

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1981 • \$2.50

PRISONER
OF WAR OR
TRAITOR?
PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
**ROBERT
GARWOOD**

FIRST LOOK AT
MEL BROOKS'S
NEW COMIC
EPIC, "HISTORY
OF THE
WORLD —
PART I"

**BEYOND
THE PILL:**
ARE WE ON
THE VERGE OF
A SAFE, SURE
CONTRACEPTIVE?

HOW BASEBALL'S
WINNING
PITCHERS
STARE DOWN
THEIR
SECRET FEARS

**JAYNE
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SIZZLING PHOTOS
OF TV'S SEXIEST
SPORTSCASTER





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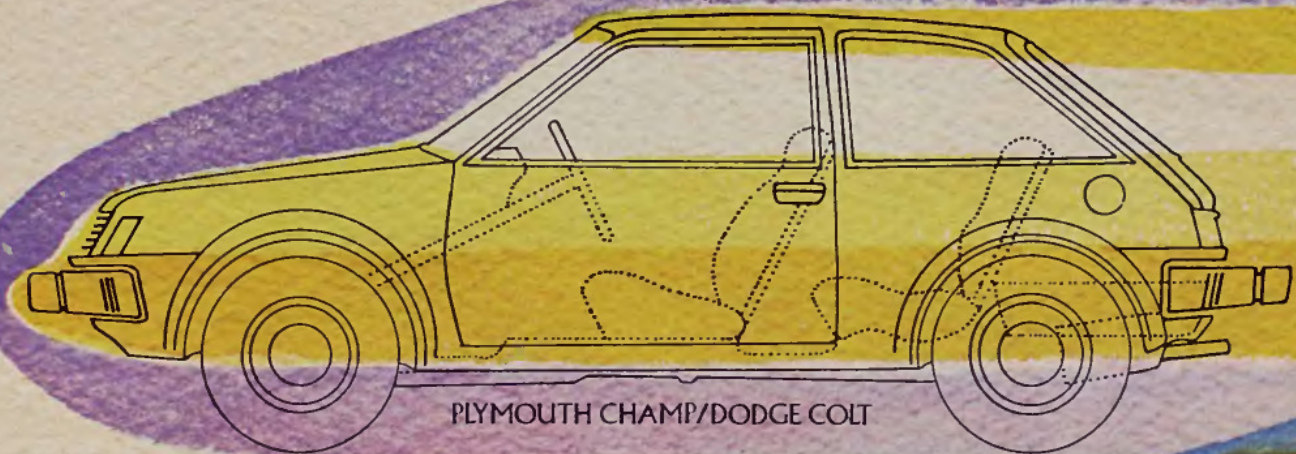
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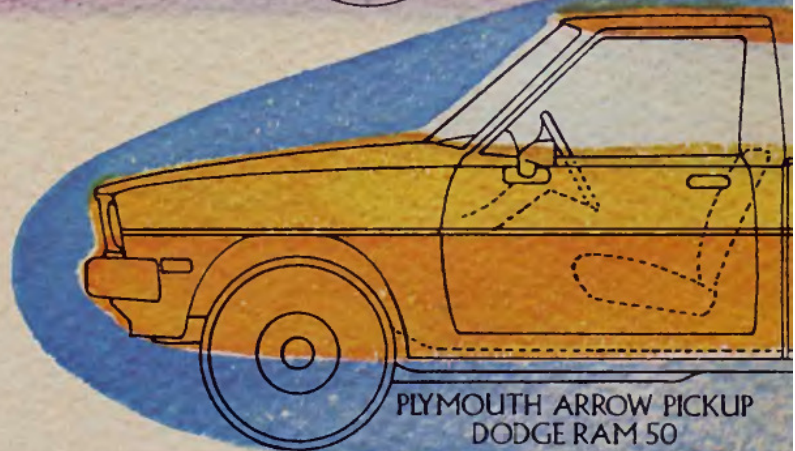
For example, Mitsubishi builds the car rated #1 in gasoline fuel economy in the size America wants most, the subcompact.

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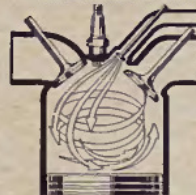
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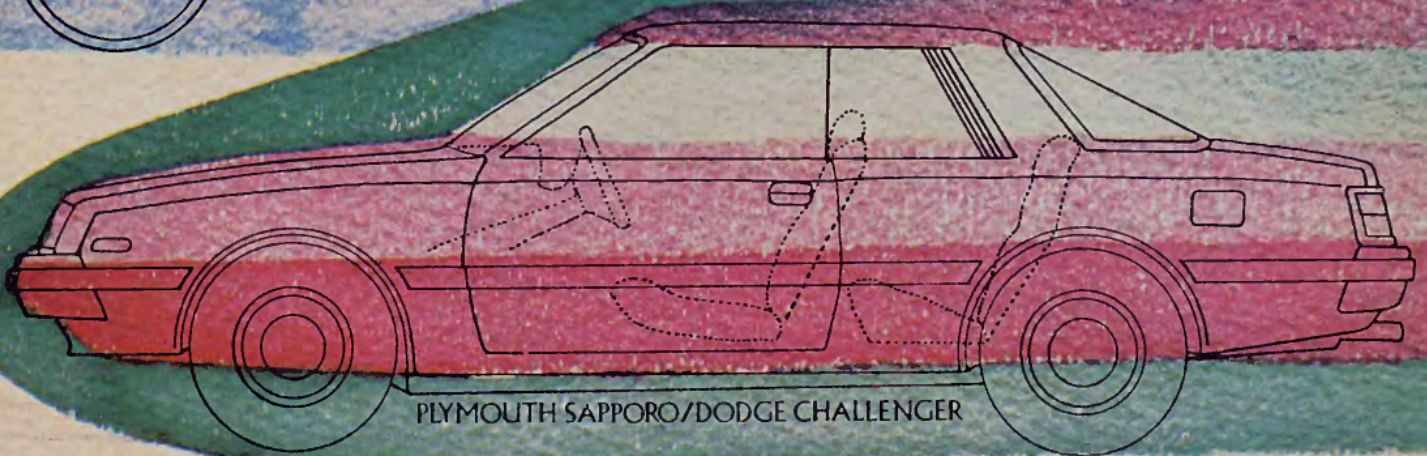
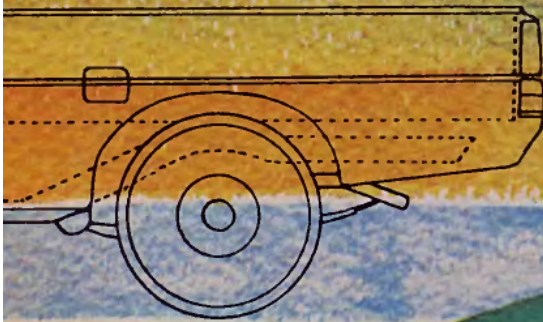


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PLAYBILL

IT'S NOT EXACTLY on deep background that the pleasurable act of sex can have a sometimes disconcerting aftereffect, that of membership in the P.T.A. To avoid lengthy discussions of elementary school curriculums (can you say con-tra-cep-tion?) requires that you be part doctor, part pharmacist and part bedroom politician. We've cast writer **David Black** (pictured at right) in all three roles for an update on the state of casual union called *Beyond the Pill*. For the illustration, we couldn't conceive of anyone better than **Don Ivan Punchatz**.

That's all pretty serious stuff, so to balance things out—or, rather, tip the scales in the other direction—we've added the wackiness of **Mel Brooks**. Brooks has just wrapped the latest in his string of madcap movies, this one tantalizingly titled *History of the World—Part I*. Its stars include Brooks, of course, **Madeline Kahn**, a bevy of Playmates and our own Editor-Publisher, **Hugh M. Hefner**, cast as an entrepreneur in what will be either his movie debut or his movie career. We were able to obtain a particularly juicy excerpt from the screenplay and some shots of the action on the set for you to preview. Sculptor **Parviz Sadighian** provided the artwork.

Former Marine Private First Class **Robert Garwood** spent 14 years as a prisoner of the North Vietnamese, only to be released, court-martialed and convicted of collaboration with the enemy. Garwood tells his unique story in this month's *Playboy Interview*, conducted by **Winston Groom**.

In a similar situation is **Dan Black**, a former undercover narc recently released from Soledad prison. Black penetrated the ranks of the Hell's Angels as camouflage for his assignment to collect information on possible drug dealing, got a bit turned around and ended up committing a crime and serving time. His misfortune is the subject of *Undercover Angel*, by **Lawrence Linderman**, last heard from when he put together our March 1981 *Playboy Interview* with James Garner.

When you're talking pressure jobs in sports, you have to include the nervous Nellies of baseball, the cud-chewing, trouser-hitching, brow-wiping pitchers. **Pat Jordan**, himself a minor-league hurler, talks with such diamond greats as **Steve Stone**, **Tug McGraw** and **Tom Seaver** to see how they go about avoiding a rubber room in his article *Pitchers' Duel*. Designated artist for the piece is **Jack Haeger**.

Remember the little puppet whose nose grew when he told a lie? Senior Staff Writer **Walter Lowe, Jr.**, does. With a slight change in body parts, he has produced a ribald fairy tale about a guy with a comparable problem whose name rhymes with the puppet's, *Ben Oszchio*. Associate Art Director **Skip Williamson** explains the problem graphically.

Even with all that, we're just beginning. Our cover girl, **Jayne Kennedy**, appears inside with hubby **Leon Isaac** in a sizzling pictorial, *Body and Soulmates*. Writer-producer-actor Leon and sometime sports commentator Jayne have both emerged as sex symbols and you'll easily see why. Photographer **David Hamilton** is back with a lyrical portfolio based on the movie *Tender Cousins*. Aspiring photogs could do a lot worse than to study Hamilton's delicate style.

On the public-service docket this month is our staff's considered breakdown of who and what are *Uptight & Loose*. It's not a quiz, but a quick perusal of the categories will tell you where you stand. Wherever you stand, you'll look good if you take Fashion Director **David Platt**'s fashion direction toward *Hot City Lights*, a survey of the summer-suit scene.

Finally, we'd be unforgivably remiss if we didn't mention the special charms of our July Playmate, **Heidi Sorenson**, a Vancouver native who paints and writes poetry when out of her well-deserved limelight. Since talking about it ain't half as much fun as doing it, we suggest you dig right in.



BLACK



PUNCHATZ



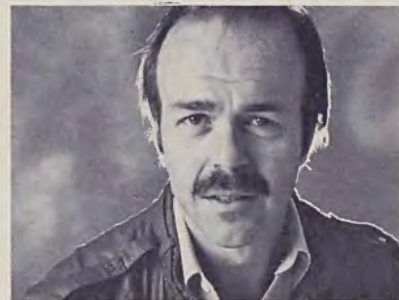
SADIGHIAN



BROOKS



GROOM



LINDERMAN



HAEGER



JORDAN



LOWE



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PLAYBOY®

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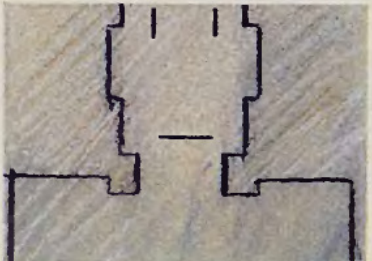
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COVER STORY

Sports fans will recognize Jayne Kennedy as the former highlight of TV's *NFL Today* show. Since then, the ex-Miss Ohio's career has taken a hike. Now she's starring with husband Leon Isaac in *Body and Soul*, which we've previewed on page 147. West Coast Photography Editor Marilyn Grabowski produced the cover; Ken Marcus shot it.

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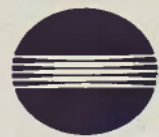
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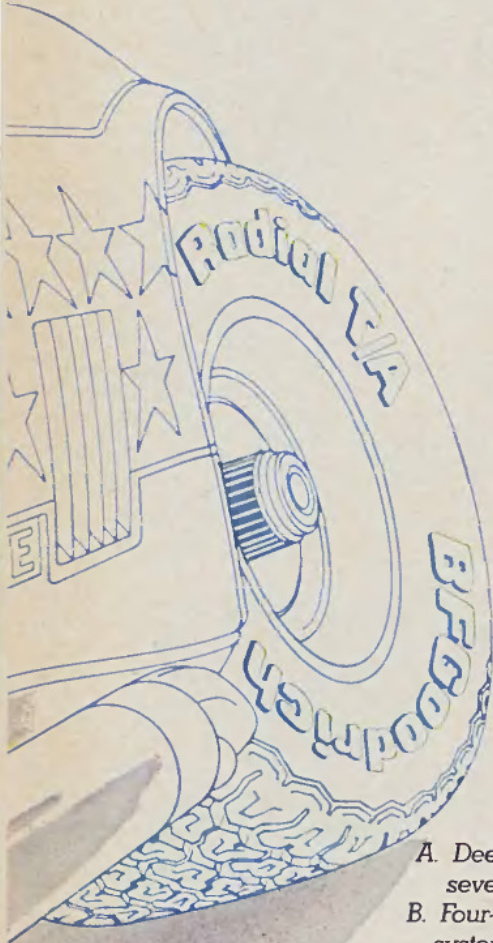
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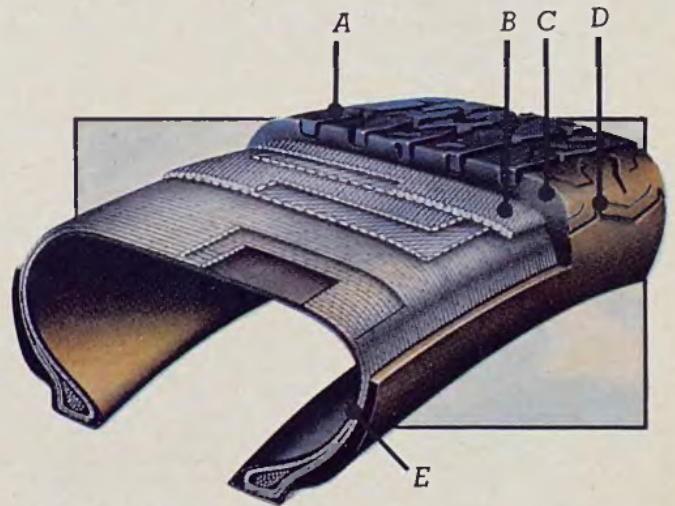
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Father's Day 1980



Father's Day 1981

Patience does have its rewards.

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

WE'D LOVE TO SEE YOUR ETCHINGS, WALTER

What could we say when Walter Cronkite himself called to admire Joann Daley's painting of him, which accompanied Ron Powers' February playlet, *Cronkite's Last Stand*? We'd give him the shirts off our backs. Instead, we decided to give him the painting. Below, presenting the artwork to Cronkite, are (from left) Articles Editor James Morgan, Powers and Executive Editor G. Barry Golson.



HEF GIVES TOM A HAND

Hugh Hefner and Los Angeles mayor Tom Bradley combine for a hand sandwich, with entertainer Billy Davis, Jr., looking on. Hef hosted an outdoor political fund raiser held in Bradley's honor at Playboy Mansion West. Who says political parties are no fun?



NORTH TO ALASKA: THE PRICE IS RIGHT

This year's attractions at Anchorage, Alaska's annual Fur Rendezvous included dog-sledding, native exhibits and our own January Playmate, Karen Price. Above, Karen gets ready for a bird's-eye view of Anchorage. At far right, she's escorted to the Miners and Trappers Ball by Don Crosby, who promoted the Rough-house Boxing event, where earnest amateurs competed for a \$1000 purse. At right: A vintage Price.





REALLY? ON THE CAPITOL STEPS?

Gore Vidal, whose own disillusionment with Washington is no secret, meets the indefatigable Rita Jenrette during *The Merv Griffin Show* after Rita's candid photos and opinions, as revealed in April's *PLAYBOY*, had become national news. At Jenrette's left: comedian/writer Robert Wuhl and Merv.

RABBIT SOLDIERS

Pianist Patrice Rushen (below) checks out the monogrammed hardware while visiting Twenty-Nine Palms Marine Base. The Marines supplied the wardrobe in honor of her new album, *Posh*.



**PLAYMATE UPDATE:
TERRI DEBUTS
IN LOOKER**

Above: Playmate of the Year Terri Welles audits Michael Crichton's advice on the production set for *Looker*, written and directed by Crichton. The film stars Albert Finney, Susan Dey and James Coburn. At right, Terri at the National Hockey League All-Star Charity Dinner with spouse, Kings forward Charlie Simmer.



BUNNY CROUPIERS READY TO DEAL

Bunny Croupier Karen Lundberg accepts her diploma upon completing the dealer-training program at the now-open Atlantic City Playboy Hotel and Casino complex. Karen and 186 fellow Bunny croupiers were graduated in the casino's 1000-seat showroom along with 324 other dealers. The graduates now await you.





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It may surprise you that we could even fit two more doors on our little Le Car. But then, Le Car is full of surprises.

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39 HWY*
EST 29 EST
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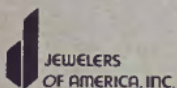
By this time, I understood enough to want to go for the best.



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

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RAVES FOR RITA

You've done it again! Rita Jenrette has not only a lovely body with graceful lines and nice curves but a *mind* to match those attributes as well. The article *The Liberation of a Congressional Wife* (PLAYBOY, April) is worth the digesting. I found her to be normal in her private life, above normal in public life and just plain "down to earth," with honesty and courage to express herself. Go for it, Rita!

Rod MacGregor
Nashville, Tennessee

Besides the tasteful photography, the text reinforces what many of us know goes on in one quarter or another all the time. Thank you for a job well done. And best wishes for Rita's success.

Kermit B. Karns
Kansas City, Missouri

Rita Jenrette is one gutsy, sophisticated, beautiful lady. I feel sorry for her husband and Washington, D.C. They both lost.

David La Marche
Milpitas, California

Screwed by a tipling, unprincipled, flimflamming scamp while Congress was in session. Sounds like Rita Jenrette is a typical middle-class American.

Earl Flaherty
Bangor, Maine

Rita Jenrette claims she isn't a gold digger, yet she prostitutes herself and airs her dirty linen in public for a little publicity and a few bucks. Hasn't she ever heard that "discretion is the better part of valor"?

Mary Ann DiMarco
Detroit, Michigan

What a sensation! There was a phenomenal line at the Main Street News

Stand; there were waiting lists and "preferred customers only" sales at PLAYBOY distribution points! I'm happy that I started my subscription to PLAYBOY with the dawning of 1981!

Olin B. Jenkins
Columbia, South Carolina

Whatever happened to love, marriage vows, loyalty, integrity and pride?

E. A. Demetri
Palm Springs, California

We have here a hit television series to rival *Dallas*, *Dynasty* and *Flamingo Road*, with a fail-safe provision in the show's title: *One Marble Step at a Time!*

Bernard Glantz
Longmeadow, Massachusetts

RAPE'S MANY VICTIMS

When I first heard that PLAYBOY, of all magazines, was publishing an article on rape (*Why Do Men Rape?*, April), I thought, Sure, that's really going to be a true-to-form story! But after reading it, I must apologize to you. Richard Rhodes's detailed coverage of this violent crime against women is superb! With more articles such as this, perhaps we will finally stop making this a sexual crime of men *vs.* women and put it in its proper perspective of men *and* women *vs.* the rapists.

Patricia Pensinger
Southlake Coordinator Northwest
Indiana
Calumet Women United Against Rape
Lowell, Indiana

I cannot say that I enjoyed Rhodes's April article, but I did find it informative. One other facet of the problem of rape I have never seen examined is how a rape affects the men who care about a victim: the fathers, brothers, husbands, lovers and friends. The load of guilt they carry is overwhelming. Questions

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plague them: Why wasn't I there when she needed me? How could someone like me have hurt her? How can I help her without hurting her more? They committed no crime and yet they must suffer, and the suffering is often aggravated by a hysterical victim and an unfeeling society.

Thomas C. Anderson
Chariton, Iowa

PLAYBOY has made a very grave mistake in publishing this militantly antimasculine article. The case reported indisputably involves a man with a diagnosis of paraphilic rape (raptophilia), a condition that is as much a medical problem as is epilepsy, and one that should be treated medically. I think it is a sexological disaster that PLAYBOY should forsake human decency in order to endorse the role of the Inquisition and the Moral Majority in condemning a sick man to 50 years in prison—then to use the philosophy of psychobiology in support of the genetic superiority of rape and to end the article with the platitudes of the last paragraph. The person responsible for the publication of this article should be fired.

John Money, Ph.D.

Professor of Medical Psychology
Associate Professor of Pediatrics
The Johns Hopkins Medical
Institutions
Baltimore, Maryland

Rhodes replies:

I found no information that medical treatment of rapists is yet generally possible or effective. If Dr. Money has such information, he didn't share it with PLAYBOY when he was interviewed. The rest of his letter is gratuitous distortion, to which the best answer is my article.

HOCKEY LUCK

As I looked through the April issue of PLAYBOY and came across the delights of Playmate Lorraine Michaels, I thought she seemed strikingly familiar. It took only two pages more for my memory to be triggered as to where I had seen this Playmate beauty before. She is really LeRoy Neiman's Fernlin!

Steve Schell
Washougal, Washington

I was pleased to learn that you guys have finally discovered the game of hockey, and especially the Los Angeles Kings. I refer, of course, to the photographs of Messrs. Simmer, Goldup and Halward, displayed on page 139. Oh, yeah, the naked lady on the adjacent pages is nice, too. But what's she doing in a sports magazine?

Michael John Palmer
Kingston, Ontario

In the midst of mid-term examinations, PLAYBOY once again showed its good timing and good taste by lifting

our hearts with Miss April. Lorraine Michaels' awesome beauty is one of the finest ever to grace your pages.

According to our calculations, the *Dear Playboy* section will cover the April issue in good timing with final exams. So please, gentlemen, just one more look to inspire us for finals.

The Men of the Second Floor
Lackhove Hall
Shippensburg State College
Shippensburg, Pennsylvania

Seems a shame to waste a shot of Lorraine on inspiration for finals. But



we'll assume you guys know what you're doing. Hope we came in time.

BACK HOME IN INDIANA

Many thanks to PLAYBOY and David Chan for another dandy *Girls of pictorial*, focusing on the lovelies of Kokomo, Indiana. After considering the winning looks and assets of Robin Levy, Karen Woods and Dianna Main, it's no wonder Kokomo is called the City of Firsts. And PLAYBOY is the first in magazines.

Brett Anderson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Although I haven't lived in Kokomo for some five years, I visit as often as possible and will always consider it home. I found it heart-warming to finally see and hear of Kokomo in a complimentary light. Now many of my shipmates believe me when I relate the beauty that can be found there. Thank you for the pleasant homecoming.

M. A. Suire
Wilmington, North Carolina

I have to write and tell you that there are two people on your staff who are absolutely fantastic! I'm speaking of David Chan and Sherryl Snow. I'd never done any modeling and was apprehensive about posing undressed, even

though the thought of being in PLAYBOY was so personally appealing. But I felt as if I were in front of family—perfectly comfortable! The shooting was close to six hours long, but I can honestly say that I felt very easy those six hours. Sherryl talked a lot to me while we worked on my make-up and David joked with me while he got the lighting right. By the time it was ready to shoot, there was a football game on, and I'll be damned if I didn't get beat out by the N.F.L. again! Now, that's what I call a professional photographer! I got photographed between plays and *tacos*, but it's a wonderful memory I'll never forget... or regret!

Jodi Pearce
One of Your Kokomo Girls

OUTSPOKEN ASNER

The April *Playboy Interview* with Ed Asner is great; Sam Merrill did an outstanding job and should be commended. I watch every episode of *Lou Grant* I can and have always admired Asner. Asner tells it like it is, even when it could jeopardize his acting career—few others would have the backbone to do that.

Johnnie Hudgins
Hampton, Virginia

Your interview with Ed Asner has, for the time being, restored my hope that television can be more than tits, ass and canned laughter.

Richard Crystal
Los Angeles, California

MTM Enterprises and Asner are to be commended for being involved in one of the few intelligent TV programs on the air. My only complaint is that the interview is too short.

Lynn Parker
Largo, Florida

Until I read the interview, I did not realize why I liked Ed Asner so much: The characters Asner portrays are real people. So is he.

Louis J. Casanave
New Orleans, Louisiana

HALL OF CONTROVERSY

I opened my April issue and went immediately to the *Music Poll*, where I was relieved to find that John Bonham had been voted into your Hall of Fame. Being one of Zeppelin's most ardent and fanatic fans, unfortunately I was able to see him in concert only once, but that was all it took. I was hooked. I think everybody will agree with the last statement you made about him: "No one in the world plays drums the way he did."

Eric Mischke
Kirkland, Arizona

Bonzo Bonham?! Give me a break! If he hadn't died, the guy would never have come within a mile of the Hall of

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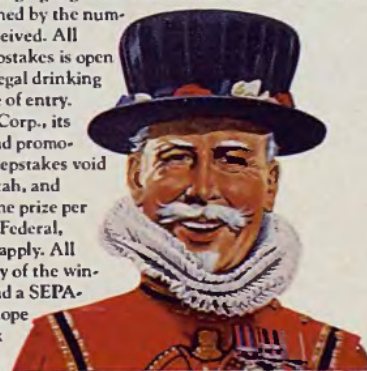
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Fame, which is beginning to look more and more like the Hall of Flame-Outs. How can PLAYBOY's readers continue to ignore the real giants of contemporary music—people like Chuck Berry, Fats Domino and Jerry Lee Lewis? There must be some way PLAYBOY can put an embargo on voting for the untimely dead; otherwise, cheap emotionalism is going to make the Hall of Fame meaningless.

Dan O'Brien
Garden City, New York

A Hall of Fame is supposed to honor the greats, especially the greats of the past, and the founders of new music. That John Bonham (and, earlier, Herb Alpert) should be elected to the Hall of Fame when Chuck Berry comes in 13th in the voting is an injustice.

Fred N. Breukelman
Dover, Delaware

WHAT'S UP, DOC?

My practice involves cosmetic dentistry, which is very tedious and time-consuming work. In order to add some fun to this otherwise serious business, I came up with "tooth art." The patient requests something to be painted on his porcelain crowns, I then do the artwork and fire the crowns in an oven. I have done everything from simple cartoon characters to copies of Picassos. Most of the crowns are for posterior teeth, where the painting can be seen only if the patient wants to show it. When I do an anterior tooth, as with the Rabbit Head, two crowns are done, one plain and one with the painting. In that way, the patient can have the crowns interchanged, depending on the occasion.

Charles J. Lamberta, D.D.S.
North Massapequa, New York
Thanks, doc. That's one way of lifting



the spirits of people who look down in the mouth.

WILLIE AT SPEED

I enjoyed your article *Saint Willie*, by David Standish (PLAYBOY, April). The description of traveling on the "tube" (or road bus) with Willie's boys is quite believable, but also very factual. I admire Standish's ability to write such a fine article after suffering massive chromosome damage.

Steve Brooks
Dallas, Texas

I really liked your Willie Nelson piece. I did many a mile on that bus and you got it right. The secret is to not inhale.

Chet Flippo
Rolling Stone
New York, New York

If Willie Nelson actually ran 10,000 kilometers in 1:14:27, he has to perform only three more miracles to make the jump from figurative to literal sainthood. Ten thousand kilometers is, after all, 6200 miles.

I strongly suspect that either writer David Standish or your typesetter meant to say *ten kilometers* or *10,000 meters*.

Greg Hoffman
Palo Alto, California

Five thousand eight miles per hour? I've liked Willie for a long time, but now I'm *really* impressed! What's the name of that stuff he smokes?

Owen King
Springfield, Virginia

Whoever goofed, and whatever was being smoked, it was obviously done by the kilo. Ten kilometers is right.

APRIL LOVE

With all due respect to Lorraine Michaels, Rita Jenrette and all the fine girls of Kokomo, the best thing about the April PLAYBOY is cover girl Liz Wickersham. I hope we see more soon.

J. P. Swisher
Greensboro, North Carolina

Her sensuous body in that sexy negligee, the sexy pose and the look in Liz's eyes combine to make one hell of a cover picture. I just can't keep my eyes off it. Each time I pick up the magazine to continue reading it, I take a few looks at the cover.

Harvey Glassman
Brooklyn, New York

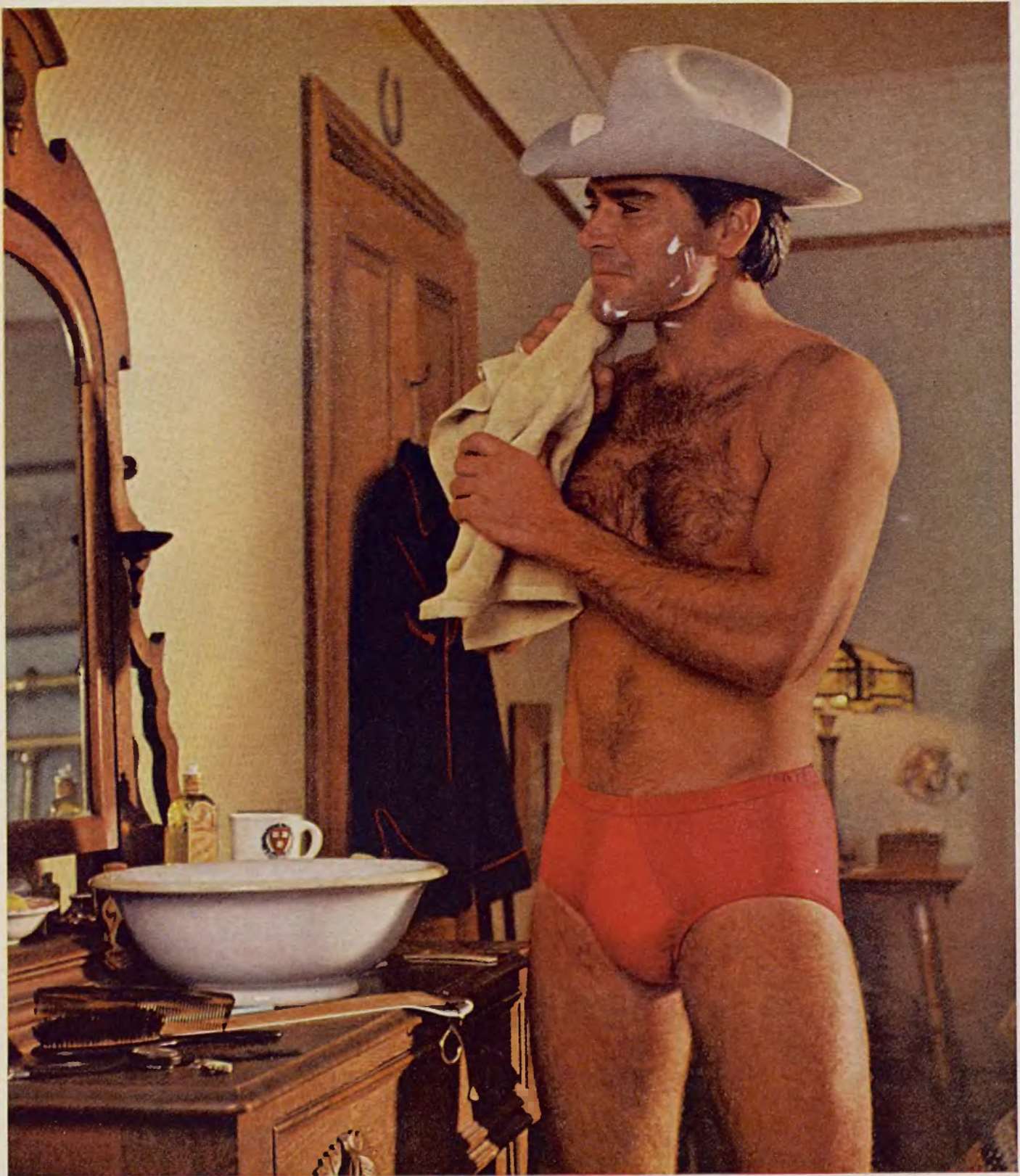
You have exceeded even your traditionally high standards with your April issue. The woman on the cover, Liz Wickersham, is truly the loveliest these eyes have ever surveyed. I hope she will be back for an encore sans teddy—and, I would suggest, as a Playmate. Nice work, Tom Staebler.

David Berry
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Your April cover is an exquisite example of photographic art. The uncomplicated portrait of one beautiful lady gives an air of elegance to the whole issue and, by itself, is one of its most pleasing features. My congratulations to Tom Staebler.

Kevin Ashman
Ithaca, New York





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ILLEGALIZING ABORTION

in their unflagging efforts to make motherhood mandatory, the new moralists are trying to turn common sense into a criminal act

By PETER ROSS RANGE

Foes of abortion have fired the opening shots in what they hope will be a successful two-year campaign to make childbirth compulsory for all pregnant women. Here is a report from our Washington correspondent.

The New Moral Right has wasted no time capitalizing on its new-found power in Washington. Just two days after Ronald Reagan's Inauguration, 60,000 citizens carrying March for Life banners tied up traffic for hours in the nation's capital. Their leaders commanded a private audience with the new President, the very first special-interest group he received in the Oval Office. They were addressed by Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina and Congressman Robert Dornan of California. Between the Gospel singers and the Bible wavers (Jerry Falwell was also there), Reagan's Secretary of Health and Human Services, Richard S. Schweiker, spoke to the assembled religio-biological shock troops, telling them they "have a friend in the Reagan Administration."

Schweiker performed the kind of policy somersault that characterizes an Administration bent on bringing back the Fifties. Having announced that he favored a constitutional amendment to make abortion a crime, he later added that he would try to end his department's support of sex education and family-planning information for minors and indigents. In other words, don't tell them how they get pregnant, and when they do, don't allow them to get unpregnant.

The forces of the past have momentum. Poll after poll confirms that a substantial majority of Americans favor freedom of choice on abortions, as mandated in the 1973 *Roe vs. Wade* Supreme Court decision. Yet the best-organized single-issue lobby in the country today has turned the unborn fetus into a political football. It is a master stroke of minority politics.

The hysterical right operates through an interlocking machinery of television evangelists, direct-mail wizards, milk-the-ignorant fund raisers and Congressional glibmeisters (both Helms and Dornan went to Washington from jobs as television commentators). Its secret is a combination of scare propaganda, negative campaigning and religious

humbug. It has galvanized all manner of conservatives around the abortion issue and helped elect the most conservative President in modern times.

If you want to know why we should ban abortion (and return to the back-alley butchers of yesteryear), listen for a moment to Helms, who once wrote that "the Supreme Court's ruling in the abortion cases raises the specter of euthanasia. . . . Eventually, we shall arrive at the final stage where 'undesirables,' such as the sick, the aged, the senile and the retarded, are eliminated." Just like Nazi Germany, implies Helms.

Or consider Dornan, a California Catholic who looks, dresses and talks like a Southern tent evangelist. "It's hedonism and secularism versus ecumenism," he shouted to a hysterical claque of pink-faced supporters in a Senate hearing room last January. "American citizens dying in their mothers' wombs have gone beyond the Herodian slaughter of the Hitler regime. And that's a conservative estimate. Only 30,000 were killed at Dachau. We kill 30,000 innocent citizens in their mothers' wombs every month!" Cheers, screams, applause.

Outside, supporters waved posters reading, WANTED FOR MURDER: FIVE MILLION MOTHERS AND THEIR DOCTORS. Dornan and Helms forthwith marched into their respective houses of Congress to introduce constitutional amendments to ban abortion. Surely, when the clause allowing for amendments was written, the framers of the Constitution did not have in mind the raising of medical theology to constitutional force. Why not a constitutional amendment on smoking in public elevators? On health standards in restaurants? On the tax-exempt status of churches?

Well, Helms, who is the smartest, slickest and most dangerous right-wing polemicist in American politics today, has thought of that, too. "We don't have the votes" to get a constitutional amendment, he says. It takes *two thirds* of the Senate and the House and then *three fourths* of the states to amend the Constitution. So Helms has come up with a better idea: Amend the Constitution through the back door of legislation. A Federal law requires passage by only a simple majority in both houses. Enter Senate Bill 158

and House Resolution 900, which will, in effect, amend the 14th Amendment, which prohibits depriving persons of life without due process of law. The bills jump into a tiny gap left in the 1973 Supreme Court ruling that pointedly skirted the constitutional definition of the word person. Under the new law, if passed, a newly fertilized egg would be endowed with "personhood" by the following simple definition: "Human life shall be deemed to exist from conception, without regard to race, sex, age, health, defect or condition of dependency." In short, your ovum has civil rights.

These so-called Human Life Bills (as opposed to the Human Life Amendments) are clearly the most imaginative attempt yet mounted by the forces of righteousness to roll back the 1973 Supreme Court decision that legalized medically safe abortion. "We've got the votes and we'll get it through in timely fashion," says Carl Anderson, Helms's social-issues expert, perhaps the only man in America paid by taxpayers to spend most of his time thinking up ways to make motherhood mandatory. Anderson goes so far as to admit that introducing the Human Life Amendment two days after Reagan's Inauguration was—in my words—a mere "softening up of the political landscape with heavy artillery so you could come in behind it with the Human Life Bill."

"Sure, sure it was," he replied.

Likewise, passage of the bill would till the soil for the more difficult task of pushing through the Human Life Amendment itself. "The bill is not the final solution," says Anderson, only half laughing at his own malapropism. "We can probably get the rest in 1982. With Kennedy and Metzenbaum and all those other Democrats up for reelection next year, I don't think they will want to be too vocal in their opposition."

The value of sheer persistence and simple attrition is not lost on the New Right, which has shown unparalleled tenacity over the years—the kind only the truly zealous can summon. This has finally produced an effective level of irritation among even more reasonable members of Congress, who want to have done with the thing and shut the right-wingers up for a while.

"I sense among many Congressmen a strong desire to get the abortion issue off their backs," says one pro-choice advocate on Capitol Hill. "And to them, the Human Life Bill looks like the easy way out." Two licks for Helms.

In the Fifties and early Sixties, the overriding social issue in this country was a real one—race relations. That was eclipsed by a foreign issue, Vietnam, which translated into the social alienation of an entire generation. The Seventies was the decade of women, followed by a preoccupation with self—the absence of concern with social issues. Into that vacuum have leaped the single-issue groups, right-wing hate-mongers and political polemicists to create a *false* social issue: abortion.

Abortion is not a problem in this country: It is not a legitimate social issue. Never has the matter been better settled than by the Supreme Court's decision, which says the question to abort or not to abort is a personal and medical one, not a legal one. Now come the religio-political zealots who want to interfere in the most private of our personal affairs. The pro-lifers say *your* pregnancy is *their* business, while the pro-choice folks say it is your own. The pro-lifers say what you *must* do is have a baby; pro-choice advocates say there is no must; they don't care what you do, as long as the decision is yours.

Yet the anti-abortionists—they of the fetus photographs and visions of another holocaust (today the fetus, tomorrow the grandma)—have become such a vocal minority that even the Republican leadership has begun to kowtow to them. Reagan had some of them into the White House a second time. The reason: their remarkable fund-raising ability. Emotion, after all, is a greater motivator than reason, as we learned from the Third Reich.

Paul Brown, director of the Life Amendment Political Action Committee (LAPAC), put it more bluntly: "We can threaten jobs." And threaten they do: LAPAC has 12 Senators on its new "Deadly Dozen" "hit list" for the 1982 elections, from liberal Edward Kennedy to neoconservative-intellectual Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Brown is the nice guy who maligned rape victim Karen Mulhauser, who happens to be executive director of the National Abortion Rights Action League, in an interview with *New York* magazine: "I hear that Karen claims she was once raped. Well, let me tell you, Karen is not the most beautiful creature in the world, so when I hear her say she was raped, my response is, 'You wish.'" Brown later claimed he was misquoted, but his interviewer stood by the story.

Pro-choice advocates fear that many Americans are not sufficiently aroused to the danger posed by the Human



Life Bill—and 16 similar bills and amendments that have been thrown into the Congressional hopper. Abortion has been with us always; and legalized, safe abortion, for nearly a decade. Many people now take it for granted, just like the rights of blacks to eat in any restaurant. No one thinks about a serious return to *de jure* segregation, so they are incredulous at the notion that the clock could be so definitively turned back on a social issue that most of us thought was settled long ago. Yet that is just what could happen. *Might well happen.* Anti-abortionists, after all, have for several years won simple majority votes in Congress against Medicaid funding for abortions.

The implications of either a Federal human-life law or a constitutional amendment are enormous. And what of contraception? If human life commences at the moment of fertilization and is thereafter protected by law, what of the intrauterine device, which often acts as an abortifacient? Most of the birth-control pills are thought to func-

tion the same way once in a while when an ovulation takes place.

Judie Brown, president of the anti-abortionist American Life Lobby, wrote an open letter to members of Congress arguing that since I.U.D.s and birth-control pills make the uterus "hostile to a fertilized egg," each one "kills a brand-new human being." She concluded: "Chemicals which kill are not contraceptives. They perform abortions!" The only thing these loonies accept is "barrier" contraceptives: We're back to rubbers.

The "human life" bills obviously have complex medical and legal ramifications; their passage would have such profound impact on society that one Republican connected to the White House predicted "lawlessness that would make Prohibition look like a picnic." Police at all levels would be charged with snooping on country doctors—those sympathetic souls who once clandestinely accommodated unlucky coeds from college towns—and breaking down motel doors to see if someone

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were flushing a pregnancy down a toilet. Texas boyfriends would once again be administering the anesthesia at unclean clinics in Mexico. Today's generation of unmarrieds has no idea how bad it was; the ones who remember would be flying off to Haiti and Sweden.

Yet conservative Republican leaders were cleverly conspiring last winter to ignore public opinion, exclude pro-choice testimony and effectively railroad their bills onto the floor of the Senate, where a man's vote is his record. The abortion bills fell into the jurisdictional hands of three of the most regressive members of the Senate: South Carolina's venerable segregationist Strom Thurmond, the new chairman of the Judiciary Committee; Orrin Hatch, the mirthless Mormon from Utah, who heads the Subcommittee on the Constitution; and John East, the wheelchair-bound ideological clone that Jesse Helms's political machine produced out of North Carolina, who chairs the Subcommittee on Separation of Powers.

Although Helms's anti-abortion statute is the most significant social legislation of our time, the conservatives were intent on narrowing the scope and keeping pro-choice forces from being heard. The strategy mounted by East, who is largely controlled by Helms, was to hold a mere two days of hearings on the sole question "When does human life begin?" He decided to hear strictly medical testimony, exclusively from pro-lifers.

What this all really amounts to is an all-out attack on sex. Deep down, the New Right is nothing if not a movement in reaction to the sexual revolution of the 20th Century, especially the liberation of women. The abortion issue brings the conservative extremists together on the things that stir them most: fear of sex, religious fundamentalism, racist hostility to minorities with "loose morals," the independence of young people.

Helms for years practiced a smooth and venomous demagoguery on North Carolina television. He often smeared blacks seeking their simple civil rights with allusions to "crime rates" and "immorality." This is the your-mother-is-a-whore approach to race relations. He has successfully brought this style into national politics and the U.S. Senate. At last year's Republican Convention, he neatly summed up the new party platform by broadly attacking "the permissiveness, the pornography, the drugs, abortion, living together, divorce . . . somewhere you've got to put the flag down and say, 'Enough is enough.'"

Helms has decided to wrap himself in the flag by standing right on top of the abortion issue, which he conveniently lumps in with living together and divorce, both common and, we thought, legally sanctioned activities between the sexes in this country. Perhaps Helms and his following think that if they can elim-



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inate the one, the two others won't be far behind. We underestimate the zeal, power and "final solutions" of the right

wing at our own considerable peril. We'll soon be back to strictly missionary positions on alternate Saturdays.

WHAT YOU CAN DO TO BE HEARD

Because politics is people and votes, Senators and Congressmen really listen to their constituents. To make your voice heard on the abortion issue, write to your Senator, U. S. Senate, Washington, D.C. 20510, and to your Congressman, U. S. House of Representatives, Washington, D.C. 20515. And, believe it or not, they also listen to phone calls. You can reach any Senator or Congressman in Washington by simply dialing 202-224-3121 and asking for him.

The three pro-choice organizations most actively engaged in centralized lobbying efforts are the National Abortion Rights Action League, 825 15th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005; the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, Inc., 810 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10019; and The Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights, 100 Maryland Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Dirty Hairy fans, take note. Jerdon Industries offers a hair drier for people who want to blow their heads off. It's called the Magnum (it's shaped like a .357), comes in a holster carrying case and costs \$27. So, do you feel lucky, punk?

ELEMENTARY PEEPING

Hofstra University, a bastion of progressive education, boasts the world's first "visiting professor of voyeurism." Snooper David Lloyd, author of *How to Spy on Your Neighbors Without Fear of Discovery*, lectured on Peeping Tomism. Attended by overflow student crowds, Lloyd's lecture explained how to peep effectively without running afoul of the law.

"I've elevated Peeping Tomism to a fine art," said Lloyd. "I don't teach anything illegal. But there's plenty to see that's in the public domain."

Lloyd, who considers himself the world's leading Peeping Tom, with 15 years in the field (and at the window sill), said that the practice was ideal for celebrity watchers . . . though it does have its drawbacks. "I've seen a lot of famous people up to all sorts of things through my binoculars," he bragged, adding righteously, "but I can't tell you who they are."

A Littleton, Colorado, entrepreneur is now offering the ultimate grooming aid for city slickers: "Genuine Western Soil Boot Polish" made of "real Western dirt, horse manure, straw, and hay and secret ingredients." Users just add water and then rub the mud onto their new \$500 Tony Lucchese boots. At \$4.95, you can at last feel right at home on any range.

CLIMBING THE BIG ONE

An expedition to the foothills of Mount Everest is being planned by a team of British homosexuals. Philip Jud-

son, 36, says he hopes to take a group of 12 gays to the Himalayas in November. Judson is chairman of the Gay Outdoor Club, formed to campaign against what its founders considered an unfair image. "Gay men are supposed to be delicate flowers sitting among potted palms . . . talking about opera and ballet. The club is out to show how wrong that popular image is," Judson said. There may be some problems on the trek, he conceded. "We are going to be perfectly serious as a walking and climbing club. It can be quite hard work. But if any of the Sherpa guides were offended by anything we did, then we would stop it."

MYSTERY MOUNDS

What a lot of guys would be happy to do for nothing. Patrick Cullen managed to make into a career. Cullen, an Irishman who recently passed away (at the age of 69), was a professional "breast-



gazer"—someone who reads a woman's fortune in her breasts, according to the Manchester *Guardian*. "Professor" Cullen believed that "mammaramism" developed in India. He studied the fine points of that particular brand of prophecy in the brothels of Shanghai, where he spent some time during his service to the crown. But he didn't practice "chest clairvoyance" until the Seventies, when he began to ply his unorthodox trade to an unlikely clientele of English housewives in his Brighton studio. The mystic knowledge he had acquired in the Orient involved first daubing poster paints on his client's breast with a brush. Ladies reluctant to shed their inhibitions, however, were permitted to daub themselves, per instructions from Cullen via two-way radio. In either case, the woman pressed her painted breast against a sheet of paper; Cullen then studied the pattern—and sometimes the breast itself—to predict the woman's future. He established a swelling business and made some real bosom buddies in the process. His widow, Margaret, said he took his work very seriously. We know just how he felt.

We commemorate Patrick Cullen as a man who not only saw the shape of things to come but made forecasting a genuinely titillating experience.

After a raid on Schenectady, New York, adult bookstores, Vice Unit Sergeant Dennis Gregorie explained some of the problems in determining what is obscene and what is not. "This is a tricky issue," he said, adding that police cannot go off "half-cocked."

DOGS OF WAR 2

Jarvis, a German shepherd resident of Michigan, recently renounced his "man's best friend" status in favor of "best dog-gone sharpshooter in the state." While being trained in the fine art of attacking

by his master, John Calbert, Jarvis picked up a loaded .22-caliber pistol with his mouth, wagged his tail and shot his owner. Calbert, while proud of his dog's learning ability, was taken to a hospital, where he was reported in fair but embarrassed condition. Local police are not pressing charges against the pooch. NBC's Fred Silverman is reportedly pressing to create a series around the sharpshooter shepherd tentatively titled *The Canine Chronicles*. The series would star either Benji or Shelley Winters in her greatest character role to date.

METHOD ACTING

Like godfather, like son is the fad described by undercover policeman Robert Delaney during a Congressional hearing on organized crime. According to Delaney, young members of organized-crime families were so impressed by *The Godfather* films that they revived such old-fashioned traditions as kissing the hands of senior family members and the cheeks of future fish food.

This practice has gotten so out of control, said Delaney, that during one dinner meeting with Joe Adonis, Jr., son of the famed racketeer, Adonis "gave the waiter a pocketful of quarters and told him to keep playing the theme music from *The Godfather* on the jukebox. Throughout dinner, we listened to the same song, over and over."

All this raises the ethical question: Is it all right to counterfeit Al Martino albums?

BLACK-AND-BLUE JEANS

Although connoisseurs insist that Levis blue jeans have remained virtually unchanged since the 1850s, the company recently revealed that one very serious alteration was made when, years ago, it became evident that some of the jean-encased cowboys were howling as loud as the local coyotes because of a design glitch. The old-fashioned models contained metal rivets on the pockets and one lone rivet on the crotch. That single rivet led to the dreaded "hot-rivet syndrome," a condition that occurred when cowboys crouched too long beside the old campfire. The rivet heated up, sending the he-men hotfooting it into the Western night.

The syndrome was discovered during the Thirties, when Levi president Walter A. Haas, Sr., himself received a hot flash while camping in the high Sierras. A board meeting was subsequently called and "Out, damned rivet" was the order of the day. That story sure gives new meaning to Hopalong Cassidy's name, don't it?

While welcoming guests to his parents' Acapulco home recently, a young man stopped W. Clement Stone, the insurance mogul who sports a pencil-thin mustache,

and asked him (in Spanish), "Where are the rest of the musicians?" First impressions count.

CHECKING IN



Suzanne O'Malley met with Margot Kidder at New York's Russian Tea Room. Later, Kidder gave her an official Lois Lane autograph-model reporter's notebook.

PLAYBOY: Do men like to listen in when women talk?

KIDDER: Absolutely. The few times I've had a man around while my girlfriends and I were talking "girl talk," he's loved it: "God, I never heard *that!* You girls *really* think about *that?*" I remember telling a friend, a New York playwright, how I knew I was really excited about a guy when I shaved my legs the night before I would be seeing him. It means maybe I'm going to go to bed with him. Otherwise—ugh—forget it.

Men are afraid of women's talking to each other, because they think we sit and say terrible things about them. In fact, we say terrible things about ourselves and talk about how scared we are.

PLAYBOY: Do men talk to each other in the same way?

KIDDER: No, and they should, because it's a great release. I knew a tight-knit group of successful male writers and artists. They loved one another dearly. I'd cook dinner, and they'd talk: "Oh, I'm gonna get myself some of Grandma's homemade crack pie tonight . . . huh-huh-huh," or, "That little shrimp, I'll give *her* a hot beef injection. . . ." Then they'd slap one another on the back—whap! whap! "Let's go fishing." Whap!

I got to know them one by one over the years, and they would confide in me with things like, "Oh, God! I know she doesn't love me." You idiots, I kept thinking, why don't you say that to each other? In that way, men's relationships are strangely more romantic than wom-

en's. There's this unspoken thing: "Let's go out and conquer the wilderness together. . . . Let's go shoot a *grouse*. That will show we love each other."

PLAYBOY: Did *Superman* change the way men related to you?

KIDDER: It changed the way the business related to me, because I was at last in a hit movie. But in terms of my personal life, I've always been one of those women who went after the guy. I never sat around and waited for the guy to phone. I was never hard to get if I wanted to be gotten. If I didn't want to be gotten, there was no way I could be.

PLAYBOY: Before you met novelist/screenwriter Tom McGuane, you had lived with several men but were adamantly against marriage. What kind of man did it take to change that conviction?

KIDDER: I'm sure it was my feminine masochism. The marriage certainly didn't work. It was like the lapsed feminist and Ernest Hemingway the Second. A disaster. But McGuane is a handsome, strong, bright, fun, funny, sexual person who was, to me, absolutely irresistible. Two weeks after we met, we decided we had to make a baby. Our daughter, Maggie, is now five years old. When Maggie was nine months old, we got married [McGuane and Kidder divorced ten months later]. The masochism that ensued was my own fault, in that I became less sure of myself—he'll hate me for telling all this—I just simply lost my identity completely. I remember looking out the kitchen window in Montana, washing dishes and thinking, I'm 27 and it's all over. Ultimately, I came out of it. I swore I would never lose myself in a man again.

PLAYBOY: You've had several serious, nonmarital relationships with men. You lived with director Brian De Palma before you married McGuane, didn't you?

KIDDER: Yes. Brian and I were friends and still like each other a lot, but we did not have complete communication. I always had my own room when I lived with men. With McGuane, it was a bunkhouse. I have to have my privacy and my secrets.

PLAYBOY: What secrets?

KIDDER: It's always been very difficult for me to really open up or give myself over to a man out of fear of being hurt. I'm a real con artist. I come on as Miss Open, and maybe I can go farther than other people, but I can only go to Y, I can't go to Z. There are very few people in my life who know me to Z, or even to Y. For many women—for me—it's the man who pinpoints you on that vulnerability who has won you. He is the one who found it.

PLAYBOY: You married actor John Heard, star of *Head Over Heels* and *Heart Beat*, and filed for divorce six weeks later. What happened?

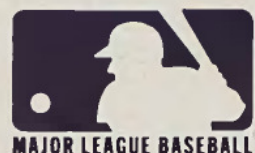
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1. Complete the Official Entry, or on a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper, hand-print your name, address, and zip code. All entries to Game #1 are eligible for the Grand Prize drawing. To be eligible for the Bonus Prize in Game #1 (see Official Rule #4), you must name both pitchers who will be awarded the Rolaid's Relief Man Award for 1981. To enter Game #2, you must indicate the month (June, July, Aug., Sept., Oct.) and the name of either pitcher who is first in the standings for the Rolaid's Relief Man Award at the end of that month. (See Official Rule #5 on how to obtain the names.) 2. With each entry, include the label from a bottle of Rolaid's 75's or Rolaid's 150's or one outside wrapper from a Rolaid's roll, or hand-print the words "Rolaid's Relief Man Sweepstakes" on a separate 3" x 5" piece of paper. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. Game #1 entry must be mailed to: Rolaid's Game #1, P.O. Box 2120, Westbury, NY 11591 and received by 9/15/81. Game #2 entry must be mailed to Rolaid's Game #2, P.O. Box 2145, Westbury, NY 11591 and received by 10/31/81, at which time 200 winners will be selected for each of five months from among those eligible entries (see Rule #1). The Game month you are entering (June, July, Aug., Sept., Oct.) MUST be printed on outside entry envelope, in lower left-hand corner. 3. Winners will be determined in a random drawing conducted by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. Prizes are non-transferable. No substitutions for prizes as offered. Only one prize per family.

The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. All prizes will be awarded except the Bonus Prize in Game #1 (see Official Rule #4) and winners notified by mail. 4. PRIZES: Game #1 — GRAND PRIZE: Box seats for 2 at all games in the 1981 World Series, including round-trip transportation to all games, accommodations, and \$1,000 cash. BONUS PRIZE: If Grand Prize winner correctly names both of the 1981 Rolaid's Relief Man Award winners, a Sony® Color Projection TV System will be awarded. TWO FIRST PRIZES: Sony® Betamax® Video Cassette Recorder. 25 SECOND PRIZES: Mattel Electronic® Baseball game. 5. PRIZES: Game #2 — 1,000 Mattel Electronic® Baseball games. For each of 5 months beginning June 1981, 200 games will be awarded to entrants naming either pitcher who is first in the standings for the Rolaid's Relief Man Award at the end of that month. Leading pitchers' names may be announced in your newspaper, at your local ball park, over the air, or CALL, TOLL-FREE, 1-800-528-6052, ext. "Rolaid's" (in Arizona, 1-800-352-0458, ext. "Rolaid's") for that month's names. 6. Sweepstakes void where prohibited. Federal, state or local taxes on prizes, if any, are the responsibility of the winner. Sweepstakes open to residents of the U.S.A. except employees and their families of Warner-Lambert Company, its subsidiaries, Don Jagoda Associates, Inc. or advertising agencies. To obtain a list of winners of Game #1, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Game #1 winners, P.O. Box 2168, Westbury, NY 11591. For Game #2 winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Game #2 winners, P.O. Box 2173, Westbury, NY 11591.

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Sweepstakes Game #1
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I think the winning pitchers of the ROLAIDS
RELIEF MAN AWARD for 1981 will be:

AMERICAN LEAGUE _____

NATIONAL LEAGUE _____

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

This Sweepstakes Game #1 ends 9/15/81. See Official Rules.

OFFICIAL SWEEPSTAKES ENTRY GAME #2

Rolaid's Relief Man
Sweepstakes Game #2
P.O. Box 2145, Westbury, NY 11591

Entry for month of
(circle one)
June July Aug. Sept. Oct.

The pitcher who is first in the standings for the
ROLAIDS RELIEF MAN AWARD at the end of this month is:

AMERICAN LEAGUE _____

NATIONAL LEAGUE _____

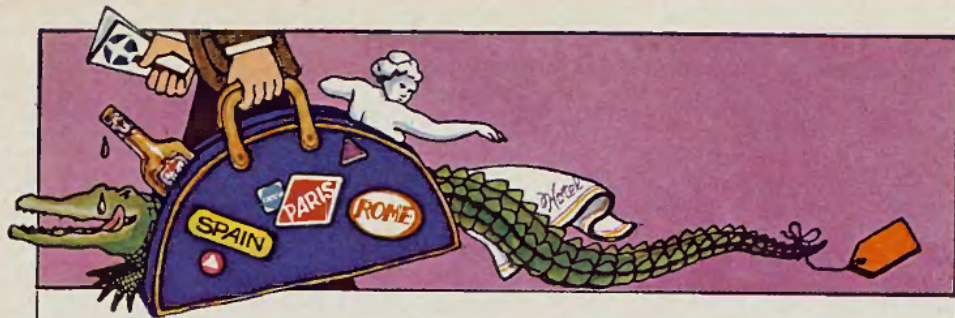
Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

This Sweepstakes Game #2 ends 10/31/81. See Official Rules.



THE BRING-'EM-BACK-ALIVE GUIDE FOR WORLD TRAVELERS

Thanks to travel experts like PLAYBOY's own Stephen Birnbaum, we are able to enjoy visiting places with few or no problems. But how about testing your spirit of adventure? Travel should include the unexpected, the dangerous, the downright foolish. With that in mind, we offer this collection of travel advice, because, frankly, you can't get it anywhere else.

- Immediately throw away any brochure that begins, "The World of Islam Welcomes You to Club Med."
- Investigate an airline that has a Mutual of Omaha counter located on the plane itself.
- Have some fun. See how many items wrapped in tin foil you can get past Turkish customs.
- Hookers in Sweden are marvelous but demanding. Think ahead of how you plan to fill the hour.
- At congested baggage-claim areas, it's easy to confuse your luggage with someone else's. So take the other luggage, too, and take your time deciding which one is right—after you've settled in your hotel room.
- Acquaint yourself with hotel terms. For instance, a "deluxe" room means it comes with fries and cole slaw.
- There are many acceptable souvenirs to bring back from Tijuana. However, Carlos and Maria are not among them.
- Paris is, in fact, quite boring, so you should forgo any sight-seeing. Instead, check out the many fine miniature-golf courses located nearby.
- For a small fee, rent a camel for a delightful desert ride to the great Sphinx in Egypt. A rule of thumb: Two humps cost more than one.
- To prevent car sickness, stand by the kitchen ventilation screen outside a badly run Mexican restaurant for ten minutes and breathe deeply before leaving.
- Before boarding an airplane, glance into the cockpit and comment, "Oh, I see Captain Brown is back from suspension." That brand of levity relaxes fellow passengers.
- Long train rides can be tiresome when annoying people are sitting next to you. Avoid that by keeping a copy of the book *Let's Talk About the Reverend Sun Myung Moon* on your lap.
- Las Vegas is tops for fun. Pour money heavily into a slot machine. Then, in an emotionally disturbed manner, complain that no fruit has come out, only big coins, which taste real crummy. Management will pick up your tab rather than create a scene.
- Let them know you have rights. Demand that Caesars Palace book Devo.
- Flag down a hooker and tell her the friend you're traveling with will pay \$500. Give her his room number and be sure she takes her well-armed pimp along to collect. Your friend will get a kick out of the unexpected visit.
- People back home will be thrilled to receive exotic postcards from places like India and South America. Send one with a map on the front, scratch an X somewhere and scribble, "Our bus has crashed near here. Send help immediately."
- Take a box of Pampers to London to help in the changing of the guard.
- Get a shot before going to Bangkok. Get a shot *after* going to Bangkok.
- No one wants a narcotics bust when returning to the U. S. Make this declaration: "I have no drugs, because I know they are icky and harmful, so you don't have to look in my suitcase." That always works.
- Respect the cuisines and eating customs of different countries. For instance, in a French restaurant, it would be gauche to order a stick of beef jerky.
- Safaris can be dangerous. Carry a large radio/cassette player to ward off native attacks.
- After finally returning home, go to the counter of your least-favorite airline and scream tearfully, "But my dog was alive before we left New York!"

—DAVE YUZO SPECTOR

KIDDER: I won't talk about it.

PLAYBOY: Do you have male friends?

KIDDER: Lots of them. I have three male friends who are like girlfriends to me. I tell them my love problems. The few times I've slept with male friends, it has really ruined the friendships.

PLAYBOY: Are you able to manage male friendships with current love interests, or does it cause jealousy?

KIDDER: Sometimes. That's tricky. I refuse to give up certain people in my life. But if there were lovers, and someone's jealous, I have to be sympathetic to the jealousy.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever lie? Do you say, "No, I never slept with that person"?

KIDDER: No. I could never go that route.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about monogamy at this point?

KIDDER: I'd tend to bash someone in the head with a baseball bat if I fell in love with him and found out he was cheating.

PLAYBOY: So you're for monogamy.

KIDDER: I guess in my deepest heart I must, ashamed and unliberatedly, admit that I am. I don't believe that any other way really works. At one point in my life, making love was no more than shaking hands. I used to feel guilty if I *didn't* sleep with somebody, because I thought: What's the matter? You're too good for him? It's only recently that I've realized making love is something special.

PLAYBOY: How do you cope with a man who doesn't live up to your emotional expectations—one who falls apart, for example?

KIDDER: Well, one guy finally said to me, "Hey, this isn't fair." He was looking after me all the time. And when I fell apart, he was supposed to be there to pick me up. But, on the other hand, a fast way to make a woman angry is for a guy to be irrationally jealous. I can't stand it. I get so angry I can't speak. I've slugged guys in the jaw. When they fight back, I yell, "Wife beater!"

PLAYBOY: In the PLAYBOY article [*Margot*, March 1975], you wrote that you felt so awkward as a teenager you thought you would never grow up and sleep with Warren Beatty. Was sleeping with Warren Beatty a childhood goal of yours?

KIDDER: [*Grimacing broadly*] No. At the time, he served as a metaphor for "the one." And I'm not going to answer your next question.

PLAYBOY: OK, then, do you ever have sexual feelings toward your *Superman* co-star, Chris Reeve?

KIDDER: No. We know each other real well at this point, so we laugh when we do love scenes. We can kiss, but in general I think it would be easier to close my eyes and have someone have sex with me than to be kissing him. Which men cannot understand. Maybe I'm a whore; they say that's how whores feel.



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2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be properly completed, addressed and mailed in a separate envelope and received by September 30, 1981 to be eligible. Prize winners will be determined in a witnessed random drawing by Siebel/Mohr Incorporated, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Winning entries must also include the correct answer to the question asked on the entry form. No purchase required.
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4. Only one prize per family or household. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correct entries received. All prizes will be awarded.
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6. Entrants must be of legal drinking age under the laws of their home state.
7. A list of all major winners can be acquired at the conclusion of the sweepstakes by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to John Jameson Irish Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 8283, St. Paul, Minnesota 55182. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.



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RHYTHM-AND-BLUES BROTHERS:

The spicy-sweet gumbo of New Orleans R&B regularly spills over into the pop-music mainstream. Remember *Let the Good Times Roll*, by Shirley and Lee? *Ooh Poo Pah Doo*, *Barefootin'* or Lee Dorsey's *Ya Ya*? The most famous New Orleans music has been recorded by one-hit wonders, who make their funky contributions and then simply make do forever after. Their legions far outnumber the Fats Domino and the Dr. Johns.

At the center of New Orleans' legion of regional stars are **The Neville Brothers**—Aaron, Art, Cyril and Charles. After his 1966 chart topper *Tell It Like It Is* and a few near hits in 1967, brother Aaron turned to studio work, as did keyboardist Art, founder of The Meters, whose late-Sixties hit was *Cissy Strut*. Nephews of the late Big Chief Jolly (of the legendary black/Indian band The Wild Tchoupitoulas), The Neville Brothers currently show signs of breaking out of the regional mold. Their new album on A&M may force them into the much-deserved national limelight after all.

In the studio, producer Joel Dorn described their effort as "going back into New Orleans music, to the heart of what it was, pulling that out and bringing it up to 1981." The album, *Fiyo on the Bayou*, sounds great. *Iko Iko* and *Hey Pocky Way* are New Orleans anthems, but as brother Cyril pointed out, "They have been Neville-ized." They've added vocal fireworks to *Fire on the Bayou* while retaining the furious funk well known to Meters' fans. *Sitting Here in Limbo* and Louis Jordan's *Run Joe* never sounded better. Aaron's voice on ballads, backed here by The Persuasions, is one of the greatest bugles ever blown in New Orleans or anywhere else. But that doesn't stunt the impact of Wardell Quezergue's horn arrangements. Engineer Gene Paul managed to make sessions recorded in the disparate locales of Bogalusa, Louisiana, and New York City sound as if they indeed came from the same planet. Your record store should have the album by now. So should you.

—ELIOT OSBORN

REVIEWS

A few years ago, punk *aficionados* started picking up on James Brown's pre-*Papa's Got a Brand New Bag* sounds. Now the early Brown brand of deceptive simplicity and unbridled raw power can be found in most New Wave record shops (dangerously close to the David Bowie section). Just in time for the new rage comes *James Brown—Live and Lowdown at the Apollo, Volume 1* (Solid Smoke). Originally released in 1962 on the King label, this disc is considered by



many to be *the* most exciting live performance ever recorded. Soul Brother number one is at the peak of his performing power here, revealing an intensity only hinted at in more recent recordings. The new edition actually improves upon the original: The sound quality is much better.

Watch out, Africa! Here comes the rock-'n'-roll avant-garde to plunder your polyrhythms and percussion instruments! There go two of them, Brian Eno and David Byrne, now ripping them off and weaving them into a sort of *musique concrète* on their first album-length collaboration, *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts* (Sire). Eno, of *Another Green World* fame, and Byrne, of Talking Heads, are two of the most talented people working the so-called rock avant-garde turf; and while the result is definitely curiouser and curiouser, some of it just sounding like bad imitation Miles Davis, it's still a fairly accessible and engaging experiment.

Remember Mac McGar, Alton and Rabon Delmore? How about the Buckle Busters? Nope? We don't either, but fortunately, Chet Atkins and Doc Watson do. On *Reflections* (RCA), the two compatible guitar virtuosos team up for a righteous offering of tunes gleaned from old-time pickers, including those listed above. It's a collection of Thirties and Forties country music, the sort of stuff that once made a seat by the family radio the right place to be on any given Saturday night. In recent years, Atkins has teamed with other famed string men, Les Paul and Merle Travis, with similarly outstanding results. We figure it's only a matter of time before someone at RCA decides to reissue the pure-picking, no-fooling-around *Stringdustin'* album At-

kins recorded with Homer and Jethro back in the Fifties.

The Dead Kennedys are well named. Their first album, *Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables* (I.R.S.), is full of the black, funny cynicism that results from idealism blasted and blown away. The sound is mainly *de rigueur* speed-freak frenetic postpunk, and selected titles here are *Kill the Poor*, *Chemical Warfare* and *Holiday in Cambodia*—the standard subject matter of rock 'n' roll these days. But it has a Sixties-style witty edge that's reminiscent of the Pranksters—the Dead Kennedys also being from Northern California. For instance, it's hard not to get behind something called *Let's Lynch the Landlord*. And *Chemical Warfare* is a pop-radical golf-hating fantasy about gassing all the Saturday-afternoon duffers at the country club that goes in part, "Yellow air/Yellow clouds/Blowin' down down down the fairway. . . ." *California Uber Alles* is a martial little ditty about what happens when Governor Jerry Brown becomes *Zen Führer*; and *Stealing People's Mail* is worthy of the Freak Bros. themselves—it makes you want to try it. There's a certain sameness to it all, and you do need the lyric sheet inside, but it's a lot more fun than most of the hard-rocking neonihilists provide.

That indefatigable field marshal of today's music scene, Herbert von Karajan, has given us two more complete operas. Each in its way is outstanding and reflects Karajan's recent penchant for younger, lighter voices. His *The Magic Flute* (DG) is the first digital recording of Mozart's masterpiece and bests all competing sets in sonic brilliance. Happily, the performance is worthy of the new technology. José van Dam's fine bass baritone is a shade light for Sarastro—a true, deep basso role—but it's a well-sung, noble performance nonetheless. There are no real clinkers in the cast. Edith Mathis is as fine a Pamina as you'll hear these days. The Karajan/Vienna Philharmonic recording of Verdi's *Aida* (Angel) is based on his 1979 Salzburg production and the conducting is less mannered than on any of his Verdi of late. Again, the singers are on the light side. Mirella Freni and José Carreras would not be your ideal *Aida*/Radames team in the opera house, but, hell, this is a recording, and the less-than-stentorian tenor of Carreras is quite lovely in the more lyric moments.

Dee Dee Sharp Gamble, who gave us those memorable discs of yesteryear—*Mashed Potato Time*, *Do the Bird* and *Gravy*—is back on the charts with a new

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Lee Trevino

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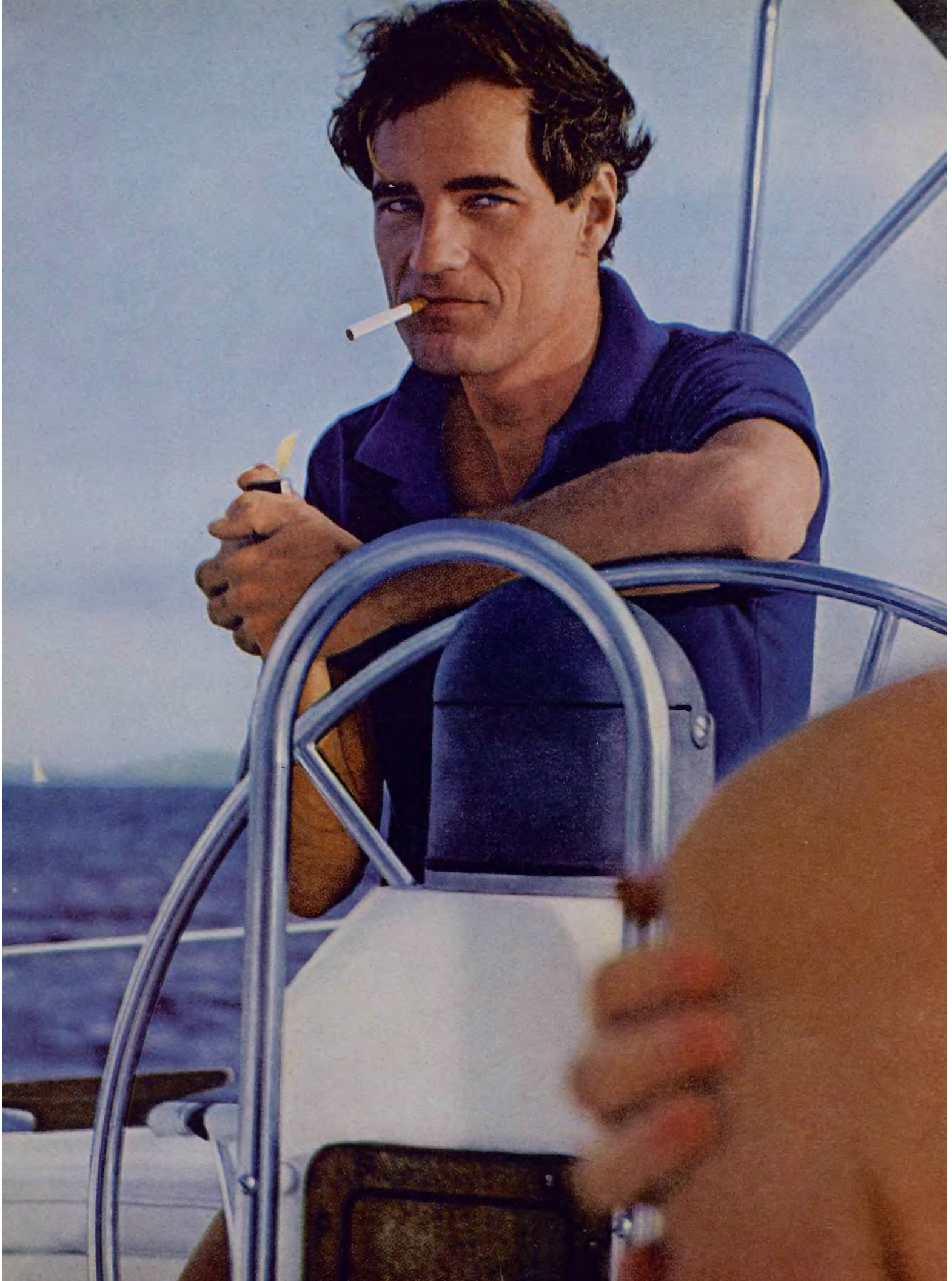
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LP, *Dee Dee* (Philadelphia International). Don't let her past holiday-fare renditions throw you; this lady has talent. Here, she also has a little help from her friends: Kenneth Gamble of the Philadelphia Gamble & Huff dynasty and songwriter Paul Wilson. Jerry Butler teams up with Dee Dee on *Everyday Affair* to add his own mellow touch of class. Upbeat, commercial cuts like *Breaking and Entering* and *Easy Money* keep things jumping.

Singer-songwriters, those foolhardy souls who wipe their hearts on their sleeves, tend, for critics, to be in a special category. You can love their work as a whole but feel that a particular album was flukishly undernourished. There has been a rash of albums by major singer-songwriters lately and each points out some special aspects of their collective craft.

Jimmy Buffett is, of course, the undisputed king of Gulf and Western music. He describes beach life swollen with humidity and languor—and *Coconut Telegraph* (MCA) is the latest entry from his musical diary. It persists in its calypsonian seductiveness. Buffett is, after all, an appealing social commentator who occasionally has to be excused for taking himself a little too seriously. *Coconut Telegraph* carries its minimal freight: It's pleasant enough, just doesn't have a critically important message. Buffett didn't write the best song on the album, *It's My Job*, but, happily, he sings it as though he wishes he had.

James Taylor's *Dad Loves His Work* (Columbia) reasserts that he writes smart music—melodically familiar yet challenging, with lyrics that dissect and instruct. It always makes sense to check in with Taylor, if only because his work gets what may be the best production treatment in the industry. There are some nice cuts on this album, such as *Her Town Too* (written with J. D. Souther and Waddy Wachtel), but it does not, generally, have the appeal of a watershed album like *JT*. We wonder, though: How can anyone married to Carly Simon have that many complaints?

Jesse Winchester keeps getting better. His songs are more vocal than cerebral, but they often have a sneaky and sincere depth. *Talk Memphis* (Bearsville) shows him in less than full gait, but when he cooks (as with *Hoot and Holler*), he's as good as anybody out there, which makes sophomore songs such as *Baby Blue* all the more disappointing.

Ry Cooder doesn't write most of his own material; but every song he takes over becomes strangely his own. Ever since *Paradise and Lunch*, he has consistently been one of the smartest archivists of American music. Dealing in pop, bop, blues, jazz, swing and, yes, Hawaiian, Cooder isn't afraid to wear a loud

shirt and play a pink guitar, to dance out onto a shaky musical ledge and coax you to dance out there, too. His latest effort, *Borderline* (Warner Bros.), has classics: *634-5789*, *Speedo*, *Down in the Boondocks*, and the best male chorus (Bobby King and Willie Green, Jr.) in the business. You can safely assent to whatever Cooder is up to even before your toe taps with its own conviction. John Hiatt, on guitar and vocals, a new addition to Cooder's band, contributes some nice counterpoint; his *The Way We Make a Broken Heart* is also a solid piece of songwriting.

Stanley Frank (A&M) is a late entry in the Ersatz Rock-A-Billy Sweepstakes, with a dutiful nod to reggae-style New Wave—which is apparently as original as it gets these days. His voice isn't bad, but, like the emerging Eighties themselves, the style is a collection of old moves from better times, derivative, and therefore lacking the original passion. These guys are proliferating like starlings, as if some criminally insane descendant of Sam Phillips were cloning them in the dank basement of the old Sun Records studios or something.

Mingus Dynasty is a band with a mission: to keep alive the music of the late Charles Mingus. Good intentions don't always mean good music, but on *Live at Montreux* (Atlantic), the Dynasty does the old man proud. This version of the band features tight, cracking arrangements by Mingus alumnus Jimmy Knepper and first-rate solo and ensemble playing by Knepper, Joe Farrell and Randy Brecker, among others, including two dazzling young bassists—Mike Richmond and Aladar Pege—whose playing would probably please the legendary perfectionist himself.

Without resorting to unnecessary words or pretentious chords, Leon Ware creates distinctive musical structures that remain firmly within the boundaries of radioactive R&B. *Rockin' You Eternally* (Elektra) is a prime sampling of his ability to match sound and sense; it may not survive the aeons, but it's bound to get a lot of play and should wear well.

It's All in the Family (Concord Jazz) is an apt title for The Clayton Brothers, not only because of their special relationship but also because the pianist on hand, nimble Roger Kellaway, co-wrote the TV theme with Carol O'Connor; it's one of several light moments on an album otherwise distinguished by its conservatively solid statements and the wonderful things John Clayton does on the acoustic double bass.

Wilson Pickett has had his share of ups and downs but is now definitely on the *Right Track* (EMI America). Always

BIP BOP BOOM, YOU'RE LIKE A FLOWER IN BLOOM: Here you go, true greasers—the results at last of our Nostalgia Quiz #2! Our thanks and a tip of the Music Section hat to Michael Brozovic for sending in an actual 45 of *The Greasy Chicken*, proving beyond doubt it was by Andre Williams—sorry, Michael, but we're keeping it.



The answer to that burning question, who did *Bip Bop Boom*?, was a snap for most of you—Mickey Hawks, with Moon Mullins and His Night Raiders. Special thanks to Rockin' Richard for reminding us of Chuck Higgins' obscure version; to Cathy Abramowitz for suggesting *The Dappers*. And a much-needed history lesson to those of you who thought it was *The Bip Bop Song* by Paul McCartney & Wings.

How many versions of *Hearts of Stone* are there? Ted D. Johnson of Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, listed. Top Notes, Vicki Young, Big Dave, The McGuire Sisters, Bop-A-Loos, The Bill Black Combo, The Blue Ridge Rangers and Mel Tillis—plus the three we mentioned, the Jewels, the Charms and, ugh, The Fontane Sisters. Additional candidates were Red Foley, The Heartbeats and The Blue Jays.

We'd send you winners—the first 50 who had any of these right—one of Annette's old T-shirts, but too many of you told us what bizarre things you were going to do with them, so you'll have to settle for a free one-year subscription.

Later, alligators—but, you know, come to think of it, somebody was wondering just the other day how many R&B versions of *Stormy Weather* there are. Hmmm. . .

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**“Come to think of it,
I’ll have a Heineken.”**

his own man, "Wicket" Pickett finds some interesting handles by which to grab reality—and, with his Gospel fervor, he makes the idealistic *Help Me Be Without* fully as convincing as the cynical *If You Can't Beat 'Em, Join 'Em*.

There are no sojourns into comedy, disco or hard rock for Eddie Harris on *Sounds Incredible* (Angelaco)—just good swinging grooves, several of them nacho-flavored, with energetic solos by the revitalized Harris and (when he gets a chance) pianist Smith Dobson. Harris is such a stylist that he can pay his respects to Coltrane and still be himself; and when you hear him expand into a sax section, courtesy of his electronic instrument, on *You Know It's Wrong*, you know that everything is really all right.

In recent years, Marty Robbins has leaned stylistically toward Al Martino and other tear-soaked melodramatists. On *Everything I've Always Wanted* (Columbia), he returns to his time-honored gunslinger tradition. Witness the cut *Gene Autry, My Hero*.

SHORT CUTS

James Williams / *Images (of Things to Come)* (Concord Jazz): Sparkling bebop that ripples through the canyons of harmony and comes out clean.

Cal Collins and Herb Ellis / *Interplay* (Concord Jazz): Blues and standards with 16 delightful strings attached, thanks to the two guitarists and bassist Ray Brown.

Smokey Robinson / *Being with You* (Tama): Smokey sings with abandon, but his muse was stingy this time.

Bernard Wright / 'Nard and Tom Browne / *Magic* (both Arista): Neither the kinetic electrofunk (with jazz interludes) of the former nor the sultry sophistication of the latter needs such erotic vocal effects—but why not?

Debra Laws / *Very Special* (Elektra): The sister of Hubert, Ronnie and Eloise makes her debut with a sonically splendid album that could have been more concise.

Alabama / *Feels So Right* (RCA): After The Eagles have flown, this country cadre may rule the roost.

Joe Henderson / *Foresight* (Milestone): Timely reissue of excellent late-Sixties LPs from the brilliant—and woefully underrated—tenor player.

The Art Farmer Quintet Plays the Great Jazz Hits (Columbia Jazz Odyssey): Re-release of a fine 1967 album of classics such as *Song for My Father*, *Moanin'* and *Watermelon Man*. Not one false note.

Art Pepper / *So in Love* (Artists House): The gifted altoist, returned from heroin hell, proves you don't have to be high to soar.

Chet Baker / *Once Upon a Summertime* (Artists House): The legend is back, sounding better than ever.

FAST TRACKS



LOONY MOON DEPARTMENT: Canadian writer Erno Rossi has found that excessive drug and alcohol use, flying bottles, exploding fireworks and unpredictable crowds have nothing to do with the Fourth of July—but they do have to do with the moon. Rossi says rock audiences get really crazy around the time of a full moon and cites the disastrous Who concert in Cincinnati when 11 people were killed in a surging crowd. We'll buy that. But it still doesn't answer our most pressing musical question: Who buys Barry Manilow records?

REELING AND ROCKING: A planned feature film starring **Kenny Rogers** has been postponed until 1982 because of Rogers' continued success on the concert circuit. Instead, he'll take a couple of weeks off and make another TV movie, based on his hit *Coward of the County*, for airing next fall. . . . The authors of the **Jim Morrison** bio, *No One Here Gets Out Alive*, are denying reports that **John Travolta** has the lead in the movie version; and in a related story, the surviving members of **The Doors** will be marketing a Doors special on cable TV, called *A Tribute to Jim Morrison*. It will feature rarely shown film footage and interviews. The group plans to release the same special on video disc and cassette.

NEWSBREAKS: **Joni Mitchell** is producing her 13th album herself from material that is more along the lines of *Court and Spark* than her more recent jazz-oriented work. She describes it as "keeping it simpler. . . . I feel myself returning more to basics and to my roots in folk music." . . . Independent JEM records will be distributing a rare import featuring one of **Jimi Hendrix'** all-star jam sessions. The album was produced from a 1968 get-together in New York with **Johnny Winter**, **Buddy Miles** and **Jim Morrison**. The group takes on **Cream's** *Sunshine of Your Love* and the **Beatles'** *Tomorrow Never Knows*, among others. . . . Let's hear it for the Japanese department: A record company in Japan is reportedly making records out of rice paper. So when they become scratched or you get tired of listening to them, you can sprinkle a little

sugar on them . . . and eat them. . . . **Paul McCartney** is finally considered a grownup, at least in the 1981-1982 edition of *Who's Who*, where he's been given a 41-line bio that even mentions *Love Me Do*. . . . How would you like **Elton John** to play your birthday party? Well, if you were **Prince Andrew**, Elton would probably say yes. Elton told the 21-year-old member of British royalty he'd fly the 7000 miles for the night. . . . **Tom Petty** has finally settled his record-company dispute and *Hard Promises* will be out by the time you read this. . . . **Led Zeppelin** is reportedly rehearsing with a new drummer, **Alan White**. If things go well, there could be a new album by the end of this year. . . . China may soon become a major market for the music of Western countries, since the Chinese have begun importing discs in very large numbers. Britain's EMI received an order for more than \$70,000 worth of records and tapes. Although mostly classical selections were requested, a lot of **Beatles** and **Pink Floyd** was ordered, too. Hey, hey, rock 'n' roll.

RANDOM RUMORS: **Rush** has received a "platinum" for sales of more than 1,000,000—not albums but pieces of gum. Amuro Products and Album Graphics have announced that their record-album-shaped gum is selling like hot cakes—which records would do, too, if they had a 35-cent retail price. . . . The folks at Warner Bros. insist that **Fleetwood Mac** is not breaking up. . . . **The Plasmatics** apparently have raised more than \$10,000 for the **Wendy Williams Defense Fund**. We'd rather save the whales. —BARBARA NELLIS

BOOKS

James Clavell, the author of *King Rat*, *Tai-Pan* and *Shōgun*, has finally delivered *Noble House* (Delacorte)—“the fourth novel in the Asian saga.” It’s 1206 pages long, so if you don’t have any vacation time left, you’d better plan on calling in sick. The new novel ties together elements of Clavell’s previous works. The descendants of the original Taipan are fighting it out with the descendants of Tyler Brock in contemporary Hong Kong. They enlist the aid of a Japanese woman named Anjin. There’s a writer named Marlowe who survived a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp. Neat. Instead of clipper ships, you have corporate piracy. An American conglomerate with Mafia ties is trying to gain a foothold in Asia. The financial details of a corporate raid are staggering—at times you want to read this with a pocket calculator in hand. At times you want to pick up *The Wall Street Journal* for comic relief. On one level, this book is simply *J. R. Ewing Goes Abroad*—Dallas is transported to Hong Kong. The local characters have names like Four Finger Wu, Profitable Choy and Third Toilet Maid Tung. The melodrama is awesome: You have a horse race, a mud slide, a fire on a floating restaurant, a run on a bank, an assassination, another mud slide, a double agent, a triple agent, a beautiful Chinese mistress with perfect breasts, a liberated American corporate type with perfect breasts and, of course, the blood-oath vengeance of the feuding houses. In short, enough hooks to support a miniseries on television. History will repeat itself. Clavell does *not* do for Hong Kong what James Joyce did for Dublin, but who cares? It’s a good read.

Grace Lichtenstein’s *Machismo: Women and Daring* (Doubleday) is a series of profiles of women, most of them unknown, who capture the spirit of exaggerated female pride. This pride, the author tells us, is the “by-product of sexual, fitness and feminist revolutions of the past two decades.” The book provides some insight into that stunning creature in gym shorts who left you bleeding (and hopelessly aroused) on the racquetball court or who, later that year, skied your knees off at Vail. These are women who can keep up, and more. Check them out.

Argentina seems to be going around. First *Evita*, then reports of the Reagan Administration’s coying up to General Roberto Viola’s new regime, and now Lois Gould’s new novel, *La Presidenta* (Linden). Yes, that’s in the feminine gender. The book is an imaginative evocation of the Juan-Eva-Isabel Perón



Corporate warriors à la Clavell.

At last, the new Clavell; a no-frills Hammett bio; and a thriller, *Double Dare*.



Shadow Man: Hammett’s extraordinary life.

legend, set in a mythical land called Pradera that’s strikingly similar to you know where. In a deft interweaving of past and present, Gould traces the converging passions of two intensely ambitious people, with the focus on “Rosa” and her from-the-gutter-to-the-palace story. It’s told in a silvery sort of way, at once delicate and powerful, and veers

only occasionally into preciousness—an engaging *haute* soap opera about the emotional world behind public masks.

What would novelists do without Hitler? The world’s most popular personification of evil materializes once again in Len Deighton’s latest spy romp, *XPD* (Knopf). It seems the goose-stepper’s personal files, lost since the war, have turned up on the international market. This is of particular embarrassment to the British, since the files contain evidence that Winston Churchill was about to make some premature concessions to the Nazis when they looked like winners. Little things like France, Ireland and a few parts of Africa. To avoid turning the fabled British stiff upper lip into a feathery grin, Her Majesty’s intelligence agents must find the files before the syndicate that owns them sells the plot to the movies. Deighton (*The Ipcress File*, *Funeral in Berlin*) takes his own sweet time in unfolding this story, at one point devoting an entire paragraph to the preparation of a pot of tea. But if you’ve got the stamina for the spymaster’s slo-mo exposition, Deighton will reward you with some satisfying “Ahas” when it all comes together.

Bank robbery can be a fairly lucrative endeavor when you have the cooperation of the police and society. The hero of Jay Cronley’s new novel, *Quick Change* (Doubleday), unfortunately has neither. All he has is a great disguise—a clown outfit—and a foolproof plan for getting the money out of the bank. Beyond that, the aptly named Grimm is at the mercy of the fates, who take great pleasure in foiling the most important phase of the plan, the getaway. Cronley, whose easy humor is a PLAYBOY staple (his latest: *I Hate Golf’s Guts*, April 1981), draws steady chuckles as he turns a *Dog Day Afternoon* into something resembling *Animal Crackers*. Willie Sutton would have loved it.

Richard Layman’s *Shadow Man: The Life of Dashiell Hammett* (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich) reads like a file from the Continental Op himself: “Here truth is simply what happened. Facts are the important things. Research has taken precedence over invention or speculation.” Layman does not try for the poetic style of Lillian Hellman’s recollections; instead, he puts together a chronology of Hammett’s life. The book has some powerful moments—among them the transcript of Hammett’s testimony before the U.S. District Court witch-hunt and a summary of his 20-page FBI



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file. You don't need apocryphal anecdotes when the facts speak for themselves.

One difference between the young and the old is that the young see death as a fluke of fate, while the elderly know it as a fact of life. In William Wharton's novel *Dad* (Knopf), Jack Tremont teeters between those two worlds: he is father of a vibrant family, son of aging parents. *Dad* focuses on the changing relationships of three generations of Tremont males—changes spurred by Granddad's failing health. This is an intense and complex family portrait, a compelling look at growing up and growing old.

A. J. Liebling is often cited as the godfather of the New Journalism. His *New Yorker* dispatches from Europe during World War Two were some of the best front-line reporting ever done, and they—along with selections from his post-war work—are now collected in *Liebling Abroad* (Playboy). Previously published under the titles *Mollie & Other War Pieces*, *The Road Back to Paris*, *Normandy Revisited* and *Between Meals*, Liebling's observations still read convincingly as news.

The end of legal segregation in the United States and the social revolution that followed were the results not so much of the Supreme Court's landmark decision in 1954 as the work of Southern Federal judges who gradually and agonizingly translated that ruling into practice. *Unlikely Heroes* (Simon & Schuster) comes from Jack Bass, an acknowledged expert in the field, who has the rare ability to turn complex history into fascinating drama. It's a highly readable account of the legal battles and the combatants who fought them in the courts, the legislatures and the streets.

Anthony Farrell is the kind of guy with whom a lot of people can identify. Bright, bored and ballsy, he quits his frustrating PR job to open a fashionable Manhattan pub that runs into a liquor-license snag requiring some quick bucks. Farrell resorts to a juice loan and ever so gradually finds himself up to his neck in a debt that turns into a major cocaine deal, then over his head in trouble with cops, corrupt and otherwise. *Double Dare* (McGraw-Hill), by Edward Keyes, is a plausible, finely told thriller of situational ethics resulting in a dangerous double bind. And that's all we're going to tell you.

The Book of Laughter and Forgetting (Knopf) slipped through our fingers when it first came out. Milan Kundera's novel is written with such a light touch that we hardly realize we're reading the curses of a political exile. Kundera's characters are familiar and lovable, passionate and trapped.

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MOVIES

Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No, it's Superstud. There is a bit more than that to this sequel—some sexual tension as a substitute for pure surprise—yet all's well in general with *Superman II* (WB). Only bona-fide grown-ups are likely to worry about the dilemma faced by Margot Kidder and Christopher Reeve, when Lois Lane discovers Clark Kent's true identity, and they learn to their chagrin that it's not in the stars for Superman to be both a great lover and a cosmic fighter against the forces of Evil. What to do? I'll never tell, and there's evidence here that *Superman II* may have another small surprise tucked away for the future. Meanwhile, kids, Lex Luthor and his tempting Eve (Gene Hackman and Valerie Perrine) perform dark deeds as a mere warm-up for Superman's epic confrontation with Zod, Ursa and Non, three archevildoers expelled from Krypton. That trio is up to no good after they ambush some moon-walking astronauts, then start to cook up mischief for NASA on the planet Houston (even their geography is *baad*). Terence Stamp, Sarah Douglas and Jack O'Halloran, all in black with killer eyes, play the wicked trio so stylishly you'd think they were doing a funky fashion spread on lasers and leather.

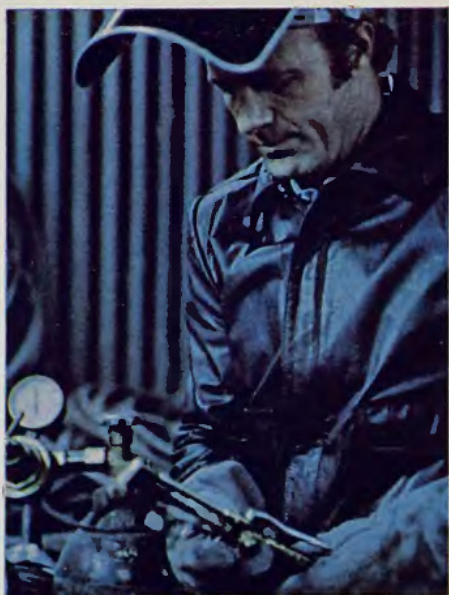
Style and pace are everything in this kind of exercise, and director Richard Lester (whose credits run from *A Hard Day's Night* to *The Three Musketeers*) sees to it that *Superman II* moves faster than a speeding bullet. The choicest bits, for me, involve a gang of terrorists atop the Eiffel Tower with Lois Lane and an H-bomb, or maybe the honeymoon-hotel sequence at Niagara Falls, or Clark Kent losing his first fight, or Superman saving the Capitol dome in Washington, or Lex explaining to his world-beating cohorts why he'd like to own Australia—he's fond of beach-front property. Mario Puzo, in league with David and Leslie Newman, has concocted a second screenplay that just won't quit, won't even pause long enough to let the performers remove tongue from cheek. Flashy foolery. ★★★½

More than promising, writer-director Michael Mann delivers a knockout punch with *Thief* (UA), his first major theatrical film (though he directed TV's *The Jericho Mile*, which took home a basketful of Emmy awards). James Caan is dynamic in the title role, flashing some warmth and vulnerability under the tough hide of a lone ranger who recklessly decides to work his wizardry for an impresario of organized crime. Still, he knows in his gut that diamonds are a thief's best friend, and he won't



Kidder and Reeve winging it in *Superman II*.

A super *Superman* and professional *Thief*, but a primitive *Caveman*.



Caan artist in *Thief*.

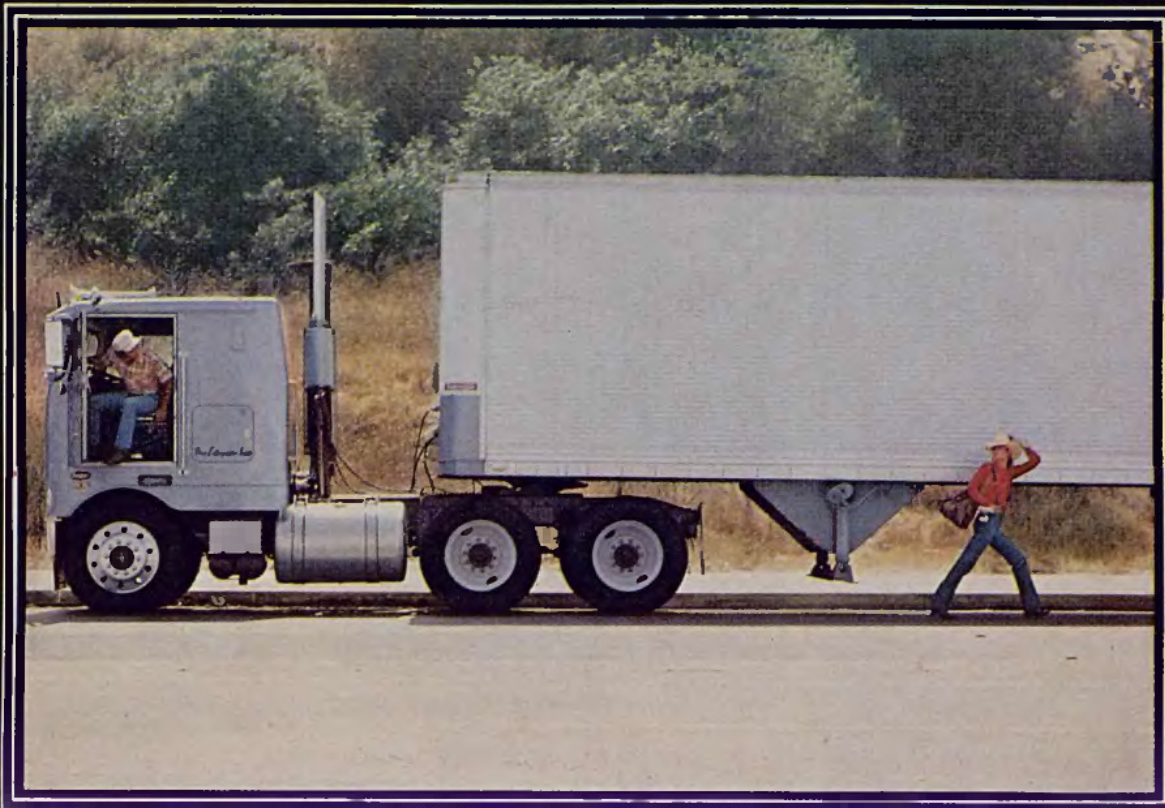


Caveman's Stone Age lovers Starr, Bach.

steal anything else, except cash: "No fur, no coin, no cartage, no stock certificates, no precious metals. Nothing. Just diamonds." Filming in Chicago with spectacular flair, cinematographer Donald Thorin has some tricks up his sleeve that'll make your eyes pop, tricks that add the violent, surreal beauty of a nightmare to the film's stunning authenticity. Real cops and real thieves flesh out the supporting cast headed by James Belushi (John's brother), Willie Nelson and, better than ever, Tuesday Weld, as the bruised blonde wooed by Caan off duty. Big-time capers are the business afoot, and Mann treats the psychology as well as the technology of modern crime with cool, thorough objectivity. My only real complaint about *Thief* is the music composed by Tangerine Dream and blasted through key scenes at top volume—until I wasn't sure whether the sound effects were meant to soup up the tension or blow up a safe. Except for the aural hype, a tingling trip. ★★★

While *Caveman* (UA) was shooting on location in Mexico, I went down to interview Barbara Bach (*PLAYBOY's* January 1981 cover girl), and everyone present appeared to be having a wild and crazy time. Director Carl Gottlieb, also co-author of the screenplay, had previously co-written Steve Martin's *The Jerk*, as well as *Jaws* and *Jaws 2*. Barbara and Ringo Starr were about to fall in love between takes. *Caveman's* agreeable company included Jack Gilford, Dennis Quaid, Shelley Long, Avery Schreiber and football star John Matuszak of the Oakland Raiders, a highly promising bunch of primitives. Well, maybe you had to be there. *Caveman* tries hard, too hard, but is only intermittently funny, despite some sly special effects. As director, Gottlieb wields the slapstick like a blunt instrument for pounding gags into the ground, paying no heed whatever to the lessons taught by Keaton, Chaplin and other early masters of silent comedy. With only 15 words of spoken dialog (*ca-ca* for dung, *zug-zug* for sex, etc.), *Caveman* emphasizes fart jokes and knee slappers about dinosaur do-do, but is scarcely ribald or sophisticated enough for any moviegoer over the age of seven. Barbara and Ringo may be the only real winners to emerge from this fiasco, and I wish them all the best. ★

The leading players in *Excalibur* (Orion) generally lack the larger-than-life quality that separates mere mortals from legendary heroes. In producer-director John Boorman's lusty, handsome re-creation of Camelot (adapted by Rospo Palenberg from Malory's classic *Le Morte*



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d'Arthur), both Nicol Williamson as Merlin and Helen Mirren as Morgana are big enough, but they fight a losing battle with overblown dialog. Especially Williamson, usually an exceptional performer, who hams it up *ad nauseam* and never kindles any doubt-dissolving magic. As noble Arthur, Lancelot and the faithless Queen Guenevere, Nigel Terry, Nicholas Clay and Cherie Lunghi look their respective parts and portray them



Terry, Lunghi as *Excalibur's* reigning duo.

convincingly. The trouble is, I'm afraid, that convincingly isn't quite good enough for Boorman's ambitious, visionary *Excalibur*, an adventure-fantasy mounted in the lush cartoon style of *Heavy Metal* magazine. A blunt and powerful action drama like *Deliverance*, which won him an Oscar nomination, suits Boorman better than this violent romantic myth from the Dark Ages. Aside from lively jousting scenes and acts of chivalry, the elements he tries to juggle in *Excalibur* are precariously off balance. Even the knights doing battle are occasionally funnier than anyone intended, it seems to me, with so many mettlesome tin soldiers on the game board, each encased in loudly clanking armor, that it's often hard to tell who made the last move. **YY**

Jeff Bridges, John Heard and Lisa Eichhorn get caught up in the senseless murder of a California cheerleader in *Cutter and Bone* (UA). Playing title roles, Bridges (as Bone) and Heard (Cutter) are not, as you might suspect, a team of orthopedic surgeons—they're just beach bums. Bone a stud for hire to moneyed matrons, Cutter a screwed-up Vietnam vet who has lost an arm, a leg and an eye. Eichhorn has all her limbs, but no part worth playing. In fact, all the talent here appears to be on hold, waiting for a sense of direction or a script or a scrap of logic to bring *something* into focus. Czech-born director Ivan Passer, who came to America as a colleague and frequent collaborator of Milos Forman's, is a fine film maker still in search of a fine American film. After five tries, the neglected *Silver Bears* (an engaging eccentric comedy with Michael Caine and

Cybill Shepherd) remains his best so far, though I'll give odds that Passer's best is yet to come. **Y**

From Russia with love is an apt phrase for *Oblomov* (International Film Exchange), a work of art exquisitely framed and eminently equal to its origins in a classic 19th Century novel by Ivan Goncharov. Every educated Russian knows Oblomov as a typical effete aristocrat, a common breed before the Revolution—in his case, a lazy landowner of such awesome indolence that he'd rather lie on his couch and nag a grouchy old servant than get up and live. Oleg Tabakov plays the title role as if he were a master cellist plucking intricate passages, waiting for each note's echo. His Oblomov procrastinates, takes one step forward, then two steps back, finally throws away the love of a beautiful young woman (Elena Solovey) who turns for solace to his hyperactive best friend (Yury Bogatyrev). Directed by Nikita Mikhalev, whose *A Slave of Love* was the freshest Soviet movie to come this way in recent years, *Oblomov* is a delicate tragicomedy about friendship, family, daydreams, sloth and social responsibil-



Oblomov's Tabakov, Solovey, Bogatyrev.

ity. Viewers plucky enough to slog through an unfamiliar foreign language and scan subtitles will experience the thrill of finding hidden treasure. **YYY½**

Impaling, hanging and other horrors await four teenagers in *The Funhouse* (Universal), directed by Tobe Hooper, whose bloody *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* gave impetus to the current tidal wave of shockers. While I'm no snob about the joys of a really good bad movie, *Chainsaw Massacre's* nauseating violence drove me out to the lobby to catch my breath at least twice. Well, *Funhouse* won't take your breath away, yet Hooper demonstrates that his hand has not lost its skill. The movie is unconvincing, but who cares? Credibility is seldom the *sine*



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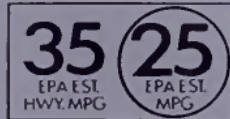


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qua non of a creep show, and this 'un gets down to cases when four youngsters on a double date decide to spend the night in a carnival funhouse after lights-out. Of course, they ignore the warning of Sylvia Miles, as a blowzy high-camp fortuneteller. Of course, there's a resident diabolical weirdo (Kevin Conway) whose monster son (Wayne Doba) wears a Frankenstein mask to hide his bad complexion and homicidal tendencies. As of now, Hooper looks like a leading contender to take this year's award for conspicuous overkill. ♪

Somber themes seem to pick up shafts of sunlight when there is incandescent talent around, and that's exactly the case with several recent foreign imports. *I Sent a Letter to My Love* (Atlantic Releasing) stars Simone Signoret in a magnificent performance—she gives no other kind—as an aging spinster who places a lonely-hearts ad and receives an answer from the invalid brother she has loved and hated and looked after during most of her adult life. Directed by Moshe Mizrahi, Signoret's collaborator on the Oscar-winning *Madame Rosa*, this small-scale story might easily dissolve into cheap sentimentality if Signoret allowed herself even one wrong move. She's too shrewd an actress, though, to play loneliness as a tear-jerking gimmick. Jean Rochefort, as the handicapped brother, and Delphine Seyrig, as a dithery, high-minded family friend often caught in the cross fire of sibling rivalry, are both so good they convinced me that Signoret couldn't walk away with the picture unless they wanted her to. Set in a picturesque fishing village on the French coast, *Letter* has impeccable taste, warmth, humanity and actors who are never for a moment in danger of being upstaged by the scenery. ♪

Bedouins battle Italians in *Lion of the Desert* (United Film), a sprawling, physically impressive epic based on historical fact. Rod Steiger plays Mussolini, who sends one of his ruthless generals (Oliver Reed) to Libya to wage war in the name of peace, the better to quell a beloved Bedouin leader (Anthony Quinn, who else?) who has fought occupation troops for 20 years. This cinematic behemoth was filmed in North Africa by producer-director Moustapha Akkad at staggering cost. Oil money, one presumes, since Akkad also made *The Message*, a more-or-less invisible life of Mohammed in which the holy founder of Islam could not be depicted because religious laws forbid such heresy. *Lion* is appreciably better, yet I watched it thinking there's a powerful argument for conserving energy of all kinds. ♪

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- American Pop** U. S. immigrants making good and making music in Ralph Bakshi's animated Americana. **YYY½**
- Atlantic City** On the Boardwalk with Burt Lancaster and Susan Sarandon in a wry romance by Louis Malle. **YYY**
- Caveman** (Reviewed this month) Ringo met Barbara, and that's that. **Y**
- City of Women** Marcello Mastroianni gamely losing the battle of the sexes, with Fellini calling the shots. **YYY**
- Cutter and Bone** (Reviewed this month) Doctor in the house? **Y**
- Excalibur** (Reviewed this month) The Round Table crowd of yore. **YY**
- Eyewitness** TV news hen (Sigourney Weaver) meets janitor (William Hurt) in Peter Yates's deft romantic thriller about love and murder. **YYY**
- The Funhouse** (Reviewed this month) Midway maniac vs. teen foursome. **YY**
- Hard Country** It's *Urban Cowboy* re-visited, minus bull, with Jan-Michael Vincent and Kim Basinger. **YYY½**
- I Sent a Letter to My Love** (Reviewed this month) Signed, sealed and superbly played by Simone Signoret. **YYY**
- Just a Gigolo** David Bowie, Marlene Dietrich, Sydne Rome and Kim Novak get high on decadence in Berlin. **YYY**
- Knightriders** More knights on bikes, or Camelot in Middle America. **YYY½**
- La Cage aux Folles II** Back to the boys in the handbox, and gay is still beautiful the second time around. **YYY½**
- The Last Metro** Catherine Deneuve and Gerard Depardieu play the trouperers in François Truffaut's salute to *le showbiz* in wartime Paris. **YYY**
- The Line** Inside an Army stockade, where some Vietnam dropouts learn military discipline the hard way. **YYY½**
- Lion of the Desert** Quinn's back in burnoose. **YY**
- Napoleon** Made in France in 1927, this disinterred silent masterpiece still takes your breath away. **YYYY**
- Nighthawks** The top international terrorist (Rutger Hauer) vs. New York's top decoy cop (Sylvester Stallone). Nonstop action drama. **YYY**
- Oblomov** (Reviewed this month) Russian cinematic soul food. **YYY½**
- The Postman Always Rings Twice** Heavy breathing by Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange in a hot-blooded remake. **YYY½**
- Superman II** (Reviewed this month) Now we learn what he did for love—an admirable sequel, all in all. **YYY½**
- Thief** (Reviewed this month) High-tech crime drama starring James Caan as a supercrook in Chicago. **YYY**

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

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☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

DOL GOSSIP: Actress **Julie Andrews** has been undergoing a steady image change lately, due, in large part, to the roles in which she's been cast by her husband, writer-director **Blake Edwards**. First, there was "10," in which the ex-Mary Poppins played the sharp-tongued, liberated girlfriend of **Dudley Moore**. In *S.O.B.*, a sardonic view of Hollywood, Edwards has cast her as an actress with a lead role in a film that is changed in midproduction to soft-core porn. And now, in *Victor/Victoria* (also written and directed by Edwards), she plays, of all things, a female impersonator. Co-starring **Robert Preston** and **James Garner**, the flick is about a down-and-out opera singer (Andrews) persuaded by a gay entertainer (Preston) to become a female impersonator at a gay bar. (In other words, Andrews is a female impersonat-



Garner



Andrews

ing a male impersonating a female—does that clear things up?) The plot thickens when she falls in love with a gangster (Garner), who goes through a few changes himself, since he thinks he's in love with a man. Or something like that. . . . **Albert Finney** and **Diane Keaton** play a married couple splitting up in MGM's *Shoot the Moon*. Written by **Bo** (*Melvin and Howard*) **Goldman** and directed by **Alan Parker**, the film explores the effects of the breakup on the couple and their four children who are stuck in the middle. The title, incidentally, derives from the card game hearts: "Shooting the moon" is a strategy in which a player attempts to win by accumulating all the hearts in the deck.

BOO! "My intention is to scare the living shit out of people," says director **John Landis** about his first serious horror film, *An American Werewolf in London*. The 30-year-old Landis, known mostly as a director of comedy (*Animal House* and *Blues Brothers*), stresses that *Werewolf* is not going to be big on laughs. "Sure, there are a few funny parts," he says, "but mostly it's just really terrifying." Starring **David Naughton** (you'll recognize him from Dr Pepper commercials) and **Jenny Agutter**, the film is about two young Americans who, while summering in Britain, come

across the supernatural in Wales. Says Landis, not wanting to give too much away: "The werewolf is more of a four-legged beast than a man with a hairy face." Landis originally wrote the *Werewolf* script at the age of 19 and it's been optioned seven times but never made until now. "I guess people just thought it was too odd," he says.

MONTEZUMA'S REVENGE? Mystery surrounds the sudden disintegration of German director **Werner Herzog's** *Fitzcarraldo*, which, until late February, had been shooting in the wilds of Peru. Cast members **Jason Robards**, **Mick Jagger** and **Claudia Cardinale** had completed 40 percent of their on-location work when reports came back to Hollywood that Robards had left the set due to a severe case of dysentery. Sources close to Robards—who has been replaced in the film by **Klaus Kinski**—tell me he will not talk about it with anyone.

MOTHER'S DAY: The main difference between *Mommie Dearest*, the book, and Paramount's film adaptation is that the film makers are striving to make **Joan Crawford** a more sympathetic character. **Faye Dunaway's** Crawford is motivated to tantrums by strong outside pressures. "The script tries to make her actions more understandable," says an insider. "We've put it within the context of the fight-for-survival atmosphere of the studios." Aside from that, the movie will be a fairly accurate re-creation; events



Dunaway



Crawford

in the book, such as the famous wire-coat-hanger sequence, will remain intact. **Mara Habel** plays the young **Christina Crawford** and **Diana** (*Inside Moves*) **Scarwid** plays her as a young woman. Three hours of make-up each day have made Dunaway into the spitting image of Crawford in the early Forties. The role, however, has taken its toll: Faye apparently had to do so much screaming during the coat-hanger scene that by the next morning she had developed a severe case of laryngitis.

THE WILDER BUNCH: **Jack Lemmon**, **Walter Matthau** and director **Billy Wilder**, the dynamic trio of *The Fortune Cookie* and

The Front Page, team up for the third time with **Buddy, Buddy**, a comedy about the strange friendship between a hit man and a TV censor bent on committing suicide. Seems **Matthau** is hired to eliminate three men who are to testify in a land-deal case—he bumps off the first two before the opening credits are over, then hides in a hotel across from the courthouse, ready to off the third. Meanwhile, **Lemmon** checks into the adjacent room, heartbroken that his wife (**Paula Prentiss**) has left him for the head of a sex clinic (**Klaus Kinski**). Each time **Lemmon** attempts suicide—he tries



Lemmon



Matthau

hanging himself, jumping off the ledge, taking sleeping pills, razor blades—**Matthau**, who doesn't want to attract any attention, saves him. **Lemmon**, of course, interprets all that as a sign of deep friendship, though the truth is that **Matthau** considers him nothing more than a major pain in the ass. "It's the best comedy script I've read since *Some Like It Hot*," says **Lemmon**. "Anybody who says, halfway through making a film, that it's great is crazy. Call me crazy."

BOX-OFFICE BONANZAS: Figures on last Christmas season's movie receipts are in and the winning category, by several lengths, is comedy. Of the five top-grossing Christmas releases, says *Variety*, *Stir Crazy* led the pack, with more than \$20,000,000 in gross receipts. *Nine to Five* came in second, with \$14,000,000, followed by *Popeye* (\$11,000,000), *Any Which Way You Can* (\$9,000,000) and *Seems Like Old Times* (\$8,000,000). What the studios have no doubt deduced from all that is that America's funny bone is connected to its wallet bone. So guess what you'll be seeing this summer? Comedy. Among the top contenders, in no particular order, are: *Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams*, *Under the Rainbow*, **Neil Simon's** *Only When I Laugh*, *Paternity* and *The Cannonball Run* (both starring **Burt Reynolds**), **Mel Brooks's** *History of the World—Part 1*, *Zorro* and *the Gay Blade*, *National Lampoon Goes to the Movies*, *Superman II* and *Tarzan, the Ape Man* (with **Bo Derek**). —**JOHN BLUMENTHAL**

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.

And right there, between the cotton balls and the bandages, you find your Alka-Seltzer®.

As you listen to the familiar fizz of those

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You know that for upset stomach with headache, *nothing works better, nothing is more soothing than Alka-Seltzer.*

No wonder it's America's Home Remedy.



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Consumer Products Division **MILES**

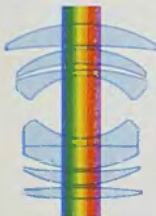
Although cameras today may seem amazingly sophisticated, with built-in computers and electronics, they're really nothing more than boxes to control the light and hold the film.

In fact, the lens is what actually creates the image.

Which is why it's so important, if you're serious about 35mm photography, that your lenses are the highest possible quality.

IF YOU PAY LESS, YOU MAY GET LESS

There are a lot of less expensive lenses on the market than those made by Pentax. But, as usual, you get what you pay for.



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LETS MORE LIGHT REACH
THE FILM, FOR BRIGHTER
COLOR AND LESS FLARE.

For example, an inferior lens won't always give you the sharpest pictures.

Or the picture may be sharp, but have low contrast.

Or it may be sharp and have good contrast, but have poor or tinted color.

In extreme cases, substandard mechanical workmanship on an element like the focusing ring can cause you to lose the picture altogether.

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Pentax started as a lens company, and for sixty years we've been dedicated to excellence in optics.

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A great 35mm photograph can be as much the result of the type of lens you use as the quality of that lens.

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2000mm reflex telephoto. Included in this array are 9 zooms, 11 telephotos and 10 wide angles, not to mention macro and fish eye. So you can take the kind of photograph you want, from an insect's eye to a lighthouse that's five miles offshore.

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Zooms are fun and marvelously versatile, but they're hellishly difficult to make well.

The myriad glass elements inside the zoom are in constant and complex motion, often rotating as well as moving axially. If everything doesn't mesh with clock-like precision, the image suffers enormously.

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Because the camera doesn't make the picture by itself. It needs the lens.

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PLAYBOY'S TRAVEL GUIDE

By **STEPHEN BIRNBAUM**

CHANCES ARE that as you read this, Prince Charles and Lady Di are huddling together on the floor of some cozy corridor at Windsor, Sandringham, Balmoral or Buckingham Palace. For if they're at all like every other couple about to get married, they're probably poring over about 1000 indecipherable travel brochures, each describing in delicious detail some absolutely irresistible honeymoon package. But one of the most persistent of all travel myths is that every honeymoon package is a great bargain and that savvy twosomes, be they newly wedded blue bloods or just good friends, hitch themselves to those matrimonial migrations whenever possible.

Separating the genuine honeymoon bargains from the travel equivalents of shotgun weddings is what we're here for. Our answer to the question "Should we buy a honeymoon package or not?" has to be an unqualified "Maybe."

Before we look at some specific packages, a few general comments are in order. In the great honeymoon condo-versus-hotel-room debate, I come down on the side of the condo. Condos usually offer more room in which to roam around; and even if room service isn't available, you still don't have to put on clothes for breakfast. Cruises should, I think, be avoided for lack of space. Besides, throwing up on your nuptial trip is not the best way to launch a shipshape marriage. On the positive side, sports packages, even if they aren't actually aimed at newlyweds, are worth looking into. Golf, tennis and ski weeks are usually heavily discounted and can be attractive deals for energetic couples.

Broad generalizations about the most popular honeymoon destinations are tough to make. Bermuda and Hawaii traditionally handle plane-loads of newlyweds, but their prices are both good and bad, depending on where and when you go. Ditto for Carmel and Monterey on the spectacular California Coast. Pennsylvania's Pocono Mountains are popular with certain East Coast types who think heart-shaped bathtubs and last-couple-to-breakfast door prizes will fire postwedding passion; and Niagara Falls can still be a barrel of laughs; but the appeal of those two places has nothing really to do with the value of their honeymoon packages.

What makes a specific comparison so hard to make is all the odd goodies that are commonly contained in honeymoon offerings, ranging from disco discounts and free gambling chips to a free pineapple. Obviously, some are more valuable than others, and your own appraisal will depend a lot on your tastes.



HONEYMOON HASSLE

When you add up the extras,
honeymoon packages are not
always great bargains.

Take Hawaii: The new Hyatt Regency at Kaanapali in West Maui is a very dramatic structure and has what seemed at first blush like an appealing package: four days and three nights for \$331 for two. But to determine if it really were any kind of bargain, we multiplied the normal nightly rate of \$106 by three nights and got a \$318 total, or \$13 less than the package price. In fairness, I should point out that the package also includes a bottle of champagne and a steak-and-eggs breakfast. Is it worth buying the honeymoon package? We think not, unless that's an awfully good bottle of champagne (and very fresh eggs).

I'm dismayed to report that one of the most notable honeymoon *non*bargains is offered by my own favorite honeymoon site at Las Brisas, outside Acapulco on the west coast of Mexico. Although the rooms are lovely and the private pools even more tempting, the honeymoon package costs from 37 to 54 percent more than buying the same accommodations on a nonpackage basis. The only real bonus in the package we appraised was an odd bottle of wine and the use of a jeep. In Mexico, they ought to pay *you* to drink the wine, though the jeep is a valuable accessory. But one wonders just how much jeeping a couple is likely to do on its honeymoon.

Although it's easy to discard those packages for which you pay a substantial bonus for a lot of junk such as honeymoon pictures (where the two of you

look like something from a SEND THESE KIDS TO CAMP poster), sometimes the "extras" are really valuable. At Sea Pines Plantation on Hilton Head Island, South Carolina, for example, the first look at this summer's honeymoon "special" suggests that it is as uneconomical as the examples noted above. We looked at a couple of four-day, three-night packages, in different accommodations around the property, and discovered that renting the same rooms on a regular basis costs \$150 less than the price quoted for the honeymoon package. We had discounted the value of the free bottle of champagne and the two cocktails that top the "extras" list but began to get a lot more friendly toward the honeymoon offering when we noted that dinner for two, a sunset cruise for two (or an island tour) was included, as were two bikes for three days and greens fees for two (or four hours of tennis). The value of those extras made the cost come pretty close to that of the cost of buying those elements separately, and while it was not a major bargain, there was no real loss of money.

Now, it might be argued that equal value is hardly a great incentive to run out and buy a honeymoon holiday for yourself—even if you haven't any thought of getting married. But in talking with our favorite travel editor of our favorite brides' publication, we were regaled at some length about how hotel managers are especially well disposed toward honeymooners, and how they routinely upgrade rooms for loving newlyweds when they can. She sounded sincere, so we assume that is true, but you'll have to judge your own chances for such special treatment. It seems to us most probable in off-peak travel periods and least likely during high season.

It would be wrong to leave you (and Charley and Di) with the impression that there is no honeymoon package worth its salt (or rice). In tiptoeing through San Juan, we stumbled across the old Americana Hotel—now called The Palace—where we found a couple of honeymoon offerings that saved newlyweds about ten percent over conventional room levies. Not only that but one of the extras—right after the ubiquitous bottle of champagne, the unavoidable welcoming cocktail, the fruit, the souvenir photograph and the five-dollar casino chip—was a massage for two in the hotel health club. Nowhere was there any notation about whether those massages were concurrent or consecutive, nor by whom that friendly kneading was to be administered. There are some things they just don't tell you if you don't ask.



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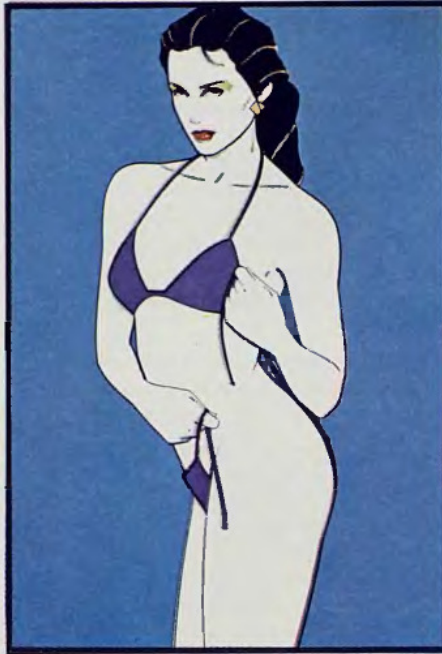


THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

What do you do when you discover that your partner is having an affair? Or that he has had affairs in the past? It recently came to my attention that my husband had cheated on our marriage. I was very hurt. Our sex life has been incredible, and there shouldn't have been cause for him to wander. He says the same thing—that the sex was great—but that there were other reasons. Can you shed any light on this?—Mrs. D. K., Boston, Massachusetts.

First, we would ask you to change your vocabulary. We're not sure that cheating was what he had in mind. Several studies—ranging from Alfred Kinsey's to Morton Hunt's—have shown that approximately 50 percent of married men have extramarital affairs. It is rare that such affairs are discovered (only three percent of all affairs are accidentally uncovered). According to pollster Lewis Yablonsky, 80 percent of the men who fool around do not tell their wives. The 20 percent who kiss and tell do so to get rid of guilt, to cause pain or to challenge the status quo of the marriage. Contrary to soap-opera wisdom, sex isn't the only cause of extramarital affairs. Dr. Avodah K. Offit, author of "Night Thoughts, Reflections of a Sex Therapist," suggests that there are at least 14 predictable times for sexual infidelity to occur: "All have to do with loss or stress, either transient or permanent, and represent attempts to cope or adapt. These include any point when a man or woman is (1) deciding on or beginning a career; (2) heavily involved in expansion or success; (3) changing jobs; (4) traveling extensively alone; (5) depressed by failure; (6) bored by monotony or fatigued by dull overwork; and (7) retiring." In addition, she states the following: "Family crises and events that are often related to extramarital adventures include: (1) pregnancy and childbirth; (2) the period during which small children receive a great deal of attention at home; (3) times of bereavement, such as the death of a parent; (4) periods of other emotional crisis—a child's accident or a mate's illness; (5) the 'empty nest' syndrome when children leave for school or college; (6) any time in a person's life when she or he confronts the process of physical aging, an awareness that occurs at least in every decade of life; and (7) any time of stress, such as moving, buying a home or any major change in style of life." So our first advice is this: Don't look at the affair but, rather, at everything else that is going on in your life.

With close to \$2000 invested in camera equipment, I get a little nervous



when I have to leave it alone on a trip or in the car. What's the best way to protect photographic equipment?—M. P., Omaha, Nebraska.

Your fears are not unfounded. Camera theft is on the rise and recovery is unlikely. You can't stop a thief, but you can deter him. It's a good idea to mark all your equipment with an etching pen, available from the police in some communities. Pawnshops risk their licenses to accept such marked merchandise and most fences consider it too hot to handle. The same security systems that protect your car also protect anything in it. If you're going to store your equipment there, invest in an alarm and locking system, and use it. Finally, check into insurance. It may be that your equipment is covered in your regular household insurance; but if not, you may want to buy a separate policy.

This is in answer to the March Advisor's request for letters concerning oral sex. I say examine the attitude, not the procedure. I've found that the best oral sex is just that—a form of expression in itself, not just another method of foreplay, though there's nothing wrong with that, either. The really remarkable episodes in my mind always involve aggressive, enthusiastic women who aren't at all self-conscious about expressing desire. What seems to make the difference are the enthusiasm and timing. A woman walked up to me in a saloon once and simply said, "I was just sitting over there wondering what it would be like to suck you off." You'd better believe the evening ended in great head. Of all

the really good times, it's not the method that stands out but the motive. For the purpose of suggesting ways of making it better for Miss S.B. and her lover. I can only bring out a few points, such as they are. First: Have some idea of what you're doing, so the poor guy doesn't have to direct the whole episode as if it were a scene from a movie. I'm all for the communication of likes and dislikes, but it detracts from the spontaneity if every step has to be requested. Open up and just enjoy yourself. He'll probably enjoy it, too. Also, it's quite endearing to the man when the woman swallows the ejaculate. Lastly, my suggestion is to pick some really surprising time and/or place. For the other side of the coin, I've noticed that those same things make for good sex for the lady. After all, feeling good isn't dependent on gender. Unusual places and/or impromptu timing does the trick here, too. I seem to get more response from going slowly, almost as if I were seducing her, even if we may have been lovers for a long time. Rather than use oral sex as a prelude to intercourse, just keep going. Don't get so rhythmic your moves are predictable. Stagger the times and places you place your tongue. Bounce from clitoris to vagina in a random pattern and use her quickening breath as a guide to her likes. The biggie, though, seems to be keep going. Go for an orgasm or spend the whole night trying. Go for two. Go for three; what the hell! If she's enjoying herself, save screwing for another time. You'll have a very happy lady with you right now, and that's pretty nice. Time for a little more independent study on my part.—E. J., New York, New York.

What is this? You must be after my job. Thanks for your insight. By the way, what was the address of that saloon?

As far as I'm concerned, the return to classics in men's clothing is a welcome one. But it brings to mind a question that I've never been able to answer. What's the difference between a plaid, a tartan and a tattersall?—M. P., Cleveland, Ohio.

You've probably already deduced that these are woven patterns with lines of color that intersect at right angles; but each has its own history. Plaids and tartans are the same thing. When a Scottish clan or military regiment adopts a certain plaid, it becomes a tartan. For instance, a glen or Glen Urquhart plaid is the tartan for the clan members who live in that particular glen (valley). Plaids are not exclusive to the Scots, however. The Japanese have worn them for centuries, and East Indians have used

them in their fabric known as madras, named after the Indian province. Authentic madras is characterized by its tendency to fade in the wash, producing subtle colorations. Tattersall, a thin-checked fabric, gets its name from the horse blankets Richard Tattersall of London used for his horse market in the 18th Century. The only non-right-angle plaid you're likely to see is the tartan of the Campbell clan, who since 1457 have been the earls and dukes of Argyll. That's the distinctive diamond-shaped plaid on your Argyle socks.

No matter where my current lover touches me, I get an erection. Mind you, I don't find anything wrong with that, but sometimes in the wrong places it can be slightly embarrassing. Is it possible for anyone (male or female) to have an erogenous zone that is, in effect, the whole body? Or is it mainly psychological, depending on the person you are with? We are both very oriented toward touching.—D. B., Columbia, Maryland.

Welcome to the wonderful world of polymorphous perversity. The whole concept of erogenous zones is somewhat misleading. Your skin is the largest organ of your body—and one of the most sensitive. There's no reason to divide it into arbitrary sex areas. Why limit your range of arousal? Use your whole body: The more of yourself you bring into play, the more intense the pleasure.

Space problems in my studio apartment make the new minicomponent hi-fi systems perfect for me. I just wonder, if I buy one, will the quality be the same as that of one of the larger systems? I'd like a small system but don't want to compromise my music.—L. T., Atlanta, Georgia.

Have no fear. The new minis are every bit as quality oriented as the larger systems. The process of miniaturization, though, does drive up the price. The only advice we'd give you in looking is to pay strict attention to the speakers. Small speakers generally have poor bass response. That is because the bass frequencies require a lot of room for the movement of air. The little speakers just don't have the room for much movement. Chances are they will work well enough in a studio apartment, but don't count on the kind of bass you can feel.

I'm a 25-year-old newlywed. I enjoy sex—in fact, I ask my husband to make love to me just as often as he asks me. And I'm almost always willing to have it when he wants it: We have sex at least every other day and always two or three times in that one day. My problem is this: I can't achieve an orgasm unless my husband talks dirty to me. That probably doesn't sound bad to you, but I'd like to have sex in a more loving way.

I'd like to climax because my husband is handsome, wonderful and in love with me, but I seem to have to have obscene fantasies whispered in my ear. I know that habit must come from younger days, when I would masturbate to dirty magazines. We have healthy sex, because neither of us is inhibited and we always climax in almost any position. My husband and I are worried about it for the future. What can I do to change my "having sex" into "making love"?—Mrs. W. C., New York, New York.

If you think you have a problem, you have a problem, some say. On the other hand, if something works, don't fix it. It sounds to us like you are making love.

All of a sudden, there are turbochargers everywhere. I have heard of turbos' being used on race cars, but now they are being included on passenger cars of all kinds. The question is: What's a turbo and what does it do?—P. M., Knoxville, Tennessee.

Turbochargers used to be after-market or racing accessories before the fuel pinch made smaller engines a necessity. They've come into their own, since they can improve the performance of those smaller engines considerably. The name comes from the word turbine, which is essentially a flywheel that is turned by rushing air or, in this case, exhaust gases from the engine. Exhaust gases turn the flywheel, which operates a compressor. The compressor delivers the air-fuel mixture to your engine under pressure, providing a boost in power under acceleration. More power is thus produced with little change in gasoline economy, depending on how you drive. The fact is that any car can be turbocharged if there is room under the hood for the system. But you should first check with the car manufacturer for his recommendations and then make sure it's installed properly.

I enjoy gadgets as much as the next guy, but, for the life of me, I can't see the point in those new video-disc players. The latest absurdity I've noticed is that some of the newer machines have styluses that ride in grooves, operating much as a phonograph does. The laser machines at least provide a technological thrill, but the new formats seem to be a step backward, promising the same kind of stylus and disc wear as a phonograph. What's going on?—L. M., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Just as with the video-recorder boom of a few years ago, what we have is several companies working independently on the same idea and all coming up with different solutions. As then, you can't tell the players without a score card. Presently, there are three basic formats of video-disc players, LV (laser vision), CED (capacitance electronic

disc) and VHD (video high density). The LV system is, naturally, laser read and the discs have no grooves. CED has both a stylus and grooves in the disc; VHD has a stylus but no grooves. CED and VHD are the newest systems, and while they may seem a step backward, they are not actually the same as phonograph systems. The CED stylus, for instance, tracks at about one fifteenth the weight of a phono needle, while the track of the VHD stylus is so wide, disc and stylus wear is significantly reduced. In either format, you will eventually have to replace the stylus, but certainly not as often as the one on your turntable. Since the discs are enclosed in sleeves even when inserted into the machine, the ravages of human handling do not pose a threat to them. There will be wear from the styluses, but it will be slight. In any case, the systems aren't the big problem, programs are. Finding the one you want in the right format will be a chore for a while until the libraries are built up. So you can almost base your buying decision now on what programs are available and choose the player that matches them.

My lover occasionally uses a cock ring to maintain his erection. We are both interested in knowing if there are any adverse effects from the use of such a device. The last time he used it, he had a tremendous orgasm; however, he seems to have busted a blood vessel, as a small bruise developed on his penis after our lovemaking session. What is the official verdict on cock rings?—Miss C. S., Hollywood, California.

One sex expert warns: "Using a constricting device to obtain or maintain erection makes as much sense as using strangulation to assist in holding your breath. Cock rings are based on the incorrect premise that holding blood inside the penis by mechanical means helps maintain erection. Blood circulates in and out of the erect penis, and attempts to stop this circulation can be harmful. Cock rings can reduce outflow and increase back pressure inside the penis. But rather than contribute to erection, cock rings can bruise the delicate tissues inside the penis in which blood collects to cause erection. Cock rings can seriously damage the penis and should be avoided." Enough said?

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.



DATSUN 200-SX

STEP ON THE EXHILARATOR!

Just when you've pledged to buy a "practical" car this year, you find yourself drooling over the new Sport Luxury Datsun 200-SX. And why not. It even looks fast standing still. It's sporty enough to turn heads as easily as it turns corners.

But here's the news that could put a 200-SX in your driveway. It's equipped with the remarkable NAPS-Z engine. Resulting in a combination of acceleration and mileage you never thought possible: 0 to 50 in less than 8.5 seconds. 28 miles per gallon.*

So go ahead. Treat yourself to fuel injection. Power windows. Power steering. And power styling. Underneath it all, you're really being practical.

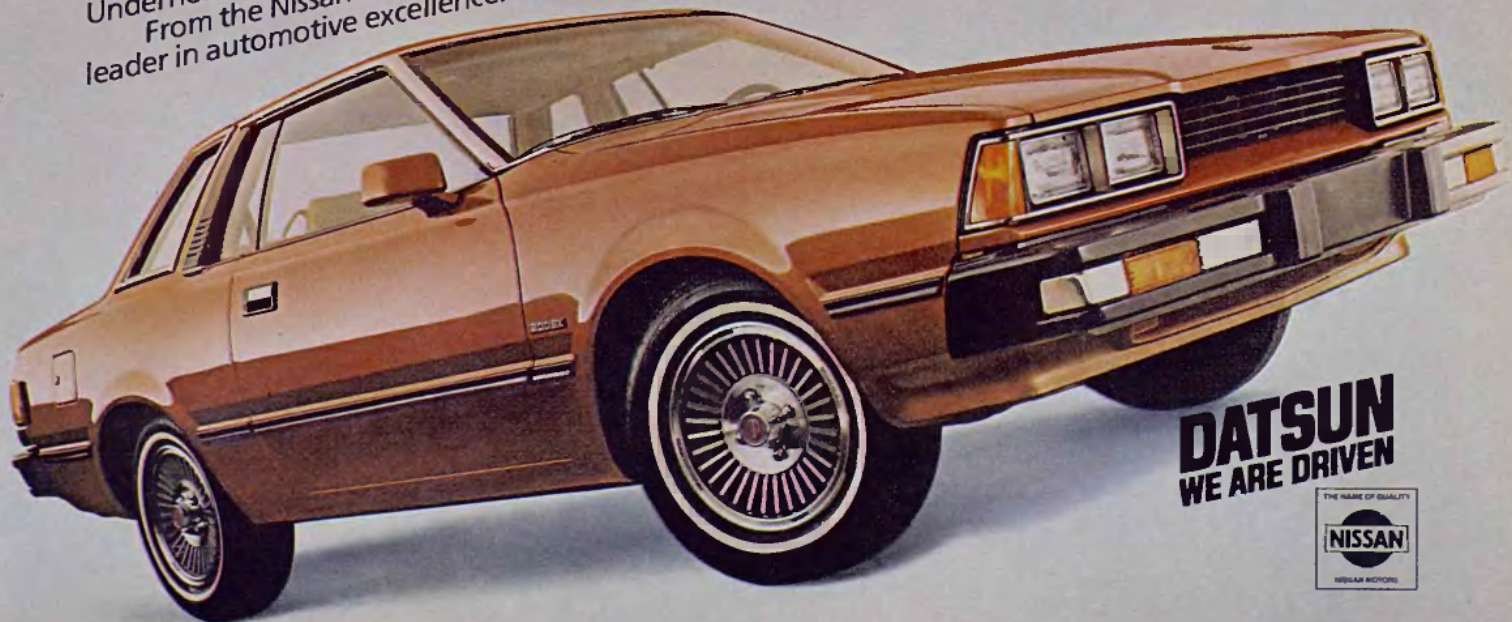
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The NAPS-Z engine with 2 spark plugs per cylinder burns fuel more efficiently.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

ALTERED STATES

The success of the s-f film *Altered States* has made sensory-deprivation tanks a hot pop-culture item. Sense-tank emporiums are popping up across the country and cosmic cowboys who used to ride the bull can now go tripping in the tank. Never one to pass up a new fad, I headed for a storefront near Northwestern University, where I experienced an unusual phenomenon I thought your readers might find interesting.

Most of the literature concerning sense-tank sensations describes druglike hallucinations leading to enlightenment. The scientist in *Altered States*, on the other hand, headed back down the evolutionary chain, ultimately reverting to pure energy. Personally, I didn't go for the white light or my primal roots. Instead, I headed straight for my libido.

On my next trip, I'm taking along a condom and am going to see if sensory deprivation can enhance sensual experience without causing water pollution.

(Name withheld by request)
Evanston, Illinois

GOOD NEIGHBORS

I just want to let everyone know that the level of law enforcement in Tampa is keeping crime well under control. At least some crime.

A 34-year-old nurse was arrested here recently for "lewd and lascivious" behavior: sun-bathing nude in her high-fenced back yard. A neighbor called the police, because her children had figured out a way to peek through the overlapping slots by putting their little heads against the fence and peering at an angle. Then the cops swung into action! Four sheriff's deputies arrived, including a sergeant to oversee the arrest and a deputy to climb up onto the fence and take photos, which awakened the "suspect" from her nap.

Now, that's real crime control.

(Name withheld by request)
Tampa, Florida

Police know that when they're dealing with nude female back-yard sun bathers, they can't afford to take chances. Check out the Palm Beach peril reported in the letter below.

TOPLESS JOGGING

Recognizing a manifest threat to public order when they see one, the city council of Palm Beach, Florida, has passed an ordinance to ban all topless

jogging—by men as well as women.

For too long have these cunning male-factors toyed with the sensibilities of decent but helpless residents, vitiating their morals, safety and peace of mind. The problem, as any card-carrying blue-nose will confirm, is that this obscene flaunting of sweat-drenched, hirsute chests by unpardonable criminals—their flesh bared to the elements like so many primal beasts—could cause the fair maidens of Palm Beach to either faint straightaway in shock or be induced into lives of sin.

"The issue is really quite simple: Women are the ones punished for sex; men are not."

The town council deserves kudos for its persistence in passing a law that twice has been declared unconstitutional. Home rule evidently takes precedence over so-called freedoms granted in the dim mists of history and certain national documents.

A straight-faced editorial response in the Fort Lauderdale *Sun-Sentinel* states:

We fear the town council has not gone far enough. The ordinance only affects those over 14, which is blatant age discrimination. A



loop-hole in the statute allows toplessness on or within 150 feet of the beach. Evil is evil, wherever it rears its ugly chest.

Critics who look on this ordinance as a violation of human freedom and constitutional rights or a petty, foolish Big Brother-style attempt to mandate good taste are simply overlooking the necessity for nosy, snooty people to exercise their right to meddle in other people's lives.

The ordinance also offers the town council the opportunity to divert police attention and tax dollars from such trivial matters as murder, rape, robbery, burglary, mugging and drug smuggling and to concentrate on the real threat to public morality—hairy chests.

W. B. Thompson
Charleston, South Carolina

THE ABORTION DEBATE

It seems very likely that whether or not an anti-abortion amendment passes, women will not return to a Fifties model of femininity, will not stay home content to bear and rear children and will not give up their rights and the discovery of the pleasure of self-fulfillment through other forms of work.

I believe women will become radicalized if such a law is passed. After all, for the past eight years, they have had access to legal abortions and have learned that *they* can be in control, not someone else. Does the Government imagine that that right can be taken away without repercussions? Evidently, it doesn't care one way or the other.

The abortion question is being pursued with a fervor that is reminiscent of the days when a woman was severely punished for the crime of adultery. Then, as now, the man bore no mark upon his character and paid no penalty for following his sexual instincts.

The issue is really quite simple: Women are the ones punished for sex; men are not.

Claudia King
Santa Monica, California

I'd like to respond to the woman from Omaha who naively chides *PLAYBOY* for inadequately promoting contraception as an alternative to abortion (*The Playboy Forum*, March). Apparently, she's not a consistent reader of your magazine, and your response was both patient and instructive.

Over the years, a number of my close

friends have had to resort to abortion because they were financially or emotionally unable to raise a child. How well I remember some of my college friends who had to travel to California because abortion was still a crime where we lived. I cried with some of them but also breathed a sigh of relief with them when it was all over. As PLAYBOY points out, there is such a thing as contraceptive failure.

Legal abortion is essential to the well-being of thousands of women each year—both physically and emotionally. It is essential to the parents of a young girl who is not ready for and doesn't want marriage and motherhood and who has her whole life ahead of her. It is essential to children who are born that they be wanted and loved.

Fortunately, I never had to make a personal decision on abortion. In fact, I am looking forward to becoming pregnant, because I now have a college degree and several years of professional work behind me and I have a loving husband with whom to share my baby. I want to thank PLAYBOY for its continuing support of legal abortion, the Equal Rights Amendment, individual freedom in general and causes that are truly humane and not merely pious rhetoric.

Mrs. D. B. Rose
Nashville, Tennessee

Please advise the well-meaning lady from Omaha that she is full of shit. I myself cannot use the pill because of a heart condition. I cannot use the I.U.D. on my doctor's orders because of a tendency toward infection. I am thus left with diaphragms, condoms and foams, all of which I detest, or the so-called rhythm method, which is little better than no method at all. If I do become pregnant, I don't want some nitwit moralist telling me I must bear a baby I don't want and cannot afford. Lady from Omaha, kindly do not restrict my life any more than it already is. I am not yet ready for abstinence!

(Name withheld by request)
Bothell, Washington

You've reached the heart of the issue. The fundamental difference between a pro-lifer and a pro-choicer is that the former truly believes that people who don't want babies should not be screwing. The rest is all intellectualizing.

While the budget cuts and military intervention in El Salvador have been grabbing headlines, anti-abortionists have been taking over key positions in the Reagan Administration.

Dr. C. Everett Koop is said to be in line for the post of Surgeon General. A fundamentalist Christian, Dr. Koop has been a board member of both the National Right-to-Life Committee and

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

HEADS, YOU WIN

CINCINNATI—The U.S. Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals has finally handed down a landmark decision that may scuttle the Drug Enforcement Administration's model law for combating the sale of drug paraphernalia. In a unanimous ruling, the court held three Ohio anti-head-shop ordinances unconstitutional for vagueness, interfering with innocent conduct and infringing on free speech. The model law was considered the most carefully written of its kind and has been adopted by many municipalities throughout the country.



Almost simultaneously, the Seventh Circuit U.S. Appellate Court struck down a local ordinance in Hoffman Estates, Illinois, that attempted to restrict the sale of drug paraphernalia by setting up complex licensing and registration requirements for head shops, employees and even customers. The court found the law not only vague but inviting selective enforcement by police for the purpose of harassment.

In Utah, meanwhile, state representative Robert Sykes urged the outlawing of bongos, pipes and other paraphernalia because "some of these devices are made in the shape of sexual organs and are designed to encourage or condone oral sex."

COKE FLAP

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS—State and Federal law-enforcement officials have strongly criticized a unanimous Illinois appellate-court ruling that found cocaine wrongly classified as a narcotic

drug and recommended lowering penalties for its possession. The drug police agreed that coke was not a narcotic by strict definition because it was not an opium derivative and not physically addictive, but argued that the relatively low abuse rate of the drug was only because it was so expensive. A Chicago police spokesman said, "Now actors, athletes and other wealthy people are getting arrested for possession of cocaine. Some people are saying we should lower the penalties so that the rich people's children don't have to go to jail."

SEX SAFETY

SAN FRANCISCO—The idea of the city coroner's holding workshops on "S & M Safety" has drawn criticism from several quarters and caused the coroner's office some embarrassment. The workshops were coroner Boyd Stephen's response to an increasing number of accidental deaths resulting from sado-masochistic sexual acts among members of the San Francisco homosexual community. The coroner decided "that instead of making value judgments or ignoring the problem, we would try to save lives." Although the meetings are privately held at no expense to the city, the concept has been attacked as condoning perversity.

CLAP VACCINE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Researchers at Walter Reed Army Medical Center and the University of Pittsburgh have made further progress toward the development of an antigonorrhea vaccine. Stressing that the vaccine is still undergoing tests, the doctors said that 80 male and female volunteers who received the shots subsequently developed the desired immune response. The researchers said the vaccine could help solve the increasing problem of penicillin-resistant strains of the gonococci bacteria that are difficult to treat with present antibiotics.

DOPE DETECTOR

LOS ANGELES—Scientists at UCLA report that they've developed a kind of Breathalyzer that will detect marijuana use. The device was introduced at a meeting of The American Academy of Forensic Sciences and consists of a tube that contains a kind of filter that extracts the THC from the breath of motorists for later analysis.

RAPE AND RACE

PHOENIX—State representative Jim Ratliff, a staunch opponent of legal abortion, came under fire for allowing as how he might make an exception if a white woman were raped by a black man. He then made things worse by telling a radio-station interviewer that he would not approve of an abortion if the woman were black and the rapist white. Asked to explain the difference between a black rapist and a white rapist, he responded, "It makes a helluva lot of difference." Asked to elaborate, he said, "Because it does." Asked if he thought he was a bigot, he said, "No, I don't think so. I don't think a young girl should carry the child of a colored fellow after rape." When his remarks caused a flap, Ratliff publicly apologized and said his comments were "callous and insensitive."

EVERYBODY RELAX

SAN ANTONIO—Although a court injunction has been lifted to permit publication, a San Antonio newspaper has decided that it won't, after all, print the names of some 3000 citizens who allegedly patronized a notorious local brothel. The editors of the monthly El Pueblo said they had come into possession of the brothel's "trick list," seized by police during a raid, and that it included influential San Antonio businessmen, school-board members and even some judges. A state court issued a temporary restraining order that was later voided by a Federal district judge. The paper printed 19 names in one issue but then



announced, "There is no further benefit to the community by our publishing any more names. . . . We wanted the people of San Antonio to see for themselves in a concrete way how wealthy and influential men can break laws,

behave immorally and irresponsibly and get away with it, [while] poor people who commit the same violations are severely punished. We believe that our actions during the past two weeks have accomplished this goal and that we have made the point that we wanted to make." It added that the one issue containing the 19 names "sold like hot cakes."

KEEPING IT CLEAN

DAVENPORT, IOWA—After an increasing number of complaints that some prostitutes were robbing their customers, city police have asked local hookers to help them catch the women who are giving their profession a bad name. An officer explained that the police won't stop arresting honest prostitutes as the occasion arises, but that the professionals probably will decide it's in their best interest to put the dishonest hookers out of business and thereby lessen the need for a general crackdown.

WAGES OF SIN

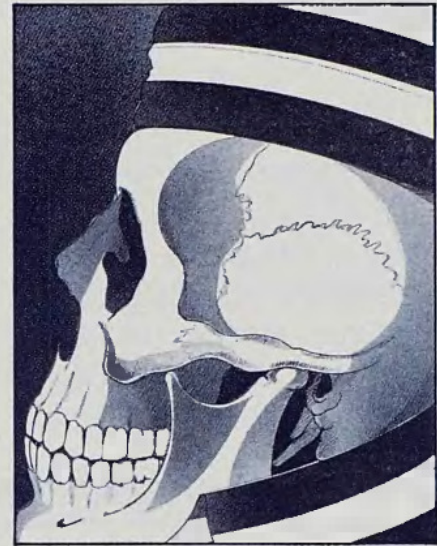
ST. LOUIS—The Missouri Court of Appeal has held that a divorced husband is entitled to \$25,000 from the estate of a deceased man with whom his former wife had committed adultery. The award was made by a jury in 1978 and later challenged by the defendant's estate following his death. In upholding the award, the appellate court said the trial judge correctly decided that the deceased man's admission of the adultery was sufficient to make him liable under state law and that the amount of damages was not excessive. The court held: "The wrongful invasion of a husband's marital rights has no precise market value and its valuation is a matter about which reasonable persons may and do differ."

AIR POLLUTION

CINCINNATI—The owners of radio station WAIF-FM and one of its announcers who presented a program for homosexuals have been charged with disseminating material harmful to minors. The legal action occurred after a suburban Cincinnati couple complained to the county prosecutor about a 90-minute program that included discussions of lubricants and devices for use during sexual intercourse. According to the complaint, the suburban couple's children taped the broadcast, in which the announcer read excerpts from a New York homosexual magazine. The nonprofit, all-volunteer station, which specializes in offbeat programming and music ranging from experimental to ethnic, is being defended by the American Civil Liberties Union.

POPULAR PENALTY

A Gallup Poll has found that public support for capital punishment has reached its highest point in 28 years and the pollsters speculate that that represents a general sense of frustration over the rise in violent crime. According to the survey, two out of three Americans now favor execution of murderers, compared with 49 percent in 1971 and 42 percent in 1966. The previous high in death-penalty support occurred in 1953, when 68 percent favored the execution of murderers.



PRO-CHOICE

OKLAHOMA CITY—State representative Frank Shurden has introduced legislation that would allow death-row inmates to either choose execution by drug injection or die the same way they killed their victims. Noting that several prisoners have challenged Oklahoma's death-by-injection law, Shurden said, "If an inmate thinks drug injections are a little too rough on him . . . if an inmate wants to be clubbed to death or stabbed to death, let's give him a choice." Shurden also has reintroduced a bill to allow sex offenders the option of voluntary castration and possible early parole.

TICK PICKER CAPTURED

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA—Police have arrested a 35-year-old man whom they believe to be the town's infamous and elusive "tick picker." The suspect allegedly approached several dozen women in their homes, asking to inspect their heads for parasites. Some told him to leave and he did, but others allowed him to go through their hair picking imaginary ticks.

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Americans United for Life. Might as well appoint a witch doctor.

Marjory Mecklenburg, president of American Citizens Concerned for Life, will be named head of the Office of Adolescent Pregnancy Programs, which gives grants to help pregnant teenagers. Now we can call it the Office of Mandatory Motherhood.

Health and Human Services Secretary Richard Schweiker is a longtime supporter of a constitutional amendment prohibiting abortion and has said he will work for such an amendment in his present post. Wonderful. Now Health

BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND

In September 1978, PLAYBOY published a comprehensive three-page foldout color chart on "Major Drugs: Their Uses and Effects," plus a supporting article elaborating on certain aspects of the drug-use issue. Requests from readers, schools, organizations and law-enforcement agencies have inspired the Playboy Foundation to reissue the chart at the modest price of 25 cents each or 25 for five dollars, postpaid. The drug chart may be ordered directly from The Playboy Foundation, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Make checks or money orders payable to Playboy Enterprises, Inc.

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PL-7/81

and Human Services becomes the National Fetus Lobby.

At least everybody knows what to do with unwanted children now. Pack them carefully and mail them to the White House, Washington, D.C.

(Name withheld by request)
Fairfax, Virginia

For a report on the fetus forces in Washington, see Peter Ross Range's "Illegalizing Abortion," on page 24.

ZAPPED BY ZEALOTS

Judging from newspaper articles in the past few weeks and from my own personal experiences, I can only believe that the United States is in for its biggest trouble since the Civil War. With the new moralists on the right and other crazies on the left, I feel like one of the doomed Six Hundred, riding into the Valley of Death. Or maybe I'm getting the Bible and the famous poem confused. Like I am.

I didn't realize how much influence the self-proclaimed religious messiahs had until I was approached by several members of one of those groups and was told to remove the "pornographic material" from the magazine rack in my store. Of course, I refused. I carry only PLAYBOY and a couple of other national men's magazines, and those are displayed so only the titles show. Nevertheless, I was advised that I was doing the work



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 ROUNOEL... "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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of Satan and that if I didn't remove those publications, I would lose all my Christian business. Since then, I have been confronted daily with verbal assaults from people I've never seen before who come in and threaten to take their business elsewhere.

Fine! Do it! But where do those people get off telling me how I should run my own business or telling my customers what they can or cannot read? I don't want to cave in to the pressures, but I can tell you it's not easy defending this country's principle of freedom of choice now that the crackpots are organized in opposition to it.

(Name withheld by request)
Phoenix, Arizona

HARD TIMES

It's happening sooner than I thought. Already there is new military adventurism backed up by a garrison mentality in this country, with proposals for renewed Government spying on private citizens and suppression of dissent. With the enormous expenditures the new Administration proposes for what it euphemistically calls defense, there will be little left over to ease economic inequities and hardships among our people. And if that leads to urban disorders, our new conservative rulers will doubtless seek a military solution in our own cities, as well as abroad. The types now in charge would rather spend money on armored personnel carriers for cops than on job

training for disadvantaged youths. Social policy will be equally enlightened. Legislators will put more limitations than ever on personal freedom. Frightened by the Moral Majority, even the liberals will go along. Greater freedom, on the other hand, will be granted to big corporations—freedom to pollute, to market unsafe products, to jack up prices, to gobble up competition. Regulatory agencies such as the Environmental Protection Agency and the Federal Trade Commission will be shut down. There will be one exception, the Federal Communications Commission, which will be encouraged to go after radio stations that play sexy music. A Federal judiciary packed, as the Republican platform last

WAUWATOSA REVISITED

Last February, we reported the celebrated case of the "Wauwatosa Lovers," a young Wisconsin couple convicted of having sex while spending the night in the vacant house they'd been hired by a friend to paint. Milwaukee newsman Doug Rossi now puts that incident in proper local perspective.

The *Playboy Casebook* feature on Wauwatosa's infamous fornicators brought back some fond memories, because I was the *Milwaukee Journal* reporter who dug up that story of local blockheadedness. The fundamental issue, as *PLAYBOY* pointed out, was the continuing existence and selective enforcement of Wisconsin sex laws that make sexual intercourse between unmarried persons a criminal offense. But the Wauwatosa case also raises the equally important issue of what constitutes reasonable police behavior. That arrest was not, in fact, an isolated instance of the police stumbling onto a "crime in progress" and merely doing their duty. The officer who caught those two desperadoes in the act (*policus interruptus*) made some 15 similar arrests that summer while patrolling the local lovers' lanes. Convictions were on various charges ranging from lewd and lascivious behavior to indecent exposure and simple disorderly conduct.

The police officer who made all those arrests is a 25-year veteran of the Wauwatosa Police Department, Sergeant Byron Naegel, who apparently is the local specialist. I learned of his unusual arrest record while routinely checking the municipal court docket. I kept finding "lewd & lascivious" busts, always by Sergeant Naegel, and asked the court clerk about that. "Yeah," the clerk told



me, "they let ol' Green Knees loose again." I investigated further and discovered the reason for Naegel's nickname. Except for an occasional traffic ticket, "L & Ls" were the *only* arrests that he ever made. Creeping up on couples in parked cars would cause grass stains on his pants is the way the joke translates.

The more I looked into the joke, the less it was funny. During a single court session, this officer put together a string of seven convictions for L & L. Among his victims were a couple in their mid-40s, both married but not to each other, who had their illicit romance interrupted when Naegel slipped up on their blind side. They had been necking in a car parked on a residential street, and I would like to quote from the arrest record, changing the names but not the grammar:

Fred was fully clothed and his zipper was open and his shorts was pulled down, exposing his penis. Jane was fully clothed and bent over Fred with her right hand on Fred's penis, moving it in a up down motion and at the same time she had a small tube the size of a lipstick rubbing the end on Fred's penis. . . .

The same conscientious officer also secured the arrest and conviction of an 18-year-old hussy for indecent exposure and for contributing to the delinquency of a consenting 17-year-old minor (in violation of Wisconsin state law and municipal ordinance).

Wauwatosa police chief Roy Wellnitz has loyally defended Naegel despite numerous newspaper stories and *PLAYBOY*'s report on the "Wauwatosa Lovers." He says, in so many words, "I don't tell my police officers what to do."

Other cops in Wauwatosa are more vocal, off the record: "We've been complaining about Green Knees for years. He's a real embarrassment to the department. Everybody's glad *PLAYBOY* picked up on the story. They didn't put us down as a police department, and with the publicity maybe we can get this operation back into actual crime control. What people care about are burglaries, muggings, rapes and holdups, not who's out there screwing, unless they're blocking traffic or something."

A few months ago, Wauwatosa city attorney Harold Gehrke issued a directive to the effect that he would not prosecute any more fornication or lewd-and-lascivious cases unless something really terrible was going on. This evidently was inspired by the flap over the "Lovers" case and the local scuttlebutt that Naegel and a fellow officer were having a little contest to see who could make the most sex arrests.

Some ten years ago, the previous Wauwatosa chief of police told his officers, mainly Naegel, that he didn't want any more sex arrests until they'd cleared all the burglaries and robberies that were still on the books. Police chiefs come and go, and so do city attorneys. For now, Sergeant Naegel is writing parking tickets and patiently waiting. So are his past victims, whose arrests for sexual offenses are now part of the public record for anyone who cares to look.

—DOUGLAS A. ROSSI

year threatened, with right-to-lifers is certain to continue, as Nixon's appointees did, solemnly making shambles of the Bill of Rights. Jimmy Carter can rejoice. As soon as "supply side" economics fail, his brief term in office will look like a golden age.

D. Stevens
Chicago, Illinois

You sound very distressed. Take several deep breaths, do 20 push-ups and go for a walk. You'll feel better.

IMMORAL MINORITY

In reference to the letter from B. Wilson in your April issue suggesting that if there's a Moral Majority, there must also be an immoral minority, tell Wilson that we are alive and kicking and have a growing membership.

Our first national project—a dynamic campaign to seduce the wives of M.M. politicians—suffered a setback in Virginia when 14 wives of the M.M. set upon and raped three helpless members of our organization. An investigation is now under way to identify the culprits and to establish whether or not the sexual acts were consensual. These are the kinds of people we want in our organization.

E. Miller
Huntington, West Virginia

Please advise B. Wilson: *We are here!* There is, in fact, an Immoral Minority. While the Moral Majority may have more money, it doesn't have nearly as much fun.

(Name withheld by request)
Glen Rock, New Jersey

The Immoral Minority is alive and well and living in sin in a remote community in south Texas. Don't tell anybody where we are.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

All I can add is from a wire-service story that describes an Olympia, Washington, group calling themselves an Immoral Minority who say they are being overwhelmed by joiners.

Chester L. Blair
Tulsa, Oklahoma

The above letters are only a sample. We're getting correspondence, on printed letterheads, yet, from "Immoral Minority" groups from all parts of the country. Some enclose buttons. Some send bumper stickers. Apparently, it's an idea whose time has come.

PLANETARY PERIL


God's planets, being forever in a state of change, will soon be in a position that occurs only once in several thousand years. They will be in a straight line with Earth, and their combined gravitational influence will cause tidal waves, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and other cataclysmic events. The North

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and South Poles may be affected, changing their polarity. These events might, in fact, present great opportunities. The continent of Antarctica might be opened for settlement and exploration, resulting in important historical findings.

This information is vital to all who occupy the planet Earth. I am providing only sparse details of this documented astronomical event and would appreciate the complement of supplemental support from PLAYBOY's inexhaustible resources.

(Name withheld by request)
Austin, Texas

Our inexhaustible Resource Department advises that rough planet alignment, or syzygy, occurs about every 500 years and is no big deal, but they will be happy to take the day off as a precaution. The department suggests that we follow the immortal words of the late, great bank robber John Dillinger: "Keep calm and lie down on the floor."

BIG VS. LITTLE

It's been ages since I've seen *Playboy Forum* readers debate the pros and cons of big and little penises. What happened? How was the issue finally decided? Was it decided? I remember there seemed to be no consensus among your women readers, some of whom became rather adamant about big pricks and little pricks—referring sometimes to penises and sometimes to their owners. I'm reminded of that historic debate by the following notice that appeared mysteriously on our office bulletin board (but didn't stay there very long):

WHY THE PENIS IS THE WAY IT IS

1. It has a head but no brain.
2. It lives with a couple of nuts.
3. Its closest neighbor is an asshole.
4. Its best friend is a cunt.

(Name withheld by request)
Amherst, Massachusetts

The Great Penis Debate got a bit out of hand, so to speak, and bogged down in low humor such as ours and yours (including complicated formulas for calculating linear penis travel during intercourse). We brought the matter to a ceremonial conclusion in our May 1979 issue out of respect for Pope John Paul II's decision that month to uphold the celibacy rule for priests. Or was it to commemorate the victims of the first Elton John concert and youth riot at the Oktyabrsky Hall in Leningrad? We forget. You might say that the issue finally came to a head and we couldn't, in editorial good conscience, keep it up.

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



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROBERT GARWOOD

a candid conversation with the only american convicted of collaboration in the vietnam war, who, for the first time, discusses his 14 years of captivity

In early 1979, six years after the North Vietnamese officially released the remaining American prisoners of war, the State Department received word from a Scandinavian economist who had recently visited Hanoi that he had seen and spoken with a man who had told him, "I am an American. Are you interested?" The economist, a Finnish banker, also produced a note nervously scribbled by a tall, dark-haired man who had given his name, rank and a Marine Corps serial number.

The man was Private First Class Robert Garwood, missing from his unit since 1965 and, by most accounts, presumed dead. The note sparked an international diplomatic furor that resulted in the return to American hands of a man the Marine Corps felt was perhaps its most notorious turncoat of the Vietnam war.

The accusations against Robert Garwood included leading Viet Cong troops in combat against American soldiers, propagandizing them with a bullhorn, verbally and physically abusing U.S. prisoners held by the enemy, desertion, writing antiwar leaflets and various other charges that, had he been convicted of the most serious of them, might have put

him before the firing squad.

The man who two months later stepped off the plane and into the waiting hands of the Marine Corps was hardly everyone's idea of a typical traitor—if such a character exists. Gaunt and confused, Garwood, then turning 33 and slightly balding, faced microphones, television lights and flashing cameras and said with a noticeable Vietnamese accent, "I'm glad to be home."

Garwood was something of an enigma then, as he remains today—not only to those who have followed his internationally reported trial but to himself as well.

One of the oldest in a family of nine children, Garwood grew up on what might be described as the wrong side of the tracks in a small Indiana town. As a youngster, he lived a fairly ordinary life playing the usual pranks but occasionally getting into trouble for them. He did not do well in school, except to show an aptitude for foreign languages; but by the time he was 17, he was considered a problem child by his father, a printer, and was turned over to authorities. While he was living in a juvenile detention center, he encountered a Marine Corps recruiter who persuaded him to

enlist. That was in 1963, before the war in Vietnam had assumed major proportions for the United States.

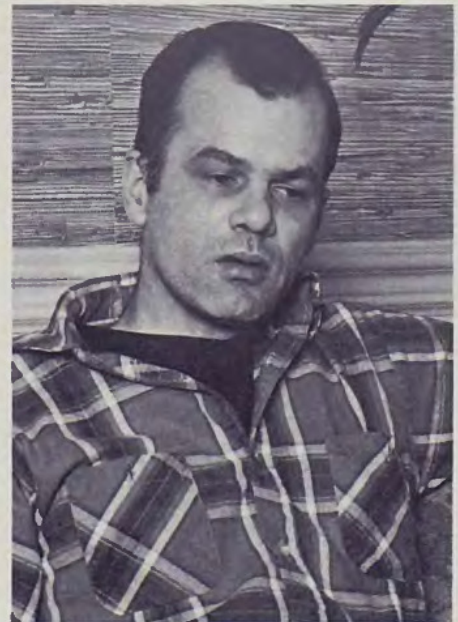
Garwood's tour in the Marine Corps wasn't exactly exemplary, but it wasn't that bad, either. He was busted once for being absent without leave and wound up as a jeep driver with an outfit stationed on Okinawa. Shortly before his tour of duty was up, he was shipped out to Da Nang, Vietnam, to join his division headquarters' motor-pool section. It was there that Garwood disappeared one day, only a few days before he was due to be shipped back to the States and released from active duty. He says he was captured by Viet Cong troops while on assignment to pick up an officer in the field. The Marine Corps alleged that he had been absent without leave and suggested he had been visiting a whorehouse when he was taken prisoner. In any case, a few weeks after he was reported missing, Viet Cong propaganda leaflets signed by Garwood began turning up. The Marine Corps still carried him on its books as missing and, although several times over the years, as more information came in about him, it tried to have his status changed to that of deserter,



"Something clicked in my mind that day in 1965, just instant fear. I thought, Oh shit. Something's wrong. It ain't what's supposed to be. These Vietnamese weren't smiling. They were very, very serious."



"I'll tell you something. My heart, my soul burns, it aches. I'm more mature now, but still I cannot look at an Oriental without picturing myself trying to strangle or kill him."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERSER ENGELHARD

"I was completely cut off from the outside world and the years were just going by, and it seemed like there was no end. I was like some damned vegetable or tree. Every now and then, they'd water me."

he was not officially charged with that crime until he was released by the North Vietnamese in 1979.

The Marine Corps case against Garwood was a touchy and disagreeable matter from the beginning. Years after a war everyone would have preferred to forget, the Corps was faced with the prospect of court-martialing a man for events that had occurred a decade earlier. Furthermore, the general feeling among civilians who responded to news stories of Garwood's release seemed to be that he had "suffered enough" and should be left alone.

On the other hand, there had been a lot of publicity about the case; and some of the allegations against Garwood—especially that he had carried arms for the enemy in a time of war—were so serious that the Corps was afraid of the precedent that might be set if he were simply let go. A board of inquiry was appointed by the commandant of the huge Marine base at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, where Garwood had been assigned after his return. The witnesses who could be found were interviewed, and gradually a case was built against him. Many of the original accusations, however, were never substantiated—particularly the ones pertaining to Garwood's having led Viet Cong troops against American forces; and the charge of desertion was subsequently dismissed by the military judge at the trial. However, the Marine Corps felt it had enough evidence to warrant a court-martial, based on testimony by former American POWs that Garwood had, over an 18-month period ending in late 1969, collaborated with the enemy while he was in a POW camp deep in the jungles of Vietnam.

The specific allegations were that Garwood had lived outside the compound where the other POWs were held, fraternized with the North Vietnamese guards, propagandized the POWs, interpreted for the North Vietnamese, worn a North Vietnamese uniform, carried a weapon and guarded American POWs. At one point, he is supposed to have struck an American POW with his hand and told another, "I spit on you!"

Garwood was eventually represented by John Lowe, an established trial attorney in Charlottesville, Virginia, and Vaughan Taylor, a former military lawyer. They decided not to attack the Government's prima-facie case against Garwood but to rely solely on the psychiatric defense of insanity brought on by the "coercive persuasion" (once called brainwashing) of his North Vietnamese captors.

To prove their case at the court-martial, Lowe and Taylor put several well-known psychiatrists on the stand, each of whom testified that Garwood, because of his traumatizing experience,

lacked the capacity to realize that his collaboration with the Communists was wrong. But the Marine Corps prosecutors put on psychiatrists of their own to counter that testimony and Garwood was convicted on February 5, 1981, by a court of five officers of collaborating with the enemy and of assaulting a POW by hitting him with his hand. The other charges were dismissed. The sentence Garwood received was relatively light: a dishonorable discharge from the Marine Corps and forfeiture of his pay and allowances from the time of conviction. In dispute presently is the matter of more than \$120,000 in back pay covering the 14 years Garwood spent in Vietnam, and a special military board has been set up to adjudicate that matter.

Because he never took the witness stand at his trial, Garwood's version of his experience has never been told. To get this exclusive story of Garwood's 14-year odyssey, PLAYBOY asked novelist Winston Groom ("Better Times Than These," "As Summers Die"), who served as an Army officer in Vietnam, to conduct the interview. Groom files these impressions:

*"I just wasn't sure
I could hold up. I didn't
want to make a
spectacle of myself,
you know."*

"I first met Bobby Garwood in the summer of 1979, a few months after he had been returned to America. It was an odd place for a meeting arranged by his lawyer at the Larchmont Yacht Club, a fancy establishment in a small community half an hour from New York City. The incongruity of the setting still strikes me: Here was a man who had spent almost all of his adult life under primal conditions in Southeast Asia, and he was walking around with me past the tennis courts and ritzy suburban trap-pings in one of New York's fashionable playgrounds. We had lunch on a terrace under the trees and ordered from a menu that included elaborate salads and Veal Piccata. Bobby ordered a cheeseburger.

"He spoke then with a heavy Oriental accent, with a glottal diction in which the tongue is pressed against the roof of the mouth to form the variations of Vietnamese syllables. In our subsequent meetings, I have noticed that his speech patterns have become much more Americanized—except when he is under stress, and then he returns to the Asian style.

"We talked for several hours and then we walked under some trees because it was a hot day. He squatted down, Oriental style, and explained, 'This position is very restful if you can get used to it.'

"I next met with him at Camp Lejeune, a sprawling Marine Corps training center and, I might add, one of the most unattractive military bases I have ever seen. It was in the spring of 1980 and we had some long sessions with the tape recorder. Bobby was still waiting for the court-martial to begin, and it was obvious the strain was taking its toll. In the intervening time since we had last met, he had been befriended by a local family—the Longs—and was heavily involved with them. A few months before, Dale Long had been killed by a drunken driver; and Bobby was spending a lot of time with Donna and her children. He had also purchased an automobile—a red 1957 Chevrolet—in which he had installed a tape deck, with music straight out of the Fifties and early Sixties.

"I interviewed Bobby again not long ago: The court-martial was over and he seemed more relaxed and relieved. He is currently undergoing psychiatric care at a Virginia institution and trying to figure out what to do with the rest of his life."

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction to the verdict in your court-martial?

GARWOOD: Well, basically, I guess I was relieved that it was over. Sixteen years of fighting for your life, you know?

PLAYBOY: At the trial, you had to listen to the testimony of the witnesses against you. Didn't you have an urge to get on the stand yourself to tell your side of the story?

GARWOOD: Yes, I did. I had the urge, but at the same time, I just wasn't sure I could come across right.

PLAYBOY: Were you following the advice of your lawyers in not testifying?

GARWOOD: No, not entirely. It was mostly my decision; those were times that are not easy to talk about. I just wasn't sure I could hold up. I didn't want to make a spectacle of myself, you know, or break down emotionally, or physically, or whatever, on the stand. Trying to recall those years, the questions that could be fired at me—it was just too many bad memories for me.

PLAYBOY: You hadn't seen the witnesses—your fellow prisoners—in 13 or 14 years, since you had been in Vietnam together. What was your reaction to seeing them again?

GARWOOD: Actually, a lot of compassion. I was very happy to see them, because one of the things that ran through my mind all those years was, How many of us made it out? I was very saddened that a lot of my good friends didn't make it out. I felt a lot of compassion toward those who did survive like me,

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necessary. He caught me at my word with great readiness. There was a steamer leaving for Bangkok that evening and he had already requested her captain to give me passage.

Then he rose from his office chair, and looked me squarely in the eye. He raised his mug of San Miguel toward me, and I lifted mine to meet his. It was a moment to savour, and I embraced it wholeheartedly with a long, satisfying quaff of cold San Miguel.*

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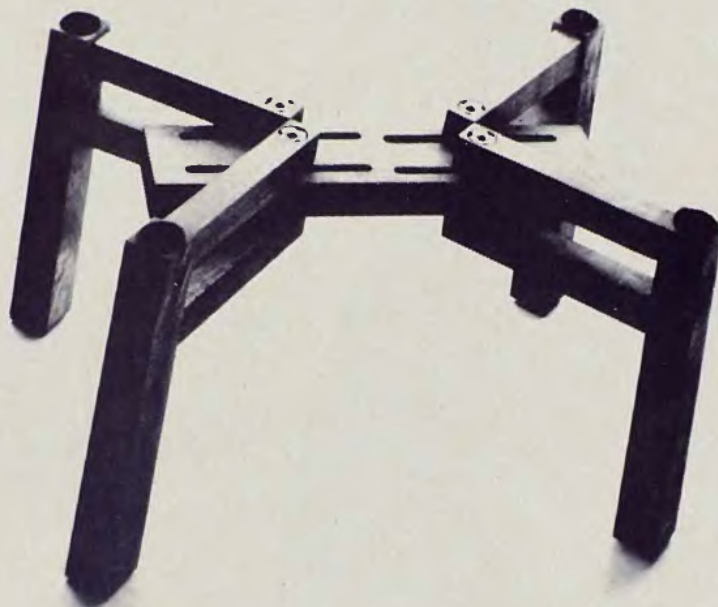
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they were just forced to relive the whole thing all over again. And that's very hard, very hard to do.

PLAYBOY: Do you think they understood your situation when you were over there?

GARWOOD: No, not entirely. I don't think they even understood their own situation.

PLAYBOY: What about the court? Do you think the officers were fair in their judgment?

GARWOOD: I asked myself that many times. I try to put myself in their place, though it's difficult, because of, well, their intelligence, their background, their schooling—but just as a layman or, you know, a Marine, I think they had to weigh their sympathy and compassion against their professional responsibility. I think it was a very tough decision for them to make. But because they were career officers and Marines, even though they had sympathy and compassion for me, there was just no way that they could neglect the professional responsibilities. And knowing that, it was much easier for me to accept.

PLAYBOY: Now that the court-martial is over, you're undergoing psychiatric care for a while. Do you feel that you need it?

GARWOOD: Definitely so. Yes.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GARWOOD: I find it very hard to adapt and communicate with the world now. That's been true in the last couple of years. I tend to lock myself out from the world. There are times when I've been places or I've said things or done things that I don't remember. It just makes me realize more and more that I'm just not as well as I thought I was. I don't have a life now, really. That's one of the biggest bridges I have to cross—getting psychiatric help to find out who I am and just what I can do with my life.

PLAYBOY: As an accused collaborator, did you encounter a lot of hostility during these past two years?

GARWOOD: You say "a lot"—no.

PLAYBOY: Some?

GARWOOD: The mail, for example—I'd say close to 90 percent of the mail I received was not only favorable but very, very sympathetic and supportive. It came from doctors, lawyers, preachers, Vietnam vets, ex-POWs—I mean, every walk of life in the United States. The only ones I got that you'd call *bad mail* were from people who didn't really condemn me, but they said they felt I could have been stronger than I was.

PLAYBOY: When you returned, it must have been something like Rip van Winkle. What was your reaction? How had America changed in 14 years?

GARWOOD: It shocked me. It shocked the shit out of me.

PLAYBOY: What in particular?

GARWOOD: Everything, almost. Everything seemed so alien to me: the dress, the speech—the frankness of speech, really. Back 15, 20 years ago, a person speaking to another guarded his speech so no four-letter words came out. It was more like an etiquette kind of thing, you were more careful about that then. And the attitude about what you'd show, it was limited, so to speak. And now it's—I don't know how to say it, but I noticed that there is a lack of caution. In things like dressing—dressing and speech, and in attitude. Especially the little things, I don't think you'd notice them as much as I have.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

GARWOOD: Well, one of the first things that freaked me out, the first thing I focused on, was the girls. Their hair, you know, it wasn't taken care of like it was way back then. I mean, it looks like somebody stuck their finger in a light socket. And all the girls are in pants. There aren't dresses.

At first, it was a real hassle. You really had to look very close to distinguish between a man and a woman. And usually the only way you could tell that was by the . . . bust. Or the way they walked. And sometimes even by the way they walked you couldn't tell. Yeah. That was really weird to me.

PLAYBOY: Who was the first female, aside from family, whom you talked with when you came back? Even a casual encounter?

GARWOOD: Casual encounter? When I went to the hospital. Yeah, that was the hospital at Great Lakes Naval Station.

PLAYBOY: Nurses?

GARWOOD: Yeah, nurses. Actually, later I dated one of the nurses that took care of me. She came to my home town and dated me. She was the first American girl I dated.

PLAYBOY: How long had it been since you'd seen a Caucasian woman?

GARWOOD: Since North Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: We're asking about this because about a year ago, while you were waiting for your court-martial to begin, you were charged by the state of North Carolina with molesting a seven-year-old girl. The incident took place, according to reports, when you were driving the girl home from church. We realize that the case has not yet been resolved, but what can you tell us about it?

GARWOOD: I can't say much, because my lawyers don't want me to comment before it's settled. But I can say this: There was *never* any misconduct by me toward the girl. I had known her family for four or five months before the charges were made. And right up until they made those charges against me, her father was scheduled to be a character witness for me in my court-martial trial. I'm one of the oldest in a family of nine myself, and I've always been very protective of

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young children. I don't have any idea why she would make those untrue allegations against me.

PLAYBOY: And that's all you can say?

GARWOOD: At this time.

PLAYBOY: Your life has obviously been chaotic since you returned; did you *know* you were going to be accused of collaboration when you came back to the U. S.?

GARWOOD: You talking about before I left Vietnam? Before I left Vietnam, no, I had no awareness at all.

PLAYBOY: When did you realize you were in trouble with the U. S. military?

GARWOOD: When they read me Article 31. In Bangkok. Instead of receiving a handshake or a "Welcome home," immediately it was Article 31, and I "had the right to remain silent" and all that. And I said, "Wait a minute, what the hell's going on?" I had arrived in Bangkok on the Air France plane. It was funny, you see, because when the Air France plane picked me up in Saigon, the French people, they really welcomed me—God, I mean, it was something. They really welcomed me, with champagne and the whole bit.

PLAYBOY: This was the crew of the Air France plane?

GARWOOD: Yeah, the French crew. And I really felt free. I'd fought for so long, and the day had actually come, and still I couldn't believe it. Believe me, it was a great *shaving*. Then we landed in Bangkok and the U. S. Ambassador came on the plane, and introduced himself, and told me that I had to come with him, and there was the guys with military security and the reporters and everything. I more or less expected the reporters to make a big thing out of it—that I spent 14 years in Vietnam and got back, that I was probably unique and all that.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction when they read you your rights the first time?

GARWOOD: At that time, I had no lawyer, or at least I didn't know I had one. Actually, there was a Marine lawyer there, but I didn't understand that. But the charges—it shocked hell out of me. Goddamn. It was kind of a deep emotional thing. I was shocked and then I figured, Oh, well, maybe it's just like a security precaution. Hell, they don't *know*. . . . Maybe they think I was brainwashed or some shit and they're just being careful. And then I was just so goddamned happy to be out of that country. I guess the overwhelming happiness of my own situation just overruled the disappointment. I thought, What the hell, I've been in a foreign land, there's been a war, 14 damn years, and I'm still alive.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about those 14 years and go back to the beginning, to the day you were captured. What happened that day?

GARWOOD: It was September 28, 1965. Tuesday. I'll never forget it for the rest of my life. That's when my heart-aches began. It was like the world exploded in front of me.

PLAYBOY: How old were you then?

GARWOOD: Nineteen.

PLAYBOY: Where were you? What time of day was it?

GARWOOD: It was in late afternoon. That morning, I went on my usual jeep run for G-2 [the battalion intelligence section]. I was at Third Marine Division Headquarters on the direct perimeter of the Da Nang area. It was near a village they called Dogpatch. That's what we called it, anyway. My company went there as an advance unit.

PLAYBOY: How many Marines were there at that point?

GARWOOD: In the Da Nang area, not that many, maybe 20,000, I'm not sure. They'd only been there a few months.

PLAYBOY: Where did you drive the jeep that day? And what did you do?

GARWOOD: Well, the dispatcher called on the squawk box and said G-2 wanted a driver. So I reported to G-2, and I

"I was kind of scared . . . probably a whole lot of scared, a lot more than I would admit, really."

didn't even get a chance to get out of my vehicle. An officer came right down to me. He said, "Report to recon at Marble Mountain and pick up an officer. He's gotta go home on emergency leave; plan to take off very shortly. He'll be waiting for you at Marble Mountain."

PLAYBOY: What was Marble Mountain?

GARWOOD: There was fighting over there. Sort of like we ruled it by day, they ruled it by night. It was about five miles away.

PLAYBOY: How were you to identify the officer?

GARWOOD: He'd be waiting for me. This recon unit had just arrived there.

PLAYBOY: So you set off for Marble Mountain about what time?

GARWOOD: If I remember, it was probably about four o'clock.

PLAYBOY: Go on.

GARWOOD: All right. Marble Mountain had a kind of reputation, especially with recon units, which usually went where the action was. I was kind of worried. I thought, Damn, I'm a short-timer, you know? Getting ready to go home—that's all I was thinking on my

way there. All I needed was to get wiped out now, get blown up by a mine or some shit, and it's going to be my damned luck. I only had a few days to go. I was kind of scared . . . probably a whole lot of scared, a lot more than I would admit, really. When you're getting short, you don't want to do nothing, go nowhere. When you first get there, you're gung ho, but when you get down to them last days, man, I mean, you count every day and every hour. You hear a firecracker go off, man, you hit the first foxhole you see. You just get so close to the ground, man, you're smaller than the grass is. It's paranoid. So I started going out, and I asked for directions on the way.

PLAYBOY: Whom did you ask?

GARWOOD: Marines along the route. I'd stop and yell, "Hey, where's the recon at?" And they'd say, "What recon? We've got all kinds of recon units out here. Which one do you want?" And I said, "Oh, shit. That's all I need."

I stopped another guy and asked, "Where're they at?" He just pointed toward Marble Mountain. "Just go that direction, you'll find them. And if you don't find them, they'll find you." So I kept going and going, and got to a bridge right there on Route One. And there was a Marine and an ARVN [a South Vietnamese soldier] posted as sentries on the bridge. They told me there were a couple of recon units in the area, including one across the bridge.

Well, I still had a couple of hours of daylight, so I figured I'd go ahead and check the one across the bridge. There was no way I was going over there, on the other side, when it started night-fall, you know? Windshields make mighty big targets.

Time was very precious. About the time I hit the bridge, it was 4:30. And I said, "Well, what the hell." So I shot across the bridge, and I remember the guard told me, he said, "Hey, man, don't be caught over there. In about another hour or two, it's going to be dark."

So after I crossed the bridge, I didn't see nothing. I didn't see no goddamned recon units or *nothing*.

PLAYBOY: What was the terrain like?

GARWOOD: Palm trees and a village. Fishing village was what it was. I went down the road and then the road started breaking up and it became, like—sand. I was going pretty slow, pretty cautious, and I see no friendly military, but there was villages and everything. Then I came to a stretch where, hell, there was *nothing*, no people. I mean, there were signs of life—you could see the smoke coming out of the little hootches and everything—but you couldn't see a damn thing. So I took the road that veered

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off toward the beach, because under the palm trees, banana trees and the coconut trees and all that, it was getting kind of dark, and it was kind of scaring me, so I wanted to go out toward the beach, where it was light. I figured I'd be safe there. But then the road just played out entirely, just stopped in a little clearing.

It got kind of scary. You know, the sun was going down, there was no people. I was getting scared shitless, so I turned the jeep around and was going to head back toward our lines. I'd seen there was a lot of gunnery placements on the beach. And, uh, just as I turned the jeep around, this old man came out.

PLAYBOY: A Vietnamese?

GARWOOD: Yeah, a Vietnamese. He was an old man, with a beard, and he was waving to me, saying something in French and Vietnamese. I just stopped and looked at him. He just smiled. Then he came over to the jeep and he pointed to my weapon, like he was asking for my damn .45, you know. I said to myself, This guy must be nuts. He's crazy. I told him to go away.

PLAYBOY: Who did you think he was? Viet Cong?

GARWOOD: At that point, I wasn't even sure what a V.C. was. I'd had no contact with the V.C. before. I wasn't in combat status. I was a driver. Then the ARVN and the V.C. look sort of alike, you know. And all of a sudden, they, like, came out of *nowhere*. They had camouflage, and they wore shorts, black shorts, and, uh, well, at first, you know, when I first saw them, man, it was like a sigh of relief, I thought it was an ARVN patrol.

Most of them had their weapons pointed down at a 45-degree angle, but this one kid had his weapon pointed directly at me. Then I started looking at the weapons. Man, those weapons were *not* American weapons. And the ARVNs, usually they were outfitted with M-1 carbines or Thompsons or M-14s, but these weapons, man, these were real weird weapons. Some were long, some were short. I never seen them before.

I just kept looking and they didn't say nothing. I looked around and I was completely encircled.

Something just clicked in my mind, just instant fear. I thought to myself. Oh, shit. Something's wrong. It ain't what's supposed to be. They weren't smiling. They were very, very serious.

PLAYBOY: What'd you do then?

GARWOOD: I dropped my hand down and released the holster. I wasn't really that familiar with .45s, other than that I knew how to fire it, how to load it. When I put my hand down, that one kid saw me—I swear to God, the rifle he had was longer than he was. He



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looked as if he was going to fire it, so I dove.

PLAYBOY: You dived out of the jeep?

GARWOOD: Well, it was like a dive and a crawl, because I had to go across the seat. And when I did that, man, all hell broke loose. I mean, shit, automatic weapons and everything. I hit that sand and I tried to bury my head, and then it kind of ceased. When it ceased, I remember one guy came charging up with a bayonet or something, with a blood-curdling scream.

I think I closed my eyes and I just shot the damned .45 at him with both hands. I figured if I missed him, hell, it was over, anyway. But I didn't, I hit him, and there were two loud screams. I fired again, and then immediately after I

fired the second shot, there was a burst of automatic fire. At first, I didn't feel any pain, I felt just like going to the dentist and you know how they shoot you with this stuff and your whole mouth is numbed up. That's how my arm felt. Then I saw the blood and I rolled under the jeep—

PLAYBOY: Where were you hit?

GARWOOD: It was right here. Twice, right here. [*Indicates right arm above the wrist*] And I just commenced saying the Lord's Prayer. But they grabbed me by the boots, pulled me out. I think they wanted to kill me right there, but one of them—he looked like he was a little older—said something, and so they laid off. They told me to take my clothes off.

When I started taking my uniform off,

way off in the distance, in the ocean, there were one or two helicopters, they were coming in toward land. The Vietnamese saw this, and they started talking jibber-jabber and motioned me to stop taking off the clothes, and they took me—half dragged me and I half ran. I was scared shitless. I couldn't see in front of me. I stumbled and fell—there was all kinds of commotion.

PLAYBOY: Where did they take you?

GARWOOD: Into the village. I vaguely remember hearing the engine of the jeep. Somebody was driving it away or something. And I remained there when the helicopters went over. They made me lie face down, pointed a gun to my head. About five, ten minutes later, they took off my uniform and my boots and tied my hands in the back. The old people came up and were shaking their fists and pointing at the guns, and they pointed at the planes—I mean, they were really angry. Damn—I thought I would get a public execution or something. I was in my white skivvy shorts and shirt.

They took me away maybe about an hour from there. Everywhere we went, the people were waving at me and spitting on me and throwing rocks.

PLAYBOY: Where were they taking you?

GARWOOD: West, toward the mountains. I remember when we crossed Route One, at night, because there was a cross fire. We were caught right in the middle of it.

PLAYBOY: Cross fire? Between whom?

GARWOOD: Evidently, the ARVNs or Americans had some V.C., because we got right in the middle of this rice paddy and just all hell broke loose. Tracers and all. Well, I plopped down, and the V.C. just laughed their asses off, because I was scared. It was worse than the obstacle training back in the States. Scarier than hell.

PLAYBOY: Did you keep going all night?

GARWOOD: Yeah, we went all night. It rained; I was very cold. I was hungry. I was tired, and everywhere I went, especially that night, every time we come to a village or somewhere, there was a group of people, they'd bring lanterns and they pinched me, they'd feel my hair and feel my body—it was real weird.

PLAYBOY: Did you have anything to eat?

GARWOOD: At that point, no, they didn't give me nothing. They didn't give me nothing to eat till the next morning. The next morning, they brought me a small bag of cookies and a soda. They was like Vietnamese cookies and they tasted like shit. They kept me in a little boarded hooch-type thing. And that's when the guards brought me the soda and cookies.

PLAYBOY: You were staying put during the day and moving at night?

GARWOOD: That's pretty much the way it worked. They tried to interrogate me

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and everything, but no one spoke English—they speak French and some phonetic English. But I couldn't make heads or tails of it.

PLAYBOY: Did you speak any Vietnamese at that point?

GARWOOD: A little. Very little. I didn't let them know that I did.

PLAYBOY: Go on.

GARWOOD: They took me in boats, down rivers, across rice paddies, sometimes where there was fire or artillery, and I was going right in front of it. I mean, I was scared out of my wits.

PLAYBOY: How many days were you on the move before you reached the first prison camp?

GARWOOD: About a week or ten days.

PLAYBOY: How far do you suppose that was from where you were captured?

GARWOOD: Maybe ten, fifteen miles.

PLAYBOY: Were you in the mountains at that point?

GARWOOD: We just kept going up and up and around and around and up and up. Finally got to a compound, sort of. There was a little bamboo cage with metal bolted into it, a large chicken coop, I'd say. Or something like you'd keep a wild animal in. So they put me in this. There wasn't no roof on it, so they got some leaves and they put them over it like a cover.

PLAYBOY: What did they do then? Did they try to interrogate you or did they just leave you alone?

GARWOOD: No, not at this time. I was very worn out and I had leech bites all over me. I was very tired, and I was weak, because I didn't eat much. I lost a lot of blood. They took care of my wounds. I mean, they bandaged them, wrapped them up the second day. They didn't really take care of them until the third day, when they cleaned them out with alcohol. Raw alcohol. When they did that, the wounds started bleeding again, but a guy who spoke half English said if it starts bleeding again, that's good, because the infection will come out. They wrapped it in a dirty bandage. Later, it got infected. That's why it's such a big scar [*holds up arm*].

PLAYBOY: What did they give you to eat?

GARWOOD: Cookies and soda pop. They thought all Americans ate was junk food. Finally, I got across what I really wanted, I guess. They tried to feed me rice, but when they give me that other damn stuff—

PLAYBOY: *Nuoc mam* [a potent sauce made from fermented fish]?

GARWOOD: Yeah, *nuoc mam*; I'm going to throw up. Well, I thought it was some kind of poison; I'll be damned if I was going to eat this shit.

PLAYBOY: How long were you in that cage?

GARWOOD: Until we left the camp. They never really built a hooch for me. I

slept on strips of bamboo. Nobody ever spoke to me. I was there maybe five, six weeks.

PLAYBOY: Did you still think that they were going to execute you?

GARWOOD: Yeah, I really did, because they always made a point to show me their weapons. It was constantly like they was just going to blow me away, but they just weren't ready to do it *yet*. I felt strongly I was going to die. I mean, I was completely convinced of that.

PLAYBOY: You say nobody made any attempt to communicate with you, but wasn't it at that first camp that they tried to get you to sign some leaflets for propaganda?

GARWOOD: About the second or third week I was there, there was a dude—just appeared out of nowhere—whose name was Mr. Ho. He showed up with a couple of bodyguards and proclaimed himself to be a professor of English, which I believe, because he spoke English better than I could.

PLAYBOY: Was Ho a political officer?

GARWOOD: Well, all he told me was that he was a radical socialist. He said he

“There was a little bamboo cage with metal bolted into it, a large chicken coop, I'd say.”

wasn't a Communist and he wasn't a capitalist but that he was against what the U. S. was doing to Vietnam. He was very sophisticated. Very clean.

PLAYBOY: Was he a North Vietnamese?

GARWOOD: No. He had South Vietnamese *looks*. Wore black pajamas.

PLAYBOY: What did he say to you?

GARWOOD: He introduced himself and said that we'd be talking later, and he went out. The next day, he asked me how I had been treated since I had been captured. Actually, I was afraid to tell him that I was treated badly, so I said that, uh, under the circumstances, all right. And he didn't press the situation, torture me or anything like that.

PLAYBOY: What did he want to know?

GARWOOD: I think he was just trying to get to know me.

PLAYBOY: He wasn't interested in anything military?

GARWOOD: Nope, just to get to know me. He was feeling me out. Yeah. And, uh, he asked me how long I had been in Vietnam. I can't remember it at all. I mean, I was trying to answer him, but I wasn't. And he sensed it right away.

And he told me, “All the questions I'm asking you, I know the answers already, so it won't do you any good to avoid it.” He said, “You either talk to me or you can talk to someone else. And the someone else who comes to talk to you may not be so nice as I am.” So he got his point across. I was trying to make him understand that I'm a Marine, and I'm an American military man, that I was sworn to do certain things and that I can't say anything that I'm not supposed to.

He said, “Yes, I know all about your code of honor, but it doesn't do you any good here in Vietnam. You invaded our country, so, therefore, we consider you a criminal. If you do your best to be a friend to the Vietnamese people, then we'll treat you as a friend; but if you do your best to be an enemy, then we'll treat you as such.”

PLAYBOY: Was he interrogating you in your cage?

GARWOOD: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: What else did he want?

GARWOOD: Well, actually, not much. He said, “I'm not going to press you too much today, give you time to think about it, to remember you're in the jungle, we have captured you, you're our prisoner and we can do with you what we want.” He was there for about a week and I talked to him every day. He kept persisting, persisting, so I figured, in the end, I'm going to have to tell him some kind of story, or he's going to start turning the screws. So I made up a bullshit story that I was a general's aide, told him my family was very rich back in the States. I tried to build up that I was very important, so they'd maybe try to get some ransom or they wouldn't kill me.

PLAYBOY: How did he react to that?

GARWOOD: He was very crude about the whole thing. He said, “Because of people like you, your capitalist family, thousands upon thousands of Vietnamese are being killed every day.” I mean, man, he cut me down bad.

PLAYBOY: When did he urge you to sign leaflets?

GARWOOD: Just before I left. He told me that he'd just got a report back from the guerrilla unit that captured me. First he asked, “What religion are you?” I said, “I'm Baptist.” He said, “All right, if you're Baptist, then you know your Bible says, ‘an eye for an eye,’ right?” I said yeah. He said, “Well, I'm told you have killed two Vietnamese. What do you think about that?”

I said, “They were shooting me, and I shot back in self-defense.” He said, “You cannot claim self-defense, you invaded our country. You killed our people. Now, if you had killed someone in the United States, what would have been your punishment?” I said, “Well,



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you go to jail and, possibly, execution." He said, "What makes you think that we shouldn't do the same?"

PLAYBOY: He was trying to scare you.

GARWOOD: He didn't try; shit, he succeeded.

PLAYBOY: To what purpose? Why do you think he was trying to scare you?

GARWOOD: At that point, I don't know. I was very, very confused. I was scared 'cause I thought they was trying to prepare me for what eventually was going to happen. Later on, I felt that I really screwed up. I thought, Oh, shit, I threw up to them that my parents and my family was really important. Man, they're going to make it out, and make a damned public execution and broadcast it all over the world. Got rid of one more big capitalist and all that shit. By that time, I was thinking, Why didn't I just come out and tell them that my father was a worker?

PLAYBOY: What did your father do?

GARWOOD: He was a printer. My whole family was workers. I'm poor as hell.

PLAYBOY: But you did, finally, sign some propaganda leaflets, didn't you?

GARWOOD: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GARWOOD: Well, first, Ho didn't tell me anything about any leaflets; he wanted me to write what they called my autobiography. I told him that I couldn't do that, that I was sworn by code of conduct not to give him anything more than my name, rank and serial number. He said, "I'm going to flat-out tell you now: We do not recognize the Geneva agreements. The United States has not declared war on Vietnam, so the Geneva Accords—and your code of conduct—do not apply." He got very angry when he said that. And he told me, "If you don't write it now, then you'll write it later."

PLAYBOY: So you wrote the autobiography?

GARWOOD: I stuck to a bullshit story and wrote the autobiography. Actually, I told him I was a chaplain's aide.

PLAYBOY: Chaplain's aide?

GARWOOD: Oh, he got me for that, too. Because he came back and said, "Do you know what a chaplain's aide is? A chaplain is actually the biggest CIA agent that your Government has. His job is to counsel troops when their morale is very low, to get them to fight."

PLAYBOY: What about the leaflets?

GARWOOD: He had made out this document that said "Fellow Soldiers Appeal." He wrote it and then asked me what I thought about it. I said, "I'm sorry, I can't sign it." He said, "Well, do you think the military's going to come in here and save you? Do you think the Marine Corps's going to remember you, after you're dead and buried?" He kept playing on it like that. "Nobody gives a shit about you. As far as the Marine Corps goes, you're just

cannon fodder, and you're going to be buried in the sand with thousands of other cannon fodder, and nobody's going to know your name, or remember you." He kept playing this spiel, his spiel. I said, "I'm sorry, whether it's true or not, I've got my own conscience I've got to live with." So he didn't force his hand then. He said, "I'll give you time to think about it and I'll be back here very shortly."

But then I developed dysentery real bad. And they wouldn't give me any medicine. They said they didn't have any. It was hard for me to converse with them, anyway, and I got real sick. I was going to the latrine up to maybe 15, 20 times a day. Blood was coming out and I couldn't eat. I was very weak. Ho came back about a week later and he pulled this sympathy act, you know. But I got even worse, until I really thought I was going crazy. I started going to the state where—I don't know—I accepted the fact I was going to die.

PLAYBOY: Go on.

GARWOOD: Well, Ho came down and gave this big spiel, and showed me a leaflet where he said two Army dudes

*"My hands were tied
behind my back and
there was a rope around
my neck, which one of the
guards had in his hands."*

had been captured, and been released, and they had signed, and they had written these leaflets. He said, "See, these people now are back in the States with their families, and nothing has happened to them." He said, "You have nothing but your own survival." He said, "You're not going to be hurting anybody."

PLAYBOY: Then you signed your leaflet?

GARWOOD: Eventually, I signed it. It was just so much propaganda. I knew, as an American, nobody would pick it up, except as a damn souvenir or something, nothing serious, anyway.

PLAYBOY: You mean they'd think it was a joke or wouldn't be persuaded by it?

GARWOOD: Well, yeah, because nobody knows an American like the Americans do. It was a bunch of bullshit. You don't think somebody's going to cross over for their damned leaflet.

PLAYBOY: So you thought it would be obvious that you had signed it under duress.

GARWOOD: Right, because right on the leaflet, it said, POW, prisoner of war, and my name. So, automatically, when Americans saw that "prisoner of war," they assumed you had to sign it, you know, you were forced to. Meantime, I

figured, There's still some chance; if I get some of my health back, I'll be able to escape.

PLAYBOY: Did you really think that by signing that leaflet they might release you and send you back to the States?

GARWOOD: No. It was just like a stay of prosecution.

PLAYBOY: You mean a stay of execution.

GARWOOD: Execution, prosecution. . . .

PLAYBOY: So you signed one leaflet?

GARWOOD: Yeah. That's right.

PLAYBOY: How long was that after you were captured?

GARWOOD: Pretty close to two months, I guess.

PLAYBOY: And you were still living in the cage?

GARWOOD: Immediately upon signing this, they got the medicine and give it to me, because my health was just about to the point where I could barely walk around. Then I was moved to the second camp.

PLAYBOY: During those first couple of months, did you try to escape?

GARWOOD: Yeah, about a week after I was captured. We were traveling along the riverbank, toward the mountains. And the guards that were on me—

PLAYBOY: How many were there?

GARWOOD: At times there was as many as ten, and at other times there was only two or three, including one small guy.

PLAYBOY: Were you tied up?

GARWOOD: My hands were tied behind my back and there was a rope around my neck, which one of the guards had in his hands. We traveled all day and half the night. Well, one day, we got to this pagoda with steps that led down to the river.

We were resting on these steps and it was about midnight. It was cold and they told me to lie down on the steps to get some rest, but I didn't sleep. The small guard, who was maybe 14 or 15 years old, was six or seven steps above me. The other guard went away and I didn't have the rope around my neck, all I had was my hands tied. The little guy eventually dozed off to sleep. So I rolled down one step and waited for his reaction, because, usually, if I even moved, he said something. He didn't say nothing, so I rolled down another step. I was right near the water's edge and he was still in the same position. I just rolled from step to step and rolled into the water, and went downstream, along the bank.

I kept listening, but I never heard anything from the guards. I don't know when they found out I was gone. I moved pretty fast. My hand hurt bad, my arm was swollen. I was gone quite a distance. It was hard for me to keep track of the time, but I speculate it was maybe four or five in the morning, because I remember the roosters were crowing, but it

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wasn't light yet. And I was feeling my way along the bank and trying to find somewhere to hide during the day. I thought the river would go back in the direction we came from, to Da Nang, or, if nothing else, out to the ocean. You know, there was American river patrols, all kinds of stuff like that. I figured I'd run into somebody.

Well, I was feeling my way around the bank and I bumped into something, a goddamned sampan, or a boat, and it's got these Vietnamese in there, and it woke them up, and they shined a flashlight and saw me and started yelling and screaming. I was recaptured instantly.

PLAYBOY: Were they V.C. or just villagers?
GARWOOD: I think they were guerrillas, because they had weapons. The guys in the sampan, I don't think they knew where I came from. A lot of jibber-jabbering going on—like they thought they'd been the ones who captured me, that maybe I'd parachuted or something. I don't think they knew that I was actually captured and had escaped.

Anyway, I was a prize possession, just sitting around, and, God, then there was people coming out of nowhere. And then I saw this little guard, he showed up again. And he was jumping up and down, wanting to kill me. He said

he was going to blow my brains away or something. The other guerrillas, they were laughing about it. And then four or five other guys clothed in black—strong, muscular, looked like weight builders, you know—they escorted me. They pushed and shoved and they pointed rifles, like I should be shot for what I tried to do, and shit like that.

PLAYBOY: All right, let's move forward again to Ho and the autobiography.

GARWOOD: Wait, there's something else. Before I got dysentery, and before Ho left, they took me back down the mountain to the plains. There was a village surrounded by rice paddies. There must have been 100 people, if not more. Regular villagers, people working in rice paddies. They were carrying rice up the mountain. And they'd point at me, and they'd laugh at me and say, "Ooo Ess"—Ooo Ess was U. S.—and stuff like that. I found out they had brought me to make a movie.

PLAYBOY: A movie?

GARWOOD: Yeah. A re-enactment of the capture. At the camp with Ho, this girl came in who could speak English fairly well. She told me that she was going to make a movie. She said they wanted a re-enactment of the capture. First, I kind of laughed at her, and she got really pissed and she screamed, "You laugh at the people?" I said no. So they took me out in the middle of the damned rice paddy, put me in the middle of it, surrounded it by V.C. guerrillas, and they shot up in the air and all kinds of bullshit, and then the V.C. came in the middle of the rice paddy, got me by the arms and dragged me out of the rice paddy. And that was the end of the movie.

PLAYBOY: Then what happened?

GARWOOD: They gave me something to eat and took me back to the mountain again. The next day or the day after that was when I started to develop the dysentery.

PLAYBOY: And then Ho came back?

GARWOOD: That's when he got me to sign the leaflet. As soon as I signed it, he left. And then they gave me medicine.

PLAYBOY: Did the medicine clear up the dysentery?

GARWOOD: It did after about a week. It didn't stop altogether. It was down to where I was going about twice a day, maybe three times a day, but I could eat. I was able to eat rice, you know, and they gave me some brown sugar and I was getting a little of my strength back. It was up to the point where I was able to walk, but I didn't let them know. That's when I decided to try to escape again. See, dysentery is a very, very fatal disease. They're scared shitless of it. I noticed that every time I had to go to the latrine, they'd always stay a distance from me. They'd never get close to me. And there were certain guards that

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wouldn't even follow me, except just to the edge of the path, that was maybe 40 feet to the latrine well.

When I started getting better, I didn't let the Vietnamese know I was getting better. Every time I went to the latrine, I tried to stay as long as I could, to see how long it took before they called me. Sometimes, with certain guards, they would call me periodically about every five or ten minutes. Then there was this one guard who didn't call me at all. And I was getting my strength back.

PLAYBOY: What were they calling you, by the way?

GARWOOD: Bo. Bo.

PLAYBOY: For Bob?

GARWOOD: Yeah, and a lot of them called me Me—"Hey, Me, Me, Me." For American.

PLAYBOY: So, at some point, you decided you were going to use that as a way to escape.

GARWOOD: Right. The longest I stayed there was about a half hour, and the guard never even called me. And so I was hoping a half hour would give me enough time to get down the damn mountain. I was getting scared that they were going to use me, and when they weren't going to use me no more, they was just going to get rid of me. So I figured, Man, my time's getting shorter and shorter, and what the hell if I'm

shot now or later? And there still was a chance. Some kind of a slim chance.

There was a creek behind the latrine and I thought the creek must've led down to the plains where they took me and filmed this movie thing. So maybe, just maybe I could work my way, because at night there was artillery from Da Nang. And if I just followed that direction, just maybe I could come upon one of the patrols or something. Maybe I'd just luck out, you know. My damn luck had been so rotten so long and, goddamn, it couldn't be that way all the way. It was a big chance, but I was really desperate.

Well, it was in the evening, it had started to get dark and I went to the latrine, and I lucked out with that guard. Actually, I hadn't planned it just then, not until I saw who the guard was, and it was like a split-second decision right there. I'll try it now or might never get the chance again. So I went to the latrine like I usually do. The stream was right behind me, so I just started following it. I tried to run, and I stumbled, and it was daylight but getting dark, so you could just barely see your way. And I stumbled and fell on the rocks and I was gone maybe for better than a half hour.

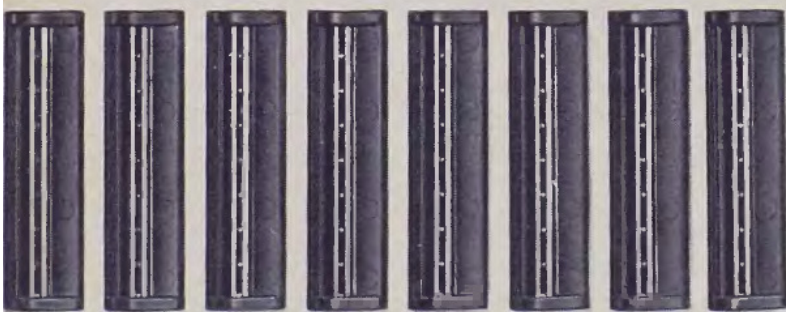
PLAYBOY: Down the mountain?

GARWOOD: I mean, it seemed like forever

to me. And I heard shots ring out—bang!—bang! I heard voices and shouts—it looks like they found out I'm gone. So I tried to go faster. Anyway, this damn stream went around down the mountain—it was nothing but rocks and slippery—I fell several times and busted my ass. I had no shoes, I was barefoot. Cut my feet. I went all night like this, and it was getting on to the morning, and I knew I was going down, because I could look up and I couldn't see the top of the mountain. I found a big rock, a big overhang, and got under it. I wasn't even at the base of the damned mountain yet and I was going all fucking night!

It was just light enough so you could see where you were going, and then they found me. They started raising hell and everything else. I didn't say nothing. I just curled up under that rock like a porcupine or something and figured I'd get beat to death. They was yelling and screaming. They'd been waiting for me at the base of the damned mountain. Because they went down the path and I went down the stream. Down the path was probably a very short distance, and down the stream, you zigzag. I was weak, anyway, and then they hit me and all that shit. I had bumps and bruises and there was some blood, and I felt real sure that I was going to be executed. But

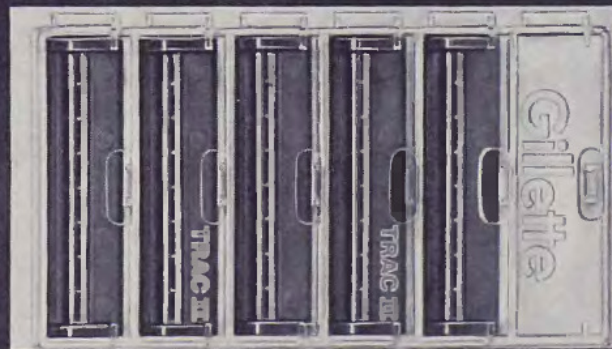
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they put me back in the cage and didn't give me nothing to eat the next day.

Then it wasn't long after, about five, six days, they moved me.

PLAYBOY: What direction did they move you in? Did you have any idea?

GARWOOD: North. It was at night. I could see the lights were flashing against the skyline. I guess it was Da Nang Air Base. A couple of weeks, moving north.

PLAYBOY: That would have been when—in December 1965?

GARWOOD: Or late November.

PLAYBOY: When was it that you saw your first fellow American?

GARWOOD: I'd arrived at the second camp about two, maybe three weeks before I saw my first American. That's when they brought Ike [Eisenbraun] in.

PLAYBOY: How had he been captured?

GARWOOD: He was a Special Forces captain in the Pleiku region. His outpost was overrun by the V.C. The guy was in bad shape. He'd been captured about five, six months. Yeah, Ike came in and he was pitiful. I was so damn happy—he was a godsend. I mean, I wanted to talk to somebody, just to *have* somebody to confide in, somebody I could turn to, because I never had been in a situation like this before. And I was really lost.

PLAYBOY: You said he was in bad shape; how bad?

GARWOOD: He was sick; his feet were swollen. He had—what do you call it?—nutrition edema; and he had diarrhea.

PLAYBOY: Did they put you in the same hootch?

GARWOOD: Yeah. And he was always sick. I had to care for him, wash him, like that.

PLAYBOY: Did the two of you get along?

GARWOOD: He was the best. But he was just on the verge of death then. We remained together until he died about a year and a half later.

PLAYBOY: What went on in that second camp?

GARWOOD: Not much. The guards made us go and get wood for their kitchen, but Ike couldn't go, so I carried the wood for both of us. There were also some ARVN prisoners there, and they released about 20 of them.

PLAYBOY: Why did they release them?

GARWOOD: Because they had become "liberated." They would say the progressive stuff or whatever, that they were going back to fight for the "people's cause" and shit. I remember giving one of the ARVN prisoners my dog tag before he left.

PLAYBOY: Hoping the dog tag would make its way back to American lines?

GARWOOD: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Did it?

GARWOOD: Yeah. I read it in one of the newspaper articles when I got back to the U.S.

PLAYBOY: So then they moved you to a third camp, right? Were you still going north?

GARWOOD: I don't know. It was triple-canopy jungle and deep in the mountains. You couldn't tell which direction.

PLAYBOY: How did they move Ike? By litter?

GARWOOD: No, he was able to walk, because I cared for him. I washed for him and bathed him and—I give him almost half my ration and his strength was able to build him up.

PLAYBOY: What was your ration at that point?

GARWOOD: Twice a day, one big bowl of rice, with some kind of jungle vegetables. Something *they* called vegetables; we called it weeds.

PLAYBOY: What was the next camp like?

GARWOOD: It wasn't very big. It looked like it had just been built. There were some ARVN prisoners. This camp was high in the mountains and under the canopy of the trees. They put us in a hootch.

PLAYBOY: For the record, would you describe what you mean by a hootch?

GARWOOD: It's a kind of a shed. There are bamboo walls and a bamboo roof. About 15 feet wide and maybe 40 feet long.

PLAYBOY: And how many guards were there?

GARWOOD: About 15, 20, maybe.

PLAYBOY: How long did you stay there?

GARWOOD: Pretty close to a year, I guess.

PLAYBOY: Was Ike with you?

GARWOOD: Yes. And then, in July or August, Russ come. Russ Grissett. He was a corporal in the Marines. He was in recon, too.

PLAYBOY: During that time, did they do anything to you? Did they try to get you to sign leaflets or propagandize you?

GARWOOD: They propagandized—yeah. They had an English interpreter there, too. He came from North Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: What was his name?

GARWOOD: His name was Hum. He spoke English, so you could understand him if you listened real careful.

PLAYBOY: What did he do?

GARWOOD: He brought a radio down and we listened to the Hanoi broadcasts. And he brought different leaflets and books and pamphlets that were printed by the V.C. and the North Vietnamese. Propaganda books.

PLAYBOY: Did they make you read them or did they just leave them with you?

GARWOOD: They were the only thing to read, really.

PLAYBOY: Did you consider escaping again?

GARWOOD: Yes, we both did. But we talked to the ARVN. Ike talked Vietnamese. We tried to size up our chances and we felt that we had about maybe a 25 percent chance of escaping. I'd tried it twice—Ike had already tried it twice, too. And we both failed. But Ike kept persisting that he wanted to do it again.

But it got down to his health—we just couldn't make no time. I mean, first he was almost blind. He had lost his glasses. But what really bothered me was his health. He could hardly breathe at all and I could walk faster than he could run. I told him, "Ike, it's suicide. We don't know where the hell we are, and as far as surviving, that's not good odds." And I'll tell you, in my own mind at that time, I was just so afraid of being alone . . . I was afraid that he was going to escape and that he would die on the way or he'd be killed. Because Ike, goddamn it, he fought, he went down fighting. He never gave up. That's what I would say about him. I had a lot of respect for him.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you were discouraging him from escaping.

GARWOOD: At that point, I was young, I was real young, and when I was first captured, I was alone all the time. I was so afraid of losing Ike, so afraid of being alone again. Plus they told us that if we tried to escape one more time, that it would be automatic execution when they captured us. So I discouraged Ike almost every way I could about the possibility of trying to escape.

PLAYBOY: So you languished in that camp for almost a year, reading the enemy propaganda. Then what happened?

GARWOOD: They moved us again, because we were bombed. It was a B-52 strike. They had just showed us a propaganda film from North Vietnam. Right after the film, the damn camp was bombed.

PLAYBOY: It was just you, Ike and Russ?

GARWOOD: And the ARVN. The ARVN prisoners left before us. The next camp was a long way away.

PLAYBOY: And it was at that camp, the fourth one, that you left the American compound and began living with the Viet Cong.

GARWOOD: Well, not . . . I guess you could put it that way, but I'd like to say what happened.

PLAYBOY: Go ahead.

GARWOOD: After we'd been in this camp a little while, Ho arrived.

PLAYBOY: The same Ho you had dealt with before?

GARWOOD: Right. And he proposed a deal. He came over with this big propaganda bullshit about the solidarity of progressive peoples, that there were such people in the United States and that they were considering releasing some of our POWs and, uh, thanks to the solidarity, they were considering me.

PLAYBOY: By the "solidarity," do you mean the antiwar movement back in the United States?

GARWOOD: Right. And, actually, I was kind of thrilled, but I was kind of disturbed, too. Just the thought of returning to America—returning to American control, American Armies, was something beyond my grasp. It was something



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that everybody hungered for. Just the thought of it, being able to be free—under *any* circumstances. So Ho proposed the deal that, uh, he called a liberation. He said they would release me. All that would be required of me in return for my liberation was that they would announce that I had now become a “friend of the Vietnamese,” and I would be taken to some villages where they would hold meetings, and I would tell these villagers that the American working class were actually in solidarity with the Vietnamese working class, that we weren’t enemies and that it was only the capitalists that were waging war, and all that propaganda bullshit.

Well, I didn’t agree right away. I told him that I would think about it, and I went back to Ike and I told him what happened. Russ, he didn’t like it at all. Russ said more or less that it was against the Code of Conduct. So we discussed it and Ike said, “Hell, we’ve already signed statements and everything and, hell, nobody knows we’re alive. And if just one of us can get out, then, if nothing else, they’ll know we’re still alive, that we’re here, and they’ll come looking for us.” He said if it had been him, he would do it. And if it had been Russ, he would have ordered him to go. He said, “Since it’s you, go. Do whatever you have to do to get out of here. Just

get word out somehow that we’re still alive.”

I don’t know, it kind of disturbed me. I had a small argument with Ike at that point. I said I’d rather that we all got out of there together, and maybe we could make some deal with them, where they’d release us all—you know, we’d cooperate with them in some way. Ike said no, they were not going to accept that. He said, “They’ve focused their attention on you. Just use it to the best advantage.” I thought about it, and I thought about it, so I finally agreed.

It was like a mark, liberation, but it wasn’t really liberation. I got up and gave a speech on friendship and said we’re all together. Ho wrote it for me.

PLAYBOY: Was that in the camp itself?

GARWOOD: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Who was the audience?

GARWOOD: Ike and Russ and the ARVN POWs. Ho was there. They made a tape recording of it. It was like a preliminary. Actually, then I was not really liberated. But there was an announcement that I was now being considered a friend, and not the enemy anymore, as long as I cooperated. And so I was taken out of the compound, away from Ike and Russ. They built a small hootch for me. And I lived there.

PLAYBOY: Doing what?

GARWOOD: They used me. They used me

like a pawn or a propoganda tool. Every time a new POW would come in, they’d point to me and say, you know, that I’d been progressive, and we’ll let him go, he’ll be released soon. They’d say, “Bob is a progressive American, and if you want to be like him, you have to abide by the camp rules, be a hard worker and prove your solidarity with the working class of America.”

PLAYBOY: Did you continue your contacts with Ike?

GARWOOD: Yes, I did, several times.

PLAYBOY: Only several times?

GARWOOD: That was right after I was separated from Ike and Russ. But then Ike was separated from Russ. They put Ike in a hammock, right outside the compound.

PLAYBOY: Did they think he was too weak to escape?

GARWOOD: Possibly, but also, they told me that they were considering releasing Ike, too, because Ike by then was being much more cooperative. And I talked to Ike about it. He told me, “I don’t think they’re going to release me. But a little help, a little help, and they’d eventually maybe release one of us.” So I told him, “They’re using me as a damn tool, a propoganda tool.” I asked him how far he thought they was going to go. He said, “Well, I don’t know, but since we’ve stepped out a little, we’ll have to

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step out all the way." Either they were going to release me or they were going to put me back in the damned POW compound. But Ike felt they wouldn't put me back in the POW compound, because this would only show the other POWs they were lying, that it was a bunch of bullshit. He said, "If anything, they will take you out of the camp and tell us that you've been liberated. But right now, whatever they tell you to do, do it. Because if you don't, then it's going to be worse on the other POWs."

PLAYBOY: Did you see Ike whenever you wanted to?

GARWOOD: No, I had to ask permission.

PLAYBOY: All right, so you were living in the hootch by yourself. How far was that from the compound where the other Americans were kept?

GARWOOD: About 50 or 75 feet. I was wedged between the guard hootch and the camp commander's hootch.

PLAYBOY: But you weren't in a cage or restrained in any way?

GARWOOD: Ah, no. Directly in a cage, no. To leave this hootch and go anywhere, I had to ask permission.

PLAYBOY: How did you eat?

GARWOOD: They brought my meals to me. My only duties at that point were to go get firewood for the guard kitchen.

PLAYBOY: Were you guarded when you gathered wood?

GARWOOD: I was guarded, yes.

PLAYBOY: When did Ike die?

GARWOOD: He didn't die until September [1967]. Actually, right after Ike died, that's when they took me away. They told me that he'd fallen out of his hammock and broke a couple of his rib-cage bones and punctured his lung.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that was true?

GARWOOD: No.

PLAYBOY: What do you think happened?

GARWOOD: See, I was going down to see Ike a lot. And they watched every move I made, because the only time I could see him was during the daylight. But toward August, I was getting frustrated and I was more persistent.

PLAYBOY: Persistent to see Ike?

GARWOOD: No, not to see Ike, persistent as to why I wasn't being released. I was more or less on hold right there. Wasn't allowed to go anywhere or do anything, except to gather firewood and manioc [a yamlike vegetable]. And I was really frustrated. They'd first told me I'd be released in about a month. And it had been four months already. I'd ask the interpreter, and he'd tell me, "Well, I don't really know, but I think that the front is waiting for an opportune time so that you may be turned over to an American peace committee. They'll probably come over to Vietnam and they'll turn you back over then, rather

than turn you over to the CIA or the military."

Anyway, the day I heard about Ike dying, I asked to go down to the POW compound, and they let me. I talked to Russ. He just said that Ike fell out of his hammock and ruptured his lung.

PLAYBOY: What did they do with his body?

GARWOOD: The ARVN POWs went out and cut some bamboo and wrapped it around his body like a makeshift coffin and carried it to the clearing. There was myself and Russ and two other American prisoners, Luis Ortiz-Rivera and a Marine named Bob Sherman. We insisted on digging the grave. But the guards got kind of angry when I started digging the grave; they told me I wasn't—you know—

PLAYBOY: You weren't supposed to dig a grave?

GARWOOD: No. They got kind of pissed about it. So Russ and Ortiz more or less dug it. Ortiz was the strongest, he was built like an ox. And Ortiz dug most of the grave. It was shallow, it wasn't real deep.

PLAYBOY: What was your relationship with Russ at that point?

GARWOOD: Russ Grissett. I wasn't overwhelmed with what a great guy he was.

PLAYBOY: You mean he didn't like the idea of your going off to be liberated?

GARWOOD: No. He thought if there was

going to be a release, we all should be released together.

PLAYBOY: When you went down to the compound, did you talk to him?

GARWOOD: Yeah, I talked to him.

PLAYBOY: How did he react?

GARWOOD: I don't think he liked it too much.

PLAYBOY: So after Ike died, they moved you to a fifth camp?

GARWOOD: Right. It was just another prisoner camp. I thought they was going to release me then, but they didn't. They put me in a hootch right next to the kitchen—not in the POW compound. And very shortly afterward, they brought Weatherman in.

PLAYBOY: Who was Weatherman? An American?

GARWOOD: Yes; the V.C. told me he was a crossover, supposedly. I don't know. They introduced me to him as a member of the Solidarity Committee of the American People. Said he was drafted

and immediately upon arriving in Vietnam, he came over to the people. So they said.

PLAYBOY: What was his rank?

GARWOOD: Private—Pfc., maybe.

PLAYBOY: What happened to Weatherman?

GARWOOD: They took him away. Right after Christmas. They treated Weatherman much better than they treated me; I mean, they give him new clothes and food, cigarettes—he was free to move about the camp.

PLAYBOY: Is he still alive?

GARWOOD: He's dead.

PLAYBOY: How long was it before the next American POWs arrived?

GARWOOD: Well, after about a month, there was Burns and then Corporal Zaltachy and Lance Corporal Hammond.

PLAYBOY: Where were they imprisoned?

GARWOOD: In the compound.

PLAYBOY: And you were living outside the compound, right?

GARWOOD: Right. But the week after Zaltachy and Hammond arrived, we all started out for the new camp.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take you to get there?

GARWOOD: A little better than a week. On the way to the camp, we met with two black American POWs.

PLAYBOY: Who were they?

GARWOOD: Willie Watkins, I believe was one, and Tom Davis. I'm not really sure. That was when I had my first contact with a weapon. We were going along, and I was carrying all the gear, rice and cooking utensils. There were four or five guards and one of them had one of these little machine-gun-type things—I think it was Chinese—and he stripped it down, took the ammo and the firing pin out and told me to carry it.

It about freaked me out. At first, I wasn't going to carry it, because I thought that if we met some V.C. along the way, they'd think I was an American



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on patrol and blow me away. But the guards just laughed and said no, no way. I was scared shitless. But they thought it was hilarious.

PLAYBOY: So you met Watkins and Davis. Did they see you carrying a weapon?

GARWOOD: Yeah. They saw the weapon. The guards took the weapon from me, but I think it freaked the Americans out when they saw it. They asked me about it. I told them the guard told me to carry it, and I carried it. But they didn't like the idea, they thought I shouldn't have carried it. So I said, "What the fuck am I going to do, you know? I mean, hell, they're going to tell me what to do and I'm going to do it. I have no choice."

PLAYBOY: When did you arrive at the next camp?

GARWOOD: About the middle of February '68.

PLAYBOY: Who was in the camp when you got there?

GARWOOD: There was a lot of POWs—

PLAYBOY: All American POWs?

GARWOOD: Right.

PLAYBOY: Was that the camp in which most of the court-martial charges against you arose?

GARWOOD: Yes.

PLAYBOY: What was the physical condition of the other Americans? Were they in good shape?

GARWOOD: This was right after the Tet offensive. A couple of them had been shot up, but overall, their condition was pretty good.

PLAYBOY: What were you doing then?

GARWOOD: Nothing, really. When I arrived there, they showed me which hootch to live in, told me to stay there, let the camp commander come down and talk to me. After the evening meal—which they brought to me—the camp commander came down and told me that the situation was much different than it was before and that any time I wanted

to talk to any of the Americans, I would have to let him know personally.

PLAYBOY: What kind of fellow was he?

GARWOOD: The camp commander? He was hard-line, but he never got what you'd call ferocious. Just strict. Reasonable. I mean, he'd listen to you, but you'd better not get smart with him.

PLAYBOY: When were you able to talk freely with the other Americans in the compound?

GARWOOD: After about a month, I was actually allowed to go down there by myself. All the time I was there with the prisoners, there was always a guard, he'd come popping in and out, or he was standing right there.

PLAYBOY: Were you helping to conduct interrogations?

GARWOOD: Well, there was a first interrogation of a prisoner by the interpreter. Then there was a second interrogation, which included the interpreter and the



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camp commander, and sometimes I was ordered to be there.

PLAYBOY: What were they trying to find out?

GARWOOD: Mainly, besides name, rank, serial number, they would ask if the prisoner had a family, what state he lived in, when he joined the Service, when he came to Vietnam, what unit he was with.

PLAYBOY: What was the purpose of that interrogation? What did they really want to know?

GARWOOD: Actually, nothing the POWs could have told them would have been of any value, as far as battlefield situations, because most of them had been prisoners for two months or more. And anything that had to do with the battlefield situation would have changed drastically in a month—I mean, it changed from day to day. So, really, the only purpose of the interrogation itself was to find out who the hard-core people were, who were the easy ones, so they could segregate them and break them down.

PLAYBOY: What was the attitude of the other American prisoners toward you? At least one soldier, named Port, had called you a traitor by then, isn't that right?

GARWOOD: He did. He called me that. But Port was delirious.

PLAYBOY: Did you consider yourself a traitor?

GARWOOD: At that point, no. It disturbed me, yeah. And even when he said it, I looked toward the other Americans and nobody said anything. But then we all just continued talking.

PLAYBOY: During that period, did you still have the feeling that they might release you?

GARWOOD: There was a slight hope—it was the only hope that I had. At that point, there was nobody I could turn to anymore. Ike wasn't there anymore—I used to be able to turn to Ike, but I couldn't turn to him no more.

PLAYBOY: How about Grissett?

GARWOOD: Grissett—Russ, he was getting really uptight. His mental stability was bad. He came to me several times to see if I had any influence at all, to try to get him out of the compound; he was going crazy.

PLAYBOY: One of the charges you were convicted of is that you physically abused a fellow prisoner. When did that occur?

GARWOOD: Well, it wasn't really physical abuse. David Harker himself acknowledged that.

PLAYBOY: Harker was the prisoner?

GARWOOD: Yes. He testified at my court-martial that he didn't consider it anything other than an insult or something.

PLAYBOY: What were the events leading up to the incident?

GARWOOD: Well, Russ was taking the brunt of a beating by the Communists for killing a cat, the camp cat.

PLAYBOY: Did they kill it to eat it?

GARWOOD: Yes. And Russ had been singled out to take the brunt of the punishment in which—well, two weeks later, he died from it. But, anyway, when I saw this—and I'm trying to picture in my mind what happened; I can't really remember exactly, you know—but I just went crazy when I saw Russ getting beaten, and I rushed into the compound and there was nothing I could do. Harker was standing in the doorway of one of the hootches. I brushed him aside with the back of my hand, which he said amounted to a slap, to his rib cage or his stomach. I went inside and said, "How the hell can you guys call yourselves Americans? Russ is out there getting beat. If you guys had stuck together, nothing would have happened." And we just stared at each other, and there was silence, and I left. And two weeks later, Russ died.

PLAYBOY: What about the charge that you verbally abused a Sergeant Buck Williams during one of the propaganda sessions?

GARWOOD: Williams was a career man.

*"I just went crazy
when I saw Russ
getting beaten, and
I rushed into the
compound and there
was nothing I could do."*

He'd served in the Korean War. He was tough. I guess the propaganda session you're talking about was when he referred to the South Vietnamese soldiers as ARVN. You weren't supposed to call them ARVN. You were supposed to call them puppets.

So Ho decided to make an example out of Williams. Ho told me that for the good of the class, everybody was going to have to criticize Williams. Otherwise, they would discontinue the class and everybody would be in the doghouse. So they reconvened the class and everybody started criticizing Williams. Then Ho said something like that Williams had been completely brainwashed by the capitalistic system and that he was hoping someday to retire on the blood of the Vietnamese people and stuff like that. Then Ho asked me, "Bobby, do you agree with that?" I said, "Yeah." Then he made me repeat it to Williams, too. But I apologized to him for it later. When Ho asked if you agreed with him, you'd better the hell agree.

PLAYBOY: Despite your explanations, you've been convicted of collaborating.

Why do you think the other prisoners didn't collaborate—or do you think they did? Was your case special somehow?

GARWOOD: Yes, I think my case was kind of special, because the Communists didn't release me in 1973. If they'd released me with all the other POWs, there would never have been a court-martial, I'm sure of that.

PLAYBOY: Why? Do you think other prisoners collaborated but weren't singled out as you were for political—or other—reasons?

GARWOOD: I don't know the real reason behind that, other than what I've heard and I've read. But I do know for a fact that there was a lieutenant colonel in the Marine Corps who came back in 1973—I'm not going to give his name; it's on record—but he had charges brought against him for mutiny, and several other very serious charges, more serious than mine. But his charges were dropped, and since then, he retired from the Marine Corps and he's living a very respectable life, somewhere out in the West. There were numerous incidents like that.

PLAYBOY: One of the witnesses against you at your court-martial described you as the "white Vietnamese," referring to your personal habits while you were in the prison camp—the way you walked, laughed, squatted down in Oriental style. Is that true?

GARWOOD: It's probably pretty accurate. The psychiatrists who testified for me said it was part of my mental illness; that I unconsciously identified with the enemy, although I didn't realize it at the time.

PLAYBOY: When stories began appearing a couple of years ago that you were still alive, but before you were released from Vietnam, several men claimed you had led Viet Cong troops in combat against American forces. What about that?

GARWOOD: It's totally untrue. And none of those accusations was ever made against me formally—at the court-martial—or even brought up in charges. One guy, for instance, stated he had seen me leading a band of Viet Cong or something—but the man he described had blond hair and blue eyes. As you can see, I'm certainly not blond and my eyes are brown. Besides, in all of those alleged "sightings," I couldn't have been where they said I was, because I was in the prison camp.

PLAYBOY: To what do you attribute those allegations?

GARWOOD: The frustrations of war, I guess. I suppose they wanted to see *somebody* and I was a likely culprit. I don't think there was ever any American who led Viet Cong. If there had been, I probably would have heard about it through the jungle grapevine.

PLAYBOY: There was another charge

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made against you at the court-martial that you had gone out with the Viet Cong and used a bullhorn to urge American troops to lay down their arms.

GARWOOD: That was totally untrue, too. Those charges were made, but only because somebody allegedly said they overheard me saying it to somebody else, or something like that. The only time I came into contact with a bullhorn was when they [the Viet Cong] had one of them and it didn't work and they told me to repair it. I looked at it and it was corroded and I told them to clean it up and it would probably work. All those charges were thrown out, but, damn, to hear some people tell it, I might have been running a bullhorn factory over there.

PLAYBOY: Going back to the charge that you carried a weapon, you said earlier you'd carried a dismantled, unarmed weapon once; but how many times, exactly, did you carry a weapon?

GARWOOD: I don't remember exactly—maybe five times.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GARWOOD: They told me to. At that point, I did pretty much whatever they told me to. If I'd refused, they'd have starved me to death or worse. That was the way it was.

PLAYBOY: What about the charge that you used a weapon to guard American prisoners?

GARWOOD: That was the times they gave me the weapon and told me to carry it. It was a different weapon each time and it was never loaded. I didn't realize what they were doing then, but they would give me the weapon and take me out on a trail and all of a sudden, we'd meet up with some new prisoners and the V.C. would say something like, "This is Bobby Garwood—see, if you'll be like him, you can get privileges," stuff like that. They always took the weapon away afterward. They were using me, but I didn't realize how much at the time. They were just using me.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you ever consider that it was wrong, or treasonous, to carry a weapon belonging to the enemy?

GARWOOD: No. I was trying to live. Besides, it wasn't hurting anybody. It wasn't even loaded.

PLAYBOY: What about the charge that you served as an interrogator for the Viet Cong against your fellow Americans?

GARWOOD: That wasn't true, either. I did some interpreting, which means that I was a translator. I never interrogated anybody. Whenever the regular interpreter wasn't there, they'd get me to translate for them. Most of the time, it was just simple stuff—somebody would go to the prison compound and want to ask a question and I'd translate it. I

think I actually *helped* the guys in the compound, because I would translate the questions and answers fairly—Vietnamese isn't an easy language, you know, and if somebody does it wrong, somebody could get in a lot of trouble. I always tried to make it sound the best it could—translating American to Vietnamese.

PLAYBOY: Were the other POWs aware of that?

GARWOOD: Not all the time. I don't know. Some people blame me because I learned the language. Hell, Ike taught it to me, and a couple of times I tried to teach it to the other POWs. You had to know the damned language to survive, I figured. Why is that such a crime?

PLAYBOY: Another of the allegations against you was that you wore a Viet Cong uniform. What about that?

GARWOOD: I didn't wear any Viet Cong uniform. I wore what they gave me to wear, because when I was captured, they stripped me to my skivvies. I had to wear something. So did everybody else. There was one accusation that I wore a badge, a "Ho Chi Minh pin," which they gave

*"Some people blame me
because I learned the
language. Hell, you had
to know the damned language
to survive, I figured.
Why is that such a crime?"*

out to commemorate something—Liberation Day or something like that—but they gave them to everyone. Sure, I kept it, and wore it on my clothes, because I used the pin part, the sharp part, to take stickers out of my fingers and stuff like that. It was like a tool, a needle—there was a lot of bamboo around there and I kept getting slivers in my fingers.

PLAYBOY: You say you kept cooperating with the Viet Cong because they were going to release you. When they didn't, why didn't you rejoin the other American prisoners in the compound? Did you even consider that?

GARWOOD: Yes, I did. I got very frustrated and very lonely. Especially the way they used me—kept making promises and kept evading my questions—the Communists did. Every time I'd bring up the prospect of being released, they gave me excuses: "We'll report to our superiors," "I'm sure it won't be long," "It may be in progress," even—stuff like that. And I was getting very depressed and very lonely, especially by what I saw down the camp—the life and the

environmental conditions of the other Americans. It was getting really bad. The POWs were at each other's throats and—

PLAYBOY: There were approximately 15 prisoners, correct? Of the 15 prisoners in that camp, how many died?

GARWOOD: Approximately two thirds of them.

PLAYBOY: How?

GARWOOD: The Vietnamese *let* them die. Of malnutrition and disease.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the Vietnamese could have prevented that if they had given them better food and better medicine?

GARWOOD: I feel that they could've, yes.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the Vietnamese saw that those people were ill and that they were dying?

GARWOOD: Definitely. You just didn't die overnight from that kind of thing. A week, two weeks or more—months. The Vietnamese always had excuses, you know. Saying it's so easy to die if a man wants to die, so let him die.

PLAYBOY: It's the weak who die?

GARWOOD: Yes, they said it's just so easy to die, here in the jungle.

PLAYBOY: So they didn't seem concerned about the health of the prisoners?

GARWOOD: Not to any extent. And this got to me. Because I visualized myself back in that compound and, damn, I could have gotten some illness and, like the other POWs, the same damn thing would happen to me. A lot of POWs were being put in the ground. It could have been me.

PLAYBOY: Were you getting better food, living where you were?

GARWOOD: No, I was getting about the same ration as the other Americans. But at certain times, I did—not from the guards or from the camp but because of my ability with the language; I was able to ask the *montagnards* when they came by. I could plead with them, beg them, trade them for anything like sugar cane or a banana or something like that, and sometimes they'd give it to me.

PLAYBOY: And were you able to steal from the guards?

GARWOOD: Many times.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

GARWOOD: Eggs, a chicken, anything. I would have stolen anything.

PLAYBOY: Were you allowed to leave the camp?


GARWOOD: Well, there was one instance when they took me into a village. They gathered the village people and gave a big speech—it was on a Vietnamese holiday. And they had me read a slogan saying the American people are in solidarity with proletariat Vietnamese people. Something like that. Then they ho'd three times and that was it.

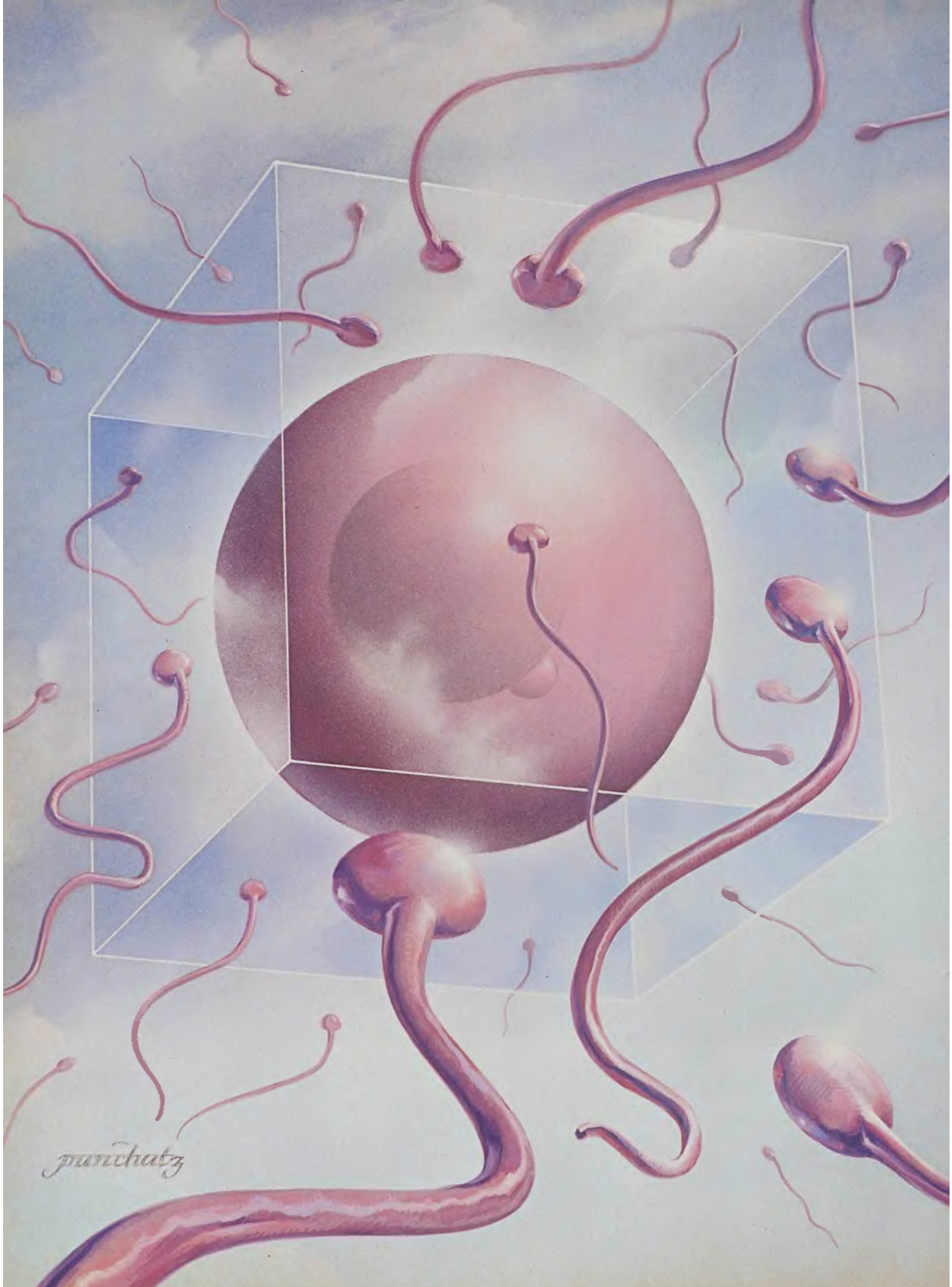
PLAYBOY: They did what three times?

(continued on page 180)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

The sort who knows that parallel hammocks may meet. And that's the way he wants it to be. When relaxation coincides with isolation, he's against it; his version of the simple pleasures involves a spirited companion. He can dig the pastoral splendor during the giddy days of summer, but he chooses not to dig it alone. In any season or setting, indoors or outdoors, he knows the value of vitality. He invests in experience, and PLAYBOY is his best prospectus. 



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BEYOND THE PILL

it was supposed to be the ideal contraceptive, but then we discovered its little secrets. so where do we go from here?

article By DAVID BLACK

Georgene led him lightly by one finger upstairs to her bed. . . . When he worried about contraception, she laughed. Didn't Angela use Enovid yet? "Welcome," she said, "to the post-pill paradise."

—JOHN UPDIKE, "Couples"

THE POST-PILL paradise.

In 1960, Enovid-10, the first oral contraceptive for women, was introduced to America. The drug-obsessed society that spent billions of dollars a year on prescriptions soon called Enovid the pill, as if it were the only pill. It was seen, in that innocent era, as the solution to that one big worry posed by sex.

By 1965, 15.3 percent of married American women aged 15 to 44 used one or another of the proliferating oral contraceptives. Enovid, Ortho-Novum, Norlestrin, Norinyl, Provest, C-Quens, Oracon: The names of the products had the paradoxical antique-futuristic ring of knights and lords in a science-fiction romance ("Quick, Norinyl, fire the laser." "They'll never catch us in this time warp, Oracon!"). Comic-book names with the echo of Latin, cut off from our common vocabulary—and yet somehow familiar in their alien sounds, because they had the same catchy semiscientific resonance as all the other drugs we took, which, like the pill, were more trusted than understood.

By 1970, 22.3 percent of married American women aged 15 to 44 were using oral contraceptives. By

1973, with 25.1 percent, the pill was entrenched as the contraceptive of choice. The next most popular method, the condom, was used by only 9.4 percent. The diaphragm was preferred by only 2.4 percent. The pill dominated the sexual heavens, as amazing as a second sun that had just appeared in the sky. People basked in the glow.

"The pill was a blessing," says Margo, a woman who started taking it in 1972. "It really agreed with me. I used to have heavy periods, always a problem. The pill regulated them. They were lighter. My skin cleared up. But most of all, I could relax. There was no more of that worry every month: Am I pregnant? That constant low-level stress. It used to drive me absolutely crazy. Before taking the pill, whenever I went to bed with a man—whether we used a condom or a diaphragm—I assumed the worst. Just so I would be prepared if the worst *happened*. And I lay there while we were making love, thinking, Is this worth it? Is it worth getting pregnant? The pleasure of the moment always had to be measured against *my whole future*. So, of course, it never seemed . . . enough.

"The first time I made love after taking the pill, out of habit, I started going through that old routine: Is it worth it? And, suddenly, I realized that the question no longer made any sense. *I wasn't going to get pregnant*.

"Then something incredible struck me. Something really scary, but exciting, too. I realized that, before the pill, I had this narrow idea of the kind of men

THE PROTECTION QUESTION



the renewed debate over who's responsible for contraception can turn a one-night stand into an all-night standoff



If women were able to shed their inhibitions because of the pill revolution, men were able to shed their responsibilities for contraception. But now that the pill is known more for its health risks than for its efficacy, we've reached another crossroads: In that all-important subject of who's taking care of the protection, the sexes are back to the negotiating table.

"Sometimes," says Johanna, "I'll meet a man at a party and he'll ask whether I want to stay with him that night. If I do, I'll say, 'Sure. But I didn't come expecting to stay with anyone, so I'm not prepared; what do you propose to do?'"

"He'll give me a blank look. Shock. And he'll say, 'What do you mean, don't you have a diaphragm?' It's amazing how many men never are ready to negotiate."

Maybe you can understand Johanna's amazement. After all, this is the same generation of guys who, as teenagers, molded condoms into their wallets in confident allegiance to the Boy Scout motto "Be prepared." Now women carry condoms.

Robert says, "I always ask early on, 'Are you using birth control?' If she's not, I drop it. I won't use rubbers—they interrupt my foreplay, afterplay and my sensitivity during sex, so I'd just as soon skip it. But you've got to be brave enough to ask before you get to the bedroom or the back seat—it's too late then."

One eminent scientist suggests that since women have to deal with pregnancy and birthing, men might logically be obliged to deal with prevention—sort of a yin-yang approach. That philosophy was put to a courtroom test recently when a California man sued a woman for claiming she was using the pill before going to bed with him. She got pregnant and had the baby. The

man asked the court to order her to pay \$100,000 for his mental agony and distress, not to mention the child-support payments. The court claimed that the man could have taken some responsibility himself and that by making any ruling, the court would be guilty of invasion of privacy. In other words, you're on your own, buddy.

In stable relationships, the potential for bitter debate is often greater than in casual sex. The implications of that debate give it an urgency like no others likely to confront a couple.

"I had a real problem with the pill," says Alan. "I kept having visions of Joan with a clot and getting paralyzed."

"It was difficult," says Joan. "Before Alan, the other men I had been with didn't much care what I used—as long as I used something. If contraception came up, they'd say, 'If you get pregnant, you can always get an abortion.' I didn't want to get pregnant. I resented them for not caring."

It's possible that if a couple can get through the contraception debate, they can get through anything. In fact, one counselor thinks that the problem-solving skills learned in the high-stakes birth-control sweeps can offer hints on how to solve more general vexations.

But if the woman quoted below is any indication, the bottom line of all this talk is that American men are going to have to reassess their place in this contraception hassle: "I'm so sick of being responsible. But the trouble is, there just aren't any good male methods. Even if there were a male pill, you'd never be sure he really took it."

"The ideal method would be a male pill that turned his penis green when it was safe." —DAVID BLACK

I'd go out with—just in case I got knocked up. I wanted the father to be—I don't know—good genes, good circumstances, family, status. Just in case.

"And it suddenly hit me that, since I wasn't going to get pregnant, I could date anyone—even guys I would never in the world want to be the father of my children. *Anyone*. That may not sound like much, but for me back then, it was like escaping. Like I had been locked up in this country club all my life and I had finally broken out into the real world."

The real world sustained such attacks by the millions, and the effects of the sudden tilt toward sexual anarchy are still hotly debated. Of the dozens of researchers interviewed for this article, some denied that the pill had anything to do with the sexual revolution of the past couple of decades; some even denied that there had *been* a sexual revolution. One inscrutably claimed that the sexual revolution had occurred decades ago—possibly hundreds of years ago—and its effects had taken years to reach us.

But despite the conflicting opinions, it seems safe—at least relatively safe—to say that in the past 20 years, there have been changes in how Americans deal with sexuality. For example, the age of first intercourse has dropped; there is more divorce; and there is certainly more talk about sex. Those changes have been influenced in part by changing habits of contraception.

"Following World War Two, after the baby boom was over, it became clear that, given the new contraceptives and the increased availability of the old methods, it was possible to have sex without consequences," says Dr. Henry Grunebaum, associate professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School. "And I think *that*—however you want to describe it—led to a sexual revolution."

The pill paradise lasted about ten years. Like zealots in other revolutions, women remained loyal to the cause only until the cause let them down. In the late Sixties, reports started coming out linking oral contraceptives to blood clots and cancer. Women started reassessing their liberator.

The pill, it turned out, might under certain circumstances cause a smorgasbord of side effects, some dangerous and some not: acne (as well as cleared-up skin), anxiety, appetite change, asthma, benign liver tumors, birth defects, bleeding gums, blood clots in the brain, eyes, heart, legs, lungs, pelvic area, bleeding irregularities, cancer of the breast, cervix, ovaries, pituitary, uterus and vagina (in animals) and of the cervix, liver and skin (in humans), cataracts, chemical diabetes,

IS THERE A MALE PILL IN YOUR FUTURE?

*a quick look at some birth-control ideas
still in the incubation stage*

The methods of contraception discussed in *Beyond the Pill* are all currently in use somewhere in somewhat significant numbers. Meanwhile, however, a whole new generation of contraceptives now in the development stage perks away on the back burner: improved barrier methods, improved systemic methods and some that don't fit easily into those two categories. Each of the three categories can be divided into male or female methods. And the picture is further complicated by a certain amount of crossover, both in the substances used as contraceptives and in the delivery systems used to carry those substances.

Roughly, these future methods can be defined as follows:

Female barrier methods include the collagen sponges (which are inserted like diaphragms, look like ovals of muenster cheese and tend to be uncomfortable); disposable diaphragms (which, obviously, would make the diaphragm companies happy); molded cervical caps (individually made by taking an impression of the woman's cervix, a method that is rapidly picking up support, particularly among feminists); and C-film (which looks like lens paper and is draped over a woman's vagina before each sex act).

Male barrier methods are variations on a familiar theme: dissolving spermicidal condoms, ultrasheer collagen condoms, hydrophilic-coated condoms (which promote heat sensitivity and therefore may be more satisfying).

Male nonbarrier and nonsystemic methods include two ideas for pre-

venting the production of sperm: subjecting the testes to ultrasound (frequencies above 17,000 cycles per second) and hot water. Special Jockey shorts might also prevent sperm production by heating the testes.

Reversible sterilization (which involves for men implanting a valve in the *vas deferens* and for women using a Fallopian-tube plug) seems—with its valves and plugs—to view the human reproduction system as plumbing. Another method, chemical sterilization, uses the contraceptive equivalent of anti-Drano. It clogs the pipes—permanently.

Female systemic methods use hormonal steroids (such as those found in the pill), which are injected, swallowed, implanted (in tiny tubes and microcapsules and threads) or worn (in the vagina and around the wrist). Often the steroids are administered in lower doses than in the pill or in ways that bypass the digestive system and the liver and so may have fewer dangerous side effects.

Some methods, such as vaginal rings, might be used as a once-a-month procedure: A woman puts the ring in her vagina and it gradually releases the steroids over a three-week period; then she takes out the ring to allow for menstruation. In another method, implants inserted under the skin of the forearm or buttock would gradually release their steroids, preventing pregnancy for three to five years.

Female systemic methods may also use peptides, compounds that may be less dangerous than the steroids and just as effective. Sniffed or injected, they inhibit ovulation. Theo-

retically, the same compounds could be used in men to reduce sperm production, but, according to Dr. Andrew V. Schally of Tulane University, whose work in the area won him a Nobel Prize, "We're planning to use them at present only in women, because we don't have enough studies to see if they would decrease sperm count without decreasing libido. We're afraid they would."

Male systemic methods tend to be treated less optimistically than female systemic methods, though both are based on the same research: work with steroids and peptides, vaccinations and sniffs. Instead of blocking ovulation, however, male methods prevent production of sperm, maturity of sperm or motility of sperm.

The relatively gloomy view of male systemic contraceptives is due in part to the difficulty of reducing production of sperm without reducing libido. There are also obvious problems in "delivery" (a woman can insert a ring that releases contraceptive substances into her vagina more easily than a man can insert something into his penis or—ouch!—his testes).

Yet another problem is the hard lesson we've learned with the female pill. "I don't think males will take a male pill," says Dr. A. F. Parlow of the Pituitary Hormones Center of Harbor General Hospital, Torrance, California. "I wouldn't. As an endocrinologist, under no circumstances would I allow my hormonal chemistry to be *molested* by a preparation that has wide-ranging effects beyond the specific one of inhibiting spermatogenesis." —D.B.



cholesterol- and triglyceride-level increases, contact-lens intolerance, cramps, dizziness, epilepsy, eye lesions, fatigue, gall-bladder disease, growth of already existing fibrous tumors of the uterus, hair loss on the head and gain on the face, heart disease, herpes susceptibility, high blood pressure, infertility (permanent), jaundice, kidney disease, libido depression, menstrual-cycle changes, mental depression, migraines, nausea, anxiety, rash, reduction of wax in the ears, spotty darkening of the skin, stroke, swollen ankles, tender breasts, thromboembolism, thrombophlebitis, thyroid disorders, tubal pregnancies (in progestogen-only pills), more frequent urination, vascular disease (other than thromboembolisms), varicose veins, vaginitis, venereal-disease susceptibility, vitamin deficiency, vomiting and weight gain or loss.

Package inserts for oral contraceptives, dense with text and printed in the tiny type that announces by its inaccessibility the pinstripe-gray seriousness of the corporation lawyer, read like contracts. Now we find that, in fact, they *are* contracts, contracts any woman who uses the pill makes with her own flesh.

Suddenly, the pill, in its thoroughly modern pastel designer case, is no longer the benign nightstand decoration it once was. Kicking the habit has been a screwy, haunting dilemma: Are you willing to sacrifice your body for the cool, carefree efficiency of the pill? (Some women hated to give it up because it made their breasts swell.) Or do you sacrifice a fraction of a percentage point of efficiency and the convenience of taking it with your morning vitamin?

Significant numbers of women have also found that their gynecologists have little regard for their fears. "When I started hearing the scare stories, I went to my doctor," says a woman who later allowed her pill prescription to run out. "He said that since I wasn't overweight, didn't smoke and had no bleeding symptoms, I had nothing to worry about. I mentioned the broken capillaries that had developed in my legs. He got impatient, really angry. I was wasting his time—didn't I trust him? He dismissed it all as women's-magazine hysteria and made me feel embarrassed to ever bring it up again."

Critics and advocates of the pill argue about the evidence and the interpretation of the evidence. Some defenders of the pill claim that if more users than nonusers get malignant melanoma, it is because pill users tend to be women who lie for hours in skimpy bathing suits in the sun—that it's the sun, and these women's lifestyle, that causes malignant melanoma. Or defenders of the pill may

assert that if users get cervical cancer more frequently than nonusers, it is not because they use the pill but because they do not use condoms, which protect women from the viruses that may cause cervical cancer. Or defenders of the pill may point out that there are some indications users get breast cancer not more but less frequently than nonusers.

The crosscurrents of thinking on the subject finally erupted last October when preliminary results from a multimillion-dollar 12-year study of pill risks were released to the public. The report, done at Kaiser-Permanente Medical Center in Walnut Creek, California, carried news from the study's authors, Drs. Savitri Ramcharan and Frederick Pellegrin, that pill health risks are "negligible." Sensing a good thing, G. D. Searle & Co., a huge pill manufacturer, financed a public-relations campaign to spread the word. Slick press kits were sent out; only some identified the Searle connection. In true David-and-Goliath fashion, the National Women's Health Network, a nonprofit group, tried to counter Dr. Ramcharan's conclusions by stressing the actual seriousness of the findings. Perhaps Searle should have looked beyond Ramcharan's remarks, because her study really confirms most of the previous maladies attributed to the pill: changes in blood pressure, blood clotting and sugar metabolism, higher risk of suicide among pill users; increased risk of eye, gastrointestinal, urinary and vaginal disorders and greater risk of a special kind of stroke called subarachnoid hemorrhage. The report bears out the suspected cancer/pill link. Of the five women under the age of 40 in the study who died of cancer, all of them were pill users. Higher rates of skin, lung and cervical cancer were found among users. Ramcharan supplies the usual set of rationalizations to absolve the pill: Women with cervical cancer are more promiscuous; women with skin cancer sun-bathe more; and women with lung cancer may smoke more. In the same vein, Ramcharan suspects "diagnostic errors" by doctors to explain away increased blood clots among pill users.

Despite what the drug companies—several of which helped fund the Kaiser-Permanente study—would have us think, it appears that neither we nor the pill is home free. Arguing the merits of a particular symptom's relationship to the pill is a way of avoiding the obvious conclusion: It is like arguing about the precise number of megadeaths in the moment between ground zero of the bomb and the blast wave. Even if only one tenth of the symptoms were directly related to pill use, the lesson learned would be valid: The pill is not the per-

fectly safe, perfectly effective contraceptive that it was touted to be.

Learning that desultory lesson has produced a reversal in female thinking. Whereas women used to proclaim their right to use the pill (remember demonstrations in front of campus health clinics?), many now proclaim their right *not* to, forcing a new look at contraception and a new role for men in choosing a contraceptive.

Even a longtime pill advocate such as Dr. Elizabeth B. Connell, the former research project coordinator of Northwestern University's Program for Applied Research on Fertility Regulation, admits that pill use is down. "It's not been a dramatic drop," she says, "but it's been a slow drop. There are particular individuals who are less apt to be using the pill now than they were in the past: the over-30 group, since new data has come out about smoking and cardiovascular problems and pill use, and the teenage-to-early-20s group, because of a growing anxiety on their part about side effects—much of which is based on reality but a considerable amount of which is based on fears that have so far no basis in fact."

By 1976, pill use among American women 15 to 44 had dropped to 22.3 percent. From 1975 through 1978, there was a decline of 23 percent in the number of pill prescriptions filled by retail pharmacies—from 64,000,000 to 49,000,000. In those four years, retail pharmacy sales of one of the most popular oral contraceptives, Ortho-Novum, dropped an astonishing 49 percent.

When the first doubts about the pill began circulating, "some women," according to Dr. Connell, "went for a time to the I.U.D., especially the second generation of smaller, medicated I.U.D.s." Small devices made out of copper or plastic, I.U.D.s look like mutated zodiac signs: the Saf-T-Coil, Aries with ingrown horns; the Lippes Loop, Leo with a long tail. Placed in the uterus, they set up conditions that prevent conception; no one knows exactly how. At first, they promised to be as perfectly safe and perfectly effective as the pill had once seemed. By the early Seventies, women blithely were wearing them as internal charms, gynecological rabbits' feet. In 1973, 6.7 percent of American women aged 15 to 44 used I.U.D.s—compared with 5 percent in 1970 and only .7 percent in 1965.

But, like the pill, I.U.D.s betrayed their promise. In 1974, one of the most popular I.U.D.s, the Dalkon Shield, was withdrawn from the market because of its link to serious pelvic infection. Studies have shown I.U.D.s can cause anemia, cramps, hemorrhages, pain, spotting,

(continued on page 112)



Int'l Landi'

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

*a film that captures the
elusive eroticism of flowering womanhood*

Tender Cousins

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID HAMILTON



Above, in a key shot from "Tender Cousins," German actress Anja Shute (left), who plays Julia, shares a quiet moment with Madeleine—one of the maids in the movie. At right, a shot that was impossible to film because of the physical problems of lighting the room properly. "We would have had to tear the room down to film it," Hamilton told us later.

SOFT DREAMS, sweet dreams. Filled with the smooth and fragrant skins of delicately perspiring young girls: the flutter of their breath as they toss and stretch against rumpled sheets, their slender thighs aching with a timeless heat that the night breeze cannot assuage. That is the world of David Hamilton.

And in the world of photography, David Hamilton's vision is unique. Ever since the appearance of his first photographs in 1969 in the German magazine *Twen*, Hamilton has explored, perhaps more thoroughly than any other modern photographer, the nostalgic theme of childhood love and

sexual awakening. He was raised by his mother and sisters, and no doubt his predilection for creating a soft, feminine universe stems partly from those early years. No modern photographer has surpassed Hamilton's photographic portraits of emerging womanhood.

His approach contrasts with that of, say, Helmut Newton—another world-famed photographer who specializes in studies of the female form. Newton's world is harsh; his street-wise subjects are not uncommonly fettered. Hamilton's universe is a gentler one; his nymphets are prisoners only of their own innocence. Someone once called Newton the Marquis





de Sade of modern photography; if he is, then Hamilton is the genre's Frank Harris.

He chooses to photograph the fairest, most delicately featured, unself-conscious girls he can find. He dresses them simply, surrounds them with subtle illumination and then captures on film the innocent eroticism of their artless though utterly captivating postures. Although he usually shoots his sensitive tableaux in southern France, he often journeys to Sweden in search of models, "because Scandinavian girls are uncomplicated and very natural; they don't have

At left, Julia's personal maid helps her dry off. In the film, Julia's younger cousin Julien develops a mad crush on her, but she does not respond to his attentions. Right after this scene, he barges in and sees her nude for the first time. The event leaves him embarrassed. He'll learn.

Below, in a scene not in the movie, Julia languishes in a classical pose. Hamilton confesses: "So many of these shots depict scenes that I envisioned for the movie, but, given the exigencies of the weather and budget and so forth, I was not able to recapture them all for the film."



At right, maids Madeleine and Matilda gossip in the hayloft. Julien, tired of waiting for Julia to change her mind, recently lost his virginity there with one of the other maids. The girls imagine what may have taken place during Julien's first hay ride.



At left, Julia's personal maid is caught mid-bath while Julia relaxes in her half tub. Julien, jealous of their shared intimacies, then walks in on them.

This is another of Hamilton's special moments that had to be left on the cutting-room floor. He confided: "Making a movie isn't just showing a lot of pretty pictures."



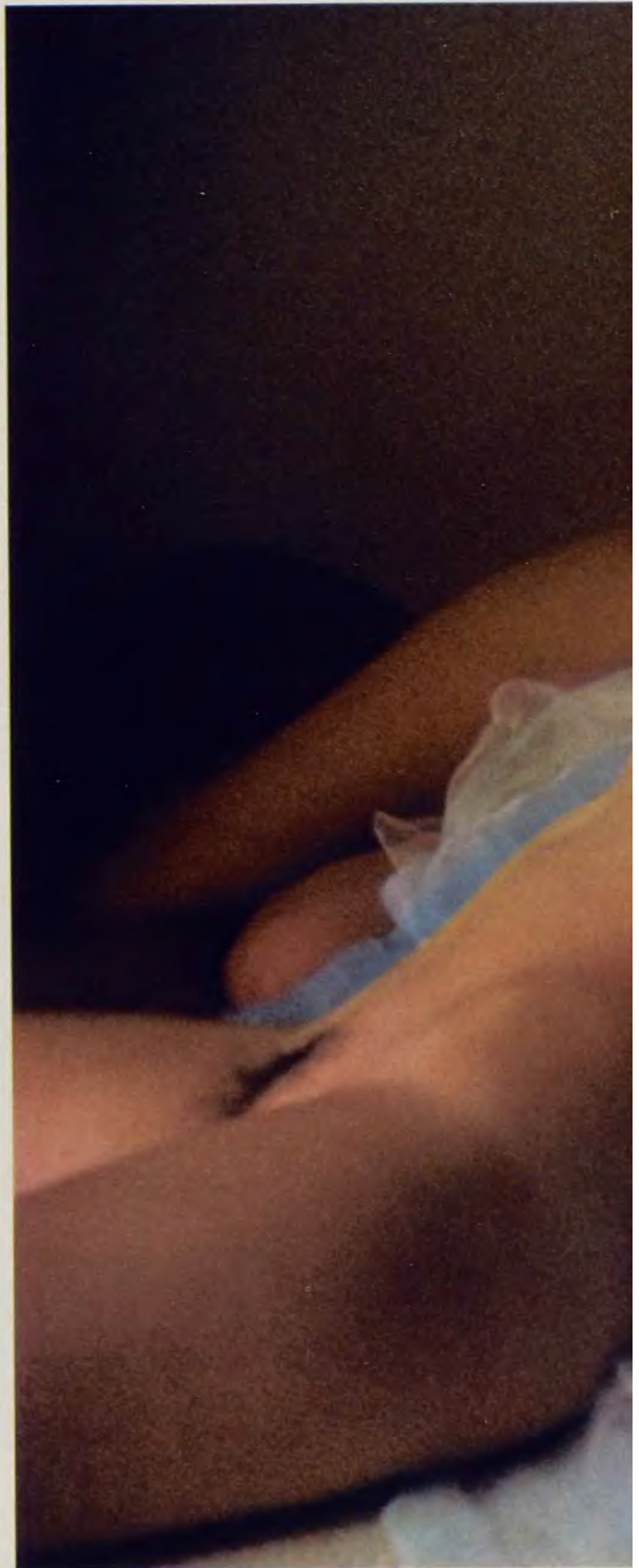
Hamilton is, of course, famous for shots such as the one above. Despite the specific project he is working on, all his work involves the same set of aesthetic goals that accompany his exploration of the naïf's exit from innocence—as this tableau attests.

complexes about their bodies."

Hamilton has made three feature films: *Bilitis*, an "art film" classic starring Patti D'Arbanville (featured in a May 1977 *PLAYBOY* pictorial photographed by Hamilton titled *Our Lady D'Arbanville*); *Laura: Les Ombres de L'Été*; and now *Tender Cousins*. These pictures are from the preproduction studies and the still-camera work from that movie.

Tender Cousins is about a teenage boy, Julien, who falls hopelessly and morosely in love with his cousin Julia during a summer at the family country house. Julia, played by German actress Anja Shute, pays very little attention to him. She only has eyes for her older sister's boyfriend, a handsome young officer. It is the beginning of the summer of 1939 and France is preparing for war. When all the men in the village go off to fight,

At left, Julia is caught in an old-masterly manner. "You can see why great artists achieved such simplicity," Hamilton explains. "They were broke. If Van Gogh had been rich, I suspect his paintings would have looked and felt completely different. There are a lot of good things about simplicity."



Julien finds himself, suddenly, the only man in this collection of beautiful women. And he learns the special responsibilities and rewards that situation can offer. One of them is his introduction to sex, given by an obliging and beautiful housemaid. His spirits, as one could expect, brighten. Even Julia begins to act differently toward him. *Tender Cousins*, due out in the United States soon (and also in book form, with text by Pascal Laine), promises to be even more popular than *Bilitis* (which was one of the most successful French films of 1977).

But more than that, *Tender Cousins* is Hamilton's most beautifully photographed film, and probably the truest reflection of his inner landscape. "For me," he says, "it's necessary that beauty be very soft."

"This is one of a series of shots I took while involved in the preproduction of 'Tender Cousins.' I didn't even have a script at that point. I had only the title and a sense of the look and ambience that I wanted from the film. Julia and Madeleine here evoke the feeling I wanted to record."



BEYOND THE PILL (continued from page 102)

"No one can afford to be embarrassed. Today's upheaval in contraceptive habits forces people to talk."

uterine and cervical perforations and, most seriously, pelvic inflammatory disease that can lead to permanent sterility or death. In fact, women who use I.U.D.s are two to four times more likely to suffer pelvic inflammatory disease than those who do not.

"I had a Dalkon Shield," says Peggy. "I started having these terrible pains. Terrible. I went to the hospital and they said appendicitis. I said, no, I knew it wasn't appendicitis. So I went to my gynecologist and I was right; it was the I.U.D. He took it out. I've never felt pain like that before."

Between 1973 and 1976, the percentage of women using I.U.D.s spiraled downward from 6.7 to 6.1—and there is evidence that in the past five years, the drop has been even more significant. Another lesson learned.

And now that the wonders of chemistry (the pill) and technology (the I.U.D.) look increasingly malevolent, more traditional methods of contraception are enjoying renewed popularity. The condom and the diaphragm have returned like royalty from exile. In 1978, condom sales started to climb by about 12 percent a year. Diaphragm sales also rose—from 503,000 in 1975 to 1,205,000 in 1978, a startling 140 percent increase in only three years.

Attitudes have changed from the old skulk and blush of the Fifties, when condoms were palmed from hand to hand as though they contained microdots of defense secrets being passed from spy to spy. In 1955, the Schmid Company finally got permission to discreetly display Ramses, the first public display in America; but 20 years passed before condoms left the pharmacist's drawer for the shelf.

Even their names are bolder. Instead of evoking the classical past and ancient civilizations (Trojans, Ramses, Sheiks), the new names designate erotic play: Fiesta, Excita, Stimula. They're shaped, ribbed, studded and colored (incidentally, the racial fantasies of at least two cultures can be gauged by condom use: In Sweden, black is the most popular color; in Kenya, it's white).

Due to FDA restrictions, American condoms are not yet as sensitive as their Japanese counterparts, which are thinner by half. Philip Harvey, former director of Population Services International, says that reducing the thickness of American condoms by one half would mean an increase of only one additional pregnancy for every 2,500,000 to 5,000,000

incidents of intercourse. We suffer by binding our pleasure to our paranoia.

Actually, the current effectiveness of American condoms is greater than most people realize. Condoms used with spermicidal foams have a theoretical effectiveness of better than 99 percent. Diaphragms used with spermicidal gel have a theoretical effectiveness of 97 percent. Pills have a theoretical effectiveness of 99.7 percent and I.U.D.s of 97–99 percent. Theoretically, then, condoms can be almost as effective as pills and more effective than I.U.D.s; diaphragms are virtually as effective as I.U.D.s.

The key word is *theoretically*. Unfortunately, theoretical effectiveness can lead to real pregnancies. But just as condoms can pop and diaphragms slip, pills can pass through women undigested and, if passion can pre-empt caution (aroused couples ignoring condoms in their giddy lust), so can absent-mindedness (pills left behind on vacations or forgotten during weekend romances).

When *actual* use effectiveness is compared, pills (90–98 percent) and I.U.D.s (95 percent) turn out to be no more effective than condoms used with spermicides (90–95 percent)—and only marginally more effective than condoms used alone (90 percent) and diaphragms used with spermicides (87 percent). There even is some evidence that among highly motivated women who have been taught how to use diaphragms properly, diaphragm effectiveness (95–98.1 percent in this case) may be equal to that of pills or I.U.D.s.

Admittedly, there are problems. Condoms break. "I'd be pumping away," says one condom veteran, "and all of a sudden my girlfriend would say, 'Hey, something feels a lot better.'" It's not difficult to see why they resisted jumping out of bed to put on a new one.

Women using diaphragms complain that the romance goes out the window when they have to insert the thing ahead of time. A diaphragm user's lament: "If I want to make love tonight, I'll put in the diaphragm ahead of time. Then, if nothing happens, if he turns over and goes to sleep, I'll be upset. So I finally said, 'I've had it. From now on, you just tell me and I'll prepare.' But that's so unromantic and it just gets everything off sync."

Effectiveness and convenience aside, few questions had ever seriously been raised about the safety of using the dia-

phragm. But this past spring, the Boston Collaborative Drug Surveillance Program at the Boston University Medical Center reported the results of a study indicating that women who become pregnant while using spermicides—foams, creams, suppositories and gels—may be more likely than nonusers to bear children with serious birth defects. The study is not conclusive, but even the suggestion of such a serious side effect can't help but cause many people to forgo—at least for the time being—the effectiveness edge their spermicides gave them. Without spermicidal gel, of course, the diaphragm is virtually useless.

If the pill and the I.U.D. tend to separate the sex act from contraception, condoms and diaphragms tend to focus attention on the genitals. Before the liberalizing of sexual attitudes, that focusing of attention often led to embarrassment. But now, no one can *afford* to be embarrassed. Today's upheaval in contraceptive habits forces people to talk, and there's plenty to talk about: Is the responsibility of contraception a power or a burden? And whose power or burden is it, his or hers? In the Fifties, when there was *no* discussion, men were supposed to be responsible, no wallet complete without its condom. In the Sixties and early Seventies, women were supposed to be responsible, on the pill or using an I.U.D. Today, particularly among those who practice casual sex, neither the man nor the woman can assume his or her partner is prepared; they must negotiate.

"I'm not sure what the power implications of the whole thing are," says Dr. Ira Reiss of the University of Minnesota, one of the country's leading sociologists of sexual behavior. "In a way, if a woman can get a man to use the condom because she doesn't want to take the risk of using the pill, then she has the power. On the other hand, you could argue that anyone who controls contraception is in the power position because he's controlling the likelihood of pregnancy. So the answer really is in how that contraceptive method got decided on, not just who's using it—whether it's the pill for the woman or the condom for the man. The power is more a matter of using a technique that both parties want or of using a technique that one party is imposing on the other."

This is the first hint of what the future of contraception might involve: bringing out even more into the open the struggle between the sexes that sometimes makes fucking seem like a fight between competing biologies—the visceraally conservative (one egg released once a month) and the visceraally prodigal

(continued on page 194)

FORECAST for summer: surfing, sailing and poolside maneuvers in the parching sun . . . followed by bourbon coolers. *Bourbon coolers?* Absolutely, old chum! They're brisk and beguiling; definitely different from the ubiquitous gin or vodka 'n' tonic. You'll get a lot more zip per sip and strike a blow for liberty, too. Bourbon is America's national spirit, so decreed by a solemn act of Congress in 1964. And, until rather recently, it was the popular year-round potion—right across the calendar.

If the idea of bourbon in July is a stopper, think of the renowned mint julep—coolest of the cool—based on bourbon, of course. The traditional bourbon highball, splashed with branch water or soda, also boasts a long, honorable history of cooling fevered brows and giving solace to distinguished statesmen as well as rank-and-file citizens. Bourbon offers *distinctive* taste. That depth of flavor performs a special function in long summer drinks. Because of its more intense flavor, bourbon stands up well to the inevitable dilution from melting ice. It also contributes its own singular savor, adding subtlety and flavor to drinks. The pale spirits tend to be neutral, losing their identities somewhat in the mix—whether it be orange, pineapple, grape, tomato or passion fruit. That muted quality is, of course, their attraction, too.

As with other distillers, bourbon producers have benefited from technological advances, and today's bourbons are lighter, smoother, cleaner and, therefore, more blendable. They're compatible with many of the familiar juices and sodas used with other spirits.

If you haven't tried bourbon coolers lately, you may be depriving yourself of a delightful sensuous experience. Give them a chance—starting with the recipes that follow.

BOURBON CHILL

- 1½ ozs. bourbon
- ½ oz. cherry liqueur (or sloe gin)
- Lime wedge
- 3 to 4 ozs. cola, chilled

Pour bourbon and liqueur over ice in tall glass. Squeeze lime into glass; add rind; stir well. Add cola; stir quickly.

in the cool of the evening or the hottest part of the day, sip into something tall and frosty made with bourbon

WHISKEY SUMMER



BOURBON SNAP

- 1½ ozs. bourbon
- ¾ oz. peppermint schnapps
- 1 large scoop chocolate ice cream
- ¼ cup crushed ice (optional)
- Club soda, chilled

Prechill blender container and large goblet. Combine bourbon, schnapps and ice cream in blender container. Add ice if desired. Buzz just until smooth. Pour into goblet and add generous splash soda; stir once. Serve with straws.

PRESBYTERIAN

An old-time bourbon drink, slightly modified for contemporary palates.

- 2 ozs. bourbon
- Lemon wedge
- 3 ozs. 7Up, chilled
- 2 ozs. club soda, chilled

Pour bourbon over ice in tall glass. Squeeze lemon into glass; add rind; stir well. Add 7Up and club soda; stir quickly and serve.

CATTLEMAN'S COOLER

(Serves two)

From the Cattleman, a Manhattan dining spot that calls itself an adult Western restaurant.

- 1 cup pineapple chunks, fresh or unsweetened canned
- 1 tablespoon superfine sugar
- 6 ozs. orange juice
- 3 ozs. bourbon
- ½ oz. Pernod
- 1 cup crushed ice

Garnish: pineapple chunk on pick
Buzz pineapple chunks and sugar in blender until smooth and frothy. Add remaining ingredients, except garnish, and blend until very smooth and frothy. Divide between 2 large wine or collins glasses. Decorate with garnish; serve with straws.

HANCOCK SOUR

Adaptation of a drink named for Winfield Scott Hancock, a Union general and candidate for the Presidency in the 1880 election.

- 1½ ozs. bourbon
- 1 teaspoon Jamaica rum
- ¾ oz. lime juice
- 1 teaspoon rock-candy syrup or superfine sugar
- Club soda, chilled

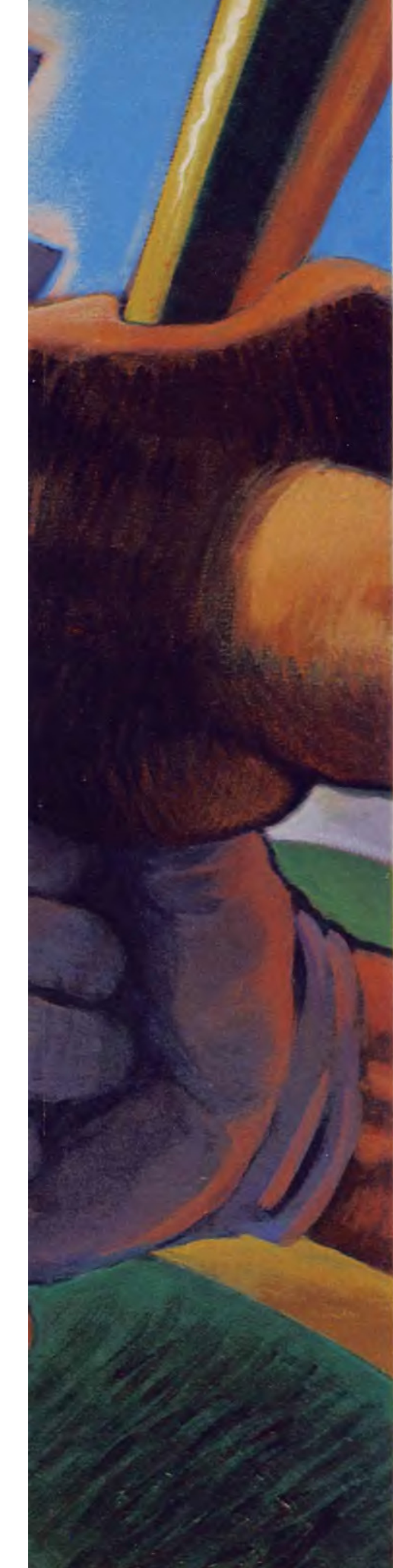
Shake first 4 ingredients briskly with cracked ice. Strain over fresh ice in large old fashioned glass. Add splash soda, or to taste.

drink

By EMANUEL GREENBERG







*successful pitchers don't win
by beating batters—they win by beating the
fears within themselves*

PITCHERS' DUEL

HE STOOD on the pitcher's mound with a baseball in his hand—a tall, gangling boy of 12 in a little-league uniform that was so small for him, the pants legs barely reaching his knees, that he resembled a stick figure. I remember he had a long face, and pale skin, and that his eyes were wide and unblinking, like those of a trapped animal.

He did not look like a pitcher, not even a little-league pitcher. He had to pause a second before each pitch to remind himself how to put his foot on the rubber, and then how to pump, and kick, and lunge, and follow through so that he was squared off against the batter now only a few feet away. And as he went through his motion, step by awkward step, he watched himself to make sure he got it right, watched himself with such simple concentration, in fact, his brow knitting, that he seemed to forget entirely about the batter. He had probably been recruited to pitch by his coach, the manager of a local supermarket, because he was so much taller than the other boys his age, and his coach had felt his size would frighten batters in a way his talent—or, rather, his lack of talent—would not. But he frightened no one. On this clear summer day, in full view of his parents, a few dozen fans and myself, already a little-league star pitcher at 12, he could not retire even the tiniest of batters. The fans laughed at him at first, and then they began to feel sorry for him. "He's trying so hard," said a mother in the home-plate stands behind me.

With each succeeding base hit, the pitcher took more and more time between pitches, until he was virtually immobile on the mound, unable to deliver another pitch. He looked toward the bench for his coach, but his coach was bent over, his hands cupped around a match, lighting a cigarette. The pitcher's shoulders sagged and he forced himself to begin his mechanical delivery once again. The batter hit a ground ball toward the mound. The pitcher followed it with his eyes, but he could not make himself reach for it. The ball passed very close to his right foot and continued on into center field. The pitcher remained frozen in his follow-through for a split second, as if an idea were forming in his head, and then he fell to the ground, clutching first his left foot and then his right foot as he writhed in the dirt. His coach and his teammates rushed out to him and the umpire called time. They hovered over him for a few minutes—his *(continued on page 118)*

sports **By PAT JORDAN**

IT'S SO NICE TO GO TRAVELING

modern living

The next time you hop a jet, hit the road or shove off aboard the QE II, you won't be packing up just your cares and woes if you stash in the corners of your valise some of the pint-sized and portable travel accouterments pictured here. Following the numbers:

1. Converter kit includes unit shown, plus another converter and four adapters, by Franzus, \$34.50, including a handy carrying case. 2. Awoke from Anchorage to Zamboanga with a Travel-Mote quartz alarm clock fitted into a case that folds up like a wallet, by Seiko, \$59.50. 3. Collapsible Porsche-design sunglasses with brown-tone lenses, by Carrera International, \$150. 4. For international dental hygiene, a rechargeable travel toothbrush with voltage adaptability for most foreign currents, by Braun, \$60. 5. Little Guy 1200-watt compact styling drier features three heat and air-flow levels, snap-in brush and comb attachments and a dual-voltage travel switch, by Clairol, \$25. 6. Cordless, rechargeable Seiko shaver housing a quartz clock and woke-up/appointment alarm, all compressed into a sleek, 7-oz. cylinder that fits into the palm of your hand, from The Shorper Image, San Francisco, \$74.50. 7. Portuguese-made moccasin-style calfskin slippers that come with a cloth travel bag, from Hunting World, New York, \$85. 8. Travel-sized after-shave moisturizer, \$9, deodorant stick, \$6, and conditioning shampoo, \$6.50, all by Chanel for Men. 9. Two-piece AM/FM mini-clock-radio that separates to work independently, if you wish, by Rondix, \$59.95. 10. All you well-heeled wandering



and it's even better when the accessories you tote make suitcase living just a little more fun



TV junkies will want to tote a TravelVision, an ultra-compact black-and-white TV with a 1½" screen and an AM/FM radio; the unit features a universal A.C. adapter, built-in rechargeable battery, automatic voltage regulator, detachable hooded magnifying lens and a snap-down incline stand, by Panasonic, about \$320. 11. Brass travel shoehorn with a fold-away handle, from Deutsch Luggage, Chicago, \$5. 12. Spanish, Italian, French and German (not shown) minidictionaries that come fitted into their own travel case, from E. Behrman & Stern, Jersey City, New Jersey, \$22.00. 13. Nomad Series cardura-and-vinyl travel case comes with ten fitted implements, from Noymer Manufacturing, Boston, \$30. 14. Disposable travel shavers with triple-honed stainless-steel blades, by Bic, about 80 cents for a package of four. 15. Mister Thin RF-066 battery-powered AM/FM radio with alarm is only 11/16" thick, by Panasonic, \$99.95. 16. The Successful Traveler set includes a deodorant stick, malt-enriched shampoo, cologne and after-shave lotion (not shown), by Aramis, \$14.50. 17. Pearlcorder X-01 microcassette includes a built-in clock, by Olympus Corporation of America, \$249.95. 18. Sip 'N Rinse mouthwash/gargle for travelers, by Drug Concentrates, \$6.75 for a box of 125 packets. 19. Poche Bijaux men's jewelry case in sturdy vinyl-coated cotton canvas lined with cowhide, by Louis Vuitton, \$300. 20. Three contoured stainless-steel flasks, plus four chrome cups, all housed in a leather case, from Leathersmith of London, New York, \$225.

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

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PITCHERS' DUEL

(continued from page 115)

"It takes a certain kind of character to be a pitcher, to expose oneself to the possibility of humiliation."

coach, down on one knee, massaging his right foot—and then he stood up. With his arms draped over the shoulders of two smaller teammates, he hobbled off the mound to the applause of sympathetic fans. That applause seemed to me then, as it does now, to have stemmed not only from the fans' sense of relief that the pitcher was not seriously hurt but also from their sense of relief that they would no longer have to witness his humiliation.

The fans' sympathetic applause began to build as he crossed the first-base line. Only I was not so sympathetic. I yelled out, loud enough for all to hear, "That's one way of gettin' off the mound!" The fans around me booed and hissed, and somebody shoved me in the back.

"You ought to be ashamed," a woman's voice said. But I wasn't. I knew, even then, that I was right.

It takes a certain kind of character to be a pitcher, to expose oneself to the possibility of such humiliation; and, while I recognized even then that that boy did not have it, I was positive I did. It was an easy assumption. I had been a pitcher since I was eight, and success had come swiftly. No-hitters. Strike-outs. Headlines in the local newspapers.

Success followed me into high school, and beyond, when I signed for a \$45,000 bonus with the then Milwaukee Braves in 1959. Until that point, I had experienced only good moments on the mound, moments when I was so totally in command that I could see it all clearly, outlined and in slow motion, even as I threw. Those good moments were always the same. It was as if I were standing outside myself, watching me throw. I imposed nothing on my talent. It had a will of its own, and its will was to perfect itself. All I could do was watch in amazement: my arm passing above my head at precisely the same angle on each pitch; the ball as weightless as Styrofoam in my hand; my motion so smooth and mechanically perfect that it seemed all of a piece. It required no thought, no effort, just an aesthetic appreciation for its perfection.

The ball traveled toward the plate in slow motion. I could count every stitch, every rotation, even as I knew it was traveling at a much greater speed than it appeared to be. The batter was helpless, irrelevant even, not a part of all

this, not even worthy of consideration, merely a foil for my *perfect* fast ball. He swung in slow motion, through my fast ball, as if the ball had decomposed before his startled eyes. He swung with such force that he dropped to one knee, as if to pay homage.

The ball recomposed itself in my catcher's glove with an echoing crack. The glove was fat and round, with a perfect pocket stained darker than the rest of the glove. With each pitch, that pocket grew larger and larger, larger even than the catcher, so large, in fact, that it obliterated everything—the catcher, the umpire, the batter—and all I could see was that I wanted to laugh. It was impossible for me not to throw the ball directly into that pocket.

That was the way it was before I went away to the minor leagues. It would never be that way again. I played three years in the minors, with diminishing success, until, finally, in the late summer of 1961, I found myself on a pitcher's mound in Tampa, in what would be the last professional game I would ever pitch.

By then, I had lost it all: rhythm, control, confidence, speed, everything. My pitching motion had become so confusingly complex—a box of spare parts I could not fit into a workable piece—that I, too, like that gangling boy of years before, had to pause a moment on the mound to remind myself how to put my foot on the rubber, how to pump, kick, lunge and follow through. But no matter how hard I concentrated on what had always been second nature to me—throwing a baseball—I could not remember how to do it. I could not impose my will on it, because it had a will of its own.

When I realized that, the helplessness of my position, on that mound, in front of a batter, fans, my own teammates, I felt panic. I could not swallow, and for one terrifying second I thought only of catching a breath. Terror-stricken, I looked toward the batter, began my pump, tried to remember but could not. Staring plateward, I saw at the end of a long, narrow, dark tunnel a minute fresco—the batter, catcher, umpire. I heard as if from a great distance the shouts of fans and the nervous shifting of my fielders behind me. Curiously, in mid-motion, I felt no exertion, was moving in a dream, without effort, disconnected, not even conscious of the ball

leaving my hand and moving a great distance through that dark tunnel.

Moments later, sensing its return, I raised my glove and caught it without feeling. I began my motion again, caught the returning ball, began my motion again, caught the returning ball, and so on and so on. I was vaguely conscious of everything that happened around that pitch—the crack of the bat, the spontaneous roar of the fans, the batter moving toward first base, my fielders shifting en masse toward the ball—*everything* except the pitch itself.

Suddenly, I was aware of my catcher walking toward me with his mask tucked under one arm. There was a look of pity on his face. To his left, I saw a stooped old man, a comical-looking old man in a uniform that was too big for him, hop out of our dugout and begin walking in my direction. When he crossed the first-base line, he dropped his cigarette and stubbed it out with his spiked shoe . . . my manager! I sighed, exhausted. I felt empty, filled only with air. Floating above things now. Not caring. Not a bad feeling. Nice, really. New to me. As the old man reached the mound, he was about to say something ("Atta boy, get 'em next time"), but I no longer needed to hear it. I smiled at him, looking strangely at me, shrugged, tossed him the ball and walked toward the dugout, knowing at that moment that I would never have to take the mound again—that finally the pressure was off, truly off, as it had been for that gangling boy years before.

I learned then, at 22, that despite my previous assumption and obvious gifts, I was lacking something, some intangible quality that would have made me a successful pitcher. What was it? I didn't know then, but years later, long after I had left baseball (the phrase I always use), I learned it was a certain kind of character that every successful pitcher must have if he is to conquer that pitcher's fear that rises in his throat every time he takes the mound in full view of fans, opponents and teammates alike. That fear can take various forms—fear of failure, fear of humiliation, fear of injury, fear beyond the game, fear, even, of success—but whichever form it takes, the result is always the same. It imposes almost unbearable pressures on the pitcher, who, alone, isolated on that small rise, is the catalyst around which the action swirls.

The truly great pitchers overcome that fear and its attendant pressures either by a fierce act of will or merely by surrendering to its whims, as if to fate. Moderately successful pitchers are indifferent to that fear; they postpone the

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"Can he call you back? He's on the other wire."

GREAT DANE

miss july may have inherited talents from her scandinavian forebears, but heidi sorenson's beauty and charm are entirely her own

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS



THOSE CLEVER DANES have an uncanny sense of design. By combining fine craftsmanship with deceptively simple lines, they blend modern and traditional as no one else does. Meet Heidi Sorenson, a dark-eyed, tawny-haired beauty of Danish extraction. Heidi's naturalness is thoroughly contemporary, yet you immediately sense something old-fashioned about her. Perhaps it comes from having lived abroad as a child. Although Heidi was born in Vancouver, British Columbia, she spent her early childhood in Denmark. Then it was back to Canada, this time to the near wilderness of Vancouver Island's west coast, where her father started a fishing company. "We lived in a houseboat in an Indian village," Heidi recalls. "It was a great place to grow up. My sisters and I were tomboys." When Canadian photographer Ken Honey first saw Heidi, she was working as a junior bookkeeper for a Vancouver radio station. "Ken started using me as a model for local magazines," she says. "It took me a while to pose for PLAYBOY, but I thought if I didn't do it, I'd kick myself

"I feel that a woman can best express her sensuality by being subtle. When you leave more to the imagination, you become more intriguing and a lot more desirable. In other words, to me, being subtle is being sexy."





"Since I arrived in L.A., my outlook on the future has changed a great deal. I have a sense of expectation. I like the people here—they seem to be easygoing and they're not so serious about life. But some day, I hope to have the best of both worlds, to be able to live here and have a place in Vancouver, too."

later." Heidi's family supported her decision. "I guess my family is not as conservative as most." Leaving Vancouver for Los Angeles was Heidi's toughest decision. "It was a major step," she says, "but I think I've grown up a lot in the past year or two." For some months, Heidi made Playboy Mansion West her Los Angeles base. "Everyone at the Mansion is so understanding and caring that it's like having a second family." That reinforcement helped her decide to audition for the singing Playmates group. "They didn't take me right away, probably because I was too self-conscious," Heidi recalls. "But I love to sing, so some months later, I tried out again, and this time I made it." During her spare time,









"I like things that are sweet and natural. I remember when I was little I used to eat strawberries and cream for breakfast. I still eat strawberries, but now I eat them with lots and lots of whipped cream."



"Waking up to the sunshine gets me out of bed quickly. I'm a sun worshiper and love to spend my time outdoors. But if it's one of those gloomy, rainy days, I just stay in bed and daydream about the man I'd like to be with." Who that man might be is Heidi's secret. "Whatever's between me and someone else is very personal. I guess I'm just old-fashioned."



"At the age of six, I began riding horses. Horses symbolize freedom to me." In 1979, Heidi won the Summer Madness bikini contest in Vancouver (below). "That was when photographer Ken Honey encouraged me to try out for Playmate."



when she's not rehearsing, she writes poetry—"I've been doing that since I was five"—and paints. Heidi's taste in art leans toward the traditional—Da Vinci and Renoir are two of her favorites—but her own water colors depict the seascapes and landscapes of her childhood. Some of Heidi's talent could be hereditary: Her great-grandfather's oil paintings still are exhibited in Denmark. "Painting is very important to me."

So are relationships. "I make the time and effort to be with people I care about, whether they're friends or lovers." And for Heidi, the two are closely intertwined. "I don't believe a man/woman relationship can grow unless you have that bond as friends." What's in store for Heidi? It's hard to tell where she'll leave her mark. Perhaps we'll see her paintings hanging in some gallery, hear her singing on records or read a published collection of her poetry. Maybe she'll simply leave her footprints on a deserted beach. No matter where Heidi Sorenson settles down, we're sure she'll be the center of attention.



MISS JULY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Heidi Sorenson

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'1/2" WEIGHT: 120 SIGN: Leo

BIRTH DATE: Aug. 5/60 BIRTHPLACE: Vancouver, Canada.

IDEAL MAN: sensitive, intelligent, good sense of humor, secure about himself.

TURN-ONS: physically fit people, children, animals, the ocean and the sun, people who like to laugh

TURN-OFFS: lazy people, people who are late, crowds, wasting my time.

HOBBIES: sketching, oil and water-color painting, writing poetry, collecting antique dolls.

FAVORITE MOVIES: My Fair Lady, Brian's Song, Zorba the Greek, The Wizard of Oz.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Barbra Streisand, Willie Nelson, Gordon Lightfoot, Abba, Kenny Rogers.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Racquetball, swimming, skiing, bike riding.

BIGGEST JOY: My family and my dog.



taking a snooze
4 months



me and my best
friend, Mom
11 years



trying to be
glamorous
17 years

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Bowled over by the discovery that the girl he considered his steady was also dating another fellow, the young man confided his dejection to a friend. "I just can't believe it," he sighed. "It was only last week, when I felt so close to her, that Kay said she'd never go out with anyone else."

"She must have been pulling your leg," remarked his confidant.

"No, she wasn't—I'm sure of that," responded the dejected one, "but you're close."



Corporal Collins, I've never seen you out of uniform before," the major said to the fine figure of a WAC when she had undressed in the motel room. "And may I say that you certainly look great in muftil!"

Perhaps you've heard about the fashionable California sperm bank that advertised a sale of designer genes.

It was while a wild rumor was circulating that overexposure to gas-pump fumes caused male impotence that one housewife said to another, "Aren't you worried about your husband's managing that service station, Emma? The air pollution there may cause him to lose the lead in his pencil."

"So what?" yawned Emma. "The big jerk doesn't do all of my writing, anyway."

A virginal fellow named Pruitt
Once asked to be shown how to do it;
But it soon became clear
That his mentor was queer—
And the upshot was, poor Pruitt blew it.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *superhung stud* as a heavy-equipment operator.

I just love the quietly evocative things in life," the girl he had picked up murmured to the fellow when they were embracing on the porch of his beach house. "The wind whispering across the dunes, the waves lapping on the sand, the distant chiming of a buoy in the fog . . . and, of course, the comforting rustle of ten or a dozen twenties."

There is dissatisfaction among the females who are being interviewed by His Serene Highness for vacancies in the sultan's harem," a eunuch informed the grand vizier.

"Why are the unworthy ones bitching?"

"They complain that many are balled but few are chosen."

As he listened to the troubled young lady reclining on his office couch, the psychiatrist realized with a start that he had the same problem she did—a crazy urge to tear all her clothes off!

Promotional premium available at a kinky sex shop: S/M Green Stamps.

The hard-on of shepherder Crews
Was one that he just couldn't lose.
He'd no girls to assault,
So perhaps one can't fault
His putting his dick to good ewes.

Before departing on a lengthy business trip, a wealthy precious-metals investor bought his mistress a solid-gold vibrator. He wanted the two things he treasured most in the world to be together.

Here's the slogan we're told has been chosen by a new group of militant female homosexuals: "Lez is more!"

Now I know," the secretary confided to a co-worker after an extra-long dictation session with the chairman of the board, "what 'a corporate giant' really means!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *female puberty* as cherry blossom time.



I arrested this young couple because I discovered them on the beach cliffs after public hours," testified the town cop.

"Was any explanation offered as to why they were there?" inquired the magistrate.

"Yes, your Honor. It had to do with being on the lookout for a submarine."

"A submarine! Did you believe that?"

"I can't rightly decide, sir—but there's this: Just before I began to climb down to the ledge where they were lying close together, I distinctly heard the young lady giggle, 'Up, periscope!'"

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.



JOHN
DEMPSEY

"Who the hell did you think was straightening the kids' teeth for free—the tooth fairy?"

UNDERCOVER ANGEL

article **By LAWRENCE LINDERMAN**

*to blend with his targets, a narc has to be a master at hiding
his true identity. sometimes even he can't find it again*

IT WAS FIVE O'CLOCK in the morning, January 3, 1978, and Dan Black was out of booze and almost out of speed. Nearly \$600 worth of methamphetamine had disappeared into his nostrils since noon, and now all he had left was a thin, two-inch line that sat on a small mirror on the motel nightstand. When he had checked in the morning before, the desk clerk had given him a bottle of California champagne as a belated New Year's courtesy. He had drunk it while it was still cold, and by midnight he'd also downed two six-packs of Coors and a quart of tequila. He had tried very hard to get into a mindless stupor, and he'd succeeded.

But it was a defensive, miserable high. Black needed to blot out the knowledge that he'd ruined his life and that it was finally over with the girl. He was weary and wanted to sleep, but just one bag of the crank he'd been sniffing would keep an elephant awake for two days. He was about to finish his eighth bag in the past 36 hours, so he wouldn't be nodding off just yet.

Leaning over the nightstand, he inserted a small straw into his right nostril, pinched his left nostril shut and took his last hit. God, he was stoned. He pictured the winged death's-head on the gas tank of his Harley and vaguely wondered what his own skull would look like after he was dead. The jolt inside his head made his eyes water,



and for a moment he studied them in the small mirror. They seemed to be shining, the pupils so dilated they reminded him of the bull's-eyes on pistol targets.

Black got up from the bed and staggered into the bathroom for a better look. He barely recognized the man staring at him from the medicine-cabinet mirror. In place of the heavily muscled athlete he had once been, he now saw a 170-pound speed freak in jeans and a dirty T-shirt. How *grungy* he had become. Black had always prided himself on being well groomed, but the burnt-out case in the mirror wore a scraggly beard and a greasy ponytail.

He studied his reflection more closely in hopes of seeing the man he'd been before becoming a narc whose cover name was Sid Davis. For a year and a half, drug dealers all over Northern California had done business with him and none had discovered that he was an undercover cop. How could they, when he had the perfect cover? Davis rode with the Hell's Angels, which no narc had ever done.

When the truth about his real identity surfaced, the Angels put out a \$15,000 contract on his life. He wasn't a threat to their operations, but his infiltration had been an insult. At that moment, however, if an Angel hit man had walked into the motel room determined to put a bullet in his brain, Black probably wouldn't have defended himself. One way or another, it was all coming to an end, and he didn't really care how. Several months before, when he had quit his undercover career, he'd been called the state's most effective narc. He could have been called some other things as well—such as a doper, an alcoholic, a biker and now a bank robber. How it all happened was a little fuzzy, because Black couldn't really think straight just then. If he could stay wired on speed for the rest of his life, maybe he'd never have to remember any of it again.

Dan Black became a narc at the age of 27. By then, he'd served on the Healdsburg, California, police force for five years, during which he'd made more than twice as many arrests as any other officer. He was a persevering young cop who didn't take weekends off because he didn't want to miss the action that took place on Friday and Saturday nights. Healdsburg, about an hour's drive north of San Francisco, is a tough country town of about 7000 residents, nearly a third of whom are *chicanos*. On weekends, the town's dozen or so bars are often the settings for fierce brawls that have only one redeeming feature: Usually, all participants manage to survive.

Although he was only 5'8" tall, Black

was exceptionally strong. Perhaps to compensate for his size, he'd begun lifting weights when he was 13 and within a few years had developed 17-inch biceps, a 44-inch chest and massively muscled thighs. At Healdsburg Senior High, he was a heavyweight wrestler, left fielder on the baseball team and an outstanding linebacker on the football team. After he graduated in June 1967, he enrolled at nearby Santa Rosa Junior College. He hoped to become a football coach; secretly, he dreamed of a career in the National Football League.

Both fantasies ended quickly. At football practices that August, Black chipped a bone in his elbow, severely sprained his left knee and, except for his left thumb, broke every one of his fingers. Nevertheless, he played in the season opener against Contra Costa Junior College. After the game, his fingers were so swollen he could barely grasp the cane he needed in order to walk. He quit the team the following week and forgot about football. In the spring, he switched his major from physical education to administration of justice and got a part-time job as a campus cop. Over the next few years, he went to school off and on, finally graduating in the fall of 1974 with a degree in police science.

In the summer of 1969, he married Claudia Penry, whom he'd been dating since his high school graduation. The couple moved into a small apartment in Santa Rosa and waited for Black to get a police job. In the meantime, he pumped gas at a Standard Oil station and Claudia worked as a nurse's aide at Santa Rosa Memorial Hospital.

They lived like that for more than a year. Black easily passed the oral and written tests he took when applying for police jobs in Berkeley, Richmond, Oakland and Los Angeles; but he couldn't satisfy the physical requirements. The problem was his weight: A 5'8" police recruit wasn't supposed to weigh more than 156 pounds; Dan weighed 230. In Los Angeles, the police department's examining physician gave him two months to drop 74 pounds. Black starved himself, took steam baths, exercised every day. When he went back for another physical, his waistline measured 32 inches; but he weighed 200 pounds and was again rejected.

Black was crushed. How could he have been so foolish as to school himself for a profession he couldn't possibly enter? Still, he was determined to make a go of it, and his luck turned around in September 1970, when he heard about an opening on the Cloverdale police force. Cloverdale, a nearby town of 2000 people, had different physical requirements. Black interviewed for the job and got it. His salary was only \$462 a

month, but he felt like a millionaire.

After seven months of handing out traffic tickets, Black learned that Healdsburg was about to hire another patrolman. Even though he still exceeded the weight limit for his height, he no longer had to worry about a physical: He was now a working cop who obviously kept himself in excellent shape. He joined Healdsburg's small force on April 9, 1971. His salary jumped to \$568 a month and he and Claudia made plans to start a family. The following year, she gave birth to the first of their two sons.

Black quickly became a seasoned, efficient policeman. He learned the ropes the way any local lawman does—by arresting thieves and muggers and by battling bikers, dopers and drunks. In most ways, he seemed to be a model cop. He was assiduously honest, didn't drink or smoke and didn't hesitate to kick ass when the situation called for it. He loved his work—so much so that he bought a home less than two blocks from the station house so he could be instantly available in an emergency.

His single-minded energy and dedication paid off: Three years after joining the Healdsburg force, Black became, at the age of 25, the youngest police sergeant in the city's history. Before promoting him, though, Healdsburg police chief Lou Bertoli sent Black through a six-week police leadership training program at San Jose State University. Then, after he had been a sergeant for almost two years, Chief Bertoli decided to send him to the FBI National Academy at Quantico, Virginia—after which he would be promoted to lieutenant.

Those plans changed in late 1975. That September, Black's police judo instructor told him that the sheriff of Lake County was about to hire his department's first undercover narcotics agent. Since narcs were notorious for quick flame-outs, the sheriff was looking for a uniformed officer who would learn the job before going to Lake County.

Black wanted it. He had visions of busting up bigger dope rings than the French Connection, of zapping major California drug dealers, of personally putting a stop to several million dollars a year in drug traffic. Narcs dealt in danger, action and adventure, and Dan Black was all for that.

His next-door neighbor, Joe Ross, was a narc, so Black knew what to expect: He'd have to dress like a slob, grow a beard and long hair, be away from home for two or three weeks at a time and associate with the dregs of society. He'd also have to take a pay cut from \$15,000 to \$11,000, but none of it mattered. The opportunity was simply too good to pass up; for when his undercover duty was done, Black would be in

(continued on page 142)

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

*rest in peace, old summer sack suit;
today's trim and tailored styles are the
coolest thing to happen to warm weather
since the discovery of the skinny-dip*

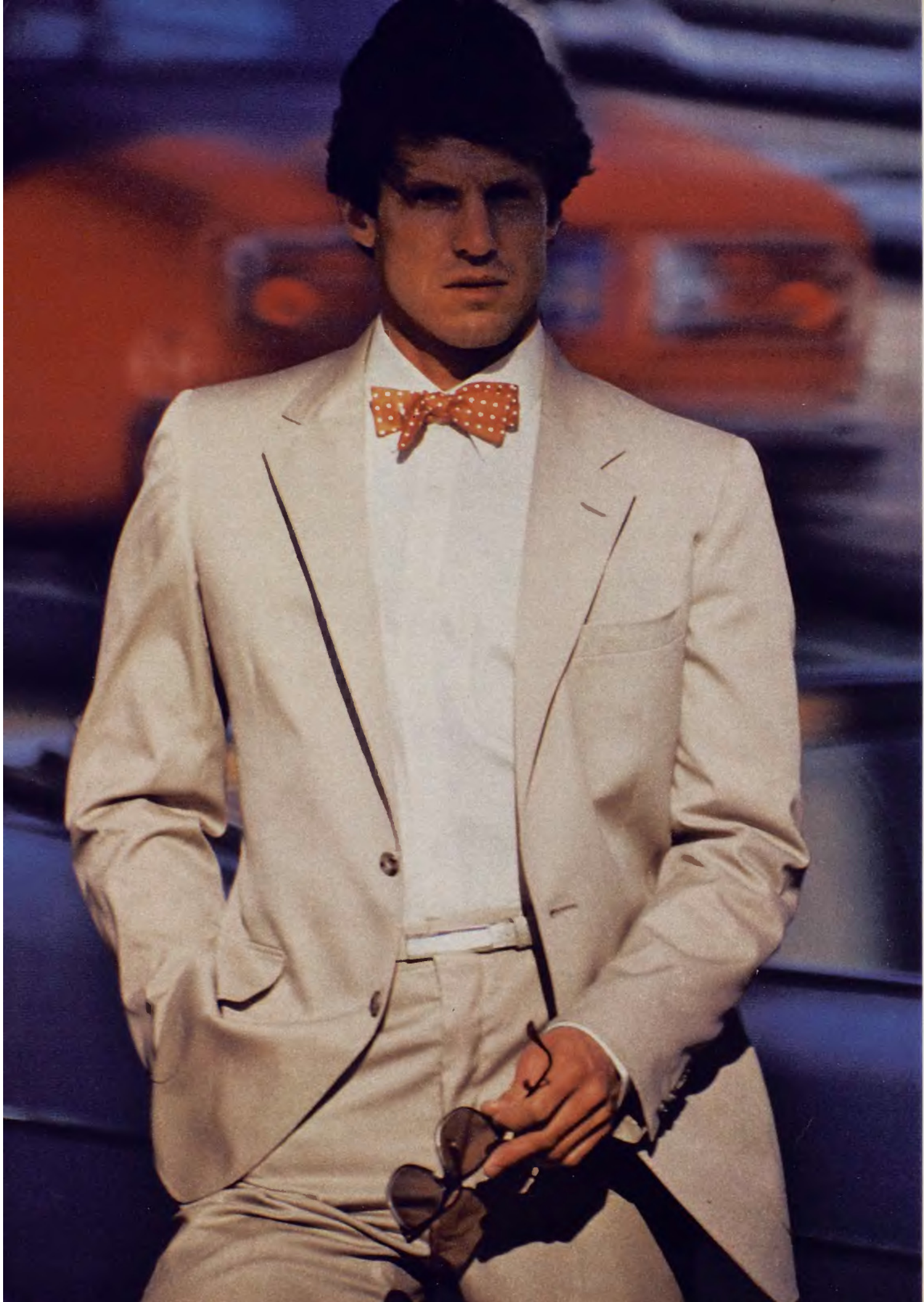
HOT CITY LIGHTS



Above: Here's a real hot-weather grabber—a white polyester/linen double-breasted jacket, about \$250, that's been teamed with white cotton slacks, about \$53, a cotton long-sleeved shirt, about \$37, and a silk tie, about \$50, all by Gianni Versace Design.

IT'S SUMMERTIME and, despite air conditioning, iced tea, night baseball and jumping into the lake, most cities from Schenectady to San Diego are hotbeds, day and night. The good news is that your summer suit no longer need be a two-button sauna or a shapeless sack resembling what Paul Muni wore in *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*. The tailored look that we've come to associate with the crisp no-nonsense cut of winter business attire has been translated into more relaxed summer styles and the result

is a whole closetful of smart, comfortable suits (sports jackets, too) that you can live in no matter how high the Fahrenheit climbs. Other hot fashion innovations for summer months are the increased popularity of pastel accessories and the resurgence of interest in double-breasted suits. Double-breasted in summer? Sure. The trick is to treat the suit insouciantly; push the sleeves up or wear it over a sweat shirt (not the one you save for washing the car)—anything that says you're in control of your clothes.





Above: This young thing is definitely seeing double—his cotton iridescent double-breasted suit with peak lapels and patch pockets, by Country Britches, about \$250; worn casually over a cotton crewneck, by Bill Ditfort Designs, about \$30. The cotton pocket square is by Nick Philolius, \$6.

Left: This tan cotton suit, by Cricketeer, about \$160, is a classic summer favorite that takes on a new look when you couple it with a polka-dot bow tie, by Vicky Davis, about \$10; a cotton shirt, by Nino Cerruti, \$28.50; and a snakeskin belt with a sterling buckle, by Dennis Higgins, \$275.

Right: The elements of this linen suit, by David Leong, include a ventless jacket, \$300, and trousers with an elasticized waistband, \$60, that can be purchased separately or as an ensemble. The matching linen shirt, \$48, is also by David Leong; and the knit tie, by John Henry, about \$10.





Left: This skillful mating of colors includes an orange three-button single-breasted jacket with notch lapels and three flap pockets, \$195, that's teamed with white cotton double-pleated slacks, \$55, a multicolor-striped cotton/linen buttondown shirt, \$45, and a yellow cotton cable V-neck sleeveless pullover with rib trim, \$50, all by Alan Flusser.

Right: Obviously, our man is definitely not chairman of the bored in this wool/mohair muted-stripe herringbone suit, from Fitzgerald by John McCoy, about \$275; plus a cotton shirt with medium-spread collar and a patch pocket, by Calvin Klein, about \$32.50; and a hand-woven tie, by Susan Horton, \$26.

Below: The long, hot summer will be infinitely cooler in this polyester/linen pinstripe suit, by Country Britches, about \$220; it's coupled with a polyester/cotton shirt with a medium-spread collar, from Brigade by Arrow, \$18; a cotton knit tie, by Manhattan Accessories, about \$10; and a cotton belt with a brass buckle, by Harness House, \$10.





UNDERCOVER ANGEL

(continued from page 136)

"Black must have been very drunk, because he did an unpardonably stupid thing. 'I'm a narc,' he said."

line to run Lake County's narcotics bureau, then in the planning stages. The work *would* be dangerous, but from what he could discover, the real dangers were internal: Most narcs became alcoholics and their marriages often broke up. But that, of course, wouldn't happen to him.

On December 1, 1975, Black was interviewed for the job by Lake County sheriff Alvie Rochester. Rochester liked what he saw. Black had the mild, good looks of a preacher's son and the body of a veteran stevedore. The sheriff knew that Black was an ambitious proven cop with a streak of daring a yard wide, but there was also something innocent and old-fashioned about him. One thing was clear: Black's record indicated he never gave anything a halfway effort. Rochester hired him without hesitation.

Black spent January through May of 1976 learning how to be a narc. He was attached to Sonoma County's narcotics unit, and when he reported for work, he knew nothing about the drug culture. He didn't understand, at first, that the dealers' beautiful women were there because the only way they could get their heroin was to fuck for it. He didn't know that junkie mothers shot up their kids to keep them quiet. He'd never seen people unable to slip needles into their arms because their veins had collapsed. He was unaware that junkies paid \$25 for quarter teaspoons of heroin that were sold in toy-store balloons rolled up tighter than condoms. He learned to simulate snorting dope by using a straw blocked with cotton. There was a *lot* to learn, but Black was a good student.

He was teamed with another trainee, Ed Clarke, a burly hard-nosed cop who has since become a Sonoma County deputy sheriff. Together, they busted dealers and users by following traditional narc procedures and inventing several of their own. One of their standard scams was to cruise local highways, picking up the scruffiest hitchhikers they saw. Black and Clarke told them they were construction workers goofing off for the day, or else they claimed to be bank robbers with money to burn. Hitchhikers often knew where to buy narcotics and unknowingly helped them set up dozens of drug busts.

Black courted dealers the way a patient man courts women. He'd frequently

meet them at bars, pay for their drinks and arrange another meeting, usually for dinner. He bought meals for dealers at some of the Bay Area's fanciest restaurants. If a connection seemed overly suspicious, Black wouldn't mention narcotics until he had known the guy for several weeks. At that point, he'd admit to being a dealer himself. The rest usually fell into place without a great deal of effort.

In five months, Black picked up the fine points of being a narc. "Dan's biggest assets were his honesty, his nerve and his dedication," says Clarke. "The other guys we trained with sometimes called him Serpico, but not because he was a threat to them. Hell, they *admired* Serpico, though they felt he probably was a little too zealous for his own good."

Black was like that, too: He lived for the job. As a result, he and Clarke racked up more than 90 drug arrests during their training period. Black was then ready to go out on his own.

That June, he drove 50 miles north to Lake County. Clear Lake, from which the county derives its name, is shaped like a large dog leg and is just over 20 miles long. Several rustic towns surround the lake, but they've never really caught on with travelers. A couple of well-financed resorts were built along the lake at the start of the Seventies, however, and after that, the county's tourism picked up a bit. So did its drug traffic.

Black arrived there in a 1961 Plymouth Valiant issued to him by the county sheriff's Special Investigations Division. He also received a phony driver's license made out to "Samuel Ike Davis," but he couldn't abide being called Sam. When he noticed that the initials of his cover name were those of the S.I.D., he simply renamed himself Sid. His blond hair now hung below his shirt collar, he'd grown long sideburns and a Fu Manchu mustache, and he sported turquoise-and-silver rings on every finger.

He rented a furnished room for \$100 a month in the lake-front town of Clearlake Highlands and began looking for dealers in local bars. It took him two weeks to make his first buy—five bags of crank for \$100. That got him plugged into the area's dope action, if that was the word for it: Lake County's drug traffic was disappointingly small. In his first six weeks there, Black gathered evidence on 16 dealers, all of them nickel-and-dimers. Once a week, he delivered

the drugs he had bought, along with written reports, to a deputy sheriff he met at night along a dirt road five miles from town. The deputy, in turn, gave him more money for dope. Although the S.I.D. felt he was doing a fine job, Black's inability to make a big score was getting him down.

One afternoon, however, he was told about a major drug supplier in Marin County, and he arranged a \$1000 heroin buy for the next night. His spirits soared as he contemplated busting a heavy-duty dealer; as it turned out, the man could barely manage two bags of low-grade heroin for \$50. There was no point in making an arrest, for Marin County's S.I.D. wouldn't appreciate a scab narc turning up with such a penny-ante drug bust. Black stormed out of the dealer's house and headed straight for the nearest redneck bar. He intended to get royally potted.

Five brandies-and-Seven-Up took the edge off his anger, as did the conversation he struck up with a biker sitting next to him at the bar. Charlie Harris was a little guy who looked as if he'd made a career of getting stomped on. There were scars all over his face, his nose was smashed in. He wore a denim vest that proclaimed his membership in the Misfits, a bikers' club with chapters in Sacramento and Santa Rosa. He seemed like a friendly enough soul, though, so Black bought him a few rounds.

When the tab for the drinks came, Black fished out a wad of bills, maybe \$1200 worth. Harris did a double take. Then he asked where the money had come from. Black must have been very drunk at that point, because he did an unpardonably stupid thing. "They give it to me to buy dope," he said.

"You deal?" Harris asked.

"Hell, no," he answered. "I'm a narc."

As soon as he said it, Black realized that in one swift, idiotic stroke, he'd put his life in jeopardy. Harris was silent for maybe a minute and then asked a few questions to see whether or not the guy was putting him on. The guy wasn't.

"You're a real *crazy* son of a bitch," Harris finally said. "Hey, if I wanted to, I could get you dusted, you know?"

"You won't," Black replied, suddenly sober again. "Nothing's happenin', anyway. If people got dope to sell, they sure aren't sellin' it to me."

"That's 'cause you ain't doin' it right," Harris said. He looked Black over carefully and then shook his head from side to side. "What are you supposed to be, a walking turquoise machine? It ain't that easy."

Harris told him that dealers were hip to narcs trying to pass themselves

(continued on page 220)

fiction
By WALTER LOWE, JR.

BEN OSCZHIO

*"are you too small to satisfy your woman?"
read the odd little leaflet. "see dr. brazil and
discover how big a man you can be"*



SKIP WILLIAMSON

BENJAMIN OSCZHIO suffered from a multitude of burdens. First, there was his wife, Katrinka, a mammoth harridan who had never lost an opportunity to belittle him throughout their 16 years of marriage. Then there was his job at the delicatessen. It paid only \$220 a week, and his rent was \$350 a month, and what with inflation and Katrinka's

appetite, he was gradually getting into serious debt. Katrinka had offered to return to work—she had been a cashier at the delicatessen when he met her 17 years ago—but he liked being the sole breadwinner. It was the only thing in his life that gave him a sense of superiority over her. Besides, Katrinka didn't really want to work. She much preferred

spending her days padding around their four-room apartment in her furry pink house slippers, eating herself into exhaustion. To make matters worse, old man Epstein, whose family had operated the delicatessen for 32 years, had decided to close the business and retire to Florida. "Too many holdups. The neighborhood's gone bad," he (continued on page 146)

UPTIGHT

&

LOOSE

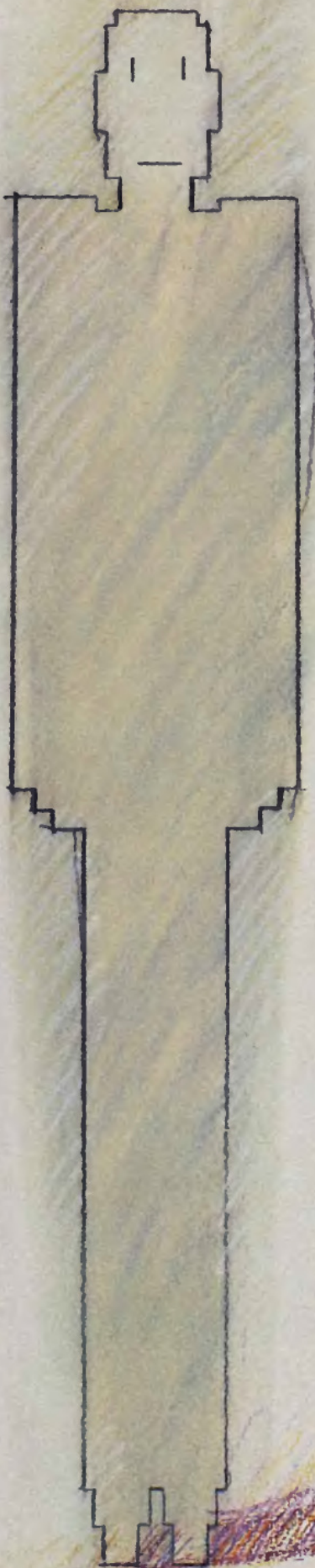
THERE ARE TWO KINDS of people in this world—those who insist that there are two kinds of people in the world and those who don't. As we were saying, there are two kinds of people in this world: the uptight and the loose. Face it; you're either one or the other.

How can you tell which you are? Uptight people take themselves seriously, and they hope you're taking them seriously as well. Neatness counts, but it's not everything. Some slobs are uptight, while some fancy dressers are loose. Loose people have a style that Alexander Haig would never understand.

The quintessential uptight and loose characteristics are hard to nail down. So let's start with a few examples. Some subjects nearly classify themselves. For example, Debbie Harry is loose, while Debby Boone is uptight. Pete Rozelle—uptight; Al Davis—loose. The Reverend Jerry Falwell—uptight; the Reverend Ernest Angley—loose. Get it?

Sometimes it's not so easy. Beware of deceptive labeling: John Anderson pretends he's loose but is uptight. Teddy Kennedy pretends he's uptight, but he's loose. Nancy Friday is uptight, even though she talks dirty about men. Al Goldstein is loose.

Flash Gordon is loose, but Superman's a white-knuckle flier. Rodney Dangerfield is uptight on the outside but loose on the inside. Doc Severinsen is the reverse. Robert Blake thinks he's loose, but he's really uptight. Robert Redford is loose, but he tries to hide it. G. Gordon



Liddy used to be uptight but won't be reclassified as loose until he either gives up his first initial or starts using his first name. Sorry, G., but rules are rules.

Speaking of rules, *all* dogs, as a rule, are loose, except for Benji, who is uptight. All cats are uptight, except for Morris, who is loose. B. Kliban stationery, towels, toilet paper, etc., are all uptight. B. Kliban is loose.

The Rug Rule: Men who wear toupees are uptight. Howard Cosell is no exception. Willard Scott is.

Magazines are loose. Newspapers are loose on page one and uptight on the editorial page. The First Amendment crowd sorts out as follows:

Uptight	Loose
<i>The New York Times</i>	<i>The Wall Street Journal</i>
William F. Buckley's column	William F. Buckley on <i>Firing Line</i>
<i>U. S. News & World Report</i>	<i>Newsweek</i>
<i>Ms.</i>	<i>Savvy</i>
<i>Cosmo</i>	<i>Redbook</i>
<i>Women's Wear Daily</i>	<i>W</i>
<i>Highlights for Children</i>	<i>Ranger Rick's Nature Magazine</i>
<i>National Geographic</i>	<i>GEO</i>

TV is basically uptight, but there are some free spirits. Robert Hughes is loose as Toulouse but not so short. Fellow PBS-er Carl Sagan is as airtight as his scientific theories. All anchor men except

*from briefs to boxer shorts,
the whole world breaks down
into two distinct categories*

for David Brinkley are uptight. All weathermen are loose. Dan Rather wants to be loose but isn't. Ted Koppel looks too much like Yoda to be classified. Board-room pitchman Lee (Factory to You) Iacocca is uptight; James Garner is loose. (Perhaps he'd be uptight, too, if he had to sell Chryslers instead of Polaroid cameras.) *M*A*S*H* is uptight (even though half the cast is in stitches). Phil Donahue, J. R. Ewing and the Ingalls are uptight. Andy Rooney, Larry Hagman and the Waltons are loose.

Loose Charlie's Angels: Kate Jackson, Tanya Roberts, Jaclyn Smith, Cheryl Ladd.

Uptight Charlie's Angels: Farrah Fawcett, Shelley Hack, Lady Diana Spencer.

Uptight Hall of Fame: Paul Lynde, the Ayatollah Khomeini, Jean Harris, Caspar Weinberger, Jesse Helms, Tom Snyder, Gay Talese.

Loose Hall of Fame: Miss Piggy, Johnny Carson, Willard Scott, Buddy Hackett.

Smokers, Weight Watchers and est are all uptight. Don Juan the Yaqui sorcerer is loose. W. Clement Stone is uptight, but Obi-Wan Kenobi is loose. Uptight: sex advice from *Dear Abby*. Loose: Sex advice from the tantric master Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh.

Uptight Newtons: Fig, Olivia, Wayne.

Uptight: All famous women named Nancy. Also guns and vacuum cleaners.

Loose: The Rolling Stones.

Uptight: *Rolling Stone*.

Presidents who golf, have kitchen cabi-

nets, hold meetings in bathrooms, show you their scars or split logs are loose. Presidents who carry their own luggage, jog, talk to mirrors or split logs to slay the killer trees are uptight.

Downstairs neighbors who bang on the ceiling with broom handles are uptight, as are neighbors who leave anonymous notes about your garbage. Uptight neighbors: Mister Rogers, Mexico, George Jefferson. Loose neighbors: Ed Norton and Canada.

Valuable Assets: Goldie Hawn is loose. Minnie Pearl and Ruby Dee are loose. Neil Diamond is uptight.

Typcasting: Loretta Lynn and Sissy Spacek are loose.

It's How You Play the Game That Counts: Dick Vermeil, Bowie Kuhn and Dave Kingman are uptight. George Brett, Mean Joe Greene and Terry Bradshaw are loose.

Christine Jorgensen did it for love, but René Richards did it to win—that's uptight.

Uptight: Pope John Paul II kissing your sister.

Loose: Father Guido Sarducci kissing your sister.

Are They Uptight or Just Close? Jane Fonda is uptight, but she taught Tom Hayden how to be loose. Garry Trudeau is loose, but Jane Pauley is uptight, except when she takes her guitar to work. Liz and John Warner are uptight; he taught her everything he knows.

Loose Lips: Miss Rona.

Screwloose: Devo.

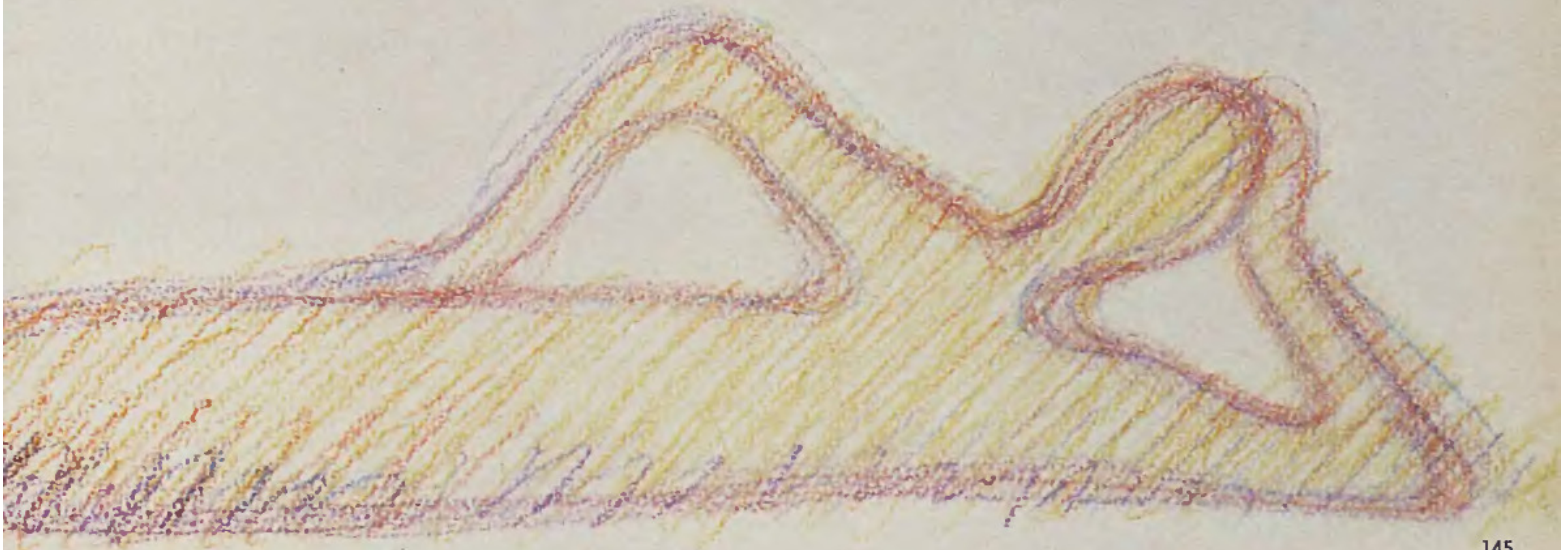
Footloose: Fred Astaire.

Loose dates: January 1, February 2, February 29, April 1, October 31.

Uptight dates: April 15, November 11, December 7, Blind.

To sum up, here's a handy guide to help you chart the rest of the world along its uptight/loose axis:

Uptight	Loose
New York City	Austin, Texas
Miami	Key West
Woody Allen playing Woody Allen	Woody Allen playing clarinet
Lisa Birnbach	Charles Gaines and George Butler
<i>The Official Preppy Handbook</i>	<i>Pumping Iron</i>
The French	The Italians
The New York Yankees	The Oakland Athletics
American Express	Visa
Guns	Butter
MacNeil	Lehrer
Ron Reagan, Jr.	Jack Ford
Tax lawyers	Tax accountants
The Sears Tower	The Leaning Tower of Pisa
Betty Crocker	Famous Amos
Ma Bell	Taco Belle
El Salvador	Aruba
Cocaine	Marijuana
Keith Jarrett	Chick Corea
Jogging	Walking
Halston	Ralph Lauren
Frank Borman	Freddie Laker
Barbra and Barry	Peaches and Herb
Rice	Pasta
Bucket seats	Back seats



BEN OSCZHIO

(continued from page 143)

“*Mbigoné is the ancient god of seduction. To those who worship him, he grants godlike sexual organs.*”

told Ben. So, very shortly, Ben would be out of a job at the age of 48, qualified to do nothing more than slice ham, dish out potato salad and write prices on bags. Living in a \$350-a-month apartment with a wife who consumed \$15 a week in white bread alone (not to mention ten bucks' worth of peanut-butter cups), he was a man in trouble.

But great though those miseries were, none was so great as his primary, fundamental, never-ending woe. He had a tiny penis. Not just small. Tiny. So tiny that Katrinka, to mock him when he refused to meet her frequent demands that he steal food from the deli for her, would take an unshelled peanut to their bed that night and masturbate with it, whispering, “See? If you were only this big, you could make me happy, Benjamin.”

Of course, he'd tried everything to make it bigger. He bought his first “guaranteed” lotion from a fortuneteller when he was 17. Since then, he'd tried innumerable powders and salves, electric stimulators, vacuum pumps and a horrible little contraption he nicknamed The Rack. Along the way, he had managed to stretch it from one half inch to five eighths of an inch, and several times nearly lost it altogether. He hated it. “A little nubbin of a nubbin,” Katrinka called it when he hid the butter from her. She liked to eat a pound of butter, softened and mashed with sugar, while watching television.

His penis, what there was of it, was the bane of his existence. He'd been too shy to get very far with girls in high school, and even through early manhood, he rarely let a woman see him undressed. Most often, he induced his dates to let him pleasure them by means other than intercourse while he surreptitiously played with himself. It was very unsatisfactory.

Then he met Katrinka. She wasn't so fat then, weighing only about 180. And when he discovered that she loved dildos and vibrators (she confessed this while drunk one night as they sat in the tavern down the block from the deli), he figured she was as good a match as he'd ever find, so he proposed. For the first three years, they'd had a good time. He bought several expensive, large, soft-inside, hard-outside strap-on dildos and even one that vibrated. He loved the feeling of power the huge dildos gave him as he thrust between Katrinka's massive jiggling thighs.

But, inevitably, technology becomes

boring. The novelty wore off. Katrinka began whining that she wanted a *real* prick, a mammoth organ as big as her favorite dildo, the vibrating, multistudded Black Mambo. She began buying *Playgirl*. She began eating. She lost interest in sex with him.

So for the past 13 years, Benjamin had resorted to prostitutes. Over the years, he'd had several favorites: women who were convincing at moaning and screaming the things he paid them to say, like, “Oh, God, you're splitting me apart!” and “Jesus, I feel like I'm fucking a stallion!”

However, there were several problems connected with that habit. One was his dread of venereal disease. Another was the cost, a serious strain on his perpetually overstrained budget. The worst part, however, was the grief Katrinka gave him whenever she suspected that he'd been “dipping his pea in some whore's pudding,” as she put it. For, although she'd lost interest in him sexually, she was nonetheless violently jealous. Once, one of his “girls” had called him at home and Katrinka went on a rampage, wrecking the apartment and beating him soundly about the head and shoulders with a cotto salami.

So it was on a particular Tuesday morning that Benjamin Osczhio didn't go to work but, instead, went to a downtown sporting-goods outlet to purchase a gun with which to blow his brains out. As he approached the store, a cold chill swept over him. I'm actually about to take my life, he thought, because my penis is too small. That's ridiculous. It was so ridiculous that he couldn't go through with it. He sat down on a sidewalk bench, buried his head in his hands and wept. People passed by, but Ben didn't notice. Nobody cares, he thought, for a man with a tiny penis. Then he prayed. And his prayer went something like this: “Dear Whoever it is out there, I'll do anything for a larger penis. I'll serve my fellow man, be honest and upright all of my life, go to church, never tell a lie. But, *please*, give me just three inches. Three *inches*, it's all I ask.” For a moment, he was transfixed in concentration. Then, with a sigh, he opened his eyes and felt his crotch. It was still the same. He sighed again. He glanced down at the bench and spied an odd little leaflet lying there. It said, “Are you too small to satisfy your woman? See Dr. Brazil and discover how big a man you can be.” There was a para-

graph referring to Dr. Brazil's mastery of South American occult mysteries, and a phone number. Nothing about devices, gadgets, potions or lotions. It was the strangest penis-extender advertisement he'd ever seen. Taking it as an answer from Whomever, he promptly made a phone call.

Dr. Brazil was a tiny brown man with penetrating black eyes and thick eyebrows that merged over his nose. He smelled strange, Ben thought, kind of like library paste. He sat Ben down in his tiny shuttered office and asked about Ben's problem.

“I have a little penis.”

“How little?” asked the doctor.

“Very little.”

“And you would like a large one?”

“Yes, sir.”

“How large?”

“As big as they come. So to speak. Heh.” The doctor didn't smile.

He was as small as a child. He stood and walked across the room to a file cabinet. Ben noticed that he walked with a limp. When the doctor returned to his desk, he said, “You probably notice that I walk with a limp.” Ben nodded. “Do you have any idea why?” Ben shook his head. “Because I have to strap it to my leg.”

Ben blinked. “What?” he asked.

The doctor stood up, promptly unfastened his trousers and let them fall to the floor. He was telling the truth. It was covered in a long Argyle knee sock, but Ben estimated its dimensions to be nine inches around, 18 inches long. The doctor pulled up his pants and sat behind his desk as if nothing had happened. Ben was speechless.

“Once, mine measured only half an inch,” the doctor smiled, showing small, white teeth. “But that was before I discovered Mbigoné.”

“What's Mbigoné?” Ben asked.

“Mbigoné, my friend, is not a *what*. It is a *who*. He is the ancient Indian god of seduction and deceit. To those who worship him and make sacrifice to him, he grants godlike sexual organs.”

Ben stood and headed for the door. “I've heard a lot of crap in my life,” he said, “but that's the worst. If you think I'm going to pay you for some kind of magic potion, forget it. I tried that when I was seventeen.”

He was opening the door when Brazil called out, “Before you go, look at this!” Something in the little man's voice compelled Ben to turn around. The doctor was holding a photograph. “Come, look at this,” he urged. “It was me before I learned the secret of Mbigoné.”

Against his will, Ben strode over
(continued on page 164)



jayne kennedy—the oh, so sexy object of your fantasies on “nfl today”—is starring in an update of the classic fight film. sorry, guys, her husband is making it with her

we've all heard those sorry sagas of husband-and-wife teams in Hollywood: how perfectly good marriages have been ripped apart when one spouse hits the big time and the other is left behind, doing bit parts and supermarket commercials. Or how some

Body and Soulmates

husbands maneuver themselves into the role of Svengali/manager, guiding the blossoming career of a beautiful wife. If he's successful in making her a star, his reputation as a manager is secured—an odd symbiosis that has also led as often as not to the

JAYNE AND LEON ISAAC KENNEDY
PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR PLAYBOY BY KEN MARCUS



A daily regimen of 500 sit-ups and running several miles put Leon in shape for the film's complex and difficult boxing matches, like that shown above. His opponents were not actors but top-ranked pro fighters, and Leon claims he often left the ring bruised and battered by punches that were supposed to miss but landed full force.



What's a potential champ to do? He can either succumb to the pleasant distractions offered at left by (from left) Playmate Ola Ray, Ingrid Greer and Candy White, or listen to the moralizing of girlfriend Julie (played by Jayne) and mentor Muhammad Ali, who, in a scene right out of the original, try to get Leon not to throw the big fight. "I've never thrown a fight and you shouldn't, either," Ali says, taking charge of Leon's career in the new *Body and Soul*. But getting his out-of-shape protégé back in condition is an uphill battle—even for Ali.



divorce court. Jayne and Leon Isaac Kennedy have the best—and the worst—of both worlds. For much of their ten-year marriage, Leon has been behind the scenes, choreographing Jayne's career, from her days as an 18-year-old Miss Ohio, when they met, through stints as a dancer on the original *Laugh-In* and as a Ding-a-ling Sister on the old Dean Martin show, to her first real break, as a commentator on CBS' *NFL Today*. "I don't call myself the manager," explains Leon, "but I've always been the guiding force in Jayne's career."

It was Leon's idea, in fact, for Jayne to co-host the short-lived and much-maligned *Speak Up, America* on NBC. "People said I ruined her career with that decision," he says. "But people in the industry finally saw her, and saw what she could do."

Jayne readily admits that it's Leon who calls the shots. After the *Speak Up* debacle, Leon suggested that Jayne sign up to do boxing commentary for cable TV. Jayne said no. "I was adamant about not doing it," she recalls. "I was tired and I wanted to stay home. I didn't feel like going on the road again and I wanted some time to study boxing. I



Leon sharpens up his nonviolent skills with Playmate Rosanne Katon (above) in a men's room. Where's Jayne? Behind the door.

Playmate Azizi Johari worried that her scene with Leon (above) might cause friction with longtime friend Jayne, so Jayne left the set.



Jayne: "During the filming of *Body and Soul*, there were many times when Leon didn't come home at night. He'd be so involved in the production that he would just sleep at the office. But that's the way he is once he gets involved in a project; that's all that matters to him. He likes everything to be perfect. Once he commits himself, he goes 100 percent. So sometimes it's very difficult."





Leon: "Women have always liked me, but now they are much more after me, for a variety of reasons. Movies allow me to be a sex symbol.

Besides, not only am I a celebrity or whatever but I think women look at me now and think, 'He can put me in a movie! Look what he did for Joyne!'"

didn't want to just go in there and flub my way through it. Leon kept saying, 'It's important for you to do the boxing,' and I kept saying, 'I think it's important, too, but I don't want to.' I went on the road during one of our arguments and when I came back, he'd signed the deal."

To further complicate their relationship, Leon only two years ago got his own shot at stardom. He had been working as a disc jockey when he met Jayne in Cleveland. Known as Leon the Lover, he liked to promote himself as the ultimate fantasy for his female listeners, a soft, sexy voice making love over the airwaves (Jayne, who's three years younger, had been a fan while growing up). But shortly after the couple arrived in L.A., he hung up the Don Juan act to manage Jayne and run a chain of discos. Then director Jamaa Fanaka, an old friend, asked him to take over the lead in *Penitentiary*, a sleeper hit that garnered Leon an immediate following, particularly among women. "People ask us now what it's like having *two* sex symbols in the same family," he smiles. He quickly began pushing his own career as relentlessly as he had pushed Jayne's, even







Jayne: "I'm the type of person to whom family means a lot. But family doesn't necessarily mean the wife, the dog, the kids, the two cars—that doesn't have anything to do with it. It's the relationship between two people I'm talking about."



Leon: "My life is gonna go one of two ways. It's gonna be either a one-on-one relationship in which I'm happy and settled into that one person or I'm gonna be like my hero, Errol Flynn, and just really be Leon the Lover and die early."

printing up a poster of himself, striking a shirtless and sultry pose, and selling it through the mail. His next step was parlaying his acceptance with black audiences into a three-picture deal with Cannon Films.

Cannon wanted Leon to star in a black remake of *Body and Soul*, a 1947 hit about corruption in boxing starring

John Garfield and Lilli Palmer. But Leon was thinking big—he said he'd star, but only if he could write, produce and, of course, cast Jayne as his main love interest.

When it came to modifying the film's original characters, Leon didn't stray too far from real life. Not only does Jayne play a sportscaster but Muhammad Ali

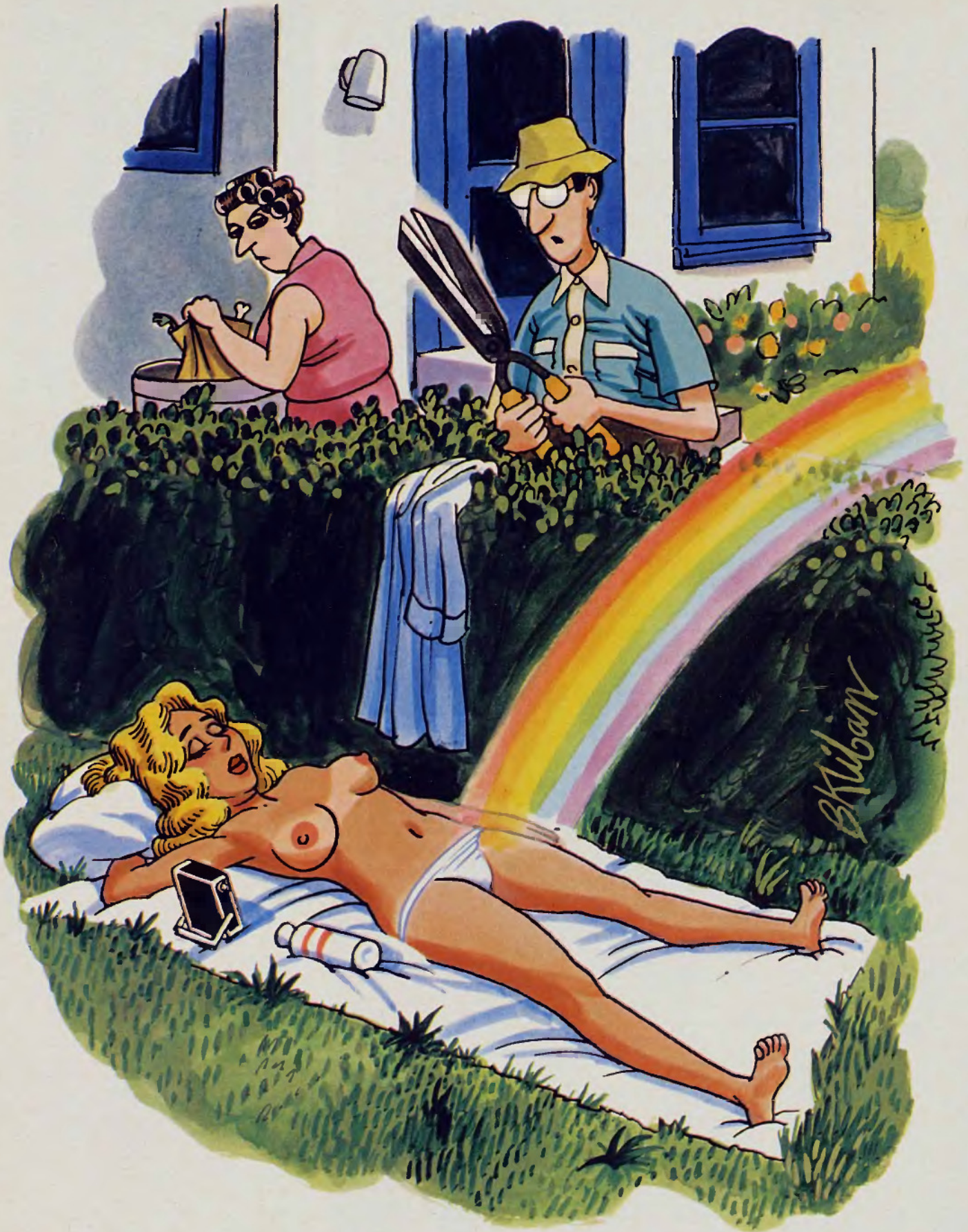
is on hand, too (as Muhammad Ali, of course), to give Leon a few tips about fighting and promotion. And what gimmick do they come up with? Leon becomes Leon the Lover, a pretty boy of the ring who passes out roses to his female fans and wears a bright-red heart on his boxing shorts. Only Peter Lawford, who (text concluded on page 192)







Jayne: "With Leon and me, it was almost like love at first sight. There was something special about him. I didn't know anything about his reputation as a ladies' man, really, so it didn't bother me. The only thing that did bother me was that sometimes when we'd go out, all these girls would come up to him. And I really wasn't used to that, because this was the first time I'd ever really dated. Jesus, I was only 18! But all these girls resented the fact that I was with him."



"Pack my things, Denise . . . I'm leaving you forever!"

prudence, the carver's wife

from *Le tredici piacevolissime notti*, by Giovanni Straparola, 1553

Ribald Classic

QUINQUINO WAS an image carver, one of the best in the fair city of Florence, and his work was in much demand. He was short, quick in his movements, bright of eye, and his sleeves hid remarkably well-muscled arms. His wife was young and pretty and her name—a good omen—was Prudence.

One day, she came to her husband with a troubled look. "For some time past," she said, "the priest Messer Tiberio has perplexed me sorely. He began by offering elaborate salutations and compliments. I replied curtly. Then he took to following me with fanciful speeches and hints at amorous things. Then he began to send his clerk with messages requesting that he might have an interview with me alone. Now, Quinquino, I think it is time that you spoke with him and warned him never to approach me again."

The carver was much pleased with his good wife's discretion. "On the contrary," he said, "you must straightway invite Messer Tiberio to call on you."

Prudence was aghast.

"No, no, my love. Not what you think," said Quinquino. "Let me tell you about a jolly little tableau that I've imagined." And he went on to explain exactly what he had in mind.

The next day, Quinquino could be seen leaving his workshop—which was simply the large room next to the bedroom—with his bag of tools over his shoulder. A short time later, Tiberio, muffled in a large cloak, appeared at the door and was admitted.

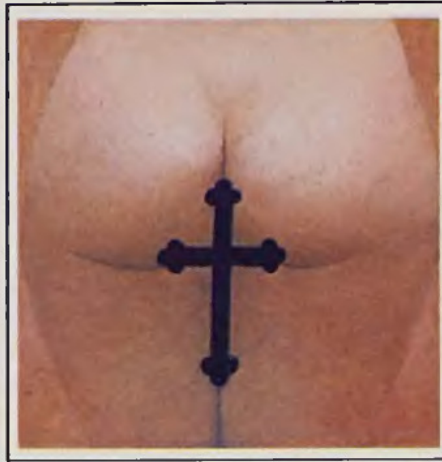
He greeted Prudence and was invited to sit down. He began to smile, to sigh, to flatter. She clasped her hands and her face turned pink; she looked at the floor. Finally, he spoke about the overpowering love he felt for her, a love that she must feel and return.

She was silent for a while, but at last she said in a low voice that he must give her heart time to consider, and that he should return in the evening three days hence, when her husband would be gone to the country.

The first day after, she received a length of blue silk; the second day, a wristlet of gold; the third day, a box of spices.

Just before Quinquino made his ostentatious departure from the house, he went around locking every cupboard and cabinet, except for one little chest whose key he left in the lock. A certain piece he had just begun, he put up against the wall. Then, dressed as for a journey, he left the house.

As soon as he was out of sight, he doubled back, gained the rear entrance to his yard and hid.



In the kitchen, Prudence was saying, "Signore, it is scarce fitting that you should try to fondle me and hoist my skirts from behind while I am so busy trying to cook this supper of dainties for your pleasure. Have patience, sir!"

"Patience is all very well, but I prefer to have Prudence," said Tiberio. "Come, my sweet, you seem to take forever with this cooking of yours. Leave off for a while, I beg you, and come into the bedchamber, where I will show you the true art of kneading and browning and basting and broiling. Let us taste our love while it is hot."

"Very well," said the lady. "Go on and get into bed. I'll follow directly."

The priest stepped into the bedroom, threw off his clothes and sprawled on the bed. For her part, the lady made a great bustle of washing her arms and hands, perfuming herself and preparing to undress. She quietly picked up Tiberio's clothes, put them into the little chest, locked it and hid the key.

"My love, you seem to be delaying," called Tiberio. "Come quickly!"

Just then, there came a loud knocking on the front door. Prudence gave a little scream. "It is Quinquino! He must have come back for some reason! And, oh, he is so brutal when he is angry!"

The priest jumped to his feet, shuddering all over. "Quick, show me a cupboard where I can hide."

"My husband always locks them and keeps the keys. Alack, what will become of me?"

"Where are my clothes?" he asked.

"No time to dress now," she said. "Quickly, into the workshop. Do you see that large cross on the work platform against the wall? It's a crucifix for the convent chapel—only the figure has been removed temporarily for more work.

Stand up there against it and stretch out your arms. If Quinquino happens to glance in that direction, I'm sure he

won't remember that Georgio has taken it. In any case, Quinquino will probably soon be off again." She nodded as Tiberio took the pose. "That looks fine. . . . I'm coming, husband!"

Having arrived, Quinquino showed no anxiety to be gone again. He took off his cloak, commented on the delicious smells from the kitchen and poured some wine. Soon he and Prudence were seated at the big table in the workshop, enjoying a most savory repast. When they had finished, Quinquino embraced his wife and led her into the bedroom, whence began to come the sounds of robust lovemaking.

All the while, Tiberio, frightened near death, clung to his cross. Afraid to move, shivering and covered with a cold sweat, he remained there all night long. Each time he decided the husband and wife had fallen asleep, he would hear one of them speak suddenly.

At long last, the morning began to dawn. There was a knock at the front door and Quinquino, dressed, opened it. Two nuns came into the house.

The taller one said, "Master Quinquino, the abbess has sent us to inquire after the crucifix she has ordered for our chapel wall. Is it complete? How soon will you send it? May we see it?"

Quinquino, pretending to be a bit irritated, said, "It is not finished, but it will be in two days' time. I suppose it will do no harm to let you inspect it." He led them into the room and pointed at Tiberio, who tried to stop trembling.

"Verily, it has the aspect of terrible suffering," said the first nun.

"And, indeed, the workmanship is such a marvel that one might think the figure actual flesh and blood," said the second nun. "Our abbess will much admire it!"

"Except that certain parts are, well, entirely too natural, too real-seeming. Such a sight might well breed a riot in the convent," said the first.

"No need to worry!" said Quinquino. "That fault is easily remedied." He seized a mallet and a huge, sharp chisel. "I'll give it the finishing stroke. I'll strike off the parts that might offend the abbess and the dear sisters."

Whereat Tiberio uttered the loudest yell ever heard in Florence, gave a mighty jump and was out the door. He was still gaining speed as he passed the outer limits of the city.

"A miracle," said the first nun.

"A veritable resurrection," said the second.

Then all of them began to laugh—the nuns, too, had been part of the joke. —RETOLD BY CARLO MATTEO



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The Brandy of Napoleon

HISTORY OF THE WORLD

PART I *in the epic tradition of ben-hur and spartacus, we bring you a real spectacle—a jewish comic as a roman stand-up philosopher*



humor **By MEL BROOKS**

NOTE: Mel Brooks's new movie, "History of the World—Part I," manages to capsule ten billion years of civilization in less than two hours without once speeding up the camera. Following a series of shorter vignettes depicting (as only Mel Brooks can) *The Dawn of Man*, *The Invention of Art, Music and Law*, and *Moses and the Ten Commandments*, the film then gives us a lingering look at

the grandeur of the Roman Empire, the awesome spectacle of the Spanish Inquisition and the French Revolution.

WE TAKE YOU to the Roman Empire, circa 30 A.D. It is midday in a typical Roman market place. A column salesman hawks his wares ("Columns, columns! Get your columns here. Ionic, Doric and Corinthian."), a Woolworthlike store displaying antique notions and novelties carries the sign THE V & X CENT STORE and a



SCULPTURE BY PARVIZ SADIGHIAN

poster on the wall of a building reads, TEMPLE OF EROS-ANNUAL ORGY AND BUFFET—FIRST SERVED, FIRST COME. Standing in front of the temple, surrounded by a group of ladies, we see ENTREPRENEUR (Hugh Hefner), explaining that he's inventing a new concept; it's called a Center Fold. Finally, we meet our hero, COMICUS (Mel Brooks), standing in line at the ancient Roman version of an unemployment agency (advertised by the sign VNEEMPLOYMENT INSRVANCE). We catch him just as he moves up to the CLERK's window.

CLERK (Bea Arthur): Name?

COMICUS: Comicus.

CLERK: Occupation?

COMICUS: Stand-up philosopher.

CLERK: What?

COMICUS: Stand-up philosopher! I coalesce the vapor of human behavior into a viable and logical comprehension.

CLERK: Oh . . . a bullshit artist. Did you bullshit last week?

COMICUS: No.

CLERK: Did you try to bullshit last week?

COMICUS: Yes.

COMICUS signs and the CLERK starts to hand him a little bag of coins. Just then, SWIFTUS (Ron Carey), COMICUS' agent and friend, approaches the window.

CLERK: Hey! Back of the line!

COMICUS: That's all right, he's not in line. He's my agent, Swiftus.

SWIFTUS (joins them at the window): Good news! I just got you a job!

The CLERK snatches away the little bag of coins just as COMICUS is about to grab it.

CLERK: Well, now that you're working, you won't be needing this.

COMICUS: But wait a minute! That money is rightfully mine.

The CLERK smiles and pulls down a see-through cage.

CLERK: I'm on my wine break!

COMICUS (to SWIFTUS): You dopus! I almost had the money in my hand.

SWIFTUS: I like that! I like that! I go out and bust my anus to get you a job and you're angry with me?! Boy, you are nuts. N-V-T-S! Nuts!

COMICUS: OK, OK. I'm sorry. What kind of job is it?

SWIFTUS: Just the best gig in all of Rome! A date that every stand-up philosopher, including Socrates, would die for. Believe it or not, you are going to play Caesar's Palace!

COMICUS (astonished): The main room?

SWIFTUS: The main room! (Together they bump elbows and say, "Groovus")

CUT TO the market place. COMICUS and SWIFTUS quickly make their way along the square. They pass a slave auction.

AUCTIONEER: Thank you, thank you. That's all for today. There will be another slave auction at noon tomorrow.

The people around the auction block begin to disperse.



This little piggy played Rome. Dom DeLuise (right) just can't seem to resist hamming it up in his role as the decadent Emperor.



Ordered to fight to the death, Comicus (Mel Brooks) and Josephus (Gregory Hines) get ready to beat or retreat instead of each other.



Empress Nympho (Modeline Kohn), with the aid of Competence (Deno Dietrich), determines the troops are up to her standards.

AUCTIONEER (to the GUARD in charge of a group of disgruntled slaves who were not sold): All right, take all those slaves that weren't sold, all those rejectees, over to the Colosseum. Sell them for lion bait. Get what you can.

Suddenly, there is a commotion among the slaves. JOSEPHUS (Gregory Hines), a good-looking black slave in his early 30s, breaks free of the others, rushes over to the AUCTIONEER and appeals to him.

JOSEPHUS: Wait a minute! Wait a minute! I cannot go to the lions. Lions only eat Christians! I'm Jewish! I can prove it! "Hava nagilah . . . hava. . ." Everybody! "Nagilah—"

The SLAVE AUCTIONEER'S GUARD begins to drag JOSEPHUS away.

JOSEPHUS: Yes! I'm Jewish! I'm Jewish! Call the rabbi. Call the cantor. Call Sammus Davis Jr.! He'll vouch for me!

The GUARD is pulling on JOSEPHUS. The AUCTIONEER goes over and yanks JOSEPHUS' loincloth aside and peers down inside.

AUCTIONEER: Jewish, huh?

JOSEPHUS (thinking fast): Uh . . . uh . . . he missed! I jumped. He was nervous. . . . It was his first day on the job! Thursday . . . I'm getting trimmed on Thursday! For sure!

The sound of a great commotion wipes out any further protests. COMICUS and SWIFTUS turn to see that a horse has fallen with a mighty crash. A big, burly, evil-looking DRIVER is whipping the fallen horse. A beautiful girl, MIRIAM (Mary-Margaret Humes), rushes over and grabs the DRIVER'S arms. The DRIVER raises his arm once again, to strike her. COMICUS rushes in, grabs the whip and punches the DRIVER in the jaw. He goes down like a sack of potatoes, unconscious.

MIRIAM: Oh, thank you, thank you! He was beating that poor exhausted horse.

COMICUS bends over the horse and examines him. He lifts the horse's front left hoof and dislodges a sharp stone.

COMICUS: He's not really exhausted. This stone was in his hoof. Come on, boy, you can stand now.

The horse, who has seen better days, gets to his feet. As the horse stands, the crowd applauds. SWIFTUS, who has been examining the horse, speaks.

SWIFTUS: Wait a minute . . . I know this horse. He used to be the fastest horse at the chariot races in the Circus Maximus. His name is Miracle.

MIRACLE recognizes his name and whinnies in delight.

MIRIAM: Miracle . . . what a beautiful name. (Then, to COMICUS) What's yours?

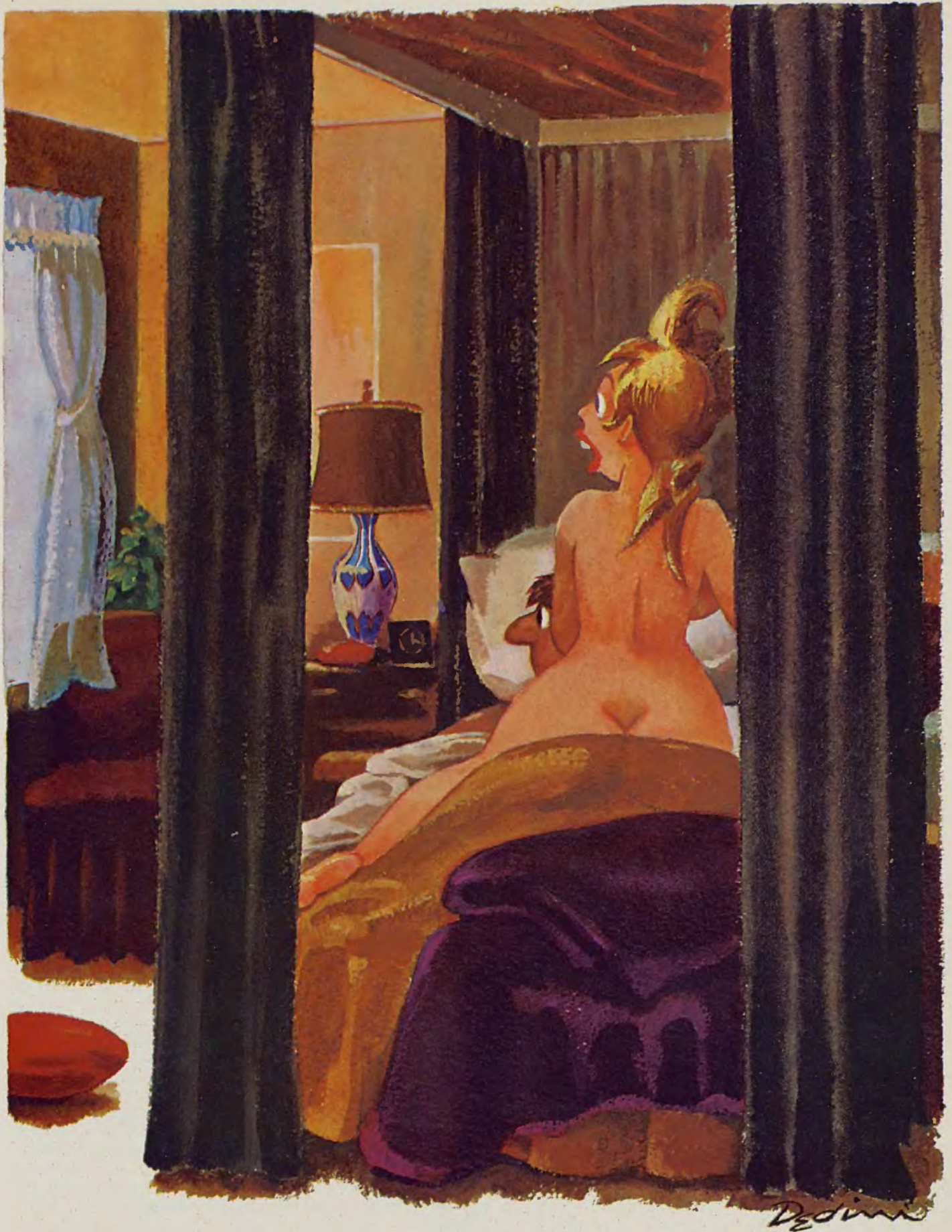
COMICUS: I'm Comicus. I'm a stand-up philosopher.

MIRIAM: I'm Miriam. I'm a vestal virgin.

COMICUS: Oh, I'm really sorry to hear that.

MIRIAM: I work at the palace.

(continued on page 218)



*"You'd better figure on premature ejaculation,
Charley . . . here comes my husband!"*

BEN OSCZHIO

(continued from page 146)

"The minute he lied to her, he felt his penis growing. It was actually getting bigger!"

and snatched the faded snapshot. It was Brazil around the age of 20, standing on a beach, holding a basket of fish. He was nude. His penis was barely visible. The doctor stood close and whispered in his ear, "I know how you feel, you see? I would not torture and tease and cheat a man who is suffering as I suffered for many years. I only want to help you. Come. Sit down."

Still staring at the photograph, Ben sat down again as the little man opened a drawer behind his desk. When Ben looked up, there was a small wooden carved figure before him. "This," said Brazil, "is a statue of Mbigoné, carved by one of the few South American sorcerers qualified to invoke the power of the ancient Indian gods. Look at him."

Ben took the little figure cautiously. It was heavy for such a small piece of wood. The carving was delicate and precise. It was the figure of a gnarled hunchback with heavy eyebrows, sharp, small, pointed teeth and clawlike hands. Ben noticed that the hump on his back was odd: It was perfectly circular and it had ripples in it, hills and valleys, so to speak. "How, uh . . ." he started, then stopped.

"How does it work?" Brazil supplied for him.

Ben nodded.

"Well, the ancient gods lived on worship and sacrifice. To put it another way, they needed the nourishment of human worship to live. That is still true today. If you believe in Mbigoné and make sacrifice to him, it nourishes him. He repays you."

"How do I make the sacrifice?"

"Well, for five hundred dollars, I can impart that information."

"Five hundred bucks? Jeez, that's all I have in my checking account."

"That's all you'll need."

"Will you accept a check?" Already, he'd thought about the problems of paying the rent, explaining the empty checking account to Katrinka and the ensuing argument. And he'd discarded those worries as inconsequential compared with having a penis he could strap to his leg.

"Of course. If it bounces, the magic won't work."

"It won't bounce," said Ben, writing it out.

"Fine. Thanks," the little brown man said when Ben handed him the check.

"Now, here's what you do. . . ."

•

It was a rather messy ritual. So messy, in fact, that Ben used his Master Charge (already over the credit line) not only to purchase the necessary ingredients but also to rent a cheap room in which to perform the rite. It wasn't easy getting a live macaw, a stray dog, a rhesus monkey, three small lizards, a bushel of chili peppers and a six-gallon pot past the desk at the Bidy Bed Motel, but he managed.

Two hours later, the room smelled of monkey piss, blood and birdshit, and Ben was throwing up in the toilet. His penis was exactly the same size, and he was out 500 bucks. He threw up again.

When he got home, Katrinka was furious. She'd called the deli and discovered that he hadn't gone to work. She suspected that he'd gone to "dip his pea" again, and let him know in no uncertain terms that she'd tolerate none of his fooling around on her. Before he had a chance to remove his coat, she snatched the checkbook out of his back pocket and thumbed through it. When she found the balance, she shrieked. "What the hell have you spent our money on?" she screamed. "You rotten little bastard!" She began swinging at him. For a woman who weighed upwards of 300 pounds, she was quick and threw a solid left hook. The second one felled him. She stood over him in her bathrobe, her elephantine breasts swaying from her exertion. "Who is this Dr. Brazil? What did you pay him for? Do you have some kind of venereal disease, you little wart?"

He shook his head.

"You didn't pay some con man to make your penis grow, did you?"

He blushed and stammered. She kicked him. "You *did*, didn't you, you pathetic wretch?"

"N-n-n-no, dear," he whispered, knowing that she could see in his eyes that he was lying. She kicked him again. But he didn't notice. Because the most wonderful thing was happening. The minute he lied to her, he felt his penis growing. It was . . . it was actually getting bigger! He jumped up, bounced off Katrinka, ran around her and into the bathroom, where he frantically tugged down his pants. When he pulled down his shorts, tears welled from his eyes. He fell to the floor, sobbing with gratitude. It was at least six inches long. He opened his eyes and stared at it. He pinched himself. He splashed cold water on his face from the

toilet bowl. He wasn't dreaming. It was six inches long. He jumped up and grabbed a toothbrush. He put one end at the juncture of his crotch and laid it against his penis. He knew the toothbrush had to be at least six inches, and he was about half an inch longer than the toothbrush. His heart was pounding and tears welled from his eyes again. Katrinka was slamming the door so hard that the glass on the sink was rattling. He pulled his pants back up and composed himself. He decided that he would be damned if she benefited from his new endowment. After all the years of belittlement, she hardly deserved to be the first to christen his gift from Mbigoné. He had better fish to fry.

Suddenly, the door flew open and knocked him into the toilet bowl. The shock of the cold water soaking through his clothes infuriated him. Just as Katrinka grabbed for his throat to throttle him, he unleashed a straight right that caught her by surprise over the temple. She dropped like an immense blob of taffy falling from a spoon.

With the help of vanilla extract rubbed under his nose, he spent the night at the motel room, since he'd paid for it. In the morning, he went to work a new man, his mind set on seducing Lottie, the redheaded waitress he'd lusted after for months but had always been too shy to approach. He began working on her right away. A little innuendo here, a pat there. They exchanged good-natured jibes all day and the sexual tension between them culminated in his asking her out for a drink after the deli closed. With no questions about his wife, she took him up on it, commenting as they left, "I've never seen you so confident and relaxed, Ben. What's come over you? You act like you just came into a real wad."

Of course, it was a long night, and the best of his life. He put a couple of bottles and another motel room on the Master Charge. He didn't get home until four in the morning, still slightly drunk and smelling of Lottie's loud perfume. Katrinka had overdosed on baked potatoes and sour cream. She sat in a chair, slumped over the kitchen table, her head resting on her cellulite-padded arms. Seventeen hollowed-out potato skins sat in a serving platter covered with congealed butter. Four empty cartons of sour cream were on the floor. She held a fifth in her hand. He figured there was no point in sleeping, since he'd have to be at work in a few hours, so he decided to shower and drink some coffee till dawn. As he put the coffeepot on, Katrinka awoke with a groan.

"Oohh. Shit," she mumbled, "no butter left." She focused her eyes and saw him beside the stove. Ordinarily, he would have been frightened of her. Now

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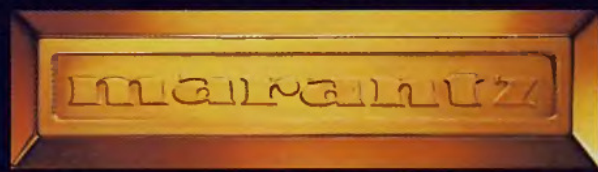
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THE SOLID GOLD SOUND

he felt only contempt bordering on pity as she pushed herself to her feet, trying to stare him down as she rose.

"Bastard. Skinny little bastard. Been putting up with you too long, you little piece of a man. Nobody hits me. Nobody." With that, she picked up a serving platter and flung it at him, but he ducked and she fell down, slipping on a bit of spilled sour cream. As she hit the floor, he stepped over her and went to take his shower. She tried to push herself up but couldn't. He heard her puffing and scuffling with the furniture, but he didn't go to help her.

"Come help me, Benjamin!" she screamed. "I can't get up, you bastard!"

"Tough. Go on a diet," he yelled back.

Then she burst into tears. For some reason, he felt guilty. She had never cried in the entire 16 years of their marriage. He went back to the kitchen and looked at her. She wore only her nightgown, which had slid up to her enormous buttocks. She lay on her stomach, her entire body shaking with her sobs.

"Are you just going to let me lie here?" she said, sniffing.

He said nothing. He was wondering how he had ever let himself get hooked up with such an awful-looking woman. Boy, was she fat.

"Benjamin," she said, wiping her face and nose with the end of her nightgown, "where were you last night? Were you seeing some woman? Were you spending money we don't have to boost your pitiful little ego one more time?"

His first impulse was to say, "Yes, and I had the greatest lay of my life with a woman who weighs one third of what you weigh," but he didn't. She looked so pitiful lying there, and he now felt so superior to her, that telling her the truth would be a cheap shot. So he lied. "I was looking for a night job. Night watchman's job. Wanted to try to make it up to you, spending all our money." It wasn't a very convincing lie. It certainly didn't convince her, he could tell. But of far greater importance was the fact that he could feel it growing again. Again he ran to the bathroom, locked the door and pulled his pants down. It was still getting longer. As he watched it, it went from seven to eight, eight to nine, nine to ten, ten to eleven and, "Holy Moly," he whispered. It was a foot-long whopper.

He heard Katrinka crawl into the bedroom, shut the door and lock it. He waited a few moments, then went to the bedroom door. "I'm going to work, dear. I may not be home until late."

There was silence. "Do you mind if I come home late?" he asked. Again, there was silence. He had a feeling that she wouldn't care if he never came home. And he wasn't sure he wanted to.

As he walked to the bus stop, he couldn't help putting his hand into his

pocket and giving it a little squeeze now and then. God, it was big. And thick. He began to think: A man with a 12-and-a-half-inch prick shouldn't have to work in a delicatessen. I could be a porn-movie star. That was it. He knew what he had to do. First, call one of his hooker friends who'd acted in a couple of porn flicks and ask her if she could connect him with someone in the business. No, on second thought, he said to himself, I think I'll go see her personally and try this big baby out for size. He chuckled at his bad joke.

He stopped to call in sick at the deli. They wouldn't like him being out two days in one week, but he had had a nearly perfect work record for 17 years, and he knew the old man wouldn't fire him.

"Hello, Mr. Epstein?"

"Yes, Ben. Are you coming in today?"

"Well, no, sir."

"What's the matter? You sick? Look here, Ben, I don't know if we can handle the business today if you're not here. It's Thursday. First Lottie came in late looking like she spent the night in a clothes drier, and now you call in sick. Tell me the truth, Ben. Are you really sick or are you just hung over? If you're just hung over, you can tell me. You can take a few hours and come in late; I won't mind."

"Mr. Epstein, I really am sick. I feel lousy. I'm not hung over."

"You're just hung up, right?"

He didn't want to say it, he knew he shouldn't have, but he couldn't resist. "Let's just say I'm hung, Mr. Epstein."

"Well, let's just say you're hanging yourself with this job, Ben, if you aren't in here tomorrow morning. You don't sound sick to me. Goodbye."

Epstein hung up, but Ben didn't really notice. His attention was focused on his groin, where he felt a familiar stirring. It was growing again. It was creeping down his leg, soft and warm like blood pudding. He didn't dare look while standing in a public phone booth. Besides, he didn't need to. He'd let Vicki, his favorite hooker, look at it when he got to her place. He called her.

"Hello?" She sounded sleepy. He must have awakened her.

"Vicki? It's Ben. I'd like to come over if you aren't busy."

"Oh, Ben. You know I don't like to work in the morning. Can't you wait until tonight?"

"I just want to talk to you. Can you spare a few minutes? Just a few minutes? I want to show you something."

"What? A present?"

"You might say."

She yawned. "Well, you know me. Never one to turn down a present. Come on over, big man." She always called him big man. He paid her to, but she never

failed to say it as though she meant it. Now, he thought, as he stepped onto the bus headed east, she can say it and mean it without being paid to say it. Sitting on the bus, he noticed that a young man with a crewcut and a leather jacket was eying him intensely. Well, not really him. His thigh. He looked down. It was sitting on top of his thigh, appearing as if he were carrying a piece of garden hose under his pants. Realizing why the young man was staring at him, he stood up quickly and went to the back of the bus.

As soon as he entered Vicki's apartment, he dropped his pants.

"Holy shit!" she exclaimed, and he loved it. She grabbed it, stretched it out, squeezed it all the way up to his balls. "Jeeezus, will you look at that?" she whispered in awe-struck tones. "Now, *that's* a dick."

"Have you ever had one this big?"

She shook her head and pulled him onto the bed. "No, but I'm going to. Take it easy, big boy. I've been around, but I've never been around nothing like this." A moment later, she was screaming, "You're splitting me open!" and she wasn't lying.

Afterward, he told her the story of Brazil and revealed his hope of becoming a porno star.

"Well, you've certainly got the equipment," she said, but added, "You're lucky it didn't get much bigger. It's already too big for some women, let me tell you. If it was two inches bigger than that, it would probably scare even me, and I had a pimp once who had fourteen inches, so I'm kind of used to big ones. And let me tell you, another six inches and you can forget coming back to me. I don't think any woman in her right mind would let you get something that big inside her." She made a few phone calls, and Ben left her place with appointments to see two local porn-film makers.

By the end of the day, he had \$400 in advances against his fees for appearing in two porn movies that would be filmed the following week. The last guy who interviewed him gave him hope for a long career. "With that tool, baby," the fellow said, "you'll never have to make an honest living as long as I'm in this business. I've had a few black guys with cocks nearly that big, but that's kind of threatening to white customers, you know? But a salami like that on a *white* guy is inspiring, you know? Really inspiring. You're lucky it isn't any bigger, it would be *gross*, you know what I mean? I couldn't use you. Besides, I don't think I could get a woman to fuck you. You're just big enough, you know? Just big enough to be inspiring."

That night, he got a room in another motel, took a bottle of Scotch with him and stretched out on the bed to look at
(continued on page 168)

LEROY NEIMAN

• SKETCHBOOK •



Pringle
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May 22, '77

Pelé
Leroy Neiman

I WAS TURNED ON TO SOCCER by the great Pelé when he joined my hometown team, the New York Cosmos. My eye was thus educated in the game's moves by watching the best. In my opinion, soccer is the most elegant and graceful of all the inflated-bladder-ball sports. However, it may appear to be *only* that to a new spectator who, from a distance, perceives only the swift movement up and down the field. But up close, one sees that the going can be rough. The speed of the ball is awesome. Once, when I suited up for a game warm-up with the Tampa Bay Rowdies, I fielded a pass from Radney Marsh that traveled with such force I limped off the field.

BEN OSCZHIO

television and think. Suddenly, he had a terrifying thought that made him sit up, turn off the television and start pacing the floor. It got bigger every time he lied. Why was that? He remembered Brazil saying something about Mbigoné's being the god of seduction *and* deceit. That was the tie-in. Whenever he was deceitful, Mbigoné gave him another six inches. However, Vicki and the porn producer's warnings also remained with him: If it grew much bigger, he wouldn't be able to find *any* woman who'd be willing to take it on.

As the full realization of his predicament dawned on him, he sat down and slapped his knee. "Ouch!" he yelled, having whomped his member. When the pain subsided, he thought, I'll never be able to tell a lie again. Each lie gets me six inches. That could get *real* embarrassing after a while. More embarrassing than a tiny penis. At least a tiny penis is hidden. What do you do to hide a three-footer? The more he thought about it, the more worried he became. He

(continued from page 166)

wasn't a dishonest man by nature, but, like most people, he told half-truths and little white lies now and then. But he couldn't anymore. Never. If he was to remain 18 inches long, he would have to be as truthful as a saint. And a saint he was not. He thought about the 1001 situations in which something, someone, could trip him up and induce him to tell a lie before he thought about what he was saying. The people on the street with the tags on tag day. "I already have a tag at the office," he used to say. No more. His mother calling from New Jersey to ask if he liked the wool pajamas she sent him for his birthday. He would ordinarily say he loved them, but that was a lie. He would have to hurt her feelings. The only way out of the predicament, he realized, was never to speak again. But when he thought about the myriad inconveniences it would create, he became more dejected than ever. He'd never be able to get through the rest of his life without speaking. And if he spoke, he knew the moment would inevitably come

when he would lie. And there he'd be with 24 inches and no hope of making love to a woman again. What would he do? How could he satisfy himself? Then a thought occurred to him that made him burst into laughter, the howling laughter of a man half mad. He could rent a horse! Get Vicki to make a cassette recording saying, "I feel like I'm being fucked by a horse," and play it while . . . but where do you keep a horse in New York? And what if I lie again? Elephants? Sneaking into the zoo at night . . . what if . . . whales?

As those thoughts swirled in his head, he gradually grew sleepy and dozed off. While sleeping, he had a horrible dream. He dreamed that his penis was getting longer and longer, that he couldn't stop it. It crawled down his pants leg and into his sock, then started bulging out of his sock, bending along the shaft so that it looked like he had a bow in his pants. Then the head popped out of his sock and began creeping along the street like a gigantic pink python wearing a purple derby, twisting this way and that, crawling into gratings and slithering off the curb. In his dream, he was trying to roll it up, pull it up, tuck it in, before people on the street noticed it. Then people started stepping on it in crowded elevators. Cars rolled over it. It was now nearly 14 feet long and growing. It got slammed in doors. Dogs and rats tried to take bites out of it. Women screamed, police were running after him. He ran and ran and finally hid in an alley, where, by chance, he found a discarded knapsack. He rolled his penis up like a fire hose, stuck it in the knapsack and put the knapsack over his back. He was on his way home when he happened to glance at his reflection in a department-store window. He was not himself. He was bent, gnarled, with sharp teeth and bushy eyebrows. He was Mbigoné. And suddenly he realized what Mbigoné's strange rippled hump was: It was his penis, rolled up on his back. Ben awoke shaking and sweating. He had to see Brazil. He didn't want a telephone pole. All he'd wanted was a lousy three inches.

Although it was nearly midnight when Ben arrived at Brazil's office, Brazil was there. As if he'd been expecting Ben.

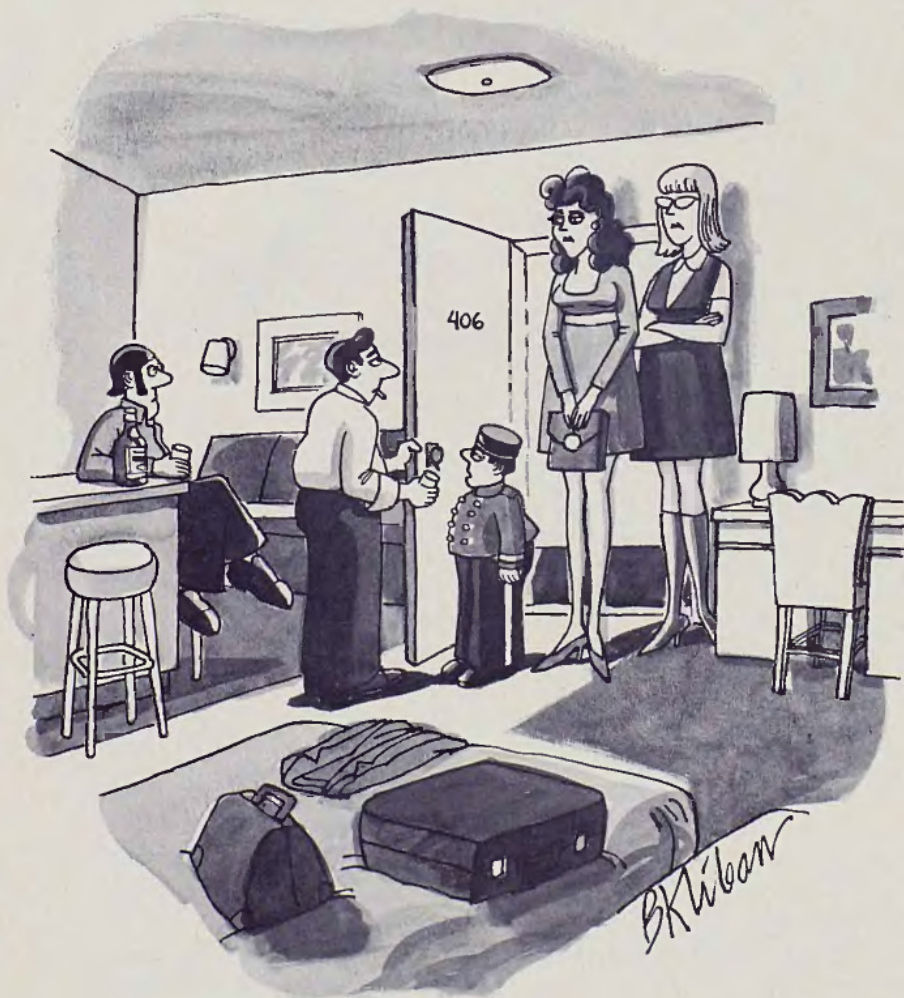
"Come in. Sit down," said the little brown man with a faint smile playing across his lips. Ben noticed for the first time how sharp the little man's teeth were, how much he resembled the statue of Mbigoné.

Once seated in front of the doctor's desk, Ben blurted out his fears.

"So is there any way I can make it just stay the way it is?"

"Well, unless you speak the truth, not really," said the doctor, and Ben's heart sank.

"But I can't be sure I'll never lie again. And if I lie too much, I'll become a



"Now, let me get this straight . . . you wanted a couple of callgirls?"

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freak. I don't want to be a freak, doctor. I just wanted to have a big penis."

"And you have one," said the doctor. "However, since you seem so distraught by this, I confess that there is one solution to your problem, but it's a rather unpleasant one, I'm afraid."

"Tell me," said Ben. "I'll try anything, as long as it doesn't kill me."

"Well," said Brazil, "there's another ancient god, or, rather, I should say goddess, who shrinks things if properly worshipped."

"How do I get on her good side?"

The doctor reached into his desk drawer and pulled out another small carving. "First, you ought to meet her. She's called Lacavérna." The figure he set on the table was carved of ivory. It was of an extremely fat, little naked woman straddling a tall toadstool. The crown of the toadstool was hidden between her legs. She looked as if she were going to take the whole thing, which was almost as tall as she was, into her roly-poly body. The expression on her face was that of unbridled lust.

"Lacavérna can shrink anything. She was thought to be the goddess in charge of making people shrink as they grew older. The natives still worship her for cancer cures. It's said that she can shrink tumors if properly entreated."

"Well, how do I entreat her?"

"Does the thought of human sacrifice frighten you?"

"Uh, no," Ben said. But he lied. And as he said it, he felt the dreaded reaction occurring along his thigh. "Oh, shit," he moaned, "it's going to two feet."

Dr. Brazil merely nodded and placed the little ivory figure in Ben's hand. "For another five hundred," he said, "I'll tell you how to shrink it back to its regular size. That is, if you're willing to conduct the sacrifice. Are you sure you want it back to its original half inch?"

"Yes, I'm sure," said Ben. But he wasn't sure. And because he wasn't sure, it began growing again. It was now dangling against his shin. "Yes, I'm sure," he said, and this time he meant it.

"OK," said Brazil. "This is what's required. The ritual itself is very simple. No blood, no animals. All that's necessary is that you say certain words over the body of a woman you've just fucked to death."

"Huh?" said Ben.

"Fucked to death," said Brazil. "Is there anyone you can think of offhand that you wouldn't mind fucking to death?"

Ben thought a while, then replied, "Yes. My wife. She's the coldest, cruelest, most ugly, fat, abominable human being on earth. She's such a pig that she doesn't deserve the pleasure of being fucked to death, but I'll do it to her, anyway. If there's anything that'll shut her up for once and for all, that'd be it."

"Fine. Take the statue. Once you've invoked the power of Lacavérna, you'll

never be able to reverse the process. You'll be a half inch for the rest of your life."

"Five eighths," Ben corrected.

"Beg your pardon. Five eighths."

"But I don't have five hundred dollars right now. I have about three hundred and fifty in cash."

"That'll do," Brazil said. "I'm leaving town for a while. I need some spending cash for my trip."

"Where are you going? How'll I reach you?"

"No need. Besides, you won't be able to reach me. Where I go, no white person knows. I go back to get more enchanted statues from my homeland. A place in the mountains. You wouldn't ever find it, even if you tried."

"Well, OK. You're sure this'll work?"

Brazil nodded and stretched out his palm. Ben gave him the money and took the little fat lady.

When he opened the door to his apartment, the lights were off. He sniffed a few times to determine what Katrinka had been eating. Usually, he recognized it right away: cheezets, pizza, peanut butter, raw cake batter, whatever. But this time there was no smell of food. Only the faintest smell of something sweet. He couldn't put his finger on it. He hung his coat in the closet and then realized that he was smelling perfume. Katrinka never wore perfume. The closest she got to wearing perfume was when she was eating five-pound bags of cinnamon drops. But it was perfume he smelled.

"Katrinka?"

"I'm in the bedroom, Ben." Her voice was unexpectedly gentle, almost girlish. And she never called him Ben. Always Benjamin and sometimes Benjy. He went to the bedroom. She was under the covers, just her head sticking out. She'd put on make-up. It was a bit garish, but nonetheless she looked like a different person. She had never worn make-up before, even at the deli. But more than that, her cheeks were rosy. Not with rouge but with blood. Her cheeks were usually pasty white.

"Katrinka?"

"Come here, Ben. I want to talk to you. I want to tell you something."

He walked to the bed and sat down. Her behavior was so different, so—so feminine. He almost forgot that he had to kill her.

"Ben," she said, sighing deeply and looking at him tenderly, "I did a lot of thinking today. A lot." She sat up and put her hands on his cheeks. The sheet fell away. She had oiled her body. It still wasn't a pretty sight, but at least her skin didn't look sallow and dry. She pressed her fingers to his lips. "Today, when you left, I realized that I don't care how big your penis is. All I care about is that I don't want you to leave me. Do you understand?"

His head was swimming. Was this the same woman who, only that morning, had tried to skull him with a turkey platter? The same woman who possessed a left hook comparable to Joe Frazier's? The same woman who could eat seven pounds of marshmallows at one sitting, then spend five hours with a 14-inch vibrating dildo?

She lay back and tried to cover her breasts, but it was impossible, as each one was approximately as long as the top half of a fire hydrant. He pushed her hands away. "I want to suck them, feel them," he said roughly, in a way he'd never spoken to her before. She blushed and wiggled and jiggled. He ran his hands over the soft folds of her body and she spread her legs for him.

"I don't know what you're trying to do, Katrinka," he said. "I don't know what you're up to. But whatever this act is, I'm going to reward you for being such a good actress. I'm going to give you something you've always wanted."

"You've given me all I need already, Ben," she said.

"But I haven't given you what you wanted. Tonight you're going to get it." With that, he stood up and unbuckled his pants. "Watch closely, Katrinka." He paused a moment, then let his pants fall and stepped out of them.

She turned several colors. He'd heard of people doing that, but he'd never actually seen it. At first, her face turned stark white, then pale bluish. Then the color returned and went from pink to a bright-red flush, then bluish again as beads of sweat began breaking out over her upper lip. She was breathing heavily.

"What . . . is . . . that, Ben?" She could barely speak.

"That, Katrinka, is my penis." Now, in this moment, he reveled in it. He fancied keeping it forever, bringing it out for her maybe once a year to let her drool over it. Sublime torture. But he cast those thoughts out of his mind and recalled his dream. Recalled what it would be like to live as a freak. Recalled all the humiliation he had suffered from her all those years.

"Could . . . could I touch it? Is it real?" She reached out and he grabbed her hand and guided it first to his crotch where it began, then down, down, down. All the way down.

"Ben? This is your penis? I mean . . . I mean, this is really your penis?"

"It's not a loan from somebody else, if that's what you're asking."

"Oh, no, no," she laughed, "it is yours. It's obviously yours. It looks just like it did before, the same bumps and wrinkles and everything. But bigger. Oh, it's yours, Ben. How did you get it?" She couldn't help running her hands back and forth along its shaft. It couldn't help responding.

"Do you really care how I got it?"

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And that's just for starters. Because Convertible SelectaVision doesn't just make it easy to record your favorite shows on videotape. It makes it fun to watch them, too.

There's a twelve-function remote control unit that lets you play back your tapes with special effects like *slow motion*, *frame-by-frame advance* and *stop action*.

Want to locate your favorite scenes? Press the picture search button, and you can review cassettes in high-speed forward or reverse motion without having the screen go dark. And you can edit out unwanted programming with the *remote pause* while you're recording—all from the convenience of your chair.

Now, this might seem like a lot for any video recorder to do. But Convertible SelectaVision is really two video recorders in one. And this is only half the story.

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

CONVERT IT TO A HOME MOVIE OUTFIT.

Chances are, some of the best shows you watch on Convertible SelectaVision will be family entertainment programs—*starring your own family*.

That's because Convertible SelectaVision gives you the option of adding a videotape camera (RCA's new CC010 would be an excellent choice). And *converting* the recorder to a home movie outfit that you can use indoors or out.

Birthdays, weddings, bar mitzvahs, reunions. The best family times all become Prime Time material when you've got Convertible SelectaVision.

It's lightweight, compact and has a *built-in, rechargeable battery*. So you can carry it most anywhere. And videotape your family and friends for *over an hour on a single charge*.

There are practical uses, too. Convertible SelectaVision can videotape your backhand, your sales presentations and record your possessions for insurance purposes.

Best of all, Convertible SelectaVision gives you an *instant television playback* of whatever you record. No waiting for expensive film processing. No additional screens or projectors. And, because videotape can be used again and again, no money wasted on bad film.

Convertible SelectaVision. It's the *two-in-one* video recorder you've been waiting for. And it's waiting for you at your RCA Dealer's now.



RCA 
 Let RCA turn your television into
SelectaVision[®]

"Oh, Ben, no. I mean yes. I mean yes, but later. Oh, come here." She was pulling it, kissing it. It was coming up, straightening out, throbbing, rising. The head was getting to be the size of a grade-A Florida grapefruit. The thought that no woman would ever be able to get it into her mouth gave him a twinge of regret, but then he reminded himself that it *wasn't* going to stay this large. He was going to have one good last fuck with it, then do the ritual with the statuette in his coat pocket and go back to five eighths of an inch. He pulled away from her to remove his shirt and socks. His shirt was no problem, but when he bent over to yank off his socks, his turgid member hit him in the nose. Finally, he stood before her nude. Her gleaming body seemed larger than ever to him. It spread across the bed in great waves of flesh, and every inch of that flesh was blushing with desire.

"Are you ready?" he asked, just to tease her. She couldn't speak. She just nodded her head and spread her legs as wide as she could. Her thighs parted like the pink sea and he dove in, all the way in. He hoped he'd give her a heart attack or rupture something on the first thrust, but, to his amazement, she closed around him like a glove. He couldn't imagine where she was putting it. He began hammering away. It started to feel wonderful. He found himself hammering less and thrusting more. There was something about her immensity that fit his own perfectly. And, try as he might, he couldn't exhaust her. He had been sure that so much exertion

would give her a heart attack. But she heaved and moaned and heaved and moaned and although she said "I'm dying" several times, she didn't. And he suddenly thought, I'll have to do it tomorrow night, instead.

It had never been so satisfying. That's what amazed and confused him. In fact, later, as he looked at her lying beside him, sleeping like a warm, gargantuan pink beanbag, he couldn't help feeling a wave of affection for her. Damn if she hadn't taken him all in and made him like it. He pulled the covers over her and patted her behind. She murmured and cooed in her sleep.

He walked to the bathroom to pee, then realized his erection still hadn't fully subsided. He stood three feet from the toilet, pointing the head down, waiting, when he remembered the little statue in his coat pocket. Suddenly, he felt the piss coming. It emerged with the force of a hose. He remembered how he'd always been afraid to get into pissing contests with other boys when he was a kid. Now he smiled, knowing he could probably piss half a block after a quart of beer.

He went to the closet and reached into his coat. His fingers closed over the little ivory statue of Lacavérna. He pulled it out and looked at it. She was kind of cute for a fatty, he thought. He loved the bawdy expression on her face. He sat down in the living room, sighed, patted Lacavérna fondly and thought, Well, little lady, I guess I've got my work cut out for me if I'm ever to shrink this fella. He shook his penis. He hated to admit it, but the longer he had it,

the more he liked it. He resolved to reverse the process the following morning, before he fooled himself into thinking he could keep it and never lie. He would have to fuck Katrinka to death.

But as he went to the bedroom, a thought kept nagging at him. How she could take it all in. She was only 5'7" at most, and her upper body couldn't be longer than three feet, all the way up to the top of her head. And his penis was a good two and a half feet long and ten inches around. How could she have taken him all in without a rupture, nothing?

He crept into the bedroom and looked at her again. Usually, she snored like a door buzzer every four seconds. But tonight she wasn't snoring. The smell of her perfume lingered in the air.

The perfume. That was it. He went back outside the bedroom and smelled the statue of Lacavérna. It definitely smelled of the same perfume Katrinka was wearing. He'd never smelled anything like it before. He hadn't noticed how it smelled in Brazil's office, but now he was almost positive. To be sure, he went to the kitchen and opened the refrigerator, which was nearly empty. He set the statue inside, then washed his hands and arms in the sink. When he was sure he didn't smell of the perfume from Katrinka's body, he removed it from the refrigerator and sniffed it again. It was the same perfume Katrinka wore. He was positive.

He was also confused. Staring at the statue in the glow of the refrigerator light, he noticed how very much Lacavérna's body resembled Katrinka's, how very much her face looked as Katrinka's had when she climaxed. He closed the refrigerator and went back to the bedroom, resolved to ask Katrinka, when they woke up, what kind of perfume she was wearing. He looked around the room for a place to hide the statue and decided on the corner of the closet shelf, behind a pile of old sweaters. As he slipped it under the sweaters, his fingers touched something small and hard. He pulled it out. It was a statue, just like his. A fat little ivory lady squealing in ecstasy as she spread her thighs over a giant toadstool. It was the goddess Lacavérna.

And then he realized that he had gotten what he wanted and that Katrinka had gotten what she wanted. God bless Brazil, whoever he is, thought Ben, as he crawled under the sheets and huddled next to the soothing warmth of his wife's body.*

*The reader may be interested to know that Ben and Katrinka lived happily ever after and that, from that night on, he was known to all as Honest Ben Oschho.



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Cellini.

The first really new men's fragrance since Brut.



An exciting fragrance experience created in Italy by Fabergé.
For lovers of life everywhere.
Cologne, After Shave & other giftables.

PLAYBOY



THE LONER

by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON



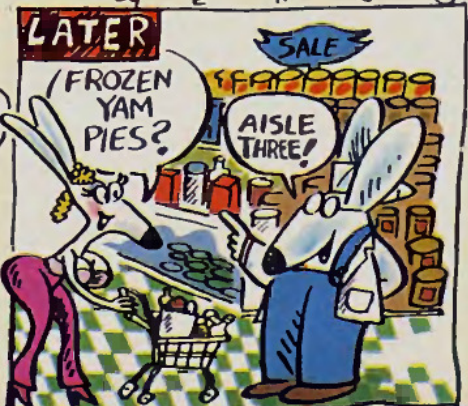
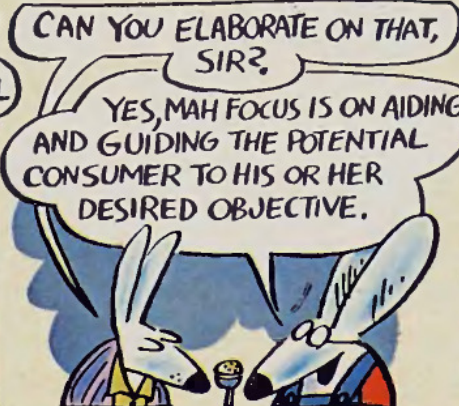
annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard



REG'LAR RABBIT

by E N O S



How was your date with Barney?



We had a very nice time. We went to an old movie and then to Armstrong's for coffee.

Did you kiss him?



What kind of a question is that?

Well, did you kiss him - yes or no?



You should know better than to ask such questions.

Aha! So you DID kiss him!



I didn't say I did.

Ah-but if you didn't, you would have said you didn't, but because you didn't say you didn't,



I know you DID!

Well, goddamn it! Who do you think you are? It's not as if we're married. What gives you the right to know who I date or who I kiss?

Ok, ok. I'm sorry. It's none of my business.



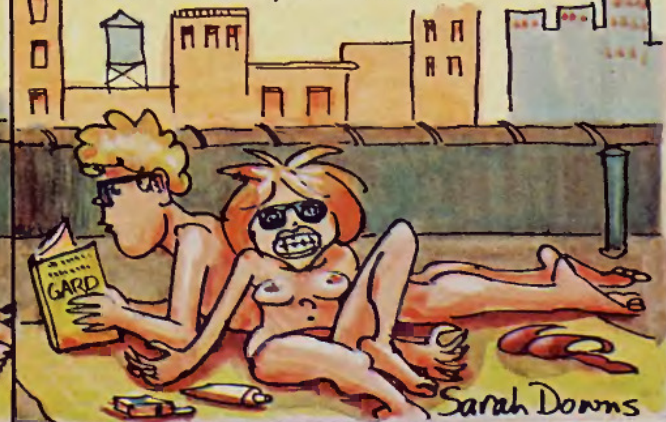
You should be happy with the way we are. We enjoy each other's company. Why can't you just relax and feel good about our relationship?

so I do have other dates. Last night I had a very decent time. Barney is a very good person to talk to. And he's considerate. He even walked me home.



Ok. I said I was sorry.

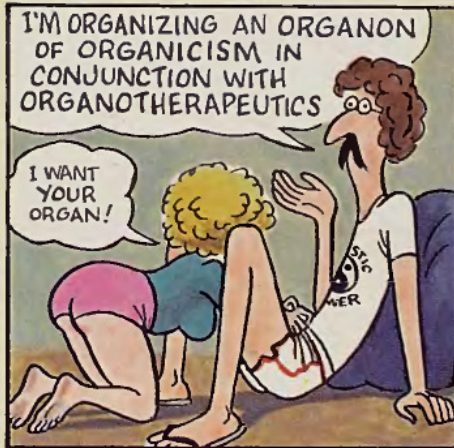
...SO... did you fuck him?



Sarah Downs

HOLISTIC HARRY

by J. Delmar



The Tales of Baron Von Furstinbed

VERE MIT DER BUCKET IZ YOU GOINK, FAIR FRAU?

UP DER HILL, UP, BARON, TO MILCH DER MOO KOW!

VY DER MOO KOW IZ SO ZAD UND VOLORN?

BECAWZ DER BULL IZ ALL BALLS, MIT EIN VERY SHORT HORN!

ACH! LOOK-KOUT! IZ GERKOMIN' DER BULL!

YAH! BETTER VE OUDT GETTIN', MEIN BUCKET IZ FULL!



QUICK! BARON, HERE KOMS HE!

SO VE BETTER UP-SHINNY DER TREE!

HIMMEL. BARON. MEIN RED DRAWERS HAF DOWN-FALLEN!

LET DER BULL HAF DER DRAWERS, UND GET MIT DER BALLIN'!

SO VILE DER HORNY SHORT-HORNER BANGED DER SAD, MOODY MOO KOW, DER GLAD HORNY BARON GOT BALLED ON DER BOUGH!

OH, WO! WO!



Saturday Nite Live

BY BILL JOHNSON



I'M SO DEPRESSED, I FEEL LIKE KILLING MYSELF.

WHAT?



I'M THIRTY-FIVE AND I'M STILL WAITING FOR MY BREAK. IN THE MEANTIME, I WAIT ON TABLES.



I DON'T HAVE A FANCY CAR OR A DECENT APARTMENT OR EVEN A STEADY GIRLFRIEND. I'M A TOTAL FAILURE!



YOU'RE NOT A FAILURE! YOU HAVE MANY NICE QUALITIES—YOU'RE OPEN AND HONEST.



YOU'RE JUST SAYING THAT. I MEAN IT. COME HOME WITH ME. LET ME SHOW YOU LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL.



I SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF MYSELF, I REALLY SHOULD!



Taste!

You be the judge. Discover why more V.O. is bought than any other imported distilled spirit in America. More than any Scotch, Canadian, Rum, Gin, Vodka, Tequila.

V.O.

Enjoy our quality in moderation.

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TOMORROW'S ELECTRONIC BREAKTHROUGHS

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

It often requires little more than a visit to your favorite hi-fi store to discover that electronic technology has advanced ahead of you while you weren't looking. Hardly a week goes by without some new future-shock gadget reaching the shops. To help you stay several strokes ahead of the personal-electronics tidal wave, here is a preview of some of the technologies and products to watch for through the Eighties.

ELECTRONIC SPEECH

One research effort, speech synthesis, seeks to create human words and sounds without records, tapes or pull strings. Instead, speech patterns are stored like computer data inside memory microchips. Then a synthesizer chip transforms the data into recognizable words we hear through a speaker. Texas Instruments' 200-word Speak & Spell learning aid, available since 1978, was one of the first mass-produced items with a human-sounding voice. Today, a female voice in Sharp's Talking Clock travel alarm that sells for about \$90 advises you to "Please hurry" if you roll over after the first warning. And Panasonic's Talking Genius microwave oven (which will set you back about \$750) verbally alerts the busy chef to changes in the cooking stages and counts down aloud the final few minutes and seconds.

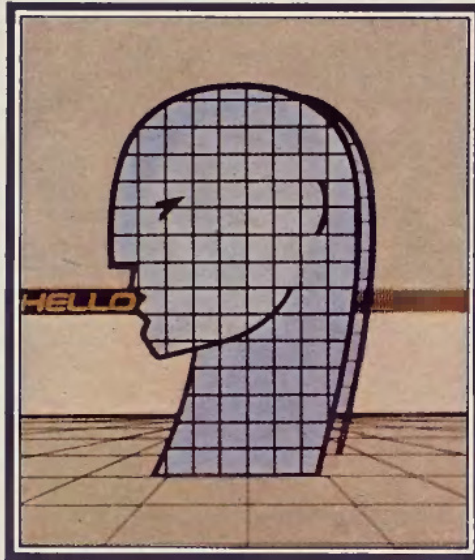
Several talking-chip makers, such as Texas Instruments, Matsushita and General Instrument, are starting to sell their limited-vocabulary technology to outsiders. Be prepared for more automobile dashboards like the one on the Datsun 810 Maxima, which politely warns you to turn your lights off if they're left on when you exit. And more desk calculators like the \$140 Panasonic JE-1650U, which calls off the series of numbers you've keyed in while you keep your eyes on the paper to double-check your entries.

Another group of future tinkerers, though, is finding that, as with humans, it is easier to make machines talk than it is to make them listen. With the wide variations in human pronunciation, speech-recognition equipment as yet has difficulty attaining high precision, a must. The first electronic ears to hit the market will be in simple remote control of electronic equipment. After microphoning your electronic speech patterns for a few command words into a color TV demonstrated by Toshiba, you'll be able to change channels and turn the set on or off without lifting a finger.

FLAT VIDEO

Millions of research dollars are being funneled into flat-screen video. The goal is not strictly to have J. R. Ewing appear on a palm-sized TV as thin as a pocket calculator—though such sets, demonstrated by Toshiba and Hitachi, could be available by 1984. And Britain's Sinclair Research is aiming its three-inch-diagonal flat-tube TV for 1982 distribution in the \$100 price range.

Flat-panel screens can be used in places where a long-necked



cathode-ray tube (CRT) is not practical. An automobile-dashboard display will draw you a map of the best travel route as calculated by a master traffic computer, which remotely senses your location along a highway and the traffic flow ahead.

Future hand-held games, using intricate color liquid-crystal displays (LCDs) or other systems called plasma and electroluminescent panels, will offer outstanding graphics resolution. Flat screens mounted in several places around your home will let you monitor tiny security cameras located at all entry points. And, because the new panels will be solid state in nature, they will become as affordable as a digital-watch display is today.

To round out the home-entertainment center will be a 50-inch-diagonal color television in a self-contained, wall-

hung panel. The immense picture tube, as foreseen by RCA and others, will be a mere four inches thick. And it will be as sharp as the brightest CRT on the market today.

VLSI

In these four letters, initials for Very Large-Scale Integration, lies the future of the personal-electronics revolution. Microchip makers are trying to squeeze ten times today's 100,000 equivalent components onto a single one-fourth-square-inch sliver of silicon. Dimensions are measured in nanometers (billionths of a meter). If development of the present Large-Scale Integration (LSI) brought the \$250 pocket calculator down to ten dollars, then the possible effect of VLSI on price/performance ratios of future electronics is staggering.

The tiny VLSI computers that will control your home and office environments will have huge low-cost preprogrammed memories to act much more "intelligently." All computer-controlled devices will communicate with you comfortably in your own language and won't require knowledge of the technology inside.

Massive memory storage is VLSI's first target. Hand-held computers such as Quasar's HHC system (configurations from \$700 to \$2000) will have high-density plug-in program modules that will perform remarkable tasks of personal entertainment, education and information retrieval. Future generations of this product category will feature interchangeable modules about the size of a matchbook that will flash the latest best seller across a self-contained flat-panel screen at a cost far less than its printed counterpart. Other plug-in modules will offer self-help instruction and accredited courses. Hooking up your portable tutor to a telephone puts you in touch with a host computer for a supervised exam to assure proper credit. High-fidelity music will be stored digitally in modules for playback through a lightweight stereo headset.

As dreamy as many of these future products seem, they are in varying stages of development right now in top research centers in the U. S., Europe and Japan. —DANNY GOODMAN

"The bomb fragments were in my back and in my head. I was deaf and I was almost blind."

GARWOOD: They ho'd three times. Ho, ho, ho. For Ho Chi Minh, you know; it sounds like when we go hooray, hooray, hooray.

PLAYBOY: What other times did you leave the camp?

GARWOOD: I was on rice runs.

PLAYBOY: When did you leave that camp for the final time?

GARWOOD: I was gone for about two weeks on a rice run and then was ordered back to the camp, and the camp commander called me up and told me I would be relocated. I asked him why and he said that he didn't know but that I had made a lot of mistakes and I should think a lot and have some answers.

PLAYBOY: What were the mistakes, did he say?

GARWOOD: No.

PLAYBOY: Did you know?

GARWOOD: Well, I'd been stealing from the Vietnamese medics and guards. I'd steal from one guard's pack, put it in another guard's pack to create a disturbance among themselves. So when I'd steal something from the kitchen, the guards would suspect themselves.

PLAYBOY: So they considered you a troublemaker?

GARWOOD: Yeah, but they said it in harsher terms than just a troublemaker. Then this guy from the MCR-5—what they call the propaganda office—come down. His name, I believe, was Mic, and he started throwing a bunch of questions at me, asking if I didn't think I'd really

pulled the wool over their eyes, shit like that. Then he said, "We know everything you've tried to do, but it didn't work." He said, "I don't know if you know it or not, but the other Americans, they distrust you very much, they really hate your guts—you don't think you've really accomplished anything, do you?" I tried to act innocent. But he told me to think about making a self-criticism. Then they moved me again. Uphill, very close to the propaganda headquarters.

PLAYBOY: Were there any other Americans there?

GARWOOD: Not that I could see. That day was the last time I saw Americans. It was late in 1969, September or October.

PLAYBOY: How long did you stay in that camp?

GARWOOD: Until 1970.

PLAYBOY: What was your function?

GARWOOD: Nothing, really. I didn't do a damn thing. Different people would come in and ask me questions—about the American POWs, who was their leader, who put me up to it—

PLAYBOY: Put you up to what?

GARWOOD: To stealing. And, also, what kind of information had I relayed to the other Americans? They wanted to know what kind of structure the American POWs had. They thought that there would have been a structure built and that I was aiding in the structure—by stealing and giving information.

PLAYBOY: What did you tell them?

GARWOOD: I told them that if there was any structure at all, I didn't know about

it. Then Ho came and told me in straight-out English that since the day I was captured, they suspected I was working for the CIA. So he says, "You think we're very stupid, don't you? You were captured driving a brand-new jeep, brand-new clothes, with a .45, and you're trying to say you're a Pfc. in the Marine Corps! We have your trip ticket. We know what a trip ticket is and we know what G-2 is."

And I just laughed and said, "I'm sorry, I think you're mistaken." And he says, "You slipped up the first time you talked to me—you said you were a chaplain's aide, and a chaplain is nothing more than a cover-up, a front, for CIA."

PLAYBOY: What did they do with you then?

GARWOOD: Nothin', really. I was there until the middle of 1970, when the whole damn area was bombed by B-52s. I was wounded. I think practically all the damned camp was killed or wounded. I was unconscious—when I woke up, I was in, like, the dispensary. I had no clothes on at all and I was lying on the table, and they were bandaging my head and my back. The bomb fragments were in my back and in my head. I didn't even know the bomb hit, just like a big *blam!* I didn't see nothing else. I was deaf and I was almost blind. My sight was real blurry, but if you got close to me, I could make out, like, a face.

After three weeks to a month, my vision started coming back. They gave me injections to strengthen my eyes. But my hearing was bad and there was pus coming out of my ears. My wounds were starting to heal a little, but my body still hurt a lot. There were North Vietnamese troops in the dispensary, and when they saw me there, they started getting disgruntled and making complaints, saying they felt that it was wrong that they should have to receive the same medical aid and other things as an American—that's who they were fighting against.

So they moved me about 500 feet from the dispensary to a really small hootch. I couldn't move. That was about the smallest thing they ever put me in. Then one day, they came to get me. It had been decided that I would be moved to North Vietnam, where there would be better medical care. I didn't say nothing, really. Whatever they said, I did.

PLAYBOY: What was your feeling at that point about the possibility of your release?

GARWOOD: Zilch.

PLAYBOY: So you went to North Vietnam in 1970. Did you travel on the Ho Chi Minh Trail?

GARWOOD: I don't know what the damn trail was. We called it the Ho Chi Minh Trail, they didn't. They called it the Strategic Trail or some shit.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take you to get there?



"Oh, Mr. Wright, what more could a girl ask? 'A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou...'"

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Box or Menthol:

10 packs of Carlton have less tar than 1 pack of...

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Kent	11	0.9
Kool	16	1.3
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit 100's	10	0.7
Virginia Slims	16	1.0

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Benson & Hedges Lights 100's	11	0.8
Pall Mall Light 100's	10	0.8
Salem Lights	11	0.8
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Less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic. Carlton Menthol—Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; Menthol: Less than 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

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And for extreme odor and perspiration, use Dr. Scholl's Bromidrosis Powder. It's specially formulated to fight odor and absorb even the heaviest perspiration.

If you're worried about foot odor, just remember: it takes a powder from Dr. Scholl.



Dr. Scholl's

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GARWOOD: Three months. Three months walking.

PLAYBOY: What happened on the way?

GARWOOD: My back was still banged up pretty bad, it had started getting infected and stuff, and they gave me some vitamin B₁₂ injections along the way. One thing I noticed was they never let me rest at any of what they called the way stations. They always made me rest at either a *montagnard* village or a C.P. compound. Three months, walking all the way. My eyesight got a little bit better, but my ears, my hearing—you almost had to shout to me—I had a ringing sound like an ocean rushing and my ears were clogged up.

PLAYBOY: When you got to North Vietnam, what happened?

GARWOOD: They put me in a bus and moved me to a camp where I rested one day, and they put me in a military truck and took me to an army hospital. I remember the hospital was number five. They cleared out what looked like a damn storeroom—I'm sure that's what it was. They wouldn't put me on a ward, they put me in a storeroom. And put a bed in there. And they started treating my wounds. Eyes, ears, dysentery, back—I had a gut infection, all kinds of shit wrong with me.

PLAYBOY: How long were you there?

GARWOOD: About three or four months. Then they transferred me to the army hospital in Hanoi. Army hospital 108. Again, I was put in a small room—it looked like a damn prison section, but it's the ward where they keep all the people who have dangerous diseases—liver problems and chronic malaria, cholera, hepatitis—real diseases, I mean, killer diseases. They told me not to leave the room and not to talk to any of the patients. Every now and then, you'd wake up during the night, somebody was screaming—"Aaagh!"—they were going to die. It scared the hell out of me.

I was there till March 1971. When I got out, they came and picked me up in a Chinese-type jeep and took me to a house—like one of those old houses way back that the Vietnamese landlords used to own. It had a brick wall built all the way around it. They put me on the upstairs floor and I remained there for about five or six months.

PLAYBOY: Doing what?

GARWOOD: Nothing. They just fed me.

PLAYBOY: Did you go out and walk around?

GARWOOD: Only in the back yard—it was really small.

PLAYBOY: Was anyone else there?

GARWOOD: There was an interpreter and a nurse and two security guards and one officer.

PLAYBOY: What did they interpret? Did anybody try to interrogate you?

GARWOOD: No, there were some officers who came down periodically and just

“Being active can drain a man’s body of zinc— a metal ‘more precious than gold’ for good health.”



Dan Gable, Olympic Wrestling Champion
Coach of 1980 U.S. Olympic Wrestling Team

“Nothing’s more important to me than keeping my body fit. And I know that Zinc is an essential mineral for every man who wants to maintain good physical condition. That’s why I make sure our wrestling team takes Z-BEC.® It’s rich in Zinc — a metal ‘more precious than gold’ for helping a man stay in shape.”

Z-BEC is one high potency formula that’s fortified with fifty percent

more than the U.S. recommended daily allowance of Zinc — the mineral not available in most formulations.

What’s more, Z-BEC gives you an extra supply of the B-Complex vitamins and Vitamin C...vital elements that your body cannot store. And since these important vitamins are water-soluble and

eliminated daily, you may need more than you get from your daily food intake.

Let Z-BEC fulfill your body’s normal needs for 6 essential B-Complex vitamins, as well as Vitamin E, Vitamin C and Zinc.



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If you're a friend of Jack Daniel's, drop us a line. We'd like to get to know you.

WE NEVER DREAMED we'd be adding on to the main office in Jack Daniel's Hollow.

Reagor Motlow built the front three rooms in 1952 and everyone wondered what he'd do with the space. Since then, we've added a little to the left of it and some to the right. And recently we've put several newer rooms out back. Occasionally, good friends inquire as to how we've grown to such size. After a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, they have their answer.



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checked on my health. I told them I was getting along fine. They brought a doctor about twice a month. He checked my ears and my eyes and my nose. I was in solitary there for about five or six months, and then a truck came up and they moved me to another location.

PLAYBOY: Who was there?

GARWOOD: Myself and the same people that was in the first house, the guards and the nurse. It was a house converted into a prison and all I did, I just sat around and listened to Hanoi radio. Just sat around on my ass.

Then my health came back pretty good. This was after almost a year in North Vietnam, and one day a jeep with two officers came up and I was moved to a camp at Sontay.

PLAYBOY: Sontay was where the U.S. military launched a raid to free POWs, wasn't it? The Sontay raid?

GARWOOD: Yeah. It was close by where I was. It was pointed out to me by the Vietnamese. They told me it was a very stupid American act.

PLAYBOY: Did they put you in prison in Sontay?

GARWOOD: No, they didn't—not actually in the prison. They put me about a mile away in the back of a mountain. They took me right through the city and, you know, as far as I was concerned, I didn't care if it was North Vietnam or not. It was the first civilization I'd seen in about six years and it flipped me out. I stayed in Sontay for a little more than three years.

PLAYBOY: Doing what?

GARWOOD: We had to grow our own vegetables.

PLAYBOY: You say we—who are we?

GARWOOD: Myself and the guards. We planted our own garden. That's what we did every day, just worked in the garden.

PLAYBOY: That brings you up to about 1974, right?

GARWOOD: Right.

PLAYBOY: By that time, there had already been the prisoner exchange. Did you know anything about that?

GARWOOD: Yes, a little bit.

PLAYBOY: How did you find out?

GARWOOD: Radio—Radio Hanoi.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction? Didn't you think you were supposed to be released, too?

GARWOOD: I discussed it with the officer in charge when it first came up. This was before it actually happened. And they kept saying to me, "Nothing's been signed—wait until after the signing," always until after the signing. It was made known that there would be three groups—all prisoners would be released in three different time periods—A, B and C. And I finally came out and asked, "What group am I in?" and the officer, he just smiled and said, "You're not in any of them."

PLAYBOY: Did you ask why?

Graham
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GARWOOD: He said, "I don't know. You ought to ask somebody else." He said, "You ought to ask my superiors."
PLAYBOY: Did you ever have a chance to ask his superiors?
GARWOOD: Yes, I did. It was just before the last release of the POWs. They came to see me and the camp commander came over from the big camp. He asked what my opinion was about the release and then told me, "This is a big cover-up by the U. S. Government. You don't think we're going to fall for any of the U. S. Government's tricks? We're not that stupid." He kind of had me baffled there for a minute. I couldn't figure it out. I'd heard it on the radio, there was going to be the exchange of prisoners. But now this guy is saying there wasn't. They would give names over the radio of the people, the POWs, so I asked him again, "When am I going to be released?" Well, he says, "You're in a different category." I asked what kind of category. He said, "We do not consider you a POW that has been captured." So I was a prisoner, a prisoner who was really not a prisoner—but I was.

PLAYBOY: Did he say what they considered you?

GARWOOD: He said they were still considering me some kind of spy, and they had not determined my status.

PLAYBOY: That was 1973? And you stayed there in that little camp for—what?—another two years? After all the other American POWs had been released?

GARWOOD: Yes. And then, when they began closing in on Saigon, about midnight one night, a jeep came again and took me away, and I—wound up in Yenbay Province.

PLAYBOY: Where is that?

GARWOOD: That is way up north, near the Chinese border. It was very different. I was put into a very, very big POW camp.

PLAYBOY: Who were the other POWs?

GARWOOD: ARVN, Thais and Laotians.

PLAYBOY: Did they set you to work doing anything?

GARWOOD: Not at that point. After the fall of Saigon, the prisoners really started pouring in, thousands a day—every day. And then, right across the street, they started building this new camp and it was unique. They brought in bricks. They were building a damned house—like a house where the king would live. They built a wall around it and everything else and they built a watchtower like a miniature Alcatraz. And then they brought in dogs and I asked them, "Goddamn, what's going on over there?" They said, "Some very special prisoners are coming." A couple of weeks later, I was sitting there, just sunning myself, when three trucks pulled up and people started getting out and they all wore civilian clothes.

PLAYBOY: Vietnamese people?

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GARWOOD: Yes. And they had suitcases and duffel bags and all kinds of shit. Some even had radios. I thought it was as weird as hell. I kept looking and then a couple of guards got friendly and we were talking and they pointed out that one over there is General Thi and that one is General Lam, and so on. I asked them, "General of what?" They said, "The puppet army. We captured them in Saigon when we overtook the palace and we're bringing them here for re-education." Then they took everything away from them. They confiscated everything, the radios, suitcases and all, and they issued their clothing like the clothing that they issued me.

PLAYBOY: Did you stay there in that camp?

GARWOOD: Yeah. It was getting close to 1976 now. I was beginning to think, you know, What the fuck am I going to do with the rest of my life? I might end up in Vietnam forever. What the hell am I going to do with myself, stay in this damned prison camp the rest of

my life here in Vietnam or what? I had been there at the camp going on two years and it got to the point where they got a little relaxed. Once, I started talking to some of the villagers and I found out that this was the French prison camp from Dien Bien Phu and that the last French prisoners were not released until 1970—200 of them from that very camp. They were Moroccans, from the French Foreign Legion. Some of them even had families in the prison. They had married prostitutes. They were finally released in 1970.

PLAYBOY: So because of that, you didn't think your prospects at that point were so good.

GARWOOD: Exactly. I started thinking, you know, Jesus Christ, *they'd* been there since 1954 and not released until 1970—shit, that's almost 20 years. I figured if I've got to live this way, I might as well try to make my life easier. I'm just making my life harder this way. There was no way out.

PLAYBOY: You'd been captured for 11 years at that point?

GARWOOD: Right. Eleven years. I told myself, Jesus Christ, there is a possibility I'd be there 20 years or more, maybe the rest of my life. So I just thought to myself, Fuck it. The Americans have pulled out of here. I haven't seen no damned negotiations going on to find out if anybody is here or not, me included, and nobody has come to ask me, and I just felt completely deserted. I mean, wholehearted, totally, completely deserted. And my morale was low. So that is when I decided I would do *anything* I could to try to make my life easier in the camp, try to make it more comfortable.

PLAYBOY: What was your life like? Were you still guarded?

GARWOOD: Well, there were only two gates going in and out, but inside the camp itself, I was allowed to move freely as long as I didn't go within any of the small camps. I could move from my hootch to anywhere in the camp as long as I didn't go into any building without permission.

PLAYBOY: How did you eat at that point?

GARWOOD: I ate exactly what the guards ate.

PLAYBOY: Was there a mess hall?

GARWOOD: They issued me a mess kit and what I did was go down to the kitchen and I would give them my mess kit and they would fill it full of food and I went back to my hootch and I ate it.

PLAYBOY: How did you spend the evenings?

GARWOOD: The evenings? I'd sing to myself or play cards with the guards. They played, like, a Vietnamese poker—and solitaire.

PLAYBOY: Did they give you anything to read?

GARWOOD: They gave me some Cuban, Russian newspapers.

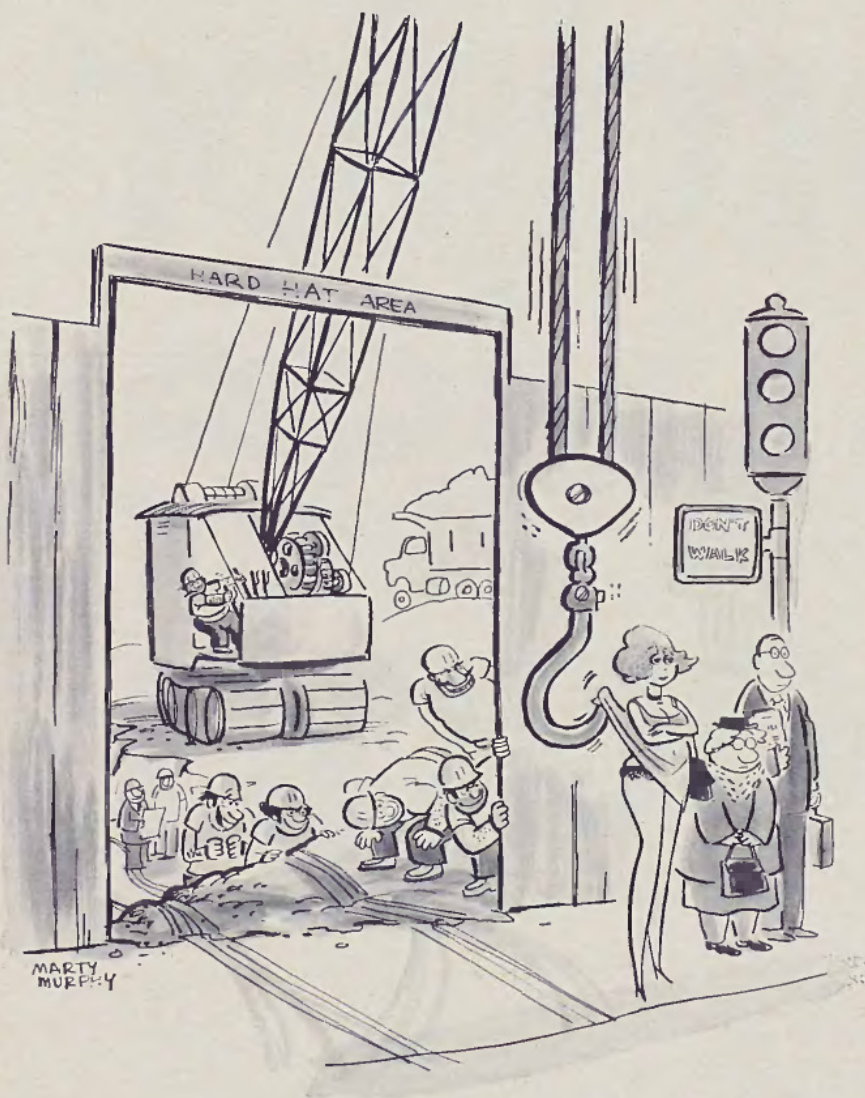
PLAYBOY: How about women?

GARWOOD: Taboo.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever manage to get around the taboo?

GARWOOD: I tried to and I got in a lot of trouble. It was back in '74, at the Sontay prison camp. The officer in charge of me had a wife. She was coming to visit her husband. She was in the army. Hell, all I did back then was masturbate. She came there quite often and she seemed to have a lot of sympathy for me. I could tell the way she talked to me and everything. She used to bring me candy. Her husband got on her case for it a couple of times. He was a lieutenant.

She was young, about 24. Well, I immediately focused my attention on her. You see, at night, there was a couple of times I was left in that camp by myself



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with her, because her husband would go to meetings almost every night. I don't know what the hell the meetings were about. And the guards, a lot of times at night, they would take flashlights and they would go along the creek bank and catch fish and frogs and what have you, to cook in the soup, like a goulash.

The first night that we were left alone, I was scared. I wanted to, but I was scared. I knew all she had to do was just go up and tell somebody and they would blow my ass away or something. Then she made the first advance, she started talking, asked me about American women, you know, how American women kiss and how they make love, a bunch of stuff like that.

So I kind of got the idea what she was getting on to, but that first time I did not even attempt anything. But the second time, she was lying in the hammock and she took off her blouse, and then one thing led to another. I mean, hell, even if they blew me away, there was no way I could control myself. It was the first time in nine years I'd had a woman.

PLAYBOY: It must have been a strange feeling.

GARWOOD: Yeah. I went instantly. It was almost like a blink of an eye, really.

PLAYBOY: Did you see her again?

GARWOOD: Yes. When her husband came back, I was scared, because if he found out, he would blow me away in a second. Through all them years up until 1979, I was always scared, somehow he was going to find out and he was going to come back for me. But in 1975, I was transferred to the Yenbay camp and I never saw him again.

PLAYBOY: How else did you spend your time? Any sports?

GARWOOD: No, no sports at all. Basically, I just amused myself by trying to learn the Vietnamese language and culture so I could understand them better, so I could understand just what was coming down on me. It was one of those things that kept me from going really crazy.

PLAYBOY: Just how Vietnamized do you think you finally became?

GARWOOD: I always slept on a mat on the floor, I ate off the floor, squatted down like they did, drank out of old tin cups or bamboo shoots. When I started sitting in chairs again in the last couple of years, I'd get a backache.

PLAYBOY: At this point in the narrative, you were up north in that camp. How did you get back down to Hanoi?

GARWOOD: OK, it started in 1977. It had been two years since I'd seen any kind of civilization, so I just kept demanding, demanding, saying I would really like to go to Hanoi for just any holiday, so I could see some people, see some kind of civilization, you know. And they kept telling me that the security wasn't good enough, that it was very dangerous, that

if anybody found out I was American—because the Vietnamese hate the Americans very much—my life would be in great danger.

This was always the excuse they gave me. Then, in '77, I got a real bad stomach ailment. They took me to the hospital in Hanoi, but I couldn't get in, they wouldn't check me in the hospital, and I had to stay in a house. It was about 20 kilometers from the hospital. I don't know how they found the house. I never inquired about it.

PLAYBOY: Who got the house? Whom were you with?

GARWOOD: Guards and an officer. Then they finally admitted me to the hospital in a special room that was away from the other people and I was treated. But I became very acquainted with these guards. They had never been in any kind of battle or anything and they came from pretty well-to-do families in North Vietnam. Just out of curiosity, they asked me, they said, "It would probably be pretty easy for you to walk into a hotel and nobody would ask you anything. You look like a Russian or a Cuban." Anyway, close to Christmas, they brought me to Hanoi and the officers, one lieutenant colonel, his name was Han, took me to a tourist hotel in downtown Hanoi for Christmas dinner—which about flipped me out. And I found out, because I looked at the slip they had on the table, that it was a hotel just for foreign guests. I mean, they didn't have my nationality, nothing down there. Just foreign guest and the waitress joked with me like I was a damned Russian or Cuban or

something. They explained that, you know, it was appreciation of the work I did and that I kept the machine running and all of that. They said, "Due to your progress, we have decided to treat you to a Christmas dinner." That was the first Christmas, anything close to Christmas, I had known in 13 years.

Anyway, I excused myself and I went out. I went out among the other foreigners and nobody noticed me or anything and I just kind of wandered around and I stayed out maybe five minutes, then I came back in. That's how easy it was. And I started getting a little brave. And so I got back with my guards and told them I was walking around all over the damned place and nobody said anything.

So we started talking and that's when the deal come up. One of the guards was a jeep driver. He was not actually a guard, he was a jeep driver and he says, "When you have the chance, do you like to drink beer?"

God, I hadn't had a beer in 13 fucking years. "Do you like to drink beer?" I flipped out! I said yeah. He says, "Well, it's very dangerous, but we can do it if you cooperate." And, immediately, they were getting real friendly, buddy-buddy, so I just played along. The goddamned black-market racket was all it was.

The deal was they would take me to Hanoi, give me the money, I would go in the hotel and buy liquor, cigarettes and candy. On the black market, those were the most called for, and very, very high-priced. In return, they would give me enough money to buy a pack of



"Both the bank and my wife are penalizing me for early withdrawal."

cigarettes and drink one or two beers.

So I played sick a lot and they'd take me to Hanoi and there were always the same guards when I played sick. They wouldn't admit me to the hospital, they would just give me medicine and I stayed in the same place about 24 hours and then I'd hop in the vehicle with the guards and go to the hotel and start buying shit. This went on until the time I got out of Vietnam. That is how I was able to pass the note.

PLAYBOY: The note that got you released. What happened that particular day?

GARWOOD: It had got to the point they were pretty relaxed. I think they thought that I wasn't so stupid as to try anything. Well, we went to the Victoria Hotel to buy the same commodities. As I walked in, there were four people sitting there eating their evening meal and I heard one man saying, "I'll be returning to Washington. . . ." It distinctly caught my attention, so I sat down at the first table. I listened to him talk. They had given me the money in an envelope and I took it out and on the back of it I wrote down, "I am an American. Are you interested?" And I wadded it up and I asked the guy for a cigarette and I dropped it in his lap.

PLAYBOY: You didn't say that you were a prisoner?

GARWOOD: At that point, I only said, "I'm an American. Are you interested?"

And he got up and started to come over to my table and I got up the same time and motioned him over to the corner and he asked me some questions: "Are you afraid to return to the United States?" And I looked at him like he's some kind of a dumb shit or something. I said, "Are you crazy? Why should I be afraid to return to my own country?" So he didn't pursue that any further. He said, "What exactly do you want me to do?" I said, "I would like you to contact any American embassy or our U.S. military establishment and give them this note." At that point, he gave me back the note and I wrote down my name, rank and serial number and U.S.M.C. I said, "Just give them this and they'll know what to do." He says, "Where are you staying now? Are you staying here in Hanoi?" I said, "No, I'm not. I'm in a forced-labor camp 100 miles from here."

PLAYBOY: Who was he? Do you know?

GARWOOD: I know now. His name is Ossi Rahkonen. He is a Finnish banker or something, working for the World Bank.

PLAYBOY: How long was it after that episode that you heard you might be released?

GARWOOD: Approximately six weeks to two months. But almost as soon as I went back to camp, things started to change. Security got real tight, they wouldn't let me leave or anything. I figured, Oh, I screwed up. They found out. I'm in real

trouble. My rations had been cut and conditions started really to become like they was in the mountains.

PLAYBOY: What was going through your mind about what might happen if they found out about the note you had passed? What were the worst possibilities?

GARWOOD: Well, I figured it would probably be a long, dragged-out interrogation—I don't know. It wouldn't be good, I was sure of that.

PLAYBOY: But, ultimately, the risk paid off. They let you go. How did that come about?

GARWOOD: They just come in one night and said to me, "You're going to Hanoi." They took me to Hanoi and put me in this little apartment, with four beds and a tiny table, and said, "You'll be meeting our commander soon." And the next day, they outfitted me with some new clothes—a damned tailor-made suit. I couldn't believe it. There seemed to be a lot of chickenshit stuff going on for the next few days, but the next thing I know, I'm getting on the Air France plane.

PLAYBOY: Stepping back from it all, how do you remember those 14 years in Vietnam?

GARWOOD: They ripped my guts out. Actually, if you talk about human existence, there's not much of that left in me right now. They did that to me. They took 14 years of my life away from me, and I've got no compensation



for that. Even that I'm back in the United States, it seems like everyone's trying to put the brunt of the whole Vietnam war on *my* shoulders—not on Ho Chi Minh and all the Communists, or whoever the hell was responsible for it. All I know is I spent 14 years in Communist prisons, and I would have gladly exchanged triple that time for any American prison, I'll tell you. And what did I do wrong besides putting on that uniform and going to 'Nam and trying to uphold what this Government told me to do? My life has been destroyed, my family's life has been torn apart. It's just going to be nightmares until the day I die.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the Vietnamese people themselves now? What is your gut reaction?

GARWOOD: I'll tell you something. My heart, my soul burns, it aches. I'm more mature now, but still I cannot look at an Oriental without picturing myself trying to strangle or kill him or torture him in some way.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the Marine Corps at this point?

GARWOOD: I have no animosity toward them.

PLAYBOY: And you really feel you did nothing wrong?

GARWOOD: The only thing I really regret is that I might have thought about the other person more. I was young and

there was a lot of confusion, but I wasn't ready to lay myself on the line—not to the extent where I thought I would be killed. To this day, it bothers me. Maybe I could have helped more, even if it had meant putting my ass on the line. I was in a better position than the other POWs, so I might have helped.

PLAYBOY: Aside from legalities, just looking at it morally, do you feel you've done anything that you should be ashamed of?

GARWOOD: No, I don't. But that's something that I'll probably be asking myself the rest of my life: Could I have done more? I saw 11 Americans die over there and it disturbed me, because I always felt that I could have been one of them. When I think back on it, this business about me deserting, or crossing over—it was a mixture of fear, revenge, survival, complete frustration. I had no one to turn to, no one to seek advice from. It was a situation that I never thought I could be in, and suddenly I was in very deeply and I didn't know how to get out. I was just trying to survive.

PLAYBOY: How *will* you survive for the rest of your life, now that the court-martial is over and you've been dishonorably discharged?

GARWOOD: I went through so much shit in the past 16 years that sometimes I want to give up and say the hell with it, you know. Just out of total frustration, iso-

lation. When I was there, there was nobody to turn to, nobody I could talk to, nobody to give me advice, tell me what to do. I was completely cut off from the outside world and the years were just going by, and it seemed like there was no end. I was like some damned vegetable or a tree. They didn't give a shit. Every now and then, they'd water me and that was about it.

So, right now, I actually feel very fortunate, because I am still alive to this day, when I could very well have been dead. I'm 35 years old. You know, how many more years have I got in my life? I have no foundation. I have no wife or children. No job experience, career to look forward to. I guess there's still a few years left in my life before I reach 40. Maybe I can get some schooling, try to get some kind of a profession. You know, the first thing I did when I returned to the States was to get a haircut and put on a Marine uniform. I didn't carry no placards, no antiwar demonstrations. I was very proud that I was accepted by the Marine Corps. And I have no animosity whatsoever toward the Corps. Whatever happened during the past 16 years was just a sequence of circumstances that were unavoidable. I thank God that I'm still alive to tell about it.



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Body and Soulmates

(continued from page 153)

plays the crooked fight promoter, seems not to be cast as himself.

The plot centers largely on Leon the Lover's beginning to believe his own hype and, with some prodding by the evil Syndicate, turning away from Jayne and succumbing to the temptations offered by some of his more luscious fans, played, appropriately enough, by Playmates Rosanne Katon, Ola Ray and Azizi Johari. But while Leon the actor was cavorting before the camera, Jayne the wife was fuming behind it.

"He had some love scenes in the movie with other ladies," explains Jayne. "I figured he wrote the script, so this must be what he wanted to do. And I was a little disturbed by that."

Things got worse when director George Bowers got ready to shoot the big scene in which Jayne discovers Leon in bed—and not alone. Bowers suggested doing the scene in cuts, so that Jayne wouldn't actually have to see her husband in bed with three nude women. "It's just a movie," Jayne shrugged, and she agreed to do an actual take. "When I walked in the door, it wasn't just a movie," she says. "I found myself getting mad. Leon tried to talk to me after the scene, but I just left the set."

Leon claimed he was just following the script—his own script, of course. "Throughout the movie, we weren't getting along at all because of the pressures put on me as writer, producer and actor," he explains. "And there were many days on the set when I was waiting for the movie to be finished so I could just leave, so I didn't have to be around her. The day we had our own love scene we were very mad at each other. It was almost like kissing a stranger. It was just two professionals doing what they had to do."

But that was six months ago and, with filming over, the tensions have disappeared. Jayne has written many of their problems off to Leon's dedication to his work. "Everything else is put aside until the project is finished," she says. "And sometimes that also means a relationship. He likes everything he does to be perfect. And that is certainly not a fault."

However, that doesn't mean that Jayne is rushing into Leon's next movie project for her, a film biography of the late Dorothy Dandridge. She's waiting, instead, to see if a *CHiPs* spin-off she's filmed will be picked up as a series, and she also has *Jayne Kennedy's NFL Report*, a syndicated TV show, ready to go in the fall. When it comes to working with Leon, she says, "Once a year is enough."





Raymond

"What the hell do you mean—turn the light off?"



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BEYOND THE PILL

(continued from page 112)

(30,000,000 sperm produced every day).

The future of contraception lies in a method that answers both the needs and the mood of the times. The ideal method divides the burden equally between man and woman, is not directly related to the sex act, does not introduce foreign substances into the body and is 100 percent effective and 100 percent safe.

The ideal method does not exist.

But there are three traditional methods that at least partly fulfill the specifications and that, like the condom and the diaphragm, have been given new life in the wake of disillusionment with the pill and I.U.D.s. They are sterilization, the cervical cap and natural family planning.

When a man and a woman make love using a foolproof method of contraception—when there is no possibility of conception—the sex act is isolated in the moment. It is disconnected. Biologically, it occurs outside time.

It is not insignificant, then, that sterilization has become the second most popular method of birth control after the pill (which, to the extent it is almost perfectly effective, also isolates the sex act in the moment). The number of men and women sterilized has climbed from a total of 7.8 percent in 1965 to 19.3 percent in 1976. By 1979, almost 12,000,000 Americans had been sterilized, and the figure is climbing at a rate of close to 1,000,000 annually.

This boom is due partly to advances in the methods—for both men and women. "Since the early Seventies, female sterilization especially has become significantly easier to do," says Miriam Ruben of the Association for Voluntary Sterilization. "Now, like the male operation, it is an outpatient procedure under local anesthetic. Both female and male sterilizations are safe, quick and relatively painless—usually, the worst pain is the needle administering the anesthetic.

"For the woman, it can be as simple as a one-to-one-and-a-half-inch incision at the pubic-hair line; for the man, a tiny incision in the scrotum—either one incision along the center line or two, one over each *vas deferens*. Then a little stitch. Fifteen minutes. My husband had a vasectomy, and I'll be damned if I can even find the scar.

"Most of the anxiety (for men, especially) centers on how it will affect their sexuality. They can become sexually active almost immediately. It all feels the same: same arousal and same sensations. You still feel an ejaculation, except there is only semen, not sperm, in the ejaculate."

But the boom in sterilization is due not just to the advances in methods. It is also a result of the growing acceptance

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of the idea. Ten years ago, sterilization—especially for men—seemed extraordinary. Today, while not yet common, it no longer seems uncommon.

"The only problems we run into," says Ruben, "are the older men (and it usually is men) who were married, had kids, got vasectomies, and then got divorced. Now they're with a young woman who wants kids, and the men come back to us asking about the possibility of having reversals done.

"But even *that* is getting more and more likely. Some doctors are already having good results with reversals, though it's still on a limited basis. And as microsurgical techniques are improved, the chances of reversals will improve—although *no one* should get sterilized counting on a reversal.

"The best rule of thumb is: *If you have any doubts, don't do it.*"

Despite that caution, sterilization is increasingly advocated by doctors for married women who have had enough children or who are past the safe child-bearing age and do not want children. And there is a determined attempt on the part of prosterilization groups—such as Zero Population Growth—to push the method, to make it even more acceptable by leavening the subject with humor, even trivializing it. Last year, for Father's Day, the Denver Zero Population Growth Foundation raffled off a vasectomy. Second prize was a year's supply (estimated at two gross) of pastel-colored condoms. Booby prize was one month's free diaper service.

"Everybody says there's no method of contraception that is both not directly related to the sex act and safe," says Barbara Seaman, cofounder of the National Women's Health Network and an expert on women's health and contraception. "But I think there is one method—the cervical cap."

The cervical cap is exactly what it sounds like: a small cap that fits over the cervix. It is a traditional method of contraception, thousands of years old. The modern cervical caps, developed in 1838, originally were made out of gold, platinum or silver, precious ore that women secreted within their bodies. Today, the caps are made of less romantic substances, such as plastic or rubber.

In terms of effectiveness, safety and convenience, the cervical cap compares well with the competition. It is far more convenient than either the diaphragm or the condom. Like the diaphragm, it can be inserted and withdrawn by the wearer; unlike the diaphragm, it can be worn for relatively long periods of time. The metal cap used to be worn for a month and taken out just before each menstruation. The new rubber cap can be worn from three to five days, though if it is left in too long—more than five

days—it develops an odor. Also, the diaphragm needs fresh spermicide with each act; the cap does not. Some women put in spermicide when they insert the cap; other women follow tradition and do not use spermicide at all, a benefit of the cervical cap that takes on greater importance in light of the recent Boston University study.

The only inconvenience involved in using the cap is that some men report feeling it when they are making love; however, some women report that the cap heightens their arousal, perhaps from the pressure against the cervix.

So much for convenience and safety. Now, effectiveness.

Like foams alone (which have a use-effectiveness rate of 78 percent), suppositories (75–80 percent), withdrawal (75–80 percent) and lactation (only 60 percent), the cervical cap tends to be dismissed as not a serious contraceptive method in America—even though it may have a use-effectiveness rate surpassing that of the condom and the diaphragm and just short of the I.U.D. and the pill: 91.4 percent, according to a study released in 1953, one of the rare studies done in the U. S. on the cervical cap.

"It amazes me that nobody in this country seems to want to do the low-cost research to improve barrier methods like condoms, diaphragms and cervical caps," says Seaman. "I sometimes get very cynical about it."

Her cynicism leads her to a couple of possible explanations: "If you work in systemic methods fiddling with body functioning—as in the case of the pill—you may stumble into a Nobel Prize; but if you make a more effective and more sensitive condom or prove to the FDA that cervical caps work, it is less likely that Stockholm will call."

But ambition, says Seaman, is probably not as responsible for the neglect of cervical caps as is greed.

"I felt there was pressure against the revival of the cervical cap from both the

medical community and the pharmaceutical industry," she says, "so in 1979, I testified at Ted Kennedy's Senate hearings on women and health. I said the bias against cervical caps in this country was probably due to the fact that it is such a low-profit method. Cervical caps don't have to be replaced as often as diaphragms, so the companies making them would not sell as many. And doctors don't like it because it takes so long to fit it, because it's not a high-turnover procedure." The cervical cap just has lots of satisfied women supporting it, especially in Europe. Even though about 50 centers across the United States are now dispensing caps, the method is struggling.

While the cap seems relatively risk-free, researchers at Harvard Medical School report that it has a tendency to dislodge during intercourse. Eight out of 60 women studied became pregnant after their caps dislodged. It may be that the cap, like the diaphragm, should be removed more often.

The FDA has reclassified cervical caps as devices approved only for investigative studies. Although it is unclear how that will affect distribution of the caps, Seaman says, "It's ironic that the pill and I.U.D.s—both demonstrably more dangerous than the cap—are readily available. Yet the cap, which in the past 15 years has never led to a death or any serious complication, is almost unknown and hard to get."

The medical community and the pharmaceutical industry would dislike natural family planning for the same reasons they dislike the cervical cap. But at least N.F.P. has the backing of the Catholic Church, an ally that can certainly hold its own against the American Medical Association and the American Pharmaceutical Association. There are several natural-family-planning methods.

The calendar method, traditionally called the rhythm method, involves calculating, on the basis of her previous



menstrual cycles, a woman's likely fertile period and abstaining during that time.

The ovulation method (also called the Billings Method after Drs. John and Evelyn Billings, the Australian husband-and-wife team who developed it in 1974) involves learning to read changes in cervical mucus. From the first show of moistness *after* menstruation to the fourth day after ovulation (the wettest day), a woman is probably fertile.

The basal-body-temperature method involves keeping track of the woman's temperature every day with a special basal thermometer, watching for the slight drop that in some women precedes ovulation and the rise that follows from 24 to 72 hours after ovulation. It is considered safe to have intercourse only after the temperature has been elevated for three days.

And for the past decade, there has been a grass-roots surge of interest in a method called the *symptothermic*—or *fertility awareness*—method, which combines aspects of all three. In the combined regimen, a woman takes her temperature daily before getting out of bed. Then, two or three times during the day, she examines her cervical mucus

and the position of the cervix. Before and after ovulation, the cervix is firm, low and closed; during ovulation, it's soft, high and open. If checking sounds like a drag, fertility-awareness enthusiasts claim it just takes a moment and soon becomes second nature when combined with a regular trip to the bathroom. The process takes about ten minutes per day.

But N.F.P. tends to be dismissed by many as a mixture of naïveté and near magic. "We have a name for people who practice natural family planning," says Lyn McKee, a consultant for Planned Parenthood of Contra Costa County, California. "We call them parents."

Theoretically, however, N.F.P.'s record is surprisingly good. Although the traditional calendar-only method has an effectiveness rate of only 81 percent, the basal-body-temperature method is 93 percent effective, comparable to the condom, diaphragm, I.U.D. and pill. The Billings Method by itself has a stunning theoretical effectiveness rate: 98 percent.

The problem with N.F.P. methods, of course, is cheating. Actual use-effectiveness rates lag at between 75 and 80 percent.

Users of N.F.P. have to remember a simple fact that the sexually conservative traditional supporters of the methods often fail to point out: Abstinence from intercourse doesn't necessarily mean abstinence from sex. Couples can indulge in oral and anal sex and masturbation without *any* danger of pregnancy.

As for the combination symptothermic method, a study conducted in the Los Angeles area by doctors from Cedars-Sinai Medical Center and sponsored by the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development has found that it can have a significantly higher actual use-effectiveness rate than either the Billings or the rhythm method used alone. Although other statistics would place it slightly below the condom and the diaphragm, the symptothermic method's effectiveness is certainly good enough to keep it in the running.

The search for safe, effective birth control has changed society before and will again. As a matter of fact, we've already changed, because we realize finally that safe is a relative term.

"There is no safe contraceptive," says Dr. Carl Djerassi, the man who synthesized the first oral contraceptive. "But not just contraceptives—there is no safe *anything*. Aspirin, sugar, anything. You can cross the street and get hit by a car. It is naïve to expect safety."

Contraception, it turns out, is a matter of each individual's balancing the risks of pregnancy against a contraceptive method's risk to health. The blithe assumption current when the pill was introduced—that we now had a perfectly safe, perfectly effective contraceptive that freed us from all consequences—has burst like a colored party balloon. We have to relearn that trite, true lesson: There is no free lunch. We can have our nearly foolproof contraceptives and the explosion of sexual activity they produce; but the side effects, whether pregnancy or health hazards, are there to remind us that we're inextricably locked into an equation that includes sex and mortality.

Of course, that's nothing new, and it need not be depressing. Other generations found that the acknowledgment of the connection between sexuality and mortality heightened its pleasure. If you believed, as the Elizabethans did, that every orgasm (which was called the Little Death) made you die a day sooner—brother, you made sure those orgasms were worth it. Our teachers ought to be Shakespeare, Rabelais, Boccaccio. So we must learn that life is a party in a plague. Is that any reason to wear a hair shirt instead of something from Frederick's of Hollywood?



Jerry Marcus

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PITCHERS' DUEL

(continued from page 118)

"You see, pitching is really just an internal struggle between the pitcher and his stuff."

necessity of dealing with it, as if it were a bad debt that will vanish with neglect. But it doesn't, and sooner or later they will have to come to grips with it. And if they can't, as with all failures, they will be overwhelmed.

After eight years in the major leagues, Steve Stone, the Baltimore Orioles' 1980 Cy Young Award winner, was saddled with a reputation as a mediocre pitcher (he had a 78-79 career won-lost record) whose intellect (he is a published poet) and culinary talents (he is a gourmet chef and wine connoisseur) were more noteworthy than his pitching performances. Stone found that this reputation for mediocrity could be quite comfortable—as comfortable, say, as buying an inexpensive suit off the rack, rather than buying a custom-made suit with all its attendant and bothersome fittings. And the price was right. His mediocrity imposed on him none of the pressures that success would have.

"I was a journeyman pitcher," he says. "I began to believe it. I'd win one, lose one, win one, lose one. And it was easy to rationalize my poor performances. Finally, toward the end of the '79 season, I just refused to be unsuccessful anymore. I convinced myself I was going to win every time I went out to the mound. Instead of worrying about the batter, I began only to worry about my pitches. I wouldn't even think of the batter, because that would take my mind off my primary concern, making good pitches for nine innings.

"You see, pitching is really just an internal struggle between the pitcher and his stuff. If my curve ball is breaking and I'm throwing it where I want, then the batter is irrelevant. Of course, every hitter presents a different set of problems. Take George Brett, for instance. He doesn't look for breaking balls or fast balls or change-ups, he just looks for the ball in a certain zone—say, low and inside. If he gets the pitch there,

he'll hit it. Some batters look for a certain pitch. I remember a confrontation I once had with Dusty Baker. I had men on base and a 3-2 count on him, and I knew he was waiting for a fast ball. I threw him four straight curve balls and he just sat back there, taking this little half swing and fouling them off. He was defying me to throw a fast ball. I refused to give in. I threw four more curve balls and finally struck him out. It became a real challenge for me. I just flat refused to throw him a fast ball, even if it meant I'd have to throw him 15 curve balls in a row."

After struggling along with a 6-7 record over the first half of the 1979 season, Stone, armed with his new power of positive thinking, underwent a remarkable transformation. He finished the season with five victories without a loss, and continued his amazing success into 1980, fashioning a 25-7 record, the best in the majors.

Here is how Stone describes the process that brought about his remarkable metamorphosis: "I saw my subconscious as a blackboard, and the first thing I did was erase all negative thoughts. I reprogrammed my subconscious with only positive thoughts. Two days before I would pitch, I'd put myself only in positive environments. I'd walk away from negative conversations. If my teammates were talking about how we weren't hitting, I wouldn't listen. That was destructive to my well-being. On the day of a game, I'd prepare myself mentally at home during a two-and-one-half-hour period. I'd program my subconscious for success. I'd envision the headlines the next day, 'STONE BEATS MILWAUKEE.' Then I'd envision the hitters, the problems I'd face. I'd face every hitter four times in my home before I even got to the stadium. I saw myself getting the hitters out with this pitch or that one.

"During the game, it was the same thing. I'd see a pitch before I'd make it. I saw what would happen. Then I'd throw it and it would happen just as I'd seen it. And I wouldn't panic if it didn't work. I'd just keep seeing it and then throw the ball, and it would work. I won 14 games in a row in '80, and after ten of those wins, a lady told me I was due for a loss. I said, 'No, I'm not,' and won four more. Then I lost a game in Texas and won five straight after that.

"The media started to put pressure on me, but I wouldn't let it affect me. I won my 18th and 19th games of the season against the Yankees, and if I'd thought of the enormity of that, it would have scared me. But all I ever thought of was getting Willie Randolph out, and



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then Bucky Dent, and so on. This year won't be any different for me, either. When this story comes out, for instance, I'll be well on my way to winning my second consecutive Cy Young Award."

Tommy John, the Yankees' perennial 20-game winner, is strapped into a Nautilus Fitness leg machine in the bowels of Yankee Stadium and, as he pumps his legs, he is talking. John is always talking. He loves to talk, to fill the air with words, to show people that, by a mere act of his will, he has managed to control his once debilitating stutter. Mostly, though, he does not like to talk about

his stutter. He would rather talk about his sinker ball, and how people underestimate it because it doesn't knock his catcher back ten yards, and how people underestimate him and his talents and are always waiting to put a nail in his coffin. "I try not to get upset," he says, "but even Jesus got upset. I mean, one time last year my record dipped to 15-5 and one writer asked me after a game if I'd lost it. I said, 'Gee, I must be 5-15, huh?'"

People have always underestimated John, and for good reason. For the first ten years of his major-league career, mostly with the Chicago White Sox, he

was barely a .500 pitcher. His pitching coach, Johnny Sain, who was reputed to be the most astute in the game, once said of him, "He'll never be more than a 13-14-game winner. He's a momma's boy."

And, in truth, there was something soft and weak about John. It wasn't only his stutter—which exhausted his listeners as much as it must have exhausted him—it was all those things, and more, that gave one the overwhelming impression that John did not have the character to become a great pitcher, despite his having the same kind of ability as Whitey Ford, the Yankees' great left-hander of the Fifties. Like Ford, John was a southpaw with a big, chest-puffing, arm-wheeling delivery that masked a variety of soft, tricky pitches and a deceptive fast ball. The only apparent difference between the two was that Ford had a street fighter's tenacity on the mound and John seemed to have a preacher's deference that prevented him from becoming anything better than a mediocre pitcher.

Then, in the middle of the 1974 season with the Dodgers, John ruptured a ligament in his pitching elbow and underwent surgery. A tendon from his right forearm was used to reconstruct his left elbow. It was the first such successful sports surgery of its kind. It was hoped, afterward, that at least he would have some use of his left arm, that he would someday mow the lawn, or pick up groceries, or trim hedges with that arm. Few people expected him ever to throw a baseball again, much less throw one from a major-league mound.

When his arm was healed, John tried to throw a baseball. He managed to reach his wife a few feet away. After a few months of throwing to her, she was 60'6" away. Then he got a catcher, and threw harder and harder, until in 1976, he was back pitching for the Dodgers. He finished at 10-10, won the Comeback Player of the Year Award and the next year became a 20-game winner. He jumped to the Yankees in 1979, won 21 games that year and then 22 more in 1980.

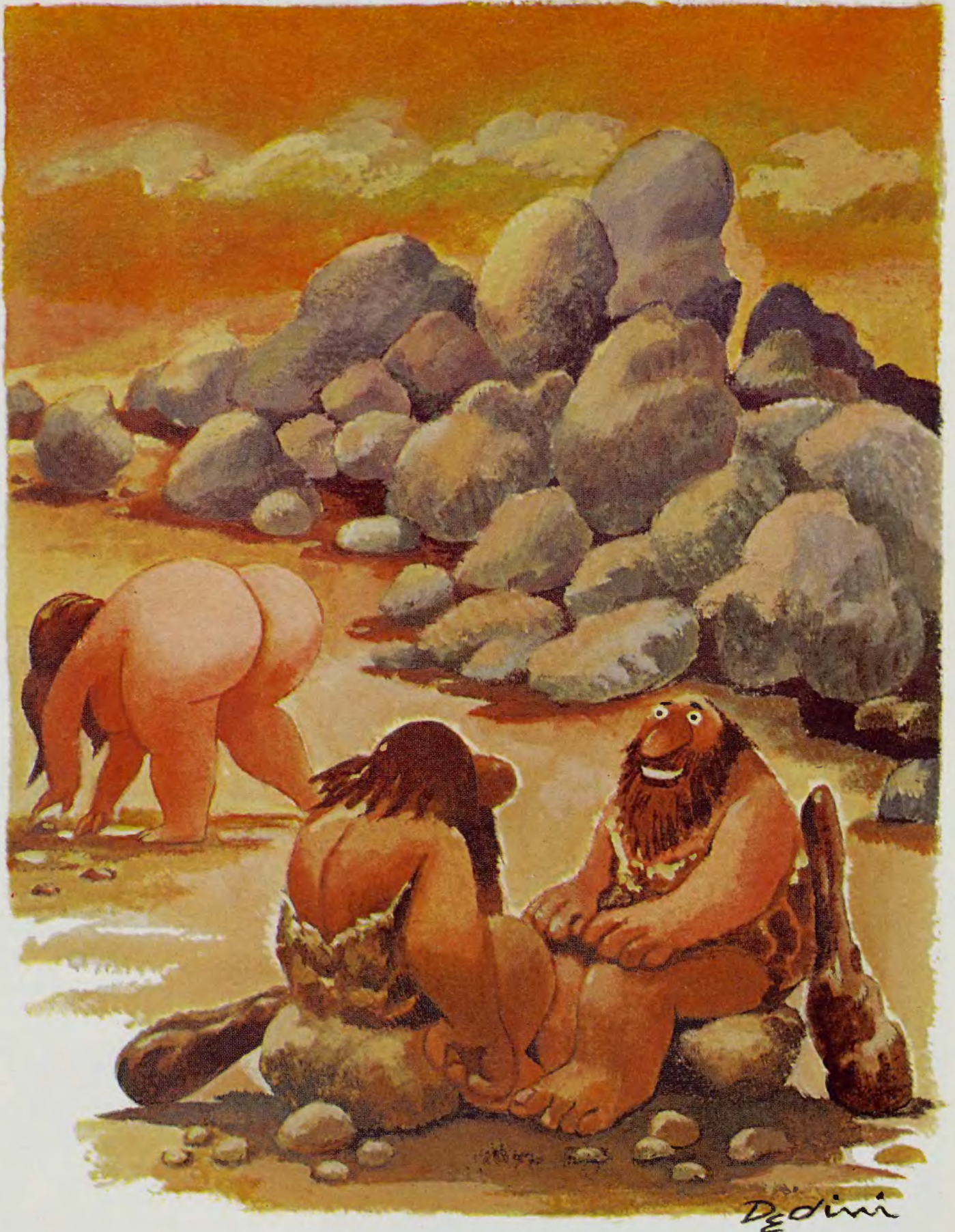
The same people who once hinted that John did not have the character to become a great pitcher now talked about him as a "gutsy" pitcher, as if he had somehow acquired guts, just as even the most cantankerous people acquire a certain grace in the face of cancer. The question was, had John's injury brought out in him a quality that had always been there, or had he simply acquired that quality in the process of fighting his injury?

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of pitchers from winning as many games as they should," says John. "It's not the pressure to win so much as it is the pressure not to make a fool of yourself out there, in front of all those people. After my injury, I wasn't afraid of anything. I mean, if it was meant for me to come back, then I would. I had faith in myself, my family and the Lord. If He wanted Tommy John to pitch again, then I would. If He didn't, I wouldn't worry about it. It took the pressure off."

Phil Niekro, the Atlanta Braves' 42-year-old knuckle-ball pitcher, is talking about his pitch. "Damned, but my life is tied up with that pitch. Sometimes I can't even separate the two. It's as if the pitch and my life were one and the same thing. I owe everything to that pitch. *Everything*. There were times in the minors when things were so bad I felt that the pitch was leading me by the nose. It had such control of my life there was nothing I could do to shake it. I began to wonder then whether this pitch everyone was calling a gift was not really a curse, after all."

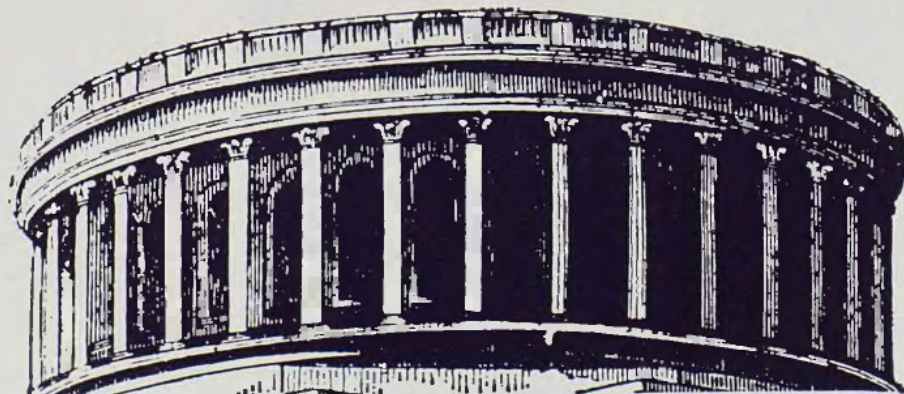
To understand Niekro's uniqueness as a pitcher, one must understand his pitch. A knuckle ball is a serious and irrational pitch with more than a little madness in it. A pitcher does not *throw* a knuckle ball, he surrenders it to the elements, as if it were some wild and untrainable bird. Once released, the pitch has a will of its own. It does not behave with the obedient logic of a tin, precise little slider or an overpowering fast ball. It merely darts hither and yon, or wobbles like a ping-pong ball in the wind, or suddenly dives like a mallard shot on the wing. Sometimes it does all three things at once before it reaches the plate, and at other times it may do none of those but merely float as big as a grapefruit toward the batter's waiting bat. The value of the pitch lies in its unpredictability. No batter knows just what a knuckle ball will do on its way to the plate, but then again, neither does the pitcher who throws it. To flirt with a knuckle ball, then, is dangerous business, and a pitcher must ask himself if it is worth the risk. Few say yes. A knuckle-ball pitcher must be the kind of man who can surrender his will to forces beyond his control.

But for eight years in and out of the minor leagues, Niekro fought with his pitch. He refused to accept its dictates and tried to impose his will on it. They were frustrating years for him. At times, he abandoned the pitch and tried to become a classical pitcher (fast ball, curve ball, slider), but to no avail. When he returned to his pitch, it betrayed him in novel ways. One year in the minors, he was successful enough to be called up



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to the Braves. But after a few losing games, games he lost because his catcher, Joe Torre, could not hold on to the pitch, he was shipped back to the minors. John McHale, the Braves' general manager, who sent him out, told him, "To tell the truth, Phil, we're sending you down because we don't have a catcher who can catch you."

"I couldn't believe my ears," says Nickro. "He was telling me my stuff was too good for the majors. It didn't make sense. I wanted to apologize for having such a good knuckle ball. Then I cursed the pitch. At that moment, I hated the damned pitch that controlled my life."

Back in the minors, Nickro tried to prove he could get by without his pitch. But he couldn't. Finally, at the age of 27, he surrendered to it. "I decided not to worry about walking batters or passed balls or anything," he says. "I decided to just throw the damned thing and let it lead me wherever it wanted." He began throwing 90 percent knuckle balls,

and soon he was back in the major leagues for good. He won 23 games for the Braves in 1969 and 20 games in 1974. Today, with 233 career victories, he is the winningest knuckle-ball pitcher in the history of the game.

Relief pitchers are to starting pitchers what mad poets are to prosperous novelists. They are ephemeral creatures more noted for brief flashes of brilliance—an inning, a batter, a pitch—than for long-range and plodding success: games, victories, seasons. Their success has more to do with their emotions than with their intellects (the Phillies' Tug McGraw, taking deep breaths, slapping his glove against his thigh while waiting to deliver the final pitch, a third strike, in the final game of the 1980 world series). Relievers are never given to long cerebral discussions of their craft, à la Tom Seaver and Steve Stone. Instead, they reveal themselves in the way the Cardinals' Bruce Sutter does.

"Sure," Sutter says, "I get excited in tense situations. I get jacked up, you know what I mean? But I don't think about it. The situation, I mean. I'm like a machine out there, just throwing pitch after pitch as quickly as I can. My mind's in neutral. I've got only one pitch [a sinking, split-fingered fast ball], so it doesn't matter who the hitter is, I'm only gonna throw my nasty s.o.b. And now that I have a rep [1979 Cy Young Award winner], the batters help me out. They're the nervous ones. They get over-anxious and swing at bad pitches. Of course, it's not always like that. Sometimes you go so bad you want to hide, but the mound's not high enough. You don't feel right. Your pitching mechanics are all wrong, but you don't know why. You become conscious, thinking about things you never think about when you're going good."

Because relief pitchers usually enter a game at its most crucial point—runners on base, tied score—they have to compress all of their emotional energies into that short time span during which they work. As a result, they tend to view the rest of the game as dead time whose sole purpose is to be passed effortlessly. They rarely concentrate on the action at hand. Instead, sitting in the outfield bullpen, they roll up the sleeves of their uniforms, fling their arms over the backs of their benches and catch some sun while swapping anecdotes. Sometimes they get up and prowl around, like bulls in a pen (hence the name), passing time with fans leaning over the bleacher railing, flirting with young girls, maybe reading a magazine or a book or having a midafternoon snack (one major-league relief pitcher is famous for the outdoor barbecues he prepares in the early innings of a game; another is famous for the vegetable garden he cultivates in the bull pen).

All of those casual pursuits are designed to *purposely* distract them from the action at hand, so that their competitive energies are preserved for those moments when they are in a game. "When I'm not pitching," says McGraw, "I block out everything to do with the game. I save it all for the pitch I'm gonna make when I get in there."

Dan Quisenberry, the Kansas City Royals' young relief ace of the unorthodox, underhand delivery, is typical of relievers. His mind tends to wander during the first few innings before he begins to focus on the game at hand. "The situation I get into on the mound never makes me nervous," says Quisenberry, "because I try to envision it from the fourth inning on. That's the tensest time for me. I have this terrible fear of failure. I try to think what can happen by



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the time I get into a game. Somewhere in that maze, I start to see how I'm gonna get them out and I begin to relax. I see myself throwing low sinkers, and then, when I begin to warm up, it's almost therapeutic. When I get into a game, I'm the least nervous of all. I feel most myself when pitching. Like, at home, I'll play with the baby and all, but about three o'clock I'm ready to go to the ball park. I always go early. Sitting in the locker room long before game time is the most peaceful part of the day for me. A short reliever has to find ways of removing all the tension from his day, since he's going to be in tense situations on the mound. But I don't feel tense on the mound. I feel great. Pitching in those situations is great for the mind and the body. You void everything else out of your system when you're on the mound. It's refreshing."

Because relievers like Quisenberry, McGraw and Sutter appear in so many games per season—as many as 80, compared with a starter's 35—they tend to view their performances fatalistically. That is the only way they can survive under the constant pressure in which they perform. Says McGraw: "Sometimes you're gonna get lit up. That's it. You just gotta admit the batter did his job and forget it."

Sutter concurs: "You begin to worry about last night's bad game and it'll bring on a slump. You can't worry about that shit, it's not gonna change anything. You just gotta admit that some things are outa your control. That's why I don't ever feel any pressure out there. Hell, there is no pressure! Listen, what's the worst thing that can happen to you? Someone hits a home run. So what? Why should that worry me? When I was an eight-year-old kid, I didn't worry about a baseball game."

The last photograph I saw of him was taken a few years ago. He had just turned 40 then, a short, pudgy man with a bloated red face and thick-lensed eyeglasses. He was standing in the middle of a lettuce field on a farm in Stockton, California, and he was leaning on a long-handled hoe. Two young children were looking up at him. He was peering at the camera, just as he used to peer at batters—squinting through those eyeglasses with his perpetually dazed look. By the time the photograph was taken, he was a migrant farmworker and an alcoholic; but once he had been a pitcher of such enormous talent that *The Sporting News* referred to him as a living legend.

I had known about Steve Dalkowski in the Fifties and Sixties, when I pitched in the minor leagues and his was the



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talent by which so many young fast-ball pitchers gauged their own. We always came up short. He was one of the fastest pitchers who ever lived. He regularly struck out 18, 19, 20, 21, 22 batters in a minor-league game, while we, mere mortals, struggled to fan even ten batters.

But in those games in which he struck out 20, he also walked 20. He once pitched a no-hitter in which he struck out 18 batters, walked 18 and lost 8-4—which was why, despite his awesome talent, he never pitched an inning in the major leagues. He toiled mostly for Class D and Class C minor-league teams (San Jose, Pensacola, Aberdeen) for nine years and the best he could manage was a lifetime record of 46 wins and 80 losses. In 995 innings of minor-league pitching, he struck out 1396 batters and walked 1354.

Beyond those mere statistics, however, his career was a road map of moments, points on a graph, the stuff of which legends are made. He threw a fast ball that tore off a batter's ear. He threw a fast ball that knocked an umpire unconscious for 30 minutes. He threw a fast ball that hit a batter in the head and the boy was never right afterward. He threw fast balls through home-plate screens with such regularity that fans never sat behind home plate when he pitched.

His wildness wasn't confined to the pitcher's mound, however. He was equally famous for his drinking exploits off the field. Managers shuddered when he was assigned to their roster at the end of spring training. One such manager, with Pensacola in the Alabama-Florida League, used to lie awake at night drenched in a cold sweat, waiting for the inevitable telephone call from some redneck sheriff who wanted to inform him that he had one of his pitchers in the drunk tank and wouldn't he, the manager, want to come and claim him?

The Baltimore Orioles, who owned him, tried every conceivable experiment in an attempt to tame his fast ball and his lifestyle, but nothing worked. So, finally, in the spring of 1966, they released the living legend. The reasons for Dalkowski's failure are many, and they are all conjecture. It was claimed that he was too easily led by carousing teammates (at Pensacola, he teamed with Bo Belinski, one of the wildest pitchers ever to take the mound or a barstool); that he was afraid to throw his fast ball near the plate since injuring that boy in Kingsport; that he wasn't bright enough to learn how to control his fast ball (the Orioles gave him the Stanford-Binet intelligence test and he registered



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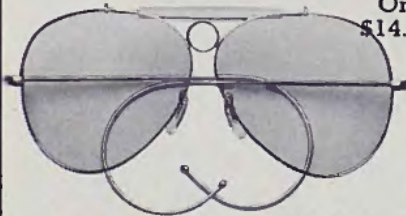
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in the bottom one percentile); that he really didn't want the pressure of success, so he never bothered to take his talent or himself seriously enough to discipline either; and that, finally, Dalkowski was a man controlled by a talent he neither sought nor wanted, a talent he actually feared, irrationally, just as a grown man can fear the snappings of a tiny ankle-biting dog.

There is a lesson about this business of character in the story of Steve Dalkowski. It is a lesson that I didn't learn to apply to my own talent until it was too late.

In the summer of 1960, I pitched for the Quad Cities Braves in Davenport, Iowa, in the Class D Midwest League. One night, as I stepped out of the dug-out to start a game against the Clinton White Sox, I heard my fellow pitchers in the dugout talking about the Sox' awesome hitter, Jim Hicks.

"You've gotta give him all breaking stuff," one pitcher said.

"Yeah, he *kills* fast balls," said another.

I looked over my shoulder at them, huddled there in fear of Hicks, and said, "He kills *your* fast balls, maybe, but the son of a bitch ain't gonna kill my fast ball."

That night, I struck out Hicks three times on fast balls. He swung through each one with such force that he fell to the dirt on one knee. He righted himself, like an old man, with his bat each time. All told, I struck out nine Clinton batters that night, even though I lost the game. It did not matter. I had proved I could throw my fast ball past Hicks. I lived for such moments, which is precisely why I never became a major-league pitcher. I did not have the patience—no, the character—to sustain such moments over an entire ball game, an entire season, an entire career. I was too easily satisfied by such brief, isolated, ephemeral moments because of pressures I imposed on myself.

I had a big ego then, but it was not the kind of ego a pitcher needs to fashion a successful career. My ego imprisoned me with its demands for immediate and visible satisfactions. Truly great pitchers, like Tom Seaver of the Reds, have the kind of solid egos that free them from self-imposed pressures. It is a hard, uncompromising, disciplined ego that is sure of itself and little tolerant of weakness. Seaver disdains those who abuse their talent. It is a weakness in character he cannot abide.

Of one such pitcher, who dissipated a promising career by drinking and by sloth, much in the manner of the hero of Hemingway's *Snows of Kilimanjaro*, Seaver once said, "What a fool he must be, to throw it away like that! If you

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don't think baseball is a big deal, don't do it. But if you do it, do it right.

"If I couldn't pitch," said Seaver, "it wouldn't bother me much. But if I could and I wasn't, that would bother me. That would bother me a lot. Pitching is what makes me happy. I've devoted my life to it. I live my life around the five days between starts. It determines what I eat, when I go to bed, what I do when I'm awake. If it means I have to go to the park on an off day and throw alone in the bull pen because it's my day to throw, then I do it. I take a bucket of balls out to the bull pen and throw them into a screen until I've thrown my required number of pitches. If it means when I get up in the morning I have to read the box scores to see who got two hits off Don Sutton the night before, instead of reading a novel I might want to read, then I do it. It makes me happy to do it. If it means I have to remind myself to pet dogs with my left hand or throw logs on the fire with my left hand, then I do that, too. If it means in the winter I eat cottage cheese instead of chocolate-chip cookies in order to keep my weight down, then I eat cottage cheese. I might want those cookies, but I won't ever eat them. That might bother some people, but it doesn't bother me. I enjoy that cottage cheese. I enjoy it more than I would those cookies,

because I know it'll help me do what makes me happy.

"I'm happy when I pitch well, so I do only those things that help me be happy. I wouldn't be able to dedicate myself like this for money or glory, though they are certainly considerations. But that isn't what motivates me. What motivates some pitchers is to be known as the fastest who ever lived. Some want to have the greatest season ever. All I want is to do the best I can day after day, year after year. Pitching is the whole thing for me. I want to prove I'm the best ever."

I have not pitched a game in more than 15 years, and yet, in my mind's eye, I am still a pitcher. I will always be one, because that is the first thing I can remember ever doing well. It was the first thing I ever loved to do. When I was good on the mound, when it all came together for me as it infrequently would late in my career, I liked the feeling of control I had over the game, the fans, the players, everything. Things revolved around me then. I was the center of the action; I controlled things, which is why, today, approaching 40, I have begun to pitch again.

I go to the small park near my home with a bag of scuffed baseballs and my son's glove. It is the same park in which

I pitched all my little-league no-hitters and in which I saw that scared boy writhe in the dirt almost 30 years ago. I wait until the field is deserted, and when it is, I take the mound and begin to throw baseballs into the home-plate screen.

I warm to my work. Standing there, on the mound, in the center of an empty diamond, I must seem a strange sight to passing motorists. I can see their heads turn toward me as they pass, and then they turn back to the road with a little shake of the head at the sight of this demented, frustrated ex-jock trying to recapture his past. But it is more than that. I am at home with it now. The pump, the kick, the follow-through. No longer the center of the action, no longer controlling things, often feeling powerless in a world beyond pitching, I take comfort now in the act as it has finally become for me—free from all external pressures. There is no batter. No game. No fans. No teammates. No career. No rewards. No pressures, finally, to burden me.

I work up a good sweat, throwing for long moments until my bag of scuffed balls is exhausted. Then I jog to home plate, scoop up all the balls, jog back to the mound and begin throwing again. It relaxes me.



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people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



THINK BIG

Wander into Pop/Eye Productions, a curious gallery at 390 W. Broadway, New York City 10012, and you may think you're on a set from *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*. Here's a five-foot toothbrush, there's an eight-inch golf ball—everywhere's an outsized object, from a six-foot artist's brush to a 57-inch wire whisk, that can be purchased and then left lying around as an offbeat pop-art statement. Pop/Eye's catalog is only a buck. Pop to it.



THE ICE OF TEXAS

Yes, cactus juicers, for only \$10 you can have not one but *two* Ice of Texas trays, with which you can create frozen facsimiles of your favorite state! And the address is as easy to remember as Jack Daniel's—it's Great State Productions, Inc., P.O. Box 12AA, San Antonio, Texas 78201. That's Great State Productions, P.O. Box 12AA, San Antonio, Texas 78201. Now back to Tim McCoy in *Rex the Wonder Dog Goes Hoi Polloi*. Roll it!

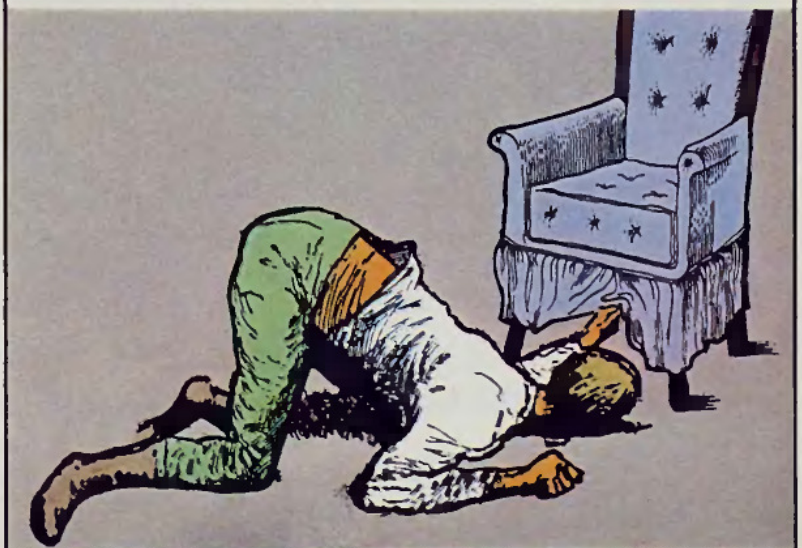
TAKING STOCK IN BOND

The indefatigable James Bond resurfaces this July 17, 18 and 19 at Chicago's Americana Congress Hotel in the First Annual Bond-Fest—a cult miniconvention that's part of the larger Chicago Comicon 1981 being held in the hotel for comic-book freaks. Included in the fest will be a display of Bond memorabilia; and copies of *The Illustrated James Bond*, a new \$6.95 black-and-white reprint of three Bond comic strips—*Dr. No*, *From Russia with Love* and *Diamonds Are Forever*—will be on sale. Lucky you.



EUREKA—WE'VE FOUND IT!

Ever drop by a junk shop and see a pair of fleas in wedding costumes, a collection of buggy whips or some other loony item that you *know* somebody can't live without? Turn your discovery into cold cash by sending \$24 for a year's membership in the Finders Keepers Search Service, a free-lance network at 502 N. Donaldson, Stillwater, Oklahoma 74074, that scours the world for oddball objects. If you find something that's on its most-wanted list, there's money in the making. And it sells weird stuff, too.





TALK OF THE DEEP

In reruns of *Sea Hunt*, you see Lloyd Bridges at 30 fathoms writing frantically on a slate that his leg is caught in a giant clamshell. Today he'd just bellow "Help!" into a Sea Voice, a bladderlike underwater device that enables you to be heard up to 150 feet away in warm water. Rosalyn International, P.O. Box 423, Bloomington, Illinois 60108, sells a pair of Sea Voices for \$33, postpaid. Underwater talk does come cheap.

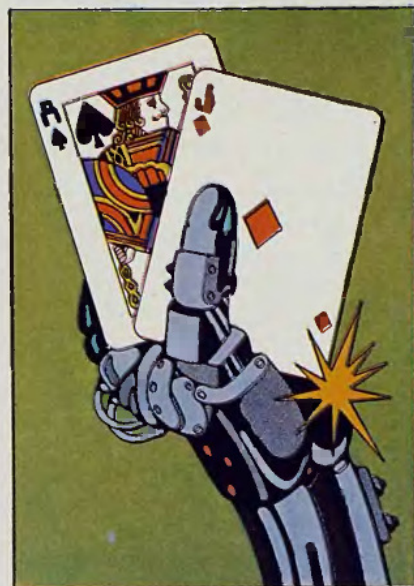


YES-YES IN HER EYES

The next time you're introduced to a mysterious lovely in dark glasses, take a look at the lower-right-hand corner of milady's shades. A company called David Hersh & Associates, 8599 Venice Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90034, is selling personalized (up to ten characters) sunglasses in gradient smoke gray or brown for only \$8.50 each, postpaid. And it'll print anything from phone numbers and names to real dirty words.

HIT ME, HAL

Now that the computer revolution is upon us, it was only a matter of time until someone came up with a software program that would teach blackjack players how to win scientifically. Expertise & Marketing Inc., at 2224 Beaumont, Sacramento, California 95815, is that someone; and for \$200, you can get HAL, a program that's a teacher, dealer and scorekeeper all in one, with the capability of playing the house rules of virtually any casino in the world from Cairo to Tahoe. One problem: HAL fits only computers with a 32K memory capacity, and they sell for about \$3000 and up. Blackjacked again!



SPORTING ENDEAVOR

A mint-condition 1938 Yankees-Cubs world-series program for \$75, souvenir programs from the second, third and sixth Super Bowls for \$60 to \$125 and a locker roomful of old baseball cards, ancient yearbooks and out-of-date magazines, as well as contemporary merchandise, are the stock and trade of Beulah Sports Inc., a store at 1863 Waukegan Road, Glenview, Illinois 60025, that specializes in all manner of big-league sporting miscellany. If you're in the vicinity, drop by; if you're not, send \$2 for Beulah's 12-page list of goodies. Something in there will be a hit.



A GOOD HABIT

The Famlan Monks of Saint Andrew's Abbey at 2011 Glenarm Place, Denver, Colorado 80217, go about their humble work each day feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. The latter is accomplished with the help of a hooded tunic shirt that's been the rage in monasteries since the Venerable Bede. The shirt, which the brothers manufacture under the name Abbey Craft, comes in petite, small, medium and large women's sizes, small, medium, large and extra-large men's sizes, and in several types of cloth from a worldly amber or moss-green velour for \$51.95 to a humble blue denim or oatmeal-colored monk's cloth at a charitable \$41.95, postpaid. All cover a multitude of sins.



“Empress Nympho: Lieutenant Bob, tell me, do I have any openings this man might fit?”

COMICUS: I'm gonna play the palace! Unbeknownst to MIRIAM and COMICUS, the evil DRIVER has regained consciousness. He turns his whip around to use the heavy wooden handle as a club. He is just about to strike COMICUS, when:

SWIFTUS (shouting): Look out!

A café-au-lait arm reaches down and grabs the DRIVER's wrist. The camera PULLS BACK to reveal JOSEPHUS. He takes the whip out of the DRIVER's hand and whacks him over the head—sending him, once again, back into the world of the unconscious.

JOSEPHUS (as he hits the DRIVER): Whack!

COMICUS: Gee, you saved my life! How can I ever thank you? I'm Comicus, the philosopher. Who are you?

JOSEPHUS: I'm Josephus, the main course at the Colosseum.

Suddenly, we hear the harsh voice of a ROMAN OFFICER.

OFFICER: Seize him!

JOSEPHUS (indicating his crotch): Seize this, honkus!

COMICUS: You can't say that to the cops.

Two ROMAN GUARDS grab JOSEPHUS.

OFFICER: Do you know what the punishment is for a slave who strikes a Roman citizen?

Everyone in the crowd raises his hand excitedly, like little kids in a classroom who know the answer.

OFFICER (to CITIZEN NUMBER ONE): OK, you! You had your hand up first.

CITIZEN NUMBER ONE: Death by torture?

OFFICER: Hahhh. (Indicating CITIZEN NUMBER TWO) You! You were next.

CITIZEN NUMBER TWO: Crucifixion?

OFFICER: Wrong! You! (Points to CITIZEN NUMBER THREE)

CITIZEN NUMBER THREE: They shove a living snake up your ass?

OFFICER: No, but that's very creative! (Points to CITIZEN NUMBER FOUR) You!

CITIZEN NUMBER FOUR: They send you to the lions.

OFFICER: Right.

Everyone is impressed with the answer.

MIRIAM (gasps): No!

OFFICER: What do you mean, no? He's right; they send you to the lions.

Suddenly, there is another commotion. PALACE GUARDS enter the scene.

LIEUTENANT BOB: What's going on here? You're blocking the path of Her Imperial Highness. (Indicating MIRACLE and the wagon) Move that miserable piece of shit. Make way! Make way for the Empress Nympho!

EMPRESS NYMPHO (Madeline Kahn) is borne on a beautifully carved and bejeweled litter by six handsome PALACE GUARDS. She wears an incredibly revealing silk-and-chiffon slip. Golden bracelets adorn her wrists and ankles.

EMPRESS NYMPHO: Will you please try to walk on the same foot at the same time! My tits are falling off! (Clutches at her breasts)

MIRIAM: Empress Nympho, Empress Nympho!

EMPRESS NYMPHO: Miriam! You're a vestal virgin! What are you doing here? You know V.V.s aren't allowed out of the palace without an escort.

MIRIAM: Oh, Empress Nympho! This man saved our lives and now they want to kill him! We need your help.

EMPRESS NYMPHO: Which one? The white guy or the colored guy?

MIRIAM: The color . . . the slave. Please spare his life. I beg you! Perhaps

you could use him at the palace. He's truly gifted.

EMPRESS NYMPHO (eyes JOSEPHUS): Hmmm . . . gifted! Bob!

LIEUTENANT BOB: Yes, Your Highness.

EMPRESS NYMPHO: Bob, oh, Bob, tell me, do I have any openings this man might fit?

The entire crowd reacts in unison.

LIEUTENANT BOB: Well, we could use another wine steward.

CROWD (ad-lib): Whoa!

JOSEPHUS: I got a great corkscrew.

CROWD: Whoa!

JOSEPHUS (to himself): This is a hip crowd!

EMPRESS NYMPHO (to LIEUTENANT BOB): Good. We'll *schlep* him along. For the time being, we'll use him as a litter bearer.

LIEUTENANT BOB (indicates to JOSEPHUS to fall in): Litter bearers, prepare to move! Litter bearers, march!

CUT TO Caesar's Palace. The EMPEROR NERO (Dom DeLuise) is holding court. Noblemen, senators and "friends" of the EMPEROR recline luxuriously upon chaise longues, dutifully attended by beautiful servants and lovers of each and every persuasion. A huge roasted pig with an apple in its mouth sits among the sumptuous repast. Suddenly, the EMPEROR has an inspiration.

EMPEROR: The muse is upon me! The muse is upon me! I shall create a poem.

The music and talk cease abruptly.

COURT SPOKESMAN: All be quiet! His Divine Immortality has consented to favor us with a new poem. Speak, O glorious Caesar, speak.

EMPEROR: Hand me a small lyre.

The COURT SPOKESMAN snaps his fingers and two men rush in, holding a MIDGET who is lying at the top of his voice.

MIDGET: I didn't do it. I didn't do it. I wasn't even there. I was at a friend's house. The check is in the mail.

EMPEROR: Get him out of here! I meant the instrument!

The two men drop the MIDGET.

EMPRESS NYMPHO: Miriam, wine?

MIRIAM: Josephus, wine?

JOSEPHUS: Say when (pouring wine).

EMPRESS NYMPHO: Eight-thirty.

EMPEROR: It's so lonely at the top of Olympus. More wine, more women, more. . . (He falls) What's next?

COURT SPOKESMAN: Comicus, the new stand-up philosopher from Vesuvius.

EMPEROR: Good. I like a mountain comic. Let's have him.

COMICUS (enters the pavilion, humming "Hooray for Hollywood"): Good evening, ladies and Emperors. And I want to tell you how happy I am to be here. I just got back from Venice and, boy, are my arms tired.

COMICUS does a few breast-stroke swimming motions. They are caught by a DRUMMER.

COMICUS: Ah, but Venice is a very old



“It may be a silly superstition, but I think your horn is an aphrodisiac.”

city. I learned a lot in Venice. You know how to make a Venetian blind? Like this! (*Makes a quick gesture with two fingers. The DRUMMER catches it*) Have you heard about this new sect, the Christians? Boy, are they strange. First of all, they are incredibly poor—

SWIFTUS (*shouting from backstage*): How poor are they?

COMICUS: I'll tell you how poor they are. They are so poor that they have only one God. (*Double bunk on the drum. The joke gets a big laugh*) But we Romans, we're rich. We've got a god for everything. Well, almost everything. Unfortunately, we don't have one for premature ejaculation, but I hear that's coming quickly. (*DRUMMER lets go with a series of percussive punctuations, and COMICUS physically catches every beat*) These Christians are a laugh a minute.

Backstage, SWIFTUS makes a "doing well" sign with his fingers.

COMICUS: Let's face it, losing weight is all the rage. All you see today are steam rooms and vomitoriums. I mean, half of Rome is either cookin' or pukin'! After all, who wants to look like a big fat pig?

We see that the pig's apple is in the EMPEROR's mouth.

SWIFTUS (*to COMICUS, in a stage whisper*): Get off the fat jokes! Get off fat! Get off fat!

COMICUS: But I love politics.

SWIFTUS *breathes a sigh of relief.*

COMICUS: I'm very proud of the Roman Senate. It is the very best money can buy. Everybody's on the take. Assemblymen, councilmen, legislators, senators . . . and it goes all the way to the top. Right to the Emperor. . . . (*Audience gasps. COMICUS realizes his mistake*) *Shit!*

The EMPEROR opens his mouth in shock. Food falls out. The EMPEROR finds his voice. He points a trembling finger of rage at COMICUS and says:

EMPEROR (*pointing at JOSEPHUS*): Kill him! (*Then to JOSEPHUS*) More wine.

JOSEPHUS *enters. Unfortunately, he trips and spills wine all over the EMPEROR's toga. The EMPEROR looks at him.*

EMPEROR (*pointing at JOSEPHUS*): Kill him, too!

GUARDS *grab JOSEPHUS and COMICUS and start to lead them out. EMPRESS NYMPHO whispers something into the EMPEROR's ear. The EMPEROR's face lights up. He calls to the GUARDS who are removing COMICUS and JOSEPHUS.*

EMPEROR: Wait! I just thought of something. Let those two fools fight each other to death during dessert.

Armed with sword and trident, COMICUS and JOSEPHUS make a pitiful stab at trying to kill each other. Although COMICUS ultimately gets the edge over JOSEPHUS, he cannot go through with it, and MIRIAM, the vestal virgin, beseeches the EMPEROR for mercy. When His Royal Highness gives the thumbs-down sign,

COMICUS and JOSEPHUS *turn on the guards and eventually escape. COMICUS follows MIRIAM through a secret passage-way that leads to EMPRESS NYMPHO's chambers, while JOSEPHUS takes another route to the same place and ends up pretending to be one of her four attending EUNUCHS. Soon EMPRESS NYMPHO enters, followed by her entourage of VESTAL VIRGINS (played by PLAYBOY Playmates) and her secretary, COMPETENCE.*

EMPRESS NYMPHO: Competence, what will happen to those two rogues when they're caught?

COMPETENCE: If they're captured, they're hung.



Tempus fugit—especially when you're having fun. In this movie, Brooks roces through history, pausing only for such Big Events as the Ten Commandments and the Spanish Inquisition. Here he reigns as Louis XVI. Roi! Roi! Roi!

EMPRESS NYMPHO (*thinking*): Not necessarily.

They both titter.

EMPRESS NYMPHO: Where are you leading me?

COMPETENCE: To the reviewing stand. You have to choose your escorts for the Midnight Orgy tonight. We have lined up the best of the Praetorian Guard for you to choose from.

Lined up in EMPRESS NYMPHO's antechamber are 30 of the strongest, hand-somest OFFICERS of the Praetorian Guard. Examining their privates, the EMPRESS makes her choices in song, but, just as she finishes, a group of SOLDIERS led by CAPTAIN MUCUS (Rudy DeLuca) and MARCUS VINDICTUS (Shecky Greene) rushes into the room.

MARCUS VINDICTUS: Captain Mucus, search the area. They can't have gotten far.

EMPRESS NYMPHO: How dare you! No man may search the Empress' quarters.

MARCUS VINDICTUS: As you wish. (*To EMPRESS NYMPHO under his breath*) You're beautiful when you're—

EMPRESS NYMPHO: Shove it!

CAPTAIN MUCUS *points to one of the EUNUCHS (JOSEPHUS) and whispers behind his hand into MARCUS VINDICTUS' ear.*

MARCUS VINDICTUS (*to EMPRESS NYMPHO*): That slave over there . . . are you sure he's a eunuch?

At the end of the row of three big EUNUCHS stands JOSEPHUS, dressed as one of them and waving a big fan.

MARCUS VINDICTUS: He looks rather puny. Isn't it true that when eunuchs are castrated, they become enormous?

MIRIAM (*whispering to NYMPHO*): It's Josephus, your wine steward. Please help him.

EMPRESS NYMPHO (*coughs*): Uh . . . well . . . well, give him time. He's just been snipped.

MIRIAM (*sotto voce*): Thank you, Highness.

MARCUS VINDICTUS: If he's truly a eunuch like the others, it would do no harm to take the test!

JOSEPHUS: Test?!

MARCUS VINDICTUS: Yes . . . test. Let us have Caladonia do her highly erotic temple dance in praise of Eros, and if all of these creatures are, indeed, eunuchs, nothing should arise. Get it? (*He crosses his hands in a "safe" gesture over his pelvic area*) Bring on Caladonia, the siren of the Sudan! Caladonia, Caladonia, let's make their big heads so hard.

We hear the sound of drums. They are joined by low, sensuous woodwinds. A gorgeous, light-colored Sudanese beauty, covered in some flimsy veils, enters. She is stunning. She moves sinuously in time with the drums as she slowly makes her way toward the EUNUCHS.

JOSEPHUS: Ohhh, I'm in trouble.

CALADONIA *is doing her best to get a rise out of the first EUNUCH. No reaction.*

MARCUS VINDICTUS: He's a eunuch.

CALADONIA *passes the second one, turning it up a little. Nothing happens.*

MARCUS VINDICTUS: Yes, he's a eunuch.

By now, CALADONIA is really hot. The third EUNUCH does not respond.

MARCUS VINDICTUS: He's dead!

Finally, CALADONIA reaches JOSEPHUS, her pelvis writhing. His tongue is hanging out. The tempo gets wilder. The drums get louder. CALADONIA does little crazy teasing things with her tongue and her eyes, as well as with her gyrating torso. JOSEPHUS is whimpering like a dog. He stares at the writhing belly of the "siren of the Sudan." CALADONIA begins to writhe in electric fashion as she and the music come to a climactic crescendo. Everyone stares at JOSEPHUS. Suddenly, the white fan that he had successfully kept pressed down over his genitalia slowly but surely rises. MARCUS VINDICTUS points to the rising fan

MARCUS VINDICTUS: The jig is up!

JOSEPHUS (*looks down*): And gone.



UNDERCOVER ANGEL

off as newly arrived free-lancers, unemployed bartenders or carpenters moonlighting their way to fame and fortune. Narcs needed cover identities that could stand up to serious scrutiny, because dealers suspected *everyone* of being a narc. About the only people they didn't suspect were hard-core bikers.

If a narc were smart, he'd pass himself off as a biker.

"I don't know a damn thing about being a biker," Black said, an edge of irritation in his voice.

"Don't worry about it—it'll come to

(continued from page 142)

you like stink on shit. Want me to teach ya?"

"What are you looking for?"

"A job," Harris said. "I want to be a cop."

They met again two weeks later at a park in Santa Rosa. In the interim, Black had done some research on his new friend. Harris, 34, had been a very bad guy for a long time. His rap sheet showed convictions for narcotics possession and armed robbery and arrests for everything from jaywalking to kidnapping to suspicion of murder. He

would not be joining the force.

"But I can pay you for information," Black told him. "You can be my snitch."

"Don't you *ever* call me a snitch," Harris snapped. "I'll be an informant, but I ain't no snitch. A snitch rats on everyone; an informant only turns in dudes he don't like."

That seemed reasonable. In addition to becoming an informant, Harris would teach Black biker etiquette. His fee for all that was an agreed-upon \$800 a month, a small apartment on Clear Lake, a beat-up Dodge Polara and Black's Healdsburg police badge. A few days later, Harris moved into the apartment with his girlfriend. Once or twice a week thereafter, he drove down from Clear Lake to Santa Rosa to spend the night with his wife and six children.

Black's education as a biker began immediately. To start with, he needed leathers. He visited a boutique and paid \$195 for a beautiful pair of buttery leather slacks; Harris soaked them in 50-weight motor oil. He made sure Black got a pair of used boots; new boots and a new face always made dealers nervous. The Lake County Sheriff's Department issued Black a blue Harley-Davidson and Harris showed him how to handle it.

The lessons were thorough. Harris told Black that bikers wear a gold earring, so Black had his right ear pierced, and Harris almost fell down laughing. "It's *left* ear for bikers, right ear for *faggots!*" Harris said bikers never mince words and are always ready to tell people to fuck off and then fight about it. So they went to bars, where Black told people to fuck off and then fought about it.

He won most of his bouts but not all of them. At one place, Harris pointed out a solitary drinker and told Black, "Hey, this dude just called you a punk." Black knew it wasn't true, but that was part of the game. He went up to the man, grabbed his arm (it felt like a piece of oak) and moments later was knocked cold by a crushing right to the jaw.

Harris wasn't a mere observer to these proceedings. At one bar, he approached a well-dressed young couple, argued with the guy and then began pummeling him unmercifully. When the girl jumped onto Harris' back, Black rushed over and separated the two men—at which point Harris threw the girl down and kicked her in the face, breaking her nose and leaving her unconscious. "A woman can hurt you as bad as a man," he explained on their way out.

After three weeks of picking fights and hanging out in bikers' bars, Harris presented Black with a graduation present: a 410-gauge sawed-off shotgun. "It's what every undercover agent needs—an alley sweeper," he said.

Then he showed Black how, in a

RAMLÖSA

FROM SWEDEN WITH LOVE.



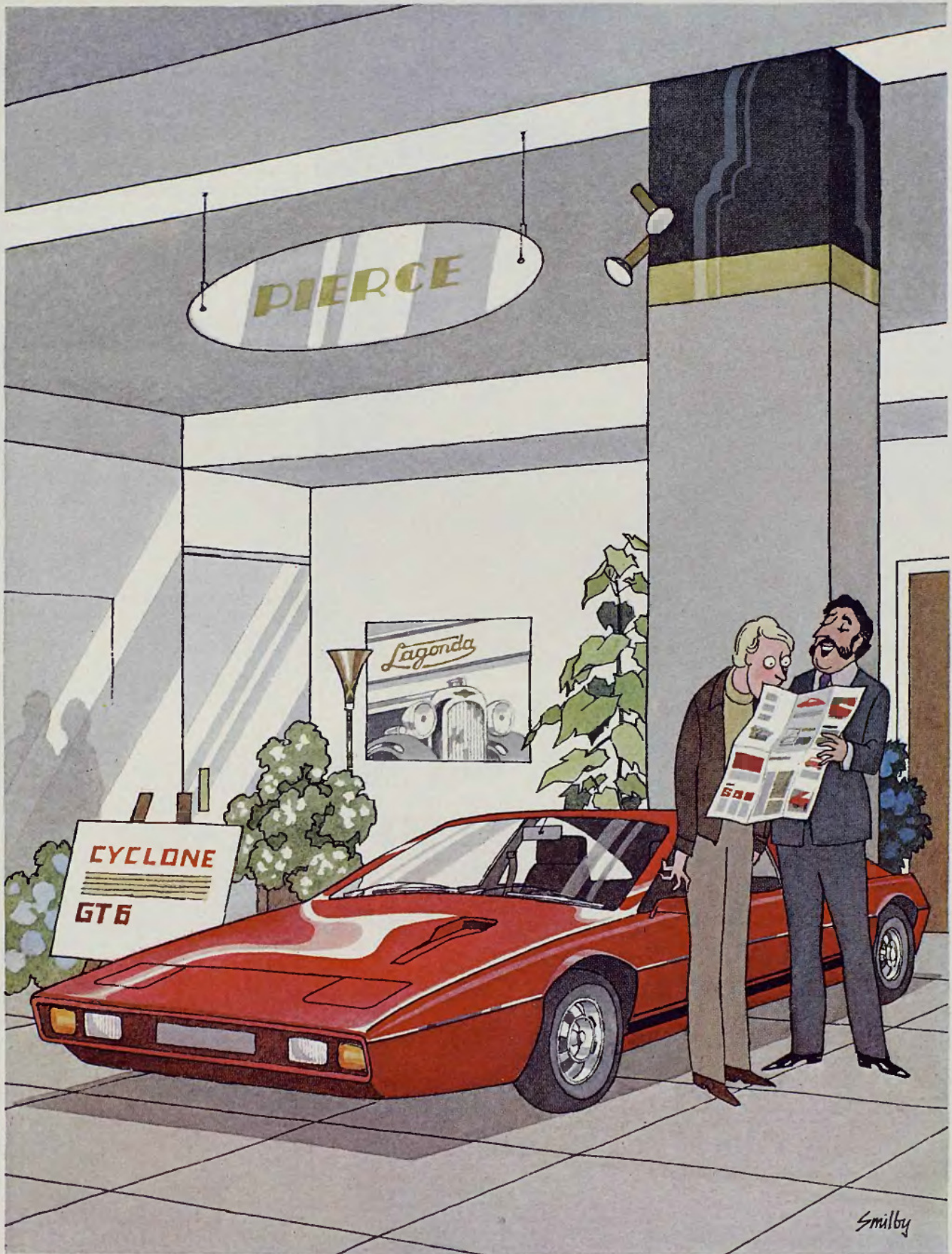
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pinch, he could shoot blind from around a corner and blast away everything within a 10- to 15-foot range. The shotgun was 17 inches long and had a small leather loop nailed to its butt; the weapon was designed to be worn around the neck like a pendant and could easily be concealed beneath a short jacket.

Black was now ready to take the most hazardous step of his masquerade. If he was to establish a strong cover identity as a well-connected Bay Area biker and dealer, he'd have to pass muster with the Hell's Angels. There really was no other way.

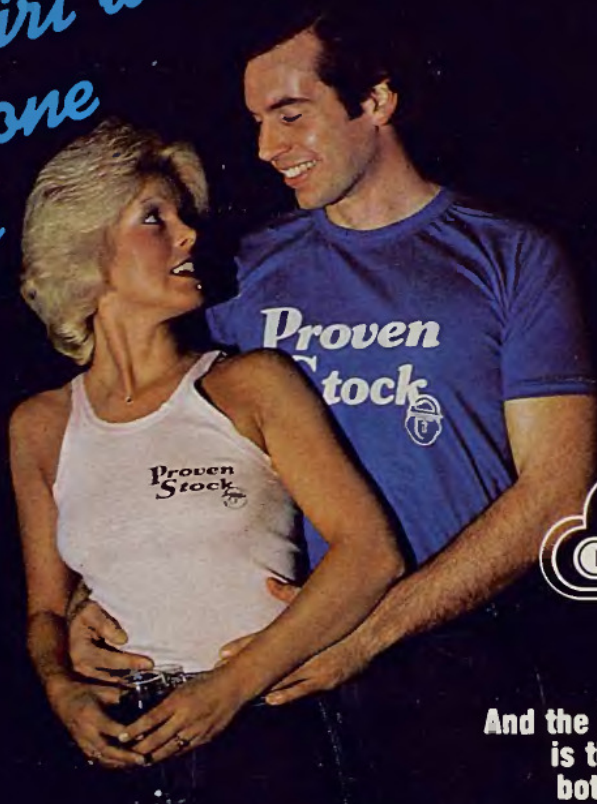
By all accounts, the Hell's Angels—with anywhere from 400 to 800 members—are the most lethal group of motorcycle riders in the United States and probably the world. Founded in Southern California at the start of the Fifties, the Angels soon attracted intensive police pressure; and by the Sixties, most members had moved north to the San Francisco Bay Area. They have a well-documented reputation for being maximum outlaws and they usually demonstrate a reckless disregard for their own welfare and everyone else's as well. Their reputation is such that even in a bikers' bar, the appearance of two Angels will usually cause all conversation to cease.

Before introducing Black to his Hell's Angels friends, Harris warned that under no circumstances—none—could Black get into a fight with an Angel patch holder. If that happened, every Angel in attendance would put the boots to him in the same manner Harris had done with the girl in the bar. Black also had to understand that as a friend of the Angels, Harris would have to jump in on their side.

With that proviso, Harris and Black—who was now going by the name Sid Davis—traveled around to Hell's Angels chapters in Oakland, Richmond and Vallejo. At a party in Vallejo, they witnessed the kind of violence that often flares up among the Angels themselves. It started when a drunkenly abusive member was told by the chapter's vice-president, a hard-looking man named Rooster, to quiet down. The drunk unwisely punched Rooster in the face, and in a pure fury, Rooster beat him senseless and might have killed him if two other Angels hadn't interceded. Unfortunately, Rooster was out of control, so he also decked the two peacemakers. Several other Angels attempted to restrain him, but they were also laid out by this human buzz saw who was all flying fists, karate kicks, head butts and elbows. The onslaught continued until Rooster finally calmed down and cooled it of his own accord. Black was to meet a number of Angels given to similar rhapsodies of rage.

After a week of visits, Sid Davis was

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welcome to ride with them. But first, Harris wanted him to attend an Angel's wedding—he promised it would be unlike any his narc friend had ever attended.

Late on a sunny Friday afternoon, the two men drove their choppers to a secluded country home about 30 miles east of Clear Lake. The house was set deep in a forest glade, and when they arrived, the celebration was well under way. Nearly 150 Angels and about 75 of their girlfriends were partying in splendid biker fashion: Open cases of liquor were strewn about the clearing, bowls of speed, grass and cocaine sat unattended on a long table and everyone seemed to be drunk, stoned or both. There was a lot of laughing and shouting, all of it competing with the Boz Scaggs and Billy Swan albums that blasted out of a stereo set up in front of the house.

After introducing his buddy Sid Davis to several Angels, Harris quickly got lost in the crowd. Black took part in a few short conversations about motorcycles,

drugs and pussy, the bikers' three main interests in life. On the back of his denim vest, he flew the colors of the Hangmen, a Midwestern bikers' gang. He felt less like an alien by the time it got dark, but it was best to hang back until he absolutely knew his act was together. Off by himself, he picked up a bottle of brandy and proceeded to drink the whole thing.

Twice, he stumbled over couples who were screwing on the ground. That shocked him, for at home, Black and his wife, Claudia, usually turned out the lights before making love. Several girls approached him for sex, but he was sure they'd give him V.D. and he refused. Sometime after midnight, a minister (or someone dressed like one) married the bride and groom, who disappeared into the house to the accompaniment of good-natured cackling and put-downs. When he got drunk enough and tired enough, Black sat under a tree and passed out.

The party was still going strong when

he awoke around 11 in the morning. The majority of guests were tripped out on speed and hadn't been to sleep yet. The Angels were cutups; whenever one of them passed out, his buddies would gather around and piss him awake. Most of the men had wandered into the house, so Black did, too. He wedged his way into the packed front room to see what was going on—and there on the floor was Harris, fucking the bride. The rest of the bikers were waiting their turn to do the same, for an Angel's bride was turned out the morning after her wedding night.

Black was shaken and hurried into the kitchen for some coffee. Harris joined him there a couple of minutes later and bragged, "I was first in line."

"Congratulations," Black said. Harris shrugged his shoulders and left.

The Angels' use of their women repulsed Black but also perversely fascinated him. He walked back to the living room and this time saw the bride sucking off a biker who was doing her with a Coke bottle. He was followed by a man with a broom. If an Angel's momma didn't acquiesce to all that, her old man would beat her up badly. Which still couldn't save him from looking really rank in front of his friends.

Black left shortly afterward and didn't see Harris again until three days later, when the wedding party finally ended. In the interim, he visited Claudia and the kids, but it was an unhappy reunion. Claudia seemed like a tense stranger and Black found himself constantly putting her down. The boys, Adam and Andrew, were flat-out scared of their father. After one night, he returned to his room in Clearlake Highlands.

He began riding with the Angels the following week. Harris said the key to winning their trust was to pick up every dare they laid down, and Sid Davis went at it with a vengeance. Cruising past a Mexican bar near Napa one night, several Angels challenged him to ride his bike inside—a dangerous move, for area *chicanos* intensely disliked the Angels. Sid rode right in and the result was a vicious brawl that earned him a cut lip, a black eye and the respect of his similarly banged-up colleagues.

Another day, riding along Highway 101 with several Richmond Hell's Angels, Sid was challenged by one of them to a high-speed tug of war. Moments later, he and the Angel were grabbing at each other while running down the road at 75 miles an hour. Sid soon got a firm grip on the Angel's upper arm. In danger of being yanked out of his seat and smeared all over the highway, the terrified rider began screaming, "You crazy son of a bitch, let me go, let me go!"

But Sid was into the game, and several more seconds passed before he finally



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released his hold. When they pulled off the road, the Angel vaulted off his motorcycle and ran over to Sid. "Don't you ever do that again!" he shouted.

"Then don't ever dare me to do it again," Sid replied. "You wanted to play? We played."

Within a matter of weeks, Sid Davis became known as a stand-up guy who'd be there when the action started—and who'd also be there when it ended. And even for a well-heeled drug dealer, he was generous when it came to his buddies. He could be counted on to pick up \$100 bar tabs whenever he went drinking; and since he went drinking almost every night, his reputation as a big spender—and his circle of friends—kept growing.

So did the intelligence he gathered. But Black had no intention of busting Hell's Angels, for that would quickly put an end to a cover identity no narc had ever successfully fabricated. Instead, he preferred to let the Angels turn him on to suppliers, which they did. He was soon buying dope all over Northern California and making busts in partnership with police departments from San Jose to the Oregon border.

To protect his cover, Black changed costumes on drug raids. Instead of dressing like a flashy biker, he tucked his hair up under a Healdsburg High baseball cap and wore dark glasses, a new windbreaker, a sport shirt and clean Levis. It was the damndest thing: Dealers he'd been drinking with only the night before never recognized him as one of the four or five cops taking them into custody.

By autumn, Black had initiated more than 200 drug arrests, but the four months he'd spent as a narc were beginning to get to him. He was drinking heavily every night of the week. When he began throwing up even when he wasn't drinking, he visited a doctor and was told he had an ulcer. He promised to lighten up on the booze and the stress, knowing he'd do neither.

He was stepping over too many lines too quickly. One night, at a bikers' bar in Vallejo, the table talk turned to sex and he heard himself saying, "Hell, nothing bothers me; I can take any kind of sex with a woman."

An Angel named Dave said, "Oh, yeah? You got the guts to get your red wings?"

"Sure I do," Sid said. "What do I do?"

His ignorance cracked up everyone at the table. The Angels' vests were festooned with their own versions of merit badges; red wings were awarded to a biker who went down on a menstruating woman in front of witnesses.

"See that broad over there?" Dave asked. "I happen to know she's on the rag—go eat her."

Sid swallowed hard. "If she's willing,

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I'm able," he said with false bravado, wishing desperately he were somewhere else.

The girl was seated at a table by herself and Dave went over to her, spoke for a few moments and then returned. "She's yours," he said.

"I need a few drinks first," Sid told him, feeling like a damned fool. In the next 20 minutes, he tossed down seven shots of tequila and then approached the girl. Her name was Brenda and she wasn't bad-looking at all.

"How ya doin'?" he said, sitting down.

"You getting your red wings tonight?" she asked.

"Right." Sid's mouth was bone dry.

"Get to it, then," Brenda said. Without standing up, she slipped her jeans down to her ankles. There were about 20 drinkers in the bar, and most of them gathered around the table.

Sid got under it and earned his red wings.

To be sure, bikers' bars aren't your ordinary cocktail lounges. In a normal bar, if a drink isn't to a customer's liking, the bartender will mix another one. In a bikers' hangout, if a drink isn't to a customer's taste, the customer may very well beat up the bartender or simply kick him out of the joint and tend bar

himself for the rest of the night. Anything goes.

A few days later, Black was called in for one of his infrequent meetings with Sheriff Alvie Rochester. "You're doing fine work, son," Rochester said. "Everything going all right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, we have a little assignment in mind for you," Rochester continued. "Mendocino County has one undercover agent and I'm afraid some people have discovered that he's a law officer. Sheriff Jondahl down there called me and wants to switch undercover agents, and I think that might be a good idea. How would you feel about being on loan for six months or so?"

"That would be all right with me, sir. Anything special the sheriff wants done?"

"Yes," said Rochester. "He really would like you to make a dent in the county's drug traffic, starting with the town of Ukiah. Think you can do it?"

"I'll do my best, sir."

Black would later say that going to Ukiah was the worst decision he'd ever made.

On a cool, gray day in December of 1976, Sid Davis rode into Ukiah. Starting at noon from the north end of town, he systematically checked out every bar; by ten o'clock, he'd seen nothing to indicate blatant narcotics activity. The last bar he came to was called the Peacock, and as soon as he walked in, he knew he'd found the local dope supermarket. The Peacock was packed with laborers, bikers, a few obvious fags and a lot of good-looking ladies, many of whom were on hand for the women's pool tournament that had taken place earlier that night.

Right away, Sid laid a \$100 bill on the bar and bought a round for the house. It cost him \$90, but it was the kind of gesture that always got a stranger noticed very, very quickly. Sid had almost finished his brandy when a sleek, darkly attractive brunette tapped him on the shoulder and kissed him on the cheek. "Thanks for the drink," she said.

Sid checked the girl out as she walked back to the pool table. She was about 5'8", well-built and sensuous. She was wearing a tight pink sweater that ended just below her ample breasts, and her jeans fit so snugly that Sid could tell she wasn't wearing underwear. Very nice.

He turned back to the bar and bought another round for the house. The girl came by again a couple of minutes later. "Thanks one more time," she said. She had a nice smile. "My name's Mary Jo. Why don't you come over to the table and watch me play pool?"

Mary Jo finished a quick rack of eight ball, and then she and Sid sat down and drank and talked until closing time. Mary Jo Pedersen was 24, the mother of

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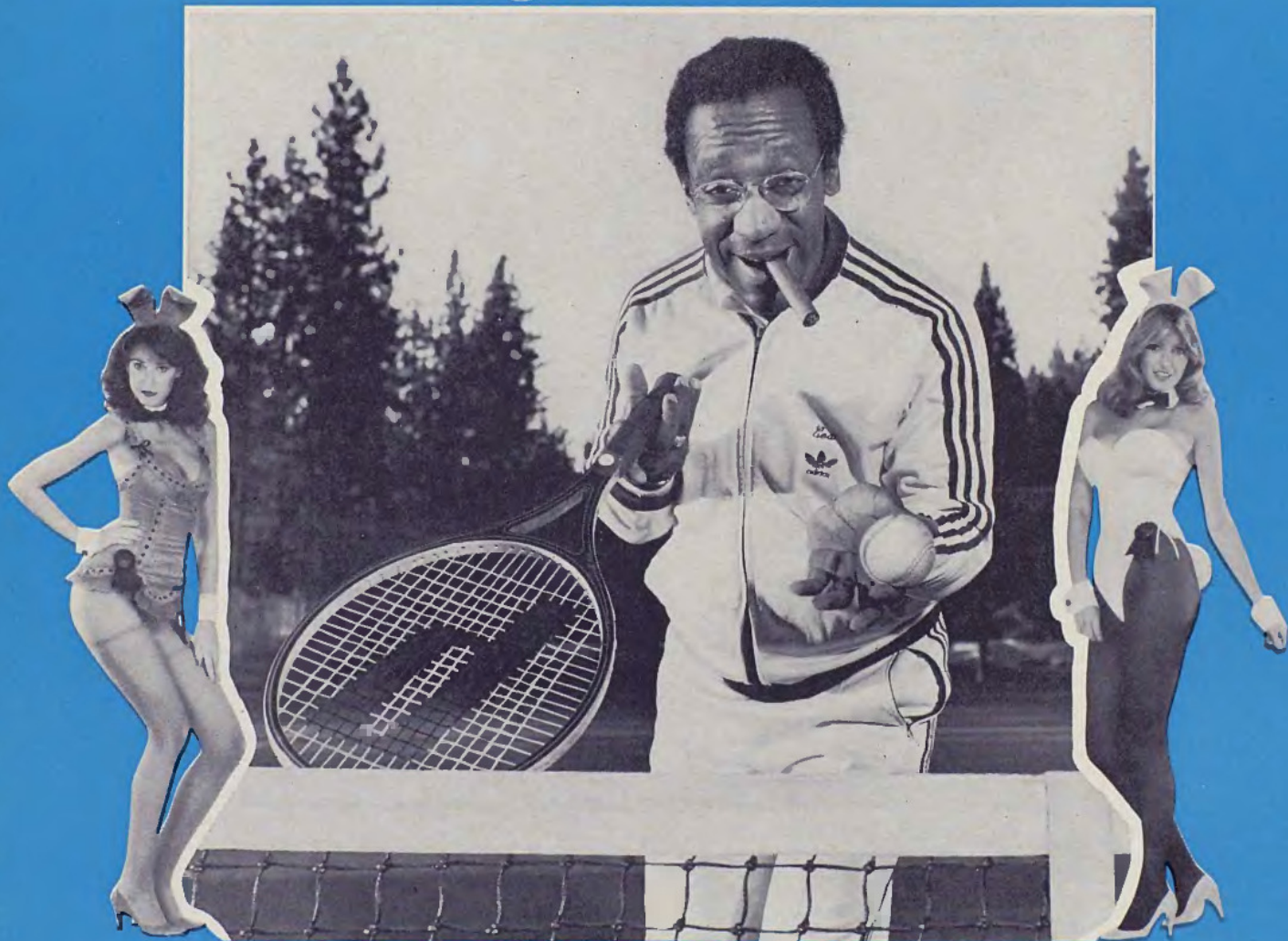
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a two-year-old daughter named Elisha and the estranged wife of a man then serving time in a Colorado Federal prison. Mary Jo was also an ex-junkie and an ex-biker's momma. She had piercing brown eyes and seemed to be the most honest, outspoken woman Sid had ever met. When the waiter came to pick up their glasses, she asked where he was staying that night.

"In a motel," Sid said.

"No, you're not," she laughed. "You're staying with me."

Sid took her home and was about to sack out on the couch when he noticed Mary Jo staring at him as if he were a Martian. "What do you think you're doing?" she asked. "Come on into the bedroom."

She was as passionate as she was attractive. After they made love, Mary Jo fell asleep, but Black couldn't close his eyes. Aside from his bizarre barroom exhibition in Vallejo, this was the first time he'd been unfaithful to Claudia. He felt guilty and he suddenly missed his wife and children very much. While Mary Jo slept, Black slipped out of her house and drove all the way to Claudia and home.

He got to his house shortly before dawn and slept on the sofa. Black was certain—for 24 hours, anyway—that Mary Jo had given him the clap, and he spent a difficult few days with his wife and kids. During that time, he realized he'd changed drastically. He had no patience with his sons, and regardless of how loving Claudia tried to be, she only irritated him. When he went back to Ukiah, he and Claudia both knew their marriage was over.

Mary Jo happened to be walking down the street when he pulled into town four days later. "Where the fuck you been?" she asked.

"I didn't know you were my boss," Sid shot back.

Mary Jo was angry, but she backed off. "Let's go for a ride," she said.

"Sorry, I'm busy right now."

He roared off down the street, but 15 minutes later, he was at her front door. They went riding that afternoon and, although Sid kept a motel room, he moved in with her that night.

At the Peacock that evening, Mary Jo introduced Sid to a number of dopers, one of whom sold him a couple of lids of marijuana. The fact that he was with Mary Jo immediately eliminated any suspicions about Sid; no one who knew her would ever suspect her of sleeping with a narc.

One of the first connections she turned Sid on to was a black man named Cedric Weir, the Peacock's bouncer. Mary Jo had once lived with him, but as soon as the two men got to know each other, they became good friends.

They became soulmates the night five Mexicans began beating up two girls just outside the Peacock. Sid and Cedric



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tried to break it up and suddenly found themselves as overmatched as the women. They were definitely getting the worst of it, so Cedric ran inside for help—and Sid was set upon by all five attackers. Four of them spread-eagled him on the ground and the fifth was about to plant the jagged end of a broken cue stick in his face when Cedric reappeared and smashed the guy's head in with the fat end of a pool cue. The Mexican's skull sounded like a watermelon being splattered against the sidewalk. His companions picked him up and ran.

Cedric introduced Sid to a number of Peacock regulars who were dealers. One of them, a cocky young kid named Tom, could come up with ten kilos of grass or an ounce of coke in 15 minutes. Black never did uncover Tom's supplier, but nailing the kid himself was no problem. A couple of months after they met, Tom offered him seven kilos of grass to kill two dealers who'd murdered Tom's partner by shooting him up with rabies vaccine. Tom is still doing time on drug charges; the solicitation-of-murder charge was dropped.

Black's situation in Ukiah was a narc's vision of Valhalla. He didn't have to look for drugs; he merely had to take his pick of what was offered to him. The Peacock became his headquarters, and after a while, they wouldn't allow him to pay for his drinks.

He and Mary Jo fell totally in love with each other. She could surprise him with her humor and romanticism, but she was also the toughest woman he'd ever met. One night at the Peacock, a Pomo Indian challenged her to a game of eight ball, and when his two buddies put up \$100 on the side rail, Sid did likewise. After a couple of minutes, Sid noticed that the Pomo moved the cue ball or threw one of his balls down a pocket every time Mary Jo turned her back to the table. Sid walked up to the side rail, picked up his \$100 and said, "The game's over."

"No, it's not," the Indian replied. He grabbed Sid's arm and got punched in the neck for his trouble. His two friends jumped Sid at that point, and soon all four men were rolling on the floor, swinging and shouting wildly. Sid was in the process of getting his ass kicked

when he heard Mary Jo yell, "C'mon, baby, you can do it, beat 'em all up!"

That clearly wasn't going to happen, especially when one of the Indians started kicking him in the chest. Sid looked up and saw Mary Jo rushing over with a pool cue; so did one of the Pomos, who jumped up and grabbed it away from her. The Indian threw the stick down and advanced on Mary Jo—and ran into a hard right hand that split his nose open and put him on his knees. One of his buddies got so angry that he stopped kicking Sid and went to belt out Mary Jo; she caught him with a clean right to the chin that knocked him over the pool table.

Sid was almost unconscious; he and the remaining Pomo nevertheless exchanged looks of amazement. The Indian backed off, and Mary Jo picked Sid up by the collar and marched him out of there.

That April, Black fell off his white horse. One afternoon, Mary Jo turned him on to speed, and they stayed up for three straight days making love, playing cards, drinking and snorting crank. Like cocaine, speed isn't addictive, but you sure can get hooked on the stuff. Black *loved* being all cranked up. Speed gave him energy and a sense of power he'd never felt before.

And he didn't even have to pay for it. Sid was so well liked and such a volume buyer that suppliers gave him as much as he wanted for his personal use. Speed doesn't necessarily kill; it does, however, play hell with your system. In his first three weeks of doing crank, Sid lost more than 25 pounds. To see how far he could push himself, he went through 18 bags while going without sleep for an entire week. There seemed to be no limit to his strength.

His drinking was also out of control. He was getting shitfaced every night now, downing round after round of tequila or brandy or show-off drinks such as flaming hookers—Southern Comfort set on fire and swallowed while still aflame. His ulcer grew worse; he began vomiting blood.

And yet Dan Black, ace narc, continued to function. Every couple of weeks, he disappeared for several days to see his Angel friends in the Bay Area, and they continued to introduce him to drug dealers. During one such visit, Sid stopped into the same Vallejo bar in which he'd won his red wings. Several of his Angel friends invited him over to their table, and he was soon hearing about an Angels laboratory that was then producing 100,000 hits of LSD a week. Toward the end of the evening, the talk turned from dope to sex, and Sid was asked if earning his red wings had made him think at all differently about women. "No way," he boasted. "I'll fuck anything that walks."

"Right there," said an Angel named



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Joey, pointing to a girl. "I dare you to fuck her here and now."

Dan Black wanted to run and hide, but Sid Davis did not back down from a challenge. He went over to the girl, told her what had been said and she agreed to take him on. The only available space in the bar was next to the jukebox, which was next to the pool table; but when Sid and the girl got onto the floor, the pool players politely stepped over them.

Just after Sid entered the girl's body, the jukebox began blasting out *Undercover Angel*. That caused something to snap in his head, and Sid faded away completely at that moment. *What was he doing?* Black saw himself rutting like an animal in front of a bunch of wild men who'd kill him in a second if they ever discovered his true identity.

A couple of weeks later, local law-enforcement authorities agreed upon a course of action: A date would soon be set for Black to testify before the grand jury, after which he'd lead a mass roundup of Ukiah dope dealers.

At the end of April, the Mendocino sheriff's office acted upon a request from Humboldt County officials and asked Black to check out a bikers' bar in Eureka, 120 miles north on the Coast. He and Mary Jo rode up there on his Harley, but the bar turned out to be

clean. For some reason, Mary Jo was eager to return to Ukiah the next day, so he took her back. When they walked into the Peacock that night, the bar's pool table was covered with a white tablecloth and on it sat a huge cake topped by the figure of a rider astride a Harley. It was Sid's birthday, and every dealer in Ukiah had shown up for the big event. Sid began crying. He didn't know who the hell he was anymore—only that he was about to hurt a lot of people he liked.

And so Sid abruptly went out of business. Black quit buying dope and refused to meet new dealers. In mid-May, he made a decision: He had to get out. He wanted no further part of being a narc or being a biker; he wanted a new life. One night, at Mary Jo's house, he turned to her and said, "Hey, let's leave; let's cut out of here."

"You mean take a trip?" she asked.

"No," he said. "I mean, let's *leave*; let's live somewhere else."

"Where?"

"Anywhere," he answered. "We could go to Arizona, maybe."

"I ain't movin' to fuckin' *Arizona*," Mary Jo said. "I like it right here. What's bugging you?"

"Nothing," he said. "Nothing at all." At that moment, he realized that, of course, he wasn't going anyplace. His

investigation would end as planned and his friends would all be sent to prison. Who would have thought that when the Lone Ranger took off his mask he'd turn out to be Judas?

A few days later, Lake County's S.I.D. was officially notified that Black would testify before a grand jury in Ukiah in early June. That information apparently landed in the wrong hands.

Less than a week before Black's courtroom date, three hippie types walked into the Peacock and saw Cedric talking with Sid. One of them called Cedric over and told him Sid was a narc. Cedric punched him in the mouth. The man's two friends were too terrified to do anything but carry him out of the bar.

"*Weird fuckers*," Cedric said, as he and Sid watched the three bearded men get into their car and take off. "They said you were a *narc*. Can you beat that?"

Black had never seen any of them before. The following night, an easygoing biker named Buddy walked into the Peacock with a worried look on his face. He came over to Sid's table and said, "You better watch your ass, cousin. There's a Lake County narc named Dan Black who's been workin' around town."

Sid looked at him very coolly. "Where'd you hear that?"

"From some friends in Lake County," Buddy said. "The guy's supposed to be, oh, about your size. He drives a black Harley."

Black was grateful that his Harley was blue. "I'll keep an eye out for him," he said.

Black stopped using speed two days before his grand-jury appearance. He testified from eight in the morning until ten o'clock that night, and afterward he agreed to show up at the sheriff's office at 4:30 the following afternoon. The roundup of suspects he'd named would begin at five P.M.

He got to Mary Jo's house a half hour after he finished testifying. He knew that he finally had to tell her who he was, yet he just couldn't bring himself to do it. He copped out. "Listen, baby," he said, "you better get out of town. Some things are gonna happen tomorrow, and it's not going to be healthy for either of us to be around."

"Sid, I don't know what the hell you're talking about," Mary Jo said.

Black began packing up all his clothing. He couldn't look at her.

"You son of a bitch, what are you doing? Where are you *going*?" she shouted. He heard the pain in her voice and hated himself for it.

"It's *over* with us!" he yelled. "If you know what's good for you, take off!"

Mary Jo was crying when he slammed the door and walked out into the night.

The next day, Black arrived at the sheriff's office at 4:30. Sheriff Jondahl led



"It's a ticket for jay-jogging."

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him into the squad room, where more than 50 police and deputy sheriffs were gathered. They'd been told nothing more than that they'd be introduced to the narc whose grand-jury testimony had implicated every suspected doper in town. Only Jondahl and two men on his staff knew Black's secret, and they hadn't broken faith with him. The rest of the officers knew him only as Sid Davis, the swaggering biker and reputed dope dealer they all hated.

"Gentlemen," said Jondahl, "I want you to meet Dan Black, the undercover agent who's been on loan to us from Lake County."

For a moment, the room was stunned into silence. And then Black's fellow officers stood up and *cheered*. They gathered around him, congratulating him, shaking his hand, clapping him on the back. They bathed him in respect and admiration, but he was strangely unmoved.

For the next four hours, Black led cars filled with law officers to various houses in and around Ukiah, and by nine o'clock, 28 people—including Cedric—had been arrested. During his seven months in Ukiah, Black had spent \$40,000 of law-enforcement money on drugs that he delivered and on suspects that he bagged. He had done a magnificent job.

And yet he still didn't know how to

tell Mary Jo he was a narc. The next morning, she and a girlfriend went down to police headquarters to bail Cedric out. A colleague of Black's led her into another room, where Sid was waiting for her.

"Mary Jo, my name is Dan Black," he said. "I've been a cop for seven years."

Mary Jo was in a state of shock for two days. Black asked her not to leave him, but the idea that she'd lived with a narc was almost impossible for her to deal with. "I would never have associated with him if I knew he was a cop," she told a writer for the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Finally, though, she chose to stay with him. "He completely abandoned his wife and kids for me," she said. "I thought for two days and then I told him it took me five months to fall in love with him, so I'd stay with him no matter what."

When the Ukiah investigation ended, the state of California got 25 convictions out of 28 arrests. Black decided not to testify against Cedric Weir, though the Peacock Bar lost its liquor license and closed.

Black was transferred to detective work, but he just couldn't hack being a cop anymore. His superiors sensed his changed outlook and tried to shape him up by reassigning him to uniform duty in October 1977. He tried it for two days and then quit the force.

By then, he'd moved back to Mary Jo's house in Ukiah. Although several police sources informed him that the Hell's Angels had issued a contract on his life, Black made no plans to leave Northern California. He felt that if the Angels were truly out for his blood, the only way he'd escape would be by leaving the country, and he just wasn't ready for that. He was sure the Angels would eventually realize he hadn't tried to take them down. In time, if they didn't exactly forgive him, he was reasonably certain they'd at least forget about him.

Soon after he moved back to Ukiah, Black heard that Cedric wanted to see him. The two men met for a drink. "I have no hard feelings," Cedric told him. "You were only doing a job."

"You know something, Cedric? I think I better get my ass into a different line of work."

In November, 1977, Black took a job as a construction worker and began using speed again. Heavy rains throughout Northern California virtually shut down the construction industry that autumn, and Black soon sank into a state of depression. He was an unhappy, confused man, and Mary Jo found him difficult to live with. In early December, she announced that her husband was
(concluded on page 244)



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"Do you know what I miss? I miss taking off my clothes."



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See, Tommy doesn’t know that Natural Light’s great taste comes from

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Taste is why you’ll switch.

PLAYBOY'S INFORMED SOURCE



CAMPING

*it's fun to fool around
with mother nature*

The wilds are calling. The beaches and parks are as crowded as Bloomingdale's at Christmas; your summer-weight suit clings to your body like a wet plastic bag; and you want out. It's time to go camping—not in some trailer-jammed roadside hive, of course, but in God's country, or as close to it as you can get in a few days. There's just one problem: You're not alone. According to recent estimates, 48,000,000 American hikers and backpackers are hoping to get away from it all. Especially in summer. Especially on weekends. Especially to the convenient exurban parks of the East and the spectacular wildernesses of the West.

Plan your escape for weekdays or an off-season weekend. Holidays are the worst time to camp; any time between Labor Day and Memorial Day is best, but don't try snow camping unless you have experience or a knowledgeable companion. Decide whether you want to camp in the desert, mountains, or forest, and hunker down with a good directory, such as *The Bantam Great Outdoors Guide to the U. S. A. and Canada* (see bibliography), which details available stomping grounds,

how to get to them and what sorts of campsites they contain.

Lesser-known regions recommended by our Travel Editor, Stephen Birnbaum, include: Badlands National Monument, South Dakota; Black Canyon of the Gunnison National Monument, Colorado; Blue Ridge Parkway, Virginia, North Carolina; Buffalo National River, Arkansas; Carlsbad Caverns National Park, New Mexico; Chiricahua National Monument, Arizona; Craters of the Moon National Monument, Idaho; Everglades National Park, Florida; Great Sand Dunes National Monument, Colorado; Guadalupe Mountains National Park, Texas; Gulf Islands National Seashore, Florida, Mississippi; Haleakala National Park, Hawaii; Hawaii Volcanoes National Park, Hawaii; Isle Royale National Park, Michigan; Joshua Tree National Monument, California; Lassen Volcanic National Park, California; Lava Beds National Monument, California; Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado; Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument, Arizona; Petrified Forest National Park, Arizona; Pinnacles National Monument, California; Point Reyes National Seashore, California; Saguaro National



Monument, Arizona; Shenandoah National Park, Virginia; Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park, North Dakota.

Still, seclusion is within reach in even the most trampled parks and forests. Find out from local authorities which campsites and trails are most popular—and when. Plan to go elsewhere. Ask if you will need permits and whether or not open fires, cans and bottles are allowed in the area. Also, you will want to know if some areas are off limits because of bears or other predators, overuse, fragility of terrain or fire hazard.

Some novice campers figure they have to buy everything Eddie Bauer sells before stepping into the great outdoors. Not so. Backpacks, tents, stoves, sleeping bags and other big-ticket gear can be rented from a reputable outfitter if you don't feel like investing, or if you want to compare brands first. In summer, about all you'll need for clothes is a pair of shorts and pants (khakis, not jeans, as bugs are attracted to dark colors), a long- and a short-sleeved shirt, a wool sweater, a rain poncho or *cagoule*, a lightweight down or Thinsulate vest, two pairs of

wool socks and a bandanna. The latter can be used as a towel, headband, place mat or potholder when it's not around your neck. Underwear is optional equipment. Make sure to change into warm, dry clothes before the sun goes down; temperatures tend to plunge when evening sets in.

Do you really need to spend 100 bucks or more for support, lug soles and status? Probably not, unless you have inordinately weak ankles or plan to do some serious off-trail climbing. Hiking boots may seem more appropriate than sneakers, but they also tend to bog you down and may give you blisters. Experienced hikers know that a pound on your feet equals five on your back. Veteran mountaineer Lou Whittaker opts for customized running shoes with Vibram soles where terrain, weather and pack weight allow. Along those lines, Donner Mountain Corp. has come out with Gore-Tex hiking shoes and boots (\$64 and \$69.50, respectively) that are sturdy, lightweight and don't require breaking in.

In camping, less weight imparts more pleasure. Hikers who make like pack animals suffer blisters, backaches and lowered libidos. Take the least and lightest gear you can get away with. Choose a backpack that's right for your purposes rather than for a grand-scale expedition. Internal-frame packs can be taken on planes easily, and some designs adapt for suitcase-style carrying.

Stuff sacks make organizing easier. Use one each for breakfasts, lunches, dinners, snacks, socks, toiletries, and so on. Essentials should stay in side pockets—toilet paper, sunscreen, bug dope, trail food, water bottle—so you won't waste time ferreting. Keep foul-weather gear within easy reach, too.

Arrange pack weight to match each day's terrain. Consult your map; if the trail looks fairly flat, pack heavy gear on top so the weight will balance over your hips. Hiking steep or rough paths calls for centering the weight, as a high load may tip you sideways. And if you plan on boulder hopping, move the weight to the bottom, lowering your center of gravity. In all cases, heavy objects should be near your back.

When you're ready to hang up your hat and call it home, a few tenets apply to selecting a campsite. Stake out a level, rockless, rootless, protected piece of ground. Avoid mountain-tops, cliffs, swamps and low-tide areas. Once you've settled in and fed yourselves, pull out the length of rope that every

bibliography

The Bantam Great Outdoors Guide to the U.S.A. and Canada, by Val Landi. Lively narrative on wilderness recreation in each state and province. Emphasis on hunting and fishing, as well as on backpacking and canoeing. Addresses provided for outfitters, lodges, maps.

The New Complete Walker (Knopf), by Colin Fletcher. One man's approach to backpacking pleasures and necessities, delightfully written. Information, philosophy and British humor about "the house on your back," as well as dangers real and imagined. Enlightening for seasoned and amateur outdoorsmen alike.

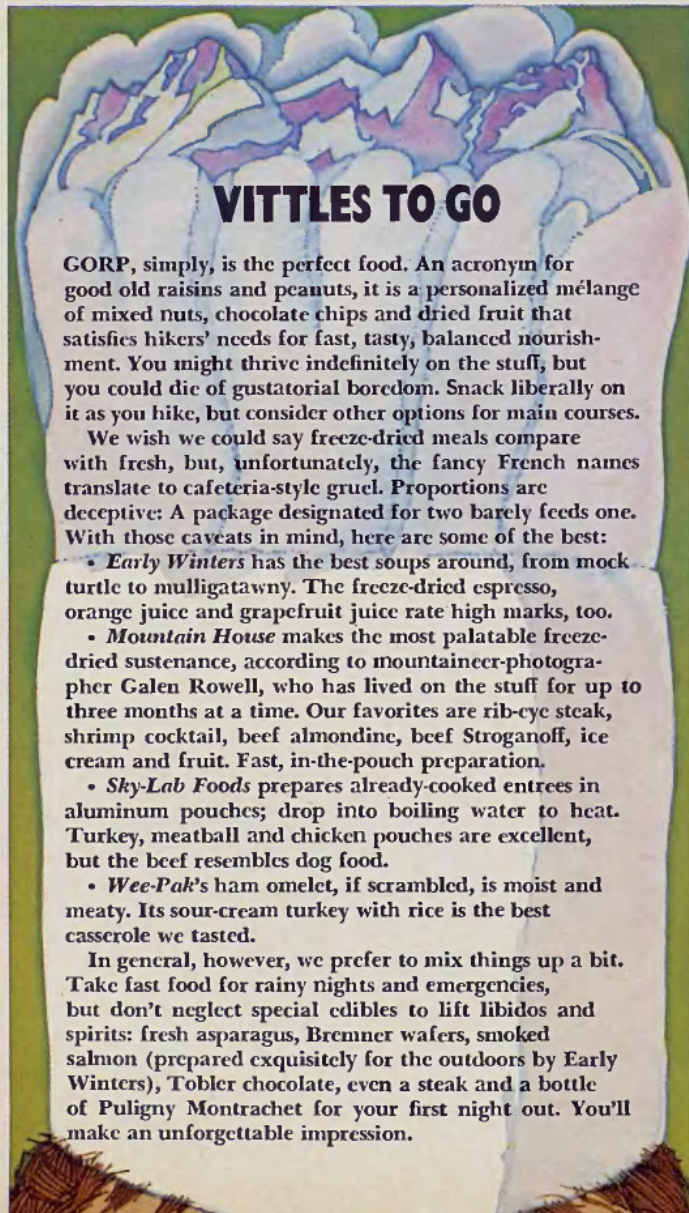
The Whole Hiker's Handbook (Morrow), edited by William Kemsley, Jr. The anthologized wisdom of Backpacker magazine. Advice and opinion, sometimes conflicting, on what to take, where to go and how to survive in the great outdoors. History and photographic suggestions, too.

PLAYBOY'S INFORMED SOURCE



If practice makes perfect, our outdoor home builder (far left) would be less baffled if he'd done a dry run at home. Doff the Nanda Devi Triolet pack by Lowe (rear) and the Hine/Snowbridge Omega pack (front). Set up the utensils, comestibles and Optimus 8R stove. Slip out of the DMC Gore-Tex shoes. Rest up for the evening's activities, like singing around the campfire.

In the interest of ardor, it's vital to have some things come between you and the great outdoors—SierraWest's airy Skylite tent, for instance. Lay closed-cell foam insulation between your bodies and the ground. And be sure the sleeping-bag zippers are as compatible as you are.



VITTLES TO GO

GORP, simply, is the perfect food. An acronym for good old raisins and peanuts, it is a personalized mélange of mixed nuts, chocolate chips and dried fruit that satisfies hikers' needs for fast, tasty, balanced nourishment. You might thrive indefinitely on the stuff, but you could die of gustatorial boredom. Snack liberally on it as you hike, but consider other options for main courses.

We wish we could say freeze-dried meals compare with fresh, but, unfortunately, the fancy French names translate to cafeteria-style gruel. Proportions are deceptive: A package designated for two barely feeds one. With those caveats in mind, here are some of the best:

- *Early Winters* has the best soups around, from mock turtle to mulligatawny. The freeze-dried espresso, orange juice and grapefruit juice rate high marks, too.
- *Mountain House* makes the most palatable freeze-dried sustenance, according to mountaineer-photographer Galen Rowell, who has lived on the stuff for up to three months at a time. Our favorites are rib-eye steak, shrimp cocktail, beef almondine, beef Stroganoff, ice cream and fruit. Fast, in-the-pouch preparation.
- *Sky-Lab Foods* prepares already-cooked entrees in aluminum pouches; drop into boiling water to heat. Turkey, meatball and chicken pouches are excellent, but the beef resembles dog food.
- *Wee-Pak's* ham omelet, if scrambled, is moist and meaty. Its sour-cream turkey with rice is the best casserole we tasted.

In general, however, we prefer to mix things up a bit. Take fast food for rainy nights and emergencies, but don't neglect special edibles to lift libidos and spirits: fresh asparagus, Bremner wafers, smoked salmon (prepared exquisitely for the outdoors by *Early Winters*), Tobler chocolate, even a steak and a bottle of Puligny Montrachet for your first night out. You'll make an unforgettable impression.

camper should carry in bear country (40 feet minimum), tie one end to your food bag and suspend the bag from a tree limb so animals can't freeload.

While indulging in the finer pleasures of the great outdoors, you can leave urban paranoia behind. The probability of being unpleasantly interrupted is well below one percent; of more than 300,000,000 visitor days in national parks in 1980, only 9074 felony crimes were reported, mostly against property. Leave valuables and cash at home, not in the car—which is more likely to be mugged than you are.

Finally, we trust you'll show consideration for the place to which you've escaped. Camp at least 100 feet away from water; wash your dishes and bodies at a distance, too. Dig a discreet hole if there's no latrine around, and carry out your trash.

End of sermon. Now hie to the hills.

—MAGDA KRANCE



There are lots of things you might not want to be without, and often they are things that you might forget. Clockwise from bottom: Lock-blade knife, water bag, compass, biodegradable liquid soap, stuff bag, squeeze tube for soft foods, waterproof aluminum box with first-aid supplies, biodegradable leaf soap, bug dope, lithium-battery flashlight, map measurer, Swiss Army knife and miniature flashlight.



All you need when you need to straighten out your trip. In English.



You need someone who not only understands English, but also someone who understands your travel problems. And that's exactly who you'll find at the more than 1,000 Travel Service Offices of American Express Company, its subsidiaries and Representatives around the world. They know how to untangle a snarled itinerary. To get you emergency funds with the Card. To replace a lost Card, fast. The only card with all the resources and people of American Express to help you at home and abroad. The American Express® Card. Don't leave home without it.



PLAYBOY PUZZLE

AMAZING!

When an ardent admirer closely inspected the body stocking worn by the young lady pictured here, he discovered, with much fascination, that some of her threads didn't quite meet. Deciding to investigate further, he began at the tip of the lady's left foot and traced a path through the spaces in the body stocking, over her fetching figure, and ended (with a sigh) at the toes of her right foot. Can you be as successful as he in finding the way, from one delicate foot to the other, without getting lost?



ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MAGDICH

Answer on page 244.

UNDERCOVER ANGEL

about to be released from prison and that she and Elisha would return to Colorado in mid-January. Black realized that if she went to Colorado, there'd be nothing left in his life.

On December 20, 1977, Mary Jo and her daughter left Ukiah for a week-long visit with her parents, who lived in a San Francisco suburb.

The next day, behind a headful of crank, Black walked into the Geyserville branch of the Bank of America. Beneath a zippered jacket, he wore the alley sweeper Charlie Harris had given him as a graduation present. Black rolled a ski mask down over his face, whipped out the concealed, sawed-off shotgun and handed a startled teller a paper bag with instructions to fill it with cash. He escaped with \$282.

Afterward, he drove around for two hours in an old green Ford Falcon and then returned to Mary Jo's house. He sat there all night long, snorting speed and thinking: What have I done? I could have been shot. I must be crazy.

He spent a lonely Christmas Eve by himself and the next night picked up

(continued from page 236)

Elisha and Mary Jo at her mother's house. When they got back to Ukiah, he told her about the robbery.

"Why?" she kept asking. "Why did you do it?"

When he tried to tell her, he found that he didn't know why. He started crying, and so did Mary Jo. The only thing he knew was that he needed her; he also knew that Mary Jo was right when she said it wasn't working out between them. When she recovered her composure, Mary Jo told him he'd have to move out after New Year's Eve. She didn't want him around longer than that.

On the worst New Year's Eve of Black's life, he and Mary Jo went to sleep at nine p.m. The next morning, he loaded the Falcon and drove aimlessly around for 12 hours. He slept in the car that night, and in the morning he bought a bottle of tequila, two six-packs of Coors and checked into a motel. He had lots of crank left and he meant to get wasted.

Five a.m. came and went and Dan considered checking out of the motel but

decided against it. Shortly before ten o'clock, he got into the car and drove to Mary Jo's house to see her for the last time. Mary Jo had said he could take her and Elisha to the bank and perhaps for a little shopping trip afterward, but that would be it. Black desperately hoped to charm her into getting back with him, but as soon as Mary Jo opened the door, he could tell that wasn't going to happen. She was cool and distant and remained that way the rest of the morning. At noon, he dropped her and Elisha off at home. He'd never see them again.

A half hour later, Black held up the Savings Bank of Mendocino County in Ukiah and got away with \$6850. He didn't even get a chance to count it. From the bank, he drove to a bar a few miles away, where he ordered a brandy and soda and played one rack of eight ball. Then he made a telephone call to Mary Jo. While he was dialing, Black heard the roaring whine of police sirens, and then their plaintive mechanical gasps as they were turned off in front of the bar. He didn't have to be an experienced cop to figure out that his car had been spotted outside.

Mary Jo was crying when she answered the phone.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, Dan, I've got the goddamn C.B. scanner on, and they just reported the bank robbery. You did it, I know you did it."

"Yeah," he said calmly, "I did."

"They're gonna arrest you this time. They're gonna send you to jail," she sobbed.

Just then, Deputy Rick Iversen, a cop Black liked, walked into the bar and tapped him on the shoulder. Black looked at him and nodded.

"They're here now," he told Mary Jo. "Goodbye, baby."

After the trial, Dan Black's public defender said he'd never seen a man so intent on being punished. Convicted of two counts of armed robbery, he was sentenced to four years in Soledad prison. In 1978, while he was still serving his sentence, he and Claudia were divorced.

Black was paroled on December 11, 1980. Eight days later, he married Bonnie Ford, whom he had met several weeks before his trial. In recent months, they have been looking for a ranch to manage, and Black has applied for more than 60 jobs, without success.

There is a chance that he will lecture at seminars to be conducted by the FBI at its National Academy in Quantico, Virginia. Proposed subject: the dangers of being an undercover narcotics agent.

Answer to puzzle on page 243.



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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

WHEELS

MORE POWER TO THE SCOOTER!

A motor scooter may not be able to keep up with the supercycles, but you meet some mighty interesting people traveling at more civilized rates of speed. Not too civilized, however, as Vespa's P200E is perfectly legal for expressway travel and is capable of cruising at 60 mph.

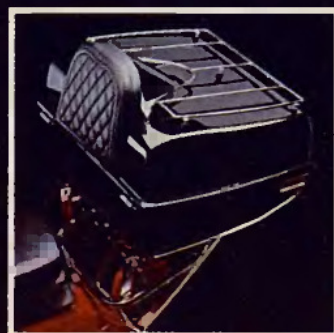
Add to that 78-mpg economy, a base price that's only \$1800 and enough optional goodies to make the siren call of the open road even sweeter, and you have a very compelling two-wheel reason not to stay indoors. Sorry, phone-number freaks, right after the shooting, our blonde friend, below, scooted on her scooter.



Right: Our lady of the fast lane is on a top-of-the-line Vespa P200E, by Piaggio, priced at only \$1800—plus about \$100 for the clear-Plexiglas windscreen. (No bugs on her.) Above: For small packages, there is an optional \$59 chrome and steel rear carrier that folds. Below: The elegant finishing touch—chrome hubcaps at \$19 each.



Above: Riding a Vespa without a horn is like not being able to whistle in Rome. And who can hear you whistle in Rome, anyway? So honk. The horn here is just \$45. Below: A sturdy lockable travel trunk for very important documents, such as your little black book, \$149. (All scooter accessories are from D.A.S.M.I. of Chicago, Illinois.)



FASHION

SMOOTH AS SILK

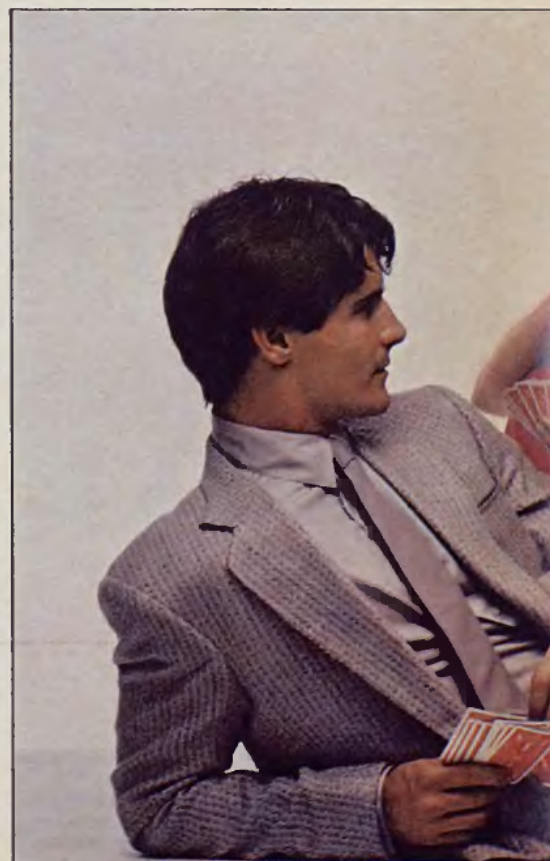
It may not be in the cards for you to have an entire warm-weather wardrobe made of silk, but if you could—what a midsummer dream! Silk's rich colors and sensuous feel are unbeatable. It's showing up as a favorite designer fabric in everything from lounging clothes to streetwear. (There's even a silk rain parka.) You might

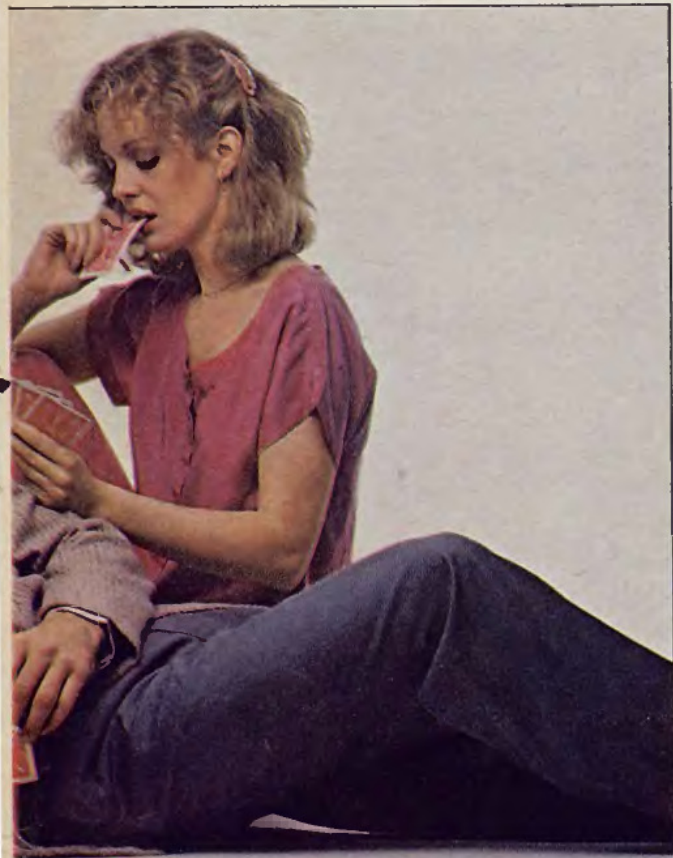
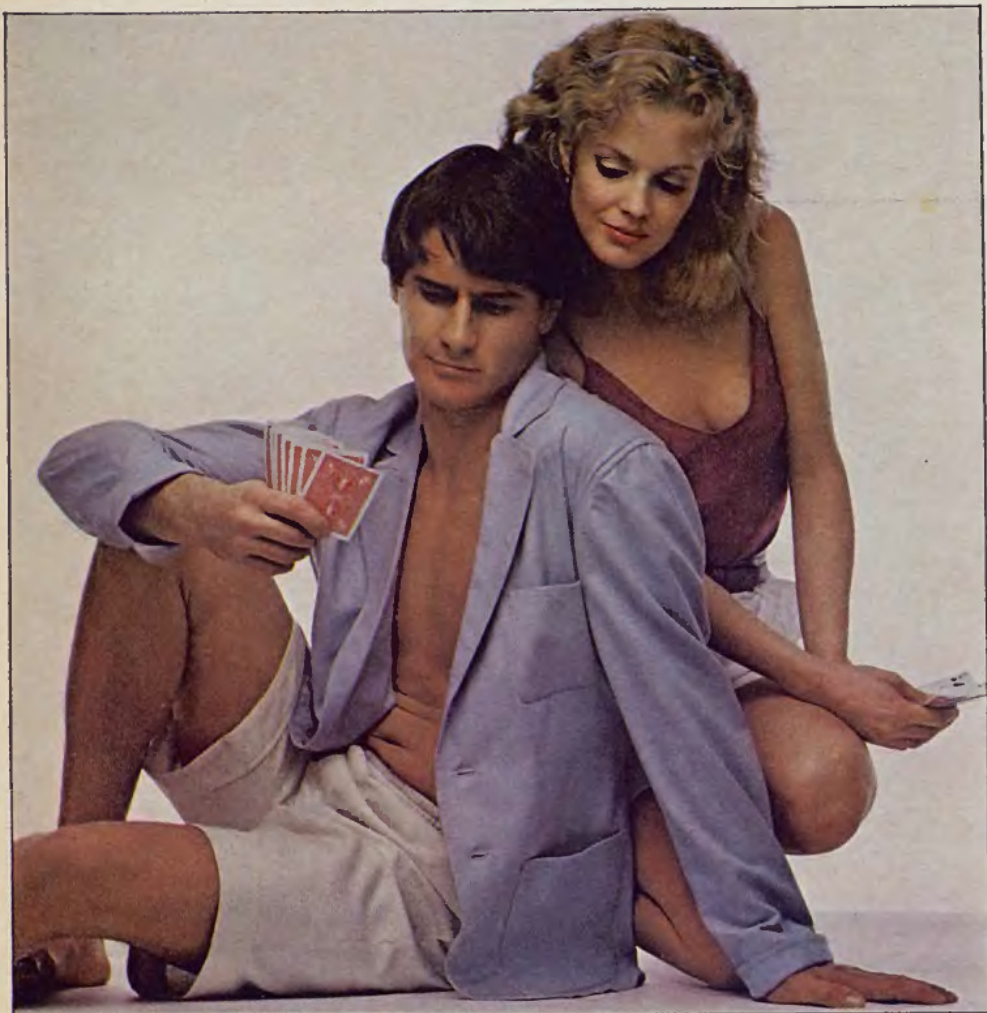
have to break the bank to indulge in it, because silk is expensive to own; if you have to ask what dry cleaning it costs, you can't afford it. Still, if you're going to be a fashion bear, be a grizzly. One silk outfit is worth a dozen sleazy imitations and, all considered, the price really needn't be prohibitive.

—DAVID PLATT



Left: This fellow's backed up his hand with something slick—a waterproof silk parka with elasticized waist, stand-up collar and three pleated patch flap pockets, \$200, worn over a multicolor-silk broadcloth short-sleeved V-neck, \$130, plus a pair of silk canvas pleated walking shorts, \$100, all by Pinky & Dianne Ltd. Left below: Here, our ace is serving up a different kind of silky pitch wearing a silk baseball-type jacket, \$175, plus a silk crepe de Chine short-sleeved shirt, \$87.50, and raw-silk drawstring slacks, \$65, all by Morgan Ayres for Gary E. Miller.





STEVE EWERT

Above: Does his pair beat hers? They're not talking, and we can't blame them, with this two-handed game getting down to only a raw-silk single-breasted ventless jacket with notch lapels, \$88, plus ecru raw-silk walking shorts, \$48, both by Patti Cappalli's Mens. Left: A full house of silk, including his silk/cotton/ rayon tweed jacket, about \$360, silk double-pleated slacks, about \$170, silk long-sleeved shirt, about \$120, and a silk/cotton tie, \$25, all by Jhane Barnes.

DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

Lightweight knit or woven casual slacks based on the type of warm-up pants that jocks have been exercising in for years are rapidly becoming this summer's most popular alternative to ubiquitous blue jeans. Some of these sporty styles come with elasticized waistbands, and others have only drawstrings—all, however, feature a gathered cuff (knit or with adjustable tabs). Hot tip: Buy several pairs and keep one strictly for the beach. The gathered cuff helps keep sand off.

This summer, you also may have noticed a number of wearables made in a seemingly anomalous material for the season: leather. The fact is that leather adapts surprisingly well to warm weather, and designers have been hell-bent on creating more styles in everything from chamois swim shorts (when they wear out, you can always polish the car with them) to perforated suede T-shirts. Later in the summer, expect many of the looks to be marked down in order to make room for fall styles. What goes on sale will make excellent buys for transitional wear.

Speaking of colder weather, if you've grown tired of seeing everyone look like the Pillsbury Doughboy (or girl) in those huge puffy down and fiber-filled coats, you'll be happy to learn that new technologies have developed more flattering fabrics that cut the chill without all that bulk.

Sometimes the simplest looks can make the freshest and most unexpected fashion statements. For example, take a pair of white-cotton jeans, add a peach-colored sweat shirt worn over a white knit polo shirt, plus peach-colored socks and a pair of tan boating shoes, and you have a Saturday outfit that won't go unnoticed.

Important news for ultra low tar smokers.

Merit Announces New Merit Ultra Lights!

*Now the MERIT idea has been introduced at only 4 mg tar—
New MERIT Ultra Lights. A milder MERIT for those who prefer
an ultra low tar cigarette.*

*New MERIT Ultra Lights. It's going to set a whole new taste
standard for ultra low tar smoking.*

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4 mg tar
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MERIT
Ultra Lights

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

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4 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC Method

WAKE UP TO A LITTLE SUSHI

Does the food at your favorite restaurant suddenly bore you? Do you have nightmares about Salisbury steak? What you need is a new dining experience. Try visiting a *sushi* bar.

Sushi is the raw-fish-and-vinegared-rice cuisine of Japan; and although the idea of actually eating raw fish may be hard to swallow in our beef-and-chicken society, most people who sample *sushi* are pleasantly surprised—then addicted for life. It's delightful, sensuous and perfect for weight watchers. Best of all, it doesn't move on the plate.

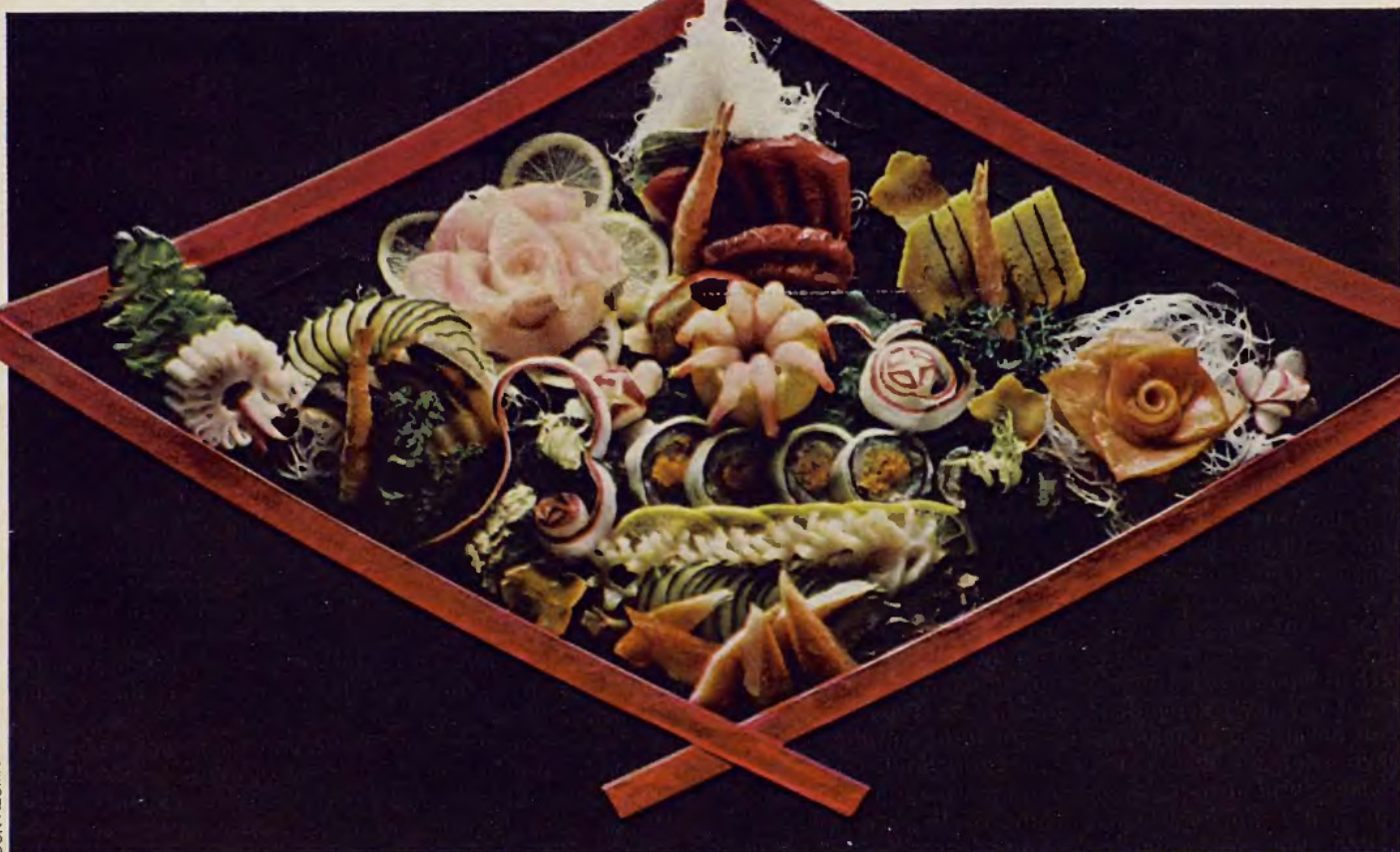
According to Hiromi Sano, owner of Los Angeles' popular Enshino restaurant, *sushi* has shed its trendy image in exchange for a loyal and sizable following. "Three years ago, there were 20 *sushi* bars in L.A.; now there are more than 200," he laughs. "Lots of competition."

Sushi bars are usually found at Japanese restaurants in areas where fresh fish is readily available. Thus, their distribution is mainly coastal; but they also

reminiscent of world-series week at the local pub. The chef acts as bartender, while a healthy mix of *sushi* veterans and virgins please their palates and swap stories about their initial apprehension of and eventual addiction to the *sushi* way of life. "It's the United Nations of restaurants," says one *sushi* connoisseur.

The interaction also has its more serious side. It helps lessen the intimidation of discovering that Japanese is the bar's predominant language. A chef's blank stare or little bow and inquisitive smile when you order may be unnerving. It means, "No savvy, Kemosabe-san." So try again. Happily, there's usually a menu crib sheet with pictures of the various types of *sushi* prominently posted from which to choose.

Sushi-bar clientele sit around the wooden counter that surrounds the *shokunin's* work area. The bar's fish selection is displayed in refrigerated glass cases directly in front of you. As a matter of



Sushi appeals to the eye as well as to the palate—as these exotic-looking edibles prepared by Chicago's Hatsuhana restaurant attest. Clockwise from 12: Shrimp and tuna with shredded white radish; egg custard and seaweed *tamago*; a salmon flower; yellowtail *sashimi*; whisper-thin slices of artfully arranged cucumber; and a fluke flower. At center: A succulent sweet shrimp cluster with lemon. Sorry, Charley, only the freshest fish need apply.

thrive in Chicago, Houston, Dallas, Atlanta and other inland cities where fish can be flown in easily.

The *sushi* bar is separate from the traditional dining area where hot dishes are the main fare and, therefore, possesses a mystique all its own. The decor can be luxurious. Usually, it's understated—sometimes even undernourished. But aesthetics are a minor concern. A *sushi* bar should be judged on the quality of its fish, the taste of the rice and the chef's skill in preparing the food.

The correct bar ambience is lively and conversational,

pride, the fish is always pristinely fresh and of top quality.

Once you're seated, the chef will greet you and offer a hot, rolled hand towel. Your station will already be set up with chopsticks, napkin, soy sauce and a small dish in which to dip the *sushi*, if you wish, in a mixture of soy sauce (*shoyu*) and wasabi, an incandescent green paste made from powdered horseradish that clears the sinuses better than Peruvian flake cocaine. Your *shokunin* will provide a mound of pickled ginger slices (*gari* or *shoga*), used to cleanse the palate between different fish. Assertiveness

is essential when you're ready to order. You have to catch the chef's attention and call out your wishes like everyone else—at the right moment. There's no room for timid souls at a *sushi* bar.

The *shokunin* fills each order individually, wielding his razor-sharp knife with a panache far exceeding the "Every meal a show/Every show a meal" mentality of the Japanese-American steakhouse circuit. Preslicing the fish is dishonorable and casts suspicion on its freshness: The finished product is served directly on the wooden counter lip, or sometimes on a wooden or lacquered tray. Each *sushi* order,

A SHORT-ORDER GUIDE TO SUSHI BARS

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA:

HANA SUSHI, 11831 Wilshire Boulevard, West Los Angeles. Long bar. Very lively. (213-473-6828.) HIRO SUSHI, 1621 Wilshire Boulevard, Santa Monica. A favorite hangout of music and movie biggies. (213-395-3570.) PEAR GARDEN, 666 North La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles. An expensive—but exquisite—*sushi* bar with 14 seats; it's part of a Japanese/Korean restaurant. (213-659-3022.) Also worth trying: Enchino, 17049 Ventura Boulevard, Encino; O-Sho Sushi, 10914 Pico Boulevard, West Los Angeles; Teru Sushi, 11940 Ventura Boulevard, Studio City.

CHICAGO:

HATSUHANA, 160 East Ontario. This 25-seat *sushi* bar serves fresh fish flown in daily. (312-280-8287.) KAMEHACHI OF TOKYO, 1617 North Wells. If you're seriously into *sushi*, insist on sitting at the bar. (312-664-3663.) Also worth trying: Happi Sushi Restaurant, 3346 North Clark Street; Hashikin, 2338 North Clark Street; Tokyo International Restaurant, 1935 West Irving Park Road.

NEW YORK CITY:

LENGE, 202 Columbus Avenue. Convenient to Lincoln Center. (212-874-8278.) NAKAGAWA, 7 West 44th Street. Elegant and expensive. Tremendous variety. (212-869-8077.) SUSHIKO, 251 West 55th Street. The theater district's *sushi* bar. (212-974-9721.) Also worth trying: Hatsuhana, 17 East 48th Street; Soho Robata, 143 Spring Street; Sakura Chaya, 198 Columbus Avenue; Nishi, 325 Amsterdam Avenue.

in its complexity or simplicity of design, is a thing of beauty.

The top chefs study the art of *sushi* for at least five years. Their apprenticeship begins with two years of washing dishes and making trips to the fish market. The third year is spent learning to prepare the special *sushi* rice. The remaining time is devoted to becoming familiar with the many varieties of fish and honing preparatory skills. Most chefs immigrate from Japan, but some, due to high demand, are learning on the job in America.

Sushi originated in China about 1500 years ago. It drifted to Korea, where the fish and vegetable ingredients were wrapped in a butter-lettuce leaf instead of today's nori (a crisp, flat sheet of pressed and dried seaweed). *Sushi* reached Japan around 1000 A.D. and took firm hold because of that country's dependence on the sea. Each of Japan's states developed indigenous styles of *sushi*, but the current Tokyo (Edomae) version has prevailed for about 300 years.

Tokyo *sushi* includes some tempting variations. The most popular is *nigiri*, in which a palm's-width slice of fish is dabbed with wasabi and hand-molded over a small fistful of cool rice. The importance of temperature explains why there are no female *shokunin*: Women are thought to have warm hands.

Almost any kind of fish can be used for *nigiri*. The white-fleshed variety, including the blander-tasting red snapper (*tai*), rock cod, halibut (*hirame*), sea bass (*suzuki*) and the buttery-flavored yellowtail (*hamachi*), is more tender than a rare *filet mignon*. The same is true for the tuna (*maguro*) cuts: *akami*, the bright-red fillet; *toro*, the fat and oily belly meat; and *chu toro*, its milder cousin.

The more distinctive-tasting and firmer-textured fish include squid (*ika*), abalone (*awabi*), octopus (*tako*), Japanese clam (*aoyagi*), giant clam (*mirugai*), fresh scallops (*taira gai*) and an assortment of shellfish interiors.

Two varieties of mackerel (Spanish and the fishier regular

cut), salmon (*shake*), cooked or raw shrimp (*ebi*), crab (*kani*), swordfish and cooked fresh or salt-water eel (*anago*) complete the list. Selection varies with the season, locality and the *sushi* bar's preference.

Octopus and eel are covered with a thick, sweet soy sauce, which enhances the meat. *Nigiri* garnishes include whisper-thin scallion slices, sesame seeds and a sprinkle of lemon juice when you want to make any fish milder.

Nori maki is simply a rice-and-seaweed roll with fish, cucumber, pickled vegetables or any combination thereof inside. It's sliced crosswise into four or six inch-thick pieces.

Tuna-and-rice *nori maki* is called *tekka maki*. With cucumber alone, it's called *kappa maki*. Add other ingredients and you can name it yourself. Creativity is part of the fun. *Nori* rolls served uncut in half sheets of seaweed are called *temaki*.

The rolled-and-sliced style is one with which a skilled *shokunin* can really strut his stuff. Depending on the combination and placement of the fish and vegetable innards, once sliced, intricate designs, flowers and geometric patterns will appear. Such sleights of hand are usually reserved for catered *sushi* assortments, but they have become increasingly common, because *shokunin* like to dazzle Americans. It's also a convincing demonstration of *sushi*'s flexibility. You order what you want, how you want it. Almost anything goes, though a chef may sometimes decline a request because he knows better. Trust him.


Funamori or "gunkan *maki*" are small, cuplike constructions. They are used to hold the less stable *sushi* ingredients and are made by winding a wide strip of seaweed around a base of rice. Common *funamori* include glassy salmon roe (*ikura*), crab and smelt eggs, oysters, jellyfish, scallops and the briny sea urchin (*uni*)—for the courageous only. For a twist, add a quail's-egg yolk to a bed of salmon roe.

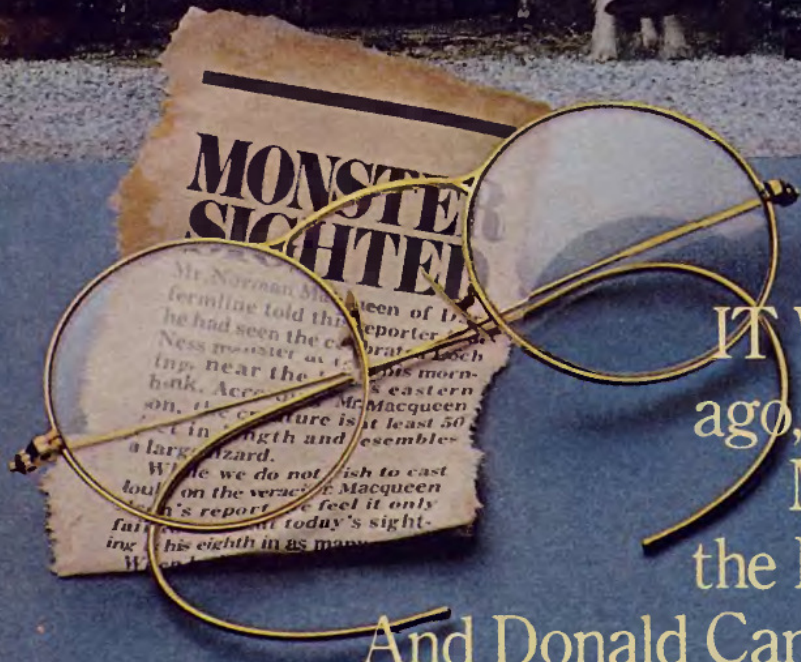
Take it slowly for your first *sushi* experience. Don't be afraid to ask for help. Start with some of the blander *nigiri* and work your way up. A standard order is two pieces of *nigiri* (the numbers one and three are considered unlucky), and the average diner can consume about five orders and one or two *nori* rolls. Or try *sashimi*—slices of fish without the rice, arranged on a platter to represent the ocean, mountains and sky.

And now a few words about manners. To eat *nigiri*, for example, take it between thumb and forefinger and dip it, if you desire, fish side down into the soy-sauce-and-wasabi mixture. Using chopsticks for *nigiri*, *funamori* and *nori maki* is *déclassé*. Two bites are acceptable—again, fish side down. Don't smoke (if possible) or order hot meals at the bar. The conflicting odors destroy the delicate essence of the fish.

A high-protein, low-fat content is part of *sushi*'s appeal. If you can afford it regularly, it makes a great diet. A typical *nigiri* order costs from \$1.40 to two dollars (for two pieces); dinner, with drinks, is usually \$20–\$35 per couple. Best of all, *sushi* never leaves you stuffed.

And let's not forget *sushi*'s sensuality quotient. Fish has long been accorded aphrodisiacal powers; just the sensation of a fresh piece of tuna sliding cleanly across your tongue is enough to make you want to break the ice with that redhead at the other end of the bar. It may sound fishy, but you've already got something in common.

—DAVID RENSIN 



IT WAS seventeen years ago, in August, that Norman Macqueen says he saw the Loch Ness monster.

And Donald Campbell still says he didn't.

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A Garden of Earthly Delights

There's no tie vote this month, folks; actress **SUSAN SARANDON** has the celebrity breasts of perhaps the whole summer. When this photo arrived, we almost forgot about how good she is in *Atlantic City*, her latest movie. We almost forgot that this is just a job.



BRIGITTE LACOMBE/
GAMMALIAISON

More Greasy Kid's Stuff

RICK NELSON is a real golden oldy. We watched him grow up on TV and listened to his early music with embarrassment and hope. The embarrassment is all gone now. Listen to his latest album, *Playing to Win*, if you don't believe us.



© 1981 ROBERT A. MATHEU

Getting Her Licks In

Singer **CARLENE CARTER**'s musical pedigree is just about perfect. Her mom is June Carter Cash, her stepfather is the Man in Black and her grandma was Mother Maybelle. She even married music, rocker Nick Lowe. Carter's music is third generation, first string.



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Busting Out All Over

FARRAH FAWCETT's got more going for her these days than just Ryan O'Neal. She made a controversial TV movie, *Murder in Texas*, which aired last spring, and her new film, *The Cannonball Run*, co-stars Burt Reynolds. See what a new haircut can do?



JUOY LAWNE / GAMMA-LIAISON

Weaver Fever

We thought actress SIGOURNEY WEAVER was the best special effect in *Alien* and we predicted she'd go far. We weren't wrong. Weaver teamed up with William Hurt to make *Eyewitness* and their chemistry was right. Now everyone's talking.



BRIGITTE LACOMBE / GAMMA-LIAISON

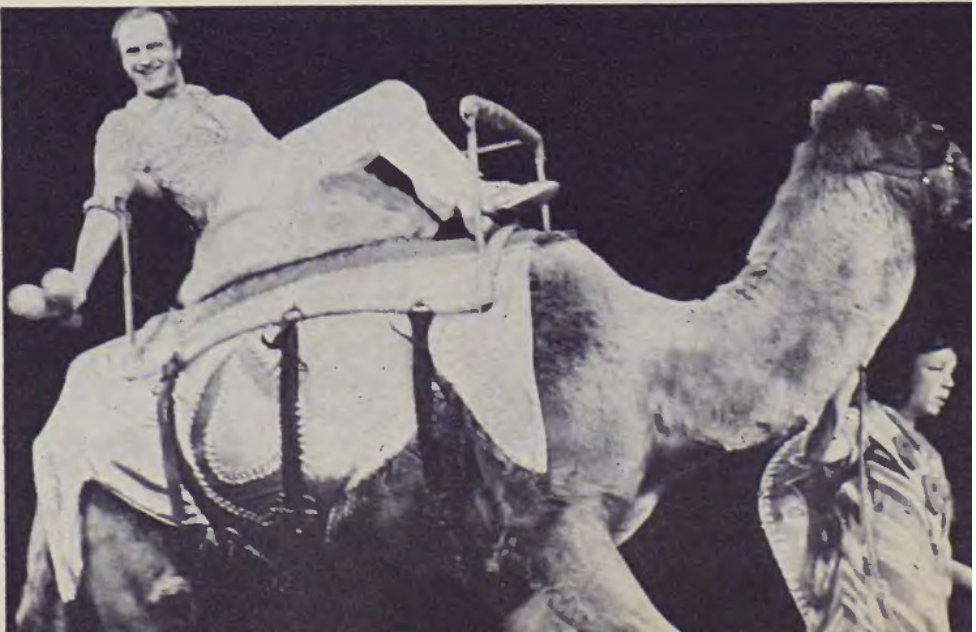
She's Got It Wrapped

If this is the wet look, we'll take it. To J.R., she's long-suffering Sue Ellen, but in the real world, actress LINDA GRAY probably always gets her man. Eat your heart out, Moral Majority!

My Way

In showbiz, this is what you'd call a big finale. Singer PETER ALLEN co-starred with The Radio City Music Hall Rockettes earlier this year and Showtime filmed the whole extravaganza for cable-TV audiences. We heard that the camel doesn't tap.

C. DAVID BATALSKY



SEX NEWS

BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT LINE, ANYWAY

As much as we'd like to report that sex can prevent toxic-shock syndrome (TSS), as well as influenza, sinusitis and acne, it's not true. Contrary to what's been reported in other magazines, contraction of TSS has not been associated with lack of sex, says

noninfected peers paralleled their lack of sex, debunking the theory.

BETTER A BRIDESMAID THAN A BRIDE?

The first duty of any English queen is to conceive and produce an heir and to repeat the process as often as possible. At least one might conclude that

even though more than 60 people, including the entire Privy Council and Mary's mother-in-law, witnessed the birth. Correspondence between the royal families of Europe (most of them were related) often carried rumors that Queen Whoever had missed her period.

It wasn't always the queens who were subjected to such scrutiny. Queen Caroline gossiped about her own son's alleged impotence. As things turned out, he later fathered nine kids.

Prince George of Wales, a profligate dandy, was pressured to marry because of his debts. He quickly wed Caroline of Brunswick, who was fat, ugly and smelled. After meeting his intended for the first time, he uttered the immortal words "Harris, I am not well. Pray, bring me a glass of brandy." He showed up at the wedding drunk. Duty being a forceful taskmaster, George sired one heir, conceived on the wedding night—assuring his place



GARRICK MADISON

You might call this hi-infidelity. It was only a matter of time before platinum porn princess Seka, star of such crackerjack sinematics as *On White Satin*, was celebrated in song. Singer Kenny Dino appears to have put his feelings into words and music on *Love Songs for Seka*, a picture disc featuring you know who. In the interest of culture, we invited the real Seka to pose for this historic photograph. By the way, she rates the record only a so-so. Sorry, Kenny.

Bruce Dan of the National Center for Disease Control's task force on TSS.

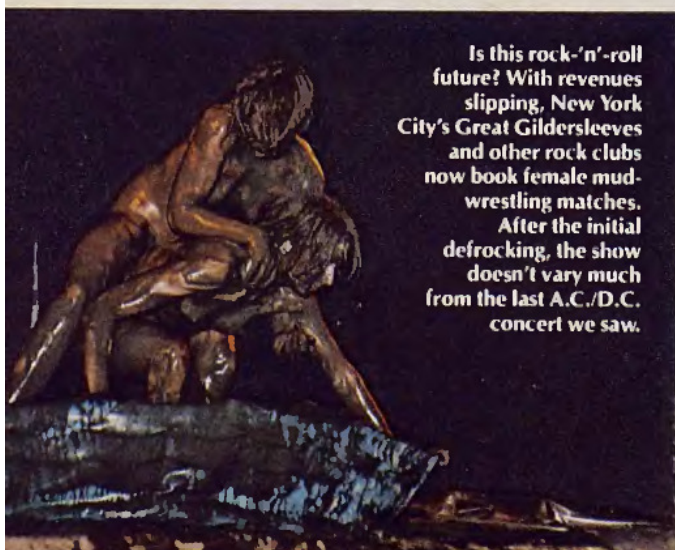
For reasons unknown but under investigation, TSS tends to be a disease of very young women. Half of all cases occur in girls under 20. A third of those cases are found among girls between 15 and 19, a group only recently entering the sexual Olympics, or at least dreaming about it. That information has led to speculation that lack of sex leads to TSS. Although sexual activity was low in the group studied, their

from *Royal Confinements: A Gynaecological History of Britain's Royal Family*, by Jack Dewhurst. We recommend it to anyone who'd be queen.

It's a report on the breeding and birthing habits of England's queens during the 200 years preceding and including Victoria, who bore nine children. The champion breeders were Charlotte and George III, who produced 15 children, meanwhile presiding over that nasty revolt in the North American colonies.

Back then, the test of any good woman was her fertility. Where women today are accused of faking orgasm, English noblewomen were accused of faking pregnancy. Mary of Modena carried James II's son while his daughter from an earlier marriage schemed to peek at the undressed queen to find out whether or not she was padding herself. When she finally gave birth, Mary was accused of smuggling in an infant in a bed-warming pan—

CHUCK PULIN



Is this rock-'n'-roll future? With revenues slipping, New York City's Great Gildersleeves and other rock clubs now book female mud-wrestling matches. After the initial defrocking, the show doesn't vary much from the last A.C./D.C. concert we saw.

T-SHIRT OF THE MONTH



VERSER ENGELHARD

This is the Incredible Shrinking T-shirt, used to hype the movie *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*. The incredible shrinking violet pictured here was prewashed.

as a blueblood who gives new meaning to the term blue-balls.

WANNA DROP BY FOR SOME ANALYSIS TONIGHT?

The American Psychological Association Council of Representatives has issued this statement: "Psychologists do not exploit their professional relationships with clients, supervisees, students, employees or research participants sexually or otherwise." We perceive two far-reaching effects of that position. First, enrollments in psychology courses will probably fall precipitously. Second, singles bars may register an upswing in the number of shrinks showing up for disco lessons, bull riding or whatever it is they do these days. 🐰



THE PERFECT CAR FOR SOMMER

We knew Elke was our kind of girl when we met her at a pool party

in Beverly Hills and she said, "You know everybody out here drives a Rolls-Royce. I'd much rather pull up to the Oscars in a Rabbit Convertible."

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And hear this. If you want to hustle

the Rabbit Convertible will go 0-50 in a perky 9.2 seconds. That's only a few seconds more than it takes the Ferrari 308 GT4 to cover the same stretch of real estate.

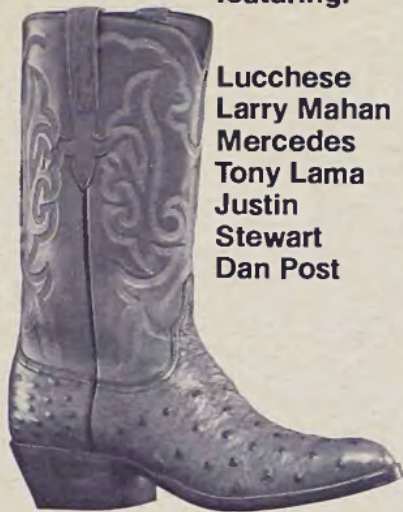
In the Rabbit you may get a lot of laughs. In the Ferrari you may get a lot of tickets.

You don't have to have a sense of humor to drive a Rabbit Convertible. It's got enough for both of you. One night on the town with this baby, and you'll know why Elke calls it...the perfect car for Sommer.

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NEXT MONTH:



SUMMER SEX



REINHART'S WOMEN



FIG NEWTONS



VALERIE PERRINE

"REINHART'S WOMEN"—FROM THE AUTHOR OF *LITTLE BIG MAN*, THE WRY TALE OF A FELLOW WHOSE DAUGHTER IS A LESBIAN, WHOSE SON IS MARRIED TO A LUSH AND WHOSE EX-WIFE IS OUT TO RUIN HIM. AS HIS SEXY CO-WORKER OBSERVES, "SOME DAYS ARE LIKE THAT"—BY **THOMAS BERGER**

"A FISTFUL OF FIG NEWTONS"—HURRAY FOR THE TRIUMPHAL RETURN OF THE DEAN OF *PLAYBOY* HUMORISTS IN A HILARIOUS YARN ABOUT A WEIRD CAMPUS CONTEST—BY **JEAN SHEPHERD**

"SUMMER AND SEX"—ACTUALLY, WE'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT THE TWO WERE INSEPARABLE. AND WE WERE RIGHT. WE SHOW YOU WHERE TO GO FOR THE ULTIMATE IN SUN, SAND AND SURF. *FRANKIE AND ANNETTE GO NEW WAVE?????* YOU'LL LOVE IT

"THE RIGHT GUARD: WASHINGTON'S MOST REPRESSIVE LEADERS"—IN THE GRAND STYLE WE INAUGURATED WITH *HEAVENLY HOSTS*, OUR TREATMENT OF MEDIA EVANGELISTS, WE INTRODUCE A BIZARRE CAST OF PUBLIC OFFICIALS WHO ARE DOING EVERYTHING THEY CAN TO TAKE THE FUN OUT OF LIFE. PLUS: **"HOW THESE GUYS GOT HERE: A BRIEF LOOK AT THE SYSTEM,"** BY **EDWARD ROEDER**

"VIVA VALERIE!"—A WORDS-AND-PICTURES VISIT WITH **VALERIE PERRINE**, THE FREEST SPIRIT IN HOLLYWOOD. YOU'LL SEE HER SOON IN *SUPERMAN II* AND (WITH **JACK NICHOLSON**) *THE BORDER*, BUT YOU'LL SEE MORE OF HER IN *PLAYBOY*

"THE AIRLINE-BAGGAGE SCANDAL"—A LOT OF THOSE LOST SUITCASES AREN'T REALLY LOST: THEY'RE STOLEN. THE INSIDE DOPE ON HOW BOOTLEGGED-BAG SCAMS WORK AND WHAT'S BEING DONE ABOUT THEM—BY **PETER S. GREENBERG**. PLUS: **"THE BOMBAYMENT METHOD"**—ONLY FIVE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE "LOST" BAGS BACK IN 1958. **REG POTTERTON** IS ONE OF THEM

"PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW"—GENTLEMEN, PLACE YOUR BETS. OUR PEERLESS PROGNOSTICATOR LAYS HIS REPUTATION ON THE LINE ONE MORE TIME—BY **ANSON MOUNT**

"20 QUESTIONS: LOUIS RUKEYSER"—THE WITTY HOST OF *WALL STREET WEEK* OFFERS SOME UNVARNISHED INSIGHTS ON THE STOCK MARKET AND OTHER MYSTERIES

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