PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1979 • $2.00

EXCLUSIVE!

THE SECRET LIFE OF MARILYN MONROE

FOREIGN SEX STARS · DAN RATHER · WORKING THE VICE SQUAD · SPRING FASHIONS · A SURPRISE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

SOONER OR LATER,
ALL CASSETTE DECKS
WILL BE BUILT
ALONG THESE LINES.

ONCE AGAIN, PI

THE CT-F900. THE FIRST 3-HEAD FLUROSCAN METERING, DOUBL

Innovation is nothing new to Pioneer.

We were the first to introduce the high power receiver. Sooner or later everyone followed.

We were the first to create the front loading cassette deck. And the first with a quartz lock loop turntable that was as easy on the budget as it was on the ear. Again, our competition had no alternative but to follow.

So now that Pioneer introduces the CT-F900, we expect that soon there'll be a few rushed-through imitations that have our look. But not our value.

This is no small coincidence. And it's nothing we're unaccustomed to. It's a simple case of follow the leader.

A METERING SYSTEM AS FAST AS THE SPEED OF SOUND.

Conventional cassette decks are all plagued with the same problem. Either they have slow to react VU meters that give you average readings or slightly more advanced LED's that give you limited resolution.

Pioneer offers a better resolution. A Fluroscan metering system that's so fast and so precise, it provides a more accurate picture of what you're listening to.

It covers the range of −20 dB to +7 dB in 20 easy-to-read calibrations. And while other meters may work within that same range, in terms of precision they're not even in the same neighborhood.

The CT-F900 has a Peak Button that lets you register all the peaks in the incoming signal. And lets you register an unheard of level of harmonic distortion. Less than 1.3%.

A Peak Hold Button that retains the highest peak level in each channel. So you can record at the highest level possible without fear of overload.

And an Average Button that makes the Fluroscan meter respond like an ordinary level meter.

A DIGITAL BRAIN WITH AN INCREDIBLE MEMORY.

All cassette decks have tape counters. Even the most respectable ones have mechanical counters you can't really count on.

Pioneer's designed the most precise electronic way of keeping track of your tracks.

As the take up reel rotates, pulses are fed to a microprocessor which provides a three digit readout on an electronic tape counter.

The terminology may be difficult to understand, but the benefit of all this is simple. Precision. Dependability. And convenience.

Many of these "better" cassette decks also claim they have advanced memories. But there are functions that even the best of them haven't been programmed to remember.

The CT-F900 has the first electronic memory of its kind that performs four different functions.

Memory Stop automatically stops the tape wherever you select. Memory Play rewinds the tape to this spot and then automatically goes into the play mode. Counter Repeat rewinds the cassette when the end of the tape is reached. Then begins replaying the tape wherever you want it to begin. End Repeat automatically rewinds the tape. And then replays it from the beginning for endless listening.

WE'RE HARD HEADED. BUT SENSITIVE.

Every audiophile will agree that to achieve professional quality recording, three heads are better than two.

And while you can expect three heads from most reputable cassette decks, you can also expect that they're either made of ferrite or permalloy.

The CT-F900 has recording and playback heads made of a newly developed Sendust Alloy. This remarkable bit of technology gives you higher frequency response (20-19,000 Hz.) and lower distortion than ferrite. And better wear-resistance than permalloy.

BIASING BY THE MOST SOPHISTICATED AUDIO EQUIPMENT KNOWN TO MAN. HIS EARS

While many of today's "equipped" cassette decks let you monitor during recording, what they don't do is let you

ONEER BUILT IT SOONER.

ED, DUAL CAPSTAN CASSETTE DECK THAT OFFERS LE-DOLBY,® A DIGITAL BRAIN AND BIASING BY EAR.

control what you monitor.

The CT-F900 allows you to bias by ear. Which means you have almost as much control over your tape deck as you would over any other musical instrument.

By simply switching between the Source and Tape monitors and adjusting your bias control, you can make sure that what comes out of your cassette deck is as clean and crisp as what went into it.

FEATURES OTHERS DON'T EVEN OFFER.

These are just a few of the features that will soon change the face of all cassette decks. The CT-F900 also offers features like a double Dolby® noise reduction system that eliminates noise in both record monitoring and playback. And reduces tape hiss to −64 dB. Solenoid push button controls that give you direct function switching so you can go directly from one mode to another without damaging the tape. A two motor, dual capstan drive system that gives you stable head contact, constant tape movement, and an inaudible 0.04% wow and flutter. And circuitry that lets you hook the CT-F900 to an external timer so you can make recordings even when you're not there.

Obviously, all that went into the CT-F900 sounds impressive. But it's not half as impressive as what comes out of it.

Given all this, it's not surprising that sooner or later all cassette decks will be built along the lines of the CT-F900.

But even then there will be that fine line that has always separated Pioneer from the competition.

Value.

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We bring it back alive.

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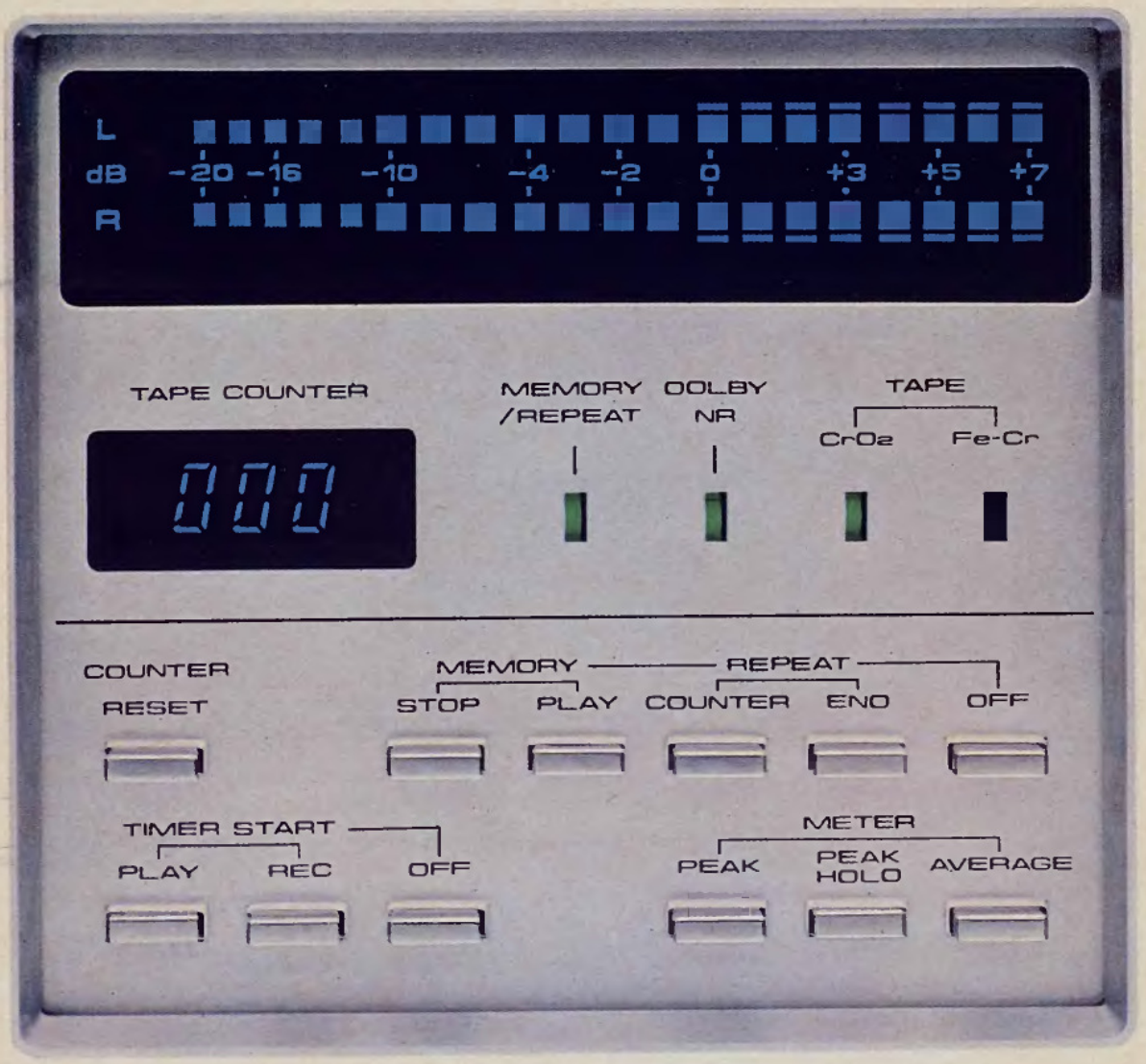
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TIMER START
PLAY
REC
OFF
METER
PEAK
PEAK HOLD
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Whether it's the work I do or the whiskey I drink."

The Preferred
taste in whiskey is
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PLAYBILL

WHEN MOST OF US think of **Marilyn Monroe**, the first images are of the public Marilyn, the movie queen and sex goddess. Then the less romantic images come to challenge our idolatry and, perhaps, to make us uncomfortable. So, devout MMophiles, beware: *The Private Life of Marilyn Monroe*, an excerpt from **Lena Pepitone** and **William Stadiem**'s book *Marilyn Monroe Confidential* (published this month by Simon & Schuster), is another *heavy* entry in the ledger of unromantic Monroe images. Pepitone was Marilyn's personal maid and seamstress for five years and she saw a Marilyn that even Marilyn's husbands never saw. Pepitone kept her secrets for 16 years.

Another well-kept secret provides the jumping-off point for this month's *Playboy Interview* with **Wendy/Walter Carlos**. Assistant Editor Tom Passavant was speaking with *Village Voice* columnist **Arthur Bell** (author of *Kings Don't Mean a Thing*, excerpted in the October 1978 PLAYBOY) in our New York office last winter and Bell confided one of the best-kept secrets in the music world: Walter Carlos, a pioneer of electronic-synthesizer music (*Switched-On Bach*), had had a sex-change operation in 1972 and was only now thinking of going public. We asked Bell to interview Carlos, and the result is one of the most dramatic personal revelations we've published. And before we leave the topic of secrets, we have yet another confession in this marvelous May issue. It's **Arthur T. Hadley**'s *I Was a Military-Industrial Complex*, illustrated by **Randall Enos**. We'll give you a clue: The guys at the Pentagon will be embarrassed when they read it.

The baseball season is here again and, as the final roster cuts approach, several over-35 players will be wondering how they're going to spend the rest of the summer. In *Past Their Prime*, **Roger Kahn**, who's at the top of his sportswriting form, examines why some athletes hang on with age and some don't. And speaking of sports, some consider eating a sport. If it is, then the champion must be French restaurant critic **Jean Didier**. In *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Eater*, **Rudolph Chelminski** describes one grueling week in the life of a man compelled by his job to eat an endless array of *haute cuisine*. It's enough to turn you on to cottage cheese.

In stark contrast to the elegant lifestyle Chelminski shared with Didier, **Jules Siegel** spent several days hanging out with West Coast vice cops to write *Working the Street*, arrestingly illustrated by **Milou Hermus**. While Siegel watched street life, **D. Keith Mano** was watching the sex-fantasy lives of 19 people unfold in an extraordinary movie. His wry observations serve as the text for our pictorial *Acting Out*.

And it's a good month for pictorials in general. There's *Foreign Sex Stars*, with text by **Bruce Williamson**; *Photography by: Ken Marcus*, a stunning collection of the PLAYBOY photographer's most beautiful shots; and, of course, our *Playmate of the Month*, **Michele Drake**. If Marcus' photographs inspire you to try a little amateur photography, investigate the new computerized 35mm cameras shown in *Smart New Hot-Shots* and explained by **Don Sutherland**.

To round out the issue, we have a special preview of the new look in warm-weather wear in *Playboy's Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast*, assembled by Fashion Director **David Platt** and featuring the inimitable, precocious **Brooke Shields**; and two great short stories, *White Lies*, by **Paul Theroux**, is a lesson on the dangers of unchivalrous sex; and *Lady Chastity's Last Stand*, by **Philip Cioffari**, is a spicy lesson on the dangers of blind faith. *Lady Chastity* is part of a collection of stories in progress Cioffari hopes to publish this year.

And last, but certainly not least, there's a rather spunky *20 Questions* interview with **Dan Rather** by **Nancy Collins** that includes his idea of what's sexy. That alone is worth, well, something. Have a merry May!

STADIEM, PEPITONE

BELL

THEROUX

KAHN

SIEGEL

HERMUS

CIOFFARI

MANO

HADLEY

ENOS

SUTHERLAND

PLATT

PLAYBOY

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Who says rainy days are gloomy? Not the stylish gentleman who carries his good cheer over his head.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF MARILYN MONROE—memoir .....LENA PEPITONE and WILLIAM STADIEM 118
In public, she was a goddess, but through the eyes of her personal maid and seamstress, she was a phantasmagoria of lamb chops on greasy sheets, spaghetti-wrapped breasts, dyed hair, irrationality and tears.

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Top-grade beef when they leave college, pro athletes who survive the cuts go out to be fed to the fans. But the fans always want new meat, and past the age of 35, only the truly tough survive.

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Seen from inside a vice cop's car, the world seems to be made up of hookers, pimps and Johns.

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COVER STORY

Inspired by *The Private Life of Marilyn Monroe* in this issue, Executive Art Director Tom Staebler used Chicago model Cheryle Larsen to re-create the blonde bombshell. He gave her a Monroe hair style, beauty mark and glossy red lips, which he asked her to part invitingly. You obviously accepted the invitation.

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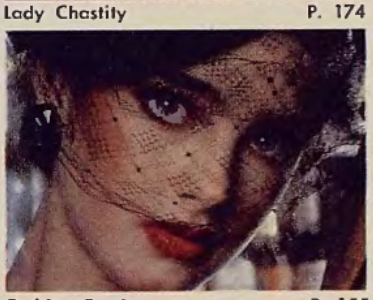

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The Honda Prelude: a sports car for grown-ups.

Sports car. It may be the most abused term in the English language.

To some, it's a car that can accelerate away from a stoplight at blinding speed so that its neighbor is left to feel compromised and impotent.

To others, a sports car is measured differently. The roofline should not exceed waist height.

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independent suspension system. Add to that our proven front-wheel drive, rack and pinion steering, 1751cc CVCC® engine and drive train and you have one of the most nimble Hondas we've ever made.

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Now the best part. Stop holding your breath, it's all at a Honda price.

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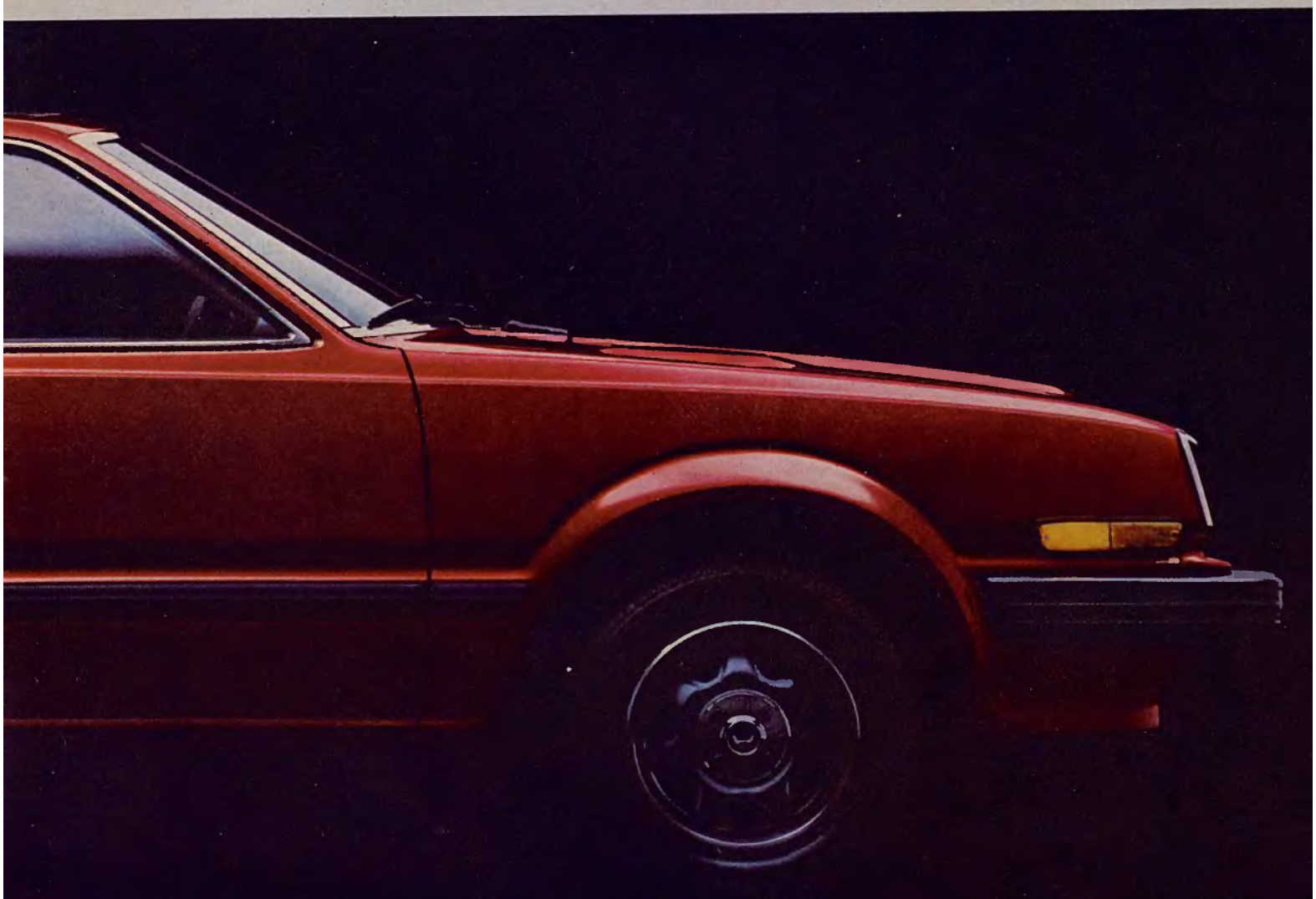

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US!

It's party time all over the Playboy empire as we celebrate our silver jubilee with unprecedented fanfare. Festivities began in Los Angeles, where a luncheon for 25th Anniversary Playmate Candy Loving was followed by an employees' party in the Playboy Club at Century City, where attractions included a bevy of Bunnies and a silver 25 (below).

Motorists southbound on Chicago's Lake Shore Drive were treated to the colorful sight above: the Playboy Building all lit up like a gigantic, 37-story birthday cake.

Meanwhile, back in Chicago, anniversary events were launchad with a champagne reception and buffet dinner in the Cultural Center of the Chicago Public Library. Above, Hugh M. Hefner and Playmate Sondra Theodore are somewhat dwarfed by James Rosenquist's oil *Playmate*. At left, Hefner visits with artist Ed Paschke (left) and Playboy Corporate Art Director Arthur Paul. At right, an over-all view of the reception crowd in the elegant, recently restored Preston Bradley Hall of the Cultural Center.

Rance Crain, president and editorial director of Crain Communications, Inc., publishers of *Advertising Age* and *Crain's Chicago Business*, presents Hef with a plaque (below) at a luncheon he gave in Hef's honor.

Chicago-based syndicated-talk-show host Phil Donahue interviews Hef and his daughter, Christie, Vice-President of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., during Hef's homecoming. (For still more anniversary coverage, turn tha page.)

PARTY TIME IN CHICAGO

"Chicago's premier party giver," as *Chicago Tribune* columnist Aaron Gold described Hefner, hosted an unforgettable bash at his Chicago Mansion, where several hundred guests were royally wined and dined. Below, Hefner dances with one of our forthcoming Playmates, Gig Gangel; below center, he talks with guest Ann Landers, the famed syndicated advice columnist.

Above, from left, syndicated columnist Irv Kupcinet, Hefner, Essie Kupcinet, Chicago Symphony Orchestra musical director Sir Georg Solti and his wife, Lady Solti, enjoy a moment of high spirits at the Mansion party. Also present (below right): actress Barbara Eden, her husband, Chuck Fegert, and WLS-TV's *AM Chicago* co-host Sandi Freeman.

Former Playboy executive Arnold Morton welcomed Hefner back to the Windy City with a party at his disco, Zorine's, where Hef boogied with 25th Anniversary Playmate Candy Loving (left) and was entertained by the barbed wit of comedienne Pudgy (introducing herself above). The Playboy Towers Ballroom (right) was the scene of the Chicago Playboy employees' anniversary blowout. More than 1000 of them downed champagne and hors d'oeuvres around a giant cake centerpiece accented by Playboy Rabbit ice sculptures.

Dry Drier Driest CRISP

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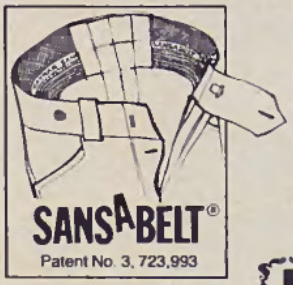

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Phoenix — Diamonds
Phoenix — Hanny's
Phoenix — Jalen's Big & Tall
Phoenix — Goldwaters
Scottsdale — Diamonds
Scottsdale — Goldwaters
Scottsdale — Hanny's
Scottsdale — Lavins
Sun City — Pomeroys
Sun City — Quinn & Loe
Tucson — Diamonds
Tucson — Elliott's Big & Tall
Tucson — Goldwaters
Tucson — Levy's
Yuma — J.M. McDonald's

ARKANSAS
All Stores—Dillard's
Blytheville — Day's
Camden — Freer's
Clarksville — Hall's Men's Wear
Conway — Ed Camps
El Dorado — Cliff's
Fayetteville — Boston Store
Fayetteville — Campbell-Bell
Forrest City — Taylor-Casbeer
Ft. Smith — Boston Store
Ft. Smith — S & O Clothiers
Ft. Smith — Suit Shop of America
Harrison — Harrison House
Hot Springs — Rephan's
Hot Springs — Schrader's
Jonesboro — Grisham's
Jonesboro — Wall's Dept. Store
Lake Village — Mansour's
Little Rock — M. M. Cohn
Little Rock — Phillip's
Little Rock — Rhyneclitte's
Magnolia — Suit Shop
Magnolia — Talbot's
Morrilton — Classic Shoppe
Pine Bluff — Billy Bell's
Pine Bluff — Campbell-Bell
Rogers — Campbell-Bell
Rogers — Dean's Men's Wear
Russellville — Cowan Goodwin
Springdale — Camp's
Texarkana — Belk Jones
Texarkana — Collins & Williams
West Memphis — Selg's

CALIFORNIA
All Stores—Dick Bruhn
All Stores—Buffum's
All Stores—Bullock's
All Stores—Eagleson's
All Stores—Gottschalk's
All Stores—Harris & Frank
All Stores—Hasting's
All Stores—J. M. McDonald's
All Stores—Rochester Big & Tall
All Stores—Silverwoods
All Stores—Don Vincent's
All Stores—Paul Wagner Big & Tall
Alameda — Albertz Mens Wear
Arcadia — Bruno's
Bakersfield — Brock's
Bakersfield — Harry Coffee's
Buena Park — Bob's Men's Shop
Buena Park — Siemann's Ltd.
Burlingame — Big & Tall Fellas
Calexico — Casa Montano
Carmel — Dick Bruhn
Chula Vista — The Highlander
Chula Vista — Raya's
Concord — Lion's Den B&T
Downey — Woody's
El Cajon — Elm's
El Centro — George R. Harris
El Centro — Semaha's
Fresno — Harry Coffee's
Fresno — Gottschalk's
Fresno — Walter Smith
Hanford — Gallan's
Huntington Beach — Anthony James
Indio — Bob Williams
Lodi — The Toggery
Los Altos — Oahle's B&T
Los Altos — Lion's Den B&T
Los Angeles — Iver's
Los Angeles — The Sport Shop
Madera — Carlon's
Merced — Gottschalk's
Millbrae — Michael-Roberts
Modesto — Gottschalk's
Modesto — Walter Smith
Monterey — Charmak & Chandler
Oakland — Albertz Mens Wear
Oakland — Lion's Den B&T
Oceanside — Elm's
Palm Desert — Charles of the Desert
Palm Desert — Hale's
Palm Desert — Al Stutz
Palm Springs — Jon Dante
Palm Springs — Garry Maloof's
Palm Springs — Nelson's Oasis
Palm Springs — Robert Ltd.
Palo Alto — Wideman Clo.
Petaluma — Mattei Bros.
Sacramento — Bonney & Gordon
Sacramento — Wegner Big & Tall
San Diego — Elm's
San Diego — Lion Clo. Co.
San Diego — Rancho Bernardo Men's
San Diego — Al Rivera's
San Francisco — The Emporium
San Francisco — Lion's Den B&T
San Jose — Dahle's B&T
San Jose — Biagio Passaro
San Jose — Howard & Gary Peterson
San Jose — Eli Thomas
San Rafael — Cazassas
Santa Ana — Jay Martin
Santa Cruz — Schipper-Dillon
Santa Monica — Campbell's
Santa Rosa — Lions Lair
Santa Rosa — Rosenbergs
Vallejo — Lewe's
Visalia — Harry Coffee's
Wattsonville — Senor David

COLORADO
Arvada — Jerry Leonard
Aurora — Jerry Leonard
Brooklyn — Jerry Leonard
Colorado Springs — The Regiment
Denver — Cottrell's
Denver — The Danver
Denver — Joslin's
Denver — K-G Men's Store
Denver — Jerry Leonard
Englewood — Kaufmans

HAWAII
Honolulu — Palm Beach Shop
Honolulu — Ross Sutherland

IDAHO
Boise — Alexander's
Boise — Oahle's B & T

IOWA
All Stores—Palace Clothiers
Ankeny — Dave's Apparel
Cedar Rapids — Armstrong's
Cedar Rapids — F. Mona Apparel
Council Bluffs — Iowa Clothes
Davenport — Mosenfelder's
Davenport — Peterson-Harned-Von Maur
Davenport — Simon-Landauer
Davenport — Syndicate Hub
Des Moines — Bond's Of Beaverdale
Des Moines — Dave's Apparel
Des Moines — Kucheros
Des Moines — F. Mona Apparel
Des Moines — Peterson-Harned-Von Maur
Ft. Dodge — Charles A. Brown
Mason City — St. Clair Starks
Okoboji — Green's
Sioux City — Karlton's
Sioux City — Morey's-Reymond's
Sioux City — Rehan's
Waterloo — Larry's

KANSAS
All Stores—Calhoun's
Coffeyville — Weinberg's
Colby — His Shop
Garden City — Mayo's
Goodland — Mr. Jim's-His Shop
Great Bend — West Ltd.
Kansas City — Shepherd's
Liberal — Kelly's
Manhattan — Cunningham-Shields
Manhattan — Stevenson's
Manhattan — West Ltd.
Olathe — Gentlemen's Quarter
Overland Park — The Jones Stores
Overland Park — Jerry Leonard
Overland Park — Mailliard's
Prairie Village — The Jones Stores
Prairie Village — Mailliard's
Salina — Smith's Clo. Co.
Salina — West Ltd.
Shawnee — Garrett's
Topeka — Ray Beers
Topeka — Cunningham-Shields
Wichita — Dillard's
Wichita — Jerry Leonard

LOUISIANA
Abbeville — Gary's
Alexandria — Caplan's
Alexandria — Weiss & Goldring
Amite — The Royale Oak
Baton Rouge — Arthur's
Baton Rouge — Cohn-Turner
Baton Rouge — Four Corners
Baton Rouge — Todd Garland Co.
Baton Rouge — Goudchaux's
Baton Rouge — Varsity Shop
Bossier City — Pope's
Covington — The Toggery Shop
Deridder — Standard Mercantile
Hammond — The Royale Oak
Hammond — The Toggery Shop
Houma — Gentlemen's Corner
Houma — Godchaux's
Houma — Earl Williams
Lafayette — Abdalla's
Lafayette — Galdry's
Lafayette — Emile Joseph's
Lake Charles — Galdry's
Monroe — Haddad's
Monroe — Haneline's
Monroe — Selber Bros.
Monroe — Sol Snyder's
Monroe — The Toggery
Morgan City — Du Rel's
New Iberia — Abdalla's
New Iberia — Broussard's
New Orleans — D'Avanti
New Orleans — Gemelli's
New Orleans — Godchaux's
New Orleans — Hesse's Sportswear
New Orleans — M. Ponce
New Orleans — Porter-s-Stevens
New Orleans — Rubenstein Bros.
New Orleans — Zoller's
Oakdale — Abrusley's
Opelousas — Abdalla's
Ruston — Lewis Stagg Shop
Shreveport — Davis'
Shreveport — Jordan & Booth
Shreveport — M. Levy
Shreveport — Selber Bros.
Thibodaux — Johnny's

MINNESOTA
Duluth — M & K
Mankato — Wilson's
Minneapolis — Brown Clo.
Minneapolis — Cedric's
Minneapolis — Cy's Men's Wear
Minneapolis — Donaldson's
Minneapolis — Eklund's
Minneapolis — Liemandt's
Minneapolis — Jerry Leonard
Minneapolis — Young-Quinlan
Montevideo — R. E. Torgerson
Moorhead — Northport Clo.
Rochester — Hanny's
St. Paul — Cedric's
St. Paul — Donaldson's
St. Paul — Jerry Leonard
St. Paul — Liemandt's
Willmar — R. E. Torgerson

MISSISSIPPI
All Stores—McRee's
Biloxi — Gayfer's
Biloxi — Godchaux's
Biloxi — Gene Warr's
Canton — Iupe's
Canton — Perlinsky's
Clarksdale — Alan's
Clinton — John's Mens & Boys
Columbia — Magnolia Hall
Columbus — Reed's
Corinth — Reid Bros.
Flora — Stegall's
Forest — Burns Clothing
Greenwood — Star Tailors
Gulfport — Anderson's
Gulfport — Hawes Bros.
Hattiesburg — Donavan Lane
Hattiesburg — Waldoff's
Jackson — Gayfer's
Jackson — The Men's Shop
Jackson — Stevens
Laurel — Efird's
Laurel — Hamilton Graves
Louisville — Jones Mens Wear
Magee — McAlpin's
McComb — The Royale Oak
McComb — Tailors Bench
Meridian — Marks Rothenberg Co.
Meridian — Harry Mayer
Moss Point — Hales
Natchez — Benoist Bros.
Ocean Springs — Stag Shoppe
Pascagoula — Brumfield's
Pascagoula — Stag Shoppe
Picayune — Carp's
Quitman — Jim's
Tupelo — Rags For Men
Tupelo — Reed's
Vicksburg — Karl's

MONTANA
Billings — Dahle's B & T
Great Falls — Kaufmans

NEBRASKA
All Stores—Brandeis
Grand Island — Greenburger's
Kearney — Ayer's Clo.
Lexington — Ayer's Clo.
Lincoln — Magee's
Lincoln — Ben Simon's
McCook — Vogue Clo.
Norfolk — Berle's Men's Shop
Omaha — Landon's
Omaha — Jerry Leonard
Omaha — Magee's

NEVAOA
Las Vegas — Jon Dante
Las Vegas — Diamonds
Las Vegas — Grodins
Las Vegas — Harris & Frank
Las Vegas — Schwartz Bros.
Las Vegas — Silverwoods
Reno — Dee's House of Big & Tall

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque — Goldwaters
Albuquerque — Henry's
Albuquerque — Jalen's Big & Tall
Albuquerque — Kistler-Collister
Albuquerque — Mr. Casual
Artesia — Collin Gerrell's
Carlsbad — Collin Gerrell's
Clovis — Town & Country
Farmington — Nygrens
Hobbs — B & J Clothiers
Roswell — Ball & Ray
Santa Fe — Moore's

NORTH OAKOTA
All Stores—Straus Co.
Fargo — Northport Clo.
Grand Forks — Ruetell's

OKLAHOMA
All Stores—Dillard's
All Stores—Napoleon Nash's
Ada — Black's Men's & Boys'
Altus — Surrey Shop
Alva — Tyree's
Ardmore — L. O. Hammons
Ardmore — Harper's Men's Wear
Blackwell — Gary Hulse's
Chickasha — Hick's-Crutcher
Duncan — Ben-Ray
El Reno — Oxford's
Enid — Richard's
Frederick — Rex Curtis
Lawton — Fieldson's
Lawton — Paul's Men's Wear
Lawton — Perkin's
Muskogee — S & O Clothiers
Norman — Harry Hoelscher
Oklahoma City — J. A. Brown
Oklahoma City — Cutchall's
Oklahoma City — Hyroop's B & T
Oklahoma City — Langston Co.
Oklahoma City — Man's World
Oklahoma City — Rothschilds
Okmulgee — L. O. Hammons
Purcell — Hicks-Crutcher
Shawnee — Moe's
Shawnee — Oxford's
Stillwater — Bates Bros.
Stillwater — Gary Hulse's
Tulsa — Ed Beshara
Tulsa — J. A. Brown
Tulsa — Clarke's Good Clothes
Tulsa — Harrington's
Tulsa — Hyroop's B & T
Tulsa — Read's
Tulsa — Renberg's
Tulsa — Vandever's
Woodward — Ken's Haberdashery

OREGON
Coos Bay — Rosie's Place
Eugene — High & Mighty
Eugene — Lipman Wolle
Eugene — Rosenblatt's
Portland — High & Mighty/Prager's
Portland — Lipman Wolle
Portland — Portland Pants Shop
Portland — Rosenblatt's
Salem — Lipman Wolle

SOUTH DAKOTA
Rapid City — Seeley's
Sioux Falls — Norman's
Sioux Falls — Weatherwax's
Sioux Falls — Wilson's

TEXAS
All Stores—Dillard's
All Stores—Frank's
All Stores—L. O. Hammons
Abilene — F & S Clothiers
Abilene — Grissom's
Abilene — The Man's Shop
Alice — Stickler's
Amarillo — Blackburn Bros.
Amarillo — Canterfield Shop
Amarillo — Coat's Clothiers
Amarillo — Kevin Francis
Amarillo — The Hub
Arlington — Watson's
Arlington — Eddie Williams
Austin — Clyde Campbell
Austin — Cliff's
Austin — Merritt Schaefer & Brown
Austin — Scarbrough's
Austin — Stax
Bay City — Sir's Men's Wear
Baytown — Mister B's
Beaumont — Butch Hoffer's
Beaumont — Hoffer's
Beaumont — Joske's
Beaumont — The White House
Beaumont — George Wilson
Bellaire — Bellaire Men's & Boys'
Brownsville — Europa Men's
Brownsville — Le Baron
Brownsville — Mr. John's
Brownsville — Peri Bros.
Brownwood — Ernest Morris
Bryan — The Gentleman's Quarter
Canyon — The Towne Shop
Cleburne — Twaddell's
Corpus Christi — S & O Clothiers
Corpus Christi — Sarman's
Corpus Christi — Sportsman Center
Corpus Christi — Winsleads'
Corsicana — Harris & Jacobs
Corsicana — Morgan-Jones
Dalhart — Choice's
Dallas — Big & Tall Men
Dallas — Clyde Campbell
Dallas — Hyroop's B & T
Dallas — Irby-Meyes
Dallas — Murray's
Dallas — Tall-E-Ho
Dallas — Titche's
Dallas — Topper's
Dallas — Turman & Reynolds Ltd.
Dallas — Jas. K. Wilson
Denton — Bomar's
Dumas — Aldrich's
Edinburg — Brumley's
El Paso — Union Fashion
Ft. Worth — Clyde Campbell
Ft. Worth — Cox's
Ft. Worth — David's King Size
Ft. Worth — A. Oavis Co.
Ft. Worth — Jack Howard
Ft. Worth — Monnig's Dry Goods
Ft. Worth — Tall-E-Ho
Gainesville — H & S Mens Wear
Gainesville — Mr. Britches
Galveston — Schwartz's
Galveston — Waller Pye's
Grand Prairie — Watson's
Groves — Dryden's
Harlingen — The Sportsman
Henderson — Earl's Man's Shop
Hereford — The Brogue
Hereford — Gaston's
Houston — Arthur's
Houston — Battelsteins
Houston — Dudley's
Houston — Floyd's
Houston — Foley's
Houston — Graham's
Houston — Hyroop's B & T
Houston — Harold's
Houston — Joske's
Houston — Kasper's
Houston — Leopold, Price & Rolle
Houston — The Man's Shop
Houston — Norton Ollio
Houston — Palais Royal
Houston — Walter Pye's
Houston — Rex Tailors
Houston — Rodney's
Houston — Rountree William's
Houston — Zindler's
Huntsville — Canon & Henry
Hursl — Watson's
Jacksboro — Ed's Clothes Shop
Jacksonville — Ron Moore's
Kermit — C & H Fashions
Kerrville — Wolfmueller's
Kilgore — Hurwitz Man's Shop
Lamesa — Collin's
Levelland — Tipp's
Lewisville — Tomlin Clothiers
Littlefield — Ware's
Longview — Hurwitz Man's Shop
Longview — Selber Bros.
Longview — Turpie Slade
Lubbock — Hemphill-Wells
Lubbock — Latham's
Lubbock — Reed's
Lubbock — S & O Clothiers
Lufkin — Blackstock's
Marshall — Bradbury's
McAllen — Beum's Men's Wear
McAllen — Joe Brand
McAllen — Christopher's
McAllen — Ken's Shop for Men
McAllen — Le Baron
McAllen — The Man's Shop
McAllen — Mike's Man Shop
McAllen — The Squire Shop
McKinney — Bomar's
Mexia — The Stagg Shop
Midland — Grammer-Murphey
Midland — S & O Clothiers
Monahans — Benham's
Muleshoe — St. Clair's
Nacogdoches — Jimmie Simms
Odessa — Dunlap's
Odessa — English Tweeds
Odessa — Jim's Tall & Big
Odessa — Melvin's Clothiers
Odessa — Model Shop
Odessa — The Quicksilver Co.
Olney — Horany's
Olney — Slater's Menswear
Orange — Griffin's
Overton — Hodge's Man's Shop
Pampa — Brown-Freeman
Pasadena — Bernard's
Pasadena — Graham's
Pasadena — Nolan's
Pharr — Le Baron
Plainview — Gabriel's
Plainview — Ken's
Plainview — Marse & Son
Rio Grande City — Le Baron
Rockwall — Wolfgang's
San Angelo — Crowder's
San Angelo — Hemphill-Wells
San Angelo — Mr. Sam's
San Angelo — Tindall's
San Antonio — Paul Bruner
San Antonio — Duffy T's
San Antonio — Frank Bros.
San Antonio — Joseph's
San Antonio — Pete's
San Antonio — Penner's
San Antonio — The Pincus Company
San Antonio — Sid Robbins
San Antonio — Setel's
San Antonio — Todd's
Sherman — Gentry
Snyder — The Haberdashery
Spring — Graham's
Spring — The Man's Shop
Stamford — Hind's
Stephenville — Christian Bros.
Texarkana — Belk Jones
Texarkena — Collins & Williams
Tyler — Hurwitz Man's Shop
Tyler — J. Massad's
Vernon — Clayton's
Victoria — Melvin's
Waco — Cox's
Waco — Goldstein-Migel
Waco — Holt's Lake Air
Wichita Falls — McClurkan's
Wichita Falls — Muehlberger's
Wichita Falls — Perkin's
Wichita Falls — S & O Clothiers

UTAH
Ogden — Dahle's B & T
Salt Lake City — Auerbach
Salt Lake City — Castleton's
Salt Lake City — Dahle's B & T
Salt Lake City — Arthur Frank

WASHINGTON
Federal Way — High & Mighty
Seattle — Klopfensteins
Seattle — La Roux Men's Wear
Saattle — Pacific Outfitting
Seattle — Portland Pants
Seattle — Prager's
Spokane — Harvey's
Tacoma — Klopfensteins
Yakima — Big & Tall Shop

ZMAR®

BARBI, JUGS AND HEF

"True or false?" asked *Hollywood Squares* host Peter Marshall of PLAYBOY pictorial favorite Barbi Benton (above): "The name Hefner means 'maker of jugs.' " "False," replied Barbi, but she was mistaken. In German, *Häfner* (pronounced Hefner) means—a potter.

RINGING IN THE NEW AT MANSION WEST

Joining Hefner for New Year's Eve at Playboy Mansion West were (above, from left) actress Edy Williams, September 1978 Playmate Rosanne Katon; below, actor Ryan O'Neal (center), introducing daughter Tatum to Hef while her younger brother Griffin looks on.

SECOND "INTERVIEW" FOR BRANDO

January's *Playboy Interview* subject, Marlon Brando, makes his television debut as our April 1966 interviewee, American Nazi George Lincoln Rockwell, with James Earl Jones portraying Alex Haley on ABC-TV's *Roots: The Next Generations* (below).

ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER DEPT.

As a gift to novelist Joseph Heller, Fiction Editor Vicky Haider had Managing Art Director Kerig Pope design a T-shirt with a Star of David in the U. S. flag. The original concept was used by artist Eraldo Carugati for Heller's *Good as Gold* (PLAYBOY, March); Heller and Simon & Schuster loved it so much it landed on the book jacket. (The model is Liz Glazowski.)

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WHAT SIMON SAYS

I enjoyed your fine interview with America's most prolific playwright, Neil Simon (PLAYBOY, February). Although your interviews have been consistently interesting, few have left me feeling as good as that one did. Simon is intelligent, witty and, above all, a nice person. It's a nice change from the arrogant and supercilious Barbra Streisand and Marlon Brando. Featuring a human being is a real contrast. PLAYBOY, continue to present entertaining and diverse personalities and you will surely celebrate a few more 25th anniversaries.

Bruce Horowitz
Hollis Hills, New York

I have liked *all* of Simon's works since *Come Blow Your Horn* and he never ceases to amaze me with his talent and wit. Thanks to Simon, Linderman and PLAYBOY, I now have the impetus to pursue my lifelong dream of writing. Of course, I could never hope to become the likes of Simon, but I do feel our minds work along the same track.

Dan C. Zingone
Flanders, New Jersey

ARE WE READY?

David B. Tinnin and David Halevy's *Strike Teams* (PLAYBOY, February) should be required reading for every member of the Executive branch of Government, as well as for every Army officer above the rank of captain. As it stands now, we're liable to be caught with our pants down when the shit hits the fan. Ironically, those who protest the loudest when it comes to special units and Defense Department budgets would probably also scream just as loud when, and if, an American airliner were snatched overseas and the Rangers weren't ready.

John Lariviere
Cape Girardeau, Missouri

Really good stuff! But after reading the Tinnin/Halevy report on strike teams being formed in other countries to deal with terrorists and the United States' apparent inability to get its act together, I seriously hope the antiterrorist establishment in Washington is giving considerable thought to the consequences if Lake Placid were to become another Munich. 'Nuff said?

H. B. Schroeder
Arcadia, California

How should we handle terrorists? Save time and wasted motion by hiring the Israelis. As things stand, they have better intelligence and are much faster on their feet than our Government has been for ages. Added to that, they do not worry about losing their kindly public image, since they know that that doesn't count when you are on a deal like this.

John P. Conlon
Newark, Ohio

In reading your article *Strike Teams*, I was very happily surprised by the impartial stance the authors maintained in their reporting. I refer to their ability to not turn this issue into another cry for gun control. I felt, instead, that it shows the very foundation the N.R.A. has stood on for so long in their call for crime control, not gun control. You have shown me in very plain terms that the most sophisticated of weaponry is easily available for a price to terrorists (and anyone else involved in criminal behavior). I look at my sporting collection and wonder what good any of it would be if a terrorist group tried to destroy the generating facilities I operate. However, the majority of our big-city papers and national media and a very vocal minority of politicians have all come together, it seems, with an idea to calm me and other worriers. They propose to completely disarm the entire American populace by first restricting handguns, then banning them, then banning all firearms. That really makes me feel better. I will then be able to rest at night, knowing

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This Month in **Oui**

Romy holds her own

There's oh so much to behold in May oui. Such as Romy, who just loves to be held. And other exciting features: Like a no-respect interview with Rodney Dangerfield. A profile of the biggest badass bounty hunter—yep, a real live bounty hunter!—who goes by the name of Tiny. The Cinema's Greatest Hits, in which well-known stars shoot, snort and smoke a variety of illegal substances. Plus the Official Flaky Baseball Dictionary, Clifford Irving's Guide to Dirty Money Games, timely advice on getting out of debt and much more. All in May oui. An issue that will hold you spellbound.

At Better Newsstands

that only the police and the criminals and the nuts are armed and that, if I should be attacked, the fastest response time to my house is only an hour and ten minutes.

Howard L. Trent
Hornbrook, California

THE GRAPES OF GOLSON

Never before have I felt the need to respond to an article or story in PLAYBOY. However, after reading G. Barry Golson's piece on Baron Philippe de Rothschild (*The Grapes of Rothschild*, February), it would be sinful on my part not to make comment. The word class is epitomized by this fine gentleman poet. His way of life is, of course, to be envied; but that he appreciates, respects, enjoys and shares his great riches is the man's real wealth. My father once said, "You can always tell class, but you can't shine shit." It's nice to know that in a world full of shit some real class does exist. Bravo, Mr. Golson.

Ron Monaco
San Francisco, California

ON THE BEACH

Well, Mom, I made PLAYBOY! Your pictorial *The Year in Sex* (PLAYBOY, February) featuring my photo sure caused a stir in Sonoma County. Nudity, per se, was never my issue. *My* private property (and that of many others) was being used as a dumping ground, bathroom and bedroom! I was defied and vilified for my objections. Because of this, the turkeys had to don their Fruit of the Looms! My feelings have always been that it's their right to be nude and my right not to have to look at them.

Alice Hinton
Healdsburg, California

GOOD SHOW

I have been reading PLAYBOY almost since I learned how to read and, compared with all other centerfolds, the one of Playmate Lee Ann Michelle in your February issue is the most sensuous and provocative to have graced your magazine so far.

Herbert Key
Petersburg, Virginia

I want to report that I am thinking about not buying PLAYBOY anymore. I don't think you could ever find a more beautiful girl than Lee Ann Michelle. Good luck, I think you will need it.

Frank O'Rilley
Daytona Beach, Florida

Thank God there will always be an England.

Jeff Garner
Hinesville, Georgia

Your February Playmate is nothing short of devastating. However, one thing puzzles me; on page 107, she states she is attracted to men with "small, tight bums." If they would help me win a girl like Lee Ann, I'd like to acquire some. What are small, tight bums?

Quincy Crochet
San Francisco, California

Diminutive drunken derelicts, of course. Next question?

I've always said that there were only two things I could never get enough of, a cup of good English tea and a good English woman. So couldn't we see just one more picture of Lee Ann Michelle?

Randy Lein
Albert Lea, Minnesota

Can't do much about your first request, but we'll answer your second and hope

that Lee Ann proves to be your cup of tea, after all.

COVER SNACK

I've been a subscriber to your magazine for over four years now and I've never seen a cover of PLAYBOY that turned me on like your February one did. Candy Collins is beautiful. Keep up the great work, PLAYBOY.

David Blackwell
Tucson, Arizona

Please do me a favor, pat Tom Staebler on the back for doing such a fine job on your February cover; and, while you're at it, pat Candy Collins on the back, too (or wherever you think appropriate). Together, they came up with a photograph that held me transfixed for damn near 20 minutes.

Jeff B. Houtz
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

DUDLEY DOWRONG

Being a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, I must make the following comments on your February *Habitat* feature *Woolly for You*. Where did you get that clown? Did you know that had you contacted the force, you would have had at least 10,000 willing genuine models? The cross strap on the Sam Browne is worn on the opposite shoulder. Our uniform gloves are brown leather. And there is no strap worn under the chin with the Stetson. Also, you have set a ridiculous precedent, as my wife now insists that I wear my Stetson to bed each evening.

R. E. Marsh, Constable
Strathmore Highway Patrol
Royal Canadian Mounted Police
Strathmore, Alberta

A FAMILY AFFAIR

My sincere congratulations to PLAYBOY, Ron Vogel and his extremely beautiful daughter Alexis (*Father Knows Best*, PLAYBOY, February). Living here in the Southeast, I find it very refreshing that there are those in the United States who do not suffer from an acute case of narrow-mindedness. The prudes of the world turn me off. Again, congratulations for offering your readers a top-notch monthly.

B. Warren Cheney
Haines City, Florida

I would like to take this opportunity to compliment you on the continuing quality of your magazine and the heroic stance you have taken on many issues. The reason for this letter is to extend my compliments for the pictorial featuring Lexi Vogel, a most beautiful lady. Best wishes and continued success.

Mitchell Weisberg
Toronto, Ontario

Enjoyed your February layout of photographer Ron Vogel's daughter in the altogether. But now please give us some naked pictures of Vogel himself. (Too, too gorgeous!) Those curls are to *die* for!

Toni Catoire
New Orleans, Louisiana

IN, OUT, IN, OUT

I was fascinated by Richard Liebmann-Smith's account of his experiences in *Diary of a Mad Jogger* (PLAYBOY, February). Recently, I've found myself similarly involved in one of those mysteriously seductive fads of good health. I first got into "breathing" about six months ago. I didn't think much of it then; in fact, with all the hullabaloo, I was ready to write off all my breathing friends as wild-eyed fanatics. But as time has passed, breathing has become a fundamental part of my life. I've gotten to the point now where I breathe practically 24 hours a day, seven days a week. If I go one day without breathing, it makes me just plain antsy. What is it that makes breathing so special? It's hard to explain to a non-breather. You get this incredible rush from it. It clears the head. I can think

THE FIRST ZX.

DATSUN'S LEGENDARY Z CAR REBORN AS THE NEW 280-ZX.

Behold! Our new ZX—this is not transportation...this is a love affair. This is a car you never let near the car wash. This is a car you tip the parking attendant so you can park it yourself... a car that turns heads as quickly as corners. This is a car you write a new license plate for. This is the sensuous new ZX...so intimate, so thrilling...you'll take the long way home.

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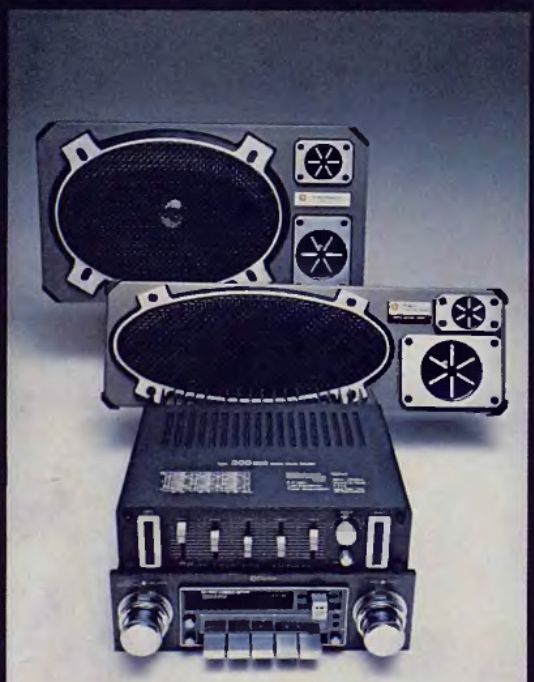

How these things happen to me I'll never know! First, miraculously, I land this date with none other than GLORIA FAVERSHAM! So we're on our way to this big concert—the price I pay for a date with a girl like Gloria—when, suddenly, I realized—I'd forgotten the tickets!! That blew the concert and possibly Gloria, too. But then I got smart and cranked up my new high performance Clarion Hi-Way Fidelity System—the 751A Push-button Cassette with Dolby*!

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The Car Entertainment Company

more clearly now. And it's so convenient, I can do it without the need for any special equipment or a partner (in all fairness, I should mention that I *have* found that with a partner, I often get a lot more breathing done in a shorter period of time). The fact is, I've actually been breathing the entire time I've been writing this letter! (I hope you can print that.) However, one word of caution: Even though it is endorsed by practically every major medical organization, anyone who is over 40 and has not been breathing for a long time should consult a physician before plunging headlong into any intensive breathing program.

Ken Burkett
Santa Monica, California

STILL HUNG UP

I found the article *Ten Historical Sex Hang-Ups*, by Morton Hunt (PLAYBOY, February), very interesting and amusing. Perhaps Hunt would care to add this bit of lore to his collection: The high priests of the Aztecs used the following method to abstain from temptation. They would insert a bone pin into the urethra and then slit the tube open. When they experienced desire, their penis would open like a red leaf or some tropical flower.

Andy Kornafel
Dolton, Illinois

Perhaps a century from now, the space-age generation will have a lot to laugh about when they read about our sexual "freedom." They will no doubt find our dating rituals unnecessary conventions that two horny and consenting adults (better yet, individuals) need not have bothered with!

Quakou Dhodee
Cambridge, Massachusetts

JACKPOT IN *VEGAS*

Congratulations on your wonderful photo essay *The Girls of Las Vegas* (PLAYBOY, February). However, my hat goes off particularly to Carol Nicholson, who is even more beautiful than my fantasies could conjure when we were in high school together. Good going, Carol! "Local girl makes good" has *never been* this good!

Les Finnigan
Stettler, Alberta

You made a big mistake in *The Girls of Las Vegas*. The mistake was that you showed only one shot of the most beautiful, sexy, good-looking girl ever to grace the pages of PLAYBOY, Sallie Lancaster. She's Playmate material. Show us more!

Hugh G. Rection
Los Gatos, California

Hope you can live up to that name, Hugh.

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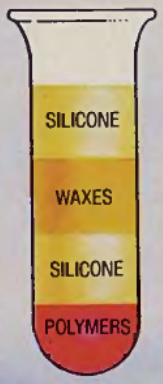

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

DON'T DO IT YOURSELF

Waterbed Kingdom of Yakima, Washington, advertises, "Complete Waterbed, Already Stained." We assume this offer is available on a first-come, first-served basis.

HANDY ADVICE

We forward Dear Abby's wise counsel to a married woman who complained about being so attractive that the boys wouldn't let her alone: "Face it, dear, if you aren't consciously inviting the attentions of the opposite sex, you must be doing so unconsciously. No man in his right mind makes a pass at a statue. He needs some encouragement. A woman who has to beat off every man she meets should find out why." Especially since a firm handshake is all that is required.

LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT

No matter what the celebrities on TV say, there are some dangers in carrying credit cards, as a group of wealthy Arabs learned recently. It all started in one of London's most prestigious department stores, where a rich Middle Eastern gentleman purchased an expensive sable coat for a female friend. He paid for it using one of the store's private credit cards. After the Arab walked out with his coat, a horrified sales clerk discovered that both the customer's signature and the credit-card number had been smeared by the charge-card machine, making it impossible to decipher the bill. Just to play it safe, the store ran a check of all its wealthy customers with charge accounts and came up with a list of likely Arab coat lovers. It then sent each one of them a bill for the $65,000 coat in question. And what happened? Within a week, *ten* had paid for the coat with no questions asked.

HYPO-TYPO

The *Suburban Trib* section of the *Chicago Tribune* ran a very serious article on a therapist who employs "mirror actions" to help mentally disturbed people get in touch with their feelings. However, someone on the *Tribune*'s staff must have had a brief mental lapse when the headline was set; it read: "MIRROR ACTIONS HELP RAPIST BREAK THROUGH FANTASY WORLD."

MISBEGOTTEN MOON

John Gallagher, Jr., was re-elected president of the Cleveland Board of Education, despite his arrest and conviction last fall for mooning. It seems that Gallagher, 27, exposed his buttocks out of a car window while riding home from a rock concert. He apologized for his behavior, calling the incident a "silly mistake."

PODS NIPPED IN BUD

When director Phil Kaufman and producer Robert Solo decided to remake the classic sci-fi film *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, they switched the locale of the alien invasion to San Francisco. Little did they realize that in doing so, they would actually spawn a real-life landing of pod people in the sleepy Los Angeles suburb of Sierra Madre, the site of the original 1956 film.

While the nation at large was taken over by the wide-screen San Francisco pod stars, the tiny hamlet made do with a televised repeat of the classic version. Then pod purists took over. Early on the Sunday morning following the televised rerun, startled Sierra Madre police, on a routine patrol, found a dozen of the alien plant spores—three feet long and covered with white veins—in a public park.

The cops rapidly removed the ersatz aliens that bore the names of Mayor Tom Edwards, the police chief, several city councilmen and a few local businessmen. By midmorning, all the pods had been carted off in order to prevent what one glassy-eyed policeman flatly described as "a large amount of congestion" in the area surrounding the park.

Thank God nobody's remade *Godzilla*.

UNHUNG JURY

Just before the jury was to decide the case of Clifford Russ in St. Louis, Missouri, he dropped trou and shouted obscenities at the eight men and four women. About an hour later, the jurors returned and found Russ guilty of possession of burglary tools. They said that Russ's actions in court had not influenced their verdict.

OUT OF THEIR GOURDS

Dhani warriors of the Irian Jaya (formerly Dutch New Guinea) central highlands are a proud people. Consequently, they fiercely resisted efforts by the Indonesian government to stop them from flaunting what they're most proud of—penis gourds called *kotekas*, ordinarily their only apparel. The *kotekas* point heavenward, can extend to 15 inches and on state occasions are equipped with little red-and-white Indonesian banners. Embarrassed by these Stone Age jock straps, the government has waged a long and futile war that culminated a few years

ago when troops used submachine guns to coax the highlanders into pairs of civilized Bermuda shorts. The crafty natives outfoxed the army by wearing the shorts over the gourds and letting their spears project obtrusively above the waistband. Indonesia finally relented. "Do not force them to follow our wish," the defense minister told local authorities. "If they still like to live in the jungles or wear the *kotekas*, let them do it." In other words, down with shorts and up with male show-vinism.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER

We are told that cheek by jowl on Seventh Avenue in nautical-minded Santa Cruz, California, are two restaurants—The Randy Tar and The Bearded Clam.

OFF-TRACK PETTING

If the shoe fits, fuck in it. Hudson Brown of Chicago offers a "runner's bed" for sale. This $200 bedroom toy is a giant runner's sneaker complete with shoestrings (great for bondage!) and your choice of colors. Since the bed is a functional piece of art, you can hang it on your bedroom wall in the morning. Only complaint so far is that some guys and ladies have contracted athlete's foot in the *strangest* places.

HEART OF DARKNESS

Who says there are no more statesmen? While the national media were struggling to comprehend the "meaning" of the Jonestown "suicides," former California governor Ronald Reagan had no problem putting the whole sordid affair in perspective.

"I'll try not to be happy in saying this," the G.O.P. Presidential hopeful told a German interviewer. "[Jones] supported a number of political figures but seemed to be more involved with the Democratic Party. I haven't seen anyone in the Republican Party having been helped by him or seeking his help."

For the record, the Reverend Jim Jones was a registered Republican.

OIL ALONE

As if working in a country that bans movies, alcohol and PLAYBOY weren't hardship enough, an ad seeking three employees for a construction firm in Saudi Arabia stipulates, "Preference will be given to Americans or individuals speaking fluent English, possessing a strong personality, experienced in negotiations and willing to accept celibacy in Riyadh."

BATHETIC BATH

Passo di Danza, a 16-foot statue of a nude in front of Michigan Consolidated Gas Company's Detroit headquarters, needed a bath. But, so that no one would be offended in seeing a workman sudsing down the statue's private parts, the company surrounded it and the worker with an opaque screen.

GUEST LECTURE

PETER O'TOOLE: WHY I CRAVE THE HOT DOG

I came to the United States for the first time in the early Fifties. In Europe, we had rationing and little food from 1939 until 1955. Even after the war, food was still rationed. Then when rationing ended, we were on restriction in terms of buying clothes and food. When I left Europe, meat was incredibly expensive and the government meat program allowed a man 40 years old five ounces of meat a day—maximum.

When I first arrived in New York, I couldn't believe it. They were selling meat—huge fucking pieces of meat—for *nothing*! And in the streets, there was this delicious-smelling cheap food; "passing-parade food," we called it, not junk food: hot dogs, tamales, peanuts, hamburgers, all of it. And it was affordable. That's when my passion for hot dogs began.

I can still clearly remember when I tasted my first hot dog. It was the day I arrived in New York. I bought it from a barrow vendor. I remember I asked for onions and some mustard. To appreciate the moment, you should know that I'd never seen a real hot dog. I knew they existed, that it was some sort of sausage, but a sausage to an Irishman is raw pork or beef ground up and packed without that rather strange skin around it.

The words to describe that first bite are elusive. Let me say that it was, very simply, heaven. It was the nicest thing that ever happened to me on the streets of New York.

Perhaps that's why every now and then, my taste goes back to those years and I say to my dinner companions, "Fuck the frogs' legs. Let's have some hot dogs."

GOOD HEAD

The following headline appeared on a story dealing with gay rights in the Armed Services: "MILITARY ORDERED TO REVIEW DISCHARGES OF HOMOSEXUALS."

THE THING WITH NO NAME

First, a small quiz.

1. What do you call the shield—usually of clear plastic—installed over salad bars and cafeteria lines?

2. The name, please, of the wire thing that fits over the cork on a champagne bottle. Also, the name for the deep, fingerlike indentation at the bottom of the bottle.

3. What is the proper term for that awful gunk that smoking produces at the bottom of a pipe and that smokers are forever trying to bang out on the bottoms of their shoes?

4. The name for the piece of a secretary's desk that makes it difficult to look at her legs.

5. The name of the piece of paper that falls out of a magazine and lands in your lap.

6. If a palindrome is a word that is spelled the same backward and forward (bib, kayak, radar, rotator), what is the name for a word that spells another word backward (diaper, straw, dessert)?

Answers: 1. Sneeze guard. 2. Agraffe and punt. 3. Dottle. 4. Modesty panel. 5. A blow-in card. 6. As far as we can tell, there is as yet no name for this.

All of this brings us to the fact that an author we know—the same guy who was collecting whimsical laws a few months back—is now at work on a book that will catalog names for things that are commonplace but that have obscure names or, in the case of number six in our quiz, no names at all. This seems like a worthwhile project, so we will be helping him collect these little-known names and publishing the best of them here. We are also interested in hearing about objects, conditions and phenomena that are nameless and that you might want to name. For instance, a doctor we know tells us that there is no name for that sudden pain one gets in the sinuses when one eats ice cream too fast. A possible name: *baskinrobbinsitus*.

BURNING ISSUE

When Jim Cunningham wanted to install a crematorium in Sissonville, West Virginia, residents signed a petition to block his plans. However, the *Charleston Daily Mail* conducted a poll and was surprised that 66 percent of its

The Chili Cookin' Offer from Marlboro.

Chili. Just thinkin' about it made a cowboy hungry. And when the cook fixed up his own brand of chili on a cold and windy day, a whiff of it was enough to start the whole outfit ridin' for the chuckwagon.

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You get a five-quart cast-iron kettle with lid, serving ladle, four stoneware bowls, and a cookbook with five famous chili recipes and lots of serving ideas to boot.

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Clip and save. Our aim is to make sure you're completely satisfied with your order—and that you get it on time. But sometimes things go wrong. If they do, be sure to let us know. Write: **Marlboro Chili Cookin' Offer, 100 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017**

Lights: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—Kings: 17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—100's: 18 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

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

respondents favored the facility. Here is one good reason why: "I think it would be good to have a crematory in the Kanawha Valley because if a person wanted to be cremated, (he) wouldn't have to drive a long distance to have it done."

FUN FACTS TO AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS

The following is from the research Scot Morris showed us for his forthcoming "The Book of Strange Facts and Useless Information."

Raymond Burr was once a professional night-club singer.

•

The biggest sheet-music hit of all time was *Yes, We Have No Bananas*, which sold 2,000,000 copies in 1923 alone. After it became a hit, the Westman Company sued the song's publishers, charging that the melody was a direct steal from Handel's *Messiah*. The Westman Company, which published Handel's music, proved its case in court and was awarded a share of the song's profits.

•

Quiz: It was invented in France in 1863 and initially consisted of beef suet, warm milk and sheep-stomach lining. What was it?

Answer: Margarine.

•

Many early explorers spent their time, money and lives trying to find the famed Northwest Passage, the deep-water route from the North Atlantic to the Arctic Ocean. The ship that finally found it was the Octavius, carrying a crew of dead men.

The ship was frozen in north of Point Barrow, Alaska, in November of 1762. The crew, without supplies, all died on board. Slowly, the ship loosened itself from the ice and crept eastward, year by year, until it was sighted by a whaling ship off the coast of Greenland on August 12, 1775. The Octavius had been the first ship to negotiate the historic Northwest Passage, with a captain and crew who had been dead for 13 years.

•

Blue-lung disease: Pool hustler Minnesota Fats was hospitalized for lung damage caused by inhaling too much dust from cue-tip chalk.

•

Pennies, in numbers over 25, are not legal tender if the recipient doesn't want them. If you tried to pay off a $100 loan with a truckload of pennies, for example, your creditor could legally refuse to accept them and the debt would still stand.

•

In order to quash rumors that the China of 1960 resembled in any way Adolf Hitler's Third Reich, the Chinese Communist quarterly *National Construction* wrote, in the introduction to a reprinted Chairman Mao article, that "Adolf Hitler was five feet, six inches tall and weighed 143 pounds. He was renowned for his spellbinding oratory, relations with women and annihilation of a minority people. In his last years, he suffered from insanity and delusions of grandeur. Chairman Mao is taller and heavier."

•

According to Alexis Bespaloff, author of *The Signet Book of Wine*, the best way to remove a red-wine stain is to wash the spot with white wine.

•

Napoleon's penis went on the auction block in Paris recently. It was described

in the catalog as "a small, dried-up object." Nobody met the minimum bid of $40,000, so the shriveled member was replaced in a box and returned to its owner, an American businessman, who is waiting for the penis market to go up.

•

The physicists who tested those lunar rocks brought back by Apollo XI reported in *Science* that, "aided by considerations of much earlier speculations concerning the nature of the moon," they found the samples had a compressional velocity very close to that of provolone and Vermont cheddar cheese.

•

Historians do not know who invented the bulldozer.

•

The first time Richard Burton kissed Elizabeth Taylor, she burped. It happened during the filming of *Cleopatra*, and the scene had to be reshot.

•

Quiz: Which freezes faster, hot water or cold water?

Answer: Hot water. As a warm liquid cools, rapid evaporation lowers the temperature quickly.

•

When Russian director Sergei Eisenstein restaged the storming of the Winter Palace for his 1927 movie classic *October*, more persons died during the filming of the furious sequence than had been killed in the actual attack.

•

You can fix a noisy electric clock by letting it run upside down for a few hours: The oil circulates more evenly, resulting in a quieter mechanism.

•

Many animals have unsociable dinner habits, but those of the skua seagull are probably the worst. A hungry skua powerdives directly toward another bird, frightening it to disgorge whatever is in its stomach, then catches and eats the predigested meal in mid-air.

•

At certain times of the year, it is possible to hear corn grow.

•

Johannes Brahms was once invited to dinner by a man who considered himself a wine connoisseur. The host uncorked a dust-covered bottle, poured some wine into the composer's glass, saying proudly, "This is the Brahms of my cellar." According to Artur Rubinstein in *My Young Years*, Brahms "took a look at the color of the wine, then sniffed its bouquet, finally took a sip and put the glass down, obviously unimpressed. Turning to his host, he said: 'Better bring the Beethoven.' "

•

During World War Two, a secret Japanese radio station was found operating underground in Hollywood. Officials uncovered the station because actress Lucille Ball had reported that whenever she walked near the area, she picked up Japanese radio broadcasts on some temporary lead fillings in her teeth.

•

On the old *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* show, no one who sang *I Believe* ever lost.

•

So many Americans travel in Japan that motorists are provided with English translations of Japanese traffic signs. Some of the more picturesque:

- When a passenger of the foot heave in sight, tootle the horn. Melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigor.
- Beware the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode the exhaustbox . . . go smoothingly by.
- Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway.
- Go soothingly in the grease mud, as there lurks the skid demon.

•

James Arness was the first American soldier to jump off his boat at the Anzio Beachhead invasion of World War Two. He was ordered to be first because he was the tallest man in his company and his commander wanted him to test the depth of the water.

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Send $3.50 with this coupon to: The Proof, Box 18367, Boston, MA 02118. We'll send you The Proof (Professional II C-90, $4.99 value). Or, for a free demonstration of The Proof, bring this coupon to your audio dealer.

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THE INVENTOR OF RECORDING TAPE.

The good things about ***Hardcore*** are very, very good. One of them is Season Hubley, who plays a feisty, resilient hooker and "parlor girl" recruited by a deeply religious businessman (George C. Scott) to find his missing teenaged daughter. Scott, as a character called Jake Van Dorn of Grand Rapids, Michigan, combs the California fleshpots and even poses as a porno-movie producer in the course of his search. At one point, he spells out the strict Calvinist tenets of the Christian Reformed Church to which he belongs, while Season blinks at him as if he had just dropped down from Mars. "And I thought *I* was fucked up," she deadpans. Her well-researched performance has more than authenticity. Season plays it with pain and self-mocking humor, to establish a vital life line between herself and the seedy porno underworld *Hardcore* explores—from San Diego to L.A. and San Francisco. The role is not especially attractive, but she evokes sympathy because she doesn't beg for it, keeping up a façade so brittle that you know she must be about to break.

Scott is also forceful and effective in a part he hesitated to accept, according to press releases, until he knew *Hardcore* would be "a very moral film," setting out to dramatize "how shallow, useless and sick the whole sex industry is." I'd like to give Scott points for the fact that his portrayal of VanDorn is more complex than his public statements suggest. He and the film don't cop out in characterizing Jake as a cold, repressed, potentially violent man whose zealous virtue, as much as anything else, may explain his daughter's fall from grace.

Writer-director Paul Schrader (who wrote *Taxi Driver*, then made his promising directorial debut with *Blue Collar*) describes this work as "a volatile mixture . . . the hard-core of the old morality *vs.* the hard-core of the new." The early establishing scenes in Grand Rapids (Schrader's home town) catch the Bible Belted insularity of Middle America with a few swift strokes. He does all right depicting sinful, sunny California, too—a Babylon inhabited by such tacky specimens as Peter Boyle, playing a private investigator whose daily bread depends on "things you don't even *know* about in Grand Rapids."

The bad news is Schrader's preachy sensationalism, the failure to make good on his vow that he could expose pornography "without having to make up any counterfeit attacks." If he knew enough to give *Hardcore* some of its bitingly funny insights, I'm baffled as to why he settled for the hokum of introducing a producer of "snuff movies" as archvillain of the piece. Scott ultimately wrests his daughter (newcomer Ilah Davis in a relatively minor role) from the hands of a fiend who murders people oncamera to produce the ultimate hard-core kick. That's a cheap shot. In my rather extensive travels through the world of porn, I have seen a lot to criticize, satirize and yawn through, but have yet to see a bona fide snuff movie. I hope none exist. A man of Schrader's talent owed it to himself and to all of us to keep *Hardcore* out of the horror-story tradition of hysteria typified by the camp classic *Reefer Madness.*

Scott, Davis in *Hardcore.*

Scott meets a Season for all men; Marjoe sizzles; Sutherland turns Victorian—twice.

Marjoe and Candy in *Red Ryder.*

Sutherland in *Murder by Decree.*

•

Until now, Marjoe Gortner has never found a role equal to his electrifying self-portrait as a former child evangelist in *Marjoe* back in 1972. To be perennially promising must be a drag, so he did himself a favor by producing and starring in ***When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder.*** That old shake-the-rafters Marjoe magic sizzles again in Mark Medoff's adaptation of his 1973 hit play. The movie gets off to a wobbly start, because neither Medoff nor director Milton Katselas can quite conceal the stagy origins of *Red Ryder*—one of those deep-dyed American originals about a group of people trapped in a roadside diner in New Mexico by a sadistic, suicidal teller of harsh Truths. Marjoe plays the key role as Teddy and he's great, flashing across the screen like a hot wire while an insidious musical score (by Jack Nitzsche) supplies rattlesnaky accompaniment. The actors are the whole show, with Candy Clark (who became Marjoe's missus while the film was being shot) as his skittish accomplice, England's Peter Firth as Red Ryder (mastering a regional U. S. accent so perfectly that he's hardly recognizable as the boy who dug horses in *Equus*), plus blonde movie newcomer Stephanie Faracy in a really knockout debut as the plump, poignant waitress named Angel. Lee Grant, Hal Linden and Pat Hingle are effective in dullish, conventional roles as the rest of Teddy's captive audience. Once the rather lengthy exposition is out of the way, however, they don't dare take their eyes off Marjoe, and neither will you.

•

Sherlock Holmes meets Jack the Ripper in ***Murder by Decree,*** and the first thing to note about this finely crafted English thriller is that James Mason plays Dr. Watson to Christopher Plummer's urbane Holmes. There may never have been a better Watson than Mason, who's always superb but surpasses himself as the peevish, dithery Watson—particularly when he begins to sulk over a squashed pea on his dinner plate. David Hemmings, Susan Clark, Genevieve Bujold, Donald Sutherland, John Gielgud and Anthony Quayle also keep Plummer company, one way or another, while a net of intrigue closes around the legendary sleuth. *Murder by Decree* is a provocative

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mixture of fact and Holmesian fiction, drawn partly from a book called *The Ripper File*, which purports to sort out some recent theories about the actual identity of the bloody, infamous Jack. Here, in John Hopkins' screenplay, Sherlock deduces that the ghastly murders of several London streetwalkers in 1888 are part of a scandalous conspiracy—a kind of Victorian Watergate, traceable directly to the English throne and the Duke of Clarence, son of the future King Edward VII. To tell much more might spoil the film's surprises, which are many and varied, and all wrapped up in eerie London fog. Holmes purists, beware, for *Murder* is a smashing cerebral thriller that places greater emphasis on the Ripper case than on the denizens of Baker Street. Annals-of-crime buffs should rejoice while trying to dope out a plot that's deliciously diabolical and quite possibly true.

•

Another major misdeed of the Victorian era—the first time in history anyone had dared to hijack a moving train—is the dodgy business afoot in ***The Great Train Robbery***. Directed by Michael Crichton, who also adapted it from his own best seller, *Robbery* seems curiously short of suspense until the last reel. Meticulous period decor and a suave, tongue-in-cheek performance by Sean Connery are pleasant enough, but the movie concentrates on effects when it ought to pick up momentum. Connery as Edward Pierce, the rogue who masterminded the caper—the loot is a shipment of gold bound for Folkestone and beyond, to finance the Crimean War—is abetted by luscious Lesley-Anne Down, as a lady who slips in and out of countless disguises, and Donald Sutherland again (in *Murder by Decree*, Sutherland plays a psychic with bad vibes; here he plays a locksmith with an unidentifiable accent). *Great Train Robbery*'s leisurely pace reminds me of wandering through an exhibit of Victorian bric-a-brac. It's overstuffed, fussy in detail, extravagant. But nothing really leaps out of the cobwebbed past to grab you.

•

No wonder there's a revival of interest in foreign films, since so many recent imports have something interesting to tell, or at least a fresh, nonformula way of telling it. Israeli writer-director Zeev Revah's ***Little Man***—with Revah himself in the sympathetic title role as a factory worker whose name in Hebrew is Shraga Little Man—stacks up as a gritty contemporary sex comedy, as well as an effective showcase for Nitza Shaul (see *Foreign Sex Stars*, page 163). Nitza plays Sofia, a volunteer performer who goes to sing for army-reserve troops on maneuvers one stormy night and, in her innocent eagerness to please, is maneuvered into having sex with at least four out of five crewmen in an armored tank. Later, pregnant, Sofia travels to Tel Aviv to tell

Great Train Robbery: Down with Connery.

Sean Connery masterminds a period caper; some top-notch foreign films reach our shores.

Antonelli, Olga Karlatos in *Wifemistress*.

the fellas her problem. They're all settled back into civilian life and married, engaged, scared or skeptical. Sofia prefers Little Man, who is about to marry his boss's daughter. If it were not for Nitza's engaging honesty, all this might easily deteriorate into the story of a determined, vindictive vixen on a husband hunt. But Nitza moves through the film's muddy moral waters without becoming self-righteous, while Revah helps her in his triple stint as co-author, director and star. Together, they explore how true love triumphs for a nice girl in trouble, and *Little Man*'s somewhat corny plot begins to assume a charmed life. Don't fight it, it's nice.

•

To work up a contemporary audience's concern about the evils of colonialism in the Dutch East Indies more than a century ago is a challenging assignment. Nor are Dutch movies with English subtitles on any subject likely to be easy sells. All the more credit to producer-director Fons Rademakers for ***Max Havelaar***. Based on a milestone historical novel by Eduard Douwes Dekker, published in 1860, *Max* stars Peter Faber as the idealistic hero in the title role. Of course, a splashy success in Amsterdam and Utrecht causes hardly a ripple over here. Will it help if I tell you that Faber is marvelous? Or that the film itself—though rather long, at two hours and 45 minutes—is an exotic, eloquent and timeless indictment of colonial exploitation?

Max Havelaar happens on the island of Java in the mid–19th Century in a remote, impoverished province where local native rulers and their Dutch overlords conspire to squeeze maximum profits from the coffee trade while keeping the peasants in their place. A wide-eyed innocent bureaucrat, Max naïvely believes he can reform a corrupt system, stir the Indonesian governor-general's latent humane instincts and chalk one up for truth and justice. He's not aware at the outset that the honest man who preceded him as assistant-resident in the district died mysteriously, probably poisoned. He has to experience murder and treachery firsthand, find his garden suddenly infested with venomous snakes, tremble for his family's safety before he begins to comprehend that capitalism is not altruism. On the evidence here, Max could be adjudged a dimwit—or a slow study, at best—but Faber plays the part with such disarming, boyish exuberance that you root for Havelaar as if he were Rocky, Serpico or any stubborn modern underdog with heavy odds against him.

•

Your Turn, My Turn is the *vin ordinaire* of French films—dry, palatable, young and sophisticated enough to get by. Marlene Jobert and Philippe Leotard co-star as Agnes, an interior decorator married to a philandering rock-music promoter, and Vincent, a divorced man with a ten-year-old daughter. They meet in the park. Agnes has a seven-year-old son. Vincent has a lesbian sister, a physiotherapist who needs her *salon* decorated. *C'est magnifique, non?* Everyone has needs, but Agnes has doubts. She overcomes them for a while. And for a while, it's "*l'amour* the merrier," as Bea Lillie used to sing. Then it ends. And then, and then . . . oh, nevair mind. *Aimez-vous Paris? Moi, j'aime beaucoup Paris. Voulez-vous du vin ordinaire?* Have a sip. There are no aftereffects, but an hour later, you may be thirsty again.

•

Marcello Mastroianni, in ***Wifemistress***, squanders his large talents on a small tall tale about a wealthy businessman who pretends to be dead because of imminent trouble with the law. While concealed in a relative's house just across the plaza from his own, he watches his bereaved semi-invalid wife undergo a startling transformation after she learns

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of his former secret life as a habitual seducer and publisher of anarchist revolutionary tracts. The wife jumps out of bed, gets her act together, takes over the family business, experiments with lesbianism, initiates dramatic social reforms and finally gets back into bed—frequently—with a passionate young doctor. Viewing all this from his hideaway behind a shuttered window, the lady's late mate is as outraged as any sexist in countless previous movies about *macho* Italian males. "I betrayed her with *whores* . . . I retained my dignity," he groans. Director Marco Vicario's turned-worm story of a woman's vengeance back in the early 1900s is handsomely produced but heavy going, with Mastroianni under wraps as a mere voyeur. The movie's major asset, as well as the object of Marcello's Peeping Luigi act, is Laura Antonelli, whose face, figure and fooling around in the title role clearly show why millions of Italians consider her their favorite sex symbol since Sophia first flounced onto the film scene. Offscreen, French superstar Jean-Paul Belmondo claims most of Laura's free time, and that doesn't hurt a girl's image, either.

•

In another period piece that broke box-office records in its New York premiere, the late Luchino Visconti's ***The Innocent*** teams Antonelli with Giancarlo Giannini. Seems to me that some critics and film buffs have gone soft toward Visconti (who made *Death in Venice* and *The Damned*), now that he is no longer with us. *The Innocent* has been hailed as a ravishing erotic masterpiece, described with such pulse-pounding enthusiasm that you'd expect to have your fancy tickled almost beyond endurance. Well, perhaps one man's erotica is another man's Valium, but this elegant filming of a novel by Italian soldier-poet and professional decadent Gabriele D'Annunzio (1863–1938) struck me as tasteful, studied and austere. Nothing *wrong* with that, but it's not the same as blood-tingling. Again, Antonelli is a super actress and easy on the eyes. As her errant husband, Giannini overworks his seriocomic sheep-dog look in a role that otherwise lacks humor. He's a rake who doesn't really become excited by his wife until, following a brief affair, she bears another man's child. Then he wants her back, frequently, but her misbegotten offspring offends his pride. Somehow the innocent child has to go before their rekindled passion can really zoom. We'll skip the details. Jennifer O'Neill, of all people—beautiful as ever but speaking dubbed Italian—plays a turn-of-the-century temptress who appears to be a lot less wicked than her reputation suggests. So is *The Innocent*.

•

For a truly *sexy* Italian movie on a touchy subject, Mastroianni and dazzling newcomer Nastassja Kinski in ***Stay As You Are*** are the toughest act to follow. Director Alberto Lattuada's tale of an incestuous May-December romance between a 50ish architect and an 18-year-old child-woman who *could* be his own daughter is neither profound nor important, nor even wildly original. But banality becomes blue chip because the film has a rich role for Mastroianni, maybe the best movie actor alive and unquestionably second to none. Mastroianni expresses so much while seeming to do so little, he seems to have tapped the inner, essential truth of older men's fantasies about younger women and he creates a complex, rueful, painfully funny portrait of a man who finds his puritan conscience eroded by natural lust. He picks up a carefree young Lorelei, spends a night with her, then discovers she's the daughter of Fosca, a former mistress now deceased, who loved him and left him just long enough ago to establish reasonable doubt as to whether or not the child she bore was his. In a situation that could easily look vulgar or damned silly, Marcello's dilemma is made credible by his own phenomenal skill, plus the awesome presence of Kinski. Bare or clothed, the German-born daughter of actor Klaus Kinski needs only a few minutes onscreen to tell the world she's somebody special. Nastassja lifts her head and laughs, and she's like a young Ingrid Bergman—looser, more contemporary and sensuous—or like Julie Christie in *Billy Liar*, just walking along so jauntily that, abracadabra, a star is born. Among the first to notice was director Roman Polanski, who grabbed lovely Nastassja for the title role in his forthcoming film based on Thomas Hardy's tragic *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

Innocent's Antonelli, Giannini.

Something for everybody as Antonelli, Mastroianni star in two films each; all this and Kinski, too!

Kinski, Mastroianni sexy in *Stay As You Are*.

•

It's hardly a secret that there is a pro-Altman attitude in this corner. Even his less successful films—from *Images* to *Buffalo Bill* and *Three Women*—are risky, imaginative, strikingly personal statements, evidence of Altman's readiness to go for broke, trying everything, trying anything, but always reaching for more than another hot-from-Hollywood-assembly-line hit. Now and then, of course, a hit wouldn't hurt. Sorry to say, ***Quintet***, his latest, is a maddening futuristic fiasco that completely lacks the sweet smell of success on any count, despite a prestigious roster of international stars headed by Paul Newman. The rest of the list includes Vittorio Gassman, Fernando Rey, Bibi Andersson, Brigitte Fossey and Nina Van Pallandt. Actors trust Altman, which is why high-priced superstars sometimes reduce their salary demands to do an Altman movie. It's palpable proof of one's seriousness about Art—like signing up to perform a Chekhov play in a limited off-Broadway run.

Wearing five-cornered hats and costumes of vaguely Elizabethan cut, *Quintet*'s players are fast-frozen as participants in a deadly game, with rules almost impossible to follow. The movie begins during an ice age (who knows where or when?), established by French cinematographer Jean Boffety's spectacular long shot of a streamlined train stalled in its tracks under a snowbank, apparently overtaken by an advancing glacier. Then we follow Newman and Fossey into the remains of an icebound city. There they get caught up in The Game, obviously the only game in town. Starts at a table, with something like chess pieces, though usually everyone ends up with a hit list—the losers are apt to be impaled or burned alive. Anyway, the end is always ghastly. Perhaps we are supposed to read some significance into the fact that civilization looks pretty well finished and a handful of survivors can find no better amusement than to destroy one another. That's grim. But grim is one thing, dull

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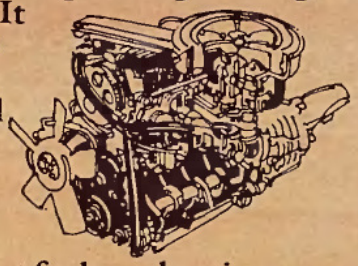

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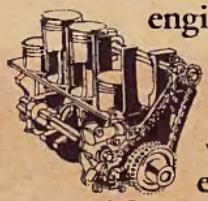

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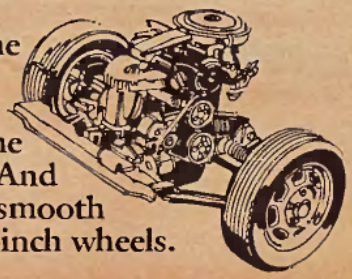

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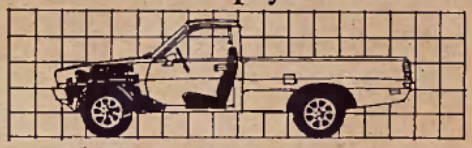

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and pretentious something else. Dogs gnawing at human bodies might be justified. A woman who sits quietly toasting her hand over an open fire might be justified. It's harder to justify such lines as "Hope is an obsolete word" or "The earth is the cradle of the mind, but you can't live in the cradle forever." Whatever that means.

Filmed at Frobisher Bay and amid the ruins of Montreal's Expo, *Quintet* has the visual trappings of a terrific film. Yet it doesn't work, as a doomsday suspense drama, as science-fiction or as a *Clockwork Orange* frieze. Game-schmame. This time around, Altman craps out.

FILM CLIPS

The Toy: Pierre Richard, well remembered as *The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe*, portrays a desperate journalist, taken home as a flesh-and-blood plaything on the whim of a rotten little rich kid whose indulgent father the financial tycoon will not say no to him. Of course, Richard exudes bumptious innocence, charms the child, then tames him, proving that love will find a way where wealth and power are futile. Writer-director Francis Veber's heart-warming human comedy, with subtitles, loses nothing in translation—it's sticky as a melted gumdrop, even if you don't understand French.

On the Yard: Raphael D. Silver, who produced *Hester Street* (directed by his wife, Joan Micklin Silver), turns to directing (with his missis as producer) and shows a lot of savvy in a searing slice-of-life drama about men behind bars. The politics of survival in prison is a familiar film subject, but Silver handles it expertly, and jailhouse jousting always seems to provide an ideal proving ground for young actors. Here, Tom Waites and John Heard score as most promising in a uniformly fine cast.

Just Crazy About Horses: Tammy Grimes supplies the tongue-in-cheek narration for a splendidly wacky film about the filthy-rich or merely fanatical people who are the backbone of the so-called horsy set. Most claim impeccable WASPish bloodlines and long acquaintance with the Mellons and the Phippses. One *grande dame* explains how she inherited her breeding farm: "My father gave it to me as a hedge against Franklin D. Roosevelt." There's riding to the hounds, steeplechase races and much, much more, including an explicit sex sequence (not X-rated, that'd be vulgar) between a thoroughbred stud and a filly in heat. Co-authors, coproducers, codirectors Tim Lovejoy and Joe Wemple skewer a privileged American minority and add just a dash of bitters. Move over, *Equus*. No fictional fantasy about the divine lunacy of getting high on horseflesh can quite compare with the real thing. —REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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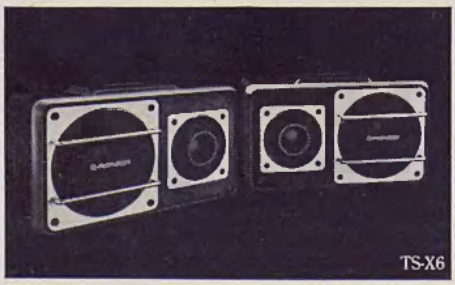

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John Belushi, of all people, supplied the voice and created the character of a 19-year-old Perfect Master (his name is Craig, he's from Champaign-Urbana, Illinois, and he arrives on a flying carpet) for ***Shame of the Jungle,*** an X-rated animated cartoon feature. Made by Belgian artist Picha in 1975, the movie carries a provocative string of additional credits. Michael O'Donoghue contributed some dialog, which may explain why *Shame* often sounds like a blue movie swiftly expunged from *Saturday Night Live.* In fact, its title was *Tarzoon* and several other things (*Noozrat*, for example) until the estate of Edgar Rice Burroughs took legal action to prevent use of the name, though court maneuvers could not prevent the hero's voice from being dubbed by Johnny Weissmuller, Jr., son of the most famous screen Tarzan of them all. Thus, we encounter a titular swinger called Shame, a dirty-minded, timorous runt who lives in the wilderness ("where the Web of Life is spun from cheaper thread") with his sexy mate, June, and a lewd chimp named Flicka. Villainess of the piece is Queen Bazonga, a bald-pated goddess with 14 breasts who wants June's strawberry-blonde scalp because "I'm gonna enslave mankind tomorrow . . . and I'm *bald.*" June is kidnaped by the queen's phallus guard, a goon squad of little pricks who subdue their enemies by ejaculation. The Burroughs legal eagles described *Shame* as "grotesque, distasteful and vulgar." No argument there. They forgot to mention that the artwork is superior, the film as a whole becoming monotonous after a good start—still, in its off-the-wall category, the most literate, prurient and amusing challenge to community standards since *Fritz the Cat.*

•

In ***The China Cat,*** a wicked quartet of ladies known as Charlie's Devils pursues John C. Holmes as private investigator Johnny Wadd, who has the *objet d'art* they're after. References to *The Maltese Falcon* are inescapable, though the difference between *Cat* and the classic is that the John Huston–Dashiell Hammett original did not have to reckon with Holmes's celebrated 13-inch schlong. Such an awesome appendage tends to overshadow she-devils, jade pussycats, script, plot, dialog and everything else on the screen. Holmes appears to be one of the more competent actors in porno while wearing trousers, but he habitually upstages himself by taking them off. The women who submit to his mighty sword (anally, on one occasion) look passable and compliant, though they are not creatures to excite man's wildest fantasies. And isn't that supposed to be the whole point? Holmesian hard-core seems more likely to arouse penis envy in a straight male audience, but maybe greedy gals and gay libbers are getting off on it. *Somebody* must be.

Jungle *Shame.*

Tarzan he ain't, but Shame is a real jungle swinger; Johnny Wadd rips off *The Maltese Falcon*; and porno discovers pro cheerleaders.

China Cat: Hammett on wry.

•

Debbie Does Dallas features blonde Bambi Woods as a girl who is slated to join a group of professional cheerleaders called The Texas Cowgirls. The makers of *Debbie* may have missed the flash (or missed PLAYBOY's December 1978 issue) that there's a real live group of Cowgirls; they also bill Bambi as a 1976 Dallas cheerleader, "the first Dallas Cowgirl ever to appear in an X-rated film." We cannot vouch for Bambi's cheerleading credentials, though from here she looks like a second-string Marilyn Chambers. On film, the Cowgirls (like, we understand, some of the N.F.L. teams that hire their real-life counterparts) apparently don't pop for travel expenses, so Debbie and her high school chums decide to hustle up bus fare—and that means *hustle.* The hustling triggers a series of standard fuck-and-suck episodes that are nothing to cheer about.

•

Someone billed Susannah French in the title role in ***The Other Side of Julie,*** though the real star of this lusty epic is John Leslie, playing Julie's husband, Mike—an accomplished con artist who pretends to be a tired businessman by night. He comes home tired, certainly. But by day, Mike drives a Rolls-Royce and cruises the city in search of well-to-do women he can pick up and swindle out of their cash or jewels. The thieving stud works out of an office, calling his firm Stag Enterprises. Mike ultimately gets his just deserts, but he also gets laid a lot before the game is up (a classy, unfamiliar porn actress named Jackie O'Neill plays the victim who turns the tables). *Other Side of Julie* clearly depicts woman as the smarter sex in a flick with enough plot twists and unbuttoned bawdiness to fill a vintage Restoration comedy. Nothing spectacular, understand. But considering the garbage generally offered to pornophiles, it's the pick of the litter.

•

Whether to remarry for love or for money is the problem faced by lush Lesllie Bovee as Rita, the often-married heroine of ***Misbehavin',*** a professional playgirl who already has lots of alimony to keep her warm. Director Chuck Vincent's porno farce features a special guest appearance by Jack Wrangler, a superstar of gay films, in his debut as a switch-hitter. Lesllie, of course, is the kind of girl every closet heterosexual hopes to find. Among the swains offering her head in bed and their hands in marriage are Eric Edwards and professional stunt man Sonny Landham, though the real gimmick of *Misbehavin'* is a running gag about two unearthly characters called The Angel and The Devil (Kurt Mann and Dick Gallan), who are both ready to bet on Rita. You can bet on *Misbehavin'* as elegantly produced porno with handsome people and a poolside orgy that's a virtual flood of wet shots. As sophisticated sex comedy, which it often tries to be, the movie is arch and overacted, and short on wit—visually a pleasure, verbally a dry hump. —B.W.

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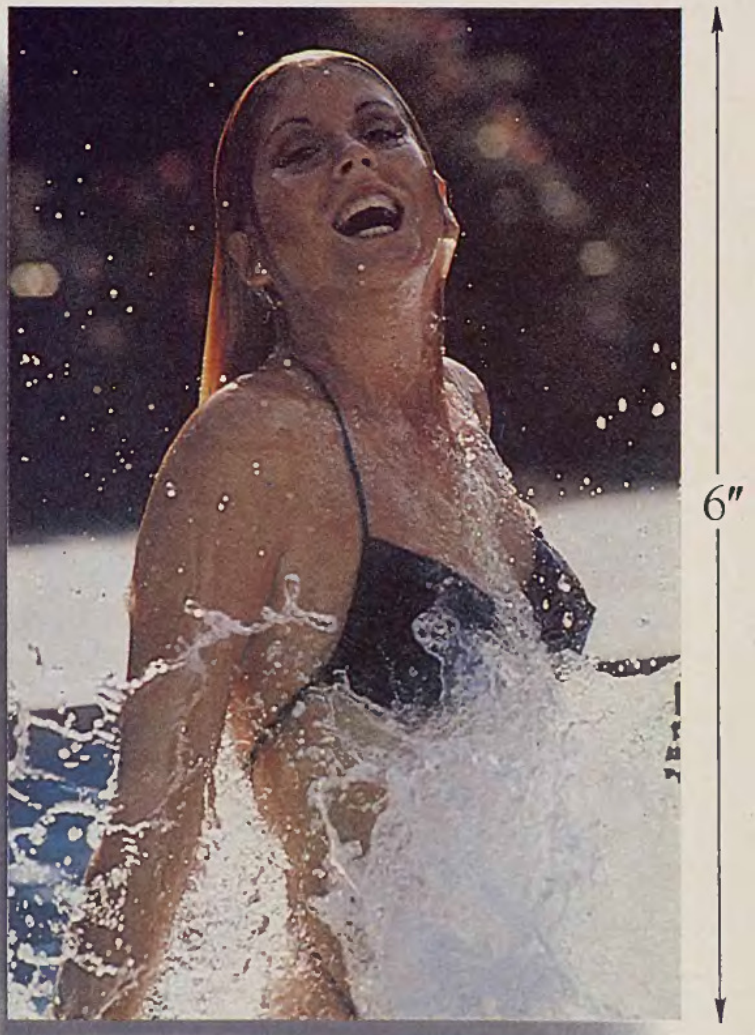

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When it comes to music, PLAYBOY readers are unpredictable. Witness their choice of **Steely Dan** as best rock group in this year's Music Poll (for complete results, see *The Year in Music*, April).

This isn't to say that there aren't abundant reasons for plucking the Dan out of the hog swill that's been glutting the airwaves these past 12 months. On the contrary, it only confirms the judgment of those folks who've watched it develop through six albums into one of the most eccentrically original American bands of the Seventies.

It wasn't the hard-core fans, though, who bought 2,000,000 copies of the *Aja* LP, as well as the singles off it and off the *FM* sound track, and this jump from cult to large-scale popularity is one of the most gratifying events of the past year. Especially when you consider that Steely Dan isn't really a group in the usual sense, comprised as it is of only two people, Walter Becker and Donald Fagen, who between them compose all the lyrics and music, play bass, guitar and keyboards, and sing the lead vocals.

Becker and Fagen surfaced in New York recently, ready, if not exactly eager, to talk about *Apogee*, a jazz LP they produced, featuring the Pete Christlieb/Warne Marsh Quintet, as well as an artifact called *Steely Dan/Greatest Hits*. They also, it turned out, were looking for what Becker termed "digs" in the city.

"Digs?" Fagen said quizzically. "Digs are what you have in college."

"All right, a pad then," Becker replied.

"No, not a pad, Donald," producer Gary Katz added thoughtfully. "What you mean is a *pied-à-terre*. You see, if you have a home in L.A. and an apartment in New York, it's called——"

"Earth foot. That's what I'm looking for, an earth foot in New York," Becker concluded.

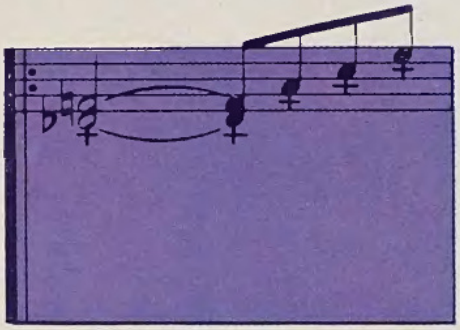
Greatest Hits, which contains their most popular tunes from *Do It Again* and *Reelin' in the Years* to *Peg* and *Josie*, is filled out with a good selection of some of the harder rocking cuts from the earlier LPs. In contrast, *Aja* received a lot of attention from critics who heard even more elements of jazz in it than in the Dan's earlier work.

"There was a lot of reaction from rock-'n'-roll people who picked up on what they considered to be jazz inflections in *Aja*," Fagen conceded. "It really didn't occur to us when we were making it; it certainly wasn't intended to be any sort of a fusion of music, or crossover thing."

"We look for musicians who can solo," Becker explained, "and most of those musicians who can solo with any sort of thought involved—on the saxophone, at least—are jazz musicians. The fact is the album crossed over into a younger audience who hadn't been buying our albums previously."

Dan's Becker, Fagen.

A talk with the boys in Steely Dan; classy stuff from five female jazz musicians.



Now's the Time!: all good women.

The inevitable question of when, if ever, they planned to put together a performing band again was met with resigned bemusement.

"We really should have a stock answer to that question," Fagen told Becker.

"I heard," Katz offered, between bites of his second meal in a half hour, "that the average rock group goes on tour twice a year; in that case, I guess we're nine tours behind."

"Just say we're working on it," Becker added.

"Actually, we're assembling our wardrobes right now," Fagen said, "for the various climatic conditions and social occasions you encounter on the road. That should take forever, with fashions changing as quickly as they are."

Becker looked at his shoes. "Yeah, we're still wearing our duds from around 1974."

—MARK VON LEHMDEN

•

We have the uneasy feeling this is going to read like a sexist review, but, so help us, Betty Friedan, that's not what we have in mind. The problem is that the five musicians on ***Now's the Time!*** (Halcyon) are female and when we try to make the point that the recording is a fine piece of work, there's no way we can avoid the fact that it's women doing that work. If there are any Neanderthals around who still think that the ladies can't hack it in jazz, let them pay heed and then crawl back into their caves. The session—made up of first-rate jazz and pop classics—was recorded live in Rochester, New York, a couple of years ago and the players are Marian McPartland, piano; Vi Redd, alto sax; Mary Osborne, guitar; Lynn Milano, bass; and Dottie Dodgion, drums. Their efforts are spirited and sensitive by turn, and the solo work is of a high order. And no, we're not going to say they sound just like men; they sound just like what they are—excellent musicians.

•

Who would have thought? Who would have thought? He has the stage presence and aspect of a Buddy Holly quaking through a psychotic attack. His name sounds as if it had been cooked up on *Saturday Night Live*. But Elvis Costello has become one of the most important *true* rockers of the waning Seventies—if not in almighty platinum dollars, certainly in terms of freshness and talent. And he shows no signs of running out of steam. ***Armed Forces*** (Columbia), his third album, is right there with the first two. It was, like the others, produced by sometime Rockpiler Nick Lowe. The production is lusher than previously, but the sound still maintains that *edge* that defines Costello's music. The lyrics are sharp and imagistic ("Two little Hitlers will fight it out till / One little Hitler does the other one's will"). Our main complaint about the album, in fact, is that some of the vocals are mixed too low to hear clearly, even through headphones, which is a waste, given how good they are. No immediate grabbers here, but after a few times through, you'll find chunks of it jumping unbidden into your brain—and you won't mind a bit.

•

Jim Morrison's brief reign as the demon prince of rock 'n' roll ended with his death in Paris in 1971. By then, his orgiastic performances had gotten him banned or busted in most of the U.S. There was no doubt of his ability to sell out any hall in the country, but almost no booking agent would touch him for fear of a raid by the local police. His death produced floods of pontification on the way the rock life destroys its children and took the heart out of a remarkable band called The Doors. Elektra records is making a major effort

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to revive the myth—and the sales—with an album whose full title is ***An American Prayer, Jim Morrison, Music by The Doors.*** It features bits of live performance from the glory days interspersed with Morrison's readings of his own poetry backed by music The Doors recorded especially for this post-mortem album. The whole necrophiliac effort goes to prove that The Doors are still a hell of a rock-'n'-roll band, that Morrison wrote and sang some great songs and that he might have become a poet if he had lived.

•

Apparently feeling that they've exhausted the possibilities of both earthly and interplanetary funk on their previous albums, Parliament and George Clinton, their irrepressible idea man, go underwater for ***Motor Booty Affair*** (Casablanca). Schools of foolfish—playing hooky, of course—swim by as Mr. Wiggles, the submarine deejay, broadcasts from beautiful downtown Atlantis. It's a unique and crazy idea—who else but the Swiftian Mr. Clinton could have conceived it?—and it's brought off with great musical aplomb by this gang of California soul crazies (who, truth to tell, had been sounding a bit peaked lately. The synthesizer work on *Liquid Sunshine* is alone worth the price of the LP.

•

Reservations notwithstanding, the doorman at the fancy French restaurant does not wish to admit the party, because Ric Wilson is wearing blue jeans. The lady from the record company argues that if they had a dress code, they should have mentioned it earlier. Claude "Coffee" Cave merely protests, with characteristic irony, that his friend is a doctor.

He could have said "rock star"; Wilson hasn't practiced medicine since he left his internship a decade ago and succumbed to the lures of music. That was when the Panamanian-born, New York–raised Wilson brothers—Ric, Louis, Carlos and Wilfredo—joined forces with Cave, a Brooklynite whose father's people came from the Caribbean; they found a few additional musicians with an ad in the *Village Voice*, started working as **Mandrill** and, in three months, scored a recording contract.

Since then, the band has moved from New York to Los Angeles, changed record labels twice and changed the additional players a few times, too. While never quite breaking into superstardom, the brothers have survived, even thrived. Mandrill now travels as an 11-piece band, with most of the players multi-instrumentalists; this gives them great flexibility and allows for dramatic switches of sound. One moment, Mandrill has a six-piece, Kentonish horn section; the next moment, it's an African rhythm unit; then it's a doo-wop group from Brooklyn. The absence of special effects is notable; as Ric says, "The performers and the music are the drama." Through it all, the core of the group—the Wilson brothers and Coffee, so nicknamed for his *café au lait* complexion—has stayed the same.

They are now with Arista Records, and Coffee and Ric are in Chicago to ballyhoo their new LP, *New Worlds*, a collection of peppery soul/jazz grooves with *mucho salsa* ("We pride ourselves in being pioneers in that direction," says Ric). More articulate than most members of their trade, and better-humored than many, they easily entertain a roomful of record-company, radio-station, magazine and management people as they wait for room service to deliver what they couldn't get in the restaurant. There is a lot of inside-the-record-business conversation, about Johnny Mathis' farm and the changes Dionne's been through; Coffee recalls sparring onstage with Miles during a Fillmore light show and the night his mother, in order to see her son at a concert in New York, had to talk her way past the guards James Brown had stationed backstage.

And when the monkey-suited room-service waiter finally brings dinner, Ric Wilson politely tells him, "Hey—you can't come in here with a tuxedo on!"

Justice is served. —CARL PHILIP SNYDER

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BOOKS

Robert Ludlum's latest thriller and guaranteed best seller, ***The Matarese Circle*** (Richard Marek), has the momentum of a connect-the-dots drawing. The dots are the usual assortment of inventive homicides, rapes, tortures, etc. The picture that is finally assembled is that of a sinister organization of for-hire assassins devoted to conquering the world. A dying Russian general sounds the alarm: "Hear me out. There is a timetable, but to speak of it would be to acknowledge the past; none dare do that! Moscow by assassination, Washington by political maneuver, murder, if necessary. Two months, three at the outside; everything is in motion now. Action and reaction has been tested at the highest levels, unknown men positioned at the centers of power. Soon it will happen, and when it does, we are consumed. We are destroyed, subjects of the Matarese." The top Russian agent teams up with his counterpart from the American side to foil the plot. Who are these devilishly clever Matarese? Ex-Nazis? No. Ludlum has come up with a new villain—your friendly local multinational corporation. If David Rockefeller reads this, we could be in big trouble.

•

In Shana Alexander's account of the Patty Hearst trial, ***Anyone's Daughter*** (Viking), we have for the first time in one place the minutiae of the decade's most bizarre court case. Alexander quotes richly from court documents and interviews she conducted and provides appropriate biographical score cards for all the players. Unfortunately, she also clunks up this tapestry with too many of her skinny liberal assessments of what Patty's trial means to America. Alexander has all the proper outrage to cover that trial; her heart is the national blood donor for all the Camelot causes. But she never really gets to talk with Patty herself. And that's one reason we will have to wait a while for a rigorous explanation of Patty's disturbing story.

•

John Marks, in ***The Search for the Manchurian Candidate*** (Times Books), has constructed a chilling history of the CIA's work in behavioral psychological research from documents released to him under the Freedom of Information Act. This is one of the most important books of the year. In it, we learn some of our Government's efforts in mind-control experiments from World War Two to the present. We see the CIA on the cutting edge of inquiry into hypnosis, drugs, brainwashing, personality assessment, psychosurgery, electric and radio stimulation of the brain, the creation of involuntary amnesia, terminal shock therapy. We see our universities and foundations and hospitals and prisons supplying cover and subjects for those experiments. Marks examines the MKULTRA and ARTICHOKE programs in detail, discussing such glories as the research of Dr. D. Ewen Cameron, the Canadian psychiatrist who put his patients through isolation, high doses of electroshock and drugs to wipe out memory—with funding and support, unbeknownst to him, coming from a CIA front, the Society for the Investigation of Human Ecology. (Indeed, the list of people and institutions that Marks reveals cooperated with or were co-opted by the CIA in one way or another is frightening; among them were Carl Rogers, B. F. Skinner, Edwin Land, Charles Osgood, Adolph A. Berle, Martin Orne, The Education Testing Service of Princeton and Cornell University.) Consistently ahead of its time, the agency was researching Mexican mushrooms, LSD, African witch doctors, the genetic code, stereotaxic surgery and other subjects that our sleepy popular imaginations believed were too exotic to discuss seriously.

In 1973, the CIA destroyed many of the key documents relating to its behavioral-control experiments. Marks, after much effort, could get his hands on only seven boxes of files. But, through interviews and good investigative reporting, he has handed us a record that helps us understand our vulnerability to manipulation and control. Read this book before they snatch your brain.

•

The time will come, presumably, when Americans will look back on the days of marijuana prohibition the way they look back on the days of liquor prohibition and shake their heads in wonder that the country could have engaged in such a long and costly folly. Larry Sloman's ***Reefer Madness*** (Bobbs-Merrill) is the first such backward look. Billed as "the first popular social history of marijuana use in America," *Reefer* expertly and entertainingly charts the course of the killer weed from Colonial hemp crops to the present proliferation of pot as the biggest underground industry since bootleg booze. The moral of the story is clear: When it comes to Government efforts to save us from ourselves, history continually repeats itself.

•

The first thing that strikes you about Kingsley Amis' new novel, ***Jake's Thing*** (Viking), is that it is fastidiously English: The prose is meticulous, the characters fully drawn, the humor wry and dry. But the problem it deals with is hardly restricted to the British. Jake Richardson—59, an Oxford don—is having problems getting it up with his wife, Brenda. He goes to a sex specialist, an Irishman named Rosenberg, who undertakes to revitalize Jake's waning sex life with "nongenital sensate-focusing sessions," a "nocturnal mensurator" (a ghastly electrical gadget that marks erections when attached to a penis) and, finally, group meetings in which Jake has to—literally—expose himself.

Amis, we sense, can barely keep his droll English humor under wraps when he is having fun with our decade's preoccupation with sex and therapy. But he does, and *Jake's Thing*, Amis' 13th novel, is a masterpiece of understatement with a satirical cutting edge honed to a fine sharpness.

Matarese: Ludlum's at it again.

Multinationals form a vicious *Circle*; politics becloud Patty's story.

Anyone's Daughter: Just the facts, Shana.

☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: Why NBC decided to produce a telefilm remake of *From Here to Eternity* was mystifying enough, but now word has it that network execs are so thrilled by the project they've decided to order it for a series. Expect to find it in your listings for the 1979–1980 TV season. . . . There *will* be a sequel to *Movie Movie*, "a continuation of the basic format but probably not the same characters," one source tells me. Apparently, the decision to make a sequel was made prior to the original's release. . . . **Carl Reiner** has been set to direct *The Jerk*, starring **Steve Martin** and Steve's current love, **Bernadette Peters**. . . . **Jacqueline Bisset** has been signed for a star-

Bisset

McQueen

ring role in **Irwin Allen**'s *The Day the World Ended*, the story of a volcanic eruption in the South Seas. **Paul Newman** and **William Holden** co-star. . . . Walt Disney Productions will rerelease the classic animated feature *Lady and the Tramp* next Christmas. . . . **Steve McQueen**'s next film project will be *Taipan*, based on **James** (*Shogun*) **Clavell**'s epic novel. The flick is budgeted at $25,000,000, $3,000,000 of which will go to Steve. . . . If you're an avid watcher of *Saturday Night Live*, you're familiar with the work of **Gary Weis**. Gary has been signed by Paramount to direct *The Serial*, based on **Cyra McFadden**'s book on life in Marin County. . . . Paramount has also signed *Rolling Stone* editor/publisher **Jann Wenner**, 31, to produce three films with youth-oriented themes.

•

Pacino

LEGAL BRIEF: **Al Pacino** was very interested but unwilling to commit himself when director **Norman Jewison** approached him with the lead role in his latest production, . . . *And Justice for All*. So Jewison took his writers, **Barry Levinson** and **Valerie Curtin**, to New York and staged an unprecedented before-the-deal-is-made reading for Pacino, using good, solid New York actors. After two readings, Pacino, wild with enthusiasm, signed without hesitation to portray an idealistic young Baltimore attorney, who uses his talent and sense of humor to fight a bizarre and frightening legal system. "Al usually has played neurotic characters, as in *Dog Day Afternoon* and *The Godfather*. But he's playing the most sane character in this film," says Jewison.

•

DYNAMIC DUO: What happens when an eccentric CIA agent involves an unsuspecting middle-class New York dentist in a scheme to thwart a South American dictator's attempt to undermine the world economy? Beats me, but it sounds like fun, anyway, especially with **Peter Falk** playing the agent and **Alan Arkin** as the dentist. The two are teamed for the first time in Warner Bros.' *The In-Laws*, and from what I gather, the combination seems to be working out just fine. Says Falk about Arkin: "A week after I saw Alan in *The Russians Are Coming* . . . I caught his performance of

Arkin and Falk

Rumpelstiltskin in a parade in Poughkeepsie and wanted to work with him. It was cinched two years later, when I saw *Little Murders*, which he directed. He was playing a comb and singing in an alley next to the theater. He has a lovely voice. You know, he started out as a professional singer with a group called The Terriers. Had a hit record, too. Sold a million copies." Arkin's rebuttal: "I never heard of Peter before this film. His father had a dry-goods store in Ossining, New York. I used to buy things there. His father made me promise, if I ever made it big, to do something for his son. So I'm just doing a favor for the father." Does the partnership have a future beyond *In-Laws*? "Peter and I have talked about opening a little key shop in Vermont," says Arkin. "It was Peter's idea. No matter how bad things get, people will always need keys. I'm set on putting in a wing for light bulbs and toilet paper. No matter what happens to the economy, we'll be set."

•

WEIRDNESS: I'd been hearing rumors from a number of my sources that comedian **Andy Kaufman** was spending his spare time working as a bus boy at a Holly-

Kaufman

wood eatery called The Posh Bagel. Sounded preposterous enough to check out, so I did; sure enough, there was Andy, aproned and scurrying around, cleaning off tables, emptying ashtrays, etc. Apparently, he does it (every Monday night starting at 11 P.M.) *not* to bounce new shtick off the customers but because . . . well . . . he likes it. You figure it out. But the weirdness doesn't stop there. I hear Kaufman is currently trying to get a record company to record him and his grandmother singing a rendition of *Row, Row, Row Your Boat*. So far, there've been no takers.

•

HISTORY LESSON: **Mel Brooks** has finally decided definitely on his next film project. *Bombs Away* and *Galactic Mishegas* have lost out, at least for the time being, to *The History of the World, Part I* (certainly a title with a built-in sequel). The flick will cover the period from pre–Stone Age years to the French Revolution, with Brooks starring in several roles. (Among other things, Brooks plans to

Brooks

choreograph a Spanish Inquisition dungeon scene à la **Busby Berkeley**, complete with singing, dancing, beatings and torture.) **Gene Wilder** will not appear in this one, but he and Brooks are reportedly talking about reteaming in a comic, black-and-white remake of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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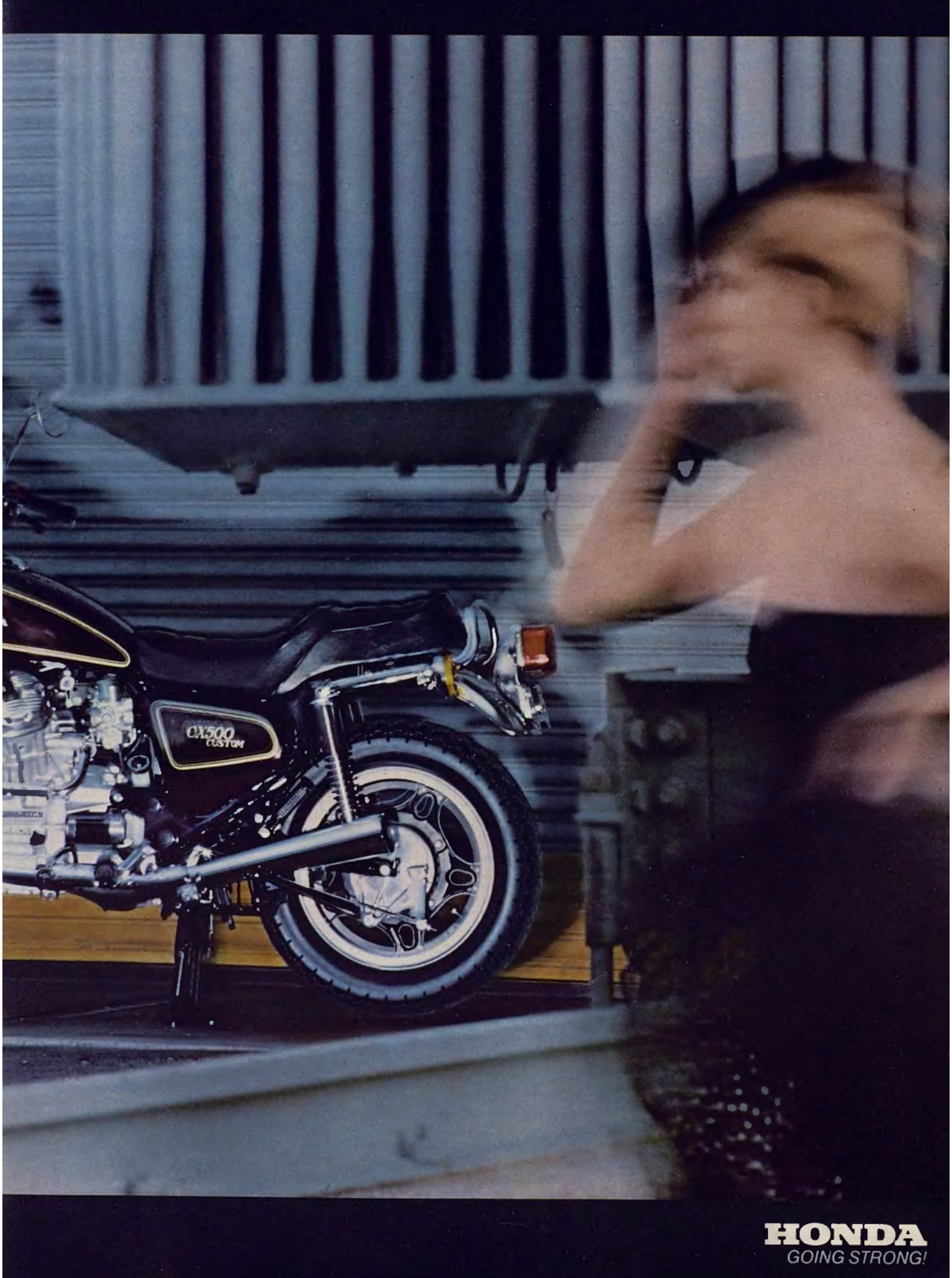

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Some years ago, my wife was hired by a company requiring that she have a physical examination before starting her new employment. Since the company doctor's office was some distance from our home, I volunteered to drive there and take her out to dinner afterward. She was apparently the last patient for the night and after a short wait, she was called into an inner office. About ten minutes later, I felt a call of nature and went looking for a rest room. Upon entering, I found that the doctor's w.c. had two doors, one a main entrance and the other connecting with the examining room. That one was slightly ajar. My first thought was to close the door and go about my business, when I looked through the crack and saw my wife getting undressed to put on a hospital gown. I had never seen my wife undress without her knowing about it; the thought of secretly doing so and of her now-naked body prompted me to look on. Only minutes after she had the gown on, the doctor came into the room and began a complete physical examination. During the next half hour, I watched as he had her partially remove the gown for some things and completely remove it for others. Throughout the examination, the doctor acted serious and completely professional. I, however, was extremely turned on watching him examine my wife's naked breasts, have her strip down for X rays and lie with her legs spread for her vaginal examinations. It has been eight years since this incident, and although I occasionally think about it, I have never told my wife what happened. I would, however, like to have another such experience, since it was one of the most stimulating that I can remember. My questions are these: Do I have more than normal voyeuristic tendencies, or are there some people who get extremely turned on by watching a doctor perform a routine examination on a woman? Is there any reason why a doctor should not want a patient's husband present during consultation?—D. T., Springfield, Massachusetts.

Your fantasy is surprisingly common. (How else can you account for the popularity of "Marcus Welby"?) A few years ago, we heard of an erotic hotel where couples could rent various fantasy rooms and video-tape themselves making love in a Polynesian setting, a space capsule, a torture chamber, whatever. One of the settings was a Victorian doctor's office, with an antique examining table. On second thought, maybe your fantasy is rare: The hotel closed for lack of business.

Maybe you can check local flea markets for an examining table and set up shop at home. Unless you're enrolled in a natural-childbirth program, the chances are slim of finding a doctor who will let you share the fun.

Perhaps one of your PLAYBOY photographers can help me. I've taken up photography—particularly color slides—and have run into a little problem. When I shoot into the sun, sometimes the light flares, overexposes the film and/or destroys the color value. I've found that a lens hood helps solve this problem by shading the lens. However, the screw-in caps I have for the front of my lenses don't fit my lens hoods. I don't like to walk around with a hood on and the lens unprotected. Any solution?—G. H., Miami, Florida.

Sure. Most camera stores have a drawerful of oversized lens caps that might fit your lens hoods. If you can't find one, try circular container covers such as Tupperware lids or the plastic covers for coffee cups. Or you might switch to collapsible lens hoods that are threaded for screw-in caps.

How many sperm are there in the average ejaculation?—T. S., Spokane, Washington.

Hold on a minute, you made us lose count. One. Two. Three. Oh, hell, would you settle for an estimate? According to doctors with better eyesight and more time than we have, between 78,000,000 and 787,000,000 sperm are released in the average ejaculation.

Can you settle a dispute? The guys in the office who play handball say that their sport is the best exercise for all-round fitness. The joggers claim that running is better for the body. The swimmers extol the virtues of their form of self-abuse. And so forth. What is the best sport for keeping in shape?—D. B., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The sport you like well enough to do a lot of. For us that's sex. It does wonders for the body. What's more, it does wonders for somebody else's body. We find that by following a rigid schedule that alternates hard days with easy days, wind sprints with long, slow slides, we can stay in marvelous shape. Occasionally, we enter marathons. We have been known to hit the wall, the floor and whatever else was handy. However, for those of you who don't recognize sex as a sport, consider the following. The President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports asked seven experts to rate 14 sports in terms of how well they promoted general well-being (weight control, muscle definition, digestion and sleep) and fitness (stamina, muscular endurance, muscular strength, flexibility and balance). A perfect score on the well-being scale was 84: Jogging scored 64; bicycling, 62; swimming, 58; ice or roller skating, 57; cross-country skiing, 56; handball or squash, 55; basketball, 54; calisthenics, 53; tennis, 52; downhill skiing, 50; walking, 49; softball, 27; golf, 25; bowling, 23. The physical-fitness scale is a little bit trickier, since, to a certain extent, it also tells how fit you have to be to play the sport. Out of a possible 105 points, handball or squash scored 85; jogging, 84; downhill skiing, 84; ice or roller skating, 83; cross-country skiing, 83; swimming, 82; bicycling, 80; basketball, 80; tennis, 76; calisthenics, 73; walking, 53; golf, 41; softball, 37; and bowling, 28. The combined winners—may we have the envelope, please—are jogging, bicycling and, in a tie for third place, handball or squash, ice or roller skating and swimming.

The reader who inquired in the January issue about historical roots of shaved pubic hair deserved a better answer than he got from you. Traditionally, both sexes of the people of the Arabian peninsula have shaved all of their body hair. Since the Arabs are not a particularly hairy race, there is not a lot to shave

except in the genital and axillary areas. The men also keep the hair on their heads closely cropped beneath their skullcaps and head shawls. The origins of this practice are lost in the myths of antiquity, but it probably began as a method to prevent lice, since, with water in great scarcity, bathing was largely unknown. Once established as part of their native folklore, it became interspersed with religious belief and was spread throughout most of the lands of the Mediterranean and Middle East as the Arabs broadcast the faith of Islam during the Eighth and Ninth centuries. During an 18-month residence in a remote area of Saudi Arabia, I was unable to learn of any erotic overtones to this practice. Even a case-hardened old doc such as I must confess some novel fantasies upon first encountering this not unpleasant sight among my patients. The man who wrote to you claimed that the bald look heightened sensations. Like so much of human sexuality, his feelings are occasioned largely by his mental attitudes; there seems to be no end to what can serve as a turn-on. One must remember that in the male, at least, the area of greatest sensitivity is the glans penis, a part that already is hairless in most men. Incidentally, beneath their heavy black veils, many Bedouin women sport bleached tresses, achieved by the use of camels' urine, which has a high content of ammonia.—K. S., Wichita, Kansas.

Gee, thanks.

Ever since the speed limit was dropped to 55 mph, advocates of the lower speed have pointed to a reduction in traffic fatalities as their justification for the snail's pace at which we are forced to drive. I've got a sneaking suspicion that bad driving and not speed is the cause of most accidents. Can you back me up?—T. R., San Diego, California.

We can't, but your own highway patrol can. The C.H.P. analysis of accident causes indicates that of the top 20 reasons for highway fatalities, high speed ranks about 11th. Drunk driving is the number-one cause and driving too fast for conditions (but within the speed limit) is a close second. They are followed by such inanities as driving on the wrong side of the road and passenger distractions. Given those problems, a speed reduction may lower fatalities, but then, so would banning driving altogether.

With my boyfriend and I living under the same roof, it seems that we have less sex than before. And since he has recommended on several occasions that I masturbate (which I'd prefer not to do), I have found a way in which to enjoy myself between lovemaking sessions. I wait till he has gone to work, then I deadbolt the door. Then off to the bathroom

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I go. First I take a hot shower and get relaxed, then the excitement begins. I turn on the faucet and get a good, steady, powerful stream of water going and, in a sitting position, with my feet on the edge of the tub, I center it on my clit. I don't think that receiving oral sex from any man could even come close to the excitement, because it is so intense, stimulating and ecstatic. This beats masturbation by a head. Even though I would prefer to make love with my boyfriend, episodes like this keep me going between the times we share with each other. And I can actually say that this bit of drama has saved our relationship.—Miss S. K., Clearwater, Florida.

Cleanliness is next to horniness. Your relationship should last as long as the local water supply. Our only suggestion: Share your new hygiene with your friend. We're sure he'll enjoy the show.

From the day I moved into my new apartment, my landlady has been complaining about the noise of my stereo. I play both classical music and rock, but she seems to complain only about the rock. Since I keep the volume the same when I play both, I suspect she's just a rock-music hater. What do you think?—M. D., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

We think you had better start looking for another apartment. Your landlady may be right. On a relative sound scale, loud rock music can be as much as 25 decibels higher than loud classical music. Rock checks in at about 115 decibels, with a heavy bass, to boot. To give you an idea of what that means, a boiler factory and thunder hit 106–108 db. The noise on a residential street or in the average office is only 55–58 db and the threshold of pain is about 130 db. That last figure, of course, can change, depending upon musical tastes, as you have noted. But why fight it? You're unhappy, she's unhappy—move.

My girlfriend is what is known as a cheap date—that is, one drink will just about do her in. Most of the time, it's a blessing. But after a frantic night out, I sometimes have to pour her into bed and you can imagine how that cuts into our love life. Is there any way you can teach a person how to hold her liquor?—M. B., Omaha, Nebraska.

The person who comes up with an answer for that will have one of the most lucrative patents ever. The problem is that a drinker's capacity has so many variables. Psychological predisposition is one. Body weight is another. Alcoholic content is still another. An ounce and a half of whiskey, for instance, takes about an hour and a half to be completely metabolized in a 150-pound person. The same is true for 12 ounces of beer or five ounces of wine. When the rate of consumption exceeds the metabolism rate, you've got trouble. So pacing is very important. Food in the stomach will slow the rate at which alcohol enters the blood, which means you've got to feed her, preferably before drinking and, ideally, during and after. More than that, all you can do is keep the booze watered down. But remember, drinking is not a competitive sport. Avoid putting pressure on your girlfriend to keep up with you. Encouraging moderation in the bar will bring out wonderful excesses in the bedroom.

I'm writing to find out what you can suggest as a solution to a slight sex problem I'm having with my wife. She had some terrible experiences when she was a child living at home with her mother and father. It seems that her parents' bedroom adjoined hers. My wife has said that several times she heard her mother choking and gagging in the bedroom and never knew just what was going on. She later found out that her mother was giving her father head. Now we come to my slight sex problem. My wife won't give me head unless I wear a condom. You know how much fun it is to wear a condom during oral sex. If you rated it on a scale of 1 to 50, it might score a minus 75. My wife lets me perform oral sex on her and she has some really great orgasms, but she claims that she doesn't really like it. I feel cheated whenever I talk her into giving me head, because I must wear a rubber. I believe that my wife more or less relives her childhood listening to the sounds she makes when she gives me head. She and I love each other very much and I would do almost anything short of divorce to get some great head from her. What do you suggest?—F. K., New York, New York.

Ahem. We do not know what it is like to get head while wearing a condom, but we can guess. Sort of like taking a piss in a wet suit or getting a hand job from someone wearing a strait jacket. Your wife obviously has a problem: It sounds like you've discussed it. The problem isn't that she refuses to listen—in fact, it is just the opposite. We suggest earplugs. Or headphones. (How do you think headphones got their name?) They will provide an alternate sound track and you both should come around.

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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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

EROTIC RITUAL

As a 215-pound former college linebacker, I was relieved to read that someone has finally blown the proverbial whistle on us husky, bruising footballers and exposed us as the sissy fanny patters that we really are. Anthropologist Alan Dundes of the University of California at Berkeley revealed in his recent study that "the unequivocal sexual symbolism of the game" makes it obvious that football is the greatest homosexual ceremony since Oscar Wilde invented the circle jerk.

Thanks to Dundes' remarkable perceptions, the whole closet corps of gridiron queens can stop living the big *macho* lie and finally tell it like it is. Oh, how I miss the sweet kiss of an opponent's elbow in my ribs, the inviting caress of a running back's knee in my head! Will I ever again be as happy as when receiving a love blow in the groin while rushing a kicker? The sheer romance of the enemy lineman's trying to catch my eye—by jamming his fingers through my face mask—or the wonderful feeling of belonging when gang-tackled by four or five guys, all of them just wanting to touch me.

To demonstrate our gratitude toward Dundes for taking this heavy burden off our shoulder pads, a few of my former teammates and I would be tickled to meet with him over a pink lady or two. Maybe we could show him a thing or two about personal fouls.

(Name withheld by request)
Dallas, Texas

BETTER ONE THAN NONE

The present Supreme Court is, in my opinion, as bad as or worse than any other in U. S. history—thanks largely to Richard Nixon. Which subject I don't even want to go into. But at least one significant decision respected this country's principles of personal liberty, and with it came a comment that should be quoted throughout history. When the Court struck down the New York law restricting the display and sale of contraceptives, Justice John Paul Stevens remarked on the foolishness of such a statute: "It is as though a state decided to dramatize its disapproval of motorcycles by forbidding the use of safety helmets."

James Hawkins
Washington, D.C.

Maybe what Justice Stevens had in mind but didn't want to put in words was that professional moralists have always preferred punishment to persuasion.

BEARS IN THE BUSHES

I hope the following story may save some of your readers a ruined vacation or worse.

On our second night of camping in Wisconsin's Governor Dodge State Park, my wife and I were sitting by our small fire, toking a number before retiring for the evening. Suddenly, a park ranger sprang from the shadows, confiscated the roach and announced that we were under arrest. I tried to get him to leave my wife and our children at the campsite, but he advised that my wife was a criminal dope fiend also and went on to warn that any pot found in our belongings later would constitute a second offense and bump our charges up to felonies. So I dug out our tiny stash and turned it over.

"So much for our vacation, thanks to one pistol-packing jack-off with a sadistic streak."

On the way to the sheriff's office, we stopped at the ranger station for mug shots and a view of what our gallant ranger called his "souvenirs"—a four-by-eight-foot peg board covered with every kind of pipe, bong and roach clip imaginable, and all confiscated in a single two-week period, he boasted. He then gave us a paper stating that we were charged with possession of marijuana but could have the charges reduced to disorderly conduct if we signed on the dotted line.

I flatly refused to sign anything, but at the sheriff's office, our four-year-old daughter started crying and asking if she were going to jail. My wife and I then decided to go ahead and sign the damn paper and be done with it. So much for our pleasant little family vacation, thanks to one pistol-packing jack-off with a sadistic streak who's a disgrace to the very concept of public service and the uniform he wears.

(Name withheld by request)
Granite City, Illinois

Your bear in the bushes does sound like a bit of a zealot, but judging from reports we've received from other readers, you got off rather lucky. Not just in Wisconsin but elsewhere, those supposedly benign and helpful park rangers—both state and Federal—seem to be death on dopers who allow campfires and starry night skies to lull them into a false sense of security.

BAR EXAMINATION

Who says college isn't educational? Here is a small sample of the type of advanced intellectual stimulation being offered at our own Southern Methodist (yet!) University:

SOCI 4399: The Sociology of Drinking Establishments: Behavior in Bars, Lounges and Taverns

DESCRIPTION: This course will examine the ceremonial aspects of drinking in America. First, the place of drinking, especially the power struggles over the regulation and control of alcohol in American history. Next, we shall examine the types of drinking places: singles bars, gay bars, skid-row bars, voyeur bars (strip joints, topless bars), cocktail lounges, neighborhood bars, dance bars and other varieties. Through

firsthand observation of bars in Dallas, we shall examine the structure of bars, the types of norms which evolve for customers and how they are enforced, and generally the forms of behavior which occur in different bars. We shall also examine the bar as a workplace, looking at the status hierarchy among employees, work conflicts, theft by employees and employee–customer interactions. . . .

(Name withheld by request)
Greenville, Texas

Whence comes the expression "higher education."

TWO FROM TAMPA

Three men were arrested in a public rest room in Tampa and charged with commission of the crime of performing an unnatural and lascivious act; to wit, masturbating in a public rest room. I represented all three men and the cases were dismissed because the Florida statute requires that another person participate in the crime of committing an unnatural and lascivious act.

The state subsequently recharged the defendants with commission of the crime of exposure of sexual organs; to wit, masturbating in a public rest room. I again obtained a dismissal of the charges on the grounds that it is impossible for a man to use a public rest room *without* exposing his sexual organs.

The state is now attempting to find a law to prevent what the state attorney referred to as "jerking off in front of innocent children"—at 11 P.M. in a pitch-black public rest room frequented by homosexuals!

George Allen DuFour
Tampa, Florida

Nearly nine years ago, I wrote to you about the activities of the Tampa police "masturbation" squad (*The Playboy Forum*, September 1970). As you can see by the enclosed clipping from *The Tampa Tribune*, they are still at it.

Tampa was one of the ten metropolitan areas with the highest rate of serious crime in 1977. Why is that? Well, partly because a large segment of the police force is sitting around cocktail lounges, drinking at taxpayers' expense, while ogling the go-go dancers (and occasionally taking one to dance nude for them at a private party); or lurking around men's rooms, listening for the sounds of masturbation coming from a locked toilet booth; or conducting months-long investigations so that they can crash into a teenage pot party; or raiding adult bookstores; or peeking through curtains at fornicators, etc.

Yes, Tampa is death on sin, which pleases the local churches, but that leaves the ramparts against real crime largely unguarded. The message to the bona fide criminal is clear: Come on down;

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

OLD DOG, NEW TRICKS

MONTGOMERY—*James G. Clark, the former Alabama sheriff who made headlines by attacking integrationists in Selma during the Sixties, has been sentenced to two years in prison on a Federal marijuana-smuggling conviction. Along with four other defendants, Clark was found guilty of conspiring to import pot worth about $1,300,000. The*

arrests occurred after mechanical problems forced a twin-engined DC-3 to make an emergency landing at the Montgomery municipal airport while loaded with about 6600 pounds of reefer.

In 1965, Clark, who liked to wear a button reading NEVER *on his sheriff's uniform, led two dozen mounted officers and 50 riot-equipped state troopers into a crowd of kneeling black demonstrators, injuring at least 35 persons.*

SUPREME COURT DECISIONS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The New York City statute that provides up to life imprisonment for the sale or possession of even small amounts of hard drugs has been upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court. Over the dissent of Justices Thurgood Marshall and Lewis F. Powell, Jr., the majority of the Court refused to consider appeals from two women serving sentences of four and six years to life for selling or possessing minuscule amounts of cocaine.*

In another case, the High Court declared unconstitutional a Pennsylvania law requiring a doctor performing an abortion to choose the method most likely to save the life of a fetus that might be developed enough to survive outside the womb. The majority held, six to three, that such a law was too vague and would constitute "little more than a trap" for physicians acting in good faith and using their best medical judgment.

WHERE IT HURTS

AUGUSTA, MAINE—*State representative Joyce Lewis has prefiled a bill in the Maine legislature that would permit the surgical "asexualization" of either male or female child molesters. Under the proposed law, male offenders would face the removal of nerves within the penis that control the ability to have an erection; women would have their ovaries removed. "It's going to be a deterrent in one way," said Mrs. Lewis. "Certainly it will prevent a molester from molesting again."*

HIS JUST DESERTS

DADE CITY, FLORIDA—*A 20-year-old woman reported to the county sheriff's department that she had been picked up by a man known to her while walking along a road late at night and sexually assaulted. She then told sheriff's deputies that she had gonorrhea and did not want to prosecute. The police then advised the man in the case that he himself might have a case and should act accordingly.*

PROTECTION FROM ATTACK

LONDON—*A member of the British Parliament wants that country's criminal law amended to protect men against "lustful, oversexed and physically strong women." In a letter to the British Home Secretary, Labor Party representative John Lee urged consideration of his proposal because "it is not beyond the bounds of credibility that a woman can commit rape."*

VOICE OF JUSTICE

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA—*Yet another judge has come under attack for rejecting rape-related charges with comments indicating that women sometimes invite such attacks. Hearing the case of a 36-year-old man accused of attempted rape, circuit-court judge Hermann F. Busse found the defendant guilty of the lesser charge of battery against a 27-year-old woman after dismissing the rape charge with the reported comment, "If women*

want the protection of the law, they should quit trolling taverns." The coordinator of a group called Fort Wayne Feminists said the organization would investigate the possibility of seeking the judge's removal and added: "His comments show why women are afraid to pursue rape cases."

Last December, women's groups in Utah said they would seek the removal of a district judge who reversed a jury's conviction of an accused rapist on the ground that the victim had invited the rape. In 1977, a county judge in Wisconsin was removed from office in a recall election after he made similar comments following a rape trial.

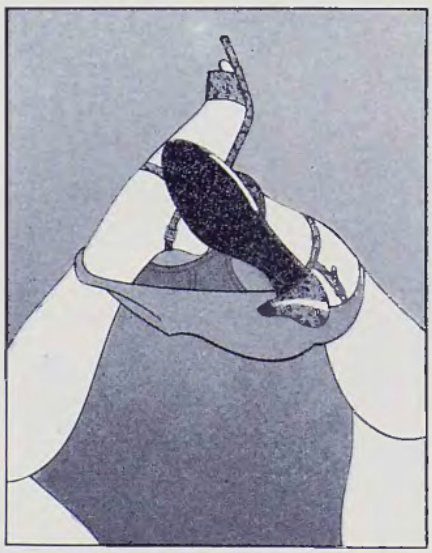
YARN OF THE MONTH

High Times *magazine claims that a family of dolphins was used by drug smugglers to carry two and a half tons of cocaine from the Yucatán Peninsula in Mexico to the Florida coast by means of nylon packs harnessed to their backs. Supposedly, the dolphins were summoned to their contact points in Mexico and the U. S. by a special underwater device playing the music of Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson.*

FORNICATION FOLLIES

Copulating couples are having their problems with the law:

• In Milwaukee, a man and a woman were fined $75 each when police, investigating a reported break-in of an empty house, found them reveling in the throes of fornication. The two, charged with lewd and lascivious conduct, had



been hired to paint the building. Both indicated they would appeal their convictions.

• In St. Paul, a couple was arrested for fornicating in the back row of the civic auditorium during a rock concert. According to police, the two repeatedly ignored warnings from bystanders that the officers were coming, and then the woman allegedly pleaded with the police for some "compassion," because she and her partner were going to be married. The partner blew that by telling the cops he not only wasn't getting married to her but didn't even know the woman's name. Both pleaded guilty to disorderly conduct and each was placed on one year's probation.

FUN WHILE IT LASTED

SAN DIEGO—*Three women, aged 18, 24 and 29, have been booked on suspicion of theft, fraudulent use of a credit card and conspiracy after they allegedly posed as Playboy Bunnies arranging for a huge party. During a six-hour spending spree, they rented a chauffeur-driven limousine, ordered $189 worth of food and liquor and then stopped off for hairdos and beauty treatments. Tipped off by the suspicious chauffeur, arresting officers patiently waited until the hair styling was finished, but one suspect had to wear her mudpack to the police station.*

CRIME PAYS

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA—*A coin-operated-laundry owner may have to pay damages to a young man convicted of stealing coins from the laundry's soda-pop machine. The youth pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor theft when shown pictures of himself taken by a security camera, but when the owner of the business posted photographs of the young man with the warning "Michael now has a police record," Michael sued for violation of his right of privacy and the $500 in damages allowed him by a lower court now has been upheld all the way to the U. S. Supreme Court, which refused to review the case.*

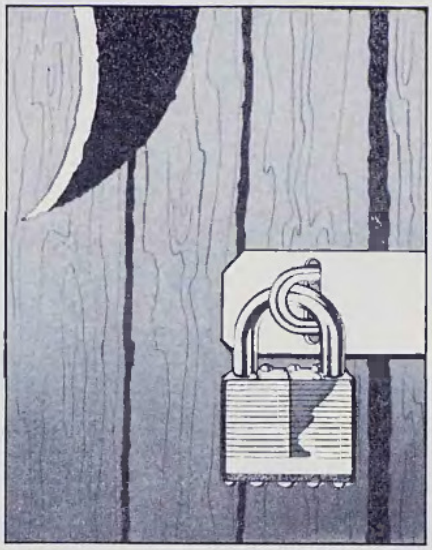
INTIMIDATION QUOTIENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A robber using a gun is less likely to injure his victim than an unarmed robber or one using another weapon, according to a study released by the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA). But it added that one percent of gun robbers kill their victims, compared with one fifth of one percent of otherwise armed or unarmed robbers. The study decided that gun-holding robbers have a less violent pattern because the robber without a gun feels a greater need to intimidate his victim by inflicting injury.*

Another LEAA study found that nearly one third of the adults convicted of felony offenses committed in 1974 in Washington, D.C., in which a weapon was displayed or used were given probation or a suspended sentence.

PROBLEM PRIVY

CENTRAL LAKE, MICHIGAN—*An Amish Mennonite family is at odds with village officials over its right to use an outhouse as a toilet facility. County health authorities had granted permission, but acted without realizing the*



property was inside the corporate limits of the village, which bans privies by ordinance. Citing religious beliefs that do not permit modern conveniences such as indoor plumbing, the family takes the position that "if the outhouse does no harm and doesn't interfere with the rights of others, then we should be allowed to keep it." Village officials are threatening to take court action to enforce the ordinance. The family is threatening to move its house and privy across the road, which would put them a few feet outside village jurisdiction.

LEGALIZE AND REGULATE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*In an expansion of policy, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) is now promoting studies to determine some feasible means of both legalizing and regulating the sale of marijuana. Larry Schott, national director of NORML since the retirement of founder Keith Stroup, who has gone into private legal practice, said the organization's policy committee voted to expand its objectives: "By now, we feel, it should be obvious that marijuana use is a fact of American life that is better handled through sensible legislation to regulate than through attempts to prohibit. Legalization is certainly a long way off, but we think it's time to investigate the possibilities. This country doesn't need another multibillion-dollar criminal industry continued by the failure of our public officials to deal with reality."*

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Alton R. Pittman
Attorney at Law
Tampa, Florida

The clipping reports the suicide of a 50-year-old St. Petersburg detective arrested in Tampa for masturbating in a municipal-beach men's room.

REFLECTIONS ON KENT STATE

So the state of Ohio has decided to pay an out-of-court, no-guilt-admitted, $675,000 settlement to the victims and the families of victims of the Kent State University shootings back in 1970. I imagine that figure represents only a small fraction of what the taxpayers and the plaintiffs paid out to lawyers to achieve something short of justice. I don't mean to turn the lawyers into villains; I couldn't tell you what *would* be justice. As I see it:

One, a bunch of naïve, middle-class kids got themselves caught up in the excitement of a national cultural battle they didn't think would be fought with real bullets.

Two, some self-important politicians and eager-beaver military types managed to scare some equally young but uniformed kids into a sense of duty and then send them out with loaded guns.

Three, somebody fucked up. . . .

There is so much blame to spread around and so many deserving of it that I suppose it's only good that this sad and prolonged ordeal has finally drawn to a close. I have never been able to call those National Guardsmen murderers, as has been the fashion in the liberal-arts academic community, of which I am a member. You don't put men in uniform, swear them to blindly follow orders, train them to act rather than think, prepare them to kill, issue them weapons, send them out to face a supposed enemy and *then* expect them to exercise sound personal judgment. Hell, do we want cops who would pause to weigh the risks against the benefits before chasing a particular armed robber?

On the other hand, we can all now look back and see that those postpubescent idealists of the Vietnam era were right, if only by an instinct for self-preservation. They perceived (not through any sophisticated intellectual process, God knows) that this country had blundered terribly in its military involvement in Vietnam, and they *were* just smart enough not to buy the patriotic bullshit that would turn them into cannon fodder to no purpose whatever.

I find myself now dealing with a new and in many ways quite different "peacetime" generation of young people, and I miss the old. I find myself grieving equally over the deaths of the kids on the Kent State campus, the kids who killed them and must live with that terrible

mistake and also the kids who willingly fought and died in Vietnam. All were victims of their own convictions and idealism, which can be judged right or wrong only long after the body count is in. But that's what history is all about.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

We have published countless letters on the Kent State killings over the past nine years. With the closing of the legal case, we received many more. We publish only the above letter, because it seems, appropriately, to wrap things up. We'll add one comment: No deaths were recorded among the civil or military officials who sent armed Guardsmen to quell that particular student "riot," or whatever it is officially called; and, we note without much surprise, most of the leading radicals of that period now seem to be doing quite well in some form of business.

MARITAL RAPE

Although the evidence brought out in the controversial Rideout rape trial may have warranted the jury's verdict of innocent, that should not detract from the fact that such punishable offenses occur with deplorable regularity. No relationship, particularly the legal contract of marriage, grants license to the callous mistreatment of one human being by another.

The new statutes in Oregon and three other states, redefining traditional English common-law concepts, ought to be instituted in all of the other states, and certainly in those that have passed the Equal Rights Amendment. Most importantly, the verdict in Oregon must not be allowed to deter other victims of marital, as well as "conventional," rape and abuse from reporting and seeking legal justice for their sufferings.

Kevin J. Colpaert
Mishawaka, Indiana

"No relationship grants license to the callous mistreatment of one human being by another."

The idea that in some states a wife can charge her husband with rape strikes me as the best example yet of a so-called rights movement's turning into just one more crackpot movement that feeds on its early and probably deserved political victories and then becomes merely another secular religion that abandons all common sense in the pursuit of a holy cause. Nothing could demonstrate that better than the celebrated Oregon "rapist husband" trial, wherein those two interesting characters managed to make national news with their domestic problems and then bring the whole fiasco to a fitting conclusion by making up. Violent rape by some threatening stranger, possibly armed and probably dangerous, is one thing; submitting, no matter how unwillingly, to the man you married is something else. With that Oregon trial, it's almost as if some underground "masculinist" movement paid that strange lady to test the law and discredit it and her zealous feminist supporters.

Perhaps I should add that I *think* I'm still in favor of the Equal Rights Amendment, but mainly, now, in reaction to the dimwits who oppose it for all the wrong reasons.

(Name withheld by request)
Alexandria, Virginia

It's almost axiomatic that any movement derives its energy more from zeal than from reason, and most would agree that the Oregon domestic rape trial wound up like a comic opera. We wish the law had received a better test, because we have mixed feelings about it, and about rape laws in general. To vastly oversimplify, we don't consider rape to be truly a sexual offense, though it comes under that heading in every criminal code and historically carries the implication of a sexual desire fulfilled. That blunts the truth about rape: that it

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is rarely sexual in the usual sense (as psychologists and criminologists have discovered) but, rather, an expression of rage—an act of serious violence that should be treated as assault with intent to do great bodily harm. Leave sex, gender and marriage out of it, in other words, and let the issue be the act of violence committed by one person against another. Our criminal-justice system seems to find it easier to deal with violent crimes than with sex, any time.

RED LODGE FINALE

I presume you are aware of the latest developments in these parts involving the former Red Lodge defendants. Some months after charges against them were dropped, Don Wogamon and his son Tim were again arrested, this time for allegedly manufacturing methamphetamines in another town. Wogamon skipped just before his trial date and is now a fugitive. His son was convicted and sentenced to 15 years in the state prison, but the judge suspended all but two years, making him eligible for parole in less than a year. All in all, I think the kid got off pretty lucky.

John A. Duncan
Missoula, Montana

Considering the ill will and controversy the Red Lodge "pot plantation" case stirred up, we're inclined to agree. You may recall that one of the defendants, Lake Headley, was convinced initially that he was the object of the Red Lodge case because of his previous tangles with the authorities as a private investigator. He now has decided, reluctantly ("It hurts my ego a bit"), that the DEA was after Wogamon all along and that he just happened to be standing too close to the target. Headley, incidentally, has since been retained to investigate the bombing murder of Arizona newsman Don Bolles in an effort to reopen that case with new evidence that could exonerate two of the men convicted for the murder and sentenced to death.

THE YASKO FIASCO

Reading last December's *Playboy Casebook, A Close Call for Claudia* and being a native of Columbus, Ohio, are reasons that prompt this letter.

Living in the city for more than 20 years, I learned the only thing of real interest to Columbusites is football and the antics of coach Woody Hayes. The majority of the city's residents are among the most apathetic I have seen anywhere, and very few of them were probably even aware of the full details surrounding the Claudia Yasko fiasco.

Not only the Yasko and Jack Carmen cases, the latter of which you mentioned briefly in your article, but another recent railroading effort by the office of prosecutor George Smith point out the fact that most law officials in Columbus are out only for the quick conviction.

Even though an attempt was made to obtain a quick guilty verdict and the end of another case, justice triumphed. Perhaps the law officials in Columbus and Franklin County could better spend their time by trying to solve several still-open cases, instead of attempting to send innocent persons to prison.

Mark E. Rodenfels
Jackson, Michigan

County prosecutor Smith was quite miffed at PLAYBOY*'s report on the Yasko case and took us to task in the Columbus press for what he said was our failure to get his side of the story. Since we've been made aware of no errors or omissions, we're still in the dark about any other "side"; and during our investigation, we were told by Smith's office that he was either out of town or otherwise not available. We briefly met prosecuting attorney James O'Grady, who said he could not*

Forum Library

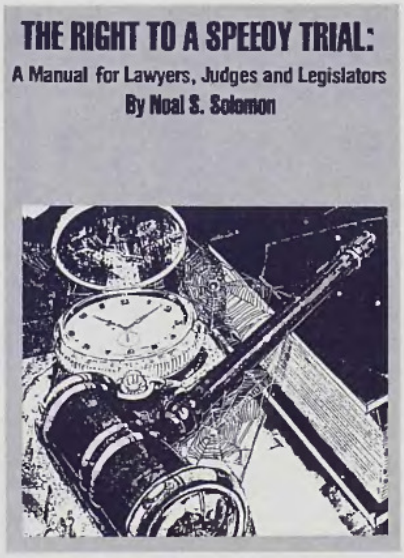
SURVIVAL MANUAL FOR FAMILIES OF AMERICANS JAILED ABROAD: At last, a booklet that explains what can and cannot be done for Americans in foreign prisons—and how to go about doing it through existing organizations and Government agencies. Printed by the Playboy Foundation, written by Susan Z. Ritz, national coordinator of the Committee of Concerned Parents, and available for three dollars from that group at 4920 Piney Branch Road, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20011.

CLEAN SLATE: Just as the publisher claims, here's "a state-by-state guide to expunging an arrest record," with detailed instructions on how to take advantage of recent legislation—inexpensively and without a lawyer. By Tom Ballinger, under the Harmony Books imprint, and available at most bookstores or from Crown Publishers, Inc., Dept. 837, 34 Engelhard Avenue, Avenel, New Jersey 07001, for $14.95 in hardback or $8.95 in softcover, plus $1.50 postage and handling.

PRISON LAW MONITOR: Parole, presentencing reports, detainers, expungements of arrest records, prisoners' rights, civil actions, and so forth, are the topics covered in this monthly periodical that also reports on litigation and legislation affecting prisoners. Subscriptions are $25 a year, $20 to nonprofit public-interest organizations, six dollars to state and Federal prisoners and free to juveniles. From *The Prison Law Monitor*, 1806 T Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009. Again, the Playboy Foundation provided some backup.

THE PROMISE OF JUSTICE—LEGAL SERVICES FOR THE POOR: To paraphrase a famous *New Yorker* lawyer cartoon, You have a good case . . . how much justice can you afford? This 28-page pamphlet by Natalie Jaffe advises poor people on how and when they can secure various kinds of legal assistance when they can't afford to hire an F. Lee Bailey. Single copies 50 cents, from Public Affairs Committee, 381 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10016. This is pamphlet number 561. Many others available on every conceivable subject concerning family life, social issues and health and science.

THE RIGHT TO A SPEEDY TRIAL: A MANUAL FOR LAWYERS, JUDGES AND LEGISLATORS: Legalist Noal S. Solomon, with a little help from the Playboy Foundation, has published this 30-page manual primarily for the benefit of criminal defendants (and their attorneys), who often find the wheels of justice turning slowly while they sit in the slammer—or are out on bond for excessive periods with the prosecutor's ax still hanging over them. Free to prisoners; others send two dollars to Noal S. Solomon, 1409-D North Cliff Valley Way, N.E., Atlanta, Georgia 30319.



THE AMERICAN LAWYER: HOW TO CHOOSE AND USE ONE: Like doctors, lawyers occasionally come in handy—and that's the worst time to start panic shopping. So, to prep potential clients on the ins and outs of lawyering, the American Bar Association has produced a 40-page booklet that touches on everything from wills to civil suits to defense against a criminal charge. Available from the Special Events Department, American Bar Association, 77 South Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606. Single copies one dollar, cheaper by the hundreds.

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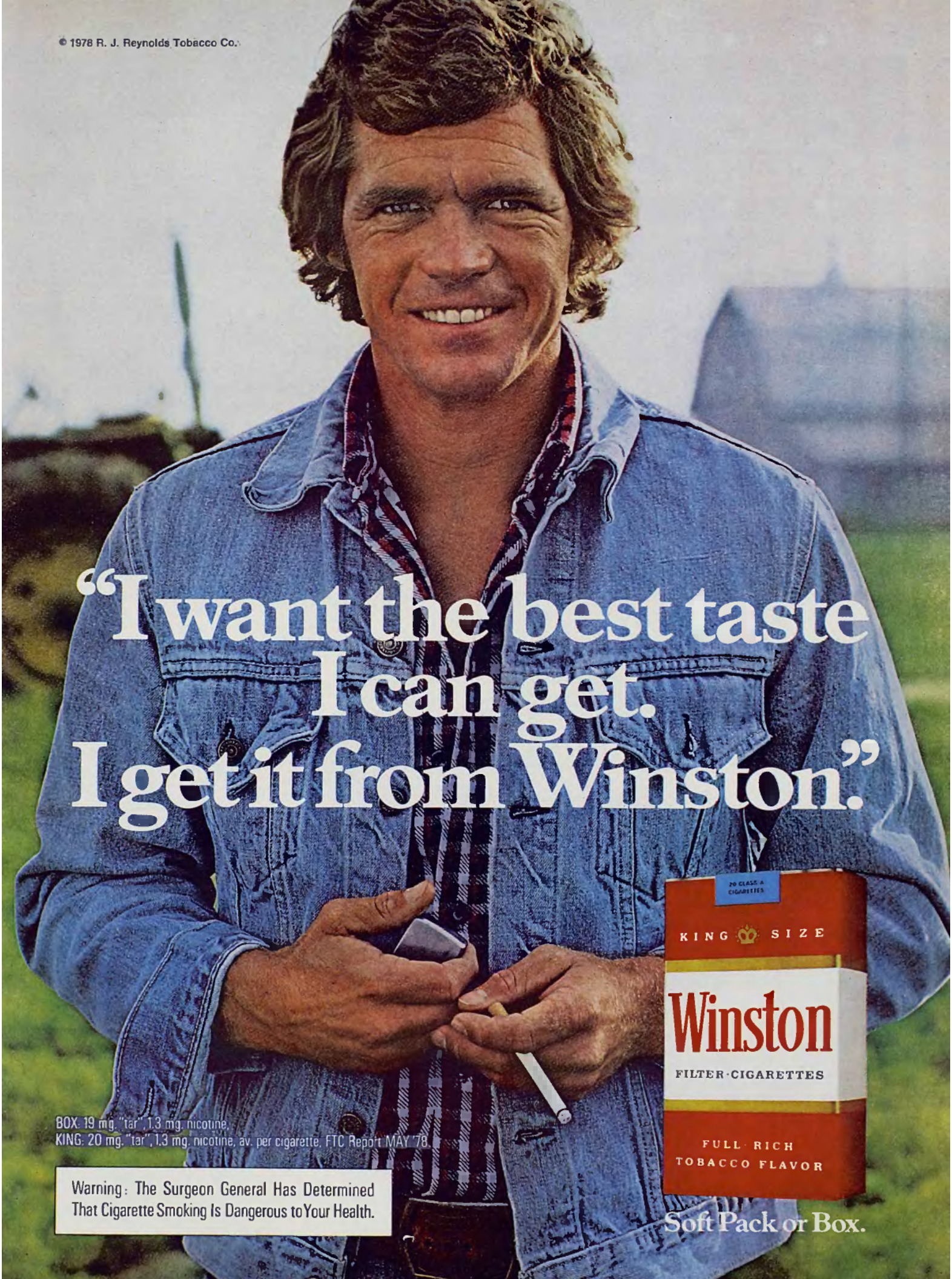

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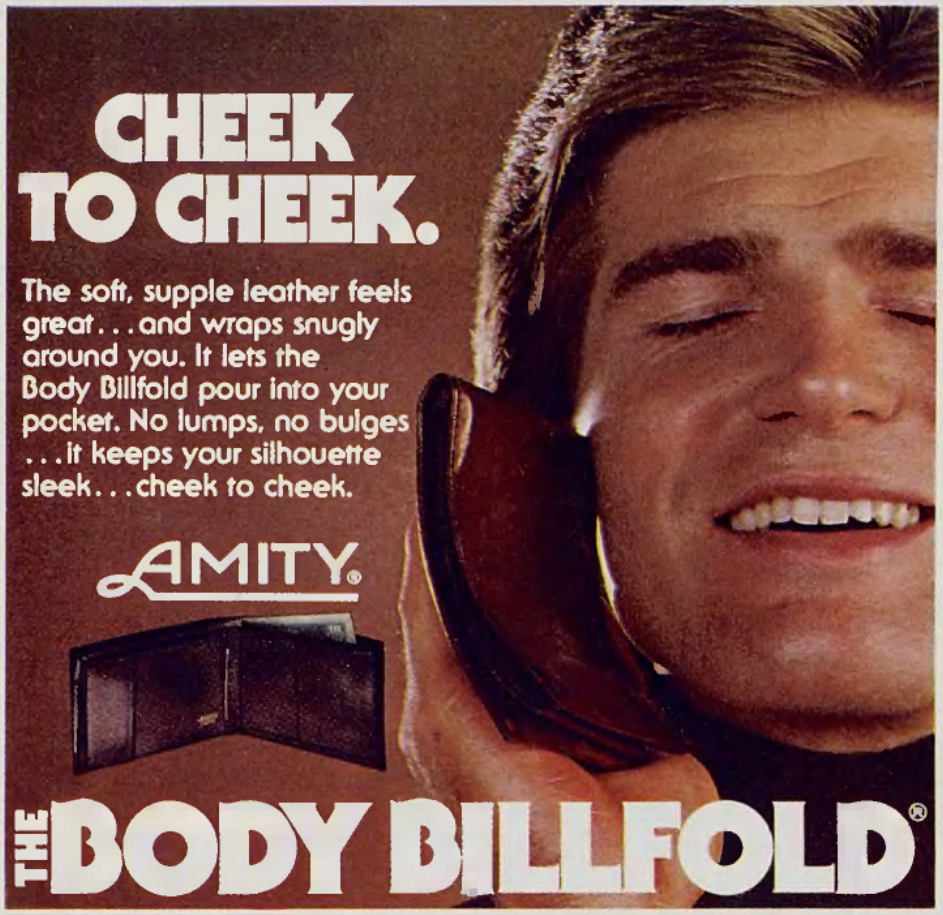

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comment on a case that was still under litigation. So at least we tried. We did talk at length with state, county and city police officers, all but one of whom—the detective who interrogated Claudia—considered the case totally bungled and the charges ridiculous but asked not to be quoted. Incidentally, two brothers who did not figure in the original investigation have since been arrested and indicted for several of the ".22-caliber killings."

PENIS SIZING, AND MORE

I just finished reading about Mrs. C. Brown's unusual hobby of measuring erect cocks, with the approval of her husband (*The Playboy Forum*, December). I have been casting around for a hobby of my own and, thanks to Mrs. Brown, I am going to devote the remaining years of my life (I'm 63) to measuring cunts. I am not married, so I do not need my wife's approval on this.

Mrs. Brown claims she only measures "from underneath the balls," which appears to be a simple, one-shot chore. My hobby would be much more intricate, even three-dimensional. I would have to measure, in the interest of accuracy, for length, width (or area?) and, finally, depth.

I'm really excited about this new hobby and I'd appreciate receiving any expertise you or Mrs. Brown might have on the subject—to get me off on the right leg, as it were.

Lee Mulrooney
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Mulrooney, are you putting us on?

I would like to thank Mrs. C. Brown of Los Angeles for making my day. I had been told on several occasions I was very well endowed (by one woman who has seen more "dicks" than the Fourth Precinct) but was still not sure of my manhood.

The PLAYBOY horse-measuring method was fine, but where do you find hands with inches on them? Anyway, I thought I'd try both methods. With the PLAYBOY method, I came up with two hands and an enlarged head (got a little carried away), which converted by ruler to eight and a half inches. But, lo and behold, with Mrs. Brown's method, I came up with a whopping ten and a half inches. Hooray!

Seriously now, Mrs. Brown, I know imaginations get the best of people sometimes, but do balls really count?

(Name withheld by request)
Richmond, Virginia

Throughout the ages, women of my tribe have used the fist method for measuring a brave's manhood. This is done by making a fist around the male member

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PHOTOGRAPH GUY BOURDIN

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on the belly side of its juncture with the groin. Then another fist is made with the other hand above the first, and so on, to the head. Finger width takes care of fractions.

I stand (angle corrected, outward bent) at three fists, two fingers and am not, by a handful, the most sought-after stud working off the reservations.

Joe Longhorse Hinderend
Albuquerque, New Mexico

The letter from the "size queen" from Los Angeles really blew my mind! I can even imagine her family singing *Happy Birthday* while she whips out a tape measure to see if her son needs a pinch to grow an inch.

Members of "the bigger, the better" school conflict directly with those who insist that size doesn't matter. In truth, neither group is correct. In reality, the more *love* there is, the less important size becomes. But when you attend a group grope, your interest is fixed on the crotch, not the cranium. So if you are not really interested in a person as an individual, then grab your ruler (or other erect member) and look for the longest dong or the biggest tits or a baseball bat or whatever turns you on.

Remember though, that anyone who requires her potential husband or lover to have a large loaf will no doubt marry a big prick.

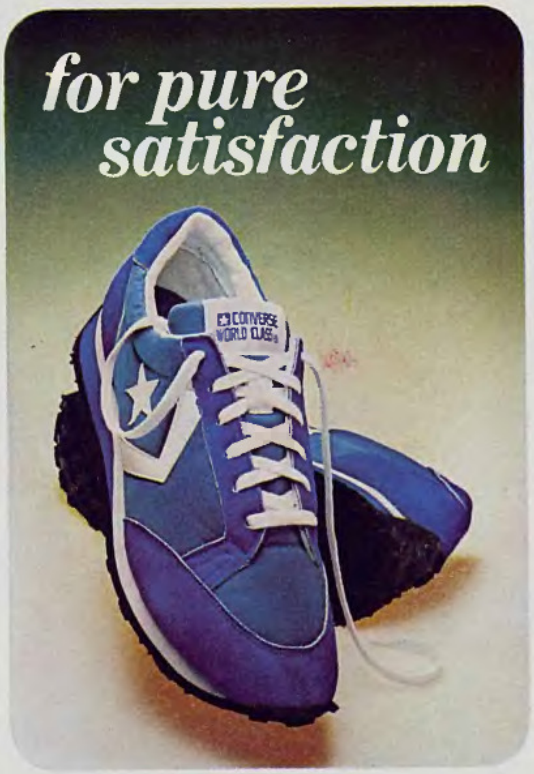
Grant M. Salzman
Sacramento, California

I read with some interest the letters from Harvey Monder and Mrs. C. Brown concerning penis length. It seems obvious to me as a scientist that, if a nationwide penis-length survey is to have any statistical validity, some standardization of measuring technique is required.

Mrs. Brown's procedure of measuring "from underneath the balls" must be considered both inaccurate and irrelevant. There is no consistent landmark in that area from which one can measure short of the anus. Likewise, your facetious proposal to use hands and fingers as units of measurement may be stimulating, but it lacks a certain precision and doesn't conform to internationally defined standards.

Therefore, I would like to propose a method of penis measurement that is simple, fairly precise and easily replicated. The penis should be fully erect, though this method can be used to measure flaccid and semierect organs as well (allowing, for instance, determination of change in size with respect to time $\left[\frac{dE}{dt}\right]$ when subject to different stimuli). Holding the penis perpendicular to the torso, place one end of a tape measure firmly into the apex of the angle formed by the penis and the torso. Measure the upper surface of the penis along the midline from the angle apex to the meatus

CONVERSE



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(the opening at the tip). Circumferential measurement can likewise be taken at the base of the penis, with the penis again held at a 90-degree angle with respect to the torso.

(Name withheld by request)
Hershey, Pennsylvania

I realize this may be one of many comments on the letter from Mrs. Brown, but I had to laugh at her claim that she'd measured 2500 erect cocks in her swinging career and found 15 percent of them measured up to 14 and a half inches, "if you measure from underneath the balls, as I do."

Gadfrey, that's how you measure a cat's tail—from its asshole!

Let the lady (if she really exists) try reapplying her tailor's tape to the *top* of the shaft and I guarantee she'll find dramatic wholesale shrinkages in her heroic figures.

Yours for scientific standards in statistics.

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

Hello out there. Are any of you getting tired of the ongoing penis-size debate? Our "Forum" letters try to reflect reader response on various subjects, but on this subject, our loyal readers appear insatiable. As suggested in the San Francisco letter above, quite a few readers doubt the existence of Mrs. C. Brown, and, in truth, we can never be sure that any given letter isn't a leg pull. A Tacoma correspondent chewed us out for so insulting his intelligence and recommended that "whoever passed on this one for publication should be flogged briskly around the ears with one of those ten-inch dongs the supposed writer goes on about." But the same week's mail brought a follow-up letter on "The Hung Jury" ("The Playboy Forum," February), complaining that we failed to publish the address of the cock-measuring club he represents (it's against our policy to do so) and advising that Mrs. Brown is a renowned member of that organization and known as its mistress of measurements. Which in itself we'd have a hard time believing, except that it is in California.

Anyway, we'll let the May "Playboy Forum" go down in the record books as our Big Penis Issue (word emphasis optional) and try to get on to other matters next month.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WENDY/WALTER CARLOS

a candid conversation with the "switched-on bach" composer who, for the first time, reveals her sex-change operation and her secret life as a woman

In the past decade, practically every sexual taboo has fallen; if not legally, at least as a subject of discussion. Homosexuality, bisexuality, transvestism, S/M and public sex are now part of our public consciousness. Amidst all these changes, though, there is one thing that never changes: A man is a man and a woman, a woman. Correct that: seldom changes.

Christine Jorgensen was the first to shake the gender-identity status quo when, back in 1950, she left the United States a George and returned from Copenhagen a full-skirted, full-busted, almost fully equipped Christine. News accounts made hay with the new blonde in town and night-club comics had a field day. Christine persevered, kind of settled down to a life of middle-class domesticity, playing maiden aunt in Southern California, occasionally making TV appearances or showing up on the college lecture circuit. But, actually, little was heard from the sex-change field until a couple of years ago, when Renee Richards, a male ophthalmologist who had switched sexes in mid-life, suddenly challenged the tennis world with her backhand and was, in turn, challenged because her equipment was that of a woman but her genes and her strength that of a man.

Renee, Christine and Jan Morris (formerly a rugged reporter for the London Times, married, the father of four before his sex change) were relatively obscure folk until transsexual surgery flashed them into the spotlight. That was not the case with Walter Carlos, who is coming out of the transsexual closet with this interview.

Carlos was born on November 14, 1939, in Pawtucket, Rhode Island. He took up the piano at six, went on to study music and physics at Brown University and earned a masters in music at Columbia. One of his teachers there was the pioneer electronic composer Vladimir Ussachevsky. A year before graduation, Carlos began collaborating with engineer Robert Moog. Their vision was to produce an instrument whose sound was as expressive as the piano's: It was to be an instrument that grew out of what had gone before, much as the piano grew out of the clavichord. The synthesizer was the result. Unlike the piano or the electric organ, one had to perform a single note at a time on the synthesizer, searching for the right timbre and its right adjustment, then combine many performances of the individual colors and musical lines, using multitrack studio practices. To work it most effectively, one had to be a conductor, performer, composer, acoustician and instrument builder. Carlos was all of those.

Designer Moog, who manufactured the synthesizer, gives Carlos all the credit. "Walter used techniques that had been available for years—but used them better."

In 1967, Carlos met Rachel Elkind, a former singer and secretary to the late Goddard Lieberson, head of Columbia Records. Elkind was a kind of Gertrude Stein to talented musicians, an Earth Mother, a constructive force. Columbia had just launched a "Bach to Rock" campaign without having a single recording of Bach with a contemporary sound in its library. So Elkind and Carlos put together their "virtuoso electronic performances" of the best of Bach. Rachel took the master cut to Columbia. Shortly after, an artist designed a record jacket with a slapstick portrait of the great composer, foppishly clad, a pair of earphones in one hand. Behind Bach was Carlos' synthesizer.

The album was called "Switched-On

"I remember being convinced I was a little girl, not knowing why my parents didn't see it clearly. I didn't understand why they insisted on treating me like a little boy."

"Being a transsexual makes me a barometer of other people's comfort with themselves. People who aren't sexually at peace with themselves tend to be uptight around me."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERNON L. SMITH

"Stanley Kubrick didn't know about me when I did the score for 'A Clockwork Orange.' He was so intense on the project that if I'd come in stark-naked, he'd probably just have asked if I were cold."

Bach" and it became a commercial success. Over 1,000,000 copies were sold, making it the largest-selling classical album of the decade. Newsweek *devoted a full page to Carlos, running a photograph of him at his instrument and captioning it, "Plugging into the Steinway of the future."*

"SOB," as the album came to be known, was followed in 1969 by "The Well-Tempered Synthesizer," containing more Bach, plus commentary by Elkind, "engineered" by Carlos. By 1971, Carlos had abandoned his tiny Moog-dominated apartment on New York's West End Avenue and moved into Elkind's roomy West Side brownstone. The house had been almost completely renovated, with an entire floor transformed into a superb recording studio containing perhaps the most elaborate and sophisticated electronic-music laboratory in the country. Carlos could produce his albums at home. All he had to do was walk down two flights of stairs from his bedroom to the basement. And his producer—Rachel Elkind—was always there, though their friendship was—and continues to be—strictly Platonic.

Columbia, meanwhile, signed them both to an exclusive record contract. On "Walter Carlos by Request," Carlos tackled Lennon, McCartney, Tchaikovsky and Bacharach. His rendition of "What's New, Pussycat?" meowed and screeched: The synthesizer, it seemed, could emulate almost any sound, including the whimperings of an alley cat. With each record, the popularity of the synthesizer increased. Gradually, it was replacing the electric guitar as the most widely used electronic instrument in recording studios.

The next logical step was films.

In 1971, Elkind heard that Stanley Kubrick was planning to direct "A Clockwork Orange," based on Anthony Burgess' bizarre, violent, futuristic novel. She called Kubrick's attorney and suggested that Kubrick consider the synthesizer as a novel way of scoring his movie. "The attorney said he'd get our stuff to Kubrick via air freight," recalls Elkind. "I sent him 'Switched-On Bach' and 'The Well-Tempered Synthesizer.' Kubrick's assistant called a few days later. He asked if we could come to England immediately. Two days later, we were on a flight."

What eventually resulted was a sound track that The New York Times *lauded. "As sheer music," its critic wrote, "it is a giant step past the banalities of most contemporary film tracks."*

If real life were to follow a 1940 movie musical, Walter Carlos and Rachel Elkind would have had the world at their feet. They'd have fallen in love, married, produced babies and records and lived happily ever after. But the problems in Carlos' personal life reached a climax just about the time that "A Clockwork Orange" was shocking moviegoers around the country. In a drama that could easily have been written into "Clockwork's" surrealistic scenario, Walter Carlos underwent a sex-change operation.

He dropped out of sight. He became a phantom figure, living in his own version of the opera house, Rachel's brownstone–cum–recording studio. He diversified his interests: building a computer, becoming a member of a club that chased eclipses, photographing the cosmos with a professionalism that astounded astronomers. Although he continued to record, as well as compose, Carlos had little contact with those in the business of synthesizing music, the business that he had pioneered.

All kinds of excuses were made to keep his new identity under wraps. After all, transsexuality may be the last of the sexual taboos and is not a topic one discusses at the breakfast table, especially if the transsexual's music is being played on the radio.

Walter Carlos, before his transsexual operation, poses for a 1969 publicity photograph.

Walter is now Wendy. The name change became official this year on Valentine's Day, February 14. This is the first interview the former Walter Carlos has given in seven years. The conversations were conducted for PLAYBOY *by author and columnist* **Arthur Bell** *during December 1978 and January 1979. Bell's report:*

"It was Elly Stone who put me on to Wendy. Elly is best known for her work in 'Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris.' She's an 'art' singer, a meticulous musician with a wide variety of acquaintances in the business.

"Two winters ago, Elly phoned to ask a bit of journalistic advice. She had this friend, a well-known figure who had undergone a sex-change operation. The friend, she said, was thinking of spilling the beans, of quietly stepping out of the closet. 'She is toying with the idea of a feature interview somewhere,' Stone said, 'but wants someone who is simpatico *to do it. Would you be interested?'*

"I said I'd be interested if Elly's transsexual friend were interesting. Could she set up a meeting?

"A year passed. No meeting. Last fall, however, I received a phone call from Rachel Elkind. 'I'm a friend of Elly Stone's,' she began, 'and Wendy and I would very much like to meet you and discuss an article we have in mind.' Although Rachel didn't identify Wendy, I knew by then that Wendy Carlos was the former Walter Carlos, Elly's still-in-the-closet transsexual friend.

"We began in the late fall of 1978. Our first session took place in the living room of their brownstone. Wendy perched on the edge of a chair. She bit at her cuticles. Rachel sat to my left. She, too, was edgy. This was not to be a movie-star type of profile. I was privy to a confidence, and how I presented this confidence to millions of readers was bound to affect both of their lives. Eventually, because Wendy and I felt inhibited, Rachel stayed away.

"The sessions continued at their house. Inadvertently, there were little power plays between Wendy and me. When she was in the driver's seat, she thought the sessions were wonderful. The few times when I acted tough reporter were the sessions she didn't like at all. Sure, she knew all the answers, but to nail Wendy down was a problem. I'd often have to listen to cosmic ramblings before she'd come up with specifics. The ramblings were relevant to Wendy but irrelevant to the interview.

"On Christmas Eve, I was hit by a cab. In New York, that isn't big news, but to survive with only a sprained knee and bruises is. The doctor insisted that I stay in bed for a few days. So, instead of my visiting Wendy, Wendy came to me.

"She showed up at my apartment wearing a skirt (the first time I'd seen her in one), a silk blouse and a peasant coat, the kind you see in the windows of Henri Bendel. Absolutely stunning. Any subliminal thoughts I previously had about Wendy's being a man in a woman's body went the way of all flesh.

"My wretched condition brought out the maternal in her. She was a veritable Florence Nightingale, propping pillows, boiling water, giving sage advice and issuing stern warnings. I was to take care of myself, you see, and not move from the apartment until my leg was better. In the meantime, she would come to me.

"We bounced off each other's vulnerability that afternoon. I took advantage

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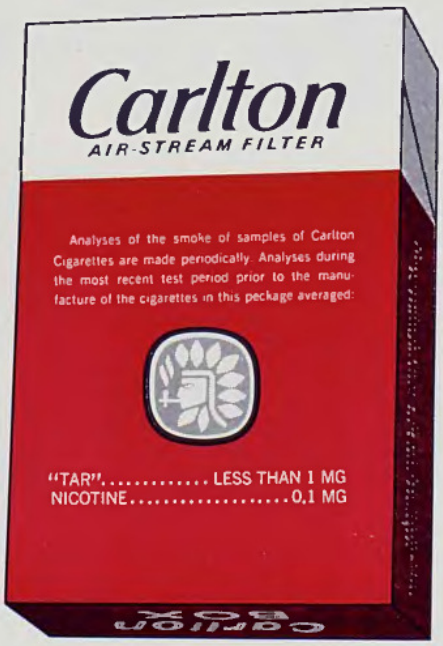

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and asked her to describe the transsexual operation, which she'd resisted in earlier sessions.

"This time, she described the tucking away of male-genitalia skin, the disposal of testicles, utterly without emotion, as if she were lecturing on the best way to prune an avocado tree. Her descriptions were concise, too, without the weighty explanations that usually surrounded her theories on music.

"The last time I saw Wendy Carlos was in late January. The tapes had been transcribed. Eight hundred pages of manuscript sat in two folders on a table in my living room, waiting to be edited. She looked at the transcripts. Her face turned white.

" 'It's real,' she whispered. 'It's no joke anymore.' "

PLAYBOY: Let's set the scene for our readers. As Walter Carlos, you were a well-known composer and a pioneer in the field of electronic music. In 1972, after cross-dressing for a number of years, you underwent a transsexual operation and became a female—Wendy Carlos. Since that date, you've kept the operation a secret from all but a few close friends and, through a variety of subterfuges, have kept alive the idea that a male Walter Carlos still exists. Why have you chosen this time and place to come out?

CARLOS: Well, I'm scared. I'm very frightened. I don't know what effect this is going to have. I fear for my friends; we're going to become targets for the wrath of those who judge what I've done as, in moral terms, evil, in medical terms, sick—an assault on the human body. I'm also afraid from the musical standpoint. It may prevent me from being taken seriously again.

But I've gotten tired of lying. I think that in the past couple of years, the dangers of allowing the public to know about me have lessened. The climate has changed and the time is ripe. With the appearance of this interview, my friends won't have to lie and dissemble for me anymore.

PLAYBOY: Why speak out in this forum?

CARLOS: I've been looking for the right forum and have considered all the options. PLAYBOY is ideal. The magazine has always been concerned with liberation, and I'm anxious to liberate myself.

PLAYBOY: How many people know about your situation?

CARLOS: Aside from Rachel—she's my closest friend and the woman with whom I live—there were five or six people at first. More now. When I told one of them I was doing this, he suggested I might become PLAYBOY's first transsexual centerfold. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Do your parents know about it?

CARLOS: They know about the operation, though they haven't accepted it. We

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haven't seen one another for ten years. They still call me Walter. Obviously, I'll be telling them about this before the interview appears. We're not close, but I don't wish to hurt them.

PLAYBOY: Let's start with a basic question: What *is* a transsexual?

CARLOS: By most definitions, it's a person who is born with the physical characteristics of one gender but who identifies in every way with the opposite gender and may seek an operation to complete that identification. Although I was born male, from my earliest days I've felt female, and the conflict finally became so terrible I had to take the ultimate step—to become a female in body as well as in mind. Incidentally, I wish the word transsexual hadn't become current. Transgender is a better description, because sexuality per se is only one factor in the spectrum of feelings and needs that led me to this step.

PLAYBOY: So transsexuals aren't necessarily former homosexuals?

CARLOS: No. There are as many straights as gays. It's important to differentiate between choices of sexual preference—which could be hetero, bi or homo—and transsexuality, which is a matter of gender identification.

PLAYBOY: How many transsexuals are there?

CARLOS: In my conservative estimate, between 10,000 and 20,000 in the United States. Probably one third of those are in New York City, because of the medical facilities. There may be 30,000 or more world-wide.

PLAYBOY: This may be an odd way of putting it, but . . . when you were a little boy, when did you first feel like a little girl?

CARLOS: Not odd at all. This *can* become a bit confusing. My awareness of it happens to be one of my first memories—when I was about five or six and didn't even know there was a real difference between boys and girls. It seemed to me the only differences were the length of hair and, to some extent, the kind of clothing kids wore. And I remember being *convinced* I was a little girl, much preferring long hair and girls' clothes, and not knowing why my parents didn't see it clearly. I didn't understand why they insisted on treating me like a little boy. But I wanted them to love me and I felt that if I behaved the way I wanted to, I would lose their love—so I began hiding my feelings at a very early age. When you think about it, that's a pretty astute observation for a youngster to make.

I remember, when I was five, staring out my window at a little girl who was staying with her foster family next door. She wasn't dressed like a little girl, but she had long hair. The family was poorer than mine, but I envied her. I thought it would be bliss, having long hair.

PLAYBOY: Did you play with dolls and wear girls' clothing?

CARLOS: Yes. Today, of course, children are urged to play with all sorts of toys, but back then, it was very stratified. I always had more than my share of stuffed animals—rabbits and Teddy bears—and those were my surrogate dolls, which I kept much longer than I should have. I also remember stealing my mother's clothes, going to bed in them when I was about six. Little jokes would be made about how much I loved my parents because I'd go to bed in their clothes, but the fact that it was my mother's clothes—never my father's—passed without comment.

By the time I was ten, it became harder to do it, but occasionally, I'd still sneak a piece of my mother's clothing down to the cellar when no one was home and wear it. Eventually, I found other ways of expressing my need. I'd draw pictures of myself—very accurate portraits of my face—then erase the short hair and draw longer hair, along with a touch of lipstick, to see how I'd look as a woman.

"After puberty, my condition became more and more hellish, and by late adolescence, as I became more masculine, I began to hate my body. . . . It sounds so mad, doesn't it?"

PLAYBOY: Did your parents ever catch you dressing in your mother's clothes?

CARLOS: A few times. They'd make up excuses, such as, "Walter's practicing for Halloween."

PLAYBOY: Did they ever reprimand you?

CARLOS: I'm sure they did. It was such an emotional time, whenever I was discovered. I remember very well my heart pounding and my throat muscles tightening and the dryness in my mouth. I would think, Oh, God, they're going to find out I'm one of those *weird* kids and they're going to withhold their love from me. I was very guilt-ridden.

PLAYBOY: How did other children treat you?

CARLOS: I preferred playing with little girls, so I'd get plenty of raspberries from some of the more tight-assed boys. The boys in the playground would yell, "Carlos is a sissy!" in that singsong minor key that children always use. I always preferred art and music to rough-and-tumble play, and I wasn't any good at boys' sports. Boys would lie in wait and then jump me. I never fought if I could avoid it—only to put my hands over my head when kids would throw stones at me, or punch me, or stuff like that. I remember cradling my schoolbooks in my arms and getting teased about it, so I learned to balance the books on my hip, the way boys were supposed to.

Later on, in high school, the problem reached a peak. I was feared, because the kids knew I didn't go to school dances, and was completely stigmatized. I remember that they'd goose me. Sometimes I'd be walking up the stairs and I'd feel a finger up my ass. They started using terms like pansy and fairy. Naïve me, I didn't quite know what those terms meant, but I knew what they implied.

Actually, there were two sides to it. Some of the boys who would put me down and say I was really odd would nevertheless value me as someone special, because I could play the piano well. They became protective, and proved their *machismo*, as if I were a fragile piece of porcelain.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember having any fantasies that were specifically sexual?

CARLOS: No, my fantasies were more sensuous than sexual. Like cuddling. Or the love of silk or satin rubbing against my skin. But as far as sex goes, it's amazing how little I thought—or knew—about sexual matters of any kind.

PLAYBOY: What were your interests at school?

CARLOS: I was a bright kid and absorbed a lot. I loved numbers and arithmetic, all the sciences. Music and art, too. I fancied myself becoming an astronomer. Because I had some talents, things weren't always terrible for me at school. There were other kids who were equally uncomfortable around their classmates, and I was able to entertain children with little comedy routines, writing little plays, that sort of thing.

PLAYBOY: Did the conflict in your mind increase as you grew older?

CARLOS: Yes. By puberty, it became harder to suppress. I was no longer a youngster and was beginning to look more masculine. One of my biggest traumas was having to shave, though I was fortunate that I matured late. Putting on boys' trousers was hard for me, because I always had a big ass. I ended up wearing baggy clothes.

PLAYBOY: Was there a period when you tried to deny your feelings?

CARLOS: Yes. At some point during my teenage years, I tried to pretend they didn't exist. I told myself I *didn't* have all those inclinations, that I was straight, normal, that I was going to date and get married. I put up a great battle. But by the time I got through high school, the feelings were there, stronger than ever.

PLAYBOY: What was college like?

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CARLOS: Academically, it was stimulating, because I pursued my interest in music, which would eventually become my career. But otherwise, it was anguish. It became more and more difficult to block my feelings. I was at Brown University and I remember going out on a date with a girl. I was so jealous of her I was really beside myself. I became alienated from my college peers—both men and women—and it became a kind of mental torture. I felt set apart. I felt that nature had made a cruel mistake. That's a cliché, but it's how I felt. *Extreme* confusion. From time to time, I was able to repress it and—I don't know, maybe I thought I'd close my eyes one day and then suddenly wake up and find I was a woman.

PLAYBOY: So by the time you were in college, you were definitely——

CARLOS: Here's what it was: After puberty, my condition became more and more hellish, and by late adolescence, as I started to become more masculine, I began to *hate* my body, my corpus. . . . It sounds so mad, doesn't it? I feel myself to be a somewhat bright, fairly introspective person, normal in many ways, yet as I say these words, I sound like a madwoman to myself!

PLAYBOY: When you dated in college, how did you handle sex?

CARLOS: I had no sex life at all. Any friends I had were totally Platonic friends. People knew I had no interest in hetero- or homo- or any other kind of sex. They just accepted that in me. I'm embarrassed to admit I wasn't even able to bring myself to explore masturbation. I first masturbated as a woman, many years later, in 1974.

PLAYBOY: Were you conscious of your appearance?

CARLOS: I hated the way I looked. I tried never to look in a mirror. I wouldn't look at my body when I bathed. Oh, I'd check in a mirror occasionally to make sure my tie was on straight, or that the haircut I'd gotten wouldn't give away my aberration. I was always having slight paranoid fears that I could be too easily spotted as some kind of sexual subdeviate.

PLAYBOY: Did you go out of your way to look invisible, or even unattractive?

CARLOS: Yes. I always wore formless, inconspicuous clothes. My mother, bless her heart, unconsciously picked out wardrobes for me that would conceal my body. I stuck to an extremely conservative line. Very often I wore bow ties—that was my one act of personality and individuality.

PLAYBOY: Were your college days *all* anguish?

CARLOS: No, not at all. I've got to be careful that I don't attack my background as being wholly destructive. Certainly, those years devastated me as far as interpersonal relationships were concerned. But they might have encouraged my work—my escape into the world of thought and music and science and technology. By the time I got into work involving the Moog synthesizer in my early 20s, my efforts were really quite polished. So maybe that is why I finally became successful.

PLAYBOY: Can you pinpoint a time when you decided to *do* something about your feelings?

CARLOS: It was in the fall of 1962, when I came to New York as a graduate student at Columbia. I had become extremely despondent, and the idea of suicide was becoming stronger and stronger in me. There was a period, perhaps a little later than that, when I was daily taking a razor to my wrists and wondering. . . . Anyway, that first year at Columbia, I made a list of the things I needed to do with my life if I were going to survive. And at the top of the list was to find some doctor, someplace, who would help me change my sex. Whatever that meant. At the time, I was just putting pieces together, only dimly becoming aware that I might not be the only person in the world who felt the way I did.

"The idea of suicide was becoming stronger. . . . I made a list of things I needed to do to survive. At the top of the list was to find some doctor who would help me change my sex."

PLAYBOY: How did you become aware of that?

CARLOS: I remember seeing books and articles on the Christine Jorgensen case. And at Columbia, I would occasionally run across books, or book chapters, about early cases of transsexuals. It was a very lonely period of my life. Some nights I'd just jump on a subway and get out at Fifth Avenue and walk up and down the streets. I began to know, and to love, New York City. I began to widen my horizons gradually, meeting a few more people. It didn't exactly take my mind off my transsexuality, but my growing interest in electronic music took a real leap in that period. I got particularly close to one person, one of my music professors at Columbia, Vladimir Ussachevsky. He is really the pioneer of American electronic music.

PLAYBOY: Did he encourage you?

CARLOS: Yes. I'd been experimenting with taped music, multiple tracks, that sort of thing, and he made the suggestion that I get a job in a recording studio. I was already beginning to compose, but it was he who suggested I support myself by working on the technical, engineering side of music. A year or two later, I made some demos of some of the electronic stuff I was composing and even moved into the area of pop music, jingles.

PLAYBOY: Is that when you began to work with the Moog synthesizer?

CARLOS: Yes. By 1966, I was working with my own small Moog. There were several companies that did sound effects and music for TV commercials, and I was helping them on a free-lance basis, earning anywhere from $100 to $1000 a job. It wasn't until I met my friend Rachel that someone had the courage to tell me I should be doing more than fooling around with pop songs and commercials.

PLAYBOY: Was Rachel the one who urged you to apply your electronic skills to serious music?

CARLOS: Yes. I'm afraid pop music lost some really bad potential hits. But it *was* the beginning of the best period of pop music in America—I'm talking about '65 through '67. Even though I worked on electronic versions of classical music, I collected a lot of albums from that period—the Beatles, the Mamas and the Papas, the Association, Simon and Garfunkel. In those creative times, the synthesizer was a rare thing. To my knowledge, there were only three practitioners of the Moog synthesizer when I began. People couldn't even pronounce the word—synthesizer. I remember when we were putting together my *Switched-On Bach* album, some of the producers didn't want us to use the word.

PLAYBOY: We've moved to the middle Sixties, when your career was rising, but you were beginning to pick up the pieces of what you needed to do personally—get a sex change. What steps led up to that?

CARLOS: I finally read a book by Dr. Harry Benjamin called *The Transsexual Phenomenon*. I was still in bad shape personally, still feeling suicidal. Dr. Benjamin's book was the first to give adequate coverage to the psychical needs, the emotionality, the personal descriptions of other people who shared my strange condition. I realized from the book that transsexualism was fairly rare but that at least there were others like me. It gave me a little more courage to accept myself and stop suppressing my feelings, and, indeed, it provided an explanation for all the alienated feelings I'd had since my earliest memories. I'd been to some psychiatrists, but without much in the way of results. So at some point in the fall of 1967, I summoned the courage to call the Benjamin Foundation and make an appointment.

PLAYBOY: What happened next?

CARLOS: I began consultations with the

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doctors there and had to face the fact that at least some people were going to have to know my deep, dark secret. By early 1968, the doctors began to prescribe estrogen, progesterone and pituitary hormones as a possible way of "curing" me of the syndrome. I didn't go in demanding an immediate sex-change operation. There was a lot of talking first about alternative methods of dealing with one's condition, a lot of looking at the evidence.

PLAYBOY: How did you assess the evidence in your case?

CARLOS: At first, I was confused. I thought I had to come up with physical proof. But then I realized the proof was within myself. The only evidence I had was the history of my feelings. Certainly, I'd never seen any lines of people at Radio City Music Hall waiting to become members of the opposite sex. Specifically, though, the realization was that I felt myself to be a woman whenever I saw a woman of similar build or looks. It had created a psychic pain within me that stopped me from being able to think or function in any fashion for very long periods. The overwhelming need I had was to resolve the conflict and become the person I had to be. *That* was my evidence.

PLAYBOY: Did you also begin to meet people who were transsexuals or who were knowledgeable about the subject?

CARLOS: Yes. There's a kind of transsexual underground, people who know about other people who've undergone the operation, or who want to do so. Also, who the doctors are, how good they are, that sort of thing. Nowadays, transsexuals advertise in the personal columns of gay newspapers. The ads usually read, "Female transsexual, age such and such, wishes to meet person in similar circumstances." But as little as five years ago, the only place you'd get to know other transsexuals, and learn about the underground, was at the doctor's office.

It was pretty clear, as I got to know more about it, that you could find out what was going on with a particular person at that stage of treatment. You'd occasionally talk in quiet little murmurs in the waiting room, exchanging information, depending on how social you were. I discovered that there were transsexuals who were almost like members of a club, a fraternity or a sorority.

PLAYBOY: *Are* there such clubs?

CARLOS: There was one in New York that's ceased to exist; I don't know. Mostly it's an informal thing, a clique. It's a word-of-mouth pipeline, and it consists of information that may be helpful, such as where to get clothing. But I'm a little bored by that aspect. Once I'd begun consulting my own doctors, I was never really part of the pipeline; I wanted to protect my career.

PLAYBOY: Are there transsexual bars?

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"Until a few months ago, photography meant little more to me than vacation snapshots. That's when I happened to show my albums to a friend who suggested that a better camera might help.

"The Nikon people just came out with a new automatic model," he said. "Why don't you take a look at it." I'd always thought a Nikon was strictly for professionals. But, the automatic part sounded intriguing. I went to the camera store, just to take a look . . . or so I thought.

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"Well, I really had a ball on this vacation. I came back with pictures I never dreamed I'd be able to take. Not just sharp and beautifully exposed (I couldn't seem to make a mistake!), but well composed photographs that I'd be proud to show anyone.

"My vacation is over, but my fascination with photography is just beginning. My Nikon FE has literally become a window on the world for me. I look at things differently, more clearly. I can say things with my photography that have meanings for others, as well as myself.

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CARLOS: Not in New York, though I've heard there's one on the West Coast. I can't remember the name. I don't *wish* to remember the name. Part of me wants to block the fact that I ever went through the procedure; I'd prefer to assume I'm just a normal woman. It's ridiculous, I guess, but it's a matter of growth. I'm uncomfortable being reminded of who I am, because now I tend to blend into society very well, and memories are kind of painful things.

PLAYBOY: Not to harp on painful memories, but during the period when you were preparing for the operation, were your spirits improving, was your social life expanding?

CARLOS: Somewhat. I even had one of my few sexual experiences, prior to the operation. It was a relationship with a woman. We'd been friends for a while, we were *simpatico*. She said that if I were going through with the sex change, I should at least have an idea what a man felt like. That was a couple of months after I started getting hormone treatments, and we made a couple of feeble attempts at it.

She satisfied my curiosity as to how it is done: how one really does it, what the positions are, what it feels like. But there was no orgasm for me as a man, and little pleasure, aside from the warm recollection that this was a nice person.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel as if you were performing a duty?

CARLOS: No. I felt like I was satisfying my curiosity. It was as if I were somewhat detached, as if were I to do *too* much, it would bring me back to my self-loathing. It was information, dehumanized data, rather than experiencing and letting go. But we did it off and on for a month, maybe six times.

PLAYBOY: Did you experience anything with a man before the operation?

CARLOS: I'm sorry to say no. It would have been nice to play with *all* the combinations.

PLAYBOY: You said you'd already started hormone treatments in early 1968. What came next?

CARLOS: They gave me a hormone that stimulates the pituitary. It's supposed to make all your glands react in a totally adult way, so that if I were just suffering from a late puberty, I would start producing the right hormones. Something was supposed to happen. Nothing happened.

PLAYBOY: How long did that go on?

CARLOS: For a few months. They also had me go to a laboratory and have an assay done on my urine. It was a 24-hour specimen, and the results showed that I had an unusually high count of androgen and of estrogen. Either result would have been abnormally high for a female or a male. It's fascinating, in that it means I had a chemical battle going on: I was both a man *and* a woman hormonally. After the pituitary hormone, they had me checked for a few other things and nothing had changed. I told Dr. Benjamin I was getting extremely nervous. It was getting worse and worse and I felt that I was going to reach for the razor I had on my eight-track machine—the one I use for splicing tape—and just go pftt! . . . That seemed to be the easiest way, and I was going to run into the bathroom so I wouldn't get blood all over the rug. Stupid things like that went through my head.

PLAYBOY: What did the doctor do?

CARLOS: He said he had another way to deal with it and he gave me some purple pills. I was to take one a day and report anything that happened. Two weeks later, I saw him and told him I didn't appreciate being given tranquilizers. I had been very nervous and hysterical, but I did not want to be relaxed artificially. Then he told me they were estrogen pills, not tranquilizers, that there was no tranquilizer in them. So I took them and the result was that I felt peaceful and relaxed for the first time in my life, as far as I can remember. And no side effects. I kept on taking the pills for a few months. It was at that point that I began having the hormones injected. These were much larger doses than I was getting with the pills, and inside a month I began to have a noticeable increase in sensitivity around my breasts.

"I had one of my few sexual experiences with a woman. . . . She said that if I were going through with the sex change, I should at least have an idea what a man felt like."

PLAYBOY: Is that the normal thing at that point?

CARLOS: The experience I had has been corroborated by others, and that is that for about two months, your breasts become extremely sensitive to everything. Going out in the cold becomes painful. They are not particularly large, and you have to look carefully to see what is happening. But if you do, you see you are getting a little bulging and there is a little hot pot of Atlantis beginning to form beneath the nipple. The areola gets darker and larger. The nipple begins to get erect. The fat and the gland itself expand and you begin to get a true breast. That takes about a year or two, just as it would with an adolescent girl.

PLAYBOY: Were there any other effects from taking female hormones?

CARLOS: Well, about the same time, there was a slight shrinkage of the testicles. But hardly anything else. Body hair is affected very slowly, so at the beginning you don't notice anything. But what is happening is that the secondary sex characteristics are being changed from those of the sex you have to those of the sex to which you'll be altering. So the hormones simply go in that direction, with the exception that they would never cause the genitalia to change to those of the other sex. Also, they would never totally eliminate the beard. It would get lighter, but you would still have to shave.

PLAYBOY: Do you have to continue to shave?

CARLOS: You have to go through electrolysis, which involves shooting a needle into each hair. Each time you treat a small area, you eliminate about half the hairs. You never reach the bottom with this sort of process, you just get half each time. You go for years and years and years. Some areas, such as over the upper lip, don't go away so quickly. You just keep going and going and it seems like nothing is happening. After about two years, you begin to see some results. There is a new method that involves cutting nerve endings that gets it all done in one throw, but it kind of gives me the willies to think about it. They just cut open the inside of your mouth and scrape the roots of the hair follicles on the inside. But then, a lot of what I did gives other people the willies, so who am I to judge?

PLAYBOY: What happens to body hair? Does that require electrolysis, too?

CARLOS: No, that just seems to go away on its own. Mine just got blonder and lighter. The top of your pubic hair becomes female shaped, rather than extending upward on the abdomen. You're left with just a teeny bit of chest fuzz near the nipple.

PLAYBOY: Is that the same with most transsexuals?

CARLOS: One transsexual I know didn't have much body hair at all, even less than I did, and not much of a beard, so inside of two months, it was possible to eliminate almost all of it. There are other cases where they actually have to use electrolysis on the face, arms, chest and everywhere else to get rid of it.

PLAYBOY: Does changing your sex affect your facial features, too?

CARLOS: Apparently it does. I can't say I was aware of it, because it goes so goddamn slowly that you really can't see it. You have to have a stop-action motion picture and I guess part of me almost wishes—knowing what I do

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about photography—that I had set up such a camera.

But it is such an unpleasant thing to plan while you are going through it that you never do it. So the effect is that fat redistributes like crazy. When you are a very skinny person like me, there isn't a whole lot of fat to go around. So your thighs get a little fatter at the top and your ass certainly gets more fleshed out, and your waistline seems to contract to some extent, and, if you have a body build as I was lucky enough to have, which is fairly androgynous, I think the path is rather easy. If you have one that is severely one sex or the other, it is very hard ever to be totally convincing if you change.

PLAYBOY: What about muscles and muscle tone? How do they change?

CARLOS: Muscle bulk comes from androgen, which both sexes have. It's just that men have more of it. Women can tone their muscles but can never have the same bulk. So that when men are becoming women and taking female hormones, the bulk of their muscle tends to metabolize away. And women becoming men have a tendency to build up more bulk. They eat more and it builds up muscle. I began eating more and got more fat around my ass and breasts. But to answer your earlier question, the shape of my face was obviously inherited, but I have been told that my features have become softer.

PLAYBOY: Do you have to keep taking female hormones all your life?

CARLOS: Yes. You see, once you're done with the operation, you have no gonads at all. No ovaries or testicles. Until they figure out how to implant little ampules of hormones that would secrete into the body the way those organs do, I'll have to take a small amount of hormones via pills. If you skip them too many days, you get what they call female menopause. You get hot flashes and other problems, because your body doesn't have any sex hormones at all.

PLAYBOY: If you started taking female hormones in 1968, at what point did you begin living as a woman? Was it before or after the operation?

CARLOS: I began living permanently as a woman in the middle of May 1969, nearly three and a half years before the operation. After that, I made only a few appearances as a male for the sake of my business, such as a concert with the St. Louis Symphony. Otherwise, I would have made none at all.

PLAYBOY: Were you psychologically prepared by the time the operation took place?

CARLOS: Yes. Don't forget, the operation, though it's the thing that may be the most important in the public's mind, is really the *least* important or least interesting thing to me. By that time, you

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have usually made the adjustment and you are living in your new role. Certainly *I* was. I had hormones in my body. My secondary characteristics had largely been altered. The operation was just to make the genitals match. It allows you to get your legal status straightened out, so it is kind of the final step.

PLAYBOY: That sounds awfully casual. Surely you must have been nervous, even though you thought you were mentally ready for it.

CARLOS: Immediately before the operation, I *was* a bit hysterical, as though I required that hysteria to give me the courage to go through with it. But I checked into the hospital the day before surgery, and I remember then feeling happy, though somewhat cool and detached. Not as much fear as I expected to have.

PLAYBOY: What, precisely, happens during surgery?

CARLOS: Well, the penis itself is tucked into an opening that the doctors create. A friend of mine joked that it is rather funny, because they make it as though you are having perpetual coitus with yourself. What happens is that the male genitalia skin is tucked way back, where it would have been if I had been born a female. The only part you throw away is the erectile tissue, plus, of course, the testicles and the gonads. The rest of the penis flesh is all kept. I mean, it has got the nerve endings, and that is what allows you to be orgasmic. In the hands of a good surgeon, everything else is put back so that it is essentially in the place where the female would have it. In embryos, you find that males and females are really very similar. It is sort of a question of reorganizing the structure.

PLAYBOY: So they leave the areas of sensitivity for sexual response and construct a vagina. Is there a loss of sensitivity?

CARLOS: I was luckier than most. The doctor did quite a good job. He maintained an incredible amount of sensitivity, whereas another doctor might not have. Some doctors are better cosmetological surgeons than others. I mean, I don't know if you want to hear this, but some transsexuals sit down and they can't even urinate. The stream comes out, sort of, forward. But they *look* good. Whenever skin is cut, nerve endings are cut, and you know, we are dealing with parts of the body where nerves are highly important. There are a lot of people who go through this operation with surgeons who don't have good techniques. They end up having fine cosmetic results but absolutely no functionality. They become numb, almost literally, and that's a pretty gross thing. Whether or not sex is the first thing on your mind, I assume you are thinking about it at least a little, and you wouldn't want to be so numb that it ruled out any degree of pleasure or orgasm. I was lucky. I lost maybe ten percent here and there, and I have a pretty good idea where those locations are.

PLAYBOY: Have you had *any* problems as a result of the surgery?

CARLOS: I have got a couple of tiny physical things that I think probably in a few months I will go and have handled. Sometimes there are little complications that are not really severe that you can live with for years, and then after a while you say, Oh, there is this funny little scar tissue in there that causes a little discomfort and I think I'm willing to spend a day in the hospital and have it trimmed away. But it's not much different from an average person's having little problems with his body. I'm not trying to make light of the procedure; I'm just explaining how I feel about it.

PLAYBOY: What do they do with the breasts? Do they operate on them or use hormones?

CARLOS: In cases like mine, male to female, if you want a larger breast than what the hormones give you, you have to have implants the way many small-breasted women do.

"I was luckier than most. The doctor did a good job. He maintained an incredible amount of sensitivity. I lost maybe ten percent here and there."

PLAYBOY: Of silicone?

CARLOS: Yes. It depends on what you have inherited. If your mother had large breasts, you are likely to have them, too. The same with smaller breasts.

PLAYBOY: What is done with your Adam's apple?

CARLOS: Well, this certainly isn't very pleasant to discuss, but if you want, I can tell you. If you have a very large Adam's apple, you can have it reduced by shaving. That is, they rip back the skin that covers it in your neck—it isn't a real incision—and actually plane it down with a small tool. They have to be very careful to take only the cartilage, the nonusable part of the Adam's apple. The result is a smaller size that doesn't affect the pitch of your voice at all. Now, if they *aren't* careful, you can wind up with a very strange-sounding voice, a bit husky. I have heard of instances where that happened. Some people considered it sexy and didn't mind. I certainly have never done that. My voice never changed. It was high to begin with and just never cracked. I always sounded like an adolescent and I sound like one now. But at least I never have to worry about phonying up my voice to keep it in the highest part of its range.

PLAYBOY: How long did you stay in the hospital after the operation?

CARLOS: Eight days. The hospitalization time was the least problematic. The anesthesia was the best I've ever received. I had no sickness, no stomach distress. I woke up feeling absolutely fine. The doctor had administered an effective painkiller and I had no pain at all. Five days after the operation, when he had to check the dressings, that was painful. I was supersensitive and, of course, the painkiller had worn off. Nevertheless, I had a trembling, happy feeling knowing that the new sensations I was feeling would be mine for the rest of my life. Knowing that I had gotten over the hurdle tended to blind me to any of the negative things.

But the following week I spent in a hotel down the street from the hospital and the doctor's office, so that he could check on me every day. Then I did begin to get complications. I wasn't healing quickly, because I have a body that wants to form scar tissue immediately. The doctor had to give me special medicine.

PLAYBOY: What kind?

CARLOS: Everything. Would you believe that the last thing I was given was gentian violet? That's a horrible staining substance that has a property of helping the body slow down its need to form scar tissue quickly. The gentian violet wrecked several sheets and clothes and underwear.

I'd go to the doctor's office and he'd change dressings and insert that stuff into me, and it would keep my system from forming scar tissue. For a couple of months, I was in discomfort, halfway between an itch and a bit of pain.

PLAYBOY: Do they tell you to have sex regularly after the operation?

CARLOS: Yeah, they actually recommend it. They used to have cases in male-to-female operations where the new vagina would close up, even to the point of preventing intercourse. It would require another operation and it would be pretty messy to go back and do that again. So it is helpful to keep shrinkage to a minimum. When that happens, you have to resort to dilating it with a small metal dilator that you can buy in a drugstore. It is used by most transsexuals postoperatively for the first few months. Also, whenever you fear that something may be going wrong and you are starting to shrink, you can use it for a while. I guess if you masturbated, too, you could do it

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with your fingers. Oh, hell, I mean, we're not children, any of us can fantasize what to do in cases like this.

PLAYBOY: You said you had your first masturbatory experience postoperatively.

CARLOS: That's right. I had assumed that would be one way of preventing shrinking and I chose to use that method. The dilator, which might just as well be called a dildo, is just a small plastic rod that is effectively smooth. It's not made to look like anything else.

PLAYBOY: How soon after the operation did you have your first sexual experience with another person?

CARLOS: At first I was afraid to. I must have been kidding myself or lying to myself not to take the plunge. I think I used the old Roman Catholic excuse that it was dirty and wrong. I talked with my doctor and he told me not to be afraid of sex, to open myself up. Then I decided, OK, why not? Let's see what it's like. Experiment. A couple of tries and it turned out to be fairly easy. A couple of more tries and it worked, and then I wanted to go along and have multiple orgasms, like women do.

PLAYBOY: Can you describe any differences between sex as a man and sex as a woman?

CARLOS: It's just conjecture on my part, but I suspect that women can have multiple orgasms because the physical mechanism of having an orgasm doesn't have to be erect like a penis does. The sensitivity of the clitoris can simply be maintained and you continuously receive stimulation. Of course, you can go on for a half hour or so, carrying it to the mountain peak and down again and up again, until you're a writhing mass of sweat and exhaustion. But the male loses his erection and it's hard to get started again. He loses his capacity for multiple orgasms, mainly for mechanical reasons. So, yes, I have the capacity now for multiple orgasms. I don't know if I had it before. I suspect not.

PLAYBOY: Besides the differences in sexual response, what can you say about how it feels to be a woman instead of a man?

CARLOS: I feel that some innermost part of me was always a woman, so that all I have really done is change my suit of bone and skin. It is hard for me to know what a normal man would have felt like. I know many of the feelings of a man, since I was brought up as a little boy, but I can't really answer for the male view. I always felt, spiritually and psychologically and intellectually, that I functioned as a woman. I am functioning hormonally that way now. That is what is in my blood stream. And sexually, that is how I function. My build, skin texture, things like that have all shifted. For all practical purposes, I have become the sex of my choice.

PLAYBOY: Was there ever any thought of turning back?

CARLOS: No, never.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any idea what would have happened if you *hadn't* had the operation?

CARLOS: Yes. I'd be dead.

PLAYBOY: You make the whole process sound necessary and right. Yet for many, if not most, of the males who will read this interview, thoughts of castration will go through their heads. Why do you think that fear is so deeply rooted in the minds of men?

CARLOS: [*Angrily*] Why would you ask me that? I never felt it was castration. It was corrective surgery. Inevitable and comfortable. It's something I had to do. I do know that I was very saddened when a great many of my male friends candidly told me after the operation that they had felt a pain in their own groin at the thought of what I went through. One friend said that every time he passed the hospital where the operation had taken place, he'd just kind of reach for his crotch.

"I never felt it was castration. It was corrective surgery. Inevitable and comfortable. It's something I had to do."

PLAYBOY: Have you lost any friends as a result of the operation?

CARLOS: Truthfully, no. I've obviously not confronted some people whom I used to know or who may or may not decide to continue seeing me as a friend when they find out. One acquaintance did say, "Gee, I used to like Walter a whole lot, but I really don't like Wendy." But generally, if they liked me to begin with, there isn't any problem now.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember how it felt the first time you told somebody other than Rachel that you had had or were having the operation?

CARLOS: The operation I kept pretty secret. I was frightened, probably in the same way I was frightened in childhood. I was convinced I would lose the love of people who cared about me. Rachel very stoically informed friends in advance for me, so the preliminary expectation was already established and I didn't have to tell people myself. More recently, I've confided to some who had known me as Wendy for a year or two that I used to be Walter Carlos, and that usually gets incredible reactions. Some people don't react at all, they go into shock. Others say, "Gee, isn't that nice?" They're so casual. No problem at all. Then they go home and sort of go Brrrrrrr. Oh, my God! Other times I just act casual about it and people tend to accept it.

PLAYBOY: Have you been surprised by some of the reactions?

CARLOS: Yes, very often. Sometimes those who I think will be the coolest are the most uptight, and vice versa. Some are very silent when I tell them. You can see you're not necessarily doing anyone a favor, particularly if you say, "Now, please keep this a secret." As I said before, being a transsexual makes me a barometer of other people's own comfort with themselves. Those who aren't sexually at peace with themselves tend to be the most uptight around me. Others who are really relaxed think it's no big deal.

PLAYBOY: What kind of reaction pleases you the most?

CARLOS: When people are not thrown by it at all. They just go on and say, "Gee, that's fascinating. As I was saying. . . ." That's the nicest experience. I remember that one friend announced to me when I told him on the phone that I had begun living full time as a woman, "Well, if I come over, is it all right if I laugh?" It was such a sweet thing. Such an honest response. It would be wonderful if we could evolve to a point where people won't have trouble dealing with problems like this at all.

PLAYBOY: What about your own problems dealing with the change? Does the fact that you used to be a male and are now a female affect the way you are attracted to people? For example, once you've had your sex changed, does it change your sexual orientation?

CARLOS: I don't see how that could happen. I basically feel that we are capable of being stimulated by both sexes—in addition to animals and inanimate objects, for that matter. My own orientation has been pretty much bisexual and by my late 20s, I knew that I was flexible. Of course, until I felt at peace with my own body, the thought of sexual contact was pretty abhorrent. As soon as it was resolved, the doctors helped me relax and I started to have little affairs. I'd been cut off from the whole area of sex for most of my life and I think I'm still coming to grips with my sexuality in a way an adolescent would.

PLAYBOY: Do both men and women come on to you?

CARLOS: Yes, but not all that often. The last thing in the world I expected from all this was a good body, but you know, ectomorphs are in fashion these days, so I've got a desirable body shape. I suppose I should have expected that they would come on to me, but I'm getting

older now and certainly losing some of my youthful rosy-cheekedness.

PLAYBOY: Have you tried on a bikini since the operation?

CARLOS: Yes. It was great.

PLAYBOY: What was the reaction on the beach?

CARLOS: It was in the Caribbean in January of 1974. My body was pretty neat and I was proud of it, kind of a peacock feeling. I strutted my stuff, as it were, and I got a few wolf whistles. Before the operation, I had not worn a bikini, because I wanted to hide myself, and I went out into the sun in an almost matronly bathing suit.

PLAYBOY: Since you've begun getting wolf whistles, do you respond to come-ons?

CARLOS: Very seldom. And when I do, it's mostly for curiosity's sake. One of my female friends always calls me the new twat in town, you know, as if I had a new toy. Eventually, you learn what it feels like to have orgasms and stuff.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever become interested in any of the men who've dated you?

CARLOS: Right now, the idea of letting my secret out is so important to me that I've inhibited any real feelings on that matter. I've had crushes on both men and women, but I'll have to ask you to come back in two years to see if I've managed to grow up. It may turn out that hiding a secret for ten years, as I've done, causes your habits to become permanent and I may never be able to let go emotionally.

PLAYBOY: Do you tell your sex partners that you have had a sex-change operation?

CARLOS: It depends. I don't have any set rules. I used to have a large need to confess—to be totally honest. Now I feel sometimes that discretion is the better part of valor. The percentages are probably about equal and I suspect that many people whom I didn't tell are going to be mightily put off by this interview.

PLAYBOY: It certainly will be the end of Walter Carlos forever. It would seem that killing him off was one of your toughest chores. How were you able to keep him breathing but never visible?

CARLOS: Rachel was the buffer. She was a brick. I don't know how she could keep herself from hating me and throwing rocks after having to answer the phone and lie on my behalf, making up those incredible inventions.

PLAYBOY: What inventions?

CARLOS: Oh, lame excuses. If someone called the house, Rachel would say, "He's in Providence, visiting with his family." Think of that one! What an ironic excuse to be giving. If I were within hearing distance, I'd quietly snort, "Oh, yes, he really loves Rhode Island and he's very close to his parents." Or Rachel would say that this ubiquitous Walter Carlos was on tour, out of the country, anywhere, everywhere. The few friends who knew covered for me, too. They are honest people who hate to lie but were forever lying to cover up the leaks and the gossip that went on about me during that time.

PLAYBOY: What was the gossip?

CARLOS: Some of the speculation hit it right on the button. After all, transsexuality wasn't completely unknown. But some loudmouths thought I had turned into a drag queen, while others guessed that I had been a woman all along—one who was pretending to be a man.

It got as far as Europe. An audio engineer friend who was visiting England claimed that he ran into a guy who said, "Hey, I hear you're close to that musician, Wilhemina Carlos." Wanda was another name that was thrown at me. People catch on to the fact that you try to keep the same initials.

PLAYBOY: Did Columbia Records catch on?

CARLOS: I doubt it, though some people there obviously did.

PLAYBOY: Did they just figure you were an eccentric genius?

CARLOS: Eccentric genius was the term they used as an explanation. What they really meant was, "Hey, there's something strange here." Actually, I don't know how eccentric I am and I'm scarcely a genius. Just a bright kid.

PLAYBOY: But you never blew your cover.

CARLOS: It was close. I'll never forget

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appearing on the *Today* show in 1969 with Hugh Downs, and the brouhaha that erupted backstage. Rachel heard a couple argue: "Well, come on, that's a girl." "No, it isn't. It's a boy." "No, it's a girl pretending to be a boy."

I also made a TV appearance with someone whose name eludes me—he had a very proud-peacock aura, always preening himself—and I went to great lengths to distract his eye from focusing on my facial features. The make-up woman for the show was suspicious. It was during the estrogen period, and I had hardly any beard left, and she was aware of the false sideburns. Usually, I would take care of the make-up in the hotel and go to the studio ready for camera. That time I didn't.

Then there was Dick Cavett, in 1970, which was my last TV appearance. Peter Ustinov was the only other guest that night. Cavett was tense, because the synthesizer was not a subject he was familiar with. He was hoping Ustinov would ask interesting questions—Peter is literate in music. Ustinov gave me this funny look. He backed away, and his eyes went up and down. In all honesty, he was impressed by my music. He did ask questions. But there was a great deal of discomfort all around, with too much stimuli coming into me for me to react to any of it. My memory of the experience was one of suffering. I've no idea how much of it came across to the viewers.

I guess my best TV appearance was with George Carlin when he was subbing for Mike Douglas. He could enhance the discussion with questions he knew well enough to ask and the pressure wasn't bad. There wasn't any uptightness or hostility.

PLAYBOY: Then you didn't make any TV appearances in conjunction with the release of *A Clockwork Orange*, for which you created the musical score?

CARLOS: We were asked to. *Camera Three* ran a special on *Clockwork*. They had Anthony Burgess at the studio and I was invited to go in. Rachel thought that would be dull and suggested instead that they film in *our* studio. They claimed they didn't have any film but would send a still photographer instead.

So this fellow came and set up his strobe and took tons of slides of the equipment and lights and dials, and of Rachel and me at work. The photographs were shown on the program while, in the background, they played some of the music from *Clockwork*.

PLAYBOY: In other words, they faked it.

CARLOS: Exactly. Anthony Burgess set it up, mentioning that "You all know Walter Carlos' music," and Malcolm McDowell, who starred in the movie, said that he had been to the recording studio with his old lady, and how fascinating it all was.

PLAYBOY: Did McDowell know?

CARLOS: If he did, he was too much of a gentleman to say so.

PLAYBOY: During that period, what sorts of reactions were you getting while you maintained your false identity?

CARLOS: Strange stares. The one real scene was at Chock Full O'Nuts on Fifth Avenue when I was about 18 months into hormones. Here I was, dressed in a man's coat, a man's jacket, a man's hat, and this woman stormed up to me and shrieked, "Are you a man or a woman? What are you?" She was really frightened. I saw horror and terror in her eyes. I was beside myself. I didn't know what to say.

Less traumatic was the time I went into my bank, still dressed as a man, to close the account under the Walter Carlos name. The clerk looked at this middle-aged woman and asked, "Who is this Walter Carlos?" I replied, "Me." There was a double take. I said, "Is there a problem?" She gave me the once-over and mumbled skeptically, "Well, you just don't look like a Walter to me." That was a very interesting way of putting it.

"As Walter, I pasted on false sideburns and simulated a five-o'clock shadow. I tried to lower my voice and be macho. It couldn't have mattered less."

PLAYBOY: During the estrogen years, how strange was your appearance? Was your hair long?

CARLOS: Moderately long. In those days, hair length didn't matter. Don't forget, it was the hippie era.

PLAYBOY: But hippies weren't necessarily feminine-looking. Or effeminate.

CARLOS: I looked androgynous, and always have. I was fashionable the minute androgyny became fashionable. It's a look that maybe screaming teenage girls would get off on. Even without the hormones.

PLAYBOY: If there hadn't been the need to stay in the closet, do you feel you would have affected the world of music? Would music have changed if you had remained Walter Carlos?

CARLOS: Absolutely. I'm convinced of that.

PLAYBOY: How?

CARLOS: The fact that I couldn't perform publicly stifled me. I lost a decade as an artist. I was unable to communicate with other musicians. There was no feedback. I would have loved to have gone onstage playing electronic-music concerts, as well as writing for more conventional media, such as the orchestra.

PLAYBOY: But your performance onstage in 1969 with the St. Louis Symphony was a disaster, was it not?

CARLOS: Personally, yes. Professionally, no. They invited me to perform a special concert of electronic synthesized music. Following the orchestral part, the conductor and I talked about the new ways that music would be done, ad-libbed about the synthesizer, cracking little jokes, keeping it light and informative at the same time. The audience was enthusiastic: There was great feedback both for me as an artist and for the medium. My angst was high, though. Rachel said I was getting so close to the edge I could have had a nervous breakdown had I continued performing. I hated the feeling of working as Walter Carlos. I kept saying silly things like "Let *Walter* go and do it."

PLAYBOY: Were you anxious because of the concert or because of the double identity?

CARLOS: Mostly because of the forced secrecy, which I wasn't good at. I insisted to Rachel that I would not fly to St. Louis dressed as a man, and didn't. I went dressed as I normally would have, as a woman. We checked into the Holiday Inn, and they didn't know who the hell this woman was. When we got into the suite, I ceased being a woman and suddenly became this Walter Carlos person. And I began crying hysterically. I couldn't do it. Rachel cajoled me. Eventually, I pasted on my sideburns and put on a wig to hide my hair, which was pretty long at the time and streaky. I filled my pores with dirt from an eyebrow pencil to simulate five-o'clock shadow. I tried to lower my voice as bottom-heavy as it could get. Tried to be *macho*. It couldn't have mattered less.

When I went down to eat that night, some hotel guests thought they recognized me. A timid person said he had seen my sister earlier.

PLAYBOY: When you were working with Stanley Kubrick on the *Clockwork Orange* score, you were already three years into hormones. What did Kubrick know about your condition?

CARLOS: Kubrick was so intense on the project that if I'd come in stark-naked, he'd probably just have asked if I were cold. It was no big deal in the beginning. Later on, he started to notice it a little more, and he'd talk about somebody he knew who was gay, trying to feel out if I were gay. I'd give him an enigmatic answer suggesting I wasn't, and he'd be even more disturbed. On the last couple of days, he shot a lot of photos of me with his little Minox camera. He must have found me an interesting-looking person, to say the least.

PLAYBOY: And Kubrick still doesn't know?

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CARLOS: He lives in England, never travels; we talk by phone about what's been happening with his new film, *The Shining*, which I may score. If it happens, I'll just have to bite my lower lip. He'll have to be told about me. There's no other way.

PLAYBOY: Stevie Wonder once visited your house and played the synthesizer. Did he know?

CARLOS: I didn't speak to him. He'd have picked up on the sound of my voice and immediately spotted that something wasn't right.

PLAYBOY: The secrecy of your life this past decade, you claim, has affected the progress of the synthesizer; but has your transsexuality personally affected your own music?

CARLOS: I would think not at all. Can you imagine writing *The Transsexual Symphony*? [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Is there an analogy between your music and your transsexuality?

CARLOS: A simple one would be that *Switched-On Bach* in 1969 was a good musical barometer, while transsexuality in 1979 is a fairly good sexual and attitudinal social barometer. When *Switched-On Bach* was new, it stimulated strong reactions. Those who were comfortable in all forms of music, those who were open to novel variations, loved it. Transsexuality, too, is an emotional, action-prone situation, in that it tends to polarize people, depending on the attitudes one brings to sexuality and human rights. In both cases, there's no middle ground.

PLAYBOY: You imitated human voices with the synthesizer in your score of *A Clockwork Orange*. Was that the first time it was done?

CARLOS: We did some vocal electronic music back in 1970—for the choral parts of the Beethoven *Ninth Symphony*—and, again, we got a lot of uncomfortable reactions. People looked at us and said, "Oh, my goodness, what is this?" They were scared by it. They were scared hearing a chorus of artificial voices. We were using a thing called a vocoder. It's an instrument that takes apart speech and then allows you to reassemble, using, in that case, the synthesizer as the original source.

PLAYBOY: Are vocoders still in use?

CARLOS: All over the place. They're becoming clichés. You hear the *Star Wars* sounds, the *Battlestar Galactica* music: The aliens usually talk with a vocoder. So, once again, I think we were a little too early.

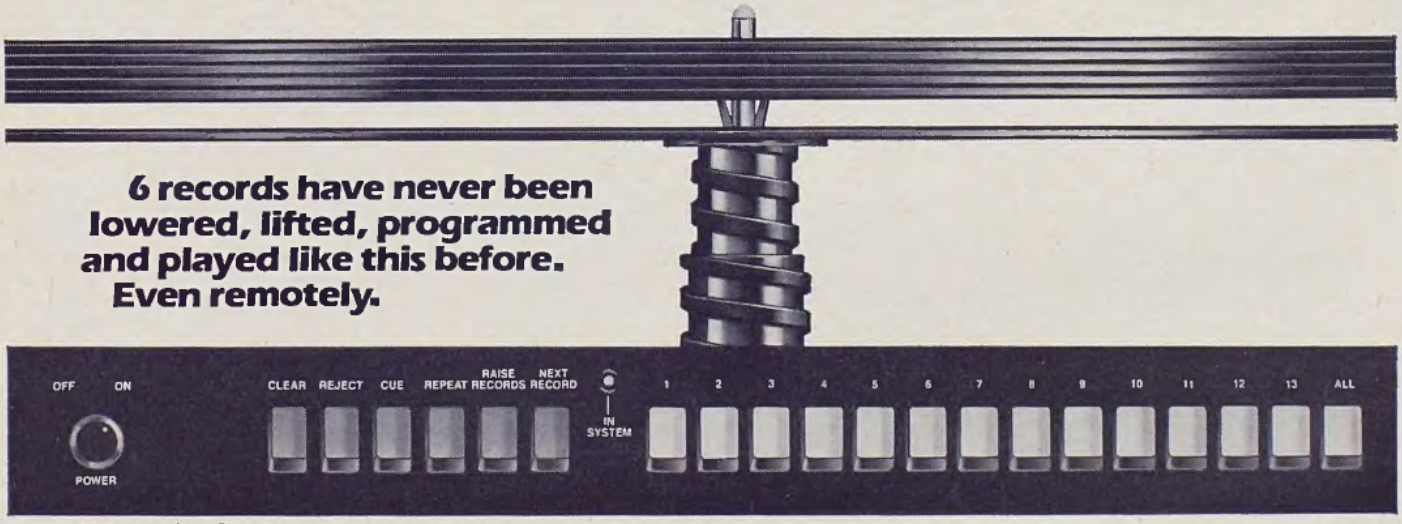
Bert Whyte, who was a great pioneer of audio, said to Rachel and me, "Do you know what pioneers get? They get arrows in the ass." I've gotten my share of arrows, maybe rightly deserved. But it's still fun to know you were there first and you've got the trophies.

PLAYBOY: You've also shot off some arrows yourself. You've been very critical of the way the synthesizer is used on disco records. But hasn't disco popularized the instrument?

CARLOS: The synthesizer became well known when advertisers used it to sell products on TV, such as the commercials for ailing cars and the cat sounds to advertise cat food. Pop artists such as Keith Emerson used it rather flamboyantly. Emerson, Lake & Palmer were among the first pop groups to play with it. In *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, the sounds came from a synthesizer. And it's the background on almost every Donna Summer record. But to get back to your question, it's nice to know that it's used on disco, but it would have been healthier for the industry had it not been.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CARLOS: If you're asking me to name the hit disco singles, I can't, since I generally flee from anything that repeats the same sequence more than 16 times. I mean, if somebody wants to say, "Once upon a time, once upon a time," I've *got* it after the fourth time. Let us not confuse it with music. But now I sound scholarly and tight-assed and pompous and—fuck it all. This may sound like sour grapes, but I'm putting down almost



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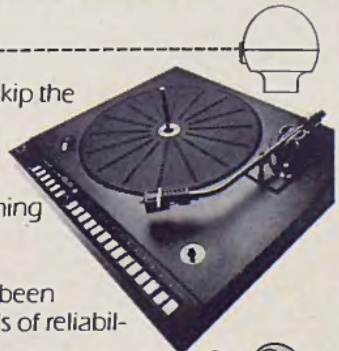

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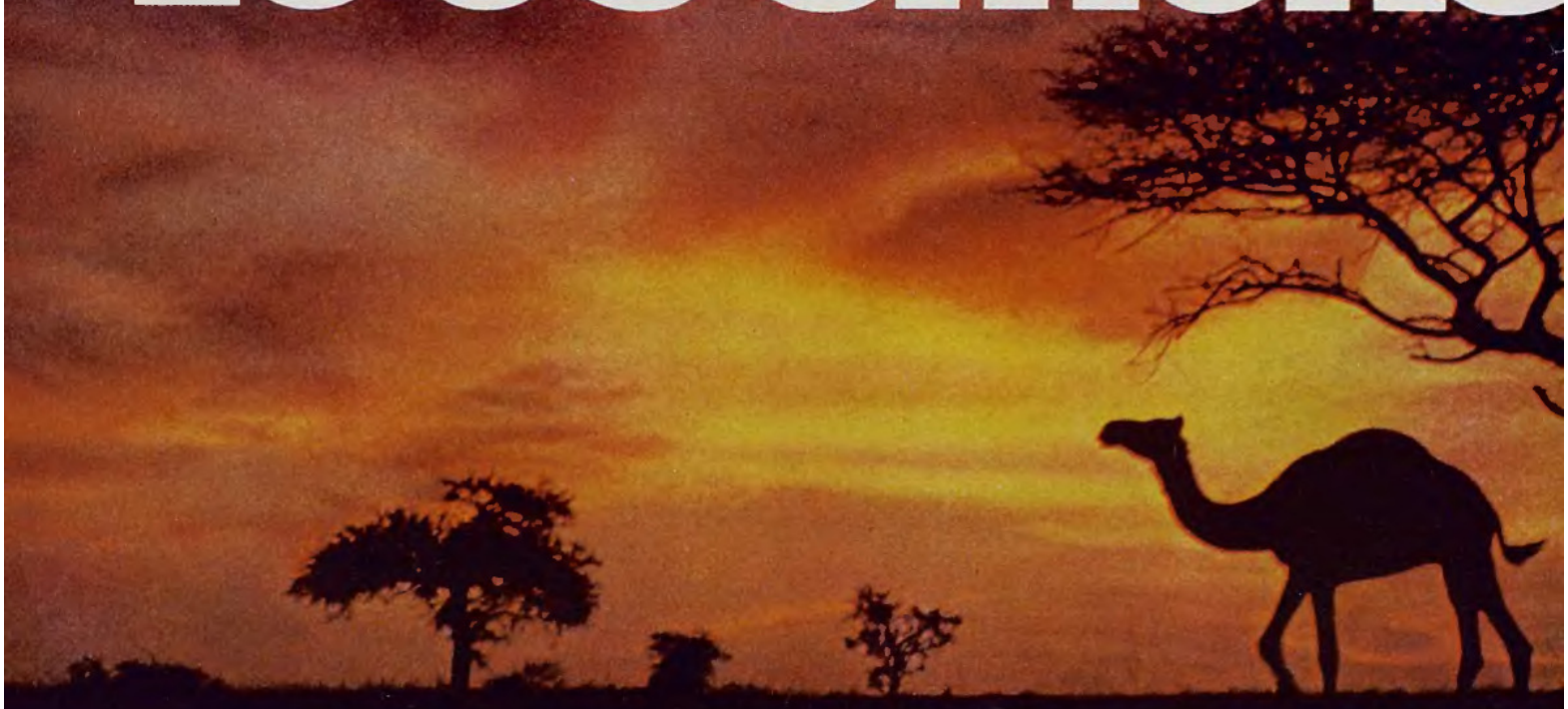

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all of the records that have used the synthesizer this past decade.

PLAYBOY: Would you like the instrument to be used less?

CARLOS: I don't want to stop them. I'm only saddened to see that it isn't further advanced. I've got a right to my opinion and I'm going to continue to be angry. If not an angry young man, at least an angry middle-aged woman.

PLAYBOY: What are *you* doing to advance the use of the instrument?

CARLOS: I'm in the process of designing and having a new machine refined. It is to have a minicomputer, with special controlling devices and lots of knobs and dials and keyboards of various kinds. It'll be a digital synthesizer and it'll be a one-note instrument.

PLAYBOY: What will it do that other synthesizers can't?

CARLOS: I feel almost embarrassed to say that this will truthfully be the first time that an instrument will be able to imitate *any* sound that the mind of man can conceive and that the ear is able to hear.

PLAYBOY: Can you see yourself marketing this instrument?

CARLOS: Certainly not. I've never thought of myself as having a whole lot of business acumen.

PLAYBOY: How does what you're doing compare with what other musicians are doing?

CARLOS: A better comparison would be the way I make electronic music and the way the Walt Disney studio made its animated motion pictures. I construct in sound what Disney did in visuals. He worked frame by frame, drawing by drawing. The synthesizer is a one-note instrument and, consequently, I work note by note, color by color. Disney used special optical processes to give depth and perspective to his drawings. I also work with foreground elements overlaying background elements.

PLAYBOY: Was there music in your family when you were growing up?

CARLOS: My mother plays the piano and sings. I have an uncle who plays trombone and another who plays trumpet and drums.

PLAYBOY: Were you an only child?

CARLOS: I have a brother 22 months younger than I. We never see each other. I had a sister, also younger than I, who died within the first week or two after birth. It is hard for me to remember back that far now. Only recently, my mother mentioned it to me. She had also given birth to a hermaphrodite who died a couple of weeks after birth.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it rare, if not bizarre, that a set of parents produce a child who is to become a transsexual and one who is a hermaphrodite?

CARLOS: Perhaps. Apparently, the sexual organs had not differentiated it completely into a male or a female, though

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my parents decided that it was a girl. It's possible that the clitoris might have been large enough almost to have become the penis. The truth of the matter is that within the embryo, in the beginning, you are both sexes. You have a full set of cells that evolve into either the female apparatus or the male apparatus. When I mention this to some of my friends, they get nervous and uptight, thinking, Gee, I am a woman and I have a potential for having male organs down there, or I am a man and I have a potential vagina down there.

PLAYBOY: In your opinion, are there reasons to believe that parents are responsible for transsexuality?

CARLOS: Not necessarily. Not at all. There are probably several factors. I kind of want to scoff and say, "Well, then what causes homosexuality, or bisexuality—or heterosexuality, for that matter?" Only an extremely arrogant, queer person would come out with an answer, because we have only suppositions. There's the whole question of chromosomes. Remember when Renee Richards had to take a chromosome test to enter a tournament as a woman?

Here's an example: If a child is born with its testes up, so that they essentially act as ovaries, and its body then develops female characteristics, you'd eventually call it female. In my case, I was born chromosomally male, so I must be a man. Yet this other person, who has developed as a female, has male XY chromosomes. If you took tests and compared the two of us, you'd find very little difference. She is sterile and so am I. You know, it has become difficult to separate, to draw the line. We have to be very careful what we call anything. A man, a woman, a heterosexual, a homosexual. It's like—it's the last stronghold.

PLAYBOY: We were talking about parents. Just as some parents fear having their children taught by a homosexual, do you think some parents fear the effect someone like you might have on their children?

CARLOS: Why?

PLAYBOY: In the case of homosexuality, there's probably some kind of fear of contagion.

CARLOS: Contagion? I won't breathe on them.

PLAYBOY: What about children in your own life? Does it make you feel unfulfilled as a woman to know you can't have kids?

CARLOS: A lot of people can't have children. I guess in a way it saddens me, but in another sense I know I'm a career monster. So many ideas are so much more important to me than children. I probably would have chosen not to have children, anyway, so I don't mind particularly.

PLAYBOY: Would you consider marriage?

CARLOS: I would consider anything. But

do I think seriously about marriage? No. Do I think it would be easy to find someone who could marry me? Absolutely not. He would have to be a very strange person to be able to tolerate someone who, as of this interview, is going to be a publicly acknowledged transsexual.

PLAYBOY: What if your closest friend, Rachel, got married?

CARLOS: I try not to think about it. Rachel and I have lived very closely together for many years and, to some degree, that will come to a stop. And that saddens me, frightens me. She has a man, and they're talking about getting married. So it may well happen. But it won't be because I've gone public. Rachel is about the only person I can name in this interview, because she is not frightened. There is nothing I can say here that can scare her. So it's not as if I fear rejection by her.

PLAYBOY: But fear of rejection *was* one of the shaping influences of your life?

CARLOS: Transsexuality is a crash course in dealing with the fear of rejection. I was raised as a boy. I wanted love. I wanted people to like me. So I was not going to say something that, in my infant mind, could cause people to get upset with me. There is nothing particularly striking about my background, except that in my head I had this obsession that is among my earliest memories. So, in a way, it's all so boring. I think I would feel happy if a reaction to this interview were a yawn. I mean, who cares? I've gone through a procedure. It's done with. Just let me live my goddamn life and I will let you live yours.

PLAYBOY: It's certainly not boring. And by doing this interview, you're showing that you do care.

CARLOS: I don't want to become a proselytizer. I don't want this interview to champion the cause. I think it's very important that my condition be acknowledged as very rare, so that it's seen as a highly unlikely solution for other people with an unhappy life, or suicidal impulses, as I had. The fact that there were some "successful" transformations doesn't erase the many tragic cases in which an operation was not the full solution for particular individuals. No one should follow this hellish path if an alternative exists. Try other options first.

Sure, it was necessary for me. But I don't think it's been positive at all. I feel that what I achieved is the removal of one very large negative in my life. Now that I've solved my gender crisis, I've still got to come to grips with the other parts of life that go into making a happy individual: living a productive existence; having time for other human beings; having time for passion and compassion; having the time to create and shape the multifaceted diamond that a fine life can be.

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white lies

fiction

By Paul Theroux

she was 17, breathless and damp, and i imagined her an innocent, reckless butterfly struggling in my net

NORMALLY, in describing the life cycle of ectoparasites for my notebook, I went into great detail, since I hoped to publish an article about the strangest ones when I returned home from Africa. The one exception was *Dermatobia bendiense*. I could not give it my name; I was not its victim. And the description? One word: *Jerry*. I needed nothing more to remind me of the discovery, and though I fully intend to test my findings in the pages of an entomological journal, the memory is still too horrifying for me to reduce it to science.

Jerry Benda and I shared a house on the compound of a bush school. Every Friday and Saturday night, he met an African girl named Ameena at the Rainbow Bar and took her home in a taxi. There was no scandal: No one knew. In the morning, after breakfast, Ameena did Jerry's ironing (I did my own) and the black cook carried her back to town on the crossbar of his old bike. That was a hilarious sight. Returning from my own particular passion, which was collecting insects in the fields near our house, I often met them on the road: Jika in his cook's khakis and skullcap pedaling the long-legged Ameena—I must say, she reminded me of a highly desirable insect. They yelped as they clattered down the road, the deep ruts making the bicycle bell hiccup like an alarm clock. A stranger would have assumed these Africans were man and wife, making an early-morning foray to the market. The

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MAGDICH

local people paid no attention.

Only I knew that this was the cook and mistress of a young American who was regarded at the school as very charming in his manner and serious in his work. The cook's laughter was a nervous giggle—he was afraid of Ameena. But he was devoted to Jerry and far too loyal to refuse to do what Jerry asked of him.

Jerry was deceitful, but at the time I did not think he was imaginative enough to do any damage. And yet his was not the conventional double life that most white people led in Africa. Jerry had certain ambitions: Ambition makes more liars than egotism does. But Jerry was so careful, his lies such modest calculations, he was always believed. He said he was from Boston. "Belmont, actually," he told me, when I said I was from Medford. His passport—*Bearer's address*—said Watertown. He felt he had to conceal it. That explained a lot: the insecurity of living on the lower slopes of the long hill, between the smoldering steeples of Boston and the clean, high-priced air of Belmont. We are probably no more class-conscious than the British, but when we make class an issue, it seems more than snobbery. It becomes a bizarre spectacle, a kind of attention-seeking, and I cannot hear an American speak of his social position without thinking of a human fly, one of those tiny men in grubby capes whom one sometimes sees clinging to the brickwork of a tall building.

What had begun as fantasy had, after six months of his repeating it in our insignificant place, been made to seem like fact. Jerry didn't know Africa: His one girlfriend stood for the whole continent. And of course he lied to her. I had the impression that it was one of the reasons Jerry wanted to stay in Africa. If you tell enough lies about yourself, they take hold. It becomes impossible ever to go back, since that means facing the truth. In Africa, no one could dispute what Jerry said he was: a wealthy Bostonian, from a family of some distinction, adventuring in Third World philanthropy before inheriting his father's business.

Rereading the above, I think I may be misrepresenting him. Although he was undeniably a fraud in some ways, his fraudulence was the last thing you noticed about him. What you saw first was a tall good-natured person in his early 20s, confidently casual, with easy charm and a gift for ingenious flattery. When I told him I had majored in entomology, he called me Doctor. This later became Doc. He showed exaggerated respect to the gardeners and washerwomen at the school, using the politest phrases when he spoke to them. He always said "sir" to the students ("You, sir, are a lazy little creep"), which baffled them and won them over. The cook adored him, and even the cook's cook—who was lame and 14 and ragged—liked Jerry to the point where the poor boy would go through the compound stealing flowers from the Inkpens' garden to decorate our table. While I was merely tolerated as an unattractive and nearsighted bug collector, Jerry was courted by the British wives in the compound. The wife of the new headmaster, Lady Sarah (Sir Godfrey Inkpen had been knighted for his work in the civil service), usually stopped in to see him when her husband was away. Jerry was gracious with her and anxious to make a good impression. Privately, he said, "She's all tits and teeth."

"Why is it," he said to me one day, "that the white women have all the money and the black ones have all the looks?"

"I didn't realize you were interested in money."

"Not for itself, Doc," he said. "I'm interested in what it can buy."

•

No matter how hard I tried, I could not get used to hearing Ameena's squawks of pleasure from the next room, or Jerry's elbows banging against the wall. At any moment, I expected their humpings and slappings to bring down the boxes of mounted butterflies I had hung there. At breakfast, Jerry was his urbane self, sitting at the head of the table while Ameena cackled.

He held a teapot in each hand. "What will it be, my dear? Chinese or Indian tea? Marmalade or jam? Poached or scrambled? And may I suggest a kipper?"

"*Wopusa!*" Ameena would say. "Idiot!"

She was lean, angular and wore a scarf in a handsome turban on her head. "I'd marry that girl tomorrow," Jerry said, "if she had fifty grand." Her breasts were full and her skin was like velvet; she looked majestic, even doing the ironing. And when I saw her ironing, it struck me how Jerry inspired devotion in people.

But not any from me. I think I resented him most because he was new. I had been in Africa for two years and had replaced any ideas of sexual conquest with the possibility of a great entomological discovery. But he was not interested in my experience. There was a great deal I could have told him. In the meantime, I watched Jika taking Ameena into town on his bicycle and I added specimens to my collection.

•

Then, one day, the Inkpens' daughter arrived from Rhodesia to spend her school holidays with her parents.

We had seen her the day after she arrived, admiring the roses in her mother's garden, which adjoined ours. She was 17, and breathless and damp: and so small I at once imagined this pink butterfly struggling in my net. Her name was Petra (her parents called her Pet) and her pretty bloom was recklessness and innocence. Jerry said, "I'm going to marry her."

"I've been thinking about it," he said the next day. "If I just invite her, I'll look like a wolf. If I invite the three of them, it'll seem as if I'm stage-managing it. So I'll invite the parents—for some inconvenient time—and they'll have no choice but to ask me if they can bring the daughter along, too. *They'll* ask *me* if they can bring her. Good thinking? It'll have to be after dark—they'll be afraid of someone raping her. Sunday's always family day, so how about Sunday at eight? High tea. They will deliver her into my hands."

The invitation was accepted. And Sir Godfrey said, "I hope you don't mind if we bring our daughter——"

More than anything, I wished to see whether or not Jerry would take Ameena home that Saturday night. He did—I suppose he did not want to arouse Ameena's suspicions—and on Sunday morning, it was breakfast as usual and "What will it be, my dear?"

But everything was not as usual. In the kitchen, Jika was making a cake and scones. The powerful fragrance of baking, so early on a Sunday morning, made Ameena curious. She sniffed and smiled and picked up her cup. Then she asked: What was the cook making?

"Cakes," said Jerry. He smiled back at her.

Jika entered timidly with some toast.

"You're a better cook than I am," Ameena said in Chinyanja. "I don't know how to make cakes."

Jika looked terribly worried. He glanced at Jerry.

"Have a cake," said Jerry to Ameena.

Ameena tipped the cup to her lips and said slyly, "Africans don't eat cakes for breakfast."

"*We* do," said Jerry, with guilty rapidity. "It's an old American custom."

Ameena was staring at Jika. When she stood up, he winced. Ameena said, "I have to make water." It was one of the few English sentences she knew.

Jerry said, "I think she suspects something."

As I started to leave with my net and my chloroform bottle, I heard a great fuss in the kitchen, Jerry telling Ameena not to do the ironing, Ameena protesting, Jika groaning. But Jerry was angry, and soon the bicycle was bumping away from the house: Jika pedaling, Ameena on the crossbar.

"She just wanted to hang around," said Jerry. "Guess what the bitch was doing? She was ironing a drip-dry shirt!"

•

It was early evening when the Inkpens arrived, but night fell before tea was poured. Petra sat between her proud parents, saying what a super house we

"Why don't you run one mile less each day and let me make up the difference?"

had, what a super school it was, how super it was to have a holiday here. Her monotonous ignorance made her even more desirable.

Perhaps for our benefit—to show her off—Sir Godfrey asked her leading questions. "Mother tells me you've taken up knitting" and "Mother says you've become quite a whiz at math." Now he said, "I hear you've been doing some riding."

"Ever so much," said Petra. Her face was shining. "There are some stables near the school."

Dances, exams, picnics, house parties: Petra gushed about her Rhodesian school. And in doing so, she made it seem a distant place—not an African country at all but a special preserve of superior English recreations.

"That's funny," I said. "Aren't there Africans there?"

Jerry looked sharply at me.

"Not at the school," said Petra. "There are some in town. The girls call them nig-nogs." She smiled. "But they're quite sweet, actually."

"The Africans, dear?" asked Lady Sarah.

"The girls," said Petra.

Her father frowned.

Jerry said. "What do you think of this place?"

"Honestly, I think it's super."

"Too bad it's so dark at the moment," said Jerry. "I'd like to show you my frangipani."

"Jerry's famous for that frangipani," said Lady Sarah.

Jerry had gone to the French windows to indicate the general direction of the bush. He gestured toward the darkness and said, "It's somewhere over there."

"I see it," said Petra.

The white flowers and the twisted limbs of the frangipani were clearly visible in the headlights of an approaching car.

Sir Godfrey said, "I think you have a visitor."

The Inkpens were staring at the taxi. I watched Jerry. He had turned pale but kept his composure. "Ah, yes," he said, "it's the sister of one of our pupils." He stepped outside to intercept her, but Ameena was too quick for him. She hurried past him, into the parlor, where the Inkpens sat dumfounded. Then Sir Godfrey, who had been surprised into silence, stood up and offered Ameena his chair.

Ameena gave a nervous grunt and faced Jerry. She wore the black-satin cloak and sandals of a village Moslem. I had never seen her in anything but a tight dress and high heels; in that long cloak, she looked like a very dangerous fly that had buzzed into the room on stiff wings.

"How nice to see you," said Jerry. Every word was right, but his voice had become shrill. "I'd like you to meet——"

Ameena flapped the wings of her cloak in embarrassment and said, "I cannot stay. And I am sorry for this visit." She spoke in her own language. Her voice was calm and even apologetic.

"Perhaps she'd like to sit down," said Sir Godfrey, who was still standing.

"I think she's fine," said Jerry, backing away slightly.

Now I saw the look of horror on Petra's face. She glanced up and down, from the dark shawled head to the cracked feet, then gaped in bewilderment and fear.

At the kitchen door, Jika stood with his hands over his ears.

"Let's go outside," said Jerry in Chinyanja.

"It is not necessary," said Ameena. "I have something for you. I can give it to you here."

Jika ducked into the kitchen and shut the door.

"Here," said Ameena. She fumbled with her cloak.

Jerry said quickly, "No," and turned as if to avert the thrust of a dagger.

But Ameena had taken a soft gift-wrapped parcel from the folds of her cloak. She handed it to Jerry and without turning to us, flapped out of the room. She became invisible as soon as she stepped into the darkness. Before anyone could speak, the taxi was speeding away from the house.

Lady Sarah said, "How very odd."

"Just a courtesy call," said Jerry, and amazed me with a succession of plausible lies. "Her brother's in form four—a very bright boy, as a matter of fact. She was rather pleased by how well he'd done in his exams. She stopped in to say thanks."

"That's *very* African," said Sir Godfrey.

"It's lovely when people drop in," said Petra. "It's really quite a compliment."

Jerry was smiling weakly and eying the window, as if he expected Ameena to thunder in once again and split his head open. Or perhaps not. Perhaps he was congratulating himself that it had all gone so smoothly.

Lady Sarah said, "Well, aren't you going to open it?"

"Open what?" said Jerry, and then he realized that he was holding the parcel. "You mean this?"

"I wonder what it could be," said Petra.

I prayed that it was nothing frightening. I had heard stories of jilted lovers' sending aborted fetuses to the men who had wronged them.

"I adore opening parcels," said Petra.

Jerry tore off the wrapping paper but satisfied himself that it was nothing incriminating before he showed it to the Inkpens.

"Is it a shirt?" said Lady Sarah.

"It's a beauty," said Sir Godfrey.

It was red and yellow and green, with embroidery at the collar and cuffs; an African design. Jerry said, "I should give it back. It's a sort of bribe, isn't it?"

"Absolutely not," said Sir Godfrey. "I insist you keep it."

"Put it on!" said Petra.

Jerry shook his head. Lady Sarah said, "Oh, do!"

"Some other time," said Jerry. He tossed the shirt aside and told a long humorous story of his sister's wedding reception on the family yacht. And before the Inkpens left, he asked Sir Godfrey with old-fashioned formality if he might be allowed to take Petra on a day trip to the local tea estate.

"You're welcome to use my car if you like," said Sir Godfrey.

•

It was only after the Inkpens had gone that Jerry began to tremble. He tottered to a chair, lit a cigarette and said, "That was the worst hour of my life. Did you see her? Jesus! I thought that was the end. But what did I tell you? She suspected something!"

"Not necessarily," I said.

He kicked the shirt—I noticed he was hesitant to touch it—and said, "What's this all about, then?"

"As you told Inky—it's a present."

"She's a witch," said Jerry. "She's up to something."

"You're crazy," I said. "What's more, you're unfair. You kicked her out of the house. She came back to ingratiate herself by giving you a present—a new shirt for all the ones she didn't have a chance to iron. But she saw our neighbors. I don't think she'll be back."

"What amazes me," said Jerry, "is your presumption. I've been sleeping with Ameena for six months, while you've been playing with yourself. And here you are, trying to tell me about her! You're incredible."

Jerry had the worst weakness of the liar: He never believed anything you told him.

I said, "What are you going to do with the shirt?"

Clearly, this had been worrying him. But he said nothing.

Late that night, working with my specimens, I smelled acrid smoke. I went to the window. The incinerator was alight; Jika was coughing and stirring the flames with a stick.

•

The next Saturday, Jerry took Petra to the tea estate in Sir Godfrey's gray Humber. I spent the day with my net, rather resenting the thought that Jerry had all the luck. First Ameena, now

(continued on page 252)

Dry Manhattan

this spring, colorful umbrellas are definitely on the rise

No, that's not René Magritte, it's a bowler-hatted, brolly-toting man about Manhatton, standing high and dry under a handsome polyester/cotton umbrella, by Liberty Umbrella, $20.

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Don't ask why our mysterious traveler is somewhere on the Brooklyn Bridge carrying an extra-large golf umbrella, by F. Hollander & Son, $12. Just be glad to know that he's dry.

Here, old bowler-and-brolly takes in Manhattan's skyline from a Circle Line ship's port bow, armed with a wooden-handled mildew-resistant cotton-blend umbrella in a Scotch ploid, by American Umbrella, $18.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM MATUSIK

We've got to hand it to this lonely guy; he hung right in there until the real young thing came along to get under his cotton-blend houndstooth-patterned model, by American Umbrella, $17.

for the first time, marilyn's personal confidante tells what everyday life was like for the most famous sex symbol of them all...

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF MARILYN MONROE

memoir

By LENA PEPITONE and WILLIAM STADIEM

I FIRST RANG THE BELL of Marilyn Monroe's New York apartment on an October day in 1957. I was applying for the job as her personal maid and seamstress, and my heart was pounding. I expected the famous blonde sex goddess to greet me, so I was caught off guard when the door swung open and I saw only a trim, silver-haired woman in her late 50s, dressed in gray.

"We've been waiting for you." The lady did not bother to introduce herself. I soon learned that she was May Reis, Marilyn's private secretary and manager of the household.

She looked over two reference letters I had brought. She asked me very little and told me even less. I worried that someone else had already gotten the job and that she was simply going through the motions, but before I had completely given up hope, a figure stumbled through the office doorway. It was Marilyn. Totally nude.

"Ex-*cuse* me," she squealed. It was an apology I was to hear a thousand times. Marilyn simply didn't like to wear clothes around the house.

"I'm Lena Pepitone, the girl from the employment agency." Marilyn's hands and legs relaxed. She stood and stared at me in a daze.

"Come with me." Marilyn took my hand and led me into the living room. She kept looking at me, and I looked just as hard. She was anything but what I had expected. Her blonde hair, which appeared unwashed, was a mess. Without make-up, she was pale and tired-looking. Her celebrated figure seemed more overweight than voluptuous. I was astonished by the way she smelled. She needed a bath. Badly. Still, she was pretty.

Sprawled on a white couch, she brought to mind a deluxe prostitute on the morning after a busy night in a plush bordello, the kind my brothers used to whisper about when we were growing up in Naples. She seemed bored.

The large living room where we sat reminded me of a hotel. There was a white piano, some nondescript white sofas and wall-to-wall white carpeting marred by many stains. The view of the buildings across the street was gloomy. Floor-to-ceiling mirrors were everywhere. Even the dining alcove at the rear of the living room had a table with a mirrored top.

No sooner had Marilyn and I sat down than she took a long slug from a bloody mary. "What's your name again? I'm sorry," she said with a sheepish grin.

"Lena Pepitone."

"Gee, you're Italian. I love Italians," she swooned. "I was married to an Italian guy."

"Right. Joe DiMaggio. I know."

"We're going to be good friends," she said softly.

She was right.

The next morning, I followed May through the foyer and into the bedroom wing of the apartment. "Is Lena here?" The unmistakable voice came from the

...and reveals the lonely, childish, unwashed, promiscuous and frightened woman behind the glamorous mask

first bedroom off the long corridor, with its wall-to-wall carpeting that matched the living-room rug, stains included.

As my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I was amazed to see that Marilyn's room was tiny. The bed had no headboard. The only other furniture was a rickety gray night stand with a lamp, a small matching bureau, a little record player on the floor and a black telephone by the bed, also on the floor. There were no paintings in the cramped, square room, only mirrors covering the entire wall behind the big bed and the wall to the left of the bed, where the closets were. Inside one closet door was a huge photograph of DiMaggio. There were only two windows in the room, both covered with heavy draperies.

Marilyn was sprawled nude on top of the disarrayed white sheets. A gray-satin quilt had fallen onto the floor at the foot of the bed. She rolled around, wrapping, then unwrapping herself in the jumble of sheets. She seemed to be trying to get up but couldn't. With her black sleeping mask, she looked like a naked, female Lone Ranger.

"Lena," she said sweetly, "could you get me my bloody mary?"

"I think it's coming with your breakfast."

"Now," she pleaded. "Could I have it now?" I went back into the kitchen and took the cocktail off the breakfast tray the cook, Hattie, was preparing to take in.

"Can't wait, huh?" Hattie asked. I shrugged.

"Oh, thanks," Marilyn said. She had taken off the mask and was sitting up. She quickly gulped the drink down. Soon Hattie came in with the breakfast tray and placed it on the bed. Marilyn wolfed down her meal, scattering toast crumbs all over the sheets.

When I made an effort to open the draperies, Marilyn shrieked, "No! Don't!" Instead, she switched on the lamp on the night stand. "That's better. I can't stand light this early." There was no clock in the room, so I glanced at my watch. It was 11:30.

After Marilyn finished her breakfast, she flopped back onto the mattress. I was afraid she was going back to sleep. "Well, what can I do for you today?" I really asked it just to keep her awake.

Marilyn made a face, then grabbed a pillow and buried her head in it. Then she slowly rolled over and out of bed. The short walk to her large closet was a major effort. She pulled out a white-linen dress, sleeveless, clingy and cut low in the front. "Can you let this out? It's too tight. I'll show you." As she struggled to fit into the dress, she sensed my amazement that she was trying it on without underwear.

"It might be better if. . . ."

"I never wear anything underneath," she said.

"Nothing?"

"Why? Who needs it?"

I checked the seams of the dress and its lining to see how much there was to let out. As I got closer to Marilyn, my senses immediately told me that she was a day dirtier and more unkempt than when I had left her.

I finished my measurements. There was barely enough material in the dress to cover Marilyn's backside. She wriggled out of the dress, then stood admiring herself in the mirror. She cupped her breasts with her hands, pushing them up to check their firmness. She turned several full, slow circles, using both of her wall mirrors to scrutinize every angle.

"You have a beautiful figure," I complimented her. I had the feeling she was looking for praise.

"Thank you," she replied sincerely. "My ass is way too big."

"It's sexy," I answered, and we both laughed.

"I like you," Marilyn said.

"Listen, let me fix you a bath," I suggested. "That'll wake you up."

"No! I don't want a bath! *Champagne!* That's what I need," she said, as if struck by a brain storm. "Would you get it for

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENNIS MAGDICH

me in the kitchen? Just ask Hattie. She knows. Thanks a lot."

Hattie gave me a knowing wink when I conveyed Marilyn's request. She opened the refrigerator to reveal a dozen small bottles of Piper-Heidsieck. She also showed me a cabinet stocked with many more of the same. There were enough for a month at least.

And my next couple of months with Marilyn were very much the same as my first day. I rarely saw her playwright husband, Arthur Miller. Marilyn's life was incredibly monotonous. Her doctors' appointments (I later learned these were appointments with psychiatrists) and her acting lessons were virtually all she had to look forward to. She spent most of her time in her little bedroom, sleeping, looking at herself in the mirrors, drinking bloody marys or champagne and talking on the phone, which seemed to be her greatest pleasure.

"*That* was Billy Wilder." Or "*That* was Laurence Olivier." Or "*That* was Montgomery Clift," I remember her saying excitedly.

But the calls she enjoyed the most—and talked the longest on—came from DiMaggio and Frank Sinatra. A call from either one could keep her smiling for hours. Aside from the phone, however, Marilyn had few interests. I never saw her read a book or a newspaper.

Marilyn owned four mink coats, in brown and white, a lot of scarves—but, of course, no underwear at all. In the bathroom vanity, she stored bottles and bottles of her favorite perfume, Chanel No. 5, along with the more expensive Joy. But rarely did she ever perfume herself, let alone bathe or shower. In fact, her small bathroom didn't even have a shower curtain. Mr. Miller used a separate bathroom adjacent to the bedroom on the other side of the hall.

For someone who didn't like the tub, Marilyn spent an unusual amount of time in the bathroom. I often wondered what she could be doing in there for so long, especially since the mirrors in the bedroom were so much better for admiring herself, which she liked to do. One day, thinking Marilyn was out, I went into her bathroom to straighten up and I found her perched on the toilet, legs up, performing an elaborate ceremony with a bottle of some chemical and two toothbrushes. She was bleaching her pubic hair blonde. She shrieked with embarrassment so loudly that May came in through the other bathroom door, which led to her office. May's eyes bulged out, but she discreetly exited when she saw that Marilyn was all right.

I, on the other hand, was so embarrassed that I was unable to move. Both Marilyn and I were beet red. She started laughing uncontrollably. "Now you know my secret," she roared. "You know, it has to match my hair." I had always assumed that Marilyn was a natural blonde, and naturally blonde all over. Now I knew better. "With all my white dresses and all, it just wouldn't look nice to be dark down there. You could see through, you know," she said.

"Is that safe, what you're doing?"

"It's a pain in the ass," she laughed again. "It burns and sometimes I get these infections. But what else can I do?"

Two days later, I found Marilyn in bed with a big ice bag between her legs. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"It got all swollen from the bleach," she whined. She pushed the ice bag closer to herself. A high price, I thought, for being a blonde sex goddess.

When Marilyn went to the doctor's or to The Actors Studio, she couldn't have cared less about her appearance. But on the few occasions when she did go out on the town, to premieres and the like, she became incredibly concerned about looking her best.

The preparations would begin early in the morning with the arrival of Kenneth, her hairdresser. He always brought a newspaper to read, because Marilyn invariably kept him waiting for an hour.

Eventually, Marilyn would get up, run a comb through her hair and splash some water on her face, put on her white robe and come out to greet Kenneth. I was surprised that she wasn't ashamed to look so sloppy in front of such an important beauty expert. "Hi," she would say, giving him a big kiss and smiling alluringly. She fidgeted with her robe, teasingly flashing it open and shut to distract Kenneth from the annoyance he must have felt for having been kept waiting. He simply steered Marilyn back toward the bathroom for a long-needed shampoo.

While Marilyn sat under her hair drier, sipping Piper-Heidsieck, Kenneth finished reading his paper. The real fireworks began with the styling sessions. Sometimes, Kenneth would be there for hours, trying one approach after another. At each new vision she saw in her mirrors, she would scream, "I hate it, I hate it."

Once Marilyn was finally pleased with her hair, she turned to greet her make-up girl, who had driven in from Long Island in rush-hour traffic, only to be kept waiting for hours. The make-up sessions were equally agonizing. There were endless discussions over shades of lipstick and eye shadow, false eyelashes, rouge and powder. Later in the day, after the hair and face were "perfect," it was my turn to help Marilyn select clothes for the evening. More than once, she became so frustrated that she began weeping, decided not to go out at all, took some sleeping pills and passed out.

With few friends, fewer outside interests and no movies then in the works, Marilyn had very little to do. So, like many bored people, she ate.

When she was depressed, she sat against the pillows on her bed and ate alone. She gnawed the meat off her lamb chops, and then unthinkingly dropped the greasy bones onto the bedclothes. Sometimes she even wiped her hands on the sheets before picking up her glass of champagne. After these meals, of course, the sheets had to be changed. When Marilyn had her period, I changed them several times a day. She didn't like sanitary napkins any more than she liked bathtubs.

She liked Italian food. In fact, she *loved* it. Gradually, my specialties became part of her daily diet, and she even devoured cold leftovers with gusto. "Don't throw anything away," she always said. What I cooked, she would eat in bed more often than not.

"The Romans used to eat like you do," I said.

I tried to teach Marilyn to eat spaghetti with a fork *and* a spoon. "It's neater," I explained, showing her the Italian way of twirling the fork against the bowl of the spoon. She refused to try.

"I'm not Italian," she said, teasing me as she dribbled unruly strands of pasta all over her body. Once, she wrapped two long, loose noodles around her breasts. "Look at me," she howled, puffing her chest out. "This is my idea of wearing a bra."

Whatever and whenever she ate, etiquette never concerned Marilyn. Among her unpleasant habits were incessant belching and farting. I later learned that she suffered from a bad gall bladder, which may have caused her digestive troubles. However, when she was aware of it, she found her noisemaking hilarious.

One night, she said that she had a craving for Italian food. I had never stayed late before, and I was excited that this would be my first chance to see Mr. and Mrs. Miller together.

I prepared a simple meal of spaghetti with fresh tomato sauce, chicken cacciatore and salad, then I set the dining-room table. I got out a split of champagne for Marilyn, white wine for Arthur Miller, and I called Marilyn to dinner. I felt very awkward about disturbing Miller in his study. His formality was unpleasant; it put me on edge.

Marilyn entered the dining room wearing a white-terrycloth robe, which, to her, was dressing for dinner. They sat at the table and ate without speaking for the longest time. Marilyn looked at her husband admiringly and longingly, as if she were dying for attention. However, he just ate quietly and did not look at her. Finally, she broke the silence. "Arthur" (I never heard Marilyn call her

"I'm sorry, sir, but a tie is required. . . ."

husband Darling, Sweetheart or anything other than his first name), "you said something about going to a movie tonight. I'd love it if we could go somewhere."

"Maybe later," he answered coolly. He explained that he had some work to finish. If he did, they could go out. Marilyn seemed excited by the mere possibility. After they finished dinner, with no further conversation, Miller thanked me for the meal, returned to his study and closed the door.

Marilyn jumped up from the table and pulled me after her into her room. I hadn't seen her this excited before.

"I think we're going out!" she exclaimed. "Help me find something beautiful to wear." We picked out, without any difficulty, a white-silk blouse and matching slacks. She began to look, for once, like the Marilyn of my fantasies. She even took the bobby pins out of her hair and combed it until the blonde mane was rich and luxurious. She went into her bathroom and actually put on make-up, bright-red lipstick, mascara, rouge. At last I saw the famous image so many fans dreamed about.

"You look wonderful," I said.

"Oh, I hope so." She raced back through the living room and knocked on Miller's forbidding door. She came out quickly, with some of her radiance gone. "It's still maybe," she moaned; "he's not finished."

Every time she heard a noise in the hall, she looked up anxiously, hoping it was Miller. After an hour, she went again to the study. This time, she walked very slowly. I sensed she knew what his answer would be. Marilyn tapped quietly on the study door, then went in. In a second, she came out, sobbing to herself. Her make-up was running all over her cheeks. Back in her room, she ripped her blouse off and hurled it across the room. "Shit. My life is shit," she wept. "I can't go anywhere. I'm a prisoner in this house." Kicking off her slacks, she fell onto the bed, weeping uncontrollably.

I had no idea what to do.

"Why do you stay in New York instead of returning to Hollywood?" I asked her after one such outburst.

"Arthur. He's why I stay in New York. He was going to make my life different, a lot better," she would often cry in despair. Evidently, the "better" hadn't happened, and she was very frustrated by it. Frequently, she told me Miller was the key to the existence she wanted to have.

Miller seemed a very distant husband. Marilyn maintained the greatest respect for him and his work. She always warned people to hush if they were chatting too loudly near his study. If there were ever any guests—agents, lawyers and the like—she would take them into her bedroom to entertain them. "Arthur's writing," she'd whisper solemnly. "He needs total quiet."

As for Marilyn and Arthur themselves, their only real contact seemed to occur late at night, after I left. Whenever they ate together, there was little discussion, only longing looks on Marilyn's part. "I wish he'd say more to me," she once confided. "He makes me think I'm stupid. I'm afraid to bring things up, because maybe they are stupid. Gee, he almost scares me sometimes."

I wondered when Marilyn and Arthur had the opportunity to have any time to be romantic. He was always up well before she was. He had his own bathroom, kept his clothes in a separate hall closet and virtually lived in his study. He rarely ventured into her bedroom during the day. He would usually have lunch alone, walked the dog by himself and seemed to have more fun talking business with May, about future projects for Marilyn, than talking with Marilyn herself.

Nevertheless, after some dinners, Marilyn would cuddle up to Miller, which always brought a big, boyish grin to his usually stern face.

And on certain mornings, when I went in to change Marilyn's sheets, she would greet me with the biggest grin. "Wow!" she once exclaimed, eyes glazed with a dreamy happiness, as she stretched and arched her back sensuously. "Don't change these, please," she said, rubbing her head along the sheets as if they were silk. "I want to lie on these all day."

"Didn't you sleep?" I asked naively.

"Who said nights were for sleep?" she winked. I knew she had enjoyed herself.

Evidently, one night did produce the desired result. In late summer of 1958, when Marilyn was in Hollywood making *Some Like It Hot*, her first movie in over a year, she found out she was pregnant. I remember her calling me long distance, squealing like a little girl. She asked me to start thinking about names, said that she wanted me to make certain baby clothes and that she knew it would be a girl.

But when Marilyn returned from the *Some Like It Hot* filming, her high spirits had vanished. She began to panic that the baby wouldn't be all right. She tried to avoid her normal routine of champagne and sleeping pills. Yet without these, she was terribly nervous. Normally, she would have paced about her bedroom, staring at herself in the mirrors, but this, too, she felt would disturb her baby.

Something did go wrong. One morning, Marilyn began screaming with intense pain. "I'm going to lose her," she shrieked. By noon, she was so hysterical that we all knew this was not a typical depression. Miller rushed with Marilyn to the Polyclinic Hospital on Manhattan's West Side, near the theater district. I could hardly work, I was so worried about what might happen. Later that evening, Miller returned with the bad news. He was always serious and very composed, but this one time I sensed that he was fighting hard to avoid breaking down. He told me that Marilyn had lost their baby.

And then once Marilyn was home, frequently, I would go into her room and find pages of different scripts scattered all over the bed and floor, sometimes in shreds. "I can't learn this," she would be screaming. "I can't act. It won't work." Once I saw her rip the pages out of a script and hurl them above her head, like a snowstorm. Then she started to weep so hard that only a heavy serving of champagne could calm her. On nights like these, I would begin staying on with her, often until after midnight. During these late evenings, with everyone gone and Miller in his study, Marilyn really started to talk to me.

I learned that she'd had a miserable childhood—that she'd been shifted from foster home to foster home. Marilyn claimed to me that when she was 15, she'd had a child by one of her foster fathers. She was sobbing out of control when she told me that. The baby had been taken from her against her will. (Marilyn must have used up an entire box of Kleenex that night. She just threw the wet tissues all over the bed and onto the floor.) She grabbed a bottle of sleeping pills by her bed and popped one into her mouth, washing it down with champagne.

When the pill began to take effect and she quieted down a bit, Marilyn insisted on talking some more. She told me that in 1942, right after she lost her baby, she'd been married for a short time—to Jim Dougherty, literally the boy next door. "I was sixteen, he was twenty-one and already had lots of girlfriends his age. I kind of looked up to him at that time, you know, especially because he had a car." Dougherty joined the merchant marine—shipped out—and the marriage virtually ended, then, although the divorce came later. Marilyn, alone in Los Angeles, started going to bars by herself in the afternoon. "That helped kill time. I didn't have anything to look forward to. I liked drinking."

Men had tried to pick Marilyn up before, she said, but she had always refused on the grounds that she was a married woman. "It was fun, when they tried to pick me up," Marilyn confessed. "Most of them weren't so hot, though. All the good men seemed to be off fighting somewhere."

Yet at one particular bar, there were

(continued on page 132)

for the past five years, ken marcus has been photographing awesomely beautiful women for playboy. herewith, a selection of the best

"A part of me wants to be Ansel Adams and another part of me wants to be Cecil B. De Mille," Marcus confesses. He always spends a lot of time getting his sets and compositions just so. At right, January 1976 Playmate Daina House in a composition of flesh and fur. Below, Marcus focuses on prospective gatefold girl Gig Gangel.

Photography by: KEN MARCUS

KEN MARCUS, at 32, has already established himself as one of the premier glamor photographers in the world. He started taking pictures when he was eight, studied with Ansel Adams for 13 years and, for the past five years, has been shooting Playmates and other pictorials for PLAYBOY. Like Adams, he has a classical sense of design and composition, and maintains that a woman is no more important to the shot than is the total design of the picture of which she is a part. These pictures, all done on assignment, attest to Marcus' meticulous approach to photographic eroticism.

At left, porn queen Constance Money strikes a bawdy attitude, yet the over-all mood of the shot is sophisticated. Below, February 1978 Playmate Janis Schmitt perches playfully in the tower window of Bernie Cornfeld's mansion.

"Although the face is a woman's most expressive feature, her hands—and even her muscle tone—also contribute to her body language," says Marcus. Opposite, Janet Quist, our Miss December 1978, makes the most of all of them.

"Animals react very strangely to strobe lights. This Doberman kept passing out," Marcus confided after shooting Suzanne Marie Passi for *And Now Funderwear* (left). Above, Noncy Cameron, in a favorite Marcus shot, touches up her cheek.

"Girls don't have to hove a look of orgasm on their face to make a sexy picture," Marcus tells us. And the shot opposite of June 1978 Playmate Gail Stanton proves it, combining a strikingly erotic pose with a notural faciol expression.

At left, we see Marcus' contribution to our *A Long Look at Legs* pictorial. At right, 1976 Ploymate of the Year Lillian Müller in a pose evocotive of an old-style bordello, one Marcus describes os "almost a little dirty." Below, Janis Schmitt proves her ability to convey a very subtle sexuality. Marcus gives credit for this effect partly to stylist Alison Reynolds' moke-up skills, partly to the lighting and the placement of Janis' hands.

Tip to the amateur lensman: "If you want to make a lot of suds, use bubble bath and whip it up." At left, July 1977 Playmate Sondra Theodore enjoys the results. Below, Constance Money enhances the very real beauty of an Alaskan sunset.

Opposite, July 1973 Playmate Martha Smith (who had a supporting role in *Animal House*) gets decked out in frilly drag. "This was an exceptionally good shooting. Everything was going right and Martha looked absolutely fabulous."

At left, Miss October 1976, Hope Olson, combs her hair in a barn, right? "Wrong; that was shot in my studio," Marcus takes a little pride in correcting us. "I'm a stickler for details; I want to make the illusion perfect." And he did.

It took days of set construction and then several more days of lighting tests to achieve the above shot for a pictorial that, ironically enough, was never published. The TV picture was created with a strobe-illuminated photo.

MARILYN MONROE

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"She had a special power over men. 'I didn't have to say a word. Just take my dress off.'"

other compensations. One person, a middle-aged man who told her he worked in the film business, just wouldn't give up. He offered Marilyn $15 to leave with him. "At first I was shocked," she said. "I hadn't been around enough to know what was going on. He had a suit on, so I didn't think he could hurt me. When I started thinking about a new dress I wanted and couldn't afford, well . . . I was pretty drunk, too . . . so I said OK. I still wasn't sure what he wanted to do." Marilyn described how they went to the hotel where the man was staying. He asked her to take off her clothes. "I thought that was a pretty good deal for fifteen dollars."

According to Marilyn, she went back to that bar and others like it fairly often. For her, it was an easy way to pick up extra money. Further, she said she got a kick out of seeing how excited the men would get when she took off her clothes. "They would tell me that I was beautiful, wonderful, you name it. They all acted the same way." It made her feel that she had a special power over men. "I didn't have to say a word. Just take my dress off."

One of the men Marilyn met this way told her he was a Hollywood agent. "These bars were full of agents," she said. "Or at least guys who claimed they were. A lot of the girls who hung out in them hoped they would break into movies that way." This agent was nicer than most, she said. "He really liked me, I think. We met a few times. He told me that I was special and that I had the looks to be in movies. He said that if I did *this*, what I was doing, with the right men, I might be able to be in pictures. I laughed at him and told him I couldn't act. And he said neither could so-and-so or so-and-so. He named some of the big actresses then. I thought about it after he left. You know, I decided, maybe he was right." She laughed.

Marilyn laughed whenever I asked her about breaking into show business and her first contract with 20th Century-Fox.

"What did you do in your screen test?" I asked her one evening. "What part did you play?"

"Part? I didn't say a word. Blonde hair and breasts, that's how I got started." Once, suddenly, she got on her knees on the bed and looked at her chest in the mirror. She held up her breasts. "They were better then, firmer," she moaned, and drank some more champagne. Then she ran her fingers through her hair, greasy from days of neglect. She made another face, as if she were not at all happy with the way she looked. She said that for her test, she had dyed her hair a brighter shade of blonde. "The blonder the better. Men have this weakness for blonde hair. It's true! I couldn't act. The reason I got ahead is that I was lucky and met the right men."

And the right men liked her. She told me how all the top bosses would make it a point to "inspect" all the new starlets who had come onto the lot. "The worst thing a girl could do was say no to these guys. She'd be finished," she said.

Marilyn described how all the starlets would put themselves on review at special parties given at two big night clubs. These private affairs were usually given the night before the opening of a major singer or some other name act. "Everybody in Hollywood was there to check over the new girls," Marilyn said. "We had our choice. We could be picked up by some handsome young actor and have a little fun. Or we could go off with some old bigwig and make a few dollars; or, if we were really lucky, we could get him to help us find a part. Most of us always tried to find an old guy. I got to be known pretty quick. They considered me a hot number back then," she laughed.

To give me more of an idea of what Hollywood life was like, Marilyn told me all about Joe Schenck, one of the studio's founders. He was a bald, bear-like man of about 70, with a huge nose and a huge cigar. He had been married to silent-movie star Norma Talmadge, who had left him for George Jessel. He had a $1,000,000 yacht and a reputation around Hollywood as a man who could buy any woman he wanted.

"He had me come over to his house," she said. "It was a mansion. I had never been anyplace like that. He had the greatest food, too. That's when I learned about champagne. What I liked was hearing about all the stars I had seen in the movies. Joe knew them all. He seemed to have this thing about breasts. After dinner, he told me to take my clothes off and he would tell me Hollywood stories. I would just listen to those wonderful tales about John Barrymore, Charlie Chaplin, Valentino, everybody, and Mr. Schenck would play with my breasts. He didn't want to do much else, since he was getting old, but sometimes he asked me to kiss him—down there." Marilyn grimaced, pointing to her privates. "I never want to have to do that anymore," she blurted out, with what seemed to be intense, pent-up disgust. "It would seem like hours, and nothing would happen, but I was afraid to stop. I felt like gagging, but if I did, I thought he'd get insulted. Sometimes, he'd just fall asleep. If he stayed awake, he'd pat my head, like a puppy, and thank me. All the other girls thought I really had it made. At least the food was good."

All Marilyn's efforts for Schenck seemed to have been in vain. Fox dropped her from her contract after her first year. Despite Schenck's former power, he had recently gone to prison in connection with labor racketeering in the film business. Even though he had been pardoned, the cloud of gangland connections still hung over his head.

"I kept thinking all he had to do was make one call for me, but he wouldn't push. 'It'll happen,' was all he said." Still, he kept having her drop by for storytelling sessions and told her to be patient. "I didn't have anywhere else to go. I didn't have a job. Joe was my only hope."

Her hoping eventually paid off. After several frustrating months of unemployment, during which she supported herself by modeling and bar-hopping, Marilyn was introduced by Schenck to Harry Cohn, the head of Columbia Pictures. "Joe was like Clark Gable by comparison. Mr. Cohn wasn't even the kind who said hello first. He just told you to get in bed. For him, women were slaves."

Cohn did put Marilyn's name up in lights, though, giving her second billing in a movie called *Ladies of the Chorus*. "I kept driving past the theater with *my* name on the marquee. Marilyn Monroe! Wow! Was I excited!"

After that picture, however, Cohn and Columbia dropped Marilyn. She told me how, after more anxious waiting, she got a bit part in a Marx Brothers movie, *Love Happy*. "No acting, just sex again. I had to wiggle across a room. I practiced jiggling my backside for a week. Groucho loved it. His eyes popped out. I remember he made this joke offscreen. He said, 'Young lady, I think you're a case of arrested development. With your development, somebody's bound to get arrested.'"

Despite this spotty progress, Marilyn was beginning to panic. She needed a new sponsor who would give her the crucial push. She got it with Johnny Hyde, who she proudly said was the most important agent in Hollywood.

"He told me he had discovered Lana Turner and now he was discovering me, and that I'd go even further. That made me dizzy." Again, sex entered the picture. Hyde was dapper and well dressed

(continued on page 196)

PAST THEIR PRIME

in those extra innings, athletes run the thinnest base line of all—the one separating prevailing from merely hanging on

sports By ROGER KAHN

THE PITCHER telephoned me, which should inform you that he was a veteran athlete. Young baseball players do not waste change telephoning writers who are male.

He was coming to town, the pitcher said, and he was going to start a baseball game in Yankee Stadium. There weren't many games left in his arm and I knew that he had *(continued on page 274)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

WORKING THE STREET

article **By JULES SIEGEL** *hanging out with the vice squad teaches you many things, not the least of which is the folly of the phrase victimless crime*

"WE'LL CALL IT something like *Working Vice*," the voice on the phone commanded soothingly. "You'll make busts with the vice squad."

"Why me?" I whimpered. "Why me?"

"Because you are a four-eyed skinny Jewish intellectual profligate who will be the last person in the world to approve of busting people for those kinds of crimes."

How true. As J. P. Donleavy said, "Writing is turning one's worst moments into money."

•

Making an appointment for a worst moment is no easier than arranging for a great moment. Vice squads do not seek publicity, it seems. The Los Angeles Police Department doesn't *approve* of PLAYBOY—but at least they return my calls to tell me so. From the others all over the West, silence.

Finally, through the good offices of *Los Angeles Times* reporter Al Martinez, San Francisco Police Chief Charles Gain opens the door. I have a telephone conversation with Captain Shaughnessy, then head of the Vice Crimes Division. "How would you like to be the decoy," he asks, "and help us make some busts?"

Help make busts? My father was a professional criminal who did eight years in solitary detention at Dannemora. His cover was loan-sharking, as close to being straight as he could aim. Actually, he was robbing factory payrolls by frontal assault with machine guns. Once I put my hand in his coat pocket to sneak change and found bullets. A police captain was one of the pallbearers at his funeral: a good cop. On the take. What other definition was there? One uncle had been straight, a cantor in the temple at 16. He was picked up by the police for questioning in a burglary committed by friends. They broke his balls. Literally. Crushed his testicles. He was never sane again. What would my father think of my busting someone?

Who cares? It's pay the rent or hit the streets. Maybe the plane will be hijacked and I can write about *that*.

•

SAN FRANCISCO, Veteran's Cab number 231.

I know that I am supposed to love San Francisco, but I don't. It is a nasty place, cold and bitchy, a city run by interior decorators. Hollywood pretending to be New York, totally without heart. Los Angeles is generous and sensuous: plastic, perhaps, but true to itself. Culturally, San Francisco is a suburb of Los Angeles, and all the wooden Victorian houses on Pacific Heights don't change that a bit, no matter how tastefully furnished.

Sexually, the Bay Area is, indeed, the land of consenting adults, but everyone is so blown out on drugs and alcohol that there's not much really to consent to. As Douglas Mount put it when he was with Straight Arrow Books, "They're all jacking off, but no one's coming. They keep stroking that thing, but they can't get it to squirt." Ah, yes, San Francisco, what a great place to commit suicide! Alcoholism is the number-one growth industry and fog the most significant product.

ST. FRANCIS HOTEL, room 457.

I lie on the bed, reading a sheaf of Xerox copies of library research and interview notes like any corporate functionary on a business trip. "To live outside the law, you must be honest," Bob Dylan sang in *Absolutely Sweet Marie*. To live outside the law, you must be honest, because you are moving in uncharted currents where no one can tell you right from wrong. There is no honesty quite as dramatic as prostitution. You do it for the money. That's it. Maybe you get sweaty and come, but the primary lubricant is cash, and if you want the cash, you give them what they want. Here is what the Xerox copies say:

The entire notion of vice crime is pretty much an invention of industrialism. The word vice originally meant blemish. Sin is a breach of divine law, crime any act prohibited by political law, while vice is the public display of offensive acts. The worm in the apple is sin. The hole it makes is vice. An act such as drinking alcohol, which may be neither a sin nor a crime, becomes a vice when repeated to the point of attracting unfavorable public notice. In modern usage, it is this obsessive factor that is stressed. Gambling, drug abuse, prostitution, sexual promiscuity and *(continued on page 184)*

ILLUSTRATION BY MILOU HERMUS

SMART NEW HOT-SHOTS

a whole new breed of computerized whiz-kid 35mm cameras has been developed that do everything but choose the subject

modern living

By DON SUTHERLAND

Above: Merely touch the Minolta XG-7's electromagnetic shutter release and you activate the metering and view-finder display; more pressure trips the shutter. $530, with a 1.4 lens. The Auto Winder G is $125 additional.

CAMERAS STILL can't think, but they have gotten pretty smart. They have achieved a medullalike intelligence that lets them regulate certain reflexive functions all by themselves. This does not give them command of such higher considerations as aesthetic judgment—you still supply the real brains of the outfit—but at least the mere necessities of photography can be relegated to *(continued on page 224)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

Below: The Contax RTS 35mm SLR camera incarparates the principle of real time—camputer terminology that refers ta the absence of physical time lag as it perfarms its functians, by Yashica, $813.90, with o 1.4 lens.

Below: The Mamiya NC1000 35mm SLR camera, distributed by Bell & Hawell Mamiya, has an electronic shutter system and an easy-to-use view finder that frames exoctly what you'll be shaoting, $449.95, including a 1.4 lens.

Abave: Yashica's FRII features a view finder with an easy-focusing split image, exposure campensatian diol for correcting backlit subjects, lockable expasure check button and a film-reminder halder, $430, with a 1.7 lens.

Below: Canon's A-1 SLR has a six-made exposure system far the widest variety of shooting situatians, $630, with a 1.8 lens, plus optianal motor drive, $247, and a compoct NiCd pack for recharging the matar drive, $144.

Below: Nikan's FE is a lightweight, campact 35mm SLR with a hast af reliable features, including autamatic electranic exposure cantral, $706.50, with a 1.8 lens. For truly macho shooting, add an MD-11 matar drive, $291.50.

Abave: Special air dampers an the Olympus OM-2 Chrome make shaoting quiet and vibratian-free; furthermare, the unit's electranic fiash exposure is cantrolled by the OM-2's internal light sensors, $616, including a 1.4 lens.

CALIFORNIA GIRL

may playmate michele drake is living proof that the beach boys were right

MICHELE DRAKE stands near the shore line of Venice Beach in California, her faded jeans rolled up to her knees, her long blonde hair rising gently with the breeze, her bright-red Hawaiian shirt fluttering against her body; she doesn't seem to have anything on underneath. Michele skims a stone off the crest of a wave and, eyes glittering with the reflection of the warm California sun, clears a strand of hair from her face. "The

"I enjoy making love on the beach," says Michele. "But only if it's very warm out. I like to hear the rhythm of the waves breaking against the shore when I make love."

beach is the best place for me to think," she says, skimming another pebble. "Believe it or not, I'm a native Californian, born in La Jolla in a hospital by the beach. I'm what you might call your basic California girl, as basic as they come." A station wagon pulls up in the lot and a lone surfer, carrying a polished red surfboard, heads toward the water. Michele watches nostalgically. "There was a big surfer scene when I went to high school," she says. "Everybody

"Believe it or not, I have no sexual hang-ups whatsoever. Sexual hang-ups are for the birds."

"I guess I was the biggest prude in high school," says Michele. "I'd go up to about third base, but that was it. Finally, I got sick of hearing about sex, so I tried it and, naturally, I've loved it ever since."

"I can be very affectionate if I'm with the right guy. I especially like to cuddle. And I just love to have my breasts kissed—it's one of my major erogenous zones."

wore Hawaiian shirts and if the girls didn't have blonde hair, they'd bleach it. I was into body surfing, but my boyfriend was a great surfer. On Saturday mornings, we'd get up at six to get to the beach around seven—surfers always get up early, because the waves are better. The girls would sit around, watching the guys surf. I used to drive a gigantic Dodge Coronet and on Saturday nights, I'd stuff eight girls into it. There was always a beach party or a house party or a pool party to go to then." The lone surfer, lying on his board some distance from shore, is waiting for a big one. Michele counts the waves to herself. "Do you know I'm a direct descendant of Sir Francis Drake?" she says, stuffing her hands into her jeans pockets. "Once, when I was in

Says Michele, one of the finalists in our Great Playmate Hunt, "I'd have to say that I don't do a lot of fantasizing. Most of my life seems like a fantasy, anyway."

"As a kid, I used to roller-skate all the time. Roller rinks were about the best place to meet guys." These shots were taken at Venice Beach, a favorite local skating spot (see "Playboy's Roving Eye").

Mexico, I was at a certain beach and I got this very strange feeling about the place—almost mystical. Later, someone told me that Sir Francis Drake had landed there. Maybe that's why I felt so good at that spot." Wistfully, she gazes at the water. Then, suddenly, she sheds her jeans and shirt, revealing a tiny black bikini underneath. Without a word, she runs into the surf. Thigh-deep in salt water, she turns to wave, her tanned body glistening in the spray. Yes, indeed, the Beach Boys *were* right.

Michele attends Richard Simmons' exercise classes at a place called the Anatomy Asylum. "It gets a bit erotic," she says, "especially during the hip thrusts."

GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY FIGGE STUDIOS

MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Michelle Drake

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 108 SIGN: Aquarius

BIRTH DATE: 2-7-58 BIRTHPLACE: La Jolla, California

GOALS: Acting, singing, dancing professionally

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: BADMOON, Heart, Yes, Cheap Trick

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Steve Martin, John Belushi, Bill Cosby, Johnny Carson, Gilda Radner

FAVORITE MOVIES: High Anxiety, Wizard of Oz

FAVORITE TV PROGRAMS: Soap, Saturday Night Live

IDEAL EVENING: A stroll along the beach with my favorite man culminating in a passionate interlude.

FANTASIES: To be a female Hugh Hefner

FAVORITE PASTIMES: Bicycle riding, dancing, cake decorating, listening to music

GREAT ESCAPES: Taking a Jacuzzi by candlelight

IDEAL MAN: My ideal man is also my best friend. He has tremendous sex appeal, yet is not macho. He motivates me but does not control me.

Getting ready for a hot date!

EARLY PROMOTION SHOT.

ALL SMILES AT AGE 18

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"Would you like to help me raise my mast?" the boozy male asked the unescorted girl at the yacht-club bar.

"No, thanks," she replied icily. "I heard about you from your ex, and she included a small-craft warning."

The bedroom has lost its decorum.
With group sex, it's more like a forum.
It once was avowed
That three was a crowd,
But today it's not even a quorum.

During a lakeside picnic, a girl was horsing around on a bed of pine needles when a particularly sharp one pierced her swimsuit and embedded itself in her pubic area. She was rushed to the nearest hospital, where the emergency-room physician told her, "I'm sorry, young lady, but I can't extract that needle until I've checked with the Federal authorities."

"But why, doctor?" whimpered the girl, understandably in considerable distress.

"It's a matter of ecology," replied the medical man. "I have to file an environmental-impact statement before I can remove any sort of timber from a recreational area."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sodomy* as stem to stern.

The embittered young thing told her roommate that she had broken with her boyfriend over his charge that she was a lousy lay. "It's ridiculous!" she exclaimed. "After all, how bad *could* I be in just fifteen seconds?"

Quite visibly upset, a Sister of Charity slammed the door as she emerged from the consulting room and then stormed out of the medical suite. "What was that all about with the nun?" the man who was the next patient asked the physician.

"I informed her she was pregnant," said the doctor.

"She is?" gasped the patient.

"Not really—but can you think of a better way to cure a bad case of the hiccups?"

"Daddy," said the little boy, "what does the word drag mean?"

"Never you mind, Timmy," replied the man. "Just unhook my bra."

When it became apparent that the all-American's love life was affecting his play, his coach counseled, "Carl, when you feel the urge, take a cold shower."

"I've tried that," responded the jock. "Not only does it not work but it turns the girls off when I screw them while my teeth are chattering!"

It's rumored that massage-parlor girls may soon be striking for better jerking conditions.

We've been told about a chap who wanted to borrow $10,000 for a sex-change operation. As collateral, he offered to put up the family jewels.

Three two-letter words that begin
With I are a source of chagrin:
There are guys who can cry—
Even wish they could die—
At that soul-searing phrase "Is it in?"

Unaware of her reputation, a new male clerk became smitten with the office roundheels and sought the advice of an older female employee on an appropriate birthday present. "I'm at a loss for ideas, Harvey," responded the disapproving woman. "What *does* one give to a girl who has everybody?"

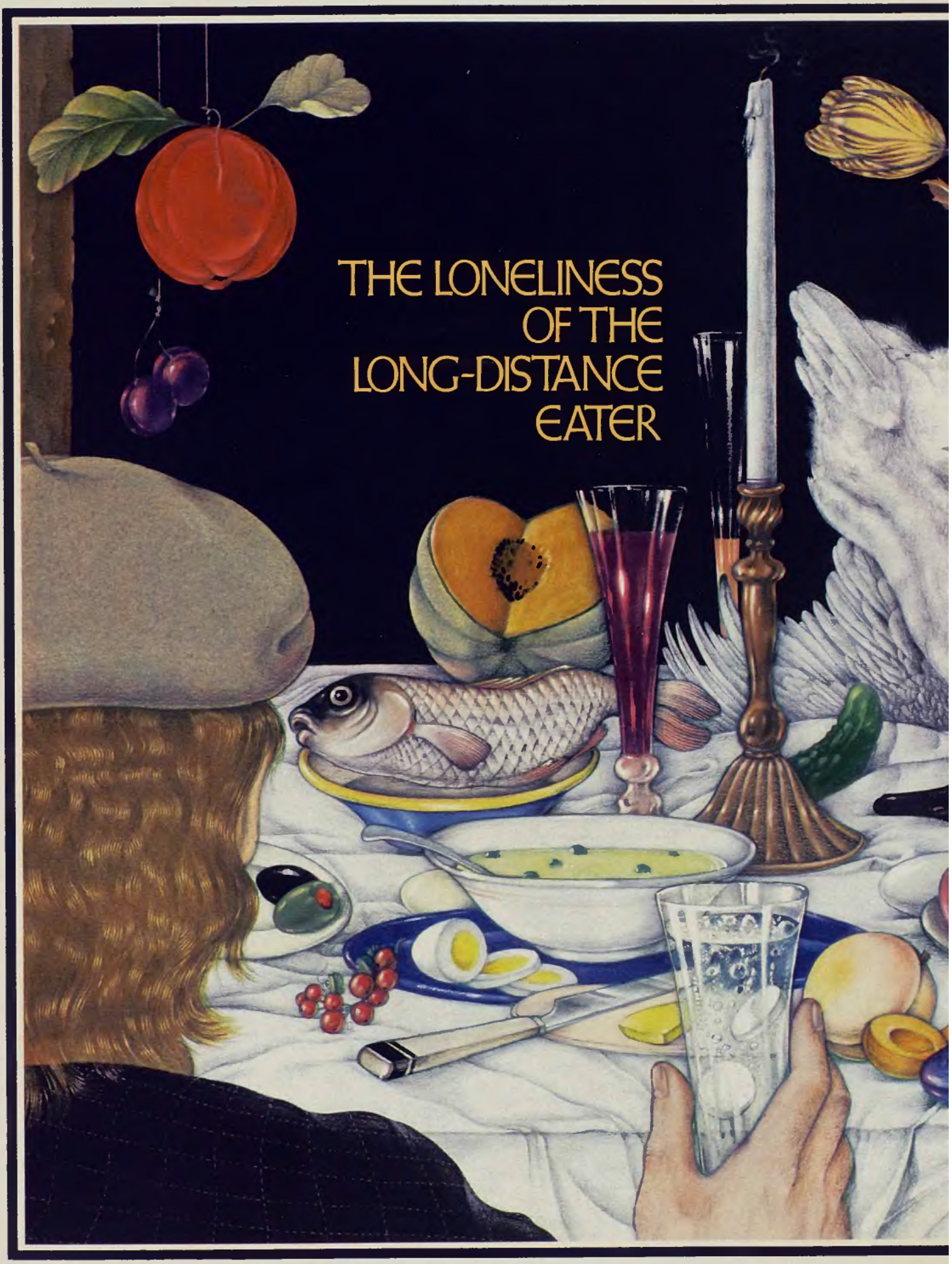
Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sixty-nine* as a double-header.

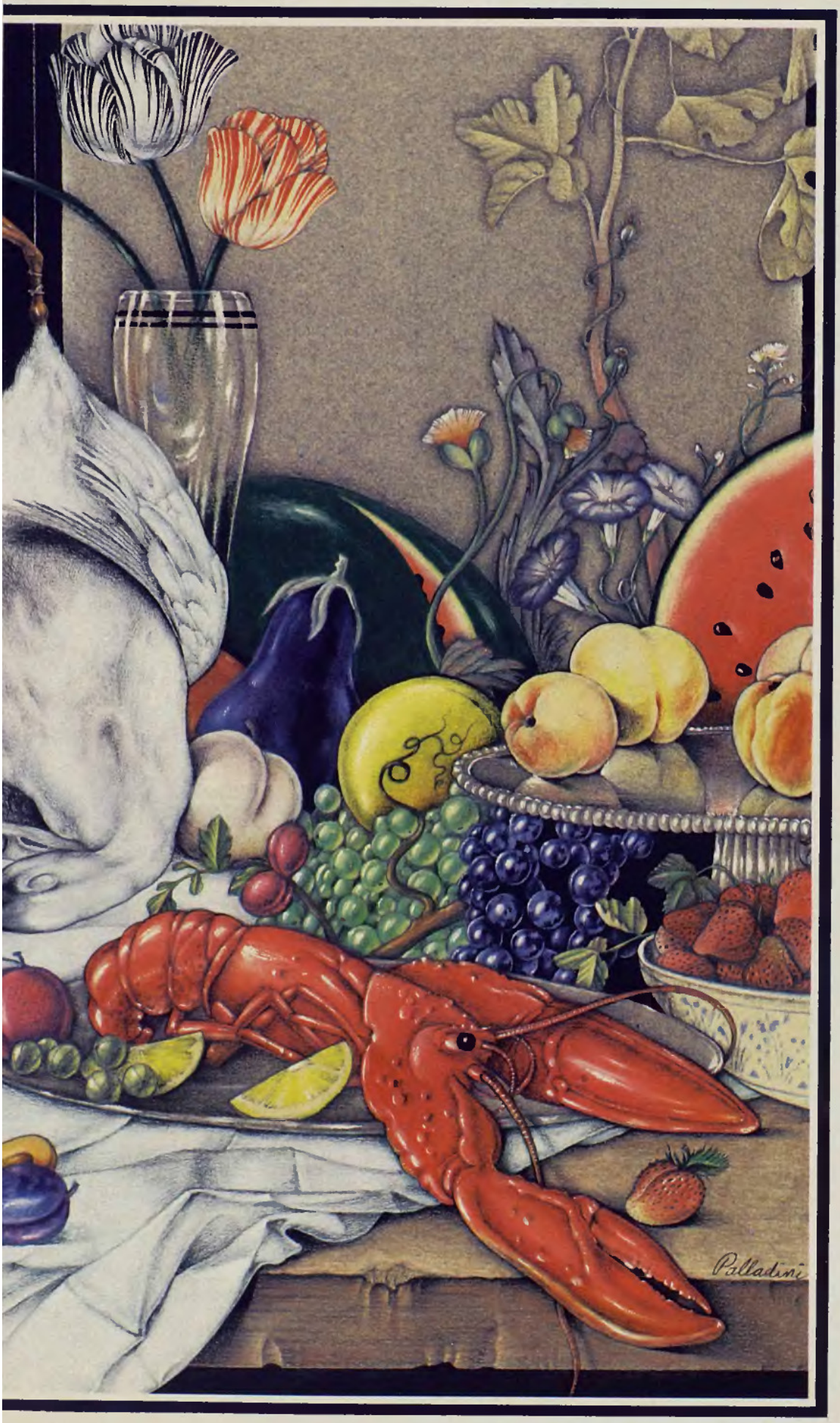
When he discovered that the woman he had pulled over on the deserted road for erratic driving was not only under the influence but also young and attractive, the lecherous policeman smiled to himself. "I'll either have to give you a ride to jail, miss," he announced, "or else give you something else"—and he started to unzip.

"Oh, no, off'cer," the girl managed to protest, "not 'nother Breathalyzer tes'!"

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.*

"It's no good, Karen—when you say, 'Eat, eat,' it reminds me of my mother."


THE LONELINESS
OF THE
LONG-DISTANCE
EATER



if you do it for a living, exquisite dining can really take it out of you

article
By RUDOLPH CHELMINSKI

JEAN DIDIER sits at the wheel of his bright-orange Lancia, resting briefly, composing mind and stomach. It is noon Friday. He is in Valence, a pleasant town halfway between Lyons and Avignon. To his right are the immaculate stucco walls and the big oaken front door of Pic, one of the greatest restaurants in the world. He has really been eating since Monday. Now, on the fifth day, duty calls again, but he isn't hungry.

Didier is a professional eater. A French professional eater, to make matters worse. The peculiar trade he exercises takes him several hundred times a year into the temples of gastronomy, the fabulous dining places that most ordinary mortals only dream about. For Didier, they are the stuff of routine, like middle-income houses for door-to-door salesmen. Not only does he have the opportunity to eat like a prince every day; he is *expected* to. It is his job to ingest the most exquisite creations of the best cooks on the face of the earth. It is as if . . . as if you were employed by a harem of the most beautiful and desirable women you can imagine, all of them lusting after

you, all of them expecting some action right now. You've got to perform; *you've got to get it up* (the appetite, of course). The image occurs to Didier when he has been eating too much and has to start eating again. Delicious torture.

He feels the numbing anguish of satiety as he sits in his parked car. He has already been spotted, he knows. The Lancia Spider isn't exactly a discreet car in the first place, and when it is bright orange, the top restaurateurs in France instinctively snap to attention, because it means the *Guide Kléber* has arrived. Didier is founder, editor in chief, guiding genius and still the number-one eater of the *Kléber*, the blood rival of the famous old *Guide Michelin*. Both are offspring of publicity-conscious tire companies, but the *Michelin* had enjoyed a virtual monopoly on the restaurant-guide business in France since its first publication in 1900. Then, in 1954, Didier founded his company's guide and has been steadily eating into (pardon) the mighty *Michelin*'s lead ever since.

Didier sighs, slides out from behind the wheel, carefully locks up, squares his shoulders and marches into the restaurant. Within seconds, there is some more goddamn champagne.

It sounds ridiculous—it *is* ridiculous—that a gourmet can become so jaded, so surfeited by good things that he inwardly winces at the appearance of a bottle of fine champagne, but such are the dynamics of Didier's life. He has been drinking fine champagne, great Burgundies and sublime *digestifs* since Monday morning. Not to mention all the food that accompanied them. Now, as he walks into the beautiful, flower-laden dining room, past the respectfully smiling maître d'hôtel and the respectfully inclining waiters, into the welcoming arms of Jacques and Suzanne Pic—"*Mais, quelle surprise, Monsieur Didier, et quel plaisir*"—his athletic digestive tract is stalled, his appetite extinguished. Pic makes a quick imperious gesture, mutters a few words *sotto voce* to Alex, his sommelier, and within seconds, a bottle of Billecart-Salmon has appeared on the corner table by the picture window, nestling snugly in a silver bucket, surrounded by a crackling sea of tiny ice chips. A man of impulse, Pic has chosen a rosé champagne, even though he knows full well that most gourmets and food snobs disdain all rosé wines. But he has confidence in Billecart-Salmon's magic. Didier smiles graciously, sips—it is chilly, dry, refreshing, the color of an onion's outer skin—and almost immediately falls to discussing with Monsieur Pic the composition of his lunch menu. It is the professional reflex of the eating trade. As the moments pass, as the delectable possibilities flash past his mind's eye—a young guinea hen, perhaps, or an orgy of truffles in a flaky pastry shell, or a lobster, or maybe a stuffed pigeon, or a saddle of lamb—the champagne begins its subversive work, tickling his guts, building the base of yet another nascent euphoria. Didier feels his stomach juices coursing again. His appetite is coming to life. At length, after much scholarly examination and comparison, Monsieur Pic and he agree on a menu that will offer him the chance to judge a wide range of the specialties that, naturally, Pic himself will prepare:

Fisherman's salad (lobster, scallops, crayfish tails and green beans in a vinegary mayonnaise)

Feuilleté bohémienne (truffles and *foie gras* in a flaky pastry shell, topped with a *Périgueux* sauce)

Filet of sea bass with caviar, with a champagne sauce

Artichoke hearts with baby asparagus tips, accompanied by a light hollandaise sauce

Saffroned veal sweetbreads on a bed of fresh spinach

Cold breast of duckling cooked with raspberry vinegar, served with fresh peas and cucumber mousse

Turbot with fresh morel mushrooms

Salmon *filet* with leeks

Fricassée of lamb with basil

Cheeses and desserts

Pic suggests that a small *filet* steak might be indicated after the lamb, but Didier doesn't feel he needs any beef. The menu seems good enough as it is. He takes a sip of champagne, nibbles on a grilled almond and waits. He is feeling better. Luckily, that's the way it usually happens with his meals.

Didier began his eating trip (he calls it a *tournée*) at 6:30 Monday morning, wheeling south out of Paris on the *Autoroute du Sud*, heading toward Lyons, France's third-largest city and its traditional capital of gastronomy. He breaks up his *tournées* by regions and subregions of France, following a pre-established calendar that by year's end will have taken him into virtually every corner of the country. The point of each trip, and each meal, is to double-check restaurants' quality against the rating he has given them in his guide: a crowned red rooster (The Best Restaurants in France), a crowned black rooster (Great Restaurants, Comfortable Surroundings), a crowned stewpot (Great Restaurants, Simpler Surroundings) and uncrowned roosters or stewpots (Fine Restaurants). If he finds them better, or worse, he will change the symbol in the next edition. Naturally, it is physically impossible for one man to try all the restaurants of a given area (he has regional correspondents and inspectors for that), but Didier feels duty-bound to visit the best ones every year. This time he is striking at the center, the best of the best. As always, his secret hope is to find a chef so serious, a meal so superb, that he can make another promotion to his top category, the *coq rouge couronné*, the *Kléber*'s equivalent of the *Michelin*'s three stars. The recital that follows is the story of a professional eater's week of work.

DAY ONE

Cramped in his little car, his head just barely clearing the roof, his eyes large and liquid behind his oversized hornrims, Didier bears no resemblance whatsoever to the cartoon image of a full-time trencherman. Tall at 6'1", he is also remarkably trim, almost slender at 170 pounds. There is a certain vague similarity to French president Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. Didier is happy to attribute his freedom from obesity to a nervous character and a fast-acting digestive tract sometimes aided by pills. Smoking a pack of cigarettes a day also helps keep his weight down, he admits. It is curious that many French professional gourmets are heavy smokers, in spite of the presumed damage to their palates. They hold on to cigarettes by a kind of desperate instinct, for fear of ballooning without them. Times have changed. The terrorism of fashion spares no one: Even career eaters want to appear svelte nowadays. But none of the great French chefs, and very few of the lesser ones, are smokers.

"I like cooks," Didier says. "They are artisans. They work with their hearts." Didier enjoys talking and falls into long and involved exposition of his reflections, presented in didactic fashion.

"Cooks are not commercial people," he goes on. "They are respectable. They are people with roots in the peasantry, just like the food they prepare. Contrary to what most people believe, French cooking is for people with modest purses. It is the cooking of shepherds and vineyard laborers. French cooking is simple. Once it becomes a *cuisine de spectacle*, I am against it. It is a waste of money and it is false."

It is 11:45. Didier leaves the freeway at the wine town of Mâcon and strikes off southeast toward his first stop, the hamlet of Thoissey. For weeks, he has been eating lightly in Paris. Now, as he approaches the restaurant called Le Chapon Fin (crowned black rooster, two stars in the *Michelin*), his gastric juices are flowing in anticipation.

"It's decided," he says. "No overindulging. No drinking too much. Everything balanced. No mixing. This being said," he continues, "I really could use a little drink right now."

He means wine, naturally, which in

(continued on page 160)

PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

everybody's pretty baby, brooke shields, joins us for a happy-go-lucky look at what's new in warm-weather wearables

By DAVID PLATT

FRESH AND FREE-SPIRITED: That's what the latest looks in menswear are all about. And that's what Brooke Shields, our 14-year-old leading lady pictured on these pages, and also appearing onscreen in *King of the Gypsies* and *Tilt*, is all about, too. (Imagine what she'll look like when *(text concluded on page 159)*

Left and above: It's up, up and away for Brooke Shields and a brace of launch-time balloonists who have on (far left) a ventless unconstructed silk/polyester jacket, by Merignac, about $180, cotton slacks, by Jupiter of Paris, $32, and buckskin oxfords, by Peeples, $68; and a two-button ventless jacket, about $60, and slacks, about $30, both by Joel Glazer for Neon Lights.

Below: Brooke's cone moy be going to the dog, but her well-dressed friends aren't. The guy ot for left likes a shirt jocket, by Cortel Designer Sportsweor, $37; cotton slacks, by New York Sportswear Exchonge, $27.50; and canvos sandols, by Peeples, $57. The chop at center has on a cotton jacket, $70, and matching shorts, $22.50, both by David Shopiro for Ursel of Italy; plaid shirt, by John Henry, $20; and satin bow tie, by Vicky Dovis, $8.50. The third man's fashion theme is simple: o wrop jocket, by Gayle Kirkpatrick, $185; worn with jeons, by New Man, $52; knit shirt, by Egon Von Furstenberg, about $50; and mesh oxfords, by Jean Pier Clemente for Itolio, obout $45.

ALL MEN'S SUNGLASSES BY FOSTER GRANT

Below: There are no wrong numbers here, just standout styles including (left) a rayon/acetate V-neck, $27, and cotton jeans, $27, both by T.K.G., worn with leather-trimmed *espadrilles*, by R. Martegani for Footgear, $60; and (right) a sleeveless cotton knit pullover with deep V-neck and drawstring waist, $16, and self-belted cotton slacks, $30, both by Catalina. On his feet are cotton canvas oxfords, by Jean Pier Clemente for Italia, about $45.

Below: Even vintage wheels can't curb Brooke's interest in these latest styles. The guy with those calfskin fisherman's sandals, by Nancy Knox, $65, resting on the bumper also is wearing a Dacron polyester/cotton wing-collar shirt, from Hennessey by Van Heusen, $16.50; raw-silk slacks, by Harvest for Coriander, about $60; a raw-silk tie, by Vicky Davis, $10, that's used as a belt, and another Vicky Davis tie, $8.50, laosely knotted around his neck. His buddy alsa wings it in a variable-striped cotton wing-collar shirt, fram Country Roads by Creighton, about $35; polished-cotton self-belted slacks, by Pierre Cardin Relax, $45; and kidskin T-strap sandals, from Brass Boot Shaes by Nunn-Bush, $132.

Right: There's Brooke again, this time toasting her companions' taste in clothes with a Shirley Temple cocktail at Harry's Bar and American Grill in L.A.'s Century City. The guys wear (left) a mohair jacket (also pictured above), about $300, and chenille slacks, about $100, both by Jhane Barnes; cotton lisle pullover, by Pierre Cardin Relax, $23.50; wool/silk tie, also by Jhane Barnes, about $10; and sandals, by Peeples, $70; and (far right) wool glen-plaid suit, by Jean-Paul Germain, $300; cotton shirt, by Ingram for Coriander, about $40; knit tie, by Fumagalli for Coriander, about $24; and calfskin oxfords, by Jean Pier Clemente for Italia, about $45.

she's 18, guys.) But enough babbling about Brooke. Men's fashions for at least the next six months will be easygoing and supple, with fluid lines replacing the skintight styles of previous years. Narrow-lapelled jackets, often unconstructed, will be worn over bare skin or with a shirt and tie. A number of jackets, in fact, will be available with workable sleeve buttons and even push-up pajama-type cuffs. Expect shirt collars to continue becoming more diminutive (as will ties) and appear in a variety of styles from curved to wing. Slacks will feature a narrower straight or tapered leg. With all of these changes in the works, it's good to know that colors will stay soft and safe. All this adds up to a half year or more of good-looking men's fashions that are going to be fun to wear.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI / PRODUCED BY MARILYN GRABOWSKI

LONG-DISTANCE EATER *(continued from page 154)*

"They consumed the rest of their meal bare-ass (except for the fine linen napkins on their thighs)."

France is classified as a food and a tonic for the body. "I never drink alcohol—only wine," the French will say, and then down two, three or four quarts a day.

As the Lancia crunches over the gravel, a white-coated waiter peers curiously out through the glass door, then abruptly disappears into the depths of the building.

"We've been spotted," says Didier in his deep bass voice. He reaches into the pocket of his blazer and pops two Sulfarlems. These tiny pills, hardly bigger than matchheads, are one of the secret weapons of the eating establishment. Acting on the liver, they excite and advance the flow of bile, as an aid to digestion. Didier and his colleagues swallow Sulfarlems the way athletes guzzle Gatorade. He locks up and strolls into the Chapon Fin. He is feeling good, eager to start.

Didier is met at the threshold by Pierre Maringue, the sommelier and second in authority in the restaurant's chain of command, who is smiling the quizzical, half-apprehensive smile common to most restaurateurs at the arrival (almost always unannounced) of the *Kléber*. Maringue regrets that his father-in-law and boss, Paul Blanc, who founded the inn back in 1932, is in Spain for a short vacation. But he knows where to find the champagne. With a swift, practiced hand, he twists the cork off a bottle of Laurent Perrier Crémant, and the wine announces itself with a polite, almost noiseless exhalation of carbon dioxide. As if on cue, Didier and Maringue fall into learned discourse about the quality of last year's crop of Beaujolais. It is already good, they conclude, and is quickly getting better. For the ritual analysis of the menu, Maringue sends a waiter to fetch the chef, Gilbert Broyer. Broyer appears in his white blouse, white apron and white chef's hat, refuses a glass of champagne ("I'm working") and immediately begins ticking off what he considers most recommendable that day. At length, Didier and he agree on a plan of attack: *quenelles de brochet* (a mousse of pike with a creamy white wine sauce), frogs' legs, a sophisticated "stew" of fresh-water fish *filets* with vegetables, an assortment of cold *pâtés*, cheeses and desserts. Didier likes the simplicity of the composition. It is like a little country picnic.

"The reason for the frogs' legs," he explains at the table, "is that the herbs and garlic in the butter will cut the richness of the pike's cream sauce."

He tastes his Beaujolais with the great chewing, sucking and smacking of lips characteristic of expert *tastevins*, then instantly orders the waiter to put the bottle (too warm) in a pitcher of ice water. As for the meal, lesser palates might consider it fabulous, but Didier finds things to criticize: The pike's sauce is too thick, too sticky and too salty; evidently, it has reduced too much. He imagines that Broyer became flustered ("He's trembling") but forgives him with the arrival of the big, luscious heap of buttery frogs' legs and the even better stew of fish *filets*. When the trolley of *pâtés* rolls up to the table, he exiles the potted hare and the *foie gras* out of hand—too big and too rich. Instead, he opts for small portions of preserved duck and a goose-liver terrine.

"Too much laurel! Too much thyme!" he cries softly. "The herbs completely dominate the meat taste. That's the third error he's made." Didier chews a bit longer, sips some Beaujolais, chews again, reflects, then says: "And there's too much fat on the goose liver."

He sighs, makes a few quick jots in his notebook. There will be no promotion this year for the Chapon Fin. When it is all over, when the cheeses and desserts have been consumed, Didier orders a toothpick and calls the waiter over. It is lecture time.

"Young man," he says, "I thank you very much for your help, but I permit myself to make you a few observations. First, you didn't ask me how I wanted my salad seasoned. The vinaigrette was good, but you could have asked me what kind of vinegar I wanted. You could have given me a choice of perhaps six oils. Secondly, serving the coffee: Did I want it short and concentrated or long and weak? Did I want it from the espresso machine or did I want it in a filter cup? I beg of you, young man—always ask the clients such things. People come to a beautiful restaurant like this to spend money. You mustn't betray them."

The waiter smiles and nods, like a chastised schoolboy. "*Bon*," says Didier with a smile. "I feel in form." He is content to have delivered himself of his criticisms. "Let's go taste the wine."

While taking champagne with Maringue, Didier had met an old acquaintance from a newspaper in Lyons. He and his colleagues have been delegated to choose a barrel of Beaujolais, to be bottled and used for the paper's promotional campaigns. Didier and his friends spend the rest of that afternoon in the *salon* of wine merchant Georges Duboeuf at the nearby town of Romanèche-Thorins. In all, each man tastes 16 bottles. After the wine tasting, there is a modest feast: country sausages, ham, pork chops and spareribs, cheeses and country bread, apple pie and . . . more Beaujolais. Didier is beginning to feel the old familiar dread: too much good stuff, too much good stuff.

At seven o'clock, he is in Vonnas, home town of Chez la Mère Blanc (crowned black rooster), where Georges Blanc, nephew of the Chapon Fin's owner, does his own cooking. Georges is just 30, dark, intent, serious and ambitious. He does not hide the fact that he is shooting for the top ranking in both the *Kléber* and the *Michelin*. He will probably make it before long, for he works hard and his restaurant is first-rate. But his serious nature tends to make him appear humorless, and other chefs are constantly playing practical jokes on young Georges, like throwing a couple of old fish under his Alfa Romeo's hood before a long trip or tormenting him with fake phone calls from "police headquarters." One of the most spectacular recent stunts happened spontaneously, when a wicked friend of his dared the two ladies with whom he was supping in Chez la Mère Blanc's dignified dining room to remove their clothes. They did, with studied calm, and consumed the rest of their meal 100 percent bare-ass (except for the fine linen napkins poised on their thighs) under the goggle eyes of their neighboring gourmets.

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"A little refreshment, Monsieur Didier?" inquires Georges deferentially. "A little champagne?"

"No, thank you, Monsieur Blanc," Didier instantly replies, shuddering inwardly. "But if you could send a cold bottle of mineral water up to my room?" (La Mère Blanc, like many of the places Didier visits, is an *auberge*, meaning it has rooms to let—a great advantage over a mere restaurant, for it means only a flight of steps before collapsing.)

At dinnertime, Georges is eager for the *Kléber* to make the acquaintance of some of his latest creations. The menu he works out is considerably more complex than the lunch at his uncle's place: salad of water cress and duck liver with vinaigrette and truffle dressing; grilled *filet* of salmon; a creamy-winy stew of

(continued on page 228)

I WAS A MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

when uncle sam goes looking for a defense contractor, he can be hell on wheels

article By ARTHUR T. HADLEY

FOR 12 YEARS, an actress, a stage designer, a costume designer, a publisher and myself, a free-lance writer, made up the A. T. Hadley Tank Company, one of the major companies building tanks in the United States. We were listed in the American Ordnance Association's roster of tank-production facilities—quite a feat for a seven-by-eleven-foot office, five flights up, on West 53rd Street in New York. As company president, I was invited to lecture on tank

production and design at the Detroit Tank Arsenal and the Air War College, but we never agreed on a date. Known proudly as Hadley Tank around the Pentagon, we received an award for industrial efficiency from former Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, though we never manufactured a single item. Key personnel held "Secret" clearances in order to bid better on future tanks.

Believe me, all this happened by accident—happened because the five of us, all self-employed, were having a hard time getting credit cards. Yet the consequences were as far-reaching as the Wright brothers' decision to see if their invention would fly—or Henry Ford's resolve to crank up the Lizzie.

Hadley Tank's beginnings were, in the finest tradition of American industry, modest. There was only me; and no name. I was working for *Newsweek* in the early Fifties, and a salesman from General Motors suggested I visit his tank plant. Ever mindful of Christmas bonuses produced by scoops, particularly scoops that helped sell advertising, I said, "Sure." But getting into the tank plant proved more difficult than the salesman realized. Newsmen were suspect even back then. So someone in G.M. arranged for me to become a member of the American Ordnance Association.

I signed the association's little pledge card. Put in *Newsweek* where the card called for company affiliation. Enclosed a dollar. Put the dollar on my *Newsweek* expense account. And settled back to await the scoop that never came.

Every year the card from the American Ordnance Association, known as the A.O.A., arrived. Every year in hopes of some as-yet-unrealized scoop, I paid my dollar, listing my affiliation as *Newsweek* or, later, the *New York Herald Tribune*. Then, in 1960, in one of those periodic changes of management that swept the old *Herald Trib* like meningitis through a boy-scout camp, I left.

Being unemployed is a great American experience I can do without. My bank, which previously had let me overdraw with just a polite letter, now sent demands by telegraph and made threatening phone calls. (At least my bank called; no one else did.) Credit-card companies asked me to turn in my cards while they reviewed my situation. Stores appeared reluctant to take even my cash. The U. S. Government began devoting countless man-hours to my income-tax returns. Hotels, airlines, restaurants always lacked space. Dogs growled as I passed. Ma Bell saw fit to change my phone number three times in one month.

While I was struggling to recoup my fortunes by producing the great American novel on a new electric typewriter that produced only Es, no matter what character was struck, the annual card from the A.O.A. arrived. Grateful for any outside contact, I signed it as usual and sent in my dollar. For company affiliation, I wrote, "None."

Two weeks later, the card came back with a mimeographed note attached asking that I please fill it out correctly, and the word None circled in red pencil. I erased the red circle and returned the card. Back it came again, this time with an unsigned typewritten note saying that for membership to be retained, company affiliation *must be shown*. Honest Arthur Hadley again put in "None." Again the card came back, this time with an initialed note that said, in effect, shape up and affiliate or get out.

Already numb from countless blows to my ego since joining, perforce, the self-employed, I found this just too much. I typed in A. T. Hadley Tank Company, signed my name as president and returned the card. I'd finally done the correct thing. Back came a two-page letter from a General C. C. Utz in Detroit, remarking that the American Ordnance Association had long missed the presence in its ranks of an organization of such credit and renown as the A. T. Hadley Tank Company. With commendable American hustle, the general suggested I might like to fork up the $1000 for corporate membership, "so that selected top management might be able to enjoy the benefits of the association." He also wanted to know the primary interests of Hadley Tank.

My first reaction was fear. All I needed at that vulnerable moment of my life was an investigation into a bogus company. But I felt as long as I told no lies and took no money, I'd be OK. I thanked the general for his letter, told him we'd wait awhile on the $1000 and said our primary interest was light tanks. I reasoned that five flights up in a reconditioned brownstone with only 77 square feet of floor space—and that pretty well filled by typewriter table, desk and filing cabinet—a heavy tank was beyond our capabilities. Besides, the three-man elevator in the building was often out of order. We were a light-tank organization, and the lighter the better.

The next letter I got was from the Pentagon. Someone in Detroit had been speaking well of Hadley Tank. My contributions to national defense and my technical and managerial skills had caused me to be placed on the Light Tank Committee of the Department of Defense and the American Ordnance Association. So honored, the Hadley Tank Company began receiving invitations to important conferences: a lecture on Exponential Feedback in Beta Series Servo-Systems in Dallas. A seminar on Flux Analysis in Trimetal Annealing in Memphis.

Then, in the spring of 1962, the A.O.A. published its roster of distinguished defense companies. There! Under Tanks! After Ford and Caterpillar Tractor, to be sure, but ahead of General Motors and Chrysler, was the A. T. Hadley Tank Company. Oh, the pleasure of being of service to one's country in those early Kennedy years. A going concern just a year, and *already* in the majors. I bought a small toy tank and placed it on my desk—had to carry it up the five flights of steps, since the elevator was out of order.

That very afternoon, Hadley Tank received its first phone call, long distance from Chicago. A salesman from Cross Instruments wanted to know if I'd considered automating my plant. I hadn't. I was still having enough trouble with the E on my typewriter.

The historic explosion of Hadley Tank from one-man shop to industrial giant of four occurred Thanksgiving a year later. I was having dinner in Amagansett, Long Island, with three friends, all of whom were in the theater. Although all were successful, they complained that none of them could get credit cards or bank loans because they were self-employed and because of their profession.

"If only I did something regular," said Will Steven Armstrong, the stage designer.

"Belonged to a corporation," lamented Patricia Zipprodt, the costume designer.

The proverbial light went on inside my head. "I am a corporation," I said. "I make tanks."

Lacking my experience in the world of corporate practices, the three others did not immediately leap on board. But after assurance that at Hadley Tank we always told the truth and did nothing that we could be ashamed of before Congress—a policy I recommend to other defense contractors—three vice-presidencies were created. Our hostess, Lovelady Powell, an actress, signed on as V.P. communications; Pat Zipprodt became V.P. design; and Will Steven Armstrong, V.P. production. A tight ship.

Company president Hadley passed a busy month answering calls and filling out forms from American Express, Diners Club, Macy's, Lord & Taylor, Bonwit Teller, the Chase Manhattan Bank and others, guaranteeing the financial worth and stability of his vice-presidents and, incidentally, of himself. Showing the camaraderie that continued to mark Hadley Tank's progress, the vice-presidents generously took me to dinner on their new credit cards. V.P. design produced a sign for the company's door. And V.P. production made me a model tank to

(continued on page 246)

we're as patriotic as the next one, but there's something special about these movie lovelies from other lands that doesn't need subtitles

FOREIGN SEX STARS

Whistle bait and Exhibit A in a gallery of foreign-bred beauties is Italy's ELEONORA VALLONE, a daughter of Raf.

Wouldn't you know that the daughter of Italy's debonair Raf Vallone *had* to look something like this? In Rome, they say *che bella ragazza*. We echo a loud *bravissima* for blonde Eleonora Vallone. A voluptuously budding actress, Eleonora—last we heard—was plucking her guitar and singing on Radia Mante Carlo. On film, she'll vamp Franca Nero.

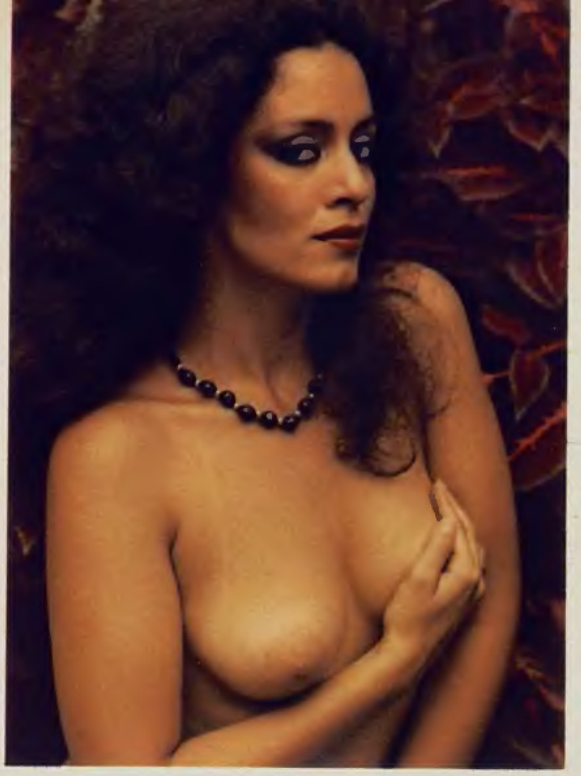
pictorial essay **By BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

IN HIS VERSIFIED *Tribute to Marlene Dietrich*, the late Noel Coward wrote:

We know God made trees,
And the birds and the bees,
And the seas for the fishes to swim in.
We are also aware
That He has quite a flair
For creating exceptional women.

The same impish lyric—strewn with the names of historic love goddesses, from Eve to Helen of Troy—contains Coward's wry observation "that sex is a question of lighting." Noel didn't really believe it. He knew, as we all know, that a lady needs more than wattage to turn a man on, and vice versa. The fabled Marlene was merely a pioneer, synthesizing the elusive appeal of those foreign femmes fatales who have reached across oceans, continents and language barriers to enliven our fantasies, mostly in the movies.

While we may ogle our home-grown American beauties ad infinitum, eying the girl next door need not curb appreciation of exotic blooms bred in such faraway places as Indonesia, Israel, Italy, Finland, France and Brazil. Some are creatures so rare that we seldom catch a glimpse of them Stateside, yet they are famous faces—and becoming more so—on the international film scene, which means we're likely to be seeing more of them as time goes by. Most hope to make movies in America, or with Americans, which means they dream of Hollywood as a new land to conquer, though they don't necessarily want to live there. Some of the foreign belles photographed for PLAYBOY are serious actresses, some are flaming sexpots. Generally, they're a lucky combination of both. They have to be. Whether female or male *or* of indeterminate gender, a star without sex appeal is like a



Brazilian bombshell SONIA BRAGA, hailed as the Marilyn Monroe of South America, treated North America to a tropical storm in *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*. A colleague calls *Senhorita* Braga's latest, *Lady in the Bus*, "the sexiest film since *Last Tango in Paris*."

As Dona Flor, Sonia lays the ghost of her late lusty husband to find relief from a dull second marriage. In *Bus* (far right), she finds amor on wheels.

A French friend describes CATHERINE SERRE as a demoiselle "who stays close to all the good things in life—money, men, love, sports, movies." In *One Two Two* (right, standing), she played a whore. In the upcoming James Bond epic *Moonraker*, Catherine is cast as one of the perfect Lovers assigned to repopulate the planet.

summer without sun. There's no such thing, by definition. All present are quite obviously exceptional women.

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Eleonora Vallone, whose movie career is just beginning, represents a new, hopeful, exceptionally well-endowed generation of Italian superwomen. It all comes naturally to Eleonora. The 24-year-old daughter of actor Raf Vallone, a veteran Latin lover (last seen as *The Greek Tycoon*'s lusty brother), and memorable screen beauty Elena Varzi, now retired, Eleonora was married young, which often inhibits a girl's career plans. Separated from her doctor husband since last year, she has a four-year-old son and divides her time between her *bambino* and classes in painting, acting, voice and guitar. Already to her credit are a minor-league Mexican film and a more promising adventure epic, *L'Aquila Bifronte* (that's *The Eagle with Two Faces*, if you're wondering), co-starring Franco Nero and Helmut Berger. It's a story of early Nazism in Germany, and Eleonora hopes *The Eagle* will get her off and winging.

•

Sonia Braga, whose *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands* broke all records last year as the most successful Brazilian film ever made, was largely responsible for putting Brazilian movies on the map, even in Brazil. Prior to Sonia's triumph in *Dona Flor*, which outgrossed *Star Wars*, *Jaws* and *The Exorcist* down there, her rambunctious countrymen generally preferred flashy American imports to flicks filled with local color. They now view La Braga as a national institution second only to Carnival in Rio. After she appeared onstage in *Hair*, Sonia starred in a prestigious TV soap opera that made her name a household word to 60,000,000 viewers. Since then, she has done seven feature films. Her most recent, *Lady*

SIRPA LANE, a warm-blooded *émigrée* from Finland, wants to quit Paris for the U.S. and be done "with funny little movies in which I take my clothes off." In Roger Vadim's *Charlotte*, Sirpa fell prey to a necrophile. In the X-rated *La Bête* (left), a hairy man-beast ravishes her beauty and dies ecstatic.

Looking more *Lolita* than Lollobrigida, Italy's nymphetish prima donna LEONORA FANI would rather play corrupted innocents than ingénues. She finds ample opportunities in such pics as *Bestialità* and *Pensione Paura* (left). Leonora favors dark dramatic roles as girls gone blind, crazy or just queer.

Warren Beatty told her she looks like Julie Christie. Andy Warhol loved her eyes, and Carlo Ponti signed her to an exclusive contract. Thot's how moviedom beckons, and Italy's luscious DALILA DI LAZZARO wound up with her name in lights, her body in sequins—as seen here, with beefcake beauty contestants in director Just Jaeckin's *The Last Romantic Lover*.

in the Bus (also directed by boyish Bruno Barreto, of *Dona Flor*), is another steamer, certain to firm up sultry Sonia's reputation as the number-one sex symbol in South America. She doesn't mind a bit. "*Lady in the Bus* is very sexy," says Sonia, "about a virgin who marries a very rich *macho* Brazilian man. She's violently deflowered and hates her husband. So she begins to ride the bus every afternoon, to find strange men and have a good time. She feels no guilt."

Sonia herself was the companion for a time to the photographer Antonio Guerreiro, whose exclusive pictures for PLAYBOY show considerably more of her than Brazilian audiences were allowed to see a year or so ago. *Dona Flor*'s nudest love scenes were trimmed in Rio, where rigid censorship prohibited showing pubic hair, for example, though the rules have been loosening up since Braga took over. "I loved Marilyn Monroe and had great admiration for her . . . the first sex symbol to be a little detached," says Sonia, adding with emphasis, "In my country, the best way of being a feminist nowadays is to assert yourself in terms of your own work. To be a sex symbol, for a woman, is a political position. Every actress should get into magazines, so that the censors in Brazil will become used to the idea of nudity. It's important to undress at this moment in history." Amen.

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Born in Java of Dutch Indonesian parents who emigrated to Holland when she was a child, exotic **Laura Gemser** is a dark, graceful Eurasian beauty, fluent in six languages and eminent—since 1975—in at least seven films of the *Black Emanuelle* series. The first, made in Italy, earned so much money in Europe that it begot spin-offs bearing such exploitable titles as *Emanuelle Goes East*, *Sister*

A major multimedia star at home in Israel, winsome and gifted NITZA SHAUL may earn much wider recognition in *Little Man*. They love it in Tel Aviv. Opposite actor-director Zeev Revah (left), she plays an army entertainer who impulsively gives her all to five soldiers, then discovers that one of them is going to be a father.

Emanuelle (she takes the veil but quickly sheds it) and *Emanuelle and the Last Cannibals*. Although the movies were not much aesthetically, they enabled Laura to ask for percentage deals and edge her way up to small roles in big films (as Orson Welles's mistress in *Voyage of the Damned*) or major roles in minor European films opposite, for instance, Jack Palance and Stuart Whitman. More recently, she went to Japan to do *The Bushido Blade*, a historical adventure drama costarring Richard Boone, Sony Chiba and Toshiro Mifune. No fewer than 15 movies in six years. Plus globe-trotting on a scale to equal Henry Kissinger in his peak seasons. "I love to travel, and films take you everywhere. We have been to China, Australia, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Egypt, South and Central America, the Middle East. Everywhere. . . ."

The "we" is characteristic, Laura's acknowledgment of a particularly close relationship with her husband, Gabriele Tinti, a handsome, 40ish Italian actor whom she met on location in Kenya. Tinti had a promising fling in Hollywood back in the Sixties, when director Robert Aldrich hired him for *The Flight of the Phoenix* and *The Legend of Lylah Clare* (as gardener-lover to Kim Novak). But he gave up a five-year TV contract because he was homesick for Rome.

"When I met Laura, I thought: What is this skinny little girl? Then she put on a bikini at the beach and I see she has everything in the right place. So we started to stay together, to make love. It wasn't until we were flying back over Idi Amin's Uganda that we realized we'd have to say goodbye, and we didn't want to——"

Laura smiles. "I went back to my boyfriend I'd been living with for five years in Belgium. But it was over, anyway, *(continued on page 242)*

Whether it's *Black Emanuelle Goes East*, *Black Emanuelle in America*, Bangkok or Around the World, Laura travels as light as possible; she's generally supplied with costumes she can shed at a wink.

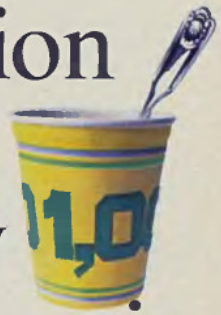
Globe-trotting LAURA GEMSER throws dangerous curves as *Black Emanuelle*, erotic adventuress of a profitable odyssey with lots and lots of sequels. Despite her aura of dark Eurasian mystery, she is a shy, happily married sex symbol, ready to move up to far better roles.

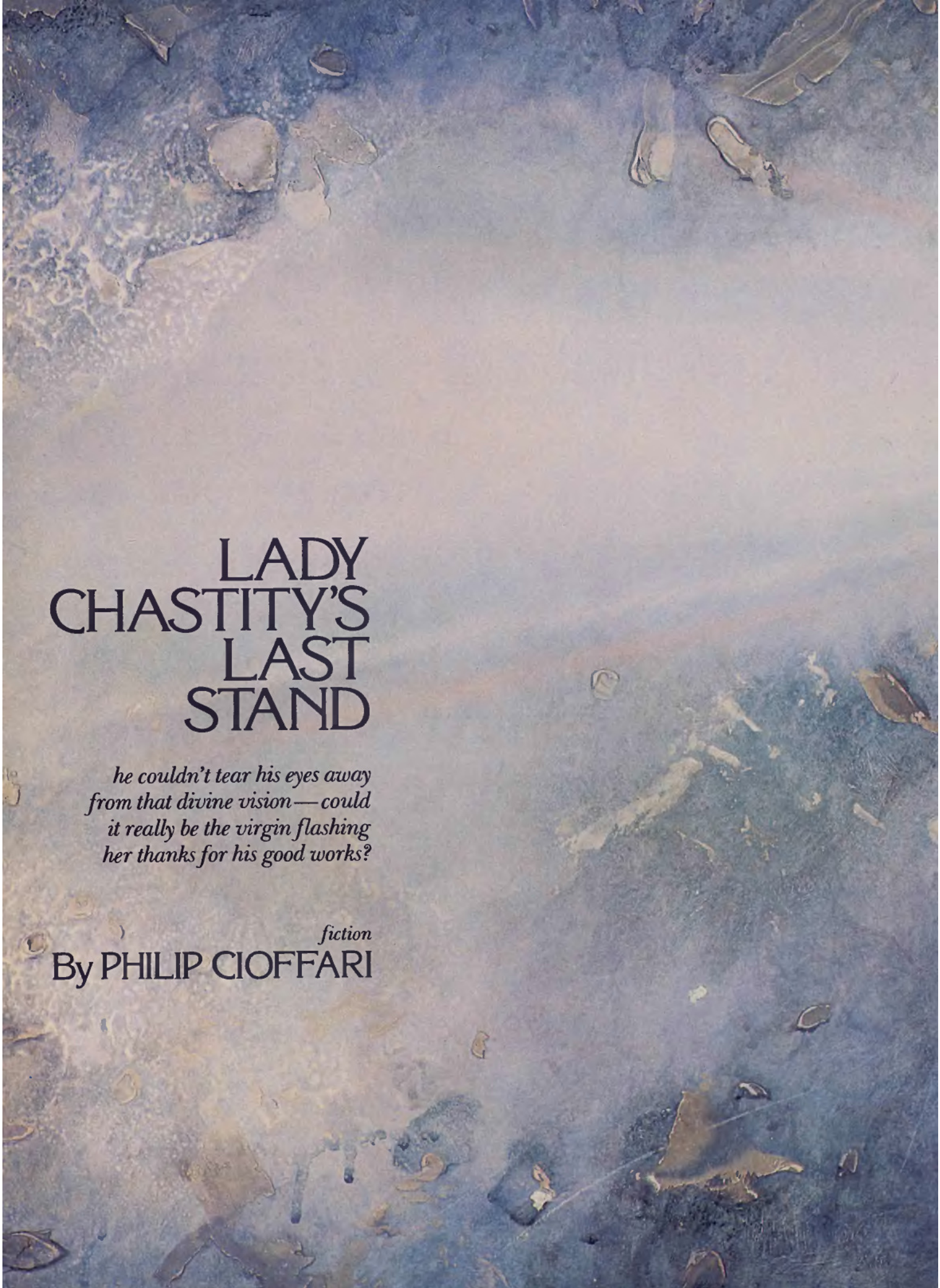
One of her Far Eastern sexual forays takes *Black Emanuelle* to a threesome in Bangkok. Laura prefers the work she's done with Orson Welles, Stuart Whitman and Jack Palance.

"Greetings, Earthmen! We're emissaries from a fifth-rate civilization."

yo•gurt *or* **yo•ghurt** \yō-gert\ *n.* [Turk. *yoğurt*] For thousands of years, this custardy concoction, derived from a variety of milks, has been eaten by believers in the hope, and often expectation, of enhanced vitality, sensuality, allure, amour and sexual performance.

Today, yogurt has shed its recent trendy image and joined the gastronomic mainstream. During 1978, Americans packed away about one billion cups of the tangy stuff—or close to 3,000,000 cups every day! About half the population is addicted to yogurt in some form: plain; flavored with vanilla, lemon, coffee, etc.; as a sundae (continued on page 270)



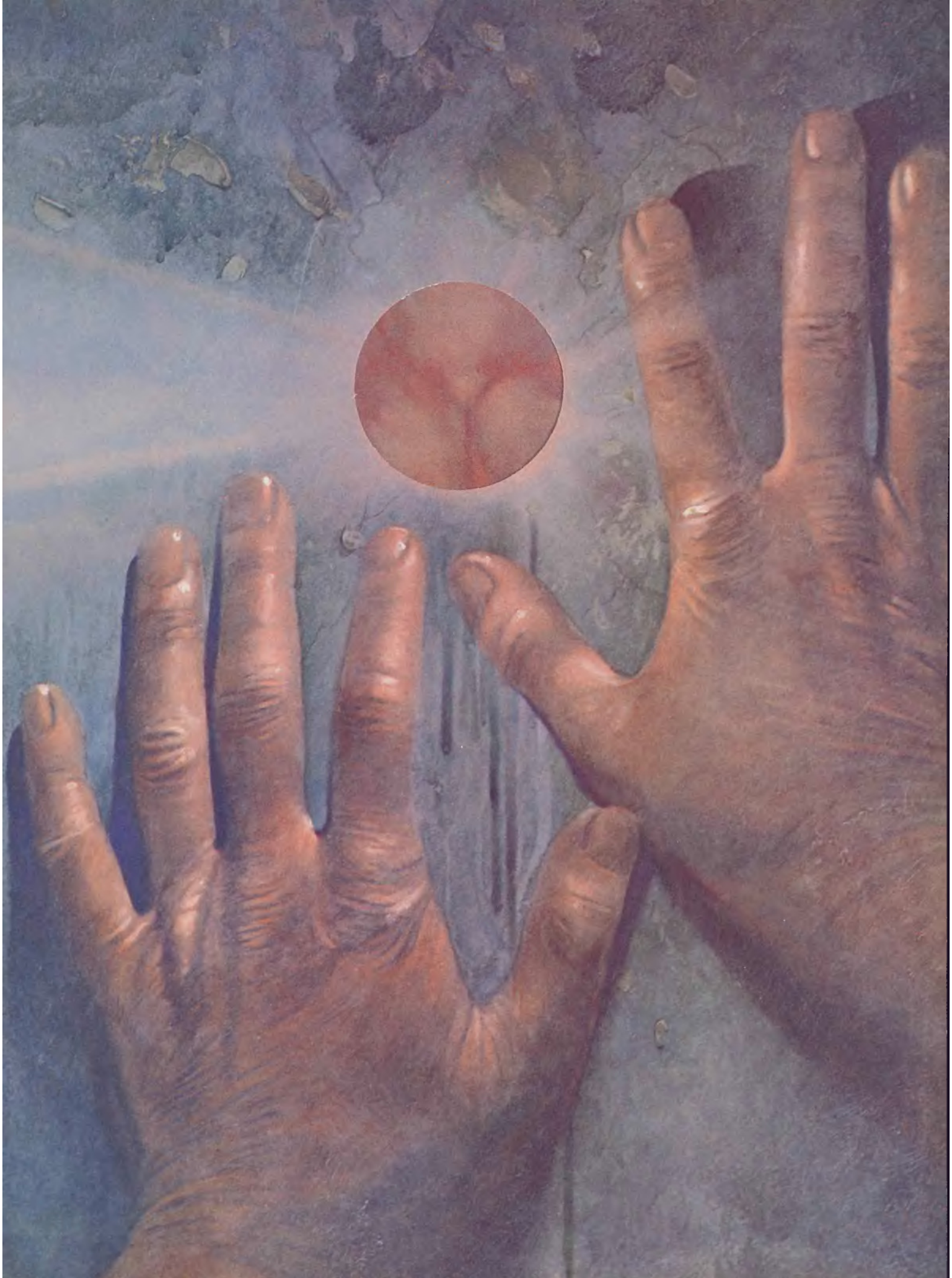


LADY CHASTITY'S LAST STAND

he couldn't tear his eyes away from that divine vision—could it really be the virgin flashing her thanks for his good works?

fiction

By PHILIP CIOFFARI



THE FIRST TIME the Virgin Mary appeared to Brother Bearle, he swerved his $25,000 Prussian-blue Mercedes head on into a telephone pole. He was on his way home from the Beach of Faith, cruising along a black stretch of road, when the moon suddenly nudged a space between the clouds. Across the low dark backs of the dunes, he saw the delicate figure of a woman illuminated in the mist. She was standing by the ocean's edge, clothed in a white robe and a flowing pale-blue cape; her arms were lifting slowly toward him when the Mercedes struck the pole and he rocked violently in the tight space between the shoulder strap and the seat.

When his body came to rest, Brother Bearle stared uncertainly at the pole that seemed to be growing out of the car's radiator as if it, too, were part of his vision. He tried to blink it away, but it remained steadfast, pitched back toward the beach like a toppled cross. In a daze, he pulled himself from the car and stumbled out into the dunes, where the wind transformed the dry stalks of reeds into a choir of angels, their voices rising in high, flutelike sound around him, lifting him from the weight of his body until he became one with their song, suspended in a state of pure floating. He knew he

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

was in the presence of heavenly forces, but when he finally reached the beach, there was no sign of the Virgin. The moon had rolled back behind the clouds, leaving him alone in darkness, with the thin strip of beach vanishing into mist on either side of him and a wind that made his eyes tear because it no longer carried the voices of angels.

Despite the enormous damage to his Mercedes, he saw the event as a benediction. He had always taken secret pride in the knowledge that his was the only evangelical ministry to give equal time to the Virgin and at long last he felt vindicated, the Virgin herself showing that she was pleased with his work. On the *Midnight Faith* hour, he provided a step-by-step account not only of the vision itself but of everything that had preceded it, in retrospect seeing the events of his day as part of a divine chain linking him inevitably with revelation.

"Ever since I founded the Bible School," he confided to the faithful in a voice continually breaking with the burden of his joy, "ever since I first dreamed of the Beach of Faith, I have been waiting for a sign from above, some . . . indication that I have not labored in vain. What happened tonight was *(continued on page 188)*

"Let's do it in the road and scare the horses."

a true account of a swearing doctor's marriage

by Tom Brown, London, 1693

London, August 18, 1693
Letter to a gentleman in the country.

Sir,

The only news I have to communicate is that the never-to-be-forgotten Dr. Oates* was married at the beginning of the week. You know that he always expressed an aversion to the fair sex and had found a back door to express his kindness elsewhere. Perhaps, then, this was that revolution the almanacs threatened us with in the month of August.

No sooner was this pious resolution communicated to his friends but they looked out sharp to find him a proper yokefellow. It was represented to him that a maidenhead was not to be got without much drudging for't and, besides, the doctor being fat and pursy and it being the dog days, he might receive great damage from a violent encounter.

At last, he was introduced to Mrs. Margaret W – – – , the widow of a Muggletonian of Breadstreet and, at the first interview, he was so much struck with the gravity and goodness of her person that he could neither eat (which was usually much) nor drink (which was usually more) till the business was concluded.

The doctor, then proceeding to the Commons for a license, was asked two scurvy questions by the clerk: whether he would have a license to marry a girl or a boy and whether he would have a license for behind or before. At this, the doctor lost all patience, held up his cane and thundered out, "You rascal!" until the proctor made peace again.

The articles of marriage were as follows: *Imprimis*, the doctor promises to keep ne'er a male servant under 60 in the house, to hang a picture of the destruction of Sodom in his bedchamber and to teach his children to swear as soon as they can speak.

Item, the doctor promises that he will never attack, either on the bed, joint stool or table, the body of the aforesaid Mrs. Margaret W – – – *a parte post*, by the postern entrance, but to relieve her always *a parte ante*; and in case he should offend in that manner, upon second trespass she shall have leave to burn his peacemaker.

However, with this proviso: When she is under the dominion of the moon, the aforementioned doctor shall have full power and liberty to enter her by which door he pleases. This last clause was obtained after a dispute on the doctor's part and a threat to break off proceedings.

But now to the main business at hand, the marriage. On the 17th of August, the doctor was new washed and trimmed, with a large sacerdotal rose in his hat and all his other clergy equipage upon him, came to the house of an Anabaptist teacher in the city where, in the face of a numerous assembly consisting of all the subdivisions of Protestants, he was married to Mrs. Margaret W – – – . The doctor was observed to be very merry at the dinner and the largest part of his face, meaning his chin, moved notably up and down.

Thus the time was agreeably spent until ten, at which time a bell rung to prayers, and afterward (his spouse, after the laudable custom of England, having gone before), the doctor resolutely marched toward the place of his execution. There was no sack posset nor throwing of stockings, both these ceremonies being judged to be superstitious and things of mere human invention.

The bed soon thereafter took on a trembling fit for the most part of the night. I suppose it was this that occasioned the widespread reports of an earthquake suffered by all of the near neighbors on that unbloody night.

Your most obedient servant, etc.
T.B.

**Titus Oates was the fabricator of "The Popish Plot" in 1678. He made a deposition in court that the Jesuits were plotting to murder King Charles II, to place James Stuart on the throne and to suppress Protestantism. Oates's accusations, though false, resulted in the execution of many Catholics. Oates was pensioned by King William as a reward.*

This "letter" was published as a pamphlet and Tom Brown was promptly arrested for libel.

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

We are proud of the birthdates of our children, the grapes of Almadén.

On our classic varietal wines, you will find a vintage date. A date that means the wine in the bottle comes from a particular year's harvest.

For us, it is a source of much pride and satisfaction. Because each vintage is like a new child. A child we lovingly care for as it matures and develops.

For you, the vintage date adds yet another dimension to the enjoyment of our classic varietal wines. Because each vintage expresses

subtle differences that are uniquely its own. Differences you may taste and enjoy.

Also, while all our wines are ready to drink when purchased, you may enjoy setting a few bottles aside. Here you will find the vintage date invaluable in giving the wine the additional aging you desire.

On our classic varietal wines, you will also find the birthplace of our children. For example, Monterey County on our Cabernet Sauvignon. And San Benito County on our Pinot Chardonnay. Each variety of grape has its own special needs. And so we take great care in finding the best possible home for each of our children, the grapes of Almadén. A home that provides ideal conditions for them to grow and ripen to perfection.

We invite you to enjoy the incomparable quality of these fine vintage-dated varietal wines. And you will find this same dedication to quality in our entire family of Almadén wines.

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20 QUESTIONS: DAN RATHER

the co-star of "60 minutes" describes the hardships of being a crack newsman—and the unexpected joys of being a tv sex object

Nancy Collins, a reporter for The Washington Post, *caught the peripatetic Dan Rather when he touched base at CBS headquarters in New York. Actually, it's a good thing we sent her to interview a fellow journalist: When neither of the tape recorders Collins was carrying proved functional, Rather gladly lent her his.*

1.

PLAYBOY: What advice would you give a young person who wanted to go into broadcast journalism?

RATHER: Don't! Forget it. It's too crowded. Even if through some miracle you were able to get a break in the business, the pay is low, the hours are long, there are a lot of headaches—and it'll ruin your personal life.

2.

PLAYBOY: But come on, Dan, be honest. What about the glory, the recognition?

RATHER: There's damn little. Oh, of course, for those who make it to the top in this business, there's probably too much glory. But even if you want glory and think that television is the place to get it, then you're still wrong, because glory comes faster and easier in any one of a dozen other professions than it does in this one. The reality for most people in this business is standing in the rain outside the police station for $115 a week.

3.

PLAYBOY: What do you have that other TV personalities/reporters don't?

RATHER: A lot of luck. Listen, there are any number of people out there—pride won't let me say very many people—who are better than I am on a story. I try to get the best out of myself, but in television terms, there are at least 15 people with CBS who are as good as I am.

4.

PLAYBOY: Under what circumstances would you kill a juicy, sexy story if it concerned the private life of a Government official?

RATHER: If in my judgment it affected his performance as a public official or needed to be taken into account when judging his performance as a public official, then I'd report it. If in my judgment it didn't, then I wouldn't be interested.

5.

PLAYBOY: But don't you think that the way a person handles his private life is an indication of how he might handle his professional decisions?

RATHER: It can tell you something, but not always. And there is a point beyond which reporting on someone's personal life is unfair and none of our damn business. Take drinking, for example. If a Senator is consistently drunk on the floor of the Senate, then it's obviously a story and shouldn't be concealed. That's germane to his performance. But if he's off at Cape Cod for two weeks and he's at a party and gets really bombed, I wouldn't report that.

6.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever smoked marijuana?

RATHER: I prefer not to answer that one.

7.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever snorted cocaine?

RATHER: I prefer not to answer that, too. If I were going to do it, I would not do it in violation of the law. Let's just say I would not do it in this country under any circumstances. This may sound corny, but I find myself thinking more about my kids when it comes to things like marijuana and cocaine. In addition to everything else, I'm a father and I feel pretty strongly about that. Part of my role as a father is to set an example.

8.

PLAYBOY: What's your idea of a good time?

RATHER: That's easy: being with Jean Rather on Bill Johnston's boat in the middle of Lake Travis, Texas—with a little Willie Nelson playing on the stereo in the background.

9.

PLAYBOY: What other kinds of music do you listen to?

RATHER: I like Hank Williams and Haydn.

10.

PLAYBOY: What's better than sex?

RATHER: Nothing. No, let me amend that. Honor is better than sex.

11.

PLAYBOY: What's the hardest thing you've ever done?

RATHER: Making my marriage work. That requires more concentration and more of one's self than anything I know. The hardest thing I've ever done professionally is cover the Kennedy assassination, while the hardest physical thing was to get myself certified for diving, because I am not a good strong natural swimmer. One of the hardest things I've done in terms of deciding what was best was whether or not to leave CBS in 1974.

12.

PLAYBOY: What cracks you up?

RATHER: Say Gerald Ford is at an all-star baseball game and it's between innings, so he's being interviewed. I'm thinking, Hey, great idea for Ford to be at the game if he wants to keep himself in line for things. He looks good. He's got a good tan. He's even got on the right tie. And then the interviewer says, "You know a few things about baseball, Mr. President. . . ." And Ford says, "Oh, yes. I watch a lot of baseball on radio." Now, that cracks me up. I love it.

13.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any heroes?

RATHER: Yes. Eric Sevareid, Charles Collingwood, Walter Cronkite and Hugh Cunningham, a teacher of mine. But without being preachy about it, let me tell you who I really like. I love the guy who goes to work every morning, comes home every night, brings his pay check in every week, breaks his ass for his kids and ends up dead at 57. And out of my high school class of roughly 400, at least 200 of them are like that.

14.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Roone Arledge?

RATHER: What I see, I like. Before he started the new ABC evening news, there was a lot of loose chatter that he was going to cheapen it. Well, one of the first things he did was put Frank Reynolds on. Now, Frank Reynolds is a class operator. I wish we had him. And thus far, I'd have to say that Arledge himself has been a class operator.

15.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Fred Silverman?

RATHER: I know Silverman, because he was at CBS. And Silverman is an absolute, demonstrated class operator. The picture of Freddie Silverman as the Attila of the television business was never true and I think he's now in the process of proving that at NBC. After all, he's running the whole show. God knows, the television business is filled with its share of charlatans, cheap-shot artists and people interested only in selling—but it also has a lot of very smart, high-principled people, and Silverman is one of them. I just hope he doesn't beat our head in.

16.

PLAYBOY: Most people think the men on television news *(concluded on page 222)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY WILLIAMS

WORKING THE STREET *(continued from page 135)*

"If police in general have a bad press in the United States, the vice squad has the worst of all."

homosexuality are common vices. When they also happen to be against the law, they are called vice crimes.

In ancient times, when the basis of civilization was mostly agricultural, the control of vice was almost entirely a family matter. Prostitution was not merely legal but also frequently a religious calling. Among the Semitic peoples, for example, the worship of Ishtar, Astarte, Mylitta, Baal, Moloch and other gods involved sexual union with temple prostitutes, not as a private pleasure but as a means of attaining intimacy with the goddess herself. The money paid was not a fee for services but an offering to support the work of the temple, which was vital to all fertility.

The Hebrews condemned prostitution and homosexuality because they were foreign forms of worship. In a religious state, this was a crime equivalent to treason. With the spread of Christianity, prostitution was suppressed from time to time as pagan sin but usually tolerated and often taxed. At the end of the 15th Century, an outbreak of syphilis killed a third of Europe's population in ten years. Prostitution was made illegal as a health measure, but this failed to control the epidemic. By the end of the 17th Century, sanitary regulation replaced suppression. During the 1720s, the Paris police began confining prostitutes to licensed houses, which were eventually supervised by special morals police. This system was soon adopted throughout Europe.

Official regulation of prostitution never became public policy in the United States, though many cities did have red-light districts that were unofficially tolerated and regulated by the police. Victorian morality began with the factory system and was essentially a pragmatic economic propaganda campaign designed to produce reliable workers, obedient and productive. Fueled by crackpot scientific theories about the need to conserve sexual energy, it became the prevailing force of social control in the rapidly developing industrial state.

In the early years of the 20th Century, mass communications systems made it possible to saturate whole populations with these ideas. Wilhelm Reich has described these strategies in *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*. Sexual energy belonged to the state, not the individual. Personal expression had to be subordinated to the will of the community. Assembly-line technology required stricter and stricter standards of reliability and cleanliness. Sanitation became an important political issue. Sex was too messy. The red-light districts were closed down in the United States. Sex, in effect, became illegal. It did not go away, however; it went underground. The function of the vice police is to make sure it stays there: The blemish must not show.

Despite the relaxation of sexual repression during recent years, virtually every police force in the United States has vice officers. The area is sensitive and secret and usually comes to public attention only when there is a scandal. Significantly, one important book on the subject, *Vice Squad*, by Robert Hunter Williams, is cataloged under the heading "Police Corruption—United States." It is virtually impossible to find a good word about vice police in the media. Prostitution, drug abuse, gambling, pornography and most illegal sexual acts between (or among, since there may be more than two persons involved) consenting adults are considered victimless crimes and police activity concerning them a waste of time. Most people in the communications business would almost certainly agree with Roger Gentry, who, when editor of the freewheeling *Los Angeles Free Press*, said, "Maybe there are some good vice cops, but most of them are rotten." If police in general have a bad press in the United States these days, the vice squad has the worst press of all. The prevailing image is *1984*, with overtones of *Serpico*.

•

Recently retired Los Angeles vice cop Rawleigh Fusilier was head of the Wilshire District unit and worked vice for 17 years. He's now an attorney, with an office in Hollywood, practicing mostly criminal law, defending, among others, the very people he used to bust—dope dealers, pimps, prostitutes, bookmakers. Here's a little of how it went when I talked with him:

What kind of person becomes a vice cop?

"Usually a very square and innocent individual who very quickly becomes less square and innocent."

What is the work like?

"Mostly a lot of fun. There's always action. It's so easy to make busts that you never have to work hard. I'd make my two busts a day and spend the rest of my time socializing if I felt like it. There's prostitutes everywhere. I can take you downstairs and show you some right on this street corner."

What about the case up in San Francisco where two vice cops were suspended for beating a prostitute?

"It sounds highly unlikely to me. You usually have the best of relationships with them, very pleasant. Lots of guys date the girls. They'd wait outside the jail when a girl they liked was coming out after doing 30 days and they'd take her home. She'd be clean, you know. You'd know that because she'd been in for 30 days. It's good for them to go in. Gives 'em a chance to rest and get clean. And real hot, too. You know, they had no action for a month. Don't forget, they're still chicks."

Is there any corruption in Los Angeles?

"There is corruption everywhere. Even a square can have rounded corners. I never took anything myself. Maybe some liquor at Christmas. I was making a good buck. I don't spend a lot. What do I want to blow a job like that, $22,000 a year, plus a pension? Here, look at this. This is my pension check. It came today in the mail. Every month. But you know, you bust some bookie and he offers you a thousand bucks to take a walk. . . . Like I said, even a square can have rounded corners."

Why do we need a vice squad?

"Just to keep a lid on it, to keep it orderly. They'll do it everywhere if you don't keep 'em in line. It's bad for the kids to see that. They say, 'Mommy, what's that lady doing?' It's embarrassing."

What's wrong with that?

"I don't know, really. It just seems wrong. But maybe it isn't. Who knows?"

Aside from that, what is the political function of the vice squad?

"To protect the administration. You're never going to stop graft, but at least this way you know where it's going, who it's going to. You know what's going on. There are no secrets. I could tell you things—who's using cocaine, for instance. You would be surprised, your mouth would fall open, if I told you. In the government. And you watch TV . . . you see someone who's happening, some star who's happening big, almost always, he's on cocaine. Hey, we get everyone. We get the biggest stars, the biggest politicians. We get priests. I nabbed one of the biggest rabbis in Los Angeles. I let him go. But we get everyone."

And once you've got them?

"We've got them."

•

I also talked with William Margold, who writes for the *Hollywood Press*, a sex tabloid, and has written, directed and starred in many porno films. Margold was busted for appearing in a hard-core film called *Sexual Ecstasy of the Macumba*, 81 counts of conspiracy to commit oral copulation and prostitution with overt acts I

(continued on page 256)

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ACTING OUT

what if you were told you could turn your wildest sexual fantasy into a movie? well, here's how some people rose to the challenge

By D. KEITH MANO

For her film debut in *Acting Out*, Milwaukee nurse Barbara Fiedorlyzk (above right) turns the tables on boyfriend James Schulze. Barbara, as the dominant partner, doffs her cap and starts to operate.

CAMERA IN CLOSE. A buttock. Male. Naked. What have we here? Waiters, nude from navel down, serving at an elegant *fête champêtre*. "My fantasy is . . . the women are all eating salad and they use—uh, a certain kind of salad dressing. Can I say this? Well, they use fresh semen as their salad dressing. They have to dispense it themselves from the waiters." Clap! Fantasy number 15. The Great Lettuce Scene. Camera, action. Cut! Cut! The narrator explains, voice-over: Unfortunately, "Don Farrar from Omaha . . . found it too difficult to contain his excitement until the proper course and prematurely seasoned the ladies' soup." I'll never pour roquefort over my endive again.

YOU AND YOUR FANTASY ON FILM

You are invited to participate as an on-screen star in one of the most revolutionary films ever to be shown. This new motion picture will be about the sexual fantasies of everyday people and will star the very people whose fantasies are chosen.

That ad yanked in about 1000 responses from bashful America-out-there. And not just from New York or Los Angeles, cities that moon you at the airport. Omaha, Seattle, Akron. *Akron*. In Akron, I thought, they got their sex out of a Spencer Gifts catalog, U.P.S. prepaid, along with the nudie soap cake and the how-dry-I-am bourbon pourer. Carl Gurevich and Ralph Rosenblum, who co-directed *Acting Out*, had to interview around 600 fantasts—in person and by long distance in what became, naturally, some rather obscene phone calling. "The thing that killed me," Gurevich says, "was that they'd resist for maybe 15 seconds, then it would come out. 'I wanna screw five women at once—and at the moment of orgasm, see, we're covered with a giant banana malted.' Or whatever. You name it." I'm not all overcome with surprise. Today you meet someone first time at a cocktail party, and right away he tells you he's been having it off with the grandparents and two Dobermans. There is just one taboo left. Never ask what they're earning. You'll get a wet dry martini in the blazer vest pocket. That sort of question is impertinent, even lewd.

Gurevich and Rosenblum inspire confidence; confidences. They're professional, serious. Five minutes and I'd tell them my best mattress dream, if it hadn't already been optioned by *Cement and Tile Grout Digest*. Rosenblum, who is film editor for a certain W. Allen, won the British Academy Award with *Annie Hall*. He is bearded, gentle, understanding; someone I'd send to talk a manic depressive off the Brooklyn Bridge. Gurevich is all T-shirt: amusing, bluff, the sort of man you might associate with backhoes and asphalt. An ex–football player, just slightly stomach-important, as if he'd been in set position, waiting for the center snap, since 1953. About five years ago, he worked on *Foreplay* with Zero Mostel and Pat Paulsen. It was a whimsical sex flick: For contrast, Gurevich thought to intercut starker, unrehearsed action. "I got the idea on Thursday and did it on Monday. We waited outside a movie theater and asked people if they'd like to act out their sexual fantasies on film. We filled a couple of limousines in an hour."

Robert Kazmeyer, a businessman from New Jersey, proposed the most elaborate fantasy. As seen below, it begins during a church wedding, with the bride starkers under her thin gown. Later come a chase, rape and death.

KAZMEYER

This clay footage didn't mesh with *Foreplay*, but the idea for *Acting Out* had been stuck like a pimiento in Gurevich's consciousness.

VANDERBILT

Consider it: 600 middle-American sex-fantasy interviews—most of them boring as a weevil.

Gurevich says, "We tried to keep the certified crazies out. There was one man who wanted to be a butterfly and land on a flower-woman or something. Anyhow, gold-lamé pollen was supposed to float down when they came."

Rosenblum reminds him, "Don't forget the karate champ. He kept yelling 'Hai! Aaaarg! Yeegahhh!' and talking about long spears and knives and disembowelment. For some reason, we didn't use him."

Prelim interview sessions were filmed in the same small room. First Gurevich and Rosenblum would snap off a Polaroid. (It's tough to tell your fantasts apart, especially when 500 or so are about as memorable as the Rutherford B. Hayes Administration.) Then each interviewee signed a "pretty heavy" release. I bet; probably it gave G & R perpetual rights to his subconscious. Gurevich got cunning after a while: He always had one woman present. It balanced their ticket, had a laxative effect on the psyche. These interviews, many of which are preserved in *Acting Out*, will fascinate you. Face is at an angle. Eyes cut the camera dead; they flick up, around; maybe imagination is on a cue card someplace. Then freakish things happen in the larynx. It will purse up, get gumball-hard. Voices drop, become husky, slow, in a kind of Mercedes McCambridge possession: This is not me talking. Now they look out at us. The sly, scheming hidden self has begun to speak. It's eerie.

COX

"There were three men for every woman," Gurevich estimated. "Fantasy is more important for men. They need it to perform. The most common male fantasy was group sex—it got tedious. You know, making it with a white, a black and an in-between. *(continued on page 218)*

Vanessa Vanderbilt answered an ad in a New York City newspaper looking for people who wanted their sexual fantasies to came true. She told film makers Gurevich and Rosenblum that unusual sex turned her on, so a wild party with an assortment of bodies was arranged.

Her husband came up with the fantasy and Andrea Cox of Michigan acted it out. Hubby chose a gang-bang theme, but Andrea picked the gang, a film version of the New York Jets.

LADY CHASTITY *(continued from page 177)*

"As he ran toward her, her robe billowed out and for a moment it almost looked as if she were naked."

God's way of saying thank you, Brother Bearle, thank you for understanding that the future of America depends upon the untainted and unsoiled purity of her women."

In the studio lit only by a single candle that burned behind the mike, he turned to the young man beside him, the most promising of his deacons. "Isn't that right, Brother Billie?"

"Amen!" Billie said.

"Amen, Billie!" Brother Bearle replied, as he did every night at exactly 12:30, signing off.

•

"We've got to be careful with this," Billie warned on the drive out to the Bible School several days later. But Brother Bearle was only half listening. He was thinking about how smooth the new Rolls felt in his hands. The Love Offerings had been so substantial since his vision that he had interpreted them as a sign that God did not want him to repair the Mercedes, that he was being programed for a grander, more prosperous future.

"What are you drivin' at, Brother Billie?"

"I mean, what if it was a mirage or a hoax?"

"Hogpie!" Brother Bearle fumed, resorting, as he often did when he was angry, to the slang of the Tennessee hill where he had had his first ministry. "I know what I seen. And what I seen was of dee-vine origin." He turned into the driveway of the Bible School, a converted Victorian hotel with balconies and turrets that faced out onto the ocean, and brought the car to rest in front of the pillared veranda.

Standing next to the bright gleam of the Rolls, Billie looked more anemic than usual, his thin tie fluttering in the wind between the lapels of gray polyester, his Adam's apple unnaturally large and pointed, almost a replica of his nose. Brother Bearle, by contrast, had a ruddy complexion and, though slightly overweight, had never felt better in his life. He took the steps two at a time and reached the top just as Sister Sharon glided through the screen door. Seeing her in her navy pants suit, her hair cut close around a face as wholesome as the morning itself, he found pleasure in the certainty that he couldn't have chosen a better spiritual mother for his girls. "You're looking mighty fine this morning, Sister Sharon."

A blush tipped each of Sister Sharon's cheeks. "You know I look forward to our Friday-morning inspections, Brother Bearle. And I *do* want to hear of your experience firsthand."

"Of course! Of course!" he said, leading her through the lobby with its stiff, high-backed Queen Anne chairs and hardwood floors, up the wide center staircase to the second floor, where the virginettes were housed, two per room. They began at the north end of the corridor, Sister Sharon preceding him into each room, the virginettes standing at the foot of their beds, not exactly at attention but straight and earnest in their tartan skirts and white blouses. He liked a clean-smelling room, untainted by odors of cosmetics or flesh, a room as fresh as the sea breeze itself; he liked to see each article in its proper place, beds crisply made, with spreads creased sharply beneath the pillows, the Bible prominently displayed on the nightstand between the beds. After the rooms, Sister Sharon led him into the communal lavatory at the end of the corridor. Here he was particularly critical, examining each stall for graffiti, wisps of pubic hair, unflushed tampon wrappings; he sniffed for the slightest trace of feminine odor, peered into each of the three shower stalls for any evidence of deodorant soaps or body oils.

Afterward, he stood behind the lectern in the makeshift chapel on the first floor while the virginettes filed briskly to their assigned seats. Through the enormous French windows that he hoped eventually to redo in stained glass with the help of future Love Offerings, he gazed out past the broad marble-tiled terrace to the Skytower of Prayer now in the final stages of construction. Set on a concrete jetty, it rose 200 feet above the ocean to a circular Church in the Sky. The base of the tower was composed of arched steel plated with disks of mirrored glass to reflect the sun's light. From the roof of the elevated church, a thin spire of blue and yellow chrome lifted another 50 feet into the heavens. The dedication of the tower was scheduled to coincide with the commencement exercises for the Bible School's first graduating class, now only two weeks away, and the anticipation of the dual event, together with the vision on the beach, filled Brother Bearle with such excitement that he could find no words to begin his sermon.

In the bright light of the windows, his brown hairpiece looked a shade or two darker than his natural hair and as he leaned forward, his face appeared small and cramped atop the series of jowls that receded into his neck. "How can I tell you," he began in his deepest radio voice, "how can I tell you how beautiful she was—pale and ethereal, as pure as wind or clouds, raising her arms toward our true home in the heavens."

He stared out at the pale, innocent faces before him, his hope for the future, drawing in the subtle scent of Ivory soap and freshly starched blouses. "Oh, I know there are skeptics out there, cynics who will say the man is deluded, off his rocker; but I say to those doubting Thomases who require proof before they will believe, I say to them that the Lord's proof is in the heart, *not* in the hand."

•

Inwardly, however, Brother Bearle was not quite so confident. He knew he could not afford to underestimate the cynicism of the modern world; so, with a camera strapped around his neck and a flashlight in hand, he patrolled the beach nightly, murmuring prayers for a second vision.

On the seventh night of his vigil, the wind off the water so severe it kept his eyes constantly in tears, his prayers were answered. She stood on the dunes this time, several hundred yards from the Skytower, a blur of light cloth sketched like mist against the black sky. As he ran toward her, her robe billowed out around her and for a moment it almost looked as if she were naked from the waist down; but he immediately dismissed that possibility and attributed the distortion to his watery vision. Then he remembered the camera and slowed down. He forced his eye against the tiny viewer, saw nothing but the blur of his own tears and snapped. By the time he lowered the camera, she was gone.

He peeled off the print and examined it under the sharp glare of the flashlight. The entire photograph was black except for the gleaming-white border and a tiny gauzy blotch in the lower-right-hand corner. The blotch was far too small to be identified, but Brother Bearle recognized in its diaphanous texture and filmy edges an evocation of the Virgin's billowing robe.

The photo was reproduced the next day in the county paper, but the reprint was of such poor quality that the white blotch appeared even more indistinct than in the original. Brother Bearle lamented the fact that none of the national wire services picked it up. "If it was Oral or Marjoe, you could be sure it'd be front-page news," he complained privately to Billie.

But despite this, he was happier than he'd been since the days of his Bible Balloon Crusade, when he had taken 100 of his followers on a chartered plane to Germany. In Berlin, they stuffed nearly a quarter of a million balloons with portions of the Bible translated into the seven languages of the Communist world; for a week, they camped by the Wall,

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waiting for an eastward wind, Brother Bearle leading them in prayer and song, asking God to "breathe upon them a wind so mighty and direct the balloons would carry all the way to Russia." And when the winds came at last—a gale, really, churning and spitting out of a black, tortured sky—the balloons jerked away into East Germany in fitful gusts, bobbing and plunging like crazed and homeless birds.

He was remembering that moment several nights later as he walked with Billie on the beach, in his mind comparing the virginettes to the balloons, messengers of purity to be released into a world gone sour with godlessness and lust. They had almost reached the Skytower, which thrust heavenward from the jetty, dark and full of promise, when Billie spotted the flickering form of a woman cast in the dull, milky light of the mist. Not more than 100 feet from them, she stood high up on a reef at the point where it disappeared into the dunes. Billie dropped to his knees, bowed his head and murmured, "Mother of Blessed Jesus, forgive me," at the same moment that Brother Bearle saw the vision.

He was about to join his deacon in humbled prayer when the vision suddenly bent forward, gathered the hem of her robe gracefully in her right hand and began to lift the robe up over her knees. There was no mistaking it this time: She *was* naked beneath the robe and in the light, which was brighter now—a flashlight held in her free hand beneath the robe—he could see the full length of her legs and thighs. She held the robe just below her private parts and for a moment let it dangle there before raising it, the beam spotlighting her crotch, which was doubly naked, clean-shaven and as smooth as ivory. Then she abruptly released the hem, turned and fled back into the dunes.

"What in God's holy name?" Brother Bearle shouted, glancing quickly at Billie, who still had his head bowed, his hands clasped tightly, his body rocking back and forth.

"Praise the Lord!" Billie chanted, thinking his minister was calling for response.

But Brother Bearle was already halfway across the beach, his breath running out of him in short bursts. When he reached the crest of the dunes, his eyes cast around wildly before he glimpsed her on the far side, gliding spritelike across the lawn of the Bible School. He stood there dumfounded. His heaving breath brought him to the edge of nausea while his disbelieving eyes tracked her across the terrace, where she suddenly vanished behind the black-metal door of the service entrance.

•

"I want to testify," Billie pleaded before services on Sunday morning, as Brother Bearle, still reeling from shock, stared gloomily out the window of the office in his soon-to-be-abandoned clapboard church on the highway. "To atone for my doubt, as it were."

"Not today, Billie." Dreading the inevitable jeopardy to his Bible School if this ever got out, not to mention Billie's ridicule, he had decided to keep quiet about the latest vision.

"When?" Billie leaned toward him across the desk. His skin was no longer pale. A flush rose up through his cheeks, brimming over in his eyes.

"Let's see what develops."

Brother Bearle hoped that by some miracle nothing would, that with less than a week to go before the dedication, whatever perversity he had been targeted for would be redirected elsewhere. But later that night, just before he went on the air, the broadcaster on the 12-o'clock news roundup announced that only moments before, a young girl dressed like the Virgin Mary had exposed herself to a group of bathers at the Regency Hotel and then to a honeymoon couple on a moonlight stroll through the dunes.

When the weather came on, Brother Bearle was in such a state of agitation he kept hearing the words *storm clouds* again and again, as if the words themselves were a storm spinning and thrashing around inside his head. Finally, the light blinked to signal the end of the newscast and he gaped at the serpentine twist of microphone that seemed coiled for attack in front of him.

In his sermon, he decided to ignore the reports and go ahead with his prepared text, but the reprieve was all too brief. The next day, the front page of the county newspaper carried the story under the headline: "LADY CHASTITY STRIKES AGAIN!" This time, the national wire services *did* pick it up and within 24 hours, it was national news. Brother Bearle sulked through every radio and TV newscast he could find, read the coverage in the papers, flinching as each of the headlines sniped at him above the columns of print, the one that struck closest to his heart a front-page story headlined "FEMALE FLASHER FLAUNTS FAITH"; and by the time he was ready to go on the air at midnight, he was churning with a rage of divine proportions.

"Some of you out there listening to me right now, some of you, yes, who call yourself the faithful, who call yourself 'born again,' some of you are saying to yourself right now: This man is a fool, this man has been made mock of. Why should we have anything more to do with him? But the holy Lord has given me the grace to forgive your faithlessness. That's right. I'm praying for you because you do not see that this perversity is not directed against one poor minister who has not lost his capacity to believe and is damn proud of it—but against each and every one of you who calls yourself a Christian.

"Right now, I know some of you out there are asking, 'Why should I bother to make a Love Offering to this man?' But we need your offerings now more than ever to continue our battle against the filthy hand of lust. I promise you no effort will be spared to root out the harlot responsible for this and I will personally see that she is prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

"*I'll get the slut*," he murmured under his breath.

Aloud, over the air, he said: "Isn't that right, Brother Billie?"

"Amen," Billie replied, but in such a weak voice it was almost inaudible.

•

The first thing Brother Bearle did was move out of the Mediterranean-style ranch house he had built for himself and take a room on the first floor of the school. His fear of the reporters who roamed the dunes was so great he dared confide in no one, hoping to find whoever it was before she exposed herself again. He had only one real clue and he tried to pursue it with Sister Sharon on the terrace over tea.

He lowered his cup with an unsteady hand and cleared his throat. "Sister Sharon, this may sound like a bizarre question, but"—he scraped his cup on the saucer trying to find the groove, the hot tea spilling over onto his hand—"is there anything unusual . . . ? Have you noticed . . . ? I mean, when the girls are showering. . . ." The phrase *shaved pussy* came into his mind and he winced, never before having entertained so crass a term.

"Yes, Brother Bearle?" Sister Sharon's eyes fluttered above the pink blush of her cheeks.

"Never mind, Sister." He smiled and patted her hand, inwardly troubled about how to proceed.

But the next morning, during inspection, as his eyes cruised the last of the three shower stalls, he noticed a sliver of plaster chipped away alongside the water pipe where it rose between the hot and cold faucets. When he poked his finger into the hole, more of the plaster fell away. An hour later, while Sister Sharon and the virginettes were at lunch, he returned with a screwdriver and hammer and knocked an eyeball-sized hole through to the storage room next door; and at 7:30 that night, he knelt in the darkness with his left eye pressed to the hole.

Because of the three stalls, he had only a 33 percent chance of spotting her the first night; but as the nights went on, he concluded, the odds would grow in his favor. The hole was inordinately well placed—a sign to Brother Bearle that this had been preordained—and

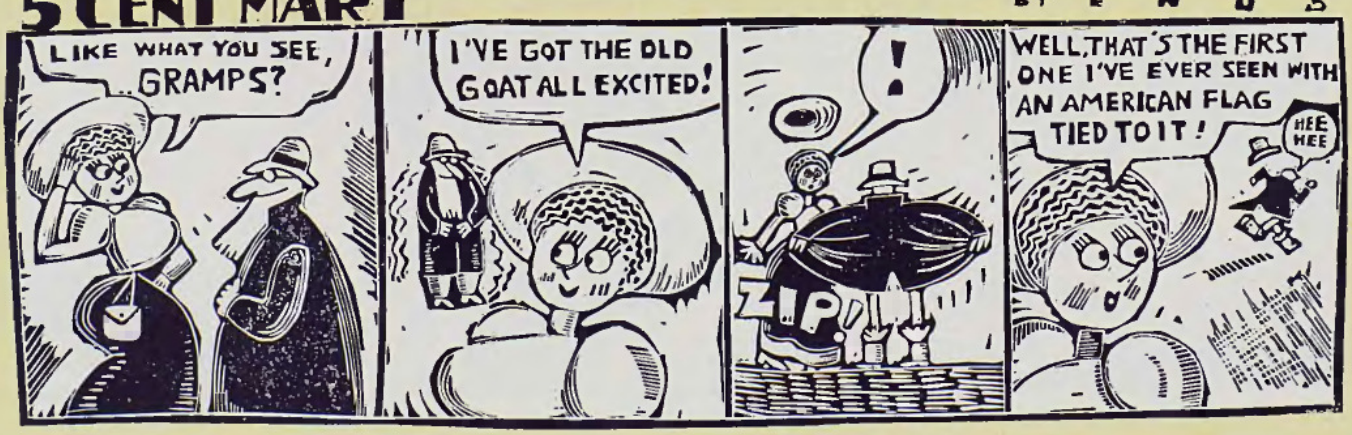
(continued on page 264)

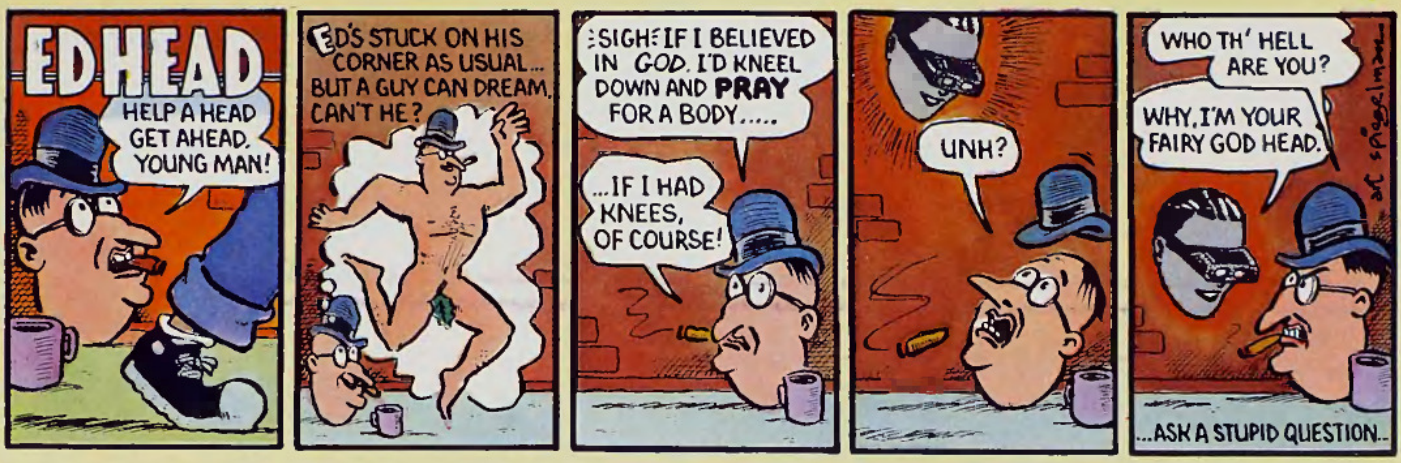
Sweet Dreams

by Lou Brooks

5 CENT MARY

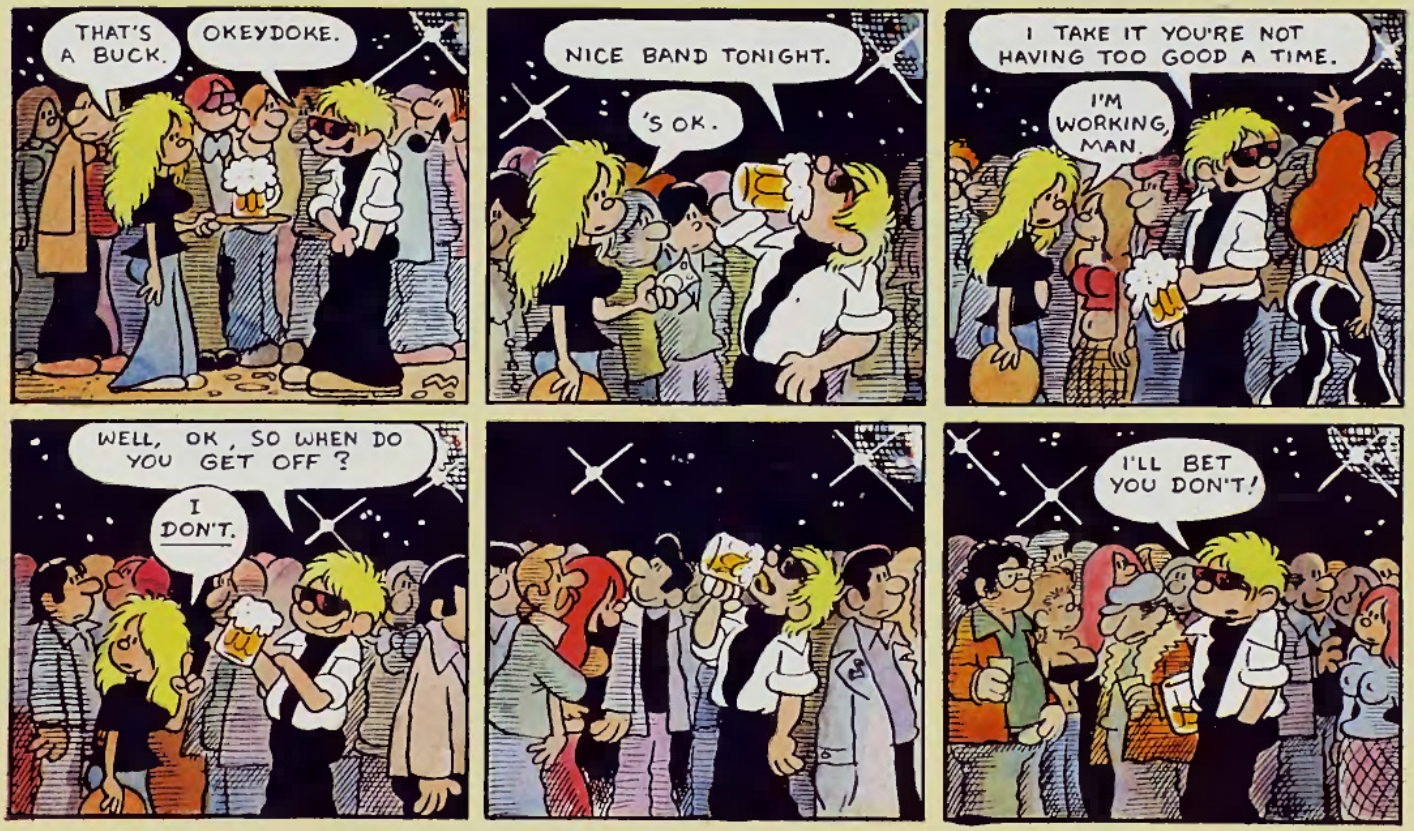
BY E N O S





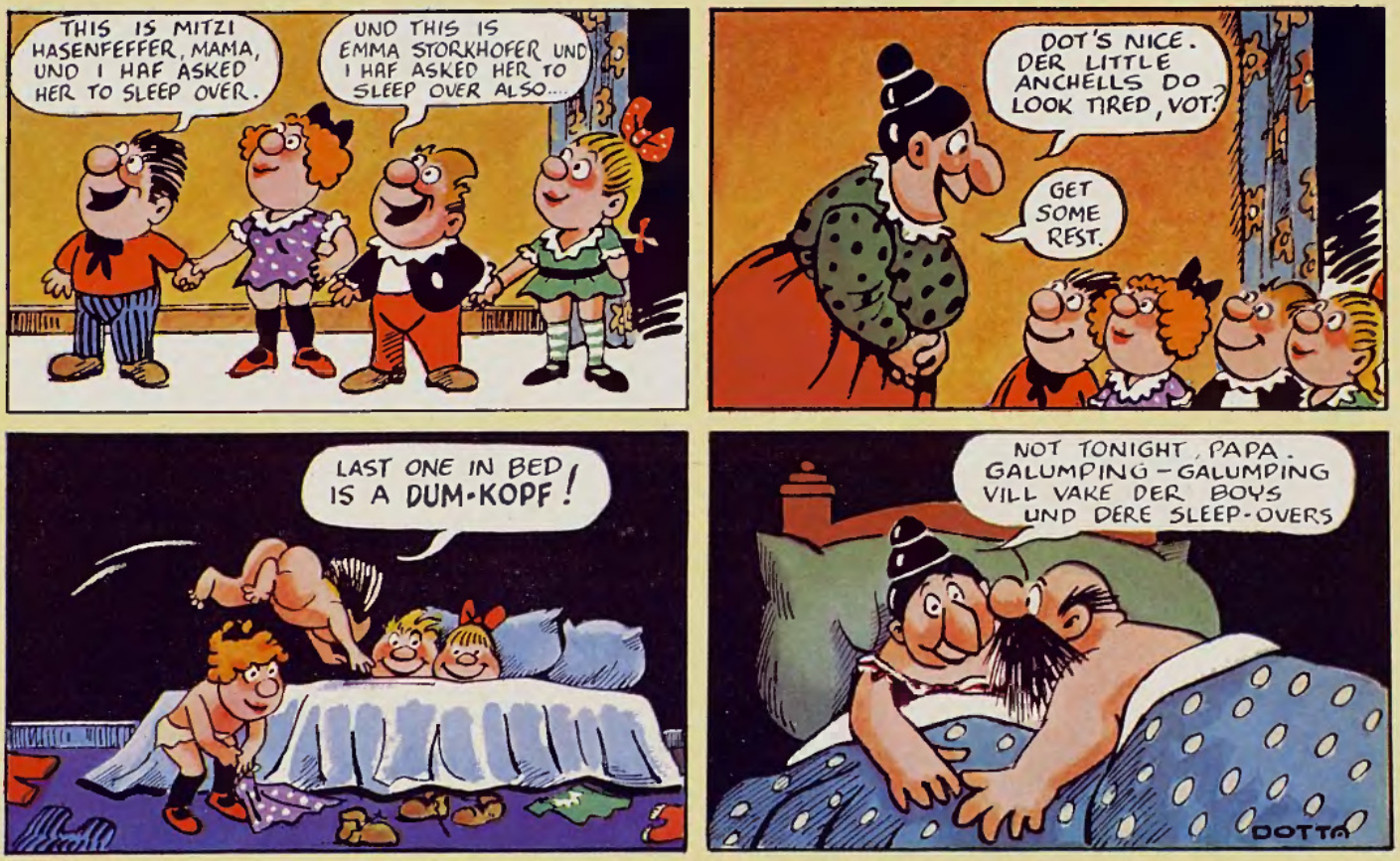
CRUISER

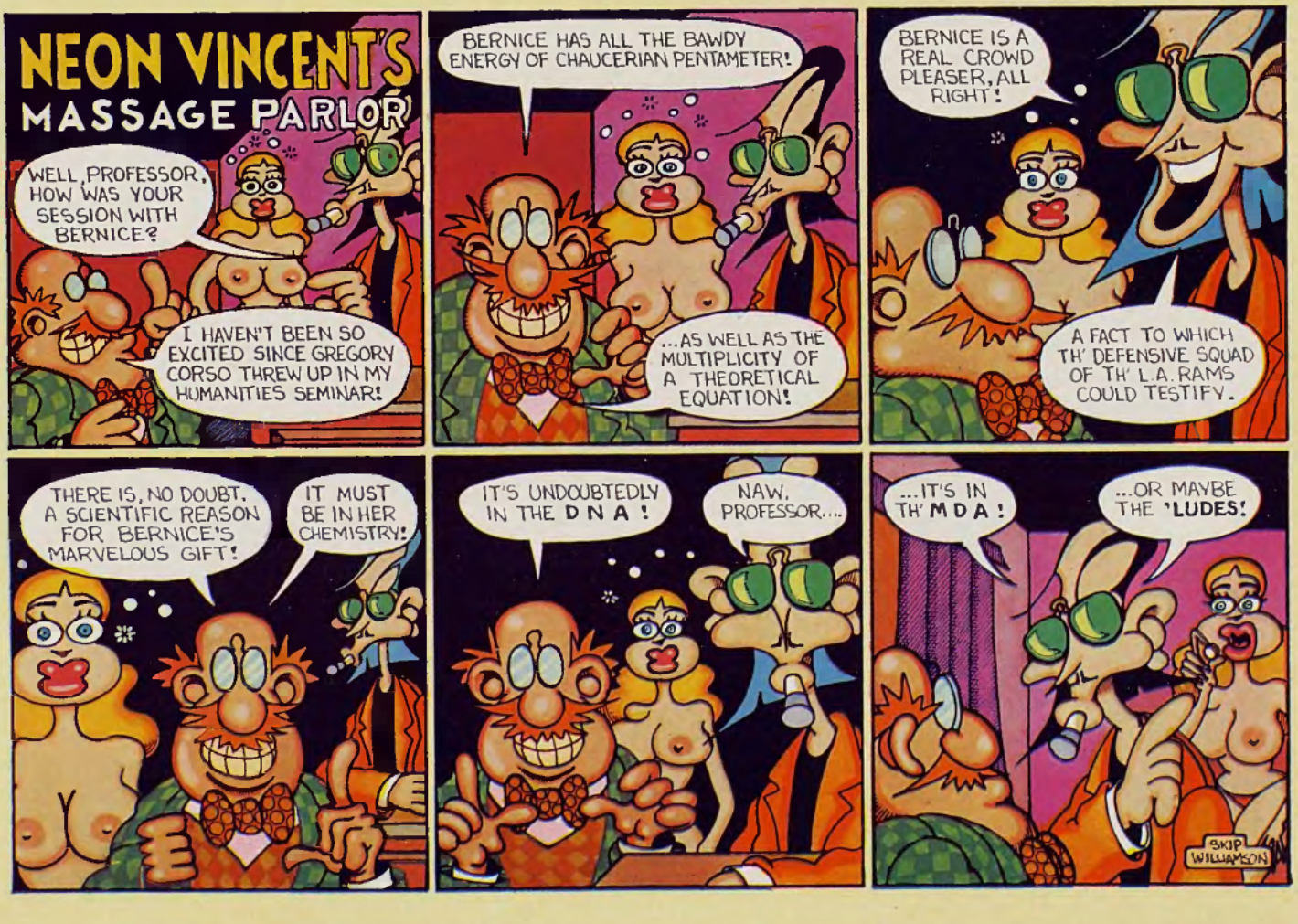
by Christopher Browne



IT'S GREAT TO BE MARRIED

THE KRAUTZENBUMMER KIDS





THROUGH SPACE AND TIME WITH SCHWIMMER AND JONES
THIS MONTH: "MÉNAGE À TROIS MÉCANIQUE"
by Randy Jones... Eugene Allen Schwimmer
NEITHER OF OUR HEROES HAS HAD FEMALE "COMPANIONSHIP" FOR... FOR... WELL... A LONG TIME. NEED WE SAY MORE?
2 000 CREDITS AND ANOTHER 500 POSTAGE— THIS BETTER BE WORTH IT.
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LOVE ROBOT DELUXE MODEL
OF ALL THE DISGUSTING THINGS YOU'VE DONE, THIS IS THE WORST!
SHUDDUP AND HAND ME THOSE TITS!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE LOVE TO THAT... MACHINE!
CLIK!
MAY I SERVE YOU, SIR?
YEAH— KISS ME!
DISGUSTING!
CONTROL YOURSELF— IT'S ONLY A MACHINE!
ON THE OTHER HAND....
LEMME TRY THAT!
KISS ME!
GET LOST!!
IT BODES ILL WHEN YOU GET TURNED DOWN BY A ROBOT....
UH! UH! UH!

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MARILYN MONROE *(continued from page 132)*

"Marilyn started screaming and tearing her hair out, which she did whenever she got extremely upset."

but tiny, only five feet tall. "He had the best clothes in town," Marilyn said, "but they were like doll's clothes." When they made love, she told me, he'd get upset if she didn't put on a display of ecstasy. "I didn't mind doing it," Marilyn shrugged. "But nothing seemed to excite me. It wasn't him. It was me. But he took it personally and I had to act like it was the thrill of my life. At first, I was kind of embarrassed 'cause Johnny was so short, but everyone looked up to him, all the stars."

And Hyde got Marilyn her two most important roles to date. They were small roles, Marilyn playing the kept woman of a crooked lawyer in *The Asphalt Jungle* and another kept woman—to a vicious drama critic—in *All About Eve*. "I started as a dumb blonde whore," she complained. "I'll end as one."

Hyde died of a heart attack when he was in his 50s. Marilyn cried when she spoke about him. "He used to say that I was the only one who could save his life, but I thought he was joking. And then I decided I did love him, but it was too late. I hated myself. Jesus, he was my friend. I could have saved him. I killed him. I killed him!" Marilyn started screaming and tearing her hair out, which she did whenever she got extremely upset. Her feeling that she had caused someone's death would surface again several years later when Clark Gable died of a heart attack after making *The Misfits* with her.

•

Yves Montand was in New York during the fall of 1959, doing a one-man song-and-dance show on Broadway. With him was his wife, Simone Signoret, who the next spring would win an Oscar for her role in *Room at the Top*. The Montands had starred several years before in a Paris production of Miller's play *The Crucible*. Like Miller, they had been accused of being Communists and were given a hard time by the State Department when they wanted to visit America. After being rejected several times, they were granted visas so that Montand could do his show. Miller was eager to entertain them when they arrived in New York.

I'll never forget Marilyn's look when they came through the door. Montand looked quite a bit like DiMaggio, and I could sense that Marilyn saw this. Yves could speak very little English, so Simone would do a lot of translating for him. Marilyn barely spoke at all. She just stared at Yves and smiled, and he kept smiling back. The four ate, drank and had such a good time that I couldn't understand why the Millers didn't have guests up more often.

The next day, Marilyn was on the phone for hours, asking everyone she knew about Montand. The question she kept asking was, How did he end up marrying Simone Signoret? "She's not pretty," Marilyn would say. "And she's older than he is. What did she do to get him?" Through her calls, Marilyn found out that Montand had gotten his big break as a cabaret performer because of a love affair with the great singer Edith Piaf. She was also older and not beautiful. Through Piaf, Montand became a real singing star in France. She also helped him get into movies.

"I bet he married Simone so she'd help him become a *big* movie star," Marilyn said. "That had to be it. For his career." Then she paused. "Well, I can't blame him. I mean, it's so hard in movies. You've gotta have connections. Anyway, she's really nice. I can tell he looks up to her. She's lucky." She wished aloud that she could do a movie with him. "If he would only learn English, he'd be perfect."

Once all the American stars began to turn down *Let's Make Love*, Marilyn decided that Montand should do it. She told Miller and her other advisors, who said his English would be an impossible problem. "He's learning real fast," Marilyn said. Montand had returned to the apartment alone several times and had told Marilyn about his poor childhood—how his father had worked in a factory, how he himself had had to quit school at 11 to get a job, how he had worked in a spaghetti factory and as a hairdresser, how he had got started singing in rough Marseilles cafés, doing the songs of Maurice Chevalier and imitations of Donald Duck. Marilyn was entranced.

Miller was usually around when Montand was there and would sometimes help translate for him and Marilyn. Frequently, he would return to his study to write while the two others drank champagne and chatted away while sitting on the couch next to each other. Sometimes Marilyn and Montand would hold hands while they talked, but they always let go whenever they heard the study door open.

Marilyn spent days on the phone pushing for Montand, and eventually he got the role. As soon as she learned that he had the part, she began rehearsing her song-and-dance numbers with an intense determination. She'd stay up half the night, struggling to learn the words of the songs. She would use the living room as her stage and sometimes trip over tables or run into the sofa and bruise her legs. She would put on a black leotard and black-net stockings and sing and dance for hours until she got things exactly right. Miller looked exhausted; he stayed locked up in his study or took his dog on long walks to get away.

Aside from Montand, the most exciting thing that happened to Marilyn in the months before she started *Let's Make Love* was meeting Soviet premier Nikita Khrushchev when he visited Hollywood. This was a publicity stunt dreamed up by 20th Century-Fox. I believe Marilyn even had to be told who Khrushchev was. The studio kept insisting. They told Marilyn that in Russia America meant two things. Coca-Cola and Marilyn Monroe. She loved hearing that and agreed to meet him. "I guess there's not much sex in Russia," she laughed.

Marilyn's main memory of Khrushchev was that he was "fat and ugly and had warts on his face and he growled. Who would want to be a Communist with a president like that?" she joked, adding, "I could tell Khrushchev liked me. He squeezed my hand so long and so hard that I thought he would break it. I guess it was better than having to kiss him."

In the early part of 1960, when Marilyn went back to Hollywood, this time with Miller, to make *Let's Make Love*, they stayed, as usual, at the Beverly Hills Hotel. In the suite next door were Yves and Simone. It was the first time Marilyn really enjoyed making a movie. "It's Yves," she told me on the telephone.

Their relationship grew even closer when Miller left for a few weeks to go to Ireland to visit John Huston, to work on the screenplay for *The Misfits*, which would be Marilyn's next movie. I asked her if she were going to be lonesome all by herself. "All by myself? Are you kidding? I've got Yves and Simone right next door."

Then Simone won the Academy Award as best actress and Yves appeared at the ceremonies. "She's got the Oscar. She's got Yves. She's smart. They respect her. She's got everything. What have I got?"

Then Simone had to return to Europe to begin production on a new film. Miller had come back, but he, too, decided to leave to spend some time with his children.

Marilyn and Yves quickly began their affair. "But what about Mr. Miller?" I asked, when she told me about it.

Marilyn said she wasn't sure. She felt hurt that he had left her alone in Hollywood. "I don't think I'm the woman for him," she said without emotion. "Arthur needs an intellectual, somebody he can talk to. He needs someone like Simone." She broke into a big grin. "And Yves needs me."

Yves was due to fly back to France via

(continued on page 206)

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MAN & WOMAN

SEXY SECONDS

The days of death-do-us-part marriages may be coming to a close, but the much-touted skyrocketing divorce rate doesn't mean that marriage itself is on the way out. In fact, four out of five divorced people these days manage to take another shot at matrimony—half of them within a year of calling it quits. Under the circumstances, it's an unimaginative soul, indeed, who has never said to himself, I wonder what kind of woman I'd marry if I ever took the plunge again.

As it happens, Anthony Pietropinto and Jacqueline Simenauer bring us *Husbands and Wives*, a survey of almost 4000 wedded citizens from around the country. And among the valuables they asked their respondents to deposit in their data bank were remarriage fantasies. Here are some sample responses from husbands:

"I would look for one who would listen instead of argue at a drop of a pin."

"A person with a similar personality, willing to put a home ahead of everything else, and thinner."

"Same as my wife except better physical appearance—body, not face."

"I'd look for a rich woman."

Of course, anyone could stand a little remodeling, but what happens when people actually do remarry? Pietropinto found that three out of five of the remarried folks he questioned had actually hitched up with new spouses significantly different from their previous partners. A full one sixth, however, came up with second mates who were similar in most ways to their discarded darlings. And, with a pinpoint precision that could be the envy of a Hollywood casting director, eight percent managed to find new spouses similar in appearance but different in personality from their predecessors, while four percent opted for a new set of looks, same old temperament.

How does it all work out? Very nicely, thank you. Sex for the once-more-with-feeling crowd seems to be much better than for the one-time-only bunch. Fifty-five percent of the remarried respondents rated their sex lives at the top of the scale, while only 35 percent of those in first marriages felt their performance in the sack rated three stars. And with good sex came other goodies: Compared with first-timers, the remarrieds felt less taken for granted, were less likely to believe that the marriage had changed them in some way for the worse and more often claimed that they'd marry the same person again if they had it to do over yet again.

Sound pretty appealing? Before you dial your divorce lawyer, you might want to keep this in mind: Most of the remarried people answering the questionnaires were comparing their current marriages with earlier ones that were bad enough to end up in divorce. And when you come out of the desert, a puddle can look like a lake.

KISSY-KISSY

Many American men are still not all that comfortable with the idea of social kissing. They find there's something about casual lipwork that's just a little too showbiz, if not downright French. Still, the alternative of sharing a hearty handshake with an amiable lady smacks of the Li'l Abner league and social kissing seems here to stay. So let's look at a few pecking pointers to help you triumph in the kissing ritual.

• Every social milieu has its own kissing etiquette. Rural types tend to be somewhat stingy with the smooches, while in the entertainment business, even a casual round of introductions inevitably ends up looking like a feeding frenzy in the guppy tank. Smack with the pack.

• When in doubt, follow the lady's lead. If she puckers up expectantly or offers a welcoming expanse of cheek, feel free to plant one on her. A good technique for avoiding misunderstandings is to start with a handshake and pull her gently into pecking position. If she comes, go. If she responds like a blue marlin with a hook set, you can always gracefully drop her hand.

• Try to remember that social kissing isn't sex. Save the slosh-and-slobber tongue tricks for the bedroom. A social kiss should be like good champagne—light and dry. It isn't necessary to land your lips with the precision of a lunar module. Anywhere in the general vicinity of the face will do. And don't glom on like a leech in heat once you've made contact. A quick brush of the lips is all that's called for. If the lady seems inclined to linger or puts an unmistakable bit of erotic English into her response, you can register the reaction for future use, but don't attempt to consummate such an invitation on the spot.

• If you've been munching garlic or onions or swilling high-octane cocktails, give the lady a break and keep your lips sealed during the clinch. Nothing undercuts the warmth of a friendly bit of osculation like a blast of garbage gas.

• Unless you're a midget or have a sincere thing for knuckles, leave the hand kissing to titled Europeans over the age of 70.

• It may happen sometime that you will look up and find a male looming in for the old smackeroo. Don't panic. Just because you share a hearty embrace with another man doesn't mean you're going to wake up the next day with a mad craving to open up a little antique shop with him. The only time you have to worry about being kissed by a man is when his name is something like Eddie "The Nutcracker" Scungili and you owe him money.

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Four parts vodka, one part elegance.

The elegance, of course, is Rose's Lime Juice. Which is the essential ingredient for turning any vodka into the most elegant of cocktails.

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To make the Rose's Gimlet properly, simply stir 4 to 5 parts vodka, gin or light rum with one part Rose's Lime Juice. Serve ice cold, straight up or on the rocks.

Taste a little elegance tonight. Have a Rose's Gimlet.

HOW TO BUY A USED SPORTS CAR

If God had meant for man to ride around in a closed sedan, He would have put his cave on wheels. Cars with steel tops are for snow, ice and cub-scout packs. Even the original automobile inventors in their considerable wisdom built convertibles. Whipping along in a finely tuned sports car with the weeds at your sides and the whole sky for a roof is what Mother Nature intended. Despite the popularity of recreational vehicles and "sporty" sedans, nothing quite compares to the feel of four fast ones underneath and God's own air conditioning for climate control.

There is a precious small selection of true—i.e., topless—sports cars on the market today. But they are well worth the search if you enjoy rather than loathe the act of driving anywhere in our car-connected world. Many people think sports cars are expensive. That's because they are. A new MGB lists at over $6000; a Fiat 2000 Spider at over $7000. This is actually less than your fully loaded Olds, but some folks think you're extravagant if you spend the same thing on a car that carries only two and one half people.

Fortunately, you don't have to lay out big bucks to find open-car happiness. There are plenty of good buys in used sports cars on the market every day. With a reasonable dose of common sense, buying a previously owned foreign pop-top need be no more frightening than finding a well-preserved Chevy Nova.

The tricks to choosing a used sports car are patience and a good eye. Like Captain Ahab tracking the great white whale, you must move with Joblike care but strike swiftly when the right deal surfaces. There are lots of uncared-for, overpriced sports cars on the market, so don't go for something you almost love if the engine does not sound right or the seats wobble or the owner is asking $500 too much. You'll know the right car when it comes along. Here's how:

SHOP AROUND

Don't hesitate to walk onto a used-car lot and drive two or three MGBs or Fiats or whatever is there to learn the characteristic strengths and foibles of the various makes. Usually, these cars will be overpriced, but you may strike an acceptable deal if the car is really good. Scan the newspaper ads early every day; buy the Sunday paper on Saturday afternoon. And if you see something great, don't wait for Sunday to call.

I drove an even dozen cars before finding my latest mistress, a 1975 Fiat Spider with 26,000 miles, in excellent condition, for only $3100. I had been sorely tempted by another car, but it ran unevenly and showed poor interior care. I held out and it paid off.

MILEAGE

All things mechanical break sooner or later, so look for wheels with under 25,000 miles and never go over 35,000. Favor a car that has had little work done to it; a healthy vehicle tends to stay that way. Examine body panels in good light; a difference in color shading usually means a wreck in the car's past.

ROAD TEST

This is the fun and serious part. Road sensitivity and tight handling are the hallmarks of a sports car. Take it out on straightaways, tight curves and some rumpled roadway. If you feel as if you're negotiating a rubber raft over white water every time you hit bumps, this roadster is not for you. There should be very little free play in the steering wheel. The car should take tight curves at fairly high speed without much sway; a strong tilt means bad shocks. Release the steering wheel while braking; if the car pulls to one side, it has worn pads or an imbalance in the hydraulic system.

ENGINE RESPONSE

The engine should idle smoothly at about 1100 rpms and jump immediately at a touch of the accelerator. The car should be able to sprint in any gear. If it is sluggish, forget it—you're missing the sports-car experience. All high-compression engines tend to bubble on deceleration, but if the car misses or gurgles on fast acceleration, it needs more than a good tune-up. Try a few high-rev starts from scratch to check for clutch slippage.

THE TOP

On Fiats, look for frayed spots along the struts. On MGBs, check for small rips on the rear quarter panels. Raise and lower the top during the test drive. With the top up, can you see daylight or water stains where it meets the car? With the top lowered, does the frame shake or rattle?

MAKING YOUR MOVE

If after all this tinkering you think you've got a good piece of swift iron in your hands, just sit back and ride a bit. This is the all-important psychoemotional test drive. If it were a person, would you buy this car another drink? Are you becoming friends? If not, don't be tempted to second-guess yourself. Do the same thing you would at a bar, walk away.

Buying a used sports car is not unlike buying your first pair of running shoes: No matter what the experts say, if it doesn't *feel* right to you, it's wrong. As soon as you climb into the right one, you'll know it. —PETER ROSS RANGE

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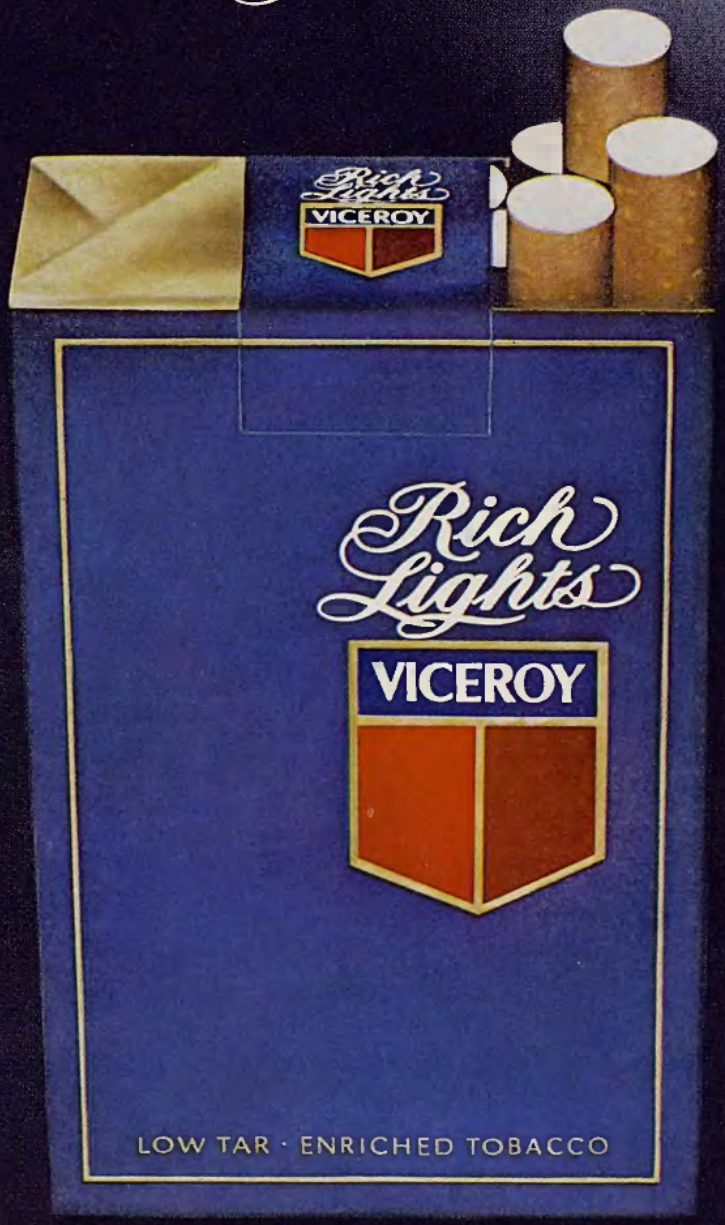

The first low 'tar' cigarette good enough to be called *Rich*.

Kings and 100's.

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TRAVEL AGENTS, TOURISM AND YOU

Travel is the third-largest industry in the United States, trailing only the food and construction businesses. The key to the success and pleasure of any trip is often the competence of the travel agent you choose. Here are a few tips on finding one who—it's hoped—will make the going great.

RULES OF THE GAME

Since travel agents do not charge their customers anything for booking airline seats, hotel rooms, package tours, etc., many people feel they have nothing to lose by going to them. They make money by receiving commissions from the airlines, hotels and companies whose services they sell to you. Those commissions vary from about seven percent of the cost of a domestic-airline ticket to nearly 30 percent of the price of some package tours. If you have ever sold anything on a straight-commission basis, you understand the pressure to produce high-volume business. You also understand the urge to sell the products that make the most money for you. What you have to lose by going to a travel agent, therefore, is not your money but your chance of getting the travel arrangements that fit your needs and desires, at the best possible price. The way to keep the odds in your favor is to understand what you can and should expect from a competent travel agent and what's unreasonable to expect.

WHAT TO EXPECT

Your travel agent should belong to the American Society of Travel Agents (ASTA). To be a member, he must have been in business at least three years and must meet certain financial requirements. ASTA membership is no guarantee of competence, but it is reassuring. Look for a sticker on the agent's door signifying membership, along with all those airline decals that indicate that he is authorized to sell tickets for those carriers.

The agency should be able to issue tickets on the spot. The holding of airline validation plates and blank ticket stock is an important indication of an agency's status. If it cannot issue tickets on the spot, there is usually a good reason why the airline does not permit it to do so. Don't stick around to find out the reason. Also be wary of any agent who operates out of his home or apartment. (Don't laugh. Plenty of people each year get burned by phony fly-by-night agents.)

A competent agent should have knowledge about your destination beyond what is in a brochure. The best information, of course, is insight gathered on the spot by someone from the agency. If that isn't available, ask that the agent have someone who has recently been on your trip contact you. If you or he can't find someone who has actually been there, consult some of the many guidebooks that are available at your library or bookstore.

Another necessity is background information about the person or persons responsible for your flight, tour or cruise. Often a tour wholesaler assembles a group and assumes liability for all or part of your trip, even though it is sold to you by a retail agent. Your agent should identify any middleman and vouch for his reliability.

Unless money is no object to you, you should expect accurate fare information, including the lowest possible price, without having to ask for it. Even so, the air-fare situation is so chaotic that you should always double-check details with the airline's rate desk, especially when you are booking a complicated trip with multiple stopovers or discount fares.

BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY

No agent can guarantee that everything will be perfect on your trip. Some details, such as weather and flight delays, are beyond his control. Other things, such as hotel overbookings (the number-one cause of complaints) or sudden changes in itinerary after you depart, may be the legal responsibility of a tour wholesaler. You can check a wholesaler's track record by calling your Better Business Bureau, ASTA headquarters in New York or the Federal Trade Commission in Washington.

It's also unreasonable to expect a travel agent to be completely knowledgeable about every destination. If the faraway place you're hankering to visit is *really* off the beaten track, try to find an agent who specializes in more unusual junkets. Agents also can't be expected to have brochures on all resorts and towns. Libraries, tourist-information offices (try the New York telephone book) and staffs of airlines who serve foreign destinations are often gold mines of info.

Also keep in mind that an agent can't be all things to all people. If you're a backpacker or a five-dollar-a-day gourmet, you probably sleep and eat in places that aren't listed in any agent's reference guides and that are not used to dealing with cabled reservation requests in English. Making your own arrangements can be fun, anyway.

No agent can do the impossible. That includes booking Caribbean resorts two weeks before Christmas or finding choice accommodations in Acapulco at Easter. It may seem hard to believe, but every hotel in Florence may be booked during July. Be reasonable and don't expect miracles. Remember, the idea is not to go away happy but to return that way.

—TOM PASSAVANT

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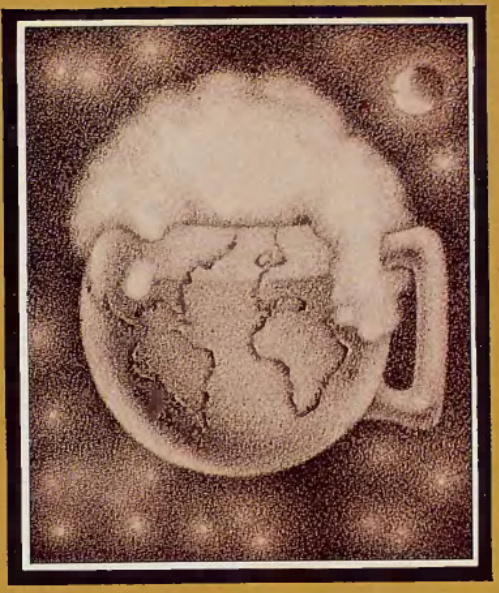

A GUIDE TO IMPORTED BREWS

A Washington source recently commented that when a country begins exporting beer to America, it's a sure sign that diplomatic relations are improving. Even Red China had shipped over its own weak brew, inappropriately named Greatwall, prior to establishing a formal relationship with our Government.

Judging by the overwhelming popularity of imported brews, malt diplomacy has proved an incredible success. Sales of foreign beers have skyrocketed, growing ten times faster than the market for beer brewed in the U.S.A. Here are some of the best of the imported suds.

GREAT BEERS OF EUROPE

In England, the bold red **Bass** signature is almost as much of an institution as the neighborhood pub. The so-called pale ale actually has a caramel color and aroma—and it's delicious. **Watneys Red Barrel** is a sleeper. Sudsy enough to wash clothes in, this English beer also smells like an old bar rag. Amazingly, it's a gentle, rich brew.

Ireland's **Guinness Stout** is very dark and quite bitter, but the British national drink is a taste worth acquiring. Harp is an easier-to-swallow Irish beer from Guinness.

Skol from Holland proclaims itself "International Beer," produced by license in a dozen countries. At first sip, Skol lacks body, but it rallies with a tangy ending. **Heineken's** distinctive flavor makes it the world's most popular export. It's a uniformly tasty beer with a creamy head. **Oranjeboom**, another Dutch brew, provides a good European flavor at a much lower price than Heineken. Slightly bitter, Oranjeboom remains a solid *bière ordinaire*. Holland's final entry is the sharp-tasting **Grolsch**, which comes in an intriguing 15-ounce bottle featuring a wire contraption that holds a ceramic stopper instead of the usual bottle cap. The resealable gizmo is great for the less-than-one-beer thirst.

Denmark's **Carlsberg Light Deluxe** stands for one of Europe's great brewing names. The gold-label export is a consistently mouth-watering brew. A sparkling, amber winner.

Pilsner Urquell from Czechoslovakia is "the original source" for the world's pilsner-style beers. The sharp flavor of Bohemian hops is for hard-core drinkers only.

Kronenbourg is at the opposite end of the beer spectrum. The French import is tasty but underwhelming. The beer lover's answer to Perrier.

The Mediterranean's most famous beer is **Fix**, from Greece, a fizzy brew with a pungent tang.

Germany, where housewives leave notes for the beer men, is the beer connoisseur's mecca. **Beck's** is the leading German beer in America since the demise of imported Löwenbräu. Beck's refined bitter aftertaste is the trademark of one of the world's finest beers. **St. Pauli Girl** features a beer-hall *Fräulein* on the label. She serves up a pleasant but very light brew. **Dortmunder Union** comes from a city of brewing fanatics. Its beer exudes characteristic German flavor. **Würzburger** was first brewed in Bavaria in 1643. It's clean-tasting but extremely heavy. Not for guzzling.

CLOSER TO HOME

Despite its fiery carbonation, Mexico's **Carta Blanca** is actually a well-mannered, pleasant beer. **Dos Equis** has long been a favorite of Mexican-food *aficionados*. Its tart, refreshing flavor helps extinguish the blaze. **Bohemia** brand is a rich, Vienna-styled brew produced at the Cuauhtémoc brewery since 1890.

The eye-catching metallic-blue label of **O'Keefe** Canadian stresses that it's imported. Yet, except for an impressive two-inch head, it's much like American brew. **Labatt's Blue** has a lot less foam but true beer aroma. It is a bit thin, but the dry, smooth taste of Labatt's still comes through. "An honest brew makes its own friends," declares a bottle of **Molson**. The affable Canadian is a crisp, superior import that often costs little more than premium American beers.

FAR-OUT BREWS

Australia's **Tooths KB Lager** is exported to the U. S. in an oversized, 25-ounce can. Inside is a mild, ginger-colored lager with a slightly hoppy flavor. A heavier, satisfying Australian beer is **Foster's Lager**, also in a 25-ounce can, the best-known product of a country where beer drinking is a national mania.

Japan's "beer of legend" displays the woolly **Kirin**, half horse, half dragon who charmed a Chinese woman 2500 years ago. The beast's namesake is a mellow, tangy brew. The nutlike flavor of Japanese **Sapporo** may be traceable to the use of rice in the brewing process. The rising sun on the bottle of Tokyo's **Asahi** leaves little doubt as to its origin. Neither does the flavor of its cloudy brew, reflecting a distinctive Asian style.

San Miguel is a world-class pilsner from the Philippines. A fine thirst quencher, San Miguel has a pleasing flavor that has developed a cult following in the U. S.

Taking up my beer mug against a sea of imported suds leaves only one question: Do they pay $1.50 for a can of Schlitz in Munich?

—LEE MICHAEL KATZ

MARILYN MONROE

(continued from page 196)

"She stormed through the living room and pounded on the study door. Miller refused to come out."

New York in a few days. Marilyn had a rendezvous all planned for when he changed planes. She booked a room, under another name, naturally, at a hotel near Idlewild Airport. She ordered flowers and several big bottles of champagne. She even took two baths the day of his arrival, one in the morning and another that night before she left for the airport in her limousine.

The next day, when I came to work, Marilyn was nearly hysterical as she described how all her plans had been fouled up. "Everyone will know," she moaned. Yves hadn't wanted any part of going to the hotel with her. He had wanted to get back to Paris, and to Simone, as soon as possible. "He tried to be nice," Marilyn sobbed. "He kissed me and all. But he said that the idea of his leaving Simone was . . . ridiculous. He told me what a 'nice time' he had had. The last thing he said was that Arthur and I should come visit him and Simone in France. Wouldn't that be something? Now, you know they're gonna be sitting in Paris and laughing their heads off at me."

At least Marilyn didn't have much time to sit around and mope. She was scheduled to begin making Miller's film, *The Misfits*, right away. Actually, one of her last fights with Miller, and probably the worst, was about his script for *The Misfits*. One afternoon, she came back into the bedroom screaming, and threw a champagne bottle against the wall, smashing it into a million slivers. "He said it's *his* movie. I don't think he even wants me in it," she barked, slamming the closet door open and shut. I thought she was going to break it off.

She stormed through the living room and began pounding on the study door, which was locked. Miller refused to come out. "I'm your wife. I'm your wife," Marilyn kept screaming. "It's not *your* movie, it's *ours*. You wrote it, but you said you wrote it for *me*. Now you say it's all yours. You lied. You lied." There was still no answer from Miller.

Marilyn kicked over some tables, banged down the keys of the piano and grabbed another champagne bottle. When she returned to her room, I heard a terrible crash. She had thrown the bottle at the mirror behind her bed. Her sheets were covered with glass and she kept slamming her body against the closet door. I grabbed her and held her tight for the longest while, so she wouldn't hurt herself. Miller did not sleep in the apartment that night or any other night before they left for Nevada in the summer of 1960.

As she usually did when she was upset, Marilyn began eating too much. She was getting fat. "I don't care," she snapped, when I tried to keep her from stuffing herself. "Who do I need to look good for? Who?"

"Clark Gable," I replied.

She stopped eating. She was dissatisfied with many things about her next film, but starring with Clark Gable was a fantasy of hers that dated back to her childhood, when she would pretend he was her long-lost father. Actually, it was the presence of Gable and of her friend Montgomery Clift that made Marilyn go ahead with *The Misfits*.

The first thing she didn't like was her role, as a divorced woman who moves in with a cowboy, Clark Gable. "I'm not just a dumb blonde this time, I'm a crazy dumb blonde. Which is worse? And to think, *Arthur* did this to me." Marilyn blamed Miller for all she didn't like about the movie. "He was supposed to be writing this for me. He could have written me *anything* and he comes up with *this*."

On one take, Marilyn told me, she was so electrified by Gable's kisses that she let the sheets drop and he accidentally placed his hand on her breast. "I got goose bumps all over," Marilyn exclaimed. "That kiss . . . that touch . . . oh!"

Marilyn told me she slept perfectly that night, without one pill. She dreamed about doing even more with Gable. "But that was a dream. He treated me like I was his little girl. Sometimes he'd pinch me and say, 'Get to work, Beautiful,' or, 'Why are sexy women so late?' Other times, he'd give me a little squeeze on my ass and call me Chubby or Fatso. I always wanted to reach out and throw my arms around him, but I was too scared. I mean, you just can't go up and kiss Clark Gable. But once, after a really good scene, he kissed me on the lips and said, 'Thanks.' I'll never forget it."

If Gable represented Marilyn's father, she saw her other co-star, Montgomery Clift, as her son, or maybe her baby brother. "If they think I've got troubles, they should look at Monty. He's more

"Things with Barry and me are really heating up—we even do it during 'Saturday Night Live.'"

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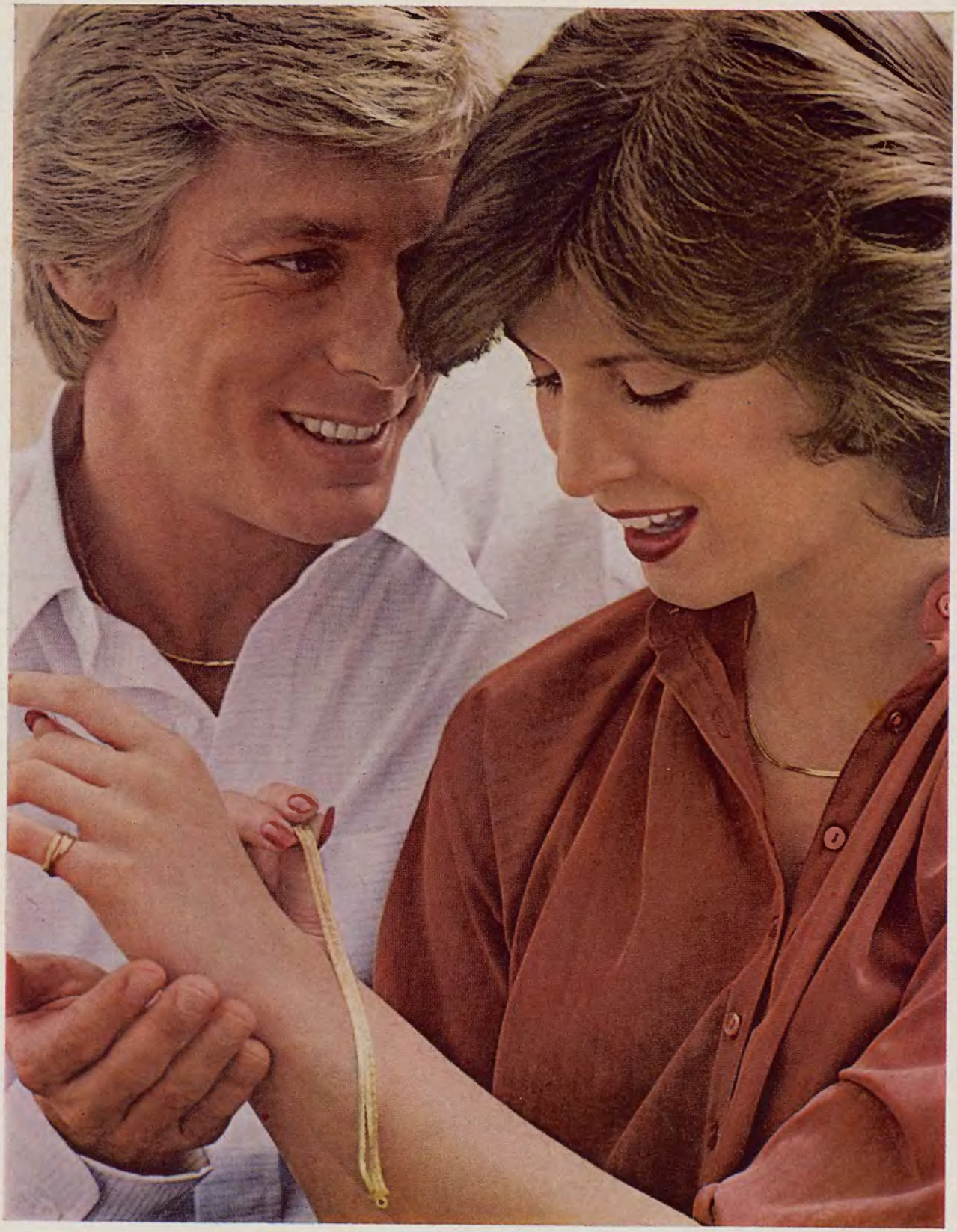

What does a woman want?

—SIGMUND FREUD

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messed up than anybody," she would say. Clift, who was one of Hollywood's best and best-looking young actors, had been horribly disfigured in an automobile wreck. Marilyn said he never got over it. He drank and took drugs all the time. Marilyn felt very protective toward him. He was the only big name in the cast who was on Marilyn's "side," as she described her conflict with Miller. (Huston, Eli Wallach and all the assistant directors, cameramen, et al., were on "Arthur's side." Gable seemed to be above all this.) "With all that stuff about me and Yves in the papers, no wonder they all feel sorry for Arthur. It makes me look like a tramp. And Arthur looks so hurt, too; God, I don't blame them for hating me. I know he'd never hurt me—he'd do anything. But we're wrong, the two of us—this marriage is wrong. And it's impossible to explain it to the others here. It's none of their damn business. So they just keep thinking it's all my fault, that I'm a mean bitch. Lena, you know I'm not."

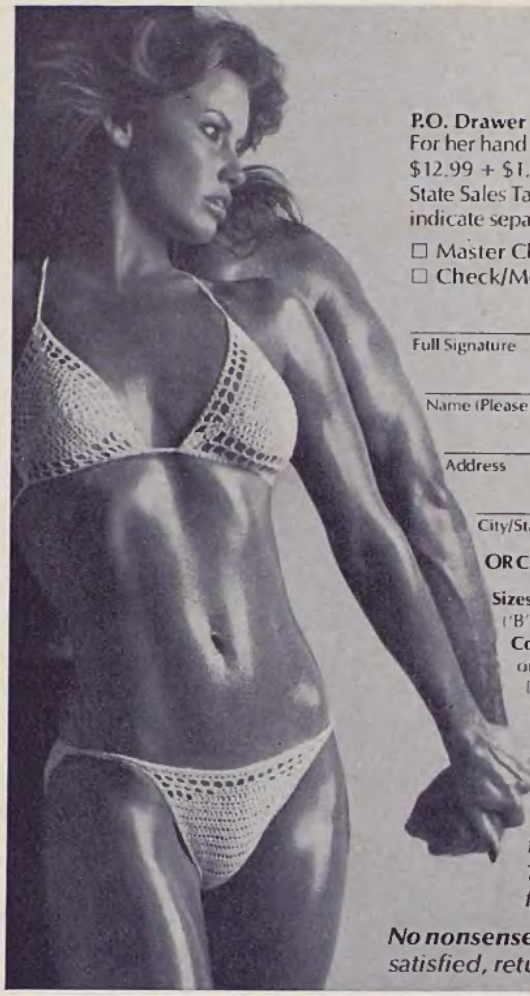
Marilyn called me, in tears, one day when Clift had been injured during a rodeo scene. "He's so frail and sick, Lena. I hope he'll be all right . . . fast. He's the only friend, the only star friend I've got. If he's out sick, I won't have anybody. I'm so scared." Luckily, Clift recovered and was good company for Marilyn. "We try to figure out for each other what to do and take to fall asleep. He can't sleep, either," she said. "Monty's just like me."

She often thought that she might be in love with him. "He needs me. He needs someone. I'd love to help him. Oh, but he's so impossible." Monty, as she called him, would come over to the New York apartment when he was in town, usually dressed in shabby clothes that looked as if he had slept in them for days.

Like a concerned mother, Marilyn didn't think Monty was eating right. She'd always have me prepare a big steak for him and the minute he arrived, she'd lead him to the dining-room table, where a feast had been set out. He pushed everything aside. All he wanted was caviar and straight vodka, which he drank like water. Sometimes he'd take a pill and wash it down with vodka. Marilyn begged him to eat, but he simply shook his head. Seeming to be in a trance, he just drank, stared and mumbled a few words to Marilyn. They would talk about how terrible Hollywood was. They talked about their psychiatrists. Now Monty was going to play one—Freud. That amused them. "I wish I could play one, too. God, you and I know more about them than anybody." However, Marilyn warned Monty about working again with John Huston.

"He's a mean bastard. He'll use you," she said. "Maybe it's just with me, but I'd be careful."

They would also talk about drugs. The



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only time Monty showed any enthusiasm at all was when he'd describe some new painkiller or sleeping pill a doctor had recommended. Marilyn would always nag him to write down the name. She would invariably call her own doctor to ask about the pill the minute Monty had left.

"He needs a woman to love him," Marilyn announced one day. "Just like I need someone." Marilyn told me the stories she had heard that Monty was a homosexual. She didn't want to believe them at all. The notion of a man sleeping with another man struck Marilyn as incredibly weird. "Why would he do that? He could have any girl in the world." Besides, she knew Monty was good friends with Elizabeth Taylor, whom he never discussed with Marilyn and whom Marilyn was too proud to ask about. Nevertheless, she kept regarding Elizabeth as her chief rival and sometimes couldn't hide her jealousy of her. The $1,000,000 Elizabeth was getting for *Cleopatra* annoyed Marilyn. Then Marilyn brought up a new way in which she was competing with Elizabeth, and losing. "I bet Monty sleeps with her. I bet he does," Marilyn declared. "Why her?"

Suddenly, Marilyn decided that if Elizabeth Taylor could sleep with Montgomery Clift, why couldn't she? She liked him more than anyone else in show business and wanted him to feel the same way about her. Seducing him became a big challenge for her. On the day he was going to come over, Marilyn had her hair and nails done and picked out a very sexy outfit. Normally, all she wore was her white robe, and looked as sloppy as Monty. Today would be different.

She selected a pair of white pants with a matching white-silk blouse. Both were skintight and revealed every contour of her body. She even wore matching white high heels and drenched herself with Joy, on her arms, her thighs, her stomach, behind her knees. Monty did a slight double take when he walked through the door. "You've got company," he apologized, thinking he had come on the wrong day.

"Only you," Marilyn whispered softly. Monty seemed confused. Instead of sitting at the dining-room table, Marilyn lured Monty to the couch, where she fed him caviar with a spoon. She was sitting nearly on top of him, but he didn't make a move, not even when she sighed and lay down on the couch with her head in his lap. He just kept drinking and mumbling occasionally, as usual. Because Marilyn was so shy, this was absolutely as far as she could go. She told me later that she didn't have the nerve to kiss him.

Realizing that the couch was a dead end, Marilyn soon got up to pour some champagne. Then, holding her glass, she walked back and forth in front of Monty, who was still slouching on the couch. Her steps were very self-conscious, her hips swaying in the most alluring way. The light streaming through the windows was certainly to her advantage, showing off her spectacular figure. As I came in with a caviar refill, Marilyn gave me a hopeless shrug. Then, without notice, Monty stood up and walked over to her. I watched from the hallway, hoping that she had achieved her purpose. Her big smile told me she thought the same.

But instead of sweeping Marilyn into his arms, Monty pulled back his hand to give her a teasing swat on her backside. "You've got the most incredible ass," he said, and pecked her cheek. "Listen, I've got to go. See you." As he closed the door behind him, Marilyn fell back on the couch and started giggling.

"I give up, Lena. I tried. Boy, I tried. You know, I kinda doubt that he does anything with Elizabeth Taylor, either. I think I was wrong about that. He's a mess. . . but I still love him."

Marilyn didn't take it personally. She went back to her bedroom and stripped off her clothes. Then she put on a Sinatra record, lay on the bed and daydreamed away the rest of the afternoon.

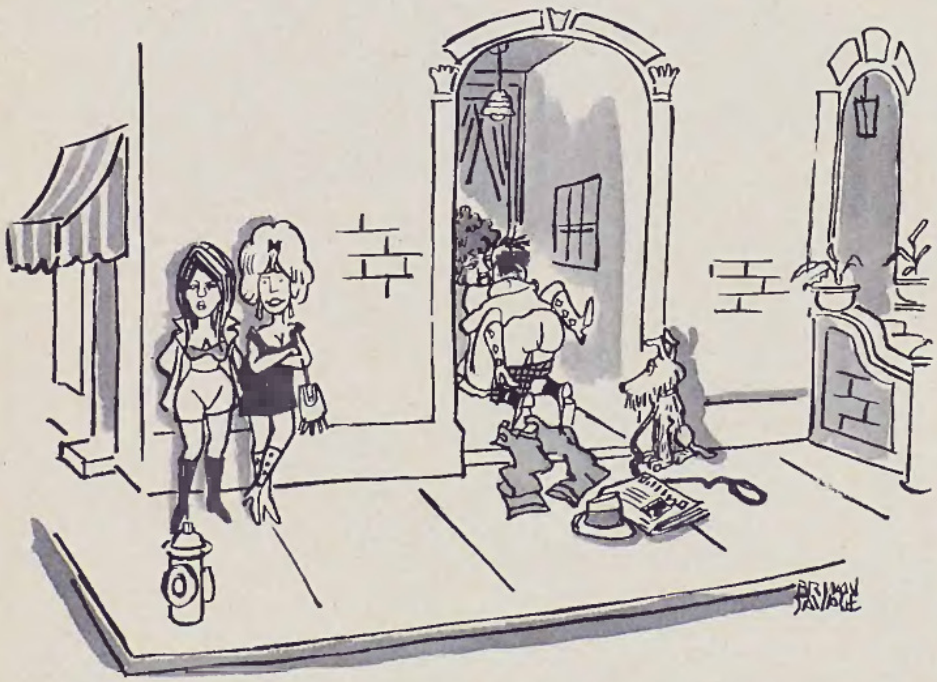
Even though she struck out with Monty Clift, Marilyn began to be impressed with the idea that she was Hollywood's Queen of Sex. She kept on her diet, took better care of her hair and skin, and never stopped looking in the mirror. "I look pretty good for an old lady in her thirties, don't I, Lena?" she would ask me constantly, while strutting nude before her mirrors. She did, indeed.

Marilyn even began sending down for copies of PLAYBOY. She'd open the centerfold, look at some girl in her late teens or early 20s, then look at herself. "I'm better," she'd say. "Hmm . . . not bad, even if I have to say so. . . . What do you think?" She always needed encouragement. Sometimes she would talk about appearing in PLAYBOY. She was worried that she had been out of sight for too long and about the bad publicity her hospital stays might have gotten her. "If I were in PLAYBOY, that would sure make everyone know I'm still around."

•

One afternoon in December 1960, quite a while after Miller had moved out, Marilyn decided to go out shopping. New York was aglow for the Christmas season. People were buying gifts for friends and family. And Marilyn was all alone; the divorce would be final in another month. She came back to the apartment, empty-handed and crying. There was no tree, no gifts, no cards. The place was cold and lonely. I felt sorrier for her than ever.

I made Marilyn a big Italian dinner to cheer her up. When I returned to her room, she hadn't eaten a thing. She just stared at the food. "Take it away, please," she said. About 7:30, I went back to see how she was. Something told me that I had better watch her closely. My instincts were correct. The draperies to one of the bedroom windows had been pulled apart, which was almost never done. Furthermore, the window was wide open. Marilyn was standing before it with her white robe on. She normally never wore anything in the bedroom, except maybe when there were guests. The only time she even went near the



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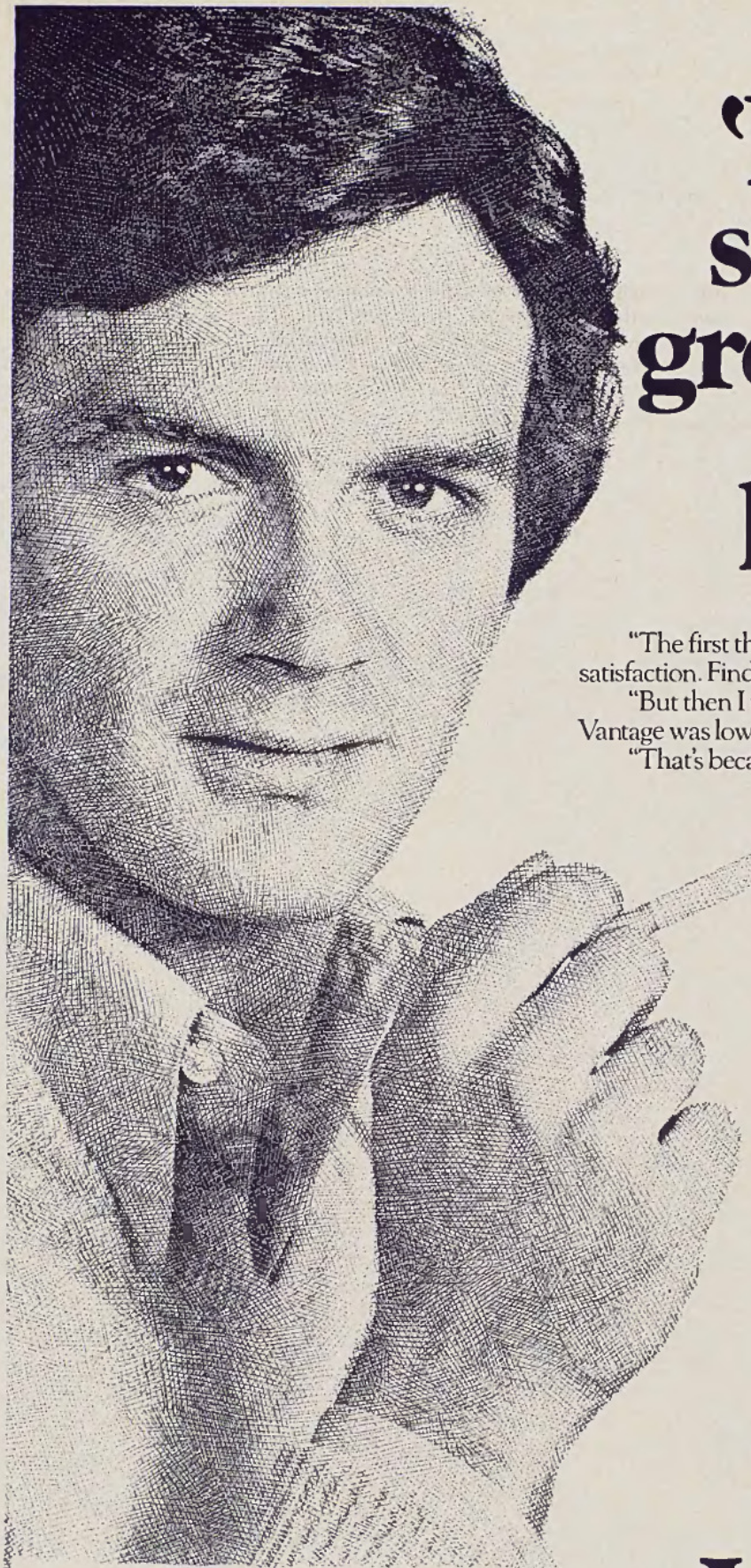

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window was to wave good night to me. This was more than strange. Both of her hands grasped the outside molding. It looked as if she might jump.

I ran over and surprised her by grabbing her around the waist. She turned around and fell into my arms. "Lena, no. Let me die. I want to die. I deserve to die. What have I got to live for?"

"Are you crazy?" I said, closing the window and draperies.

"I can't live anymore. What have I done with my life? Who do I have? It's Christmas!"

I had been through this sort of thing with Marilyn once before, about a year earlier. Miller had been away in Connecticut and Marilyn had gone out to dinner with some people visiting from Hollywood. She had given me the night off. When I arrived the next morning at eight, I found her unconscious on her bedroom rug, her face caked with the remains of her dinner, which she had thrown up. Unable to wake her, I called the doctor, a fat, friendly man, who came immediately, pumped Marilyn's stomach and put her in bed. When May arrived, she called Miller in from Connecticut. He rushed back, very concerned. Once Marilyn was awake, she smiled weakly and asked, with all innocence, "What did I do? Oh, am I hungry!" I made her some spaghetti and, after eating it all in an instant, she told me what had happened. She had gotten all dressed up to go out (I had helped her) but found herself very depressed when no one noticed her at the restaurant. Also, her companions barely complimented her. She was so unhappy she was unable to fall asleep. First, one sleeping pill, then two, then three, but nothing worked. "I got so mad about not dozing off that I just gulped a whole handful. I don't know how many. That knocked me out for sure. But I didn't mean to kill myself. Jesus, I'm not that far gone."

•

Marilyn's self-confidence suffered another serious setback in the summer of 1961. For a long time, she had been having problems with her digestion. I had thought all her burping came from the champagne bubbles. Instead, it was her gall bladder. She went into surgery to have it removed. Although the operation was a success, the scar on the right side of her stomach seemed to shatter her whole view of herself. Her white, creamy skin had never had a blemish before, and now there was this nasty-looking gash.

In addition to the scar, Marilyn began to see a lot of other things she had never noticed before. First, her breasts. She used to take pride in how firm they were. Now she decided that they were getting flabby. She discovered tiny stretch marks there and on her backside, probably from the gaining and losing of so much weight. Her face was beginning to show an occasional line. "I'm getting crow's-feet!" she gasped. For the first time, she could sense that she was growing older. It terrified her.

On one trip from Hollywood, Marilyn returned with a bagful of brassieres. This was truly something new. The bras weren't ordinary ones. They were really just straps with the cups cut out. When I asked her why she had bought them, she explained that she was worried about her breasts' beginning to sag. She hoped these would hold them up, and since they were so skimpy, they were as close to wearing nothing as she could get. After about a week, she threw them all away.

She had also purchased a large number of black and red lace panties. They never got worn, either. Instead, she threw them into a drawer, "for a special occasion." Marilyn had bought lots of new clothes during this period. Because she had lost weight, she fretted that she didn't look "sexy" enough. So she wore everything tighter and tighter.

•

On her 35th birthday, in April of 1962, Marilyn told me, "Lena, this year things are going to be better. I can feel it. This is gonna be my year."

At first, it seemed that she was right, that the year ahead was going to be hers. A couple of months after her birthday, she told me that she thought Frank Sinatra was going to marry her. He hadn't asked her, but her intuition was usually right. "He's almost ready," she announced in triumph.

Things got worse when Marilyn found out that Sinatra was going out with Juliet Prowse, a stunning dancer from South Africa who was only in her 20s. His apparent preference for a younger woman drove Marilyn into a terrible bout of insecurity. Without him, she saw herself as a has-been. She now began criticizing all the young, blonde "imitation Marilyns" whom Hollywood was grooming, she feared, to replace her. She was particularly harsh about Jayne Mansfield, who she believed had had an operation to enlarge her breasts. "At least I'm real," Marilyn said. But getting older clearly terrified her. She told me that she had nightmares about being a little old lady, all alone in an asylum, locked in a cell. "I started with nothing. I'm going to end up with nothing," she wept.

In the middle of May, Marilyn sang *Happy Birthday* to President Kennedy at a huge celebration the Democratic Party was having at Madison Square Garden. The Kennedy family was another subject of rumors, which Marilyn denied. It was, and has been, frequently whispered that she was having an affair with President Kennedy, or his brother Bobby, or both. Marilyn didn't get mad at these rumors, though. She just laughed. The Kennedys, whom she had met through Sinatra's friend Peter Lawford, were "cute," she said. She liked them because they were funny and smart. But I remember her insisting, "They're not my type. They're boys."

Marilyn knew very little about politics, and cared less. Because she didn't read the paper or listen to the radio, she never knew the Bay of Pigs invasion had occurred. I remember telling her what a wonderful President John Kennedy was. All she could say was, "Well, he doesn't *look* like a President."

She got to know the Kennedys far

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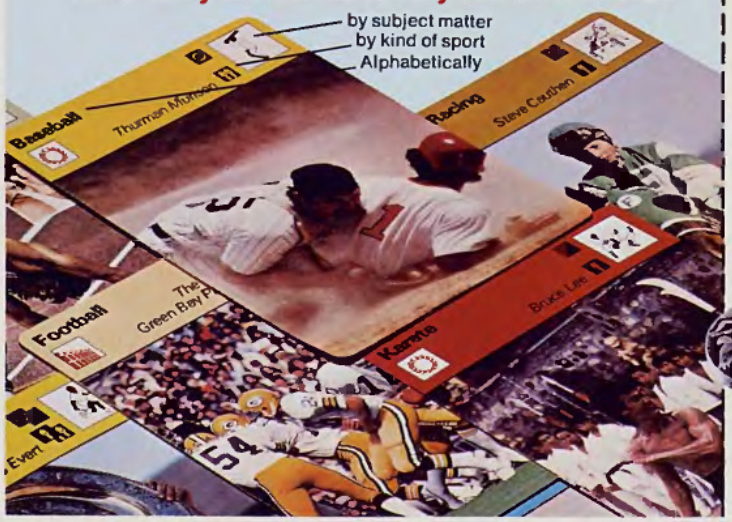

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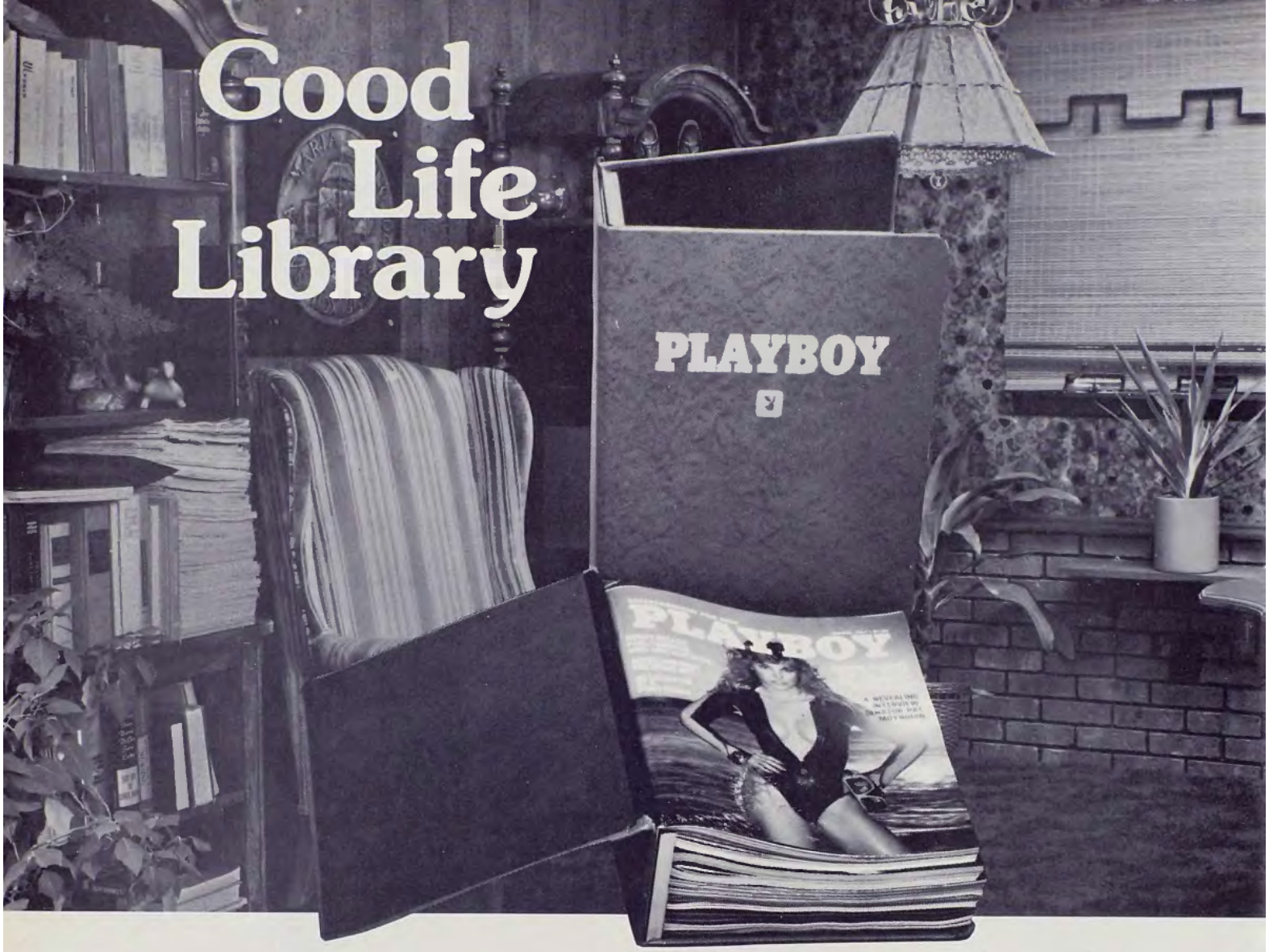

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better at parties that Lawford gave. Sinatra and his friends such as Lawford, Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Jr. had been very active in helping Kennedy get elected and he, in turn, was a close friend of theirs. The Kennedys seemed to enjoy the movie world and their base in Hollywood was Lawford's house. Lawford's was also one of the only places Marilyn ever visited out in California.

She spoke much more about John Kennedy than about Bobby. If he didn't look like her idea of a President, he didn't act like one, either. At least around Marilyn. He was always telling her dirty jokes, pinching her and squeezing her, she said. "That big tease," she laughed affectionately. She told me that President Kennedy was always putting his hand on her thigh. One night, under the dinner table, he kept going. But when he discovered she wasn't wearing any panties, he pulled back and turned red. "He hadn't counted on going that far," Marilyn grinned.

Marilyn couldn't figure out why the fun-loving President would be married to the woman she called "the statue." "I bet he doesn't put his hand up her dress," she smiled. "I bet no one does."

Marilyn had other idols in her life who meant more to her. She often listened to Sinatra tunes while standing dreamily in front of DiMaggio's picture. One day, I went into her room to hang up some clothes, but I couldn't get anywhere near the door of the big walk-in closet. In the closet doorway stood Marilyn, naked, as usual, even though the morning was cool and damp. One of her favorite records, *All of Me,* was playing on the record player near the bed and she swayed gently in time with Sinatra's voice. She seemed to be looking at DiMaggio's picture, but her eyes had the faraway expression I had seen in them many times when Marilyn had been unhappy. Not wanting to disturb her private thoughts, I turned to walk out of the room.

"Don't go," Marilyn said, taking me by surprise.

Sinatra and DiMaggio had once been close friends, but Sinatra evidently said some things to DiMaggio that made him crazy with jealousy. "I'm not sure exactly what Frankie told him," Marilyn said. "He was lots better friends with Joe then than he was with me. Frankie probably just wanted to tease Joe and figured Joe wouldn't take it too seriously. But Joe couldn't stand it when anyone laughed at him, so he probably let Frankie have it but good. That was it for their friendship."

After her divorce from DiMaggio was finalized in 1954, Marilyn had gone to live at Sinatra's house until she could settle on a new place of her own. "Frankie and I had gotten to know each other a lot better," she said. Unlike DiMaggio, Sinatra never discouraged Marilyn in her screen ambitions. In fact, he used all his influence to help her. "It wasn't really anything," Marilyn said of the relationship, "but it drove Joe crazy, plain crazy."

•

Marilyn had believed that massages were a great way to keep her weight down. Accordingly, after Miller had moved out, she employed a tall, dark, good-looking man to give her massages. He wasn't muscular, the way I thought masseurs were supposed to be, though Marilyn assured me, "He has the best hands in the world."

Her massage routine was an odd one. The man would come about six in the morning and would be finishing up about the time I arrived for work. The exercise would take place on a table in Miller's old study, which was now Marilyn's "gym." Like Miller, Marilyn began keeping the doors closed. When I came in, I would hear crazy giggling and screeching, from both Marilyn and the masseur.

I noticed that she always had taken a bath before these sessions and had drenched herself with perfume. She would emerge from the study hot, sweaty and naked, though she never bathed afterward. She just went to bed and slept till lunchtime. Then she awoke with the biggest appetite. "If you get massages, you'll never need another sleeping pill," she laughed. "I'm so-o-o relaxed." The masseur would usually have a cup of coffee before going home. He looked exhausted, yet he never lost his big smile.

Still another of Marilyn's male friends was her Italian chauffeur, who could have been a stand-in for Rudolph Valentino. Marilyn loved his dark costume and cap, and she referred to him as The Sheik. She would frequently invite him up for champagne and would ask him to take her for rides, even when she had nowhere to go. The chauffeur, whose name was Johnnie, worked for the limousine service that Marilyn used. Even while she was with Miller, she always insisted that the service assign Johnnie as her driver.

After Miller left, Marilyn used the limousine service less and less. The Sheik, however, continued his frequent visits. But now he came to see Marilyn as a friend, not an employee. Sometimes they'd lock themselves up in her room for the whole afternoon. Marilyn would usually dress up in a tight black cocktail dress, put on make-up for him and have a big tray of caviar and champagne set out for his enjoyment. Again, the squealing, laughing and other noises filled the house, but Marilyn never said anything about Johnnie to me. She just winked when he left and I winked back.

She could sit for hours, talking about movie stars and other men she knew, rating them on their sexiness and dreaming about what it might be like to be their girlfriend. When chatting about her early Hollywood days, she told me that she would have slept with almost anybody who asked her, regardless of what their looks were. The only real requirement was that they be "nice." "If it would make them happy, why not? It didn't hurt. I like to see men smile."

She did admit that she had preferences, though. At the top of the list were older men whom she could pretend were her

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father. They didn't have to be handsome, "just warm and strong like a father could be." When I asked her if she could sleep with any man in the world, whom she would choose, she didn't hesitate a second. "Clark Gable," she said, and then started to cry.

Aside from older men, Marilyn loved strong, dark Italians. She said that she liked men who took charge, told her what to do, dominated her. "That's why Frankie and Joe are so great. They're the boss. They run the show. I'm not very aggressive, but they sure are."

•

In the early summer of 1962, Marilyn was in a good mood. Her mind was less on former lovers or her career than on the new man in her life, José Bolanos, a Mexican screenwriter. She was besieged with proposals for plays, for Las Vegas shows, for night clubs, for movies. There was too much. She couldn't make up her mind.

She flew back to Los Angeles to be close to José, who, she said, flew up very often to be with her. She didn't want anyone to know very much, if anything, about their affair. Publicity, she felt, had ruined things with both DiMaggio and Miller. "José doesn't want to be part of a side show. He'd leave if he was. I know him." She said that in California they rarely went out and never to places where she'd be recognized. They would go to her house, his hotel or a drive-in restaurant or movie in some distant part of L.A., or to a beach at night. Anywhere to be alone, out of the public eye.

The privacy seemed to be effective. Near the end of July, Marilyn flew home to New York for a couple of days with exciting news. "He asked me to marry him. I can't believe it." I kissed her and congratulated her with all my heart. "I don't know what to say." Her big smile vanished, as she thought for a long while. "Well, we haven't really talked about what José thinks of my career, where he wants to live. Lena, he's even more jealous than Joe. He might want me to get out of movies, too. Wouldn't that be something? And what if I had to live in Mexico? What am I going to do? I love him."

Marilyn's trip to New York was taken up with some business meetings, clothes purchases and sleeping. "There's no other bed like this one. I just can't sleep the same out there. I'll be so happy to get back here for good."

I stayed with Marilyn late each night, making her different kinds of pasta and veal dishes. "You could starve to death out there," she said, wishing that I could be with her in California. She had a housekeeper, an older woman whom her psychiatrist had recommended, but Marilyn didn't feel at ease with her. "She's like a spy for him. Watches me all the

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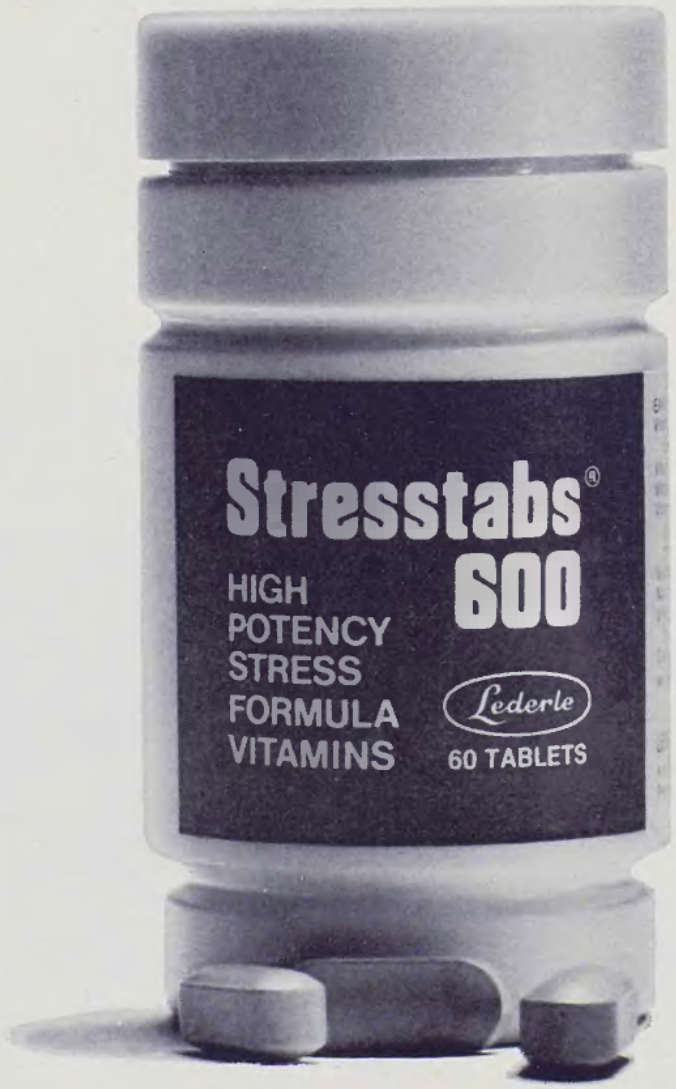

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time; I bet she reports on me. She's creepy," Marilyn said. "I could never be friends with her. Oh, it's so lonely out there. If it wasn't for José and the telephone. . . ."

Marilyn didn't take a pill during her entire visit, though she did drink more champagne than usual. She was nervous, very nervous, about what to do about Bolanos. As she was going through her closets, she saw the picture of DiMaggio and suddenly began weeping. "If it could have only worked out. . . . Why, why didn't it? It's insane . . . two people who love each other and won't get married. Maybe if I wait, Joe'll . . . but if he doesn't, then José might leave . . . and there I am again, with zero. And getting older every day." The champagne kept flowing. "Oh, this is so mixed up. I don't know."

I suggested that maybe if she told DiMaggio about José, Joe might finally give in. "Never!" she shouted. "He'd just get mad. I know what he'd say. He'd call José a gigolo or something awful. Joe doesn't think any man can love me except him. He's my best friend in the world. I don't want to lose him. I don't want to lose José. I don't want to lose anyone. Oh, help me, somebody," she cried, hugging her pillows to her chest.

"What about the psychiatrists?" I asked. "I thought they could help."

"No. They're just getting me more confused. Sometimes I think they're full of shit. You were right, Lena. I don't need a psychiatrist. I need a man."

"Give it time," I urged her. "He's not rushing you, is he?"

"Not really. But he's so moody, he could change his mind tomorrow. I never know what's with him. You're right. We can wait. If he loves me, he'll wait. . . . Won't he?"

"Sure," I said.

Marilyn may have been mixed up, but she certainly wasn't unhappy. When she left in her white-cotton pants and blouse, she looked like a beautiful girl in her mid-20s. Her hair was bouncy, her nails glowed, she even had the beginnings of a California tan from sitting around her pool. She had told me that her nude pictures were going to be in PLAYBOY. [January 1964.] She loved it.

"I'll never be fat again," she laughed. "It doesn't pay." She gave me a long embrace while we waited for the elevator. "I'll probably be back sooner than you think . . . with lots of good news, I hope. Wish me luck." I did, kissing her cheek. I kept thinking of how beautiful she was, how she had overcome all her depressions. Her career looked great. She was in love. She was in high spirits. The last flash of white into the elevator and a softly whispered "Bye" as the door slammed, that was it. I would never see Marilyn again.

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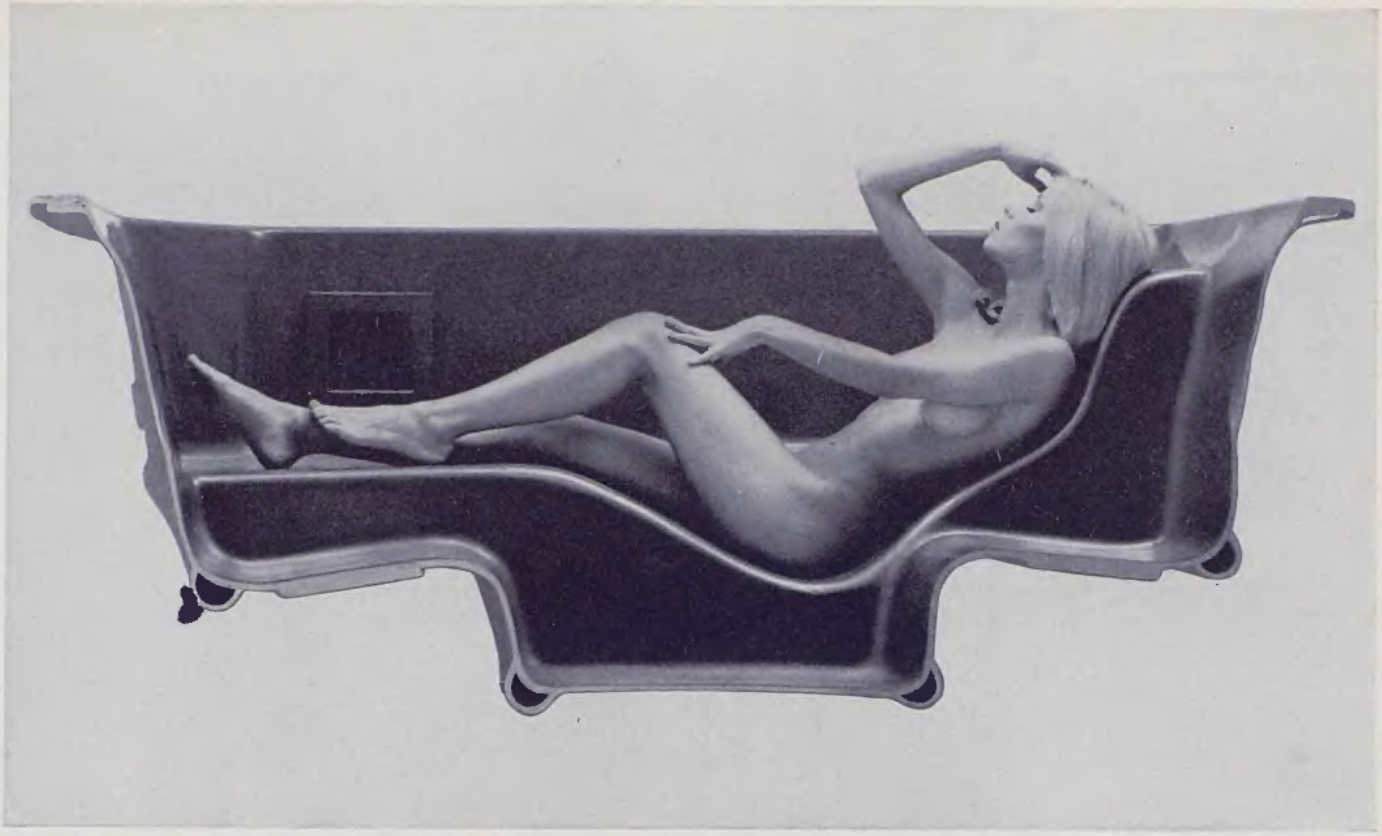

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ACTING OUT *(continued from page 187)*

"Rosenblum: 'Both men and women wanted to make love with an alien. I don't mean a wetback.'"

The really imaginative ones would add a Korean or a Japanese."

Proportionately, G & R weeded in more female scenarios than male. So the film came out about even. This, I suspect, was done at least partly to attract the Cosmo film audience. Rosenblum: "Female fantasies were more interesting. The most common ones were some sort of bondage-rape thing and nonobserved public sex. Like getting laid standing up in a crowded elevator or in an invisible bubble in Central Park. Also, both men and women wanted to make love with an alien. I don't mean a wetback. Problem is, if it's an alien from outer space, you have to question his or her sexual identity."

Well, the whole thing got put through a colander or something and 19 "representative" head treks were scummed off. G & R then had to sign up their resident company of porn actors—four female, three male—all with experience in improvisation; which, for porn actors, meant that they could talk without becoming impotent. There was to be no rehearsal, no script. Actor or actors would meet with the fantast and go at it hammer and dongs: a one-day stand. This caused noticeable confusion and letdown. The porn stars weren't center-cut meat; moreover, they didn't look like Suzy in first grade or whomever. Modest sets, built about as expensively as an *Our Gang* tree house, were not quite up to what the spendthrift mind, that follower of Cecil B. De Mille, could construct. Still, this budget spontaneity did produce sequences of terrific sexual tension. One man, his mind obviously not within the foul lines, had the following whim: to drive his fist up a woman's—how shall I put it?—up her process of elimination. "I'm trying for width, not depth," he told Gurevich reassuringly. The actress will go into this cold; and dry. You see surprise, then horror, skirmish with professional pride across her face. Suddenly, he begins to hit with ad-lib savageness. A moment of unnerving reality. Gurevich's camera is not explicit in the physical sense. But fear and insanity, bare-ass, can be X-rated enough.

There were 33 feet of film shot to every one foot used; G & R's cutting-room floor must be near its ceiling by now. "We let a fatigue factor create easiness. We kept the cameras on so people wouldn't feel they had to perform on cue. But you'd be surprised how quickly they lost the camera and just did their thing." And Gurevich's own fantasy? "My fantasy is the film." Come on; didn't he want to *do* anything? "Listen, if I owned a restaurant, would I eat there?"

•

Put your hands down; I can guess the question. Is it fulfilling to do home movies of your head? Uh, yes and no and maybe. About one third of the participants were enraptured by the experience. About one third were unsure. About one third were totally chopped up. And here, I suggest, we have to make a useful distinction, a distinction that G & R, apparently, did not perceive. There are fantasies and there are commonplace, scratch-my-scab lusts. For convenience, I will define fantasy as an innate, idiosyncratic, surreal and somewhat structured minidrama. Now, group one—those who were left in transports of raunch—did not, by my standard, achieve the fantastic. For example: (A) One 63-year-old civil servant opted for straight sex with any warm young thing. (B) One man had a gang-bang in mind for his wife (by the New York Jets—she had to settle for three men from G & R's specialty team). (C) Her opposite number was a black kid who wanted to bang a female gang. Hell, if these are mature *fantasies*, there isn't man- or womanjack of us who hasn't had them. They're not idiosyncratic or personal at all; they're in the public domain—you don't even have to pay a royalty. Nor are they surreal. If I wanna play piston and cylinder with three women, all I have to do is pick up the classified section of *Screw*, rip off eight tens and make an appointment with my clap doctor in advance. What keeps me from doing that is impecuniousness, not impossibility. These are naïve and uninteresting Thwarted Desires; no more than that. In general, those who acted out a T.D., with scant personal revelation beyond the odd patch of bare skin, were quite happy. And why not? They got all-expense-paid lays.

Fantasy has form and pacing, like a Harry Langdon routine. This requires practice, practice, practice, as even masturbation needs timing and rehearsal. We're all better at it now—aren't we?—than we were in high school. Climaxes are *built* to. With this difference: If you blow a line in fantasy, you can start over again—stop/go, forward/back, Joe Paterno reviewing one of his game films. Furthermore, there is no unpleasant consequence. No one ever got crabs from a fantasy; no one ever asked himself, "Was it good for me, too, dear?" Most important, though: In fantasy, we can manipulate not just how *we* feel but how the other person or persons feel. This is crucial. Say your fantasy is to rape Aunt Alice—you control your emotions (power, lust) and, inevitably, you control her emotions (fear, humiliation) as well. Remember, a fantast is all the characters in his playlet at once: seducer and seduced, doctor and patient, S and M. I don't want to upset you, but the mind, even *your* mind, is a notorious cross dresser.

But when fantast steps onto the film set, that inner discipline will be abrogated; gone. Rude shocks hit. The actress playing Aunt Alice has one breast no bigger than a cyst; she smells from old daiquiris; she doesn't scream on cue. Structure and pacing won't line up against the cross hairs. Also, anticipation—which has ever been more arousing than climax—is dashed off; first draft only, no returning to the good parts for a fresh start. And, worse yet, you can't get your clam knife into Aunt Alice's head: You can't *be* her. In *Acting Out*, the single spectacular success story was that of a man who wanted to couple with himself. ("I love how I move. I love the way I talk. I would love to make love to myself even as a man. But if I could transform myself into a woman—oh, that would be good. The two sides of me. I'm the best fuck I'll ever have. Don't you see it? And on top of that, I have perfect teeth.") Probably, he'd sleep in twin beds, too. But you have it right there: the duality (or multiplicity) that's characteristic of fantasy. All G & R had to do was slip Mr. Self five or six mirrors and a cheap wig. He started, like Mae West's friend, without them. Truth is: He and himself had been in a solid *ménage à deux* since childhood. At least he didn't have to worry about getting cuckolded.

But the rest was, as my mother would say, pretty much like Niagara Falls: a bride's second straight disappointment. For instance: Terri King hoped to flip-side sexually—female→male—so that she could blue-ball her gay boyfriend. Dullsborough, U.S.A.: The actor didn't resemble Mr. Fruit; she was not a persuasive male. This reaction would predominate whenever there were private events, dark and eccentric secrets, involved. The most baroque fantasy—nude-man-meets-wedding-gowned-woman-in-church-kisses-chases-rapes-her-cut-fishes-her-dead-out-of-lake-cut-puts-gown-on-and-(gasp)-prays-in-church-himself (note interchangeability again)—well, a case of hepatitis at a blood bank would've gone over with more panache. "I couldn't rape you—because you put up so much screaming. You were so believable that it isn't in me to rape at

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that point. I became an actor doing my own fantasy." The truth will make you soft. There's no place for Stanislavsky in a dream.

Or plot and tempo get refractory; out of hand, hands. Marcia Blau had been pushing her crocus up with a play-doctor scene: Silent noncommittal men would examine Marcia on some escapeless emergency-room table. Yet, when done live, this menhandling chased her into a rabbit panic: Fantasies don't come with Blue Cross coverage. "It was asexual. Acting out a fantasy is not the same as having one. And having people be harsh in fantasy is actually soft and sensuous. The difference between keeping it in my head and doing it was that no one could be what I imagined him to be." What she imagined him . . . Marcia was herself *and* an entire staff of doctors. In fantasy, she could supervise her complete physical. There was no unexpected cold-finger probe.

And some pipe dreams in the film wouldn't do a thing for your pipe or mine: They're just plain goofy. Take the Feather Man. He had that fat flatus of an idea: to humiliate men wearing Puritan dress in the Salem town square circa 1675. How? Oh, he'd tickle their tines with his feather until—bone-bent with horniness—they ejaculated, one, two, three, four, like the Rockettes. Strike out; complete whiff. Nobody told him that, his ingrown brain aside, few people are tickled pink, let alone lust red, by that scenario. The Feather Man is bitter, irate; also shamed. You can be a pervert, a creep in this society—that sort of lifestyle might even headline the *National Enquirer*. But to be absurd, that's embarrassing. "I'm very disappointed. I think you should have gotten people who were turned on by this. I think that was your job, I told you my fantasy." Turned on by a feather. You could thumb through Headlock Ellis from now to Botswana before you came across that one.

The most moving fantasy is joint. Husband and wife in a male-domination scene, one that they had obviously rehearsed for years out of town before, so to speak, mounting it on Broadway. He (with evident manhood problems) would be made erect by a stern mistress/nurse type. In this case, through the long relationship, they could interface roles empathetically: control each other, control pacing and plot line. Not acted out for the first time, by any means: They had acted it out often enough before—which, I think, is inconsistent with the parameters that Gurevich had set up. Nonetheless, on camera, he can't get it hard. Desperate, terribly abashed, he signals Cut! "I felt that I had something to prove. I've pimped in every whorehouse—Vietnam, Moscow, Madrid. Take it for what it's worth. Believe it or not, that's God's honest truth." You have to feel for the guy. And his missus will. On screen, she is edging toward tears. Whether from sympathy or exasperation, I leave up to you.

And, under each lech wish—like a gorilla wearing a gorilla suit—is the *grand fantasy*: I can put you in films, sweetheart. Exhibitionism. One transvestite (*femme*, please) man and one svelte black woman (who simply wanted to be the main distraction at a chic ball) were ecstatic when they saw their altered egos by projector light. Exhibitionism was sufficient for them: They got a rush from the rushes, from style and ambience. But exhibitionism applies in every case. The most common damp dream—remember?—was nonobserved public sex. *Acting Out* is that, with a fillip. In the theater, they'll watch people watch them: the sort of voyeurism you get when you spy another eyeball peeping back at you through a keyhole. It excites. And, gosh, who wouldn't want to play the Trans-Lux East? Even with an idiotic feather in one hand.

Acting Out is instructive, genial, full of double-take events. But it could have been a more significant film. The premise is valid, the approach not exploitative. But because G & R didn't, or wouldn't, define fantasy in some consistent manner, we're left with a sweetbread-and-chocolate-mousse salad. The exhibitionists, the opportunistic sybarites, the T.D. performers upstage, outframe those few who risked exposing abscess-tender parts of their psyche.

But the evidence that arrives from those few is painful, graphic. Imagination can't survive a biopsy: The brain is your most erogenous zone. Erogenous for its privacy and silent depth. We talk a lot about coming out of the closet. No; light is often overrated. Delicious things, the truffles of the mind, grow best in a dark, moist place.

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DAN RATHER

(continued from page 183)

are sexier than the women. Why is that?

RATHER: Most of the sexy women—and there are exceptions—are attracted to the entertainment side of television, because it's easier for them to make it in those other areas. If you have a great deal of personal attraction, it's easier for you to be on *Charlie's Angels*. Broadcast journalism remains a man's domain. Men make the decisions. There's no joy in my saying that, but that's the reality. It takes such a long time for women to work up. Let's say a woman gets into journalism and says to herself, I've got to prove myself as a reporter. So she does those things that it takes to prove one's self as a reporter—such as standing in the rain outside the police station for ten or 15 years. After ten or 15 years of that, it's pretty hard to hold your complexion together, honey, and pretty hard to keep your figure. And by the time she's 40, they begin to say in the business, "Well, old Jill is one hell of a reporter, but she looks hard around the edges." When they say that about a man, it's a compliment.

17.

PLAYBOY: What makes a woman sexy to you?

RATHER: Intelligence. And experience. Which is maybe why I find myself attracted to somewhat older women. It's very difficult for me to find someone in her 20s sexy. In fact, I could almost make the same case for a woman in her 30s.

18.

PLAYBOY: Name some high-profile women you find sexy.

RATHER: Well, I think Rosalynn Carter is sexy. One, she's intelligent; and, two, I think she's physically attractive. And there's a gentleness to her that is very appealing. Also in the Carter Administration, I think that Juanita Kreps is a very attractive woman. Now, I've never been around her, you understand, but from a distance, she seems attractive. I'd also have to include Connie Chung and Lesley Stahl at CBS on the list.

19.

PLAYBOY: Are there any women outside politics or the media you find sexy?

RATHER: Doris Lessing. Why? Depth. A mile of depth. She's seen a lot. Again, there's a certain silliness to this, because I do not, in fact, *know* Doris Lessing. I just feel I know her through her writings. And then there's also Suzy Chaffee, the skier. I don't know her, either, but she exudes a tremendous energy and vitality.

20.

PLAYBOY: You've recently been named one of the "most watchable" men in America. To what do you attribute this honor?

RATHER: Oh, my animal magnetism, of course.

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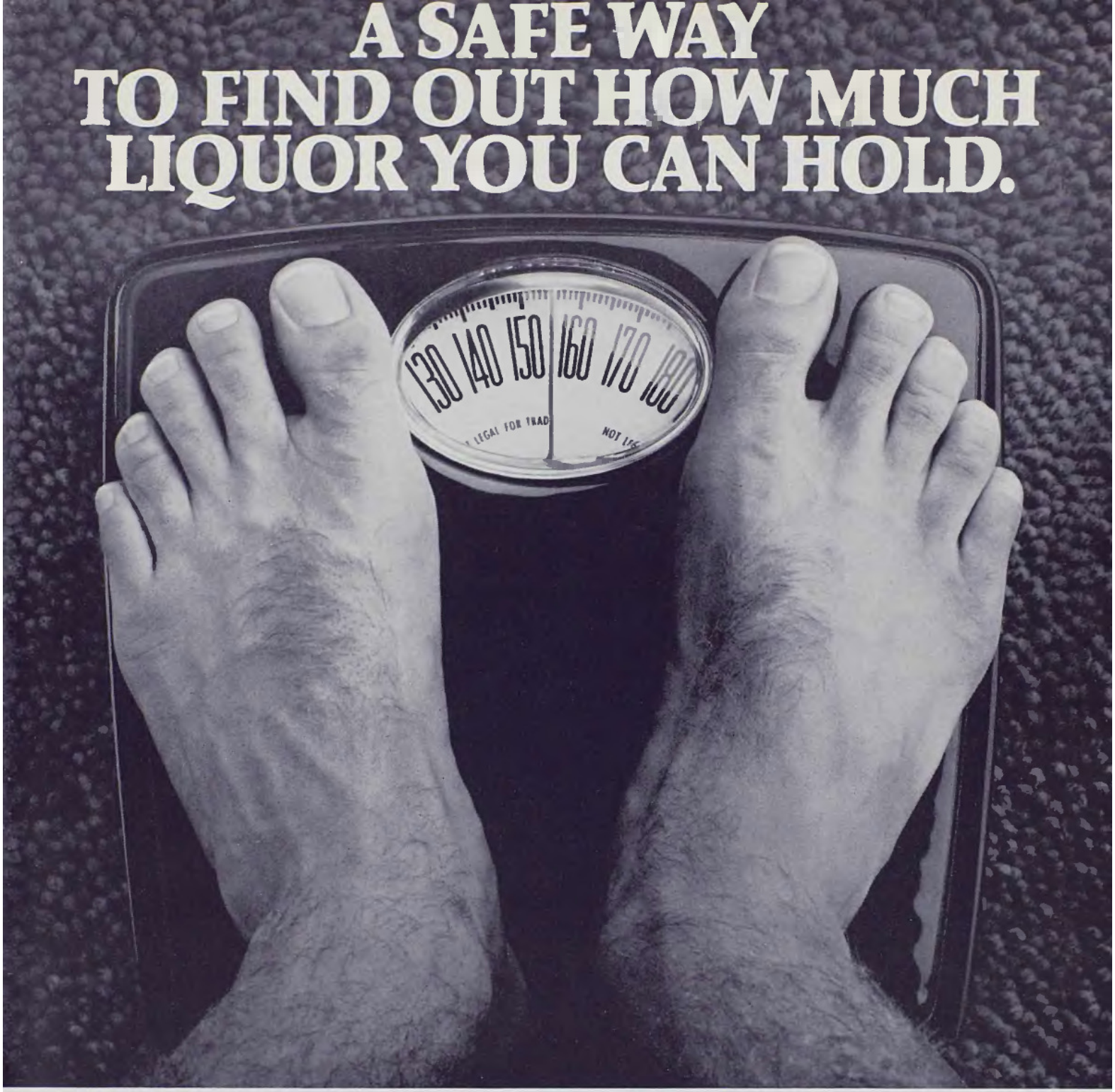

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2	.08	.06	.05	.05	.04	.04	.03	.03	
3	.11	.09	.08	.07	.06	.06	.05	.05	
4	.15	.12	.11	.09	.08	.08	.07	.06	
5	.19	.16	.13	.12	.11	.09	.09	.08	Possibly
6	.23	.19	.16	.14	.13	.11	.10	.09	
7	.26	.22	.19	.16	.15	.13	.12	.11	
8	.30	.25	.21	.19	.17	.15	.14	.13	Definitely
9	.34	.28	.24	.21	.19	.17	.15	.14	
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HOT-SHOTS

(continued from page 136)

the mental netherland of automation. The electronic smarts of cameras, however, having evolved over just a few years, are not as universal as the biological counterparts that took a million times as long. While your automatic system behaves according to a plan approved and standardized throughout the species, different cameras reflect the fact that at the present stage there is still more than one way to shoot a cat.

Take exposure, the phenomenon that has many people laboring under the belief that photography is confusing. Just because the bigger f numbers refer to smaller openings, and just because their arithmetic makes 11 half of 8, which is half of 5.6, and so on, are not reasons to construe anything mystical to exposure. It's really so simple that even a computer can figure it out—which one does routinely in some two-dozen fully automatic 35mm SLR models presently on the market. Their automatic settings supply the utter simplicity of a snapshot camera; aim/focus/shoot being the quick-as-you-say-it minimum necessary for technically perfect pictures. Meantime, unlike the Instamatics, the 35s provide the precision and the artistic flexibility attendant to the most sophisticated picture-making instruments ever made.

Interchangeable lenses (including fish-eye, wide-angle, telephoto, zoom, perspective-control, macrofocus and other special-purpose optics), motorized film advance, through-the-lens exposure metering, and so forth, are the trappings that accompany even the least expensive smart 35s. With exposure automation thrown in, they can command virtually any shooting situation as fast as you can press a button, yet they require from you little more mastery of photographic technology than did the old Brownie.

That is partially because the latest 35mm models make their calculations according to what is called the center-weighted system: The meter reads the entire picture area but gives primary emphasis to the central portion. The presumption is that the snapshooter will compose his shots with the main subject in or about the center.

Thus, if you photograph a friend standing in a park, you can be confident that the camera will expose your friend in the picture center, giving secondary consideration to the brighter sky above and the darker soil below.

Center-weighted readings are also called averaged readings, which some critics say is a euphemism for compromise. But the compromise works in the vast majority of circumstances to such an extent that some smart 35s clearly are meant for full-time automation. Manual exposure overrides are feasible, strictly

"That's enough of your putter, baby—use your driver!"

speaking, but the range of the photographer's control is severely limited with several of the cameras. The Fujica AZ-1 has just three shutter speeds that can be established nonautomatically, while the Pentax ME and the Yashica FR-II each have only one. And though the Minolta XG-7 works with all of its shutter speeds set manually, it does so without any aid from its exposure meter. The use of the XG-7's meter, and the full range of these other cameras' shutter speeds, are available strictly for automatic operation.

But there are moments, such as at the beginning or end of the day, when shadows are long, that you'd want to control the camera settings yourself. Thus, all the smart 35s allow the photographer to override the auto exposure system.

Exposure-correction dials are the most common means of doing this; they induce an immediate recalibration, so that the automatic exposure settings will be correct for a subject in minority lighting.

Then again, you may want to deliberately misexpose a shot in order to achieve a special lighting effect, perhaps. For that, you should switch to a semiautomatic mode of exposure setting and use your built-in light meter to determine the exposure settings that you'll make by hand.

How much latitude to amend automatic exposure do you need? The answer depends upon the kinds of things you plan to shoot. If your objective is the straightforward documentation of your life and times, you can probably count on unadulterated automatic settings. But if anything creatively more complex than snapshots looms as a possibility, you should consider cameras that have full manual overrides.

While you're thinking about the subjects you most often shoot, you should also think about the style of exposure automation they might call for. There are two styles available: aperture-priority automation and shutter-priority automation.

In an aperture-priority camera, you pick the aperture setting you want and the exposure system causes the shutter speed to slave to your choice. This can be used to influence the appearance of your pictures, for exposure is not the only thing affected by aperture settings. Depth of field—or the range from *here* to *there* within which objects will be in focus—is more extensive at small aperture settings, shallower at larger ones. Sometimes it improves a picture to throw the background out of focus, which can be done by using a large aperture and its limited depth of field. Aperture-priority cameras combine exposure automation with this particular potential of user control.

But there comes a time in every photographer's life when his pictures' appearances benefit from his ability to control the shutter. An example would be an Indy 500, with cars zipping past at Lord knows how fast. From the bright sun of the open track, they may regularly duck into the shadow of the grandstand. Here you'll accept any depth of field you can get (and a car that is in focus on *that* side of the track will also be in focus on *this* side; once a subject is more than 20 feet away, all distances are equal as far as most lenses are concerned), so shutter speed becomes important. It must be fast, lest those speed demons outrun the camera and become a blur on film.

That situation calls for a shutter speed pre-established to be fast enough—maybe 1/1000 of a second—to freeze the action, and a lens whose aperture obediently gears itself to suit. That is what shutter-priority automation supplies.

In the hullabaloo between aperture-priority and shutter-priority advocates, the greater amount of nose thumbing gets done by those who favor aperture priority, for the greater number of manufacturers see things their way. Only six camera models shun aperture priority: three by Konica, two by Mamiya and one by Canon.

But what's that you say, you can envision yourself working in situations that call for aperture priority now, shutter priority then? No problem. For though most cameras offer one type of setting or the other, at least two—the Canon A-1 and the Minolta XD-11—offer both, selected at your discretion.

The Canon A-1 also features an exposure mode called Programed Exposure, for you folks who can't decide between one priority and another. Here the camera makes up its own mind about which combination of aperture and shutter settings suits various levels of light. The fact that the method works well should allay any anxiety about Big Brother being delivered to you in a black box.

Smart cameras seek their intellectual equals in the accessories they work with, and for that reason you will find various makes of electronic flash units nearly as clever. That is, they adjust their own light output. How? Well, they make some light and, while they are still making it, they read some that has bounced back from the subject. When they see the right amount, they automatically turn themselves off. The whole transaction is completed, you might say, at something just under the speed of light.

While electronic flash units are merely practical, motor drives (or autowinders) also add to the romance of photography. There is no question that the *chunk-zitt* sound effects of a motorized SLR add *macho* to picture taking; and few of even the most devoted *artistes* would deny that dressing for the part is some of the fun. In the meantime, the motor drive automatically advances the film when your thumb is too weary to operate the manual-advance lever. It also works nicely when you must work one-handed, the other hand being engaged in another activity, such as hanging on to something for dear life. Motor drives, in short, make you seem a photographic man of action at all times, and they let you be one when you must. While motor drives are accessories for most, a few cameras are suggesting a new trend by having permanent motor drives. An advantage of the integral motor is that it tends toward a smaller over-all package than a camera with an accessory motor attached to it: Contax recently announced a motorized pair whose proportions are only marginally different from those of their otherwise similar, compact RTS model.

Automatic cameras once were an oddball breed distinct from regular 35s, but now everybody's selling automatics. If a seal of approval were necessary, it came in the form of the FE, the automatic model from the standard-bearer of 35mmdom, Nikon—and the automatic field itself has its own nonstandard embellishments. The Leicaflex R-3, for example, has a spot-metering system that is interchangeable with the center-weighted, so that a small central portion of the scene can be the exclusive influence in contrasty light. Meantime, the Olympus OM-2 has two systems of metering, one that sets the exposure just prior to snapping the picture (like the others), the second taking over *during* the exposure (in case the light changes during the fraction of a second that the film is exposed). Aside from such rogues, the general methods of automatic operation are along similar lines.

Photography is a technological art and, as such, its technological developments influence its artistic content. Motor drives, for example, take the burden of capturing the "decisive moment" off the photographer and place it on the camera. It fires enough frames that the moment has to be in there somewhere. The fleeting, summarizing expression may therefore become a more frequent sight in each individual's photography. Similarly, several of the automatic cameras make it easier to use extended time exposures of one second or longer. An outcome may be a more extensive exploration by photographers of nighttime and other low-light scenes, where lengthy exposures are required.

The real virtue of an automatic camera is that it can adjust itself for spontaneous action; and it can let you stay with the action without need to fool with the camera. It offers the closest-to-perfect implement to photographers who work in journalist-style settings. If this describes you and your shooting intentions, the sagest advice is to buy an automatic camera, keep an extra set of batteries on hand and shoot merrily away until such time as cameras become even smarter.

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SA-800	125 watts	0.04%	36.2 dBf	95dB
SA-700	100 watts	0.04%	36.2 dBf	95dB
SA-600	70 watts	0.04%	37.2 dBf	90dB
SA-500	55 watts	0.04%	37.2 dBf	90dB

*IHF '75 standard

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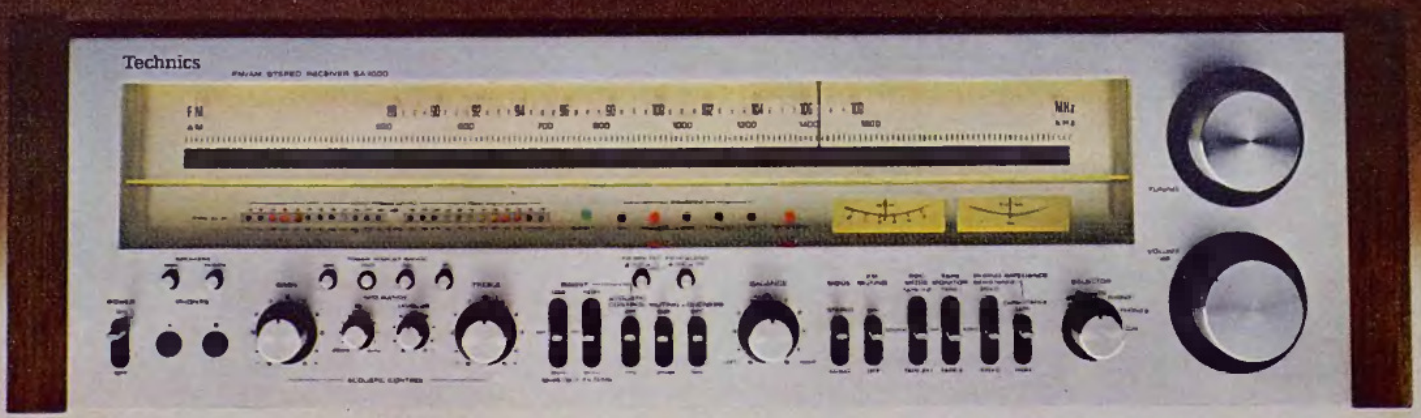


LONG-DISTANCE EATER *(continued from page 160)*

"His entire world—his person, his aspirations, his life—is concentrated into each savory explosion."

lobster and crayfish tails with young vegetables; casserole of chicken with vegetables, basil, garlic and scattered truffles; Georges's own special potato pancakes; cheeses, sherbets and desserts. There is a bottle of white Burgundy, followed by an exquisite red, a 1969 Grands-Echezeaux. Georges is bringing out a bottle of sauterne to accompany the dessert when Didier holds up his hand and waves it off.

"Too much is too much," he says almost desperately. But that doesn't stop Georges from popping open a bottle of champagne after the meal is finished—"just for a friendly drink together."

By the time the champagne ceremony is finished, it is nearly midnight. Didier clambers up to bed with the leaden legs all Frenchmen recognize as the sure sign of too much wine. They have an aphorism for such overindulgence: "White on red, nothing moves anymore; red on white, you're all through." Didier is through. He crashes into a deep slumber and sleeps right through his breakfast call.

DAY TWO

"Georges has made progress," Didier concludes the next morning, en route south again. "His restaurant is better than his uncle's. But I'm not sure he's ready for the top yet. It's tough, to be at the top."

By half past noon, Didier is comfortably installed on the sunny terrace of Alain Chapel, formerly La Mère Charles in Mionnay, drinking a cocktail of champagne and raspberry syrup. Once a modest bistro (it was painted by Utrillo in 1929), the restaurant is now a monument to the cooking talent of Alain Chapel, who is generally considered one of the half dozen or so greatest chefs in the world. Naturally, his restaurant sports a crowned red rooster in the *Kléber* and three stars in the *Michelin*. Antoine, the headwaiter, suggests a series of several entrees, making it sound as simple and easy as a hostess serving up stuffed celery and crackers. Antoine is a master of understatement.

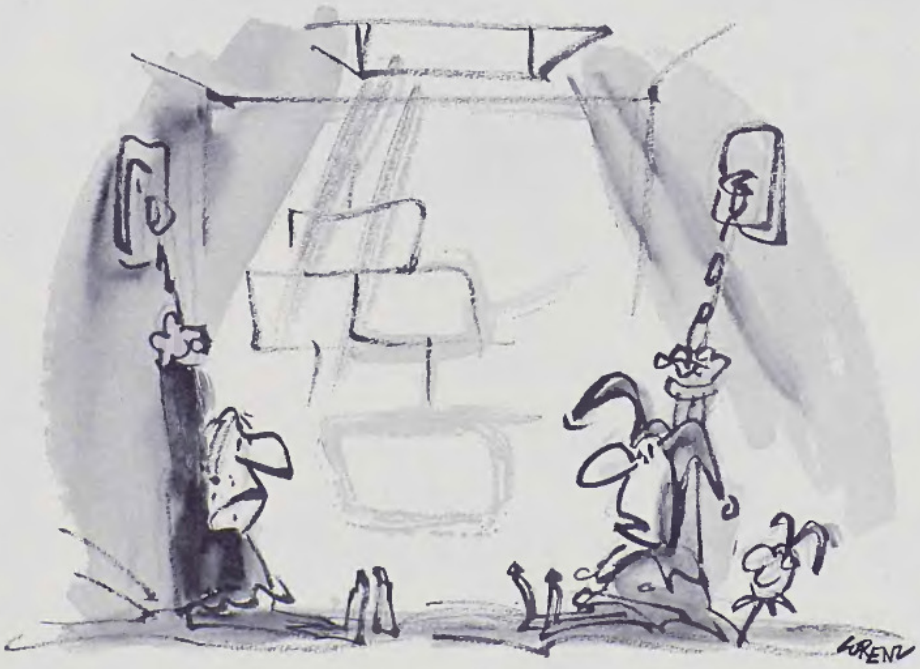
It begins while Didier is still out on the terrace with the champagne: deep-fried whitefish and baby sole hardly bigger than artichoke leaves. It is what the French call an *amuse-gueule*, or "snout amuser," their equivalent of a palate tickler. He moves inside for the serious stuff, opening the hostilities with a salad of sautéed fresh morel mushrooms (the season is only two or three weeks long, and he is in luck with his timing) over crayfish tails with a buttery sauce accented by a tiny point of anise. With it he drinks a cold Brouilly, one of the best of the Beaujolais growths. A ragout of sea bass and red mullet follows, the two *filets* sitting on a bed of chervil, spinach and Swiss chard. The sauce for the sea bass is based on white wine, the sauce for the mullet, on red. Chapel is having fun playing with colors. Didier devours them with a flat spoon, making little guttural noises of contentment.

At a table to his left, and at another behind him, some serious sexual electricity is crackling. For the couple behind, the formalities of courtship have obviously been terminated several nights earlier. They are enjoying a duckling as much as they enjoy each other, making their lunch an erotic feast. The girl is as soft and humid and warm as an oyster poached in champagne. To the left, the relationship hasn't been consummated yet, but it clearly is about to be, and it promises to be a good one, too. He is a middle-aged business type with a wallet full of money, a belly full of champagne and a head full of self-confidence; she looks remarkably young, hardly more than 17 or 18, but the deft, fleeting touch of her hand on his cheek and her knowledgeable use of the lingering smile are masterful demonstrations of the art of seduction as practiced by what the French call a *fausse vierge*: false virgin. She is in control, and she is doing fine.

Didier continues chewing. Now it is tender white asparagus, lukewarm, between delicate rectangles of flaky pastry, with rooster kidneys and thick slices of truffles. At this moment, his entire world—his person, his aspirations, his life—is concentrated into this *feuilleté d'asperges* and its hollandaise sauce, into each savory explosion of taste when he bites through another rooster kidney. You take your sensuous pleasures as they come.

Gérard, the sommelier, pours a superb red Burgundy, a Bonnes Mares 1971, into his oversized snifter-style glass, taking care not to agitate or bruise it. Didier destroys a duck-liver steak with sweet turnips. When the cheese table is rolled up, he opts for his sophisticated-peasant act, ordering a plate of green leeks to accompany his fresh goat cheese. His meal ends with a simple lemon sherbet and coffee. But not, of course, just any coffee. It should be filter, he specifies, and a mix of Colombian, Mocha and Costa Rican: "Colombian for the fullness, Mocha for the color, Costa Rican for the perfume."

In the Royal Sogetel, the hotel Didier has chosen for the night in Lyons, manager Jean-Pierre Anquetin offers him a late-afternoon whiskey and asks him to taste his terrine of calves' feet. By the time the ceremony is over (the calves' feet is an interesting idea, but it lacks



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depth), the earth has inexorably revolved around to dinnertime. It is only day two, and Didier has only three meals under his belt. But he isn't hungry.

"The *foie gras* is passing badly," he mutters. "I'm stalled."

He is sitting in the crowded, sympathetic second-floor dining room of Léon de Lyon, which is probably the best bistro on the face of the earth. Jean-Paul Lacombe, the 28-year-old proprietor and chef, is trying to talk him into some of the *spécialités de la maison*, but Didier and his digestive tube are adamant. With the grimace of a man in acute discomfort, he orders nothing but a dish of creamed leeks. Although not meant as such, it is an affront to the artistry of Lacombe, who is an extraordinary, inventive and passionate cook. (In other, similar moments of distress, Didier has been known to order soft-boiled eggs and toast for dinner in renowned restaurants.) Lacombe disappears back into his kitchen but is determined to have the last word: He sends out an unrequested *salade Léon de Lyon* to keep Didier company while he waits for his leeks. The salad is a delicious little creation of *foie gras*, a duck *filet*, mushrooms and green beans. Didier picks at it desultorily.

"Ah, *foie gras*," he says, his deep voice edged with polite disgust.

Since he arrived, he has been sipping at the bottle of Pouilly-Fuissé that Jean-Paul sent over to his table. Now, as he pushes the mushrooms around his plate, the cold, fruity white wine begins to accomplish its mission. Almost imperceptibly, Didier finds his disgust giving way to professional interest.

"Hmm," he says. "There must be some truffle oil in the dressing." A few moments pass. He eats a bean, then reflects, stares around the room—and stabs his fork into the *foie gras*.

"*Ca y est!*" he announces with a triumphant smile. "It's happened! I'm hungry again." He quickly devours the rest of the salad.

"It's just like a horseman who's fallen at a jump," he says. "You have to get right back into the saddle and attack the jump again."

Didier polishes off his leeks, and the cheese and dessert, too. The only truly eventful moment of the evening occurs when the waiter pours the red Burgundy accompanying the leeks. Didier finds it too warm, orders a bucket of ice and plunks a big cube into his glass, to the utter astonishment of the young waiter.

"That's what I think about the rules," Didier says, giving a vulgar high sign. "There are no rules."

DAY THREE

The big project of the day is lunch at La Pyramide, in the city of Vienne, about 18 miles south of Lyons. The

almost legendary Pyramide is the temple founded by Fernand Point, the giant of French cooking who taught most of today's great chefs most of their kitchen grammar. Although Point has been dead for years now, his intractable tradition of respect for proper food properly eaten is faithfully maintained by his 80-year-old widow, Mado. No French gourmet would ever dare smoke between courses in Madame Point's presence, for unthinking nicotinophiles who lit up after their appetizers found Fernand Point instructing the headwaiter to deliver the check, "since you have obviously finished your repast." Didier never dared smoke at all in Point's presence. Now, with his widow, he requests permission to do so—at the end of the meal.

When he arrives at La Pyramide's big white gate, he has already checked out another restaurant a few miles south of Vienne, appearing incognito to look over the dining room and peruse the menu while having a glass of Côtes du Rhône at the bar. Elegant and assured, Madame Point greets him as soon as he passes into her restaurant's vestibule.

"A bottle of Dom Pérignon, Louis," she tells the sommelier. She takes a symbolic splash in her own glass and sits down to talk with Didier as he plans his lunch. Wealthy food fanatics would pay dearly for the honor of Madame Point's joining them for a drink. Didier likes the idea of fresh morel mushrooms, the same ones that were so good at Alain Chapel, but Madame Point raises an eyebrow.

"I'm afraid you'll have to have them *en casserole*," she says. "We had problems this morning with the flaky pastry, so there's no *croustade*."

The pastry chef probably caught hell for that. Didier sticks with the morels, nonetheless, but first prepares the ground with an old Point specialty, *pâté* of thrush flavored with juniper berries. After the mushrooms, Madame Point sends over a tart pear sherbet to clear mouth and stomach for the rich, creamy *cassolette* of veal kidneys that follows.

Shortly after, Didier allows that it is his birthday this very day. "I would be tempted to order a vintage from my birth year," he says to the sommelier, "but then, of course, that would have to be a Bordeaux, wouldn't it?"

"If you're fatigued, you can call for a Bordeaux," says Louis, the 69-year-old sommelier, with feigned innocence. (Bordeaux is the aristocracy of wines, but Burgundy is richer, perhaps less subtle, redolent of youth and folly—ballsier.) "One likes Bordeaux after a certain age." Didier compromises and asks him to choose a good Côtes du Rhône for the main course. But first he has a fruity Condrieu white wine to accompany the mushrooms.

Louis uncorks the red wine without

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going through the ritualistic display of the label. Didier has been challenged. Louis fills his glass and places the bottle at the far end of the table, its label facing outward. Didier sips.

"Goddamn!" he fairly shouts. "That's a truck! That's a bulldozer!"

The powerful, sun-nourished wine is of a red so deep that it borders on blue. Didier has to think for several long moments before making a pronouncement.

"I think it's a Côte Rôtie," he ventures, "but I'm not sure."

Louis turns the bottle around: Côte Rôtie.

After lunch, Didier joins a friend at another table for a glass of ancient vintage cognac offered by Madame Point. Their conversation turns to Marc Fournier, the world's number-one collector and restorer of hurdy-gurdies and fairground organs, who lives just down the street from La Pyramide. They decide to pay him a quick visit. Fournier is delighted to see them, cracking open a bottle of champagne for the occasion.

By dinnertime, Didier has only half regained his appetite. The attractive redhead who waits on him in La Renaissance in the industrial burg of Rive-de-Gier is the wife of the owner and chef, Gilbert Laurent. It is Didier's first trip to the establishment, and he doesn't identify himself as the man from *Kléber*. She seems troubled by his appearance and his expertise, but she obviously can't place him. Didier consumes a plate of smoked country ham and a lake salmon poached over a bed of garden herbs, accompanied by a bottle of white Côtes du Rhône. As he is eating the fish, he notes that the waiter has left the alcohol flame burning under the chafing dish. Didier grumbles, even though the tarragon-based sauce is delicious. When the waiter proposes a second serving (there is a whole, fat *filet* still untouched), Didier haughtily refuses it without even a taste, maintaining that by now the salmon is ruined by the continuing heat.

"I just meant to keep it warm," the luckless waiter protests. Didier sends for the headwaitress and politely but firmly scolds her for the waiter's misplaced good intentions. Madame is desolated. Would monsieur like something else to replace it? No, thank you, says Didier. He has had a very full day. Somehow, in the long interlocution that ensues, it comes out that he is Jean Didier of the *Kléber*. Madame is more desolated than ever. She instantly sends for her husband, who appears from the kitchen in full chef's regalia. He looks apprehensive, sits down to explain his policy on lake salmon, snaps his fingers and sends for a bottle of champagne.

DAY FOUR

Driving out of town the next morning, Didier is explaining the tribulations and physical trade secrets of the long-distance eater. Luckily, hangovers are rare for him, though he often has a hard time waking up in the morning. He has never known any of the various hangover pills to do any good. Aspirin for the head, maybe, but that is bad for the stomach. Several of the gastronomic critics walk as much as possible to help their digestion, but there isn't any miracle remedy for that, either. Some of his confreres have been known to make themselves vomit, in the style of the ancient Romans, but he finds himself physically unable to do it.

"You've just got to let nature take its course. As an old family doctor of mine said, 'What goes in one hole must come out another.' What is important is the saddle."

The saddle—*la selle*—is the French euphemism for defecation. It is a subject of great concern and attention to the long-distance eater.

"I have two times the saddle in the morning," Didier explains. "Directly upon arising, and then another after bathing and shaving. In this business, you must have a good transfer. It is very important to eliminate quickly. Above all, you must not hold yourself back. If you do, you profit from the food more and you become fat. You've always got to watch your saddles. Constipated people are unhappy. This morning, just before leaving, I had a third saddle."

Today's lunch is to be another high point of the trip—with the Troisgros Brothers in Roanne. Roanne is an undistinguished and not particularly gracious middle-sized French city on the banks of the Loire River, whose only attraction, unless you have a lover there, or some textiles to flog, is Hôtel des Frères Troisgros. Along with Alain Chapel's place, and Paul Bocuse's in Lyons, and a handful of others, it is one of the front-runners in anyone's theoretical sweepstakes for the world's greatest restaurant. Both brothers, Jean, 51, and Pierre, 49, are former disciples of old Fernand Point, and both are venerated by the eating establishment as high priests of equal stature in the religion of what has come to be known as the new school of French cooking.

When Didier enters the restaurant, he takes the professionals' route—from the parking lot through the back door and into the kitchen. There, amid the bubbling pots, the heaps of mushrooms and raspberries and the enormous slabs of Charolais beef (one of the three best in the world, along with Texas and Kobe), Pierre is holding court and keeping things in order. As massively built as a bull, but also gifted with the fine and subtle intelligence of a scholar of human nature, Pierre is possessed of the magic

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power of speeding up: One glance from him at an apprentice or an assistant chef and the work suddenly goes 20 percent faster. Didier has a few lids off pots, sticks his finger into a sauce, then follows Pierre into the bar for a *kir maison*—white Burgundy with a shot of black-currant syrup. Jean Troisgros isn't around today; he has gone down to the town of Pauillac to do a little party cooking for Philippe de Rothschild. Over in a corner booth, Pierre's wife and daughter are just finishing their lunch of soft-shelled lobster.

"If you had come half an hour earlier, I would have given them to you," Pierre says. "You don't see many of them."

Didier consoles himself with an appetizer that is a little invention of Pierre's: a salad of baby eels smothered in crushed tomato, oil and vinegar. To his thorough satisfaction, he finds that he is starving. He races happily through the famous Troisgros vegetable terrine (artichoke hearts, green beans, celery, carrots, asparagus tips and truffles bonded together by a *foie gras* mousse), thrush *pâté* with a spinach-and-potato salad, oysters lightly poached in champagne and four fish *filets* on a bed of green vegetables, washing it all down with cool red Burgundy. With the main course, a pigeon cooked with whole garlic cloves, the choice of the wine is both more important and trickier.

"I'm more Burgundy than Bordeaux," says Didier, "and more Côte de Nuits than Côte de Beaune," spontaneously coining an unbeatable bit of one-upmanship for the vocabulary of future wine snobs.

"Why don't I give you a 1973 Bonnes Mares?" suggests Gilbert, the sommelier.

"Bravo!" cries Didier. "He remembered—my favorite wine!"

Shortly after the arrival of the beautiful, plump pigeon and its side order of sautéed mushrooms, Pierre saunters out of the kitchen to see how things are going.

"I'm working," says Didier between mastications, "I'm working."

When the waiter, Michel, proposes the impressively vast Troisgros cheese platter, Didier brings forth another nice bit of didactic expertise. "Young man," he says, "I'm drinking the Bonnes Mares '73, so I will choose my cheese in consequence. I will take one goat cheese only, and not too young. Never two women in my bed at the same time, and never two cheeses on my plate."

A little champagne with dessert, a long professional chat with Pierre over coffee, and at 5:30 they rise and go to the bar, where Pierre opens a bottle of fine Pommard and brings out a little munching material of hot tripe sausages, slathered with explosive mustard. It brings tears to Didier's eyes.

That night, back in Lyons, he has his first failure: He cancels a restaurant and stays in the hotel. He consumes a bowl of onion soup and a glass of Beaujolais in the snack bar. Shame.

DAY FIVE

Didier doesn't want to admit it, but he has trouble going through Monsieur Pic's monumental menu. Naturally, Pic means well: By nature, he is as generous as he is shy, expressing himself through the profusion of delicacies that he sends forth from his kitchen. But Didier isn't feeling in form. After a brief reawakening of desire with the pink champagne and the fisherman's salad, he finds himself bogged down with the salmon *filets*. He plugs on through a sense of duty, but his heart isn't in it. He is paying the ransom of the late 20th Century, when men just don't eat the way they used to. Pic's overwhelming lunch, for instance, would have been a mere frivolous nibble for the Club of the Big Stomachs, 18 serious trenchermen of the mid–19th Century who met at six P.M. every Saturday in a Parisian restaurant called Pascal. They ate for 18 hours straight, in three servings of six hours apiece. Six P.M. to midnight: several glasses of bitter wine to whet the appetite; carrot soup, turbot with caper sauce, *filet* steak, leg of lamb, braised chicken, veal tongue, cherry sherbet (for cooling the palate), roast chicken, creams, tarts and pastries, with six bottles of Burgundy each. Midnight to six A.M.: several cups of tea, turtle soup, a curry containing six chickens, salmon with spring onions, peppered venison cutlets, *filets* of sole with truffle sauce, peppered artichokes, rum sherbet, grouse cooked in whiskey, rum pudding, spiced English puddings and three Burgundies and three Bordeaux apiece. Six A.M. to noon: superpeppery onion soup with various crackers and unsugared pastries in unlimited quantity, accompanied by four bottles of champagne apiece, coffee and an entire bottle of cognac per man.

Didier would have passed for a sparrow next to the Big Stomachs. He drinks only three wines with the lunch: a Condrieu white and a Saint-Joseph and a Cornas red. After dessert and coffee, Monsieur Pic joins him, bringing another bottle of champagne—Pol Roger Brut this time. Didier takes one look and one sip, then sends the bottle back. It is off color, he says; the cork must have been bad. The sommelier trots out with another bottle. This one meets his approval.

Driving back to Lyons late that afternoon, Didier has to fight off the waves of sleepiness generated by the wine. He knows that tonight's dinner is at Paul Bocuse's.

Bocuse is both Lyons's most famous citizen and the most famous cook in the world today. After working as an apprentice and assistant chef for Fernand Point,

"Somehow I always expected someone tall and thin."

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

he moved back to his father's modest little riverside restaurant in the mid-Fifties, took it over completely when his father died and within a few years brought it up from nothing to three stars in the *Michelin* and a crowned red rooster in the *Kléber*. Bocuse is a phenomenon: a force of nature, a multifaceted entrepreneur who is a born leader of men, a swinging practical-joking lover of life who generates a wave of personal publicity as naturally as a seal barks, a wealthy and diversified businessman (he owns three restaurants in Tokyo and has deals, endorsements and pieces of action all around the world); he is also a giant of the cooking trade.

But Didier isn't hungry, and that is bad show, bad show. They have been waiting for him at Bocuse's restaurant. Once the word got around that the *Kléber* was in the region, they knew very well he had to drop by the emperor's place sooner or later. Didier is greeted at the door by Françoise, Bocuse's beautiful daughter, and, a few seconds later in the dining room, by Raymonde, his equally beautiful wife. Bocuse himself is out of town, as it happens, tending to his Rengaya restaurants in Tokyo. But with wife and daughter in the room (his mother, Irma, is there, too, writing out the bills at the cash desk), and his number-one chef, Roger Jaloux, in the kitchen, things are under control.

As soon as Didier takes a seat, a champagne and raspberry syrup appears before him, along with a plate of *amuse-gueules*. Secretly, he wishes he could just have a salad and go to bed, but when you are the *Guide Kléber*, you don't play the wilting virgin. You are expected to eat. Bocuse's famous truffle soup is a must; it is a fairly recent creation and Didier has never sampled it. He follows with a hot *pâté* in a pastry shell and a lukewarm salad of lobster with garden vegetables and herbs. The Beaujolais accompanying it all comes from the cellars of Georges Duboeuf, where Didier went wine-tasting what now seems like a couple of centuries ago.

In spite of Didier's mild protestations, Kiki the waiter gives him a second helping of *pâté chaud*. Kiki has been serving Didier for 15 years. He knows he is a sucker for the *pâté* and pepper sauce. At 9:20 P.M., Didier pops another bile pill. He feels hot and uncomfortable.

The lobster is fabulous, of course, but now Didier is truly laboring. He feels as if he were onstage—which isn't too far from the truth, in fact. By an act of sheer will, he chews mechanically through the lobster, enjoying it as much as if it were cardboard.

"One is full up, huh?" he remarks. "I feel like the guy who asked his fairy godmother to make him young and handsome forever, and always get plenty of

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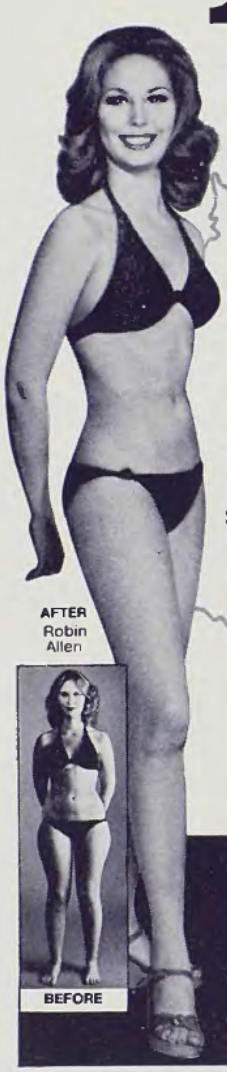

AFTER
Robin Allen

BEFORE

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"Took off 19 inches in just one day with Slim-Skins– more than I could ever lose with weeks of dieting!"
Robin Allen

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AFTER
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BEFORE

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THE SLIM-SKINS EXPERIENCE

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Jeff Nelson, wondering just how fast Slim-Skins can reduce and tighten up a somewhat soft and flabby waistline.
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Abdomen: 40½"
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AFTER
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ass. She turned him into a toilet."

He goes on chewing, but the pernicious combination of too much food and no exercise is having its fatal effect. Didier is bloated. He has heartburn. His stomach is churning. He hurts.

"I have gas," he says. At 10:25, he excuses himself, plods to the men's room and farts heroically. He returns much relieved, and although he passes up the cheeses, he manages to do justice to the dessert.

DAY SIX

"I've been born again! I'm brand-new this morning." Didier's tortured guts are in blessed repose, thanks to some extremely satisfactory saddles.

"I've emptied myself," he says, "that's what's marvelous. If there had been a turd contest this morning, I would have won it. And the dinner last night was of a great finesse and elegance. That *pâté chaud* was sublime."

He is heading north out of Lyons, on the last leg of his *tournée*. Only one meal remains. Almost before Didier knows it, he is on the twisting country road leading toward Saulieu, home of the grand old Côte d'Or, a restaurant almost as famous as La Pyramide. But where La Pyramide has continued navigating under the steady hand of Madame Point, the Côte d'Or has had an irregular record since the retirement of Alexandre Dumaine, its former master. Now it is owned by Claude Verger, a terrible-tempered ex–kitchen-equipment salesman turned restaurateur. Verger has given over responsibility for the kitchen to his 26-year-old disciple, Bernard Loiseau, and Loiseau is out to prove that he, too, can merit a *coq rouge couronné*.

Loiseau is so nervous about Didier's visit that he is literally watching the road, because this time Didier has telephoned ahead. When he arrives in the parking lot, Loiseau comes out to greet him before he has even gotten out of the car. Within minutes, Didier has a *kir* in his hand. He and Loiseau walk down the hill to say hello to Gerard Houssaie, a young cook from Normandy who has taken over the neighboring Vieille Auberge. Houssaie is about Loiseau's age, but he has the advantage of having his wife with him. Loiseau is a bachelor, in the prime of life with the sap running hard, but he has no diversion beyond food in Saulieu.

"There's nothing here," he sighs. "No girls, no action, nothing. I'm just devoting myself to bringing the Côte d'Or back to the top. Other than that, I'm bored stiff here."

Didier rewards Loiseau's monklike fealty to *haute cuisine* by destroying his lunch with obvious pleasure. Loiseau is watching every plate as it comes back to the kitchen. If Didier had left anything uneaten, Loiseau probably would have rushed out, demanding to know what had been displeasing. The lobster terrine, the poached oysters and the ragout of fish with red peppers disappear into *Kléber*'s maw with the help of a delicious 1971 Puligny-Montrachet. The red that follows, with the thin, rare duck steaks, is a vigorous Latricières-Chambertin. Loiseau's lunch is light, imaginative and easy to eat. Didier tells him so, and for a few minutes the young bachelor doesn't even care that there are no girls in Saulieu.

With the desserts, Claude Verger himself appears, just down from Paris. Verger adores shocking people with his opinions. Calling for a bottle of champagne (Perrier-Jouët), he rails on, finding almost everything bad in the profession. Ninety-five or even 99 percent of the cooks in France are lousy, he shouts, and only two or three know how to make a steak *marchand de vin*. The only guy who knows how to make sauces is Pierre Troisgros—but then, most sauces are no damn good, anyway.

At one point in his diatribe, Verger tries to make Didier put up his dukes by attacking the guides in general and food critics in particular. He even goes so far as to call them all whores, but Didier doesn't react. He feels euphoric and benign. He is thinking about taking it easy back in Paris, and drinking mineral water for a few days. His *tournée* is over. He has made it. He can almost feel his digestive tube working. A good saddle is promised. He takes another sip of champagne and smiles.

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PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

GO SUCK A STICK

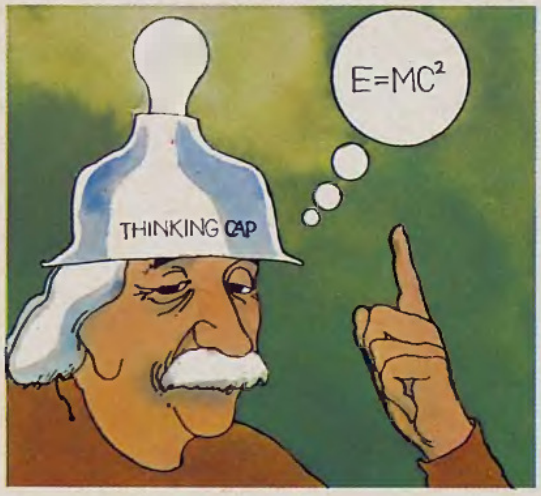
For those times when you can't smoke and still want oral gratification, try Cigarroots, a curious product that's actually a short root that you slowly chew made of *glycyrrhiza glabra*, an herb that even King Tut once found intriguing. (Archaeologists discovered a pile of it in his tomb.) Cigarroots come two to a box and are sold in lots of ten boxes for $4.95, postpaid, from Cigarroots Company, 441 West 56th Street, New York, New York 10019. They say *glycyrrhiza glabra* is a taste that grows on you.

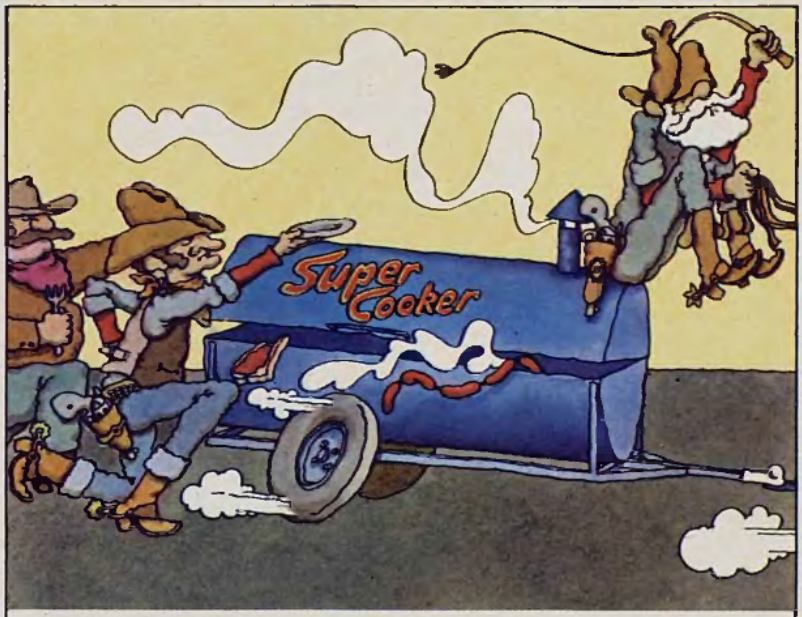
STRINGING MM ALONG

The ongoing fascination with Marilyn Monroe (see our *Private Life* article in this issue) has prompted Rock 'n' Wood Guitars, P.O. Box 41133, Chicago, Illinois 60641, to create the ultimate tribute to MM—a $1000 hand-carved cherry-wood-body electric guitar, called Electric Lady, that was inspired by Monroe's famous 1951 pinup. And, like its namesake, the Electric Lady is also a thing of beauty; the maple neck has an ebony finger board inlaid with abalone shell, a variety of pickups are available and you can even order it with an optional carrying case that's lined with simulated mink. Monroe would have wanted the real McCoy.

THINKING CAP PUT-ON

Our Goofy Hat of the Month Award goes to the folks at The Grand Gesture, 21793 Ventura Blvd., Woodland Hills, California 91364, who thought up The Original Thinking Cap, a metal hard-hat with a battery-powered light bulb screwed into the center. All you do is slip it on and tighten the chin strap; the thinking cap then lights up at the slightest movement of your jaw, signifying that you've suddenly come up with a bright idea. Paying $9.95, postpaid, to look silly is also something to think about.





NOW YOU'RE COOKING!

Ah, the suburbs! The next-door neighbors get a new barbecue and everyone wants to one-up them with a newer model. Well, if you want to win the grill game once and for all, here's how: The Deep South Sales Company, P.O. Box 129, Valdosta, Georgia 31601, is selling for $1295, F.O.B. the factory, a 4½′ x 9′ steel Super Cooker that can handle 40 chickens, one pig, one half side of beef or 260 burgers. And if you want to go whole hog, Deep South will even letter your name on the side of your Super Cooker free. Hot dog!

OLD COWBOYS NEVER DIE....

Remember Rex Allen, the Singing Cowboy? Or Monte Hale, Rod Cameron, Bob Steele or the ever-popular Vera Hruba Ralston? They were all Western stars at Republic Pictures and they and a whole posse of others, including Roy Rogers, autographed 1200 limited-edition 24″ x 30″ posters that The Nostalgia Merchant, Suite 1019, 6255 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California 90028, is selling for $103 each, postpaid. Happy trails, B-movie fans.

HONEY OF A PRODUCT

Killer bees are the victims of bad PR. Sure, they sting the bejesus out of anyone who disturbs their hive, but they also produce an exceptionally delicious type of honey that's now available from the Killer Bee Honey Corporation, P.O. Box 71, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139, for $3.95, postpaid, per 5.75-oz. jar. As you spoon it on your breakfast muffin, remember the lives this honey has cost and then try to enjoy it.

LOOKING SHEEPISH

La Prairie is the renowned Swiss clinic that is said to have rejuvenated the bodies of such international personalities as Charlie Chaplin, Pablo Picasso and Konrad Adenauer via intramuscular injections of fresh embryonic cells taken from black mountain sheep. A week's stay at La Prairie is about $4000, but if you're a prune face who can't afford that kind of price, La Prairie is now selling five skin-care products—including Anti-Wrinkle Cream, Day Cream, Night Cream, Wet Facial Mask and Beauty Milk—at I. Magnin, Saks Fifth Avenue and other stores. Prices range from $35 to $70—or all five products can be had for just $235. That's enough to give you wrinkles.

GRINGO LINGO

Down Mexico way, you can have a hell of a good time or a whole mess of trouble, depending on what you eat and drink, where you go and how you deal with the *federales*. One of the best books on the subject is *The People's Guide to Mexico*, by Carl Franz, a 579-page soft-cover publication that's especially valuable to anyone planning a driving, camping or hitchhiking trip south of the border. *People's Guide* can be ordered from John Muir Publications, P.O. Box 613, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501, for $10, postpaid. And there are chapters on Guatemala and Belize, too.

TWINKLE TOES

Mirror, mirror on the dance floor, who's got the flashiest feet of all? Whichever guy's date has slipped into Discoshoes by Arthur Murray. Discoshoes are rechargeable ankle-strap-style footwear that sparkle plenty, as inside each clear-synthetic heel and toe is a tiny bulb hooked up to a sensitive micromercury switch. When your girl moves—twinkle, twinkle. You can order the shoes from Disco Enterprises, 711 North Westshore Boulevard, Tampa, Florida 33609, for $115, postpaid, in black, silver, gold, champagne, royal blue or plum satin (full sizes only, five through ten). Just remind your date to switch them off when she heads for the john.

GUARANTEE: "RAIN DANCE" is guaranteed to keep on beading and shining longer than the leading liquid or paste waxes. If not completely satisfied, return unused portion to B-4233, DuPont Company, Wilmington, DE 19898, for full refund of actual purchase price and postage.

FOREIGN SEX STARS

(continued from page 170)

"Laura, despite her provocative public image, is skittish offscreen."

after I met Gabriele. He's very affectionate always."

At home in Rome, Laura and Gabriele make togetherness look easy. "Her time is now," he says. "She should be the star. But we like to stay together. If she's offered one movie and I'm offered a different movie, and we're offered a third movie together——"

"Then we do the one we can do together," nods Laura. "I don't have to be a star. I just want to do good work."

If Laura appears in a film that doesn't have a satisfactory role for him, Gabriele may sign on as a production photographer. "When she has a nude scene with someone else, I take a walk. Not jealous, but I'm still Italian, you know?" He will also testify that Laura, despite her provocative public image, is skittish as a gazelle offscreen. "She's very shy around the house, always wearing a kimono, grabbing something to cover herself. I never see her nude at home . . . oh, maybe three times. To see her naked, I have to pay in the theater like everyone else."

•

Israel's Nitza Shaul was discovered in the army while serving with an entertainment unit. This comely former soldier no longer does song-and-dance revues at the front—performing *As You Like It* in Hebrew is more her style—and cannot think of herself as a sex symbol, though by any standard, she's the most popular young actress in the country. "It's true I'm doing quite well," Nitza allows. "I can't walk in the street in Tel Aviv, because people recognize me. They are . . . well, not aggressive but quite determined and attentive."

They are also lining up these days to see Nitza's highly praised performance in *Little Man* (for further praise, see our review in this issue), a romantic comedy hit in which she goes back to her roots as a girl entertaining the troops. On this occasion, five of them simultaneously. In an armored tank. During a rainstorm.

When Nitza's first film, *The Policeman*, opened in London in 1974, critics found her "bewitching" (*The Daily Mail*) and "the prettiest girl seen on the screen for many a month" (*Daily Telegraph*). It's been all upward mobility from that point on. She was named Most Promising Actress by the Israeli branch of the America Israel Cultural Foundation and accepted a grant to study drama,

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And the carburetors automatically adjust to engine load. So there's a lot of power, but not a lot of temperment.

Plus there are features like an overhead cam, electric starting, 6-speed transmission, self-cancelling turn signals, disc brakes, and complete instrumentation that's angled back for easier reading.

There's even an economy model, the XS400-2F, for those of you on a little tighter budget. It has wire wheels instead of cast alloy, slightly less chrome, a kick starter, drum brakes. And it comes in one color instead of two. In all other respects, it's identical to our regular model.

Which means it does a whole lot more than look like a bigger bike.

It acts like one.

YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.

dance and pantomime in London, though she was already an established professional with Tel Aviv's prestigious Cameri Theater company. She wound up on BBC Television and onstage in the West End, scoring another personal triumph in the first British production of Tennessee Williams' *The Red Devil Battery Sign*. "I was La Niña, one of those terrible Williams characters, a really dramatic role in a difficult, heavy play. But Tennessee worked with us on it for a month, and it was a wonderful experience."

Nitza currently commutes between Tel Aviv and London with her husband, Boron Salomon, a conductor and classical guitarist who was also an old army buddy. They keep flats in both cities, ready to move wherever opportunity knocks. While she waits to see where *Little Man* leads, Nitza has collaborated in writing a film adaptation of "a very famous novel," but she thinks it's premature to discuss it. "After my next film, I hope to come back to America and stay longer," she said at the end of a recent visit to L.A. "The advantage of becoming known internationally is that you can reach more people. I like Jane Fonda very much, Shirley MacLaine, Liv Ullmann. And I *love* Jeanne Moreau. All those women who have some aim in life apart from being on the screen."

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Sirpa Lane slid onto a tiny chair in a hole-in-the-wall Japanese restaurant that she likes in Paris. She was wearing tight black-leather pants with a pinkish-orange V-neck top and carrying a bikini in her bag, on her way to Au Printemps to exchange it. "Too small," she said. "I'm not the same girl I used to be . . . physically, mentally, spiritually or *any* way." The girl she used to be was a Finnish-born model who made a splash in Paris when she appeared in Walerian Borowczyk's *La Bête*, doing one of those X-ish, explicit girl-with-gorilla numbers opposite the Beast of the title. True, Borowczyk is a serious director whom no French-film buff would dismiss as a mere pornographer for depicting a bit of bestiality. Sirpa's next gig was the leading role in Roger Vadim's *La Jeune Fille Assassinée* (*The Murdered Girl* was called *Charlotte* over here) as a morbid social butterfly with a death wish that brings her to a grisly finish. "People say Vadim discovered me, but actually I made *La Bête* before Vadim . . . Vadim's movie came out first. Everyone wrote so much bullshit about sex films, erotica. But I loved it. . . . Borowczyk was amazed that I had no fear of the camera. I never even knew the camera was there.

"After Vadim, I stopped working for a while. I was in love with a man. I always need to be in love. Also, I was being offered silly semiporno films which did not interest me." Free-spirited Sirpa, as soon as she could find the right bikini, was taking off for Santo Domingo to begin a movie called *Papaya*. "I'm a journalist who goes there and finds a dead body, you know? Then the police come——" She writes *fini* to the synopsis with an eloquent Gallic shrug, acquired since she ran away from her home in Finland at the age of 15 and found the high road to Paris.

Nowadays, she finds that the *haut monde* bores her after a while. "That fashionable world is OK, once every six weeks. But those people don't know who I really am. I'm an ordinary girl of the street. I lived in the street, I was born there, you know? I like to go out alone, with little money, no jewelry. I get drunk in a disco and dance all night with whomever I please and come home at six in the morning."

A big-budget spaghetti Western looms in Sirpa's plans for the near future. Meanwhile, she has had an off-again, on-again romance with a top American *macho* star whose indiscretions abroad sound so newsworthy that she claps her hands over my ears while whispering his name. She has also conceived a passion for Richard Gere, whom she has never met, after seeing him in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*. "Do you know him, this Gere? Yes? Well, tell him Sirpa wants to make a movie with him, don't say I want to marry him. Maybe we could pretend to interview Gere. You'll say I'm a Finnish journalist. . . ." No, I'll say she's a Finn with a lot of flair.

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Another girl about Paris is sporty, French, sensuous Catherine Serre. When she's not hobnobbing with Jean-Paul Belmondo or other "in" people at Castel's, she's a pacesetter in the social swim at St.-Tropez. Catherine is also an accomplished skier and sailing enthusiast. You'll find very few jet-set jocks in better shape, which does not imply that the girl's not serious. "Everything I do I take seriously," she says, "and I have an absolute passion for cinema." TV, theater and modeling were her mainstays until last year, when she played one of the more enticing prostitutes in *One Two Two*, a French film about a celebrated World War Two bordello. This year she'll be getting far greater exposure amid the gadgetry of the new James Bond *Moonraker*, with Roger Moore.

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Two more Italian beauties should be in order, since Italy has been exporting *bellezza* for centuries, from before Botticelli until long after Loren and Cardinale. Both Leonora Fani and Dalila Di Lazzaro are products of northern Italy, both in their mid-20s, both runaways who left home at an early age to find themselves in Cinecittà and points south. Both list *Gone with the Wind* and *Dr. Zhivago* as their all-time favorite movies. Nothing else about them is the same.

Leonora Fani's career began when she posed nude for an Italian magazine (*Playmen*), her compensation for not winning a Miss Teenager contest. Her nymphet image has subsequently brightened up at least 20 movies, in one of which (*Bestialità*) she was cast as a depraved young girl who made love to a dog. That was not the high point of her professional achievements. A high point, in Leonora's opinion, would be to appear in an Ingmar Bergman film. "I'd be a militant feminist," says she, "if it were not for the desire to keep peace with my boyfriend, who is against it." Ten years from now, she would like to be behind the camera directing a movie of her own. She'd like to live in Venice and likes riding her motorcycle at top speed (presumably not in Venice). Pressed to explore her fantasies about what she'd like to do on a perfect day, volatile Leonora becomes a bit evasive: "My ideal would be to fly a small airplane all day, with the possibility of landing whenever and wherever it pleases me. Though if I were sure my boyfriend wasn't going to read this, my answer might be very different."

The blonde, incomparable Dalila Di Lazzaro was discovered by Andy Warhol through a photo advertising eye drops. Dalila's eyes have it, and she wound up with a featured role in Warhol's *Frankenstein*. That led to a contract with superproducer Carlo Ponti and several other films, followed by endless speculation in the gossip-hungry Italian press that she and *Signor* Ponti (Sophia Loren's husband, of course) were more than business acquaintances. "Ponti is a very nice man, like a father to me," says Dalila, who pooh-poohs such rumormongering and wonders at times whether the movie world is not too cruel and cynical for her taste. She's still with it, though, thinking she'd like to be in movies by Robert Altman or Bernardo Bertolucci or Federico Fellini, which is not unlikely. Her most recent appearances were in *The Girl in the Yellow Pajamas*, with Ray Milland and Mel Ferrer, and *The Last Romantic Lover*, directed by France's Just Jaeckin of *Emmanuelle* fame. In *her* daydreams, dreamy Dalila knows exactly what she'd require for a perfect day: "I would love to spend a day in a recording studio making a record with Frank Sinatra and Mick Jagger; on one side of the record, I'd be singing with Sinatra; on the other side, singing with Jagger." Now, that's top-of-the-line daydreaming.

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MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX *(continued from page 162)*

"An alert FBI man will note the difference between a tank factory and a reconditioned whorehouse."

replace the toy on my desk—a model of futuristic design, boasting 20 guns.

Some time later—for reasons I'm not entirely able to recall—the last member of our fine production team, Thomas Guinzburg, came on board after an evening of intense negotiations at the Bucket of Bacchus in Positano, Italy. (Small but mobile, that was Hadley Tank.) Since Guinzburg was a publisher, he became, naturally, V.P. bookkeeping. Later he played a vital part when Hadley Tank received its security clearance to handle "Secret" documents.

The A. T. Hadley Tank Company rocked along quietly for a few months doing those things I imagine all American companies do: collecting credit cards, fending off salesmen, keeping its nose clean. As chief executive, I several times gave thought to our financial position. I initiated guarded inquiries through a lawyer friend and was pleased to learn that Hadley Tank enjoyed an excellent credit rating.

"I guess you always pay your bills on time," the lawyer said.

I saw no reason to tell him we had no bills.

Slowly, in spite of its president's best efforts, Hadley Tank became more and more involved with the defense of America. Another letter came from the Pentagon, this one requesting the names of my executives entitled to receive secret information. Following agreed company policy to never lie, I wrote back that none of us was cleared for secret information. It worried me a bit to have to state this, since it made old Hadley Tank appear a firm run by a bunch of drunks or Commies. But looking on the bright side, I reasoned that with such questionable management, our tank company had at least heard the last from the Pentagon. No longer would I be harassed to bid on defense contracts.

I was wrong. I'd underestimated the desire of the Department of Defense to throw away money. Back came a letter of apology that Ordnance had allowed our clearance to lapse. Also an incredibly complex form to fill out so that employees of the A. T. Hadley Tank Company could, after proper investigation, receive secrets.

I called each one of my vice-presidents in turn to see which would most like to be investigated by the FBI, but instead of enthusiastically jumping at this opportunity to prove themselves clean, right-living Americans, all I got from each and every one of them was the old hoo-ha—and even some unkind suggestions that I get investigated myself. This was impossible, I pointed out, because there was a long section on the security form that had to be filled out by the applicant's employer. While I could fill it out on them, I couldn't fill it out on myself. They stuck it to me. So I filled out the form on myself and sent it in.

"You procrastinate about everything else, how come <u>this</u> you have to finish right away?"

The Government moves slowly, and what with getting a book published and a play optioned, I thought no more about my security clearance to receive secret information. Then one day my office door opened and a man entered, panting. The elevator was out of order again. He flashed a laminated card at me and gasped, "FBI."

I graciously made him at home on the tank-company couch. He pulled out a notebook and a Xeroxed copy of several pages of my security form.

"I'm checking out a party called Arthur T. Hadley," he said. "You know him?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Very well." I mean, this was no time for psychological quibbles about how well any one of us knows ourself. But I didn't want to mislead the agent, either. "I am Arthur T. Hadley."

"You're who?"

"A. T. Hadley. You've come to the right place."

This brought a long pause, while he consulted his notebook. "I don't think so."

The game's up, I thought. An alert FBI man will note the difference between a tank factory and this cubicle on the top floor of a reconditioned whorehouse. But the agent's mind was on other things. Or maybe he hadn't been given the big picture.

"I'm meant to be interviewing the people who know Hadley—not Hadley."

"Oh."

"I could get in trouble for this," he said sadly.

"I won't say anything." Never fink on yourself to the FBI is a basic Hadley rule.

He looked at my security form again, then turned on me hostilely. "You wrote this stuff about yourself."

"That's right. I'm the president of the company. Nobody else could write it."

"You're the president *of* Hadley Tank?"

"Yes."

"Then why did you fill out this part?"

"It says at the top of the form: 'Leave no part unanswered.' "

He studied the front of the form. "Yeah, it does say that."

"If I'd left that part blank, they'd just have mailed it back to me."

"But look how you filled it out." He read from the form: " 'I consider the applicant qualified by reasons of loyalty, courage, energy, virtue and intellect for any job up to and including president of this company.' "

"I should call myself unqualified?"

"You didn't have to be so damn complimentary."

The agent, a trained and trustworthy man, was obviously perturbed by the problem of how to interview me about myself without talking to me. I suggested a compromise. Since our vice-president of

bookkeeping, Mr. Guinzburg, was also president of his own company, the agent could interview him and merely note that a company president had confirmed the reports about Mr. Hadley. Or not confirmed, I added generously.

"That would save a lot of paperwork," said the agent.

Several months later, I received a registered letter from a place I cannot mention because of security. I had been granted a "Secret" clearance. With the letter came a large, heavy book on how to handle classified information. The A. T. Hadley Tank Company was in pretty deep.

And it got worse. A long-distance phone call came in from Detroit. A vice-president of Ford was on the line. We chatted a little executive chatter. He was impressed by what he'd heard of Hadley Tank around Detroit. I told him Ford's rep was OK in New York also. Then he came to the point. It was my turn to chair the Light Tank Committee that year and give the keynote speech at the Detroit Tank Arsenal "Salute Tanks" dinner.

After a pause to resettle my lunch, stomachwise, I inquired the date of the dinner. Unfortunately, I would be in Europe on that date. He said the dinner and the two-day symposium preceding it would be on future tank-design problems. Undoubtedly, my V.P. design, Mr. Pat Zipprodt, could fill in for me. This seemed no time to explain the sex of my vice-president to someone in Detroit, never a stronghold of women's lib, so I mumbled something about how busy my V.P. was and the highly classified and technical nature of his work.

"What do you do at Hadley Tank?" the Ford V.P. asked.

"Like you out at Ford. Anything the Government is stupid enough to pay us to do."

While he was having a forced yuk over that, I managed to terminate the conversation.

V.P. design was a bit hostile over my turning down her opportunity to keynote the Salute Tanks dinner without asking her. "Shit, Hadley, I want to get up and tell those self-satisfied men what I think of their stupidity and this Vietnam war."

The idea of her passionate, red-headed intensity throwing it to the startled tycoons of Detroit was highly appealing. But a company president must take a broad-brush view.

"And what about our credit cards?" I asked.

"We're lucky to have you for our president," she generously replied.

Then one day someone knocked at Hadley Tank's front door—indeed, at its only door. There stood a lieutenant with a pistol on his hip.

"The A. T. Hadley Tank Company?" he asked.

"Part of it," I answered, keeping to the truth as always. "You look a bit harassed, Lieutenant."

"I've been stuck in your elevator for over two hours."

"Better take the stairs next time."

"I couldn't. I had to bring you all this." He pointed to a large suitcase beside my door. "Your security officer has to sign for it."

I grasped the significance of his pistol. "I don't think we ordered whatever that is, Lieutenant. Don't need it at all."

"Specifications on the new tank for bidding, sir." He looked into my office as if he didn't quite believe what he saw. But then, how could he know the history of one of America's great companies? His eye fell on Armstrong's 20-gun tank on my desk. "Jesus, are you building one like that?"

"It's under consideration." I got rid of that snoop as quickly as possible. And he didn't even leave me his suitcase. Just put piles and piles of paper marked CONFIDENTIAL on my desk.

I grabbed for the phone. "Armstrong, get your ass up here quick. The tank company has an emergency. And for God's sake, wear a jacket and necktie." I sat looking at the piles of classified paper on my desk. On top was a cover sheet telling where copies of the plans were going: Ford Motor Company, Chrysler Corporation, General Motors, Litton Industries, the A. T. Hadley Tank Company, Boeing Company, Bendix. The Government was more fucked up than I'd realized.

I'll say one thing for the old tank company and my V.P. production. We got those plans wrapped up according to the security manual and back to the Detroit Tank Arsenal by registered mail faster, I'm sure, than any other company on the list. Ours were on the way back by late that afternoon. And we used our own money to get rid of the damn things.

Then came Hadley Tank's finest hour. I received a personal letter from a three-star general in McNamara's office, referring to the A. T. Hadley Tank Company as "one of the strongest undergirdings of American Democracy." The letter informed me that "The Secretary of Defense has personally singled out the A. T. Hadley Tank Company as one of the very few prime defense contractors who have never had a shortfall. This is, indeed, an enviable record and he has asked me to convey to you and your fellow executives and employees his personal regards." I was invited to Washington at my convenience to personally receive Hadley Tank's award for "industrial efficiency."

Such beautiful, computerized logic. Since Hadley Tank had never made anything, our record was spotless. Never

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been late. Never overcharged the Government. Never had to renegotiate a contract. Secretary of Defense McNamara, showing the genius for statistics that had him convinced we were winning the Vietnam war, had now found his ideal tank company. I expected to see him on the evening news, pointing to a photograph of a destroyed village and saying, "This was all done with a Hadley tank."

Fortunately, Pentagon follow-up is very poor. Merely by not answering the letter, I was able to avoid receiving our award—and so kept Hadley Tank alive.

By now I'd been able to observe a distinct pattern to our company's herculean efforts to avoid building tanks. The pressure on Hadley Tank to take money always grew most intense one or two months after speeches by McNamara or President Johnson about how well things were going in Vietnam. Therefore, on reading in September of 1965 that McNamara had told President Johnson he could see light at the end of the tunnel, "No-Shortfall Hadley," as I was proudly known to a select few, got ready to dodge his next tank contract.

But the Pentagon curved me off balance. It telephoned. Some general whose name I didn't get invited me to Fort Knox to inspect the prototype of a new series of tanks before bidding. The prospect of going to Fort Knox, Kentucky, intrigued me. I had been a private there during the late unpleasantness against our allies the Germans; and to return a VIP, president of my own company, would fulfill an all-American dream—or perhaps, in my case, a nightmare.

Also, the program was sponsored by Army Field Force Board Number 11. Since the A. T. Hadley Tank Company had made the big time, I had received an annual Christmas card from this board. The card, the same each year, showed a color photograph of a tank in the snow, firing its big gun. The picture was contained within a holly wreath. Beneath were the words "Season's Greetings from Army Field Force Board Number 11—Creating Bigger Booms and Better Weapons for a Happier Tomorrow." I confess I had been curious about the noble band of brothers who had produced this card.

Like all good chief executives, I consulted my board. It would be unfair to say my vice-presidents were enthusiastic about my going to Fort Knox. But since I was paying my own way, they raised no insurmountable objections. And their parting advice was sound: "For God's sake, Hadley, don't do anything to get us in trouble." Lockheed and Litton should have been listening.

The night before descending on Fort Knox found me, like any good company president, doing my homework: that is, out in Louisville drinking with the boys

from Ford, General Motors and other way stations who were also down to bid, and bullshitting with the lieutenant colonels the Army had assigned to us as escorts. I admit to a few bad moments that night. Sharp-eyed vice-presidents from other corporations, worried about the gravy going to Hadley Tank, kept trying to pin me down on just what we did. But since none of them had received an award from McNamara for industrial efficiency, No-Shortfall Hadley stayed way ahead of them.

Also, from the lieutenant colonels around, I was able to learn that all was not well with the Army tank program. Take certain of the mediums: Any time you got those clinkers up to speed, the tracks slapped the hull in such a peculiar fashion that it started to hum. And that hum, or "hull harmonic," as we professionals call it, tore the engine loose. The officers around me were relieved that Hadley Tank had nothing to do with that. I was also sorry to hear that there appeared to be a goof in light tanks. Immediately on pulling the trigger in the newest, the gunner had to leap from the turret before the fumes from the gun asphyxiated him. At Hadley Tank Company, we never designed them that bad.

The next morning, standing in the red mud of Fort Knox, sweating in my gray flannels like the other captains of industry around me, I admit I was scared. The magnitude of my deception overwhelmed me. There was just no way I could make any part of the steel monster before me. Yet having come this far, how could I admit the truth now, without losing the precious confidence of Secretary McNamara, the Pentagon, Detroit, the American Ordnance Association and perhaps even the credit-card companies? I might go to jail for a security violation. And there was no way to hide. Pinned above my jacket breast pocket was a plastic name plate saying: A. T. HADLEY, PRESIDENT, HADLEY TANK COMPANY.

But if I threw out my chest here in the mud, slapped the tank hull, told my first corporate lie and said, "Hadley Tank can build her," the results could be equally disastrous. Some snoopy colonel or civil servant favoring another defense contractor (though, with their track record, how could anyone prefer them over us?) might decide to investigate my plant. While I've met plenty of colonels and civil servants who wouldn't see anything strange in building 40-ton tanks in a small cubicle five flights up on West 53rd Street—as long as the elevator worked—you can't count on getting one of those every time.

Looking for a way out, I swung myself professionally up onto the tank deck,

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joking with the military-types-being-nice-to-industry about where you stowed the bourbon. Up close, the tank still looked pretty solid—built to take a direct hit from the strongest antitank weapon known to man and just go "Clang." The situation, though, looked hopeless: Where could my company, talented as it was, fit in? I mean, give us a few bolts of cloth, some two-by-fours, papier-mâché, a sewing machine, glue and a bit of paint and we could whip up a tank that certainly would be light, would look fierce and could be taken apart and put together between acts. But that wasn't the problem here. Or not in the specs, as we industry types say.

I climbed into the tank driver's compartment with some hope that I'd see a seat cushion we could sew or a headrest we could needlepoint to make the crew feel more at home and give Hadley Tank something to bid on. But everything in there was made of futuristic plastics and stamped FIREPROOF. I knew there was no use looking in the engine compartment for something we could build, and as for the gun and its aiming computer—forget it.

Then, way in the back, through a little slot on the inside of the turret chamber, I saw it. My heart leaped like that of some Victorian poet smelling the first daffodil before breakfast. Fixed to a bare spot on the inside of the hull was a small black sign with white lettering that said: DO NOT FIRE GUN WITH TURRET IN THIS POSITION. Undeniably a vital part of the tank. And I was totally confident the A. T. Hadley Tank Company could manufacture and install that sign.

Unfortunately, the tank was crawling with gray-flannel suits all loudly proclaiming their competence and eagerness to get a piece of the action, so I was unable to swing the turret around and place the gun in the position forbidden by the sign to check out the consequences. However, a little thought, plus some late-night research at the officers'-club bar, confirmed the essentialness of the sign to national defense. If some joker pulled the trigger while the gun was in that position, it blew off the driver's head. Obviously, that could have serious consequences for morale.

Detailed examination of the sign confirmed my first impression: Hadley Tank could bid on this subcomponent. V.P. design Zipprodt was a fine artist; the lettering would not challenge her. Lovelady Powell was already starting in the antique business—she'd find cutting the little strips of metal for the signs with a pair of shears child's play. Hell, we could even subcontract that part and she could just trim one end. As for fixing the sign to the tank in the correct place, level and right side up, that was a glue job. Here, Armstrong was the key man, with his experience in stage construction. And while he measured and smeared, Guinzburg, who works out regularly and is in top physical shape, could hold.

All our vast pool of talents would be utilized, with several able to fill in for one another in the event of illness or overwork. Also important, the president's time was left free for such vital jobs as coordination, maintaining morale, answering letters, receiving awards, finishing his book and avoiding the next Government contract.

"How does it look to you, sir?"

I jumped. Deep in thought, I had let a general sneak up behind me in the turret. "All right," I replied noncommittally.

"Nothing here your plant can't handle, sir?" Two "sirs" from a general in less than 30 seconds: further proof of deep trouble in the Army tank program. When things are going their way, everyone is "Hey, you" to generals, except members of the Senate Armed Services Committee.

"*Nothing* is a pretty big word, General. But after inspection of this prototype and the engineering drawings, it appears entirely within my company's capability to construct certain component subsections at what I think you will find to be amazingly low cost." I had that speech ready.

"With your experience in production, sir, do you see any problems?"

"At the Hadley Tank Company, General, I tell the staff: 'Problems are all in the mind.'" (As further proof of the incredible successes of Hadley Tank's nonexistent products, I subsequently got a letter from this officer informing me how well components made by Hadley Tank were performing in Vietnam. Was the computer at it again, or was the general looking for a job when he retired?)

Truthfully, I did see one small problem; but no need to go into it right there. How would traffic get past the tanks while they sat on West 53rd Street, waiting for the glue to dry? There was the Museum of Modern Art to the east, the CBS building across the street and the New York Hilton just west. Lots of traffic. And the glue probably would take two days to harden. (Of course, Guinzburg wouldn't have to hold the sign in place all that time; we could probably tape it after the first few hours.) But if West 53rd Street had to be closed to all traffic but tanks getting their little signs fixed, police problems could be forecast by alert management. And those problems would lead to a considerable cost overrun. Perhaps even to our first shortfall.

So, in the end, I sent the Department of Defense a letter appreciative of our opportunity to bid. I expressed confidence in Hadley Tank's ability to perform vital parts of the subcontract but regretted that pressures on plant and personnel made our ability to complete this work on schedule doubtful. Clean again.

Perhaps too clean. I must face the fact that I probably lack qualities of toughness and the willingness to gamble that have made millionaires out of other defense contractors. I later received a phone call from a contractor who had best remain nameless.

"Is this President Hadley?"

"Yes."

"Say, Art, congratulations! Saw in the association newsletter about you-all getting that award."

"Thanks."

"You know, we hold the basic contract on the M-89 Gun and Turret System. Guess we beat you out on that one, ha-ha."

"We didn't bid on that one."

"You didn't!"

"No. Our design section saw several basic problems we doubted could be overcome at our facilities within acceptable cost parameters."

"I wish we had your stuff. Listen, we're in big trouble with that contract. Have you any plant space available for heavy hydraulic press and couple? Name your price. We'll have to soak the Pentagon for a big cost overrun on this one."

"How big?"

There was a long pause at the other end of the line. "Hell, Art, we're all in this together; about a thousand percent."

"That's big. Listen, I'd like to help you. We in industry have got to stick together or they'll stick it to us. Right?"

"Right."

"But I'd be lying to you if I said yes. Every foot of floor space I've got"—I checked the floor carefully as I said this—"is occupied."

I did have some couch space. But that was occasionally filled by a winsome girl, and I saw no reason to stop her visits for some greasy new tank parts.

"Nothing you could take off?"

Thinking about the girl, I failed for an instant to understand his question. "No, we're gearing up for the Y-203."

"The what?"

"It's pretty secret. It's the one that uses the laser and the minicomputer."

"Oh, sure, sure. We almost landed that one ourselves."

What liars they all are in industry.

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With the end of U. S. involvement in Vietnam, activity at Hadley Tank, I'm glad to report, fell off. Looking back over the 12 years of its existence, I believe the A. T. Hadley Tank Company compiled a record of which both our staff and the nation can be proud. We stayed small. We sold no shoddy product. We never misled the public. Our motto, "No tank like a Hadley tank," shows the lengths to which we carried truth. All our employees were happy. We never stuck the taxpayers for a single buck. Can other major defense contractors say more? Can they say half as much?

white lies (continued from page 114)

"He turned and jerked and thumped like a lover; and he whimpered, too, seeming to savor the pain."

Petra. And he had ditched Ameena. There seemed no end to his arrogance or—what was more annoying—his luck. He came back to the house alone. I vowed that I would not give him a chance to do any sexual boasting. I stayed in my room, but less than ten minutes after he arrived, he was knocking on my door.

"I'm busy!" I yelled.

"Doc, this is serious."

He entered rather breathless, fever-white and apologetic. This was not someone who had just made a sexual conquest—I knew as soon as I saw him that it had all gone wrong. So I said, "How does she bump?"

He shook his head. He looked very pale. He said, "I couldn't."

"So she turned you down." I could not hide my satisfaction.

"She was screaming for it," he said, rather primly. "She's seventeen, Doc. She's locked in a girls' school half the year. She even found a convenient haystack. But I had to say no. In fact, I couldn't get away from her fast enough."

"Something *is* wrong," I said. "Do you feel all right?"

He ignored the question. "Doc," he said, "remember when Ameena barged in. Just think hard. Did she touch me? Listen, this is important."

I told him I could not honestly remember whether or not she had touched him. The incident was so pathetic and embarrassing I had tried to blot it out.

"I knew something like this would happen. But I don't understand it." He was talking quickly and unbuttoning his shirt. Then he took it off. "Look at this. Have you ever seen anything like it?"

At first, I thought his body was covered by welts. But what I had taken to be welts were a mass of tiny reddened patches, like fly bites, some already swollen into bumps. Most of them were on his back and shoulders. They were as ugly as acne and had given his skin that same shine of infection.

"It's interesting," I said.

"Interesting!" he screamed. "It looks like syphilis and all you can say is it's interesting. Thanks a lot."

"Does it hurt?"

"Not too much," he said. "I noticed it this morning before I went out. But I think they've gotten worse. That's why nothing happened with Petra. I was too scared to take my shirt off."

"I'm sure she wouldn't have minded if you'd kept it on."

"I couldn't risk it," he said. "What if it's contagious?"

He put calamine lotion on it and covered it carefully with gauze, and the next day it was worse. Each small bite had swelled to a pimple, and some of them seemed on the point of erupting: a mass of small warty boils. That was on Sunday. On Monday, I told Sir Godfrey that Jerry had a bad cold and could not teach. When I got back to the house that afternoon, Jerry said that it was so painful he couldn't lie down. He had spent the afternoon sitting upright in a chair.

"It was that shirt," he said. "Ameena's shirt. She did something to it."

I said, "You're lying. Jika burned that shirt—remember?"

"She touched me," he said. "Doc, maybe it's not a curse—I'm not superstitious, anyway. Maybe she gave me syph."

"Let's hope so."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean, there's a cure for syphilis."

"Suppose it's not that?"

"We're in Africa," I said.

This terrified him, as I knew it would.

He said, "Look at my back and tell me if it looks as bad as it feels."

He crouched under the lamp. His back was grotesquely inflamed. The eruptions had become like nipples, much bigger and with a bruised discoloration. I pressed one. He cried out. Watery liquid leaked from a pustule.

"That hurt!" he said.

"Wait." I saw more infection inside the burst boil—a white clotted mass. I told him to grit his teeth. "I'm going to squeeze this one."

I pressed it between my thumbs and as I did, a small white knob protruded. It was not pus—not liquid. I kept on pressing and Jerry yelled with shrill ferocity until I was done. Then I showed him what I had squeezed from his back; it was on the tip of my tweezers—a live maggot.

"It's a worm!"

"A larva."

"You know about these things. You've seen this before, haven't you?"

I told him the truth. I had never seen one like it before in my life. It was not in any textbook I had ever seen. And I told him more: There were, I said, perhaps 200 of them, just like the one wriggling on my tweezers, in those boils on his body.

Jerry began to cry.

•

That night, I heard him writhing in his bed, and groaning, and if I had not known better, I would have thought Ameena was with him. He turned and jerked and thumped like a lover maddened by desire; and he whimpered, too, seeming to savor the kind of pain that is indistinguishable from sexual pleasure. But it was no more passion than the movement of those maggots in his flesh. In the morning, gray with sleeplessness, he said he felt like a corpse. Truly, he looked as if he were being eaten alive.

An illness you read about is never as bad as the real thing. Boy scouts are told to suck the poison out of snake bites. But a snake bite—swollen and black and running like a leper's sore—is so horrible I can't imagine anyone capable of staring at it, much less putting his mouth on it. It was that way with Jerry's boils. All the textbooks on earth could not have prepared me for their ugliness, and what made them even more repellent was the fact that his face and hands were free of them. He was infected from his neck to his waist and down his arms; his face was haggard and in marked contrast.

I said, "We'll have to get you to a doctor."

"A witch doctor."

"You're serious!"

He gasped and said, "I'm dying, Doc. You have to help me."

"We can borrow Sir Godfrey's car. We could be in Blantyre by midnight."

Jerry said, "I can't last until then."

"Take it easy," I said. "I have to go over to the school. I'll say you're still sick. I don't have any classes this afternoon, so when I get back, I'll see if I can do anything for you."

"There are witch doctors around here," he said. "You can find one—they know what to do. It's a curse."

I watched his expression change as I said, "Maybe it's the curse of the white worm." He deserved to suffer, after what he had done, but his face was so twisted in fear, I added, "There's only one thing to do. Get those maggots out. It might work."

"Why did I come to this fucking place?"

But he shut his eyes and was silent: He knew why he had left home.

When I returned from the school ("And how is our ailing friend?" Sir Godfrey had asked at morning assembly), the house seemed empty. I had a moment of panic, thinking that Jerry—unable to stand the pain—had taken an overdose. I ran into the bedroom. He lay asleep on his side but woke when I shook him.

"Where's Jika?" I said.

"I gave him the week off," said Jerry. "I didn't want him to see me. What are you doing?"

I had set out a spirit lamp and my tools: tweezers, a scalpel, cotton, alcohol, bandages. He grew afraid when I shut the door and shone the lamp on him.

"I don't want you to do it," he said. "You don't know anything about this. You said you'd never seen this before."

I said, "Do you want to die?"

He sobbed and lay flat on the bed. I

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bent over him to begin. The maggots had grown larger, some had broken the skin and their ugly heads stuck out like beads. I lanced the worst boil, between his shoulder blades. Jerry cried out and arched his back, but I kept digging and prodding, and I found that heat made it simpler. If I held my cigarette lighter near the wound, the maggot wriggled, and by degrees, I eased it out. The danger lay in their breaking: If I pulled too hard, some would be left in the boil to decay, and that, I knew, would kill him.

By the end of the afternoon, I had removed only 20 or so and Jerry had fainted from the pain. He awoke at nightfall. He looked at the saucer beside the bed and saw the maggots jerking in it—they had worked themselves into a white knot—and he screamed. I had to hold him until he calmed down. And then I continued.

I kept at it until very late. And I must admit that it gave me a certain pleasure. It was not only that Jerry deserved to suffer for his deceit—and his suffering was that of a condemned man—but also what I told him had been true: This was a startling discovery for me, as an entomologist. I had never seen such creatures.

It was after midnight when I stopped. My hand ached, my eyes hurt from the glare and I was sick to my stomach. Jerry had gone to sleep. I switched off the light and left him to his nightmares.

•

He was slightly better by morning. He was still pale, and the opened boils were crusted with blood, but he had more life in him than I had seen for days. And yet he was brutally scarred. I think he knew this: He looked as if he had been whipped.

"You saved my life," he said.

"Give it a few days," I said.

He smiled. I knew what he was thinking. Like all liars—those people who behave like human flies on our towering credulity—he was preparing his explanation. But this would be a final reply: He was preparing his escape.

"I'm leaving," he said. "I've got some money—and there's a night bus——" He stopped speaking and looked at my desk. "What's that?"

It was the dish of maggots, now as plump as a rice pudding.

"Get rid of them!"

"I want to study them," I said. "I think I've earned the right to do that. But I'm off to morning assembly—what shall I tell Inky?"

"Tell him I might have this cold for a long time."

He was gone when I got back to the house; his room had been emptied and he'd left me his books and his tennis racket with a note. I made what explanations I could. I told the truth: I had no idea where he had gone. A week later, Petra went back to Rhodesia, but she told me she would be back. As we chatted over the fence, I heard Jerry's voice: *She's screaming for it.* I said, "We'll go horseback riding."

"Super!"

The curse of the white worm: Jerry had believed me. But it was the curse of impatience—he had been impatient to get rid of Ameena, impatient for Petra, impatient to put on a shirt that had not been ironed. What a pity it was that he was not around when the maggots hatched and saw them become flies I had never seen. He might have admired the way I pickled some and sealed others in plastic and mounted 20 of them on a tray.

And what flies they were! It was a species that was not in any book, and yet the surprising thing was that in spite of their differently shaped wings (like a Moslem woman's cloak) and the shape of their bodies (a slight pinch above the thorax, giving them rather attractive waists), their life cycle was the same as many others of their kind: They laid their eggs on laundry and these larvae hatched at body heat and burrowed into the skin to mature. Of course, laundry was always ironed—even drip-dry shirts—to kill them. Everyone who knew Africa knew that.

"I hate to tell you this, Rick, but I'm still looking for Mr. Right."

WORKING THE STREET *(continued from page 184)*

"If you make your job entertainment, you tend to be happy. And vice is entertainment. . . ."

through 27, 288A and three counts of pandering. I don't know if I have that quite right. Margold has it all taped and loves to reel it off fast in that staccato delivery of his:

"I was busted by Lloyd Martin. He's a prude, of course, but very courteous and charming, kind of like a social worker. He's trying to help you. What was I doing in this, you know, an educated person like me? That sort of thing. I think of him as a sort of Javert in *Les Misérables*, a dedicated individual, misguided, of course, but dedicated. I think most of them are like that. The reports of brutality are vastly exaggerated. I think they're 99 percent provoked by the person being arrested. There's no reason to hit these people and the vice cops know it. They want to win them over, show them the sugar instead of the salt. Besides, these people are used to being beaten. Vice cops are pretty much happy people in their own way. If you make your job entertainment, you tend to be happy. And vice is entertainment, perverse entertainment, perhaps, but always interesting."

HALL OF JUSTICE, 850 Bryant Street.

This building is so bogus it would have been rejected by Playskool toys for lack of detail. Apparently constructed of cardboard painted to look like papier-mâché, it is so gray you need radar to find it on a foggy day. Captain Shaughnessy is equally gray, but there is a glint of genuine steel in his gun-metal eyes. His gray suit, though perfectly tailored and nicely matched to a blue shirt and some kind of reddish regimental tie, looks as if designed to harmonize with prison bars. The captain himself is rather heroically handsome, but they have to keep this guy behind a desk because he would empty any bar he walked into. The Man. I liked him on sight.

In fact, the whole flavor of the vice office turned me on. The black lady at the desk in the reception area was unpretentious and smiling and friendly and gentle. The detectives wandering around were guys you'd play stickball with, if you played stickball. They were all really smooth and oddly vague and flat, like photographs, police-artist versions of people rather than people. There was a big black dude in an Yves Saint Laurent suit; a big hot female in tight denims with lots of light wavy hair and an ass that made you want to cup and squeeze it; a double-knit-slacks and shirt-sleeves bebop-goatee Dedini satyr barbered up sharp by Ronald Reagan's hair stylist. The furniture was leftover high school cafeteria basement metal spray paint. There was a row of small dark rooms lined with grim beige tile—interrogation rooms that had originally been holding cells for the courts.

The place induced a certain sense of forgetfulness. It was a limbo, a bland blur in which very few details caught the eye. The very walls summoned up phrases such as "To the best of my recollection."

To the best of my recollection, then, here are some scattered words and images: New administration with liberal reputation creates grapevine that San Francisco is wide open. Arrival of 2000 prostitutes from all over to work summer tourist trade. Ancillary crimes—beating, robbing, dry hustles. Thousands of complaints generated by nude encounter joints that lead customer to believe that he will receive sex but give conversation only. Streetwalkers accost dignified couples with come-ons such as "I can suck his cock better than you can, lady." Bad for tourist business, yet tourists want prostitutes. St. Francis Hotel complains of hustlers soliciting at its front door, robbing guests in rooms. Male hustlers. Female hustlers. Transsexual hustlers. Hordes of hookers of various sexes commuting from Oakland. Shaughnessy shows me mug shots of bruised and battered girls worked over by pimps. Pulls whip out of briefcase, mean-looking mother, too. Very surprised when I tell him that Cuba and China have both pretty much eliminated prostitution. How did they do it, by killing them all? No, mostly by eliminating hunger. Well, that's obviously not going to happen here right away, so it's up to the police at least to maintain decorum. It's all only a question of money. The money of the St. Francis against the money of the pimps and prostitutes? Yes, but the St. Francis is engaged in a legal business and prostitutes aren't, so we have no choice but to enforce the law in the hotel's favor.

Exit philosophy. Enter Lieutenant Foss. Bald head. Sideburns. Big mustache. Wild-West–railroad-engineer look to him. New on job. Determined-to-succeed bulldog tenacity evident in every word and movement. OK. They are going to send me out for a ride-along with Blah and Blah, right? Yeah, Blah and Blah will be great. They'll brief me, then put me out on the street and when a prostitute picks me up, I'll help them bust her. I am thinking that somehow I can make the bust not stick. Aha! I won't be able to be here to testify, anyway. Ergo, bust will not stick.

Foss is very concerned about how I will convince prostitute I am not a cop. Do I have out-of-state driver's license, credit cards, out-of-town identification of any kind? No. I don't have identification of any kind. I don't believe in it. Also, I always lose the papers. Also, I am not allowed to drive anymore because I space out and go through stop lights too many times. Also, I treat all credit arrangements as invitations to loot, steal and pillage. Thus, no credit cards.

I do have a checkbook, though. What good is a checkbook without identification? They are a little astounded at my total lack of paperwork. Don't worry, if I can cash a personal check in a Mexican bank, I am sure that I can convince a streetwalker that I am not a cop. "You seem to have a New York accent, there, Jules, maybe you could play on that, work it up strong." It will not be necessary, I assure them, but they are dubious. It seems it's hard to convince a prostitute you're not a cop.

Terrific. Tonight at 7:30, Blah and Blah will come to my hotel room. Great, I'll treat them to dinner. What? Nothing! We take nothing! Honest vice cops, servants of the public weal, take nothing—not even a room-service steak at the St. Francis Hotel. They're a bit offended that I would even dare suggest this. One last rule: No names of undercover agents to be used. Shake hands all round and come out fighting.

SOLOMON'S DELICATESSEN, 424 Geary Street, about ten P.M.

Liberals hate cops for seeing everything in racial stereotypes, but to the cop, it is merely a matter of daily experience, not bigotry. Simply a useful tool of operational psychology.

The reporter is Jewish? Yes, let us give him a couple of Jewish cops who take him to a Jewish delicatessen and buy him a tongue sandwich on rye. If I had been Italian, would it have been an Italian movie? If I had been black, would it have been that dude in the Yves Saint Laurent suit? Had I been Gloria Steinem, would it have been Wonder Woman with the great ass? I wish I had identified myself as an ass man instead of Jules Siegel.

But I have these guys, hereinafter known as Al and Bob, their cover names. Al could be any Mediterranean type, dark hair, dark eyes, vaguely olive skin. he's nattily dressed in a solid sports jacket with brass buttons and coordinating slacks, shirt and tie, good smooth shoes, dark socks. An automobile salesman, maybe, or a studio musician, Herb Alpert style. He's been in vice eight years, likes the freedom of working undercover. Bob has light-brown hair, almost blond, eyes that don't let you remember their color because they are always moving, checking out every corner and whipping around again, briefly glancing at your face as he

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talks. He's very casually dressed, wearing a tan plaid flannel shirt over his pants as a jacket. Cops always wear jackets of some kind to hide their pistols. Both men are extremely catlike and alert. There are strange lapses in the conversation as they tune into things I do not see but sense by their sudden lack of interest in me. Then attention returns.

"It seems to me that you want to be invisible," I say to Bob, "but you are in such a state of alertness that you stand out from the background. Your eyes give you away."

"Yes, I know that," he answers, "but you have to work with it. I'm nervous, see. I'm looking around for my wife. I'm ashamed. I'm afraid someone I know will see me. Besides, the girl wants to believe you. She wants to turn the trick. We can make up any story about ourselves that we want. And we do."

They laughed derisively when I told them that Shaughnessy wouldn't let me use their names. Everyone knows who they are. The car alone is a dead giveaway, a green Plymouth standard-issue California unmarked police car. It might as well have a red light and a siren. "We can't make anyone in headquarters understand how wrong that car is," Al complained when I cracked up at the sight of it in the St. Francis garage. When we drove out, they made me lie down on the back seat, so that at least I wouldn't be identified with them. They can catch experienced girls only by using decoys.

We began by cruising various nearby streets and observing the prostitutes working. It was like stepping backstage, only there was no backstage, just a sudden change in my perceptions of where I was. It had all been there all along. The whores popped into view, standing on street corners, hanging out in doorways. Watch that car. It's been around the block twice now. A trick trolling for a car date. Homosexuals camping outside gay pickup bars. Pimps sitting in Cadillacs. Neon signs crackling ghastly light on tricks and whores stalking each other on streets lined with cheap hotels. Sordid. The word came alive to me. Car dates. Men picking up girls or guys and getting blow jobs in their cars. It made me shudder with disgust.

When we sat down in Solomon's, a pretty boy hustler in faded blue shirt and jeans stopped to chat, vamping the two cops, then disappearing into the men's room. Their view of their job is very clear. They see themselves as there to protect the Johns from the girls and their pimps, who run all kinds of vicious scams on them; the girls from the Johns, who are often incredibly crazed and loony; the girls from the pimps, who beat them when they don't bring in enough money.

Busting the girls to keep the street in front of the St. Francis orderly is not their favorite job. They like investigative work best. There's a John who puts a bag over the girl's head, ties her up and leaves her naked on the street. He's done that about ten times now, and a woman vice officer has been posing as a prostitute in order to trap him. So far, he has eluded her, but she did run into one trick who told her he wanted to stick her head in the toilet and fuck her in the ass.

It's time to put me on the street. I reach into my pocket to pay the check and realize I've left my money in my other pants. Oh, well. They pay for me. Out to the street. They'll lay back as I cruise the front of the St. Francis. If I have a good bust, I'll brush the back of my head with my hand as I talk.

A good bust is highly defined. Being a prostitute is not illegal in San Francisco. Soliciting is. So is keeping a house of prostitution, which can be simply taking you to her own place. Pimping—living off the proceeds of prostitution—is also a crime. They have now explained the ritual of this to me three or four times, and I nod yes, yes, like someone receiving complicated directions to a place he does not really wish to go. Yes, yes, I've got it. But do I? I begin to feel that it really doesn't make any difference. I'm not going to go through with it, anyway. I just want to do enough to get it over with.

If she says, "Want some entertainment?" that's solicitation and a good bust. So is "Looking for a date tonight?" or any variation of that sort of come-on. I think. Or does she have to bring up the price, too? I'm ashamed to ask again. All I know is that I'm not allowed to raise the subject of payment directly, though I can hint strongly. They coach me through the routine again. . . .

•

Ahhhh, fuck, never mind. Let's go do it. Walking down Geary. Virtually a mob of guys lounging in James Dean attitudes on this side of the hotel, boy hustlers. Some of them are just gays looking for action, amateurs. As I turn the corner, I find that boys seem to outnumber girls by at least ten to one, but this ought to be no surprise in a city with a population of some 700,000 where 150,000 people turn out for a gay-liberation parade. Sliding quickly past the hotel entrance, trying not to look back at my cover, as I cross the street I find a girl with amazingly beautiful blue eyes in the doorway of a storefront who says, "Looking for some entertainment?"

Sure. For a second, I am comfortable. I know how to do this. It's like picking up a girl in Westwood. It's a chick. She's really kind of attractive. God, she's *great*-looking: nice crisp, delicate features, white skin, black hair, pleasant voice. Actually, I wouldn't mind taking her to the movies right now. We could go see *Annie Hall*. "Do you," she says, "have any I.D.?" Just a checkbook. "Can I see it? You don't have to let me see your name—you can cover it with your finger."

She buys it. "Where are you staying?" The St. Francis. "I can't go in there." Does she have a place? "No." Where can we go? There's a hotel she knows nearby, but they won't let us check in unless I have better I.D. Ah, well, too bad. What a relief. Some other time. Her eyes hold me for a second.

"You have really beautiful eyes," I tell her.

"Thank you," she answers politely, but her mind is already elsewhere.

Back across the street to another doorway, where a black girl is smiling out at me. This time, it's even more like a pickup. What a nice girl. Absolutely charming. Not my type, exactly, but truly warm and friendly. "Looking for a date?" Something like that, maybe. "What are you doing in San Francisco?" I'm a writer, here with the booksellers' convention. "Well, would you like to have some fun?"

"What say we blow this dump and go where the action is?"

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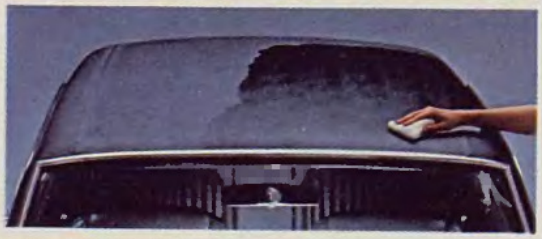

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What kind of fun? "Whatever kind of fun you want." I don't have very much money on me, only $50. "Let's not talk about things like that out here. Let's go to your room." It's pretty definite that even I can make an excellent bust on this girl. She's so eager and bouncy and alive and innocent. Yes, innocent. And so I decide to shine it on. End the experiment as cop.

I report back to Al and Bob, who are having jolly laughs with a girl directly in front of the hotel entrance. Inside, they tell me that she was joshing them about me. "We know you've got a decoy out there," she said. "We saw you driving by with someone lying down in the back of the car." Excellent alert system, ladies, but knowing there's a decoy isn't enough: You have to know who he is. Fortunately for you, it was me. Down via secret elevator to the basement of the St. Francis: there on the walls of the narrow yellow corridor outside the security office are hundreds of Polaroid photographs of girls, all of them identified as hustlers by the hotel's security people and now barred. Al points out the girl with the blue eyes.

What's next? Al is going to work the streets. No thanks. Bob is going to check out a swingers' party with a policewoman. No, I am not invited to go along on that one, even if I take someone. "It'll just be mostly waiting around. Maybe we'll quiz some folks coming out and figure out how to work our way in. It doesn't sound like prostitution to me, but we've received a complaint and we have to check it out." But I'm an expert on swingers' parties—that was my last assignment. Nope. Somehow I have the feeling that the reason I'm not being allowed to go on that one is because it's going to be fun.

But it's getting late, anyway. As I return to room 457, I walk past prom couples necking and laughing, and predictably struck by the contrast with what I have just seen on the street, I dispassionately make a mental note to figure out how to work it into the story.

Just as I start getting undressed to get into bed, Al calls. There's something he wants me to see at Central Emergency Hospital. Somewhat reluctantly, I go off into the night again.

ST. FRANCIS HOTEL LOBBY, Friday morning.

Heads are turning here in the lobby of the St. Francis Hotel. The lady is 19, a baby-white Mississippi natural yellow blonde with blue eyes, one of them closed shut by a purpling greenish-blue shiner that is the dark climax of a swollen bruise of brown and yellow flesh that was once the cheek of a very pretty face. Battered. Yes, battered. It is so bad it is making mortuary shadows all over the place. In the room, a photographer is setting up his equipment. She calls her mother, a chambermaid working in Seattle: "I will be there on the Amtrak tomorrow. Try not to get too upset when you see me. I look really bad, but I'm OK." She is stripping naked. Her back and sides are scrawled with weeping welts. The skin is sliced down to the quick in many places and has just begun to stop oozing, the wounds drying shining hot pink. Her story is spattering out in bleeding fragments.

She met him in Seattle. He was a social worker of some kind, black, so nice. She was already turning tricks, just a few a week to make spending money. It was so much better than being a housewife. San Francisco was the big time: all those tourists. The tourists love prostitutes. It was great there—she had her own corner, Shelley's corner. It was really fun having guys tell her how beautiful she was. Yes, there is heaven on the street, when you're in love, doing the work you like, going home and sharing it with your man. The tricks are tricks. Occasionally they're exciting. But there are heavy terrors. As safety, she always has someone alerted to check with her after a certain time with a trick. One trick took a rope out of an attaché case and began to hang himself. "Don't worry," he reassured her, "I'm a magician."

Another produced a pistol in bed while fucking her, put it in her face and pulled the trigger on an empty chamber, and fucked her some more with the weapon at her head. Her friend came to the door. "God, wait until he comes!" she screamed. "Just wait until he comes."

But going home with the money was bliss. Then he had to have a new car. She had to bring in $100 a day. He began talking a lot about how his mother had failed him. It had been fun when she was just bringing in grocery money and rent and stuff to get high. It isn't fun making love all day. That's what she called it, "making love." But he had to have the car. One night, when she failed to meet her quota, he pounded her face with his fists. She curled up into a ball on the bed. He whipped her with a wire coat hanger. She is whimpering loudly as she tells this. "He turned me into a dog. What did I do? Why? What is it?" The bewildered sobbing, frightened squeal of a puppy being roasted alive in an open fire for its master's amusement. He kept himself between her and the door. When she tried to evade him, he whipped her across the bed and out the adjoining window. "It was my choice. The window or the coat hanger. I thought, I'm not going to die. I crawled back onto the bed and let him do it." He used three hangers. When one wore out, he went to the closet and got another and came out roaring and growling like an animal. No one helped her. She was just another white whore being whipped by her black pimp. In an instant, while his attention was diverted, she made it to the door and escaped. "I ran into an Italian restaurant where I used to take my tricks. The manager screamed at me, 'What did I ever do to you that you are doing this to me?' He wouldn't even let me use the phone."

Enter the vice squad. "I thought that they were going to tell me to get fucked. But they were really nice. They really cared about what had happened to me." And so she filed the complaint. "Those whores"—she pronounced it hoe-ahs—"on the street, they really get down on any whore who turns in her pimp, but I don't care. He tried to kill me. How can I ever feel safe again on the street, knowing that he's out? I want them to put him away forever. Forever."

ROOM 2189, about eight P.M.

I'm waiting for Al to pick me up again. This is my last session with him. Foss had balked when I told him I wanted to go out again. They hadn't made enough busts last night because I was along. A quota? No, there is no quota, but they have to keep the pressure on, and busts are the evidence that they are doing it. But it isn't a quota.

"I've been thinking about that girl," I say to Al. "It's kind of like what's going on all over the country."

"Jules, don't make it complicated," he replies. "He is a nigger pimp. It's his dream to get himself a white girl, then when he gets one, it's like a wet dream. He's so in love. He's so lucky. He's so happy. He's so good to her, he loves her so much, she'll do anything for him. No one has ever wanted her like this. And then he turns her out, puts her on the street because he's a nigger pimp and that's what they do. And finally he beats her up."

"No, that's not what I mean. We're *all* kind of niggers. You know, you never have enough. You're never good enough somehow. You've got to have that shiny car. It's like we're all prostitutes and we're out there on the street and the television is driving us to do more, to do more. And the speed keeps getting turned up and all this crazy, erratic frantic behavior gets more and more intense. The liberal has to believe in the victimless crime because *he* is the trick."

Al looks out the window. "You're right. That's exactly what I'm doing. I am on the street."

•

The car tonight is a dirty white Dodge Matador with something wrong with the starter. Grind, grind, grind. Grind, grind, grind. Grind, grind, grind. It's never going to catch. The battery will die first. Grind, grind, grind . . . we're on our way.

We're going over to the Hayes Valley, a predominantly black area, for a sweep. It has become a major pickup scene, with whores everywhere, and tricks trolling. It's wide open. They're coming from

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everywhere. Over in Oakland, they know that you go to the Hayes Valley to score and the whores are pouring in, more and more each night. The community is screaming. The local legislator is putting the heat on the cops because he's getting the heat from his people. It will be a mass arrest operation, bust them and move them out, a squadron of vice cops in their own cars trolling and picking up car dates and busting them. Spread the word. The heat is on in the Hayes Valley. Let them know in Oakland that it's finished here. It doesn't really matter if the busts stick or not. The important thing is to make it so hot here you need asbestos shoes to walk these streets.

Al is working transport. He'll hold the busts in his car until they can be transferred to a paddy wagon and taken to the Northern Station and booked. "I hate coming over here," Al says. "It's so depressing."

The car door opens and a sobbing young black woman is hustled into the back seat by a plainclothesman who looks like an optometrist, neat and square and well scrubbed, and hands Al her purse. She's sobbing loudly, the tears rolling down her face; she's clutching her face in her hands and choking. "Why me? Why me? Oh, God, why me?" She's absolutely hysterical. "Why me? Oh! I just wanted to make a little money." She looks like a schoolteacher, with big square horn-rimmed glasses and a little hat. Quite pretty and small and clean.

"Have you ever been busted before?" Al asks. His voice is harsh and angry and artificial. I feel that her sobs are hurting him. He can't handle it. It's all so sick and unfair and he knows it and it's driving him crazy. This is it. A worst moment. This is how he earns his salary. He wants so bad for it to be her fault, so that there will be some reason for this, but he knows that she's merely one more victim.

"Yes," she says, calming down somewhat, "but not here. I was busted for soliciting when I was 19 in Chicago. I wanted to get some money together to get me some clothes so I could do some modeling." Now she's sobbing again. "My husbin' lef' me 'cause he needed two womens. In Chicago. We've got three childrens. The baby is five months old. Milk is so expensive. He left me and I came to Oakland to live with my mother. I just can't live with my mother no more. I just got to have my own place. When I was in the hospital with the new baby, I had three nervous breakdowns.

"I thought I would come over here and make a few dollars. You know, to buy some things for the baby. A crib. Little things. Get my own place together. But I didn't make no money. Oh, God, why me? Last night, a trick robbed me. He put a knife in my face and said, 'I ain't goin' to give you no money for nothin', you black bitch,' and he took the money back from me. And now this."

"A black guy?" Al asks in that strange harsh voice.

"Yes, a black guy."

"One of your brothers." This seems to make him feel a little better. His voice is so strained with thick sarcasm that I feel, possibly not very accurately, that he could easily be on the point of tears himself if he allowed it to happen. "One of your black brothers."

She is quiet now. He opens her purse and shows me the contents. A roll of toilet paper. A couple of tins of cocoa butter. "We call it boy butter," he tells me.

"If I had a knife, and I gave it to you, would you book me for that, too?" she asks.

"No, I won't book you for it. Give me the knife."

From somewhere on her person she produces a miniature samurai sword, one of those novelty things in a wooden scabbard, a wicked little weapon. We are sitting with our backs to her. I feel a heavy psychic pain in the back of my neck as Al hefts the knife lightly in his palm.

"I got it after that trick robbed me. I was so afraid."

"Do you think you would have used it?" Al asks.

"No, not unless it was my life. I'm not a violent person. I just thought it would make me feel better to have it."

"Are you on welfare?" he asks.

"Yes, I get four hundred and seven dollars a month."

"Well, you can't make it on four hundred and seven dollars a month," Al says very gently.

"You are doing this for the children; what are the other girls doing it for who have no children?" I ask her.

"They are doing it for the mans. In order to buy the company of their man."

Al is starting the engine again now. At least 20 or 30 attempts and finally it turns over. We're pulling up at Northern Station, where a paddy wagon is waiting. "How much will my bail be?" Five hundred dollars. She'll need $50 in cash. I reach into my pocket and pull out a $20 bill and hand it to her. She starts sobbing again, and then she is taken out of the car and the barred door of the paddy wagon closes on her and she is gone.

"Please don't tell anyone you did that," Al says. "It's considered very poor form." For days afterward, every time I think about this, I feel a tremendous sense of embarrassment that I did not give her the whole $50.

We are alone in the car again now. It's quite dark. "What does your wife think of this?" I ask.

"We're separated," Al replies. "At first she didn't like it at all, but then she got used to it."

"Any kids?"

"Three."

We're in another parking lot and they are still bringing them in. "This one's a B," says the same cop who brought in the sobbing black girl out in the parking lot, putting him/her into another car. The boy is so much like a girl that there's no way I would have been able to make him for male—long brown hair, blue eyes, fine features, nice legs in sheer stockings, sullen pouting, bored expression on his lipsticked mouth. "When you get back to Oakland, tell your pals that the heat is on over here," the cop tells him.

"No one ever tells me anything," the boy answers. "Why should I tell anyone anything?" The voice is not a faggy swish but a perfectly petulant teenage girl.

NORTHERN STATION, 11 P.M.

There are about a dozen of them in here now, waiting to be booked. Now that I see them in the light, I understand better who they are. Street people, mostly. A few have neat, attractive clothing. Some are in tatters. It's really hard to tell the boys from the girls. There comes a point where you have to accept your position in society, no matter what your theoretical political and social opinions may be. I am not one of them. I am one of the cops, the enemy. The police are protecting me from them.

A door opens and they line up and pass through it. The door closes. A little while later, Al takes me back to the St. Francis and we say goodbye. He is a hero. He is living an honest life. Maybe he lies; maybe he is not Jewish; but he knows exactly where he stands. He knows exactly what he is doing. A no-bullshit guy doing an ugly no-bullshit job in hell.

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Ah, it is so beautiful here in these afternoon redwood-bordered meadows on the other side of the Golden Gate Bridge where we have come to score a couple of ounces of Colombian grass. The hot tub isn't hot yet, but it's just nice to sit here in the sun. I am drained, totally drained. I've smoked a very potent joint with the two pretty bare-breasted girls in the neat little cabin and now I am wandering around alone because I can't handle talking to anyone. What can I tell them? What can I say? I have been in the trenches for a few days and now I am in a rear area. And I can see it all, all the meanings. Everything makes perfect sense, and it is terrifying.

That little knife. No danger, really. But so close. The perfect touch of symbolism to make me understand. The street is a razor. The razor is connected to the assembly line. It is all moving very fast. And then I am sobbing with relief.

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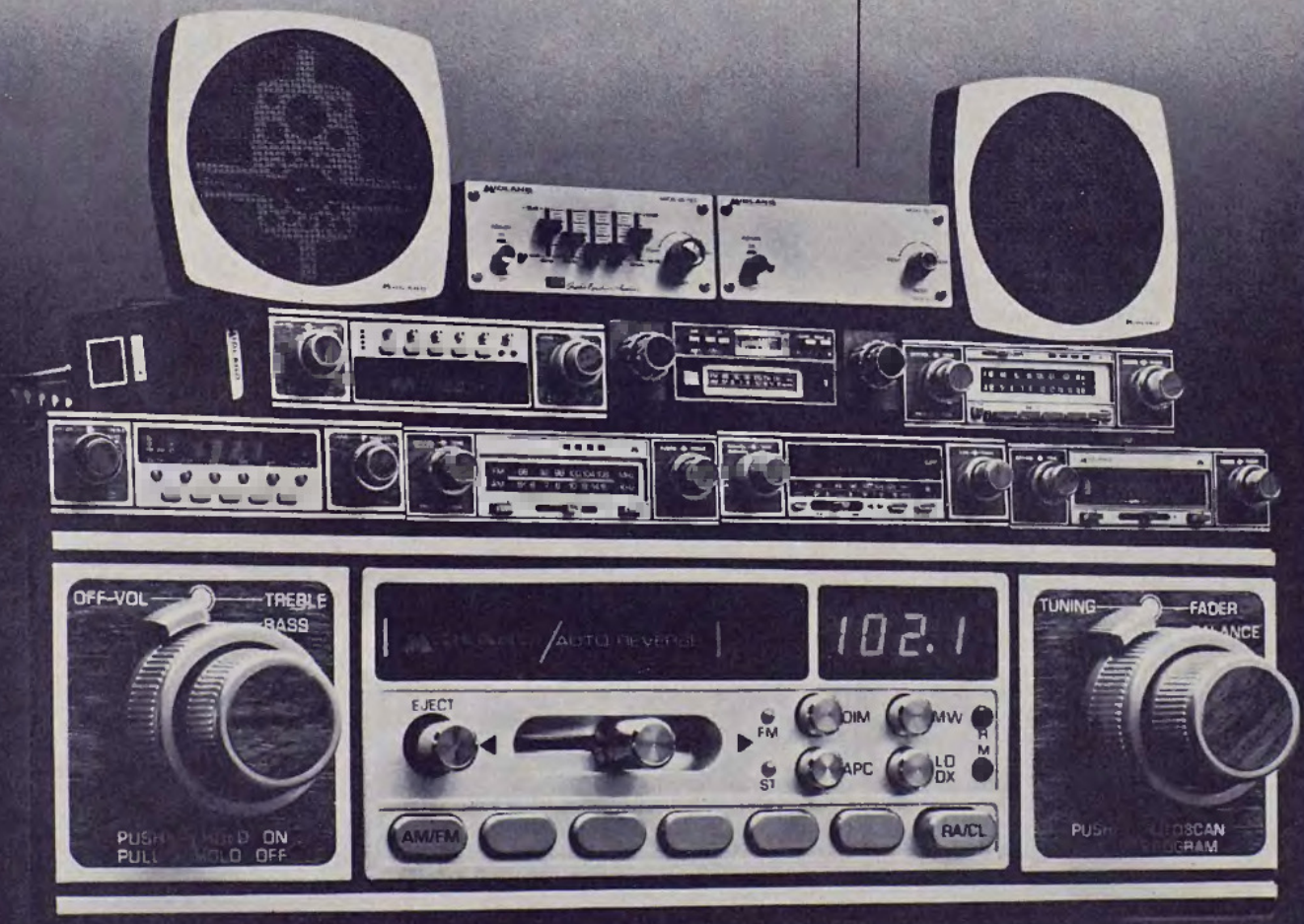

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LADY CHASTITY *(continued from page 190)*

"Then the landscape was replaced by a chunk of flesh, thigh or hip, until he recognized a cheek. . . ."

when the first one appeared, auburn-haired, the thin line of its lip pursed beneath the tangle of curls, it was directly at eye level. The shock of it just inches away forced his eyelid closed.

It had been years since he was this close to a naked woman, having given up sex for the same reason he founded his ministry: because of his conviction that women were the purest of God's creatures and so to be held above the baser desires of the flesh. He could not remember when he last had an erection; and in recent years, he had not even experienced that phenomenon in sleep he referred to as "the Devil's discharge." Kneeling there, he felt unclean, something dark and viscous as oil oozing through him. But he reminded himself of all that was at stake and his eyelid popped back open.

The shower nozzle snorted, then hissed, and it began to bead and glisten; a wiggling motion set in as thin rivers of soapy water were drawn downward into its waiting delta. He immediately saw the limitations: While the hole afforded maximum coverage of the genital region, that was all it afforded. He was pondering how he would redesign the opening while he watched it being lathered, transformed by the Ivory soap into a forest of snowy curls that made him feel cleaner, relieved of some burden. Then the winter landscape was replaced by a chunk of flesh, thigh or hip, turning slowly, until he recognized the conformation of a cheek and finally the crack itself dead center in his vision. In another moment, the crack was gone and a new one jiggled in front of him, darker and bushier than the first, so that he could barely detect the vault buried beneath.

For an hour they came and went before him, a chorus of varying sizes, colors and textures, all of them plumed. At 8:30, when the showers were turned off and he stared into the empty stall, he was exhausted—a strain that came from constantly reminding himself that somewhere up inside what he witnessed a soul existed—and he felt that he had undergone some disturbing change. He did not begin to understand it until breakfast the next morning, when he found himself trying to match what he had seen in the showers with the sleepy, innocent faces that dawdled over oatmeal. In the chapel, while he preached against the dangers of sexual pleasure, he kept seeing in his mind's eye the hair wet and beaded or pressed flat and slick with soap.

That night, not having decided whether to enlarge the existing hole or add another higher up (he was afraid either would give him away), he was back with his eye to the storage-room wall. A half dozen of them, one hairier than the other, twitched in front of him before he was eye to crotch with the object of his search. It stared back at him through the hole as bold and naked as a prophecy. He closed his eye and prayed for sustenance. When he opened it again, the skin, smooth and white as a baby's, seemed too bright to look at; yet he couldn't take his eye away. To his horror, the moist pink petals seemed to be winking at him and he had the uneasy sensation that, though separated by a wall, they were in collusion.

Just then, the bald space was intruded upon by a honey-gold bar of soap, oval-shaped and tapered smooth at either end. Through the hole, he could smell its deep, musk fragrance. Unlike the others, this girl did not dab daintily around the edges. She held the forbidden bar firmly and inserted its tapered head inside her, sliding it in and out, the steady slippery motion, like the movement of a hypnotist's chain, mesmerizing Brother Bearle until he felt something slide in his own crotch and he quickly pulled himself to his feet, afraid of what might happen if he stayed. Short of breath, he stumbled out into the hall, hoping to intercept the girl as she left the bathroom, only to find Sister Sharon staring curiously at him.

"Is there something wrong, Brother Bearle?" She reached out a solicitous hand to steady him, but he waved it away.

"Quite all right, Sister. Quite all right." He shook his head to clear the dizziness just as the bathroom door opened. Four girls came toward him wrapped in their white terrycloth robes, their faces pink and scrubbed. The door opened again and another bevy of girls came out smiling like cherubim.

"Good night, Brother Bearle, good night, Sister Sharon," they chanted choral style as they passed.

The next day, he was too busy with last-minute preparations for the dedication to give much thought to the disturbing occurrence of the night before. With the construction crew, he tested all of the Skytower's interior and exterior lighting, as well as the operation of the four outdoor elevators. At twilight, he conducted a complete dress rehearsal of the ceremonies. As he was scooped up in the bullet-shaped Plexiglas elevator, he watched Sister Sharon lead the virginettes in a torchlight procession across the beach. While he waited for them in the Church in the Sky, aloft in the marble pulpit that arched above the slowly rotating circle of rosewood pews, he felt the majesty of a man in control of his life. Behind him on a higher plane was the Wurlitzer, larger than the one in Salt Lake; and above that, higher still, the 12-foot statue of the Virgin. All around him, through the floor-to-ceiling glass, the ocean turned in his view, as expansive as his mood.

"Tomorrow," he told the virginettes when they were assembled before him, his voice more resonant and compelling than ever over the $100,000 sound system, "tomorrow, the Age of Lust will give way to the Age of Purification and the Virgin will be returned to her throne. The first of you will go into the world as crusaders to restore the true dignity of women, pure beings whom men will kneel before in respect and humility, not the wanton creatures of so-called liberation."

It was only later, after the virginettes had left and he was alone, staring down at the ocean that had turned a bruised-gray color under the darkening sky, that he began to worry again. Far below, a small craft bucked the tide. It was too fragile for the ocean's might and its hull kept dipping beneath the waves. He was reminded of the bar of soap disappearing inside the pink depths and he tried to obliterate the image, afraid that if it remained any longer, he, too, might be swallowed. But the hairless crotch remained in his thoughts, as vast and depthless as the ocean, demanding some adjustment he was afraid to make. In an effort to console himself, he turned to the Virgin who towered high above the Wurlitzer, hoping to find reassurance in the unearthly innocence of her expression and the thick white robe that shielded her private parts from the lechery of the world.

•

Candles in hand, wearing white-voile dresses, baby-blue capes and matching blue-tinted gardenias in their hair, the virginettes were lining up on the terrace. They seemed so pale and delicate, their movements mothlike in the warm summer darkness, that Brother Bearle was able to put aside the unpleasant business of the crotches for the time being. From his window, he watched Sister Sharon dart in among them as busy as a hen.

The lights of the Skytower had just been turned on: white floodlights at the base that made the mirror disks shimmer; blue neon rods, spoked like a wheel, that blinked from the revolving roof of the Church in the Sky; and above the church, pinpoints of gold stars that rose in clusters to the very tip of the spire. For added flare—an idea he'd gotten from the opening of a new McDonald's in the downtown shopping mall—he had had

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two searchlights installed on the beach, their thick shafts of light crisscrossing the dark ceiling of the sky.

Stiff in his rented tux, he was adjusting his hairpiece in the mirror when Sister Sharon called to him from the terrace. She was waving her arms frantically and pointing toward the sky. "There!" she shouted. "On the tower!"

The flasher, in her virginette dress and cape, stood up on the roof of the Church in the Sky. With the slow, studied gestures of a ritual, she was raising her dress up over her knees.

By the time Brother Bearle got down to the terrace, she had made one complete revolution, in the interim having removed her dress. She stood naked and poised, with the blue cape flapping behind her in the wind.

"Why, it's one of my girls," Sister Sharon was sobbing. "It's sweet little Susan Van Tassel."

"I'll take care of this." Brother Bearle's eyes flashed to the parking area, where the guests of honor, 500 of the Skytower's most generous donors, were being assembled for the procession. There was no commotion to indicate they had yet seen what was happening.

"What about the procession?" Sister Sharon wailed, rubbing her hands together.

"Start on schedule," Brother Bearle ordered as he rushed off, convincing himself there was still time to stave off catastrophe. But when he got down to the beach, he saw that a large crowd had already gathered around the base of the tower and the WKVD-TV news helicopter beat in the air above the spire.

Where the hell's Billie? he complained to himself as he pushed into the crowd, bullying people aside with the sharp, murderous tone of his voice. Where the hell are my deacons when I need them?

At the entrance ramp, Murf, the school custodian, detached himself from a group of security guards and came running toward him. "She said she just wanted to go up to say a prayer. She said she just wanted to say a little prayer before it got crowded."

Brother Bearle shoved past him. In the elevator, an instrumental version of *Amazing Grace* coming through the speaker in the cone of the capsule, he waited with as much dignity as he could manage while Murf fidgeted with the controls. Just before they lifted off, he spotted Billie's sullen eyes staring at him from the edge of the crowd. Their eyes locked. Then, without the slightest acknowledgment, Billie slipped into the surging mass of bodies and vanished.

"Infidel!" Brother Bearle muttered as the capsule was sucked upward, his body flat and rigid against the Plexiglas wall, like a man about to be executed.

When the capsule rocked to a stop and the door opened into the Church in the Sky, he stood there hesitantly staring at the empty pews, forgetting why he had come. Then, adjusting his hairpiece, which in his haste he had not fastened securely, he stalked up the center aisle. He crossed directly in front of the Virgin but refused to give her so much as a sideward glance.

Wind funneled through the sliding glass doors just inside of which he contemplated the narrow ledge where a workman's staircase twisted up onto the roof.

"Maybe we oughta get the police," Murf suggested, following his minister's gaze to the ocean 200 feet below.

But Brother Bearle swung himself through the doors and gripped the iron railings of the staircase. Far below, silver in the reflected light of the mirror disks, he watched the ocean swell in slow motion against the pilings. The rotation was beginning to make him nauseated.

"Stop this damn thing, will you?" he called to Murf, whose head bobbed inside the glass, his broad fleshy face apologetic, hangdog, before it turned away.

Brother Bearle started up the steps just as the KVD helicopter swooped in low over the roof. It dangled above him, nose tipped forward and swaying, rotors snapping at the air. An arm motioned from behind the windshield and a Porto-Pak was aimed at him and he flinched. With the wind pulling at him, he drew himself up so that he could see over the roof.

She faced toward the lights that aproned inland up the peninsula. Her arms were out at her side in the classic Virgin position, the cape lifted behind her in the wind, baring her ass. Then she turned and he saw that her face was unnaturally serene—drugged, perhaps, or hypnotized—and her lips slackened to a smile. Caught for a moment in the blinding path of the searchlight, she appeared truly unearthly and the power of all the nether world's perversity seemed written in the Gospel of her pink hairless privates.

He wavered back at arm's length over the ocean, but his rage gave him sudden strength and he pulled himself up onto the roof, where the wind was strong enough to rip the hairpiece free of his scalp. The chopper beat with such ferocity directly above him he felt he was being shot at; and far below, belonging to some world he was no longer a part of, the feeble lights of the procession curled along the beach.

"*Why?*" he babbled to her, reeling unsteadily, half-crazed and trying to remember the words of some prayer. "Holy Virgin Most Pure," he began as she took a step toward him and extended her arms to gather him in.

"Eat me," she said, her words straining against the clacking beat of the chopper.

In his confusion, he lunged for the ends of her cape and tried to wrap it tight around her. At that moment, the roof began to shake and she fell against him. He flapped his arms wildly to free himself and knocked her off balance; the roof jerked hard and ground to a dead stop, the motion shooting her backward over the edge. The cape billowed over her head like a parachute, with her body streaming like a delicate ribbon beneath it. When she hit, the cape fluttered on the surface of the water, held still a moment, then sank slowly in a glimmer of pale silver light.

•

"You can't blame yourself," Sister Sharon told him later that night, after the police had come and fished Susan Van Tassel out of the ocean and after the crowds had been dispersed and the virginettes put to bed. "The girl was demented. On the surface, she seemed perfectly normal, but underneath, Satan had devoured her soul."

"Yes," Brother Bearle said without conviction.

"Think of the others. Think how successful you've been with them."

But Brother Bearle, staring out at the Skytower, which was dark now, still unbaptized, and which looked less like a house of worship than like a dark metallic phallus hulking above the black ocean, seemed not to be listening.

"Lust kills!" he warned later on the *Midnight Faith* hour, Billie's vacant chair reminding him the truest measure of a man's strength was his capacity to endure adversity alone. "We must never lose sight of the fact that there is more—there *must* be," he added in a breaking voice, close to tears, "more to life than a mere groveling to the needs of mortal flesh." But even as he said it, all he could think of was Susan Van Tassel's pussy (he accepted the word without hesitation now) haloed in the flashlight beam the first time he saw it, as if the true meaning of life were only as wide as the space between a woman's hips.

On the way back to the Bible School, it seemed to dance inside his head, spotlighted and disembodied, having survived the destruction of her body: an orphan of the spirit world carving out its territory. Inside his room, it continued to haunt him, kept him sleepless and distraught, calling to its sisters in the rooms above, and in his unnerved state he thought he heard them responding, sighing like aggrieved captives through the stiff cotton panties the virginettes were required to wear beneath their pajamas.

In an effort to find some relief, he wandered out onto the beach, heading in the direction of the Skytower. He rode the elevator up and in the empty church lit only by moonlight, he called aloud to the statue of the Virgin. "Why hast thou forsaken me?" In a way he did not understand, he felt responsible for what had

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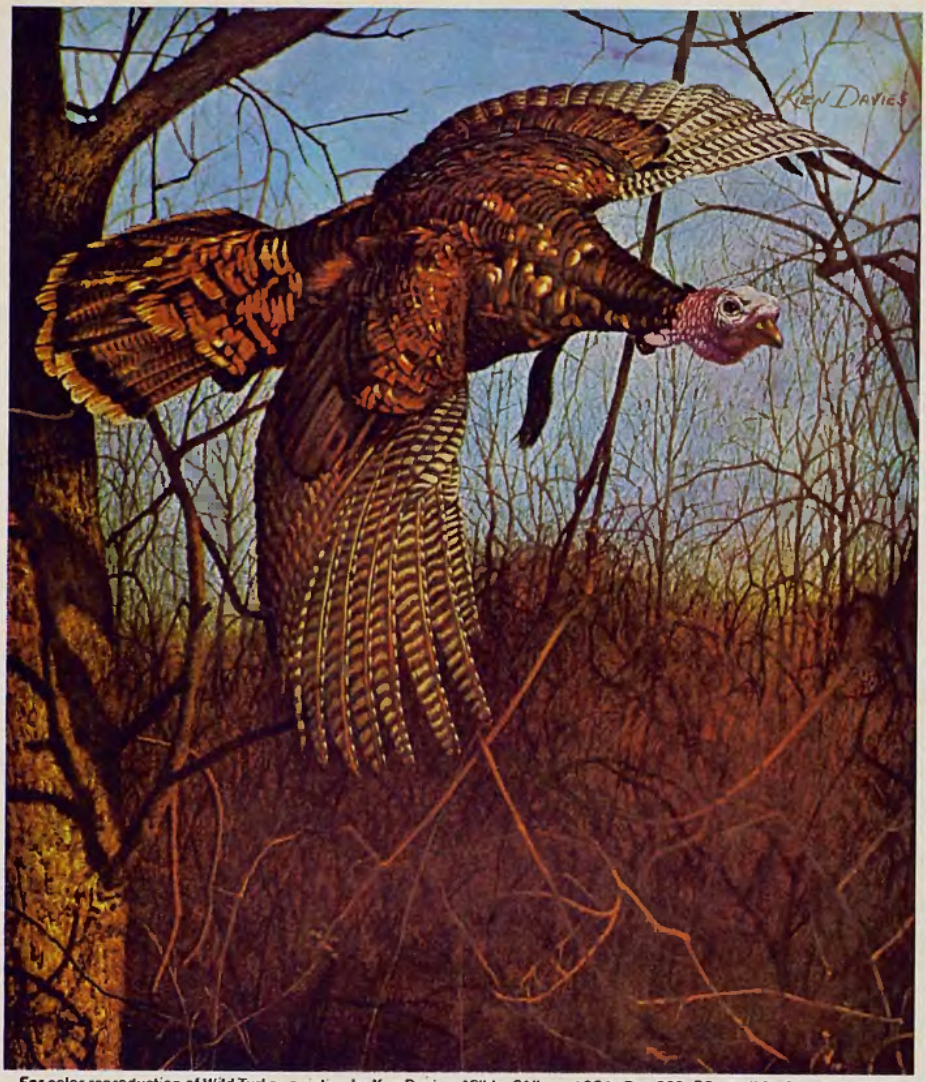

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It seems fitting that the name of America's greatest native bird is also the name of America's greatest native whiskey– Wild Turkey Bourbon.

WILD TURKEY 101 PROOF

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happened, that some flaw in his being had set in motion an entire chain of events leading to catastrophe. But he found no comfort in the silent image. Her arms were too far from him to offer reassurance.

In desperation, he climbed up onto the organ, his feet on the keys producing dirgelike tones, and then pulled himself up onto the platform where the statue waited. When he stood up, his head barely reached the Virgin's waist and he raised his eyes in supplication. The uneven light of the moon played across the pastel colors of her face, gave to her mouth a crooked smile: not a virgin's smile but a hooker's. *Eat me*, it said. He cried out in anguish, gripping the statue around the waist and burying his face in the plaster folds of her robe until he realized exactly where his mouth was pressed.

"Let me be born again!" he shouted in prayer and at last felt the movement of grace deep inside him. Closing his eyes, he gave over to it: The white robe seemed to part and he was being drawn through the warm tube to her womb, where his man's body lay fetal-curled, nourished from within, comforted in a way that touched off memories ages old; until he felt himself beginning to re-emerge, not with the diffidence of a child but with all the curiosity of a tourist, rubbernecking his way through the dark convolutions of the tunnel, touching and feeling all that there was to feel. As he saw himself near the opening, his body began to shake. The power of the grace surged through him, taking his breath away as it strained to pry him loose. Something clicked inside his groin, like a clock being wound. Trembling violently, he began to moan and in a final effort to free himself, he pushed out hard with both hands, in the process dislodging the statue from its mount and sending it tottering backward. When he opened his eyes, he found it shattered beyond repair on the floor below him, his cock intact and risen to take its place.

Breathing heavily, his body quivering with years of pent-up energy, he saw that his flaw had been the failure to understand the true purpose of his mission here on earth. In his search for guidance, he had ignored the voices calling to him from inside himself and so had failed to minister to the real needs of the faithful: beginning with Monica Brady in his kindergarten class, the first girl to expose herself to him, and including all the women at his revival meetings throughout the years who had prayed to him to heal their bodies as well as their souls. Turning now to face the congregation of empty pews, his own private Skytower reaching out toward the infinity of the dark heaving ocean, he felt ready for the first time, at the age of 50, to accept the world for what it was.

"Maybe if you tried a bit of pillaging first. . . ."

yogurt *(continued from page 173)*

"Yogurt is a staple of an exec's refrigerator, crowding the Perrier, diet soda, olives and ice cubes."

with preserves at the bottom; Swiss style, with fruit mixed through it; or Western style, featuring a little flavoring at the top and preserves at the bottom. There's also a Midwestern version that, like the Swiss style, is laced with fruit, but boasts a bit of extra syrup at the bottom.

"Red is the leading flavor," in the trade lingo of Juan Metzger, chairman of the board of Dannon, our largest yogurt producer. "Next is blue, and then come the yellows." This translates as strawberry, raspberry and cherry, followed by blueberry, plum and boysenberry, with apricot, peach, pineapple-orange and Dutch apple in the show position. Among the more fanciful offerings are peppermint stick, date walnut ripple, peanut butter and peaches and cream.

The unflavored plain now is only ten percent of the total output, and even here, many people stir in their own toppings: frozen juice, maple syrup, fresh fruit, liqueurs, applesauce, catsup, chives, apple or peach butter, canned minced clams, cinnamon sugar or blackstrap molasses and wheat germ, if they're of that persuasion. Metzger himself opts for "a teaspoon of MBT vegetable-bouillon powder in a cup of Dannon's plain, at the desk," when he's too busy to break for lunch.

Like wine, yogurt is a natural food, occurring spontaneously under favorable conditions, when the temperature is right and certain organisms are present. In making yogurt, man simply imitates nature. The milk is inoculated with lactic-acid-forming bacteria and brought to optimum temperature, between 105 and 110 degrees Fahrenheit. The little buggers multiply feverishly, feeding on the milk sugar (lactose) and converting it to lactic acid. This, in turn, coagulates the milk, transforming it into a solid. The result has been variously described as sour milk with a college education, curdled milk or a cultured-milk product of custard-smooth consistency.

Yogurt goes by many names—*leben, madzoon, yōghurt, dahi, naja*—and it's made from the milk of sheep, yaks, water buffaloes, mares, camels, goats and, of course, cows. Considering that it's one of man's oldest foods, dating back to the early Neolithic era, yogurt is an *arriviste* in Western circles. The news was first bruited by Russian Nobel laureate Ilya Mechnikov, around the turn of the century. He related the longevity of Bulgarian centenarians to friendly organisms in yogurt. Although the professor gobbled yogurt with abandon, he died at the age of 71, God's allotted quota but considerably short of his expectations. Recent experiments indicate that stomach acid destroys lactobacilli—and cynical scientists attribute the prevalence of spry old Bulgarians and Abkhasians to a raffish way with vital records. Nevertheless, the health-food mystique persisted.

It wasn't until yogurt shed the crank image and producers sweetened its character with liberal doses of preserves that yogurt turned chic. Today, it's practically a staple of the executive refrigerator, crowding the Perrier, diet soda, olives and ice cubes. Avid skiers spoon it down while waiting in the towline. Models gulp it in cabs, en route to their next assignments. Yogurterias are sprouting, especially in smart, fashion-conscious neighborhoods, offering such temptations as yogurt sundaes, yogurt shakes, frozen yogurt and a variety of other yogurt-based dishes.

For some, yogurt is an involvement. They roll their own, experimenting with combinations of skim milk, low-fat milk and whole milk, adding extra milk solids or cream and varying the time of incubation. (The longer it cures, the more tart and dense it becomes.) There's no trick to turning out yogurt at home with a temperature-controlled machine, such as the one Salton makes. Otherwise, it's a hassle. Devotees find all kinds of esoteric uses for yogurt. As it happens, yogurt's sprightly taste makes it a versatile cooking ingredient, as you'll see when you sample the recipes that follow.

YOGURT ROMANOFF

½ cup plain yogurt
1 tablespoon dried minced onion
2 teaspoons minced fresh dill (or ¾ teaspoon dried)
Freshly ground pepper, to taste
2-oz. jar red-salmon caviar

Combine yogurt with onion and dill; add couple grinds pepper. Gently stir in caviar. Serve with black bread or spoon onto baked potatoes.

CRUDITES WITH JADE DIPPING SAUCE

½ cup plain yogurt
½ cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons each finely chopped chives, parsley, dill
⅛ teaspoon lemon-pepper seasoning
Dash garlic powder
Salt, to taste
Fresh vegetables: cauliflower, broccoli, tiny green beans, snow peas, asparagus, zucchini, carrots, celery, cucumber, scallions, red or icicle radishes, cherry tomatoes

Combine yogurt, mayonnaise and seasonings; chill. You can use as many of the fresh vegetables as you like—the more the better. Cauliflower, broccoli, green beans, snow peas and asparagus benefit from a quick blanching. Trim cauliflower and broccoli and break into flowerets. Snap ends off green beans and snow peas, but leave whole. Take tips only of young asparagus. Bring large pot of water to boil. Add vegetables and return water to boil. Drain vegetables immediately and plunge into cold water. Drain and dry gently but thoroughly with paper towels. Chill. Other vegetables should be washed and peeled, scraped, trimmed or cut as necessary. When ready to serve, spoon dip into bowl and surround with an attractive arrangement of vegetables.

Note: This also makes a delicious sauce for cold poached fish.

(concluded on page 272)

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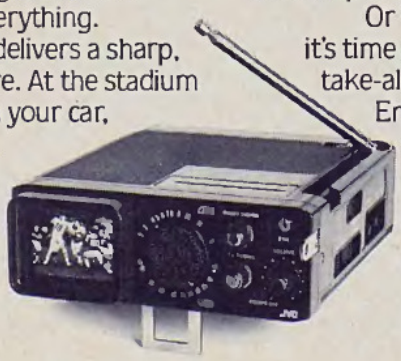

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YOGURT BOURSIN

1 pint whole-milk plain yogurt
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
1 tablespoon very finely chopped baby scallions (including green)
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
⅛ teaspoon dried thyme, crumbled
Cheesecloth

Combine yogurt with seasonings. Prepare triple-thick 12-in.-square cheesecloth and dampen. Spoon seasoned yogurt in center of cheesecloth and tie opposite corners together to form sling. Hang over faucet of kitchen sink; secure with piece of string, if necessary. Let yogurt drain 6 to 8 hours or until it has firm, creamy texture. (Do this overnight if you don't want to tie up your sink.) Refrigerate before serving.

Note: If you like, you can put a bowl under the sling to catch the whey as it drains out. Chill for a tangy sip, something like sauerkraut juice. You can even add a shot of vodka.

POTAGE TEHRAN
(*Serves six*)

1 quart plain yogurt
1 large cucumber
1 cup dried currants or sultana raisins
½ cup chopped walnuts or shelled pistachio nuts
½ cup chopped mint leaves (or ¼ cup dried)
¼ cup chopped parsley
1 tablespoon olive oil
Water (optional)
Salt, pepper, to taste
Thin slices lemon

Peel cucumber; halve lengthwise and scoop out seeds with teaspoon. Coarsely grate cucumber. Add to yogurt along with currants, nuts, mint, parsley and olive oil. Mix well. If you'd like the soup a little thinner, stir in water—a few tablespoons at a time—until it seems the right consistency. Season with salt and pepper. Refrigerate several hours, but remove from refrigerator about 15 minutes before serving, so that it's not icy cold. Stir soup and ladle into bowls. Float lemon slice on each portion.

LASSI
(*Serves three*)

(Shezan, one of Manhattan's better Indian restaurants, serves this libation with sweet-salt seasoning, unless otherwise specified. "Otherwise" is either sweet *or* salt, but the combination is typically Indian.)

1 cup plain yogurt
2 cups crushed ice
½ teaspoon sugar
⅛ teaspoon ground cardamom
Pinch salt
Mint leaves for garnish

Buzz yogurt, ice and seasonings in blender at medium speed for 3 to 5 minutes. Pour into chilled tall glasses. Garnish with sprig fresh mint and serve with straws.

YOGURT-CRUSTED CHICKEN
(*Serves four to six*)

½ cup (approximate) plain yogurt
2½–3 lbs. chicken parts (breasts, thighs, legs)
½ cup dry bread crumbs
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
¼ teaspoon dried oregano, crumbled
Freshly ground pepper, to taste

Remove skin from chicken pieces. Spread thin coating yogurt on each piece and dredge in bread crumbs mixed with seasonings. Bake in lightly greased shallow pan at 350° F. about 1 hour.

VEAL AND WATER CHESTNUTS
(*Serves two to three*)

½ cup plain yogurt (at room temperature)
1 lb. veal scallops (cut from leg)
Flour seasoned with salt, pepper and dash nutmeg
2–3 tablespoons butter (or salad oil)
1 small onion, finely chopped
1 large garlic clove, minced
½ cup sliced canned water chestnuts
2 teaspoons sweet paprika
¼ cup medium-dry sherry

Veal scallops should be pounded to ⅛-in. thickness. Dredge in seasoned flour. Heat 2 tablespoons butter or oil in large skillet over medium heat. Sauté veal on both sides until golden brown—3 to 5 minutes each side. Remove from pan and keep warm. Add onion and garlic to pan (and a little more butter or oil, if necessary) and sauté until softened. Add water chestnuts, paprika and sherry; simmer until sherry is almost evaporated. Stir in yogurt and bring just to simmer. Return veal to pan and turn in sauce to heat through—2 to 3 minutes. Serve with noodles.

ZESTY BEEF STROGANOFF
(*Serves six*)

1 cup plain yogurt (at room temperature)
2 tablespoons salad oil
½ lb. mushrooms, sliced
1 large onion, halved and thinly sliced
1½ lbs. boneless sirloin steak, cut in thin strips
¼ cup flour, seasoned with salt and pepper
2 tablespoons butter
Dash Worcestershire sauce

Heat oil in large skillet. Add mushrooms and onion. Sauté 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from skillet with all juices; keep warm. Toss steak strips in seasoned flour to coat lightly. Melt butter in skillet over medium-high heat, until it turns golden and stops sputtering. Add steak strips. Sauté, turning often, until lightly browned, about 3 minutes; meat should still be pink inside. Return mushrooms and onions, with their juices, to skillet. Add Worcestershire sauce. Stir in yogurt and cook just until hot—do not boil. Taste for salt and pepper. Serve with rice.

YOGURT ZOMBIE

¼ cup plain yogurt
3 ozs. coconut-rum liqueur
1½ ozs. apple juice
¼ banana, cut in chunks
¼ cup crushed ice

Buzz all ingredients in blender until smooth. Pour into chilled tall glass. Garnish with sprinkle cinnamon.

TORTONI AUX FRAISES

Although this tortoni is frozen, it has a tender heart.

1 cup strawberry whole-milk yogurt
9-oz. container frozen whipped topping
2–3 tablespoons strawberry liqueur
4 tablespoons chopped toasted almonds

Place frozen whipped topping in refrigerator for several hours to thaw. Empty yogurt into large bowl and add liqueur. Combine. Fold in thawed whipped topping. Spoon into small dessert dishes or foil cups. Sprinkle with almonds. Freeze until just firm, about 2 hours. If tortonis become hard-frozen, transfer to refrigerator for about 45 minutes to 1 hour before serving.

MOUSSE A LA RUSSE
(*Serves six to eight*)

1 cup plain yogurt
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
½ cup sugar
8-oz. can crushed pineapple
2 tablespoons triple sec
1 cup light cream

Combine gelatin and sugar in saucepan. Add pineapple with its juice. Heat, stirring, until gelatin and sugar dissolve. Remove from heat and stir in triple sec and light cream. Beat in yogurt until smooth. Pour into serving bowl or individual dessert coupes and chill until set, about 4 hours.

BANANA CHEESE PIE

1 cup vanilla yogurt
½ lb. small-curd cottage cheese
2–3 tablespoons sugar, or to taste
1 small banana, sliced
1 tablespoon honey
Graham-cracker pie shell (available prepared)

Push cottage cheese through sieve. Add yogurt and sugar; mix until well combined. Stir banana slices with honey to coat both sides. Layer banana slices in pie shell and spoon yogurt mixture over. Chill until firm, about 3 hours.

Admittedly, yogurt is good for you, but the best reason to eat it is that it *tastes* good! Enjoy it at any meal or as a relatively low-calorie between-meal snack—foregoing the usual junk-food fix!

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PAST THEIR PRIME

(continued from page 133)

"He despised losing and he hated losses even more now that so few afternoons were left."

become afraid of the rest of his life. But mostly his fear was stoic, wreathed in resignation, like the fear of certain brave, old, dying men. Anyway, after the game, he wanted a woman.

The pitcher felt a fulminating lust for a particular tennis star and, when I called her, she agreed to meet him with one proviso. I would have to date someone she called her "new best friend." That was the woman superintendent of the brownstone house where the tennis player cohabited with cats and fantasies.

The building super, I thought. A woman who spends days stacking garbage bags and reaming toilet drains. Dating her would be some enchanted evening. We would all turn into frogs, I thought. But I owed the pitcher certain favors.

"What should I know about the tennis player?" he asked me on the morning of the game. He didn't have to ask about opposing hitters anymore. He knew all their rhythms and their weaknesses. "I mean, gimme a little scouting report on the lady, so I can plan my moves."

"Miss Center Court," I said, "loves to talk dirty, and if you don't press hard, she gets wild and delicious. But she has one peculiarity. She has to be the one to talk dirty first. If the man comes on raunchy, Miss Center Court turns off."

"Got ya," the pitcher said, with a confident nod. He then lost to the Yankees, six to one, in punishing sunlight.

When the ballplayer marched into an East Side bar at 7:30 that night, he was swaggering bravado. Actually, of course, he was covering up. He had always despised losing and he hated losses even more now that so few afternoons of stadium sunlight were left.

Technically, he suffered from an irreversible chronic tendinitis in one shoulder. The condition would be annoying, but not much more than that, for an accountant or an internist or a bond salesman. But this man was a major-league pitcher, and chronic tendinitis meant something more extreme. His major-league arm was all but dead.

He looked at the tennis player and blinked and smiled. She was attractive, not merely for a lady jock. She was large-eyed and lissome and she wet her lips before she spoke. Abruptly, the ballplayer became desperately cheerful.

"Say," he said, dropping into a captain's chair, "you all know about the city boy and the country girl and the martinis? This here country girl had never heard of martinis and the city boy got her to drink a batch." The pitcher's tongue was brisker than his slider. "Finally, the country girl says, 'Them cherries in them maranas gimme heartburn.'

"The city boy, he says, 'You're wrong on all three counts. They're not cherries, they're olives. They're not maranas, they're martinis. And you don't have heartburn, your left tit is in the ashtray.' "

The pretty tennis player made a face like a dried apricot. Then she and my date, the woman superintendent, went to the washroom.

"Dead," I told the pitcher. "The German word is *tot*. I believe the French say *mort*. The Yankees knocked you out this afternoon and you just knocked yourself out now."

"It's a good joke," the pitcher said. "I used it at a supermarket opening in Largo, Florida, and they loved it, even the mothers with kids."

"We're north of Largo. Didn't you listen to me? Miss Center Court has to set the tone herself. If she lets guys start the rough talk, it might seem as though she's an easy lay."

"Isn't she?"

"That isn't the question. The question is style."

The women dismissed us civilly after dinner and the pitcher said, the hell with them. He knew a Pan Am stewardess who could do unusual things with a shower nozzle. He called and an answering machine reported that its mistress was in Rome.

"Forget it," I told the big pitcher. "Everybody has nights like this. John Kennedy had nights like this. The dice are cold. Let's go to sleep."

"Stay with me," the pitcher said. We rode down to a Greenwich Village club that was cavernous and loud with bad

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disco and empty of talent except for a dark-haired teenaged girl from Albany. The pitcher was quite drunk by now. He scribbled love notes and sexual suggestions on cocktail napkins, which a small Spanish waiter delivered. The girl from Albany paid her check and fled in fright.

A serious thought suddenly made the pitcher sober. "I can't pitch big-league ball no more," he said.

"You knew this was going to happen," I said.

His voice was naked. "But now it's happening."

One tear, and only one, rolled down the man's right cheek. "Shee-yit," he said, embarrassed. "Shee-yit."

"Like hell, shee-yit," I said. "You've got something to cry about."

He was 39, hardly old. He was well conditioned and black-haired and every movement he made suggested physical strength. Most would have called him a young man. But because he was an athlete, his time was closing down. He had won premature fame at 22 and now he was paying with a kind of senility at 39.

The adulatory press conferences were ending. He would not again travel as grandly as he had; he would never again earn as much money as he had been making. Already his manner with attractive women had regressed. He was finished, or he *thought* he was finished. The two often are the same. I thought of Caitlin Thomas' wrenching phrase, created after Dylan's final drink: *leftover life to kill.*

•

Santayana wrote:

Old Age, on tiptoe, lays her
jeweled hand
Lightly in mine.—
Come, tread a stately measure.

This may have been true for a philosopher, who sought out the stony tranquillity of cloisters, but time rings for athletes with a coarser cadence:

Old age, in nailed boots,
wrenches at my limbs,
And stomps my groin.

In the usual curve of ascendancy, the American male completes so-called formal education in his 20s and spends the next 15 years mounting a corporate trapeze. If he is good and fortunate and very agile, he will be soaring by 40. More than that, he will proceed in sure and certain hope that even more triumphant years are beckoning.

Athletes follow wholly different patterns. They soar almost with puberty. Life for a great young athlete is different from other children's lives, even as he turns 14. Already he is the best ballplayer of his age for blocks or miles around. He is the young emperor of the sand lot.

With enough toughness, size, nutrition and motivation, the athlete will feel his life expanding into a diadem of delights. He does not have to ask universities to consider his merits and tolerate his college-board scores. A brawl of jock recruiters solicits him. If necessary, they offer him a free year at prep school, finally to master multiplication tables.

Assuming certain basic norms, the athlete has a glorious pick of women. Pretty wives are not an exception around ball clubs; they are characteristic.

It is all a kind of knightly beginning to life, isn't it? Doing high deeds, attended by squires moving from stately courts to demimondes? But most knightly tales conclude with the hero full of youth.

I remember a marvelous quarterback named Ben Larsen who dominated high school football in Brooklyn. His passing was splendid and he ran with a deceptive gliding style. Perhaps 30 colleges offered him scholarships. He chose one in the Big Ten, where the wisdom of football scouts proved finite. Ben was suddenly pressed harder than he had ever been, by athletes of comparable or higher skills. He wilted quickly and never finished college. He was the first of my acquaintances to become an alcoholic.

Larsen's life reached its peak while he was a schoolboy. For many, the climax comes in college or as a young professional. Others (Carl Yastrzemski and Fran Tarkenton) can play well and enthusiastically as they approach 40. Once an eon, a Satchel Paige or a Gordie Howe makes it to 50. Technical literature doesn't yet tell us much. Studying human behavior is still a science of inexactitude. But broadly, and obviously, we're dealing with two elements.

The first is physical. An athlete must be granted a good body, a durable body, and—I hate to be the one to make this point—he'd better take care of it. I don't know whether or not all those careless nights cut short Mickey Mantle's career, but unwillingness to do proper pregame calisthenics and to perform therapeutic drills on all those hung-over mornings sure as hell cut off his legs.

Then there is emotion, world without end. How long can an athlete hold all his passion to be an athlete? How long can he retain all his enthusiasm for repetitive experiences?

One hot afternoon last spring, Johnny Bench, Tom Seaver and I were riding together to make an appearance at a book fair in Atlanta. Bench at 26 was the best catcher baseball has known. Not perhaps; not one of; just *the best*. Last spring, at 30, he was in decline.

Bench's batting average lounged below his old standard. He was getting hurt frequently. His matchless play, his Johnny Bench–style play, seemed limited to spurts. "You get bored, John?" I asked in the car.

"With what?"

"Catching a baseball game every day."

"Do I?" Bench has a broad, expressive face and he lifted his eyebrows for emphasis. "You know why I envy him?" he said, elbowing Seaver.

"For my intellect," Seaver said. "My grooming and my skills at doing the *New York Times* crossword puzzle."

"Because he's a fucking pitcher," Bench said. "He doesn't have to work a ball game but one day in four. All that time off from playing ball games. That's why I envy Tommy."

Seaver grew serious and nodded. Both men are intelligent, curious, restless. As they grow older, and recognize that the universe is larger than a diamond, it becomes increasingly difficult to shut out everything else and play a game. It also hurts more. The human body was not designed to play catcher from April to October.

•

It was also not designed to fight for the heavyweight championship at the age of 36.

Last September, I flew to New Orleans to watch Muhammad Ali make a fight he really did not want to fight. He won easily over Leon Spinks, the St. Louis Cypher, but a new sourness invaded Ali's style. "It's murder, how hard he's got to work," said Angelo Dundee, the sagest of Ali's seconds.

The motivated athlete responds to the physical effects of age by conditioning himself more intensively. "That Spinks, he looks like Dracula, but he's only twenty-five," Ali said, in a house he had rented near Lake Pontchartrain. "So I have to make myself twenty-five. I been up every morning, running real long, real early for five months. Five months. I've done the mostest exercises ever, maybe three hundred fifty different kinds, so's I could become the first man ever, in all history, to win back the heavyweight championship twice."

For the first two rounds in the New Orleans Superdome, Ali toyed with a dream of knocking out Spinks. But all the roadwork and the sparring could not bring back the snake-tongue quickness of the hands. Ali missed badly with two hard rights. Then, yielding to reality, he made a perfect analysis of Spinks's style and how to overcome it.

Spinks had *no* style, really. Move in standing up, move in, move in, punch, lunge. Devoid of style, he still is strong and dangerous. From the third round, Ali simply moved around and about Spinks, flicking punches, holding, sliding, holding, always staying three moves ahead of the St. Louis Cypher. It was a boring and decisive victory and it must've hurt like hell.

Afterward, at a press conference in the Superdome, Ali spoke in the crabbed tones of age. First of all, this huge crowd—70,000, give or take a few thousand—had come to a black promotion. "Wasn't no blond hair or blue eyes doing no promoting," the champion said. That is accurate but only in a lawyerly way. The man who put together Ali-Spinks II

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(and the marvelous undercard) is Robert Arum, whose hair is black and whose eyes are brown. He is, however, white. Under the Arum umbrella, so to speak, two blacks and two whites, all from Louisiana, were subsidiary promoters. They are now suing each other.

Having stretched truth until it snapped, Ali offered a brief return to his old form. "Was that a thirty-six-year-old man out there, fighting tonight? And not only fighting but dancing? Was that dancing man out there thirty-six?"

"Thassright," chirped a parliament of votaries.

"That *Time* magazine," Ali said, "that great *Time* magazine, goes all over the world, they wrote Ali was through. Could *Time* magazine be wrong . . . ?"

Crabby again, he was settling an account he had already closed in the ring, treating a buried story as though it were alive. It was a graceless effort from a man Dundee says now has to work too hard.

Why, then, does Ali drive on past his prime?

Supporting himself and his children and his wife and former wives and his retinue and his properties, Ali said not long ago, costs $60,000 a month, after taxes. His investment income is far short of that. He fights on because he believes he needs the money.

•

Over three recent months, I explored cash and credit, concentration and distraction, professional life and professional death—in short, how the jock grows older—with 31 remarkable athletes. They have worked their trades—baseball, boxing, basketball, football, hockey—from San Diego to New England. One (Fran Tarkenton) was sufficiently sophisticated to evoke Thomas Jefferson. "Doing a variety of things, like Jefferson did, keeps you fresh." Others (Lou Brock, Merlin Olsen, Brooks Robinson) showed positively Viennese instincts for self-analysis. One (Roger Staubach) declined to be quoted because of the nature of this magazine. (Debating morality with someone who makes a living out of the commercialized, televised, knee-shattering violence of the National Football League tempts me, but it will have to wait.)

"Did anyone say that money had nothing to do with why he kept on playing?" asked Fred Biletnikoff. He's been a wide receiver at Oakland for 14 seasons.

"Some said the money wasn't primary."

Biletnikoff drew a breath to prepare his own comment. "You know," he said, "they're full of shit."

Generally, the athletes were honest and direct. Away from cameras, one on one, athletes speak more honestly than entertainers or politicians.

Most shared annoyance at America's blinding obsession with youth. They found subtle prejudice against age in certain executive suites. "In the front office I have to put up with," one 41-year-old baseball player said, "they're always looking for a reason to replace me. Maybe it's because a young guy would cost less, but I think it's not just that. They got a mind-set on the axiom that baseball is a young man's game."

Willie McCovey, the mighty first baseman who reached 41 in January, is discomfited by a particular fan in Chicago. "There's this dude who sits behind the on-deck circle in Wrigley Field," McCovey reported, "and when I get a hit, he doesn't make a sound. But every time I swing and miss, I hear the joker holler, 'You're getting old, McCovey. You're washed up.' "

McCovey shook his head in annoyance. "That's shit," he said. "Doesn't the guy know I missed pitches years ago? Does he think I never made an out until I was thirty-five?"

"He's just needling," I said.

"Well, I say needle with a little intelligence. Judge me by my performance. Forget my age. I try to forget my age myself. Too much thinking about your age can psych you. It can make you press and panic and retire before your time." McCovey believes that is what happened to his friend Willie Mays.

Every geriatric athlete that I talked to maintained an unabated passion for the game. It was a passion to win, to prove certain points, to keep on making money. To those men, sport was no small sliver of the consciousness; it dominated them.

Brooks Robinson, the fine third baseman who played until he was 40, said, "My whole life had been baseball. Passion? It sure was for me. In the eighth grade back in Arkansas, I wrote a whole booklet about how I wanted to be a ballplayer. That never changed. I kept on wanting to be a ballplayer until my reflexes told me it was time to stop. By then I'd played almost as many big-league games as Ty Cobb."

"Didn't age hit you like a rabbit punch?" I asked.

"The first time something was written about my age, I was thirty. 'The aging Brooks Robinson,' the story said. I thought, What do they mean by aging? I'm a young man. And I went out to play harder. When they called me aging at thirty-five, it didn't hit me either way. I knew they were accurate in sports terms. But then, when I was called aging at thirty-nine, the thing became a challenge all over again. It stayed a challenge until I accepted what time can do and got out."

A few old athletes remain absolutely juvenile in their enthusiasms. George Blanda, the quarterback and place kicker, was 48 when he played his last game in the National Football League. "Hell, I didn't retire even then," Blanda said. "*They* retired *me*. I enjoyed it. I always enjoyed it. Proving myself week after week. Ego-building week after week. Who wouldn't enjoy all that?

"If you have the right conditioning and you keep the right attitude, the air smells cleaner, the food tastes better and your wife looks like Elke Sommer."

•

Across the past decade, big-time sport has become an explosive growth industry. That's fine for many investors and some of the athletes, but growth industry is no buzz phrase for fun. It suggests hard-knuckled grabs for every dollar anywhere in the country.

Newspaper reporters have concentrated on the new high salaries paid to athletes. It doesn't seem that important an issue to me. Ballplayers are entertainers, television performers. At last, Reggie Jackson and Bill Walton are being paid on the same sort of scale as Farrah Fawcett. That doesn't mean, as some journalists suggest, that the rich athletes will become complacent. (Was there ever a *less* complacent team than the rich and magnificent New York Yankees?) It does mean that the athletes work longer and harder and so may wear out sooner.

A generation ago, major-league baseball extended only from St. Louis to Boston. The professional hockey season was half the present schedule. Pro football was a secondary sport. The sporting life, the sporting pace was leisurely and more conducive to longevity than today's Sunday-afternoon and Monday-night fever.

I was fortunate enough to begin covering sports before the disappearance of the American train. Going from New York to St. Louis was a 24-hour hegira. You traveled in a private car and you ate in a private diner and a drink was never farther away than a porter's call button. Moving at double-digit speeds, trains gave your body a chance to adjust as you crossed time zones.

"But jet travel now is part of the package," said Lou Brock, a major-league outfielder since 1961 and the man who broke Ty Cobb's record for stolen bases. "Mentally, it doesn't make sense to eliminate or separate different aspects of a ballplayer's life. If you want the cheers and the fame and the money and the victories, you've got to accept the two-A.M. jet rides. They go together."

I first traveled a sports circuit in high excitement. I had never seen the Golden Triangle in Pittsburgh or the lake shore north of Milwaukee, or the drained malarial swamps around Houston, for that matter. Like the young men in the old stories, I ached for travel. Then, very quickly, sports travel—as distinct from a pleasure trip to Cozumel—became a minihell.

You had to be in St. Louis on four simmering July days because the team you covered was playing four games there. Often that was the week when a Chicago blonde called and said, "Please

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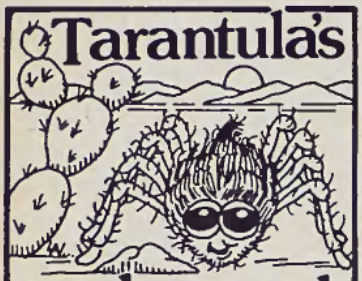

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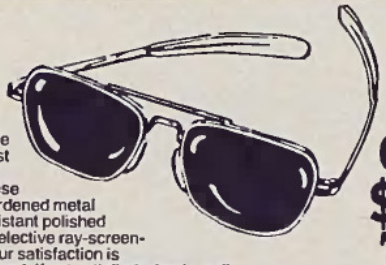

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Don Ricci had always been shy with girls. That's probably why he spent so many lonely nights home alone.

Don is still shy with girls — but that doesn't matter anymore. Now he's meeting enough beautiful girls (in spite of his shyness) to keep him happy for a long, long time to come.

For example — in just one week out of last month, Don met six girls. Out of the six, he ended up dating five. And out of those five, he ended up sleeping with three. (Pretty darn good for a man who's half scared to death of girls!)

Sound crazy?

Maybe so. But give us half a chance, and we'll show you how to do the same. Give us half a chance, and we'll show you how to meet enough beautiful girls to last you a lifetime.

What's more — we're so sure that you *will* meet girls our Shy Man's Way that we're going to give you a rather "daredevil" type of guarantee.

And here it is:

Try out our material for a full year. That will give you plenty of chance to decide whether or not it's worth the $9.95 we're going to ask you to send us.

Then, if you haven't met enough girls to last you the rest of your normal lifetime, return the material. We'll send you back the $9.95 you paid for our material — *plus* — we'll send along an additional five dollars *out of our own pocket*.

Why would we do such a thing?

Because we know that our Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls works. But you don't. So if we have to go out on a limb to prove it to you ... so let it be.

Okay — now we're going to let you in on a few personal facts about our friend Don. He doesn't like to brag, so we're going to do it for him. It's necessary — to prove that sending for our material is the smartest move you ever made.

Don meets between eight and fifteen girls a month. (The only time he doesn't is when he chooses not to — for whatever reason.)

On the average — he ends up sleeping with three new girls a month (every month).

In a six month period, nine different girls asked him to marry them. (He turned them all down. He claims he'd be an idiot to get married now.)

He's always getting presents from girls. Shirts, sweaters, home-made food. (He refuses most of them).

He never has to worry about seducing girls. If one doesn't want to sleep with him, he simply moves on to another. There's always plenty to choose from.

And we'll show you *exactly* how he does it — the Shy Man's Way.

It doesn't require "good looks." Don looks like any other average guy.

It doesn't require a "good personality." Being bashful or feeling uneasy with girls means absolutely nothing when you use our material.

It doesn't require "money." Our material works just as good for the poor as it does for the rich.

It doesn't require "youth." We personally know a 55 year old gentleman who's getting all the girls he wants ... doing only what we taught him.

What *does* it require?

Desire. Enough to take a chance. Enough to go ahead and send for our material. Enough to put our principles into *action* once you receive them.

If you do just that much — no more, no less — the results *will* be hard to believe.

Remember — we guarantee it.

Remember also — that you may not lose your shyness. But you may soon be meeting so many beautiful girls *in spite of it* that it won't matter the least bit anymore.

We gave Don a little wooden sign to hang in his apartment. It reads: "Most men are too busy trying to pick up girls to meet any."

Don't take as long as he did to find out what it means.

The Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls is — by far — also the *easiest* way. And we'll prove it to you, if you'll just send in the coupon now.

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"Oh, that's Abigail. She's one of our more militant sisters."

Sometimes the guys who get hit the hardest aren't even in the game.

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It can get pretty rough up there in the grandstands. Every year spectators are clobbered by hot dogs, peanuts, popcorn, candy and beer. And when 15,000 fans begin to roar, many are hit with pounding headaches.

That's when you call time out for Alka-Seltzer. Because the plop plop, fizz fizz is the sound of fast relief.

Alka-Seltzer is loaded with antacids that instantly break up acid indigestion and bring soothing relief to your upset stomach. Even after a couple of those footlong hot dogs.

And Alka-Seltzer rushes relief to your aching head with a fast-acting analgesic.

It isn't often sports fans see that kind of fast action, so here's our instant replay: Plop plop, fizz fizz. Oh, what a relief it is.

Read and follow label directions.

Plop plop, fizz fizz. Oh, what a relief it is!® Fast, fast, fast.

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visit." You had to be in Philadelphia when the team was there, or Boston, or Cincinnati. Human nature being what it is, sports travel came down to a matter of always going to the wrong place at the wrong time with the wrong companions.

"I don't look at travel like that," said Brock. "Not like that at all. To me, travel is still exciting. When I think of travel, I ask myself, How else can I get to my opponent? Get to where he is and whip him?"

Various athletes play tactical games with time. Phil Esposito, the hockey forward, keeps his weight 12 pounds lower than it was a decade ago. Tony Perez, the first baseman, says that at 36 he is far better at anticipating pitches than he was when younger. If you guess low slider and the pitcher throws a low slider, you stay in business. "You can sometimes beat the younger guys with your head," said Dave Bing, the basketball player, who decided to retire last August, when he was 35. "You figure their weaknesses and you play into them. But in the end. . . ."

Merlin Olsen, the Mighty Mormon who played on the line for the Los Angeles Rams across 15 seasons, believes that athletes who endure are able to anticipate danger. "It's a kind of sense you have," Olsen said. "Don't push yourself harder this time. Don't extend with everything you've got just now. There's danger out there."

I remembered the kindly horses in all those terrible Western movies. The animals always knew that a bridge was out or that a landslide would be gathering its roaring strength or that 29 feet to the left, under a clump of gray-green sage, a sidewinder coiled.

"Good movie stuff, Merlin," I said. "Friends of mine have paid rent bills writing sixth-sense themes. But practically. . . ."

"Practically," Olsen said, "I played in the pits on a pro-football line for a long time: Consider all that tonnage and the carnage. But I was never seriously hurt."

•

I have before me 27 pages of single-spaced comments from professional athletes, but curiously, or not so curiously, I keep turning back to Lou Brock. "When I think of travel, I ask myself, How else can I get to my opponent? Get to where he is and whip him?"

Major sport is American trauma. Crumpled knees drive halfbacks into early retirement; pitchers' arms go dead; hockey players slammed to the ice twist in convulsion. Before this onslaught, both the body and the psyche tremble.

The complete athlete measures pain against glory, risk against profit. He considers what is left of his body and then, I believe, he subconsciously decides whether or not he wants to go on. In the end, the difference between Carl Yastrzemski, a star at 39, and Mickey Mantle, an assistant batting coach at that age, is that Yaz wanted it more.

A temptation is to conclude with too much certitude on so-called qualitative distinctions among the experiences of various athletes aging into other men's prime time. Is Tony Perez, who grew up in the balmy poverty of Cuba, markedly afraid hard times will come now in the North? He says not. Is Gordie Howe, who still works hockey at the age of 50, clutching to the withered stump of his boyhood? Hell, no, Howe says. His wrists hurt and his legs are gone, but he loves playing pro hockey on the same team as his sons.

This temptation to conclude too much persists. To me it is rather like the saucy little tennis player was to the veteran pitcher. The object looks so damned attainable; then, in a blink of too-bright eyes, it is gone.

My journalistic interviews are not excursions into therapy. You ask. The athlete answers. You press a little. He tries to be honest. You press harder. He thinks of his image. He also tries to be *macho*. He tries to keep his dignity. You ask some more. You think. And you move on.

So I fight temptations glibly to write about predictable crises, self-flagellation or variable testosterone levels. If I can hear and share a little of the bar of music that is another man, I have my accomplishment.

The best and bravest and most competitive athlete I knew was Jackie Robinson. Breaking the major-league color line in 1947, he played with teammates who called him nigger. Rivals from at least four teams tried to spike him. The best I can say for the press is that it was belligerently neutral.

What Jack did—his genius and his glory—was to make obstacles work for him. Call him nigger and he'd get mad. Mad, he'd crush you. Misquote him out of laziness or malice and he'd take his disgust out on rival pitchers, as though they were the boozy press. Bar him from the dining room of your hotel in Cincinnati at lunch, he'd dominate your ball park in Cincinnati after dinner.

It was a cruel, demanding way to have to live. His career burned out in a decade and his life ended when he was 53. "This man," the Reverend Jesse Jackson intoned from the funeral pulpit, "turned a stumbling block into a steppingstone."

That is the fundamental. Something of what Faulkner meant in his famous speech at Stockholm. It is not sufficient to endure, he said. Man must prevail.

Only a few extraordinary athletes—Stan Musial and Joe DiMaggio—are able to prevail in retirement. Their glory intact, they move from the ball park to other arenas, still special heroes. Some, like Jack Dempsey and Casey Stengel, even achieve Olympian old age. All these men learned how to transform obstacles into steppingstones.

"Did Robinson know he was dying?" my friend Carl Erskine, once a Dodger pitching star, asked after the funeral.

"I think maybe he did."

"How did he bear up?"

"It was amazing. He was getting blinder and lamer every day, and working harder and harder for decent housing for blacks."

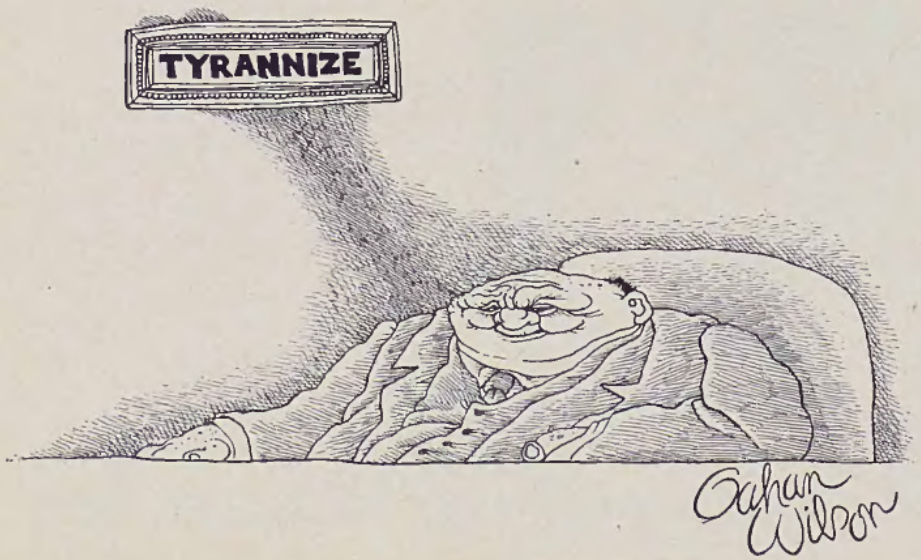
"He was a hero," Erskine said.

"Apart from baseball," I said.

"But don't you think," Erskine said, "that disciplining himself the way he had to, and mastering self-control and commanding a sense of purpose—don't you think the things he had to do to keep making it in baseball taught him how to behave in the last battle?"

Before that moment, I had a distaste for people who saw sports as a metaphor for life. Where I grew up, life was less trivial than a ball game.

"I never thought of that till now," I said, still learning.



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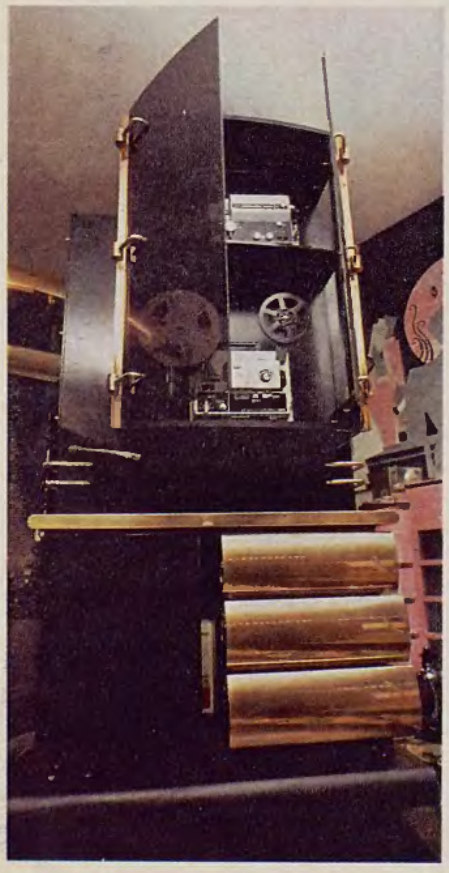
Above, left to right: This striped band reverses to solid blue, by Trafalgar, $1.50. Next, a ribbed style, $1.25, and a checkered one, also $1.25, both by Neet. More stripes, this time by Mormac, $1.50, reverse to red/black. At center: A superthin 14-kt.-gold quartz watch, by Concord, about $780, is on a Neet band, $1.25. Another Trafalgar band, $1.50, reverses to narrow stripes. It's next to a ribbed one, by Neet, $1.25. The red/black one, by Mormac, $1.50, reverses to thin stripes. And the last striped one, by Neet, $1.25, reverses to a solid light brown.

MAGIC ACT

Illusion is basic to the multiple-use furniture designed by professional magician and master carpenter Dakota Jackson. Having once constructed his own intricate stage props, Jackson now heads a Manhattan company staffed by craftsmen to whom he has taught some of the tricks of his former trade. Whether he's working on an elm writing desk that can be magically transformed into a dressing table or the glass, copper and lacquer audio-visual complex pictured below, there's always more to Jackson's creations than first meets the eye. But, unlike other top magicians, he's willing to reveal his designing secrets.

Below and right: Designer Dakota Jackson's most ambitious project is this 7½' x 12' free-standing audio-visual complex with dark-glass doors that open at a touch to reveal space for whatever electronic goodies the owner wishes to house, including hi-fi gear, a television, a minicomputer for coding sound levels, lighting, etc., and movie and slide projectors. The unit's $30,000 price doesn't include the gear pictured here.



TOHRU NAKAMURA

Left: This satellite section is a soundproof rolling projection booth that's capable of housing up to four projectors (an umbilical cord links the booth with the console's central control unit). The copper-fronted drawers are for storing a collection of films and slides.

Right: At the center of Jackson's creation, there's room for two turntables, which mysteriously rise into view for playing—and disappear just as quickly by your touching them. LPs for the turntables are conveniently stored in the lower-right cabinet behind padded leather doors.

WEATHERING HEIGHTS

One would think it was enough to get up, shower, shave, make sure your socks were of the same general design and color, and you'd be set for the day. But, nooooo. You can faithfully perform all those little rituals and still walk outside smack into a downpour. Here are six items to make life easier. They're weather radios and what they do, in response to your turning them on, is to hone in on one of the three National Weather Service wave lengths, which, in turn, gives you an instant forecast for your area. The forecasts are repeated, giving you time to fully understand them, until you turn the device off. Each of these weather watchers does its job very well, and if you have one, there is no excuse to be barometrically uninformed.

RICHARD IZUI

1. The solid-state Weather Monitor features a sound warning alarm that is activated by a weather alert, even when the set is turned off, by Midland International, $49.95. **2.** The Bearcat Alert switches to battery power automatically if there is a power failure. It also has a flashing weather-alert signal, by Electra Co., $79.95. **3.** The Storm Alarm enables you to switch to all three weather channels. It has both sound and light warning systems, by Weatheralert, $59.95. **4.** The compact Forecaster operates on a nine-volt battery, from Weatheralert, $24.95. **5.** The Weather Reporter works on four penlight batteries, from Lafayette, $24.95. **6.** Weather Alarm Monitoradio turns itself on during an alert, by Regency Electronics, $49.95.

PATERSON/LIAISON

There Is Nothing Like a Dame

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN looks deucedly surprised by the news that Queen Elizabeth has appointed her an Officer of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire. We're not surprised, though. Dame Olivia had a socko movie debut in *Grease*, cut a chart-breaking duet called *You're the One That I Want* with some guy named Travolta and gave the royalties from a new song to UNICEF. Good show, Olivia!

She Ain't Heavy, She's My Mother

Behind every great man or on his lap is his mother. Our proof? Producer ROBERT STIGWOOD out for a night on the town with his mom. Stigwood has had a couple of years in the movie and record businesses that would make anyone proud, what with *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease*. We won't talk about *Sgt. Pepper*, sonny.

MADDY MILLER/LYNN GOLDSMITH INC.

CRAIG HARMON © 1978

Shake Your Booty

Superstar Needs Help Dept.: BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN and his E Street Band made an extraordinary comeback after the legal hassles of last year, but there are times when even a dynamic performer such as Springsteen can use some assistance. Which, we suppose, explains the strippers.

I Did It My Way

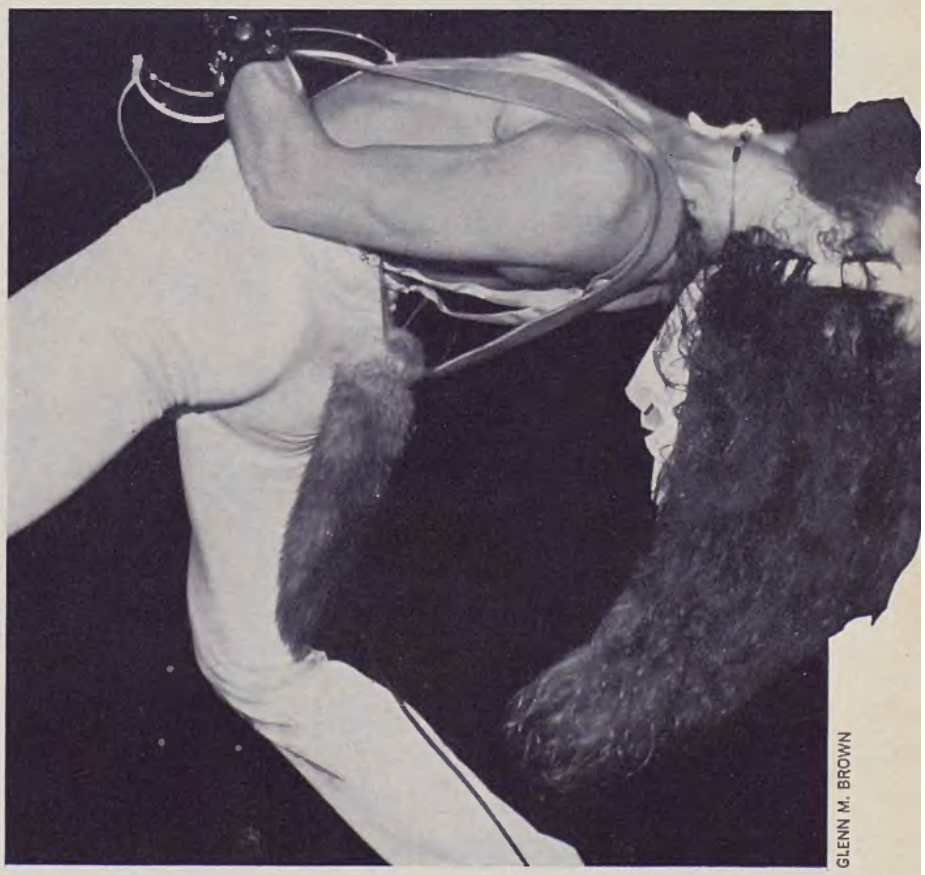
SYLVESTER STALLONE has been in trouble ever since *Rocky*—trouble at home, trouble on movie sets, trouble with reviewers. And now, with this photo, we're predicting more trouble in his old Hell's Kitchen neighborhood. Those guys never even *heard* of Regine's disco and the only fur coats seen around there are worn by cats and dogs.

PATERSON / LIAISON

Meat Loafing

A real heavy of Seventies rock 'n' roll, MEAT LOAF—a.k.a. Mr. Loaf by the starchier critics—presses the scales at 300 and the record charts in the hot 100. Now we know what's meant by a one-man band.

GLENN M. BROWN



GLENN M. BROWN

The Emperor's Clothes

TED NUGENT placed fifth in our Music Poll Pop/Rock guitar category last month, and now there's a pinball machine based on an illustration of him that appeared in *Oui* magazine. So what with one thing and another, busy Ted just hasn't had time to drop in on his tailor; but with all the recent publicity, who needs clothes, anyway?

What Has Eight Wheels and Boogies?

When Linda ("Heart like a Wheel") Ronstadt donned roller skates for the cover of her latest album, the course of history was changed—into the shape of a roller rink. The "sport of kids" is sexy—just take a glance at the street people of Venice, California. Celebrities tend to do it in the dark at roller discos. Shown here are Jean Stapleton, Penny Marshall, Lily Tomlin, Tanya Tucker, Ben Vereen and Pam Dawber, alias Mindy.

FLY THE FRIENDLY SKIES

When Japan Air Lines introduced in-flight sleeping compartments, officials were caught napping in the ensuing ruckus. First, female cabin attendants fumed when male passengers demanded sleeping partners. Then male attendants were incensed when female sleepers asked for back rubs. Male and female attendants staged a walkout. Now the strike is settled and the sleepers are back, with the stipulation that they are for sleeping only. JAL offers five beds, partitioned by thick vinyl curtains, to first-class customers for an additional fee. The 11-hour flight from Los Angeles to Tokyo will run you an extra $120 in the sleeper. If your budget can take it, adjacent sleepers are available. Of course, the wily traveler might reserve one and ask a friend in to look at his airline emergency instructions.

GARRICK MADISON

A convenience on the trail: Early Winters, Ltd. (110 Prefontaine South, Seattle, Washington 98104), presents the zipless whiz—its Velcro-seamed QP Shorts ($19.95). They're the best thing since jerky.

WE CAN'T BELIEVE THIS

The Third International Congress of Medical Sexology recently convened in Rome. James D. Weinrich, a sex researcher at Harvard, delivered a report that related sexual preference to I.Q. His conclusion: Homosexuals tend to have higher I.Q.s than heterosexuals. Obviously, he has never listened to the Village People.

THEY WORK WHERE OTHERS PLAY

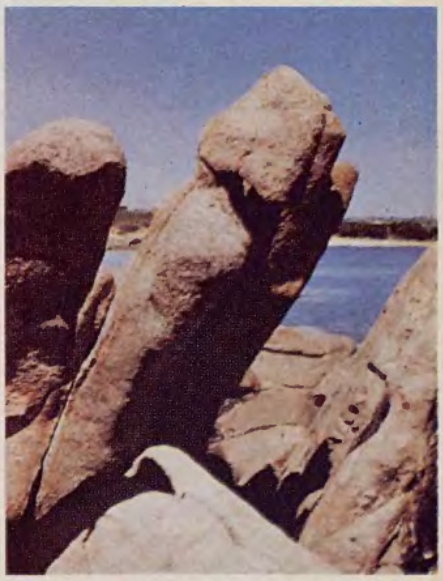
Here are a few more tidbits that we garnered from the sexology conference in Rome. Patricia Gillan, a London psychologist, discovered that stimulating the clitoris with a vibrator causes sustained reflex contraction of the muscles around the vagina, a reaction not described in previous research. The contraction, in effect, makes the vaginal entrance tighter for penetration. Another vote for technology. Meanwhile, the home-team sex researchers were far from silent. R. Davis and G. Fabris, authors of *The Sexual Life Cycles in a Catholic, Male-Supremacist Society: The Case of Italy*, found that the famed Italian *macho* male actually begins regular sexual activity after the female. But female sexual activity nose-dives by the age of 35. Fifty percent of Italian females have no sex after menopause. Men, having access to prostitutes and younger women, remain sexually active much longer. That's *amore*.

THE NO-THRILL PILL

Researchers at Wesleyan University in Connecticut have discovered a new side effect of oral contraceptives—diminished sex drive at mid-menstrual cycle. Lower mammals increase sexual receptivity at mid-cycle, the period of ovulation. Researchers wanted to see if the same held true for humans and whether or not hormone changes produced by the pill would alter the situation. In the study, 35 women between the ages of 21 and 37 kept diaries in which they recorded actual sexual encounters, masturbation and arousal due to visual stimulation. Female-initiated sex peaked during mid-cycle for women using I.U.D.s or diaphragms and for those whose partners used condoms or had vasectomies. Pill users suffered a decrease in masturbation and female-initiated sex at mid-cycle. In other words, while the pill user might say yes at mid-cycle, she's less likely to say please.

RICHARD KLEIN

Last year, a Chicago North Sider made headlines with a novel business venture: a seminude car wash. We wondered if they did motorcycles. Alas, police closed the place before we were able to find out.



Our grab bag of photos from readers dedicated to upgrading "Sex News" included this tasty snap of a Nova Scotia fast-food joint and a nature study sharp-focused on a rock formation in Western Australia. Does it all give you wanderlust? Keep those shutters clicking.

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"A BAY CHANGE"—ON A VISIT TO FIRE ISLAND, A MAN FINDS HIMSELF THE PAWN OF LESBIAN LOVERS. A TALE WITH AN ODD TWIST—BY **ELLIOTT ARNOLD**

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"ME AND THE LEADERSHIP CRISIS"—CONCERNED ABOUT THE LACK OF SKILLED GUIDANCE IN SOCIETY? FORGET IT. IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS, GENERALS SCREW UP A LOT. YOU CAN DEPEND ON ONLY YOURSELF—BY **JOHN SACK**

"TWISTER!"—OUR FAVORITE OKIE CORRESPONDENT RELATES THE JOYS AND THE TERRORS OF TRYING TO STAY ALIVE IN THE TORNADO BELT—BY **JAY CRONLEY**

"A RIGHT TURN TO TURBOS"—WHAT'S ONE ANSWER TO THE DILEMMA OF ECONOMY *VS.* PERFORMANCE ON THE ROAD? TURBOCHARGERS—BY **BROCK YATES**

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"DANCE-HALL GIRLS"—RETURN WITH US IN PICTORIAL FANTASY TO THOSE GLORIOUS DAYS OF YESTERYEAR, WHEN MEN WERE MEN AND WOMEN WORE FANCY GARTERS

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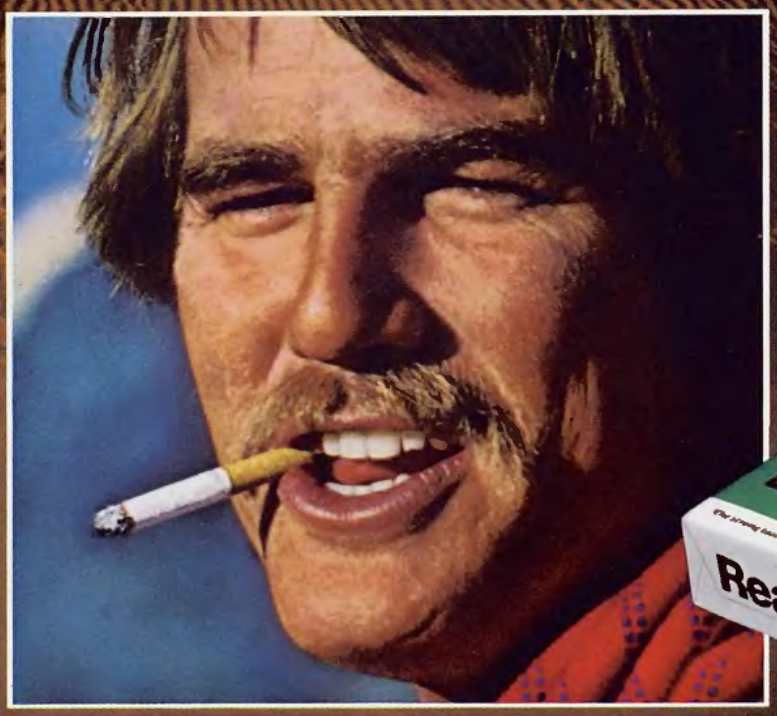

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