

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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PLAYBOY



**ALEXANDER
HAIG: THE
INSIDE STORY
OF A CUNNING
MAN'S RISE
TO POWER**

SUMMER SEX ISSUE
GADGETS, GAMES AND GIRLS

**PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS THE MAN
WHO PUT EARPHONES ON THE
WORLD—SONY'S AKIO MORITA**

**PRO FOOTBALL
PICKS • THE
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What Toshiba's done is rethink the VCR from the top down. Literally.

Conventional top-loading has been replaced with a system that lets you slip cassettes in the front. So you can slip the machine itself into tight spaces without leaving any room overhead for loading.

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We searched for ways to improve picture search. The result? The V-9200 not

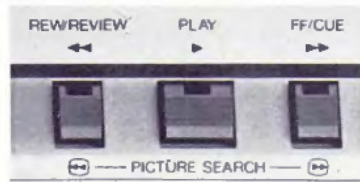
only makes quick visual searches at 8 times normal picture speed, but also very slow ones at

1/5 normal speed. Or even one frame at a time.

And auto-rewind has been added to cue whatever you've recorded back to start as soon as the tape is finished.

So you see, Toshiba has taken the VCR a giant step forward. Yet still managed to put the price in reverse.

A federal court has ruled that recording copyrighted material off the air without consent is in violation of existing copyright laws.



TOSHIBA

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A person wearing a cowboy hat and a vest is riding a dark brown horse through a lush green field. To their right, a pack horse with a large white pack is also moving through the field. The background features rolling hills with scattered pine trees and a dense forest on a steeper slope. The scene is captured in a cinematic style with soft lighting.

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PLAYBILL

THE MONTH OF AUGUST, of course, gets its name from Caesar Augustus. He was host number I of that big toga party called the Roman Empire. Augustus got his name for being a wise ruler, a great tactician and, as a student of his language, a Latin lover. We think he'd recline and fall for this month's PLAYBOY. It, too, is sharp and combative. It's got new and revolutionary tactics for all lovers.

American Caesar **Alexander Haig** is so tough he thinks you blow up balloons with nuclear weapons. **Roger Morris**, a former colleague of the general's, comes neither to bury Haig nor to praise him, but in his penetrating article about Haig's rise to power—called, appropriately, *Campaign of Cunning*—Morris suggests the first strike against Haig may be ambition. **Marshall Arisman** blew us away with his steely illustration for this excerpt from Morris' *Haig: The General's Progress*, to be published by Playboy Press.

They say that Brutus used to rev up his Portia and Calpurnia loved it when Caesar went down the Appian Way, but it's a tragedy none of them read **Richard Rhodes's** *The Age of the 30-Minute Orgasm*. You may already have figured out that a 30-minute climax represents a 7500 percent increase over the usual duration—and, presumably, precedes a 25-foot cigarette.

The lazy, hazy days of August aren't dog days around here. That's when Associate Editor **John Rezek** wraps up *Summer Sex '82*, a package for every lover of beach buns. Those *Great White Northerners*, **Bob and Doug McKenzie**, hop in with their summer beers to make it pitcher perfect.

Peter O'Toole, a roamin' Roman in *Caligula* and *Masada* and an Oscar nominee for *The Stunt Man*, has posed for an **O'Connell Driscoll** portrait called *The Double Life of Peter O'Toole*. Long considered a genius, a loon or both, O'Toole turns out to be no less a *rara avis* than he seems onscreen. **Al Hirschfeld's** marvelous pen-and-ink of O'Toole comes adorned, as ever, with the hidden name Nina.

Akio Morita is a wise man with universal influence. He founded Sony and turned MADE IN JAPAN into the signature of quality. **Peter Ross Range** caught up with Morita for this month's fascinating *Playboy Interview*.

One of the patricians of science fiction, **Robert Silverberg**, returns to PLAYBOY this month with *At the Conglomeroid Cocktail Party*, illustrated by phantasmagorist **John Kurtz** (in which mutation is the sincerest form of flattery).

Since Rome wasn't built in a day, it will be no surprise that an opus of the magnitude of **Anson Munt's** *Playboy's Pro Football Preview* has been in the works for months. Munt's top gladiators in Super Bowl XVII are the Dallas Cowboys.

In *Does Easy-Listening Music Cause Mass Suicide?*, satirist **John Eskow** accuses cultists of being the rubble-rousers behind the Kansas City Hyatt tea-dance cave-in. Seems that Laninist music has charms to savage a soothed breast. Another charmer, **Mariette Hartley**, has pursued **E. L. Doctorow** in a bear suit, seduced *Star Trek's* Mr. Spock and played a woman with two navels. **Dick Lochte** garnered some surprising answers from Mariette for this month's *20 Questions*.

Miss Hartley's favorite pictures, of course, are Polaroids. And when they tell you to stick your Polaroid where the sun don't shine, proceed into the high-tech jungle with camera expert **Don Sutherland** and photographer **Reid Miles**. Their *Raiders of the Lost Dark* illuminates the latest low-light cameras, gear that can make your photographic purview an empire on which the sun never sets.

That's not all, but we don't have the gall to divide your attention any longer. This august edition of PLAYBOY has everything from fantasy to ribaldry to *Potpourri*, and there's a Playmate named **St. George**, who, true to her name, will keep you from draggin'. Everyone who sees her wants to seize her.



MORRIS



ARISMAN



RHODES



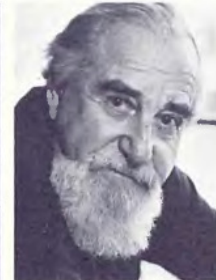
REZEK



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DRISCOLL



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SILVERBERG



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PLAYBOY®

vol. 29, no. 8—august, 1982

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COVER STORY

The sunny lady in the shades is California girl Vicki McCarty; students of students will remember her as our Phi Beta Kappa Playmate of September 1979. Senior Art Director Len Willis, who designed the cover, and Executive Art Director Tom Staebler, who shot it, tell us that Vicki is drinking a laser beam through that suggestive straw. Appropriate enough, since she has burned plenty of retinas all by herself.

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Cathy St. George, our October 1981 cover girl, makes her long-awaited appearance in the centerfold. It's enough to make you breathe fire.

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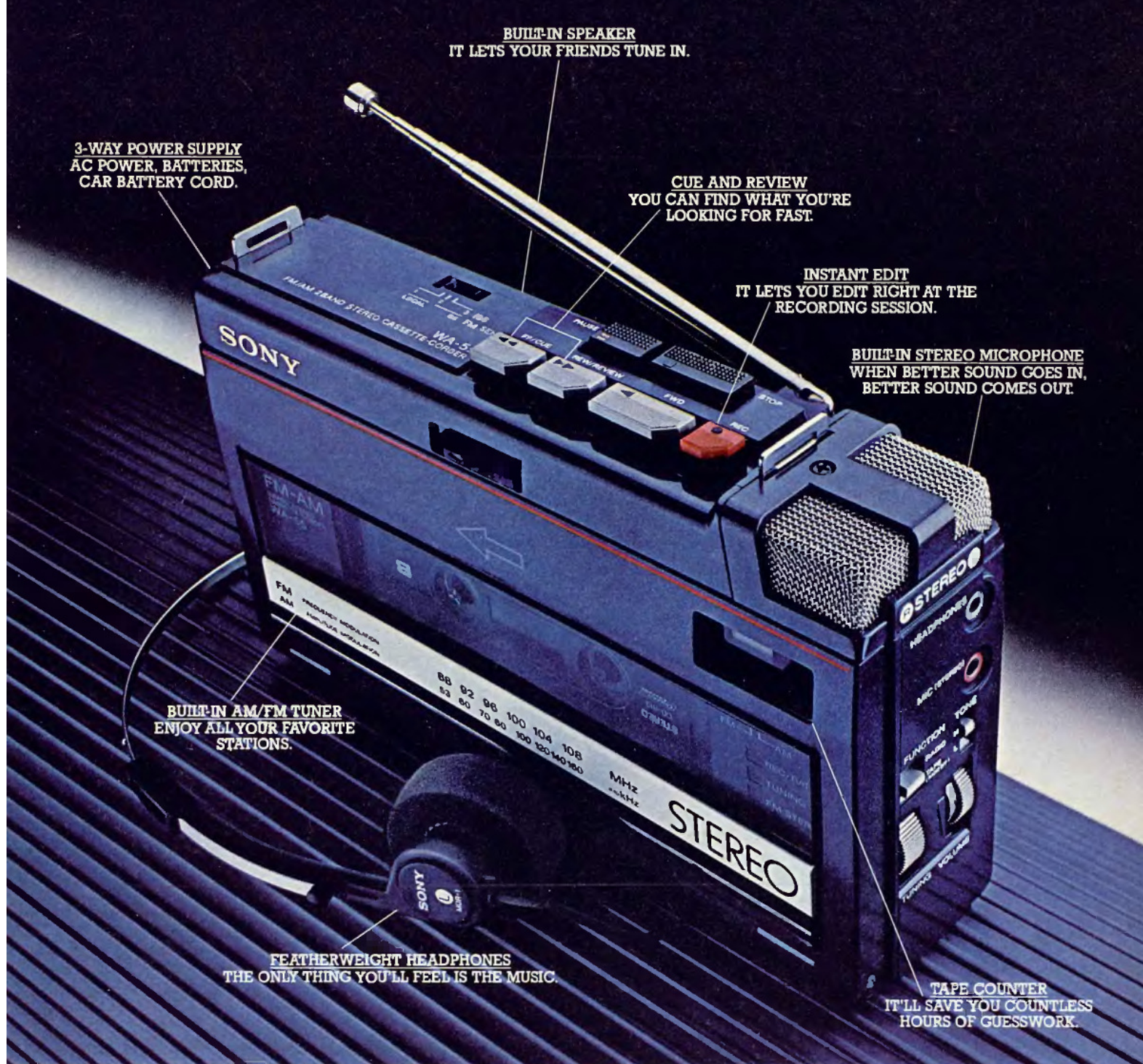
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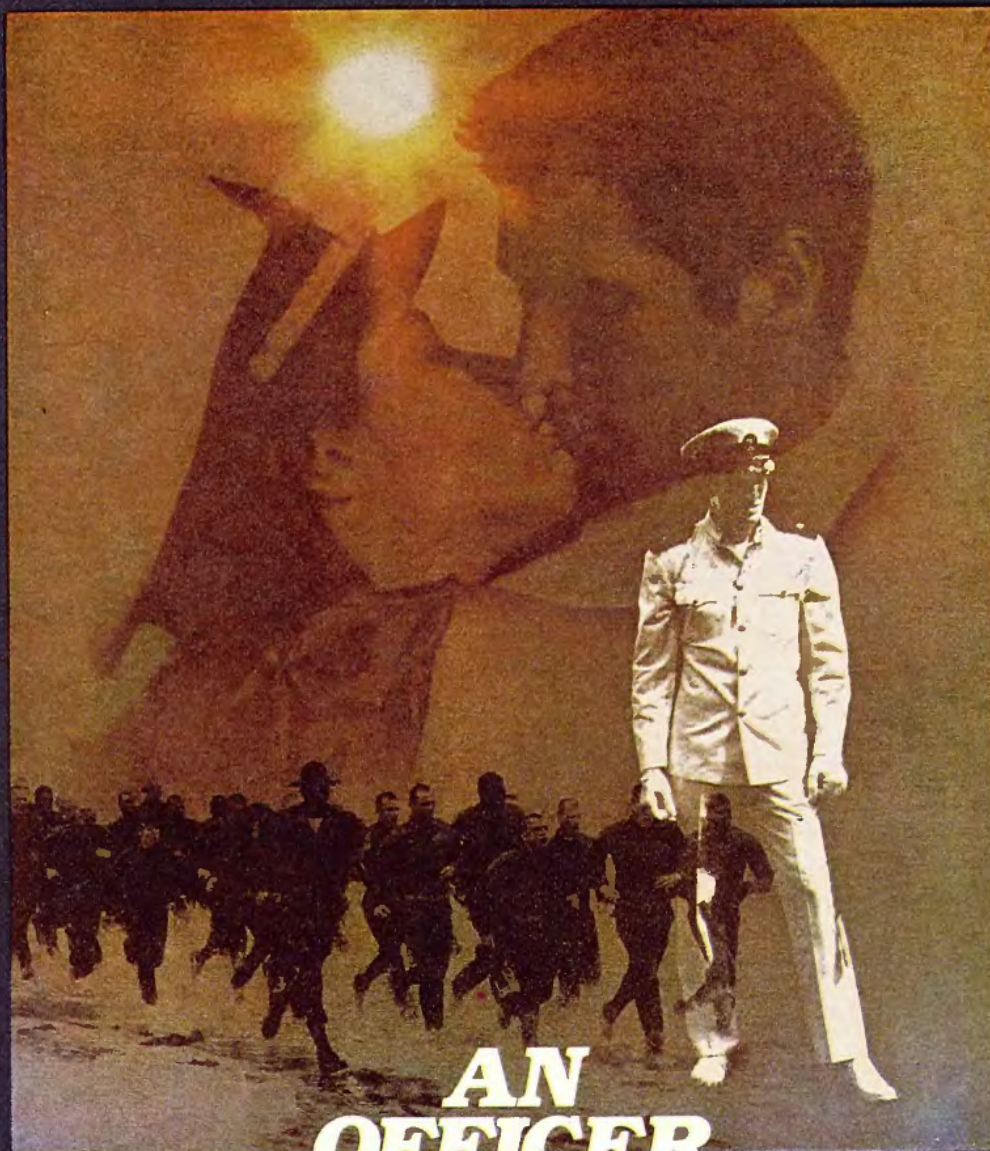
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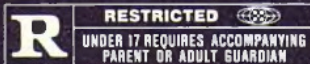


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National Release Begins Friday, August 13th. Check Local Newspapers.**

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



YOU'RE GOING OUT A CHORUS BOY BUT COMING BACK A STAR, HEF

The Playmates (from left), Nicki Thomas, Heidi Sorenson, Michele Drake and Sondra Theodore, coax Hef along as he does a cameo during the singing group's engagement at the Los Angeles Playboy Club. Having begun the evening as a spectator, Hef joins in with a Playboy *plié*. Gregory Hines, eat your heart out.



MISSING IN ACTION: ANOTHER BUNNY EMERGES FROM THE HUTCH

First, former New York Bunny Deborah Harry cruised to success in Blondie. Now Dale Bozzio sings lead for the Capitol Records rock group Missing Persons. At right, she appears on a new album cover. We might have known she'd blaze new trails; Dale, formerly known as Boston Bunny Toni, told us for a 1976 Bunny-pictorial appearance (above) that her "adaptability is unlimited." Her music's not half bad, either.



OUR MAN ON CAMPUS

Photographer David Chan, who's still trying to decide what to be when he grows up, gets down and quite dirty for a low-angle shot of University of Oklahoma coed Pegi McGuire, a business major there. Chan, famed for his work on our *Girls of . . .* series, is readying the upcoming collegiate sizzler *Girls of the Big Eight*.



SHE'S LOOKING FOR THE ONE FROM MICK JAGGER

More than 100,000 of our best friends—you out there—returned "The Playboy Questionnaire," in which you told us things that would make Jerry Falwell blush. Below, Associate Editor Barbara Nellis, who heads up the project, confronts her mail. We promise an analysis in December.



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY



ROUGH, TOUGH, CAN'T GET ENOUGH

Above, country superstar Kenny Rogers finds himself all wrapped up in Miss November 1980, Jeana Tomasino, during his first feature film, *Six Pack*, in which he plays a stock-car racer and Jeana a waitress. In this one, Kenny's car, not the Playmate, gets stripped.

MUHAMMAD GOES TO THE MOUNTAIN

The champ for all seasons, Muhammad Ali (below), shows Mrs. Tom Bradley, Hugh Hefner and 1982 Playmate of the Year Shannon Tweed that his hands still command attention during a fund raiser at Playboy Mansion West for L.A. mayor Bradley's gubernatorial campaign.



MONIQUE PICKS A PAIR OF WINNERS

Above, singer Kim Carnes, record producer Val Garay and his wife, 1979 Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre, exit from the 1982 Grammy awards show. Kim and Val won the record-of-the-year Grammy for their hit *Bette Davis Eyes*.

WE TALK, PHIL LISTENS

Below, Playboy Enterprises, Inc., President and Playboy Foundation board member Christie Hefner and Executive Director Rebecca Sive-Tomashefsky (far right) respond to questions from Bryant Gumbel (left) and Phil Donahue on NBC's *Today*. Christie and Rebecca described the work of the Foundation.



HIGH SCHOOL WAS NEVER LIKE THAT

Lovely but Deadly is the first women's martial-arts high school revenge-adventure film. Just in case the plot doesn't grab you, appearances by Playmates Gina Goldberg, Pam Bryant and Jeana Tomasino ought to get your ya-yas out. For a taste of fine set decoration, here's Gina in the film (right) and in a photo from her May 1981 Playmate shooting (left).



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BEAUTY AND THE BROUHAHA



I'm a 36-year-old female, a lifelong resident of Springfield, Ohio. I want to thank you for the pictorial on Springfield policewoman Barbara Schantz (*Beauty & the Badge*, PLAYBOY, May). It has caused a small riot here, and God knows we've needed something to talk about. Your description of the town is quite accurate. The highlight of the social season is the opening of a grocery store or (God forbid) of another bank. Public opinion is divided. The old folks are sure God is going to strike Barbara dead, but the younger people, especially the women, are cheering her on. The only mistake she made was buying a house here. To borrow a phrase, she ought to have taken the money and run.

Judy Ehrle
Springfield, Ohio

Barbara Schantz would do any department proud. Officers like her give new meaning to the cliché "pride, integrity, guts." As a former "pig," I know some 30 law officers who would be very proud to have Barbara for a partner. Thanks, PLAYBOY, for showing us that the long arm of the law isn't always attached to a gorilla.

R. Gordon Dixon II
Colorado Springs, Colorado

I think it is a shame that Barbara Schantz may lose her job because she posed nude for PLAYBOY. How can police

chief Winston Stultz define morality for a community that cannot decide whether to ask for Barbara's autograph or try to have her fired? The first one without sin should be the one to fire her.

Donald W. Sammons
Georgetown, Delaware

Any respect Barbara may have had has most certainly disappeared, because as far as her brother officers are concerned, she is, indeed, just another piece of ass. Schantz has taken off her clothes, so she may as well take off her badge; she has no rightful place in the law-enforcement profession.

Kathleen Stickels
Arlington, Texas

In the years since I discovered PLAYBOY, I've enjoyed your excellent pictorial coverage of hundreds of beautiful women. But a thrill beyond all of them awaited me in the May issue—Pompeo Posar's fine photographs of the gorgeous Barb Schantz. I've never seen a woman so beautiful in every pose and from every angle!

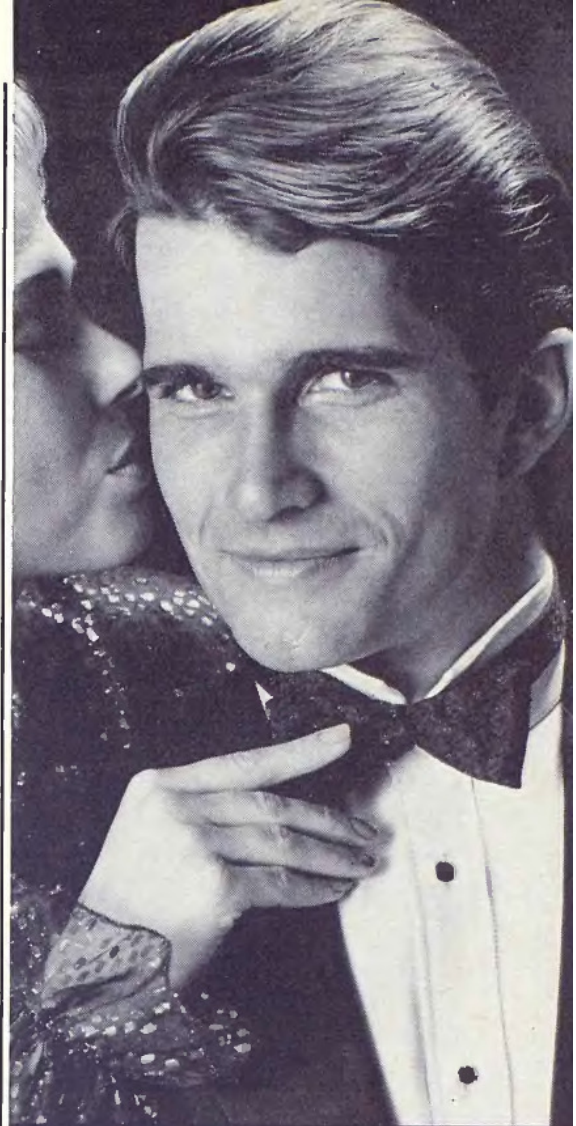
P. L. Barnum
Lake Oswego, Oregon

Policewoman Barbara Schantz is, without question, woman enough to take the blues right out of *Hill Street*. She can be my partner any time. Let's have a follow-up!

Sergeant Michael Lipowski
Hoboken Police Department
Hoboken, New Jersey

My compliments to your reporter and to photographer Pompeo Posar for bringing the story of Barbara Schantz to your May issue. The lady definitely has something to say about the perils of women in policework. I really think you should expand on the story in another article. Schantz, after three years, can

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Terry Mason
PLAYBOY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, IL 60611

be considered a veteran of the Springfield Police Department. Her case is typical of the harassment of females in policework going on all over the country. Good luck, Barbara, and give 'em hell—you can be my backup any time.

Colonel Russ Fazio
South Louisiana Deputy Sheriff
Thibodaux, Louisiana

To dismiss or even reprimand Barbara Schantz of Springfield's finest would only be a blatant case of police brutality. Long live beauty on the beat!

Gregory A. LaWall
Seattle, Washington

Who will deny that *Beauty & the Badge* is a sumptuous feature? It is good for two reasons: Not only has Barbara Schantz shared her lovely body with millions of appreciative eyes but her stand—to do with her life what she will—is a big step toward personal freedom. She is, for me, a symbol of liberty, like the lady in New York harbor—only lovelier!

Officer Greg Karlow
Venice Police Department
Venice, Florida

Few readers could resist being arrested by our favorite policewoman. Since *Beauty & the Badge* appeared, Barb has been seen on NBC's *Today* and ABC's *20/20* and has been written about in hundreds of newspapers, becoming in the process Springfield's most famous citizen. While affected by the fanfare, she remains one of the sweetest and most unaffected people in our acquaintance. She was recently slapped with a 37-day suspension for minor rules infractions, but we're happy to report that Barb is going to keep her job. Score one for a good officer.

BILLY THE KID

Billy Joel is one of the most interesting characters you have ever interviewed. I have come away from May's *Playboy Interview* with a reinforced respect for him and his brilliant music. No dinosaur he! My thanks for a look at one of the greatest artists of our time.

Rhonda Crane
Maryland Heights, Missouri

I grew up in Hicksville, New York, and went through the same school system as Billy Joel—even competed in garage bands with him at an early age. It is nice to see that his monetary success has not changed him much. Billy has made his hard-earned mark with talent. From the Fork Lane elementary school band to the present, Billy has done things the way he felt was right, without stepping on other people's toes. He is still Billy Martin Joel, the kid from Hicksville and the Parkway Green, just trying to stay happy and earn a buck. Why should he be asked to direct

people's lives or make statements on political issues? Let him do his job. This listener, for one, likes what Billy has to say and likes listening to the music he says it with. Thanks, PLAYBOY, for acquainting me with the Billy Joel I knew as a kid.

Dwight Eirich
Midlothian, Virginia

Ever since I heard *Piano Man*, I knew America had found another great talent. I don't care what the critics say. The man makes good music, and that's still Billy Joel to me.

Vincent L. Kelly
Hermosa Beach, California

I enjoyed reading the Billy Joel interview almost as much as I enjoy listening to his music. It is obvious that B.J., a Real Man, does not eat quiche.

Steve Edwards
Narragansett, Rhode Island

CAN REAL MEN PRONOUNCE QUICHE?

I was going to write to you to compliment Bruce Feirstein for his marvelous *Real Men Don't Eat Quiche* (PLAYBOY, May), but Real Men don't write to magazines.

Brad Brown
Fort Worth, Texas

"Real Men still ask if it was good"? "Real Men still send flowers the next day"? That is bullshit! Real Men roll over and go to sleep and *never* send flowers (a more appropriate gift would be a baseball mitt). I'm sure Real Man Feirstein did not write those two lines; they were probably planted en route to publication. I suggest you quickly find the Communist-faggot infiltrator and nuke him before he corrupts your magazine again.

Rock Stonebreaker
Monterey, California

During a biology field trip, I was snowed in by an April blizzard, along with ten male and ten female biology students. It was not surprising that the subject of Real Men came up. Bruce Feirstein's *Real Men Don't Eat Quiche* offered us a great deal of insight, and after days of debate and discussion, the only thing we want to know is, Who is this guy Quiche?

Thomas A. Scandalis
Adelphi University
Garden City, New York

We got many letters from avowed Real Men who claimed they ate quiche, but we weeded out all those cheese-stained missives signed "Lorraine."

GREAT WHITE NORTHERN COMEDY

It was good to see a *20 Questions* on TV's talented *Second City TV* troupe (PLAYBOY, May), but your interviewer,

Head and antlers above the rest.



Moosehead. Canada's Premium Beer.

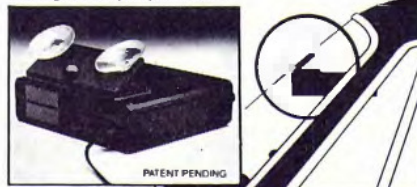
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Washington, D.C.	May 29-30
San Diego	May 30-June 5
Orlando	June 4-13
Philadelphia	June 6-13
Pittsburgh	June 13-20
Atlanta	June 21-27
Hampton, Va.	June 24-27
New York	June 25-July 4
Minneapolis/ St. Paul	July 12-18
Cincinnati	July 12-17
Seattle	July 30-Aug. 6
Milwaukee	Aug. 11-15
Newport, R.I.	Aug. 21-22
Chicago	Aug. 30-Sept. 5
Detroit	Sept. 1-6
New Orleans	Sept. 15-19
Houston	Sept. 16-19
Dallas/ Ft. Worth	Sept. 23-26
San Francisco	Nov. 6-12
Los Angeles	Nov. 6-10

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Stan Getz	George Shearing
Dizzy Gillespie	Mel Tormé
Benny Goodman	McCoy Tyner
Spyro Gyra	Sarah Vaughan
Herbie Hancock	Weather Report
Al Jarreau	Joe Williams

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Robert Crane, belongs back in the frat house. Judging by the level of his questions—"Why isn't there more sex on the show?" "Graphically describe some of the sexual relationships that are occurring within the group"—he's exactly the sort that *SCTV* satirizes.

Ted Klein
The Twilight Zone Magazine
New York, New York

Congratulations on all 20 *Questions* Robert Crane asked the cast of *SCTV*. I can't help feeling they are damned talented yet well-adjusted people. Since they are talented and well adjusted, whether or not they can survive in network TV for more than a few years is questionable.

Thomas G. Vaught
Denver, Colorado

MAY FLOWER

The Duggar House men of the University of Wisconsin-Madison hereby decree *PLAYBOY* our favorite magazine. The extraordinarily beautiful Miss May, Kym Malin, made the choice unanimous. The month of May guarantees spring in Wisconsin, and Texan Kym symbolizes that welcome change better than any other yellow rose we know of. Best success, Kym, from all the guys.

The Men of Duggar House
Madison, Wisconsin

Once again, you have proved that the most beautiful women come from Texas. If you don't let us see Kym Malin again, it will be a most serious crime.

Scott W. Manley
Longview, Texas

A few months back, while working out with weights, Kym Malin and I discussed her career. I hope that being your centerfold will help her on her way. Now I can't wait till I see her again; maybe I'll get her autograph. By the way, we women of good taste love *PLAYBOY* probably as much as the gents do. Thanks to Pompeo Posar for capturing all of Kym's beauty.

Sandy Stansbery
Dallas, Texas

I thought your lovely Miss May was into kinky sex when I read that her turn-on is "Being naked on a fur in front of a fireplace, with a good bottle of urine and my favorite man." Then I realized the word was *wine*. So I'll give you a ten for looks, Miss Malin, but only a nine for penmanship.

Warren L. Dyer
Pembroke West, Bermuda

Let me compliment you on Pompeo Posar's exquisite *Forget the Alamo!* with Kym Malin as the May centerfold. I found myself captivated by both the artist and the art. Has *PLAYBOY* ever

thought of producing audio-visual centerfolds, with the Playmate of the Month talking about her life experiences, philosophy, likes and dislikes? I think it would be terrific to hear the Playmates as well as see them! Lastly, please, an encore with Kym.

F. Lawrence Browning
San Bernardino, California

For exactly the kind of video Playmate you're looking for, tell your local cable-TV operator to pick up the brassy new



Playboy Channel. As for Kym, she has made *Alamo amnesia* a nationwide phenomenon.

GENDER CONFUSIONS

I have been teaching mathematics at the university level for seven years. My own experience has convinced me that male and female students have the same mathematical potential. True, the women in my classes are usually content to stay in the background and do not offer their solutions to math problems as readily as the guys do. But when exam time comes around, I often find that they have understood what was going on better than the males have. The best calculus students, for example, are as likely to be women as to be men. Regardless of what Jo Durden-Smith and Diane deSimone say in *PLAYBOY's Man and Woman* series, the overwhelming weight of scientific evidence shows that women have the same intellectual potential as men in all areas, including science and math.

Neal Koblitz
University of Washington
Seattle, Washington

Praise to your *Man and Woman* series. It is a good step along the hard road to understanding and acceptance of sexual differences.

Alessandro Barchiesi, M.D.
Charleston, South Carolina

ADMIRABLE INMAN

Robert Sam Anson's literary tribute to Admiral Bobby Ray Inman, *The Smartest Spy* (*PLAYBOY*, May), should give comfort to all Americans who worry about the quality of our national leadership. Having served with Inman in the Office of Naval Intelligence during the Vietnam era, I can attest to his strategic brilliance and awesome intellectual superiority. Even back in 1970, his greatness was apparent to all who worked



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with him. Then-Commander Inman was forever leaving us spellbound with his perceptions regarding the state of the war and the state of the world in general. I salute Admiral Inman for his unselfish service to our country and consider it an honor to have been touched briefly by his wisdom.

R. Koch

Ellicott City, Maryland

Alas, it's a shame he's no longer deputy director of the CIA. Inman resigned in April, citing "personal reasons." It's reported that he had had enough of the Reagan Administration's mishandling of the agency. Now that Administration is even more lacking in intelligence than before.

HIGH ON THE HOG

While I was reading my May PLAYBOY, specifically *Tour de Force*, James R. Petersen's excellent perspective on long-distance touring machines, I stumbled on his use of the word hedgehog. Understand—I hate William Safire's pusillanimous linguistics, but I couldn't help wondering how Petersen could confuse hedgehog (a genus of nocturnal insectivorous mammals) with hedgerow (a row of shrubs or trees enclosing or separating fields). This morning, I consulted my *Webster's* and, sure enough, the fourth definition of hedgehog is "a military defensive obstacle," which is, of course, exactly what hedgerows were, particularly in World War One. You're exonerated, but I still wonder: Did you throw hedgehog in there to test *schmoes* like me?

Denis M. Rouse, Publisher
Rider Magazine
Agoura, California

Petersen replies:

Not at all. A hedgehog, as we all know, is a Harley that has been run off the road into the bushes.

PORK/SKIN

You say in *The Year in Movies* (PLAYBOY, May) that you'd trade one of the Playmates for a Miss Piggy glass. I figured I would be crazy and send you some Miss Piggy glasses. If your offer holds, I'll take Miss March of this year, Karen Witter. If she is not available, I won't be picky. I'll take any Playmate you can spare. I work at McDonald's and have more glasses than I know what to do with.

Bob Kuhn
Loveland, Ohio

The porker/Playmate offer was a joke, but we'd like to thank all of you who sent glasses. The hallmark of our readers is generosity. Incidentally, keep an eye out for our Krugervand offer. There are still 11 Playmates left this year.



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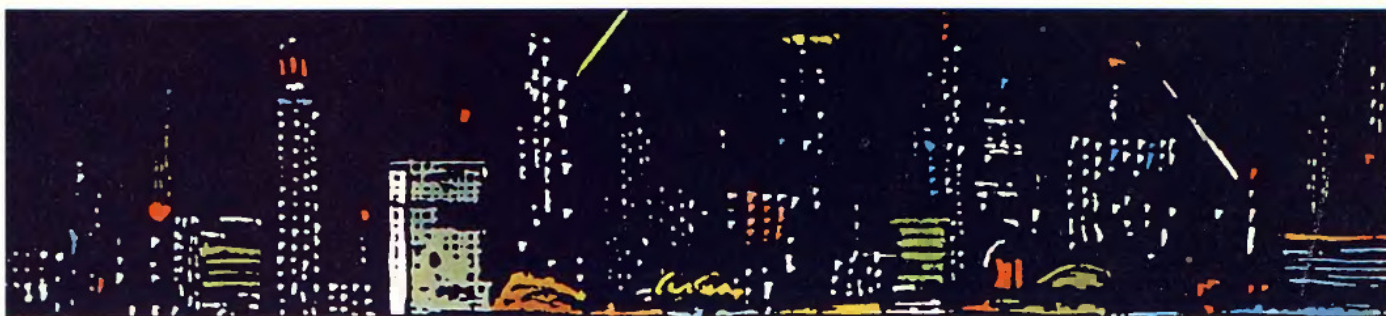
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2 thin lime slices
Canada Dry Tonic
Pour rum into a highball glass with ice cubes. Add lime. Fill glass with Tonic. Stir lightly.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



SMOKE ON THE WATER

"She's the ideal mistress for any man," claims the ad, a bikini-clad beauty in spike heels beckoning from the page. "Hot, fast, lean, sleek, sexy, always ready."

By reputation, she's the best in the business: mistress of Kings Hussein and Juan Carlos, even of George Bush. She is the Cigarette powerboat, a world-champion-class offshore racer and the vehicle of choice for Florida's drug smugglers.

"When you hear of boats caught in smuggling, it's often a Cigarette," says designer and manufacturer Don Aronow. "We don't mind the publicity, but we do have torn emotions. I always hope that ours was caught running out of gas."

CUTTING EDGE

Los Angeles key cutter William Cogan walked out of his house recently to find a seven-foot guillotine in his yard.

"I phoned the sheriff and said, 'Hey, has anyone lost a guillotine?'" says Cogan, who didn't think it was a customer's gag or a magician's prop. Lieutenant Daniel Bollinger and deputies arrived shortly and hauled the thing off to the lost and found.

New-wave lawn boys, take note: This could be the advertising gimmick of the summer.

Radio Times revealed that one station's reporter had posed as "a dirty old man" in order to assemble material for an exposé. It went on to say that he was assisted by a "snatch photographer." A crack shot, we hope.

Some customers of California's Pacific Gas & Electric (P.G.&E.), enraged at the utility's soaring bills, have paid with insulting checks—but some have learned that the initials have to be in order. A

check made out to "Pigs, Extortion & Greed" was returned by the company, marked "Payee unacceptable. Kindly change . . . to 'Pigs, Greed & Extortion,' initial the change and return . . . in enclosed envelope."

San Diego's *Tribune* announced in its movie listings the film *Pennis from Heaven*. Sounds like someone's cheating at Scrabble up there.

The New York Police Academy is extending its educational pursuits, teaching cadets not only the fine points of riot control and marksmanship but also the dos and don'ts of dealing with homosexuals. In a social-science class called *The Gay Community: A Case of Sensitivity*, would-be cops are being shown a 40-minute "gay awareness" video tape demonstrating the fact that gays are just plain folks, too. A few of the boys in



blue aren't too happy about that new insight, however. During the tape's first showing, several cadets shouted that gays were abnormal and nothing was going to change their minds. According to the *New York Post*, instructor Joe Rivera commented, "People said the film was shoved down their throats."

The start of a new tradition: The *Chicago Sun-Times* reported that ace Cub first baseman Bill Buckner "finished spring training with a 12-game shitting streak and a .419 [batting] average."

In describing a debate between Nathan Pritikin and Robert Atkins, *The Knoxville News-Sentinel* headlined its story "DIET BOOK AUTHORS EAT EACH OTHER OUT."

The Wall Street Journal included in its classified ads "Wanted: Used Wang." Presumably, though, it must retain the ability to plug in.

Calling 'em like it sees 'em: The U. S. Postal Service is offering a new stamped postcard that it refers to as the 28-cent Soaring Airmail Rate. Stick around; it could get higher.

LIVE RADIO SEX

At two A.M. one Sunday, the French radio station Carbone 14, in a program called *Love at First Sight*, carried a live encounter between two alleged strangers making love, with play-by-play commentary by newspaper reporters watching through a window.

That audio-eroticism is one of the more unusual outgrowths of the Mitterrand administration's decision to end the state monopoly on broadcasting. Carbone 14, with its airwaves-crackling programming, is one of several independent

radio stations that have surfaced since the French Socialists took control of government.

The station had broadcast a similar encounter, but some French newspapers suggested it might be a fake, since Carbone 14 had broadcast several trumped-up dramas, such as a purported suicide of a young woman. So station managers invited reporters to watch the next session, and a dozen French journalists accepted.

A 23-year-old office worker, who called herself Chrystel, volunteered for the show "for provocation and fun." Her partner, a 19-year-old unemployed amateur weight lifter named Denis, joined in, he said, "to prove reality"—which might be code for wanting to get laid. For half an hour, it was open mike on Chrystel and Denis while a commentator described the couple's bodies, positions and progress. "It's great to see there are still real men around," said Chrystel as the pair began.

The station official who had created the show said its purpose was to explore social aspects of initial sexual encounters, a "report on how a man and a woman meet for the first time, their conversation, how they make love and what they say to each other afterward." Uh-huh, and the show didn't hype ratings, either. And, of course, it's also common for couples to hold *après-sex* press conferences.

Love at First Sight, as could be expected, was a wild success, despite the French newspaper *Le Matin's* description of the show as "a mediocre, pitiful moment in radio." Stay tuned: Provided it finds enough volunteers to make some passionate noise, Carbone 14 plans to make the show a weekly affair.

POLITICAL SCIENCE

Here's Edwin Meese III, counselor to the President, offering his definition of an expert: Someone "who is more than 50 miles away from home, has no responsibility for implementing the advice he gives and shows slides."

WASTED SPACE

The six-o'clock news, the papers—even Johnny Carson's monolog—were flush with reports of toilet troubles aboard the space shuttle Columbia. On continents all over the world, people were curious to see whether or not the astronauts really did have the right stuff. What, exactly, was the difficulty with the supersophisticated, highly technical apparatus? The answer: A malfunction in the slinger, the slinger being the rotating blades that hurl solid waste against the wall of the laboratory, where it is vacuum-dried and then collected and analyzed later, on the ground. In other words, the problem arose when it hit the fan.

CHECKING IN



Let's say you wake up rich and famous tomorrow. Your record is an overnight sensation. Your Broadway play's a smash. You've been named president of a very large company that sells arms abroad. You've just signed a multimillion-dollar contract with the New York Yankees. You need a bodyguard. Check out Tony Mascia—tough, camera shy and very Italian. He wears black shirts, smokes cigars and lives in New Jersey. He goes out with Liz Taylor and Cher. David Bowie and The Rolling Stones count on him. He guards the stars, and Scott Cohen talked with him about it.

PLAYBOY: How does someone go about getting a bodyguard?

MASCIA: Not by word of mouth. If you're good at what you do, a lot of people don't talk about you. They want to keep you for themselves. But if you're bad, everyone will find out about you.

PLAYBOY: How did you get into the bodyguard business?

MASCIA: I used to be a truck driver, and about 10 or 15 years ago, I got into an accident. I got pinned between two trailers and I was paralyzed for six months. I couldn't do that no more, so I went into the limousine business. During my first week on the job, I drove David Bowie. At some point, I became his bodyguard. He doesn't like having different drivers. He likes one guy.

PLAYBOY: Do you like rock 'n' roll?

MASCIA: I hate it. That's how I met David. The limousine service I worked for knew I hated rock, so they gave me the rock stars to drive—Bowie, The Allman Brothers and The Who.

PLAYBOY: How much time do you spend

guarding Bowie?

MASCIA: I get paid 52 weeks a year, whether or not he's here. He calls me tomorrow, I'm gone. But I do have six or seven months a year off, where I do nothing and get paid for it. During that time, I used to work for another security agency. Now I've got a business myself, Ex-Cel Security.

PLAYBOY: How much does a bodyguard make?

MASCIA: On the road, it's X number of dollars a day. If it's somewhere in New York, it's by the hour—usually \$25. You make a good living in this business. Unfortunately, somebody's got to get killed. Since John Lennon was killed, business is great. We don't want it that way, but, listen, we're good in our field and we may as well cash in on it.

PLAYBOY: When your client goes to the movies, do you watch the movie also?

MASCIA: Yeah. Different outfits got different ways of doing things. Our deal is we don't like to smother the people we're working for. We sit off to the side and take care of business from there. In fact, it's better, because you got command of the whole place. If we go to a theater, I know where you are. I'll sit a couple of rows in back and keep an eye on you. People don't like smothering, especially rock-'n'-roll people. If you're trying to put the make on a girl and you got your bodyguard sitting there, it's not the best situation.

PLAYBOY: Don't bodyguards always get the girl first?

MASCIA: This is a bad thing to ask a married man. In rock, maybe. It's all a game. They don't want to go out with you, but they know who they want to sit right next door. With someone like Elizabeth Taylor, you don't have to worry about being used like that. We were with her seven months, seven days a week. Her Broadway show, *The Little Foxes*, ran six days, and on the seventh, she wants to go out and party. The theater wanted to take care of her; something happens to her and there goes the show. Whenever she moves, you move. People want to touch. They want to feel. We know who to let by and who not to. We got a lot of people coming backstage wanting to see Elizabeth Taylor. I'll have a list. I don't care who it is, what actor, I'll stop him at the door. If they have a little smarts, they don't get mad. They know we got to check. They got guards themselves.

PLAYBOY: Whose body would you most like to guard?

MASCIA: Miss Piggy.

PLAYBOY: Is Elizabeth Taylor a good boss?

MASCIA: She's great. She fits in with truck drivers. She'd fit in anyplace. She never talks down to you. If she

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"THERE ARE ONLY 43 PEOPLE IN THE WORLD!"



DR. LYLE VON SCOTT

Maybe you've noticed that Ed Brushwood, who runs the True Value down at the shopping mall, is a dead ringer for Caspar Weinberger. Or your high school algebra teacher looked exactly like Spring Byington. You probably wrote it off to coincidence.

But now there is scientific proof to the contrary.

In a startling challenge to the so-called population explosion, Dr. Lyle von Scott of Stanford University, Nobel laureate in biophysics and world-class bowler, has indisputably demonstrated a previously

unknown anomaly in the particle-physics S-matrix theory of hadron interaction originally proposed by Heisenberg in 1943. An ongoing fluctuation in the space-time matrix, not unlike the alternating current of household electricity, it means that there are only 43 people in the world, all of whom exist at many points simultaneously.

While that came as a shock to everyone living in New York City, we weren't a bit surprised. We knew it all along. How? Well, we've known for some time that our fearless leader, Hef, and actor Hugh O'Brian were in fact the same person. We didn't want to let the cat out of the bag. But now Von Scott has. We have assembled below a series of photographs that should conclusively prove his theory.

—DAVID STANDISH and JERRY SULLIVAN



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wants you to take care of something, she'll go to the trouble of explaining why she wants it, not "Do this" and walk away.

PLAYBOY: Are women harder to guard than men?

MASCIA: Well, when they go to the ladies' room, we're at a loss. When Liz went to the ladies' room, a whole crowd followed her in.

PLAYBOY: Is Bowie tough to guard?

MASCIA: He's great to guard. It's the places he goes to. I mean, he doesn't go to places like Elizabeth Taylor goes to. He likes to go downtown to the Mudd Club and C.B.G.B.'s. You got some weird characters down there. I never party. I've been with David Bowie ten years and I never drank with him once. At first, he thought I wasn't friendly. I told him someone has to take care of business.

PLAYBOY: Is it hard to guard someone in a crowd, such as at Studio 54?

MASCIA: You do the best you can—float around, move around. Once, Miss Taylor got up to dance in the middle of the dance floor and I grabbed another bodyguard and asked him to dance.

PLAYBOY: Do you always call her Miss Taylor?

MASCIA: Oh, yeah.

PLAYBOY: And Bowie?

MASCIA: David. He was the best man when I got married. He's in my family. But he could never be my friend. That's the mistake people make in this business. They want the people they work for to be their friends.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst part of your job?

MASCIA: Killing time. Waiting for the concert to end, waiting outside, waiting in the car. But for \$25 an hour, I'll wait all night.

PLAYBOY: What won't you do?

MASCIA: I don't go for coffee. I'm not a gofer. That's what friends do. I'm a security guard.

PLAYBOY: And if someone pulls a gun on your client?

MASCIA: Unfortunately, I'll step in between them.

PLAYBOY: Do you carry a gun?

MASCIA: I don't, but most guards do. People like to know you're armed. Most of our guys are into the martial arts. I myself was a professional fighter. I grew up in the South Bronx. My father was a strong man in the circus. I was a truck driver in the wholesale meat business, then I got into this business. I was blessed with good reflexes. Some people are a lot slower. If you're too tense, you can't be in this business. I'm 51 years old and I'm in pretty good shape.

PLAYBOY: What's the hardest part about your job?

MASCIA: Getting Keith Richards up in the morning.

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When Alexis de Tocqueville toured America in the 1830s, he asked a lot of sharp questions and got a lot of candid answers from unsuspecting Americans whose comments later showed up in his famous work *Democracy in America*. In *American Journey: Traveling with Tocqueville in Search of Democracy in America* (Simon & Schuster), Richard Reeves asks equally good questions and elicits remarkable candor from modern Americans posted along the pathways the Frenchman traveled.

Reeves has listened to people outside the usual realm of fame—people in positions of responsibility but not necessarily of power: regional editors, professors, Government professionals, the occasional taxi driver. He is a lucid interpreter, setting the speakers' observations within a context that is as valuable a resource here as it was in Tocqueville's reports.

Many of Reeves's observations are consistent with the Frenchman's. Both found racism, commerciality and a faith in "human perfectibility." While Tocqueville shuddered at the free expression in a profusion of newspapers, Reeves views our current information explosion as America's payoff—a way of satisfying our joint goals of democracy and individualism. We can all get the information; we can all make the decisions. This book may help many of us do just that.

Here is a quick quiz for John D. MacDonald fans. Can you fill in the missing colors? Of course you can. *The Quick* _____ *Fox*. *Bright* _____ *for the Shroud*. *One Fearful* _____ *Eye*. *The* _____ *Ripper*. *The Deep* _____ *Goodby*. *Dress Her in* _____. His latest, called *Cinnamon Skin* (Harper & Row), is the 20th adventure of Travis McGee. In this one, Meyer gets a new boat, the Thorstein Veblen. Everything else is predictably (and pleasantly) the same. (The answers, in order, are *Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Indigo*.)

The 13th Valley (Bantam), by John Del Vecchio, is a novel set in Vietnam in 1970. There is a factual basis to this superb piece of fiction. The author is a Vietnam vet, having served with the 101st Airborne Division. And the valley mentioned in the title is a real one, the Khe Ta Laou. Early on the morning of August 13, 1970, troops from the U.S. Army's 101st Airborne Division (Airmobile) were helilifted into the valley, which at the time was serving as a supply depot and a sanctuary for numerous North Vietnamese battalions. Operation Texas Star, as it was called, lasted until the end of the month. From the bare bones of that reality, Del Vecchio has con-



Reeves recycles Tocqueville.

Reeves revisits America with a legendary Frenchman; Rogers limns *Silicon Valley*.



Silicon Valley: hemlock-proof SOCRATES.

structed the best novel to come out of that war, a book as complex as a tropical jungle, as frightening as an ambush at night.

The center of the book is Sp/4 James "Cherry" Chelini, radioman for the command post of the First Platoon, Alpha Company, Seventh Battalion of the 402nd Infantry. We meet Cherry as he arrives at Phu Bai to get his orders for his year in 'Nam. We see him try to inspire his friends to survive. He kills a North Vietnamese while on patrol, and the face of the man he killed comes back

to haunt him—until he learns to say what all survivors say in that situation: "Fuck it. Don't mean nothin'." He suffers through incompetent leadership and benefits from intelligent leadership. He loses buddies and feels grief. And slowly, maddeningly slowly, in rhythms that match a point man's cautious progress through the jungle, we move along with Cherry as Alpha Company wends its way toward the ultimate conflict, the battle for the knoll on the ridge that is the North Vietnamese headquarters. In his descriptions, in the salty dialog, in the creation of fine human beings, Del Vecchio proves once again that truth comes to us best through great fiction.

The last scene is perfect. We see Cherry listening to the battalion roll call after the 7/402nd has been pulled out of battle. It's a roll call of the dead, of men who cannot answer. But Cherry knows: "They are still here with us," he says, "now and forever." Most of us who were deeply touched by that war agree, and we owe thanks to John Del Vecchio for saying it—and for getting it right. *The 13th Valley* is, quite simply, the novel about the Vietnam war.

Roger Kahn's melodramatic perceptions of the seamy side of baseball will make *The Seventh Game* (New American Library) easy pickings for the rips of critics. But if you're the kind who'll stay up late for a rerun of *The Pride of the Yankees*, here's a crackerjack novel for you. It's charmingly anachronistic, full of players with such names as Raunchy Kauff (sounds like a tubercular night-club comic) and Anton "Bad Czech" Dubcek. While Kahn's second novel is no grand slam, it's a fine read.

Silicon Valley (Simon & Schuster), a novel by Michael Rogers, is an outstanding story, fun to read, packed with good details and human complexity. It's about a couple of sharp guys who meet at Stanford, start a company that makes small computers, watch their idea grow to empire size, then suddenly face a corporate take-over. They gamble all on SOCRATES, a computer they've invented that possesses the equivalent of human intelligence. Set in the near future, *Silicon Valley* considers the ultimate question that our own technology has made us ask and does it richly, with more than average grace.

Baseball fans are such a contentious lot that you may even find some who'll argue that Roger Angell is *not* the best baseball writer in America. But you won't find many. *Late Innings* (Simon & Schuster), a collection of pieces that have appeared in *The New Yorker* over

Taste is all it takes to switch to Jim Beam.



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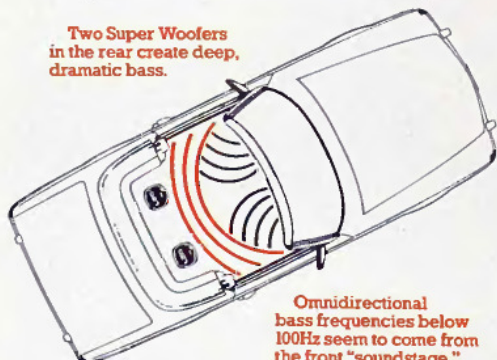
The interior of an automobile is designed with a lot of purposes in mind. Unfortunately, great stereo sound reproduction isn't one of them.

Fortunately, Sony did more than just tackle this problem. They actually solved it. By designing a stereo system that meets the acoustical challenges inherent in a car.

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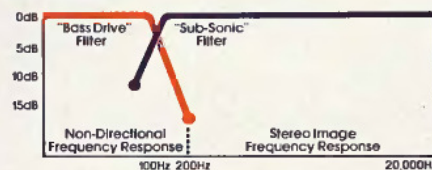
As the very name of our system indicates, we started with the acoustical sound field itself by treating the entire front of the car as a stage. The very directional high-end and mid-range frequencies emanate from this stage in an accurate stereo image.

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100Hz seem to come from
the front "soundstage."

So the highs come across clear and soaring. The midrange, natural and accurate.



The bass frequencies below 100Hz actually are directed from the rear of the car, where the Super Woofers are placed. However, since these frequencies are omnidirectional, they seem to be coming from the proper "stage" location.

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the past five years, shows Angell at the top of his form in a league by himself. So profound is his affection for baseball and so acute is his perception of it that he can write about the most subtle nuance of a single pitch with the same grace he brings to his loftier musings about the game. Whether or not you follow the summer game, this book will make you a Roger Angell fan.

Anybody wondering what Clifford Irving has been up to lately may enjoy taking a look at *Tom Mix and Pancho Villa* (St. Martin's). This fat and happy novel presumes to recount the adventures of the legendary movie star when he rode with the famed Mexican revolutionary and romanced (let us imagine) a variety of fascinating women, including the beautiful, rabble-rousing daughter of a Jewish arms supplier in El Paso. This is fill-in-the-blanks history, with plenty of blood, guts and good writing.

Norman Mailer is comfortable with iconoclasm—the impossible demand, the utterly contentious point of view. He must enjoy giving the verbal finger. His new book—two books, really—*Pieces and Pontifications* (Little, Brown), is a collection of essays (the pieces) and of interviews (the pontifications), including a large segment of his January 1968 *Playboy Interview*. Most are from the Seventies—a decade with which he confesses he was out of step. It's marvelous to reread his assessment of *Last Tango in Paris*, his treatise on graffiti, his appreciation of the surrealism of intelligence gathering. In the interview section, he says those things that make his views about sex, violence, artistry and marriage memorable. Like any good boxer—literal or figurative—Mailer keeps us on our toes.

For a while, it seemed as if John Barth were in danger of becoming the Bruce Springsteen of American lit. While the Boss likes to give four-hour concerts, Barth chooses to weigh in with such hefty novels as *Giles Goat-Boy*, *The Sot-Weed Factor* and the more recent *Letters*. His latest work is slimmer, but *Sabbatical* (Putnam's) still has room for a three-act rape, a renegade CIA agent in exile, a storm at sea, an island that doesn't show up on charts or on Landsat photos and Barth's usual collection of narrative tricks. This time out, he favors footnotes. We're not used to finding our sex scenes in footnotes, but, hey—it's part of the fun.

Who's crazier, the psychoanalyst or her teenaged robber-rapist-murderer patient? It's a tossup in Rosalyn Drexler's novel *Bad Guy* (Dutton), a trenchant satire on psychology written with Drexler's usual wit and energy.

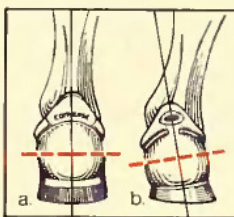
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But superlatives aside, there really is only one way to determine what the Phaeton and Selena can do for you: run, *very carefully*, down to your nearest Converse dealer and try a pair on.



The Converse Stabilizer Bar. It acts as a brake during pronation.



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MOVIES

Very few movies get off to a better start than *The World According to Garp* (Warner). The brilliant title sequence plays peekaboo with a naked baby boy bouncing into the wild blue yonder of life itself. It would be hard to imagine a finer, funnier way to launch the hero of John Irving's absurdist novel (two prepublication excerpts appeared in *PLAYBOY*'s June 1976 and February 1977 issues), adapted by Steve Tesich and directed by George Roy Hill. The writer of *Breaking Away* and the director of *The Sting* and *Slaughterhouse-Five* ought to be the right combo for this job—particularly with Robin Williams in the title role as Garp the man. And, indeed, *The World According to Garp* often lifts off as the picaresque saga of the bastard son of a fiercely feminist New England nurse, Jenny Fields, who begets her child by mounting the more or less perpetual erection of a semivegetable World War Two veteran known only as Garp. "His last shot," as Irving puts it, gives us T. S. Garp—avid wrestler, writer, family man, who chases down speeding cars and lives in the shadow of his world-famous, free-thinking mom after Jenny collects her thoughts in a phenomenal best seller titled *A Sexual Suspect*.

Can this collage of cuckooland humor succeed on the screen? Well, the answer is yes—sometimes. It's topflight entertainment, certainly, for which topflight actors are a great help. Although Williams seems too mature and stolid as Garp in his teens, he gives a persuasive, quietly touching performance that may surprise fans geared up to see Robin emanate the manic energy of Mork. Good as he is, this still isn't the breakthrough movie role to suit his unique talent. As Jenny, Broadway's Glenn Close is a wonderfully forthright eccentric, supported in style by Mary Beth Hurt, as Garp's wife (a teacher who has an unfortunate mishap while giving head to her favorite student), and by Swoosie Kurtz, as a squeamish hooker (quite taken aback when Jenny hires her to satisfy young Garp's lust). The film's scene stealer, however, is John Lithgow, hilarious but curiously poignant as Jenny's disciple Roberta Muldoon, a former pro football tough guy who's been having a lot of trouble with men since his sex change.

To translate *Garp*'s complex, literary comic richness into a totally satisfactory movie would probably be impossible. I'd call the Hill-Tesich-Williams effort a damned good try, though much of it seems arbitrary, crude or just confused. Go back to the book if you want the whole story. What's offered on-screen is a banquet of random goodies,



Williams, Hurt in *Garp*.

Robin Williams surprises in *Garp*; Altman's latest, *Health*, battles to survive.



Burnett, Gamer help *Health*.

a lot to swallow at one sitting; but you won't go away empty. **YYY**

The title *Smash Palace* (Atlantic) is taken from the name of an auto junk yard in New Zealand, where a young couple's marriage is coming apart amid a wasteland of wrecked cars. Al loves Jacqui, his French-born wife, who hates the grim junk yard and Al's absorption in his part-time career as a race-car driver. To shake him up a bit, she enters into an impulsive affair with Ray, a local policeman who is Al's best friend, then moves out when her infidelity is discovered. Suddenly deprived of his wife, his chum and his beloved young daughter, Georgie (played by a winning child actress, Greer Robson), Al begins to crack. In one memorable vignette, he tries unsuccessfully to force entry into the house where Jacqui and Ray are

shacked up, vents his frustration by stripping himself naked and stuffing all his clothes through the mail slot. He is finally driven to violence and kidnaping, yet *Smash Palace* ends, after a string of surprises, as a kind of odd, action-packed human comedy. I'm tempted to call it a blue-collar *Shoot the Moon*, far more primitive but measurably more convincing. Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison perform their leading roles with true grit. Small scale but bristling with promise, full of raw energy, *Palace* is a newer and better movie by writer-producer-director Roger (Sleeping Dogs) Donaldson. It would be reckless to proclaim a cinematic New Wave from New Zealand, yet Donaldson appears to have set off some ripple effects well worth our attention. **YYY**

Other scenes from the miniwars of a broken marriage are mastered by Blythe Danner and Michael Moriarty in *Too Far to Go* (Zoetrope), which I reviewed back in 1979 as a two-hour made-for-TV dramatic special originally aired on NBC. An incisive, unnerving adaptation of several of John Updike's stories, *Too Far* was overlooked then but is now getting a second chance in theaters, where it's being revived by Francis Ford Coppola and his Zoetrope trouble shooters (who have serious troubles of their own since the *One from the Heart* debacle). Seems to me a long shot that moviegoers will pay hard cash to see a film that slid into oblivion as a freebie on the tube, yet I hope they do. In any medium, Danner and Moriarty playing Updike make every hurtful moment look like prime time. **YYY**

Made in 1980 and quickly shelved after discouraging test engagements, Robert Altman's *Health* (Fox) has become the subject of still another rescue operation. After a modest premiere at an out-of-the-way Manhattan theater, a band of New York critics rose to support it, as they've done before on behalf of poor orphans that Hollywood's cold-blooded movie moguls might have left out in the snow. As a longtime Altman booster, subsisting on crumbs and golden memories for quite a while now, I wish I could join the chorus. Yes, *Health* deserves to be seen. Yet it's a cluttered mess of a comedy, set against the backdrop of a health-food convention at a monstrous hotel in Florida. The health nuts on the premises are supposed to elect a president, and much of the politicking is pretty droll—certainly as practiced by Lauren Bacall, portraying a well-preserved octogenarian whose instant unscheduled naps somehow resemble power failures, or by Glenda

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PB



Jackson, as a verbose candidate who tapes every random thought and is rumored to have had sex-change surgery. Carol Burnett, playing a White House emissary, and James Garner, as her ex-husband (and Bacall's campaign manager), make some scenes work, though my favorite running gag features Dick Cavett, as Dick Cavett, holed up in his hotel room between interviews with nothing to do but watch Johnny Carson. Finally, though, Altman's political gibes fail to jell into any coherent comic statement, and you begin to suspect that a bunch of extras dressed up as fruits and vegetables must have kept the movie's cast and crew in stitches between takes. From where I sat, the fun ran out before the movie was half over. I kept wishing I could wake up to *Nashville*. ♪♪

Spoken in German but made in Hungary by director Istvan Szabo, *Mephisto* (Analysis) was deservedly honored with an Oscar as Best Foreign Film, as well as a Best Screenplay prize at the 1981 Cannes Film Festival. The award it most deserves is a hats-in-the-air salute to German stage star Klaus Maria Brandauer, playing a brilliant, ruthlessly ambitious actor who sells his soul to Hitler's Third Reich. Brandauer delivers a tour-de-force performance to match any you will ever see in any movie from any country. His portrait of the artist who betrays his wife, his black mistress, his colleagues and, at last, his art—all in the name of political expediency—is devastating. To watch Brandauer become almost an embarrassment, like witnessing a man's off-guard behavior in private as he does furtive little things never meant to see the light of day. Brandauer's Mephisto makes a Faustian bargain with the general (a Göring type, acted with smiling malice by Rolf Hoppe) and ultimately finds himself reinterpreting *Hamlet* to suit the Nazi ideology. The film is based on a novel by Klaus Mann (son of Thomas), who committed suicide in 1949; the book was banned in West Germany for more than 40 years because the main character, Hofgen, bore obvious, insulting parallels to the wartime career of a great German actor named Gustaf Gründgens. So be it. A star's egotism, narcissism and sexual opportunism have not been portrayed so audaciously on the screen since *All About Eve*. There's no comic relief like *Eve's* here, but Brandauer's brilliance is enough to brighten up what might otherwise have been a long, heavy trip. ♪♪½

Tatum's brother, Ryan's son, 16-year-old Griffin O'Neal makes an auspicious film debut in *The Escape Artist* (Orion/WB), looking and acting uncannily like his big sister. The production, by Francis Ford Coppola's financially strait-jacketed Zoetrope Studios, involved such



Mephisto's Brandauer.

Brandauer brilliant in Oscar-winning *Mephisto*; O'Neal files bows, brightly.



Garr, Julia in *Escape Artist*.

typically costly stunts as reassembling the demolished Cuyahoga County, Ohio, jailhouse on a Hollywood sound stage. That's what I call going for broke. The movie is a weird, provocative mélange of suspense and comedy, directed by cinematographer Caleb Deschanel, heretofore known for his imaginative camera work on *Being There* and *The Black Stallion*. All about a precocious teenaged magician who gets involved with a corrupt mayor (Desiderio—formerly Desi—Arnaz), his wayward son (Raul Julia) and the son's blonde doxy (Teri Garr). *The Escape Artist* was filmed (mostly in Cleveland) to be easy on the eyes. It's a visual treat but a frustrating tale, rather aimless and open-ended. The only performer who manages to woo attention away from Griffin is Joan Hackett, in one of her sly, electrically charged character sketches as his mind-reading Aunt Sybil. ♪♪

Based on a novel by Chaim Potok, *The Chosen* (Analysis) is deadly earnest,

old-fashioned and so heart-warming you may feel like a hardened cynic if you don't cry before the end. The most dedicated tearjerkers at hand are Rod Steiger and Robby Benson, playing a Jewish father and son in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, back in the wartime Forties. Steiger, a stern old Hasidic rabbi, expects his eldest son (Benson) to take over the leadership of their sect. These two pull out all the emotional stops, yet I was more moved by Maximilian Schell and Barry Miller (*Saturday Night Fever, Fame*) as their worldlier opposite numbers, a scholarly writer and his son committed to the postwar establishment of a Jewish homeland. And both underplay shrewdly, please note, while Rod and Robby nibble the scenery (God forbid we should call them hams). How the two boys' friendship bridges the cultural gap is *The Chosen's* dramatic device, and co-writer/director Jeremy Paul Kagan studies the time, the place, the social milieu and the underlying ties that bind with unfailing sensitivity. Nothing much wrong on the surface. Just that it's all a bit pat and predictable. ♪♪½

James Woods has the title role as an amoral prison guard in *Fast-Walking* (Pickman). He smokes pot on duty, hustles truckloads of prisoners off to a whorehouse, moves swiftly from scam to scam—thus the nickname. His wheeling and dealing may or may not derail the scheme of a vicious honcho behind bars (Tim McIntire) to assassinate a black-militant inmate (Robert Hooks). Kay Lenz plays a bike-riding slattern caught up in this atmospheric, mean-minded melodrama with some dandy flip-flops of plot to sustain interest. As usual, Woods is the kind of shiftless semihero whose moral fiber tends to decay. That's pungent. So is producer-director James B. Harris' view of the surrounding town and countryside, a bleak no man's land where *everything* seems to be on the wrong side of the tracks. I'd tag *Fast-Walking* as a real B movie, with lots of sass and no time off for good behavior. ♪♪½

A hot contender for the title of sexiest lady in cinema, Brazil's Sonia Braga steams up *I Love You* (Atlantic) from end to end. This is the flick that wowed 'em at the Cannes festival last year, prompting *Newsweek's* on-the-scene rhapsodist to hail her as "the most life-enhancing movie star in the world." Braga is grand, gorgeous, exciting to watch and proved it several seasons ago in the delicious *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*. Here she plays a passionate career girl, spurned by her lover, who pretends to be a whore during a lusty lost weekend with a discombobulated businessman (Paolo César Pereiro). His twin problems appear to be that his bra factory has failed and

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his blonde girlfriend has left him with nothing but a collection of sexy home video tapes for company. Enter Sonia. The couple's game playing is varied and graphic, though not dramatically compelling after the early rounds. Writer-director Arnaldo Jabor at times daubs on a thin layer of worldliness and sophistication rendered silly by subtitles. La Braga bares all with great bravura just often enough to compensate for *I Love You's* lack of substance, making even the film's weaknesses work for her: Obviously, she's a lady who knows how to slip out of something loose. **YY½**

After he's been groped by a mincing homosexual in charge of a third-rate motel, Ryan O'Neal grumbles, "It must be awful to be a woman—some guy you can't stand putting his hands on your ass." That's a fair sample of the low-level wit to be found in *Partners* (Paramount), which casts O'Neal as a straight cop assigned to work with a gay cop (John Hurt) on a murder case. But don't blame the actors, who do all they can to save *Partners* from insensitive direction (by James Burrows) and an asinine script (by France's Francis Veber, billed as the man who brought *La Cage aux Folles* to international success on the screen). Gay-lib advocates will probably welcome this unfunny jape the way they'd greet a remake of *Cruising*, yet I doubt that they'll need picket lines to keep the crowds away from the theaters where *Partners* plays—word of mouth should do the trick. **Y**

As a country-and-western singer, Willie Nelson is ace. As a movie star, he's much less lucky in the draw. In *Barbarosa* (Universal), Willie plays a legendary outlaw whose misadventures are shared, for a while, with an awkward country boy (Gary Busey) who has inadvertently committed murder. Nelson was great playing Robert Redford's wry side-kick in *The Electric Horseman*, but his star power just doesn't transmit well, at least not yet, when he's asked to carry a whole movie. *Barbarosa* is the first American-made film by Fred Schepisi, an Australian director who won wide acclaim with two earlier features, *The Devil's Playground* and *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith*. Schepisi also seemed much more comfortable on home ground, working from his own scripts. Busey is OK but doesn't get the backup he needs. And there's the rub—*Barbarosa* plays as if too many guys have somehow picked up the wrong music. **YY**

Movigoers who hanker to see blood and guts and frequent beheadings are welcome to *Conan the Barbarian* (Universal). The sneak preview I attended was



Luckless *Partners* O'Neal, Hurt.

O'Neal père, on the other hand, makes a bomb; Nelson, Busey don't do much better.



Nelson, Busey mix media.

mobbed by barbarians of every breed, all eager to catch bodybuilder Arnold Schwarzenegger as the thief-warrior-conqueror created by Robert E. Howard in a comic strip 50 years ago. The *Conan* cultists may well get their money's worth. Schwarzenegger doesn't talk much in the screenplay glommed together by writer-director John Milius, who makes Arnold look good as the might-makes-right hero. "Crush your enemies . . . and hear the lamentations of the women" is Conan's idea of the right stuff. There are snakes and harlots, sacrificial virgins, sword fighters, a blonde warrior queen (Sandahl Bergman) and a captive princess, plus James Earl Jones as the evil honcho of a kind of mythical Jonestown. It's turgid romance, cluttered with phallic symbols and truly epic silliness from end to end. **Y**

Talking pictures overloaded with dialog are easy to take when the words are deadly weapons, as in the

stylish French-made *Garde à Vue* (Fred Baker), a title roughly translated into English as *Under Suspicion*. The night-long interrogation of a rather stuffy, well-to-do middle-aged man who's suspected of having raped and murdered two young girls consumes most of the movie's running time, except for several telling flashbacks. Directed by Claude Miller, this winner of four French Césars (the Gallic equivalent of Oscar) is a low-key psychological thriller played like chamber music by Lino Ventura as *l'inspecteur* and Michel Serrault as the suspect (in a stunning change of pace for the French star best known over here as the drag queen of *La Cage aux Folles*). When those two pause in their verbal fencing, svelte Romy Schneider steps in as the accused man's frigid, vengeful wife, a lady who can draw blood with a well-timed pause. Nearly all the violence in *Garde à Vue* is between the lines, but the trio gathered here manages to make a talky melodrama look like a taut summit meeting of adversaries born to kill. **YYY**

Is marriage necessary? That's the question debated in *Soup for One* (Warner), a witty, amiable sex comedy by writer-director Jonathan Kaufer. Weighing the pros and cons are Saul Rubinek (who scored in last year's Canadian-made *Ticket to Heaven*) and Gerrit Graham, cast as chuns who work for an underground cable-TV station behind a Manhattan butcher shop. Rubinek's indefatigable search for his dream girl leads to "a kosher luau" in the Catskills, where he learns that his buddy likes "to tie up Jewish girls," and to city pit stops for singles, where he finally targets Marcia Strassman, a fine, forthright charmer from the Annie Hall school of contemporary women—much too good for the men she gets. She has a child but no husband, and her father runs a porno shop. *Soup for One* limns the bachelor's predicament: whether to opt for true love, honor, etc., "or give cheap sex a chance." Mild stuff, but the dialog has snap to it, the cast has style and Kaufer's refreshing first feature—reminiscent of early Woody Allen—should set him up for several more to come. **YY½**

La Vie Continue (Triumph), by writer-director Moshe Mizrahi, who made the Oscar-winning *Madame Rosa* with Simone Signoret a couple of years ago, features another fantastic star turn, this one by Annie Girardot. Playing a newly widowed woman who has to deal with her children, men, money and the daily grind of having to go on alone, Girardot transforms tiny moments of truth into revelations. Even when there's no dialog, with one glance or the twitch

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of a muscle in her extraordinary face she can get at the essence of things a good writer sits up all night trying to find words to express. *La Vie* is a modest but incisive movie about ordinary people, altogether easy to take. But it's also vintage Girardot, and film acting seldom gets better than that. **YYY**

The Italian entry for this year's Best Foreign Film Oscar was Francesco Rosi's *Three Brothers* (New World), an earnest, deep and often moving drama about three mature men who go back to the family manse for their mother's funeral. While facing their aged father, they also

face one another, the past, the future, pondering where destiny has led them and all that. If I sound wry, it's not to snigger at the fine quality of the work—which is absolutely sincere and superbly acted by Philippe Noiret, Michele Placido and Vittorio Mezzogiorno as the brothers three. Everything about Rosi's work is impeccable but entirely humorless and even dull in a high-minded way that made me feel twinges of guilt for not having a better time. I recommend the movie anyway, but I'm a Fellini man myself, fond of richer pasta and far headier wine. **YYY**

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Annie Grand adults steal the Broadway musical from all those adorable tykes and Sandy. **YYY**

Barbarosa (Reviewed this month) Nelson in a Willie-nilly Western. **YY**

Bolero Claude Lelouch's showbiz soap opera, with Geraldine Chaplin, James Caan, *beaucoup de glitz*. **YY½**

Cat People Chilling remake of the suspense classic, with winsome Nastassia Kinski purrfectly cast. **YY½**

The Chosen (Reviewed this month) To be young, worried and Jewish. **YY½**

Conan the Barbarian (Reviewed this month) Schwarzenegger and Milius muscling in on the comic-strip hero. **Y**

Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid Another Steve Martin salute to movie movies of yesteryear and fine fun. **YYY**

Diner A bunch of Baltimore boys whooping it up back in 1959. **YYY**

The Escape Artist (Reviewed this month) A first for O'Neal *films*. **YY**

Fast-Walking (Reviewed this month) Jailbirds in a good B. **YY½**

Garde à Vue (Reviewed this month) Three stars giving fine French. **YYY**

Health (Reviewed this month) Altman comedy far below his peak. **YY**

I Love You (Reviewed this month) A tropical storm known as Braga. **YY½**

La Vie Continue (Reviewed this month) Acting nearly as good as it gets, with Annie Girardot. **YYY**

Mephisto (Reviewed this month) Oscar pick as Best Foreign Film—the stairway to Hitlerian stardom. **YYY½**

Partners (Reviewed this month) Boy meets boy on L.A. police force. **Y**

The Road Warrior Hell on wheels Australian style, with Mel Gibson. **YYY**

Smash Palace (Reviewed this month) Broken marriage in New Zealand. **YYY**

Soup for One (Reviewed this month) The singles scene revisited. **YY½**

Three Brothers (Reviewed this month) The impotence of being earnest. **YYY**

Too Far to Go (Re-reviewed this month) Updike drama recycled. **YYY**

An Unfinished Piece for Player Piano Quintessential Chekhov—from Russia with love. **YYYY**

The World According to Garp (Reviewed this month) With Robin Williams, by George Roy Hill out of John Irving. **YYY**

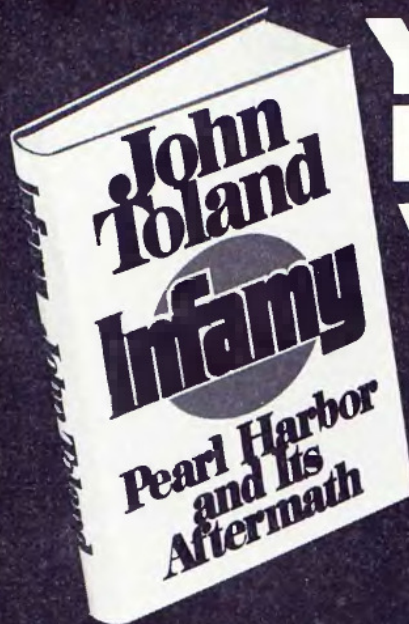
Wrong Is Right Sean Connery anchors a war in the Middle East in Richard Brooks's mad, mad comedy. **YYY**

YYYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look

YYY Good show **Y** Forget it



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RECORD PIRACY: Teen idols have different troubles from the rest of us.

"It's always a problem having hit records," sighs Peter Noone, formerly known as Herman of Herman's Hermits, "because it's a problem when you stop having hit records." In the late Sixties, Noone was the heartthrob of millions of teenaged girls who had never known a boy could be so cute. But Herman's hits, such as *Mrs. Brown, You've Got a Lovely Daughter*, just didn't make it during the next decade of drugs, decimals and disco.

Now the ex-Hermit's out of hiding with a solo album, *One of the Glory Boys* (Johnston), picturing a very butch Noone, wet and scowling, on the jacket.

So much for cute? Not exactly. Noone has been on the road lately, singing oldies—real oldies—in the national touring company of *The Pirates of Penzance*. He plays Frederic (the cute pirate, of course) and he puts a lot of rock-'n'-roll, Elvislike crotch action into such Gilbert and Sullivan smashes as *Oh, Is There Not One Maiden Breast?*

"That's the only way I can approach it—it's the only training I've had," he explains.

As for the record, it's not much like a Hermits project. Bouncy pop tunes have given way to a hybridized, fairly

commercial rock sound, maybe a tad to the left of teen idol Rick (Jesse's Girl) Springfield. It makes you wonder: How many times can a guy be a teen idol, anyway?

—INA JAFFE

REVIEWS

Sonny Rollins doesn't exactly reach for the stars on *No Problem* (Milestone). Rather, he plants himself firmly on the ground and roars through a set of earthy, rambunctious tunes laced with musical jokes—*Camptown Races* makes an appearance—and garnished with tour-de-force passages in which he goes beyond the range of the saxophone and makes good music out of squeaks and squawks.

Antonio Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons* has more versions in the Schwann catalog than has any other classical composition—44 last time we looked. Add another. Patrick Gleason, a pioneer in electronic music, has scored the work for computer synthesizer on the Varèse Sarabande label. In an odd way, the grumpy, guttural sounds of the synthesizer's bass and tenor registers seem at home with their Italian baroque duties, giving the same clipped, gutsy resonance that the original instruments must have had. Because of the range

of this Soundstream digital recording, your stereo system gets an aerobic workout. Vivaldi imagined a thunderstorm in the middle of the "Summer" movement, which—in this version—will send pets and children scurrying for cover. The point is not whether this rendition successfully imitates an orchestral performance but whether it makes the work fresh. It does.

Janis Siegel, one fourth of the Grammy-winning Manhattan Transfer, debuts as a soloist on *Experiment in White* (Atlantic). Producer Joel Dorn and Siegel have put together a dramatically eclectic song program—two jazz duets with Jon Hendricks, a standard ballad, a couple of Latin tunes and some pungent, Gospel-tinged pop material—showcasing The Voice in all its glory and in the best company. For *How High the Moon*, Dorn secured the original tape of Les Paul's guitar line from the famous Les Paul/Mary Ford arrangement. Other cuts utilize such luminaries as Tommy Flanagan, Ron Carter, Grady Tate and Paquito D'Rivera, plus members of Tito Puente's, Slide Hampton's and The Neville Brothers' bands. Their music, combined with Siegel's good, gritty voice and Dorn's sympathetic production techniques, makes this record a treat.

Just when you thought it safe to dismiss any music coming out of Elton John as too chubby to be taken seriously, here comes *Jump Up* (Geffen). John has reassembled his most successful band (Nigel Olsson, Dee Murray and Davey Johnstone) and has turned to his song partner of yore, Bernie Taupin, for this collection of very nice moments. Songwriters Gary Osborne and Tim Rice also make an honorable showing. The new material, notably *Empty Garden* (about John Lennon) and *Princess*, is tight in scope and sound. This time out, Elton doesn't trip over his own embroidery, which is a good reason to jump up and take notice.

Frankie Miller has had a short string of low-selling albums, an underground reputation as one of the greatest rock-'n'-roll singers and is frequently cited as a favorite singer by a dedicated clique of superstars. The gravel-voiced Scottish-born singer tells us, "It's very flattering, although personally, I'd rather hear Bob Seger sing *Ain't Got No Money* on his *Stranger in Town* LP than listen to myself." Humility aside, Frankie asserts that *Standing on the Edge* (Capitol) is the best album he's ever made. We agree. Recorded with The Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section, this is hard rock at its

classiest, with a couple of tasty mid-tempo country rockers thrown in for good measure. When we asked Miller how he liked playing with the Muscle Shoals musicians, who got their start backing up Wilson Pickett and Aretha Franklin, his response was predictable: "It was just like going home."

One of the most exciting new acts on the pop-country horizon is Calamity Jane, a female aggregation of four Nashville music-biz vets whose first album, *Calamity Jane* (Columbia), was produced by Billy Sherrill. The four singer-songwriters—Mary Fielder, Mary Ann Kennedy, Pam Rose and ex-Miss Tennessee Linda Moore—skillfully swap the lead part from line to line, harmonize memorably and play their own instruments admirably. What is this? An uptown, better-looking Alabama?

Remember Billy Edd Wheeler? In the Sixties, he wrote/sang a memorably rustic ode to a "little brown shack out back." He also wrote or co-wrote other winners, including The Kingston Trio's *Reverend Mr. Black*, Judy Collins' *The Coming of the Roads*, Johnny Cash and June Carter's *Jackson* and Kenny Rogers' *Coward of the County*. Now this mountain blend of salt and sensitivity has a new album, *Asheville* (Sagittarius Records, P.O. Box Seven, Swannanoa, North Carolina 28778, \$10, postpaid), that is an impeccably produced, superbly sung collection of new story-songs written or co-written by Wheeler. The title cut movingly salutes the first big town he ever encountered.

SHORT CUTS

Squeeze / Sweets from a Stranger (A&M): Fortunately, these innovative Britons are not strangers; we'll take plenty of this candy.

Hank Williams, Jr. / High Notes (Elektra): Hank sounds a bit like ol' Waylon here, and what's wrong with that?

Philip Glass / Glassworks (CBS): Short, modernist symphonic pieces by the well-known avant composer; excursions both light and delightful.

George Shearing, Jim Hall / First Edition (Concord Jazz): Quiet, compelling duets by a couple of guys who have nothing left to prove.

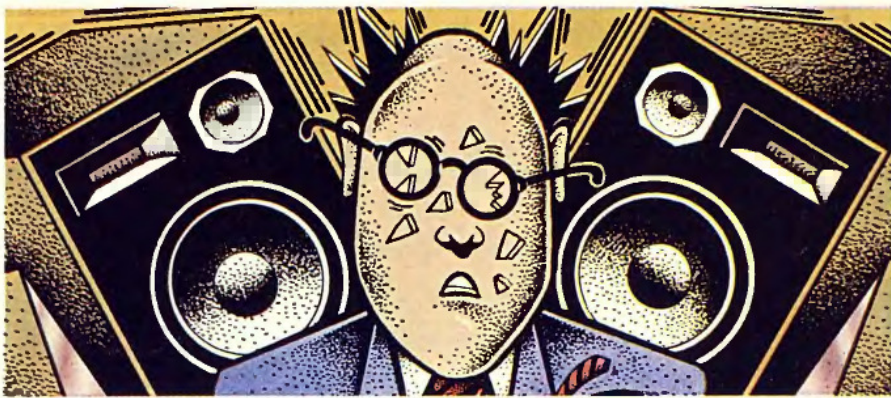
Lamont Cranston Band / Shakedown (RCA): Bar-band album of the month.

Prince Gabe and the Famous Millionaires / Rebirth of the Beale St. Blues (Four Ace): Blues-band album of the month, old-Memphis-style division.

James Newton / Axum (ECM): "New music" flute drawing on worthwhile world-wide influences, from Japanese to Andean to jazz.

Earl Hines / Paris Session (Inner City): A lovely 1965 solo date by the legendary piano *improvisateur*, newly released.

FAST TRACKS



DDN'T SEND ME NO DDCTOR DEPARTMENT: Over the years, rock 'n' roll has been held accountable for everything from ear damage to pregnancy. Well, we'd thought we'd heard it all until we noticed a newspaper item about Richard Sinnott, a Boston official who was in charge of granting entertainment licenses. Sinnott said that after he attended concerts by Rick James and The Who, he "was reduced to a shell of [himself], barely able to function." Boston's Retirement Board is investigating Sinnott's application for a disability pension.

REELING AND ROCKING: Debbie Harry and Chris Stein have written some songs for an animated Canadian feature, *Rock and Rule*. Cheap Trick, Lou Reed, Earth, Wind & Fire and Iggy Pop also contributed to the sound track. It should be in a theater near you this fall. . . . Since the 13-minute video clip that Lol Creme and Kevin Godley (former members of 10 cc) directed for Ringo's last album was nominated for an award at the Cannes Film Festival, *The Cooler*, as it's called, will be released on American TV. The video segment uses three songs Paul wrote for Ringo and stars Ringo, wife Barbara Bach and the McCartneys.

NEWSBREAKS: Former Supreme Mary Wilson has had five offers to write her life story since *Dreamgirls* hit Broadway. Wilson isn't sure about that, but she's ready to take up singing again. . . . Jerry Hall has a new line of swimwear and Mick's going to do some modeling with her—for a percentage of the profits, of course. . . . Vangelis, who wrote the sound track for *Chariots of Fire*, once flunked out of music school. . . . There's a new rock opera in the works—*Marilyn: A Fable of the 20th Century*, based on the life of Marilyn Monroe. The stage version will go on as soon as the producers can find a singing Marilyn Monroe look-alike. Don't call us. . . . This fall, Johnny Cash will appear in a CBS-TV movie, *Murder in Coweta County*. Cash will play the sheriff in the story, a true account of a brutal murder in rural Georgia. . . . Guess who is back in the studio rerecording some of his hits from the Sixties? Sam the Sham. Also, Rick Springfield has asked Sam for some songs to record. Sam's a solid-gold oldy. . . . John Cage is preparing a

macrobiotic cookbook for the arts. It will include guest artists' recipes, restaurants and Cage's philosophy. What? No ice cream? . . . What's happenin' in Russia? Uriah Heep, that's what. A poll of 10,000 readers of a Communist youth newspaper placed them at the top of a list of Western artists. And the runner-up? Manfred Mann. Remember, you heard all this up-to-the-minute stuff right here. . . . A smashed Pete Townshend guitar is now on exhibit at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. . . . Julian Lennon's recording of an unreleased song of John's, *I Don't Wanna Feel It Anymore*, draws raves in London. Julian has no record contract yet, but all predict he soon will. . . . Richard Simmons, the exercise and attitude guru, has a new record out titled *Reach*. Simmons sings ten original fitness-inspiring songs. One side is a morning workout, the other a before-bed session. No one asked us, but we have a countersuggestion: Put on the Stones and have sex. It's great exercise and a lot more fun. . . . Just as computers steal jobs from people, electronic drums are now upstaging rock drummers. Hall and Oates used an electronic rhythm machine on *I Can't Go for That (No Can Do)*. Oates says he's fascinated by them and Hall notes that "the machines always show up for rehearsal on time."

RANDOM RUMORS: We hear that cable-TV hot-shot Ted Turner has turned up singing a few bars on a promo single, *I Was Cable When Cable Wasn't Cool*. This ditty was made with a convention in mind, but don't be surprised if you hear it on the radio. That's showbiz! —BARBARA NELLIS

★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

DOL GOSSIP: Rumor has it that **Steven Spielberg's** next directorial project will be *Always*, a contemporary remake of the 1943 classic *A Guy Named Joe*, which starred **Spencer Tracy**, **Irene Dunne** and **Van Johnson**. In the original, Tracy came back from the dead to help Johnson make it as an Air Corps pilot. No word yet on how Spielberg plans to update the action. . . . **Sidney Lumet** (currently in postproduction on *The Verdict*) has purchased the film rights to **E. I. Doctorow's** *The Book of Daniel*. . . . Ex-*Saturday Night Live* writers **Michael O'Donoghue** and **Marilyn Miller** are coscripting a spoof of female-prisoner movies, tentatively titled *Caged Women in Chains*. . . . **Mary Steenburgen** has landed the role of the late novelist **Marjorie Kinnan** (*The Yearling*) **Rawlings** in the film version of her memoirs, *Cross Creek*. Also starring: **Rip Torn**, **Peter Coyote** and **Dana Hill**. **Francis**



Spielberg

Coppola

Ford Coppola is presently wrapping up *The Outsiders*, based on **S. E. Hinton's** 1967 novel about three brothers who try to manage their lives after the death of their parents. A longtime favorite of teen readers, the book came to Coppola's attention a year ago, when he received a letter from a school library class nominating him as the best choice to direct *The Outsiders* were it to be made into a film. Coppola read the book on a plane, was captivated by the story and bought the rights. The flick stars **Matt Dillon**, **Leif Garrett**, **Diane Lane**, **Tom Waits** and a slew of other young actors.

HOOKERMANIA: Hollywood seems to have hookers on the brain these days. The end of July will see the release of *Night Shift*, starring **Henry Winkler**, **Michael Keaton** and **Shelly Long**, the story of two guys who work nights in a city morgue and use the premises to start a pimping concern, complete with dental plan and profit sharing. Sometime later this year, MGM/UA will start shooting *Doctor Detroit*, a **Bruce Jay Friedman** script starring **Dan Aykroyd** as a professor turned gentleman of leisure. As if that weren't enough, there's supposedly a script making the rounds about a teenager who gets cajoled into letting a group of callgirls use his

house as a base while his parents are on vacation. So far, no one has come up with a space-whorer film, but if anyone does, you'll be the first to know.

HOFFMAN, HOFFWOMAN: Producer-director **Sydney Pollack** is currently finishing work



Hoffman

Lange

on *Tootsie*, a comedy by **Larry Gelbart** starring **Dustin Hoffman**, **Jessica Lange**, **Charles Durning** and **Teri Garr**. Somewhat in the *Victor, Victoria* vein, the film is the story of a dedicated New York actor (Hoffman) who, tired of getting rejected for Broadway roles, auditions for a soap opera called *Southwest General*. The gimmick: He auditions as a woman—and gets the part. Lange plays the soap's leading lady, Durning plays her father and Garr is an actress friend. *Tootsie* (that's what the soap's director calls Hoffman) is set for either a Christmas or an early 1983 release.

CHOICE CHOICE: Another Christmas contender bound to capture a large segment of the moviegoing public is *Sophie's Choice*, starring **Meryl Streep**, **Kevin Kline** and **Peter MacNicol**. Shot in Manhattan



Streep

Kline

and Yugoslavia (Poland was too risky), the film sticks pretty close to **William Styron's** best-selling novel (in fact, Styron visited the set twice to offer the actors his insights into what the real characters behind Sophie, Nathan and Stingo were like). Kline, a two-time Tony winner (for *On the 20th Century* and *The Pirates of Penzance*), plays Nathan; MacNicol, a 25-year-old Broadway actor who had a role in the film *Dragonslayer*, plays the Styron character, Stingo; and, of course, Streep is Sophie. As is her custom, Meryl

prepared exhaustively for the role: Not only did she take two months of intensive Polish lessons but observers tell me she maintained a thick Polish accent throughout the entire shooting day, even when the cameras weren't rolling. The film, a good bet for an Oscar nomination, is written, coproduced and directed by **Alan J. (All the President's Men) Pakula**.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE: "Burt and Goldie have been wanting to do a film together for a long time, and the chemistry between them is nothing short of exciting," says director **Norman Jewison** about his latest project, *Best Friends*, starring **Burt Reynolds** and **Goldie Hawn**. Written by the husband-and-wife team of **Barry Levinson** and **Valerie Curtin** (who coscripted Jewison's . . . *And Justice for All*), *Best Friends* is the somewhat autobiographical story of two Easterners who go to Los Angeles, collaborate as screenwriters, fall in love, live together for three years, get married, split up and ultimately




Reynolds

Hawn

reconcile. It's a story about contemporary relationships and the pressure marriage can exert on two people who had been getting along just fine before making it legal. The trouble starts when the newlyweds visit each other's parents back East. (**Barnard Hughes** and **Jessica Tandy** play Goldie's parents; **Audra Lindley** and **Keenan Wynn** are Burt's mom and dad.) Returning to L.A., they split up, but the separation doesn't last. As Jewison puts it, "In the end, they literally walk off into the sunset." *Best Friends* is set for a Christmas release.

CAPTAIN VIDEO: **Deborah Harry** and **James Woods** co-star in Universal's *Videodrome*, a science-fiction horror film written and directed by **David (Scanners) Cronenberg**. The film, featuring special make-up and effects by **Rick (An American Werewolf in London) Baker**, involves a group of modern-day buccancers who delve into a highly secret underground organization that uses TV as the ultimate nefarious weapon. Debbie plays a pop psychologist; Woods is a small-time cable-TV hustler. Look for this one in September.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL 

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A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'F. Porsche', written in a cursive style.

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PORSCHE + AUDI

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By ASA BABER

MY FATHER looked like Humphrey Bogart. He had about him, as did Bogart, a muted air of anger, a temper close to the surface, a thin line of steel behind the eyes that glinted when he was crossed. He was a rebellious man who sat on his wildness for the sake of his family, an alcoholic who never took a drink after I was born, a Willy Loman in a three-piece suit.

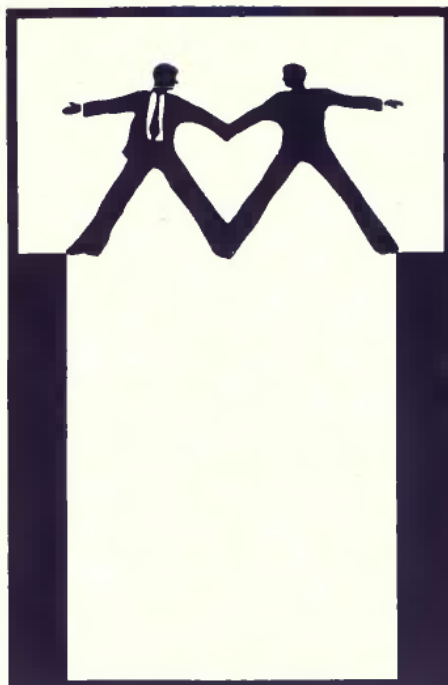
My father and I did a few things together, but we were never that comfortable with each other. That fact hurt both of us. The distance between us brought mutual pain, and it was not easy for me when my father died before that gap could be closed. Like many men—perhaps like most men—I wish I had known my father better.

History is filled with such stories: Oedipus and Hamlet, those Freudian archetypes, haunt us men more than we usually admit. We don't go around talking about it much, but the son who kills his father and the son who searches for his father's killer are often the same person, a schizoid alien balled tightly inside the male heart.

Present or absent, our fathers, we men know, are a major force in shaping us, yet there are few moments when we discuss that with anyone else. It is a silent struggle. Still, we watch our fathers the way we watch mirrors, and we assume that we will be like them, come what may. I doubt that any relationship is ever more important to us.

In his autobiography, *Please Don't Shoot My Dog*, Jackie Cooper (a child movie star in the Thirties) writes of a trip he took across the country as a young man, driving his Jaguar XK120 from California to New York. Late one night, as he boomed along at 100 mph, the canvas top of the Jaguar shredded in the wind. Cooper slowed down, only to find himself caught in a severe thunderstorm. There he was, on a highway somewhere in the state of Kansas, just before dawn, getting drenched. It looked as if he had a long and uncomfortable ride ahead of him, but as fate ("or perhaps something a little stronger") would have it, there was a sign in the distance: CONVERTIBLE TOPS REPAIRED. Cooper stopped at the garage, knocked on the door and spoke to the proprietor, who very kindly said he could make a new top in a couple of hours.

The man set to work, but it was clear that he recognized Cooper. When the man asked him, Cooper smiled and said yes, he was who the man thought he was. Cooper waited for the next request (an autograph? A picture for his kid?), but the man did not ask for those things.



FATHERS & SONS

"While women go public and establish careers, men are going private, turning toward themselves and their families, refusing promotions. . . ."

Instead, he pointed to a dimly lit window over the garage. "See that window there?" the man asked. "That other fellow I live with is your father."

It was a stunning moment—one that most men could relate to. Cooper writes of it: "A hundred thoughts flashed through my mind in the next few seconds as I stood there and stared at that window. Who was my father? Was it John Cooper? Was John Cooper still living? Why had he left me? Where had he been all those years I needed him? Why had he deserted my mother? And other mysteries, private mysteries I had spent a childhood wondering about."

You'll have to read the book to find out whether or not Cooper chose to see his father. But there's probably not a man alive who can't see the drama in that story. Those of us who have lost our fathers must wonder what we would do in a similar situation. If it were me, I'd bounce right up there and break the door down and give my old man a hug. We never did hug much.

The "private mysteries" that Cooper mentions are not that mysterious,

though we men are isolated creatures, unable to articulate our deeper feelings, often making the mistake of assuming that we are alone. If we ever do start talking with one another, we'll find out that we're not alone. We all yearn for the approval of our fathers. Few of us grow up with any firm sense that we have it. It may not be an exclusively male quest, this search for our father's love, but it is universally male.

I can't prove it, but I think men are going through a revolution regarding fatherhood, a revolution largely unpublicized and rarely mentioned. I think those of us with children take fathering very seriously, enjoy it, commit ourselves to it as best we can. That is not to say we always do it well, but the importance of trying to be a good father is high on our list of necessities, often higher than career or, indeed, marriage. Men and women are exchanging roles in an ironic fashion: While women go public and establish careers, men are going private, turning toward themselves and their families, refusing promotions that require frequent moves, spending less time with peers and more time with their children, requesting child custody in divorce. Men, in short, are warming up.

On a recent *Newsweek* "Sports" page, George Gervin, star of the N.B.A.'s San Antonio Spurs, is quoted as saying, "My family is my whole life. I want to establish strong communication with my children, to give them a lot of good memories of growing up with a father who loved them and cared about them." To some folks, that may read as either self-congratulation or slick PR, but I believe Gervin. More important, I do not see him as singular or unique. He's in the mainstream of fathers now. The outside world grows colder for men, and as we are challenged in every arena, fathering assumes more importance than ever before.

The questions arise, of course: How will my kids view me? How did I try to father differently from my own father? Without much to go on, have I learned to provide and nurture and define? Have I been strict when I should have been and flexible when it was proper?

But the major question is this: If my kids and I had been separated for years and if they were driving across the country without knowing where I lived or what I was doing and if fate or something stronger led them to stop by my window, would they come in to see me? Would they feel free to do that and would they think I deserved their company?

A lot of men think about things like that these days.



PLAYBOY'S TRAVEL GUIDE

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

OK, SO WHAT the hell is an Epcot? Well, it's an Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow, an idea Walt Disney had more than two decades ago. For the past several years, Disney planners and engineers have been making Walt's wildest dream come true on a vast tract of Florida woods at Walt Disney World, and by the time Epcot Center opens outside Orlando on October first, it will have cost more than \$800,000,000 to build. Now, the Disney folks aren't known to squander money on boring park entertainment or worthless technology. After a number of exclusive previews, I'm prepared to go on record as saying that Epcot really stands for the most extravagant amusement facility ever created, and you'll be reading most of this here for the first time.

To begin with, what you won't see at Epcot are any of the familiar Disney characters. No mice, no ducks, no dogs or other cartoon creations roam the Epcot premises—as they routinely do in the Magic Kingdom and in other areas of W.D.W.

Epcot Center is divided into two areas, Future World and World Showcase. On opening day, seven pavilions in Future World will be ready for visitors. The most striking of those is Spaceship Earth, the world's largest geosphere: 164 feet in diameter, 18 stories high. Its theme is communications, and at the top of the dome is a huge planetarium in which the vastness of space has been reproduced by Disney "imagineers." Visitors are taken aboard a time machine to embark on a journey that spans 40,000 years, beginning with an introduction conceived by Ray Bradbury and moving on to a show that covers communications from the age of cave dwellers to machines far in the future. The combination of frighteningly lifelike Audio-Animatronic figures, those remarkable robots pioneered by Disney nearly two decades ago, and state-of-the-art communications—thermography, computer graphics and microcircuitry—makes the passage through time tinglingly realistic.

Epcot Center will present a total of nearly eight and a half hours of film, including the most advanced three-dimensional footage ever produced. In the Universe of Energy pavilion, a Circle-Vision screen surrounds the audience and mesmerizes viewers with previously unreleased images of the space shuttle Columbia blasting off. The pavilion is housed in a building the size of three football fields, and visitors are trans-



DISNEY STRIKES AGAIN

Walt's genius outlives him as the Magic Kingdom looks into the future.

ported on a unique moving platform through a primeval swamp, the domain of dinosaurs and other prehistoric creatures. The journey includes earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and fierce energy storms—the cataclysmic events that folded fossil fuels deep into the earth eons ago. The pavilion actually gets some of its own energy from the sun; photoelectric cells on the roof help run the pavilion's mechanical elements.

The World of Motion highlights innovative concepts of future transportation. In terms of its cast alone, the show is astounding. It's inhabited by more than 100 Audio-Animatronic people, 73 animals, 33 animated props and 16 automobiles, plus assorted trains, planes, bicycles, balloons, rickshas and riverboats that mill about on 23 full-scale stage sets.

The pavilion called Journey into Imagination is housed in two great truncated crystal pyramids, perhaps the most impressive of all the Future World presentations. The host for the journey is a new Disney character called Dreamfinder, who is accompanied—and continuously harassed—by another new critter, a small dragon named Figment. Passage through the pavilion begins with explorations of the worlds of fine arts, performing arts, literature and science, followed by an opportunity to grab a "paintbrush" that permits "painting" on electronic consoles in colors

Crayola never thought of. There's a pot of rainbow colors, another of Cheshire-cat tails and ink that immediately creates the impression of anything from cubism to candy stripes. A so-called Light Writer allows each visitor to create his own laser show, and Dreamfinder's School of Drama projects a visitor's own image onto a prefilmed background. By far the most compelling attraction is the film called *Magic Journeys*, the largest three-dimensional film ever. It's a blend of real and surreal, making extraordinary use of computer animation.

The largest of Epcot Center's pavilions, The Land, occupies six acres and looks like a giant greenhouse. In addition to a boat ride that focuses visitor attention on cultivation and ecology, there are three large buildings in which actual farming takes place, using the most productive methods known. For example, lettuce will be grown on polystyrene boards floating on water. Below the boards, fish will eat the roots without stunting the vegetable's growth. And since lettuce is not very fond of direct sunlight, melons will grow above it to revel in the bright sun and provide shade for the lettuce. Fish are to be raised in a controlled Aquacell, in which their survival rate is predicted to be 50 to 70 percent, compared with one quarter of one percent in nature.

The second half of Epcot Center, World Showcase, is devoted to a sort of permanent world's fair. Pavilions representing Mexico, China, Italy, Japan, France, Germany, Canada and Great Britain will flank the U.S. exhibit, The American Adventure. This is the first time that pavilions at any sort of multinational exposition have been created by a single team of architects and show designers, so that instead of clashing and competing, the World Showcase group will harmonize.

The American Adventure is the linchpin of World Showcase. Audio-Animatronic figures, long capable of remarkably human facial movements, have now been advanced to the ultimate technological degree, so that Ben Franklin and Mark Twain will narrate The American Adventure show, speaking, gesticulating and, in Franklin's case, even walking up a flight of steps.

Commercial firms from participating nations have stocked the large variety of shops, restaurants and exhibits. The Canadian pavilion, for example, comes complete with a 30-foot waterfall, a hotel patterned after Ottawa's Château Laurier and a CircleVision film that captures the look of Canada on a hitherto-undreamed-of scale. Be careful during the segment showing the chuck-wagon

race at the Calgary Stampede: The sensation that you're about to be run over is nearly overpowering.

Walt Disney World's tattered reputation for food will get a substantial boost from the French pavilion, where a formal restaurant will function under the direction of a trio of three-star French chefs—Paul Bocuse, Gaston Lenôtre and Roger Vergé—whose indoor bistro will be supplemented by a café set within a glassed-in terrace.

If the French have the franchise on *haute cuisine*, the German pavilion will be the magnet for beer lovers. An authentic *Biergarten* will serve the finest brands of Teutonic brew, with traditional *Bratwurst*, smoked pork, hot pretzels and sauerkraut also available to keep body and soul together.

All of the World Showcase pavilions are set around a huge man-made lagoon, and the Japanese pavilion includes a copy of the ancient Itasukushima shrine. Flanking the entrance is a five-story pagoda. Over at the Italian pavilion, they've created a replica of Venice's Piazza San Marco, complete with adjoining canal.

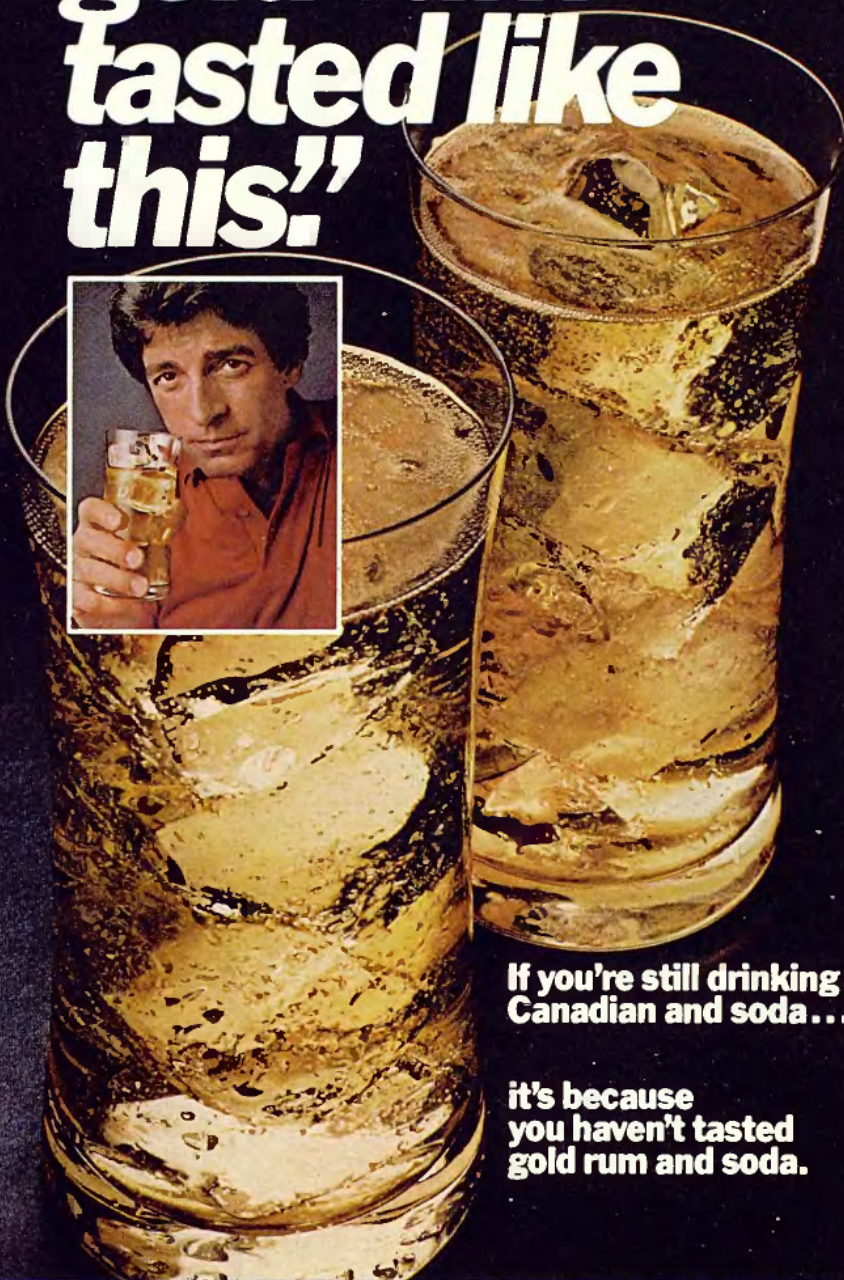
Creating the film that is the main lure of the Chinese pavilion was both a logistical and a technological backbreaker. Although the Chinese government officially supports its pavilion, it would not permit Disney film crews to shoot any aerial footage of China; that was done by Chinese pilots and cameramen. The result offers a view of the People's Republic of China that has never before been seen by any American; the experience is heightened by projection onto a CircleVision screen.

The Mexican pavilion is unique among the World Showcase participants in that most of its area is enclosed. That allowed the Disney designers to create a perpetual twilight—the most flattering possible light under which to view the spectacular pyramids and the archaeological reproductions. An entire Mexican village, populated by craftsmen and others demonstrating their skills, is also part of the exhibit.

The U.S. pavilion, too, features a continuing array of entertainments, all coordinated to divert, amuse and educate. The skill of the Disney craftsmen and performers—remember, all the employees at Walt Disney World are referred to as cast members—is evident everywhere. Disney officials estimate that 8,000,000 visitors a year will go to Epcot, in addition to the 13,000,000 guests who currently fill Walt Disney World annually. Even if they don't arrive in such numbers, there's little doubt that Epcot Center will heighten Walt Disney World's standing as this planet's most popular man-made attraction.



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**ONLY FROM THE
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I play racquetball at least three days a week, and my personal pride and money are usually at stake. So an hour or two before the game, I am a little nervous and edgy. My girlfriend likes to calm me down, not with heavy sex but with a mellow blow job prior to the game. Could that affect my racquetball performance?—J. H., Los Angeles, California.

According to Helen Singer Kaplan, author of *"The New Sex Therapy,"* "sexually attractive opportunities, stimulation and activity tend to be associated with an increase of the blood testosterone level." Testosterone causes people to "eat more, become stronger and more muscular and act more energetically. The individual is less likely to be intimidated, more likely to enter into competitions and, most interestingly, more likely to win in these." Go for it.

The cartridge on my new turntable has a brush attached to the front of it to pick up dust while it's tracking. It does a fairly good job, but I wonder about the added weight. Won't it force the needle deeper into the groove?—R. S., Morton Grove, Illinois.

Unless your cartridge also has a tiny little dustpan that the brush sweeps into, you don't have a real problem. All you have to do is adjust the vertical tracking force (follow manufacturer's instructions). There are really two kinds of brushes: one that simply cleans and one that cushions as well as cleans. In the latter case, the brush actually protects the stylus from rapid up-and-down movement when playing a warped record—and what records aren't warped these days? Neither of those devices, incidentally, eliminates the need for regular cleaning of both records and stylus. In fact, it's a good idea to clean the brushes regularly, too. Isn't it strange how some laborsaving devices don't really save you any labor?

Recently, I have been seeing a man who emits seminal fluid almost immediately upon becoming aroused. He does that with little, if any, physical stimulation from me. I don't think it is premature ejaculation, because he ejaculates during intercourse. He says it is a form of lubrication; however, none of the other men I have ever been with have done that. I am curious to know how common it is.—Miss D. W., Richmond, Virginia.

Relax. Emission of mucoid fluid upon arousal is perfectly normal in men, though it most often occurs during prolonged arousal. It is not premature ejac-



ulation but a form of lubrication, as your lover explained—something to prime the pump.

I drive a classic Porsche (1964 356C) that uses leaded premium gasoline. In my area, only one dealer carries it, and, of course, that makes it difficult to get gas when I need it. I have heard from two sources that if I mix unleaded premium of, say, 89 octane with leaded regular of a much lower octane rating, the lead in the regular will push the octane rating of the unleaded premium sky-high. Is that the case, and if so, is there any formula for determining what the final octane rating would be?—J. M. J., Oxnard, California.

We suggest that you mix half a tankful of unleaded premium with half a tankful of leaded regular every time you fill up. The valves in your engine need the protection of the lead compound in regular gas. According to one test we read, if you mix super unleaded at 91.6 octane with regular leaded at 89.1, the result is a blend of 91.4 octane. If your engine is high-compression, it was designed for a higher octane level (as high as 94), and you may hear light knocking or pinging if your mixture of gasoline doesn't prove satisfactory. If that is the case, check with a trusted mechanic.

A friend of mine who works out a lot claims that exercise increases sexual desire. Especially if you work out at a coed health club. Sounds like a lot of hype to me, but I'm curious. Has anyone done a study relating exercise to sex?—F. A., Dallas, Texas.

A study done at Indiana University suggests that there is a relationship between exercise and sex—if you are willing to believe the person you're talking with, that is. Researchers interviewed students in classrooms and students walking into a field house. Not surprisingly, the people on their way into the field house reported that they had a median of 39 minutes of exercise a day (vs. 21 minutes for classroom subjects). They also reported having more sex (7.58 times per month vs. 4.18 times per month for the classroom crowd) and a greater desire for sex (they wanted to do it 13.98 times per month vs. 7.60 times per month for the eggheads). It makes sense to us: The more you get in touch with your body, the more you want to see what the sucker is capable of. And then you're trapped in a vicious circle (see first letter for the effect of sex on exercise).

I recall reading an article in *Life* magazine years ago about a device that promised to be the new wave of birth control. Doctors were experimenting with little gold valves that could be inserted into the penis to control the flow of semen. Whatever became of the device?—R. C., Detroit, Michigan.

Marc Goldstein and Michael Feldberg, authors of *"The Vasectomy Book,"* a report on birth control, describe the history of valve research: "At least two kinds of valves have been developed: one which must be opened and closed by a urologist through an incision in the scrotum similar to that required by a vasectomy and another which, in theory at least, can be opened and closed by passing a magnet across the scrotum.

"In the early Seventies, vas valves were thought to hold great promise as a reversible form of male contraception. But certain problems with the concept quickly became apparent. For one thing, switching the valves on and off has proved to be quite a problem, particularly in the magnetic types. For another, once implanted, the valves have not been able to guarantee that sperm will be able to flow through them freely. The surgical-implant site is even more prone to the problems of leaking and granuloma than are traditional vasectomy sites. Finally, like a conventional vasectomy, a closed valve produces back pressure on the epididymis and rete testis that can lead to tearing and granuloma in those areas that can render a man infertile even after his valve has been switched to open again. In short, while the concept of a vas valve is clever and appealing,

the technology still has a long way to go." There you have it.

While watching this year's Academy Awards show, I noticed that some of the men were wearing scarves around their shoulders instead of ties. They were supposed to be dressed formally! Frankly, I thought it looked a little slovenly. Aren't there any standards anymore?—P. Q., New Orleans, Louisiana.

The rules of fashion have taken quite a beating in the past decade or so. To some people, that's meant a new freedom of expression; to others, it's meant confusion. In ordinary dress, there are few rules that can't be bent or broken if done with style and taste. In formal dress, you have to be a little more careful. The idea of going to a party and seeing other men in exactly the same costume is a little disconcerting to some guys. But that's the purpose of formal-wear: to make a pretty picture of the occasion. That can't be done if everyone chooses a different outfit. On the other hand, properly carried off, the look you have described can be dashing. You can base your decision about what rules to break on the relative formality of the event. The Academy Awards show, for instance, comes under the category of show business. It's an entertainment, not a wedding or the races at Ascot. We say, when in doubt, do it the old-fashioned way. Either that or resign yourself to the possibility that someone will write us a letter criticizing your outfit.

This letter is in response to your answer to a question about inverted nipples that appeared in the February *Playboy Advisor*. Inverted nipples are not a gynecological or a mental problem but a very real physical problem that can be corrected in many cases by a simple surgical procedure performed by a reliable plastic surgeon. I was a victim of inverted nipples who, between the ages of 16 and 31, was told by some very reliable gynecologists that there was nothing that could be done to correct the situation. There is. The procedure is done with a local anesthetic, either in the doctor's surgical lab or in a hospital as a surgical outpatient. The operation takes less than an hour, with a healing time of about two weeks. There are no scars. Pain and discomfort are minimal. The total cost in December 1980 was less than \$500.

It is the responsibility of a high-class publication to impart items of interest and information to its public, not to pass judgment on the motive behind the interest. The couple in question were not requesting "perfection," as insinuated in your answer, but medical information of a nature that one would expect a publication such as yours to give. For 15 years, I searched for an

answer that was eventually found by a concerned, loving husband who understood the effect a physical problem had on my head; he, too, wanted to help and not entirely for his own motives. You apparently have never felt the jealousy a female can have, seeing in everyday situations (at a pool, a grocery-store frozen-food section, etc.) other females with erect nipples. I have, and my self-consciousness and my jealousy were not the result of any male actions—in fact, inverted nipples were never mentioned to me by any male until I discussed my innermost feelings with my husband. Females are very competitive by nature. We don't need males to make us jealous. Nonetheless, I sincerely hope your magazine attempts to rectify the damage it may have caused many readers.—Mrs. A. M., Miami, Florida.

We stand corrected, and so, evidently, do you.

My girlfriend is on a new kick: She just loves Oriental food. We eat at Oriental restaurants whenever we eat out; I don't mind the food, but the chopsticks make the whole experience very unsatisfying for me. I just can't enjoy my dinner when it's constantly falling off the sticks. Usually, I ask for silverware, which some restaurants will provide, but that always starts an argument: I say chopsticks are just for tourists; she says, "When in Rome. . . ." What do you say?—P. D., Portland, Oregon.

That's the trouble with new gadgets; after you use them a while, you can't see how you ever survived without them. Such is the case with forks, a fairly new invention compared with chopsticks, which are still used by half the people in the world. We can understand your frustration, however, since it does take considerably more dexterity to use chopsticks than to use a fork. Nevertheless, using a fork in an Oriental restaurant is like ordering a hamburger in a French restaurant. While the restaurant may accommodate you, the experience just isn't the same. So do a little homework. Most Oriental restaurants will be glad to give you a set of chopsticks to take home to practice with. And practice is the key. Remember to cut everything into bite-size pieces, as it's done in the Orient. What you're aiming for is the same facility that you've already developed with, say, bike riding or auto driving: being able to do it without thinking about it. So you're going to have to put in the same amount of time to learn this new skill.

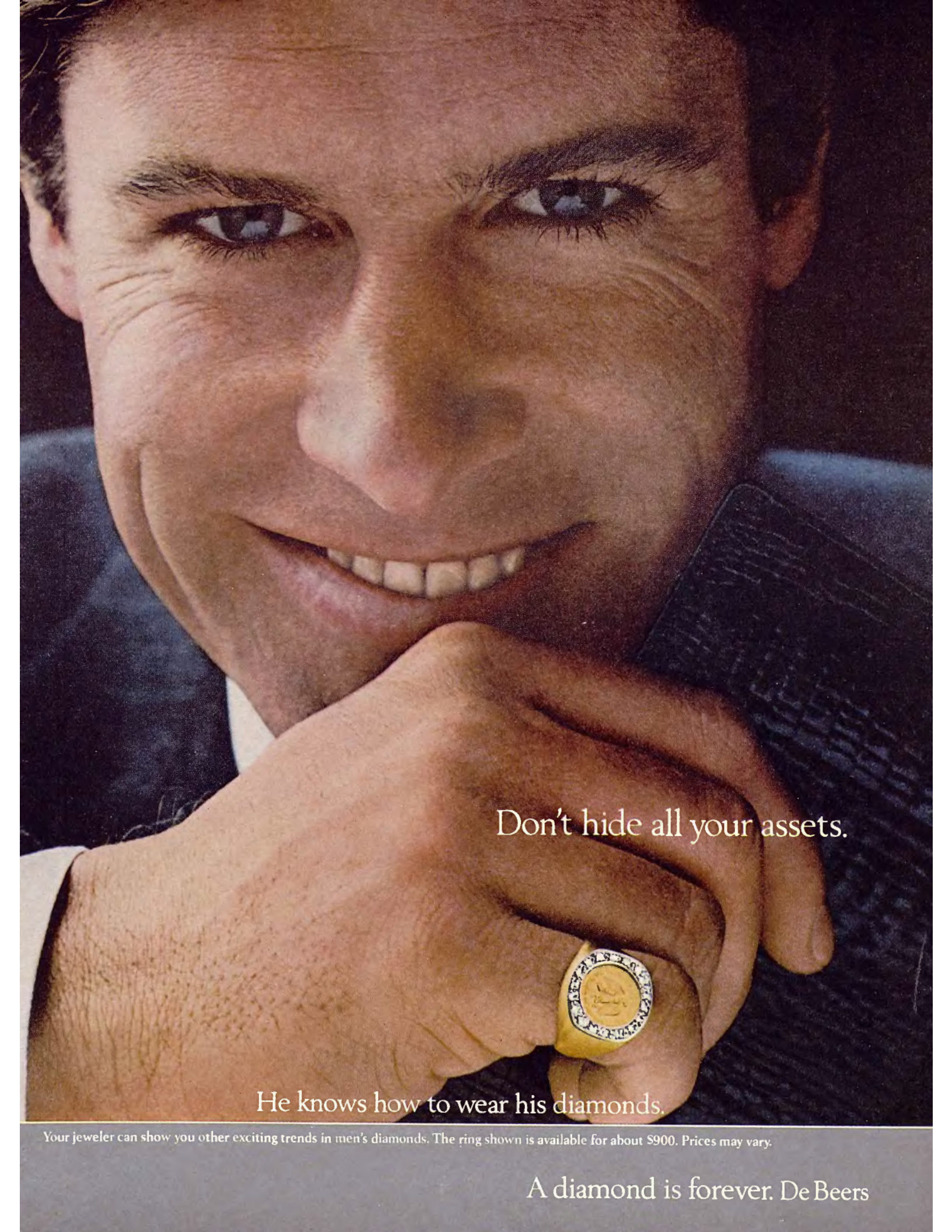
I have that god-awful curse genital herpes, and it is driving me nuts. For all the people who suffer from this disease, you would think someone would find a cure. A friend of mine who knows of my

problem said he was watching a talk show one morning and a doctor was explaining some of the new wonder drugs. This doctor said that in three to six months, a drug would be on the market that would cure all types of herpes on the spot. What do you know about it?—M. L., San Diego, California.

The new drug is acyclovir (pronounced ā-cy-clō-veer). It is not a cure, but it is a very important first step. The FDA recently gave its approval to Burroughs-Wellcome to market acyclovir as a topical cream prescribed under the trade name Zovirax. It should be in your local drugstore by now. The approved uses for the drug are relatively limited. Clinical tests show that the drug speeds healing time, reduces pain and reduces time the active virus is present in initial outbreaks of herpes. (Herpes is a chameleon. Initial outbreaks are usually severe and may last up to three weeks. Subsequent outbreaks are usually quite brief—two to six days.) Dannie King, project director at Burroughs, says that the only rule of thumb for the drug is this: The strongest effect is seen on the initial infection. Studies have shown that for recurrent outbreaks the drug is not as effective. It does cut down the duration of viral shedding, i.e., the period of infectiousness, by about 40 percent. At present, the drug is indicated only for initial sufferers. We are not sure how the drug will actually be used on the street. Doctors will probably prescribe it to all their herpes patients because they consider it the only weapon they have. We suspect that many herpes sufferers, when they feel they have a potentially effective agent in their pocket, will experience a self-cure: Stress is a crucial factor in the outbreak of herpes. Eliminate some of the stress and the body seems to be able to take care of itself. King pointed out that the topical ointment is only the first step. The emergence of acyclovir ointment reflects only about ten percent of the herpes research being conducted by Burroughs-Wellcome. Also on the drawing boards are oral, ophthalmic and intravenous forms of acyclovir. One way of looking at it: Penicillin was the first effective form of antibacterial chemotherapy. Acyclovir is the first effective antiviral chemotherapy; there's still work to be done, but a whole new approach has been established.

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





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Your jeweler can show you other exciting trends in men's diamonds. The ring shown is available for about \$900. Prices may vary.

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Ahh, the beer with the taste for food!



DEAR PLAYMATES

One of the questions that you readers keep asking is "Where can I meet girls like the ones in PLAYBOY?" It's as if you thought we had perfected a magic act. So we decided to ask the Playmates themselves to tell you where they can be found.

The question for the month:

If a man wanted to meet a woman like you, where would be the best place to look?

The best way to meet me is through a friend or through a friend of a friend. I'm pretty leery otherwise, especially since I've become a Playmate. Now I'm not just me, my normal self; I'm a Playmate, and I'm wary of some stranger living in Arkansas or someplace who all of a sudden wants to meet me. Lots and lots of girls want to be Playmates, but only a few get picked. So I'm representing PLAYBOY, not just myself. And it makes me act even more cautiously, since it's hard to tell whether someone is interested in me or in the fact that I'm a Playmate. So I count on friends to introduce me to the kind of men I want to know.



Michelle Drake

MICHELE DRAKE
MAY 1979

I'm down at Santa Monica Muscle Beach every weekend, working out. I'm a gymnast and an acrobat. That would be the best place to find me if the guy was working out, too. I also ride my bike a lot.

I'd much rather meet someone in a nice atmosphere, while I'm doing something active, as opposed to meeting him in a disco. If I meet someone while I'm doing something I like and he's doing it, too, it tells me a lot about him right away. It tells me he's healthy and he cares about himself. If



he's drinking, I think, Oh, great; he likes to drink, but what else? You can't figure out someone drinking in a disco very quickly. A party's OK, though. At least at a party, you can try to talk.

Karen Price

KAREN PRICE
JANUARY 1981

He would find me doing everyday, ordinary things such as shopping, doing laundry, eating out. He might find me in the grocery store; a lot of men have tried to pick me up there. Believe it or not, the grocery store has become the new erotic stomping ground for men. He might find me at the movies or on a dance floor at a disco, but he wouldn't find me hanging out in bars; that's boring. Since I don't work nine to five now, he'd have to find me going to interviews or on modeling assignments. I met the man who's in my life right now at a bank.



Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

Lately, people are getting more and more into sports. Everyone is out jogging. I'm not at all athletic, but good, healthy looks appeal to me. If I were in my car at a red light and I saw a guy running down the street wearing those little shorts and he was all hot and sweaty and he turned and saw me, well, that would be great. I tend to do a lot of things alone, so he could find me shopping or at the movies or at the post office. He's not likely to find me at a meat locker, at the local bar. Girls hoping to meet the right guy aren't looking for him in bars.



Marcy Hanson

MARCY HANSON
OCTOBER 1978

I'm everywhere—ballet class, photo studios (I model)—but never any typical place. I mean, he won't find me in a bar, drinking. I once met an interesting guy when he walked into a shop where I was working. I do have a tendency to shrug off men whom I meet in a public place, like a restaurant. I guess I worry that a man who approaches me in a restaurant is looking for someone to pick up, so I block that kind of encounter. But if someone caught me buying a magazine or jogging, that might not seem premeditated.



Anne-Marie Fox

ANNE-MARIE FOX
FEBRUARY 1982

I would be most receptive in a totally uncontrived environment. I wouldn't be very receptive at a party or in a disco. I would have to be somewhere I usually go, such as shopping or the liquor store or the doctor's office. I've dated a few doctors in my day. I met a neat guy on the Playmate shoot; he provided the horses for the pictures taken of me in June Lake. The best way to approach me is with subtlety. I know when someone is pulling my leg. I know when a guy has a line. I do like a compliment, but not right away. I don't want to be fallen over or patronized. I can always tell when it's crap.



Cathy Larmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

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



Merit "Easy Switch."

National Smoker Study confirms MERIT taste sparks switch from higher tar brands.

The bottom line: taste.

That's the result of the latest wave of research with smokers who have switched from higher tar cigarettes to 'Enriched Flavor™ MERIT.

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Further Evidence: 9 out of 10 former higher tar smokers report MERIT an *easy switch*, that they *didn't give up taste in switching*, and that MERIT is the *best-tasting low tar they've ever tried*.

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MERIT
Kings & 100's

Kings: 7 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—
100's Men: 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec:81

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

POPULATION CONTROL

Sarah Speights' essay on the Human Life Amendment is excellent ("Fetal Law," *The Playboy Forum*, March). However, I feel she sells her position short by treating the matter mainly as a women's-rights issue. If the anti-abortionists have their way, they not only will deprive women of their rights but also will be responsible for creating a great deal of suffering for both sexes. The earth cannot produce enough food to sustain even its present population. If the population continues to grow at an uncontrolled rate, it won't be long before nearly everyone is starving—or killing to keep from starving.

The two most serious threats to human survival are overpopulation and nuclear war, and those problems are not entirely separate. Population pressures could lead to nuclear war.

The fact that, at present, one third of all pregnancies world-wide are terminated by abortion indicates problems with other forms of birth control. Abortion may not be the most desirable form of birth control, but it is an absolutely necessary alternative.

Brian Stedjee
Modesto, California

I am tired of all the preaching; I feel there should be legislation against abortion for practical, greedy, selfish reasons. By outlawing abortion, we will be forcing people to have their unwanted children, who will grow up to be the workers needed by the Social Security system. So there.

Timothy R. Higgins
Attorney at Law
St. Louis, Missouri

We hope you have an equally simple solution to the country's unemployment problem.

STRANGE JUSTICE

Here's one for those who support mandatory-sentencing laws.

A rural Kansas man must now spend more than a year in prison because he elected to protect himself and his property against people who had the appearance of armed thieves. He went out to investigate a van parked inside his front gate and spotted an ammunition clip on the seat and two men some distance away; he shot the van's rear tires and

held the men until his wife could find a telephone and summon the sheriff. He'd been burglarized several times before, and the sheriff had told him that nothing could be done unless someone was caught in the act. He caught 'em.

Although no one was hurt, he found himself charged with aggravated battery and destruction of private property (the tires), and because a gun was used in those "crimes," the trial judge had no choice but to sentence him to prison for at least a year. The state appeals court reluctantly upheld the sentence, noting

"The petite female reportedly suggested an act of non-reproductive intimacy..."

that if he had merely stabbed someone to death, the judge could have exercised discretion to grant probation or a suspended sentence.

This is justice?

(Name withheld by request)
Olathe, Kansas

Mandatory-sentencing laws work better on paper than in practice. We can't see any way around it: Better to tolerate the occasional abuse of judicial discretion than to close the system's most important safety valve.



COLORFUL WRITING

One of our local papers, the *Rockford Labor News*, occasionally goes in for the kind of colorful writing that PLAYBOY readers probably will appreciate. A report of a 17-year-old girl fined for prostitution included this paragraph:

Inside the lawman's car, the petite female reportedly suggested an act of nonreproductive intimacy which investigators claim is commonly sought by the purchasers of such favors and which is often colloquially expressed in two syllables.

The expression that comes to mind is, of course, blow job, but strictly speaking, that's two words of one syllable, not two syllables. Fellatio is one word of four syllables, so that can't be it. Oral intercourse? No, no. Sodomy? That's three syllables.

Sign me Puzzled.

(Name withheld by request)
Rockford, Illinois

PRISON PEN PALS

The letter from the director of Prison Pen Pals in the April *Playboy Forum* drew such a large number of responses that we're having a problem dealing with each letter individually. To expedite the listing of names, we'd like to suggest that inmates provide, in their first letter, a basic description of themselves (age, race, height, weight, etc.) and of their hobbies or anything else a prospective correspondent might consider interesting. Everyone who contacts us will eventually be listed, and that may speed up the process.

Meanwhile, we'd like to hear from some PLAYBOY readers willing to exchange an occasional letter with those on the inside.

Prison Pen Pals
Box 1217
Cincinnati, Ohio 45212

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Your May *Forum* contains an editorial ("The End of the Eighth Amendment?") questioning whether or not the constitutional prohibition against cruel and unusual punishment still means anything in light of the U.S. Supreme Court's decision upholding a 40-year prison sentence in a case involving nine ounces of marijuana. I can recall other cases, many reported in PLAYBOY, involving ridiculously long sentences handed down

for relatively minor pot offenses.

The reasoning behind such punishments escapes me. The *Akron Beacon Journal* recently reported that one 13-year-old boy was killed and another seriously injured by a suspected drunk driver whose car plowed through a fence and into a yard. The driver has been charged with aggravated vehicular homicide, which carries a maximum term of five years in prison.

I wish somebody could explain to me the logic of a legal system that treats marijuana as a major offense but provides a relatively light penalty for a reckless drunk who takes a human life.

James A. Neusser
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

MORAL MAJORITY

The Inquisitors General of Faith and Morals, by asking that the civil law enforce their sectarian religious laws, doff the armor of the surplice and don instead the thin cotton toga of the forum. That reduces their theology to the level of a political platform no more exalted than that of the Democrats and the Republicans. One might well ask the Falwells of the United States whether or not it is true that they curse, revile, hate and damn God for His heresy in making anatomical differences between men and women and for giving humanity its sexual nature.

In other times, the "moralists" damned God for making the solar system contrary to their doctrine, for making the earth round and not flat.

Falwell and his ilk should go the way of the anti-Galileans and the flat-earth people.

Lybrand P. Smith
Torrance, California

FIGHTING CENSORSHIP

A generation ago, Americans were horrified when Nazi Germany conducted its frenzied book burnings. "It can't happen here," we said. It has happened. Zealous crusaders representing myriad factions have objected to books ranging from *Mary Poppins* to *Death of a Salesman*, often succeeding in removing the "objectionable" volumes from public libraries and from school reading lists—sometimes by setting a match to them.

The time for complacency is over. Immediately after President Reagan's election, the rate of incidents involving book censorship jumped 300 percent. One of the most vociferous crusaders—the Reverend Jerry Falwell, with his Moral Majority—is extremely well funded. The annual income of Falwell's ministry has increased 600 percent since 1974—from \$7,800,000 to \$46,500,000—money that's feeding a flame that could

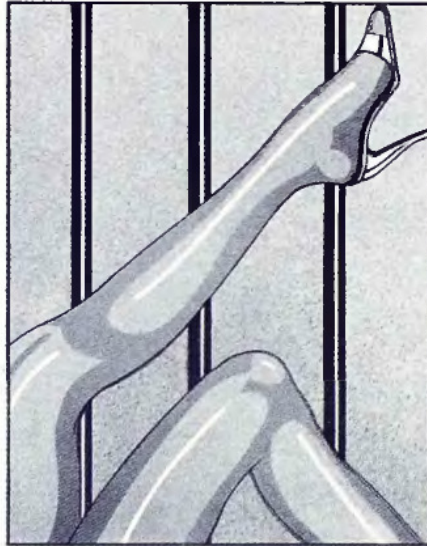


FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PIECE OF THE ACTION

CANON CITY, COLORADO—A 25-year-old woman is facing up to four years in prison for breaking into one—to visit her boyfriend, who was locked up in a local minimum-security institution. Police said she was lucky to get out with a trespassing charge: "Approximately eight other inmates discovered she was



in there with another inmate, and they all wanted a piece of the action, so to speak."

In West Virginia, meanwhile, an 18-year-old woman charged with murder and held in the Logan County jail managed to become pregnant—apparently by a male inmate who was locked in one of the cells. The sheriff's department insisted the two could not have had intercourse through the bars, as a newspaper had reported.

POT RESEARCH

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A major study sponsored by the National Academy of Sciences has confirmed that marijuana may be responsible for a number of reversible short-term health problems but has found no solid evidence of the serious long-term effects frequently cited by antimarijuana groups. The temporary effects include decreased sperm count, lung inflammation and, generally, all the conditions usually associated with being stoned. The N.A.S. nevertheless cautioned against the use of the drug and urged a "greatly intensified and more comprehensive program of research."

DEATH PENALTY ATTACKED

LONDON—Amnesty International has opened a world-wide campaign against capital punishment in the United States, which, it said, is far out of line with other Western countries in having the death penalty at all and in having nearly 1000 prisoners currently awaiting execution. The London-based human-rights organization acknowledged that the death penalty is still popular in many Third World and Eastern countries, but it appealed to its members and supporters in more than 100 countries to write to American legislators and newspapers, pointing out the inconsistency of such an otherwise advanced nation's retaining the practice.

Meanwhile, Britain's Police Federation, which represents 118,000 officers in England and Wales, has called for a revival of hanging because of a sharp increase in violent crime.

CLAP VACCINE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A proposal to field-test a gonorrhea vaccine on as many as 10,000 U.S. Servicemen has both the researchers and the Department of Defense worried that such testing might be construed as promoting promiscuity among Service personnel. "Let's face it," said one scientist. "If we were working on a diarrhea vaccine, everything would go smooth and quick."

CATCHING CHEATERS

ANTOFAGASTA, CHILE—Local men who cheat on their wives reportedly are being ambushed and stripped naked by a roving "hit squad" of female karate experts. The women call themselves the Feminist Movement of El Loa, a northern coastal city, and have been credited with ten such attacks in the past few months. One wayward husband, caught necking with his mistress in an automobile on a deserted beach, said he was forced to undress and to undergo an interrogation and a tongue-lashing.

THAT'S MURDER?

DOWNY, CALIFORNIA—Murder charges have been filed against a 31-year-old veterinarian who, after being shot twice in the face, chased his assailant and choked him to death. According to the police, "it appears he had an opportunity to hold [the attacker] until the police arrived. He thought over the alternatives and he killed him and that's murder."

QUICK SWITCH

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The developer of a cooperative apartment complex in Virginia, just outside the District of Columbia, scrambled to withdraw a full-page ad from The Washington Post after learning that state law prohibits cohabitation. The ad showed a young man and a young woman sitting together on a couch, with two wineglasses and a Scrabble set. The copy read: "We bought an apartment together. Maybe we'll get married. Maybe we won't. Anyway, it's a good investment." When the state law was called to his attention by some indignant citizens, the developer told the Post that he was putting together another ad and said, "You're going to see this couple get married."

SURPRISE!

WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN—A state social-services-department aide lost her job for violating the confidentiality of welfare files. It seems she had been interviewing an unwed pregnant woman who had applied to the agency for funds, and the father named by the applicant



turned out to be the aide's husband. The woman was transferred to another caseworker, but the aide allegedly used the information she had obtained to make harassing phone calls.

BIG COKE CACHE

MIAMI—Federal narcotics agents seized nearly 3800 pounds of pure cocaine with a street value of about \$950,000,000, setting a new national record. Officers said that the drug had arrived from Colombia as air cargo in boxes marked BLUE JEANS and was discovered at an airport warehouse, but no arrests have yet been made.

ABORTION CASE IN SPAIN

BILBAO, SPAIN—As some 500 women demonstrated outside the courtroom, a provincial judge acquitted nine women charged with having had illegal abortions between 1968 and 1976. A tenth defendant was convicted of performing abortions but was given a suspended sentence of 12 and a half years. The prosecution had demanded a 60-year sentence for the abortionist, 55 years for her daughter, who was accused of assisting her, and six-month sentences for the other women, most of whom were the wives of workers in the area. The judge acquitted some of the women for lack of evidence, others because "they acted so in the belief abortion was the least offense under the circumstances they were passing at the time," and noted that a substantial amount of time had elapsed since the offenses were committed. Legal observers said the court ruling set an important legal precedent.

PATERNITY PROTEST

GUNT CLEMENS, MICHIGAN—A local man is suing a woman for referring to him in a church newsletter as the father of her illegitimate child. The suit alleges that the defendant "maliciously and wrongfully" composed and placed a baptismal announcement in the publication, falsely claiming the baby to be the child of the plaintiff.

In California, a Gardena man won a highly unusual ruling that he was the father of a five-year-old boy, even though the extremely reliable human-leucocyte-antigen blood test had indicated he was not.

SHOT IN THE DARK

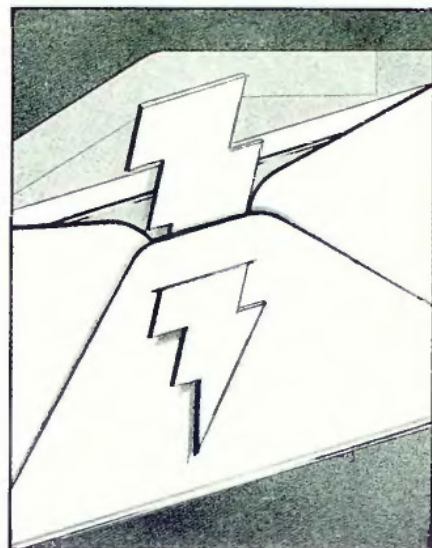
LOGAN, OHIO—A local man was admitted for emergency treatment of gunshot wounds after he blazed away at what he thought was an intruder in his bedroom in the middle of the night. Unfortunately, he fired from a supine position and managed to send the .22-caliber bullet through his penis and into the calf of his left leg.

GELATIN WRESTLING?

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE—The New Hampshire Boxing and Wrestling Commission has decided to seek legal advice on whether or not it should regulate gelatin wrestling, a variation on mud wrestling, which commonly features women trying to pin each other in the muck. The chairman of the commission said such wrestling should be considered a sport and come under the commission's review, because it involves "full-body contact" and the danger of injury.

DEAR JOHN

BALTIMORE—Men shopping for hookers may now find themselves getting official "Dear John" letters from decoy prostitutes. Under Baltimore's new John Project, police are handing out notices stating: "There has been a conversation between you and the officer about sexual activity for compensation, which



would be a violation of the state's prostitution laws." Names and place are filled in and the prospective John is advised that a second occurrence within one year will result in charges for both offenses. The police decided on the novel approach after discovering that their last anti-John campaign had mainly turned up first offenders and clogged the courts.

COMMUNICATION GAP

ORLANDO, FLORIDA—In a complicated drug scam, undercover officers from different police agencies ended up making deals with one another, and by the time they had sorted out who was who, the middleman had split with his \$500 commission. Nor was there much chance of prosecuting the rascal, authorities said, because the "criminals" on both sides of the deal were cops and, presumably, the defense of entrapment could be raised. "Sometimes those things happen," said one official, who added that the \$500 loss was written off as "the cost of doing business" in the drug trade.

PRETTY KINKY

LOS ANGELES—Police have arrested a 37-year-old man whom they suspect of having sexually molested and killed cats he had apparently stolen from local residential areas. The nature of the sexual acts was not disclosed.

FREING THE FOULMOUTHED TWO

in texas taverns, you have to take your clothes off to really be obscene

Not since the days of comedian Lenny Bruce have state authorities seriously attempted to prosecute a performer for using profanity—except recently, in Texas. That case might have gone to the U. S. Supreme Court, but at the last minute, the Dallas County district attorney and the Texas Alcoholic Beverage Commission had sober second thoughts, and therein lies our tale.

John Bowley and John Wilson met in graduate school at Southern Methodist University in 1969 and started putting together a musical-comedy act that has since become a favorite with college-age audiences in Dallas and other Texas cities. Naturally, it's profane. They cavort about the stage singing their own special brand of country-rock, insulting the audience, putting on ridiculous skits and otherwise conducting themselves in an outrageous manner that currently packs their night club to standing room only. They've also cut three albums, which include such Bottom 40 favorites as *Stanky* (the Texas pronunciation) *Finger*, *Baby Shit*, *The Fart Song* and a now-dated local favorite, *Khomeini*, *Bite My Weenie* ("Eat a great big green one for the red, white and blue").

How could good Texans complain about a sentiment so patriotic? "When it comes to a sense of humor, the T.A.B.C. is a few bricks short of a full load," says Wilson. "You might call them a little uptight," says Bowley.

In any event, Texas liquor laws, like those in many states, give the T.A.B.C. authority to close down any establishment that serves not only booze but obscenity, which usually means nudity. Bowley and Wilson were not exactly running loose on-stage with their private parts hanging out, but their casual use of four-letter words convinced somebody they were being obscene. They ignored one warning; after discussing the matter with the local T.A.B.C. chief, who refused to specify what words they could or could not use, they simply smiled and went about their business.

Big mistake. They showed disrespect. Now the T.A.B.C. was hacked.

The next night, in the middle of their rendition of the classic Thirties song *Cocaine*, which included their



Bowley and Wilson at their club in Dallas.

playful dusting of each other with baking soda, the cops hit the fan. Bowley and Wilson were arrested on-stage, placed in handcuffs and carted off to the Dallas County Jail. For a while, the audience thought it was all part of the act.

The scene at the county jail was amusing. According to Bowley, "When the booking sergeant, or whatever he was, stopped saying 'Fuck this' and 'Fuck that' long enough to ask what we were there for, I said, 'Well, sir, they caught us saying fuck.'" That line was not well received, and our obscenity suspects were escorted to a jail cell, where they continued to perform. According to Wilson, "We were covered with white powder from the act, and when we told the other prisoners it was merely cocaine, you should have seen the dollar bills and ballpoint pens suddenly appear. They started snuffling us all over."

By the time they were bailed out by two Dallas attorneys, Kevin Clancy and Bill Bratton, the joke was wearing a little thin. Because, meanwhile, the Dallas County district attorney had decided to back up the T.A.B.C. with a charge of public obscenity. It

seemed that the law under which the T.A.B.C. had acted had already been declared unconstitutional, but the state's obscenity law—which generally applies to books, magazines and movies—was still enforceable.

The really bad news was that Bowley and Wilson were now charged as bona fide sexual perverts, whose mug shots would soon be joining those of rapists, child molesters and pornographers in the book that is shown to every victim of a sex crime.

The good news was that the lawyers Bratton and Clancy could not have come up with a better case in which to challenge the Texas law on obscenity. When they called the Playboy Defense Team, they were ready to roll. And so were we.

Alas, it's the foremost obligation of defense attorneys to serve the best interests of their clients, and that's what they did. After the local papers made sport of its piety, the T.A.B.C. backed down. The Dallas County district attorney's office allowed as how it was short on evidence and agreed to drop the charges. Our efforts to get Bowley and Wilson charged with felonies and martyred on the cross of the First Amendment were to no avail. Everybody simply wanted out of the whole mess, so the Playboy Defense Team gunship was rolled back into the hangar and justice was not done.

But John and John are back in business at Bowley & Wilson's Easy Parlor, we're pleased to report. We're only disappointed that we couldn't witness the Dallas County district attorney trying to get an obscenity conviction for a song like *Khomeini*, *Bite My Weenie*.



send our fundamental rights up in smoke.

The American Society of Journalists and Authors would like PLAYBOY's readers to join us in our campaign against censorship. Wear a button; write a letter; read the books; vote for the people who are trying to protect the First Amendment. Our buttons are available for one dollar each, or less when ordered in quantity.

Evelyn Kaye, Secretary
American Society of Journalists
and Authors
1501 Broadway, Suite 1907
New York, New York 10036

NUKES

The nuclear-freeze movement is one of the few healthy international developments in recent decades. The magnitude of popular feeling in so many countries cannot be ignored by national leaders.

R. Gravel
San Antonio, Texas

The nightmare possibility of nuclear war would far outweigh my interest in nuclear power but for one thing: It's already too late to rule out the possibility of such a war, so we may as well go for the power, even with its attendant risks, on the off chance that we'll all be around to need it in the future.

Mike Stewart
New York, New York

Nuclear power is currently saving hundreds of lives every year and could save thousands more if the roadblocks to plant construction and licensing were lifted. Although antinuclear groups protest the alleged dangers of nuclear power, the facts show that it is far safer than using the alternative fuels for generating electrical power.

Consider coal, for example. For every two lives lost in uranium-mining accidents, 189 people die in coal-mining accidents to produce the same amount of electricity. Approximately 100 people die annually transporting coal to power plants, compared with no deaths attributed to transporting nuclear fuel to reactors. Occupational diseases claim the lives of 1000 coal miners compared with those of 20 uranium miners to produce the same amount of electricity. While uranium burns clean, there are an estimated 10,000 to 50,000 deaths per year due to respiratory disease caused by air pollution from burning coal. That means that for every year the Sierra Club and company delay the construction of a single 1000 megawatt nuclear-power plant, between 20 and 100 people lose their lives from air pollution alone.

Instead of admiring nuclear power as a magnificent, life-saving technological achievement, the antinuclear groups advocate discarding the entire technology—in the name of safety! Their

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RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENTS **T/A** HIGH TECH RADIALS



3 IN A SERIES OF TECHNICAL REPORTS FROM BFGOODRICH

OBJECTIVE: Optimize a high-performance radial tire's design.

SOLUTION: Achieve precise tread and profile with the aid of state-of-the-art computer technology.

One critical element of a tire is its tread design. A tire's tread directly affects certain vital tire handling characteristics. Designing a particular tread pattern that yields specified handling qualities is a complex process that entails a vast number of computations and precise engineering. Therefore, during this

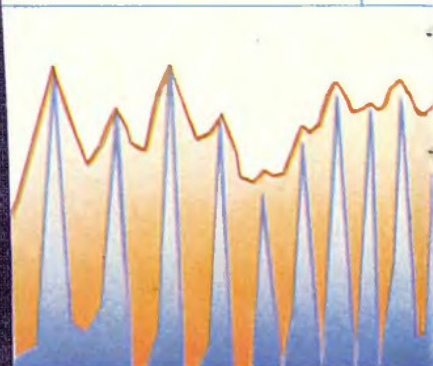
crucial phase in a tire's development, BFGoodrich engineers utilize computer technology to simulate and help optimize tread design.

A tire designer begins this tread design process by creating a series of geometric tread block shapes that are keyed into the computer. The computer scales and models these

shapes into a complete tire tread pattern. This pattern's physical makeup is translated into computer language so the computer can predict and estimate certain performance characteristics. The engineer evaluates the tread's traction capabilities by examining the computer-generated tread void ratio (area of rubber vs. grooves on the road), which is a determinant factor in wet and dry traction. Tire-emitted road noise is evaluated through computer analysis of tread block shapes and their pitch sequencing.

Another critical tire design element is the profile (cross section), which is an

Tread block shapes drawn by engineers are computer modified into this complete tire tread pattern.



BFGoodrich

additional determinant of handling characteristics. To evaluate the influence of the profile on the tire's performance, a full simulation of the tire structure is completed. This is accomplished by computer designing the tire's inflated profile, or series of curves from bead to bead.

To optimize tire's endurance, prototype profile design is computer analyzed for stress under loaded and unloaded conditions.

These computations determine the tire's shape once it is mounted on a rim and inflated. BFGoodrich engineers, using computer simulation, determine the dimensions required to produce the optimum tire profile.

Tread and profile design improvements are possible before the first tire is actually constructed.

Specially designed finite element analysis computer programs quantify and graphically display the stress levels at all locations within the

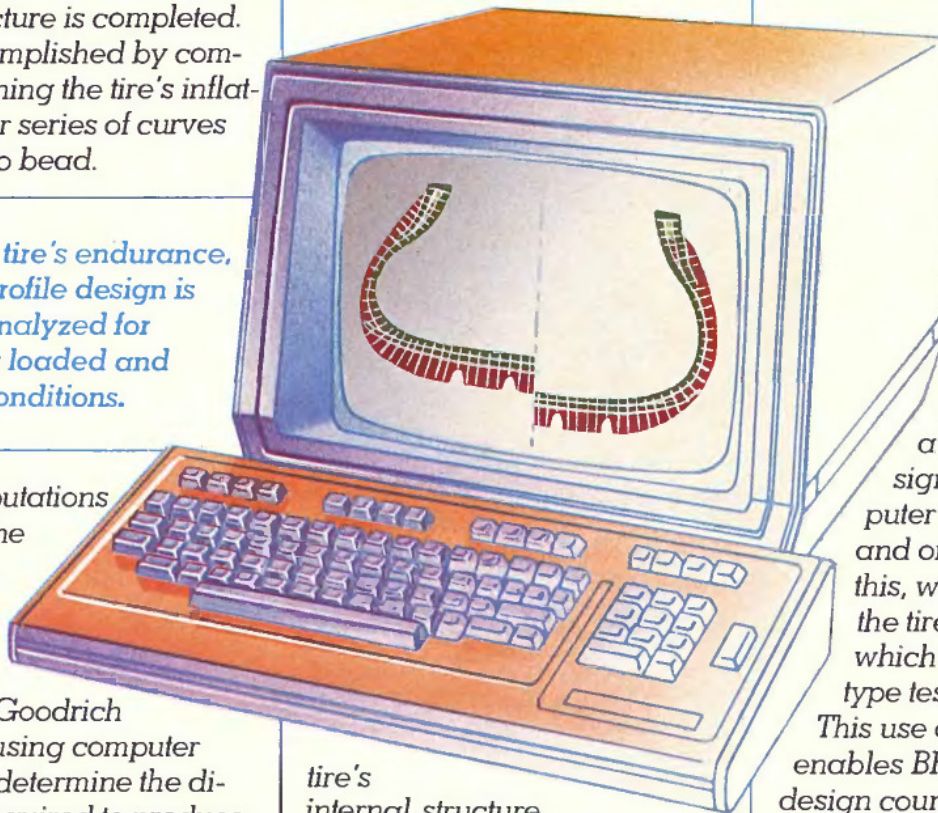
groove cracking by modifying groove shape, reduce belt edge stress by relocating belt edges, preserve bead area quality by analyzing the

bead area high bending stiffness for any localized stress points, and improve strength of tread lugs through redesign.

Upon completion of this process, we have a finished tire design existing in computer memory banks and on paper. From this, we will construct the tire mold from which the actual prototype test tires are made.

This use of computers enables BFGoodrich to design countless experimental tires on paper. We can perform many trials and analyses, and optimize a tire's design before the first actual prototype test tire is even built. This technology has led to the development of greater performance capabilities in our tires; every T/A[®] High Tech[®] Radial tire tread and profile was computer optimized for outstanding performance.

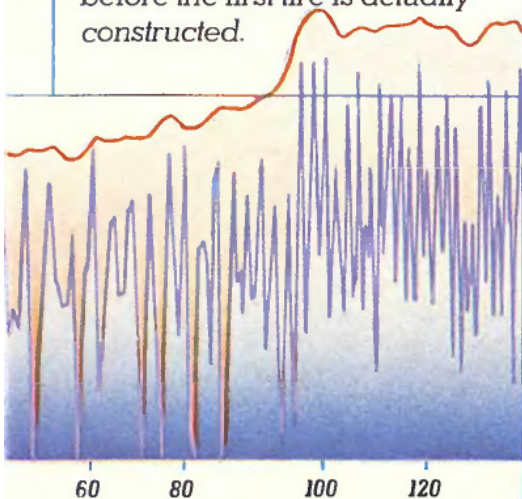
This is the third in a series of articles designed to help you understand how our technology is utilized...and how it benefits you.



tire's internal structure. Areas of high stress can be identified, and the engineer can make design modifications to relieve these stresses. Computers also assist the engineer to decrease tread

Computer calculations predict the tire-emitted road noise based on tread pattern geometric description.

Horizontal Axis: Frequency/
Tire Rev. Per. Sec. (Hertz/RPS)
Vertical Axis: Relative Intensity in Decibels.



bleeding hearts apparently do not go out to the thousands who needlessly die annually while protesters file their lawsuits to block clean, safe nuclear power, which has yet to claim a single life from a reactor-related or transportation accident. That is the track record of nuclear power in more than five centuries of experience, measured in reactor years. If the Friends of the Earth and their ilk were really safety conscious, they would be enthusiastic champions of nuclear power—the safest by far.

Gregory P. Turza
Attorney at Law
Chicago, Illinois

PERSONALIZED PLATES

The license-plate problems of two of your correspondents (*The Playboy Forum*, January and May) inspire me to enclose a photo of my personalized license plate. I've had it on my old 1963 Corvair for the past 12 years with no complaints.

Many people applaud my ingenuity; some just shake their heads; others ask, "What does it mean?"



Leland Morse
Modesto, California

Regarding the personalized license plate SMEGMA, for which one of your readers got in trouble.

My friends and I have always used that word to refer to the gelatinous stuff in which Spam comes packed. A waitress once told me it was a type of headcheese.

Dean Bently
Fircrest, Washington

The waitress was closer to the truth or pulling your leg or both. The Spam people will be pleased no end.

GUN CONTROL

I've got to hand it to PLAYBOY. I started to read William J. Helmer's *The Trouble with Guns* (PLAYBOY, March) expecting to be righteously out of joint by the time I got to the sign-off. Instead, I was surprisingly impressed.

Helmer makes a hell of a lot of sense. The antigun people tend to be knee-jerk reactionaries who dote on polls and statistics, and the progun types tend to be overly defensive and indignant about being regarded as potential executioners of the innocent populace. The result is an impasse.

Here in Michigan, we've got a statute on the books requiring that anyone who commits a felony with a firearm (handgun, shotgun, rifle or howitzer) automatically gets two extra years in the slam. There's only one problem with that law: Nobody seems to be enforcing it. Judges say that the state's prison system doesn't have enough room to keep all those bad actors behind bars. The boys in the prosecutor's office want to be judges, so

H.M.H. AWARDS

Since its inception, the Playboy Foundation has advocated the importance of a free press and free speech as the rock on which this country stands. In 1979, it took a more active role in that area by initiating the Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards, which annually honor individuals who have made some especially notable contribution in one of eight fields.

In ceremonies at the Playboy Mansion East in Chicago on May 25, the following received Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards for 1982:

Billie Pirner Garde—Government: For her courageous persistence in exposing and successfully prosecuting the betrayal by a Federal executive of the public trust despite jeopardy to herself.

Steven Pico—Law: For his willingness to serve as the lead plaintiff in the critically important case *Pico vs. Island Trees Board of Education* and to speak out against book censorship.

Frank Snapp—Individual Conscience: For his great personal sacrifice in the cause of the public's right to know by his writing of *Decent Interval* and by his articulate championing of First Amendment freedoms.

Robert Berger, Herbert Brodtkin, Ernest Kinoy and Herbert Wise—Motion Pictures and Television: For their team effort in dramatizing, in the television movie *Skokie*, one of the important recent free-speech struggles.

Gene D. Lanier—Education: For his contributions and dedication to the fight for First Amendment rights at the grass-roots level by working to defeat censorship legislation and by responding to hundreds of librarians who have been threatened by would-be censors.

Franklyn S. Haiman—Book Publishing: For his book *Speech and Law in a Free Society*, a distinguished intellectual achievement that advances thought on First Amendment issues.

Melody Sands—Print Journalism: For her exemplary efforts as the owner of a small independent Ohio newspaper, *The Athens News*, to fight city hall in the editorial pages and in the courts in order to give meaning to the public's right to know.

Frank Donner—Lifetime Achievement: For his dedication to the First Amendment as lawyer, scholar, author and unremitting foe of Government political spying.

they keep their mouths shut. The cops are tickled silly with just a conviction nowadays and are satisfied to get the bastards off the streets for any length of time.

In the meantime, liberals are wearing out typewriter ribbons drafting more gun laws because the old ones don't seem to be working.

What really doesn't seem to be working is a big part of our criminal-justice system.

John Campbell
Pontiac, Michigan

KISS AND TELL

That the Federal Government wants to require parental permission or notification for minors to receive contraceptives from Federally funded family-planning clinics is not news to me. I first learned of the plan from a friend who is a registered nurse with a county health department in Florida, and the possibility of such action has both of us livid.

In the course of her job, she has counseled many underage young people in birth control, urging the use of condoms (which she dispenses free) and foam or the pill (available from area public-health clinics). The young people she counsels trust her and they know that word of their contraceptive use will not reach their parents.

The fact is that young people today are sexually active and will continue to be so whether or not they have access to free contraceptives. Most simply will not make the effort to protect themselves if it means their parents must find out. The only result will be not a closer relationship between parents and children but an increase in the number of teenage pregnancies.

Donald Vaughan
Lake Worth, Florida

At last report, the Reagan Administration seemed to be backing off, at least a little—ostensibly to avoid placing on the clinics the "undue burden" of enormous paperwork that such a regulation would require.

HIRING THE HANDICAPPED

With the recession and the Reagan Administration's de-emphasis of employment regulations, not only women and racial minorities are having a hard time in the work market but handicapped people as well. There are more than 35,000,000 handicapped Americans (including those with "hidden" handicaps, such as diabetes, arthritis, asthma and heart conditions), and despite better medical services, their numbers are increasing. During the past ten years, for example, the number of Americans with serious visual impairments increased by 95 percent, the number of those with hearing impairments increased by 155 percent and the number of those with

hypertension and heart conditions increased by 197 percent.

And why should that concern you if you're healthy and employed? Because approximately one out of four Americans who are reading this will be "disabled" before retirement age. Not that being handicapped makes a person unable to work. In fact, as a group, handicapped workers have proved themselves reliable, competent and highly motivated to succeed at their jobs. However, in times of tight corporate budgets, employers may be less than willing to hire or retain handicapped workers, which is not only a legal mistake but probably a business mistake as well.

Unlike so many national problems, those of the handicapped are not without solutions. Employers can eliminate job requirements not related to job performance; unions can negotiate contracts with the handicapped in mind; educators and rehabilitation professionals can more closely tailor their programs and other assistance to the needs of the handicapped. Most important, legislators must realize that when they appropriate money for rehabilitation, every dollar spent returns itself many times over in taxes that the handicapped are happy to pay in return for employment.

PLAYBOY readers, merely by their awareness of the problem, become part of the solution.

Gopal C. Pati, Ph.D.
Professor of Industrial Relations
and Management
Indiana University Northwest
Gary, Indiana

Professor Pati is a co-author (with John I. Adkins, Jr., and Glenn Morrison) of "Managing and Employing the Handicapped: The Untapped Potential," Brace-Park Press, Lake Forest, Illinois.

ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE?

I was interested to read in your May *Forum Newsfront* that the voters of Austin, Texas, rejected a proposed ordinance that would have permitted landlords to discriminate against homosexuals. I was also amused to learn, from one of the proponents of the ordinance, that gay lifestyles must be suppressed because the only way the homosexual population can expand is through recruitment.

That's not quite correct. In the famous words of P. T. Barnum, "There's a sucker born every minute."

(Name withheld by request)
Lansing, Michigan

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: AKIO MORITA

a candid conversation with the founding wizard of sony about all those miraculous machines—and why japan produces them and america doesn't

A conundrum for our times: What would life be like on the planet in 1982 without Japanese consumer products? Answer: Dull.

It was about 30 years ago that a young Japanese businessman visited the West and was deeply humiliated to learn that "Made in Japan" was an international synonym for shoddiness—a phrase that produced jokes and laughter. Today, the laughter is heard mainly on the way to the bank as Akio Morita, 61, the cofounder and the chairman of the Sony Corporation, continues to make his five-billion-dollar corporation a fount of ever newer and more dazzling inventions.

It was Sony that gave the world mass-produced transistor radios, Trinitron television sets, Betamax video recorders and Walkman portable cassette players. More important, however, its chairman (along with his semiretired partner, Masaru Ibuka) is a guiding spirit of the technologically minded Japanese generation that has catapulted a devastated country into what many consider the world's pre-eminent industrial power.

All that success has not gone unno-

ticed—or unresented. Indeed, many Americans feel that Japanese automotive mastery has contributed to Detroit's decline as the world's leading motor town; more than 250,000 unemployed workers might be tempted to slash the tires of a few Toyotas and Datsuns to make the point. As for the once-thriving consumer-electronics industry in America, Morita and friends have almost wiped it out. Limits have been accepted by Japanese car makers exporting to the U.S., while European countries have enacted import quotas. Most unfortunate of all, there are rumblings tinged with racial epithets in the West today.

Morita is at the center of the storm. More than any other contemporary Japanese figure, he is a highly visible corporate ambassador, constantly globe-trotting, dividing his time between promoting his company's wares and defending the Japanese image abroad. "We are not invading," he insists. "We just make things you like." It is this pithy, straightforward way of expressing himself that makes him a unique spokesman for his country. Coming from a culture that values indi-

rectness and subtlety, Morita, with his hearty manner, is an ideal bridge between Japan and America.

Not surprisingly, Morita moves with the jaunty confidence of a man who knows where the world's buttons are and how to push them. In America, his day revolves around phone calls to London, Frankfurt and Tokyo after being met at New York's John F. Kennedy Airport by an assistant and his own Bell 222 helicopter. (In Japan, he copilots his own French-built Aerospatiale helicopter.) He dines with international captains of industry, hosts conductor Herbert von Karajan, stays for a night at the Arizona home of a former ambassador to Japan. Surrounded by the toys and the gadgets of his calling—tape recorders, mini television sets, world-band radios—he is the quintessential Japanese combination that has conquered the world: a tinkerer turned businessman.

As the eldest son of a wealthy sake and soy-sauce producer in conservative Nagoya, he was expected to take over the family business—and perhaps become the 15th generation of Morita mayors in the local community. Instead, he spent



"When we opened a Sony plant in San Diego, our American dealers were afraid there would be something wrong with the television sets! They asked, 'Will they be as good as TVs made in Japan?'"



"In Japan, we think of a company as a family. You can't lay off people because of a recession. The recession is not the workers' fault. Management must sacrifice profit and share the pain."



"Frankly, there is a new mood in Japan. Many Japanese feel that instead of treating Japan as a friend, the Americans are treating us almost as an enemy, as a scapegoat—and they resent it."

WATERMARGIN

his time taking apart clocks and listening to Western classical music and preferred the study of physics to business. During World War Two, he went into naval research as a lieutenant, working on a thermal-guided missile and other projects, and it was there that he met his future partner, Ibuka. After the war, the two set up a business after a false start in the home-appliance market—manufacturing rice cookers. Total production: 100. Total sales: 0.

The move from food to sound came soon. The men worked with no laboratory and lived constantly on the verge of bankruptcy; Morita's father had to bail them out more than once. Eventually, Morita realized a boyhood dream by producing his country's first tape recorder, but there was a problem: Nobody in Japan could think of any reason to want a tape recorder. The accidental discovery of a booklet titled "Nine Hundred and Ninety-Nine Uses of the Tape Recorder" in the offices of the U.S. Army occupation forces was their salvation. They translated it into Japanese and soon found a willing customer in Tokyo's Academy of Art.

But what finally turned Sony around—and put it on the map—was the decision in 1950 to pay \$25,000 for patent rights to an interesting new item invented in America: the transistor. Its manufacturer, Western Electric, was producing it for hearing aids. Ibuka and Morita adapted the tiny device to create the world's first tubeless radio. Their next trick was to reduce the radio to pocket size and launch it on the world market. It sparked the world audio and video booms and made Sony—and Japan—rich.

To explore with Morita the Japanese way of success, PLAYBOY sent Contributing Editor Peter Ross Range to Tokyo for two weeks. It was a return trip for Range, who had written "The Technology War: Behind Japanese Lines" (PLAYBOY, February 1981). He met with Morita in chauffeured cars, on a tennis court, over lunch and even in a steaming Japanese bath. His report:

"I had already met Morita at a press conference in New York, where he personally introduced Sony's new magnetic video camera, a still camera that uses no film. He is instantly recognizable by his shock of white hair, parted perfectly down the middle. He approaches one with an open laugh and a strong handshake, uncharacteristic for a Japanese and a reflection of his years of international travel.

"In his New York office on the 43rd floor of a building overlooking Central Park, Morita seems right at home. He favors European-cut suits—'Size 36 short fits me just right,' he says—and Italian loafers. He is a bandy-legged tennis player who likes to win, though he plays a social game. He flies in and out of New York from Tokyo, 8000 miles away, the

way others might commute to work. Sometimes he makes the journey for a single meeting.

"While Morita is unquestionably the best-known Japanese businessman in the world—probably better known than the prime minister or the resident ambassador—he is also known in Japan as a maverick. He has spanned the East-West gap so successfully that some suspect him of being un-Japanese, a serious charge in his homogeneous country. He and his partner built a company singlehandedly and still own considerable chunks of it; that alone is a break with the Japanese tradition of working within the massive zaibatsu, or multifaceted conglomerates.

"All that is so much wasted talk to Morita. Unlike most Japanese executives, he chooses not to fraternize with business associates in bars and fancy restaurants every night after work. He spends his evenings either in board meetings or entertaining, Western style, in his 24-room home on a carefully landscaped half acre in a wealthy neighborhood not far from Sony's headquarters. The house features an underground swimming pool, a reproducing piano

"Invasion? We are not invading. We had to struggle for many years to know what you want."

(similar to a player piano) with more than 200 rare rolls of original compositions and stereo systems rigged to dozens of speakers throughout the house. Morita's wife, Yoshiko, equally unconventional for a Japanese woman, is his constant companion, golfing with him on Sundays and joining in his travels around the world. On their arrival in New York every few weeks, they immediately head for the Murray Hill Tennis Club, where one of their frequent partners is family friend Virginia Wade.

"Once Morita had decided to do the 'Playboy Interview,' word went out that I was to be given the treatment—the Japanese treatment. I felt like a new product about to be marketed, so thoroughly and enthusiastically was I shown around. A car, with driver and public-relations translator, met me at Narita Airport for the 45-minute ride into Tokyo. The next day, I was privately whisked to Sony's Betamax plant near Nagoya aboard the company's Falcon 10, one of the few company jets in Japan. Sony must have arranged for spectacularly clear weather; I got an unheard-of close-up look straight down into the snow-filled crater of Mount Fuji. The public-relations official traveling with

me said he had never seen such a thing.

"The following day, I was to meet with Morita again. As I entered his gadget-filled office, he was seated, in shirt sleeves, behind an L-shaped desk heaped with a mountain of gadgets. He immediately began showing off his toys, showing one new product after another into my hands. A stack of cassettes behind a tape deck revealed his taste for the heavy European romantics: Wagner, Brahms, Mussorgsky. When I bent down to inspect a pair of new flat stereo speakers he was proudly demonstrating, I caught a glimpse of him bouncing on the balls of his feet and waving an imaginary baton. It was the first indication of a salient part of his history: Music is his passion, and the pursuit of increasingly higher fidelity is as much for his own pleasure as for the company's profits.

"From a jumble of headphones and Walkman players, Morita pulled out his newest toy: a stereo recording Walkman. He gave it to me with a pair of headphones, so I could hear its clarity while he talked. Appropriately, our first interview session was recorded on this new machine in his office."

PLAYBOY: So this is the new stereo-recording Walkman. When will it be on the market?

MORITA: Very soon. Do you think people will like it?

PLAYBOY: What does your market research say?

MORITA: You Americans worry too much about market research. The market research is all in my head! You see, we create markets.

PLAYBOY: How do you know a new product will sell?

MORITA: Let me tell you a story. When we developed the first Walkman, a lot of our salespeople said a small machine like that would not sell—especially since it had no recording capability. But I had a hunch it would sell. I said, "Well, a car tape deck doesn't record, either." They were still unenthusiastic. So I said that if we did not sell 100,000 sets by the end of the year, I would give up my chairmanship of Sony.

PLAYBOY: How serious were you?

MORITA: I was just kidding about quitting. The sales and product-planning people were all laughing. But now we have sold 4,500,000 units of Walkman.

PLAYBOY: So your hunch paid off. But is there a larger lesson to be learned?

MORITA: It means top management must be willing to take risks. And top management should all be experts in the business. At Sony, the top men are all engineers—except for one operatic baritone, who is a self-taught engineer. In the beginning, we had no knowledge of business. I think the Americans listen too much to the securities analysts and the consultants.

PLAYBOY: What's wrong with that?

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MORITA: The consultant is not actually an expert. He just gathers facts and gives a theory and a formula. American management no longer likes to make decisions. No one takes responsibility. That's why the consulting business is so good in the U. S. America has become a society of justification.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by that?

MORITA: In America, unless you can justify what you have done, you will lose your job. And if somebody else, such as a consultant, justifies it, the principal person can be excused. That's your problem.

PLAYBOY: Maybe *you* are our problem. American businessmen say it is the Japanese invasion that is killing them.

MORITA: Invasion? We are not invading. We had to struggle for many years to know what you want. Now Japanese consumer products are much more liked by the American consumer.

PLAYBOY: That's just the hitch: They are liked so much that we had an 18-billion-dollar trade deficit with Japan last year. More than 250,000 U. S. auto workers are unemployed. Our consumer-electronics industry is nearly extinct. Members of Congress are talking about passing import quotas and protective barriers against Japanese goods.

MORITA: That is not the way we should run the free world. If we were to have a quota system in all countries, all international trade would shrink. You know, the American side is always telling us we should do something. I think Americans are sometimes too simple—whenever they have an idea, they think they are right. Our industry has never forced the American people to buy anything. Americans like Japanese cars because they are more reliable, more economical; but now we have a trade conflict. Much of that is based on America's poor productivity. American cars are not competitive. American electronics are not competitive. Of course, the Americans know that, but they do not say, "We are sorry, we have a problem; please let us have some time." They say instead: "We have unemployment; that means you have too big a market share"—that's their attitude! I ask, "Why don't American people buy American products?"

PLAYBOY: What's *your* answer?

MORITA: Because of poor product planning. We make a great effort to find out what the Americans want, but we don't see the U. S. businesses trying to understand Japan, which is really a very, very good market.

PLAYBOY: Give us an example.

MORITA: Take the automobile industry. Volkswagen is successful in our market.

PLAYBOY: But American cars are too big for Japanese streets.

MORITA: Yes; that is their product planning! The American automobile indus-

try designed cars only for Americans. Even after the 1973 oil embargo, they continued to make big cars.

PLAYBOY: What would you have done?

MORITA: In the case of Sony, we reacted immediately to the oil shock by changing our Trinitron TV. Nine months after the embargo, we switched our TV sets over to the direct-heating system, which consumes less power than the old preheating system. And then we redesigned the entire chassis and circuits to use less metal and fewer parts. Since 1973, the Japanese economy has continued to grow, but our energy consumption is down ten percent.

PLAYBOY: Was the Walkman the result of good product planning?

MORITA: No. It was not the result of planning; it was more an accident—just a minor thing.

PLAYBOY: Just a minor thing? You're getting rich from it and you've revolutionized music-listening habits around the world.

MORITA: We make much profit, but it is no innovation, no technological breakthrough. Masaru Ibuka, my partner, came into my office one day with a heavy tape recorder and heavy headphones. He said he liked to take music with him, but it was very cumbersome. So I put it on and walked around the office and it was not very comfortable. I thought many young people might like to take good stereo sound with them. They have it at home, they have it in the car, but they can't have high-quality sound after they leave the car. So I asked my staff to build a small experimental cassette player with light, comfortable headphones. That's the origin of the Walkman.

PLAYBOY: The way you tell it, it sounds like a product that would *have* to sell well, despite the doubters.

MORITA: Many people thought the first transistor radio we built would not sell, either. And when we brought out the first personalized television, the five-inch "tummy TV," people thought we were crazy, because at that time, everyone was building bigger and bigger screens. But it was a big seller.

PLAYBOY: So the Walkman was not typical for you?

MORITA: No. The Trinitron one-gun color picture tube and the Betamax video-tape recorder *were* breakthroughs of new technology. They evolved out of many years of research, of looking for a better system. We knew we could not simply build the same thing the other manufacturers had. The American companies were so big, we had to build something *better*. Still, we had our doubters with the VTRs as well. People said they would not sell because they were high-priced. Also, people said, who wants a home video-tape recorder, especially one that expensive? Ampex had led the way with the commercial

recorder for TV stations. But we were the first, in 1975, with a home system. Last year, we made more from VTRs than from color-TV sets.

[*The interview in Morita's office broke off and was resumed in a private room near a kitchen on the seventh floor at Sony headquarters, where Morita and the PLAYBOY interviewer faced each other over lunch at a long conference table.*]

PLAYBOY: Do you always eat hamburgers for lunch?

MORITA: No, but these are very good. They come from the Pacifica Hotel. I've learned to eat hamburgers from all my trips to the States. I go there about once a month now. I can remember when it took 50 hours, flying over the Aleutians and Alaska, to reach New York.

PLAYBOY: Your regular visits to the U. S. began about 30 years ago, didn't they?

MORITA: Yes. And when I first visited the U. S.—and Europe—in 1953, I found that all made-in-Japan goods were very shabby stuff. That summer, I used to go to a small ice-cream shop in Stuttgart, West Germany. They served the ice cream with a little bamboo umbrella stuck in it, you know. And the waiter said to me one day, "This comes from your country." I was very embarrassed when I looked around the shop. There was no advanced product from Japan. Just this shabby little thing. When we said "Made in Japan," everybody thought of cheap, poor-quality stuff.

PLAYBOY: Was that reputation justified?

MORITA: Some Japanese industry was good before the war. But we exported mainly small toys, you know. On the industrial side, we had many imported goods. Almost all cars were imported. My father had a Buick. We also had a washing machine—that was from G.E.—and a Westinghouse refrigerator. Japanese greatly admired imported goods.

PLAYBOY: And now it seems the other way around: A lot of people regard Japanese products as of higher quality than Western goods. How did you turn that reputation around?

MORITA: I thought I would try to change the image. It would be very hard for our company to establish a reputation. So we decided to select a very high-grade product, but inexpensive. The transistor radio was small, but it had high quality. I think the first one sold for \$29.95.

PLAYBOY: How did you market it?

MORITA: That is a good question. You know, we were offered an order for 100,000 radios by a large American company. But I turned it down. It was a very important decision. The American company wanted to sell them under its own name. I won't say the name of the company, but I insisted that we not sell our product except under our own name. We had to build a reputation for quality. Everybody in Tokyo was screaming for

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me to sign the deal, but I refused. It was the best decision I ever made.

PLAYBOY: How did you finally sell it?

MORITA: We selected high-quality stores, not discount houses. When I moved to New York for a year in 1963, I chose an apartment on Fifth Avenue, because I thought I should get to know the leading people. One day, I was taking a walk in Central Park and I saw many old people on benches listening to portable radios. But not one was a Sony. Then, as I got to know the people on Fifth Avenue, I found out they were the ones who bought Sonys.

PLAYBOY: Let's backtrack a bit to the time before there was a Sony as we know it. You said you were a small company of engineers without much business know-how. What came next?

MORITA: In 1950, we finally succeeded, after many experiments, in building the first tape recorder in Japan. We had struggled very hard and sacrificed all profits and worked with almost no labs. We had to use paper as a tape base, since there was no plastic in Japan after the war. As scientists, we were very proud.

PLAYBOY: To whom did you sell it?

MORITA: At first, nobody! We showed the recorder around; everyone thought it was wonderful to hear his own voice, but nobody wanted to buy it.

PLAYBOY: What did you do about it?

MORITA: One day, I discovered the basic principle of sales. I was strolling in my neighborhood and found a small antiques shop. I didn't have any interest in antiques, but I was surprised to see many funny little things at high prices. I was wondering why those funny antiques cost more than our tape recorder when an old man went in and paid cash for something—more than we were asking for our wonderful new machine. Suddenly, I realized: No sale can be made unless the purchaser finds value in the merchandise. That is when I decided I could not just be an engineer, I had to go into the marketing side.

PLAYBOY: How did you finally sell it?

MORITA: We sold the first unit to the Academy of Art in Tokyo, because a young voice student there saw the usefulness of it for music students to listen to themselves. But he criticized it a lot and told us many things that were wrong with it. So I hired him. Now he is deputy president of the company.

PLAYBOY: What got you interested in electronics in the first place?

MORITA: Music. Making better sound; that is my hobby.

PLAYBOY: It seems more like your business.

MORITA: Well, it is the same thing. You know, I became interested in music as a little boy. My grandfather had one of the first RCA Victrolas in Japan, so I was listening to Western classical music when I was ten years old. I remember Jascha Heifetz coming to do a concert

before the war. My mother wanted me to play the piano. Even if I play the piano, I cannot play well. But if I play a record, I get fantastic sound. So I was crazy about electronics. My father had no interest in music. But he was rich, so he bought us a big electric phonograph.

PLAYBOY: What did that mean to you?

MORITA: I was really shocked by how much better the sound was than on the wind-up machine we had had before. One of my relatives was an engineer who got interested in building an electric phonograph of his own, and that's what got me interested in electronics as a boy. By the time I was in high school, I was subscribing to *Popular Electronics*.

PLAYBOY: Did you take apart the proverbial clock as a boy?

MORITA: Yes! And I couldn't put it back together. But more important than that, I saw a magnetic recorder, a German wire recorder that had come to Japan. So I tried to make a magnetic recorder with piano wire. But it was unsuccessful.

PLAYBOY: How did you keep your interest in the field?

MORITA: Well, I was studying physics at Osaka University when the war broke out. And my professor recommended that I join the navy research division; otherwise, I might be sent to the front. I was just the right age, you know. So I became involved in research on a heat-seeking thermal-guided missile—like your Sidewinder. I was also working on noctovision—nighttime scopes for guns.

PLAYBOY: Did your work have any impact on the war?

MORITA: No, we were still working on it when the atomic bomb was dropped. We were very shocked by that.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean, shocked?

MORITA: We knew it was theoretically possible to build an atomic bomb. I had written some articles for a student newspaper saying that based on the technology of the time we could do it, but it would take 20 years. When we got the report of the bomb from Hiroshima, I couldn't believe it. How could they accumulate that amount of uranium 235 to build a bomb so fast? We were sitting at the lunch table. I said to the other technical officers, "I think perhaps we should quit all our research now. There is such a difference in what the Americans are doing that our project cannot be completed in time." My boss got very angry.

PLAYBOY: How did you move from naval research to consumer electronics?

MORITA: In the naval lab, I met Masaru Ibuka, the electrical engineer in charge of our noctovision project. He was 12 years older than I was, but we seemed to have the same chemistry, so we became good friends.

PLAYBOY: And you decided to start a company together?

MORITA: Not just like that. Actually, we

got separated for a while. I was with my family in Nagoya and he was working in Nagano prefecture. Then we both ended up back in Tokyo, and I agreed to work with him part time. But then it became full time in 1946.

PLAYBOY: And that's the beginning of Sony?

MORITA: It was the beginning of Tokyo Tsushin Kogyo—Tokyo Telecommunications Engineering Company. We started it with about \$500.

PLAYBOY: How did you come up with the name Sony?

MORITA: We knew our original name was too long and too difficult to pronounce, especially outside Japan. So we thought and thought. We looked up the Latin word for sound—*sonus*. We wanted something short and easy. So we thought of Sonny, until we found out that was a funny nickname in America. Then we decided on Sony.

[*The interview continued in Morita's chauffeured Mercedes during an hour-long ride to the company's semiconductor plant at Atsugi, outside Tokyo.*]

PLAYBOY: With all the great things we hear about Japanese industry, why do you ride in a German Mercedes?

MORITA: Because Japan does not build a big enough car. In this one, I can take guests and still have room for my TV, video-tape recorder and telephone.

[*The telephone rang, as it did frequently during the ride, and Morita conversed in Japanese.*]

PLAYBOY: Is that a radiophone?

MORITA: No, a telephone. The radio is up front by the driver. We've just put in the phone. I think Tokyo now has the most advanced car-telephone system in the world. You can call me from anywhere. It is extremely clear.

PLAYBOY: Why do you need a television set and a Betamax in the car?

MORITA: I am so busy, I never have time to watch the news. My secretary gives me a video tape of the morning news. This cassette shows a Japanese-American friend getting a medal for scientific achievement in New York. It has an interview with him in Japanese. But today I will talk with you instead.

[*The phone rang again.*]

PLAYBOY: If we can squeeze in a few questions. Your first big international success was the world's first transistor radio, marketed in Japan in 1955. How did you make that breakthrough?

MORITA: Ibuka found out about the transistor Western Electric had manufactured in the U. S. for hearing aids. And we got a license on the patent.

PLAYBOY: To make hearing aids?

MORITA: No, no. To develop a new transistor for a radio. We had to do many, many experiments.

PLAYBOY: That was the most famous case of taking new technology developed in

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America and turning it to a new consumer application—which led to much of today's solid-state technology. Yet it also prompts many people to say that the Japanese are not truly innovative but only cleverly derivative—in other words, superb imitators and copiers.

MORITA: Such a perception gap is a cause of big problems. Western people criticize the Japanese effort as lacking originality. But Picasso was influenced by Lautrec and Beethoven learned much from Mozart.

PLAYBOY: What is your point?

MORITA: We have been striving to be the Picassos and the Beethovens of electronics. Our industry has been eagerly absorbing technology from overseas and has created new technology on its own.

PLAYBOY: Still, you have absorbed a great deal from the West, perhaps more than you've developed on your own.

MORITA: It is true that Japan is paying more royalties for patent licenses to Europe, for instance, than Europe is to us. That means they have good basic knowledge. But it's not true that we are taking Western knowledge and then invading you. When we pay royalties, it's like tuition for going to school. And I do not think Westerners spend enough effort to find out the things they might take from Japan. For instance, we subscribe to all your technical publications. Japan is probably the largest single subscriber to *Television Digest*, the leading U. S. trade journal of TV electronics. Do you think many Americans read ours?

PLAYBOY: Probably not, because most Westerners can't read Japanese, while the Japanese, in many cases, can read our languages.

MORITA: Exactly. If you want to learn, you have to learn Japanese. True, it will take a *big* investment to learn it, but we make a big investment to learn *your* language—12 years of school.

PLAYBOY: So Japan has been "paying tuition" since 1868, trying to catch up with the West.

MORITA: Right.

PLAYBOY: And now you've graduated and it's time for the West to go to school.

MORITA: Maybe, maybe. It depends on the industry.

PLAYBOY: In your field, there's no doubt that the pupil has outstripped the teacher, since Sony now does more than one and a half billion dollars' annual business in the United States. But your success at outselling Americans in their own market has produced some ugly overtones. One U. S. Congressman in a closed-door committee hearing this year reportedly referred to Japanese as "those little yellow people."

MORITA: One of the reasons I am sparing time to do this interview is to help Western people have a better understanding of Japan. There are some people, yes,

who are thinking "Yellow peril." That is a danger. So I should talk *more*.

But you know, in Japan, people hear a lot more about remarks made by U. S. leaders about Japan than you do in the States. Statements that would never be quoted in *The New York Times* make headlines in our national newspapers. We get to know the names of Senators and Congressmen that, perhaps, even you don't know.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there's an element of racism in some of the remarks?

MORITA: I think there *is* some of that—a feeling toward "yellow" people like the feelings toward Negroes.

PLAYBOY: How does that affect relations between Japan and America?

MORITA: I am not sure whether to answer as a Japanese or as an American. My company has a very major stake in both countries and I am committed to a very strong U. S.-Japan relationship. But, frankly, there is a new mood in Japan. Many Japanese feel that instead of treating Japan as a friend, the Americans are treating Japan almost as an enemy, that you are using Japan as a scapegoat—and they resent it.

PLAYBOY: Is that because of the things American politicians say in public?

MORITA: Sometimes Americans can be rude toward Japan. One man said that the Japanese are so stubborn that if you don't hit them with a hard punch, they won't change direction, so let's give them a punch. Sometimes people say such rude things!

PLAYBOY: When he was a Presidential candidate in 1980, former Treasury Secretary John Connally said that Americans should let the Japanese continue "sitting on their docks in Yokohama in their Toyotas, watching their Sonys. . ."

MORITA: Yes, I wrote a letter to him. I knew him very well and I said, "Please don't use Sony's name, because 80 percent of Sony TVs sold in the United States are made in the United States using American components and American labor." He wrote back and said he would not use Sony's name.

PLAYBOY: But the question remains: What are we going to do about the trade imbalance?

MORITA: You know, the basic problem is not the U. S.-Japan relationship. It is the performance of both of our economies. And you should look at it in a global context, not just a bilateral one. You may have a trade deficit with Japan, but both the U. S. and Japan had overall surpluses in their global accounts last year. You sold more overseas than you imported, and so did we.

PLAYBOY: We're talking about trade between our two countries. What the American business community and the Reagan Administration are saying is that you can sell 18 billion dollars' more goods to us because our market is open—and yours is closed.

MORITA: The Japanese market is not as closed as Americans think. But it is perhaps not as open as Japanese think.

PLAYBOY: That's diplomatically conceded. But to many Americans, the Japanese market seems *extremely* closed. Your picayune inspection standards make it nearly impossible for many products to be sold in Japan. An American car practically has to be rebuilt to comply with Japanese safety and emission standards.

MORITA: The problem is often at lower levels of government. I have spoken to Prime Minister Suzuki about that and he is trying to make changes. The bureaucrats have their old way of doing things. But I also think that sometimes the American businessman does not try hard enough to find out how to deal with these government people. How do you think *we* do it in the United States? We must also go to your bureaucrats. We must send people who work very hard to find out your regulations and procedures and all your application forms. Then we have to adapt our products to your rules. I think Americans should do the same thing.

PLAYBOY: But many American businessmen claim they don't have the same access to Japanese markets that you have to ours. That's what this debate over "reciprocity" legislation has been about.

MORITA: We should be fair, but fairness is not reciprocity. Fairness should be equal national treatment. Each nation has different customs. So if in Japan a Japanese can sell a product, any foreigner should be able to do likewise—that's equal national treatment. If Americans make the effort, they can get into the Japanese market. Coca-Cola is a good example. They invested lots of money and built their own distribution system. They broke old traditions by not going through the Japanese distribution system. They started the new tradition of vending machines in Japan—now I think we have more vending machines than you do.

PLAYBOY: Despite what you say about efforts U. S. businessmen should make, there's not much they can do about "dumping"—the practice by Japanese industry of selling its excess production on the American market at prices lower than market value or even below production cost. Frankly speaking, do some Japanese companies dump overseas?

MORITA: In the past, maybe some did.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean, maybe?

MORITA: I don't have any evidence. And I should not talk to you about that, because it is involving a legal problem. Unless I have evidence, I cannot say this man committed a crime.

PLAYBOY: This is not a court of law. It's a question of business philosophy.

MORITA: I don't want to be quoted.

PLAYBOY: What we want is a Japanese 77

business opinion, an authoritative view.

MORITA: You know, sometimes a big American department store comes to Japan and says it will buy 200,000 or 500,000 TV sets next year. This is such an attractively sized order, each manufacturer tries to bid low. So, at the time, he never thinks of dumping. The production men believe that if they add that number to their existing production, the cost will come down. So they say, "At this moment, if we sell at this price, we will not make a profit. But when we produce so many. . . ."

PLAYBOY: But dumping is usually defined as the export price's being lower than the domestic price.

MORITA: That's an American definition.

PLAYBOY: Social scientist Peter Drucker, whom the Japanese admire very much, wrote that Japan keeps domestic prices high by conducting a giant clearance sale abroad.

MORITA: I don't think so. We cannot conduct a clearance sale abroad; specifications are different in every case.

PLAYBOY: But we have seen the Walkman II for sale in New York for less than \$100. Here in Tokyo, the prices have been higher everywhere we looked.

MORITA: The suggested price on the first Walkman we sold was \$199.

PLAYBOY: But the stores reduced the price.

MORITA: We can't control retail prices.

PLAYBOY: Why don't the stores in Tokyo reduce prices?

MORITA: In Japan, we don't supply too many—we always have a little shortage.

PLAYBOY: On purpose?

MORITA: Well, we still cannot meet worldwide demand. So if our supply is a little bit short, naturally, the supply-demand sales price stays up.

PLAYBOY: Is that a company strategy?

MORITA: Basically, we don't want to make too many. Doing this without violating price-control laws automatically maintains the price—which is better for our dealers. If we make too many and actually dump, the price will come down, because it is a buyer's market. The buyers go to each shop and negotiate—and the dealer cannot make any money. That is not good business. In Japan, we have to live together. We have to make money and the dealer must make money. For the dealer to get a reasonable margin, the supply and the demand should be balanced. So that's why we always try not to make too many.

PLAYBOY: What about dumping Japanese color-television sets?

MORITA: Eighty percent of Sony televisions sold in the U.S. are built in our San Diego plant—in America. And we even export American-built Sonys to Canada and Latin America.

PLAYBOY: You built that television assem-

bly plant in San Diego in 1972. Other Japanese manufacturers now seem to be trying to blunt American political pressures for import quotas by opening production facilities in the United States. Kawasaki builds motorcycles in Nebraska, Honda builds them in Ohio, Datsun is going to build trucks in Tennessee, the semiconductor people are in California and Texas, and now Toyota is talking about a joint deal with General Motors. Was your decision to build in San Diego an early attempt at public relations?

MORITA: No, it was not PR. We just believe in matching production with market. This year, we are building a TV-assembly plant near Columbia, South Carolina, to be closer to the East Coast market. Our largest Betamax video-tape plant is in Dothan, Alabama.

PLAYBOY: Was it difficult to build a Japanese plant on American soil?

MORITA: [Laughs] You know, the odd thing was, at first, our American dealers were afraid there would be something wrong with the television sets! They asked, "Will they be as good as TVs made in Japan?"

PLAYBOY: That must have felt good in view of the bamboo umbrellas you once saw in Stuttgart.

MORITA: Yes, it was a very impressive comment, because "Made in Japan" used to mean shabby. We had the same problem in Britain when we opened a

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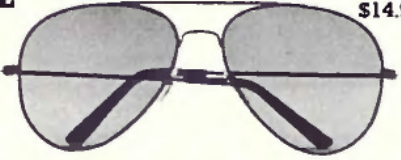






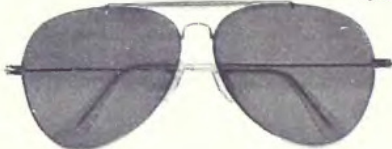


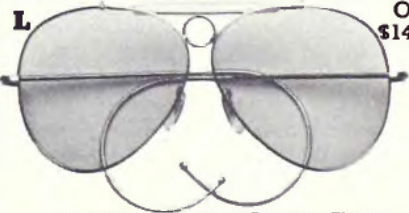
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plant there. We had to assure the dealers that if the Sony label was on the product, we guaranteed the quality. So I was feeling great joy.

PLAYBOY: Do you think "Made in U.S.A." now stands for poor quality?

MORITA: I don't think so. But I think Americans have lost confidence in U. S. products. They have more confidence in Japanese and European products.

PLAYBOY: What caused that?

MORITA: Right after the war, Japan also lost confidence. We were defeated—though we had been taught that that was impossible. I think now America has lost confidence. America had never failed before Vietnam. The impression Japanese people have of America is of John Wayne—a strong frontier spirit. Americans have forgotten that frontier spirit. They must be more aggressive, be challenging and improve their country.

PLAYBOY: Some Americans would argue that the John Wayne mentality got us into Vietnam and other troubles. But does that explain why people sometimes think American goods are of poor quality?

MORITA: Yes. I think the quality control of American products is poor. That is caused by bad personnel management.

PLAYBOY: How did you ensure high quality with American workers in San Diego?

MORITA: We made the production process completely different to fit the American worker. We reduced the number of processes. We put in more checking points. And our foremen were well trained to supervise each one. And every day, we check the results of each section. You know, in Japan, some workers do 30 different assembly jobs. But in America, we cut it down a little bit.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MORITA: Because the speed of working in America is a little bit slower. The Japanese women have some talent for fine manual work. We had to redesign the chassis and the circuits for the American workers—mainly women.

PLAYBOY: What for?

MORITA: Their fingers are bigger.

PLAYBOY: You said one of the failures of American industry is personnel management. What do you mean?

MORITA: You know, in Japan, we think of a company as a family. The workers and the management are in the same boat. Harmony is the most important element in an organization. It is a fate-sharing body.

PLAYBOY: How does that translate into personnel management?

MORITA: The first thing is, you can't just lay off people because of a recession. The recession is not the fault of the worker.

PLAYBOY: But how is a large work force to be paid during a recession?

MORITA: Management must sacrifice profit and share the pain caused by the recession.

PLAYBOY: Has Sony laid off people in San Diego?

MORITA: No. We had the 1973–1974 recession right after we opened that plant. TV sets were filling up the inventory, sitting around waiting for shipment. We didn't fire anyone. We put people to work in other ways—sweeping, repainting, many things. We sacrificed our profit, so those people appreciated the company attitude and remained with us.

PLAYBOY: You talk as if they were your children.

MORITA: Exactly. In a family, if you have trouble with one of your children, he is still a member of your family. If your child has mental or physical problems, you have to live with him for life. You cannot just give up your child. Or if your father loses his job, you have to sacrifice and face that difficulty. So we try to treat all of our employees as a family. There is no secret to this. Sony has applied these ideas to its U. S. operations and has been very successful. In Japan, management does not treat labor as a tool but as a partner. We share a common fate.

PLAYBOY: What does that say about labor-management relations?

MORITA: We Japanese find the relationship between industry and labor in the U. S. very strange. If management and labor cannot make their needs known to each other without hostile confrontation, that company's competitive position in the market will be eroded. In time, the company will fall.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a summation of what is happening to the U. S. automobile industry. Yet Japanese unions are not craft unions serving an entire industry; they are company unions, or what we call sweetheart unions.

MORITA: Management keeps the union informed of the company's situation and tries to reach a compromise through negotiation. Management knows it must cooperate with labor for the good of the company.

PLAYBOY: Yet you defeated a strike by your company union in the early Sixties. Some say you were a strikebreaker. Do the workers ever strike now?

MORITA: Sometimes they decide not to do overtime work.

PLAYBOY: There have been attempts to organize a craft union at your plant in San Diego. How do you feel about that?

MORITA: No comment.

PLAYBOY: You hate those craft unions, don't you?

MORITA: The basic concept of a craft union does not make sense to me, you know. A job is a job. Even in the United States and England, now, many companies have one union. You have to recognize the fact that if companies are going to compete against one another, all the people in one company should think the same way. In Japan, management and labor trust each other as humans.

PLAYBOY: For the Western worker, the problem is that he sees the boss as exploiting him.

MORITA: I don't know how such a situation came about historically. Maybe management tried to take too much. That's a mistake. Why? Because a company is not successful only by top management. Even if the top man is a marvelous man, without cooperation from all the people, he cannot be successful.

PLAYBOY: American workers often resent the high salaries company chiefs make—some of them more than \$700,000 a year with bonuses. What do you think of this in Japan?

MORITA: Why should he get such a big amount of money? In our case, we don't give any bonus to the executives. We give bonuses to the employees. Management should not be concerned with the annual profit. But employees should have joy in participating in the annual profit.

[Over the weekend, Morita invited the interviewer for a round-robin tennis match with his family and friends at his summer house at Lake Hakone, southwest of Tokyo. The conversation resumed during the drive from Tokyo.]

PLAYBOY: You ride in a chauffeur-driven Mercedes during the week but drive your own Toyota on the weekends.

MORITA: *[Laughs]* Well, yes, at least today! This car is brand-new—it is fantastic. It even talks to you if you make a mistake, like leaving the key inside. And look at this computer: It tells you fuel consumption, distance to destination, even estimated time of arrival at present speed.

PLAYBOY: Your present speed reminds us of the bullet train to Osaka. Aren't you driving a little fast?

MORITA: Oh, yes. Sometimes I forget and get into trouble. You know, we have a very strict speed limit of 100 kilometers per hour. On this highway, it is so crowded they make it 80 in some places.

PLAYBOY: How is it enforced? We haven't seen many patrol cars.

MORITA: They don't need the patrol cars so much. It is all done automatically. They have radar everywhere—maybe right here in these bushes beside the road. It takes your picture, then sends you the . . . what do you call it?

PLAYBOY: The violation notice?

MORITA: Yes, yes, the violation. The picture shows your license tag and they send it to you in the mail. And you have to pay.

PLAYBOY: Do you drive this road often?

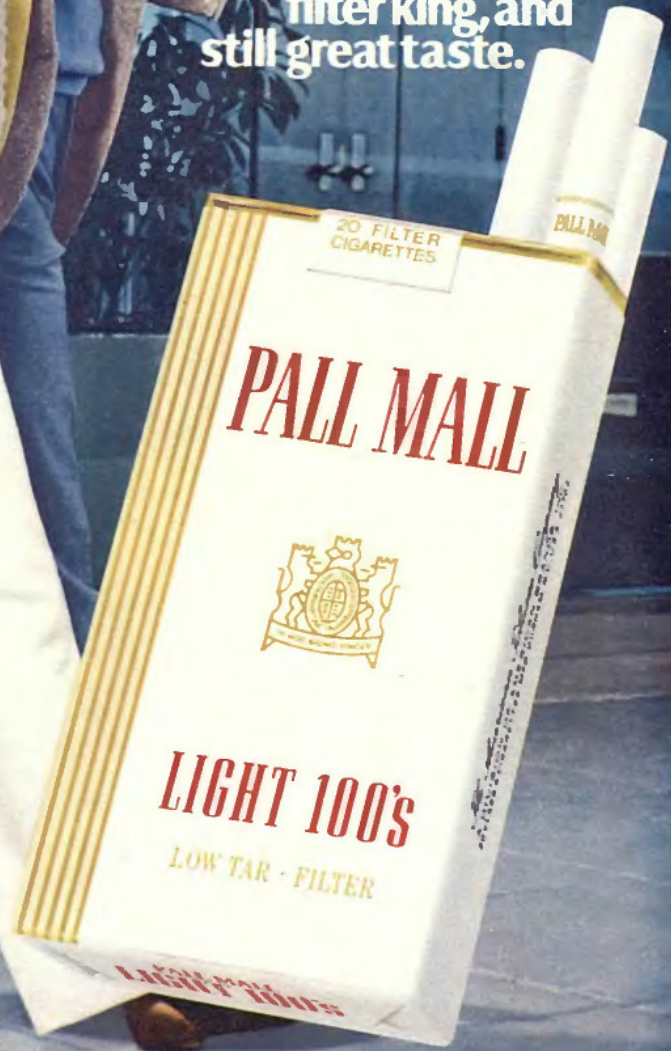
MORITA: Yes; we must get away from the heat of Tokyo in the summer, you know. By the way, have you ever had a traditional Japanese bath?

PLAYBOY: No.

MORITA: It takes a long time to heat the water for a large Japanese bath, but it will be ready when *we* arrive. I had a

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device made so that I can dial a special phone number from Tokyo and it starts the water heater at our summer house.

PLAYBOY: We were talking earlier about management and salaries. It sounded rather strange for you, as chairman of a five-billion-dollar company, to suggest that American management is paid too much.

MORITA: You know, in Japan, the top man in a company usually makes only about eight times as much after taxes as the incoming executives fresh out of the university.

PLAYBOY: Are you telling us you have a summer house with a self-heating Japanese bath and a tennis court on an executive salary? Aren't you a millionaire?

MORITA: In my case, it is different, because I am a large shareholder in the company. But normally, in Japan, the chairman is only an employee of the company.

PLAYBOY: But you belong to a superexclusive golf club called the 300 Club because it is limited to only 300 quite wealthy members.

MORITA: Of course, there are some wealthy families. But it is nothing out of 120,000,000 people. If you go around Japan, you will see a very wide range of the middle class. Japanese wealth is nothing compared with American.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

MORITA: I mean, my house in Tokyo is on one half acre of land. I have a friend in the States who has 114 acres of land. And his own private jet! Sony owns one of the few company jets in all Japan. Nobody has his own private jet.

PLAYBOY: You prefer to cultivate a small plot of land.

MORITA: Exactly. How can you keep 114 acres clean? Because of our narrow, small country and unpaved roads, we decided in the past to take our shoes off before coming into the house so it would not be muddy. We like to keep everything clean. We have much delicacy in Japanese art. And we have the rock garden; it is a symbol of simplicity and fine attention to detail. That's the Japanese heart.

PLAYBOY: To be sure, that is the traditional side. But the modern Japanese heart seems to have nothing against the perks of power and the emoluments of wealth. American executives may be paid more than Japanese, yet we see a lot of benefits extended in your Tokyo offices that are not common in America. Elevator girls, all sorts of people bringing coffee and food, numerous chauffeur-driven cars—even for middle-level executives. It is well known that company-paid entertainment allowances in Japanese companies are greater than the total Japanese defense budget. Doesn't that put your executives on a par with the highly paid American managers?

MORITA: Not really. The reason for those

allowances is that we don't have any personal-income-tax deductions. Although an American businessman traveling can deduct any number of expenses, his Japanese counterpart cannot. So the company prefers to provide the car and the expense account.

PLAYBOY: Besides high salaries, how else do you fault American management?

MORITA: I think sometimes they are irresponsible. Very often a man builds up a company in America—and then sells it so he can relax and enjoy his money. That we cannot imagine in Japan.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

MORITA: Because I have a responsibility to all the employees of my company. The ones we hired this year will be here for 30 years. In America, management is evaluated on a short-term basis—through quarterly reports. In Japan, we take a longer view. If management focuses only on quick profits, it is working for its own short-term interest—and its annual bonus. Also, management changes jobs too much. Don't forget, it was the occupying American forces under General MacArthur who forced on us the lifetime-employment system—it was they who said we could not fire anyone. That is something else we got from you. And when we founded Sony Corporation of America in 1960, we rushed to hire many people, and some were inadequate. My American colleague said, "Let's fire them." That was a big surprise! I thought then that the United States must be a paradise for management because you could lay off people.

PLAYBOY: So you're really a hardhearted capitalist underneath.

MORITA: Well, two years later, I had another shock. A sales manager whom I had trained with great effort suddenly left my company and joined a competitor. So I gave my competitor all my know-how through him. Then I realized America is not a paradise—it is a most dangerous country for management!

PLAYBOY: But from an individual's point of view, what's wrong with changing jobs if a better opportunity comes along?

MORITA: How can you be expert in your field if you change jobs several times? In my company, everyone has been in electronics for 35 years. Also, the heads of Toshiba, Hitachi, the other leaders of the Japanese electronics industry, almost all have an engineering or electronics background.

PLAYBOY: Engineers seem to occupy a special place in the Japanese scheme of things.

MORITA: Yes, we have many engineers. In Japan, an engineer is proud even to work on the production line in a factory. It gives us true quality control.

PLAYBOY: Do you put them on the line in your San Diego television plant?

MORITA: American engineers don't want to work on the production line. You

know, even though the American population is twice that of Japan, the number of engineering graduates is only three quarters. You have seven times as many graduating accountants, 21 times as many graduates in law courses. That's your trouble—too many legal problems and not enough engineering problems.

PLAYBOY: How do you avoid legal problems in Japan?

MORITA: Because we have few lawyers, we have few legal problems. In many cases in the U. S., the lawyers say, "This is bad; that is bad; we are going to sue." So there is a chain reaction among lawyers.

Let me tell you a funny story. When we founded Sony of America, I got all the American lawyers to come to Japan, and we had to translate all the agreements for them. I had a hard time getting the American lawyers to understand our concept, because the last paragraph of an agreement between two Japanese companies always says that if either party has a problem interpreting that agreement, both parties agree to sit down again in good faith to discuss and renegotiate.

The American lawyers said, "If there is a disagreement, how can you sit down in good faith?" We say that if we have a problem, we can sit down, we promise you that. The last paragraph of an American contract always defines a third party as arbitrator. Either you go to arbitration or you go to court. If you can't agree, you let someone else become the judge. In Japan, we promise to sit down and talk.

PLAYBOY: The words good faith seem critical.

MORITA: That's the Japanese way.

PLAYBOY: Do you always trust the other guy? You never think, Oh, this guy is trying to trick me?

MORITA: We always start with good trust. Of course, we cannot be so simple-minded about competition. But I think the situation here is much, much better than in the U. S. Because we have a very small society, if someone were to do tricky things, he could not live in the business world. Everybody would hear about it. Japanese understand one another so well that we can often communicate without even talking.

PLAYBOY: Without talking? How can you run a company that way?

MORITA: In the U. S., because everybody's background and education are different, you have to give specific, clear orders. You need strong leadership to run a company. But in Japan, the boss should not criticize too much. He must trust his subordinates and not expect any more than that they do a good job. A good Japanese boss does not give too many instructions. In my company, my message is merely, "I depend on you to do it right." If the boss talks too much, the subordinates will dislike him and

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assume that he does not trust them. Harmony is the most important element in an organization. There must be mutual trust.

PLAYBOY: What about foreigners? How are we supposed to do business with you if it's all trust and no talk?

MORITA: There are many misunderstandings with foreigners. In Japan, it is not considered polite to state your intention right at the beginning. Americans get very confused over the Japanese use of yes and no. It is not very polite to say no. But yes does not always mean yes. Usually, if they mean no, they will say, "I will consider it."

PLAYBOY: Is there any middle ground?

MORITA: That's "however." If a Japanese says to you, "I agree with you; however . . ." then you still have much work left. But among the Japanese, we don't have to talk—just as between you and your wife or your lover.

PLAYBOY: Can 120,000,000 people really be as close as a wife or a lover?

MORITA: We have been living in the same atmosphere and the same culture for a very long time. Usually, a small hint of what you want will do.

PLAYBOY: Then you must find the American style rather different.

MORITA: The American way is for the manager to exert strong leadership. The leader gathers his people and tells them what he wants done. They then feel that they are carrying out orders without a real sense of having participated in formulating the orders. We believe it is important to give everyone a sense of participation.

PLAYBOY: This is beginning to sound more like a civics class than a five-billion-dollar corporation.

MORITA: [Laughs] You know, sometimes I think of Sony more as a social-welfare organization! I think Japan is now the most egalitarian country in the world.

PLAYBOY: Now we've gone from civics to utopia. Is Japan perfect?

MORITA: Of course not. The Japanese still have a hard time speaking frankly with one another. We are not very experienced at expressing ourselves verbally. Sometimes the Japanese economy doesn't have enough financing flexibility; banking regulations are too strong and the interest rates at all the banks are the same.

PLAYBOY: Let's turn to a frequent complaint the American Government has about Japan—that its success rests in large part on its military protection by the Americans. Japan spends less than one percent of its gross national product on defense. The U.S. spends six percent. The Reagan Administration is pushing for larger Japanese expenditures. How do you feel about it?

MORITA: I think ours should be increased to one percent. But if you raise a spoiled child, it cannot be re-educated so fast.

During the past few decades, the United States has spoiled the Japanese people with its military protection.

PLAYBOY: Would Japan swing to extremes if it had the freedom and the power? To some Japanese, the constitution you have today is a yoke the American occupying powers put around your neck.

MORITA: I think to some extent we *should* have such a yoke. If the U.S. forces Japan to take it off and change the constitution for greater military spending, Japan could swing some other way.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean, "some other way"?

MORITA: You know, if Japan becomes an unstable country, very powerful, with great economic ability, that is a danger. If it swings to the left with its industrial power, that's the end of the story.

PLAYBOY: Do you say that could happen?

MORITA: I am trying to say to the U.S.: Don't be too shortsighted. Japan has built up economic power and maintained political stability for 35 years. That is the greatest political security for the world. Many countries in Asia are unstable; the Middle East is unstable; even some European countries with power and influence have unstable governments. But Japan has political stability. That means more than just defense.

Assume for a moment that the government party loses strength. We already have a big budget deficit. Our national rail union and government union are quite influenced by the Communists. In a coalition with the socialists, these unions will become very strong. We may have a general strike. If such a thing happened, the economy could change overnight, could collapse.

PLAYBOY: That's an extremely conservative view. What you mean is that the electronics industry would be taken out of the hands of people like yourself, don't you?

MORITA: Not nationalized, but even today the Japanese economy is in a very difficult time. You know, once we had inflation of 30 percent right after the oil embargo. That means Japanese people can move very quickly both ways. If we had 30 percent inflation for two or three years, a very strong antigovernment feeling would be generated. And that means anti-American feelings. We might even terminate the mutual-security treaty. That is why Americans should be more careful and take the long-range view.

PLAYBOY: Could you imagine Japan's becoming a major Asian military power again?

MORITA: No, I don't think so. People cannot be changed so quickly. Almost all the Japanese lost relatives in the war and most survivors were bombed out of their houses. And the atomic bomb—that experience still remains in some form in all Japanese minds.

PLAYBOY: But if Japan were rearmed, could it pose a danger to the world?

MORITA: That depends on how far you swing. If you go to extremes, there is a danger. If you have strong nationalism, it can gradually go to extremes.

PLAYBOY: Do the Japanese people have a tendency to go to extremes?

MORITA: You know, once we concentrate on something, we concentrate very hard.

PLAYBOY: Analyst James Abegglen says, "The Japanese smother a problem."

MORITA: That's why I think the Japanese are better than the Americans at crisis management in industry.

PLAYBOY: It's been argued that World War Two was a blessing in disguise for Japan, since it enabled Japanese industry to start again from scratch.

MORITA: No. Nothing that kills so many people can be called a blessing. We were completely defeated. We had no natural resources or national reserves. We had to build everything from nothing. The only good thing is the company smock.

PLAYBOY: The company smock that all your employees wear?

MORITA: Yes. You see, after the war, we were so poor we could not afford clothes. You had maybe one shirt and you did not want to get it dirty. So at work, you wore the smock over it. Now everybody has the company smock.

PLAYBOY: The company uniform reminds us of that criticism that the Japanese are like a nation of worker ants who toil without joy and never take vacations.

MORITA: That is a bad misconception spread by people who are used to criticizing without having real knowledge. They say Japanese industry is strong because of cheap labor, yet they do not know the enormous costs of the benefits—dormitories, gymnasiums, cafeterias and special vacations for the employees.

PLAYBOY: Yet we do not see great joy in the faces on the Tokyo subway.

MORITA: It depends on your definition of joy. Sometimes a sense of mission, a sense of participation and a sense of achievement are great joys. A scientist or an engineer is like an artist completely caught up in playing the piano or creating a sculpture—he likes his job so much, he forgets everything else. But if you work only for money, you don't get joy.

PLAYBOY: What about other things—traveling, variety in your life, time with family, vacations? Japanese take fewer than half their allotted vacation.

MORITA: Vacation for its own sake doesn't mean anything. I have some American friends who take long vacations and end up spending the whole time with their wives; they don't enjoy it much! [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: What about the role of women in Japanese industry? For instance, there are no female executives at Sony.

MORITA: Not yet in Sony, but I would like to find some. The Takashimaya department stores and some other Japanese companies have some. We are a



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little bit behind the U.S., but naturally it's coming up. There are career women now, such as Hanae Mori, the famous fashion designer. And many women lawyers. It is easier for them in a professional job than in a big company. The big companies still have problems in relations between men and women.

[Following several sets of tennis, Morita invited the interviewer for his first traditional Japanese bath, in a steaming tiled room with sliding glass doors overlooking Lake Hakone. They continued their conversation while soaking in hot water fed from a sulphur spring. On a ledge beside the bath, a Sony tape recorder rolled.]

PLAYBOY: This is huge. You could have four or five people in here.

MORITA: Oh, yes. In Japan, you often invite friends in for a bath. We like to relax at the end of the day. It is also a good chance to talk.

PLAYBOY: Let's finish our talk. You know that Japan recently became a popular topic in America because of the book and the television movie *Shōgun*. Do you think *Shōgun* helped or hurt the Japanese image abroad?

MORITA: Oh, I thought it was good. It was part truth and part fiction, but it got people more interested in Japan. Of course, it is old history, so it spreads some misconceptions about modern Japan. My wife gets angry when Americans ask her if we still sit and eat on the floor in our home.

PLAYBOY: Both times we have shared meals with you, you ordered hamburgers. Does that mean you always live in the modern style?

MORITA: Mostly. But some of our Japanese friends were surprised when my wife showed up at a wedding recently in a full kimono. You know, it takes hours to put one on. But I don't even own one.

PLAYBOY: Many people compare Japan with West Germany—both very industrious nations that rose to great economic heights after defeat in war.

MORITA: I think we are more similar to the Americans. The influence of television and of the movies from the West is very great. American hit songs come to Japan right away. Even the mentality of the Japanese has changed. For example, we eat bread every day now. That bread came from America.

PLAYBOY: That's the Westernization of Japan. Now we are experiencing the Japanization of the West.

MORITA: Japanization? What's that?

PLAYBOY: At a consumer level, virtually everyone in the West is surrounded by Japanese products—from calculators to cars.

MORITA: That's not Japanization. Those are simply Japanese products adapted to the American way. We made a product to fit your life. And now we are on the

threshold of a new era. The Eighties will be the golden age of electronics.

PLAYBOY: You mean we're not already in it? What other goodies does Sony have up its sleeve?

MORITA: We have a new flat TV called the Watchman. It is only one and a half inches thick, so you can carry it around in your pocket. This particular TV set is not too important in itself; but the picture tube is a great technological advance. The electron gun is beneath, not behind, the screen and we were able to bend the electron beam. This is the first step toward a true full-sized flat TV.

PLAYBOY: Anything else?

MORITA: Last year, we introduced the prototype of a magnetic video camera—the Mavica. It looks just like any 35mm camera, but it has no film. Instead, you can take 50 pictures on a tiny electronic disc and then view them immediately on a television screen. It is really just a video camera that takes still pictures. Next year, we will begin marketing the Video Movie. This is a video-tape recorder built right into a camera hardly bigger than today's eight-millimeter movie cameras. The picture and sound are recorded on a quarter-inch videotape cassette inside the camera. You can play it back without removing it from the camera by attaching it to your television set.

PLAYBOY: Any audio developments?

MORITA: Yes; we will soon introduce the world's first digital audio-disc system. We call this a D.A.D., or "compact" disc. It will reduce the size of a record to a 4.7-inch disc that you can put in your coat pocket, and it has 60 minutes of music on each side. It is never touched by a stylus but is tracked by a laser beam. The sound is much better than today's stereo—it is very pure. My friend Herbert von Karajan, conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, said that listening to D.A.D. was like "being in the 21st Century."

PLAYBOY: Is that a purely Japanese development, or is it based on technology borrowed from the West?

MORITA: We developed it with N. V. Philips of the Netherlands. We were ahead with pulse-code modulation, which produces digital sound, but they were ahead of us in laser technology. I think that sort of joint transnational research and development is very necessary in the future. The costs will be too high for one company or even one country to bear.

PLAYBOY: Was there any American involvement in the project?

MORITA: No. And that is a problem. We are offering licenses to anybody who wants to produce the digital audio-disc system and the software—the music recorded onto these discs. So far, 24 Japanese hardware and five software companies have signed up, plus five Korean; also eight European hardware and two software. But the U.S.? Zero.

Not one American company has decided to come in.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

MORITA: They say they already know about it but if they introduce the new system too quickly, they will have to depreciate or throw out all of today's investment.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying the American record-company owners refuse to switch to a new and obviously better system because they have so much money tied up in the 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ long-playing-record industry?

MORITA: It seems today's American management is reluctant to go into a new field. I say, why doesn't the U.S.A. look into future progress? In 1948, when CBS-Columbia switched from 78 rpm to long-playing records, I think management had more courage. Now they are so cautious about the stock market and about profit for its own sake.

PLAYBOY: And you obviously see this American reluctance to innovate as a theme, don't you?

MORITA: Yes. We ask our American friends, "Why do you depreciate your plant so slowly? We depreciate in five to seven years *everything*." You know, I was so shocked when I went to Detroit a few years ago and saw exactly the same plant producing cars there that I had seen almost 20 years before! If you go to Toyota City, you see they are changing, bringing in new systems, almost every year. They can produce so many models so fast now. They can move the dies for the bodies from side to side on the same assembly line, switching an entire line from one model to another in four or five minutes.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the U.S. has become a technological backwater?

MORITA: No, no. America still does some wonderful things. To send a man to the moon; to create a reusable space shuttle—that is fantastic technology!

PLAYBOY: And the Americans pioneered the semiconductor field.

MORITA: That's right. IBM, Fairchild, Motorola, Texas Instruments and many other American companies have done much research. The only thing is, they don't use that technology in the consumer field. They don't know how to run a consumer business. Texas Instruments tried to go into the watch business and it failed. I don't know why.

PLAYBOY: Having seen a good portion of the world by now, what do you recommend for economic recovery?


MORITA: To combine both systems—that is my goal. I feel a kind of mission to try to build bridges between countries through international trade.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it is too late for Americans to adapt to the new economic realities?

MORITA: It is never too late, you know. Do not give up.



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

For him there's no point in rowing his boat gently down the stream—he has to get there ahead of the rest. PLAYBOY readers as a crew buy nearly a quarter of the sports equipment sold in the U. S., so he's outfitted for any contest. His competitors may feel they're being assaulted in the shell, but his mate knows his strokes are subtler than that. She knows it's not just the trappings of victory he's after but the thrill of competition. 

M. Arman





CAMPAIGN OF CUNNING

**THE INSIDE STORY OF
ALEXANDER HAIG'S
RISE TO POWER**

from a post inside the national security council, the author watched haig mount the pivotal campaign of his life—an assault on the soul of a tragically insecure president

article **By ROGER MORRIS**

IT BEGAN almost quietly. Early in December 1968, at his transition headquarters in New York's Hotel Pierre, on Fifth Avenue facing Central Park, President-elect Richard Nixon introduced to the press his choice as National Security Advisor, an unfamiliar Harvard professor named Henry Kissinger. Typically, it began, too, with a little deceit on a matter that would prove monumental. Having vouchsafed beforehand to a gratified Kissinger that they would "run foreign policy from the White House," Nixon proceeded to announce to the reporters that his new assistant would confine himself to planning and leave diplomacy to a "strong Secretary of State" about to be named. Out of "eagerness to deflect any possible criticism," Nixon's public pretense was "substantially at variance" with their private intention, as Kissinger later delicately described it in his memoirs. It was also an omen of much more such variance to come.

From the Pierre, Nixon and Kissinger fastened their absolute control over the governance of the country's international relations. They fashioned and implanted a new circuitry of decision making in which all the impulses of foreign policy fused in the White House, shorting out the bureaucracy and the Cabinet secretaries. Yet in the hotel that December, a time Kissinger remembered as a "moment of charmed innocence," those fateful consequences were scarcely apparent. It was an unlikely dyarchy, the German-born academic strategist with a fondness for great power concerts and the California politician of native suspicion, bigotry and home-grown anticommunism. Least of all was there any foreshadow that their historic collaboration would produce one more figure—a third man, who, raised in the strange inner ferment of their regime, would eventually succeed to Kissinger's place and pretend to Nixon's. Like the seizure of power at the Pierre, the extraordinary rise of Alexander Haig from 1969 to 1973 happened largely out of sight.

While his future employers were making their respective ways through electoral politics and establishment jockeying to the rendezvous on Fifth Avenue, Haig was returning home from Vietnam in June 1967 to vaguely uncertain prospects. Years later, the *New York Post* called him "probably the only ranking officer to

emerge from Vietnam stronger than when he went in," but that was distorted hindsight. The war had laid bare the post-Korea decay of the Army, and by 1967, the ultimate toll or taint in careers was by no means clear. The system that in peacetime routinely ground out rhapsodic officer-efficiency reports had applied the same practiced reflexes to the surreal paperwork of Saigon, fattening the Viet Cong body counts that proved victory, falsifying the intelligence reports that would have pointed to awkward numbers of enemy troops—and, with them, to the unwanted signs of another unwinnable war. A subsequent war-college study concluded nimbly that there had been "a clear loss of military ethic" among the officer corps in Vietnam. Other scholars found, more clinically and more bluntly, that the Army there bordered on "an undisciplined, ineffective, almost anomic mass," its commanders manifesting "severe pathologies."

All of that provoked an exodus of disillusioned soldiers, many at Haig's grade. Yet Haig had no part in the soul searching, remaining sternly aligned with a system that had, after all, been very good to him. For long before his opportunity with Kissinger and Nixon, Haig had been advanced by a remarkable run of patronage. Making West Point only on a second try and graduating in the bottom half of his class, he had begun his Army career with neither intellectual distinction nor family advantages. But he had married the general's daughter during his first postacademy assignment in Japan, and from there he was handed a series of aide-de-camp positions that took him into the imperial command of General Douglas MacArthur during the first year of the Korean War, and later into the Pentagon under Robert McNamara, Cyrus Vance and Joseph Califano during the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. Thus well schooled in the arts of the courtier, he would eventually come to the Nixon White House, raised, ironically, by powerful Democratic patrons, as well as by the Army's nepotism and careerist ethic.

The West Point to which the then-Colonel Haig returned in 1967 was in its staff ranks a bastion of orthodoxy. Yet the siege mentality of the Vietnam-tortured Army may have been visible in the account of his 1967-1968 tenure at the academy written by one of Haig's regimental cadets. Lucian K. Truscott IV was the offspring of an old Army family who later grew disillusioned with the Service and left to become a reporter and novelist. His memoir in New York's *Village Voice* in May 1973 was predictably acid. However, set against Haig's past, as well as what followed with Nixon and Kissinger, it also seems in many ways a trenchant portrait of the man

and his culture on the eve of his White House rise.

At first impression in the autumn of 1967, Truscott's Haig was "a popular if enigmatic figure," grinning and snapping salutes at the cadets in his regiment, whom he called by nicknames in a style "polished and magnetic," and apparently "a perfect mixture of ego and humility." No other staff officer, thought Truscott, seemed more a "soldier's soldier." Yet there was also the mark of the martinet. His first action on taking command of the regiment was to require it to march even more rigidly than regulations required, with elbows locked and fingers cocked at the second knuckle, thumb and index finger "pointed like an arrow" toward the ground. Ever-present at fall drills, slapping yellow gloves against his leg to make constant corrections in the technique, Haig once remarked, "If they can get that hand straight, that elbow stiff, then all the rest falls into place. Every directive becomes second nature." He added, "It's my way of putting my signature on a unit."

But the regimental commander's motives soon went beyond signatures and perfection. Haig had "an almost maniacal desire," Truscott wrote, to keep "within the regiment" and unknown to superiors "anything which he felt would reflect badly upon his command." When seven cadets were implicated in a marijuana investigation in the autumn of 1967, in a unit in which drug use was widespread, according to Truscott, the seven were furtively punished by loss of summer leave and instructed to lie to their parents about the reason; the incident was covered up, because "neither Haig nor his superiors at the academy wanted it known at the Pentagon that his regiment harbored a bunch of junkies and perverts." Similarly, Truscott described a regimental cheating scandal in May 1968: The inquiry was cut short and the entire company was told "to keep the whole thing quiet."

Truscott's climactic clash with Haig began the same spring, when he and another cadet complained to the colonel about mandatory attendance at chapel. Greeting the cadets heartily, Haig heard their complaint with a frown and then told them cheerfully that he would do them "a big favor" and send them back to their barracks before they "only hurt" themselves by bucking a regulation "bigger than us." Truscott and his fellow cadet retreated meekly. But a few months later, four cadets protested, this time in writing, about arbitrary deductions of chapel "donations" from the small cadet pay. Soon they began to be called in by staff officers below Haig, who threatened courts-martial or asked them to resign.

Haig had been named deputy commandant of cadets in June 1968, and in October he summoned Truscott to his office. At first, the colonel struck an "informal, almost jovial" pose, in shirt sleeves, tie askew, asking "Mr. T." about alleged infractions and "laughing off" the charges as Truscott denied them. Haig then held up the chapel-donation complaints. "Know what this is, Mr. T.?" Haig said he would route the paperwork back to them, and Truscott and his buddies should "tear them up." Otherwise, "if these go up, Mr. T., you'll leave the commandant with no choice but to eliminate you, all of you, from the academy. Do you understand that? You're boxing him in, Mr. T., leaving him no choice." When Truscott argued that expulsion was not an issue, that even West Point chaplains wanted no such compulsory donations, Haig "began to get agitated," tightening his tie and donning his beribboned coat. He had tried to "play ball," tried to "warn" and "protect" the cadets. But no more. "This is the end," Truscott remembers him saying. "You'd better watch your step from here on out, young man, because you're treading on some dangerous ground."

With Haig coming around the desk, Truscott recounts his own defiant rejoinder: "If this is the way you want to play it. . . ." And then: "Haig exploded, driving himself across the blue carpet until he was inches from my face. His fists were clenched and one of them was raised next to my head. 'You little bastard,' he seethed between gritted teeth. 'I will personally see you out of here one way or another. Now get out of here. Get out of my sight. The next time I see you, it will be at the front gate of West Point, going out.'"

During the following two months, before Haig was suddenly transferred to the White House, Truscott was hounded at every turn, had his room ransacked for subversive papers and was repeatedly threatened with expulsion. When Truscott asked a staff major about the harassment, he was told that he must surely know why it was happening—that feeling at headquarters was "running so high," anyone who questioned the persecution would "ruin his career." Later, when Truscott's father—himself a colonel, a West Pointer and a Vietnam veteran—went to see Haig about the case, Haig denied having threatened the cadet and told the father his son was "way beyond being a hippie."

The younger Truscott concluded in his memoir that Haig had been "obsessed" with power, that he was an "ultimate action/reaction . . . addict" who saw power as the "simple establishment of authority by any means necessary." He had shown "a peculiar anxiety" about the challenge to authority and in



*"I know the Grand High Warlock does his best, but
there'll never be another Busby Berkeley."*

"the perfect malleability of his personality [was] willing to go to any length to achieve his ends." All in all, thought Truscott, Haig was a man in whom "there was never a core"—for whom the "only true authority, inner or outer, was the Action." For his part, the elder Truscott later retired from the Service and in 1974 wrote a magazine article titled "The Hazard of Haig" about the latter's appointment to command NATO. Colonel Truscott pointedly quoted Lloyd George: "'There is no greater fatuity than a political judgment dressed in a military uniform.'"

Afterward, the hiring of Alexander Haig as Henry Kissinger's military assistant at the National Security Council took on a kind of mystique in bureaucratic lore. West Point superintendent William Knowlton was fond of telling visitors years later how, in December 1968, "a phone call came from New York City" and the otherwise obscure colonel was magically "summoned to the inner sanctum." It was his favorite success story, Knowlton would say, proving that in today's Army, you just never knew where lightning might strike. Public credit—or blame—for the lightning commonly went to Joe Califano, at the time Lyndon Johnson's chief counsel for domestic affairs. As Haig's fame grew, Califano never tired of telling reporters how ardently and in what bipartisan spirit he had recommended his old aide when Kissinger came asking for counsel that winter. If Califano's recommendation was important, though, it was not original. Seldom given to soliciting Democratic house lawyers for general diplomatic advice, Kissinger, like a dutiful personnel officer, had called Califano simply because he already had Haig's name and the Pentagon connection. He had gotten them from General Andrew Jackson Goodpaster, the Pierre's military advisor for the transition, who had known Haig when he was the courier for Vance, then for McNamara.

Yet Goodpaster's was only one vote for Haig; another was the decisive one. While at his Pentagon staff desks, Haig had come in contact with one of the intramural legends of the building, Fritz Kraemer. Monocled, with a large head and a German education and accent, the 60-year-old Kraemer displayed gothic affectations and political preferences that made him, much more than Kissinger, a Strangelovean figure. He had risen from a precocious Army private in World War Two intelligence to a Pentagon colonelcy and a backroom advisory role as an Army-department "strategist"; far more important for Haig, Kraemer was also known as the man who had discovered Henry Kissinger. During the war, Krae-

mer had picked out the young Kissinger, a fellow refugee and an Army private, for administrative duties in the German Occupation. He had then encouraged Kissinger to go to Harvard and had nurtured his later consultancies and contacts, including the vital connection with Nelson Rockefeller. Kraemer's son had studied under Kissinger at Harvard and was to join the NSC staff, working for a time under Haig. No figure from Kissinger's life was more influential in bringing him within range of the Nixon White House, and none would remain closer or more discreet. Haig had impressed Kraemer as a diligent, suitably loyal and orthodox young adjutant. At any other moment, with any other men, it would have made no more difference than thousands of such encounters in the bureaucracies. But now the conjunction suddenly pulled Haig into history.

"When I met Dr. Kissinger, he asked some very brief questions," Haig told an interviewer in 1972. "He explained that he was interested in a military man who was a field soldier and a commander and not such a military intellectual." The point is crucial in understanding what followed, especially the chemistry of the men. In the jungle of ambition and calculation surrounding Kissinger, the fact that Haig had not been hired or groomed as the NSC deputy made possible in many ways his eventual claim to that powerful role. Not least, he was to be an unthreatening field soldier and no military intellectual to rival the adequately gifted Kissinger, who would later write eight chapters and almost 250 pages of his detailed White House memoirs before recalling an event involving his military aide. Kissinger's preference for a simple, obscure soldier was perhaps most ironic of all. For the same martial, nonintellectual qualities and background that Kissinger saw in Haig as limits, as natural weaknesses in any potential rivalry for power, Richard Nixon would see as attractive strengths.

But all that lay ahead. In mid-December, after a swift enlistment, Haig was sent to Washington, where he routinely filed to Kissinger in New York daily intelligence briefings from the bureaucracy for the President-elect and his staff. Unlike Morton Halperin, Lawrence Eagleburger and other aides, Haig missed the organizational coup hatching at the Pierre. Instead, he worked from his transition outpost in the old Executive Office Building next to the White House; it was there that the lameduck NSC staff first saw him before Christmas 1968—a lined, ruddy and leathery 44-year-old colonel in tweedy hat, trench coat and a new dark business suit with slightly high-water trousers. From his stately, vaulted office at West Point, he

would soon move into the NSC quarters in the White House West Basement, a scene that a style-conscious staff lawyer named John Dean would describe a year later as surprisingly "dreary and overcrowded, jammed with cluttered desks and staffed by a few young military men wearing out-of-date civilian clothes." But its decor never reflected the significance of the office. What mattered there amid the clutter was the gathering, largely invisible power to command and exploit men in much more impressive quarters, including those upstairs at the White House.

Kissinger's take-over was swift and sweeping. Within the first weeks of the new Administration in 1969, while Haig sat in an adjacent office routinely sorting through daily intelligence digests from the Pentagon and the CIA, the new National Security Advisor came to dominate every issue and forum of foreign policy. Kissinger's intellect, his grasp of the issues, his bureaucratic instinct and his political gifts would have made him a force at the higher levels of any government, but here his pre-eminence seemed inevitable. By all measures, his competition was sadly meager. At the State Department sat Secretary William Pierce Rogers, a congenial New York attorney and a Nixon associate from the Eisenhower years who understood little of either the policies or the politics at play. A more politically astute ex-Congressman from Wisconsin, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird was only slightly better armed for the bureaucratic struggle. But his Capitol Hill prowess for press leaks and personal publicity only aroused Kissinger's superiority at the same arts, and Nixon's resentment. Behind both men were the usual, largely stagnant and self-protective bureaucrats, whom Kissinger shrewdly flattered, co-opted or ignored to outflank his rivals.

Meanwhile, though determined to dictate foreign policy through his NSC strategist, the new President was prevented by something in the murky depths of his personality from facing his own Cabinet officers with that unpleasant news. Giving such a direct order, Kissinger wrote tartly, was "the one thing Nixon was psychologically incapable of doing"; the pernicious result was a Chief Executive who was diffident and equivocal when personally confronted by his ministers and who raged and schemed against them in private for thwarting his will. Having then deepened everyone's sense of insecurity and rancor, not least his own, he increasingly withdrew to leave the furtive, uneven bureaucratic battle to Kissinger.

Even with Nixon's evasions, the result
(continued on page 199)

Prime Mimes

*when it comes to celebrities,
marilyn michael's is one
impressible female—
or two or three or more*

MARILYN MICHAELS doesn't have an easy job. When Rich Little wants to do an imitation, he'll hunch his shoulders up for Richard Nixon, tilt his head for Ronald Reagan or maybe whip out a prop cigar for George Burns, but all he really has to do is get the voices right. It's a low-overhead job, and Little has become more than a little rich doing it.

Life is different for Marilyn Michaels, Little's partner in mimicry in a now-familiar Diet 7Up commercial. It takes more than just a voice to capture the essence of Brooke Shields, for instance. Does anyone remember what Brooke *sounds* like?

But just how does a 5'4" female impressionist approach imitating the willowy Brooke Shields (right)? "With a lot of trepidation," says Marilyn, "a lot of trepidation. Brooke is *very, very* tall. I had this thing about blowing that bubble while wearing jeans so tight I (concluded on page 98)



The Diet 7Up commercial in which she appears with Rich Little (above left) has given Marilyn so much exposure that she now finds herself a headliner rather than an opening act. Above right, her version of Julie Andrews: "She's Miss Pure," explains Marilyn, "but she's been trying to kill Mary Poppins for years. Photographer Ken Marcus asked me to take off my top. He said, 'Look, this isn't *House Beautiful*.' But I'm not like Julie. I wasn't ready for that, so we put suspenders on." Most folks usually think of Dolly Parton (below) as top-heavy. Not Marilyn, who sees Dolly's trademarks as giving the star a lift. "I think of Dolly as cotton candy," she says. Ernestine, Ma Bell's own queen of tackiness (right) flaunts her sex appeal in one of Marilyn's favorite photos. "I love Lily Tomlin," Marilyn says. "She's my idol."









In Marilyn's world, Barbra Streisand (left) is surrounded by beauty—but it's Barbra's own particular brand of beauty. Meanwhile, the Divine Miss M (above) finds herself in the unlikely position of being upstaged by Harlette clones. "I've learned a lot from Bette Midler," says Marilyn. "She's fearless onstage, and she'll do whatever she has to do in order to get a response." Below, Marilyn goes native as Bo Derek. "That wig gave me one hell of a headache," she recalls. As usual, Marilyn designed the make-up for all the characters herself. "I'm a painter when I'm not performing," she explains. "When I look into the mirror, I see a blank canvas." At right, a look at that blank canvas—Marilyn as Marilyn. "Here I am, being the girl I always wanted to be," she says. Who needs impressions?



could barely breathe and, at the same time, making sure that not *all* of my bosom was popping out. I'm 34 years old. How in the hell am I going to look like a 16-year-old?"

Of course, that's not a challenge most of us face—nor, for that matter, is it much of a challenge for someone like Marilyn, who's been doing impressions since she was seven years old. "I listened to Teresa Brewer and Patti Page and I was able to reproduce those sounds," she recalls. "It has something to do with sense memory, but it's hard for me to explain. I know less about how it's done than about how a magic trick works. But some of our biggest stars can do it. I know that Elizabeth Taylor is a wonderful mimic."

Some kids can sing along with Patti Page records for hours without making a career out of it. But Marilyn's father is Harold Sternberg, a basso profundo recently retired from the New York Metropolitan Opera, and her mother, Fraydele Oysher, was a star of the Yiddish stage. Fraydele toured constantly, and by the age of seven, Marilyn had devised a way of getting Mom to take her along.

"I told her, 'Either you take me with you or I will never eat again. I will never take another morsel of food in my mouth.' And that's the worst thing you can tell a Jewish mother." The extortion paid off in two ways—Marilyn not only got to travel but was put to work as a child singer as well.

By her own admission, she was no Shirley Temple. "I had braces on my teeth, long, dark, braided hair and a different nose," she explains. "I was skinny, and I used to wear these purple horn-rimmed glasses. I told myself that when I reached the ripe old age of whatever, I was going to dye my hair flame red and have my nose fixed."

As it turned out, she didn't dye her hair red. She opted for blonde, and at the age of 15—"as soon as my bones stopped growing"—she rushed to Dr. Sam Shear in New York to have her nose reshaped into something more glamorous. "He was the doctor who was doing everybody—Kim Novak, Zsa Zsa," she remembers now. "He even had a picture of Jimmy Durante with the inscription YOU'LL NEVER GET ME."

Marilyn kept on singing and eventually landed some club dates on her own in the Catskills. On a whim, she started throwing in a few jokes and impressions between songs; the response—and a bit of sound advice from her mother—persuaded her to make them a bigger part of her act.

"My mother encouraged me to do the impressions because she said that funny people have a longer life in show busi-

ness," says Marilyn. "She was right. There are girl singers who started in the business when I did and you barely hear of them anymore.

"You can be the finest singer today, but it doesn't matter unless you have a hit record. And having a hit record is certainly not contingent on how good a singer you are. So I feel enormously lucky to have so many facets, to be an actress who can do seven dialects and 50 impressions. Hey, baby, I'm going to work no matter what goes down."

In 1966, Marilyn had one obvious goal: to be the next Barbra Streisand. She recorded two albums—both in the Streisand tradition—and was quickly cast in the role of Fanny Brice for the national company of *Funny Girl*. It was, of course, a role that Barbra Streisand made famous (and vice versa), and some who saw Marilyn do the show on the road thought she was doing little more than a play-length Barbra imitation. Her Streisand bit remains one of the most effective characterizations in her act; in fact, it's so effective that Streisand reportedly hates it.

"Originally, the Barbra inflections were in my performance," Marilyn admits. "But after doing the show for a year, I was able to get rid of Barbra and begin doing it as myself—and as Fanny Brice. Of course, you have to remember that Barbra, Fanny Brice and I are three Jewish women who sing, have big noses—well, I don't anymore—and come from either Brooklyn or the Lower East Side. Valerie Perrine would not have made a good Fanny Brice."

Her next big step was an *ABC Comedy Hour* series called *The Kopykats*, featuring Marilyn as the only woman in a group of some of the country's better impressionists, including Rich Little, George Kirby, Frank Gorshin and Fred Travalena. As a result of the series, she found steady work in clubs and on TV talk and variety shows. But, she claims, the closer she got to really making a name for herself, the more confused she became. "I was afraid of success," she says now, and she found herself plagued by illness and making some bad business decisions. Her biggest blunder came one night in 1975, when Little was filling in for Johnny Carson on *The Tonight Show* and Marilyn was sitting in the greenroom, waiting to make her appearance. It was hardly her first late-night gig—she'd been on the show so often she'd lost count. But that night, when it appeared that the show was running long and Marilyn wouldn't have time to do the material she'd prepared, she became furious and walked out. "I haven't done *The Tonight Show* since," she says with a shrug.

There were other problems in her life

as well. There was a two-year marriage to Isacc Robbins, an Israeli interior designer. "My mother said, 'What's the matter with you? All good girls get married.' So I got married," she recalls. "My husband was proud of me but very threatened by my work." Later, she had a brief but well-publicized romance with Burt Reynolds. "I usually don't date actors," Marilyn says. "Their egos are like women's egos. It's a race to see who's going to get to the mirror first and who's going to stay there longer. I remember one time, Burt and I went to a party, and after a while, I couldn't find him. When I went upstairs, he was sitting with a bunch of teenage groupies; they were just sitting there adoring him. I knew at that moment it was going to be difficult going out with an actor. Then Burt started seeing Dinah Shore, who's several years older and obviously a woman who is very secure about her identity and able to handle the situation."

Marilyn has also dated king of the road Roger Miller, composer David Shire and a shy, retiring baseball executive named George Steinbrenner. Her current boyfriend is a New York attorney/stockbroker whom she'd rather not name. "The gentleman I'm seeing now is very proud and not threatened by what I do. That's really nice."

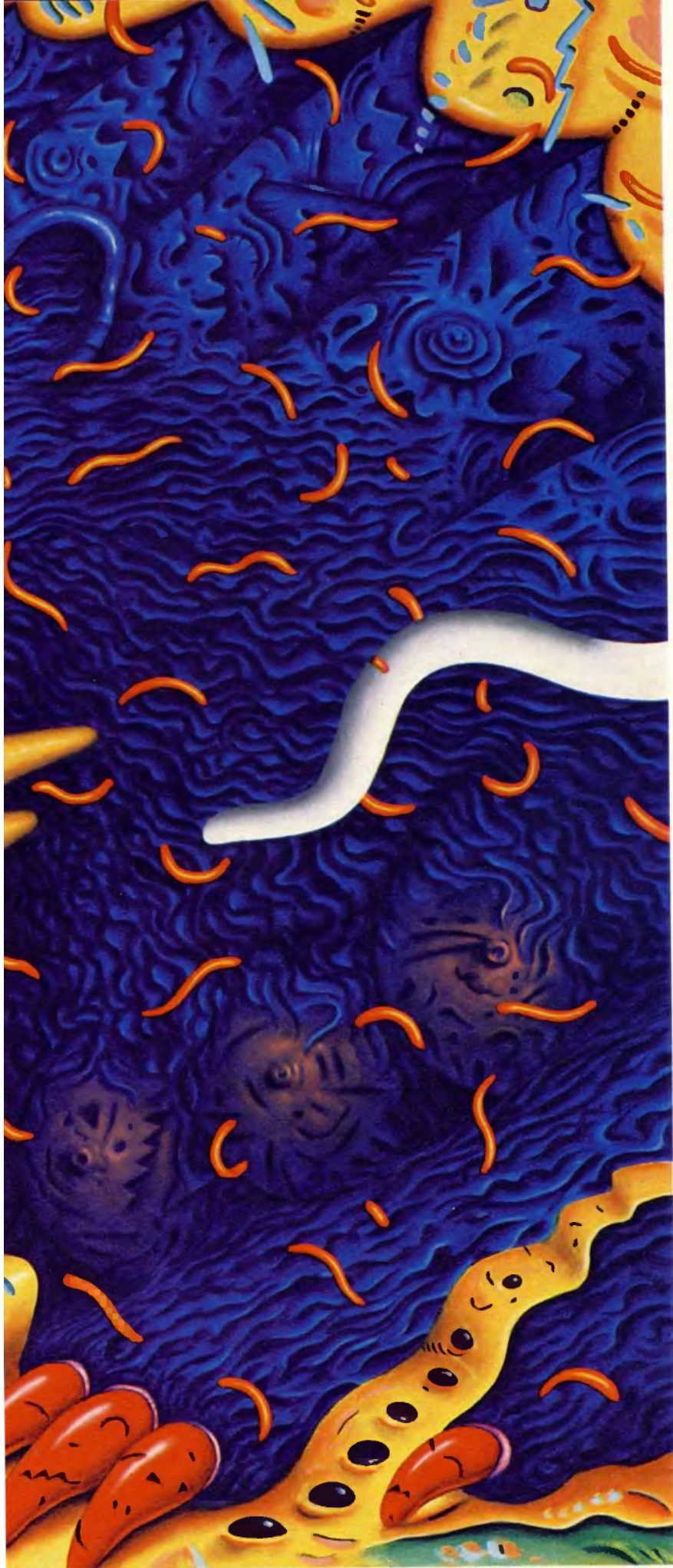
What Marilyn does occasionally verges on the wacky. When she's under pressure, she takes refuge in one of her characters. She's been known to give a man who made an unwelcome pass an earful of Barbra Streisand threatening to break his head, and she has a habit of mimicking any ethnic person with whom she happens to be talking. If a waiter is Puerto Rican, friends tell us, Marilyn recites her order like a bit from *West Side Story*. If she's talking with a black, she puts on her best Harlem accent, mixed in with what she calls "heavy attitude." Her companions have considered sliding under the table, but Marilyn has so far lived through those encounters—and maintains that she ends up making friends, not to mention getting better service in restaurants.

Oddly, one of the biggest boosts to Marilyn's career success has been that Diet 7Up commercial, which has given her more exposure than anything else she's done in the past ten years. She recently headlined for the first time at Caesars Boardwalk Regency in Atlantic City. And thanks to therapy and a few years of experience, she's no longer making dumb moves such as walking off *The Tonight Show*. "I still have my troubles," she admits, "but now I know more about myself."



"Actually, not too many people get to see this side of the mountain!"





*she was dazzling—an inspired
mixture of wolverine and dinosaur
wrapped in cold blue fire. she
made my hearts thunder*

AT THE CONGLOMEROID COCKTAIL PARTY

fiction

By ROBERT SILVERBERG

I AM CONTEMPORARY. I am conglomeroid. I am postcausal, contralinear, peptomodern. To be anything else is to be dead, nezpah? Is to be a fossil. A sense of infinite potential and a stance of infinite readiness: That's the right philosophy for our recombinant era. Alert to all possibilities, holding oneself always in an existentially pliant posture.

So when quasi-cousin Spinifex called and said, "Come to my fetus-party tonight," I accepted unhesitatingly. Spinifex lives in Wongamoola, on the slopes of the Dandenongs, looking across into Melbourne. I happened to be in Gondar, on my way to Lalibela, when his call came. "Mortissa and I have a new embryo," said Spinifex. "We want everyone to help us engineer it. There'll be a contest for the best design. The whole crowd's coming, and some new people." *Some new people.* Could I resist? It's not such a big deal to go from Ethiopia to Australia for a fetus-party. Two hours, with transfers. I was on the pop chute in half a flick. Pop to Addis, pop to Delhi, pop to Singapore, pop to Melbourne, pop pop pop and I was there. *Some new people.* Irresistible. That was the night I met Domitilla.

Spinifex and Mortissa live in a great golden egg on jeweled stilts, with

oscillator windows and three captive rainbows moored overhead. In his current Shaping, Spinifex is aquatic, a big, jolly blue dolphinoid with spangled red flukes, and spends most of his time in his moat. Mortissa's latest Shaping is more traditionally conglomeroid, no single identifiable style—a bit of tapir and a bit of giraffe and some very high-precision machine-tooled laminations, altogether elegant. I blew kisses to them both.

About 30 guests had already arrived. I knew most of them. There was Hapshash in his ten-year-old Shaping, the carpeted look, last word in splendor then. Negresca, still in her tortoise-cum-chinchilla, and Holy Mary, looking sublime in the gilded tubular body that becomes her so well. There is a tendency among the ultraelite to keep the same Shaping longer and longer, with Hapshash the outstanding example of that. At first, I thought it was a sign of the recent economic dreariness, but lately, I was coming to understand it as a significant underground trend: Out of fashion is height of fashion. That sort of thing requires one to stay really aware. When Melanoleum came slithering up to me, she asked me at once how I liked her new Shaping. She looked exactly as she had the last time, a year ago at the big potlatch in Joburg—tendrils, iridescence, lateral oculars, high-spectrum pulse nodes. For an instant, I was baffled, and I came close to telling her I had already *seen* this Shaping; and then I caught on, comprehending that she had just had herself Shaped *exactly like her last Shaping*, which carried Hapshash's gambit to the next level of subtlety, and I hugged her with all my arms and said, "It's brilliant, love, it's devastating!"

"I knew you'd pick it up," she said. "Have you seen the fetus?"

"I just got here."

"Up there. In the globe."

"Ah. Beautiful!"

They had rigged a crystalline sphere in a gravity-candle's beam, so that it hovered 20 feet above the cocktail altar, and in it the new fetus solemnly swam in a phosphorescent green fluid. It was, I suppose, 11 or 12 weeks old, a little alien-looking fish with a big furrowed forehead, altogether weird but completely normal, a standard human fetus with no genetic reprogramming at all. Prenatal engineering is too terribly tacky for people like Mortissa and Spinifex, naturally. Let the standard folk do that, going to the cheap-Jack helixers to get their offsprings' clubfeet and sloping chins and bandy legs cleaned up ahead of time, so that they can look just like everybody else when they come squirting out of the womb. That's not our way.

Melanoleum said, "The design contest starts in half an hour. Do you have a good one ready?"

"I expect to. What's the prize?"

"A month with anyone at the party," she said. "Do you know Domitilla?"

I had heard of her, naturally—last season's hot debutante, making the party circuit from San Francisco to the Seychelles. But I had been going the other way last season. Suddenly, she was at my elbow, a dazzling child in a blaze of cold blue fire. It was her only garment, and under that chilly radiance I saw a slim furry form, five small breasts, sleek muscular thighs, vertebrae elongated to form the underpinning for a webbed sail down her back—an inspired conglomeroid of wolverine and dinosaur. My hearts thundered and my lymph congealed. She noted instantly the power she had over me and her fiery cloak flared to double volume, a dazzling nimbus that briefly enfolded me and dizzied me with the scent of ozone. She was no more than 19, and I was 93, existentially pliant, ready to be overwhelmed. I congratulated her on her ingenuity.

"My fifth Shaping," she said. "I'll be getting a new one soon, I think."

"Your *fifth*?" I considered Hapshash and Negresca and Holy Mary, trendily clinging to their old bodies. "So quickly? Don't. This one is extraordinary."

"I know," she said. "That's why it's time for a new one. Oh, look, the fetus is trying to get born!"

Indeed, the little pseudo-fish that my quasi-cousins had conceived was making violent but futile efforts to escape its gleaming tank. We applauded. The servants took that as their signal to come among us with hors d'oeuvres: five standard humans, big and stupid and docile, bearing glittering food fabrics on platinum trays. We did our dainty best; the trays were bare in no time and back came the standards with a second round, caviars of at least a dozen creatures and sweetmeats and tiny cocktail globules to rub on our tongues and all the rest. And then Spinifex heaved himself out of the moat with a great jovial flapping of flippers that splashed everyone, and a beveled screen descended and hovered in mid-air and it was time for the contest. Domitilla was still at my side.

"I've heard about you," she said in a voice like shaggy wine. "I thought I'd meet you at the moon-party. Why weren't you there?"

"I never go there," I said.

"Oh. Of course. Do you know who's going to win the contest?"

"Is it rigged?"

"Aren't they all?" she asked. "I know who." She laughed.

Mortissa was on the podium, under merciless spotlights that her new Shaping reflected flawlessly. She explained the contest. We were to draw lots and each in turn seize the control stick and project on the screen our image of what the new child should look like. Judging would be automatic: The design that elicited the greatest amazement would win, and the winner was entitled to choose as companion for a month any of the rest of us. There were two provisos: Spinifex and Mortissa would not be bound to use the winning design if they deemed it life-threatening in any way, and none of the designs could be used by the contestants for future Shapings of their own. The lots were drawn and we took our turns: Hapshash, Melanoleum, Mandragora, Peachbloom, Hannibal. . .

The designs ranged from brilliant to merely clever. Hapshash proposed a sort of jeweled amoeba; Peachbloom conjured up a hybrid Spinifex-Mortissa, half dolphin, half machine; Melanoleum's concept was out of the Greek myths, with Medusa hair and Poseidon tail; my onetime parawife, Nullamar, invented a geometrical shape, rigid and complex, that gave us all headaches; and my own contribution, entirely improvised, involved two slender, tapering shells that parted to reveal a delicate and sinuous being, virtually translucent. I was surprised at my own inspiration and felt instant regret for having thrown away something so beautiful that I might well have worn myself someday. It caused a stir and I suspected I would win, and I knew whom I would choose as my prize. What, I wondered, did Domitilla have as her entry? I glanced toward her and smiled, and she returned the smile with an airy rippling of her flaming cloak.

The contest went on and on. Hungering for victory, I grew tense, apprehensive, gloomy, despondent. Candelabra's design was spectacular and Mingimang's was fascinatingly perplexing and Vishnu's was awesomely cunning. Some, indeed, seemed almost beyond the capacity of contemporary genetic engineering to accomplish. I saw no hope of winning, and my month with Domitilla seemed in jeopardy. Her own turn came last. She took the podium, grasped the stick, closed her eyes, sent her thought projection to the screen with an intensity of effort that turned her fiery mantle bright yellow and sent it arching out to expose her blue-black, furry nakedness.

On the screen, a standard human form appeared.

Not quite standard, for it was hermaphrodite; round, rosy-nippled breasts above and male genitals below. Yet it
(continued on page 166)

NIGHT LINES

*in the cool of the evening,
make your summer fashion moves classy yet uncomplicated*

attire By DAVID PLATT



Above: It's obvious that formal threads are this night-prowling cat's meow as he steps out in an imported-raw-silk dinner jacket with a shawl collar, \$265, and a cotton/polyester wing-collared formal shirt with front pin tucks, \$35, both from Bill Blass by After Six; plus wool tuxedo trousers with adjustable waist tabs, \$69, a polyester-satin bow tie, \$6, and a polyester-satin cummerbund, \$9.50, all by After Six.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

FOR A NIGHT of midsummer madness, your best bet is to keep stylishly cool with simplicity and understatement. The black-and-white image of classic formalwear is a good starting point, but if the occasion calls for a more casual look, there is a multitude of variations on that basic theme. An open-neck wing-collar shirt and black-and-white wing-tip shoes, for example, contrast nicely with a plain black linen suit. Or try a luxurious linen sweater-jacket instead of a sports coat, or a white sheet-weight-cotton unconstructed double-breasted blazer over a white trim-fitting T-shirt. Remember, however, that there is an art to being understated. Even if the mood of the evening is quietly sophisticated, it doesn't mean you can get away with coming on too thoughtlessly casual. (The fuji-silk blouson jacket pictured on the opposite page is an excellent alternative look to single- and double-breasted jackets; it's nonchalant yet elegant.) The bottom line of all this is that while much of today's fashion excitement is about color, pattern, diversity and, in general, a more freewheeling spirit, there are times when sophistication and *attitude* also play an important role. Whether it's cocktails at Harry's Bar in Venice or champagne and a pianist fond of Gershwin at New York's River Café, you've got the invitation. Grab your duds and go.



Top right: Our guy makes his automotive grand opening in a black linen single-breasted suit with notch lapels and pleated trousers, about \$450, and two-tone calfskin wing-tip shoes, about \$210, both from The Very Best of Noncy Knox; plus a cotton striped shirt with contrasting wing collar and cuffs, by Jean-Poul Germain, \$32.

Right: His threads set just the right tone for night wheeling on the Great White Way and include a cotton two-button double-breasted ventless jacket with notch lapels and patch pockets, \$150, cotton socks with an elasticized waistband, \$50, and a white cotton/royon striped tone-on-tone muscle T-shirt, \$36, all by Bobbie To.



Right: Here's a dressy alternative to the summer single- and double-breasted looks; it's a fuji-silk and bouclé blouson jacket with stand-up collar, \$175, worn over a silk crepe de Chine short-sleeved shirt, \$110, and natural-Shantung-silk double-pleated slacks with on-seam pockets and straight legs, \$100, all by Morgan Ayres.

Below: There's nothing hotter than a red Ferrari—except the excitement generated by good-looking evening-wear, such as this linen double-breasted sweater with notch lapels, \$225, worn with a silk pinstriped shirt with a fly front, \$210, and silk striped double-pleated evening trousers, \$250, all by Peter Barton's Closet.



THE HOUSE on Stradella Road in Bel Air had tall iron security gates, which were standing open. Sitting in the center of the driveway—and blocking the entrance—was a black Cadillac limousine with darkened windows. A chauffeur dressed in black was sitting behind the wheel of the car, listening to the radio and reading a copy of *The Hollywood Reporter*.

As I reached the end of the drive, I was met by an attractive, dark-complexioned woman in her mid-30s. I introduced myself.

"Peter is expecting you," the woman said. She spoke with a Latin accent. "He's with some gentlemen by the pool."

It was shortly after 12 noon. Although it was early spring, the weather was hot; the skies were clear and free of smog. The water of the pool glistened under the bright midday sun.

Two men were sitting at the far end of the pool, near the diving board. One man, wearing a brightly colored Hawaiian sport shirt and sunglasses, was stretched out on a chaise longue, looking through a large picture book; the other was sitting in a nearby chair, arranging

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF PETER O'TOOLE

one day he's hunting crows in ireland, the next he's poolside in bel air. "i can cope," he says. "i'm a bloody movie star"

a stack of papers in a briefcase he held on his lap.

A blue jay suddenly came sweeping out of the sky and shot across the pool at a low angle. The man with the briefcase ducked his head as the bird went sailing past.

"Holy shit," the man said.

At that moment, the door to the guest-house opened and Peter O'Toole came striding out. He was dressed in a faded, ankle-length madras caftan; the garment flapped on his thin, angular frame. On his feet, O'Toole wore a pair of heavy beige-leather bedroom slippers. His head was covered with a patterned-silk handkerchief that hung to his shoulders. It was held in place by a dark-blue fishing cap with a striped band. Under the handkerchief, O'Toole's face was pale,

personality

By O'CONNELL DRISCOLL



and the harsh sunlight made him look older than his 49 years.

"Greetings," he said to me in a booming voice. "I see you've found our encampment."

He held a long black cigarette holder in one hand, a freshly lit cigarette sticking out at a slight angle.

"Come along, come along," he said, waving the cigarette holder. He led the way to the diving-board area, leaving a trail of cigarette smoke.

"Sorry I was detained," he said to the two men as we approached them. "It was an allegedly urgent telephone communication. The telephone has been driving me mad since I've been here. I shall be very happy to return to Ireland, where the bloody things don't work and one is not bothered."

The man with the briefcase stood up.

"I'll be going," he said. He had dark, wavy hair and wore a khaki shirt with a military cut. A diamond ring on his pinkie finger flashed in the sunlight.

"I'll have these other papers sent over to you," the man said to O'Toole.

"Smashing," O'Toole said, shaking the man's outstretched hand.

"I'm sure this will be a very successful project," the man said.

"One always hopes," O'Toole said.

The man with the briefcase said goodbye and walked up the hill. O'Toole settled himself on a chaise longue and adjusted his headdress. He motioned for me to sit down.

"This gentleman," he said, presenting me to the other man, "is here to observe my every movement. We're possibly going to be doing something for PLAYBOY."

The other man, who said his name was Phil, looked at O'Toole and then at me.

"Do you want me to piss off?" he asked O'Toole.

"Not at all," O'Toole said, waving the suggestion away.

"If you want me to piss off, just say so," Phil said, stretching out on the chair.

O'Toole sat forward and faced the swimming pool as if a boat were approaching. He stared off into the distance for several moments.

"I'm going on safari," he said at length. He raised one side of his silk scarf to look in my direction. "A photographic safari to Botswana, in the southern part of Africa, courtesy of one of your television networks."

He waved his hand after the departed man with the briefcase.

"Of course, only an American television network would have the caprice to do such a thing," he said.

He reached over to a glass table next to his chaise. It held an ashtray overflowing with cigarette butts, a coffee cup, the morning newspaper and a stack of books about Africa.

"What I find of particular interest,"

O'Toole said, the cigarette holder clenched in his teeth, "are the natives of the region. There is a picture here somewhere—"

He began flipping the pages of one of the books. Phil leaned forward to see what he was looking for. O'Toole pointed to a picture of a small man covered in ceremonial paint, standing among ferns.

"Jesus, these fellows go back more than a fortnight," he said. "When our hairy ancestors descended from the trees and went out onto the grassy plains and so on, these fuckers stayed right *there*." He pointed to an arbitrary spot. "There at the base of the fucking trees. And there they stayed."

He passed the book to Phil. Phil looked the page over thoughtfully.

"They're sort of orange," he said.

"Very interesting coloration," O'Toole said, dropping back against the cushion. "Not at all Negroid. Different characteristics entirely."

"Sort of orange," Phil said.

"They're completely primitive," O'Toole said. "They're not of this century at all. They're timeless, in fact. Looking at these bastards is like looking at the beginning of man."

"They just found a tribe like that in the Philippines," Phil said. "Did you see any of them when you were there?"

O'Toole smiled.

"When I was in the Philippines, I was surrounded by 75 men with machine guns, baby. I didn't see a fucking thing."

He knocked his cigarette out of the holder and into the ashtray.

"Jesus, what a merry little scene that was," he said. "Marcos brought the international film community down to Manila as a diversionary tactic while he lifted martial law. Ha!" He laughed loudly at this thought. "And there we all were in our tuxedos—with soldiers every fucking place you looked."

"Sorry I missed it," Phil said.

"Oh, Marcos is a brilliant man," O'Toole said. "Whatever *else* he may be, he's brilliant—and he's a cunning orator. He gave a speech—I believe it was the most whimsical speech I have ever heard. In it, he stated that the cinema had made greater inroads into Western civilization than had Genghis Khan."

"He said what?" Phil asked.

"It was a totally whimsical point," O'Toole said. He found another cigarette from the pack on the table and lighted it. "It's inarguable, of course. The evidence is all around. The facts are there."

He got up suddenly and moved to the edge of the pool.

"Do you realize, Philip, that I have sat by a pool only two or three times in my entire life, and each time it's been this very same pool?"

He shielded his eyes and looked up at the sun. Then he gestured around at the

whole area with an outstretched arm.

"Sitting poolside in the California sunshine like a fucking movie star," he said in a rising voice. "People bring me coffee and juice if I ask for it. I tell them I'm a movie star. They don't give a fuck, but somehow I amuse them. I told the pool man who was cleaning here earlier that I was a movie star and he couldn't have cared less. He probably cleans Zsa Zsa Gabor's pool, and I can get stuffed."

As he spoke, a golden retriever came racing up the hillside. The dog ran about the area for a moment as if looking for prey, then settled down to a slow walk.

"Enter the canine creature," O'Toole said.

The dog was followed by a girl in her teens, dressed in blue jeans, sneakers and a shirt with a buttondown collar.

"Hello, Stacey, my love," O'Toole said.

"Hi, Peter," the girl said, coming closer. The dog went over to her and she began petting him.

"I like your hat a lot," she told O'Toole with a smile.

"Thank you very much," O'Toole said, brushing the scarf away from his face. He took three fast steps back to the glass table and dumped the remains of his cigarette into the ashtray.

"It keeps me cool, that's the main thing," he said, looking over at the girl. "It protects me from the unwanted attack of solar radiation."

"Yeah, I could use some suntan lotion," Phil said, examining his arm.

Stacey looked at the books that were lying about. She picked one of them up and began leafing through it.

"Are you going to Africa or something, Peter?" she asked.

"I am," O'Toole said. "Very shortly. I'm going on a photographic expedition. We will look for wildlife of all sorts."

"That sounds neat," Stacey said, turning the pages.

"Yes, it should be good fun," O'Toole said, gazing off toward Africa. "Something unknown, a bit of true adventure . . . the Great White Actor on safari."

He looked over at the dog, which was looking up at him.

"What do you think about that?" O'Toole said.

The dog did nothing for a moment, then leisurely got up and walked away.

"Quite right," O'Toole said.

Stacey got up to leave and called the dog after her, saying that she was going to give him a bath.

"Best of luck to you," O'Toole said as they went off. He looked at the sky again. "Christ, it's hot! I shall experience meltdown shortly if I don't get out of the sun."

The woman with the Latin accent appeared at the edge of the patio. She called down to O'Toole that he had an overseas telephone call.

(continued on page 188)



"I hope this isn't going to be typical of the whole day."

Cathy concentrates on a Playmate hopeful (below), then gives a hand to Miss July 1981, Heidi Sorenson (right), of the singing Playmates.



Cathy's cheer takes the boredom out of a long day's shoot and brings a smile to the face of future Playmate Marlene Janssen (below).



PUTTING ON A HAPPY FACE

this st. george is no drag, on the set or off

SOMETIMES, YOU GET LUCKY. You get a beautiful package, open it and find something even more beautiful inside. It was that way for us when Cathy St. George showed up at our West Coast offices back in 1980. A free-lance make-up artist and a model, she came to us on a routine modeling call for a possible cover shot. During the interview, she mentioned that she also did make-up. She was hired on the spot—to pose and to do her own make-up. The next day, she was called back—this time to beautify another model—and her career was launched. For the past two







and a half years, Cathy has been entrusted with the most critical of duties associated with this publication: preparing our pictorial and centerfold stars for the camera. She has done make-up for several pictorials, hundreds of Playmate tests and at least 15 Playmates. And in August of last year, she finally got that cover.

Cathy's credentials were very much in order. She had previously worked for such prestigious cosmetics firms as Estée Lauder and Max Factor. PLAYBOY, though, was a change of pace. "It's a different sort of make-up from what I did before," she explains. "I used to work more with color; it was closer to high fashion. PLAYBOY wants a girl to look natural, pretty much as she does in real life."

The art of *maquillage* takes a good eye and a deft hand. Cathy developed hers early, winning an art contest at the age of seven and gaining entry to a



As a make-up artist and a model, Cathy works on both sides of the camera—a big advantage financially. "I get paid for doing my own make-up and I get paid for the modeling job. I charge for both, because they'd have to hire a make-up artist, anyway." Above, in still life, the tools of her trade.





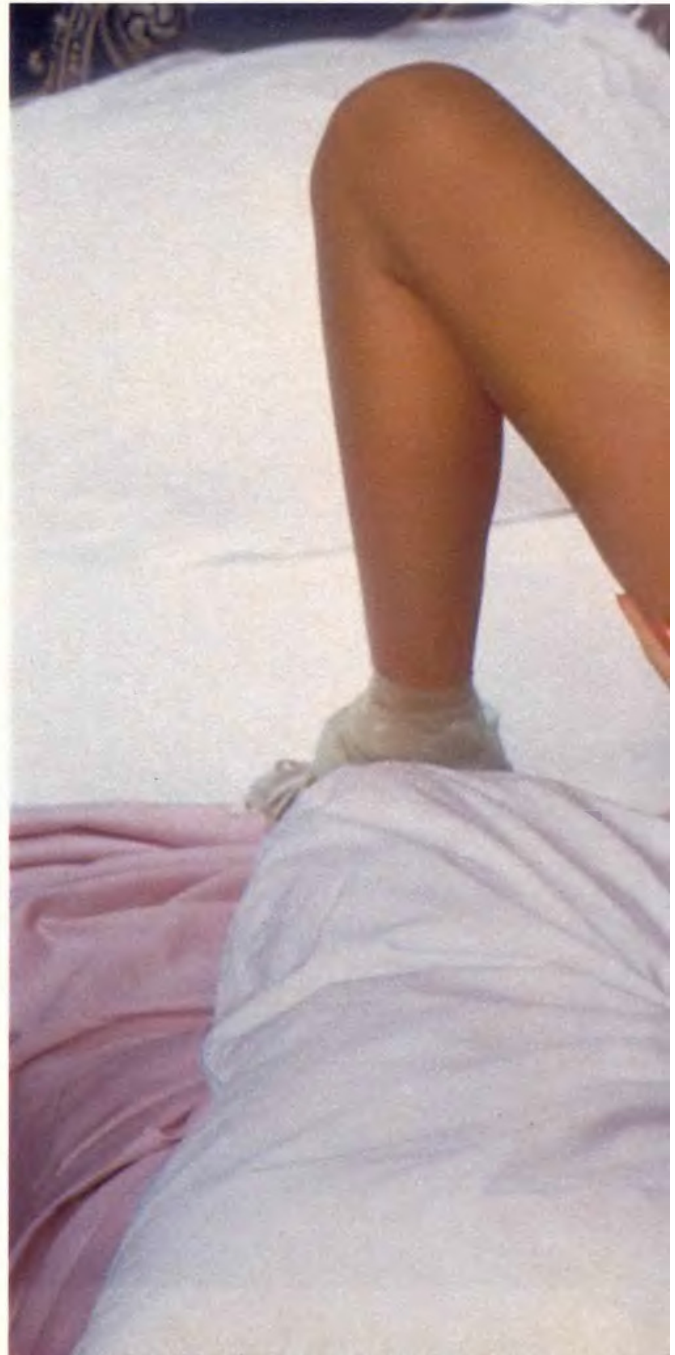
school for gifted children to develop her talents. Perhaps prophetically, her later works on canvas were primarily nudes and portraits. Now, she says, "People tell me they feel as if I'm painting them like a canvas—which is, in fact, the way I work."

Born in Virginia and raised in Southern California, Cathy has also lived in Rochester, New York, and Tampa, Florida. Now based in L.A., she brightens Playboy Studio West. That she would one day be the star of her own pictorial now seems inevitable. But not to Cathy. "I never felt I was pretty," she admits. "I always worked on my personality, because I thought that was the only thing that would get me anywhere."

Cathy has exhibited no such lapse in judgment in her work at PLAYBOY. On the contrary, she's known to be

When she gets a few days free, Cathy hops a plane for New York—for theater, dancing and shopping. "I have credit cards at the three Bs: Bloomingdale's, Bergdorf's, Bendel's. I do lots of damage."





Success has boosted Cathy's confidence. "The fact that I can face going on a modeling call knowing that I may not get the job is quite a step for me. I couldn't even try out for cheerleading in high school; I couldn't run the risk of rejection."

Cathy's aim is self-sufficiency, not wealth. "I think rich is a state of mind. I feel I'm wealthy right now, because I'm happy with myself. I'm content with my life as long as I can get away once in a while, take time off and see a bit of the world."





"Basically, I think I'm a ham. I used to do impersonations for my mother's friends when they came over. I would do Marilyn Monroe, Phyllis Diller or Mae West. I wanted to be Brigitte Bardot when I grew up; I didn't know that you had to be born Brigitte Bardot!"

Cathy's not a gun fancier, but she has learned to fire one. Below, owner Arthur M. Kassel offers her pointers on using a .357 Magnum at the Beverly Hills Gun Club and Firing Range.



Breaking training (above), Cathy enjoys a slice of pizza with actor Chris DeRose and (at left in top photo) pizzeria owner John Lamonica. At a Playboy Mansion West party (below), Cathy plants a kiss on George Burns (his retort: "That'll be two dollars").

bright, engaging and a thorough professional. Still, her acceptance as a valued member of the team surprises her. "I find that photographers are now asking me, 'Well, Cathy, what do you think of this?' They're asking my opinion, which is a good feeling, because then you know you're good at your job."

Cathy is also, thank you, able to take care of herself. We asked her about that picture in her layout in which she's taking a bead with a .357 Magnum almost as big as she is. She explained, "I'm learning how to shoot. I think a girl living alone—even in a high-security building, as I do—has to be careful. I'm opposed to violence of any kind, really, but I think that part of the problem with guns is ignorance. It's not that people are gun crazy but that they don't know what they're doing."

On any level, Cathy definitely knows what she's doing. She lives a full, some would say glamorous, life, and she has the confidence of somebody who has found her niche—plus enough looks and talent to take her anywhere. We're proud to call her one of our own.





MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Cathy St George

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 102 SIGN: Leo-Virgo

BIRTH DATE: Aug. 23 BIRTHPLACE: Norfolk, Virginia

AMBITIONS: To be self-sufficient, to own a home on both coasts, to be remembered

TURN-ONS: Manhattan skyline at dusk, British accents, good friends, traveling, massages, credit card

TURN-OFFS: Getting up early, judgmental people, paying bills, people who are late (I'm the worst!)

FAVORITE MOVIES: Gone with the Wind, Rocky Horror Picture Show, Camelot, Jane, Body Heat

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Tina Turner, Lino Banelli, Brigitte Bofill, Richard Chamberlain, Lawrence Olivier

FAVORITE SPORTS: The ones you play indoors.

IDEAL MAN: Sensual, communicates openly, sense of humor; impulsive and my best friend.

SECRET FANTASY: To be Janet in The Rocky Horror Picture Show!



1 yr. Who, me?



4 yrs. No, it's not Brigitte Bardot.



16 yrs. Do you believe that hair?

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The man had managed to talk the pretty bank teller into bed. "Aren't you going to warn me," he grinned as he slipped in beside her, "that there'll be a substantial penalty for early withdrawal?"

"That isn't likely," the girl smiled back, "as your interest begins to peak."

It figures that Amtrak and Amway should be joined by a third organization promoting American institutions. This one pushes commercial beaver and is called Ambush.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sex-starved heterosexuals* as desperate straights.

Didn't I say I could make you forget that foreign broad, boss?" asked the piano player.

"You sure can," murmured the expatriate American in the locked office of his North African bar. "Play with it again, Sam."

Maybe you haven't read about the Japanese wrestler who screams when he ejaculates. His rating is Sumo Cum Loud.

*An equestrian nympho named Bobbie
Has a mount with an organ quite knobby.*

*What began as a whim—
Feeling knobs in her quim—
Has developed; that horse is her hobby!*

It was a crazy spectacle at this small airport near Fort Worth," reported the tourist. "After half a dozen sky divers who jumped together had pulled their ripcords, they unzipped and abused themselves as they floated down!"

"That must have been something," commented his listener. "Did their act have a name?"

"It was called Six Flogs over Texas."

It was an unusually frank singles-bar conversation. "Some fellows refer to their organs as Peter or Dick or John Henry or something," said the girl. "What do you call yours?"

"I don't call mine anything," smiled the fellow. "In the proper circumstances, it comes without being called."

*A vasectomy surgeon named Goff
Says that drinkers would probably scoff,
But the pleasure has gone
From his tying one on—
He prefers to be tying one off.*

Sexual rapport is good insurance for a happy marriage," the counselor advised the woman. "Tell me, do you and your husband have mutual climax?"

"No," she replied, "I'm pretty sure we have State Farm."

A money-wise callgirl who specializes in selling her favors to accountants is known to members of the profession in a certain city as Cash Flo.



"I'll shortly be at your cervix, madam," the gallant gynecologist quipped when the woman was in the stirrups.

"And for my part, doctor," answered his high-spirited patient, "I'm dilated for you to see me."

"My blind date was so boring," the girl reported to her roommate, "that I finally agreed to sit on his face just to get him to stop talking!"


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.

HOT TUB
SALES



Tom Landi





CAN EASY-LISTENING MUSIC CAUSE MASS SUICIDE?

*two new books are posing this shocking question—and
until the answers are in, don't let anyone
save the last dance for you*

SINCE THE DEATHS of 11 rock-'n'-roll fans at a 1979 concert by The Who, some observers have made rock music itself the culprit for the tragedy. While the practice of "festival seating"—a first-come, first-seated system that encourages stampeding—was clearly at the root of that horror in Cincinnati, many social critics have professed to find a "death orientation" in the music as well.

The fullest treatment of that idea is contained in a recent book by John G. Fuller called *Are the Kids All Right? The Rock Generation and Its Hidden Death Wish!* Fuller, the author of such highly regarded books as *We Almost Lost Detroit* and *The Poison That Fell from the Sky*, suggests that many rock stars beam out their secret cravings for the grave through their amplifiers and that hard rock—which he characterizes as "the throbbing fustigation that enveloped body tissues as well as ears at metasonic levels"—literally *hypnotizes* young people into acts of wanton self-destruction.

Critics such as Robert Palmer of *The New York Times* have already questioned Fuller's thesis on many points. How, for example, does such a theory explain the Cincinnati deaths, which occurred *before* the Who concert had even begun? (Fuller explains that the suicidal Who fans had mesmerized themselves at home by listening to such songs as *Won't Get Fooled Again*.) Rock's defenders are also certain to be furious over Fuller's gratuitous remarks about the private lives of musicians: The late Janis Joplin, for instance, is described as displaying "all the symptoms of a nymphomaniac but with very few of the qualities that would make her attractive to a man."

The issue is so volatile that debate is sure to be fierce—but this controversy may be nothing compared with one that's certain to follow. Not one but *two* forthcoming books suggest that another recent American tragedy—the deaths of 113 people at a Kansas City Hyatt Regency Hotel "tea dance" in July 1981—was, in fact, *consciously engineered* by death cultists who have infiltrated the easy-listening-music scene.

Many horrified Americans wondered, in the aftermath of the Kansas City affair, how the lilting strains of such supposedly harmless music could result in such a grisly scene. The image of giant walkways swaying under the weight of hundreds of dancers was a mystifying one, but, perhaps, now, in the wake of Fuller's revelations about rock 'n' roll, we can finally uncover the truth about easy listening. In doing so, we must face strange and amazing rumors about some of America's best-loved bandleaders.

Two recent tell-all biographies claim that (continued on page 225)

satire

By JOHN ESKOW



Above: Our intrepid raiders have stumbled upon the X-700, a fully programed 35mm SLR camera, by Minolta, with shutter speeds from four seconds to 1/1000th second, \$568, including a 50mm f/1.4 lens; multifunction camera back available, \$283.

RAIDERS *of the LOST DARK*

*with the latest advances in cameras, lenses and film,
everybody can now take spectacular no-flash,
low-light photos—even where the sun don't shine*



article By **DON SUTHERLAND**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY REID MILES



Above: Nikon's rugged F3 is a durable aperture-preferred automatic shooter with shutter speeds of eight seconds to 1/2000th second; it features an LCD readout system that uses very little power, \$920 for the camera body, \$363 for the 50mm f/1.2 lens shown. Below: The Pentax LX, with aperture-preferred metering, has a body that's sealed against internal damage from moisture or dust; shutter speeds range from four seconds to 1/2000th second, about \$910 for body and FA-1 finder, \$302 for the 50mm f/1.2 lens shown.



Above: With shutter speeds of 120 seconds to 1/1000th second, the Olympus OM-2n is a versatile camera with aperture-preferred automation that meters light directly off the film plane (as do a number of others in this feature), \$585, including the 50mm f/1.4 lens shown. Below: The renowned Canon A1, with its multi-exposure modes, has been updated to give the user an even wider range of functions in complex lighting situations; shutter speeds range from 30 seconds to 1/1000th second, \$860 with the 50mm f/1.2 lens.



Above: The Rolleiflex SL2000 F has a built-in motor drive, aperture-preferred automatic or fully metered manual exposure and an interchangeable film magazine with a dark slide that allows the film to be changed in midroll, plus more; shutter speeds range from 16 seconds to 1/1000th second, about \$1500, including the 50mm f/1.4 lens shown. Below: A Leica R4 with both spot and average metering has shutter speeds ranging from eight seconds to 1/1000th second, \$1695 for the body, \$1425 for the 50mm f/1.4 lens.



FLIP THROUGH the family album and you get the impression that your 19th Century ancestors were a bunch of stiffs. Were the Victorians really that stilted and joyless? Hardly. Primitive photography technology meant that subjects had to hold steady for long exposures. It was only when film grew more sensitive and lenses more receptive to light that action shots became feasible. Photographic progress has continued and that lucky old sun doesn't have to roam the heavens



to enable you to take pictures. The moon will do just as well. And the message you leave for your descendants is that your generation had plenty of fun where there wasn't any sun.

Mind you, we're not talking about the use of flash. Flash is a good, utilitarian resource when illumination is the objective, but illumination is not always the same as lighting. Lighting refers to the rays that are actually there, caught natural and unadulterated. A flash

brightens the scene, but all from one angle and in one intensity. It's good for showing what's present in the scene. But the low-light photographic systems considered here let you depict what the scene is like.

The operative term is photographic systems. Those are combinations of ingredients that make you successful in levels of light lower than ever before—indeed, in levels unthinkable five years ago. High-speed color films, ultrafast lenses and automatic cameras with expanded light-metering capabilities all conspire for results that can be revealing, dazzling and outright breath-taking. Any camera using any lens can improve its low-light performance with ASA 400 film, but when we're discussing the ultimate in low-light capability, we are talking about full-approach systems. Those systems supply two ways of going about low-light photography: pursuing action shots in the dim and making long-time exposures of stationary subjects with an ease and a razzle-dazzle you'd never have expected.

In analyzing the photographic systems, let's consider the films first. Only a few years ago, the term ASA 400 was whispered in tones reserved for the holy, because it described a miraculously high sensitivity to light when it appeared in black-and-white films. Today it is routine and abundantly available in color. Kodak, Fuji and 3M all make ASA 400 color films, available for either prints or slides. All exhibit fine grain (sharpness) and excellent color reproduction. In addition, 3M has introduced an ASA 640 transparency film, which, though its grain is visible, adds a little more than a 50 percent increase to the light sensitivity of ASA 400 color films.

As for the lenses, nearly all the major manufacturers now offer optics that can open as wide as f/1.4, and several even go to f/1.2 (Leitz produces an f/1.0 lens, but it is for use with its non-single-lens-reflex cameras; this article confines itself to SLR automatic cameras). What do those lens figures mean? Well, 20 years ago, a lens that could open to f/1.8 was considered a really speedy model, capable of working in the weakest light. Let's say that f/1.8 permits 100 units of light to get through to the film. By comparison, an f/1.4 lens lets about 140 units of light pass and f/1.2 gets 200 units to the film. More light reaches a film that is more light-sensitive to begin with—a double bonus.

And now, the cameras. Their automatic-exposure systems present an expanded range over which they can compute and control the length of exposure. The longer the camera keeps its shutter open,

the more light can build up on the film. Long exposures are easier than ever to create, a theme we'll develop below. For now, let's stick with action photography in low and tough-to-measure light. You still need a minimum shutter speed of 1/30th of a second for photography when there's much movement or when you're handholding the camera. But thanks to the on-board metering systems of the automatics, picking off shots in low levels of light is as automatically simple and accurate as photography at high noon.

What is the outcome of this low-light action photography? Let's begin early in the day, even before the sun comes up. You remember that lighting from the last time you got up early to go fishing or—more likely—from the last time you meandered home from a party, holding the hand of your choice. The sky has just begun to adopt a tint, and a bluish hue is cast, with everything pastel and muted. It is a soft and romantic time, this dawning; and whether the subject in your view finder is a pickerel or someone more snugly, the good news is this: With your fast lens and fast film and automatic camera, the delicacy of the moment is recorded where once a photograph would have shown only darkness.

The day goes on and Mother Nature becomes provoked. The sky moves with charcoal clouds hurtling past like boxcars in an express train. Filtering to the ground is the meekest of light. From beneath your umbrella you observe something remarkable: The colors of things still exist, yet they move toward the monochromatic in this grayness of light. That seething sky with its bloated clouds, that subtle color, all add up to tones that are sometimes described as painterly. They are yours for the plucking.

Nature calms you with a dusk of glorious richness and vivid contrasts. Shadows become elongated mimics, and foreground shapes emerge three-dimensionally as they are placed against the descending sun. The sun finally dips below the horizon, leaving a sky lava red in its lower section, deepening purple above. Color opposites play against each other, and though they are not strong, they are sufficient for nuances of hue and details of objects to stand out prominently in the photos.

It's night again, and you've been up all day, but who can sleep knowing that another world awaits, well known to you but a stranger to your camera? Down the avenues you go, observing the neon blaring here and there, the people made stark and mysterious as overhead street lamps cast odd shadows across their faces.

Choose the hubbub of evening theatergoers; the solitude or the desolation of the abandoned financial district. Which-ever interpretation you care to make of the city after hours, your equipment is now prepared to record it.

You've shown the camera around town, and at last you've earned a relaxing dinner by candlelight, wine at the hearthside, with a friend of special importance. Yet even now your low-light camera partakes of the moment, flattering portraits of your companion resulting from the orange warmth, the soft edge cast by the light of open flame.

If you can see it, you can almost certainly get it on fast film with a fast lens. What do you have to do to photograph these provinces so recently inaccessible? Just aim and shoot.

Low-light situations improve photographs almost by definition. A picture of your companion at high noon may be noteworthy for its banality, because the old sun-behind-your-shoulder school of photography suddenly starts to look bland compared with the dramatics, the razzles and the dazzles of low-light colorations. Your snapshot albums and your slide shows will snap to life with their depictions of skiers silhouetted against a purple sky as they go schussing down white slopes; of friends convivial around the light of the campfire; or of gatherings of chums in the living room, caught candidly.

But action photography is only half the story in the low-light revolution. As mentioned earlier, most modern automatic 35mm SLRs are now capable of metering and controlling long exposures. The champ at this is the Pentax LX, which can keep its shutter open for 125 seconds. The Olympus OM-2N is a close second at an even two minutes. The Canon A-1 supplies a 30-second maximum, while the Mamiya ZE-X can master 22 seconds. The solar-powered Ricoh XR-S automatically goes to 16 seconds, as does a radically shaped newcomer, the Rollei SL2000 F—shaped more like a Hasselblad than like a 35 and sharing features of the 2 1/4" format such as interchangeable film magazines. The Minolta XK-Motor can automatically meter and control an exposure of eight seconds, and the on-board meter can be manually set for 16 seconds. Two Contax models—the same except that one contains an integral autowinder—as well as the Yashica FXD use quartz timing controls for a maximum 11-second automatic exposure. A large mass of cameras, including the Leica R4 and the Nikon F3, can accurately meter and

(continued on page 222)



"Interested in some exploratory drilling?"

article By RICHARD RHODES

IF I WEREN'T a compulsive reader, I'd have missed the announcement. It came in my morning mail as part of a catalog of traveling weekend workshops for health-science professionals sponsored by the Proseminar Institute, a San Francisco outfit. I'm on the mailing list, I suppose, because I write about science and medicine.

I opened the catalog and found an interesting headline:

"EXPANDING SEXUAL POTENTIALITIES FOR OPTIMUM HEALTH"

I might have stopped there, but the subhead caught my attention: "New Methods and Procedures for Achieving and Extending Sexual Orgasm." Why not? I read on.

The program rationale explained that we live in a society in which reducing

The program description filled two columns. It offered nothing out of the ordinary until Sunday afternoon, the second day of the workshop. Then this:

Clinical video feature: Demonstration of 30 minutes of continuous female orgasm by a sex-researcher physician on his wife.

I showed that brief, stunning paragraph to any number of male friends. Strange reactions. Some blushes, a few grins. Mostly shrugs: What about it? Since I couldn't believe they weren't interested, I had to assume they didn't know how long female orgasm has been officially clocked to go on. Seymour Fisher, in *The Female Orgasm*, his 1973 study of several hundred women, gives an average of six to ten seconds, with "a few extreme cases" extending "more than 20 seconds." Before Fisher, Masters and Johnson reported basically the same thing but discovered among their population of patients a few remarkable women capable of orgasm so unusual that they isolated it with a Latin name, as if it were a new species: *status orgasmus*, an orgasm that continues for as long as a full minute.

Yet in my mail one summer day, someone named Alan Brauer, M.D., Diplomate of the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology, was purporting to offer video-taped proof that a woman's orgasm could continue for as long as 30 minutes. I looked carefully at Dr. Brauer's photograph in the upper-left corner of the catalog page. A young man—full head of curly dark hair, full mustache, shirt and tie, clinician's white coat, directly and pleasantly confronting the camera. But something else: one eyebrow slightly arched, one side of his face shadowed; impeccable credentials, but the man had an antic look in his eye.

I thought then that I'd better sign up for the workshop. When my wife, Mary, came home from work and heard about it, she thought we'd both better sign up.

Friday afternoon. A chain hotel in a major American city. Lines of people checking in and out. I would learn by the end of the weekend that there were always lines of people checking in and out. That the computer was always broken down. That there was always a 45-minute (continued on page 180)

THE
AGE
OF
THE

30-MINUTE ORGASM

*it's the
result
of an idea
that's
been, well,
a long
time
coming—
sex
research
not
to cure
dysfunction
but to
maximize
pleasure*

pain is acceptable but deliberately seeking pleasure is not. It said that sex therapy so far has emphasized fixing problems rather than increasing potential. Some surprising new information has recently come to light, it said, that "males and females are capable of orgasmic functioning vastly beyond what has been traditionally known or reported by Masters and Johnson." (I thought of Masters and Johnson. I had interviewed them back in the late Sixties. I remembered asking them about their Midwestern origins, noting that it surprised me that prominent sex researchers—Kinsey was another—would emerge in the Bible Belt. It gives us credibility, Virginia Johnson said. If we were Californians, she said, people would say, "Oh, well." Here were Californians writing about "orgasmic functioning vastly beyond. . . ." Maybe.)



Playboy's Pro Football Preview

*an early line on
teams and players
in both conferences
of the n.f.l.*

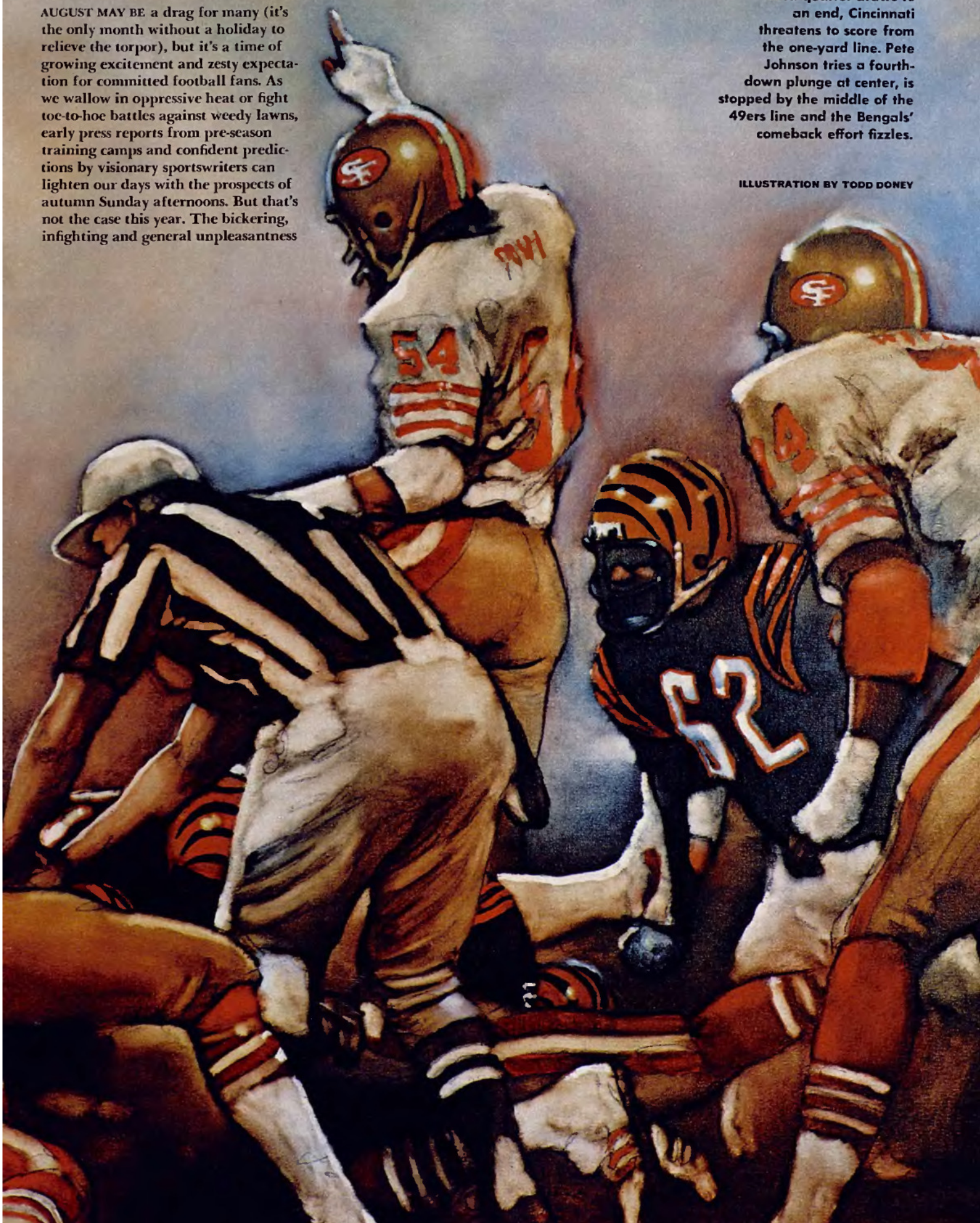


sports **By Anson Mount**

AUGUST MAY BE a drag for many (it's the only month without a holiday to relieve the torpor), but it's a time of growing excitement and zesty expectation for committed football fans. As we wallow in oppressive heat or fight toe-to-toe battles against weedy lawns, early press reports from pre-season training camps and confident predictions by visionary sportswriters can lighten our days with the prospects of autumn Sunday afternoons. But that's not the case this year. The bickering, infighting and general unpleasantness

Super Bowl XVI: As the third quarter draws to an end, Cincinnati threatens to score from the one-yard line. Pete Johnson tries a fourth-down plunge at center, is stopped by the middle of the 49ers line and the Bengals' comeback effort fizzles.

ILLUSTRATION BY TODD DONEY



PLAYBOY'S 1982 PRE-SEASON ALL-PRO TEAM

OFFENSE

James Lofton, Green Bay	Wide Receiver
Cris Collinsworth, Cincinnati	Wide Receiver
Kellen Winslow, San Diego	Tight End
Anthony Munoz, Cincinnati	Tackle
Mike Kenn, Atlanta	Tackle
John Hannah, New England	Guard
Herbert Scott, Dallas	Guard
Mike Webster, Pittsburgh	Center
Ken Anderson, Cincinnati	Quarterback
George Rogers, New Orleans	Running Back
Tony Dorsett, Dallas	Running Back
Rafael Septien, Dallas	Place Kicker

DEFENSE

Lee Roy Selmon, Tampa Bay	End
Art Still, Kansas City	End
Randy White, Dallas	Tackle
Louie Kelcher, San Diego	Tackle
Jack Lambert, Pittsburgh	Middle Linebacker
Matt Blair, Minnesota	Outside Linebacker
Lawrence Taylor, New York Giants	Outside Linebacker
Ronnie Lott, San Francisco	Cornerback
Gary Green, Kansas City	Cornerback
Darrol Ray, New York Jets	Free Safety
Ken Easley, Seattle	Strong Safety
Pat McNally, Cincinnati	Punter
Mike Nelms, Washington	Kick Returner

THIS SEASON'S WINNERS

A.F.C. Eastern Division	Miami Dolphins
A.F.C. Central Division	Cincinnati Bengals
A.F.C. Western Division	San Diego Chargers

A.F.C. Champion.... Miami Dolphins

N.F.C. Eastern Division	Dallas Cowboys
N.F.C. Central Division	Tampa Bay Buccaneers
N.F.C. Western Division	Atlanta Falcons

N.F.C. Champion.... Dallas Cowboys

ALL THE MARBLES.... DALLAS COWBOYS

of union-management strife threaten to spoil our fun. However and whenever the technical issues are settled, the acrimony will leave us with a sour after-taste. We ordinary people can only wonder how those incomprehensibly wealthy employers can be involved in such a vitriolic confrontation with employees who already draw six-figure salaries for less than six months' work.

The last time the union-management battle was fought in pro football, the big issues were the rights of players to determine their own off-the-field lifestyles (they wanted to grow mustaches) and to peddle their services to the highest bidder. The mustaches won, but so did the owners' insistence on the necessity of competitive balance among franchises. So free agency went into the drawer and mustache wax came out.

This time, the brouhaha concerns how an increasing flood of big bucks from television will be divided. One livid owner encapsulated management's position for us:

"If the employees of any other privately owned enterprise were to ask to see the company books so they could then strike for salaries that totaled 55 percent of the gross receipts—that's gross receipts—" he emphasized, "they'd be dragged off to the funny farm."

An additional problem with the players' demands, he pointed out, is that granting them would only lead to bitter bickering among players about who gets how big a cut of the pie. A ten-year veteran of the offensive line would feel that long years of hard work and team loyalty entitled him to a bigger cut than a hot-shot rookie running back. Player agents (who strive for respectability by calling themselves sports attorneys) would reap a bonanza in legal fees.

The players' position was best expressed to us by an All-Pro linebacker who exuded adrenaline as he spoke. "Hey, man, *we* are the game. Those folks don't come out to the stadium to see the pompon girls or the snazzy scoreboard that lights up. They come out to see the players *play*. We bring in the bucks and we want our share, that's all. I'd like to see the owners field a team of third-rate players. Wouldn't nobody show up. Wouldn't nobody flick on the TV tube. Wouldn't no money come in. So there's stars in Hollywood . . . and there's stars in sports. *They* get paid big because they bring in the money. Why shouldn't we?"

A forgotten—and essential—element in this dispute is the disenfranchised football fan. His disenchantment with both sides of the quarrel may dampen his accustomed Sunday-afternoon escape from the rigors of weekday reality. It's

(continued on page 170)

雲英寺実地



"I love you more than anything else in the world—excluding my job at Yamada Electric, of course."



20 QUESTIONS: MARIETTE HARTLEY

no, she's not mrs. james garner. no, she isn't frigid. and, yes, pig noises are important in the perfect relationship

Mariette Hartley has appeared in at least ten motion pictures and more than 150 television shows, but she is best known, and most lusted after, as the sarcastic beauty who steals the last frames from James Garner in their popular commercials for Polaroid. Free-lance writer Dick Lochte met with her at her home just outside Hollywood. He reports: "She has an answer for any question. I had wondered if it had been Laurence Olivier who had finally legitimized commercials. Without missing a beat, she smiled sweetly and replied, 'Actually, it was Ricardo Montalban.' No wonder Garner doesn't stand a chance."

1.

PLAYBOY: What was your first commercial?

HARTLEY: Safeguard soap. I was Martie in the drugstore. Procter & Gamble had a 15-page bio on this lady who has lost her husband and whose kid has been run over by a car. She walks out one day and almost gets killed herself. Anyway, she ends up at this drugstore, selling Safeguard. Honest to God, this is the truth. I had to read the whole bio. I told the producers, "Yes, I think I can handle it. 'Hi! Do you want Safeguard soap? 'Cause you sure stink.'" That was in 1966, it seems to me.

2.

PLAYBOY: How did you get into focus with James Garner on the Polaroid spots?

HARTLEY: That was the result of a very classy call. I arrived to find several beautiful ladies waiting. I get intimidated by youthful beauty. Not in an aging, menopausal-actress way but in a how-can-we-be-up-for-the-same-commercial? manner. You know, ladies with their hair down to their bottoms and those great blue eyes. I had a boyfriend who used to say that my eyes were like two piss holes in the snow, so I've always been conscious of my little slanted eyes. And I'm big and tall, and the minute I see these ladies, I get bigger and taller, with slantier eyes and shorter hair. I end up with a hunchback, and it's just awful. So I got in there, and all of this venom that I was feeling spewed out on the screen and I got the part. Actually, I'd been putting men down for years. And not getting paid as much for it.

3.

PLAYBOY: Did you get a lot of money for snapping at Garner?

HARTLEY: I was paid scale for the first six or seven commercials. Then, when they continued to call me back, I began to realize it was sort of a campaign. Jimmy's contract was up by then, and one of the stipulations in his new contract, he says, was that I was to be paid more, because my being paid scale was embarrassing. In any case, I'm being paid more now. A lot more. Polaroid has been very generous with me and with my charities, such as the California Child Study Foundation. Because of the Polaroids, I can literally work 16 days a year and then do anything else I want to, such as appear in a play for little or no money.

4.

PLAYBOY: Are you and Garner supposed to be married in the commercials? Or are we seeing a more modern arrangement? Most male viewers probably hope that that's the case.

HARTLEY: Me, too. I would much prefer to play his mistress. But she's really too nasty to be his mistress. Mistresses have a tendency to try to keep the status quo. She takes real risks with some of the things she says. She seems quite real to me. They're kind of old shoes together.

5.

PLAYBOY: The Mean Joe Greene Coke commercial has been turned into a TV movie. Is there any chance that the Polaroid pair might wind up in their own movie?

HARTLEY: Oh, I've tried. A friend of mine wrote a wonderful script for us. But Jimmy said no. He's a fascinating, very talented man, but he has specific ideas about what he wants to do and when he wants to do it. I think he's a little afraid that we'll become too much of a team. I don't think that will happen. I'd love to do a full-length feature with him. I think it would be successful. But he doesn't seem to agree.

6.

PLAYBOY: You made your film debut in *Ride the High Country*. What was it like for a very young, stage-trained ac-

trix to suddenly find herself directed by a wild man like Sam Peckinpah?

HARTLEY: I didn't know who he was. I didn't even know who Joel McCrea was, or Randolph Scott. I met with Sam. He had his feet up on his desk and he had his hat on. And I fell in love and he fell in love. So I tested for him. They put me in a dress that was at least a size 12. Sam kept taking the wardrobe people aside and telling them something. All I know is that I kept getting more and more top-heavy and they stuck one of Deborah Kerr's old wigs on my head. I walked around—only by that time, I'd forgotten how to walk—pretending that I'd been built all my life. And, by God, I got the part. I have absolutely no idea why, except that I was so built.

7.

PLAYBOY: Was film acting different from stage acting?

HARTLEY: Oh, yes. I remember asking Joel McCrea for advice. And he said, "There are two really important things. First, always read the scene before the one you're doing. And, second, make sure you suck in your stomach."

8.

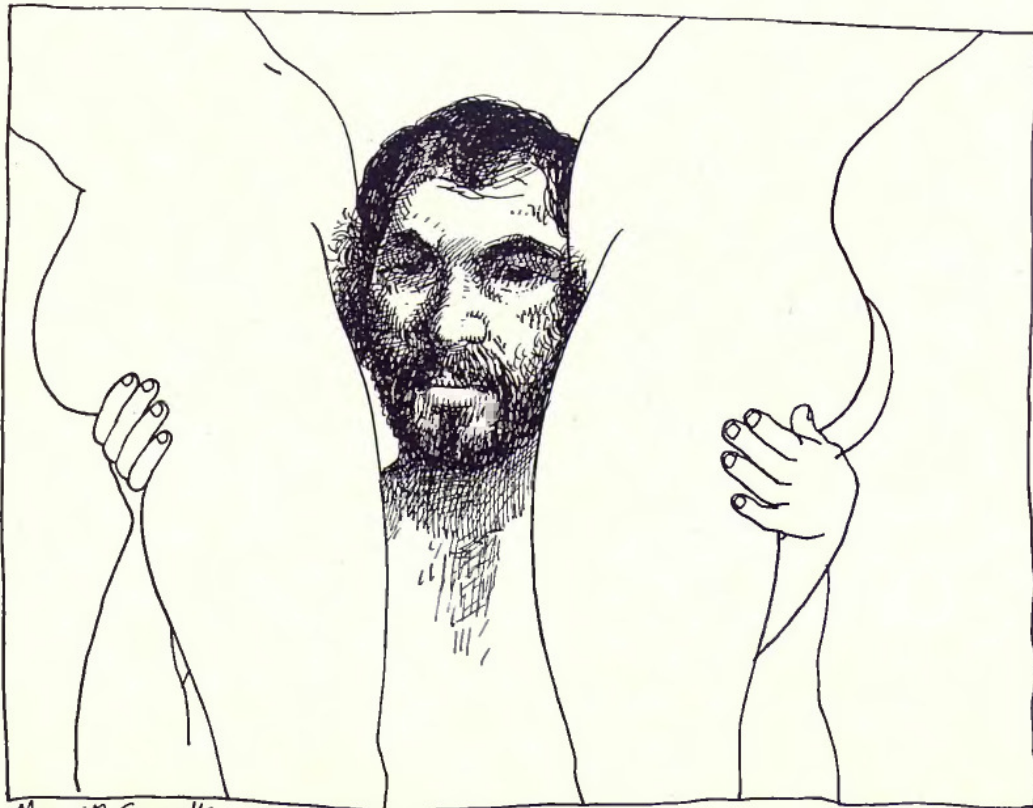
PLAYBOY: Alfred Hitchcock, who often said that actors should be treated like cattle, was another of your early directors. Did you like being herded by him in *Marnie*?

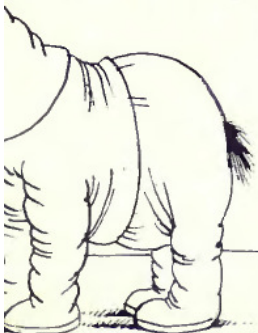
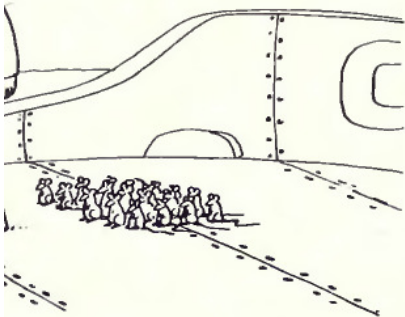
HARTLEY: At first, he was very sweet to me. We had a repartee that was nice and light. Then we did one scene and he didn't talk to me again for the rest of the film. I took it personally. Now I wonder if he weren't so concerned with the rest of the film that he just forgot I was there. He tended to like ladies who seemed graceful and feminine and not like a big puppy in a glass shop—which is what I was. I'm still that way, but somehow it's more becoming now. Anyway, I felt it turned him off. When I tried asking him about it, he said, "You have a lot of trouble with men, don't you, Miss Hartley?" I'm not sure what he was getting at. Men in this town sometimes have odd concepts of women.

9.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us another example of a (continued on page 140)

A CARTOONIST IS COMING





"I'd done pig noises all my life. You just do that kind of thing in Connecticut."

man's having an odd concept of you?

HARTLEY: I auditioned for the part in *Peyton Place* of Claire Morton, a doctor who was frigid. I dressed for the part—wore my Connecticut suit, had my little black-alligator shoes, my black bag and my little silk blouse. The producer and the directors were doing three shows a week, which was murder. I'd come on the set every day and they would say, "Don't forget. She's frigid." And I'd say, "I know! You keep telling me that. Is there something I'm not doing? I'm crossing my legs a lot. I'm not smiling. What else should I be doing?" They just persisted in reminding me. Thirty-four episodes later, I flew off to the Andes with Leslie Nielsen and never went back to Peyton Place again. Not only that, I didn't work for the producer for a long time. And I couldn't figure out why. I asked somebody who knew him to find out, and the answer came back that he thought I was frigid. And, by God, he did hire me again—to play a frigid schoolteacher in *Judd, for the Defense*. I don't understand any of it.

10.

PLAYBOY: In addition to having been oddly typecast, you've also managed to land some peculiar roles. Care to describe some of them for us?

HARTLEY: I played a girl with two navels in the TV movie *Genesis II*. I thought it was going to make me *the* sex symbol of Los Angeles. It didn't work out that way. I remember, though, I was going with a guy who really got turned on by those two navels. I was glad they could be applied very quickly.

I also was the bride of *The Incredible Hulk*—which sounds so awful and science-fictiony. But the episode turned out to be very sensitively written and directed. I won an Emmy for it, but, as one of the judges informed me, there was not a lot of competition that year.

11.

PLAYBOY: You even managed to lure Mr. Spock into the sack on a *Star Trek* episode. How did you seduce him, by appealing to his logic?

HARTLEY: No. I taught him how to eat meat. Before he met me, he had been a vegetarian. That's a nicer way to say it.

12.

PLAYBOY: You decided to give up acting for a while. What happened?

HARTLEY: I said, "The heck with this; what I really want to do with my life is sell budget dresses." Seriously, things weren't working well. I'd been acting every single, solitary day for 16 years, and I was just wiped out. I had lost confidence. So I went to I. Magnin's and worked in budget dresses—which was next to better dresses—which was fun because all the ladies with their blue hair and their little white collars had been there for 86 years. I was selling like crazy. People felt sorry for me. "I remember you from that commercial," they'd say. "Isn't it too bad you're here now? I'll buy this and this and this." One day, I needed an alterationist and went through the circuitous route of fancy dressing rooms, where Miss Betty was. I passed Greer Garson, who was trying on a sequined red gown. I was calling for Miss Rosie, the alterationist. Miss Betty rushed through the curtains and said, "What're you doing here, kid? What is that, a \$36 dress? Honey, this is where the minks and the diamonds are. You want to wreck a sale?" I said, "Gee, no, but is Rosie in there?" "Not only is she not in here, I wouldn't send her out to you if she were." She added, "I'll see you later," and I said, "Gosh, I don't think so." And I quit. I went into the store the other day and Miss Betty was still wearing her white collar. It's such fun now to say, "I don't want that dress, Miss Betty. I don't like it at all."

13.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you and your husband meet over a commercial?

HARTLEY: I was sent to New York to test with 250 ladies to play this extremely important part that would have made me the youngest Mrs. Olson in the business: Margaret, the town greeting lady. And the 250 ladies couldn't cut it. So they got me, because Patrick [Boyriven], who was the producer of the commercial, sold me as the *epi-tome* of sunshine. He's French and didn't know how to pronounce epitome. So I got the part and flew to New York shortly after killing my sister with a wrench on *Barnaby Jones*. I went immediately into selling Orange Plus. Since Patrick was the producer, I asked him to produce tickets for a play I wanted to see. Then, because I didn't know anybody in New York who hadn't seen the play, I asked him to go with me. We were living together a week later.

14.

PLAYBOY: Have you always asked men out?

HARTLEY: Yes; I did that at the Bounty Ball at Staples High in Westport and ended up going steady with the guy. Whenever I waited for them to ask me, I never knew how to react. If somebody asked me to go to the submarine races, for example, I was such a schmuck that I'd say yes and there we'd be and I'd ask, "Well, where are the submarines?" That's the story of my life. When I was six, I was absolutely in love with a boy named Keith, and I remember a picnic at the beach, with parents and teachers and all the kids. Keith came up. I looked in his eyes and he looked in my eyes, and he handed me this thing. I didn't even see what it was. He asked me to carry it the rest of the day. It was a dead fish, and I literally went through the entire day toting Keith's dead fish. It was always like that, until Patrick turned my luck. Finally, I asked the right guy out on a date.

15.

PLAYBOY: What convinced you that he was the right guy?

HARTLEY: Well, he had a terrific-looking left thigh. I *loved* his left thigh. And then I fell in love with his after-shave lotion. But I didn't fall in love with *him* right away. I told myself, He's so good-looking and he has such a neat left thigh and he's so bright. But he has no sense of humor. How can I marry him and have all his kids? This was, oh, the second day we worked together. Men don't know the fantasies that surround them. So we took a fateful ride up to Syracuse to see my brother, and that was when I made pig noises in his ear. I'd done pig noises all my life. You just do that kind of thing in Connecticut. But they're so silly, you usually do them to kids or to other women. Well, we were parked there, and I don't know, I needed to let off steam or something. So I did pig noises. He turned around and I thought it was all over. Then he did his pig noise, which was like a male pig in heat, and I almost fell out of the car laughing. And at that moment, I knew I was in love.

16.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you almost become a regular on the *Today* show?

HARTLEY: I went on the show for three weeks, while Jane Pauley was on her honeymoon. It was a comedy of errors, but I wasn't laughing. Initially, the network was not terribly straight with Jane. They were wooing me for a take-over. I told them I was not that interested, but

(concluded on page 228)



*warm gently, add surf and sand, shake vigorously
and enjoy immediately*

SUMMER is the season for loosening our grip. Things slip happily through our fingers. Part of us goes to a kind of summer camp, a perfect summer camp, and many of our critical faculties are simply left behind. No one seems to mind that reruns are running TV, that mediocre fiction becomes inexplicably riveting, that pastel drinks with umbrellas in them taste wonderful. The evolutionary process

that made us achievers now urges us to buy a midweek ticket to the ball park. The tanned body becomes languid—a condition impossible to synthesize with drugs or with any other transforming medium. Summer dawns on us: Suddenly, life acquires a soft focus. We sometimes find ourselves not holding up our end of conversations. We lose our mental starch. The world is ripe and life is sweet again. Turn the page and see.



*great thoughts on
summer and the city*

Wolfman Jack: The best summer I can remember was 1965. Three major movements in rock 'n' roll came together: Motown, the British invasion and the summer surf sound. They gave the music charts the most versatility of any period. We haven't had anything before or since like that summer.

Summer is like the soy sauce on the

chop suey of life. You might laugh, but I bet there's an old Chinese couple out there saying, "How true, how true."

You know what the big summer song in Fairbanks, Alaska, is? *Her Auntie Gave Her Panties 'Cause She Left Her Undies in the Andes*. A great summer hit.

Helen Gurley Brown: I love summer in New York. It's charming, sexy, sensual and quiet. The city streets in summer are so sexy. I can wear just a pair of panties, a dress and sandals. It feels so sexy to get it down to the bare minimum. Summer is the most sensuous time of the year—a good time to have a love affair.

Peter Allen: Sydney, Australia, is the best city, because summer is in the winter and it's nice to lie on the beach after Christmas dinner. Australians are a bunch of white Anglo-Saxons who think they're Polynesians. They have a

wonderful time. If they could just learn to samba, it would be the perfect summer city. I'd never leave.

I also like summers in New York. I don't go away on the weekends to Fire Island or the Hamptons, like everyone else, because I like to walk around the empty streets. I remember doing a one-man Broadway show in the middle of an absolutely deadly heat three summers ago. There I was, all dressed up in my mirrored jacket, dancing on the piano in the middle of this heat wave. I just got thinner and thinner.

Fran Lebowitz: The worst thing about summer in the city is that people walk around with very few clothes on, which with most people is aesthetically unappealing. You see adult men in shorts, people's feet. All that is offensive. Anyway, I think most people would look better covered head to toe with a sheet.



From left: Aramis 900 SPF 12 Lip Protector, \$4.50; Chanel for Men Shower/Both Gel, \$9.50; Jovan Dial-a-Tan sun lotion, \$4.50; Aramis 900 SPF 5 sun protector, \$6.50; Yves Saint Laurent

Pour Homme Hair Conditioner & Texturizer, \$7; Aramis All-Over Skin Soother, \$7; Solarcaine Lotion, \$3.39; and Yves Saint Laurent Pour Homme Face Protection Cream, \$9.50. Shake, then bake.

Some of us tan well and some of us don't. Ronald Reagan, for instance, looks a youthful 71 and (left) looked a very youthful lifeguard, too. And there probably hasn't been a moment when he hasn't had a bronze sheen.

In addition to making you feel better, getting a little sun is actually good for you. It helps the body produce vitamin D and speeds the skin's natural peeling process, thereby keeping your pores unclogged. But too much sun is not beneficial: Your skin leathers and wrinkles prematurely; it loses its elasticity and you run the risk of skin cancer. A little



The best summers were when I was a kid and went to camp. Summer when you're a kid is totally satisfying. From five to ten are the best years of your life, the prime. When you're a kid, even your parents leave you alone in summer. No one thinks you're a lunatic for spending 11 hours alone, lying on your back.

Now I lead the same kind of life as a child, except I'm 31 and inside. I lie on my back looking at the ceiling, which I prefer to the sky.

I don't like hot weather, but I never go out in the daylight anyway if I can help it, so my routine doesn't change much.

The best thing about summer in New York is that a certain element—the quiche element—leaves, which spruces up the city. The only people left in the city are poor people and writers—a much jollier group.

Mr. Blackwell: Anyone who stays in New York during the summer deserves to look terrible. If he has to stay there, my advice to him is to forget fashion; just try to look comfortable.

There are torturous moments of heat in downtown L.A., too, but I have the habit of making believe they don't exist. To me, discussing the weather is a big bore.

One nice thing is that women walk differently in the sun. There's almost an automatic kind of smile in their stride and in their attitude that doesn't exist in the fall.

Irving "Swiftly" Lazar: Writers don't produce as much in summer. Everyone goes to his holiday place or his country home on Long Island, in New Hampshire or in the south of France. Productivity goes down, and it's harder to make deals. Everyone is off somewhere. The

project must be something irresistible, like *The Sound of Music*, which we sold in the summer. Otherwise, it's very difficult to get the right combination of people together. Summer is not a time when people in publishing or show business like to work.

Rex Reed: I'm not a summer person. I hate tank tops, jogging shorts, transistor radios, Puerto Rican music, the smell of *tortillas* frying—all the symbols of summer in New York City. It's not at all charming. I just flee.

Ideally, I steal off to my farm in Connecticut for six weeks every summer. It's cooler. I have a swimming pool. I garden and get away from it all.

As for L.A., it's horrible any time of year, summer or winter.

Buck Henry: I love summer in the city. I live with an Eskimo. It's always cold. There's always refrigeration.

caution goes a long way. There are three basic kinds of sun protectors: sun blocks, which completely screen out the sun's rays; sunscreens, which block the burning rays while allowing some tanning to occur; and suntan lotions, which allow the greatest amount of tanning rays to get through with the minimum of sunburn protection. The most effective ingredient in sunscreens is para-aminobenzoic acid (PABA), and you should stick to those products that include it. Also, though it probably won't do any good to remind you, *ease* into a tanning routine. That will gradually allow melanin—the color-producing protein in the skin—to disperse, permitting tanning. Heat and sun take their toll on your hair and on your lips, too. Use a hair conditioner, and apply a lip balm every time you sun.

Heat relief: We cooled our baking model with a sheet of Cool Skin (far right), from Spenco Medical Corporation of Waco, Texas. It's made from a stable hydrogel of water trapped in a thin net of polyethylene and it cools through evaporation, about \$20.



a gaggle of things to take
you where you
want to go

GREAT ESCAPES



Above: Our summer sprite checks out the latest in personal transportation. She's wearing a pair of Ultimate Street Skates—a radically different skate on which four polyurethane wheels are arranged in a straight line. They were designed initially as a training aid for ice skaters and skiers, as they help develop the longer, stronger stride essential to ice skating and skiing. They are remarkably comfortable and you can roll over large sidewalk

Most people take their vacations during the summer—and sometimes at their desks. The soul has to recharge, and while a few weeks seems the absolute minimum to clear the head of what's getting in its way, sometimes smaller parcels of time away from the grind are just as necessary and restoring. Half days off and long weekends should be taken as seriously as medicine. Doing something you've never done before can move you into a new mental Zip Code—and that's always a good idea in summer.

At right: Hove your own fantasy island with this 7'8" Floating Island, which you can stock with food and friends for a day out in the sun. There's a depressed area in the center that can be filled with ice and things that need to be kept cold, \$200. The orange and blue Cool Cot coolers insulate with foam sandwiched between layers of nylon duck, \$50 and \$32.50. Above float at left: It may look like a plone, but it's really just a boot—or, rather, a Ski Plone, an extremely maneuverable, high-speed, fuel-efficient watercraft. Its combination of a single water ski and an airplane wing significantly reduces water drag. It's flown like an airplane but is registered as a boat and requires no operator's license; get one for \$13,000. Floating in the air next to it is the Jet Wing All-Terrain Vehicle. With long-glider wings and a 37-horsepower propeller engine that can reach a speed of 50 mph, it can be flown out of an open field or off water and can be driven on land sans wing. And it doesn't require a pilot's license. It's \$4350 to \$5900, depending on options. Those are two kites flying from the yacht; on the left is a Cotamaran Kite that sails as well as flies. Better yet, it involves no running: It launches from your hand, \$20. At right is the Skynasour, a flying device that can be controlled from the ground and mode to perform sweeps and even to dive into and climb out of water, \$29. At far right is White Canoe's 16-foot fiberglass canoe, fitted with a sail attached to an outrigger pontoon. The outrigger folds easily for cartop transportation, about \$1100.





craters without feeling them. Their inventor, Scott Olson, told us recently that he was able to hit a speed of 50 mph down a mountain road with them. We'll take his word for it. The Ultimate Street Skate sells for between \$100 and \$150 and is available from the Super Street Skate Company, in Bloomington, Minnesota. That thing on our skater's head is the Salarband—a combination sweatband and oversized protective sunglasses. It costs \$12.50.





THE BEER-HUNTERS

As summer hit the Great White North, we sent Robert Crane to check in with "SCTV's" Bob (above left) and Doug (above right) McKenzie (Rick Moranis and Dave Thomas, respectively, in real life). We asked how their summer was going and encouraged them to share their thoughts on the best beverage to beat the heat: beer.

PLAYBOY: Describe that special moment—the first beer of the day.

BOB: OK, like, the first beer of the day comes at different times, ch, 'cause sometimes you sleep late 'cause you had too many beers the night before. Some of us have beer instead of orange juice. Others of us, and I won't mention any names, have beer instead of tooth paste.

DOUG: I use the first beer of the day to brush my teeth, ch, which is beauty, 'cause it's a disinfectant 'cause of alcohol content. Also, the rest of it that's left over after brushing your teeth you use to get rid of a headache.

BOB: So that's our first beer of the day. Good day.

PLAYBOY: What do you think is better,

the first beer or the last beer?

BOB: Oh, jeez, good question.

DOUG: Who can remember the last one, eh? Not me.

BOB: Yeah, like, the last beer is the last beer you can handle, so you usually can't remember it. But sometimes, the last beer is the last one you've got, and that's real sad, eh. But you know what the best beer is? The first one of a new case at the beginning of a day or at the end of a day if you ran out and already had your last one. Jeez, I'm real confused now. I need a beer.

DOUG: What was the question?

PLAYBOY: What is the nutritional content of beer?

BOB: What does nutritional mean?

DOUG: It's something to do with food, eh. Look at it this way: If you drink nothing but beer, you'll get fat.

BOB: Look at him, eh. But, also, if you're starving and you drink beer, uh, you'll get full. So it must have good ingredients in it. Like, some beers are made with pure spring water and all beers have barley, hops, malt—important things like that. That's nutrition. The most important thing is alcohol, which is real good. Have you ever rubbed alcohol on your body? It feels great. Same with the insides.

PLAYBOY: What has been the ecological impact of beer bottles and cans?

BOB: Jeez, well, bottles; empties have made us rich, 'cause after car races and rock concerts, we go to parks and pick up empties and take 'em back. We get ten cents each. But cans—if my brother was a goat, he'd eat 'em.

DOUG: If you take hundreds of cans back, don't they crush 'em down and make cars out of them? Bottles are beauty, but

cans are the way of the future.

PLAYBOY: Which summer sports are you into?

DOUG: Bob likes sittin' around on his backside. That's his great sport. As you can see from the most developed muscle on his body, he exercises it well.

BOB: Take off. I'm gonna tell everyone what my brother's favorite sport is. Have you heard of Olympic beer? That's the closest he comes to sports.

DOUG: Take off. Car racing is my sport. Formula Fords, eh. You'll find me in the pits.

BOB: Yeah, more like the pits of depression after too much beer, 'cause you got

*"have you ever rubbed alcohol on your body?
it feels great. same with the insides"*

a speeding ticket. That's the closest to car racing you got—getting a speeding ticket on our van. Stop lyin'.

PLAYBOY: When you're at a lake or a beach and you have to go, what do you do?

BOB: You can go swimming.

DOUG: Yeah, and sometimes that'll make you stop, eh. If the water's real cold, you won't want to go. If it's real warm, you'll do what my brother does, and that is, just go right in the water.

BOB: Yeah, that's what I was thinkin'.

DOUG: But you know what he does? He doesn't wait till he gets in up to his neck. He goes when he's, like, up to his knees, eh. So it looks real dumb.

BOB: What's real funny is sometimes, right after I go and he doesn't know, he's down there fillin' up a pot with water to make some hot chocolate late at

night, campin', and I won't have any.

PLAYBOY: In summer, does the body's need for beer increase?

BOB: Yeah, 'cause you sweat and you lose rich bodily fluids.

DOUG: Picture a beautiful summer day and you hear a fly maybe buzzin' and you hear the wind sort of blowin' some leaves, eh, and then, what is the next best sound to that but a beer being popped open and the creak of your chair as you lean back to slug it into your throat, eh?

BOB: Jeez, you're like a poet. You actually made me thirsty by that.

DOUG: Really?

BOB: Yeah.

DOUG: Oh, then you're buyin'.

PLAYBOY: Explain the correct beer-cooler procedure. How do you keep a case of beer cold?

BOB: OK, what you do is you take it out of the case—each beer, eh—and then you take your cooler and put ice in the cooler, then you lay your beers down in the cooler and put more ice on top.

DOUG: That's the old-fashioned way. The new way is they now have battery-powered fridge coolers.

BOB: Take off.

DOUG: Yeah. I swear. Honestly, I've seen 'em. You can take 'em with you. You put batteries in and they have a little motor circulating cold through little pipes.

BOB: I think he's lyin'.

DOUG: I am not. It's true. Really. Trust me.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you have one of those?

BOB and DOUG: They're too expensive.

PLAYBOY: Which is better, beer in cans or in bottles? *(continued on page 218)*

Below: Outfitted for summer, Bob catches some rays off the top of his beer can—a good method for tanning the underside of the chin. Doug makes like Muscle Beach.

Beerhunter is a Canadian version of Russian roulette: A contestant picks a beer from a six-pock—one of which has been vigorously shaken. Below: Miss Sudsy Tucans cheats.

The McKenzies don't really care. First of all, we've paid for the beer, and second, Sudsy shows great form in her shaking. Bob gets a refreshing faceful of his favorite foam.



*welcome to the state of mind
that is predominantly blonde*

essay **By HERBERT GOLD**

THEY APPEAR for early test runs in Malibu, La Jolla, North Beach, Big Sur and Carmel, Mill Valley, Mendocino; and sometimes they hurry off coltishly to jobs in San Francisco, L.A. or San Diego, even to San Jose and Sacramento, where they reconstitute springtime for everyone. In coffeeshouses, alighting from sports cars, in the racquetball and squash clubs, on the tennis courts—everywhere in California—the California girl, bless her, has a tendency



to turn life into a festival. A festival that starts on the first day you see her.

"Ees bettair zan a keek in zee behind" may not be the finest French compliment the California girl has ever received, but a French friend accustomed to the green-skinned winter girls of Paris found that so much health required getting used to. His heart was broken by a series of laughing ladies who were more athletic than he, sometimes taller, surely sweeter-smelling and more carefree than an international investment banker. The one who did him in worst worked in microchips in the Silicon Valley of Santa Clara, could decode Japanese

California is not the only place to find California Girls; it just enjoys the highest concentration of them. The term refers to a sort of style, after all: mobile, athletic, achingly fit, very pretty. Below left: Two CGs are about to cause a traffic jam. Below: Notice that some CGs have blue eyes and white noses. At bottom: CGs make terrific volleyball players.





symbols and Japanese menus and had a pink, uncoated tongue and a brain impasted with layers of I.Q.

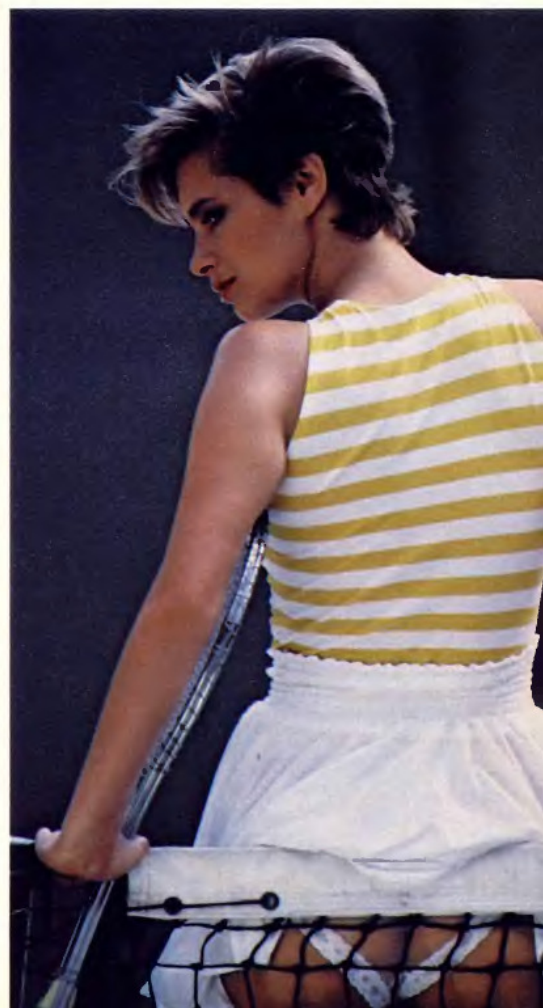
We are all proud of the fact that California is the ninth largest industrial power in the world. The summer girl contributes to that power from her command post on the beach—with her toes wriggling with delight in the sand.

She does so by means of volleyball—played in monokini on a secluded beach or even in nonkini on the nude beach of San Gregorio, between San Francisco and Santa Cruz. All this provides



At far left: CGs can appreciate the great outdoors and television simultaneously. They can be adept skaters and keep their balance even while looking great (left). CGs are generally very kind to animals of every color and size. They take their dogs with them everywhere (below). At right: CGs study the latest lifesaving techniques. Jump-starting hearts is their specialty. Far right above: When they're hot, CGs are careful not to drink too much cold water too fast. Far right below: CGs often play tennis unfairly.









At top far left: Many CGs have important jobs but still manage to take lunch seriously. Below that, we see that CGs are surprised by what chlorinated pool water can do to stretch fabrics. Above left: CGs follow the print media closely. At left: CGs can drink coffee without ever getting jittery. Above: CGs will often sit down and ponder things for a long time.

good dry-land fitness while keeping the feet rubbed clean in salt-washed mica.

Or the sea caves in the surf at La Jolla. The oceanography aquarium. Down there, a step from Baja, you can let your tan take care of itself even as you gaze upon the shaded wonders of science. The rapture of the deep refers to a diver's dangerous euphoria, but the girls of summer cause rapture in others and, as they contemplate the never-ending present, in themselves. Life may be full of undertows and whirlpools, but not yet, not yet. Who said it's summer? It's forever springtime.

But the beach girls are well known. Less explored are the mountain girls. In the mountains and the mountain communities, life moves at a slower pace. Often, the

CGs often rearrange the territory that surrounds them so that it becomes a kind of frame. They do that when no one is looking. The phenomenon is perceived as photographic composition—even when you don't have a camera. Below: One CG has managed to make the Pacific Ocean behind her completely out of focus. At bottom: Another performs an asymmetrical cart wheel. Moments later, she lands safely right side up. Below right: A hammock conforms to its shy, sleeping occupant. Bottom for right: A CG considers what life in the fast lane might be like saddled with a large, slow dog. At far right center: Another CG perfectly smooths a towel and makes it stoy that woy. At right: A CG demonstrates the proper woy to recover your composure offer you've slightly scraped your knee.

California mountain girls seem to involve more scheduling than the laid-back beach ladies with their endless summers. Is it only my impression that they are older? Do they go up the mountain to be philosophers, looking for a more rarefied laid back? Strangely enough, their limbs are just as clean, their lines as racy, as the coastal creatures'. But there are a few worry marks around the eyes and mouth—life frets that can drive a man crazy with desire if he is aroused by a philosophical temperament.

I don't want to pretend it's all sun and honey and health and New Federalist sex, returned to local option. Well, even if it is, there is more. The girls get older. With time, the tarot cards are exchanged for VISA cards.

The blush of beauty seems to remain on the just and the unjust alike, at least until they are 30. Then, character starts to show. Some become tangy, forthright women with sun lines at the eyes (watch their skilled skiing down the slopes of Squaw Valley and the job market), and some just disappear into the real world.

In the flash of California thigh and eye, California men study heaven and hell, mountain and beach, sun and sea, an investment in eternity and a faith in the passing moment. Mostly, there is pleasure, sometimes even joy; and even the griefs handed out by area codes 415 and 213—or 916 or 714—are lively sorrows. Those girls smell like honey and hope after 40 miles in the pickup. Their metabolisms are fine-tuned but firm enough for strong wear. They laugh and even sometimes have a sense of humor. Finally, they honor their hours on earth in ways we have not learned to describe.







CGs have a way of making any environment—however exotic or stark—seem like their living room. That is why they can appear to be totally at ease in poses and on surfaces that would make the rest of us feel uncomfortable. But for CGs, physical poise and grace just go with the territory. If it had been clear skies and 75 degrees inside your head for all your life, you might have acquired a sunnier kind of coordination. Above: It's a toasted CG in the stretch. Below: A CG with rear-axle traction takes the time to adjust her costume so that it will suit her mood. At right: We see what happens when oil meets skin meets sand. And it's something that will stick with us for a long time.







"See—I told you the gods wouldn't be angry."

THE PARTNERS

*It was down the Lehigh Valley in early 'Sixty-three:
We was panning sand in the Rio Grande,
My partner, Cross-eyed Bill, and me,
When Bill got hitched with a gal named Nell.
Well, she weren't so goldarned bad,
And he brought her up to the shack to live.
But I was a rooty lad.*

*While Cross-eyed Bill was panning in the creek
As it flowed through the gulch nearby,
Nell and I'd go at it, tearing off a trick.
Well, spring rolled by in the old Lehigh
And Nell birthed twins, you see:
One was a cross-eyed son of a bitch
And the other looked just like me.*

A LITTLE RENDEZVOUS

*A little kiss, a little smile,
A handclasp every little while.
A little whisper in the ear
That no one else may ever hear.
A little pressure of the foot
Upon your snugly buttoned boot.
A scribbled note; a little date
To meet you when the hour is late.
A little room in some hotel,
A little promise not to tell,
A little fussing in a chair;
A little mussing of the hair.
A little bathroom all in white;
A little turning down the light.
A little shirtwaist laid aside;
A little bust that tries to hide.
A little skirt laid on a chair;
A little suit of underwear
That comes off with a little teasing
And shows a little form most pleasing.
A little blush, a little sigh,
A little promise by-and-by.
A little bed of shining brass;
A little turning off the gas.
A little night robe, mostly lace;
More kisses and a tight embrace.
A little wrestling in the night;
A little moan of sheer delight.
A little pair of hearts that beat;
A hearty effort to repeat.
A little towel or, maybe, two;
A little snuggling up to you.
A little sleep till half past four;
A little teasing for some more.
A little fussing while we dress,
A cigarette and a cavess.
A little bill, a little tip,
A little parting at the lip.
A little stealing down the stair;
A little secret we now share.
A little weariness next day,
As little children after play.
A little wish that you and I
May have another by-and-by.*



LOVE LETTERS

*A is for Amour—that starts the affair.
B is for Bedroom, to which we repair.
C is for Cigarettes to smoke in between;
D is for Drinks, which are part of the scene.
E is for Elevator that takes us on high;
F's for French letter I was careful to buy.
G is for Girl, a regular jewel;
H is for Husband, the silly old fool.
I's for Illicit love, long may it reign;
J's for the Joy—sometimes mingled with pain.
K is for Kisses that make the heart soar;
L is for Lingerie strewn on the floor.
M is for Moonlight, in which we now stand;
N is for Nudity, stroked with the hand.
O is for Oh in the stillness of night;
P is for Passion that makes all things right.
Q is for Quality; quantity, too;
R's for Resistance (which doesn't mean you).
S for your Skin, which is smooth as a pearl;
T, your Technique, which makes my head whirl.
U is for Unity, greatest of joys;
V is for Virtue, which no longer annoys.
W for Whirling spray, great old invention;
X for eXpenses, needless to mention.
Y is for You, dear, who inspired this rhyme;
Z's for the Zest of our very first time.*

KISSES GALORE

*Sister Susie's got a beau.
Say, he ain't so gosh-darned slow;
As a kisser, he's right there.
Boy! He smacks her everywhere.
Just last Sunday, I got hep—
Watched him kiss her on the step.
Came inside and sat in there,
And he kissed her on the chair.
Little later, just for sport,
Kissed her on the davenport.
When he smacked her on the couch,
She laughed and squealed
and hollered, "Ouch!"
When, at night, they stroll and talk,
He will kiss her on the walk
And—you wouldn't think it true—
Kiss her on the avenue!
In the streetcar—oh, he's neat!—
Once, he kissed her on the seat.
Talk about your pigs in clover;
He just kisses her all over.*

NEW VANTAGE ULTRA LIGHTS



Not available in States of Oklahoma, Colorado

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

5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

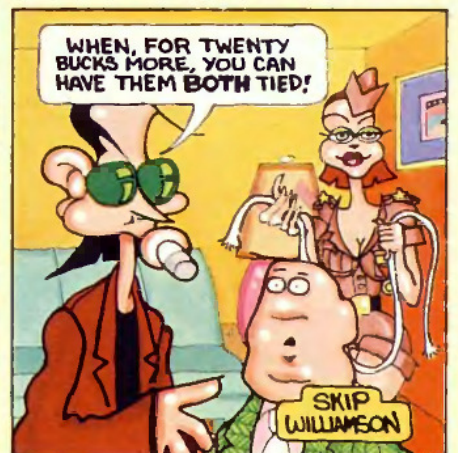
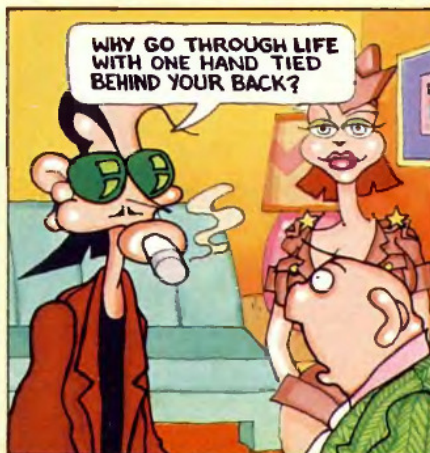
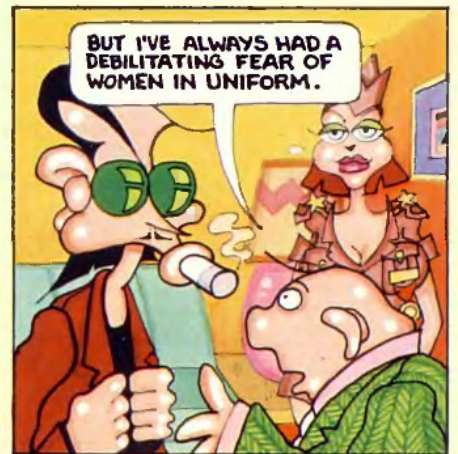


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New tobacco blend.
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Playboy FUNNIES



5 CENT MARY

BY E N O S



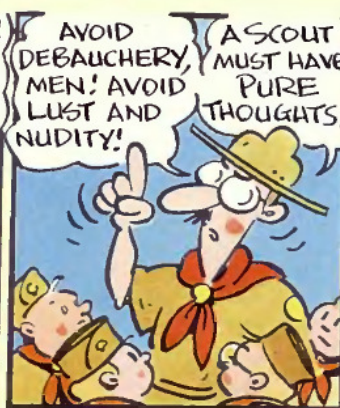
BUGGERY

A. S. & GUARNACCIA



annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard



Saturday Nite Jive

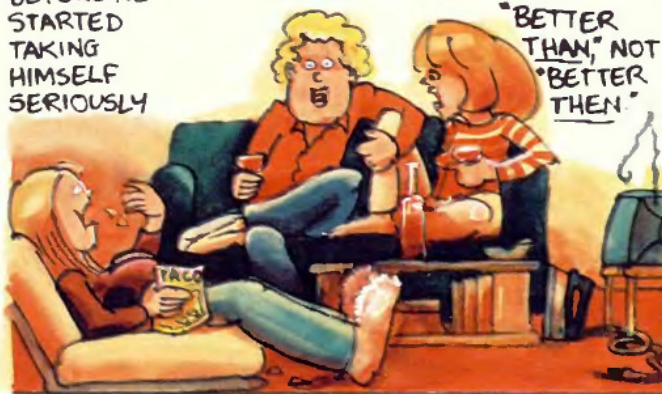
BY BILL JOHNSON



I LIKED WOODY ALLEN BEFORE HE STARTED TAKING HIMSELF SERIOUSLY

I LIKED HIS EARLY FILMS BETTER THEN HIS RECENT ONES.

"BETTER THAN," NOT "BETTER THEN"



C'MON, WHAT WOMAN WOULDNT LIKE TO LAY DOWN WITH WOODY ALLEN AND-

ANYWAY, WOODY ALLEN IS SEXIST.

"LIE DOWN," NOT "LAY DOWN." HOW CAN YOU MAKE SUCH STUPID MISTAKES?



HOW CAN YOU...HUH? OK, DON'T ANSWER... I

WELP, G'NIGHT GUYS.

She's really on the rag!

HATE IT WHEN YOU DON'T ANSWER.



OK, I'M ASKING NICELY. PLEASE TALK... DO YOU WANT TO GO TO BED NOW? WATCH TV? READ AWHILE? I'LL TAKE OUR WINE WITH US... YOU ARE STAYING THE NIGHT, AREN'T YOU?



SEE? CLEAN SHEETS. HONEY? DO YOU WANT THE RADIO ON? MMM... I LOVE THE WAY YOUR BODY FEELS. CAN I TOUCH YOU?

THE SILENT TREATMENT ALWAYS WORKS..



OOH, BABY. MMM. YOU'RE SO SMOOTH. I LOVE YOU. OH! KILL ME! KILL ME! GIVE IT TO ME NOW- PLEASE!

BITCH! NOW I'M GOING TO PENETRATE YOU-



PENETRATE? PEN-EN-TRATE? DUMMY, THE WORD IS PEN-E-TRATE! I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW STUPID YOU ARE



GO AHEAD! WATCH TV. YOU CAN'T BLOCK ME OUT. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ANSWER, HUH? YOU HAVE TO SOONER UN

WOODY ALLEN WOULDN'T TAKE THIS SHIT.



Sarah Downs

COCKTAIL PARTY (continued from page 102)

"Domitilla lived alone in a spherical pod of a house suspended by spider cables a mile above the bay."

was the old basic body other than that, the traditional pre-Shaping Shape, used now only by the unfortunate billions of the serving classes. I gasped, and I was not alone. It's no easy thing to amaze a group so worldly as we, but we were transfixed with amazement, struck dumb by Domitilla's bizarre notion. Was she mocking us? Was she merely naïve? Or was she so far beyond our level of sophistication that we couldn't comprehend her motives? Trays clattered to the ground, drinks were spilled, we coughed and wheezed and muttered. The meters that were judging the contest whirled and flashed. No doubt of the winner: Domitilla had plainly provoked the most intense surprise, and that was the criterion. The party was at the edge of scandal. But Mortissa was equal to the moment.

"The winner, of course, is Domitilla," she said calmly. "We salute her for the audacity of her design. But my husband and I regard it as hazardous to the life of our child to give it the standard form for its first Shaping, because of the possibility of misunderstanding by its playmates, and so we invoke our right to choose another entry, and we select that of our quasi-cousin Sandalphon, so remarkable for its combination of subtlety and strength."

"Well done!" Melanoleum called, and

I did not know whether she was cheering Mortissa for her astuteness or Domitilla for her boldness or me for the beauty of my design.

"Well done!" cried Vishnu, and Candelabra and Hannibal took it up, and the tensions of the party dissolved into a kind of forced jubilation that swiftly became the real thing.

"The prize!" someone shouted. "Who's the prize?"

Spinifex thumped his huge fins. "The prize! The prize!"

Mortissa beckoned to Domitilla. She stepped forward, small and fragile-looking but not in the least vulnerable, and said, in a clear, cool voice, "I choose Sandalphon."

We left the party within the hour and popped to San Francisco, where Domitilla lived alone in a spherical pod of a house suspended by spider cables a mile above the bay.

I had my wish. And yet she frightened me, and I don't frighten easily.

Her fiery mantle engulfed me. She was 19, I was 93, and she ruled me. In that frosty blue radiance, I was helpless. Five Shapings, and only 19! Her eyes were narrow and cat-yellow, and there were worlds of strangeness in them that made me feel like a mud-flecked peasant. "The famous Sandalphon," she whispered. "Would you have picked me,

if you had won? Yes, I know you would. It was all over your face. How long have you had this Shaping?"

"Four years."

"Time for a new one."

I started to say that Hapshash and the other leaders of our set were traveling in the other direction, that the fashionable thing was to keep one's old Shaping; but that seemed idiocy to me now as I lay in her arms with her dense, harsh fur rubbing my scales. She was the new thing, the terrifying, inexorable voice of the dawning day, and what did our modes matter to her? We made love, my worlds of experience against her tigerish, youthful vitality, and there, at least, I think I matched her stroke for stroke. Afterward, she showed me holograms of her first four Shapings. One by one, her earlier selves stepped from the projector and pirouetted before me: the form her parents had given her, which she had kept for nine years, and then the second Shaping, which one always tends to cling to through puberty, and the two of her adolescence. They were true conglomeroid Shapes, a blending of images out of all the biological spectrum—a bit of butterfly and a bit of squid, a tinge of reptile and a hint of insect—the usual genetic fantasia that our kind adores, but a common thread bound them all, and her current Shape as well. That was the compactness of her body, the taut narrowness of her slender frame, powerful but minimal, like some agile little carnivore—mink or mongoose or marten. When we redesign ourselves, we can be any size we like, whale-mighty or cat-small, within certain basic limitations imposed by the need to house a human-sized brain in the frame that the gene splicers build for us; but Domitilla had opted always to construct her fantasies on the splendid little armature with which she had come into the world. That, too, was ominous. It spoke of a persistence, a self-sufficiency, that is not common.

"Which of them do you like best?" she asked when I had seen them all.

I stroked her strong, smooth thighs. "This one. How tight your fur lies against your skin! How beautiful the sail is on your back! You've brought out your deepest self."

"How would you know my deepest self after two hours?"

"Don't underestimate me." I touched my lips to hers. "Part hunting cat, part dinosaur—the metaphor's perfect."

"Let's make love again. Then we'll pop to Jerusalem."

"All right."

"And then Tibet."

"Certainly."

"And Baltimore."

"Baltimore?"



"Ours is a humane whaling ship. We only look for whales who have died of natural causes."

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka

The spirit of the Czar

From the icy currents of the Black Sea to the snow-tipped heights of the Urals, thousands followed him. His leadership became legendary. He gained the adulation of crowds, the admiration of people around him. Every step he took loomed larger than life.

His intimate moments had their special grandeur, too. Only the finest artisans could fashion the ornate gifts he ordered for those he chose to love. Paintings by Repin in gilded frames. Necklaces and brooches by Fabergé, intricately woven of seed pearls, emeralds, diamonds. Creations never to be equalled.

And his drink? The toast of St. Petersburg. Genuine Vodka. Today, Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka is made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court. Wolfschmidt Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka



80 PROOF

100 PROOF

"Why not?" she said. "Hold me tighter. Yes. Yes."

"Do I get only a month with you?"

"Thirty days. Those were the terms of the contest."

"Do you always abide by terms?"

"Always," she said.

We popped to Jerusalem at dawn, and then to Tibet, and then, yes, to Baltimore. And many more places in the 30 days. She was trying to exhaust me, thinking that 19 has some superiority over 93, but there, at least, she had misjudged things; at each Shaping we are renewed, you know. I loved her beyond measure, though she terrified me. What did I fear? What does anyone fear most? That in a vulnerable moment, someone will say, "I understand what a fraud you are, I have seen all your façades fall away, I know the truth about you." I would not say such a thing to Melanoleum, nor Nullamar to me, nor any of us to any of us, yet I felt Domitilla wouldn't hesitate to flay me down to the core beneath the Shapings if that suited her whim, and I lived in dread of that, and I always will.

On the 30th day, she said goodbye.

"Please," I said. "Another week."

"Those were the terms."

"Even so."

"If we refuse to honor contracts, all society collapses."

"Have I bored you?" Foolish question, inviting destruction.

"Not nearly as much as I thought you would," she replied, and I loved her for it, having expected worse. "But I have other things to do. My new Shaping, Sandalphon."

"You won't. What you are now is too beautiful to discard."

"What I will be next will surpass it."

"I beg you—stay as you are a little longer."

"I undergo engineering tomorrow at dawn," she said, "at the gene surgery in Katmandu."

Arguing with her was hopeless. We had our last night, a night of miracles, and while I slept, she vanished, and the walls of the world fell in on me. I hurried out to my friends and was house guest in turn with Nullamar and Mandragora and Melanoleum and Candelabra, and not one of them said the name Domitilla to me, and at the end of the year I went to Spinifex and Mortissa to admire the new child in the graceful shell of my happy designing, and then, despondent, I popped to Katmandu. All year long, a new Domitilla had been emerging from the altered genetic material of the previous one, and now her Shaping was nearly complete. They wouldn't let me see her, but they sent messages in, and she agreed to my request to have dinner with her on the day of her coming forth. That was still a month away. I could have gone anywhere in the world, but I stayed in Katmandu, staring at the mountains, thinking that my month of Domitilla had gone by in a flick and this month of waiting was taking an eternity, and then it was the day.

The inner door opened and nurses came out, standard humans, and an orderly or two, and then the surgeon, and then Domitilla. I recognized her at once, the same wiry armature as ever. The new body she wore was the one she had designed for the child of Spinifex and Mortissa. A standard human frame, mortifyingly human, the body of a serv-

ant, of a hewer of wood and drawer of water, except that it glowed with the inner fire that burned in Domitilla and that no member of the lower orders could conceivably have. And she was different from the standards in another way, for she was naked and she had used the hermaphrodite design—breasts above, male organs below. I felt as if I had been kicked; I wanted to clutch my gut and double over. Her eyes gleamed.

"Do you like it?" she asked, mocking me.

I was unable to look. I turned and tried to run, but she called after me, "Wait, Sandalphon!"

Trembling, I halted. "What do you want?"

"Tell me if you like it."

"The terms of the contest bound you not to use any of the designs," I said bitterly. "You claimed always to abide by terms."

"Always. Except when I choose not to." She spread her arms. "What do you think? Tell me you like it and I'm yours for tonight!"

"Never, Domitilla."

She touched her groin. "Because of this?"

"Because of you," I said. I shivered. "How could you do it? A standard, Domitilla. A standard!"

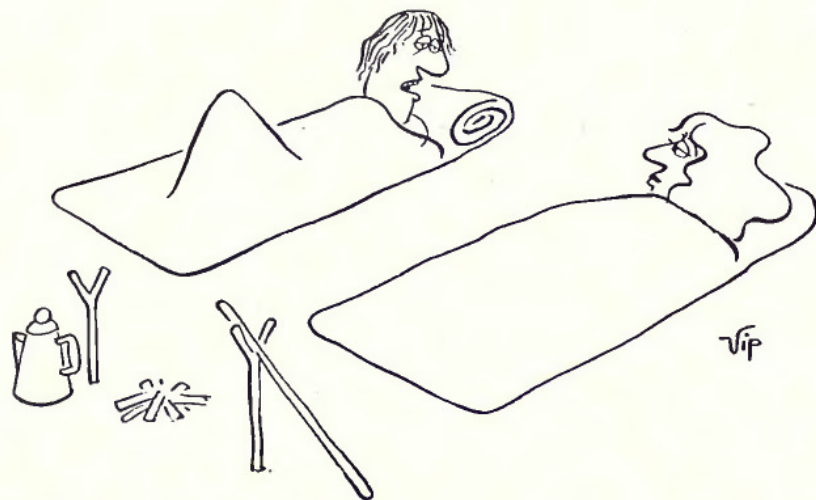
"You poor old fool," she said.

Again I turned, and this time she let me go. I traveled to Madagascar and Turkey and Greenland and Bulgaria, and her images blazed in my mind, the wolverine girl I had loved and the grotesque thing she had become. Gradually, the pain grew less. I went in for a new Shaping, despite Hapshash and his coterie, and came out simpler, more sleek, less conglomeroid. I felt better then. I was recovering from her.

A year went by. At a party in Oaxaca, I told the story, finally, to Melanoleum, stunning in her new streamlined form. "If I had it all to do over, I would," I said. "One has to remain in an existentially pliant posture, of course. One must keep alert to all possibilities. And so I have no regrets. But yet—but yet—she hurt me so badly, love—"

"Look over there," said Melanoleum.

I followed her glance, past Hapshash and Mandragora and Negresca, to the slender, taut-bodied stranger scooping fish from the pond: beetle wings, black and yellow; luminescent spots glowing on thighs and forearms; cat whiskers; needle-sharp fangs. She looked toward me and our eyes met, a contact that seared me, and she laughed and her laughter shriveled me with postcausal mockery, contralinear scorn. In front of them all, she destroyed me. I fled. I am fleeing still. I may flee her forever.



"Care to clamber up old Lookout Peak before breakfast?"



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Menthol, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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Pro Football Preview (continued from page 134)

"Coach Don Shula, a walking caldron of adrenaline, is a skilled motivator of young players."

tough for an out-of-work carpenter or assembly-line worker to identify with a 23-year-old kid, fresh out of college, who goes on strike because he makes only \$100,000 a year.

But football fans are eternal optimists. With the diehard *aficionado's* faith that there will indeed be a football season as the autumn colors tinge the landscape, let's take a look at all the N.F.L. teams' prospects for the coming season.

EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Miami Dolphins	10-6
New York Jets	8-8
Buffalo Bills	8-8
New England Patriots	7-9
Baltimore Colts	5-11

If recent history is a reliable guide, the Miami Dolphins are in an ideal position to go all the way. Last season's near-miss performance, culminating in that dramatic overtime loss to San Diego in the play-offs, was the work of a very young but abundantly talented squad. A year's added maturity will be a big plus, and we shouldn't see the kinds of retirements, accidents and defections that depleted the ranks last season. Coach Don Shula, a walking caldron of adrenaline, is a skilled motivator of young players.

Aside from Shula, the Dolphins' major asset is a superb offensive line that could easily mature into the league's best. Other blessings include two dependable quarterbacks, David Woodley and Don Strock. Fullback Andra Franklin was, unexpectedly, the golden nugget of the 1981 rookie crop. "This is the youngest team I've ever coached," Shula told us, "but they're all growing up fast. If the rookies can plug some holes for us and if our offensive unit can develop enough killer instinct to capitalize on scoring opportunities, we'll be in good shape."

We agree. So much so that we'll put a fin on the Dolphins to make it to the Super Bowl in Pasadena next January.

The New York Jets will have a hard time improving on their heart-stopping turnaround season of a year ago. After losing their first three games, they got thoroughly pissed at the nasty press and lost only twice more the rest of the season. A less reactionary reason for the resurrection was that many reserves were forced into action during the 1980 season, and their experience added much-needed depth a year ago. That advantage will still be in force this fall and will

be abetted by a New York state of mind that has the team bouncing off the ceiling—unlike recent seasons, in which morale was a real problem. The Jets' main strengths will again be in the trenches. Their pass rush is devastating. Another major asset is quarterback Richard Todd, who grew up last season into a fiery emotional leader.

The Jets have no obvious debits, so the rookies won't have much chance to crash the starting line-up. Best bets among the newcomers who may get their uniforms dirty are linebacker Bob Crable from Notre Dame and Iowa State running back Dwayne Crutchfield.

Last season, the Buffalo Bills' offense became the best in the history of the franchise (we know that Hertz a bit, O. J.). Most of the credit went to runner Joe Cribbs, quarterback Joe Ferguson and receiver Frank Lewis. A less obvious but probably more important element in the wild Bills' attack is an offensive line with both quality and depth: For the past two years, the Bills have kept their quarterback out of the sack better than any other team in the league.

The most obvious weaknesses here are inept punt and kickoff returners, as well as the lack of backup muscle on defense. Draft day brought Lemar Parrish from Washington in a trade, but he may not be enough to reinforce an undermanned Buffalo secondary.

The good news in old New England is the arrival of head coach Ron Myer, a charismatic workaholic who will try to pick up the pieces of a disastrous 1981 season. The coaching turnover is total: Myer has brought with him six assistants from SMU, causing fans to dub the franchise Northern Methodist University.

Myer's rebuilding task may not be as daunting as last fall's 2-14 record indicates. The Pats lost many close games, including two in overtime. Even a modest increase in offensive production or—more to be desired—a stingier defense could make a big difference in this year's fortunes.

Last season's debacle was largely the result of bad luck, injuries to key players and the leakiest ground defense in the league. The quarterbacking was also erratic, due mostly to Steve Grogan's gimpy knees. If the Patriots get fewer bad breaks and if a splendidly productive draft provides immediate help for the defensive line, they may be as successful this season as they have always expected to be. Superpowered rookie defensive lineman Kenneth Sims

can make the difference all by himself. Other draftees who can make big contributions are defensive tackle Lester Williams and linebacker Andre Tippett.

You shouldn't be surprised if the Patriots turn out to be this year's big-surprise team. Myer is the kind of coach who can fit together all the pieces in this puzzle in record time.

As for Baltimore, nearly everything will be new, except—unfortunately—owner Robert Irsay. All changes are welcomed by Colts fans, because last season's 2-14 record was the most dismal in the history of the franchise. The most significant addition is a new coaching staff headed by hard-driving Frank Kush, a boot-camp drill-sergeant type. He has announced that things are going to be done his way and that any player who doesn't toe the line will get a toe in the ass on his way out the door.

Kush and his staff face a major reconstruction job. The defensive unit was a liability last season despite the presence of several talented youngsters. The skill positions on the offensive platoon are well manned, but new quarterback Art Schlichter will have to take charge immediately.

Baltimore fans have been alienated by Irsay's intermittent threats to move the franchise, his abortive attempts to call plays from the side lines (the man has been called Richard Nixon with a football team) and the dismal 1981 record. Fortunately, the Colts have regiments of diehard followers who have been quite supportive over the dreary winter months. We have a feeling that their Coltish dedication will be rewarded before too long.

CENTRAL DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Cincinnati Bengals	10-6
Pittsburgh Steelers	8-8
Cleveland Browns	8-8
Houston Oilers	5-11

There is a warm feeling of fulfillment in Cincinnati. The Bengals had been stalking success for many years before finally pouncing into last year's Super Bowl. The problem for them this season will be to avoid the almost inevitable complacency. The prognosis for a bright future is well founded: The Bengals have all the necessary ingredients for continued success. Quarterback Ken Anderson is a mature and intelligent leader. The offensive line, anchored by massive Anthony Munoz, is one of the league's best. The defensive line, featuring three number-one draft choices, is just beginning to peak. Pete Johnson is one of the tougher fullbacks in the game, and halfback Charlie Alexander, who has been waiting in the wings for his chance, looks like a superstar of the future.

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of all are the cagey coaching of Forrest Gregg and the emotional stability provided by founder-owner-chief executive Paul Brown, a father figure in the classic mold.

The Bengals' only obvious need is help in the secondary. The few quality defensive backs available in last April's draft were long gone by the time the Bengals got to pick, so pass defense may be the only stumbling block to a duplication of last year's superseason.

This will be a crucial transition year in Pittsburgh. Just as the steel industry has been taking a beating, so has the Steel City's team. Last fall, the Steelers failed to post a winning record for the first time in a decade. Three of their losses were giveaways. The front-office types grumbled during the off-season about bad execution on offense. "The poor passing game," one of them told us, "was a team effort."

A mean misfortune this fall was the retirement of immortal defensive lineman Joe Greene, whose contributions were always greater than just his intimidating play. He was the heart and soul

of the team, the central girder on which the Steelers' dynasty was built. He, more than anyone else, taught the Steelers how to win. No comparable leader seems likely to emerge any time soon.

This year's success (or lack thereof) will depend largely on whether actor-singer-quarterback Terry Bradshaw can stay healthy.

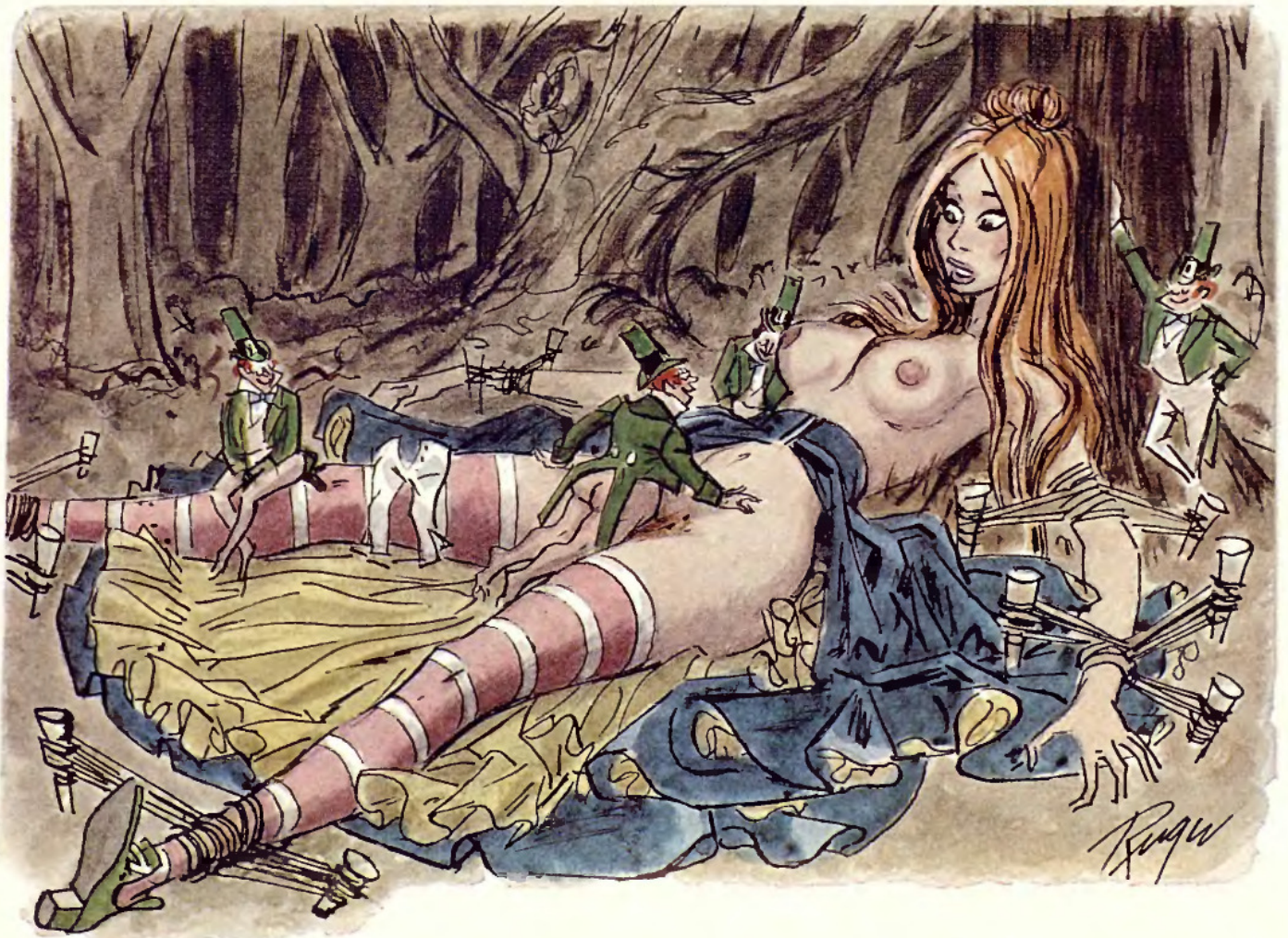
There is a popular belief that the Steelers have grown long of tooth in recent seasons, but a football player, like an experienced callgirl, is never too old if he's good enough. Also, the past three drafts have produced several top-grade youngsters, giving this year's squad a more youthful look. The prime Steelers newcomers will be runner Walter Abercrombie and linebacker Mike Merriweather.

Last season was a black one for Browns fans—after 9-7 and 11-5 years, Cleveland won only five games. Coach Sam Rutigliano says his team suffered from self-inflicted wounds in six games, blowing opportunities to pull out victories in the fourth quarter.

Masochism notwithstanding, Rutigli-

ano says, with absolute confidence, "We will be a play-off team this year." For that to happen, three things must occur: (1) The Browns must regain their proclivity for the last-minute stroke of good fortune that blessed them in previous seasons. (2) Some squad members must acquire enough self-discipline to forgo boozing the night before games and snoozing during team meetings. (3) Former Heisman Trophy winner Charles White (a third-year player) must at least emerge as a dependable yardage producer. It will also help if the Browns can figure out how to put the ball into the end zone when they get inside the 20-yard line. Their off-season trade for Tom Cousineau and draft selections of Chip Banks and Keith Baldwin will thicken Cleveland's defense and thin Cleveland's wallet.

Houston's 1981 debacle was caused by an offense that had all the smooth organization and pin-point execution of the Keystone Cops. New coach Ed Biles had spent the entire pre-season installing his much-acclaimed pro-set offense, but the new attack sputtered and died,



"Give me an inch—and it's more than enough."

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LIVING ROOM IS
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so Biles reverted—four games into the season—to former coach Bum Phillips' much maligned I formation. The results were a difficult year for running back Earl Campbell, rock-bottom squad morale and a measly seven wins. Only a stalwart Oilers defensive unit prevented a gusher of disaster. But the offense stabilized at season's end. Better yet, dissension and bickering between front-office personnel and the coaching staff diminished during the off-season.

The Oilers' hopes for a brighter future rest in the quick hands of Gifford Nielsen and in immediate reinforcements for the offensive line. The draft has brought West Virginia quarterback Oliver Luck and guard Mike Munchak from Penn State, both of whom could be starters by December.

If the Oilers' tactical, managerial and morale problems can be ironed out, a return to excellence can happen very soon (like this year), because the Oilers are basically a solid team that has only lately been wrinkled and erratic.

WESTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

San Diego Chargers	11-5
Denver Broncos	9-7
Oakland Raiders	8-8
Kansas City Chiefs	8-8
Seattle Seahawks	6-10

San Diego was the only team in the league to repeat as division champ a year ago, and the Chargers will charge to the top of the A.F.C. West again this fall. The Chargers' primary weakness is the secondary. That problem wasn't fixed by a lean draft crop but may be ameliorated by the arrival of free safety Tim Fox from New England.

But just wait till next year. The Chargers, with admirable farsightedness, have been stockpiling draft choices for 1983, when the richest draft in history will occur (redshirting was first permitted in college ranks four years ago, so the next crop of college seniors will contain top talent from two recruiting years).

Owner Eugene Klein is the very model of a modern franchise proprietor. He believes in autonomous departments—the coaches coach, the scouts scout and the front-office types run the day-to-day operations. He treats—and pays—his employees well. The result is a smooth-running, efficient operation. After next year's bonanza draft, look for the Chargers to electrify professional football for years to come.

The future looks sky-high in Denver. Second-year coach Dan Reeves has done a masterful job of grafting the Dallas offensive system onto the Broncos' body of talent. One result is that the passing attack, featuring patriarchal quarterback Craig Morton and receiver Steve

Watson, set a slew of records last fall.

The Broncos' running game, unfortunately, doesn't match the passing attack. The Broncos need a horse in the backfield. The draft did bring in Gerald Willhite, who could be one of the league's leading ground gainers in his rookie year. Reeves certainly hopes so. With the stability that comes in the second year of a successful new coaching regime, don't be surprised if the Broncos are the N.F.L.'s Cinderella team by season's end.

If football fans can suffer from stress syndrome, Oakland Raiders followers must collectively have the shakes. The often childish feud between owner Al Davis and the rest of the N.F.L. moguls becomes nastier every day. No one knows at presstime when the franchise will pick up and head for Los Angeles, but last year's slide from Super Bowl title to fourth place made the Raiders less welcome in Oakland, anyway.

That skid was the result of too many bad injuries and too few good breaks. A heavy dose of complacency left over from the Super Bowl experience also contributed, as did Davis' pre-season preoccupation with courtroom proceedings. Davis is a pivotal figure in the Raiders' training-camp preparations and strategy planning, and his absence was felt.

Last year's most crippling injury was to quarterback Jim Plunkett's thumb. But even if he's back in top form, the plummeting Plunkett will have to compete with Marc Wilson for the starting job.

The highest hopes for a better record lie in the accrued experience of several young players who spent last season learning to mesh with the veterans. Another source of optimism is that any time a team goes through a season injury prone—or injured and prone, as the Raiders did—the game experience for the backup players can pay big dividends the following year.

Everything's finally up-to-date in Kansas City. The Chiefs are now past the first stages of a painfully long rebuilding project, and last fall, with a squad that included 11 rookies, they enjoyed their first winning season since 1973.

The performance of one of those newcomers, running back Joe Delaney, was a major force in the turnaround. A further plus for this year should be a stable (at last) quarterback situation. Either Steve Fuller or Bill Kenney will nail down the job. Rookie Anthony Hancock could become one of the country's top receivers. Coach Marv Levy, known as a conservative, run-oriented mentor, may switch images this season. The passes rain supreme in today's N.F.L.

Levy needs to fix the punting (it was horrendous in 1981) and beef up his pass

rush. Last year, the Chiefs couldn't sack groceries.

Believe it or not, there's optimism in Seattle. The Seahawks, despite their usual slow start in the fall, finished strong last season. The midseason arrival of Theotis Brown from the Cardinals added some punch to what had been the worst running game in the league. Another happy development was the emergence of quarterback David Kreig as the long-hoped-for quality backup to Jim Zorn.

An additional bright spot was a sensational year for rookie defensive back Ken Easley. He would have been All-Pro his first year if he'd played for a winning team. Easley will become an all-time great.

The Seahawks need reinforcement at tight end and at linebacker, and draftees Pete Melzelaars and Bruce Scholtz are among the troops who may provide it.

If the Seahawks have a decent season, they'll bring incalculable joy to one of the largest and most widespread followings in the history of organized sports. The Seattle drawing area (called the "fan-loyalty base" in N.F.L. parlance) stretches from the Arctic Circle to Northern California to eastern Montana. Alaskan fans frequently charter planes to fly in to see the Seahawks. That's like going from San Francisco to Chicago to see a football game.

EASTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Dallas Cowboys	12-4
New York Giants	10-6
Philadelphia Eagles	9-7
Washington Redskins	7-9
St. Louis Cardinals	4-12

"America's team" is, once again, the likeliest to succeed. So what else is new? The Dallas Cowboys' winning ways have become unpleasantly repetitious to everyone except the Dallas fans.

Stability is the main ingredient of the Dallas success formula. Since the franchise was founded, Clint Murchison has been the owner, Tex Schramm the general manager, Tom Landry the head coach and Gil Brandt the chief scout. Don't look for any defections for another several years.

The result is a team that each season looks like a duplicate of the previous one. "Sometimes it gets to be a drag," a Cowboys fan recently told us. "The only dependable excitement comes during the draft, when the Cowboys always seem to pick some superstud from Backwater A&M who is destined to be an All-Pro."

This year's draft produced the usual previously obscure nuggets. Defensive back Rod Hill and linebackers Jeff Rohrer and Jim Eliopoulos will provide destiny in the positions in which it's needed the most.

The Giants' emotional momentum

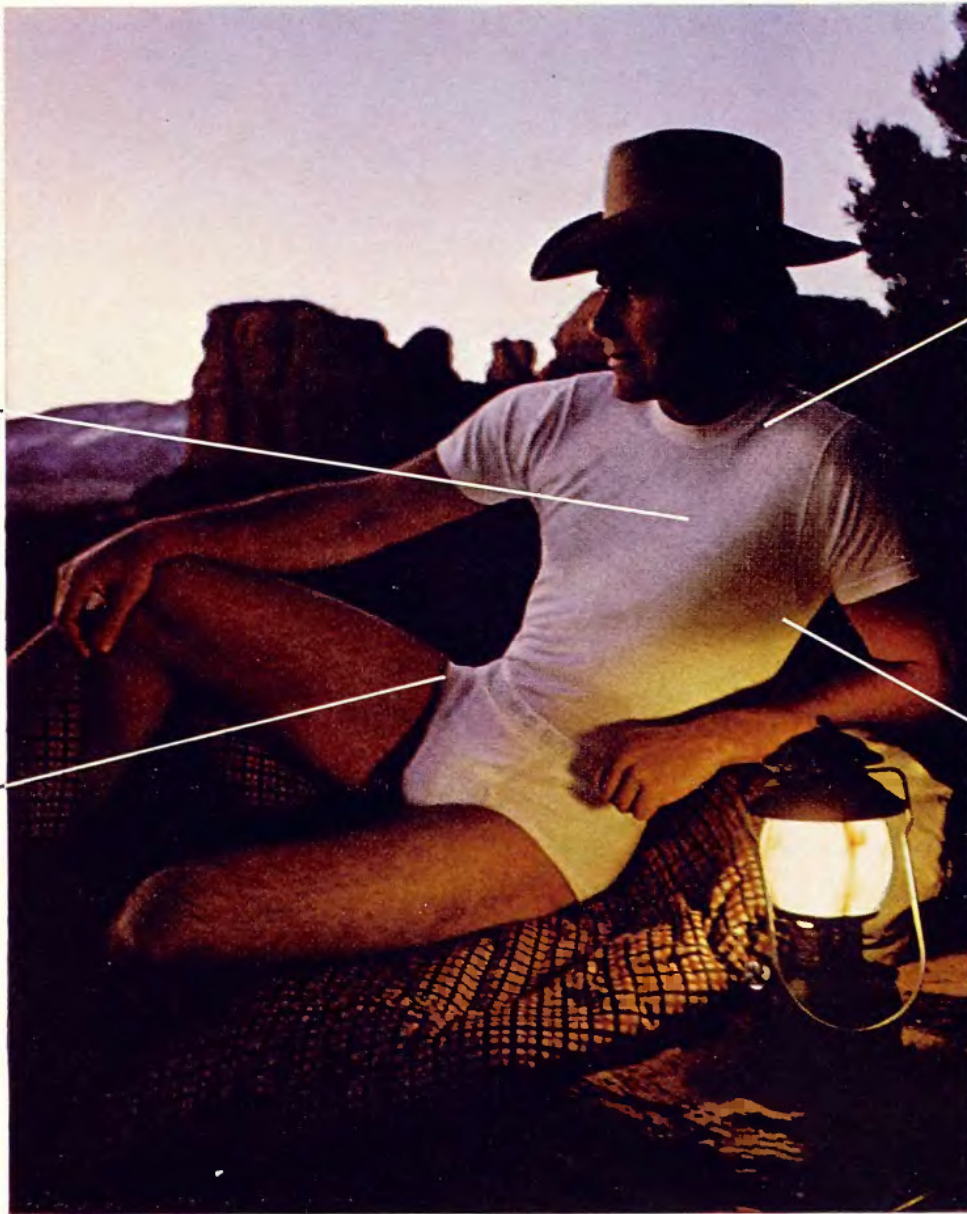
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should make this another big year in the Big Apple. The turnaround a year ago was produced by two improvements—in attitude and in defense. At the beginning of the season, the squad smelled success and a rock-hard determination set in. In past years, it had sometimes seemed that anything that could go wrong for the Giants inevitably would, and the players became believers in Murphy's law. Last year, they fought and scratched no matter what happened; to almost everyone's surprise, they wound up in the play-offs.

Astonishingly, the Giants' offense was the least productive in the entire league, but the defensive unit was superb. The N.F.L.'s second worst in 1980, it was third best last year. Much credit for that improvement goes to phenomenal rookie Lawrence Taylor, whose presence made the linebacking crew one of the most fearsome in creation.

Obviously, the Giants need to upgrade their offense. The quarterbacking, with Phil Simms and Scott Brunner, will be excellent, but as an assistant coach told us, "We need a running back with enough speed to run through a car wash without getting wet." Rookie runners Butch Woolfolk and Joe Morris may get a bit wet, but they will provide speed where the Giants need it most.

All the elements that took Philadelphia soaring to the Super Bowl two years ago are still present, so the Eagles will be strong contenders. Last season's fall-off was caused, in part, by the psychological letdown that besets most teams after a Super Bowl appearance, even an embarrassment like Philly's. Another problem is that coach Dick Vermeil has concentrated his efforts on building one of the country's better defenses, leaving the offensive crew with a dearth of fresh manpower. Last fall, for example, the Eagles' best halfback, fullback and wide receiver were all the same player—Wilbert Montgomery.

Last April's draft choices were made in hopes of upgrading the aerial attack. Wide receiver Mike Quick should be an immediate starter. If he burns enough cornerbacks, we're sure to see headlines about "THE QUICK AND THE DEAD."

The offense will also be helped by the arrival of venerable Sid Gillman as quarterback coach. Gillman, whose professional career has seen more reincarnations than an alleyful of cats, will do more than anybody else to put new zing into the Eagles' attack.

In Washington, the urban-renewal project is moving apace. Second-year coach Joe Gibbs, a quiet, restrained type, is rapidly making the Redskins his own by bringing in younger players, mostly through the draft. The 'Skins have—at long last—gotten some decent choices in the past three drafts, giving the squad an unaccustomed youthful look. For the Redskins, that means only that most of the beards aren't gray.

This year's most promising rookies are defensive back Vernon Dean and receiver Carl Powell. A major asset besides those new speed men will be the offensive line. Restructured a year ago, it can only get better. Another reason for optimism is that last season's general hospitalization—in which 30 players wound up on the injured-reserve list—is unlikely to be repeated. As a result of those injuries, though, 64 players were used during the season—making the experience factor another plus for this year. Too bad only 11 can play at a time.

Washington's biggest opponent could be the schedule maker. In addition to their usual division slate (which has become a murderer's row), the Redskins will play both of last January's Super Bowl contestants.

St. Louis had its fourth lucrative draft in a row this past spring, giving the Cardinals one of the richest stockpiles of young talent in the league. Their youthful inconsistency was quite apparent during the 1981 roller coaster. They played beautifully against some of the league's best teams but looked like pussycats against some of the dogs.

The Cardinals' main problem is a defense that was the most offensive in the N.F.C. a year ago. An almost invisible pass rush made the leaky secondary look worse than it really was. Opponents will score less often this autumn, however, because last year's prize rookie linebackers, E. J. Junior and Dave Ahrens, came on strong at season's end. The new year's prize defensive rookies, David Galloway and Rusty Guilbeaux, will add much needed muscle to the defensive line.

CENTRAL DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Tampa Bay Buccaneers	9-7
Green Bay Packers	9-7
Chicago Bears	8-8
Minnesota Vikings	8-8
Detroit Lions	7-9

The N.F.C. Central should be as balanced as it was a year ago, when the best team (Tampa) won nine games and the worst (Chicago) won six.

The Buccaneers will retain the division championship because their manpower has improved significantly each of the past three years. Tampa is a team of change: Only five players from the inaugural 1976 season remained on last year's 45-man roster.

The Bucs have a big-play offense that specializes in throwing the bomb. The defense has a mirror-image excellence: last year it gave up fewer touchdown passes than any other team in the league. The running attack is sporadic at best, probably because of the green offensive line. Another year's maturity could fix that discoloration.

The Bucs' great strength is the coach-

ing (and creative ass kicking) of John McKay, a crusty individualist who doesn't take any crap from anyone—especially bay-area sportswriters. He is the envy of other, less secure head coaches. McKay went into the recent draft looking for extra beef for the defensive line. Rookie Booker Reese could be the intimidating defensive end McKay needs to play opposite Lee Roy Selmon.

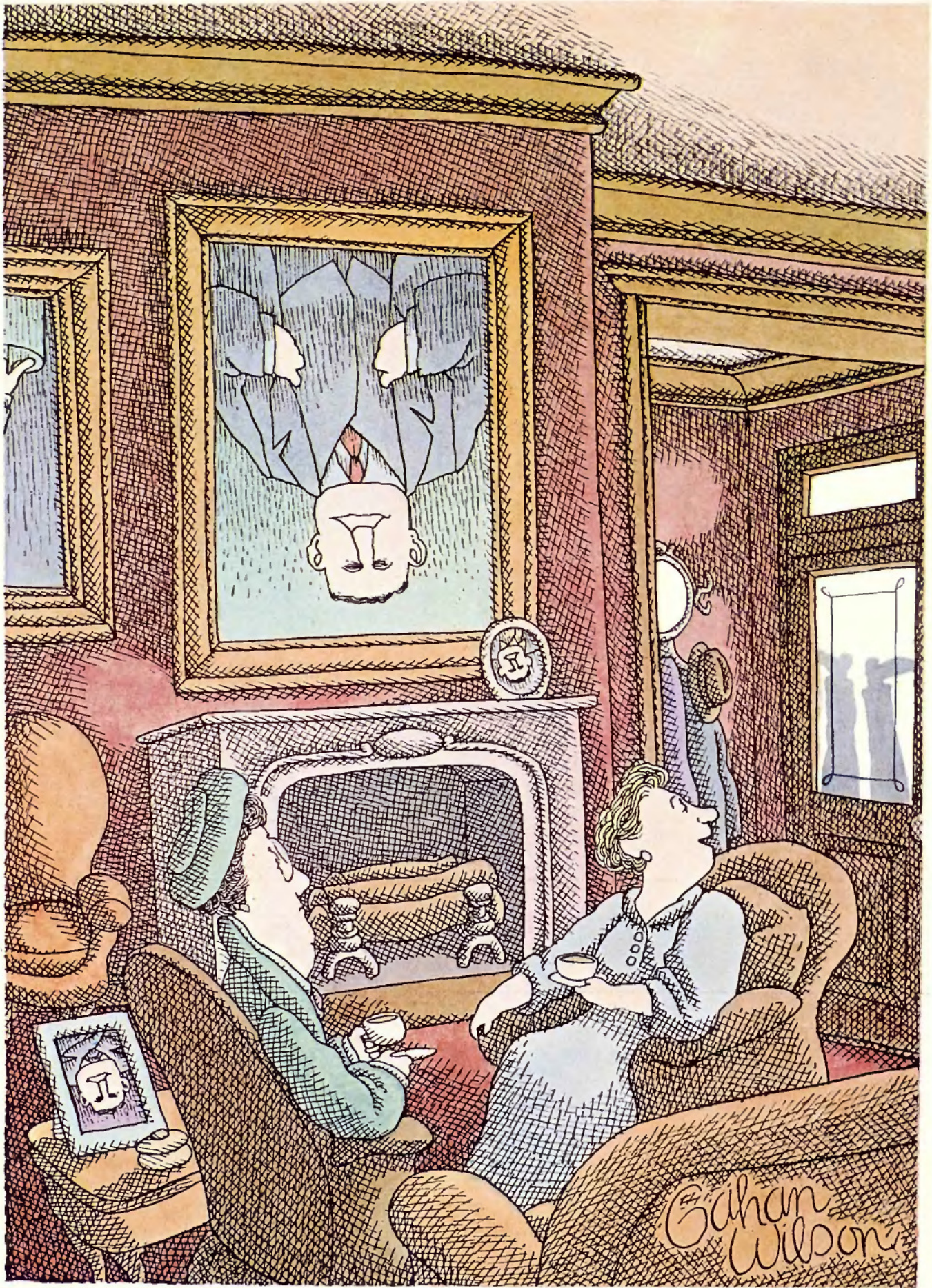
Don't be surprised if the momentum that developed in Green Bay last fall carries the Packers to heights they haven't reached in many years. The turnaround at midseason was dramatic. After a depressing 2-6 beginning, the Packers narrowly missed the play-offs by winning six of their last eight games. The resurrection was triggered by the arrival of wide receiver John Jefferson (via a trade from the Chargers) after the third game. Jefferson's infectious enthusiasm ignited the whole squad and then spread to the sullen stands. Organized cheerleading, pompons and pep bands materialized, and Sunday afternoons in Lambeau Field began to look like college bowl games.

The Packers offer an opportunistic defense that led the league in forcing turnovers last season. Another reason for optimism is the presence of James Lofton (Jefferson and Lofton probably make the best duo of wide receivers in the country) and fullback Gerry Ellis (who was signed as an obscure free agent in 1980 and turned into a major find). If enough variables fall into place—and they may—Green Bay will be one of the surprise teams of the country this season. Maybe the Pack, at last, is back.

The answer for Chicago is that the Bears have an abundantly talented quarterback for the first time in many years. The question is how quickly Jim McMahon can be groomed to take over the job. Last fall, the Bears suffered from a lack of on-field leadership and off-field discipline. McMahon and new coach Mike Ditka will remedy those problems. The passing attack, grounded last year, will be greatly aided by the return from Canada of receiver James Scott. Rookie Tim Wrightman will be the best Bears tight end since Ditka himself had the job 20 years ago.

The Minnesota Vikings' late-season collapse in 1981 (they lost their last five games) was one of the off-season's most discussed mysteries. A less-than-awesome defense has borne much of the blame. Quarterback Tommy Kramer's snap-crackle-pop knees have also been cited, but a more likely cause was the emotional inconsistencies that beset a youthful squad with the talent but not the maturity of the great Vikings teams of the past.

An agonizing December nose dive would cause turmoil in most franchises, but stability has always been the hallmark of the Minnesota organization. With another year's experience under



"Here comes Howard now!"

their belts, the Vikings could make amends for last year's blown opportunities.

Minnesota needs new talent for the ground attack, because the Vikings have been a one-runner (Ted Brown) team in the recent past. The draft brought Darrin Nelson from Stanford; he could be one of the league's most productive runners in his first year.

Detroit was frustration city last fall. The Lions lost five games in the last minute of play. If two of those games had gone the other way, the Lions would have won the division. Detroit fans are still in a state of shock, and the players feel snake-bitten. The law of averages is, presumably, still in effect, so the breaks should even out. This could be a joyful December in Detroit.

The Lions' passing game will again gain high marks with two top-grade quarterbacks, Gary Danielson and Eric Hipple. The pass defense, vulnerable to the long ball, will get some sticky fingers from rookie defensive backs Bob Watkins and Bruce McNorton.

Maybe the management can arrange for the Lions to play their most crucial games on national TV this season. Last fall, they won all four such games with

impressive performances. Like movie stars and tourists, they perform best in front of a camera.

WESTERN DIVISION	
NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE	
Atlanta Falcons	10-6
San Francisco 49ers	9-7
Los Angeles Rams	7-9
New Orleans Saints	4-12

We have a feeling that this will be Atlanta's year—that the great expectations of the past two autumns will at last be realized. Everything depends on how thoroughly the defensive platoon (which played miserably last season) can be refurbished. Since coach Leeman Bennett took over in 1977, all rebuilding efforts have been concentrated on offense, and that attitude has taken a serious toll on the defenders. Draftee Doug Rogers is going to bring immediate and invaluable help to the Falcons defensive line.

The Falcons' offensive staff is one of the league's best. Steve Bartkowski is a mature and skilled quarterback, his receivers are excellent and his line is stable and experienced. Two rookie runners, Gerald Riggs and Reggie Brown, just may add a new dimension to the attack.

Anyone who reads the San Francisco sports pages must by now be convinced that coach Bill Walsh is a demigod and a genius. He has made some brilliant moves during the 49ers' two-year journey from the depths of ineptitude to the Super Bowl title, but some well-timed luck and last season's immunity from injury also helped the team.

It will be tough for the 49ers to repeat their 1981 performance, even if their luck holds, because they will be *numero uno* on all their opponents' hit lists this fall. Their advantages will be (1) the newfound confidence and stability of both squad and franchise; (2) added maturity for a still young but solid group of players; and (3) a crew of assistant coaches that Walsh insists is the best in the league.

Rookies Newton Williams and Vince Williams will provide the fuel needed for the sputtering 49ers' running attack. But the defensive side was the backbone of the San Francisco success last fall (despite all the ink about Joe Montana) and will be so again this season.

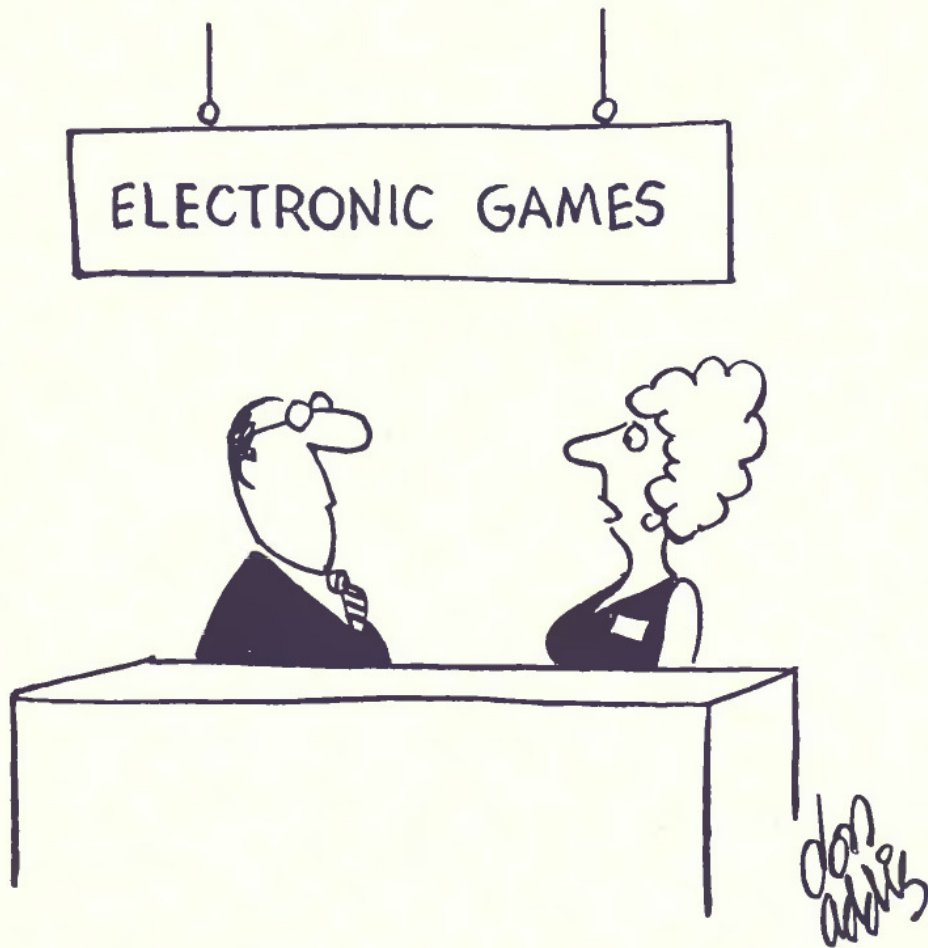
The Los Angeles Rams appear to be in the midst of a down cycle, coming off a losing season (only their second since 1965) with lean prospects for improvement this year.

Rookies will play a big role this autumn and the Rams have a bumper crop. Reinforcements are needed for the once awesome offensive line, which has suffered the depredations of injury and the retirement of center Rich Saul. Doug Smith should take over the center job, and running back Barry Redden may become a superstar in his first year. Bert Jones will bring stability to the quarterback merry-go-round.

For New Orleans, last April's draft was a real bonanza—because the Saints need help everywhere but at the hot-dog stand. Receiver Lindsay Scott will be especially helpful, as will center Brad Edelman.

Quarterback Dave Wilson, whose rookie performance last year ignited the Creole crowds, will probably win the starting job from Archie Manning this fall. If so, the Saints' attack will be much more diversified and their opponents will no longer be able to concentrate on stopping George Rogers, the most overtaxed back since Dolly Parton's.

The Saints are the only team in the league that has never posted a winning record, and prospects for ending that string this year aren't bright. Coach Bum Phillips will eventually field a winner, but it will take a few more good drafts to provide the necessary manpower for this club—which might, more appropriately, be called the Martyrs.



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30-MINUTE ORGASM

(continued from page 130)

"I didn't want to descend to rebirth in a tepid-water bath or even name my most secret fantasy aloud."

wait for room service. What else is new? Our cities don't work. Our machines don't work. Good reason to turn back to the delights of simple flesh, if flesh is simple.

The night before the workshop, I saw Brauer in the elevator. He was slim. He looked like his photograph. There really was an antic look in his eye, an echo of the Mad Hatter in Tenniel's classic illustrations for *Alice in Wonderland*. With him was an attractive woman, a tall, willowy champagne blonde. I didn't ask. He was hurrying up to inspect the slide projectors and the video monitors he'd ordered. I thought I'd wait to be introduced.

Saturday, 8:45 A.M. Many floors above the street, a long and narrow walnut-paneled hotel meeting room. A platform at the front of the room, to one side, with a table and chairs for our hosts; a projection screen at front center; rows of three-chair worktables, already set with water pitchers and glasses, lined up along each side of a central aisle all the way to the distant rear, where coffee brewed. Mary and I registered, picked up name tags, chose a table in the middle. We weren't shy. Maybe a little tentative. I didn't want to descend to rebirth in a tepid-water bath or even name my most secret fantasy aloud. This looked like it would be easier. Most of it was.

Our fellow seminarians arrived. A slim, elderly gentleman with a white goatee. Couples, harmonious and dissonant, in every size and shape and in several colors. Two young single guys. A priest (a priest!)—gray hair, glasses, a Humphrey Bogart hat, a bulky black briefcase covered with stickers, one of which read, HAVE YOU HUGGED YOUR KID TODAY? More men than women, and only two women without partners. Maybe 40 people in all—suits to jeans, young to old, skinny to fat: a mixed bag.

The doctor introduced himself. The willowy lady was his wife, Donna. After medical school at the University of Michigan and internship at Bellevue in New York, Brauer had migrated to the golden West. Donna had been born there and looked it. Languid Donna. Slow blink rate, long lashes, half-closed eyes. Alan explained that his wife worked with him at their private clinic in Palo Alto. He said he liked her to travel with him to balance the teaching and because she was lovely to look at. That woke the sleepers. Titters rippled from the back of the room.

People are embarrassed to talk about

sex, Alan began. Body-contact sports, yes. We talk about them all the time. But to talk about physical contact that is pleasurable, said Alan, is taboo.

I thought of food. The body needs nutrients. We tear up parts of plants, cut up parts of animals we have killed, mix them with flavoring agents, treat them with heat, crush them with our teeth, alter them with oral secretions, swallow them. A bodily function. Sex isn't different in kind if you reduce it to its mechanics, except that the body can get along without it, more or less. But food we elaborate into a glory, a personal pleasure about which we educate ourselves and a feast we share. We meet with friends and even with strangers to try something new. We exchange recipes; look at photographs and salivate; recall nostalgically at a party a dish we've eaten or a wine we've drunk. Sex, even among the enlightened, we hardly discuss: sometimes, a man to a man; sometimes, a woman to a woman; too often, not even a partner to a partner. If we devise any great sexual recipes, we devise them on our own. Among the first tapes the Brauers showed were casual documentary catalogs of genitalia, because unless people have looked at sexually explicit magazines or films, as most of our fellow seminarians probably had not, few of them even know how various are the human race's genitals in stimulation and in repose.

Is my point obvious? On Saturday morning of that Brauer weekend, I assumed it would be. I had thought genital anatomy was obvious, but it wasn't even comfortable to some of the men and women in that classroom, though most of them were counselors—ministers, gynecologists, social workers, psychiatrists and psychoanalysts, operators of crisis hotlines. The course proposed to teach enhancement, but when Alan asked how many of us were there to study enhancement as opposed to dysfunction, only Mary and I and the two young guys in the forward end of the room raised our hands (I didn't look behind me), and my claim, at least, was suspect, since I was also there as a reporter. The Brauers knew the odds before they came; they'd designed their seminar to begin with the basics, if only to desensitize the sensitive before the video-taped demonstration of extended orgasm that we would see on Sunday afternoon.

"When I first learned about these techniques for extending male and female pleasure," Alan mentioned later,

when the seminar was over. "I told many of my patients about them, even the ones who came in for help quitting smoking. I was excited. I wanted them to know. That went on for a while and then I began wondering why I was losing so many patients. They'd come for one appointment and not come back. It took me a few weeks. I didn't realize I was scaring them off." Donna's laughter, quiet and warm. Alan: "You have to approach the subject very, very slowly. Work up to it. That's why we structure the workshop the way we do."

Coffee break. Seminararians surreptitiously checking one another out. The unspoken, childish accusation: Serious person or sex fiend? We who had raised our hands to Alan's inquiry into motive had already declared ourselves.

We watched a tape of Wardell Pomeroy, Kinsey's associate, taking a sex history the Kinsey way. The woman he was interviewing worked in sex counseling and he led her only slowly from easy questions to intimate ones, yet she squirmed with discomfort and couldn't light her cigarette. Still, she surprised the old master, late in the interview, by announcing that her parents had been nudists. He hadn't realized. "Oh!" Pomeroy exclaimed, involuntarily lifting an eyebrow. Everyone's sex life is a surprise. Kinsey and Pomeroy once drove from Indiana all the way into the Southwest to collect the history of a man who had kept careful records. He was a college graduate with a responsible Government job. His grandmother had taken his heterosexual virginity, his father his homosexual virginity, and he had had sex with 17 of his 33 family members. His sexual relations extended to some 200 preadolescent females, 600 preadolescent males and many species of animals. He told the two researchers that he could masturbate from flaccidity to ejaculation in ten seconds. They didn't believe him. Calmly, he demonstrated. He was 63 years old. Who knows what our neighbors do?

The Brauers asked us to pair off with strangers to exchange a brief history: what you learned about sex from your parents and what you wish you had learned; your first sexual experience with another person; your best sexual experience; your most embarrassing sexual experience. One of the seminararians, a woman, said that her first experience with another person had been with her husband on her wedding night, and her best experience was with her husband when she had become a mother and was nursing. Another seminarian, a man, said with embarrassment that he was a husband and a father, happily married, but had strong homosexual desires and thought they might not have arisen to burden him if his parents had told him anything at all about sex. What Mary

and I said, I'll spare you here. As a 14-year-old, I learned a lot, including humility, from a ram at ramming time: When we turned the ewes into his lot at the end of the day, the ram would mate, quickly and eagerly, four or five times before he picked up his evening newspaper. We painted his belly with iron oxide; in a few weeks, there were red-rumped ewes everywhere.

"If you need a reason for sexual self-improvement," Alan was saying, "health is a reason. Most of the body's systems change profoundly during sexual arousal. They're stimulated. I find that many emotional and physical complaints seem to be helped by a prescription of an orgasm a day." Some of the seminarians squirmed. Alan nodded. "An orgasm a day. It meets with a lot of resistance. 'My God, are you kidding?'"

Donna: "We have to start our sex-therapy patients slowly and encourage them to work up to it. Once a week or twice a week, then three times, four, and so on. And work with their partners, who may be enraged, especially if they've bottled up years of anger about their sexual lives."

They presented a lesson in advanced anatomy, for review and to prepare us. I do the same here for you. Female orgasm involves contractions not only of the muscles in the outer third of the vagina and the anus but also of the muscles of the uterus. Male orgasm proceeds in two stages: a stage of intense sensation, when the male feels that ejaculation is approaching, and the stage of ejaculation itself. A series of video tapes made in Germany demonstrated the several signs of female sexual response. Then we went to lunch.

Saturday afternoon. Before function, there was dysfunction. The Brauers hate the word, a badly chosen one coined by their colleagues in St. Louis. What's good in sex? What's bad? For a Catholic priest, the best sexual function is no sexual function, not even wet dreams. For the man who ejaculates before he wants to, good is a plateau stage longer sustained. For a woman who is preorgasmic (the Brauers' word, a nice one; it used to be "frigid"), good is orgasm. Subjectivity, as with food: someone likes steak and baked potato, someone else likes puréed kohlrabi, another likes eel. The Brauers' definition of sexual dysfunction: "the gap between a person's expectations and his experience." That's subjective enough, a prescription for comedy. Where sex is concerned, sooner or later we're all clowns, our feet tangled in our pants, a boil discovered on our bottom, something hidden in a closet, baby talk, a collapsing bed. That's one of its purposes, to relieve us of our sometimes murderous dignity.

The Brauers close the gap with an array of technologies—masturbation

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training, biofeedback training, hypnosis, relaxation techniques and more. Hearing their list, I realized I'd slept through an entire generation of sex-therapy development. When I visited Masters and Johnson, the work had just begun; they improvised as they went along. Now therapists such as the Brauers have access to every sort of technology right off the shelf. Donna later made the process clear with a casual remark: "So we hooked him up to the biofeedback," she said, telling the story of a patient whose only satisfaction had come when he hung from a chinning bar and slapped his erection against a doorframe. The biofeedback was to help him relax. The Brauers break down problems into discrete bits of behavior and plug in every kind of machine—whatever works. Not only hardware but the conceptual machinery of behavioral modification as well. If a deeply inhibited patient can't masturbate, can he at least caress himself? If he can't caress himself, can he at

least look at himself nude in a mirror? If he can't look at himself nude in a mirror, can he at least look at himself in a mirror partially clothed? If not partially clothed, then fully clothed, his hands and his face? They start with hands and face, then, and work forward. Eventually, the clothes come off.

"Just like phobia treatment," I said to Mary.

"They're dealing with phobias," she said. Dumb of me. Of course they are.

Do not imagine that the workshop proceeded smoothly. Our seminarians stirred. "Why all this emphasis on masturbation?" someone asked hostilely, though not the priest. A tall man with a red, angry face spewed intellectual jargon and announced twice, the first day, that he was watching to see if he got his money's worth. It developed that he was alone and had been alone for months or years. He barricaded his loneliness with anger and dared the Brauers to break through.

Outside the curtained windows of our classroom, an air show roared across the afternoon sky. The Brauers ignored the jets and led us onward. I learned something new, at least to me; new, perhaps, to you: A man can maintain ejaculatory control with a good, firm tug on his scrotum, high up, drawing the testicles down. He can learn the technique by himself or with a partner and his partner can use it during intercourse, on signal, to extend his response. Alan and Donna proposed the technique as a superior alternative to the squeeze method of ejaculatory control that Masters and Johnson pioneered.

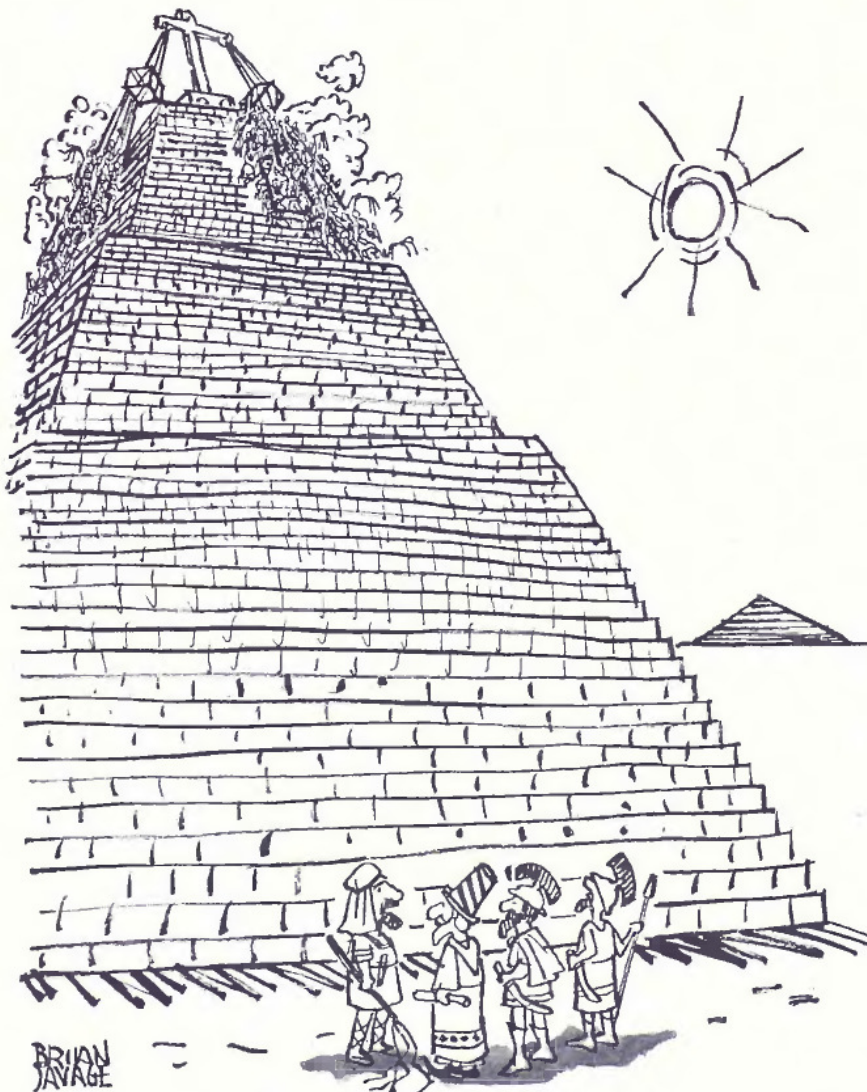
To end the first day of the weekend, we watched a tape of a nude couple conducting a sexual inventory, taking turns exploring each other's bodies, asking about likes and dislikes; then, the Brauers assigned us homework in kind. Assigned the couples, that is; the singles they asked to imagine that they would be visited that evening by a very important person—themselves. "Take a long, soaking bath," Donna told them. "Explore your own bodies, look for what gives you pleasure." Orgasm was optional, as it was for the couples. Mary nudged me and pointed to the priest. The priest was studying *TV Guide*.

Mary and I spent the evening taking inventory. We've been together for eight years and we know each other well, but we found we both had more to learn. Later, we went to dinner, a new restaurant high above the city, and learned something more of that pleasure, too.

Complaints began Sunday morning. The intellectual denounced the Brauers' approach as oversimplistic. He didn't have to attend a seminar to be told to pleasure himself, he said; he'd been doing that for years. If he'd had a partner last night, he might feel different. Alan said, simply, wait and see. A business consultant in attendance, a specialist in seminars, proposed that the workshop was organized to build up to "an ah-ha! experience"—the video tape scheduled for that afternoon—and Alan said, simply, wait and see.

We weren't finished with review. Alan recited a list of masturbation myths. He mentioned Onan, whose sin, he said, was spilling his seed on the ground. The priest spoke up to clarify. Onan's fault was moral, the priest said; it was not that he had spilled his seed on the ground but that he had refused to service his brother's wife. Warming to the explanation, the priest went on to say that Jesus Christ never discussed those issues, that what was appropriate in a time of scant population is no longer appropriate.

Surprising sentiments from a Roman Catholic priest on a Sunday morning. They reminded me of the politics of sex just as Alan was approaching the



"If they finish before noon, we won't have to give them lunch."

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same territory, talking about modifying the Puritan ethic, though he hardly spent time there, intending only a briefing before passing on to technique.

But the great unspoken secret of sex, in our society and in every other, is how rigorously it has been turned to political ends—more rigorously than any other bodily system. What we eat, how we cook our food, is political, defining who we are and with whom our sensibilities mesh—you are still a suspect soul in American society if you eat beef or fish raw, and a taste for puppy is monstrous—but not nearly so profoundly political as sex. It isn't only a matter of taboos; it's a matter of using the body itself to define the boundaries of a culture. We don't formally tattoo ourselves to indicate our tribe, nor do many of us practice elaborate rituals of circumcision, but oral sex is French, not American, and anal sex is Greek, not American, and sex with animals is bestial and homosexuality is still beyond the pale. Each exclusion progressively defines us; each exclusion, with many more, has been written into punitive laws that only now begin to be relaxed and that remain on the books almost everywhere in America as implicit threats that can easily be made explicit if circumstances warrant. No wonder there are undercurrents of hostility and more than a whiff of fear in this pleasant seminar room; no wonder some of Alan's patients, when he first announced his discovery, dove for the windows, never to return.

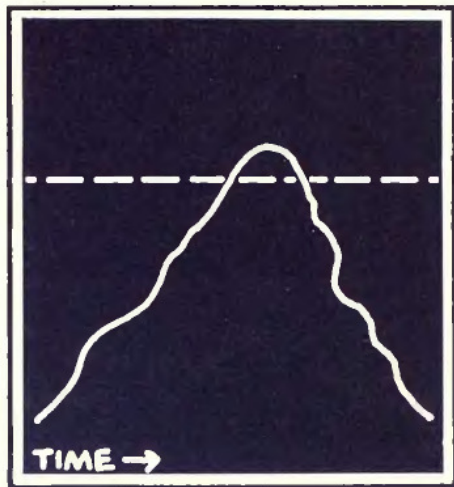
"It's astonishing to me how many people masturbate without using lubricants," I heard Alan say and was astonished with him, having even tried Vicks Vaporub once, to my acutely mentholated discomfort. We watched a film of men masturbating. They reminisced; I realized that we remember our first climaxes as vividly as we remember where we were when John Kennedy was shot. Think of the potential of the human body for pleasure; think of how thoroughly that potential is unattended, abandoned, controlled. This century's swing of the pendulum would move us away from overcontrol, at least, but even the Brauers, still shifting from a focus on pain to a focus on pleasure, speak of limits, as if sexuality had no limits inherent in its metrics of nerve and pulse and blood. That's the fear of our inhibited culture—that sex may devour, that it may turn us away from unthinking love of God and blind love of country. Maybe, if all goes well, it will.

"We prefer," Alan began the ah-ha! afternoon, the jets renewing their acrobatics beyond the wall, "to look at sex as something that can get better and better. It's very seldom looked at this way. It was bad enough, a lot of people thought, to look at *dysfunction*, much less at how to make sex better. But

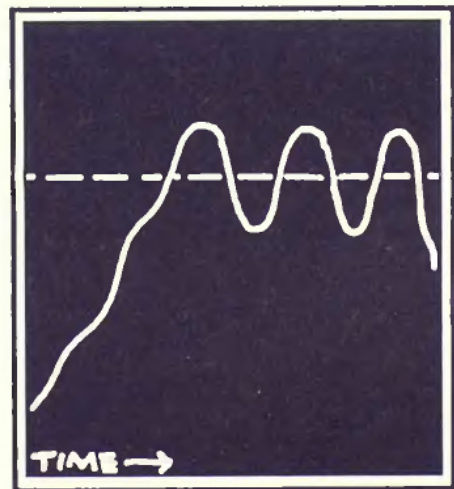
it can be made better, much better." He cited the official duration of orgasm, concluding, "and one full minute for what Masters and Johnson called *status orgasmus*."

Donna smiled. "Would you believe four hours?" she asked. Eyes widened in a wave back through the classroom and Alan nodded enthusiastic confirmation.

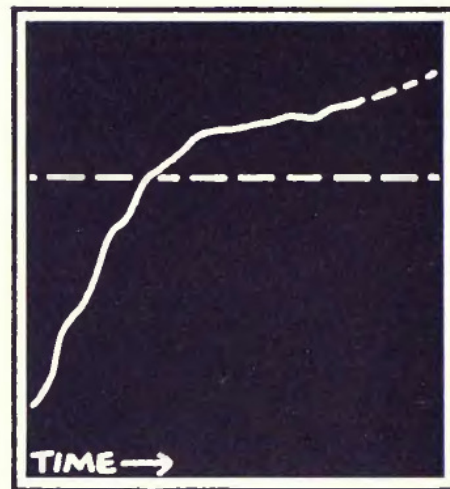
He then wheeled out a portable blackboard and diagramed a single standard orgasm for us:



"The most important basis for change," Alan explained, standing beside his graph, "is knowing that change is possible. Masters and Johnson did a disservice by defining orgasm as limited. The vaginal contractions of female orgasm seem to fit those findings, but we have seen a longer response based on uterine contractions. These turn up in women in trusting states with a partner. We find that women can continue to higher and higher states of arousal, with continuous contractions that are obvious and externally visible and that can be felt through the lower abdominal wall. These are involuntary reflexes, and the woman always reports she's not doing anything, simply *allowing* something to happen." So, said Alan, erasing the board and rechalking it, instead of multiple orgasm . . .



. . . women who have learned to achieve an extended orgasmic state build upward from orgasm itself to a state the Brauers call extended sexual orgasm—E.S.O.:



"When we say this," Donna commented then, "the first question is almost always 'Won't I get exhausted?' The answer is no. Once you've learned how to achieve E.S.O., it requires no effort. It's easy."

Alan: "In fact, about two minutes into E.S.O., physiological responses—respiration, blood pressure and so on—go down. Not to base line but down. The woman still reports orgasmic sensation, but she doesn't have to work to sustain it."

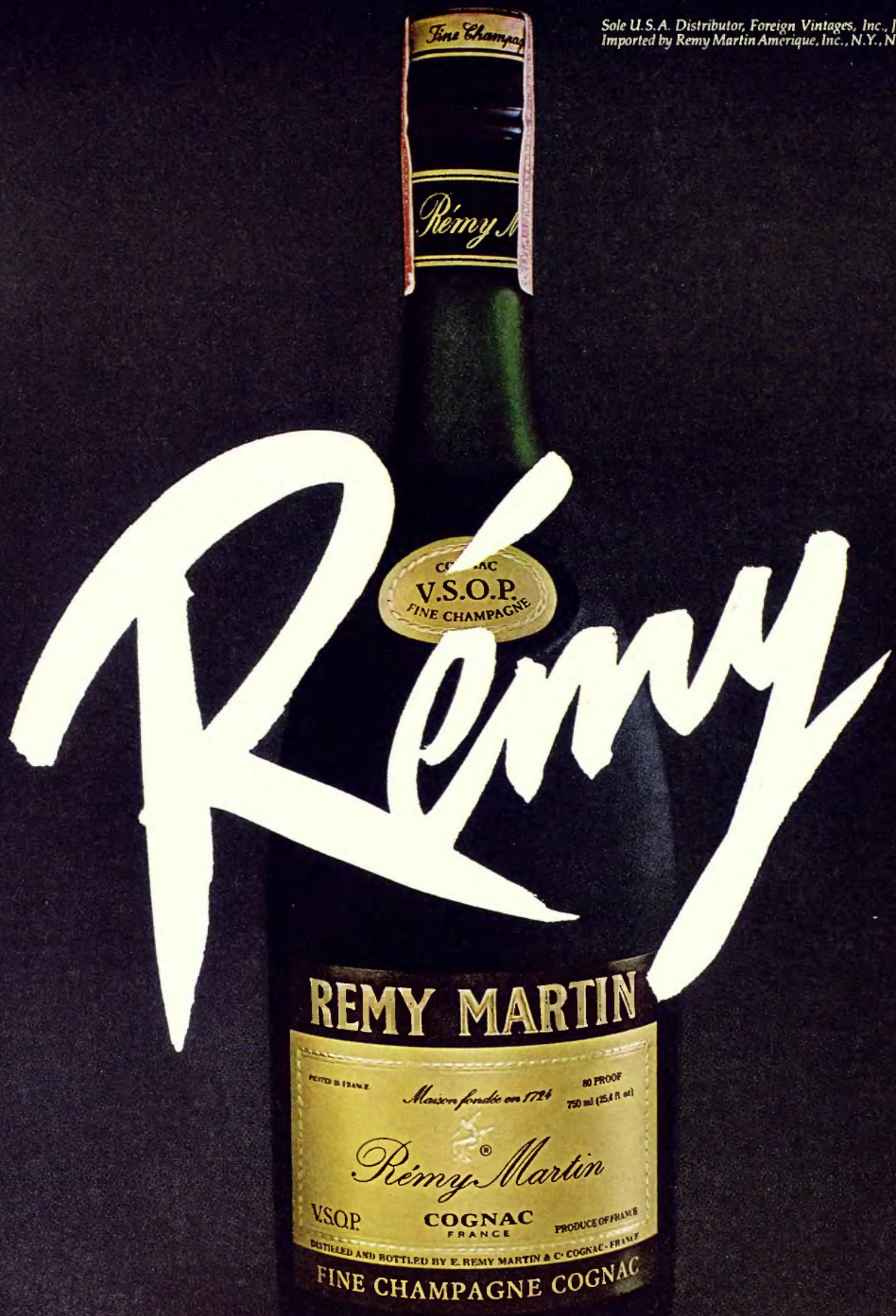
Graphs are interesting, but they don't convince. We went then to the videotaped demonstration. Lights out, curtains drawn against the encroaching jets, we leaned forward to watch.

A gynecological examining table draped with a white sheet. A row of observers—students—in folding chairs to one side. Background voices. A slim man in a tank top and jeans leads a young woman into view. She's tanned, naked, pretty. The man is a doctor. His name is Marc. The woman, Susan, is his wife. Marc helps Susan onto the table. She sits looking toward the camera while he points out the normal pink color of her eyelids, a reference point he asks us to note for the changes we will see.

Susan lies down on her back. Marc begins playing lightly with one of her nipples and she begins . . . pulsing. Slight involuntary movements of her arms, her hands, her belly, her legs. It's obvious that she's in orgasm. Her husband grazes the hair on her *mons* with his finger tips. "Hair is an extension of the epidermis," he says, "and the epidermis is a sense organ." Susan's pulsing increases and we see.

Marc sits down beside his wife on a stool, facing the camera. Susan sets her feet into the stirrups of the examining table and her thighs open before us. Her husband lubricates the thumb and

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the index finger of his right hand with petroleum jelly. He opens Susan's labia, takes time to identify the structures of *labia majora* and *labia minora*, vaginal introitus, urinary meatus, clitoris and clitoral hood and begins gently, slowly, stroking her clitoris. She pulses more intensely and begins to moan.

An offcamera voice asks if anyone doubts that Susan is in extended orgasm. One of the observers on the tape, a young woman, says, "I can see she's turned on, but I don't know."

Marc invites the young woman up to see. "Touch her thigh," he says. "Go ahead. It's OK." The young woman does, feels the muscular contractions there, sees the bright flush of color in the vagina that signals the orgasmic state. She returns to her chair convinced, shaking her head.

Marc takes Susan up to highs at which she moans and involuntarily moves to flex her entire body. He restrains her gently with the arm and the elbow of his caressing hand. With the index finger of his other hand, he sweeps the inner wall of his wife's vagina, stopping at the loci of major nerve plexuses as he goes. She reacts with ecstasy to the sweeping finger. Her hands flutter into the air and her feet curl downward in reflex.

I discovered that there were tears in my eyes. So did Mary. For 30 minutes, we watched a human being experiencing intense pleasure, pleasure shared with someone she trusted and loved.

The technique for extending female orgasm is physically simple, though learning it takes attention, persistence and trust. The man lightly and directly stimulates the woman's clitoris with his well-lubricated finger and thumb, maintaining a slow, steady platform of stimulation at a rate of about one stroke per second. When the woman achieves orgasm, the man lets up clitoral stimulation and, with his other hand, stimulates her vaginal interior, paying special attention to the area known as the Grafenberg spot, on the bodyward wall just behind the pubic bone. As orgasm extends to E.S.O., the man alternates stimulation between clitoris and vagina. The woman guides him—by telling him what she needs by directing his hand with her own, by moving her genitals toward or away from his stimulating hand. He attends carefully to her signs of arousal and feels for the rhythm that will sustain and increase that arousal.

During the learning process, the man has to feel each and every one of the woman's resistances, but the primary responsibility for overcoming her resistances ("he's getting tired"; "he's looking at me"; "I don't deserve this"; "we're wasting time") is the woman's. She must talk herself through. She may choose to relax through a breathing process or use fantasy. She may choose to

talk to her partner. She will find arousal where it is appropriate for her; she will find her way into extended orgasm eventually (in weeks or months of regular practice) if, knowing it is possible, both partners pay attention and allow themselves a full measure of private time—but less time, usually, than men and women routinely commit to sports or to social activities. Or to TV.

Finally, Susan sits up. Marc points out her eyelids. They are colored so intensely they look bruised. "They're engorged," Marc says. "That's what eye shadow is all about." His wife looks deeply peaceful. She is still slightly orgasmic. He kisses her and they walk away together, holding hands.

Alan and Donna Brauer turned on the lights in our classroom to silence. We were stunned. I saw grins, but I saw anger as well. Not much comment or many questions; one comment, from a doctor, helped explain the anger on the faces of some of the men. "If you give the woman this," he called out in a Spanish accent, "she will be wanting it all the time, and you know no man can handle that." We had watched a man handling it, but this intelligent, articulate doctor didn't yet believe his eyes.

To balance what we had seen, the Brauers quickly went on to discuss male E.S.O. They had no film to show; they are currently producing one. The techniques they teach have been reported before, but their training methods are their own.

"It's easier for women to learn to extend their orgasms than it is for men," Alan explained. "Men of every age can learn to have several orgasms in a row, but that's a separate skill from extending the orgasmic state itself. If you conceive of every man, regardless of his sexual endurance, as being essentially an early ejaculator, you can see how we proceed in our training. He participates passively, much as the woman does; you have two attentions on one nervous system, just as we saw with Susan in the film. A man can't be quite as passive as a woman, because he has to monitor where he is in order to avoid going over the edge and ejaculating. What happens is this: The woman, using a combination of manual and oral stimulation, takes the man up to a point near ejaculation—to the emission stage, where he's secreting clear fluid—and then stops or uses scrotal traction to allow his level of arousal to drop slightly. Then she takes him up again. She does that three to nine times in a given session over a period of one to three months. Within that time period, a man can learn better control, how to stay in the highly pleasurable stage next to ejaculation. Once he learns that control, he'll find his arousal level going up so that he can accept even more stimulation before ejaculation. The

closer he can get to the point of ejaculation without actual release, the better it feels."

Donna: "He'll be in an almost continuous state of emission, producing clear fluid. He may well produce a cup or more of fluid during one extended session. While they're learning how to achieve E.S.O., I ought to add, they take turns pleasuring each other. Our rule is the woman first. That's because she usually has more resistances to overcome. She has to do a lot of self-talk along the way, talking herself through."

Ultimately, the Brauers said, both partners reach a point at which they can experience E.S.O. during intercourse, each shifting subtly from active to passive as they go. "It becomes a kind of dance," Donna summarized. At least once a week, the couple returns to the training stage of oral and manual stimulation to maintain levels of skill.

I asked the Brauers afterward how they had learned that extended female orgasm was possible. They had learned it from the couple who demonstrated it on the video tape. That couple, in turn, had learned it by trial and error.

Alan and Donna have developed techniques for teaching E.S.O. to men and women. They've successfully trained more than 40 couples—the number is rapidly growing as the news spreads—and have organized a small group of volunteers willing to be studied for purposes of scientific reporting. Their training success demonstrates convincingly that E.S.O. can be learned, even by patients who start with problems of erectile inadequacy or preorgasmia. Since the seminar I attended, the Brauers have written a detailed guide to E.S.O. training. The book, designed for self-teaching, will be published early in 1983. You'll hear about it.

What the Brauers have discovered and the techniques they are learning to teach will change the way most of us make love and the way all of us think about sex. There will be a full measure of resistance to those lessons in pleasure; pleasure in America is still suspect, as the Brauers discover even in professional seminars. Their work is the front line of sex research today, beyond the repair of dysfunction. Significantly, the Brauers teach sexual enhancement to couples during two-week vacations in Palo Alto, much as Masters and Johnson counseled couples in two-week sessions of intensive therapy in St. Louis. Up to a point, the training is even similar; the difference, an important difference, is in emphasis: on pleasure rather than on relieving pain. For the significant minority of Americans who are happy with their sexual relationships, that difference defines a potential of extraordinary promise.

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"Rush looked at O'Toole's outfit. 'What are you up to?' he said. 'Are you remaking 'Lawrence'?'"

"Oh, shit!" he said. He held his hand to his forehead and thought for a moment. "Tell them I've gone off!" he shouted. "Tell them you've lost track of my whereabouts!"

He slumped into a chair, looking like a man overcome by events.

As he did so, a man came walking down the steps to the pool. He was a tall man with a deep suntan, dressed in a pair of brown pants, a brown sports jacket and a brown shirt.

"Hello, Richard," O'Toole said, greeting Richard Rush, who had directed O'Toole in the film *The Stunt Man*. "Your daughter was just here," O'Toole told him. "With her pet."

Rush nodded, took off his coat and threw it on a nearby chair. He looked at O'Toole's outfit.

"What are you up to?" he said. "Are you remaking *Lawrence*?"

"No, I've just been enjoying myself by the side of your pool," O'Toole said. "Now I'm overheated and I shall have to take a shower and cool off. Afterward, Philip is going to drive me to Westwood village so I might search out a *falafel*

establishment with which I became acquainted on a prior visit." He turned to Phil, who had come over to join them. "What was the name of the chap who runs the place?" he asked.

"Murray," Phil said.

"Murray," O'Toole said. "Of course. Murray, Prince of *Falafels*. Just what I need—a little jaunt, a little lunch. The telephone has been driving me mad!"

"Can you manage all right?" Rush said. "Out in the naked city?"

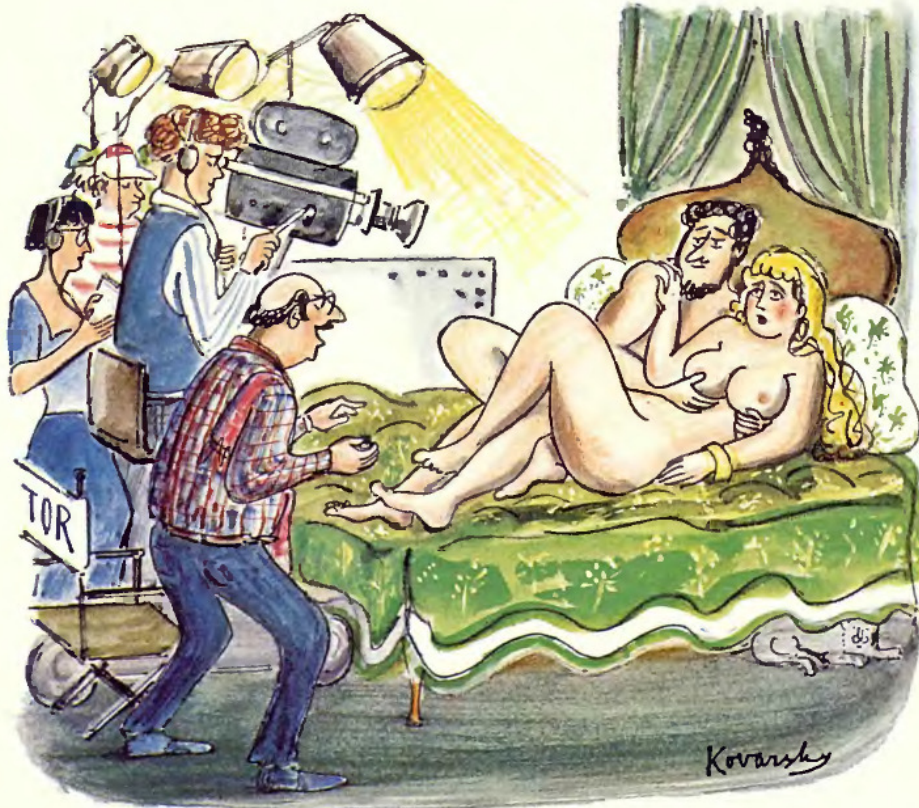
"I can cope," O'Toole said. "After all, I'm a fucking movie star."

"Oh, yes," Rush said. "I thought I'd seen you someplace."

"Have you never been to Ireland during shamrock season before?" the man behind the bar asked me.

"He's never been at all," the man sitting next to me answered. He had dark, curly hair, and he was wearing a green sports jacket, a pale-green shirt and a green-and-white tie.

"Never, John?" the first man said. He raised his eyebrows as if amazed. "He's never been to Ireland?"



"Skip the foreplay. We're running over budget."

"No, never, Frank," the other man said. "Never at any time."

"Ah," the man named Frank said. He ran his hand back against his long silver hair. "Well, then. He's never been during shamrock season."

The door of the pub flew open and O'Toole came in; he was wearing a green-cord jacket, a light-blue shirt, a red tie and a striped vest. He clapped me on the back.

"Good to see you," he said. He produced a five-pound note from his pocket and waved it in the air. "I'd like a cigar," he said to Frank.

"Certainly, sir," Frank said with a mock bow. "I'm yours to command." He went to the other end of the counter.

"And not one of those Dutch fuckers, either," O'Toole shouted, following after him. Frank came back a few moments later holding a cigar, the end of which had been clipped.

"What's happened to Peter, then?" Frank asked.

"In the jakes," John said.

A young man in his 20s came in and took a place at the bar. He was wearing a blue blazer and a silk scarf, tied nattily at his throat. Frank produced a deck of cards from beneath the counter. The three men put money on the bar and the cards were dealt.

The hand ended with John and the young man throwing in their cards with disgust.

"Bastard!" John said balefully, staring at Frank. He pounded the countertop for emphasis. "Whoremaster!"

Frank smiled at him and shrugged amiably.

"Brightness, John!" he cautioned.

O'Toole returned from the rear of the pub, his face dripping wet. He was mopping himself off with a handkerchief.

"I would like to ask," he said, settling himself on a stool at the end of the bar, "just how are you supposed to dry your face under one of those fucking blowers?"

Frank handed O'Toole his cigar and lighted it for him with a plastic lighter. "It's an interesting question," Frank said, considering it a moment. "I doubt it's been asked before."

O'Toole looked at the young man in the blue blazer and said, "How are you, Andrew? Good to see you."

"I'm well, thank you, Peter," Andrew said. "And yourself?"

"Fine, fine," O'Toole answered. "I see your uncle is setting a sterling example for you," he said, motioning to the cards on the counter.

"I'm filling in the gaps in the lad's education," Frank said, scooping in the money. "I try to be a good moral influence."

"Ha, ha, ha," O'Toole said. "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. A good moral influence, indeed! I was passing by a church one day and met a chum of mine who was on

his way out. Quite politely, I said good morning to him, and he snarled back, 'Don't speak to me! I'm in a state of fucking grace!'

"A man close to God," John said, laughing hard.

O'Toole turned to me. "Let's go for a look around, shall we?" he said. He rose and, puffing on his cigar, led the way through the door.

"That's my car there," he said, pointing to a mustard-colored car of indeterminate make that was double-parked at the corner. "We have to detour briefly up the street so that I might get some chewing gum. A pernicious habit I picked up in your country. But it helped me get off the booze, and now, at least, they make it sugarless, so your fucking teeth don't rot out. Do you ride a horse, by the way?"

I said that I did not.

"That's all right," O'Toole said. "We'll adjust."

He stepped suddenly out into the street and looked up at the sky. A car moving at high speed swerved to avoid him.

"We'll have to see what the weather does," he said. "The weather changes from moment to moment here. Yeats said, 'The light has legs.' If you were a landscape painter, you'd go potty."

He pushed open the door to a crowded gift-and-souvenir shop. Elvis Presley's record *Don't Be Cruel* was playing over a loud-speaker.

O'Toole marched purposefully to the back of the store, where there was a metal rack holding an assortment of candy and gum. He lingered over his choice a moment, then selected two packs of gum and paid for them. A pair of gray-haired ladies in tweed walking outfits stood nearby and watched him with shy interest.

"Hello, ladies," O'Toole said, towering above them. "Lovely day!"

We left the store and walked back to O'Toole's car. The town of Clifden consisted of one main street with an old stone church at each end. We passed a butcher shop with a side of beef in the window; a man walked by carrying a large fish in each hand.

"It's only within the last year that I've been driving an automatic transmission," O'Toole said as we got into his car. "Consequently, I have a tendency to shift gears with the ashtray. Please don't allow this to alarm you."

He started the car and we took off, leaving the town by a narrow road that wound upward along a hillside. The ground to one side sloped down to the Atlantic. The water was gray-blue and calm under an overcast sky.

Off the coast, there were a number of dark-green humps in the water.

"Most of those islands are inhabited," O'Toole said, "as they have been for centuries. Mostly by fishermen, though they also graze cows and sheep."

He stopped the car in the middle of



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the road and pointed to one island.

"That island," he said, "was inhabited up to several years ago by a population of 30. One day, four of the island men drowned in a terrible storm at sea." He unwrapped a stick of gum and popped it in his mouth. "It destroyed the spirit of the island," he said. "So the people left and came here to the mainland. These are some of their houses."

He indicated whitewashed cottages with thatched roofs that were set back from the road.

An old man passed, leading a donkey.

"You're in the most primitive part of Europe," O'Toole said to me. "Don't let the stray bit of electricity fool you."

The road continued to climb until, at last, we arrived at O'Toole's house. Gravel from the driveway scattered as we pulled in. The house was quite large in relation to its neighbors; it stood two stories high, built solidly of stone, and was encircled by a stone terrace. The house looked directly out to sea. Behind it were blue-green mountains.

O'Toole hopped out of the car and walked briskly over to one of the plants that surrounded the terrace.

"Hello, hello," he said, bending over to the plant's level. "How are things today?" He looked over his shoulder at me. "I must check on them constantly and reassure them of my presence." He straightened up and gestured around. "I planted everything you see here. The trees, the bushes—every fucking thing. Ninety percent of what was planted was blown away by the wind. The wind's a mighty thing, coming off the ocean."

He looked at the ocean accusingly. "Plants must be sturdy to survive here," he said. "Just like the people."

The entranceway to O'Toole's house was hung with raincoats, overcoats, hats and mufflers. There was a row of shoes and boots lined up on the floor.

The living room was high-ceilinged, with a stone fireplace. There was a large wooden sideboard against one wall, the surface of which was covered with cassette tapes and recording paraphernalia.

There was a fire going in the fireplace. O'Toole examined it, rubbing his hands together. He took a large piece of turf and threw it onto the fire.

"I'll make some tea," he said, going into the kitchen. "It's part of my limited culinary repertoire."

The living room was paneled in light wood. There was a sofa in front of the fireplace, with a large brass stand-up lamp behind it and a table in front. There were two windows in the room, both looking out to sea.

After a few moments, O'Toole returned with a tray holding a teapot, mugs, milk and sugar. He poured some tea for himself and added milk; the milk clung to the top in scummy flecks.

"Don't mind that shit," he said, referring to the milk. "I mix rubbish with

good stuff, but it's not sour."

He went over to the sideboard and examined the cassettes. He selected one and put it into a tape player. Phoebe Snow came on as the fire began to spark and fill the room with smoke.

"I have my own bachelor inventions," he said. "My own mad methods of housekeeping and so on."

He came back and stood in front of the fire. "You just missed the photographs of my trek to Africa," he said. "We had literally hundreds of them here. Every fucking thing we did. It was an extraordinary, extraordinary adventure. We had only two bad moments. Once, we came across a pack of wild dogs and for a moment, it looked like goodbye, but somehow we managed to get out with our skins intact. The other happened when we were stalking—of all things—bull elephants. Amazingly, they are the stealthiest of all the animals of the bush. Isn't that amazing?" He paused to see whether I thought it was amazing. "They appear *absolutely* without warning. And so we turned around, and there in front of us—"

He pointed to a spot nearby where the elephant would have stood.

"And he had that ancient, old look," O'Toole said, gazing at the imaginary elephant. "*Amazingly* old, and blue; a faded, faded, faded gray, gray primal blue. The color I have always imagined mastodons to be. And one eye spotted us—and he gave us the ear treatment." O'Toole held his hands, palms spread, next to his ears. "Va-voom!" he shouted. "And mind you, the ears are the size of the sofa you're sitting on! And he showed these great tusks and these great trotters, and I thought, Dear God Almighty! This is my farewell performance! But, once again, Providence intervened and we escaped."

He relighted his cigar and puffed on it experimentally.

"We saw hawks, shrikes, eagles; we were floating downriver in a soap dish, with the camera crew in another soap dish behind us, and there, in a tree on the other side of the river, was an eagle—a fishing eagle, with its wings spread, drying its feathers. A *mighty* creature, with very carefully defined features outlined in black and white. We wondered whether it would be interested in a lump of fish. So I took a lump of tiger fish and *heaved* it into the air. *Down* it came—" O'Toole slowly flapped his arms and imitated the bird's descent. "And with one talon he hooked onto it and off he went. It was an *astounding* sight. I mean, can you imagine—"

He was interrupted by the telephone—a single long, piercing ring. O'Toole looked up as if a bomb had gone off.

"*Jeeesus!*" he said. "You've witnessed an event. The fucking telephone actually rang. Good God!"

Standing up very straight, he picked

up the receiver and spoke into the mouthpiece.

"Good afternoon," he said in a deep voice. He waited for a moment but evidently received no answer. "Good afternoon," he said again, a little louder. He held the receiver away from him and looked at it.

"*Hello!*" He shouted into the telephone. "Hello! Yes, yes! *Hang on!*" He put the receiver down on the table with a bang. "Will you hang this up for me?" he said, and dashed out of the room.

After a moment, the extension clicked on and I put the receiver back in its cradle. I stood by the window and looked out: the sun had appeared, and now the sky was blue and the clouds had separated. The sea had become a brighter blue. A small boat, just a dot on the water, was making its way to the mainland from one of the offshore islands.

O'Toole returned in a short while, a delighted expression on his face.

"That was all the way from the United States of America!" he said. "A major achievement! Communication is largely irrelevant here. I usually keep the fucking phone in the oven, since it has no useful function. Sometimes people do get through. The odd daughter gets in when she needs something—"

He wandered around the room for a moment, as if trying to locate something. "Electricity came to this peninsula only five years ago," he said, finally crossing the room to stand by the window. "It altered the reality around here. It changed things. Modernization breeds its own brand of schizophrenia. . . ."

He trailed off, looking out the window. He stood and stared for quite a long while, as if he had fallen into a trance. "I'm sorry," he said at last. "I have this habit of looking out to sea."

He turned away from the window, seemingly with renewed vigor. "Let's go for a jaunt, shall we?" he said. "I don't like to be closed indoors."

He got a canteen, which he filled with water from the kitchen. He stopped in the entry and lifted a pair of binoculars from one of the coat racks. We stepped outside. Although the sky had brightened, the air was cold and crisp.

"Everything is fresh here," O'Toole said as we stood on the porch. He took a deep, invigorating breath. "There's no pollution, and even if there were, the wind would blow it the fuck away. Here, take a drink of this." He handed me the canteen; I unscrewed the top and took a drink.

"The water comes from my own well," O'Toole said. "I take water with me everywhere I go. One must always be prepared when one ventures out. Here, have a look."

He had the binoculars raised to his eyes; he lowered them and handed them to me.

"Look straight out that way," he told

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me, pointing toward one of the islands. "Look up at the top."

Through the glasses, the island jumped into focus. There was a rectangular object, dark in color, sticking up from the top, like a short stem on a green apple.

"That's a marking stone," O'Toole said. "A megalith. A prehistoric monument—a bit of architectural fancy to while away the hours in the second millennium B.C."

He tilted his head back and took a long swig of water from the canteen.

"It's an old neighborhood," he said.

We walked to the car—O'Toole stopping to have a few words with a group of hydrangeas in full bloom—and set out for the other side of the peninsula.

"I'll have to ask you to roll down your window," O'Toole said to me as we wound our way along the coast line. "I find it impossible to see three-dimensionally through glass."

Below us, on a white sandy beach, two men were standing next to a boat that was upside down. It had an oily-looking black surface, and from a distance, it looked like a beached sea animal.

"That boat is called a currach," O'Toole said. "It's constructed by stretching a piece of material over a wooden frame—very simple, very lightweight. It's the traditional sailing craft of the area. Two or three men usually carry it—and they plop it into the water and off they go, fishing or whatever. Men have sailed the high seas in similar craft. Which shows a bit of guts. I would think. A bit of intestinal fortitude."

He brought the car to a sudden stop and turned and looked directly at me.

"Am I boring you absolutely to tears?" he asked. "If so, you must protest loudly and I shall stop. Otherwise, I have a tendency to yammer on about things."

He took his cigarette holder from his jacket pocket and pointed with it toward a neatly kept white-stone house set away from the road.

"This place, I believe, belongs to some man who was supposed to be the American Ambassador to Ireland. Or did I read he was sacked out before he even got here? There was some sort of cloud over his appointment. It sounds like he was the perfect man for the job; in Ireland, there's an understanding attitude toward questionable behavior. It's all part of things. It's been said that the reason the crime rate is so low in Ireland is that nobody ever gets caught."

O'Toole fished in his pocket for a cigarette to fit into the holder. A group of brown-and-white cows came walking slowly toward us on the road.

"Hello, daisies!" O'Toole called out brightly. "Hello, girls!"

One of the cows regarded us with a soulful gaze as she passed by.

"The Clifden chorus girls," he said.

As he put the car in gear, he scanned the sky through the windshield. "I'm

looking for a heron," he said. "Or a bittern. The swans arrived the other day. They're Bewick's swans; they come all the way from Siberia—think of that!"

We went around a curve and came face to face with an orange-colored van, which completely occupied the narrow turtleback roadway. O'Toole and the other driver looked at each other for a long moment, neither making a move. Finally, O'Toole backed up and created as much room as possible. Two sheep, branded with bright-blue stripes down their backs, observed the scene from a pasture.

We watched as the van slowly pulled around us and somehow did not topple off the road. O'Toole exchanged a salute with the other driver, spilling ashes on his coat in the process.

We had completely rounded the peninsula and were reapproaching the mainland. A medieval building, with turrets and towers, sat on a hillside. "That's a monastery, that picturesque building," O'Toole said. "A place where monks have cavorted through the ages."

As the building passed from view, O'Toole made a sweeping gesture that took in the surrounding countryside.

"Before the invention of celibacy," he said. "the fucking was great round here!"

He considered that statement and began chortling to himself. "Isn't it an irony?" he said. "Ireland is the country that more or less exported Christianity—by the act of writing it down—but the irony is it never really caught on here. Most of the churches weren't built until the 19th Century. But in the old days, the Irish were good at copying—the monks were, at least—and so they began to copy the Christian texts; and then they began to decorate the manuscripts; and then they became so involved that they simply made up their own words. Hence, the great literary tradition of Ireland, which, when you think about it, is extraordinary: Joyce, Yeats, Synge, O'Casey, Wilde, Shaw, Swift"—he counted the list of names on his fingers—"and Beckett and Behan and on and on. As I said, this is the most primitive part of Europe, but it's also the most literate. One of those juxtapositions that creation serves up so nicely."

The countryside grew rockier, the rocks strewn about as if they had been sprayed out by a popcorn machine. I commented to O'Toole on the rugged landscape. He looked at me as one who had stated the obvious.

"The stones the stones the stones of Connemara . . ." he intoned. "In spite of the tennis I resume. . . ." That's Sam Beckett, man! That's Lucky's speech in *Waiting for Godot*. "In spite of the strides of physical culture . . . the practice of sports such as tennis football running cycling swimming flying floating riding . . . dying . . . sports of all sorts . . . tennis of all kinds . . . in spite of the ten-

nis . . . the facts remain . . . the earth abode of stones. . . ."

He pointed through the windshield. "And there are the fucking stones!"

He pulled over onto the shoulder of the road. The car bumped and staggered a bit as it went off the pavement.

"Careful, Peter, careful," O'Toole said to himself. "You're not on a horse." He maneuvered the car a little farther, until he had reached a satisfactory position, and then shut off the engine.

He picked up the binoculars, opened his door and disembarked. I followed him into a field of wildflowers. In the distance, in sight of the shore line, there was a group of boulders, huge rocks, arranged in a horseshoe shape. A large stone, standing roughly in the center of the group, stood out above the rest.

"That spot is what is called a fairy ring," O'Toole said, looking at it through the binoculars. "Gullible tourists are led to believe that fanciful creatures materialize here during favorable lunar phases—no doubt to the accompaniment of genuine Irish folk music. But that's *not* what it is. What it *is*, in fact, is a place where songs and recitations were held when the earth was quite young. Here, have a look at it through these." He handed me the binoculars. "You can see how the island people came in with their boats. They gathered here from the islands. They landed and met there, in the fairy ring."

He bent over and selected a stone from one of hundreds lying about. "Some of these are thousands of years old," he said, turning the rock over in his hand, "but if you start trying to figure the old from the new, you go stone mad!"

He tossed the rock away. "There's a spot not far from here where, in 1919, two aviators named Alcock and Brown completed the first successful transatlantic flight. And when the local people saw this great flying thing in the sky—well! They thought that Jesus had come to Clifden! And they erected a monument of stone for the event. The monument was what they fancied the airplane's tail to look like. It sits on top of the mountain and looks very much like one of these prehistoric jobs. I find it rather amusing to see this stone monument to a flying machine. It has a bit of Connemara cuteness to it."

We returned to the car and set off again. We passed people with backpacks and a group of boys playing ball. On the side of the road was a decorative ruin, once a castle, now only a stone skeleton covered with vines. On the other side of the road, there was a row of ugly modern single-story houses with chain-link fences and large television aerials.

We passed an abandoned, gutted barn. On the side of the building, in dripping black paint, were the letters IRA.

As we drew near the town of Clifden,



BRUCE BROWN

*"I swear to you, dear Elizabeth, that I'm not opposed
to oral sex—I simply suffer from hay fever!"*

we saw two nuns dressed in modern habits, with shortened veils and dresses.

"We have lots of nun factories in Ireland," O'Toole said. "Lots of priest factories as well. Although that's all in a decline now, along with church attendance in general. It seems that many of the boys who once wanted to be priests are now becoming policemen—which I'm sure has some significance for some sociologist someplace."

The two nuns were walking along the side of the road. One held a basket filled with pink and white flowers.

"I've never liked nuns," O'Toole said. "They remind me of crows—and I *detest* crows. At least now, in these contemporary frocks, the good sisters don't look quite so fearful and crowlike. At least now you can see gender. That was the terrifying thing when I was young—to see a creature without gender."

The town came into view, its two almost identical church steeples rising up at each end.

"That's the Catholic church, the one closest to us," O'Toole said. "That's the Protestant church down there. Personally, I don't attend either. I go to Frank Murphy's pub."

We were standing in the doorway of O'Toole's house in the late afternoon. A soft rain was falling. The sky and the sea were gray. Gray rocks were scattered along the mountainside like human skulls.

"Well, we have some real *Wuthering Heights* weather here," he said. "It has that foreboding air, the sort of weather that lays bare the human soul."

He smiled quite broadly, as if that pleased him.

"What do you say we go for a walk? I'll give you some foul-weather gear."

From the entry he took a heavy fisherman's slicker and a pair of green-rubber boots.

"Here, put these on," he said. "They'll be a bit large, but it's good insulation and will keep you properly warm."

The coat swallowed me, hanging almost to my ankles and completely covering my hands. The boots were similarly sized. O'Toole put on my head a tweed cap with wide buckled straps that hung down on each side.

He stood back to survey the effect. "You do look a bit comical," he admitted. "But generally, that's better than bronchitis."

He removed the pair of loafers he had been wearing and changed into a pair of black boots. He put on a green-tweed overcoat.

We had already started away from the house when O'Toole muttered something under his breath and turned back. He returned a moment or so later with a shotgun cradled in his arm.

"I'm looking for crows," he explained,

"Vile, spiteful creatures. One of the few birds I do not like, as I believe I mentioned. In fact—" He looked around him for one of the black birds. "In fact, if I see any, I shall be quite delighted to blow them to perdition!"

I followed him as he led me up a grassy hillock. "Watch your footing," he called back. "The ground is tricky and deceptive." The wet grass and the muddy earth slid away easily underfoot; there were small puddles everywhere. At the top, he pointed toward a farmhouse down the mountain nearer to the water.

"That's my daughter Kate's house," he said. "Pat, my other daughter, has a house down there as well, though you can't quite see it. This is Zulu-style living. The family lives in the same spot, but each family member has his own dwelling. I think it's a very sensible arrangement. It keeps the family together but the fuck away from one another at the same time."

We made our way carefully down the slope of the hill and came out on a narrow, rutted dirt track that stretched out in a straight line and seemed to disappear into the sky. We walked slowly up the road. Once or twice, O'Toole paused and raised the shotgun as if he'd noticed something, but each time, there was no sound other than the rain.

"This part of Ireland, traditionally and to this day, has been known as the land of the solitary poets," O'Toole said. "Your man Theodore Roethke, he lived here, on one of the islands. Richard Murphy lives here now. There are more solitary brains, both men and women, fiddling around these shores than in any other spot on earth. An unbroken tradition of poets—pirates, too."

Enormous rain clouds hung over the hills. Far below, the sea was becoming rough and the waves beat against the rocky coast line.

"This is also the traditional burial place of the O'Malleys," O'Toole said, turning up the collar of his coat. "A renowned family of both poets and pirates. One of the greatest pirates who ever lived, Grace O'Malley, had a fortress here. She's one of Ireland's *non-mythic* figures, whose life is quite carefully documented. She sailed the high seas at the time of Drake and the other great pirates, and she outfoxed them all. She was a great beauty, too, and a poet in her own way. Her base of operations was a small harbor that is now called Cleggan, and when I was a young man, I lived there in a pub owned by an O'Malley. Master O'Malley, dead and buried 20 years now—"

A chill wind came up, and O'Toole beat his arm against his thigh as if to restore circulation. "The weather is constantly on the change," he said. "It can turn from being the most vividly beautiful, *romantic* countryside to

this—" He gestured. "A rocky wilderness, lonely and desolate. And it can do it in an hour's time. People here have to learn to adapt. It's either mutate or die!"

He stopped and motioned for me to be still. He went on ahead a few feet, moving toward a large bush with tangled branches. O'Toole bent over, noiselessly, and picked up a wet stone. With infinite care, he raised his arm and tossed the rock into the bush. At the same time, he drew his gun up to fire. The rock landed with a thud and a rustle of leaves, but nothing flew out. O'Toole looked disappointed.

"Those fucking crows," he said. "They're here." He looked around like a detective at the scene of a crime. "They're here, all right, and they know I'm out looking for them!"

There was the sound of footsteps, and then a man approached us, followed by a small dog. The man was dressed in a green rain slicker and tall rubber boots. The dog looked as if it had recently been in a fight.

"Hello, Eddie," O'Toole called out to the man.

"Hello, Peter," the man said, coming up to where we stood. He nodded toward O'Toole's gun. "Looking for birds, eh?"

"Yes," O'Toole said, glancing up at the sky. "I'm looking for crows. But the fucking things are hiding from me."

The man gave a short, gruff laugh, as if O'Toole had told him a joke. The man wore thick black-framed glasses with a piece of adhesive tape in the middle. He had a paper hat on his head.

"How are things with you, then, Eddie?" O'Toole asked. "How's your mother? Is she better?"

The man suddenly looked very sad. "She's not well. I'm afraid, Peter. It's not good for her."

"I'm sorry to hear it," O'Toole said.

"They've moved her to the hospital in Galway," the man said. "The doctor told me that if she wasn't moved, she'd have no chance. He said she wouldn't have lived two days if she had stayed in Clilden."

"She's in Galway now, is she?" O'Toole said.

"They took her in an ambulance," Eddie said. "They don't know what's wrong. They say it could be three things: It could be t.b.; it could be cancer; or it could be fluid—fluid in her lungs." He put his hand across his chest. "They have to take X rays to know for sure."

"Who's the doctor?" O'Toole asked him. "Is it young O'Casey?"

Eddie nodded. He kicked at the ground with his boot. The dog lay down with his head on a patch of wet grass.

"The truth is, Peter," the man said, "she still may die. At least this way, though, the doctor says she has a chance. In Clilden, he said, she had no chance."

O'Toole took a cigarette and cupped

it with his hand against the wind to light it. He blew out a cloud of smoke.

"She's old," the man said, almost to himself. "She forgets things, she doesn't know people—it's sad, Peter. She'll remember the old things, you know? She'll remember things from years ago. But then I'll go to speak to her and—"

He cut off, and spread his hands in a gesture of hopelessness. O'Toole smoked his cigarette and watched him carefully.

"I'll be going to see her in a day or so," Eddie said.

"I want you to promise me you won't go alone," O'Toole said. "I'll drive you; or if I can't, John will. But I want you to promise you'll go with one of us, all right? Is it a promise?"

"Yes, all right," the man said, nodding. There was water collecting on the frames of his glasses.

O'Toole clapped him on the shoulder. "Take care, Eddie," he said. "Be strong."

"I figure, at least this way, she has a chance," the man said. "In Clifden, she'd have no chance."

He walked away, the dog followed behind, until they both disappeared up the road in the mist. We stood without moving for quite a long while. Everything was absolutely still and quiet. When O'Toole finally spoke, I was startled by his voice.

"Some people can't tolerate the silence," he said. "It's very awesome; it gives you a sense of the eternal. It holds you like an anchor—"

I asked him if he ever got lonely.

"Never," he said without hesitation.

We walked back toward his house without saying anything. The sky was gray and enormous, and it covered the earth like a seamless garment.

O'Toole cocked his head and listened a moment. He made his way slowly off the road, through bushes and vines dripping with moisture. A wooden animal shelter stood beneath a tree whose branches were weighted almost to the ground.

O'Toole leaned against the shelter like a weary traveler. He waited a moment, then knocked several times. A deep, bellowing moo issued from within, followed by another. O'Toole raised himself up on tiptoe and peered over the top.

"Hello, girls," he said. "Seen any crows?"

"Oh, this is exciting," O'Toole said. He was standing on the ledge of a rooftop, teetering backward. Behind him was the night skyline of New York City. He was restrained from falling by a fire hose wrapped around his waist.

Richard Benjamin looked at him, studying the situation.

"You're drunk," Benjamin said.

"I'm drunk," O'Toole said agreeably, nodding his head.

He strengthened his grasp on the hose.

"You're drunk," Benjamin said, "and you're on the roof of this building"—he gestured around him—"and you're going over the side with that fire hose wrapped around you."

"It makes perfect sense to me," O'Toole said.

"Good," Benjamin said. "You're well motivated. I like that. Now, you"—he turned toward a young man who was standing on the rooftop, only a few feet away—"you, Mark, are very upset by what you see here. When Peter says he's going over the side, you get *very* upset."

The young man regarded Richard Benjamin with an intense expression. He

had curly hair gone wild and a face that seemed about to explode with confusion.

"I'd say he was actually frantic," O'Toole called over. He was leaning back precariously, holding on to the hose with one hand and lighting a cigarette with the other. "I'd say he's ready to pee in his fucking pants."

Mark nodded his head rapidly in affirmation.

"Good, good, good," Benjamin said. "Everything seems clear. All right—" He turned and cupped his hands around his mouth. "All right, we're ready," he called out.

He spoke to half a dozen men who

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were standing around a camera crane. They turned to look at him.

"Or are we ready?" Benjamin asked.

"Almost ready," said a man who was sitting on a high folding chair next to the camera. He was stout, dressed in blue jeans and a blue turtleneck and wearing a visored cap. "We're clearing up a little problem, Dick."

The man got up and walked off the rooftop and around to the canvas backdrop of the Manhattan skyline. He took a light meter from around his neck and held it against one of the windows.

O'Toole, still teetering on the ledge, turned around to look at the man.

"We'll be shooting shortly, may I presume?" he inquired. "I'm getting simulated vertigo."

"We're ready now," the man in the turtleneck said, putting his meter away. "We had a little problem with the lights, but it seems OK now."

"Splendid," O'Toole said. A make-up man climbed up onto the ledge and began applying powder to his forehead.

"All right, everybody," Benjamin said, clapping his hands. He settled into a folding chair with the word DIRECTOR stenciled on the back in gold lettering.

"Settle down, people," a young man with a trim beard said. He spoke in a loud, authoritative tone of voice. "Let's go to a bell, please."

A loud bell sounded, like a submarine surfacing.

"Very quiet now," the bearded man

said. He looked around the sound stage as if to silence everybody with mind control. When he was satisfied, he said, "Roll the sound."

Three men in identical golfing sweaters were seated at the sound cart, which was parked in a comfortably remote spot. "Speed," one of them called out.

"Roll the camera," the bearded man said.

"Rolling," the cameraman said, squinting into his eyepiece.

A man jumped in front of the camera and slated the scene with a clapboard that read MY FAVORITE YEAR.

There was a moment of silence.

O'Toole readjusted himself on the ledge. Benjamin inclined his head slightly to one side and said, "Action!"

"Don't do it!" the young man with the curly hair cried. He ran forward to face O'Toole and gestured as if to save him.

"Don't be ridiculous!" O'Toole called back at him, weaving slightly in place. He glanced over his shoulder at what was supposed to be the street, some 20 stories below.

"There's nothing to it! I've done this sort of thing"—he gestured erratically with his free hand—"I've done this sort of thing *hundreds* of times!"

"But that was in the movies," the young man cried, his face full of terror. "This is real life!"

He began running in frantic circles, looking desperately for something to save the day.

"Movies or real life," O'Toole belatedly, "what's the difference?" He gathered himself up very straight. "I'm going down now," he announced.

"No," the young man wailed. "Don't do it!"

O'Toole reached down to pick up a whiskey bottle perched on the ledge, and as he did so, he lost his balance. With a great cry—arms flailing, like a man trying to fly—he fell backward off the roof. The fire hose went rushing over the roof after him.

The young man with the curly hair ran forward and looked over the side, down at the shadowy sidewalk.

"Oh, my God!" he shouted out. "What have I done?" He held his head in his hands and shook it sorrowfully. There was a silence of several seconds.

"And cut it," Benjamin said.

Mark shielded his eyes against the glare of the lights and looked toward the side lines.

"I thought I'd forgotten to say something," he said.

O'Toole, who had fallen backward on a red-vinyl mattress, got to his feet and brushed himself off. He looked down at a man who was crouching alongside him with the fire hose in his hand.

"Did we collide?" O'Toole asked.

"No sweat," the man said.

"I liked it a lot," Benjamin said, getting out of his chair. He turned to the cameraman. "Can we print that?"

The cameraman, who was in a whispered conference with the operator, looked up with the expression of a man who bears bad news.

"Uh, we have a little problem, Dick," he said.

"Oh, shit," O'Toole said, lighting a cigarette.

"A problem?" Benjamin said. "What kind of a problem?"

"The lights are flickering," the operator said. He pointed to the Manhattan backdrop. "You've got flickering lights back there."

Benjamin looked at the backdrop and then at the cameraman.

"How bad is that?" he asked.

"Well, it's not good," the cameraman admitted. "We thought we had the son of a bitch fixed—something's draining our power." He shook his head.

"You mean we can't print that?" Benjamin said.

"Well, yeah, you *could*," the cameraman said. "But—" He spread his hands to show the futility of such an action.

O'Toole came walking over to where I was standing, next to a card table holding an ashtray, a cup and saucer and a green-plastic Thermos bottle. He turned the spigot on the Thermos bottle and dispensed some tea into the cup.

"We seem to have hit a patch of stormy weather," he said, drinking his tea. He looked over his shoulder at the conference that was shaping up around the



"I must tell you, Miss Collins, you've captivated me with your expansive sense of awareness, your penetrating wit and your gorgeous ass."

camera crane. Orders were being called out and the workmen who manned the catwalks were busy examining the lights.

"I find at a moment like this," O'Toole said, "it's best to retire to the trailer."

He put the cup down with a clatter and, with the cigarette holder clenched in his teeth, steered a course off the sound stage.

"Bloody boring thing," O'Toole said as he pushed open the first of two doors leading outside. "Just as things are rolling along, we have ourselves fucked up by some bit of electrical cable."

He pushed open the second door and stepped out into the afternoon sunshine. A man wearing a short black-suede jacket and carrying a stack of file folders came rushing from out of nowhere and grabbed O'Toole by the arm.

"Ah, hello," O'Toole said to the man, somewhat startled.

"I wanted to catch you," the man said with a shortness of breath. "I wanted to make sure I caught you before—" He waved his hand off in the air, leaving the thought unfinished.

"Yes," O'Toole said. "Hmmm."

The man had slicked-down hair and wore a pair of dark-framed glasses. He shifted his load of folders from one hand to the other. "There are just a couple of things I want to talk to you about, Peter, and I know you're busy—" He coughed and patted his chest.

"Yes, that's all right, Jack," O'Toole said. "Calm down and get a grip."

O'Toole led the way down the narrow street that ran between the huge dun-colored sound stages. Parked along the street was a string of mobile homes. Outside one, there was a line-up of at least a dozen small children, each accompanied by his or her mother. A man with a clipboard and an uninterested look on his face was walking up and down the line, presiding over the event. Several of the mothers were vigorously instructing their children to stand up straight and appear attractive.

"Casting call," O'Toole said as we passed by. "Not a pretty sight."

"The thing is, Peter," Jack said, hurrying to keep up with O'Toole. "I know you're busy as hell and you've got no time to spare, but I've had the *Today* show on the phone twice already this morning—I told them your situation—"

"When?" O'Toole said. He knocked the cigarette from his holder and stamped on it with his foot.

The man looked at him quizzically.

"When what?" he asked.

"When do you want them to come here, Jack?" O'Toole said. He clapped the man on the shoulder and leaned forward to smile at him. "Isn't that where this conversation was headed?" O'Toole turned away abruptly and stretched his hand up to the door handle of a long white trailer. He yanked the door open,

took two steps up and disappeared inside.

"I thought tomorrow afternoon, maybe," Jack said, following cautiously. "Or Wednesday, if that's better for you."

O'Toole stood in the middle of the trailer near the kitchen area, going through the pockets of his suit like a man searching for car keys. Evidently finding nothing, he took off his coat and folded it over his arm.

"Well, the honest truth is, baby," he said to the man in the black-suede jacket, "either way is dreadful for me. How's that coming, then?"

He had swiveled around and addressed the question to a burly-looking teamster in a padded parka vest, who was standing in front of the kitchen stove.

The man was pouring hot water with exaggerated care from a kettle into a teapot.

"Coming right up," the man said. He wore a perforated cap with a Ford insignia on it.

"Good," O'Toole said. "Well, then"—he looked at the publicity man, who was watching him with a growing sense of apprehension—"why don't you have them drop by tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" Jack said. Having been prepared for rejection, he overflowed with joy. "Fantastic!"

O'Toole maneuvered by him toward a simulated-wood-grain-plastic dinette table. There was a booth on each side and a couch, upholstered in green-and-white brocade, across the aisle. O'Toole threw his coat onto the couch.

"There's just one—ah—other thing, Peter," Jack said. He began flipping through the folders in his arms. The stack threatened to get out of hand and spill on the floor. "And I know you probably won't have time for this one; I have the information here someplace—"

The burly man in the parka vest looked over to O'Toole and said, "Tea's ready, boss."

"Wonderful, darling," O'Toole said. He picked up a pack of cigarettes from the dinette table and shook one into his hand. He struck a match and brought it toward the cigarette as if he were performing a hand-to-eye-coordination test.

"Well, it's the BBC," Jack said.

"Who is?" O'Toole said, waving the match until it was extinguished.

"The interview," Jack said. "The one I was talking about." A sheet of paper broke free from his folders and floated to the ground.

"The one I don't have time for?" O'Toole said. "When would that be?"

"They were talking about Friday," Jack said.

O'Toole paused for deliberation; then, as if in response, he unzipped his trousers and let them drop to the floor.

"Friday's impossible," he said, stepping out of the pants. He bent over and picked them up. He was now wearing his



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shirt and tie, a pair of highly polished black shoes, green socks and a pair of white jockey undershorts.

"No can do, huh?" Jack said.

"Out of the question," O'Toole said. He laid the suit pants next to the jacket on the green-brocade couch.

"Yeah, well, I sort of knew that was the way—" Jack began to say, but he was cut off as the teamster who had been making tea crowded by him carrying a cup and saucer, which he set down gingerly on the dinette table.

"If you want anything else, I'll be outside," he said to O'Toole. Eying Jack suspiciously, the burly man elbowed his way past him once again, opened the trailer door and left.

"Well, at any rate—" Jack said, clearing his throat. "I just thought maybe because it was the BBC."

"What's that?" O'Toole said, picking up his teacup and taking a sip.

"The reason why you might want to do the interview," Jack said. "Because it was the BBC."

O'Toole looked about for a moment or two, as if trying to find the connection.

"Ah, yes," he said finally. "Yes, I see. Well—one can't do everything, isn't that so, Jack?"

He put his hands against the base of his spine and arched his back. "Christ Almighty!" he said. He closed his eyes and stretched some more. "I'm sore from all my acrobatics, and I'm exhausted from these uncivilized working hours. It's not easy being a fucking movie star."

Jack chuckled softly, as if appreciating some subtle joke. "I guess it's a lot quieter for you back home."

O'Toole opened one eye and squinted at him as if sighting along a gun barrel.

"In Ireland," Jack offered. "I guess things are a lot calmer for you back home in Ireland."

O'Toole nodded his head slowly, as if weighing the thought. "Yes," he said. "Quite a bit calmer."

The door opened, and a slender young man with closely cropped hair and a bandanna tied around his head stepped busily into the room. He was carrying half a dozen women's dressing gowns on plastic hangers.

"Here they are," the man announced in a peevish tone. He thrust the gowns forward. They were garishly patterned and not of a contemporary style. He shook them petulantly on their hangers. "And may I say they were something of a *bitch* to assemble!"

"It's all part of the joy of making movies, baby," O'Toole told him. He motioned for the garments to be brought over to him and perused the selection. "Oh, this is a tasty number," he said, holding up a silky gown with a ruffled collar and huge red roses decorating it.

"Isn't that a panic?" the wardrobe man said.

"In a word," O'Toole said. He handed the robe back. "Put them up inside and I'll give them a try in a moment."

The wardrobe man took the dressing gowns into the bedroom and hung them on the outside of a closet door. "They're not ready to shoot yet," he said to O'Toole. "In case you were wondering."

O'Toole glanced up at a clock that was mounted on the wall. "*Bloody* boring thing," he said. "Just when things were rolling along nicely."

"I'll let you know about tomorrow afternoon," Jack said as he and the wardrobe man left the trailer.

O'Toole resumed his seat at the table. He turned himself sideways in the booth and stuck one rather bony-looking white leg out into the aisle. He gave me a faint smile.

"Well, what do you think?" he said. He made a gesture with his arm that seemed to include the immediate area as well as the entire studio surrounding it. "Does any of this make sense?" He dumped a liberal amount of sugar into his teacup.

"We had a rather ghoulish incident last week," he said. "Very Hollywood Gothic. Mark and I were attacked during the shooting of a scene by a mob of extras. Can you believe that? Actually . . . *attacked*. It was positively like *The Day of the Locust*."

He shook his head in disbelief at the recollection. "I don't think I've witnessed anything quite so bizarre in my long and eclectic career." He leaned forward and tugged at the top of one green sock. "God only knows what was on their minds. We were shooting a scene in an apartment-house corridor and these extras—these animals, as it turned out—were supposed to simply mill around us. Very *passively*, I might emphasize. Instead of that, they jumped all over us like rabid dogs. One cheeky prick took hold of me by the ear and wouldn't let go. I mean, he would *not* let go! I finally had to bash him in order to get free!"

O'Toole banged his fist against the booth as if it were somebody's head.

"They went absolutely starkers," he said. "I think they'd been in Hollywood so long, they'd lost their grip on reality."

He stood up and shook himself as if to cast off the memory. He went into the bedroom and put on the dressing gown with the roses on it.

"Rather fetching, don't you think?" O'Toole said, striding back into the room. The sleeves of the garment ended just below his elbows and the hem flapped around his knees. "I particularly fancy these roses. They look like they were grown by a mad botanist."

He walked up and down the length of the trailer, testing the robe. He finally came to rest, leaning against the kitchen stove, and lighted a cigarette.

"One might ask why I'm wearing

this," he said. He looked at me as if that were what was on my mind. "Well, you haven't read the script, of course." He held his sleeve out in front of him to examine it. "And I'm afraid it would take too much energy to put it into context. Suffice it to say there's a story point at stake."

There was another knock at the door.

"I hope that's not the queen mother," O'Toole said. "I've run out of biscuits."

I opened the door and Mark stuck his head inside.

"Guess what?" he said. "They want us on the set."

"Oh, shit!" O'Toole said. "I had just been informed to the contrary. There seems to be a shortage of reliable information on these premises."

He modeled the dressing gown for the young man. "What do you think of this, Mark?" he asked him. "For the scene in the girl's apartment—what do you say?"

Mark looked O'Toole up and down. "Looks great," he said. "Especially with the black shoes and green socks."

"I always was a trendsetter," O'Toole said. He went to the rear and pulled a plastic curtain separating the bedroom from the rest of the trailer. A moment later, the toilet was flushed, making a sound like that of a nuclear reactor coming on line.

Mark and I went outside to wait. A man with silver hair and sunglasses, looking like a Greek shipping tycoon, motored past us in a golf cart. Up the street, the children's casting call was still in progress.

In a few minutes, O'Toole appeared. He was smoothing out the lines of his jacket and straightening his tie. He gazed off down the studio street as if it led to a field of battle. He put his hand on Mark's shoulder as if he had something momentous to impart.

"It's time for us to go be funny now," he told him.

The three of us began walking back to the sound stage. As we approached the line-up of children and their mothers, a girl of about ten years of age, with Shirley Temple curls, wriggled free and went skipping away from the rest. Her mother testily commanded her to return. Ignoring her, the girl turned her back and ran toward a brilliant shaft of sunlight that fell between the giant buildings. For a moment, she posed prettily, holding her tiny skirt out with both hands. Then, suddenly, she broke into a tap dance.

O'Toole and Mark watched soberly as the little girl performed bucks and wings on the studio street.

Mark placed his hand over his heart as if pledging allegiance.

"That's show business," he said reverently.

"Yes," O'Toole said. He gave a short, rueful laugh. "Too fucking right."



“Nixon’s chief foreign-policy advisor talked sneeringly with his own staff about ‘our meatball President.’”

might have been simply another period of chafing personal dominance over American foreign policy, Kissinger’s ascendancy comparable to those of John Foster Dulles and Dean Acheson, strong Secretaries of State. But what set this Government and these men apart—what provided much of the strange yeast for Haig’s rise—was the personal venom, the pervasive suspicion and the sheer excess that soon descended upon the White House. The court found its style early in 1969—in savage slurs and gossip. Thus, it was not enough for Kissinger to best Rogers in policy issue after policy issue; there was also the story, pandered to staff and press, that the Secretary of State was keeping a homosexual lover in Georgetown. It was a rumor that apparently amused more than angered Rogers’ staff, who saw their handsome and conventional boss as rather a ladies’ man. As for the Secretary of Defense, Kissinger called him a veritable “traitor” whose Pentagon office was the “Laird for President” headquarters.

But equal or worse epithets were reserved for the new President himself. In his memoirs, Kissinger would publicly and compassionately remember a “spent, even fragile” Nixon at the Inauguration, a politician tragically drained and embittered by his long quest for the office. But now, in the opening months of 1969, Nixon’s chief foreign-policy advisor talked sneeringly with his own staff about “our meatball President” or “my drunken friend” in frequent contempt of Nixon’s late-night, losing bouts with gin. Closing the sordid circle, there were ever recurrent and utterly baseless insinuations about Nixon’s past relationship with Rogers in which something illicit, illegal or both was holding hostage the President of the United States.

Smut was one of Kissinger’s weapons against his own consuming anxieties—and against the bizarre setting in which he now found himself. The problem of Richard Nixon was one burden of statesmanship for which the Harvard professor was woefully unprepared. This President was a deeply flawed leader, his pettiness and his impulsiveness as dangerous as his intelligence or his boldness might be creative. His caprice even came to be codified in White House staff practices, whereby Chief of Staff H. R. Haldeman had prudently ordained “the staff officer’s duty to ignore any clearly inappropriate demand, even if the President . . . insisted on it.”

The early cost of having this tragic figure in the Presidency was not some single act or negligence; far worse, it added to the erosion of integrity and restraint among the none-too-honorable men he had gathered around him. Nixon’s weakness was an invitation to manipulation and to abuse of authority that his men did not resist. In the West Basement’s foreign-policy office, the result was to exploit the power that Nixon formally appropriated or that his method of rule made possible and, at the same time, to shield that power from him when necessary. That created Kissinger’s secretive world of personal diplomacy, leaks and back-channel communications; narrow, compressed decisions wrung from a bitter and distrusting President; and a general hypocrisy toward the barbarians at every gate.

Inevitably, the rancid practices turned back on the White House. Thus, Kissinger’s most formidable rivals on the Nixon staff, Haldeman and domestic-affairs counselor John Ehrlichman—men whom the Oval Office tapes show talking with the President virtually as equals, with few of the deferential “sirs” or “Mr.

Presidents” of other interlocutors—became known in the West Basement as the Gestapo. Reciprocating with the house fixation on homosexuality, Ehrlichman thought his friend Henry “queer.” From early in 1969, Kissinger faithfully recorded all his telephone conversations with Nixon, senior aides and everyone else, the Dictabelts transcribed every day (eventually under Haig’s watchful eye) and were salted away in personal files to be removed from the White House to Rockefeller’s Pocantico Hills estate. For Kissinger, it was a bit of insurance against history as well as against his fellow policy makers. “This is not an honorable business conducted by honorable men in an honorable way,” he told an unsurprised staff later that first year.

Haig watched all that develop from a vantage point just outside Kissinger’s office, and it was during this period—for approximately a year and a half—that I worked around Haig on the NSC staff, sometimes at close range and usually on cordial personal terms, whatever our policy differences. His duties during this time “varied dramatically,” he said during his 1981 Secretary of State confirmation hearing. He began by funneling intelligence reports to Kissinger and, through him, to Nixon. Then, as the stream of staff papers, cables and bureaucratic studies rose with Kissinger’s control, Haig joined Eagleburger in reading and transmitting a share of those as well. It was, then, an orthodox staff position,



“Of course your first husband was better. He had a much younger wife.”

one in which Haig was to see that the disorderly Kissinger disposed of the papers and decisions expected of him and that the outflow from Kissinger's desk to the President, to the NSC staff, to the bureaucracies beyond ran without major snags. To that end, he worked 14-to-16-hour days, always on a schedule that stretched just before and beyond Kissinger's. Like all such high-level Government clerking, it was an uneven rhythm of quiet and rush, late nights as often the result of the lumbering inefficiency of the bureaucrats whose papers he processed or of the fashionable night hours thought *de rigueur* among key officials as of the actual significance or volume of a day's work.

Still, at what he did, Haig was indefatigable and, even more important, was reputed to be. "Not smart, but he's the quintessential staff man," the *New York Post* quoted an NSC staff colleague. The military bearing and the sense of command never seemed to be ruffled by the perturbing disarray of papers—nor even by Kissinger's regular frenzies and abuse of underlings. "He pounds assistants into the ground," said White House speechwriter William Safire.

"Only someone schooled in taking shit could put up with it," echoed Coleman Hicks, an appointments secretary who quit.

Outwardly loyal to Kissinger, Haig could nevertheless be ingratiating with the staff officers who trooped through to push their papers or to see Haig's boss. Posing as their irreverent, sympathetic advocate in the West Basement, he was just another of Henry's victims, one of the boys. When Kissinger sent a staff officer to conduct delicate secret negotiations with foreign factions in defiance of the State Department—a doubtful mission for which Kissinger could claim credit or disavow the aide, depending on the outcome—Haig, with a sympathetic smile, passed the man a note after Kissinger had left a meeting. "He gets the diamonds," read the large scrawl. "You get the rocks."

But often the empathy was discreetly self-serving. When aide Anthony Lake resigned over the invasion of Cambodia in the spring of 1970, Haig—who could not have been more opposed to Lake's philosophical position—was told by Kissinger to take Lake to lunch to try to rescind the resignation. He should not leave, Haig told Lake as they sat down in the White House mess. Then Haig launched into a familiar, unbroken litany of how difficult and demeaning it was to work for Kissinger. "He was very subtly working on all the feelings I had about leaving, all the embers of my resentment," Lake told a reporter long afterward, having resigned as planned. "He knew what *he* wanted from me, and he meant to get it."

As the foreign-policy power of the Presidential advisor rapidly became evident, there was considerable early jockeying for the unspecified position as Kissinger's deputy—though Kissinger himself showed scant readiness to share even a slice of his title and role, jealously blocking staff contacts of any sort with Nixon. In any case, Haig—processor of documents, with no noticeable policy intellect—was then an outside choice at best. A more likely candidate was Halperin, the architect and staff coordinator of the new NSC system and, before his later conversion by wire tap to civil libertarian and public opponent of the regime, one of the more grasping, calculating bureaucrats circling the West Basement. While Halperin's ambition flashed nakedly, Helmut Sonnenfeldt, the old, much overestimated and equally predatory Kissinger friend in Soviet affairs, sat in his office down the hall in the E.O.B., sullenly joking about his potential rivals and waiting for the summons to be deputy himself. Eagleburger, Haig's peer if not slight superior in staff rank, might have been a third, perhaps even stronger, prospect. A practiced adjutant of little substance (and, therefore, little threat to Kissinger), Eagleburger was fueled by a nervous compulsiveness that not only kept the office running but drove him more than once to change shirt and suit in the middle of any day on which he was to meet with the President. He was shrewd, ambitious and politically conservative, but he was also a chronic asthmatic with no stamina or patience. Haig would surpass those men not by ingenuity, depth or particular design (though they all, typically, saw the latter when it happened) but mainly by outlasting them.

His first break in that respect came in midsummer 1969, when Eagleburger collapsed in the office and consequently was forced to leave the job for a calmer post as a NATO diplomat in Brussels. Bellowing for staff attention and service even as Eagleburger lay on an office sofa waiting for an ambulance, Kissinger soon replaced him with Lake, a 30-year-old junior foreign-service officer—at one stroke leaving Haig the senior and stronger figure on Kissinger's immediate staff. There, where routine and compliance far outshone all other abilities, Haig flourished. Within months, Halperin was gone under a shadow of the wire tap and questions of security; the same political doubts hung over Sonnenfeldt as well, even though he stayed. Lake left over Cambodia, along with another possible rival, staff secretary William Watts, who had worked for Rockefeller. Of the men who followed them in Kissinger's personal orbit, none was strong enough or senior enough to rival Haig, and none would be so politically or personally compatible with the Nixon regime. With

that attrition, Haig was in the position of the junior officer who finds himself commanding in battle. In this case, his further rise became all the more dependent on his relationship with Kissinger.

The ties between the two men were always more complex than any organizational chart could convey. Haig's contribution to the office operation was crucial. "He never would have got anything read if it wasn't for Haig," Laird once said, referring to Kissinger's disorder. As the National Security Advisor became theorist, bureaucratic politician, then renowned negotiator of the regime, Haig became his much-needed logistics and administrative officer, managing his growing empire with attention to the mundane but all-too-necessary details Kissinger spurned. With every new diplomatic conquest and its demands on Kissinger, with every cession of office management, every proxy in his absence, every bit of added knowledge about Kissinger's plans, vulnerabilities and needs, Haig's power grew.

It is impossible to envision Haig's prominence apart from Kissinger—and, later, Nixon—without the singular coincidence of men and moment. The very secrecy and aggrandizement of the Kissinger approach drew power into his own office, making Haig—or anyone in that place at that time—indispensable. But another temperament would not have put such a premium on Haig's clerical skills. A more secure man would not have found such comfort or, indeed, necessity in Haig's relative lack of intellect. Then, too, a diplomat of lesser gifts than Kissinger's could not have compensated so easily for a deputy of Haig's limits—could not have afforded them. But with all the genuine and phantom enemies about, Kissinger needed reassurance, and that Haig provided. Safire records a scene with Kissinger in high dudgeon at a State Department insinuation that he could not leave Washington for fear of losing influence with Nixon. As Safire saw it, "Kissinger's voice broke a couple of times as he paced and talked, he was so worked up, [while] Haig, standing in the corner, kept nodding in agreement or sympathy."

In the first few years, they rarely argued, Haig insinuating his views in the traditional fashion of the staff assistant—a cover note on certain memos, a puncturing question of another officer at a staff meeting, a remark about this man's pet cause or ambition or that one's dubious loyalty or insensitivity to Kissinger's plight. Dealing with an extraordinarily moody, busy, distracted and ever-suspicious superior, Haig could shape policy or its consideration without ever truly resorting to open advocacy or opposition. It was privileged access and it had its special price, levied in terms of what was, in Kissinger's mind, at once



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Haig's strength and weakness: that he was a soldier. "I'm going to call the Pentagon to ask them to release you for a day's work on my staff," Kissinger would taunt him. Or, in a variation: "There's no point in your coming, Al; the Army doesn't have anything at stake in this meeting." With Haig in the room, Kissinger reportedly held forth for visitors on how military men were "dumb, stupid animals to be used." By similar accounts, he frequently berated Haig in front of the rest of the West Basement staff. In one instance, when fighter bombers did not attack Vietnam because of poor weather, Kissinger ranted about the need for "generals who could win battles . . . not good briefers, like Haig."

There would be no shortage of such humiliating outbursts seen and recorded by several witnesses. As Haig was leaving for a trip to Cambodia, with a small crowd of aides and even reporters present, Kissinger pulled him back and began to polish the single star on his shoulder. "Al, if you're a good boy," he said in a stage whisper, "I'll get you another one." A witness to that and similar gestures described Haig at such moments as smiling thinly, looking off and "working his jaw and neck back and forth in a sharp, tight motion . . . almost as if the man were trying to straighten his tie with no hands."

His role as a buffer, sparing the rest of the staff such abuse, explained, in part, why Haig would gradually be accepted as first among equals by NSC officers—and why, too, the job as deputy, whatever its political rewards, lost much of its allure for others. It was with the staff that Haig had his whispered revenge, such as it was in the early years. Thus, Henry could not see them just now; he was having "one of his fits." Or it would do no good to propose the cable tonight: He was "weak," "crazy"; he was about to leave for a date and "his mind is in his pants."

If Haig first distinguished himself with Kissinger by sheer perseverance and seniority by survival, he took one office initiative in 1969–1970 that was crucial to his progress. In a time-honored feudal technique of bureaucracy as well as of diplomacy and war, he formed a quiet precautionary alliance with his tormentor's nemesis—in this case, Kissinger's White House adversary Haldeman. The single contact point between the two staffs (Kissinger did not trust his NSC officers' dealing independently with his White House rivals any more than with the President or the rest of the Government), Haig cultivated the Nixon inner circle with casual, then increasingly sympathetic, conversation about Kissinger's spreading notoriety, which both Nixon and his senior men

viewed with resentment. To Bill Gulley, head of the White House military office and a close observer of staff politics, Haig had "found a way to make use of Bob Haldeman. He began to tell him little intimate tidbits of gossip about Kissinger—he's screwing this or that broad in New York . . ." Gulley wrote in his memoirs. "Kissinger was hot copy and everybody wanted to be let in on the inside story, a story nobody but Haig could give out." It was "valuable currency," thought Gulley, and Haig "bought Haldeman's support with it." Still another former colleague called Haig "Kissinger's man in Haldeman's office and Haldeman's man in Kissinger's office."

But some of those accounts have an aroma of gossip as well, and the connection was never so simple as titillation or so immediately ambitious as some aides feared. A more thoughtful former Nixon-campaign aide called Haldeman and his faction, for all their imperious manner, "basically unsure of themselves, second-raters playing over their heads and fiercely resentful of anyone who dared approach them at eye level." Haig now made that approach as a dutiful middle-level staff man giving them an entry into the one bureaucratic sanctum of the White House they did not control and, indirectly, into a vault of Nixon's mind and the province of his major political triumphs—foreign policy—from which they had been barred.

Like most office politics, it tended to be a devious double gambit. When Kissinger sent Haig to Haldeman early in 1970 with one of what would be periodic resignation threats provoked by tangible or suspected affronts, Haldeman knew from Haig that it was not serious but a petulant gesture. And when Haig returned with the reply that Henry should resign if he wished, Kissinger went into a funk that aides recalled lasting for days. But then Haig was also a source for an ever-interested Kissinger about the ceaseless machinations around Haldeman and Ehrlichman, bringing from his discreet forays upstairs at the White House news of the rise and the decline of a Presidential counselor such as Pat Moynihan or later, more ominously, of the creation of Ehrlichman's plumbers and the fulminating obsession with internal security and domestic espionage that would bring down the Government.

The most important benefit of the Haldeman tie was to cast Haig in a favorable light with his ultimate patron, Nixon. Kissinger allowed no one any direct exposure to the President in those early months, but when Haldeman turned the attention of the Oval Office to Kissinger's staff—to questions about

leaks and the disloyalty of the NSC bureaucrats—Haig was a notable exception, the soldier who saw Kissinger's flaws as clearly as Haldeman.

There was a prophetic scene late in 1969 when Nixon, Kissinger and speechwriter Safire were working in the President's hideaway E.O.B. office and Haig was summoned to bring a piece of missing information. He brought a paper with the answer and was dismissed with a nod from Kissinger. But as Haig turned to go, Nixon suddenly said to him, "No, stay while we're doing this," adding to Safire in an aside, "thought and action." The cryptic reference was to a favorite Nixon theme drawn from a passage by Woodrow Wilson about the distinction between "men of thought and men of action." Nixon had given a 1966 campaign speech with the line, "The man of thought who will not act is ineffective; the man of action who will not think is dangerous." The maxim ran deep in the precarious self-image of Nixon, who struggled to prove himself the suitable blend of the two characteristics. Safire, who recorded this incident and others like it, observed that "the President—unknown to Kissinger—saw that combination in Al Haig" and sought to encourage it. It was unlikely that Nixon had formed more than a cursory perception of Haig at this point, and that mostly from Haldeman. Yet it was probably enough that Haig, as decorated veteran and loyal aide, *seemed* the part and, in any case, supplied in his background of action the ingredient Nixon most doubted in himself. Later, when Nixon struck out with ferocity in Cambodia and Vietnam to prove his own decisiveness, Haig would always be there to lend the advice of action, not thought—to fortify and indulge the impulse to be effective, not to temper the dangerous.

Following that encounter, their direct dealings became more common and Nixon's regard more open, in part as a conscious antidote to the coveted fame and Washington acceptance of his National Security Advisor. "Haig's always down there," the President once motioned toward the West Basement in a bitter remark to aides in the spring of 1970, "while Henry's off having dinner in Georgetown." On occasional nocturnal wanderings around the White House, Nixon would stop by the lighted office and chat with Haig, a few times asking for memos from him directly, including one on the then-proposed all-volunteer Army. In most cases, Haig was careful to tell Kissinger of the request as if it had been made to the office in general; on those occasions, the responses went back upstairs signed with the customary "H.K." Haig ventured a few times, though, to send his own papers quietly

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in and out of the Oval Office through Haldeman, creating his private CHRON-R.N. file, kept from Kissinger. It was just one more intramural secret in the West Basement.

As Kissinger increasingly became the regime's secret and far-ranging diplomatic agent after the autumn of 1970, Haig's personal briefings and direct written reports to Nixon became all the more frequent. He acted as Kissinger's lone relay, often in matters of such exclusivity that only those three men in the entire American Government knew the details. Several staff witnesses to the process thought it gave Haig ready opportunity to exploit the uneasy relationship between Nixon and Kissinger—to insert his own views, much as he did as intermediary between Kissinger and NSC staff officers. He was dealing with a President so sensitive to the question of who actually conceived and directed his grand gestures of foreign policy that he ordered the Oval Office bugged in part to prove his authorship and doomed himself in the act. "So Haig gave Kissinger's messages a tilt . . . a little editing here and a little rephrasing there, making a suggestion that this or that point might fall in line better with the President's view of what should be done, rather than Kissinger's," reported Gulley from a cynicism educated by 11 years in the White House military office. "The result would be messages sent back in code with little changes from Nixon, changes which, in fact, had been suggested by Haig purely in order to play up to Nixon's vanity. Al Haig was manipulating both players."

Yet onlookers appear to have exaggerated both Haig's subtlety and the simplicity of the scheme. Tampering with Kissinger's cables on China or SALT or Vietnam would have been too easy to detect afterward for Kissinger and his traveling aides, men who would scarcely have spared Haig the consequences. Moreover, Nixon was too involved by the time this triangle began, too well versed in both the issues and Kissinger's approach merely to pass over such manipulation. If Kissinger's recommendations or performance were at odds with the President's view, Haig need only have reported that faithfully and thoroughly and sat back to await the predictable reaction—inserting his own comments to Nixon orally and off the record. He did not have to manufacture or to conspire but simply to take quiet advantage of the chance to ingratiate himself with a proud, touchy President while maintaining "delicately," as one account worded it, his primary relationship with Kissinger.

As always, while those personal factors shaped issues of international moment, they also had their seamy, profoundly cynical side. At the same time he was

dropping in on Haldeman, sitting in as the man of action in Nixon's speechwriting or chatting respectfully with the Presidential night stroller, Haig privately referred to Haldeman and company as "those shits" and to Nixon as "our drunk" and joked savagely—a variation on the Kissinger refrain—about Nixon's "limp-wrist" relationship with businessman and White House intimate Bebe Rebozo. In 1969–1970, Haig would call over NSC colleagues to regale them with what had come to be known as Butterfieldgrams. As one of his duties as Haldeman's deputy, before the recording devices were installed in February 1971, Alexander Butterfield was charged to sit quietly in the Oval Office or in Nixon's E.O.B. office and record nearly verbatim random Presidential utterings and instructions—many addressed to Kissinger—while Nixon read intelligence briefs or, more often, the newspapers. The product was a daily pile of two-to-three-line memos describing the President's thoughts, not to mention the now-comic, now-pathetic virulence of rivalries in the Administration. Haig sat smiling at the alternating shock and mirth of the staff men reading the memos. A typical batch reviled Laird: "Henry, Laird is up to his old tricks," a notation read after Nixon saw a critical article on defense policy. "Shut the bastard up." Or, "I see this goddamn cocksucking story about troop levels; this is Laird again. The son of a bitch is up to his old games. What's he trying to do?" As for the State Department, "Stop this!" on a report of Rogers' negotiating in the Middle East; or on reading about Undersecretary Elliot Richardson's Congressional testimony, "They're trying to undercut us again." None of the instructions would be acted upon, as Haig and the staff men knew. They were just more proof of the disarray and the veering sanity of the Government—more morsels of gossip, in a sense, that Haig would share.

Of course, "they" were crazy, Haig would tell incredulous or depressed colleagues reading such tidbits, but "no crazier than most." That was what one learned to expect working for great men. He might then tell the story of having to carry MacArthur's sleeping bag ashore at Inchon when he served under that famous general during the Korean war. At other times, to other men, he said, "I've got to get out of here" and talked wistfully about resuming his Army career.

But there were few moments of what seemed deeper unease. One fellow assistant remembered him "silent and pretty upset" when it was evident that Nixon had been drinking during the decisive hours of one of the Administration's first crises, when the North Koreans shot down an EC-121 reconnaissance plane in the

spring of 1969. And once, after reading a staff memo, Haig leaned forward and said almost sadly to the author, "God-damn, if I could write that well, I wouldn't be doing this." But there would be no real pause, no sure sense of limit—of where service and acceptance crossed over into compromise and complicity.

He stayed and was promoted, at the very least resigned to pettiness and megalomania and malevolence as occupational routine. "He moved me up based on human chemistry," Haig once described his early rise with Kissinger, "not bureaucratic wiliness or all that." In 1970, when Watts sent Kissinger an unusual memo urging an end to the venom and the harsher habits of rivalry with the State Department, Haig openly ridiculed Watts to Kissinger and other officers.

"He was always perfectly comfortable doing what must be done," a co-worker told a reporter. Later, when there were vicious jokes and leaks about President Carter from NATO headquarters, when there was a year of savage rivalry and personal battle with National Security Advisor Richard V. Allen in the Reagan Administration, those who had seen him in the West Basement wondered if Al Haig knew any other way to govern.

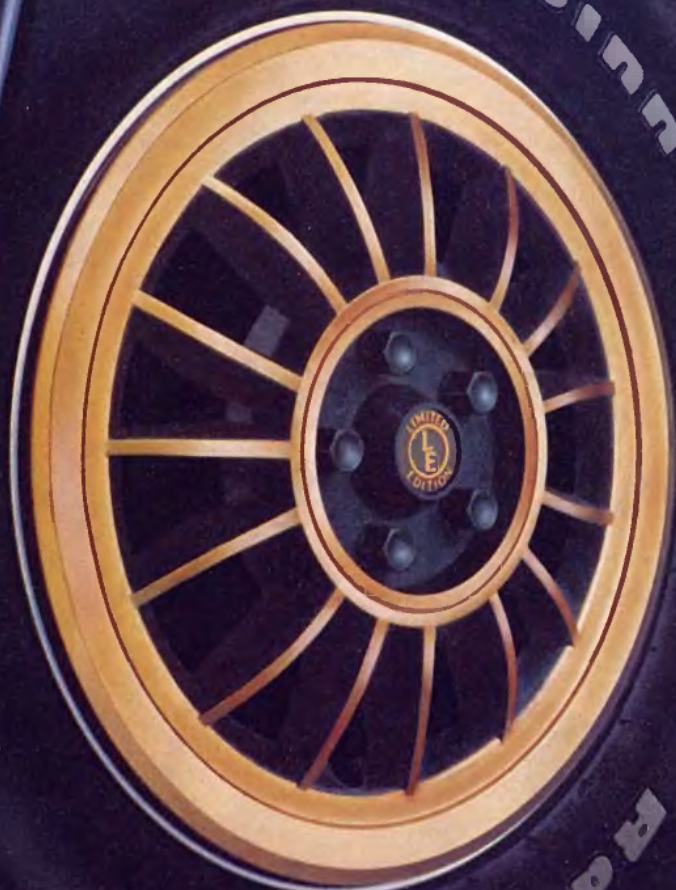
The malignant style of the Administration tended to obscure the fact that the same people were engaged in the

deadly serious business of foreign policy. For those who were inside, for those who later studied the era and the personalities, there was a fascination with the ugly confederacy of power and then with all the hypocrisy and connivance as omens of Watergate. Haig came to be judged in his fitness for even higher office against that perverse standard: Had he been part of the worst excesses or only a staff retainer? Had he committed one of the outrages or somehow stood unknowing and apart? Finding no felonious evidence, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee would heartily endorse him as Secretary of State. But behind the character scandals, the policies in the world beyond were real enough, and Haig's role in their making and conduct was a major influence in his rise.

As his bureaucratic position grew more secure through 1969, he gradually expanded the customary role of military liaison to active lobbying for Pentagon budgets and, in particular, for the Army, whose Chiefs of Staff he kept discreetly informed of White House trends. In the spring of 1971, when Kissinger moved toward recommending more money for the Navy, it "roused the Army tiger in Al Haig," as Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, then Navy Chief of Staff, later put it. Haig was "not about to let that happen and mounted a sustained attack on the credibility" of the Naval figures, which

led to a budget stalemate. Later in the same fiscal cycle, Admiral Zumwalt had been asked by the President, apparently without Haig's knowledge, to present Naval priorities to Budget Director George Shultz. As the admiral was walking through the White House to Shultz's office, he passed Haig with no more than a casual greeting. While he was briefing Shultz, Zumwalt then reports, Haig anxiously called Shultz's secretary to ask why he was there. When he discovered the reason, he hit the ceiling. Before Zumwalt returned to the Pentagon, Haig had called Laird to complain that the Navy was taking "unfair advantage" of the Army.

At the same time, Haig's position at Kissinger's elbow made his insertion of a parochial Army or Pentagon bias all the more galling to others. Early in 1969, in one of his first cover notes, he clipped to a Sonnenfeldt memo on the issue of U. S. bases in Franco's Spain the standard Pentagon argument for keeping them at almost all costs. But Sonnenfeldt learned of the note, and the memo was swiftly leaked to the press with minor but unwanted embarrassment. "That'll teach the son of a bitch," Sonnenfeldt told colleagues, but the leak only damaged his own standing, and Haig went on writing tactical notes slid between Kissinger and his staff. He felt qualified to judge bases in particular. On the subject



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of renewing a British base in Malta, he and Zumwalt agreed that, in Zumwalt's words, "we ought to pay a little more blackmail." The deal later involved three times the rent of a former agreement, with the U. S. paying nearly £4,000,000 a year.

On other issues deemed of less strategic importance (issues the Pentagon commonly ignored), Haig could be cheerfully offhand, even derisive. In the first year, when NSC meetings were still held, at least *pro forma*, he often took notes for Kissinger—and did so solemnly at an early session on the Nigerian civil war and U. S. relief policy toward starving Biafra, where Nixon decided on a "high profile" humanitarian effort. But when the topic of African relief came up at NSC staff meetings, Haig would smilingly beat the table like a jungle drum, much to the amusement of Kissinger, who, astonishingly, shared the racial stereotypes and the casual prejudices of his military assistant and his President.

It was Vietnam that Haig staked out as his main policy concern. His military-staff role and his past experience drew him there as a matter of course at the beginning and, once established, his involvement thickened not only as a result of his bureaucratic intimacy with Kissinger but because he was so in agreement with the deepening secrecy and the periodic ferocity of the White House war policy.

He began by fighting his own guerrilla action against National Security Study Memorandum One, a lengthy series of questions drafted by Halperin and others (among them a consultant named Daniel Ellsberg) and intended to elicit a fresh appraisal of the war from every involved bureaucracy. When the answers about the political and the military state of affairs produced an unusually candid and bleak picture—estimates of the time required for the pacification of South Vietnam ranging from 8.3 years to 13.4 years—Haig argued that the study had been produced by a "Democratic bureaucracy." It was not ignored for being wrong or irrelevant, though; its awkward truths simply clashed with the emerging Nixon-Kissinger view of national interests and "manliness" in the conflict. In the same vein, Haig joined Kissinger in urging Nixon to bomb North Korea after the April 1969 downing of a Navy intelligence plane over the Sea of Japan. As he later told a journalist, he believed that as a result of their proposed "get-tough" retaliation, "the Indochina war could be a whole new ball game." When Nixon elected to send a small flotilla to show the flag, the President began to be labeled in the West Basement as weak, along with other assorted descriptions.

By the summer of 1969, Haig had

stepped up his memos, notes and comments on the issue. Watching the growing frustration of the Administration in the face of a negotiating deadlock in Paris and renewed Viet Cong offensives on the ground—an impasse produced in large measure by Washington's failure to formulate a new policy and by Hanoi's exploitation of that indecision—Haig pushed Kissinger to consider the old military nostrum, an unlimited attack on North Vietnam. Whether to raise the issue in order to dispose of it or genuinely to evaluate the option, in the fall, Kissinger assembled a small, highly secret group of NSC staff planners, including Haig, to consider what Kissinger called a "savage, punishing" blow. "I can't believe," he told the group, "that a fourth-rate power like North Vietnam doesn't have a breaking point."

It was the same logic Haig and other Pentagon officers had professed for years. When military plans were sent to the NSC as part of the study (without Laird's knowledge, of course), they were no more than retyped versions of war plans drafted years before. Christened variously the September or the November Group by its participants, the task force produced a scenario based upon the mining of the port of Haiphong and inland waterways; a Naval blockade; carpet bombing of population centers; the destruction of the Red River dike system, causing widespread loss of life and farmland in North Vietnam; and the closing of the main railroad pass into China by a nuclear explosion—all accompanied by a political/diplomatic campaign to neutralize domestic opposition, hold the Chinese and Russians at bay and pressure Hanoi to a peace settlement. When the plan was submitted to Nixon and, finally, to Laird and Rogers, it was defeated. As always, the military assurances of success were uncertain and wavering, and Laird and Rogers carried the argument for the moment with predictions of domestic uproar. But the very exercise gave the escalation a legitimacy it had never had under Johnson and paved the way, psychologically and bureaucratically, for the unleashing of many of the same actions in 1972.

For Haig, by now a brigadier general, the episode further enhanced his aura of action. Moreover, in a subtle, unconscious manner, by his very presence at court, Haig was once more a symbol. The two other men whose inner fears drove the Vietnam policy during the next four years were already visibly haunted by the imagined right-wing reaction to another "lost" war. The President, after all, had erected his own political career on the "loss" of China and the anguish of the Korean stalemate, and Kissinger remembered vividly the

extremism that had overtaken his native Germany in the wake of World War One. It was an intangible emotional factor, but there is much evidence that with a Nixon and a Kissinger somehow fearful of the consequences of peace, Haig, the soldier of stern opinion and steely nationalism, determined that the war would go on.

Ironically, by the close of 1969, Haig's involvement in the September Group was almost incidental to the role he had already begun to play in the most furtive and, in many ways, most fateful part of the war policy—Cambodia. He had attended the first White House meetings in early February 1969, when the U. S. military command in Saigon urged on the new Administration its perennial request to bomb the Cambodian border areas through which the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong had marched and camped for years. The proposed bombing had never been approved in Washington, mainly because the military yield was uncertain, and Cambodia tolerated the sanctuary in return for Hanoi's ignoring the handful of local Communists, the Khmer Rouge.

Now, however, the old recommendations to attack "fell on fertile ground," as Kissinger wrote later. Nixon had contemplated a "very definite change of policy toward Cambodia" at the Pierre, and Goodpaster had obligingly supplied him the vague Pentagon intelligence about supplies pouring through the country and the need for "pre-emptive operations." In late February 1969, when Viet Cong attacks planned months earlier suddenly raised American casualties, Kissinger found Nixon "seething" with "all his instincts to respond violently" to what he saw as a challenge to his new authority. On February 24, while Nixon was on a European trip, Haig, Haldeman, Kissinger and a Pentagon planning officer charted the attacks in the Presidential cabin of Air Force One at the Brussels airport. The bombing would be strictly secret, they decided, and acknowledged only in the unlikely event that Cambodia protested it. After some weeks of bureaucratic vacillation by Rogers and Laird (pushing Nixon still further toward Kissinger and Haig), the raids began on March 18.

On March 19, Haig brought Kissinger the first ultrasecret damage assessment, which Halperin, there on other business, remembered Kissinger reading with a smile because the planes reported secondary explosions, seeming to confirm the logic of the strikes.

With the first sorties, Haig became the sole White House liaison with the Joint Chiefs on the Cambodian bombing. As such, he probably knew not only about the accompanying spread of the fighting but also about the shadowy Defense Intelligence Agency contacts with Lon Nol

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and the officers who overthrew Prince Norodom Sihanouk a year later. Spawmed by the bombing and by the inward wheel of the sanctuaries, the coup shattered the country's traditional neutral bargain, provoked the Khmer Communists and, in turn, set Nixon off again in manly retaliation—a series of actions and reactions that was to be Cambodia's brutal fate from then on. As the White House coiled to invade in the spring of 1970, secrecy drew even tighter, with Haig pulling the cloak. At the end of March—as he and Kissinger and a few alarmed staff officers watched a flow of combative stream-of-consciousness memos on Cambodia spill down from the Oval Office—Haig repeatedly called Laird's office, ordering that “the State Department was to know nothing” about options being considered for Cambodia and that Defense was to “keep everything . . . on a very closely held basis.” Laird later acknowledged that on Haig's orders, even the general's erstwhile fellow soldiers—Army Chief of Staff William Westmoreland and the Joint Chiefs' long- and short-term planning officers—were cut out of the decision until the end.

On the weekend of April 24–26, with Nixon lurching toward decision, Kissinger shifting with his mood and Haig firmly in favor of an American ground attack into Cambodia, the train of events was expressive of the men and their rule. On Friday morning, there was a rambling White House meeting with Nixon, ordered the previous midnight when the President telephoned Kissinger—who, in turn, called Watts to pull together needed documents, telling him, “Our peerless leader has flipped out.” Friday evening, Kissinger met with three dissenting staff members (including myself), who argued their opposition to the invasion. Afterward, Haig told Kissinger to dismiss the dissent as the views of the “Eastern Establishment” and to disregard another staff member's critique of the plans, because he was not a military officer. Having meanwhile flown to Camp David with Rebozo, Nixon called Kissinger frequently through Saturday, on one occasion with Watts listening in at Kissinger's request as the President drunkenly taunted his advisor on the invasion. “If this doesn't work, it'll be your ass, Henry,” Nixon said thickly, adding in an aside at the other end of the line, “Ain't that right, Bebe?” Saturday evening, Nixon returned with Rebozo, was joined by Kissinger on the Presidential yacht Sequoia, watched the movie *Patton* for the fourth or fifth time and ordered the invasion.

Nixon announced the attack April 30, and the aftermath, amid the public furor, reflected the tone of the Government as well. Nixon said he had bolstered a wavering Kissinger, while Kissin-

ger leaked that the President had been “on the edge of a nervous breakdown.” Haig pronounced his resigning staff colleagues “weak and worn-out”; said that Kissinger had vacillated (“Henry tried to talk [Nixon] out of it, but it had gone too far”); confided to a reporter that the “paranoia” was so bad that troops had been brought to the White House basement to hold off potential demonstrators; and outwardly supported the President (“He knew he was swimming against the tide,” he later told one author).

“We are all the President's men,” Kissinger told his assembled NSC staff the day the Cambodian invasion was revealed. The remark was to prove profoundly ironic, for no policy or series of events had a more divisive effect on the inner politics of the Administration or on Southeast Asia itself. For Kissinger, the episode brought the final eclipse of Rogers. Kissinger had been striving to demonstrate his outward loyalty, and “it was the invasion of Cambodia,” wrote one historian of the policy, “that enabled him to do so.” In the Oval Office, an already besieged President saw the demonstrations against his act as new evidence of his many enemies and of the need to counter with extraordinary measures. For Haig, the invasion was a triumph to equal Kissinger's. The “martinis that launched Cambodia,” as jour-

nalists privately joked later about Nixon's drinking, now launched the general even more rapidly upward. When the smoke had cleared, Watts and Lake—his last potential rivals—had gone and the few remaining possibilities, to one degree or another, had not fared well in the litmus test of loyalty.

In the West Basement that summer, Haig presided over the expansion of the U. S. mission in Phnom Penh. It was a policy that would have its bloody sequel, but before that was played out, there was yet another consequence of Cambodia for the tortuous politics inside the White House. It was a May 1969 *New York Times* story on the secret Cambodian bombing, presumed to come from a leak, that started the notorious wire taps of the Kissinger staff, other officials and a number of journalists. And a year later, just after the invasion, Haig telephoned the FBI to say that the latest leak had been “nailed down to a couple of people” and to ask for four more wire taps. The request was almost routine; it was hardly the first time he had called on the subject.

When the taps were revealed in 1973, the furor descended primarily over the more famous Kissinger, who weathered it by invoking everything from national security to his resignation and by pleading that he was only a



“You keep saying ‘As God is my judge.’ This comes dangerously close to contempt of court.”

novice and a bystander next to lawyers Nixon and John Mitchell and policeman J. Edgar Hoover. Haig contended that he had only run Kissinger's errands. Both denied the story baldly when it was first breaking and came close to blaming each other before their accounts hardened into formal testimony in 1974. If Kissinger displayed unmistakable discomfort at the subject, however, Haig's reaction was usually cool, sometimes remorseless. They "don't give me gas pains," he remarked about the taps to Safire—whose sense of personal and political betrayal over being tapped Haig ridiculed as "battin' gnats."

Although the Senate Foreign Relations Committee excused him along with Kissinger, and the court in Halperin's civil-damage suit eventually dropped him as a defendant, Haig and the taps were judged more harshly by his former colleagues. The wire-tap hearings had been a "joke" and a "whitewash," wrote Safire, and the general belonged "right with Nixon" in his responsibility. To Richardson, the whole episode was "the ugly glimpse of an incipient police state." And in 1974–1975, there were those in the Watergate Special Prosecutor's office who argued privately that the grand jury should be told in more bureaucratic detail Haig's integral part in overseeing the taps and that the general should be held accountable in some more tangible way for his part in the abuse of power.

Yet—as with so many disasters he attended—the wire-tap episode that damaged almost everyone else it touched was a veritable boon to Haig's influence and career. It was very much, after all, his Cambodian policy that was being protected by it all, and in the deepening distrust of the self-tapping White House, secrecy and policy making narrowed still tighter around Haig. His role in the hunt for leakers gave him new power and leverage with Kissinger; his readiness to suspect his NSC colleagues further certified him with Haldeman. Ironically, among the ten NSC, State and Defense officials tapped, there was no connecting link in press contacts or in information known. Perhaps the one mark the men shared was that they were potential rivals or policy adversaries of Haig's. When the taps and the Cambodian invasion were gone; Sonnenfeldt and another key advisor, Winston Lord, remained—but only under the wire-tap cloud and never so trusted or so influential as Haig. Senior aides in State and in the Pentagon, men whose bosses might rival Kissinger and who themselves were Haig's counterparts in the shrinking circle of decision makers, were tainted as well, simply for having been once suspected. And the innuendo and the snooping were doubly bitter when the supposed leakers were matched with the leaks. The offending newspaper stories, early and late, had but one ele-

ment in common: The only Government officials who had known all those secrets beforehand were Kissinger and Haig.

Of the Nixon Administration policies in which his role was later questioned, none would be more charged for Haig than the covert U. S. intervention in Chile. Coming in the wake of the wire taps and the Cambodian invasion, the Chilean episode in the autumn of 1970 possessed all the elements to excite its eventual 1975 Senatorial investigation and revelation: corporate bribery and scheming, White House intrigues, military conspirators, CIA agents passing money and guns at some predawn rendezvous and, in the end, torture, tyranny and assassination.

One of the few Latin nations with a firm tradition of nonmilitary democratic rule, Chile also had a history of regular CIA intervention. The Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson Administrations all spent covert money to back pro-U. S. candidates, including \$3,000,000 in propaganda and various secret subsidies in 1964 to ensure the defeat of Salvador Allende, the avowedly Marxist presidential candidate of a loose Socialist/Communist/moderate coalition. In the 1970 election, however, Allende's Christian Democratic and rightist opposition was splintered and leaderless, and his victory seemed likely. Precisely what danger an Allende regime represented to Washington was one of the tragic puzzles left when it was all over.

In any case, Allende's prospective triumph at the polls rang alarm bells throughout the Administration's covert precincts early in 1970. The highly secret 40 Committee—a sub-Cabinet body chaired by Kissinger, staffed by Haig and responsible for overseeing clandestine operations—voted on March 25 to spend \$135,000 on a "spoiling" operation against Allende in the September Chilean election. That sum was supplemented by International Telephone and Telegraph's \$350,000 payment to stave off nationalization of its lucrative holdings in Chile. Meeting again on June 27, the committee voted to increase the anti-Allende campaign fund to \$300,000 and discussed bribing the Chilean congress in its final presidential certifying vote in October should Allende win the popular election. When Allende won in a free election on September fourth, the committee allocated \$250,000 to bribe members of the Chilean congress. It also launched still more covert actions prior to the October 24 congressional vote to prevent Allende's assumption of power "through either political or military means."

With that intervention already in train, Nixon met on September 15 with PepsiCo's Donald Kendall, an old supporter and corporate-law client; Kendall had been approached for help by one

Agustin Edwards, a Chilean Pepsi distributor, publisher and long-time ally of the CIA. Already harshly anti-Allende, Nixon emerged from the Kendall meeting and summoned CIA director Richard Helms, Mitchell and Kissinger to order a new, wholly separate covert onslaught in Chile. In a policy that was to be kept secret from the 40 Committee, the Secretaries of State and Defense and the U. S. Ambassador in Chile, Nixon told Helms to go all out to mount a military coup to "save" that country. *Not concerned risks involved . . . best men we have . . . make economy scream*, read some of Helms's handwritten notes on his instructions. "If I ever carried a marshal's baton in my knapsack out of the Oval Office," the CIA director later confessed to the Senate Intelligence Committee, "it was that day."

Thus began Track II, as it became known, the White House's last-minute intervention paralleling the somewhat less extreme Track I already laid out by the 40 Committee. Over the next five weeks, the two Tracks snaked through Washington and Santiago while Allende went on to be confirmed by the Chilean congress anyway. But before it ended, Track II had endorsed the plot of a few Chilean Fascist officers and led to the murder of Chile's army commander, General René Schneider, a bulwark of the country's constitutional process who had spurned all coup conspiracies.

When all this was exposed in 1975—when Allende lay dead as the result of a 1973 coup and Chile was in the grip of a savage military dictatorship—Haig denied any knowledge of the conspiracy. He had not even heard of Track II, for that matter. "Well, again," he told a Senator during his confirmation hearing, "I did not know there was a Track II specifically established." In his prepared statement on Chile to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, he assured its members that "I was not deeply involved in either overt or covert policies toward that country. . . . I had no responsibility to review or approve any CIA covert activities in Chile."

Yet by every other account in a remarkably documented record, including even Kissinger's exculpatory memoirs, Haig's role in the policy was unique. Unlike Rogers, Laird or most other responsible officials, Haig was one of fewer than a half dozen men in the world who went to the meetings, heard the briefings, took the telephone reports, read the cables and wrote the memos to Nixon—all on Track II.

As Kissinger's sole liaison with the CIA's Thomas Karamessines, Helms's deputy in charge of Track II, Haig would be there at every crucial juncture between Nixon's September 15 order and the October 22 murder of Schneider. Whatever a Congressional investigation

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later uncovered, those involved at the time had no doubt about the extent of Haig's role. Summoned back that fall from a post in Rio to the inner recesses of the CIA, where he would run the tiny Track II task force as a guarded secret even within the agency's already dense secrecy, agent David Atlee Phillips remembered his dismay at being briefed on the narrow authorship of the policy. "That was disturbing," he wrote in his memoirs, *The Night Watch*, "a covert-action scheme to be launched directly by a President and his intimates—in this case Kissinger and Haig—without being on the agenda of the 40 Committee and, at least, being crafted by the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Defense."

In 1975 testimony about whether he was aware of a CIA-supported plot to kidnap Schneider—the act that led to the commander's assassination—Haig told Congress, "I don't believe I was at all." Yet the conspiracy to remove Schneider was an integral part of the coup plans urged so heatedly from the West Base-ment that autumn. Contacting 21 key military and police officials in Chile, the agency found and reported promptly that the "major obstacle" facing the would-be conspirators was "the strong opposition to a coup by . . . Schneider." With the CIA then "borrowing" the Army attaché in Santiago to act as a go-between, because he knew the plotters better (a bureaucratic switch that in-

involved a Defense Department cable secret from Laird but known to Haig), there ensued what Helms's biographer, Thomas Powers, generously called "a succession of jerry-built schemes to kidnap General Schneider" to pave the way for some *coup d'état*. "Schneider is the main barrier to all plans for the military to take over," the CIA station reported from Chile on October eighth. Under "constant pressure from the White House," CIA headquarters replied: "This would make it more important than ever to remove him. . . . Anything we or station can do to effect removal of Schneider?"

The kidnaping supposedly got "no support, no endorsement, no assistance and no approval," Kissinger has written. Yet CIA cables disclosed in the investigation showed that one Chilean general had been promised \$20,000, plus \$250,000 in life insurance, by CIA agents on October 13, while another was pledged \$50,000, all payments duly authorized in Washington. In the first two weeks of October, the Senate investigative report concluded, one of the generals planning Schneider's abduction "came to be regarded as the best hope for carrying out the CIA's Track II mandate."

Meanwhile, the same record documented the CIA's "close consultation" on those matters with the White House. Karamessines' calendar showed him meeting with Haig five times and

with Kissinger six to ten times during the five weeks. From September 26 to October fifth, when Kissinger and Nixon were abroad, Haig was the lone White House overseer of Track II. The CIA, said one analyst of the documents, "informed Kissinger and his aide Haig of the bleak picture on a regular basis."

Karamessines lunched with Haig on October eighth, and on October tenth, he telephoned the general in a routine report and told him that the prospects for Track II were "negative." On October 13, having seen his half-informed Ambassador to Chile about Track I, Nixon received Karamessines in Byzantine succession to discuss Track II. On the 14th, the 40 Committee heard, among other things, a scathing report from the Ambassador on the kidnap- and murder-prone generals lurking about Santiago. None except Haig and Kissinger had any idea that the United States was behind them.

Then Karamessines met Haig and Kissinger on October 15 for a crucial report. By all versions, the coup prospects were dim, and they agreed ("It was decided by those present," said the CIA memorandum, again showing Haig a policy maker) to pull back from what they called "precipitate action" regarding one of the plans. "We had better not do anything rather than something that was not going to succeed," Haig remembered the conclusion.

With the October 15 meeting, Kissinger wrote in his memoirs, he now believed the plots and the coup-planning ended. But while the CIA cable to Chile after the meeting made it plain that one specific plot seemed fruitless, the telegram went on to tell the field that "it is firm and continuing policy that Allende be overthrown by a coup. . . . We are to continue to generate maximum pressure toward this end, utilizing every appropriate resource." Thus, Track II never really ended, Karamessines testified. "What we were told to do was to continue our efforts."

In the later embarrassment over Schneider's murder, Kissinger and Haig would suggest that the CIA version of the October 15 meeting was simply a bureaucratic effort, in Kissinger's words, to "preserve the maximum degree of authority." Yet Haig no doubt saw the telegram following the October 15 meeting, as he routinely saw most of the agency's sensitive traffic on other matters of special White House concern. If the telegram had so utterly misrepresented policy, he and Kissinger had done nothing at the time to correct it.

Events then moved swiftly toward Schneider's murder. On the 17th, a CIA operative cautioned one general not to move too fast, but the coup-plotting continued. Kissinger argued later that he and Haig had not known of one group of plotters, "for the very good



"Believe me, doctor, I know my wife's body will reject any organ from my body!"

reason that they never did anything." Yet Haig's testimony referred in passing to "two" groups, and on October 19 and, again, on October 20, the same plotters attempted abductions of Schneider. Later, Chilean courts quickly erased Kissinger's alibi in the distinction between plotters by finding both generals and their cohorts guilty in the coup and the kidnap-murder. On the 20th, CIA records showed headquarters badgering the field for news of "whatever events may have occurred 19 October." because CIA officials "must respond during morning 20 October to queries from high levels." By definition, high levels meant only Kissinger and, probably, Haig, next to Nixon himself. According to CIA testimony, they not only knew of the plots but were eager for the news the next morning. Karamessines met with Haig on October 19, he testified, on an occasion when he would have given a complete report of the ongoing kidnap plans. ("This is all very new to me," Haig said when questioned about the meeting. He had "no recollection" of plots, money or kidnaping.) At two A.M. on October 22, CIA-supplied machine guns were delivered to plotters in a remote section of Santiago. Six hours later, conspirators stopped Schneider's car, and when the general resisted, he was shot on the spot. He was killed with a handgun, but as Powers wrote, "If the CIA did not actually shoot General Schneider, it is probably fair to say that he would not have been shot without the CIA."

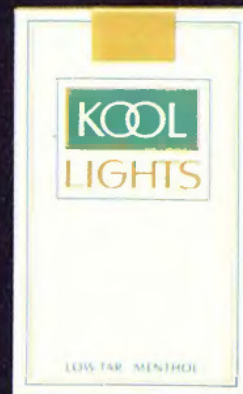
After Schneider's death, the Chilean army rallied to its new command and remained for a time apolitical. Track II, as Phillips described it, had "no more rails," and Washington's opposition settled into longer-run isolation of the Allende regime. The policy now rechristened destabilization, over the next three years there would, indeed, be an effort to "make the economy scream," as aid, trade and monetary relations, once a major portion of U.S. help in the Western Hemisphere, were slashed. Discreet liaison continued with the military, and encouragement was given the Chilean elements chafing under Allende's own financial mismanagement.

Although no CIA track could be documented by Congressional investigators looking into the 1973 military coup that eventually overthrew and murdered Allende midway through his term, the former U.S. Ambassador in Chile reportedly contended that as many as nine assassination attempts were triggered by Track II, including one against Allende himself. Officially, the 1975 Senate inquiry found no evidence of direct CIA involvement, but there were also investigators who believed that Haig and Kissinger not only had known about but had sanctioned an effort to kill the Chilean president. In any case, the junta

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that took power was decidedly conservative and pro-U. S. It was also one of the world's most savage, but the 40 Committee called no meetings to mourn the extinction of human rights, political parties or an independent press in Chile after 1973 as it had once met in alarm over Allende.

Was it Haig's policy as well as Kissinger's and Nixon's? Or was he, as he claimed so vaguely before Congressional questioners, merely the neutral staff blotter? The CIA officers who worked closest with him, who took his calls and gave him their briefings, obviously felt, as Phillips said, that he, too, had "launched" the policy. But while the responsible CIA officers spoke candidly about Track II and Schneider's murder in the later hearings, Haig would always shirk accountability. The assassination was "a profound and unacceptable mistake," he said once at his confirmation. But when he was asked at the same moment whether or not the U. S. had done anything "at all improper" in trying to overthrow Allende in 1970, he replied, "I would not be the one to give you a blanket answer to that." It was not an answer he would give, blanket or otherwise. Intervention was a "high-risk" policy, he told a Senator at another point. The effort in Chile not only had not worked, it had been found out. Still, as he lectured the committee, there were "vital interests" to be protected by unusual means. "There are many ways," he told the Senators in a moral from his Chilean experience, "to skin a cat."

•

Haig was discovered by the outside world—in the form of *The New York Times*—on the eve of his advance trip to China at New Year 1972. "A button-down ivy-league-style career Army officer, who is, above all, loyal to the next man up in the chain of command," has a "passion for anonymity . . . thrives under pressure" and advances by "not disagreeing on issues," said a profile in terms that would fix his public image for years. Califano pronounced him "the ultimate professional . . . doing the job and doing it right." The man who kept "the machinery moving" while Kissinger dazzled with diplomacy, Haig was, thought the *Times*, "the next best thing" to his celebrated boss. The profile noted that after barely two years as a brigadier general, he was again up for promotion. "Selection boards pay attention to commendation letters from the White House [and] recognize who a guy works for," offered a senior Pentagon official.

In March, Haig was made a major general, at the age of 47 one of the youngest in the Army and now far ahead of men who had ranked higher academically in his West Point class. Looking at him from the inside that winter, Zumwalt drew a picture more candid than that of

the *Times*. Haig "manages details and routine expertly," remarked the admiral, but also was "extremely ambitious" and "coveted daily contact with the President." As for Kissinger's relationship with his "next-best" aide, "his dependence on AI was matched by his suspicion of AI," Zumwalt thought. And there was more than simply keeping "the machinery moving" when Kissinger was away at secret statesmanship. "The decision about which one of them would take a specific trip overseas," noted the Naval chief, "often depended on whether Kissinger's love of high-pressure, highly visible diplomatic activity outweighed or was outweighed by his fear of leaving the President alone with Haig for several days."

By the spring of 1972, Kissinger's fear seems to have been justified, if not fully realized. Haig—the clerk of the taps and the envoy to Cambodia, the deputy for a coup in Chile and the discreet ally of Haldeman, the man of action who worked late and self-effacingly while Kissinger courted both opponents and personal celebrity—already stood out as the only other foreign-policy advisor trusted or preferred by Nixon. Had the relationship climaxed there, Haig almost certainly would have gone on eventually, like other favored military aides to the President, to sure rewards of rank and office in the bureaucracy. But Haig's influence and symbolic standing with the vulnerable leader were now fortified by an extraordinary series of events.

With the long-forecast North Vietnamese offensive across the demilitarized zone on March 30, 1972, the Administration began more than nine months of alternating negotiation and ferocity, which ended in the final U. S. settlement with Hanoi and in which Haig played a central, sometimes decisive part. Hanoi's thrust that spring threatened to collapse the ever-fragile structure of South Vietnam. Launched just after Nixon's triumphal visit to Peking and on the eve of the long-planned SALT summit in Moscow, the attack also stood to make brutal mockery of the most sensational White House diplomacy, not to mention the President's re-election prospects, which he had deliberately tied to his foreign-policy finesse. Through April, North Vietnamese troops took Quang Tri and swept south to occupy a major portion of the country just below the 17th Parallel. Kissinger, meanwhile, flew to Moscow and Paris in a desperate effort to stave off the advance and save his secret diplomacy on all fronts. His concessions at that stage were historic. To both the Russians and the North Vietnamese he formally renounced the old tenet of mutual withdrawal, a point he had been coyly ignoring for some months. Without bothering to consult his ally in Saigon, President Nguyen Van

Thieu, he now agreed to the presence in the South of at least 100,000 North Vietnamese troops. It was a surrender that ever after haunted his diplomacy, became an important factor in Haig's rise and would sooner or later doom any post-settlement non-Communist regime in Vietnam.

On the crest of its battlefield victories, however, Hanoi for the moment ignored the capitulation and stalled the talks. And while Kissinger negotiated vainly in a Paris suburb, Nixon's diary of deliberations back in the White House bore out vividly what Zumwalt and others saw as the famous advisor's worst fears at court. "I had a long talk with Haig, in which we concluded that we had to have a two-day [bombing] strike . . ." Nixon wrote before Kissinger left Paris. "Haig emphasized that even more important than how Vietnam comes out," the President went on, "is for us to handle these matters in a way that I can survive in office." The President noted that Kissinger, the diplomat, was "understandably obsessed" with a negotiated settlement; his deputy, the general, was obviously of sterner stuff. When Kissinger returned, empty-handed, to Washington late in the evening of May second, he found Haig together with a belligerent Nixon, a rump Government of two bent on a new onslaught of American bombing.

Nixon's resort to escalation was instinctive and practiced. He proceeded to resurrect the three-year-old plans of the September Group to bomb the North intensively and mine Haiphong Harbor. As Nixon then ordered the bombing and his blustery Treasury Secretary, John Connally, joined Haig's advocacy in the face of the usual equivocations of Rogers and Laird and the transparent public-relations straddling of Kissinger, the moral the President drew was momentous. Haig and Connally clearly personified that private bravado, the marriage of *machismo* and politics, that was the darker side, the longing, of the man they served. "Only AI and John understand," Nixon told Charles Colson that May, adding wistfully, "You know, Chuck, those are the only two men around here qualified to fill this job when I step down."

Vietnam was the arena of Haig's continuing rise and crucial, somewhat serpentine policy influence through 1972. The North Vietnamese offensive petered out in front of Hué, and Haig, believing that Hanoi was "beginning to back down" because of the bombing, was in Saigon twice that summer, urging the reeling Thieu regime to invade the North. He returned home to Nixon with the usual optimistic report. At the same moment, however, Haig was complaining to Zumwalt that he "had to exercise considerable dexterity to stiffen



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Original painting: "Dance Foyer at the Opera," by Degas.

the President's backbone when the President was in a bug-out mood." His chief vacillated between the urge to "get out of Vietnam as fast as possible at almost any price," explained Haig, "and an equally strong impulse 'to bomb North Vietnam back to the Stone Age.'" Nixon, it seemed, was not always as strong as he had been in May, and Kissinger was not the only fearful courtier. Haig "lived in dread," he told Zumwalt during lunch at the Pentagon, "that some day the President would be with Henry instead of him when the bug-out mood came on and Henry would be unable to handle it."

At the same lunch, Haig also asked Zumwalt what he should do next in his career. The admiral needled him about taking an obscure post in Panama to earn his way into high command, evoking a "totally untrue-to-life picture of Al Haig, chin in hand, thoughtfully watching the Gatun Locks slowly open and then close." But if the pre-Nixon Haig might have come to languish in the Canal Zone, that was by now only his Navy rival's fantasy. On September 7, 1972, a grateful, admiring Commander in Chief lifted Haig to full general and, over the heads of some 240 senior officers, to Vice-Chief of Staff of the Army.

Gulley, like others, believed that at that juncture, Haig already "saw what might be coming" with Watergate (just two and a half months since the break-in, the pressure was already beginning to mount) and "started making plans to get the hell away from the politicians." But that assumption seems largely hindsight. There were other reasons for his ostensible departure. After all, he had wrung four stars from his White House patrons and may well have contemplated leaving the court intrigues with some natural relief. More to the point, his departure was not his choice alone. Kissinger had persistently urged his appointment, in part to dispose of an obvious rival but also, as he told Nixon, to have "one of your men" at the upper reaches of a recalcitrant Pentagon, whose spies had been uncovered in the very bosom of the NSC. Intent on subduing the bureaucracy in his second term and replacing those who "stick the knife in" with proven loyalists, Nixon agreed to the transfer on the condition that Haig remain at the White House for what loomed as the final round of Vietnam negotiations. The irony was that the promotion only positioned Haig to rival Kissinger more powerfully than ever, for it opened his avenue back into the White House he was supposed to be leaving.

The promotion also provoked the expected grumbling and what the well-connected Gulley called "stiff resist-

ance" in the Army officer corps. But *Time* welcomed the "glamorous and politically sophisticated" Haig as "just what the Army needed," and the nomination sailed through the pliant Senate Armed Services Committee in early October with only perfunctory questions. Typically, the Senators at the same hearing penalized the already demoted and retired Air Force Lieutenant General John Lavelle another star for his involvement in unauthorized bombing in Southeast Asia, while passing over Haig in willing obliviousness to his role as one of the three men ultimately responsible for American policy in the region.

Early in October, Kissinger was back in Paris, still hoping for an agreement. He also knew it was time to tell Thieu the bitter news of concession on the North Vietnamese troops in his country. For those first few days, Haig was silent, all but invisible. Then, on October 12, Kissinger and Haig flew home to meet with Nixon. To celebrate what he perceived as a near-complete settlement, the President ordered steaks and Chateau Lafite-Rothschild, while, he noticed, "Haig seemed rather subdued." Haig "honestly felt this was a good deal for Thieu," he told Nixon in Kissinger's presence, though he was worried about how Thieu himself would react. The next morning, a smiling Haig, Kissinger and Rogers were photographed as they breakfasted with Nixon. The general repeated his support of the agreement, and Kissinger then flew off on a taut schedule for Paris, Saigon and, finally, Hanoi for the dramatic conclusion of the settlement.

A week later, as the world soon learned, Kissinger's timetable came apart in Saigon as Thieu was asked to sign the *fait accompli* of a peace treaty he had never seen or approved. The blunder was one of the worst among many in America's diplomacy in Asia, and it was largely the result of Kissinger's heedless momentum and of more than a year of his calculated avoidance and duplicity with a temperamental client, whose culture and politics—as Kissinger should have known by now—required preparation and prolonged cajolery. Yet, like most of their record since 1969, the notoriety of Kissinger's failure obscured how much of the tragedy could be traced as well to Haig.

To add to Kissinger's problems in Saigon, his cable traffic with the White House suddenly presented him with new complications. On October 20, Haig arranged for Nixon to see General Westmoreland, the former commander in Vietnam who had recently retired as Army Chief of Staff. As Kissinger described it later, Westmoreland now "suddenly surfaced objections" to the settlement all

but concluded with Hanoi and being urged on Saigon, a turn Kissinger found "amazing," if only because the Joint Chiefs had all endorsed the main terms for the past two years. Without telling Kissinger about the Westmoreland conversation or the gravity of a potential Pentagon defection on the peace treaty, Nixon and Haig then sent him a cable stressing "solidarity" with Thieu and the necessity of Saigon's "wholehearted" acceptance.

At Kissinger's reports to Washington of what he saw as "the first hints" of Thieu's opposition, Haig cabled the American party in Saigon on October 21 that in case of a "blow-up," the U.S. should "denounce" the political terms of the settlement entirely and attack Hanoi's previous concessions as perfidy. Determined to resist "proclivities in Washington to reverse course," Kissinger replied to Washington that it should not "poormouth an agreement that we will not be able to improve significantly and that we should use instead as a tremendous success."

With Thieu's refusal the crucible, Kissinger and Haig now fought out a transpacific war of telegrams over the peace settlement. The mood came through in the careful language of Kissinger's memoirs, in which "tempers were further frayed [and] rose dangerously on both sides [in the] escalating misunderstanding." At one point, the protocol and the pretense of responsibility broke down altogether, and Kissinger noted almost casually "a flood of cables from Haig in Nixon's name." How often they had acted in Nixon's name—from the taps, to Chile to myriad other policies—in the same pre-emption Kissinger now disdained when the orders were aimed at him.

In his own memoirs, Nixon later claimed authorship, of course, of all those October cables to Kissinger, but his diary makes Haig's role too plain. As Kissinger pressed Thieu, Haig brought the President a stream of intelligence about prospective Communist terrorism after the cease-fire. "Haig was seriously concerned," Nixon recorded, adding in a diary entry his fear of a "murderous blood bath." Watching from the Pentagon, the attentive Zumwalt described it more bluntly: "Haig thought that Kissinger was going too far and giving up too much—he talked the President into backing off his time schedule. . . ."

By October 23, Kissinger's mission was obviously at an end, hoisted on its own folly in Saigon and nakedly undercut at home. There was to be no more pressure on Thieu for the moment, and the final leg to Hanoi was canceled as Kissinger was called back to Washington. But before he returned, the Harvard professor



mikewilliams.

"Hold it, professor!!!"

who had hired Haig and had helped him come so far sent the general an extraordinary cable that was an epitaph for the moment and, in some ways, for Haig's undreamed-of future as Secretary of State. "As for your characterization of the content of the agreement, I would like to recall your view that it was a good agreement when we concluded it," Kissinger told him in a bitter reminder of the meeting on October 12 and their breakfast on the 13th. "It has since been greatly improved. . . ." And then the cutting point of intellect and station:

Many wars have been lost by un-toward timidity. But enormous tragedies have also been produced by the inability of military people to recognize when the time for a settlement had arrived.

There followed Kissinger's famous and all-too-premature pronouncement that "peace is at hand," the temporary collapse of negotiations as Nixon was distracted in the last days of the Presidential campaign and the continuation of the war while the President was re-elected by an overwhelming margin. To those observing Haig most closely during these weeks, his exact position and motives remained uncertain, though there was evident conviction in his aversion to the peace treaty. No doubt there was also a bureaucratic challenge to Kissinger in the manipulation of Nixon, as well as some element of personal revenge on the man who had so often humiliated him.

Early in December, Kissinger was back in Paris, facing a new intransigency by Hanoi as well as by Saigon. But this time, as a precaution, he had Haig at his side. Thought too powerful to be left in the White House, Haig had accepted Kissinger's assignment with alacrity, ironically because even his own feared access to the mercurial President had become sporadic. While other courtiers crowded around the throne, Haig's work in Paris was perfunctory, including what Kissinger acidly described as writing cables to the White House "in his best Army prose."

On December ninth, however, Haig was back in Washington as the talks sputtered, and he met Kissinger at Andrews Air Force Base on the night of the 13th, when the advisor returned once more in diplomatic failure. As they drove back to the White House, Haig told him what had been implicit since the October fiasco. The general favored large-scale B-52 raids against the North Vietnamese. Coming back from Andrews that night, Kissinger knew once again that the decision to attack had been made essentially without him. Haig's influence in the President's anxious im-

pulse to strike out was so clear that their meeting with Nixon the next morning was almost *pro forma*. Haig advocated a "massive shock," Nixon "accepted Haig's view" and "I went along with it," Kissinger wrote afterward. Four days later, Nixon ordered Linebacker II, the B-52s dropping their payloads on Hanoi and other targets in a saturation pattern a mile by a half mile, leaving untold civilian casualties (with neither side, for its own reasons, admitting the toll) and paying with the loss of 26 planes, 93 missing airmen and 31 more U. S. prisoners. The diplomacy ended in 12 days of barbarism in the skies over North Vietnam, partly as the price of Kissinger's deceiving Thieu. But Haig had watched the lethal course of that deception no less intimately than Kissinger, and now the bombers flew again, not because the responsible Cabinet officers urged it or because Kissinger schemed at it but because the President had "accepted" the view of his court general.

As the bombs fell and public outrage grew, Kissinger felt a "painful rift" with Nixon, while Haig was dispatched on another mission to Saigon. "Still the man to carry the message to Garcia," as Nixon described him at the moment, Haig this time took a virtual ultimatum to Thieu to prepare for the same agreement he had rejected in October—or face a separate peace between Hanoi and Washington. In mid-December and again four weeks later, as the North agreed once more to the old terms in Paris, Haig confronted Thieu with Nixon's threat. And on January 21, the South Vietnamese relented, much as they would have been compelled to do months earlier, before the Christmas bombing, had Kissinger—and Haig—practiced different politics and diplomacy.

The rest was almost Greek tragedy, the fate of their policy ordained in its flaws. After they had promised Thieu massive future aid in the bargain, their savage bombing and furtive diplomacy only provoked a Congressional backlash that eventually choked off the aid and left South Vietnam hostage to the cruel court politics of October and December 1972 in the Nixon White House. "There are at least two words no one can use to characterize the outcome of that two-faced policy," thought Zumwalt, ironically echoing critics on the left as well as in the Pentagon. "One is peace. The other is honor."

But while the Vietnam negotiations were twisting to their close, Haig, the bureaucratic Everyman, was at last formally transferred back to the Army as Vice-Chief of Staff. In an Oval Office ceremony on January 4, 1973, Nixon awarded him a Distinguished Service Medal and lauded him as a "superb military commander" and "a statesman

and diplomat." Haig would need to call on all of those qualities—and more—sooner than he knew. For just four months later, he was summoned again to the White House for the most sensitive assignment he had ever handled—as Nixon's Chief of Staff during the final siege of Watergate.

EPILOG

A gray, humid August morning in Washington. On the south lawn of the White House, poised at the end of a red carpet, an Army helicopter waits for its final passenger. The familiar, slightly stooped figure climbs to the doorway of the craft, pauses, turns for a last time toward the small, silent crowd gathered near the house at the edge of the lawn, thrusts his arms up and out once more in characteristic, now defiant and poignant V-for-victory signs and vanishes inside. The helicopter lifts slowly and wheels away to the south. Olive-drab against the overcast sky, it soon recedes in the distance beyond the chalky spike of the Washington Monument and then, suddenly, is out of sight.

It is the finale of a disgraced Presidency, the close of a remarkable era in American Government, and there is a sense of anticlimax and irony about the event. To one onlooker, the historic passenger, with all the turmoil he embodied, seemed "to have just floated away." Long afterward, the new President, an earnest but vulnerable successor, remembered another symbolic ending as he turned away from the disappearing helicopter and the "guards rolled up the red carpet behind us."

Yet inside the White House, later that day, there is still another last act. In the small private-secretary's room adjacent to the Oval Office, cool and air-conditioned against the rising heat outside, an aide to the new President smells the acrid, unmistakable odor of papers burning in the fireplace. That evening, the office of the ex-President's Chief of Staff and most trusted aide is crowded with bulging "burn bags." Routinely sealed and then shredded and burned, such sacks ostensibly hold duplicates or other superfluous classified material. This August night, however, there are far more documents to be destroyed than any day's official effluence. At the end of the worst, most corrosive political scandal in modern American history, a scandal swarming with deception and vital missing evidence, the Chief of Staff has clearly purged his files.

When the new President is anxiously warned about the ominous bags, he wearily shuns what may be discovered. "I don't want to know about that," he is said to tell an assistant. "Just let him get 'em out of this house."





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BEERHUNTERS

(continued from page 147)

"A person who can name that beer without sipping, just by whiff, is an expert. That's what I can do."

BOB: I personally prefer it in bottles—dark little Canadian bottles. With no offense to our good American friends, I don't like the American green see-through taller bottles. I like the Canadian short brown bottles better than anything.

DOUG: I don't like cans, 'cause the beer tastes sort of weird. Tastes metallic.

BOB: Cans are only good for beerhunter.

PLAYBOY: How many layers do you take off for summer?

DOUG: Uh, one, two, three. Three layers.

T-shirt, shirt and coat is next; and toque

and ear muffs would make five if you wanted to count them as different layers—and socks and boots is seven. Yeah, seven layers.

BOB: I only take my toque off to go swimmin', and then I put on my plastic toque. I never take my boots off.

PLAYBOY: How do you protect yourselves from getting burned?

DOUG: Well, for one thing, we don't usually get up till around four. So that means we miss the bad sun in the early morning—like around ten till two. We skip breakfast and lunch and wake up



"Wow—I never knew your tail was prehensile!"

in time for beers and dinner. So we never really get a burn. Once, Bob got his forehead burned when we were sleepin' out at a car race and he had the blanket up to his eyes but not over his forehead, and he looked stupid for about a week.

BOB: Yeah, it hurt a lot, but we just put beer on it and it healed up real quick.

PLAYBOY: Tell us some fun beer party games.

BOB: Jeez, we were gonna ask you if you knew any others. We were getting a little bored with beerhunter. Spin the beer bottle.

DOUG: Pin the beer on the donkey. Rivet it with a bolt.

BOB: There's bottle top, which you just call heads or tails. It's like coins but with tops. There's count your empties, which you do loaded and try to get the right number.

DOUG: Name that beer. You know: "I can name that beer in one sip; I can name that beer in five sips." Most people can do it in five. A person who can name that beer without sipping, just by whiff, is an expert. That's what I can do.

PLAYBOY: Do you think nicknames for beer are cute?

DOUG: No, beer is beer. Nicknames for girls are cute but not for beer.

BOB: Yeah, we had a friend who used to come up with nicknames for beer. He used to call it brew or he used to say, "Do you want a short brown one?" and we never knew what he was talkin' about. So now we don't talk to him anymore. We just call it beer.

PLAYBOY: How do you ask for beer in a restaurant?

BOB: "Give me a beer."

DOUG: Yeah.

BOB: "Can I have a beer? Hey, can I have a beer now? Where's my beer? How come my beer's takin' so long? Hurry up with my beer. Oh, jeez, now I need another one."

DOUG: If you're real smart, you'll say, "Yeah, could I have three beers, please?" They'll say, "Are you expecting friends to join you?" and you'll go, "Yeah, they're on their way, eh. I swear it."

PLAYBOY: What are some signs of beer abuse?

BOB: Well, if you see someone with a deep cut in his head, he may have taken a snap tab right in the head playing beerhunter. Also, discoloration of van carpeting from beerhunter spray.

PLAYBOY: When do you know you've had too many beers?

DOUG: When you can't talk. When people ask you questions and you don't hear them.

BOB: Or when you can't find the opener

'cause you're too loaded. That's when you've had too many. Or when you can't find the beer store.

DOUG: Openers disappear, anyway. You can buy a new one and it'll be gone in an hour.

BOB: Yeah, but, like, if you've got one of those belt buckles with a built-in opener and you still can't find it, then you've had too many beers, eh.

DOUG: Plus, you should check to see if you still have your pants. If you lose that belt buckle, there's a good chance you'll be draggin' your drawers.

PLAYBOY: What is the longest you've gone cold turkey from beer?

DOUG: From when we were born until about 12. Twelve years without a beer is a long time. We've made up for it, though.

BOB: Since then, three New Years ago, just 'cause we slept for three days; that was the longest we went.

PLAYBOY: Which of you can hold more beer?

DOUG: In his hands?

BOB: If you're askin' me, I'll say Doug. If you're askin' him, he'll say Doug. So it depends on who you're askin'.

PLAYBOY: Name some Canadian summer hot spots.

BOB: The Riviera, which is our uncle's car, which is great to sit on in hot weather, 'cause, like, it reflects. Beauty, eh? Also, it doesn't run, so the tires are off. It's on blocks in his back yard. He's a great guy. He brings out beers all day long.

DOUG: London is beautiful at that time of year.

BOB: London, Ontario.

DOUG: Yeah. Stratford. You can go to see plays and swans.

BOB: He's never seen one Shakespeare play, ever.

DOUG: Yeah, I have.

BOB: What? Hamburger Hamlet? Is that what you saw? I bet you got thirsty there, eh?

DOUG: It was beauty. Yeah, Hamburger Hamlet is the one I saw.

PLAYBOY: What is better than beer?

DOUG: After long soul searching, nothing.

BOB: Jeez, I don't know, like, maybe \$1,000,000. But we'd just buy beer. Maybe a perfect bowling score. But then, your friends will just buy you beer.

DOUG: Yeah, all roads lead to beer in our book.

PLAYBOY: Why did God invent beer?

BOB: He was thirsty and he was bowling.

PLAYBOY: How does your body tell you it needs more beer?

BOB: First thing is your mouth is dry. Second thing is your tummy is screaming out from inside.

DOUG: Third thing is you wake up and go lookin' for it, eh.

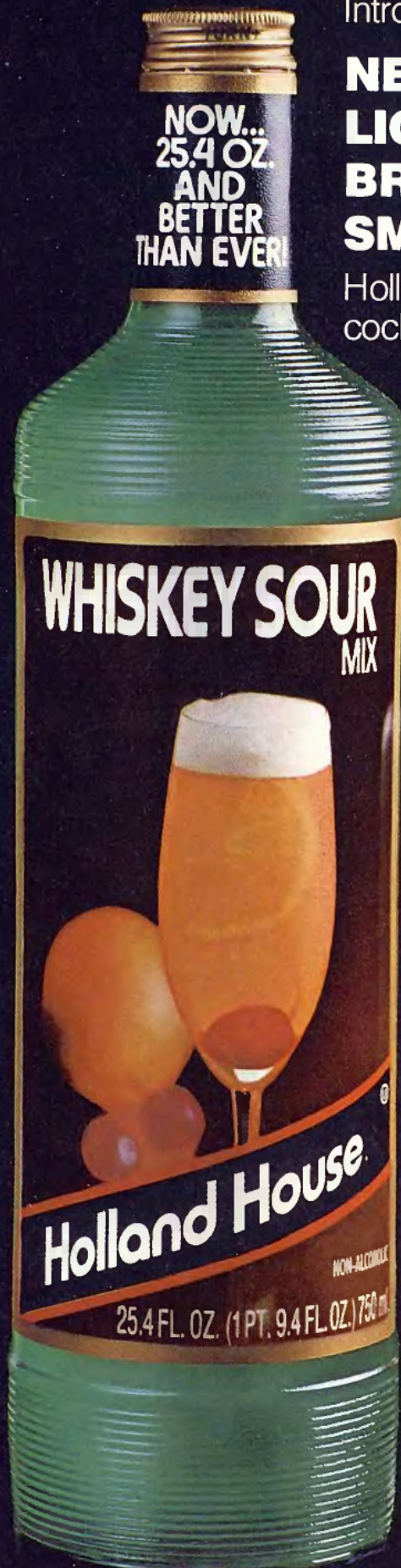


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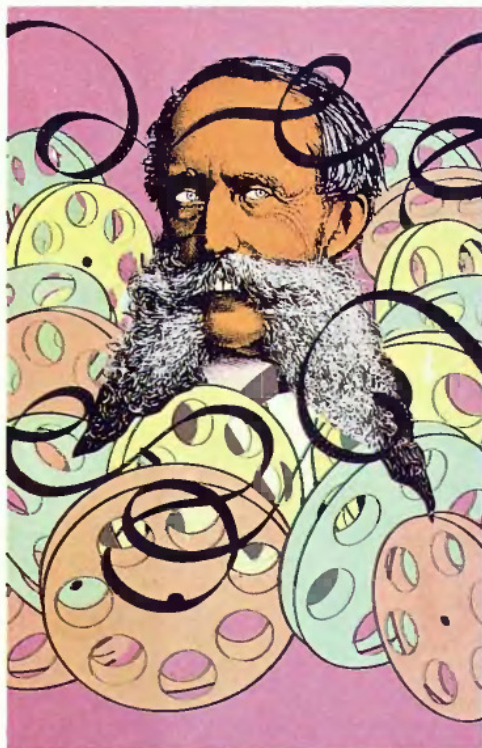
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



SWING, YOU SWINGERS

Remember when you and some of your classmates used to toddle down to the schoolyard and swing, swing, swing back and forth, laughing and screaming as you pumped for the sky? Well, there'll be a lot of laughs—screaming and pumping, too—if you lay out \$69.95 for The Play Swing, a comfortable leather sex seat based on ones created by Japanese emperors for their concubines. (Ever hear of the Samoan basket trick?) Purveyor of the swing is the Pink Pussy Cat Boutique, 161 West Fourth Street, New York, New York 10014, a store that stocks just about every sexual toy your kinky heart might desire. If you hang your Play Swing from the limb of an old oak tree, children, just make sure it's deep in the middle of the woods.

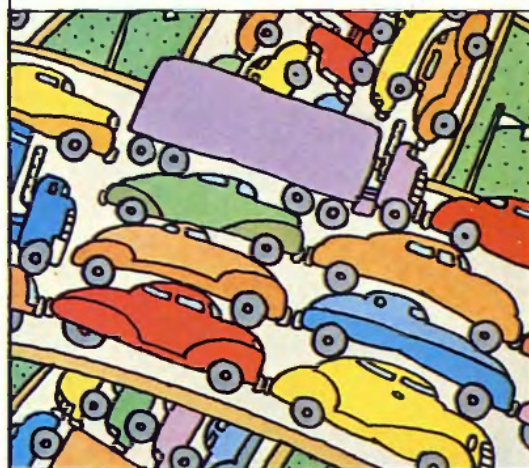


THE SHOW GOES ON

Really serious film buffs probably already know about *Film Collector's World*, a semimonthly tabloid-size publication that contains hundreds of ads for vintage and current films in Super 8 and 16mm format, plus video tapes, lobby cards and original posters. A year's subscription (24 issues) is \$15, sent to P.O. Box 248-P, Rapids City, Illinois 61278. One ad even lists some old 16mm Ronald Reagan commercials, including one in which he "smears his hands with shoe polish, paint and axle grease . . . grimaces at the mess and then gets it off with Boraxo!" Darn clever, that Ron.

JUST KEEP DRIVING

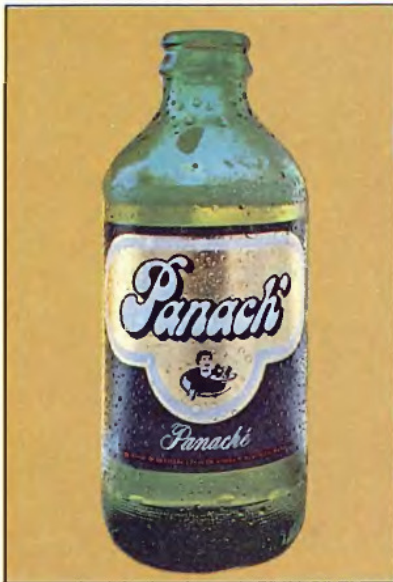
Masochists who aren't satisfied with the exquisite pain that a big-city rush hour inflicts can now crawl home and play—you guessed it—Rush Hour, an obstacle-laden board game in which up to six motorists try to navigate from home to office in the least amount of time. The evil perpetrator of all the frustration is the Everyday Game Company, P.O. Box 808, Purcellville, Virginia 22132, which sells Rush Hour for \$16.95, postpaid. That's about the price of a tank of gas.



ON THE RIGHT TRACK

Anyone in an international job will be happy to learn that CCS Communication Control, Inc., a security company at 633 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017, has available for about \$1000 a belt buckle (with receiver) that can be pressure activated to send out a tracking signal should you encounter trouble. The bad news is that you may be wearing it the night you belly up to the bar after telling your wife you're working late.





GALLIC GULP

The last time we saw Paris, everyone was drinking *panaché*, a zesty combination of French beer and citrus mixture that the waiter mixes for you right at your table. The next time we see Paris—or New Orleans or Atlanta, for that matter—everyone may be drinking Panaché, a French quaff imported by Coy International in New Orleans that's finding its way into liquor stores across the country. Six bottles of Panaché cost about the same as a six-pack, with the citrusy kick of a cancan girl. *Très chic!*

GOING BUGGY

This 15-inch-long radio-controlled dune-buggy model called Hustler LTX-50, available from its manufacturer, Brinkmann-LaTrax, 4215 McEwen Road, Dallas, Texas 75234, can hit speeds upwards of 30 miles per hour, while jumping puddles in a single bound and gobbling up dirt, just like a Baja racer. Waterproof and dustproof, it's about as much fun as you can have on wheels for \$200—unless you're picked up by a high-priced hooker.



PACS VOBISCUM

With Pac-Man swallowing up both the arcade and the home video markets, it stands to reason that that symbol of ultimate consumption would eventually dart from the video screen and reappear on the chests of the game's most ardent fans. Pac-Man ties in maroon or navy are now available from Video Babies, Inc., P.O. Box 9503, Friendship Station, Washington, D.C. 20016, for only \$8.95, postpaid. Tie one on, and the next time an old colonel at the club asks what your regiment was, tell him you fought with Pac-Man and gobbled up the enemy.



LET OUT A PEEP

When you turn the lens of a kaleidoscope, of course, you get charming, ever-changing patterns of light through glass. When you turn the lens of an Erotiscope, you get a charming, ever-changing pattern of bodies that will thrill and delight all but the most jaded peeper. Best of all, your choice of a mixed or an all-female Erotiscope sells for only \$17 each from Halcyon Daze, Inc., 18-05 215th Street, Bay-side, New York 11360. Pass your Erotiscope around after dinner with port and cigars and see if the men don't soon join the ladies.

I RIDE AN OLD PAINT

Old carved merry-go-round horses don't just pine away, they end up as the stock in trade of Carrousel Midwest, an antique store that caters to the wooden-horsy set. Prices in its \$6 brochure (get one by writing to the store at P.O. Box 97, North Lake, Wisconsin 53064) range from \$3500 for a jumper to \$22,500 for a tiger. In between are dozens of mares and fillies (a few carved zebras, too) that thrilled our forefathers. Alas, the price of climbing aboard a painted pony today is no longer ten cents a prance.



"Nighttime cityscapes can be quite dazzling, either as distant skylines or as individual buildings."

control exposures up to eight seconds, several others up to four. A new Minolta model, the X-700, when fitted with a Multi-Function Back accessory can control (though it cannot meter—a separate meter is required) an exposure of up to six hours. Indeed, theoretically, the X-700's Multi-Function Back (which has additional uses) could control an exposure of more than 99 hours (that's four days), but the batteries controlling the operation would expire after about six hours of uninterrupted use.

With so many cameras offering such extravagant long-time exposures, all produced automatically, it may seem curious that the manufacturers have not played up this capability of their products. But from a promotional standpoint, 35mm SLRs are easier to explain in terms of their ability to function quickly and to take command of spontaneous action. It might confuse the issue to say that a camera that is fast also is slow. Anyway, more people are interested in noontime snapshots, so why belabor the issue? Why? Because you can

do some fascinating things with long exposures.

For example, you can shoot in the dead of night with virtually any lens. Those f/1.2s and f/1.4s are remarkable for their light-gathering capabilities, but they come only in the "normal" focal length of around 50mm. If you want to use wide-angle, telephoto or zoom lenses, you find your maximum aperture getting bumped up into the f/2 to f/4.5 range and even higher. Also, the depth of field—the zone behind and in front of the point of focus within which objects come out sharp—reduces as apertures get larger. Even at f/1.2, that doesn't matter much for shots where the subject is 15 feet or more away. But there are times when you want clarity on widely separated foreground and background subjects. That means stopping down to increase the depth of field, and that, in turn, makes a longer exposure necessary.

Very few people can adequately hold a camera at exposures longer than 1/30th of a second, so it becomes obvious that an exposure lasting seconds or minutes requires a good, steady tripod under the camera. Thus equipped, the common man can treat himself to the spectacular results—or plain fun—achievable with long-time exposures.

Nighttime cityscapes can be quite dazzling, either as distant skylines or as individual buildings glowing in the night. If yours is an area that has illuminated suspension bridges, you can photograph them with an ooh-and-ahh nighttime look you've never before been able to capture. Subjects like those can be recorded majestically on ASA 400 film at f/4.5, with exposures in the five-to-ten-second range.

But skylines and pretty bridges are almost the clichés of time exposures. Any terrain or structure worthy of picturing by daylight adopts a new and otherworldly quality when lit by, say, the light of the silvery moon. At two minutes or at three hours, a landscape or even the interior of a forest could be illuminated by starlight. Those would be dreamscapes and magical forests, because the quality of the light—softer and whiter—would transform those familiar places into something human senses rarely perceive.

Are you beside a lake or a river or an ocean as the moon comes up? You can get a moon-over-the-earth shot that resounds with cosmic connotations. But as the moon is reflected in a streak from the surface of the water, another magic appears in the photo. The moon is clear, the shores are clear, but the reflection on the surface is made vague and

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO LOW-LIGHT CAMERAS

Manufacturer and Model	Longest Exposure	Maximum Lens Opening*	Suggested List Price**	Comments
Canon A-1	30 sec.	f/1.2***	\$ 860	Multimode auto exposure
Chinon CE-45	4 sec.	f/1.4	491	Value priced; easy to use
Contax 137MD	11 sec.	f/1.4***	831	Built-in autowinder; quartz exposure control
Cosina CT-7D	8 sec.	f/1.2	608	Data Back standard
Fuji AX-5	2 sec.	f/1.2	815	Multimode exposure control
Konica FS-1	2 sec.	f/1.2	669	Built-in autowinder; shutter-priority automation
Leica R4	8 sec.	f/1.4	3120	Choice of metering; multimode exposure control
Mamiya ZE-X	22 sec.	f/1.4	600	Multimode auto exposure
Minolta X-700	1 sec.	f/1.2	505	Six-hour exposure possible with Multi-Function Back
Nikon F3	8 sec.	f/1.2	1283	Extremely rugged professional camera
Olympus OM-2N	120 sec.	f/1.2	750	Especially precise metering
Pentax LX	125 sec.	f/1.2	1107	Longest shutter speed of any auto-exposure camera
Ricoh XR-5	16 sec.	f/1.4	555	Solar-recharged exposure system
Rolleiflex SL2000 F	16 sec.	f/1.4***	1500	Interchangeable film backs; medium-format design
Yashica FX-D	11 sec.	f/1.2	659	Quartz exposure control

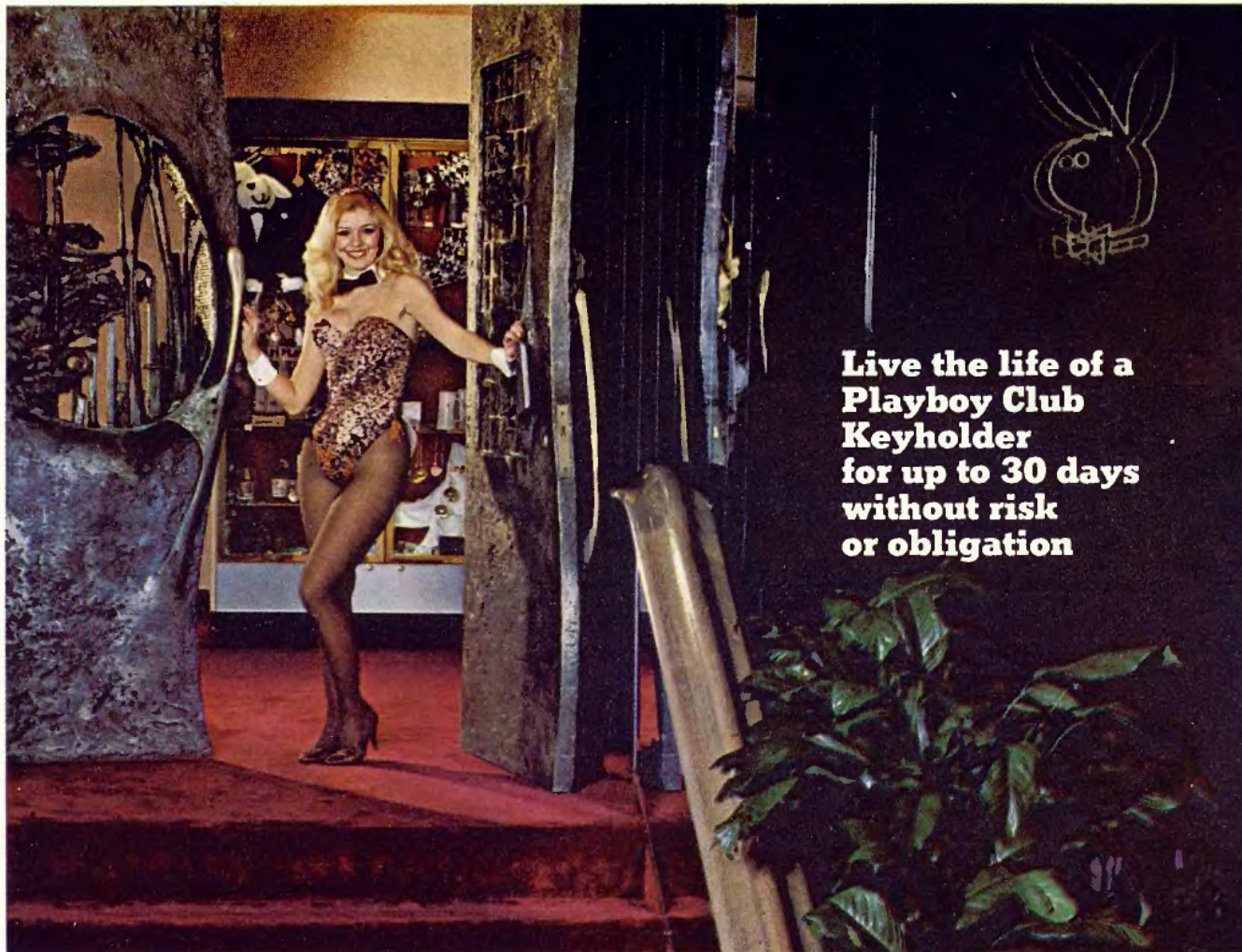
*Refers to standard lens of 50–55mm focal length.

**With lens indicated.

***Wide-angle and/or telephoto lenses also available at this aperture.

Note: Longest Exposure is that specified by manufacturer. Experience indicates that some cameras are capable of longer automatic exposures, though accuracy is not guaranteed beyond published specifications.

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mysterious to the extent that waves had broken and blurred its lines. Rather than seem a reflection of anything, the lighted water appears to be glowing with its own radiance. Call it an enchanted pond—you'll accomplish a photographic effect that makes people stare.

Indeed, it often develops that the time exposure shows things the human eye cannot see. Our vision has its limits of light-sensitivity, and a time exposure sometimes surpasses our own limitations as the photons collect on the film. That doesn't require a very long exposure, either. The five-to-ten-second exposure mentioned earlier, on ASA 400 film at f/4.5, will distinguish the edges of buildings against the black of the surrounding nighttime sky with a contrast and a detail invisible to you when you trip the shutter.

A funny thing about time exposures is that they needn't be taken at night. They do have to be taken in circumstances in which very little light reaches the film. But that is something you can arrange in broad daylight.

Light-blocking filters, such as polarizers and neutral density filters, are inexpensive and, combined in sufficient quantity with a lens stopped down to f/22, can require an exposure of minutes or hours during the brightest day of the year. Why would anyone want to make exposures so vastly longer than necessary? The answer is determined by the degree of tomfoolery that lurks within the photographer's imagination.

Of course, we have all seen at least one variation of the guy-comes-out-of-the-coal-mine-and-finds-everybody-missing movie. Want to show Times Square the day nobody was there? Set up a long enough exposure and nothing that moves will register on the film. That's because figures are long gone before the film has had time to "see" them. Presto! Vacated city. Was it the bomb? Was it your breath?

It should be obvious that the use of time exposures is something that appeals more to the photo hobbyist than to the now-and-again snaphooter. Yet many a snaphooter has found himself seduced by the potential of photography and has unexpectedly become more committed and more involved as the prospects unfolded before the mind's eye. Whichever level you now occupy, whatever level you may grow into, the course of technology has almost made photography a misnomer. *Photography* translates to "drawing with light," and as you can see, that reference to light is becoming less relevant.



EASY-LISTENING MUSIC

(continued from page 125)

elderly conductors Lester Lanin and Guy Lombardo used their orchestras for a sinister purpose—to induce death by schmaltz.

One of those startling books, called *Lester Lanin: Puppeteer of Death*, is currently unavailable outside South Korea. Its perceptions must remain, for now, untranslated. But the Lombardo book—*Guy, Guy, What on Earth Went Down, Guy?*—paints a dark portrait of the late bandleader, a portrait decidedly at odds with the public image of a portly, cheerful Mr. *Auld Lang Syne*.

Co-authors Tommy Consuelo and Albert Silverman come straight to the point: "In the last years of Guy Lombardo's life," they charge, "he became completely entranced by doomsday cults. Eventually, he could only think of one thing: creating mass carnage on New Year's Eve. 'Ringing out the old,' he used to call it." Consuelo, offering little hard proof beyond what he calls "a fellow's intuition about these things," says that Lombardo was constantly tinkering with his arrangement of *Auld Lang Syne* in order to provoke self-immolation among his listeners. Worried that his Royal Canadians alone could not inspire enough deaths, the authors claim, Lombardo personally trained dozens of small murder-bent music squads, or "combos," then dispatched them to various union halls, country clubs and Jewish community centers throughout the United States and Canada.

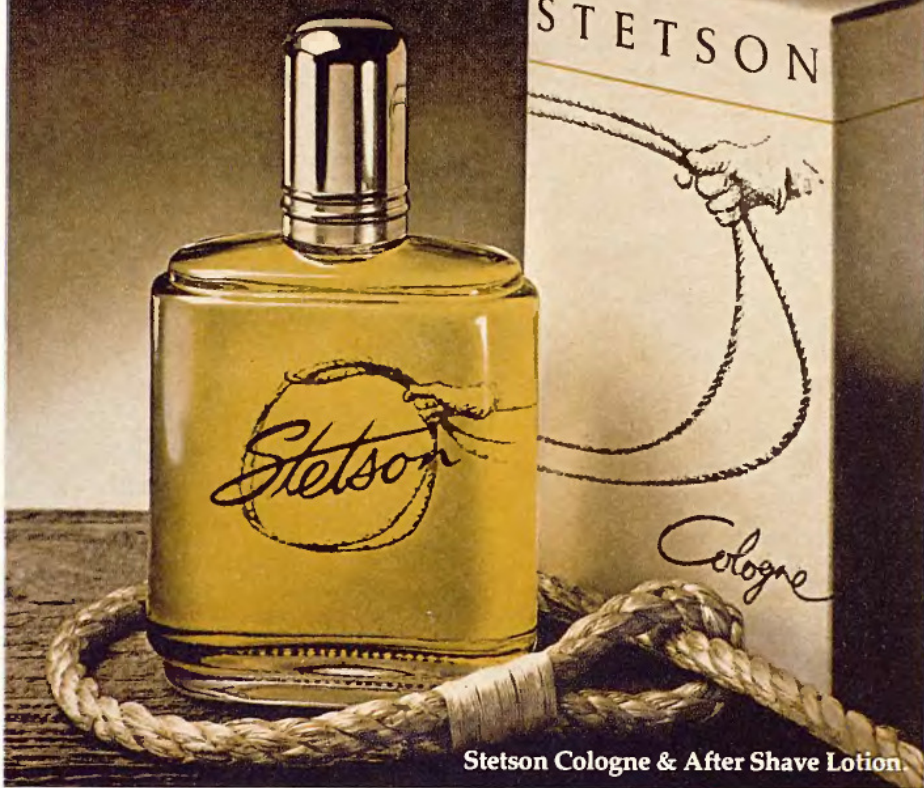
Consuelo, the inside source for *Guy, Guy, What on Earth Went Down, Guy?*, has been characterized in some quarters as a "disgruntled former manicurist" to the plump bandleader, and the book's emphasis on nails and nail care does weigh down the narrative. In a recent interview, however, I asked Consuelo to focus on the mass-death aspects of the Lombardo story.

"Every day with him was mass death," Consuelo said. "Little by little, this wonderful man turned into this . . . reprehensible snail! Toward the end, he'd just stick out his little pink hand and point to a jagged nail and say, 'Trim the rough shit there.' 'Beg pardon? 'Trim the rough shit there'?' How long have I been in this business—what, 17 years?—to have Lombardo stick out his finger like the pasha of *Arabia* or something and favor me with *filth* like that?"

When I urged him to zero in on Lombardo's demonic fantasies, the slender and wide-eyed Consuelo became highly agitated, at several points actually bouncing up and down on his

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banquette. "Can't *ta-alk*," he finally said in a singsong voice, clenching his teeth so that no one could read his lips. Watching him fidget, I suspected that he'd been seen by a Lombardo henchman and was terribly scared of retaliation—but it turned out he was simply trying to avoid an ex-friend at a nearby table, whom he called "the most boring white person in Manhattan."

Realizing that Consuelo was insensitive to the macabre aspects of Lombardo's mellow sound, I went on to interview his collaborator, referred to by Consuelo as "Mr. Serious Chrome Dome." Silverman, a former Barnard College professor, had published two

controversial books before Guy came out: *Zap-Ins*, *Cosmic Komix and the Whole Groovy Schmeat* appeared in 1979, and *Laughing at the Void: The Shecky Greene Story* came out the following year. Silverman is noted for placing himself in competition with the subjects of his books, as if he secretly felt they were unworthy of his attention. When asked about Lombardo, he became extremely abusive toward his subject. "Lombardo was the neo-American doofus *in extremis*," he said. He then flung off his glasses and shouted accusations at Lombardo—mainly that he "rubbed his mother's feet in a pretty funny way," "ate lots of pie" and was

"from out of town." This display of rage frightened other members of Silverman's therapy group (thanks again for letting me attend, Dr. Sheckner), and he was asked to leave, at which point he refused to discuss Lombardo any further.

Other than offer an example of his prose style, Silverman's outburst served little purpose—and it certainly didn't provide any clues for understanding the tormented psyche of Lombardo the artist.

There was just one move left to make. Only through direct participation could I learn the truth about easy listening.

Overcoming all my nagging fears—I'm the wrong age, I don't have the right clothes, everyone will make fun of me—I attended a tea dance. I watched as the aging "teaheads" pepped themselves up with concoctions of alcohol and fruit juice. I puzzled over their jargon—such words as *gavotte* and *hotsytotsy*, such phrases as "Pardon my dust" and "Swing and sway with Sammy Kaye" form a language that's virtually airtight.

Let there be no false suspense about it. The music itself—to an impartial listener—is a terrifyingly seductive death call. The way every melody is buried in layers of strings. The way once-lively songs are rouged and whitened with the musical equivalent of embalmer's make-up. The stately, hypnotic pace and the frozen smiles of the elderly dancers. Most of all, the way the bandleaders hark back dreamily to the "good old days," as if the present and the future held nothing but grief and ruin. It all adds up to an image system in which dancers are lured to the Great Shimmering Chord, the promise of a death no more threatening than Muzak. "Step into this world of soothing refrains," the music says. "Step away from the world of break-ins, ghetto blasters and bleeding Pops. Come—*Begin the Beguine* once and for all . . . drift out on the *Ebb Tide . . . S' Wonderful*."

I stayed and listened until the suicide tug became too insidious; like Keats, I was already "half in love with careful death." The only antidote was a blast of early Stones from the car radio. Keith Richards' guitar pumped fresh blood into my weakened tissues and I felt the spark inside me quicken again. And yet, as I drove away from the American Legion hall, still gasping for breath, I couldn't help wondering about the dancers still swinging and swaying inside the hall—would they survive their flirtation with the void or follow the lead of their musical idols and waltz into eternity?



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MARIETTE HARTLEY

(continued from page 140)

“Willard Scott was wonderful. He’d tell dirty jokes at 6:59 in the morning to get my heart started.”

the deal they offered was difficult to turn down. So I did the show and got hardly any support at all. The producer didn’t know how to take me. Even the secretaries didn’t know how to take me. They were all very protective of Jane—as well they should have been. I was an outsider. But there was more. First, I came from California, which meant I didn’t read a lot. Second, it’s tough enough to be a man from California. He just wears gold chains and never looks at newspapers. But a woman from California! Definitely not to be trusted. And I wasn’t a news person. I was an actress person. Mornings, I felt as if I were in *Dressed to Kill*. I’d come in, get into the elevator. The reviews had started to appear. The secretaries would greet me with, “Have you read the paper? Oh, you should.” By the time I got to the seventh floor, I was huddled against the back of the elevator, bloodstained, one arm outstretched. Then I’d crawl forth and begin saying, “Good morning, Phoenix,

Arizona.” Willard Scott was wonderful. He’d plaster down his toupee, stick a flower in his hole, so to speak, and tell dirty jokes at 6:59 in the morning to get my heart started. But regardless of everything, by the end of the third week, I really began getting into it. Still, I decided against staying on because of the hours. There is no way for me to wake up at four in the morning and be vomited out of Rockefeller Plaza at nine A.M., when everybody else is coming to work, and be a wife and mother.

17.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you were madly in love with E. L. Doctorow?

HARTLEY: Oh, yes. I hope he reads this. We were with Sam Jaffe in a play called *Noah* at The White Barn Theater in Connecticut. I was a bear and Ed Doctorow, this very attractive 23- or 24-year-old guy, who was just out of college and very cocky and bright, played a lion. Well, the two of us crawled across the stage one night and he asked me if I’d

like to go outside. We sat on a balcony and looked at the moon and he started coming on to me and asking me questions. Finally, he got to “How old are you?” I said, “Don’t ask me that. That always spoils it.” He said, “Come on. You can’t be that old and you can’t be that young. Tell me.” Since I have always been honest when confronted, I said, “I’m 12.” I thought he was going to pass out. His eyes just went *ga-wong*. He pulled himself together in his lion suit and said, “Thanks very much. Real nice meeting you.” Then Joe College left. I pined for him all summer long. And when I saw his face on the back cover of *Ragtime*, the whole event flashed in front of me. I wanted to write him a letter saying, “Do you remember the girl who played the bear?”

18.

PLAYBOY: We heard that Ed Asner was another of your early sex gods. Really?

HARTLEY: I would go panting into his dressing room every day of the Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Connecticut. I was all of 16. He’d look at me and shake his head and say, “Mariette, you’re too old to be riding bicycles. It’s turning you on too much. You’ll wind up in trouble. Better knock it off with the bicycle, huh?” And I’d say, “OK—pant, pant, pant—Ed—pant, pant, pant.”

19.

PLAYBOY: Wasn’t Keir Dullea a major factor in keeping your marriage alive and well?

HARTLEY: It’s a true story. I was doing a necking scene with Keir for the TV movie *No Place to Hide*. We necked the whole day. I was so turned on by the end of the afternoon that I rushed home to my poor husband. He was like one of those cartoon characters who get flattened by a door—didn’t know what hit him. Then, the next week, the same thing happened. Keir and I necked all day, and by the time I was off the freeway, whammo! When filming ended, Patrick—thank God he’s as secure as he is—turned to me and said, “You know, I’m really going to miss Keir.”

20.

PLAYBOY: Has your husband ever been upset by any of the things you’ve said on *The Tonight Show*?

HARTLEY: The only time he got annoyed was when I made the comment “I’m a mother, and that’s only half a word.” He said later, in that accent of his, “That was absolutely disgusting. That’s really. . . . I mean, for ‘caven’s sake. That’s awful! You make me hangry. It’s so forced.” Maybe he was right. But that’s the chance you take on *The Tonight Show*.



“Hey, those are weird! What are they, anyhow?”

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ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING TV

Television sets have become a fixture in our homes, and that's one of the problems: They are so much of a fixture. Sure, a wide-screen or projection set is perfect to watch the world series on, but there are times and situations when you want your video image to be more discreet. Fortunately, TV manufacturers have become small-minded, too, and there is currently a bumper crop of Lilliputian battery- and/or A.C.-powered

black-and-white and color sets ready for your night stand, desktop or tummy. Some models turn themselves off—or start your day. And truly mini ones, such as the Panasonic pictured below, take you out to the ball game without your having to leave your desk—and rest in a drawer after the final out. TV wants to be a smaller part of your life. As Mies van der Rohe said, "Less is more."



Clockwise from 12: Sharp's Model 3T-40 combines a three-inch television with an AM/FM radio and a minicassette player, \$349.95. Next is a flippable A.C.-powered BiSider TR-4060P clock, AM/FM radio and TV with a 4" screen, by Panasonic, \$209.95. The Binoc, by Sears, incorporates a TV with a 2" screen and an AM/FM radio into its binocular-type body, \$199.95. The smallest TV pictured here is the Panasonic TR1010 P, which has a 1.5" screen, from Shutter Bug, Chicago, \$199.95, including a snap-on magnifier not shown. Sanyo's TPM 2100 with a 2" screen also includes an AM/FM and an LCD quartz clock that activates the TV, the radio or a buzzer, \$299.95. Last is the Sony KV-4100—an A.C.-powered desktop color set with a 3.7" screen, AM/FM and a wireless hand-held remote-control unit, \$879.95.

WHEELS

QUAT TO TROT

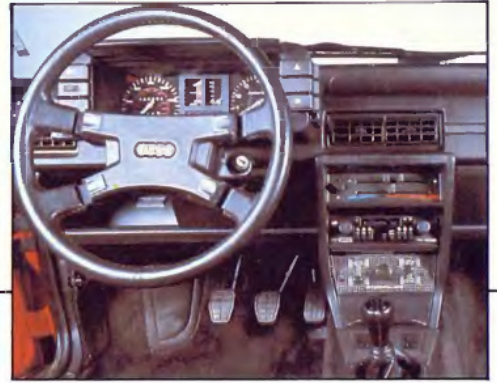
Audi's awesome new full-time four-wheel-drive Quattro has two problems. One is the dangerously seductive feeling of total invincibility that takes over as you rocket along behind the wheel, oblivious to weather and road-surface conditions. The other is the number of speeding tickets you'll collect unless you religiously monitor the Quattro's speedometer. Unlike ordinary 4wds, the Quattro doesn't sit high on road-grader tires, ride and handle like Gabby Hayes's buckboard or gobble gas like Sheik Yamani's bulletproof limo. It's only subtly different visually from Audi's nice but mortal 4000-based Coupe; the deep front air dam, a rear spoiler, businesslike bulges around the wheel openings, fade-out

four-ring logos on the doors and tasteful Quattro decals on the quarter windows are the major clues.

The Quattro's turbocharged 2.2-liter five-cylinder (with an intercooler—a small radiator that cools the engine's compressed intake air and makes it denser) generates 160 horsepower, but it feels twice as strong. Top end is around 130 mph, and because it's a 1983 model (and the law has changed), it's armed with a 150-mph speedometer.

Furthermore, the Quattro's shrewdly engineered full-time 4wd system, with a center differential between the front- and rear-drive axles, gives gluelike traction under the fat radial tires regardless of conditions; yet the car is nearly as fuel efficient around town as the non-4wd five-cylinder

Right: A four-ring circus of a car, the Audi Quattro's front end incorporates quad headlights that dovetail nicely with the grillework and the air dam. Far right: Gentlemen, slip into the Quattro's leather-upholstered cockpit and start the turbocharged five-cylinder engine if you dare. The speedometer registers 150 mph (thanks to a new Federal deregulation) and full-time four-wheel-drive gives one a sense of total invincibility.



Audi 5000 Turbo, and more so above 40 mph, because driven wheels waste less energy than nondriven ones.

On dry road, the Quattro vaults from rest to 60 mph in a tick over seven seconds with two quick flicks of the five-speed gearbox; on ice, snow, sand or mud, it takes a fraction longer. Thanks to the 4wd, plus independent strut suspension and big disc brakes at all four corners, stopping and cornering are similarly impressive. The Quattro is not invincible, but it certainly gives that impression.

With a normal five inches of ground clearance, the Quattro's not intended for off-road boulder jumping, but you have to get three of the four wheels spinning to get it stuck. That means it will go almost anywhere there is a road, climb greasy grades twice as steep as any ordinary car can and leap tall snowdrifts at a single bound—without special tires. For really deep stuff, there's a switch on the

center console that locks the center and rear differentials.

The Quattro's development began on a small scale early in 1977. The following summer it was approved for production, and considerable testing was carried out in northern Europe over the winter of 1979-1980.

Production began in the fall of 1980 in a special assembly area at Audi's Research & Development Center. Soon there were Quattros competing and winning on the tough international rally circuit, and a tamed-down Coupe model, sharing the car's slick-looking body, was introduced. Quattros for the U.S. started arriving here recently, fully loaded with engineering wonders and priced at a cool \$35,000. Due to limited availability of the special parts, only 2000 will be built this year; fortunately, 500 are making their way to our shores. Lock up your women! Bar the doors! The beast is loose in the streets! —GARY WITZENBURG



Left: At high speed or tearing through corners like you're on rails, the Quattro's rear-end spoiler becomes more than just a cosmetic tailpiece. (Behind it is a 12-cubic-foot trunk.) Far left: When the going gets rough in deep snow, mud or sand, this switch on the Quattro's center console locks two of the machine's three differentials (center and rear). The price for all this indecently exciting four-wheel-drive fun is a mere \$35,000—and worth it.

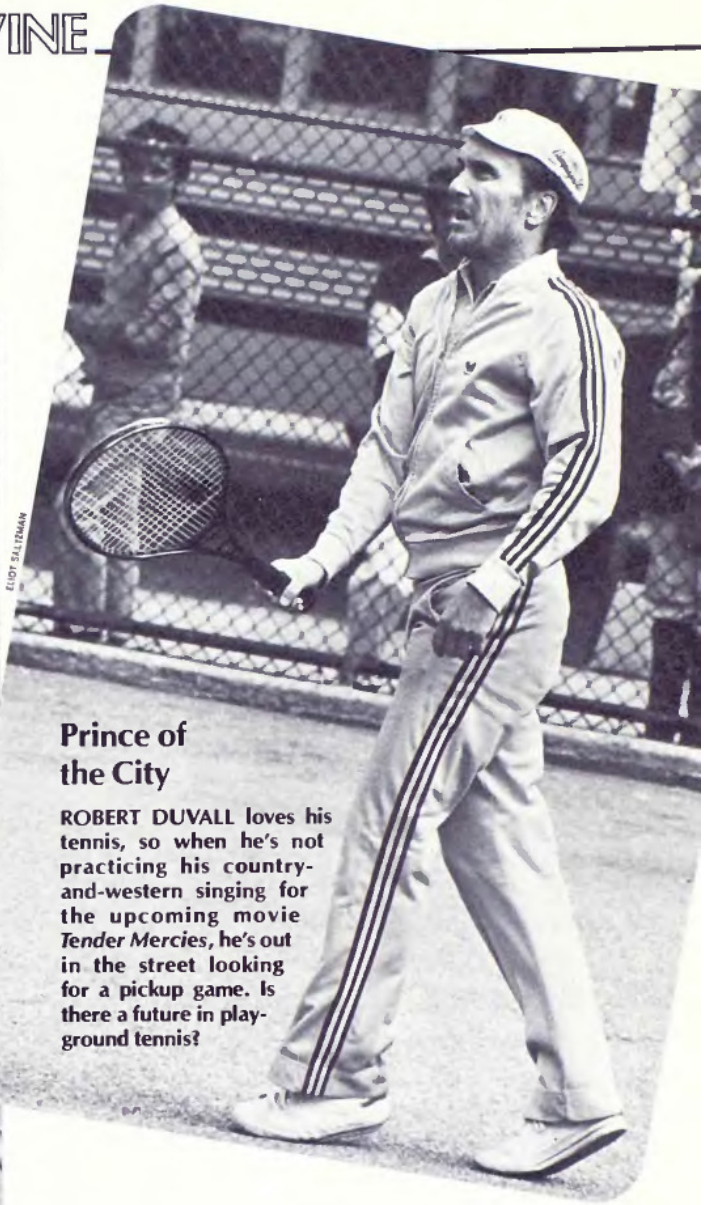


Dual in the Sun

Actress ROBERTA LEIGHTON left a lot of soap-opera fans in the lurch when she left her thriving medical practice on *The Young and the Restless*. Now her loyal fans have to go to the movies when they need a transfusion. Leighton had a small part in Bill Murray's movie *Stripes*, and now she's about to be seen as a high-fashion model in the film *Dreamworld*, co-starring Jeff Conaway. Roberta's our celebrity-in-the-making breast of the month.



ELIOT SALTZMAN



Prince of the City

ROBERT DUVALL loves his tennis, so when he's not practicing his country-and-western singing for the upcoming movie *Tender Mercies*, he's out in the street looking for a pickup game. Is there a future in playground tennis?

This Is Not His I.Q.

Musician, songwriter, producer and computer freak TODD RUNDGREN has, in the past 15 years, been pretty busy. Beginning in the late Sixties with The Nazzy, right through his 16 solo albums and his work with Utopia, Todd's had hits and recognition. As a producer, he has helped acts as diverse as The Tubes and Hall & Oates. He's a one-man industrial complex.



RICHARD FEGLEY

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Turning Over a New Leif

We have to face a sign of the times: Boy cherub LEIF GARRETT's growing up. He's got himself a big girl to play with, knockout NICOLETTE SAVALAS (yes, Virginia, she's Telly's stepdaughter), and a part in Francis Ford Coppola's film *The Outsiders*. Although Garrett says he's "totally in love," his teen-beat fans can relax. No marriage plans are on the agenda. But facing the camera with a sultry expression is.



BRAD ELETSMAN / CALIFORNIA FEATURES

Does Medicare Cover This?

Her nursing days are over, but this photo of former *General Hospital* head nurse Bobbie Spenser, a.k.a. JACKLYN ZEMAN, should make your temperature rise. Zeman left the show to branch out, and her first effort will be in theaters this October. Called *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*, it's supposed to be a Marx Brothers-style parody of horror movies.



RICHARD BOCKLEY

Checking Out Diana's Rigg

Actress DIANA RIGG became a household name for American audiences with the TV series *The Avengers*. Recently, she got knocked off in the movie *Evil Under the Sun*. Here, with a lift from SIR ROBERT HELPMANN, she was preparing for a play about Colette. This time, the critics shot her down.

RICHARD FEGLEY



EVERYBODY INTO THE POOL

Accepting an Academy Award last spring, Maureen Stapleton heartily thanked her home town, Troy, New York. We suppose she had in mind such people as Alan Barr, a mathematician there. Barr studies how individual

while they were out running, they saw an attractive woman running toward them: (a) know her; (b) work with her; (c) date her; (d) kiss her. Nearly all the test subjects answered yes to all of the above. We wonder: Is running going to wipe out singles bars?



The Sensu-Muffs below are for people who view the entire human anatomy as a sex organ. While these mitts aren't very good for a fast ball, some sex therapists swear by them. They're \$27 each, from Feathre Luv Enterprises, 363 Albany Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02118.

DAVID MECCEY

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

For your prurient-reading list, we recommend a new quarterly—*Yellow Silk: Journal of Erotic Arts*, whose editorial policy, as stated in the table of contents, is "All persuasions; no brutality." An energetic depository of fiction, poetry, cartoons and illustrations on erotic themes by both well-known and unknown contributors, it's \$10 annually from Yellow Silk, P.O. Box 6374, Albany, California 94706.



Warning: Don't be fooled by Terri Blake, 79, above. Her Bunny portrayal, while amazing in its own right, is bogus and is quite likely to cause a run on coronary units at the Los Angeles senior-citizen centers where Terri frequently tap-dances.

sperm cells swim. Now, this isn't exactly like counting laps, say, for Mark Spitz or Johnny Weissmuller. Using a computer with a TV screen, Barr animates sperm cells that have been drawn according to mathematical equations that he concocts from the design of real sperm. Barr has found, among other things, that boy sperm (Y-chromosome carriers) outswim girl sperm and that sperm that propel themselves with a corkscrew motion move faster if they have flat heads.

We haven't heard of any pari-mutuel betting on thoroughbred-sperm races, but with sperm banks common, why not sperm races? What is Barr up to, anyway? As you may have guessed—dash it all—Barr's work has more serious applications. It appears that his research may lead to improvements in artificial-insemination procedures. Let's hear it for Troy.

THEY MAY BE JOGGERS, BUT THEY'RE NOT STUPID

In a University of Maryland research project, male subjects jogged for two minutes and then watched a video tape of a good-looking woman. Asked for an assessment, the guys rated the woman high on likability, sincerity and sexiness. When testers asked another group of men who'd run a mere 15 seconds to rate the same woman, they were not as intensely aroused as those who'd run longer. Researchers also asked the men what they would like to do if,

breath and fertility in women. They say that when a woman's breath takes on the character of a wineskin that's been left in the sun, she may be experiencing her most fertile time of the month. N-dodeconal, a sulphur-containing chemical found in saliva, apparently increases tenfold at the time of ovulation. Since sulphuric chemicals are thought to be the main cause of bad breath, a woman's breath may be her best test for fecundity. Chalk up another reason for oral sex.

BETTER THAN NO BREATH AT ALL

Researchers at Monell Chemical Senses Center in Philadelphia think there's a connection between bad



You won't find these shots in your Burpee seed catalog. Don't worry—that's what we're here for. Above, a couple of uncommon garden pests, and below, we figure, the harvest most likely reaped from what the grasshoppers had sown.



FOLD ME, SPINDLE ME, WEAR ME ON YOUR CHEST

You've seen those computer print-out portrait booths at shopping centers and souvenir spots. Now a San Francisco shop on Fisherman's Wharf is doing nude shots. Computer Portrait Services (105 Jefferson Street, San Francisco, California 94133) will sit you down for a shooting behind a curtain, natch, and present you with your very own odalisque printed on paper, a calendar or a T-shirt. Wait a minute—a T-shirt? Truth-in-packaging fanatics will be pleased, but, we wonder, where's the tease, that elemental phenomenon whereby romance is initiated, heartbeats are accelerated and lumps are made to appear in throats and trousers? Maybe we're just sentimental. 🐰

Spider Veloce

The reasons for buying an Alfa Romeo Spider Veloce are equally distributed between the quality of the car and the personality of the driver. On the one hand, the Spider Veloce is a finely balanced showcase of race-proven engineering whose net practicality makes it an excellent value. On the other hand, drivers who know and love driving find that it's just plain fun to drive.

For good reason. The Spider Veloce starts, goes, stops and corners fast. It even looks fast just sitting there. It has an aluminum-alloy DOHC engine and five speed transmission. The Bosch L-Jetronic fuel injection ensures instant, smooth power. The 4-wheel power assisted disc brake system will decelerate you back to zero in an amazingly short, straight line. And the Spider Veloce's suspension is refined to the point that most expert drivers consider handling to be the most outstanding of its outstanding characteristics.

At this point, we'd like to mention that the Spider Veloce is also gorgeous. The classically simple and elegant Pininfarina exterior does exactly what outstanding styling should do, namely stand out. The interior is a combination of Pininfarina style and common sense.

But it won't be until you're behind the wheel that you'll feel the Alfa Romeo history. And the magic will really take over. We're sure you'll agree with us. This is one car that brings a whole new meaning to the old expression "it practically sells itself."

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