

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1977 • \$1.50

A "FONZIE" THE
KIDS DON'T KNOW:
HENRY
WINKLER
INTERVIEWED

DEATH, DRUGS AND
THE DOUBLE CROSS
JOHN LE CARRE'S
NEW SPY THRILLER

WET WOMEN!
PATTI McGUIRE
AND FRIENDS
CONQUER THE
COLORADO

PLAYBOY'S
PRO FOOTBALL
FORECAST

THE PERILS
OF LIVING
TOGETHER



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A black and white photograph of Joe Namath, a man with dark hair and a wide smile, wearing a dark jacket over a striped shirt. He is holding a bottle of Brut 33 Skin Moisturizer in his right hand. The bottle is white with a black cap and has the text 'NEW BRUT 33 Skin Moisturizer FOR MEN FOR FACE, HANDS & BODY 4 FL. OZ.' on it.

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PLAYBILL

IN 1963, a little-known young English writer named **John le Carré** published a novel called *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*. It became an instant best seller and was followed by a steady succession of best sellers (among them *The Looking Glass War* and *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*) that established Le Carré as the reigning master of the spy thriller. So when we were offered the chance to extract something from Le Carré's forthcoming novel, *The Honourable Schoolboy* (to be published by Alfred A. Knopf in the U.S. and by Hodder and Stoughton in England), naturally, we jumped. The part we chose takes place in Southeast Asia, and particularly in Pnompenh, during the last days of the Cambodian civil war. That's all we're going to tell you about it (after all, it's a thriller), except that Le Carré, who, under his real name, David Cornwell, did a stint in the British Foreign Service, spent a couple of years researching the book throughout Southeast Asia during the recent unpleasantness there. Be assured, it's a hair-raiser.

Speaking of hair-raising, this month's interview, conducted by Los Angeles free-lance writer **Lawrence Grobel**, is with a young man who's got the tallest and possibly oiliest hairdo in Hollywood—the Fonz, also known as **Henry Winkler**. In case you've spent the past two years in Tibet, Winkler is the star of ABC's *Happy Days* and the hearthrob of countless millions of teenage girls all over the country. He's also one hell of an actor.

While Grobel was busy following Winkler all over the set, we had **Marjorie Rosen**, author of *Popcorn Venus: Women, Movies & the American Dream*, stationed in Europe with the cast and crew of the war picture in progress *A Bridge Too Far*. The excesses involved in putting together a big-budget war film inspired *A Movie Too Far*, which is, we think, an extremely clever title. "For some, the moviemaking process may be slow and dull," Rosen told us, "but this assignment proved totally fascinating. And, frankly, quite sexy."

If, like a good fellow, you've been reading **PLAYBOY** regularly, you're already familiar with the works of one **Edward Abbey** (author of *The Monkey Wrench Gang*), whose last piece for us was an essay called *The Right to Arms*. We sent Abbey on a trip down the Colorado in a dory and *White-Water Ramblers* (illustrated by Chicago artist **Dan Clyne**) is the result. We also sent two Playmates (**Hope Olson** and **Patti McGuire**), one Bunny and Staff Photographer **Richard Fegley** (prepped by Assistant Photo Editor **Michael Berry** and stylist **Christina Bartholome**) down the same river on a raft, and the result of that is the pictorial *Riverboat Gambolers*. Different strokes for different folks.

Now for the bad news: Living together is no longer the ideal setup for the unmarried. Seems you don't have to be married to get the short end of the divorce stick these days. Some recent legal rulings could spell disaster if you've split up after cohabiting and think you're going to hang on to what's "yours." *Cohabitation: The Tender Trap*, by **Emma Stevens** and **Stephen Holmes**, explains the whole depressing story but—here's the silver lining—offers a few helpful hints on how to protect yourself.

After reading that one, you'll need some upbeat relief, and this month it's supplied by frequent **PLAYBOY** contributor **Jules Siegel**, whose *Kill Them and Eat Them* (with artwork by **Doug Taylor**) suggests what we should do when the Martians land. **Anson Mount**, our prestigious prognosticator, predicts the coming season's gridiron winners in his annual *Pro Football Preview*, with accompanying art by **Reagan Wilson**. Last December's Playmate, **Karen Hafer**, demonstrates the art of putting on a bathing suit in *Tying One On*; this month's Playmate, **Julia Lyndon**, demonstrates the art of taking off a shirt; and 11 winning photographers demonstrate their lensmanship in the enticing end result of *Playboy's Playmate Photo Contest*. As people are wont to say in the month of August, "Hot enough for ya?"



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COVER STORY

This month's cover features December 1971 Playmate Karen Christy, who last graced our cover on February 1974. Karen is now working as a fashion model in Dallas. The cover was conceived and designed by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski and shot by photographer Phillip Dixon. Says Dixon: "I tried to capture what the aftermath of a pillow fight would look like—sort of messy but erotic."

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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



**LAINIE WOWS 'EM
IN CENTURY CITY**

Singer Lainie Kazan (left), whose talent is one of a kind, now has a place to sing that's also unique: her very own Lainie's Room in the Playboy Club in Los Angeles. There, not long ago, she tossed a celebrity-filled party that was labeled in the *Hollywood Reporter* as "a supernight with super-people."



**SATURDAY NIGHT IS
PARTY NIGHT**

Celebrating at PLAYBOY's wingding for the *Saturday Night* gang, interviewed in May: (above) writers Rosie Shuster, Alan Zweibel and Anne Beatts, cast member Dan Aykroyd; (right) performer Gilda Radner, guest Candice Bergen.



**PLAYMATE UPDATE: FROM CENTERFOLD
TO EUROPEAN DISC CHARTS**

Our August 1974 Playmate, Jean Manson, has made the big time in Europe, recording three hit singles for CBS Disques there. Her 1,000,000 seller *Avant de Nous Dire Adieu* (Before We Say Goodbye) was number one on the French charts, high elsewhere.

**WHY ARE THESE MEN
WEARING BLACK TIES AND SMILING?**

For their reportage on the links among the Howard Hughes empire, the CIA and Watergate, Larry DuBois and Senior Editor Laurence Gonzales (below) have won the Sigma Delta Chi Distinguished Service Award in the field of magazine reporting. Medallions and plaques were presented to the pair at ceremonies in San Diego.





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Levi's??

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It is a bit of a surprise, we suppose.

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Especially if you've been investing large sums of money in "dressy" clothes that—despite

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The fact is, good taste and sound construction and fiscal sanity can be combined in a single garment. Called Levi's Panatela.

Yes, Levi's Sportswear Panatela!!

DEAR PLAYBOY

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SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

The interview with the gang from NBC's *Saturday Night* (PLAYBOY, May) is superb. You must at least have set a record for the number of crazies in one interview. I can't wait for *Playboy Interviews the New York Jets*.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

If they were funny, we'd do it. They're not funny.

Your May interview is pure joy. It made me realize how much I've missed not seeing *Saturday Night* these past few months. The NBC affiliate here deprived me and thousands of other *Saturday Night* fans when it substituted *Music Hall America*. Thanks to PLAYBOY for the first laughs I've had in weeks!

Michael James
Chattanooga, Tennessee

I thought I was sick, but the *Saturday Night* interview made me even sicker. I loved it; only one problem—not enough of it.

Kat Drako
Johnson City, Tennessee

Hilarious, absolutely hilarious, that *Playboy Interview* with the *Saturday Night* people. Funny enough to take its place right up there alongside PLAYBOY's most famous excursions into humor.

Martin Pasko
New York, New York

Although I'm a fan of *Saturday Night*, I get to see it only when visiting my parents on Long Island. WRGB-TV refuses to air the show because it makes more money showing old B movies. Time for a change in Albany!

Bob Moore
Albany, New York

Fantastic! That's the only way to describe your interview with the *Saturday Night* people.

Stephen J. Maikovich
Whiting, Indiana

We're sure no one cares about this except us and Neil Israel and Mike Mislove. We did not write *Tunnelvision*; they did.

Al Franken and Tom Davis
NBC's *Saturday Night*
New York, New York

I could never watch *Saturday Night* again, knowing that such depraved minds are the entire backbone of the show. If there is one ounce of humor in mangled baby ducks or a child being crushed under a truck, I have failed to find it. O'Donoghue does not have one tenth of the intelligence that any one of the Muppets has. My suggestion is to cut him up into little pieces and send him to Idi Amin for breakfast. Now, that's funny! Ha-ha-ha.

Mary Rogero
Clearwater, Florida

Chevy Chase's lack of talent is exceeded only by his arrogance. Someone please give this boy a lesson in humility. He "influenced" the national election—indeed! Does he know how many millions of Americans there are who voted for Carter who have never even heard of Chevy Chase?

Barbara Williams
Beverly Hills, California

Thanks for a splendid interview. Long live PLAYBOY and *Saturday Night*!

Barry Kaufman
New Orleans, Louisiana

I really enjoyed your interview with NBC's *Saturday Night* crew (especially since I have a thing for Gilda Radner).

Arthur Blue
Reidsville, Georgia

Your interview with the cast of *Saturday Night* has reinforced my old hatred of television. They're lightweights.

John V. Johnson
San Francisco, California

As an avid *Saturday Nighter*, I was totally amused by your May interview. It's easy to see where the show's creative genius stems from after reading it. Is there any chance of getting Gilda to expose "the best legs in the business" in an upcoming issue?

Russel Minnocci
Hampton, Virginia

BEWITCHED AND BEWILDERED

Bewitched by Older Women (PLAYBOY, May) has to be the best pictorial essay your magazine has ever published. I am 23 and for the past two years have been "bewitched" by a woman six years my senior. I'll choose my mature, loving woman over

Macho. It's b-a-a-a-d.

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a giddy, fickle youngster any day. I'll leave them to the middle-aged men who need to prove their masculinity.

Alan Yearsich
Phoenix, Arizona

In the future, if you do an article on older women, why not feature older women? That way, we might avoid an untimely rush on the purchase of burial plots by all those poor 30-year-olds.

Bob Karnavas
Pomona, California

Congratulations for giving us an excellent and long overdue view of "older women." For those of us younger men who fantasize about, or enjoy, the allurements of women over 30, your pictorial essay is a welcome change from your usual fare of beautiful but blossoming girls.

(Name withheld by request)
Morristown, New Jersey

In *Bewitched by Older Women*, every picture except one is of a woman 30-35 years old. Even the article refers to 30 and up. Since when has that been "older"?

Julie Adams
Los Angeles, California

Waxing exuberant regarding Ursula Digard's linguistic abilities, you inform us that she "speaks Swedish, French, German, Italian, Spanish and Swiss fluently." But the Swiss language does not exist.

Erich Baumeister
Arlington Heights, Illinois

Schwyztütsch, or Swiss, is a dialect spoken by about half the German-speaking population of Switzerland. Anyway,



we asked Ursula for a sample of her Swiss. Here she is, saying "Cheese."

Your pictorial on older women is sensational—about time we got to see some women instead of girls.

John Menns
San Bruno, California

I write this with more than a little concern for your editorial integrity. With the exception of the baroness, you fudged on your May pictorial of "older" women. The genuine article isn't that hard to find. Meet Jo, a 41-year-old grandmother.

Mike Haskins
Denver, Colorado

Thanks, Mike. We checked and, sure enough, Jo Jarrett is the proud mother of two sons, 19 and 22, the latter having



just become a father. How does she keep her youthful appearance? Jo says, "Just lucky, I guess."

I was extremely disappointed in not seeing my grandmother. Please, let's not have that happen again.

M. D'Ambrosio
Rochester, New York

WHAT US STUPID?

I thoroughly enjoyed the May issue and had quite a bit of fun with *The What-Me-Stupid? Quiz*. Having scored 14, I would like you to concede question number ten, which would make my score 15. April fifth and May third are the first Tuesdays of each month. Following in the series would be June seventh. However, if Jack Sharkey wrote that last year, I'll concede!

E. G. Rich
Great Falls, Montana

Our panel of judges has awarded you the extra point. But they would also like to remind you that nobody likes a smartass.

Not too long ago, certain sharks were found in ocean caves lying perfectly still. They were said to be "sleeping" or in a semicomatose state. The divers were able to touch the sharks rather forcibly without the sharks' showing any perceptible reaction.

Aaron Jonasson
Gig Harbor, Washington

Sorry; requiem sharks (Carcharhinus springeri), the species that frequents underwater caves, do rest immobile for long periods of time, but their senses, including eyesight, remain alert. The assumption that they are experiencing sleep, as we know it, could prove fatal.

EXTENDED PLEASURE

James R. Petersen's article (*The Extended Male Orgasm*, PLAYBOY, May) made my day. If my own case is typical—and there seems no reason to believe otherwise—a woman can go along for ten years, with more partners than I care to think about, before meeting up with one of that elite and rare species, the sexually aware man. Now Petersen's very eloquent and persuasive pitch for pleasure helps reduce the likelihood of having to wait another ten years for the next one.

Anne Alexander
San Antonio, Texas

Where is the female while you are doing all the starting and stopping to control the orgasm? Not cliff-hanging, I hope!

Bob Carson
Ogden, Utah

For years, I have enjoyed such phenomena as seven-minute orgasmic phases, up to ten climaxes an hour and an ability to maintain an erection for as many as 12 straight hours (even cold showers didn't work). Masters and Johnson virtually ignored my inquiries and only my sexual partners believed me (and they kept such things secret). I still don't feel "normal," but that's perfectly OK. Petersen and PLAYBOY have brought me closer to humankind again.

Chuck Domm
Baltimore, Maryland

Masters and Johnson handle sexual problems. Whatever it is you've got, it's definitely not a problem.

The orgasm is orgasm is orgasm—not number, not intensity or whatever other measures one might vainly attempt to apply to ecstasy.

Bradley Arnault
Savannah, Georgia

MULLING OVER MULLEN

You can stop now! Playmate Sheila Mullen will last me for the rest of the year.

Morris Allen
New York, New York

Tell "Motor Mouth" Mullen I'll be glad to listen to her rap any time she wants.

Rick Stone
Chicago, Illinois

How much more proof do you need, non-Californians, that, indeed, the most beautiful women in the world are California women? Sheila has my heart and vote for Playmate of the Year! A most unique sort of beauty.

Daniel A. Riccatelli
Reseda, California

TERRORISM

Your article *Terror, Inc.* (PLAYBOY, May) is a mixture of fantasy and reality

WHY MOST CRITICS USE MAXELL TAPE TO EVALUATE TAPE RECORDERS.

Any critic who wants to do a completely fair and impartial test of a tape recorder is very fussy about the tape he uses.

Because a flawed tape can lead to some very misleading results.

A tape that can't cover the full audio spectrum can keep a recorder from ever reaching its full potential.

A tape that's noisy makes it hard to measure how quiet the recorder is.

A tape that doesn't have a wide enough bias latitude can make you question the bias settings.

And a tape that doesn't sound consistently the same, from end to end, from tape to tape, can make you question the stability of the electronics.

If a cassette or 8-track jams, it can suggest some nasty, but erroneous comments about the drive mechanism.

And if a cassette or 8-track introduces wow and flutter, it's apt to produce some test results that anyone can argue with.

Fortunately, we test Maxell cassette, 8-track and reel-to-reel tape to make sure it doesn't have the



problems that plague other tapes.

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It's one way to guarantee the equipment will get a fair hearing.

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in the usual tradition of PLAYBOY. However, when David B. Tinnin, with the help of the Israeli agent David Halevy, asserts that there are some 200-300 terrorists of Arab background in the United States and thereby pours dirt on the Arab community in this country, we feel that PLAYBOY is being used not as an instrument for education and entertainment but, rather, as a vehicle for Israeli propaganda. This is unfair and ugly, in violation of the body and the spirit of PLAYBOY. And so, to the claim concerning Arab terrorists in America, we say, "Hogwash!"

Dr. M. T. Mehdi, President
American-Arab Relations Committee
New York, New York

Tinnin's claim that there are 200-300 trained terrorists of Arab ancestry in the United States is hardly an indictment of the entire Arab community.

David B. Tinnin's simplistic, not to mention sophomoric, article on terrorism boils down to a description of the forces of light and civilization (Israel) fighting heroically against the forces of darkness and barbarism (the Arabs). I thought PLAYBOY had higher literary and journalistic standards.

Gary Leiser
Salt Lake City, Utah

I found the *Terror, Inc.* article very alarming. I suspect that the decision to provide Tinnin with his information came from the highest levels of the CIA or Mossad and that this was done for a specific reason—to spread the message that terrorism is a real threat and that it cannot be counteracted with present restrictions on our intelligence agencies, such as the CIA and the FBI. We must now consider whether or not the time has come to begin pragmatic and effective countermeasures.

John Geirland
San Pedro, California

KELLIE KUDOS

Wow! Kellie Everts (*Humping Iron*, PLAYBOY, May) is incredible! What a magnificently sculpted female. As a long-time weight-training enthusiast, I can certainly appreciate the results of her fine development.

Tony Schrementi
Chicago Heights, Illinois

I ran across a pictorial in one of your issues of a few years ago that might be of interest to some of your readers. It just happens that Miss Kellie Everts was crowned Miss Nude Universe in that pictorial (PLAYBOY, February 1968). I only regret the censorship that prevented you from a full frontal "coverage" of that contest. Thank you for a beautiful magazine.

Stewart Thompson
Carleton Place, Ontario

Kellie Everts is the sexiest woman who has ever graced the pages of PLAYBOY.

(Name withheld by request)
Rawlins, Wyoming

FOND OF FONDREN

Of all the ladies I have seen in PLAYBOY, Debra Jo Fondren is without a doubt the greatest. Her outstanding feature is her long, cascading hair that drives me crazy.

Anthony Pomersbach
Kingston, Ontario

Enough is enough! You've teased us twice already. What are you going to do, give us a picture of Debra Jo Fondren every two or three months before allowing her to become Miss December? Really. "Debra Jo has been asked to return for a reshooting." You're going to have enough pictures of her for three gatefolds.

Neil Anderson
DeKalb, Illinois

We've found you can't have too many pictures of Debra, Neil. She'll be getting



the full photo treatment next month. Until then, try to remain calm. Here's something for your nerves.

WHO NOSE WHAT EVIL?

I was at first amazed, then alarmed, to read in *Think Tank* (PLAYBOY, May) about the advent of the selective nasal desensitizer Veilex. Nature endowed us with our senses as tools for survival. Many dangerous substances have unpleasant odors. Others, such as natural gas, have a distinctly offensive odor added to alert us to their presence. What will be the chances of survival for a family entering its gas-filled home after unwittingly being exposed to Veilex? Where there is smoke, there is fire. God help us if we can't smell the smoke!

John D. Sansone
Sewaren, New Jersey

BRAVO, BORGES!

After reading *The Other*, by Jorge Luis Borges (PLAYBOY, May), I found it necessary to compliment you on your consistent and successful efforts to present the best in literature to your readers.

M. Kilbride
Santa Barbara, California

LILLIAN LOVER

I know of no other beauty who could look as inviting and seductive as Lillian Müller does while slurping on a soda of mashed potatoes on your May cover.

Tim Heagarty
Vienna, West Virginia

D'ARBANVILLE DELIGHT

It is overwhelming to see that in May's issue, PLAYBOY has moved up a step by exhibiting some absolutely "classic" photographs by David Hamilton. It would be a true pleasure to see more of Hamilton's work in your magazine.

G. Engelmann
Hackensack, New Jersey

Photographer Hamilton's work was previously showcased in "The Age of Awakening" in the August 1971 PLAYBOY.

TWO HANDS CLAPPING

Robert Sheckley's fine story *Silversmith Wishes* (PLAYBOY, May) has the simplicity of a Zen tale.

Martin Holladay
Sheffield, Vermont

SPEED THRILLS

Loved your article *Long-Distance Runners* (PLAYBOY, May). Couldn't seem to take my eyes off the photography. It is quite original.

John White
Chehalis, Washington

You've made a serious omission. The 850-c.c. "John Player" Norton is a screamer that really handles.

Bruce G. Reynolds
Denver, Colorado

You left out the fastest production bike made in the world today, the La-verda 1000. Although it is not well known (because you don't see much when one goes by), it is still the fastest factory-made machine money can buy.

Rick Brown
Houston, Texas

My wife and I took our Honda GW1000 on a 4500-mile honeymoon last summer. We rode it through the Oregon rain, a South Dakota snowstorm in June and over 76 miles of gravel and rock to get around the Idaho flood. The bike never complained or caused us any trouble, even in high altitude.

Terry Barber
Los Angeles, California

Glad you're happy, but it doesn't sound like much of a honeymoon.





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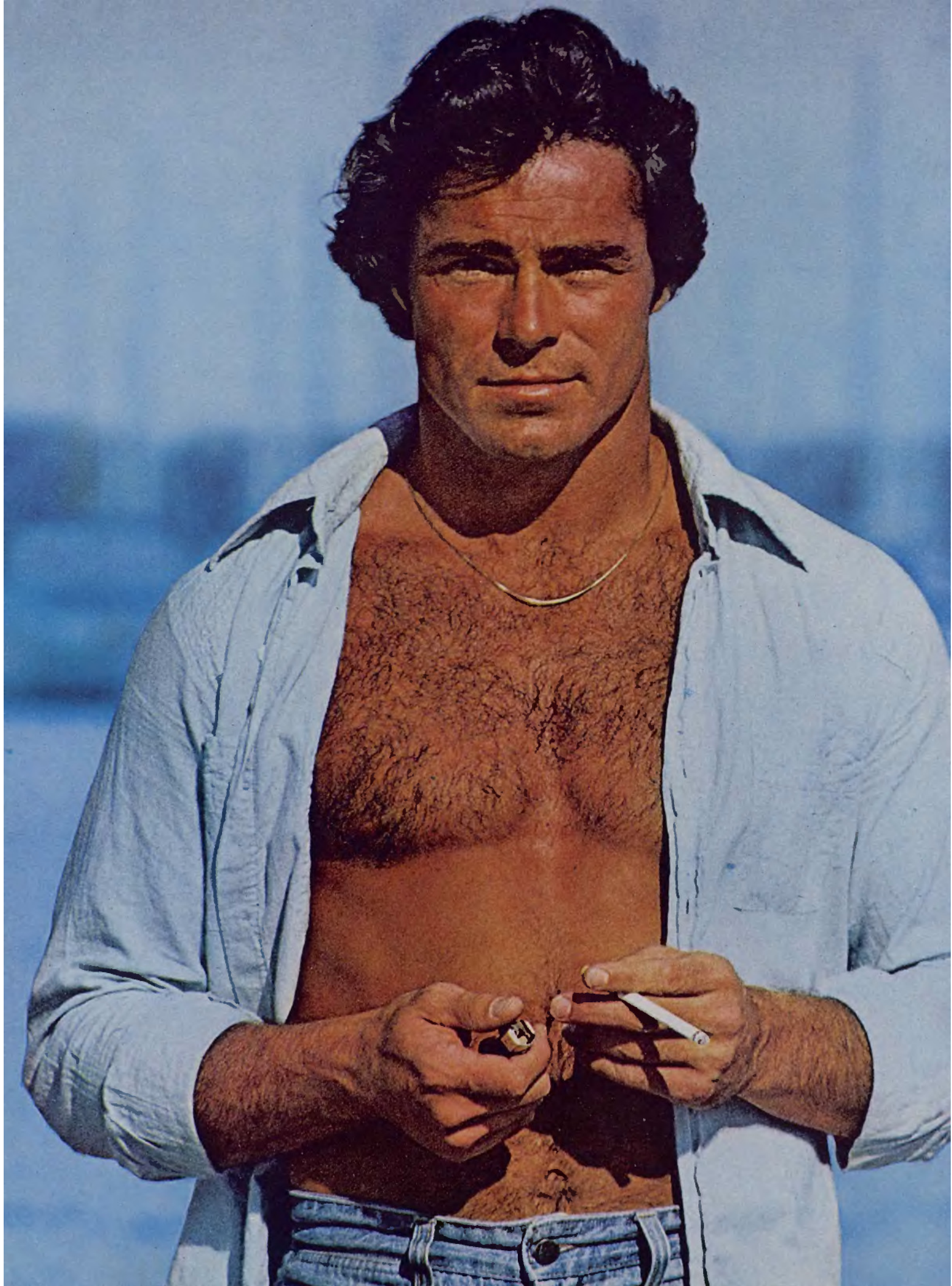
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



That's not what they mean by "flashing your card," dummy. A disgruntled customer at a Casper, Wyoming, store didn't hesitate to bare his feelings to the female cashier. We're not quite sure what prompted his behavior, but after she totaled his purchases, the 45-year-old man flopped his penis onto the counter alongside his Master Charge.

The University of Texas' *Daily Texan* announced this lecture in a symposium series: "Computers and You: Friend or Enemy?"

A reader reports seeing this sign hanging outside a bar in Albuquerque, New Mexico: HAPPY HOUR 2-5 WE TIGHTEN LOOSE WOMEN.

Cuckold of the Month: When a 34-year-old Swiss businessman discovered that his wife had a lover, he took one himself out of revenge. He went so far as to move his mistress into the home he still shared with his wife. Some weeks passed and one afternoon the husband came home to find his house deserted and a note from his wife that read: "I've run away with your mistress. We're in love. Take care of the baby and the dog."

And that includes your foot. An article about douching in the *Fort Collins Journal* offers female students at Colorado State University this sound advice: "A good rule of thumb for genital care is never put anything in your vagina that you wouldn't put in your mouth."

According to an account in the Chester County, Pennsylvania, *Daily Local News*, the district attorney's office is weighing the fate of 30 gamecocks confiscated in a raid on a cockfight. The headline ran: "DISPOSING OF COCKS A 'MAJOR DILEMMA.'"

A Maumee, Ohio, legislator has come up with the ultimate solution for cold weather: He has introduced a bill to abolish January and February and transfer their days to June, July and August. "By eliminating the coldest days of the year and increasing the number of warm summer days," he said, "we could cut our energy needs by approximately one third." Although the legislation was intended as a prank, the legislator acknowledged that a few of his colleagues thought it was a good idea.

A San Francisco ad executive has developed a board game called *The Game of Lesbian*, designed to enable gay women to raise their consciousness. Players can score points by killing a rapist, starting a women's clinic or getting a date with a gym teacher.

This is *not* a Polish joke: When an unhappy husband from Warsaw, Poland, stopped bugging his wife, she agreed to grant him a divorce. The 45-year-old man first tried to prod her into a split by releasing cockroaches in the kitchen. When that failed, he infested her bed with bugs. When *that* failed, the undaunted husband threatened her with mice—that's when she acquiesced.

The following message was blared over the loud-speaker at an Omaha softball game: "Your attention, please. Intoxicating beverages are not permitted on these premises. Violators will be prostituted."

A veteran at tax fraud, George Turner of Chicago, managed to milk the IRS for more than \$100,000 over the past 20 years by pairing false Social Security numbers and false W-2 forms with real names. When things got too easy (he made \$50,000 in a two-year period),

George decided to try a more interesting name: He picked Mickey Mouse. A tax form naming a "Michael Rodent" and listing as dependents Mousketeers Annette, Jimmy, Doreen and Cubby was sent to every regional tax office in America—and George received checks from all of them.

Well, first you ply her with liquor. . . . This headline appeared in Portland's *The Oregonian* over a story about the production of certain dried fruits: "HOW ARE DATES MADE EDIBLE?"

Should Jesus Christ return to earth in the next 80 years, he could find an invested income of more than \$44,000 waiting for him. Ernest Digweed, a retired schoolteacher from Portsmouth, England, died recently,



leaving instructions in his will to invest his money for 80 years for Jesus. He stipulated, however, that the executor of his will must obtain proof of Jesus' identity before paying out the accumulated money.

A 23-year-old Easton, Pennsylvania, man is being held for trial on an indecent-assault charge for kissing a coed's posterior. According to the *Easton Express*, the incident took place at the Lafayette College library, where the young man apparently found the buttocks of a coed leaning over the table more inviting than his studies.

Guilty of discharging: The Socialist-Communist City Council of Siena, Italy, has sentenced 4000 pigeons to die by guillotine. A city official said it's the most humane way of destroying them.

This ad for a chocolate-and-nut-covered ice-cream bar appeared in the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*: "Paddy's Pies—Put Nuts in Your Mouth and a Smile on Your Face."

PLAYBOY'S HALL OF FLEETING FAME



Voted in for coming up with a solution for a problem that doesn't exist: a doctor at a Southern medical school who told a symposium that there's no physical reason why men can't breast-feed babies. If a baby sucks long enough on a male's nipples, he claims, the stimulation will produce mother's milk—or, in this case, father's milk. There are hormonal drugs, adds the doctor, that can help turn men into breast feeders if sucking isn't enough to get the milk flowing.

UP YOUR SANDBOX

In this modern age, it's easier for children to have sex than it is for them to have fun. Today, toys are complicated, computer-tested contraptions conceived by child psychologists and erudite educators. Dolls walk, talk, wet and have plastic penises. Games, guns, gadgets and gizmos teach kids how to count, kill, write and rape. The following is an advance peek at some of the contemporary playthings that are now in the planning stages.



THE MIDEAST WIN-THE-WAR GAME

Two or more players assume the roles of Arab powers while a lone player assumes the guise of an Israeli general. The object of the game is to recapture Jerusalem or to blow a scale model of Israel off the face of the earth. There are lots of thrills and excitement as plastic P.L.O. figurines hijack aircraft, raid temples and execute helpless hostages. Anything can happen: Religious war escalates into nuclear holocaust if the right international powers intervene. For ages five to adult.

THE TIM 'N' TINA TRANSSEXUAL DOLL

Tim can be a real man with a hairy chest, testicles and an adorable little plastic penis. Tina can be a lovely liberated lady with breasts and a vagina. Your child determines the sex of this darling doll, with its beautiful bisexual features: Tim 'n' Tina can be male, female or hermaphrodite, since his? her? its? interchangeable sex organs can easily be removed or snapped back into place. For ages two and up.

LITTLE MR. WIZARD HOME POLLUTION KIT

Imagine your child making a substantial contribution to the eventual destruction of the environment! With the Little Mr. Wizard Home Pollution Kit, any boy or girl can be as thoughtless, shortsighted and immoral as those major industrial polluters who don't give a damn about the ecology. An easy-to-understand instruction book tells your child how to make smog, toxic chemical waste, noise and other popular pollutants. For ages 10 to 18.

THE DELUXE SUPERMARKET PLAY SET

Frustration, depression and anger are the things your child will feel as he or she pretends to purchase enough groceries to feed a make-believe family of four (not included). The set contains a rubber salary check, guaranteed to bounce, and a metal shopping cart that operates at the cost of \$20 per aisle. Fake food stamps, toy cartons of recalled mushrooms, pseudo soybean additives, tiny cans of contaminated tuna and canned goods infected with botulism are all included at no extra cost. For ages 4 to 12.

WINNIE THE POOP BEAR

This lovable stuffed animal is the perfect present for children who live in apartments where pets are not allowed. Now your child can experience the aggravation of having to housebreak a pet without the bother of having a real animal around the house. Give Winnie a hug and he poops on the spot. When you squeeze his furry tummy, you quickly find out what he's stuffed with. Winnie comes complete with refills and old newspapers. For ages two to five.

THE INNER-CITY PLAY SET

Plastic, dilapidated tenements and slum buildings snap together in seconds to form a miniature ghetto. Over 40 plastic playing pieces include delinquents, hoods, pimps, prostitutes, rapists, crooked cops, rats, roaches and other assorted scum native to inner-city locations, plus zip guns, lead pipes, tire chains—all the things your child needs to commit murder, robbery and other sordid offenses against mankind, God and nature. For ages 7 to 11.

—MICHAEL J. PELLOWSKI

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EVENTS

When we heard about "Tattoo '77," we decided it was something we had to cover. So we dispatched writer Robert S. Wieder to the scene. His report:

It's 30 degrees outside in Reno, but there are people here like walking catalogs of Picasso going around the Holiday Inn in tank tops. Temperature be damned, this is **Tattoo '77**—"the largest gathering of tattoo artists ever seen anywhere in the world," according to the invitation, which features, naturally, an eagle astride the globe. There are 1000 conventioners here and they outnumber Normals in the lobby and casino about three to one. On one guy's back is a Mansonlike prophet, lightning shooting from his finger tips amid furling waves and screaming banshees. Another sports I LOVE YOU SWEETPEA against a great sunburst across his can; yet another has a huge serpent crawling out his asshole and up his back.

This being a gathering of the best, there's a ton of tattooing going on. The noise of buzzing pens makes the place sound like a dentists' convention. The scene also teems with leather, heavy metal and pseudo-biker ornamentation. Close-cropped hair abounds; after all, excess hair detracts from flash (a popular term in the tattoo lexicon, roughly synonymous with bedazzling) and, besides, the butch/kink element is here in force; the room tinkles with ear, nostril and nipple rings. An elderly white-haired gent, pure bank president from the neck up, looks like an explosion in a Kem-Tone factory from there down; he's adorned with everything from a sea serpent to, so help me, Reddy Kilowatt. He wears tit rings and a small aluminum bar. "Fat Albert" Morse, whose book *The Tattooists* is moving like flu serum at \$30 a copy here, tells me that one old-timer has 20 rings in all on his body, including a cock ring. I'm astounded. How'd he ever get through the airport metal detector?

Also on display is a lot of stuff from the vicarious tattoo industry—jewelry, posters, buttons, T-shirts based on tattoo designs, which avoid the problems of pain and permanence. Behind the impassive faces of those being colored I see fleeting, almost subliminal twitches, gasps and white-knuckled clenchings. "Just listen to the Pointer Sisters or the Allman Brothers and you won't feel any pain," I'm told. I prefer the comforting hiss of nitrous oxide, thanks. Then there's the matter of permanence: You can't go naked again. "Remember," cautions Portland Blackie, whose wash-'n'-wear body suit by Cliff Raven will cost \$10,000 when it's done, "love is forever, but a tattoo is six months longer."

Then there's the sex angle. After all,



"In the Best Tattooed Woman contest, it's five to one for the belly dancer. I voted for Swedish Ivy."

this is a series of tiny rapid penetrations, the old in-out, in-out writ small. Artist Phil Sparrow once kept a journal recording what persons did with their new tattoos. Some lucked, some fought, some drank; 879 went home and masturbated while admiring their new decor.

A shrink would go ape here: The predominant themes are sex, death, violence, magic and nature. The gamut runs from prancing gays to good ole boys to Grandpa Waltons and Grandma Waltons, plus dykes and punks and cowboys and persons so otherwise normal they could run for alderman. A silver-haired ringer for Mary Worth is a virtual frolic of songbirds and flowers. There hasn't been such a mixed bag since the F.D.R. coalition.

Women are now the biggest noncult, casual-tattoo market. They tend toward butterflies, birds and flora, but one photo shows a *mons* bearing a Little Devil and NO MEAT ON FRIDAY? We've come a long way, baby; from tattoos of puss to tattoos on puss. But it's unnerving—women of such looks that I could drink their bath water, who need decoration like the Raiders need passing, are gray-blue with artwork: sunbursts across their breasts, crimson peonies on their shoulder blades.

In the casino bar, a girl named Star is trying to get sloshed enough to have her nips pierced. She and tattoo artist Don Eaker agree that the economic basis of this business is bikers. The swastika and chopper flash are very big. But almost no bike-related designs are on flash sheets here. They aren't displayed for sale, says Don, because when worn by the wrong person, they are susceptible to removal by buck knife. Says Star: "You'll definitely getcher arm cut off if you don't know whatcher talkin'."

I express annoyance at the idea of "restricted" art and the veto power of Visigoths, which doesn't impress a nearby drinker in outlaw colors and earrings who looks like he could beat up the Manson Family. Curt views are exchanged and he makes it known that the next stage of the argument will involve transfusions. Everyone in the vicinity placates the guy.

Comes the Awards Meeting and it's announced that, to avoid bias, the judging for the Best Tattooed Man and Woman contests will be done by the media. This is news to the media, but six of us are commandeered to serve as judges. Twelve ladies parade before us. Lady Blue, a curly-haired brunette, has Swedish ivy growing in symmetrical strands down her back and the outsides of her legs all the way to her ankles. A belly dancer has precise matching dark-blue inlays covering her shoulders like a shawl. One woman wears a blue dress with a neat hole tailored to show a seascape on one buttock. We huddle and vote. It's five to one for the belly dancer—an obvious sop to crowd response. I voted for Swedish Ivy.

There are 20 men competing. This is even tougher: Half of these guys would stop traffic in L.A. We narrow it to eight semifinalists and parade them by again. It is truly difficult to pick any one as outstanding, and we so want to please the crowd, many of whom react to disappointment by breaking things. We go off to confer; some of us don't want to return. But we vote, and it's five to one for a custom Ed Hardy Bicentennial Miss Liberty enfurled in stars and stripes from sacrum to neck.

Fortunately, patriotism sells well here and our choice is warmly received. Hardy is named Artist of the Year by artists' ballot, best male and female artists are selected and we all run for planes.

After all is said and done, I decide I respect the art. Not just because it's the one form where the canvas directs the artists or because of its great schizophrenic potential—you can be John Doe coming and Conan going: I respect it because out of some 6000 designs, there wasn't one Happy Face. That is taste.

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GUARANTEE

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Victor A. Lownes
Victor A. Lownes President

Playboy Clubs International

GUARANTEE

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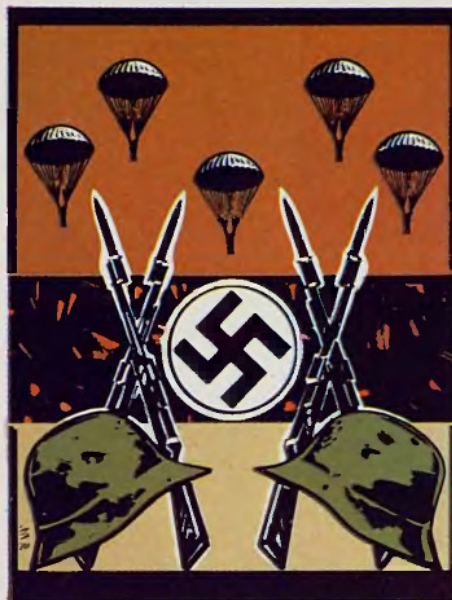
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MOVIES

Epic films about World War Two will be measured from now on against Joseph E. Levine's *A Bridge Too Far*, based on the late Cornelius Ryan's incisive best seller and produced on a stupendous scale, as if costly big-name stars were a dime a dozen (though Robert Redford reportedly earned at least \$2,000,000 for several weeks' work; see page 92 for the inside story on a milestone in the making). Several real-life characters involved in one of the hairiest debacles in the history of modern warfare are portrayed by James Caan, Dirk Bogarde, Michael Caine, Sean Connery, Edward Fox, Elliott Gould, Gene Hackman, Anthony Hopkins, Laurence Olivier, Ryan O'Neal and Maximilian Schell. If that's not enough for your money, there is Liv Ullmann in the film's only substantial female role—as a Dutch gentlewoman who gave over her house to the Allied wounded. Liv also doubles as narrator of the opening sequences, which set the stage for an airborne assault conceived back in 1944 by British Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery. More than any German, the villain of the piece is Montgomery—an offscreen presence whose egomaniacal zeal to beat the Russians to Berlin prompted a misbegotten plan to air-drop 35,000 English, American and Polish parachute troops far behind enemy lines. Their mission, part of Operation Market-Garden, was to take a bridge at Arnhem.

The battle strategy and build-up, for once, are made quite comprehensible in William Goldman's screenplay, directed with meticulous attention to detail by Richard Attenborough. Although his outrage over the waste of brave men's lives is the main issue, Attenborough takes a cue from Ryan's well-documented account and lets the facts speak for themselves. *Bridge Too Far* could easily have slipped into another spot-the-celebrities Hollywood war game, yet the sheer magnitude of the piece cuts every superstar down to size without losing the sense that each side's losses are measured in flesh-and-blood people. Bogarde, as Lieutenant General Frederick Browning—a staunch defender of Montgomery's folly—offers a chillingly perfect portrait of by-the-book militarism, matched by Connery as Major General Robert Urquhart, who cannot conceal his contempt for an operation fucked up from start to finish. Viewing the destruction of Arnhem through the eyes of Olivier, as an elderly Dutch doctor on a jeep tour of the rubble, constitutes a wordless, eloquent editorial on the insanity of war. Just one crucial lapse is O'Neal's boyishly lightweight portrayal of U.S. Brigadier General James M. Gavin, a part probably better suited to Redford. That



A Bridge Too Far: superb.

"*Bridge Too Far* is the most humane and intelligent antiwar movie since *Paths of Glory*."



Little Girl: sexy, sinister teeny-bopper.

weakness is more than covered by a score of compelling vignettes and unforgettable images—such as a mushroom sky full of parachutists floating earthward, with the gruesome beauty of a bad dream, toward imminent death in a field held by German snipers. More than a standard historical re-enactment that wallows obscenely in spilled blood, *Bridge Too Far* is the most humane and intelligent antiwar movie since Stanley Kubrick's *Paths of Glory* or since Attenborough's own poetic film version of the musical *Oh! What a Lovely War*.

Jodie Foster's super screen presence and sly sexual precocity are apt to be-

come a legend if she can keep up her current pace as the first femme fatale in film history who's scarcely ready for a training bra. As *The Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane*, Jodie doesn't appear to need it but gets ample support, nevertheless, from Martin Sheen (as a dogged child molester), Alexis Smith (as his dotting, doomed momma) and Scott Jacoby. Scott plays a crippled amateur magician who becomes Jodie's teenaged partner in crime—and eventually her partner in bed—while author Laird Koenig and director Nicolas Gessner thicken the plot of this cunning, nonviolent psychological thriller about a 13-year-old charmer with no surviving relatives. Though she pretends to have a father—Daddy's a poet, always locked up in his study, she insists—the kid keeps house by herself, reads Emily Dickinson, smokes French cigarettes, knows a bit about fast poisons and embalming, never goes to school and tries her damndest to outwit a hostile adult world. Producer Zev Braun, with a sharp eye for hot property, gives little Miss Foster a sturdy showcase and Jodie makes the most of it, as usual, undoing dirty old men—in the audience as well as on the screen. Shirley Temple was never like this.

A former stunt man making his first feature, director Hal Needham has turned out a ramblin' wreck of a comedy titled *Smokey and the Bandit*. Although stunt drivers and photographers seem to do all the work, Burt Reynolds and Sally Field are the movie's nominal stars, who go hot-rodding through the South, leaving carnage behind them, hotly pursued by Jackie Gleason as a redneck sheriff named Buford T. Justice. There's a slew of country music on the sound track to alter the pace of automobile crashes and frenzied chase sequences. There is even a rudimentary plot—something about smuggling Coors beer east of the Texas state line—but you will find no explanation of it here.

Hookers, Jesus freaks, neo-Nazis, bigamists and do-gooders have their day, and their say, in *Citizens Band*, a crazy patchwork of a movie that tells more about the C.B.-radio cultural phenomenon in ten minutes than *Smokey and the Bandit* can handle in close to two hours. *Citizens Band* starts off like a mini-Nashville about a motley group of characters in and around a small Southwestern U.S. town—where C.B. radio opens new channels of communication for many lonely, inadequate people who have discovered a new technological toy that alleviates anonymity by making every man the host of his own talk show. As sharp social comment, the film scatters its shots, but

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director Jonathan Demme practically floods the screen with local color, much of it hilarious, nearly all of it ribald, riotous and lowbrow. The wildest episodes concern a long-distance trucker and C.B. devotee (Charles Napier, the brawny stud-hero of two Russ Meyer sex epics) who sets up his favorite hooker (Alix Elias, code-named Hot Coffee) in a brothel van on wheels. What he does not foresee is getting laid up with an injury that brings his two wives to town on the same bus. When the ladies (played with dry, down-home brilliance by Marcia Rodd and Ann Wedgeworth) start showing off their family snapshots, they discover they have a helluva lot in common. *Citizens Band's* "now"-generation stars are Candy Clark, Bruce McGill and Paul Le Mat, the latter pair as rival brothers who have unwittingly shared Candy's sexual favors; she gets extra kicks via her own C.B. hookup with a frustrated teenaged boy, firing his masturbatory fantasies by remote control. *Band* is full of crackling energy and should help Le Mat elbow his way to room at the top.

FILM CLIPS

Star Wars: As you've probably heard, all your *Flash Gordon* fantasies updated (gloriously) for the Seventies, with robots, monsters, good and bad guys, intergalactic dogfights—plus Alec Guinness for a touch of class. Something for the kid in everybody.

Sweet Revenge: Originally titled *Dandy*, the *All-American Girl* (and reviewed as such in *PLAYBOY's* September 1976 issue), producer-director Jerry Schatzberg's amiably amoral comedy about a feisty Seattle car thief was shelved for a year by MGM. By any name, the movie still looks good, with dandy performances by Stockard Channing, as the girl whose heart belongs to a \$20,000 Dino Ferrari, and Sam Waterston, as her dumb-struck lawyer.

The First Nudie Musical: Another side-tracked spoof, rated R and sold off by Paramount after receiving a favorable review right here (*PLAYBOY*, May 1976) and wowing 'em in a few Texas tank towns. Bright and bawdy as ever, fledgling film maker Bruce Kimmel's Mel Brooksian salute to porno chic bounces back under new auspices (those of Northal Films, the folks who brought you *Cousin, Cousine*), with star Cindy Williams comin' through the wry in fine style.

The Greatest: Since Muhammad Ali has been something of an actor throughout his career, it's no surprise that his portrayal of himself in this so-called film dramatization of his life is, to say the least, believable. Why the film makers thought they needed as reputable a screenwriter as Ring (M*A*S*H) Lardner, Jr., to supply the dialog, however, is another question, since *The Greatest* is basically a promotional documentary affording barely a glimpse of what the man is really like—and that's a shame.

X-RATED



Duck:
Donald he ain't.

"With luck and a little more practice, *Dirty Duck* might take off like a big-assed bird."

Dirty Duck opens with the bold claim that "this film has no socially redeeming values." Well, that's dead right, yet the movie has some value as a promising X-rated cartoon feature in the tradition of Ralph Bakshi's *Fritz the Cat*. Written, designed and directed by animator Charles Swenson, with music and most of the soundtrack voices supplied by the team of Flo and Eddie (Mark Volman and Howard Kaylan, two seasoned lunatics formerly associated with

Frank Zappa's Mothers of Invention), *Dirty Duck* is built around the lustful fantasies of a shy insurance adjuster named Willard Eisenbaum, who inadvertently inherits a very large, lewd duck from one of his clients. Why a duck? "I was a turtle for a while, but things were a little slow," replies Dirty Duck. Then he and Eisenbaum embark upon a series of cartooned misadventures, encountering Captain America, bull dykes, harlots, screaming faggots and an armored tank equipped with a voice reminiscent of Humphrey Bogart's. Swenson's satire could do with some honing to round off the rough edges, though his style in animation is spare, original and wittily porno-cum-graphic. With luck and a little more practice, his *Dirty Duck* might take off like a big-assed bird.

In *Desires Within Young Girls*, real romance rears its head rather refreshingly in the usually cold, cold world of mechanical sex that characterizes most of porno. Veteran sex star Georgina Spelvin performs only one hard-core scene, as a luxury-loving matron who fucks her husband to death and subsequently learns she is not as well off as expected. So she brings her two adolescent daughters home from finishing school and tries to peddle them off to rich men's sons. Annette Haven (see *The New Girls of Porn*, July) and Clair Dia play Georgina's daughters, a fetching pair who grow up fast and fool around with gusto—in fact, they take on a platoon of eligible and impressively potent males before they foil Momma's plans by doing it for love with fellas they want to have and

hold, with or without money. Compared with last year's heavy trips into sadomasochism and guilt, the '77 porno pics begin to look bright, sassy and upbeat, despite their emphasis on something borrowed/something blue. Whether audiences conditioned to the same old schlock want sex with a smile and a smidgen of story remains to be seen.

Annette Haven (again) dominates *Reflections* as a comely cousin who comes back, after

14 years, to even the score with an incestuous brother and sister (Paul Thomas, Kathy Kaufman) who wouldn't let her join in their sex games when the three were kids together. Without Annette—looking photogenic, as usual, and working some mischief with masks at a welcome-home party that turns into an orgy—*Reflections* would be just another marathon hump. Cinematically smooth, even sophisticated at first glance, it finally settles for oral-genital group gropes and the usual quota of cum shots.

The big scene in *Big Thumbs* is managed with humor and great sexual bravura by porno superstar Jamie Gillis, who appears as himself in a climactic courtroom scene to prove to the jury that the heroine can have an orgasm. In addition to his usual equipment, Jamie brings along "a complete set of graduated dildos, used once by an aging sultan." As the damsel in undue distress, England's Janette Sinclair plays a girl who presses a suit against her landlord, claiming that she became a perpetually frustrated nymphomaniac after a faulty elevator more or less threw her into an act of fellatio with a friendly neighbor (Ras Kean). Each witness has a story to tell in flashback, of course, and the judge takes the plaintiff to his chamber for a quickie. Although its title is irrelevant (in the heroine's opinion, there is supposed to be a correlation between long thumbs and lengthy penises), *Thumbs* uses the format of courtroom comedy-drama with moderate success. But Jamie's tongue-in-cheek tour de force outdoes all the film's previous energetic insertions.



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Both Scirocco and Rabbit get 37 mpg on the highway and 24 mpg in

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Dasher

**Fortune, May 1977.

MUSIC

It's not another "Lady Sings the Blues," but once again a jazz singer's path has been star-crossed by drugs. **Flora Purim**, an immigrant from Brazil ten years ago, is now receiving the accolades that once went to Ella, Carmen and Sarah. (Downbeat polls have named her top female vocalist for three consecutive years.) Warner Bros. Records snatched her away from the more esoteric Milestone label with a multimillion-dollar offer. She's married to the brilliant Brazilian percussionist Airtó Moreira and they have a daughter, Diana. But there are thorns in the bed of roses: a cocaine bust in 1971, 16 months in Terminal Island penitentiary, and now the threat of deportation. The Department of Immigration will send Flora Purim, as an alien and ex-felon, home, persona non grata, unless a deportation order can be blocked on humanitarian grounds. Writer Len Lyons talked to Flora to get her side of the story.

PLAYBOY: How did you get busted?
PURIM: I lent my 12-string to a friend. Then I got a call for a recording session, so I went back to pick it up. I didn't know my friend was dealing, and the apartment got busted while I was there. It's funny, the police report said they found coke in my bra and I don't wear a bra.

PLAYBOY: Why can't jazz shake the drug connection?

PURIM: In some ways, jazz, drugs and the blues all go together. Blues are sad because of the black people's grief over being brought here from Africa. But I think all this is changing. Jazz has become happier music since it's fused with rock and pop, and it's started to reach more people. The musicians want to promote things other than this self-involved image.

PLAYBOY: You once said Scientology got you off drugs. Is that for real?

PURIM: Definitely; but in the beginning, I didn't believe in it, either. It really did help me confront other people and myself without trying to hide things. After a while, I learned that my mood didn't have to depend on drugs and that musicians who used them wouldn't reject me if I didn't want to smoke or blow with them. Actually, what I gained was more control over my own emotions. Chick Corea had a strong influence on me. When I was singing with Return to Forever, Chick wouldn't allow anyone who used anything—even alcohol, even aspirin!—in the band.

PLAYBOY: When you first came to the States, you were so broke you had to crash with friends, and now you're going to be a millionaire. How did it happen?



Flora Purim tells her story.

Flora Purim talks about jazz, the music biz and her drug bust.



J. S. B. by E. L. & P.: petty theft.

PURIM: If you sell your soul, you can be very rich.

PLAYBOY: And how does that apply to you?

PURIM: To make some musical dreams come true, like having the best musicians all the time, playing only the best halls, and so on, I needed money. To get money, I had to leave a record company and producer I still love and go to Warner's, where the cash flow is so much greater. What I didn't know was what would happen after the switch, and that's the selling-your-soul part. I have no private life. I have to call ten people before I make a move. All the decisions are out of my hands.

PLAYBOY: Does that include the music you sing?

PURIM: They don't touch that. They'd have to kill me first. We're producing our albums.

PLAYBOY: But will Warner's settle for just a jazz audience? Won't your approach have to change?

PURIM: OK, it's already changed to an extent. I'm approaching my music louder

and harder. You have to, if you want to play out of the jazz-club atmosphere. You know, I've always refused—until now—to put on those \$1000 dresses that no normal woman would ever wear, because I didn't like that "attitude." I'm in a different reality now. I have to make sure 7000 people who come to see us—see, not hear—get their money's worth. That means putting on a show.

I'm also more hybrid than I ever wanted to be. I'm closer to Brazilian roots again but not as free as I'd like to be. I found out it's really harder to be disciplined than free, and this new album, *Nothing Will Be as It Was . . . Tomorrow*, is organized. Very organized.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think overproduction is a problem in American music today?

PURIM: I know what you mean. If you add strings or horns, it can put distance between you and the listener, and you'll never sound the same on the road. I don't work that way. What you hear on my records, you can pretty much play in your garage or practice room. Maybe that's a reason my songs are popular—the young, local bands can play them.

PLAYBOY: What else is making your music popular?

PURIM: In my opinion, what impresses people most is self-confidence and honesty. After that, it's your ability. Your audience might like the music first, but it's not enough. They want to know you as a person. I don't hide my weaknesses. Even if I sing flat, so what? I don't slide up to the right note, like Billie or Carmen. Maybe I'll use it as a coloring sound or do something new with it.

PLAYBOY: What are your chances for avoiding deportation?

PURIM: I don't know. I'm hoping Immigration will look at me as a useful person. Jazz is the first music you could call American. The fact that I'm a Latin and a family woman and that I promote American music should be to my credit. If they take me away from it, it's going to be a reflection of the way America treats her art form.

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Emerson, Lake and Palmer, the world's most solemn rock-'n'-rollers, have released a funereal-looking double-pocket album called *Works* (Atlantic). It is often

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difficult to characterize something as big as these four sides, but we think the lines quoted above will give you the general idea.

E. L. & P. each provide one side of music on *Works* and the three of them get together for the grand finale on the fourth side. The stately lines we have selected to head this review are a reasonably representative sample of Greg Lake's side.

Carl Palmer is a bit more eclectic. He does two songs that sound like Doc Severinsen and the band from *The Tonight Show*. And he continues E. L. & P.'s practice of rocking the classics with selections by Prokofiev and J. S. Bach.

There is absolutely nothing wrong with stealing from classical composers. In fact, knowing whom to steal from is a sign of real talent. But Bach did not play rock 'n' roll and you can't turn a *Two Part Invention in D Minor* into *Louie*, *Louie* by adding a drum track.

The everybody-on-stage-for-the-big-production-number side tries to turn Copland's *Fanfare for the Common Man* into a long rock number with similar results. E. L. & P. might be a bit more palatable if they weren't so damn serious. They seem to think that they are interpreting the music, revealing something that nobody ever saw before: missionaries of culture to the Quaalude set, opening our eyes to the glories of real art.

Keith Emerson is so far into culture that he seems to have left rock 'n' roll behind altogether. His solo side is taken up entirely by his *Piano Concerto No. 1*. Emerson tickles the ivories himself and he has the London Philharmonic Orchestra for a backup band. What is surprising is that Emerson's concerto is the least objectionable side of the album. If you are going to mess with the classics, you might as well really get into it: Use all those strings to play something rather than have them fill in chords behind a rock band.

The concerto is not great music, but it is a serious attempt, and writing even a poor one takes a lot of work. Emerson has more ideas than he knows what to do with; he tends to state an idea and then go on to the next one without pausing to develop anything, but some of the ideas are very good. We think he ought to stick to this sort of writing. His concerto is unlikely to push Brahms out of the standard repertoire, but it is closer to being good classical music than the rest of *Works* is to being good rock 'n' roll.

Garland Jeffreys, the *Ghost Writer* (A&M), has put his ear to the pavement all over Manhattan and has written songs that reflect the mixture of his black, white and Latino heritage. He's got the big-city lyrical savvy of our best songwriters but is, thankfully, devoid of the easy answers that they occasionally peddle. He is angry and confused and his

words embody this rather than try to explain it, while the music moves comfortably from rock to reggae with Jeffreys grasping each form as if it were his own. From the Stoneslike pissed-off rocker *Wild in the Streets* to the scuffling sensuous reggae of *I May Not Be Your Kind*, it's his rich voice that provides the music with its emotional heart.

All right, this is PLAYBOY talking. And we're about to review Marie Osmond's new record. You can see it coming, right? We're so attuned to a higher order of musical artistry that we're going to tear into *This Is the Way That I Feel* (Polydor) like a school of sharks going through Dannon apple yoghurt.

Well, to tell the truth, there is a certain smooth sameness to Marie's performance—like something you can squeeze from a lily-white tube in an even, slick snake line and lop off in three-minute-23-second segments. Put the word love or music into each title, pass go and collect \$2,000,000.

But that's show business and—like masturbation—we're all guilty of it in some form. The key thought to hold in your mind when listening to bubble-gum music or Muzak or even Pat Boone is that you might think you could do better, but that noble thought and a herd of buffalo on Methedrine won't get you across town on the bus.

The people who record (or write or



Music to brush your teeth by.

paint) this artistic Nembutal are quite professional and even the thinnest, most mindless excuse for music is (listen closely) executed by craftspersons who never miss a note and who could play just about anything they wanted to if you put it on sheet music in front of them. These musicians—from the deadly Osmonds themselves right down to the percussionist who rings the cowbell—are stone pros who are highly regarded practitioners. That doesn't make their songs any more pleasant to listen to than a truckload of potato salad hitting the sidewalk from the top of the World Trade Center; but before you laugh at them, try picking up a truckload of potato salad.

Our reviewer would like to apologize for the delay in filing this review of Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes' second album, *This Time It's for Real* (Epic).

Seems that he was laid up with a broken leg and his girlfriend was handling the disc-jockey chores. Somehow, Southside Johnny got mixed up with the Great Hits of Phil Spector. Or was that Jerry Lieber and Mike Stoller? Never mind. The confusion is cleared, the leg is healed and now the boy can dance, which is just as well, 'cause *This Time* is a record that won't let you sit still. Miami Steve—the guitarist from Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band—deserves top honors for writing, arranging and producing most of the songs on the album. At the center of each tune are the Miami Horns—the most impressive set of woodwinds and brass this side of Jericho, site of the world's first battle of the bands. The wall of sound supports the heartfelt vocals of Southside Johnny and the tremendous lead work by Willie Rush. (The rhythm-and-blues soul format is too restrictive to showcase a flashy guitarist properly, but take our word for it—this boy can fly.) While none of the songs on this album matches the stunning *Fever on the Jukes* debut, the over-all quality here will dispel the PR hype that this is just the farm-team band for Springsteen. These boys are major-league material.

The world seems to have caught up to Dickey Betts. It has been said that if guitar licks could be copyrighted, Betts would be a very rich man. With the

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Allman Brothers Band, he helped create a distinctive rock-'n'-roll guitar style that virtually every picker south of the Ohio River has mined for good chops. You hear people who sound like Betts everywhere these days. He is a much better guitarist than any of his copiers, but his picking is no longer startling enough to carry a whole record. On *Dickey Betts and Great Southern* (Arista), he tries to make it do that and the result is a rather undistinguished piece of work that doesn't particularly stand out from the music of many less talented people now working in Southern rock. Part of the beauty of the Allman Brothers Band was the contrast between the laid-back country quality of Betts's music and the driving, black sound of Duane and Gregg Allman. Great Southern doesn't have that kind of strength. Mostly, the band is there to back up Betts rather than to move out front as his equal. With nobody doing any driving, the music seems to languish. It needs more bite, a harder edge, to make it move; a little less front porch and a little more back alley.

As everyone knows, this past March 18th marked the 127th anniversary of the invention of the kazoo in Macon, Georgia. To celebrate that momentous occasion, New York turned out in style for *Kazooophony in Concert at Alice Tully Hall*, an "alleged cultural event and musical parody" featuring the remarkable—and widely ignored—Kaminsky International Kazoo Quartet and Fie-On-Arts Ensemble.

A kazoo, of course, is a little plastic pipe that, when you hum into it, distorts your voice into a satisfyingly resonant buzz with better-than-usual carrying power. The Kazooophony, according to the concert's announcer and straight man, Howard A. Kaminsky, was on tour from its native country, Ludakravia (where everyone is named Kaminsky but no one is related), in order to promote the almost unheard-of art of classical kazooing—and to make a buck on the side.

After presenting a brief history of Ludakravia, our announcer brought on the five members of the Kaminsky International Quartet (a kazoo quartet consists of either seven members with two missing or whoever feels like showing up, whichever is more). While repercussionist Light Fingers Kaminsky reperculated, kazooists Natasha, Boris, Igor and Feodor Kaminsky marched ceremoniously onstage, attired in traditional full concert tails and bare feet. Taking their places beside a large potted palm (Arthur Kaminsky), they raised kazoos and played the "short version" of the Ludakravian national anthem. We traced some obvious American influences in the tune, which was reminiscent of the first four bars of *The Star-Spangled Banner* and in tonal quality was suggestive of a Bronx cheer.

The group next embarked upon the three movements of *I'm Inclined to*



Up the kazoo!

If you ain't heard
Mozart on the kazoo,
you ain't heard
nothing yet.

Kazoomusik, a dazzling display of virtuosity in which each kazooist imitated a different stringed instrument. The effect was impressively intricate, sounding much like Mozart's *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* played somewhere underwater.

Boris Kaminsky, introduced as "the world's lowest bass-kazoo player and former test pilot for Bazooka bubble gum," re-created the audition that won him his coveted place in the Kaminsky Quartet by vocalizing an aria from *La Traviata* titled *Let's Drink, Make Merry, Fool Around and Find the Rest of the Pleasures I Can Think of in the Next 15 Measures*. . . . Subsequent selections featured members of the Fie-On-Arts Ensemble; notably, face and teeth player Stanislaus Kaminsky, who is rumored to possess upper molars with perfect pitch. Fie-On's residual ballerina, Pistachia Kaminsky, executed a flawless arabesque, statuesque and full *faux pas*. She later returned with partner Najinski Kaminsky to perform with skillful klutziness the duet from the well-known kazoo ballet *Swine Lake* (he played the swine, she played the lake).

Feodor Kaminsky, who, it's reported, attended the Kazooliard School of Music, where he was studied for many years, gave a solo rendition of *Plight of the Kazoomblebee*, a rapid piece made even more difficult by the kazooist's attempts to swat the insect while he played. The first half of the concert concluded with the *New York City Fight Song*, which

"honored the tradition of violence in sports by continuing it in music."

During the lengthy intermission, it was discovered that the Kaminskys, in non-Ludakravian guise, had met at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, where group leader and kazookeeper Natasha (a.k.a. Barbara Stewart) currently studies voice and flute. The others are all proficient on nonkazoo instruments and teach music at colleges in and around Rochester. The company has twice appeared at New York's Town Hall in Christmas performances with P.D.Q. Bach discoverer Peter Schickele, who said of the Kaminskys' interpretation of Mozart: "It sounds no worse on kazoo than it would on brake drums."

Such unqualified praise could also be applied to the second half of Kazooophony, in which the Kaminsky Quartet introduced the first French-horn kazoos. These proved particularly effective in the lower kazoo registers, adding an interesting dimension to the same old *blatt*. Another high point was the *1813 Overture*, written by one Peter Illegitimus Kaminsky to commemorate Ludakravian participation in the War of 1812. In that piece, the audience was requested to fill in for the cannons by shouting "Boom!" in appropriate, and some inappropriate, places.

Stanislaus returned to do a trio for face, teeth and feet and, not to be outdone, Light Fingers performed a piece for drums, wall, floor, podium and anything else that happened to be around. Then the entire company assembled onstage for a rousing finale of John Philip Kazooza's *Stars and Stripes Forever and Ever . . . and So Forth . . .* while some of the audience cheered and others hummed along.

Kazooophony's cherished goal of establishing the kazoo as the American national instrument may be a long time coming; but, meanwhile, the company is earning new respect for that humble, and hitherto scorned, instrument. If the Kaminskys have their way, the kazoo no longer will be just another children's toy. Instead, it will take its rightful place among the ranks of the world's great instruments: a proud equal of the jew's-harp, banjulele and wa-wa guitar. —LINDSAY MARACOTTA

SHORT CUTS

The Isley Brothers / Go for Your Guns (T-Neck): An unhurried program of laid-back ballads and bang-up boogies.

Vitamin E / Sharing (Buddah): An articulate new vocal group, well produced by Norman Connors.

The Fatback Band / NYCNYUSA (Spring): Dance music with enough sounds and motifs to keep it interesting, it's a soulful tribute to Fun City.

The Miracles / Love Crazy (Columbia): No Smokey but lots of ideas and some fire.

Lenny White / Big City (Nemperor): An all-star cast helps the nonpareil drummer build a musical megalopolis.



Photo by Bruce Hall

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Can you find the oil well in this picture?



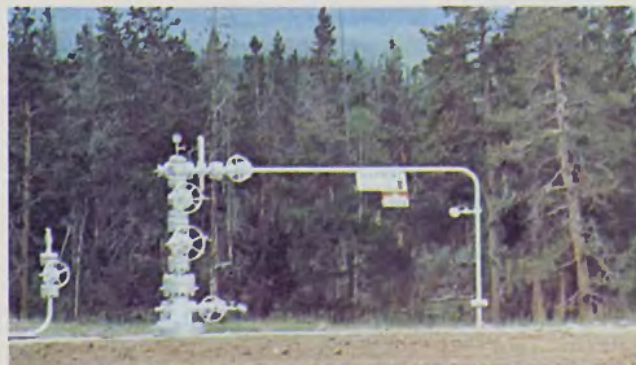
The oil well is in the center of the picture. Hard to find, isn't it?

The majestic forest lands of northern Utah. Home of tall stands of timber, roaming herds of elk and deer, blue skies and bubbling brooks.

When oil was discovered here, many people predicted the natural beauty of this splendid wilderness area would vanish. And its abundant wildlife along with it.

But when the people of Phillips Petroleum arrived, they did a lot of talking before they sank a single hole. They talked to the Forest Service. To the Department of the Interior. And many others.

When Phillips actually did start to drill for oil, they did it so carefully, hardly anyone noticed—including the animals that live here.



A closer look.

The natural look

Today the oil field they developed stands in harmony with its surroundings.

Pipelines have been buried and planted over. A system of unseen protection devices, warning systems, and overflow controls has also been installed to protect the forest floor from the possibility of oil leaks.

The environmental integration of these oil wells has been so complete, few forest visitors would even notice their presence.

An environmental award for an oil field

The whole idea was for our oil field to go unnoticed. But we're flattered that one group did take notice—the Bonneville Chapter of the American Fisheries Society.

For the first time in the 105-year history of the Society, one of its chapters issued an official commendation to an oil company for an oil field in harmony with its natural surroundings.

Making fine products for your car without forgetting our environmental responsibilities. At Phillips we have a word for it: Performance.

The Performance Company



BOOKS

Roger Kahn's new book about baseball, *A Season in the Sun* (Harper & Row), grew out of a series of magazine articles he wrote over the course of the 1975 season. His assignment was to capture the state of the game in America, an impossibly broad idea, and he decided the way to approach it was to "consider a winning major-league baseball team . . . and match that franchise against a losing ball club. . . . Go ride the buses of the minors and live with young men who win and lose in solitude. . . . Look for someone born out of time, who spent his skills in the old Negro leagues, quite literally black obscurity. Contrast him with a white, who ran a baseball career into a fortune." Well, you can have the winners in this book, Walter O'Malley, Johnny Bench. We know their stories too well and even Kahn can't make them interesting or fresh. Ah, but when he gets down into the bush-league heart of the game, where they still play it for love instead of money, this is a wonderful book. Kahn travels to Arkansas to watch Wally Moon coach the John Brown University team, to Puerto Rico, where all the boys want to grow up to be Roberto Clemente, to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where he watches what he calls the most exciting game of the year between two minor-league teams you never heard of. And if there is a single moment in the book in which Kahn the reporter finds what he went looking for, it is the one with Artie Wilson, a forgotten superstar from the Negro leagues. "Oh, but I loved playing the game," Wilson tells him, "loved it as a little kid round the sand lots in Birmingham and I loved it playing for the Acipico Cast Iron Pipe Company."

The opening lines of Jonathan Kwitny's crime novel *Shakedown* (Putnam) may well describe the author's own motive for writing a thriller: "Everybody used to be a newspaperman. Me, too. But most reporters leave because they're looking for money. I was still looking for justice. Money is what you want after you discover that justice is unavailable. For me the discovery came too late." Kwitny's last book—*The Mullendore Murder Case*—was a nonfiction account of a sensational, unsolved Oklahoma homicide. The prose was clean, hard and insightful and the reader developed a sympathy for the real-life victims and villains. Kwitny, the reporter, was obviously fascinated by the varieties of evil displayed by his subjects. That fascination is missing in *Shakedown*, in which Kwitny's fictional hero is an investigative reporter turned FBI agent turned investigative reporter who casually tracks down the masterminds (and apprentice minds)



Season: head for the minors.

"Ah, but when Kahn gets down into the bush-league heart of the game, this is a wonderful book."

involved in a slick check-fraud scheme. *The Mullendore Murder Case* was a slow exercise in atmosphere. Thick. Substantial. *Shakedown* moves by so quickly that, should we want to catch our breath, there is nothing to breathe. A shakedown is slang for a con; it is also the term for a test cruise in which the bugs are worked out of a boat. Kwitny's voyage into fiction is flawed but forgivable. Maybe next time.

Every crazy American election year needs one book of record, and this is it for 1976. Jules Witcover's *Marathon: The Pursuit of the Presidency, 1972-1976* (Viking) is the soup-to-nuts compendium of all that stuff we had to suffer in dribbles and pieces for lo, those many months. Witcover is an astute Washington reporter who was writing about Jimmy Carter's charisma several years before the rest of the national press discovered him; yet he reveals himself in this hefty volume (656 pages) as a levelheaded historian with a balanced sense of American political development. While other boys from last year's press bus are churning out hardcover crystal balls on the "real" Jimmy Carter, Witcover wisely reminds us just how close the 1976 election was and gives the Republican campaign equal time.

This is clearly a book that belongs in libraries, but it's readable enough to spend a slow summer week with, too.

Q & A (Dial), a new novel by Edwin Torres, is a story about cops and crooks, cops and bad cops, Latinos and whites, Latinos and Irish and blacks: a brutal, brilliant chronicle of cultures at odds. But it is more: At first it has a disorienting effect, like walking into a cantina where a *mariachi* band is backing William Butler Yeats. Somehow, Torres has unearthed a strange, prehistoric similarity between the Irish and the Latino cultures, a slow, smiling *sangre y arena* death dance of laughter and danger wherein violence and love are never more than a kiss away from each other.

Like the best Latino writers of our time, Torres is clearly a gifted lunatic. He grew up in Spanish Harlem and became assistant district attorney in homicide under Frank Hogan. So he knows his cops and the ghetto setting of the book. But from the strange slow-motion plot—a bloody fandango of Cuban fags and psychotic killers—you know there's more to this writer than street smarts.

QUICK READS

The main question is, What possessed Alice Hoffman to write *Property Of* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)? And where did this finely honed writing talent come by all that morbidly detailed knowledge of street gangs? There have been urban-outlaw novels before, but this one, from the point of view of a girlfriend of the leader of one of the most powerful gangs in town, is unique. It chronicles the rise and fall of The President of the Orphans in the classic tradition of *The Wild Ones*. And in the end, it becomes very clear that the grisly blood-and-power politics of the street is not all that different from another kind of politics.

Brad Holland / The Human Scandals (Crowell): Holland, whose illustrations have appeared on the pages of *PLAYBOY* for a number of years, has put together a collection of more than 100 of his pencil drawings inspired by the human and political events of our times. He's not only a brilliant artist but a satirist of the first order.

Daniel Yergin / Shattered Peace (Houghton-Mifflin): This balanced account, written for the armchair history buff, is subtitled "The Origins of the Cold War and the National Security State." Yergin, who is a lecturer and research fellow at Harvard, has traced such Cold War milestones as NATO's founding, the Marshall Plan and the Berlin Blockade of 1948.



SELECTED SHORTS

insights and outcries on matters large and small

ARMS, ANYONE?

By Peter J. Ognibene

TWELVE YEARS AGO, India and Pakistan were fighting over the Rann of Kutch, which is without a doubt the most worthless piece of real estate on earth. Rann means marsh, which is what the Rann of Kutch is half the year. It's a desert the other six months.

But what made that miserable little war even more absurd was the fact that Indians and Pakistanis were killing one another with American weapons.

Did we learn from the Rann of Kutch? Apparently not, because in three conflicts in Latin America, the soldiers on both sides went into battle with blood in their eye and rifles stamped U.S. Greeks and Turks, who have been killing one another for centuries with little outside assistance, dispatched one another more efficiently in Cyprus, thanks to Uncle Sam, the world's number-one purveyor of high-velocity, hollow-point, impact-expanding ammunition and other military marvels with which mankind can liquefy flesh and pulverize bone.

In the past three decades, 110 billion dollars' worth of weapons have crossed national borders. The United States has been the undisputed leader in arms traffic, accounting for approximately half of all transnational transactions. The Soviet Union is running second.

For many years, we gave weapons to our allies: primarily western Europe and Israel. Now the name of the game is: Sell, sell, sell! In 1970, American arms sales totaled less than a billion dollars, but business has boomed since then. In each of the past three years, American firms have peddled about ten billion dollars' worth of weapons abroad. Iran and Saudi Arabia are now our biggest customers.

In the volatile Middle East, the United States has been arming both sides with some of the most expensive and lethal weapons in our arsenal. Israel, for instance, will be getting F-15s, the front-line fighter of the U.S. Air Force. But Saudi Arabian petrodollars will be buying Sidewinder missiles that might one day be used to knock Israeli planes out of the sky. Should war come once again to that troubled region, the only outcome that's certain is that American industries will be doing brisk reorder business on both sides.

And what is our sales policy? William

Proxmire, the maverick Senator from Wisconsin, probably said it best: "We sell to anyone for any reason at any time. We arm neighbors. We arm enemies. We arm the wealthy, the destitute. We arm the despots, the dictatorships, the military juntas, the aristocracies—we arm them all."

Arms sales abroad create jobs at home, but there are also drawbacks to being number one. The United States, according to Pentagon documents, helped make Vietnam one of the most militarily powerful nations in Asia. We did not intend it that way. What happened was that the aid we shipped to what was then called South Vietnam managed to find its way into North Vietnamese hands.

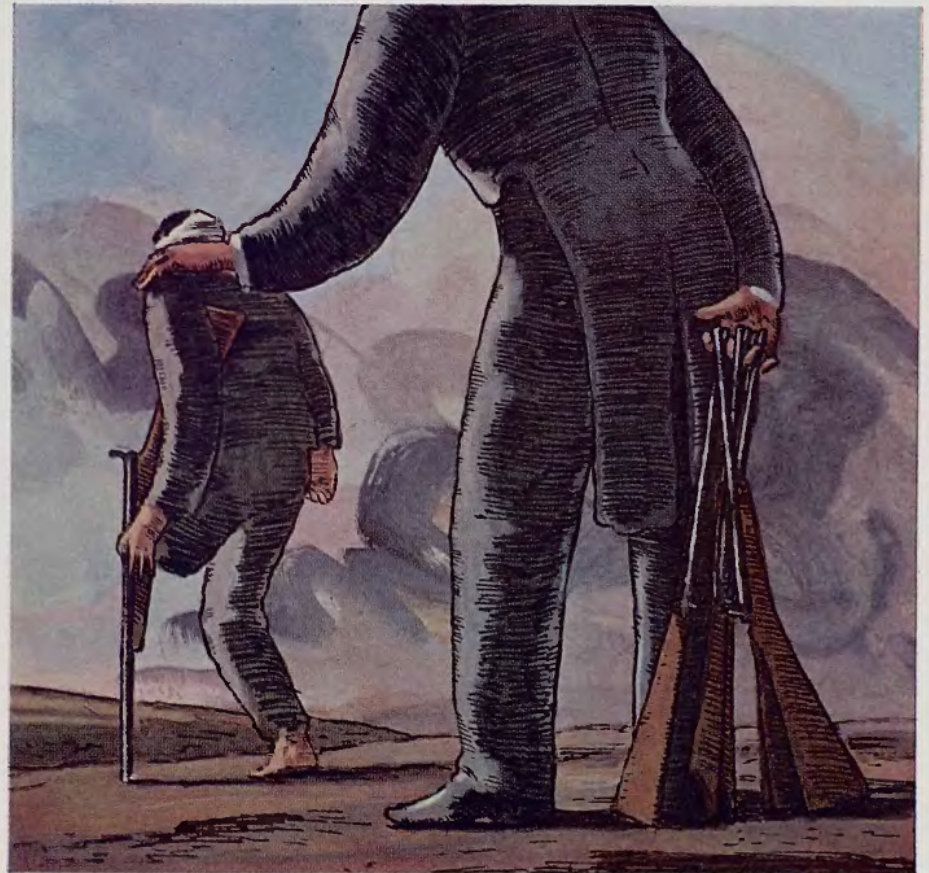
Today, the Shah of Iran is our biggest customer. Litton Industries is selling him

pilot decided to defect, he wouldn't have to fly his F-14 very far before he crossed the Soviet border. What would happen then is anybody's guess. Perhaps Grumman would be allowed to sell the Russians spare parts.

From a military point of view, Iran does not need an airplane as sophisticated as the F-14, but oil money has made it possible for the Shah to buy just about anything he wants. Unfortunately, the United States, Europe and Japan have been paying for his new toys through higher oil prices. And don't think they don't know it.

When a Grumman vice-president went to Iran in 1973 to firm up his company's deal, he cautioned an Iranian general that inflation could drive up the final price of the F-14s.

"Well, we don't worry about that,"



Spruance-class destroyers that are better than those going to the U.S. Navy. He is also buying 80 F-14 fighters from Grumman that carry Phoenix, the most technologically advanced antiaircraft missile in existence. It can simultaneously track up to 24 enemy aircraft and destroy them at a distance of 100 miles.

The Russians have nothing to compare with Phoenix and won't unless we sell it to them. Of course, if an Iranian

the general said with a smile. "If inflation comes, we just raise the price of oil."

Since that time, the price of oil has quadrupled. And who has been pushing the rest of the oil-producing nations to raise their prices even higher?

That's right: our favorite arms customer, Iran.

The price of oil is one problem; but it may be the least of our problems. Suppose the Shah went to war. What then?

We now have nearly 20,000 Americans in Iran. By 1980, there could be as many as 60,000. These technicians are absolutely vital to Iran: Without them, the shah's troops would be unable to operate and maintain their complicated American weapons. Indeed, a study for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee concluded that Iran could not go to war "without U.S. support on a day-to-day basis."

We took our first step into Vietnam when we sent American "advisors" to show native troops how to use American weapons. Although the situation in Iran does not provide a perfect parallel—the shah is not at war; our advisors are civilians—the potential for danger is still there. Should Iran one day go to war, thousands of Americans would be caught in the middle. Pull them out and the Iranian military establishment would probably collapse for lack of technical support. Let them stay and Iran's enemy could properly regard them as "mercenaries." Either way, it's a no-win situation for the United States.

A year ago (June 1976), one of the Presidential candidates asked: "Can we be both the world's leading champion of peace and the world's leading supplier of the weapons of war?"

He paused, looked thoughtfully at his audience and then answered his own question in a soft Georgia drawl: "We cannot have it both ways."

Indeed, we cannot. And the man who posed that question, Jimmy Carter, now has the power to decide which way it will be.

Peter J. Ognibene is a New Republic contributing editor who writes about military and political affairs.

GIVE THEM AN INCH...

By Jim Davidson

FOR YEARS, I thought that the girl of my dreams was 36-24-36. Now, one of Congress' absent-minded creations, the U.S. Metric Board, says otherwise. Henceforth, she is to be 904.4-609.6-904.4.

Somehow, it isn't the same.

But whether it is or not, you had better start thinking in metric terms, because the Metric Conversion Act of 1975 says so. Within eight years, all the familiar measures of length, weight, volume

and temperature are to be abolished. Soon you will be sitting in front of your television set on a Sunday afternoon, watching the biggest football game of the season, and the announcer will say, "It's a long pass . . . completed all the way down to the 13.716-meter line! Only 5.4864 meters for a first down!"

That is the way it is going to be. We shall all be subject to the process of metrification, an affliction that will impinge upon more than football. By the time the U.S. Metric Board is finished, there won't be a spot on God's green 4046.85 square meters that you will recognize, all because too many of our politicians don't have 28.35 grams of brains.

The idea behind metrification, of course, is that it is somehow more "rational" to employ measures built upon segments of 10, 100 and 1000. This is a simple misconception. The value of any measure is that it corresponds to the units that people actually wish to mark off. Clearly, for example, one would not make the light-year the basic measure of everyday life. It could be done. Mothers could tell their children, "I don't want you to move more than 1/100 trillionth of a light-year away from this house without asking me." A ridiculous example, granted; but it serves to illustrate an important point. If the "rationality" of a measurement system is defined as having all its parts fit together in powers of ten, then measuring in terms of light-years would be *more* rational than the metric system, because that would make both the astronomical and the earthly systems divisible by ten.

As soon as you begin to think that abstract symmetry is more important in a system than the desires and preferences of everyday people, you lapse almost immediately into nonsense. This was certainly true of the first advocates of metrification at the time of the French Revolution. They saw that the argument for abolishing traditional measures of length, weight and volume applies equally to abolishing the current division of time into 60-minute hours, 24-hour days and seven-day weeks. So they placed the measurement of time on a decimal system, with a calendar based upon the *ten-day week*. And they didn't stop there. They decided that all the world should be divided into squares. The map of France was redrawn, so that the boundaries of political districts resembled a checkerboard. It made no difference where natural boundaries were, where the population was or anything else. The important thing was that all boundaries form right angles.

Out of this witch's brew of geometry came the modern metric system (minus, of course, the ten-day week). That any part of it was accepted, after 30 or 40 years of confusion, is due largely to the fact that there had been no standard system in France prior to metrification.

The success of Napoleon's armies explains how metrification spread in Europe. But there is nothing to explain why we should be stuck with it. We already have a standard measurement system that is accepted everywhere in America. We have used it in developing the most productive industrial civilization in history. We need another system about as much as we need the ten-day week.

For one thing, almost all of world trade is based on nonmetric measures. World oil production is not measured in metric liters; it is in barrels of 31½ gallons. Silver, gold, platinum, copper, iron, zinc—all metals are sold by the troy ounce or the pound. Lumber is sold by the board foot. Similarly, all farm products are marketed world-wide in nonmetric units—in bushels or by the hundredweight. Even eggs are not sold in groups of ten. They are sold by the dozen. You can turn to the financial page of any newspaper and go right down the list of items of trade. Except for finished products manufactured in metric countries, almost all foreign commerce is conducted nonmetrically. Furthermore, many standard components of products manufactured in metric countries are in nonmetric sizes. Even a French automobile will have wheels of 13, 14 or 15 inches.

Of course, any American who is fervently convinced that it is superior to call a 13-inch wheel a 330.2-millimeter wheel has always been free to do so. And any industry that has wished to convert to metric measures has been able to since Congress legalized their use in commerce way back in 1866. In more than a century, almost no major industry has gone metric. The one exception is the pharmaceutical trade. That is one field that deals with such infinitesimal dribs and drabs of things that the metric system, with its microscopic units of measure, really is more appropriate. If people generally bought portions in milligrams (about 4/10,000ths of an ounce), we would doubtless already be using something like the metric system. But they don't.

By forcing the change-over, politicians are merely making everyone substitute largely irrelevant measures for those that are pertinent to normal human circumstances. For example, the familiar Fahrenheit temperature scale is actually based

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upon the temperature of the human body. From zero to 100 degrees Fahrenheit spans almost the entire range of cold and hot that occurs in the weather of a temperate climate. Thus, the Fahrenheit scale is perfectly suited to measuring the weather. In place of it, we are being forced to accept the Celsius system—in which zero is the freezing point and 100 the boiling point of water. That would make perfect sense if our lives were devoted to freezing and boiling water. But they are not. In everyday terms, the Celsius scale is obviously less useful. It has far fewer degrees in the range people want to measure. (Fahrenheit 100 equals 37.8 Celsius.)

Similarly, the familiar measures of length are more appropriate than their metric substitutes, because they derive from the human body and thus correspond to the portions of things that human beings are interested in. There is no better example of this than the foot, which is, obviously, based on the foot. From Persia to China, Egypt, Babylon, Rome and Greece, almost every civilization has measured in terms of feet. Wandering Teutonic tribes have; and so have African villagers. The metric system doesn't have the equivalent of a foot, because there isn't room for such a measure to fit in and still keep all the units related in powers of ten. Thus, a measure by which people have almost instinctively judged size and proportion is lost.

But what is that against the pleasure of knowing that a meter is equal to 1,650,763 vacuum wave lengths of the transition radiation between levels $2p_{10}$ and $5d_{5}$ of the Krypton-86 atom?

If that sounds like the sort of thing that would have done in *Superman*, have no fear. Even if you are not a physicist or the type of idiot savant who loves to add up the serial numbers on speeding boxcars, you, too, can survive metrification. You just have to be properly prepared. All you need is a pocket calculator, metric equivalency tables, new thermometers, a new toolbox, a speedometer conversion kit, a new tape measure to teach you your new clothing sizes, new measuring cups, a lawyer to redraw the deeds to all the property you own, about two percent higher income to pay for all this (plus the higher living costs resulting from redrawing all production plans and retooling industry) and—about 30 years of patience.

Somewhere along the line, perhaps when you're figuring out whether a "113.398 Gramer" is the same as a "Quarter-Pounder with Cheese," you'll know precisely what it means to exact 453.592 grams of flesh.

Jim Davidson is a free-lance writer based in Washington.



OUI WANTS YOUR BODY

This month's OUI celebrates mind and body with a strong emphasis on body. For instance, our interview with **Arnold "Pumping Iron" Schwarzenegger** reveals what it's like to have the most admired male body in the entire universe. If your interests lie in another direction, there's **Tequila**, who has a couple of unique anatomical qualities of her own, as you can see. You'll also learn why **Softball** has replaced touch football as the official White House sport and indeed has become a rising national mania. Then it's down to Tennessee to talk to some mountain folks who say they've met the little green people.

She's not green, but Ilsa is probably the nicest Nazi you'll ever meet. Out of uniform she's actress Dyanne Thorne, and it wouldn't be OUI if Dyanne didn't show up out of uniform. Now would it? So march right down to your newsstand for the August OUI. Better yet, jog. You'll be a better man for it.



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Prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

Sears *The Men's Store*

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

A co-worker recently brought an illustrated sex manual to the office. One of the chapters was devoted to orgies and how to surmount the problems that sometimes arise. The section I liked best consisted of advice on what to do with two women. Specifically, if two women are afraid to go down on each other, a man can act as a go-between in a rather unique fashion. He stands behind one girl and places his penis between her thighs. (If that is uncomfortable, she can sit on his lap or they can nestle side by side.) The other girl kneels in front of the pair and performs fellatio on the tip of the man's penis. Apparently, in doing so, she also comes into contact with the other woman's sensitive regions. We were intrigued with the image, but we wondered: Is it likely to work?—T. R., New Orleans, Louisiana.

And then, at the crucial moment, the man withdraws and yells, "Fake out, you're a lesbian." The problem with most triangles is not how to get the two girls together but how to keep them apart. Men often feel left out when the action starts ricocheting about the Jacuzzi. To quote a friend: "All of those orifices, and not a single opening." So you might remember this sweet deception—the wolf in sheep's clothing—if you decide to swing. Behind every good woman stands a contented man.

I've noticed that the inner sleeves of some of the albums I buy come with turned-down corners. One of my friends said that care should be taken to unfold the paper, on the grounds that when the sleeve is inside the record jacket, the extra thickness of material would press upon the surface of the record and possibly cause warpage. It sounds logical, but is it worth the trouble?—G. C., Miami, Florida.

Your friend obviously knows and loves records; his advice is sound. Some manufacturers turn down the corners of the inner sleeve to aid insertion into the album jacket. The same phenomenon may occur accidentally during home handling. Paper folding is great for an origami class or your wallet, but it can wreak mild havoc on the surface of your records. The pressure from the sleeve can disturb the tracking on the outer cuts of an album. A true audiophile knows that records are sensitive creatures, easily bruised, and takes pains to ensure that nothing but the stylus touches the surface. Tender, loving care pays off—in sex and sound.

Most men in America get off on tits and ass, but a few of us like to set our sights a little higher. Collarbones and



sacral dimples. My favorite sex position, consequently, is the so-called doggy fashion. I enter my girlfriend from the rear—the tactile sensations are equaled only by the visual grandeur of her back. I get off on it, but she doesn't always reach orgasm. I can't understand it—she has as much mobility as she does in the much-acclaimed woman-on-top position. According to her, her breasts are most sensitive when hanging down (the blood rushes to her nipples) and she likes the way certain parts of me slap against her. But, for some reason, her clitoris might as well be in Siberia. Any suggestions for making this a two-way treat?—W. E., Portland, Oregon.

Sure; have your girlfriend kneel on the edge of the bed, with you standing. That way, your hands are free to reach around and perform a touch-tone symphony on her clitoris. (A lot of guys are hung up on the right tool for the right job. Your penis is not the only part of your body that can be of service to a woman.) If you favor the kneeling position yourself, there is this alternative: Place a pillow beneath your girlfriend in such a position that as she rubs against you, the pillow massages her mons Veneris. Perhaps this is what the old blues singer wanted when she asked for a pillow for her head.

Every time my boyfriend breaks out the wine, he has a new theory or piece of etiquette with which to dazzle his guests. His latest discovery involves the breathing of wine. He claims that simply uncorking a bottle of red and allowing it to stand for an hour (the traditional

method) will not do. Apparently, not enough oxygen reaches the wine to react with and soften the tannic-acid taste or to remove offensive sulphur odors. Even simple decanting is *déclassé*. Instead, he opens a bottle and pours the contents into wineglasses till they're "half full, no more or less." It all tastes the same to me. What do you make of this nonsense?—Miss J. R., Dallas, Texas.

We consulted our wine expert—a drinking buddy of Carlton the Doorman—and discovered the following: Many experts agree that simply opening a bottle and allowing it to stand will not provide sufficient aeration to soften the tannins. Young red wines are more often than not satisfactory if served directly from the bottle. Old wines should be decanted—not to provide aeration, which can destroy a delicate bouquet, but to remove the sediment from the bottom of the bottle. (You may drink the vintage as soon as the transfer is completed.) Modern wineglasses are designed to provide optimum aeration—and to capture the fragrance of the wine so that it, too, may be savored. Toward this end, the "half full, no more or less" mark is the accepted measure, since it provides maximum surface area (glasses are somewhat spherical, so the equator encompasses the largest area). However, there are those who tend to side with Jonathan Swift. The satirist once looked askance at a partially filled glass, cleared his throat and asked his host, "Pardon me, what do you think the rest of the glass is for? An inch at the top is worth two at the bottom." Amen.

Perhaps you can help me. I've led what I consider to be a normal, happy sex life for many years now and have engaged in sex with a number of women. I've found that regardless of the great diversity in sexual performance, one thing has remained constant—the women with whom I've been involved have always been adequately lubricated. Unfortunately, my present girlfriend is an exception to the rule. We've been having active sex for about eight months and during this time, we've never had intercourse. Our sexually oriented interludes consist basically of oral sex. She says that she is not ready for intercourse and, since I do love her very much, I am content not to force the issue. I do think it's rather strange that in this entire time she has rarely been lubricated enough to allow insertion of one finger. She does not object to tongue lashing, though. (It seems to drive her to ecstasy.) I'm getting desperate. Is the problem psychological or physical? Or, worse, is this some new kind of contraceptive method I haven't

heard about?—B. W., Wichita, Kansas.

Yes, it's called abstinence. When your girlfriend says that she is not ready for intercourse, she means it—mentally and physically. The two are related. Most women begin to lubricate within ten to 30 seconds of sexual stimulation—the amount may vary from individual to individual and with the same person from episode to episode. Several factors affect the flow. If a woman is inhibited about sex, it is likely that the amount of lubrication will be limited. Although you don't mention how old your girlfriend is, we might add that diminished lubrication is also a by-product of menopause. Experience is a good teacher, though, and most older women simply switch to commercially available lubricants, such as K-Y jelly or Albolene. Don't let the friction slow down your sex life. If God had intended the well to run dry, He wouldn't have given us petroleum jelly. Discuss with your girlfriend exactly what it is she's not ready for—it may be that she is worried about birth control, or perhaps she's saving herself for marriage. In any case, the physical evidence needs the support of personal testimony. Put your witness on the stand or bed and proceed.

One of my old Army buddies and I got into an argument with a sailor over which of the Armed Services has the lovers. The Navy guy said that he couldn't argue quantity but that he might argue quality. He'd read somewhere that Army personnel lead the military in the incidence of gonorrhea. Is that true?—S. V., San Francisco, California.

A recent report in *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality* ranked the Services in this order: The highest incidence of gonorrhea occurs in the Army, followed by the Navy, then the Air Force. (Stay out of those foxholes, guys.) The highest number of sick-bay visits occurred at bases in Asia, with Europe a close second. Apparently, the home shores have been kept safe for intimacy: The lowest incidence of gonorrhea occurred among U. S.-based personnel. (Maybe the Volunteer Army is having a hard time finding volunteers.) For us civilians, the same report indicated that there are regional and seasonal variations in the V.D. epidemic. The Pacific Coast states and the Southern states report the highest incidence of gonorrhea, followed by the mountain states and the Northeast states. (These figures may reflect a willingness to report the disease rather than an actual difference in the number of cases.) And, oddly enough, the highest incidence of V.D. occurs during July and August. So, if you're planning a vacation, try Maine in January. You may freeze your ass off, but the chances of catching anything are slight.

Vibrators are this girl's best friend. Any time, anywhere. I've carried the little buzz

bombs on buses, airplanes and trains. (The engines drown out the drone.) But when it comes to turning on guys with the device, it's another story. My roommate is willing, but what turns me on turns him off. He says that the instrument is too intense and he winds up feeling pain or, worse, nothing at all. Why the inequality of the sexes? I'd like to share something nice with a friend. Any suggestions?—Miss K. H., Chicago, Illinois.

Good Vibrations, Take Two: Men who try Orgasmatrons and other earth-shaking devices often find that direct contact with the penis is painful. The most common solution: Wrap the vibrator, or your boyfriend's penis, in a warm towel. (Think of a bottle of champagne wrapped in white. Watch out for the cork.) The soft material will act as insulation to absorb the general shock. Some men find that a vibrator does not work as well when the target is dry—the friction produces numbness. A thick layer of lubrication (i.e., a peanut-butter-and-petroleum-jelly sandwich) will ensure a fine experience.

I have a question concerning a product that's marketed as a room odorizer but that contains nitrites. On the small bottle in which it comes, it is stated, NOT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION. Nevertheless, several friends of mine and I have been snorting this product and getting a light rush of short duration. Recently, a date and I tried it out prior to intercourse and found it stimulating, as it does have a tendency to get the blood pumping above a normal rate. My question is, does this practice have serious risks when tried as a sexual stimulant or, for that matter, as just a quick legal high? I would appreciate your answer, as I hate to engage in something that is definitely harmful to my health.—M. S., Topeka, Kansas.

We've heard of that practice and another game that's even more fun. What you do is remove all but one of the bullets from a revolver. . . . Seriously, though, what you're doing is filling your tubes with butyl nitrite, from those wonderful folks who brought us amyl nitrite, and the effects and the dangers are similar. What that stuff does is dilate your blood vessels, which has the result of lowering your blood pressure. That not only causes your heart to beat faster (to make up the difference) but also restricts the flow of blood-borne oxygen to your brain. The lack of oxygen in your brain gives a feeling of lightheadedness that can be interpreted as a high. It can also give you a whopping headache and may cause blackouts. Folks with a heart problem should be sure their premiums are paid up. Now, here's the bad news: What you're inhaling isn't even pure butyl nitrite. Other chemicals have been added, probably to give the product some market value and to give the makers an out when the FDA comes

knocking. The effect of those other ingredients, or even the effects of butyl nitrite in combination with, say, alcohol or grass, is anybody's guess. Likewise, no research has been done on the chronic use of butyl nitrite. If you want to volunteer, ask yourself if that "light rush of short duration" is really worth the risk in the interest of either drug science or your sex life.

The other day, I was reading a book that promised to tell me everything I wanted to know about sex, when I discovered something that I didn't want to know; i.e., that the average length of the erect penis is six inches. My own erection checks in at a mere five and a half inches. I've considered several solutions, including trimming my pubic hair to reveal a half inch that most men don't show. I've even considered replying to ads for devices that promise to increase the size of the penis. Do any of them work?—B. G., New York, New York.

No one ever went broke underestimating the insecurities of the American public. The penis-enlarging techniques for which you shell out hard-earned cash have been around for centuries and, according to Dr. William Masters, provide "little or no return to the anxious male." In short, either they don't work or the small increase in size that does occur is meaningless. The techniques fall into three categories: First, some claim that increasing the blood flow to the penis via a vacuum pump causes the penis to grow. The vacuum pump can be dangerous; imagine going through life with a permanent hickey. There are safer ways to get the same effect. P. T. Barnum pointed out there's a sucker born every minute. Find one and let her do the work. Second, the ads claim that by stretching the erectile tissue, one permanently increases the penis' capacity for blood. It's not Turkish taffy you're playing with and the results can be harmful. Third, some of the ads promise secret stimulation techniques that will increase the size of the penis. Sure. It's called an erection and it happens every time a woman slips her hands into your jeans. Actually, there is some truth to these claims. The penis does swell and subside according to the level of stimulation. It's up to your girlfriend to decide just what model she wants.

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



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Motor Trend magazine put the '76 TR7's cornering power in the same league as the Lotus Europa's and the Ferrari Dino's.

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either passenger or driver.

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THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

A wealthy dowager approached a handsome young stranger at a party.

"Excuse me, young man. Would you sleep with me for a million dollars?" she asked him boldly.

"Gosh," he said, "that's a lot of money. I guess I would."

"Then will you sleep with me for ten dollars?"

"Hell, no," he replied indignantly. "What do you think I am?"

"My dear boy, we've already established what you are. Now we're just trying to negotiate your price."

The preceding anecdote—usually attributed to Mark Twain—is as old as the oldest profession. The genders have been changed to detect the innocent. Men have always assumed that women have a price, that the fairer sex would barter bodies for goods and services (usually religious). Executives hire pretty secretaries. Directors cast from the couch or the floor of their limousine. And politicians: Well, we now know the true meaning of the word congress in Washington, D.C.

With the situation reversed, would men also sell their bodies—for advancement, a raise, whatever? Are there women who would even bother to make an offer a man could refuse? The opportunity must exist and men must occasionally rise to it—even though there are as yet few women in positions of power. We decided to explore the reality and the fantasy of sexual trade-offs. We asked 100 men and 100 women two questions: Would you sell out sexually? Would you buy? Their answers follow.

Q:

IF A MAN HAD SOMETHING THAT YOU WANTED AND WOULD GIVE IT TO YOU ONLY IF YOU AGREED TO HAVE SEX WITH HIM, WOULD YOU?

(Asked of 100 women)

Fifty-six percent of the women with whom we talked said they would never use sex to advance themselves—politically, economically or personally. Some of their remarks follow: "If you screw a guy to get ahead, you win the battle but lose the war. If I had sex with someone to get what I wanted, I'd feel that I'd sold out



all the gains that the feminists have won in the past five years." "Someone on an interview committee for my last job told me that I got his vote because of my lavender pants suit. I have a great ass and those pants were tight enough to be accused of unlawful carnal knowledge. That's the closest I've ever come to using sex to get ahead, and that was too close for comfort." "In my company, I'm offered things all the time in return for a fuck. I always say no. Not for moral reasons but because I'm afraid the guy would realize in bed that I was not getting off on him and the whole thing would end up hurting my career more than helping it." "I don't want anyone to say behind my back that I fucked my way to the top. And when you get to the top, everyone is behind your back."

Forty-four percent of the women claimed they had used sex for personal gain or *would* use sex if they had the

opportunity: "All's fair in love and war and my pussy is my best weapon." "When you really want something badly, you use whatever is available to get it. If someone wants your mind—fine, you exchange ideas. If someone wants your body, you exchange strokes. There's no difference. It's all at your command." "When I was a kid, the answer was always no, whatever the opportunity. But now that I'm 25 and have seen how tough it is to get ahead, the answer is yes. If you're smart, it always works. You've got to give head to get ahead." "I use sex but not necessarily consummation. A tease can go on forever. I have found that the attention one gets for an unbuttoned blouse is better than being ignored. A crossed thigh will rivet a board room of men. As to doing it with the boss, if a man has given me all that I want, then I like to seal the deal with a kiss—in the location of his choice. Male employees can only kiss ass. Women can kiss wherever it feels best."

Q:

IF A WOMAN HAD SOMETHING THAT YOU WANTED AND WOULD GIVE IT TO YOU ONLY IF YOU AGREED TO HAVE SEX WITH HER, WOULD YOU?

(Asked of 100 men)

Fifty-two percent of the men with whom we talked said they would definitely come in the clinches, trading sex for personal gain: "I've sold my body many times. Loading freight cars to get through college, going door to door as a salesman or doing National Guard work to get out of the draft. My cock is just the point of sale for a particular kind of client." "I just did it once, early in my career. She was ugly, but I got through it by thinking of myself as a high-priced male prostitute. The raise that she gave me was only \$25 a week, but 25 times 52 is \$1300, and that's not bad for a night's work." "I've thought about it a lot—unfortunately, there are no women over me in my corporation, so I can't power-fuck. And outside the corporation, the only things I want from women are sex and companionship. The two are inseparable—it's not a trade." "Making it with a lady boss is a real

status thing, you know." "Might as well kill two birds with one moan." "I'd rather knife someone in the front than in the back." "Sure, I'd love to. It's sex, right?" "Are you trying to give sex a bad name? If you view the trade-off as unethical, as something someone should refuse as a matter of principle, then you make sex into a special form of human behavior—subject to repression. If you believe that sex will be bad under certain conditions, then it will be bad. I won't stand for any notion that restricts my sex life. Besides, you should see my boss. She's a knockout. I'd give or take anything to have a piece of that action."

Forty-eight percent of the men said they'd never exchange sex for personal gain: "I'd feel emasculated and guilty. The fact that I had slept with someone would be written all over my face, or pants." "Once, I could have closed a really big deal by screwing a woman client, but I decided that it was against everything I stood for. Besides, I'm successful anyway." "I wouldn't care if she were the most beautiful woman in the world. I can't stand the thought of being owned. And who knows what kind of demands she might make on me later? Hell, I might end up working weekends." "A woman executive once got me into bed that way. I wasn't attracted to her at all, so sex was terrible. She was so embarrassed the next day that the bitch fired me instead of promoting me."

Q:

WOULD YOU EVER TELL A MAN WHO WANTED SOMETHING FROM YOU THAT HE HAD TO HAVE SEX WITH YOU IN ORDER TO GET IT?
(Asked of 100 women)

Sixty-four percent of the women with whom we talked were sure they would never barter sex with a man: "I'd be utterly repulsed if I knew a man was screwing me and he wasn't naturally turned on." "If I have to bribe someone to fuck me, forget it." "I'd be afraid that the guy wouldn't be able to get it up. Can you imagine the embarrassment? Would I still have to give him what he wanted?" "I don't believe in sexual blackmail. It comes back to haunt you." "I've been placed in that sleazy situation myself and it's intolerable. As a result, I would never put anyone else there."

Thirty-six percent of the women said they would love to "buy" a man: "Absolutely. The thought of all that power over a man's body makes me drool." "Sex is sex, and it's not to be confused with love. So why not get fucked by a guy

who's turned on by what you can do for him? He's eager, and sometimes those kinds of men make good lovers for a night." "Yes, I would go to bed with a beggar and he'd better act like he liked it." "It's something I look forward to doing when I'm older. I want to be surrounded by young studs." "I've screwed teachers to get better grades, bosses to get better jobs, and now that I'm in a fair position of power, I demand the same thing from my male underlings." "Definitely, baby. I've done it several times and it always works. The man becomes my slave." "I would do it for the feeling of domination. I'd expect the sexual compensation to be dynamite—or else."

Q:

WOULD YOU EVER TELL A WOMAN WHO WANTED SOMETHING FROM YOU THAT SHE HAD TO HAVE SEX WITH YOU IN ORDER TO GET IT?
(Asked of 100 men)

Fifty-eight percent of the men with whom we talked said they would never use power to obtain sex. Some of their remarks follow: "I'd hate to be in bed with a woman who didn't really want to be there. The kind of sex I would be willing to trade for—enthusiastic, off-the-wall, slippery sex—just wouldn't occur. So why bother?" "No way. I had oral sex with a secretary after a Christmas party. Nothing was promised, nothing was delivered. Later, the bitch tried to blackmail me with my wife and associates." "I only fuck girls I like." "Sex should be a head-on collision, man. Both of you coming out of your corners and *doing* it. I only wrestle in my own weight class. I don't talk down to anyone and I don't fuck down to anyone." "Man, you're talking about my buying a woman. If I want a girl, I don't have to go out and bribe her. She will come willingly—and frequently—or not at all."

Forty-two percent of the men told us they would definitely use power or trade for sex: "Of course I would. All the guys in my corporation do it, why not me? Economic rape is the American way." "Men pay one kind of dues to get ahead and women have to pay another kind. A man puts his balls on the chopping block every day—a woman puts her ass on the line. It's just the way it is—for better or for worse." "I feel that the use of sex in exchange for something is sound business practice. Look at Cleopatra. Or Madame Pompadour. Even the Washington sex scandals made sense. With so many people qualified to do meaningless work, you might as well ask for, if not demand,

extracurricular effort." "I would love to have a woman under my control. And the things I would make her do to get her wishes. As long as what you're doing is bad, you might as well make it *really* bad, if you get my drift."

Summary: Most of the women knew what we were talking about when we asked the first question. The desk job is still a favorite form of sex among male chauvinist employers. Only 42 percent of the men said that they would use power for sex, but, obviously, they are a busy minority. Most of our women had been propositioned by their bosses or knew of women who had. In contrast, they became confused when we invited them to turn the tables. After all, most women have had very little actual experience to go on. We asked them to imagine themselves in a situation in which they had lots of male underlings and to imagine whether or not they would want to coerce those subordinates into having sex. The women who responded affirmatively did so with a vengeance. For them, the R in the E.R.A. movement means revenge.

In questioning the 100 men, we found that they, too, had to use their imaginations—not in picturing women employees who would put out but in imagining that a female superior would want to buy their bodies. Very few men have been propositioned in this way. Consequently, a lot of the guys we surveyed equivocated, saying, "Of course, if she were attractive, I wouldn't mind at all." We removed this stipulation as well. We specifically asked both sexes about putting out for people to whom they normally would not be attracted.

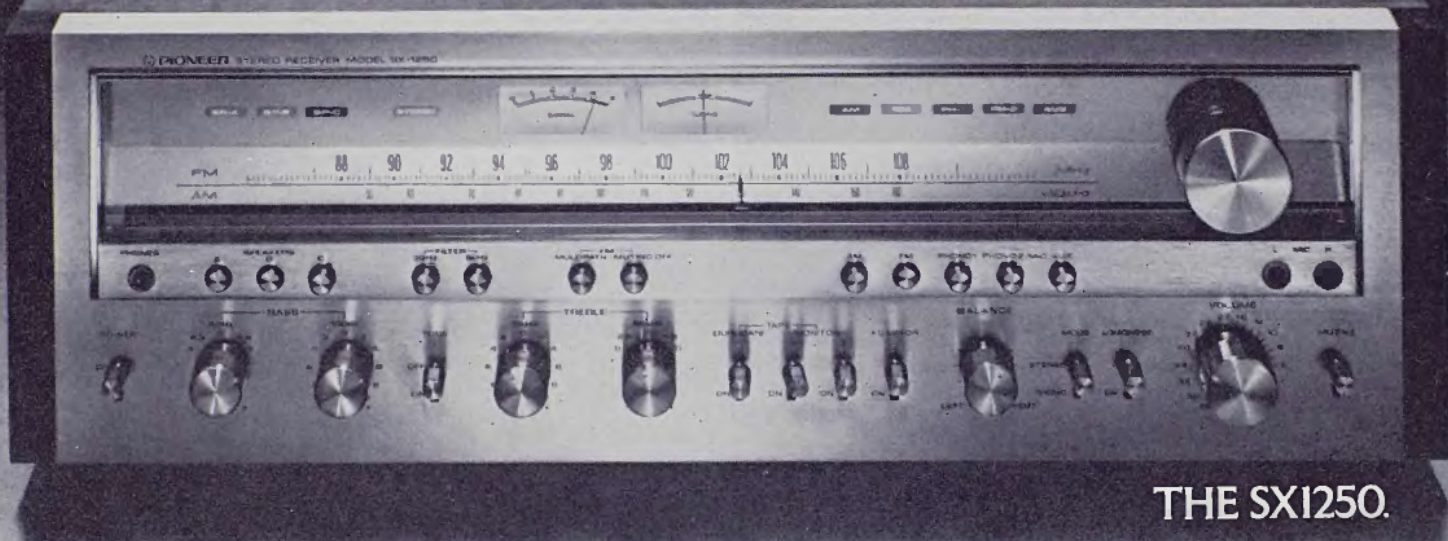
Once we got the concept across to the men, another problem arose. The ones who said they would force female underlings into sexual liaisons insisted that the women, of course, would have wanted to, anyway. We didn't accept that illusion, either. We made it clear that the question we were asking involved women subordinates who were not attracted to them and were in bed only to advance themselves professionally.

The males and the females were almost equally divided on all the issues we presented. There seem to be just as many people of each sex who are willing to buy someone's body as to sell their own. But one surprise was the relatively large proportion of women who insisted they would *never* buy a man's favors. Our impression, based on detailed conversations, is that it is easy for women to think of themselves as pure of heart when they haven't had the opportunity or the temptation to act otherwise. Ah, yes, if Eve had not been shown the apple, she would still be rather angelic.

—HOWARD SMITH AND
BRIAN VAN DER HORST



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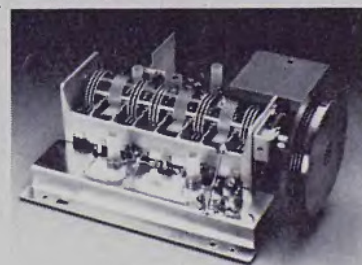
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Brand W 100	19	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand S Menthol	18	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
Brand BH 100	18	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg. cigarette	nicotine mg. cigarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
Brand K Mild	14	0.9
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
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Brand M	8	0.5
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Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
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Soft pack-1 mg.
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Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

PLAYBOY IN COURT

Forum Newsfront has become a legal-research tool. In a brief filed in the Illinois Appellate Court, First District, we cite and quote from a case discovered because we read *PLAYBOY*.

We represent a nude-dancing soft-drink bar. Such establishments prosper in areas where local ordinances ban nudity in conjunction with the sale of liquor; the antinude rules cannot constitutionally be applied across the board where no liquor is involved. Our client has had its food and public-amusement licenses revoked as a result of alleged lewd conduct on the premises; a woman allegedly fondled the private parts of an undercover cop through his clothing. In our appeal brief, we cite the Florida case reported in the March *Forum Newsfront* in which a patron was allegedly fondled in a bar and the conviction was overturned by the Florida Supreme Court.

If we win this appeal, *PLAYBOY* deserves some of the credit.

Julius Lucius Echeles
Carolyn Jaffe
Attorneys at Law
Chicago, Illinois

MASTURBATORY CHIC

For years it has been said that 95 percent of all men masturbate and the other five percent are liars. Now female masturbation has come out of the closet with a vengeance; women are not only willing but eager to admit that they masturbate, tell how and how often they do it and describe their fantasies. Pick up any women's magazine and some lady is coyly admitting to getting it on with her vibrator. Masturbatory skill has become the new status symbol for the modern woman.

Now, if we could do something for that remaining five percent of men. . . .

Tonia Halfpenny
Toronto, Ontario

TITILLATION

I'm a 27-year-old married woman who always thought of herself as being conservative. But a few months ago, I stopped wearing a bra. I had always wanted to liberate my breasts, but I was too shy and afraid of what others might think of me. One day, when I was wearing a tight turtleneck jersey, a woman friend of mine came to visit. I noticed that her glance kept traveling to my breasts. Visiting again a few days later, she brushed against my breasts, seemingly by accident, as we passed in the kitchen.

Thinking about this began to excite me. The next time she came for a visit, I wore a revealing blouse. When she again brushed against me, I took her hand and gently placed it upon my breast. The feeling was so exciting I thought I was going to faint. She turned and put her arms around me and I held her. Arm in arm, we went into my bedroom. We undressed each other and made love all afternoon. I can't describe it. My breasts against her breasts. . . . Oh. . . .

(Name withheld by request)
Boston, Massachusetts

"I had always wanted to liberate my breasts, but I was too shy and afraid of what others might think of me."

WAR ON UNCLE SHERMAN

The May *Forum Newsfront* item about a women's lib group that's against the "flasher" doll called Uncle Sherman reveals the antimale attitudes of some of the more radical fem libbers. Women Against Rape (their initials remind me that it was General William Tecumseh Sherman who said, "War is cruelty and

you cannot refine it") seem to think that a doll or a man harmlessly standing still, albeit naked, can be considered as performing, as they term it, "an act of violence." Are they actually saying that the sight of a man's genitals, in and of itself, is so loathsome as to be injurious to the beholder?

These WAR women should get over their hysteria and: (1) learn to differentiate among perversions—exhibitionists are not necessarily rapists; (2) realize that those dolls may serve a useful function; i.e., neutralizing children's fear of exhibitionists, should they ever be confronted by one; (3) admit that the doll actually pokes fun at flashers and, if it were to have any effect on the populace, which I doubt, it is likely to make some flashers feel too foolish to go out and do their thing.

C. Moore
New York, New York

I have often felt inferior to women because of my not-very-large proportions. However, WAR's attack on Uncle Sherman has given me new hope. Do I dare believe that just displaying my inadequate member to one of these women is "an act of violence"? And here I've been, always afraid they would laugh at me!

Maybe this proves one of my darker fantasies, that a man's genitalia are magical, powerful things that strike awe and terror into the hearts of women at their mere sight.

(Name withheld by request)
San Diego, California

Some may find it difficult to understand why Women Against Rape refer to exhibitionism as "an act of violence." It is true that in this age of sexual candor, the sight of a penis is in itself no big thing for many women. But there are some others for whom, because of upbringing or inexperience, an unasked-for display of male genitalia can be disturbing. Furthermore, when suddenly confronted in a lonely place by a man with his penis exposed, how is a woman to know whether this is a rapist, a homicidal maniac or a mere exhibitionist? The fear of rape runs deep in women, and with good reason.

J. Porter
Fort Worth, Texas

MATTER OF ADJUSTMENT

I read with interest the letters on penis size and penis envy in the May *Playboy*



Forum. As a woman, I believe women prefer larger penises, but not because it is directly pleasurable to them. I think they tend to fear that their vaginas are too big. Personally, when I feel a good-sized cock inside me, it gives me the satisfying feeling that the man is enjoying the tightness.

My current lover is far from large. At the beginning of our affair, I went through a lot of anguish because I didn't believe he could feel anything but wide-open spaces. I enjoy making love for a long time, and he is able to, but at first I suspected he lasted so long because my vagina was too big for him. Lately, it feels to me as if my vagina has adapted to his size or that he has gotten bigger. But if I were to have a one-night stand with a stranger, I would hope for him to be big, because I'd want him to think of me as tight.

For the record, I'm normal-sized. My gynecologist told me so.

(Name withheld by request)
Winsted, Connecticut

SINGLE AND BLUE

I am compelled to complain formally about the notions PLAYBOY cultivates in its readership. I grew up under the influence of your magazine. You fail to report the truth about life in puritan America. Even the name of your magazine, PLAYBOY, is misleading. Finding sex with women is work—like pulling teeth from an alligator.

I am 27 years old. In my years of living in five states, I have found that most other single men my age are as lonely, as horny and as perplexed as I am. I have made love to four women in my life. The first was a prostitute, who cost me dearly. The second was a drunk, who didn't know what I was doing with her. The third gave me the crabs. The fourth gave me gonorrhea. Now I have stopped trying, but I do keep wondering where I could have found all that marvelous sex with beautiful women PLAYBOY is so fond of describing. I earn \$30,000 a year, drive a Porsche, dress well, am athletic, intelligent, articulate and good-looking. By your standards, I should sell well in the environment you describe.

But I do not sell well, because I am wise to the frailty of the social edifice and I reveal that understanding to people.

(Name withheld by request)
Anchorage, Alaska

That's your trouble—an edifice complex.

rites of spring

I guess you could say I was sexually precocious. I'm almost 80 now, but I remember my first sexual encounters as if they had just happened, and they make me just as horny as ever. When I was ten, I was playing in a barn with a male and a female cousin. I noticed that she was playing with herself and it aroused

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PROTECTING THE CHILDREN?

HOPKINTON, MASSACHUSETTS—The administration of a junior high school is under fire from parents for removing drawings of female breasts from 100 textbooks designed to teach children about consumer fraud. The clipped pages depicted an advertisement for



bust-development techniques, including line drawings of breasts, and the text warned girls to be wary of such scams. One mother complained at a school meeting that teenagers "get the advertisement of bust-development plans in the back" of magazines, "but they are denied access to books that explain these ads as a hoax."

DECRIM IN CANADA

TORONTO—Canada intends to decriminalize the private use of marijuana, according to Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, but trafficking in pot will remain a criminal offense. Speaking before a student organization at the University of Toronto, Trudeau said that his administration had asked the country's prosecutors to institute a new and lenient policy toward pot smokers, and a bill has been introduced to bring simple possession under the food-and-drug laws rather than the criminal code.

DECRIM AND RECRIM

Mississippi has decriminalized the possession of small amounts of marijuana, while South Dakota repealed its "decrim" law before it had time to go into effect.

Under Mississippi's new drug law,

possession of up to one ounce is punishable by a civil fine of \$100 to \$250 for first offenders, with higher fines and possible jail terms for repeaters or persons found with more than one gram (about one joint) in a motor vehicle. But in South Dakota, the legislature revised the state drug law to again make possession of any amount of pot a "class-two misdemeanor," punishable by a fine of up to \$100 and/or 30 days in jail.

NO POT HARM FOUND

PITTSBURGH—Tests on laboratory mice, rats and monkeys by a Carnegie-Mellon University psychologist indicate that the only major behavioral change induced by marijuana is a reduction in aggressiveness. According to Behavior Today, Dr. Klaus Miczek found the cross-species consistency in the test results both unusual and persuasive. The fact that such consistency has already been established for the effects of alcohol makes it likely that the THC findings apply to humans as well. Dr. Miczek is beginning studies of the effects of amphetamines and cocaine on aggression.

Meanwhile, two new studies of heavy marijuana smoking show no damage to the brain or to the central nervous system. Both studies, as reported in the Journal of the American Medical Association, used more sophisticated examination equipment than was available for similar research in the early Seventies.

NEW MEXICAN DRUG POLICY

MEXICO CITY—The attorney general of Mexico has announced that the government will drop charges against persons now awaiting trial for possessing small amounts of marijuana, cocaine or heroin for "personal use" and that such cases ordinarily will not be prosecuted in the future. The new policy could free as many as 2000 persons, including some of the almost 600 Americans now held in Mexican jails on drug charges, but reportedly does not affect prisoners already convicted and serving their sentences.

The move is apparently aimed at increasing tourist trade, which has slumped as a result of Mexico's tough law-enforcement practices and reports of corruption and brutality toward arrestees. Recently, Mexican officials in Matamoros, across the border from

Brownsville, Texas, made a point of returning \$14,000 paid by a Kentucky man to obtain the release of his 19-year-old son. The city's assistant police chief is accused of planting drugs and eliciting the bribe.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

PITTSBURGH—The parents of a child conceived despite a vasectomy and born despite an abortion are attempting to



sue two doctors for negligence and for misrepresenting the success of their services. The case has been thrown out of court, but the couple is appealing. Their first two children were born with a rare and crippling nerve disease and the third child, whose birth they sought to prevent, is similarly afflicted. Judge Silvestri Silvestri denied the couple's right to sue on the grounds that "a life is no less significant or necessary even when born with physical and mental deviations from what is considered the accepted range of normalcy. Happiness, comfort, well-being or economic abundance is not the purpose of living. These are mere trappings." The couple has asked a higher court to reinstate the suit.

Meanwhile:

• In Vatican City, Roman Catholic Church authorities have started beatification proceedings—the step preceding sainthood—for an Italian woman physician who died as a result of childbirth in 1962 after refusing to have an abortion.

• In California's Orange County, a 43-year-old obstetrician has been charged with murder after the death of a baby who reportedly lived for one hour following an abortion.

HIGH-STEPPER

ATLANTA—The "Atlanta foot-stomper" has been sentenced to three years in prison after pleading guilty to 20 counts of simple battery—stomping on women's feet. The 28-year-old Nashville man was arrested and charged with deliberately using his platform-heeled shoes to step on the feet of young women in downtown Atlanta, after which he would stare at his victims to get their reaction. Generally, their reaction was to become angry and call the police.

THE RIGHT TO SHOOT

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON—The state superior court has reversed the murder conviction of a woman who shot a man for allegedly attempting to sexually molest one of her children. The conviction was overturned on a legal technicality, but the court went on to advise that while state law permits the use of a lethal weapon for self-defense only in potentially fatal crimes, a woman legally may consider the crimes of rape and child molesting to be potentially fatal.

BOUNTY ON ARMED ROBBERS

NEW YORK—An organization representing some 5000 gun owners in the New York City area ran into problems when it offered a reward of \$200 to anyone who legally shot and killed an armed robber during the commission of a crime. The bounty was strongly criticized by the New York police commissioner and various antigun groups and was refused by the first three prospective recipients, who said they didn't



want the publicity. The award was finally accepted by a 67-year-old building superintendent who used a legal gun to foil a robbery and who said he would donate the money to the National Rifle Association—which also has criticized the offering of such a reward.

me. I took out my penis, which did a remarkable job for a minute or two, until her brother threatened to run and tell her mother. For the time it lasted, it was my very best piece of ass.

When I was 13, I had my first sex with two women at once. It happened at my grandmother's place, in the barn. Just as I was having a good time with one girl, the other one interrupted me and said, "It's my turn now." Now I'd love to have two girls, but at the time, it just seemed like a darned nuisance.

At the age of 14, I was living in Boston, making it on my own, my father having lost everything in business. My grandfather gave me a reference to a widow who had a room to rent for three dollars a week, which included my meals, my laundry and, after a while—you guessed it. Mabel used to come in each night and tuck me into bed with a big kiss. What an idiot I was, taking three months to understand what she was up to, especially since she came to me every night in a nightgown I could see right through. Finally, I invited her to get into the bed instead of sitting on the edge of it. That made me king of the house.

Today it's all memories, but they still have their uses: thinking about sex in days gone by keeps me lively enough to satisfy my young (aged 56) wife.

(Name and address withheld by request)

CINCINNATI CENSORSHIP

Thank you for your May editorial *The Cincinnati Hustle*. For years, we in Cincinnati have lived under the yoke of Simon (pure) Leis and that other zealot Charles H. Keating, Jr. Leis doesn't give a damn about community standards—he's determined that Cincinnati and Hamilton County be governed by what Simon says.

Those of us in Cincinnati who prefer the 20th Century to the 19th are suffocating under Leis-Keating oppression and don't know where to turn. I detest being told what I can see, hear or read by this pair of wowsers. Cincinnati is the home of the world-champion Reds and the world's champion bluenoses.

Robert Burrell
Cincinnati, Ohio

I, too, would condemn Larry Flynt if I were narrow-minded, sexually insecure and unable to control my children.

Lee Jacoby
Norman, Oklahoma

PLAYBOY's account of the prosecution of Larry Flynt is a frightening description of how a procensorship organization such as Citizens for Decency Through Law can get a grip on a community, exert a powerful influence on law enforcement and achieve the legal lynching of a publisher. The moral I draw from this is that those of us who believe in

KIDS IN PORNOGRAPHY

opinion By ROBERT SHEA

By now, there can scarcely be a man or woman—or child—in this country who is unaware that young children are being used as performers in pornography. Early this year, Dr. Judianne Densen-Gerber, a New York psychiatrist, began traveling from city to city, holding press conferences and displaying her collection of child pornography. In May, *Sixty Minutes* did a segment on child porn, the *Chicago Tribune* launched a series of front-page articles with such headlines as "CHILD PORNOGRAPHY: SICKNESS FOR SALE," the FBI announced its own investigation and promised indictments in New York and California, hearings were scheduled by House and Senate subcommittees and, in Illinois, separate investigations were launched at state, county and municipal levels. There were raids on bookstores and theaters in New York, Chicago and San Francisco. Kiddie porn had arrived as a national scandal.

The resultant uproar has raised questions that divide even experienced obscenity defense lawyers. Some, like Charles Rembar, who defended *Fanny Hill* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, think sellers of child porn could constitutionally be prosecuted. Other civil libertarians say that everything published should be protected by the First Amendment. Some attorneys who have fought censorship for years are wondering whether or not a lawyer can properly refuse to take child-porn cases. Everyone agrees that the sexual abuse of minors can and should be prosecuted. The problem is that the traffic in the resulting pornography encourages such child abuse by making it profitable. And police claim they find it difficult to identify the actual producers or to trace down the abused children—let alone to get them to testify and have that testimony accepted in court. The obvious course is to shut down the market.

The emotions stirred up over the sexual abuse of children are easily channeled into an attack on all kinds of sexually explicit material. For example, in Chicago at the height of the press outcry, 34 adult bookstores were closed under those old police stand-bys, alleged building-code and licensing violations, without regard to whether or not the shops sold anything dealing with children. It is possible that this scatter-gun pattern of enforcement will be repeated all over the country.

The current furor has also intensified bigotry against homosexuals. Columnist Irv Kupcinet reports: "Anita Bryant's battle in Florida to rescind an ordinance prohibiting discrimination against homosexuals is getting a tremendous boost from the current headlines linking sexual perverts with child pornography. She's making the most of the stories in the bitter campaign being waged down there."

State legislatures all over the country are rushing to enact new anti-porn laws. As attorney Elmer Gertz, a veteran of many censorship cases, observes: "Legislators and law-enforcement officials tend to think in terms of new legislation instead of looking at the books to see what is already there. The attitude is: To hell with the old law—let's go for a new one. . . . There's no publicity mileage in using the laws that exist." But many of the hastily passed laws may lead to prosecutions not just for child pornography but for any material law-enforcement agents deem obscene. Will we see bookstore owners going to jail for selling *Show Me*, the sex-education book depicting nude children, or even for stocking a classic such as *Lolita*?

Until child pornography became a national *cause célèbre*, the issues in the debate over pornography and censorship were fairly clear. There is no evidence that most types of pornography hurt anyone, either the ultimate consumer or those who participate in making it. The production of child pornography, though, is a special case: It is not a victimless crime. Those who seduce or coerce children into performing sexual acts to make pornography are unquestionably guilty of criminal child abuse—and should be prosecuted for it. Child-abuse statutes are already on the books. The danger in the current outcry is that the public's fury at seeing children sexually exploited will be siphoned off to fuel a crusade for censorship in general. Protecting children is important, but so is protecting freedom of expression. How to balance the claims of each of these social needs is a difficult problem. It will not be wisely resolved in a tornado of hysteria whipped up by journalistic hyperbole and political publicity stunts.

Senior Editor Robert Shea produces "The Playboy Forum" and keeps a close watch on First Amendment issues.

freedom have to be as energetic and as well organized as those who don't. This is a political issue that means a great deal to me; I'd like to know what I, as one person, can do to combat censorship.

E. Ross

Phoenix, Arizona

Write a sexy book. Or read, not a sexy one, but a practical manual for those interested in fighting censorship. "Lobbying for Freedom," written by attorney Kenneth P. Norwick, legislative director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, with the help of a Playboy Foundation grant, analyzes the faults of current obscenity law, explains in detail how state legislatures work, advises the individual citizen on how to influence legislation and provides documents one can use in defending freedom of expression. For a copy, send two dollars to the Freedom to Read Foundation, 50 E. Huron Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

STAYING THE DISTANCE

Posted on my desk is an epigram: A GOVERNMENT THAT CAN SILENCE ONE VOICE, ONE PICTURE, ONE BOOK HAS THE POWER TO SILENCE ALL VOICES, ALL PICTURES AND ALL BOOKS. That thought, more than anything else, explains why my 16-year-old daughter, Lisa, is presently suing the Holtville School District and others for \$1,600,000 for having violated her constitutional rights.

As soon as San Diego U.S. District Court Judge Gordon Thompson, Jr., issued his ruling that the Holtville High School Quill and Scroll Club (Lisa was the club's president) be allowed to publish a newspaper and sell ads to finance the cost of publication, two things happened: (1) The school district appealed the ruling; (2) the school's student council revoked the Quill and Scroll Club's constitution. The matter is still in the Ninth District Court of Appeals, there is no Quill and Scroll Club at Holtville High School and freedom of the press is still under attack here.

We continue to be harassed. Hate mail and obscene phone calls have become a part of our daily routine. I am often accused of being a godless Communist; Lisa has been called a whore. Although certain defendants in the ongoing lawsuit are quoted extensively in Holtville's only weekly newspaper, Lisa's viewpoint is neither solicited nor reported. We are generally amused by the paper's defensive posture but not at all amused when, as frequently happens, Lisa's name is omitted from stories that report honors and awards won by Holtville students. When Lisa ran for Holtville's queen (talk about a kid with guts), one of the other contestants campaigned on the slogan "A vote for me is a vote against Lisa Pliscou." Staying the distance in a fight for your rights in this town isn't easy.

But neither is everything in the struggle depressing. Lisa's attorney, Tom Adler, has become a great, good friend; the American Civil Liberties Union has been in Lisa's corner from the beginning; the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Foundation has been a loyal ally; and the Playboy Foundation has given Lisa financial help that will pay part of the costs of her struggle. With friends like these, we shall overcome.

Alexander Solzhenitsyn once complained, "You Americans are too concerned with petty freedoms." What the hell is a petty freedom?

Norm Pliscou
Holtville, California

FREEDOM UNDER FIRE

New Hampshire seems to be up to its old tricks again. A Concord resident, John Rexford, was arrested in April and charged with misusing his license plates because he covered the state motto, LIVE FREE OR DIE, with tape. Wasn't that issue resolved some time ago? I seem to remember a series of letters in *The Playboy Forum* about another man who had that problem.

Matt Freeman
St. Louis, Missouri

The man you're thinking of is George Maynard of Claremont, New Hampshire (*"The Playboy Forum,"* July 1975). Coincidentally, Maynard's case was finally resolved by the U. S. Supreme Court only days after Rexford was arrested. Maynard taped over the motto because his faith, Jehovah's Witnesses, teaches that it is wrong to give up one's life for the state. New Hampshire demonstrated its commitment to freedom by arresting Maynard three times, jailing him for 15 days and ultimately fighting the case all the way up to the Supreme Court, which ruled seven to two that New Hampshire may not turn a car into a "mobile billboard" advertising the state's ideology. Among other reasons offered the Court by the state's attorneys for compelling car owners to display the motto was that it promotes individualism.

THE OVALTINE MENACE

I want to thank PLAYBOY for all it has done for me and my codefendants in this gravest hour of our lives (*"Playboy Forum" Casebook*, February and July). Without your assistance, the possibility of victory in our current struggle would be dim, indeed. Having been privileged to meet a number of members of the PLAYBOY staff and see you folks in action, we are in awe of the rare combination of professionalism and compassion you display.

Since my arrest, I have acquired a clipping from the *Rocky Mountain News* describing a 1974 incident involving Drug Enforcement Administration agent Don R. Friend, who participated in the raid on my home. It seems a young man named

Jim Sharp landed his private plane at the airport at Great Falls, Montana, and tangled with Federal officers, including Friend. The officers, saying they were acting on a tip, searched the plane for drugs. Agent Friend took Sharp's camera as he tried to take pictures and exposed the film. Then he discovered a jar of Ovaltine. According to Sharp, Friend "poured the suspicious substance into the palm of his hand and murmured, 'Hmmm . . . crystals.'" Sharp insisted it was Ovaltine, but Friend, after a chemical test, became certain it was LSD and was even more convinced when Sharp declined to taste the substance. "I refused. I just decided to let the record play itself out. If a man is going to make a fool of himself like that, I'm not going to stop him." The Ovaltine was eventually exonerated, after further testing. Meanwhile, Sharp had to pay \$200 to continue his journey by commercial flight and \$3.50 a day for storage of his plane.

This is a good indication of the mentality we're up against.

Lake Headley
Red Lodge, Montana

"If a man is going to make a fool of himself like that, I'm not going to stop him."

FEAR OF FIREARMS

I'm glad to see that *The Playboy Forum* publishes intelligent letters in opposition to gun control. I believe that one problem with firearms is the fear they generate. In Massachusetts, a widow and her children were menaced by an intruder uttering threats against their lives. When they fled to the basement of their home, he followed, still threatening them. Finally, the woman shot and killed the invader with a small-caliber rifle. She was convicted of criminal homicide and the Massachusetts Supreme Court upheld her conviction on appeal, stating that there was another door to the cellar through which she and her children could have fled.

Personally, I doubt whether this woman would have been prosecuted if she'd used any weapon other than a gun to defend herself.

John S. Roberts
Dix, Nebraska

For a similar case, see *"The Right to Shoot"* in this month's *"Forum Newsfront."*

DISARMING THE POLICE

To the writer who calls himself a socialist and states in the April *Playboy Forum*, "The people who need disarming

in this society are the cops, the narcs, the National Guard and the Army": You, sir, are an ass.

If a policeman were standing outside your home when an armed robber left, what would you have the unarmed policeman do—hurl insults at the fleeing robber? If your place of business were looted by armed vandals, would you expect unarmed National Guardsmen to go up against them? If this country were invaded, would you, with your private firearm, be able to stop the enemy?

You want to disarm the police and the Army, but you don't want to give up your own gun. Someday someone will take your gun away from you, and it might be someone who will use it against you.

Sgt. Hank Mudge
New York Army National Guard
Binghamton, New York

This person is an anarchist rather than a socialist. He believes you should take the guns from law-enforcement agents but let the people keep their weapons. Some of those who would then have guns would be people like Richard Speck, James Earl Ray and Sirhan Sirhan.

P. Quinn
Hyannis, Massachusetts

OPTING FOR IGNORANCE

I have every respect for Robert Anton Wilson's reverence for life, but his attempt to keep his daughter's brain alive by having it preserved by his local cryonics society makes me shudder (*The Playboy Forum*, April).

Our advances in medical science confront us with questions and options mankind has never faced before; machinery and methods being developed today will force us to decide tomorrow between progress for the sake of progress and standing still in fear of the unknown. In the face of phenomena such as brain preservation and DNA transplants, I opt for the side of ignorance. The precious and inexplicable force we call life is certainly to be valued, but, more than that, it is to be respected, not manipulated in a hopeless lust for immortality.

Mary Thiele Hayes
Ames, Iowa

BLEEDING FOR THE MURDERER

Aryeh Neier, executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union, is very naïve when he states, of people currently on death row, "It is highly likely that at least a few of them are innocent" (*The Playboy Forum*, April). The A.C.L.U. promotes equal justice for all, but it doesn't practice it. It always cries and bleeds for the poor murderer; it has helped get shorter sentences for murderers and it made a circus out of trying to save Gary Gilmore. But not once has it said how horribly the victims of murderers were treated. It protested when the Los Angeles Police Department shot

members of the Symbionese Liberation Army, but what about all the bank employees the S.L.A. terrorized?

If you want to know why the crime rate continues to soar, ask the A.C.L.U.; it has contributed to the problem. After all, it's only the criminals it will speak for, no one else.

Thomas K. Daniel
San Antonio, Texas

To demand that the A.C.L.U. campaign against crime is like asking the American Cancer Society to promote highway safety. The A.C.L.U.'s purpose is not to fight crime but to see to it that the legal system works the way the lawmakers intended it to: that courts be impartial, that the rights of each person be protected, that our criminal-justice system follow due process in its dealings with the accused. The A.C.L.U. has assisted some of our best people and some of our most detestable. Its real client is not anyone in particular but the U. S. Constitution.

ABORTION AND CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

At first I enjoyed your editorial reply to my letter in the May *Playboy Forum*, but then I had second thoughts. To agree to the taking of life in the form of a fetus while being against the taking of the life of a criminal still seems an inconsistent stand. It is claimed that being in favor of one kind of killing will lead to approval of killing in general, but many anti-abortionists approve of war and capital punishment, and that hasn't made them any more ready to accept abortion. The issue isn't whether or not abortion will lead to the acceptance of other kinds of killing; the issue is freedom of choice.

R. Ploetz

Glenwood Springs, Colorado

Our response to your last letter was a lapse into humor, something we rarely feel like doing when discussing abortion or capital punishment. Seriously, we believe there are many differences between abortion and capital punishment. Among the most important: (1) The fetus is not a full-fledged human being and the condemned criminal is; (2) abortion is a private matter between a woman and her doctor and capital punishment is direct action by the state for which we are all responsible; (3) abortion benefits the unwillingly pregnant woman and there's no evidence that capital punishment benefits anyone. We agree that each issue should be dealt with on its own terms. The argument that abortion should be prohibited because it's a "foot in the door" to devaluation of human life merely reveals a debater with foot in mouth. The question is whether abortion in itself is harmful or beneficial.

REVENGE OF THE FETUS PEOPLE

A couple of months ago, I wrote a proabortion letter to the editor of *The Chestnut Hill Local*, a small community newspaper that had published several

anti-abortion letters. My letter was critical of Cardinal Krol, archconservative head of the Philadelphia Catholic Archdiocese, and others for being so concerned about the welfare of fetuses and significantly less concerned about those organisms once they become human beings.

The newspaper was deluged with venomous letters from self-styled right-to-lifers full of personal invective against me, which I really didn't mind, since it showed that my letter had hit home. But then came the phone calls from people who said they were "investigating" me because of my "degenerate, communistic views." One delightful caller insisted that "filth like you must be eliminated so that our children cannot be infected." Most insisted that *The Chestnut Hill Local* had no right to publish my "sick" opinions. One caller recited a list of organizations I have belonged to and "obscene" publications I have written for and threatened to inform my employer, *The Philadelphia Tribune*, that I am a member of what he called "Communist-front groups," such as Amnesty International and the National Organization for Non-Parents.

These people had my phone number and my address, though we are not listed

*"These right-to-lifers
are a scary lot, who are
apparently only pro their
own kind of life."*

in the phone book, and my car has been vandalized three times since the last phone call—a stolen battery, slashed tire and smashed windshield. How they found out so much about me I don't know; I'm inclined to suspect collusion with local law-enforcement officials, some of whom are pretty far to the right.

These right-to-lifers are a scary lot, who are apparently only pro their own kind of life.

Len Lear

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

One way to judge the merit of a movement is to look at the caliber of people it attracts.

SPACE COLONIES

A letter from M. Morris in the May *Playboy Forum* raises questions about how space colonies would be financed. Normally, a potentially profitable project like that would be underwritten by private investors, unless the job were too big or took too long to pay off. It was originally thought that setting up a colony and solar-power station in space would be too costly (over 200 billion dollars) and would take too long (over 20

years) to pay off for private investment. But those cost and time estimates have been drastically lowered as a result of conceptual breakthroughs and new studies. So interested investors should watch *The Wall Street Journal* for a prospectus announcement.

Keith Hensen
Tucson, Arizona

James Ward asks where materials and supplies for space colonies would come from and suggests that it might make more sense to colonize other planets (*The Playboy Forum*, May). The materials for a space colony need not come from the earth, but rather will come from Earth's moon. Not only is our moon rich in nearly all the elements we will require to build colonies in space but also its soil is nearly ideal for agriculture, once nitrogen-based fertilizers are added. In all, 99 percent of the total mass of the first colony will come from lunar materials, with the remaining one percent from the earth. Later, as space is industrialized, the asteroids will supply a large percentage of materials.

The concept that humans need planets to live on (Isaac Asimov calls this "planetary chauvinism") is also erroneous. Planets are an excellent birthplace for our species, as the womb is an excellent place for helpless human beings in the fetal stage. But planets are at the bottom of large wells of gravity and are subject to no end of problems caused by their thick atmospheres and natural formation. Foremost among these are the difficulties of obtaining natural resources and energy. Space is a relatively benign environment free from pestilence, with few hostile natural forces. It is abundant in raw materials and rich in energy supply. Why laboriously climb out of one gravity well and drift across this region rich in energy and raw materials, only to climb back down into another gravity well where energy and materials are more difficult to obtain?

Were a man to try to live his life in his mother's womb, he would eventually kill his host and die a horrible death. So it is for mankind; we now have the technology to leave our place of gestation. We are running out of energy and materials and space to live; we are a developing species and our continued development is killing our host. We need to move on to a better world.

Gregory R. Bennett

L-5 Society

Kirkland, Washington

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



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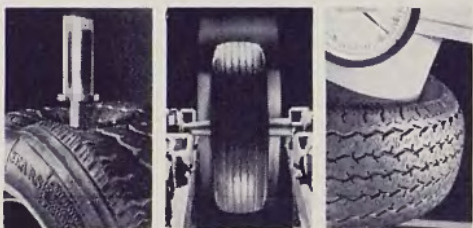
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

HENRY WINKLER

a candid conversation with—sorry about that, henry—da fonz!

There they are: Neil Simon and Sidney Lumet and Robert DeNiro and Martin Scorsese and Gore Vidal and Robert Wagner and Natalie Wood and Charles Bronson. They are formally dressed, in small groups, talking their deals, talking about pictures, plays, books, *The Industry*, smack in the heart of Hollywood managerial power, the theatrical home of Sue Mengers, agent to the high and mighty. The doorbell rings. Conversations continue and no one pays any attention except Wagner, who notices the entrance of a scruffy-looking kid, 5'6" short, with messy hair, Pan-Cake make-up on his face, wearing dungarees, a very casual shirt, standing with a lady who is trying her best not to look tall. A smile turns the corners of Wagner's mouth. Other people turn to see who's come. Suddenly, they're all quiet.

The Fonz has just shown up.

"Heyyyyyy," Wagner says to the kid, "you're one of my best routines." Only Wagner doesn't quite have it; he doesn't have the one-beat pause that makes the Fonz's "Heyyyyyy" a kind of pop poetry.

Henry Winkler spots the imitation for what it is; people are always going

"Heyyyyyy" and "Whoa-a-ah" to him and he hasn't heard many who've got it right. "It's very nice to meet you, Mr. Wagner," he says nervously. Stacey, Winkler's girlfriend, is also nervous. Mengers hadn't mentioned who would be there. She had just said, come casual. Winkler had come right off the set of "Happy Days," looking like the cool punk from the TV show and not like the Yalie he likes to be seen as offcamera. He feels decidedly out of place in this room; out of place and in awe. Bronson and DeNiro and Scorsese are idols to this 31-year-old New Yorker. But what's happening is incredible. People are leaving their conversations and coming toward him! They all want to meet the Fonz. And they're asking for—yes, even here—autographs! For their kids, of course. Winkler isn't taking it lightly. There may be some truth to what Bronson mutters at him as Winkler scribbles down his name: "Kid, you may never find another character as colorful."

Winkler would argue that he didn't just find the character of the Fonz. His parents, strict and strait-laced immigrants who fled Nazi Germany six years before their second child, Henry, was born, tried

hard to channel his interests away from acting. But from his earliest days as an inveterate moviegoer to the school plays at Emerson College in Boston, Winkler felt he was destined to become an actor. A below-average student, he was flabbergasted to be one of 25 accepted at the Yale School of Drama in 1967.

After a year of parts in small theaters in the New York area and at least 30 commercials, he heard about an audition for a low-budget film called "The Lords of Flatbush" being made in New York. They were looking for Fifties punks. Winkler got one of the roles. So did another unknown named Sylvester Stallone. Between takes, both young men would sit in the back seat of a car and talk about their drives and their ambitions.

After "Flatbush," Winkler landed another bit part, in the film "Crazy Joe," a cheap, immediately forgettable gangster movie starring Peter Boyle. In his gut, he knew if he were going to make it, he'd have to go to Hollywood and work his way up. He packed his bags and left New York.

He arrived in Hollywood in September 1973 and, though utterly unknown,



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE SHAPIRO

"People have been making millions off my character. . . . Why should all these strangers make so much money off me? It's like they stick a straw between my shoulder blades and just suck dry, you know."

"I've had my share, you understand. Chicks knocking on my door at six in the morning. But if I had done everybody I was supposed to have done in this town, it would have fallen off a long time ago."

"I am not the Fonz. I don't think like the Fonz. But one thing that has crept over is if I'm surprised or something, I'll go, 'Whoa. Whoa, that's great. Whoa-a-ah, I like that.'"

within three weeks managed to land a small part in an episode of the "Mary Tyler Moore Show." Next came a pilot for a new television series about the innocence of high school in the Fifties, picking up on the momentum of the film "American Graffiti," with a touch of "The Lords of Flatbush." It was called "Happy Days" and Winkler got the part of Arthur Fonzarelli, the high school dropout who sat on his motorcycle, hung out at the local malt shop and used its men's room as his private headquarters, where he dished out advice on how to be cool to the more timid students of Jefferson High.

The way the writers conceived the role, the Fonz was barely more than a walk-on character, thrown in for a few jokes, always in the background. But Winkler saw him differently: The Fonz would be the prototype of cool, the epitome of discretion, the philosopher dropout, who, unlike other greaser stereotypes, never combed his hair, snapped his gum or smoked a cigarette. Winkler's instincts proved correct. Thousands of letters started pouring in, millions of people tuned in each week and "Happy Days" rose in the ratings until it became the number-one-rated show in the nation. Within two years, Winkler was sharing star billing with Ron Howard, around whose homey, good-natured character the show was originally structured.

Winkler had created a craze with his leather-jacketed alter ego. When he turned his thumbs up, kids across America picked up on it. When he opened his mouth to stop a motion, turn directions, take a moment to contemplate, it came out "Whoa-a-ah," and a word was coined. Audiences loved it. The other networks virtually conceded the Tuesday-night eight-P.M. spot to "Happy Days."

At last count, Winkler was receiving over 55,000 letters a week. There are Fonzie posters, Fonzie T-shirts, Fonzie dolls, Fonzie fan magazines and Fonzie books. At the Hollywood Wax Museum, the largest and most popular exhibit is the Fonz on his motorcycle, with light bulbs popping on and off over his head. The Fonz was the reason for Winkler's popularity; for his receiving the Hollywood Foreign Press's 1976 Golden Globe Award for Best Actor in a TV Comedy Series; for his being crowned the 1976 King of Mardi Gras in New Orleans; for his being invited to high-powered Hollywood parties; and for his being propositioned by women of all ages and sizes. Manufacturers made him incredible offers that he somehow knew to refuse; they wanted the Fonz to advertise their products. But Winkler didn't want to carry the Fonz on his back for the rest of his life. It had happened to Edd "Kookie" Byrnes and to Leonard "Mr. Spock" Nimoy. Winkler, who was beginning to bore people with his repeated insistence that he was not the Fonz,

wanted more. He wanted more roles, and that meant he had to be known as Henry Winkler.

Scripts began to come his way, but they were mostly Fonzielike spin-offs and Winkler didn't want any part of them. He did a few TV specials: "Katherine," in which he played a radical terrorist, and "Henry Winkler Meets William Shakespeare," a show geared to introduce children to the Bard. Finally, two movie scripts interested him. One, "Heroes," was about a Vietnam veteran who lost some of his marbles in the war and was on a mission destined for failure; the other was about a failed actor who turned to professional wrestling to hear the roar of the crowds. He signed to do them both, the first for Universal Studios, the second for Paramount, while considering a third about an immigrant Hasidic rabbi going to San Francisco to establish a rabbinate.

It was during that time of change for Winkler that PLAYBOY sent free-lance writer Lawrence Grobel to talk with him. Grobel caught up with him during the last week of shooting of the "Happy Days" season and stayed through the completion of "Heroes." In between, Winkler flew off to New Orleans to ride a Mardi Gras float for four hours and to

"When I was King of Mardi Gras, I was told I had more security than the President of the United States. I could walk no farther than 50 feet."

acknowledge the cheering adulation of 1,000,000 people. Grobel's report:

"The first time I met Henry was in his dressing room at Paramount studios. He had just returned from a few weeks' vacation in Bora Bora and was energized by the fact that people recognized him even there. Although he was still shooting 'Happy Days,' his mind was elsewhere: Everything he had done in his life was aimed at starring in a motion picture and now he was getting his shot. He was eager to talk but extremely cautious at first. His restlessness and his energy were such that he had never before sat still for a long interview.

"A subsequent session took place at his home in Studio City a few days after he returned from Mardi Gras. He couldn't wait to talk about it. He had seen enormous crowds before but nothing like the 1,000,000 people who shouted his name as he floated by in his silver-lamé 15th Century Venetian costume. For Henry, it was realizing a rock-star fantasy and he loved every minute of it.

"His excitement was contagious. One moment he would be the local tough, the next a five-year-old kid, his voice lowering and rising. He would stand up and act out how he had thrown doubloons to the crowd, bouncing from the couch to the living-room sliding-glass door to the porch outside. 'Come, look at my redwood hot tub,' he'd say, or, 'Look at these clippings of me as Romeo on the front page of the New York Post; can you believe it?' When he spoke of meeting movie stars he had always admired, his voice became worshipful. When he spoke about starring in his own movies, his voice was filled with anxiety and his behavior changed markedly. He slid off the couch and onto the floor, his body arched uncomfortably and the pain in his face showed clearly.

"During the second week of shooting 'Heroes,' I flew to Santa Rosa, about 40 miles north of San Francisco, where Henry was on location. He had a sore throat and a bad cold and shooting had to be delayed a few days so he could recuperate. His body was reacting to all the excitement and tension that had been exploding within him. Universal had hired a security guard to stand outside his room and keep the fans from disturbing him. Over the next three days, he began to talk freely. As his eyes occasionally darted past me to peek out of a small opening in the curtains to see who was peeking in from the world outside, I thought his phenomenal popularity would be a good subject on which to begin this interview."

PLAYBOY: The security around this motel room we're talking in is remarkable. There's even an armed guard outside the door to keep away your fans. Don't you feel like a prisoner?

WINKLER: Yeah. I can't even open the fucking blinds.

PLAYBOY: A lot of the people around here seem to be teenage girls who heard you were shooting your first film in this small town. Is this something that happens mostly in small towns?

WINKLER: No; small towns, big towns. They exist in every town in every country, it seems like. The same thing happened in Australia when I went there. They're not groupies. It's just that they sincerely believe in the illusion of the entertainment world; and they sincerely believe that it is 25 times more exciting than their own lives. Well, it's exciting for me, too. My life is not ordinary. I don't live in the middle.

The second night of shooting, I was on a truck and had to ask the fans not to take flashbulb pictures while the cameras rolled. We did the scene and I stayed on the truck. Well, they rushed the truck, ripped the headlights off, tore up the knapsacks, took the suitcases, the license plates, everything. There was nothing

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left, and they managed to get me off the truck in one piece.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be treated more like a rock superstar or a matinee idol than like a television actor.

WINKLER: Here, this was in the paper: "As I listen to the crowd chant 'We want Winkler,' I realize we are living in the Henry Winkler generation. Jim Burroughs, boss of the truckers, who handled the props and scenery, and who has been in the moviemaking business since the early days of Gene Autry and Roy Rogers, said, 'He's the one star today who brings out the most enthusiastic crowd, like Frank Sinatra did years ago.'"

PLAYBOY: When you read that—

WINKLER: You feel good.

PLAYBOY: Does it still amaze you or are you used to it by now?

WINKLER: I'm amazed all the time. What I'm amazed at is that at 9:30 at night some guy will come to my door and go, "My kids are dyin' to see ya." "But, sir," I mumble, "I'm in bed, I have to get up at six in the morning." The guy persists: "I just want your name on my piece of paper. Very important to my life to have your name on my piece of paper."

This old couple came to the door and it made me angry, because it's *not* cute. They just got out of their car and knocked on my door one Sunday morning—my one day off—and got me out of bed. They were holding this poodle wrapped in a blanket and said, "We can't believe it, we just came to see what you look like. We're very good friends of the Kennedys, you know."

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about having the equivalent of the Secret Service around you?

WINKLER: I feel pragmatic about it. When I was King of Mardi Gras, I was told by the New Orleans Police Department that I had *more* security than the President of the United States. When I walked in the streets, I was surrounded by at least 11 men. I could walk no farther than 50 feet.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible for you to be inconspicuous any more?

WINKLER: No. I'm instantaneously recognizable by everybody. That's just a fact. It freaks the police out. They ask, "How do they see you so quickly? How do they know?"

PLAYBOY: Does it ever get to you?

WINKLER: It bothers me. You need your full energy in order to relate to it. If you feel down at all, the pressure just starts to . . . not pull but scrape at you. Everybody wants a piece. Sometimes you can get angry, but you cannot blame it on anybody. You have to come to terms with the fact that it didn't happen by accident: It's what you wanted.

The first thing to get over is the feeling that you have to be a nice guy, that you have to be loved by everybody. Today, everybody wants me to do a script, to read this, to be there, to be a part of

some show. It can eat away at you; you can spread yourself thin, so that you become Plastic Man or Elastic Man in the comics.

PLAYBOY: You're making a good case for obscurity.

WINKLER: Oh, there are very positive things to being a celebrity. I mean, you don't see me giving it all up to go to Mozambique. There are so many little side lights to having recognition. Police-men stop me for a traffic violation and then say, "How can I give my wife's favorite actor a ticket?" It's a shame that this is the way doors are opened, but if that's the way it is, then I'm very happy to walk through them.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that women write to you requesting the stubble from your razor?

WINKLER: I get everything; yeah, it's really true. Every possible request that you can

*"Every time I turn around,
I see myself. I look in store
windows, on T-shirts,
on fans' chests, on their legs,
everywhere, I see myself."*

think of. I get 56,000 letters a week. That's a lot of letters.

PLAYBOY: Have you met any of your correspondents?

WINKLER: At the top, ten. A lot of my friends thought I was totally bizarre, because I would sit home and personally answer, on the back of an old script of *Happy Days*, letters that touched me. I thought I would have liked that if I'd been the letter writer. What I realized is that I took all that time because it kept me isolated so that I could absorb what was happening to me. I would get these wonderful letters and they'd give me their phone numbers and I would call them and say, "Hi, I just wanted to tell you I've got your letter and let's talk about what you said." They wouldn't believe me.

PLAYBOY: And, presumably, a lot of your friendlier fans have been women.

WINKLER: Yeah, and it's been very flattering. In the past, I've always done the asking and women have said yes or no. I now know what it is to be a woman, to be bombarded like that. Women, especially beautiful women, go through an incredible trip. It's nothing to be taken lightly.

PLAYBOY: So you're being treated like a beautiful man?

WINKLER: At this moment. Which is real strange, because I never thought of myself as good-looking. Now, all of a sudden, I'm told that I'm *very* good-looking

by women of all shapes and sizes. The Men Watchers of America picked me as one of the Ten Most Desirable Men of the Year. Which is really a trip! I can't even believe it.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the things women say to you?

WINKLER: "I want to see you later." "Give me your hotel key." You know, "I want to sit on you." But what happens is that you can't go for it. It's very empty. I've had my share, you understand. I'm not saying that I cannot do it. There have been times on the road when I've lived the sort of life I used to read about in the orthodontist's office when I was 13 years old. You know: chicks knocking on my door at six in the morning; I open it up and there's this beautiful girl going, "Hi, are you asleep?" "No, actually, I'm writing out the Magna Charta from memory." Am I asleep? It's six o'clock in the morning! So I just go, "Now that you're here, why don't you just come in?"

PLAYBOY: Does that sort of thing put pressure on you to perform like a sexual athlete?

WINKLER: No, I can't worry about that. If I had done everybody I was supposed to have done just in this town, it would have fallen off a long time ago. If I were to live an image, I would live one day behind myself.

PLAYBOY: How about the images *you* create? For instance, you were once quoted as saying all your success and power made you feel like God. How did you live down that image?

WINKLER: I meant in the moral, not the religious, concept of God. It's just that when you are at the pinnacle of power, you feel like a great conqueror, like a hero, like the best gladiator. You are pumped up with energy. It's incredible. I'm made to think about myself all the time. Every time I turn around, I see myself. I look in store windows, on T-shirts, on fans' chests, on their legs, everywhere, I see myself.

PLAYBOY: And how do you see yourself?

WINKLER: You know, when I stop to think about it, I really don't care anymore. Because I know what I am. I am *not* as cool as Fonzie. I cannot possibly be what my fans' imaginations make me out to be. Fonzie does things that—who can do them? I can't hit a jukebox and make it go on like that!

But I'm having a very good time. I'm doing what I love to do and apparently, at this moment in my life, I'm doing it pretty well. One day it could all just go away like that [*Snaps fingers*], but at the moment, I'm just me: I say what I want to say, do what I want to do. I don't think that all of a sudden I've changed. Just because people tell me whatever they tell me, that I'm good-looking or sexy or whatever, I don't believe I can

do what I couldn't do before I became famous, before I became the Fonz.

PLAYBOY: Since you brought it up, how did you happen to become the Fonz, anyway?

WINKLER: Well, it happened pretty quickly. I arrived in Hollywood from New York on September 18, 1973. On October fifth, I got a bit part with *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. Within a month, I did the pilot for *Happy Days*.

PLAYBOY: Were you the Fonz in that pilot?

WINKLER: Yes and I had six lines.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the part?

WINKLER: Just by auditioning. I was one of the last guys in line at Paramount. While I sat there, waiting, I saw Mickey Dolenz from the Monkees and other people who were names—and Hollywood, in television, anyway, goes on names. I was real lucky.

PLAYBOY: Did you envision the character you were supposed to play right away?

WINKLER: No, not what the Fonz is now. But I did know two things: There would have to be more than just the tough side of a guy wearing a leather jacket; and I knew that I would never comb my hair, never wear a belt, never chew gum and never carry a pack of cigarettes in my T-shirt—all of which seemed to be the standard clichés for every actor doing a Fifties role. The day after I read for the part, they called and said, "Would you like to do it?"

PLAYBOY: So how did you develop the character?

WINKLER: That came over four years. But I knew what I wanted. And that's the fucking key! *I knew what I wanted.* If you know what you want and you brush your teeth with what you want, it will come to you like a magnet.

PLAYBOY: You obviously wanted Fonzie to succeed. When did you realize his potential?

WINKLER: That first day. It was when I swore that I would never comb my hair. The director of the pilot said, "Go to the mirror now and comb your hair." So I had a conflict. You can't really say no to a director, and this was my first paying job. I was being paid \$1000, which was more than I'd ever been paid in my life. So I went to the mirror and took the comb out of my back pocket. I looked at myself and suddenly said, in character, "Hey, are you kidding? You don't have to touch that hair; it's perfect!" And that one gesture started the character off. Everybody picked that up. And it came out of being forced; it was forced out of me. I hadn't thought of that before I did it.

PLAYBOY: There are a lot of imitations of your character. Does anyone do a good Fonz that you know of?

WINKLER: Very few people: They all do it too quickly. Being the Fonz is reacting the way *he* would to a certain situation, and what people do instead of react is

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imitate. But it's flattering that they do it. Bob Hope put on a wig and came out with a motorcycle on television. Rich Little has done it. A lot of the new series have a character based on Fonzie.

PLAYBOY: What about John Travolta on *Welcome Back, Kotter*? Isn't there a conscious effort to imitate the Fonz in his character?

WINKLER: Yeah, what about him? That's all made up. He doesn't do it. I don't resent him.

PLAYBOY: Does comparing him to you create a build-up for him?

WINKLER: Of course. Look what they do in *People* magazine. Any time they can, they use my name five, six times in articles that have nothing to do with me.

PLAYBOY: You wrote a column yourself for *Newsweek* called "The Importance of Being Fonzie." Was that your title?

WINKLER: Oh, no, it was theirs. I would never write that. I got 50 letters back from *Newsweek*, all of them negative. It totally blew me away. They said, Who is Fonzie, anyway? Who do you think you are? You're just an egoist. And I said, Wait a minute. *Newsweek* asked me to write down as honestly as I could what it is to be famous. And now its readers are yelling at me?

PLAYBOY: When did you realize the importance of being Fonzie?

WINKLER: I realized it when I went to Little Rock, Arkansas, the first place I ever made a personal appearance, and was met at the airport by 2000 people.

PLAYBOY: And when did it occur to you that you were worth more than the \$1000 per show ABC was paying you?

WINKLER: When I did a pilot for *The Paul Sand Show*, two years into *Happy Days*. The people at Mary Tyler Moore's company, MTM, called me up—I had already done the *Bob Newhart Show* and two *Mary Tyler Moores*—and they said, "All right, we're going to give you \$3000 just to do the pilot." They wanted ten days' rehearsal. I said I could only give them four. They said, "We'll work around your schedule." Now, I couldn't believe I was in that position. No kidding. I went over there, did four days' rehearsal and was paid \$3000, the most money I was ever paid in my life. I now get considerably more than that a week.

PLAYBOY: About five times as much?

WINKLER: Around in there. All business is done by my lawyer and my agents. I don't like the idea of an entourage. I don't have a personal manager. I have a lawyer, a business manager, two agents out here and one in New York and my commercial agents in New York, two women who are extraordinary.

PLAYBOY: What seems also extraordinary is the fact that you have overshadowed the original star of *Happy Days*, Ron Howard, and are paid more money per episode than he is, and yet the two of you apparently maintain a good relationship.

WINKLER: One of the major factors in the success of the character is Ron Howard's generosity. That is absolutely the truth.

PLAYBOY: His generosity in being able to accept your growth in the part?

WINKLER: Absolutely. He allows me to go, when we're acting together, in any direction I choose. He is totally open to my character.

PLAYBOY: Has he ever zinged you while you were acting?

WINKLER: Ron Howard is not a man for zingers. Ron Howard is a very quiet man, who also rumbles underneath.

PLAYBOY: But certainly the other actors on the show are only human. Don't they feel some envy?

WINKLER: It's the one thing I try to ignore. When I'm at work, we almost never bring it up and I hate it when it's brought up. I'll leave the conversation immediately. But the fact is, they are very aware of what has happened to me. I didn't know this was going to happen. I just did my work.

PLAYBOY: And other people's resentment doesn't bother you?

WINKLER: Listen, I went to see *Sly Fox* in New York City. I took my niece, who is 12, to the theater for the first time. We sat there giggling and having a good time, then we went backstage to see an acquaintance of mine, Jack Gilford. After we said hello, someone said, "Mr. Scott wants to see you." I started walk-

ing. He said, "Oh, no, if he knew you were here and we didn't introduce you, he'd be angry." So now we have George C. Scott, sitting in his dressing room wearing a yellow terrycloth bathrobe, playing chess with a man who is equally big. The door opens, he looks up and goes, "The Fonz. I watch you all the time." He got up and shook my hand and I didn't know what to do. I just hugged him. I said, "I can't believe it!" Now I don't care what anybody says in the whole world.

PLAYBOY: You seem star-struck.

WINKLER: I am star-struck, I swear to you. I get to meet a lot of terrific people. Alice Cooper. Phoebe Snow called me on the phone the other night. John Lennon. Rosemary Clooney, a terrific lady. I shook Bob Hope's hand. I met the Duke. He is so big, he walked out, looked down at me and thought I was a microphone. He thought he was supposed to talk into the top of my head. I met Frank Sinatra. He sent me an autographed picture: "To Henry Winkler, Happy Days, Francis Albert." That was terrific.

PLAYBOY: Did you send him one back?

WINKLER: I thought that would be *hubris*. I might be a star and I might be famous at this moment in my life, but you pay homage. I have Charles Bronson's autograph sitting on the wall. When I met Robert DeNiro, I totally went into shock. I'm in awe of DeNiro. I would

like to be that connected. I said that I liked *Mean Streets* and he said it was his favorite. I said, "The language became poetry." He said, "It was the litany: 'Fuck you, fucker, fuckface, fuck.'" Bobby DeNiro's use of the word *fuck* became poetry.

PLAYBOY: You've created a kind of pop poetry yourself. Do you ever find yourself using the Fonz's expressions?

WINKLER: I am not the Fonz. I don't think like the Fonz. But the one thing that has crept over is if I'm surprised or something, I'll go, "Whoa. Whoa, that's great. Whoa-a-ah, I like that."

PLAYBOY: You get very defensive trying to separate yourself from the Fonz, don't you?

WINKLER: Absolutely. The pressure to be the Fonz is enormous, because I'm asked all the time: "Where's your leather jacket?" "Where's your motorcycle?" "Hey, how do you hit the jukebox?" "Hey, you didn't sign as the Fonz." I don't sign "The Fonz" when I sign an autograph. I sign, "Henry Winkler." When I began to make an issue of it—refusing to sign "The Fonz"—everybody thought I was repeating myself too often. But it's worked like a charm. Now only journalists who are too lazy to find another angle write about the Fonz saying this or that.

PLAYBOY: But you have sounded obsessed with the theme in other interviews.

WINKLER: Yeah, sure that's true. You get

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GEORGE PLIMPTON



a bit confused about who you are. There are times I think I sound like I'm crazy.

PLAYBOY: Are you so concerned about typecasting?

WINKLER: How I think about typecasting is this: One's impression of oneself is the way other people will see you. I think I can do other things. But, yes, sometimes when I'm working, my body screams for material with just a little more depth.

PLAYBOY: Do you find situation comedy as a form frustrating?

WINKLER: Television is a barracuda. It's very difficult to be original week after week in a TV series. Because there is so much of television, because you do 24 episodes in a row and because you do them for five years—you have to use Tai-Chi in order to keep the bad spirits away.

PLAYBOY: Have you thought about the power you and others in television have—if only because you enter so many people's lives every week?

WINKLER: It irritates me that American television does not reproduce life as it is. People in this country really believe that the Anderson family from *Father Knows Best* is living somewhere in Wisconsin and that they're the norm. They believed that *The Millionaire* was going to send them money. That's bullshit, but we perpetrate it. As the Church was the opiate for other people, so television is the opiate for Americans. It keeps them all calm. It's a tranquilizer. It subdues them. It is worse than alcohol in that way.

PLAYBOY: What about your own show? *Happy Days* surely doesn't represent what high school is or ever was like in this country.

WINKLER: We don't profess to do that. We don't say that we're anything other than a half-hour piece of fluff. And, at the moment, that's what I do. I also did a TV special in San Francisco where I spoke with high school kids about teenage alcoholism, suicide and pregnancy.

PLAYBOY: What about censorship? Does even a "half-hour piece of fluff" have troubles in that area?

WINKLER: Yeah, we're censored. But you beat it by double thinking them. They say you can't do *this*; all right, I'll do *that*. I'm not angry about it, because the fact is that it exists; it's the framework I have to work in. And if I want to do something else, then I should damn well do it. So I'm doing some movies and we'll see what happens.

PLAYBOY: How has ABC reacted to your branching out into movies?

WINKLER: The ABC people are very nice. They call me up, very cordially, and keep saying, "ABC wants to take you to lunch." So I imagine going out with this big black building. I marvel each time I call the president of Paramount and he gets on the phone. I mean, I talk to the high-powered men now. If the tide happens to turn against me, they will be out

of the office more times than not.

PLAYBOY: So, basically, you get along with industry executives?

WINKLER: Some of them. Some, as anywhere in the world, are just assholes. I have always had a great respect for Freddie Silverman, way before he came to ABC. He's got courage and he does it on his own. He left a network that was number one, came to the third network and made it number one. Everything starts with the man at the top.

PLAYBOY: We read that Gabe Kaplan was complaining about—

WINKLER: Gabe Kaplan was complaining. *Everybody* is complaining! You know why? I'll tell you why. The people who mastermind all this entertainment are not entertainment oriented. They are oriented to power and to money. You are, absolutely, a commodity, and if you let them, they will bulldoze you into

*"I was just offered
\$1,000,000 by a major jeans
company, my friend—can
you dig it?—\$1,000,000.*

*In 30 seconds I
turned it down."*

oblivion. There is no human respect in this great business of ours.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you have seen *Network*.

WINKLER: Yes. I thought it was great. A lot of people in television felt guilty after seeing that film. I didn't. That's not just television Paddy Chayefsky's talking about; he's talking about the world.

PLAYBOY: One of the things *Network* satirizes is the rating system. Since it was ratings that put you at the top, would you defend them?

WINKLER: The fact is there is a rating system in the world, and that is the way it is. You've got to re-educate human beings to not even think in those terms, which are: I want the biggest, the best, the most, the furriest, the sparkliest, the everything. That's what we live for. The rating system exists all over the place.

PLAYBOY: You're saying the ratings exist; but what we're asking is—

WINKLER: I like being number one. *I like being number one!*

PLAYBOY: Will you be renewing your *Happy Days* contract after it expires next season?

WINKLER: I have no idea at this moment. I have done something for five years. That's enough for anybody. My responsibility is to change, to grow. Imagine having an audience that you have turned on, tuned in, saying, "Oh, yeah, he was

funny," and turn off? When I become mediocre, it's time to go.

PLAYBOY: Were you offered another series?

WINKLER: I was offered four series. I was offered *Serpico*, Fonzie the way he is now, Fonzie 15 years later with children and a TV version of *The Lords of Flatbush*. I was also offered *Movies of the Week*. They were going to pay me for six months in advance; they said, "Here's \$100,000, just keep the spring open, we'll do anything you want."

PLAYBOY: Why do so many TV actors long to go into the movies? After all, you influence a far greater number of people than Al Pacino, Robert DeNiro and Dustin Hoffman combined.

WINKLER: I know that's true. I know that every week in America and Canada, 75,000,000 people see what I do. But, one, your imagination and interpretation are edited on television. Two, there is a snob difference. Three, making films for that big screen—when you remember being younger and sitting in the theater where you first saw movies—it's the ultimate fantasy realized.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything on TV now—*Happy Days* excepted—that you like?

WINKLER: Well, slowly, things are starting to cook. Peter Boyle's portrayal of Joe McCarthy in *Tail Gunner Joe* will go down in the annals of incredible performances; Sally Field's performance in *Sybil* was just great; James Whitmore as Harry Truman was fabulous, Jesus. So television's getting there, but it's still on the profit motive. That's where the big problem is: TV programs are just magnets for commercials. The commercials run the airwaves, and that's a drag.

PLAYBOY: And you won't do commercials?

WINKLER: I made a living doing commercials when I had to. I made 30 commercials. I will do them again. But at this moment, it's not the right thing for my career. Listen, I was just offered \$1,000,000 by a major jeans company, my friend—can you dig it?—\$1,000,000. In 30 seconds I turned it down, because I cannot do it.

PLAYBOY: Why? You don't wear the jeans?

WINKLER: Not only do I not wear the jeans but it did not sit correctly with me. I never had that much money before, I don't need it now. If I am good, I'll have that money doing what I want to do.

PLAYBOY: What other commercial offers have you turned down?

WINKLER: Somebody offered me an aluminum Rolls-Royce, a collector's item, for a personal appearance. What am I going to do with an aluminum Rolls-Royce? Then I was offered a car just to drive up to a premiere of a movie, get out with my date and go in. I didn't have to say a word. They'd put it on film and use it as a commercial and I would get that particular car, a new one, every year for five years, with all gas and repairs taken care of. But then I have to

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pervert myself a little bit, you know?

PLAYBOY: Does money mean anything to you?

WINKLER: I love money. But I *have* money now. I have enough to keep me going for a while. What's really interesting is that people do not understand the word no. It's like they say, "Would you like a villa on the outskirts of Rome? And a car and a maid for the rest of your life? Just for 60 seconds, do this." I say, "No, thank you, I won't do that." "Oh, well, would you like to be Pope for a year? Wear big hats?" It's incredible.

PLAYBOY: You've railed against the profit motive and commercial endorsements. But what about those Fonzie T-shirts you marketed?

WINKLER: What I did was, I went to Paramount and asked them for permission to print up a T-shirt. They gave me permission, but I could only sell it to fans who had written to me. That was the bust, because all those other T-shirts were on the market and they were readily available. But what I was happy about was I sat in my living room and personalized them. Every 1200 shirts, the color changes and my initials are on them somewhere, so they can't be ripped off. A friend of mine helped me design it. We sold 25,000 T-shirts, which is not really a lot in the scope of things. Paramount has made millions and millions and millions and millions off my character.

PLAYBOY: How much does your T-shirt sell for?

WINKLER: Five or six dollars, something like that.

PLAYBOY: What else have you done in the way of marketing your name?

WINKLER: I gave my sister the rights to my autobiography, *The Other Side of Henry Winkler*, which is really funny, because at 31, who has an autobiography? But, again, everybody else was making all those millions of dollars on that crap they put out. She has three daughters and she'll put them through college. I have no idea how it's selling. But I'm committed to the fact that it was written by my sister. Why should all these strangers make so much money off me? It's like they stick a straw between my shoulder blades and just suck dry, you know.

PLAYBOY: The next chapter in your life story will involve two feature films. Are you nervous about being able to work in a new medium?

WINKLER: What you *do* to yourself, *Oy, Got in Him!* I fucking punch myself from here to Timbuktu. I'm bloody inside. All I want to do is be a good actor. I am in the middle of an anxiety attack. This is my first *major* motion picture and I am just scared shit. My underwear is brown. I don't know what I'm doing. I always think whatever I'm doing is the hardest thing I've done in my whole life. I truly believe, when I'm doing it, that

birth—squeezing through that small crevice—was a snap compared with this.

PLAYBOY: Is that hyperbole or real fear?

WINKLER: There's a fear of showing yourself, of being found out. Am I a fake? Am I good? I don't like to fail. I *am* scared. But you cannot let that kind of fear paralyze you. You've got to take the risk and see what happens.

PLAYBOY: Have you managed to break the typecasting syndrome with these two movie roles?

WINKLER: Well, the two roles are diametrically opposed. One, in a movie that doesn't have a title yet, is an actor, an outrageous wise guy who becomes a wrestler just to be in front of the crowd; and the other, in *Heroes*, is a deranged veteran from Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: But couldn't the character in *Heroes* be construed as a Fonzie-type character?

WINKLER: No, I wouldn't *do* another Fonzielike character. He's a guy back from Vietnam who's a little touched. He wants to start a worm farm in Eureka, California, with his good friend whom

*"What you do to yourself,
Oy, Got in Him! I fucking
punch myself from here to
Timbuktu. I'm bloody
inside. This is my first
major motion picture and
I'm scared shit."*

he met in his foxhole. He meets a girl along the way and there is an offbeat love story.

PLAYBOY: An old acquaintance of yours, Sylvester Stallone, certainly made it big with *his* movie. What did you think of *Rocky*?

WINKLER: Fabulous. A very dynamic film. I sat there objectively as an actor and said to myself, "In about two seconds, the audience will stand up and cheer. And I swear to you, I stood up with them. I could no longer be objective, I was swept right along."

PLAYBOY: Did you see that promise in Stallone when you worked together in *The Lords of Flatbush*?

WINKLER: He's one of the most original volcanoes I've ever met. He is totally unpredictable. You cannot get too comfortable with Sly; you don't know what's going to happen. But he has a talent that you must reckon with.

PLAYBOY: He told us that when you were making *The Lords of Flatbush*, the two of you would sit in the back seat of a car and talk about making it and about your own insecurities. He found you very

erudite, always analyzing things.

WINKLER: I'm accused of it, yeah. I love to dissect people. It sometimes wraps me into a tight little ball and I have to bounce off the walls to get myself straightened out.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been in analysis?

WINKLER: No.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever thought of it?

WINKLER: Analysis? Sometimes. Only because that would be a tool to drain the pus. I think: All these other people are cracking, so maybe I will, too. But I don't think so.

PLAYBOY: There seems to be an incredible insecurity within the entertainment industry. Do you have any theories about why so many talented people are so unstable?

WINKLER: The insecurity comes because some of us are taught, in greater or lesser degrees, that we are no good. And we believe that we are no good. We *believe* that we are second-rate. That is one of the reasons stars become stars: It enables them to close up the holes that they never worked on themselves. But the rub comes when you become number one in the United States and Canada and Australia and England—and you're exactly where you were when you started! You take your suitcase of craziness with you wherever you go. You are still whatever you *think* you are.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that's what happened to Freddie Prinze?

WINKLER: It made me angry that Freddie Prinze shot himself.

PLAYBOY: Why?

WINKLER: I didn't live his life; I'm trying to live mine. But it made me very angry that he shot himself and blamed it on his wife. I don't think it was his wife. It's a very angry thing to do. It's self-destructive and it says "Up yours!" to people who are left behind.

PLAYBOY: But, in his case, couldn't it have also been the pressure to perform? He was only 22.

WINKLER: I understand that.

PLAYBOY: Where were you at 22?

WINKLER: I was in school. But the thing is, I didn't rearrange my consciousness with drugs, either. What's even sadder than Freddie Prinze is that girl—a fan—who shot herself because she couldn't live without him. She was 13. That says a lot about our culture. Holy moly! That was more shocking to me than his death.

PLAYBOY: Drugs and 13-year-old girls were in the news not long ago in the case of Roman Polanski. What was your reaction to that?

WINKLER: With that 13-year-old girl? The mother said, "I OK the photograph, but I didn't OK the rape." It happens all the time. That's just the way it is. Lewis Carroll wrote *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, which everybody reads as a classic, and what did he do? He used to take pictures of little girls, too, and seduce them, or try to. It's not a new problem.

Roman Polanski does what he has to do. He makes good movies.

PLAYBOY: You were angry about Prinze but feel no sense of anger about Polanski?

WINKLER: For reportedly raping a 13-year-old girl? Thirteen-year-old girls in Hollywood, California, and other places in this country are not 13-year-old girls that we used to know.

PLAYBOY: What are the differences you see between kids today and when you were that age?

WINKLER: I think it's the knowledge input. Kids are much more sophisticated now. They know more, have experienced more. And at 13, they're 29 years old. It's really a bummer. A shame.

PLAYBOY: When you were younger, what turned you on? Looking at pictures in *National Geographic*? **PLAYBOY:** Reading Henry Miller?

WINKLER: My sister's friends.

PLAYBOY: How old were they?

WINKLER: Four years older than I was. It's fun for me to see a magazine with a naked lady. On the other hand, anything that I can't put in my mouth for real, why do I want to look at it in ink?

PLAYBOY: To tickle your imagination, perhaps?

WINKLER: We abuse the thought of sex so that it perverts itself. Sex is as natural to human beings as building a nest is to birds. I mean, you know how to do it from the minute you're born; you just have to wait until it all works together. If you feel an urge, if it comes from the depth of your very soul, people should acknowledge that, rather than say, "Oh, no, I'm not horny. I'm not turned on. I don't have an erection at this moment, even though it's busting my zipper loose at the seams. No, I don't desire that woman, I don't see her breasts dripping from her dress." If we didn't deny it so, it wouldn't abuse itself so.

PLAYBOY: Does any kind of sex turn you off?

WINKLER: I don't know. I was in New York City and they had this program on cable television about bondage, sadomasochism. They weren't kidding around. They really tied this guy up to a stool and slapped, beat and kicked him. I was appalled and, after a while, I had to turn it off. I literally could not watch anymore.

PLAYBOY: Do you have sexual fantasies?

WINKLER: I guess so. Except I always must be comfortable. When I imagine people doing it on the beach, I think of all that sand getting in your underwear. Somehow, I always see the practical side and the romance is taken right out of it. Of course, if I had a blow-up mattress on the beach, I could deal with it.

PLAYBOY: When did you first get into sex?

WINKLER: I lost my virginity in summer school, in high school. I was 17. I did not graduate with the rest of my class, because I didn't pass geometry. I failed it

(continued on page 136)

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fiction
By JOHN LE CARRE

Jerry Westerby, using cover as a Southeast Asia reporter for an English paper (which he calls "the comic"), is actually a British intelligence agent. He is looking for, first:

Charlie Marshall, a half-Chinese pilot for Indocharter, a small, ramshackle airline, and, second:

Ricardo, a Mexican-American, also an Indocharter pilot, who was reported killed in a crash but who may still be alive. Ricardo undoubtedly has private information about:

Drake Ko, a Chinese multimillionaire operating a business empire (that includes Indocharter) from Hong Kong and the recipient of Russian secret funds. Close to him are:

Tiu, his right-hand thug, and:

Lizzie Worthington, his beautiful, blonde English mistress, whom Westerby yearns for.

FIRST LOOK

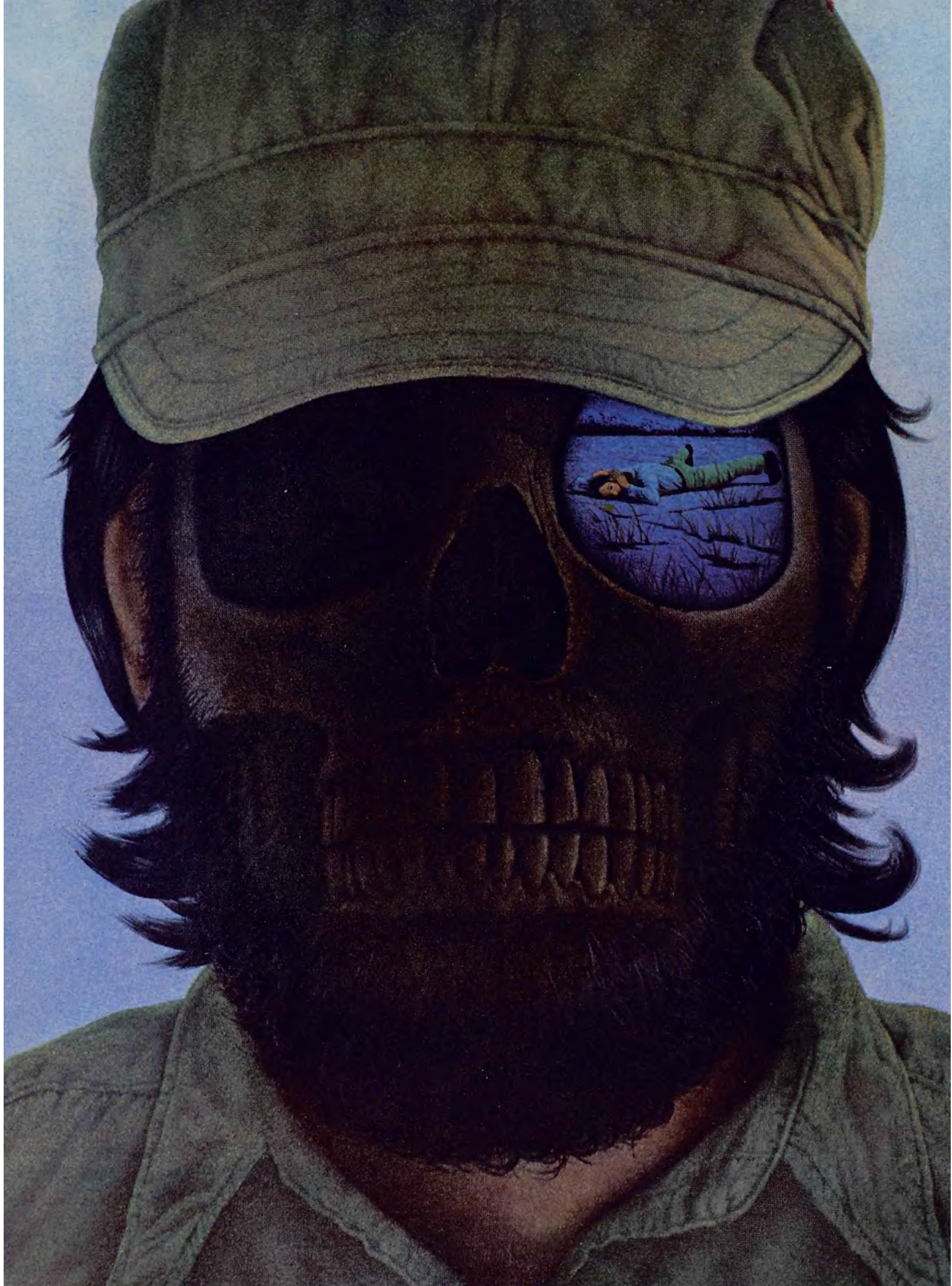
at a new novel

THE HONOURABLE SCHOOLBOY

OLIVE EARTH leaped at them and Jerry saw bomb craters spattered like egg spots and the yellow lines from the tire tracks of the convoys. As they landed feather light on the pitted runway, the inevitable naked brown children splashed contentedly in a mud-filled crater. He stepped onto the tarmac and as the heat hit him with a slap, so did the roar of transport planes taking off and landing. Yet, for all that, he had the illusion of arriving on a calm summer's day. For in Phnompenh, like nowhere else Jerry had ever been, war took place in an atmosphere of peace. He remembered the last time he was here, before the bombing halt. A group of Air France passengers bound for Tokyo had been dawdling curiously on the apron, not realizing they had landed in a battle. No one told them to take cover, no one was with them. F-4s and -111s were screaming over the airfield, there was shooting from the perimeter, Air America choppers were landing the dead in nets like frightful catches from some red sea and a Boeing 707, in order to take off, had to crawl across the entire airfield, running the gauntlet in

the old plane limped across the war-torn landscape and the agent drank scotch with its weird pilot, trying to get answers british intelligence needed — from a new blockbuster novel by the author of "tinker, tailor, soldier, spy"





slow motion. Spellbound, Jerry had watched her lollop out of range of the ground fire, and all the way he waited for the thump that would tell him she had been hit in the tail. But she kept going, as if the innocent were immune, and disappeared into the untroubled horizon.

Now, ironically, with the end so close, he noticed that the accent was on the cargo of survival. On the farther side of the airfield, huge chartered all-silver American cargo planes, 707s and big four-engined turboprop C-130s, were landing and taking off in a clumsy, dangerous shuttle as they brought the ammunition and rice in from Thailand and Saigon. On his hasty walk to the terminal, Jerry saw two landings and each time he held his breath, waiting for the late back-charge of the jets as they fought and shivered to a halt inside the shelter of earth-filled ammunition boxes at the soft end of the landing strip. Even before they stopped, flight handlers in flak jackets and helmets had converged like unarmed platoons to wrest their precious sacks from the holds.

Yet even these bad omens could not destroy Jerry's pleasure at being back.

"*Vous restez combien de temps, monsieur?*" the immigration officer inquired.

"*Toujours, sport,*" said Jerry. "Long as you'll have me. Longer." He thought of asking after Charlie Marshall then and there, but the airport was stiff with police and spooks of every sort and as long as he didn't know what he was up against, it seemed wise not to advertise his interest. There was a colorful array of old aircraft with new insignia, but he couldn't see any belonging to Indocharter, whose registered colors, Craw had told him at the valedictory briefing just before he left Hong Kong, were believed to be Ko's racing colors: gray and pale blue.

He took a taxi and rode in front, gently declining the driver's courteous offers of girls, shows, clubs, boys. The flamboyants made a luscious arcade of orange against the slate monsoon sky. He stopped at a haberdasher to change money *au cours flexible*, a term he loved. The money-changers used to be Chinese, Jerry remembered. This one was Indian: The Chinese get out early, but the Indians stay to pick the carcass. Shantytowns lay left and right of the road. Refugees crouched everywhere, cooking, dozing in silent groups. A ring of small children sat passing around a cigarette.

"*Nous sommes un village avec une population des millions,*" said the driver in his awkward French.

An army convoy drove at them, headlights on, sticking to the center of the road. The taxi driver obediently pulled into the dirt. An ambulance brought up the rear, both doors open. The bodies were stacked feet outward, legs like pigs' trotters, marbled and bruised. Dead or

alive, it scarcely mattered. They passed a cluster of stilt houses smashed by rockets and entered a provincial French square: a restaurant, an *épicerie*, a *charcuterie*, advertisements for Byrrh and Coca-Cola. On the curb, children squatted, watching over liter wine bottles filled with stolen petrol. Jerry remembered that, too: That was what had happened in the shellings. The shells touched off the petrol and the result was a blood bath. It would happen again this time. Nobody learned anything, nothing changed, the offal was cleared away by morning.

"Stop!" said Jerry and on the spur of the moment handed the driver a piece of paper on which he had written down the Bangkok bookshop's address for Charlie Marshall. He had imagined he should creep up on the place at dead of night, but in the sunlight there seemed no point anymore.

"*Y aller?*" the driver asked, turning to look at him in surprise.

"That's it, sport."

"*Vous connaissez cette maison?*"

"Chum of mine."

"*A vous? Un ami à vous?*"

"Press," said Jerry, which explains any lunacy.

The driver shrugged and pointed the car down a long boulevard, past the French cathedral, into a mud road lined with courtyard villas that became quickly dingier as they approached the edge of town. Twice Jerry asked the driver what was special about the address, but the driver had lost his charm and shrugged away the questions. When they stopped, he insisted on being paid off and drove away racing the gear changes in rebuke. It was just another villa, the lower half hidden behind a wall pierced with a wrought-iron gate. Jerry pushed the bell and heard nothing. When he tried to force the gate, it wouldn't move. He heard a window slam and thought, as he looked quickly up, that he saw a brown face slip away behind the mosquito wire. Then the gate buzzed and yielded and he walked up a few steps to a tiled veranda and another door, this one of solid teak with a tiny shaded grille for looking out but not in. He waited, then hammered heavily on the knocker and heard the echoes bounding all over the house. The door was double, with a join at the center. Pressing his face to the gap, he saw a strip of tiled floor and two steps, presumably the last two steps of a staircase. On the lower of these stood two smooth brown feet, naked, and two bare shins, but he saw no farther than the knees.

"Hullo!" he yelled, still at the gap. "Bonjour! Hullo!" And when the legs still did not move: "*Je suis un ami de Charlie Marshall! Madame, monsieur, je suis un ami anglais de Charlie Marshall! Je veux lui parler.*"

He took out a five-dollar bill and

For a second, they saw each other—the bearded man raising the AK-47 and Jerry already falling to the tarmac—before bullets ripped and whined across the cratered airfield.

shoved it through the gap, but nothing happened, so he took it back and instead tore a piece of paper from his notebook. He headed his message "To Captain C. Marshall" and introduced himself by name as "a British journalist with a proposal to our mutual interest" and gave the address of his hotel. Threading this note also through the gap, he looked for the brown legs again, but they had vanished, so he walked till he found a *cyclo*, then rode in the *cyclo* till he found a cab; and, no, thank you, no, thank you, he didn't want a girl—except that, as usual, he did.

The hotel used to be the Royal. Now it was the Pnom. A flag was flying from the masthead, but its grandeur already looked desperate. Signing himself in, he saw living flesh basking around the courtyard pool and once more thought of Lizzie. For the girls, this was the hard school, and if she'd carried little packets for Ricardo, then ten to one she'd been through it. The prettiest belonged to the richest, and the richest were Pnom-penh's Rotarian crooks: the gold and rubber smugglers, the police chiefs, the big-fisted Corsicans who made neat deals with the Khmer Rouge in mid-battle. There was a letter waiting for him, the flap not sealed. The receptionist, having read it himself, politely watched Jerry do the same. A gilt-edged invitation card with an embassy crest invited him to dinner. His host was someone he had never heard of. Mystified, he turned the card over. A scrawl on the back read, "Knew your friend George of the *Guardian*," and *Guardian* was the word that introduced. Dinner and dead-letter boxes, he thought: what Sarratt, the school where he'd been trained as an agent, scathingly called the great Foreign Office disconnection.

"Téléphone?" Jerry inquired.

"Il est foutu, monsieur."

"Electricité?"

"Aussi foutue, monsieur, mais nous avons beaucoup d'eau."

"Keller?" said Jerry with a grin.

"Dans la cour, monsieur."

He walked into the gardens. Among the flesh sat a bunch of waries from the Fleet Street heavies, drinking Scotch and exchanging hard stories. They looked like boy pilots in the Battle of Britain fighting a borrowed war and they watched him in collective contempt for his upper-class origins. One wore a white kerchief and lank hair bravely tossed back.

"Christ, it's the duke," he said. "How'd you get here? Walk on the Mekong?"

But Jerry didn't want them; he wanted Keller. Keller was permanent. He was a wireman and he was American and Jerry knew him from other wars. More particularly, no *utlander* newsman came to town without putting his cause at Keller's

feet, and if Jerry was to have credibility, then Keller's chop would supply it and credibility was increasingly dear to him. He found Keller in the car park. Broad shoulders, gray-headed, one sleeve rolled down. He was standing with his sleeved arm stuffed into his pocket, watching a driver hose out the inside of a Mercedes.

"Max. Super."

"Top-hole," Keller said, after glancing at him, then went back to his watching. Beside him stood a pair of slim Khmer boys, looking like fashion photographers in high-heeled boots and bell-bottoms and cameras dangling over their glittering, unbuttoned shirts. As Jerry looked on, the driver stopped hosing and began scrubbing the upholstery with an army pack of lint that turned brown the more he rubbed. Another American joined the group and Jerry guessed he was Keller's newest stringer. Keller went through stringers fairly fast.

"What happened?" said Jerry, as the driver began hosing again.

"Two-dollar hero caught a very expensive bullet," said the stringer. "That's what happened." He was a pale Southerner with an air of being amused and Jerry was prepared to dislike him.

"Right, Keller?" Jerry asked.

"Photographer," Keller said.

"One of Keller's native picture warriors," said the Southerner, still grinning.

Keller's wire service ran a stable of them. All the big services did: Cambodian boys, like the couple standing here. They paid them two U.S. dollars to go to the front and \$20 for every photo printed. Jerry had heard that Keller was losing them at the rate of one a week.

"Took it clean through the shoulder while he was running and s'oping," said the stringer. "Lost it through the lower back. Went through him like grass through a goose." He seemed impressed.

"Where is he?" said Jerry for something to say, while the driver continued to mop and hose and scrub.

"Dying right up the road there. What happened, see, couple of weeks back, those bastards in the New York bureau dug their toes in about medication. We used to ship them to Bangkok. Not now. Man, not now. Know something? Up the road, they lie on the floor and have to bribe the nurses to bring them water. Right, boys?"

The two Cambodians smiled politely.

"Want something, Westerby?" Keller asked.

Keller's face was gray and pitted. Jerry knew him best from the Sixties in the Congo, where Keller had burned his hand pulling a kid out of a lorry. Now the fingers were welded like a webbed claw, but otherwise he looked the same. Jerry remembered that incident best, be-

cause he had been holding the other end of the kid.

"Comic wants me to take a look round," Jerry said.

"Can you still do that?"

Jerry laughed and Keller laughed and they drank Scotch in the bar till the car was ready, chatting about old times. At the main entrance, they picked up a girl who had been waiting all day, just for Keller, a tall Californian with too much camera and long, restless legs. As the phones weren't working, Jerry insisted on stopping off at the British embassy so that he could reply to his invitation. Keller wasn't very polite:

"You some kinda spook or something these days, Westerby, slanting your stories, arse-licking for deep background and a pension on the side or something?" There were people who said that was roughly Keller's position, but there are always people.

"Sure," said Jerry amiably. "Been at it for years."

The sandbags at the entrance were new and new antigrade wires glistened in the teeming sunlight. In the lobby, with the spine-breaking irrelevance that only diplomats can quite achieve, a big partitioned poster recommended BRITISH HIGH PERFORMANCE CARS to a city parched of fuel and supplied cheerful photographs of several unavailable models.

"I will tell the counselor you have accepted," said the receptionist solemnly.

The Mercedes smelled a little warm still from the blood, but the driver had turned up the air conditioning.

"What do they do in there, Westerby?" Keller asked. "Knit or something?"

"Or something," Jerry smiled, mainly to the California girl.

Jerry sat in the front, Keller and the girl in the back.

"OK. So hear this," said Keller.

"Sure," said Jerry.

Jerry had his notebook open and scribbled while Keller talked. The girl wore a short skirt and Jerry, glancing back, could see her thighs. Keller had his good hand on her knee. Her name, of all things, was Lorraine and, like Jerry, she was formally taking a swing through the war zones for her group of Western dailies. Soon they were the only car. Soon even the *cyclos* stopped, leaving them peasants, and bicycles, and buffaloes, and the flowered bushes of the approaching countryside.

"Heavy fighting on all the main highways," Keller intoned, at near dictation speed. "Rocket attacks at night, *plastiques* during the day. Lon Nol still thinks he's God and the U.S. Embassy has hot flushes supporting him, then trying to throw him out." He gave statistics, ordnance, casualties, the scale of U.S. aid. He named generals known to be



"That's what I hate about small towns—all those tiny prying eyes."

selling American arms to the Khmer Rouge, and generals who ran phantom armies in order to claim the troops' pay, and generals who did both: "The usual snafu. Bad guys are too weak to take the towns, good guys are too crapped out to take the countryside and nobody wants to fight except the Coms. Students ready to set fire to the place soon as they're no longer exempt from the war, food riots any day now, corruption like there was no tomorrow, no one can live on his salary, fortunes being made and the place bleeding to death. Palace is unreal and the embassy is a nuthouse, more spooks than straight guys and all pretending they've got a secret. Want more?"

"How long do you give it?"

"A week. Ten years."

"How about the airlines?"

"Airlines is all we have. Mekong's good as dead, so's the roads. Airlines have the whole ball park. We did a story on that. You see it? They ripped it to pieces. Jesus," he said to the girl. "Why do I have to give a rerun for the Poms?"

"More," said Jerry, writing.

"Six months ago, this town had five registered airlines. Last three months, we got thirty-four new licenses issued and there's, like, another dozen in the pipeline. Going rate is three million riels to the minister personally and two million spread around his people. Less if you pay gold, less still if you pay abroad. We're working route thirteen," he said to the girl. "Thought you'd like to take a look."

"Great," said the girl, and pressed her knees together, entrapping Keller's good hand.

They passed a statue with one of its arms shot off and after that, the road followed the river bend.

"That's if Westerby here can handle it," Keller added as an afterthought.

"Oh, I think I'm in pretty good shape," said Jerry, and the girl laughed, changing sides a moment.

"K.R. got themselves a new position out on the far bank there, hon," Keller explained, talking to the girl in preference. Across the brown, fast water, Jerry saw a couple of T-28s poking around, looking for something to bomb. There was a fire, quite a big one, and the smoke column rose straight into the sky like a virtuous offering.

"Where do the overseas Chinese come in?" Jerry asked. "In Hong Kong, no one's heard of this place."

"Chinese control eighty percent of our commerce, and that includes airlines. Old or new. Cambodian's lazy, see, hon? Your Cambodian's content to take his profit out of American aid. Your Chinese aren't like that. Oh, no, siree. Chinese like to work, Chinese like to

turn their cash over. They fixed our money market, our transport monopoly, our rate of inflation, our siege economy. War's getting to be a wholly owned Hong Kong subsidiary. Hey, Westerby, you still got that wife you told me about, the cute one with the eyes?"

"Took the other road," Jerry said.

"Too bad. She sounded real great. He had this great wife," Keller said to the girl.

"How about you?" asked Jerry.

Keller shook his head and smiled at the girl. "Care if I smoke, hon?" he asked confidently.

There was a gap in Keller's welded claw that could have been drilled specially to hold a cigarette and the rim of it was brown with nicotine. Keller kept his good hand on her thigh. The road turned to track and deep ruts appeared where the convoys had passed. They entered a short tunnel of trees and as they did so, a thunder of shellfire opened to their right and the trees arched like trees in a typhoon.

"Wow!" the girl yelled. "Can we slow down a little?" And she began hauling at the straps of her camera.

"Be my guest. Medium artillery," said Keller. "Ours," he added as a joke. The girl lowered the window and shot off some film. The barrage continued, the trees danced, but the peasants in the paddy didn't even lift their heads. When it died, the bells of the water buffaloes went on ringing like an echo. They drove on. On the near riverbank, two kids had an old bike and were swapping rides. In the water, a shoal of them were diving in and out of an inner tube, brown bodies glistening. The girl photographed them, too.

"You still speak French, Westerby? Me and Westerby did a thing together in the Congo a while back," he explained to the girl.

"I heard," she said knowingly.

"Poms get education," Keller explained. Jerry hadn't remembered him so talkative. "They get *raised*. That right, Westerby? Specially lords, right? Westerby's some kind of lord."

"That's us, sport. Scholars to a man. Not like you hayseeds."

"Well, you speak to the driver, right? We got instructions for him, you do the saying. He hasn't had time to learn English yet. Go left."

"*A gauche*," said Jerry.

The driver was a boy, but he already had the guide's boredom.

In the mirror, Jerry noticed that Keller's white claw was shaking as he drew on the cigarette. He wondered if it always did. They passed through a couple of villages. It was very quiet. He thought of Lizzie and the clawmarks on her chin. He longed to do something

plain with her, like taking a walk over English fields. It touched him that she had a fantasy about horses.

"Westerby."

"Yes, sport?"

"That thing you have with your fingers. Drumming them. Mind not doing that? Bugs me. It's repressive, somehow." He turned to the girl. "They been pounding this place for years, hon," he said expansively. "Years." He blew out a gust of cigarette smoke.

"About the airline thing," Jerry suggested, pencil ready to write again. "What's the arithmetic?"

"Most of the companies take dry-wing leases out of Vientiane. That includes maintenance, pilot, depreciation but not fuel. Maybe you knew that. Best is own your own plane. That way, you have the two things: You milk the siege and you get your ass out when the end comes. Watch for the kids, hon," he told the girl as he drew again on his cigarette. "While there's kids around, there won't be trouble. When the kids disappear, it's bad news. Means they've hidden them. Always watch for kids."

The girl Lorraine was fiddling with her camera again. They had reached a rudimentary check point. A couple of sentries peered in as they passed, but the driver didn't even slow down. They approached a fork and the driver stopped.

"The river," Keller ordered. "Tell him to stay on the riverbank."

Jerry told him. The boy seemed surprised; seemed even about to object, then changed his mind.

"Kids in the villages," Keller was saying, "kids at the front. No difference. Either way, kids are a weather vane. Khmer soldiers take their families with them to war as a matter of course. If the father dies, there'll be nothing for the family anyway, so they might as well come along with the military, where there's food. Another thing, hon, another thing is, the widows must be right on hand to claim evidence of the father's death, right? That's a human-interest thing for you, right, Westerby? If they don't claim, the commanding officer will deny it and steal the man's pay for himself. Be my guest," he said, as she wrote. "But don't think anyone will print it. This war's over. Right, Westerby?"

"*Finito*," Jerry agreed.

She would be funny, he decided. If Lizzie were here, she would definitely see a funny side and laugh at it. Somewhere among all her imitations, he reckoned, there was a lost original, and he definitely intended to find it. The driver drew up beside an old woman and asked her something in Khmer, but she put her face in her hands and turned her head away.

"Why'd she do *that*, for God's sakes?"

(continued on page 110)

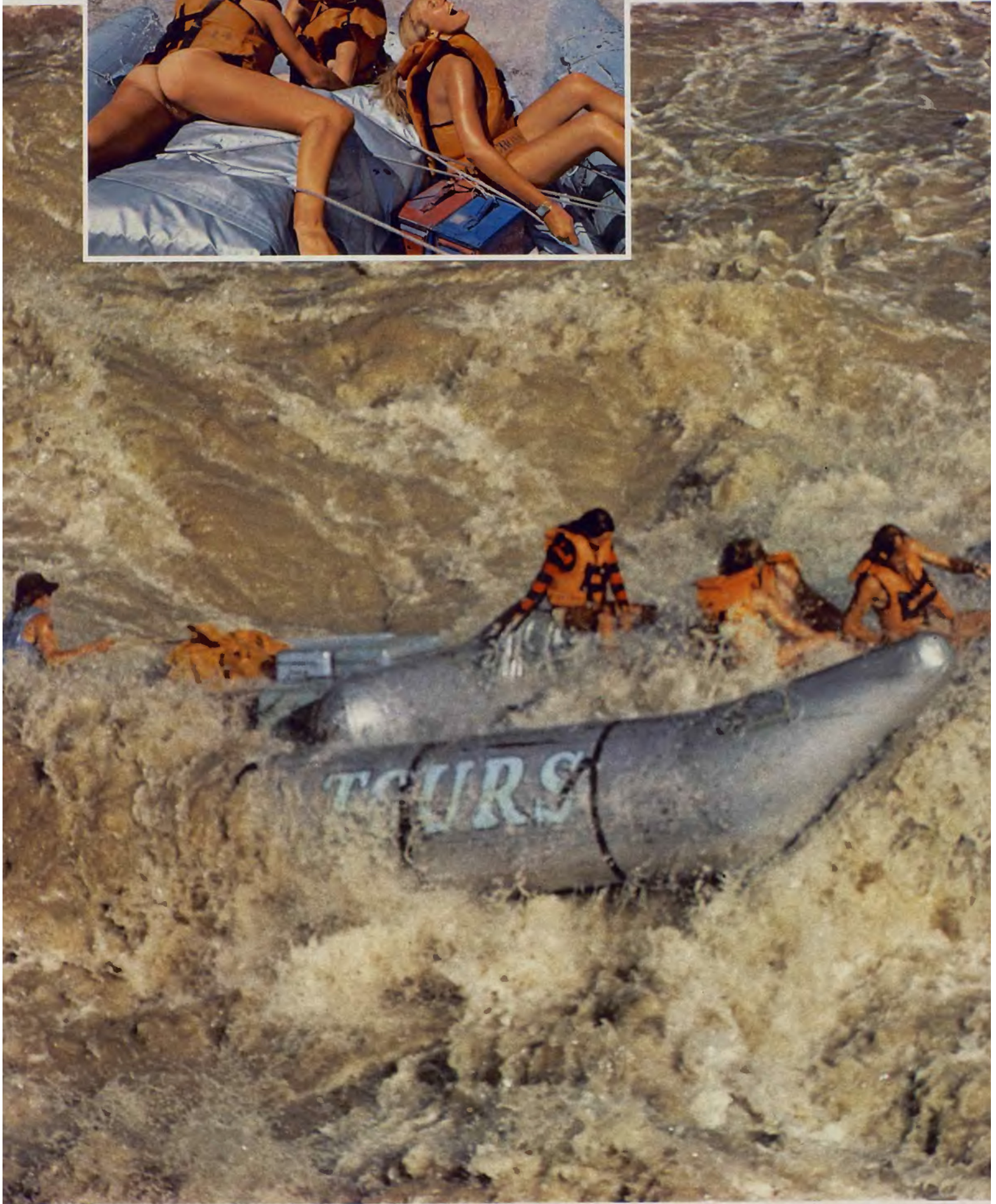
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICHARD FEGLEY

RIVERBOAT GAMBOLERS

*patti mcguire, our
adventurer of the year,
talks playmate hope olson
and bunny cindy russell into
submitting their beautiful
bodies to the whims of
the mighty colorado*



Embarking at Marble Canyon, Arizona, our intrepid rafters (from left to right: Chicago Bunny Cindy Russell, Playmates Patti McGuire and Hope Olson) help the guides prepare the boat that will take them down the Colorado River.



NOT LONG AGO, when Patti McGuire was visiting our Chicago offices, she happened to mention that she had always wanted to take a rafting trip down the Colorado River. Knowing a good idea when it hits us over the head, we promptly dispatched Playmate of the Year Patti, Playmate Hope Olson, Chicago Bunny Cindy Russell and Staff Photographer Richard Fegley to Las Vegas, where they caught a small plane to Marble Canyon, Arizona, the starting point of their adventure that would take them 200 miles down the river, through the Grand Canyon.

It was, to say the least, idyllic, especially for their two guides. The girls soon realized the futility of wearing clothes while negotiating turbulent rapids. "Whenever we'd hit rapids," says Hope, "we'd all get soaking wet; so after a while, we'd just wear our life jackets and nothing underneath." And since the canyon is pretty much deserted most of the time—the group encountered only two other rafting expeditions during the entire five-day journey—nudity became the order not only of the day but of the evening as well. On just one occasion did they feel the necessity to cover up. "Once," Patti told us, "we came upon another rafting company and it was mainly older people, so we threw on our clothes real quick. The guides said they might get upset." At another spot, they encountered a group of eight rafters taking a nude shower in one of the canyon's hundreds of natural waterfalls and, as Patti puts it, "Since they were naked, they sure didn't care if we were."

Our intrepid team of rafters negotiated about 150 rapids in its motorized pontoon craft (the raft can hold up to 16 people). Some rapids were fiercer than others, but the most



The most turbulent set of rapids (far left) encountered on the journey was Lava Falls (the waves can reach heights of 40 feet). The rafters stayed aboard by holding on to ropes lashed to the hull. After braving the white water, our crew beaches the raft (above) and prepares to make camp, after which Patti (left) brushes up on some backwoods hygiene. Later, the troops find a friendly lizard (below). "One night," Patti recalls, "a bee flew into Fegley's sleeping bag and stung him, but he was the only casualty."





dangerous was Lava Falls, where the waves can go up to 40 feet. Although they ran the Lava Falls rapids with no trouble, they did have a slight problem at another white-water spot when a towel got caught in the raft's motor. "We really needed the motor, because there were a lot of dangerous rocks," Patti recalls, "and when the towel got caught in the propeller, it stopped the motor, so we were just floating around for a while among the rocks. I was a little scared, because we easily could have crashed, but one of the guides finally untangled it and we proceeded on course." At dusk, after a hard day of rafting, the





After making camp, Patti and Hope get the evening's geology lesson from a guide (left), who leads them through one of many side canyons. Above and below, the ladies soak up some vitamin C. "There were really only a couple of days of sun," the girls say, "but we all got great all-over tans."





group would beach the craft, set up camp and either sun-bathe or explore the side canyons. "One day," says Hope, "we anchored on a rocky hill and Patti and I got off the raft and almost stepped on a rattlesnake that was sleeping in one of the crevices." To which Patti adds, "I almost had a heart attack." Other wildlife spotted during the trip: a king snake, a skunk (which actually went up and sniffed the girls' ankles before running away), mountain rams, a wide assortment of lizards and, of course, insects.

At the end of the five-day journey, the girls and the guides packed up their gear and rode horses out of the canyon (there's no other practical way to get up the canyon walls). How did the girls feel about their experience? "It was one of the most exciting things I've ever done," Hope told us, "and I'd do it again; but after five days of roughing it, I was ready for a good home-cooked meal."

Two hundred miles, seven cases of beer and five-and-a-half days later, the rafters have gotten to the falls at Havasu Creek, near their final destination. Cindy, far left, and one of the guides, left, celebrate with some fancy diving; Patti and Hope, opposite, a little less adventurous, let the water fall on them.



...WHITE WATER RAMBLERS

*going down the colorado
in a fat rubber raft
is strictly fun and
games. if you're looking
for adventure, try
shooting the rapids
in a dinky little dory*

BRIGHT-EYED and bushy-tailed, we assemble at Lee's Ferry, Arizona, on the banks of a cold green river. Green because of microplankton. Cold (49 degrees Fahrenheit) because this water comes from the bottom of a dam 15 miles upstream—Glen Canyon Dam. We are bound for Pierce Ferry on Lake Mead, 280 miles down-river, through the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

(We're going to get their stinking dam, by the way. We've got secret plans: underground chemists working on the formula for a new kind of acid that will dissolve concrete underwater; the world's biggest houseboat at Wahweap Marina, above the dam, filled with fertilizer and kerosene; a muralist from Mexico painting a jagged fracture down the dam's face. Long before it fills with mud, Glen Canyon Dam is going to go—5,000,000 cubic yards of concrete—down the river. All is ready but the printed announcements.)

I turn my attention to the little boats, the boatmen, my fellow passengers on this suicidal journey down the river of no return.

There are seven dories, bright, gaily painted craft; each is named after some

article
By EDWARD ABBEY



3 The Great Wave hits us from the left and the dory turns over.



1 Dories are named after natural features maimed or destroyed.



2 I find her lying on top of her sleeping bag, noked as a nymph.



4 Gigontic pontoon barges are piled high with noked humons.

5 Wolly looks like he's planning to climb right out of the boat.



natural feature destroyed or maimed by the works of man. The Peace River (damned in Canada), the Tapestry Wall, the Moqui Steps, the Music Temple (lovely places in Glen Canyon now sunk beneath the waters of Lake Powell), the Vale of Rhondda (mined in Wales) and the Celilo Falls (Columbia River). The boats are 17 feet long from stem to transom, almost seven feet wide at the beam. Five are made of wood, one of fiberglass, one of aluminum. Closed hatches at bow, midships and stern make them virtually unsinkable—we are told. I don't believe it for a moment. "Virtually" unsinkable. Virtually, indeed. What sinister ambiguities are contained in that sly equivocation?

I'm looking for a way to creep off unnoticed when my escape is interdicted by the approach of two fellow passengers. Some fellows. One is a dark-brown, exotic wench in a tigerskin bikini; she has the eyes and hair of Salome and breasts like two roebuck gamboling on the playing fields of the Lord. The other is a tall, trim sloop of a girl with flaxen hair, a mouth that promises—well, everything—and elegant thighs emerging from the skimpiest pair of Levi cutoffs I have ever seen.

I pause, hesitate, reconsider. This is a serious assignment. I've been paid real money for this job, money I've already spent, virtually unrefundable. Following my bowsprit back to the beach, I join the crowd around Wally Rist, the head boatman, who is demonstrating—on Salome—the proper way to fasten a life jacket.

An hour later, all too soon, we are launched forth on the mad and complex waters.

Five miles down-river from Lee's Ferry, we glide beneath the bridge, 467 feet above us, that spans Marble Gorge. Some Navaho kid up there, bored with trying to sell clay pots to the tourists, lobs a rock. It crashes into the water ten feet from our boat. Can't blame the Indians, just normal ethnic hatred, but our boatman, John Blaustein, picks up the pace a bit, heaving at the oars, until we are safely out of range.

Entering here over a century ago, Major John Wesley Powell wrote as follows in his diary:

August 5, 1869—With some feeling of anxiety we enter a new canyon this morning. We have learned to observe closely the texture of the rock. In softer strata we have a quiet river, in harder we find rapids and falls. Below us are the limestones and hard sandstones which we found in Cataract Canyon. This bodes toil and danger.

The Kaibab limestone formation rises on either side of us, forming walls that

cut off most of the sky. We float through a monstrous defile 1000 feet deep; 2000 feet deep? From ahead comes the deep, toneless vibration of the first major rapid. Badger Rapid. The sound resembles that of a freight train approaching through a tunnel. On the standard boatman's scale of one to ten, this rapid is rated at four to six. Of intermediate difficulty. Staring, we see the river come to an edge and vanish. Curling waves leap above that edge. Rist, in the first boat, stands up for a good look, sits down, turns his bow forward and slides over the glassy rim of water. His boat disappears. He disappears. Two more dories follow. They disappear. Our turn.

"Buckle up," commands John.

I and the three other passengers in the dory fasten our life jackets. John stands in the center of the boat, reading the water. Pooled behind the wall of boulders that forms the rapid, the river slows, moving with sluggish ease toward the drop. The roar grows louder.

John seats himself, the dory slides down the oily tongue of the rapid, holes and boils and haystack waves exploding all around us. John makes a perfect run down the middle. One icy wave reaches up and slaps me in the chest, drenches my belly, groin and private parts. *Cold!* The shock of it. But we are through, riding the choppy tail of the rapid. John catches the eddy on the right and with a few deft strokes brings our boat to the beach. The other boats join us. Boatmen and passengers clamber ashore. Here we shall make camp for our first night on the river. We haven't gone far, but then, we didn't get started till noon today.

The cooks begin at once preparing supper. Our cooks are two able and handsome young women named Jane and Kenly. Both are competent oarsmen as well, but because of their employer (Martin Litton of Portola Valley, California), they are confined to the role of cook. They don't seem to mind. Good policy, anyway, I'm thinking; after all, if we allow women to do anything men can do, what remains of the ancient dignity of being a *man*? We have to draw the line somewhere. Fair but firm, that's the rule. Keep them down, I say, beat them down with oars and anchor chains, if need be, with vigorous blows about the head and shoulders, but keep them down.

After dinner—pork chops, applesauce, salad, etc., the etc. in my case being a mug of Ronrico 151—the boatman called Sharky digs out his ukulele and his kazoo and announces a party. Darkness settles in, the campfire blazes higher, decorum decays. Salome dances in the sand. The tall slim girl in the cutoff cut-offs stands somewhat aloof, watching us all with a scornful smile on her lovely

face. We sing the kind of songs people sing on river trips, we talk, we smoke our long cigars, we watch the fire.

The tall girl leaves us, walking up the dunes into the shadows toward her bed. I resolve to follow. One more nip on the Ronrico and two more songs and then I slink away, unobserved, I hope, and trail her footsteps in the sand. In the dim starlight, I find her lying on top of her sleeping bag, naked as a nymph. She says nothing as I unroll my bag beside hers, undress and lie down next to her. Two shooting stars trace lingering parabolas of blue fire across the sky. From below rises the sound of rowdy music. Crickets chirp. I reach out and touch the girl, softly, on her warm, rounded hip.

"Took you long enough to get here," she says.

"Sorry, honey."

We wake early in the morning to the sound of Rich Turner, boatman, playing his recorder. *Greensleeves*, *Foggy, Foggy Dew*, *Amazing Grace*—sweet, simple tunes that float like angelic voices through the great natural echo chamber under the canyon walls. We pass without trauma from our dreams into the day, the wilderness and desert and river.

Great blue herons rise before us, flap down-river, find another perch and wait until we herd them on again. Ravens croak, canyon wrens sing a *glissando* and, in the thickets on the bank, we spot a blue grosbeak, an ash-throated flycatcher, a sparrow hawk. John rows and rests. Waterdrops fall from his oars and tinkle on the surface of the placid river. An enormous stillness fills the canyon.

Then the sound of motors. "Baloney boats," says John. We look upstream and see a huge silver-gray rubber raft come barging around the bend, bearing down on us. Swarming with people, it looks like a floating anthill. John pulls our dory aside to let it pass. At full throttle, the thing roars by. Followed a minute later by a second and a third. Western River Expeditions, Salt Lake City. The wilderness mass-transit system. The three baloneys swerve around the bend below and vanish. Oil slicks glisten on the water. Gasoline fumes hover on the air, slowly dissipating. Gradually, the quiet returns. We talk about birds, rocks, rapids.

Ah, yes, the rapids. Here they come again. We run Soap Creek Rapid, rated five to six, and Salt Water Wash, where Frank M. Brown was drowned in 1889, surveying for a railroad that was never built. Sheerwall Rapid (two to three). House Rock Rapid (seven to eight). The ratings vary, depending on the volume of river flow. Most rapids are easier in high water; this river is low.

(continued on page 114)



"Hi, honey—you're goin' to have to shove over a bit."



A MOVIE TOO FAR

article **By MARJORIE ROSEN**





DEVENTER, HOLLAND. June 1976. What was a few months earlier a city on the verge of bankruptcy now resembles a city under siege. Dutch, German, British soldiers stalk cobblestone roads. Tanks, jeeps, a variety of military vehicles squat swollen and ominous atop the modest Wilhelmina Bridge above the IJssel River. A row of bombed-out buildings sits on the Zandpoort almost directly underneath, while a carpet of rubble extends from the foot of these buildings across the underpass. This siege is the biggest thing to hit Deventer since the oil crisis.

You see, producer Joseph E. Levine has come to town. And he has brought with him World War Two as the star of *A Bridge Too Far*—at \$25,000,000, the most expensive independent film venture ever. Based on Cornelius Ryan's best seller, *A Bridge Too Far* is a detailed account of the September 1944 Battle of Arnhem, at which the combined British and American airborne and ground armies, attempting to capture the Arnhem Bridge (for which Levine has substituted the Wilhelmina) and end the war by Christmas, suffered staggering defeat—almost twice as many casualties as on D day—at the hands of the already-broken German forces. For audiences who can't take their war films straight, Levine has tagged his epic "pacifist" in intent and has spiced it with 14 of the most imposing box-office biggies ever signed for one picture: Dirk Bogarde, James Caan, Michael Caine, Sean Connery, Edward Fox, Elliott Gould, Gene Hackman, Anthony Hopkins, Hardy Kruger, Laurence Olivier, Ryan O'Neal, Robert Redford, Maximilian Schell and Liv Ullmann. He has also peopled Deventer with a 150-man crew, members of the Royal Dutch Army, British Red Devils (paratroopers), Dutch university students and thousands of inhabitants from north-central Holland.

Yet what in spring has promised to be a glorious clash of million-dollar egos, a cradle of hot-shot gossip, is aborted by a shooting schedule where stars' commitments are staggered and isolated, where their entrances and exits are precisely coordinated so that they pass one another

*if you liked world war two,
you'll love "a bridge too far,"
since they cost about the same*

like cars shooting by on the Los Angeles Freeway. In the course of time, the process of film making inadvertently diminishes its individuals, who simply function as cogs in a complicated machine.

June 14, Monday. Today the unit shoots at the headquarters of British Lieutenant Colonel Frost, one of the bombed-out buildings on the Zandpoort. Hopkins, Schell and Kruger are working this week. Caan has already finished his three-week stint and cleared out pronto. The construction crew, all tough and beefy boys, chuckle at having to build a wooden steer so that Caan—a member of the Rodeo Cowboys' Association—could practice his lassoing between takes.

Twenty-odd people are crowding atop the debris-strewn roof of Frost's house—crew, actors and Levine's son and coproducer, Richard, who is now engaging in a fierce diatribe against lousy household help and incompetent secretaries. Hopkins, who won a 1975 Emmy for his TV portrayal of Bruno Hauptmann in *The Lindbergh Kidnapping Case*, has the plum role of Lieutenant Colonel Frost, the officer required to hold the Arnhem Bridge until other Allied units arrived. Now Hopkins sits patiently to the side between takes. He lifts his head to the hot sun, closing his eyes as if in meditation, seemingly oblivious of the coarse British uniform, the bandages and weapons encumbering his frame. It's meditation, of sorts, he explains; the notion intrigues him: "Often I see a white light in the middle of my forehead," he smiles. Hopkins has lost about 30 pounds since he appeared on Broadway in *Equus* three years ago. Then he was known as difficult; now he's placid, a lamb. "I used to be arrogant, driven by power; it doesn't matter anymore; I do the job and do the best I can. I'm not consumed by it," he says.

Director Richard Attenborough, small, tranquil, with an Irish cap pulled over wide blue eyes, orders close-ups of Hopkins. The sparkers (lighting technicians) set up, another 20 minutes. They take. And again.

"Tony, dear, were you aware your eye was running?" Attenborough asks.

"Was it?" Hopkins replies. "Just dust." Someone from make-up rubs Vaseline on his face, then adds a dab of blood that is described as "a combination of Nescafé and Kensington gore." They take, print, then strike the set and move the equipment.

That afternoon, the setup is on the second floor of Frost's house. Two prop men spray cans of dirty water on the

walls. Special effects has a controlled fire coming up. About 40 extras and technicians mill about the rubble, ignoring the clouds of plaster and dust that descend to coat already-settled plaster and dust. This time, Hopkins' scene requires a short-wave radio conversation with Connery, who plays Scottish Commander Urquhart. Connery isn't due on location yet, so Attenborough reads his lines. Again, take after take. Hopkins is supposed to be dodging bullets and gunfire.

"Tony, dear," Attenborough cajoles, "could you move a little to the left and, darling, could you remember to duck on the word reassurance?"

They take. Tony ducks.

"Thank you, darling." The "thank you" is a caress. Attenborough talks like that to his actors and crew, always a "dear" or "darling" or "love," always a "good morning, Angelface" or "Ducky." Seductive, unruffled, rarely patronizing; never without a pleasant word. The crew adores him.

One assistant director (a.d.) who'd crewed for Stanley Kubrick on *Barry Lyndon* offers, "I wouldn't work with Kubrick again if I had to burn in hell. But Richard, Richard's a genius, a wonderful man. Kubrick, though, with all that money and time at his disposal, to make a picture that's pretty but not commercial . . . ?" Hard-nosed priorities and standards; movies, these fellows know, have nothing to do with art. The technicians are fond of pointing out that, despite extraordinary technical logistics, Attenborough is keeping *A Bridge Too Far* precisely on schedule. According to another veteran on the crew, that is "a bloody miracle."

During tea break, Hopkins removes his helmet and climbs over cables, mattresses and a cake tray that has slid to the floor, smearing whipped cream into the chalky plaster. He is staking out private space for himself in a sooty window seat. "I'd never played a soldier before," he says. "I read this book—no, that's a lie; I read parts of the book, then decided to just listen to Dickie Attenborough and get on with it. The funny thing is that with this part, you can't do any psychological preparation the way I usually do. Here, you must speak your lines and get off, because there are tanks all around. I usually wear earplugs when they start firing the guns." (Later, what Hopkins means by preparation becomes evident. The margins of his script for *Audrey Rose*, which he shot following *Bridge*, are cluttered with annotations regarding motivation, psychological observation and character background, all made in a small, tight handwriting.)

Sound engineer Simon Kaye teases Hopkins about poor enunciation, warning that he'll have to redub all the dialog. Hopkins, whose breathless voice quality is as velvety close to Richard Burton's as anybody's in the business, counters with the question: "What's Connery's diction like?"

Sound man Kaye: "Perfect. Fine. Scottish."

"Burton?"

"Fine."

"Olivier?"

"Fine."

"Ah," Hopkins responds, then shrugs, leans back into the window seat and pulls his helmet down over his face.

June 15, Tuesday. By ten A.M., the Zandpoort looks like the railway depot in *Gone with the Wind*. Hundreds of Dutch students have been bussed in from Nijmegen at sunrise and are being paid 86 gulden per day to be uniformed, bandaged, splinted, slinged, greased with Nescafé and Kensington gore and deposited on rock heaps surrounding the house. A make-up man comes by with a bag of white dust and slaps it onto the red berets and green camouflage suits of Frost's troops. Hours slip by. Cinematographer Geoffrey Unsworth oversees the sparkers. Special effects reviews plans for detonating explosives.

Colonel Waddy, the film's British military advisor, stands near one of the lighting vans, looking like a fish out of water. This ultraconservative British career officer is an old-line military stickler who reminisces about "our war against the Jews," referring to the post-World War Two embargo on Jewish immigration to Palestine. Waddy claims that the real Battle of Arnhem was a travesty: "Within maybe 10, 20 or 30 seconds of the Allies' first air landing in Arnhem, it was all over," he observes. "The Allies ran into impossible luck from the beginning, when their troops landed in full view of German Field Marshal Model's window, where he happened to be standing at that exact moment. Arnhem, to be blunt, was a bloody massacre."

Waddy is not exactly boasting about the accuracy of *A Bridge Too Far*. "I've been told that movies just can't afford to be so exact," he sighs. "For instance, when the tanks approach the bridge, we filmed them, oh, 30 or 40 yards apart. In real life, tanks never travel so close to one another, they keep a distance of at least 200 yards. But it would take hours to get the scene on film." He shakes his head, resigned. Gnawing inaccuracies. Diplomatic disapproval.

The real General Frost had paid a
(continued on page 146)



KILL THEM AND EAT THEM

opinion **By JULES SIEGEL** sooner or later, aliens are going to land.
here is a modest proposal for the best way to greet them

WHATEVER HAPPENED to Him and Her, the robotlike visitors from outer space who were said to be recruiting migrant labor for other parts of the universe? Crowds gathered where they were rumored about to appear; and there were newspaper reports of people getting rid of all their earthly belongings in preparation for the big move and then disappearing. Despite the intense coverage by the media, certain questions never seem to have been asked. Who gave them permission to land? Did they register as aliens? Exactly what is our position on visitors from outer space?

I think we should kill them and eat them. There is no law against it, and it may be not merely our right but our duty. The lesson of history is quite clear. When a technologically superior culture encounters a technologically inferior culture, high tech rapes low tech. *(concluded on page 156)*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
PHILLIP DIXON

*august's julia lyndon is
a high-riding equestrienne and
the fastest phone in the west*

BIRD ON A WIRE



"Horseback riding was my first great passion. I love being in control. My girlhood dream was to ride in the Olympics. That got sidetracked by study and work, but sometimes I still dream of being in an arena, under the lights, alone."

JULIA LYNDON is a serious information freak, a one-woman rumor-control center. And from the sound of the telephone ringing, everyone in the world has her number. Calm, competent, our August gatefold girl juggles calls from Rome, Montreal, Provincetown, Los Angeles and Chicago, setting up a lunch date with one of her former teachers ("the one who went nude swimming at Truro Beach"), returning a business call from her copy writer ("It's not urgent; I was just making a bit of a panic"), cross-referencing two friends alone in a distant city ("I've already told her you'll call") and planning a rendezvous in Hollywood ("We can spend a day at the Malibu Riding and Tennis Club"). The tool of Julia's trade is one of Ma Bell's best: a push-button phone with accessories for call forwarding, conference calls and call holding. "If someone is trying to reach me while I'm on the phone, which I usually am, I hear a beep, ask my party to hold, press the receiver and ask the second caller to hold. Sort of like tag-team telephoning." In a sense, Julia is in competition with the phone company. She is in San Francisco for a year, putting together a hip Yellow Pages, a directory of chic shops, *haute* restaurants and genuinely good places to go: "Are you interested in circus antiques and neat things? Try Hot Flash of America on Upper Market. What about Sherlock Holmes? You look like the type who likes detective stories. There's a bar and Holmes museum in Grosvenor Towers. We







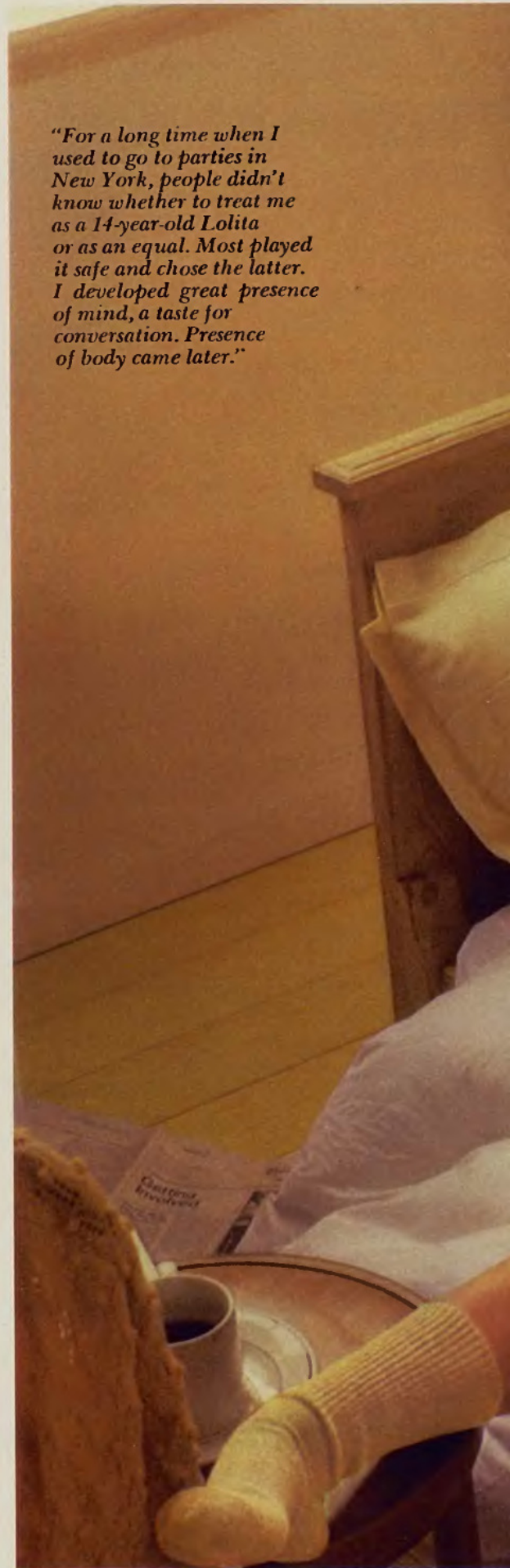
can go there for drinks after dinner." Over a fine French meal at L'Etoile, Julia explains her fascination with and energetic pursuit of information. "It probably began in high school. I went to a small girls' school in Upstate New York. There were 300 courses available. You designed your own curriculum. When nothing's required, when you are doing what you've chosen, you have to devote all your energy to it. You can't make excuses. The cat can't eat your homework. I was tutored in Italian, Japanese history, Shakespeare. I booked movies for the film society. I was in pre-Olympic training for the equestrian team. But then I discovered cities. I began to major in weekends. Every Friday, my girlfriend and I would journey down to New York to see the Juilliard Quartet or to attend a gallery opening or a literary party. I financed those weekends by playing high-stakes backgammon in the parlors near Washington Square. I was hustling backgammon before Hef ever heard about the game. Also, on the Upper East Side I resold Victorian lace dresses that I found in Village thrift shops. I had a thing for Paul Poiret—a turn-of-the-century dress designer—and I would sort through discard bins,

"Have you ever read 'Tale of Genji' or 'The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea'? I like the Japanese sense of sex as ritual. The slow-motion eroticism of a tea ceremony. Tiny acts performed with great care."





"For a long time when I used to go to parties in New York, people didn't know whether to treat me as a 14-year-old Lolita or as an equal. Most played it safe and chose the latter. I developed great presence of mind, a taste for conversation. Presence of body came later."







hoping to uncover an original. I did find one. The rest was profit. But I learned a basic survival skill by the time I was 14. I learned to personalize the city. When I go out, I make a point of meeting the person responsible for my evening's pleasure. The owner or chef at a restaurant. The artist whose work I admire at an opening or the man who runs the gallery. I try to add a *who* to the *where*. That way, I'm always visiting friends. It's a one-on-one relationship. Essentially, that's what I'm doing in San Francisco right now. I don't love this city, but I know it on a first-name basis." The talk moves on—a connect-the-digression rap involving the sense of theater in Los Angeles, the significance of spiral staircases, Japanese literature, the Italian *commedia dell'arte*, writing (she keeps a loose-leaf notebook of events that seemed to have been staged for her benefit) and, finally, back to names. "I have on occasion used an alias. Once, my girlfriend had her heart set on going to the Rainbow Room in New York for Easter Sunday brunch. The maître de looked at these two teenage girls, arched his eyebrow and asked, 'Do you have a reservation?' My friend was about to turn and leave, but I grabbed her hand. 'Yes, I'm sure my mother called in from Tarrytown.' 'What's the name?' 'Rockefeller.' 'Right this way.' We had the best table. Now, whenever I go back, I get treated like a Rockefeller. I guess this pictorial blows that, right?" Yes. We can imagine the gatefold stapled to the maître de's station at the Rainbow Room, with the warning: "This girl is not who she claims to be." But we suspect she'll get a table.



"I don't think breaking up with people is cause to lose their companionship. If they were good to begin with, they are still good. So old lovers become new friends and new friends become lovers. It goes on."



Julia Sydney

MISS AUGUST
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Julia Lyndon

BUST: 36 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 112 SIGN: Cancer

BIRTH DATE: 7/3/55 BIRTHPLACE: Buffalo, N.Y.

GOALS: To be chairman of the board of my own major corporation.

TURN-ONS: evenings at gallery openings, the theater, ballet, or films - dinner with friends

TURN-OFFS: doubleknit - Las Vegas

FAVORITE BOOKS: Spring Snow - Yukio Mishima
Think and Grow Rich - Napoleon Hill

FAVORITE MOVIES: Thundercrack! - McDowell

Wild Child - Truffaut Le Fantôme de la Liberté - Buñuel

FAVORITE COMPOSERS: Gershwin "Three Preludes"

Tchaikovsky "Symphony No. 5" Respighi "The Birds"

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Vladimir Horowitz, Bobby Short,
Les McCann, Lily Tomlin

FAVORITE QUOTATION: "Brevity is the soul of lingerie"
Dorothy Parker



Age 15, Greece



Age 17, Rome



Age 18, Pompeii

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Darling," murmured the girl to her fiancé, "when did you first realize that you really loved me?"

"I suppose, dear," whispered the man tenderly, "it was when I started getting angry with the other guys in the office for calling you a lousy lay."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *pickle* as a Phallus Diller.



Two octogenarians were passing the time of day on a park bench. "Tell me," said one, "at your age, do you still have sex?"

"I do," replied the other oldster, "especially in the wintertime. I like a good screw when it's cold."

"You had sex last winter, then?"

"Ah—you call *that* a winter?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *incestuous lesbian sisters* as nibbling siblings.

It was a clear case of provocation, or even entrapment, your Honor," testified the man charged with indecent exposure.

"Explain that statement," harrumphed the judge.

"You see, this girl and I were drinking in a bar and got to talking, and compatibility in marriage came up and she asked me, 'What do you want most in a woman?'"

"So I showed her."

The latest word on the male-grooming front is that a brand-new pubic shampoo is to be called Head and Boulders.

When a horny conductor named Storrs Had removed the girl oboist's drawers,

He exclaimed, climbing on,

"I've a private baton

That I use for nonmusical scores!"

George is the same as ever," gossiped the wife on the telephone. "All he thinks about all day long is sex."

"Sex hasn't entered my mind today," called out her husband from his recliner. "I've been thinking about *you*, dear."

Bothered by uncontrollable erections, the young man sought medical advice, but there was little progress in curing his affliction. When he arrived one day for a periodic consultation, the physician was out on an emergency, but his perky nurse, noting the patient's condition, took him into one of the examination rooms for her own personal treatment. As the fellow was leaving, the medical man returned. "Say, there, doc," the patient exclaimed, "after you've done virtually nothing for me, I've just had a session with that great little nurse of yours—and she got results! What that girl has between her legs you should have between your ears!"

"Funny you should mention that," retorted the doctor, "because it so happens I frequently do."

An Indian tourist named Tonto
Bought sex from a whore in Toronto,
But returned to the wild
Disappointed and riled—
In Toronto poor Tonto came pronto!

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *beach foreplay* as getting down to the clitty-gritty.



There's an Amazonian slugger in a girls' softball league who also puts out at the drop of a suggestion. She's popularly known as the Sultanness of Twat.

I got married," said the first tavern regular, "so that I could get laid three, four, five times a week."

"That's funny," said the second regular. "That's why I got divorced."

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.



*"We'd better make it the Congress of the Jack Rabbit—
my husband's due home in five minutes."*

HONOURABLE SCHOOLBOY (continued from page 80)

"In battle, as in love, desire escalates. When you've been machine-gunned, single rounds seem trivial."

the girl cried angrily. "We didn't want anything bad. Jesus!"

"Shy," said Keller in a flattening voice.

Behind them, the artillery barrage fired another salvo and it was like a door slamming, barring the way back. They passed a wat and entered a market square made of wooden houses. Saffron-clad monks stared at them, but the girls tending the stalls ignored them and the babies went on playing with the Bantams.

"So what was the check point for?" the girl asked, as she photographed. "Are we somewhere dangerous now?"

"Getting there, hon, getting there. Now, shut up."

Ahead of them, Jerry could hear the sound of automatic fire, M-16s and AK-47s mixed. A jeep raced at them out of the trees and at the last second veered, banging and tripping over the ruts. At the same moment, the sunshine went out. Till now, they had accepted it as their right, a liquid, vivid light washed clean by the rainstorms. This was March and the dry season; this was Cambodia, where war, like cricket, was played in decent weather. But now black clouds collected, the trees closed around them like winter and the wooden houses pulled into the dark.

"What do the Khmer Rouge dress like?" the girl asked in a quieter voice. "Do they have uniforms?"

"Feathers and a G string," Keller roared. "Some are even bottomless." As he laughed, Jerry heard the taut strain in his voice and glimpsed the trembling claw as he drew on his cigarette. "Hell, hon, they dress like farmers, for Christ's sakes. They just have these black pajamas."

"Is it always so empty?"

"Varies," said Keller.

"And Ho Chi Minh sandals," Jerry put in distractedly.

A pair of green water birds lifted across the track. The sound of firing was no louder.

"Didn't you have a daughter or something? What happened there?" Keller said.

"She's fine. Great."

"Called what?"

"Catherine," said Jerry.

"Sounds like we're going away from it," Lorraine said, disappointed. They passed an old corpse with no arms. The flies had settled on the face wounds in a black lava.

"Do they always do that?" the girl asked, curious.

"Do what, hon?"

"Take off the boots?"

"Sometimes they take the boots off, sometimes they're the wrong damn size," said Keller, in another queer snap of anger. "Some cows got horns, some cows don't, and some cows is horses. Now, shut up, will you? Where you from?"

"Santa Barbara," said the girl. Abruptly, the trees ended. They turned a bend and were in the open again, with the brown river right beside them. Unbidden, the driver stopped, then gently backed into the trees.

"Where's he going?" the girl asked. "Who told him to do that?"

"I think he's worried about his tires, sport," said Jerry, making a joke of it.

"At thirty bucks a day?" said Keller, also as a joke.

They had found a little battle. Ahead of them, dominating the river bend, stood a smashed village on high waste ground without a living tree near it. The ruined walls were white and the torn edges yellow. With so little vegetation, the place looked like the remnants of a Foreign Legion fort and perhaps it was just that. Inside the walls, brown lorries clustered, like lorries at a building site. They heard a few shots, a light rattle. It could have been hunters shooting at the evening flight. Tracer flashed, a trio of mortar bombs struck, the ground shook, the car vibrated and the driver quietly rolled down his window while Jerry did the same. But the girl had opened her door and was getting out, one classic leg after the other. Rummaging in a black air bag, she produced a telephoto lens, screwed it into her camera and studied the enlarged image.

"That's all there is?" she asked doubtfully. "Shouldn't we see the enemy, as well? I don't see anything but our guys and a lot of dirty smoke."

"Oh, they're out the other side there, hon," Keller began.

"Can't we see?" There was a small silence while the two men conferred without speaking.

"Look," said Keller. "This was just a tour, OK, hon? The detail of the thing gets very varied. OK?"

"I just think it would be great to see the enemy. I want confrontation, Max. I really do. I like it."

They started walking.

Sometimes you do it to save face, thought Jerry, other times you just do it

because you haven't done your job unless you've scared yourself to death. Other times again, you go in order to remind yourself that survival is a fluke. But mostly you go because the others go; for *machismo*; and because in order to belong, you must share. In the old days, perhaps, Jerry had gone for more select reasons. In order to know himself: the Hemingway game. In order to raise his threshold of fear. Because in battle, as in love, desire escalates. When you have been machine-gunned, single rounds seem trivial. When you've been shelled to pieces, the machine-gunning's child's play, if only because the impact of plain shot leaves your brain in place, where the clump of a shell blows it through your ears. And there is a peace: He remembered that, too. At bad times in his life—money, children, women all adrift—there had been a sense of peace that came from realizing that staying alive was his only responsibility. But this time—he thought—this time it's the most damn-fool reason of all, and that's because I'm looking for a drugged-out pilot who knows a man who used to have Lizzie Worthington for his mistress. They were walking slowly, because the girl in her short skirt had difficulty picking her way over the slippery ruts.

"Great chick," Keller murmured.

"Made for it," Jerry agreed dutifully.

With embarrassment, Jerry remembered how in the Congo they used to be confidants, confessing their loves and weaknesses. To steady herself on the rutted ground, the girl was swinging her arms about.

Don't point, thought Jerry, for Christ's sake, don't point. That's how photographers get theirs.

"Keep walking, hon," Keller said shrilly. "Don't think of anything. Walk. Want to go back, Westerby?"

They stepped around a little boy playing privately with stones in the dust. Jerry wondered whether he was gun-deaf. He glanced back. The Mercedes was still parked in the trees. Ahead, he could pick out men in low firing positions among the rubble, more men than he had realized. The noise rose suddenly. On the far bank, a couple of bombs exploded in the middle of the fire: The T-28s were trying to spread the flames. A ricochet tore into the bank below them, flinging up wet mud and dust. A peasant rode past them on his bicycle, serenely. He rode into the village, through it and out again, slowly past the ruins and into the trees beyond. No one shot at him, no one challenged him. He could be theirs or ours, thought Jerry. He came into town last night, tossed a *plastique* into a cinema, and now he's returning to his kind.

(continued on page 178)

Right: Bullhide and rubber lace-up boot with padded collar and rubber traction sole, by Clarks of England, about \$35.



FEET OF PLAY

WHAT TO PUT ON YOUR DOGS FOR FUN AND GAMES

attire By DAVID PLATT SOME YEARS AGO, the *sine qua non* of casual shoes was the penny loafer. Then expensive leather tennis shoes started to show up off the court as much as on, the whole world began to get hip and the age of jock-look sportswear was born. That look kicked off a trend that is particularly evidenced in today's footwear, as shoes designed for all sorts of outdoor activities, from athletic fun and games to hiking and camping, are currently being worn for anything but what they were originally intended. Not only are they comfortable but the styles are surprisingly good-looking and, of course, *very* functional. As Neil Armstrong said, it's one giant step for mankind.



Above: Suede slip-on half-boot with quilted upper, by Pierre Cardin for Smerling Imports, about \$60.



Right: Cushioned suede oxford with padded leather trim and wedged crepe sole, by Verde, about \$20.



Left: Oil-tanned calfskin oxford with rounded toe, stitched trim, bumper heel and crepe sole, by Levi's for Feet, \$35.



Right: Calf-suede nylon-cushioned running shoe featuring honeycomb-effect sole with flared heel and padded heel collar, by NIKE, \$35.95.



Left: Deerskin unlined moccasin with stitched trim, center seam and crepe sole, by Quoddy Moccasins, \$28.

Left: Cowhide oxford with angled toe and negative heel, by Roots Natural Footwear, \$39.50.



Right: Quilted calfskin oxford with rounded toe, stitch trim and wedged crepe sole, by Dexter, \$34.



Right: Leather insulated lace-up work boot with traction sole, by Dunham, about \$59.95.



COLLAGE ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN CRAIG

WHITE WATER RAMBLERS (continued from page 90)

"Far above the river are the aluminum scraps of two airliners that collided above the Grand Canyon."

We hit no rocks but plunge through plenty of waves. Soaked with icy water, burning under the sun, we bail out the boat, gaze up at the towering walls and hurry on, borne forward by the hastening current. In the late afternoon, chilled despite the August heat by the water and the shade of the canyon walls, we are glad to see Wally's boat pulled ashore on the beach above the mouth of North Canyon. Second camp: Mile 21 from Lee's Ferry. Sixteen days and nights to go.

Unloading the dories is becoming part of the routine. Most of the passengers help out, scrounging for firewood, carrying water. My wife, Renée, the girl with the legs, has already made herself a member of the crew. Only a few more sensitive types like myself, pained by the sight of toil, sneak away for a walk up North Canyon.

That evening, the wind begins to blow. Dark clouds loom like trouble, lightning crackles in the distance. Will it rain? Renée and I string up our plastic tube tent. It doesn't rain, but all night long the wind howls, the sand swirls in our faces and small green bugs crawl in and out of my ears, seeking shelter.

Today is a good day. John Blaustein lets me row his boat. After getting safely past 24½ Mile Rapid, where Bert Loper died in 1949, and through 29 Mile Rapid, I barely get around the exposed rock at the head of the chute in 30 Mile Riffle and am forced to run the rest of it stern foremost. Backward. The dory does well enough in this attitude, but John is shaken. "Exciting," he says, his knuckles white, "very exciting. Give me back the oars, please."

Well, to hell with him. I thought it was a good run. Any run without loss of boat or passengers is a good run, in my opinion. To hell with him.

Lunch at Redwall Cavern, Mile 33. Lemonade, beer, avocado-cheese-bean-sprout sandwiches. Redwall Cavern is a huge chamber carved out of the limestone by the old, predamnation river. Major Powell guessed it would seat 50,000 people. I'd say 5000. He was off by a digit but assumed, when writing his celebrated report, that no one else would ever come down the river to check up on him. I'm not calling Powell a liar; Powell is a hero of mine. But I will say he had a tendency, now and then, to slightly exaggerate the truth.

The river, brown before, is taking on a rich red-orange color, *my Colorado*. The good old Paria (a side stream) must be in flood again. So that's where last night's storm was.

We run some modest rapids this afternoon, make third camp at Buck Farm Canyon early in the evening. Much deer sign—thus the name?—and trickling seeps, emerald pools with tadpoles, red and blue and purple dragonflies, cottonwoods, willows, graceful little redbud trees. Soup and salad, steak and sweet corn, plenty of beer for supper. Happiness.

Off again on the river of gold, through a clear, bright, irreplaceable day. The great Redwall cliffs soaring above, intense and vivid against God's own blue sky. Marble Canyon, Powell called this place, though limestone is not marble and he knew it.

We camp tonight at Nankoweap. "Nankoweap," Wally explains, "is an old Paiute Indian word meaning 'place where scorpions crawl into sleeping bags if not detected by unsleeping vigilance.'"

Onward. We have come only 52 miles in four days. We have many miles, many rapids, many pages to go before this perilous journal is completed.

Kwagunt Rapid (four to six). No problem. 60 Mile Rapid (four). Simple. We pass the mouth of the Little Colorado River, brown with floodwaters, and find new and formidable rock formations rising before us. Powell recorded the approach in these words:

August 13, 1869—We are now ready to start on our way down the Great Unknown. We have but a month's rations remaining. With some eagerness and some anxiety and some misgiving we enter the canyon below. . . .

Dramatic words. With a little effort of the imagination, we can understand how Powell and his brave men felt. For more than two months, they'd been battling the river, all the way from Wyoming—upsetting in rapids, wrecking boats, losing supplies, gambling on Powell's belief that a river so silt-laden would not, as rumors had it, disappear underground or trap boats and boatmen between unscalable walls on the verge of a fatal waterfall.

Above us on the right stands Chuar Butte. Still visible up there, far above the

river, are the aluminum scraps of two commercial airliners that collided above the Grand Canyon in 1956. One hundred and twenty-eight went down; all died.

Tanner Rapid. Basalt Canyon, a volcanic region, with grim-looking blue-black cliffs set at a crazy angle to the descending river. We make camp above the roar of Unkar Rapid in the last broad open valley we shall see for more than 200 miles. Not far downstream, the river cuts into the Pre-Cambrian gneiss and schists of the Upper Granite Gorge, the inner canyon. Where the big rapids make their play.

We push on to a river the color of bronze, shimmering like hammered metal under the desert sun. Through Unkar—made it! Then Nevills Rapid (four to seven). Still alive. We pull ashore above Hance Rapid (eight to nine) for study and thought.

Hance is always a problem for the dorymen, especially in low water. Too many rocks sticking up or, even worse, rocks half-hidden near the surface. No clear route through. A zigzag course. Huge waves, treacherous boils, eaters—churning holes that can eat a boat alive. A kind of slalom for oarsmen, with the penalty for a mistake a possible smashed boat.

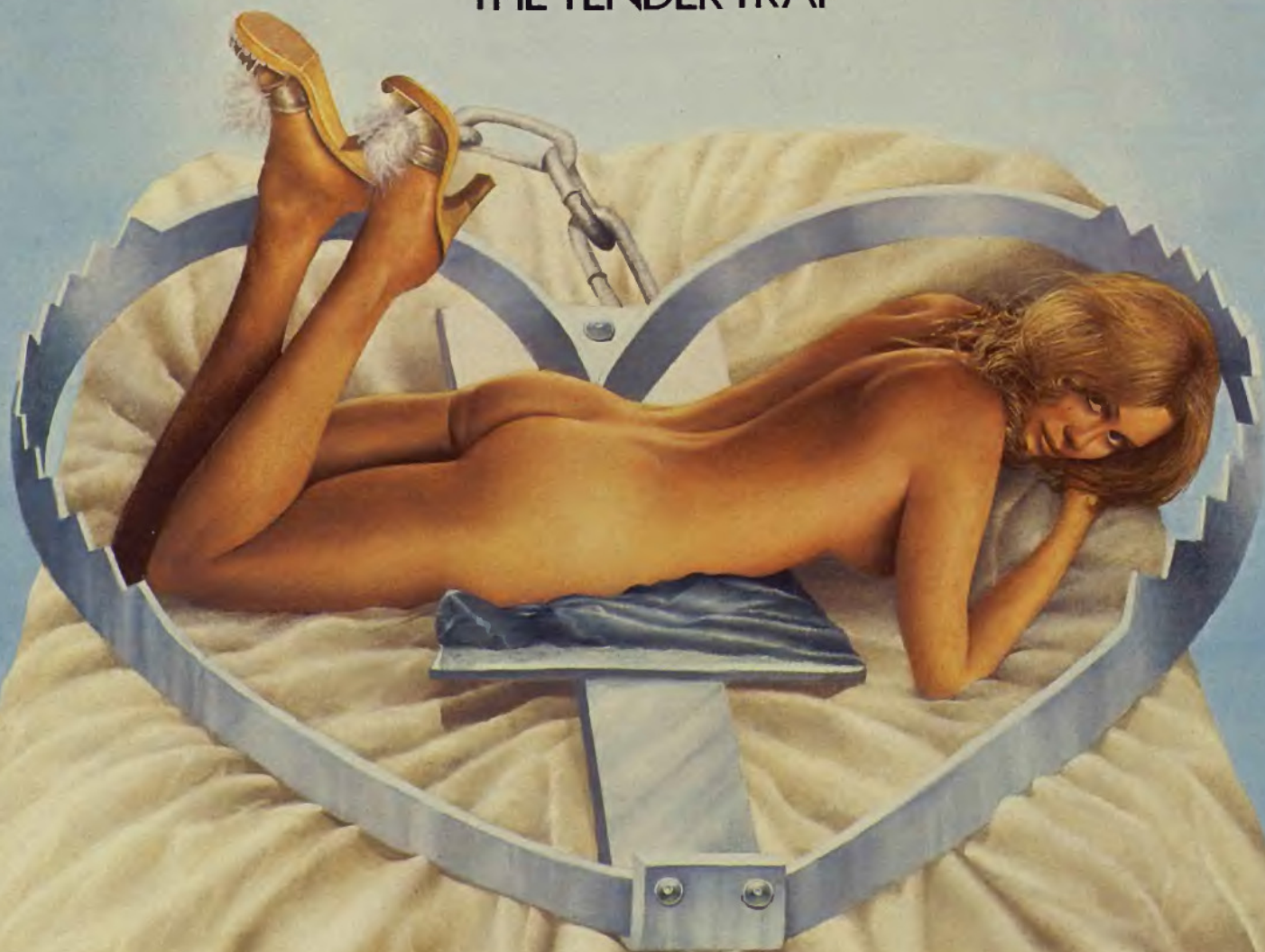
They run it one by one, not easily but safely. The river carries us swiftly into the Inner Gorge. Like a tunnel of love, there are practically no shores or beaches in here. The burnished rocks rise sheer from the water's edge, cutting off all view of the higher cliffs, all of the outer world but a winding strip of blue sky. We float along as if in a gigantic millstream. Powell called it a gloomy place, but *glowing* is the word. The afternoon sun, hidden by the high walls but reflected and refracted by the water, by the polished cliffs, by the atmosphere, streams upon us with indirect light, from many angles, all radiant.

Two miles below Hance, we crash through the well-named Sockdolager Rapid (six to eight), and two and a half miles later, into and through Grapevine Rapid (six to eight). The boats ride high on the water but not high enough to escape the recoil of the 55-degree waves. Screams of delight, shock, astonishment ring through the canyon as we ride this liquid roller coaster. Unlike the sea, here on the river the water moves, the waves remain in place.

In the early afternoon, we arrive at the ranger station near the Phantom Ranch tourist hostel, the only outpost of civilization within the Grand Canyon. From here, foot and mule trails lead to both the North and the South Rims. Also a telephone line. There is even a heliport for the convenience of visiting dignitaries.

(continued on page 167)

COHABITATION: THE TENDER TRAP



article By **EMMA STEVENS** and **STEPHEN HOLMES**

recent court rulings make living together a financial crap shoot with the dice loaded against you

ARE YOU living with a lady? Thinking about maybe living alone or moving in with a different lady? Before you tell your roommate to start checking the apartment listings, you'd better study the new rules of the cohabitation game.

For example, you probably don't know that you may have to give her half of everything you accumulated while she was living with you. You may even find

that you owe her alimony. How about this for a surprise: You may have to pay her a "salary" for all the time she was with you.

You think the business world is rough? Wait until she files for divorce. You may end up trying to prove that you were never married—your word against hers.

Are you married—officially, that is? Do you keep a companion on the side? You

may be an unwitting bigamist. Your wife could sue you, your ladyfriend could also sue you and the state could finish you off with a criminal prosecution.

Are you married but living with someone else? The "else" could be accumulating the same rights your wife has. Possibly more.

Hold on, you say? We've got you in shackles (continued on page 120)

AUTO EXOTICA

AN ECLECTIC ARRAY OF
MACHINES FOR THOSE
WHO THINK THAT TWO IS
A VERY LARGE NUMBER

SportsVan: This summer, when you hit the road, Jack, consider doing it in a fiberglass SportsVan by Mini-Van Inc., Milon Boyanich's firm that's located in Canoga Park, California. SportsVans come in kit form; for \$3995 F.O.B. Canoga Park, you get an assembled body (which includes safety window glass, sliding door, light fixtures and collapsible bumpers) all ready to be painted and bolted to a stock VW Bug chassis, which you supply. Mini-Van says that a good mechanic working one weekend can have the SportsVan ready to roll. The interior comes unfinished, but Mini-Van also offers an upholstery kit for \$700 that includes all carpeting, plus two bucket seats and an upholstered rear seat and ottoman.



Sterling: If you're really hankering to run wild, consider the Sterling, a car that's manufactured in kit form by California Component Cars of San Lorenzo, California. The complete body and accessories (Stewart-Warner instrumentation, Hurst shifter, etc.) will set you back \$3100 F.O.B. San Lorenzo. Mate the body with any standard VW chassis and your choice of a Capri, Porsche, Mazda, Carvair or Buick V6 engine (it also accepts a VW, of course) and you've got yourself one Sterling example of what an exotic two-seater ought to be. If you want more creature comforts, there's a hefty list of additional accessories available, including an about-to-be-announced T-top option.

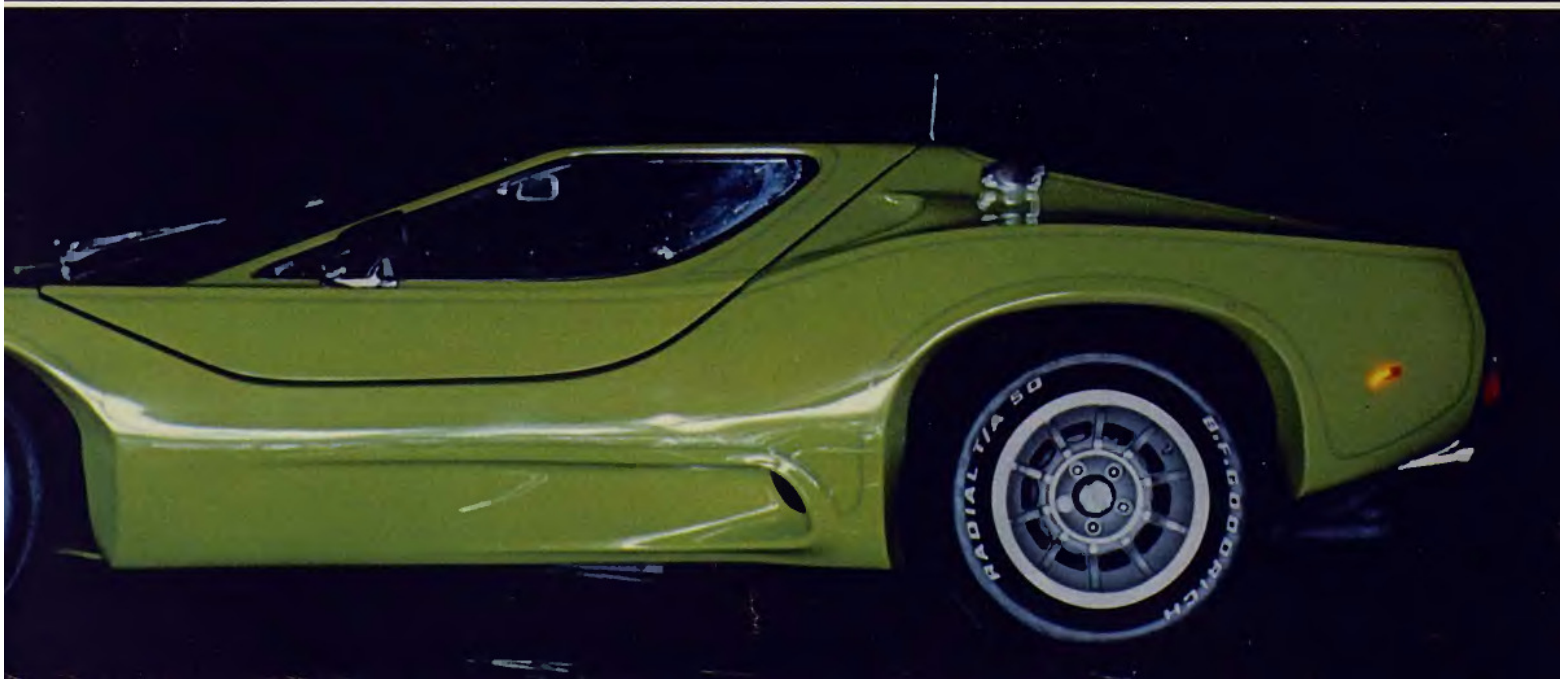




Model A: A real traffic stopper, this completely hand-crafted replica Model A by Total Performance in Wallingford, Connecticut, features a fiberglass-and-steel body; under its hood is a small-block Chevy V8 engine that's coupled to a three-speed automatic transmission. Standard items include chrome grab rails for the rumble seat, an AM/FM stereo with the antenna located in the car's original gas cowl (for convenience, a new gas cap has been fitted into the right rear step plate), a folding front windshield with tinted glass, side

curtains, an original recanditioned grille shield and headlight bar, plus a stone guard and luggage rack with matching chrome bumpers. The price for the standard-equipped Model A is \$14,500 F.O.B. Wallingford.

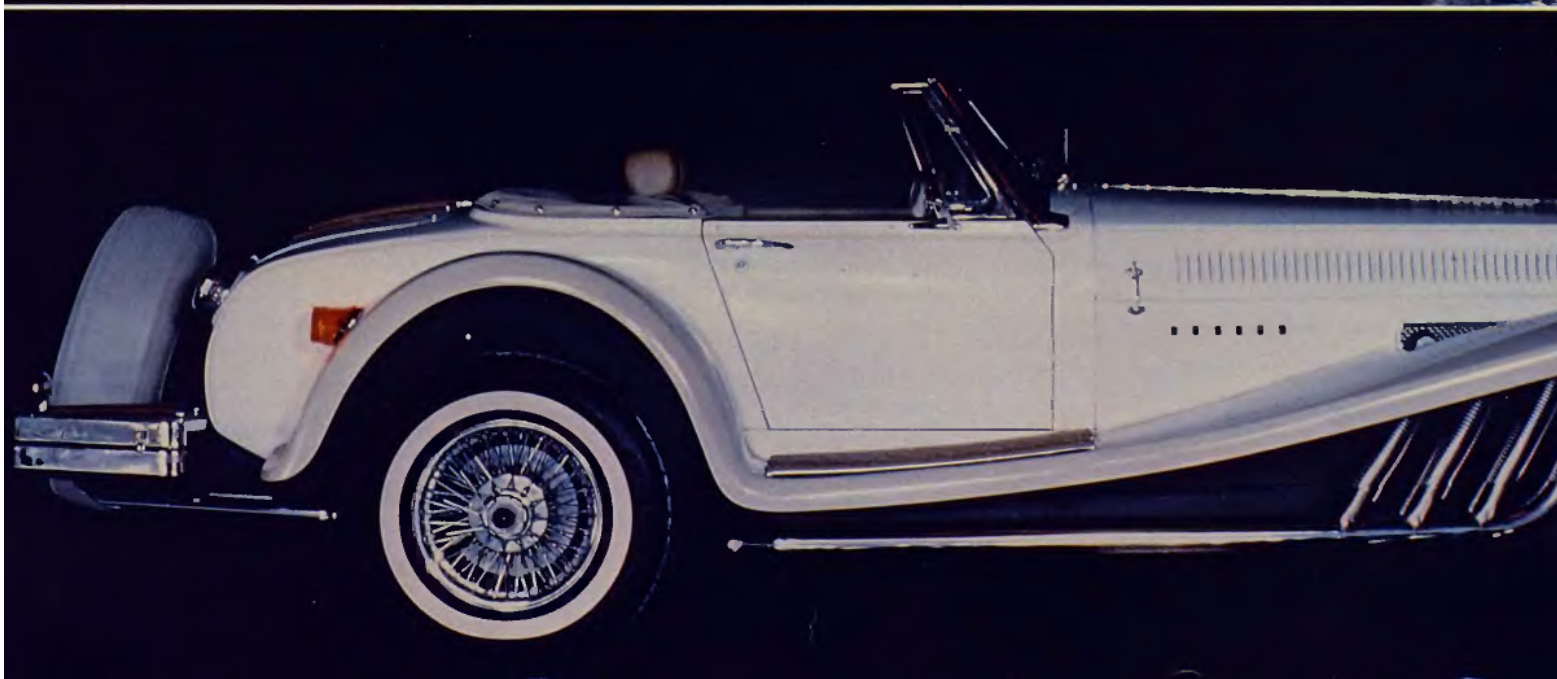
But if you're really in the chips, Total Performance will be happy to add an such optional goodies as an air conditioner, complete Jaguar suspension (\$3200), pin striping (\$165) and a chrome trailer hitch (\$265). Hey, Henry, take a look at what they've done to your car.





Corvette GT Wagon: The Stingray, as we all know, is a living legend when it comes to burning up the road. And its styling isn't bad, either—except for one problem: The machine is so popular that you constantly see yourself coming and going whither you wonder. Here's the solution: Arrange to have your vehicle converted to a GT Wagon by a company called John Greenwood Sales of Dearborn Heights, Michigan. The conversion (which costs \$4600–\$4900, depending on whether you have a new or used

car) takes approximately four weeks and can be performed in either Dearborn Heights or Greenwood's other facility in Sebring, Florida. When finished, your Corvette's cargo area will have increased from 6.5 cubic feet to over 20 cubic feet and can be reached via a functional rear door operating on gas shocks. You'll also have a rear air-foil, a new 25-gallon fuel cell, rear speakers, interior lights, the best double-wall construction that money can buy and much more. It's the only way to fly.





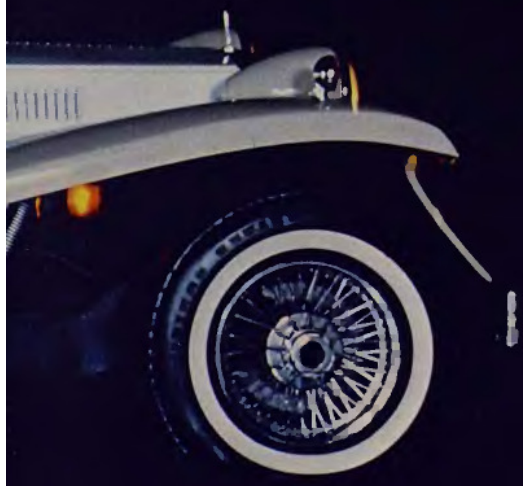
Blakely Bearcat S: Remember the collegiate football chant of Bearcat! Bearcat! Rahl Rahl Rahl?

Here, you have 1977's automotive reason to cheer—the vintage-looking Blakely Bearcat S.

A fiberglass Bearcat S kit with everything preassembled that's ready for Pinto or Capri mechanical components goes for about \$4995 F.O.B. the Blakely Auto Works in Davis Junction,

Illinois. But get this, fumblefingers—a completely assembled, ready-to-run Bearcat S with special instrumentation is just \$7500.

The manufacturer claims unblushingly that the Bearcat S will "handle just like a Lotus, accelerate like a Corvette (0-60 in 7.9 seconds) and still get 30 miles per gallon." An optional hardtop is \$250.



Clénet Continental: For those seeking the ultimate in sports-car one-upmanship, there's the Clénet Continental: 16 feet of classic Thirties styling (it was designed by Alain Clénet, a talented young Frenchman)—

all powered by a 400-cu.-in. Lincoln V8 that's coupled to an automatic transmission. Mere mortals don't own

Clénets; the price for one is \$36,000 F.O.B. the Clénet Coachworks in Santa Barbara, California. For that kind of change, you can

expect something a bit special, such as English leather seats, four-wheel disk brakes, air conditioning and cruise control. And if a soft top isn't your style, there's an optional hardtop available that goes for \$1000.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

COHABITATION

(continued from page 115)

"If you have agreed that she has any rights to your property, the courts will enforce the contract."

already and you haven't even committed a crime (at least none you know of). As they say, ignorance of the law is no excuse. Let's start from the top. If you're single and want to enjoy a lovely roommate, the courts are now proclaiming that she has a right to some of the money and property you acquire during the time she lives with you. A judge may also decide that you have to pay her money for the value of her time spent as your cook, housewife and companion.

Perhaps an example will help: A few years ago, you met Michelle and so enjoyed her company that you asked her to move in with you. You came to depend on having her around all the time. One night, as you were falling asleep, blissfully drained, you mumbled something about her going along on your next business trip. She couldn't get away from her job, she said. You vaguely remember saying, "Fuck your job. I'll take care of you." There followed those peaceful years when she took care of your house, traveled with you, entertained your business associates and generally enhanced the tranquillity of your life. But you change and inevitably you met another lady who better suited your needs at the time. Exeunt Michelle. Enter the new lover. Michelle asked for help while she reentered the wage market. You gave her a little money until you thought she had had enough time to find a job. And that should have ended that chapter of your life, right?

Wrong. Change the facts a little and you have the case involving Lee Marvin and Michelle Triola. Lee was married for the first two years that he lived with Michelle, but he didn't marry her after his divorce. Nevertheless, Michelle found it more socially convenient to have her last name changed to Marvin. After six years, Lee married his high school sweetheart. He gave Michelle support money for over a year, during which she found it impossible to resume her lapsed career as a singer-entertainer. Then Michelle filed suit, claiming half of everything Lee had earned while they'd been living together. She also wanted permanent support payments. Lee, she said, had promised her everything if she would just be his lady.

At first, she couldn't find an attorney to take her case; when she did, she ran into the unsympathetic trial and appellate courts. Her final appeal was to the most prestigious state court in the land—the

California Supreme Court. Armed with brilliant briefs, attorney David M. Brown argued for the rights of all unmarried couples who live together. On December 27, 1976, Michelle won. The old rules of the living-together game were blown apart.

Here are the new rules:

1. Sin, morality and adultery are out.

2. The gender of your roommate is unimportant.

3. If you and your lady have agreed that she has any rights to your property, the courts will enforce the contract.

4. If the courts can infer from your conduct that you two have any kind of implied or tacit agreement, they will enforce that, too.

5. If an unmarried couple has no express, tacit or implied agreements, it is up to judges to examine the expectations of the parties and then equitably divide property acquired during the relationship.

6. If you lead her to believe that she is not just donating her time working in your home or in your business, the courts will probably award her a reasonable salary.

7. Judges may also infer that you are obligated to support her after she moves out.

8. The courts will not enforce any agreement for payment of sexual services—that's prostitution.

When do the rules apply to you? When you cross the line between "just dating" and "being involved," not a very clear distinction.

You're at the *disco*. There's a lithe female animal spinning sinuously in the strobe lights. Soon you're dancing with her. Afterward, at a table, you're both laughing and chatting. Later, you intertwine those perfect bodies in love. That's a casual encounter; no legal problems.

You go to work the next day, but your mind keeps focusing on her. You go out with her again. She's tall and sensuous and, my God, you can talk with her for hours. How did you get so lucky? And now it has to be weekends away, playing with her, listening to her, loving with her. You're not seeing much of your home anymore (or she's not seeing much of hers). You're doing everything together. You may have crossed the line.

Generally, you're all right in a straight dating situation. But if you start making promises to each other concerning shared goals, if you begin investing time and money together for a common purpose,

that's not just dating. The courts will treat you like any two people who have made an agreement. That is contract law.

Here's an example of conduct that may amount to a contract while you're still dating:

You find that "almost" dream investment, a run-down apartment house with tremendous potential. All it needs is a little paint and plumbing and landscaping. She may or may not put some money into it, but you two spend all your spare time fixing it up—painting stairs, with dirty hands, big smiles, eating cheese sandwiches while you lie on the floor. You never talk about the implications of what you're doing, but you can't say that she's just donating her time. She may have some expectations, may be entitled to the reasonable value of her services in helping you renovate the building. Or she may have a right to some percentage of the profits from the increased rental income. This sort of thing normally happens after you're cohabiting, but it doesn't matter that you're not. At least with respect to this project, the courts may see your conduct as indicating an implied partnership, joint venture or the like.

What happens when you move in together? One thing is clear: All the cases concerning cohabiters say that neither party acquires any rights from the mere fact of their living together. If they live together in a vacuum: They don't speak to each other. Each pays his own way. Each does his own dishes and laundry and buys and cooks his own food. Each does *nothing* for the benefit of the other.

Well, if that's cohabitation, you can have it. No two people live together without having some expectations even before they move in. You can't spend much time with a lady who's sharing your home before you have tacit, implied or expressed agreements concerning the conduct of your joint lives. She helps you—you help her. It's a way of life. You have definitely crossed the line. What the *Marvin* case did was recognize human nature and the fact that we all live in an economic world. It said that a court must analyze all the circumstances involved in each cohabitation relationship and then, with respect to money or property, equitably fulfill the expectations of the couple. The male (and it's still usually the man) can no longer keep all of the union's property when the inevitable breakup comes.

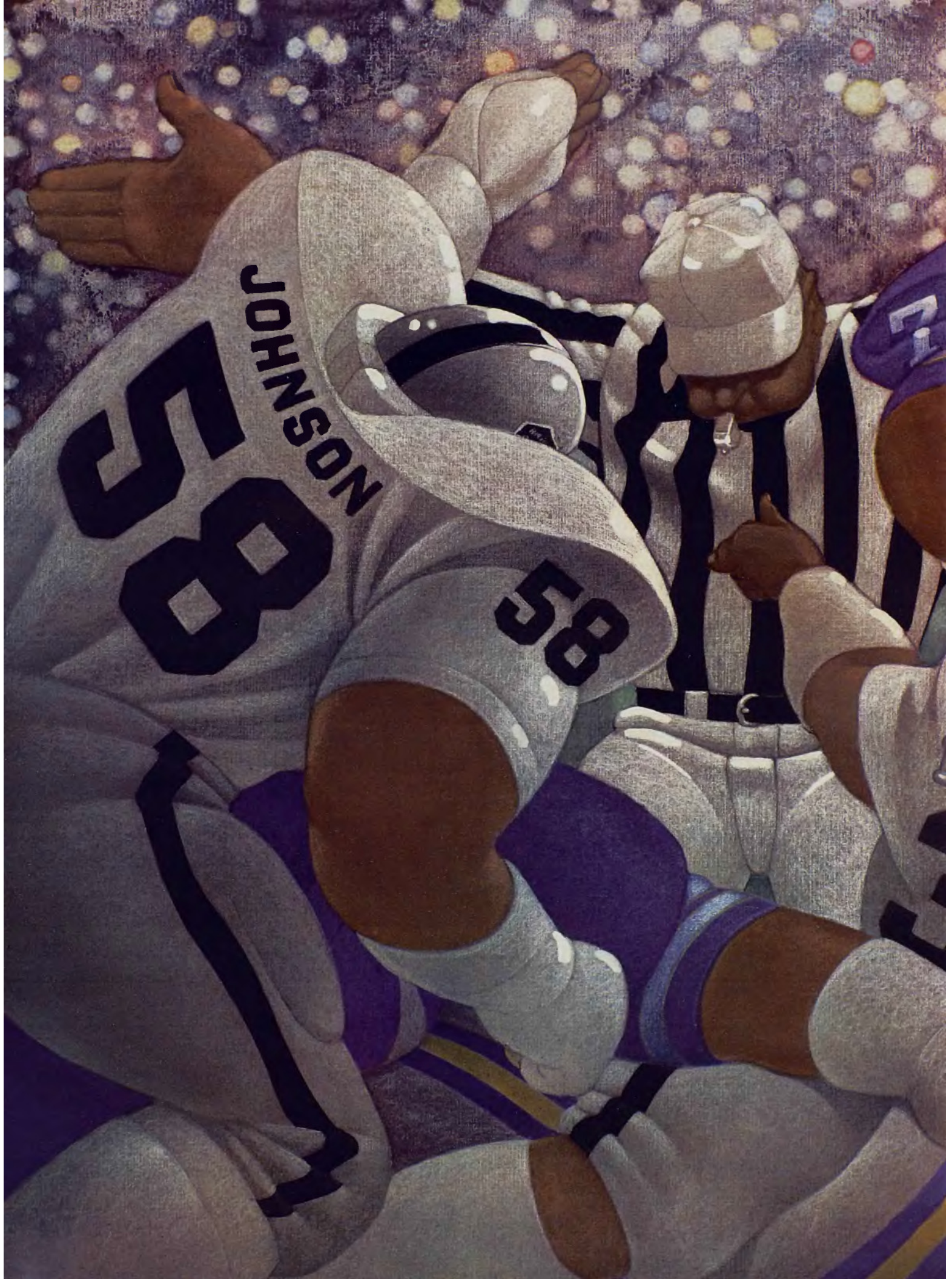
So, you see, the new rules become applicable not because you live with that lady but because of *how* you two share your lives. You can have two, ten or just one home. You can be married to someone else. The *Marvin* ruling applies because of the expectations of the partners.

(continued on page 157)



BUCK BROWN

"Didn't I tell you that backpacking was a lot of fun?"





PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

AN EARLY LINE ON TEAMS AND
PLAYERS IN BOTH
CONFERENCES OF THE N.F.L.

BY ANSON MOUNT

PRO FOOTBALL has long been two games—the matching of brawn and speed on the field and the more complex (and often more entertaining) battle of avarice and swollen ego played off-field and off-season by players and management.

The field-game rules aren't much different this year, but the ongoing battle between boss and skilled laborer has been completely restructured. The agreement signed this spring by the National Football League owners and the N.F.L. Players Association virtually assures an endless series of contractual maneuvers, financial bluffs and dramatic midnight concessions in the struggle to decide who plays for whom, and for how much.

To help you savor every thrilling moment of the suspenseful goings on, we herewith offer a condensed version of the new off-field game rules:

The N.F.L. owners get to keep their most sacred relic, the draft, along with a few restraints on the movement of players between teams, thus assuring—at least theoretically—some competitive balance among the clubs.

The players, conversely, are given greater

Super Bowl 1977: First quarter, second down on the two-yard line. Minnesota's Brent McClanahan fumbles, Oakland's Willie Hall recovers and the Vikings never come back.

PLAYBOY'S 1977 PRE-SEASON ALL-PRO TEAM

OFFENSE

Isaac Curtis, Cincinnati	Wide Receiver
Drew Pearson, Dallas	Wide Receiver
Russ Francis, New England	Tight End
Dan Dierdorf, St. Louis	Tackle
George Kunz, Baltimore	Tackle
John Hannah, New England	Guard
Joe DeLamielleure, Buffalo	Guard
Jim Langer, Miami	Center
Bert Jones, Baltimore	Quarterback
Walter Payton, Chicago	Running Back
O. J. Simpson, Buffalo	Running Back
Efren Herrera, Dallas	Place Kicker

DEFENSE

Jack Youngblood, Los Angeles	End
Harvey Martin, Dallas	End
Wally Chambers, Chicago	Tackle
Jerry Sherk, Cleveland	Tackle
Jack Lambert, Pittsburgh	Middle Linebacker
Ted Hendricks, Oakland	Outside Linebacker
Jack Ham, Pittsburgh	Outside Linebacker
Mike Haynes, New England	Cornerback
Mel Blount, Pittsburgh	Cornerback
Cliff Harris, Dallas	Free Safety
Tom Casanova, Cincinnati	Strong Safety
Ray Guy, Oakland	Punter
Rick Upchurch, Denver	Kick Returner

THIS SEASON'S WINNERS

AFC Eastern Division: NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS
 AFC Central Division: PITTSBURGH STEELERS
 AFC Western Division: OAKLAND RAIDERS

AFC Play-offs: PITTSBURGH STEELERS

NFC Eastern Division: DALLAS COWBOYS
 NFC Central Division: CHICAGO BEARS
 NFC Western Division: LOS ANGELES RAMS

NFC Play-offs: DALLAS COWBOYS

SUPER BOWL: PITTSBURGH STEELERS

leverage in their contract bargainings with owners. They also got their major demand, the scrapping of the Rozelle Rule, whereby the N.F.L. commissioner, acting like a medieval baron, decided compensation for a free-agent player if his original club and his new club couldn't agree on his worth. Now, if a restless mercenary plays out his option and signs with a new team for \$50,000 or more, his old club is automatically awarded a third-round pick in the next draft (\$65,000 to \$75,000 brings a second-round choice and \$75,000 to \$125,000 gets the old team a first-round pick. From \$125,000 to \$200,000 is reckoned as being worth a first and a second). However (and this is what keeps the bidding for flesh from turning into a circus), the old team can match the new club's offer and the player stays. That ends it—no back-and-forth bidding.

Although a jilted club probably would get more compensation for a defecting player under the Rozelle Rule, at least now it will have a chance to retain a coveted player if the price isn't too high.

The person made unhappiest by all this is probably Washington coach George Allen; one of the rules says you can't bid for a free agent if you don't have the requisite draft choices available.

The annual bargaining tilt with draft-ees is under a complex new set of guidelines, also. Although the draft had been declared illegal in Federal Court, it has now been graced with legal status because it was established by collective bargaining and because it has been made "more reasonable" by being reduced from 17 rounds to 12 rounds—thus leaving a greater pool of players who can negotiate with teams of their choice. (That's at best a mixed blessing for those who would have been drafted in the later rounds; under the old system, they at least would have had an idea of their market value.)

A drafted player (the flesh auction is to be held annually on or about May first) has until June seventh to reach an agreement with the club that has chosen him. If he hasn't, the club must offer him one of four alternative contracts specified in the new agreement, ranging from a one-year deal for \$20,000 to a four-year contract that will bring the player \$65,000 his fourth year. He has 15 days to mull that one over. If he balks and continuing negotiations fail, he can lay off for a season and be drafted by another team the following May. The original club, therefore, has a problem—it must give the recalcitrant draftee what he wants or blow a draft choice.

But that doesn't necessarily leave the player—even a highly prized rookie—with a gun to management's head. A year out of action could be fatal to a finely tuned athlete. There is no guarantee that another club will be more generous,

(continued on page 132)



*beautiful ladies of joy abound in this movie set in
paris' most renowned house of pleasure*

“MADAME CLAUDE”

Madame Claude's courtesans include (from left to right, above) Marie-Christine Deshayes, Vibeke Knutsen and Dayle Haddon. Photographer Tony Kent shows (below) how a beautiful bedfellow makes a strange politician.







PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY KENT, HELMUT NEWTON, JEAN-LOUIS ATLAN

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SYGMA AGENCY

DIRECTOR JUST JAECKIN is fast becoming the Woodward and Bernstein of French cinema. Or perhaps the Masters and Johnson. His first film—*Emmanuelle*—was an erotic vision of life in the foreign service. His latest film, *Madame Claude*, is a kind of X-rated Z—a story of a political sex scandal and the subsequent cover-up. The film is described as “a collection of strange characters and unusual situations.” Photographer Helmut Newton interprets some of those situations in the pictures shown here. The moral: Behind every powerful man stands a good woman. Or is that in front of? Below?

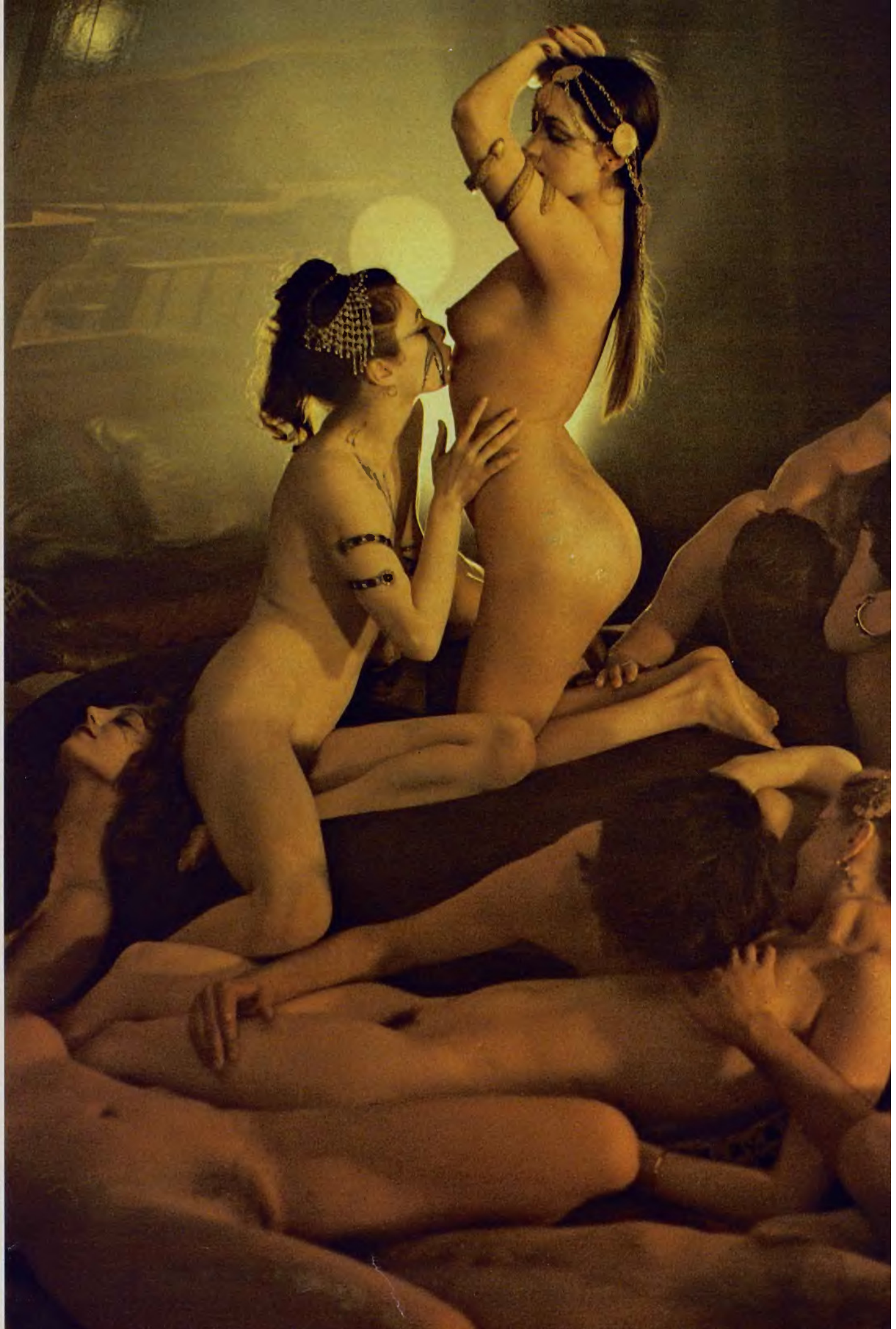


Madame Claude is modeled on one of France's foremost ladies of pleasure. Jaeckin describes her as: "a woman who is trying to ensure her independence vis-à-vis the world of power and money. She sets up a company of modern geisha girls that she fashions according to her own laws and her experience of men. A mere telephone call is enough for Madame Claude to understand a desire that is often badly expressed and from that to visualize the body of your ideal girl. Your most secret obsessions will be efficiently satisfied, discreetly and sumptuously." If you think that sounds like Dial-a-Prayer for Erotics, you're right. We asked Helmut Newton to imagine what it would be like to call Madame Claude—the result (Marie-Christine Deshayes) is shown on these pages.





According to Jaeckin, "Madame Claude's girls are skilled ambassadors charged with satisfying people's dreams. And they have a virtue: As soon as they've been 'used,' they can disappear without a trace." That's a virtue? What if a person wants seconds? In the top slot, Jean-Louis Atlan captures one of the ladies giving a client a magic-carpet ride and Vibeke Knutsen doing her wash (middle). Dayle Haddon, the star of *Spermula* (see *PLAYBOY*, January 1977), is the tigress in front of the fire (bottom). On the opposite page, a group of Madame Claude's clients and colleagues gathers to discuss a crisis facing the company: A press photographer has stumbled onto the story of the madame's international wheeling and peeling—the play and the payoffs—and threatens to expose both clients and caterers. The solution is to eliminate the photographer and business goes on as usual.



PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 124)

"The New York Jets are the sad sacks of professional football, with little talent and less experience."

and if the player absconds to Canada and returns to sign with another N.F.L. team, the club that originally drafted him can match the offer and take him.

"All in all, it's a good set of checks and balances," says Tex Schramm, general manager of the Dallas Cowboys. "Both the clubs and the players have some control over their destinies, rather than the freewheeling open-market situation."

So much for the new guidelines for the off-season games. Let's take a look at what will likely happen on the fields of play.

EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

New England Patriots	9-5
Baltimore Colts	8-6
Miami Dolphins	8-6
Buffalo Bills	4-10
New York Jets	3-11

For the past three years, canny observers of pro football, watching the methodical development of the New England franchise, have been aware that the Patriots were assembling a future powerhouse. The suddenness with which the Pats congealed last year stunned everyone, including their own fans. As this season opens, the whole city of Boston is up for grabs. Local pub crawlers who once derided the team are now gung-ho fans who talk about how many games "we" won last year (11).

The euphoria will likely continue this season, thanks to the cunning of head coach and general manager Chuck Fairbanks, whose genius at drafting and trading has produced an abundance of top-grade personnel. Perhaps Fairbanks' most valuable asset has been his willingness to gamble at the drafting table and in bartering sessions. The trade of quarterback Jim Plunkett to San Francisco for a bonanza of draft choices was the slickest deal of the decade. Even the Pats' long-shot draft picks, quarterback Steve Grogan and tight end Russ Francis, performed like all-pros last season.

The result of all this is that the Patriots enjoyed the luxury—for the first time—of drafting for the future instead of for immediate help. Three of the newcomers, defensive back Raymond Clayborn, wide receiver Stanley Morgan and tight end Don Hasselbeck, seem destined to be future greats.

That, combined with a relatively easy schedule, could put the Patriots into

strong contention for a trip to the Super Bowl.

Baltimore's major problem in recent seasons has been the front-office turmoil caused by ego clashes between former general manager Joe Thomas and owner Robert Irsay. Thomas has departed for San Francisco and Irsay, known as the fastest lip in town, has reportedly promised to curtail his dressing-room tirades. His abortive attempt to fire coach Ted Marchibroda at the beginning of last season (the players revolted) thoroughly embarrassed everyone except Irsay himself. The other N.F.L. owners reportedly have told him to shut up and start acting like an adult, so the front office may become as stable as the team.

The Colt squad has no apparent needs except added manpower in the defensive secondary and help for aging Jim Cheyunski at middle linebacker. Norm Thompson, obtained from St. Louis in the off season, should solve the first problem.

The Colts' major assets are the Bert Jones-to-Roger Carr passing duo and two superb lines. Only the New England Patriots stand in the way of a division championship.

Miami is not the over-the-hill gang it may seem to be. Last year's disappointing showing was caused by neither lethargy nor arthritis; it was the result of 11 knee operations and one broken leg. If eight of this dozen players return to top form, coach Don Shula will consider himself lucky. As a result, any improvement in the flaccid pass rush—last year's major weakness—will probably have to come from rookie defensive tackles A. J. Duhe and Bob Baumhower.

Another possible boost for the defensive line could be the sudden maturing of Don Reese (called the Undertaker by teammates, because he works off season in his daddy's funeral parlor). Reese is the kind of player who has to have a fire lit under him, but when he's in top form, he's an eight-cylinder terror.

The defensive secondary should get an injection (it picked off only 11 passes last fall, an all-time low) from the arrival of safety Vern Roberson, late of the Canadian league. But the best news is the return of Bill Arnsparger as assistant head coach in charge of defense. It was he who built the great Dolphin defenses of the Super Bowl years before his short and unpleasant tenure with the Giants.

The Miami offense, featuring three of the best receivers anywhere (Nat Moore,

Freddie Solomon and Duriel Harris), will be as explosive as ever.

The situation in Buffalo has—at last—stabilized after last year's disjuncting mid-season coaching change, which resulted in ten straight losses. New coach Jim Ringo is rebuilding the squad's morale and fullback Jim Braxton and quarterback Joe Ferguson have recovered from crippling injuries.

The Bills need help everywhere in the defensive platoon, especially in the line. The draft brought tackles Phillip Dokes and Jimmy Dean, both of whom could be immediate starters. Another rookie, place kicker Neil O'Donoghue, could be one of the team's leading scorers his first season.

The Bills' main hope for success this year lies in a sterling offensive unit. The line, which has remained virtually intact for four seasons, may be the best in the pros. The backfield, featuring O. J. Simpson, Ferguson and superblocker Braxton, is equally awesome, and Bob Chandler may be the best wide receiver in the country. He isn't extremely fast, but he has courage, intelligence and craftiness.

Best of all, O.J. shows no signs of slowing down. He wants to break Jim Brown's career rushing record (he'll likely do it this year or next—he needs only 2686 yards), and then he will retire to movies, television and politics, in that approximate order.

The New York Jets are the sad sacks of professional football. Their problem is simple: little talent and less experience. The Jets had more rookies on the roster last season than any other club in the league—including the expansion teams. Six rookies were defensive starters in some games.

The causes of this predicament are equally clear: years of bad judgment in draft choices, premature retirement of some disgruntled veterans and permanent injuries to others.

A far more complex question is what to do about all this. A start was made last year with a good draft, for a change. The prime catch was quarterback Richard Todd, whose potential seems limitless when he completes the transition from the wishbone to the pro-set. This year's draft looks like a good one, too, bringing defensive lineman Tank Marshall to help beef up the pass rush, which was the poorest in the N.F.L. last season.

Two other draftees, offensive lineman Marvin Powell and wide receiver Wesley Walker, have the makings of future all-pros.

New coach Walt Michaels, a no-nonsense type, seems to have won the confidence of his players. He is also a superb defensive coach, providing the kind of expertise the Jets need most. All of which means that the Jets' fortunes seem to

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John
Dempsey

"You certainly have a unique approach to self-portraiture, Mr. Ramsworthy...."

Tying One On



*playmate karen hafter
has discovered all kinds
of interesting things
to do with her swimsuit.
so have other people*

IT SEEMED an ingenious idea for a swimsuit. A couple of bits of fabric looped here, passed discreetly through there. Less is more, as they say. But how could lovely Karen Hafter have foreseen the drawbacks? Indeed, there didn't seem to be any—except that it did occasionally get snagged. On passers-by. Somehow, the temptation to loosen a loop here and there was greater than their appreciation of Karen's ingenuity. That would have discouraged an ordinary girl. But Karen is obviously not ordinary. So she tried again. Simpler this time, with just one length. Down and through and around and tied neatly with a half hitch, or was it a sheet bend? Something nautical. But still not as secure as she would have liked. To give up at this stage would have been unthinkable. Did Edison give up? Did Einstein give up? Certainly not. But they were never splashed with cold water. That can dampen a girl's enthusiasm. Enough of this, Karen decided. All that is needed is a little something behind the ear. The best swimsuit, after all, is the one you're born with.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 71)

for three and a half years. I was not a good student. Anyway, I had imagined having sex for a long time. I just couldn't wait for it to happen. This girl came up to me and said, "I don't know whether I like you or I want to go to bed with you." She had braces on her teeth. Her name was Lois. So my knees started to chatter and I said, "Well, I hope it's the latter." Then one day I was at the bus stop and she said, "Can I take the bus with you?" I said, "Sure, it's a free country." So she got off at my stop and we went to my apartment. It was empty because my mother was in the country, my father was at work and my sister was already married. We were in my bedroom. She's sitting on this day bed and I'm sitting on a chair. We're talking. I'm playing Johnny Mathis records, 12 guitars and an open fire, you know? All of a sudden, she stood up and took her belt off and unbuttoned the top of her skirt and, I swear to you, I just thought she was getting comfortable. I didn't know. She said, "Why don't you come over here?" I said, "Ok." And we started to make out. She said, "Would you like me to get undressed?" I said, "Yeah, would you like me to leave the room?"

She took off her clothing and I went behind the curtains and took off mine. And I peeled this prophylactic off my top drawer that had been there since the ninth grade. Went over and sat with her on the bed and I unraveled it and started to pull it on. She said, "No, you leave it rolled and then you pull it on." So I had to roll it back up again. She started giving me instructions and I felt like an idiot. So finally I got it on and it was too big—who knew what to do with it? And then I got on top of her. I thought she was going to give me a signal. I thought, you don't just . . . She said, "Well?" I said, "Well what?" "Why don't you put it in?" "Oh, I thought you were going to whistle or something." I was so excited by this time I climaxed outside her and I started laughing, because I was still a virgin.

Then the phone rang and I ran to pick it up. It was my sister. I said, "I can't talk now." She said, "Why?" I said, "I just can't talk to you now." She said, "Do you have a girl there?" I said, "Yeah," with great glee. She said, "Congratulations; now get out there and do your math homework." And that was my first time.

PLAYBOY: It must have got better for you.

WINKLER: Yeah, the second time was a girl at our house in the country. I took her to my room on the third floor. It was the attic, which I had converted into a bedroom. My father was puttering around the room and he would not leave. The fucker! I resented that. Finally, he left. I couldn't believe it. It was like a bad movie. That pissed me off, that he would be so insensitive.

PLAYBOY: You didn't get along very well with your father then, did you?

WINKLER: My father had an image of what he wanted. He wanted me to be a scholar, an athlete, go into his lumber business. He used to say to me in his German accent—I grew up surrounded by my parents' German-immigrant friends—"Who do you think that I built this business for, who do you think that I brought it over from Germany for?" And my answer was, "Dad, I hope to God you did it for yourself."

PLAYBOY: Do you ever feel guilty about not having gone into the family business?

WINKLER: Sometimes I do. I don't know whether I feel guilty about it, but I think, all right, so the man really worked very hard. But that's what he wanted to do. I'm living my destiny now.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had a heart-to-heart talk with your father?

WINKLER: I've tried. It's very difficult. What happens is the old story that you change and they don't. And then you must go on and accept them, because they

*"One of the only times I paid
for a whore was the day
I got my first Broadway play.
I just thought I'd treat
myself. Instead of an ice-
cream soda."*

mean well. My relationship with them is changing now. My father's 73, my mother's 60 or so. They gave me a good life.

PLAYBOY: Did they have a definite philosophy of how to raise their children?

WINKLER: They had a certain philosophy: The child is seen and not heard. I was very good at occupying myself, playing and keeping myself busy. But when my parents had a dinner party, I used to put on costumes and stage make-up and come out and do two-and-a-half-minute solos. I was very precocious. I would always pick my mother's best-looking friend, whoever it was at the party at the time, and sit on her lap and try to grab some of her breast in a sweeping movement.

PLAYBOY: How old were you then? Five?

WINKLER: Oh, yeah. I was always physically precocious. I had a pretty good fantasy life. I always wanted to be a rock star. I imitated Paul Anka in front of the mirror. Del Shannon. I went to see the play *West Side Story* three times and I saw the movie 11 times.

PLAYBOY: Did you actually count?

WINKLER: The number? Sure. After you

get to a certain number, you're going for the record. Donny Most, an actor on *Happy Days*, saw Al Jolson in *The Jazz Singer* 40 times, so mine is nowhere near the record. But *West Side Story* had a profound effect on my life. I couldn't speak for a week. At parties in high school, I would do songs like *Gee*, *Officer Krupke*. I would put the record on and act it out, because I couldn't sing. Where I got the balls to do that, I'll never know. But I did it. I used to choreograph it in my room for hours. I would also go to the theater very often. I went to the German theater with my parents and saw *Faust* and *Phillip the Second* with great actors from Germany. And I went to the opera a lot; I love opera. What a form! It's just the farthest, most spaced-out form! It's so big! An opera like *Tosca*, the music itself will carry you away. Then, as I grew older and more sophisticated, I started imitating Shelley Berman on record at parties. [As Berman] "Ah, hello, sir, there's a man hanging from the ledge. No, no, no, I don't want to talk to the supervisor. Hello, supervisor?"

PLAYBOY: What came next?

WINKLER: Around that time, I went into my sensitive stage. I would sit for hours and become very melancholy. I'd be staring out the window, looking at the moon, smoking short Kents, listening to Frank Sinatra's *In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning*, which is my all-time favorite album. It is the greatest album to slit your throat by. If you want to put yourself in a despondent, painful mood, it'll conjure up those feelings for you without even trying. Then I got into a phase of writing poetry to different women I was crazy about. I was 15, 16, but that melancholy, grayish-blue mood lasted till I was about 27. I was always . . . distraught. I was always . . . looking . . . wondering . . . what? What? What is it? What am I? Where am I?

PLAYBOY: Getting carried away, we think. Have you saved any of your poems?

WINKLER: I have them all. I read them just to humble myself and keep everything in perspective. In 1966, one of the great albums in rock 'n' roll was made: *Pet Sounds*, by the Beach Boys. Ahead of its time. Even today, it holds up. I would sit there and listen to it and moan, sit on my bed encircled in a knee-high pile of paper and write poetry.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever know anyone remotely like Fonzie when you were in high school?

WINKLER: I never really did, no.

PLAYBOY: What did you do for excitement?

WINKLER: Temple dances. Sometimes I'd walk up and down Broadway looking for a prostitute. Of course, what was most titillating was the fact that possibly you might talk to a whore. You never really went with one. One of the only times I

(continued on page 176)

IN OUR TOWN, there once was a prim little woman—quite pretty enough, I suppose—who pursed her lips and turned up her eyebrows at everything she saw. For her, no other women knew how to speak well, how to walk or how to dress themselves gracefully. As for men, this one had great, clumsy feet; that one had dirty, scraggy legs and a dog's complexion; a third had a face like a ghost's. And that, no doubt, was the reason her husband had a temper like a Turk's.

But one day the impossible happened. A lay monk, the provisioner for the convent, came to her door, begging bread. He wore a dusty habit all riddled with holes, he carried a cudgel and he was burned cinnamon color by the sun. Still, he was brawny, carefree and he laughed at her sarcasm. So she fell in love with him. His name was Fra Fazio.

It happened a week or two later while Madam Disgusted was going down a long list of her husband's faults and bad habits that her dear spouse flew into a rage and would have strangled her dead if her mother hadn't come to her rescue.

"So, you want to murder me!" the wife screamed. "I hate you! I'll run away! I'll go and drown myself in the shithouse! After living with you, that will be a pleasure!" Sobbing and sighing, she bent her head to her knees and refused to speak more. But she did have time to scribble a little note and send it off by an urchin boy.

The next morning, just at daybreak, the monk arrived at the lady's house with an extra monk's habit over his arm. The lady met him at the back door, quickly took off her dress, donned the habit and, laying her slippers by the well and her dress on its rim, made off with him.

Once they had slipped into his cell in the convent and had barred the door, they laughed with joy at their trick. Fra Fazio whisked off her robe, then his own and, laying her down on his straw pallet, began huffing and heaving and humping the lady like a storm at the end of August that shakes all the cherries off their trees.

After the gale had blown itself out, he told her to stay hidden. Then he dressed and went back to her house to see what had happened.

The whole neighborhood was gathered around the well and some men were lowering a rope with a grapple. The old mother was screaming, "Take hold of it, my dear! I'll protect you from that Judas Iscariot!" Some old women were declaring that they remembered the digging of the well and that there were many tunnels down there in which one could hide safely. But the grapple came up empty seven times.



ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

Afterward, the mother—half-mad with grief—began to adorn the well like an altar, surrounding it with icons and candles and frequently coming to say a rosary for her daughter's soul.

Weeks passed. Madam Better-than-Thou lived in the dust of the little cell, slept on straw and, like a happy martyr, was joyfully impaled five times a day. She forgot all her niceties.

Soon, certain suspicions were aroused about Fra Fazio—his haggard look, the unusual number of eggs he would consume, the strange sounds in the night from his cell. The whisper went from the gardener to the cook to the bell ringer to the sacristan to the prior to the provincial and, finally, to the general himself. One day, while Fra Fazio was away on his rounds, they unlocked his door and discovered his secret.

The lady lay trembling and wide-eyed on the pallet while the whole convent made suggestions. Bury her alive, the gardener offered. Burn her, the cook insisted. Send her back to her family, said the compassionate prior. But the wise general had a better notion.

"We'll each confess her, one by one," he said with a smile. "Each as he chooses."

They seized Fra Fazio on his return and locked him in another cell. Then, day by day, the former Madam Nose-in-Air found herself planted by the gardener, stuffed by the cook, chimed by the bell ringer, burnished by the sacristan, exorcised by the prior and absolved by the general. Full of such beatitude, at first she was in heaven; but that changed to purgatory soon enough and she resolved to escape.

One night, she stole away to her own house, changed to a white dress and, standing outside her mother's door, moaned in a ghostly voice, "Dear Mother, thanks to your rosaries, I am safe—and soon I am coming back to you." Then she went to the well, made an olive wreath for her hair, took a palm leaf in her hand and waited for dawn.

When her mother discovered her with tears of joy and a crowd had gathered, Madam Odor-of-Sanctity explained that she had been sustained in the depths by Saint Nafissa and Fata Morgana, who lived there.

The people were so impressed that they set an iron fence around the well and decorated it with more holy images and candles. Virgins would come to pray at the site before weddings. In memory of the blessed and resurrected wife, every woman with an angry husband drank the water. And, no doubt, they felt much better for it.

—Retold by Carlo Matteo

Smile, everyone!

THE FIREFLY
Smirnoff, grapefruit juice
& grenadine.

ICE PICK
Smirnoff & iced tea.

SCREWDRIVER
Smirnoff & orange juice

YELLOW FEVER
Smirnoff & lemonade

GRAPESHOT
Smirnoff &
grape juice

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®

Summer's here. Days as crystal clear,
smooth and balmy soft as...Smirnoff. Build
a sandcastle. Create a Smirnoff Grapeshot.
Splash through the surf. Dive into a Smirnoff
Bullfrog. Wrap yourself up in everything that
is Summer and Smirnoff. Like we said...smile!

SUMMER MARTINI
Smirnoff & soda splash.

SMIRNOFF & TONIC
Smirnoff & tonic.

THE BULLFROG
Smirnoff & limeade.

GINGER ALE
After all, not everyone
drinks.



smirnoff

PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 132)

"Instilling unrelenting aggressiveness in his players is coach John Madden's most valuable skill."

have bottomed out and they are at last on the rise to respectability.

CENTRAL DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Pittsburgh Steelers	10-4
Cincinnati Bengals	9-5
Cleveland Browns	8-6
Houston Oilers	6-8

How can a club finish with a 10-4 record and consider it a disappointing season? It happened to two teams, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, in the A.F.C. Central Division last year.

Pittsburgh, after losing four of its first five games, arose from its collective lethargy and won the last nine. The Steelers insist they'd have gone on to win the national championship for the third time in a row if runners Rocky Bleier and Franco Harris hadn't been crippled before the play-off game with Oakland. The players seem determined to make up this year for that cruel stroke of fate. If they do take the laurels next January—and odds at season's beginning seem to favor them—they will be the first team in history to win three Super Bowls.

The Steelers have no serious injuries left from last season and, though linebacker Andy Russell and center Ray Mansfield have retired, Loren Toews and Mike Webster are more than adequate replacements and rookie Robin Cole will be groomed for future use. It's a well-balanced club, strong everywhere, with no glaring needs. The offensive linemen have received the least recognition from press and fans, but they have performed superbly the past three years. These hearties were largely responsible for Bleier's and Harris' gaining over 1000 yards each last season. Perhaps the Steelers' best asset is the stability of the franchise. They haven't made a major trade since 1970 and all 22 starters began their careers in Pittsburgh—a convincing indication of the warm emotional ambience provided by owner Art Rooney.

Cincinnati was disappointed with its 10-4 showing, because—by virtue of losing two games to Pittsburgh—it barely missed making the play-offs for the umpteenth time. "Year after year, some other team just barely noses us out. For years it was Cleveland and recently it's been Pittsburgh. Next it will probably be Houston," lamented a front-office official.

To challenge the Steelers, Cincinnati

coach Bill Johnson needs to put some steam into the pass rush. Specifically, another super defensive lineman is needed to replace Bob Brown, who, at 37, is approaching retirement. Either of two newcomers, Eddie Edwards and Wilson Whitley, should be the answer. Another draftee, running back Pete Johnson, will add authority to the ground attack.

Despite the frustrations of the past, the Bengals are still a young team (13 rookies were on the squad last fall) and should grow stronger in the future. The question is, how do they beat Pittsburgh?

Despite the severity of its intradivision competition, Cleveland could be a sleeper this year. The Browns are a gutsy team; at one point during the 1975 season, they were 0-9 but never quit battling. Last year brought the big turnaround, with a 9-5 record, and there's more excitement among Cleveland fans than in any year since 1972. The main reasons for optimism are the sudden maturity of the offensive line, the emergence of Brian Sipe as a premier quarterback and the return (from Miami) of receiver Paul Warfield, who, with Reggie Rucker, gives the Browns their best pair of receivers since Warfield teamed with Gary Collins in 1969.

Going into summer camp, the Browns' major weaknesses were a less-than-ferocious pass rush and a lack of depth in the offensive line, where injuries could be disastrous. The former problem could be solved by second-year defensive end Mike St. Clair if he continues to improve. Also, new defensive end Robert Sims will help and Robert Jackson was the best linebacker produced by this year's draft. Rookie Tom Skladany makes the kicking game one of the team's strong points.

Cleveland cynics are asking whether last year's improvement was a mirage (the schedule was soft) or real. We'll find out before December, because the Browns' '77 schedule is murder: Oakland, Los Angeles, New England and two games each with Pittsburgh and Cincinnati.

The Houston Oilers' main need is for their luck to change. The whole squad, including coach Bum Phillips, seems hexed. Game injuries, freak accidents and near misses are too numerous to recount. The Oilers got started like a house afire last fall, then, by the sixth game (with San Diego), they had lost six starters and one backup player. The rest of the season was a nightmare.

All the injured are healed now, but Phillips still needs to find some offensive linemen and a couple of snazzy running backs if Houston is to hold its own in an extremely tough division. Rookies Morris Towns and George Reihner could fill the former need and Tim Wilson and Rob Carpenter, the latter.

These additions, combined with four of last year's rookies (guard Bobby Simon, tackle Larry Harris, tight end Mike Barber and linebacker Art Stringer) who would have made the squad if they hadn't been lost for the year with injuries, will give the Oilers a massive injection of new talent.

Another hopeful sign is that the Oilers seem suddenly to have captured the imagination of the Houston citizenry. Even after last season's dismal showing and a ten percent hike in prices, over 30,000 season tickets were sold by April. In 1974, the Oilers could sell only 17,000. Even the pre-season games are standing-room-only affairs.

WESTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Oakland Raiders	10-4
San Diego Chargers	9-5
Denver Broncos	8-6
Kansas City Chiefs	7-7
Seattle Seahawks	3-11

Congratulate an Oakland Raider for at last winning the national championship and you'll get a bristling response. "We've been the best team in the country for years," he'll tell you, pointing to the fact that the Raiders have the best overall winning percentage in the league since the franchise was started in 1960.

The entire Raider organization—players, coaches and front office—is permeated with a combination of smoldering hostility and haughty confidence. It shows up best on the field, where the aggression is called dirty play by some opponents. Whatever you call it, the Raiders' high intensity wears down many other teams toward the end of games. As a result, they nearly always win the close ones.

Instilling this unrelenting aggressiveness in his players is coach John Madden's most valuable skill, and he isn't about to let the euphoria from the Super Bowl victory erode the intensity of his players.

"This year," says Madden, "we're going to do the same things we've been doing, only we'll do them a hell of a lot better. Everybody will be lying in wait for us, but that's nothing new. Every place we go, we're the biggest rival. We lead the league in boos."

The Oakland squad is so stable and well manned that not a single rookie seems to have a chance to break into the

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"Don't make a false move . . . he's very suspicious!"



Contest winner Dan Kupersmith, 24, when told he had been chosen numero uno, said, "I'm simply blown away. The other prizes are great, but I really look forward to visiting PLAYBOY in Chicago." He had nothing but bons mots for his model, Lenka Novak, 20. "Lenka," Dan says, "just seems to ooze sex from her pores." We couldn't agree more.



AND NOW
FOR THE
WINNERS IN...

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE PHOTO CONTEST

LAST OCTOBER, when we first announced the premiere *Playboy's Playmate Photo Contest*, we had no idea how many good photographers there were in America, nor how many beautiful women would leap at the chance to have their photo in *PLAYBOY*. Now we know.

There were more than 4500 entries and 15,000 photographs and slides out of which Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, Photography Editor Gary Cole and Art Director Arthur Paul chose the winning photographer and ten runners-up.

First-prize winner Dan Kupersmith and his model Lenka Novak will share the \$5000 top prize, and Kupersmith will have his choice of \$1500 worth of Minolta camera equipment, plus an expenses-paid trip from his home in Studio City, California, to *PLAYBOY*'s Chicago headquarters, where he will spend a week working in our studios.

Each of the runner-up photographers will receive \$500 worth of Minolta equipment and each of our readers will receive a whole lot of pleasure—which seems like a fair exchange to us.



Gary Jameson, 26, of Incline Village, Nevada, met Sharon Young through a mutual friend. It was the right photo chemistry. Sharon, who attends the University of Nevada, posed for this photo near Lake Tahoe.



When he heard he was a winner, Harvey Wallner, 29, said, "I'm excited. My wife's excited. Debbie's excited." Debbie is model Debbie Franson, 25, who met Harvey in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, where she's also a bartender.



Max Mills, 33, shot this portrait of his main lady, Ann DeLong, in a meadow in Colorado where he owns a cabin. Max and Ann live most of the year in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where he is a free-lance photographer and she's a receptionist.



Jim McClellan, 30, a professional photographer, shot Shelby Sawyer in an old house on a horse farm outside his home town, Louisville. Shelby plays softball, rides in hot-air balloons and bakes bread. A well-rounded lady.

Darlene Wallin spent only one chilly hour shooting legal secretary Diana Rahn. It was winter and the thermometer in Wallin's Madison, Wisconsin, studio hovered near 60 degrees. "Poor Diana had goose bumps," Darlene says.



This portrait of Sandra Trendell was taken by Janice Hennequin, 34, one of two women finalists. Hennequin, a Taylor, Michigan, photographer, teaches glamor photography in Detroit. Sandra digs nudism, yoga and organic foods.



Greg Kass and Paul Bonino, both 28, are ex-house painters who have a photo studio in Colorado Springs, Colorado. The shot of Glenda Andrews was spontaneous, Greg says. "Our cat jumped on Glenda as we were about to shoot."





Ron Dorsey, 31, from Austin, Texas, is a construction worker-carpenter turned photographer. He first helped model Janet Quist compile her portfolio, then entered this shot of her. Janet's been in four films.



Bruce Munroe, of Rolling Hills Estates, California, has been an amateur photographer for only a year. The photo is of girlfriend Pam Burnett. Bruce, 32, is an airline pilot; offcamera, Pam's a stewardess.

Fred Kalz, 26, of Vancouver, Washington, had about given up hope of finding a model when he met Shawn Miller. Fred says, "I wasn't impressed at first, but when she undressed at my studio, I almost keeled over."

MOVIE TOO FAR

(continued from page 94)

"A flame shoots up, then falls two stories from inside the house. Then it dawns: It's for real."

visit a few weeks earlier. "It was a bit unnerving," Hopkins recalls in his trailer as he waits to be beckoned to the set, "because he expected the whole thing to be a document, as exact as it actually happened. He made line changes, but not only that, he refused to have certain scenes play as already written. 'Now, listen,' he'd say, 'you wouldn't run the cross fires that fast.' 'Why not?' I'd ask. 'No,' he'd insist. 'You'd show the enemy contempt for danger by crossing the road slowly.' Me, using my actor's imagination, I took the road at the speed of light. And Hardy Kruger told me that when an enemy opens fire, you do anything to save yourself—dig a hole in concrete—anything. But Frost was at Arnhem; we changed the shot to accommodate him."

Hopkins walks out to the Zandpoort, takes his place beside his ersatz army. An assistant director is blocking the background action; extras march into the scene, then out, from both sides of the frame simultaneously. Stretchers. Jeeps. Crutches. The whole bit. Special effects has the fumes coming up through the windows of Frost's house, nice and black now. The explosions are wired to go off. Places. The camera begins to roll.

Pop. Hssss. Whoosh. First, like caps or blanks. The sound deepens. A flame shoots up, then falls two stories from inside the house. Another. A rumble. Soot fans out of a third-story window. "Everybody out," somebody calls.

"Clear the area," another orders. From nowhere, fire hoses are suddenly being rushed toward the building. Extras, technicians, cables, equipment—people stumbling out of the way, dragging belongings with them.

"What's happening?" Whoosh. Hssss. "Is it a real fire?" Pop. "Is it out of control?"

The a.d.s are scrambling around, shouting into walkie-talkies. "Stand back, stand back," they admonish. "There may be an explosion. Then it dawns: It's for real, no longer make-believe.

"Get those bottles of gas out of that building," a special-effects man cries. Fourteen bottles of liquid gas are stored in the building constructed next to Frost's house. If it erupts into flames, they will explode. The fire brigade is working fast now, the cameras move into the fire and keep turning, a team of men rushes in and relays the large silver tanks of gas out of the area. Finally, golden flames burst through Frost's roof. The third floor begins a slow-motion collapse, but the

camera unit stays on top of the fire even as it's being hosed down. Everyone else stands just feet away, as if mesmerized.

One silent observer is the producer himself. Levine is a small, round, jaunty figure with his sleek black cane with a gold handle shaped like the bridge at Arnhem. "Well, Joe," a friend kibitzes, "how does it feel to watch thousands of dollars go up in smoke like that?"

Levine just smiles, then turns to a visiting photographer who's been snapping away throughout this miniholocaust: "Can you get your film on the next plane to the States?" He grins. Calmly. Ever the showman.

June 16, Wednesday. The company ferries across the river to photograph the German troops and General Bittrich (Maximilian Schell) approaching the bridge. Today local students and the Royal Dutch Army (known affectionately as the hippie army) are employed as extras; a hairdresser is frantically cutting hair.

Schell, in heavy Pan-Cake make-up and Wehrmacht overcoat, banters with Levine, who, it seems, has brought over 46 Andrew Wyeth paintings to make his room here feel more like home. "I'll give you 46 sausages for 46 Wyeths," Schell offers. Levine laughs, but not too much. Later Schell, an art aficionado himself, suggests, "Why don't you leave out this shot and give me a Wyeth? They cost about the same." Levine grins broadly. Then Schell tells one of the corniest and most ironically timed jokes possible: "You know the definition of *chutzpah*?" he asks Levine. "When a Jewish boy murders his parents and pleads for leniency because he's an orphan." Nobody laughs. Except Schell, who slips his hand through the suspenders holding up his gray Wehrmacht trousers.

Schell wins the prize as the actor least liked by the unit. He's aloof, elitist, doesn't mingle or try to ingratiate himself. His driver complains that Schell never talks, not a word, not even to his secretary, a dark-haired young woman who everyone assumes is his girlfriend. The driver says the only sign of life from Schell is that he counts the cars passing in the opposite direction: "Today he got to 210. I think it's very strange."

Sue d'Arcy is not fond of Max, either, because during an interview between the actor and a German reporter, D'Arcy, who was sitting in, found Schell's fingers crawling up and down her back. Now she flails about the set like a rape victim, afraid to talk with him, unwilling even

to deliver a set of stills to his trailer. Someone dubs him Max the Hand. The name sticks.

"I don't know what my image is and I don't care," Schell responds, refreshingly cavalier about his reputation. "Yes, I'm a womanizer. It's just a fact; why should I hide it? Some people might say, 'Oh, he's just after women,' but I don't care what they say. If I like a woman and want to make love to her and she wants it, too, what's the difference?"

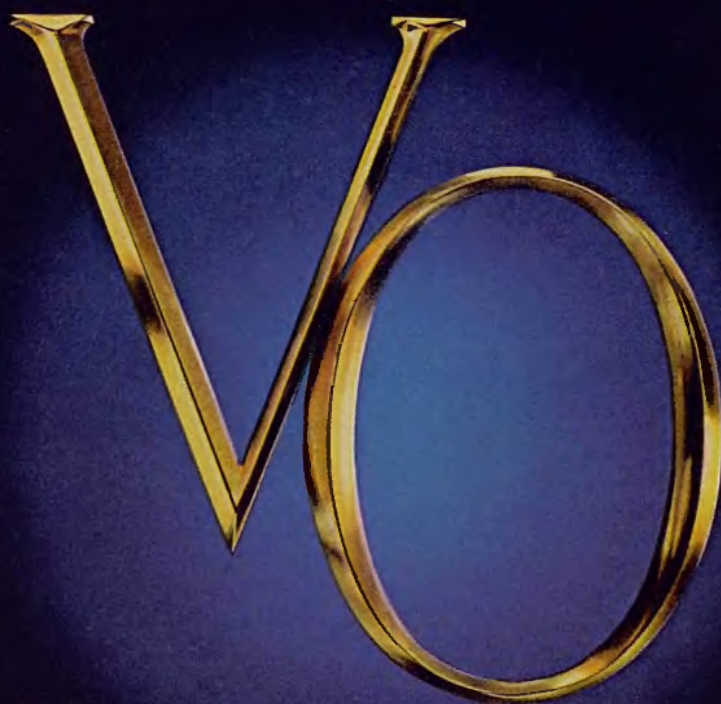
Given such advance press, I find Schell something of a surprise. Likable. Witty. Highly intelligent. And an interviewer's delight, because—unlike most actors—he really doesn't care what others think. Which seems as eminently sensible as it is rare. "Sometimes you find a woman who interests you," Schell admits, "and she'll say, 'No, I won't go with you because you are Maximilian Schell.' An actor is somehow in a very feminine position. For instance, he never writes or creates his parts; he's like a woman on a dance floor waiting to be asked to dance. Sometimes, professionally speaking, it's wonderful—you can say yes or no to the man of your choice. If you have no choice, you can dance with the wrong director. Every actor fails if he's not in the right part and the director doesn't put him in the right frame."

Later that afternoon, Schell and Hopkins film a scene in which the conquering German general offers the wounded British officer a Cadbury chocolate bar. A touch of humanism showing that Germans aren't all bogeymen and that the movie is, yes, yes, yes, pacifist. Afterward, Schell, a director himself, notes, "That scene can be a wonderful, memorable moment if it's done well. I don't know. Dickie will cut it; if he cuts it right, it can be very good. But if there are already three chocolate exchanges, then it can become a cheap moment, not a good one. A similar scene occurs later on in the script, when Bittrich gives Dr. Spaander [Laurence Olivier] brandy, so already danger exists because it's repetitive. And we have to find a way to do it differently. When we're readying the shot next week, I'll talk to Dickie about it."

Does Schell regard himself as an actor or a director first? "I think of myself as a human being. And a student," he answers evasively. "I like to explore things, and the best way to explore them is as a film maker." And what role does intelligence play for the actor? "Actors don't need intelligence. Sometimes it gets in the way. Sometimes it's much better to be like an animal." Finally, does he ever feel silly acting? "Yes," without skipping a beat. "Most of the time."

June 17, Thursday. Night work. No stars tonight, only three stunt artists, two minor players and the production unit, which assembles by 7:30 P.M., still broad daylight. This is special-effects night—the blowing up of the Arnhem (Wilhelmina)

While you've been working your way up
for all these years, we've been quietly
waiting for you to arrive.



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Bridge—and both the first and the second camera crews will be filming. By 11:30, the first shot is ready, a small arc of fire swooping across the bridge, accompanied by a machine-gun-bullet staccato. It goes smoothly. By midnight, the temperature has dropped to well below chilly; between setups, lorry drivers, carpenters, supplementary crew members disappear into the Pelikaan and other cafés a block away for a beer; other technicians huddle in vans and belt down brandy. Everyone is cold, impatient for the fireworks to begin, yet worried that the bang-up explosion scene might get out of hand, just as the fire did the other day.

Levine and Rosalie, his wife, sit majestically in their director's chairs just to the left of the first-unit camera. Rosalie, a dignified blonde who dresses for the set the way anybody's favorite aunt might for a country-club canasta game, chats graciously with the crew, all the while her knitting needles moving as if propelled by some outside force. "Rosalie Levine is amazing," the sparkers like to say. "She sits knitting, always knitting, but when they yell 'Action,' suddenly the movement stops, she raises her head and watches what's going on. Like, she's really interested, you can tell. Then, the moment you hear 'Cut,' the click-click of the needles begins again."

By three A.M., everything's in order for the explosion. You can cut the tension with a knife. This has to be one take and it has to be right; the whole thing is too big and too complicated to rewire. Besides, daylight ascends in an hour, no time to lose. "Off the bridge," an a.d. yells. Only essential crew—Attenborough, Unsworth, camera and sound units and special effects—remain; others watch from the roof of the Cheese Factory, a medieval fortress turned company commissary across the street, or gather in its doorway. Then the sky suddenly crackles, irradiated by a white light. The light yellows, intensifies; sparks shoot out. A diaphanous mushroom appears.

"Was that all?" someone asks.

"I prefer Guy Fawkes Day," another comments. Dryly.

June 18, Friday night. Everyone who knows cinematographer Unsworth falls a little bit in love with him. Though insiders say he works slowly, his fine cinematography is always worth waiting for; witness *2001: A Space Odyssey*. A genteel and private man who could easily have stepped out of the pages of an Agatha Christie novel as the elder colonel of the manor, Unsworth, on afternoons of a rest day, strolls in happy solitude through the streets of Deventer; and he is one of the few people who've successfully carved out private space for themselves without appearing uninterested in or unsympathetic to the world at large. Movies never cease to attract him. "At home, when I'm not working, I go often, sometimes to three or four each day. Occasionally, of

course, I'm aware of the craft, but generally, I do get carried away with the story." Unsworth feels that each picture has its own special problems: "On this one, we decided from the beginning to open it without much color—monochromatic. That's what Dickie and I agreed on. This is a war movie and we think it an appropriate choice."

While Unsworth coordinates the camera unit and the electricians (they position the lights according to his instructions), the camera operator, Peter MacDonald, who has worked with Unsworth for approximately 12 years, looks through the viewfinder as each shot is being filmed. In fact, it's striking how rarely either Unsworth or Attenborough actually *says anything* on set. Each organ of the production—camera, lights, construction, props, etc.—seems magically competent at highly specialized tasks. It's through the artery of assistant directors, with their walkie-talkies, that instructions and movement are channeled; and the major mouthpiece on set is the first a.d., David Tomblin, who calls all setups, takes, cuts and prints. Who directs traffic. Who seems to be invisibly wired to Attenborough's mind.

How is this done? "We never talk," Tomblin states cryptically. Ah, then, they've worked together before, naturally. "Never," he states even more cryptically.

Tonight there are two setups: The first is on the bridge, a stunt man being thrown from a jeep. The second is on a barren knoll, where Schell will be looking up at the bridge from a quarter of a mile away. Again, a grueling wait in the cold night. But what is finally emerging after a week is an irresistible pattern, a surreal choreography.

Where two hours, four or one day on a set seems simply tedious, gradually—over a period of time—a sense of mass movement, a sense of the operation itself looms grander and more fascinating than any isolated moment of film making. Camaraderie of the unit combines with massive dependence on machinery to produce a technical tour de force. The process takes on a life of its own. On location, actors are but skilled robots, playthings of the grander persona—that process. Just as in war, where strategy is all, logistics overpower emotions; the unit overwhelms the individual.

June 21, Monday. Laurence Olivier works today, and it's almost as if the queen of England were paying a visit. Deference is in the air; there are fewer salty jokes, the crew sets up speedily, more quietly, solicitously. The scene is Deventer Town Hall, which has been transformed into German Battle Headquarters; here Dr. Spaander will beg Bittrich and General Ludwig (Hardy Kruger) for a three-hour cease-fire in order to evacuate the Allied wounded. Olivier, who has been ill lately, seems pink and fragile, the shadow of Heathcliff. "Larry, sit here," Attenborough says kindly.

Coproducer Richard Levine comes over and is at a loss for words: "You're so marvelous," he exclaims. "Your accent—it's like, it's like, marvelous, a perfect mixture of Dutch and German and all accents." Awe. Olivier responds with a polite smile. Between takes, he generally keeps to himself, sitting in his appointed chair, drinking orange juice.

Max Schell is in rare form this morning. He lounges around, blowing smoke rings at a woman across the room. The sparkers smirk. Olivier muffs a line. A light whines and Attenborough, impatient for the first time in a week, announces: "We'll all stop until the light is adjusted correctly." It is, finally; and they take. Spaander is a pained and kindly humanist; and Olivier, in his few lines, turns on all the juice. The set is quiet. The performance, just a fragment, is affecting, extraordinarily affecting. It's the only time that what's happening in *front* of the cameras has overpowered what's going on behind them.

In the afternoon, Tony Hopkins and his wife, Jenni, stop by to watch Olivier work. So does Sean Connery, who has come directly from the airport, by way of wardrobe fittings. This is the scene where Bittrich gives Spaander the brandy: Silence. Twice Schell misses his cue to open the door; otherwise, the moment is shot swiftly (though not perceivably differently from the earlier chocolate exchange). The sound engineer wants to retake the click of Nazi heels. Schell and Kruger click for him. Now that the cameras have stopped turning, now that a number of colleagues are on set and the shoot is finished, Schell mugs continuously as he clicks. It's beguiling, this sudden letting down of hair. The crew is dumfounded.

June 22, Tuesday. The morning shoot is at Het Schol in De Hoven, a ten-minute ride from Deventer. Space is tight, a cramped hallway of a beautiful but decrepit house that was recently vandalized by squatters and that will be turned into a funeral home after the unit is finished with it. Olivier sits in an empty, dusty living room to the left of the hallway, waiting for his call; Connery, in Scottish beret and paratrooper duds, sprawls beside him, whistling. "I've got you . . . under my skin. . . ." In the small quarters, where dust floats down like a spring drizzle, the sparkers are feisty, Olivier or no Olivier. "Hey," they bait a female journalist, "wanna go muf-diving?" Raucous laughter.

Unsworth walks over and gently claps his hands over the woman's ears: "Don't listen to these boys; they'll corrupt you." Chivalry walks hand in hand with lasciviousness.

"If you can't stand the fire, don't go into the war zone," someone quips. More laughter. Right. Absolutely.

Connery works precisely, like a machine; both he and Olivier fluff lines and,

(continued on page 152)

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

ANNIE'S FRIEND RALPHIE HAS FINALLY JOINED HANDS WITH THE FREE-ENTERPRISE SYSTEM AND GONE INTO BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF. RALPHIE HAS OPENED A LOVE BOUTIQUE, WHICH IS, WELL, A STORE THAT SPECIALIZES IN, AMONG OTHER THINGS, GOOD VIBES: LONG ONES, SHORT ONES, PLUG-INS, BATTERY-OPERATED MODELS WITH HORNS AND HEADLIGHTS, STEEL-BELTED RADIALS, YOU NAME IT—

ANNIE!
WELCOME TO RALPH'S
"PINK PUSSY BOUTIQUE."

WHAT
ARE YOU SELLING
...SNAKES?

I RUN A BODY
SHOP OF SORTS, WHERE
I SELL SPARE PARTS
AND ACCESSORIES.

HOW'S
THIS ONE,
BRUTHIE?

I GIVE
IT A 74...
NICE BEAT,
EASY TO
FLINCH
TO!

COME
AGAIN
NOT AN
INVITA-
TION BUT A
PROMISE

PUT OUT
THE FIRE

CAN I GET
A REFUND
ON MY AUTO
DASHBOARD
PLUG-IN
SUCK?

APPLY
THIS EMOTION-
LOTION AND YOU
GET ALL WARM
AND TINGLY... AND
IT'S FLAVORED SO
THAT YOU CAN
LICK IT
OFF!

WITH
MY
LUCK,
I'LL GET
HEART-
BURN!

WHO DO
I SEE FOR A
THOUSAND-MILE
CHECK ON MY
VIBRATOR?

BACK
TO
SCHOOL
SALE

IT SAYS
HERE, "THIS
LUBRICANT
IS DESIGNED
FOR PENAL
STIMULATION"

DOES
THAT MEAN
IT'S FOR
PRISONERS
?

I'VE
BEEN
SEARCHING
AND
SEARCHING
FOR THE TRUE
APHRODISIAC
...IN
VAIN!

FOR
ONCE,
MILTON,
SEARCH
ME!

WE
CALL THIS
ONE OUR
"MERV."
NOTE THE
MULTIPLE
HEADS.

SHALL
I WRAP
IT UP?

NO,
I'LL EAT
IT HERE.





HERE! PUT ON A PUNGENT, BLACK-LEATHER BIKINI AND FULL BODY HARNESS... OR TRY A PELVIS WATER PILLOW... OR THESE LOVE GLOVES... AND TIE ON A COUPLE OF THESE RUBBER LOVE LEGS—

THIS BIKINI ISN'T MADE VERY WELL. THERE'S A BIG HOLE IN THE CROTCH.



WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT ELSE I'VE GOT! HERE COMES LOVE INCENSE! LOVE FOAM! LOVE NIPPLE CREAM! LOVE SPRAY! AND LOVE **RALPH!**



ONE-STEP POO-POO WAX! FOOT ROUGE! TUSH TINT! MASSAGERS! TICKLERS! WIGGLERS!



A LOTION TO HEAT YOU UP! A LOTION TO COOL YOU DOWN! A LOTION TO SENSITIZE YOU! ANOTHER TO DESENSITIZE!

RRR!

ZZZZ!

CLIK!



OH, WOW! NOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT MY LOVE SHOP IS ALL ABOUT!?

DING! DING!

POP!

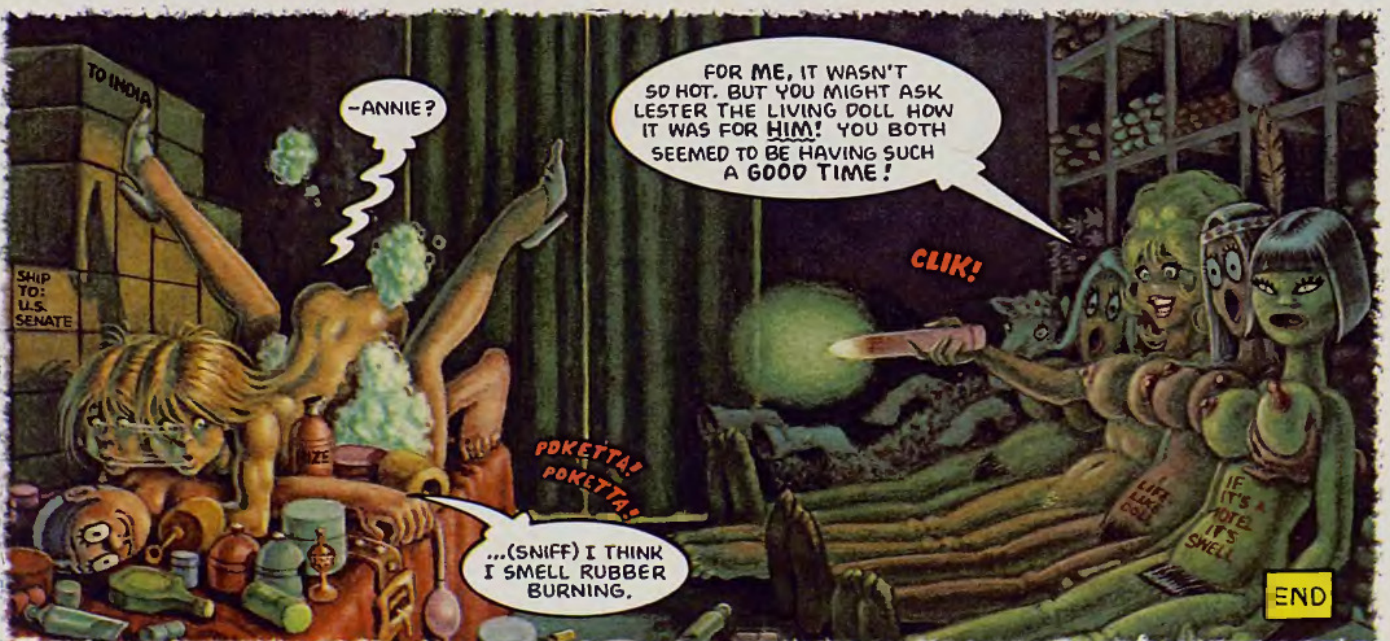
TIC! TIC!

POP! ZZZZ! POP!



WAOH! (SIGH)

... WAS IT AS GOOD FOR YOU AS IT WAS FOR ME, ANNIE?



—ANNIE?

FOR ME, IT WASN'T SO HOT. BUT YOU MIGHT ASK LESTER THE LIVING DOLL HOW IT WAS FOR HIM! YOU BOTH SEEMED TO BE HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME!

CLIK!

POKETTA! POKETTA!

...(SNIFF) I THINK I SMELL RUBBER BURNING.

END

MOVIE TOO FAR

(continued from page 148)

"'You should have been here for the cake! Man, that was some cake. Some batter. Cocaine, acid, grass.'"

at one point, Attenborough's voice strains with a coloration of displeasure. "Would you prefer 'take our wounded' or 'accept our wounded'?" Olivier asks on the third go-round. They decide on take. The goings are dusty, dirty, uncomfortable. Uncontrollable noise, then an overhead plane, from outside. Unlike the ease of yesterday's shoot, here it's get in, take, get it right and get out. Too small. Too filthy. Not good for Olivier's health or anyone's disposition.

Afternoon: Back to Frost's house on the Zandpoort. Connery has already flown home to Marbella and will return in early July for the bulk of his work. Olivier won't be on location again until tomorrow, with Liv Ullmann. More soldiers, more bandages and stunts this afternoon. Accompanied by gunfire, the stunt men fall, drop, pop from behind Frost's house onto a pile of rubble. Painstaking coordination of men and small explosives, but the soot is blackening, the sound thunderous. Stunt coordinator Alf Joint and one of his stunt boys lean against a

van after it's all finished, flexing their breasts for one another. "Our dorsal wings," they laugh. More blood, wounds, extras, on and on. Ullmann pays a visit, her personal hairdresser in tow.

"Who's that?" one of the sparkers asks.

"Liv Ullmann," someone says.

"What's she been in?"

"You know, Bergman's films."

"Who's that?"

"Swedish guy, I think."

August 21, Saturday. Afternoon. The Pelikaan Café. A rest day. Two months have gone by and they've wrought changes. Art-department and construction people have been here in Deventer since February, most others since April. The location is wearing thin; there's still good will and that flabbergasting camaraderie, but everyone has begun counting the days until early October, when they can go home.

A few sour notes emerge: Gordon Arnell left (or was fired, depending on whether you talk to Arnell or Levine). D'Arcy was fired, the alleged catalyst being her refusal to collaborate on a log

of the film with a writer hand-picked by Levine. Then, just a few weeks ago, Tatum O'Neal and her friend Melanie Griffith arrived on set, promptly took a prop-department boat out onto the river, smashed it up and were shipped back to London. Two prop boys have fought a punch-out and one ignored his broken jaw for over a week rather than worry "my mum," who had come over on holiday. A plasterer took a walk around the block and dropped dead. Special-effects chief Johnny Richardson was involved in a devastating automobile crash; his girlfriend was killed and he sustained multiple fractures. Undercurrents of exhaustion; erosion of spirit.

Now the unit is also buzzing about a deterioration of unity. "There are two directors on this film," someone confides airily, then walks away.

"The director has two heads," another says mysteriously. The other head, it seems, belongs to camera operator Peter MacDonald; a few people on the crew say he is making most of the pertinent film-making decisions. One technician alleges that MacDonald is always the cohesive force on a picture. But this seems like casual conjecture, probably easily inflamed by Attenborough's implacably good nature and gentle delivery.

Then one of the gaffers drops the biggest pearl of all, the scandal that may have contributed to the exhaustion and

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tight-lipped ambivalence now in evidence. "You should have been here for the cake! Man, that was some cake. It flew. Some batter. Cocaine, acid, grass, hash, if you could smoke it or chew it or eat it, it was there. One of our sparkers was carried off to the hospital, along with an older guy on the unit who had a metal plate in his head. This guy's functions were so slow, and the doctors couldn't figure out why, so they had him shaved down and were ready to operate. I think the production unit was afraid to say what was wrong until that point, but finally they did, in order to spare the guy from the knife."

A short, youngish man with a bristly beard introduces himself as the guiding light behind the cake. "You want the recipe? It was a ginger cake," he offers. "It was terrific, but what a bloody job to wangle myself on the catering staff to serve it." He was allegedly jailed for three days after this little prank.

Most of the sparkers, as if prepped regarding the matter of the ginger cake, deny it categorically. At first. Then someone points out the fellow who'd been taken to the hospital. Later the victim admits, "Most people fell asleep, got kind of groggy, but me, I thought I was going to die. I mean, I've never smoked *anything* in my life; I ate that cake and was suddenly so sick, sicker than I'd ever been. They took me to the hospital and

I was there for five hours. I don't know who did it, but don't use my name, please; if my guv'nor back in London found out, I'd get it." The sparker stops abruptly, turns and disappears into the crowd.

August 22, Sunday. A grand parade and liberation sequence in the center of town. Sixteen coaches have brought in 1300 extras, mostly women, all dressed in Forties attire, from Twello, Nijmegen and Arnhem. Today is a shopkeeper's dream. The street is swelling with people, all waving tiny Dutch flags.

In his trailer, make-up chief Tom Smith is toning down Michael Caine's skin color. It's Caine's last day of work and he sinks back into his chair, a large, ruddy man for whom petty irritation has suddenly replaced normally expansive humor. "Elliott [Gould] gets all the best lines, the laugh lines. I get the shitty ones," he's now complaining. Mimicking his character, Vandeleur: "'Yes' . . . 'no' . . . 'oh, really.' . . ." This morning, in the thick of the cheering crowd, Caine is supposed to set Gould up with the line: "Have you ever been liberated?" to which Gould replies: "I got divorced twice, does that count?" The script requires Vandeleur to smile in response; the exchange bothers Caine. "I think I'll add: 'yes . . . [a beat] . . . it counts.'" This brings guffaws in the make-up trailer, but it's not pacification enough. Caine storms

out and makes his way into the throng.

All morning, Caine and Gould huddle together, laughing and talking chummily. At morning tea break, Gould piles a half-dozen sandwiches onto a plate, removes his heavy Army boots and joins his son, Jason (by Barbra Streisand), who has just arrived on the set. The boy is small, fragile, about eight, with a pale face and light-brown curls; he looks exactly like his mother, exactly like his father. The man tries desperately to close out the mob, to focus on his child, but autograph hounds continually break his attention. Gould, expressionless, signs for them.

Working the crowd is about as easy as working a convention of junkies. They move too quickly, too often, too eagerly. "Remove half of the flags," an a.d. calls down. The crowd presses too close to the tanks. One woman crushes her leg against a tank, a minor injury. Two old people faint. Caine is required to pull off a verbal twister: "When you refer to 'Bailey crap,' I take it you mean that glorious precision-made piece of British-built equipment that is the envy of the civilized world?" Three times he flubs it; his face reddening, he curses. Finally, the lines are broken into two takes. Cut. Print. All the extras applaud.

August 23, Monday. The site is Bussloo Recreation Park, a lovely wooded spot with a sandbanked lake, about 15 minutes outside Deventer. The shot: Gould and

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KENT GOLDEN LIGHTS MENTHOL

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his troops building a Bailey bridge (a portable bridge) from pontoons. By eight A.M., dozens of trucks, vans and cars have wended their way into the area. Twenty minutes later, Gould enters the make-up trailer. Does he mind people sitting there? "Naw, I'm just gonna take a shave," which he manages to do while chewing gum steadily. One of the boys assigned to clean up the trailer makes chitchat:

"Were you in *M*A*S*H*? I hear you were in *M*A*S*H*, but I don't remember you."

"Was it the TV show you're thinking of?" Gould responds, unemotional.

"Yeah, that's it."

Gould offers nothing more; he checks his face, left side, right side, still chewing gum; a faint hint of amusement creeps into his eyes. "Well, thanks for the shave," he nods before leaving.

Although he keeps to himself a great deal, Gould is a favorite among the crew and the extras, in particular, because he remembers to say good morning, to joke and chat between scenes. He's faultlessly polite, controlled but remote. Fragile. Someone who's taken too many hard knocks. Assiduously, he avoids the press, perhaps because it's clobbered him too often for his erratic career and marriages. Another American actor, here as an extra, remarks that during the long setups, Gould has been impatient, grumbling that in America, more attention is paid to the emotional context of a scene, less to its mechanics; but what's visible now is pure professionalism.

Someone hints that the unit's work contracts include a clause instructing them not to talk about the production; while odd and unconfirmed, this loyalty oath of sorts doesn't seem so farfetched here, where the skeleton publicity unit—or what's left of it—periodically and rudely forages through the set like silly, self-important bloodhounds looking to sniff out trespassers. Generally, however, the technicians connect with the actors on a fairly basic level, speaking fondly of whoever says good morning or plays touch football. "Only Hackman and Connery came around and shook everyone's hand after they were finished," one gaffer remarks. "Both kept to themselves most of the time, though. Ryan O'Neal and Jimmy Caan, on the other hand, wanted desperately for us to like them. You can just tell; there's a difference. For some, it's important to be considered one of the boys."

The extras maintain a different view of things. The Dutch students who saw O'Neal chew out one of their friends when he repeatedly failed to hit his mark during a shoot-out sequence refuse to forget it: "I have no use for him. It was an ugly thing for O'Neal to do," a tow-headed guy in charge of weapons shrugs.

The British "soldiers," mostly serious actors who've been hanging around all summer as part of the A.P.A. (Atten-

borough's Private Army, which actually underwent two weeks of military training), maintain their own standards of judgment. "What's been shocking me is both the quality of acting and the preparation," one theater-trained extra observes. "You'd be surprised how many of these stars come onto the set in the morning unprepared. Connery, Hackman, O'Neal. For the money they're being paid, it's disgraceful. Edward [Day of the Jackal] Fox showed them all up, even though his role is secondary. He had a four-and-a-half-minute monolog; for technical reasons, they had to take his scene seven times and *not once* did he miss a word!"

"I don't know what was wrong with Connery," someone offers. "Maybe he was drinking. I heard them say on the walkie-talkie, 'Bring Sean's Scotch to his trailer,' but for all I know, he had a toothache. Or he was exhausted; you know, he hasn't stopped working in three years. And recently his friend and partner, Stanley Baker, died; so he could have been upset. But evenings, he'd sit calmly in front of the Pelikaan, just like a regular person. *That* was nice, I think."

The shoot isn't going well this afternoon. Three times, amid an avalanche of gunfire, the "army" heaves the mammoth pontoons into the water to construct the Bailey bridge; three times, the pontoons hit, then scatter irreparably. Hauling them back up the bank takes time. Meanwhile, the hot sun beats down on the khaki uniforms, on a crew becoming irritable as it awaits word of possible overtime work, on Gould, who paces up and down between takes, not quite sure what to do with himself.

Suddenly, not long after the crackle of mortar fire, as the camera team readjusts an angle, one of the actors—an American boy who'd been peculiarly nervous all morning about his one speaking line, to be delivered in the water—falls backward to the ground. Hard. People turn and stare. Is it an elaborate pantomime to pass time? The boy's muscles contract; he starts to shake. Nobody moves for what seems like minutes. Quickly, two doctors and a nurse are by his side. "Watch he doesn't swallow his tongue," someone whispers.

"Epilepsy?" another asks. Fear, panic, also curiosity at the violence one can do to one's own body, as limbs, rigid, strike out in all directions. The medics manage to strap the boy onto a stretcher and the ambulance pulls away. Later, word comes that he's all right but will be replaced.

"What if he'd been in the water when the seizure overcame him?" a friend speculates.

The incident casts a pall on an already difficult day. In the afternoon, 40 German film exhibitors are brought over to Bussloo for tea. Girlfriends, wives and children come by, as well; a few complain

because they want pastries, or simply a cup of tea, but after it begins to seem like half the police force of Deventer is sponging meals off the company, taking food is strictly taboo, except for the unit itself and appointed guests.

Then a surprise: No overtime this afternoon. In fact, the unit breaks set early and will try to recoup this wash-out day tomorrow before the night shoot. Which means that assembly time will be moved ahead two hours.

"Shit," one of the sparkers comments.

"Damn it," says a construction man, surveying the stock piles—pontoons, weapons, camera crane, tracks and, farther back, the vehicles—as teams begin snaking equipment out of Bussloo. "This outfit doesn't need Attenborough. Or Levine. What this goddamn picture needs is General MacArthur."

Within hours, Bussloo Park is stripped of all signs of war, only to have the fantasy magically re-created the next day. Within weeks, O'Neal, Olivier, Ullmann return, Robert Redford flies in; the machinery of war, the machinery of movie-making—the play within the play, if you will—grinds on. In early October, the picture is in the can; the crew goes home to England, swearing this is one of the most amenable, least temperamental jobs they ever did. Levine takes out an ad in *Variety*, proudly announcing that *A Bridge Too Far* was completed one day over schedule and an unspecified amount under budget. *People* magazine reports that Redford has been paid \$2,000,000 for four weeks' work ("And we got him cheap!" Levine gloats).

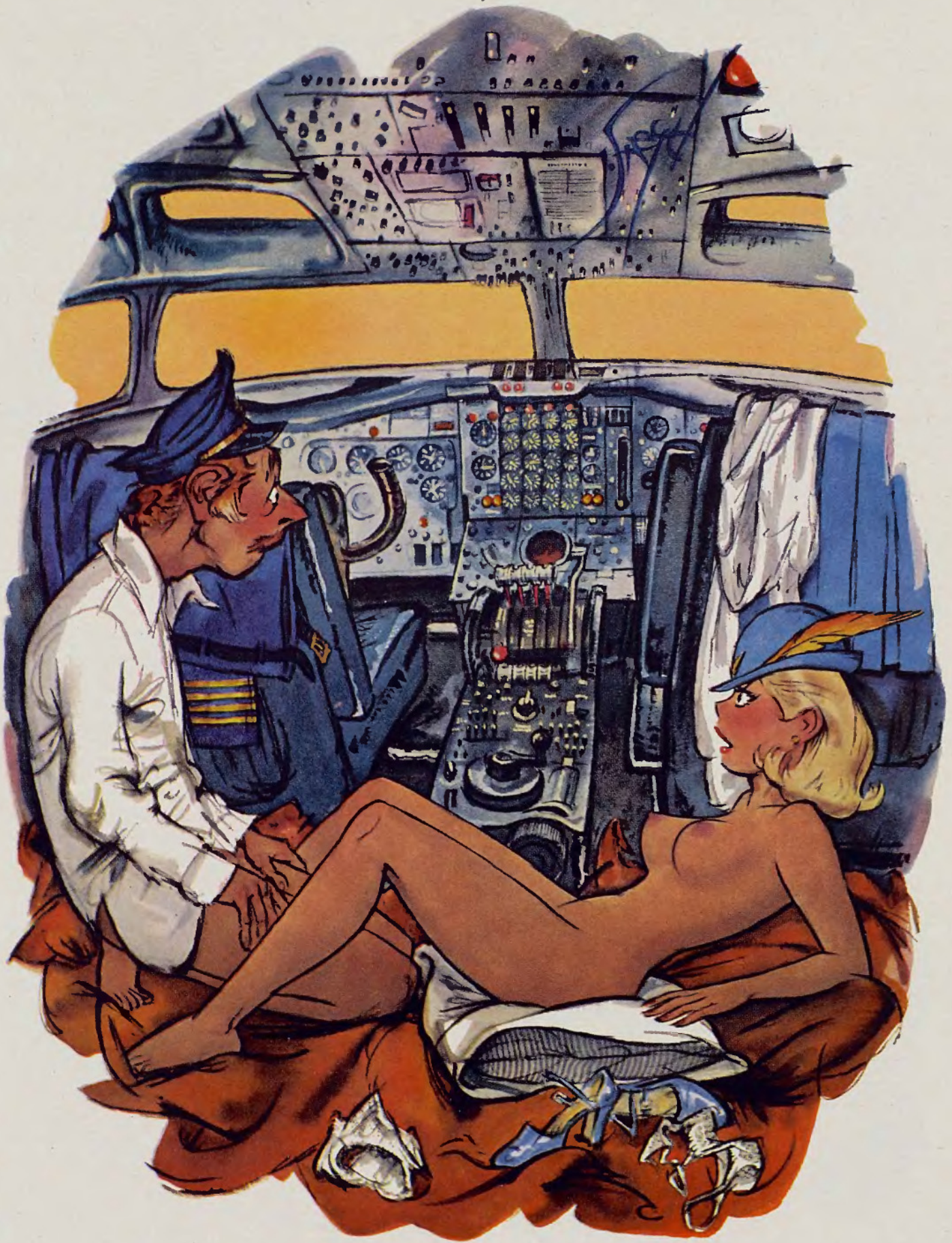
Perhaps he's right. For once, the machinery has given life to celluloid; the celluloid, like an ungrateful child, obliterates all else. Finally, in the editing and screening rooms, in the moviehouses, the overwhelming *pas de deux* of man and technology is subordinated by whatever luminosity, intensity or illusion the celluloid has captured. That luminosity alone testifies to the player's worth; it's his so-called ace. Levine seems to have loaded this deck with aces, and by June, when *A Bridge Too Far* premiered, the surreal, day-to-day domination of lights and cables and scruffy men who make the illusion happen had long since become a shadow, a memory of little consequence.

And what of Deventer, the sleepy hollow that went from the red to the chips almost overnight? It's now a ghost town. Prices have plummeted at the Pelikaan. The girls who ran away to the war have gone back to their husbands. "Oh, what a lovely war this is," an apple-cheeked Dutch boy cooed as he adjusted his helmet one golden August morning.

"Oh, what a lovely war," an apple-cheeked Dutch girl cooed as she ordered a beer one golden August evening.

And now the war is over.





"This is one helluva time for you to have instrument failure!"

KILL THEM AND EAT THEM

(continued from page 95)

"They seized him and bound him, propped his mouth open with a stick and filled him with molten gold."

Consider the conquest of Latin America by a handful of well-armed men, or the Anglo-European destruction of most of the native populations of North America and the Pacific. Surely, more than one survivor has wished *he* had been there to greet Columbus.

There are a few important exceptions to this rule. The Chinese (and those in their sphere of influence—Manchuria, Korea, Southeast Asia) won after a long struggle by engulfing the invaders in sheer mass of territory and population until the development of a sophisticated weapons industry could even the balance.

The Jivaro head-hunters of the Amazon tolerated the growing European presence until the demands for gold grew too irritating. Their chief invited the Spanish captain to come and satisfy his hunger once and for all. He accepted. They seized him and bound him, propped his mouth open with a stick and filled him

with molten gold. The Jivaros then attacked throughout the region with great force and effect, killing as many as 25,000 colonists. No one messed with them again.

Possibly, our visitors will be benevolent, but why take chances in so serious a matter? In looking outward from this planet, it seems only wise to assume the worst. Even the most conservative scientists have begun to accept the old rule of alchemy: As above, so below. Thus, the form of the galaxy resembles the form of the atom. We are great killers and predators, tigers with hands. Out there in the dark, there are others, say army ants the size of gorillas with bigger brains, better armor and the ability to disguise themselves as their prey. Their technological superiority will be proved by their arrival. They can get here; we can't get there. It is easier to kill scouts than hordes. If we want to survive (and I

have nothing to say about that one way or the other), we have no choice but to be cunning and ruthless.

That may not sound ecologically sane, but ecology is merely another opinion. The Polynesians were supreme ecologists. How many are left of the millions Captain Cook counted? We do not live in the best of all possible worlds. We live in the only possible world. If it is not all pretty by ecological standards, too bad. The ecologists may have almost everything right and something crucial wrong. No matter how meek you may believe yourself to be, if your fate turns you into a little Jewish boy hiding from the SS, you are going to pray for the arrival of heroes with heavy artillery.

But why eat our visitors? Because it is good medicine, even if it tastes bad. In the primitive world in which we actually exist (as opposed to the civilized world we think we inhabit), we have much to learn from the Jivaro. We were defeated in Vietnam by generals who consulted astrologers. We must eat the aliens in order to incorporate their power. That is the occult proposition beneath ritual sacrifice and cannibalism. We have to eat them on the chance that the scientist is wrong and the cannibal right.

If they should turn out to be toxic—and animal experiments are certainly in order before serving them up to the World Court—we will have to forgo the treat. I think it is likely that they will be better than beef. In any event, a people whose most pretentious members eat snails, oysters and birds' nests is hardly going to balk at any but the most disgustingly alien flesh, and even that might be disguised with the appropriate spices and sauces. What is a lobster but a giant seagoing cockroach?

The question is not "Should we?" but "Can we?" Perhaps it is already too late. Maybe the aliens are here in far more subtle form than Him and Her, disguised as migratory motels near automobile junk yards, scooping the "meat" out of the "shells" at night and moving on before dawn. . . .

Paranoia? Almost certainly. But what is a better measure of our time? I think that history will look back on our era as one in which the wildest ravings of the lunatic left and the lunatic right became the sober voice of Walter Cronkite telling us the same horrific stories in the ultimate authority of General American. Surely we ought not to allow matters affecting our survival as a species—indeed, as a planet—to go by without the benefit of reasoned discussion.

For myself, I know that my position will never be chic, but never mind flying saucers from alien distances, I don't intend to set foot in an American spaceship, for fear of finding out not that we are hunted but, worse, that we are alone.



"One pair pink nylon panties found on floor beside couch and placed in right bottom drawer of your desk."



COHABITATION (continued from page 120)

"You may just owe her about \$13,000 for each year she was your housemate and general factotum."

If she structures her life to fit in with yours—either because you want her to or because you allow her to—they apply.

Let's explore what that means in economic terms. Michelle and Lee represent the normal factual setting of the living-together couple: The man works for wages and the woman works at home for the man. When the sweetness ends, the property and income accumulated during the alliance will probably be divided equally between you (absent a contract to the contrary); you may have to support her until she can re-enter the job market; or you may just owe her about \$13,000 for each year that she was your housemate, companion and general factotum.

Now, you may be thinking that because you earn \$25,000 and she brings in merely \$12,000 and you have a pooling contract, you are entitled to receive twice as much as she does when the property is divided. Not so. To the court, she's been assuming the role of a housewife also. Economists estimate the value of a homemaker's services in excess of \$13,000 a year. The total of her income and services puts her up there in the 50-50 situation.

The reason a housewife's services are so valuable is that they free you from expenses for a maid, driver, cook, hostess and party caterer, to name a few. Also, the lady's services are seen as a direct contribution to your career and income capacity—a man living with a woman in a stable relationship is less suicidal, less criminal and healthier physically and mentally.

Of course, if the two of you are sharing the homemaking chores, you merely add one half of the value of those services to your respective incomes and divide the property according to the percentages you arrive at that way.

Naturally, these examples don't cover all situations. Apply the basic principles to your own setup. But if you have a written contract, it will govern.

Contracts. Percentages. Reasonable value of services. Good God, all you want is to have an extended sexual encounter with the fringe benefit of having her live with you. If that's all there is to your relationship, you may be all right for a while; but when the relationship goes on and you set up "housekeeping," the new rules will apply to you.

And the *Marvin* guidelines will apply to you. Don't think that you're safe just because you don't live in California. Michelle and Lee weren't the first couple

to live together and California isn't the first state to recognize the rights of unmarried women. Quietly, beginning in 1909, state after state has been enforcing all sorts of oral and written contracts between cohabiters—even where the relationship itself has been illegal, immoral or adulterous.

Several decades ago, couples held themselves out as man and wife because of social pressure. But to the courts, it makes no difference whether or not the couple have been known as Mr. and Mrs. when a division of property is at issue.

In 1909, Margreth Williams strode in front of the justices of the Texas Supreme Court, declaring that her old man had said that if they combined their labor, skills and earnings and bought a ranch, she would own half. She admitted that she was the backup while he went out and earned the actual bread to buy the place, and she said she had never actually contributed a cent to the purchase price. She stared them straight in the eyes and said, "A promise is a promise and I want half of that ranch." Margreth

got her half. Even back then, a woman's services were equal to a man's when the parties agreed to pool their efforts. Does that remind you of the *Marvin* ruling? It should. That case was brought to that court's attention.

In the years that followed, many other states enforced those oral promises that nobody thought he had to keep: Arkansas (1911), Minnesota (1921), South Dakota (1927; in that case, they also gave the woman temporary "alimony"), Tennessee (1932), Delaware (1934), California (1943), Florida (1947), Wisconsin (1947), New York (1950), Arizona (1952), Idaho (1955), Washington (1957), Vermont (1960), Louisiana (1966), North Carolina (1969). In 1975, the Michigan Supreme Court even went so far as to give a female workman's-compensation survivor benefits just because she had been living with a man.

But wait, you say, don't a large number of states that find cohabitation either illegal or against public policy still refuse the lady any interest in your property? Yes, that's true.

States such as Louisiana have statutes that deny, in effect, *only the female* any rights arising from nonmarital unions (however, in 1966, one court found a way around the statutes). But by 1969, law-review articles began to attack the validity of those statutes because they discriminate against a woman who chooses



"Whatever happened to those street peddlers who sold windup toys and potato peelers?"

an alternate lifestyle. David Brown's briefs collect the United States Supreme Court's constitutional decisions on the subject. Those cases make it clear that statutes such as Louisiana's will fall under constitutional attacks.

For example, Michelle's petition said:

The distinction made by California between married and nonmarried

relationships raises serious constitutional questions. The United States Supreme Court has stated on more than one occasion that family life is a uniquely private area in which individual decisions are protected against governmental intrusion. The nonmarried family can be presumed to have all of the character-

istics that make the married family unit constitutionally protected: They involve fundamental decisions which determine the character of a person's life; they are of a uniquely personal nature; they often implicate profound human relationships; and they generally center around the home. If an individual has a fundamental right to structure his own

SAMPLE DOCUMENTS TO MAKE LIVING TOGETHER LESS PAINFUL IN THE END

MUTUAL RELEASE

This mutual release agreement is entered into this _____ day of _____, 19____, by and between _____ and _____.

We are desirous of entering into a cohabitation relationship but do not desire to acquire any rights or obligations with respect to property, income, support that might otherwise accrue to either of us by reason of this temporary union.

We therefore give these, our mutual and complete releases, each to the other. We hereby waive any and all rights or interest in the property or income of the other that might in any manner arise by reason of our cohabitation or the rendition of services one to the other. We specifically waive any and all rights, additionally, to support, maintenance, child custody or child support that may arise in any manner from our association.

We further agree that we are not now married nor shall we ever claim that we are legally married unless subsequent to the date of execution by us of this instrument we enter into a duly licensed formal marriage.

In the event that any dispute or legal cause of action arises between us relating to this or any subsequent agreement between us, we hereby agree that the same may be determined only by an arbitrator selected by the American Arbitration Association. We each hereby relinquish any right we may have to have any other person whomsoever represent either of us at any hearing before such arbitrator. The arbitrator's decision, it is hereby agreed, shall be binding, final and non-appealable. The arbitrator shall not have the right or the power to award as part of his determination of any dispute any fee, cost or expense incurred by either of us relating to the dispute or the hearing before the arbitrator, except the arbitrator's fees and a hearing reporter's fees.

DATED: _____ SIGNED: _____
(man)

(woman)

COHABITATION CONTRACT

This agreement made this _____ day of _____, 19____, by and between _____ and _____ who presently reside in the state of _____.

Whereas we wish to enter into a state of cohabitation similar to matrimony but do not wish to be bound by the

statutory or case-law provisions relating to marriage:

It is hereby agreed that we shall cohabit for an indefinite period of time subject to the following terms:

1. That we agree that we are a partnership for all purposes;

2. That any children born of us shall have the surname _____;

3. That any real or personal property acquired during the relationship shall be deemed to be owned equally;

4. That all income of either of us and all our accumulations during the existence of the cohabitation shall be one fund from which all our debts and expenses arising during the existence of this union shall be paid and each of us shall have an equal interest in the sum thereof, and equal right to the management and control thereof, and an equal entitlement to the excess remaining after satisfaction of all such debts and expenses;

5. That if the man is desirous of an abortion of any embryo caused to be created by us but the woman is desirous of bearing the child, the woman hereby releases the man from any and all legal obligations of any nature whatsoever that he might otherwise have by reason of the birth of such a child; and the man must express his disapproval of the birth in writing, signed and notarized and given to the woman at least five months prior to the birth;

6. That the woman shall have the exclusive right to determine whether or not she may obtain an abortion;

7. That if both of us are desirous of having and do have a child by our union, such child shall be maintained and supported from the aforesaid fund for as long as we shall cohabit and we both shall be equally obligated for the support of said child upon termination of our relationship; and that we shall, upon termination, be equally obligated to expend not less than one fifth of our respective incomes for the maintenance and education of such child until it reaches the age of its majority or is deceased, whichever first occurs;

8. That our cohabitation may be terminated at the sole will and election of either of us expressed by a written notice thereof given one to the other;

9. That this agreement may be modified in any manner by any agreement in writing signed by both parties, except that no modifications may decrease the obligations that we have agreed to undertake with respect to any children born of our union;

10. That both of us shall have joint custody of any children and the woman shall have their care and control unless otherwise agreed;

11. All property listed on the pages attached hereto and that are made part of this agreement by this reference, and are signed by both of us, is the separate property owned by the one under whose name it is listed prior to the making of this agreement. All listed property is and shall continue to be the separate property of the party now owning it;

12. All property received by either of us by gift or inheritance during the duration of our cohabitation shall be the separate property of the one so receiving it;

13. If either party fails or refuses to perform any obligation required by this agreement, that one shall be responsible for and hold the other harmless from any and all legal fees, expenses and costs incurred by the other in obtaining such performance or in securing the rights of the other, including those incurred in seeking damages for the breach of this agreement;

14. That the validity of this agreement shall be determined solely under the laws of the State of California as they may from time to time be changed;

15. Upon termination of this agreement by either party, the real and personal property acquired and owned as aforesaid shall be sold and the proceeds of such sale or sales shall be divided equally between us unless both of us agree otherwise in writing, signed by both of us; and,

16. In the event that any dispute or legal cause of action arises between us relating to either this or any subsequent agreement between us, we hereby agree that the same may be determined only by an arbiter selected by the American Arbitration Association. We each hereby relinquish any right we may have to have any other person whomsoever represent either of us at any hearing before such arbiter. The arbiter's decision, it is hereby agreed, shall be binding, final and non-appealable. Both parties shall equally bear the arbiter's fees.

DATED: _____ SIGNED: _____
(man)

(woman)

The execution of this agreement was witnessed by _____.

The parties acknowledge that they have signed this agreement and said acknowledgment is notarized by _____.

THE MOST ASTOUNDING **Waistline Reducer** OF ALL TIME!

Astro-Trimmer™

IS PRODUCING FANTASTIC 'TRANSFORMATIONS' LIKE THIS
...IN JUST 3 DAYS...WITHOUT DIETING...IN JUST MINUTES A DAY!

**GUARANTEED TO REDUCE YOUR WAISTLINE
2 TO 4 INCHES IN JUST 3 DAYS—OR LESS
OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**

Fred Masters—"No matter what I tried—dieting, exercise—I was never able to get rid of the roll of excess inches around my mid-section. Then Astro-Trimmer came along and reduced my waistline 6 full inches—from 38½ to 32½ inches—in just 3 days without dieting. The inches have never come back! This has to be, without a doubt, the world's greatest inch reducer!"

HERE IS HOW IT WORKS:



Fred wraps the Astro-Belt completely around his waistline, before hooking the Astro-Bands to a convenient doorway. He is then ready to perform one of the pleasant, marvelously effective Astro-Trimmer movements—just about 10 minutes.



Now Fred simply relaxes a few moments with his Astro-Belt in place. His Astro-Trimmer movements have triggered the Astro-Belt's incredible inch-reducing effect which goes on working even as he relaxes.



After his brief period of relaxation, Fred removes his Astro-Belt. His waistline is already tighter and trimmer. Fred lost over 3 inches on his waistline the very first day—and 6 full inches from his waistline in just 3 brief ten minute sessions.

AFTER
Fred Masters
... 6" off
waistline in
just 3 days

Startling discovery—the Astro-Trimmer has got to be the most sensationally effective and the most fun to use slenderizer of all time. It is a marvel of ease, comfort and efficiency—and a pure joy to use. The Astro-Trimmer's totally unique design consists of a double layered belt; a soft nonporous inner thermal liner which wraps completely around your mid-section producing a marvelous feeling of warmth and support—and a sturdy outer belt that attaches you to the super duo-stretch Astro-Bands which you hook to any convenient doorway. These duo-stretch bands enhance your slightest movements and transmit their effect—greatly magnified—directly to the inner thermal liner of the belt to produce an absolutely unequalled inch-reducing effect. In fact, for sheer inch loss, the Astro-Trimmer is supreme. Try it for yourself—at our risk—just slip on the belt, hook it up, stretch and perform one of the easy-to-do movements in the instruction booklet and watch the inches roll off. Men and women from 17 to 70 in all degrees of physical condition are achieving sensational results from this ultimate inch-reducer. Results like these:

G. Fuller—"Using the Astro-Trimmer just a few minutes a day, I lost over 4 inches from my waistline in the first 3 days. It's just incredible."

T. Greer—"My waist actually came down 5 full inches in 5 days—from 38 to 33. My entire physique looks so much better and I feel so much better that I can't praise this sensational trimmer enough."

J. Morgan—"Remarkable results from a remarkable product. With the Astro-Trimmer I actually reduced, firmed and tightened my waistline 5 inches—from 33½ to 28½—in just 3 days—without dieting. Not only has my appearance improved tremendously, but I feel so much better and seem to have so much more energy than before."

How many excess inches can I lose with the Astro-Trimmer? How many excess inches do you have? Many users lose 2 or more inches from their waists and 2 or more inches from their abdomens the very first day. Three, four, even more inches off the waist in three days is not uncommon. Not everyone will do this. The degree of inch loss will vary with individual body response. However, this matchless body shaper melts excess inches off the waist, abdomen, hips, thighs with such amazing speed that if your waistline isn't 2 to 4 inches trimmer after using your Astro-Trimmer for just 3 days—or less—and if you don't lose these inches without dieting and in only 5 to 10 minutes a day, you may simply return your Astro-Trimmer and your money will be refunded.

No risk—no obligation—money back guarantee. So-called "waist trimmers" and reducers are now being nationally advertised for from \$19.95 to \$49.95. Yet the sensational new Astro-Trimmer—which trims and slims excess inches far faster, far more effectively than anything we have ever seen—is being offered for only \$9.95 with a complete money back guarantee. If you are not satisfied that the Astro-Trimmer is the fastest, the most effective waist reducer you have ever used, it will not cost you a penny. So if you want a trimmer, more dynamic body—right now—send for your Astro-Trimmer today.



BEFORE

**ORDER NOW FOR A SLIMMER,
TRIMMER WAISTLINE THIS WEEK!**

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Astro-Trimmer™ P.O. Box 3140, Dept. PB-1, Monterey, Ca. 93940
Please send me Astro-Trimmers along with complete easy-to-use instructions. I understand that if I do not lose from 2 to 4 inches from my waistline in just 3 days I can return my Astro-Trimmer and receive my money back. I enclose \$9.95 for each Astro-Trimmer plus .90 each for postage and handling.
☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ No CODs accepted ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Exp Date
Charge Account No. _____
M/C Interbank No. _____
Man: waist size _____ Woman: waist size _____
Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____
PLEASE CHARGE TO MY:

home life and decide with whom he wishes to live, governmental action or inaction which seeks to place unnecessary burdens upon the exercise of such right would appear to require compelling justification.

Couples recently have been found to have constitutionally protected rights to privacy and freedom of association with which neither the Federal nor the state government may interfere. These rights are embodied, among other places, in the due-process and equal-protection clauses of the U.S. Constitution. And while it is true that the present U.S. Supreme Court is somewhat retarded in its thinking, reliance need not be placed on it. Most states will follow the reasoning and example of California and find "independent" state grounds for giving cohabits protection in order to prevent the Federal Supreme Court from having a say in the matter.

Nobody knows how many people in the U.S. are cohabiters holding themselves out as man and wife. What is known from Census Bureau statistics is that between 1970 and 1976, there was a 100 percent increase in the number of

people who were openly cohabiting and retaining their individual identities. A reasonable extrapolation of the cases and the statistics suggests that the present number of people involved in nonmarried relationships in the U.S. alone is in the millions.

But there are also compelling economic reasons for the states to step in and protect the expectations of couples living together. It used to be that a woman had to and could depend upon a man to support her. Today there are more women than men and there aren't enough wealthy men to support them all. Women have to be able to take care of themselves or go on the public dole. If a lady forgoes her earning capacity to live with and help a man, it's going to take her time to become an adequate income producer again. The case being made more and more often is that there is no reason why the male who's responsible for her being temporarily unable to provide for herself should not bear the burden of her support until she gets back on her feet. Otherwise, she becomes a public charge. Divorce laws provide the dependent spouse with a re-entry vehicle to society—alimony. And the courts are now saying that cohabitation is a kiss-

ing cousin to marriage. That's why they're creating judicial remedies to provide unmarried spouses with the means to sustain themselves until they are economically self-sufficient.

So either you protect yourself or it's a good bet that the courts will start distributing your cash as if you were a philanthropic organization.

How do you protect yourself? Either before you cohabit or early in the union, you must enter into a written contract that covers both of your expectations. (No, you don't have to make her sign a contract before you spend that second joyous night together, but have her sign it if she has lived with you for a month and has moved her belongings in.) Generally, whatever you put in the contract will be enforced by the courts, if necessary.

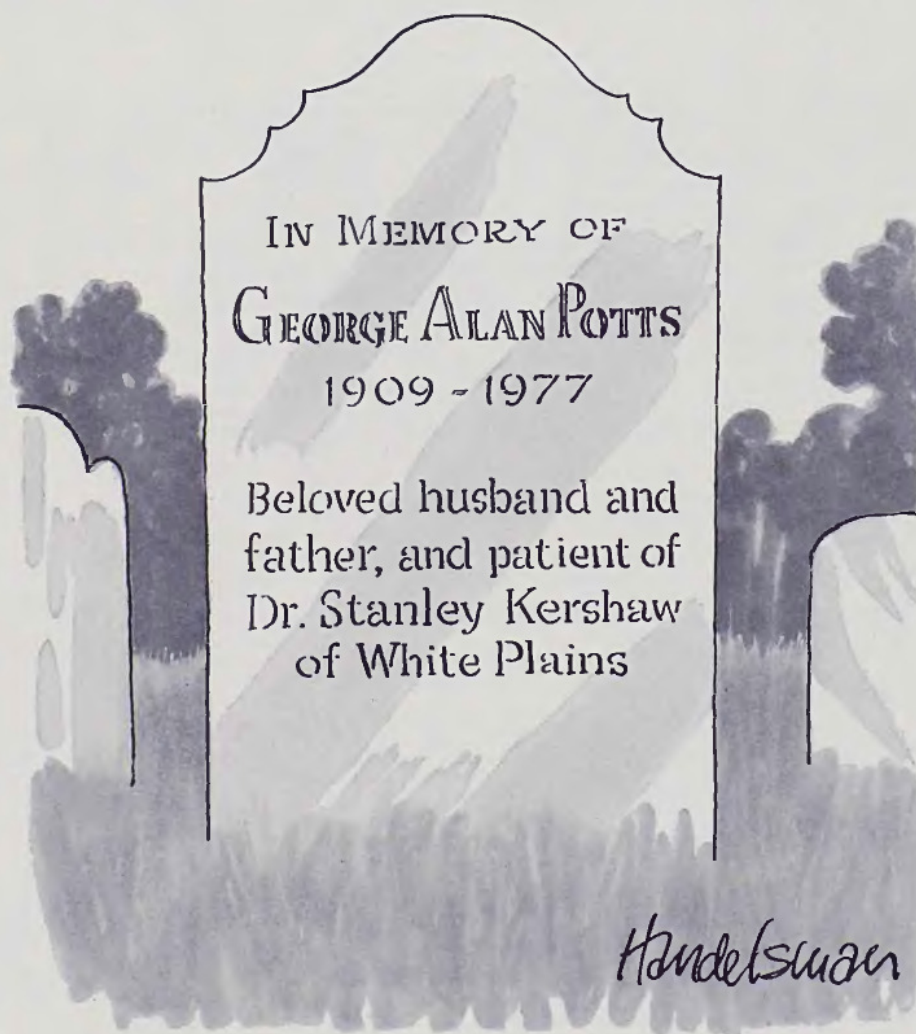
The agreement may be as simple as a release, on her part, of any and all interests in your income and property acquisitions during the union and of any anticipations that she may have of your support when she leaves. Or it may be as complicated as necessary. You don't need an attorney. Just jot down what property rights each of you thinks are involved, date the paper and sign it. "We are a partnership," dated, signed. Easy.

It's also a good idea to make a new memorandum of your mutual understandings every so often. If your contract is old, either of you can claim that it has been changed by oral agreement and you may be shocked to learn what your partner thinks the new understanding is: Making note of the changes is the only way you can be certain you won't be in for some big surprises.

This may all sound tedious, but you should actually be pleased with the *Marvin* decision. Its benefits far outweigh its disadvantages. It's true that you may have to contract for your economic survival, but without those tangible written promises, the lady might go into court and prove that you are married.

Married?

You remember that little business trip the two of you took when you signed in at all the hotels as man and wife? Has she been using your charge cards and signing your name with a Mrs. in front? Did you file a joint tax return in order to be in a lower income bracket? Can you say for sure whether or not your neighbors think you're married? Do you have any children living with you? Do they call you Daddy? If you're married and you keep a lady in a condominium you own or in an apartment you rent, is your professional business card on the door or the mailbox? All that's required in the District of Columbia and 13 states (Alabama, Colorado, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Montana, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina and Texas) is a private oral agreement between the two of you that you



are married—and you are married. This is known as common-law marriage and if you have ever resided with your lady in one of those states, the wedlock will be recognized and enforced there and everywhere else in the world. It's your word against hers. This legal union may be proved in law by the mere fact of cohabitation coupled with reputation as man and wife. New York lets you marry by private written agreement, but even if that's lost, you're still a husband. Even if you already have a wife, the courts of these states may find that you've entered into a second, bigamous, common-law marriage and may divide your property between your two wives while you spend the next ten years in jail. If you have lived with a woman for three years in New Hampshire, you are married. In Virginia, you will have to prove that you aren't married. And in over half of the states, for many purposes, even if you can prove you aren't married, you will still be treated as if you were. That's not common-law marriage: that's judicial shotgun marriage.

Here's a case you're going to love: *Warner vs. Warner*—Supreme Court of Idaho (common-law marriage state)—decided in 1955. The man and a married woman started off as simple cohabiters. When she got that final decree of divorce from her legal husband, she told Warner,

the man she was living with, she wanted to leave him, too. He said, "Pleecease don't go. Live with me as my wife." She did. Nine months later, she split anyway and filed for divorce from him. He went into court and said, "Hey, we were merely cohabiters and because that relationship is illegal, she has no rights." The court said he was trying to deny her property rights. He got it with both barrels.

First the court said that during the initial, illicit period of cohabitation, while she was married to another man, she acquired permanent rights to her lover's property. "A court of equity will protect the property rights of the parties in such cases, either according to their agreement in respect to property or according to principles of equity and justice."

While he was reeling, the court hit him again. It said that he *must* have made some promises to make her stay with him. Therefore, the court would not allow him to deny the validity of the nine-month marriage. It then granted her a divorce *and divided his property a second time*. Beware of those glib promises; she may be carrying a tape recorder.

Have her sign that contract tonight. "OK," you say, "what should it include?" (See the sample documents on page 158.) Start with your names. End by dating and signing it. Everything in between is up

to you. You shouldn't wait too long after she moves in before you do it, though. If she's been living with you for a while before you contract or when you make changes and she does go to court, the judge may decide that you were involved in a "confidential relationship." This means that she reposed trust and confidence in you and you are obligated to deal openly and fairly with her. A grossly unfair contract dated late in your union would be deemed a result of your "undue influence" and would be set aside. A written release when she moves in is fine. But don't be greedy later. If after you cohabit for a while and you contract to pool your mutual earnings and you are to take everything—she gets nothing, not even reasonable value of her services as perhaps your bookkeeper—that's an extreme example of unfair dealings.

The Mutual Release and the Cohabitation Contract are models only. Do not automatically use them in your situations. The language of each is unfortunately legalistic and you may not fully appreciate all the implications of either without first seeking the advice of an attorney. Both are best used as forms to be followed by you as guidelines in the areas that you want to cover for your own purposes. You should write your own release or cohabitation contract in plain, clear and ordinary language, so that the rights and

Ripley's — Believe It or Not!



THE **SHORTEST** HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE FIGHT IN HISTORY HAPPENED ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1908! THE BOUT TOOK PLACE IN DUBLIN, IRELAND WHERE CHAMPION TOMMY BURNS KO'D CHALLENGER JEM ROCHE IN JUST **88 SECONDS!**



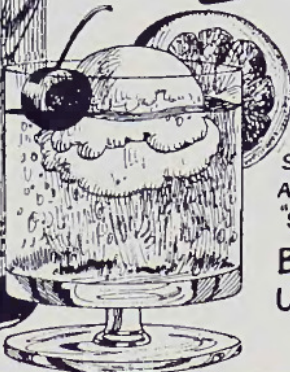
THE **LONGEST** FIGHT ON RECORD WAS BETWEEN JACK BURKE AND ANDY BOWEN IN NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, APRIL 6, 1893. THE BOUT WAS RULED **NO CONTEST** AFTER **110 ROUNDS (7 HOURS, 14 MINUTES)!**



JIM BEAM

and sherbet knock out a

"SUNDAY PUNCH!"



PUT A SCOOP OF YOUR FAVORITE SHERBET IN A GLASS. ADD 1 OZ. JIM BEAM, FILL WITH GINGER ALE, DECORATE WITH A SLICE OF ORANGE AND A CHERRY, AND YOU'VE KNOCKED OUT A "SUNDAY PUNCH!"

Beam. Serving the United Tastes of America.

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 80 PROOF. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KY.



Now-get this fine spray without aerosol propellants.

A fine anti-perspirant spray—get it from Mennen's squeeze bottle, instead. No aerosol propellants—just proven anti-wetness protection in about the most economical form you can buy. And the whole family can use it!

Mennen Anti-Perspirant Spray lasts 3 times longer than aerosols.



obligations undertaken by both signators will be easily understood.

On the other hand, couples with a stable relationship who want to be certain that their bargains will be carried out should have their attorney prepare a contract in the form of a business agreement. Make yourselves a partnership, a joint venture or a corporation. Many married couples do exactly that so that they can obtain all the benefits allowed under the Federal tax laws. The tax consequences of such contracts are complicated (for example, you have to have the intention of doing business for a profit), but, generally speaking, you can split income just as married couples do when they file a joint return. You will be entitled to greater deductions from income. Reduce your total personal income. Lower your tax bracket and still take the singles' deductions. If you decide that you want to have all of these advantages, employ a tax attorney to structure your transactions and prepare your contract. He will know what to do.

You may save thousands of dollars. Of course, on paper, your alliance looks very complicated, but nothing in your life has actually changed. It is far easier for two single people than for marrieds to structure their economic lives in order to legally avoid tax liability. The Internal Revenue Service has an obstacle course of regulations designed to prevent wedded

spouses from taking many deductions that are readily available to singles acting in alliance.

Courts are used to enforcing business contracts. Cohabitation agreements are new. The former will be readily upheld, while the latter might not be automatically acceptable. Pick the pact that best suits you. But do express your bargains in writing. The new rules of the living-together ball game will be applied to you. Turn them to your advantage.

You will want your contracts or releases to specify that they are governed by California law and that all disputes arising out of them must be resolved through binding arbitration in front of an arbiter instead of a judge. Business contracts normally specify what state's law is to be applied, so that they can get the maximum contractual benefits allowed. You know that California has decided that living-together contracts are valid and binding. You get the maximum benefit by making its law applicable. An arbitration hearing can be set, had and all disputes resolved within a matter of months, instead of the two to five years it normally takes in any civil case. As for costs, an arbitration hearing is like buying at Woolworth's instead of Saks. The arbiter should be given a copy of the *Marvin* decision, along with the contract.

PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 140)

"The Broncos' defensive unit rates as one of the classiest anywhere."

starting line-up. All of which means the Raiders will be much the same as last year, in both attitude and personnel. And we will still see Madden pacing the side lines, screaming out his fury, shaking his fist at offending referees and heckling crowds.

Watch San Diego this fall. Despite a rugged schedule, the Chargers are in a good position to duplicate New England's sudden emergence as a national power. From top to bottom, the squad has the best manpower since the Chargers won the A.F.L. Western Division championship in 1965. The main assets are a tough young defensive line and quarterback Dan Fouts, who had his best season in '76 and is still improving. Add new wide receiver Johnny Rodgers (returned from the Canadian league) and runner Joe Washington (out with an injury all last season). Rodgers could become the nation's premier receiver, not only for his ability to catch the ball but also because of his elusive running. Washington will give the ground attack a new dimension. These two burners should provide the Chargers with a home-run threat from anywhere on the field.

Coach Tommy Prothro's main task in summer camp is to build a more aggressive secondary, a task made easier by the arrival of rookie Keith King.

New Denver coach Red Miller's major expertise is coaching offensive lines. That's fortunate, because bumbling blockers kept the Broncos from getting into the play-offs last season. The perennially unstable quarterbacking situation didn't help, either. New quarterback Craig Morton, obtained from the Giants in the off season, will be the Broncos' 26th quarterback in 18 seasons. If he proves effective, and if Miller can fix the young line (a year's experience playing together will help), Denver could win a play-off berth.

The Broncos' defensive unit rates as one of the classiest anywhere. Its backup players are better than the starters on most squads. Rick Upchurch may be the best kick returner of all time.

The major change in the Broncos' squad probably will be the players' attitude; they'll be a hard-nosed bunch this season. Unlike the departed John Ralston (who motivated players with a toothy super-salesmanship), Miller is a tough disciplinarian.

The Kansas City Chiefs have had two

straight 5-9 years, but that's the only similarity between the teams of '75 and '76. The '75 team was top-heavy with aging veterans, while last year's squad had 12 rookies, most of whom played a prominent role. The mistakes of youth cost the Chiefs a few games last season, but added maturity and a more stable squad should make this a better team. The improvement could be dramatic if the defense (second worst in the league last fall—only Seattle's was worse) can be shored up in summer camp. Two draftees, cornerback Gary Green and line-backer Thomas Howard, could be immediate starters.

The Chiefs' only real offensive need is a top-grade running back, and rookie Tony Reed may fill that order.

Quarterback Mike Livingston, going into his tenth year, seems to have at last realized his full potential. The offensive line, though very young, is a good one and will soon be even better.

Despite winning only two games in its first season, the Seattle team was gutsy and entertaining, barely losing to some of the league's stronger teams. The boisterous enthusiasm of the Seahawks' fans, therefore, is unabated. Their optimism is well founded. The basic philosophy of the Seattle franchise is to emulate the tactics of Dallas and Minnesota when they were expansion teams—build gradually over a period of years through the draft, instead of wheeling and dealing in an effort to field an instant winner with aging veterans. Which explains why Seattle traded away the right to draft Tony Dorsett to Dallas; the resulting draft choices enabled the Seahawks to net as many as eight rookies who could be starters their first year.

Although the Seahawks have an impressive passing game (Jim Zorn completed more passes for more yards than any first-year quarterback in N.F.L. history) and Steve Niehaus is a terror at defensive tackle, most of the other positions on the squad need additional help. The running attack, last year's major weakness, will profit from new offensive linemen Steve August, Tom Lynch and John Yarno. Two other rookies, linebacker Terry Beeson and receiver Larry Seivers, will likely be pressed into starting roles before season's end.

But a few new players, however talented, won't produce a winner, so the Seattle fans still have a long wait. When it does happen, the whole city will look like Times Square on New Year's Eve.

The Dallas Cowboys have been looking for a breakaway runner since Duane Thomas departed in 1971, and sizzler Tony Dorsett, obtained in the craftiest draft maneuver in memory, may be the next O. J. Simpson of pro football.

With Dorsett in camp, the Cowboys have no urgent talent needs, so they will

What every stubble bum should know.

The closer you cut your stubble, the longer it takes to grow back. The longer it takes to grow back, the less likely you will look like a stubble bum before you have to shave again.

Which brings us to Mennen Skin Bracer® Pre-Electric Shave Lotion. It tightens your face, conditions your stubble so you can shave extra close. It even helps lubricate your razor head, and it's got that clean Skin Bracer fragrance. Congratulations. You are soon to join the ranks of the ex-stubble bum.



be—as usual—much the same as last year. Middle linebacker Lee Roy Jordan has retired, but Bob Breunig and Randy White will take up the slack in raw ability, if not in smarts and leadership.

EASTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Dallas Cowboys	10-4
Washington Redskins	9-5
St. Louis Cardinals	9-5
New York Giants	4-10
Philadelphia Eagles	3-11

Cornerback Mel Renfro, with 35 years and gimpy knees, may have trouble surviving the season, but Aaron Kyle, with added experience and sharpened skills, should be an adequate replacement. There is also a chance that second-year wide receiver Butch Johnson could displace Golden Richards.

Perhaps coach Tom Landry himself represents the major change in the Dallas club. Now 52, he's a bit more tolerant of individualists than he once was. You even see a few beards and pageboy haircuts on the squad these days and Landry has ceased cloistering his players in a hotel the night before home games, allowing them to show up for work like other responsible adults.

There could be another change: The Cowboys traditionally get off to a slow

start, then finish the season in peak form. Last year, they did it the opposite way and it didn't work. So look for another slow start and a return to the Super Bowl.

The Washington Redskins, as always, will field a team that is virtually identical with last year's group. The only possibilities for change are at quarterback, where Joe Theismann could displace aging (37) Bill Kilmer, and in the defensive line, where Dave Butz could beat out Bill Brundige. The latter move would help cure last season's only noticeable weakness, a not-very-ferocious pass rush.

The St. Louis franchise, for many years an inferno of dissension and unrest, has become as stable as that of Washington or Dallas since coach Don Coryell arrived four years ago. Coryell, for reasons his best friends can't identify, has the knack of inspiring fierce loyalty from his assistants and players. "He's a quiet, soft-spoken, gentle sort of man," one of his players told us, "but when he speaks, you damn sure better listen."

Coryell needs to find some additional help at linebacker, and rookies Kurt Allerman and Andy Spiva should provide it. The only other imminent change is in the backfield, where second-year runner Wayne Morris should become a starter. Quarterback Jim Hart and runner Terry Metcalf will again make the Cardinal offense one of the most exciting in the country, while rookie passer Steve

Pisarkiewicz is groomed for future use.

The New York Giants will be a more stable squad this season and the schedule will be easier. Last year's fiasco resulted from a too-big psychological build-up for the first game with the Redskins. The Giants had the game won in the last quarter, then lost it in the last two minutes. They never recovered emotionally and it took a midseason coaching change to shake them out of their blue funk.

New coach John McVay's job involves more than psyching up his players, though. He must beef up the offensive line and find some bigger and better wide receivers. Gigantic rookie Mike Vaughan will help with the first priority and new receiver Johnny Perkins will help with the second. Another rookie, defensive lineman Gary Jeter, will likely be an immediate starter.

Philadelphia doesn't have enough good players and the prospects of acquiring more are bleak. The Eagles haven't had an early pick in the past three drafts and didn't get one this year until the fifth round. Last year's top draft choice didn't even make it through summer training camp and the Eagles don't have a first-round pick until 1979. There isn't much trade bait on the squad, so any improvement will likely come from luck, smart coaching or the sudden development of younger players such as defensive lineman Carl Hairston. The entire coaching staff is feverishly looking for some nuggets among free agents and late draft choices.

With such bleak prospects, the squad morale is remarkably good and the Philadelphia fans deserve an award for their dogged loyalty. Over 60,000 season tickets were sold by April first. Fan loyalty and the passing of new quarterback Ron Jaworski (obtained in an off-season trade with Los Angeles for tight end Charles Young) may be the Eagles' principal assets.

CENTRAL DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Chicago Bears	10-4
Minnesota Vikings	9-5
Detroit Lions	8-6
Green Bay Packers	3-11
Tampa Bay Buccaneers	2-12

When Chicago general manager Jim Finks arrived from Minnesota in September 1974, he surveyed the wreckage of the Bears franchise and made a mental estimate; he figured it would take four years to refloat the derelict. He's a year ahead of schedule. The Bears came to life last fall, finishing with a 7-7 record, better than their headiest pre-season dreams. Now, a year later, the prospect of winning only seven games is distasteful to the title-hungry Bears.

Their confidence has a solid basis. Chicago was the youngest team in the N.F.C. last season and thus should be much improved with a year's added ma-

turity. Walter Payton is the first superstar runner the Bears have had since Gale Sayers' prime years. Payton, who runs more like a ballet dancer than a gazelle, is only 23 and appears headed for a brilliant future. New quarterback Mike Phipps, obtained in an off-season trade from Cleveland, has the arm and savvy to displace incumbent Bob Avellini.

All this has led to a binge of heady optimism among Bear fans, and owner George Halas' wallet is being further squeezed for funds to gussy up the franchise in preparation for the glory days ahead. Twenty-eight (count 'em) side-line dancing girls with their own coach have been hired to lead the victory celebrations.

Unless either of the two most promising rookies, offensive lineman Ted Albrecht and thunderous fullback Robin Earl, develops soon enough to win a starting role, the Bears will be little changed from last season. They have a good chance to become division champions for the first time since anyone can remember.

Despite appearances, the Minnesota line-up does change from year to year, but it happens so gradually that few fans notice. This year will see the gradual displacement of veteran linemen Jim Marshall and Carl Eller by James White and Mark Mullaney. Linebacker Wally Hilgenberg and safety Paul Krause—both 13-year veterans—are also nearing the end of their careers. The Vikings are also beginning to look for a replacement for quarterback Fran Tarkenton, who has showbiz ambitions and will likely go the Don Meredith route in a couple of years. Draftee Tommy Kramer will be groomed as Tarkenton's eventual replacement.

The Vikings' competition within the N.F.C. Central Division will be stronger this fall than in any year since Green Bay was a power, and they probably will be displaced from the division championship for the first time since 1972.

The Detroit Lions were a much better team last year than their record (6-8) indicated. They were superb one week, crummy the next. New coach Tommy Hudspeth—a tough but extremely likable sort—will bring more consistency to the club. Quarterback Greg Landry seems to have recovered his old form of five years ago, when many people considered him the best in the land. If Hudspeth can teach the offensive line to give Landry adequate protection (last year it was dreadful), the Lions will be a greatly improved offensive club. This, combined with an already excellent defense, could make Detroit one of the most improved teams of this year.

The prospects are bleak in Green Bay. The Packers are still woefully short of manpower, despite a good draft that brought much-needed help. As many as five rookies—defensive linemen Mike Butler and Ezra Johnson, offensive linemen Greg Koch and Rick Scribner and

runner Nathan Simpson—could become starters before season's end.

Other than the draft, the only good news in Green Bay is the return to health of quarterback Lynn Dickey. He and Randy Johnson give the Packers a stable quarterback situation for the first time since Bart Starr and Zeke Bratkowski shared the passing chores in the late Sixties.

The Packers are at least three years away from having a chance at the division championship, and then only if their luck and skill in the drafts continue. They've had two good drafts in a row now, after several disastrous ones in the early Seventies.

The Tampa Bay Buccaneers had a 0-14 record last year, but they weren't that good. The team, not exactly an awesome one when healthy, was wiped out by injuries; 17 players were on the injured-reserve list at the end of the season. Another liability is that John McKay is the coach other N.F.L. coaches most enjoy beating.

Tampa got a hefty infusion of new manpower from the draft. Most helpful of the newcomers will be runner Ricky Bell. His presence, together with the arrival of Anthony Davis from Canada and quarterback Gary Huff from Chicago, will give the offense added potency.

The team will still be short of manpower—it'll be lucky if as many as ten of last year's casualties are fully recovered. Several rookies could be immediate starters. It's hoped that linebacker David Lewis and lineman Charles Hannah will give the defense a needed lift.

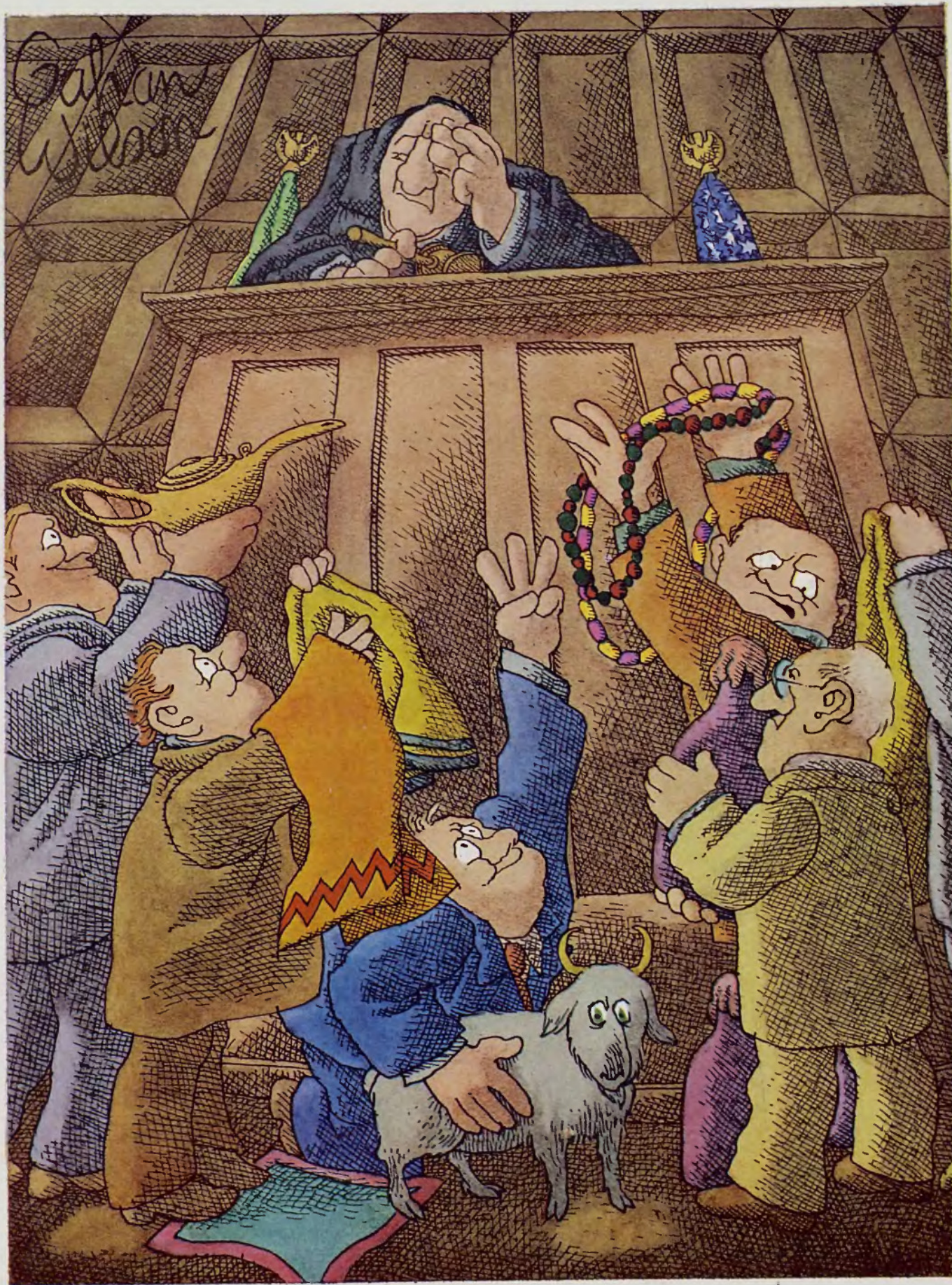
WESTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Los Angeles Rams	11-3
San Francisco 49ers	6-8
New Orleans Saints	5-9
Atlanta Falcons	3-11

Los Angeles seems destined to win its fifth consecutive division title, not only because the Rams are a good team but because the other N.F.C. West clubs are so weak. The Rams' summer camp will be interesting because of the tussle among Pat Haden, James Harris and Joe Namath for the starting-quarterback job. The draft produced some promising rookies to be groomed for future use; notably, linebacker Bob Brudzinski, safety Nolan Cromwell and runners Billy Waddy (who could be used as a kick returner) and Wendell Tyler.

None of them, however, are likely to displace any of the incumbents this year. The only change in the Rams' starting line-up will be new tight end Charles Young, late of Philadelphia, who will replace retired Bob Klein. The cooks at the Rams' summer training camp were told to up the grocery inventory by 30



"This plea bargaining has really gotten out of hand!"

percent in anticipation of Young's arrival.

Edward J. DeBartolo, Sr., of Youngstown, Ohio, is a very rich man (construction, race tracks and motels). Last April, he bought his son, Edward, Jr., a new toy—the San Francisco 49ers. It was an exercise of such conspicuous consumption that the DeBartolos won't have to worry about the next-door neighbors' one-upping them.

The 49ers are worried, though. Junior brought along as general manager of the franchise roving iconoclast Joe Thomas, former czar in Baltimore, Miami and other points East. The 49ers appeared on their way up in the scheme of things, having won eight games last fall after three straight losing seasons, but Thomas isn't about to settle for a success he didn't engineer himself. As he did in Baltimore, Thomas wants to rip the franchise apart and rebuild it in his own image. DeBartolo therefore offered incumbent coach Monte Clark a hefty raise in return for Clark's abdication of all prerogatives (drafting, trading, player-contract negotiations) except pacing the side lines. Clark, not wanting to abandon his players and coaches to the wolves while carrying a fat wallet, told DeBartolo to ram it and walked out.

Ken Meyer, a genial fellow with a glittering reputation as a quarterback coach, was brought in as the 49ers' new

mentor. His first job will be to try to fix whatever caused passer Jim Plunkett's disappointing first year in his home town.

The good news in New Orleans (and the Saints need some good news—they have never won more than five games in any season in their ten-year history) is that quarterback Archie Manning is now apparently fully recovered from shoulder surgery. Another hopeful prospect is the improvement of a dreadful offensive line, thanks to the draft, which brought Dave Lafary and Dave Hubbard. If these youngsters can learn their jobs quickly, the running duo of Tony Gallbreath and Chuck Muncie (known lovingly to Saints fans as Thunder and Lightning) could be devastating.

The Saints' major problem is lack of over-all ability; there are about a dozen top-grade players on the squad, including new defensive linemen Joe Campbell and Mike Fultz, and the rest are fill-ins. Coach Hank Stram is a skilled finder of hidden talents, though, and if the next couple of drafts are productive, the Saints could have a winning season by 1980. In the meantime, Stram is settling in for a lengthy construction schedule. Stram the Peacock has taken on protective coloration, acquiring all the attributes of a born-and-bred southern gentleman, including a brand-new genuine imitation

antebellum mansion, complete with white columns and Spanish moss.

Probably no other team in N.F.L. history has had such a sweeping change of leadership as the Atlanta Falcons have experienced this year. The new general manager is Eddie LeBaron, a dynamo of energy whom older fans remember as the diminutive underdog who made it big as an undersized pro quarterback in the early Fifties. Leeman Bennett, a steady, brainy, easygoing type, heads a new coaching staff. Most significant change of all, perhaps, is the retirement of linebacker Tommy Nobis, who for years was the Falcons' emotional leader on the field and in the locker room.

Ralph Ortega is Nobis' heir apparent at middle linebacker, but a new team leader must emerge if the Falcons are to improve their dismal performances of recent seasons.

The Falcons have two major weaknesses—both lines. Fortunately, Atlanta had good early draft choices last May and used them to get offensive linemen Warren Bryant and R. C. Thieleman and defensive linemen Wilson Faumuina and Edgar Fields. If these rookies catch on quickly, and if center Jeff Van Note and guard Walt Brett are fully recovered from injuries, the Falcons will be more competitive in the trenches.

And, finally, a word of comfort to those poor working stiffs who choke with envy every time they read about a callow youth, barely out of college, signing a contract for millions of dollars.

Please remember that pro football is the most evolved form of show business and all those exorbitant figures are merely for public consumption. The internal details of bloated player contracts are a closely guarded secret, but we've seen a few of these Rube Goldberg documents and you shouldn't believe the cover prices any more than the stickers on new cars.

The player often gets the full announced price only (1) if he stays healthy enough for the full term of the contract to avoid being cut, (2) if he is a designated starter each year for the full term of the contract, (3) if he makes all-pro each year, (4) if his team goes to (and wins) the Super Bowl each year, (5) if the player fulfills all promotional obligations called for and (6) an assortment of other, smaller, ifs.

Divide the face value of the contract by four and you'll get an approximate idea of what the player usually gets in his pay check. Minus, of course, his agent's cut. The agent gets his wad (usually 15 percent or more) up front, no ifs involved. Often neither player nor management ever sees him again.

Some of the sharpies who once sold gold bricks to country bumpkins are now stalking college athletes.



"Much better; now it looks like a calendar!"

"The Great Wave. Our water-laden boat, turned askew, climbs heavily up its face. Never makes it."

The two footbridges across the river at this point are the only bridges on the Colorado from near Lee's Ferry to Hoover Dam, more than 300 miles.

Here we pause for an hour. Some of the passengers are leaving us, having contracted for only the first part of the voyage. Their places are taken by others who have hiked the trail down from South Rim. All is soon ready. One by one the boats move out, down the river, deeper into the Inner Gorge.

This time, my wife and I sit in the bow of the leading dory. Our boatman is young Rich Turner—musician, ornithologist, schoolteacher, rock climber, high diver, veteran oarsman. Two other passengers are on board: Jane, the cook, and a newcomer, 15-year-old Jennie Dear from Henderson, Kentucky. An active, athletic girl, Jennie has never been on a river trip of any kind before. As we drift down the river, Rich plying the oars at a leisurely pace, she asks if we don't get bored sometimes with this effortless sort of travel. We tell her about the birds and the

interesting geological formations.

Rich suggests that we buckle life jackets. Horn Creek Rapid (seven to nine) coming up, he reminds us. He says something about The Great Wave. For Jennie's benefit, he reviews routine upset procedures: Take deep breath when entering rapids; hang on; if boat turns over, get out from under and grab lifeline strung along gunwales; stay on upstream side of boat to avoid being trapped between boat and a hard place; climb onto bottom of boat as soon as possible; grasp flip line and assist boatman in righting boat; bail out liquid contents; relax and enjoy the view.

"What was that about a great wave?" Renée asks.

"I didn't say *a* great wave," says Rich. "I said *The Great Wave*."

Not far ahead, the river plays its conjuring trick, pouring off the edge of the known world, disappearing into some kind of grumbling abyss. Above the watery rim I can see hints of a rainbow in the mist, backlit by the westering sun.

What I've forgotten is that Horn, unlike longer rapids above and below, makes its descent abruptly, in one dive, through a narrow channel where the river is squeezed into sudden acceleration. Rich stands up for a last look but sits quickly. The boat slides down the glassy tongue of the current. Into a yawning mouth. I take a deep breath—involuntarily. "Hang on!" Rich shouts.

The dory plunges down into the watery hole, then up the slope of the standing wave. The wave topples upon us, filling the boat in an instant. The force of the river carries us through and toward a second, deeper hole. "One more!" cries Rich. One more, indeed. We drop. The second wave towers above us. Far above. The Great Wave. Our water-laden boat, turned askew, climbs heavily up its face. Never makes it. The wave hits us from the left and the dory turns over with the grave, solemn, unresisting certainty of disaster. No one says a word as we go under.

Below the surface, all is silent and dark. Part of the current, I feel no sense of motion. But before there is time to think about this, the life jacket brings me to the top. The dory, upside down, is only a stroke away. I grab the lifeline. Renée is hanging on beside me. Rich and Jennie cling to the stern. Jane to the

(continued on page 172)

The ultimate martini begins with a twist.



HEALTH



GINSENG POWER

If there has been a quest more prolonged than man's search for the Fountain of Youth, it is his quest for a proved sexual stimulant.

Many things has he drunk, chewed, sniffed and injected along the way, ranging in effectiveness from useless to fatal. Rumors have arisen about discoveries of the ultimate substance, only to be disproved by the failure of the substance to make the slightest bit of difference either in prolonging life or in increasing sexual drive.

But among the rumors and fads and gadgets that have passed through the screening process of history, one modest plant has maintained its mystery, its credentials, its rep.

Ginseng. Strange and wonderful herb of the Orient.

The legendary voodoo queen of New Orleans, Marie Laveau, is said to have chewed the gnarled brown root to heighten her sexual and occult powers. Generations of Chinese swore by it as a prolonger of life and a preventer of illness. An ancient Hindu treatise claims that it helps bring forth "the seed that is poured into the female . . . the strength of the bull it bestows on him" who ingests it.

Now, after centuries of hearsay, modern science may have proved, once again, that you can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool ancient Chinese wise men.

THINK TANK

an insider's look at everything you need to know to keep up with, and flourish in, the latter part of the 20th century

According to a report recently issued by the Pharmacological Committee of the U.S.S.R. Ministry of Health, ginseng may conceivably be classified as both a sexual stimulant and a life prolonger.

Soviet scientists say Siberian ginseng meets all the requirements for what they call an adaptogen—a nontoxic substance that will increase the all-round resistance of an organism to disease and stress. But perhaps of greater interest to millions of fun-loving Americans is the fact that ginseng also stimulates hormonal production.

In tests on animals fed ginseng, compared with control groups that received none, the results clearly indicated that something was happening: Bees gave more honey; cows gave more milk; chickens laid more eggs; mice were able to withstand higher and lower surrounding temperatures; and rats lived 20 percent longer. In elaborate tests of fatigue levels in mice, those given ginseng performed an average of 70 percent longer before collapse than those not given ginseng.

The Soviet researchers then decided to test ginseng on humans and selected a group of telegraph operators, whose jobs require a considerable capacity for concentration, coordination and physical endurance. Those taking ginseng showed a measurably improved performance, displaying finer coordination, better physical and mental reflexes and increased stamina.

The next guinea pigs were Soviet

athletes, who reported increased vitality and endurance, as well as improved reflexes. Ginseng is now part of the Soviet cosmonauts' diet.

The theory about how ginseng works as a hormone stimulant leads back to 1924, when Russian scientist Alexander Gurwitsch discovered a peculiar type of ultraviolet radiation that caused cell division in plants and animals. Those rays were called mitogenetic radiation, or M rays.

Some years later, a Russian-born biologist living in Paris discovered that ginseng emits a kind of M ray that has a marked effect on the endocrine glands, stimulating them and, through them, the entire glandular system. Since ginseng, before its transplantation to other parts of the world, originally grew in radioactive soil in remote mountain forests throughout Asia, it was postulated that the herb absorbs radioactivity from the soil.

As for its properties as a longevity elixir, the answer is not quite so simple and requires a little knowledge about the cause of aging.

Science has discovered that each cell contains a genetic code used to reproduce identical new cells and maintain youth. Research suggests that aging is partly due to changes in the cells' reproductive capabilities, caused by oxidation in the blood that forms what are called free radicals.

A free radical is a fragment of a molecule that has been torn from its source and joins other molecules that it can damage, or among which it can

TECHNOLOGY



even cause a chain reaction of molecular disintegration, reducing antibodies, killing cells and creating hormonal imbalance.

In various experiments, Russian scientists have successfully used ginseng as an antioxidant to reduce free radicals and prolong life in animals.

Since 1961, it has been illegal to import ginseng into the U.S. in any form other than a tea. However, the rule never has been vigorously enforced and ginseng has always been available in health-food stores in tablets, encapsulated powder, liquid extract and as the root itself. But within the past two years, the health-food industry has been the object of increased policing by the FDA. Among substances on which it is expected to crack down is ginseng, most of which comes from South Korea and the Soviet Union.

If so, the fabled root that has become popular with many Americans will be in short supply, shooting up its price and possibly creating a black market. Since ginseng already costs between five dollars and \$13 in various quantities and forms, it may soon join coffee in the category of unaffordable pleasures. —WALTER L. LOWE, JR.

ASSEMBLY-LINE LASER

Wyn Kelly Swainson set out to design a device that would make perfect copies of sculptures and other *objets d'art*. He succeeded so well that

his computer-controlled, laser-operated copier will duplicate or manufacture in plastic any object he wants. In doing so, he may have revolutionized industrial production all over the world. He may even have opened the gateway to the teleportation of objects. That is because Swainson's invention, for which patents were issued by the Government in May, allows for the duplication of three-dimensional shapes without the need for human hands to carve, build or turn on a lathe any piece of material. Two laser beams are made to intersect at points within a plastic substance. When they meet, they cause the plastic to harden. If the computer tells the lasers to intersect at every point that describes, say, Michelangelo's *David*, the hardened plastic will be a perfect copy, enlarged or reduced, if you wish. All you have to do is wash away the softer surrounding plastic to get your copy of *David*. Or, better yet, cut the soft part open and use it as a mold to make as many *Davids* as you want.

It's easy to see how copies or molds of complex gears or other machine parts could be produced as well, and that is what Swainson sees as the primary role for his invention. As for teleportation, try to think of the laser copier as the three-dimensional analog of television (which transmits information having two dimensions—height and width). Once you have a device that can accurately replicate a three-dimensional object (height, width and

depth) anywhere in the world, it becomes simply a matter of combining elements more complex than plastic. The next step could be to aim the lasers into metal-salt solutions that are made to "crystallize" into actual metal products. Theoretically, anything is possible, as long as you can describe it accurately in terms of shape and composition.

But even without going that far, Swainson's invention represents an enormous improvement over present methods of producing parts for industry. Skilled operators now must use complex and costly lathes and machine tools to turn out complex dies and molds. The laser copier would give total control over the design and finished shape of a product to the designer rather than to the machine that translates the design into finished materials. And you don't need a skilled labor force or sprawling factories to turn out tractor parts or airplane engines. The social and political implications are obvious, especially for the less developed nations of the Third World, which are usually rich in raw materials but poor in high-investment industry (such as machine shops and a skilled labor force). Swainson, a Berkeley-based English-lit graduate, is well aware of these social ramifications. "Trying to invent novel social uses is as difficult as inventing the technology," he says. "Can I stop the Army from using it to make fragmentation grenades? I don't know."

Among Swainson's advisors are E. F.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARDESHTIR MOHASSESS

SPORTS



Schumacher, author of *Small Is Beautiful*, and Sally Goodman, the widow of social critic Paul Goodman. The inventor is also discussing his plans for the copier with Battelle-Columbus Laboratories of Ohio. Battelle is a large nonprofit research lab that does advanced work in, among other things, laser optics and computer/machine interfaces. The people there are enthusiastic about Swainson's work and hope to find funding to allow development to start as soon as possible. Other large firms are rumored to be interested as well.

The basic outline for Swainson's laser copier was made in 1963 by Arthur C. Clarke, whose astoundingly prescient essay *Profiles of the Future* describes a "general purpose production line, capable of producing anything merely from a change in instructions." He foresaw the day when a machine would spin out solid objects by organizing simple elements the way a loom spins beautiful and complex designs in fabrics from simple threads. Perhaps the day is fast approaching when a likeness of a Playmate will flash instantly around the globe in all her three-dimensional glory.

VITAMIN BEE

Pollen, which is the male sperm cells of flowering plants, is collected by female bees and fed to male bees that

need to get it up for the queen of the hive. These days, it is also being eaten by athletes who want to get it up for the 60-yard dash or the 10,000-meter run and who see pollen as a source of quick energy and increased endurance. Naturally, once the news of Olympic Gold Medal winners' and professional basketball players' using bee pollen began to get around, health-food stores' sales soared. True believers claim that the substance cures colds and makes their sex life better, and so, not surprisingly, a tempest in a beehive is raging as scientists and athletes debate the merits of pollen.

One thing on which they do agree is that it is not harmful in any known way. While bee pollen has been eaten for centuries and is generally conceded to be an excellent source of protein, little notice of its other supposed virtues was taken until after the 1972 Olympic games. The Finnish team, including its star runner, Lasse Viren (who won two Golds in 1976), swore that pollen gave it the racer's edge. U.S. track teams began picking up on the fad and, in 1975, swimmers at Louisiana State University were used in a rigorous study of the effects of pollen. When they were measured against two control groups, no improvements in metabolism, training or performance times were found. Still, no one denies the important psychological effects that can derive from an athlete's believing he is

stronger or faster than his opponents, and no amount of scientific naysaying will keep sales of bee pollen from zooming once the public is convinced of its benefits.

Pollen is not inexpensive. Tablets containing 200 to 500 milligrams sell for about five dollars per 100, with five to ten tablets a day being taken by some athletes. Pollen also comes in the form of pellets, made of half a million or so grains of pure pollen, but consumers seem to shy away from their unpleasant, slightly rank taste.

Some claim it does more than improve health and endurance. Dr. Charles Turner, athletic trainer at Long Island University, says that since 1975 he has treated 189 swollen knees and ankles by applying hot towels soaked in pollen to the areas. In only two cases, he says, did the swelling fail to go down, and positive results usually appeared within 20 minutes.

Given this kind of success (or hype, depending on your point of view), it's no wonder that BEE POWER T-shirts are appearing on sprinters and health-food freaks are willing to pay the equivalent of \$45 a pound for little grains gathered from the hind legs of female bees. For them, it's the bees' knees.

BIG HIT—NO RUNS

Having conquered malaria and smallpox, scientists may now be on their way toward curing another dreaded

MEDICINE



tourist ailment. It's known as Montezuma's revenge, the Aztec two-step or just plain *turista*. By any name, the diarrhea that strikes travelers in foreign countries is often more than an inconvenience—the accompanying nausea and cramps can ruin a vacation or a business trip. But help may be on the way in the form of a thick pink liquid that's been around since 1904—Pepto-Bismol.

After a series of lab and field tests, scientists at the University of Texas have concluded that the over-the-counter medicine "emerges as a quite reasonable treatment" for *turista* when given to stricken travelers, and they intend to find out if it can prevent the illness altogether if taken regularly as soon as a trip begins. The "field" of the field tests was Mexico, a common battleground for bouts with the malady; and when victims—29 U.S. students—were given an ounce of the pink potion every 30 minutes for four hours, "a significant reduction" in the illness occurred within 24 hours.

Drs. Herbert DuPont and Charles Ericsson of the university's medical school in Houston singled out Pepto-Bismol by name as an effective treatment for *turista* because its active ingredient, bismuth subsalicylate, alone does not have the same beneficial effects.

Norwich Pharmacal Corporation, Pepto-Bismol's maker, wouldn't reveal any specific plans to advertise it as a cure for *turista*, noting merely that its product "has been marketed as an

"Many nations would be victims of their shortsighted, head-in-the-sand perspectives as food and energy resources dwindled."

CIA WEATHERMEN

Although the harsh winter of 1976-1977 caught a lot of people unprepared, our Central Intelligence Agency was not among them. The only problem was that nobody was listening in May of 1976, when it declassified a 36-page report titled "A Study of Climatological Research as It Pertains to Intelligence Problems." Not only did the report warn that climatic changes were taking place and that severe economic problems could result from a cold winter but it also pointed out that many nations, including the U.S., would be victims of their shortsighted, head-in-the-sand perspectives as food and energy resources dwindled. "With global climatic-induced agricultural failures in the early Seventies, the stability of many governments has been seriously threatened," the CIA said. Not only do Americans fail to perceive the danger, the study continued, but no method exists to bring such matters to the attention of policy makers in Washington.


That the CIA should be preparing weather reports might come as a surprise to a lot of people, but it is just one example of its far-flung interests. Other CIA reports that

BEHAVIOR



have been declassified and are available to the public include such nifty titles as "Appearances of Soviet Leaders," "National Basic Intelligence Factbook," "China City Briefs" and a wall chart: "Socialist Republic of Vietnam Party and Government Structure." Although these reports are prepared for Government officials, they can be obtained from the Library of Congress. The good folks at the CIA will send you a list if you write to them. Go ahead—we dare you.

THE HOLE TRUTH

When Joe Mellen and Amanda Fielding, proprietors of a London art gallery called the Pigeonhole, decided to open their minds to some new experiences, they went about it literally. They had holes drilled in their heads. The operation, known as trepanning, is done to relieve pressure on the skull and to let more oxygen reach the brain. The results, according to what they told a *Women's Wear Daily* reporter, were significant. "A permanent high," said Amanda, as guests mingled at the Pigeonhole's opening-night party. "It gives me a permanent level of childhood in terms of consciousness," added Joe. As a way of sharing their boring experience, Joe and Amanda were exhibiting silk-screen prints taken from a film of their operations, along with some unrelated works by Andy Warhol. Bet Andy wishes he'd thought of that. 

"Good God, I'm drowning, I think, choking on a windpipe full of muddy water. Where's Renée?"

downstream side. The wrong side.

The river carries us swiftly toward the canyon wall below the rapid, on the left. Jane seems still a bit dazed. Rich heaves himself onto the flat bottom of the boat and pulls her up. The boat crunches into the cliff. Sound of splintering plywood. The weight of the current forces the upstream side of the boat down, pushing me and Renée underwater again. Down in the darkness, I let go of the boat's life-line and kick away.

After what seems an unnecessarily long time, I rise to the surface. A wave splashes in my face as I gasp for air. Good God, I'm drowning. I think, choking on a windpipe full of muddy water. Instinctively, I swim toward shore and find myself caught in a big eddy, pulled in a circle by the swirling current. Where's Renée? I see the boat go sailing past, upside down, three people crawling on it, none of them my wife. The eddy carries me to the wall and I make a strenuous effort to find a handhold on the glossy stone. Impossible. The eddy pulls me toward a pile of broken rock fallen from the wall. I succeed in getting onto the rocks, free of the river at last. Renée? I hear her calling me. There she is, below me on an adjoining shelf of rock. Reunited, we watch Rich, Jane, Jennie and the capsized dory float away. Without us. We are relaxing into a foolish despair, feeling abandoned, when good John Blau-stein comes charging through The Great Wave, spots us and rows close enough for rescue. With six soaked passengers aboard, he rows hard after Rich. Rich is having trouble getting his boat righted. John and I assist, pulling on the flip lines, and the boat comes right side up.

That evening in camp, as Rich patches up his injured dory with glue and yards of duct tape, it dawns on me why the boatmen sometimes refer to the major rapids as Christian Falls. Why? Because they make a believer out of you.

Today we run a series of rapids, beginning with Granite Falls (seven to eight). Looks bad but proves an easy run down the middle. Then Hermit (six to seven) and Boucher (four to five). From Boucher, I look up and see Point Sublime, far away and 6000 feet above on the forested North Rim. A place of many memories for me, linked with those summers when I worked as fire lookout up there, in another life, another world. We come to Crystal Rapid (eight to ten) and go ashore above it.

right, rocks on the left and a huge churning eater in the middle; below the big hole lies the Rock Garden, extending across the river except for a narrow channel on the far right.

The boatmen start back to their boats. The shutterbugs get out their cameras, sitting on boulders in the sun, half-surrounded by the clamor of the thundering, tormented waters. Out there in the middle of the maelstrom, the eater waits, heaving and gulping, its mouth like a giant clam's, its rage like the 1976 Republican Convention—a horrifying uproar, all things considered. Imagine floating through that nonsense in only a life jacket. You'd feel like a butterfly being flushed down a toilet bowl.

One by one, the dories come through. But Mike Markovich, rowing a heavier boat, gets a stroke behind, is pulled toward the mouth of the eater and caught by the wave that forms the eater's lip. The boat is spun 180 degrees and turned on edge. Mike falls out, vanishing into the waves. The boat dances on the water's crest like a surfboard, is swallowed by the mouth, then spat out, shot downstream. Mike appears, swimming around the rocks and into the narrow channel on the far right. His dory, miraculously still upright, sails sedately down through the Rock Garden without touching a rock. Mike sees the boat, swims to it in the tail of the rapid, climbs aboard.

After Crystal, we pass a series of side canyons with gemlike names: Agate, Sapphire, Turquoise, Ruby. Near Bass Rapid, we see an old rusting metal boat stranded high on the left bank, far above the present water line. Nobody seems to know how it got there. Onward, through Shinumo Rapid, 110 Mile Rapid, Hakatai Rapid and into Waltenberg (five to eight). A sleeper, giant waves shutting out the sun. We plow through, Renée and I now riding in Mike's big boat. Mike's hands are sore, his knees cut up by rocks from his swim at Crystal. I row his heavy, leaky, water-laden boat the last two miles to our camp at Garnet Canyon. Twenty-one miles today—a record. We are wet, cold, tired and murderously hungry.

Onward and downward. Today we run Forster Rapid and Fossil Rapid, then Specter, Bedrock and Dubendorff, and camp at the mouth of Tapeats Creek. Deep in the mantle of the earth.

Sausage and blueberry pancakes for breakfast. I hold out my tin cup, disdain-

ing a plate. An enormous pancake is draped over my cup, hand and wrist. Sharky and Rich, in charge of flipping the flapjacks this morning, begin a game. Who can toss a pancake higher and catch it on his spatula? Higher and higher spin the half-baked pancakes, revolving lazily against the cerulean shore of outer space. One falls in the sand. You lose. But another rises to unimaginable heights, higher and higher, becoming a speck, a mote, a mathematical point, and vanishes forever beyond all human ken. God's pancake.

Time to get out of this awful canyon. Good Christ, we've been lingering and malingering around down in here for ten days—11? Twenty-two? Whatever. This claustrophobe's nightmare. This rumbling gulch of iron and stone. This baloney funnel, this motorboat tunnel, this stinking trench of prickly pear and burro shit and Porta Potti fumes.

Speaking of baloneys. I'm tossing another empty Michelob can into the river when three gigantic pontoon barges, 37 feet long if they're an inch, come chugging down the channel. Each is piled high with naked humans blistering under the sun, who wave at us and shout with waning glee as they plow through the cold waves of Tapeats Rapid.

We camp two nights at the mouth of Tapeats. During the day, we hike up Tapeats Creek and visit one of its tributaries, Thunder River, a great gush of frothy water pouring from a cave in the Redwall limestone. (How can a river be a tributary of a creek?) The Redwall formation is full of caverns, partially explored. The whole Kaibab Plateau is full of holes, of which the Grand Canyon happens to be merely the most open and conspicuous.

Late in the evening, returning, Renée and I pause on the rim trail high above the Tapeats and look down at our camp. Twilight down in there. Moon rising on the east. A pillar of blue smoke rises slowly from the cooking fire. Some of the girls are shampooing their hair in the mouth of the clear stream. Wally and Dane Mensik are casting for trout. Others lie about reading, dozing, talking, sipping booze. Murmur of voices. Humans more or less, like us, enjoying the sense of a perfect evening. We hear Sharky and Rich playing a duet with their recorders; the melody of an old, old Shaker hymn floats up toward us on the quiet air:

*'Tis a gift to be simple,
'Tis a gift to be free,
'Tis a gift to come down
Where we ought to be. . .*

Onward. We plunge through treacherous Upset Rapid (three to eight), where the motor-pontoon man Shorty Burton got his, back in '67. We doll headgear in his memory. R.I.P., Shorty. We'll join you shortly. We pause for half a day at Havasu



*"Tell me, Countess Alexandrovna—is it true what they
say about the serfs' giving great head?"*

Creek. Blue water, full of travertine. This lime solution tends to form hard, stony barriers, like small dams, as it flows down the creek to the river. As a result, Havasu Creek has many falls, cascades and pools.

Here we lounge in the lime-blue water, spouting fountains at the sky, and talk of Phoenix, Arizona, Shithead Capital of the Sunny Southwest, of smog, growth, business, politics and such obscenities. It is Wally Rist who broaches the obvious thought: Suppose all that garbage has ceased to exist. Suppose The Bomb has come and gone and we are the sole survivors. For nearly two weeks, we haven't seen a newspaper, heard a radio or smelled a TV set; how do we know the world is still out there?

Sobering thought. If it's not, I suggest, then the first thing we'd better do is march up Havasu Canyon to the village of Supai and raid the Indians' melon patch. Like Major Powell did.

Sharky shakes his head, looking around at the glistening bodies of the long-haired rosy-bottomed dolphins splashing about in the next pool. No, he says, the first thing we've got to do is start repopulating the earth. First things first.

We camp at National Canyon, Mile 167. The boatmen are somber tonight, thinking of Mile 179: Lava Falls. John takes me down to the beach and shows me a rock close to the river's edge. "See this rock?" he says. "That's oracle rock. If the river is up in the morning high enough to cover the rock, we can go left at Lava. If the water covers only half the rock, we go middle or right. If it doesn't reach the rock, we have to go right."

"What's the easiest run?"

"The slot in the middle."

"What's the worst?"
"Down the right."

In the morning, the river is low. John looks grim. I check the rock. High and dry. (The river level, because of Glen Canyon Dam and its varying peak-power outflow, is constantly rising and falling.)

August 13, 1869—We are now ready to start on our way down the Great Unknown. . . . What falls there are, we know not; what rocks beset the channel, we know not; what walls rise over the river, we know not. . . . The men talk as cheerfully as ever; jests are bandied about freely this morning; but to me the cheer is somber and the jests are gasty [*sic*].

Write on, good Major Powell. How prescient you were. I can read your every emotion on the faces of the boatmen.

As Sharky pulls us into the current, lashing about lustily with the oars, I glance back at the beach we are now departing. Only once. A black shadow lies across the unwet rugosities of oracle rock. Well—it looks like a good day to die. All days are OK, but this one looks better than most. Might as well review the scenery.

Some of the highest walls in the canyon rear above our heads. Two thousand feet straight up. With terraces and further higher walls beyond. Toroweap Overlook rises 3000 feet above the river at Mile 176.

The Colorado slides seaward in its stony groove. We'll never make it. Mojave Desert-type vegetation: mesquite, ocotillo, catclaw acacia, barrel cactus, clockface and cow's-tongue prickly pear. All adorn as best they can the talus slopes below the cliffs.

We stop for lunch at Mile 177, not far above *that* riffle. Looking solemn, Wally gives his final harangue of the voyage.

"Listen!" he begins.

We listen. Don't hear a damn thing. Sigh of the river, maybe, swooning round the next bend. Cicadas keening in the dry grass. Faint scream of the sun, 93,000,000 miles above. Nothing significant, right?

"You don't hear it, but it's there," he says. "Lava Falls. Mile 179. It's always there. Every time we come down this river, there it is. Drops 37 feet. The worst rapid in North America. We're gonna need help from you people. Anybody who's hoping to see a disaster, stay out of sight. All passengers will walk around this one except volunteers. Yes, we'll need. . . ."

Hands are rising.

"Not yet," Wally says. "We want everybody to see it first. Anybody who thinks he or she wants to ride through Lava has to get down there and walk below it and look up through the waves. We want people who can handle the oars, who can help right the boat if it flips and can climb around on wet boulders, if necessary. Nobody has to do it, but I'll tell you this much: When you're out there in the middle of Lava, it's nice to hear another heart beating besides your own."

Commander Wally's briefing. You'd think we were in a U-boat about to enter a combat zone. Nobody has to do it, eh? Not even looking at me, he says that. Pretending to talk to everybody but me. But you've tipped your hand, Rist. I can read you like the writing on the wall. Wally. No, thanks. I glance furtively up and down the river, trapped but not yet panicked. Where is that place? That Separation Canyon? That EXIT from this hall of horrors?

Salami on rye, potato salad, peanut butter and Ry-Krisp for lunch. Not half bad. It's all bad. The condemned man revealed no emotion as he ate his lunch. Ironic laughter in the background. No place to hide. All boats shove off onto the shining Colorado.

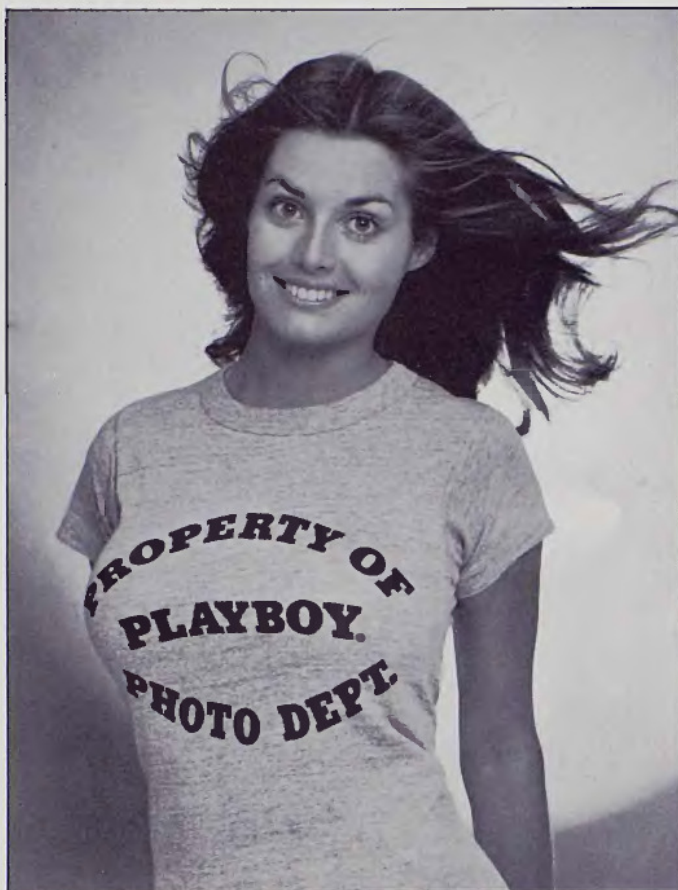
At Mile 178, a great black basaltic rock appears, standing silent in the middle of the river. Vulcan's Anvil, they call it. It looks like a 40-foot tombstone.

A muttering sound rises ahead, beyond the next bend. Wordless voices grumble in subterranean echo chambers. All boats put ashore on the right bank. Wally leads us, passengers and crew, up a path through the tamarisk jungle and onto a slide of volcanic boulders big as bungalows, high above the river. Lava Falls bellows in the sunlight. He stops. We stop. He waves us on. "Volunteers will assemble here," he shouts, above the tumult from below. "After you've looked it over."

We go on, all but the boatmen, who remain clustered around Wally, commencing their usual confabulations. The sad smiles, the solemn headshakings. Same



"And for next season, what do you think about a revival of *Porgy and Bess* with an all-white cast?"



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old hype. I smile, too, slinking away. See you in hell, boat boys. Chuckling, I join the stockbrokers and sweet old ladies in a safe shady place near the foot of the uproar. Breathing easily now, I watch the dancing falls, the caldron of colliding superwaves, the lava rocks like iron-blue bicuspid protruding from the foam—here, there, most everywhere, a fiendish distribution of dory-rending fangs. I study the channel on the far left: nothing but teeth. The “slot” in the middle: gone. Hah, I think, they’re going to have to run it on the right. Right up against this basalt boxcar I’m relaxing on.

Time passes. Can’t see the boatmen from here. But I know what they’re doing. They’re all squatting in the bushes, taking a last crap. A natural animal reflex. The old phrase scared shitless denotes a basic biological psychophysical reaction. I look back up at the “volunteers’” assembly point. Sure enough, a few suckers have showed up, seven or eight of them.

A red, white and yellow dory appears on the tongue upstream. The Tapestry Wall. There’s Captain Rist standing on his seat, one hand shielding his eyes. He looks pretty, all right, heroic as hell. Two passengers ride with him, sunk deep in their seats, white knuckles clenched on the gunwales. Wally lowers himself into the cockpit, takes a firm grip on the oars. Here they come. They disappear. They emerge, streaming with water. Dive and disappear again. Dark forms barely visible through the foam. The boat rears up into sunlight. Wally has crabbed an oar, lost an oarlock. He’s in trouble. He’s struggling with something. They vanish again, under the waves, to reappear not 20 feet from where I sit, bearing hard upon this immovable barrier. The dory yaws to port. Wally is trying to stand; he’s got only one oar; looks like he’s planning to climb right out of the boat onto my rock. No, he’s climbing the high side, trying to prevent the boat from capsizing. Cushioned by a roil of water, the boat and its three occupants rush past me, only inches from the iron rock. Who’s that lady in the stern, smiling bravely, waving one little brown hand at me? That’s no lady, that’s my wife! Renée! The violent current bears her away, out of sight.

Jesus. . . . But they’re safe.

One made it. Six more to go. We have to sit and watch this? Too late now, here comes Dane at the control console of the Vale of Rhondda. A passenger in the bow. He makes a perfect run, bow first through the holes, over the big waves, and clears Death Rock by a safe and sane three feet. After him appears Mike Davis in the Music Temple—another good descent.

Three safely past, four to go. Here they come: Sharky Cornell in the Columbia, Mike Markovich in the Moqui Steps, Rich Turner in the patched-up Celilo

Falls. Each with a light payload of ballast—one passenger each—they make it right side up, one way or the other way, through the sound and the fury of Mile 179.

One more to go. Poor old John Blaustein in the Peace River. I glance up at the volunteers’ assembly point. The slave block. One little girl stands there, clutching her life jacket, hopefully waiting. It’s Jennie Dear, the kid who changed our luck at Horn Creek. The Jonah. Now I really feel sorry for Blaustein. Not only are the scales of probability weighing against him—for if six made it through, the seventh is doomed for certain—but he and he alone has to ride with that sweet little jinx we picked up at Phantom Ranch. Tough luck, John. Bad karma. Kismet, you know. (But better him than me.)

Where is Blaustein, by the way?

I feel a firm hand on my shoulder. “Let’s go,” he says.

Oh, shit. Well, of course, I knew it would turn out like this all along. I never had a chance.

We trudge over the rocks, pick up Jennie, trudge through the jungle and down to the lonely boat, hyperventilating all the way. Buckle up. John gives stern instructions, which I don’t hear. Pushes off. Me and little Jennie in the bow. The sun glares at us over the brassy water, blazing in our eyes. John is pointing the dory right down into the heart of the madness. The moment of total commitment. This is absurd. We dive headfirst into the absurdity. . . .

Fifteen seconds, twenty seconds and it’s all over. Thirty seconds and we’re cruising through the tail of the rapid, busy with the bailers, joining the procession of six boats before us. Nothing to it. Like I

always say, running the big rapids is like sex: Half the fun is in the anticipation. The real thrill is in the approach. The remainder is only ecstasy—or darkness.

We still have 100 miles to go. A hundred miles to Pierce Ferry, the hard row against the wind to the dismal mudbanks of Lake Merde.

The river goes on and on, but I am going to end this journey where we began, near Lee’s Ferry and *that dam*, making the voyage semicircular. I want my tale, like the river, to go to the sea and rise from the sea in mighty clouds, riding the west winds back to the source in the Rockies once again. The river is linear, but its course is the lazy, horizontal figure eight of infinity.

We are going to have our river whole again, someday soon. Glen Canyon Dam must fall. Must soon come tumbling down. Norm Nevills would understand. Bert Loper and Moki-Mac would understand. All old river rats dead and gone and yet to come will understand. The spirit of John Wesley Powell understands, high in his haunt on the rim of Great Thumb Mesa. Listen to his words, still whispered by the wind:

*We have an unknown distance yet
to run,
An unknown river to explore.*

Night and day, the river flows. If time is the mind of space, the Colorado is the soul of the desert. Brave boatmen come, they go, they die, the river flows on forever. We are all canyoneers. We are all passengers on this little mossy living ship, this delicate dory round the sun, that humans call the earth.

Joy, shipmates, joy.



“They certainly have improved these video games. . . .”

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 136)

ever paid for a whore was the day I got my first Broadway play. I was walking home and I just thought I'd treat myself. Instead of an ice-cream soda.

PLAYBOY: How was it?

WINKLER: I said to myself, Yi, yi, yi, this is really not where it is. It's... disgusting.

PLAYBOY: Was there much drinking in high school?

WINKLER: A lot of drinking. I never drank. Beer. Even in college, when I belonged to a fraternity, they would chug beer and I would chug water. I don't like alcohol.

PLAYBOY: Did you like grass any better?

WINKLER: I first encountered grass in college and I was violently opposed to it. I thought your soul would disintegrate and drip out your toes. You know, grass is the pits. In the smoker, the common meeting room at the college, I was a junior or senior at the time and there were these freshmen who were stoned all the time and I would be the Billy Graham: "You can't smoke this; if you cannot do things on your own talents, then who are you?"

And they're all going, "You don't even know what you're talking about, fella." What I realized from that experience was that the original fear in the world, in our universe, must be of the unknown.

PLAYBOY: Let's skip ahead to the period after college, when you'd worked in New York and decided to go to Hollywood. How did you feel about it?

WINKLER: I was scared.

PLAYBOY: What image did Hollywood have for you?

WINKLER: I felt very defensive about it. New York was better, Hollywood was nothing. That happens to every New Yorker who comes out here. You make all the standard jokes: Hollywood is built on health foods and good vibes; you lie in the sun, you wake up, you're 73. You go through that whole trip. The thing is, it's true—New York is in me; I will never *not* miss New York. But I have a lovely house in California, I'm very successful doing what I dreamed of doing and it's nice. Hollywood, though, is for the most

part a negative city. It's all built on failure. Everybody really wants failure for the other guy, because then there's another notch of success waiting for him. People don't realize that there's enough room for everybody.

PLAYBOY: After you established yourself in Hollywood, you were seriously involved with actress Jaime Lyn Bauer for about six months. When it was over, she said that while she was very independent, you were very conventional. In what ways are you conventional?

WINKLER: I don't know, that's hard. She was independent in that if we had an appointment at 8:30, she would call at 10:30 from somebody else's house to say that everything was OK, that she loved me, but she had to see this person.

PLAYBOY: Was that what caused you to split up?

WINKLER: Um-hmm. That wasn't being independent; that was disrespect.

PLAYBOY: One of her deepest impressions of you was your insecurity.

WINKLER: With her? I have no comment on that.

PLAYBOY: She said you had no awareness of reality or what goes on in the world.

WINKLER: She didn't say that. She didn't say that, I'm telling you.

PLAYBOY: She's quoted as saying, "He doesn't know what it really means to be alone." Do you need to have friends around to constantly reassure you of who you are?

WINKLER: She didn't say that. She couldn't have said that, because my friends sometimes have to come over to get me to go out. I spend a lot of time by myself.

PLAYBOY: She said that all the publicity you've had will destroy you.

WINKLER: She didn't say that.

PLAYBOY: Is one of the hazards of dating Hollywood women that they will talk?

WINKLER: She didn't really talk. Jaime Lyn is a very sensitive, bright lady and those are not the things that she thinks about me. I know that's true. They can't be. Because we would sit in my apartment and discuss what it was to work and what the responsibilities of the actor were.

PLAYBOY: What effect has your present lady, Stacey, had on your life?

WINKLER: Stacey is a completely different human being. My relationship with Stacey is different from any other I've ever had in my life. I'm very lucky. As frightening as an emotional relationship is, I cannot lie about this one: It's changed my life. Calmed me down.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever discuss marriage?

WINKLER: Only in the beginning. It was important for her to understand that I was not ready yet to accept the responsibility.

PLAYBOY: Is that changing?

WINKLER: No.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you could be faithful to one woman?

WINKLER: Yeah, but I must be faithful to myself first. Be faithful to the other person



*"We're seeking female executives,
not as a sop to the women's movement but as
contributing members of our corporate structure.
Say, are those tits real?"*

because I want to be, not because it's something I should do. I often think about monogamy and whether it's natural to man.

PLAYBOY: What about jealousy? Are you a jealous person?

WINKLER: If you have a relationship that has substance, there is no jealousy, because you feel secure. The woman can go about her day and her business and you don't give it a second thought. It is when you start to play a manipulative game when you have jealousy and all that other stuff.

PLAYBOY: What about her side of it? It must be difficult not being jealous of what goes on with you.

WINKLER: A woman who is involved with someone in my position has got to be strong as nails. Stacey sees women pull their dresses down and expose their breasts to me and point and wink. She sees all these women blatantly come on to me and she must understand that that's that. That's what they're doing; it has nothing to do with my building a connection between a fan and myself.

PLAYBOY: Do you ask Stacey to join you on location?

WINKLER: She came the first weekend, but what happened was I relaxed too much. I lost the edge. I miss her very much. To just lie on her breasts and let her hold me and me hold her. But this work is too critical.

PLAYBOY: What do you do now for excitement besides your work?

WINKLER: Work is very exciting; when I go home, I don't need excitement. I went to Bora-Bora and that was exciting. I take drives. I bought this little remote-control race car. I like going to recording sessions of the Funky Kings, watching them evolve a song. I liked winning the Golden Globe.

PLAYBOY: What does winning something like the Golden Globe mean to you?

WINKLER: Let it be known, I was excited to win that. I just got a Man of the Year Award from the International Broadcasters' Association and I thought that was great. And I just got an honorary doctorate of humane letters from Emerson College. I'm the youngest man ever to receive that.

PLAYBOY: It's all happened pretty fast for you, hasn't it?

WINKLER: So fast! And who can you tell about the fabulous things that happen to you? Nobody wants to hear it anymore. You know what I wish? I wish I had the power to see what was really happening to me—as if from outer space. I know that in years to come, I'm going to sit with my kids and go, "Let me tell you about this time in my life. I didn't realize it then, but, boy, . . ." I wish I could visualize it—in fact, that's why I try to feel it now, by cheering along with the crowd—so I won't have to live in my own future.

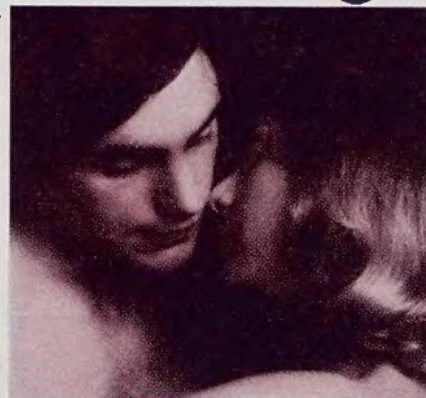


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"With a clatter of bricks falling, a volley of machine-gun bullets slapped all around them."

"Jesus," cried the girl, with a laugh, "why didn't we think of bicycles?"

With a clatter of bricks falling, a volley of machine-gun bullets slapped all around them. Below them on the riverbank, by the grace of God, ran a line of empty leopard spots, shallow firing positions dug into the mud. Jerry had picked them out already. Grabbing the girl, he threw her down. Keller was already flat. Lying beside her, Jerry felt a deep lack of interest. The bullets threw up screens of mud and whined off the road. They lay low, waiting for the firing to tire. The girl was looking excitedly across the river, smiling. She was blue-eyed and flaxen and Aryan. A mortar bomb landed behind them on the verge and for the second time, Jerry shoved her flat. The blast swept over them and

when it was past, feathers of earth drifted down like a propitiation. But she came up smiling. When the Pentagon thinks of civilization, thought Jerry, it thinks of you. In the fort, the battle had suddenly thickened. The lorries had disappeared, a dense pall had gathered, the flash and din of mortar were incessant, light machine-gun fire challenged and answered itself with increasing swiftness. Keller's pocked face appeared white as death over the edge of his leopard spot.

"K.R.'s got them by the balls!" he yelled. "Across the river, ahead, and now from the other flank. We should have taken the other lane!"

Christ, Jerry thought, as the rest of the memories came back to him, Keller and I once fought over a girl, too. He tried to remember who she was and who had won.



*"Young man, you're wasting your time up there.
She ran off with Mr. Peavey
a week ago last Tuesday."*

They waited; the firing died. They walked back to the car and gained the fork in time to meet the retreating convoy. Dead and wounded were littered along the roadside and women crouched among them, fanning the stunned faces with palm leaves. They got out of the car again. Refugees trundled buffaloes and handcarts and one another, while they screamed at their pigs and children. One old woman screamed at the girl's camera, thinking the lens was a gun barrel. There were sounds Jerry couldn't place, like the ringing of bicycle bells and wailing, and sounds he could, like the drenched sobs of the dying and the clump of approaching mortar fire. Keller was running beside a lorry, trying to find an English-speaking officer; Jerry loped beside him, yelling the same questions in French.

"Ah, to hell," said Keller, suddenly bored. "Let's go home." His English lordling's voice: "The people and the noise," he explained. They returned to the Mercedes.

For a while, they were stuck in the column, with the lorries cutting them into the side and the refugees politely tapping at the window, asking for a ride. Once Jerry thought he saw Deathwish the Hun, a photographer he knew, riding pillion on an army motorbike. At the next fork, Keller ordered the driver to turn left.

"More private," he said, and put his good hand back on the girl's knee.

"My old mother always told me," Keller declared in a folksy drawl, "Son, don't never go back through the jungle the same way as you came. Hon?"

"Yes?"

"Hon, you just lost your cherry. My humble congratulations." The hand slipped a little higher.

From all around them came the sound of pouring water, like so many burst pipes, as a sudden torrent of rain fell. They passed a settlement full of chickens running in a flurry. A barber's chair stood empty in the rain. Jerry turned to Keller.

"This siege economy thing," he resumed, as they settled to one another again. "Market forces, and so forth. You reckon that story will go?"

"It could," said Keller airily. "It's been done a few times. But it travels."

"Who are the main operators?"

Keller named a few.

"Indocharter?"

"Indocharter's one," said Keller.

Jerry took a long shot: "There's a clown called Charlie Marshall flies for them, half Chinese. Somebody said he'd talk. Met him?"

"Nope."

He reckoned that was far enough: "What do most of them use for machines?"

"Whatever they can get. DC-4s, you name it. One's not enough. You need

two, at least, fly one, cannibalize the second for parts. Cheaper to ground a plane and strip it than bribe the customs to release the spares."

"What's the profit?"

"Unprintable."

"Much opium around?"

"There's a whole damn refinery out on the Bassac, for Christ's sakes. Looks like something out of Prohibition times. I can arrange a tour, if that's what you're after."

Lorraine was at the window, staring at the rain. "I don't see any kids, Max," she announced. "You said to look out for no kids, that's all. Well, I've been watching and they've disappeared." The driver stopped the car.

"It's raining, and I read somewhere that when it rains, Asian kids like to come out and play. So, you know, where's the kids?" she said, but Jerry wasn't listening to what she'd read. Ducking and peering through the windscreen, all at once, he saw what the driver saw, and it made his throat dry.

"You're the boss, sport," he said to Keller quietly. "Your car, your war and your girl."

In the mirror, to his pain, Jerry watched Keller's pumice-stone face torn between experience and incapacity.

"Drive at them slowly," Jerry said, when he could wait no longer. "Lentement."

"That's right," Keller said. "Do that."

Fifty yards ahead of them, shrouded by the teeming rain, a gray lorry had pulled broadside across the track, blocking it. In the mirror, a second had pulled out behind them, blocking their retreat.

"Better show our hands," said Keller in a hoarse rush. With his good one, he wound down his window. The girl and Jerry did the same. Jerry wiped the windscreen clear of mist and put his hands on the console. The driver held the wheel at the top.

"Don't smile at them, don't speak to them," Jerry ordered.

"Jesus Christ," said Keller. "Holy God."

All over Asia, thought Jerry, pressmen had their favorite stories of what the Khmer Rouge did to you, and most of them were true. He knew newsmen who carried poison, even a concealed gun, to save themselves from just this moment. If you're caught, the first night is the only night to get out, he remembered: before they take your shoes, and your health, and God knows what other parts of you. The first night is your only chance, said the folklore. He wondered whether he should repeat it for the girl, but he didn't want to hurt Keller's feelings. The Mercedes was plowing forward in first gear, engine whining. The rain was flying all over the car, thundering on the roof, smacking the bonnet and darting through the open windows. If we bog

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down, we're finished, Jerry thought. Still, the lorry ahead had not moved and it was no more than 15 yards away, a glistening monster in the downpour. In the dark of the lorry's cab, they saw thin faces watching them. At the last minute, it lurched backward into the foliage, leaving just enough room to pass. The Mercedes tilted. Jerry had to hold the door pillar to stop himself from rolling onto the driver. The two offside wheels skidded and whined, the bonnet swung and all but lurched onto the fender of the lorry.

"No license plates," Keller breathed. "Holy Christ."

"Don't hurry," Jerry warned the driver. "*Toujours lentement*. Don't put on your lights." He was watching in the mirror.

"And those were the black pajamas?" the girl said excitedly. "And you wouldn't even let me take a picture?"

No one spoke.

"What did they want? Who are they trying to ambush?" she insisted.

"Somebody else," said Jerry. "Not us."

"Some bum following us," said Keller. "Who cares?"

"Shouldn't we warn someone?"

"There isn't the apparatus," said Keller. They heard shooting behind them, but they kept going.

"Fucking rain," Keller breathed, half to himself. "Why the hell do we get rain suddenly?"

It had all but stopped. "But Christ, Max," the girl protested, "if they've got us pinned out on the floor like this, why don't they just finish us off?"

Before Keller could reply, the driver did it for him in French, softly and politely, though only Jerry understood:

"When they want to come, they will come," he said, smiling at her in the mirror. "In the bad weather. While the Americans are adding another five meters of concrete to their embassy roof, and the soldiers are crouching in capes under their trees, and the journalists are drinking whiskey, and the generals are at the *fumerie*, the Khmer Rouge will come out of the jungle and cut our throats."

"What did he say?" Keller demanded. "Translate that, Westerby."

"Yeah, what *was* all that?" said the girl. "It sounded really great. Like a proposition or something."

"Didn't quite get it, actually, sport. Sort of outgunned me."

They all broke out laughing, too loud, the driver as well.

And all through it, Jerry realized, he had thought of nobody but Lizzie. Not to the exclusion of danger—quite the contrary. Like the new, glorious sunshine that suddenly engulfed them, she was the prize of his survival.

At the Pnom, the same sun was beating gaily on the poolside. There had been

no rain in the town, but a bad rocket near the girls' school had killed eight or nine children. The Southern stringer had that moment returned from counting them.

"So how did Maxie make out at the bang-bangs?" he asked Jerry as they met in the hall. "Seems to me like his nerve is creaking at the joints a little these days."

"Take your grinning little face out of my sight," Jerry advised. "Otherwise, actually, I'll smack it." Still grinning, the Southerner departed.

"We could meet tomorrow," the girl said to Jerry. "Tomorrow's free all day."

Behind her, Keller was making his way slowly up the stairs, a hunched figure in a one-sleeved shirt, pulling himself by the banister rail.

"We could even meet tonight, if you wanted," Lorraine said.

For a while, Jerry sat alone in his room. Then he set course for Max's bureau. He had a few more questions about Charlie Marshall; and, besides, he had a notion old Max would appreciate his company. His duty done, he took a *cyclo* and rode up to Charlie Marshall's house again; but though he pummeled on the door and yelled, all he could see was the same bare brown legs motionless at the bottom of the stairs, this time by candlelight. But the page torn from his notebook had disappeared. He returned to the town and, still with an hour to kill, settled at a pavement café, in one of a hundred empty chairs, and drank a long Pernod, remembering how once the girls of the town had ticked past him here on their little wicker carriages, whispering clichés of love in singsong French. Tonight, the darkness trembled to nothing more lovely than the thud of occasional gunfire, while the town huddled, waiting for the blow. Yet it was not the shelling but the silence that held the greatest fear. Like the jungle itself, silence, not gunfire, was the natural element of the approaching enemy.

That evening, Westerby went to a dinner party given by the counselor at the British embassy. He was taken aside and handed a cable that read:

ENFORCEMENT SAIGON REPORTS
CHARLIE MARSHALL RPT MARSHALL
SCHEDULED HIT BATTAMBANG ETA 1930
TOMORROW VIA PAILIN. CONVERTED
DC-4 CARVAIR, INDOCHARTER MARKINGS.
MANIFEST QUOTES MISCELLANEOUS
CARGO. SCHEDULED CONTINUE PNOM-
PENH.

Angrily, Westerby pointed out that the cable had been delayed a whole day in getting to him—Charlie Marshall's arrival at Battambang would be that night.

Next morning, he left the hotel before light. He took his typewriter and shoulder

bag, though he expected to use neither.

He made first for the market and sipped a *soupe chinoise*, studying the stalls and the shop fronts. He selected a young Indian who was offering nothing but plastic buckets, water bottles and brooms, yet looking very prosperous on the profits.

"What else do you sell, sport?"

"Sir, I sell all things to all gentlemen."

They foxed around. No, said Jerry, it was nothing to smoke that he wanted, and nothing to swallow, nothing to sniff and nothing for the wrists, either. And no, thank you, with all respect to the many beautiful sisters, cousins and young men of his circle, Jerry's other needs were also taken care of.

"Then, oh, gladness, sir, you are a most happy man."

"I was *really* looking for something for a friend," said Jerry.

The Indian boy looked sharply up and down the street and he wasn't foxing anymore.

"A friendly friend, sir?"

"Not very."

They shared a *cyclo*. The Indian had an uncle who sold Buddhas in the silver market and the uncle had a back room, with locks and bolts on the door. For 30 American dollars, Jerry bought a neat brown Walther automatic with 20 rounds of ammunition. The Sarratt bear leaders, he reckoned, as he climbed back into the *cyclo*, would have fallen into a deep swoon. First, for what they called improper dressing, a crime of crimes. Second, because they preached the hardy nonsense that small guns gave more trouble than use. But they'd have had a bigger fit still if he'd carted his Hong Kong Webley through customs to Bangkok and thence to Phnompenh; so, in Jerry's view, they could count themselves lucky, because he wasn't walking into this one naked, whatever their doctrine of the week. At the airport, there was no plane to Battambang, but there was never a plane to anywhere. There were the silver rice jets howling on and off the landing strip and there were new shelters being built after a fresh fall of rockets in the night. Jerry watched the earth arriving in lorryloads and the coolies frantically filling ammunition boxes. In another life, he decided, I'll go into the sand business and flog it to besieged cities.

In the waiting room, Jerry found a group of stewardesses drinking coffee and laughing, and, in his breezy way, he joined them. A tall girl who spoke English made a doubtful face and disappeared with his passport and five dollars.

"*C'est impossible*," they all assured him, while they waited for her. "*C'est tout occupé*."

The girl returned smiling. "The pilot is *very* susceptible," she said. "If he don't like you, he don't take you. But I show him your photograph and he has agreed to *surcharger*. He is allowed to take only thirty-one people, but he take you, he

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don't care, he do it for friendship, if you give him one thousand five hundred riels."

The plane was two thirds empty, and the bullet holes in the wings wept dew like undressed wounds.

At that time, Battambang was the safest town left in Lon Nol's dwindling archipelago, and Pnompenh's last farm. For an hour, they lumbered over supposedly Khmer Rouge-infested territory without a soul in sight. As they circled, someone shot lazily from the paddies and the pilot pulled a couple of token turns to avoid being hit, but Jerry was more concerned to mark the ground layout before they landed: the park bays, which runways were civil and which were military, the wired-off enclave that contained the freight huts. They landed in an air of pastoral affluence. Flowers grew around the gun emplacements, fat brown chickens scurried in the shell holes, water and electricity abounded, though a telegram to Pnompenh already took a week.

Jerry trod very carefully now. His instinct for cover was stronger than ever. *The Honourable Gerald Westerby, the distinguished hack, reports on the siege economy.* When you're my size, sport, you have to have a hell of a good reason for whatever you're doing. So he put out smoke, as the jargon goes. At the inquiry desk, watched by several quiet men, he asked for the names of the best hotels in town and wrote down a couple while he continued to study the groupings of planes

and buildings. Meandering from one office to another, he asked what facilities existed to air-freight news copy to Pnompenh and no one had the least idea. Continuing his discreet reconnaissance, he waved his cable card around and inquired how to get to the governor's palace, implying that he might have business with the great man personally. By now, he was the most distinguished reporter who had ever been to Battambang. Meanwhile, he noted the door marked CREW ONLY and the doors marked PRIVATE, and the position of the men's rooms, so that later, when he was clear, he could make himself a sketch of the entire concourse, with emphasis on the exits to the wired-off part of the airfield. Finally, he asked who was in town just now among the pilots. He was friendly with several, he said, so his simplest plan—should it become necessary—was probably to ask one of them to take his copy in his flight bag. A stewardess gave names from a list and while she did this, Jerry gently turned the list around and read off the rest. The Indocharter flight was listed, but no pilot was mentioned.

"Captain Andreas still flying for Indocharter?" he inquired.

"Capitaine qui, monsieur?"

"Andreas. We used to call him André. Little fellow, always wore dark glasses. Did the Kompong Cham run."

She shook her head. Only Captain Marshall and Captain Ricardo, she said, flew for Indocharter, but *le capitaine Ric* had immolated himself in an accident. Jerry affected no interest but established

in passing that Captain Marshall's Carvair was due to take off in the afternoon, as forecast in last night's signal, but there was no freight space available, everything was taken, Indocharter was always fully contracted.

"Know where I can reach him?"

"Captain Marshall never flies in the mornings, monsieur."

He took a cab into town. The best hotel was a flea-bitten dugout on the main street. The street itself was narrow, stinking and deafening: an Asian boomtown in the making, pounded by the din of Hondas and crammed with the frustrated Mercedes of the quick rich. Keeping his cover going, he took a room and paid for it in advance, to include *service spécial*, which meant nothing more exotic than clean sheets as opposed to those that still bore the marks of other bodies. He told his driver to return in an hour. By force of habit, he secured an inflated receipt. He showered, changed and listened courteously while the houseboy showed him where to climb in after curfew; then he went out to find breakfast, because it was still only nine in the morning.

He carried his typewriter and shoulder bag with him. He saw no other round-eyes. He saw basketmakers, skin sellers and fruit sellers, and once again the inevitable bottles of stolen petrol laid along the pavement, waiting for an attack to touch them off. In a mirror hung in a tree, he watched a dentist extract teeth from a patient tied in a high chair and he watched the red-tipped tooth being solemnly added to the thread that displayed the day's catch. All of these things Jerry recorded in his notebook, as became a zealous reporter of the social scene. And from a pavement café, as he consumed cold beer and fresh fish, he watched the dingy, half-glazed offices marked INDO-CHARTER across the road and waited for someone to come and unlock the door. No one did. "Captain Marshall never flies in the mornings, monsieur."

Jerry returned to the airport to find it a milling, dangerous chaos. Mercedes raced up and down the approach, as if someone had invaded their nest; the forecourt was a turmoil of beacons, motorcycles and sirens; and the hall, when he argued his way through the cordon, was jammed with scared people fighting to read notice boards, yell at one another and hear the blaring loud-speakers all at the same time. Forcing a path to the information desk, Jerry found it closed. He leaped onto the counter and saw the airfield through a hole in the antiblast board. A squad of armed soldiers was jog-trotting down the empty runway toward a group of white poles where the national flags drooped in the windless air. They lowered two of the flags to

(continued on page 186)



"Quickly, nurse—give this man more network news!"

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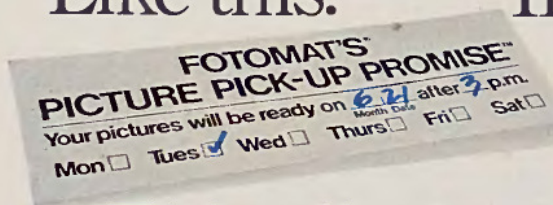
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PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

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Those who can't forget Richard Nixon's ignominious departure from the White House three years ago can obtain, for \$4, an 8" x 10" matte-finish photo of his letter of resignation, suitable for framing, by sending a check (payable to the National Archives Trust Fund) to Cashier, Room 505, National Archives, Washington, D.C. 20408. And, just in case you have forgiven him, the National Archives also has—for \$8—a matte-finish photo of his pardon. Read it and weep.



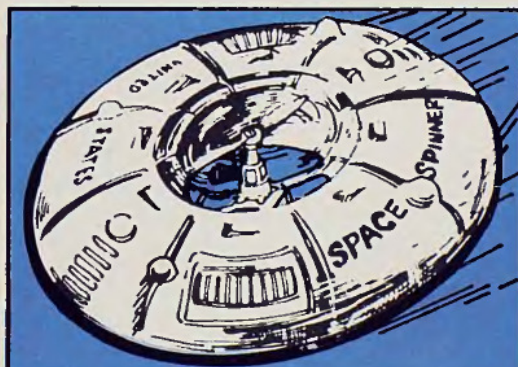
INVADING RUSSIA

The year 1980 and the Moscow Olympics aren't as far away as you might think; already, Intourist, the U.S.S.R. company for foreign travel, is contacting various U. S. travel agencies, such as the Russian Travel Bureau, 20 East 46th Street, New York, New York 10017, to aid them in making arrangements for the projected 25,000 American sports fans it estimates will want to visit the games. So if you wish to get your name on the Russian Travel Bureau's list of prospective spectators, write to them posthaste and you'll get back an Olympic 1980 newsletter.



STEADY, TIGER

Peeping Toms of the world, rejoice. No longer do you have to suffer the slings and arrows of frustrated misfortune because your shaking hands can't hold those 10 x 50 binoculars steady. Arm Rest Products (Suite 16, 188 Industrial Drive, Elmhurst, Illinois 60126) is selling for \$21.50, postpaid, an expandable little device that's guaranteed to steady all but the most palsied voyeur. And if you're not into high-rise body watching, it's great for track and field, too.



IDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT

Space Spinner is a 15½-inch-diameter model flying saucer that's powered by a high-performance gas engine. You head for a wide-open space, rev up the motor, give Space Spinner a toss and up she rises to hover sky-high over your head. Iott Engineering, P.O. Box 622, La Mesa, California 92041, is the manufacturer and at \$23.95, postpaid, it's bound to be a flyaway best seller.



HAVE UNICYCLE, WILL TRAVEL

If you'd like to put your business or cause in the *Guinness Book of World Records*, unicyclist Jim Petty is the man to see. Petty, who lives at 648 26th Road, Grand Junction, Colorado 81501, holds the record for riding the world's tallest unicycle (39'10") and he's ready to promote whatever by tackling other unicycle statistics, such as the Rockathon (remaining aloft on a unicycle within a four-foot square for more than five hours, ten minutes)—all for a negotiable fee that begins at \$1000, plus travel and other expenses. Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's Jim Petty!

PARTY LINE

Everyone's heard about those madcap Hollywood parties, such as Paul McCartney's bash for 500 of his closest friends, but not everyone knows where the stars obtain such party prerequisites as colorful tents, mirrored balls and champagne fountains. They're rented from a company called Canvas Specialty (7344 East Bandini Boulevard, Los Angeles 90040) that specializes in creating the party atmosphere of your choice. It's got everything—except the food, booze and broads.



BUY, BUY BLACK BIRD

Mystery buffs will know that what's pictured at left is none other than the stuff that dreams are made of. Yes, it's the Maltese Falcon—a black-plaster reproduction of the Maltese Falcon, that is, that's so authentic-looking even Kasper Gutman would be fooled. A store called Get Plastered, at 2964 N. Lincoln Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60657, has the black bird and it can be yours for just \$20, postpaid. That's cheap, when you figure the bird cost Gutman 17 years.



WITH MALLETS TOWARD SOME

Looking for a new way to one-up your fellow man? Gordon Meurisse & Company, 21 W. 500 North Avenue, Lombard, Illinois 60148, has just come out with a smashing new line of fiberglass polo mallets that sell for \$17.95 each, postpaid. And while you're in the swing of things, part with \$12 more and subscribe to *Polo*, a horsey magazine published out of 431 North Frederick Avenue, Gaithersburg, Maryland 20760.



THE 4 D'S—3-D AND DIRTY

Not long ago, 3-D holograms were considered to be akin to a miracle. Now you can buy not only holograms but nude ones at that from The Halex Corporation in Norristown, Pennsylvania 19401. The price for a hologram and a display case is \$105, postpaid, and you get a choice of three naughty subjects—Pam and Helen (doing what comes unnaturally), Celeste Undressed and the Garden of Eden. On second thought, make that Hedon.

HONOURABLE SCHOOLBOY

(continued from page 182)

"With a snarl at the two men on the swing doors, he barged his way onto the tarmac and kept going."

half-mast and, inside the hall, the loud-speakers interrupted themselves to blare a few bars of the national anthem. Over the seething heads, Jerry searched for someone he might talk to. He selected a lank missionary with cropped yellow hair and glasses and a six-inch silver cross pinned to the pocket of his brown shirt. A pair of Cambodians in dog collars stood miserably beside him.

"Vous parlez français?"

"Yes, but I also speak English!"

A lilting, corrective tone. Jerry guessed he was a Dane.

"I'm press. What's the fuss?" He was shouting at the top of his voice.

"Phnompenh is closed," the missionary bellowed in reply. "No planes may leave or land."

"Why?"

"Khmer Rouge have hit the ammunition dump in the airport. The town is closed till morning, at the least. Oh, yes!"

The loud-speaker began chattering again. The two priests listened. The missionary stooped nearly double to catch their murmured translation.

"They have made a great damage and devastated half a dozen planes already. Oh, yes! They have laid them waste entirely. The authority is also suspecting sabotage. Maybe she also takes some prisoners. Listen, why are they putting an ammunition house inside the airport in the first case? That was most dangerous. What is the reason here?"

"Good question," Jerry agreed.

He plowed across the hall. His master plan was already dead, as his master plans usually were. The CREW ONLY door was guarded by a pair of very serious crushers and in the tension, he saw no chance of brazening his way through. The thrust of the crowd was toward the passenger exit, where harassed ground staff was refusing to accept boarding tickets and harassed police were being besieged with letters of *laissez passer* designed to put the prominent outside their reach. He let it carry him. At the edges, a team of French traders was screaming for a refund and the elderly were preparing to settle for the night. But the center pushed and peered and exchanged fresh rumors, and the momentum carried him steadily to the front. Reaching it, Jerry discreetly took out his cable card and climbed over the improvised barrier. The senior policeman was sleek and well covered and he watched Jerry disdainfully while his subordinates toiled. Jerry strode straight up to him, his shoulder bag dangling

from his hand, and pressed the cable card under his nose.

"Sécurité américaine," he roared in awful French and, with a snarl at the two men on the swing doors, barged his way onto the tarmac and kept going, while his back waited all the time for a challenge or a warning shot or, in the trigger-happy atmosphere, a shot that was not even a warning. He walked angrily, with rough authority, swinging his shoulder bag, Sarratt-style, to distract. Ahead of him—60 yards, soon 50—stood a row of single-engined military trainers without insignia. Beyond lay the caged enclosure and the freight huts, numbered 9 to 18, and, beyond the freight huts, Jerry saw a cluster of hangars and park bays, marked PROHIBITED in just about every language except Chinese. Reaching the trainers, Jerry strode imperiously along the line of them, as if he were carrying out an inspection. They were anchored with bricks on wires. Pausing but not stopping, he stabbed irritably at a brick with his buckskin boot, yanked at an aileron and shook his head. From their sand-bagged emplacement, to his left, an anti-aircraft gun crew watched him indolently.

"Qu'est-ce que vous faites?"

Half turning, Jerry cupped his hands to his mouth. "Watch the damn sky, for Christ's sakes," he yelled in good American, pointing angrily to heaven, and kept going till he reached the high cage. It was open and the huts lay ahead of him. Once past them, he would be out of sight of both the terminal and the control tower. He was walking on smashed concrete with couch grass in the cracks. There was nobody in sight. The huts were weatherboard, 30 feet long, ten high, with palm roofs. He reached the first. The boarding on the windows read, BOMB CLUSTER FRAGMENTATION WITHOUT FUSES. A trodden dust path led to the hangars on the other side. Through the gap, Jerry glimpsed the parrot colors of parked cargo planes.

"Got you," Jerry muttered aloud, as he emerged on the safe side of the huts, because there ahead of him, clear as day, like a first sight of the enemy after months of lonely marching, a battered blue-gray DC-4 Carvair, fat as a frog, squatted on the crumbling tarmac with her nose cone open. Oil was dripping in a fast black rain from both of her starboard engines and a spindly Chinese in a sailing cap laden with military insignia stood smoking under the loading bay while he marked an inventory. Two coolies scurried back and forth

with sacks and a third worked the ancient loading lift. At his feet, chickens scrambled petulantly. And on the fuselage, in flaming crimson against Drake Ko's faded racing colors, ran the letters OCHART. The others had been lost in a repair job.

"Oh, Charlie's indestructible, completely immortal!" Lizzie had explained. "Charlie Marshall, a fantastic half Chinese, all skin and bones and a completely brilliant pilot..."

He'd bloody well better be, sport, thought Jerry with a shudder, as the coolies loaded sack after sack through the open nose and into the battered belly of the plane.

"The Reverend Ricardo's lifelong Sancho Panza, your Grace," his friend had said, in extension of Lizzie's description. "Half Chow, as the good lady advised us, and the proud veteran of many futile wars."

Jerry remained standing, making no attempt to conceal himself, dangling the bag from his fist and wearing the apologetic grin of an English stray. Coolies now seemed to be converging on the plane from several points at once: There were many more than two. Turning his back on them, Jerry repeated his routine of strolling along the line of huts, much as he had walked along the line of trainers, peering through cracks in the weatherboard and seeing nothing but the occasional broken packing case. "The concession to operate out of Battambang costs half a million U. S. renewable," Keller had said. At that price, who pays for redecoration? The line of huts broke and he came on four army lorries loaded high with fruit, vegetables and unmarked gunny bags. Their tailboards faced the plane and they sported artillery insignia. Two soldiers stood in each lorry, handing the gunny bags down to the coolies. The sensible thing would have been to drive the lorries onto the tarmac, but a mood of discretion prevailed. "The army likes to be in on things," Keller had said. "The navy can make millions out of one convoy down the Mekong, the air force is sitting pretty: Bombers fly fruit and the choppers can airlift the rich Chinese instead of the wounded out of the siege towns. Only the fighter boys go hungry, because they have to land where they take off. But the army really has to scratch around to make a living."

Jerry was closer to the plane now and could hear the squawking as Charlie Marshall fired commands at the coolies.

The huts began again. Number 18 had double doors and the name INDOCHARTER daubed in green down the woodwork, so that from any distance the letters looked like Chinese characters. In the gloomy interior, a Chinese peasant couple squatted on the dust floor. A tethered pig lay with its head on the old man's slipped foot. Their other possession was a long



"I said if we don't get haircuts soon, we're in grave danger
of becoming an endangered species."

rush parcel meticulously bound with string. It could have been a corpse. A water jar stood in one corner with two rice bowls at its base. There was nothing else in the hut. Welcome to the Indo-charter transit lounge, Jerry thought. With the sweat running down his ribs, he tagged himself to the line of coolies till he drew alongside Charlie Marshall, who went on squawking in Khmer at the top of his voice while his shaking pen checked each load on the inventory.

He wore an oily white short-sleeved shirt with enough gold stripes on the epaulets to make a full general in anybody's air force. Two American combat patches were stitched to his shirt front, amid an amazing collection of medal ribbons and Communist red stars. One patch read, KILL A COMMIE FOR CHRIST and the other, CHRIST WAS A CAPITALIST AT HEART. His head was turned down and his face was in the shadow of his huge sailing cap, which slopped freely over his ears. Jerry waited for him to look up. The coolies were already yelling for Jerry to move on, but Charlie Marshall kept his head turned stubbornly down while he added and wrote on the inventory and squawked furiously back at them.

"Captain Marshall, I'm doing a story on Ricardo for a London newspaper," said Jerry quietly. "I want to ride with you as far as Phnompenh and ask you some questions."

As he spoke, he gently laid the volume of *Candide* on top of the inventory, with three \$100 bills poking outward in a discreet fan. When you want a man to look one way, says the Sarratt school of illusionists, always point him in the other.

"They tell me you like Voltaire," he said.

"I don't like anybody," Charlie Marshall retorted in a scratchy falsetto at the inventory, while the cap slipped still lower over his face. "I hate the whole human race, hear me?" His vituperation, despite its Chinese cadence, was unmistakably French-American. "Jesus Christ, I hate mankind so damn much that if it don't hurry and blow itself to pieces, I'm personally going to buy some bombs and go out there *myself*!"

He had lost his audience. Jerry was halfway up the steel ladder before Charlie Marshall had completed his thesis.

"Voltaire didn't know a damn bloody thing!" he screamed at the next coolie. "He fought the wrong damn war, hear me? Put it over there, you lazy coon, and grab another handful! *Dépêche-toi, crétin, oui?*"

But, all the same, he jammed Voltaire into the back pocket of his baggy trousers.

The inside of the plane was dark and roomy and as cool as a cathedral. The seats had been removed and perforated green shelves like Meccano had been fitted to the walls. Carcasses of pig and guinea fowl hung from the roof. The

rest of the cargo was stowed in the gangway, starting from the tail end, which gave Jerry no good feeling about taking off, and consisted of fruit and vegetables and the gunny bags that Jerry had spotted in the army lorries, marked GRAIN, RICE, FLOUR in letters large enough for the most illiterate narcotics agent to read. But the sticky smell of yeast and molasses that already filled the hold required no labels at all. Some of the bags had been arranged in a ring, to make a sitting area for Jerry's fellow passengers. Chief of these were two austere Chinese men, dressed very poorly in gray, and from their sameness and their demure superiority, Jerry at once inferred an expertise of some kind: He remembered explosives wallahs he had occasionally ferried thanklessly in and out of badland. Next to them, but respectfully apart, four hill-men armed to the teeth sat smoking and cropping from their rice bowls. Jerry guessed Meo or one of the Shan tribes from the northern borders where Charlie Marshall's father had his army, and he guessed from their ease that they were part of the permanent help. In a separate class altogether sat the quality: the colonel of artillery himself, who had thoughtfully supplied the transport and the troop escort, and his companion, a senior officer of customs, without whom nothing could have been achieved. They reclined regally in the gangway, on chairs specially provided, watching proudly while the loading continued, and they wore their best uniforms, as the ceremony demanded.

There was one other member of the party and he lurked alone on top of the cases in the tail, head almost against the roof, and it was not possible to make him out in any detail. He sat with a bottle of whiskey to himself, and even a glass to himself. He wore a Fidel Castro cap and a full beard. Gold links glittered on his dark arms, known in those days (to all but those who wore them) as CIA bracelets, on the happy assumption that a man ditched in hostile country could buy his way to safety by doling out a link at a time. But his eyes, as they watched Jerry along the well-oiled barrel of an AK-47 automatic rifle, had a fixed brightness. He was covering me through the nose cone, thought Jerry. He had a bead on me from the moment I left the hut.

The two Chinese were cooks, he decided in a moment of inspiration, cooks being the underworld nickname for chemists. Keller had said that the Air Opium lines had taken to bringing in the raw base and refining it in Phnompenh but were having hell's own job persuading the cooks to come and work in siege conditions.

"Hey, you! Voltaire!"

Jerry hurried forward to the edge of the hold. Looking down, he saw the old peasant couple standing at the bottom of the ladder and Charlie Marshall trying

to wrench the pig from them while he shoved the old woman up the steel ladder.

"When she come up, you gotta reach out and grab her, hear me?" he called, holding the pig in his arms. "She fall down and break her ass, we gotta whole lot more trouble with the coons. You some crazy narcotics hero, Voltaire?"

"No."

"Well, you grab hold of her completely, hear me?"

She started up the ladder. When she had gone a few rungs, she began croaking and Charlie Marshall contrived to get the pig under one arm while he gave her a sharp crack on the rump and screamed at her in Chinese. The husband scurried up after her and Jerry hauled them both to safety. Finally, Charlie Marshall's own clown's head appeared through the cone, and though it was swamped by the cap, Jerry had his first glimpse of the face beneath: skeletal and brown, with sleepy Chinese eyes and a big French mouth that twisted all ways when he squawked. He shoved the pig through, Jerry grabbed it and carted it, screaming and wriggling, to the old peasants. Then Charlie Marshall hauled his own fleshless frame aboard, like a spider climbing out of a drain. At once, the officer of customs and the colonel of artillery stood up, brushed the seats of their uniforms and progressed swiftly along the gangway to the shadowed man in the Castro cap squatting on the packing cases. Reaching him, they waited respectfully, like sidesmen taking the offertory to the altar.

The linked bracelets flashed, an arm reached down, once, twice, and a devout silence descended while the two men carefully counted a lot of bank notes and everybody watched. In rough unison they returned to the top of the ladder, where Charlie Marshall waited with the manifest. The officer of customs signed it, the colonel of artillery looked on approvingly, then they both saluted and disappeared down the ladder. The nose cone juddered to an almost-closed position. Charlie Marshall gave it a kick, flung some matting across the gap and clambered quickly over the packing cases to an inside stairway leading to the cabin. Jerry clambered after him and, having settled himself into the copilot's seat, he silently totted up his blessings.

We're about 500 tons overweight. We're leaking oil. We're carrying an armed bodyguard. We're forbidden to take off. We're forbidden to land and, for all I know, Phnompenh airport's got a hole in it the size of Buckinghamshire. We have an hour and a half of Khmer Rouge between us and salvation, and if anybody turns sour on us at the other end, ace operator Westerby is caught with his knickers around his ankles and about 200 gunny bags of opium base in his arms.

"You know how to fly this thing?" Charlie Marshall yelled, as he struck at a

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row of mildewed switches. "You some kinda great flying hero, Voltaire?"

"I hate it all."

"Me, too."

Seizing a swatter, Charlie Marshall flung himself upon a huge bottle fly that was buzzing around the windscreen, then started the engines one by one, until the whole dreadful plane was heaving and rattling like a London bus on its last journey home up Clapham Hill. The radio crackled and Charlie Marshall took time off to give an obscene instruction to the control tower, first in Khmer and afterward, in the best aviation tradition, in English. Heading for the far end of the runway, they passed a couple of gun emplacements and for a moment, Jerry expected an overzealous crew to loose off at the fuselage, till in gratitude he remembered the army colonel and his lorries and his payoff. Another bottle fly appeared and this time Jerry took possession of the fly swatter. The plane seemed to be gathering no speed at all, but half the instruments read zero, so he couldn't be sure. The din of the wheels on the runway seemed louder than the engines. Jerry remembered his father's chauffeur driving him back to school: the slow, inevitable progress down the western bypass toward Slough and finally Eton.

A couple of the hillmen had come forward to see the fun and were laughing their heads off. A clump of palm trees came hopping toward them, but the plane kept its feet firmly on the ground. Charlie Marshall absently pulled back the stick and retracted the landing gear. Uncertain whether the nose had really lifted, Jerry thought of school again, and competing in the long jump, and recalled the same sensation of not rising yet ceasing to be on the earth.

He felt the jolt and heard the swish of leaves as the underbelly cropped the trees. Charlie Marshall was screaming at the plane to pull itself into the damn air, and for an age they made no height at all but hung and wheezed a few feet above a winding road that climbed inexorably toward a ridge of hills. Charlie Marshall was lighting a cigarette, so Jerry held the wheel in front of him and felt the live kick of the rudder. Taking back the controls, Charlie Marshall put the plane into a slow bank toward the lowest point of the range. He held the turn, crested the range and went on to make a complete circle. As they looked down onto the brown rooftops and the river and the airport, Jerry reckoned they had an altitude of 1000 feet. As far as Charlie Marshall was concerned, that was a comfortable cruising height, for now, at last, he took his cap off and, with the air of a man who had done a good job well, treated himself to a large glass of Scotch from the bottle at his feet. Below them, dusk was gathering and the brown earth was fading softly into mauve.

"Thanks," said Jerry, accepting the bottle. "Yes, I think I might."

Jerry kicked off with a little small talk—if it is possible to talk while you are shouting at the top of your voice.

"Khmer Rouge just blew up the airport ammunition dump!" he bellowed. "It's closed for landing and take-off."

"They did?" For the first time since Jerry had met him, Charlie Marshall seemed both pleased and impressed.

"They say you and Ricardo were great buddies."

"We bomb everything. We killed half the human race already. We see more dead people than alive people. Plain of Jars, Danang, we're such big damn heroes that when we die, Jesus Christ going to come down personally with a chopper and fish us out of the jungle."

"They tell me Ric was a great guy for business!"

"Sure! He the greatest! Know how many offshore companies we got, me and Ricardo? Six. We got foundations in Liechtenstein, corporations in Geneva, we got a bank manager in the Dutch Antilles, lawyers, Jesus. Know how much money I got?" He slapped his back pocket. "Three hundred U. S. exactly. Charlie Marshall and Ricardo killed half the whole damn human race together. Nobody give us no money. My father killed the other half and he got plenty, plenty money. Ricardo, he always got these crazy schemes always. Shell cases. Jesus. We're going to pay the coons to collect up all the shell cases in Asia, sell 'em for the next war!" The nose dropped and he hauled it up again with a foul French oath. "Latex! We gotta steal all the latex out of Kompong Cham! We fly to Kompong Cham, we got big choppers, red crosses. So what do we do? We bring out the damn wounded. Hold still, you crazy bastard, hear me?" He was talking to the plane again. In the nose cone, Jerry noticed a long line of bullet holes that had not been very well patched. Tear here, he thought absurdly. "Human hair. We were gonna be millionaires out of hair. All the coon girls in the villages got to grow long hair and we're going to cut it off and fly it to Bangkok for wigs."

"Who was it paid Ricardo's debts so that he could fly for Indocharter?"

"Nobody!"

"Somebody told me it was Drake Ko."

"I never heard of Drake Ko. On my deathbed, I tell my mother, my father: Bastard Charlie, the general's boy, he never heard of Drake Ko in his life."

"What did Ricardo do for Ko that was so special that Ko paid all his debts?"

Charlie Marshall drank some whisky straight from the bottle, then handed it to Jerry. His fleshless hands shook wildly whenever he took them off the stick and his nose ran all the while. Jerry wondered how many pipes a day he was up to. He had once known a *pied-noir* Corsican

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hotelier in Luangprabang who needed 60 to do a good day's work. "Captain Marshall never flies in the mornings," he thought.

"Americans always in a hurry," Charlie Marshall complained, shaking his head. "Know why we gotta take this stuff to Phnompenh now? Everybody impatient. Everybody want quick shot these days. Nobody got time to smoke. Everybody got to turn on quick. You wanna kill the human race, you gotta take time, hear me?"

Jerry tried again. One of the four engines had given up, but another had developed a howl as if from a broken silencer, so that he had to yell even louder than before.

"What did Ricardo do for all that money?" he repeated.

"Listen, Voltaire, OK? I don't like politics, I'm just a simple opium smuggler, OK? You like politics, you go back below and talk to those crazy Shans. 'You can't eat politics. You can't screw politics. You can't smoke politics,' he tell my father."

"Who did?"

"Drake Ko tell my father, my father tell me and me, I tell the whole damn human race! Drake Ko some philosopher, hear me?"

For its own reasons, the plane had begun falling steadily till it was a couple of hundred feet above the paddies. They saw a village and cooking fires burning and figures running wildly toward the trees, and Jerry wondered seriously whether Charlie Marshall had noticed. But, at the last minute, like a patient jockey, he hauled and leaned and finally got the horse's head up and they both had some more Scotch.

"You know him well?"

"Who?"

"Ko?"

"I never met him in my life, Voltaire. You wanna talk about Drake Ko, you go ask my father. He cut your throat."

"How about Tiu? Tell me, who's the couple with the pig?" Jerry yelled, to keep the conversation going while Charlie Marshall took back the bottle for another pull.

"Haw people, down from Chiang Mai. They worried about their lousy son in Phnompenh. They think he too damn hungry, so they take him a pig."

"So how about Tiu?"

"I never heard of Tiu, hear me?"

"Ricardo was seen up in Chiang Mai three months ago," Jerry yelled.

"Yeah, well, Ric's a damn fool," said Charlie Marshall with feeling. "Ric's gotta keep his ass out of Chiang Mai or somebody shoot it right off. Anybody lying dead, they gotta keep their damn mouth shut, hear me? I say to him: 'Ric, you my partner. Keep your damn mouth shut and your ass out of sight or certain people get personally pretty mad with you.'"

The plane entered a rain cloud and at

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once began losing height fast. Rain raced over the aluminum deck and down the insides of the windows. Charlie Marshall flicked some switches up and down, there was a bleeping from the control panel and a couple of pin lights came on, which no amount of swearing could put out. To Jerry's amazement, they began climbing again, though in the racing cloud he doubted his judgment of the angle. Glancing behind him in order to check, he was in time to glimpse the bearded figure of the dark-skinned paymaster in the Fidel Castro cap retreating down the cabin ladder, holding his AK-47 by the barrel. They continued climbing, the rain ended and the night surrounded them like another country. The stars broke suddenly above them, they jolted over the moonlit crevasses of the cloudtops, they lifted again, the cloud vanished for good and Charlie Marshall put on his cap and announced that both starboard engines had now ceased to play any part in the festivities. In this moment of respite, Jerry asked his maddest question:

"So where's Ricardo now, sport? Got to find him, see. Promised my paper I'd have a word with him. Can't disappoint them, can we?"

Charlie Marshall's sleepy eyes had all but closed. He was sitting in a half

trance, with his head against the seat and the brim of his cap over his nose.

"What's that, Voltaire? You speak at all?"

"Where is Ricardo now?"

"Ric?" Charlie Marshall repeated, glancing at Jerry in a sort of wonder. "Where Ricardo is, Voltaire?"

"That's it, sport. Where is he? I'd like to have an exchange of views with him. That's what the three hundred bucks were about. There's another five hundred if you could find the time to arrange an introduction."

Springing suddenly to life, Charlie Marshall dived for the *Candide* and slammed it into Jerry's lap while he delivered himself of a furious outburst.

"I don't know where Ricardo is *ever*, hear me? I never don't want a friend in my life. If I see that crazy Ricardo, I shoot his balls right off in the street, hear me? He dead. So he can stay dead till he dies. He tell everyone he got killed. So maybe for once in my life, I'm going to believe that bastard!"

Pointing the plane angrily into the cloud, he let it fall toward the slow flashes of Phnompenh's artillery batteries to make a perfect three-point landing in what to Jerry was pitch-darkness. He waited for the burst of machine-gun fire from the ground defenses, he waited for

the sickening free fall as they nose-dived into a mammoth crater, but all he saw, quite suddenly, was a newly assembled shelter of the familiar, mud-filled ammunition boxes, arms open and palely lit, waiting to receive them. As they taxied toward it, a brown jeep pulled in front of them with a green light winking on the back, like a flashlight being turned on and off by hand. The plane was humping over grass. Hard beside the shelter Jerry could see a pair of green lorries and a tight knot of waiting figures looking anxiously toward them and, behind them, the dark shadow of a twin-engined sports plane. They parked and Jerry heard at once from the hold beneath their penthouse the creak of the nose cone opening, followed by the clatter of feet on the steel ladder and the quick call and answer of voices. The speed of their departure took him by surprise. But he heard something else that turned his blood cold and made him charge down the steps to the belly of the plane.

"Ricardo!" he yelled. "Stop! Ricardo!"

But the only passengers left were the old couple clutching their pig and their parcel. Seizing the steel ladder, Jerry let himself fall, jolting his spine as he hit the tarmac with his heels. The jeep had already left with the Chinese cooks and their Shan bodyguard. As he ran forward, Jerry could see the jeep racing for an open gateway at the perimeter of the airfield. It passed through and two sentries slammed the gates and took up their position as before. Behind him, the helmeted freight handlers were already swarming toward the Carvair. A couple of lorryloads of police looked on and for a moment, the Western fool in Jerry was seduced into thinking they might be playing some restraining role, till he realized they were Phnompenh's guard of honor for a three-ton load of opium. But his eye was for one figure only, and that was the tall, bearded man with the Fidel Castro cap and the AK-47 and the heavy limp that sounded like a hard-soft drum-beat as the rubber-soled flying boots hobbled down the steel ladder. Jerry saw him just. The door of the little Beechcraft waited open for him and there were two ground crew poised to help him in. As he reached them, they held out their hands for the rifle, but Ricardo waved them aside. He had turned and was looking for Jerry. For a second, they saw each other. Jerry was falling and Ricardo was lifting the gun, and for 20 seconds, Jerry reviewed his life from birth till now while a few more bullets ripped and whined across the battle-torn airfield. By the time Jerry looked up again, the firing had stopped, Ricardo was inside the plane and his helpers were pulling away the chocks. As the little plane lifted into the flashes, Jerry ran like the devil for the darkest part of the perimeter before anybody else decided that his presence was



Dehmi

"I'm crazy about her!
I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't work....
Thank God, I can still drink!"

obstructive to good trading.

Just a lovers' tiff, he told himself, sitting in a taxicab, as he held his hands over his head and tried to damp down the wild shaking of his chest. That's what you get for trying to play footsie-footsie with an old flame of Lizzie Worthington's. Somewhere a rocket fell and he didn't give a damn.

He allowed Charlie Marshall two hours, though he reckoned one was generous.

This time, Jerry didn't bother with the bell on the gate but climbed the wall and grazed his hands on the broken glass that ran along the top of it. He didn't make for the front door, either, or go through the formality of watching the brown legs standing on the bottom step. Instead, he stood in the garden, waiting for the clump of his heavy landing to fade and for his eyes and ears to catch a sign of habitation from the big villa that loomed darkly above him with the moon behind it.

A car drew up without lights and two figures got out, by their size and quietness Cambodian. They pressed the gate bell and at the front door murmured the magic password through the crack and were instantly, silently admitted. Jerry tried to fathom the layout. It puzzled him that no telltale smell escaped either from the front of the house or into the garden where he stood. There was no wind. He knew that for a large divan, secrecy was vital, not because the law was punitive but because the bribes were. The villa possessed a chimney and a courtyard and two floors: a place to live comfortably as a French *colon*, with a little family of concubines and half-caste children. The kitchen, he guessed, would be given over to preparation. The safest place to smoke would undoubtedly be upstairs, in rooms that faced the courtyard. And since there was no smell from the front door, Jerry reckoned that they were using the rear of the courtyard rather than the wings or the front.

He trod soundlessly till he came to the paling that marked the rear boundary. It was lush with flowers and creeper. A barred window gave a first foothold to his buckskin boot, an overflow pipe a second, a high extractor fan a third, and as he climbed past it to the upper balcony, he caught the smell he expected: warm and sweet and beckoning. On the balcony, there was still no light, though the two Cambodian girls who squatted there were easily visible in the moonlight, and he could see their scared eyes fixing him as he appeared out of the sky. Beckoning them to their feet, he walked them ahead of him, led by the smell. The shelling had stopped, leaving the night to the geckos. Jerry remembered that Cambodians liked to gamble on the number of times they cheeped: Tomorrow will be a

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isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*



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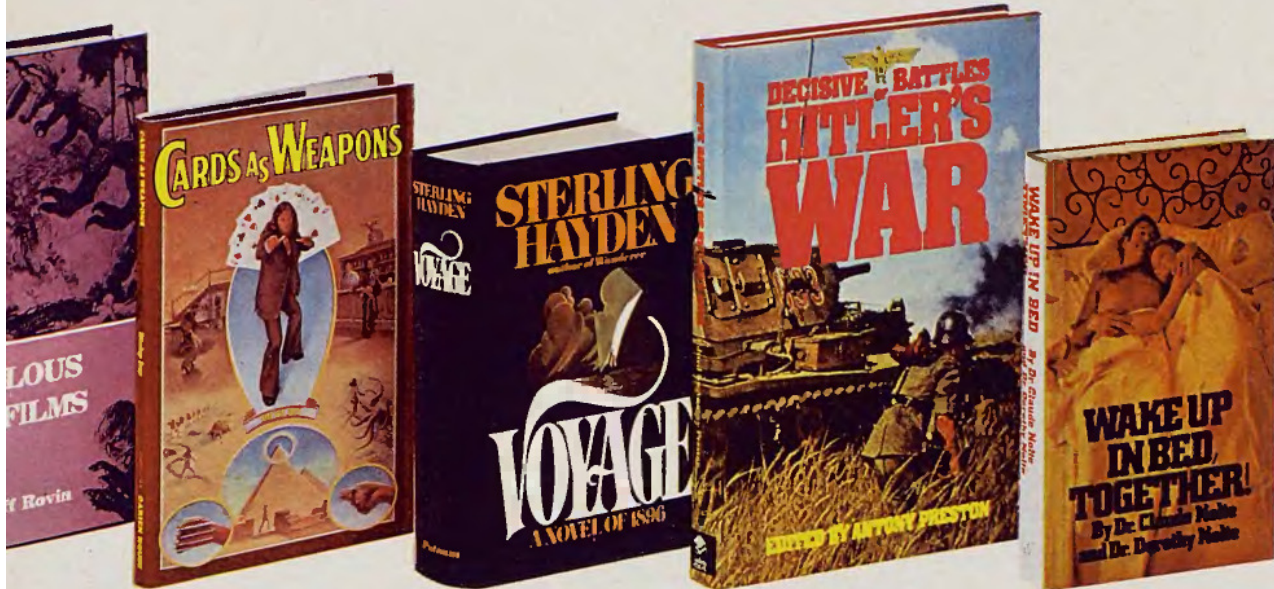
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lucky day; tomorrow won't; tomorrow I will take a bride; no, the day after. The girls were very young and they must have been waiting for the customers to send for them. At the rush door, they hesitated and stared unhappily back at him. Jerry signaled and they began pulling aside layers of matting until a pale light gleamed onto the balcony, no stronger than a candle. He stepped inside, keeping the girls ahead of him.

The room must once have been the master bedroom, with a second, smaller room connecting. He had his hand on the shoulder of one girl. The other went along submissively. Twelve customers, all men, lay in the first room. A few girls lay between them, whispering. Barefooted coolies ministered, moving with great deliberation from one recumbent body to the next, threading a pellet onto the needle, lighting it and holding it across the bowl of the pipe while the customer took a long, steady draught and the pellet burned itself out. The conversation was slow and murmured and intimate, broken by soft ripples of grateful laughter. No one was interested in Jerry: Like the orchids he carried at Lizzie Worthington's apartment block, the girls authenticated him.

"Charlie Marshall," Jerry said quietly. A coolie pointed to the next room. Jerry dismissed the two girls and they slipped away. In the second room, Charlie Marshall lay in the corner, while a Chinese girl in an elaborate *cheongsam* crouched over him, preparing his pipe. Jerry supposed she was the daughter of the house and that Charlie Marshall was getting the grand treatment because he was both a habitué and a supplier. He knelt the other side of him. An old man was watching from the doorway. The girl

watched also, the pipe still in her hands.

"What you want, Voltaire? Why don't you leave me be?"

"Just a little stroll, sport. Then you can come back."

Taking his arm, Jerry lifted him gently to his feet, while the girl helped.

"How much has he had?" he asked the girl. She held up three fingers.

"And how many does he like?" he asked.

She lowered her head, smiling. A whole lot more, she was saying.

Charlie Marshall walked shakily at first, but by the time they reached the balcony, he was prepared to argue, so Jerry lifted him up and carried him across his body like a fire victim, down the wooden steps and across the courtyard. The old man bowed them obligingly through the front door, a grinning coolie held the gate to the street and both were clearly very thankful to Jerry for showing so much tact. They had gone perhaps 50 yards when a pair of Chinese boys came rushing down the road at them, yelling and waving sticks like small paddles. Setting Charlie Marshall upright but holding him firmly with his left hand, Jerry let the first boy strike, deflected the paddle, then hit him at half strength with a two-knuckle punch just below the eye. The boy ran away, his friend after him. Still clutching Charlie Marshall, Jerry walked him till they came to the river and a heavy patch of darkness; then he sat him down on the bank like a puppet in the sloped, dry grass.

"You gonna blow my brains out, Voltaire?"

"We're going to have to leave that to the opium, sport," said Jerry.

Jerry liked Charlie Marshall, and in a perfect world, he would have been glad

to spend an evening with him at the *fumerie* and hear the story of his wretched but extraordinary life. But now his fist grasped Charlie Marshall's tiny arm remorselessly, lest he took it into his hollow head to bolt; for he had a feeling Charlie Marshall could run very fast when he became desperate. He half-lay, therefore, on his left haunch and his left elbow, holding Charlie Marshall's wrist into the mud, while Charlie Marshall lay flat on his back. From the river 30 feet below them came the murmured chant of the sampans as they drifted like long leaves across the golden moonpath. From the sky—now in front, now behind them—came the occasional ragged flashes of outgoing gunfire as some bored battery commander decided to justify his existence.

Now and then, from much nearer, came the lighter, sharper snap as the Khmer Rouge replied, but only as tiny interludes between the racket of the geckos and the greater silence beyond. By the moonlight, Jerry looked at his watch, then at the crazed face, trying to calculate the strength of Charlie Marshall's cravings. Like a baby's feed, he thought. If Charlie was a night smoker and slept in the mornings, then his needs must come on fast. The wet on his face was already unearthly. It flowed from the heavy pores, and from the stretched eyes, and from the sniffing, weeping nose. It channeled itself meticulously along the engraved creases, making neat reservoirs in the caverns.

"Jesus, Voltaire. Ricardo's my friend. He got a lot of philosophy, that guy. You want to hear him talk, Voltaire. You wanna hear his ideas."

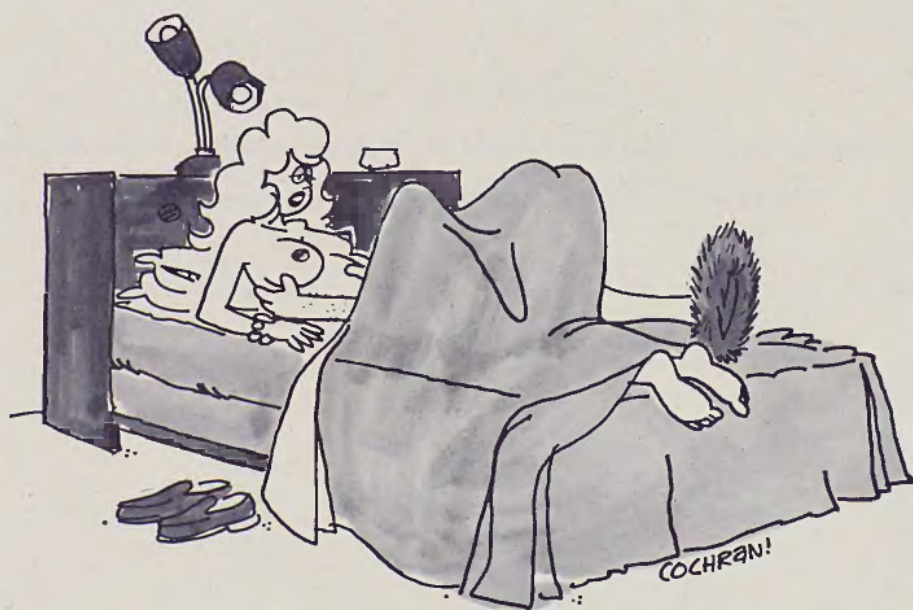
"Yes," Jerry agreed. "I do."

Charlie Marshall grabbed hold of Jerry's hand:

"Voltaire, these are good guys, hear me? Mr. Tiu . . . Mr. Ko. They don't want to hurt nobody. They wanna do business. They got something to sell, they got people buying it! It's a service! Nobody gets his rice bowl broken. Why you want to screw that up? You're a nice guy, yourself. I saw. You carry the old boy's pig. OK? Whoever saw a round-eye carry a slant-eye pig before? But, Jesus, Voltaire, you screw it out of me, they will kill you very completely, because that Tiu, he's a businesslike and very philosophical gentleman, hear me? They kill me, they kill Ricardo, they kill you, they kill the whole damn human race!"

The artillery fired a barrage and this time the jungle replied with a small salvo of missiles, perhaps six, that hissed over their heads like whirring boulders from a catapult. Moments later, they heard the detonations somewhere in the center of the town. After them, nothing. Not the wail of a fire engine, not the siren of an ambulance.

"Why would they kill Ricardo?" Jerry



"Uh, Seymour . . . you're eating my house slipper."

asked. "What's *Ricardo* done wrong?"

"Voltaire! Ricardo's my friend! Drake Ko my father's friend! Those old men big brothers, they fight some lousy war together in Shanghai about two hundred and fifty years ago, OK? I go see my father. I tell him: 'Father, you gotta love me once. You gotta quit calling me your spider bastard and you gotta tell your good friend Drake Ko to take the heat off Ricardo. You gotta say, "Drake Ko, that Ricardo and my Charlie, they are like you and me. They brothers, same as us. They learn fly together in Oklahoma, they kill the human race together. And they some pretty good friends. And that's a fact." My father hate me very bad, OK?"

"OK."

"But he send Drake Ko a damn long personal message, all the same."

Charlie Marshall breathed in, on and on, as if his little breast could scarcely hold enough air to feed him. "That Lizzie. She some woman. Lizzie, she go personally to Drake Ko herself. Also on a very private basis. And she say to him: 'Mr. Ko, you gotta take the heat off Ric.' That's a very delicate situation there, Voltaire. We all got to hold on to each other tight or we fall off the crazy mountaintop, hear me? Voltaire, let me go. I beg! I completely beg for Christ's sakes, *je m'abime*, hear me? That's all I know!"

Watching him, listening to his wracked outbursts, how he collapsed and rallied and broke again and rallied less, Jerry felt he was witnessing the last martyred writhing of a friend. His instinct was to lead Charlie slowly and let him ramble. His dilemma was that he didn't know how much time he had before whatever happens to an addict happened. He asked questions, but often Charlie didn't seem to hear them. At other times, he appeared to answer questions Jerry hadn't put. And sometimes a delayed-action mechanism threw out an answer to a question that Jerry had long abandoned. The inquisitors at Sarratt said a broken man was dangerous because he paid you money he didn't have in order to buy your love. But for whole precious minutes, Charlie could pay nothing at all.

"Drake Ko never went to Vientiane in his life!" Charlie yelled suddenly. "You crazy, Voltaire! A big guy like Ko bothering with a dirty little Asian town? Drake Ko some philosopher, Voltaire! You wanna watch that guy pretty careful!" Everyone, it seemed, was some philosopher—or everyone but Charlie Marshall. "In Vientiane, nobody even heard Ko's name! Hear me, Voltaire?"

At another point, Charlie Marshall wept and seized Jerry's hands and inquired between sobs whether Jerry also had had a father.

"Yes, sport, I did," said Jerry patiently. "And, in his way, he was a general, too."

Over the river, two white flares shed an

amazing daylight, inspiring Charrie to reminisce on the hardships of their early days together in Vientiane. Sitting bolt upright, he drew a house in diagram in the mud. That's where Lizzie and Ric and Charlie Marshall lived, he said proudly: in a stinking flea hut on the edge of town, a place so lousy even the geckos got sick from it. Ric and Lizzie had the royal suite, which was the only room this flea hut contained, and Charlie's job was to keep out of the way and pay the rent and fetch the booze. But the memory of their dreadful economic plight moved Charlie suddenly to a fresh storm of tears.

"So what did you live on, sport?" Jerry asked, expecting nothing from the question. "Come on. It's over now. What did you live on?"

More tears while Charlie confessed to a monthly allowance from his father, whom he loved and revered.

"That crazy Lizzie"—said Charlie through his grief—"that crazy Lizzie, she make trips to Hong Kong for Mellon."

Somehow Jerry contrived to keep himself steady in order not to shake Charlie from his course:

"Mellon. Who's this Mellon?" he asked. But the soft tone made Charlie sleepy and he started playing with the mud house, adding a chimney and smoke.

"Come on, damn you! Mellon. Mellon!" Jerry shouted straight into Charlie's face, trying to shock him into replying. "Mellon, you hashed-out wreck! Trips to Hong Kong!" Lifting Charlie to his feet, he shook him like a rag doll, but it took a lot more shaking to produce the answer, and in the course of it, Charlie Marshall implored Jerry to understand what it was like to love, really to love, a crazy round-eye hooker and know you could never have her, even for a night.

Mellon was a creepy English trader; nobody knew what he did. A little of this, a little of that, Charlie said. People were scared of him. Mellon said he could get Lizzie into the big-time heroin trail. "With your passport and your body," Mellon had told her, "you can go in and out of Hong Kong like a princess."

Exhausted, Charlie sank to the ground and crouched before his mud house. Squatting beside him, Jerry fastened his fist to the back of Charlie's collar, careful not to hurt him.

"So she did that for him, did she, Charlie? Lizzie carried for Mellon." With his palm, he gently tipped Charlie's head around till his lost eyes were staring straight at him.

"Lizzie don't carry for Mellon, Voltaire," Charlie corrected him. "Lizzie carry for Ricardo. Lizzie don't love Mellon. She love Ric and me."

Staring glumly at the mud house, Charlie burst suddenly into raucous dirty laughter, which then petered out with no explanation.

"You louse it up, Lizzie!" Charlie

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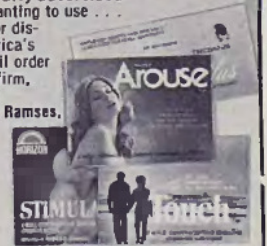
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called teasingly, poking a finger into the mud door. "You louse it up, as usual, honey! You talk too much. Why you tell everyone you queen of England? Why you tell everyone you some great spook lady? Mellon get very, very mad with you, Lizzie. Mellon throw you out, right out on your ass. Ric got pretty mad, too, remember? Ric smash you up real bad and Charlie have to take you to the doctor in the middle of the damn night, remember? You got one hell of a big mouth, Lizzie, hear me? You my sister, but you got the biggest damn mouth ever!"

Till Ricardo closed it for her, Jerry thought, remembering the grooves on her chin. Because she spoiled the deal with Mellon.

A three-second rainstorm had washed away Charlie's mud house and he was furious about it. He was splashing around on all fours, looking for it, weeping and cursing frantically. The fit passed and he started talking about his father again and how the old man had found employment for his natural son with a certain distinguished Vientiane airline—though Charlie till then had been quite keen to get out of flying for good on account of losing his nerve.

One day, it seemed, the general just lost patience with Charlie. He called together his bodyguard and came down from his hilltop in the Shans to a little opium town called Fang not far inside the Thai border. There, after the fashion of patriarchs the world over, the general rebuked Charlie for his spendthrift ways.

Charlie had a special squawk for his father and a special way of puffing out his wasted cheeks in military disapproval:

"So you better do some proper damn work for a change, hear me, you *kwailo* spider bastard? You better stay away from horse gambling, hear me, and strong liquor and opium. And you better take those Commie stars off your tits and sack that stink-friend Ricardo of yours. And you better stop financing his woman, hear me? Because I don't gonna keep you one day more, not one *hour*, you spider bastard, and I hate you so much, one day I kill you, because you remind me of that Corsican whore, your mother!"

Then to the job itself, and Charlie's father, the general, still speaking:

"Certain very fine Chiu Chow gentlemen who are pretty good friends of pretty good friends of mine, hear me, happen to have a controlling interest in a certain aviation company. Also, I got certain shares in that company. Also, this company happens to bear the distinguished title of Indocharter Aviation. So these good friends, they do me a favor to assist me in my disgrace for my three-legged spider-bastard son and I pray sincerely you may fall out of the sky and break your *kwailo* neck."

So Charlie flew his father's opium for Indocharter: one, two flights a week, at

first, but regular, honest work and he liked it. His nerve came back, he steadied down and he felt real gratitude toward his old man. He tried, of course, to get the Chiu Chow boys to take Ricardo, too, but they wouldn't. After a few months, they did agree to pay Lizzie 20 bucks a week to sit in the front office and sweet-mouth the clients. Those were the golden days, Charlie implied. Charlie and Lizzie earned the money, Ricardo wasted it on ever crazier enterprises, everybody was happy, everybody was employed. Till one evening, like a nemesis, Tiu appeared and screwed the whole thing up. He appeared just as they were locking up the company's offices, straight off the pavement without an appointment, asking for Charlie Marshall by name and describing himself as part of the company's Bangkok management. The Chiu Chow boys came out of the back office, took one look at Tiu, vouched for his good faith and made themselves scarce.

Charlie broke off in order to weep on Jerry's shoulder.

"Now, listen to me carefully, sport," Jerry urged. "Listen. This is the bit I like, OK? You tell me this bit carefully and I'll take you home. Promise. *Please*."

But Jerry had it wrong. It was no longer a matter of making Charlie talk. Jerry was now the drug on which Charlie Marshall depended. It was no longer a matter of holding him down, either. Charlie Marshall clutched Jerry's breast as if it were the last raft on his lonely sea, and their conversation had become a desperate monolog from which Jerry stole his facts while Charlie Marshall cringed and begged and howled for his tormentor's attention, making jokes and laughing at them through his tears. Down-river, one of Lon Nol's machine guns that had not yet been sold to the Khmer Rouge was firing tracer into the jungle by the light of another flare. Long golden bolts flowed in streams above and below the water and lit a small cave, where they disappeared into the trees.

Charlie's sweat-soaked hair was pricking Jerry's chin and Charlie was gabbling and dribbling all at the same time.

"Mr. Tiu don't wanna talk in no office, Voltaire. Oh, no! Mr. Tiu don't dress too good, either. Tiu very Chiu Chow person, he use Thai passport like Drake Ko, he use crazy name and keep very, very low appearance when he come to Vientiane. 'Captain Marshall,' he say to me, 'how you like earn a lot of extra cash by performing certain interesting and varied work outside the company's hours, tell me? How you like fly a certain unconventional journey for me once? They tell me you some pretty damn fine pilot these days, very steady, and you like earn yourself not less than maybe four to five thousand bucks for one day's work, not even a whole day? How would that personally attract you, Captain Marshall?"

'Mr. Tiu, I tell him'—Charlie was shouting hysterically now—"without in any way prejudicing my negotiating position, Mr. Tiu, for five thousand bucks U. S., in my present serene mood, I go down to hell for you and I bring you the Devil's balls back.' Mr. Tiu say he come back one day and I gotta keep my damn mouth shut."

Suddenly, Charlie had changed to his father's voice and he was calling himself a spider bastard and the son of a Corsican whore; till gradually it dawned on Jerry that Charlie was describing the next episode in the story.

Amazingly, it turned out, Charlie had kept to himself the secret of Tiu's offer until he next saw his father, this time in Chiang Mai for a celebration of the Chinese New Year. He had not told Ric and he had not even told Lizzie, maybe because at that point they weren't getting on too well anymore and Ric was having himself a lot of women on the side.

The general's counsel was not encouraging:

"Don't you touch that horse! That Tiu got some pretty highly big connections, and they all a bit too special for a crazy little spider bastard like you, hear me! Jesus Christ, who ever heard of a Swatownese give five thousand dollars to a lousy half-*kwailo* to improve his mind with travel?"

"So you passed the deal to Ric, right?" said Jerry quickly. "Right, Charlie? You told Tiu, 'Sorry, but try Ricardo.' Is that how it went?"

But Charlie Marshall was missing, believed dead. He had fallen straight off Jerry's chest and lay flat in the mud with his eyes closed and only his occasional gulps for breath—greedy, rasping draughts of it—and the crazy beating of his pulse where Jerry held his wrist testified to the life inside the fleshless frame.

"Voltaire," Charlie whispered. "On the Bible, Voltaire. You're a good man. Take me home. Jesus, take me home, Voltaire."

Stunned, Jerry stared at the prone and broken figure and knew that he had to ask one more question, even if it was the last in both their lives. Reaching down, he dragged Charlie to his feet for the last time. And there, for an hour in the black road, struggling on Jerry's arm, while more aimless barrages stabbed the darkness, Charlie Marshall screamed, and begged, and swore he would love Jerry always, if only he didn't have to reveal what arrangements his friend Ricardo had made for his survival. But Jerry explained that without that, the mystery was not even half revealed. And perhaps Charlie Marshall, in his ruin and despair, as he sobbed out the forbidden secrets, understood Jerry's reasoning: that in a city about to be given back to the jungle, there was no destruction unless it was complete.



"Jane? That was last year. This is Samantha."



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ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

YOUR OWN LIGHT SHOW

In this age of the ubiquitous turn-on, one of the most rewarding can be the type of illumination you choose for a room. Well-designed floor and table lamps are like shining sculptures; individually, of course, they reflect your particular taste in light sources and, collectively, their total output establishes the visual mood for whatever room you're in. And when selecting any desk lamp, beware of gimmickry. Many lamps today are design objects rather than quality light-producing instruments. No matter how much the looks of the desk lamp turn you on, it first has to be judged as to whether or not it helps you see and read. —ROBERT L. GREEN

Right, left to right: Flexible-gooseneck lamp, \$69, and the Olive Oyl high-intensity lamp, \$19.50, both from George Kovacs. Next to them is a surrealistic lamp made of hydrocal (a type of gypsum), from Richard Etts, \$200. Below, left to right: Polished-chrome adjustable Luxo lamp that was originally designed for architects and artists, from Harry Gitlin, \$275. Classically simple domed metal shade on a polished-chrome cylinder, from George Kovacs, \$110. Handmade traditional brass reading lamp with an imported green-glass shade, from the Pendulum Shop, \$55. Sleek-looking polished-chrome angle lamp illuminates the surface beneath its armor, from George Kovacs, \$125.



AUDIO

NEW WAYS WITH SOUND

From beginning to end of a stereo system, or—as the technos put it—from input to output, there are some new products of more than passing interest vis-à-vis the dozens that are announced periodically.

For openers, consider the **Luxman P-121** turntable, which strikes me as the kind a dedicated hobbyist, not to mention the well-heeled audio perfectionist or even a studio pro, would choose. The motor and transmission use direct drive (naturally) and rumble at -70 db is one of the lowest you can find. Either of its two speeds (33 and 45 rpm) may be read directly by an illuminated strobe (using black light, yet) and, of course, there's an adjustment for speed correction. Freedom from vibration is assured by unified chassis/tone-arm mount and rosewood frame. The Luxman is supplied less arm but with a mounting platform that makes a "bayonet fit" with the chassis base and facilitates adjusting the arm of your choice for correct geometry, angle, and so on. It sits on triple-structured insulated legs and is protected by a heavy, hinged transparent cover. List price: \$495.

Right: Model P-121 direct-drive two-speed turntable, from Luxman, \$495, not including a tonearm.



As to what goes on that turntable, a really blemished record whose surface is marred beyond what ordinary cleaning can correct (surface flaws, scratches due to careless handling) produces annoying clicks and pops. To cope with them, we now have the **SAE Model 5000 Impulse Noise Reduction System**. What the 5000 does, via some very sophisticated electronics, is monitor the music to detect noise "spikes," which it grabs and dissipates, letting the music come through clearly. By a psychoacoustic effect—based on the fact that the duration of the offending spike is usually less than a millisecond—the "gap" created by the model 5000 is never audible. What you hear is a continuous flow of the program, sans the original noise impulses. However, the SAE 5000 will not act on hiss. Nor will it improve the basic fidelity of a disc. List price: \$200.



Left: SAE's Model 5000 Impulse Noise Reduction System cleans up music by killing noise "spikes," \$200.

The **Nakamichi Model 630**, a stereo FM tuner with a system control-preamplifier, looks like and is like no other single audio component on the market. Although designed as a stylemate to Nakamichi's model 600 cassette recorder, the model 630 can be used to head up any stereo system. In addition to the usual preamp functions, the 630 permits monitoring two tape decks at once and copying from one to the other. It also has a high-output headphone jack. The phono input circuit is sensitive enough to let you use very low-output cartridges (moving-coil types). Some really advanced circuitry is used in the FM section, including a phase-locked loop for stereo multiplex. The model 630 can

Right: Nakamichi's sophisticated model 630 stereo FM tuner can monitor two tapes simultaneously, \$600.



be regarded as a "semireceiver"—connect a basic or power amplifier and you have it all. Price: \$600.

To listen to all this sonic wonder, there are dozens of fine speaker systems. A perennially intriguing model is the **Bose 901**, which not only produces lots more clean sound than you'd expect from its size but also involves room walls to achieve the system's "direct-reflected" dispersion pattern, thus lending an added touch of ambience or stereo depth and breadth to what already is an eminently clean, wide-range output. The latest 901 (Series III), needing only about one third the amplifier power required by the original model, can be used with a much greater variety of driving equipment (receivers or amplifiers), including modestly powered units once deemed not gutsy enough to



Left: A pair of Bose's 901 (Series III) stereo speakers, plus an active equalizer, will set you back \$764.

push the Bose speakers to full output. The 901's new active equalizer (which contours the extreme ends of the audio band) is more sensitive and it can make for an even smoother response than in the past, and somehow the whole system seems less critical of room placement than did the previous version. However, even if you opt to forgo the ideal placement for the "bounce and spread" effect, the 901s still need some attention as to location. At the least, they should be raised off the floor. A pair goes for \$764.



Left: JVC's HM-200E stereo headphones come with a tiny condenser microphone embedded in each earcup, about \$80.

The most unusual set of headphones right now is the **JVC HM-200E**, which not only provides good clean stereo at your ears and nobody else's but—surprise—also contains small electret condenser microphones, one embedded in each (left and right) earcup. Because of their arrangement, the two mikes "hear" live sounds exactly as you would, in true binaural fashion. When used for tape recording and then for listening to that recording, the JVC device gives the wearer a sense of spatial realism that is at least as uncanny and as convincing as four-channel sound, if not more so. The phones go for about \$80. —NORMAN EISENBERG

GROOMING

FACE FOLIAGE: A PRIMER

Whether from some residual primitive instinct in man to assert his animal origins or simply from the vagaries of fashion, mustaches and beards have a way of growing back into popularity from time to time. Today, facial hair is again back on top.

On the average, a man's beard grows approximately a half inch per month, and just as idiosyncratically as the hair atop his skull. So the man who wants to grow a mustache and/or a beard must trust blind luck. No matter how much pruning, an incoming bush will always look scrubby. Grin and scratch it for a couple of weeks, then start shaping the topiary.

Before joining the fringe revolution, though, recognize what facial hair can and cannot do. A widely receding hairline, for example, can be counterbalanced with a closely cropped beard and mustache. However, narrow foreheads with low hairlines are made more obvious with beards that are too full. Exaggerated pronouncements such as largish noses, ears or chins can sometimes be tamed by adding mustaches; but a jutting jaw, if bearded, appears even heavier. Mustaches give bland faces or those with diminutive features some facial ballast by weighting the area between nominal noses and minimal mouths. Weak, flabby chins can be offset by the judicious addition of beards, creating semblances of jaw lines where none exist.

Once facial hair can legitimately be called a mustache or a beard—usually following several slow and stubbly weeks—care and feeding really begin. Initially, soap and water will keep the fringe clean, but as it becomes more resplendent, shampooing it whenever you wash your hair will give it more life. However, if you use a dandruff shampoo, don't use it on a beard; that's tender facial skin beneath. Dandruff seldom occurs under fringes, anyway, but flaking might—most likely the consequence of not rinsing thoroughly after cleansing. Residual soap or shampoo dries in facial hair and eventually cascades off in a dandrufflike appearance.

For optimum fringe care, shampoo the growth away from the face to prevent the beard's coarse texture from irritating the skin. Never use a blow drier on facial hair but blot, then gently

rub, with a towel. Next, comb the mustache or the beard with a wide-toothed comb to remove any snarls.

Combing is the only action that should be performed on a wet fringe. After it dries, you can brush facial hair to train it, generally in long, downward strokes, with shorter strokes to round the whiskers at their bottom line. Brushes with very stiff bristles are better than softer ones, which can't contend with a heavy texture. Brushing should be firm—moving *through* the whiskers, not just on the surface—but not so vigorous as to rough up the skin beneath.

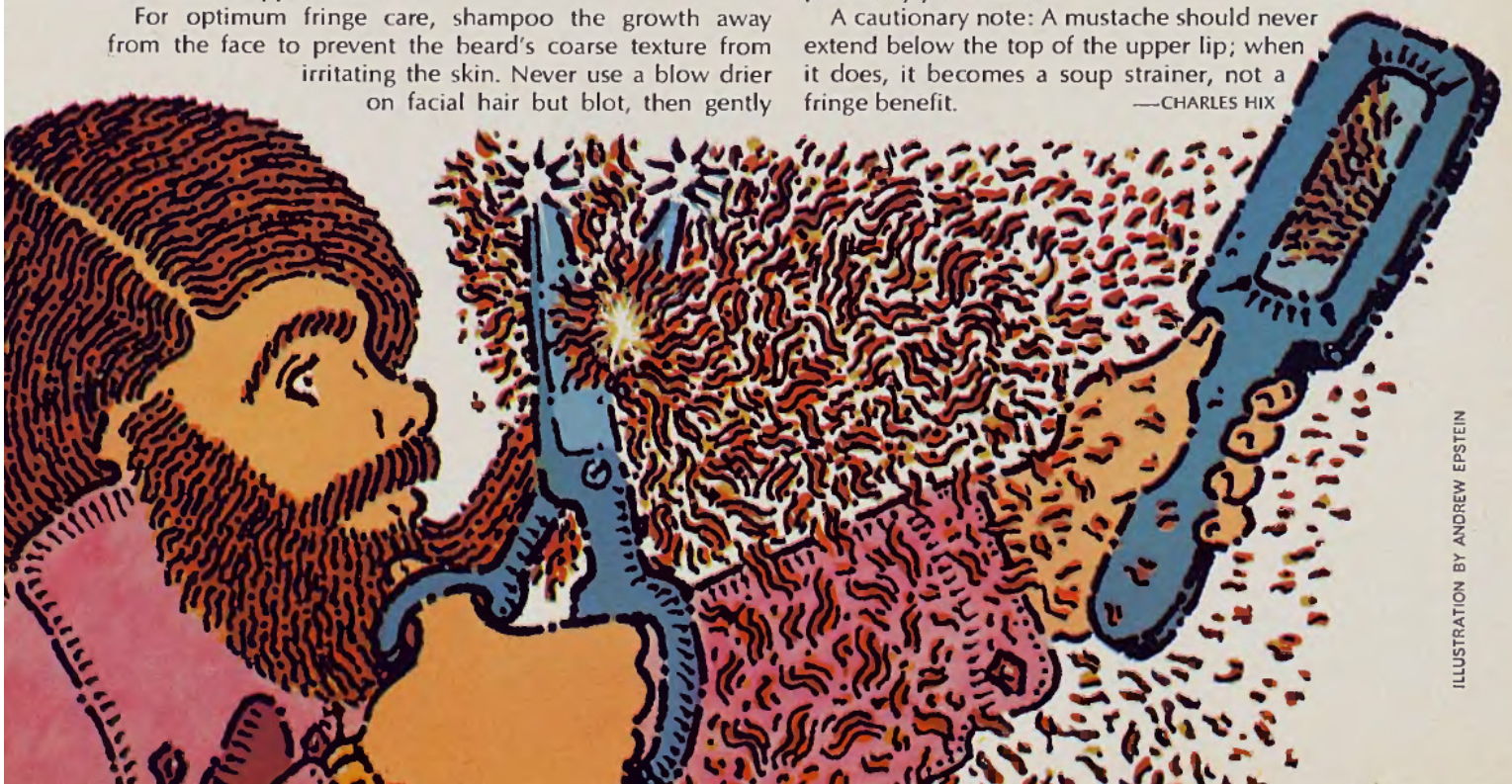
Wet whiskers have a different shape than dry ones, so facial hair should be trimmed only when it's dry; otherwise, you can't correctly gauge the results, which could be gouges and bald spots that only time can fill. Barber's shears are nifty tools for snipping and trimming. Their thin, long blades make it easier to reach nearly any part of the face without obstructing your view in the mirror. Short, round-tipped scissors protect against accidental injury when cutting around the lips or the nose.

Home trimmers—those plastic holders housing a razor blade or another sharp cutting edge between comblike teeth—can be used to thin out facial hair. Still, trimmers are short-term measures. A thorough grooming of the fringe—studying it in a magnifying mirror, combing the beard up and out, running the comb through the beard portion you're working on and holding it in place near the whiskers' ends, then clipping off the hairs protruding through the comb's teeth with barber's scissors—should be performed at least every few weeks. But, alas, many men simply can't cope with this professional method themselves. If you are utterly helpless, visit your barber frequently and have him shape up your facial hair when he styles your skull hair.

If you do grow something and it still looks rotten after several weeks, face facts and get rid of it. Not every guy can nurture his expectations to fruition. But before shaving it off, remove most of the hair with scissors. If you don't, inevitable abrasion and razor pull are sure to be accompanied by your bellows.

A cautionary note: A mustache should never extend below the top of the upper lip; when it does, it becomes a soup strainer, not a fringe benefit.

—CHARLES HIX



GADGETS

BE A SUMMER SPORT

If you'd like to while away the warm-weather months doing something more challenging than chugaluging mint juleps, you might check out the three sporty items pictured here. They have something in common, as all three can be mastered with virtually no experience. But if you take the trouble to practice a bit, you'll be surprised at what each of these babies can do. The portable Aqua

Scooter, for example, is capable of pulling an accomplished snorkler at speeds up to five miles per hour behind its compact two-cycle engine. The Sail Bike has reached upwards of 38 miles per hour during tests on dry lake beds. And the WindSkate? Well, you haven't lived until just the breeze and thou have taken to the tarmac. And think how good that julep will taste afterward.



RICHARD IZUI



Above: To experience the wildest watery groove of your life, go jump in the lake or ocean, pull-start the Aqua Scooter's two-hp engine and let yourself be taken in tow for the next two hours, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$299.50. Left: All you good skates will turn on to a nylon wind sail, \$99.95, that attaches to a hardwood skate board, \$69.95, both by WindSkate. Right: Want to breeze along with the breeze instead of having to pedal? Get a decorated Sail Bike that can be assembled in five minutes and has an instant-flip-down feature for safety, by Danner Bike, \$129.

RICHARD IZUI

DAVID H. BRYAN





Hynek Sight

J. ALLEN HYNEK, professor of astronomy at Northwestern University and director of the Center for UFO Studies in Evanston, Illinois, has maintained his credibility as a UFO investigator for 29 years by adhering to a scientific approach to the question of extraterrestrial visitors. But after "U.S. News & World Report" disclosed that the CIA holds "unsettling" information about UFOs and the brush fire of public interest sparked by "Jaws" director Steven Spielberg's forthcoming UFO film, "Close Encounter of the Third Kind," Dr. Hynek apparently feels freer to discuss his views on the mystery.

Speaking before a leadership seminar of outstanding high school students this spring, Hynek stated that there have been increasing numbers of reports of contacts between humans and "extra- or metaterrestrial" beings. Pressed for a theory as to how UFOs are able to travel across galaxies, apparently appear and disappear and avoid radar detection, Hynek replied, "I would have to say that they travel interdimensionally. Although our current scientific techniques are incapable of doing more than sending solid objects on a line through three-dimensional space, the laws of higher physics provide, at least theoretically, for there to be an infinite number of dimensions intersecting, overlapping and co-existing.

"There are stars millions, even a billion years older than the sun," he concluded, "and it is entirely possible that civilizations exist that are millions of years older and, hence, more advanced than ours. Couldn't they have learned to manipulate space and time in a manner totally unknown to us?"

ALEXAS URBA

The Second Time Around

For a black politician to become a big-time mayor, he needs a city with a black majority or near majority. So runs the conventional wisdom in such cities as Atlanta, Newark and Detroit. Not so for TOM BRADLEY, who was re-elected this spring to a second term as the mayor of Los Angeles, which has less than a 20 percent black population. Bradley won 59 percent of the vote against a field of 11 white candidates, even winning in the conservative, mostly white San Fernando Valley area, which was caught up in a heated school-busing controversy. "It is a super feeling that shows the first election wasn't a fluke," says Bradley.

That catapults the 59-year-old Bradley into an elder statesman's role within the national black leadership. What about his future? "Even people from the Deep South are urging me to get involved in national politics," admits hizzoner. Bradley will not talk about it yet, but a run for the U.S. Senate in 1980 would be an obvious goal.



DAVID GUNN



Cutting Room at the Top

In a world where actors and auteur directors are the superstars, the film editor (who turns miles of film footage into a movie) has been given a low profile; but DEDE ALLEN, a veteran whose recent work on the film "Slap Shot" was critically acclaimed, has emerged as a major talent behind the camera. Ironically, "Slap Shot," a movie about a minor-league ice-hockey team, with some of the saltiest screen language ever, was the first movie Allen worked on with a woman scriptwriter (Nancy Dowd). "It just shows how few films are being done by women. Isn't that terrible?" Well, not so terrible when you have a track record such as Allen's—"Bonnie and Clyde," "Little Big Man," "Serpico" and "Dog Day Afternoon." All those movies have a fair share of violence—so much, in fact, that "my 82-year-old mother wondered if I would ever work on a G-rated film." Allen will soon be editing her first musical, "The Wiz." So it looks like her mother will finally get her wish.



FRANK ECK

Monied Bunny

This is yet another of our Who Is This Famous Bunny? quizzes. First a few hints: She married a seminal pop-music figure and now lives in Malibu in their \$2,000,000 house. Another hint? He wrote "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall." Another hint? Her name is SARA LOWNDS. She worked in the New York Playboy Club in 1963. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will not be awarded.



Fraternity Initiation

CHARLES GARY ALLISON isn't your typical Hollywood producer. For one thing, he's written 26 textbooks on American history and the cinema. For another, in five semesters he received two master's degrees and a Ph.D. in philosophy and communication at the University of Southern California. But what's most astounding about Allison is that he made a film, "Fraternity Row," with a \$98.13 cash outlay, foundation grants, 48 USC students and six professional actors. "I had chosen as my dissertation topic the problems that a producer faces while making a feature film—and found that no producer in town wanted me following him around. So I had no choice—I had to make my own film." That film, "Fraternity Row," opened this spring to very good reviews and now he's juggling several Hollywood offers for multi-picture contracts. Allison, who still commutes regularly to his Shilo, Georgia, farm, says, "I love this work. I'm a hyphenate—a writer-producer. I feel that in film making, you have an obligation to be financially responsible, but you also have an obligation to the art—you somehow have to make these two elements meet. I want to improve the current state of cinema—but I want to entertain a large audience as well."

HIS AND HERS AND HIS

Lives there a man who hasn't had that splendidly decadent "harem" fantasy—living with several servile sweeties who dedicate their lives to his pleasure? But how would you feel if the dominant shoes were on feminine feet and you were part of some woman's live-in male entourage? Think about it, because polyandry—one woman living with two or more men—may well be the next step in American mating habits. In fact, according to Dr. James Ramey, behavioral scientist and author of *Intimate Friendships*, "the incidents of one woman living with two men are already every bit as frequent as a man with two women. There have always been, and will continue to be, three-person arrangements. I've found that where one woman is living successfully with two men, the following conditions exist: The female has infinite sexual capacity, while the males, in contrast, are more limited. Everybody's happy with this group relationship, because the pressure is off the guys to perform, while the woman is sexually satisfied.

"However," Ramey cautions, "if men are to be comfortable with this arrangement, they have to have an extremely strong self-concept, in order to eliminate the jealousy that frequently crops up when a man is faced with 'sharing' his woman."

HOT BUNS

A gorgeous female ass swinging jauntily along in front of you has got to be one of the greatest sights in the world. But why? What is it about those terrific taillights that make us all blow our horns? Dr. Ted McIlvenna, dean of the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco, explains that "the process of becoming turned on by ladies' behinds begins in childhood. A lot of young boys don't yet understand the concept of vaginas but are fascinated by girls' asses because both sexes have them in common. Men whose fantasies we've examined all respond to high, tight little asses more than anything else, because they first became aware of the female body in their early teens, when girls have that kind of shape to their behind. So their pleasurable adult response is an unconscious link to their childhood turn-on."

Dr. McIlvenna told us that there are three factors involved. "The major one is movement. A man is excited by it because it's an indication that all this rhythmic activity on the part of the woman's hindquarters is going to be repeated in bed, that she will really move in response to his lovemaking. It's a kind of sexual signaling. In addition, behinds are consistently soft and warm—this, too, is tremendously appealing."

THE LAST TABOO

Everybody's heard the old joke "Vice is nice, but incest is best—it keeps it in the family." Yet the reality of incest is terrifying

for most people, because it's our oldest, strongest sexual taboo. We were therefore surprised to find that "the most important thing about incest is that it's basically not a sexual act, even though it's carried out through the sex organs." Dr. Gail W. Berry, assistant clinical professor of psychiatry at the Mt. Sinai School of Medicine in New York, asserts: "Incest is really a message indicating that there's some serious disturbance going on with the people involved—it's a sexual means of expressing a nonsexual feeling or problem."

Apparently, quite a large number of American family members are having those kinds of feelings, because Dr. Berry indicated that incest is a lot more widespread than most people realize. In her research on this subject, she found that brother-sister relations are the most common, father-daughter somewhat less so and mother-

son coupling by far the rarest. When incest is uncovered, it is vital to consider the emotional functioning of all family members, including those who have not been directly involved. A frequent finding in cases of father-daughter incest is that the mother has unconsciously fostered the incestuous relationship as a way of avoiding her own relationship with her husband. Berry has also seen a few cases in which the "uninvolved" sisters of girls incestuously involved with their fathers became even more emotionally troubled later in life than their sisters, due to unconscious feelings of envy and neglect. However, when fathers have slept with all of their daughters, all have developed emotional problems. To prevent these problems, it is essential, when incest does occur, that the entire family obtain psychiatric treatment.

BULL, BEARS AND BALLS

Ever wonder why your lust seems to leap after triumphantly closing a big business deal? Or when you've talked the boss into a big raise, why you are hot to trot when you get home? It's not just a matter of renewed self-esteem; that's probably there in abundance. There is also a lot of chemistry involved. "This has much to do with hormones," report Drs. Leon and Shirley Zussman, gynecologist and psychotherapist, respectively, and practicing sex-therapy team in Manhattan. "While a man is in the process of completing his negotiations, periods of sexuality tend to fall, because the stress and strain of preparing a big deal are so great that the cortisone and adrenaline levels in the body increase. This, in turn, decreases the testosterone, which is the hormone needed for active sex. But if the venture is finished successfully and the man is no longer worried about survival, his sexual interest can then be even higher than normal, because the testosterone can come shooting back into his system and, acting like a relief mechanism, trigger his libido."

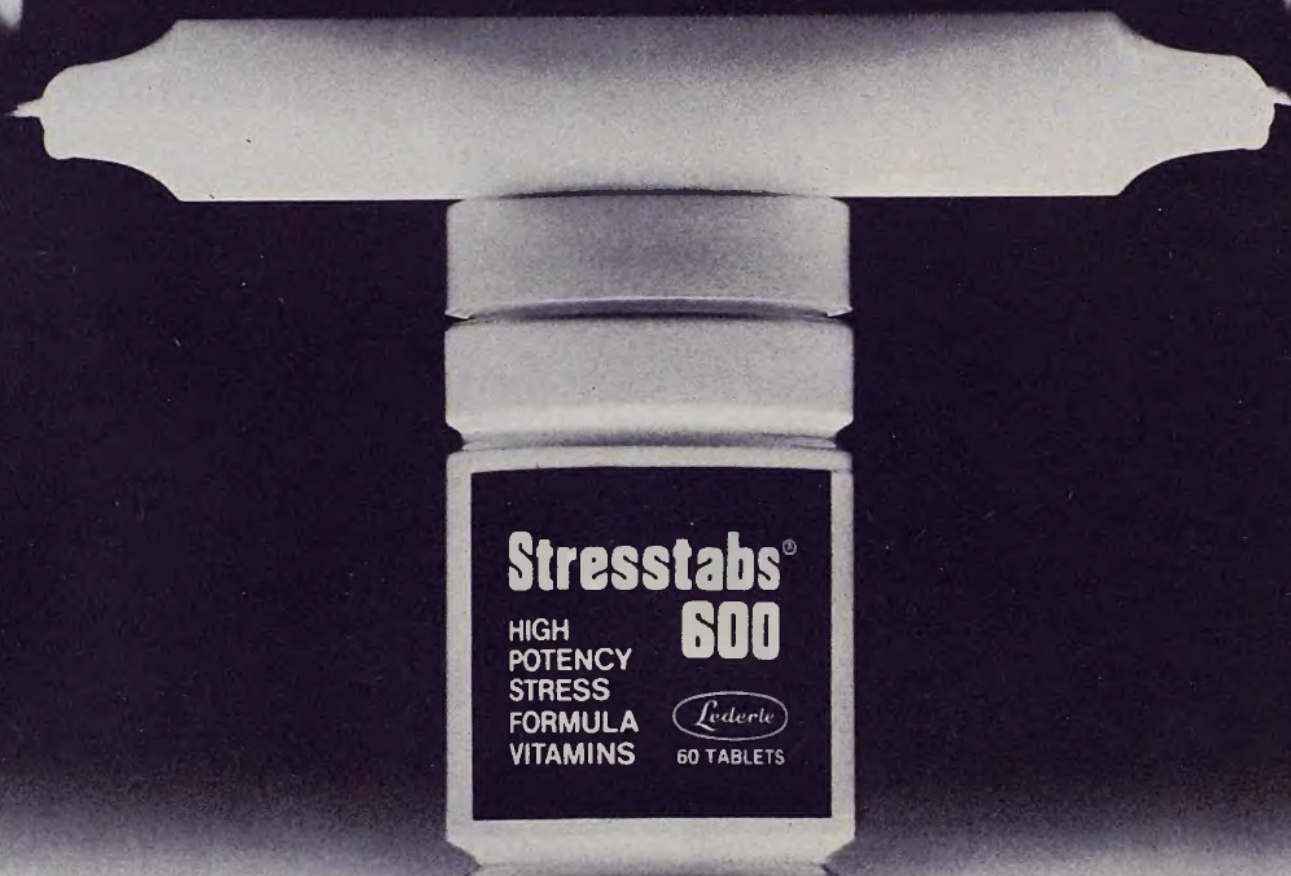
—HOWARD SMITH AND
BRIAN VAN DER HORST



A suspension problem, causing a droop, scratched the world's fastest condom at Sebring this year. But the Texture Plus Corvette will race again—after a lube job and, we suspect, a cigarette.



Made to measure for the man who hasn't enough to worry about, the Pecquer Checquer from Medi Measure Corp. can turn idle doubts into a full-blown neurosis. This device measures diameter. The small hole at the top is (whew!) just for hanging.



Overwork Poor diet Both ends of the vitamin candle

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JUNE MOON



SPIRO AGNEW



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