

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1983 • \$3.00

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS
BASEBALL'S ROWDY GENIUS
EARL WEAVER

THE FUNNIEST WHITE
MAN IN AMERICA
ALBERT BROOKS

PLAYBOY READERS
VOTE FOR
EXPERIMENTAL SEX

HELLO, MUDDA,
HELLO, FADDA,
HERE I AM
IN CAMP COMPUTA
JOHN SACK
REPORTS ON
LIFE AMONG
THE NERDS

CARRIE
FISHER
ANSWERS
20 QUESTIONS

SAVING BOND'S
WOMEN
A LOVING LOOK
AT 007'S
SULTRIEST
CO-STARS



IK

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

Taste you
can count on.

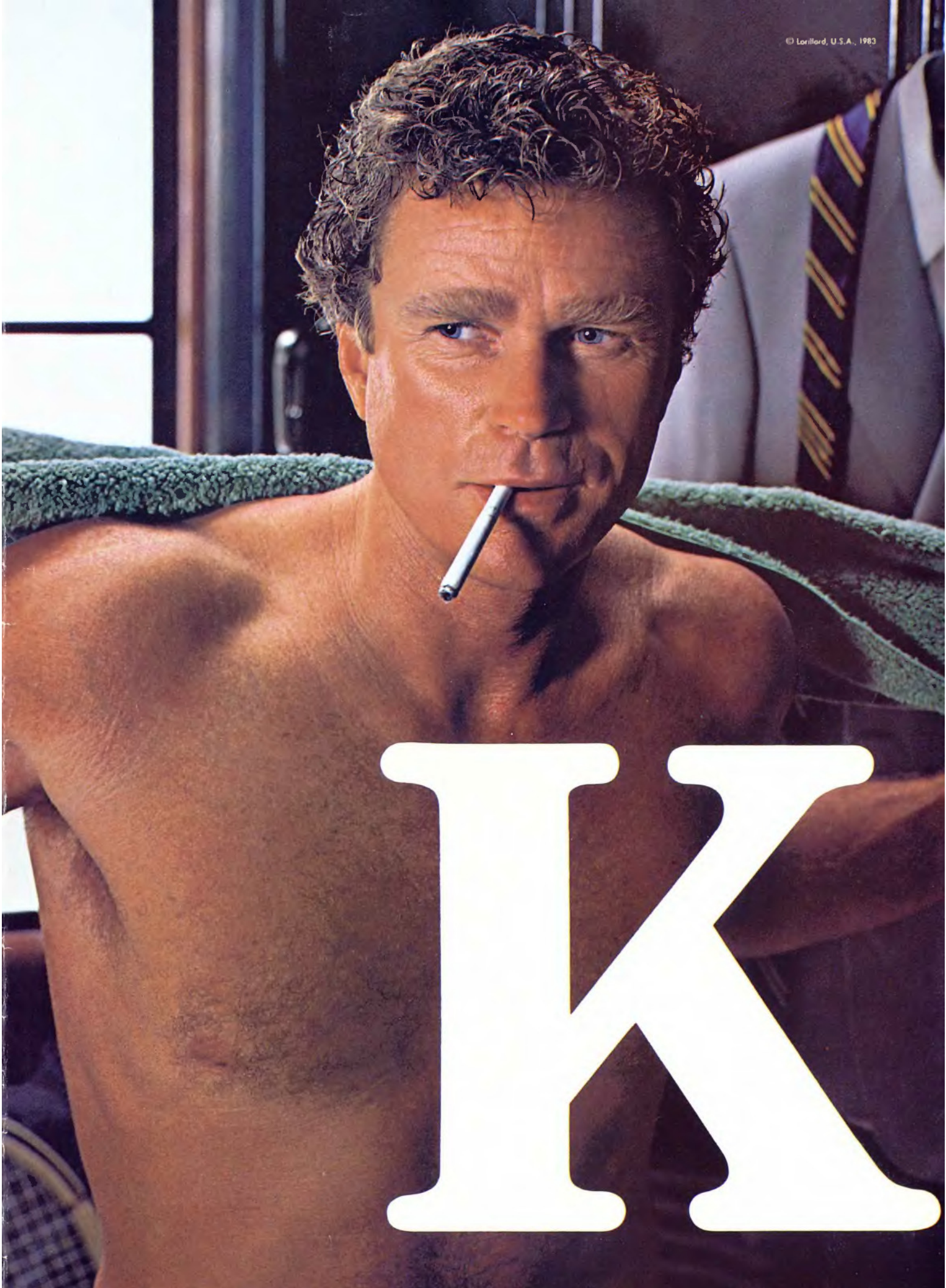


Lowtar

Lights

Ultra

Kent III: 2 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine; Kent: 13 mg. "tar,"
1.0 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report
December 1981. Kent Golden Lights: 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg.
nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

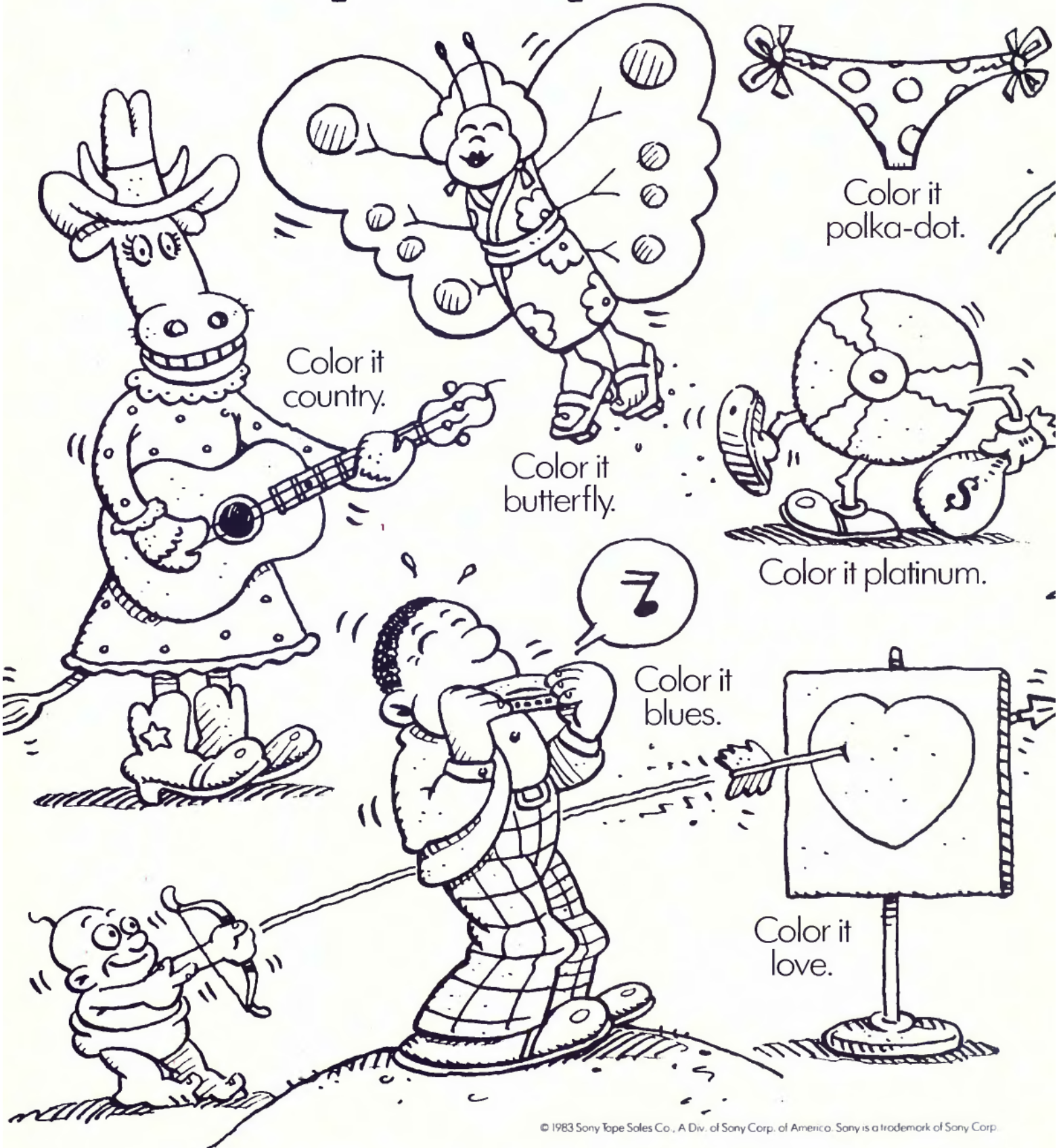


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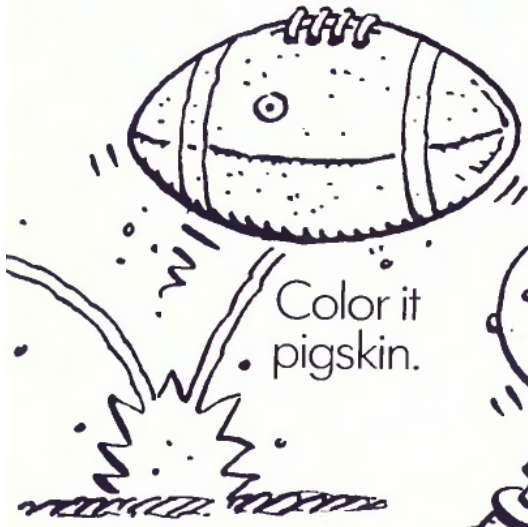
When you
know what
counts.

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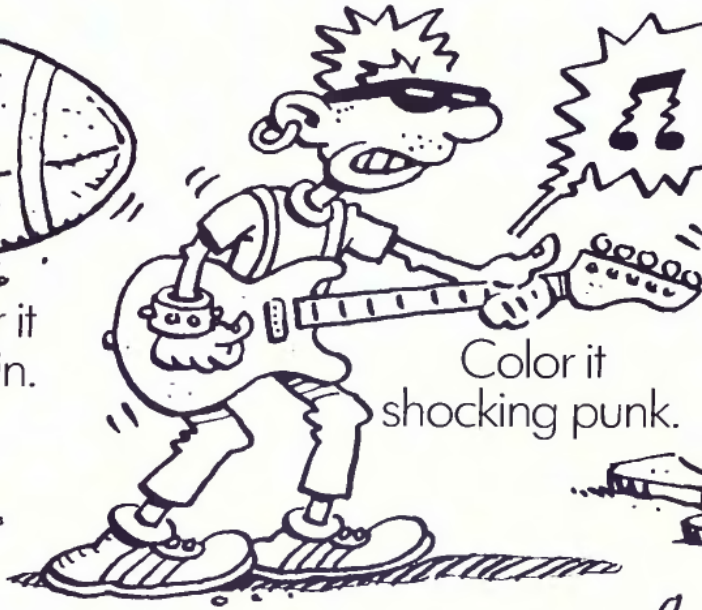
Sony Tape. The



Perfect Blank.



Color it
pigskin.



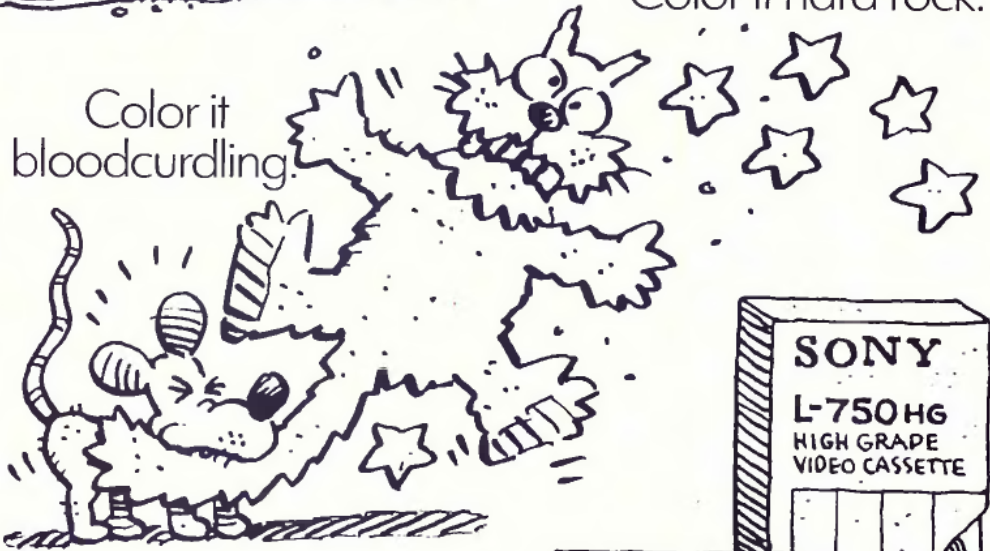
Color it
shocking punk.



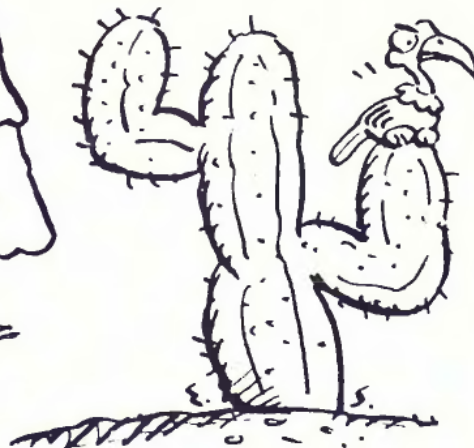
Color it hard rock.



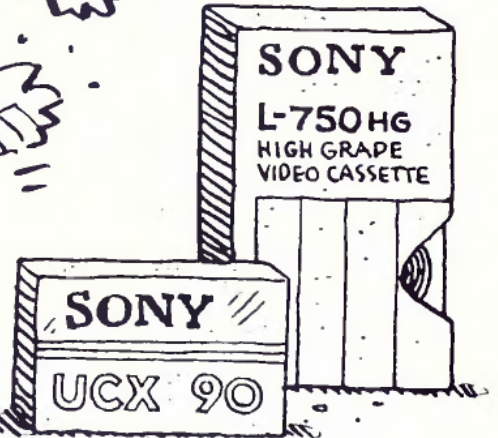
Color it scarlet.



Color it
bloodcurdling.



Color it wild west.



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PLAYBILL

WITH THE BASEBALL SEASON well under way (barring player, umpire or usher strikes), we can think of no better subject for this month's *Playboy Interview* than **Earl Weaver**, who retired last year after 14 seasons at the helm of the Baltimore Orioles. We didn't know whether or not we should send *PLAYBOY* interviewer **Lawrence Linderman** to meet him wearing kneepads, a face mask and earplugs, because Weaver is a man who has been known to rip bases off their moorings, fling equipment around dugouts and (inadvertently, of course) maul umpires. But in truth, says Linderman, "He's got a sense of humor about himself that's wonderful. One time, I went golfing with him and a couple of his friends. As they teed off, one of the guys said—referring to this interview—'Now we'll finally get to hear all about Weaver's hot sex life.' He responded dryly, 'I ain't shit. Just ask my wife,' then he grinned at me."

If there's anything that rises faster than Weaver's temper, it's military spending. Now the Pentagon is lobbying for about 19 billion of your bucks to create a "binary" family of chemical weapons to replace our existing arsenal of chemical weapons. The only problem, says **Hesh Kestin** in *The C Team* (illustrated by **Eraldo Carugati**), is that the generals don't really want to use chemical weapons (either the old ones or the new ones) in a major war. Kestin explains why.

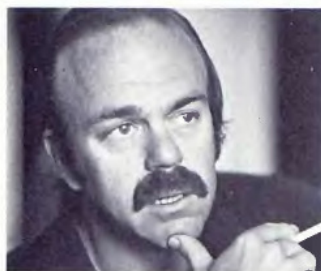
And speaking of the absurd, comedian **Albert Brooks** has been called the funniest white man in America, but he still hasn't become a major star. **Paul Slansky** examines the reasons in *Albert Brooks Is Funnier than You Think*. **Donald E. Westlake** is back with the second in his series of stories about the adventures of a rather eccentric spaceship crew. In *Heaven Help Us*, the astronauts are dispatched to establish contact with the long-lost space colony Heaven. **Amiri Baraka** (formerly LeRoi Jones) takes an earthy barroom tall tale and transforms it into a stark account of every man's greatest fear in *Norman's Date*, illustrated by **Marzena Kawalerowicz**. Marzena, whose father was a noted Polish film director, lives in Warsaw and exhibits in Paris; her first American show was at New York's Zoma Gallery this past winter.

Summer is the time when kids go off to camp, and there's a new destination these days—computer camp. **John Sack** signed up and spent part of his summer with a gang of midget computer whizzes unlike any of the kids who went to *your* camp. His account, *Letters from Computer Camp*, is illustrated by Associate Art Director (and wild-and-crazy camper) **Skip Williamson**.

To add to the mix, **Robert Crane** checked in with actress **Carrie Fisher** (Princess Leia to all you *Star Wars* fans) for a wry *20 Questions*; *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey, Part IV* takes a hot and heavy look at sexual experimentation (yes, that includes *whatever* you think it includes); Senior Editor **David Stevens**, Associate Editor **Ed Walker**, Assistant Editor **Jim Barker** and Control Clerk **Robin Hemley** bring you gadgets galore in *The Toys of Summer*. **Gary Witzenburg** introduces the new, snazzy four-wheel-drive vehicles in *Off the Road Again!*, illustrated by **Bruce Ayres**; and Fashion Director **David Platt** puts *Dynasty* stars **John James** and **Kathleen Beller** into weekend attire in *Get Out of Town!*, photographed by **Larry Dale Gordon**.

And there is this month's spectacular array of fine women: Playmate **Ruth Gueri**; famed photographer **Francis Giacobetti's** camera's-eye tour of the female form in *Erogenous Parts* (a subject—capturing erotic women in erotic settings—about which Giacobetti, director of *Emmanuelle, the Joys of a Woman*, knows a great deal); and *The Spy They Love to Love*, our tribute to the lovelies who have succumbed to the charms of Agent 007 in previous movies, plus the ladies who trade sexual secrets with him in his current two films. Accompanying our Bond pictorial is *The 007 Sex Quiz*, by **Danny Biederman**.

Now find a cool room and an ice-cold beer and enjoy our summer *fiesta*. See you next month!



LINDERMAN



SLANSKY



WESTLAKE



KESTIN



CARUGATI



BARAKA



KAWALEROWICZ



SACK



WILLIAMSON



CRANE



BARKER, STEVENS, HEMLEY, WALKER



GORDON



WITZENBURG



AYRES



BIEDERMAN

PLAYBOY®

vol. 30, no. 7—july, 1983

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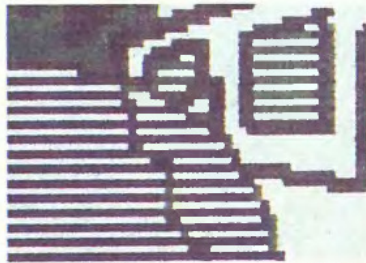
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COVER STORY

Shades of *National Velvet*! Elizabeth Taylor, eat your heart (and half of the refrigerator) out. Playmate of the Month Ruth Guerri graces our cover in full riding regalia. For more of this heart-stopping horsewoman, turn to the gatefold. Stephen Wayda shot the cover in St. Louis, where Miss July trains race horses. That explains the riding crop, for those of you who were practicing your *Mr. Ed* impressions.

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your first Girl.



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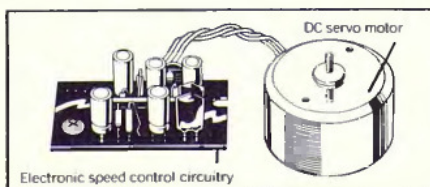
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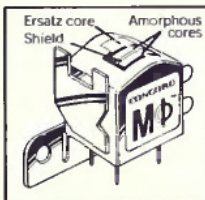


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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

DOC, PLAYBOY AND ALL THAT JAZZ

In June, *The Tonight Show's* MORE TO COME artwork will remind you that it's Playboy Jazz Festival month in Los Angeles. In this year's fifth annual festival, June 18 and 19, Doc Severinsen and the Tonight Show Orchestra will perform at the Hollywood Bowl with such other jazz honchos as Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, Count Basie and Carla Bley. Bill Cosby returns as master of ceremonies. Below: Doc goes to a commercial.



Sea & Sea USA, makers of underwater-camera equipment, snapped our scuba-diving March 1981 Playmate Kymberly Herrin sans aqua lung for a breath-taking poster, above. Scuba-doo.

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

The fact that our cover price makes us a considerably better deal than most feature films hasn't kept film makers from perusing our table of contents for ideas. Here's some proof—three films based on work that first saw light in PLAYBOY. Below left, Burt Reynolds and Loni Anderson appear in a poster for the Universal film *Stroker Ace*, based on the October 1973 story *I Lost It in the Second Turn*, by "Stroker Ace," nom de plume of authors William Neely and Bob



Ottum. Below right, Roger Moore as James Bond amid (from left) Gillian de Terville, Carolyn Seaward, Mary Stavin, Carole Ashby and Tina Robinson in a scene from MGM/UA's *Octopussy* (see 007 pictorial elsewhere in this issue). Its underpinnings were Ian Fleming's two-part story of that title in March and April 1966 and Fleming's *The Property of a Lady*, which ran in the January 1964 PLAYBOY.



Director Steven Spielberg's maiden movie, *Duel*, starring Dennis Weaver, was originally made for TV but was released to movie theaters this spring. You guessed it: *Duel* appeared here previously, as a story by Richard Matheson in April 1971.



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COVER CHARGE

I have been a subscriber for six of the 15 years I have been reading PLAYBOY, and something very unusual has happened to me: I can't seem to open the April issue to read it. My usual habit is to read from page one and keep going until I hit the back cover. This time, I can't get past cover girl Carry Lee. Please do us all a favor and offer more of Lee in future issues. But don't put her on the cover again—I really would like to read the rest of the magazine.

Greg Cowan
Harrison, Indiana

That is a cruel thing to do with the April issue. Imagine not showing us more than a cover shot of Carry Lee (but what a shot)!

Steve Gorton
Vail, Colorado

I've been a faithful subscriber for about four years but have never written to you till now. The April issue of PLAYBOY has to rank among the best I've read. I should have expected it from the cover. Carry Lee is the most exciting cover girl since May 1980, when Terri Welles first fronted for you.

Mark Pettit
Danbury, Connecticut

Your April cover is the best ever.

D. J. Nepote
Escalon, California

I would venture a guess that Carry Lee will be an upcoming Playmate. It may be only wishful thinking on my part, though. Would it help if I begged?

Terry Ford
Hastings, Nebraska

Well, they say there's a first time for everything, and this is my first time writing to your magazine. I have recently received my April PLAYBOY and am overwhelmed by

cover model Carry Lee. Would it be possible for you to have a pictorial devoted to her, or will I be forced just to dream the rest of my life?

Bob Luongo
Fort Collins, Colorado

Coyness prevents our telling all of you anything definite, but we will tell you this: Bob Luongo's narcolepsy may not last too long.

PAUL'S EPISTLES

Paul Newman feels that it's the Newman luck that has made the difference for him. That may be partly true, but all of us get lucky at one time or another. It's what we do then that separates us from the pack. There are two things that really stand out in April's *Playboy Interview*. First, Newman's need to be a human being. Some people use power; others abuse it. His concern and his involvement make him a unique individual. I know him to be a sensitive and caring one. The second thing that stands out about Newman's interview is his love for life, for discovering, for building. It's difficult to get to the top. It's difficult to stay there. It's all in one's perspective, and Paul Newman has been able to keep his perspective balanced. All of us are richer for it.

Mike Medavoy, Executive
Vice-President
Orion Pictures
Los Angeles, California

Your interview with Paul Newman is fantastic. I'm his number-one fan. Not only is he hilarious, he looks just like my husband.

Mrs. Paul J. Keller
Weirton, West Virginia

Paul Newman has expressed a belief that I have long held: The price of success need not include the loss of privacy. What many people mistakenly regard as their right to know often destroys another's

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with the proper address
have the proper
housewarming.



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right to privacy. Actors do *not* owe the country a baring of their souls. Rather, they owe only the best performances they can deliver. I salute Newman's refusal to permit too much delving into his personal affairs. He and PLAYBOY have proved that that is quite unnecessary in delivering an interview worthy of publication.

Shannon Kelley
Damascus, Maryland

¡OLÉ!

I've got to commend your April pictorial *Ladies of Spain*. I have lived in Europe for more than six years and have long known what bounties the Continent has to offer. You just brought the point closer to home. I was breath-taken by Swiss-born Caroline Webb—with her Jane Seymour looks, she ranks tops on my list of the most beautiful girls I've laid eyes on.

Patrick Frye
Shippensburg, Pennsylvania

Spain is definitely on my travel itinerary now.

Dale Nelson
Decorah, Iowa

The *Ladies of Spain* pictorial in the April PLAYBOY is the most excellent I've seen in your entire *Girls of . . .*, *Women of . . .*, *Ladies of . . .* series. Pompeo Posar, you have truly outdone yourself this time, sir! I have procrastinated terribly in getting my passport renewed; thanks for giving me new incentive.

David A. Allen
Tacoma, Washington

Jolanda Egger, one of your ladies of Spain, is the most beautiful creature the human race has ever produced. More! Soon! Please!

Jaeger Rathmann
Alpine, California

OK! We took care of Jaeger's request faster than he could say Miss June 1983, which is



Jolanda's new title. As for you Caroline Webb fans, here's a parting shot. Oh, what an angled Webb we leave.

KRAM COURSE

In response to Mark Kram's *The Ultimate Athlete* (PLAYBOY, April), I would like to offer some arguments against Kram's apparent opposition to athletes' pressing their physical limits. Is not an athlete's goal to reach ever higher pinnacles of success? Science has allowed us to understand the human body better and may allow us

to realize its full potential. With the new ascendance of biomechanics, biochemistry and energy-amplifying drugs, *why not* employ them to develop athletes' capacities to the fullest?

Dan Jacky
Seattle, Washington

PORN AGAIN

Having known and worked for Al Goldstein for 14 years now as one of the writers for *Screw* magazine, I was surprised to read in *The Harder They Fall* (PLAYBOY, April) how much he has wanted a bigger dick—one just like John Holmes's! And all along, I thought he wanted only a bigger stomach to fit more food into.

Live and learn. . . .

Marcia Blackman
San Rafael, California

As a working member of the adult-entertainment community, I am vigorous in my efforts to dispel the dismal, stereotyped images the general public tends to have of us. Any progress made climbing the ladder to respectability is, of course, abruptly undermined by the sensationalism of such industry scandals as Holmes's alleged involvement in the Laurel Canyon murders (*The Harder They Fall*). It is regrettable that his lifestyle tumbled into the tawdry cliché of sex, drugs and violence, reinforcing the public's perception that such elements are arbitrarily interchangeable, *particularly* for X-rated performers. It should be understood that John represents the exception, not the rule!

What truly distinguishes PLAYBOY's article about Holmes is that it not only represents your usual high standard of journalism but is a candid and objective statement by Al Goldstein, himself no stranger to the stigma of being in the sex biz. As publisher of *Screw*, Al has been the most ardent keeper of the First Amendment flame. I, too, am continually embroiled in one legal issue or another, and if it weren't for the valiant efforts of both PLAYBOY and Goldstein, I would not enjoy the successes I've been able to achieve.

Gloria Leonard, Publisher
High Society
New York, New York

APRIL FUEL

You may call Christina Ferguson Miss April, but I'll call her Miss Charming, Miss Heartthrob, Miss Perfection ad infinitum. The most beautiful girl in the world? I think so.

Richard P. Jones
Middlebury, Vermont

We the brothers of the Chi Phi fraternity at Ohio Wesleyan University cordially invite Christina Ferguson, your April Playmate, to be an honorary little sister of our fraternity. We feel that her character befits

the standards set by our fraternal ideals. Now would you please show us another picture?

The Brothers of Chi Phi
Delaware, Ohio

Our crew is up in arms over what is dangling from Christina Ferguson's teeth in April's Playmate pictorial, *Christina's World*. Phil swears she has a cigar, still in the wrapper, between her pearly whites; Woody, Geoff and Yvonne insist it's a spliff. I say it is a small Jamaican suck-suck, and Rob is still looking at the March issue. Please calm the rough seas and help us solve this mystery.

The Crew of the Topaz
(Jim Sim, Phil Lipton,
Geoff Stevens, John
"Woody" Wood, Rob
Fitzsimons and Yvonne)
Next stop: San Juan

It may look like a joint, but that pseudo spliff is really just a candy cane. But lest any-



one think she's gone one suck over the line, Christina has already cleaned up her act.

CULTURE SHOCK

I was elated to see the lovely and talented Pamela Bellwood gracing the pages of the April PLAYBOY. Richard Fegley's photos prove that her beauty is stunning in any culture. I am left with only two regrets. The first is that I could not join the Masai in their finger painting; the second is that you did not take advantage of Pamela's disrobed state to give us a shot of her truly magnificent *derrière*, which has kept this *Dynasty* viewer spellbound through many enjoyable episodes.

Derek Kelland
Antigonish, Nova Scotia

We traveled extensively in Kenya and in the Mara, inhabited by the Masai, in 1979. Those tribespeople remained much to themselves and kept to their everyday way of life. We respected their customs and

Dust. Mud. Rocks. Snow. The new 1983 Toyota 4x4 SR5 Long Bed Sport Truck can do it all. Taking you and your gear just about anywhere you want to go. With a sharp sense of style. And a fuel efficient sense of thrift.*

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OH WHAT A FEELING!
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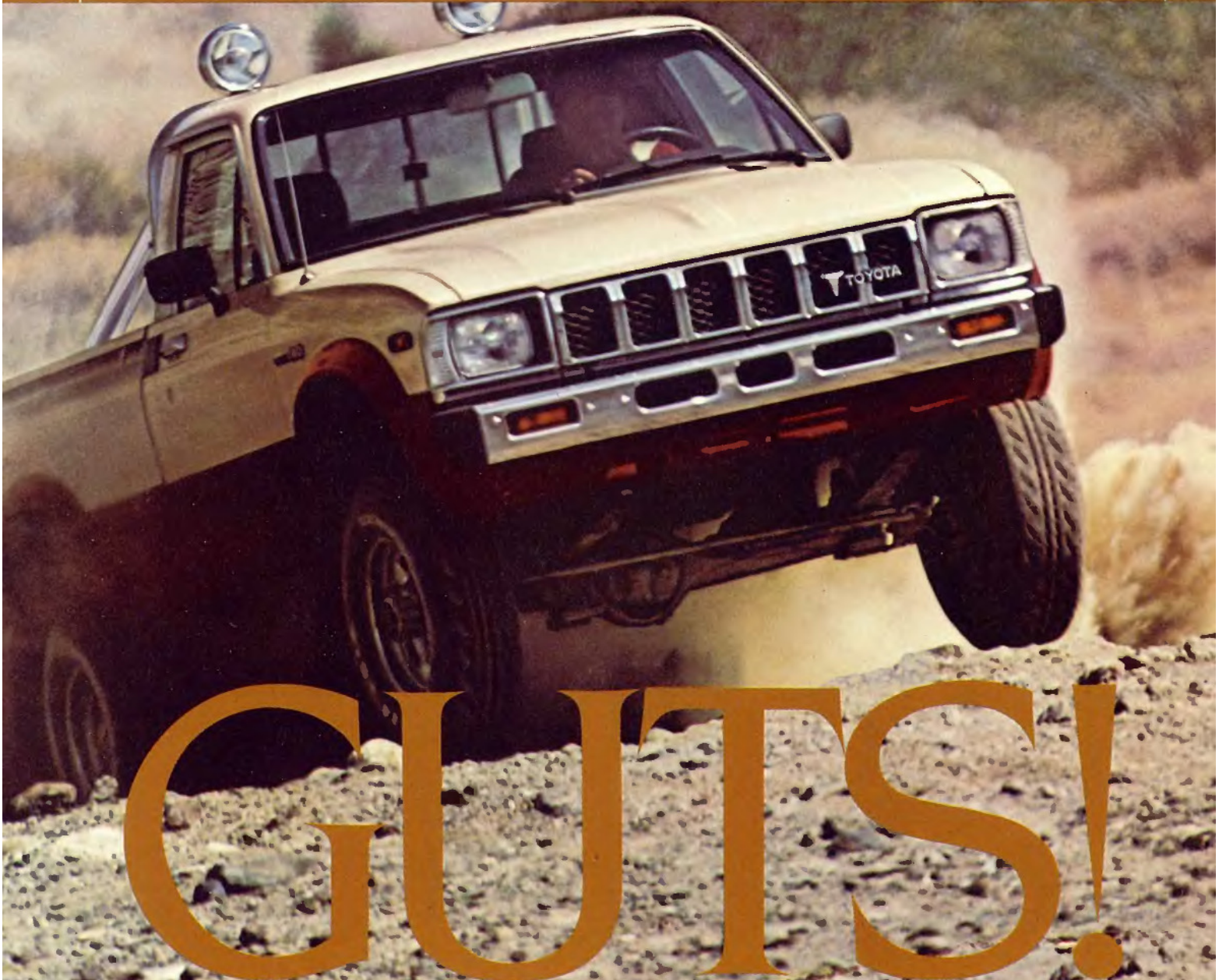
Toyota the world's best selling line of trucks. And one more thing that often goes with guts.

Heart.

*28 Estimated Highway MPG. (2) EPA Estimated MPG. Remember: Compare this estimate to the EPA "Estimated MPG" of other gasoline-powered trucks with manual transmission. You may get different mileage depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the "Highway Estimate."

BUCKLE UP—IT'S A GOOD FEELING!

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GUTS!





Hello?

You snore.

And you steal all the covers. What time did you leave?

Six-thirty. You looked like a toppled Greek statue lying there. Only some tourist had swiped your fig leaf. I was tempted to wake you up.

I miss you already.

You're going to miss something else. Have you looked in the bathroom yet?

Why?

I took your bottle of Paco Rabanne cologne.

What on earth are you going to do with it... give it to a secret lover you've got stashed away in San Francisco?

I'm going to take some and rub it on my body when I go to bed tonight. And then I'm going to remember every little thing about you... and last night.

Do you know what your voice is doing to me?

You aren't the only one with imagination. I've got to go; they're calling my flight. I'll be back Tuesday. Can I bring you anything?

My Paco Rabanne. And a fig leaf.



Paco Rabanne
A cologne for men
What is remembered is up to you


paco rabanne

their territory and took photographs of the men and the women *only* after obtaining permission and paying them some coins or trinkets. How much did PLAYBOY pay those lovely people to paint Pamela Bellwood and fondle her? *Going Native* is exploitation in its purest form! Why can't you leave that kind of story out of your magazine and let geographical magazines show the true beauty of African tribes?

Marty and Bill Sheaff
Oakland, California

I have never written to any magazine for any purpose, yet I feel I must in this case. Your photo coverage of Pamela Bellwood in *Going Native* is the most eye-catching I have ever seen in any magazine. Someone give her a kiss for me.

William M. Hill
Jackson, Michigan

TOMB IT MAY CONCERN

I was in King Tut's neighborhood recently, enjoying the land of the Pharaohs (*not* the singers of *Wooly Bully*), when I happened across a set of hieroglyphs that was apparently the first subscription solicitation to PLAYBOY. I guess when you're the king, you *can* take it with you.

Rose Jennings
Chicago, Illinois

Jennings, a sister staffer here at PLAYBOY, is a person of such magnetism that we have to hide the paper clips whenever she



drops by. It looks as if she has stumbled onto an ancient magazine billboard, with our logo in the middle and an early Vogue ad near the top.

TAXATION WITH RECIPROCATATION

In connection with a tax proposal to the New York State Assembly to put a sales tax on legal, architectural and accounting fees, James Biggane, secretary of the Republican-controlled State Senate Finance Committee, made the following comment: "The only reason the Democrats haven't taxed sex is that they won't put their money where their mouth is."

Lee Gertner
New York, New York

We hear the Republicans haven't taxed the shoes of EPA bureaucrats for the same reason.

WHO'S LEFT?

In a time when it has become fashionable among rock critics to slag The Who,

it's refreshing and heartening to read Vic Garbarini's unjaundiced look at the beginning of the end ("The Who's Last," PLAYBOY, April). As a longtime fan of The Who, I know quite well what their shortcomings are. More important, I remember the triumphs—from *My Generation* to their artistic comeback with *It's Hard*. Instead of whining about the guys' ages, as most critics do, Garbarini has pointed out their talent, which is unimpeachable at any age. God bless The 'Oo.

Thomas Lawton
Boston, Massachusetts

SADDLE SORE

Yee-haw! Was I surprised to find myself described in your March issue (*Sex News*) as a hostess of "lead-ins to adult films on California cable channels"! As a Bedtime Movie Girl on Los Angeles' KTTV, I introduced only G-rated films. And I hardly recognized myself in your photo, since I always wore my cowgirl costume on the show, appearing as the Queen of the Saddle. Why, I'd almost forgotten what I look like without spurs and a whip! Anyway, if y' all will publish this letter, I'll tell you how beef jerky got its name. Otherwise, I'll just have to warm up my brandin' iron; no more happy trails for you!

Kathy Easterling
Los Angeles, California

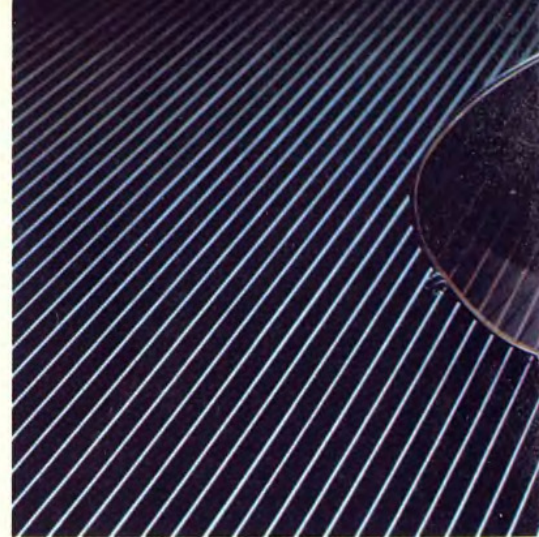
PUSH HIM AGAIN

Having been an avid reader of PLAYBOY for 15 years, I have grown accustomed to a wide selection of columns, articles and information (the pictures are nice, too). But what about thrilling adventure? In 1978, Craig Vetter wrote a series of articles called *Pushed to the Edge*. Each article was more and more interesting as Vetter began to feel the tension, the anxiety and, finally, the exhilaration of each hair-raising experience. I felt as though I were with him in each adventure. I, too, was pushed to the edge—though only to that of my chair—as I went through each adventure with him. Just where in the hell is Vetter now? Is he still sitting on that veranda in Acapulco, sipping margaritas? Or did he find his way back to the shrine to drain the last drops from his discarded tequila bottles? Find that man! Far be it from me to tell you how to run a magazine, but force him, if necessary, to write for you again. Push him to the edge.

Steven E. Knight
Rochester, New York

Vetter replies:

I'm here in Chicago. I came for the winter to escape California's foul weather. I'm working on two stories for PLAYBOY, one of which is designed to push me to my psychological edge. I've temporarily given up the physical stuff, though—my stunt double suffered terrible injuries last year when he was shot from the tail pipe of an old Chrysler.



ESCORT:

By now, just about everyone knows a radar detector needs *lots* of warning distance to be truly effective. And ESCORT® delivers. Over hills, around corners, and from behind. *Car and Driver* magazine, in their 1982 test, went so far as to say: "The ESCORT, a perennial favorite of these black-box comparisons, is still the best radar detector money can buy." But there's more to the story.

The Plot Thickens

About a year ago, *all* radar detectors began picking up a new type of radar signal that was as strong as some police radars. The rest of the radar detector industry dismissed these signals as unmarked patrol cars, radar intrusion alarms, or even overactive imaginations.

But something didn't add up. There were just too many of these new signals. And we had another clue. ESCORT's audio warning distinguishes between the two police radar bands: it "beeps" for X band, and "braps" for K band. These new radar signals simultaneously triggered *both* warnings, and that told us the signals couldn't be police radar. Tracking down a car emitting this signal revealed the actual source—a new type of imported radar detector had the side-effect of *transmitting* radar signals in both police radar bands. Hard to believe, but true.



Our first step was to inform ESCORT owners of the situation. We composed a "Radar Bulletin" explaining the source of this new radar pollution and sent out 200,000 by first class mail. But this was only the beginning.

Mission Impossible?

On the surface, the problem seems unsolvable. The signals transmitted by these "radar polluters" are in the same bands as police radar, so it's impossible to detect one and ignore the other, right?

FOR ESCORT OWNERS ONLY:

As our ad above states, we've made another improvement. The new ST/O/P circuitry is a standard part of every ESCORT starting with serial number 400,000.



The Radar Defense Kit

Radar Warning, No Riddles.

Not necessarily. Let's look at another type of technology to make a point. You can now buy an inexpensive device that will turn on the lights in your living room whenever you clap your hands. Or shout. Or drop a book. Or make *any* loud sound. At the other extreme, there are computerized devices available that don't merely sense sound, but can actually recognize sound patterns unique to specific spoken words. Some can even tell your voice from any other.

Why not apply this principle to radar detection? Instead of merely acknowledging the presence of *any* radar signal, a detector could look for a pattern in the signal and distinguish between "radar polluters" and actual police radar. And now ESCORT does just that.

Nothing But The Truth

The result of months of extensive engineering, ESCORT's new ST/O/P™ circuitry reduces alarms from "radar polluters" by over 95%. ST/O/P (Statistical Operations Processor) consists of a CMOS digital processor with built-in memory. When ESCORT receives an X or K band radar signal, ST/O/P recognizes patterns in the signal's amplitude/frequency/time characteristics, and uses these patterns to determine the signal's identity. All in 1/64 of a second.



If the signal is from a "polluting detector," ESCORT keeps quiet while maintaining its lookout for police radar. If the signal is police radar, ESCORT immediately alerts you. And unlike other detectors that keep you guessing, ESCORT's amber warning lamp, signal strength meter, and geiger-counter-like pulsing sounds ("beeps" or "braps") tell you *everything* you need to know. ESCORT has a lot to say, and we include a 33 1/3 RPM Radar Disc to make getting acquainted easier than ever. Play it on your stereo turntable and take a "test drive" with ESCORT as soon as you open the box.

Fully Equipped

ST/O/P digital circuitry is just the latest example of the continuous development of the ESCORT. We won't compromise on performance or features. Here's proof: Performance: • Double conversion Superheterodyne receiver circuitry with varactor-tuned Gunn oscillator • Patented digital signal processor (now with ST/O/P) • 1/64 second response time covers all police radar • City/Highway switch optimizes X band sensitivity • Sturdy construction of aluminum and polycarbonate Alert System: • Different tones for X and K band radar • Audio pulse rate accurately relates radar intensity • Illuminated signal strength meter • LEO power-on indicator • Alert lamp automatically dimmed at night Convenience: • Inconspicuous size (1.5H x 5.25W x 5.0) • Visor clip *and* hook and loop mounting supplied • Power cord plugs into cigar lighter and has quick-disconnect from ESCORT • Protective carrying case.



Take a stereo "test drive."

Critics' Corner

Car and Driver: "...All things considered, the ESCORT is the best piece of electronic protection on the market."
BMWCCA Roundel: "...The ESCORT is a highly sophisticated and sensitive detector that has been steadily improved over the years without changing those features that made it a success in the first place... In terms of what all it does, nothing else comes close."

Playboy: "...ESCORT radar detectors... (are) generally acknowledged to be the finest, most sensitive, most uncompromising effort at high technology in the field."

Autoweek: "...the consistent quality is remarkable."

Made In Cincinnati

If you want the best, there's no reason to look anywhere else. ESCORT is designed and manufactured under one roof, and sold to you factory direct.

Knowledgeable support and professional service are only a phone call or parcel delivery away. And you can try ESCORT at *no risk*. Open the box, play the Radar Disc, and install your ESCORT. Take 30 days to test it. If you're not absolutely satisfied, we'll refund your purchase *and* pay for the postage costs to return it. You can't lose. We also back ESCORT with a full one year limited warranty on both parts and labor. ESCORT will change radar for you forever. So order today.

Do It Today

Ordering an ESCORT is simple, by mail or by phone.

By Phone: Call us toll free. A member of our sales staff will be glad to answer any questions and take your order. (Please have your Visa or MasterCard at hand when you call).

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IN OHIO CALL 800-582-2696

By Mail: We'll need to know your name and street address, daytime phone number, and how many ESCORTs you want. Please enclose a check, money order, or the card number and expiration date from your Visa or MasterCard.



ESCORT (Includes Everything) . . . \$245.00
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Speedy Delivery

If you order with a bank check, money order, credit card, or wire transfer, your order is processed for shipment immediately. Personal or company checks require an additional 18 days.

ESCORT
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 707
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45242

Is ST/O/P adaptable to your present ESCORT? Well, yes and no. At S.N. 200,000, there was an internal redesign of ESCORT incorporating custom integrated circuitry, a precision quartz timebase, and a new integrated microwave mixer/antenna/Gunn oscillator. The new ST/O/P technology builds on this by signifi-

cantly expanding the digital logic and adding memory. As a result, older units (serial numbers less than 200,000) cannot be modified to incorporate ST/O/P technology.

For those of you with ESCORTs from S.N. 200,000 to 399,999 we are presently developing procedures and

facilities to make adding the ST/O/P circuitry to your unit possible. The cost will be \$75, and details and special shipping instructions will be in our advertisement in the August '83 issue of this magazine. Sorry, but we won't be able to convert your unit until that announcement.

Marlboro Lights



The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigarette.

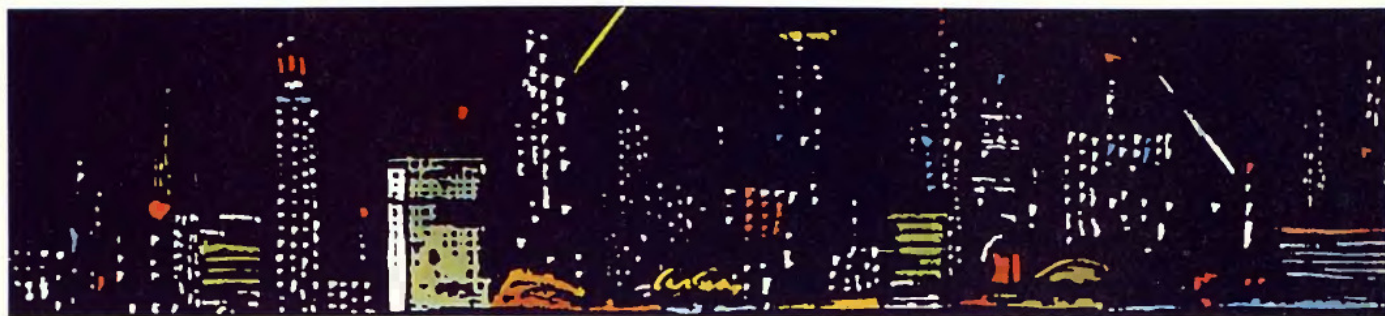


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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

100's: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Kings: 11 mg "tar,"
0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec'81

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



FASTER THAN A SPEEDING POULET

As Air Force jets fly faster and practice at lower altitudes, cockpit windshields are more likely to be struck and shattered by birds. Engineers at an Air Force development facility in Tullahoma, Tennessee, are faced with creating not only new designs to close that window of vulnerability but also a way to test them.

Their solution: the Chicken Gun. This long-barreled weapon fires chicken carcasses into windshields at speeds in excess of 700 mph.

If our Air Force has this capability, the Soviets' must also. We think both sides should vow never to use this fowl weapon against civilian populations and should agree to share all leftovers.

There's a West Coast lawn-care service called the Marquis de Sod that advertises, "We'll whip your lawn into shape."

Attention, sword swallows. The following appeared in the classified ads of *The Tampa Tribune-Times*: "Attractive salesperson who is able to contact stores and people for stocking and sales of a new solution for use as a gargle and deep-throat treatment."

GAG ME WITH A CHOPSTICK

These days, folks in mainland China are dying to pick up as many American slang phrases as possible. As a result, one of the most popular books in China is a 180,000-item volume titled *Handbook of Current Americanisms*. With more than 55,000 copies in print, the book promises to become the leading reference source for Chinese who want to learn the *real* meanings behind American words.

Among the more interesting definitions: *Drooling* means "very eager." To *let it all hang out* is "to show real feelings." A *head* is a "drug user," while *turning someone on* is "to cause someone to feel excited or

stimulated." *Keep on trucking* is an encouragement to "persevere in life," and *verbal diarrhea* is "a mythical disease that causes one to talk too much."

The book even lists popular American vulgarisms and curses. Readers are instructed that, should they find it necessary to use U.S. swear words, they can regain their social composure in a group by smiling and adding, "Excuse my French."

TV Guide chose to describe the profile subject of a news program this way: "A male underwear model, who was selected after a lengthy search."

THE FLIM-PHLEGM MAN

Yuri Mironenko is a Soviet research scientist. He's also a pretty funny guy. Here's his cure for the common cold, as published

in the *Lenin Banner*: Take a tampon, soak it in a silver solution and shove it up your nose. Next, hook the soggy tampon to Mironenko's custom-made low-current conductor, which hangs fashionably around your neck. Still with us? According to our comrade scientist, the currents activate the silver ions, which rush through your skin, "oppressing the activity of the viruses." For maximum oppression—this from a Russian, remember—you need to recharge the conductor, well, periodically. So Mironenko invented a pocket-size recharger that runs on flashlight batteries.

FUNNY VALENTINE

The valentine read, "Roses are red, violets are blue. Thought I'd let you know, I'm missing you. Missing you on Valentine's day. I love you honey and love me." It was placed in Tennessee's *Grundy County Herald* and was directed at 20-year-old Roger Phipps. But U.P.I. reported that when his mother read the valentine, she beat up the newspaper's manager to find out who had placed it; and when she discovered that it was a 28-year-old divorcee, Gail Bray, Mrs. Phipps pounced on Bray and pounded her head against the pavement. It seems Bray and young Phipps had been dating secretly for five years. As she got out of the hospital, a week after Mrs. Phipps had left her in a parking lot with a concussion and internal injuries, Bray mused, "I reckon she thought I wasn't good enough for her son."

MODEL T AND A

Sometimes, a formal affair is called for. That was probably what was on one young man's mind when he stole a female mannequin in hotpants from the Timely Formal Wear shop in El Paso, Texas. Police later saw him locked in a passionate embrace with his plaster-of-Paris paramour in the back seat of his car as it was



parked in the town's lovers' lane. When they discovered the pair entwined and prone, they thought it was a gag and left. Later, when the officers heard of the robbery at Timely Formal Wear, they couldn't remember what the man looked like, because they were "laughing too hard," but they described the mannequin as "very good-looking."

From our brownout file: The probable cause of a power outage that put wide areas of Nevada and eastern California in the dark for almost two hours was bird droppings on an insulator.

BROOKLYN ROULETTE

Former criminal-court judge Louis R. Rosenthal of Brooklyn recently admitted that he liked to let the gamble fit the crime. In order to speed settlement of charges against the three-card-monte dealers who run games on Brooklyn sidewalks, he would offer defendants a chance to plead guilty and pay a fine or plead innocent and take their chances on their own game.

Rosenthal would set out three slips of paper, face down. Each had a different finding: 30 days in jail, a \$500 fine, charge dismissed.

"I'm going to mix up these papers, and he's going to pick one," he would inform the defendant's attorney. "They would always plead guilty—they were afraid of the 30 days." Rosenthal claimed that the state saved at least \$250 each time a trial wasn't prolonged.

He revealed his high-stakes brand of jurisprudence while testifying at the misconduct hearing of fellow judge Alan I. Friess—who was accused of deciding the length of a jail sentence by flipping a coin.

Without any editorializing on our part, we present our headline-of-the-month award to *The Sun* of Baltimore: "THE BEAVER WORSHIPERS AWAIT THE SECOND COMING."

An 83-year-old heart patient who was thought to have died woke up panic-stricken in a Bonn, West Germany, morgue. He spent five hours screaming in the locked room until someone let him out.

GETTING IN THE HABIT

Jack Fertig is a San Francisco gay man and belongs to the gay men's group the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, whose membership rituals include walking around town dressed in nun's clothing. Recently, Fertig, a.k.a. Sister Boom Boom, decided to run for election to the city and county board of supervisors. That's when he began to get a little flak. "There are people who get upset, but that's par for the course," said Sister Boom Boom, who garnered 23,000 votes and placed ninth out of 24 candidates trying for five board seats. "I ran as Nun of the Above," he proclaimed.

CHECKING IN



One of the best things about last year's "Night Shift" was the film debut of comic **Michael Keaton**. A native of Pittsburgh, where he was raised a Catholic, the youngest of seven children, Keaton dropped out of Kent State and headed for Los Angeles eight years ago. Sleeping in his car, he quickly worked his way onto the stage of *The Comedy Store* and eventually wound up on the ill-fated *Mary Tyler Moore* variety show: "I learned a lot working with Mary. Everybody knows she's tall and pretty, with great legs; but beyond that, she's incredibly funny."

These days, Keaton has traded in his car life for a movie deal in which he writes and stars in his own films, regular shots on "Late Night with David Letterman" and a new wife, actress *Caroline Keaton*, 36, who, Keaton claims, totally understood when her new husband interrupted their wedding vows to do a five-minute stand-up routine. His new movie, "Mr. Mom," will be released this summer. *Nancy Collins* talked with Keaton in Los Angeles.

PLAYBOY: What's the best thing you can tell us about Pittsburgh?

KEATON: Pittsburgh probably has more cars in rivers than any other city in the entire world.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe the Catholic schools you attended?

KEATON: Unusual. Remember when girls were told never to wear patent-leather shoes, because boys could see the reflection of their underwear in them? Well, in my school, the girls couldn't wear patent-leather underwear for fear that boys would look up their skirts and see their shoes.

PLAYBOY: When you started dating, did Catholic guilt cause you any problems?

KEATON: Not after I came up with credit confession. See, about the time I started going to drive-ins with girls, I quickly realized I had to do something in case I got lucky. So I'd go to confession and confess that I'd scored, figuring that if I had, I would already have confessed it, and if I hadn't, then I'd just get a credit. I have so much credit, I may never have to go to confession again.

PLAYBOY: Surely you can answer the question that keeps America awake at night: How hip is David Letterman, anyway?

KEATON: That's a good question, and I don't know. In some ways, he's not hip at all. In fact, I don't think of him as hip or not hip; he's kind of nothing, which I like. He does what he does and doesn't have any pretensions about being the hippest guy out there.

Now, as far as somebody who can get information into his head, assimilate it and

then verbalize it in an interesting and funny way, I don't know anybody faster than Letterman.

PLAYBOY: What do you do for exercise?

KEATON: Basketball and bondage.

PLAYBOY: When you were single, what was your *modus operandi* for coming on to women?

KEATON: Disarmament by honesty.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

KEATON: "Hello. Those are two of the biggest breasts I have ever seen in my entire life."

PLAYBOY: What attracts you to a woman?

KEATON: Funny will get me just about every time. And then, mysterious. After that, I get real, real pedestrian, right down to your straight old physically good, sexy, nice-lips stuff. My life will not be complete until I find a slightly overweight Italian girl with blue-black hair and a black slip strap dropping off her shoulder who, with tears in her eyes, spits on me and walks away. Just gotta have that before I die.

PLAYBOY: What is your favorite stimulus?

KEATON: Any kind of body lotion and anklets. Cheap anklets.

PLAYBOY: Any pet peeves?

KEATON: People in elevators all have this common goal and yet they act as if they're there by themselves. Sometimes, I'll get into an elevator, and after the first guy gets off, I'll wait a couple of floors and then turn to everybody else and say, "I don't know about you, but I miss him."

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about turning 30 last year?

KEATON: I went kicking, biting, fighting

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A SHORT HISTORY OF THE PRO GOLFERS' STRIKE

For the dozens of fans traumatized by the pro golfers' strike, we present this encapsulated history of the tragedy up to presstime. Perhaps by looking back, we can understand the turmoil of the present.

December first—Professional golfers decide they should no longer be penalized for the inherently boring nature of their game. They insist on being paid salaries comparable to those of professional athletes involved in interesting sports. Players' spokesman Lance Farnum states their position: "The average golf pro makes far less than an average football player, so why can't we strike? When even Arnold Palmer is forced to spend his waning years in Latrobe, Pennsylvania, can any of us expect to retire with dignity?"

December 15—Wesley "Admirable" Crighton, revered director of the Paisley Open, threatens, "This strike will end professional golfing, as I want it! When the open started, golfers were paid under the table—which was where the best table scraps could be found. Today, pro golfers earn more than many of my distant cousins. If I don't give to relatives, why should I give to total strangers?" Tournament directors everywhere rally round him.

January 30—The strike begins in Earnest, home of the Cognac Open. No pros attend. The networks try to ignore that. They do the obligatory photo essays proclaiming the beauty of the open's home, St. Bucks Resort and Tax Shelter. Ken Venturi gives wonderful golf tips, detailing the most effective ways to hustle relatives and explaining why a retired golf pro should never have to tip a caddy. Every so often, a camera pans the sky and canned applause is heard. The players are horrified to discover that the ratings are the same as for last year's tournament.

February 17—Convinced it has the pros by their fluorescent ProStaffs, management (as it now calls itself) states the nonnegotiable demands: (1) All union leaders will be exiled to a miniature-golf course in Boise, Idaho; (2) endorsements from equipment, clothing and American Express cards will revert to the directors' Swiss bank account; and (3) all pros must apologize on their knees during a Bob Hope special. The players narrowly vote down this offer.

March 31—Following a steady drop

in ratings, the networks decide to modify the rules to attract general sports fans. On this day, CBS broadcasts the first Full-Contact Golf Open. The rules are identical to those of golf as we know it, except that the player is encouraged to physically prevent his opponent from making a good shot. Tackling, punching and shouting obscenities are favored methods. The assaulted player may respond by smashing his club on the attacker's body, but each blow costs a stroke. The best players are retired hockey stars, as they have no teeth or noses to protect. The sport is an immediate spectator success.

April 26—Spalson, prominent manufacturer of golf equipment, creates a club especially for contact; a weighted wood, it is dubbed the Skullcrusher. Pros call for an immediate boycott of all Spalson products.

May 12—Several of the more successful golf pros decide to return to tournament play without the union's approval. Not wishing to be known as strikebreakers in case the union gets a good settlement, the golfers decide to play in disguise. That, of course, results in the now-notorious Masquerade Open. More than 30 golfers waltz onto the links dressed as clowns, cowboy bandits, extraterrestrials and Mr. Potato Head. At the last minute, ABC decides to cancel the telecast. "Curling, the spectacle of Scotsmen sweeping the ice before a hurled boulder, is as silly as we get," a network official announces.

The costumes prove bulky, causing the quality of play to be on a par with the appearance of the athletes. The winner, dressed as Queen Victoria, shoots a 138 for the only round anyone bothers to play. There have been no more attempts to schedule a match.

Presstime—Now that most of the contact golfers have been hospitalized, once again there is pressure for a settlement. Talking with the principals is a discouraging experience nonetheless. One participant summed it up succinctly, vowing, "It's no longer the principle of the thing; it's the money!"

Meanwhile, the rest of society is coping quite nicely. —DAN SHOCKET

and screaming into 30. I didn't want any part of it. I thought about taking all my money, investing it in airplane tickets and traveling backward to New York, then London, then Australia, just to see if it was possible to put off 30 for a few more days.

PLAYBOY: Why was it so upsetting? What did 30 signify to you?

KEATON: Goodbye to stupid faces; hello to actually understanding insurance claims.

PLAYBOY: Sounds as if you might have had a great childhood.

KEATON: I did. I was the youngest of seven kids, so I always had a built-in audience. In our house, you were either getting smacked or getting hugged, but at least you were getting something.

PLAYBOY: When did you feel the onslaught of maturity?

KEATON: You go along, and then, one day, you just feel different. Your dad says, "You OK, son?" because you have that look on your face and your legs are probably crossed. You go down to your local playground and it just looks different than it did an hour before. My advice to kids who think they may recognize maturity is "Run your little ass off. Don't let 'em get you."

PLAYBOY: Why?

KEATON: Because kids have it made. You don't see a whole lot of concerned looks on the average four-year-old. You don't see kids heading for the Maalox bottle, and you never hear a kid say, "Tommy, about this playground thing; let me get back to you on that, huh?"

PLAYBOY: Describe your first showbiz job.

KEATON: It was in a little coffee shop. I figured the only way I could get onstage was to be a folk singer. I can't sing, but they gave me a try. Here's what my routine was like: I'd let them introduce me, then I'd wait a few minutes and finally run up onstage as if I were late. I'd throw off my jacket, sit down and open my guitar case. The case was empty—as if I'd forgotten my guitar—and so I'd pretend to panic. Finally, I'd play the guitar case. Later, I added material.

PLAYBOY: What's been the most difficult thing about living in California?

KEATON: I just never got my beach stuff down. In Pittsburgh, the closest thing we get to marine life is a Chevy at the bottom of the Allegheny with a guy named Vince floating around the top.

PLAYBOY: Who is the essential Michael Keaton?

KEATON: I think I got a glimpse of him last summer, when I was in Montana. See, I really love Montana, the mountains, Big Sky—all of that. Anyway, there I am in Montana, in the middle of the mountains, walking along this beautiful little river. It's sunny, there are pine trees, I'm fishing and I'm happy. Suddenly, standing there fishing, I realize that for an hour straight, I have been singing all the choruses and the bridges to *Cool Jerk*—the national anthem of the back streets of Philadelphia. Who I am, I guess, is somewhere between those two extremes.

By TONY SCHWARTZ

THREE YEARS AGO, Al Schneider, a thoughtful fellow who serves as ABC's censor, gave a speech in which he called on his cable brethren to clean up their act. Cable, he said, was practicing a "nonpolicy of anything goes." The networks, by contrast, continued to "operate under the public-interest obligation, with self-imposed standards for programing." It was time, he said, for cable to "accept the responsibilities imposed by a mass medium."

What Schneider meant was something quite simple: If ABC, CBS and NBC resisted the powerful commercial urge to permit nudity, allow four-letter words and graphically depict violence, oughtn't cable services to do the same?

Tough talk and rather righteous, too. But times change. I rang up Schneider recently to see how he viewed the scene now. What I discovered is that he's singing a slightly different tune.

Not that he has ceased worrying about cable's leg up. What's changed is his perspective. Schneider suspects it may be time for the networks to start showing a little more leg of their own. "What point is there in exercising a degree of restraint," he asks, "if, in fact, people don't care?"

"If HBO shows an R-rated movie at eight P.M.," says Schneider, "and it attracts an audience away from our milder situation comedies, don't we have to meet that competition head on?" To which he has his own surprising answer: "With the proper advisories, I could imagine our running R-rated movies at eight P.M."

My concern is not the networks' bottom lines (they do fine without me), but I do find myself agreeing with Schneider for another reason. The subjective censorship that the networks now practice distorts and oversimplifies. In the dumbest and most unabashedly exploitative shows—*Three's Company*, *The Love Boat*, *Too Close for Comfort*—the restrictions cause producers to resort to cheap *double-entendres* and coy teasing that make all sex seem smarmy and perverse.

Even without censorship, it's tricky to reflect the complexity and texture of real life in a half-hour sitcom or a one-hour drama that is continually fractured by commercials. Why hamper the effort by imposing limitations on language that is used in American homes every day, requiring that any controversial statement be offset by its opposite and pretending that sex is something that takes place only between married people, fully dressed, in the darkened confines of a bedroom?

Frequently, such sanitizing weakens the credibility or the dramatic intensity of a show. Last year, ABC ran *Pray TV*, a movie about television ministers who use their forum for political ends. But the effort made by network censors to avoid offend-



A new approach to sex on the tube: selective permissiveness?

ing any group—all in the name of balance—robbed a potentially powerful movie of its heart. And a recent NBC-TV movie called *Cocaine: One Man's Seduction*, about a man and his cocaine habit, recalled nothing so much as *Reefer Madness*. Like *Reefer Madness*, the NBC film went to such lengths to portray drugs as an ultimate evil—star Dennis Weaver's life turned upside down and inside out barely moments after his first toot—that it defied credulity from the start.

Depiction of violence, of course, has never been subjected by the networks to such stringent standards. There's plenty of it, even on Saturday-morning children's shows. As one former network censor puts it bluntly, "No one cares about violence except some pointy-headed intellectuals. Sex is the problem, because that's what more people raise a fuss about."

Indeed, the most popular argument for holding the networks to primmer standards is that their programs are delivered via public airwaves into virtually every home, whether you like it or not. Pay cable, on the other hand, is voluntary; viewers who don't want HBO or Showtime simply needn't subscribe.

Unfortunately, the distinction makes no sense. All shows come over the same screen and all viewing is voluntary. Nobody is being forced to watch anything.

Perhaps the self-censorship function served a purpose when the three networks were the only viewing choices most people had. But now, as viewing options multiply, the burden of setting standards should fall instead to individual viewers—and, in

families with young children, to their parents. If network programs are offensive to you, spin the dial until something acceptable appears. If nothing measures up, turn off the tube. If your kid turns it back on, lock the television (or the kid) in the closet. Standards would still be applied subjectively—but they'd be *your* standards.

All very easy for me to say—and for Al Schneider to consider. Not so easy for the networks to do.

However eager the networks may be to meet the cable challenge, there are still some very vocal folks who aren't about to sit still if network programing heats up. No matter that among those potential protesters are a goodly number who are already watching R-rated movies on pay cable, or X-rated films on video cassettes, in the privacy of their homes.

There is a way, however, for the networks to ease more subtly and slowly away from their arbitrary standard setting. And this approach may also encourage better programing. The trick is for network censors systematically to give more license to those shows that make a more ambitious effort to capture real life.

What I'm suggesting may sound impossibly subjective. In fact, it's already happening on a small scale—mostly at NBC, the network that has by far the most intelligent shows on prime time. Consider, for example, *Hill Street Blues*, the best and the most believable show on NBC. Perhaps you've noticed that when it comes to language, to sexual explicitness and even to the depiction of violence, *Hill Street Blues* is more daring than most shows. Even before two of the show's leading characters—Frank Furillo and Joyce Davenport—were married this spring, they were frequently shown frolicking together in a hotel-room bubble bath. In one episode, a 16-year-old girl virtually offered to go down on one of the officers.

"We allow them to do things that we wouldn't on other shows," admits Ralph Daniels, who is NBC's chief censor. "We'll say no to the same sort of requests from other producers, because what they're suggesting seems stuck in gratuitously, for impact or shock value. On *Hill Street*, they don't do violence for violence's sake. And when they have sleaze in there, it isn't to be exploitative; it's because something *is*, in fact, sleazy. Ultimately, it comes down to the fact that they're good storytellers. What they do is realistic."

Not as realistic as it should be, though. "We're probably less hamstrung than any show," admits Steven Bochco, executive producer of *Hill Street Blues*. "But we still have somebody else setting standards for us. I mean, isn't it a little crazy to have a cop show in which a cop can't even say 'goddamn' or 'son of a bitch'?" For now, "dog breath" will still have to do.



AFTER THE WALL: More than a decade after his reincarnation as Ziggy Stardust, David Bowie is still regarded as the personification of rock decadence—and so it was something of a shock to find him in the corner booth of a Manhattan diner the other day, drinking milk. “I’m an extremist,” he admitted brightly. “But I’ve learned to curb that. You know, there’s a very old cliché—‘If I’d known I would live this long, I’d have taken better care of myself.’ But you just don’t. When you are young and enthusiastic and you’ve got a message, you just don’t think about tomorrow. And then, when tomorrow actually arrives, you try to pick up all the pieces again.”

At 36, Bowie does seem a bit less frantic. Divorced from Angie, living quietly in the Swiss Alps with his 11-year-old son between jobs, on call around the world as a multimedia entertainer, he looks the picture of the purposeful if somewhat *outré* adult. The years have wiped away the androgyny that was the hallmark of his youth; for the first time, he seems at ease with himself as a man (if not as a vampire; see *Movies*, page 32).

The pieces he’s had to pick up were the shards of a life he fled seven years ago. In 1976, Bowie had all the accouterments of superstardom—million-selling records, sellout tours, even a starring role in a Nic Roeg movie—but the Hollywood lifestyle didn’t agree with him: too many stimulants, too many sycophants, too much ego. It finally ended when his longtime personal assistant, Coco Schwab, stood him in front of a mirror in his Bel Air mansion and told him to shape up. “I’m quite sure I would have died if I’d stayed in L.A.,” he said. “I really should have seen it coming. I just got egotistical enough to think it wouldn’t happen to me.”

For healing purposes, Bowie chose Berlin, a city with few of the temptations of Southern California. His only companion there was Iggy Pop, who’d been trying to kick junk when Bowie befriended him in Los Angeles. They rented nearby apartments in the Turkish quarter—Bowie’s was above an auto-parts store—and learned how to do such things as get up in the morning and go to bed at night.

Berlin may seem a suspect haven for someone who once described Hitler as “one of the first rock stars,” but Bowie insists he had other reasons for going. “For me, Berlin has always been the real cultural center of Europe,” he said. “Because of German expressionism and the Bauhaus and constructivism, it’s always been totally magnetic. It’s not a comfortable existence—there’s the constant burden of the wall; and after a few months, you really feel it coming in. I mean, as a writer, the wall could be an endless source of dismay to me. Every block that I had was its fault.”

But it wasn’t, of course—it was the one thing that kept me working.”

During his three years in Berlin, Bowie shed his earlier superstar persona in favor of a new one: avant-garde musician. He collaborated with Brian Eno on three experimental albums that, while not major sellers, nonetheless anticipated the android sound that would be fashionable by the end of the decade. Then he returned to New York to star in the Broadway production of *The Elephant Man* and to cut another record, *Scary Monsters*—a bleak opus that seemed to condemn everything he had summoned forth in Berlin. All of that makes his new album, *Let’s Dance* (EMI America), something of a surprise: no synthesizers; no nihilism; just a brassy, rhythmic sound that’s warm, human, sometimes even uplifting.

“That was a very depressing album, *Scary Monsters*,” he explained, “and I had to think seriously, Is that really what I want to say now? Isn’t there something positive to say?”

“It’s so easy to slip into a nihilistic statement—that’s the terrifying thing. It’s more of a challenge to find an up—Christ, it was for me! I’m not kidding you. But I guess I’ve reached the age now when living, for me, has really changed its character. I mean, it’s become something else—it’s for me, for my son; it’s for life and tomorrow and . . .”

“Somethin’ else?” barked the waitress, a heavy-set woman with a cast-iron face.

“Just a glass of milk, please,” said Bowie, smiling gently. —FRANK ROSE

REVIEWS

On *The Key* (A&M), Joan Armatrading has once again given us an entire album of interesting lyrics, good melodies and brimming energy. Her voice is as muscular and as masterful as usual, but there are catchy, nearly grating close harmonies this time around that make us see Joan a new

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HOT

1. Shakin' Stevens / Give Me Your Heart Tonight
2. Bow Wow Wow / When the Going Gets Tough, the Tough Get Going
3. Ravi Shankar & Ali Akbar Khan / Raga Mishra Piloo
4. Nick Lowe / The Abominable Showman
5. David Gisman / Dawg Jazz / Grass



NOT

1. Baby Doll / Girls Can't Help It
2. Love in the Afternoon (vocals by various stars of *General Hospital*, Ryan's Hope and *All My Children*, among others)
3. Willie Nelson / Tougher than Leather
4. Sergio Mendes
5. Krokus / Headhunter

way—as a black, female, West Indian Tom Petty. The nearly singsongy choruses of *The Dealer*, for example, immediately evoke Petty's *Kings Road*. Whether or not you buy the Petty comparison, we bet you'll find this to be the best work of a woman who never makes bad records.

Art Fein, the manager of the Blasters, is a fixture around Los Angeles rock venues, particularly Club Lingerie, a spot where West Coast rock-a-billies and New Wavers cross-pollinate with great fervor. Now, much to his credit, Fein has compiled a welcome-to-my-world anthology of cat music called *Art Fein Presents L.A. Rockabilly* (Rockin' Rhino), starring such local staples as the Red Devils, The Rockin' Shadows and The Rockin' Rebels and such national luminaries as Dave Alvin of the Blasters and Billy Zoom of X. This is a thoroughly rock-a-billy effort and is characterized by the same monomaniacal *Gestalt* that distinguishes the old Sun performers from some of the modern would-be hillbilly cats. Nice going, Art.

We've strongly supported Marianne Faithfull's comeback, and her newest album, *A Child's Adventure* (Island), gives us no cause to stop. The production is slick and the rawness in her voice is gone, but the passion and the energy are intact. Faithfull co-wrote six of the eight cuts. Her talent grows.

Julio Iglesias is already famous all over the world—except here in America. His latest album, *Julio* (Columbia), ought to take care of that problem. Iglesias sings smoothly and stylishly in the grand old pop vein. His native tongue is Spanish, but he also gets his music across in Portuguese, Italian, French, German and English. We highly recommend him in any language.

If you're interested in synth rock and have speculated about what it would sound like if it had guts, you ought to pick up *Pleasure Victim* (Geffen), by Berlin. Lead singer Terri Nunn takes her little roughneck—cum—Stevie Nicks voice to newer waves, the result of which is a smart sound suggesting smooth metal objects colliding in a thin atmosphere, as they did in the movie *Outland*. Enrolled in the same tech school is Blancmange's *Happy Families* (Island), a funkified notion of what digital technology can accomplish. There are nearly as many engineers as musicians listed in the credits, so we figure that those calculator whizzes must like to dance. And Neil Arthur's voice gets under your skin the way Talking Head David Byrne's does. Our word processor adjudged it definitely user compatible.

You may recall from a few years ago a dance-music revival called *ska*. The hot bands were The Selecter, Madness, The Specials and The English Beat, all of whom you might have heard on the

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excellent sampler album *Dance Craze*. Now several years have passed and the true survivor, in both financial and musical terms, seems to be The English Beat, an eight-man, mixed-race ensemble originally known as The Beat. The group has had two tasty albums on Sire but has now changed labels; for dancing in the streets this summer, you can get *Special Beat Service* (I.R.S.), the Beat's best yet. The breezes of the Caribbean waft abundantly through this music; it is rich in horns and vocals, and its rhythms are more reminiscent of calypso than of the relentless reggae groove. Do yourself a favor. Buy this one right after you pick up your dancing shoes.

This is a pop quiz. Here are a few lines from a new rock song. Just tell us whose it is: "I like takin' Tuinal. / It keeps me edgy and mean. / I am a teenaged schizoid. / I am a teenaged dope fiend." That's right. The Ramones are back doing what they do best—writing and singing about the teenage testosterone wars. Of course, nobody does it better. Since the new album, *Subterranean Jungle* (Sire), was recorded, Marky Ramone has left the group, so this may be the last historic recording of the original pimple-punk band intact. The music is great; but remember, play it loud. It was invented for evictions.

Fans of traditional folk music will want to add Anne and Jan Hills-Burda's *The Panic Is On* (\$8.50, from Hogeeye Music, 1920 Central Street, Evanston, Illinois 60201) to their collections. Anne's voice—a kind of cross between Sylvia Tyson's and Bonnie Koloc's—snakes its way around these ten songs in a way that is reverential and still sincere and fresh. In the background is a solid collection of guitars, banjos, a mandolin, a dobro and a string bass that know when to exercise restraint. This record never overstates its case—which is also a beautiful thing.

Yuri Egorov Plays Chopin (Angel), the second recording by this 28-year-old pianist, proves that he is one of Russia's greatest recent concessions to the West. His early reviews hailed his style as "poetical"—by which was meant, probably, that he's a technician whose gifts are most engaged by the heart. Chopin is aptly served; the playing is full of brooding (*Fantasia in F Minor*) and troubled sleep (*Three Nocturnes*). After this performance, he may be one of the few Russians actually welcome in Poland.

There are many good reasons to listen to *Haydn: Cello Concertos in C & D* (Angel), with Lynn Harrell on cello and Neville Marriner conducting the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. First is the program. The concerto in C was written early—about 1762—and rediscovered in 1961. The one in D, a cornerstone of Haydn's concerto style, was written 20 years later. The selection lets you eavesdrop on an important

FAST TRACKS



POPPA'S GOT A BRAND-NEW BAG DEPARTMENT: Now we've heard almost everything. The Godfather of soul, James Brown, has just released a single and an album on a country-oriented label, Churchill, based in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Churchill is part of a company that manages such country stars as The Oak Ridge Boys and records the likes of Roy Clark and Jimmy Dean. Brown read about it in the *Delta Air Lines* magazine, and then a chance meeting with the president of Churchill led to the signing. Y' all git down, now, ya hear!

REELING AND ROCKING: Elton John has signed to co-star with Liza Minnelli in a Blake Edwards comedy—no singing, just acting. . . . Laurie Anderson is expanding her composition *Big Science* and will perform the new version in the movie *The Keep*. . . . Dionne Warwick is singing the theme song for *Jigsaw Man*. . . . Irene Cara has recorded *Flashdance, What a Feeling*, from the new movie *Flashdance*. . . . The Thompson Twins filmed their recent American tour as part documentary, part fantasy. . . . The success of *Time Rider: The Adventures of Lyle Swann* has made Michael Nesmith a sought-after film producer. He is considering future offers and is currently producing a film called *Repo Man*, about a guy who repossesses cars.

NEWSBREAKS: Five hours of previously unseen Beatles film has been found by a TV company in England and will be screened there this fall. Eventually, we'll get lucky enough to see it. The black-and-white footage includes Ringo's first night at The Cavern, where fans chanted for his predecessor, drummer Pete Best. . . . Who would have thought that Debbie Harry would show up on Broadway—wrestling? . . . Look for a new *Stray Cats* album any minute, with Dave Edmunds producing. . . . Randy Newman has finished his first musical, and Lorne Michaels may produce it either on Broadway or as a traveling show. It's a parody of Goethe's *Faust*. "My hero," says Newman, "is a kid named Faust who goes to Notre Dame. He's a really trashy kid. . . . my Faust wants to cook up the sort of deals where the Devil will show him Raquel Welch naked." . . . We hear that Kenny Rogers' movie *Six Pack* will be a TV series next fall, without Kenny. . . . *Men at Work*

will play the Us Festival this summer. . . . Jennifer Holliday, former Dream-girl and Grammy winner, is working on an album produced by Maurice White of Earth, Wind & Fire. . . . Steve Porcaro of Toto will coproduce the new Jacksons album with Michael. . . . There will be a video game based on the Paul McCartney film *Give My Regards to Broad Street*. . . . A group called International Concert Enterprises is planning a series of summer and fall concerts across the country, beginning with Colorado Jam I on July fourth in Denver. The group hopes to bring 18 to 20 national acts together on one stage for one ticket price. Look for it also in Michigan, Texas and Florida. . . . Warner Records is currently trying to get a picture of Devo Sand, a new oil reservoir in Texas owned by a fan of the band. Devo approved the use of the name, and if the Texas Railroad Commission approves the idea, the band will be immortalized with its own oil field. . . . Any day now, you'll be able to purchase Doc Severinsen's Lip Fix in the drugstore. It will help heal dry, cracked lips. It will *not* teach you how to play trumpet.

RANDOM RUMORS: We could lie, but what would be the point? This is our favorite section each month; in it, we bring you the current state of the odd. Have you heard of Girard? He plays regularly in the Big Apple with a band called Frankie Lyman's Nephew and the Drugged Adult. Frankie Lyman really was his uncle. He's working on a record that will include such gems as *I'd Rather See a Murder than a Suicide* and *Black Girls Can't Swim*. We're told he's a combination of the Village People and Laurie Anderson. Remember: We just keep you posted! —BARBARA NELLIS

composer's thinking over time. Second, Harrell handles the material with strong and knowledgeable hands. His performance is so commanding that the concerto is a smart conversation between him and the orchestra, not a lot of musical textures thrown around a room. Third, Marriner and the Academy again pump out performances of immense musicianship and thoughtfulness. And then there is Haydn himself, sounding, in both his early and his middle years, confident, orderly, a logical step on the way to Mozart. It's an excellent recording job, to boot. You can't lose on this one.

The harp as solo instrument owes much of its repertoire to turn-of-the-century works of French impressionist composers. In *Nancy Allen: Ravel & Debussy* (Angel), a virtuoso performer—backed by the Tokyo String Quartet and the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra—goes beyond the standards (Ravel's *Introduction and Allegro*; Debussy's *Dances Sacrée et Profane*) with some transcriptions of her own, notably of Debussy's *Suite Bergamasque*. Allen makes *Clair de Lune*, the durable chestnut from that work, sound as though Debussy had intended it for harp rather than for piano. Digital recording brings out Allen's style (cool) and technique (splendid). Play this music for the lady in your life who likes real Chablis, the stuff from France.

Revelation (JAM), by Phil Upchurch, is a departure for the gutsy guitarist, who usually has more of a barroom sound than this one of *salon* ambience. Even the get-up-and-boogie standard *You Can't Sit Down* makes you think the reason behind the timeless title is that your pants would wrinkle. But Upchurch is an imaginative enough player to replace his hot licks with something appealing with feeling.

SHORT CUTS

The Uncle Floyd Show Album (Mercury): On various cable stations and among the upper double digits on your U.H.F. dial, Uncle Floyd's TV show rages in zany misanthropy. The disc is its equal, with absolutely no socially redeeming value. That's why it's so much fun.

Doug and The Slugs / Music for the Hard of Thinking (RCA): Just sample the lyrics—"Get a case of beer and 27 friends and sing, 'No, no, no' till you're so drunk that everyone thinks they're singing in tune."

Pete Townshend / Scoop (ATCO): Pete cleans out his file with an interesting mix of detritus. Sounds unfinished, but it's a must for Who maniacs.

Gene Watson and The Farewell Party Band / Sometimes I Get Lucky (MCA): Watson has permed his hair and wears bell-bottom jeans; but fortunately, there's nothing he can do to his straight-country-Texas vocals. Let's hope he never discovers multi-tracking.



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By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

IN THE RAREFIED ART of horror films, elegance is not enough. *The Hunger* (MGM/UA) is directed by Tony Scott (whose brother Ridley directed *Alien*), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie and Susan Sarandon to add their Beautiful People auras to an updated vampire yarn. That's about all it amounts to, alas, after a fast, fashionable start set to punk music, with everything smashingly photographed by Stephen Goldblatt. Sarandon also stirs initial interest as an earnest, sexy scientist whose newest book, *Sleep and Longevity*, naturally attracts the exquisitely undead couple played by Bowie and Deneuve. Bowie, only a couple of centuries old, has begun to age alarmingly fast. But I won't bore you with details. The hunger of the title is actually bloodthirst, handled pretty much as usual. A lesbian fling between Sarandon and Deneuve—the vampire queen's ruse for getting her teeth into an artery—is arguably the most provocative aspect of the movie but seems awfully cautious and tentative after a slew of rumors as to how red-hot it was going to be. Otherwise, Scott overplays his effects. In the contemporary New York seen here, even the halls and the inner offices of a modern research clinic look as befogged and as eerie as those cobblestoned byways where one usually finds Dracula or Jack the Ripper. *The Hunger*, though cinematically dressed to kill, is finally too foolish to be fearsome. ♫

Philippe Noiret and Michel Serrault (the unforgettable drag queen of *La Cage aux Folles*) brilliantly underplay their roles as a contentious French odd couple in *Heads or Tails* (Castle Hill). Both are middle-aged widowers—Noiret, a police inspector facing early retirement because he has a bad heart; Serrault, a suspect whose shrewish wife either fell or was pushed out of a window to her death. While the two men thrust and parry on the subject of Serrault's guilt or innocence, they develop a sneaking fondness for each other, becoming friends almost in spite of themselves. Made by a generally unsung but fine French director, Robert Enrico (who won a 1963 Oscar for his masterful short film *An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge*), *Heads or Tails* is low-key, effortless and beguiling—as thoroughly French as a V.S.O.P. cognac. ♫½

Chances are slim that Italian director Franco Zeffirelli's opulent *La Traviata* (Universal Classics) will do for grand opera what his film version of *Romeo and Juliet* did for Shakespeare. Still, the Verdi classic—based on the Alexandre Dumas novel that was transformed more than half a century ago into Garbo's *Camille*—is elegantly produced, musically impeccable



Deneuve's bloodthirsty, sexy *Hunger* for Bowie lasts a long time.

Deneuve, Bowie as horny vampires; a grand *La Traviata*; Bergman back to form.



Stratas, Domingo do Verdi justice.



Jan Malmso, Ewa Froling in top Bergman.

and acted throughout with such fiery passion that you can begin to forget the absence of Garbo. Which constitutes a lofty compliment to soprano Teresa Stratas,

whose voice matches her vibrant performance as the doomed, romantic Violetta. The great Placido Domingo also sings brilliantly and acts reasonably well as her lover Alfredo. Written, directed and designed by Zeffirelli, this *Traviata* seduces the eye with scenery while filling the ear with Verdi. Quite a treat. Unless, of course, you are tone-deaf or allergic to tearjerkers, no matter how touched with class. ♫

Naysayers who assume that any Ingmar Bergman work will be dark-gray and depressing should find welcome relief in the Swedish master's marvelous *Fanny & Alexander* (Embassy). Richly textured, all but bursting at the seams with life, warmth, humor and sex appeal, this saga of a provincial theatrical family begins on Christmas Eve 1907. Cinematographer Sven Nykvist, a modern master in his own right, evokes the period with a flow of strikingly beautiful images—many of them seemingly filtered through the sensibility of the two youngsters (Permilla Allwin and Bertil Guve) who sparkle in the title roles.

What happens is everything—and nothing. Just when it seems that the first scene, a leisurely holiday at the Ekdahl family mansion, drags a bit, small eruptions of human frailty start to pierce the party mood. At one moment, the matriarchal lady of the manor (brilliantly played by Gunn Wallgren) unaccountably bursts into tears. Later, she and Isak (Erland Josephson), an old family friend, laughingly reminisce about the time her late, beloved husband caught them in bed together. One of Mrs. Ekdahl's sons cruelly goads his German wife, finding her wet lips distasteful. "Oh, life!" he sighs. "How is it that one becomes second-rate?" Before too long, we are hooked on these intimate chronicles and on the dozen or so characters working out their interwoven destinies.

The middle of the film has a Hansel and Gretel fairy-tale quality, when Emilie (Ewa Froling), the beautiful young mother of Fanny and Alexander, is widowed and



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impulsively marries a cold, lecherous clergyman. Her second husband keeps his wife and stepchildren in virtual captivity until Grandma's great friend Isak engineers their escape. From a score of memorable scenes, though, my favorites concern the wayward third son of Mrs. Ekdahl, Gustav Adolf (Jarl Kulle), who frets when his worldly mother and his plump, indulgent wife mock him for pestering—and ultimately impregnating—one of the comeliest family maids. By custom, Bergman favors his female characters over their boorish or boyish mates, and these wise womenfolk clearly waive moral questions as long as good manners are maintained.

Bergman has described *Fanny & Alexander* as "the sum total of my life as a film maker" and is said to have insisted that it will be his last film. Let's hope he has a change of heart. A blockbuster hit with both critics and public in Sweden, *Fanny & Alexander* shows him mellowed in maturity with a film that is typically complex yet warm-blooded, affirmative and magical. By any measure, the most ebullient movie ever made by Bergman, whose sprawling swan song—wonder of wonders—turns out to have the flavor of a hummable take-home tune. **★★★★**

France's exquisite Isabelle Adjani shows an unexpected flair for romantic comedy in *Next Year if All Goes Well* (New World), a bit of fluff about a young couple who differ on every conceivable subject, from getting married and having a baby to fooling around. Thierry Lhermitte plays the live-in lover who can't seem to synchronize his needs with hers. But *Next Year's* drollest scene is one with Isabelle on an experimental fling at infidelity with an office Lothario, unsuccessfully trying to feign sexiness while laughing herself sick over his built-in bedside bar, lighting effects and other trappings of a silken seducer's lair. Usually cast in heavyweight dramas, Adjani has the quick wit and insouciance of a born comedienne; her performance alone makes a rather conventional modern love story seem unhackneyed and exuberant. **★★**

Actor-director Dennis Hopper's *Easy Rider* caused a minirevolution in the movie business back in 1969. Hungry for a hit ever since, Hopper comes back snarling and sabotaging the status quo with his flashy, angry *Out of the Blue* (Discovery). It's a nasty little family drama, so steeped in punk sensibility that distributors shied away from it after a controversial 1980 premiere at the Cannes Film Festival. Now you can see for yourself what caused all the excitement. "Subvert normality" are the key words cherished by a teenaged misfit known as CeBe, played by gnomish Linda Manz, that perennial waif whose vocal cords sound sandpapered. CeBe listens to C.B. radio, shuns school and spouts such punk jargon as "Disco sucks" and "Kill all



Hopper, Manz, Farrell in *Out of the Blue*.

At long last, Hopper; legendary lust for Depardieu; John Sayles blows one.



Depardieu, as Guerre, woos Nathalie Baye.



Baby's Spano, Arquette.

hippies." Simultaneously vulnerable and unbearable, Manz is excellent as the anti-social offspring of a junkie mother (Sharon Farrell) and a jailbird father (Hopper), who may well represent the *Easy Rider* generation gone completely off the rails. Farrell is dynamite as the classic slattern

in a stunted blue-collar American town where women seal their fate with one of two choices: "wild and sexy dancin' men and your providers." Hopper plays her dancin' Don, who has done time in prison for carelessly crashing his truck into a packed school bus. He returns home to find himself idolized by his teeny-bopper daughter, who smokes pot, blackens her hair with shoe polish and has half forgotten Daddy's incestuous fondling of yesteryear. When she remembers, *Out of the Blue* zooms to an explosive finale, effectively echoed on the sound track in Neil Young's theme song: "You can't ever come back / When you're out of the blue and into the black." The message is pure punk nihilism, jiving about the killer instinct in a rebel child, and sure to make some moviegoers mad as hell. Like him or not, Hopper shows solar flares of fast-burning talent in everything he does. I suspect he goes too far for comfort, but he definitely has high impact. **★★½**

Winner of three Césars (in France, they're as good as Oscars), for best original screenplay, best original music and best set decoration, *The Return of Martin Guerre* (European International) is a richly atmospheric, amoral tale about a great impostor. France's burly superstar Gerard Depardieu plays the soldier of fortune who takes over the house, lands and loving wife (Nathalie Baye) of Martin Guerre, insisting he has come back from the wars a changed man. Whoever he is, Guerre's wife appears to prefer him to the dour, cold husband she remembers from the bad old days. This lusty 16th Century legend, based on a historical incident, resolves its identity crisis in a courtroom drama with considerable holding power. Despite nice work by director Daniel Vigne in weaving a period tapestry in homespun, most of *Martin Guerre's* magnetism can be traced to Depardieu. He's an acquired taste, but he's also an actor who practically never makes a false move—a kind of roughhewn, Gallic Spencer Tracy. **★★**

With a slew of screenplays, plus a couple of minor critical successes (*Return of the Secaucus Seven* and *Lianna*), to his credit, writer-director John Sayles is what the movie industry calls hot. Sorry to say, his *Baby, It's You* (Paramount) is *not* so hot. Once again exploring mispent youth in New Jersey circa 1966, Sayles has two expert young actors (Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano) in a teen romance that struck me as one long yawn interrupted by flashes of misused talent. She's a drama major and a big deal in Trenton who discovers that she's a small fish in a large pond when she enters Sarah Lawrence College. He's a born loser, known as The Sheik, with a dead bee in his bonnet about becoming the next Frank Sinatra—though he ends up lip-syncing Sinatra hits in a Miami gin mill. How the two nerds love each other, lose each other and are finally

reunited at a school dance never seems to matter much, despite all the timely tunes on the sound track. ♣

Seems we have a bumper crop of fresh, independently made minor movies coming along. Well, better minor and fresh than major and deadly dull. *The Personals* (New World), by writer-director Peter Markle, has more promise than substance, but it's an appealing, rueful little romance about a Minneapolis magazine editor (played with winning diffidence by Bill Schoppert) who is newly divorced, despondent and lets a chum persuade him to advertise in a personals column: SINGLE MALE SEEKS SINGLE FEMALE . . . FOR POSSIBLE RELATIONSHIP. What he seeks is not quite what he gets from his likeliest respondent (Karen Landry). *The Personals* plays up love on wheels—a lot of roller skating, plus a lot of local color around Minneapolis, all so fetchingly photographed that Markle almost manages the stunt of squeezing a full-length feature from material just sufficient to flesh out an amiable half-hour short. ♣

At least two dozen genuine Gypsies portray themselves in *Angelo, My Love* (Cinecom International), written and directed by actor Robert Duvall, whose modest debut on the other side of the camera has the true-to-life texture of a documentary. Actually, it is a fond, utterly indulgent ode to freedom—or the illusion of freedom—in the interwoven lives of some Gypsy clans in and around New York. A pint-sized rascal named Angelo Evans, in the title role, easily qualifies as the most unnerving child star since TV gave us Gary Coleman. Angelo is a mite with the mind of a Mafia Godfather, precociously working for his master's thesis in a world of cheats, pickpockets and congenital con artists. Duvall takes a generally uncritical view of his subjects, as if he were a repressed anthropologist with a secret itch to go native. Let's give him points for *Angelo*, adding a footnote to remind him that Duvall the actor has found far better ways to express the Gypsy in his soul. ♣

Talk about ye olde English ribaldry: *The Draughtsman's Contract* (UA Classics) has scarcely started when a finely costumed 17th Century lady remarks, "I used to pee like a horse. . . I still do." The rest of this curious period comedy, by writer-director Peter Greenaway, is bursting with evidence of Greenaway's origins in the avant-garde. Starring Janet Suzman as a lusty gentlewoman who contracts an artist (Anthony Higgins) to do 12 drawings of her country estate, the movie is a stylish and bawdy murder mystery about sex, manners and truth, spoken in the stilted language of the time. It looks elegant but may prove baffling to audiences unfamiliar with the wicked side of English letters—from the naughty Victorians, via Restoration comedy, all the way back to Chaucer. ♣

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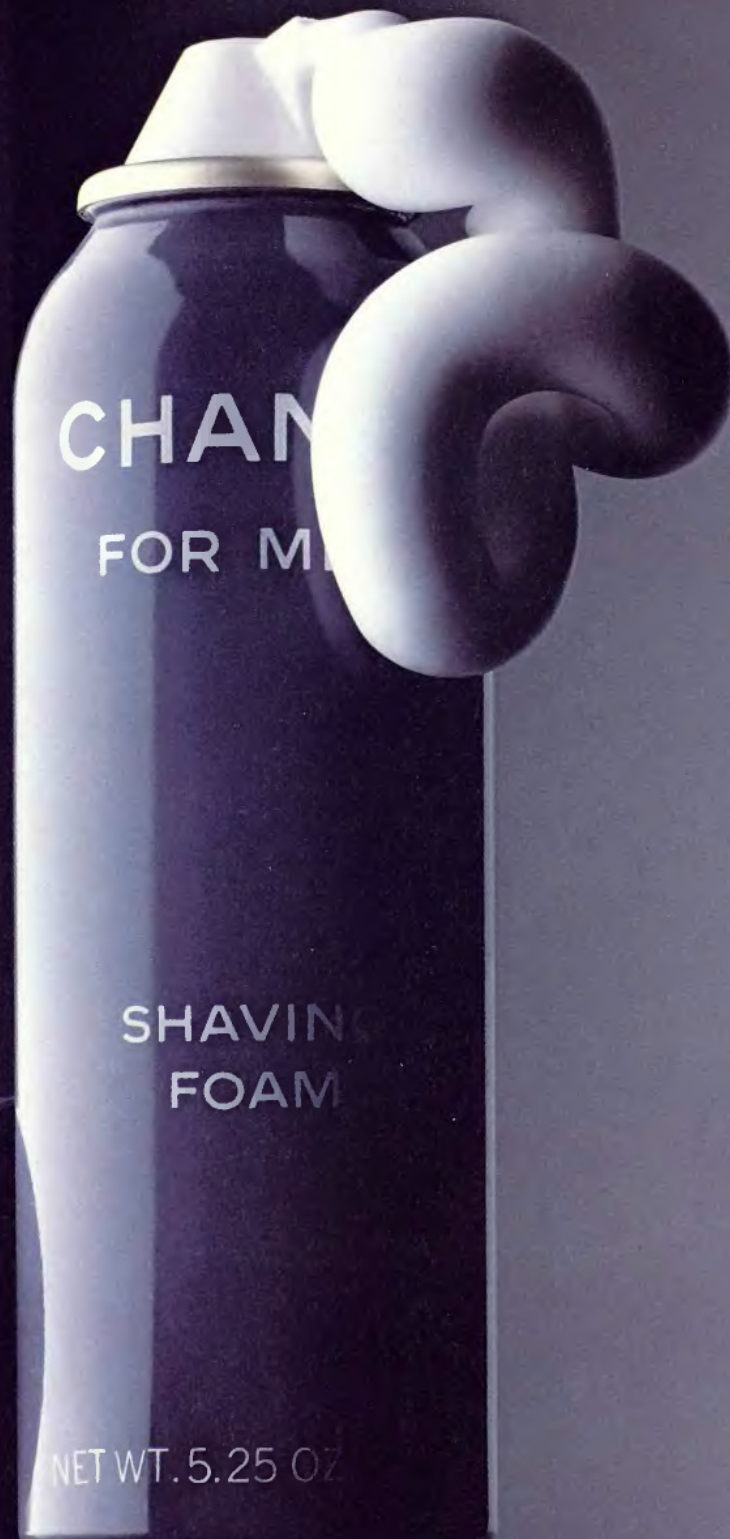
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MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Angelo, My Love** (Reviewed this month) To Gypsies with love—Bob Duvall. **YY**
- Baby, It's You** (Reviewed this month) It's Sayles in a slump. **Y**
- The Black Stallion Returns** More horsing around. **YY**
- Blue Thunder** Sky-high excitement with Scheider in a chopper. **YYY**
- The Draughtsman's Contract** (Reviewed this month) Olde English vice. **YY**
- Exposed** A spotty melodrama affording splendid views of Nastassia Kinski, co-starred with Rudolf Nureyev. **YY½**
- Fanny & Alexander** (Reviewed this month) Best Ingmar Bergman. **YYYY**
- The Flight of the Eagle** Arctic adventure with Max von Sydow. **YYY**
- Gandhi** The mahatma lives again in a grand big-screen bio by Richard Attenborough. **YYYY**
- Heads or Tails** (Reviewed this month) A fine French odd couple. **YY½**
- Heatwave** Housing scandals down under—and Judy Davis makes 'em sizzle. **YY½**
- High Road to China** A bid for big-screen stardom by TV's Tom Selleck. **YY½**
- The Hunger** (Reviewed this month) Fancy taste but short on terror. **YY**
- Local Hero** Droll doings in Scotland, with Burt Lancaster and Peter Riegert. **YYY**
- Lone Wolf McQuade** Chuck Norris as a Texas Ranger vis-à-vis Barbara Carrera. **YY**
- Man, Woman and Child** Danner and Sheen sparkle in sleek soap opera. **YY½**
- Monty Python's The Meaning of Life** It's gross, often excruciatingly funny. **YY½**
- Next Year if All Goes Well** (Reviewed this month) All swell with Adjani. **YY**
- Out of the Blue** (Reviewed this month) High, wide and pure punk. **YY½**
- The Outsiders** And again, Coppola comes a cropper. **Y**
- The Personals** (Reviewed this month) An amiable Minneapolis love-in. **YY**
- The Return of Martin Guerre** (Reviewed this month) France's Depardieu in vintage tale of a great impostor. **YY**
- Say Amen, Somebody** Gospel truth by superb soul singers. **YYYY½**
- Tender Mercies** Robert Duvall as a country singer starting over. **YYY**
- Tough Enough** Dennis Quaid singin' and sluggin' as a hayseed Rocky with a song in his heart. **YY**
- La Traviata** (Reviewed this month) It's *Camille* set to music by Verdi. **YYY**
- Twice upon a Time** Adult cartoon feature—more decadent than Disney but not so daring as Bakshi. **YY**

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

VIDEO

what's new on tape and disc
by bruce williamson

THOSE HOME-VID BUFFS who own laser discs know what's meant by interactive TV, which puts the viewer in control. Such technology opens up new horizons of programming, best seen so far in the VIDMAX *MysteryDisc: Murder, Anyone?* Remember the old board game Clue? Similar but trickier and far more fun, the well-produced, slickly acted *MysteryDisc* sets up the murder of a nasty millionaire amid a gallery of prime suspects. Viewers, singly or in teams, are challenged to guess who done it, how and why—by electronically pursuing different paths of inquiry. It's soon to have a sequel, *Many Roads to Murder*.

How-to programing, of course, can tap the versatility of laser discs. *How to Watch Pro Football* (OPA), with two top coaches on separate sound tracks, lets you follow offense or defense and test your own skill at analyzing plays. OPA's undulant *Belly Dancing, You Can Do It* also has a dual track—so you can follow the same hips swiveling to native drums or to disco.

No matter what anyone tells or sells you, most of the bona fide original material on cassettes is how-to stuff. Exercise

Solve a murder,
wiggle your buns
or wallow in nostalgia.

tapes, still the hot sellers, offer such curios as *Eroticise* (Vestron), wherein busty Kitten Natividad and company finally take everything off and flaunt it. Foolish fluff, funny for about five topless minutes. Other available how-to titles range from cooking courses to Louis Bellson's *Drum Course for Beginners* (Video Classroom) to *Massage for Couples* (Video Classroom)—only the title's a turn-on—to three volumes of *Sex Pleasuring, an Enrichment Series* (New Age Video), all crudely filmed, unequivocally hard-core, with earnest real-life couples trying out Masters and Johnson techniques. I got a bigger kick out of *Roulette* (Market Vision). *Really* learned things I didn't know about gambling.

Since old and new movies swell the market, in any case, Warner Home Video has an appealing gimmick in its *A Night at the Movies* series. For each of the ten years covered so far, Warner packages nostalgia—the new 1957 *Night*, for example, offers a *Looney Tune* short, newsreel highlights, then Marilyn Monroe and Laurence Olivier in *The Prince and the Showgirl*. This series makes home-video flicks as much fun as going out used to be. Remember?



Michael Parfit's *The Boys Behind the Bombs* (Little, Brown) is a fine piece of investigative work with a misleading title. The book should be called *The Boys Behind the MX Missile*, because that's what it's about. Those boys include such people as Seymour Zeiberg, William Perry, John Toomay, Albert Latter, William Crabtree. Proving once again that fictional techniques work just fine in journalistic endeavors, Parfit lets the boys grow on you the way they did on him. That's interesting, of course, because you get to know some human beings. But what's frightening is to read how the MX itself evolved—by default, by hook and by crook, by bureaucratic manipulation and Pentagon perverseness. (Example: Want to know why they chose the name MX? Because it was safe, it was good ad copy, it was vague. "The conclusion we eventually came to was it wouldn't mean anything and it could mean anything," Parfit quotes a former Pentagon official.) Parfit brings to his work a reporter's attention to detail, of course, and a rigorous emotional honesty, a way of pulling you into his consciousness. You share with him the distinct impression that boys will always be boys and that there has yet to be a toy they won't sooner or later want to play with.

Midnight Water (Dutton) is a fine first novel. Its author, Geoffrey Norman, is a former colleague of ours and we're happy to say he went out and made good. The plot centers on a group of very sophisticated drug pirates off Florida's Gulf Coast; but on a deeper level, it's the story of a guy named Carpenter who is having marriage and career problems and tries to go home again. We recommend that you make the trip with him.

The next time you're ready to nuke Moscow before Moscow nukes you, read *The Threat: Inside the Soviet Military Machine* (Random House), by Andrew Cockburn. Analyzing the entire Russian order of battle, state of readiness, status in technology, Cockburn concludes that the Soviets lag behind us in almost every important category of warfare but that the vision of Russian hordes' taking over the world "can be accounted for by a deliberate and continuous inflation of the threat by the American military." Will someone in the Pentagon please read this book?

If you haven't read Leon Rooke's novel *Shakespeare's Dog* (Knopf), you probably think the Bard took his inspiration from divine or other mysterious sources. The truth is, more than a few couplets (long since canonized by legions of English majors) were the idle gossip of a feisty, philosophical mutt named Hooker. There's trouble brewing in the Stratford house:



Button, button, who's got the MX button?

This month's goodies include missiles, mutts, sex tips and a first novel.



The bowwow behind the Bard.

William's 21, the father of twins, surrounded by drunks and dawdlers as he writes and dreams of London town. As Hooker remembers it, "A thousand times, he had confessed: 'Hooker, my mate, the play's the thing. . . . One day, I'll introduce you to the Queen's lap dog. Then you can hump away, like me, with a royal passion.'" Rooke tells Hooker's tale in clipped Elizabethan English and comes up with a rare combination—a smart, funny, brave, lusty, beautifully written book.

Dear Mr. Capote (William Abrahams/Holt, Rinehart & Winston), by New York author/book editor Gordon Lish, is a

strange and profoundly disturbing novel about a mass murderer who roams the streets of Manhattan, written in the form of a rambling letter in which the killer offers his inside story to Truman Capote.

Jerome Charyn's *Pinocchio's Nose* (Arbor House) is a strange piece of fictional autobiography. The main character bears Charyn's name and is besieged by his mother, Bathsheba; by her brother Lionel, a racketeer and a slaver; by Lionel's wife, whose promiscuity is not as indiscriminate as it may at first seem; by Mussolini; and by others. These characters are slightly larger than what normal life would call for, because this book is modern picaresque. Charyn keeps his loony tale afloat largely through his immense descriptive gifts. You are reading along, enjoying his brand of surreal improbability, when he drops you in your tracks by describing a cluster of *clochards* ("tramps") in Paris: "They smoked cigarettes with the confidence of bankers. They bundled up their overcoats to keep July away from their necks." The story is too complicated to paraphrase; Charyn takes you on a kind of mental vacation, during which you will happily lose some of your old luggage.

Although its title is slanted toward females, *Sex Tips for Girls* (Simon & Schuster), by Cynthia Heimel, ought to give men a leg up on what's with women nowadays. Heimel's style is amusing, perky and sometimes tongue in cheek. We like her advice because it bears the weight of her convictions. For example, she counsels that you should never under any circumstances sleep with a man on the first date: "This is a hard and fast rule. There are no exceptions. Except if you really want to." Heimel also rails against faking orgasm and subscribes to Woody Allen's belief that sex is dirty "if you do it right." We just want to know, Cynthia: When may we have our first date?

BOOK BAG

Make-Believe: The Story of Nancy and Ronald Reagan (Harper & Row), by Laurence Leamer: Everything you ever wanted to know, told well; but to be perfectly honest, who cares?

Hunter's Orange (Atheneum), by William Dieter: The modern Western buffalo hunt that three hunters and their wives take on a vacation ends in old-fashioned Western justice. Novelist Dieter's characters are strikingly real.

The Craft of Crime (Houghton Mifflin), by John C. Carr: Q.s and A.s with 12 writers of crime fiction, including Ed McBain, Dick Francis, Robert B. Parker and Emma Lathen, produce revelations about the people who write the thrillers. Francis, for instance, has taken as much punishment as any of his heroes.



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★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

IDOL GOSSIP: Jack Nicholson has been signed to play the role of fictional former astronaut Garrett Breedlove in Paramount's film adaptation of *Larry McMurtry's Terms of Endearment*. Nicholson co-stars with **Debra Winger** and **Shirley Maclaine**. . . . **Goldie Hawn** and **Kurt Russell** will top-line Warner Bros.' *Swing Shift*. Set during World War Two, the flick is about the thousands of women who enlisted in the home-front work force to spur wartime weapons production. Hawn plays an aircraft-factory worker; Russell is her co-worker and love interest. **Jonathan (Melvin and Howard) Demme** directs. . . . *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Death* is the title of the next in the ongoing *Raiders of the Lost Ark* series. **George Lucas** will be co-executive producer, **Steven Spielberg** will direct and **Harrison Ford** will return as the death-defying Indiana Jones. **Gloria Katz** and **Willard Huyck** (who penned Lucas' *American Graffiti*) have



Nicholson Hawn

written the screenplay. . . . When producer-director **Hugh (Chariots of Fire) Hudson** began his search for an actor to play the title role in *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes*, he was seeking an actor capable of portraying a wild man who comes to terms with the complexities of Edwardian society and not simply your garden-variety Charles Atlas look-alike. Hudson has chosen 25-year-old **Christopher Lambert**, a relative unknown in America whose credits include several French films. Unlike previous Tarzan epics, *Greystoke* adheres strongly to **Edgar Rice Burroughs'** original story of an aristocratic baby brought up by apes who subsequently takes his place in Edwardian society: As Tarzan himself puts it, "Half of me is the Earl of Greystoke and half of me is wild." . . . **Richard Gere** and **Gregory Hines** will co-star in **Robert Evans'** *The Cotton Club*, set to begin production in July. More on this one in upcoming columns.

NOT-ABOUT-MALE-STRIPPERS DEPARTMENT: Producers of *Heaven* (originally titled *Ladies' Night* and possibly up for yet another title change) are doing their utmost to convince the press that the film is not principally about male strippers. "It's about computers and space," says coproducer **Gene**

Kirkwood. "It's about young people and music, about dancing and about dreaming. It's no more a male-stripper film than *Rocky* was a fight film." All right, already. Simply put, *Heaven* is about a relationship



Warren Atkins

between a small-town schoolteacher (**Lesley Ann Warren**) whose marriage is turning bad and one of her students (**Christopher Atkins**), a lovable rogue who works as a—dare I say it?—male stripper. In any case, there's plenty of talent behind the camera—**John (Rocky) Avildsen** is the director and **Joan (Nashville) Tewkesbury** wrote the script.

BROADWAY FEVER: In a nutshell, here's what to expect in *Staying Alive* (starring **John Travolta**, **Finola Hughes**, **Cynthia Rhodes**, **Donna Pescow** and **Steve Inwood**, directed by **Sly Stallone**), the sequel to *Saturday Night Fever*: Still the maverick, Tony Manero (Travolta) is trying to make it on Broadway, but his innovative dancing techniques aren't going over. On the side, he tends bar and teaches dance classes at Fatima's Danceland, where he gets emotional support from his sometime girlfriend Jackie (Rhodes). Jackie and Tony attend the closing night of a Broadway show, where he is entranced with the lead dancer, Laura (Hughes). He lands in her



Travolta Hughes

bed; she helps him get a dancing part in her next show; Jackie is hurt; Tony and Laura break up; Tony and Jackie try to start up again. Will Tony and Laura get back together? Will Tony get the lead in the show? Will the lead dancer break a leg? Will the Bee Gees make another trillion dollars? We'll have to wait until mid-July.

SMALL FRY, INC.: Twentieth Century-Fox's *Kidco* is based on a true story about a fami-

ly of San Diego youngsters, aged nine through 16, who started and ran their own multifaceted corporation and found themselves grappling with Government tax officials. In real life, as well as in the movie, **KIDCO, Inc.**, is a bona fide firm founded and operated solely by the children of **Richard Cessna**. Twelve-year-old **Dickie** is chief executive officer of the money-making concern, which starts out as an illicit bingo game operated in the basement of his public school. With the help of his three sisters, **June**, **Bette** and **Nene**, the business expands into the largest fertilizer and pest-control service in San Diego County. The kids run the whole show. Trouble starts when Government officials and corrupt businessmen entangle the kids in a web of red tape, but kid power prevails. "We want *Kidco* to be a reaffirmation of the American way of life," says producer **Frank (Monsignor) Yablans**, "with all its great advantages, regardless of race, religion—or age. I'll disclose right now that the good guys—the lovable, resourceful Cessnas—win in the end. It happened that way in real life. The bad guys—pencil-pushing Government bureaucrats—lose. The fun is what happens in between." **Scott (The Toy) Schwartz** plays Dickie, **Cinnamon Idles** is nine-year-old Nene, **Tristine Skyler** is Bette, aged 11, and 16-year-old June is portrayed by **Elizabeth Gorcey**, niece of the late **Leo (Dead End Kids) Gorcey**.

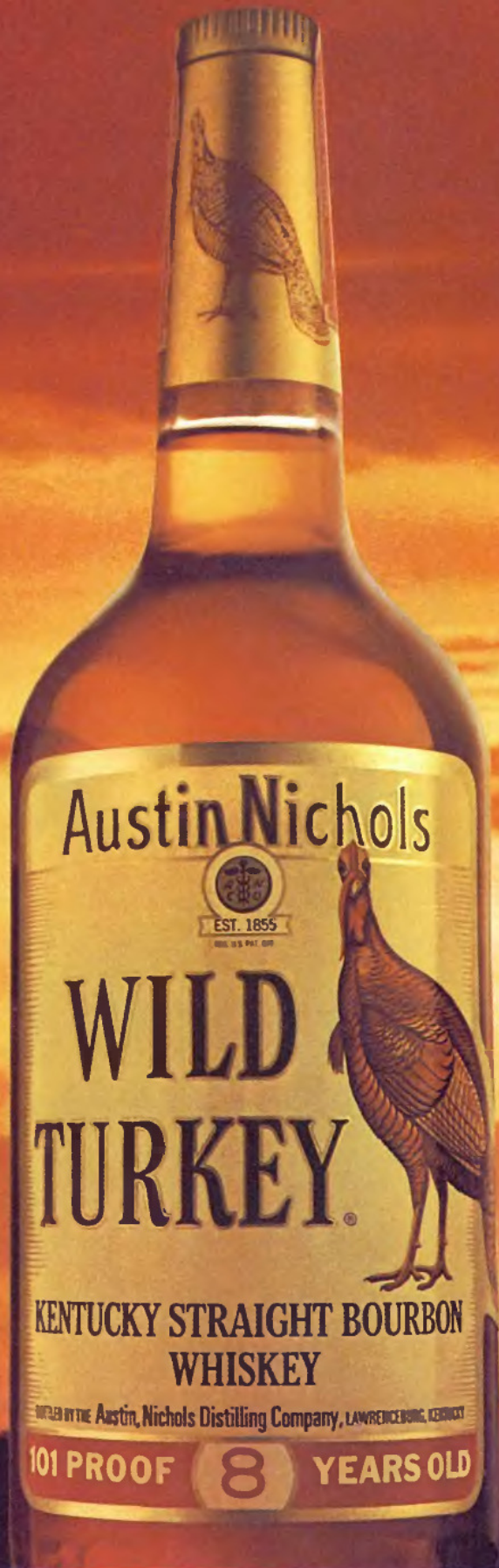
DYNAMIC DUO: **Richard Gere** and **Michael Caine** co-star in Paramount's film adapta-



Caine Gere

tion of **Graham Greene's** best seller *The Honorary Consul*, directed by British director **John (The Long Good Friday) Mackenzie**. Gere plays Dr. Eduardo Plarr, a half-English, half-Paraguayan M.D. practicing in a small town in Argentina, constantly in search of his father, who was arrested and imprisoned years before for alleged subversive activities. Caine is the titular honorary consul, **Charlie Fortnum**, attached to the British embassy. Mexican actress **Elpidia Carrillo** is Clara, the girl with whom both Plarr and Fortnum fall in love. We'll forgo giving the plot away on this one—you can always read the book.





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WILD GIFTS FOR DAD

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By ASA BABER

"FOR MEN WHO GO ONE STEP BEYOND," the headline read. It caught my eye. One step beyond what? It was an article by Diane White in *The Boston Globe*. She was having fun and being serious at the same time. She was handing out awards. That's OK; it's the season for awards.

"The first annual Tootsie awards," White wrote, "are awarded to certain men in the public eye who deserve to be called Honorary Women." That stopped me. "An Honorary Woman isn't someone who goes so far as actually becoming a woman," she stated. I understand why. In these days of sex-change operations and transsexual publicity and transvestite fiction, such clarification is necessary. "The Tootsie is given to a man who, in his efforts to understand and sympathize with women, goes one step beyond."

Beyond what? White never really said, but it was clear from her words that she meant beyond their maleness, beyond their own sex. For example, Tootsies were given to Alan Alda ("the quintessential Honorary Woman, a feminist icon") as well as to Phil Donahue ("an all-time Tootsie"). I have no real problem with those two awards. Both men are clearly honorable and true, and while they may seem to bend over backward from time to time to be feminists, they are two bright stars over our landscape. As far as I know, neither one of those gentlemen has deserted the male sex. That is not the case for some of the other Tootsie-award winners. Three of them in particular caught my eye. They just may be examples we men should *not* follow. White wrote them up in glowing terms. Tootsies went to:

- Dustin Hoffman, "who, after passing as a woman in the film that gave our awards their name, can't stop talking about how much he would like to be a woman. 'I feel cheated never being able to know what it's like to get pregnant, carry a child or breast feed,' he told one interviewer. Hoffman also said the fact that he wasn't terribly cute in drag made him realize how rotten men can be. 'It hit me when I realized I wouldn't take myself out or go to bed with me,' he said."

- Robin Williams, "who starred in *The World According to Garp*. . . Williams analyzed *Garp* thus: 'The film is full of people wanting to be mothers.' Then he announced that he would like to be a mother, too. (Is this contagious or something?)"

- John Irving, "who has managed, somehow, to become a hero of the feminist movement. . . How is this possible? It takes some fast footwork, a lot of nerve and the knowledge that the majority of his readers are women. An engaging writing style helps. A pretty face doesn't hurt."



HOW TO WIN A TOOTSIE

"We do not know how to define the virtues of being male, but virtues there are."

I don't know about you, but I think we'd better take a deep breath and slow down, we males. We'd better ask ourselves just how far we're willing to go to gain feminine approval. I submit that men who decry their own sex and who grieve that they are not members of the other sex (yes, Virginia, there are only *two* sexes, no matter how we try to decorate that so-called limitation) are promoters and victims of a confusion that is neither healthy nor creative.

The sexual messages that this culture sends its males today are from chaos out of pandemonium. It is time for them to stop. Men have a right to be proud that they are men. It is one thing for men to acknowledge that their natures are complex. It is another for them to wish they were women. If we men win Tootsie awards, how about winning them without dishonoring ourselves?

A note to our three Tootsies, from one man to others:

- Dustin, old buddy, admit it: You've taken yourself to bed innumerable times and found yourself very good company, indeed, haven't you? What is all this breast-/chest-beating about how cheated you feel that you can't carry a child? Being a father is enough work if it's done with love. I

promise you don't need to be both father and mother.

- Robin, thanks a lot. *Garp* is "full of people wanting to be mothers"? What a narrow definition of fatherhood, then. *Garp* doesn't want to be a father? When he shows kindness and sensitivity to his kids, that is feminine by your definition? And you, like Dustin, would like to be a mother? For you guys, unless you physically bear the child, you have not experienced that birth? Boy, you could have fooled me. I thought I was instrumental in the creation and the birth of both of my kids. The divorce judge didn't, though, and neither do some feminists.

- John, *Garp* is a good novel and makes an excellent film, but it does cater to the rhetoric of the times, you might say. *Garp*, the fool, is responsible for the death of one of his children. His mother, Jenny, is as improbable and as false a character as was ever created, but she fills the feminist political bill. And it is *Garp*, in total character in the Steve Tesich screenplay, who utters the classic line that won the hearts of millions of women: "Mom, I never needed a father." How sweetly Williams delivers that line in the movie. How false a testimony it really is, no matter how shrewd it was to put it there.

One of the reasons that men have been so quiet for the past two decades, as the feminist movement has blossomed, is that we do not have the vocabulary or the concept to defend ourselves as men. We do not know how to define the virtues of being male, but virtues there are: We are, on the whole, generous, sensitive (even when we don't look it), courageous, intelligent, humorous, hard-working, optimistic, playful, self-sacrificial. The world would not be a very nice place without us, I think.

For what it's worth, I'm here to argue that the Tootsie awards have their place, but I hope the men so awarded will pay some homage to their own sex in their acceptance speeches. Being male is an honorable condition. It would be nice if they said so.

And while we're at it, let's not forget that there's no female equivalent yet to Tootsie. Let's propose a sequel, *Zootsie*, in which an actress who can't get a part masquerades as a male. She plays a soap-opera character named Zootsie, who encounters the hazards of being male in America. Zootsie has learned violence from an early age, gets drafted, fights in a guerrilla war, goes home to unemployment, divorce, loss of child custody, deteriorating health and increasing financial responsibilities.

If we men wanted to give Zootsies to those women who are interested in articulating our problems today, just who in the hell would we name?

The silence is deafening.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have a problem that makes me feel uncomfortable, to say the least. While my girlfriend was enjoying our sex one evening, she remarked that my erection had a noticeable bend to the left. I asked whether or not it irritated her and she replied no. But I noticed afterward that she seemed to shift as if it did. I have since dropped the girl and haven't started any new romances. Is there anything that I can do to correct the situation?—R. L., Portland, Oregon.

Before you fix anything, make sure it's broken. After all, your girlfriend was enjoying the sex, right? Maybe your peculiar bent was what got her off. It takes all kinds to fill the freeways. Hard facts on penises aren't easily obtained, but Kinsey's associates asked college men to simulate the angle of their dangle using a finger as penile surrogate. Here's what they came up with. For 65 percent, the penis stood at attention, eye to the front. In almost 29 percent, the penis looked left; in the remainder, it leaned right. There is also a great deal of variety in the shape of the penis. About 51 percent of the men Kinsey studied had straight-arrow erections, 28 percent curved upward, six percent curved downward, two percent curved to the right and 11 percent curved to the left. In some cases, the curve may be the result of a congenital abnormality or Peyronie's disease: Fibrous tissues form inside the shaft and cause a crimp in your style. Surgery can correct that condition—but since the ailment often disappears spontaneously or with vitamin-E therapy, unless you're in pain we don't recommend that you go under the knife. An appreciative woman should alleviate your concern.

They say that in old athletes the legs are the first to go. I'm not that old yet, but I have been having some trouble with my knees. I jog a lot, and lately I've developed a condition I've been told is runner's knee. What is it? I don't want to stop running, so what can I do to ease it?—L. S., Los Angeles, California.

Whether you're an old athlete or a young one, the key to preventing such injuries is conditioning. Runner's knee, a form of chondromalacia, develops because the quadriceps femoris, the muscle at the front of the thigh, is not sufficiently strong to prevent the kneecap from wobbling and destroying the cartilage that surrounds it. The obvious answer, then, is to strengthen the quadriceps femoris. One way to do it is with leg lifts, using ankle weights: Sit on the floor, extend the leg and simply lift it, beginning with two- to five-pound weights and working up to about ten pounds. Until the muscles are strengthened, you should avoid putting extra strain on the knee joints. That means staying away



from hard or banked surfaces and trails going downhill. Understand that any new activity you engage in, while it may be healthful, may also require your body to do things it has never had to do before. So you must begin cautiously and pay attention to your body's reaction. Soreness or pain is a warning that sleeping muscles are waking up. If you don't wake them up gradually, you're going to have a very angry body on your hands.

Lately, I have been reading about female domination, and I think the things that those women do to submissive males are terrific; the idea puts me in ecstasy. I would do anything for a woman like that. I am interested in locating a dominant female to whom I can become a slave. I am trying to find her in the South Chicago area, preferably near Indiana. So far, all my efforts have been in vain. I guess I just don't know the right place to look. I'm not gay or anything; I'm just a normal, 31-year-old white male who thinks that female domination is the way to go. All I ask is that you tell me some places to go or some addresses to write to so that I can come in contact with a dominant woman and become the slave that I want to be. Please help!—D. L., Hammond, Indiana.

We suggest you write to Ms. magazine.

My personal stereo came with one of those little boxes that plug into a wall socket and then into the stereo when you don't want to use batteries. I've noticed that the box becomes warm to the touch when it is being used and even when the stereo is not plugged in. Is that a problem? Can it cause a fire or a shock? Is there any problem in leaving the box in the socket when the stereo is not plugged into it?—J. D., Baltimore, Maryland.

The answers to your questions are maybe, maybe and maybe. The little box to which you refer is a power supply, a device that converts ordinary A.C. line current into a D.C. current lower in voltage, comparable to that drawn from the battery that powers your stereo when you're on roller skates. The box contains a transformer—two independent coils of wire wrapped around a magnetizable metal core—that reduces the voltage. An A.C. line-current flow in the larger coil electromagnetically induces a current of lower voltage in the smaller, or secondary, coil. The box also contains rectifier diodes, solid-state silicon devices that convert the low-voltage A.C. current from the secondary coil of the transformer into direct current, and a capacitor or two to filter out any remaining A.C. ripple. None of those devices is 100 percent efficient; the cumulative inefficiencies are the cause of the heat you notice in normal operation. Although a small amount of resistive and reactive current will be drawn by the transformer when the stereo is not operating, unless the unit is defective, the heat should be greatly reduced. We don't recommend leaving the adapter plugged in when the stereo isn't in use; it wastes electricity, and why court trouble? Since the A.C.-connected primary coil of the transformer is physically isolated from the secondary coil, unless there's a short circuit, no part of the unit beyond the primary coil could possibly give you a dangerous shock. Unless you're an expert, we suggest that you use the A.C. adapter the manufacturer recommends for the unit you have. Different stereos draw different amounts of current and an overloaded adapter might get hot enough to cause serious problems. Also, the adapter must put out the right voltage at the right polarity—positive or negative—to operate your particular stereo. If the adapter is red hot, either you have the wrong adapter or it has a short circuit. If it's warm, it's functioning properly; the casing is designed to serve as a heat sink to dissipate the heat caused by the internal electrical losses. Rest easy: Happiness is a warm box.

I'm afraid that I am a premature ejaculator. I've read about the squeeze technique and others, but they all seem too complicated. They require the cooperation of your partner, and it seems to me that to stop the flow of sex to explain a complicated maneuver to a new lover is not going to produce the desired results. Someone told me to masturbate before making love, but I can't believe that would help. What do you say?—D. B., Atlanta, Georgia.

Sometimes, the simple things work. Drs. Zev Wanderer and David Radell, at the Center for Behavior Therapy in Beverly Hills, developed the following technique: "In questioning one premature ejaculator, we

discovered he never masturbated. We wondered if, in this case, the man's seminal vessels might be overflowing and if, as a result, his quick ejaculations were the body's way of relieving that pressure. So we suggested that he masturbate with some regularity, and, in consequence, he happily reported back that his premature ejaculation had entirely ceased—a condition that was maintained throughout the four years of follow-up we did on this patient. With his success in mind, we began to recommend masturbation before intercourse to all premature ejaculators. In the process, we discovered that many men avidly avoid masturbation before sex in the mistaken belief that they will not then be able to achieve another erection. Truth is, however, a healthy man is ordinarily capable of almost endless erections even if he has ejaculated two or three times, because erections (unlike ejaculations themselves) do not deplete semen. Remember, a concert pianist often practices immediately before a performance to improve the performance, and masturbating before coitus can be quite helpful in improving the staying power of many men.

This year, I'd rather not go on my usual vacation, to a warm beach to sit in sand for two weeks. I'd really prefer something a little more daring. Got any suggestions?—L. M., San Diego, California.

You could leave your sun screen at home. That's pretty daring, but maybe pain isn't what you have in mind. Instead, why not write for a subscription to High Adventure News Quarterly, published by Pacific Adventures? It contains information on a number of great getaways, including backpacking, canoeing, Hobie Cat-ing, hot-air ballooning, island hopping, mountain climbing, skindiving, ski touring, whale watching, white-water rafting and more. The prices are reasonable, and you're under the watchful eye of experienced guides, so your adventure doesn't turn into a disaster. Just write to Pacific Adventures, P.O. Box 5041, Riverside, California 92517. The subscription price is five dollars for four issues, and membership in the travel club is \$35 for a single person and \$50 for a family. Incidentally, Pacific Adventures features what it calls "genteel camping," including wine and hors d'oeuvres around the campfire—which is just the way we like to rough it.

Im divorced and attractive, and I'm not telling you my age. A couple of months ago, I started going out with a very nice man, and in a short time, we were sleeping together. He works out a lot, so his body's in good shape, and he's a gentle, affectionate lover. While we're undressing, and sometimes during foreplay, his face gets red and he looks as if he's blushing. He's not a particularly shy person, so I wonder why he's feeling embarrassed—but since the relationship is still new, I don't feel comfortable asking him about it. I like to look at his body and I tell him all the time how attractive he is. Is there anything else I can do to help him feel more at ease?—

Miss B. F., Alvin, Texas.

First of all, your body-building friend may not be embarrassed at all—just healthy, happy and, well, blood-engorged. Sexual stimulation, like pumping iron, leads to increased circulation throughout the body, including the capillaries near the surface of the skin. The flush some men and women experience before or during sex can cover part or all of the body. According to "How Big Is Big? The Book of Sexual Measurements," one out of every four men blushes when sexually aroused. Keep telling your friend that you like what you see—and enjoy the blush. It means you turn him on.

Because I fly a lot in my job, I often find myself working on the airplane. It occurred to me that I might save myself a lot of grief if I had a portable computer to work with. Can you give me any suggestions on buying such a machine? I use one in my office, but it is far too bulky to take on a plane.—S. T., New York, New York.

While there are any number of good portable computers on the market, there are none that you can use on an airplane. Unfortunately, all of them give off radio signals that can interfere with the plane's instruments. Even if you could use them on an airliner, most current models would be too heavy and too cumbersome to fit in the small amount of space available, unless you left half the peripherals at home. Sorry, but if you were counting on a computer, we're afraid you're still stuck with your fingers.

I need some advice on a confusing situation. A good friend broke up with his girlfriend, and it left her devastated. Since I always thought she was nice, I tried to help her get over it by listening to her when she wanted to talk and occasionally doing things with her. I saw a different side of her—a side I did not see while she was dating my friend—and I like that side. We seem to enjoy each other's company and we have fun. I asked her out for a real date and she accepted. Now my question: Did I do a wrong or a tacky thing by getting involved with a good friend's ex? For now, I don't want anyone, including my friend, to know that I've asked her to go out. I'm a bit leery. I want to go out with her a few times and see how things go before I decide when to say anything. I've touched on the subject with her and we seem to agree that we should try it with a kind of "go for it" attitude. She says that as long as one is not married or engaged, he or she is fair game, and I agree. I'm confused. Any advice?—D. H., Chicago, Illinois.

We're not sure we understand your hesitation. It's not as though you drove a wedge between your friend and this woman. His loss is your gain. We're in agreement with her: We think you should go for it. And we send you our best wishes.

My car stereo tends to lose both highs and lows. I'm considering replacing the

receiver with an upgraded model. Should I get a receiver with a built-in equalizer, a separate equalizer or separate bass and treble controls? The unit I've seen with separate tone controls also has a loudness switch on it. What's best?—L. S., Norman, Oklahoma.

If you're talking about boosting bass and treble, first, you have to have something to boost. Bass requires speakers with a lot of air space, such as that found in a rear-window deck. You simply won't get good bass with dash or door speakers. The amount of boost you get depends on the specifications of the controls. For instance, if you have a simple three-step built-in equalizer with boosts of plus or minus three to six decibels, the most boost you can get is six decibels at any frequency. With separate bass and treble controls, you can get as much as eight to ten decibels but only in the top and bottom. But if that unit also has a loudness control, you can add another six or so decibels to the bass boost, for a total of about a 15-decibel boost. Naturally, a separate equalizer will give you the most control over your sound and can tailor it to your car's acoustics, but you'll pay a lot more for it. Speaker placement is also critical in the high frequencies. It is directional sound, and simply directing the speakers at the listener's ears is all you need to do to improve the highs. Make your choice by deciding how you want to use the receiver (fiddle, fiddle or set it and forget it) and experiment with speaker placement before making unnecessary expenditures.

I've just read that the Playboy Advisor has written an incredibly witty, insightful book on love and sex. I live in a small town, and the local bookstore doesn't carry such books. How can I obtain a copy?—Mrs. E. P., Calhoun, Georgia.

Thanks, Mom. If you belong to the Literary Guild, you can order it as one of your choices. For the rest of you, "The Playboy Advisor on Love and Sex" is available from Perigee Books. Just send a check for \$10.45 (\$8.95, plus \$1.50 for handling) to Putnam Publishing Group, Dept. PBM-5, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016. The book contains everything we know about love and sex. (Well, not everything. We had to save something for our next date.) You'll also be delighted to hear that the Playboy Advisor now speaks out on a radio show syndicated in more than 100 cities by Westwood One Productions. Who knows, maybe someday we'll start a line of designer sex aids: Playboy Advisor autograph-model Swiss-army vibrators?

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, 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.





MEET PLAYERS

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GO PLACES

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Jill St. John talks about her first time.



ST JOHN: My first time was in Tre Scalini, an adorable sidewalk cafe in Rome.

INTERVIEWER: Oh, really? Right out in the open?

ST JOHN: Sure...you see, I'm basically an outdoorsy type of person.

INTERVIEWER: I see. You must tell me all about it.

ST JOHN: Well, we were just relaxing after a hard day of shooting. Just me and the crew. It happened with the stunt man.

INTERVIEWER: The stunt man?! That sounds a bit risky!

ST JOHN: Oh, it wasn't, really. You

see, he was Italian, and they just seem to know about these things.

INTERVIEWER: Go on.

ST JOHN: He was very romantic. He leaned close and whispered, "Gingerly?"

"Well," I said, "I've never been shy about anything before." He gave me a charming grin, then ordered a Gingerly for me...that's Campari, ginger ale and soda. And a Campari and soda for himself.

INTERVIEWER: A little mix of Italian and American...how interesting. Well, how was it?

ST JOHN: Very satisfying after that long, hot day. See, it was deliciously light...and so refreshing. A very special experience.

INTERVIEWER: Did you ever have it again?

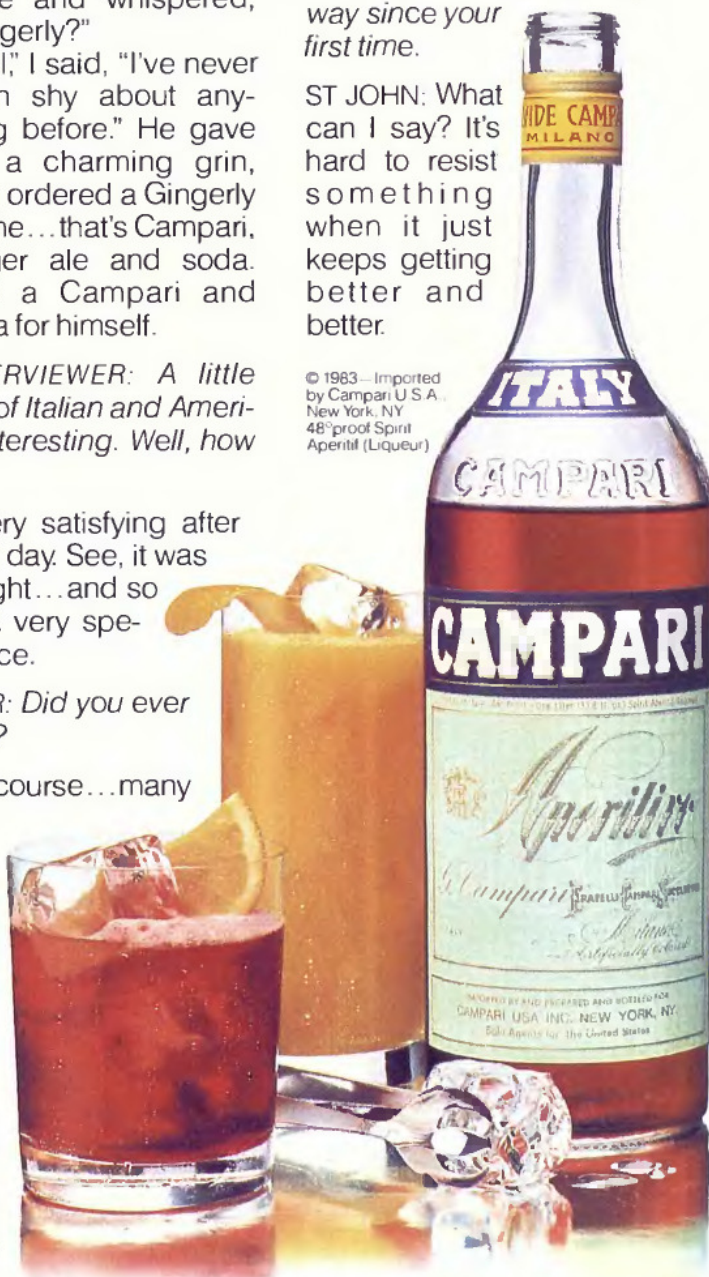
ST JOHN: Of course...many times. It's not the kind of thing you try once and then forget about. I've gone out with some

outstanding men, and they all knew one or two new ways to enjoy it. I prefer "The Exotic." That's Campari with grapefruit juice.

INTERVIEWER: Well, you seem to have come a long way since your first time.

ST JOHN: What can I say? It's hard to resist something when it just keeps getting better and better.

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DEAR PLAYMATES

This month, the Playmates discuss sexual maturity. That's not so simple a question as, "When did you lose your virginity?" As Lorraine Michaels said, "You mean at what age did I feel I had it all together sexually?" That's exactly what we mean.

The question for the month:

If you consider yourself a sexually mature woman, when do you think you became one?

From day one, from the day I lost my virginity. I was very serious about it and I still feel that way: I have to be in love to have sex. My values haven't changed at all since then.

I'm very strict about birth control. I always have been consistent about that. Sometimes it's tough for me to insist on my value system, but I stick to my guns. I don't expect everyone

to do things my way, but at least I have figured it out for myself and it's the right way for me.



Karen Price

KAREN PRICE
JANUARY 1981

I think I'm just becoming sexually mature now. I think I was a child for a long time. All it takes is one really good relationship with good communication. It really helped me and I feel a

lot better about myself. I had a lot of hang-ups. I worried that I wasn't pretty enough or sexy enough. Now I feel great. I can be myself. I feel I've got a lot to look forward to. I hope I'm done with the kind of relationships that are unexperimental and fearful. The kind where you don't grow sexually and emotionally.



Cathy St. George

CATHY ST. GEORGE
AUGUST 1982

I haven't reached my sexual maturity yet. I'm still a kid in a candy store. I think I'm more in control than when I was in my early 20s, but my head still turns and the fantasies still roll by daily. I don't think I'm sexually mature enough to be content with one person, to say to someone, "OK, I want you for my mate forever and ever." That may happen to me in my life, but at this point, I can't make a commitment, because my taste changes every five days. Something else may come along. One day, I'm sure I'll be ready for the commitment part. But I am mature enough to need more in a relationship than physical companionship, and I also know that a sexually mature woman doesn't fall apart if she doesn't have a Saturday-night date.



Marcy Hanson

MARCY HANSON
OCTOBER 1978

Probably around 25. It was a gradual process. I think really being in love with someone and sharing a life that isn't all moonlight and roses helps. Like waking up next to the same person every day and doing the mundane tasks we all do in life—the dishes, taking care of the house, going off to your job. Not just meeting for candlelight dinners. Real life adds to your sense of sexual maturity. At least it did for me. I learned how to really love someone without all the fantasy. Because, let's face it, it's not always going to be great. Still, there is a lot to be said for marriage and monogamy, I think.



Cathy Larmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

My first love affair made me feel mature and aware and more open-minded. He made it wonderful. He taught me about sex. He made it acceptable for me to be sexually aggressive. It wasn't a one-night stand. There was time to learn. He didn't jump on, jump off. I wasn't getting laid, I was learning about sex, slowly. So, about the age of 20, I felt sexually mature. I felt that I understood what sex was really about from his point of view as well as from mine, and that I could give back the sexual love he was giving to me.



Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

I think I reached sexual maturity about two years ago. I know that about that time my fears and apprehensions disappeared. Before that, I was panic-stricken all the time. You know the kind of questions you ask yourself: What am I doing? Should I do this? I felt a lot of guilt until I finally accepted sex, grew up and started to do all the things I wanted to do. I started to feel comfortable. Now, if I don't want to do something, I just don't do it. And I don't feel bad about it, either. I'm not blunt. I can't say, "Get lost, buddy," but I can take the responsibility without being unkind.



Linda Rhys Vaughn

LINDA RHYNS VAUGHN
APRIL 1982

Send your questions to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll try.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

WACK-O

John Erickson's letter opposing circumcision (*The Playboy Forum*, April) cannot go unanswered.

Probably, the original reason procircumcisionists advocated the procedure was to preserve the health of the baby's dick when he grew up. My grandfather was uncircumcised. He spent months in trenches of World War One and was unable to bathe or to wash himself. As a result, his foreskin became a repository of smegma, loose change, pieces of straw and what not, until it was bulging like a hippie kid's knapsack. Finally, and not to put too fine a point on it, the head of his dick fell off and rolled down his pants into the mud.

The sustaining reason procircumcisionists advocate the procedure is aesthetics. Even *circumcised* dicks are not very nice to look at, but an *uncircumcised* one is repellent beyond expression. There was a kid in my gym class who came from some unfortunate ethnic concentration in the south of Europe where circumcision was evidently a privilege rather than a right. When I saw his dick in the shower room, I was horrified and fascinated. It looked exactly like a little ant eater with a double goiter, and I knew he would never know love.

Erickson's specious statement that "men who are given the choice overwhelmingly reject the operation" has no place in the issue. With age comes prejudice. Now, at 39, I would fuckin' tootin' reject the operation. But with the clarity of vision of a five-minute-old, I saw what was best, went ahead with it and have lived a far better life ever since.

Russell B. deBeauclair
Porway, California

The matter of circumcision, oddly enough, raised its head twice in your April issue: first, in a bit of advice in *The Playboy Advisor* in favor of the process; second, in a letter in *The Playboy Forum* from John Erickson damning it.

It is to the latter that I wish to respond. I don't know where Erickson gets his statistics, but as for myself, I am quite content to have been circumcised and have no regrets about having had the same procedure done to my young son. In fact, his premature birth delayed the operation for about two months, so I had plenty of time to think and to observe.

As for Erickson's contention that "almost all uncircumcised men throughout the world choose to keep their foreskins intact," I can only counter with the obvious: the adage "If it works, don't fix

it" and the fact that circumcision upon an adult is extremely painful and slow to heal. On the other hand, I know of several men who have had or who are now facing the operation due to medical necessity and who would much rather have had it done in infancy.

While it is true that most uncircumcised men go through life without any trouble, it is also true that circumcision cuts down on the risk of disease to both a man and his

*"The sustaining reason
procircumcisionists
advocate the procedure
is aesthetics."*

partner. But health reasons aside, it all boils down to what we are most used to and to what turns us on—or off.

Steven E. Gilbert
Fresno, California

NICE GUYS STRIKE BACK

The years since I turned 18, in 1971, qualify me as a veteran of the Seventies sex-role revolution. It was hard facing the growing pains of young adulthood when it seemed that the social standard of the times was for many women to accuse men, in general, of being chauvinists. It was also a time when it was chic for men, regardless of their individual situations, to go along with that accusation. It was truly a painful

and confusing time to grow up.

Although we (men and women) raised our consciousness and changed some of our laws, politics and attitudes, we *have* paid a price. The price can be seen in the growing number of divorces and lonely, never-married singles. It comes from the confusion, bitterness and suspicion of the opposite sex that were side effects of the Seventies.

With the hope of changing our lives for the better in the years to come, I have this to say: Only with a sense of fairness and concern born *not* out of fanaticism, competition or revenge will men and women be able to make equality a part of our laws and personal lives.

James Collymore
Piscataway, New Jersey

DEPRAVED

With regard to the *Forum Follies* item *In Re Abdullah* in the March issue, be advised that the Illinois Supreme Court has since reversed its original ruling and has held that a conviction of murder was sufficient to establish that the defendant was depraved (according to a section of the adoption law)—and, thus, his minor child could be placed for adoption without his consent. The short piece written by Steven J. J. Weisman discusses only the court's earlier decision.

Pamela Call-Sims
Champaign, Illinois

NEEDLESS GUILT

When a nationally known evangelist declares that five eighths of the patients in mental institutions suffer from guilt and then proceeds with a sermon on sin, he is the one who is setting them up for the mental hospital.

Religion is the institution that instills the greatest amount of needless guilt—and that is immoral.

Theador V. Rogers
Green River, Wyoming

JERRY AND JAMES

I sincerely wish Jerry Falwell would read *James* 1:26, which says it's better to keep one's trap shut than to mouth off on anything and everything. Do you know anyone who likes Falwell? Neither do I. He does not represent any majority. He certainly does not represent me.

I'm weary of the holier-than-thou attitudes of both my fellow Christians and the non-Christians who look for any opportunity to take a pot shot at Christians. I'm also weary of people who end scathing



commentaries to *The Playboy Forum* with "Name withheld by request." If you haven't got the guts to own up to your position, how can you expect anyone else to take you seriously?

Karl Kleinpaste
Rochester, New York

Nobody cares much for that practice, and with some letters, it seems to us unnecessary. On the other hand, there are a few nuts out there, and our large circulation makes the authors of the more controversial letters vulnerable to harassment, alas. So we routinely honor the request.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Our campus was recently knee-deep in copies of a lively little tabloid called *Moral Majority Report*, which was devoted mostly to condemning legalized abortion. Those so-called pro-lifers are not into subtlety at all. One of the local groups that presumably helped distribute the publication also rented a billboard atop a building whose tenants included a restaurant and put up a graphic anti-abortion ad depicting a bloody aborted fetus. That pleased the restaurant people no end. Not too surprisingly, they raised bloody hell. Nothing whets the old appetite like dining under a picture of an aborted fetus.

(Name withheld by request)
Knoxville, Tennessee

NATURAL SELECTION

I grow increasingly weary of the endless back-and-forth rhetoric on the questions of abortion and gun control. Both issues are, in fact, entirely moot and, to some extent, mutually contradictory, though no one seems to realize it. We all know that women will continue to have abortions and Americans will continue to dispose of one another with handguns whether or not either practice is legal. Any argument beyond that is merely a struggle between our deeply ingrained cultural heritage and our desire for personal convenience.

The prohandgun ("right to bear arms"?) people generally tend to be anti-abortion, while the pro-abortionists ("pro-choice"?) tend to be antihandgun. Silly, isn't it? Both abortion and handguns are destructive of life, a quality that, in the long run, may turn out to be a blessing both for our species and for others. Natural selection, you know. Survival of the fittest. But that's a different argument.

Most positions on either side of those issues are purely self-serving rationalizations that don't stand up to scrutiny. In the end, the only disservice is to logic. Let's take Dr. Harman van der Woude's letter (*The Playboy Forum*, December) as a case in point, applying his arguments to the question of gun control.

Of the 100,000,000 live births that take place annually, every single person born is going to die, and only a relative handful will die by the gun or by any other means inflicted by their fellow humans. God is responsible for the rest, through cancer,

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

MAC ATTACK

CHICAGO—Calling an unsuccessful lawsuit against the McDonald's Corporation "a farce," an angry Illinois circuit judge ordered the plaintiff to reimburse the corporation more than \$1,800,000 it had spent defending itself. The fast-food chain had been sued by a franchiser whom it had



stripped of the right to use the McDonald's name on restaurants in this country and in Paris, allegedly because he did not comply with various corporate standards. The fact that the court saddled him with the high cost of McDonald's defense is virtually unprecedented in Illinois, and in his decision, the judge criticized other courts for allowing such nuisance suits. He said that the plaintiff "comes to this day on the wings of his own gross misconduct. Having wrongfully kicked the snow loose at the top, [he] must bear the consequences of the [financial] avalanche at the bottom."

CHURCH AND STATE

MOBILE, ALABAMA—Saying his decision was a "cry in the wilderness," a Federal district judge has dismissed a lawsuit challenging Alabama's school-prayer laws and has declared that the Constitution gives states the legal power to establish religion. Governor Fob James, who fashioned the 1982 law authorizing devotional activities in classrooms, called the decision "courageous and brilliant." An agnostic who brought the suit and lost and who now has been ordered to pay court costs compared the ruling to "the President's calling a news conference to say he's discovered the world is flat." He said he would appeal.

WRONGFUL BIRTH REJECTED

SPRINGFIELD—The Illinois Supreme Court has rejected arguments that a doctor who improperly performs a vasectomy or another type of surgical sterilization should pay the parents for the care and education of a child born as a result of the failure of the procedure. The five-to-two ruling overturns a lower-court decision in favor of two Chicago-area couples, disagrees with high-court decisions in several other states and is considered a landmark case that may affect hundreds of similar suits pending in Illinois. The justice who wrote the majority opinion said that allowing such recovery to parents would require them to demonstrate that their child is an "uncherished, unwanted burden . . . of minimal value or benefit to them." That violates Illinois public policy, which "commands the development and the preservation of family relations," he said. At least 14 other states likewise reject such compensation.

Meanwhile, a circuit judge in Milwaukee has issued essentially the same decision in dismissing the suit of a 41-year-old man who fathered a child despite having had a vasectomy. The judge held that "any rule which imposed liability for the costs of rearing a normal, healthy child would have to recognize the offset flowing from the joys of parenthood."

CRIME CONTROL

LOS ANGELES—County supervisors have ordered a move to downgrade many oddball criminal violations from misdemeanors to simple infractions in order to save court time and costs. The board of supervisors directed the county council to draft an ordinance reclassifying sections of the county code covering such crimes as walking a pig on a public beach, changing clothes in an arboretum, using a white cane when not blind and roller-skating faster than ten mph. The board estimates that with the revisions, some 44,000 cases could be disposed of annually without trials, saving the county as much as \$1,000,000 a year.

POPE OPPOSES PENALTY

VATICAN CITY—Pope John Paul II has asked the world's governments to spare prisoners on death row, marking the first time a pontiff has formally expressed opposition to capital punishment. In 1955, Pope Pius XII said that the state should decide whatever punishments it deemed necessary for its citizens, but John Paul II now "recommends clemency or pardon for those who are condemned to death, especially those condemned for political reasons."

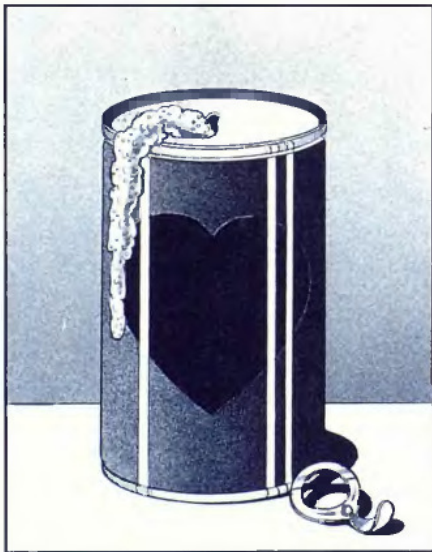
MORE HERPES RESEARCH

PHILADELPHIA—The University of Pennsylvania and the American Cyanamid Company will combine efforts in a search for a herpes vaccine, according to a spokesman for the school. Two Penn researchers will receive funds from the company's Lederle Laboratories Division to continue research with a natural protein purified from cells infected by the herpes simplex virus. American Cyanamid earlier announced that it was also pursuing a vaccine for both herpes simplex, which causes cold sores, and genital herpes by way of genetic-engineering technology.

Meanwhile, a relatively simple one-day test that detects herpes in pregnant women has been developed by scientists at the National Institutes of Health. The present tests take seven days to confirm the presence of the virus.

BENEFITS OF BEER

Drinking three beers a day may be as good as jogging when it comes to reducing the risk of heart attack, according to new research published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. The



study, conducted at the Baylor College of Medicine in Houston, suggests that both moderate beer drinking and mild exercise have the effect of increasing the body's high-density lipoprotein, or H.D.L., which is a type of cholesterol found to be associated with reduced risk of heart disease. Alas, for people who already jog or exercise, beer drinking appears not to bestow any additional H.D.L. benefit.

GREAT GUNS

FINDLAY, ILLINOIS—A small local bank has received hundreds of inquiries from prospective depositors after offering two expensive custom-made Colt revolvers in exchange for non-interest-bearing six-year

investments of \$2500. The bank's senior vice-president has been delighted with the response, which predictably upset antigun groups. He says that the handguns are worth \$1153.95 at present and, "except for Oriental rugs, have been the best investment you could make over the last several years." They are expected to appreciate in value at an annual rate of about 15 percent, whereas the bank's certificate of deposit offers a rate of 7.7 percent.

Elsewhere:

- A person convicted of committing a crime while armed may be sentenced not only for the offense but also for using a weapon, the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled. Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, writing for the seven-to-two majority, declared that if multiple punishments for the same crime are authorized by state law, they are not forbidden under the Constitution's ban against double jeopardy.

- In Illinois, a coalition of groups opposing stricter gun laws is attempting to place an advisory referendum on the 1984 Illinois general-election ballot "reaffirming the right of citizens to bear arms." Leaders of the coalition believe they can obtain the 600,000 signatures needed and that Illinois voters will demonstrate to state and local officials that they do not favor laws that prohibit private firearm ownership.

- Also in Illinois, state representatives Alan Greiman of Skokie and Barbara Flynn Currie of Chicago have introduced a bill that would combat handguns by requiring their legal owners to carry \$750,000 worth of liability insurance. The proposal is apparently the first of its kind in the country and Greiman called it a strategy to make handgun ownership "more burdensome."

COPS ON THE BLOCK

CUERNAVACA, MEXICO—Morelos governor Lauro Ortega has disbanded the state's entire force of 170 judicial police. "Ever since I became governor, I have asked the chief and agents of this police agency to change and halt the abusive crimes they commit with impunity," Ortega said. "They have not changed and now they are all fired." The cops, all plain-clothes investigators, have been accused in many cases of extortion, illegal search and seizure, threats and torture.

ONE-MAN SODOMY SQUAD

LITTLE ROCK—An Arkansas legislator has declared that homosexuals at the state's colleges and universities are violating the state's sodomy law and has sponsored a resolution condemning such sexual acts. Testifying before the House Aging and Legislative Affairs Committee, Texarkana representative Travis Dowd urged school administrators not to support any campus homosexual groups and to report any suspected homosexual activities. He was the only one to speak in favor of his resolution.

DEVIL GETS HIS DUE

LONDON—According to a survey conducted in nine Western countries, Americans are twice as likely as Europeans to believe in hell and the Devil. The study, in which more than 1200 people have been questioned since 1978, indicated that belief



in sin was highest (91 percent) in Northern Ireland and lowest (29 percent) in Denmark. However, the Irish held the rosiest view of mankind, with 34 percent of those polled believing that people were basically good. Only five percent of the French took that optimistic position.

ADOPTION OR BABY BUYING?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Supreme Court has refused to hear a case involving surrogate motherhood and has thereby, in effect, upheld a Michigan law that bans adoptions by people who would hire a woman to bear a child for them. A couple had offered to pay the husband's secretary \$5000 to bear their child after artificial insemination and had gone to court to challenge the Michigan law that prevents them from adopting the baby.

BONG BUSTS

LOS ANGELES—The L.A.P.D. has declared war on head shops by raiding six businesses selling drug paraphernalia. A law that took effect January first makes it a misdemeanor for any person to manufacture, sell or possess items or devices used in connection with illegal drugs.

GOING, GOING. . .

HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND—A 29-year-old woman purchased a vasectomy for her husband by bidding \$100 during a civic club's fund-raising auction. The service had been donated by a local physician, and if the winner's husband decides against the operation, it can be given to someone else.

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heart disease, the heartbreak of psoriasis, terminal stupidity or whatever.

We have two ways to look at such an analysis: Either God is the most heinous murderer in all history and should be immediately locked away (no capital punishment, of course) or those who kill with guns are merely emulating their Creator. If we choose the former, we should also round up all the world's clergy as accomplices and coconspirators. If we choose the latter, we should recognize handguns as tools of God and those who wield them as His apostles on a divine mission. Right? Hello? Is anyone left out there?

"Yardley Snide"
Lilac Grove, Virginia

ABORTION

The important thing about abortion, PLAYBOY says, is that while people of good conscience may disagree on the moral issue, it should not be made a crime. I couldn't agree more. But then, it's easy for me to agree; I don't believe that a fetus is a person.

What has long perplexed me is this: How can I persuade a reasonable right-to-life believer not to work for a law against abortion? Could a neighbor persuade me, by invoking his sincere belief that they were his property, not persons, to stand idly by while he beat up his children?

Yes, many right-to-lifers are not so much pro-fetus as antisex. And, yes, those people have no right to force others to live by their taboos. But it's too easy to argue that anti-abortion laws rest solely on puritanism. Many folks really do believe in fetal personhood. No appeal to privacy can dissuade them, because in their eyes "someone else" is being harmed.

Van D. Smith
Bethesda, Maryland

Your reply to Phillip B. Shawas in the September 1982 *Playboy Forum* is unsound. Although his *ad hominem* attack is deficient, your proposition that "the issue is not when human life is conceived but when that life becomes a legal human being" severely begs the question and appears to be identical to the argument made in the pre-Civil War South that a black man was a subhuman whose rights could be legally done away with. For instance, each black slave counted as three fifths of a human being for the purpose of assigning Congressional seats.

You have also made it clear that the mistake of the National Socialist legislators in mid-Thirties Germany was their failure to pass a legal act declaring Jews not to be legally human before they were put to death.

The question of abortion is not a legal question at all. It is a question of logic and ethics. There is not a single major philosopher since Socrates and Aristotle who would support any abortion-on-demand argument. The overwhelming empirical evidence that the fetus becomes a fully developed miniature human being about 40 days after conception is simply not open to debate.

Michael Brady
Riverside, California

The blacks began their enslavement with virtually no rights; the German Jews were something more than fetuses; and in the days of Socrates and Aristotle, there was no such thing as a safe abortion.

Throughout the world, we see a steadily increasing population. Poverty, unemployment and hunger go hand in hand. There is no way in the near future that we can have sufficient food to feed those hungry people or employment to give them a sense of dignity.

The Chinese, for example, recognize that, and they have instituted plans to keep the size of families within reasonable limits. Other countries have instituted sterilization and birth-control programs on a voluntary basis.

In the United States, Planned Parenthood has struggled against the opposition of the Catholic Church since the early decades of this century. It is now a respected organization and has brought to American women the right to control the size of their families. We are still faced, however, with attacks against it: the destruction of property; the intimidation of people who want to use its services; picketing and harassment of its employees.

Freedom of religion or *from* religion has made this nation the greatest ever. Freedom to have a baby or *not* to have a baby is the greatest choice any woman can have, and it should not be infringed upon by bigotry. It is hard to believe that the President of the United States, with all his knowledge of the deplorable plight of people around the world, would be opposed to a woman's right to abortion if she so desired.

John A. Myers, M.D.
Baltimore, Maryland

I've decided that when I grow up, I want to be a fetus. I don't mean an embryonic fetus; I mean a big, full-grown, robust fetus, the kind they don't mess around with on a dark street. More than anything else, I want to be *loved*. Or else hated. Doesn't matter too much which, so long as the motherfuckers leave me alone.

I promise I won't do others any harm. I won't screw around with their homes or their property or anything like that. I won't take their money. I'll even say excuse me if there's so much as a minor traffic accident and then go my own way. No big deal; let the insurance handle it. (Can you get insured as a fetus?)

The nice thing about being a full-grown fetus is that they can't touch you, for good or bad. You've got your constitutional rights and your civil rights and your civil liberties; and—what the hell—that's about all you need. I'll wear a sign if I have to: ONE FETUS. DON'T TOUCH!

(Name withheld by request)
Cincinnati, Ohio

SQUEAL RULE

Three cheers for Judge Henry Werker, who issued an injunction against the aptly nicknamed squeal rule, which would have required Federally funded family-planning centers to notify parents when their daughters under 18 obtained contraceptives by prescription. He's obviously done a great deal to prevent thousands of future unwed teenaged mothers and traumatic abortions. The Government's increasing use of paid informants and programs such as the IRS rewards for turning in your neighbor smack of Big Brother. I, for one, applaud this judge's courage in drawing



Five years ago, the advertisements above were no more than a gleam in the eye of Father George Martin of Saint Luke's Episcopal Church in Minneapolis. He went to Tom McElligott of Fallon McElligott Rice, also of Minneapolis, who came up with the concepts that grew into a series of ad and poster kits. All they promote are the views of the Episcopal Church, but the ads also have started winning awards: from *Communication Arts*, from the New York Art Directors Club, from the Advertising Club of New York. Other religious groups—even some Baptists—have supported the advertisements and posters. Check them out.

the line somewhere and preserving our right to privacy and freedom.

Marie Conney
Des Plaines, Illinois

Everyone seems to be missing the point about the so-called squeal rule. I don't think that our Government should be providing contraceptives to children in the first place.

(Name withheld by request)
Aspen, Colorado

I am enraged at Judge Henry Werker's injunction against the notification rule. And I thank God it can still be overruled. If the Government is spending my tax dollars on so-called family-planning clinics, I have the right to know if my daughter is using contraceptives. Parents, not the Government, are responsible for their children. The Government should support us, not encourage our children to sneak behind our backs and keep something as important as sex secret from us.

Johnnie Miller
New York, New York

PRIVILEGED COMMUNICATION

Almost two years ago, I contacted the Playboy Foundation and later sent you a copy of a brief that we had filed in Federal court challenging the right of the Government to coerce one family member to testify against another. At that time, I advised you that the key decision in our circuit, *Penn vs. United States*, had come to our attention through *The Playboy Forum*, which had published an anecdote relating to the same. In fact, PLAYBOY published that comment before the case was officially reported, and we had to locate it through the clerk of the United States Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit.

Enclosed with this letter you will find a copy of a 79-page memorandum decision that was entered in another, subsequent case wherein we challenged the same point of law. It is truly a landmark decision, in that no other Federal district court has ever held that the "family privilege," which protects parents and children from having to testify against each other, exists. Also enclosed is a copy of our most recent brief to which the decision was entered.

In many respects, we are indebted to your magazine for paying attention to such issues. If it were not for our reading PLAYBOY, we might not have been able to respond as quickly and as thoroughly as we did.

Dominic P. Gentile
Gentile & Massi, Ltd.
Las Vegas, Nevada

DRAFT REGISTRATION

The letter from San Antonio concerning draft registration that appears in the February *Playboy Forum* adds new meaning to the expression narrow-minded. I particularly take offense at the statement that the draft has the "practical benefit" of

making us "consider some of the grimmer realities of life." For my part, I hope that no one will ever have to consider or experience those "realities"—presumably, dying or killing someone in a war.

I'm a student at the University of Colorado who, after long, hard deliberation, decided to register for the draft in 1980. I did so because I have goals and I feared that the consequences of not registering might interfere with my achieving those goals. But I feel I've sacrificed my morals for selfish reasons. I have a great deal of respect and admiration for people such as Ben Sasway, who decided to stand up for what they believed.

Paul Balaguer
Boulder, Colorado

GUN CONTROL

At this moment, I am an inmate at the Soledad Prison in California. No kind of registration, confiscation or other program

*"I could obtain a
firearm within ten
minutes of my release
if I so chose."*

proposed by the antihandgun groups—that is, short of searching every citizen, home, bush and tree and sealing the national borders hermetically—would keep handguns out of the hands of criminals. I find the antigun groups very naïve for believing that just because possessing a gun is illegal, a criminal will not obtain one. I could obtain a firearm within ten minutes of my release if I so chose.

That does not mean that every ex-convict wishes to obtain a handgun. I, along with many others, wish only to leave here and get on with my life.

John Carter
Soledad Prison
Soledad, California

I read your magazine regularly and hardly an issue hits the stands that doesn't contain some debate over gun control.

As an ex-paratrooper who dealt with weapons daily, as a person who has extensive experience with law-enforcement and security work and as a part-time weapons instructor, I feel it's time I put in my two cents' worth.

The main use of shotguns and rifles in our society is hunting and sports. A thing that I stress to my students is that the only thing pistols are good for—in fact, the thing for which they were designed—is to kill people. Disclaimers of the pistol hunters aside, the handgun's primary purpose is the taking of human life.

I am a strong advocate of handgun control (not *prohibition*). I also believe that a

man has the right to use whatever force is necessary to protect his life, family and property. Removing the most effective means available to him—the handgun—is unthinkable.

I would agree to mandatory registration, even to the measure of taking a sample slug from every gun for future police ballistics tests in criminal investigations. But banning handguns would be folly as a practical matter and a usurpation of the basic rights this country was founded on.

Victor Collins
Corpus Christi, Texas

Ballistics records won't work; bullet markings change with a firearm's use.

LAWS OF THE LAND

In any given society, the standards of socially acceptable behavior are defined. Socially unacceptable behavior is punished as a crime against society. In short, a convicted criminal is someone who, for one reason or another, has refused socially acceptable behavior—and he is given the choice of imprisonment or death.

Perhaps part of the problem is our laws. There are numerous examples of our own lawmakers' committing socially unacceptable behavior sexually, politically, chemically, and so on. If they can't live by their own laws, how can they expect the ordinary citizen to do so? The indication at this point is that some laws need to be changed.

Kurt Bullard
Burlingame, California

EAT MORE SEAL

The rear lens in my Leupold sight flares between white and black as I snuggle my Remington 620 into my shoulder, focus my eye on the cross hairs and steadily sweep the jagged icy horizon until I find the furry little head and the wide, mournful eyes of a harp seal.

There it is! In fact, there are thousands of them! A steady squeeze on the trigger and I've got one of the little rascals, head over heels. Now another! Bang, bang! My ears are ringing! The escaping gases from the weapon cloud my vision, but already I can fairly smell the tantalizing aroma of roasting harp seal on a crisp winter morning.

Actually, I wouldn't harm a seal or a porpoise or any other creature, but I have a ten-dollar bet going with my animal-loving girlfriend that PLAYBOY won't publish this.

(Name withheld by request)
Missoula, Montana

You lose.

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Introducing a largehead racket that's 100% graphite for less flex and more control.

Wilson Sting.

In the days of the Round Table, the catapult was used to hurl stones across moats and over castle walls. The catch was that the stone left the catapult at *whatever indiscriminating angle the flexing action released it*. Those guys got a lot of power, but many a war was lost over lousy aim.

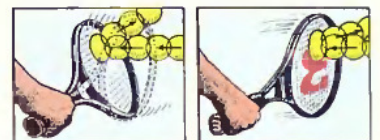
The moral of this history lesson is that the same basic "catapulting" occurs on today's largehead rackets. Largehead frames flex up and



down and side to side, causing the ball to leave the racket at *whatever indiscriminating angle the flexing action releases it*. Which is often too far left or too far right; i.e., out of court.

But Wilson is changing that. Presenting the Wilson Sting. One largehead racket that flexes amazingly less, because it's made of one of the firmest materials there is. 100% graphite.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: EARL WEAVER

a candid conversation with the rowdiest and the winningest manager in modern baseball history about players, fans, ump's and memorable shouting matches

Baseball will miss Earl Weaver. When Baltimore's fiery skipper retired at the end of last season, all he'd done in 14 and a half years was guide the Orioles to more victories than any other major-league team had compiled during that period. In baseball's long history, in fact, only two men have ever topped Weaver's .596 win-loss percentage: Frank Selee, who managed the Boston Braves and the Chicago Cubs from 1890 to 1905, and Joe McCarthy, who handled the Chicago Cubs, Boston Red Sox and New York Yankees from 1926 to 1950.

Despite his winning ways, Weaver probably will be best remembered for his histrionic rhabarbs with umpires, who tossed him out of more ball games (89) than any other manager—or player—in baseball history. His style was unique: He was once thrown out of a game after protesting a call on a ball hit down the third base line; when the umpire ruled against him, he picked up third base and walked off with it, telling the ump, "You're not using this, anyway."

Another time, when he disagreed with an umpire's ruling on an interference call, Weaver walked up to the offending ump, holding an American League rule book, which he then tore into little pieces.

If his antics amused fans, they drew mixed

reviews from the men in blue. Former American League umpire Ron Luciano once said, "Weaver gives me the impression that he wants everything—that he wants you to cheat for him. He wants an unfair advantage."

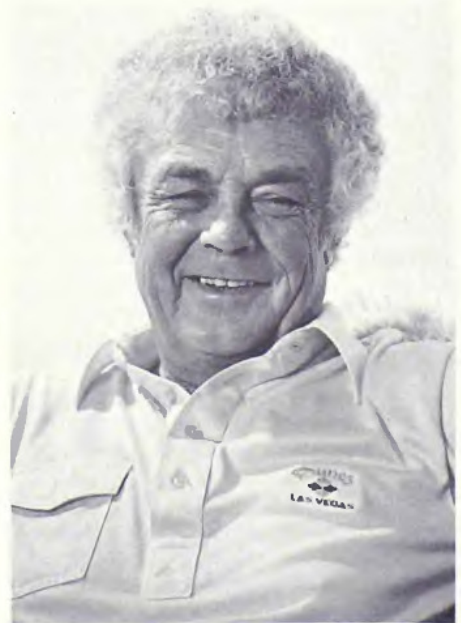
The late Nestor Chylak, another A.L. ump, disagreed. "Earl always used to have me thinking, What's he gonna do next? It made me a better umpire," Chylak said.

Weaver was no more diplomatic with the Orioles themselves. He and his ballplayers often cursed one another royally, and on one occasion, after he had upbraided infielder Doug DeCinces for sloppy play, the 6'2" third baseman went after him. The two men failed to come to blows only because they were separated by outfielder Pat Kelly—himself a frequent participant in shouting matches with his boss. Unlike most other managers, Weaver never held grudges or penalized players for blowing off steam at him. Shortstop Mark Belanger, a 15-year performer for the Orioles, once told writer Berry Stainback, "Earl does not have a shithouse, like some managers. You can argue with Earl for six hours and call him every name in the book. But if he thinks you're going to help him win, you'll play the next day."

As a tactician, Weaver was in a class by himself. Managers traditionally stock their

rosters with the 25 best athletes in training camp, but his approach was somewhat different: He assembled teams able to respond to any game situation. The Orioles thus became a ball club of specialists—starters, pinch hitters, pinch runners, pinch fielders, bunters, starting pitchers, spot starters, short relievers, long relievers and so on down the line. Baseball insiders believe Weaver utilized his 25 players more than any other manager, and the Orioles will vouch for that. Said John Lowenstein, a journeyman outfielder for eight years before going to Baltimore in 1979, "The man's a genius at finding situations where an average player—like me—can look like a star because of subtle factors working in your favor. He has a passion for finding the perfect player for the perfect spot."

Programing, not passion, however, was at the heart of Weaver's strategic brilliance. Before computers came into vogue, he was the first manager to keep track of how his hitters fared against opposing pitchers. The results of his statistical approach often astounded the sport's veteran observers. In a close 1979 game against the Texas Rangers, for example, Weaver sent up Belanger, who was then batting .170, to pinch-hit against flame-throwing right-hander Jim Kern. (Even Weaver's pinocle buddies—his coaches—



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RAY FISHER

"One of the occupational hazards of being a manager is that you wind up shittin' on your players. I didn't want to be friends with them, because I knew I'd eventually trade them or send them to the minors or release them."

"Frank Robinson once hit a ball a good 20 feet foul, but it was ruled a home run. Even our guys couldn't believe it. When the other team came screaming out on the field, I had to beg our guys to get out of the dugout."

"None of my shouting matches with ump's were strategic. I'd get so mad I couldn't see! A wrong call can cost you a game. Well, that can cost me my job! With that one call, he's keeping my kid from going to school!"

were shocked by the move and thought that their boss was playing with less than a full deck.) Belanger, of course, singled home the winning run. After the game, admiring sportswriters told Weaver that he was a hunch-playing genius. He immediately cut them off by stating that he had only played the percentages: His charts showed that Belanger's lifetime record against Kern had been ten hits in 14 times at bat.

A man for all emergencies, Weaver received only one real shock in baseball: his own inability to make it to the major leagues as a player. Born in St. Louis on August 14, 1930, Earl Sidney Weaver was a certifiable baseball addict by the time he was six years old. Between his father, who dry-cleaned uniforms for the Cardinals and the Browns, and a rich uncle who had season tickets to both teams' home games, Weaver was taken to see more than 100 major-league contests per season. At Beaumont High School, he was a star second baseman who hit well over .400, and upon his graduation, he received contract offers from seven major-league clubs, including the Yankees. He signed with his hometown favorites, the Cardinals, and then spent nine disappointing years in the minors. In 1957, he was about to quit baseball in favor of a job with a loan company, when he was hired by the Orioles to manage their class-D team in Fitzgerald, Georgia. Rather than cut himself off entirely from baseball, Weaver remained in the minors for 11 more years before being brought up to the Orioles in 1968. The rest, as they say, is baseball history.

To interview the 52-year-old manager turned broadcaster, PLAYBOY sent Lawrence Linderman, something of an interview veteran himself, to meet with Weaver at his home in Hialeah, Florida. Linderman reports:

"The first thing that strikes you about Weaver is his energy: He might as well be a 5'6" nuclear reactor. (He claims he's 5'7"; he's not.) He is forceful, blunt and outspoken, and during our first couple of meetings, he was often brusque, defensive and sarcastic. Those last qualities are baggage items most big-league managers seem to pick up in their travels, and it's easy to see why: As a breed, managers spend each working day endlessly being analyzed, criticized and scrutinized by television, radio, newspaper and magazine reporters. Therefore, it didn't surprise me that Weaver was as prickly as a porcupine when we first met. When he finally put down his dukes, however, he revealed himself to be a man of great loyalty, humor and charm. I realize that that is hardly the picture he has projected of himself over the years, and I don't mean to scandalize him here, but the simple truth is that Weaver seems to be a hell of a fine guy. Having said all that, it's time to get down to cases. When he and I finally began our taped conversations, his retirement was still a subject for reporters, and it provided the opening question for our interview."

PLAYBOY: Two years ago, you said you'd retire after the 1982 season, and apparently, you have—but Baltimore Orioles general

manager Hank Peters believes you stepped down only because your "batteries need to be recharged" and that you'll be back after a sabbatical. Are we dealing with another case of coaching burn-out?

WEAVER: Absolutely not. I began planning my retirement the day the Orioles hired me as a first-base coach in 1968. For the first time in my life—and after 20 years as a player and a manager in the minor leagues—I was on a pension plan. I thought, Boy, if I can just stay up here as a coach for 12 years or so, I won't have to worry about retirement. I figured the pension wouldn't really allow me to live the way I wanted to and that I'd have to take part-time jobs, but my retirement would be taken care of. Then and there, I started shooting for retirement in 1980 or 1982.

PLAYBOY: How do you assess your career as a manager?

WEAVER: All you have to do is look in the book, and there it is: not as good as Joe McCarthy, better than almost everybody else. I won 100 games or more five times, one less than McCarthy, and I did it in 14 and a half years; it took him 24 years, but

*"All you have to do is look
in the book: My record
is not as good as
Joe McCarthy's, better
than almost
everybody else's."*

he had a better winning percentage. It's all there in black and white. Some people are going to say, "Jeez, Weaver did good with what he had," and others are going to say, "Christ, with some of them ballplayers he had, I can't see why he didn't do better."

PLAYBOY: What do you say?

WEAVER: I did a lot of things right, and I also did some things wrong. But one thing I know: I did more things right than wrong. I won 96.5 games a year. I would've liked to win 109 every year, the way we did in '69—that would've made the job so much simpler and more enjoyable. We won 108 games and were world champions in 1970, and I wish we could have done that every year. I kept my job with the Baltimore organization for 25 years, 15 of them in the big leagues. That's what I set out to accomplish, and I accomplished it. The people of Baltimore gave me a day and showed me they appreciated what I did, so I'm sitting here satisfied. Maybe I'll do it again for them, maybe I'll do it for somebody else, but that's only if I have to go back to work. If I have to, I have to—but I did it, and I don't want to go through it again.

PLAYBOY: Maybe one reason you sound tired of the work is that you were worn down by all the arguing and yelling you did through the years. Besides those you've mentioned, you hold another all-time baseball record—for being thrown out of 89 games. How do you feel about that?

WEAVER: I'm not proud of it, but we don't really know that it is a record. I'm one of the first guys they ever kept track of. John McGraw managed for more than 30 years, and I guarantee you can't go back and check how many times he was thrown out of games. You can't even check how many times Leo Durocher was thrown out of games. But even if I do hold the record, it boils down to only six times a season, or once a month. I think that's very insignificant. Hell, I think fans are getting cheated if you don't get thrown out at least twice a month!

PLAYBOY: What percentage of your shouting matches with umpires were spontaneous as opposed to strategic?

WEAVER: None of 'em were strategic. I'd get so mad I couldn't see straight! I mean, just a wrong ball or strike call can cost you a game. Well, that can cost me my job! Now I can't send my kids through college! Some stupid son of a bitch who won't correct his mistakes is gonna have me back in the minor leagues, that's what that amounts to! I set my goal to retire in '82, and there wasn't no dumb son of a bitch who was going to ruin that! If an umpire misses a called third strike and the other team ends up scoring because of it, I'm not going to forget it. If there are runners on second and third and two out, and if the umpire has just given the hitter an extra strike and the next pitch goes into the hole and both runs score, I've got to say something to the guy. With that one call, he's keeping my kid from going to school!

PLAYBOY: Don't get worked up, Earl. Umpiring is a tough job, isn't it?

WEAVER: It is, and after a game, I'd realize that there might have been a total of 270 pitches thrown and there was no way an umpire was going to get them all right. But at the same time, he was keeping me from accomplishing what I needed to accomplish so that I could keep my job. I expect perfection. I know I'm not going to get it—not from myself, not from my players and not from an umpire—but I still expect it.

PLAYBOY: Did you expect to incite umpires to perfection by arguing with them so often?

WEAVER: No, but it was one way of calming my ball club down. If my club is hollering at an umpire and the umpire starts jerking off his mask, lookin' to see who's hollering, I'm gonna lose a ballplayer. I can't tell the ballplayers to shut up, 'cause they're hollering for us—I can't tell them to shut up. So I've gotta become the spokesman for 25 individuals. Each time an individual gets mad, I've got to say his words. Four or five of my players would get thrown out every year, but I tried to save them, and you



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don't have to be a genius to figure out why: I ain't gonna go to bat in the ninth inning. See, one thing about a manager: He's not going to argue with an umpire unless somebody else on the team does. I don't argue with a first-base umpire unless a ballplayer or our first-base coach goes after him. If one of my players is called out on a steal, I don't argue unless the guy jumps up and starts getting all excited. Otherwise, I stay right in the dugout.

PLAYBOY: What if your ballplayer were arguing with an umpire and were dead wrong—would you still rush out and give the umpire hell?

WEAVER: If I thought the umpire got the play right, I'd go out there, but my heart wouldn't be in it. I'd just say a few token words, because that's part of my job. My coaches had signals they'd give me if they thought the umpire was right, and when that happened, I'd slow down, say a few things and get the ballplayer to walk away. After my guy got out of there, I'd tell the umpire, "Look, I thought you were wrong, but my first-base coach just told me you got the play right."

PLAYBOY: Over the years, you had run-ins with virtually every umpire in the American League. Did any of them ever retaliate by purposely giving your ball club the short end of his decisions?

WEAVER: No, and as far as I'm concerned, the umpiring profession is fantastic. Last year, the day after Terry Cooney and I had

our incident and contact was made, he gave us as good a series behind the plate and on the bases as anybody in the world.

PLAYBOY: That's when you accidentally smacked him in the face?

WEAVER: I made contact with Cooney, yes, but it *was* accidental. I've made contact with umpires before and they've all been accidents—but I've done 'em. I haven't uttered a profanity to an umpire since 1954, and I don't want anyone to think I've got a foul mouth, but when the thing happened with Cooney, I know what I thought: *Oh, fuck!* Terry's reaction was about the same as mine. He just stood back and said, "What the *fuck* are you doing? What are you *doing*, Earl? We've never had any trouble before."

PLAYBOY: What triggered the incident?

WEAVER: A play at first that Cooney admitted he missed. Eddie Murray had grounded into a force-out at second, but Cooney turned it into a double play by calling Eddie out at first. No question about it, Cooney was wrong, so I ran out to argue with him. Whatever it meant or however it happened, I'm definitely ashamed of striking him. But it *was* done without intent.

PLAYBOY: American League umpires have called you everything from a "militant midget" to "baseball's Son of Sam." Was it always total combat between you and the men in blue?

WEAVER: Oh, no, there were plenty of

laughs. Ron Luciano had had the reputation of being the biggest comedian, but I think Marty Springstead always came up with the best one-liners. Those two had something else in common: They shared the league lead in throwing me out of games, with nine apiece. Springstead was the guy who said the way to test a Timex is to strap it to Earl's tongue. Our team was on him one night when he was having a terrible game calling balls and strikes, so he turned around and yelled, "Hang with me—I'll get some right sooner or later." Another time, I complained to him, "For Christ's sake, Marty, miss some for *both* sides." He said, "I am, Earl, I am."

I won't mention this umpire's name, but I once tried to get him to call a balk, and he took me aside. "Earl, I've called one balk in my life," he said. "The only balk I ever called was when the pitcher dropped the ball—and I didn't call it until the ball bounced twice." How can you argue with a guy like that?

PLAYBOY: Look at the bright side, Earl: If you had argued with him, you might have been thrown out of 90 games instead of 89.

WEAVER: I didn't earn all 89, believe me. I was once suspended for three games because the bill of my baseball cap made contact with an umpire's face while we were jawing at each other. That used to happen a lot, mostly because umpires lean over when they yell at me: I'm 5'7" and a lot of those guys are over six feet. To make

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sure I wasn't suspended for that again. From then on, I always turned my cap backward before arguing with an umpire. But even that didn't do me any good. One time, I came running out of the dugout to protest a call that Jerry Neudecker made, and on the way, I put my cap on backward. When I reached him, Neudecker yelled, "You're not gonna turn your hat around on *me*, Weaver! You're *out* -of here!"

Neudecker threw me out one other time when I didn't deserve it. During games, when the other team was at bat, I'd stand in the runway of our dugout and smoke cigarettes. If the pitch looked like a strike that the ump had missed—Neudecker was behind home plate this particular game—I'd yell over to our catcher, "Etchebarren, where's the pitch?" Our catchers were instructed to tell us the truth, and if Andy gave me the strike sign, I'd shout, "God-damn it, Jerry, get a couple right." Our pitching coach, George Bamberger, would lean out of the dugout for a closer look. Well, Jerry missed a couple more strikes, so Bamberger got up on the top step of the dugout and hollered, "Neudecker, you cocksucker!" And off comes Neudecker's mask and *I'm* gone! Bamberger got me at least four or five times that way.

PLAYBOY: George Steinbrenner says that your "intimidation" of umpires was worth eight to ten Baltimore victories a year. Do you agree?

WEAVER: I don't know whether umpires helped me or hurt me. There were certain nights I went home knowing an umpire had cost me a game, but I knew in my heart he hadn't meant to. There were other nights I went home knowing an umpire had *won* me a game. With two out in the ninth inning against the Washington Senators, Frank Robinson once hit a ball in the stands a good 20 feet foul, but it was ruled a home run. Ted Williams was managing the Senators, and he and the whole Washington team came screaming out on the field, and even *our* guys couldn't believe Frank's foul had been called a homer. I had to practically *beg* them to get out of the dugout before the umps changed their minds. Well, I went home that night knowing an umpire had helped me, and I knew in my heart *he* didn't mean to, either. Brooks Robinson made an error that cost us a game; he didn't mean to do *that*. I took out a pitcher who had something left and brought in a pitcher who had nothing ready—and I didn't mean to do that, either. Umpires are part of the game; they're like players and managers. I think we're all a good group of people doing our jobs as hard as we can. Umpires get some right and get some wrong. We're all the same. We're all part of baseball.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you're more demanding than your colleagues?

WEAVER: I try not to be. I think I accept umpires' incapacities more than any-

body, and if you talk to umpires like Neudecker and Dave Phillips, they may tell you the same thing. After a game, I've said that this or that umpire is incompetent, but those were words said after a game. And if I can say that, then an umpire like Jimmy Evans can come back and call me baseball's Son of Sam. I'm that way with players, too: I accept their limitations, more so than any manager in the big leagues. That's certainly a main reason my teams finished first or second in 21 of the 25 years I was a manager.

PLAYBOY: The Orioles have been the American League's best defensive team for seven of the past 11 years. How would your acceptance of a player's limitations make him a better fielder?

WEAVER: From day one in spring training, you start preaching: Don't try to do anything you're not capable of doing. Take your time; take the extra step when you throw the ball. Make the solid plays and get the sure out. And don't get fancy. I had a young shortstop who almost cost us a ball game because he tried for a fancy double play. The kid charged a ground ball, picked it up on a short hop, threw to second while he was in the air—and the ball sailed into right field. After the game, I tried to explain that he'd be able to make that play only five out of ten times. But if he stayed back and caught the ball on a big hop, he'd make the force play ten out of ten times. The kid wouldn't accept that,

and now he's a utility infielder for another team. I failed with that player.

PLAYBOY: With whom have you succeeded?
WEAVER: Practically all of our guys—how else could we have led the league in defense so many times? John Lowenstein, for example, is a left fielder who doesn't have a real strong arm, but he's a good thinker and knows his capabilities. Let's say there's a man on second; John will know what kind of speed the guy has. Unless the runner is *very* slow, John's not going to charge a ground single between short and third. The reason he won't is that no matter how fast he gets to the ball, he's not going to throw that runner out at home plate. Why overcharge the ball and take a chance on having it go by him for extra bases? Instead, he'll take his time, play it safe—and he'll keep that hitter at first base. Again, it's common sense: Don't try to do anything you're not capable of doing.

PLAYBOY: Is that something you think you've lived by yourself?

WEAVER: Having a sense of my own limitations? Sure. When I started out, I never wanted to be a manager.

PLAYBOY: You were a coach for only four months in 1968 when the Orioles suddenly named you their manager. Why did they promote you so quickly?

WEAVER: Probably because I was there when they decided to change managers. I inherited a great ball club, yet it had finished sixth the year before, and when the '68 All-Star Game was played, the Orioles were 14 games out of first place. That's when they let Hank Bauer go and hired me. At that particular time, Hank didn't know what he had to do to win. He felt obligated to play the guys who'd won the world series for him in '66, but the team had gone downhill after that. We couldn't stand pat and win, so I went in and made a few little moves. The team's run production had really dropped off; I put Don Buford in every day and he became the best leadoff man in the American League. We needed a catcher who could hit, so I platooned Elrod Hendricks with Etchebarren behind home plate. Thank goodness Buford and Hendricks were on the team. We had a good second half of the season and finished second.

PLAYBOY: Did the Orioles bring you up from the minors with the intention of having you replace Bauer?

WEAVER: If they did, I didn't know about it. And until the opportunity was actually there, I didn't want to be the manager. I just wanted to get my five years in the big leagues, because at that time, you needed five years to be vested in the pension plan. I didn't want the pressure, I didn't want to make decisions—I didn't want any of that. All I wanted was my share of any pennant or world-series money and to keep on coaching at first base and say, "Don't get picked off." Coaching first base is the greatest job in baseball.

PLAYBOY: Managing isn't?

WEAVER: No, it isn't. All managers say the

same thing: Sooner or later, you're gonna get fired. I guess you get fired in other professions, but for major-league managers, the average tenure with one team is less than two and a half years. If you're successful, though, major-league managing pays good money. In my first year, 1969, we won the pennant and I threw an extra 18 grand into the bank. In the years I was there, I collected more than \$100,000 in bonus money—for world series, pennants and second-place money—and I never touched it; it all went into the bank. I'd been going to Miami since 1959, hitting fungoes for the Baltimore organization in spring training, and it was the place I wanted to retire to. Well, we won the pennant my first three years as manager, and because the Orioles believed in one-year contracts, I could ask for what I wanted. I never stuck a gun in their belly, but my salary escalated in a hurry. After the 1970 season, I set a goal of retiring in 1980 or 1982—if I could survive as manager that long. Since we won the pennant in '69, '70 and '71, I figured I always had a year of grace. We finished third in '72, and it wasn't good—there were a lot of "Fire Weaver" stories in the Baltimore newspapers. But then we won our division in '73 and '74, finished second in '75 and '76, and I knew I had a realistic chance of reaching my goal.

PLAYBOY: What about your feeling for the sport itself? It sounds as if baseball were just a means to an end for you.

WEAVER: I hate to admit it, but, yes, that's what it was. It was my chosen profession, and it allowed me to do some things I truly loved and enjoyed. There was nothing better than watching Brooks Robinson play third base or seeing Paulie Blair go back and catch fly balls. That was *enjoyable* to me! Now the bad situations are when Paulie hits .209 and I can't play him and he's bitching and griping at me. Those are situations I don't want to face anymore. Last fall, I picked up a newspaper and Terry Crowley was quoted as saying the Orioles would be a better team now that I was gone. I didn't use Terry a lot last year, because the situations for him didn't come up very often. Crowley's like every other player: He knows that when contract time comes, management will look at his at-bats and what he contributed, and that's why he wants to play—plus, it's a lot more fun to play than to sit. [In April 1983, the Orioles dropped Crowley from the roster.—*Ed.*] It's *no* fun to read what Crowley said, but every profession has its drawbacks. One of the occupational hazards of being a manager is that you wind up shittin' on your players. Players resent the manager, because one way or another, you're *always* shittin' on them.

PLAYBOY: You don't think it's possible for a manager to be close to his players?

WEAVER: It wasn't for me. I just didn't think I could be friends with the players, and I didn't *want* to be, because I knew that tomorrow, I'd do something det-

rimonial to their careers. Whether I'd trade them or send them back to the minors or take them out of the line-up or release them—eventually, that day was coming. Every spring, I'd be leaving people I loved: Lee May, Pat Kelly, Elrod Hendricks, Frank Robinson, Brooks Robinson—wasn't it nice to tell Brooks *he* was through?

PLAYBOY: How do you tell a Hall of Famer that he's had it?

WEAVER: I sat him down in New York and told him that Doug DeCinces had been hitting well and was going to play third base for us and that Bobby Grich would be at second. I said, "Brooks, you're going to be on the bench for a while, how long I don't know, but this could be it—and this could *not* be it. We'll have to see how things develop." The way things developed, that *was* it for Brooks. I hated having to go through that with him.

PLAYBOY: How did Robinson take it?

WEAVER: Like the gentleman he is. Brooksy had to be mature when he was 15, and he's just one of the greatest people you'll ever meet. I don't think he's ever hurt anyone's feelings in his whole life. Before ball games, I'd see him rushing from breakfast with one group of people to lunch with another, and he'd do it just because he didn't want to disappoint anyone. I'd tell him, "Brooksy, you've got to learn to say *no* to somebody. There's just so much of you—you can't spread yourself so thin." But he did, and he did it well, and everybody in Baltimore loves him. *Wherever* this guy goes, people love him. And he *did* learn how to say *no*: Brooksy didn't want any part of managing, 'cause he knew he'd have to hurt people he liked.

PLAYBOY: Which you apparently learned to do.

WEAVER: Yeah, but on certain days, I *dreaded* going to the ball park. I'd know our opponents' pitching rotation, and I'd have to tell a player I liked—and who was chompin' at the bit to get into a game—that he'd have to stay on the bench for at least four or five more days. Sooner or later, I'd have to tell him, "Look, you're playing horseshit baseball; you're lousy." You've got to come out with the words—not necessarily *those*—and you're going to hurt the guy's feelings. But if you don't do it, you're not doing your job right.

PLAYBOY: Do all major-league managers operate the same way?

WEAVER: No, I think there are many, *many* managers who turn their heads to those situations, and they do it for only one reason: to avoid a confrontation. So they don't pinch-hit when they're supposed to, or they don't take a pitcher out when they should, and that just hurts the team. That's why I was always as honest as I could be with my players, whether it upset them or not. I'm not saying I didn't have players who wanted to be traded; that happens to everybody. If that's what they wanted, I'd tell 'em, "Listen, if I can't find anybody better than you, you're not *going*

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to be traded. You're going to sit on that bench and play when I ask you to play. If you don't want to do that, then, please, don't show up at the ball park—just stay home; we'll pay you. But don't disturb what we've got going here."

PLAYBOY: Would that lead to discord?

WEAVER: Only with the individual, not with the team. You have to remember that when one player is mad at you for being on the bench, you've got another one who's happy as hell: the guy who takes his place. Those are nasty situations, but pleasant, unpleasant or anything else, a manager's got to face up to 'em. It gets down to this: You're running the club, and if you don't win, you're fired.

PLAYBOY: What happens if you're hired to manage a lousy team? If you're a terrific manager, can you somehow win with crummy ballplayers?

WEAVER: No, you can't. The first thing I learned in the minors is that you can't out-manage everybody, 'cause all the strategies are the same: Comes time to put in a relief pitcher or send up a pinch hitter, you do it. To win, you've got to get players who can do the job—that's all managing is. My last four years or so at Baltimore were kind of embarrassing for me, in a way, because people didn't understand that. Wherever the Orioles played, people came up to me and said, "Earl, how do you do it?" All they had to do was look out on the field: We had the best team. People were giving me credit I didn't deserve.

PLAYBOY: For what *do* you deserve credit?

WEAVER: Helping the general manager put together a good ball club and then taking the players and letting them play. Player evaluation is the name of the game, and I think I'm good at that. Consider that team of crummy ballplayers you mentioned: The owner of that ball club's going to say, "I need a man who can get me some good players." That's the manager's job: to tell the general manager what he needs to win. What do we need to win? OK, we need some speed in the outfield, more power in the infield and a catcher who's going to drive in 40 to 60 runs—you tell those things to the general manager. You've got to know that you need a Lowenstein, who you pick up for \$20,000; last year, John hit .320 for the Orioles with 24 home runs. You need a Crowley, who'd been traded by Cincinnati and released by Atlanta; when the time comes to win a ball game in the seventh, eighth or ninth inning, or when the player you counted on is hitting .214 in June, now you've got a move you can make. *That's* managing.

PLAYBOY: Finding diamonds at a flea market is no small accomplishment, but what if you need a great relief pitcher and your owner refuses to shell out the fortune it would cost to acquire—let alone sign—a Bruce Sutter or a Rollie Fingers?

WEAVER: Most owners will, and most times, you won't have to pay all that much money. And a lot of times, you can trade for what you need. That's what Whitey

Herzog did with the St. Louis Cardinals—they won the world series because of what he did. As far as player evaluation goes, what better experience can you get than being in charge of player personnel for an expansion club? I don't know how many hits and misses Whitey had during his years at Kansas City, but while he was hitting and missing, he was also learning what he needed to win as a manager. Two years ago, Whitey traded for Sutter and Fingers, and then he traded Fingers to Milwaukee—and the Brewers won the American League pennant because of the deal they made with St. Louis. If Fingers had been healthy, *Milwaukee* might have won the series. That's what you call a trade!

PLAYBOY: To acquire the services of a free agent, however, teams have to engage in bidding wars. What's to prevent such big spenders as the Yankees' Steinbrenner and the Angels' Gene Autry from nailing down a monopoly on the sport's best players?

WEAVER: Who were the American League champions?

PLAYBOY: The Milwaukee Brewers.

WEAVER: Who were the world champions?

PLAYBOY: The Cardinals.

WEAVER: All right, that ends that: If Steinbrenner and Autry had the best players, one of *their* teams would've been world champions. It's going to be even competition from now on, and one reason is the major-league draft of high school and college players, which gives the weakest teams first pick of the best young prospects. That alone means that the Yankees aren't going to the world series nine out of ten years, which happened starting in the late Forties. You want to know how they did it? The Yankees used to be the only people in baseball with enough money to buy free agents out of high schools and colleges, and they obligated those kids to spend seven or eight years in the minors, where no other team could touch them. How were the St. Louis Browns going to get strong? Or the Philadelphia Athletics?

PLAYBOY: Before those teams folded, didn't they usually ship their star players to New York?

WEAVER: That's right. They'd get two good players for one who was better, and as a result, the Browns or the Athletics would move from sixth place to fourth, or maybe from fifth to third—but the Yankees kept getting *prime* players and kept getting stronger and stronger. The draft has leveled things off, and the Brewers are proof of that: Robin Yount, Jim Gantner and Paul Molitor were all obtained through the draft. Nowadays, most teams are only a few players short of maybe winning a division, and you can go get 'em if you decide to. That's what Milwaukee did. The Brewers were a 1969 expansion team that had some free agents like Sal Bando and traded for players like Don Money, but they didn't go anywhere until about five years ago. Bud Selig, the Brewers' owner, told me. "It was either go bankrupt with what we had or spend some money

and try to make something happen." So Selig went out and spent the money to become a competitor, and—bang—he started breaking attendance records in Milwaukee. Greatest thing ever to happen to baseball.

PLAYBOY: Draft choices such as Yount may, indeed, blossom into all-stars who win most-valuable-player awards, but what's to prevent them from becoming free agents and departing for greener—and richer—pastures in Anaheim or the Bronx?

WEAVER: Nothing, but what makes you think a world-series team can't afford to pay its players what they're worth? Yount made the difference for Milwaukee last year; you might pay him \$2,000,000 a year, and this season, he might hit .241 with 18 home runs. You don't know that from year to year.

PLAYBOY: That would be a major surprise, wouldn't it?

WEAVER: No more so than Singleton was for us last year—that was a surprise. Kenny's been with the Orioles since '75, and he's always hit right around .300 or better. Last year, he hit .251. Al Bumbry has always done a good job of getting on base, but he was also a surprise last season. Do you understand? They're not going to have good years every year. So you try to put together a well-balanced team. You try to have good players on that bench so you can put in a Lowenstein or somebody else when the time comes. Same thing with your pitchers: You never know when one of your starters is going to have an arm problem, so you're always looking for some protection in that department. That's how come Steve Stone became the first expensive free agent the Orioles ever signed.

PLAYBOY: Are backup pitchers that valuable?

WEAVER: Well, with Steve, it had to do with player evaluation again. Bamberger, Ray Miller, his successor, and I always thought that Steve could be a big winner, because he had the best curve ball in the American League. But he wasn't winning, and I thought I knew why. Number one, he'd been pitching for the Chicago White Sox, who weren't as good as the Orioles; and number two, I felt he should throw his curve ball for strikes and not nibble with it—he didn't really put it in over the plate, which had to do with not having confidence in himself. We signed him in 1979, and soon afterward, he began seeing a lady mystic in Oakland, who predicted good things for him. Steve believed what she told him, got confidence in himself and *knew* he was gonna win. He had an 11-7 record as a spot starter his first year, and then, in 1980, a few of our pitchers had arm problems. Well, Stone got on that mound and took over. He consistently threw his curve ball for a strike, he had confidence in it and won 25 games for us. Our free agent won us the pennant and became the only free agent to win the Cy Young Award as the league's best pitcher.

A point I want to make here is that our

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coaching staff and our general manager got together and picked the free agent we wanted. Steinbrenner built his team the same way, in conjunction with Billy Martin, Bob Lemon and some other good baseball people. But last year, George did something by himself that really hurt the Yankees. I don't want to get him mad at me, but Dave Collins for Reggie Jackson was not a good move. George signed Collins as a free agent and let Reggie go, and I don't mean to be critical of Collins, but Yankee Stadium just isn't his ball park.

PLAYBOY: Why isn't it?

WEAVER: Because it's Reggie's ball park. It's made to order for a left-handed power hitter the way Fenway Park is made for a right-handed hitter. Now, put Collins in Kansas City or St. Louis and that's a hell of a move, because he's fast and he's gonna get a lot of extra hits on artificial turf—ground balls through the infield and choppers, which aren't there in Yankee Stadium. So the Yankees lost some power and it hurt them. Meanwhile, Reggie was just enough to put the Angels over in the American League West. There's no doubt that with the year he had, he would've put a lot of clubs over, including us. As things turned out, last year, we won more games than any team in baseball but Milwaukee, and if we'd beat 'em that last Sunday, we would've been division champions.

PLAYBOY: Since that loss came in what may be the last game you'll ever manage, was it an especially bitter pill for you to swallow?

WEAVER: Talking with you right now, I can say it really would have been sweet to win. But if it were 1976 and we lost—which we did—I'd be sitting here saying the same thing: Boy, it *would* have been sweet to win. I've thought a lot about how I felt, and I remember that in 1973, I wanted to win, and we won a division. In 1974, I wanted to win, and we won the division. Those two years were important to me, because I felt I *had* to win or else I might not be asked back again. So in being honest with you and myself, no, last year wasn't anything more than I ever felt about winning. It was the same as every year: When you've got the desire to win, it's there. My main worry about last season was that it *wouldn't* be there.

PLAYBOY: What made you worry about that—the fact that you were retiring?

WEAVER: That's *exactly* what bothered me. Before I went down to spring training, I knew that for the first time in my life, I didn't have to think about going back the following year. I kept questioning myself: Will I work as hard? Will I want to win as much? Or will I want to get it over with? Well, when I got down to Florida and spring training started, I turned everything over to Cal Ripken and the rest of my coaching staff. Ripken had been my first lieutenant, and I began thinking that here was my possible successor and that the Baltimore organization was gonna be all right. Now, that had nothing to do with

Joe Altobelli, who is my successor—his name came up much later. Anyway, I decided to stay away, but—son of a gun—I'd look over at the diamond where we worked on fundamentals and I'd wonder if everything was going all right. So I'd run down there to make sure, and then I'd start butting in, which I hadn't wanted to do but did. The minute I put on the uniform, three thoughts went through my mind: Win! Don't embarrass yourself! Make the people of Baltimore happy! So it all turned out the same, from the first year to the last.

PLAYBOY: The Orioles got off to a rocky start last year. How did that affect you?

WEAVER: We lost nine in a row in April, and I tried telling myself that if we lost ten or 12 in a row and they fired me, it wouldn't be that bad—I'd get paid a whole year's salary without working for it. Let me tell you, that nine-game losing streak was *hell!* I kept thinking, Jesus, I don't want to be fired my last year. I want to win! That's what it's about—that's what it's *always* been about. It was 96.5 wins per year that kept me in that town.

PLAYBOY: You said the Orioles would have won their division last year if Reggie Jackson had played for your team. Before he became a Yankee, Jackson played one season for the Orioles. Did you try to keep him in Baltimore?

WEAVER: Sure I did. Reggie can hit the ball in the seats, and he also has a great attitude—in the year he was with us, he did everything he could for the Orioles. We'd traded for him in 1976, but after that, he wasn't going to stay in Baltimore when the Big Apple was available.

PLAYBOY: Reggie was a free agent again last year. Did you attempt to sign him?

WEAVER: We went all out to get him last year and almost matched California's offer, but Reggie's decision didn't have to do with money. He told me, "Earl, you're retiring and I'd like to finish my playing days close to home." Now, I don't know whether that's how he really felt, but those were his words to me. Moneywise, believe me, we were right there; we went high and long. We just didn't get him.

PLAYBOY: When free agency started, you also lost your all-star second baseman, Grich, to Autry and the Angels.

WEAVER: Autry spent all that money and he still hasn't made it to the world series, right? And you can't buy too many players, anyway, because you can put only nine on the field at one time, and good players aren't going to be happy sitting on the bench. How many players do you *need*? If you're gonna go broke, then it's gonna be useless. I don't care if you're Autry, Steinbrenner or anybody else, there's only so much revenue that comes in. Certainly, the New York market calls for more local-TV, radio and, especially, cable-TV money; and that should probably be divided up equally among all the clubs, the way pro football does it. But even if he has more money, if Steinbrenner loses one

year, he's going into the red. If Milwaukee wins, it goes into the black and now it has more money to pour into the team. If you've got a hole, every team in baseball can go out and fill it, and that's why I think free agency is the best thing in the world to equalize competition.

PLAYBOY: A lot of baseball fans are still disturbed by the notion that players have become gypsies who go from city to city, selling their services to the highest bidders. Are they wrong to feel that way?

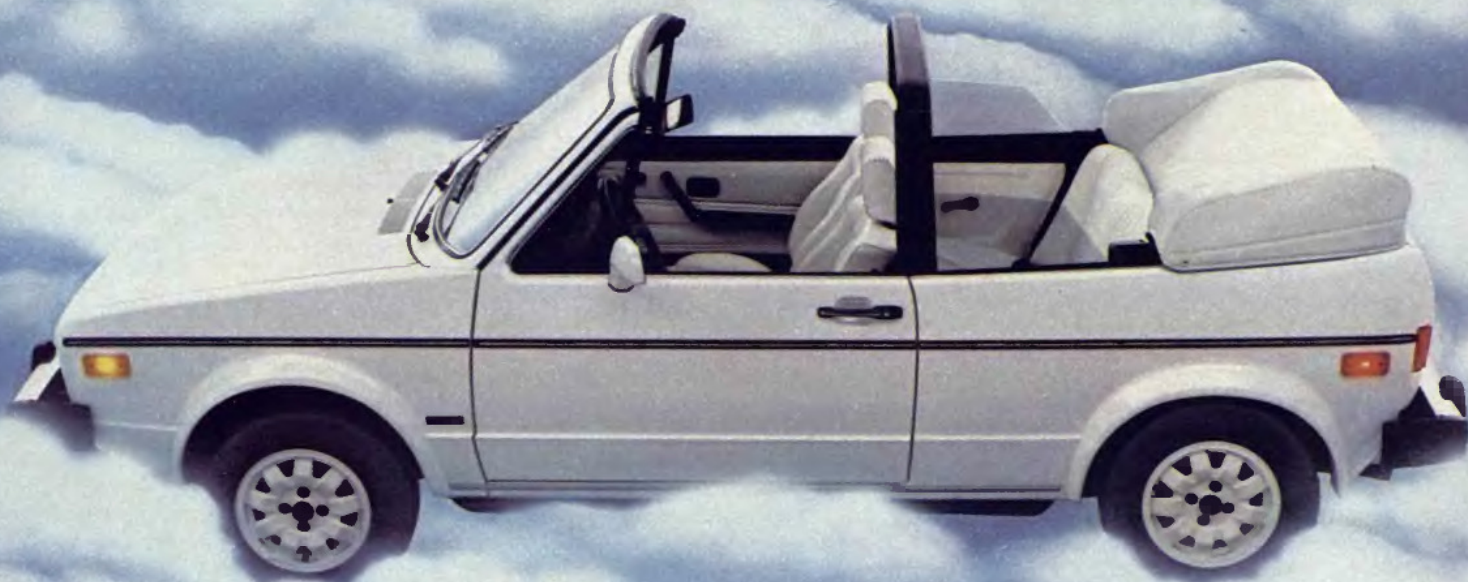
WEAVER: Listen, you're talking to a guy who played nine years in the minors and who couldn't get out of the St. Louis Cardinals' organization for five or six years. I was a second baseman, and the Cardinals had Red Schoendienst and Solly Heimis ahead of me, and I had no place to go. I'm 100 percent for free agency, and I think that if you don't pay players what they can earn playing somewhere else, you won't hold on to 'em. Now, whether players should be paid \$1,000,000 a year, or not, I don't know. But if you're going to win, you're going to have to have a \$1,000,000 player on your club, because that's what the wage scale calls for today. If you have that kind of player on your club and you're not paying him that kind of money this year, you're going to have to give it to him next year or the year after that. Or else you won't hold on to your personnel.

PLAYBOY: You don't think baseball's salary scale is out of whack?

WEAVER: Look, I'm for the owners' making money, which they are, and for the players' making money, which they are. And I'm for the fans' getting dollar-for-dollar entertainment value, which *they* are: You pay a hell of a lot less to go to a goddamn baseball game than to see a football game or a movie. You can still go to a baseball game for three dollars and see about three hours of beautiful baseball. And you can sit there in the beautiful air with your son and your daughter and not be embarrassed. Of course, we have a lot of ball parks where you're not out in the beautiful air, but on a hot summer's night, at least you're in an air-conditioned place.

PLAYBOY: Readers will note that the preceding message was brought to you on behalf of the beautiful American League. If we can return to the subject at hand, Earl, it's pretty obvious that most fans think baseball players are overpaid. Could that resentment threaten the sport's future?

WEAVER: No, I don't think so. I don't think the fans actually resent the players themselves, either. It's just the fact that the players are making a lot of money and you can live on a lot less. People resent *anybody* who makes a lot of money, whether it's Robert Redford or the president of General Motors. In the Sixties, when big money started coming into professional golf, I remember people bitching about golfers and saying, "Imagine making a putt for *that* kind of money!" I even remember my grandfather griping about how much



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money Fred Allen and Jack Benny made for their radio programs. I know there's not a person in Baltimore who resents what Eddie Murray makes. And I don't think a true Yankees fan is mad because Dave Winfield makes what *he* makes.

PLAYBOY: If that's true, who's responsible for all the verbal abuse Winfield receives at Yankee Stadium? Oriole fans?

WEAVER: Oh, I think that any time you strike out, they're gonna yell that you're not worth the money. Leave a man on second base and you're not worth the money. And if you don't win, *nobody* on your team is worth the money, including the manager. But I have to tell you, with Winfield, you've got speed in the outfield, speed on the bases, a guy who can bunt and who can hit for an average and who can hit it out for you, too. You've got it *all* with him—but if you want him, then you pay him \$1,000,000 a year. And all you have to do is watch Winfield play to know he's out to prove that he's worth the money. I've seen him take a chance on cutting his arm off by going three rows up to catch a ball, and I've seen him dive head first into third base, and that's because he wants to show he's worth every penny he earns. Singleton on our team was the first Oriole to get a \$1,000,000 contract—it was spread over five years, but it was *very* big money when he signed it in 1977. Well, one night, we were ahead 9-1, and I sent a pinch runner in for Kenny. When he came into the dugout, he said, "Earl, what are you doing? If you pinch-run for me, how am I gonna lead this league in runs scored?" I told him that since he'd just signed a five-year contract, he couldn't make any more money no matter *what* he did. Kenny just looked at me and quietly said, "Pride, Earl, pride. I want to lead the league in runs scored." That's how the good ones play the game, and it's a lot truer now than it was before free agency.

PLAYBOY: How has free agency changed that?

WEAVER: The attitudes in spring training are 1000 percent better than they used to be, especially on pennant-winning teams. When players had to sign for what the general manager and the owner wanted to pay them, they'd come into spring training and say things like, "Screw this; I worked my butt off last year and got nothing for it, so they'll accept what I give 'em this year." Players have more of an incentive to play. Still, there were dogs before free agency, and there are gonna be some now, though I think there are fewer.

PLAYBOY: Dogs?

WEAVER: Players with unbelievable ability who just waste it. Fellas like Alex Johnson, who was with a number of teams in the Seventies. Managers never knew if he would *play*, so he was traded every year. Because of the money involved, free agency means that fewer clubs will take a chance on that type of player.

PLAYBOY: If you get a ballplayer like that, what can you do to turn him around?

WEAVER: Nothing. That's why I never had many team rules; the motivation is money. Do businesses have curfews for their executives? Hell, no. They accept what executives do in their offices, and that's what we in baseball should do. If a player wants to make a living for his wife and his family and if he wants to go to bed at three in the morning, let him do it—I'm not going to force him to be in bed by one o'clock. Just be on time at the ball park and do your job on the field or you won't be on the team next year. You want to go drinking, that's your affair—but baseball is a funny game, and if you're going to drink before a game, you won't perform. Bob Welch of the Dodgers did, but it caught up to him; he was pitching bad and *had* to go get cured. If you use alcohol, you can't last in baseball, because there are too many facets to the game, starting with the fact that you're trying to hit a ball that's going 90 miles an hour. I've never covered for anybody, and the unbelievable thing is that in 25 years of managing, I never had anybody walk into my clubhouse drunk. *Never*.

PLAYBOY: Judging by all the published reports, there's been heavy use of cocaine by pro football and pro basketball players. Do you think we're going to see a wave of similar revelations regarding baseball players?

WEAVER: I have no idea how many guys in baseball are doing anything like that, because I haven't run across it. I *do* know we had some amphetamines in the clubhouse at one time, but that was when they were known only as a recommended diet drug. As soon as the Food and Drug Administration came out with its study, man, they were out of that clubhouse in a *second!* Just like alcohol, though, drug use catches up to players. I remember one American League team had a fine third baseman, but he got involved in drugs and was out of baseball in two or three years. And although we didn't know what it was, we knew *something* was wrong with Darrell Porter. I loved him from the day he got to the big leagues, because you start building a pennant winner with the things he can do behind home plate. When he came up with Milwaukee, we sent two guys to see him, and for no real reason, he had four passed balls that day. He had such a bad year that he was traded to Kansas City, where he had spells of greatness but never reached his potential. When news about his drug use came out, I finally understood how he could have such ability and still look so bad on certain days. I'm glad he rehabilitated himself in St. Louis, and I wasn't really surprised that Darrell was the most valuable player in last year's world series. He's *always* had that kind of talent.

PLAYBOY: We're not implying anything here, but honestly: Would you be surprised if some of the Orioles you managed had heavy drug habits?

WEAVER: I would be *very* surprised. Reports always filter back to a manager—and your own players will tell you—if a guy's got problems, financial, family or

otherwise. At least once or twice a year, players would come up and say, "Earl, you know it might be possible that so-and-so isn't taking care of himself." When that would happen, and if I thought a player was hurting himself in any way, I'd call him in. I never heard *nothin'* about drugs.

PLAYBOY: In deploying and dealing with all that high-priced talent, did you ever feel that you should earn at least as much as your better players?

WEAVER: No, because managers have always been expendable. But I will tell you that my salary was a lot closer to Dave Winfield's than Miller Huggins' was to Babe Ruth's. Huggins made \$2500 a year when Ruth was getting \$80,000, and when Ted Williams made \$100,000, Joe McCarthy probably made \$12,500. It's no different now than it always was.

PLAYBOY: What's a good manager worth?

WEAVER: I'm not gonna say.

PLAYBOY: Why *aren't* you worth what a good ballplayer's worth?

WEAVER: Isn't it obvious? I can't do the things a good ballplayer can do. Last year, Eddie Murray hit 30 home runs and was voted second most valuable player in the league, just behind Yount. I don't care what *I* did; the Orioles couldn't have come so close without players like Eddie and Jim Palmer and Lowenstein doing what *they* did, so they're worth more money. At the same time, when you look at my record, you find that not many guys produce 96.5 wins a year, so when we're talking salary, I should be up among the tops in managers. Not ballplayers.

PLAYBOY: *Were* you?

WEAVER: I was the highest-paid manager in baseball three or four times. What would happen was that the next guy who signed would go ahead of me, and then I'd catch up. The figures on everybody's salaries are available, and Billy Martin got ahead of me when he first signed with the Yankees, and then I went ahead of him. Bamberger went ahead of all of us in 1978 when he left Baltimore to manage Milwaukee. Sparky Anderson then became number one when he went to Detroit, so when I got my next contract, I asked for more than Sparky got. But I was never out of line. Since I'd won more ball games than other managers, I wanted to be paid more than anybody else, even if it was only two cents. But find the right ballplayer, and I'd give him \$25,000 of my salary.

PLAYBOY: Why would you want to do that?

WEAVER: He would help me keep *my* job next year. That's *really* why a player's worth more than a manager.

PLAYBOY: A few years back, *Time* magazine reported that you and your players "yell at each other so much that the dugout sounds like a session of primal-scream therapy, but the anger passes quickly." Was that a fair description of life among the Orioles?

WEAVER: Yeah, and I probably did most of the screaming—and that's the truth. In the heat of a ball game, I'd lose my temper, like everybody else. Of course, we had



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guys whose tempers were even worse than mine—like Rick Dempsey, our catcher. At the beginning of one season, Rick got himself hung up on the bases two or three times within a couple of weeks. That is something everyone does, only Rick is vocal. Well, in a game against Milwaukee, Rick gets a base hit and does it *again*—he gets caught between first and second and is tagged out. Now I've got to holler at him, because that's the way I manage; and although none of my 25 players expects to be hollered at, they all expect me to yell at another guy who makes a mistake. Well, I've been on Rick for two weeks, and now I'm on him again: "Dempsey, all I can do is take you out! You can't play the game right!" If he pops up, Rick's the kind of guy who'll come back to the dugout and break his bat. And if he strikes out, he'll come back and break his batting helmet. He's one of *those* guys.

PLAYBOY: Intense.

WEAVER: Right. So Rick starts hollering, "How come you're always pickin' on me?" and a few other choice things. Well, you can listen to a word or two in the dugout, but finally, you've got to stop it; and that's what I do. By now, he's got his catching equipment on again, and I tell him, "That's it, you're done for the day. Take the equipment off." At this point, Rick starts to break *everything*. He's taking his equipment off and *firing* it! He slams down the catcher's mask; I pick it up and throw it out of the dugout. His shin guards go sailing; I pick 'em up and throw them somewhere else. Off comes his breast protector, and now Rick grabs a batting helmet and breaks it on the top step. So I go shatter a helmet. I tell him, "I can do this as long as you can," and I *can*, because now I'm as mad as *he* is. One of my coaches finally broke it up.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever get into a fight with one of your players?

WEAVER: No, none of them ever carried it that far, and neither did I. When the yelling got too loud or too personal, somebody would step in. As a manager, I didn't think I had to bite my tongue; and when players hollered back, they knew I wouldn't hold it against them, and I didn't.

PLAYBOY: From what we've been able to learn, you and your ace right-hander Jim Palmer spent the better part of the past 16 years bickering with each other. True?

WEAVER: Well, I think we like each other. When I lived in Baltimore, I played golf with him every day during the winter; we'd have our arguments on the golf course. During the season, we'd argue on the field and in the clubhouse. It got to the point where the other players started calling us Felix and Oscar.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of arguments did you have?

WEAVER: Strong ones, like you'd have with your wife. Like me trying to tell him how to pitch to a hitter and Jim not wanting to pitch him that way. And me being the boss and making him do it, which he wouldn't,

anyway. I always kept a file of index cards on how we should pitch to every hitter we'd faced the year before; the cards would come off the pitching charts I kept every season. One time, I got into a big argument with Palmer about the way he pitched to Juan Beniquez, who played for the Texas Rangers. Beniquez was a .200 hitter who couldn't hit low curve balls. Well, Palmer couldn't get his breaking ball over that day, so he had to go with what he could throw for strikes. But four high fast balls later, Beniquez has two doubles and two singles, and I'm going to say something to Palmer that he's going to resent. Then he'll say something that *I'll* resent.

PLAYBOY: What remarks would get to you?

WEAVER: Well, Palmer always wanted the added responsibility of positioning our fielders when he was pitching. But sometimes, if someone hit a ball up the middle on him, he would tell me the shortstop was out of position and that it was *my* fault—and then *I'd* get mad, because he was telling everybody else where to play, so he couldn't have told the shortstop, too. Palmer, by the way, is probably better at that than any other pitcher in baseball. One day, when Jim Frey was still on my coaching staff, we saw Palmer move our right fielder eight steps back and one step over. The batter hit his next pitch to the exact spot where Jim had positioned the right fielder; our guy didn't have to *move*. Frey looked at me and said, "Ain't nobody in the world *that* good." But Palmer was, on that pitch.

PLAYBOY: One of Palmer's favorite lines at banquets is—

WEAVER: Let me guess: "The only thing Weaver knows about pitching is that he couldn't hit it."

PLAYBOY: You got it.

WEAVER: That was first said by Dave McNally, another one of my pitchers, and it was just one of those funny remarks that get printed in the front of *Sports Illustrated*. It wasn't anything serious.

PLAYBOY: Were you and Palmer in agreement about the way you utilized him?

WEAVER: I think so. Jim's one of the greats, and he's still got 40 or maybe 60 more wins in him. He always wanted to pitch every four days, so that's how I'd try to set up our pitching rotation. We'd have some words about who I might bring in to relieve him, though. This is not the actual figure, but Graig Nettles of the Yankees has probably hit .330 against Jim in the ten or 12 years they've played against each other. But Nettles was only one for 21 against Tippy Martinez, so two years ago, I brought Tippy in to relieve Palmer and Nettles hit one out of the ball park to win a game for the Yankees. Well, in a game Palmer pitched last season, we were beating the Yankees 4-1 in the ninth when Winfield beat out an infield hit and up to the plate stepped Nettles. I went out to the mound, and Palmer wasn't so worried about coming out of the game—he *knows* Nettles hits him—as he was about who was coming in for him. I told him it would

be Tippy, and he said, "*Tippy?* Jesus Christ, Earl, when Tippy came in last year, Nettles hit one right up there," and now he's pointing to the right-field stands and waving his hands. I said, "Get your goddamn hands down! We're out here in front of the crowd!" Tippy got Nettles for the last out, but back in the clubhouse, Jim and I had one of our screaming matches, with Palmer denying he'd ever pointed to the stands. Well, the next day, one of the New York papers ran a picture of Jim and me on the mound, with him pointing to the stands. I cut it out, but Jim has never said he's sorry about anything in his life. The next day, it's all forgotten, but at the same time, he really *didn't* know he was doing it.

PLAYBOY: Even if you don't intend to, do you treat a superstar such as Palmer differently from the rest of your players?

WEAVER: Neither one of us wanted that. After a 16-year association, I talked to Palmer more than any other player, but he didn't want to be called a brown noser and I didn't want to be doing him any extra favors, except that to a certain extent, you have to. As I told you, because of his experience, I let him position fielders any way he wanted to. When Dennis Martinez started doing that and they hit the ball somewhere else, I had to stop him and make him understand why. Now, here's where Palmer was the greatest person in the world for me: He knows what it takes to be a winning pitcher as far as conditioning is concerned. Year in and year out, he was always the hardest worker on our pitching staff. When rookie pitchers would report to spring training, Palmer would run them right into the ground. Those kids would see what it takes to be a winner, and that worked in our favor. Same thing was true of Brooks Robinson: Each and every day, the best fielder in the world would loosen up by catching 50 or 75 ground balls, and young infielders coming up would see what it takes. Frank Robinson was the same way. The three of 'em will wind up as teammates in the Hall of Fame.

PLAYBOY: Did you have an inkling that Frank Robinson wanted to become a major-league manager?

WEAVER: Very definitely—I got him his first managing job. When I became manager of the Orioles, Harry Dalton, our general manager, gave me an additional raise in return for not managing the Santurce team in Puerto Rico. That was the end-of-the-winter job I used to take to supplement my income as a minor-league manager. Dalton wanted me to manage our instructional-league team, and he also wanted me to be around Baltimore during the winter to shake some hands and all of that. One day, in New York, I was sitting around telling Frank I was gonna miss being in Puerto Rico for the winter, and he said, "Boy, I'd like to have that job." So I called up Hiram Cuevas, who owned the Santurce team, and told him Frank was interested and that he knew his baseball. His instincts as a player were outstanding, you



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know. Anyway, a week or so later, Cuevas flew to Baltimore to interview Frank and gave him the job, and Robinson held on to it off and on for a number of years. Frank was a great ballplayer and an intense person, and he worked hard to become the first black manager in the major leagues.

PLAYBOY: Robinson didn't last very long with the Cleveland Indians and became one of the Orioles' coaches for a while after they let him go. Why did that happen?

WEAVER: Frank had probably gotten the Cleveland job too quickly; I'd say that about 90 percent of major-league players who go directly into managing don't have the experience to do well immediately. I think the time he spent as an Orioles coach was beneficial to him. And when we had an opening for a manager with our triple-A team in Rochester, Frank wanted the job and went down to the minors to prove that he *could* manage. He worked very hard in Rochester and did well; and eventually, he was hired by the San Francisco Giants. And now he's manager of the year in the National League, which makes me proud as hell. Not bad, huh? Hall of Fame as a player, manager of the year—I wouldn't mind spending a season as Frank's coach.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk some more about the nuts and bolts of the game. Hitting a pitched baseball is often said to be the most difficult act in sports. Do you find it to be that complex?

WEAVER: No. Basically, hitting has to do with swinging at good pitches within the strike zone. That's what it all boils down to; you've got a number of bad-ball hitters in baseball, but they're few and far between. You don't want to hit a pitcher's pitch, which will be outside the strike zone; you want to look for *your* pitch. If you're a fast-ball hitter, wait for a fast ball. One year, Willie Randolph of the Yankees got 21 hits off us. Nineteen were on fast balls and 16 of those were belt-high or above. Our pitchers know all that, but Randolph is patient. He'll look for a fast ball on the first pitch, and if you start him off with a curve, he'll take it. He'll work you to two balls and no strikes, and he's still patient, still looking for his pitch.

PLAYBOY: A number of teams are investing in computerized equipment that can analyze the arc of a batter's swing, body torque and other arcane factors. What's your opinion on the subject?

WEAVER: Doesn't make a heck of a lot of sense to me. A batter's gotta get up there and outthink the pitcher and hit the ball hard. Now, there are times when players start doing things mechanically wrong; a hitter may have drifted off the plate an extra three or four inches, and you can show him that on film. And if he's holding his bat a few inches lower, you'll spot it when you analyze films of him that you shoot when he's going good. But that all falls into a groove and comes naturally once a guy starts hitting again.

PLAYBOY: Have you figured out why players go into batting slumps?

WEAVER: The only thing I've figured out is that slumps have always been part of baseball, and they're just going to happen. You get an Eddie Murray, who suddenly went zero for 21 in the '79 world series, or a Gorman Thomas, who couldn't buy a hit in last year's series—in both cases, it just happened to be their time for a slump. Players go into slumps about twice a year, but in the world series, it's very noticeable. Neither one of them had a defeatist complex when he was in those slumps, by the way. I talked to Gorman during the play-offs—he didn't have a good play-off, either—and he was going to hit a home run that day to win the game. And during Eddie's world-series slump, he'd come to the ball park and say, "This is my day." What happens is that they become over-anxious at the plate and they try to win ball games by themselves. They wind up swinging at pitches outside the strike zone, and that'll keep you in a slump any time.

PLAYBOY: How do you get players out of a batting slump?

WEAVER: How do I help? I can't help them get out of it. Put them in the line-up is the way you help them get out of it. If they're doing anything mechanically wrong, we'll spot it on film, and sometimes a batting coach picks up something small they're doing differently.

PLAYBOY: If none of that works and a player loses every shred of confidence in himself, what's your next move?

WEAVER: If a guy's really down on himself, I'll call him into the office and remind him of all the ability he has and everything he did to get to the major leagues and tell him that it'll start happening again. I'll fire those kinds of words at him and if his subconscious accepts them, it'll help. But if a player's known me for many years, his conscious mind's going to reject a lot of things that I say. The same words coming from me won't be nearly as effective as they would be from somebody else.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you once sent veteran outfielder Paul Blair to a hypnotist?

WEAVER: No, Paulie did that on his own and became a much better hitter—as long as the posthypnotic suggestions lasted. He had been hit in the head by a pitch a few seasons before, and he stood way off the plate, but nobody can really say whether or not he had a fear of the ball. The one thing I know is that he was in a terrible hitting slump, so he went to a doctor, who hypnotized him. The doctor put him into a light trance and told him that baseball was fun, that there was nothing to be afraid of. When you're in a trance, you're wide-awake and more alert than you are at any time in your life, and you accept and believe the suggestions you're given. But if you don't go back and get hypnotized again, those posthypnotic suggestions are gonna wear off after about a month. When Paul started hitting again, he made some statements that the doctor didn't really do him any good and that hypnosis wasn't responsible for his improvement at the plate.

But after his hot spell ended, he eventually wanted to go see the doctor again. The doctor had read some of his statements in the newspapers and decided not to see him. A subject has to believe in hypnosis, and the doctor could see that working with Paul might just be a waste of time. Paulie never hit that well again.

PLAYBOY: We know that you're an accomplished amateur hypnotist who has put hundreds of people into trances. Did you ever hypnotize one of your players?

WEAVER: No, I just do that for entertainment. I got started on it after I read a number of books on hypnotism and studied a little bit about Edgar Cayce. What got me interested in all of that was *The Search for Bridey Murphy*, a book about a woman who, under hypnosis, recalled a life she'd led in the past.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in reincarnation?

WEAVER: It's a little bit over my head. In the Bible, it says, "Yet unless a man be born again, he cannot reach the kingdom of heaven." You can interpret that any way that you so desire.

PLAYBOY: How do you interpret it?

WEAVER: I try not to give it any thought.

PLAYBOY: Would you think about it now?

WEAVER: Well, I do know that Duke University has collected evidence of peculiar happenings, if you want to call them that: people leaving their bodies and being at the death scene of a dear one and hearing everything that was said—and then returning to their own body and getting a telephone call an hour later telling them their relative had died. Things such as that. Whether I believe in 'em or not isn't important. To me, it's all very confusing, and in my conscious mind and in what I have to do on this earth, I just give no thought to that. It's 100 percent separate.

PLAYBOY: Separate from what?

WEAVER: The Apostles' Creed, which is my true belief. I believe in God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost, creator of heaven and earth, and His only son, our Lord, Jesus Christ. Now, whether Jesus Christ had us live before or whether God had us live before, I don't know.

PLAYBOY: If we understand you correctly, you're leaving the door open on reincarnation, and you don't believe it necessarily clashes with Christianity?

WEAVER: There's no clash whatsoever. There are so many religions, and everybody interprets the Bible differently. Just the two main versions, Catholic and Lutheran, have a difference of five sacraments because of the way some human being, even though he was supposedly inspired, translated the Bible. We don't know which one is right, the King James version or any other.

PLAYBOY: Did you attend chapel services with the Orioles?

WEAVER: I attended a couple of them—they were held every Sunday in the clubhouse, because there's no time to go to real services. We also had Bible studies on Wednesdays, and I went to a couple of



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those. I was raised in the Lutheran faith, and I do not attend church, but I do pray every day. I used to have a lot of fun talking with Pat Kelly, who led the chapel services. Pat had been a reborn Christian for two or three years, and he wanted to get everybody on his side in ten minutes. I don't know why, but I always teased him.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

WEAVER: Oh, one Sunday in Minnesota, our bus was late to the ball park and we were about 20 minutes away from batting practice when Pat came rushing up to me. "Earl, I know we're late," he said, "but we've got to have chapel." I told him OK, but he'd have to finish up in ten minutes, because we had ten minutes of work to do before batting practice. Pat said, "Earl, don't you want us to walk with the Lord?" I said, "Pat, I'd rather have you walk with the bases loaded." Pat was an outfielder we'd gotten from the Chicago White Sox, and he was a *terrible* base runner. He'd try to take extra bases on a hit and get thrown out, you'd put the steal on and he'd get picked off first by the pitcher—he really was *bad*. Before he left Chicago, some guy had given him a scrapbook, and seven of the first nine pictures in it were of Pat getting picked off first or caught in a run-down, or getting thrown out trying to stretch a single into a double. When he showed it to me, I said, "Pat, were you ever *safe*?"

One Wednesday, when we were playing at home, I was in the clubhouse and it was about an hour before Bible study. There was Pat with a Bible open, and I just couldn't help myself. He'd been picked off a couple of times within the past few weeks, and I went up to him and said, "Pat, can you find a chapter on base running in there?" That really hurt his feelings. He closed the Bible and looked at me. "Earl, when was the last time you had this book open?" he asked. I told him not since the start of the season. "Well, let me ask you another question," he said. "When was the last time you got down on your knees and prayed?" I couldn't resist: "Last night—when I gave you the steal sign." Pat's chin dropped all the way to his ankles, and I had to get outta there. Just before Bible study, he came up to me and said, "You're going to hell! You'll *never* get to heaven!" The other ballplayers got tired of hearing us holler at each other, and when Pat and I would start in, somebody would always yell, "Give it a rest!"

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if the Orioles—and their manager—were a very close bunch. Strange but close.

WEAVER: Well, we lived together for seven months a year. My speech at the start of every season was that we were going to spend more time with one another than with our wives. We were going to spend eight hours at the ball park together, we'd be traveling together and staying in hotels together, and it wasn't always going to be easy. There were going to be arguments, but like those you have with your wife, you

always make up. You try to have that kind of relationship with one another and then, when October comes, we can all break up and choose our *own* friends again.

PLAYBOY: As matters now stand, you're never going to make that speech again. Are you going to miss being a manager?

WEAVER: I know there are certain *parts* of the job I'll miss. I had a lot of fun and laughs along the way, and every day that I went to the ball park, I knew that before the night was over, someone would say something that would make me laugh. I'll miss that, and I'll also miss the fans. Baltimore's fans take their athletes to heart, and they took *me* to heart. I had a good job, is what I had. As long as you have to go someplace—and that's what it was; I *had* to go—you may as well go to a place you enjoy. But some nights were sheer misery: The game would go wrong, the fans would boo and I'd go home with my tail between my legs. I won't miss *that*. I'm not going to miss the 14-day road trips and sitting in a hotel room by myself. And I can get along *very* well without the tension and the long hours and the worrying that sooner or later, I'll have a year when I'm called the biggest butthole in the world. The good outweighed the bad by far, but at the end of a season, I'd feel I'd been put through a pressure cooker, and I'm looking forward to a lot of days of 100 percent relaxation. It's not as if I'm giving up baseball, you know. I'm just giving up work! I'm not going to miss baseball, because I'm going to see a *lot* of baseball. And I'm not going to miss *work*.

PLAYBOY: What could bring you out of retirement?

WEAVER: Financial need or an obligation to the Baltimore organization to help it for a limited time. I'm on a two-year contract as a consultant to the Orioles, and in a way, they're paying me to *not* manage. I didn't want to be tempted by any offers, because I *don't* want to manage. If the Orioles asked me to come back for a limited time, however, I would. I don't think that will happen, because they hired Joe Altobelli. I recommended Joe for his first managing job, and he'll do fine. But I'll be there if they need me. Remember Danny Murtaugh's situation at Pittsburgh? He retired, did some scouting for the Pirates, and when they got in trouble with their manager a few years later, Danny went back and finished up for them. That would be nice—if the Orioles needed me. What would be nicer is if they *didn't* need me and I still got enough money so that I didn't need the work.

PLAYBOY: What are you planning for yourself at this point?

WEAVER: Well, the first thing I'm going to do is see how I do on television with ABC. I'm obligated to them for 15 Monday-night baseball games, three Sunday games and this year's world series. I want them to use me, and I want to be *good*. My job is to explain the intricacies of baseball, and I want to do it well enough so that every-

body understands what's going on. If I get good enough at it, then I'll keep the job.

PLAYBOY: You made your TV debut as an ABC sports commentator during last fall's Milwaukee-California play-off series. How would you rate your performance?

WEAVER: I know that I was very nervous at first; in fact, I was nervous all the way through. Keith Jackson was exceptionally nice to me, and Palmer, who was also in the booth, was just great. Jim has a little experience, and I thought we did pretty well. We'll have to wait and see whether I'm there because of my name or because I can add something to the broadcasts. The name'll wear out fast, so if I'm there in a couple of years, I'll have learned the job. All told, I have a 25-day work schedule with ABC television, which is fine, because it leaves me free to do what I want to.

PLAYBOY: What *do* you want to do?

WEAVER: I think I've wanted since I was 17 to relax and enjoy everything there is to enjoy in life. If I'd been born with a silver spoon in my mouth, I might have bought a minor-league baseball team so that I could play, but I'd never have named myself manager—I'd *never* have gone through that. I've been waiting a long time to spend more time with Marianna, my wife. Now I have it; we'll have more than just the winters together. And there's a *million* things I want to do. Three of them are within 35 minutes of my home in Hialeah, Florida: Calder, Hialeah and Gulf Stream. I like going to the race track. It used to be a thrill for me to bet five dollars a race; now I bet ten dollars a race, and there's no thrill. My enjoyment is the environment and watching the horses run. I know a lot of jockeys and trainers who live in the Miami area, and I may buy a horse pretty soon. There are two golf courses minutes from where I live, and I play every day and enjoy associating with guys who are my own age, not 25- or 30-year-old ballplayers. I like playing gin, going to the beach, cooking, canning vegetables, gardening, going to the country club—I can do all of it now. I've set up my finances to the point where I'll have a comfortable amount of money to live on every year. Barring any unforeseen family situations or financial emergencies, I won't be tempted to go back to work, because I won't need the money. Why work when you don't have to?

PLAYBOY: What happens if you miss the action?

WEAVER: That's the only thing I'm not ruling out. Three years from now, I may be tired of this life. Bill Rigney, who's spent his life in baseball, tried retirement once and didn't like it. He gave me a pretty good idea why. He said, "Earl, golf is fun until you wake up one morning and you realize it's the only thing you've got to do—and to pass the day, you've *got* to play." I think about that a lot, but I just hope it doesn't turn out that way.



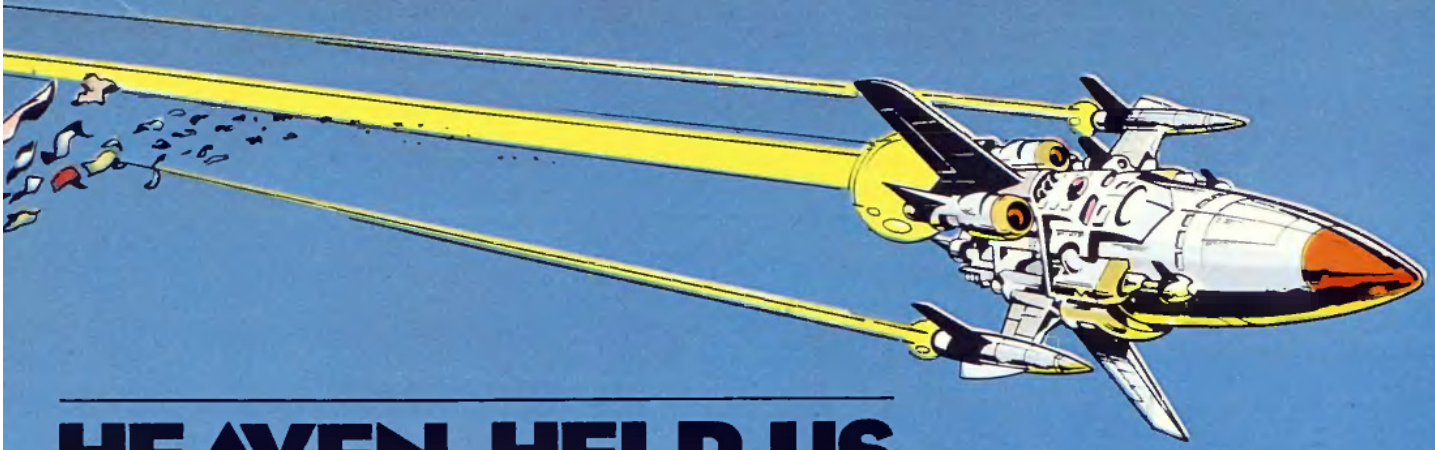


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HEAVEN HELP US

o great juju-kuxtil, take this sacrifice and give us a sign!

fiction **BY DONALD E. WESTLAKE** *From the beginning of Time, Man has been on the move, ever outward. First he spread over his own planet, then across the Solar System, then outward to the Galaxies, all of them dotted, speckled, measled with the colonies of Man.*

Then, one day in the year eleven thousand four hundred and six (11,406), an incredible discovery was made in the Master Imperial Computer back on



Earth. Nearly 500 years before, a clerical error had erased from the computer's memory more than 1000 colonies, all in Sector F.U.B.A.R.3. For half a millennium, those colonies, young and struggling when last heard from, had had no contact with the rest of Humanity.

The Galactic Patrol Interstellar Ship *Hopeful*, Captain Gregory Standforth commanding, was at once dispatched to re-establish contact with the Thousand Lost Colonies and return them to the bosom of Mankind.

HEAVEN

On the command deck of Interstellar Ship *Hopeful*, Lieutenant Billy Shelby watched the image of Heaven grow larger on the view screen. "We're coming in," he said. "Pam? All secure?"

Astrogator Pam Stokes, beautiful and brainy and blind to passion, paused in her contemplation of her antique slide rule to check the webbing that held her to the pod. "All set."

"What an exciting moment," Billy said. A handsome young idealist, he was the *Hopeful's* second-in-command and probably the person aboard who believed most fervently in the ship's mission. "I wish the captain were up here."

Captain Gregory Standforth himself wandered onto the command deck at that moment, holding a stuffed bird mounted on a black-plastic-onyx pedestal. "Isn't she a beauty?" he asked and held up this unlovely creature that in death, as in life, was blessed with a big belly, a pink tuft on top of its orange head and a lot of bright scarlet feathers on its behind. The captain had bagged it on their last planet fall, Niobe IV, a.k.a. Casino. "I just finished stuffing her," he explained. Taxidermy was all he cared for in this life, and only the long, glorious traditions of the Standforth family had forced him into the Galactic Patrol. Conversely, only those traditions had forced the patrol to accept him.

"Heaven ahead, sir," Billy said. "Secure yourself."

The captain studied his trousers for open zippers. "Secure myself?"

"Take a pod, Captain, sir," Billy explained. "Landing procedure."

"Ah." Settling himself into a pod, the captain slid his bird onto a handy flat surface, thereby inadvertently pushing a lever. A red light flashed on all the control consoles, and there came a sudden, brief *whoosh*. "Oh, dear," the captain said. "Did I do something?"

Billy studied his console. "Well, Captain," he said, "I'm sorry, sir, but you just ejected the laundry."

A long, long time ago, it had been a church; but now it was a roofless pagan temple, dominated by the tall, roughhewn wooden statue of a fat god figure with a blurred face. The altar was made of con-

sumer materials, rusted and ancient and broken: TV sets, washing machines, a truck tire. A religious ceremony was under way, complete with nearly naked virgin ready for sacrifice, supine on the altar, resigned to her fate. The worshipers below were dressed in animal skins or rough cloth. Beside the altar stood Achum, the priest, holding a stone knife high, its point aimed at the virgin's breast. This particular virgin was Achum's own youngest daughter, Malya, but he would not hesitate in his priestly duty. He intoned:

"O great Juju-Kuxtil. Oh, take, we beseech you, this sacrifice of our youngest, our purest, our finest daughter. Find this sacrifice worthy of your mighty eyes and defend us from the yellow rain. If this sacrifice be good in your eyes, give us a sign."

Achum bowed his head in unbroken silence. He prayed, "If she should be spared, who is my own daughter Malya of only sixteen summers, O great Juju-Kuxtil, give us a sign."

The *Hopeful's* laundry fell on everybody.

Pandemonium. Achum and Malya and the congregation all struggled and fought their way out from under the laundry. "Achum!" the worshipers cried. "Achum, what's happening?"

"A sign!" Achum shouted, spitting out socks. "A sign!"

A worshiper with a greasy work glove rakishly a tilt across his forehead cried, "Achum! What does it mean?"

"I'm not sure exactly *what* it means," Achum answered, looking around at this imitation of a rummage sale, "but it sure is a sign."

A worshiper pointed upward. "Achum, look! From the sky! Something *huge* is coming!"

"As I understand it, Ensign Benson, these are a religious people."

Councilman Morton Luthguster, stout and pompous, representative of the Galactic Council on this journey of discovery and reunion, sat in his stateroom in pre-landing conference with Ensign Kybee Benson, social engineer, the saturnine, impatient man whose job it was to study the lost colonies as they were found and prepare reports on what they had become in the half millennium of their isolation.

"Well, Councilman," Ensign Benson said, "they were a religious people five hundred years ago. The colony here was founded by the Sanctarians, a peaceful, pious community determined to get away from the strife of the modern world. Well, I mean, what was *then* the modern world. They named their colony Heaven."

"Charming name," Luthguster said, nodding slowly, creating and destroying any number of chins. "And, from what you say, a simple, charming people. I look forward to their acquaintance."

"Landing procedure complete," said the loud-speaker system in Billy Shelby's

animated voice.

"Ah, good," Luthguster said, heaving himself to his feet. "Come along, Ensign Benson. I wonder if I recall the Lord's Prayer."

The *Hopeful's* automatic pilot had set the ship gently down on a wide, barren, rocky plain, similar in appearance to several unpopulated islands off the coast of Norway. A door in the side of the ship opened, a ladder protruded itself slowly from within, like a worm from an apple, and once it had pinged solidly onto the stony scree, Councilman Luthguster emerged and paused at the platform at the ladder's top. Captain Standforth, Billy Shelby and Ensign Benson followed, and all four stared down at the welcoming committee below.

Who were Achum, his unsacrificed daughter Malya and all the worshipers, every last one of them decked out in the *Hopeful's* laundry. And when Achum looked up at that fat figure atop the ladder and recalled the god statue in his church, hope became certainty: Prostrating himself, with his forehead on the ground, he cried out, in a voice of terror and awe, "Juju-Kuxtil! Juju-Kuxtil!"

The other worshipers, quick on the uptake, also prostrated themselves, and the cry went up from one and all: "Juju-Kuxtil! Juju-Kuxtil!"

"Not very much like *my* religion," Luthguster said and led the group down the ladder to the ground, where the worshipers continued to lie on their faces and shout out the same name. The instant Luthguster's foot touched rock, Achum scabbled forward on knees and elbows to embrace the councilman's ankles. "Here! Here!" cried Luthguster, not at all pleased.

Achum half rose. "Hear, hear!" he shouted. "Hip, hip—"

"Hooray!" yelled the worshipers.

"Hip, hip—"

"Hooray!"

"Hip, hip—"

"Hooray!"

Ensign Benson had approached one of the prostrate worshipers, and now he attracted the fellow's attention with a prodding boot in the ribs. "Say, you. What's going on around here?"

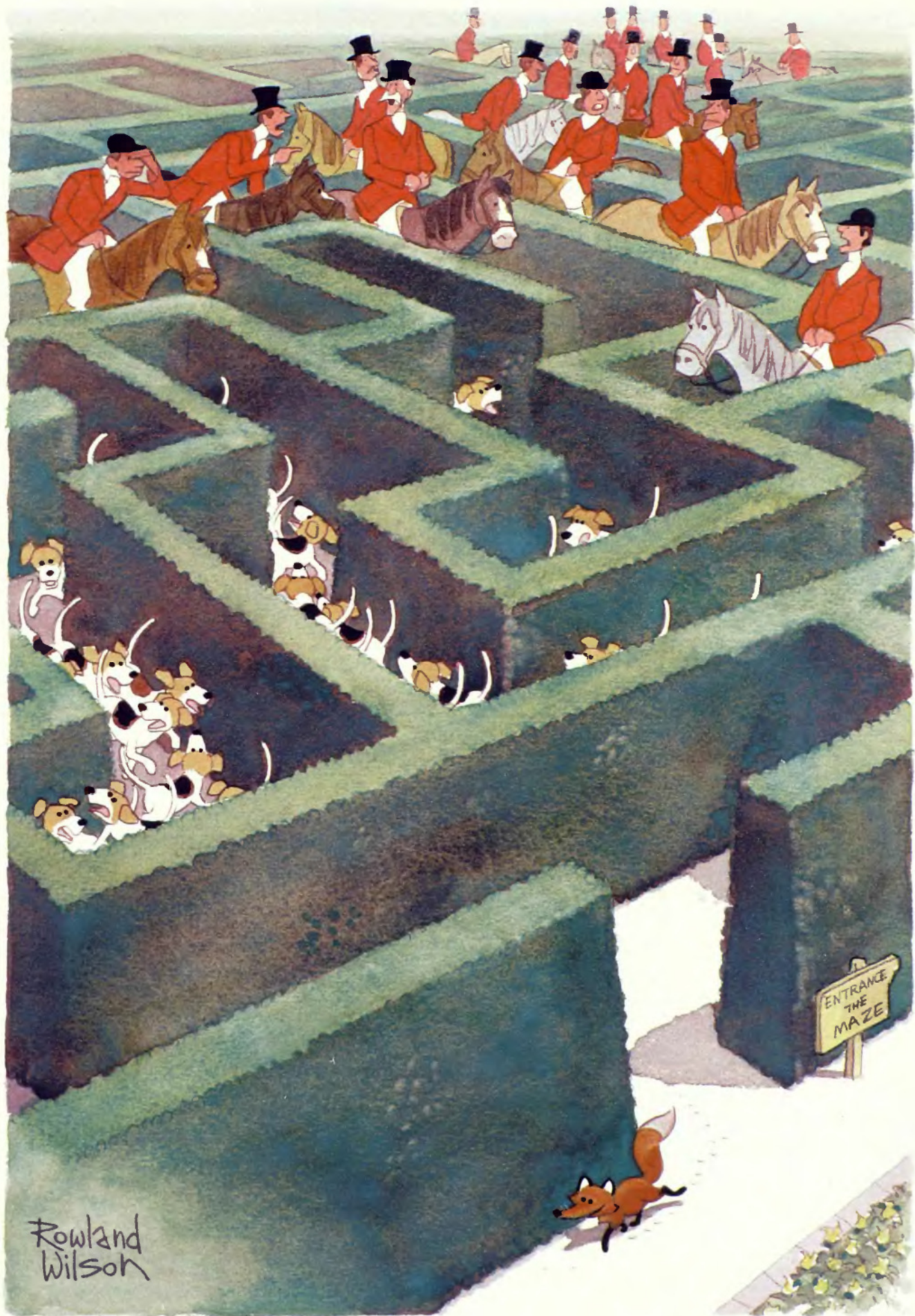
"Juju-Kuxtil!" answered the wide-eyed worshiper and nodded in awe at Luthguster. "God! It's God!"

Achum was on his feet, prancing around, crying, "A feast for Juju-Kuxtil! A feast! A feast!"

Luthguster, beginning to get the idea, looked around and visibly became more enamored of it. Frowning at him, Ensign Benson said, "That's God?"

"He's shorter in person, isn't he?" said the worshiper.

The feast was outdoors and vaguely Polynesian in effect, with the visitors and
(continued on page 102)



Rowland
Wilson

THE SPY THEY LOVE TO LOVE



*a tribute to 007's
beauties of the past—
and a look at those you'll
be seeing this year*

UNLESS, LIKE Rip van Winkle, you're just coming up for air after an extremely long nap, you're already aware that there'll be two James Bond movies vying for screen space in 1983. It's been 20 years since Sean Connery quaffed his first vodka martini ("Shaken, not stirred") in *Dr. No*, ten since Roger Moore took over with *Live and Let Die*. Rumor has it that Moore's kid thinks Connery is the real Bond. You can cast your own vote at the box office: Will it be Moore and Maud Adams in *Octopussy* or Connery, Barbara Carrera and Kim Basinger in *Never Say Never Again*?

At PLAYBOY, we've always felt a special affinity with Bond; you originally read several of Ian Fleming's thrillers in our pages. In this pictorial celebration, we recall the beauties of Bond's past, salute the newly arrived—and test your B.Q. (Bond quotient) with a quiz.

If you think you've seen some of these ladies on PLAYBOY's pages before, you're right. Among our earlier belles-of-Bond tributes (below): cover stories in November 1965 (left), July 1979 (right).



First of the spectacularly successful James Bond movies was *Dr. No* (left), a 1963 release starring Sean Connery as Agent 007, the spy with a license to kill, and the incomparable Ursula Andress (reprinted above), as a sweet young Jamaican girl by the name of Honeychile Rider. She reminded Bond of Botticelli's famed Venus.

From *Russia with Love*, which came out in 1964, brought us Daniela Bianchi (below), as Corporal of State Security Tatiana Romanova, the girl on a mission from Moscow who fell for Bond. At right, the lady who has always been in Bond's corner: M's assistant, Miss Moneypenny (Lois Maxwell).



Shirley Eaton was the unfortunate whose gilt trip was her undoing in *Goldfinger* (1964). Connery, again as Bond, got there too late to rescue those golden globes. Fresh from a roll in the hay, at right, is Honor Blackman, as the naughty lady who bore Fleming's most inspired moniker: Pussy Galore. At bottom right: Margaret Nolan, who gave Connery a poolside rubdown in *Goldfinger*.



One thing that struck us while taking this trip down the memory lane of our Bond files was how much time 007 spent having his back rubbed. There's one such scene in nearly every flick. Below, Connery and Claudine Auger in a poster for 1965's *Thunderball* that showed more Sean than usual.

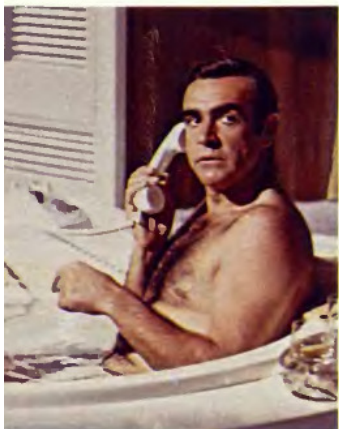




Fleming's novel *You Only Live Twice* was first published in *PLAYBOY* in 1964 (above); 1967's film featured Mie Hama (left), as Kissy Suzuki, Bond's diving-girl bride; Akiko Wakabayashi (below, with Connery), as Aki, secretary to top spy Tiger Tanaka (later done in by a poisoned thread), and Hisako Katakura (right), merely a passing fancy.



Diamonds Are Forever, in 1971, was Connery's first return to Bondage. He swore he'd chucked the role after making *You Only Live Twice*, and the 007 film for 1969, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (also based on a thriller that premiered in *PLAYBOY*, back in 1963), starred George Lazenby. Lazenby actually looked more like the Bond described by Fleming, but audiences couldn't accept him and Connery was rehired. Below and bottom left, he gambols in Vegas with Jill St. John, as Tiffany Case, and catches up on his reading in the tub. Hard to believe he was once a chorus boy in *South Pacific*. Below center and right, we bring you better looks at St. John and at Lana Wood, who played a brief Bond interest, Plenty O'Toale.





The Man with the Golden Gun appeared in *PLAYBOY*'s pages in 1965 (above) and reached the screen, again with Moore, in 1974. Bond was fetchingly flanked (below) by Maud Adams (left), as Andrea, mistress of Scaramanga—the titular guy with the gat, played by Christopher Lee—and by Britt Ekland, as secretary Mary Goodnight (right). Far ten points, name another Golden Gun villain. (Answer: Hervé "Tattoo" Villechaize.)



Roger Moore made his bow as Bond in 1973's *Live and Let Die*, in which Jane Seymour, as Solitaire (above), refused to let her spirits be dampened by the machinations of the villainous Mr. Big (Yaphet Kotto). Also in Bond's bed, albeit not for long (left), was former New York City Playboy Club Bunny Gloria Hendry. There's a more glorious view of Gloria below.

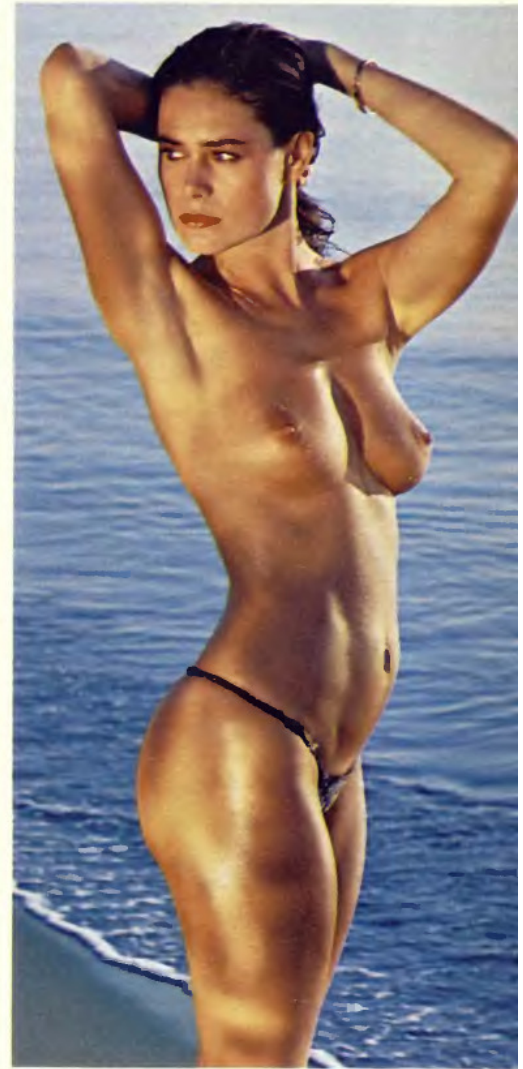




The Spy Who Loved Me, released in 1977, introduced Bond (Moore again) to Major Anya Amasova, played by the beautiful Barbara Bach (left). There was a Fleming book titled *The Spy Who Loved Me*, but it had jolly little to do with the film. Neither did the picture below of Miss Bach, except that it does depict Bondage. The film makers used their imagination, and so did famed photographer David Bailey, who shot Bach for a *PLAYBOY* layout.



Moonraker, which was launched onto the world's screens in 1979, teamed Moore with Lois Chiles (left), as Holly Goodhead. Hers, as far as we can tell, is not a name that sprung from Fleming's pen. Although he was surrounded by a batch of Bond beauties (right), Moore ended up making it in weightlessness with the chilly Chiles. Unfortunately for Bond fans, Corinne Cléry (for right), a far more simpatico performer in the role of a helicopter pilot for bad guy Hugo Drax, got bumped off early in the flick. The movie Drax, played by Michael Lonsdale, wanted to breed a master roce in space; in the book, he was a rocketeer who cheated at cards at a private London club.



For Your Eyes Only, which came our way in 1981, showcased (from left) Max Vesterholt, Kim Mills and *PLAYBOY*'s Be o James Bond Girl contest winner Robbin Young in minor roles and, as an ersatz countess, Cossondra Harris (with Moore below). Carole Bouquet was the leading Bondswoman in the movie, in case you'd forgotten. (Among the five short stories constituting the book *For Your Eyes Only*—no relation to the movie—was one, *The Hildebrand Rarity*, from *PLAYBOY*, March 1960. It was, in fact, Bond's debut in our pages.)



Octopussy came out as a two-part novelette in *PLAYBOY* (right) in March and April 1966, two years after the author's death. The movie *Octopussy* also draws from another Fleming story, *The Property of a Lady*, which ran in *PLAYBOY*'s January 1964 issue. Roger Moore returns as Bond; his principal adversary, *Octopussy*, is played by Maud Adams (below). She heads an all-girl army, which sounds promising. Also involved: a traveling circus, Fabergé eggs and nuclear terrorism.



The title *Never Say Never Again* is an obvious play on the repeated retirements of this film's star, Sean Connery, from the cinematic Secret Service. Nonetheless, here he is again, back in the saddle with newcomer Kim Basinger (below and bottom) and the exotically lovely Barbara Carrera (right). This picture is loosely based on *Thunderball* and has Connery playing Bond at his own age (52), Basinger reprising the Damiano role and Carrera as 007's sultry archnemesis, Fatima.





THE 007 SEX QUIZ

By **DANNY BIEDERMAN**

YOU CAN CALL IT supply-side entertainment. A direct free-market competition between two classic James Bonds—Sean Connery in *Never Say Never Again* and Roger Moore in *Octopussy*—to see once and for all who's the biggest box-office draw. It's a challenge Agent 007 himself would love. Of course, there is something Bond loves as much as, if not more than, a challenge. Over the past 20 years, in 13 previous films, 007 has encountered some of the world's most beautiful women, and despite stiff competition from special effects and spectacular stunts, the resulting scenes have been among the most memorable in movies. We've designed a quiz to see just how much attention you were paying to those amorous adventures. The following multiple-choice questions cover some of Bond's sexiest escapades, so grab a pencil and pour yourself a vodka martini (shaken, not stirred, of course). You'll find the answers and a way to tell how well you scored on page 196.

he was the spy who loved them—let's see if you can remember how and why

FROM *DR. NO* (1963)

1. Bond returns to his flat to find the beautiful Sylvia playing golf, wearing only
 - A. A pair of panties
 - B. Bond's pajama top
 - C. A small towel
2. As Bond begins to seduce Miss Taro with a roving hand, she asks him, "What's going on
 - A. Behind my back?"
 - B. Beneath my dress?"
 - C. Inside my blouse?"
3. Why are Bond and Honey stripped naked by Dr. No's staff?
 - A. To pose for pornographic photos that will be used as blackmail
 - B. To uncover hidden weapons
 - C. To be cleansed of radioactive contamination
4. In the film's final scene, Bond and Honey make out
 - A. Underwater
 - B. In a boat
 - C. In M's office

FROM *FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE* (1964)

5. "Shaping up nicely," says Bond when he first sees what part of Tatiana's anatomy?
 - A. Face
 - B. Breasts
 - C. Legs
6. When Tatiana first sleeps with Bond, she looks for and finds what on his body?
 - A. A sex organ
 - B. Scratch marks
 - C. A scar on his back
7. Bond tells Tatiana, "It's just the right size. . . . For me, that is." To what is he referring?
 - A. Her vagina
 - B. Her mouth
 - C. Her bust
8. When Bond beds Tatiana, he

carries something with him, explaining that he has "a slight inferiority complex." What is it?

- A. A vibrator
 - B. A gun
 - C. A bottle of champagne
9. Bond describes Kerim's love-making technique as
 - A. "Very smooth"
 - B. "Full of holes"
 - C. "Too violent"

FROM *GOLDFINGER* (1964)

10. How does Bond feel after bedding Jill Masterson?
 - A. "Like a limp noodle"
 - B. "Entirely satisfied"
 - C. "Rather thirsty"
11. Bond makes a comment about a bottle of wine that Jill—in bed with him—thinks refers to her body. What does he say?
 - A. "It's sopping wet"
 - B. "Ready for a refill?"
 - C. "It's lost its chill"
12. It is implied that Pussy Galore is a
 - A. Transsexual
 - B. Lesbian
 - C. Nymphomaniac

FROM *THUNDERBALL* (1965)

13. Bond tells Fiona that he made love with her
 - A. "For king and country"
 - B. "To prove that I'm the real 007"
 - C. "Because we both wanted it"
14. What is 007's comment after he and Domino make out undersea?
 - A. "The things I do for England"
 - B. "And I thought I couldn't swim"
 - C. "I think we scared the fish"
15. When Domino tells Bond he

has "sharp little eyes," he replies:

- A. "All the better to appreciate your sharp little. . . ."
- B. "Wait till you get to my teeth"
- C. "I drink a lot of milk"

16. At the spa, where does Bond make a pass at Patricia?

- A. On the traction table
 - B. In the sauna
 - C. In a steam cabinet
17. What does Bond keep under his pillow while tumbling Fiona?
 - A. A condom
 - B. A box of tissues
 - C. A gun

FROM *YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE* (1967)

18. Bond tells Ling that she _____ better than non-Chinese girls
 - A. Tastes
 - B. Smells
 - C. Makes love
19. What service do Tanaka's women provide Bond?
 - A. Sexual intercourse
 - B. A staged fight
 - C. Bath and massage
20. Why is Bond at first displeased with his new wife, Kissy?
 - A. She is a lesbian
 - B. She insists they sleep in separate beds
 - C. She is not a virgin
21. How does Bond use a surgical instrument on Helga?
 - A. To cut off her dress
 - B. To torture her





C. To give her a shave

FROM *ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE* (1969)

22. Ruby writes her room number on Bond's

- A. Thigh
- B. Chest
- C. Buttocks

23. Bond reacts by remarking:

- A. "Getting rather warm in here, I say"
- B. "Hope you have a big craser"
- C. "I feel a slight stiffness coming on"

24. Why does Ruby scream with delight when Bond drops his kilt?

- A. He simultaneously rips off her nightgown
- B. He wears nothing underneath
- C. She's never been with a man before

25. What unfortunate thing happens as a result of Bond's sleeping with several of the women at Piz Gloria?

- A. His cover is blown
- B. Four of the women get pregnant
- C. A V.D. epidemic breaks out

FROM *DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER* (1971)

26. Caught by several henchmen while in the middle of amorous activities with Plenty O'Toole, Bond remarks:

- A. "I'm feeling rather high"
- B. "I'm afraid you've caught me with more than my hands up"
- C. "Easy come, easy go"

27. Plenty is thrown out of a high-rise window, wearing only shoes and

- A. See-through panties
- B. A robe
- C. Nothing else

28. Blofeld sees the bulge of a cassette tape hidden in Tiffany Case's bikini bottom and says:

- A. "I say, Tiffany. Are you really a man?"
- B. "Take off your bottoms. Now!"
- C. "We're showing a bit more cheek than usual"

FROM *LIVE AND LET DIE* (1973)

29. How does Bond use his magnetic watch on the first woman he sleeps with in this film?

- A. To hypnotize her
- B. To unzip her dress
- C. To search her body for hidden weapons

30. What effect does Bond's initial lovmaking have on Solitaire (apart from robbing her of her virginity)?

- A. She becomes a lesbian
- B. She gives up smoking
- C. She loses her psychic powers

FROM *THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN* (1974)

31. What unexpectedly happens while Bond and Mary Goodnight make love in Scaramanga's bed?

- A. The bed is invaded by a crazed midget
- B. M and Moneypenny walk in
- C. Goodnight breaks out in a rash

32. Scaramanga must always have sex with Andrea prior to

- A. Going to sleep
- B. Killing someone
- C. Smoking a cigarette

33. Bond beds Goodnight while simultaneously telling M she is

- A. "Just coming, sir"
- B. "Getting a refill"
- C. "Taking it all in"

34. Locked inside a closet, Goodnight spends the night listening to Bond

- A. Get tortured by three Amazon beauties
- B. Shoot pool

C. Make love with Andrea

FROM *THE SPY WHO LOVED ME* (1977)

35. While Bond makes love with a gorgeous blonde inside a log cabin, M instructs him to

- A. "Keep a 'stiff upper'"
- B. "Pull out"
- C. "Check in"

36. When M catches Bond making out with Anya in Stromberg's escape capsule, Bond explains that he is just

- A. "Keeping the British end up"
- B. "Doing what comes naturally"
- C. "Tying up loose ends"

37. A U.S.S. Wayne crewman stares dumfounded upon entering the captain's quarters. What does he see?

- A. Bond and Anya making love
- B. Anya and Naomi making love
- C. A nude Anya taking a shower

FROM *MOONRAKER* (1979)

38. Aboard a plane, Bond makes out with a woman. As his hand creeps up her thigh, she remarks:

- A. "Quite an altitude we're reaching, wouldn't you agree, James?"
- B. "Looking for anything in particular, darling?"
- C. "Any higher, Mr. Bond, and my ears will pop"

39. On closed-circuit TV, M watches as Bond and Holly make love in a shuttlecraft headed for earth. Not watching, Q innocently explains that Bond is

- A. "Attempting re-entry"
- B. "Flying high"
- C. "Coming"

40. After they have had sex in outer space, Holly remarks to Bond:

- A. "James, you're out of this world!"
- B. "James, take me round the world one more time"
- C. "Who needs gravity?"

FROM *FOR YOUR EYES ONLY* (1981)

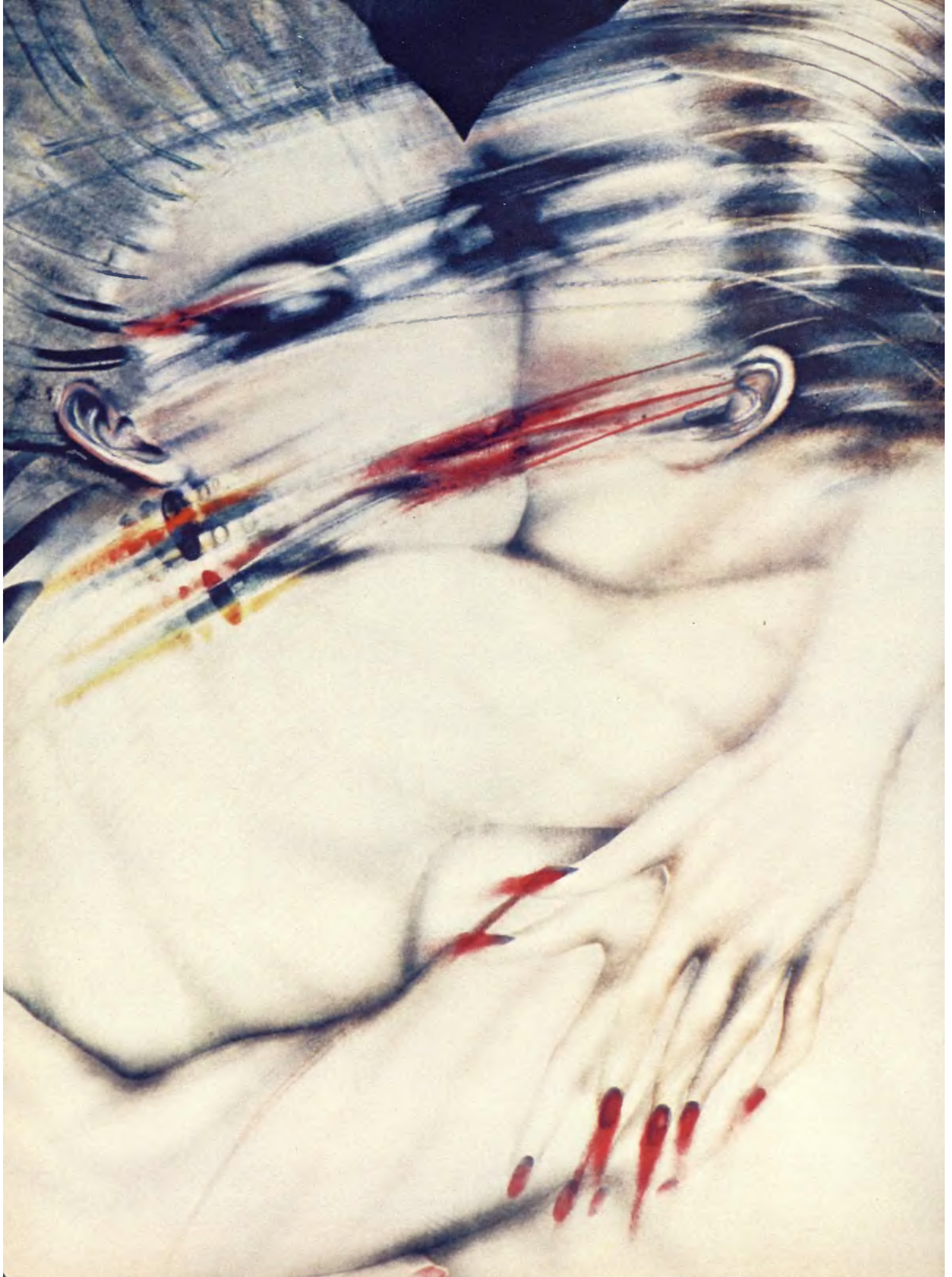
41. Whom does Bond find lying naked in his hotel bed?

- A. Lisl
- B. Bibi
- C. Melina

42. Bond responds by

- A. Joining her in bed
- B. Suggesting that they go skinny-dipping
- C. Offering to buy her an ice-cream cone





NORMAN'S DATE

*he was the best bullshitter around. but his story
about the blonde? man, i knew that wasn't a lie*

fiction

BY AMIFI BARAKA

NORMAN CAME IN the bar and told me this one night.

Norman always has great stuff to say. About painting and people he knows and Europe. Personalities and marvelous accomplishments. Fashionable kinda stuff, in a way. But one night he came up with this.

He was drinking. He had one hand holding up his very expensive trench coat. He had a Gauloise dangling outa his mouth. He said, "I met a woman, huh, the other night. Boy!" He was talking and puffing the Gauloise, his coat pushed back, a couple a guys and me listening. We got drinks. It wasn't even late. Nobody was drunk.

"Yeah, I'd been at the Five Spot," he said. He was talking like it was real—he was earnest, ya know. "I was listening to Monk. And I saw this babe digging the music. She was listening—she smiled—she was weaving, she had a glass. Ya know. I started watchin' her.

"She was great, man. Great-lookin'. Long and slender and blonde. And dolled up. But good taste. Even some goddamn jewelry. And I hate jewelry, but on her it looked great. Really great.

"And she spotted me after a while. I was playin' it cool. Ya know. I thought maybe her ol' man was in the john and was comin' right back. Shit. I didn't want no trouble. The music was great, too. That crazy Monk. And Wilbur.

And that goddamn 'Trane was learning to play Monk's tunes. Ya know?"

Norman held up his glass and gestured at us; there were maybe two others and me in our knot. He gestured for drinks all around. He was lighting another Gauloise with the stump he had in his mouth.

He shrugged acknowledgment as we held up our glasses, saluting him. Norman is a generous guy, in a way, but he comes on tough. An ex-captain in goddamn bombers in World War Two. He's always got a scowl on his puss. People who don't know him think he's an asshole. A couple of friends of mine, even. Ya know, Norman was making a little money then. Flyin' back and forth to Paris. Had regular shows there and a good gallery in New York. Big abstract-expressionist canvases, big as hell. Like the paint soaked in. He had his own style. You could tell a Norman anywhere once you'd seen 'em.

I got to know him through Frank. He was always jam up with painters, 'specially the abstract expressionists. De Kooning, Kline, Guston, Hartigan and even Rivers.

Cedar Bar. The early Sixties, before Malcolm and hot street shit sent people flying every which way. But we hung tough then. We hung. And bullshit. Massive mountains of it got laid down in that joint.

"So she looked at me," Norman was saying, "right in the eye. Hey. What a

look! It went right through me. My pecker started to turn over just a little bit. Ya know. This babe was really good-lookin', no shit!"

We were sipping and Norman's a good storyteller. He brought in the whole nuance of the thing, the environmental vibes. So to speak, at the time. He described the woman. He really described her. She sounded good, like a cross between Brigitte Bardot and Marilyn Monroe (I think those *were* his references) but not "whorish," he said, not at all whorish. Real nice!

Norman's a big, square-jawed Jewish guy with a permanently sneering lower lip. It gives him character. But actually, he's a sweet guy in a lotta ways. He'd probably give you his last dime—but he ain't never gonna get to that, not no *last* dime, knowing Norman. He knows what's happening, and being broke ain't in it!

"Monk was doing his wild dance." Norman demonstrated. Oh, shit! I was laughing. Fuckin' Norman, don't dance, please, get on with the goddamn story.

"And the babe was gettin' warmer and warmer. I could feel it across the room. Warmer right there. Across the room. Through the music. Over the people. The babe was sending, like, fuckin' heat rays across the room. And I started thinkin'. I wasn't thinkin' shit. But the ding-dong was clearly on the move. And we were still fifteen feet apart. And Monk was squattin' down and. . . ." Norman demonstrated again. He came up and gestured with the glass again. And John brought another round.

"When the set was over, she looked away. I said, 'Shit, a fuckin' tease. This bitch!' But then the fuckin' broad turned and looked me right up and down from eyehole to pechole. Yeah, she laid them baby-blue glimmers right on the tip end of my pecker." We laughed.

"How'd you know it was the tip end?" Fuckin' drunk Basil always got some contentious shit to raise—he was beginning to get a little potted.

"Hey, you know where somebody's lookin', goddamn it!" Norman pretended to be incensed. We laughed.

I said, "Basil never had nobody look at his drunken ass—he's too fuckin' drunk."

"What? What?" Basil chugaluged his brew. "You wanna see the eyeprints on my ding-a-ling?"

Norman made the jerk-off sign. Everybody almost fell down.

John, the bartender, came over, said, "What are you fuckin' guys bullshitin' about now? Goddamn Norman lying about something again?"

"John, kiss my ass, will ya?" Norman said. "Give us a fucking free round and quit butting in the customers' fucking conversation."

"So then, like, while she was shootin' the heat rays at my Johnson, I started to

return it full up, ya know?"

"What'd you do, pee?" (Basil again.)

"Ya prick, shaddup!"

"Let him finish."

"Go 'head, Norman."

"It was crowded as hell in the Five Spot. Monk and 'Trane, man. That's bad bad. Not just bad but bad bad!"

"Yeah, yeah," everybody said. "Amen to that." And it was bad bad—check the records.

"So I started over," said Norman.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. I started over. Not goofy, like Basil."

Basil shrugged, chugaluged and waved for another at John, who was now standing behind the bar, cocking an ear; he knew the kind of good stories Norman could tell.

"I started over, very cautious and cool. Like I was moving through the crowd, like maybe I was going to the john or to somebody else's table, right?"

"Yeah," we said, encouraging and encouraging.

"And then, when it looked like I might pass the table, I turned, like slow. . . ." Norman gave the A-number-one demo of Norman Valentino, eyes squinting sexily, shoulders pulled back, his trench coat hung over that one arm, ever-present drink in hand.

"She looked up at me, maybe she'd never taken her eyes away, I dunno. But when I turned, she caught me again from pecker to soul and back again. Whew."

We whewed, too. John smirked but listened even harder. Basil was grinning silently and making funny motions with his body that I decided were cheerleading stunts.

"And then I was standing there over the table and she was whispering, almost, her voice was low and soft, like quiet. People all around cackling and howling, like they do in intermission. Pushing back and forth. And I was standing there with this wild-looking woman stroking me through the eyes clear down to the balls!"

Norman was outdoing himself. We were getting rapt and dumping beer down us or whatever—no, I think I was drinking bourbon and soda.

"She said, 'So why are you standing? There's room.' I guess I kept staring."

"You just want to look?"

"'Huh.' I dunno if I said 'Huh.' But probably I did, but she thought it was something else with the cigarette. 'Hi,' I said, and she laughed. With that uncanny, quiet, low voice."

"Hi, yourself. I was wondering were you coming over or what? I thought for a while you might be just window-shopping."

"I laughed and eased into the seat. I sort of held the glass up, like a toast, as I sat, and she did the same."

"Whatcha drinking?" It's always my first statement to any broad, no matter how she looks. She was drinking that

goddamn Dubonnet on the rocks. I shoulda. . . ."

"What?" Basil snapped out of his slow, drunken grin. "Dubonnet, for Christ's sake. Who the hell drinks that?"

"Shaddup, will ya, drunk?" I think it was White propped against the bar, at least as drunk as Basil, kibitzing. "I wanna hear the goddamn story."

"OK, OK." Basil started to order another round, but John was already drawing it. "So what happened next, Norman? Goddamn it, this is gettin' good." And Basil began to chugalug again.

"Yeah. We started talking, ya know. I told her about me. She said she'd seen some a my work at Castelli's. She told me she was even at an opening of mine."

"Yeah, a fuckin' art lover!" Basil was smirking and White was frowning at him, an unserious frown.

"She told me she used to paint when she first came to the Village, but she got bored. She worked in an ad agency. She was a model. She even went out to Hollywood."

"Yeah, Hollywood!" White cheered.

"Shaddup, drunken bastard," Basil jeered unseriously.

"So what'd she do then?" I wanted to keep the story moving. Stories turn me on. 'Specially from guys like Norman, because you keep waitin' for some slip-up so you can tell it's bullshit, or else it's real and you pick up some info.

"She said she was thinking about it. She said she saved up some money, so she was between careers. She even wanted to play the goddamn violin, took lessons and everything. But nothin'."

"Anyway, we were gettin' cozy—Monk came back out. She kept on with the Dubonnet and I was sloshing down bourbon and waters like they were gonna ration the shit the next day. She was purring at me. Asking me about art. Asking me about my life."

"She told me she'd never married. That she'd lived with a few guys a couple times but nothing serious. She was twenty-seven—just my age category." Norman was 37 then. "And, man, once I got close to her, she looked even better. Smooth, smooth ivory skin. Pale-red lips. These blue-gray peepers that seem like they keep wanting to change colors." And then Norman chugaluged. "And a set of fuckin'" — he made a cupping motion—"breasts."

Basil and White turned and squinted at Norman at the same time. I was laughing so it made a little sound of air rushing out between the teeth. We said, almost at the same time, "Breasts?"

"Yeah, goddamn it!"

Wow, after the air, I let out what we all had got simultaneously. "Hey, Norman, I never heard you say 'breasts.' I thought them things upon the ladies' chests was

(continued on page 160)

THE TOYS OF SUMMER

it's fun-and-games time with playthings for the great outdoors



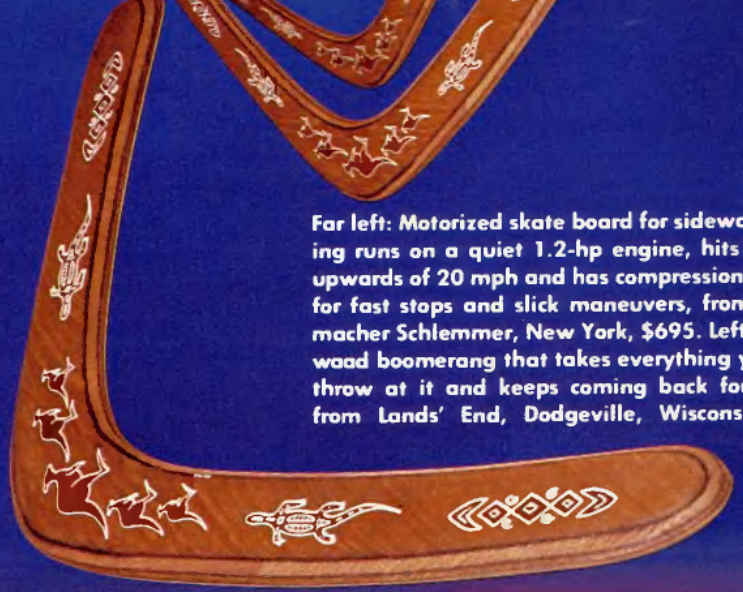
Above: For your splash menagerie, a manual-starting inflatable Mini Cruiser that will run for about an hour on a tank of regular gas, hitting speeds up to seven miles per hour; to steer, you simply shift your weight, from Big Summer, Valencia, California, \$695.

Right: A Jet Ski JS550 that goes like a goosed barracuda; under the hood is a 37-hp engine that will safely rocket a rider (kneeling or standing) to about 35 miles per hour, as the propeller is enclosed and the engine shuts off if you take a tumble, by Kawasaki, \$2969.

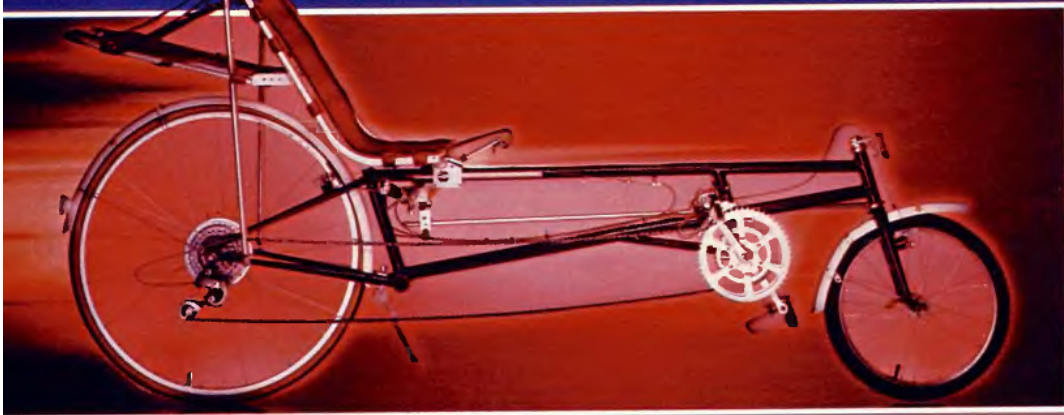


Above: The Jobe Edge Waterski is an unusually stiff yet lightweight ski with dual high-wrap plate bindings mounted on adjustable front and rear plates, by Jobe Ski Corporation, \$565. Right: A 17" radio-controlled La Trax offshore racing boat of high-impact plastic that can hit a speed of ten miles per hour, from The Sharper Image, San Francisco, \$149, including transmitter.





Far left: Motorized skate board for sidewalk sailing runs on a quiet 1.2-hp engine, hits speeds upwards of 20 mph and has compression brakes for fast stops and slick maneuvers, from Hammacher Schlemmer, New York, \$695. Left: Hardwood boomerang that takes everything you can throw at it and keeps coming back for more, from Lands' End, Dodgeville, Wisconsin, \$6.

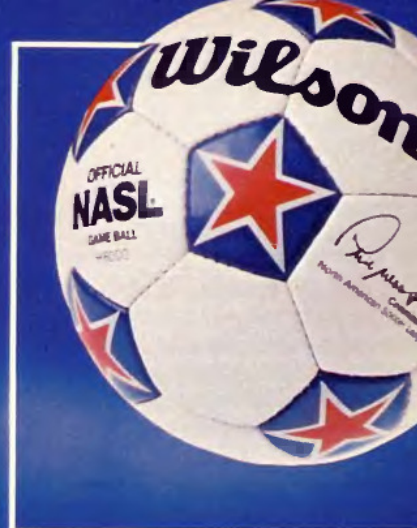


Above: The ultimate in laid-back wheels—a totally hand-crafted 21-speed Avatar 2000 recumbent bicycle, featuring a chrome-molybdenum-steel frame, stitched leather seat with nylon-mesh inserts and stainless-steel spokes, from Fomac, Inc., Wilmington, Massachusetts, \$2127.

Right: The Riva 180, a mean motor scooter that's freeway legal (top end is about 55 miles per hour toting two), comes loaded with such refinements as electronic ignition, automatic transmission, fuel and oil warning lights, high-beam indicator, luggage rack and resettable trip meter—plus, it gets 85 miles to the gallon, by Yamaha, about \$1400.



Right: Mizuno Black Magic baseball glove, with mesh backing and steerhide catching surface, is lighter and cooler than other mitts, \$55, plus an aluminum Easton B-5 baseball bat with a 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ " barrel, \$72, both from Curley-Bates Company, Burlingame, California. Far right: An official leather game ball of the North American Soccer League, by Wilson Sporting Goods, \$80.



Above: A spot of croquet and crumpets on the lawn, old chap? This boxed set, by John Jaques of England, includes four ash mallets, four colorful hardwood balls, six metal hoops, winning peg, smasher, clips and a book of game rules, from Abercrombie & Fitch, Houston, \$400.

HEAVEN HELP US (continued from page 84)

“The time foretold by the sacred writings has come! Juju-Kuxtil is here to save us.”

the natives all sitting in a great oval. At the head of the oval, at Councilman Luthguster's right hand, the priest Achum stood and began the feast with a speech: “The time foretold by the sacred writings has come! Juju-Kuxtil is here to save us, as it was written! We have put on the sacred raiment, and we shall be saved from the yellow rain!”

Sotto voce, while the speech went on, Councilman Luthguster asked Ensign Benson, beside him at his other hand, “What’s happening here?”

“Apparently,” Ensign Benson murmured, “some physical disaster struck this colony quite some time ago and drove these people from an advanced society, with modern religion, back to primitive paganism.”

“But what should we do?”

“Go along with them, at least for a while. Until we learn more.”

“But what’s this yellow rain he’s going on and on about?”

“We can’t ask questions,” Ensign Benson said. “We’ll find out later.”

Achum was finishing his speech: “Soon the great Juju-Kuxtil shall begin his mighty work; but first, we shall feast. A feast of welcome to Juju-Kuxtil and his angels!”

Cheers rose from the assembled natives. Achum took his seat, and platters of food—lumpy, anonymous brown stuff that smelled rather like mildew—were distributed. Hospitably, Achum said to Luthguster, “I hope you like dilbump.”

Luthguster blinked at his plate. “It looks quite, um, filling.”

Billy Shelby had seated himself next to the prettiest girl at the feast, who happened to be Achum’s daughter Malya. Smiling at her, he said, “Hi. My name’s Billy.”

“Malya.”

“What’s the matter? You aren’t eating.”

“I wasn’t planning on dinner today,” Malya explained, “so I had a big lunch.”

“No dinner? Why not?”

“I was about to be sacrificed when you all got here.”

Billy stared. “Sacrificed! Why?”

Wondering but not quite suspicious, Malya said, “For Juju-Kuxtil, of course. Don’t you know that?”

“Oh! Um. Well, I’m glad it worked out this way, and now you don’t have to be sacrificed, after all.”

She pouted prettily. “Don’t you want me to live forever with you on the Great Cloud?”

Sincerely, he said, “I’d like you anywhere.”

She gave him a sidelong look. “You don’t seem very much like an angel.”

“I can be surprisingly human,” he told her.

The fourth voyager on the *Hopeful* also at the feast was Chief Engineer Hester Hanshaw, a 40ish, blunt-featured, blunt-talking person who was much happier with her engines than at any social occasion, including religious feasts. She kept her eyes firmly down and did little more than poke at her soup and her dilbump until the native on her left said, “Excuse me.”

Hester looked at him. He was middle-aged, with a keen look about the eyes and the gnarled hands of a worker. “Yeah?”

“I was looking at that cloud you all fly around in.”

“I hope you didn’t mess it up,” Hester said.

“It’s hard to the touch. I thought clouds were soft and fluffy.”

“It isn’t a cloud,” said Hester, who didn’t believe in going along with other people’s misconceptions. “It’s a ship.”

“Make a nice lamp.”

Hester stared. “What?”

“I’m a carpenter,” the native said. “Name of Keech.”

“I’m Hester Hanshaw. Ship’s engineer.”

“What’s that?”

“I keep the engines running.”

Keech looked impressed. “All the time?”

“I mean I fix them,” Hester told him, “if something goes wrong.”

Looking skyward, Keech said, “All those clouds have engines? Fancy that.”

Covering her exasperation by a change of subject, Hester said, “What kind of carpentry do you do?”

“Oh, the usual. Sacrificial altars, caskets, suspended cages to put sinners in.”

“Cheerful line of work.”

“Tough to build things that last,” Keech commented, “with the yellow rain all the time. But we won’t have *that* anymore, will we, now that Juju-Kuxtil is here?”

“You mean Councilman Luthguster?”

“The million names of God,” Keech said solemnly. “Which one is that?”

“Number eighty-seven,” Hester said. “What’s in this soup? No, don’t tell me.”

On Achum’s other side sat Captain Standforth, brooding at his soup, and on his other side sat Astrogator Pam Stokes, brooding at her slide rule. “Fascinating,” she mumbled. “That asteroid belt.”

“Pam?” The captain welcomed any distraction from that soup; things seemed to

be moving in it. “Did you say something?”

“This system contains an asteroid belt,” Pam told him, “much like the one in our own Solar System.”

“Oh, the asteroid belt,” the captain said, his mind filling with unhappy reminiscence. “I always have a *terrible* time navigating around that. You barely take off from Earth, you’re just past Mars, and *there* it is. Millions of rocks, boulders, bits of broken-off planet all over the place. What a mess!”

“Well, the asteroid belt in this system,” Pam said, “has an orbit that’s much more erratic. In fact. . . .” Swiftly, she manipulated her slide rule. “Hmm. It seems to me. . . .” She gazed skyward, frowning.

So did the captain, though without any idea what he was supposed to be looking at. He blinked, and a yellow stone dropped into his soup, splashing oily liquid in various directions.

“Of course!” said Pam, pleased with her calculations.

A stone bounced off the table near Councilman Luthguster’s right hand. A stone thunked into a platter of dilbump and slowly sank. A paradiddle of stones rattled in the center of the circle of feasters.

“The yellow rain!” cried Achum in sheerest horror.

Screams. Terror. The natives fled into handy burrows while the people from the *Hopeful* stared at one another in wild surmise. More stones fell. Achum dropped to his knees beside Councilman Luthguster, hands clasped together: “Juju-Kuxtil, save us! Save us!”

“It’s a meteor shower!” Ensign Benson cried.

“No,” Pam said, utterly calm, “it’s the asteroid belt. You see, its eccentric orbit must from time to time cross this—”

Clambering clumsily to his feet, Luthguster shouted, “Asteroids? We’ll all be killed!”

Taken aback, Achum settled on his haunches and gaped at the councilman. “Juju-Kuxtil?” Meantime, more stones fell.

Bewildered, the captain said, “Pam? Shouldn’t we take cover?”

“According to my calculations,” Pam answered, “this time we’re merely tangential with—”

A good-sized boulder smacked into the earth at Luthguster’s feet. In utter panic, spreading his arms to keep from losing his balance, he shrieked, “*Stop!*”

Still calmly explaining, Pam said, “It should be over almost at once. In fact, right now.”

She was right; no more rocks fell. Slowly, the natives crept back out of their burrows, pecking skyward. Achum, faith restored, bellowed, “Juju-Kuxtil did it! He did it!”

“Juju-Kuxtil! Juju-Kuxtil!” the natives all agreed. Then they joined hands and danced in a great circle around Luthguster, singing, “For he’s a jolly good savior;

(continued on page 164)



"You're the shape I'd like to get into, Miss Thompson."



first the bad news—these people want us to arm for chemical warfare. now the good news—they're such bumblers you'd think they were working with laughing gas

THE C TEAM

article

By HESH KESTIN

*Sh-Boom, Sh-Boom,
Chemical warfare is back.
Yadada-dadada, dadada-da,
Sh-Boom, Shhh... Boom!*

OK. NOT THE EVE of destruction but the day after, and it is all over, finished, done, kaput—though probably, here and there, it is possible to spot scattered maniacs happily dedicated to rearming for World War Four with sticks and stones. And yet somewhere, high above the carnage, some careful historian or ASCAP underling is attempting to give credit where it is due: Who, he asks, is the author of this mess?

Probably, he will scribble down PENTAGON on the Western side and PENTAGONSKY or whatever (continued on page 138)

105





GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS

can a hometown girl find happiness in her own home town? she can if, like ruth guerri, she's got the right stuff

HANGING OUT with Ruth Guerri is a tonic. If she were bottled, the label would say, DR. GUERRI'S ELIXIR—CHEERS YOU UP, MELLOWS YOU OUT, GETS THE BLOOD FLOWING AND QUICKENS THE PULSE. FEEL FREE TO O.D.

Just looking at Ruth makes you want to blow the rent on a boxcar of ice cream. She's a threat to clear thinking, an invitation to irresponsibility.

How can such a girl make a living? Why, by modeling, of course—which is what she's been doing for the past seven



ADDITIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG/STEPHEN WAYDA





"When you're modeling, you get caught up in it all. You see the pictures in your head and you push yourself to the limit, doing the best you can and often risking life and limb just for a perfect picture."

During our shooting of Ruth on horseback (below), leaves blew up from the track, spooking the horse. Her head went down and Ruth flew off, barely missing being crushed by the animal. "I was on the ground and they were still taking pictures! I had to get back on so we wouldn't miss the right shot. I didn't even feel it until later on that evening. I was shaken up and I had a few bruises, but I was OK."



years in and around her home town of St. Louis. She got the bug right after high school. A brief foray into clerical work convinced her: "Nine to five I could not do. I found myself coming in late and leaving early. I just couldn't spend eight hours a day in an office when it was so beautiful outside." Her longevity in the modeling

business is remarkable, especially since she works out of St. Louis, a relatively small market. Luckily, a while ago she found an angel named Anheuser-Busch, from which she gets many assignments, mostly catalog and promotional work. Still, at 26, she is at the upper edge of her professional life.

"Most of the ads in St. Louis require a young look," Ruth says. "When I scrub down, I can look 16, but soon somebody is going to come to me and say, 'Now, Ruth, you're 35; you can't pass for 16 anymore.' Before that happens, I'd like to get out gracefully. I'd like to have some kind of little business of my own. Right now, I'm thinking



High above St. Louis at six in the morning, Ruth circles the Gatefold—er, Gateway—Arch in the Busch hot-air balloon. She descends and deflates (above right) in time for a quick soft drink (below) before heading for a modeling assignment (below right). A St. Louis native, she says, "It's a very friendly town. I do enjoy traveling, but I think I'd always like to keep a base in St. Louis; there's a warm feeling here."



about a bar/restaurant in midtown. I've been talking to some people and it just may come together."

As a child, Ruth was a tomboy. With two brothers, she had to be. She developed fearlessness and athleticism, not to mention a finely toned body. She keeps it that way with the help of a horse or two.

"I have one race horse now. There were two, but we had to take one of them off the track because of a bad leg. So I found myself breaking a race horse in to a riding horse. It's great exercise. I had to do it on a jockey saddle because the horse just wasn't used to the weight of a Western. A jockey saddle is really just a piece of leather, and the stirrups are right up around the horse's neck. I fell off a lot! She's a good horse. The best she ever did was third place, (text concluded on page 114)








What's the life of a model from Missouri? "I usually have about three bookings a week. The rest of the time, I just kind of keep myself on ice so that I'm available for anything else that comes up. That's frustrating for me, because I really have no patience."



A photograph of a woman's legs in white underwear on a bed. In the foreground, a gold-colored side table holds a hairbrush and a beaded bag. The background shows a wooden headboard with decorative carvings.

"For as long as I can remember having relationships with men, I've looked for one that would last forever, like in the romantic novels I read as a little girl. I decided I would try for that, however long it took. I still believe in it. I don't sit around waiting, but I do think it exists."



though, and she usually went off at about 75 to one. She made a great tax shelter!" As a horse trader, Ruth makes a good model. "I tend to look at how pretty the horse is rather than at conformation," she admits, then quips, "I want a perfect horse. I've seen pictures of Secretariat, so I know what a perfect horse is!" Keeping active keeps Ruth happy—and wonderfully optimistic. Her free time is spent decorating her house in the woods or putting in time on a '76 Eldorado she is helping to restore. When she feels down, her remedy is to chastise herself: "Now, Ruth, you're being

silly; you've got a lot going for yourself, so snap out of it. "You have to pull yourself out of a depression," she advises. "You can't depend on someone else to do it. I like to cook, so I'll pull out a cookbook and look for something really outrageous to prepare. Or I'll buy make-up or wash the car or put rubber snakes in the mailbox for my boyfriend. Anything but sitting around doing nothing. If you accomplish something, you just naturally feel better." Good advice, to be sure. But for our part, we find things get a whole lot better when we're around Dr. Guerri.



"I've been working for a long time now. I think I could live away from people for a year or so—maybe go island hopping in the Caribbean, sell sea shells or sling drinks for a living, then come back and be very happy. I know that probably sounds irresponsible of me, but it would be fun."

"You have to sift through what people are saying, what they're promising or offering you. I used to be very naïve. I trusted everyone and thought that deep down, everyone was good, but I found out that isn't true. I guess learning that lesson is just a matter of gaining a little maturity."



MISS JULY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Ruth Queen

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Let's go topside now," suggested the wealthy yachtsman after an intensive bout of lovemaking in the cabin.

"Anything you want, commodore," purred the callgirl, "but first, I'd really like to get some air."

Sure, Pedrito, you were awarded the bull's ears, tail, horns and hooves in the arena today," the matador's wife shrilled at him, "but next time, ask the judges for the part you could *really* use!"



I have the strangest feeling that we've done this before," the girl remarked to the fellow she'd acquired at the singles bar.

"So do I," the bed partner agreed. "It's a phenomenon known as *déjà blew*."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *hokeypokery* as a special lockup for transvestites.

A conceited young flasher named Wier Always leers as he makes his thing clear.

There are viewers who drool

At the size of his tool,

So possession's nine tenths of the leer.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *petroleum jelly* as a sport coating.

Because there may be future cutbacks in benefits," the man told his wife, "I stopped by Social Security today to check out my situation. They'd misplaced my file, but I convinced them I was old enough to qualify for retirement in the near future by unbuttoning my shirt and displaying the white hair on my chest."

"You're a blundering fool!" snarled his wife. "If only you'd thought to drop your pants and shorts, you could have qualified for immediate disability!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *vasectomy tie-off* as a lover's knot.

I became pregnant and had to have an abortion," the client told her handsome attorney, "because of a defective diaphragm."

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Well," the woman murmured, "you could start by revisiting the scene of the accident."

And then there was the naïve preppie who thought that the G spot was the place on her polo shirt where the gator was sewn.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *penis* as a bone of contentment.

Dietary warning: It's perfectly safe to suck a Florida orange, but when you suck a California one, it sometimes sucks back!

A beach boy who loved to have fun Kept screwing a girl in the sun.

While his ass, being bare,

Cooked to medium rare,

The girl kept exclaiming, "Well done!"

With all the male singles moving in," one older apartment dweller remarked to another, "this building is going condom!"

Two swishy roommates who had had a falling-out were berating each other. "You can kiss my ass goodbye!" hissed one.

"And you," hissed back the other, "can bid my tush buns *voyage*!"



I was interviewed in depth this afternoon for a secretarial job," the girl told her roommate.

"What does that mean? For more than an hour, maybe?"

"No. By more than seven inches."

Among the saddest losers we've heard of recently is a tourist who contracted herpes from kissing the Blarney stone.

The hooker was indignant when her customer, after a blow job, suggested an old-fashioned bang. "Look, Mac," she said angrily, "I'm saving *that* for Mr. Right!"

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.



*"You've satisfied my immediate needs. Now I feel
the kitchen needs painting."*

LETTERS FROM COMPUTER CAMP



article **By JOHN SACK**

HELLO, MUDDAH, hello, fadduh, here I am at computer camp in Moodus, Connecticut. Soon there'll be 100 children here to devote some of their summer to staring at the pallid blip, blip, blip of a computer's cursor rather than at a council fire's light. As many as 5000 little kids will be doing their daily QWERTYS at computer camps from here to California, and I'll be at one of the nicest ones, on these 300 acres of clover leaves. For one half month, I'll live in a pine-wood cabin with an assortment of eight-, nine- and ten-year-olds, and I'll sleep, wake up and press on the ENTER key with them. I'm overage, but I'm supposed to investigate this for PL.AYBOY.

In our cabin are six little kids, and the first to arrive today was David. "Oh, there's a toad there," he shouted outside our wooden door, and he scooped up the wart-erupting thing.

ILLUSTRATION BY SKIP WILLIAMSON

*remember good old camp lackanooky, where you
learned to swim, ride and become well rounded?
today they're learning to take over the world*



"The frog will have to stay outside," our counselor told us.

"The toad," David corrected him. He dropped it, it hopped in willy-nilly, and the second arrival was Jude.

"I've got a better watch than you. It's \$400," he said to our toad-hunting counselor, and the third arrival was Christian. He was blowing bubbles with his gum, and Jude shouted, "Pop!" as he lunged with his index finger, popping one. It splatted, and our counselor couldn't peel it off Christian's face. It looked like a German dueling scar.

The other arrivals were Ethan, Kevin and Raun. After dinner, our counselor said, "It's free time," and the six children and the 94 others ran to our rec room, where, in the scent of the woodsy knotty pine, are 100 computers, as at NASA mission control. And beep, beep, boom, it sounded like a penny arcade as the children slid in such (continued on page 128)



Above: John James and Kathleen Beller of ABC's *Dynasty* head down Baja way; his choice of casualwear includes a cotton/polyester shirt, by Robert Bruce, about \$24; and cotton twill walking shorts, by Façannable, \$65. (Kathleen's shirt and shorts by Tessa.) Above right: A waterside amble and he's in his traveling clothes—a polyester/cotton suit, by Adolfo far Lean of Paris, about \$225; plaid cotton/polyester shirt, by Gant, about \$27; and silk tie, by John Henry far Manhattan Accessories, about \$15. (Her dress by Carale Little for Saint Trapez West.) Right: For the cool of the evening, James chooses a polyester/rayon jacket, by Andiamo, Ltd., about \$100; cotton wing-collar shirt, by Henry Grethel, \$40; and bow tie, by Liberty of Landan, \$11.50; combined with his suit pants. (Her Victorian skirt and blouse by Sermaneta.)



GET OUT OF TOWN!

for a midsummer break, playboy gets away to it all with "dynasty" stars john james and kathleen beller

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

WHEN THE SUN goes down and the tempers and the tantrums come out at the Carrington mansion on ABC's superhit *Dynasty*, it's time to get smart and get lost—as two stars from the series, John James and Kathleen Beller, have done here. (In case you've spent the past year in a cave, James plays Jeff Colby, who was formerly married to Blake Carrington's daughter, the ferocious Fallon; he's now married to the luscious Kirby Anders, played by—you guessed it—Beller.) When choosing what to take for a long-summer-weekend getaway, do as James has done and pack a minimum wardrobe that will give you maximum mixing-and-matching mileage. Whether you're heading just across the state or all the way to Baja California's Hotel Cabo San Lucas—where we shot this feature—one garment bag for a jacket and shirts and one





Above: For an afternoon that's happily on the rocks, James has packed a hooded nylon windbreaker, by Yves Saint Laurent, about \$30; plus nylon swim trunks, by Daniel Axel, \$16. Right: As an after-sunning cover-up, he's switched to a cotton knit crew-neck, by Gianfranco Ruffini, about \$55; and cotton twill slacks with an elasticized waist, by Sweats bi ebe, \$32. (Beller's belted dress by Stevi Brooks.)

carry-on bag for sportswear should suffice. Make your color selections harmonious. James, you'll notice, has toted a black poly/rayon jacket to wear with the pants from the tan polyester/cotton suit he traveled in. If your destination calls for a dressier look in the evening, coordinate the jacket with a formal wing-collar shirt coupled with a dark bow tie. (If the collar and the tie are a bit too tony for your taste, you can always pack a more conventional dress shirt and tie instead.) By sticking to neutral colors in your sportswear—while mixing in some primary shades—you can put together a variety of looks that should see you nicely through most social situations short of an audience with Queen Elizabeth II. Happy landings!





COMPUTER CAMP

(continued from page 123)

"Ethan looks like a boy behind the barbed wire of a concentration camp."

cartridges as Hunt the Wumpus and Munch Man.

"All right, wumpus, here I come," said David, a Korean-American and the capturer of our mascot toad. His slitted eyes on the monitor, he didn't fall into its seaweed-colored slime pits but followed the wumpus' red-colored spoor until the whole monitor went red, a set of fat white teeth appeared and—*chomp*—the computer's calliope tune was Chopin's *Funeral March*. "Oh, the wumpus got me!" David cried. "I died! I died!"

And beep! In the clamorous room, no one was using the ABC, etc., keys, except for a boy who two-finger typed on a Texas Instruments TI-99/4A,

```
10 PRINT "HELLO, SCUZZBOMB"
20 PRINT "HELLO, BOMBSCUZZ"
```

after which he typed RUN, and the computer printed it. Two hours later, we ran back to our cabin and we had lights out at 9:45 on our first day at computer camp.

I am not homesick, but Ethan is. He looks like a boy behind the barbed wire of a concentration camp. He didn't hunt the wumpus yesterday, but he stood underneath a poster of pi (computed to 8000 places) crying, wiping his circular eyes on his T-shirt's picture of Mr. Peanut. The nurse at our kindly computer camp said, "Do you have an owwic?"

"I don't know," Ethan sniffled. "What is it?"

"A cut. A scrape. A scratch."

"I feel bad on the inside, not the out," Ethan sniffled.

"Do you want to play a game with me? Like Munch Man?"

"No, I'd just short the computer out," Ethan sniffled. "With tears."

We tried to cheer up Ethan today. Raun told him the joke about the lettuce-and-tomato race. "Who won?" Raun asked, and Ethan didn't know. "Well, the lettuce was ahead and the tomato couldn't catch up. Hee, hee," Raun said, but Ethan didn't smile.

Christian gave him the wrapper from his Bazooka bubble gum. "You will soon meet a tall, dark stranger," the wrapper told him. "Frankenstein." But Ethan already had that in his gum-wrapper collection.

Kevin invited him to a bed-blanket game of Dungeons and Dragons. "Do you know the four basic undead monsters?" Kevin asked.

"No," Ethan sniffled.

"Skeletons, zombies, ghouls, wights. Do you know the expert monsters?"

"No," Ethan sniffled.

"Mummies, specters, vampires, wraiths. What do you want to be?"

"An elf," Ethan sniffled. "Oh, I don't care!"

He sat on the bunk hugging himself. A woman counselor sang for him, "Well ye gang tae the Hiellands, Leezie Lindsay? Well ye gang tae the Hiellands wi' me?" but Ethan wanted *Home on the Range*. The counselor didn't know it, so she programmed it on an Apple II—

```
100 FOR I=768 TO 795:
  READ J: POKE I, J: NEXT
110 POKE 1013,76
```

etc.—and the Apple whistled beep, beep on the beep for Ethan. He feels better now.

We had a class today in Basic. A counselor with a T-shirt displaying the Maxwell equations said to Jude, "What's your name?" Jude told him, and the counselor wrote

```
10 PRINT "HELLO JUDE";
20 GOTO 10
```

on a T.I. computer. He then wrote RUN, and the monitor made a big brick wall of 100 HELLO JUDES. At once, Christian said, "Hello, Jude," David said, "It should be Hey, Jude," Raun started singing,

*"Hey, Jude,
I saw you nude.
Don't try to fake it,
I saw you naked,"*

and Jude just waved at the garrulous monitor, saying, "Hi." At eight years old, Jude is the youngest person at our computer camp. He wears jeans and he clomps around as though he has wrestled bulls at wild-West rodeos. Very little bulls.

"Jude," the counselor said. "How many times did the monitor print your name?"

"Five hundred sixty-two thousand four hundred and sixty-eight times," Jude said unequivocally.

"Why did it do it?"

"Um, because. . . Um—"

"Because I'd written in the instruction GOTO 10."

"No, that isn't right," said Jude in his calling-the-hogs-home manner. "It should be GO and space and TO."

"Not necessarily. In Basic—"

"It's two words," said Jude.

"Not necessarily—"

"One word GO. Another TO."

"I'm lazy," the counselor sighed. "I didn't want to hit the space bar."

"Why is the monitor green?"

"Because—"

"The other monitors aren't green. They're blue."

"Jude," the counselor pleaded. "Do you want me to tear my hair out?"

"I want to write HELLO RAUN," said Raun.

"I want to go to the bathroom," said Christian.

"I don't understand," said David. "Can you say everything again?"

"Of course I can," the counselor moaned. "I woke up, I said, 'Good morning,' I said, 'I'll have some oatmeal,' I said, 'What's your name, Jude—' All right," the counselor told us a half hour later. "Gun up your engines, gentlemen."

We turned the computers on. The children sat on their ankles, raising their arms to their keyboards, like men repairing automobiles on hydraulic jacks. A finger here, a finger there and the monitors burst out with JUDE JUDE JUDES and RAUN RAUN RAUNs and BARF BARF BARFs in David's case. The programs done, the children left for the tennis courts, and Jude hit the ball clear over the fence, shouting, "A homer!" We have tennis at our computer camp, too.

Muddah! Fadduh! I was robbed! It happened today in the beep-beep-boom computer room. The little children were at the Hunt the Wumpuses, but the bigger children were at their engines *inventing* games. A boy had programmed a lunar-lander game in Basic. Another boy had programmed a Dungeons and Dragons game that said, A VAMPIRE STARTS TO EAT YOUR GUTS, another had programmed a bowling game and another had programmed a slot machine. A 13-year-old, he pulled the little black joy stick and the monitor told him,

```
CHERRY CHERRY CHERRY
HOT DOG! YOU WIN $2.00!
```

"Do you want to play it? It's 25 cents," the boy, whose name was Billy, said.

He had a twisted snile as I gave him his quarter. I pulled the little stick and the monitor reported, CHERRY CHERRY LEMON. I gave him another quarter and the monitor snorted, ORANGE ORANGE CHERRY. I gave him a total of six shiny quarters and admitted, "I lost."

"It's crooked," Billy confessed.

"No!"

"I had my little finger on the keyboard, see," Billy continued, "and I just tapped the number-three key."

"No! What happened then?"

"The program gosubbed to 230," he continued and had his monitor print it:

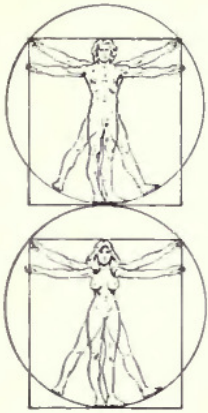
```
230 FOR I=1 TO 3: A(I)=0: NEXT
235 X=0: X=PDL(1): IF X<255
  THEN GOTO 235
240 FOR I=1 TO 3
```

etc. "So you lost automatically. I invented

(continued on page 220)



"Better put fresh batteries in the vibrator . . . it's that obscene phone caller again!"



a continuing report on the state of the sexual union

THE PLAYBOY READERS' SEX SURVEY

part four

*a venture into the world of sexual
experimentation, where variety is the spice of sex*

In January 1982, PLAYBOY published a 133-item questionnaire that asked its readers to report on their sexual habits, attitudes and identities. More than 100,000 readers responded. We tabulated the results and ran an introductory article in January 1983.

We followed that in March with an article that explored the effects of marital status on sexuality, and in our May issue, we examined the subject of sexual identity and discovered that it is possibly the most important factor in determining many aspects of a person's sexual behavior. In that article, we reported that many social stereotypes about gay men and women are false, while some clichés about both male and female homosexual attitudes and practices are probably true. We also found that bisexual men seem least likely to have comfortable and satisfying sex lives, while bisexual women seem to have more fun than anybody else—straight men and women, homosexuals or bisexual men.

This month, we turn to the world of sexual experimentation and try to find the answers to several questions: What is experimental sex these days and what is not? Are some people more likely to experiment than others? Does experimental sex mean better sex?

WHAT IS EXPERIMENTAL SEX?

*There is nothing good or bad, but
thinking makes it so.* —SHAKESPEARE

ANYONE WHO still wonders whether or not there has been a sexual revolution is going to be convinced right here. Anal intercourse, sex with more than one person at a time, bondage, vibrators and other sexual devices are at the center of a sea change in sexual activity. They represent a search for variety and proficiency; and a careful reading of the results of our survey makes it clear that many are ready to stay the course.

Anyone who tries to define sexual experimentation risks being caught in a twilight zone of definitions, to say nothing of behavior. An erotic activity that is one couple's routine foreplay may for another couple be a total barf-out. It reminds us of a cartoon we once saw in which a knobby-kneed man dressed in a fish costume, flippers and an inner tube, his face adorned with fake nose and eyeglasses, stands expectantly in his bedroom doorway. His wife, seated unconcernedly on the bed, looks at him and says, "Oh, no, not that again."

Whatever the gentleman in the cartoon has in mind, it's a good bet that most people would find it outside the realm of normal sex. But what's normal? In the Forties, Kinsey found that less than half the population had ever engaged in oral sex. One could say that if normal sex were what most people were doing, then oral sex was considered abnormal. Today, oral sex is considered normal.

As another example of how sexual attitudes change from generation to generation, while Kinsey acknowledged that some heterosexuals in his study had engaged in anal sex (manual stimulation of the anus or anal intercourse), their numbers were so small that he couldn't justify including them. But when Morton Hunt published his *Sexual Behavior in the 1970s*, he found that half of the young marrieds considered manual-anal foreplay acceptable, more than a third of them had no objection to anal-oral foreplay and only about a quarter of all men and women agreed with the statement "Anal intercourse between a man and a woman is wrong." In 1977, *The Redbook Report on Female Sexuality* asserted that almost half



of the women had tried anal intercourse at least once. (Our survey's percentages are even higher, and we'll review them later in the article.)

Because what is normal and abnormal (or deviant) is debatable, we prefer to use the terms customary and experimental. Customary behavior is that which our survey and others have shown to be experienced by the vast majority of Americans: masturbation, mutual masturbation (petting), intercourse and oral sex. Experimental sex, in the broad sense, is everything else.

However, when it comes to defining experimentation in terms of a particular person or couple, subjective factors become far more important than statistics. For one couple, for whom sex is a predictable three-stage affair consisting of kissing, manual genital stimulation and intercourse, the introduction of massage with scented oils as a part of foreplay could be rather daring. For another couple, to whom massage is an acceptable and tame aspect of lovemaking, viewing a pornographic film together or taking a vibrator to bed may be a more ground-breaking experience. If there is one generalization to be made about *any* kind of experimentation, it's that it should add more fun to one's sex life; and for most men and not a few women, more variety means more fun. Variety means many things but may be usefully separated into four categories:

1. Variety in physical stimulation: exploring areas of the body different from those you've tried before. Anal sex, oral sex (for the few who haven't yet tried it) and diverse forms of nongenital stimulation (sucking a person's toes or fingers, for instance) all fall into this category.

2. Changes in location: Doing it on the kitchen table and in the back-yard hammock are examples. Or, for those who find an extra thrill in the possibility of being caught, having sex in one's office with the door unlocked or having a quickie in the bathroom of an airplane. The back seat of a taxi or a limousine can provide a daring but relatively safe idyl for couples who fancy performing before a live audience.

3. Varying partners: That can mean wife swapping, making love with more than one person at a time or having sex with a stranger.

4. Using props, gadgets and other enhancers: Those include sexy underwear (garter belts, open-crotch panties and so on), erotic films, vibrators, those novel condoms that come in colors and have rubber protuberances to (theoretically) give more stimulation to the female, handcuffs and other bondage equipment.

Some sexual or quasi-sexual practices, performed by a small segment of the population, are closer to sexual fetish than to sexual experimentation. But we included four of those activities—sodomasochism, golden showers, transvestism and coprophilia—in our survey to provide us with an indication of whether or not more people practice the truly bizarre than did a decade ago, when Hunt reported that persons who said they did those things were extremely rare.

It turns out that they're *still* pretty rare. The number of people who say they've tried sadomasochism (seven percent of the men and eight percent of the women) is only marginally higher than Hunt found a decade ago.

We suspect that our statistics on the people who claim to have tried golden showers (six percent of the men and seven percent of the women) and coprophilia (three percent of the men and four percent of the women) are inadequate because many of those completing our questionnaire don't know exactly what they are.

Associate Editor Barbara Nellis, who supervised both the construction of the survey and the tabulation of the results, says, "I had at least two dozen calls from readers around the country who wanted to know what coprophilia meant. One guy called at eight in the morning. I told him it was too early to be discussing the subject, as I'd just had breakfast." For those of you who don't know, it's an inordinate fondness for shit. Several people called to ask the meaning of golden showers. "My pat answer," says Nellis, "was 'urinating on a loved one.'"

Both of those practices are fetishistic in nature: They tend to be substitutes for direct sexual contact. We found, when cross-tabulating other personal characteristics, that those who have engaged in those activities have less active sex lives (with *people*, that is; shoes, dirty under-

pants and Fido don't count) than do those who say they have tried none of them.

By contrast, when we tabulated the personal characteristics of those respondents who have tried some of the other experimental practices listed in our survey, we found that those men and women generally have full, active and satisfying sex lives and seem to engage in and enjoy customary sex with the same or greater frequency than the general population. In other words, those people, like most of us, aren't using sexual experimentation to *substitute* for customary sex but are adding it to their conventional sex lives.

And, as a group, the people who have tried one or more sexual varieties are more satisfied with their sex lives and consider themselves better lovers than people whose experience has been limited to customary sex. Apparently, the First Century Roman writer Publilius Syrus was right when he wrote, "No pleasure endures unseasoned by variety."

Let's take a close look at each of the seven most popular forms of experimentation.

EROTIC DEVICES

I opened the book at a picture of a plump, leering, lecherous-looking woman squatting and pissing on the floor and holding a dark-red, black-haired, thick-lipped cunt open with her fingers. All sorts of little bawdy sketches were round the margin of the picture. The early editions of "Fanny Hill" had that frontispiece.

She was flabbergasted, silent. Then she burst out laughing, stopped and said, "What a nasty book—such books ought to be burnt." . . .

I turned over a page. "Look, here she is with a boy who sold her water cresses; is not his prick a big one?"

She looked on silently; I heard her breathing hard. I turned over picture after picture. Suddenly, she knocked the book out of my hand to the other side of the room. "I won't see such things," said she.

"Won't you look at it by yourself?" "If you leave it here, I'll burn it." "No you won't; you'll take it to bed with you."

There I left (continued on page 192)



OFF THE ROAD AGAIN!

leaner and meaner, with an e.p.a. rating that will make opec choke, the old gray mare of a four-wheel-drive vehicle ain't what she used to be



Above: With an over-all length of just 157 inches and a base price of about \$9200, Mitsubishi's first brand-name four-wheel-drive sports utility machine, the Montero, is the smallest and least expensive in our stable of six off-road vehicles. Despite its diminutive size, the Montero is a pint-sized performer that's powered by a 105-hp overhead-cam four-cylinder engine coupled with a five-speed gearbox. Right: High-riding and handsome, the Toyota Land Cruiser is as tough as a bucket of rivets; its low-revving 4.2-liter six-cylinder engine is better suited for serious off-road rock-climbing than for on-highway travel. The Wagon model, pictured here, will set you back about \$13,000. Far right: Ford's bucking little Bronco II is a tidy performer powered by a 2.8-liter V6 engine and four-speed manual transmission. (Five-speed manual or automatic is optional.) Base price is about \$10,000.





article By GARY WITZENBURG

WORLD WAR TWO, somewhere in Europe. A jeep sits half in, half out of a shell crater, one wheel wedged pathetically under the chassis. A burly sergeant stands facing away, left hand over his eyes, right hand holding a .45 automatic to his hood. He is about to put the injured mechanical beast out of its misery. Such was the love of the World War Two GI for his faithful motorized mule—as depicted in that famous Bill Mauldin cartoon. The jeep (the name is an alteration of the initials G.P., which stand for general-purpose vehicle) carried food and supplies to the trenches and the wounded to safety. They served as command and reconnaissance cars, towed trailers and chased tanks. “It does everything,” wrote war correspondent Ernie Pyle. “It goes everywhere. It’s as faithful as a dog, as strong as a mule and as agile as a goat. It



Above: Although Chevrolet's new baby S-10 Blazer is 15 inches shorter than its full-sized big daddy, the offspring has a nine-inch-longer load floor (with the optional bench seat folded flat) and holds about a cubic foot more cargo.

Fully independent front suspension with torsion-bar springs gives it a ride that's more car than truck. The baby Blazer also sports a baby basic price—about \$9700. **Right:** Due out in late summer, the Jeep Cherokee is a sweetheart of a machine that comes fitted with a 2.5-liter four-cylinder engine that should deliver about 24 mpg city/30 highway with a four-speed manual transmission. Price: about \$10,000. **Far right:** The meanest machine in our six-pack of off-road vehicles is Chrysler Corporation's Dodge Ramcharger. Besides being the largest, roomiest and heaviest, it even has a 5.2-liter V8 engine. And get this, buckaroos: Prices begin at \$11,000.





constantly carries twice what it was designed for and still keeps on going. It doesn't even ride so badly after you get used to it." Well, old Ernie would be happily bouncing in his grave if he could climb aboard one of the current crop of four-wheel-drive (4wd) vehicles that are bounding over the boondocks and burning up the highways. Today's machines are the most civilized, most comfortable, easiest-to-operate sports utilities ever built, and their appeal reaches far beyond the farmer/forest-ranger types who bucked aboard early postwar jeeps. They're ideal for anyone who wants reliable daily transportation, along with the security and freedom of 4wd for bad weather and for the occasional camping, hunting or fishing foray. They're ruggedly handsome, with quiet, opulent interiors and option lists as long as IRS forms. They seat you high above the traffic yet ride and handle more like modern (continued on page 210)

THE C TEAM

(continued from page 105)

"Victims go to their reward maniacally switched on, like blinking, vomiting, sweating animals."

on the other and that will take care of the boom, but what of the *shhh*—which, in case it has not been brought to your attention, is merely the sound fatal nerve gas makes when it causes tens of millions of human beings to be caught in the embarrassing position of jerking around on their backs with their limbs waving erratically in the poisoned air like so many Raid-beset *Blatta orientalis* under your kitchen sink? Should not the Pentagon be credited for that, too? No (*nyet*), it should not. The credit lines for World War Three will have to be awarded according to strict rules: You do not get credit for even a part of the end of the world as we know it unless you at some time seriously considered that the muck you were playing with would be used. Having your muck get a couple of brief plays as the flip side of *Nuclear Holocaust* just because you pushed that muck on the President of the United States so you could get bigger and bigger budget allocations—that won't do.

Now, there are men in uniform who are working on nuclear warfare, and they are serious (to say the very least). They figure that one day their stuff may come into play. Right or wrong, we do seem to be involved in a kind of schoolyard grin-down with the Russians, and if it turns out that more and more nuclear missiles and nuclear bombs won't prevent World War Three, then it is at least possible to say, "Well, back to the drawing board." Which is to say that our nuclear warriors may be cynical, but they are working from an idea—a hope, even. To compare them with the Pentagon's C Team (C is for chemicals, though the connotation of mediocrity has not gone unnoticed) would be strenuously unfair to all the serious people in our military establishment who have been staring fixedly at the next American battlefield since the last one didn't turn out so well.

What the C Team has been staring fixedly at is only a hot new way to spend up to 20 billion dollars. Since most of the money will come, as usual, from people who buy their own socks, it is possible to take it very personally. What we are talking about happens to be about the same as one fifth of this year's expected Federal deficit. Of course, the C Team does not propose blowing this in one shot. Probably, it will take ten years or longer, though current official estimates of what it will cost to replace our present nerve-gas weapons with shiny new ones are only a quarter as high.

When Richard Nixon stopped production of all chemical weapons in 1969, and

then in 1975 when the U.S. finally got around to signing the 1925 Geneva Accord banning their first use (like almost everyone else, we retained our right to retaliate in kind), it was widely considered to be the end of the road for the Army's chemical corps. On the other hand, the kind of political muscle that for 50 years could keep us from signing a treaty we had proposed must have something to say for itself.

That muscle expressed itself again in 1981, when the Pentagon (A) persuaded President Reagan to OK the resumption of chemical-weapons production and (B) got Congress to approve money for a place to make the stuff by fast-balling the bill through Congress as part of a much larger military package. The plant, at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, was supposed to produce what some witless Defense Department flack insists on calling, in print, the "binary family of nerve-gas weapons." What the binary part really means we shall shortly see, but what it is supposed to mean is a "safe" artillery shell or bomb in which the lethal ingredients stay unmixed until the weapon is fired. The family part refers to a new 155mm shell (Poppa Binary?) that is intended to deliver to the enemy a sufficient dose of what is called GB gas to cause him to act like everyone's favorite cockroach as it wanders into an insecticide zone, inhales and, in a matter of minutes, untouchedly dies; a 500-pound glide bomb called the Bigeye (Momma Binary, no doubt) that is meant to lay down a sticky, oil-thick blanket of the nerve agent known as VX, doing the same job on said Communist roaches as the GB, only with more persistence; finally, the pitter-patter of little binary feet, expected to be led off by a long-range missile intended to make life rather too interesting at Soviet ports, airfields and, perhaps, industrial cities, where other human cockroaches—plus sub tactical dogs, cats and canaries—will find their bodies in the midst of a kind of infernal communications explosion.

Under your kitchen sink, that is precisely what happens to real cockroaches: Nerve gas was developed in 1936 by a German scientist doing, yes, insecticide research. He found a way to paralyze the enzyme controlling the cessation of message traffic across the synapse, the space between nerve endings. Convulsed by a flood of nonstop messages to their nervous systems, victims go to their reward maniacally switched on, like blinking, shitting, vomiting, sweating laboratory animals—it is a death whose only saving grace (for some) will be a persistent erection that outlasts asphyxiation to remain firmly in

place even after burial. For those hoping to die with something more than a boot on, that thought may be pleasant. But since the same recipe exists in the Soviet arsenal, maybe not.

If that tableau seems to indicate that one day we will have us a nice, healthy nerve-gas war, the likelihood is not so at all. The Pentagon's C Team may not even have considered the possibility of use. Since those hoary days of World War One, when gas masks were being fitted for horses, its battles have tended to be budgetary, not military, and the agent most often discussed is neither GB nor VX but cold cash. Considering the fact that the Army's chemical lobby happens to conduct its affairs as though acting out a script of *Heart of Darkness* as rewritten for The Three Stooges ("The horror! The horror!"—but declaimed in a high, nasal giggle as a board is swung against someone's skull), it may be best to ignore Von Clausewitz, who said that the object of war is to impose one's will on the enemy, and have a look at Von Floorspace: The object of the peacetime Pentagon, into whose 6,500,000 square feet you could easily shoehorn several copies of the entire Federal legislative branch, has always been to impose its will on Congress. Which is—need I say it?—us.

Suddenly wide-awake, the 1982 Congress voted against giving the military funds to actually start making weapons (in the plant the 1981 Congress had approved for that purpose), because sufficient members of our sometimes comatose legislature did their homework and learned that the Army had been systematically leaving its chemical weapons (millions of shells, plus bombs, land mines, grenades) out in the rain to rust so that they could be declared *non compos militiae* and be replaced by new weapons that had never been tested—had never once been fired—and so might not even work, which hardly matters, because our allies do not want them on European soil, where a chemical war would probably take out some 4,000,000 to 40,000,000 civilians, all of them Europeans and most of them children. But such an investment in production may start a nerve-gas arms race with the Russians (who are not known to have added to their own chemical arsenal since 1970) that may, indeed, lead to those new weapons' being used—though in the event of a war they would have no effect whatsoever on troops wearing gas masks, protective clothing, gloves and booties, because, as Arkansas Senator David Pryor noted somewhat sourly, "Nerve gas doesn't kill soldiers. It kills civilians." And, finally, does it or does it not seem that the Pentagon's campaign to get Congress to fork over money to replace weapons—of which it already has enough—comes tripping rather too merrily along on the heels of a State Department

(continued on page 172)

hollywood's moneymen
call him unbankable,
if they call him at all.
his fans call him
a comic genius who'll
have the last laugh

personality

By PAUL SLANSKY



ALBERT BROOKS IS FUNNIER THAN YOU THINK

IT'S THANKSGIVING EVE IN NBC studio 6-A, and Albert Brooks is talking about bowling.

"In every bowling alley, there's a room just a little bit larger than this desk called the pro shop," he tells David Letterman. "It's full of balls and shoes, because that's really all bowling is. Now, there's this guy who works in one in L.A.—he's a nice guy—and if you listen to him on the phone, he keeps going, 'No problem! No problem!' What are people saying to him? 'A giant landed from outer space. Do you have a size-95 shoe?' 'No problem!'"

Brooks pauses for a couple of seconds to experience his favorite earthly noise—the reassuring sound of people laughing at him—and continues. "I started bowling this summer as therapy," he explains. "It's Zenlike. You get to throw this heavy thing as hard as you can at pins. At the alley I go to, you can dress up the pins to look like people you hate."

Albert Brooks has always drawn on his everyday life for his richest comedy, and since he has spent the past seven years in the movie business, most (continued on page 150)

EROGENOUS PARTS
 A PORTFOLIO
 BY FRANCIS
Giacobetti

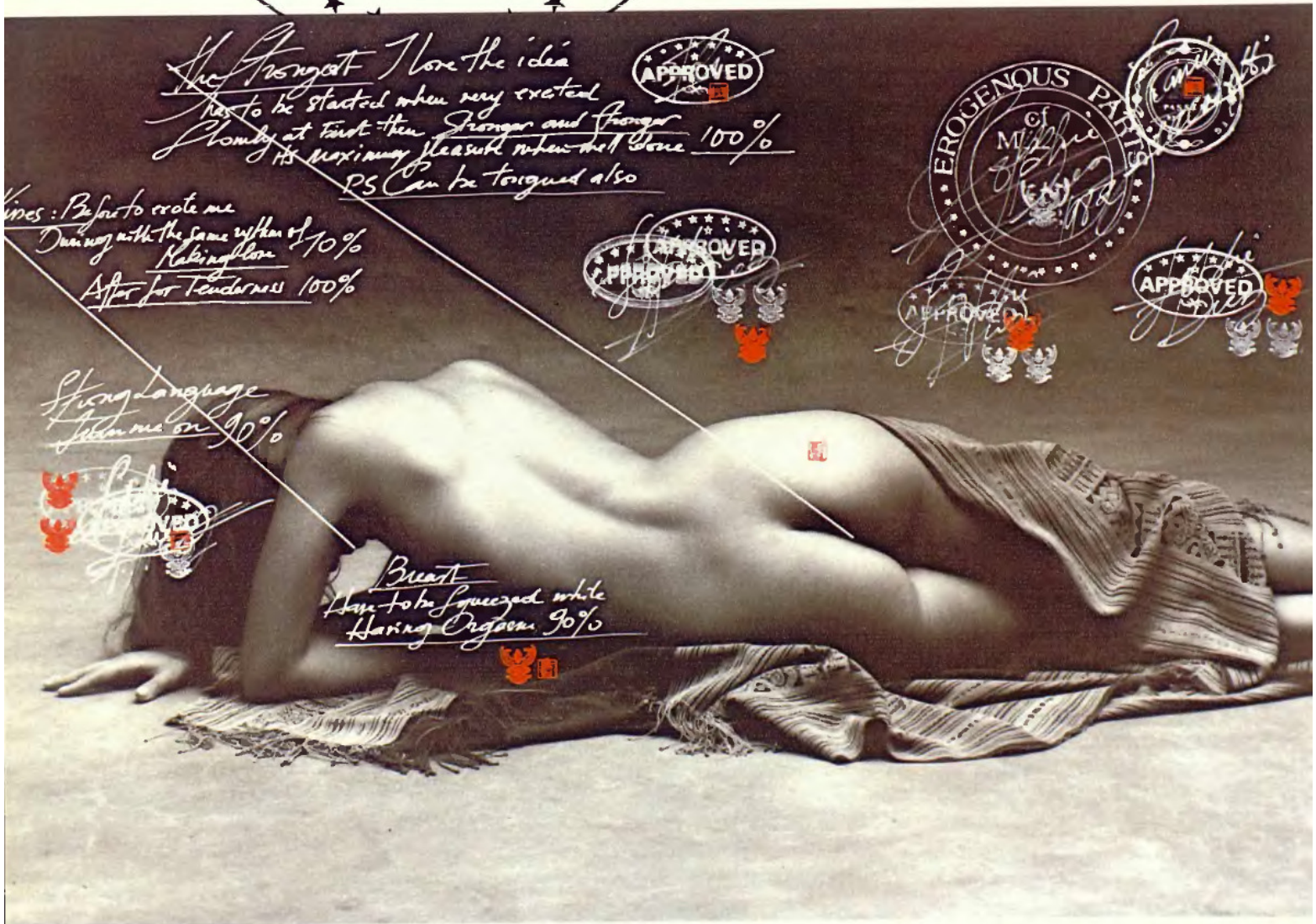
join us on a world-class photographer's
 tour of women's sexual geography

*The Strongest Love the idea
 has to be started when very excited
 slowly at first then stronger and stronger
 its maximum pleasure when not done 100%
 PS Can be touched also*

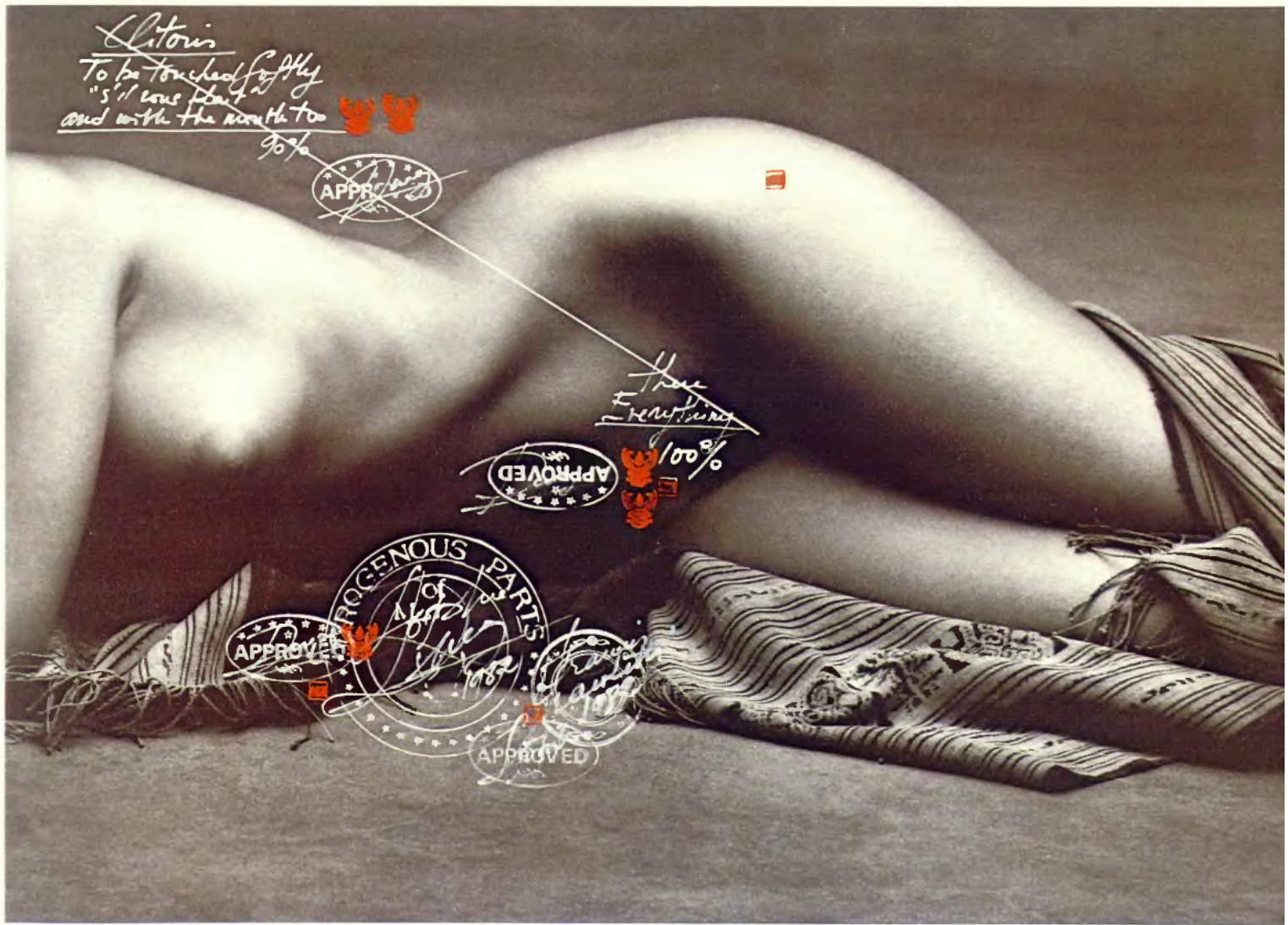
*lines: Before to create me
 During with the same within of 10%
 Kissing lips
 After for Tenderness 100%*

*Strong language
 Turn me on 10%*

*Breast
 Have to be squeezed while
 Having Orgasm 90%*

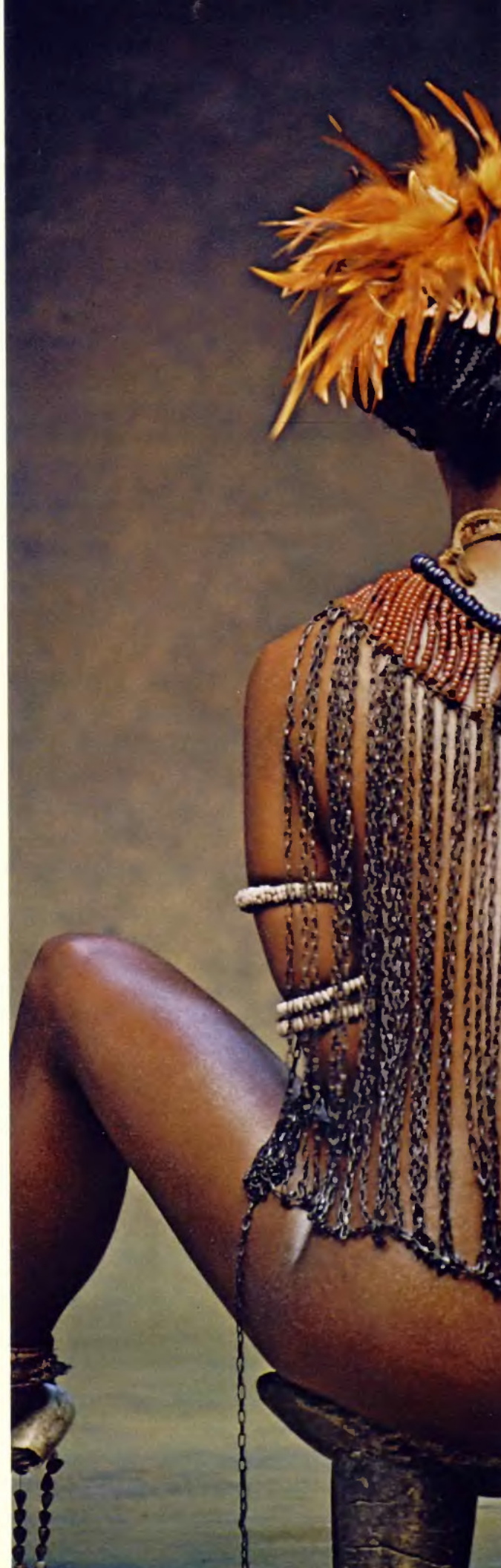
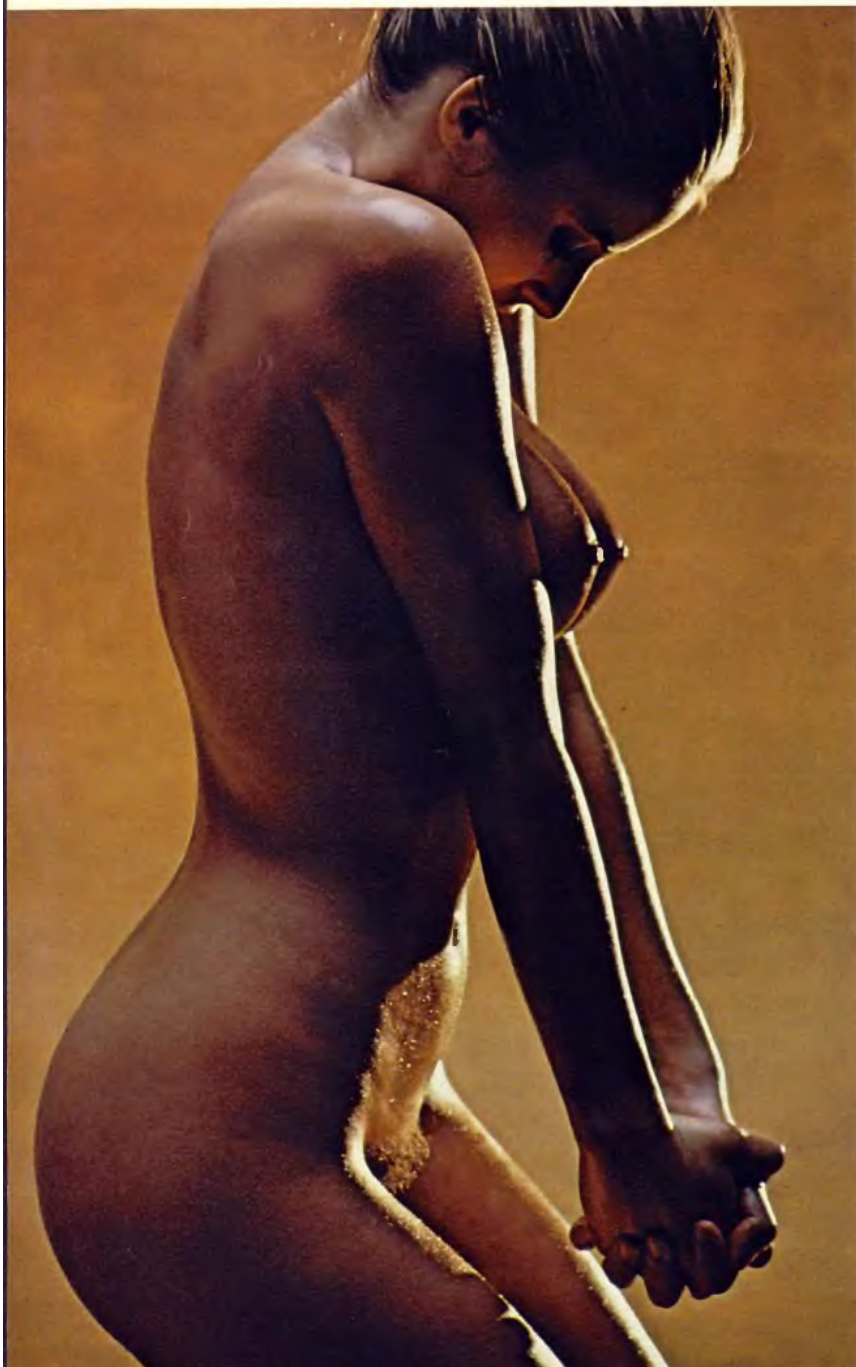


THE FRENCH ARE DIFFERENT from the rest of us. First of all, they dress better. They also talk faster and move their hands a lot. Their jobs allow them to spend most of the afternoon in smoky cafés, where it takes them an hour to drink a tiny cup of coffee. The worst thing a Frenchman can do is lose an argument. The best thing a Frenchman can do is think about women. This he does all the time. Thinking about women takes on a sacred dimension for him. Much of the French language is used to describe the intricacies of women: how they walk, how they look when draped in clothes, how they might look without them. Frenchmen know from a very early age that women are going to occupy most of their waking hours and some of their sleeping hours as well. It goes with the territory. Francis Giacobetti's name doesn't sound French, but the person who owns it is relentlessly Gallic in his tastes. And he has adopted his adopted country's obsession with women. (Note his remarks on the pictures below. He does not treat his subject lightly.) Unlike most Frenchmen and most Americans, Giacobetti can indulge his interest and get paid for it. That's because he's a photographer—one who continually redefines what film can say about women and who discovers which of their secrets can be coaxed to show up on emulsion. His experiments established the pictorial style of France's *Lui* magazine. And then he turned to the movie camera and directed *Emmanuelle, the Joys of a Woman*. We asked him to describe what it is he does and he replied, "I take pictures of thousands of women with not many clothes on them and I steal from them tenths of seconds and sometimes a little part of their lives. They become my most beautiful trips and my softest landscapes." He takes his work seriously. Turn the page and see.





Above, Giacobetti considers his own Afghan invasion. Actually, he finds veiled women more inviting than threatening. Below, a bodybuilder extends our understanding of the word tout. In the center, Giacobetti explains, "It is not the idea of exoticism; it is the idea of virginity and making love with one's instinct." Unlike gorbled sentences, some photos don't require translation.



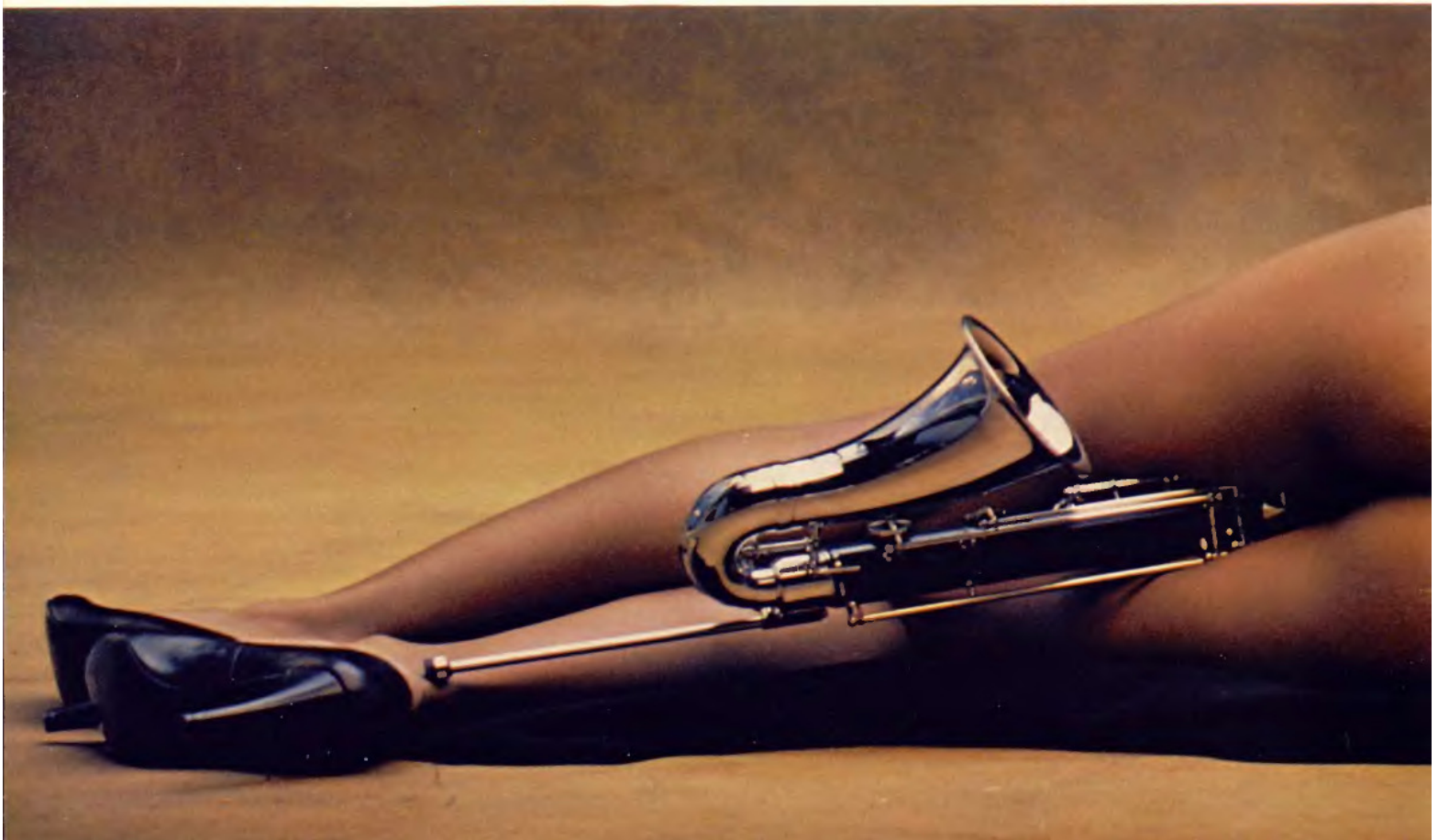


Above, the Afghan rebel opens a dialog with the non-Moslem world. Giacobetti says, "I know it is forbidden. I know it is a sin, but I have always wanted to sin." Below, Giacobetti looks for jewels everywhere. And apparently, they show up in unusual places. At bottom, Giacobetti dresses his model in his own clothes. We're sure they look much better on her.





"I like women and I like them to like women," Giacobetti says. We're not sure women spend this amount of time going over one another's garments (above) looking for labels, but he's onto something here. Women make friends quickly, and they tell one another all their secrets. Men like to listen in.





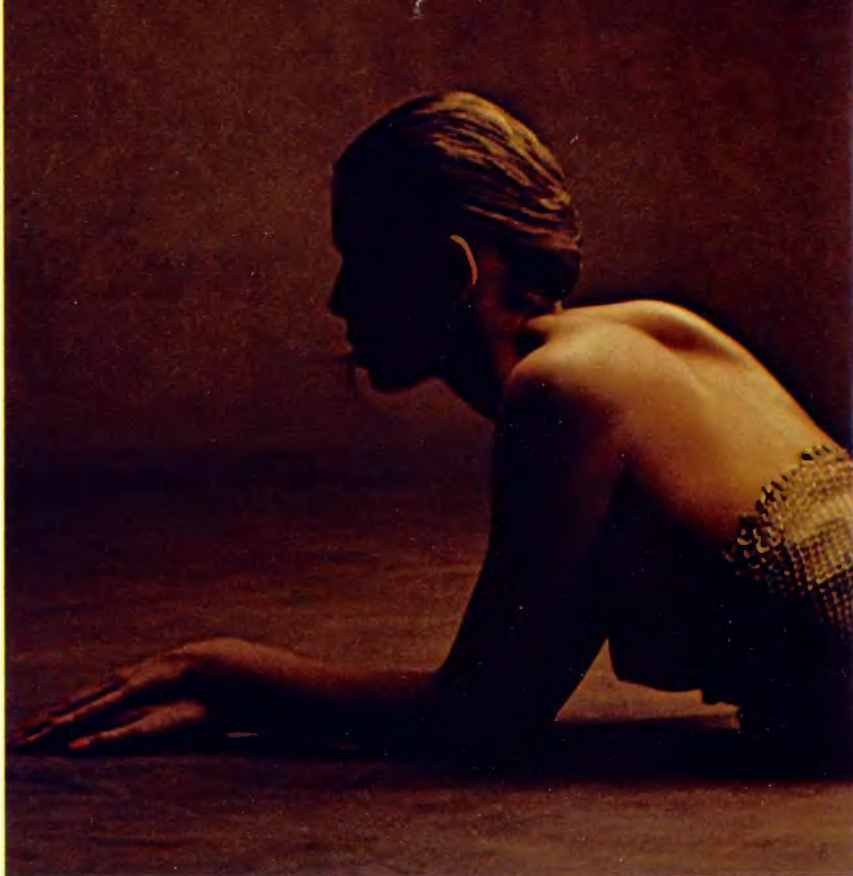
It is arguable that all musical instruments are feminine. This bass clarinet (below) caught Giacobetti's eye and started a whole slew of visual possibilities. He says, "I like love. I like music and I like women who make love with music." Yes, and to paraphrase Randy Newman, "You can leave your shoes on."

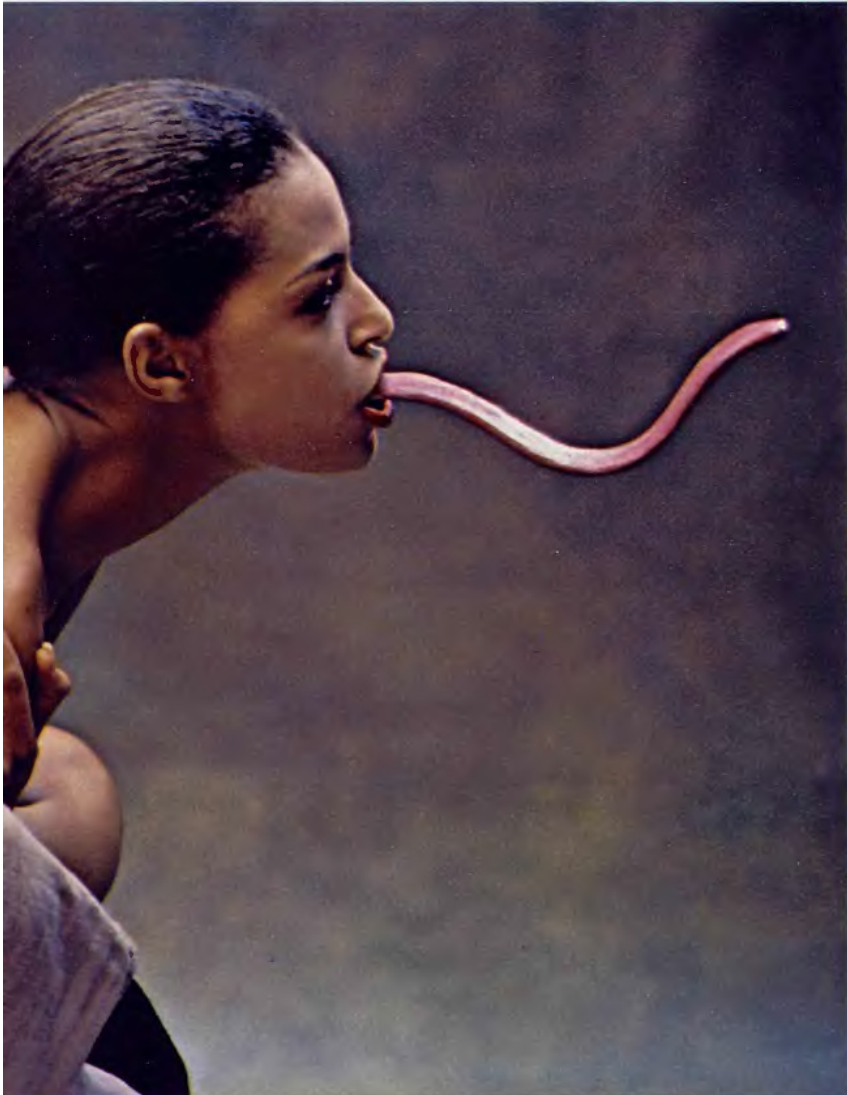
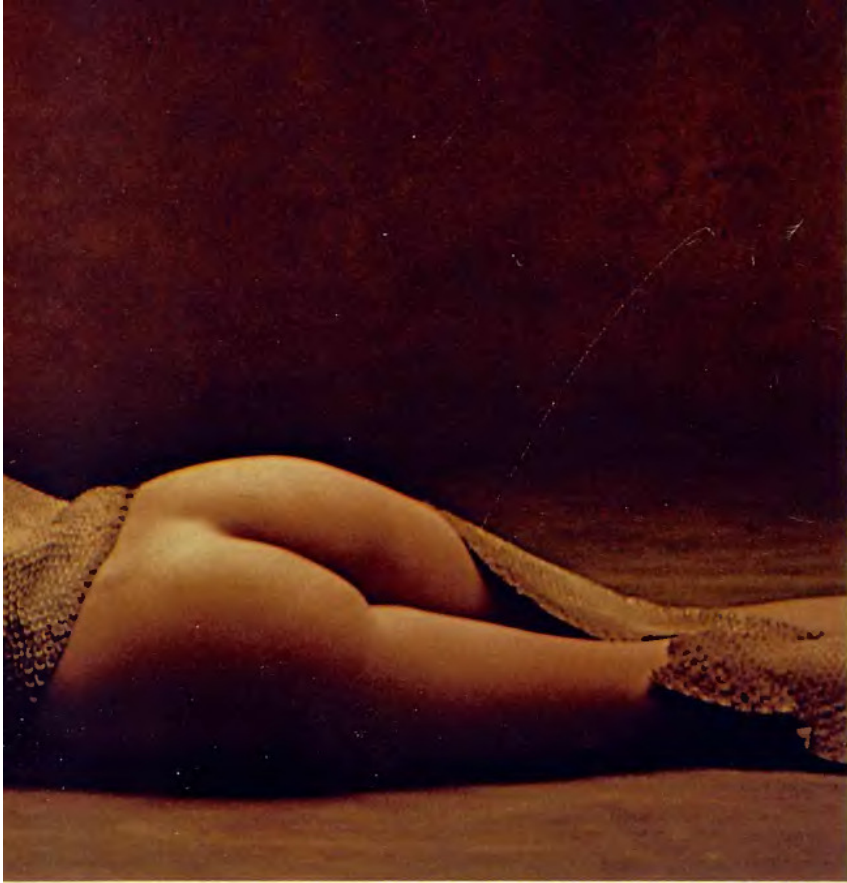




Women are full of surprises. They can be one thing on the outside and something else on the inside. Consider the woman above. Consider her clothes—how their colors and their textures complement her hair and her skin. You might not suspect that she would raise her skirt and show you what's underneath. But that's exactly what she does. To Giacobetti, she's "never quite a woman, still a little girl."

Above right, Giacobetti toys with the notion of the woman as snake. "The tongue is the kiss," he tells us. "It is the most important thing, because it is for love and tenderness. But they say women are all vipers." We don't think she'd bite.





At left, a variation on the serpent theme. Some women have tongues and some women have *tongues*. That's how they can form words and foster lasting relationships. This woman is very active in Giacobetti's imagination. And in ours.

On the next page, a dancer prepares. Giacobetti is charmed by the contrasts of crinoline and leg warmers, elegance and obviousness. He thought about this picture and said in a language not his own, "Here, rigorousness looks natural; naturalness looks like a young girl; and the young girl looks like a caress." That's the sound of a Frenchman brooding about women and how we succumb to them.





ALBERT BROOKS

(continued from page 139)

"Hell would be a place where I'd be given a huge budget to make a movie to please Gene Shalit."

of his jokes tonight are at the expense of the studio heads whose faces he frequently envisions on his bowling pins.

"Columbia put out a picture called *Happy Birthday to Me*," he says. "The ad showed a guy with a skewer through his neck, and there was no such scene in the film. That's a strange kind of advertising. 'What should the ad concept be?' 'How about a skewer through the neck?' 'Great!'"

He switches to another Hollywood topic, video games based on hit movies. "Now it's mandatory," he says. "You go in to present your story idea and the studio people say, 'What's the game in it?' I had an interesting writing assignment. I had to come up with the game for *Ordinary People*—get in the cab and try to get the wife out of town without driving over a pedestrian. And *Norma Rae* was a great video game, where you had to get all these little union dots in one room."

This is Brooks's first TV appearance in almost a year, and he has accumulated a lot of material—so much, in fact, that he's firing off in ten-second bursts the kind of ideas most comics would stretch into ten-minute bits. He moves into dialects, quickly runs through superb impressions of Rudolf Nureyev, Monica Vitti and Sylvester Stallone, then comes to the star of *Conan the Barbarian*.

"Maybe they'll give Arnold Schwarzenegger a one-man show on cable. He's a good actor," Brooks says, his friendly face radiating sincerity. "He could do, like, *Young F.D.R.*" Brooks slips into Schwarzeneggerese: "Eleanors! I need you upstairs here! De Pearl Harbors is getting all crazy vit de t'ings. Eleanors!" He interrupts this imaginary promo in an announcer's voice—"As young F.D.R., Arnold Schwarzenegger!"—then cuts back to Arnie: "I'll lift up de Russians and t'row dem. Get me de hot phone. I'll skveeze it till it cools down."

Talk-show appearances aren't all that's been keeping Brooks busy during the past few months. His performance with Dan Aykroyd in the upcoming film version of *The Twilight Zone* is in the can, and he is about to co-star with Dudley Moore in Howard Zieff's remake of the Preston Sturges comedy *Unfaithfully Yours*. After that, he'd like to begin filming *Lost in America*, a romantic comedy he wrote for ABC Motion Pictures with his friend and longtime collaborator Monica Johnson. Unfortunately, ABC—the studio he told *Variety* he had chosen because it had "an easy name to remember"—rejected the

script as not sufficiently commercial, so Brooks is in New York engaging in his least-favorite activity: raising money.

Animal House, *Nine to Five* and *Smokey and the Bandit* are Hollywood's top-grossing comedies, with combined rentals of more than \$200,000,000. Brooks's first two films, *Real Life* and *Modern Romance* (both of which he co-wrote, directed and starred in) took in less than \$5,000,000 between them. The fact that Brooks's admirers think he's a genius is irrelevant to the oilmen, real-estate tycoons and soda bottlers who now run the studios. To them, he is merely unbankable. "If, in fact, there were a hell," he says, sitting in his hotel room after the *Letterman* taping, chain-eating pieces of dried fruit, "hell for me would be a place where I'd be given a huge budget and be told to make a movie to please Gene Shalit."

Both of his films had the enthusiastic support of several important critics—Shalit conspicuously *not* among them—and their popularity as pay-TV attractions bolsters Brooks's claim that their box-office failures were caused, in part, by the less than wizardly marketing decisions of their distributors. "With *Real Life*, they said they didn't think we needed to advertise on *Mork and Mindy*," he says with the ironic, deadpan delivery that characterizes much of his speech. "I said, 'You're right; why would we need a show that *everybody* watches?' Then the newspaper ads started shrinking to the size of want ads, and when I complained, they said, 'Do you have any *idea* how many people read want ads?'"

"When Rex Reed wrote that I had a face like an open-faced sandwich, that was *the best moment so far*," says Brooks. "It's just a thing of mine—I've always wanted to be compared to deli food."

Steve Martin was the guy with the arrow through his head who said "Excuse me." Chevy Chase smirked and fell down a lot. Cheech and Chong did dope jokes, George Carlin said dirty words and Andy Kaufman seemed to think that the point of performing was to make people nervous about laughing. For those of us who took comedy seriously in the Seventies, though, there was only the holy trinity: Richard Pryor, Lily Tomlin and Albert Brooks.

Those three can't be summed up in single sentences, and part of our implicit agreement with them is that we encourage them to keep growing. Pryor and Tomlin became superstars, then almost self-destructed, he with his cocaine conflagra-

tion and she with her performance in the unspeakably bad *Moment by Moment* (Rex Reed loved it). Brooks has avoided the pitfalls of mass acceptance by avoiding that acceptance. At 35, after 16 years in the business, he is still not quite a star.

"If you want to know if people come up to me on the street and say, 'Mr. Brooks, I enjoyed your movie even though it was improperly released by the studio,' yes, that happens," Brooks says, several days after the *Letterman* show. He is sipping an iced coffee in a booth in Canter's delicatessen, a Hollywood landmark whose older Jewish clientele has been joined in the past few years by a sizable contingent of punks.

Two of them—a spiky-haired teen in a FEAR T-shirt and his barefoot, blonde girlfriend—spot Brooks as they walk past us, toward the bathrooms. Although his six-foot frame is leaner than it appears on camera, he is not difficult to recognize. His unpretentious fashion statement rarely changes: plaid shirt, thin-wale corduroys and running shoes. His most distinctive feature is his hair, a mass of springy, dark curls that would not be worn by anyone who took himself too seriously. His deep-set eyes and semi-sad smile combine to form a face that seems both vulnerable and completely honest. It is this honesty that has made Brooks the comic of choice among L.A.'s punk crowd. The kids smile and exchange knowing glances, but they don't stop to talk.

"Basically, I still have the privacy that all celebrities crave," Brooks says, "except for those celebrities who feel that privacy reflects some kind of failure on their part."

Brooks entered the public consciousness in the early Seventies with a series of stand-up routines on *The Tonight Show* that are remembered with reverence by anyone lucky enough to have seen them: the impressionist whose every imitation sounded like Ed Sullivan; the shadow artist with the broken hand who was reduced to portraying "a bunny hiding behind a rock"; the mime who described everything he was doing in a French accent ("Now I am walking up ze stairs, now I am petting ze dog"); and dozens of others. He turned his "Famous School for Comedians" parody in *Esquire* magazine into a classic film piece on the PBS series *The Great American Dream Machine*. (The school featured a counselor who helped students choose the disease in whose honor they wanted to hold telethons.) His albums, *Comedy Minus One* and *A Star Is Bought*, include such gems as an audition for a new national anthem ("Got a country, / I spell it A-M-E-R-I-C-A!") and a version of Ravel's *Bolero* with lyrics ("Hey, is the room just the right temperature? / Should we do it on the couch / Or should we do it on the floor?").

In 1975, *Time* called Brooks "the smartest, most audacious comic since Lenny (continued on page 213)

BERNARD and HUEY # 4

SO HUEY,
YOU
PLAYED
AROUND
A LOT
WHEN
YOU
WERE
MAR-
RIED?



HEY, ALL
THE TIME,
MAN.

DIDN'T
YOUR -
WIFE
MIND?



YEAH, SHE
DIDN'T GO
FOR IT.



SO WHAT
DID YOU
-DO?

HEY, I JUST
TOLD HER,
"MEN
AREN'T
MONOGA-
MOUS."



SHE SAYS "HEY,
NEITHER ARE
WOMEN." SO
I THOUGHT
ABOUT IT
AND TOLD
HER I'D
STOP.

OH, YOU
STOPPED!



I LIED, MAN.
YOU HAVE
- TO LIE
TO
FEMINISTS.



IT'S THE ONLY
WAY TO PROTECT
THE HOME.

JAMES BEYER



20 QUESTIONS: CARRIE FISHER

the feistiest woman in the universe talks about first dates, being rich . . . and why darth vader should be called darthy

Robert Crane caught up with the diminutive daughter of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher at her home in Laurel Canyon. He reports, "Carrie Fisher lives in a log cabin. Really. The only tip-off to her wealth is a Mercedes 450 SL parked in the driveway. Carrie talks fast and loud and doesn't forget the audience for a moment. She takes charge, like Princess Leia, but is much more attractive in person without that costume and the doughnuts on the side of her head."

1.

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid of being known for the rest of your life as Princess Leia and not as Carrie Fisher?

FISHER: I'm resigned to the fact that I will be, in a very pleasant way. I thought I was going to end up as Tammy. So you can imagine it's some kind of relief. It's OK that I'm this gun-toting girl in the sky. I'm not afraid of that.

2.

PLAYBOY: What do you want Princess Leia to do that she can't do?

FISHER: A hundred things. I asked George Lucas nicely if she could have a drinking problem or take soma or *anything*, because she's had a rough couple of films: She's been tortured by Darth Vader; she had a space boyfriend and he was frozen; she's been wounded; a planet was blown up with her parents on it—the whole shot. I thought she would have some kind of problem after that. I wanted another girl up in space with me, shopping, talking about guys—"The space suit really doesn't do him justice; he's really cute underneath all that plastic." Also, I have a costume I want to use that I think even PLAYBOY would be proud of. Anyway, I don't take drugs or drink in space. Nobody does that.

3.

PLAYBOY: If it were up to you, what would happen to Princess Leia?

FISHER: She'd get blown up. In mid-sentence: "And another thing; this aircraft is not—" Boom! She just gets a little testy. She's had two films to work it out and she hasn't done it. They blow people up well in these films.

4.

PLAYBOY: Who is the lucky man who introduces you to full princesshood and under what circumstances?

FISHER: First of all, one has to assume that Han Solo's kiss is the first space kiss that Princess Leia has encountered. She's just a soldier and she never goes below barracks. I thought maybe he'd be a robot. We'd cut to a fireplace and the embers would go down, and we'd cut back and I'd look exactly like Princess Di. But I guess it doesn't happen like that in space.

5.

PLAYBOY: Can you foresee having a relationship with Vader?

FISHER: Yeah, but not of the kind that you're suggesting. He's not a real nice guy. Not your standard relationship. There are other styles of relationships that I don't like to imagine. He's just tortured me and everything. The guy's not attractive. He has funny hair. He's not black. He may be neuter. A lot of this is open to people's interpretations. Maybe he's gay. Vader is gay and he's embarrassed about some tattoos he had put on his face. He got drunk one night. No, he has some kind of problem with facial hair. What can I tell you? You'll find it out in the third film. You had a glimpse of him in *The Empire Strikes Back*. He looked like some vegetables gone bad.

6.

PLAYBOY: We still remember your scenes from *Shampoo*. Princess Leia is a nun compared with that character. Which one do you have an easier time relating to?

FISHER: *Shampoo*—because it's a contemporary role. Princess Leia is very cartoon-like. In *Shampoo*, you could improvise. You can't improvise in space. Usually, in stressful situations, one would go, "Oh, my God; oh, shit!" You can't say, "Oh, my God!" in space. You can't have any time references. It's more difficult to move within that dialog and have it sound natural. I've always found my character very stilted compared with the other ones, but it's a fairy tale. It's more difficult to play that, because you have to bring yourself to it. Leia has dry, almost parched humor. That stuff is difficult. I always felt as if I

were a girl who was being led into this \$10,000,000 boy's toy. *Shampoo* was easy. It had nothing to do with my character's promiscuity. It had to do with her reality. At the time I did *Shampoo*, I was a virgin. I knew nothing. They would kid me. Warren [Beatty], Hal [Ashby] and Robert [Towne] would all fall apart laughing, and I would, too. My line to Warren was "Want to fuck?" and I was supposed to be hostile and mean and power-crazy. I would say that line and fall apart, because Warren had told the others that I didn't know what I was talking about and that was very funny to them. I knew about everything, which was probably why I didn't want to *do* anything. I was the last in my class. I was 17, almost 18.

7.

PLAYBOY: Were you grounded when your mother saw your scenes in *Shampoo*?

FISHER: No. She helped me with my dialog and asked if I could, maybe, say screw instead of fuck. She wanted a five- as opposed to a four-letter word. I don't think my grandparents saw it. My grandmother has a pacemaker, so they don't see that kind of film. My father was fond of it. My mother liked it. She's not really Tammy, just as I'm not really Princess Leia. She's a regular human being. I've actually heard her say that word.

8.

PLAYBOY: There is a rumor that you've made more money from the *Star Wars* films than your parents made during their entire careers.

FISHER: I think Andy Warhol started that rumor. People like it. It sounds good. I'd like it if I weren't me. I could call and get an accountant and figure it out. My mother made 53 films and did night-club work. They didn't get paid as much as we do now; but, no, it's not true. I've been working for only eight years.

9.

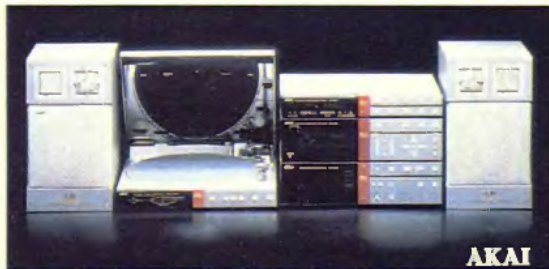
PLAYBOY: What are the net effects of being raised by show-business parents?

FISHER: Look at me; I'm a wreck. The worst. Don't ever do it. If you had grown up with my parents, it would have been real weird for (continued on page 204)



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MARCY



Firestone
CRAGAR



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PLAYBOY



THE LONER

by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON



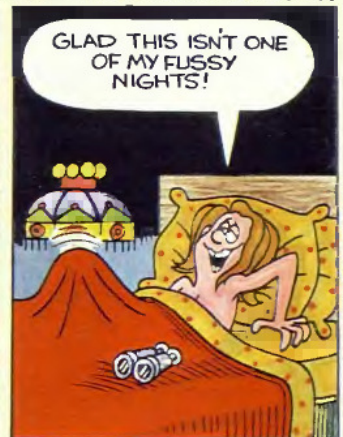
OH, BOY! THAT SEXY BLONDE WHO JUST MOVED IN ACROSS THE STREET IS GETTING UNDRESSED BY THE OPEN WINDOW!



THERE GOES HER BLOUSE... THERE GOES HER SKIRT...



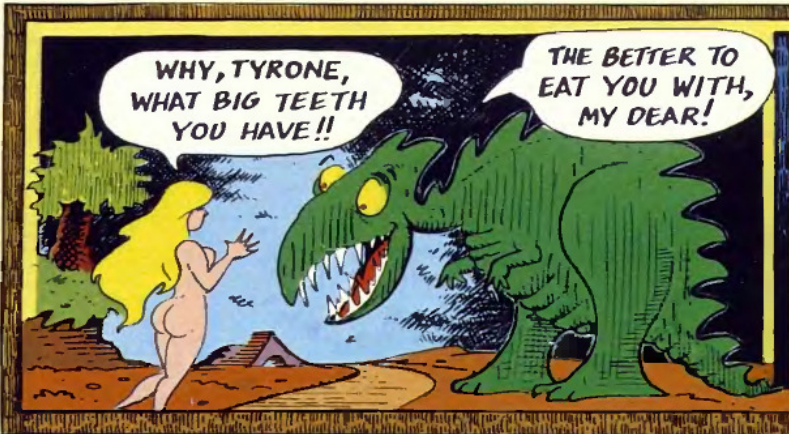
THERE GO HER FALSIES... THERE GOES HER JOCKSTRAP....



GLAD THIS ISN'T ONE OF MY FUSSY NIGHTS!

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

By John Stevens



WHY, TYRONE, WHAT BIG TEETH YOU HAVE!!

THE BETTER TO EAT YOU WITH, MY DEAR!



EAT, EAT, EAT! DOESN'T ANYBODY SCREW ANYMORE?!

Our Secret Fantasies

by Mort Gerberg



OH, STOP HERE! I ALWAYS DREAMED OF DOING IT IN A COZY HAYSTACK!

WHATEVER TURNS YOU ON.



OOH, UCH, OH. MY ASS! OW! HEY—SCREWING IN A HAYSTACK IS UNCOMFORTABLE!

No, IT AIN'T, HONEY.



NOT IF YOU'RE ON TOP.

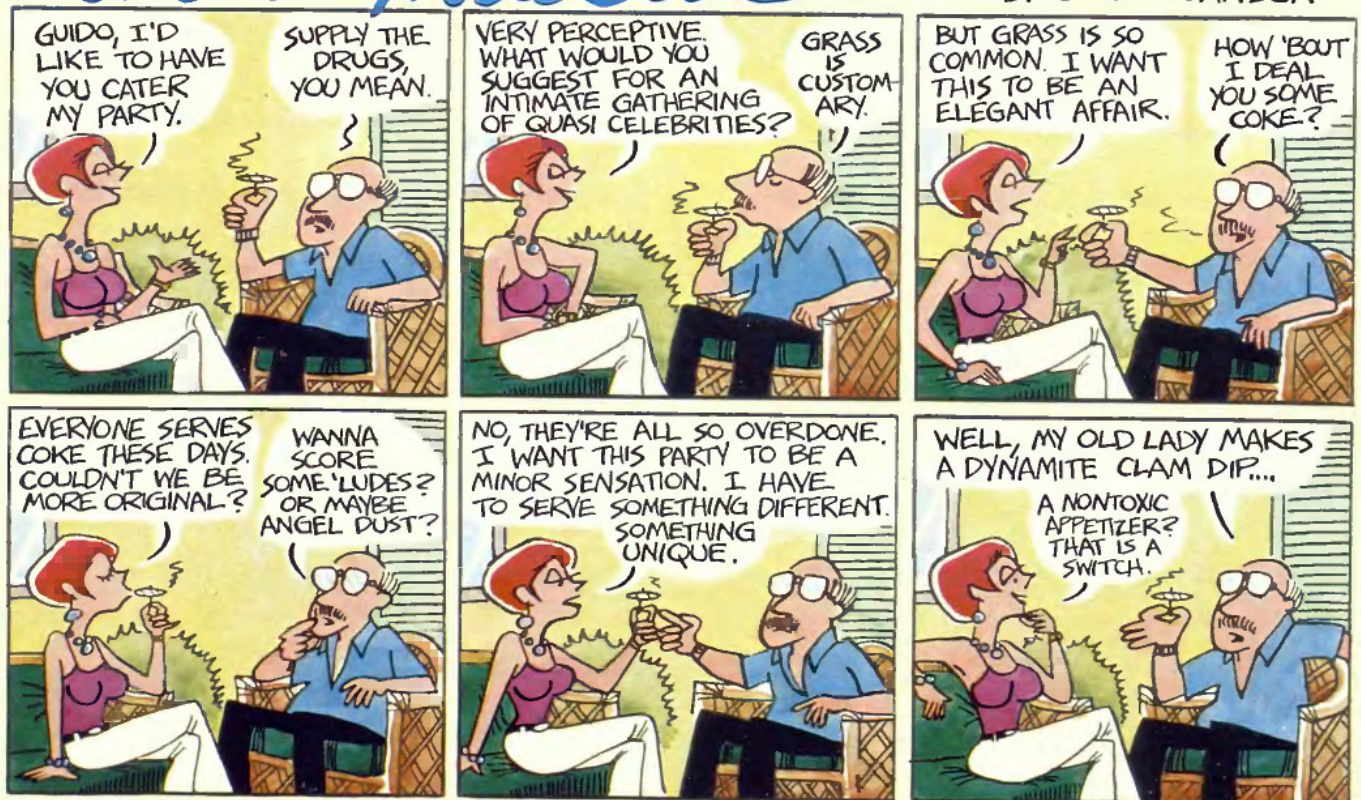
The Tales of Baron Von Murstinbed

By Craig Messel



Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON



POLLUTION IS DOING STRANGE THINGS TO VICTOR AND VERONICA, WHO LIVE TOGETHER, RIGHT BY THREE MILE ISLAND, WITH THEIR DOG, NAMED DOG. POLLUTION IS MAKING VICTOR STOP JOGGING IN HEAVY TRAFFIC, VERONICA SLIGHTLY INVISIBLE AND DOG THINK HE'S A PERSON.

VERONICA THE INVISIBLE WOMAN

by Kurtzman and Downs

THE EPA SAYS IT'S TEMPORARY!

YOU'RE NAKED! GET DRESSED!

IS HE TALKING TO ME?



AH, FOR THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN I COULD EXAMINE MY FACE FOR BLACKHEADS AND CHECK MY BREASTS IN THE MIRROR FOR LUMPS.

IT'S SATURDAY! COME BACK TO BED.

CAN WE GO OUT FOR COFFEE AND DANISH?



AH! THERE YOU ARE... I KISS YOUR FINGERS! I KISS THE PALM OF YOUR HAND.

THOSE ARE MY TOES, SILLY!



KISS. KISS. WUZZAMATTER? IZABABYKINS NOT IN THE MOOD?

I THINK THE TROUBLE IS I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO ME WITH WHAT.



IT WAS GREAT AT FIRST. YOU KNOW... NOVEL! BUT I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO GET TURNED ON ANYMORE.

JUST BECAUSE I'M INVISIBLE, YOU HAVE NO IMAGINATION. YOU'RE A VISIBILITY CHAUVINIST.

TSK.



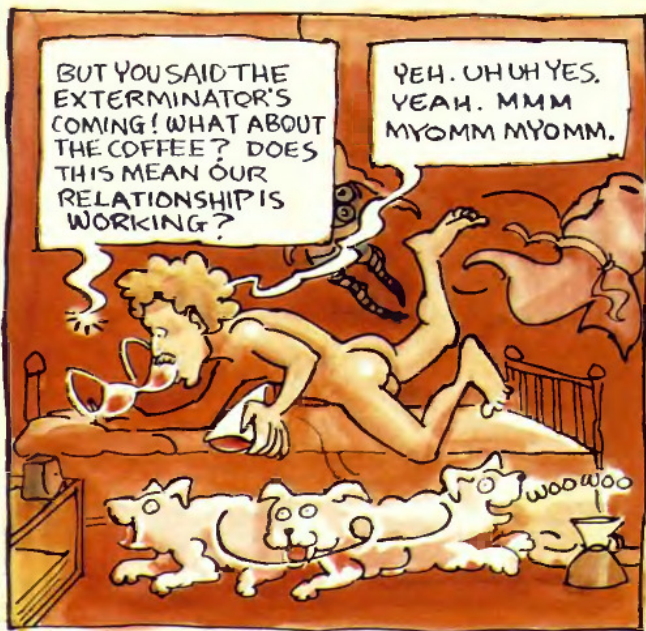
I THOUGHT YOU LOVED ME FOR THE ME INSIDE OF ME.

WHAT NERVE.

THANK GOD. THE DOOR-BELL.

DING DONG





NORMAN'S DATE (continued from page 98)

"She undressed like her clothes were burning her. But it was sexy, mates, I tell you."

boobs. Or boobies. Ain't that what he calls 'em?"

"Norman with a goddamn woman with some breasts is hard to take." It was White's most coherent statement of the evening.

"These were breasts, lads." And he got another set-up from John.

John was shaking his head back and forth. "Come on, Norman, don't slow down now. Let's hear about the goddamn breasts, for Christ's sake!"

"By the end of Monk's set, we were both mellow. We already got the next day planned out for lunch, a trip to my gallery, a show. More Monk and 'Trane the next night. Then she said, 'I think it's time to head in. If we get too drunk, we'll only go to sleep.'"

It was the desired turning point of the story, so all the circle of the narrated-to got closer and, armed with the last free drink, licked our lips and waited for the next installment. Even Domenick, who was half listening and half trying to ignore Norman, 'cause he didn't like him, cocked a blatant ear and dragged his eyes off a passing lady painter's ass.

"Yeah, she said that. I hadn't even asked to go to her place. But she just pops out with it. Bam. 'Sleep, hell,' I told her. 'I'm not in a sleepin' mood. Alcohol don't put me to sleep. It just makes me mean.' And she laughed that low laugh and her eyes were changing colors, it seemed."

"I like that in men," she said. "Mean and very physical."

"Wow," Basil said. "Wow. She said, 'Very physical,' huh? You shoulda called White."

"Shaddup, drunk. Go on, Norman."

"You're coming home with me, right?" she said."

"Hey, you ain't even told us the woman's name," I put in. It just occurred to me. Maybe this was the slip-up I expected.

"He don't wanna tell us her name because he wants to keep a good thing secret." Domenick spoke for the first time, a little ironically and a trifle sourly.

"Shaddup, Domenick," Basil grinned. "You didn't tap nobody on the shoulder when that last fat ass floated by, either." Domenick was cooled out.

"Monica. Monica Hess," Norman said straightforwardly.

"Oh, a German babe," I came on with some academic shit.

"Yeah, I guess—but she didn't press it. She said she'd grown up in a small town in the Middle West—in Ohio, actually. In fact, she comes from a town called Hess,

Ohio, named after her fucking grandfather."

"Wow!" we howled. *This bastard scored* was the general sentiment. A fuckin' painter and a rich bitch.

"A rich, sexy. . . ."

"Beautiful. . . ."

"Yeah. . . ."

"Bitch."

Smoke would get in Norman's eyes and he'd squint. And you wouldn't know, sometimes, what kind of expression was on Norman's face, really.

"She told me a lot about herself. Her childhood. All the different careers. She said she couldn't find a man to satisfy her, either."

"Wow," a general "Wow" came from us. And anticipation hooked us together like a rope.

"To satisfy her?" White punched Basil so sharply, Basil *ughed* in drunken pantomime, like it hurt. It did, but he was too drunk to care.

"So you naturally volunteered for that gig," I chuckled.

"Yeah," Norman was grinning now. A strange light in his eyes. "Yeah. I volunteered, all right. On the goddamn spot. My pecker was starting to rise like a fuckin' flag on the Fourth of July!"

"So we get to her place. Ya know? She lives on Fourth Avenue. Park Avenue South."

"Fuck that," White spat.

"Fuckin'-a-tweety," Basil wet us with affirmation.

"Come on with the story, Norman." It was Domenick, maybe thinking Norman's ending would be so weak it would give the whole thing up as bullshit.

Norman never even looked at him. He rasped at John through the open end of his lips, "Buy the loud guy a drink on me."

"Where on Fourth Ave?"

"You know the building that looks like a convent or a tourist attraction in an old European village?"

"Yeah. Hey, that's a pretty heavy-looking building. What's the goddamn rent in there?"

"She said she pays four-fifty. A month." And this was the early Sixties.

"Jeez, what's in the goddamn place?"

"Hey, it's worth it. The inside of the joint is no quaint shit. It's *supermoderne*." Norman used the French pronunciation. "And—get this—there's a goddamn doorman inside. But we went around to the back entrance on Broadway she's got a key for and went in. Went to an elevator and—get this—the elevator only stopped at her floor."

Everybody was now sufficiently im-

pressed. On the real side.

I pressed. "You mean everybody in that joint's got their own elevators?"

"I dunno. But she has."

"Wow."

"So we slid right in and up. The elevator door opened right into her apartment."

"Yeah?"

"And it's laid out gorgeous. Rugs everywhere. Not the wall-to-wall. But different Indian and Persian rugs. Oriental rugs on different parts of a hardwood floor. She's got modern furniture in some rooms, old antiques in others. Glass and leather and plastic shit other places. Wood and easy chairs other places. The living room is modern. She's got paintings everywhere."

"Any of yours?"

"Yeah. Yeah. She has a big orange painting that Castelli sold last year. It's called *Orange Laughter*. But she has a Kline, a Guston, a big De Kooning woman. A fuckin' Larry Rivers naked person."

"The one he did of Frank with the dangling pecker?"

"No—it was more modest." Norman was being ironic. "Hey, she has a Frankenthaler. A goddamn Rauschenberg. A Jasper Johns."

"What the hell is this woman, a goddamn art buyer?" Basil.

"She's just got money, fool." White.

"Art buyers got money."

"Well, she's loaded," Norman said. "It's maybe an eight-room apartment. A couple bedrooms, a guest room. Full kitchen. Books. Records. Big Fisher components. Speakers in all the rooms. She pushed a button and there's a goddamn Morty Feldman piano concerto on."

"Fat-ass Morty!"

"So what happened, man? Shaddup, you guys!"

"We listened to Morty. We listened to Earl Brown. David Tudor and John Cage. Monk. We drank. We talked. The view is great—great! We lay in front of her goddamn fireplace. She even played some Basie and we danced. We talked and talked. And then we got undressed on the floor. What a body!"

Everybody now was pushed forward, heads thrust at Norman like we could see the big, pretty breasts and round, peach-like behind. The long blonde hair draped around her when she let it down, cushioning her head and neck and back and the downstairs hair yellow, too, and the odor coming out of her that Norman almost sung about.

"So we did it first on the floor. She undressed like her clothes were burning her. But it was sexy, mates, I tell you. And there she was. And in a very few seconds. . . ."

"There you were. . . ." I shot in.

"Yeah."

Laughter.

"And what is there to say about big thighs pulling open of their own accord? And eyes hot as a weird, blue stove?"

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"Wow."

"A couple hours later, we went again. She was quieter then but clung real tight. She even dug her nails in my back just a little when the whistle blew."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah." We were whistling and beating on the chairs.

"Yeah, Norman, tell it," White wobbled.

"And then, just before we went to sleep—it was about two then—she told me a little saying her mother told her. It goes, 'No matter how much you might get hurt, there's love that can heal you.'"

"Was it good, Norman?" Basil smirked.

"It was very, very good. Exquisite body. And she knew what she was doing. She knew all the right spots."

"No matter how much you might get hurt," I repeated, "there's love that can heal you."

"Yeah. I felt good. Hey, it was heavenly. Heavenly. And then she sang a little song. Some kind of folk tune. Maybe it was European. I dunno. I thought it was *Mother Goose* or somebody. No words—just humming and a kind of refrain she repeated."

"Hey, man, that sounds great," White had stood up straight to say. Getting as sober as he could for the official congratulations.

"Heavy stuff, young Norman," I added.

"Hooray for Norman," Basil spluttered.

"Not only do people buy his paintings

but he gets to fuck beautiful girls that sing, for Christ's sake!" This tickled Domenick.

But then Norman looked at us with another thing in his face and voice. "Yeah, yeah. It was good. I thought it was beautiful—the fire. I even picked her up and carried her and laid her in the big bed."

"Hey, that's a line from Frank Yerby," I kibitzed him admiringly.

"Yeah." Norman puffed and puffed on the cigarette now. And John had a big smile, pulling his head up and down, slowly affirming the reality of the tale.

"But then, after that, I went to the window, finished another bourbon and smoked a cigarette, looked down at Fourth Avenue."

"It was that cool, huh?"

"Yeah. And after that, I went and lay down beside her. In the little night light, I could see still how beautiful she was, and I felt, *Shit, it's my fuckin' lucky period. Goddamn.* So I lay out. I was painting pretty good. Another show in a couple months. A couple bucks in my pocket. And this fantastic sweet thing next to me in the half-dark."

"Wow."

Norman got another drink and pulled himself up straight.

"Wow."

"Yeah, wow," he said, his eyes clouding over like a windshield without a defroster on a suddenly frosty day. "And then, about an hour or so later . . . I guess; I was

sleeping. And I dunno, I just felt . . . something just got in me. Something woke me up. . . ."

"Uh-huh."

"And I opened my eyes, raised up a little in bed—my eyes had to get used to the half-dark. But I noticed, too, Monica is raised up in bed. Full up. My eyes focused and I suddenly saw her. She was sitting there, man, straight up in bed . . . and she had a pair of scissors held up in the air! And then she saw I saw her and our eyes met."

"What?" Like it came from all of us at once, and then the word just hung a second in the whistling smoke and half-crumpled and half-floated to the floor.

But I could tell, I could see, Norman wasn't lying. He wasn't. And now he was repeating the last part, so it could really penetrate.

"Yeah, she was sitting there in the dark with a pair of fucking scissors."

"Why?" Basil finally asked, almost sober now.

We looked at each other and at Norman.

Norman coughed from the smoke in his face, the cigarette still dangling. His eyes played over us, convinced us without the least opposition. "Whatta you mean, why?" he said. "How the fuck would I know? I sure as hell wasn't staying around to find out."

We all finally let it out, the caged-up air—the surrogate terror in it and even an inch of curious delight. Norman's eyes glowed a little, and he grinned the grin of the escaped hunter.

But then a cold glaze replaced his living eyes, and the ice of death came into his face. The cigarette should've dropped, but it was stuck to his bottom lip, even with his mouth hung open.

"What's happening. . . ?" I—the rest of us—looked at Norman, then turned to look over our shoulders. There was a blonde woman now standing just inside the bar's entrance.

She began to walk toward us. I thought, Hey, now this. Norman's slip-up is coming right straight out with the lying shit. But Norman looked ashen. I didn't think a mere lie could do that. We were starting to grin, like I guess it had also occurred to the others, too, that what Norman had told us was a really well-told lie. And now here was the chick in person to uncover the lie.

But before our smiles could tumble into place and replace our quizzical stares, Norman's ashen silence transmitted a howl of deep fear to us all. Not lightweight bullshit. So when we looked at the woman as she strode straight toward us, unnoticed by the rest of the raucous barflies, what we saw made us all believers.

The bitch had a pair of scissors in her hand. And as she came toward us, she held them up and waved them slowly back and forth, like a wand. But they were covered, even dripping, with very fresh blood.



"This is Mr. Bradley, dear. He's explaining to me how offshore drilling works."



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FOLLOW YOUR IMPULSE

HEAVEN HELP US

(continued from page 102)

“‘Councilman,’ Ensign Benson said, ‘you’ve set back superstition on this planet four hundred years.’”

for he’s a jolly good savior. . . .”

After the adoration, Luthguster and the captain and Pam and Ensign Benson met on the command deck of the Hopeful for a conference. “I think it’s obvious what’s happened here,” Ensign Benson began.

“They think I’m God,” Luthguster said complacently.

“Heaven has become debased, degenerate.”

“I beg your pardon,” Luthguster said.

Captain Standforth cleared his throat. “Uh, Billy says they have human sacrifice.”

Luthguster assumed his most statesmanlike look. “I don’t believe we should be too harsh in our judgments, Captain. These people aren’t *all* bad. We shouldn’t condemn a whole society out of hand.”

“Of course not,” Ensign Benson said. “First, we have to understand *why* a society behaves a certain way. *Then* we condemn it.”

“According to the old records,” the captain said, “they were perfectly nice people when they left Earth—cleaned up after their farewell picnic and everything.”

“But no small settlement,” Ensign Benson said, “could survive a constant, unpredictable barrage of rocks from the sky. Everything they ever built was knocked down. Every machine they brought with them was destroyed. Every crop they planted was pounded flat. No wonder they returned to barbarism. You have to be hit on the head with a lot of rocks to think the councilman here is God.”

Luthguster puffed himself up like a frog preparatory to an answering statement; but before he could make it, Hester came in with Keech. Each carried an armload of yellow rocks. “Captain,” Hester said, “request permission to show a visitor around the ship.”

“Nice cloud you got here,” Keech said.

“His name’s Keech,” Hester explained. “He’s a carpenter; seems a little brighter than most. Thought I’d try to explain engines to him.”

“Certainly, Hester,” the captain said. He never denied anybody anything. “What are you doing with all those rocks?”

“Going to analyze them,” Hester said.

“Very good idea,” the captain said. He didn’t know what analyze meant.

Hester and Keech left, and Ensign Benson turned to Pam, saying, “Do these rockfalls happen often?”

“Very.”

“Every day?”

Pam shook her head. “Not necessarily. According to my calculations, the planet’s

orbit intersects the asteroid’s orbit so frequently, in such a complex pattern, that to most people, it would seem utterly erratic.”

“Could you work out the pattern?”

“Of course. As a matter of fact, there should be another brief shower later today.”

“Then I’m glad,” Luthguster said, “we’re all in the ship.”

“Billy isn’t,” the captain said. “He asked permission to go for a walk with the human sacrifice.”

“Bad,” Ensign Benson said. “When the rocks fall, the natives will lose faith in the councilman. They’ll want revenge.”

In the engine room, Hester explained engines to Keech, who looked bewildered but interested. “And from the generator,” she was saying, “electricity is stored in these cells for later use.”

“Pretty clever,” Keech admitted. “Given the right education and equipment, a human being could do all the same stuff you angels do.”

“You’re beginning to catch on.”

Bong, said the ship. Keech look startled, Hester annoyed. *Bong, bong, bong, bong-bongbong*. “Yellow rain!” Keech cried.

“I wish it would lay off,” Hester muttered.

“Do you realize,” Keech demanded, “what all this is doing to my faith?”

On a blasted plain, amid evidence everywhere of prior bombardments, Billy and Malya reclined and kissed. All at once, she pulled back, frowning at him, saying, “Are you *sure* you’re a supernatural being?”

“I’m really not,” Billy confessed. “What I really am is a *human* being.”

“A human being?”

“Just like you. Well, not exactly like you. You’re a girl and I’m a boy.”

“I was beginning to suspect that,” Malya said. “But why does Juju-Kuxtil travel around with humans?”

“Well,” said Billy. “About Juju-Kuxtil. . . .”

In rapture, she said, “He saved us from the yellow rain.”

“Ahhhh, yes and no,” Billy said, scuffing his foot in the rocks.

She frowned at him. “What do you mean?”

“Can you keep a secret?”

“Of course,” she lied.

Nerving himself up to blurt out the real story, Billy said, “Well . . . the truth is—”

Bong; a good-sized rock landed on his head. He fell over, unconscious. Rocks

suddenly started bouncing all over the place. Flinging herself onto Billy to protect him, Malya cried, “I think I know what you were trying to tell me, Billy!”

In the roofless temple, Achum led a community discussion. “Now that Juju-Kuxtil has come and stopped the yellow rain,” he said, “Heaven is ours. We can build, travel, everything.” He gestured with broadly spread hands, smiling. The worshipers smiled back. A small yellow rock landed on Achum’s right palm.

Five minutes later, when the rockfall had ended, Achum and the worshipers came crawling back out of their burrows and none of them were happy. “Juju-Kuxtil lied!” several shouted.

“*Yes!*” Achum thundered.

“Achum is a false priest!” one shouted.

“Wait a minute,” Achum said. “Hold on there.”

“You’re a false priest.”

“Now, hold on. In the first place, I’m not a false priest, and I’ll knock you down if you say that again. And in the second place, *that’s* a false god!”

“A false god?”

“That isn’t Juju-Kuxtil,” Achum explained. “It’s a demon trying to lead us astray. A demon *disguised* as Juju-Kuxtil!”

“A demon disguised as a god,” mused a worshiper. “Hmm. That makes sense.”

The captain had decided to go out looking for Billy while the others waited on the command deck. He had barely left when rocks started *bonging* again. “That’s funny,” Pam said, bending over her slide rule.

Ensign Benson said, “What’s funny?”

The captain entered, looking ruffled, saying, “Gee, are they sore.”

“Pam? What’s funny?”

“There shouldn’t be another asteroid fall,” she said, “for two days.”

“That isn’t asteroids,” the captain told her. “They’re throwing rocks at the ship.”

“Rocks at the ship!” Luthguster was incensed. “That’s Galactic property!”

“Actually, it’s mine,” Ensign Benson said.

“They were hollering, ‘Demon! Demon!’” the captain explained. “They think you’re a false Juju-Kuxtil.”

Luthguster gaped. “*Me?*”

“Councilman,” Ensign Benson said, “you’ve set back superstition on this planet four hundred years.”

Hester and Keech entered, Hester saying, “Captain, I—”

Luthguster ran around behind a pod, crying, “Look out! There’s one of them!”

“What?” Hester shook her head. “Oh, Keech is all right. I told him the whole story.”

“I’m the soul of discretion,” Keech said.

Hester turned to the captain. “Which do you want first, the good news or the bad?”

“Hester, I hate making decisions.”

“Start with the bad,” Ensign Benson

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"My God. It's my husband."

said. "Then we'll have the good for desert."

"Fine. The bad news is, the rocks damaged our lateral rockets. We can't navigate."

"Oh, my goodness," said the captain. "Can it be fixed?"

"I'll have to go outside on a ladder."

"Wear a hat," Ensign Benson advised. "The weather's getting worse out there."

Pam, looking at a view screen, said, "What's this?"

So they all looked and saw several natives approaching, pulling a wooden-wheeled cart filled with cloth.

"They're bringing back our laundry," the captain said.

Ensign Benson said, "I don't think they cleaned it."

"I'll go get it," Pam said.

Ensign Benson, whose dream that someday Pam would discover she was a human female had not yet died, said, "I'll go with you."

They left, and the captain said, "Hester? You had good news?"

"I would be more than happy," Luthguster said, "to hear good news."

"I did a mineral analysis on those rocks," said Hester. "The reason they're yellow, every one of them is at least part gold."

The natives had dumped the laundry at the foot of the ladder and had gone away with the cart, expressing their contempt. Pam and Ensign Benson cautiously descended, and when they reached the bottom, a hand reached out of the laundry and grabbed Pam's ankle. "Eck!" she said, naturally.

Malya's lovely face appeared among the shirts and the shorts. "Shh! It's me, Malya; I'm on your side! Sneak me in before anybody sees!"

"My laundry never came back with a girl in it before," Ensign Benson said.

Out of a cave onto the blasted plain staggered Billy, rubbing his head. "Ooh, that hurts," he mumbled. "What kind of Heaven is this?" Raising his face and his voice, he cried, "Malya! Malya?"

A dozen natives leaped on him from all sides, pummeled him and carried him away.

"So I have him hidden," Malya said. She was on the command deck with the five Earthpeople and Keech.

"We'll have to move the ship at once," Luthguster said, "to his hiding place. This young lady can direct us."

"We can't navigate," Hester reminded him, "till I fix the lateral rockets."

"We have a saying here," Keech commented. "Into each life a little rock must fall."

The captain said, "It was a mistake to pretend to be gods."

"I agree, Captain," Ensign Benson said. "My error. It seemed like a good idea at the time. But as long as we've made the mistake, we'll have to live with it. Councilman, you'll have to go out there and reconvince them that you're Juju-Kuxtil."

"Me? They'll stone me!"

"The hand that cradles the rock rules *this* world," Hester said.

"That isn't nice," Pam said. "People shouldn't throw stones."

"Why not?" Keech asked. "We don't live in glass houses."

The captain said, "If we tell them about the gold, won't—"

Ensign Benson said, "The what?"

Hester explained, "The yellow rain is mainly gold. If this colony went into the export business, it could become rich."

Keech said, "What's gold?"

"I know you're primitive," Luthguster told him, "but that's ridiculous."

"I may be primitive," Keech answered, "but it's you wiseacres that're in trouble."

Ensign Benson said, "Pam, the rockfall pattern repeats, doesn't it? You could do a yearly calendar with the rockfalls."

"It's a very complex pattern, but yes, of course."

"Could you do it in an hour?"

"Oh, my goodness," Pam said. "I'll try."

The captain said, "You have a plan to help Billy, Ensign Benson?"

"If Malya and Keech will help."

"I'll help," Malya said. "I don't want anybody to hurt Billy."

Keech said, "Is gold something that makes you rich?"

Grinning, Hester said, "I told you he was smart."

This time, in the roofless temple, it was Billy who was about to be sacrificed. He was tied and gagged and lying on the altar, with Achum holding the stone knife over him and the worshipers eagerly watching below. Achum prayed, "Great Juju-Kuxtil, we're sorry we were misled. Please accept this demon as a token of our esteem." He poised with the knife.

Keech came running in, crying, "Wait! I have come from Juju-Kuxtil's cloud! I have much to tell you!"

"After the services," Achum told him. "First the sacrifice, then the collection, then you can talk."

"No, I have to talk now," Keech insisted. "That is the real Juju-Kuxtil."

Achum shook his head and waggled the stone knife. "Stuff and nonsense. There was more yellow rain after he *supposedly* made it stop."

"He was testing our faith," Keech said.

A worshiper mused, "A god pretending to be a demon disguised as a god to test our faith. Hmm. That makes sense."

Achum wasn't convinced. "How can you know that, Keech?"

"They took me to their ship. I mean the

cloud. Also your daughter Malya; they took her there, too."

"Malya?" Achum looked around, called, "Malya!"

"She's still in the cloud," Keech said. "And Juju-Kuxtil is going to come out and talk to us."

Achum lowered. "Oh, he is, is he?"

"He sent me to get everybody to come hear his speech."

"Oh, we'll come," Achum said. "Gather rocks, everybody! *This* time we'll pelt him good! And bring along the sacrifice; we'll finish the services later."

In a corridor of the Hopeful, by an exit hatch, the captain, Pam and Ensign Benson prepared Councilman Luthguster for his public. "Now, do remember to turn on your microphone," the captain said, yet again. "Your words will be transmitted through the ship's loud-speaker."

"Yes, yes," said the extremely nervous Luthguster.

Handing the councilman a sheaf of papers, Pam said, "Just remember, it's an eight-month cycle, and this planet has a sixteen-month year, so the cycle runs twice a year."

"Young lady," Luthguster said, clutching the papers, "I have no idea what you think you're saying."

"Now, Councilman," Ensign Benson said, "there's nothing to worry about."

"There's nothing for *you* to worry about. You'll be in the ship."

"You'll be behind this shield." Ensign Benson rapped the clear-plastic shield with his knuckles. "Just give them one of the speeches you're famous for, and they'll calm right down. They'll sleep for a week."

"I do have some small reputation as a peacemaker," Luthguster acknowledged, though he continued to blink a lot. "Very well. For the future of mankind on this planet." And he stepped onto the small platform that would swing out onto the side of the ship once the hatch was opened.

"Knock 'em dead," Ensign Benson advised him and pushed the button.

A frozen smile of panic on his face, Luthguster permitted himself to be swung slowly out into plain sight high on the side of the gleaming, cigar-shaped Hopeful. And below, bearing armloads of rocks and carrying the trussed-up Billy on a long pole, came the natives. They did not look particularly reasonable.

"People of Heaven," Luthguster said, but, of course, he had forgotten to turn on his microphone, so nobody heard him. Flicking the thing on, he tried again:

"*People of Heaven.*"

"There he is! There he is!"

"*Let he who is without sin cast the first stone.*"

A thousand stones hit the plastic shield. Luthguster ducked, then recovered, crying out, "*Surely, some of you have sinned.*"

"The stones bounce off him!" Keech

Southern Comfort

Southern Comfort Corp., 80-100 Proof Liqueur, St. Louis, Mo. © 1983



*"My Plantation
consists of exactly
six tomato plants
out behind the garage.
But with a cool evening
breeze rustling through
the leaves and a couple
of O J Comforts
up here on the deck,
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shouted. "You see? It is Juju-Kuxtil!" Achum, poised to throw another stone, hesitated, becoming uncertain. "Could I have been wrong?"

The other worshipers had already prostrated themselves, noses in the pebbles, and were wailing, "Juju-Kuxtil! Juju-Kuxtil!"

Privately to Achum, Keech said, "Would you rather be safe or sorry?"

"Juju-Kuxtil!" Achum decided and prostrated himself with the rest.

Quickly, Keech released Billy, while Luthguster delivered his speech:

"People of Heaven, I have tested you, and your faith is not strong. But I am merciful, and I will not return my golden rain to you for"—he consulted Pam's papers—"two days. At ten-fifteen next Tuesday morning, watch out!"

"There you go, kid," Keech said to the freed Billy. "Get to the ship before the councilman louses up."

Billy scampered to the Hopeful while Luthguster rolled on:

"I will never be more than a stone's throw from you all. Achum shall remain my representative here on Heaven, but I won't need any more human sacrifices."

"Drat," the worshipers muttered. "No fun anymore."

"Also, the man who is known among you as Keech will henceforth carry this list, which will tell you the times of all the golden rains that will ever be, from this day forward. You will be smart enough to get in out of the rain, but after every rain, there will be a time to gather stones together. The streets of Heaven are paved with good investments, and I will want them returned. Heaven knows what I'm talking about. Upon these rocks we shall build a mighty nation. Right on this spot here, I want these rocks of ages left for me. Keech will be in charge of all that. I will send ships from Earth to Heaven, and they will trade you machinery, medical supplies, tech-

nical advisors and everything else you need, in exchange for my rolling stones. Earth helps those who help themselves. Together, we shall make an Earth right here on Heaven. And remember, a vote for Juju-Kuxtil is a vote for peace, progress and sound financial practice."

Keech led the worshipers in a resounding cheer as Luthguster was wheeled, waving and smiling, back into the ship, where, once the hatch was shut, Ensign Benson said, "Councilman, that may have been your finest hour."

Luthguster was dazzled. "By Heaven," he said, "what a constituency!"

Near the foot of the ladder, Billy made a reluctant farewell to Malya. "Gee, I wish you could come along."

"So do I," Malya admitted. "Earth must be a wonderful place after Heaven."

"Any place is Earth," Billy told her, "with you there."

They were deep in embrace when Ensign Benson appeared at the head of the ladder, calling, "Come on, Billy, or we'll take off without you."

"They can't take off without me," Billy confided to Malya. "I fly it."

"But you must go. Goodbye, Billy."

"Goodbye, Malya."

Malya walked to a nearby rubble heap, where she and Keech watched the Hopeful prepare for take-off. "Gee, what a swell bunch," Malya said.

"That Hester," Keech said, "was the most sensible woman I ever met."

"I wouldn't call Billy exactly sensible," Malya said, "but he was swell."

"Lift-off," Billy said. All six Earth-people were present on the command deck.

"Captain," Pam said, studying her console, "the ship is overweight."

Diplomatically careful but with an edge of sarcasm, Ensign Benson said, "I believe the councilman smuggled gold aboard."

"Smuggled?" Luthguster was all pompous bluster. "Merely a few souvenirs."

"I'm sorry, Councilman Luthguster," the captain said, "but you'll have to eject them."

"Humph," said Luthguster.

Malya found Achum in the roofless temple, frowning at the statue of Juju-Kuxtil. She said, "What's wrong, Father?"

"I'm still not sure about that crowd," Achum told her. "No more human sacrifices. Would the real Juju-Kuxtil talk like that?"

Luthguster's souvenirs crashed to the altar beside him. Achum froze, then his eyes swiveled to look at the fresh rocks on the altar. Still moving nothing but his eyes, he looked up at the statue. "Ahem," he said. "I guess maybe he would."

"Come along, Father," Malya said. "Dilbump for lunch."



"You may have been more deserving of the promotion, Simpson, but we felt that Wrightson had a greater need for the office."

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THE C TEAM

(continued from page 138)

"The Army chemical corps was allowed only one last gasp. That was the Vietnam war. . . ."

campaign to nail the Russians for using gas warfare in Southeast Asia and in Afghanistan, which campaign could be (1) the inexorable march of history, (2) coincidence, (3) *absurd* coincidence, (4) none of the above but something more sinister?

For answers, it may be worth while for those of you in possession of gas masks to put them on—not because of any danger but simply to protect yourselves against the *stench*—while we descend into the all-consuming comedic ineptitude of military-chemistry land to wonder, first off, if the stuff is so good, how come it hasn't been used on a real battlefield since World War One?

That question is so alarming to Pentagon chemocrats that they have devised a single answer: fear of retaliation. They hope that will end the discussion, but it won't. As Amoretta Hoeber, Deputy Assistant Secretary of the Army and the Pentagon's chief chemical theologian, has already tactlessly admitted, "Military commanders have little inclination to use *any* type of chemical weapons." That lack of interest has not had much to do with treaty obligations and far less to do with moral restraint. Perhaps the clearest indication of the military nonutility of gas came during the closing days of World War Two, when the least morally restrained individual in recent history, Adolf Hitler, who did not blink at using gas to asphyxiate millions of naked civilians, could not sell the idea to his general staff as a last-ditch effort to stop the Allied armies on their march to Berlin. With the exception of brilliantly executed surprise attacks on limited targets, there are, in fact, only two times when gas may be considered: when you're winning and it's not raining; when you're losing and ditto. In the former instance, there is no need, and in the latter, woe unto you. The Japanese, who in the Sino-Japanese war used gas against Chinese holdouts, later gave orders not to use it against the Americans, because, in the words of one historian, "They were generally unsatisfied with the performance of the chemical agents."

Ah, you say, but aren't the new nerve agents a hell of a lot more lethal than the mustard gas of World War Two? They are—breathing VX is 300 times more toxic; allowing it into your blood stream, 2000 times more toxic—but protective clothing is now so sophisticated that military planners talk about a less than five percent risk to troops, and that only if they suit up too slowly or tear their clothes. Until the new generation of hoodlike masks

was developed, another risk was facial hair. When some Israeli units went into battle in 1973, soldiers were ordered to shave their beards to make a better seam between rubber and skin. However, protection is now considered complete. Saul Hormats, who for 12 years was in charge of the U.S. Army's chemical program, says, "Against a good mask, no gas is effective."

So for what, beyond the efficient removal from life of any civilians sufficiently unlucky to be downwind, *is* gas good?

In a battle between technically advanced forces, not much. Where each side has full protection and the ability to send enough gas going the other way so that the enemy will be forced to wear it, chemical warfare becomes a matter of compelling the enemy into the same sort of hobbled degradation as your own troops are stuck with. That situation, like trading queens in a chess game, is not something any commander wishes, for one specific reason: Full protective gear all but destroys the chain of command. A secret weapon that knocks out radio communication can be circumvented by whispered orders passed by motorcycle runners dashing down from division, but once those rubberized, carnal snouts are in place—once everyone is decked out in what one colonel has called "nightmare drag"—even your own sergeant, ordering you to keep your dumb head down, sounds like someone 40 miles away eating oatmeal. During one exercise in full chemical regalia, U.S. officers were spotted throwing stones at U.S. soldiers to get their attention. A battlefield where captains are indistinguishable from corporals (also from the enemy) is going to call for a large supply of stones. If that seems like The Three Stooges aided and abetted by Abbott and Costello doing "Who's on first?" directed by Jerry Lewis falling down a flight of stairs as Laurel and Hardy blink their way into toyland, be advised that the toy in question is still poison gas, which is fatal to people reading a newspaper in the same country but not dressed for Halloween. Although it is unlawful to test the stuff on human beings, nerve gas has been shown, to paraphrase tooth-paste tubes, to be an effective form of life-preventive chemical that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of zap. In fact, applied zap is what got us out of the nerve-gas business into which we are now again being dragged. In 1968, a faulty valve in a spray plane released enough VX to knock off more than 6000 sheep in Utah.

Although it could have been worse—Salt Lake City was only 80 miles away—

the situation was bad enough to get President Nixon to note the beginning of what would become a frenzied national resistance to anything that smacked of poisoned air, soil or water and to take us out of the chemical business. The U.S. stopped producing nerve gas and nerve-gas weapons—it was considered that we had more than enough, anyway—and the Army chemical corps was allowed only one last gasp. That was the Vietnam war, for which the chemical corps bought enough riot-control gas to blanket 80,000 square miles of a country with only 66,000 square miles to its name, though all the uncontrolled rioting was Stateside. After that, the chemical corps was disbanded and the chemical-warfare school at Fort McClellan, Alabama, was shut down. Even Nixon could hardly have predicted a Reagan Administration that would bring both back to life, with soldierly advertisements announcing YOUR CAREER AS A CHEMICAL OFFICER and the Army pressing Congress for funds to make new weapons that are merely what the irrepressible Amoretta Hoeber, telling the truth yet again, calls "an old weapon in a new package emphasizing safety and security."

Of course, no weapon may ever be considered truly salable without the *sine qua non* of all U.S. military theory, which brings to defense analysis the doctrinal sophistication of second-grade readers who move their lips: *See, Jack, see, Jane. Russia has gas. Russia has lots of gas. Bad Russia, bad. Come, Jack, come, Jane. Let's get gas. Let's get lots of gas.* Ah, but there are always skeptical second graders skulking about who refuse to move their lips. They are induced to turn the page and see the picture. *Look, Jack, look, Jane. Russia is using gas.*

Perhaps, but if so, the State Department and the Central Intelligence Agency have spent a lot of time and money not proving it. Beyond the sorry image of then-Secretary of State Alexander Haig standing up and accusing the Russians of using "yellow rain" on assorted Southeast Asians and for proof holding up a bit of leaf and stalk and saying "See?" the unfortunate fact is that something possibly *is* being used—an independent Canadian commission now says that at least some of those terror weapons have been mycotoxins, chemical agents derived from a fungus, along with the now-traditional riot-control agents; an equally independent Australian team suggests that the toxin samples are deliberate fakes. In any case, there's been no proof to connect it to the Soviets. The same toxins are easy enough for the Vietnamese themselves to produce. American and British students have produced them in bathtubs. And our blaming the Soviets for what their Vietnamese clients are doing comes uncomfortably close to the Soviets' blaming Israel's Lebanese war on

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Kool Milds	11	0.9	Salem 100's	15	1.1
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us, along with Turkish political torture and a register of South American villainy too lengthy to write down. Yet where the Russians *are* vulnerable—in Afghanistan, into which the CIA runs agents from Pakistan on a timetable that Amtrak might envy—there has been no evidence at all. Not one poison-gas shell or shell fragment has been brought out, though, again, riot-control agents have been used widely. However unfairly, the Soviets' use of various forms of tear gas in their own Vietnam-style muck-about brings with it disturbing echoes of the original, wherein Viet Cong were flushed, coughing, from tunnels and caves so that they could be more efficiently bombed. Worse, despite a \$100,000 reward for evidence of a Soviet yellow-rain-tinged shell fragment discovered in Laos or Cambodia and mercenaries of many a stripe looking to find it—we may safely assume that a similar reward is out for Afghanistan evidence—nothing has surfaced. Nor have mass graves been found for the tens of thousands of victims in question; a yellow-rain investigator working with State Department funds recently admitted that the casualty rate in Thailand is about 60 cases a month, though he did speculate that “the worst cases don't come out.”

What is perhaps most alarming about tying the yellow-rain controversy to a Congressional go-ahead for binaries is that your real Cold Warrior, without much to gain whether or not a lot of people in uniform get funded, looks at the matter rather differently. One such is ex-Army major Gary Crocker, now a senior intelligence analyst in the State Department, who has not let years of trying to nail the Russians on toxins interfere with his judgment about battlefields. “If you were in a situation where the Soviets were overrunning Europe,” he told me, “you'd be pretty close to a situation where nuclear—not chemical—weapons were to be used.” Crocker, as we shall see, is correct, though the C Team keeps throwing the possibility of chemical war at us as though the possibility of nuclear war did not exist.

To that end, Congress has been bombarded by a wealth of statistical innuendo and fabrication about the strength and purpose of the Soviet Chemical Corps. This scary outfit, whose numbers slide from 50,000 to as high as 100,000 men (depending, it seems, on how much Congress must be scared), is thrown at the legislature unflinchingly accompanied by 8" x 10" glossies of one Lieutenant General V. K. Pikalov, its commander, who is considered so serious a threat just glaring out at you that you're not supposed to ask what the purpose of the Soviet Chemical Corps is. According to Professor John Erickson of the University of Edinburgh, an acknowledged expert on the Soviet war machine, its battlefield job is to decontaminate men, vehicles and weaponry. Other experts have noted that its function in the front line—where the U.S. keeps its own chem-

ical-defense specialists—is to work sensors that will give advanced warning about a gas attack, so that masks and suits may be employed in time. As it turns out, Russian chemical capability is no myth, but when Dr. Theodore S. Gold, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense with responsibility for chemical affairs, went before the House Appropriations Committee last summer, you could look hard and long for full disclosure.

“The Soviet Union has large and well-trained chemical-warfare forces in all services,” he told the committee members. “These Soviet troops, comprising more than 60,000 active personnel, are one of four specialized branches reporting directly to the Ministry of Defense.” Now watch *these* moves. “We do not know very well the size of the Soviets' chemical-munitions stockpile; quantitative estimates of the Soviet stockpile are difficult to make. However, even the low estimate of usable agent tons provides a substantial military capability.” In English: We don't know how much they have, but it must be a lot, so much so that only a dozen sentences later. . . .

“The Soviet Union today possesses a decisive military advantage because of the large asymmetry in chemical capabilities.”

Oh.

But never mind. The mechanism at work here is not logic. It is fear. As a major critic of the Pentagon's binary push, Professor Matthew Meselson of Harvard has said, “It is prudence, not definite knowledge, that requires that we assume the existence of a substantial Soviet chemical-weapons capability.”

Or, as a key Congressional aide told me, “The question is not ‘Do the Russians have enough?’—it's ‘Do we?’”

As Jimmy Carter said, “One of the most serious problems we have is the inclination on the part of our military leaders to seek more money by constantly denigrating America's formidable military capability.” Yes, and another is their confounded inability even to do that right. And maybe one other is that the Russians may not be far from noticing.

Wherever I went in official Washington, the Russian face I kept seeing was not General Pikalov's, dour and threatening yellow rain, but the very real Slavic cheekbones of a tall, well-set-up man in his 30s whom I have taken to calling Agent Cardboard Suitsky. Wherever I went, he went, both of us standing in line at the copying machines of official and unofficial Washington; so before long, I got to know only too well the way his hair was cut straight across over his collar, though I soon tired of trying to figure out whether his corrugated jacket and pants were brown, gray, green or what. Suitsky and I spent hours going through unclassified Defense Department documents—though he spoke the language clumsily, his reading English was apparently just good enough—and once, when he opened his

attaché case, I happened to see what it contained: zero. Not even lunch. Operative theory; well, everyone else was carrying one. Now, can a Soviet intelligence apparatus that smart be so dumb as not to know that an Army willing to spend billions to build new chemical weapons that have never, ever been fired may, indeed, be the kind of Army it could be a pleasure fighting a war against?

Of course, if the Russians are too lazy to attempt the simple analysis of who's pulling what strings for chemical weapons in the U.S. and why, it is possible that they've simply accepted the analyses of our allies. A recent pro-chemical-warfare study by a British expert, Squadron Leader A. F. Graveley of the Royal Air Force, set about explaining the binary issue in a British military periodical to which the Soviets, no doubt, subscribe. “Within the United States itself,” Graveley writes,

the affair of the Dugway sheep and the rise of the ecology movement pushed CW even further up the unpopularity table. In the face of this barrage of criticism, the Pentagon cast around for a less contentious way of maintaining a chemical capability. By chance, work was already under way to produce the so-called binary weapons. . . . This was thought likely to allay public fears about the storage, transportation and disposal of chemical weapons. Accordingly, virtually the entire procurement effort was switched from the maintenance of existing stockpiles to the development of binary replacements.

That suggests but does not detail what really happened, a bit of bureaucratic sleight of hand worth dwelling on. Although binary technology had been knocking around the Pentagon corridors since 1949, the ecological writing on the wall caused the Army to revise its constantly stated claim that nerve-gas stocks were safe. Suddenly, they were unsafe—and had to be replaced. Having decided to go to binaries but with neither Congressional approval nor even Presidential encouragement, the clever fellows on the C Team decided not to bother maintaining the chemical-weapons stockpile of more than 3,000,000 rounds. Binaries would soon be on the way in, see, and, of course, letting the stuff rust unpicturesquely away in Utah, Arkansas and Alabama would sure as hell make a good reason they *ought* to be on the way in.

If other commands had been able to get away with that, the Army C Team was—as usual—caught with its chemical pants down. For a Comptroller General's report to Congress on the stockpile, investigators from the General Accounting Office (GAO) pulled a nasty and actually visited storage sites. “Little has been done to maintain the stockpile in a serviceable

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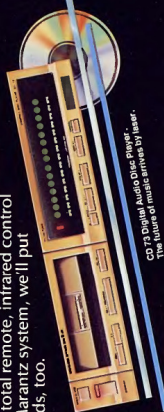
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condition or to restore the unserviceable portions," the report noted. "Using anticipated approval of the binary program as a reason for not maintaining the stockpile is inconsistent with sound management. Lack of maintenance could seriously compromise U.S. retaliatory capabilities."

Thus, as far back as 1977, the same chemical warriors so worried about deterrence had been discovered systematically trashing their own stockpile. The GAO indicated that this might not be the best reason in the world to approve new weapons and suggested a degree of neglect that outside the military might be termed criminal: "The true condition of the stockpile is unknown. Its serviceability may have been greatly understated. For example, many of the unserviceable classifications are a result of minor nonfunctional defects, such as container rust, which do not affect usability. Also...entire production lots are classified unserviceable for a few defects."

If the true condition was not known then, it is today. Under pressure, the Army found the time to take care of its chemical stockpile and—guess what?—according to the Army's own 1982 Surveillance Program for Lethal Chemical Agents and Munitions, *all* lots of 155mm and eight-inch artillery shells are now condition

Code A: They "fully meet all military characteristics, issuable without limit or restriction."

Does that stop the Army? Nope. It currently says that *inside* the shell casings, the chemicals are turning into something non-military, like, at a guess, chicken soup. In a panel discussion on the binary issue, Harvard's Meselson challenged the Defense Department's Theodore Gold to consider methods of testing for chicken-soupization that might be less costly than assuming it and chucking the lot. Gold did not dignify that cheap-skate approach with a reply. A check with Saul Hormats, who developed the weapons, confirmed what becomes a kind of normative ugly doubt about the C Team's forthrightness. If tests show that the chemicals are breaking down, Hormats said, their effective life can be extended at least 20 years by adding stabilizers. Chemist Meselson suggested that the nerve agents might last indefinitely, "like cognac."

Does *that* stop the Army? Lately, the C Team has been murmuring about "leakers" among the stocks of 500-pound Weteye bombs. Utah Senator Jake Garn, in whose state a great many Weteyes are stored, told the Senate Appropriations Committee in May 1982 that the matter was "a nonissue. The few leakers that they

found were greatly played up... and never were there any leakers that were outside the canister in which the Weteye bomb was encased." Garn said he was so sure the bombs were not dangerous that "I will walk in any one of those bunkers any day of the week." If from this Garn appears to be some sort of too-sweet binary opponent, not so. He favors binaries but—perhaps because he is not being *paid* to favor them—favors the truth as well.

Along with the business of leakers, the Army has actually managed to convince journalists from such insignificant papers as *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* that the elements (precursors, in chemicalese) that are to make up binary nerve gas are "nonlethal," "nontoxic," "harmless" and even "benign." Yes, well, the active ingredient in one of those gases is so benign that its *vapors* cause gastric distress, a skin rash and difficulties in breathing, while the precursor in the other is as harmless as strychnine; the stuff also eats through anything not coated with Teflon. If that seems unadorned tomfoolery, it is as nought when you really get down to examining almost anything having to do with the Army's chemical program, which has been marked by such a god-awful lack of smarts that it is actually possible to feel embarrassed before Agent Cardboard Suitsky as he bumps into you here and there in Washington. If Big Brother really is watching as the U.S. plays with its chemistry set, we ought to be ashamed. Consider BZ.

In 1961, the Army bought some 50 tons of that substance, which may be termed LSD in uniform. The idea was to cause the enemy to, well, get high. It was such a swell idea that the Army built 1500 BZ bombs and stockpiled them at Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Then, perhaps because production workers and line engineers at the factory were acting kind of strange (strange enough, some of them, to have to be wrestled away to padded cells for up to 12 hours at a time), the Army thought it might be a good idea to run tests on volunteers to see just what they had. The tests were completed in 1969 and were studied diligently for seven years. It took that long to realize that maybe BZ was not the battlefield weapon of tomorrow, or even of yesterday. The bombs were declared obsolete. Another five years went by before the Army could figure out what to do with them. No, they have not been dropped into the Pentagon's water supply; they are going to be burned at Pine Bluff arsenal, and it's going to cost only \$50,000,000, which is a piddling \$40,000,000 more than they cost to produce.

Exceptional? Consider chemical defense, where our needs are critical. A study released by the GAO last July noted that the Army was fielding mobile collective-protection units in Europe "without the vehicles required to move them from one location to another. Consequently, it is unlikely that the units could be moved once



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they are set up in wartime." Of course, we *could* get lucky; the Russians might gas us where the units are already parked. On the other hand, maybe not.

In that case, it might be good to suit up—but, according to the GAO, there has not been "adequate guidance on when to dispose of clothing that has exceeded its shelf life [or] wartime procedures for changing clothing in a contaminated environment." That's not to say that there aren't *plans*. Consider, if you will, this exchange of three years ago between Representative Larry McDonald and General Frederick J. Kroesen, who recently retired as commander in chief of the U.S. Army in Europe:

MC DONALD: Do you have any rapid decontamination washing process, or do [you do] the decontamination process out in the field?

KROESEN: The manner we are pursuing right now in Europe, sir, is to have identified for unit commanders the location of all available washing facilities, such as Schnellwasch stations, automobile-drive-in washing facilities.

MC DONALD: Our military is going to be able to requisition the civilian automobile-washing stations; is that what we are planning on using?

KROESEN: In times of crisis, we need to know where those . . . facilities are.

MC DONALD: Good God.

Amen. But there's more to come. According to the GAO, the "Air Force is fielding a fourth suit [British, because ours tend to burn; cost: \$24,000,000] without providing a clean area for decontaminated personnel to even change from suit one to suit two." As it turns out, that may be a good idea, because the Air Force's collective-protection unit requires the use of an oil absorber called fuller's earth to decontaminate personnel. But "because the Air Force lacks the authority to procure fuller's earth . . . Kitty Litter is being used instead." The GAO is not trying to indicate that airmen are going to die of embarrassment but of confusion. The instructions don't say Kitty Litter; they say fuller's earth. Then again, embarrassment is a possibility.

Even something as basic as gas masks does not seem to be immune. DARCOM, the Army's Matériel Development and Readiness Command, has spent 13 years (and \$38,000,000) trying to get the bugs out of its new model. Well, no, the XM30 doesn't slip off your head. But it does come apart in hot, humid weather; the faceplate is easily scratched, which makes sighting your weapon a bit dicey in bright sunlight; and the thing can't be decontaminated when fouled by nerve agents in the Soviet arsenal—though that should not matter much, because the faceplate tends to fall out every 46 hours. According to a reliable source, the mask the XM30 is to replace lasts 1000 hours.

Sometimes, it seems that *anything* connected with chemical warfare has a better



than fair chance of *not* turning out right. One of the papers I curled up with in a military library in Washington was "Chemical Weapons: Problems and Policy Formation," put out by the Strategic Studies Institute of the Army War College. As usual, across from me was Comrade Cardboard Suitsky. He probably even saw me cop it. In the interests of national pride, I am ready to plead guilty to (and invention of) a new misdemeanor: embarrassment-motivated theft of document. Not only is page iv missing when it should be the back of page iii but the back of page iii is just plain old iii *upside down*. Does Suitsky know about the Kitty Litter?

Almost certainly, he knows about the M-8 chemical detector, a machine designed to give our troops advance warning of odorless, colorless chemical peril. Some 21,000 M-8s are deployed, and they may detect nerve gas, but one thing that is certain to set them off is the presence of diesel or jet exhausts. Now, although it is good to know if you're in the presence of a Mack truck or an F-16 fighter plane with its engine running, the Army thought it might be confusing if you were to find yourself around a military vehicle *at the time* of a gas attack. To fix that, \$55,000,000 has been set aside for modification kits for delivery in 1984. Yes, well, but. Regarding

the improved device, a Pentagon official told Congress: "If it is stuck behind the exhaust of a truck, it will still go off." Never mind: In a closed hearing of the House Appropriations Subcommittee last year, a general confided that there is an alternative, a litmus-paper kind of thing that is serenely unaffected by friendly military engines. Unfortunately, it is affected by nerve gas about the same time you are. "You are in contamination before you realize it," the general said. "Unless you promptly mask, you become a tragedy."

Perhaps the biggest, smelliest potential tragedy producer the Army chemical people have come up with is the infamous TAB (trimedoxine, atropine, benactyzine) injector. Discovered by the Israelis on the battlefield after their 1973 war, it was brought to the attention of the Americans, who realized immediately that the big, bad chemical bear had the drop on us again. All the U.S. had as a partial antidote to nerve gas was a heap of old injectors full of atropine. When warned of an attack for which he was not effectively prepared, our soldier was supposed to use the atropine in order to block the effect of nerve gas in his overworked synapses. But if the Russians had this TAB stuff, gee whiz, maybe we should have it, too. And have it we did, to the extent of millions of injectors. Phew. Close call. Now, years later, it has been discovered that shooting TAB into soldiers has the same effect on them as BZ. It makes them hallucinate so wildly that pilots compelled to use TAB were given fresh instructions: (1) Immediately (2) bail (3) out. The Pentagon has now ordered all TAB injectors replaced with . . . atropine.

Ah, but doesn't that mean that the great big Russian chemical bear is equally dumb? After all, the Egyptians got the stuff from the Soviets, no? No. According to Meselson, the Egyptian general in charge of chemical defense happened to notice that all the atropine he had acquired from the Russians was marked EXPIRED. Although the stuff might still have been good, he decided to find something else on the open market. TAB is what he found—in Bulgaria. Maybe it works for Bulgarians. For Americans (and for Israelis, who are now getting rid of it), it causes hallucinations, though in the bizarre world of the C Team, one hallucination more or less might not be noticed. But when the Pentagon tried to sneak through honest computers, nobody talked about hallucination.

What, you may well ask, is an honest computer? For a time last year, the same question exercised Congress, which then decided not to bother. The C Team, see, has this honest computer. The idea was to take all the data they could think up about binary artillery shells and binary bombs and feed it into the computer, and if the computer tells the Pentagon, "Hey,



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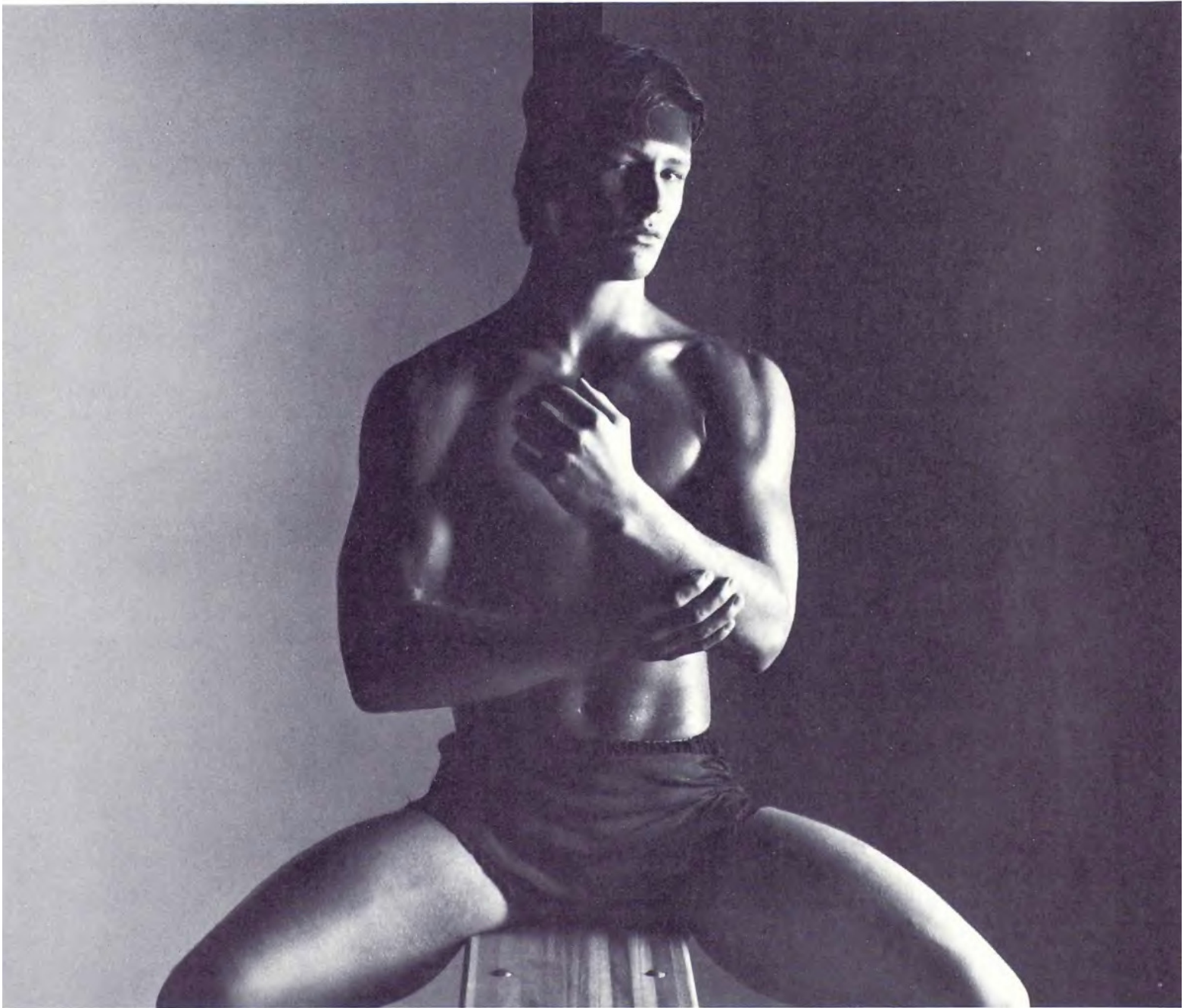
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this binary is gonna work!" then, by God, that's it. Considering the honesty of its computer, the C Team still cannot fathom why Congress won't hand over the money to make the weapon the honest computer says is OK.

To find out how accurate computer testing can be, I spoke with an engineer with a doctorate in chemistry, a man whose firm is regularly employed by the Army to design computer tests. He said that such tests were good only for preliminary studies. "If you don't imagine something and feed that into the computer when you make your computer model, then you're not testing anything, really. You need the real thing." Of course, the Pentagon is forbidden by law to test the real thing in the U.S., and testing done with simulants that closely approximate the molecular structure of various chemicals has a way of being unconvincing, if not laughable.

Another engineer, no longer connected with the U.S. chemical program, merely smiled sheepishly (on second thought, perhaps not *sheepishly*) when he admitted what his working group had found to substitute for nerve gas. "All our research," he said, "was done with saccharin."

Turning its back on skepticism from the scientific community, the C Team has also managed to repudiate its own scientists regarding dependence on anything that hasn't been adequately tested—and here we are talking dependence, because binaries would replace the current rounds, which have been extensively tested. In a formerly confidential 1974 report, Edgewood Arsenal's Simulants / Simulation

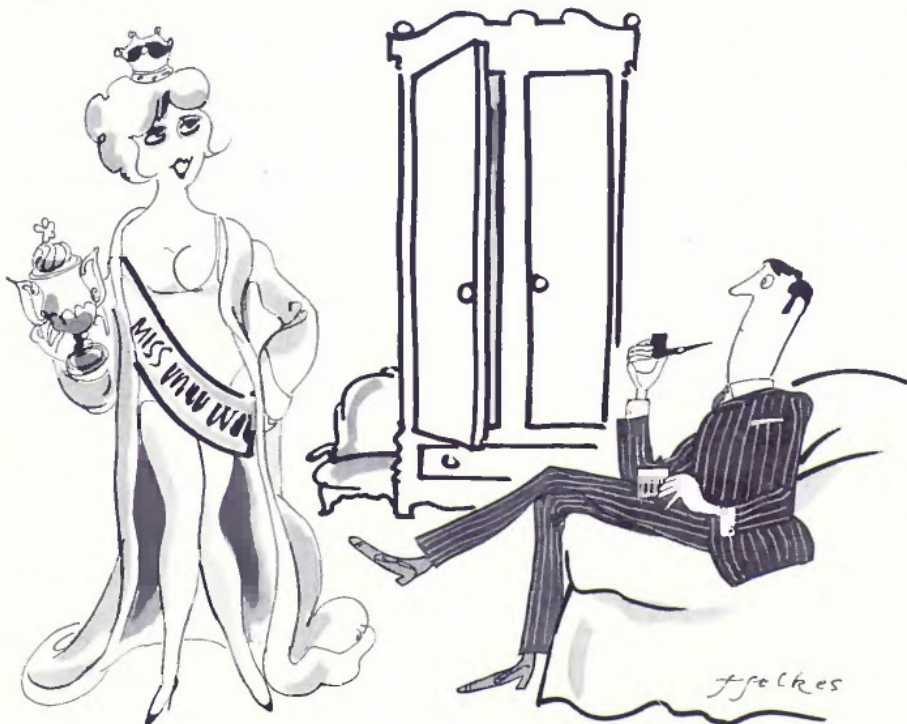
Advisory Panel cautioned that "field tests of the XM687 with GB [that's the 155mm binary nerve-gas shell] must be undertaken before it can be regarded as a proven round. Without such tests serious questions on dissemination effectiveness . . . will be unanswered. To be of greatest value to the XM687 program, the field tests should be undertaken as early as possible. Thus, the current ban on open-air tests with GB should be reconsidered." Logical, but the Pentagon was hardly going to try for open-air tests in an America where people were munching granola as they jogged in and out of health-food stores. Instead, it went blithely ahead pushing an untested artillery shell with the idea of handing the thing to some artilleryman in time of war. This may terrify the artilleryman, but it is not expected to frighten the Russians. As Senator Gary Hart put it, "Untested weapons do not make strong deterrents."

Compared with that, other reservations about the binaries look minor, though each seems enough to disqualify any other weapons system. Binaries, for instance, tend to complicate battle, because the two parts have to be assembled on site, at up to three minutes per projectile under optimum conditions (not at night, not under fire and like that). Because binary projectiles must mix two ingredients, the projectile gives up as much as a third of its load to the mechanism and not the gas. Because each projectile carries less pay load, more projectiles will be needed, consequently straining resupply from the U.S.; also, binaries have a way of being self-signaling

to the enemy: Because they don't sound like the current gas round, which sounds like a normal high-explosive shell, the enemy will be warned to don protective gear in time. Likewise, it's suspected the binary shell gives off an odor—the present shell does not announce itself with bad breath—and, if binaries do work, it is expected to take five seconds for the two elements in the shell to become VX, meaning that any target less than five seconds away may not get hit with nerve agent at all but with a batch of rubbing alcohol and something else. Chemists are not sure how stable the mix will be *after* the optimum mix time—so targets had better be hit five seconds bang on.

Finally, if we do go to binaries, something will have to be done with the standard rounds they are to replace. Gold of the Defense Department says that the technology is there to destroy the current nerve-gas rounds—all that's missing is the money. A pilot plant to "demilitarize" bulk stocks is now working, but, as Hoeber says, "At the current rate, it will take many, many years to 'demil' just the currently obsolete munitions. . . . Solving that problem may well be primarily a question of money." Fair enough. First, the Army allows the deterioration of its serviceable weapons; then, found out, it has to pay money to restore them to condition Code A; then it wants to spend up to 15 billion dollars in, uh, money over the next decade (up to \$500,000 per agent-ton times the 30,000 agent tons the Joint Chiefs of Staff say they would need) building new chemical weapons that we don't need so that it can spend *more* money (four billion dollars was mentioned in *Army Times*) neutralizing the old weapons that the Army itself admits are still good but says *may* go bad. Is that only 19 billion dollars? Either cost overruns (standard Pentagon procedure) or the price of new weapons and/or defensive equipment needed as a result of a U.S.-Russian chemical-arms race could bring it to 20 billion dollars—if not more. Well, it's only money: ours.

But, all right, we build these new shells—what to do with them? Why, send them to Europe, of course. Unfortunately, the European nations, displaying an unreasonable sensitivity to their own safety—and, further, an illogical inclination toward believing that deployment might end up leading to use—have, one by one, informed the U.S. that they do not want binaries. France, which has its own nerve-gas weapons, is not militarily a part of NATO, and the Germans, who don't want the chemical weapons already on their soil, are hoping to hell that no move by the U.S. to replace them with "safer" forms of civilian asphyxiation will bring the subject up in the press. The question remains, then: What will we do with them? At a Senate hearing in May 1982, Appropriations Committee chairman Mark Hatfield



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came close to losing his patience on that subject while questioning the Assistant to the Secretary of Defense (atomic energy) Richard Wagner, and Richard Burt, the latter then the State Department's loudest drumbeater for Soviet culpability in the use of yellow rain.

WAGNER: We believe, Senator Hatfield, that the purpose of the weapons is deterrence. . . .

HATFIELD: That is *still* not my question. My question is simply that these weapons, unlike many other weapons, to be effective, are required to be placed in an advanced deployed position, which would be in Europe.

WAGNER: Just before they are used, they must certainly be there where they must be used.

HATFIELD: I understand. We have not yet determined what the opinion of our allies is. . . .

BURT: Mr. Chairman, we simply don't see the need or the necessity to do that at present. . . . Since it is a totally hypothetical issue, they have not told us and we have not asked.

Sure, hypothetical as all get out, except that it might be good to have some place to put hundreds of thousands of new shells. In the spring of 1982, Hoebler asserted in public that Great Britain should be compelled to accept cruise missiles stationed there with chemical warheads. She made her statement to a correspondent for Reuters. The ensuing noise in the U.K. could be heard as far off as Washington.

Has the U.S. been pressuring its principal NATO partner to accept its chemical arsenal? Julian Perry Robinson, senior fellow in the Science Policy Research Unit at the University of Sussex and one of the few recognized nonmilitary experts on who has what in chemical warfare, says that in the U.K., "The government will tell Parliament that no, there has been no such request; but a level into the administration, down into the brigadiers and colonels, you'll find rather a different picture—rather a lot of nudge-and-wink-type thing but nothing committal." I suggested to Robinson that there must be something going on. The binary program indicates deployment of hundreds of thousands of artillery rounds, bombs and missiles. They must be headed somewhere.

"Well, I'm not sure you've got things the right way around," Robinson said in a tone that signified that he was talking to a hopeless naïf. "The chemical corps has the need, for institutional reasons, for weapons; otherwise, its *raison d'être* starts getting called into question."

Starts? It *was* blooming called into question and it *did* blinking stop existing.

"Well," Robinson explained, showing infinite patience, "it fought that off, largely on the strength of the binary program. Then, you've got to have somewhere to keep [the weapons] physically."

Are you saying that . . . ?

"You *can* keep them in Utah or Colora-

do or whatever, but then people are going to start laughing at you and saying you don't really need those weapons at all, and what good is a lot of nerve gas in the middle of a desert or whatever? Well, *then* you've got to demonstrate that there *is* a need, in Europe."

Excuse me? *Administrative* need? *Bureaucratic* lust? Those are reasons? Well, maybe not good ones, though they do seem to be the only ones around. But how do they hold up? For an answer to *that* one, I paid a call on the one man who would be sure to know: Dr. Strange-gloves.

Strange-gloves is, of course, not his name, but it will do. By profession, he is a defense analyst, which is to say that he is paid a great deal of money to attempt to see through what both sides are doing or might do, considering that each has the stuff to do it with. Strange-gloves' stock in trade is a deep personal detachment, and if he is American, he is American the way Kissinger or Brzezinski is: American by choice, as once there were Romans by choice who grew up in some odd corner of the empire, saw carnage and suffering at rather close range and figured it was safest at the center. Then the center was Rome. Now it is Washington. Although Strange-gloves manages to sound like Walter Matthau doing Henry Kissinger doing Walter Matthau doing Henry Kissinger, what he says has elegance. He is fond of elegance.

"Chemical weapons are going to be," he says, "verrrry important. You have noticed there is a complete lack of enthusiasm in the military at large? Yet there are formidable Soviet forces. But there is a problem. We know they have pervasive capabilities, perrrrvasive, but those that we have seen always have been defensive. Always. And we have verrry good evidence that they have quite a lot of chemical weaponry stored. But, alas, you do need training to wage *offensive* warfare. This is a mystery, wouldn't you say?"

We've never seen them carrying out offensive training?

"Neveerrr." He waits me out.

Finally, I give in, falling unwittingly into his pattern of speech. To this mystery, I ask, there is a solution?

"An elegant solution," he says. "In the Soviet system, offensive use is now limited to special forces: They treat nuclear and chemical warfare as one, calling them both weapons of mass destruction. Nuclear weapons, therefore, are under K.G.B. control. So are chemical weapons. And the K.G.B. does have the offensive capacity: the K.G.B., the GRU and the Air Assault Brigades—commando troops under the K.G.B., specialists, but not found among the 180 divisions at large that are always spoken of."

I ask for the scenario. Defense analysts maintain scenarios the way other men have this thing for the redhead in 2-B.

"This is the scenario," Strange-gloves

says, all but rubbing his hands together. "Picture a midnight classic assault by special forces under K.G.B. control on selected targets, using chemical weapons. *Selected* targets. Because chemical weapons have been used, NATO counterattacks on a broad front; that is, against the 180 Soviet divisions. Ah, but these are totally defended! What you have here is not a blitzkrieg along a broad front but paralyzing surprise strikes."

On what?

"NATO airfields. The Soviets, you see, have no great respect for our ground forces, but they are terribly worried about our air capabilities. They will use chemical weapons to kill pilots. Aircraft can be resupplied and airfields repaired, but pilots are irreplaceable. An elegant assault."

Perhaps, but it is a nasty elegance and, worse, it makes sense. In the matter of taking out pilots, the Russians will have far fewer problems than does the U.S. Should they wish to take out airmen—and not air bases—all they might have to do is drive through the gates in a laundry van or a garbage truck. The level of security surrounding the more than 400 U.S. nuclear-capable fighter bombers stationed in Europe is not known (the Air Force didn't want me snooping around), nor is it known for the 28 Tactical Air Command fighter squadrons stationed there (ditto). But something *is* known of what passes for security at home. According to Congressional testimony last year, a deputy director of the GAO found that protection for several hundred planes at the Army airfield at Fort Bragg was left to a gate guard and a one-person patrol during each shift. But, you say, surely in Europe, especially in Germany, bang on the front line. . . .

Don't say it. Listen, instead, to the curious tale of Brian P. Fentiman, a private first class whose job it was to prepare orders for personnel of the 709th Military Police Battalion wishing to travel from Frankfurt to Berlin. To help Fentiman and others like him, the Army provided a poster showing how to prepare the orders. On the poster was a life-size photograph of a military I.D. card with the word SPECIMEN where the photo would normally go. Fentiman was intrigued. He cut the card out of the poster, pasted his own photo over SPECIMEN, typed out his particulars and signed it. Of course, it had nothing on the back, so Fentiman, an enterprising type, merely slipped it behind a clear plastic window in his wallet and began walking in and out of "various high-security military installations [in] Heidelberg," including the Keyes Building, wherein sat General Kroesen. "If I were a terrorist," says Fentiman, who received a commendation for exposing the lax security, "I could have murdered General Kroesen."

"To the Pentagon," says Strange-gloves, "defense is not bureaucratically sexy."

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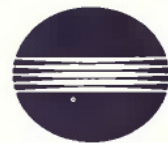
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happen if the great Russian bear launched a chemical attack in Europe has always had to face a sad predictability. Unprepared, we would be zapped. Worse, in the words of Hormats, "Retaliation in kind would be a symbolic gesture that would hurt only our allies' civilian population. You don't respond to a horror like a nerve-gas attack with a symbolic gesture. . . . If they use gas, it's for real."

To discover what might happen if the Soviet Union did, indeed, launch a chemical attack, it is necessary to have a peek at the first top-secret global war game undertaken by the U.S. Government since 1956. It occurred in the spring of 1982.

Directed by former Secretary of State William P. Rogers, who acted as President, and by Richard Helms, former head of the CIA, who played Vice-President, it was called—in case you, too, have wondered who really runs this country—Ivy League. For a game, it was rather realistic, with more than 1000 civilian and military players—including two Reagan Cabinet officers—being moved around the world, while Reagan and Vice-President George Bush (who got to choose their own stand-ins) and Haig, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, National Security Advisor William P. Clark, Jr., and other officials looked on. It lasted five days, by the end of which time the Soviets, using missiles, had managed to drop some 5000 megatons of destruction on the U.S., abolishing Washington, killing the President—Helms, as Vice-President, took over in what has been called the Doomsday Plane, a specially equipped Boeing 747—and ultimately making a bloody mess of both the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Details are obscured beneath a cloak of security that could cover Indianapolis, but one thing is known: Chemicals came early into play.

According to the single source cleared to talk about the war game, after relations between the two countries had deteriorated

to the point at which U.S. forces came under attack in Europe, South Korea and Southwest Asia, war was declared. Immediately, chemical weapons were used on U.S. forces overseas, resulting in heavy casualties (to the Pentagon, defense is not bureaucratically sexy, amen). Now, class, was the U.S. reaction (A) chemical counterattack, (B) tactical nuclear response, (C) a mad rush for Schnellwasch stations, (D) none of the above, (E) *all* of the above?

Sorry, the correct answer is (B) tactical nuclear response, which led soon enough to bigger and better blasts, wherein the entire question of gas warfare became as outdated as, well, gas warfare. It is not known whether or not the U.S. bothered to forward deploy its chemical weaponry at all. Hell, it could have been raining. Chemicals just do not work well in the rain. It happens to rain a lot in Europe. Somehow, your garden-variety, war-fighting, hell-for-leather general is unlikely to see the joke: war called on account of rain. From the moment that this war went chemical, then, it went nuclear. In what can only be described as the highest-intensity signal to the Russians since the Kennedy-Khrushchev glare-down over Soviet missiles in Cuba, President Reagan made a conference call to all the Ivy League players, telling them, "The lessons learned will help us prove that our adversaries have nothing to gain by such an attack."

In case the Soviets were not tapping the line, Reagan later made the statement public. Could this be the same man who had given approval, for the first time in more than a decade, for the U.S. to begin the process of making new chemical weapons? If our response is to be "more than symbolic"—if it is to be nuclear—then spending billions for binary weapons that will not be used in order to replace current weapons that are adequate but will not be used, either, becomes something more than a *non sequitur* of almost

cosmic proportions: It verges on doing violence to American political self-respect.

On top of that, it endangers any chance of controlling what must be the most despicable of tactical weaponry ever. Even nuclear warfare kills *some* soldiers; chemical battle in Europe will avoid them. These useless 155mm artillery shells, untested but ultimately ineffective against prepared Soviet troops, and the new Bigeye bomb, also untested but certain, if it does work, to cause wholesale destruction of the innocent, because there is no way you can drop a bomb and know which way the wind will be blowing when it falls—this concoction brought forth out of the sterile lust of the Pentagon's chemical bureaucracy, stimulating itself with a public-relations job that blames the Soviets for what the Vietnamese are doing in Southeast Asia and for what the CIA has not been able to prove the Soviets are doing in Afghanistan—this poisonmongering now threatens whatever chance the U.S. and the Soviet Union have to outlaw the stuff.

With a biological-weapons treaty agreed upon since 1975 (U.S. and Russian biological and toxic weapons are now considered "destroyed"—though defensive research continues and laboratory samples can breed war-level quantities in the space of a month), both countries have been meeting off and on to find some way to dump chemicals, too. On-site inspection, which the Soviets resist, remains the problem. However, last summer, for the first time, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, in a rare Russian initiative, formally proposed the "possibility of carrying out systematic international on-site inspections." Unfortunately, on-site may end up simply meaning what the Soviets call "national means of verification," or, "Trust me, I'll inspect myself." Also being considered is mutual witnessing of chemical-stocks destruction. But, as Crocker of the State Department says rather glumly, "Even if the Russians were to agree to get rid of stocks, you still should reach a point of on-site inspection, but they've never permitted that." Worse, I tell him, there's nothing to prevent the Soviets (or the U.S.) from destroying 90 percent of what each has and withholding the nastiest ten percent, which is all that would be needed for a crippling strike. And were all to be destroyed, the closed nature of Soviet society would mean that chemicals could be immediately put together in existing chemical plants and secretly loaded in existing munitions factories—taking us back to where we started.

Which is where we sit, staring into cold coffee in the State Department cafeteria, until Crocker half-smiles and purses his lips. "There is a scheme," he says slowly, "not to operate on banning the agents but to outlaw defensive equipment, gas masks, clothing, decontamination." He pauses. "Two superpowers bare-ass, with no protection. It is kind of interesting, isn't it?"



"He dozes off during foreplay."

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SEX SURVEY (continued from page 132)

"It's possible that the improved quality of porno films makes them more appealing to women. . . ."

the book lying; it was open and the frontispiece showing. "Look at her legs," said I, for we could see the picture as we sat on the sofa; and I began to kiss and tickle her again.

—ANONYMOUS, "My Secret Life"

Eighty-six percent of the heterosexual men and 82 percent of the heterosexual women in our survey say they have used one or more of five aids to sexual excitement: erotic books, erotic movies, sexy underwear, oils and vibrators. The most popular for both men and women is erotic literature. Contrary to the widely held notion that women don't get off on pornography, 52 percent of the women in our survey tell us they have used erotic literature to enhance sex. That's a higher percentage than among the men (42 percent).

By contrast, only a third of the women in Kinsey's study reported arousal at the sight of portrayals of sexual action in photographs, drawings or movies. (Perhaps if the chronicler of *My Secret Life* had known that, he would have put more effort into getting his coquettish friend to read *Fanny Hill* and would have skipped the pictures.)

Kinsey noted that when it came to pornography, there was "no end to amateur portrayals of sexual action," and that "the failure of nearly all females to find erotic arousal in such portrayals is . . . well known." Yet he found that *commercial* motion pictures with erotic content—including love scenes with close-ups of petting and kissing and the occasional seminude body—had an effect on women different from that of pornographic films: "Females found the moving pictures erotically stimulating somewhat more often than the males."

It's possible that the vastly improved quality of pornographic films these days (replete with color, sound, music and even—occasionally—a semi-intelligent plot and fairly decent actors) makes them more appealing to women than they used to be (42 percent of our women and 38 percent of our men say they watch them). Certainly, video cassettes have enabled more women than ever before not only to watch top-quality porn films but to watch them at home. In bed. With a man. Perhaps with a drink or a joint (59 percent of our female respondents say they use drugs—have at least tried them once—to stimulate sex). Another reason for women's increased interest in and arousal by pornographic films—a phenomenon also recorded by *Redbook*, which reported that 60 percent of the wives in its survey used pornography—may lie in the findings of two West German sex

researchers, Gunter Schmidt and Volkmar Sigusch, who have found that sex differences in sexual excitability are closely related to "the grade of sexual emancipation of women in a society." In other words, as reflected in our survey and others, the more nearly equal men and women become, the less difference there is in their response to explicit sexual material.

She shrieked, laughed, got away and rushed to the door. I brought her back, desisted from tickling and lewd talking, though I was getting randier than ever.

"Now have the garters—let me put one round the leg, just to see how it looks—just halfway up the calf."

After much persuasion, after pulling up my trousers and showing how a garter looked round my calf, she partly consented. "Promise you won't tickle me."

I promised everything.

—"My Secret Life"

Half of the women and almost a third of the men in our survey say they have ever used sexy underwear to enhance sex. We have no way of knowing how many of them use it with great frequency, but we imagine that most couples use it for an occasional routine breaker rather than as a regular ritual. One married woman wrote to us that one night, her husband came home "in his adult clothes, with his adult briefcase, and I met him at the door in black lace, handed him a glass of wine and undressed him. He was so stunned that he just played along. Then, in my black bra, garter belt and black stockings, I got down on the floor and sucked him off."

Although it's easy to assume that women's greater likelihood of wearing sexy underwear can be solely attributed to sexual custom—the woman is more likely to dress erotically for the man than the man is for the woman—that view takes only the man's psyche into consideration. Some women may enjoy dressing up in sexy underwear almost as much as men like to see them in it. At any rate, if all the women who wear sexy underwear are as creative as the one we quote above, who really cares why they do it?

That leaves oils and the vibrator. What can we say about oils? They're nice, they smell good and they feel good. Thirty-seven percent of the men and 39 percent of the women who responded to our questionnaire have used oils. Oh, yes—and they're rapidly becoming a major minor industry. Several shops that specialize in oils for bath and massage have opened in large cities around the country. A lot

of folks are obviously having a slippery good time.

An electric vibrator can sometimes be a very welcome laborsaving device. It can hasten the achievement of first orgasm by providing a more sustained and efficient stimulus to the clitoris. Then, gradually, as you become more confident of your clitoral response, you will be able to dispense with the vibrator and obtain the same response from your fingers. Finally . . . to your great delight you will find yourself responding with orgasm to the caresses provided by your partner.

—MICHAEL AND DOROTHY CLARKE, "Sexual Joy in Marriage"

That advice, written to help pre-orgasmic women experience the Big O, has been evident in sex manuals for the past decade. Coinciding with the proliferation of kudos for the vibrator as the sure-fire method of taking a woman over the brink, vibrators have, over the past ten years, become America's favorite ladies' home companion.

Although most sex therapists, like the Clarkes, encourage women to move past the vibrator to flesh-to-flesh orgasm, many women linger awhile with the plastic love buzzer. Half of the women in our survey say they have used a vibrator at some time, and a third of the men say they have tried it at least once. We presume the majority of them use a vibrator to help stimulate their partners.

It's interesting to note that 21 percent of the women in the *Redbook* survey used sexual gadgets—a considerably lower figure than we received from our women respondents (76 percent). However, that is consistent with female PLAYBOY readers' responses throughout our survey. Our female respondents seem to be more experimental overall than those in other sex surveys.

ANAL INTERCOURSE

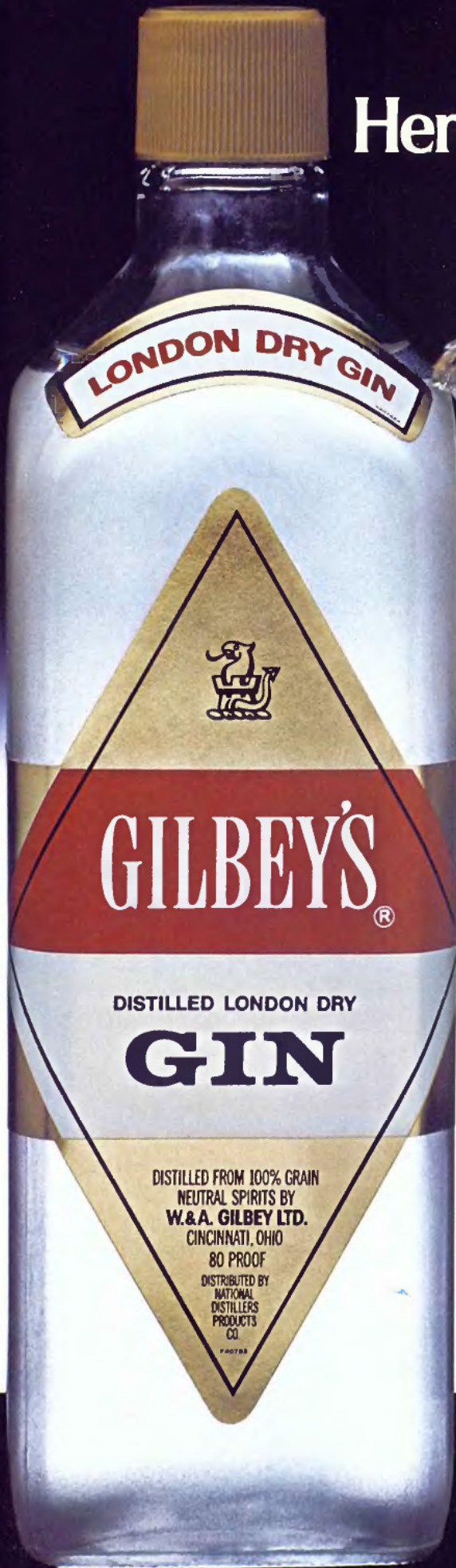
"Don't talk loud," said she, "it will never do to let anyone know what we are at." . . .

Then she carefully greased my prick with pomatum and put some on her arsehole; it was the work of a minute, not a word was said. She then, stark-naked, sat by the side of me on the sofa, began fondling and kissing me. . . . Then she turned round.

"Put it in," she said when her rump was toward me, "then give me your hand and don't push till I tell you."

Her arsehole was at the level of my prick as I stood by the side of the sofa; my machine was like a rod of iron; my brains seemed on fire. I felt I was going to do something wrong, dreaded it, yet

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Here's to tastier gin and tonics. With Gilbey's. After all, why mix a gin drink if you can't taste the gin? Gilbey's. Superb gin taste that's worth a toast.

determined to do it.

"Put it in slowly," said she in a whisper. The hole opened, felt tight; but to my astonishment, almost directly, my whole prick was hidden in it without pain to me or any difficulty.

"Give me your hand." I did. Again she began frigging herself with my fingers. "Rub, rub, push gently," she said, and I tried, but was getting past myself.

"Now," said she with a spasmodic sort of half cry, half grunt. I felt my prick squeezed as in a vise. I shoved on, rather, scarcely began to do so when I discharged a week's reserve up her rectum. . . . I pulled it out with an indescribable horror of myself.

"Wasn't it delicious?" said she. "I like it, don't you?" —"My Secret Life"

Kinsey observed that some men and women are "as aroused erotically by anal stimulation as they are by stimulation of the genitalia," or even more intensely aroused. He also said that men and women who engage in anal intercourse often report satisfaction comparable to that found in vaginal intercourse, but he said he had found too few instances of anal intercourse to warrant focusing on it as significant American sexual behavior. Thirty years later, Hunt discovered that more than half of all men and women

found it an acceptable practice, and the 1977 Redbook report indicated that almost half of the women had tried it at least once. Anal intercourse, for our readers, is even more popular, so it's not surprising that 47 percent of the men and 61 percent of the women in our survey have tried it.

As the passage from *My Secret Life* shows, anal intercourse was once something done only in the greatest secrecy, as it was (and still is) considered an abomination in the Judaeo-Christian tradition. It is still illegal in many states. The increased interest in experimenting with it is no doubt due to its no longer being an unmentionable act (thanks to such books as *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, which has a delicately worded anal-intercourse scene, and such movies as *Last Tango in Paris*, in which Marlon Brando tries it with all of America watching).

There is also the likelihood that anal intercourse has always been more popular than researchers suspected but simply wasn't talked about because it was considered dirty, sinful and perverted in the eyes of society. As it became a mentionable subject (thanks partly to Kinsey), greater numbers of people began to admit to having done it.

If we follow the trends in sex research, using oral sex as an example, it seems that activities that a sizable minority of people are trying in one decade may, a decade or

two later, become a routine part of sex.

It's very dangerous to stick it up a woman's ass. It tends to make them more promiscuous. I'll leave that with your readers. . . . They can test it out. Those who are scientifically inclined can immediately approach their mate and tool her, if they're able. Then they can observe what happens, watch her at parties, get a private detective, check up on her. . . . A woman doesn't want it up the ass, because she's doing her best to be faithful to that dull pup she's got for a man, and she knows if it blasts into the center of her stubbornness, that's the end of it. She won't be able to hold on to fidelity any longer. That's one explanation. It doesn't have to be true. But you might ponder it.

—NORMAN MAILER, "Pieces and Pontifications"

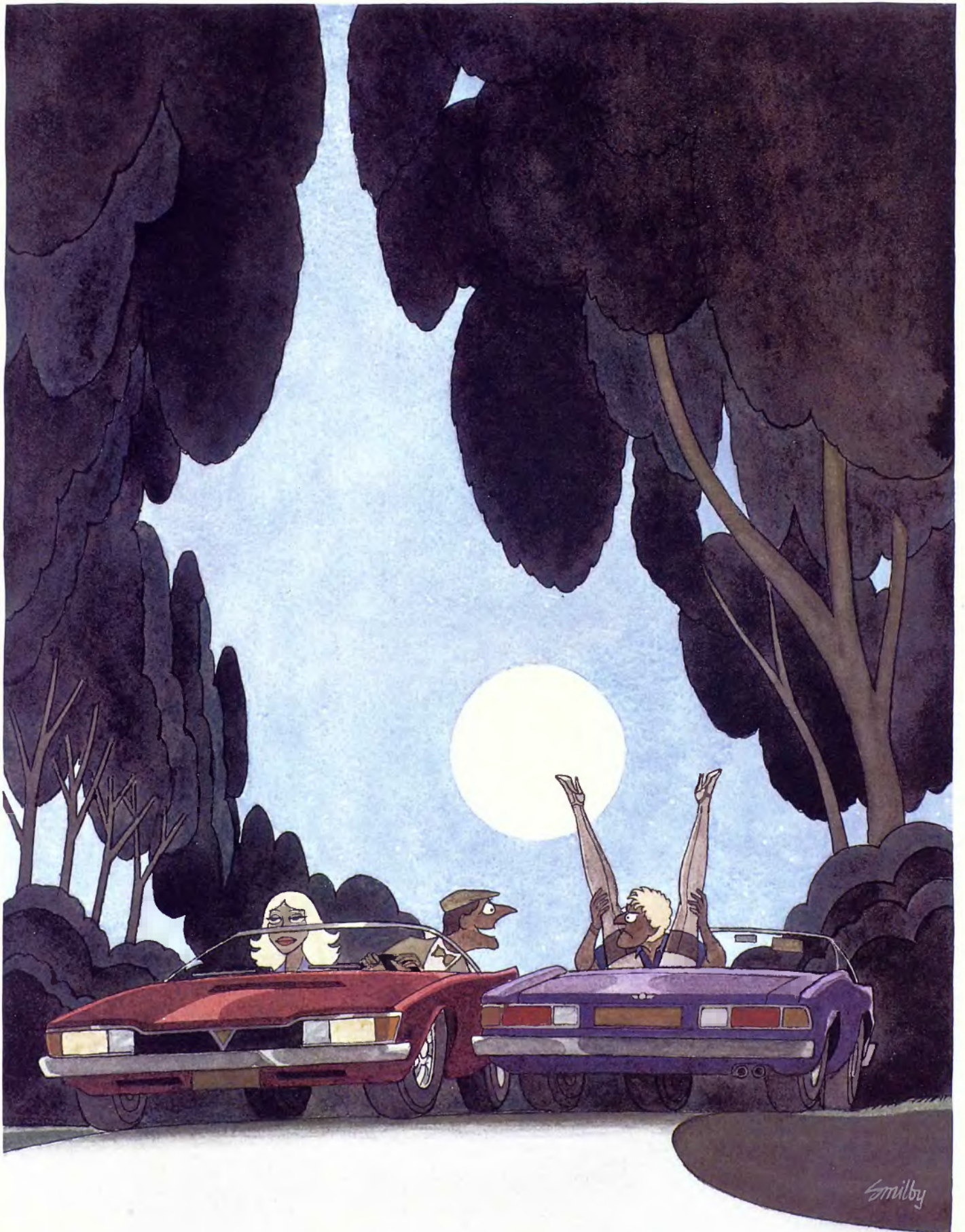
We're not sure we agree with Mailer that anal intercourse makes women more promiscuous, but our survey indicates that it is a sort of watershed of experimental sex, the gate through which one most likely passes on the journey into the land of noncustomary sex. Eighty-two percent of both men and women who have tried anal intercourse have also tried one or more other kinds of experimental sex (anal-oral contact, talking dirty during sex, a *ménage*

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"Pardon me, sir, but can you tell me if this is Lover's Lane?"

à trois [or more] or bondage).

Anal intercourse is also the station along the path of experimentation where people are most likely to decide that customary sex is quite enough, thank you. When we asked how often readers who had tried it had anal intercourse, 41 percent of the males and 63 percent of the females who hadn't tried any other variety of sexual experimentation said they had tried it only once. One woman, apparently turned off by the memory of her only experience with it, wrote in the margin of her questionnaire, "Never again!"

However, it seems that those people who continue to practice anal intercourse not only are more likely to enjoy it the more they do it but also are more likely to think of themselves as good lovers. Eighty-seven percent of the men and 85 percent of the women who have had anal intercourse say they are good lovers, while only 78 percent of the men and 77 percent of the women who haven't tried it rate themselves good lovers. Men who have tried anal sex also seem to find their sex lives more satisfying: About 66 percent of them say their sex lives are satisfying, compared with only 57 percent of those who haven't tried it. There is virtually no difference in the level of satisfaction between women in our survey who have and those who haven't tried it, but the *Redbook* survey found that "the

more often a woman has anal sex, and the more she finds it pleasurable, the happier she is with her sex life."

"More often" in that context could refer to either the frequency of anal intercourse or the total number of times a woman has done it; and we think it probably means the latter. According to our survey, most people who add this variation to their lovemaking do it infrequently. Twenty-eight percent of the men and 27 percent of the women who continue to practice anal intercourse after the first time say they do it less than once a month. One percent of the men and two percent of the women do it once a week, and only two percent of men and women do it from two to seven times weekly. Apparently, the more active a person's sex life, the more likely he or she is to have frequent anal intercourse. Of the men who say they have intercourse once a day or more, 13 percent also have anal intercourse once or twice a month, and another 12 percent do it once a week or more. By contrast, of the men who say they have sex only once a week, only three percent also have anal intercourse once a week. Women follow roughly the same pattern. It's hard to say whether people who have high sex drives are more prone (pardon the pun) to anal intercourse or whether the more time you spend making love, the more likely you are to explore what D. H. Lawrence, in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, called a secret place. Probably both are true.

Occupation and educational level apparently have little impact on a person's decision to try anal intercourse. We found that the distribution of those who had experimented with it was just about equal in all classifications. Women in their 20s and 30s are more likely to try it than their older and younger counterparts, while men in their 30s are more likely to try it than all other age groups. Marital status also has some relationship to the likelihood of a person's trying it. Fewer than half of our married and single male respondents have done it, while more than 60 percent of those who are divorced, remarried or cohabiting have tried it. The same pattern holds true for women. Nearly three quarters of the remarried women have tried it, compared with 59 percent of the women who are in their first marriage. That fits with our finding that first-time-married and single people are somewhat less experimental than those who are cohabiting, divorced, widowed or remarried.

Mailer's statement that once a woman has anal intercourse she's likely to become promiscuous may have some basis in fact. Using two measures of promiscuity—whether or not a person has offered sex to a stranger and the number of sex partners a person has had—we found that women who fulfill both are more likely to have tried anal sex. It's hard to say, however, which came first for those women—promiscuity or anal intercourse.

ANAL-ORAL SEX

Just trust me when I tell you that a guy's asshole is his most prized spot. And if he's aware of it, your mouth on his ass is crossing a line in his book and can be a powerful turn-on. I tell my boyfriend that his asshole is his pussy and that I can put my tongue and my fingers into his pussy. The imagery gives him enormous erections. I put my tongue into his ass and rub his penis at the same time. It gives me a buzz just writing about it.

—FEMALE RESPONDENT, EARLY 20S, SOME COLLEGE, SINGLE

Feuille de rose: Tongue stimulation of the anus and perineum in either sex. Not unaesthetic if you wash carefully and happens naturally in a lot of tongue play, but don't do it if you don't like the idea—or be afraid to suggest it if you do. —ALEX COMFORT, "The Joy of Sex"

Apparently, quite a few people like the idea. Thirty-six percent of the men and 39 percent of the women who answered our questionnaire have tried *feuille de rose*. Women under 21 are the most likely to have tried it (42 percent); the likelihood of engaging in anal-oral contact gradually declines in older age groups. The largest percentage of men falls into the 30–39 age group, but experience with anal-oral sex in all age groups is about the same, ranging from 33 to 39 percent for men and from 34 to 42 percent for women.

Education, income and occupation don't seem to have much impact on a person's inclination to try anal-oral sex. Sexual identity and marital status seem to have more relationship to a person's experience with this practice than any other factors.

Homosexual and bisexual men are far more likely than heterosexual men to have tried it. Nearly two thirds of homosexual men and nearly three out of five bisexual men say they've had anal-oral sex, compared with 34 percent of heterosexual men. Bisexual women are much more likely to have tried it than either heterosexual or homosexual women. About 60 percent of bisexual women, compared with 37 percent of heterosexual women and 39 percent of homosexual women, have shared *feuille de rose* with a lover.

And, as with most experimental sexual activities, people who are divorced, widowed, remarried or cohabiting are slightly more likely than married or single people to have had this experience.

The main question, however, is, Are the folks who do it having more fun than those who don't? With men, the answer is probably yes. Of those who have experienced that form of stimulation, 65 percent say their sex lives are satisfactory and 86 percent say they're good lovers. Of those who have never tasted it, only 59 percent say their sex lives are satisfactory and 80 percent consider themselves good lovers. For

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The 007 Sex Quiz on page 94.

1. B	12. B	22. A	32. B
2. A	13. A	23. C	33. A
3. C	14. C	24. B	34. C
4. B	15. B	25. A	35. B
5. C	16. B	26. B	36. A
6. C	17. C	27. A	37. C
7. B	18. A	28. C	38. C
8. B	19. C	29. B	39. A
9. C	20. B	30. C	40. B
10. B	21. A	31. A	41. B
11. C			42. C

SCORING

Total your number of correct answers to see where you rank.

38–42	Excellent. Ian Fleming would be pleased. After this quiz, taking on Pussy, Kissy and Honey would be a snap.
30–37	Well done. Holly and Plenty would gladly have you. And vice versa, we're sure.
20–29	Not bad, but you could do better. Perhaps you've been paying a bit too much attention to the gadgets.
10–19	Back to spy school. Even Bibi is disappointed.
0–9	Sorry. Rosa Klebb would like a word with you. Alone.

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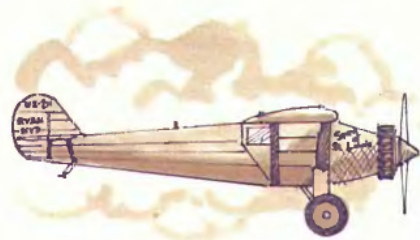
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women, anal-oral sex doesn't have much impact on sexual satisfaction—about 77 percent of both women who have and women who haven't tried it say they are satisfied with their sex lives. But it does contribute to a woman's self-image. Eighty-five percent of women who have done it rate themselves good lovers, compared with 79 percent of those who haven't.

People who have tried anal-oral sex tend to be more adventuresome with other experimental behavior than those who have never tried it. As might be expected, they're likely (60 percent of the men and 71 percent of the women) to have tried anal intercourse. And they're also more likely to have talked dirty during sex.

By the way, if you're wondering what *feuille de rose* means, it's "rose leaf"—a reference to the vague similarity in appearance between the anus and a rosebud (a poetic, idealistic conception, perhaps, but rather nice, we think). For those who remember that Citizen Kane died longing for Rosebud, the movie may take on a new meaning (or did you really think it was a sled?).

TALKING DIRTY

"Now fuck me!" she whispered, and her mouth twisted savagely. She lay crosswise on the bed, her skirt around her neck. "Pull it off!" she begged, too feverish to find the snaps. "I want you to fuck me as though you never had me before."

"Wait a minute," I said, pulling out. "I'm going to take these damned things off first."

"Quick, quick!" she pleaded. "Put it in all the way. Jesus, Val, I could never do without you. . . . Yes, good, good . . . that's it." She was squirming like an eel. "Oh, Val, you must never let me go. Tight, hold me tight! Oh, God, I'm coming. . . ."

—HENRY MILLER, *"The Rosy Crucifixion: Sexus"*

Great that you asked about this. With the right man, I love it, and I bet a lot of other women do, too. Why? Because it massages your imagination, lets you articulate your fantasies and just makes the whole thing so much more exciting. I think it also lets your partner know exactly what you want and what you like.

—FEMALE RESPONDENT, MID-20S, COLLEGE GRADUATE, SINGLE

There haven't been any major studies of how people talk (or don't talk) to each other when they're having sex, so we were venturing into uncharted waters when we asked, "Do you and your partner 'talk dirty' during sex?" It turns out that it's a good question. Two out of five men and nearly half of the women say they do.

And the odds are that if a woman has tried it, she has liked it. Talking dirty is the first type of experimental behavior we've

discussed that seems to increase the likelihood of a woman's saying her sex life is satisfying. Four out of five women who have tried it say their sex lives are satisfying, while three quarters of those who haven't say they are. It has a slightly greater impact on male satisfaction.

Comfort elucidates in *The Joy of Sex*:

It is the one time when people are spiritually most naked. There is a striking consistency, over ages and continents, in what women say in orgasm. Japanese, Indian, French and English all babble about dying . . . about Mother (they often call for her at the critical moment) and about religion even if they are atheists. This is natural—orgasm is the most religious moment of our lives, of which all other mystical kicks are a mere translation. Men are apt to growl like bears or utter aggressive monosyllables, like "In, in, in!" . . . There are an infinite variety of sounds short of speech. . . . Some of the "words" are common—a gasp when

a touch registers right, a shuddering outbreak when you follow through. Women, and some men, talk continuously in a sort of baby whisper or repeat four-letter words of the most unlikely kind. . . .

Age and marital status don't have much to do with whether or not people use lewd language when making love—and with one exception, sexual identity doesn't, either. That one exception is that bisexual women experience dirty talk more than any other group of men or women, heterosexual or homosexual. Nearly two thirds of bisexual women say they've used lusty language during sex. By contrast, only 48 percent of the heterosexual women and 41 percent of the heterosexual men say so.

We'll close this section with a note we received from one of our female respondents about a variation of dirty sex talk that—at least in the ads we see in some sex magazines and newspapers—is popular with a small but vocal group:

This is one of my favorite things in life: There is nothing quite like a



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mutual-masturbation scene over the phone. You talk your partner through a real sex act that you have shared or a fantasy sex act that you know would interest your partner, then you come. It really works and is very erotic. Just ask around.

HAVING SEX IN PUBLIC

We had a bit of a walk from the subway station to her home. Along the way, we stopped under a tree and started to mash it up. I had my hand up her dress and she was fumbling with my fly. We were leaning against a tree trunk. . . . She had just got my pecker out and was opening her legs for me to ram it home when suddenly, from the branches above, a huge black cat pounced on us, screaming as if in heat. We nearly dropped dead with fright. . . .

—“*The Rosy Crucifixion: Sexus*”

Having sex in public can be dangerous, as that passage illustrates. However, it's not the fear of being attacked by dogs or cats that grips most people who consider it but the fear of being caught by other people. Yet that fear is what heightens sexual excitement for those who willingly engage in it. And their numbers are surprisingly large. Thirty-seven percent of the men and 35 percent of the women say they have had public sex at least once.

The sex-life ratings of men who have experimented with sex in public follow the same pattern as for the other experimental behavior: The more a man experiments, the happier he is with his sex life. Two thirds of the men in our survey who have tried it say their sex lives are satisfying, while only 59 percent of those who haven't say they are.

Perhaps the greatest single factor related to public sex is number of partners—the more men and women have had, the greater the likelihood they've had public sex. Also, nonorgasmic women are the least likely to have tried it.

Since age, occupation, education, religion and where you live have little bearing on the likelihood of trying public sex, we suspect that many of those men and women who do it like the excitement that comes with risk taking.

Perhaps the best summation of the psychology of having sex in public is this one-line explanation from one of our male respondents: “She and I like to take chances.”

SEX WITH MORE THAN ONE PERSON AT A TIME

Maude looked on with a pleasant smile of satisfaction. I leaned forward and kissed Elsie's cunt.

“It's wonderful not to be jealous anymore,” said Maude very simply.

Elsie's face was scarlet. She didn't quite know what her role was, how far she dared go. She studied Maude intently, as though not altogether convinced of

her sincerity. Now I was kissing Maude passionately, my fingers in Elsie's cunt the while. I felt Elsie pressing closer, moving herself. The juice was pouring over my fingers. At the same time, Maude raised herself and, shifting her bottom, adroitly managed to sink down again with my prick neatly fitted inside her. She was facing forward now, her face pressed against Elsie's breast. She raised her head and took the nipple in her mouth. Elsie gave a shudder and her cunt began to quiver with silken spasms. Now Maude's hand, which had been resting on Elsie's waist, slid down and caressed the smooth cheeks. In another moment, it had slipped farther down and encountered mine. I drew my hand away instinctively. Elsie shifted a little and then Maude leaned forward and placed her mouth on Elsie's cunt. At the same time Elsie bent forward, over Maude, and put her lips to mine. The three of us were now quivering as if we had the ague.

—“*The Rosy Crucifixion: Sexus*”

About a third of the men (37 percent) and the women (34 percent) in our survey say they have had sex with two or more people at the same time.

When it comes to *ménage à trois* (*à quatre, à cinq*, etc.), we have to admit that our readers seem to be considerably more adventurous than the rest of the population, judging from the numbers of *ménageurs* reported in other surveys. Hunt, for instance, found that only 13 percent of the married men and two percent of the married women who took part in his survey had had multiple-partner experiences. Or perhaps we're witnessing a sudden erosion of a long-standing American taboo: Thou shalt not have sex with more than one person at a time.

Still, we think that three-way sex remains, even in today's sexually liberal atmosphere, a fairly radical form of experimentation. Therefore, it's no surprise that people who have tried it are generally more experimental than people who haven't. Sixty-nine percent of the men who have tried three or more in bed and 82 percent of the women who have, have tried anal intercourse. Approximately half of the men and women who have had more than one partner at a time have also tried anal-oral contact and/or talking dirty during sex. In fact, the one experimental practice these folks don't try much is bondage.

At any rate, those who have tried sex in threesomes or more seem to be enjoying themselves. Sixty-four percent of the men and 75 percent of the women who have tried it say they're satisfied with their sex lives. The same holds true of both men's and women's opinions of themselves as lovers: Those who have tried sex with more than one person are more likely than not to say they're good lovers.

The question most people who haven't had a *ménage à trois* (or more) might ask of those who have is, Don't you ever feel

jealous sharing your lover with another person? So it's interesting (and consistent) that when given the ultimate test of liberality, represented by the question Could you forgive your partner if he/she had an affair? people who have tried such a *ménage*, unlike the vast majority of people who haven't, show a tendency to forgive and forget. About 60 percent of them say they could forgive an affair, compared with fewer than 50 percent of those who haven't tried sex with two or more.

While education has little bearing on the likelihood that a person has tried sex with more than one person, age and income do matter to some extent. One out of four men between the ages of 21 and 29 has tried it, while one out of three men 30 and over has. Women of all ages report similar experience with multiple partners.

For women, income isn't much of a factor; but it seems that the more money a man makes, the more likely he is to have tried sex with two or more. Forty percent of those who earn more than \$40,000 a year say they have, compared with only 27 percent of those who make \$20,000 or less a year.

Marital status has a significant impact on the likelihood of a person's having tried the *ménage* arrangement. As with most of the other kinds of sexual experimentation, cohabitants report the most experience with three-way sex (41 percent of the males and 37 percent of the females) and married people report the least (25 percent of the men and 21 percent of the women). Those divorced, widowed or remarried aren't far behind the frolicsome cohabitants. For example, 39 percent of the remarried men and 34 percent of the divorced or widowed women have had a *ménage* at least once. (We can't say when they had them—perhaps before and after marriage—but they had them.) Only 29 percent of the single (and never married) people in our survey population have ever tried it: Swinging singles don't swing as much as you may think.

But the factor that, more than any other, influences the probability of your trying multiple-partner sex is sexual identity. In our survey, homosexual men and women and bisexual men are at least *twice* as likely to have tried multiple-partner sex as heterosexual men and women. Bisexual women report having had a *ménage* more frequently than any other group: Nearly 76 percent of them have tried three-way sex. Sixty-five percent of homosexual men say they've tried multiple-partner sex, followed by bisexual men, of whom 58 percent have tried it. Of heterosexuals, a little more than a quarter of the men have tried it, with women reporting only a slightly lower percentage.

If you're wondering what the most popular form of *ménage à trois* is for those who have tried it, it depends upon your sexual identity. For heterosexual men, the most popular mode is one man, two women (17 percent), followed by two men

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and one woman (11 percent). For heterosexual women, two men and one woman and two women and one man are equally popular (12 percent). For bisexual men, a threesome composed of three people of the same sex is as popular as doing it with one man and one woman. For homosexual men, doing it with two people of the same sex is far and away the most popular kind of group sex. Forty-two percent of the homosexual men who answered our survey have had sex with two other men and 21 percent have had sex with more than two people. Interestingly, homosexual women report a higher incidence of sex with one man and one woman (18 percent) than with two women (16 percent). That may be because (as we'll explain) men are more likely to instigate experimental sexual behavior—of all kinds and combinations—than women. For bisexual women, sex with one man and one woman is the head-and-shoulders favorite (34 percent), followed by sex with two men (20 percent).

BONDAGE

Bondage, or as the French call it, ligottage, is the gentle art of tying up your sex partner—not to overcome reluctance but to boost orgasm. It's one unscheduled sex technique which a lot of people find extremely exciting but are scared to try and a venerable human re-

source for increasing sexual feeling, partly because it's a harmless expression of sexual aggression—something we badly need, our culture being very uptight about it—and still more because of its physical effects: A slow orgasm when unable to move is a mind-blowing experience for anyone not too frightened of their own aggressive self to try it.

—“The Joy of Sex”

The first time we were in bed together, he held my hands pinned down above my head. I liked it. I liked him. He was moody in a way that struck me as romantic; he was funny, bright, interesting to talk to; and he gave me pleasure.

The second time, he picked my scarf up off the floor where I had dropped it while getting undressed, smiled and said, “Would you let me blindfold you?” No one had blindfolded me in bed before and I liked it. I liked him even better than the first night and later couldn't stop smiling while brushing my teeth.

The third time, he repeatedly brought me to within a hairsbreadth of coming. When I was beside myself yet again and he stopped once more, I heard my voice, disembodied above the bed, pleading with him to continue. He obliged. I was beginning to fall in love.

The fourth time, when I was aroused enough to be fairly oblivious, he used the

same scarf to tie my wrists together. That morning, he had sent 13 roses to my office. —ELIZABETH MC NEILL, “Nine and a Half Weeks”

First, we should distinguish between simple bondage and sadomasochism, which often includes bondage. Simple bondage is just that: restraining someone (with rope, handcuffs, tied stockings, etc.) and then making love to him or her. Sadomasochism involves inflicting pain and treating the person in the passive role in a humiliating way. (Or, as Ray Parker, Jr., sings, “Beat me, *whup* me; break out the leather, baby.”) Simple bondage does not involve either pain or humiliation.

We should also explain why we're including bondage in this list of experimental practices, since relatively small percentages of our respondents (17 percent of the women and 11 percent of the men) report having tried it. We include it because, when tabulating the responses of those who've tried bondage, we found that they were the most likely to have tried *all* of the experimental kinds of sex we've described. If there is a hierarchy of experimentiveness, so to speak, people who have tried bondage are at the top.

Half of the men who have tried it are between the ages of 21 and 29, and a whopping 62 percent of the women are in the same age range. The cohabitants of both sexes are most likely to have tried bondage.

Sexual identity is an important factor in a person's inclination to try bondage. Homosexual and bisexual men are twice as likely as straights to tie up their partners. Bisexual women engage in bondage more than anybody else, including homosexual men. Thirty-five percent of bisexual women say they've tried bondage, compared with 16 percent of the heterosexual women and 19 percent of the homosexual women. (Overall, bisexual women are more experimental with all sorts of sex.)

If you're wondering who is doing more tying down of whom, it seems just about even, if we are to judge from the bondage experimenters' answers to “Have you ever played a passive role in a partner's fantasy?” About two thirds of both men and women who have tried bondage say they have played a passive role, compared with 35 percent of the men and 29 percent of the women who have not tried bondage. Not surprisingly, a third of the men who say they have tried bondage have also tried S/M, but only a fourth of the women who say they have tried bondage have also tried S/M. People (both men and women) who have tried bondage are also more likely to have used a vibrator than are people who haven't tried it. Like those who have experimented with sex with more than one person, both men and women who have tried bondage report a higher degree of



“Herbert, sometimes I think you care more about your mother than you do about me!”

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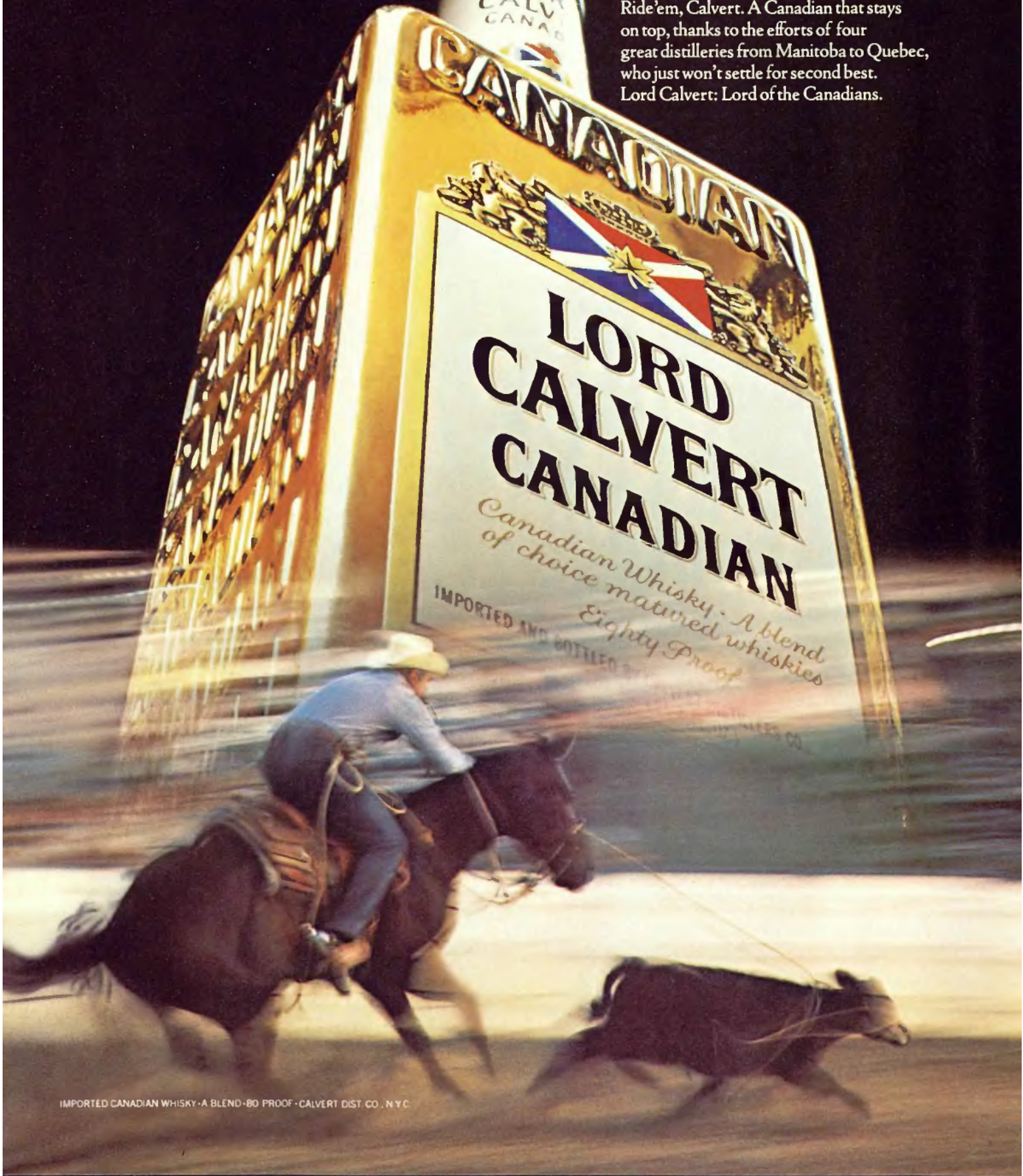
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sexual satisfaction than do the rest of those in our survey population and also are likelier to consider themselves good lovers than are those who don't practice restraint.

We'd like to make a few general observations on experimental sex. First of all, for some people, sexual experimentation is a form of risk taking, but not a blind risk. Most of the time, as we found, it increases sexual enjoyment. The likelihood of your sex life's being satisfying increases with the amount of experimenting you do. Fifty-two percent of the men who say they have never engaged in any experimental sex say they are satisfied with their sex lives; that percentage increases with the number of activities they have tried. The same holds true for the women who responded to our questionnaire, and they are more experimental than the men (23 percent of the men have never tried experimental sex, compared with 16 percent of the women).

It's worth noting that 74 percent of the women who say they have never tried experimental sex are satisfied with their sex lives. Not until we sample males who have tried five varieties of experimental sex do we get the same number who say their sex lives are satisfactory.

That raises a few questions for sociologists. Are women more easily satisfied than men? (Shere Hite, swallow your gum.) Or are women's expectations lower than men's? Or are men simply more demanding of variety than women? Whichever answer applies, it's time to say that even though women are generally more satisfied than men without sexual experimentation, *with* experimentation they become (in the immortal phraseology of Marvin Gaye) *sat-is-fied*. Those who have engaged in five or more types of experimental behavior—anal intercourse, talking dirty, anal-oral contact, sex with more than one person at a time and bondage—report an admirable 82 percent satisfaction rate.

The same pattern holds true for our respondents' opinions of themselves as lovers: The more experimenting they've done, the more likely they are to say they're good lovers.

We found that we can't categorize the *type* of person who's likely to try sexual experimentation, but one possible indicator for men is whether or not they feel comfortable talking about sex. Both men and women who say they are comfortable discussing the subject are more likely to experiment than are those who say they aren't comfortable discussing sex.

Despite the notion that people with strong religious commitments shun sex (and certainly experimental sex), the facts argue otherwise. For those who engage in anal intercourse, anal-oral contact, bondage, sex with more than one person at a

time and talking dirty, the percentage of those who say they are very religious differs by only a few points from the percentage of those who say they are not religious at all. True, the very religious generally engage in those activities slightly less often than do those who are less religious, but the difference is so slight as to be inconsequential. Most surprising is the fact that women who describe themselves as "very religious" are just as likely as women who say they're only somewhat religious to have tried sex with more than one partner at a time and bondage—the two most experimental behaviors we've discussed. Apparently, in the nation whose religious tradition brought you witch-hunts and blue laws, what religion may or may not frown upon has little impact on what people do in their own bedrooms.

In line with that thought, we think it's appropriate to close with part of a letter we received from a woman who described both herself and her Mormon husband as believing "deeply in God":

Bruce and I believe the reason our love and marriage has lasted so long is twofold: good communication and sexual variety. Not to say our marriage is perfect. We've had our ups and downs—sexual, emotional and financial—over the past 17 years. But we've always worked together to solve our problems.

Bruce and I both had secret love affairs early in our marriage. The destructiveness of those secretive sexual encounters far outweighed their benefits. When we came to acknowledge our sexual needs openly, it actually strengthened our relationship instead of harming it. In the past 12 years, we have tried anything both of us wanted to do: a threesome for me and, for him, mild B and D and S/M, sexual encounters with an "outsider," fantasy sex games, oral sex, anal sex, etc. This experimental attitude has kept the magic in our sex life. We're not bored with each other and plan to find an even greater sexual variety in years to come. As the saying goes, you're not getting older, you're getting better!

Are certain types of women more orgasmic than others, and if so, who are they? In the next installment of our series examining the results of our sex survey, we'll be taking a hard look at that most elusive and controversial of sexual phenomena, the female orgasm.

By Walter Lowe, Jr., in collaboration with Arthur Kretchmer, James R. Petersen, Barbara Nellis, Janet Lever and Rosanna Hertz.



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CARRIE FISHER

(continued from page 153)

you. I didn't grow up with both of them, but growing up with even one of them was not—I mean, I was on the movie-star map. When I was three hours old, I was photographed by *Modern Screen*. I don't like being photographed. My father is now publicly saying that he took a lot of drugs. I don't remember that. I spent my summers in Vegas. That was camp to me—sitting by the pool and hearing that weird music and having people paged.

10.

PLAYBOY: Was there anything in your father's book that embarrassed you?

FISHER: I read some of it. He can't embarrass me. I don't own him. That's how he wanted to work out his life: to write about it and gain that perspective. I read it to see whether or not he talked badly about my mother. They're not on good terms.

11.

PLAYBOY: Growing up with prominent breasts, were you made to feel any particular way about them?

FISHER: Breasts? Mine? I don't even think about myself like that. In *Shampoo*, it's true. For *Star Wars*, they had me tape down my breasts, because there are no breasts in space. Camera tape, gaffer tape. At the end of every day, I was going to draw a lottery and one of the crew could rip off the tape. I never did it, though.

Actually, my mother is more famous for her breasts than I could ever be for mine. Groucho Marx, in front of Nate 'n AP's, once told me she had a great chest. He was going to visit her in the hospital to see if they were real. He also said that on the Cavett show. So I have some. I have two.

12.

PLAYBOY: We have heard that you are financially set for life. What unexpected things has that allowed you to do?

FISHER: I have this house and I have an apartment in New York. And I can always pick up the check for dinner. I'm pretty comfortable financially, but you never are for very long. If you make a lot of money, taxes come screaming to your door and take most of it away. I've done well for somebody who's 26. Unfortunately, I was brought up real privileged. That allows you material comfort, which I always had. It allowed me not to be financially dependent on my mother at 18 and to live real comfortably and travel and do things. I don't do ridiculous things with money. My business manager has socked mine away so hard, I'm loath to buy a chair. One of my mother's biggest threats was always that she'd take away my Saks card. Now I don't even have one. Money is a nice thing to have. Everything you see here I own.

13.

PLAYBOY: On what do you spend exorbitant amounts of money?

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FISHER: I take a lot of lessons. I do a lot of intensive seminars. I travel a lot. I spend a lot on clothes and sexy lingerie, video tapes and books and furniture and primitive folk art. It's best to buy art if you really know what you're buying. I like Magritte and a guy named Donald Roller Wilson. I like surrealists. I have such anxiety about money.

14.

PLAYBOY: Do you oversee your own investments and bills?

FISHER: Yeah, but they don't make that much sense to me. Just enough so I know I'm not being railroaded. I don't turn ev-

erything over to my business manager.

15.

PLAYBOY: Are you a corporation?

FISHER: Yup. Deliquesce. Paul Simon named it for me. It means melting. He's into etymology, as am I, slightly. He knows all these real strange words. That's the strangest of them all.

16.

PLAYBOY: Is there a social etiquette for being rich?

FISHER: Not that I'm aware of but probably so. I'm completely unconscious and underwater about it. If I want to do something

that costs a lot of money and I want to do it with someone who doesn't have much money, I'll pay. Everybody contributes something. If all I contribute is money, I feel really terrible, because I would like my contribution to be more than that. But if I want to go somewhere and this particular person can't afford it, the etiquette on that is "I'll pay for you to come if you'll come." It all evens out, I think. It's never been a problem that I pick up more than my share of bar bills.

17.

PLAYBOY: How can men impress you?

FISHER: Lifting weights. Saving people from drowning. Diving off a building. Setting themselves on fire. I'm totally impressed. They impress me if they can have a good time most of the time. When they don't struggle in their lives, that's impressive.

18.

PLAYBOY: What won't you do on a first date?

FISHER: I won't marry the guy. I won't get engaged. I won't have anyone's child. I'm fond of kissing. It's part of my job. God sent me down to kiss a lot of people. I usually meet people in a group. Actually, I don't date, so I don't know what I would or wouldn't do. I'll date awhile this week and get back to you.

19.

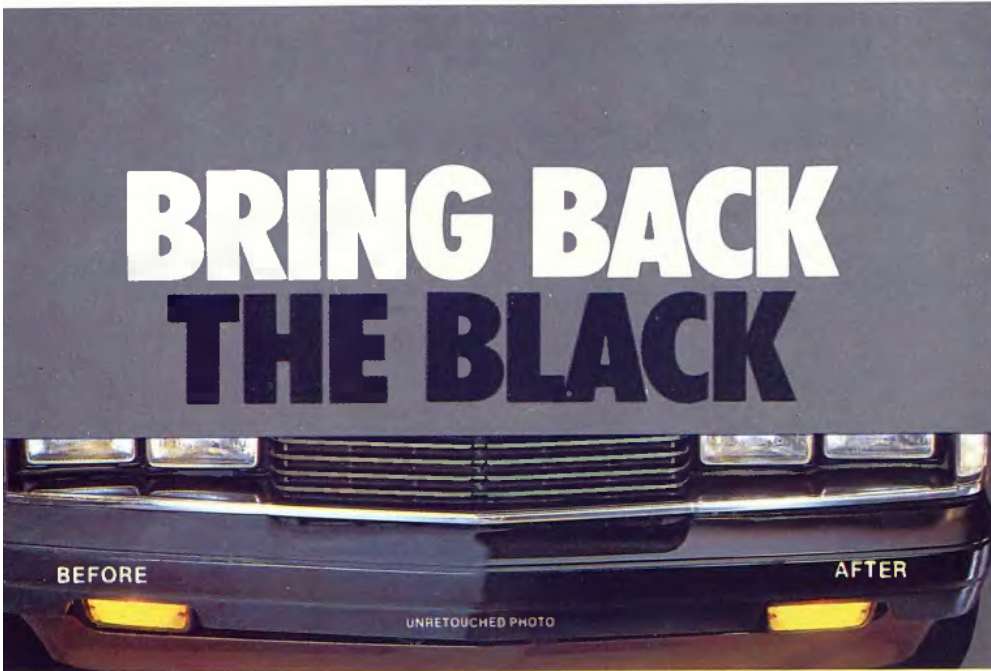
PLAYBOY: With whom would you want to spend your life, Yoda or E.T.?

FISHER: Yoda's a little better-looking. E.T. seems like a much more pleasant person. He seems real nice, but Yoda is a teacher, and I like learning things. At this point, let me say E.T., because he's so much more popular. I like Yoda. I like that he's smaller than I am. It's like *The Dating Game* with extraterrestrials: "Extraterrestrial Number One, how far would I have to go on our first date—Pluto or Uranus, so to speak?"

20.

PLAYBOY: At its leanest, what does your purse contain?

FISHER: Oh, fuck. I've got everything in here. What do you want? I always feel as if I'm moving. I haven't lived in one place for about four years. I have my passport, my checkbook, my beeper for the phone, postcards; it's nuts. I carry books with me. It weighs four or five pounds. I have another purse in it. I have all this junk. I don't even know what it is. And that's lean. It's frightening. I don't know how to minimize those contents. It's like having a backpack everywhere I go. I think life is an eternal campground.



There's nothing sleeker than the black look on today's cars. But how do you keep that black rich and lustrous? Well, now there's a one-of-a-kind product that cleans and seals black bumpers, trim and molding: Black Chrome™ cleaner & sealant from Turtle Wax.®

Black Chrome's creamy white lotion instantly gives black rubber and vinyl that deep, satiny look. Two cleaning solvents, plus emulsifiers, loosen, lift and suspend dirt and grime. But more than cleaning, Black Chrome's unique formula actually seals in that look for months of protection. Plus, Black Chrome works just as well on soiled bumper guards, textured plastic surfaces, simulated wood grain, tires and other vinyl and rubber colors.

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TO DEALERS: You are authorized as our agent to redeem this coupon for 50¢ with the purchase by a consumer of Black Chrome or Silver Chrome. We will pay you 7¢ handling plus the retail price indicated on the coupon for each of these coupons redeemed in accordance with the terms of this offer. Invoices covering purchase of sufficient stock to cover redemption of coupons must be shown on request. Coupons void if presented by outside agency, broker or non-retail distributor or where use of is prohibited, restricted or taxed. Sales tax must be paid by consumer. Coupon is void and will not be honored if duplicated or reproduced. Cash redemption value 1/20¢. Offer good only in U.S.A. Mail to: Turtle Wax, Inc., P.O. Box 4023 Clinton, IA 52734. Offer expires: October 31, 1983.



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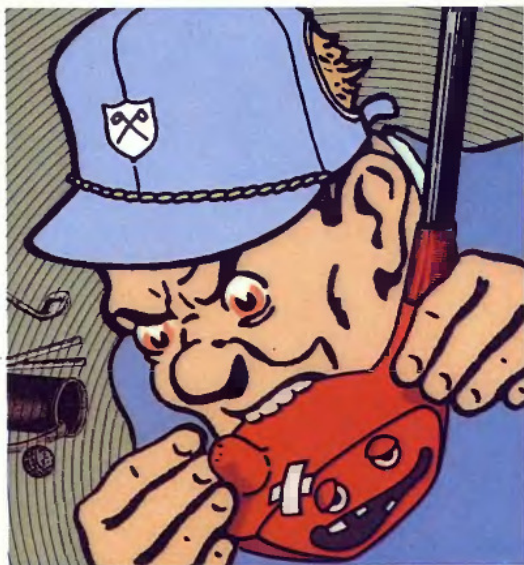
D'edini

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

CLUB TO BEAT

Instead of whaling the bejesus out of your favorite driver the next time your golf game suffers in the rough, simply haul out your Wildwood Club and make like the Marquis de Sade. You can pound a Wildwood, bite it or stick it into a tree and the damn thing keeps coming back for more. (No, it doesn't walk on water.) And Wildwood's price is also tough to beat—it's \$29.95, postpaid, sent to StamShak Inc., 14242 N.W. Seventh Avenue, Miami, Florida 33168. Being weighted, your Wildwood is a great warm-up club, too.



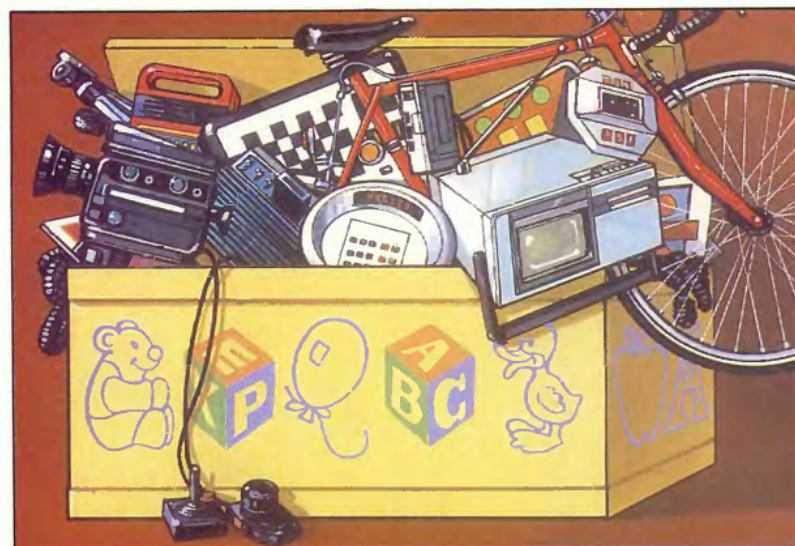
HOME IS THE SAILOR

If your idea of a big night on the town is to go down to the docks and watch sailors practice tying knots, then *Sea Heritage News*, a quarterly tabloid newspaper crammed with the lore and lure of the briny, may be right up your hornpipe. Twenty-five dollars sent to the *News* at 254-26 75th Avenue, Glen Oaks, New York 11004, gets you a subscription, a marine print, a cassette of sea chanties and—get this, skipper—a scroll proclaiming you a lieutenant commander in the *S.H.* fleet.



WEATHERING HEIGHTS

Ever since Bogey and the boys got together at Rick's Café Americain in *Casablanca*, the ceiling fan has been synonymous with a more easygoing era, when you were cooled by paddle blades rather than blasted by air conditioning. There are plenty of ceiling-fan manufacturers around, but Airmaster Fan Company, 150 W. North Street, Jackson, Michigan 49202, is the only one we know that makes an outdoor model that's designed to be used over hot tubs or anywhere you want to keep cool and beat the weather, too. The price of an Autumaire outdoor fan—as shown here sharing this young lady's shower—is only \$145 F.O.B. the Airmaster factory. That's a breeze.



SOMETHING TO TOY WITH

As Ed McMahon would say, *everything* you ever could possibly want is in *The Complete Book of Adult Toys* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), an oversize \$12.95 softcover that authors David Lachenbruch and Craig Norback have crammed with sources for a variety of stuff from a brass, personalized chewing-gum holder (\$18) to a Piper AeroStar 602P (\$376,860) that can fly 1300 miles between refueling stops. Our hard-boiled favorite is an egg peeler that Hammacher Schlemmer in New York sells for \$10. Eggs extra.

RING IN THE NEW

When the phone rings at the Belcaro Barbershop in Denver, the customers and cutters hear *Shave and a Haircut*. And at Allyns Bridal Store, the phone comes alive to the *Wedding March*. Those are just two of 30 tunes—from *Charge!* to *O Canada*—that a micro-processor gadget called Phone-Tunes plays once you've hooked it up. More good news: The price for silencing Ma Bell is only \$52.70 sent to Citation Marketing, 999 18th Street, Suite 1000, Denver 80202. That rings *our* chimes!



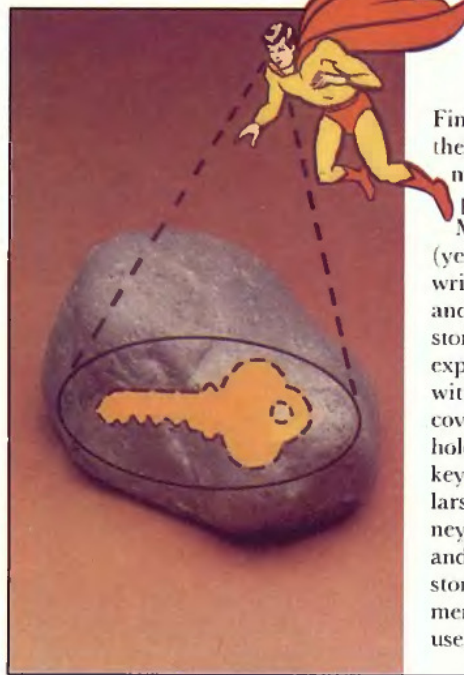
TENNIS PARTNER, ANYONE?

From the land of Saabs and Bjorn Borg comes Tennis Partner, a Swedish-made, weather-resistant, PVC-surfaced training aid that returns a ball to you at the same speed and the correct height to practice and improve serves, volleys, ground strokes and slam shots. Tennis Partner requires a space no larger than 13' x 8', so it goes anywhere from an apartment to a garage. And its \$299.95, postpaid, price (sent to Kassal Enterprises, P.O. Box 92, Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey 07604) isn't a ball buster, either.



ROCK AND A HIDING PLACE

Find a better hiding place for the house key than under the mat and the world will beat a path to your door. That's what Mary Ellen Pinkham has done (yes, she's the same lady who writes household-hint books) and her invention, The Keystone, is exactly what you'd expect it to be: a synthetic rock with a secret compartment covered by a tiny door that will hold as many as four spare keys. Keystones go for five dollars each at selected J. C. Penney's, Macy's, Bloomingdale's and other major department stores. If you live in an apartment building, you can always use it as a doorstop.



SUPERSPENDER SERVICE

Executives who loathe the tedious flight from New York to L.A. or San Francisco can now kiss their red eyes goodbye. FirstAir Airlines has inaugurated a flight plan in which about 20 biggies fly from coast to coast surrounded by all the corporate comforts of home. That includes four conference rooms, secretarial service, air-ground phone use, market reports, great food, a private landing/take-off area and more. The price? \$1500 per person one way. Way to fly!



GOLDEN FLEECE

The *Goldbook*, a multilingual guide to the best of Beverly Hills, has already found its way into the sweaty palms of lotus land's needy rich. And all 162 gilt-edged pages can be yours, too, for \$35 (\$45 if you want the deluxe leather-bound edition) sent to The Goldbook, P.O. Box 11193, Beverly Hills, California 90213. If the \$1750 sterling-silver tennis-ball canister from Bulgari seems too paltry, there's Michael Landon's seven-bedroom "Little House" on more than seven acres overlooking Beverly Hills that's going for a mere \$13,000,000. That tallies up to just a million bucks a bathroom.



OFF THE ROAD AGAIN! (continued from page 137)

"The Dodge Ramcharger is an old-school sports utility—big, muscular and macho."

cars than like the tall, tippy 4wds of old; and they're equally at home arriving at a country club or ascending a steep mountain slope. For our 4wd showcase, we've selected six very different vehicles. Four are domestic, two are Japanese. Sizes range from small to hulking, and base prices start at well under five figures. For work or play, off road or on, there's something here for everyone.

CHEVROLET S-10 BLAZER

The most striking thing about Chevy's new baby Blazer (and its near-identical twin, G.M.C. Division's S-15 Jimmy) is its eye appeal. Chevrolet stylists have created a beautifully proportioned little machine without losing the broad-shouldered ruggedness that goes with the sports-utility territory. Also impressive are the S-10's carlike ride and handling characteristics; and Chevy's new fully automatic Insta-Trac (standard with 4wd) lets you shift from two- to four-wheel drive on the fly at any speed. A 2.0-liter, 83-horsepower four-cylinder engine and four-speed manual

transmission are standard, but most buyers will prefer the optional 2.8-liter, 110-hp V6 for extra zip at a small sacrifice in fuel economy. Five-speed manual and four-speed automatic transmissions are available, and E.P.A. economy ratings range from 21 mpg city, 30 highway for the base 4wd model to 19 city, 29 highway for the V6 automatic. Prices start at about \$9700 with 4wd.

DODGE RAMCHARGER

Chrysler Corporation's Dodge Ramcharger is an old-school sports utility—big, muscular and *macho*. So that no one misses the point, a mean-looking ram's-head hood ornament comes with the optional chrome grille, and the tailgate says DODGE RAM in big chrome letters. At 185 inches on a 106-inch wheelbase, it's the largest, heaviest and roomiest of our domestic vehicles. It carries the highest pay load (1445 pounds) and comes with the biggest engine—a 5.2-liter, 143-hp, two-barrel V8. Four-speed manual transmission is standard; three-speed automatic

and a 167-hp, four-barrel, 5.2-liter engine are optional. Don't look for much in the way of fuel economy (13 E.P.A. mpg city, 17 highway with 4wd), but if getting there and getting the job done in style and comfort are top priorities, this may be your choice. The 4wd version starts at \$11,000.

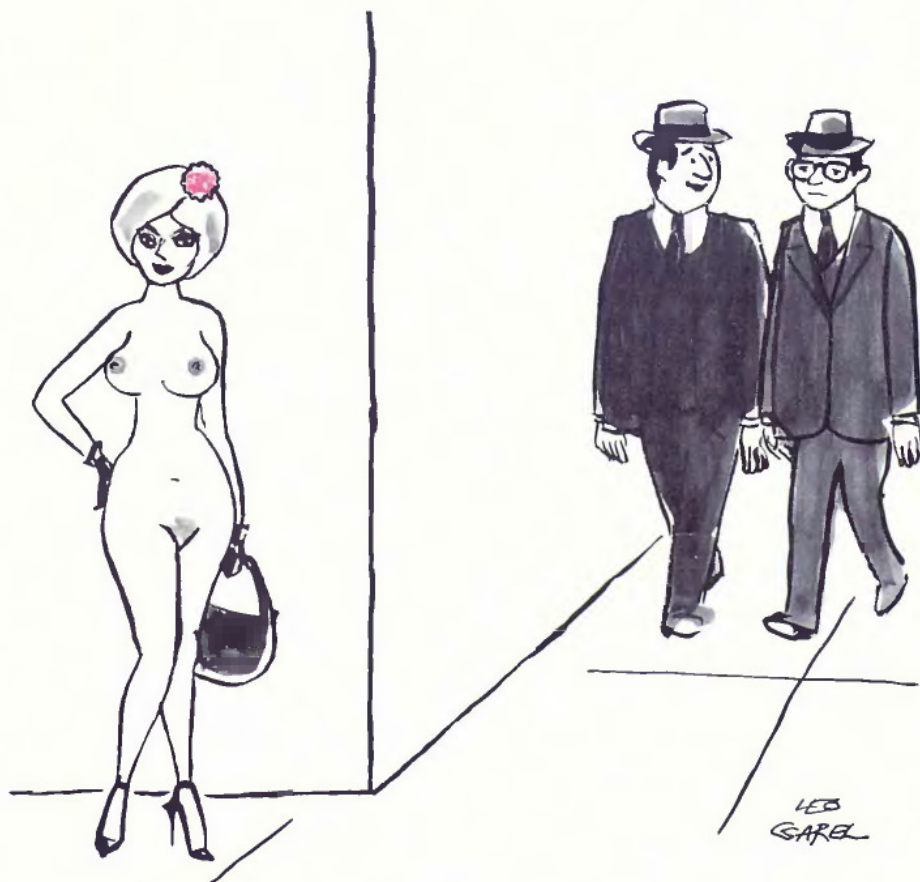
FORD BRONCO II

Like G.M.'s baby Blazer and G.M.C.'s Jimmy, Ford's Bronco II is derived from the company's new-for-'82 down-sized pickup. It's intentionally more trucklike and traditional than the competing General Motors products, so Ford's millions of satisfied light-truck customers will feel instantly at home. Styled to resemble a shrunken Bronco, it also looks much like a miniature Ramcharger with its egg-crate grille, wrap-over quarter windows and one-piece lift gate. It's shorter than the baby Blazer by a foot overall and carries more standard equipment (including a 115-hp, 2.8-liter V6 engine and a split, fold-down rear seat), so, at about \$10,000, its base price is higher. Four-speed manual is standard, five-speed manual or three-speed automatic optional. There is no four-cylinder engine as yet (maybe later this year) and no 2wd version. E.P.A. ratings for the standard 4wd, four-speed manual, V6-powered model are impressive at 20 mpg in the city and 30 on the highway.

JEEP CHEROKEE

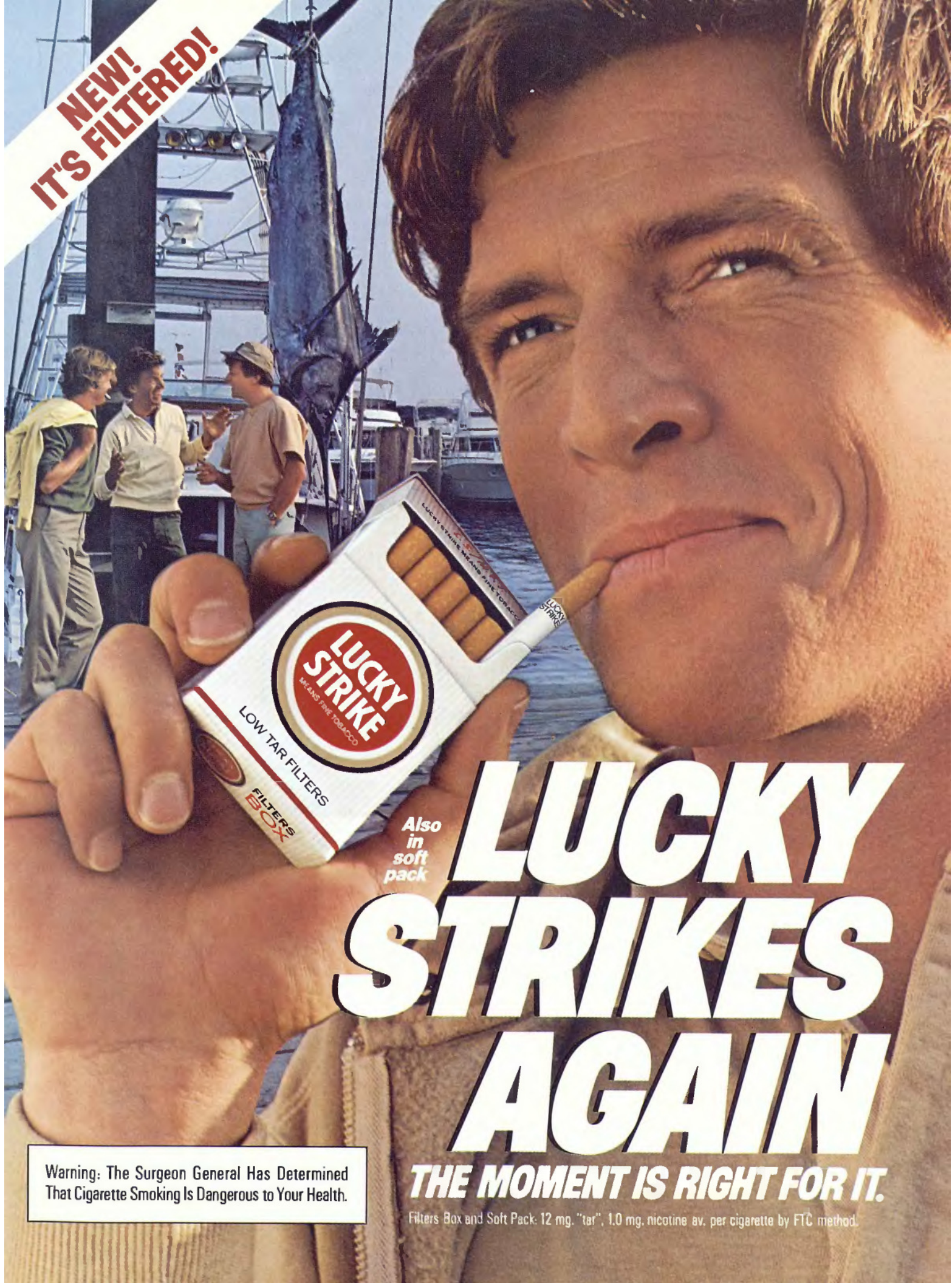
Ever since American Motors purchased the Jeep company 13 years ago, it has introduced new models and upgraded and improved its sturdy Jeep vehicles on a slow but steady basis. The introduction in the mid-Seventies of a revolutionary full-time 4wd system called Quadra-Trac gave higher-priced Jeeps a significant advantage in ease of operation. Since 1982, A.M.C. has offered as an option Selec-Trac, a development that allows switching to fuel-saving 2wd and back to 4wd (when stopped) at the flick of a cockpit switch. Still, the Jeep line has been around awhile; hence, the all-new, down-sized Cherokee and Wagoneer being readied for introduction late this summer. They are *not* derived from a pickup truck, and they will have some advantages over their G.M. and Ford competitors. Although five inches shorter than the small Blazer/Jimmy, for example, the new Cherokee/Wagoneer will have a bit more usable passenger room. Use of pedestal-mounted front buckets (similar to those in the A.M.C./Renault Alliance) and placement of the folding rear bench ahead of the rear axle give five-passenger capacity as compared with the competition's four. Cargo area behind the rear seat also will be larger than that in any current compact sports utility.

A new 105-hp, 2.5-liter four-cylinder standard engine should be E.P.A. rated in the 24-mpg city, 30 highway range with four-speed manual transmission. A



"She said she'd be wearing a red carnation."

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THE MOMENT IS RIGHT FOR IT.

Filters Box and Soft Pack: 12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

2.8-liter V6 built by G.M. will be optional, and both five-speed manual and three-speed automatic will be available options with either engine. The two-door Cherokee's doors are extra long for easy rear-seat access, and the luxury, family-oriented Wagoneer will be the only four-door in this size class. Look for a starting price of about \$10,000 when these new Jeeps hit showrooms in September.

MITSUBISHI MONTERO

After long supplying Chrysler Corporation with high-quality Japanese cars and trucks (Dodge Challenger, Colt and Ram 50, Plymouth Sapporo and Champ), Mitsubishi last year established a U.S. dealer network of its own. The first brand-name Mitsubishis here were the front-drive Cordia coupe and Tredia sedan and a turbocharged Starion 2+2 sports car. Then the new importer surprised the sports-utility market in April with a slick little 4wd called Montero. This is the smallest of our showcase six (157 inches on a 93-inch wheelbase) and the least expensive (about \$9200), despite its long list of standard features—radial tires on styled, spoke wheels; an outside spare-tire mount; protective skid plates; a fold-down rear seat; a unique suspended driver's seat; plus more. It has a perky, squared-off look, and its high (9.3-inch) ground clearance, short overhangs, 2.6-liter overhead-cam four-cylinder engine and short, sloping hood make it an off-road winner.

TOYOTA LAND CRUISER

Toyota has been selling anvil-tough Land Cruisers in this country almost as

long as it's been peddling cars. Although a bit on the primitive side in terms of comfort and amenities, Land Cruisers are built like bridge girders and are as reliable as tax increases, and they'll practically climb the sides of buildings if you can stay in the seat. They are powered by a low-revving, high-torque 4.2-liter six-cylinder engine (almost a carbon copy of Chevrolet's old-faithful straight six) that grinds out 125 hp through a heavy-duty four-speed manual transmission. They're intended more for serious off-road work and play than for on-highway cruising.

For 1981, the 108-inch-wheelbase Land Cruiser Wagon was redesigned into a more attractive, better-equipped package with a more comfortable and better-appointed interior, but the unbreakable chassis and power train were little changed. The massive, solid front axle still rides on heavy leaf springs, and the four-speed still cries out for an overdrive fifth gear. On the other hand, the new Wagon has the most ground clearance (9.4 inches) of our group and the second-highest payload (after the similar-sized Ramcharger) at 1171 pounds. Starting price is about \$13,000 for the Land Cruiser Wagon, while the smaller Land Cruiser Hardtop goes for about \$10,000. E.P.A. economy ratings are 12 mpg city, 17 highway for the Wagon and 13/17 for the Hardtop.

OTHER ROUGH RIDERS

A few European 4wds are being imported by small firms that modify them to meet U.S. safety and emissions regulations and price them accordingly. These include the rugged British-built Range Rover

wagon, powered with a 215-cubic-inch 3.5-liter V8 engine, and the much more advanced Mercedes Geländewagen. Both are excellent off-road machines, but replacement parts aren't the easiest to come by. If it's exclusivity you want, you pay your money (prices for these vehicles range from about \$25,000 for the Range Rover to about \$45,000 for the Geländewagen) and takes your chances.

On the other hand, Japanese maker Isuzu—former supplier to General Motors of Buick Opel Isuzu econocars and Chevrolet LUV minitrucks—plans a September U.S. introduction of its 4wd Trooper. This 104-inch-wheelbase, two-door wagon looks like a cross between the Range Rover and the new down-sized Jeep Cherokee, and it's powered by a 2.0-liter four-cylinder engine driving through a four-speed manual transmission. Automatic-locking front hubs and a fair amount of additional equipment will be standard at a base price of about \$10,000.

If you're not yet a 4wd enthusiast, you may wonder why anyone would want to own such an animal. Well, there is the safety factor (great traction when driving in the wet and high seating for visibility in traffic). But, like the gentleman who buys a new racing Ferrari and then only commutes in it to his club, 4wd owners who never take their vehicles farther off road than their driveways still like to know that if they *really* wanted to, they could point their machine where mere mortal wheels fear to tread and go over the river, through the woods and right off into the sunset.



OFF-ROAD VEHICLES: PLAYBOY'S PICKS

Make and Model	Approx. Over-all Length	Approx. Wheelbase	Ground Clearance	Pay Load	Std. Engine (liters-cylinders)	Max. hp @ rpm	Std. Trans.*	Estimated EPA Economy** (city/hwy mpg)	Approx. Base Price**	Description and Features
Chevrolet S-10 Blazer	170 ins.	101 ins.	6.9 ins.	1000 lbs.	2.0-4	83@4600	4M	21/30	\$ 9700	Insta-Trac 4wd; V6 engine, 5-speed or automatic optional
Dodge Ramcharger	185 ins.	106 ins.	12.5 ins.	1445 lbs.	5.2-V8	143@4000	4M	13/17	\$11,000	Macho 4wd; automatic-locking hubs; 167 hp V8 optional
Ford Bronco II	158 ins.	94 ins.	6.5 ins.	726 lbs.	2.8-V6	115@4600	4M	20/30	\$10,000	All new, based on Ranger pickup; 5-speed or automatic optional
Jeep Cherokee	165 ins.	101 ins.	7.6 ins.	1150 lbs.	2.5-4	105@5000	4M	24/30	\$10,000	All new with powerful 4-cylinder engine; V6, 5-speed and automatic transmission optional
Mitsubishi Montero	157 ins.	93 ins.	9.3 ins.	1050 lbs.	2.6-4	105@5000	5M	18/24	\$ 9200	New, well-equipped 4wd; separately suspended driver's seat
Toyota Land Cruiser Wagon	184 ins.	108 ins.	9.4 ins.	1171 lbs.	4.2-6	125@3600	4M	12/17	\$13,000	Old-fashioned, rugged 4wd under modern body

*4M = 4-speed manual, etc. **With 4wd and std. engine/transmission.

ALBERT BROOKS (continued from page 150)

"I was scared that he'd follow me everywhere and keep me laughing until I got ill and died."

Bruce and Woody Allen." Wary of too much success too soon, he was determined to keep control of his career. He was on the verge of signing to star in *Our Man in Ratan*, a sitcom about a TV newsman stationed in Africa, when a network executive asked him, "What do you see for this character in five years?"

"Suicide," Brooks replied, and abandoned the project. He suggested the idea of rotating guest hosts when he rejected Lorne Michaels' offer to make him the permanent host of what would become *Saturday Night Live*. He was content not to do anything unless it was exactly what he wanted to do. That was not a career strategy designed to land him on the cover of *People*, but it did allow him to create an uncompromised body of work that tends to support those fans—many of them in the show-business community—who believe that Albert Brooks is the funniest white man in America.

"Every kid should have an Albert," said his writing partner Monica Johnson a few years ago. "He's the kind of person you'd want to be locked in jail with. You know: You don't have a game, you don't have any cigarettes. What could be better than having Albert Brooks in there?"

Everything sparks Brooks's humor. As we head west on Santa Monica Boulevard in his new car, his associations and references are dazzling. When an Ozzy Osbourne song comes on the radio, I mention that Osbourne was arrested not long ago in San Antonio for peeing on the Alamo. "What does a person like that do when he sells out?" Brooks wonders. "Use a real bathroom?" When a tail-gater gets a little too close, he says, "Cars should come equipped with screens like that thing in Times Square that spells out the news. Then you could punch out your own instant messages: WILL THE SMALL RED CAR WITH THE UGLY DRIVER PLEASE STAY A LITTLE FARTHER BACK?" A squashed dog on the side of the road elicits the observation, "He might just be taking a nap."

Someone on the radio is talking about Charles Bronson's vigilante movies, *Death Wish* and *Death Wish II*. "I once wrote a vigilante picture," Brooks says, "but it all had to do with killing studio people. You know: They take your parking space back without telling you about it, and then you drive in the next morning and they're raping your wife right in your old spot, and the paint they covered your name with is in her hair. It's hard to sell an idea like that." From there, he segues into some thoughts on the cosmic insignificance of movie critics. "How can you take seriously

statements like, 'I loved it ten times as much as Rex Reed' or 'Oscar, get into a cab and go to Paul Newman's house. The race is over'? You have to look at a newspaper and see the context in which articles appear. On the front page, there's always the threat of nuclear war. That puts your review in perspective instantly."

Nuclear war is never far from Brooks's mind; as a Jew with an acute awareness of the horror of the holocaust, he cannot assume that any human activity is unthinkable. I ask him if he has heard White House aide Ed Meese's description of the apocalypse as "something that may not be desirable."

Brooks laughs derisively. "You know," he says, "being President is a lot like making a movie. You write a script—basically, that's your campaign. The studio decides to go ahead—in the President's case, the people elect him. Then they release the movie—in the case of the President, he fires weapons. You never know if a movie's going to appeal to the public, nor do you ever know if weapons will strike key cities. They say that once one nuclear weapon is fired, it could ruin the direction gadgets in all the others. What are the other missiles gonna do? They could turn around and come back at us. It's the same with a movie. Not only could it be a bomb, it could haunt you forever."

When Brooks gets going, his comic momentum seems to take on a life of its own. "The thing that amazed me when I got to know him was his commitment,"

says comedian Harry Shearer. "Once he decides he's gonna do something—whether it's a movie or a joke—he commits to it totally, which frees him to go as far as he can. Even if it's an idea that just occurred to him that minute, he'll push it as far as possible."

"Albert is like E.T. for adults," Carrie Fisher said recently, describing a weekend boat trip she had taken with Brooks and four other people. "It was like being on a drug that would never end. He never slept and he was never not funny; and, finally, I was scared that he'd follow me everywhere and keep me laughing until I got physically ill and died."

Brooks applies rigorous logic to the absurd world around him and makes material out of whatever doesn't fit—not surprising when you consider that his name at birth was Albert Einstein. (His father, radio comedian Harry Einstein—better known as Parkyakarkus—had resisted the joke with three older sons.)

"I guess I was the class clown," Brooks says, turning the car onto Coldwater Canyon Road for the ride home over the Hollywood Hills to Sherman Oaks. "With a name like Albert Einstein, you don't hide in the back. I would read the school bulletin to the class and I'd add activities and make stuff up. It was good, a good ten minutes every morning."

His father, who had been ill for years, died when Albert was 12, instilling in him the knowledge that if you waited long enough, the worst would always happen. By then, though, the comics who had hung out at his family's Beverly Hills home knew he was a comedic prodigy. A few years later, when Johnny Carson asked Carl Reiner to name the funniest people he knew, a high school kid named Albert Einstein was near the top of his list. After



"Boy. How'd you like to program her into your plans for some Saturday night?"

three years at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh, Albert returned to L.A., changed his name to avoid cheap laughs and began his career.

Comedy itself was his favorite subject. His bits—which he often performed on network television without even trying them out on friends—took standard comic formats, such as animal acts or ventriloquists, and made them the butts of his jokes. Increasingly, though, his own life became a source of material. When he couldn't come up with anything new for a scheduled spot on *The Tonight Show*, he went on and did ten of the funniest minutes in TV history about *that*. After explaining to the audience that he'd run out of material earlier in his career than he'd expected, he went through a scornful demonstration of all the things he *could* do if he wanted to settle for low-brow yoks. Sure, he could get a laugh by dropping his pants, he said, dropping them and getting a big one. Sure, he could amuse people by smashing eggs on his head. Or by drawing a funny face on his chest. Certainly, there were those who'd be convulsed if he mashed a poundcake into his face. At the end, with his pants around his ankles, eggs dripping from his hair, a cake on his face and a face on his chest, he declared, "This isn't the real me." He then pulled an 8" x 10" glossy out of his shorts, shouted, "This is the real me!" and stalked offstage.

After two years of doing TV, Brooks had

built up enough confidence to start performing live. He spent the early Seventies headlining in small clubs and opening concerts in larger halls for rock stars like Neil Diamond and Richie Havens. He was miserable. "I never wanted to be a comedian; I wanted to be an actor," he says now. "And I certainly didn't want to be on the road." A tour promoting his first album pushed him over the edge. "When I released that record, I thought, Pity those poor salesmen; people are going to be trampling them to get their hands on that album. That didn't happen. The record wasn't even in the stores."

Six weeks into the tour, he was interviewed by a Boston disc jockey who said to him, "Jonathan Winters went crazy; you think that's ever gonna happen to you?"

"I think it's happening right now," Brooks answered. He canceled the rest of his engagements and flew home.

"What scared me then was that the only thing I had to look forward to was another club," he says. "Also, I think that a lot of times, audiences didn't get things, due to the fact that they didn't see them as fast as they possibly could have, because light was traveling a bit too slow. And now scientists are saying that, in fact, we *aren't* seeing things quite as quickly as they once thought. That hurt my timing. I would do something and there would be that infinitesimal pause, and I would feel crushed. Then there would be that big

roar of laughter, but it could never bring me back to where I felt I should be. So, as light speeds up, I plan to go down to the Improv."

Technology is Brooks's abiding passion. As a child, he was one of the first wearers of contact lenses. As a teenager, he listened to electronic music and sound-effects records. As an adult, he is usually one of the earliest owners of such gadgets as a recording Walkman or a wrist-watch video game. He has said that he'd rather spend an afternoon with a surgeon or with someone who works in a jet-propulsion laboratory than with almost anyone in show business.

Today, he's thinking about buying a home computer—he wants to explore the comedic possibilities of those machines—and so we have stopped off at his local computer center. Brooks wanders through the store playing with them. He punches some numbers into a talking computer, then says, "How much does Redford want for *E.T. II*?"

"THIRTY-EIGHT-MILLION-SIX-HUNDRED-NINETY-TWO-THOUSAND-THREE-HUNDRED-FIFTY-FOUR," the computer fires back.

We overhear a cashier telling a customer that the store will be open on New Year's Day. "These people don't have regular holidays," Brooks says. "They celebrate Binary Day in November—the tenth."

After experimenting for 20 minutes, he is tempted to buy an Apple II on the



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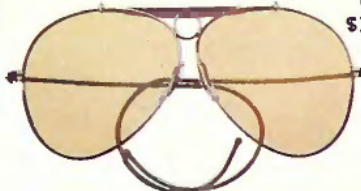
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spot. This is the first place he's looked, though, and he's not sure whether or not they're cheaper someplace else. "Are these good prices?" he asks one of the teenaged technobrats behind the counter.

The kid nods. "Sometimes, we have even bigger sales and lower prices."

"For instance, when?" Brooks asks.

"Oh, just sometimes," the kid says.

"Yes, but *when*?" Brooks persists. "Tell me. You think it might be any minute now? Should I wait outside?"

The kid can't tell if Brooks is kidding. Without a hint of irony, he answers, "No."

People often don't know how to take Brooks, and he has not made it easy for them. *Super Season* (one of six short films he made for the first season of *Saturday Night Live*) was intended as a savage parody of prime-time TV, but it featured promos for shows so accurately inane—*Black Vet* (a black Vietnam veteran takes up practice as a veterinarian in a small Southern town), *Medical Season* and *The Three of Us*—that the last, a sitcom about a young man living with two women, actually turned up on Fred Silverman's prime-time ABC schedule two years later as *Three's Company*.

In his first film, *Real Life*, Brooks played an egomaniacal comedian who set out to film an entire year in the lives of a typical American family and almost destroyed the family in the process. (To further blur the line between fantasy and reality, the comic was named Albert Brooks.) In *Modern Romance*, he played a jealous lover so obsessed by his unworkable relationship that he tried to trace his girlfriend's long-distance phone calls in an effort to prove her suspected infidelity. Many moviegoers walked out of theaters hating his charac-

ters. (Brooks has also played memorable nerds in his two other film appearances: He was Cybill Shepherd's pompous campaign co-worker in *Taxi Driver*, and, as a horny bridegroom in *Private Benjamin*, he died during sex with Goldie Hawn in the movie's opening minutes.)

"All I'm saying is that it's OK to present yourself as you are," Brooks says when he's back in the car. "I think I present a different side of a male character, a side that is not John Wayne-like, a side that is, in fact, destructible. To some people, that is refreshing, and to other people, especially if they don't know me, it may be disturbing."

"I don't see many explosions or ten-car crashes in the course of my life," he continues, "so I don't put them into my movies. I would love to live in a society where *My Dinner with Andre* made \$100,000,000. Then I would be in the mainstream. I could do that stuff easier than I could do *Meatballs*. It would be terrible if I tried to make *Meatballs*, lost my mind doing it and people loved it. Then what would I do? They'd want more, and I'd have to go back into my insanity to get more."

He pulls into the driveway of an unpretentious one-story house and parks under an orange tree. "If you don't succeed on your own ground, then there's no reason to succeed," he says. "Unless, of course, you really want a boat. If you're a person who feels that with a yacht, everything will be all right, then you should do whatever you have to and get the yacht."

Brooks doesn't need the yacht; he lives in the Valley "because it's cheaper than

Beverly Hills." Each room of his sparsely furnished home is dominated by electronic equipment. The living room features a projection TV, the sitting room houses a pair of four-foot-tall speakers and the bedroom contains another large-screen TV, a video-cassette recorder, a video-game system and an exercise bike that provides a digital readout of your pulse. (Although he gets little exercise aside from bowling and sex, Brooks is extremely health-conscious: He doesn't smoke cigarettes, drinks only sake, eats no red meat and takes massive quantities of vitamins.)

He has been linked with several beautiful women, among them Linda Ronstadt (they lived together), Candice Bergen and his *Modern Romance* co-star, Kathryn Harrold. He is currently between serious relationships, and he refuses to talk publicly about his love life. "I just think that I don't have to discuss the women I sleep with with the vendor I buy PLAYBOY from," he says, tossing the day's mail onto the kitchen table. "When a guy says to me, 'Heey! Is she as good as she looks?' then I draw the line."

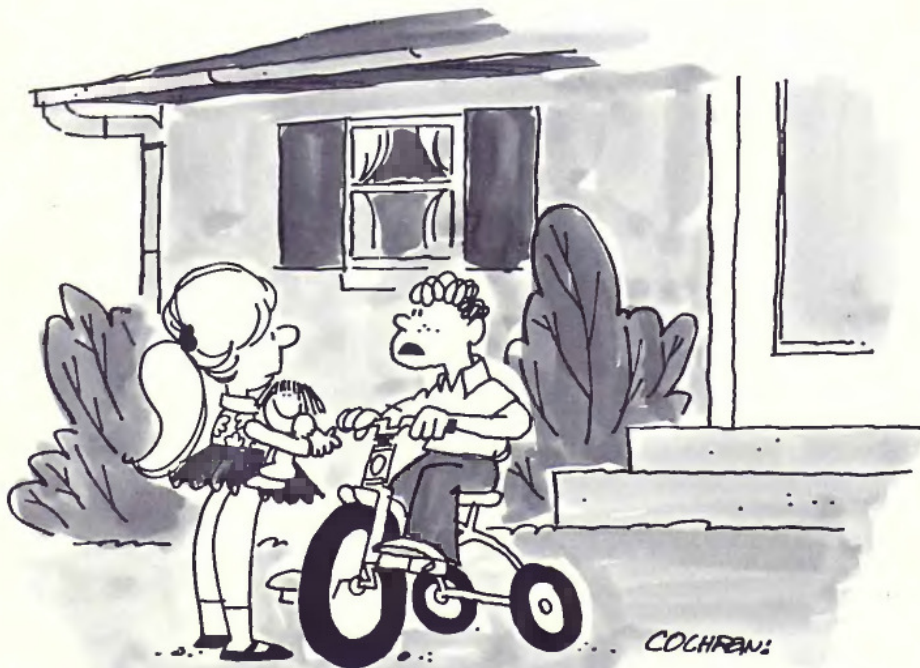
We go into the den—obviously a room in which he spends a lot of time. On the bookshelves is a complete bound set of his father's radio scripts. The brown carpet is covered by a mass of tangled wires leading to the sound system in the closet. Cassettes and their empty plastic cases are everywhere. I remove two piles of papers and magazines from the couch, and we sit down to talk about the movie business.

Brooks thinks he may have a backer for his new film, though he may be forced to keep the budget to a minuscule \$3,000,000. "I can make it for whatever amount they say," he explains. "The size of the budget translates directly into how much time I have to sleep while I'm working. On \$3,000,000, I'll get about an hour a night."

I bring up Woody Allen, with whom Brooks is often compared and whom he greatly admires. How has Allen's recent dry spell at the box office affected Hollywood's attitude toward intelligent screen comedies? "The reason Woody was able to keep making films when he was starting out was that the studios were solid," Brooks says. "People did not have the fear of losing their jobs if a mistake was made, which began to happen when the conglomerates took over."

"*Stardust Memories*, which I love, took in less than \$4,000,000. If Woody hadn't had a reputation, he'd be out. And it was tougher for *me* after that flopped, because I could no longer say, 'Look at Woody!' I was pitching my movie to the man who had backed his least profitable picture, and the advice I got before I went in was, 'By the way, don't use Woody in this meeting, because they lost a great deal of money on his last film.'"

To Brooks, the most contemptible aspect of corporate Hollywood is the craven reliance on research. "Anything



"I can't go in the house till one o'clock. Mom and Dad are having a nooner."

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that confirms their research kills art," he declares. "I'm positive that every bit of research told them, 'Make Annie.' Research has been refined to such a degree that the movie does not even have to be viewed.

"To me, *Annie* is ten \$5,000,000 pictures. When I was in school, movies were still the place where new things seemed to be encouraged. Not anymore. I heard Ray Stark or someone like him on a radio talk show while I was driving. 'What about creativity?' the interviewer asked him, and he said, 'Creativity doesn't sell at this point.' It's true. You go to a studio head and say, 'I've got the greatest new idea,' and he says, 'Olden it up and come back.'

"One of the stupidest statements in this business is 'The public likes it.' Well, maybe people would like something else, if they got to see it. Lake Michigan is nice—until you see Acapulco. Ten years ago, the studio heads thought audiences were sheep," Brooks says. "Now they think they're snails with Down's syndrome."

Lately, Brooks has been feeling the need for feedback from audiences rather than from studio heads. In October, he went to Phoenix and had the best time he's had in years, substituting for a week as the host of a local morning radio show. He gets up now, pops a cassette into his machine and plays a segment in which children call in

and talk about their video-game dreams.

"Do you play the game a lot?" Brooks asked a little girl whose recurring nightmare had her being chased by the gorilla from Donkey Kong.

"Yes," she said.

"Do you want to stop dreaming about it?" Brooks asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Stop playing it, honey," Brooks advised.

He gets up again and runs the tape forward to find other highlights, including "Wake Up a Star" (in which he placed an on-the-air call to his friend Rob Reiner at seven A.M.) and, thanks to the brilliant impression work of Harry Shearer, a pair of phone interviews with President Reagan. The radio experience was so positive, he says, that he is thinking about doing some live performing. "All along, I've been telling myself that if I got out in the clubs after all these years and performed live, that would be my trump card. Well, I may not be that popular. Whatever; I'm getting ready to take the consequences either way.

"When I was doing stand-up," he continues, "I noticed that the same bits that got blank stares when I first did them got huge laughs later in my career. Well, I didn't choose to stop doing them. I think it's a combination of the audience and the performer getting used to each other. You change a little, they accept a bit more. The business tries to get you to change completely. People tell you, 'Obviously, you're doing something wrong; you did not make \$100,000,000. Go back, rethink your birth and come back to us like everyone else.' That's the trap of making comedy on a commercial basis: If you don't sell enough of it, you are branded a failure. So you try to please the studio *and* the audience *and* still keep enough integrity to allow you to sleep. As you get older, you need less and less integrity to sleep—or you just stay awake. That's why they have 24-hour cable services."

He pauses for a beat, then goes on. "I enjoy making three people laugh as much as I enjoy making 3,000,000 people laugh. It's just that, businesswise, three is not quite as impressive a number to a large studio. 'Three, huh? So we're guaranteed \$15 at evening prices? It's a go!'

"To me, the satisfaction is not in numbers. It's that I'm making sense to other living human beings. It's instant confirmation that I *am* from this planet and that I deserve to continue living here.

"I'm in this for the whole fight," says Brooks. "I'm going to stick it out and try to do it. I guess I've stopped having expectations because they don't seem to be realized when I think they will, which leads me to believe that they'll be realized when I *least* expect it. So I'm trying to least expect it right now."



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COMPUTER CAMP

(continued from page 128)

this when I was 12 and I've made \$200 already."

"No!" I gasped again. "From whom?"

"My friends. My father. My little sister."

"No! And they still don't know?"

"No. The trick is I'm never greedy. I let them walk away with *something* and I keep them coming back." At that, Billy refunded my quarters and I promised I wouldn't finger him in *PLAYBOY*. His name really isn't Billy.

The moon just had an eclipse. It turned a red-cabbage color and Ethan photographed it. He used his Polaroid flashbulb, but he wasn't close enough and the picture didn't come out. He said, "Aw."

This morning, Ethan played catch, and he discovered a gpxs this afternoon. He told me, "It's secret," so I've written gpxs in the secret code that he and everyone else learned in Basic class. Ethan would tap out:

```
10 INPUT A$
20 FOR I = 1 TO LEN(A$)
30 B$ = MID$(A$, I, 1)
40 N = ASC(B$)
50 N = N + 3
```

etc., so that ABC became DEF on his computer. Any letter moved three letters up.

The gpxs, anyway, was in a forest where Ethan had gone exploring with Kevin. First, Ethan discovered a waterfall whose water he caught in a snail shell while he lay alongside, like the White Rock boy. He sailed an old log right over the precipice, and he discovered a road among the ironwoods that he started walking along with Kevin. "But maybe we'll fall off a cliff," said Kevin, to whom the whole world was Dungeons and Dragons and who cautiously laid down an arrow of ironwood twigs to show their route to the rescue party. "Or we'll encounter a ghoull there—"

"Oh, you're really nailed to Dungeons and Dragons," Ethan sighed.

At the road's end was the secret gpxs, and Kevin said, "God," and Ethan said, "Holy cow." It was full of old, empty, rusted cans of Bud and old, empty, broken bottles of Michelob in old, sodden mattresses of *The Hartford Courant*.

"Look here," said Kevin, "a real glass glass," meaning it wasn't plastic.

"And here," said Ethan, "a genie bottle," meaning an empty quart of Mateus.

"It will be soil pretty soon," said Kevin. "But what about now?"

He hit his walking stick on a bottle of Bowl Quick. It shattered, and Ethan hit his own walking stick on a can of Sprite. For 30 minutes, the two aided biodegradation by slogging onto the papier-mâché and by whack, whack, whacking away at the hideous gpxs as adventurously as Huckleberry and Tom. Then they ran to

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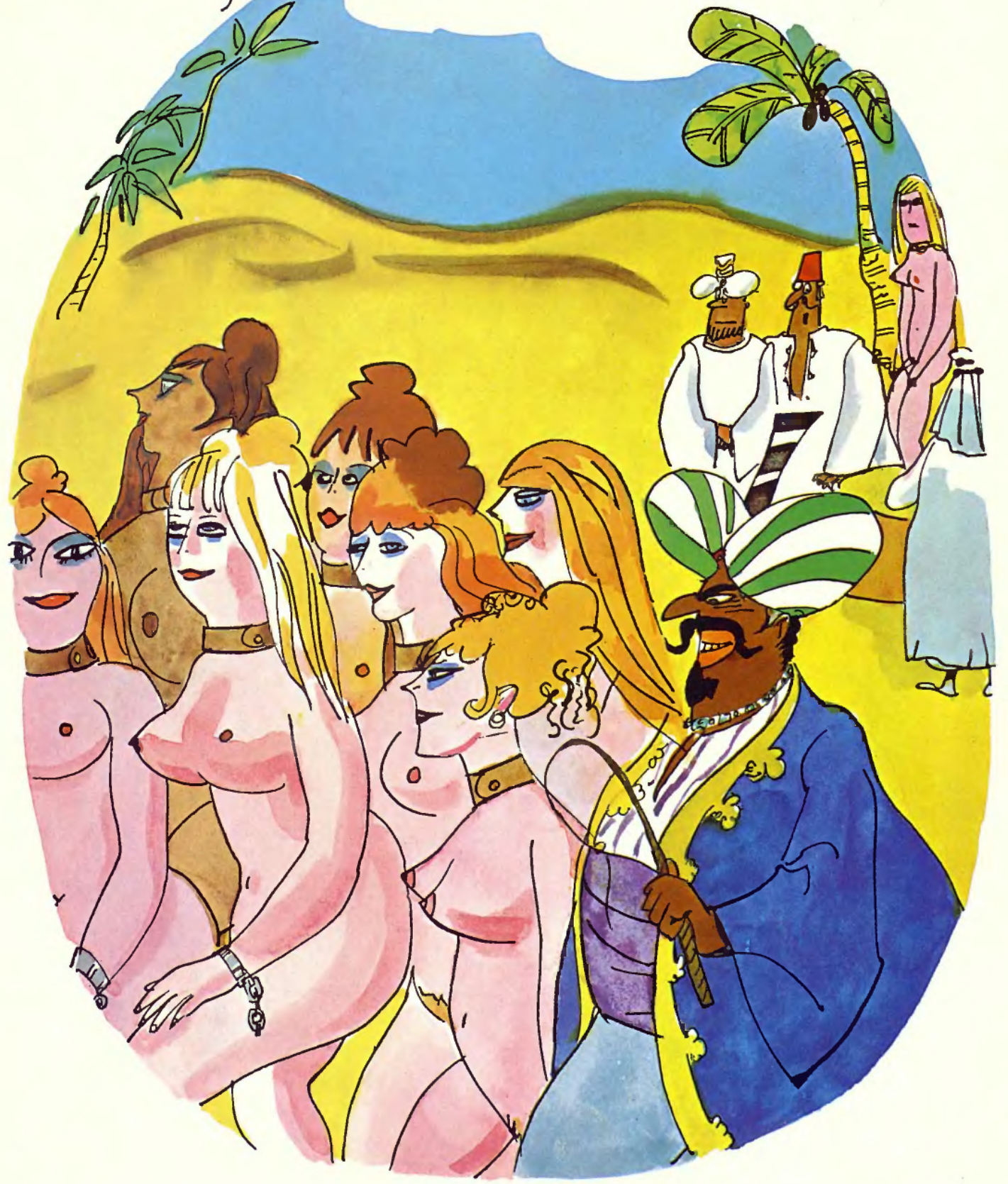
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f folkes



"He's stocking up a new oasis."

the hot computer room and to Ethan's classified code.

Pxggdk! Idggk! Kdylqj zrqghuixo wph!

I didn't say. We have little girls at our computer camp like Amie. It's her birthday—she's 12—and she was sitting today at an Apple, making herself a chocolate birthday cake. Her glasses, with a gold heart on the lens, reflected a little green firefly—the blink, blink, blink of the cursor as she intently wrote:

600 HLIN 26,28 AT 36: PLOT 27,35

610 HLIN 30,32 AT 36: PLOT 31,35

620 HLIN 34,36 AT 36: PLOT 35,35

etc., to depict the white icing, the blue trimming, the one red candle and its orange-and-yellow right-angled flame. But after many hours, a chip in the Apple malfunctioned and Amie had nothing but a row of inedible hexadecimals. "Oh," she sighed to Robin, her closest friend. "My birthday cake! It fell!"

She wasn't happy. But then, as the two girls strolled to lunch, there came to Amie a heaven-sent sign. A bluebird—well, a sick little kingbird—dropped from the sycamores onto Robin's head. It, too, seemed sad, and Amie said, "Robin, there's a bird in your hair. Oh, dear."

"What color?" Robin asked eagerly.

"It must be awfully diseased. Gray," Amie answered, "and white underneath. Oh, dear."

"It sounds pretty," Robin said.

"It must be *dying*, and it will infect you, Robin. Oh—"

"It's going cootchie, cootchie," Robin giggled.

"Dear. Oh, dear," Amie said. But that bird unruffled itself to return to its wild blue yonder, and Amie, inspired, returned after lunch to a new computer and a new happy-birthday cake. She started again—100 HLIN 10,12 AT 35—but she secretly outlined the one red candle to the screen routine. And before dinner, the cake appeared, the candle arose and Amie exclaimed, "My pride and joy! And," she continued, "*wacko*," for her candle, see, was a Roman candle, and she had programmed it to explode into 1000 shooting stars. Her birthday today was the Fourth of July.

P.S. So was Christian's. He was given a three-dimensional cake by David, Ethan, Jude, Kevin and Raun. We used its ten red candles, then, to pop the party balloons for a grand and glorious Fourth.

Help! There's a pirate in our cabin, and it's Kevin! He doesn't look it: He wears glasses and a peculiar brace, like a horse's bit. But sitting today at an Apple, playing at Star Trek, he announced, "You know where I got this game?" And leaning back like an entrepreneur in a swivel chair, he reported to us, "I pirated it."

We were aghast. We knew, of course, of a couple of older pirates, for we had seen on their monitors

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40-SECOND COPIES!
NO SHIT!

or other illegal programs, such as the Pi-

rate's Friend or Locksmith or Clone. With those, the children could put a high-priced disk of Swashbuckler, say, in Disk Drive I and copy it onto their personal disk in Disk Drive II. "Go," they would whisper to the two whirring disks as our counselors prowled about to try to obstruct them in their criminal acts by reciting the riot act: "No piracies on our facilities!" The children would say, "Oh, we didn't know," but, in fact, they were *selling* the pirate treasures, using the one-dollar profits to buy Coca-Cola.

But they were 12 years old, and Kevin, ten, had us speechless when he told us while playing his Star Trek, "I pirated it."

"But Kevin! But Kevin!" Ethan stammered. "That's illegal, isn't it?"

"It's legally against the law," said Kevin, the Dungeons and Dragons boy.

"But what if they catch you, Kevin?"

"I'll go to Juvenile, I guess."

"But what if your father finds out?"

"I guess he'll— Oh, God!" Kevin cried as a wing of Klingon ships surrounded him on his hijacked copy of Star Trek. "They're going to fire their photon torps!" In despair, he ran outside to the baseball diamond, to throw up his hands erratically and to catch a fly ball with both eyes closed. We have baseball at our computer camp, too.

No one has poison ivy yet, but Kevin has his allergy and Christian, remember, had his dueling scar and Ethan had a tooth come out. One got antihistamine and one got oleomargarine from the camp's considerate nurse, and one got one fat dollar from the tooth fairy. "Last time, I got 25 cents. Inflation," Raun observed.

Raun had strep himself, and the camp banished him to a one-man cabin, quarantined. We went there, anyhow, as Kevin whispered, "We are now entering a contaminated area. Proceed with care. Proceed with care."

In his bed, Raun was wrapped in a sheet, like an Egyptian mummy. "Don't come close," he told us. "I'm 103."

"How are you?" Christian asked him.

"Bad. In fact, miserable. My head feels like a bowling ball."

"I understand. It feels round," Jude told him.

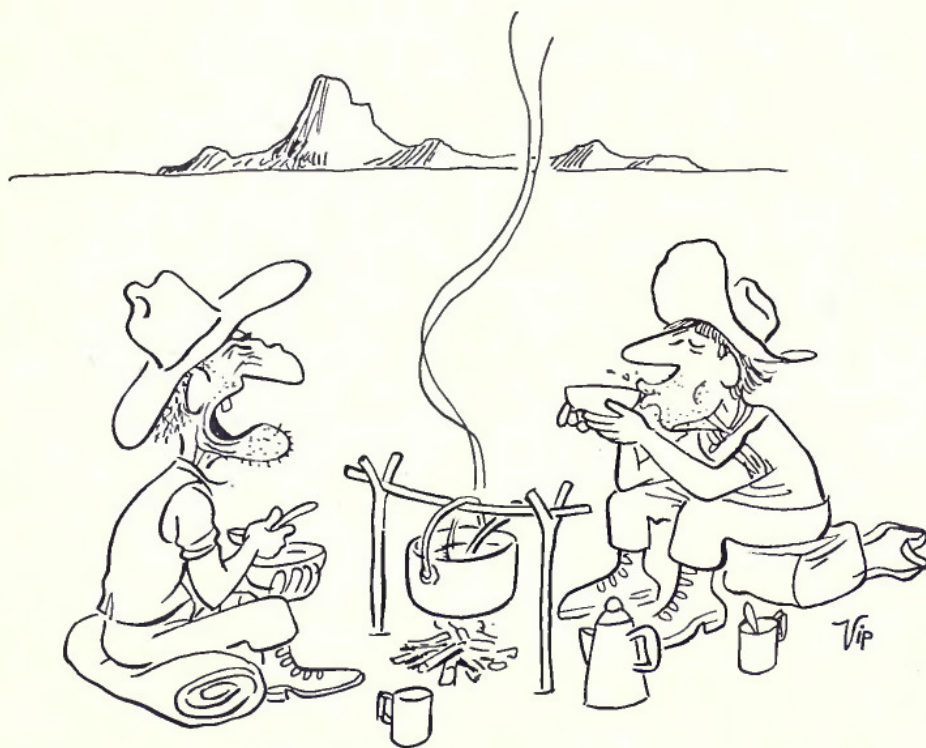
"No, not round like a bowling ball. Not spherical."

"It feels like a ball rolling down the alley, doesn't it?" David contributed.

"No. It just feels heavy like a bowling ball," Raun answered. "Ooh!"

We had taken him a T.I. computer. He plugged it in and two-finger typed, 10 PRINT RAUN RAUN RAUN, but he had forgotten quotation marks, and the computer reported, INCORRECT STATEMENT. He then typed, 10 PRINT YOU'RE A STUPID COMPUTER, but the computer repeated, INCORRECT STATEMENT.

Raun stopped typing. "I got this constipation, too," he told us. "And when I



"Do you call this bouillabaisse?"



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*"Come to think of it,
I'll have a Heineken...
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get constipation, I get diarrhea, too."

"Yeah, that's gross," we agreed. We left, and he got better playing a game of Tombstone City.

I just met the Pirate King. He's known throughout the computer world as Zap. He's 16 and his hair is a bramblebush, and he was sitting at an Apple, playing Apple Panic. He was hitting the keyboard keys as, on his monitor, a gardener in a greenhouse ran to the left, to the right and up and down ladders to escape from a crop of man-eating mutant apples. "I started when I was 14," said Zap, his fingers dripping sweat. "I pirated Puck Man, a version of Pac-Man. It took me two weeks, because it wasn't in Basic. See," he said, still playing, "it was in language like,

```
373A-  A0  0D  LDY  #00D
3745-  90  F0  BCC  $3737
3747-  A9  10
```

shmo," he interrupted himself as one apple on his monitor almost ate him, but Zap returned immediately to Puck Man. "The cocksuckers coded it," he said. "On track zero, the 11th sector was in reverse sync, so I had to rewrite it before *beginning* to crack it."

"Mm," I said.

"Since then, I've cracked the code on Roach Motel and Peeping Tom and Crush, Crumble and Chomp and——"

"What do you do once you've cracked it?" I asked.

"The disk, I give it to someone in New Rochelle. *Grrr*," said Zap as he buried a ravenous apple in the greenhouse's floor. "At first, I just mailed it to the guy's post-office box. But now he's like really weird and he telephones me, 'Stick it in the glove compartment of the big green car on Penfield Place,' or 'Stick it to page 13 of *The New York Times* and leave the *Times* on the ninth stool at the Doughnut Master,' or 'Go to the lion's cage at the Bronx Zoo.

A man in a long brown coat will ask if you have some peanuts. Then——'"

"How much does the man pay you?" I asked.

"You ever see *Mission: Impossible*? I feel like the chief of the Impossible Missions Force. No," Zap answered as he wiped his perspiring fingers on his T-shirt front. "I'm not paid, I do this for fun."

"But Zap!" I said. "The disk can be copied, right? The man can be selling a couple of hundred thousand for a couple of million dollars!"

"It's not my problem," said Zap, interrupting the last of the runaway apples. "For me, it's fun. I need a towel. Whew!"

Last night, muddah, fadduh, was our last night at computer camp. In one cabin, the boys short-shected the counselor, and in another, the boys dropped the counselor's mattress into the swimming pool. In one nice cabin, the girls pulled the side springs out of the counselor's bed—it turned into a hammock, instead—and in another, the boys started singing,

*"If we weren't computer campers,
This is what we'd be,
If we weren't computer campers,
Gigolos we'd be!
Ten, 20, 30!
Give it to us dirty!"*

In our more innocent cabin, we told ghost stories and no one slept especially well. In the night, Jude started sleepwalking and Ethan started scratching himself and Kevin started shouting, " $X = INT(100 * RND(1)) + 1$," and Ethan heard it, apparently, because he said to Kevin today, "You were wrong. You just needed two parentheses."

"I needed four," Kevin insisted.

We're going home today. Our parents, our grandparents and even our great-grandparents have come to claim us.

David's mother looked on as he scrambled the y-wing fighters on a T.I. computer, telling him, "Oh, you're wonderful!"

Ethan's grandmother told him to write on an Apple computer, "I love you," and it turned into L ORYH BRX in his secret code. "Oh, my! Will it work on your home computer?" his grandmother asked.

"No," Ethan answered her. "I've initialized this, and I'd wipe it out if I reinitialized it."

"I'm wiped out now," his grandmother said, and Jude's great-grandmother asked him, "Are you eating well?"

"Yeah. Now listen," Jude answered her. He punched up

```
10 FOR S = 1 TO 10
20 CALL SOUND (100,S*200,1)
30 NEXT S
```

on a T.I. computer, and it played do, re, mi, etc.

"Oh," his great-grandmother gasped. "But, Jude. What happened to your nose?"

"The bottom of the swimming pool. Now listen again," Jude answered, and he played do, re, mi, etc., until it soared out of human hearing range.

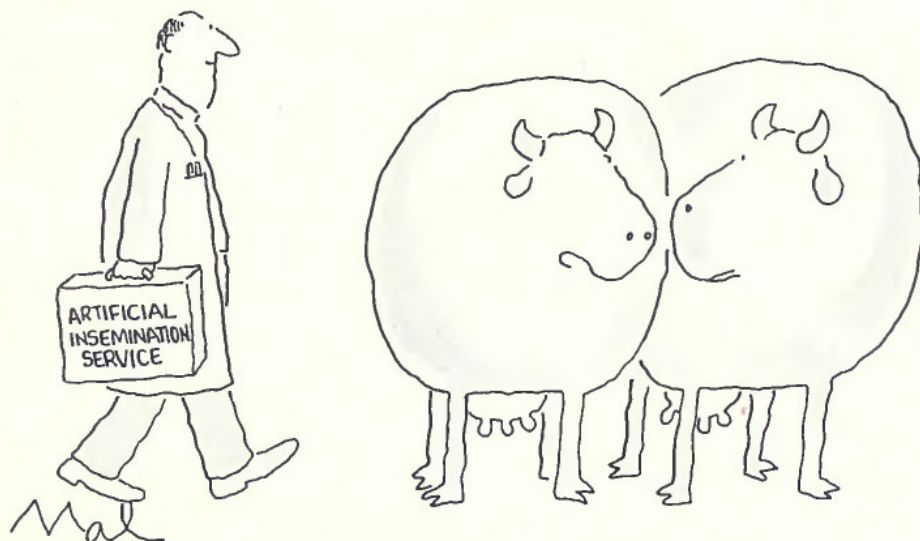
"Oh," his great-grandmother gasped again.

Christian's family hadn't come yet, and he sat playing a game of Blasto. His tank strayed into a minefield, though, a boom interrupted the music of *Yankee Doodle Dandy* and Christian laughed, "I got blown to bits," hitting the REDO button until his father reclaimed him. So did computer camp end.

We are living in changing times. Come, muddahs, come, fadduhs, throughout the land, listen now and you may understand. Must children know how to operate computers to survive in the Nineties? Yes, and they must know how to operate telephones, too. Must children know how to program computers in the Nineties? No, nor must they know how to serve as telephone operators. Is there a practical reason, then, to send children to a computer camp? No, there isn't. Is there a reason at *all* to send children there? Yes, there is. It's fun. And isn't that what being a kid is about?

Or being a human being? Me, I loved my happy computer camp, for I recollected what I had known as a child: that a computer or anything else is to be *enjoyed* or dispensed with. Is the thing efficient? I don't care. Is the thing, though, fun? It was, and I wish you were there, muddah, fadduh, to see how our world ought to be. My love and a thousand kisses, here they come:

```
10 FOR K = 1 TO 1000
20 PRINT "X";
30 NEXT K
40 END
```

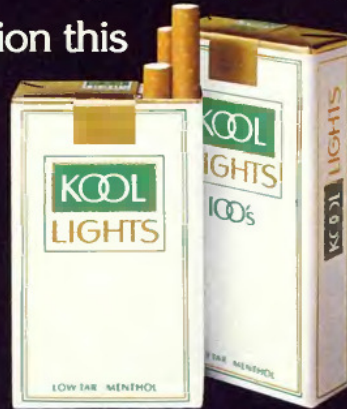


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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GEAR

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

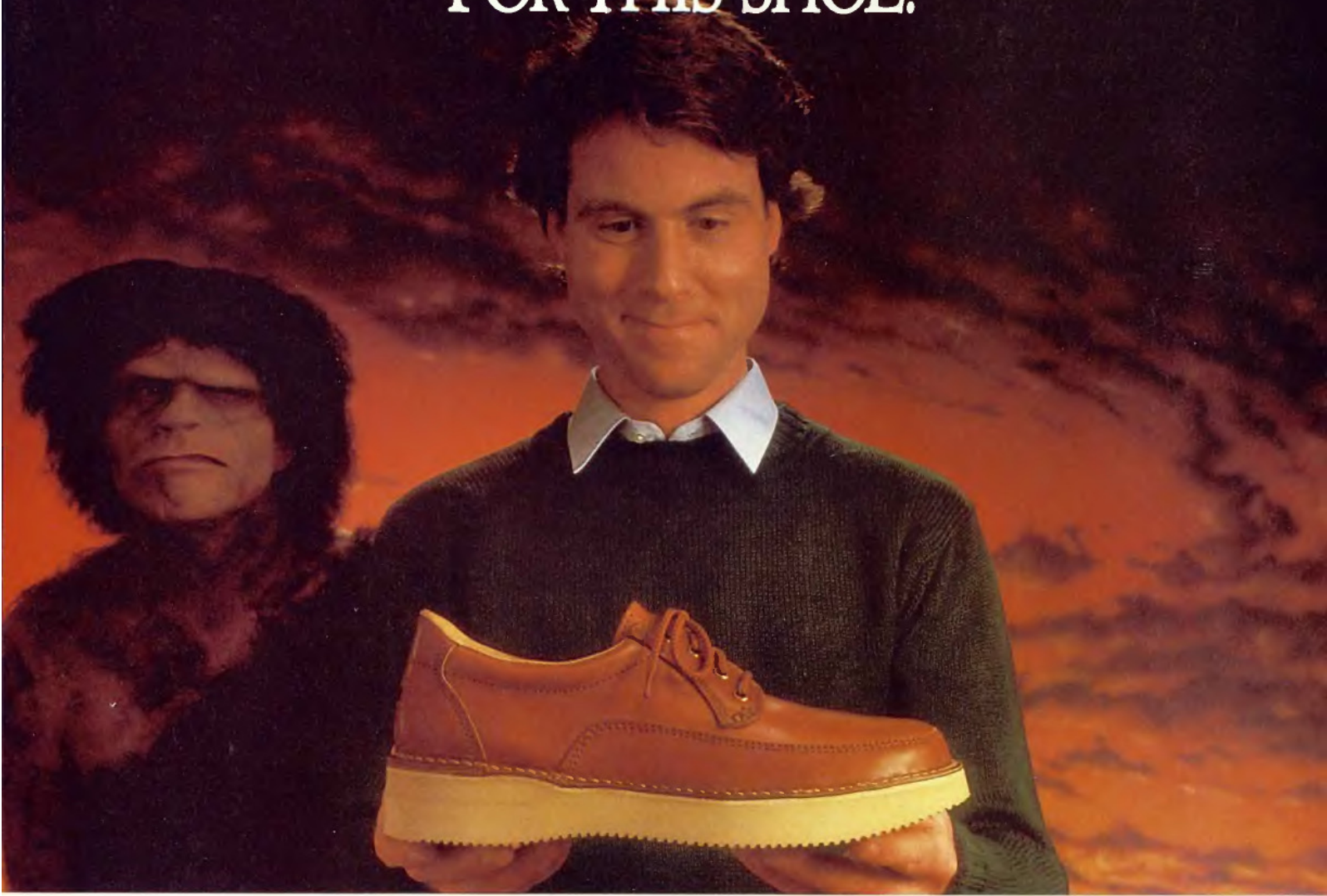
When Henry Ford cranked up his first Model T, he didn't realize that he was also starting an automotive aftermarket that would rival the motoring industry itself. After all, why slide through the night behind weak, factory-installed headlights when you can have a halogenic experience? Why time your

zero to 60 using a dinky timepiece when you can calculate your trajectory on the watch Neil Armstrong took to the moon? Why drive at all if you're just going to roll down the road? Except for four thin strips of rubber whispering to the pavement, driving is simply flying at the lowest possible altitude. And if you're going to fly, you may as well do it in style.

Left: Recaro leather seat with air-support and heating system, \$1419. Flanking it are Hella halogen lights with replaceable quartz bulbs, from Racemark International, Bunt Hills, New York, \$99 the pair. On the seat: Leather driving shoes, from Hunting World, New York, \$85; and Wings sunglasses, by Bausch & Lomb, \$60. Up front: Leather-covered steering wheel, from Prestige Motoring Accessories, Fountain Valley, California, \$99; official solid-gold NASA Speedmaster watch, by Omega, \$13,500; and a pair of cowhide driving gloves, from Mark Cross, Chicago, \$25.



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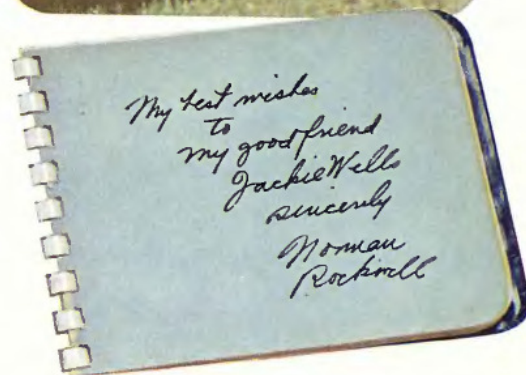


Norman Rockwell's
Nude Painting
Is Unveiled

MOST OF Middle America probably believes that the only naked subject Norman Rockwell ever painted was a Thanksgiving turkey. After all, did *The Saturday Evening Post* run nudes on its cover? The painting at left, an original oil on canvas titled *The Manapessa*, refutes that notion. The model, Jackie Wells, posed for Rockwell in August 1958, while she was a figure model for sculpture classes—which Rockwell regularly attended—in Lenox, Massachusetts, and Rockwell gave her one of the oil sketches he made. Since then, Wells has fallen on harder times—working at two jobs to make ends meet—and is willing to sell *The Manapessa* (the title, she says, came to her in a dream), despite its personal importance to her. It may, she thinks, be worth as much as \$1,000,000 (she may own the painting itself, but, as *PLAYBOY* did, anyone wanting to reproduce it has to get permission from the estate of Norman Rockwell). Interested? Write to Jackie Wells, whose address is P.O. Box 02501, Detroit, Michigan 48202.



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"Mr. Rockwell [above, with the model] was the kind of person who had an inner warmth," says Wells. He was also the kind who would write a warm inscription in her autograph book.

FASHION

WET—AND WILD!

If you're into reruns of *Sea Hunt* and you like the way Gumby looks on *Saturday Night Live*, then forget about the wet suits pictured here. Basic black and bulky they're not; in fact, you don't have to be into scuba diving to enjoy them, as their lightweight construction and body-hugging cut make them ideal for surfboarding, wind surfing,

water-skiing and kayaking. While thickness in wet suits ranges from a wafer-thin half millimeter (1/50 inch) to a heavy five millimeters (1/5 inch), we've picked medium-weight examples that crest from 1mm to 4mm. Some even have mixed thicknesses for movement and warmth. So climb atop your board and shove off. Nobody's going to mistake you for a seal.



Below left: Anybody who thinks short pants are for kids can deal with this guy, who's zipped up a nylon-lined Primo Spring Suit that's body-contoured for ease of movement, by Sea Suits, \$100. Below right: The Insulator, a full suit with a 3mm body, 2mm arms and gussets and .5mm action panels behind the knees, by Rip Curl USA, \$179.50. Bottom left: Kailua jacket with waterproof urethane stretch sleeves, two pockets and noncorrosive heavy-duty zippers, \$90, is worn over a

long-john-style wet suit with Velcro shoulder closure for easy entry, ankle zippers and thick kneepads, \$100, both by Sport Fox. Bottom right: The Excellerator, a performance-oriented wet suit, combines 1mm Freeflex shoulder panels for paddle power with a 2mm torso for warmth, by O'Neill, \$112. (Our two wet-suited mermaids are almost into—left—the French cut, a zip-front, 2mm suit, by O'Neill, \$80; and—right—a Cheeky-model 2mm, by Rip Curl USA, \$74.50.)



J. VERSER ENGELHARD

It's in His Kiss

You ask, "What can Kiss do for an encore?" Go back to what worked before, apparently. GENE SIMMONS has dusted off his old clothes, and, as you can see, everything still fits. Now, if he can locate the fog machine. . . .



SCOTT DOWNIE



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Randi's Dandy

You've seen actress RANDI BROOKS on TV a couple of times recently, as a bewitching but wicked witch in the *Wizards and Warriors* series and also with Stacy Keach in the CBS-TV movie *Murder Me, Murder You*. Our eyes are glued to Randi's . . . ah . . . career.



Punk Fu

Actress and former L.A. Rams cheerleader PATTY KOTERO and martial artist GREG PAT-SCHULL are making a film together described by Greg as "Rocky meets Bruce Lee and takes on the punk world." And you thought there were no new ideas left in Tinseltown!

DAVE SIEGEL

Let Your Fingers Do the Talking

Here we have **TERRI NUNN**, singer in the rock group Berlin, getting her tonsils palpated onstage. Berlin was involved in a controversy with radio stations over its song *Sex (I'm A)*. Terri explains: The song was improvised with Berliner John Crawford and was played for Terri's mom. Mom said that if they were going to sing that stuff, they ought to give it 100 percent. Since then, Nunn says, the radio protests have *made* fans for Berlin.



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What? We Worry?

These two guys are still busy after all these years. **PAUL MC CARTNEY** (left) is obviously cracking under the strain of producing his first film, *Give My Regards to Broad Street*, and **PHIL COLLINS** (right) wants you all to know that his fingers are ready to drum with Genesis again and then to go on tour with Robert Plant. It's reassuring to know that rock icons have a silly side.

Italian Art

Actress **ELEONORA VALLONE** (daughter of Raf) has signed to play Marlon Brando's sister in the film *Al Capone*. Not yet known in America, Vallone says she's apprehensive about acting with Brando, but "I love being afraid; it's the only thing that excites me." Just looking at her excites us.

INSECT SEDUCTION: GETTING THE BUGS OUT

Pheromones, the scent signals that tell insects, animals and maybe humans when a possible sex partner is in the neighborhood, are now being used by U.S. Agricultural Research Service scientists to knock off a couple of common crop pests—cotton bollworms and tobacco budworms. In a plot with shades of *Frankenstein* and *Behind the Green Door*, the two insect species are enticed to mate with each other through the use of synthetic pheromones. One of nature's infinite snafus makes their sexual contact a deadly weapon for the farmers: When budworms mate with bollworms, their little bodies lock together and remain inseparable. Under those conditions, neither can produce offspring and both bug populations falter, while the cotton and tobacco crops are saved. We wonder what happens when you throw cold water on them.

BOSOM BUDDIES GIVE SUPPORT

And while we're on the subject of cancer in females, a group of Boston researchers has news on the detection of breast cancer. We have long known that monthly breast self-examination can result in early diagnosis of cancer. Therefore, most gynecologists worth their specula instruct women in proper techniques of self-examination.

Past reports showed that a woman's level of education and general health consciousness determined whether or not she examined her breasts. The Bostonians studied 616 women and found that education and healthy lifestyle didn't have a lot to do with it, but living with one's sexual partner was a significant factor. Unmarried women who lived with their partners were the most likely to examine themselves. When the figures for married women and unmar-

ried live-ins were combined, it became evident that they still practiced the technique more frequently than single women who didn't live with anyone. But being married in itself had no bearing on frequency of examination, nor did level of sexual activity, age, income, religion or race. We suppose that if there were

whose Pap smears had indicated possible cervical cancer and a control group of 82 women who had each had at least two consecutive negative Pap smears. The Pap-smear procedure is the most common test for cervical cancer. During the study, patients kept a three-day record of the food that they had eaten.



Nostalgia took a foothold in the heartland when Cleveland feminists protested the 1983-1984 edition of the venerable Ridgid Tool Calendar, left, which for 30-odd years has shown off the products of The Ridge Tool Company to advantage.


one thing a woman could tell her live-in man on the basis of those findings, it would be, "Thanks for the mammaries."

C RATIONS

Many variables can be related to increased risk of cervical cancer, among them low income, sexual intercourse at an early age and frequency of sexual intercourse with numerous partners. Now a study has found that vitamin C seems to discourage development of cervical cancer. The celebrated vitamin, popularized by Nobel Prize winner Dr. Linus Pauling as a "cure" for the common cold, has previously been shown to be a protective factor against cancers of the lung, colon, skin and stomach.

The new findings come from a study by Sylvia Wassertheil-Smoller at Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York City. She worked with 87 women

Then the two groups were compared for their intake of 19 different nutrients. The groups differed significantly in their intake of vitamin C: Nearly a quarter of the women with positive Pap smears had taken less than the recommended daily allowance of 60 milligrams. Only four percent of the control subjects were similarly low in vitamin-C consumption. When the figures were adjusted to account for other known cancer risks, women with low vitamin-C diets still had more positive Pap smears.

In conclusion, Wassertheil-Smoller and her colleagues speculate that women who are susceptible to cervical cancer may gain some protection with vitamin C. They are suggesting a minimum daily dosage of 90 milligrams, preferably in natural foods, since other constituents, such as folic acid—a B vitamin—or vitamin A, may influence the condition. 

Wherever there is sex news, we'll be there. Wherever someone finds a new way to do what Mom always told us not to do, we'll be there. And wherever there are young, beautiful women taking off their clothes in full public view, we'll be there. We were there recently when Nathalie Trubert was named Miss Nude Paris (left) and when hundreds of bare lovelies performed for the Tits for Tots charity for children near Los Angeles (below). And The Playboy Channel was at regional and final competitions of the Great American Strip-Off. Right: A compelling contestant in the L.A. heat.



OUTLINE

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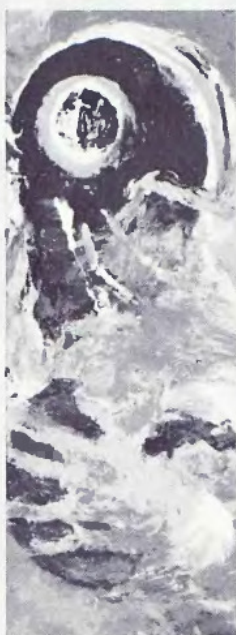


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"MUNDO'S SIGN"—A MARINE BIOLOGIST, SOME NATIVE FISHERMEN AND A SEA TURTLE ARE JOINED BY FATE IN A CARIBBEAN ADVENTURE YARN—BY **BOB SHACOCHIS**

SYBIL DANNING, **LOU (HULK) FERRIGNO'S** CO-STAR IN *HERCULES* AND **LINDA BLAIR'S** IN *CHAINED HEAT*, POSES FOR A SIZZLING TEN-PAGE PICTORIAL. SOCKO!

"PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW"—YOU READ IT HERE FIRST: NOT ALL THE BLOODLETTERING THIS SEASON WILL TAKE PLACE ON THE FIELD—BY **ANSON MOUNT**

"TIMOTHY HUTTON HAS GROWING PAINS"—AT 22, HE'S ALREADY A STAR. A NICE KID, TOO, BUT HE'S FINDING LIFE A BIT CONFUSING—BY **BARBARA GRIZZUTI HARRISON**

"CARNAL DREAMS REVEALED"—ANOTHER REPORT FROM THE NOTED **DOKTOR BEY**, WHO HAS INVENTED A VCR TO IMMORTALIZE EROTIC FANTASIES—BY **DEREK PELL**

"THE PERSONAL TOUCH"—WHEN JOE DECIDES NOT TO RENEW HIS SUBSCRIPTION TO *SNOOP*, HE GETS A NASTY SHOCK. A CAUTIONARY TALE BY **CHET WILLIAMSON**

"ARMAND IN A SEA OF SKIN: A SEXUAL MEMOIR"—THE TIME WAS THE SIXTIES; THE PLACE, SAN FRANCISCO. BUT TO THIS DAY, ARMAND'S PROWESS REMAINS ASTONISHING. A MASTER'S TECHNIQUE RECALLED BY **BILL BARICH**

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