinski, but she didn't want to do it. We had to find a girl I could literally fall in love with, be obsessed with, someone I could give everything to. It was my secretary, Donna, who saw Maud on *The Tonight Show* and said, ‘You ought to take a look, she'd be right for the part.’ Three hours earlier, as it happened, our director, Bob Brooks, had seen the same show in New York and asked who that girl was. They flew her out for an interview the next day.”

During the first two weeks of rehearsal, Dern continued, “Maud and I did more exploring of each other than of the material, in terms of a relationship. ‘I'm not interested in *fucking* you,’ I told her, ‘because I have a wife, Andrea, the lovely lady you had dinner with last night. She's here, she goes on all locations with me. But for me, the purest kind of acting is to be publicly private. In order to do that,’ I told Maud, ‘I'm going to have to be totally *naked* mentally and physi-

cally—and you're going to have to be mentally and physically naked, too, in front of 60 people on the crew who are going to be embarrassed by what you're doing. Unless you're ready for that, you won't be happy with this role.’

“So now, when some guy asks me, *Well, did you fuck her?*, I always say that what you see in the movie is what you get. There's no question that my penis was around her erogenous zone . . . and was not in a limber state. At the same time, remember, you have to do take two, then takes three and four. Nothing was going on between us outside the movie, yet Maud and I loved each other, and what you see in that final scene is real, legitimate lovemaking. I mean, that's as good a piece of ass as I'll ever be—in that scene. That's *it*. I've always felt there are pieces of me left in films that I never get back somehow. And I probably left more in *Tattoo*, particularly in that bedroom, than in any other film. I poured my guts out and the camera caught it, and if they say that's shit, then *I'm fucked*, because I don't have any more than that to give.”

Dern predicts that, besides stirring controversy, the movie may launch a fad for temporary skin tattoos. “You know, Levine and his two make-up men have patented the process they used on us. So you can have a tattoo effect just

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AUG '78	Vicki Witt	Ted Turner	Secretaries Pictorial	APR '80	Liz Glazowski	Linda Ronstadt	Women of the Armed Forces
SEP '78	Rosanne Katon	Sylvester Stallone	Girls of the Pac 10	MAY '80	Martha Thomsen	Gay Talese	Stewardesses
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AUG '79	Dorothy Stratten	Edward Teller	Candy Loving's Back	FEB '81	Vicki Lasseter	Tom Snyder	Playmate Roommates
SEP '79	Vicki McCarty	Pete Rose	Women of Ivy League	MAR '81	Kymberly Herrin	James Garner	Twins
OCT '79	Ursula Buchfellner	Burt Reynolds	Bunnies of '79	APR '81	Lorraine Michaels	Ed Asner	Rita Jenrette
NOV '79	Sylvie Garant	Masters & Johnson	Condominium Conspiracy	MAY '81	Gina Goldberg	Elisabeth Kübler-Ross	Uncrowned Miss World
DEC '79	Candace Collins	Al Pacino	Raquel Welch	JUNE '81	Cathy Larmouth	Steve Garvey	Playmate of the Year
JAN '80	Gig Gangel	Steve Martin	NFL's Sexiest Cheerleaders	JULY '81	Heidi Sorenson	Robert Garwood	Jayne Kennedy
FEB '80	Sandra Cagle	Patrick Caddell	Suzanne Somers	AUG '81	Debbie Boostrom	George Gilder	Valerie Perrine

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"Ah! Finally noticed us, eh?"

for an evening. Actually, it stays on from 48 to 72 hours."

Does it stay on when you make love? was my inevitable next question.

Dern smiled his crooked smile. "Well, it did in the movie."

Full of praise for his co-star as far more than a flickering partner in passion, Bruce ventured that *Tattoo* would establish Maud's dramatic credentials light-years beyond what the public has been conditioned to expect of a model. "There's a moment when she gets out of bed and goes to the closet to look for her clothes and turns and sees herself in a mirror, and moves to the mirror and starts to rub off the tattoo on her body . . . and that reaction of Maud's, that whole scene, is as incredibly pure a piece of work by an actor as any I've ever seen." And that's from a man who once taught acting classes attended by Ellen Burstyn and her ilk.

From Dern's provocative description, Maud's second heaviest day was a masturbation scene she began on camera and had to continue after the action cut to Dern outside the bedroom door. "I told her, 'You must do it, Maud, for your own sake . . . you must really do it, without your robe on, so I can see. And I promise no one else will see what you do,' and no one did. Because the camera is outside shooting me, a strange shot, watching her through a little peephole. What makes the scene work is that I'm almost ashamed while I'm asking her

to do it, but the compulsiveness of the character makes him keep on. Then she opens the door, and I'm a basket case, and she goes into another rage—"

By the time I caught up with Maud at her house nestled in one of the Hollywood canyons, she was no longer angry with Dern, only wary and bemused by his loose-lipped lack of restraint. "First, I just blew my stack. I was furious," she said, blue eyes brightening as she poured me a vodka and lounged stylishly in a natural-cotton jump suit. Uh, well, a girl like Maud might make a guy feel reckless.

"We've talked about it, and I forgive him," she continued. "Bruce has a tendency to get carried away . . . with words. I think he also wanted to come on in those interviews, for fun, as a kind of *macho* man. When he speaks of physical consummation during our love scene, readers are set up to believe there's actual penetration taking place. That is what people are left thinking, that we're actually making it—"

Maud softened a little. "Even if we were, wouldn't it have been better left unsaid? I felt very hurt, because I had gained such respect for Bruce in the course of the film, as the most consummate actor I'd ever seen. I also loved him as a person and thought he was such a sensitive, vulnerable man. But I think when he starts working on any project, he loses Bruce Dern and be-

comes the character he's playing. That was very evident about halfway through the movie.

"The same thing happened to me, in a sense, big emotional revelations about myself, almost like psychoanalysis. I felt violated at times. Before that, I'd done love scenes with some nudity, innocent scenes underneath the sheets. I would always insist the nudity be kept to a minimum; I felt very uptight. I'm not against it on principle. Growing up as I did, however, being supershy, with a puritanical kind of background, it was very hard for me to relate to sex in a public, open manner. The way I was raised, that's a topic to be kept behind closed doors."

She was raised in a subarctic Swedish town called Lulea, but good genes and that viking bone structure made it more or less inevitable that Maud would not wind up herding reindeer. She was scarcely into her teens—a tall, skinny tomboy on the verge of jailbait, preferring *Lady Chatterley's Lover* to dull textbooks—when she overheard her mother, watching Maud basking in the sun, say, "My God, this girl is going to be something!" Which clearly implied something for the boys. Determined to derail such prophecies, Maud's strict father wouldn't let her have boyfriends or even go to school dances. "Yet I managed to keep somebody on the side," she acknowledges, "a Hungarian refugee, with dark curly hair . . . he was my first lover."

Flash forward to Stockholm, where Maud became a successful model, then moved in with and ultimately married graphic artist-photographer Roy Adams, an Englishman who stayed with her while she conquered the Everests of high fashion in Paris and New York. Her first and only marriage, long since dissolved, is hardly one of Maud's favorite topics. She would rather discuss the films she has done, the Bond flick or *Rollerball* with James Caan, or her uncharacteristic role as a plain, plucky Belgian-Jewish woman in *Playing for Time*, last year's controversial television drama with Vanessa Redgrave. She may even relish telling you about movies she *didn't* make, such as *The Pink Panther Strikes Again*. Replaced by Lesley-Anne Down, Maud was peremptorily fired—either because she balked at what seemed a gratuitous nude scene or because of the bad vibes set off following a strange, celibate weekend in Paris with the late Peter Sellers. But that's another story.

Three years ago, Maud irrevocably left Lip Quencher behind to fight for unqualified recognition as an actress. After a year of virtual solitude at an old farmhouse she owned in Connecticut, she went West to stay, with time out for a couple of bread-and-butter film jobs abroad. "The parts I got were not terrific, mainly episodic TV work. And



"For all night? Hmmmm—for all night, I'll make it solid mahogany with colonial bronze trim and paisley satin interior. . . ."

because I still had a trace of accent, I'd generally be playing villainous women, Russian spies, that kind of thing. I studied acting, too, and started getting better, getting good feedback from the studios and casting agents."

She also hit the TV talk-show circuit, though she confesses she has to stifle a yawn when interviewers start to grill her as a golden, free-spirited Scandinavian sex goddess. "If you're Swedish, they think you must be very free regarding sex. It's all so ridiculous. Most of my life, I've been quite monogamous. Yet I consider myself liberated, and I *do* feel that Swedish women have a certain naturalness that allows them to regard life, sex, everything in a very normal, healthy way. We're open, I guess. But I'm old-fashioned, too. There are *no* rules about love. People like Merv Griffin always treat me like a sex expert and ask questions about the differences between European and American men. I just shrug. That doesn't seem to me a serious subject. Merv will say, 'How come you're not living with your boyfriend?' As if that's the truly normal and correct thing to do nowadays. He seemed quite shocked once when I told him I've discovered the best way is: Don't live with the man you love and don't love the man you live with."

Don't believe a word of it. Maud was aglow when she flew East for photo sessions several weeks after our encounter in California. She had just broken off a three-year relationship that seemed beyond repair and was excitedly considering moving in with a celebrated plastic surgeon she had met and mesmerized on the run. "I love romance," she said, all but purring. "I love romantic men. I love surprises, but not *gifts* per se. . . . I mean a thought. Simple, wonderful things like a flower at your bedside table."

She also loves simple things like yoga, tennis, sunshine, picking lingonberries and blueberries in the woods of Sweden in fall, when the air is cool, the skies bright and clear. Lest we forget, however, having the top spot in a major new movie can turn a girl's head as well as touch her heart. "It's been a really good climb," Maud notes, "and all of a sudden, being billed above the title as leading lady puts you in a different category. There are lots of people out there, and you're competing with the heavyweights, Faye Dunaway or whoever. That's exciting. I feel so good about everything right now."

Because Maud is obviously in mint condition, the plastic surgeon can relax and enjoy her as she is. *Tattoo* and Bruce Dern, however, may change the complexion of her future in more ways than one.



If you'd like to know how these boys can get charcoal by burning hard maple wood, drop us a line.

BATEMAN, BURNS AND BRANCH sound like Philadelphia lawyers. Actually, they're rickers from Tennessee.

There aren't many men who can take a rick of hard maple wood and burn it into tiny pieces of charcoal. But these three gentlemen can. And, after the charcoal is packed into big vats, we gentle our whiskey down through it. If you're wondering what accounts for Jack Daniel's smoothness, give the credit to this charcoal. But don't overlook a trio of rickers—named Bateman, Burns and Branch.



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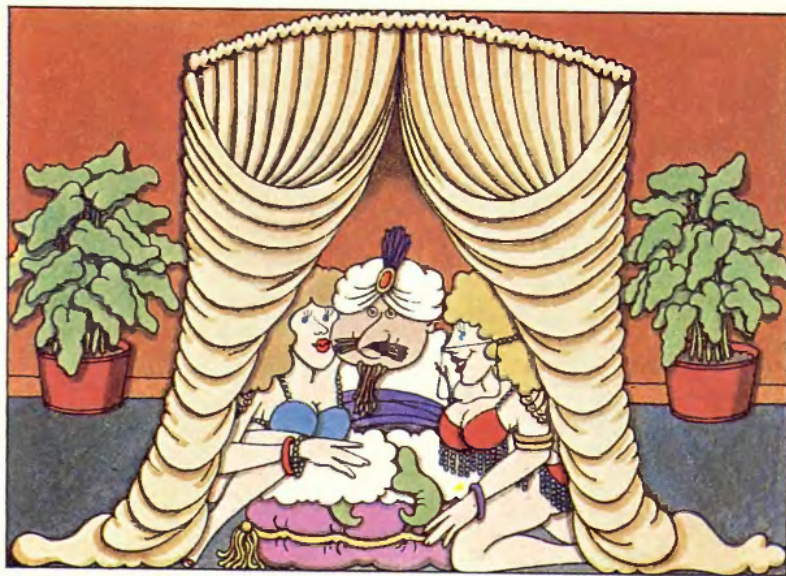
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



THE WITCHING HOUR

You've got to see Wanda the Witch to believe her; one minute she's a blank mannequin head, the next she's a talking and shrieking 3-D face that's so realistic timid souls have fled her evil orbs faster than you can say eye of newt. Audio Visual Mannequins, 540 North Lake Shore Drive, Suite 305, Chicago, Illinois 60611, sells Wanda for \$2900 complete, including projection equipment, and rents her for \$450 per month. They'll even do a 3-D mannequin of your mug for a mere \$6500.



NEW VEIL UNVEILED

In June 1979, we featured a huge Mombasa mosquito net that resembled a prop from a Jon Hall jungle flick. Now the same company, Yungjohann Hillman, Inc., 1350 Manufacturing, Suite 221, Dallas, Texas 75207, has created a Mombasa Privacy Veil—50 yards of nylon fabric (with all attachments) that, for \$150, converts your mundane old Hollywood mattress into something right out of the Sheik of Araby. If you don't get lucky with this in your boudoir, get thee to a monastery.

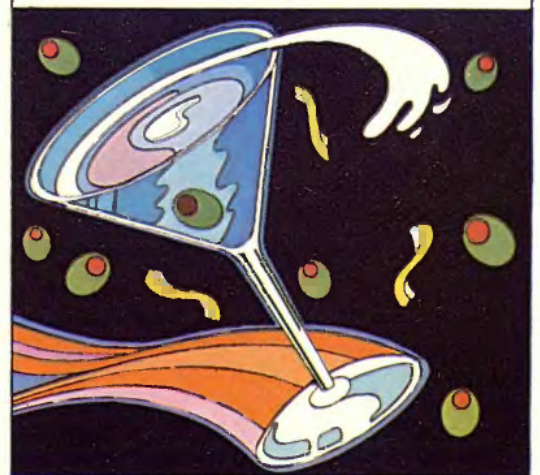
SOCCER SEES THE LIGHT

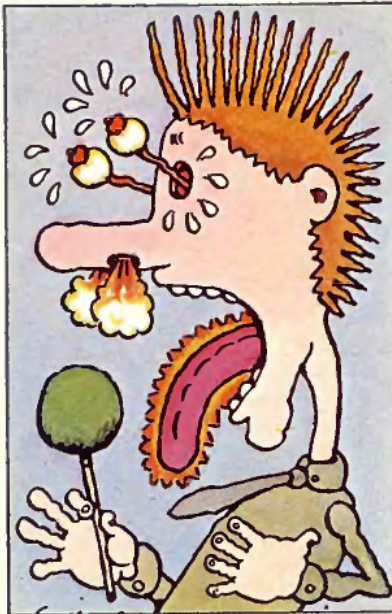
Soccer may not replace baseball as the national pastime, but it is a kick—especially when you play it as a night game. To help you see the light, Soccer International Inc., P.O. Box 7222, Dept. GWL, Arlington, Virginia 22207, has come out with a durable molded-vinyl soccer ball that's internally lit by a removable light stick. The ball costs \$19.50, including postage and two light sticks. And after the game, you can use it as a night light.



THE GINNING OF THE WEST

Bernard DeVoto called it the "supreme American gift to world culture." H. L. Mencken maintained it was "the only American invention as perfect as a sonnet." The martini is now immortalized in *The Silver Bullet: The Martini in American Civilization*—a 149-page paean to the king of potables available from Greenwood Press, 88 Post Road West, Westport, Connecticut 06881, for \$19.95, postpaid. Cheers!





HOT LICKS

There are lots of candies on the market that could be described as mouth-watering, but the Jalapeno Lollipops being sold by K. V. Associates, 9707 Richmond, Dept. 76, Houston, Texas 77042, are the first confections we've come across that are eye-watering, too. And if you can't believe that these little devils are potent enough to bring tears to the eyes of even the most hardened hot-food freak, just send \$11 for 40 pops and find out for yourself. This Halloween, how about a fiery pop for that window-soaping trick-or-treater?

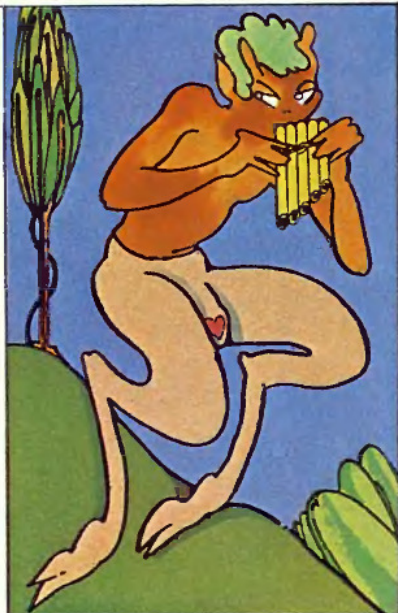


BAR AND BRIEFCASE ARE OPEN

Just peddled 10,000 shares in a hockey-puck mine? Sold your ocean-view condo in Boise, Idaho? You can celebrate deals big and small if you've taken along a Tote-a-Toast—a standard American Tourister attaché case that the Tote-a-Toast Company (1019 Crowley Road, Arlington, Texas 76012) has customized to hold three bottles and automatically dispense a predetermined amount of liquor. The price? Just \$300. Drink up!

UPPING PANTY ANTE

We all know that panty hose help keep a girl's lower extremities nice and toasty, while guys have to pull on long johns to achieve the same effect. Well, girls, for that very special man in your life, P. S. Brown, P.O. Box 648, Mount Grove, Missouri 65711, has created Three-Legged Panty Hose—a five-dollar stretch stocking that will come in handy when your guy is freezing his behind off at a football game. And there's even a money-back guarantee, provided you send photo evidence of what the third leg couldn't stretch over.



PAINTER'S HATS APLENTY

Eclat (P.O. Box 69683, West Hollywood, California 90069) is selling simple one-size-fits-all cotton painter's caps with the names of such fine artists as Cassatt, Lautrec, Picasso, Cézanne and Matisse scrawled across the front. (Get it? They're all famous painters and their names are on lowly house-painters' caps. Oh, wow!) The price for this piece of inspired frippery is only \$11 each, postpaid. That's more than some of the artists charged when they were painting in cold-water walk-ups in Montmartre.



VINTAGE SOUNDS OF MUSIC

Facts You Always Wanted to Know: One of the world's largest collections of vintage phonographs and music boxes is housed in Seven Acres Antique Village & Museum, located at 8512 South Union Road, Union, Illinois 60180. Owner Larry Donley also maintains a sales-and-service department, and he can fix you up with a late Thirties windup machine for \$75 or a \$5000 coin-operated Excelsior cylinder model that is more exciting than a Wurlitzer.

"Pablo watched and listened, made himself useful and kept his nature to himself."

"Sorry," he said.

"Come on in."

The compartment had the same dark paneling as the forward passageway; there was a striped chaise longue, some captain's chairs with brightly colored cushions, even a bookcase. In the center of the stateroom was a round table with metal studs, an electric fan resting on it. Mrs. Callahan was sitting in one of the captain's chairs under a lighted wall lamp, a book on her lap.

"On your right, Pablo," she told him. She pulled the terrycloth robe she was wearing a little farther down over her tanned thighs. It was all she had on, Pablo thought.

"I'll go easy on the water."

"Yes, do," she said.

Pablo had him a shit, a shower and a shave; his thoughts were carnal. Soaping down, he sang to himself.

*"I ride an old paint
I lead an old Dan,
I'm goin' to Montana for to throw
the hooley-ann."*

The water was warm, hand-pumped out of an overhead pipe through a rubber nozzle. He shaved slowly and deliberately, his shoulder propped against the bulkhead beside the mirror, riding with the slow roll of the boat, still singing.

When he came out, Mrs. Callahan was watching him. She was smiling.

"Do you play the guitar?" she asked him.

"No," Pablo said, feeling surly and put down.

"What a shame," she said.

He climbed out of the fancy compartment, the kit and soiled clothes under his arm, and went out on deck. Low, even seas slid westward under the light wind; over the horizon was a thin line of cloud, nearly pink in the fading light. Big bitch thinks I'm comical, he said to himself. She thinks I'm the fucking entertainment.

During the next two days, the Cloud ran the coast of the isthmus. Most of the time, they were out of sight of land, in the seas between the Swan Islands and Serrana Bank. Pablo watched and listened, made himself useful and kept his nature to himself. It was like a shakedown cruise; they were testing the electronics gear and the auxiliary diesels, making plans to which he was not party. Mainly, he realized, it was he himself they were observing. Negus

and both of the Callahans would engage him from time to time in strained quiet conversations that varied in nature according to their styles. He made it his business to be pleasant, incurious and resourceful in small matters. He had a turn at the wheel, he replaced a Raytheon tube and sunned himself on the hatches. Once, when they were anchored off Cabo Gracias a Dios, he had a skinny-dip and was confirmed in the conviction that Mrs. Callahan had eyes for him. The swim also gave him a chance to study the boat's dynamics from the business end, and although he was no engineer, he could see that even in basic construction the Cloud was not what she appeared. She had what the Coast Guard would call a false hull; a squat duck of a shrimper at first and even second glance above the water line, her lines were modified to make her capable of formidable speed with the diesels wide open. A contrabander, as he had assumed.

On the morning of the third day out, they dropped the hook off Palmas and set about getting drunk. Their intemperance worried Pablo, who thought it unbusinesslike. They smoked a great deal of grass as well and tried to press it on him. Pablo had settled himself into three Benzedrines a day and he did not care for marijuana; it made him feel turned around.

After siesta, on the same day, the three of them held a conference in their improbable saloon space. Pablo was not invited.

When the afternoon passed and he was not summoned, he felt confident that they were satisfied with him. In the evening, he and Negus lifted anchor and lowered the stabilizers. Mrs. Callahan cleaned the galley. It seemed he was in.

The dark came down quickly after sunset. The lights of the coastal fishing boats grew dimmer and more distant abaft; westward, the evening star was rising, the wind steady. The Cloud plowed into its faint resistance making seven or eight knots. From the galley came the smell of frying steak.

Pablo sat beside the afterhatch, watching the wake in starlight. Negus came out on deck and called him forward for chow.

Mrs. Callahan was leaning over the galley stove, a rum and tonic secured on a rack beside her. Strips of sirloin were warming in the pan, there was a huge pot of boiled greens.

Pablo was cheerful.

"Get yourself a drink and go sit down," Mrs. Callahan said.

Pablo helped himself to a measure of light rum and took it down to the fancy paneled compartment. The crew's lounge. At opposite quarters of the mahogany table, drinks set before them, were Negus and Callahan. Pablo picked himself a chair and sat down. Callahan looked boozy and affable. Negus, scratching his ear, looked unhappy.

"What do you think, Pablo?" Callahan asked.

Pablo smiled. "What do I think about what, Mr. Callahan? You got a nice boat here. I ain't hardly done any work yet."

Mrs. Callahan, in the galley, was humming *Amazing Grace*.

"You'll do more, though," Callahan said. "For example, can you handle an M-16?"

"I don't see 'em every day. But I'm familiar with the weapon."

"We may be dealing with unpleasant people and we may have to defend ourselves. How's that grab you?"

"That's how it always is," Pablo said. After a moment, he said, "I hope you're not talking about the U. S. Coast Guard."

"Christ," Negus said to him, "you think we plan to shoot it out with the goddamn U. S. Coast Guard? I was hoping you had more sense than that."

"We won't be dealing with any U. S. authorities. We're not working in their jurisdiction and it's unlikely we'll even see them. So don't worry about that."

"Local-type cops, maybe?"

"Not too likely, either. If we have that kind of problem, we tend to run. We're a lot faster than we look. It's thieves I'm thinking about. We have a few exchanges to make with various parties that we'd like to see secure. Just so everybody keeps his side of the bargain."

Pablo sipped his rum with satisfaction. It was everything he might have hoped.

"You got the right man, no shit, Mr. Callahan. I never backed out of a hassle in my life and I never let my people down, neither."

"We your people?" Negus asked him.

"You treat me right, you're my people. Anybody that knows me knows that."

"We don't let our people down, either, Pablo," Callahan told him solemnly, "and we've been in business a long time."

Pablo raised his hands, palms up. "Good enough!"

Deedee called from the galley, "Want to help me out, Pablo?"

"Sure," Pablo said.

In the galley, a soft *merengue* was coming in over a short-wave radio; Pablo watched Mrs. Callahan's lower body, encased in the tightest of faded denim jeans, sway mellifluously to its beat. She

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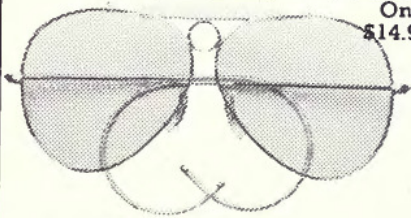
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was gathering metal plates from an overhead dish rack. For the first time, he noticed a printed sign posted over the stove that read, YOU BETTER BELIZE IT. When she turned to him, he was laughing at the sign.

"What's funny, pardner?" She smiled and brushed the damp hair from around her eyes. He could not tell how old she was—40, more or less. Her face was lean, creased around the eyes, sun-cured. When she set the dishes down on the counter beside the stove, he felt her breast brush his bare arm, the nipple distinct and distended under the soft cotton of her sweat shirt.

"Just feelin' good," Pablo said.

"Feelin' good is easy," Mrs. Callahan said. She said it with such gravity that he felt compelled to reflection.

"No," he said after a moment. "Not so easy."

They watched each other; she was looking at him with wary amusement, still easing to the *merengue*.

"Funny kind of boat this is," Pablo said.

"Yes," Deedee assured him. "This is your basic funny boat. Now do something for me, Pablo. Give the boys their vittles."

She took the steak from the pan and placed a strip on each of the four dishes. On each dish she spooned out some of the greens from the stewpot, then handed two of the plates to Pablo. She winked at him and motioned with her head toward the dining compartment.

I goddamn well got her, Pablo was thinking. Any old damn time.

He did not chafe under his servitude. He served Negus and Callahan graciously, setting the steaming plates before them.

Negus gave Pablo a brief bad eye in return. Pablo smiled. The man must know, he thought, what was passing between himself and Mrs. Callahan.

There was a plate for him steaming in the galley; he took it down to the table and seated himself across from Negus and Callahan. Mrs. Callahan joined them presently, carrying her own plate and some *salsa*, salt and pepper on a tray. The Cloud took the gentle seas with a slow fore-and-aft pitch.

"Beats shrimping," Pablo said, breaking the silence that had settled over the dinner table. He assaulted his tenderized steak with concentration.

"We'll do some shrimping by-and-by," Callahan told him. "But—as you have undoubtedly surmised—shrimping is not how we make our way through life."

"Yeah," Pablo said. "I surmised that."

"What else you surmised?" Negus asked him.

"You told me not to ask questions, Cap," Pablo said, "so I didn't ask you any." He looked around the table. "I'm easy to get along with."

"Fred," Callahan said to Negus,

"you're the best seaman in the world, but you're a balls of a politician." He turned his soft look on Pablo. "What we're wondering, fella—you being lately in the Coast Guard and all that—is what you make of us. We're interested in your educated guess."

"OK," Pablo said. "You're running something. I would have said dope, but I don't think so now. If you were going up to the States from a Dutch place like St. Joost, I'd say diamonds. But you say you're not messing with the States." He cut himself another piece of steak. "Computer parts, maybe. Calculators, like that. Only this boat's not big enough for a high-scoring run with that kind of weight. And the whole deal feels sort of heavy-duty. Between one thing and another—guns. That's a good old-time trade."

"Let me give you the word on a need-to-know basis, as it were," Callahan said. "You don't need to know where we're going. In a day or two, we'll be in Nieuw Utrecht on St. Joost, taking on ice and groceries. After dark, we're loading cargo on the other side of the island. What we want from you is a little help with the groceries and what we especially want is you standing by while we take on the cargo. Also when we deliver it, because that's the moment of truth, *hombre*. You'll get to do some shrimping tomorrow night, too, in case you're interested. You can figure on at least five hundred a day for the next few days. It'll beat your Coast Guard pay."

"I guess so," Pablo said.

"Think that'll keep you happy?" Negus said. "Because we have to keep you happy. We insist on it."

"I think everybody's gonna do all right," Pablo said.

Everyone in the cabin laughed; Pablo found it disconcerting.

When dinner was over, Negus and Callahan took their coffee to a small compartment aft of the central cabin and closed the teak door behind them. Pablo found himself on mess duty with the lady once again.

She was smoking grass. It was the strongest grass Pablo had ever drawn of and she seemed to take joint after joint of it. After two or three tokes, the enveloping papers grew moist and tarry with resin. Pablo declined. When the washing up was finished, they went back to the cleared table.

"What brought you down here, Pablo?"

"Just wandering around," he said. He was thinking that they were all the same.

"You're kind of a throwback, aren't you? In the jet age?"

"I been on plenty of jets," Pablo told her.

"Didn't you like the Coast Guard?"

"I liked it all right until they started turning me around."

"I thought that was what they were

all about."

"Some guys will sit still for anything," Pablo explained. "They got no self-respect. Any kind of militaristic trash, they don't object to it."

Pablo had picked up the antimilitaristic angle working at the Coast Guard district headquarters in Boston and incorporated it into his line. It had worked fairly well with the girls around there, and Mrs. Callahan, though not so young and tenderhearted, seemed to be a little like them.

"So you got radicalized, is that it?"

Pablo felt as though he had been softly counterpunched. He rolled with it.

"I had this c.p.o. on my case who was like a fascist-type guy. He kept at it, so I coldcocked him. Broke his jaw. I was looking at time, see what I mean? So I skipped."

"Is that a literal story, Pablo," Mrs. Callahan asked sympathetically, "or is it kind of symbolic?"

"What?" Pablo asked. He did not necessarily insist that women believe everything that they were told, but he was not used to their calling him a liar.

She put her joint down and looked sincerely thoughtful.

"The thing is," she said, "when you hear the same kind of story from a lot of different people, you wonder about the little details. Because no two things ever happen the same way, do they, Pablo?"

"I guess not," he said.

"Of course they don't. So you tell me that story and right away I want to know—because I'm a curious sort—what's special about Pablo Tabor. As opposed to all the other guys who broke the c.p.o.'s jaw, and so forth."

Smart, he thought. But smart or not, they were all the same.

"A jaw got broke," Pablo told her, "and it wasn't mine. Somebody tried to fuck with me. So I'm over the hill and on this boat and that's my story."

"And they call you Pablo. Is that a nickname or what?"

"It's my name," he told her.

"But it's Spanish."

"My mother was Indian," Pablo said. It was true to an extent, but to what extent was a question lost in centuries.

"I knew it," Mrs. Callahan said quietly.

That's what she goes for, Pablo thought. He had run across it before. He was aware that she had eased her chair against his and he felt her body again, her long leg in smooth, clean denim.

"This funny boat where you live?" he asked her.

"So it would seem," she said. "It just goes on and on."

"Maybe you don't like it too much."

"It has its moments."

When he put his hand against her soft



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sheathed thigh, she was suddenly somber. "Goodness," she said.

He slid his hand down to her knee and back up, fingering an inner seam and the flesh it lined. With Callahan and Negus on the other side of a door, there was nothing more he dared do.

"You take your pleasures where you find them, do you, Pablo?"

"My kind of life you do."

"Mine, too," she said.

She turned her head to look at him and he saw that under the weathered skin, the various set wrinkles and the small boozy sacs below her eyes, there was something like a kid about her.

"Hey," he said after a moment, "we're gonna get in trouble." He was embarrassed at the standoff and his palms were beginning to sweat.

The woman laughed silently. "Trouble?"

"Ain't we?"

"What's a little more trouble," she asked, "on this funny boat?"

The small teak door to the inner compartment opened and Negus put his head out. In the moment, Pablo decided, Negus had seen all there was to see.

"Jack would like you with us for a while, Deedee. If you don't mind."

She rose slowly from under Pablo's hand; her own hand touched his shoulder. "Right you are."

Negus was watching Pablo as he held the compartment door for Mrs. Callahan.

"Why don't you get some sleep, son?"

"Thought you might want me to take the wheel."

"We're all right."

"Well, OK, then." He stood up and stretched. "Guess I'll go back aft, then."

Negus nodded and they exchanged good nights.

Ambling back to the lazaret, Orion ablaze over the starboard quarter and the sea rolling easy under the boards, Pablo paused to lean over the rail. He was flushed and horny with his conquest of the soft rich lady. As he lounged, scheming in the starry darkness, he became aware of voices sounding from somewhere in the innards of the boat. He was standing over the forward ice hold. The voices were those of Negus and Callahan.

Pablo took a look around and lowered himself into the half-covered hold; its interior still smelled of shrimp. There was a half inch of water on the flooring.

Moving to the bulkhead closest to the compartment in which he had taken dinner, he pressed his ear against the damp boards. It was almost completely dark where he stood, except for the scattering of stars visible beyond the edge of the hatch cover overhead.

"Speaking of punks—" Negus began saying—but Callahan cut him off.

"Speaking of punks—stay off the kid's back. I don't want him getting all dis-

gruntled and paranoid. We don't have to live with him long and he's going to come in handy."

"Handy for what?" Negus asked. "For playing kneesies with Dee is all."

"You playing kneesies with him, Dee?"

"I confess," Pablo heard her say; he was startled. "I was playing hot kneesies with him. I dig him."

"If you fuck him," Callahan said, "that rather makes him one of the family. I think that's going too far."

Negus uttered a series of low cautioning obscenities. "I wish the governance around here would put its socks up. We're doing serious business and the whole vessel's stoned, drunk or sopered."

There was a brief silence and then laughter.

"Pablo's all right," Callahan said. "For our purposes."

"He's a hard-ass," Negus admitted, "and that's good, if he knows his place in things."

"I think he does," said Mrs. Callahan. "Pablo Tabor is one of life's little yo-yos. He wants to please and he'll do just fine."

His ear pressed against the cold, sweating woodwork, Pablo's mind beheld the picture of a red yo-yo on a red, white and blue string with a store sticker on it that said, MADE IN JAPAN. He had forgotten that he was high; he was more puzzled than angry. I'm gonna fuck her brains out, he thought.

Negus was swearing again. "You see the fucking weaponry he had on him? He was armed to the goddamn teeth. Shit!"

Another silence and Negus said, "I just don't like him."

At Serrano, on the windward shore of St. Joost, the frayed ends of a norther whipped the winch chains against the stabilizers and set the mooring lines to groaning. The dock lights showed soiled whitecaps speckling the milky harbor. Pablo worked the fuel line with one of the pier hands.

Within an hour of tying up, they were almost clear. The crates of weapons, greased in creosote, were loaded in the holds on a waterproof tarp; the tarpaulin's ends were tucked down and the holds half-filled with 16-pound blocks of ice.

When the loading was nearly complete, Pablo made his way into the galley and tried the locker in which his gun had been secured. It was still fast. He could hear the Callahans out on deck; Negus was at the dockside overseeing cargo. Glancing about him, Pablo stepped silently into the pilothouse and had a look around. Beside the Modar he found two U. S. Coast Guard code books, laminated and stamped SECRET, and a Coast Guard frequency chart. Along with those were code books for the Tecanecan

and Compostelan navies, all current, and so similar in type face and binding to the U. S. charts that it was apparent they had been put together by the same outfit. Beneath the frequency chart was a bulky unsealed envelope with a Florida address penciled across it. There were papers of some sort inside and some sealed white packets that felt to Pablo's imaginative touch as though they might contain cash. He picked up the envelope and went back to the galley.

He was at the point of easing the seal off one of the small packets, when he heard footsteps approaching; there was only time for him to tuck the whole envelope beneath his shirt. As casually as he could, he turned to draw a beer from the galley cooler. He took it along with him through the hatch and onto the pier.

Without looking back, Pablo strolled away from the boat, out of the light, following a dirt road. Across the bay, the lights of an oil refinery glowed like the lights of a phantom city. Above them, on a cactus-covered hillside deep in darkness, were the dim scattered lights of Serrano.

Pablo leaned against the fender of one of the parked trucks and took the envelope from beneath his shirt. It was filled with bills and invoices; the white packet he had opened contained not money but rolls of form slips bound with rubber bands; in the darkness, he could make out none of it. No help. Dumbness—he was losing his judgment. Now he would have to get the whole business back under the chart before it was missed or he was caught with it. He put the envelope under his arm, leaned against the truck and closed his eyes. Homesickness and suspicion oppressed him.

These people, he thought—he had misread them. They had seemed so soft at first, so easy. In fact, he was fallen among tricksters whose every word had 20 meanings and who had power over him. They were turning him around.

He reached into his shirt pocket and took out his Benzadrine; it seemed to him that he would need a little more this time, an extra jolt to get straight. He put down three tablets with a swallow of beer.

"Gimme a rush, Jesus," Pablo said into the darkness. "If you want me for a sunbeam."

The refinery lights danced before his eyes, his rush came up dappled, crackling in his brain. Old rages rose in his throat.

Turning from the lights, he saw that Negus was standing at the edge of the road, watching him. He had no idea how long the man had been there.

"What you doin', Tabor?" Negus asked him softly. "What you got under your arm there?"

Pablo twisted his mouth into a kind

of smile. Neither man could see the other's face.

"Drinking a brew here," Pablo said.

Negus went up and slid the envelope from under the grip of Pablo's elbow.

"Get yourself back aboard, son."

Pablo let his beer can fall and started toward the dock. After a step, he whirled on the man behind him.

"You're turnin' me around, man."

"Get on back, Tabor. Go ahead, now."

Pablo drew himself upright, his fists were clenched.

"Motherfucker," he said. "You and your plans . . . shit be cut a couple of ways, man, you think you can turn me around."

Negus stood motionless, holding the envelope, waiting for him to move.

Pablo held his ground for a moment and then eased off in the direction of the boat.

In the pilothouse, Callahan was setting his Rolex to the time signals from Corn Island. Negus went in and put the envelope he had taken from Pablo down beside the Modar.

"We got real trouble with our boy, Jack. I just took this off him. He's been going through our papers."

Callahan looked at the envelope. "Nothing in there of any consequence."

Negus flushed. "Well, that ain't hardly the point, is it, for Christ's sake? He's snooping around. And some ration he give me when I took it off him. The son of a bitch was out there taking pills and reading our mail, Jack."

"He's an idiot. Probably thought there was money in it."

"Now, how," Negus demanded, "how in hell we gonna go up against that coast with a wrongo like him?"

"By keeping him in line as long as we want him, that's how. I think we're up to it. We need him for the shore run and that's that. He can't pull any stunts on that part of the operation, he'll be too out of his depth."

"Ah, Jack," Negus said, "I don't know, boss."

"Here we are," Callahan told him. "We've paid and we've loaded cargo. We can't quit now. I bet the ranch on this run. We've got to go, Freddy. We must."

Callahan closed his eyes, rested an elbow on the chart table and put his hand over his eyes. "Listen to me, Freddy. We won't have money on board until we deliver. Pablo wants to do us, it's the money he's after. We can keep him in line until then."

"Maybe. What about then?"

"Then," Callahan said, "kill him. In fact, he's yours for the whole run. If you seriously feel he's more trouble than he's worth, deep-six him. I'll leave it to your discretion."

Negus was silent for a while. Callahan turned in his seat to read the tide tables.

When Deedee came back, Negus turned on her.

"Where's the kid?"

"He's up forward," she said. "He's in some kind of sulk. You ever see a speed freak trying really hard not to talk? That's how he is. You know something, Jack, baby? I don't like this too well."

"You could have fooled me."

"He is bad news. He is, he is."

"Then we'll kill him," Callahan said. "Stay close to him. We'll want to know what's on his mind."

"So this time it's me who gets to drink, if I'm supposed to stay close to him. And it's you that stays sober. Because he's not dumb and you better be on top of things."

"You're right, of course."

"Damn straight," Deedee said. "Some fun, hey, boss?"

"That's what we're here for," Callahan said.

All night they steamed with the stabilizers down, rolling almost dangerously before a dying northeast swell. At dawn, a roseate raft of clouds was massed over a solitary mountain to southward. Clouds there seemed to slip away reluctantly on the wind and were replaced by others that, singly or in packs, came over the flat far horizon and made straight for the veined slopes that were brightening to green. It was San Ignacio, once English, then Colombian and Panamanian by turns, now its own, or anyone's, island.

In the wheelhouse, Negus maneuvered the dial on the Cloud's V.H.F. receiver; the cabin hummed with submarine static and faint Spanish voices. He and Callahan looked at each other and sat back to wait. Callahan glanced at his watch.

Quite shortly, what might well have been an American voice came in loud and clear.

"Waterbrothers, this is Marie Tru-

man, you copy? Over."

"Well, well," Callahan said. "There he is now." He picked up the mike.

"Marie Truman, Waterbrothers. Copy real well. What kind of night you have up there?"

"Waterbrothers, Marie Truman. Slow night. Scraping the rocks. We got us a sawfish bill. Over."

Callahan grinned at Negus.

"Marie Truman, Waterbrothers. Don't throw that away, hear? It's worth forty bucks on the beach, over."

"Waterbrothers, Marie Truman. We'll see you all up to Gracias a Dios tomorrow. Have a nice day, over."

"Marie Truman," Callahan said, "this is Waterbrothers. You have a good one, too. Out."

"Isn't he a darling?" he asked Negus. "He's playing he's a Texas boat. And he's got what we want and we have what he wants."

"That guy speaks gringo awful good," Negus said. "God help us if that's the *guardia* we're talking to. You know, they got a lot of Yankee know-how behind them."

"Ah, Fred," Callahan sighed, "you do a thing or you don't. Now we are *doing* this thing, so let's carry on and do it without bitching all the time."

"Goddamn that guy," Negus said.

With the sun below the green sawtoothed ridges of the coast, darkness gathered quickly. Venus was the evening star. She hung low over the western horizon and the unbroken sea beneath her transit was dulled to the color of lead. The wind rose in that quarter, setting a roll beneath the Cloud's counterfeit boards but nowhere breaking the skin of the sea's expanse. Across the sky, Deneb and Vega twinkled beyond a calligrapher's stroke of purple nimbus.

Negus, holding to the wheel, had pulled the nightshade down behind the



wheelhouse. Callahan, a drink in one hand, stood at the chart table. "Let me get a quick line of sight here," he said.

"There's an aviation beacon on that mountain," Negus said, shielding his eyes from the glow of the deck lights. "It's on your loran chart."

"I got it," Callahan said. He marked the coordinates from the radar on his line-of-sight chart and X'd in the aviation beacon. They were waiting for the boat to swing full around on its chain.

"Two dock lights at sixty degrees off the beacon. Over them there's a building with a cross on it. Let's hope those dock lights are on all night," Negus said. "But whoever they are must be using a generator, because there's no electricity out here."

"They'll be on," Callahan said. "We were told they'd be on."

He marked the dock lights on his handmade chart and put it under the Bowditch.

"Now," he said, "it's time to talk to the customer."

The C.B. was silent as Negus dialed in.

"José," Negus said into the night, "you get those pumps for me?"

"Absolutely, Mr. Fry." It was a different voice but relaxed, easy with English.

"That's just fine," Negus said and hung up the receiver. "Think he sees us?" he asked Callahan.

"No question about it," Callahan said.

Callahan called for Deedee and Pablo. They came in slightly breathless.

"Hi, kids," Callahan said. "Now we're going to open up the arms locker."

Pablo watched Callahan unlock the gear locker in which his automatic had been stowed. There were half a dozen other pistols beside it and a small automatic rifle of foreign make. Seeing his weapon, Pablo took a step toward it.

"Leave it where it is," Negus snapped at him.

"Let him take it," Callahan said patiently. "Just don't wave it at passing shipping. It's very frustrating," he explained, "to look for keys and guns when you're in a hurry. In the meantime, let's everyone remember that we're a few miles offshore with all our lights blazing like Christmas. So let's preserve our workaday respectability and demeanor and don't use this stuff until we need to. Which, of course, we all hope we will not."

"You're so right," Deedee said.

Callahan picked up the glass of rum he had been drinking. "Now," he said to Pablo, "you and Deedee are going shrimping."

"I don't follow you there," Pablo said.

"Mrs. Callahan will explain." He put his hand beside his wife's ear; it was a caress of sorts. "And while you're out

on deck, Dee, put a watch cap over your hair, OK? So you'll look like a gringo shrimp and not a Rhine maiden?"

She went into her quarters and came out in work gloves and white shrimp's boots, a black watch cap pulled down to her eyebrows. She took the rum bottle and a handful of joints down from the shelf.

"Hey, man," she said, eyeing the level of the bottle, "I thought it was you staying sober tonight. I thought it was me could get snackered."

"You may get as snackered as you see the need of," Callahan told her.

Pablo went up on deck and Callahan raised an eyebrow at her. "What's the Pablo situation?"

"He's quiet," she said.

"Well," Callahan said thoughtfully, "tell him a little about things and make him feel important. But don't let him get drunk and lose his splendid air of authority. Keep him otherwise occupied."

"I'll massage his cock while he heads shrimp, how's that?"

They passed the bottle around again.

Pablo and Deedee sat under the work lights aft of the ice hatches, mounted on upturned shrimp baskets. Before them, under the bright lights, was a living creeping jambalaya, a rapine of darkness and depth. In thousands, creatures of delirium—shelled, hooded, 50-legged and six-eyed—clawed, writhed, flapped or devoured their way through the mass of their fellow captives, the predators and the prey together, overthrown and blinded, scuttling after their lost accustomed world.

"Dig in, Pablo, buddy," Deedee said. "I guess you know a shrimp when you see one, right?"

Pablo stared silently into the mass of struggling life at his feet. He leaned forward, picked up a shrimp and looked at it in his palm.

"There you go," Deedee said, "that's one right there. When you have a basket full of those little fellas, you stick it down in the hold. If we were the honest folk we pretend to be, we'd take their heads and legs off. But we're not, so we won't."

He did not care for the way she watched him. She was smiling and high, but there was a guilty wariness beneath her chatter and high spirits. Pablo knew little about shrimping, but he believed he knew rather a lot about female anxiety. How they looked when they were turning you around. How they smiled when they were scared.

He crushed the shrimp he was holding in his right fist and with the fingers of his left hand, pulled its head off. The gesture of petty violence seemed in no way to alarm her. She went on looking him happily in the eye, but he knew she had seen and interpreted his vague

threat. She was very tough, he thought, she was different from other women. He kept his gaze fastened on her and she looked back at him until he felt foolish. He was beginning to hate her. He was beginning to be afraid of her, of her more than the others. He could not be sure whether she was only teasing him or really coming on now. It was like it kept changing. Confused and increasingly angry, he could think of only one strategy and that was to listen and wait and sound her.

"You gotta be crazy," he said. "I mean, you gotta be crazy, a good-looking woman like you out here on this turkey."

"That makes two of us," she said. "At least."

"Yeah," Pablo said. "But I'm just passing through." So saying, he shuddered. He felt a nearly prayerful hope it might be true.

"Cast a cold eye," Deedee said, "'on life, on death. Horseman, pass by!'" She was weirdness itself.

Within 45 minutes, they had enough filled baskets to cover the ice completely in one hold and to cover half of it in the second. Pablo stood on the ice blocks, receiving the baskets from Deedee as she passed them down. When the shrimp were stowed, she got the stabilizer engines going and he helped her spread the dragline again. They sat down on their baskets and drank some rum. It was good light Puerto Rican rum, better than the stuff they usually brought out.

"A very fine place for shrimping," Deedee said. "If we're ever in that line again, we'll have to remember it."

Pablo looked out at the surrounding ocean. There were other boats in sight now, four or five of them, lit and working.

"Could be the fisheries patrol come down on us any minute," Pablo said. He said it to have something to say, bitching to bring her down and to make himself feel better.

"I wouldn't worry about that, Pab, we've never been boarded, ever. They check out the numeral and the colors. When they're close enough to see you're gringo, they leave you alone. Unless, of course, they're looking for you."

"But that won't happen, will it?"

She took a drink of rum and passed him the bottle.

"Well, I haven't said anything. And the boss hasn't and Freddy hasn't. Have you?"

"That's a joke, ain't it?"

"Yes," she said, "ain't it?"

"They don't trust me," he said sullenly, nodding toward the wheelhouse, "I know that."

"If they don't trust you, they must have a reason. What would the reason be?"

"You playin' cop or somethin', Mrs. Callahan?"

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"We're playing pirate," she said. "I have to trust you. So do they. Otherwise, you'd be walking the plank. That's how it is in pirate."

While he was thinking of an answer, Callahan came aft and looked at the catch in the holds. "Real good, shrimp people," he said. "Now let's bring the nets up again. We're running out of time."

There were not so many shrimp in the second catch and they had to pad the baskets with chipped ice and junk fish to get the second hold covered. Negus came out and worked with them until the nets were secured and the hatches tight over the holds. Pablo observed that Callahan was drunk again. Even Negus in his silent dispatch did not seem altogether sober.

When Callahan and Negus went back to the wheelhouse, Deedee stayed where she was, cuddled against Pablo. Pablo reached into his pocket and swallowed the last of his Benzedrine.

The drug's action when it came was disappointing and curious. For a fraction of a second, he could not remember where he was and he was overcome with fear. But the rush passed, and then he was better. He asked her for more rum and while he drank it, she held to his arm. For a while, he was calm and sad and grateful to have her beside him.

"You're a good man," she told him soothingly. "You're OK and you're going to be even better."

"I like the sound of that," Pablo told her, and then he laughed. Almost giggled. She seemed sympathetic; she laughed with him.

"How long you been with that man?" he asked her.

"Forever," she said, and they both laughed again.

She rolled a joint and they drank a little more.

"If you been with him forever," Pablo asked, "how come you're coming on to me?"

"Heavens to Betsy," she said, "I thought you'd never ask. I didn't think you noticed."

They laughed at that, too. They were smoking her heavy Jamaican weed.

"Thing is," Pablo said, "I don't understand. Things been happening and I don't understand. Like something was going on."

"Something's always going on," she said. And while he was trying to read her look, all the lights went out. Only the instrument lights in the wheelhouse showed, reflected in the windshield and the faint glow of the interior lights from between the louvered shutters over the saloon housing. The Cloud shifted course again and someone—Negus—came out on deck and opened the engine panel. When he slammed it shut

By ROBERT CAROLA **WORD PLAY**

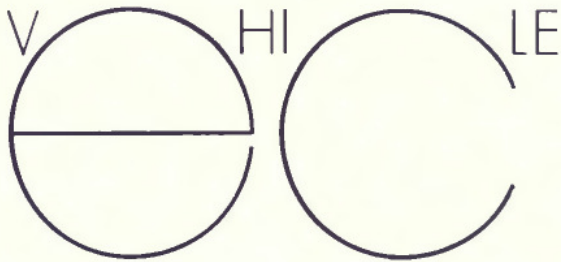
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again, the boat began to pick up speed. The whole frame of the vessel shuddered, a wind picked up where there had been little more than a steady breeze—the Cloud was running like a crash boat.

"Away we go," Deedee said.

The sensation of moving at such speed in what seemed an ordinary shrimp boat was dreamlike, almost comical. Pablo stared down at the white water that rushed under their bow.

Deedee sat on a basket near the lazaret hatch, hugging herself, a knit bag on her lap.

"Sit down before you fall over, Pablo," she said. "We're going faster than you think. Let's get out of this wind and Momma will tell you how it is."

When she sat herself down on the chafing gear in the lazaret, he sat beside her. It was the first close touch he had of her since the night in the galley that seemed so long before. He was fighting to hold Pablo now, to hold within himself the thinking, calculating Pablo—because even as he sat with her, that self was being crowded out by lust and a shadow.

She pushed his cap off and brought his head against her shoulder and put her chin on top of his head.

"This is how it is, Pablo," she began. Pablo closed his eyes to listen.

"We have some boys to deal with on the coast here and we don't know who they are. It could occur to them to take our goods, our boat, everything—and pitch us over the side. It's happened. So we need a little display of sincerity. We need a crazy old boy like you who's so mean and nasty-looking they think he might feed them a few just to hear the funny noises they'd make. Then look at it from their side. Everything's C.O.D. Maybe it's a little old-fashioned, but that's us, see, that's the way we do it. They've got money for us. Now, we might just take their money and do them in—that's happened, too."

She ran her fingers along the back of his neck.

"So. So, honey"—cuddling him—"so they come out in their boat and we load the stuff. You go along so everybody feels all right. They usually have to make more than one trip and going in they'll feel better, because even if they don't have all of their delivery, they have you. And you'll be riding along looking so bad and crazy that whatever they'd like to do—they'll decide it makes more sense to stick to the deal. So they bring you back with the last load. We take our money. *Buena suerte* and *viva la causa*, that's it. It's not a desperate situation even today. It's got rules. You're riding shotgun."

He began to laugh or by now it was the shadow. He listened to her laugh as well.

Then he peeled the sweat shirt off her and licked her breasts, the nipples, above them, below and around, the nipples themselves again.

"Crazy stuff," she said. "Crazy stuff."

Her watch cap had fallen off and her hair spread out among the strands of chafing gear. She was thrusting her ass against him—soft, round, damp under the wet film of denim—unzipping his fly. She forced him back against the bale; she, him!

"No need you holdin' me down," he said. It was the shadow talking.

But by answer, she bent and put her teeth against his penis. Then she raised herself on her hands and feet like a cat stretching and kicked off her shrimping boots, then peeled down the jeans that encased her. Naked, she lay facing him against the bale. Pablo took off his shirt and undid his belt until his dungarees were down around his ankles.

She was laughing still.

"Don't you take off your boots when you have a lady, Tex?"

"Never you fuckin' mind."

She answered him by taking his right hand and putting it between her thighs and the skin there was as smooth as the surface of a glass of buttermilk on a summer's day. She closed his hand over her, his thumb in the cleft of her buttocks, his fingers playing over the down and labia. He put his face into her neck, and then, wanting it without delay, put his face between the thighs and with his mouth and tongue, took all such pleasures there as he could see or imagine. She had wriggled part way up the heaped bale until her body was above his, and with her posture strangely erect, her head thrown back, slipped down on him time after time, impaling herself, until they both had come.

Deedee was still moaning softly when he saw that the hatch at the top of the ladder was pried open. He could make out the stars.

"The hatch," he said.

She reached out for her bag and the bottle.

"Scared of trouble?"

From the way she said it, he could not tell if it was challenge or consolation, so he did not answer.

"We're not having trouble on this boat," she told him, "not about you and me. And the reasons for that I cannot tell but in another day."

So, warily, he settled down, and though he did not like the way she had spoken to him, presently he was hard again. Or it might have been the shadow's lust. He took her once more, trying now to hurt her—but she could not be hurt in that way; every thrust he made she somehow met, met yielding, as though she were ready for every moment. So he could not hurt her, could not gentle or humiliate her. And when

he started to come and to pull out, she held him, letting go little by little as it pleased her, until he was seeing lights on the overhead and he thought he would pass out cold.

He was very high, higher than he had ever been. His thoughts twisted off into spools, arabesques, snatches of music.

Deedee was putting her clothes on. Automatically, he buckled his trousers.

"Don't you have any gentleness in you, boy?" she asked.

He looked toward her unseen face. Fear sat on his chest, its talons in the muscles of his breast. He had seen a shadow pass the hatch. He was certain.

"You mustn't be afraid," she told him softly.

Hearing her say it was a terrible thing for him.

"Someone's up there," he said.

"That could be, Pablo. It's all right."

All right. And he was in a rank-smelling trap at a loss to understand how he had got there. Beside him in the darkness, his soft-bodied enemy soothed him in a voice like gold wire.

"Hey, hey," she said, nudging him slightly, "it's all right, my man."

All right. But they were going to kill him. He had been through the question before and that was the way it had come out.

"You set me up," he told her.

"Don't be silly," she said firmly.

As she said it, he stopped trembling. She had set him up and there was no more to it. He was among crazy people, in an empty landscape tasting of salt rubber, smelling of scale and death. They were about killing him. He sat very still, waiting for her to move, listening for sounds on the deck above.

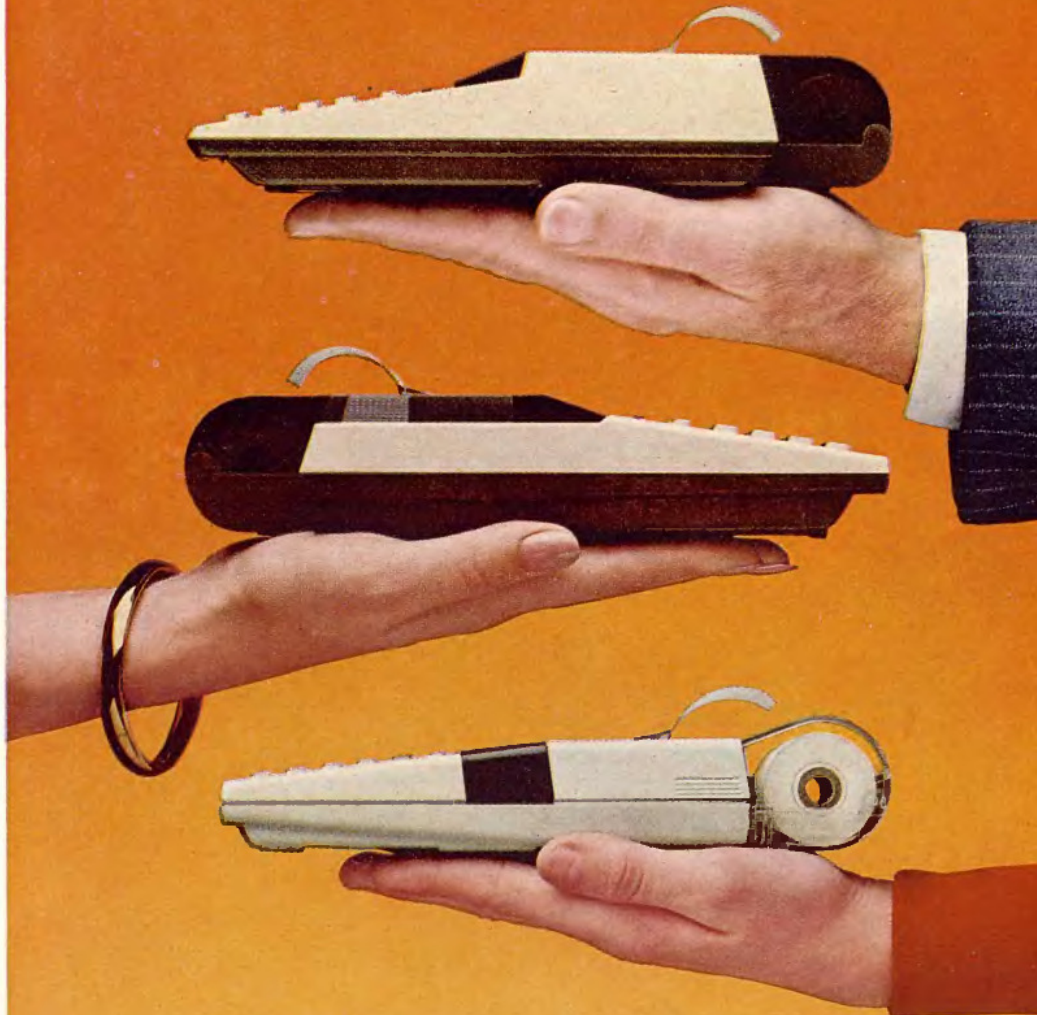
"Settle down, now," she said, as though she were talking to a horse.

He was quite settled down now. There was no more reality to him than to the blossoming bougainvillea he thought to see in the darkness or to the music that he heard. Things were inside out, but he was strong.

He made a loop of the chafing line and by a blind stroke caught her around the throat. One of her hands came up to struggle with the noose, but the other was reaching into darkness. Pablo, twisting the line with all his strength, his mind serene, took a moment to react. Deedee brought up the butt of the pistol she had taken from her bag and cracked him hard across the upper lip, nearly getting the underside of his nose. He let go of the line and went after the pistol; he could not see what had hit him, but he knew it must be one.

She was shouting now, shouting for her husband in a choked nightmare voice. When he had forced the pistol from her right hand, he pressed his head down against her chest to keep it low

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and took his own Nambu from beneath his scabag.

There was true light in the space now. On the ladder, someone with a flashlight was searching out the darkness. Pablo rolled her across his body—it was as though they were making love again—her teeth were sunk in his arm. As she passed over him, he jammed the barrel of the Nambu under her sweat shirt and fired. He felt her teeth release him, she was flung onto her knees beside the bale. Two shots came from the ladder, at least one of them striking the woman. She rolled over on her side, her knees still together. The compartment was spinning with illuminations; Pablo thought of fireflies, wet sparkplugs. His ears were hammered shut. Against the flat lower section of the bulkhead, he was unhurt. When he fired at the man who was on the ladder, he did so with confidence, as though he had nothing but time. And in a second, even though the man there had thought to turn off his flashlight, he knew he had been on target. He heard

the shuffle, the groan, the gun strike the ladder's bottom step and slide across the deck. As the man fell, his flashlight clicked on and he lay behind its beam invisible and motionless. Pablo sat panting in the darkness, waiting for the figure behind the light to move. The moment he started to his feet, there was another flash; Pablo's leg went out from under him and his head struck the slanting bulkhead. He knelt and fired two shots into the space behind the light's beam. There was a groan and a man spoke—it was Callahan—but Pablo could not make out what he said. Then Pablo discovered himself to be shot; there was a bleeding wound in the thick part of his calf, in the back. He ran his finger along the shinbone and found it unbroken. The bullet might only have cut him and passed through, but it hurt. He would be all right, he thought. He had power enough to fox them all and live. There was another one.

From the open deck above, he heard Negus' voice calling the Callahans by

name. He began to go up the ladder backward, sitting for a while on each step. Negus' voice sounded far away, carried off by the wind. At last, Pablo was sitting framed in the hatchway. There was no sign of a light. His head bent low, he glanced around his shoulder and saw Negus, holding a shotgun and crouching anxiously beside the after-hatch.

"Jack?" Negus asked, and reached for a light he had set down on the hatch cover.

As Negus reached for it, Pablo turned full around, got off a shot, then flung himself out of the hatchway and scuttled across the slimy deck like one of the creatures that had swarmed there during the evening. His shot, he knew, had missed. His leg throbbing, he crawled for darkness, his steelhearted killer's trance deserting him. Negus was after him, rounding the hatch for a shot. Pablo, terrified now, cowered alongside the scuppers; he had three shots in the Nambu and the light was bad. Then he saw Negus stumble backward, make two little capering backward steps and fall back against the hatch cover. The shotgun discharged heavenward.

Pablo, uncertain of what he was seeing, came to realize that Negus had slipped on the deck. It was a miracle of God. He hesitated for a moment, saw Negus try to bring the gun to bear and shot him. It seemed to him that he had missed again. Negus dropped the shotgun on the deck and was looking down at it, cursing softly. He turned toward Pablo.

"You stop, you hear? Just stop it!" There was a catch in his voice. He was hurt.

Pablo lowered his gun.

"Don't yell at me no more, Mr. Negus. Get back there against the rail."

When Negus stood clear, Pablo lowered himself on his good leg and picked up the shotgun.

"Oh, you dirty monkey," Negus said. "You little son of a bitch. What'd you do?"

He seemed furious. Pablo felt as though he had done something wrong.

"They're down there," Pablo said, pointing to the lazaret hatchway. "You look down there, you'll see them."

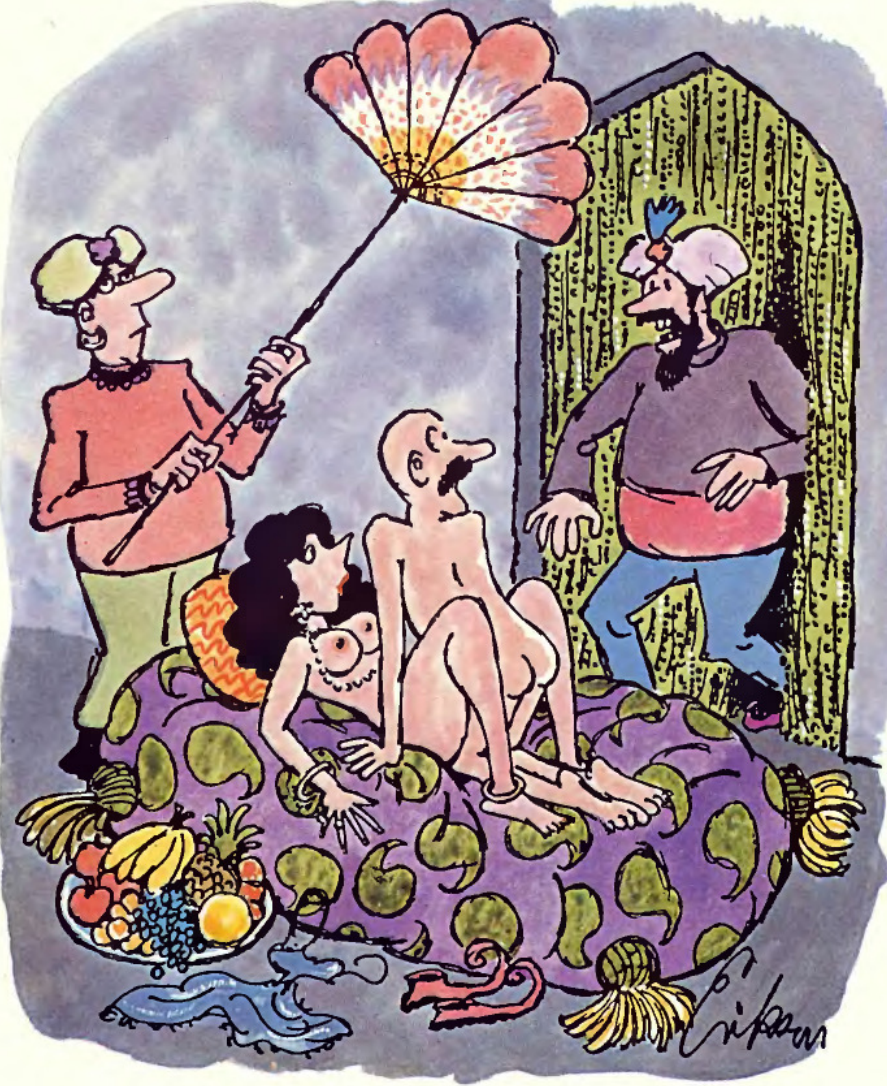
Negus walked stiffly to the flashlight on the hatch cover, took it and went to the top of the lazaret ladder. Pablo stood behind him, keeping him on the top step as he played the beam over the silent space.

"You dirty fucking monkey," Negus said.

"They were turning me around," Pablo explained. "You was, too."

"Well, they ain't turnin' you around no more, bucky," Negus said. "They're dead. You killed them."

"Well, they were," Pablo said. He felt



"My wife! My best friend! My eunuch!"



WINDSOR

ONE CANADIAN STANDS ALONE

remorse and disgust.

Negus sat down on the hatch, his arms folded over his stomach. "Now what we got, kid, is a Mexican standoff. You know what I mean?"

"No," Pablo said. But he was intrigued and encouraged to hear things put that way.

"I'm hurting. I got a slug in my gut. I don't know but that. . . ." He let it go. "But you're hurting, too, kid. You can't get nowhere from here. Nothing on that coast for you now. You'll pile her up or the *guardia*'ll get you or the pirates will. You're bleeding, boy, you're drawing sharks, you see what I mean, now?"

Negus stood up and leaned on the rail a few feet away from him.

"I can take this vessel anywhere. I can get us anywhere. Clear."

"How?" Pablo asked.

Negus grew enthusiastic.

"Oh, by Jesus Christ, boy, why, plenty of places. San Ignacio. Colombia. One of the islands there. I got friends in all them places. I can get us a doctor. We can sell our goods, man. Emeralds. We can get them." He was trying to see Pablo's face in the faint light that came from the cockpit. He was smiling.

"What would you tell them there? If we got to Colombia—one of them places?"

"Well, a thousand things. A thousand things, hell. . . ." He was talking faster and he began to laugh. "They don't give a goddamn what you done or where you been if you got cash or goods. We'd have it made."

Pablo was straining toward hope. That it might all be true. There were moments when they both believed it all.

Negus drew his breath painfully and, encouraged, went on.

"Listen, Pablo. You're using twenty gallons an hour out here. More than that. More. You gon' to be sailing in circles."

When Pablo did not reply, he grew more heated.

"You be out here, boy, you'll see things day and night. Stuff that ain't there. I know what I'm talking about. You don't ever want to be alone out here, because the stuff you'll see, sometimes it ain't there and sometimes it is. When it is, it's worse. I know. I'm the one that knows. And me takin' us in, old shoe, we'll be home free. Home. Free. They know me, man. They don't care." He laughed and ran out of breath, and Pablo saw that the man was lying to him, talking for his life as though to a child. Turning him around.

Pablo looked at his weary enemy and was sorry.

"Well, OK," he said. "Let's do it."

Negus' delight was so great that, sorry as he was, Pablo couldn't keep from laughing. The old dude was whooping

and shouting like the drunkard he was, going on about emeralds and cocaine and private villas, and his face was happy as Christmas morning when Pablo blew him away.

•

He missed them, that was it. A crazy way to feel, because they were low-down people, they were just shit as people, and they had certainly been turning him around.

Then he thought of speed and how that would be the ticket. On his way to the sleeping quarters, he stopped in the pilothouse and looked over the navigational gear. The compass bearing was set for zero zero zero and the constant null tone signified that this was where it should be. On the chart table, he found Callahan's rough line-of-sight chart; in one corner, Callahan had written the loran digits he had noted at the spot. For the moment, things were all right, but later, up near the reef, he would have to do his own steering and find the marker in darkness. And there would be the men on the coast.

He took a light and went into the head where the shower was and found an unlocked cabinet under the small sink. Up front there were first-aid kits and soap and every kind of downer, aspirin, aloe powder, ginseng, exotic shampoos. Not until he was on the edge of despair did he find a small bottle containing six Desoxyn and a jar of painkilling tablets. He bent his head against the shelf in gratitude. He sat on deck of the head, swallowed two Desoxyn and one of the painkillers and made a bandage for his wounded leg. There were no exit or entry holes, only a scythe-cut wound along the back. It did not seem serious; there was not much blood. He would do.

The Callahans would have to go over with Negus now.

Pablo hobbled up on deck, taking two stationary flashlights with him. Scanning the night horizon, he saw no lights in view; he would have to risk some light of his own to get the thing done. He seized an end of chain and, grasping it under his arm, eased himself painfully down the ladder, pulling a web of coiled line behind him.

He came to Callahan first and linked two sections of chain under the dead man's fleshy shoulders. When he thought the links were secured, he went topside and set the tri-net bar to hauling upright. The coils and chain with their burden rattled up the hatchway like a receding tide. With Callahan netted and swinging above the deck, Pablo loosened the chain from under his shoulders, swung the bar outboard and Callahan rolled off into the quiet ocean and disappeared.

A second time, like a diver, Pablo descended into the lazaret compartment,

dragging chain behind him. He found her easily enough and pulled her into the coils. Her death's darkness smelled of suntan oil.

She did not go readily as her husband had. The colorless hair, almost phosphorescent over the water, spread itself among the coils, her sweat shirt was caught on a cross wire, her legs were wrapped in the chains. In the end, he had to take his light to the rail and cut her free from the webbing. The chains snapped loose and then, upright, her hair held at its ends by the coils that enshrouded her like a veil, she fell. Wide-eyed, as though eight fathoms held some new curiosity—like a figurehead, dolorous, an image of the destiny—feet-first into the water.

Eventually, Pablo made himself stand up and, looking ahead, found that he could make out a line of mountains above the horizon. One tiny light glowed steadily between the dark curve of the ridge and the field of stars. It would be the aviation beacon. Within minutes, he could see the dock lights that were marked on Callahan's chart.

Reefs, he thought in sudden panic, the bottom was marbles.

Staggering, his mouth dry, he made his way to the wheelhouse and decreased running speed; the Fathometer reading had plunged to ten feet. Instincts of mindless flight possessed him and he began to pray. At every heading, the knife-spined bottom rose to destroy him. At last, he cut the engine and dropped the hook.

"*Ave Maria Purissima*," Pablo whispered, and the Cloud rose on the incoming swell and slowly turned her prow toward open ocean. Then, step by throbbing step, he went out and lay down on the fouled boards beside the forward hatch, gathering Negus' shotgun to his side.

In a little while, he heard engines, far off but closing fast. They were coming, the dreaded, the expected.

A feather of spray struck his face and shoulders and he began to shiver, until the spasms convulsed him totally. He clutched the shotgun and clenched his teeth. Waiting. Like he was back home in a blind in the cold before dawn. Deep in the brake, where there was no one to turn him around.

He listened to the engines growing louder. When he looked up, he saw Polaris and the attendant Dipper. Coldest of stars.

He had made himself a world, he thought, a world of empty ocean and cold stars. In it he was finally free.

As he waited, his finger on the trigger, he thought how, in that world, he himself and the swarming creatures in the holds were all that was alive.

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av. per cigarette by FTC method.

"I think any woman who avidly pursues men as fodder for her anger invites self-degradation."

I could always bring myself—just barely—to see his point.

Whenever possible, I spend half an hour of my day watching a TV show produced and broadcast in the New York area, on which three women, not actresses, discuss problems "touching on the lives of women." (That's what the announcer says, over organ music, when he introduces what I suppose is meant to be real-life soap opera, structured very much like a consciousness-raising group.) One day, a female guest, an expert on depression by virtue of the fact that she had once been depressed, told the regulars why women get depressed: They *give* too much, she said: like, just that Christmas, she had filled her kids' Christmas stockings; and had they filled hers? No, thoughtless creatures, they had not—the moral of which is, stop giving.

So I got mad at her, and I said many prayers on her behalf, petitioning that the day on which she had nobody to give to would soon come—and how would she like *that*? Then, of course, I felt

guilty. Because I could bring myself—just barely—to see her point.

I knew a woman once who made very pretty dresses for her little girls. That's what she used to say: "I sew my daughters' dresses." Then, presumably because her consciousness had been raised and she didn't wish to regard traditional women's activities as trivial, she took to calling herself a clothes designer. The activity was the same, but the change in job description enabled her to feel better about herself. Well, why not? If an increase in self-esteem can be bought so cheaply, what's the harm? There was, however, a problem: This woman could purchase her happiness—or what passed for happiness—only by devaluing the work of others, the work of men. With great glee, she told this story: A male acquaintance, an architect, had designed an important public building. He returned from the construction site one day in high dudgeon because bricks that were supposed to have been laid horizontally had been set vertically, des:roy-

ing the integrity of his design. "Isn't that just like a man," she said, "to make such a fuss over some silly bricks, to be so self-important. . . ." The obvious irony of her remark—she was basting a hem at the time—was lost on her.

And I, cowed by her vehemence, said nothing. That was ten years ago.

Several years later, she tried (unsuccessfully, as it happened) to alienate her daughters from their father by telling them that he was a "latent homosexual" and a "latent alcoholic."

By this time, she'd truly lost me: "Well, I'm a latent heroin addict and a latent murderer," I said. "Cheerio"—or words to that effect.

There is a moral to this story, perhaps several. Of course it's ridiculous to judge any social movement by the people who use it as a vehicle for their craziness. Still, ten years ago, few of this woman's peers, I daresay, would have challenged her words or her actions. Ten years ago, anger was the air many of us in the women's movement breathed—anger and bitterness and absolute certainty. Practically none of us was inclined to give men the benefit of the doubt.

I'm not talking about focused anger, directed at specific men (or specific institutions) for specific deeds. I'm talking about a kind of miasmatic rage—the kind of rage that permitted to go virtually uncriticized a statement such as "All men are in a conspiracy to rape all women." Such a statement—which appeared in an otherwise good and important book—is, on the face of it, patently absurd. And yet even some men, eager to appease or gain favor, accepted that kind of mass indictment. How very silly of them, and duplicitous as well, since to admit such culpability is, in fact, to say, "I'm good enough—enlightened enough—to say I'm bad . . . which makes me a worthy object of your love, or lust."

No one can live in a perpetual state of anger, though a lot of people try. (You'd think they'd give themselves a break.) I recently heard a heterosexual woman argue against lesbian separatism on the grounds that not to need men for sex or love might result in a blunting of one's rage; if a woman removed herself from men, she said, she was unlikely to remain angry enough to be revolutionary. (And some people have dogs in order to beat them.) I find the notion of using men simultaneously to satisfy one's lust and to refuel one's anger as obscene as the visual image of a woman being fed through a meat grinder. And I'm not saying this out of an excessively tender regard for all men; I'm saying it because I think any woman who avidly pursues men as fodder for her anger invites self-degradation. I don't see where love comes into it.

Most of the women I know—the



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COMING THIS OCTOBER

women I choose as friends—don't want to see men objectified or diminished. That need, if it ever existed, evaporated when they made it absolutely clear that *they* didn't want to be seen as objects or treated as lesser human beings. They don't assume that the assertion of their full humanity is contingent upon the assertion of the inhumanity—or subhumanity—of all men.

There are some things you never get over. You wake up in the middle of the night and you remember them: they stain your dreams, dilute your pleasures. Once I gave up smoking for eight months, and—this is not a *non sequitur*—I remembered every deprivation, every loss, I'd ever suffered. The memories were as fresh and as painful as if they had not lain dormant for musty years, and I felt them all anew. I was detoxing, I suppose, discharging poisons. It was terrible.

Consciousness raising was in some ways like that: a period of detoxification, an attempt to purge myself of every lie and every half-truth I'd ever bought or told about myself and about my relationships with men. I rehearsed every betrayal, every false beginning, every bit of rotten luck I'd had, every act of bad faith. It was terrible.

It could have been worse. What made it bearable was that I forced myself to remember that a man had saved my life when I was 15 years old. Without him—without his charity and his disinterested love, which rescued me from the claustrophobia and meanness of an eccentric religious sect—I doubt that I would have survived. Had it not been for the memory of him, I think it is entirely possible that consciousness raising would have been deadly for me. I don't know whether or not I would have recovered from that prolonged outpouring of anger, that solipsistic rage.

(I would have remembered—I never forgot—that I loved sex. That's different. You can love sex and hate the opposite sex, evidence for which abounds.)

Of course, it is equally possible that my common sense would sooner or later have asserted itself, or that grace would have come from another direction. Perhaps even without the fact of him, I would have remembered that I love men.

These are things it is impossible to know.

A lot has happened to us in the past ten years.

In principle, it shouldn't be too much to expect of someone that she not be blinded to the pain of others while in the process of articulating her own pain. But, in fact, consciousness raising, invaluable to those of us engaged on an anthropological dig of our own psyches,

was a series of literally blinding revelations. What it sometimes blinded us to was the pain of men. Understandably. For if we hurt, it followed (or seemed to follow) that someone must be doing the hurting (men). Only now, ten years after the fact, does it seem to me that "Who's to blame?" is a peevish and futile question—when it is the only question on the agenda.

Ten years ago, I was just finding my anger. Anger has to be found before it is lost. Otherwise, it crops up in all the wrong places—in bed, for example—and under various guises and disguises, warping and poisoning love, infusing sex with dread and hostility, anesthetizing genitals, killing spontaneity.

Ten years ago, I dredged my personal experience and found that I had good reason to be angry, not least because I had always been taught that it was unbecoming for women to be angry. At first my anger was specifically targeted: I was angry at every man who had used me badly, every man who presumed to tell me what my place was and contrived to keep me there. Then my anger leaped out of all reasonable bounds: If *any* man could behave like this, *every* man behaved like this.

But my anger coexisted with a propensity to fall in love.

During that time, I chose men who were like blank slates ("What does she see in him?") so that I could have the pleasure of inventing them. Remembering how, in my youth, before the women's movement, I had felt and acted like a satellite to accomplished men—writers, painters, poets—I now chose men who were (not to put too fine a point on it) boring, men whose accomplishments were in the future. Years before the women's movement, I would sit for hours in front of McSorley's, then a male-only bar in New York's East Village, waiting for the man of the hour to down his ale and discuss his art before he collected me. (I was never alone in my vigil; I kept company with other women, all of whom derived status from waiting; many of us knitted while we sat on camp stools, a gaggle of Penelopes.) Since my relationship to men of accomplishment had been to wait for them, it seemed to me—ten years ago—that the answer was to choose men who were without accomplishments (without even visible proof of goodness or energy) and who would wait—or be dependent—upon me. Determined to root out all traces of masochism, I succeeded only in behaving more masochistically. That is the behavior of a snake eating its own tail. And, like a cold-blooded animal, I wasn't interested in men's suffering. I preferred to ignore it or to analyze it out of existence. Always I made exceptions of my brother, my father, my son. The pain they encountered in the proc-

ess of living, and the pain the man who saved my life had lived with, was transparently clear to me; but I wasn't all that eager to see the pain of other men. My pain was valuable and interesting; theirs was not.

Maybe that initial surge of anger was necessary: I began to write out of anger and to make choices out of anger. It's true that I made some lousy choices. But at least I was choosing, whereas before I had always the sense that I was acted upon.

I'm still often angry. And I'm grateful to the women's movement. . . .

My teenage daughter just this moment walked in to tell me this: A man stopped her at a subway turnstile to ask her the time. And she—naïvely trusting and beautiful—was rewarded by his running his hands along her thigh. (The creep.)

I'm grateful (I was about to say) to the women's movement for identifying the issues and communally deploring the acts—rape, violence against women, sexual harassment and discrimination, systematic institutional oppression—that inspire me to cleansing rage. But I'm no longer inclined to see every man as a wolf in wolf's clothing. (My daughter is now on the phone with her boyfriend, telling him about the subway creep. I know that he won't tell her that she invited unwanted caresses because she is beautiful and trusting. Good for him. And good for my daughter, who won't for a second believe that she asked for it. Ten years ago, this whole scenario would have been different.)

I must say that to be rid of diffuse anger makes a nice change.

I wish I could say that change came about because I woke up one morning and discovered that I was "liberated"—and therefore no longer in need of anger. It didn't happen that way; it was a function of time. My consciousness has been transformed over the past decade; society, unless I'm very much mistaken, has not. (As Mary Tyler Moore pointed out to Tip O'Neill, if Mary Richards were supporting two kids on the salary she made as Lou Grant's assistant producer, she'd need food stamps to feed them.)

The fact that institutions have been loath to respond to the needs of women led, ten years ago, to this declension: Institutions are male-dominated; we are living in a patriarchal society; all men want to keep it that way, for why would anyone willingly relinquish power?

That's very neat, very tidy. A little too neat, a little too tidy. As ideologies go, this one is as strait-jacketing as any I can think of. (I myself have never shaken the hand of a patriarch. What does one look like?)

It doesn't allow for the fact that men suffer, too. The men I love most, among whom I count my father (who is 78), my brother (who is 42) and my son (who is

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18), are all good, decent people. They are also bound to circumstantial necessity: None of them is sitting on a pile of rock candy. They have trouble enough exercising dominion over their own lives; I can't imagine them getting their kicks out of tyrannizing women.

And it won't do to say that men invite their own suffering, that they choose it. Suffering chooses us—all of us. This is called being alive. It is a great perversion of a great truth to say that suffering ennobles us, and by that to mean that we ought to go in search of it. The truth is that suffering will find us, so we might as well learn from it and put it to use. This is called being *fully* alive and it is a condition men and women share.

James Baldwin used to say that oppression was as bad for the souls of the oppressors as for those of the oppressed. The men I love understand that principle as it applies to women. Insofar as they have been oppressive, they are struggling against the conditioning that has made them that way. They are willing to give up the prerogatives of power and privilege—because it's bad for *them*. Their response to women's needs is pragmatic; that's OK. It strikes me frequently—as it has apparently struck them—that the human need for happiness often exerts the same psychic pressure, and leads to the same behavior, as pure morality does. What makes one happy, in the long run, is to act morally; really, happiness and morality are for all practical purposes indistinguishable (unless one confuses ephemeral pleasures and happiness). So it almost doesn't matter why men are now more sensitive to women's needs—so long as they are.

Dorothy Parker once said that she hated everyone who was rich but that she herself would be adorable at it. I see her point. For most of my adult life, I saw her point quite clearly—and, at the same time, not quite clearly enough. The problem wasn't stated in all its dimensions, and I was guilty of a stupid and vulgar mistake: Hating the system that allowed some people to get rich at the expense of others, I allowed myself to believe that everybody who had remarkable amounts of money had got them at others' expense. ("What about the Beatles?" my kids would ask me. "Shut up," I explained.) So, naturally, I found it difficult to believe that rich people really suffered in the way and to the extent that people I knew intimately suffered. With clichéd thinking, I saw money as a barrier against pain. My smart friends were good enough to tell me that I was a fool—or, at the very least, a smart person with a blind (and sore) spot. I accepted their criticism . . . but I lacked proof. Then I met, and came to love, a person with pots of money, houses in Malibu and Spain.

The money didn't help when her husband committed suicide and her only child ran off to some guru or other in Benares. Even I couldn't help noticing that her anguish was as great as if she'd been obliged to go to H & R Block to file her tax returns.

All along, until direct observation and experience cured me of my stubborn idiocy, I'd been guilty of confusing an iniquitous system with the people who managed to get a share of it, by not dishonorable means. (Do I mind that Judith Rossner and E. L. Doctorow are rich? Does it grieve me that Robert Redford is rich? I mind that I'm *not* rich; but that's something else.)

Privilege and power reside mostly with men as a class. That doesn't mean all men are iniquitous. (I'd hate to make the same mistake twice.) And it doesn't exempt men from pain.

In fact, I find it increasingly difficult to regard men—or women—as a class. ("Do the rich have souls?" a Jesuit once asked me. "Yes," I said, "but harder for a camel to get through the eye of a needle. . . ." "Charity," he said, "is not your strong point. . . . Do the rich have souls?" "Yes." So do Jesuits. Even bishops.) At a time when we may be gearing up for military action in the country of Alexander Haig's choice, it becomes more and more important to make the crucial distinction among individuals, classes and institutions. Better to reserve one's anger for those who truly threaten or wish to harm us, for those who truly hate us. At this moment, I hate the subway creep (charity is not my strong point). But I don't see him as representative of his sex.

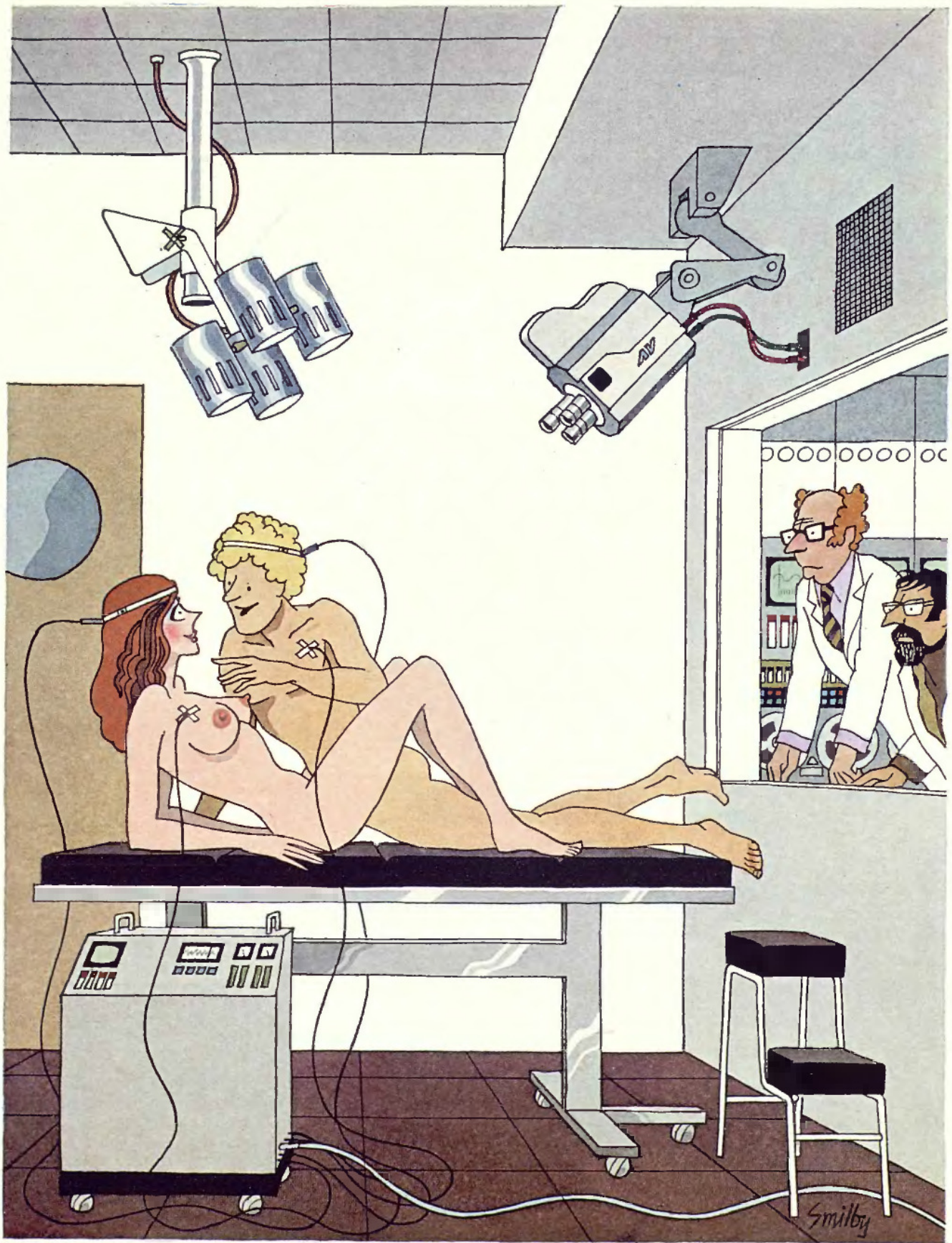
There are good men and good women, bad men and bad women, people who get messed over and people who do the messing—and this doesn't break down conveniently along the lines of gender.

As my father said when he voted for New York State's E.R.A., "Fair is fair . . . but do I think all women are oppressed? Is Clare Boothe Luce an oppressed? *I'm* an oppressed." (And so he is: To be 78 and living on Social Security is hardly to be a member of a ruling class.)

Isn't it funny: Ten years ago, it was widely argued that any woman had more in common with Clare Boothe Luce than she had with any man.

These were among the things that women were said, at the time, to have in common: They had, in a literal sense, blood in common; they had in common the ability to bear children. And they had in common this: Their hearts could be broken by men.

I briefly entertained the notion that I had more in common with Clare Boothe Luce than I have with my brother. I dismissed it as nonsense. Nonsense, as well, to espouse the opinion that Clare Boothe Luce has more in common with a peasant



“Good grief—don’t tell me you were that skinny kid with the brace who used to run errands for her aunt Hattie to Dudlow’s Drugstore? The one who once spilled a quart of ice cream in the middle of Elm Street? The one who . . .”

woman in El Salvador than she has with Henry Kissinger. You can allow rhetoric to carry you only so far before you break into wild laughter. Rhetoric tells us that Clare Boothe Luce and an impoverished Salvadorian woman (or, for that matter, Nancy Reagan and Bella Abzug) are natural allies and sisters; experience and observation teach us that they are not. Even if all their hearts can be broken by men.

Our hearts *can* be broken by men. (I sometimes think mine must look like a mosaic.) But they aren't broken because men come at them with hammers and chisels. Lovers have the power to hurt and savage each other. I've done it; we all have.

It's probably fair to say that men and women grow up learning different ways of responding to heartbreak and different ways of inflicting pain. And, of course, our own ways—our own tricks, defenses, denials—seem natural to us; so, confronted with another set of behavior, we see it as unnatural, careless, cruel. If that is true, it is also true—for

men as well as for women—that behavior can be unlearned. And that probably entails our coming halfway to meet each other.

It's also true that most women grew up learning to mediate between men and their pain. Women were a kind of buffer between men and the world. They absorbed a lot of the shocks. (A crude way of saying that is to say women give too much, are too compassionate.) It's possible to acknowledge that, and to rue it, without denying men the authenticity of their suffering. It's also possible to refuse to exist as a vehicle for men's pain—and, at the same time, not to abort one's compassion. That is known as declaring one's independence, then accepting one's interdependence . . . and consorting with the right men. Which takes some doing.

One of the reasons it takes some doing is that you don't, when you're in love or attracted to someone, ask for his credentials every five minutes. Now, I have idiosyncratic tastes: If, for example, by some miracle Frank Sinatra should come my way, I would do everything I could

to keep him within my orbit. And I'm not stupid; I can count the ways in which he is not wonderful. But I am besotted. (I once fed a jukebox 30 quarters to hear him sing *Send in the Clowns*. When Sinatra sings *New York, New York*, I am overcome with an almost violent tenderness for him.) This is, I suppose, an aberration; but when Sinatra dies, I will feel that a part of me has died. (A part of my past *will* have died.)

Lucky for me (I guess) that the real world isn't presenting me with Frank Sinatra as a choice. But you see what I mean: To a large extent, "liberated" or not, our choices choose us. (Did I *ask* to love Sinatra?) I said earlier that the women's movement gave me the sense of choosing, of not feeling acted upon. I now see how that is only partly true. Once you feel you can choose, you can also allow yourself to be acted upon. There's room for mistakes. Sometimes the mistakes are glorious.

I am, for instance, very much in love with Evelyn Waugh, now dead. Waugh had many children—he tended to forget exactly how many, and he was seldom around at the moment of their birth, preferring to be in a more salubrious and exhilarating climate (covering a war, for example). He chided his wife for writing boring letters. He was cranky and abrasive and abusive; he drank too much and he was funny-looking. And I wish he had been my friend. Because underneath that crusty exterior, there was not only a quick and fierce intelligence but an enormous heart. Armored, but enormous. He once nursed a difficult friend through a long, messy illness; he was exceedingly loyal to his friends—even when he loathed their political beliefs. Which is not to say he wouldn't have abhorred the women's movement as much as he deplored the Mass in the vernacular and despised Picasso, whom he thought should be hung (or hanged) upside down.

This is to say that consorting with the right men is not as simple a matter as it might appear.

It is possible these days to make more distinctions than our blinding anger of a decade ago allowed: There are cruel men, careless men, blundering men. Institutions do oppress women. But not every man is cruel, careless or blundering (and appearances, given the complexity of human nature, are, of course, deceptive: I know men who appear to be sensitive but who are weak, and exercise the tyranny of the weak; and I know men, on the other hand, who don't natter about feminism and yet understand the uniqueness of every human being they know—which is really all one asks for). Not every man who is attached to an oppressive institution is himself an oppressor. To give what may seem an



*"I was under the impression
I was beginning to have an affair with my
secretary, but I must be imagining it, because she
seems to be totally unaware of it."*

extreme example: I know many priests who are as committed to the ordination of women as I am—and I cannot believe they are conning me. Nor can I exist in a state of perpetual armed combat, wariness and lack of trust. If I did, I could never form a friendship and never love a man: Love requires, if not a suspension of disbelief, a leap into belief; it entails risk—for everyone concerned.

All this may seem axiomatic, not to say simple-minded. But the fact is, the men-are-the-enemy line stemmed from women's confusing institutions with individuals. Like most of the mistakes we make, it stemmed from our not *seeing*.

I'd be a fool if I didn't notice that there is a difference between my father and Don Corleone, between my brother and Jerry Falwell. My brother may be—he is—somewhat nervous about his wife's increasing mobility; he finds himself confused by female bonding (gossip makes him uneasy because he understands that it is a form of truth-telling—and he's learning to decode it, while at the same time feeling that he may be the butt of it); he thinks my sister-in-law and I are ganging up on him when we rap his knuckles for making a thoughtless remark about women or for behaving carelessly. But he struggles against the limits imposed on him by his upbringing; he loves his wife, and his struggles are as painful as her own—though his involve learning to give up a measure of power and hers involve choosing a measure of autonomy.

I think—though I am not privy to the secrets of his heart—that my son has not gone unscathed by the idea that women come in two forms, Madonnas and whores. He struggles against that notion, in part because it serves *him* badly—it hopelessly muddles his own pursuit of happiness—in part because his experience tells him that this idea is simply not true to the facts as he has experienced them.

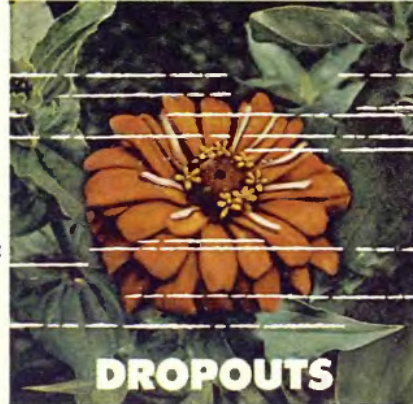
My daughter exercises more options than I knew existed when I was her age. When she and her young man quarrel, they sometimes sound like Nick and Nora Charles, sometimes like a replay of a Hepburn-Tracy movie and sometimes like Mr. and Mrs. Macbeth. They never sound like dominant/submissive, victim/victimizer. It's nice. (I've never heard them fight about who's going to take out the garbage, but they once didn't speak to each other for a week because they disagreed about Olivier's interpretation of Hamlet. Lovely to be that young.)

My father loves and blesses us all. He broods over us . . . like a mother hen.

In many ways, the women I know have come full circle. Having rejected passivity, they no longer need, in any sense, always to be on top. Having rejected
(concluded on page 210)

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PLAYBOY PUZZLE

A GENTLEMAN'S CODE

By Eileen Kent

You don't need the Rosetta stone to understand these hieroglyphics—just figure out what letter each symbol stands for. 🐌, for instance, might stand for the letter S (snail); then again, it might represent the letter E (*escargot*). The deciphered message will reveal a philosophical observation made by Albert Camus, a very charming man.



SEXUAL DETENTE / HARRISON

self-abnegation, they are free to give. Having been satiated with the literature of male angst, they are now free to write and speak of their own. When you begin to feel free to talk about your pain—when you no longer feel constrained by societal censure—you begin to understand that pain is (I've been avoiding these words) an inescapable part of the human condition.

Probably for that reason, I'm no longer awfully keen on feminists writing exclusively about feminism. I want to read work that is informed by a feminist sensibility and consciousness, but I don't want to read tracts. I'm tired of being bludgeoned and I'm tired of bludgeoning.

I tell the following story to remind myself, and anyone else who needs reminding, that there are still plenty of Neanderthals around: Not long ago, I had lunch with the editor of a prestigious publishing house and his assistant. Our conversation was pleasant and desultory. Somewhere between the salad and the *sambuca*, I said, "I'm not awfully keen on feminists writing exclusively

(continued from page 237)

about feminism. . . ." The editor's assistant asked me, to the point, what contemporary novelists suited my particular bill, and I said, "Mary Gordon and Ruth Praver Jhabvala and Helen Yglesias and John Fowles—*The French Lieutenant's Woman* may be the best 'feminist' novel written in this decade—though it was never touted as one—" Before I could proceed any further, I noticed—it was impossible not to—that the editor's eyes were rolling around in his head, a physical act that I had often heard described but had never actually seen before. "Oh, my God," he said, no doubt with his spring list in mind, "if feminism's out, what's in? Is motherhood," he said, controlling his eyeballs with difficulty, "in? Mothers? Are mothers in?"

The moment I observed his panic—which carried with it the implication that feminism was, like Hula Hoops, a fad designed to sell commodities—I was possessed of the desire to read cogently argued feminist ideology . . . though I had, not ten minutes before, argued that to be locked into ideology was to be unalive to nuance; it resulted in the death

of prose and in inescapable weariness for Poor Reader.

Whether he'd missed my point or I'd advanced my point poorly is still unclear to me. (What is clear to me is that he is probably, at this very moment, dreaming up a new "angle" on mothers and enlisting a hapless writer to bring it off for him.) What I was trying to tell him was that the point of feminism was to make the whole world available to women; feminism is a way out of parochialism, not a way into narrow dogma. The single most important task of feminism is to advance the truth—still novel, apparently, in some quarters—that women are fully human. If one agrees that women are fully human, it doesn't take much imagination to see that they are fully capable of reading and writing about anything from Bach to daisies, from David Rockefeller to eros, from motorcycles to babies. Another way of putting it is that I'd far rather hear what a woman has to say about Aristotle than listen to a woman argue that she has the right to study Aristotle on equal footing with men. I assume her right; I'm interested in her ideas.

To men who do not assume women's right to full participation in the world of emotions, sensations and ideas—to those who deny women their full humanity—my door is closed. Well, perhaps opened only a crack: Change is arduous and slow; and men and women need each other. Flawed, wounded and wounding, we need each other's mercy, each other's bodies, each other's love. We need each other's otherness.

The men I feel warmly toward understand that we need each other, not as subject/object, sovereign/slave, subordinate/insubordinate but as equals. (To reap the benefits of equality is in no way to cast aside the salt and spice of differences.) I watch them struggling; I see their relapses into familiar me-Tarzan, you-Jane roles. I observe them noticing their own mistakes and hastening, because they don't want to lose us, to correct them.

There is—it would be crazy not to admit—an element of farce in all of this. There has always been an element of farce in the relationships between the sexes; perhaps there always will be. The difference now, it seems to me, is that when we laugh, it is not necessarily at each other's expense. One finds oneself laughing more and more *with* men. (And one trusts that the men one loves aren't secretly leering at women.) History may see our struggles as heroic (and, if things work out right, ennobling); but right now, in this time and place, we are neither heroines nor heroes—just players in the human comedy.

Answer to puzzle on page 239.

- | | | | | | |
|---|---|------------------|---|---|---------------|
| A |  | Ascot | N |  | Nightcap |
| C |  | Cane | O |  | Opera Glasses |
| D |  | Diamond Stickpin | Q |  | Cue |
| E |  | Embrace | R |  | Race Horse |
| F |  | Fencing Foil | S |  | Sports Car |
| G |  | Gloves | T |  | Tails |
| H |  | Hat | U |  | Umbrella |
| I |  | Ice Tongs | V |  | Valet |
| K |  | Kissing Hand | W |  | Watch |
| L |  | Lighter | Y |  | Yacht |
| M |  | Monocle | | | |

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FESTIVE EVENINGS
OFTEN START WITH RED.

JOHNNIE WALKER RED
THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE.



PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

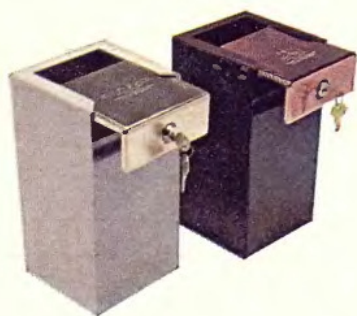
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

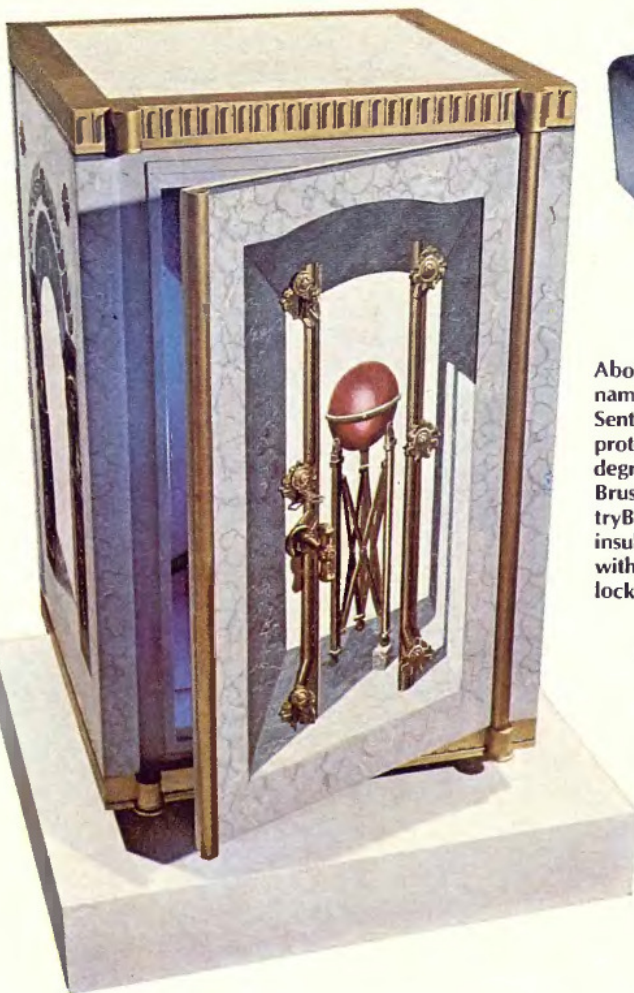
BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY

If you've seen the movie *Thief*, you know that there's practically no way you can keep your cherished possessions (or long green) out of the greedy clutches of a determined second-story man. But stashing jewelry, silverware, cash, coin and stamp collections, cameras and other valuable goodies that are portable behind cold steel does help stymie the smalltime professional burglar—and when your latest wild-and-crazy party is over, you won't wake up the morning after and discover that your pair of

diamond cuff links vanished with a sticky-fingered reveler. Safes, incidentally, come in two types: fire resistant and burglar resistant. A fire-resistant model is usually made of thin steel. Any Jimmy Valentine can crack it in seconds. A safe that's burglar resistant, however, is something else; it often has steel walls about an inch thick and a relocking mechanism that's activated when somebody tampers with the lock. Whichever you pick, it will sure beat leaving valuables lying about for easy pickings.



Above: Two small safes that are meant to be concealed and bolted down, both by Bonafide Factory Products, \$99.95 and \$59.95. Below: The ISM 1414 is a 500-pound home minivault measuring 19" x 16" x 16" with inch-thick walls and a four-number combination lock, by Empire Safe, \$1375.

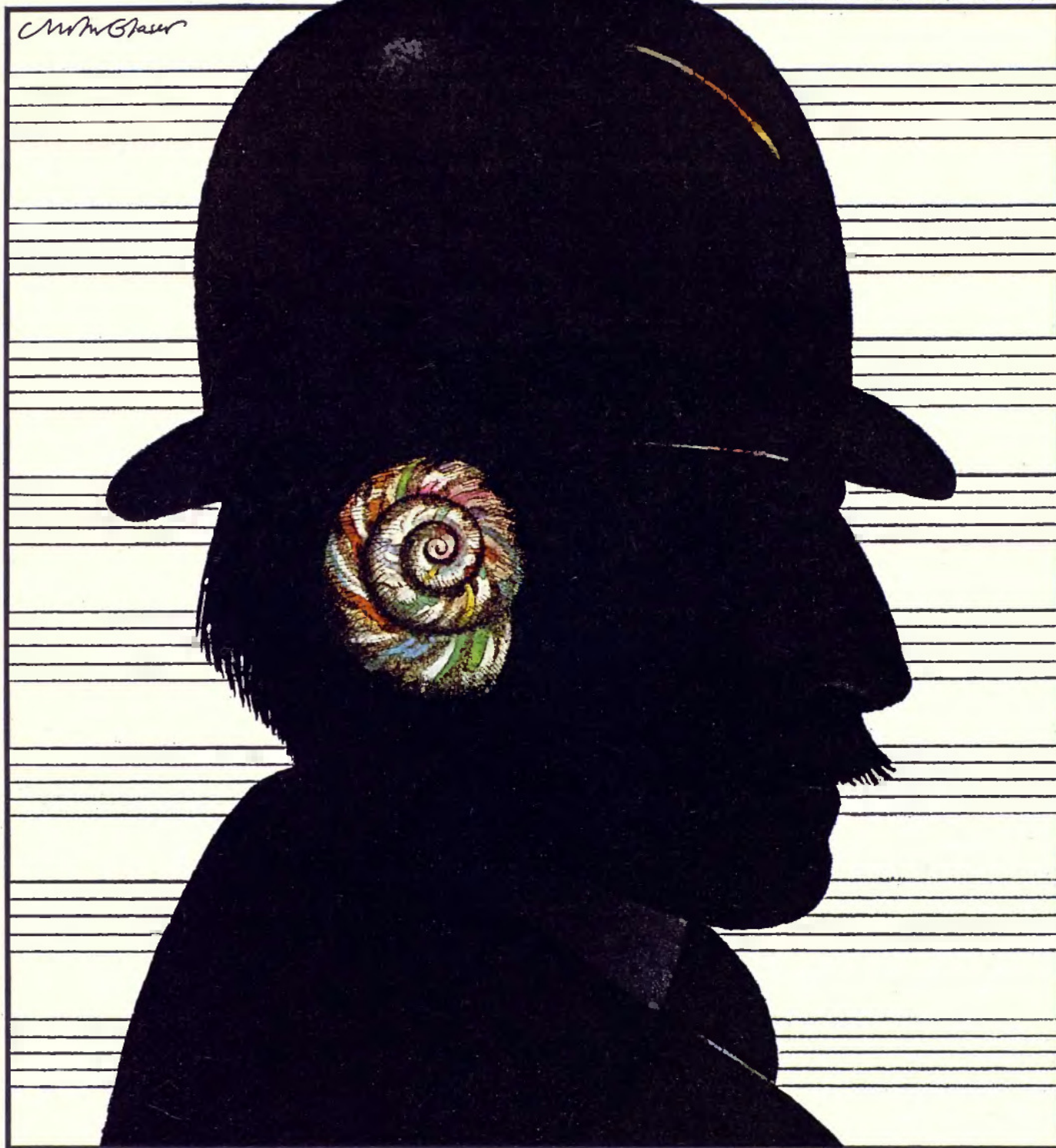


Above center: Somebody who's *really* in the chips can put what's left of his chips—after he's laid out \$7500—in this one-of-a-kind 41-inch tall safe (it's safe to say it's also a work of art) that New York artist Richard Haas painted in an Empire-style trompe l'oeil motif for—who else?—the Empire Safe Company of New York, which commissioned it. And in case you're interested, it weighs in at about 650 pounds.



Above: Flame resistance is the name of this safe's game—it's the Sentry Home File FH and it will protect papers in heat up to 1700 degrees for one hour, by John D. Brush & Co., \$192. Below: The SentryBox B7, also by Brush, is fully insulated and fire tested and comes with a three-number combination lock and removable shelf, \$118.





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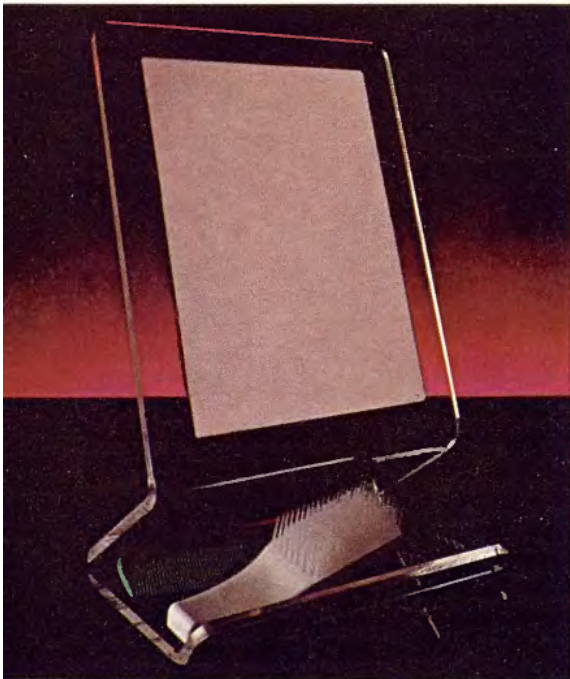
Listen to the balance. It's the secret of Full Color Sound. **SONY.**

CLEAR TO CANAL STREET

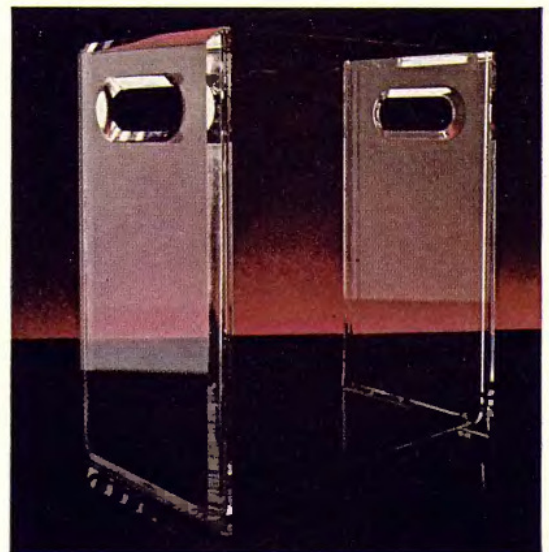
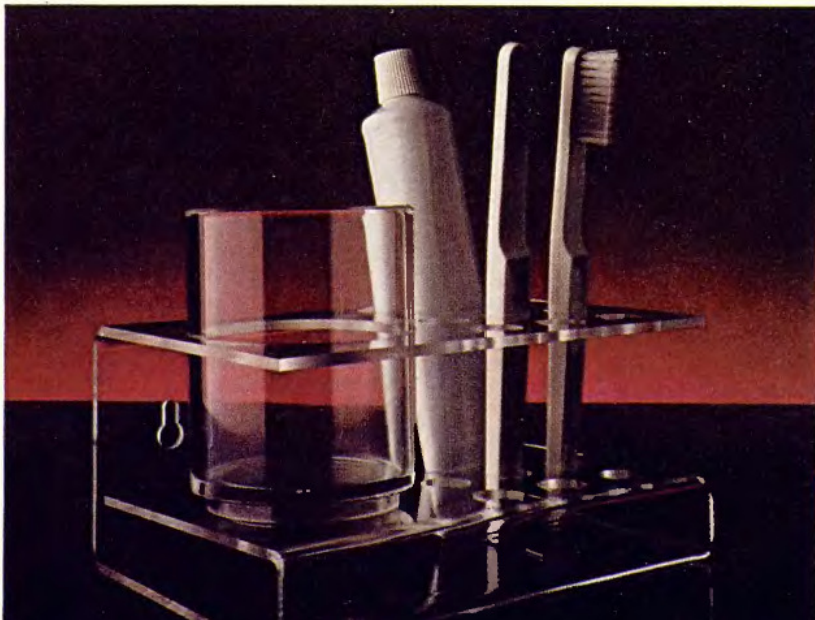
New York being a city of paradoxes, it stands to reason that the Canal Street Plastic Supply Company is located in the Ansonia Hotel at 2107 Broadway between 73rd and 74th streets, and the whole operation—which sounds like a tacky trinket manufacturer—is in actuality an acrylic department store with cut-to-order Plexiglas, custom-design Lucite products and ready-made plastic items all under

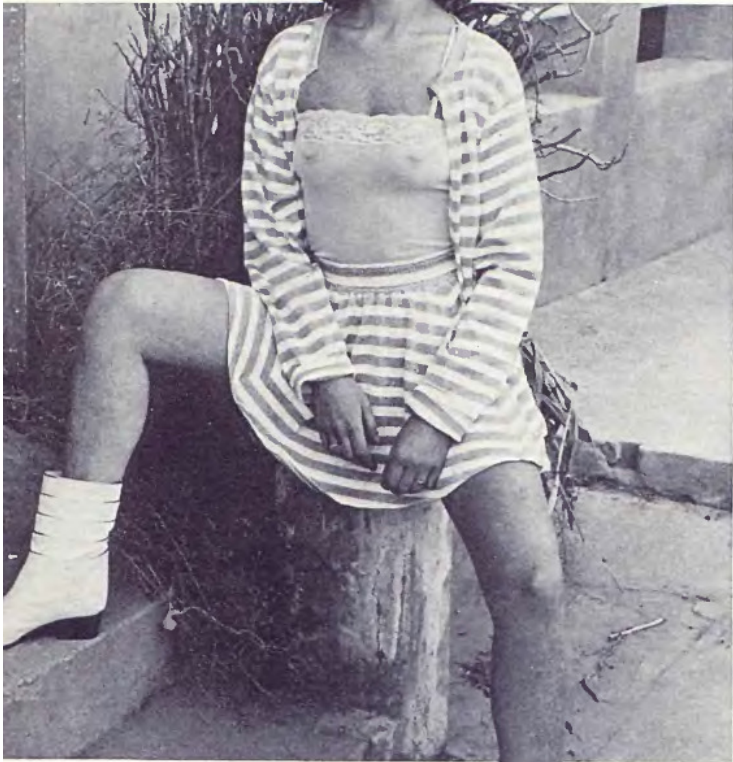
one roof. Canal Street's most frequent calls are for custom turntable dust covers averaging \$35. Yet one well-heeled customer laid out \$40,000 for an acrylic coffee table. Plastic's increasing popularity, according to Canal Street, is because of its versatility; any mundane object from a toothbrush/drinking-glass caddy to a comb holder takes on a more orderly look when it's acrylic. And we know a bachelor's bathroom needs all the help it can get.

Below: If it's a simple tabletop mirror you seek, look no further, as this 12" x 8" x 4" Emson clear-Lucite mirror and brush/comb holder, about \$13.50, is clearly the winner. (It's especially appreciated in the guest room.) Right: Another product that reflects good design is this Aronie hair-care center, also of Lucite, which holds several brushes and combs—and it's only \$8. Both are from the Canal Street Plastic Supply Company in New York.



More good-looking clear-Lucite products from Manhattan's Canal Street Plastic Supply Company include the Emson toothbrush/drinking-glass caddy (below left), which can be wall mounted or just set on a counter, \$5, and the extremely thick 11" x 10" x 5½" Rialto wastebasket (below right), with twin carrying handles and 3/8" beveled edges, about \$45. Good news, grubbies: All the items pictured here clean up easily with soap and water.





ETIENNE GEORGE / SYGMA

A Little Bit of Heaven

We're not going to worry about actress ISABELLE HUPPERT. Even though *Heaven's Gate* was a critical bomb, her fresh beauty and her first-rate tush more than made up for the other excesses.



© THE PETER LINDBERGH / GAMBINO LONDON

Wet and Wild

We like pictures of actress BARBARA CARRERA wet. She's a perfect sea nymph. Fresh from last summer's *Condorman*, Carrera co-stars with Armand Assante (O lucky man!) in *I, the Jury*.

Cheek to Cheek

RYAN O'NEAL's stuck on the new So Fine jeans, which proves once again that seeing *is* believing. When he can tear himself away, he's got a new movie, appropriately titled *So Fine*, that should be in a theater near you right now. The pants come without Ryan, and vice versa.



OUTLINE

Coming Through Loud and Clear

PATTI (REAGAN) DAVIS is anti-nuke and pro-T-shirt. She's also an aspiring actress. Of all the kids in this White House batch, we like her the best. She's respectful but has a mind of her own. We especially like looking at the way she gets her points across.



© 1981 BARBARA WALZ / SYGMA



The Midnight Rambler

Some things age well: After finishing a new album, MICK's looking loose, prosperous and in shape. We salute the Stones' 20th year of outrage and wish them many, many more.

© 1981 BOB GALELLA



© 1981 A. ACE BURGESS/ACES ANGELS

Touchie Feelie

Since *Saturday Night Live* hit the skids, more and more people have tuned in the *other* weekend night to discover a group of very funny kids. One of them, MELANIE CHARTOFF, gets our celebrity-breast-of-the-month award, hands, er, on. Check out *Fridays* for more silliness.

On the Beach

When we devoted ten pages to actress LINDA KERRIDGE last December, we celebrated her individual beauty, but we couldn't help making a big deal out of her uncanny resemblance to Marilyn Monroe. Since then, Linda has frizzed her hair, but the look is still unmistakable. We'd frolic in the waves with Linda any time.



© 1981 MARY ELLESON/ELSON

SEX NEWS

THE STORY OF O

Orgasm, male or female, may be better when it follows extended, restrained rapture. So say Alex and Ilene Gross, authors of *Beyond Orgasm: Or, The Chinese Do It Differently*, a heavily researched manuscript now making the rounds of the publishers. About four years ago, when the Grosses be-

after reading 3000 research volumes, after countless run-throughs in their own test bedrooms, the Grosses are ready to tell us about such approaches to sex, which they call Ultra-Orgasmic Sex. It seems that regular orgasm is to U.O.S. as flying from Boston to New York is to driving there via country roads in mid-fall. In a nutshell, U.O.S. means exploring alternative sexual positions, prolonging sex and deferring orgasm.

Now the Grosses want to know what the public thinks. They're currently holding workshops in New York City and are circulating a U.O.S. questionnaire, the results of which may wind up in the final version of their book. For information on the questionnaire or the workshops, send a stamped, self-addressed business envelope to Alex Gross, P.O. Box 660, Cooper Station, New York, New York 10276.

LIGHTS, CAMERA, ROLL 'EM

Historically, sex-education films have stumbled embarrassedly past some of the more pragmatic aspects of sex ed: how to put on a rubber, how to take it off and how to avoid V.D. without giving up sex. Remember the sex-ed films of yore; that is, the mid-Sixties: Joe Quarterback enters hotel room with floozy—cut to Joe Q.B. consulting with grim M.D. "Gonorrhea? Doc, what's that?" Sound track cranks up the first four notes of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*—cut to animation of gonococcus bacteria attacking healthy cell. That's the way it's been.

Smart and campy as that slice of life may be, San Francisco film makers Stephen Faigenbaum and Jim Locker have now made a *seriously* funny sex-ed film called *Condom Sense*, with

partial funding from the Playboy Foundation. Written by Michael Castleman, author of *Sexual Solutions*, with research provided by Steve Purser, the half-hour film aims to communicate straight sex information through a combination of wacko humor and rock 'n' roll, not unlike some dates we've had.

A sampling of the *Condom Sense* brand of yuks: A man in a wet raincoat says, "Some men think that using a rubber is like showering with a raincoat on." After disproving that opinion, he concludes, "Those guys are all wet." In the scene shown below, San Francisco comedians Jane Dornacher and



For the Little Head catalog, write to A Little Head of Its Time, 822 North McCadden Place, Los Angeles, California 90038. For the real thing? You're on your own.

DENNIS JAWORSKI



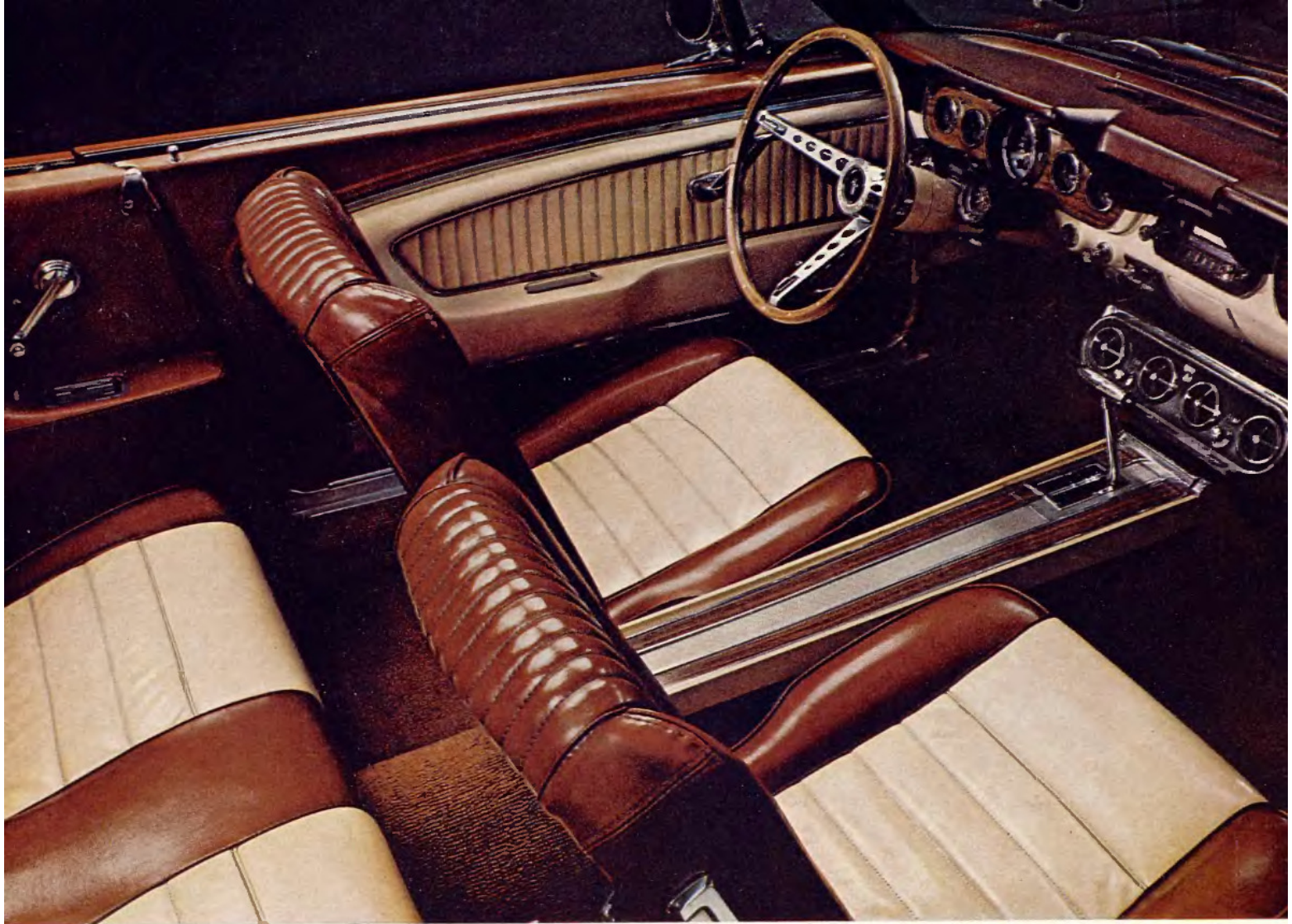
Michael Pritchard portray *Condo the Magnificent* and his assistant—the producers' sneaky way of showing how to use a condom without losing their G rating. Jane puts a giant condom over Michael while they both impart instructions to the viewer.

The film is available to family-planning centers, clinics and other organizations from Videograph, 2833 25th Street, San Francisco, California 94110.

came interested in the Taoist practices that emphasize sensuality as a means to self-knowledge, they found that good sex was not necessarily dependent upon orgasm. Next, they set about investigating the phenomenon. Now,

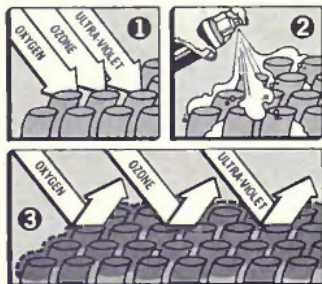
Sex News on the Road Department: Doubtless inspired by Walt Whitman's *Song of the Open Road*, several readers sent us these roadside vacation snapshots, bringing new meaning to Whitman's immortal words "Strong and content I travel the open road," not to mention an old Spanish proverb we're quite fond of: "If an ass goes traveling, he'll not come home a horse." But we figure he'll probably come home happy.





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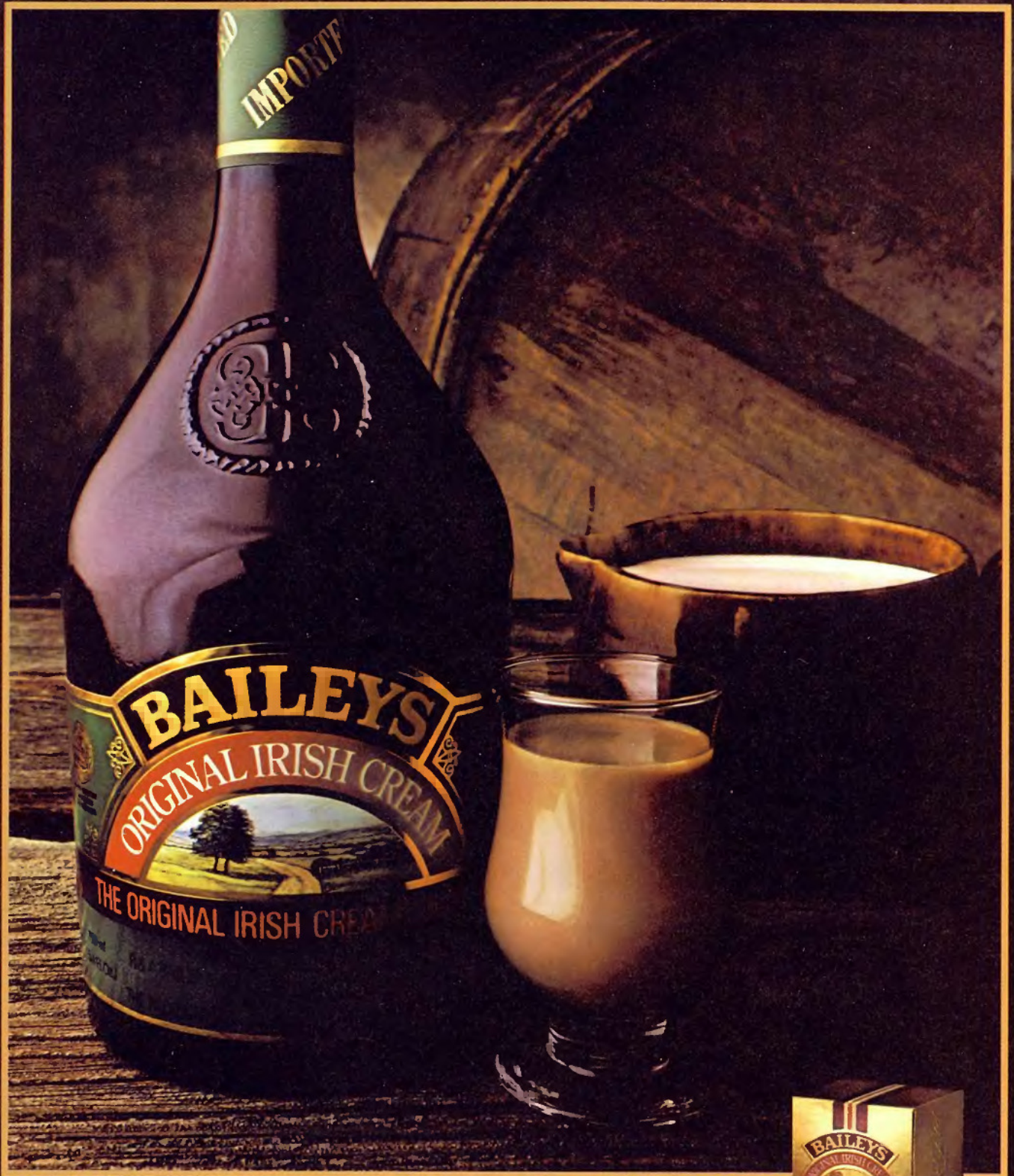
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