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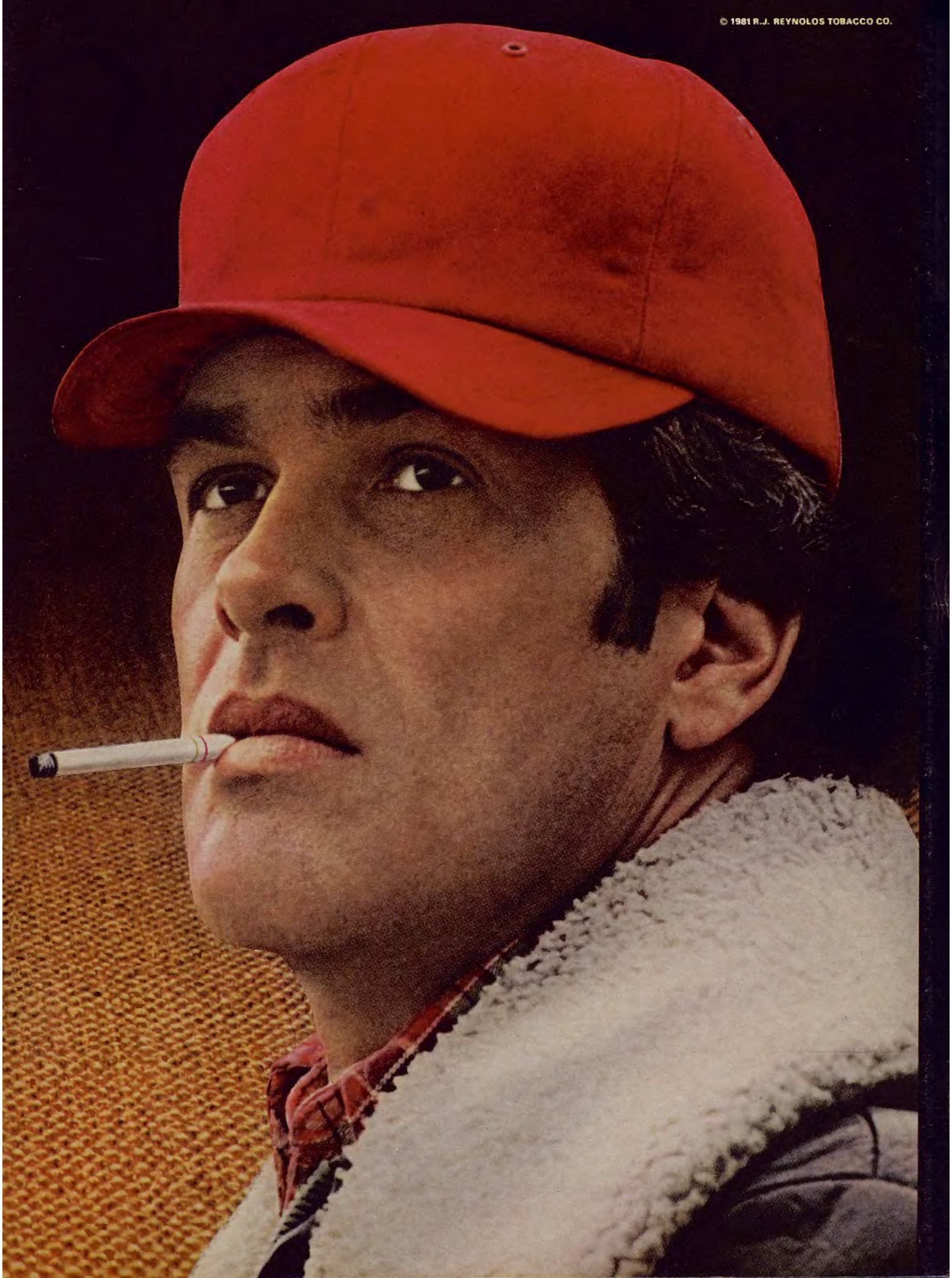

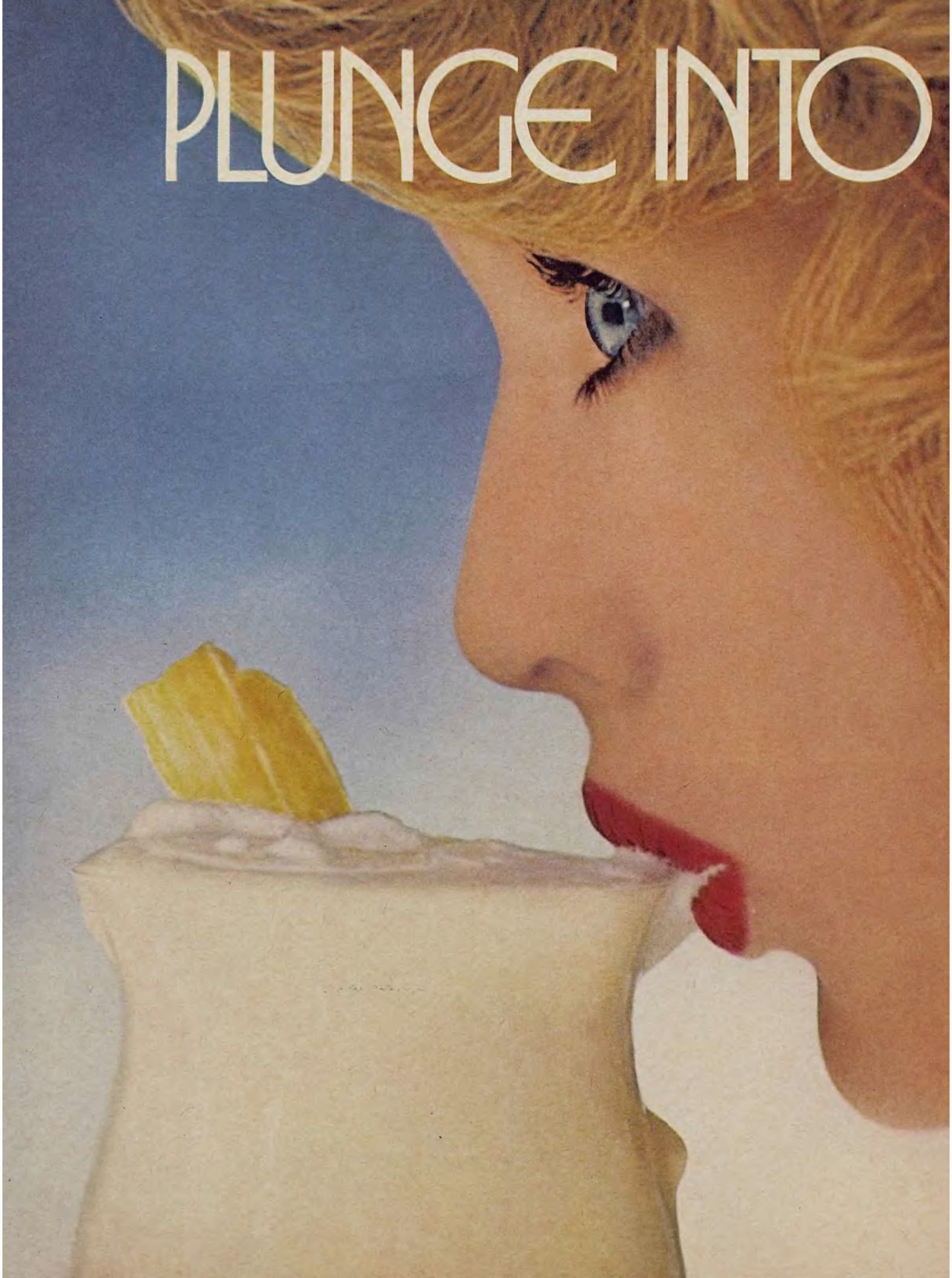
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PLAYBILL

LAST YEAR about this time, Santa Fe, New Mexico's quiet image as the artsy-craftsy capital of the Southwest went up in flames. Inmates of the New Mexico State Penitentiary had flown into a two-day rampage leaving 33 prisoners dead. **Roger Morris,** former White House staffer and a New Mexico resident, started looking for the story behind the bedlam and untangled the web of forces that produced the most savage prison riot in U.S. history. His article, *Thirty-Six Hours at Santa Fe,* is a terrifying look at brutality and a shocking indictment of U. S. prisons. We've got more behind-the-scenes reporting in *How to Buy Life Insurance and Get Out of It Alive* (illustrated by **James Higa**), by nationally syndicated columnist **John Dorfman.** It's probably the best life-insurance story since *Double Indemnity,* but that was fiction and this is fact and it may save you from the pitfalls of this particular policy decision. And if you need any more protection, talk with our March interviewee, **James Garner,** also known as Bret Maverick, Jim Rockford and everyone's favorite Polaroid pitchman (with an affectionate nod to Mariette Hartley). Garner's interviewer, **Lawrence Linderman,** who previously talked with Burt Reynolds and Sylvester Stallone for us, now ranks as an expert on Hollywood he-men. We know some women who would stroll through the LaBrea tar pits with their shoes off to get just five minutes alone with Linderman's address book.

Artist and satirist **Derek Pell** focused on turning off for *The Joy of Celibacy,* a punchy send-up of that current crop of talk-show propagandists who claim there's no sex like no sex. If the procelibacy movement sounds like a hustle, check out *Hot Shots: The Country's Top Pool Players Show You Their Tricks,* by **Robert Byrne,** who, as author of *Byrne's Standard Book of Pool and Billiards,* knows how to hustle. Some people think the fourth estate is pulling off a pretty good hustle, too, as the news biz looks more like showbiz with each passing day. Associate New York Editor **Susan Margolis-Winter** collected last year's boffo flaps and flops in print and TV for a zany but true package called *Media Madness 1980,* designed by Associate Art Director **Bob Post** and illustrated by **Doug Taylor.** So much for the news—here's the weather. Looks like rain, so turn to *City Slickers* (photographed by **Steve Ewert**). For a chill, just read *The French Lesson,* new fiction from Contributing Editor **Asa Baber,** whose tale of U. S.-French interaction in Vientiane will provide an insight into the vocabulary of intrigue that you won't get from Berlitz. Your French may fade, but you'll never forget Scotch after reading **Emanuel Greenberg**'s *Liquor of the Lairds* (photographed by **Marie Cosindas**).

We're proud to introduce our leggy blonde March Playmate, **Kymberly Herrin,** a flute player from Santa Barbara. *My Sister, My Self,* in text and photos featuring some very special sisters, provides the latest word on the old nature-*vs.*-nurture argument: Why do they act alike? Canadian models' agent **Jo Penney** has sent several of her clients to us. Jo's charms were not lost on Photo Director **Gary Cole,** so he popped the question. Would she pose for us? You bet. By the way, the text portions of these three pictorials were all written by Associate Editor **Walter L. Lowe,** who certainly knows how to pick his assignments. But just in case you think Lowe does nothing but talk with beautiful women all day, take a look at *Playboy in the News,* in which he short-circuits a strange current of thought by **William F. Buckley, Jr.** As you can see, there's plenty to ponder this month, plus everything you need to know about humidors, darts, auto leasing, wrist watches, jump suits and sex (at least until next month). But if you have any questions, don't send them to Lowe—he's away on R&R. And now, as rock-'n'-roller Bob Seger would say, turn the page.

MORRIS

DORFMAN

HIGA

LINDERMAN

PELL

BYRNE

POST

MARGOLIS-WINTER

TAYLOR

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COVER STORY

Recognize this dazzling smile? You may remember the Barnstable twins from their Doublemint commercials. If you really want to double your pleasure, turn to *My Sister, My Self* (page 146), showcasing a bevy of sensational siblings. If this is a double standard, we're all for it. Executive Art Director Tom Staebler designed and shot the cover featuring Parviz Sadighian's bipartite Rabbit sculpture.

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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

FEMLIN: A WOMAN IN HER PRIME

Baseball great Rusty Staub, beside actress/model Debra March, catches LeRoy Neiman painting the famous gloves of his 25-year-old creation at the Femlin's 25th-birthday party at New York's Magique disco.

BARELY DRESSING FOR SUCCESS

Robin Young looks like the prize in this shot, but really, *her* prize was a United Artists screen test at Playboy Mansion West. Winner of a contest sponsored by Playboy and United Artists, Robin was promptly cast in the upcoming James Bond film *For Your Eyes Only*, starring Roger Moore.

SARAH SIGNS UP FOR SOME KIDS' SAKE

Sarah Purcell signs a REAL PEOPLE T-shirt at Playboy Mansion West during the annual Rainbow/Amie Karen Cancer Fund benefit. A record sum was raised by showbiz volunteers, including Rich Little and Henry Winkler.

DRESSING TO EXCESS

You can dress them up, but can you take them out? Above, eye-patched John DeCarlo jollies Aladdin, a.k.a. Gabe Kaplan, at Hef's latest Mansion West Halloween party. The couple below presented an unabridged remake of Gary Cooper's *The Cowboy and the Lady* at the same party.

TWO POPCORNS AND A PEPSI, PLEASE

Former Monogram Pictures stars Huntz Hall of the Bowery Boys and Anne Jeffreys help Hef dedicate the newly named Hugh M. Hefner Little Theater, the oldest screening room in Hollywood. Hefner funded its restoration after the ornate room was discovered beneath old wallboard on Monogram's former lot, which is presently the home of Los Angeles' public-TV station KCET.

PLAYMATE UPDATE: MARTHA MAKES *VANITIES* A HOT TICKET

Martha Smith, who decorated our gatefold in July of 1973 (above), peps up the opening scene of *Vanities*, which she also produced at the Beverly Hills Theater (she's in the center at left). Someone must have realized that Martha played a cheerleader in the film *Animal House*.

TWO FOR THE ROAD: CANDY AND MONIQUE

At left, world Grand Prix racing champion Alan Jones, beside December 1979 Playmate Candace Collins, holds his U. S. Grand Prix trophy high after his victory at Watkins Glen in New York. The 1979 Playmate of the Year, Monique St. Pierre, right, is suited up to drive in the pro-celebrity race, also on the Watkins Glen schedule.

ART FOR ARTHUR'S SAKE

At a Lubin House Gallery, New York, exhibit of PLAYBOY art, sponsored by Syracuse University and PLAYBOY, Art Director Arthur Paul spots Clarice Rivers, model for the sculpture in the foreground.

JUST LET ME WHISPER IN YOUR EAR, HONEY

Amy Lou, a gray beluga whale, shares a secret with Manhattan Bunny Jennifer, below, at the New York Aquarium at Coney Island. Jennifer and other New York Bunnies later played volleyball to benefit the Save the Whale Fund.

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GREAT SCOTT?

The December *Playboy Interview* with George C. Scott is the first feature I have had the pleasure of reading in your magazine. I especially like his straight-from-the-shoulder comment on his disapproval of the people who took off for Canada during the Vietnam war and then had the guts to want to come home after the shooting had stopped.

Paul S. Fulkerson
San Francisco, California

For starters, Scott's Stone Age remarks about Iran and warfare are asinine. I'm thankful that he wasn't the actor elected President last year. I hope he read the article by Dick Gregory in the same issue, but I doubt that it would have had any effect. As far as his remarks about acting and actors, after putting down *all* awards, he accepted an Emmy after turning down an Oscar. In my book, that's hypocritical. As far as I'm concerned, Scott's reputation as a hell-raiser greatly exceeds his talent as an actor. One cheer, at best, for the not-so-great Scott!

Tom Pevarnik
Youngstown, Pennsylvania

After reading George C. Scott's interview in the December issue, I'm thrilled to find a man with guts to say what he thinks is right. As a Viet vet, I can identify with his stand on the war. We shouldn't have been there in the first place, but we were and we should have given it our best shot. When I was there, I felt I was being used. Our leaders, hah, hah, weren't trying to win. No one ever told us we had a plan or a strategy. Our most common ploy was to search and destroy. What a laugh. We would fly around with a load of grunts who were scared stiff. The Hueys would fly low and try to draw fire. If they did, we would land the grunts, who didn't know where they were or what they were up against, but they did their best. It was crazy. The guy who thought that one up is sitting on Madison Avenue, thinking up new tampon commercials. The whole thing was like sending a pro-football team into a game with no plays.

Mark Reeb
Springfield, Ohio

It was refreshing to find out that Scott is a funny, lost and somewhat intelligent human being—just like most of us who are wondering what the hell life is all about. The interview has a rare atmosphere about it: I felt as though tough old George were sitting across the table from me, sipping some brew and laughing it up; and I attribute that to your excellent interviewer, Lawrence Grobel, and to Scott's intuitive remarks on life and the nature of man.

Neil C. Garrison, M.D.
South Pasadena, California

GREGORY IN IRAN

Dick Gregory's article *Inside Khomeini's Iran* (PLAYBOY, December) should be required reading for every thoughtful concerned American on the volatile situation existing in Iran. It illuminates many of the ambiguous aspects of the hostage crisis as presented in the American press. It's impossible after reading Gregory's article not to look deeper into the crisis and its ramifications. Many thanks to your thoughtful magazine for publishing such a relevant, timely and much-needed article on the Iranian crisis.

Teddy Ramsey
New York, New York

If, as Dick Gregory claims, martyrdom is so sacred to Iranians that it is more to be desired than the Nobel Peace Prize, perhaps he can explain why tens of thousands of military-age Iranian students are sitting tight in the United States while their country is engaged in what their Ayatollah declares is a "holy

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war." Could it be that martyrdom is easier to risk when hundreds or thousands of Iranians are attacking an embassy building protected by 10 or 20 Marine guards than it is against a well-equipped invading Iraqi army?

Jim Thomas
Paynesville, Minnesota

BATTEN DOWN THE HUTCHES

Not all midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy are dull, straight-edged and moralistic. Some of them enjoy having a good time every once in a

while. This PLAYBOY Rabbit was painted on the Naval Academy field house by a group of enterprising mids in the spring of 1980.

Casey, Kelly and Sergeant Troy
Annapolis, Maryland

SALINGER SALLY

Funny, after all this time, I had thought that Holden Caulfield (*Holden Caulfield at Middle Age*, PLAYBOY, December) had grown up to be the one and only Hunter Thompson! Thank you so much, David Standish, for springing Holden out of the mental wards and bringing him back into our hearts, the ol' sport! Salinger should be proud!

Juli Eddings
Amarillo, Texas

A close-up of Holden Caulfield a long generation later is an intriguing idea, penned with uncanny skill. The world has darkened and hardened since he was 16, and so has Holden. How could he not? You don't want to hear about it. But I was glad to. Right on, Standish!

Walter Havighurst
Oxford, Ohio

CAMPANA UNMASKED

Your answer concerning the use of the hallucinogenic campana in Puerto Rico (*The Playboy Advisor*, November) has been brought to my attention. The plant in question is not *Ipomoea triloba*, as you suggest, but *Datura suaveolens*, a close relative of Jimson weed. Its major components are tropane alkaloids such as scopolamine, hyoscyamine and atropine. Those compounds are toxic and hallucinogenic; thus, the use of datura is best considered a dangerous practice. In some individuals, permanent psychosis may occur, while in very sensitive individuals, pulmonary edema may result. I would suggest that you warn your readers about the dangers of campana and other members of the nightshade family.

José L. Vivaldi, Ph.D., Director
Coordination Office
Scientific Research Area
Department of Natural Resources
San Juan, Puerto Rico

Thanks for the word to the wise. The "Advisor's" advice still holds true: "Wear the flower in your lapel, not in your frontal lobe."

LEAPIN' LIZARDS

As a horseshoer and mule packer, I have to admit that I get a big kick out of all your *macho* boot ads. But the Nocona ad (PLAYBOY, December, page 70), in which some yahoo is going after a Gila monster with a barbed-wire-fencing tool, is a little too much to stomach. Gila monsters are an endangered species and deserve a little more consideration from PLAYBOY. I personally would like to use a barbed-wire-fencing tool to perform a vasectomy on the jackass who dreamed up that ad.

Dave Foreman
Glenwood, New Mexico

Hold on, Dave. Those Nocona boot ads, superbly illustrated by Alex Ebel, are some of our personal favorites. Besides, we'd bet if that lizard had a toe hold on your shiny new boots, you'd endanger it yourself.

SHE VANTS TO BE ALONE

Let me be the first to lay claim to stealthy number 34 (*Playboy Puzzle*, December), whose superb hide-and-seek tactics allowed her to elude even your sharp-eyed Mansion staff, not to mention

the editors of the puzzle page. When apprehended, perhaps she might try her disappearing act between my sheets.

Alan Sadowsky
St. Paul, Minnesota

Number 34 is all yours, Alan. But we doubt that you'll be very happy with a girl that shy.

MUZZLING MIDLER

I wish your movie reviewer (*Playboy After Hours*, December) hadn't made the unqualified statement that Bette Midler uncensored is too hot for the home screen. Her entire uncensored show has been seen on my home screen via cable TV and no one watching it had apoplexy,

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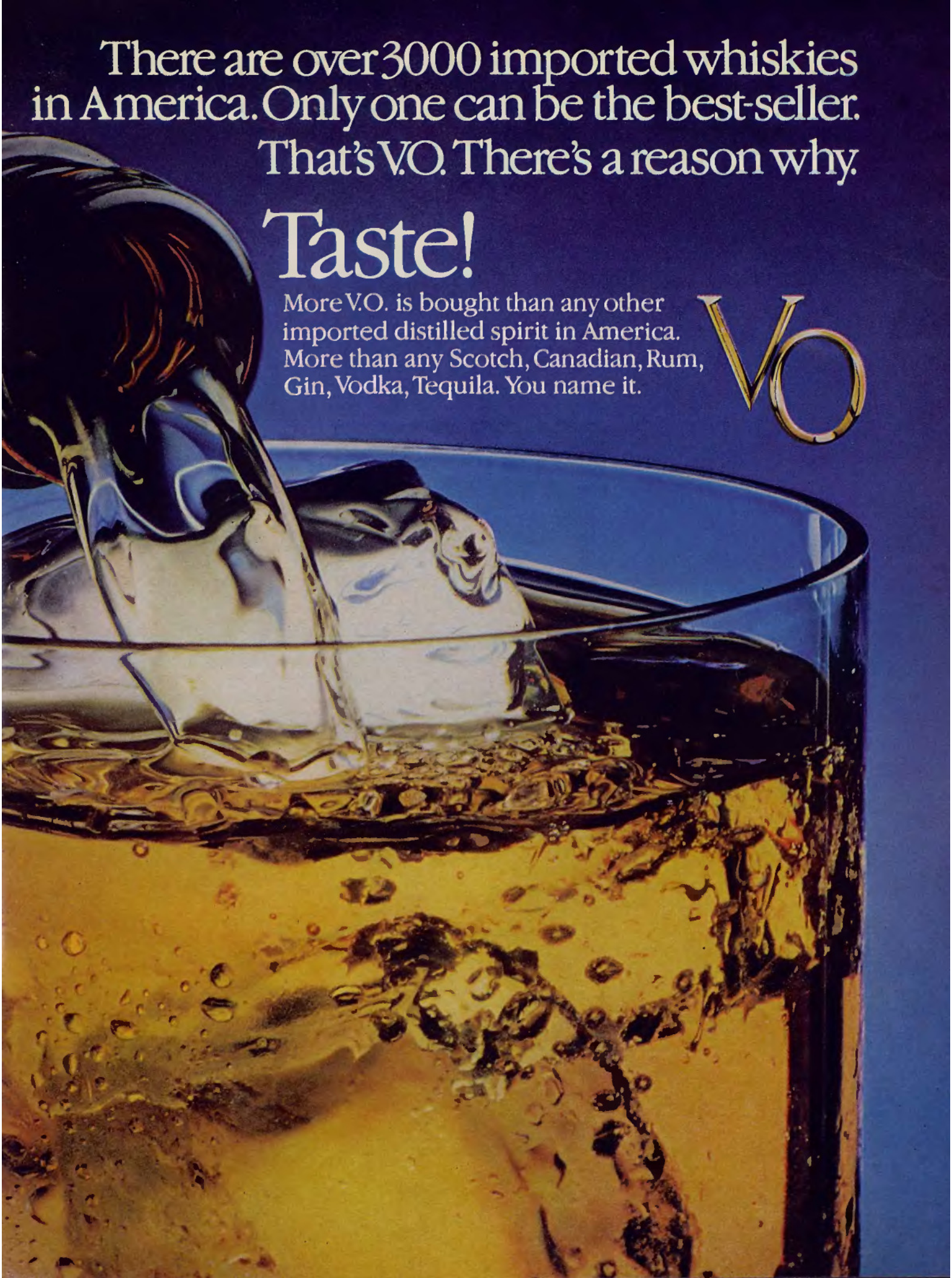
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or was turned into a pillar of salt, or whatever is supposed to happen to people who are exposed to four-letter words on TV. Your reviewer should have said that Midler's show (and almost any PG- or R-rated movie, for that matter) would be considered too obscene by the networks and their censors. Whether such shows are seen and heard in the privacy of one's home or elsewhere is totally irrelevant. Just to illustrate my point, a network censor was recently interviewed in a national magazine, and he said that the network chiefs really get alarmed when any show gets 400 protest calls. Even assuming only 1,000,000 viewers of that show, which isn't much, that vocal bunch of bluenoses constitutes only four hundredths of one percent, and yet that was the network's threshold of worried nail biting. Now, *that's* incredible!

Robert E. Ruckman
Arlington, Virginia

TERRI-FIC

It's obvious that PLAYBOY saves the best for last. And Miss December is proof of that. Terri Welles is what fantasies are made of. Thank you, PLAYBOY, for another nice Christmas surprise.

D. C. Schappell
Baltimore, Maryland

Terri is a golden goddess and I envy the man who commands her company. Today I mailed in my new subscription, but it will be a long time before this issue leaves my hands.

Tony Cook
Chattanooga, Tennessee

I would like to thank PLAYBOY for bringing me Terri Welles, the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Her gorgeous face and luscious body will be able to pull me through the cold winter months that lie ahead. I was debating whether or not to renew my subscription to your magazine, but seeing Miss Welles helped me decide. My check is in the mail.

Greg Smith
Greensboro, North Carolina

All I can say is that Miss Terri Knepper, or Terri Welles, or whatever her name is, has my vote for Playmate of the Century; wow!

Buddey Lackey
Nashville, Tennessee

Sorry about the confusion, Buddey, but Knepper was just too much of a tongue twister for Terri's new career.

We have tried desperately to find the perfect words to describe her. For us, two words sum it up: *utterly amazing.*

Ron Pipinich
Scott Trefaller
Moscow, Idaho

Never in our experience (which is quite extensive) of reading PLAYBOY have we seen a Playmate as beautiful as Terri Welles. If she had appeared in your magazine before we started college, we would have immediately switched our majors to the study of that gorgeous face and body. She gets our votes for Playmate of the Year, hands down.

The Men of Third Floor McLaughlin
University of Santa Clara
Santa Clara, California

Who says that angels exist only in heaven and that goddesses are only a myth? Terri Welles has definitely got our votes for Playmate of the Year! We realize that another look at Terri may have devastating effects, but we want our last request—one more breathtaking photo.

The 41 Men of Franklin House
Iowa State University
Ames, Iowa

We could hardly refuse a last request, or even a first one, for another picture

of Terri, gentlemen. It will be interesting to see, however, how you divide this picture 41 ways.

DOUBLE STANDARD NOT DEAD

In James R. Petersen's December article, *Desire*, I am quoted as saying: "I think that a woman who has had 17 sexual partners will not be condemned by her partner." If you check the tape recording of the interview, you will find that I didn't make that statement; Dr. Jane Traupmann, a colleague of mine, speaking about her impressions of today's men and women in their 30s, did. Nor do I agree with it. Research by John DeLamater and Patricia MacCorquodale (*Premarital Sexuality: Attitudes, Relationships, Behavior*) indicates that today, for both men and women of college age, the ideal is love or affection with sex. Men and women are most likely to have sex with a person they love and expect to marry. Few have more than five sexual partners. Although the double standard is dying, it is not yet dead. There are still enormous differences in how a sexual man and a sexual woman are judged. Thus, I think the typical man would feel distinctly uncomfortable with a woman who was so much more experienced than himself. Aside from that, the article is a fine one.

Elaine Hatfield
Professor of Sociology
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

BERGER FICTION

Thanks for the Christmas present (*Tales of the Animal Crime Squad*, PLAYBOY, December). I never laughed so hard. Thomas Berger is a great storyteller.

Melissa LePere
Prospect Park, Pennsylvania

IN MEMORY OF MARILYN

Congratulations to PLAYBOY and Richard Fegley for the exquisite pictorial on Linda Kerridge. *Double Take* (PLAYBOY, December) shows once again Fegley is a true artist. As for Linda—she's lovely.

Jack Beal
Beloit, Wisconsin

She has to be the nicest export from Australia since the koala bear.

Daryl Marks
Arcadia, California

FEMLIN FATHER

Your December feature on the 25th anniversary of LeRoy Neiman's Femlin is superb. In all of the years I have been reading PLAYBOY, I don't recall having read a letter from a reader praising Neiman's talent, and I would like to go on record as doing so. Anyone who saw his exhibit "Horses" at the Hammer Galleries in New York in December 1979, as well as his many sports illustrations that have appeared in PLAYBOY, can attest to the fact that he is one of the greatest artists on the scene today. In fact, I look forward to each issue of PLAYBOY that contains his sketches and have accumulated quite a collection of his work.

Charles G. Gessner
Knoxville, Tennessee

JUST HORSING AROUND

In six consecutive issues of your magazine—June through November, 1980, pages 171, 133, 157, 149, 123 and 134, respectively—you have published pictures of women posing with horses. Is that just coincidence, or does it represent some sort of trend?

A. W. Northam
Tuleberg, California

Listen, Northam, we play "Find the Rabbit" around here. We don't know from horses.

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Taste is why you'll switch.

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Playboy in the News

as others see us—following up on playboy stories and ideas that have made news

When the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith announced last September that it was giving its First Amendment Freedoms Award to PLAYBOY Publisher Hugh Hefner, the news was apparently more than conservative pundit William F. Buckley, Jr., could bear. It was probably only a temporary snap, caused by the strain of his dauntless mission to convince people that God is a conservative. In a moment of apostolic apoplexy, Bill Buckley wrote a nationally syndicated column criticizing the A.D.L. and Hefner that appeared in the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* under the cumbersome title "Sex Omnia Vincit: With Friends Like This Man, the First Amendment Doesn't Need Enemies."

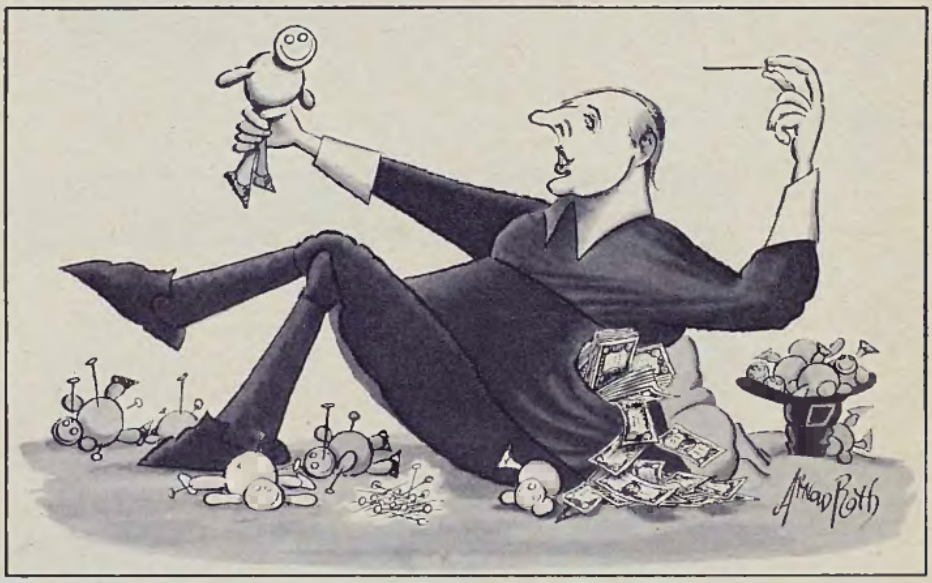
Buckley's argument against the A.D.L.'s decision to honor Hefner goes like this: Hefner is a man of essentially criminal mentality—Buckley says "underworld" but draws an analogy between Hefner and Billie Sol Estes, Louis B. Mayer and Joe Bonanno—who, like those other social outcasts, has sought "the approval of the same community he systematically despoils by ostentatious public benefactions." Therefore, Buckley contends, by honoring Hefner, the A.D.L. has both legitimized a public enemy and, in effect, prostituted itself.

Most of his column is an attempt to convince the reader, the A.D.L. and perhaps himself that Hefner is a wicked man, a man whose personal philosophy is antithetical to the human rights the First Amendment protects. Buckley *has* to prove Hefner's villainy, of course, because his entire argument rests on it. However, it's troublesome to prove a fantasy without resorting to arcane methods. Buckley chose three: misinformation, irrationality and a cunning imagination.

For instance, in his opening paragraph, after putting Hefner in the same class as Bonanno, he goes on to imply that Hefner's primary motivation for starting PLAYBOY was to get the establishment to like him: "His formula was . . . make a lot of money by pandering to the sexual appetite, elevating it to primacy—then spend part of that money co-seducing critics or potential critics."

It seems that Buckley has lost historical perspective because "pandering to the sexual appetite, elevating it to primacy" in the moral atmosphere of 1953, when PLAYBOY was first published, was by no means a route to winning friends and influencing people. Buckley fails to recognize the obvious fact that PLAYBOY was and is more than a sex magazine, or it could never have survived the decade in which it was born. And, finally, we wonder what Buckley means when he says "*co*-seducing critics." Does he mean that the critics wanted to be seduced, that they sort of seduced themselves? Buckley doesn't clarify co-seducing but plunges on resolutely to an example of one such supposed seduction.

"It was years ago," Buckley writes, "that Harvard theologian Harvey Cox wrote an essay on PLAYBOY, denominating it the single most brazen assault on the human female as a person in general circulation [*sic*]. What seemed like moments later, the same scholar found himself writing earnest essays for PLAYBOY, and before long he forgot all about his mission to identify PLAYBOY for what it essentially is: an organ that seeks to justify the superiordination of sex over all other considerations—loyalty to family, any principle of self-discipline, any respect for privacy or chastity or modesty."



Our first question, in light of Buckley's previous paragraph, is, if Cox was "co-seduced," what was the lure? Is Buckley saying that an eminent Harvard theologian accepted some sort of payoff? Is Buckley arguing that once Cox received money for an article from PLAYBOY, his soul was tainted and it was just a matter of time before he became completely corrupted? If that's the case, Buckley may have to look for smudges on his own soul, since he's been the subject of the *Playboy Interview*; debated Norman Mailer in these pages, written two articles for us (December 1970 and January 1973) and sold PLAYBOY an excerpt from his latest novel, *Who's on First*, which appeared last February. Since Buckley has received several thousand dollars from Hefner's organization with his immortal soul left presumably intact, it seems rather high-handed, if not hypocritical, for him to damn Cox. Buckley fails to recognize the possibility that once Cox, an open-minded man, examined PLAYBOY and had the opportunity to meet Hefner and engage him in debate, he concluded on his own that PLAYBOY was not the Devil's work.

We also wonder how Buckley arrived at his view of "what PLAYBOY essentially is." Neither Hefner nor *The Playboy Philosophy* has ever argued against family loyalty, self-discipline, privacy or the other virtues Buckley holds dear. What PLAYBOY *has* tried to say is that the human sex drive, if ignored or rejected out of a sense of guilt, can cause psychological damage and social aberration; whereas, if expressed in a guilt-free atmosphere, it benefits both the individual and, indirectly, the society. In short, PLAYBOY has argued *against* repression, rather than *for* promiscuity.

Unable to make that distinction, Buckley advises the A.D.L., an organization devoted to combating discrimination against Jews and other minorities, that "Any serious disciple of Hugh Hefner would not hesitate to purr anti-Semitic lovelies into the ears of his bunny if that was what was required to effect seduction." With that curmudgeonly statement, Buckley not only displays his disrespect for the intelligence of PLAYBOY's readers—the same readers he

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hoped would read his interview, his debate, his articles and his fiction—he also seems to have a very strange concept of the kind of conversation that turns women on (at least the women *we* know).

Later in the column, Buckley says, "Even as Hugh Hefner sells pictures of parted pudenda in order to make a dollar, a nickel of which he donates to institutions devoted to the rights of Nazis to march in Skokie and of fellow pornographers to hawk their wares. . . ." We're glad to know that Buckley apparently knows what parted pudenda are; however, wherever he's seen them, it hasn't been in this magazine. PLAYBOY doesn't photograph women quite so graphically. However, we are reminded that certain other magazines do. Probably when a guy buys a lot of them each month, he gets them all confused. That confusion undoubtedly contributes to Buckley's rather broad concept of pornography and pornographers. While PLAYBOY and the Playboy Foundation have always advocated the right to freedom of speech, Playboy Enterprises has never distributed, nor published, sexual material that we (or the vast majority of the public) consider pornographic.

But that is the least of Buckley's maledictions in that statement. The worst is the low blow he deals the American Civil Liberties Union and every other organization devoted to protecting the First Amendment by saying such organizations are "devoted to the rights of Nazis," etc. Buckley intentionally gives the impression that organizations like the A.C.L.U. condone Nazi activities while, at the same time, he obscures the fact that the First Amendment protects not only Nazis but everyone else. Perhaps Buckley thinks it shouldn't, in which case he should say so directly.

Finally, having roused himself to moral indignation, Buckley pontificates: "The A.D.L. raises money to combat discrimination by honoring the principal agent of the kind of selfishness that deprives racial toleration of the ultimate sanction. This sanction rests on the profound belief in the sanctity of the individual, yes, even that of the nubile girl." Before attempting to unravel the inchoate logic contained in that quote, we'd like to express our surprise at being informed that Hefner is the *principal* agent of the spiritual despoliation of America. What with Satan and the Mafia around, we'd have thought that Hef would've come in no higher than third on Buckley's list. We find Buckley's reasoning mind-boggling. He charges that selfishness—specifically, sexual selfishness—is an obstacle to racial harmony because the ideal of a nondiscriminatory society is based on the belief that every person is sanctified or holy and sexual selfishness is unholy. If we're all holy in God's eyes (presumably whether naked or clothed), how can anything alter that? And if the nubile girl is sanctified, does she lose that sanctity because she poses nude in a magazine?

The crux of the matter is that Buckley feels qualified to determine what God loves and what He doesn't, and according to Buckley, God doesn't like sexy pictures or libidinal drives or naked nubile girls. The Bible, on the other hand, says that when God made the world, He saw that it was good. He made no exceptions for sex or those who enjoy it. But Buckley has always had this little urge to make the world into his picture of how it ought to be. So perhaps his portrait of Hefner and PLAYBOY should be balanced with a quote from the A.D.L. brochure honoring Hefner:

> For over a quarter of a century, Mr. Hefner and Playboy Enterprises, Inc., have invested a great deal of effort, including financial resources, into a number of areas relating to individual freedoms. Mr. Hefner has supported the Student Press Law Center, the nation's leading authority on free press rights for student journalists; the Media Coalition, concerned with restrictions on freedom of the press; the Reporter's Committee for Freedom of the Press, the only organization devoted to providing research and legal services for First Amendment issues encountered in publishing news; the annual Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards to recognize the efforts of individuals working to protect and enhance constitutional guarantees; and helped maintain—by grants from the Playboy Foundation—a number of national organizations dedicated to protecting freedom of speech.
>
> He has given his name and support to a number of fund-raising activities to benefit numerous health and social-service agencies, including the John Tracy Clinic, the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation and the Amie Karen Cancer Fund . . . and he works constantly on behalf of First Amendment Rights through local courts and organizations for the benefit of all segments of society.
>
> Hugh Hefner's impact on the rights of others far surpasses the personal success he has achieved.

Buckley may not like Hefner's business, but in the opinion of many, including the A.D.L., Hefner has transcended his role as a businessman. Buckley, on the other hand, if his column is any indication, is in the business of character assassination. If only he could transcend his role as effectively as Hefner has.

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RALEIGH LIGHTS

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

PLAYING FOR KEEPS

The Longview, Texas, police report that a masked bandit walked into a convenience store brandishing his thumb and forefinger and demanded that the clerk empty the cash register. The clerk asked if the bandit was serious. When the robber replied yes, the clerk handed over an undetermined amount of money.

MOTHER'S DAZE

Leontina Albina just may put Chile's Planned Parenthood movement out of whack permanently. Mrs. Albina, 54, is currently expecting her 45th child. "My oldest is 36," says the potential patron saint of Hallmark Cards. To make things even more interesting, all of Leontina's kids have the same father, Gerardo Albina, 59, a retired laborer who lives on a civil-service pension of $128 a month. Despite the uniqueness of her situation, Mrs. Albina is not impressed by her fame. "People told me I was becoming famous," she shrugs. "I didn't know at first. We can't afford a newspaper." Maybe if neighbors would chip in and buy them a gift subscription, they'd have something new to do with their time.

CHAIRMAN OW

When guests visit Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show*, they act alert, and with good reason. The guest chairs are built to be hard and uncomfortable. Their job is to keep guests from falling asleep, "especially if they've had too much to drink," says the show's art director, John Shrum. According to writer/wit Marshall Brickman, the concept of strange guest chairs dates back to when he was head writer for the show and invented the Brickman Speedy Swivel Guest Chair. "When the conversation becomes monosyllabic on both sides," he explains, "it automatically tilts back slowly and dumps the guest into an alligator pit." These days, of course, the chair has been updated. Horrified guests are dumped into either the NBC Programing Department or Tom Snyder's dressing room.

A SEMINOLE IDEA

Hollywood, Florida, is faced with a controversial and burning moral issue these days, that corrupt chancre on our virtue, that roller coaster to hell: bingo. Little old ladies are being lured out of church basements to a bingo parlor that offers valet parking, seats for 1200 people, two snack bars, five large and brightly lit boards and jackpots of up to $19,000. We have laws, you say, to prevent this kind of public depravity. Quite right, but the establishment is owned by Seminole Indians, who contend that their reservation is a sovereign nation, exempt from this kind of regulation. Broward County Sheriff Robert Butterworth doesn't agree and based his campaign for re-election on a bust-the-Seminole-bingo-game platform—and won. But the Seminoles still plan to defend their rights to wager outrageous fortunes—perhaps with slings and arrows.

CONVENIENCE BANKING

A couple in Boston rented a safe-deposit box at one of the large downtown banks. Nothing unusual about that, except that every day at noon, Monday through Friday, they would check out their safe-deposit box, take it into one of the private vault rooms, stay there for an hour or so, check the box back in and leave. After many weeks of this, bank officials became curious and finally confronted the couple and asked them what they were doing. They explained that inside the box were napkins and salt-and-pepper shakers and that the vault rooms provided a quiet, private and relaxing place to have lunch.

HOLY SMOKE

A 48-year-old nun was thrown into jail in southern Greece after her superior at the Pepolinitsis convent found her smoking Cannabis in her room. Sister Flothee is alleged to have grown the Indian hemp in the convent garden. She told police that she took the drug because it helped her "participate" more in her prayers. She denied planting the hemp herself, maintaining that it was "God's breezes" that had blown the seeds into the garden, where they took root. While we're still uncertain as to how the sister managed to obtain papers to twist up her sanctified smoke, we think that this undeniably qualifies her as a holy roller.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

It takes more than a fertile imagination to make the desert bloom, so authorities

weren't overly concerned when they got wind of a scheme to ship 1.2 billion dollars' worth of manure to Bahrain, a tiny island in the Persian Gulf. Then somebody determined that the quantity of liquid fertilizer involved averaged out to ten tons per acre—enough to bury Bahrain in chicken and cow shit. Apparently, a Federal-court jury decided that Michael J. Randazzo of Galliano, Louisiana—who masterminded the scheme—was trying to lay it on a little too thick: It convicted him of fraud.

A FASHION FABLE

Frequent contributor Tom Miller sent this excerpt from his forthcoming biography "Young Calvin Klein":

"As a lad, young Calvin would sew his name onto his clothes before leaving for summer camp each year. He noticed that if he sewed the name on the outside rather than the inside, no one would take his clothes and people would notice him. His bunkmates soon called his pants 'Calvin Klein's,' a name that soon lost its apostrophe. And so young Calvin, excited by his summer-camp experience, vowed to sew his name on pants everywhere."

CHECKING IN

We sent novelist and free-lance writer Bruce Pollock to interview **Paul Simon.** *They met at a New York City recording studio on the edge of Tin-Pan Alley.*

PLAYBOY: Did Mrs. Garfunkel ever think of you as a bad influence on her son?

SIMON: Oh, no. I didn't lead him into the wild life; he got into it on his own, later on, when he grew up. We both got hooked on rock 'n' roll at the same time, listening to Alan Freed's *Moon Dog Show* and the Everly Brothers. Artie was always a singer at school. He sang *(They Tried to Tell Us We're) Too Young* in the fourth grade and knocked everybody out. By the seventh grade, we were singing together in groups. The friendship was based on much more than music—we were very similar kids, we had the same sense of humor—but without the music, I doubt if we'd have remained close friends.

PLAYBOY: You started in rock 'n' roll in 1955, at the age of 13—a mild-mannered middle-class Jewish boy from Forest Hills—when *macho* Southern punks and lower-class greasy hitters were the musical rage. Was there anyone in rock 'n' roll you could have beaten up?

SIMON: Do you count Artie as being in rock 'n' roll? Then I think I probably could have beaten him up. I could have easily taken care of Michelle Phillips. Neil Sedaka, too. Actually, I tried to emulate those hoody guys; we used to call them rocks.

PLAYBOY: Did you and Garfunkel attract distinctly different groupies on the road?

SIMON: We attracted about the same, because people saw Simon and Garfunkel as one person. We did get separate letters, but I never paid much attention to the letters. I just remember that most of them were very, very long. The groupies we used to get were usually heavy readers—people who had read a lot of poetry. But I didn't really participate to a great deal in the groupie scene. I was always attached, and when I wasn't, I didn't go out of my way to pick someone up. And then the ones I did pick up, I thought were nice. I liked them. Maybe I didn't want to spend any more time with them than a day or two, but I liked them. It wasn't like a straight rock-'n'-roll fuck-them-and-leave-them style. It was a crooked rock-'n'-roll leave-them style.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel rejected by the counterculture of the Sixties?

SIMON: Simon and Garfunkel became so enormously popular that we were eventually disdained by the hip critics. In the beginning, they lavished praise on us. Maybe at the height of the hippie days, we weren't really in fashion—we were too New York; we weren't particularly associated with the drug scene, though we were in it as much as anybody could be in it. But it wasn't part of our image. I never wanted to be busted in Des Moines, you know. I didn't believe the hippie thing, anyway, that California, laid-back, minimal-vocabulary existence. I didn't believe all the smiles. I thought there was a lot of vindictiveness in it; there was something very cruel underlying a lot of it. I didn't buy it nor was I particularly intimidated by it.

PLAYBOY: As the generation that came of age in the Sixties now reach mid-30s, do you think it has made an impact—or has everyone of consequence sold out?

SIMON: Selling out is a tradition in this country. It's like Mom and apple pie. I mean, Abbie Hoffman turns himself in to promote his book. Hitler's the one who said every man has his price, the only thing that's surprising is how low it is. But, sure, the generation changed things. That war-baby blip in the population is always going to be the thing responsible for change, until they don't have any money to buy things anymore. In this generation, there's a great emphasis on form and not content, which I find distasteful. Yet these are the people I feel most comfortable with. I'd be shocked to find out they were as conformist as other generations, but I think they're just as materialistic. I think that temptation is too hard to withstand.

PLAYBOY: What is your most blatant example of conspicuous consumption?

SIMON: I try not to be conspicuously consumptive—because I just don't want to antagonize anybody. But I'm not afraid to spend money on where I live or on how I travel. I don't think twice about buying anything, but, on the other hand, I don't buy that much. I've been wearing jeans since I was 14 years old, and that's what I like to wear. I don't have expensive hobbies. I don't own boats or sports cars. Feeling that you can do whatever you want is great, and I can do whatever I want.

PLAYBOY: It has been said that perhaps the chief benefit of huge success is the ability to afford a higher-priced shrink.

SIMON: Success doesn't necessarily make you go into analysis. Besides, a higher-priced shrink isn't necessarily a better one. I was in analysis for a long time—it was really good for me. I've been through a marriage and divorce and fatherhood, successes and failures, and I think I'm now a very competent cripple. I can absolutely navigate my way across the street. Not in the most graceful manner, perhaps, but I can definitely get from one curb to the other.

PLAYBOY: Are there any musicians in rock today who awe you with their talent?

SIMON: Stevie Wonder has a really great gift, though I wasn't crazy about the last bit of work he did. I don't know if I'm awe-struck, but as close to that as my nature allows. But there are a lot of extraordinary musicians around.

PLAYBOY: Are you a legend on your old block?

SIMON: Sure, I guess so. I took my son there recently to show him my old house. I drove him around, took him to Artie's house. We went down to my public school. I took him to the candy store where I used to hang out and place bets on the trotters. I bought him an egg cream—which now costs 45 cents. The guy in the candy store recognized me. He knew what had become of me—but he related to me the way he'd always related to me. He called me Paulie.

BAD VIBES

What with all the fuss lately about the Moral Majority and how much its right-wing fundamentalist adherents hate PLAYBOY, *we took free-lance writer Elizabeth Mehren up on her offer to cover one*

Why Old Grand-Dad Special Selection is the most expensive Bourbon in the world.

114 Barrel Proof: Like our other fine Old Grand-Dad Bourbon, Old Grand-Dad Special Selection is distilled, then aged undisturbed in small quantities in a careful process that's remained unchanged for almost 100 years. So each barrel meets the exacting taste standards that all Old Grand-Dad is famous for.

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In fact, each bottle is so important, it bears its own lot number. It's expensive, yes. But it's also exceptional. And isn't that what matters to somebody who appreciates fine Bourbon most of all?

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NOVA IN THE COSMOS

Having endured this winter's Public Broadcasting Service science programing, **Richard Liebmann-Smith** *now takes us on a journey to discover man's relationship to the sandwich.*

To the untrained eye—*your* eye—this unimposing hunk of gray-green matter is merely a rock, a stone, a meaningless conglomeration of petrified crud you might toss away without a second thought. But to the enlightened eye of modern science, it is . . . a sandwich. More precisely, it is half a sandwich—a woolly mammoth on rye—and radio-carbon isotope dating tells us that this unappetizing glob, this primordial Big Mac once served as the entree at a prehistoric picnic more than *2,000,000* years ago!

According to the popular myth, the sandwich was invented here, in this stately wind-swept manse in what is now rural England, by John Montagu, the fourth Earl of Sandwich. In fact, however, the good earl was merely the beneficiary of an ancient British tradition permitting members of the nobility to take the names of their favorite victuals. Other familiar examples abound: Lord Buckingham, the Earl of Cornwall, the Duke of Potatoes.

This ancient Egyptian hieroglyph, depicting a sandwich with meat in profile and cheese frontally, adorns the kitchen wing of the tomb of Karhop II, a Pharaoh who lived—and died—in perpetual fear of what he believed to be the vengeance of baked beans on toast.

And here, on a craggy, wind-swept spit of land jutting querulously into the South Pacific, the no-less-superstitious island-bound primitives of Easter Island would erect this imposing icon to the submarine sandwich.

Only here, in what is now this wind-swept *souvlaki* stand in downtown Athens, would the first halting steps toward a true scientific understanding of the sandwich at last be taken, as diligent Aristotle would painstakingly catalog a systematic menu of more than 40 varieties of Reuben—not one of which would satisfy the finicky Plato as "Ideal."

And then would come the Dark Ages and, with them, the study of sandwiches would become inextricably bound with theology as the finest minds of the period would fritter away centuries debating how many double cheeseburgers could be rammed down the throat of an angel.

By contrast, the England of the Enlightenment would become a haven for free sandwichological inquiry. Here, in wind-swept London, Francis Bacon, with his colleagues Sir Charles Lettuce and Sir Thomas Tomato, would discover the classic sandwich that bears their names. Here, too, the great philosopher Hobbes (Thomas Hobbes, 1588–1679) would lament that he was not able to put the infant science on a firm theoretical footing, owing to the inordinate amount of time he was obliged to spend in trying to remember whether he was Hobbes or Locke (John Locke, 1632–1704).

The 19th Century would witness the greatest strides ever in man's understanding of the sandwich, perhaps none so profound as the theory of a "natural" selection of sandwiches, first propounded by Ralph Darwin, nephew of the great naturalist Charles. In his seminal treatise *The Voyage of the Bagel*, Darwin would elucidate the precise series of steps by which a slender ham on pumpernickel can evolve into a massive club sandwich ("survival of the fattest").

Today it is possible for us to recombine virtually any natural "fixings" to produce in the laboratory any sandwich we can imagine!

But where do we go from here? Should we heed the admonition of Dr. Irv Katz, co-winner of last year's Nobel Prize for his brilliant work with cellophane-tasseled toothpicks? "I don't think we have the right to play chef," Dr. Katz told the king of Sweden. "Sure, as long as everything goes all right, we'll be hailed as heroes. But what's to stop some maniac from turning out a whole order of lox and peanut butter on glazed doughnuts, your Highness?"

What, what, indeed?

of television evangelist Jerry Falwell's rallies in Sacramento. Her report:

I'd heard so much about Falwell's so-called anti-PLAYBOY campaign that I expected a full-blown attack on the magazine. But the closest thing to that came during his message on abortion, in which he said, "America's unborn babies must have someone speaking out in their defense, and don't expect Hugh Hefner to do it."

Questioned later about his reference to Hefner, Falwell explained: "I usually mention Hugh Hefner, Larry Flynt, Norman Lear and all those types who are helping to perpetuate America's most damaging and poisoning industry, the pornography business, at least once in the course of every I Love America rally."

Falwell, by the way, agreed that the Moral Majority is really not a majority. "That's just a catchy name," he said. "It sounded good."

Falwell wouldn't exactly *define* pornography, but he did mention "bedroom scenes, the display of sexual organs, use of risqué, vulgar and profane language, revealing pictures, obscene words and the like" as "poisoning the minds and souls of young people."

I decided to ask some of the members of Falwell's audience, seated on the state-capitol lawn, what *they* meant by pornography. Don Elliott, pastor of Sierra View Baptist Church in Rough and Ready, California, inveighed against PLAYBOY's focus on "pornography, homosexuality, abortion and its flaudulent [*sic*] use of nudity."

Stretched out on a picnic blanket, munching doughnuts in the shadow of the state capitol, Jackie Gilmore praised Falwell for "trying to clean up all the garbage in society today." Although she denied ever having read PLAYBOY, Gilmore said the magazine was "filthy. I wouldn't have it in my home. I know it's garbage. I don't have to read it to know that."

Bob Kellogg, a pharmacist from Citrus Heights who, interestingly enough, labeled born-again Baptist Jimmy Carter a "humanist," had a whole list of "humanistic" social evils to complain about, including disintegration of the home, homosexuality, abortion, obscenity and "likewise, men and women living together who are not married. Years ago, you know, they would have been arrested for what they're doing. PLAYBOY? That's just the tip of the iceberg."

At the rally's end, we all stood on the capitol lawn, right under Jerry Brown's window, held hands and joined the Liberty Mountain Baptist College singers in a lip-synched version of *Amazing Grace*.

Well, my soul got nice and cleansed in Sacramento. I spent my four-hour standby layover waiting for a plane to Los Angeles at the Sacramento Airport—in the bar.

THERE ARE TWO WAYS TO BUILD MOTORCYCLES. THE WAY THEY ARE AND THE WAY THEY SHOULD BE.

Of all the things a manufacturer brings to building motorcycles, we think the most important is an attitude.

Ours, simply stated, is that good enough is not enough.

So, every year, Yamaha engineers are faced with a formidable challenge: to make our motorcycles even better.

And, every year, they do.

They break any rule, explode any theory, follow any lead that will knock an inch off the width of an engine. Or a second off its quarter-mile time.

Through long days and late nights, shaft drives become smoother, suspensions more responsive, brakes more efficient, seats more comfortable, styling more exciting.

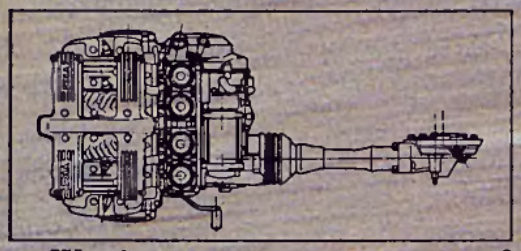
And while our engineers sit hunched over their desks, Kenny Roberts, world champion road-racer and one of our most valuable R&D men, sits hunched over his Yamaha, screaming through the turns at Imola, Italy or Laguna

YAM

THE WAY IT

25 YEARS OF RACING HAS HELPED US BUILD MORE THAN A REPUTATION.

At Yamaha, we don't build great motorcycles to win races. We win races to build great motorcycles.



We win races to test, to prove, to perfect, often to inspire the engineering innovations that make you want to buy our motorcycle instead of theirs.

For 25 years, we've been very successful at it.

This year, we've done it again.

Introducing the motorcycle we've both been waiting for. The incredible new Seca 750.

FIRST TO THE FAST LANE.

As high performance motorcycles go, this one goes like you wouldn't believe.

Its 748cc, DOHC, 4-cylinder, 4-stroke engine is lighter than any production 750 engine, anywhere. And, to the complete despair of the competition, narrower as well. With more power per cubic centimeter than you ever thought possible.

This combination of maximum power and minimum bulk (only 474 lbs. dry weight), further combined with an ultra-smooth, fully-enclosed shaft drive, makes the Seca as near to a perfect performance motorcycle as anyone has ever come.

And, if we'd stopped there, we could have taken our rightful place in the Motorcycle Hall of Fame.

But we didn't stop there. We began there.

LAST TO THE GAS PUMP.

We went on to make the Seca 750 as frugal with fuel as it is generous with power. With a remarkable—and patented—new development called the Yamaha Induction Control System (YICS for short).

Utilizing an ingenious system of sub-intake ports, the air/fuel mixture is literally blasted around the wall of the combustion chamber, distributing the entire mixture evenly for complete burning.

By eliminating inefficient, wasteful burning, YICS can result in an average fuel savings of 10%. With no moving parts. And absolutely no loss of power.

THE YAMAHA TRAVEL SERVICE.

When it comes to suspension travel and handling, the Seca 750 is in a class by itself. Again.

Because up front, you'll find our exclusive Anti-Dive Suspension System—until now, the exclusive property of road racing machines.

During hard braking, a unique valving mechanism restricts the flow of oil, and thus travel, in the forks, reducing front end "dive." What this does for handling—not to mention smoothness and comfort—is a revelation.

Of course, you can also adjust air pressure in the forks and dampening in the shocks to help America's streets and highways measure up to your exacting standards.

THE BRAINS OF THE OUTFIT.

With a motorcycle that can do so many things so well, it will probably come as no surprise that the Seca 750 is the only two-wheeler that can think.

Thanks to the amazing new Computerized Monitoring System located in the instrument panel.

In addition to the information you get from bikes of ordinary intelligence—speed, rpm, miles travelled, high beam, neutral, turn signal direction—you also get a micro-computerized readout of seven other important functions.

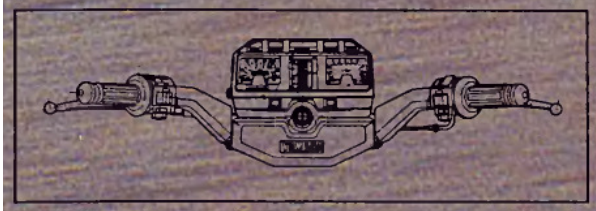
An LCD display, connected to sensors throughout the bike, lights up to report any malfunction in brake fluid level, engine oil level, battery fluid level, headlight, taillight, brakelight and sidestand position.

So while the competition is still out there in the 20th century, Yamaha has been busy in the 21st.

ROBERTS
YEAR

BRAINS AND BEAUTY.

Of course, it can't have escaped your attention that the Seca 750 is pretty nice to look at, too.



The trim, sculpted styling extends from the generous 5-gallon tank (which looks much smaller), along the swept-back side covers, all the way to the neat tail fairing with its integrated taillight.

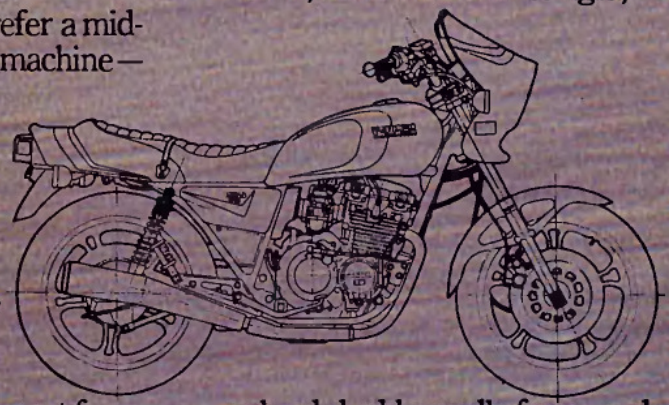
And notice the covered handlebars. Smooth, clear and uncluttered, with no wires, cables or brake fluid reservoir to break up the lines. (The reservoir's under the tank.)

For looks, performance, handling and the sheer exhiliration of riding a motorcycle, no other bike even comes close to the Seca 750.

Except one.

THE SECA 550.

For those of you who prefer a mid-size high-performance machine—and a more mid-size price to go with it—we offer the Seca 550.



If you remember with mouth-watering clarity Yamaha's legendary RD400, now EPA retired, you'll have some idea of the performance you can expect from the Seca 550.

The 528cc, DOHC in-line four is actually a bored and stroked 400. So, if the Seca 750 engine is narrow, the 550 is practically invisible. In fact, checking in at a mere 17.9 inches, it's only a half-inch wider than our current XS400 *twin!* Which also makes the 550, with a total dry weight of only 407 lbs., the lightest motorcycle in its class.

This brute of an engine redlines at an eye-popping 10,000 rpm, compared to about 8,000 to 9,000 for the competition.

That, combined with its rigid, race-bred, double-cradle frame and adjustable, totally-responsive suspension fore and aft, gives you more power and agility than ever streaked through a canyon or muscled up a mountain road.

The Seca 550 even comes standard with a sleek, handlebar-mounted fairing to pay off in appearance what it delivers in performance.

The new Yamaha Seca Series for 1981.

Powerful proof that in the race to build the finest, fastest, most sensible, most technologically advanced high-performance street machines in the world...we won.

Seca. Learning things we can't learn in a lab. Proving things we can't prove on a test track.

Our relentless refusal to compromise has resulted in technological and styling breakthroughs that have changed the way people look at motorcycles. And the way people look when they're on them.

It has resulted in motorcycles that meet your personal demands for handling, performance, comfort and styling as well as our demands for excellence and innovation.

You can feel the difference our attitude makes when you lean into a turn. Or pull away from a stoplight. Or just look at your Yamaha parked in the garage.

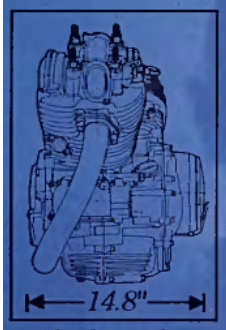
And when you do, you probably won't think about Kenny Roberts. Or Imola, Italy. Or the long days or the late nights. You'll just enjoy your Yamaha.

We do all the work and you have all the fun.

And that's the way it should be.

AHA
SHOULD BE.™

IF YOU WANT SOME YOU HAVE TO D



Introducing the most radical improvement to the V-twin engine in 75 years.

We made it a Yamaha.

Starting with the classic fore and aft engine configuration developed nearly a hundred years ago by Gottlieb Daimler.

Over the years, the V-twin proved to have a lot going for it. Reliability. Narrowness. Highly efficient weight distribution. And an inherent fuel economy that made it an ideal engine for today, now that gasoline is measured in dollars.

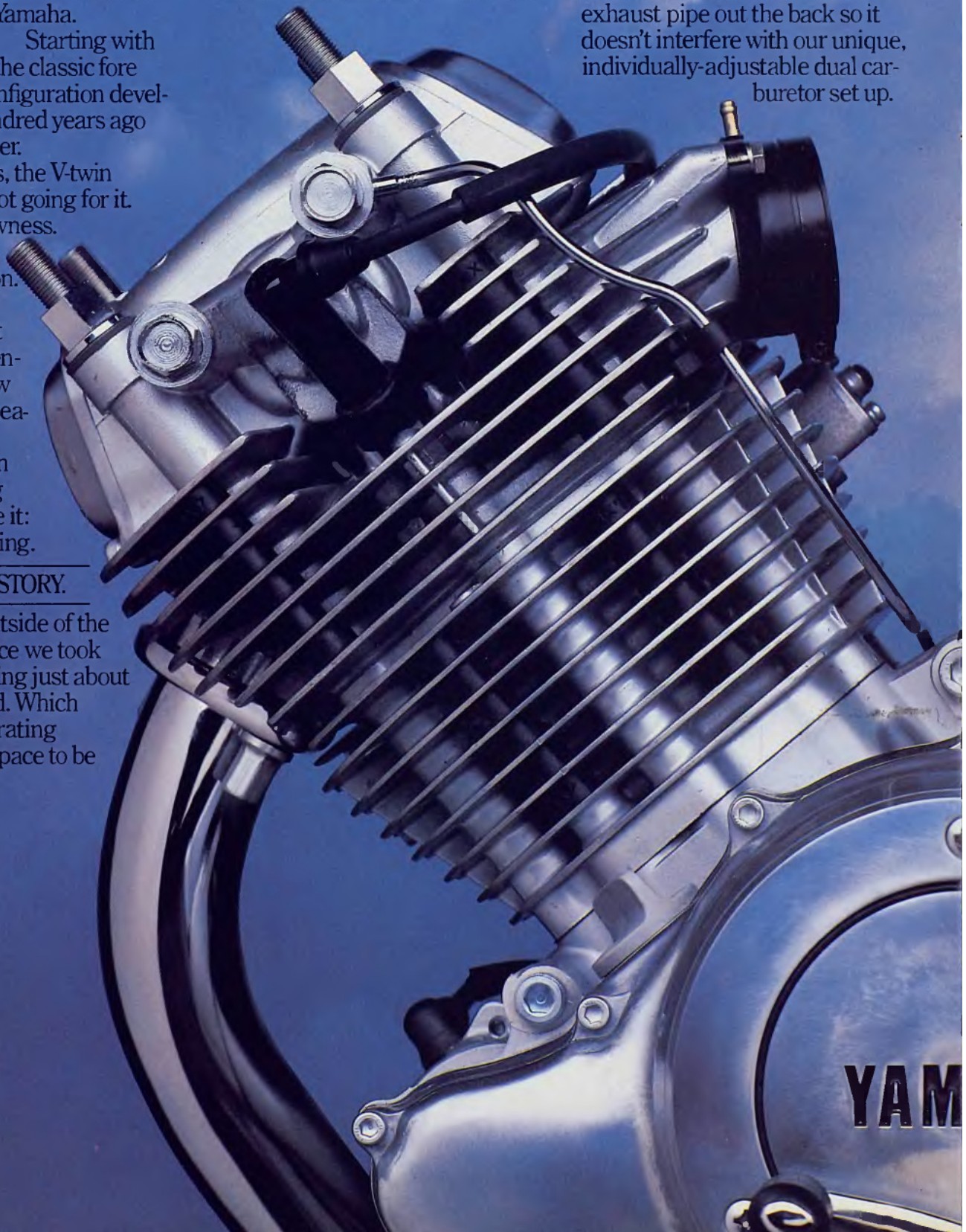
Still, the V-twin lacked something only we could give it: Yamaha engineering.

THE OUTSIDE STORY.

Looking at the outside of the engine, you'll notice we took the liberty of moving just about everything around. Which succeeded in liberating precious engine space to be put to more efficient use.

For instance, we placed the cylinders at a 75° angle, creating the ideal combination of engine height and length, leaving plenty of room in between for carburetors and intake components. Plus extras like two separate oil pumps—one to feed the transmission, the other for the top end.

Rotating the rear cylinder half a turn allowed us to send the exhaust pipe out the back so it doesn't interfere with our unique, individually-adjustable dual carburetor set up.



THING DONE RIGHT, O IT YOURSELF.

And by off-setting the cylinders slightly, we even managed to improve rear cylinder cooling.

THE INSIDE STORY.

Inside the engine, relatively simple operational changes resulted in appreciable performance changes.

For example, to eliminate the V-twin's traditional "dead stroke," we developed our own firing sequence on alternate crankshaft rotations. This, combined with the 75° cylinder angle, produces power so smooth, there's no need for a balancer. So torquey, you can pass an 18-wheeler without even downshifting.

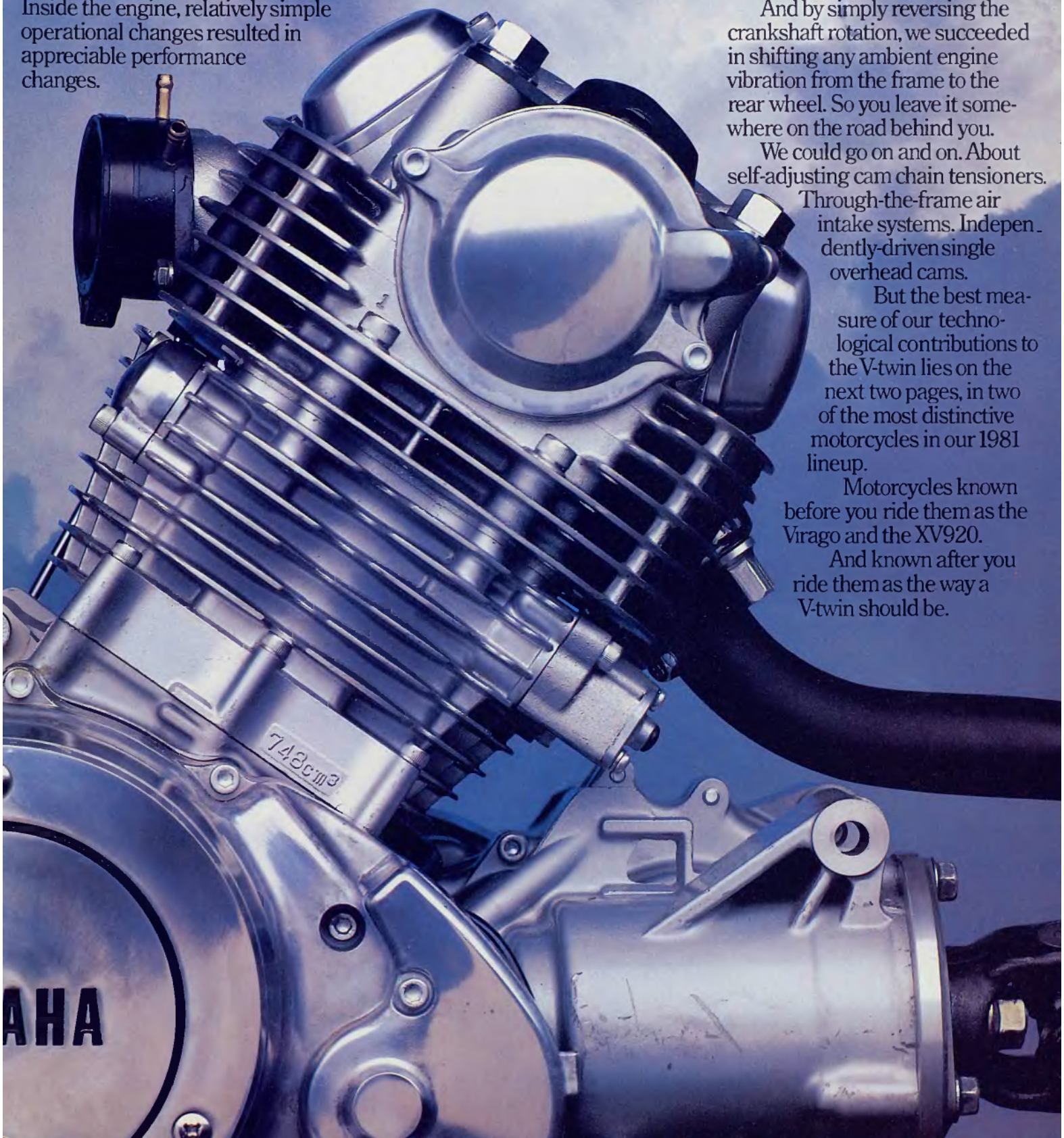
And by simply reversing the crankshaft rotation, we succeeded in shifting any ambient engine vibration from the frame to the rear wheel. So you leave it somewhere on the road behind you.

We could go on and on. About self-adjusting cam chain tensioners. Through-the-frame air intake systems. Independently-driven single overhead cams.

But the best measure of our technological contributions to the V-twin lies on the next two pages, in two of the most distinctive motorcycles in our 1981 lineup.

Motorcycles known before you ride them as the Virago and the XV920.

And known after you ride them as the way a V-twin should be.



YAMAHA
Virago
YAMAHA

THE YAMAHA VIRAGO.

Even a casual glance at our beautiful new Virago will tell you that when we set out to revolutionize the V-twin, we didn't stop at the engine.

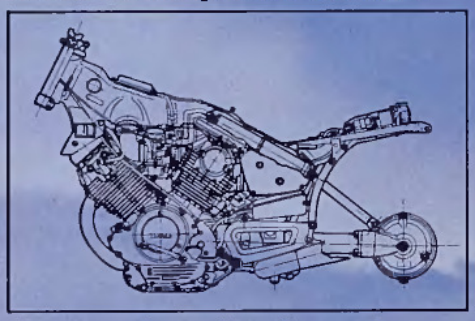
And if you think the Virago's looks are a radical departure from the ordinary, wait till you slip into the seat, slip into gear, and make your own radical departure.

SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL. BEAUTIFULLY SIMPLE.

Our engineers were determined to strike a balance between two equally desirable attributes. Sophistication. And simplicity.

They succeeded beyond their own not-so-modest expectations.

The Virago's highly sophisticated monocoque frame design,



for example, makes the engine a stressed frame member, simultaneously eliminating the excess bulk and weight of downtubes.

This not only allows passersby an unobstructed view of your dynamic duo, but lets the engine sit lower, without sacrificing ground clearance. The resulting 29.5 inch seat height and extra-low center of gravity give new meaning to the words comfort, control and stability.

While the engine functions as part of the frame, the frame, conversely, functions as part of the engine. Air for the intake system actually passes through the frame, eliminating the side-mounted air cleaner. It also contributes to the 14.8 inch engine width that can have you and your Virago banking at a better than 47° lean angle.

ONE FOR THE ROAD.

Our roadracer-proven Monoshock rear suspension system—the first ever on a street machine—works with a rigid triangulated swing arm to keep the rear wheel running straight and true.

It's also adjustable for dampening and preload, with only one point of adjustment that's easy to get to and easy to set. With your hand. Blindfolded.

SMOOTHING LIFE'S HIGHWAY.

Our state-of-the-art, fully-enclosed shaft drive adds its own uncanny smoothness and quiet to the already relaxed, virtually vibration-free power of the engine.

The 5-speed transmission delivers top speeds, even at low rpms. Which doesn't hurt your gas mileage any. And TCI produces a hotter spark electronically. So your Virago runs mile after maintenance-free mile.

Over the years, thanks to our unique combination of engineering innovation and common sense, Yamaha has established a reputation for outdoing the competition.

This year, with the remarkable new Virago, we've enhanced that reputation.

By outdoing ourselves.

Rear view mirror(s) standard equipment.

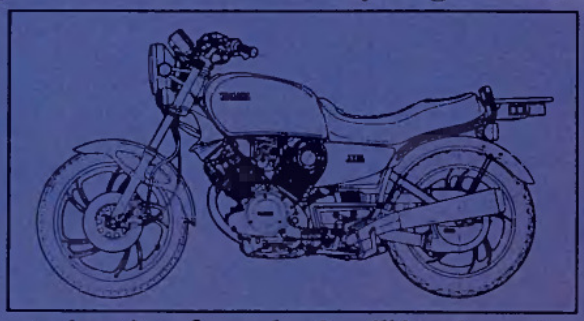
THE XV920. (THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO DO IT RIGHT.)

A technological marvel the likes of our new V-twin engine doesn't come along every day. So our engineers were understandably excited about it.

In fact, they couldn't wait to put it to work on another kind of motorcycle. For another kind of rider.

We gave them every encouragement.

And what they came up with is what you see here. The truly unique XV920.



HAULING LONG DISTANCE.

If your idea of a good time is hunkering down on a motorcycle, heading down your local highway, and not slowing down for, say, two or three hundred miles, the XV920 is for you.

The enormous power and torque output inherent in the 920cc version of our V-twin are yours on command, throughout the rpm range.

The easily-adjustable Monoshock rear suspension, with its unyielding triangulated swing arm, keeps you glued to the road—as one of our more colorful dealers puts it—"like a tick on a coyote." While the extra long wheelbase contributes to the steady, straight-ahead stability you want over the long haul.

ENCLOSED, ONE CHAIN.

Those of you who still can't accept a drive shaft on anything with less than four wheels will be pleased to learn that the XV920 is powered by a chain.

And no ordinary chain at that.

It's a brand-new enclosed design, unique to Yamaha. The chain is housed in two aluminum sprocket cases, connected by a pair of flexible, wear-resistant rubber tubes which completely seal the system.

The chain moves through a liter of special lithium grease which penetrates the close link tolerances better than anything you can squirt, spray or squeeze.

The chain works better, lasts longer, runs quieter. And, since the system is sealed, you won't be depositing grease on the bike or immediate neighborhood.

There's never been a sports/touring machine quite like the new Yamaha XV920. Its locomotive power, relaxing smoothness and out-and-out roadability can make a two-hundred mile trip seem half as far.

And twice as fun.

YAMAHA
YAMAHA

IF YOU CAN'T DECIDE BETWEEN LOOKS AND PERFORMANCE, DON'T.

Before this bike was ever metal, it was a piece of paper. On it, a list of totally unreasonable demands.

Make it the lightest, the leanest, indeed, the fastest 650cc in-line four ever built. And while you're at it, give it styling every bit as exciting as its astonishing performance.

A LIGHTWEIGHT WITH A KNOCKOUT PUNCH.

To say the Maxim 650 is the fastest motorcycle in its class is a bit misleading. Capable of covering the quarter mile in 12.6 seconds,* it'll challenge a 750. And smoke a few 850's as well.

But show it a curve and you'll quickly discover yet another reward of the Maxim's remarkable light weight.

Honest-to-goodness handling.

Its extremely low center of gravity and excellent steering geometry help create the sensation that the bike is actually an extension of you. A light, effortless responsiveness that is also the contribution of its incredibly narrow engine and very tunable suspension.

The Maxim's clean, quiet, dependable shaft drive is smaller and lighter than conventional shafts.

Those unique spiraled wheels are as strong as conventional, but more importantly, they're lighter—reducing unsprung weight.

Complimenting all this state-of-the-art technology is state-of-the-art styling.

Rather than compromising engineering, a Maxim's looks flow from it—naturally, fluidly integrating the pieces into a striking composition of form and function.

And for those of you who are simply not satisfied with a masterpiece, this year we're introducing the blackest, goldest, meanest Maxim you've ever laid eyes on.

The Midnight Maxim joins our other two after-dark Specials, the 850 and Eleven, as the ultimate synthesis of styling and technical sophistication. From the brilliant sheen of its black chrome tailpipes to the elegant gold of the gas cap, a Midnight Special is a one-of-a-kind machine limited only in number.

But the few we do build, you can be sure, are magnificent.

*Rear view mirror(s) standard equipment. *Source: Cycle Guide.*

AMAHA
YAMAHA
BRIDGESTONE
MAG·MOPUS-5

IT GOES LIKE A SON-OF-A-MAXIM.

Last year's introduction of the Maxim 650 proved once and for all you don't need bulk to get blistering performance from a motorcycle.

Here was a 650 with the fire-power of a 750 and more than a few 850's. A remarkably light, lean machine boasting effortless handling and clean, fluid styling. With a list of technical goodies as long as your arm.

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE.

Introducing the Maxim 550. It'll cover the quarter mile in times usually reserved for bikes 100, 200, even 300cc's larger.

It's the lightest DOHC four-cylinder production machine of its size ever made.

And narrow? Incredibly, it's only one-half inch wider than our own XS400 twin.

The trim 528cc four gets its potency from a hot-sparking Transistor Controlled Ignition with electronic advance and some technological wizardry called YICS—Yamaha Induction Control System.

A series of sub-intake ports literally blasts the fuel-air mixture around the combustion chamber, which results in more complete combustion, more power per stroke. More efficiency, too. But with no additional moving parts.

Add a six-speed transmission, low center of gravity cast alloy wheels, and unique off-set handlebars, and the Maxim 550's lean performance package is right at home on lonely backroads.

But it's most definitely styled to attract a crowd. Upswept pipes, low two-tier seat, shapely teardrop tank, and a couple of mouth-watering colors—New Ruby Red and New Yamaha Black.

The Maxim 550 is a motorcycle with class-shattering performance, revolutionary engineering, and astounding good looks. But that's not surprising for a Maxim.

It runs in the family.

YAMAHA
YAMAHA
YICS

THE YAMAHA SPECIAL TO CHOO

Back in 1978 we introduced the Yamaha Specials for those customers who wanted to enjoy a more relaxed riding style, and also display a bit of individuality.

For three very successful years, the low, fluid Special styling has delivered a declaration of independence from rider to onlooker. While still delivering all the performance that makes someone choose a Yamaha in the first place.

This year, the Specials give you even more ways to express just how much of an individual you are.

Because each and every model in the line can be dressed out in a myriad of genuine Yamaha Specials accessories.

S. OVER 4,000 MODELS SE FROM.

To the tune of over 4,000 possible combinations. At last count.

You can deck out your big Special with full fairing and lowers, engine guards, custom seat and saddle bags. Or any of nine other nifty items.

For the smaller Specials we've got sport fairings, mini shields, maxi shields, engine guards, sissy bars, luggage carriers and more. Any one, or combination of which, will make your Special even more special.

So if you're the type of rider who wants his motorcycle to be a reflection of himself, just go to your nearest Yamaha dealer.

And build your own.

EVEN OUR LITTLE IDEAS ARE BIG IDEAS.

At Yamaha, we don't think small just because we're building a small motorcycle.

Hence, the Exciters.

An exciting series of smaller machines with some of our bigger ideas built right in.

Take our brand-new Exciter 185, for example.

OUR IDEA OF ENGINEERING.

The reliable, SOHC, 4-stroke single was designed just for the 185. It's lightweight and narrow for effortless maneuvering. A gear-driven balancer makes for smooth, steady, quiet power. There's even an electronic ignition for maximum power with minimum maintenance.

If you can lift a finger, you can fire up an Exciter. The starter's electric, just like on the big bikes. And a special mechanism allows the motor to start only in neutral, or when the clutch is depressed. So the bike won't leave before you're ready to go.

OUR IDEA OF FUN.

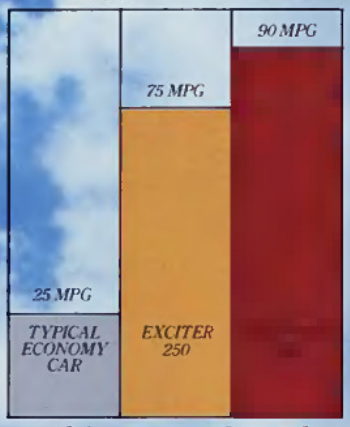
Nuts and bolts aside, most riders, even first-timers, buy a motorcycle for the way it looks and feels.

The Exciter 185 looks and feels like a real motorcycle. Not a cute little runabout. It'll take you shopping, cross-town, even on the freeway.

And no matter where you're going, it's just about the most fun you can have getting there.

That includes gas stations.

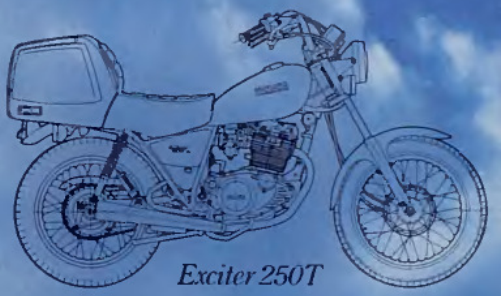
Because an Exciter 185 gets nearly 90 miles per gallon. Nearly as much as a moped. And about three times more than most economy cars.



THE BIG THREE.

There are three exciting Exciters in all.

Exciter 250



Exciter 250T

The 185, of course. The Exciter 250, for getting a little closer to the fast lane. Or the Exciter 250T with a handy travel trunk.

So whatever you're looking for in a small motorcycle, we've got you covered in a big way.

YAMAHA

THE WAY IT SHOULD BE.™

Rear view mirror(s) standard equipment. Always wear a helmet and eye protection. Mileage figures based on EPA testing, for city riding. Your mileage may vary depending on the way you ride.

LIT-11241-1300

BOOKS

Spectrum (Viking), a novel by David Wise, gives us plausible plotting, fascinating content and a frightening scenario—the possibility that the CIA has stolen uranium and made nuclear weapons for its own future use. The basic story makes a good read. Better yet, the details are accurate, from descriptions of covert operations run by the CIA to surveillance capabilities of the NSA, to a fine sense of how an American Embassy operates abroad (the London station, in this case) on a day-to-day basis. Wise puts his considerable stature as a journalist to good use. In case you're wondering, this is the same David Wise who wrote *The American Police State* and *The Politics of Lying* and who co-authored (with Thomas B. Ross) such best-selling nonfiction books as *The Espionage Establishment*, *The Invisible Government* and *The U-2 Affair*. Pretty good credentials for a spy novelist, and if you read *Spectrum* on top of those other titles, you may come to the conclusion that paranoia is a reasonable state of mind.

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Inflation—and how it affects your money—is often poorly understood. Gold bugs will tell you that nothing but the yellow metal is worth holding on to. Realtors will push property as the best hedge. Harry Browne and Terry Coxon's ***Inflation-Proofing Your Investments*** (Morrow) walks you through *all* your options. The authors spend some time explaining what causes inflation—and for those of us who are not trained in economics, those chapters alone make the daily financial news a good deal more comprehensible. The rest of this book is a catalog of long-term strategies to retain your net worth: foreign currencies, precious metals, real estate, stocks, and so forth. This book is fun to read because, unlike the more comprehensive Sylvia Porter and Jane Bryant Quinn books, it's more specifically and more aggressively out to make your money work for you. In a year when financial guides are cropping up all around us, *Inflation-Proofing Your Investments* may be the best of all.

•

Richard (*The Cincinnati Kid*) Jessup's latest novel is ***Threat*** (Viking) and it gets our vote as one of the best suspense thrillers of the new year. The hero, the pseudonymous Tonio Vega, is an ex–intelligence officer who served in Vietnam along with his twin brother, then returned from the war to find that his brother had been captured and mistaken for himself. He learns through the intelligence grapevine that his brother's freedom can be bought for $1,000,000, and that's where the drama begins. Tonio assumes a new identity as a student and a delivery boy, then spends two years planning to extort the ransom money from the owners of the St. Cyr Tower, the world's most elaborate and exclusive living-shopping complex. He calls himself Threat and his challenge is to prove to the management of the St. Cyr, which is billed as having the most elaborate security system in New York, that he has the capability of blowing the building to smithereens. He leaves a warning in an empty beer can. In a race against time, the best minds in the New York Police Department and the St. Cyr security chief, himself an ex–intelligence officer, try to find and destroy Vega while, at the same time, he wages a one-man psychological war against them. *Threat* works on several levels (Vega falls in love with a woman who has no idea what he's planning) and it has a neat trick ending. If Jessup was thinking that this novel would make a good movie, he was right.

Spectrum: no innocents abroad.

High stakes and foreign intrigue—coupled with smart writing and tight plots—make these thrillers irresistible.

Threat: uncanny scare tactics.

•

Your Cheatin' Heart (Simon & Schuster), by Chet Flippo, manages to decipher the real Hank Williams from the tragic legend that sprang up after his death. A lot of research went into this project, from tracing the Williams family tree to obtaining the medical records from the sanitariums where he rested under heavy sedation between bouts with the bottle. Bullied by a 200-pound mother who belted him around, Williams once bragged that there was no one he'd rather have beside him in a bar fight. But his life was filled with pain that didn't result from bar fights. According to Flippo, an overlooked congenital birth defect kept Williams' back slumped. At 21, he compounded his troubles by marrying Audrey Guy, who not only battered her husband but also inspired his famous mournful lyrics, including the title of this volume. Finally, they were divorced and he remarried shortly before he died, at the age of 29, saturated with drugs and vodka. Not unlike the current Elvis Presley marketing boom, business activity flourished around the star's death. *Your Cheatin' Heart*, arguably his best-known song, was released *after* his death. To his credit, Flippo incorporates Williams' music in the explosive life story that deserves to be read by every urban cowboy in America.

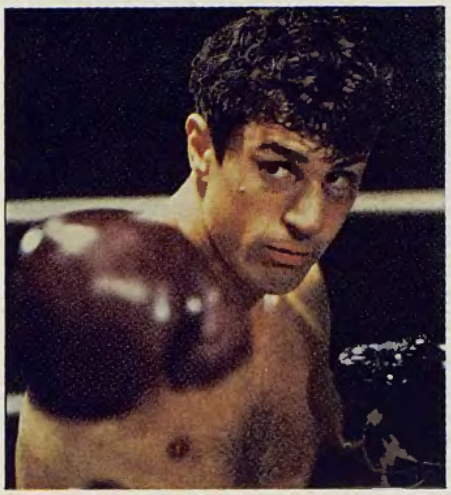
•

Time: 1969. Setting: An Ivy League school. Situation: A "good girl," seduced by her professor, becomes pregnant and seeks a back-street abortion. Sound like the plot of a typical hack novel? It's not; at least not the way Mary Gordon develops it in her novel ***The Company of Women*** (Random House). For her heroine is no typical girl. Felicitas (named after a virgin martyr) was reared by five pious women and one domineering Catholic priest. *Not* a normal childhood. Gordon's sharp eye for detail and keen ear for dialog are used to brilliant effect on all her characters and make this an extraordinary novel.

The first reel or so of ***Nine to Five*** (Fox) made me steel myself for an interim report on women's rights, an Emancipation Proclamation for the working girl. The movie has a message of sorts, but forget preachments and let's hear it for Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin and Dolly Parton. Although they may have to share the top spot among film feminists with Goldie Hawn (as in *Private Benjamin*), Jane, Lily and Dolly are aces as a trio of office buddies, or sisters-in-arms, who all become rebel queens for a day once *Nine to Five* gets up some steam. Details of the plot were covered sufficiently in the December PLAYBOY (on location, with reporter Larry Grobel). The screenplay by Colin Higgins (of *Harold and Maude* and *Foul Play*) and Patricia Resnick—with Higgins directing in a hit-or-miss manner—isn't quite as consistent as the collective star power unleashed to belt it across. With those three misses, however, the hits come easy. Jane is a partner in the production and a joy forever. More than atoning for her ill-conceived *Moment by Moment* with Travolta, Tomlin is hilarious, particularly when she camps through a Snow White fantasy about poisoning her boss, with lots of bluebirds and furry forest creatures dancing attendance on her. Dolly is delightful, and while I'm not sure that what she does is acting, she exudes the kind of naturally sunny spontaneity that other actresses work very hard to imitate. There's no male love interest as such, just Dabney Coleman as a boss you love to hate—"a sexist, egotistical, lying, hypocritical bigot" whom the girls kidnap and hold hostage. Never scolding or self-righteous re male-chauvinist pigs, *Nine to Five* shrewdly makes its points stronger by turning the revenge of the working girl into the liveliest office party of the year. ¥¥¥¥

•

Indubitably a top contender among current movies, Martin Scorsese's ***Raging Bull*** (UA) may score highly as a technical knockout. Scorsese stages several of the most bloody and gut-busting boxing sequences ever committed to film in an episodic, unsentimental adaptation by Paul Schrader and Mardik Martin of rowdy middleweight champion Jake La Motta's autobiography, roughly spanning the years 1941–1960. Add to that an overwhelming performance by Robert De Niro, framed by Michael Chapman's classic and classy black-and-white cinematography, plus a superb sound track subliminally providing nonstop nostalgia. Altogether, the film gets off to such a strong head start, the flaws don't show for an hour or so. Then they multiply. There's overkill in



De Niro's a knockout in *Raging Bull*.

Let's hear it for the working girls; Scorsese delivers a TKO.

Altered States: a sensory explosion.

Scorsese's subjective slow-motion shots that try to pound poetry into pugilism, but his worst miscalculation was to invest so much supercharged emotion in a character scarcely more likable than Attila the Hun. A simple-minded bully, La Motta outside the ring is even meaner than he is with the gloves on. He's a boor and a wife beater who evolves, blow by blow, into a gross insensitive loudmouth exploiting his faded glory by performing in strip clubs or ludicrous one-man shows. Still, De Niro's remarkable physical transformation, from lithe young brute to barroom blob, is an unquestionable tour de force. Scorsese coaxes showstopper stints from his entire cast, especially from newcomer Cathy Moriarty as Vickie, the sullen blonde beauty who became La Motta's second wife and favorite punching bag. The only other character to arouse my sympathy was Joe Pesci as the champ's put-upon brother Joey, who is also alienated by La Motta's insanely jealous suspicion that *somebody* must be screwing his wife. There has not been such a raw portrait of the Italian-American *macho* man since *The Godfather*. Hardly in the same league, *Raging Bull* is flashy but finally empty and anticlimactic—more of Scorsese's gritty mean-streets realism with too little humanism to make us care. ¥¥¥

•

Suspense taken seriously has been part of every true movie buff's staple diet since long before Hitchcock started improving on the standard hair-raisers. Lately, there's been more gore than sophistication evident on the screen, with too many film makers ready to concede that the public prefers copious bloodletting to a tightly constructed plot. Some recent releases suggest an upswing in taste, or at least the temporary reversal of a god-awful trend.

The energy crisis and a top-secret plan to delay production of synthetic fuel are the issues in ***The Formula*** (UA/MGM), a talky suspense drama based on producer-adapter Steve Shagan's novel, which in turn was based partly on fact. John G. (*Rocky*) Avildsen directed Shagan's tale of big oil, big banking, bloody murder and OPEC treachery that moves from Beverly Hills to St.-Moritz, Switzerland, and West Berlin. Since the principal talking heads for hire happen to belong to George C. Scott and Marlon Brando, there's hardly a moment when you don't want to look and listen. These two are adversaries, with Scott as a retired detective checking out the meaningless murder of an old friend. Brando is in especially good form as the deadly but deceptively easygoing chief of a huge conglomerate. Marthe Keller plays the beautiful woman who invariably catches a heel, or loses one, in the sticky center of such plots. Slow stuff, yet time flies when you're having fun. Just shift gears. ¥¥¥

Judged strictly as drama, ***Altered States*** (Warner) ends with a whimper. Everything else is tantalizing, one way or another—scary, hypnotic, easily the best Ken Russell movie since *Women in Love*, to which it bears no resemblance at all. Based on Paddy Chayefsky's novel, with a screenplay credited to Sidney Aaron (a nom de film explained by Chayefsky's contractual option to take his name off the movie, an option he chose to exercise), *Altered States* explores mystical levels of human consciousness and deploys its own special-effects task force to create a number of the most mind-bending aural, visual and visceral moments a moviegoer is apt to experience

Le gas goes slowly. The car doesn't.

Renault Le Car gets you from point A to point B economically. Without taking all day to do it.

It has the economy to give you (29) estimated mpg/39 highway estimate.* But it also has the performance to let you pass more than just gas stations.

Of course, Le Car gets you around curves as nimbly as down straightaways. With front wheel drive, road-hugging Michelin radials, and rack and pinion steering *Motor Trend* describes as "oh, so light and easy."

For potholes that can't be maneuvered around, four-wheel independent suspension and a long wheelbase give you what *Motor Trend* calls "a bump-smoothing ride like no other car in its class."

And when you leave the highway and head for the city, *Motor Trend* says, "the combined capabilities of the steering, brakes, and suspension make inner-city motoring with Le Car an effortless experience."

39 HWY. EST. (29) EST. MPG.*

Visit one of the more than 1200 Renault and American Motors dealers from coast to coast. For a car that makes your gas go slowly. Without doing the same to you.

*Remember: Compare these 1981 EPA estimates to estimated mpg for other cars. Your mileage may vary, depending on speed, trip length, and weather. Your actual highway mileage will probably be lower. California excluded.

Renault Le Car

More than just economy

at American Motors

(Advertisement)

"You promised me moonlight and roses, evenings in Paradise, Chivas Regal. What happened!"

without taking LSD or a mouthful of magic mushrooms. Once again, modern science triggers the plot, concentrated in a New England scientific community where a young married professor (movie newcomer William Hurt), having tried everything else, begins some dangerous experiments on himself in a watery isolation tank. Free-floating back to primordial states of human existence is his goal. As usual, Russell goes too far—going too far, of course, is almost the definition of his cinematic style. But *Altered States* suffers for it, becoming incoherent at times, deteriorating into something like *The Wolf Man at Harvard*. The dialog is often dense with weighty academic jargon, another handicap, though the actors manage to sound more than sensible. Hurt's performance establishes him as a minor star evolving into major importance before your very eyes, while Blair Brown, as his distraught estranged wife, provides the strong emotional life line that separates a trip movie from a true movie. Although irritatingly overwrought at times, *Altered States* has a lot going for it. ¥¥

Anyone who's skeptical about Hurt's hot career may discover more warmth in **Eyewitness** (Fox). Produced and directed by Peter Yates from a Steve Tesich screenplay—they're the team that made *Breaking Away* in 1979—this intricate offbeat thriller offers Hurt as the young maintenance man (or janitor) in a high-rise office building where he stumbles onto a murder that changes his life. He meets Sigourney Weaver, for one thing—she's the fetching TV newswoman who comes to visit the scene of the crime. Their chemistry works remarkably well, though the freshest scene in *Eyewitness* is one in which Hurt and the girl he's supposed to marry (Pamela Reed) finally confess, with huge relief on both sides, that they don't love each other in the least. Hurt comes off here like a taller, handsomer Dustin Hoffman. Weaver is no less winsome than she was in *Alien*, and there's prodigal scene stealing throughout by James Woods, Christopher Plummer and Irene Worth. ¥¥¥

Writer-director David Cronenberg's **Scanners** (Avco-Embassy) will not disappoint a growing coterie of fans who consider Cronenberg a genius light-years beyond such directors as John Carpenter and Brian De Palma. The movie has scarcely begun when a man's head explodes like a shattered melon. A kinetic kissin' cousin to Carrie, an accomplished scanner can concentrate his extraordinary powers on such cerebral blowouts. *Scanners*' diabolical political plot involves Patrick McGoohan, Jennifer O'Neill and Stephen Lack, the last just OK in his key role. But the film's ending is dynamite, and that's where nine out of ten thrillers go askew. ¥¥

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Altered States (Reviewed this month) A cosmic mental wet-down. ¥¥

Breaker Morant War heroes condemned in vivid Aussie courtroom drama of military injustice. ¥¥¥

A Change of Seasons Bo Derek barely weathering a so-so sex comedy with Shirley MacLaine, Anthony Hopkins. ¥

The Competition Pianissimo romance. Richard Dreyfuss, Amy Irving tickle the ivories but not the audience. ¥

Eyewitness (Reviewed this month) Boy meets girl meets murderer. ¥¥¥

Flash Gordon Max von Sydow's Ming outshines the hero. Some fun. ¥¥

The Formula (Reviewed this month) Oil-based intrigue with George C. Scott and an unleaded Brando. ¥¥¥

From the Life of the Marionettes Ingmar Bergman, even grimmer than is his wont. ¥¥¥

The Idolmaker Rock stars of the Fifties invented on the spot. A smashing performance by Ray Sharkey. ¥¥

Inside Moves Some charming people who need people in a friendly neighborhood gin mill. ¥¥¥

Loulou Isabelle Huppert and Gérard Depardieu with an amoral minority report from Paris. Sexy pair. ¥¥¥

The Mirror Crack'd Liz Taylor feuding with Kim Novak while Agatha Christie calls the shots. ¥¥

Nine to Five (Reviewed this month) How to succeed in business according to Fonda, Tomlin and Parton. ¥¥¥¥

One-Trick Pony Paul Simon draws from experience to write and star in the tale of pop celebrityhood in the Sixties. ¥¥¥

Ordinary People Robert Redford's extraordinary directorial debut. ¥¥¥¥

Private Benjamin Hilarious Army maneuvers with Goldie Hawn. ¥¥¥

Raging Bull (Reviewed this month) Boxer Jake La Motta's life relived by De Niro—a capital improvement. ¥¥¥

Scanners (Reviewed this month) Quite literally mind-blowing. ¥¥

Stardust Memories As told by Woody Allen, the sweet smell of success is merely stale. ¥¥

The Stunt Man Premium hamming by Peter O'Toole in Richard Rush's moviemovie about making movies. ¥¥¥¥

Tribute The slush runs *that* deep in a tearjerker based on the Broadway hit, but Jack Lemmon's moving performance is preserved intact. ¥¥

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¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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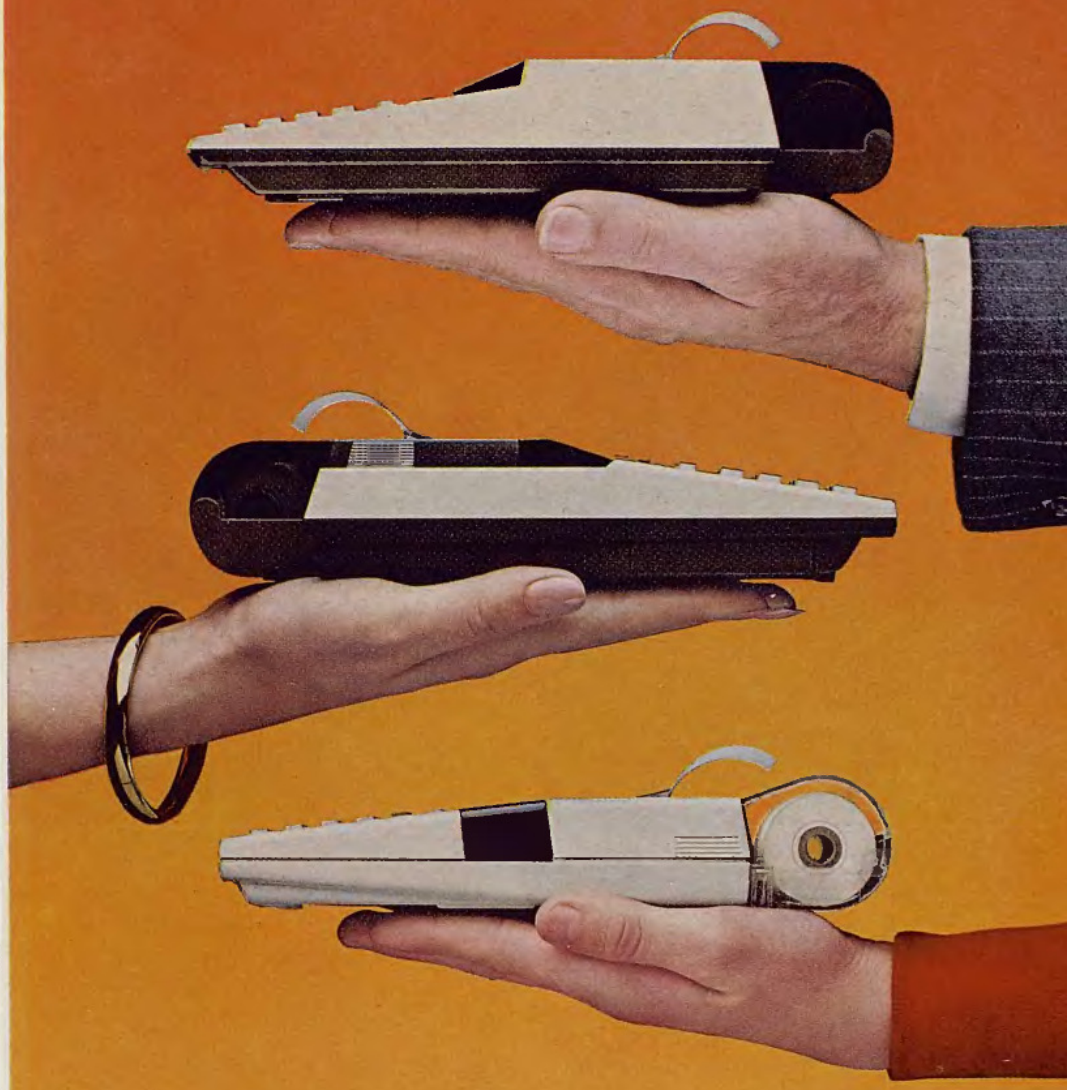

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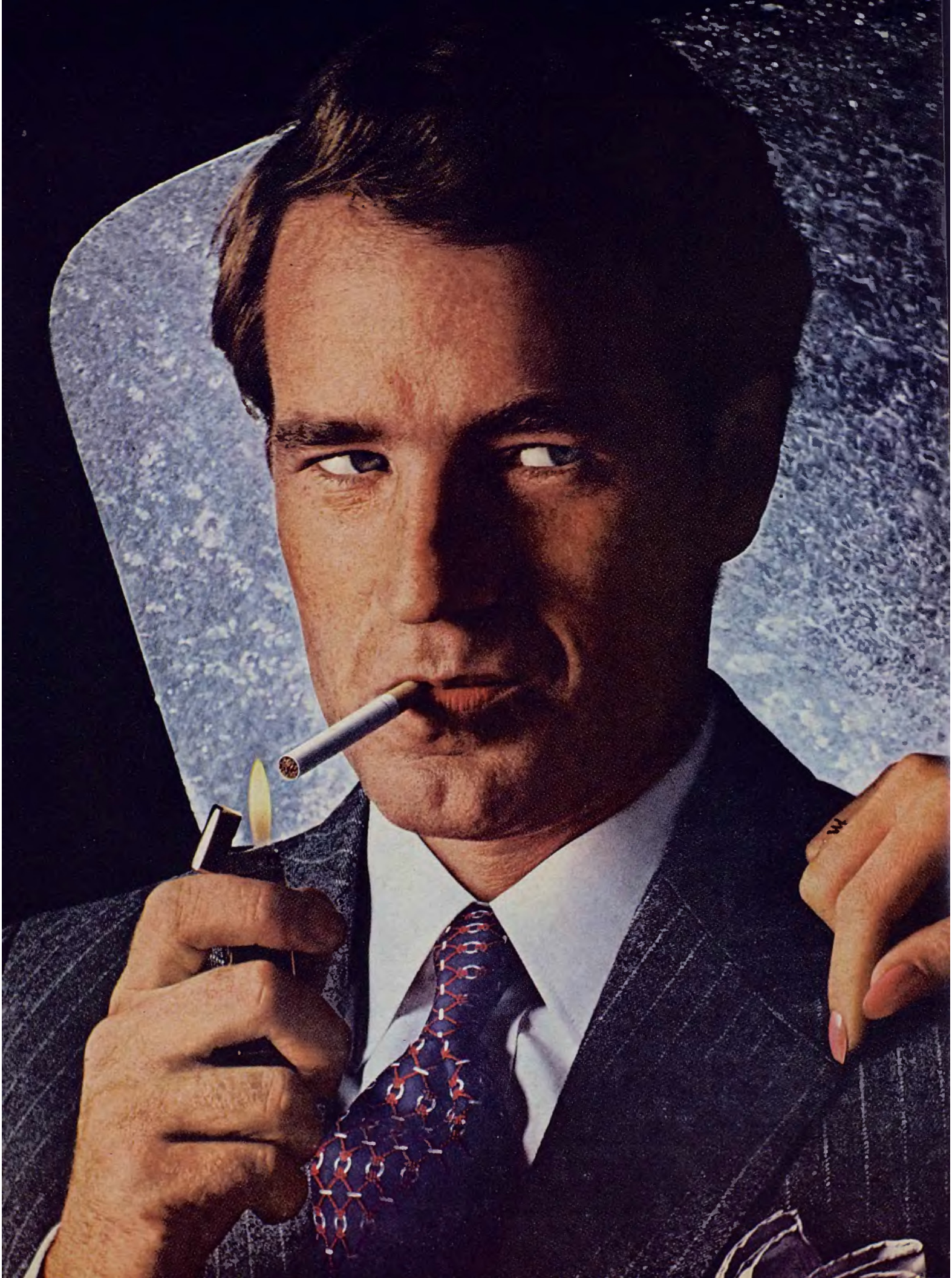

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HERE'S RODNEY: Among musicians, Rodney Crowell's reputation is already well established. More than *40* of his songs have been recorded by stars of various stripes, including Willie Nelson, Waylon Jennings and Emmylou Harris. If so far you've missed him, you owe it to yourself to check out ***But What Will the Neighbors Think*** (Warner Bros.), his second album. It's a treat of intelligent post-Nashville, post-Outlaw songwriting mostly in a country vein, sung in a light, engaging voice darkened here and there by traces of melancholy. He appears to write great chug-along road songs as naturally as breathing, and his ballads grab through understatement, not saccharine overkill. The boy has flat got it. Also highly recommended is his first LP, ***Ain't Livin' Long Like This*** (Warner Bros.), which is probably even a few shades better than this new one. You'll be hearing more about Rodney Crowell.

NO BLUES FOR THIS JEANE: When Jeane Manson arrived in Paris five years ago, her reception was anything but *laissez faire*. After all, the French very rarely catch sight of a real Playmate and Jeane had been Miss August 1974. Then a few notables heard her sing and her star took off. Along came a recording contract, sellout engagements, TV shows and movies. The bottom line—6,000,000 records sold in Europe.

"Now," says Jeane, "I'm looking for the hit song that will bring me back to America." Her first U. S. album, ***Jeane Manson*** (Epic/Portrait), put together by veteran producer/arranger Milton Okun, may contain that hit. Manson writes and sings in a simple ballad style. Her gentle country voice explodes on some cuts into multi-octave jumps and vocal gymnastics that leave no doubt she'll carve out an American niche.

FAIR OF THE STARS

Question: What have you been listening to lately?

MERLE HAGGARD: 1. *The Best of Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys.* 2. George Benson / *Breezin'.* 3. Hank Williams, Jr. / *Habits Old and New.* 4. Willie Nelson / *Willie Sings Kristofferson.* 5. Linda Ronstadt / *Heart Like a Wheel.*

DICKEY BETTS: 1. *Dire Straits.* 2. *Hank Williams Sr.'s Greatest Hits.* 3. Willie Nelson. 4. Hank Williams, Jr. / *Habits Old and New.* 5. J. J. Cale.

JOE WALSH: 1. Ralph MacDonald / *The Path.* 2. Alan Parsons Project/ *Pyramid.* 3. Tomita / *Snowflakes Are Dancing.* 4. *Turley Richards.* 5. Samuel Barber / *Adagio for Strings.*

JOE JACKSON: 1. Toots & the Maytals / *Funky Kingston.* 2. Gene Vincent / *Blue Jean Bop.* 3. Graham Parker / *Squeezing Out Sparks.* 4. Augustus Pablo / *Original Rockers.* 5. Talking Heads / *Fear of Music.*

REVIEWS

Black Market Clash (Epic NuDisk) is a nine-tune sampler of hits old and new and previously unavailable here, from a group well on the way to claiming The Rolling Stones' crown as England's premier rock-'n'-roll band. Included is *Bankrobber,* the Clash's current big single in the U.K., which opens: "Daddy was a bank robber, he never hurt nobody/He just loved to live that way, and he loved to steal the money." Populist rock!

•

Classic Jazz has been issuing a lot of stuff that was previously available only in Europe, and jazz-piano fans can only rejoice at the availability of Sammy Price's ***Fire*** and Hank Jones's ***I Remember You.*** A much-traveled veteran whose own

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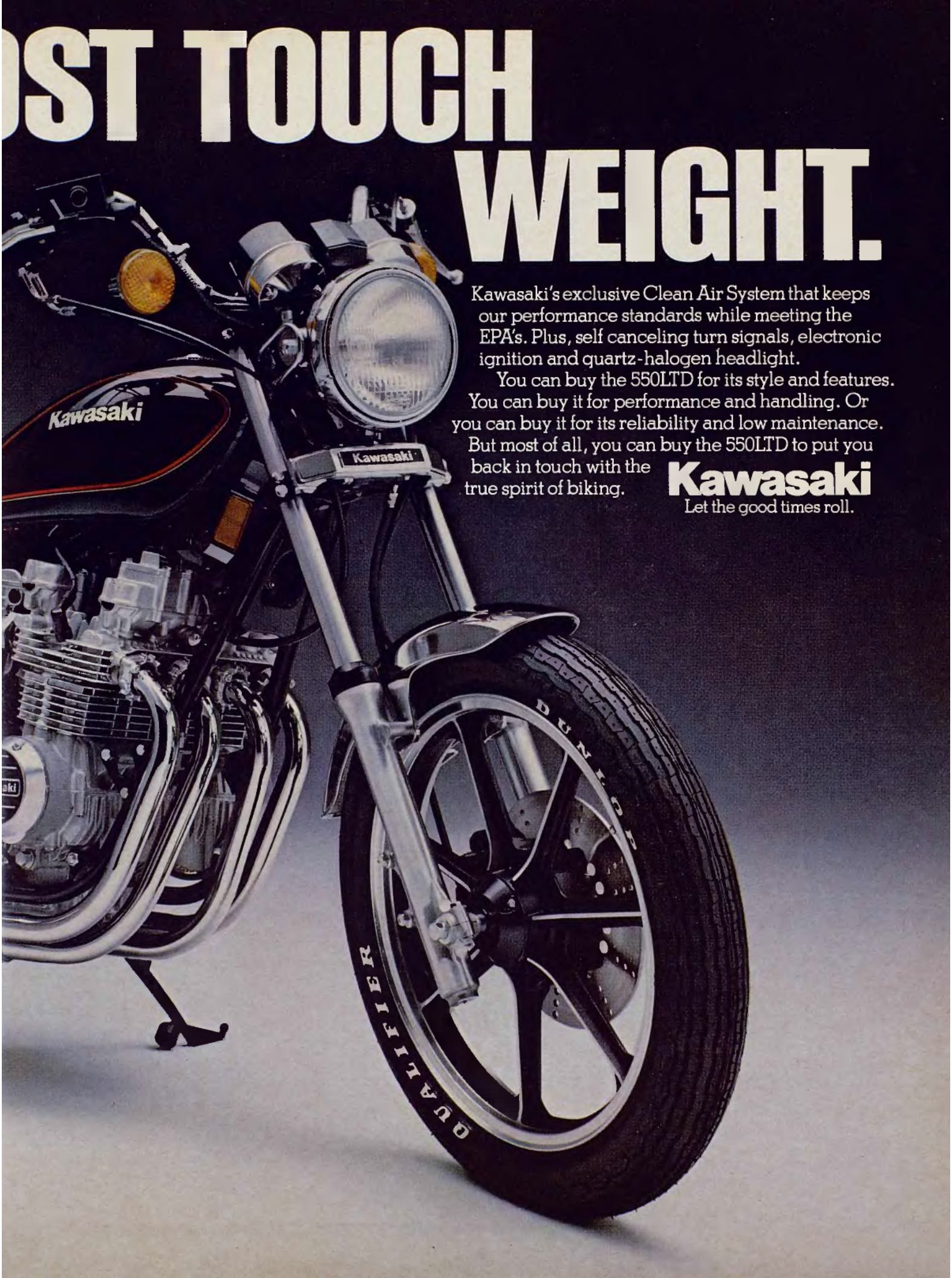
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bio reads like the standard history of jazz. Price plays boogies and blues with the kind of touch that takes half a century to develop. Jones, the much-lauded accompanist, goes for himself on this set, as he delineates some very lucky standards with great feeling and great technique.

•

Neil Young used to put us off with the noise he made. He sounded like a boy soprano whose voice had changed but whose style hadn't. He was still singing way up there where the notes are squeaky and the voice gets thin. Now he's winding down. On ***Hawks & Doves*** (Reprise), he sings like a grown man. He even assays a growl or two. He sounds assured, a man who's got it together and knows it. And he is writing very well, indeed, from a poignant vignette (*Little Wing*) to the grim nautical saga of *Captain Kennedy*. There's some baleful political comment in the title song and on *Comin' Apart at Every Nail*. The refrain on that one: "Oh, this country sure looks good to me/But these fences are comin' apart at every nail." Our own favorite is an almost verbatim account of a meeting of the American Federation of Musicians, *Union Man*, all about how the local ratified a resolution to distribute bumper stickers reading, LIVE MUSIC IS BETTER. Young does it deadpan, slyly and hilariously, sort of musical Bob and Ray. One side of *Hawks & Doves* is just Neil and his acoustic guitar and an occasional bass. On the other side, he is backed by a small band featuring some jazzy fiddling by Rufus Thibodeaux. This is the record Neil Young has been trying to make for years.

SHORT CUTS

The Reddings / *The Awakening* (Believe in a Dream): Otis' two young sons, and their cousin, are not fully developed talents yet—but they're on their way.

Sonny Rollins / *Love at First Sight* (Milestone): It sounds like the Rollins we first came to love—and Stanley Clarke sounds like Superman with a bass.

Ahmad Jamal / *Intervals* (20th Century-Fox) and ***Night Song*** (Motown): Impeccable pianistics, with soulful rhythm and easy-listening strings.

Sky (Arista): Inflated pop variations on classical themes that never get off the ground.

Keith Jarrett / *G. I. Gurdjieff Sacred Hymns* (ECM): Whoever OK'd this project should be forced to listen to the turgid, boring result through eternity. On headphones.

Sylvester / *Sell My Soul* (Fantasy/Honey): Would you buy used disco shrieks from this man? Keep it.

Boyd Raeburn / *Jewells* (Savoy): Vintage big-band weirdness from a fellow who tried to orchestrate the way Lester Young played. Pleasantly disconcerting.

FAST TRACKS

I WANT A GIRL JUST LIKE THE GIRL WHO MARRIED DEAR OLD DAD DEPARTMENT: "I don't need a new record album, I simply need a real human being to love me," Elton John said recently. Big deal, you say? But this time, he's talking marriage, folks. Just think of all the couples who *never* had a hit record. Kinda warms the heart, doesn't it?

NEWSBREAKS: **Buddy Holly**'s widow, **Maria**, has filed suit in an effort to gain custody of the recently located glasses of her late husband. The specs, a well-known Holly trademark, were misplaced by officials 22 years ago, when his plane crashed near Clear Lake, Iowa. . . . The auction at Abbey Road Studios of recording equipment and memorabilia brought in about $250,000. Our favorite item was a roll of toilet paper once rejected by the **Beatles** because of its inferior quality, which went for $200. . . . Producer **Robert Stigwood** is countersuing the **Bee Gees** and, not to be outdone, the **Electric Light Orchestra** is reportedly also suing its management to get out of a contract. . . . A nationally distributed video-music network has already begun airing some programs over independent TV stations and cable systems. The New York–based Pop Network purchased 53 hours a week for musicians such as the **Pretenders, Michael Jackson, Marianne Faithfull** and the **Ramones**. . . . Fans of the **Coasters** may have some trouble keeping up with the group, since there are about five different touring acts, *all* of which claim to be the original one. Apparently, anyone who ever performed with the Coasters is entitled to use its name. . . . You thought *Chipmunk Punk* was the end of it? No way. **Jim Henson**, the creator of **The Muppets**, has formed a record label to cash in on this trend. **Disney**, high on the success of Mickey Mouse disco, is planning an LP called *Goin' Crackers*, featuring **Donald Duck** on vocals. . . . Total sales for all the **Doors** albums have now passed the 16,000,000 mark. . . . More information on the music-business board game mentioned here last December: It's called The Record Game (what else?) and you can write to Gorilla, Inc., Box 288, Nashville, Tennessee 37221, for details.

RANDOM RUMORS: Record and tape pirates in Singapore are selling a bootleg called *Bob Dylan and Jimmy Carter*. The unauthorized recording includes parts of **Carter**'s 1980 State of the Union Message and a selection of **Dylan** tunes from the concert at Budokan. The tapes are reportedly being exported to the Middle East, Malaysia and New Guinea. . . . **Julio Martinez**, a biggie in New York State drug-abuse rehabilitation, is proposing that records that encourage drug use be taxed a dollar every time they are sold or receive radio air play. . . . We hear that California legislators plan to propose tough new laws as a result of outrageous scalping of tickets (as high as $200) at last fall's **Bruce Springsteen** concerts in L.A. The proposal has gained support from local rock promoters as well. . . . *Glamor on the Road Department:* While touring in Australia, **Daryl Hall** and **John Oates** were interrupted at dinner one night by a "fan" holding a gun, wearing a ski mask and demanding cash—not autographs. When other diners went to their aid, the gunman was captured and held for the police—who, it turned out, had had him on their wanted list for an entire year for similar escapades. Hall and Oates didn't get a reward, but their album *Voices* shot up 20 points on the Australian charts and went gold as soon as the story broke.

—BARBARA NELLIS

Take a shot at making your lucky lass a winner.

The luck of the Irish be with you me lads. Now 'tis the time to enter your "Miss I'Rish" in the "I'Rish I Had A Schlitz" photo contest. The lucky Miss I'Rish's photograph will be featured in the 1982 "I'Rish I had a Schlitz" merchandising campaign. And she'll be paid a model's fee of $800.00.

Ah, but you must be quick about it. All entries must be postmarked no later than April 15, 1981. So, shake a shamrock before it's too late. Here's how you enter:

1. To enter the contest, your favorite Colleen must consent by signing the entry blank. Send a clear color photograph of her with a completed entry form or a 3" X 5" card with her name, address, telephone number, age, eye color and hair color, and mail to **"I'Rish I Had A Schlitz" Contest, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, 235 West Galena Street (M.D. 3202), Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53212.**

2. All color photographs must be at least 3" X 3" but no larger than 8" X 10." They become the property of the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company and will not be returned.

3. Entries must be postmarked by April 15, 1981 and received by May 1, 1981. You may enter once.

4. Your favorite lass must be of legal drinking age in her state of residence and state of submission at the time of entry. Employees and their families of the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, its distributors, affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising agencies, and of Playboy, and retail licensees, are not eligible. Proof of eligibility may be required.

5. The "I'Rish I Had A Schlitz" Colleen will be chosen by the Photography Director of PLAYBOY Magazine, whose decision will be final. The Colleen will be flown to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where her photograph will be taken by the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company. All expenses will be paid for the "I'Rish I Had A Schlitz" Colleen's stay in Milwaukee, and she'll be required to execute a model's release.

6. The Colleen will be chosen by May 29, 1981, and notified by June 15, 1981.

7. No purchase is necessary to enter. Void where prohibited by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply.

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TELEVISION

There's powerful feeling as well as perfection of form in WNET's adaptation of ***Guests of the Nation,*** to be aired on Monday, February ninth, at eight P.M. (E.S.T.) as part of the *Great Performances* series on PBS outlets. Taken by Neil McKenzie from a Frank O'Connor story about Ireland in 1921, *Guests* was first produced off-Broadway, though its literary theatrical roots scarcely show. Under director John Desmond the actors—with Frank Converse and Estelle Parsons featured in a uniformly splendid company—take just under an hour to etch a memorable, lyric tragedy that may be the best you'll ever see on the subject of men at war who carry out orders they despise. Two Irish rebels stand guard over two English prisoners in a scoldy old widow's cottage, where the sworn foes' common humanity emerges as they do birdcalls or folk dances or bicker at cards. None can foresee the ultimate understated horror of which Converse, as rueful narrator, remarks, "Anything that happened after, I never felt the same about again." His sickened moral sensibility leaps right off the screen. Filmed on location in Connecticut, though you'd never guess it, *Guests* is plain, simple and devastating.

•

Whodunit fans ought to note on their calendars that this spring will bring forth, courtesy of the *Mobil Showcase* network, the first two Agatha Christie classics ever made exclusively for television. ***The Seven Dials Mystery,*** due in mid-March but not available for previewing, will be followed by ***Why Didn't They Ask Evans?,*** second of the three-hour presentations. Both have solid British credentials. Sir John Gielgud plays roles in both teleplays, and that's a clue to the quality of the games afoot. In *Evans,* which uncovers dark deeds around several stately homes circa 1934, Gielgud's the vicar whose foot-loose son (James Warwick) joins forces with a smart-set heiress (Francesca Annis, star of *Lillie*) to find out what's behind that title phrase—the last words uttered by a murder victim found at the bottom of a cliff. You'll never guess right unless you're as cunning as the masterful Miss Christie.

•

The distinguished *Shakespeare Plays* continue on February 23 at eight P.M. (E.S.T.) on PBS outlets with ***The Merchant of Venice,*** which promises to be the most controversial program so far in the series. The historic debate about anti-Semitism as expressed in the character of Shylock isn't going to be cooled by Warren Mitchell's portrayal. Though unfamiliar to me, Mitchell is a brilliant, warm-blooded and *very* Jewish Shylock whose broad accent and general demeanor conjure up images of a conventional scheming pawnbroker. When this Shylock lends money to the merchant Antonio and demands his pound of flesh on default, he's not fooling around. The virtue of director Jack Gold's handsome, provocative three-hour production is that it is probably just the sort of black social comedy Shakespeare intended. Shylock may be a shyster, but there is ample provocation in the heartless young Venetians who mock him without mercy after they help his daughter (Leslee Udwin as a sexy Jessica) elope with a Christian, making off with a small fortune in jewels. In the humbling courtroom climax of the piece, very touchingly played, Shylock is forced to kiss a crucifix and renounce his faith. "In converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork" is typical of the cruel wit that mocks his plight. The romantic subplot of *Merchant of Venice*—all that nonsense about lovely Portia and the ardent suitors who come to woo her by a kind of lottery involving three mysterious sealed casks—is played with great charm by Gemma Jones as Portia and John Nettles as the lucky Bassanio and another of those fine English supporting casts. They're so brushed up on their Shakespeare, it's always a clean sweep.

Mitchell, Jones as Shylock, Portia.

Some pretty snazzy stuff is due on PBS, ABC and syndicated outlets.

Nureyev, Charlene Gehm dance *Faun.*

Generals' Richardson, West and Dysart.

•

The *Great Performances* offering for March ninth will be ***Rudolf Nureyev and the Joffrey Ballet in Tribute to Nijinsky,*** another of PBS' *Dance in America* series. Anything Nureyev does has impact, and here he performs three of the great ballets danced by the mad young Nijinsky. In *Petrouchka,* he plays a tragic marionette; *Specter of the Rose* pairs him with ballerina Denise Jackson in that lush period piece about a dreaming beauty and her blossomy dream man; his third vehicle is *Afternoon of a Faun,* originally choreographed by Nijinsky himself—a scandal in 1912 for its graphic eroticism, with the scantily clad hero having simulated sex with a wood nymph's scarf. These early modern classics don't show the zesty young Joffrey dancers at their best, yet producer-director Emile Ardolino's tasteful *Tribute to Nijinsky* is the vintage champagne of TV fare, with Robert Joffrey and Nureyev himself providing helpful notes and commentary between the acts.

•

February is the starting month for *Mobil Showcase*'s ***Churchill and the Generals,*** three weekly one-hour dramatizations of how Winston won the war with the help of some brilliant British military strategists and some well-meaning American brass. "Eisenhower has no strategic sense at all," remarks one of Churchill's men at Casablanca when Ike (Richard Dysart) and General George Marshall (Joseph Cotten) seem overanxious about moving up D day. Timothy West makes an impressive Churchill, an incurable war

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lover and self-appointed messiah with a rage to vanquish Hitler's Huns. Arthur Hill plays F.D.R. passably, yet *Generals* remains Churchill's full-length portrait, a Napoleon-in-slippers sort of show complemented by stunning newsreel footage from May 1940 to the invasion of Normandy in June 1944. All in all, fascinating glimpses of global chess, seen mostly from the wings but with genuine stars onstage—in an era when world leaders looked their parts and played them bravura style. So *very* John Bullish, however, that I wouldn't recommend it to even occasional Anglophobes, who just might break out in a rash.

•

Masada, another eight-hour marathon that will run for four nights beginning Sunday, April fifth on ABC, bumping such staples as *Soap* and *Taxi*, was shot on location in Israel at a cost of $18,000,000. It was adapted from an Ernest Gann novel by Joel Oliansky, who wrote the current movie release *The Competition*, and directed by Boris Segal (of ABC's *Rich Man, Poor Man*). I'd argue with wiseass insiders who describe this as "a Jewish *Roots*." It's intelligent, inspirational, earth-bound. *Masada* is the name of a mountaintop fortress where 960 brave Judeans defied 5000 conquering Romans back in the First Century A.D., and the cast has a standard complement of Beautiful People to represent both sides—Peter O'Toole as the Roman general Silva, Peter Strauss as the indomitable rebel leader, Anthony Quayle and David Warner as lesser Romans, breathtaking Barbara Carrera as the captive beauty whose love humanizes Silva. A preview screening of the initial two-hour segment suggests that *Masada*'s milling throngs will mill through miles and miles of scenery in a good cause, endorsing freedom and whipping up windstorms of *déjà vu*.

•

Well into its second season, the successful *Mystery!* series (Tuesdays at nine P.M., E.S.T., on PBS outlets) continues the habit-forming **Rumpole of the Bailey** for six weeks beginning February 17. Leo McKern hangs in there as the cryptic, crusty English barrister who quotes Shakespeare, defends underdogs and refers to his formidable spouse as "She who must be obeyed." Once he hooks you, he's as hard to resist as Archie Bunker. After McKern has harrumphed into spring, *Mystery!* brings us three more chapters of **The Racing Game** (beginning March 31), that action-oriented, suspenseful race-track series with Mike Gwilym as a trouble shooter whose specialty is hanky-panky in the horsy set. Gwilym's a kind of street-smart cross between Cockney and Cagney whose style probably has more resonance for U. S. audiences than any English superhero this side of 007. —B.W.

DINING & DRINKING

For Pan-Asian cuisine in the nation's capital, pay a visit to Germaine's.

If you have but one night in the nation's capital, **Germaine's** (2400 Wisconsin Avenue, Washington, D.C.) is the place to dine. This Pan-Asian restaurant is the creation of a Vietnamese former paratroop nurse and newsgirl named Germaine Loc and her husband, former *Time-Life* war photographer Dick Swanson. From the ashes of a broken society (Germaine's family was nearly executed in the French debacle of 1954 and made it out of Saigon on the last refugee flight in 1975), the Swansons have crafted an eating-and-watering hole couched in natural woods, a skylighted ceiling and a jungle of greenery. It has become an instant hit with globe-trotting journalists and politicians alike.

Germaine's is not strictly a Vietnamese restaurant; but it is *de rigueur* to start with an order of *cha gio*, the exquisite Vietnamese spring rolls made from minced pork, shrimps and cellophane noodles. Rolled in crisp, diaphanous rice paper and dipped in pungent Vietnamese fish sauce, these chewy little delicacies are to Chinese egg rolls what a French omelet is to scrambled eggs.

Take our advice and eat just one *cha gio* per person so you can then order from the Indonesian-style *saté* grill near the front door. This is barbecuing as art: tiny cubes of beef, pork, chicken or shrimp skewered on long skinny sticks and cooked over the open hearth. *Satés* are dipped lightly in a spicy peanut sauce before eating.

Another delightful appetizer is a bowl of vermicelli-like Szechwan cold noodles, topped with slivers of cucumber and liberally dolloped with a thick, brown sesame paste that contains garlic, ginger, soy sauce, sugar and hot pepper. The hot part sneaks up on you.

Pacing is critical at Germaine's, for there remain such main courses as Vietnamese spareribs, marinated tenderly and cooked with chopped lemon grass; Thai chicken-breast slices cooked with Oriental basil leaves and sautéed with "about 20 different things"; or a dish called Ti Leaf Seafood with Coconut Milk, in which a large fillet of the local rockfish is marinated, then steamed with shrimps, chopped seafood and fresh-squeezed coconut milk—all served wrapped in the steaming foil.

There are five other shrimp dishes, three lamb offerings, pork, beef, chicken and vegetable items drawn from such varied culinary traditions as the Japanese and the Filipino. The problem at Germaine's is dual: knowing where to start and when to stop.

If you have any room left for dessert, the choice is limited. Two of our favorites are lichee-nut and ginger ice cream made exclusively for the restaurant by a small ice-cream parlor next door. The coffee, as in all Oriental restaurants, leaves much to be desired.

Dick Swanson vigorously promotes the idea of drinking crisp and full-bodied wines with Oriental food, but Asian beer is really the best accompaniment to Germaine's food. Besides San Miguel (Philippines), Amarit (Thailand) and Kirin (Japan), the restaurant's beer list includes the excellent, malty-tasting Tsingtao from China and big bottles of the rather spotty Golden Eagle from India.

While far cheaper than Washington's bloated cadre of French restaurants, Germaine's is not your typical Oriental bargain spot, either. Count on $20–$25 per person with drinks and tip for a three-course meal. Reservations are a must during prime time on weekends (202-965-1185). To give you an idea of their importance, be forewarned that Fleetwood Mac was turned down once for calling too late. Couples willing to have a drink or two at the small, cozy bar overlooking Georgetown will probably be squeezed in, however. Germaine's is open for lunch Monday through Friday from noon to 2:30 P.M. Dinner is served Sunday through Thursday from 6 P.M. to 10 P.M. and Friday and Saturday until 11 P.M. Most major credit cards are accepted.

You're at your local shopping mall, minding your own business. Suddenly, live and in person, Lord Darth Vader and a squad of his Imperial storm troopers come stampeding out of the dark corridor between Sears and Kinney Shoes. It's not the real Darth Vader, of course, just some clown from the *Star Wars* publicity department dressed in the villain's armor. The point is that you can hardly live in America these days and avoid the *Star Wars* phenomenon.

The good folks at National Public Radio hope to capitalize on all that. They've hired some of the most talented people in the broadcast industry to produce a 13-part **Star Wars** series (beginning March second) based on the film and they're anticipating carry-over success on radio.

Radio drama all but dried up in this country 30 years ago, with the advent of TV. Radio demands the participation of the listener's imagination, and that was a habit Americans were more than willing to break when the tube took over. I mention America specifically because, by contrast, the British Broadcasting Corporation still produces more than 2000 hours of radio drama annually. A fraction of that amount is made here, by NPR (*Earplay*), National Radio Theater of Chicago and *CBS Radio Mystery Theater*.

Richard Toscan, a production executive at KUSC-FM, a major Public Radio outlet associated with the University of Southern California, came up with an idea. "It seemed to me," he said, "if NPR's goal was to attract a really large audience quickly, the best project would be *Star Wars*."

Toscan took his idea to George Lucas, the creator-director of *Star Wars*—who, with others at his company, Lucasfilm, just happens to be a USC graduate. Lucas had originally intended *Star Wars* to be a *Flash Gordon*like episodic adventure-movie serial. When that plan proved economically difficult, it became a two-hour feature film. So the idea of converting it back into 13 30-minute chapters pleased him. Besides, he was doing something for his alma mater.

Lucas gave the radio rights to KUSC for one buck. The campus station shares distribution rights with NPR, which financed the project on a noncommercial basis, at a reported total cost of $175,000. Part of the money will come from grants from the Corporation for Public Broadcasting.

•

Saturday morning in an elegantly wood-trimmed and stonemasoned recording studio in Hollywood, award-winning radio director John Madden had a cast of around two dozen actors reeling through lengthy scenes at a pace five times faster than film making.

Daniels, Behrens, King, Hamill on mike.

Here comes *Star Wars* again, this time via the magic of radio.

"We didn't want to find sound-alikes," Toscan said. "We didn't want somebody who was going to mimic what Harrison Ford or Alec Guinness had done in the movie. But we had to accept the fact that *Star Wars* is almost an American myth now, so we had to at least *suggest* the original characters."

From the film cast, they managed to get Mark Hamill (Luke Skywalker) and Britain's Anthony Daniels (who plays C-3PO, the gold-plated robot), but they ran into scheduling problems with the other principal stars—Carrie Fisher, Guinness, James Earl Jones and Ford. Bernard Behrens will play Guinness' role as Obi-Wan Kenobi; Brock Peters will replace Jones as the voice of Darth Vader. Since Ford was filming with Steven Spielberg in Europe, Perry King, a veteran film actor with experience in radio drama, was chosen to play Han Solo.

Watching them tape was something different. During the memorable cantina scene, at least 20 actors were grouped around three live microphones, which simultaneously picked up barroom background noise and featured voices at varied volumes—while, in an isolation booth, Daniels' voice was being tracked through a slight echo to produce the familiar C-3PO "droid" voice.

"The basic requirement of radio acting," explained Madden, "as with any other kind of acting, is plausibility. A large part of that is imagining circumstances that obviously aren't there in the studio. And a large part of *that* is simply monitoring what you hear yourself say.

"Mark Hamill is actually a sensational radio actor—he has an incredible ear for it. On the other hand, he's not used to sustaining a scene that takes four or five pages. It demands a kind of concentration and discipline that he doesn't naturally have. But he can do it."

During a break, I asked Hamill, King and Daniels how they were handling the transition from film to radio acting.

PLAYBOY: Is there a difference between working in film and working in radio?

DANIELS: I find radio very tiring, because 3PO's voice is not that easy to do. In fact, as a robot, he doesn't breathe. So I have to hold my breath most of the time.

HAMILL: The unusual thing for me has been going back to Luke as he was in the first story. The character really did make a transition to *The Empire Strikes Back*—there's much less of that "Golly, gee whizz" in the second film. It's also a bit like doing a show in New York and then doing a revival of it somewhere else with a different cast. Because Perry is *not* trying to do Harrison Ford.

KING: I *am* trying to do Harrison Ford, and this is as close as I can get. [*Laughs*] I was going to see *Star Wars* before we started, but I decided not to. I'm glad I didn't, because then I think I probably would have tried to reproduce, as much as possible, Harrison Ford. And you can't do that. It wouldn't work.

HAMILL: People accept very quickly. For a second, they will say, "That's a different Han Solo," and then they'll be right back in the story line. Really, the story line transcends the actors, and what's interesting for me is that we've got 13 half hours in which to tell the story.

PLAYBOY: Then we take it you'd like to continue in radio after this project.

HAMILL: I'd love to. It's not the money. We're all getting just scale. But from an ego standpoint, I really didn't like the idea of somebody else doing my part. And in my generation, we missed out on so much: on live television and on radio.

KING: To a young actor, the kind of radio that's so famous from the Thirties is the one thing you've never had a shot at.

DANIELS: It's a shame that it doesn't really exist in the U. S., because it's the best of a magical medium. I mean, in radio, it's the audience that wears the costumes. The great thing is that I don't have to dress up as 3PO. But if you watch me in the booth, it's as if I have the costume on, because I'm wobbling around in there. The mannerisms are an essential part of the character, and, in a way, I need them to be able to create the same kind of impression in my head.

•

A resurgence in the popularity of radio drama, based on the success of *Star Wars*, is at best a long shot. No one's forgotten the 30-year-old lesson—that radio just can't compete with television for the American audience.

Or can it? Anything is possible when the Force is with you. —JUDSON KLINGER

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☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: **Bob** (*Airplane*) **Hays** will star with **Brooke Adams** in *Utilities*, the story of a social worker who challenges a major utility company, the old little-guy-bucking-the-system theme. Apparently, the script was originally considered for **Robin Williams**. . . . Fresh from *Flash Gordon*, **Sam Jones** has signed to do *Kid Punk*, an action crime thriller about a young police officer who is railroaded off the force and falls into the hands of an unscrupulous bunch who promote him as some kind of punkish hero. Although the producers claim it is *not* a karate film, there's a lot of karate in it, which is fine with Jones, who happens to be a blue belt. . . . At presstime, rumors were rampant that Hollywood may be in for another series of strikes. The Writers Guild of America contract expires in March and the Directors Guild contract follows suit in June. If demands involving pay-TV are not met, both unions may hit the picket lines, a situation that would virtually paralyze the industry again. . . . **Sylvester Stallone** will probably

Hays

Jones

do a comedy after finishing *Rocky III*. Although he hasn't yet completed the screenplay, it will involve a starving actor who teams up with a shrink who wants to be a screenwriter. . . . **Farrah Fawcett** will play Joan Robinson Hill in *Murder in Texas*, a four-hour miniseries based on an actual Houston murder case. Apparently, one of the reasons Farrah chose the role was that **Ash Robinson**, a surviving principal in the murder case who's now 84 years old, said that Farrah was his ideal choice to play the part of his deceased daughter.

•

VEGAS ODDS: **Jon Voight** and **Ann-Margret** team up for the first time, along with **Burt Young** and director **Hal Ashby**, in *Lookin' to Get Out*. Based on a script by Voight and his longtime friend **Al Schwartz**, the flick is a fast-paced *Sting*like adventure story about two hustlers (Voight and Young) who go to Vegas to pull off a scam at the blackjack table and end up getting stung themselves. (Ann-Margret plays Voight's ex-girlfriend, now hooked up romantically with the manager of the Vegas hotel.) Sources close to the movie say that the idea for the film is one that Voight and Schwartz have been kicking around for quite some time, but other sources tell me that the production has been characterized by frequent script

Voight

Ann-Margret

rewritings, reshootings and budget increases, not good signs. In any case, it is a definite change of pace for Voight, as well as for Ashby, whose last effort was the oddball hit of 1979, *Being There*.

•

DONALD DOC: For the first time since he starred in *M*A*S*H* 11 years ago, **Donald Sutherland** is back in the operating room. In *Threshold*, he plays Dr. Thomas Vrain, a gutsy surgeon who performs an unprecedented operation to give a young girl the first artificial heart. To prepare for the role, Sutherland studied with Texas surgeon **Dr. Denton Cooley**. "Realism is obviously important to this picture," says Sutherland. "To make sure I knew what I was doing, I went on Dr. Cooley's rounds and observed him in the operating room. He does 30 or so heart operations a day! He taught me how to stitch and make incisions." For further authenticity, the film makers borrowed $750,000 worth of hospital equipment, hired 20 real-life intensive-care and operating-room nurses and put three surgeons on 24-hour

Sutherland

Arkin

stand-by as consultants. Special effects made 12 hearts, out of a special latex formula, that beat with eerie realism and bleed when cut. They also made four full-sized bodies, four half-sized ones and 20 gallons of stage blood. The film co-stars **Jeff Goldblum**, **Mare Winningham** and **Michael Lerner**.

•

DUELING ZORROS: **Douglas Fairbanks** played Zorro in the silent era, **Tyrone Power** portrayed him in 1940, but until now, there has been a discreet silence concerning a little-known member of Zorro's family—his identical, and somewhat fey, twin brother, Ramon. **Mel Simon**'s comic send-up—*Zorro and the Gay Blade*—corrects that oversight. Continuing his successful venture into comedy, **George Hamilton** plays the dual role of the dashing masked swordsman and his twin. "Zorro is known all over the world," says Hamilton. "He ranks second to Superman as a folk hero. We need Zorro today—how we need him!—riding down Pennsylvania Avenue." For months prior to filming, Hamilton worked around the clock to meet the arduous physical demands of the dual role, starting in the morning with workouts at a Nautilus gym, then returning home to cross swords with noted fencing master **Victor Paul**, who rates him as "a fine and accomplished fencer on his own who need not be choreographed in swordplay." Afternoons were consumed in

Hamilton

Hutton

mastering Spanish dances, perfecting two Spanish riding styles and ending the exhausting regimen with bullwhip instruction. By the start of production, Hamilton could flick cigarettes from the mouths of Zorro's adversaries and wrap the bullwhip around any villain's neck. The film, due out this summer, also stars **Lauren Hutton**, **Ron Leibman** and **Brenda Vaccaro**.

•

A FAMILY AFFAIR: In *Chu Chu and the Philly Flash*, **Alan Arkin** plays Philly Flash, a down-and-out ex–Philadelphia Philly whose big claim to fame is that he was relief pitcher in the 1957 all-star game. With dreams of glory, an ever-present Phillies cap on his head and an old autographed baseball in his pocket, Arkin scrounges around San Francisco with a motley crew of street people, trying to earn, by fair means or foul, enough money to take him to Flint, Michigan, where he's been offered a job as umpire for a softball team. The unusual aspect to this film is the fact that Arkin's whole family is in it. His wife, **Barbara Dana** (who also co-wrote the script), and his sons **Tony**, 12, and **Adam**, 24, all co-star with **Carol Burnett**, **Jack Warden**, **Ruth Buzzi** and **Lou Jacobi**. Says Arkin: "Each time I'm away on location, I miss my family. This seemed like a better way. Now I've got 'em all here, working with me."

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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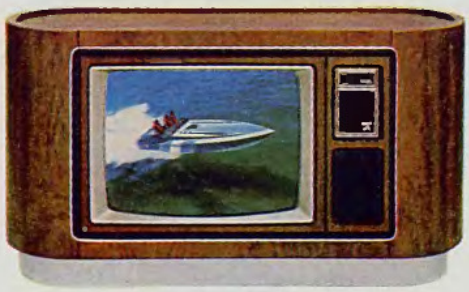

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IS JAMAICA SAFE?

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

The natives *were* getting restless. Now a new pro-tourist regime is touting a return to the idyllic days of old. . . .

TITLING this column "Is Jamaica Safe?" is not just a cynical way to catch your eye. It is an accurate report of the one question I'm asked—almost to the exclusion of all others—about what was once the Caribbean's most beguiling destination.

It's not a frivolous question. Officials currently estimate that political unrest in Jamaica resulted in more than 600 people's being killed during the first ten months of 1980, in what can only be described as intraparty fratricide. The effect of that ongoing violence was devastating to Jamaica's tourist trade. The number of tourists has increased a mere 13 percent over what it was six years ago and, in 1980, the government-owned hotels and airline (Air Jamaica) collectively lost more than $50,000,000.

So why even consider an island idyl in such a turbulent place? The answer is because Jamaica's verdant hillsides, flowing waterfalls and powdery sand beaches are still among the most alluring on this planet, and there are few islands anywhere that so completely satisfy a traveler's longing for a tropical paradise. Those physical attractions are no less appealing despite inflation in Jamaica that's been running at 30 percent annually (on top of a 50 percent devaluation of the Jamaican dollar in just the past year).

Once upon a time, owning or renting a villa in Jamaica was the perfect way to laze away a holiday in consummate luxury. Now, savvy house or villa owners or renters arrive on the island hauling their own foodstuffs, wading through customs with large cartons filled with bags of flour, boxes of cereal, spaghetti, cake mixes and well-wrapped cuts of meat, cheese and other perishables. Similarly knowing vacationers make sure they take along all their own sports gear—tennis rackets and balls, swim fins, snorkels, masks, scuba gear and golf equipment—for such luxuries aren't readily available in any local shop on the island. And unless your smoking preference is for a particular strain of locally grown ganja, even cigarettes have been in short supply lately.

But nearly everyone in the local tourism industry is significantly encouraged that the bad political situation of 1980 will rapidly become very much better following the resounding defeat of the leftist government of Prime Minister Michael N. Manley. Manley's so-called democratic socialism—and its alleged connection to Cuban president Fidel Castro—was denied another term of office and Edward P. G. Seaga's pro-U. S., pro-free-enterprise Jamaica Labor Party has now taken control.

Since Seaga is both the son and the brother of travel agents, it is easy to believe him when he vows to improve Jamaica's tourist image in a hurry. At a recent New York press conference, I listened as Jamaica's new minister of tourism frankly admitted that crime and violence had had a significant effect on tourism, and he vowed that the new government is committed to "encouraging decorum and law and order."

Within three weeks after taking office, Seaga personally announced that hotel reservations were up 17 percent and gunplay and violence had been cut in half. The fact is that even prior to the election, the violence on Jamaica was largely restricted to the poorest urban area of the southeast, the district that Manley himself called "ghetto Kingston." That is an area into which few tourists ever venture, so the much-headlined threat of tourists' being murdered in their beds was never an accurate reflection of the conditions existing in the major tourist enclaves on the north shore. To the best of our knowledge, none of the approximately 600 people reported killed in 1980 was a tourist, and the minister of tourism maintained that since the election, government security forces have been "astoundingly effective" in confiscating illegal arms.

The election of Seaga has given tourism in Jamaica an emotional lift. Even under Manley, the tourism business was a high-priority item and was strongly promoted and encouraged by the government. In fact, the Jamaican government owns the vast majority of the hotels there, and it has made sure that all tourist facilities are sufficiently well stocked with provisions so that visitors are unaware of the deprivation that afflicts so much of the native population. What's more, Jamaica has meaningfully increased its percentage of European visitors in the past couple of years, as they've discovered the delights of the devaluation and re-evaluation of the Jamaican dollar. So there is now an unusually high percentage of international sun worshipers with whom North American visitors can commingle.

Recent checks of the beach fronts at Negril, Montego Bay, Runaway Bay and Port Antonio showed holiday hordes cavorting with their usual glee, oblivious of any political unrest or threat of physical danger. There was some talk of rudeness in the shops in the towns and a general feeling that it was wise to stay close to the hotels and tourist centers. But no one felt inhibited by the possible dangers of roaming the interior regions of the island.

If there are any other material problems with vacationing in Jamaica, they have to do most with the high cost of eating out and getting about. While hotel rooms are still very reasonably priced—and even more so when they're purchased in conjunction with the myriad package plans offered by the hotels, tour operators and airlines—most restaurant prices have doubled and are comparable to (and occasionally more expensive than) first-class dining in Manhattan. That despite the fact that at presstime, one U. S. dollar equaled $1.75 in Jamaican currency.

One restaurant in Ocho Rios recently began the tourist season by listing the prices on its menu in Jamaican dollars. Not long after the start of the "official" tourist season (December 15), the Jamaican dollar disappeared from the menu—it was whited out rather crudely—and "U. S. $" was just as crudely inscribed beside the prices. That meant that restaurant food prices—at least in that particular establishment—had suddenly taken a 75 percent jump. What that means is that dinner for two at a decent restaurant in Jamaica these days easily costs between $50 and $75. But the bottom line is that it's still OK to go and enjoy Jamaica.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a reasonably attractive male, 20 years old. I recently went through what was for me a very emotional ordeal. About a year ago, I met a very attractive Oriental girl. We went out a couple of times. Eventually, we went to bed. I really enjoyed myself with her. After going with her for a while, I moved in with her. Everything was going great. I was really interested in marrying her. One day, while she was at work, I had the day off. I was bored. So I got snoopy and started to go through some old pictures of hers that she had stuffed into a box in the back of the closet. I ran across an envelope, on the cover of which was the name of a major reconstructive-surgery clinic. I opened it and found documents of name changes, Social Security–number changes, work records and birth certificates. What it came down to was: The girl I had fallen in love with had had a sex-change operation. It was a tremendous emotional blow to me. I didn't know what to do. I didn't let her know that I knew about it. Gradually, I enjoyed sex less and less with her. I left her, needless to say. Since then, I haven't been to bed with any girl. I almost find it hard to even talk with one. Is it wrong for me to think so badly of her? I just don't understand. I'm afraid it has left an emotional scar for life. Is there any way for me to get over this?—C. H., Denver, Colorado.

Life, as the man says, can be a bitch. And silence can be a breeding ground for pain and confusion. Maybe you should at least talk this over with your friend. Maybe not. Although the facts of this situation border on the bizarre, the basic problem is the same with any breakup. It used to be said that the only cure for a woman was another woman. We're not sure that applies here, but it's the best shot we've got. When a relationship disintegrates, you should go out and have an affair or four or five. You need to liberate your own sexuality from the details of the immediate past, to assure yourself that your arousal is not dependent on your former partner. As the years pass, you'll look back on this as a great war story for those times when your children ask you, "And what did you do in the sexual revolution, Daddy?"

My video recorder has just about soaked me dry. It's not the machine, it's the cassettes. I like movies and paying $50 to $60 for a movie cassette is starting to cut into the rent. Is there some way I can indulge my hobby without getting

into illegal duping?—P. T., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

You're not the only one who has that problem. Which is why the rental business is currently booming. In some areas, there are still legal kinks to be worked out, but some outlets—Fotomat, for instance—have been authorized to rent movie cassettes. The problem is collecting the royalties, which are considerable when you, in fact, sell the same goods over and over. But the distributors are beginning to see the light. Another solution is trade-ins, which have also been successfully tried in some areas. You get maybe $15–$20 off on a new cassette when you take an old one back. Swap clubs have also been formed. You pay a membership fee and you get a list of cassettes other members want to swap. If that's too formal for you, you can set up your own swap club with a friend. Check the Yellow Pages or the ads in video magazines to find the method that looks the best to you.

The other night, my lover mentioned that he had experienced great head only a few times in his life. Mind you, he wasn't complaining about the quality of our daily diet. it was just that there were one or two episodes that stuck out in his mind, if not his pants. I didn't follow up the conversation at the time, but since then, I've been wondering: How can I improve my technique? I've read *The Joy of Sex*, *More Joy*, *Xaviera's Supersex*. All the sex manuals tell you is that oral sex is OK and fun, but none of them really goes into detail. Can you give me any pointers?—Miss S. B., Seattle, Washington.

We love questions like this; it gives us a chance to convene the Playboy Advisor Advanced Tutorial on Wondrous Sex and spend hours in the test bedrooms confirming our data. Ahem. You might ask your boyfriend to review those peak encounters, to see if he can find anything particular that distinguishes great head from the merely incredible. He might be able to define the secret ingredient, but you should be warned that a lot of the people with whom we talked said that when it comes to oral sex, not having to give directions was a blessing. Surprise is more important than suggestion, improvisation more pleasurable than obedience or duty. There were a few techniques that were cited: Men seemed to recall with special fondness their partners who swallowed the ejaculate, who performed deep throat or some other special trick (adding hands or teeth, handcuffs, feathers, whipped cream). Women liked men who did not stop at the first orgasm, who bopped till they dropped. Both sexes seem to like oral sex when it is done for its own benefit and not as some halfhearted form of foreplay. It seems that timing is more important than technique, though. Where and when you perform oral sex will make more of an impression than the specific combination of saliva and sensation. Oral sex is to intercourse what guerrilla warfare is to trench warfare: It's best on the fly. Hit and run. Just remember the scene in "Dressed to Kill," in which Angie Dickinson engages in a little zipless head with a stranger in the back seat of a taxi. We think it's safe to say that the event was special. It's getting awfully hard to find an empty cab these days. Other than that, it pays to notice how a lover performs oral sex on you—it seems that people tend to do onto others as they want others to do onto them. Since this is a matter of national concern, we think we ought to open the discussion: If any of you have a special technique, or episode, why not drop us a letter? We'll publish the best tips in a future column.

Having recently decided to upgrade the speakers on my stereo system, I went to visit my local stereo shop. I was ushered into its "listening room" and the salesman hooked up a pair of speakers to a receiver, jacked up the volume to the level of pain and asked me how I liked them. Frankly, I haven't had such an aural assault since a late-Sixties Jimi Hendrix concert. Isn't there a better way

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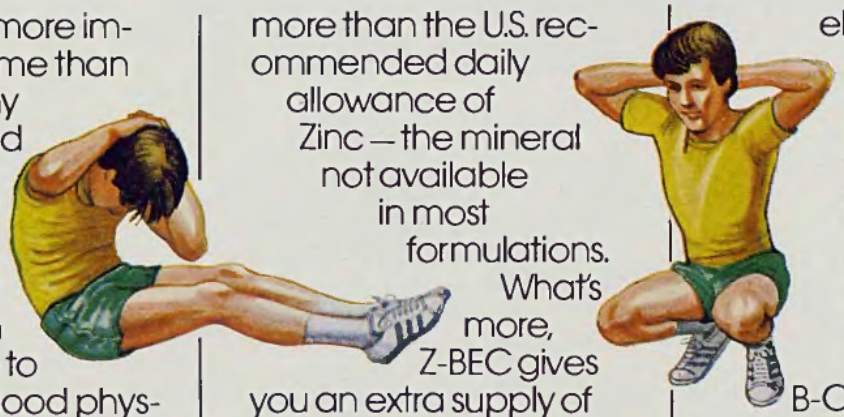

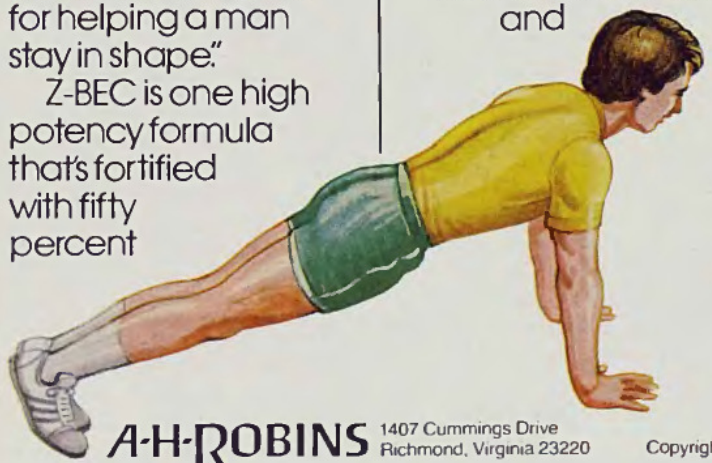

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to shop for speakers?—S. T., Los Angeles, California.

Buying stereo equipment isn't supposed to be like buying fast food, though that's the impression you get in some electronic supermarkets. The next time a salesman gives you that kind of pitch, tell him you'll buy the speakers only if you can get the "listening room," too. After all, that's what you're listening to, not the speakers. You won't know exactly how the speakers are going to sound until you get them into your own living room. But since you can't move the showroom to your house, you're going to have to take a controlled chance. Usually, the best place to start is money. Figure out how much you want to spend and stick with it. First, eliminate off brands, experimental systems and s-f hookups. You don't want to underwrite somebody's R&D department; you want good sound. Next, eliminate carved-wood cabinets and needlepoint grillé *cloth, for obvious reasons. At that point, you'll find you're looking at perhaps three or four systems. Write down their names and leave the store. People get stuck buying things they don't want because they rush the purchase. You don't want sound for Saturday night's big party; you want it for a good portion of your life. During the next week or so, research the products. Read any literature the store has on the speakers, check hi-fi magazines and books for their reviews and, finally, ask a knowledgeable friend. When you get two rave reviews, you're ready to go back to the store. That's when it's comparison time. But don't compare the speakers with one another. Ask to hear the very best, top-of-the-line speaker in the store and compare your two against it. The one that comes closest to the high-quality speaker is the one you want. All that remains is to take it home and try it under your own listening conditions. If it doesn't sound the way you want it to, take it back and begin the whole process again. Ignore the wails of your salesman. It's your money.*

This may sound strange, but I find that when I am angry at someone, the sex that results can be astonishing. On more than one occasion, I have engaged in your basic ram-it-to-the-brain hate fuck. It always leaves me feeling a little strange. Sex is supposed to be tender, loving, a morale booster, something joyful. It shouldn't be associated with aggression, right? Is my attitude strange?—K. S., Houston, Texas.

Not really. In the December PLAYBOY, *in an article on desire, one expert points out that whenever we experience an intense emotion—be it jealousy, fear, anger or grief—we tend to carry over the energy into our sexual relationships, if given the opportunity. The physiological symptoms of arousal are the same*

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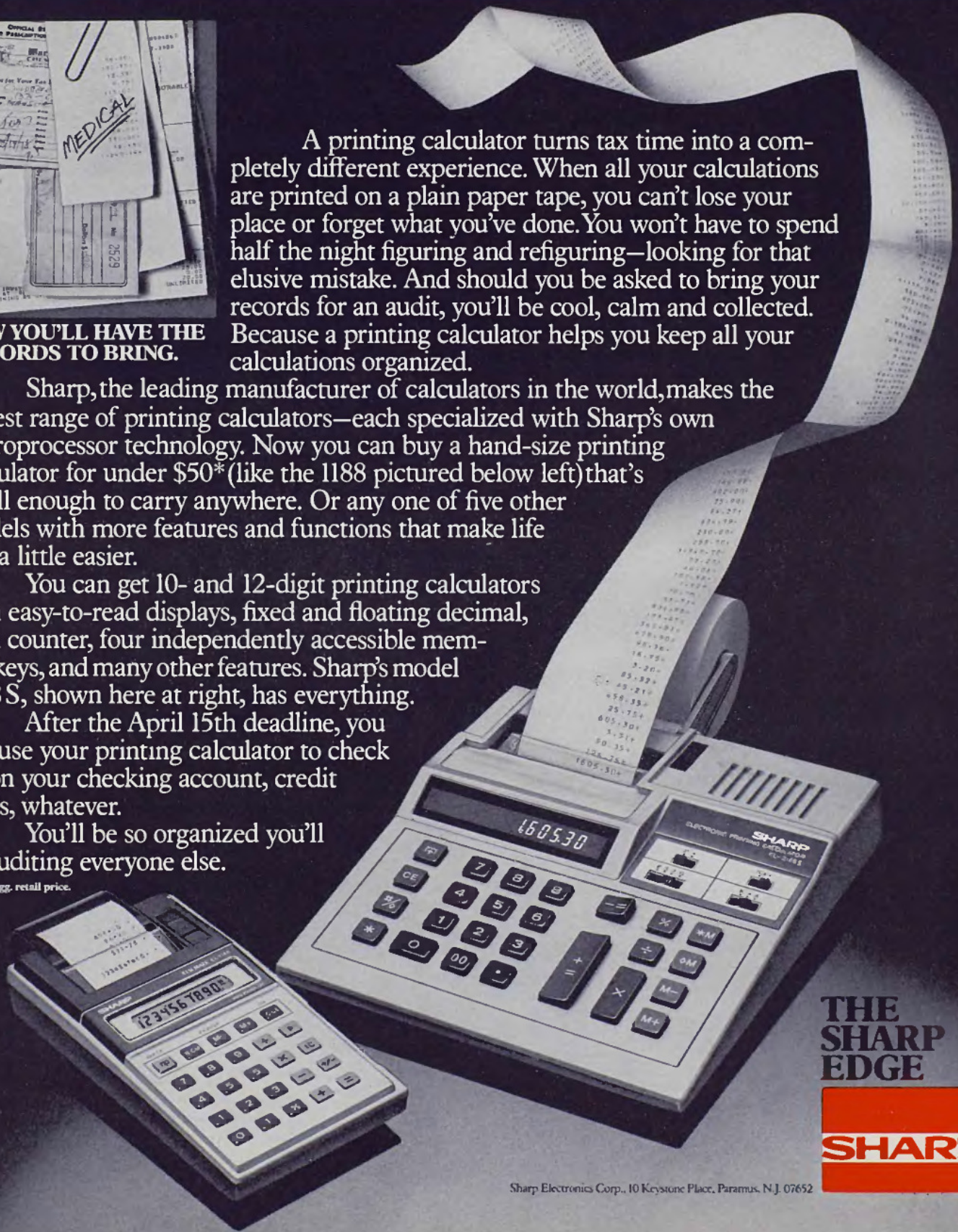
After the April 15th deadline, you can use your printing calculator to check up on your checking account, credit cards, whatever.

You'll be so organized you'll be auditing everyone else.

*Mfr.'s sugg. retail price.



THE SHARP EDGE

SHARP

Sharp Electronics Corp., 10 Keystone Place, Paramus, N.J. 07652

for anger as they are for sex—rapid breathing and heartbeat, etc. One emotion can fuel another. Indeed, we are seldom aware of how long the feelings from one situation last—an argument at work can affect your dinner date. A triumph on the tennis court can still leave you feeling horny—even after a cold shower. (One researcher claims that physical exercise is an aphrodisiac. He found that joggers may experience a peak of arousal a half hour after finishing a run.) We wouldn't be worried about it—as long as you kiss and make up, it's OK.

This spring, I plan to buy a ten-speed bike. As you probably realize, there are several hundred different kinds on the market. What I need is a place to start. What's the most significant difference between those that cost $100 and those that cost $300? I don't want more bike than I need and I don't want a clunker, either.—R. D., Atlanta, Georgia.

Discounting gear systems, braking systems, other hardware and accessories, the magic word in biking is weight. Pedaling power, handling and riding enjoyment are all a function of how much the bike weighs and how rigid the frame is. Naturally, you'll find that the more expensive the bike, the less it weighs. The highest-priced vehicles are close to the 25-pound mark; moderate bikes run about 30 pounds; and "clunkers," anywhere from 35 to 40 pounds. Ten-speeds are slimmed down by using lighter-weight, higher-priced metals. Those require superior construction techniques to keep the frames rigid. Hence, the higher price tags. If you're interested in "breaking away," try the 25-to-30-pounder. For casual sport, go as high as 33 pounds. The rest are worth it only if your streets are not paved.

I am a 19-year-old girl who has indulged in masturbation since I was around ten years old. That's also probably about the age my boyfriend started. Neither he nor I have any trouble reaching a climax that way. When we have intercourse, he has an orgasm but says the feeling, though pleasant, is not as intense as when he masturbates. As for me, I can't reach orgasm at all, no matter how slowly he takes it. Neither of us is inhibited. We're very much in love and we enjoy sex immensely, but we feel a little incomplete (especially me). I'm beginning to wonder if what I thought was a myth—that masturbation interferes with sexual satisfaction later—is really true. I realize that this is a whopper to advise someone on by letter, but we hoped you could suggest a therapist who could deal with our problem more extensively.—Miss D. L., Phoenix, Arizona.

Don't panic. You may not have so serious a problem. The fact that you have already masturbated to orgasm greatly

The Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls

"Most Men Are Too Busy Trying To Pick Up Girls To Meet Any"

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.

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.

We're not asking you to "believe" us. Just give it a try.

If we're wrong, you'll get your money back. If we're right, you'll soon have enough girls to last you the next 50 years. Either way, you come up a winner!

If coupon is removed please send to Mirobar Books, 904 Ethan Allen Highway, Ridgefield, Ct. 06877.

Mirobar Books, Dept. SM-107
Box 11
Ridgefield, CT 06877

I don't know if you're crazy or not, but you can count me in for sure. Send me the Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls. Here's my $9.95.

I will try out your material for a year, then if I haven't met enough girls to last me a lifetime, I may return it for your special refund. If I do return your material, you will send me back my $9.95.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper. Code 2

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increases the chances that you will learn to do so during intercourse. (Kinsey found that women who had taken things into their own hands in childhood were more orgasmic in marriage.) As for the relative quality of the pleasure, your experience is not unique. Masters and Johnson found that the people in their lab generally reported that the orgasm derived from masturbation was more intense than the one achieved during intercourse. It is easy enough to explain. You have the situation under total control and no one else to be concerned with. As for attaining orgasm during intercourse—it is less a matter of how slow he takes it than of how he takes it slow. Find a position that gives you a little more control, that lets you direct the attention to where you need it most (usually, but not always, the clitoris). Use your hands—and/or a vibrator—while he's inside you. Try oral sex. In short, you probably don't need professional help, just a little amateur-hour enthusiasm.

I am a happy, recently divorced man who is finally beginning to appreciate a variety of sexual experiences with a fine lady, who also enjoys my joy in experimentation. Although she had never experienced anal stimulation and penetration before, she sure liked it when I introduced her to this form of lovemaking. We both enjoyed the sensations involved and during our romp in the hay, alternated vaginal and anal penetration. Now, here's my question: I was recounting highlights of this series of events to an old college friend whom I hold in the strictest confidence. He cautioned me that moving from front to back (as it were) and back again, without cleansing the vehicle of penetration, could harm my girlfriend by transferring bacteria from the rectal area to the vaginal area, and thus cause infection or illness. Is he right?—G. L., Santa Rosa, California.

Your friend gives good advice. Follow it. You should be aware, though, that the greater danger is not to the woman but to yourself. The E. coli bacteria that are normally quite harmless in the intestinal tract can wreak havoc with your prostate. You may want to wear a condom to protect yourself.

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 simple pleasures of driving a Honda Prelude. Starting from the top.

We think you'll agree, it's a real pleasure to look at.

But our sportiest Honda also sports the kind of features that make it a thrill to drive.

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At the push of a button, the tinted-glass moonroof slides back. At the same time, an automatic deflector helps keep the wind out.

When you're behind the wheel, you'll be pleased at what you see in front of it. This year, the instrument panel houses a separate tachometer and speedometer, a quartz digital clock, a maintenance reminder and an electronic warning system.

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Our sportiest car has front-wheel drive, four-wheel independent suspension, rack and pinion steering and a responsive 1751cc CVCC® engine. The fact is, the Honda Prelude is designed to give you years of good performance.

POWER STEERING COMES AUTOMATICALLY WITH THE AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION.

The 5-speed stick shift is standard. But with the optional automatic 3-speed, you also get variable-assist power steering.

And after you've weighed all your options, we hope you drive off in the Honda Prelude.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

BACK TO THE BOTTLE

For those who would "outlaw sin," the Indian state of Tamil Nadu should provide a little moral lesson. According to newspaper stories, chief minister M. G. Ramachadran, a film star turned politician, toughened the 20-year-old "dry" laws when he came to power three years ago, imposing stiff jail sentences for drinking and even banishment from the state for hardened boozers. M.G.R. (as he's known to his fans) succeeded in filling the jails but found, at election time, that his popularity had collapsed.

It turns out that M.G.R. had been elected by an enormous bloc of women voters who idolized his screen image. Now they told him they were starving because 100,000 of their men had lost their jobs after being convicted of prohibition infractions. They said they didn't mind the men drinking and beating them, provided they kept their jobs.

The laws were relaxed immediately. Now anyone over 30 can obtain a special permit to buy booze and chief minister M.G.R. has been re-elected.

Norm Jamison
London, England

BRIGHT IDEA

Since race became an important social and political issue in this country, serious disputes have developed concerning integration, segregation, affirmative action, minority quotas, and so on. The thought has just occurred to me that those problems could be eliminated by pointing out to people that through a fairly simple legal procedure, they can amend their birth certificates by alleging that their race has been incorrectly stated.

It would be very difficult to disprove a person's allegation that he came from a particular culture or continent. It would be virtually impossible to trace most people's family trees back more than several generations, let alone back to the original immigrants to this country. Most people believe it is easy to determine race by the color of one's skin, but that simply isn't true. A well-tanned Caucasian may be darker-skinned than a fair-skinned Negro, and any test used by a court must be extremely accurate. I think it would be a bit of a chuckle to hear a Federal judge order light-meter tests of children entering school.

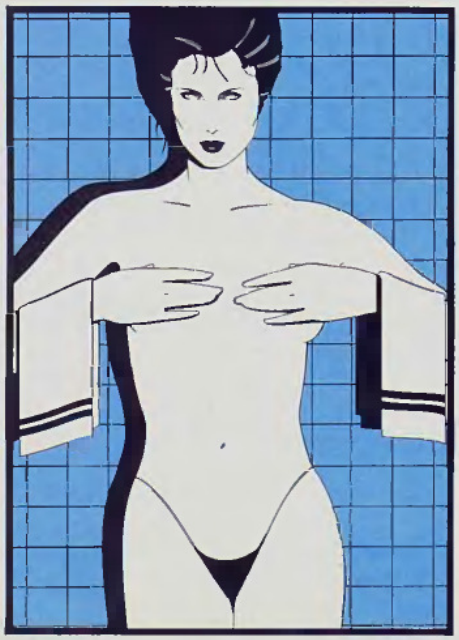
Imagine how handy it would be for a white male to "correct" his birth certificate to reflect the fact that he is a member of a minority, thereby allowing him to take advantage of various affirmative-action programs. I feel that if a great number of people utilized this procedure, it would throw a large monkey wrench into the gears of government, forcing acknowledgment that opportunities should, indeed, be equal.

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

"Deputies said the massage parlor had been under surveillance for two years."

CRIME CONTROL

The daily press dependably chronicles human folly, often without quite realizing the service it provides to those of us who are content to witness it in wonder, to comment to ourselves and our friends, and then to break up in laughter, but otherwise not participate. Your *Forum Newsfront* section seems to understand this without proclaiming it as editorial doctrine, because you provide such a good mix of important information and examples of madness that are equally instructive to a wide spectrum of readers. I herewith submit a news item too commonplace and too local to merit serious and individual treatment, but will try to give it meaning to your general readership by way of a little personal commentary.



The article reports that 11 people have been charged with working in a house of prostitution disguised as a massage parlor near Tempe, Arizona. The otherwise routine article names several female suspects and concludes with the sentence, "Deputies said the massage parlor had been under surveillance for two years."

Jesus Christ! Two years' worth of "surveillance" of a suspected whorehouse by law-enforcement officers produces a net result of 11 misdemeanor (here comes the pun) busts!

The reporter who wrote the item failed to answer a number of questions that came to my devious mind. Perhaps PLAYBOY will obtain the answers. The questions are:

1. Was the aforementioned surveillance conducted from *inside* the suspect establishment?

2. Did the same officers "work the case" for the entire two-year period?

3. What significant acts were observed by officers during the second year that were not observed during the first year?

4. Were there significant changes in status of the surveilling officers during the case? (Promotions, marriages, retirements, incidence of venereal disease.)

5. How many "customers" of the house were interviewed? Arrested? Charged?

6. What cost to the taxpayer, that 730-day surveillance leading to the arrest of those "desperate public enemies"?

I trust my friends at PLAYBOY to pick up where the local reporter left off.

Lake Headley
Phoenix, Arizona

Headley is a former cop, first-rate private investigator, dedicated activist and inspired troublemaker with whom we're well acquainted. Having published Headley's questions, we'll let it go at that; they contain their own message.

ABORTION *VS.* BIRTH CONTROL

PLAYBOY's consistent defense of abortion puzzles me. As a college student and a woman who is not some protected species of rare virgin, I cannot understand your concern over the denial of public funds to welfare women to abort pregnancies they could easily have avoided through the use of readily available contraceptives. Birth control is basic. Abortion is not and raises many

moral and legal issues. Your editorial energies would be better spent promoting responsibility in sex instead of justifying abortion as the supposed right of someone who, through no one's fault but her own and perhaps her partner's, became pregnant in the first place.

Please do not accuse me of indifference to the population problem or to the plight of the unwanted child. I think these matters are extremely serious but would rather see them anticipated and avoided rather than corrected after conception already has taken place.

(Name withheld by request)
Omaha, Nebraska

Apparently, it's time for a little history lesson. PLAYBOY *has been promoting the availability and conscientious use of contraceptives for the past two decades—since the days when birth control itself was controversial and often illegal. The right to obtain contraceptives even by married couples was not recognized until 1965, and as late as 1971, it remained a Federal crime to send contraceptive information through the mails and a crime in some states to supply contraceptives to unmarried persons. We actively supported several of the test cases that established the rights you seem to take for granted, and the idea of responsibility in sexual relations for both partners is one we've advocated to the point of belaboring it.*

Two facts remain that compel us to advocate complete abortion freedom, especially in the face of mounting efforts to destroy it. One is that of contraceptive failure, a problem of much greater magnitude than generally imagined. The other is human nature that seems inevitably and perpetually to include a substantial degree of bad judgment, ignorance, contrariness, stupidity or whatever one wishes to call it. Half a million illegitimate births in 1979 can be blamed on anything one likes, but the fact of them remains and no amount of disapproval—or the restricting of abortion—is likely to correct a problem that too often is perceived only after the fact. Abortion is always a disagreeable alternative to birth control; but that does not mean it should be any less an alternative. We do not see involuntary childbearing as a useful form of either education or punishment.

THE OTHER SIDE

Illinois State Representative Herbert V. Huskey's bill to assure divorced mothers of their monthly child support is no doubt a step in the right direction (*The Playboy Forum*, November). After all, it is the welfare of the child we are concerned with. Most divorced mothers cannot afford the costly attorney fees required to receive what is rightfully due them in the first place.

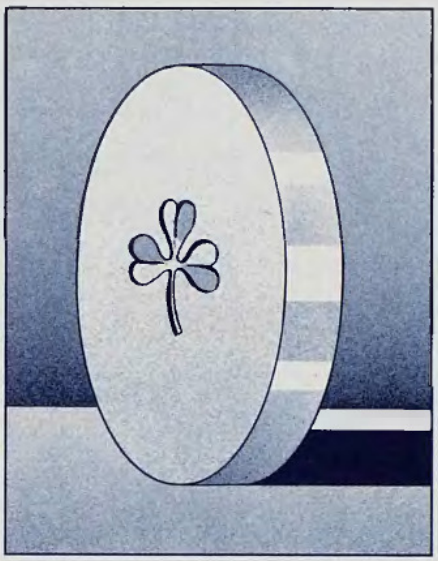
But what about the other side of the

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

ONLY IN IRELAND

DUBLIN—*After years of fierce legislative debate, the Irish parliament has passed a Family Planning Act that allows married couples to legally purchase contraceptives. The law still excludes single persons and permits the sale of birth-control pills and devices*



only by registered pharmacists and only with a doctor's prescription. A "conscience clause" in the law permits doctors and druggists to refuse to prescribe or sell them if they have personal moral objections.

DEATH PENALTY

BOSTON—*The Massachusetts Supreme Court has struck down the state death penalty in a harshly worded six-to-one decision that said capital punishment is "impermissibly cruel" and "brutalizes the state which imposes it." The justices found that the law violated constitutional rights in several ways, discriminated against minorities and represented "a denial of the executed person's humanity and a denial of all his rights."*

Elsewhere, the fifth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans overturned the Alabama death penalty on essentially technical grounds and the California Supreme Court upheld that state's capital-punishment law. Also in California, a U of C sociologist reported statistical evidence that the death penalty seems to deter murder for about two weeks after a highly publicized execution, but then the murder rate goes back up.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

BARTOW, FLORIDA—*A lawyer's imaginative plan to demonstrate the unreliability of eyewitnesses resulted in the conviction of an innocent courthouse bystander who had not even been charged with a crime. The attorney, defending a young black man accused of assault, battery and resisting arrest, asked another black youth to go into the courtroom and merely sit in the defendant's place. Assured that he would not get into any trouble, the uninvolved party did just that, was duly identified as the culprit, convicted by the judge over protests of the lawyer and taken to jail to await sentencing. Said the judge, "Three witnesses positively identified him, whoever he is." After some further discussions, the young nondefendant was released and the conviction vacated.*

POT POLLS

The latest Gallup Poll on pot indicates that 52 percent of Americans now favor the elimination of criminal penalties for possession of small amounts of marijuana and that one in four favors its legalization. Among respondents aged 25 to 29, 70 percent supported decriminalization.

A recent Canadian poll found that 56.6 percent of those surveyed supported marijuana-law reform and that nearly 20 percent believed pot should be sold like liquor in government-licensed stores.

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD

AURORA, COLORADO—*Two former city policemen have filed a $25,000,000 suit against the mayor, the police chief and other civic officials, claiming that they became psychologically addicted to cocaine and marijuana in the line of duty as undercover narcotics officers. The suit alleges that they were required to use the drugs for the purpose of "enticing suspects and gaining said suspects' trust in order to effectuate drug-related arrests" and both now suffer from "acute clinical psychosis and paranoia."*

COURTS 2, MOTHERS 0

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*By refusing to hear an appeal, the U.S. Supreme Court has upheld an Illinois Supreme Court decision that took custody of three children from a suburban Chicago woman because she had been living with a boyfriend after her divorce. The three Justices who argued in favor*

of hearing the case stated in dissent, "Nothing in the record or in logic supports a conclusion that divorced parents who fornicate, for that reason alone, are unfit or adversely affect the well-being and development of their children in any degree over and above whatever adverse effect separation and divorce may already have had."

Also in Chicago, a divorce-court judge denied custody of two children to a working mother chiefly on the ground that her job as a saleswoman required her to travel. Judge Charles J. Grupp said the woman was "entitled to pursue a career of her own" but added, "What is more important is that the children are entitled to a stable environment."

BATTERED HUSBAND

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA—*Prosecutors dropped murder charges against a 47-year-old man after deciding he qualified as a "battered husband" and had shot his wife in self-defense. An investigation disclosed that on a number of occasions, the woman had shot at or had actually stabbed her spouse, one*

time leaving him lying in a parking lot with a knife in his back, and that he killed her in the belief she was again reaching for a weapon.

NONTAXABLE INCOME

KARLSRUHE, WEST GERMANY—*Fees from prostitution are not taxable, the West German federal court has ruled, because they do not qualify under the "other income" provision of the national tax laws and are not covered by laws relating to self-employment earnings. The decision exempts hookers from paying income tax but not brothel owners, who, the court ruled, are obligated to declare their percentage of a prostitute's earnings as a "turnover" tax.*

MILITARY DROPOUTS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A U.S. Army study has found that women recruits are failing to finish their first enlistments at a higher rate than male volunteers. The dropout rate for women soldiers was estimated at nearly 39 percent for 1980, or six percentage points higher than for men. The Pentagon's equal-opportunity chief suggested that one reason for women's dissatisfaction with the Service was a lack of peer acceptance when performing traditional male jobs, especially when they were performing the jobs better than the men. Other possible factors were sexual harassment and the tendency of the military to keep even skilled women in traditional menial roles that permitted no career advancement.*

LAW SCHOOL LIABILITY

SAN FRANCISCO—*The prestigious Hastings Law School of the University of California has been ordered to pay $217,500 in damages for failing to protect a woman student who was sexually assaulted in a school rest room in 1975. A superior-court jury of seven women and five men found that employees of the school "failed to exercise ordinary care" and that that failure "was a proximate cause of the plaintiff's injuries" through no negligence of her own. The suit noted that the attack occurred in a school building in a high-crime area and in the absence of reasonable security dictated by known local conditions.*

ANTIKLAN

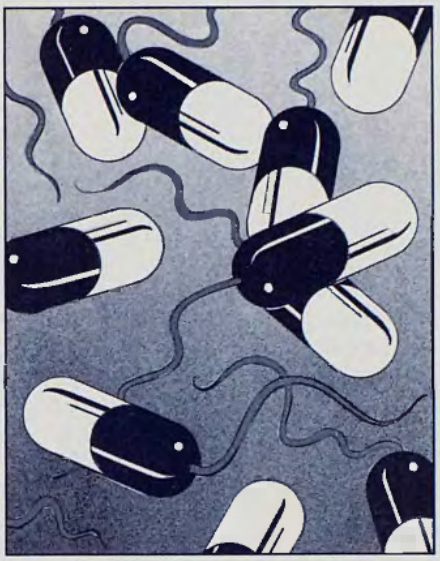
BIRMINGHAM—*In an unusual legal action to deter Ku Klux Klan violence, the Southern Poverty Law Center has brought a $1,000,000 civil suit against one regional Klan organization and certain members charging a conspiracy to deny blacks their constitutional rights by "a series of intimidating and violent acts." The suit also asks that such acts be legally enjoined, which would permit the arrest and immediate confinement on contempt charges of Klansmen for violating a Federal court order.*

BLACK EYE FOR BLUENOSES

HOUSTON—*A former home-economics teacher, fired in 1976 for giving her students a sex-and-dating questionnaire, has been awarded $71,000 in back pay and damages from the school district and the school superintendent in La Grange, Texas. A Federal-court jury found that a student had obtained a quiz produced by syndicated advice columnist Ann Landers, that the teacher had allowed students to answer the questions anonymously and that no school policy had been violated.*

PRESCRIBED SEX

Human sperm has been officially classified as a prescription drug by a Canadian pharmaceutical group in order for artificial-insemination patients to qualify for treatment under Canada's Medicare program. According to American Medical News, *the Order of Phar-*



macists of Quebec decided, after "lengthy philosophical debate," that sperm used for insemination could be designated a prescribable medicine.

BARE FACTS

SOUTH BAY, CALIFORNIA—*A 32-year-old woman accused of taking off her clothes and shouting "Praise Jesus!" during a church service arrived in municipal court to answer a charge of indecent exposure and repeated her earlier performance. A deputy district attorney reported, "I saw this lady sans raiment pushing her way through the crowd and entering the area between the spectators and the counsel table. The cheers and applause followed her as she went southbound through the courtroom." After two marshalls persuaded her to put on her clothes, she pleaded guilty to the original charge, received a two-year probated sentence and was ordered to a hospital for a mental examination.*

Elsewhere: Police in Hermiston, Oregon, arrested a woman at a local lounge, naked except for knee socks and who was about to leave in the company of four apparently intoxicated men. According to the cops, the men identified themselves variously as the woman's husband, brother, cousin and uncle, but none knew her name.

In Falls Church, Virginia, an accused woman shoplifter managed to prove her innocence by taking off all her clothes before a crowd of amused customers.

coin? What cost-free avenue of appeal do fathers have to assure them of their rights and of the enforcement of their visitation privileges? None. It doesn't really matter what the courts have decreed. The mother can always feign illness, be conveniently gone or just plain refuse. A vindictive woman, using visitation privileges as a weapon, can cause far more harm to a child than most people realize. When the man is already paying out a healthy portion of his income toward child support, why do the courts assume he can afford attorney's fees to enforce his rights? Even if he does go through the legal process at great expense, it doesn't necessarily accomplish anything. Believe me; I've been there.

Ron W. Huskey
Shreveport, Louisiana

One can assume that fathers will always use child-support payments as their only means of protest against archaic custody and visitation laws. When laws are passed that are truly in the best interest of the child, then I'll bet child-support collections increase dramatically.

Jack D. Paradise, President
Divorced Dads, Inc.
Kansas City, Missouri

MATTERS OF DEFINITION

Reading the December *Playboy Forum*, I was amazed that so many people seem to have the misguided idea that the word sex in the E.R.A. refers to the act rather than to gender. To me that is absolute nonsense. The intent of this amendment is to eliminate discrimination based on sex, yes, but to interpret this to include sexual acts is as absurd as interpreting "race" to mean a foot race or an automobile race.

The question of the rights of homosexuals is not addressed by this amendment, and the rights of rapists and other convicted felons are well defined by state and Federal law.

Ted Robinson
Houston, Texas

PRICE OF POT

I am a guest of the Texas Department of Correction in Huntsville, Texas, serving two concurrent three-year sentences for selling one ounce of marijuana and possessing four ounces. Although I admit my guilt, the marijuana was home-grown with a THC content of about one to two percent. I am 44 years old, married, with a two-year-old son. Before this happened, I had been employed 20 years as a painter foreman and general superintendent. But let me get to the point.

I think someone should research the total cost of a marijuana bust from beginning to end. Cops, jail, bonds, attorneys, prosecutors, judges, probation, parole, prison, aid for families, paper work, travel expenses, etc. I know the cost of my case is in the thousands of dollars. It has cost me $20,000 in lost wages alone, not counting $5000 for attorney and bonds. I wouldn't even try to guess how much it costs the court and the taxpayer. All for a home-grown $25 lid.

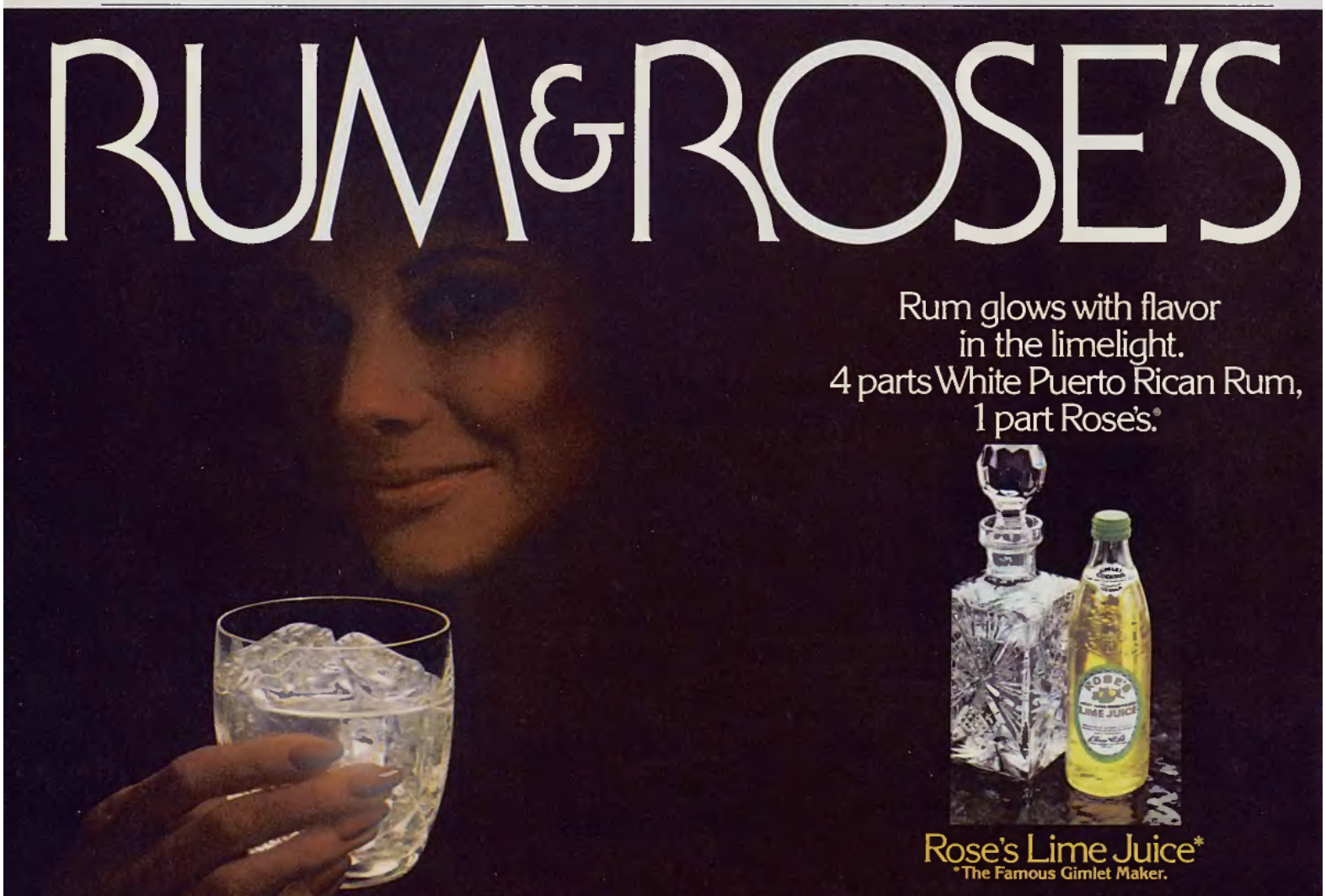
David H. Medlin
Huntsville, Texas

NINE-DIGIT ZAP

Please run this like one of those little PUBLIC NOTICE items in newspapers that disclaim debts of spouses, proclaim bankruptcies or otherwise officially inform friends, business associates and the world in general of some significant change in a person's situation. I can't think of a better place to post my notice than in *The Playboy Forum*.

I would like to advise my friends and relatives that they no longer will be receiving birthday, Christmas or other cards, or any letters at all; to advise my creditors that I will no longer be paying my bills by mail and perhaps not at all, unless they wish to make an appointment by phone and come by in person; and to advise various local, state and Federal Government agencies that, for their purposes, I am now DECEASED, with all mail to be returned to the sender.

The reason for that will be the new nine-digit ZIP Code planned by the U. S.



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Postal Service. After many years and many reminders from the P.O., I finally have trained my generally flaccid mind to both remember and use my present five-digit ZIP number, and have managed to record and use the ZIP numbers of many others with a conscientiousness that I thought was beyond my capability. I've been pretty damn proud of myself. I have a hard enough time remembering even my own phone number, because I so rarely call myself. After a quarter of a century, I still cannot recite my Social Security number and have given up on it. My driver's license and my checking-account numbers are out of the question; I haven't even tried.

I just want everyone to know that I did the best I could, and on the nine-digit ZIP Code, I now choose to make my stand. American Express, if you want me, you know where to find me. Bell Telephone, I'll pay you in cash when you come with your wire cutters. Mom, I hope you understand; be assured I'm eating well, and, as you know, I never wrote very often, anyway.

Michael Patton
Cleveland, Ohio

The House Government Operations Subcommittee has already had a bunch of irate folks testify to the cost, nuisance and potential confusion of a nine-digit ZIP Code, which may yet join the Susan B. Anthony dollar in the junk yard of Governmental good intentions.

IDENTITY CRISIS

I see where the prestigious *Times* of London has dropped the title Ms. from its stylebook—it's vulgar, denotes nothing, and so on. Well and good, but it didn't go far enough. It should drop Mr., Miss and Mrs., as well. They're just as pretentious and meaningless as Ms. In print, most first names are easily distinguishable as to sex and even if they're not, in most circumstances, gender isn't pertinent. "Kelly Murphy was elected to the town council today." Does it matter whether Kelly is male or female? Does anyone care? If sex is important, it will certainly be disclosed sooner or later without the necessity of tacking on the ubiquitous prefix.

The millions of people who are concerned with whether the toilet paper should roll under or over are probably just as concerned with how to address a business letter. But what's wrong with

AN UNPRECEDENTED PREGNANCY

legal questions are raised when a self-inseminator meets a nonanonymous sperm donor

By STEVEN J. J. WEISMAN

Consciousness of the rights of fathers has been raised recently, thanks to the movie *Kramer vs. Kramer*. But thanks to the New Jersey Juvenile and Domestic Relations Court in a case titled, cryptically enough, *CM vs. CC*, that has been carried to a much higher plane. According to the judge, this was a case of first impressions' presenting a unique factual situation with utterly no reported legal precedent. In other words, nobody had ever come up against a problem quite like this before.

The facts as reported by the court were that CC, the lady, very much wanted a child; however, she did not want to have intercourse before marriage and she did not want a child badly enough to *get* married. CC testified that she had discussed with CM, her boyfriend, the possibility of having a child by artificial insemination and asked his opinion as to whether or not she should request one of his friends to supply the sperm. Ever gallant, CM apparently offered his own sperm and together CC and CM went to a sperm bank. Unfortunately, the doctor at the sperm bank refused to help them. (It seems that all bankers are more difficult to deal with these days.) But, as luck would have it, CC learned enough from the sperm-bank doctor to do it herself. By "do it," I mean, of course, that she learned the procedure to artificially inseminate herself. So for several months thereafter, CC would go to CM's apartment, where CM would wait in one room while CC went to another room with her little jar of fresh semen and a glass syringe. At such a private moment as insemination, CC evidently preferred to be alone. After repeated attempts, CC finally became pregnant. Everything was fine for about three months, but then CM and CC broke up. After the baby was born, CM attempted to visit, at which time he was told that his visits would not be welcome.

But fathers have rights. It has been firmly established by the courts that even the natural father of an illegitimate child is entitled to visitation rights. The question in this case, though, was whether or not CM was the natural father of the child, when the sperm used to conceive the baby was, in the court's words, "transferred to CC by other than natural conventional means."

In the 1968 California case of *People vs. Sorenson*, it was held that with artificial insemination, "The anonymous donor of the sperm cannot be considered the 'natural father,' as he is no more responsible for the use made of his sperm than is the donor of blood or a kidney." The California court's statement as to natural fathers showed a tremendous insensitivity; it was a kick in the groin to all the artificial inseminators, who work so hard with few of the rewards of nonartificial inseminators. In any event, the New Jersey court rejected the reasoning in the Sorenson case because CM was not anonymous.

Finally resorting to common sense, the New Jersey court said, "The courts have consistently shown a policy favoring the requirement that a child be provided with a father as well as a mother." The court then recognized that if an unmarried woman conceives a child by intercourse, the father is no less a father for want of a marriage certificate. So it only seemed logical to the court that if an unmarried woman conceives a child from semen from a *known* man, that man is likewise *the* father. Only by donating his semen anonymously does the sperm-bank depositor escape responsibility for the consequences.

The court went on to say that it "takes no position as to the propriety of the use of artificial insemination between unmarried persons but must be concerned with the best interests of the child in granting custody or visitation, and for such consideration will not make any distinction between a child conceived naturally or artificially." Then, in a victory for artificial inseminators everywhere, the court held that it would not deny CM the privileges of fatherhood. His request for visitation was granted. As a final note, the court concluded, "Inasmuch as the court has found CM to be the natural father, the court must consider support and maintenance of the child and payment of any expenses incurred in his birth." So CM got his visitation rights, and also the right to pay child support.

Steven Weisman is an Amherst, Massachusetts, attorney and writes the syndicated column "You and the Law."

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Dear Kelly Murphy? Will the status of somebody's genitalia influence the price of the gross of gizmos you need to manufacture your plunkwunkets? Doubtful.

Mike Darby
San Francisco, California

PYRAMID PRINCIPLE

I think maybe I've figured out the social dynamics of special-interest politics and why minorities are no longer getting their legislation passed. The chain-letter effect, or pyramid principle, is finally happening and we've reached the point of diminishing political returns.

When the civil rights movement got going, blacks were the only conspicuous minority demanding their long-overdue piece of the pie. Their successes inspired other minorities to follow their example until we now have so many militants and activists in the game that the whole system is unraveling—Indians, Latinos, women, gays, environmentalists and even, for a time, "youth." Not to mention the current groups of antigays, anti-blacks, anti-abortionists, antifeminists and religious fundamentalists, all demanding this or that. Once too large a percentage of the population enlists in some special-interest or deprived minority group, there's no longer a prosperous and powerful majority left to make political and economic concessions.

(Name withheld by request)
Tucson, Arizona

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And now, a special selection of letters that have been flooding "The Playboy Forum" since the election of our 40th President. Those contemplating suicide as well as those proclaiming the Second Coming have been excluded in the interests of taste and space.

What worries me about President Reagan is that he attributes his own uncomplicated purity of heart to his closest advisors and associates. I don't question Reagan's good intentions toward nearly everyone or his sincere affection for democracy, but I doubt theirs. Some who have his ear are decidedly booster-Babbitt types, gung-ho for growth and development, ecology and clean air be damned; some are old military, crusty and mean-hearted, generous only with the idea of spending young blood; and some are not in the least opposed to international meddling and buddying up with unpopular despots as long as American business interests are served. With friends like Jesse Helms, who needs enemies?

Now that we can look back on it, it is ironic that Jimmy Carter was popularly perceived as a spineless wimp and Reagan was somewhat feared as a tough guy. It is really the other way around. Carter was a stubborn, hard-nosed, I'll-do-it-all-by-myself-thank-you loner; by comparison, Reagan is soft, sociable and trusting. He let others write his campaign platform for him because he was sure his friends had America's best interests in mind. Potentially, Reagan is the perfect patsy. Now that he is President, he had better be careful; we could have another Harding on our hands.

Jim Collins
Dallas, Texas

It will be interesting to see how President Reagan pays off all the chits he holds from the special-interest groups who are now taking credit for his election victory. He has gone into office indebted to everyone from the born-again Baptists to the right-to-life Catholics and every right-wing nut group in between. He has managed to appeal to every crackpot and fanatic in the country, except the real crazies who consider him too sensible. My hope is that such a panorama of political support will permit him to disappoint the more dangerous of his supporters. I don't think the man is totally stupid. I suspect—hope—that he is merely professional enough and also cynical enough and intelligent enough to understand voter emotionalism and to perform as well as other Presidents who lucked into that high office for all kinds of wrong reasons and yet did OK.

John Garcia
Indianapolis, Indiana

For a President who was supposed to divide the country, Reagan seems, in fact, to be bringing it together. Even his victory back in November was more of a mandate than anyone predicted. It was the biggest popular-vote victory in a long time: Carter won in 1976 by a real squeaker; so did Nixon over Humphrey; Nixon's big margin over McGovern doesn't count, because no one except the Watergate gang took McGovern seriously. Statistically speaking, Reagan appears to be a unifying force: More Americans agree on more issues than they have in a long, long time. Of course, unification per se isn't necessarily a good thing, but I'll be damned if I can see the people of this country turning as mean and hateful and self-destructive as Reagan's knee-jerk detractors would have us believe his Administration signals.

Reagan and Bush do not strike me as strutting, bullnecked fascists, nor do they appear to be heartless disciples of unregulated capitalism. And they do not appear to be uncompromising, suicidal fools. Isn't it already clear President Reagan and Vice-President Bush are going to do their jobs just as evenhandedly as any of their predecessors? Liberals have been in a doomsday dither since the election, but that's because their camp includes so many hysterics and babbling fearmongers. You go to sleep

She's worried about your budget. About your expenses. She's thinking about the price tag too much. And that's why it should be *you* who thinks about the true quality and value of that diamond. Since you are the one who makes the final financial decision, you should know why "thinking big" is important:

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This really makes good diamond sense, because larger diamonds are becoming rarer every day. Consequently, they are more valuable. So if you give her a larger diamond, years from now you'll be glad you did.

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Your jeweler judges the value of a diamond according to what he calls the Four C's: carat weight, color, cut, and clarity.

Each diamond combines these 4 characteristics in a unique way. One will be larger. One will appear icy white. Yet another has a warmer tone. For no two diamonds are born alike. Each one has a distinct personality. With your jeweler's help, you will learn to weigh each characteristic against the other and then choose the one that comes closest to your own sense of perfection.

It's not that difficult. In fact, if you take it slow and don't think "small," you'll feel secure that you have given her the one gift that can stand up to the toughest test of all. The test of time.

If you have more questions, ask your jeweler. And send for the booklet "Everything You'd Love to Know...About Diamonds." Just mail $1.00 to Diamond Information Center, 3799 Jasper St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19124. The rings shown are enlarged for detail. Prices are based on retail quotations and may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions.

WHY SHE'S TOO SHY TO TELL YOU TO "THINK BIG."

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with apes, you wake up with apes.

Once again, the democratic process has served us well and served up, as usual, a mirror image of the majority of us who vote. That's right; Reagan and Bush really do represent *us*. And we haven't done so badly picking our leaders.

Robert Courville
Madison, Wisconsin

Jimmy Carter may have had lust hidden away in his heart, as he once said in a *Playboy Interview*, but he sure never demonstrated much passion while he was in the White House. That boy was downright dreary. Hooray for Ronnie the Rancher President and his right purty Miss Nancy. Shoot, they look *good* in the saddle.

Bobby Wells
Denver, Colorado

As a woman who feared a Reagan Presidency and voted against him, rather than for Carter, I have to admit I'm beginning to like what I see. It *is* refreshing to have a couple of smiling *men* in the White House; Reagan and Bush's upbeat style is downright contagious, and welcome relief after four years of cool, frequently gloomy paternalism. I've even caught myself believing things will get better in this country, not worse. Imagine that. And Bush is a particularly attractive, elegant, charming surprise; he comes on with a lot of appeal; now cute, now wise, now sexy!

(Name withheld by request)
Moline, Illinois

No need now to debate reviving the draft or even draft registration. In the eyes of the world, particularly its more hostile and militaristic elements, putting Ronald Reagan at the controls should be the equivalent of several carriers, a fleet of nuclear subs and a dozen combat-ready Marine divisions in terms of military deterrence. Carter always appeared dangerously reasonable, rational and indecisive—the wimpy kid you easily could pick on. Maybe now our enemies will think twice with a Reagan pointed at their heads.

(Name withheld by request)
Falfurrias, Texas

The so-called Moral Majority and the other Christian crackpots surely can take much credit for putting the final, fatal, merciful bullet in the head of political liberalism, which has been dead on its feet for years now, anyway. That much is probably good. Perhaps out of the ashes of such a defeat can arise a new political philosophy of social progress once President Reagan proves, to the disillusionment of his present worshipers, not to be Teddy Roosevelt after all. Or when voters discover that the clock cannot be turned back to the days when a Teddy could successfully lead this country.

What concerns me is that the new religious right will receive too much credit and that the power and numbers of these moralistic fascists will be overestimated, the same way the country once overreacted to a handful of young radicals who knew how to manipulate the media and create a totally false impression that the country was on the brink of a leftist, youth-led revolution. In the days of limited communication, when people read newspapers that were not hooked into wire services and everything happened much more slowly, any kind of "movement" had to have some basis in fact before very many citizens even would hear of it.

"Christian crackpots surely can take much credit for putting the final, fatal, merciful bullet in the head of political liberalism."

Nowadays our columnists, commentators and analysts in the magazines, the daily press and especially on the tube focus on every political belch and fart like a scientist discovering a new Pulitzer Prize–winning bug. The truth may well be that our moralistic majority is still the same handful of religious fanatics who used to inflame their backwoods flocks in revival tents but who now have discovered computerized mailing lists, sophisticated fund-raising techniques and all the tricks of the marketing trade—and the mass media, which compete to spot, analyze, report and exaggerate new trends far out of proportion to their significance.

What we have to deal with, I fear, is that the very obvious popular desire to put Jimmy Carter out of office and try a new devil with a different style will be misconstrued by our surviving politicians as a mandate to repeal the Bill of Rights, name God to a Cabinet position and otherwise plunge the country back into the Dark Ages of insulated, parochial and myopic stupidity, domestically and internationally.

Manfred Grotte
Atlanta, Georgia

Those who are so loudly bemoaning the new regime and the prospect of political power being wielded by religious fascists must remember that the Federal bureaucracy will protect us from any dramatic changes, good or bad. And once President Reagan proves as ineffectual as his predecessor in correcting national ills, he, too, will be turned upon by his "moral majority" and turned out of office.

My analysis is that Ronald Reagan as President is merely an insidious plot by Teddy Kennedy to win the Democratic nomination in 1984 on a platform of "I told you so."

Pat Schroeder
New York, New York

What a relief! Maybe now we can get back the Panama Canal. Without the control of Panama, we lose our source of Panama hats, just as when our position on Castro communism in Cuba cost us Havana cigars but otherwise accomplished nothing.

(Name withheld by request)
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Panama hats come from Ecuador, actually. And those fine Havanas only seemed better when they became contraband.

My God, I think I see a new TV series in the making: We're all lost somewhere in the present. The commander of our badly rusting spaceship is none other than Captain Ronnie Ray-Gun, a likable, spry chap, perennially tan—maybe even centennially tan—who steers to the right. Unlike other s-f fantasies, the all-female crew is not scantily clad, nor would you want them to be. Octogenarians, every one of them. They call themselves the Moral Majorettes. They tote supercharged Bible phaser guns, which they unhesitatingly use to blast the high heels and garter belts off wicked little girls and a few even more wicked little boys. And each week, Captain Ray-Gun takes his creaking ship and crew further and further back into time, searching always for a distant laissez-faire past, a time gone by, when gasoline, big cars and Geritol were in plentiful supply. The name of this new show: *A Counterclockwise Lemon*. No jiggling. Occasional justified violence. And after four years, low, low ratings.

(Name withheld by request)
Palo Alto, California

Thank God (who else?) for Reagan's sweeping victory at the polls and the fresh winds of change that are blowing across the land. Now, at last, I can afford to become a liberal again without the risk of being politically fashionable.

Bob Lehrman
Santa Monica, California

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

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JAMES GARNER

a candid conversation with the easygoing star about "maverick," "rockford," funny commercials, his bizarre childhood and corruption in hollywood

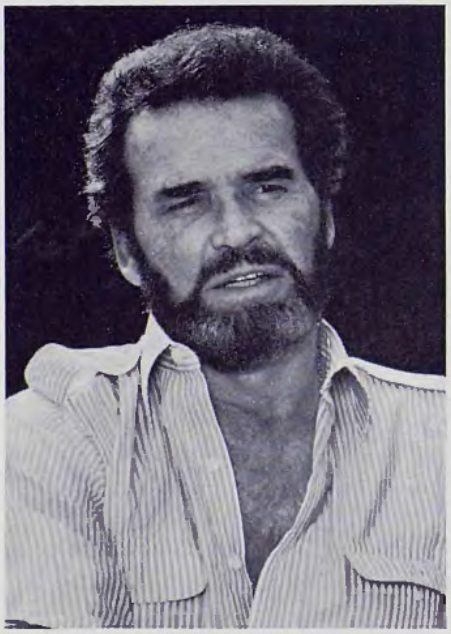
It has been almost a quarter of a century since James Garner first captured America's fancy as television's Bret Maverick, the most charming scamp and champion of justice (in his own way) ever to saddle a horse and ride out into the sunset. In the years since then, Garner, 6'3" tall and ruggedly handsome, has retained his franchise as the only American actor who looks and moves like a classic leading man but who invariably imbues his roles with a touch of classic schlemiel. "The Rockford Files," Garner's most recent TV series, showcased its Emmy award–winning star as a pusillanimous private eye who flouted every mystery cliché extant. TV detectives from Richard Diamond to Barnaby Jones employed dishy (or at least personable) secretaries; Rockford used an answering machine. Instead of a suitably shabby office à la Harry-O or the swank digs favored by a Peter Gunn, Rockford lived in a tacky trailer. And while hawkshaws like Banacek, Mannix and Cannon were well paid for their exploits, Rockford was usually stiffed by his clients. It was a bright, funny show that grew more popular each year as the rest of TV prime time grew more devoted to cheap sitcoms and network freak shows such as "Real People" and "That's Incredible."

A far more versatile performer than his fans sometimes realize, Garner has made it as big in films as he has on TV. In the course of taking part in 32 movies—his latest is "The Fan," with Lauren Bacall—the veteran actor has quietly rolled up an impressive list of characterizations. Garner has adroitly done romantic comedies ("The Thrill of It All" and "Move Over, Darling") cowboy shoot-'em-ups ("Duel at Diablo" and "Hour of the Gun"), contemporary action adventures ("Grand Prix" and "They Only Kill Their Masters") and psychological dramas ("36 Hours" and "Mister Buddwing"). His favorite film genre, however, remains comedy laced with satire. "I suppose I've played a fairly decent range of characters," he recently noted, "but given three scripts that are about equal, I'll always go with the humor. It's what I like to do."

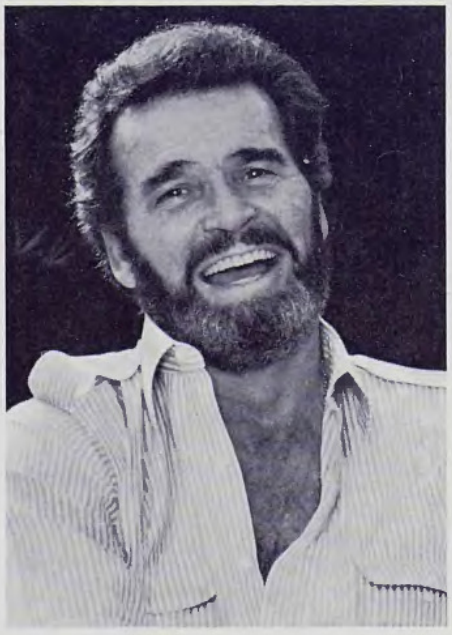
James Garner has always done what he likes to do. Born in Norman, Oklahoma, on April 7, 1928, he was the youngest of Mildred and Weldon Bumgarner's three sons. His eldest brother, Charles, was a fine student who became a schoolteacher, and Jack, two years James's senior, pitched in the Pittsburgh Pirates' farm system and later became a golf pro. Their baby brother, however, was always an ace goof-off. In high school, Garner excelled at football, basketball, track and truancy. While in high school (or at least in the vicinity thereof), he earned a reputation for picking up whatever dares his friends laid down. "My buddies used to bet me I couldn't steal something, and I'd do it just to show 'em I could," he recently recalled. "My best was taking one of those four-foot-high peanut machines from Woolworth's. I just picked it up and walked out with aplomb, as if I was supposed to. After that, my friend Betty Jane Smith gave me the nickname Slick."

Slick Bumgarner became James Garner in 1954, when he wound up in Hollywood. Three years later, he was the nation's biggest TV star, routing both Ed Sullivan and Steve Allen on Sunday nights in "Maverick." It was the start of an enduring career that has yet to show a sign of slowing up.

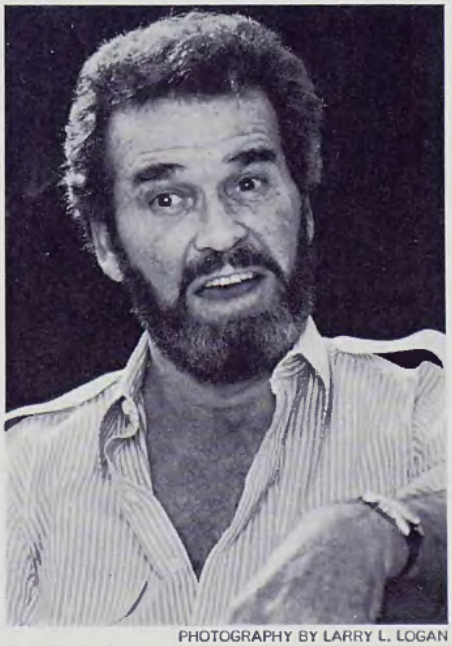
To interview the 52-year-old actor, PLAYBOY *sent free-lancer* **Lawrence Linderman** *to meet with Garner in Lethbridge,*



"Did Universal do me out of a couple of million dollars? I think it's a lot more than a couple of million! . . . I'll be ten years in the courts, but that's all right. I'm not going anywhere."



" 'Maverick' was the first pinprick in the balloon of TV Westerns. The same thing was true of 'Rockford' and detective series. . . . I come in and scrape 'em up. I'm a killer of genres."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY L. LOGAN

"I don't come out there with a lollipop and I don't say 'Take dat to da bank,' and I'm not flashy. I do humor; I don't do comedy. Humor is much more subtle than comedy."

Alberta, where Garner was filming a new movie. Linderman reports:

"Lethbridge is a small, hospitable Western town set just inside Canada about 200 miles north of Great Falls, Montana. When I flew in from San Francisco via Calgary, the area was experiencing its first snowstorm of the season, and it was a beauty. Garner had been in town for a month, acting in 'Pure Escape,' a comedy written and directed by his friend Stuart Margolin (Angel in 'The Rockford Files'), and co-starring Billy Dee Williams. The week I arrived, Garner and the rest of the cast were working from five P.M. *to five* A.M. *each day, and my first evening there, I drove 40 miles to a location shoot in an unheated barn. It was not a glamorous setting. One side of the barn was open, and there was a lot of chatter on the set, mostly from my teeth. When we were introduced, Garner kidded me about showing up without winter clothing, but, as I told him, weather reports for the area had shown temperatures holding steady around 64 degrees, not six below freezing.*

"Garner is as amiable offscreen as he is on, and between takes, he generously took the time to explain to a shivering journalist exactly what was going on. Garner had grown a full beard for his role as a former rodeo rider who, with Williams, steals a prize bull to justifiably settle a personal score. I hung in for three hours, watching Garner do various scenes in a stall with a 2100-pound bull, and also checking out the terrific rapport among Garner, Margolin and the crew of about two dozen mostly young Canadians. Unfortunately, 'Pure Escape' fell apart—its financing evaporated—the day after Garner and I completed the interview.

"In any case, my first night in Canada ended with a mild case of frostbite and two Japanese cassette recorders rendered hors de combat *by the cold. The next afternoon, armed with a new Sony, I visited Garner in his room at the Lethbridge Lodge Hotel. Garner genuinely dislikes doing interviews—his quota is one a year—but in spite of that, I found him to be a remarkably candid and friendly cuss and we quickly got down to cases. A lot of people (including myself) didn't really know why Garner had quit 'The Rockford Files,' and that provided an opener for our conversation."*

PLAYBOY: Universal Studios is suing you for leaving *The Rockford Files* in the middle of its sixth season. Why did you quit?

GARNER: I just couldn't work anymore. I was a physical mess, mostly because of things that had built up over the years. I'm talking about injury on top of injury on top of injury, which was the result of working when I shouldn't have worked. I'd done 11 of the series' final 22 shows, but pain has a way of building up till it's unbearable, and I couldn't work with it anymore. And when the ulcers came along, well, I knew my mind was going, too.

PLAYBOY: Is doing a TV series really that much of a grind?

GARNER: I don't think people have any idea how physically killing it is on a human being to be on the screen every week in a one-hour action series. You can start with a little thing like the knees. David Janssen was always in the hospital with bad knees, and the same was true of James Arness and even David Soul, and *Starsky and Hutch* was on the air for only two seasons. We all know what it's like. I know that more than once I talked to David Janssen along this line and he'd say, "I don't know if I'm going to make it." I think you could pretty well attribute David's death to overstrain and overwork. David wasn't doing a series when he died, but I'm talking about a cumulative effect. When you do it for too many years, it'll get you. We have doubles, but you can use them only on long shots. So you've got to flop yourself on the ground here, and guys punch you and you get a little beat up there, and eventually you wind up comparing broken bones and torn muscles.

"I've had three knee operations, broke a bone in my spine, broke my right kneecap twice. I've also broken ribs and knuckles."

PLAYBOY: What injuries did you sustain in the course of making *Maverick*, *Nichols* and *The Rockford Files*?

GARNER: Well, gosh, I wouldn't know where to start. I've had three knee operations, broke a bone in my spine, and I also broke my right kneecap twice in the same place, but that didn't happen while I was working. I did that at home; I can't walk up and down stairs very well because of the knees, so twice I slipped on the stairs. I've also broken ribs and knuckles, I have disintegrated disks in my back and my neck and I've had all kinds of dislocations, sprains and torn ligaments and tendons. The worst is the knees, though. I've had five incisions in my right knee—the left one's been operated on, too—and the last time, they went in with a hammer and chisel to see if they could get it to bend more than 100 degrees. I'm running a race with Dick Butkus to see who can have more knee operations. In a way, it's kind of funny, because we all get in touch with one another if we find out anything new. Joe Namath used to call and say, "Hey, Jim, I found a great doctor!" Janssen and other actors would call when one of them discovered a new orthopedic guy who could help out. The last time I was in the hospital, Burt Lancaster was in the next room. Burt couldn't run anymore, so he was having a prosthetic knee put in. He told me, "It works fine, and at least there's no pain." You know, you can fix sinuses and you can fix ulcers, but you can't fix legs when they're gone. And we're not talking about soreness or just being uncomfortable. It's *pain*!

In my last year on *The Rockford Files*, I'd get up to walk and I'd hobble for the first ten steps. Until I could get some circulation in my legs and feet, it was like walking on hot coals. In fact, I was in such bad shape at the end of the show's fifth year that I asked Freddy Silverman not to pick up *Rockford* for a sixth season. My contract with Universal was for six years, but NBC's contract with Universal was for five, and if the series wasn't picked up by NBC or another network, I could use the time to rest. But Silverman decided to go with *Rockford* for another year, so I had to do the best I could.

PLAYBOY: Were you annoyed with Silverman for not letting you off the hook?

GARNER: No, I wasn't perturbed at all, because I knew the situation he was in: He had to fill the hour. Hell, he had a winner in *Rockford*, so it was easy to understand. I thought that somehow I'd be able to struggle through another year; after all, I'd already gone through five of 'em as Jim Rockford. But I didn't make it.

PLAYBOY: Did anyone at NBC or Universal accuse you of being a hypochondriac when you dropped out of *The Rockford Files*?

GARNER: Not that I know of; but if someone had, I probably would have rapped him in the mouth. I really think they should have been more aware of what kind of shape I was in, because all they had to do was call up their first-aid department to find out how many pain pills and muscle relaxants they had to give me to keep me on my feet. I was taking Percodan, codeine, Soma, Robaxin—anything that would keep me working. I really felt like a plow horse who'd pulled the goddamn plow too long; but I made up my mind to stick it out. And then one day I was on the stage and I had such pains in my stomach that I didn't really know what the trouble was. I just doubled up in pain and I was bleeding rectally; I couldn't breathe because of my sinuses—it was not a wonderful moment. I said, "Whoa, get me a doctor," so the studio doctor came out and discovered that my ulcers were back with a

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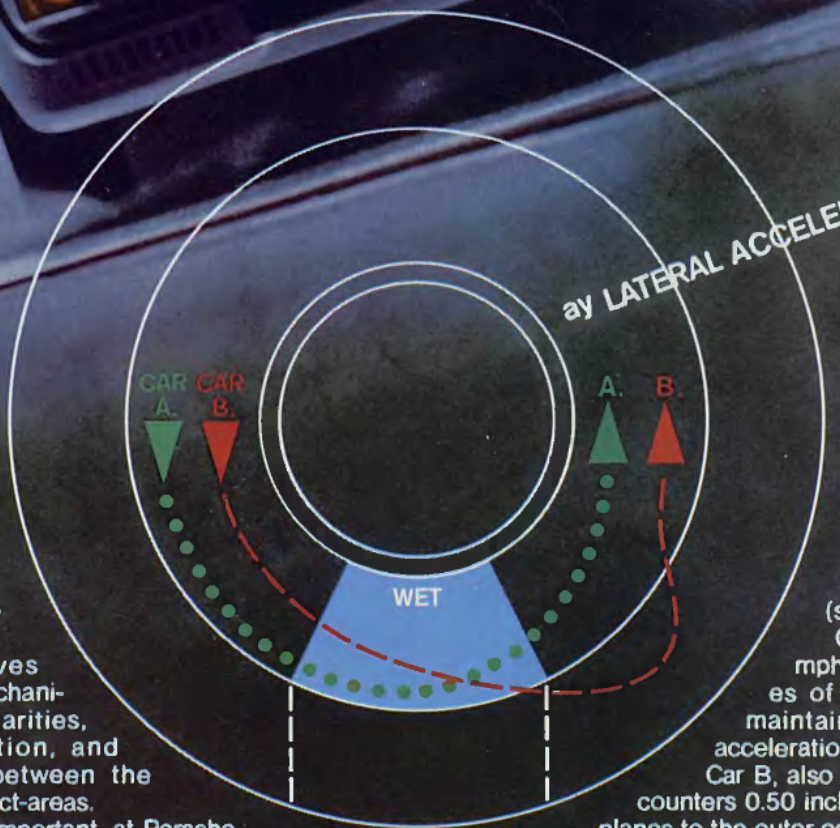

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vengeance. I think we finished filming that show and then I went down to the Scripps Clinic in La Jolla, which is kind of like the West Coast's Mayo Clinic. I spent three days there, and they told me I was run-down. I needed an immediate rest—and I took one.

PLAYBOY: If what you say is true, why do Universal executives claim you left the series over a money dispute?

GARNER: Well, about four months before I got sick, somebody at Universal made a terrible mistake and sent me a cost-accounting sheet that showed that after five years on the air, *The Rockford Files* was $9,500,000 in *debt*.

PLAYBOY: Exactly what did that mean?

GARNER: It meant that Universal's got the greatest accountant you've ever heard of. It also meant that, according to Universal, *The Rockford Files* was a terrible failure as far as any profits were concerned. After the first year, I'd never seen an accounting of the show, and I think the guy who sent it over after the fifth year is probably digging ditches somewhere in Peru, because I'm sure Universal fired him for sending it to me. It's pretty disheartening to know that you're doing everything you can to bring a show in on schedule, and then find out it's all been a waste of time. Anyway, I think Universal felt that after I saw the cost accounting, I said, "Fuck 'em, I quit." But that's their first reaction to everything: An actor's not sick, he's malingering 'cause he wants something. As I said, I saw that profit-and-loss sheet months before I got ill, and when I gave my deposition to their lawyers, I got the feeling they'd been trying to tell Universal that they ain't got much of a case. I think it's a corporate ego lawsuit.

PLAYBOY: Why would you have been upset about *Rockford*'s being $9,500,000 in debt? Were you in for a share of the profits?

GARNER: Sure, I was. Cherokee Productions, my company, produced *The Rockford Files*, and my share of the series' profits was 38 percent. You'd assume that a series that goes six years and earns $40,000,000 in rentals would be pretty profitable, wouldn't you? I did, especially since we were no more than a total of seven days over on our shooting schedule for all six years—and *nobody* had ever done that before. I also rented my company's semis and trucks and lights to the show for a lot less money than Universal would have charged in order to keep the show's costs down, to always keep it within our budget. I worked and scrimped and saved and pushed and cajoled and did everything I knew to make the show successful, because I figured, boy, if you can't make a bundle in six years in a series—especially at the rate I was deteriorating physically—then what was the point? I mean, I can go out and work and make an awful lot of money doing pictures or whatever, but I thought that *Rockford* would make me financially independent of the business. You can question anybody you want on this, and you'll hear the same thing: There never was a better TV crew or production company than we had on *The Rockford Files*. And then you find out it's all worthless, because they're going to bookkeep you to death. That'll punch a hole in your balloon, sport, I'll tell you that.

PLAYBOY: It was recently alleged that Robert Wagner and his wife, Natalie Wood, who own half of *Charlie's Angels*, had been cheated out of their profits through unethical accounting maneuvers. Is that kind of thing widespread in television?

GARNER: It's been happening to an awful lot of people for an awful lot of years. In fact, up until just a couple of years ago—I haven't checked on this lately—Raymond Burr and Jack Webb were about the only two people who ever made a profit on a television series. I also made money on a series I produced. In 1971, we made *Nichols*, and even though the show ran for only 26 episodes and has never been rerun to speak of, it's in profits—and *that* had never been done before.

"Somebody at the studio made a terrible mistake and sent me a cost-accounting sheet that showed 'Rockford' was $9,500,000 in debt."

PLAYBOY: Are you planning to contest Universal Studios on its *Rockford* figures?

GARNER: I certainly am. When I first saw that five-year report, I laughed and said, "Oh, well, my lawyers and accountants will take care of that." But the more I got into it, the more I found out just what kind of things Universal did on the show. Let me start with a small example: Let's say you're the set decorator, right? You buy something for our show that costs $100. Well, instead of the actual cost, the studio will multiply that by about 3.3, so that it now costs the show $330. Now, I can't be absolutely sure of that figure, but I'm not far off. The idea is for the set department to make a profit on what they buy. OK, we shoot the hour and now it's time to strike the set; the set department now adds another third of the stepped-up cost for tearing down the set, so the price is now up to about $450. On top of that, they have what they call their generic account. I don't know what it means and neither does anybody else, but they now add on another third of the inflated price, so from $450, it goes to $600, and to top it off, they add another 20 percent for overhead, so that $100 item has now cost the series about $725. They'll tell me I'm crazy when they read this, but let 'em. I'd like to see somebody take a look at that generic account of theirs.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Universal may have done you out of a couple of million dollars in profits?

GARNER: A couple of million? I think it's a lot more than a *couple* of million! There's no doubt in my mind whatsoever about that.

PLAYBOY: What do you plan to do about it?

GARNER: Oh, we'll have to sue, because they're not going to make us an offer. We will try to go over their books and then we will sue them and they will say, "Well, let's not do it that way, let's see if we can settle it amicably." They'll offer to give me about ten cents on the dollar; I won't take it. It'll be like trying to open the books of any major company. I'll be ten years in the courts trying to get a good look at their books, but that's all right, too. I'm not going anywhere.

PLAYBOY: Aside from the production hassles, did you enjoy playing Jim Rockford?

GARNER: Absolutely. Steve Cannell created the character and wrote the first script and Roy Huggins brought it to me. They'd been working on *Toma*, and Rockford was a character in an episode of that show. I don't think Steve wrote *Rockford* with me in mind, though he might have, because the first time I read it, the character was *there*. I mean, it was just *obvious* to me. The character developed as we went along, but it was all basically there in the first episode.

PLAYBOY: As the series evolved, what kinds of things did you bring to the character?

GARNER: Me? I didn't bring anything to it. Really, I just showed up and said the words. I never changed dialog or did things like that. And I never had the writers screaming at me for doing something the wrong way, because I evidently understood what they were trying to do. It was the same thing *I* wanted to do.

PLAYBOY: Which was?

GARNER: Create a humorous character. Cleveland Amory once reviewed *Rockford* and said, "Garner's funny, but he's *slow* funny." I think that's right. I don't come out there with a lollipop and I don't say "dem" and "dose" and "take dat to da bank," and I'm not flashy. I do humor; I don't do comedy. And humor is much more subtle than comedy, and it takes a longer time to understand the characters. I'm *much* more interested in characters than flash, because flash hits quick and *leaves* quick. But characters just go on

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and on, and build and build. *Rockford*, if you remember, wasn't that big a hit during its first or second year; but it got better the third and the fourth and fifth—and the series was stronger when I left it than at any other time.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think *Rockford* was so successful?

GARNER: I think the writing was terrific. Cannell and Juanita Bartlett gave us brilliant scripts, and Meta Rosenberg may be the best producer in television. As far as my part in it, I just feel that if something works for me, it's gonna work for everyone, because I'm pretty average. I mean, I'm not any smarter than anybody else. I'm really the norm; I'm not looking to impress New York, I'm looking to impress Delight, Arkansas. I've gotten to the point where I can read a script and think, Yeah, that's good, or, No, I don't think it'll really *sell*. And I've really gotten very comfortable with humor. I felt that was what *Rockford* really had going for itself, and that was also the source of our biggest argument with Universal. After our first season, they wanted us to take the humor out of the series.

PLAYBOY: Why did they want to do that?

GARNER: Because they were going to put us up against *Hawaii Five-O*, so they wanted Jim Rockford to be a straight detective. I told 'em, "If you don't like the series, fine, cancel it, but don't come down here and tell us how to make it." Studio executives are usually worried about their jobs, which often leaves them in a situation of not really knowing what to do. But I wasn't worried about *my* job, and I knew what I was doing. I've been making pictures for 25 years, and if you don't want to buy what I do, that's OK. But I don't want people coming in and trying to tell me what to do when they don't really know. I mean, studio executives have been to business school and law school, but as far as film goes, they have no creative talent whatsoever. And so we stuck with the humor, and by the third season, they were after us to do more. A lot of that really had to do with Stuart Margolin, who played the part of Angel. We snuck him into the pilot of *Rockford* as a kind of snitch; Angel's brother-in-law owned a small newspaper, so any time Rockford needed information, he had a source to go to. Well, we started using Angel more often than the network anticipated and they told us not to bother with him. By the third year, they couldn't get *enough* of Angel. Stu's really a buddy, and he's not only a fine actor, he's also a talented director and singer.

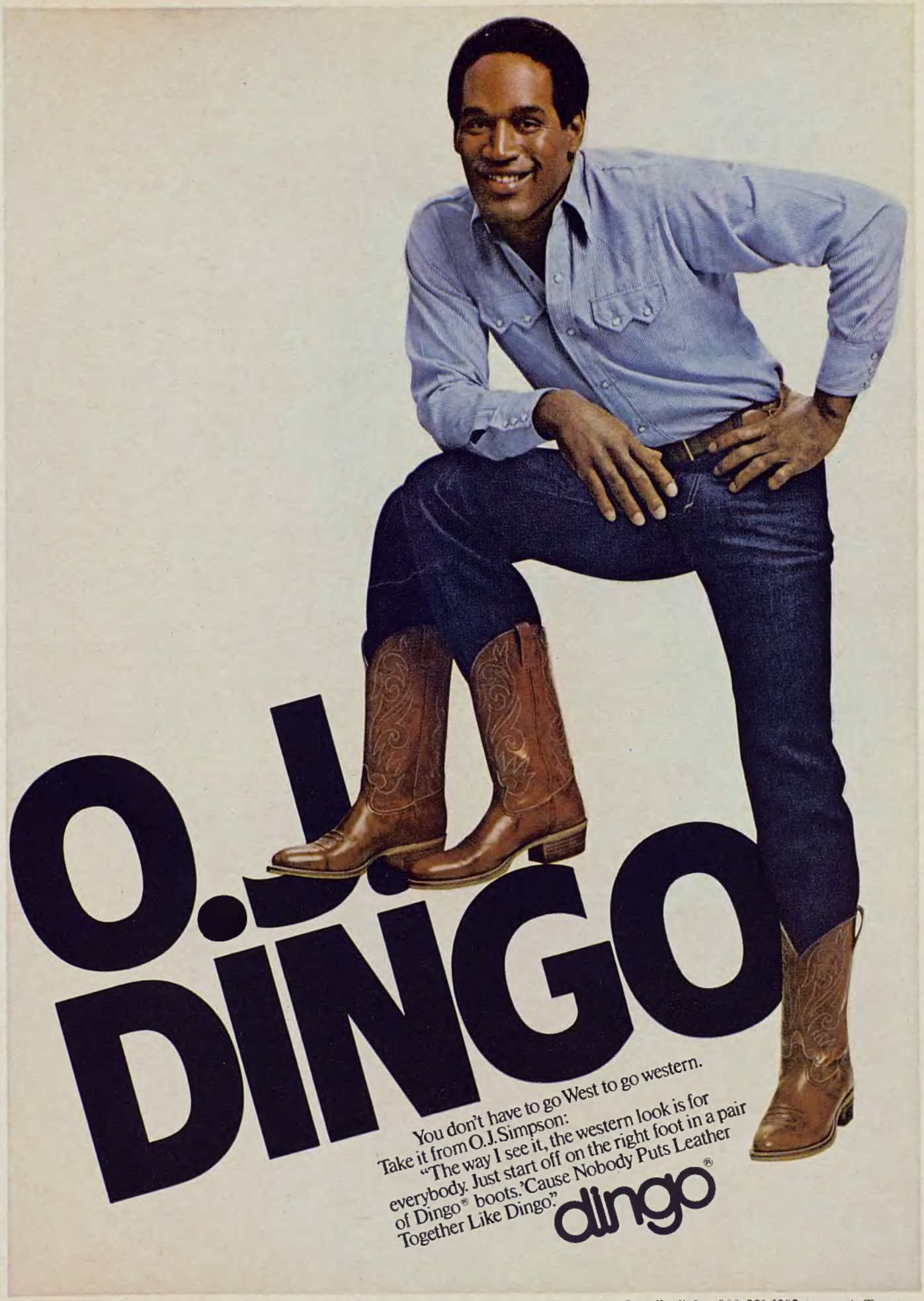
PLAYBOY: How did you happen to connect with him?

GARNER: Oh, I met Stu at the end of the Sixties, when I was getting ready to do *Nichols*. Right about then, I'd gotten really weary of doing movies. I'd been going back and forth to Europe and Mexico three or four times a year, and I was tired of traveling, and tired of seeing my family only in hotel rooms, so I decided not to work for a year. I lasted about three months, and then I started going buggy. I told my agent, "Let's take a look at a couple of scripts," and after nine months, I told him, "Just get me a goddamn script; I've got to go to work." It went on for over a year like that, and I ended up doing a terrible Italian picture titled *A Man Called Sledge* for Dino Di Laurentiis. I almost didn't care what it turned out like, because I'm not geared to not working. The problem was, I just didn't see any scripts I liked. In most of 'em, you had to cuss a lot or take off your clothes, and that's particularly bad for me, because if I take off *my* clothes, well, my body is so covered with scars—I'm a member of the 200-stitch club—that it would turn into a horror picture, and I don't do horror pictures.

Anyway, I felt worthless and guilty, and I wanted to go back to work, but I didn't want to work outside Los Angeles, so I decided to do another television series. That's when *Nichols* came along, and it was about a turn-of-the-century sheriff. Maverick and Rockford were pretty much alike as characters, but Nichols was a different kind of bird. The series drew a pretty fine line between making social comments and being entertaining. We'd make sly little predictions and comments about, oh, what might happen with the automobile, the changing of the old West or the treatment Indians received. But we made certain that *Nichols* was still funny. To make it work, the sheriff I played needed a deputy who was a kind of lovable, shifty-eyed, no-good rat. So we began doing screen tests, and one day Meta came to me and said she'd found someone I'd really like. Well, it was Stu Margolin, and I looked at some film of him on *Love, American Style*. Stu used to do all those little vignettes between the show's longer pieces, and I remember watching him in this quick take in a jail cell. Some guy slammed the cell door in Stu's face and he made me laugh. I thought the guy was great, because I know it's difficult to make me laugh by watching a guy's reaction to a door slammed in his face. I told Meta, "Let's get him," and after I started working with him, I found out how brilliant Margolin is. So we put him in *Nichols* and later on used him in the pilot of *Rockford*.

PLAYBOY: *Nichols* ran for only one year. Why didn't it succeed?

GARNER: For one thing, I really think the show was five or ten years ahead of its time. For another, it received treatment from the sponsor and from the network that almost guaranteed its demise before it ever got on the air. Chevrolet sponsored the series, and I remember going to Detroit and showing it to them, and



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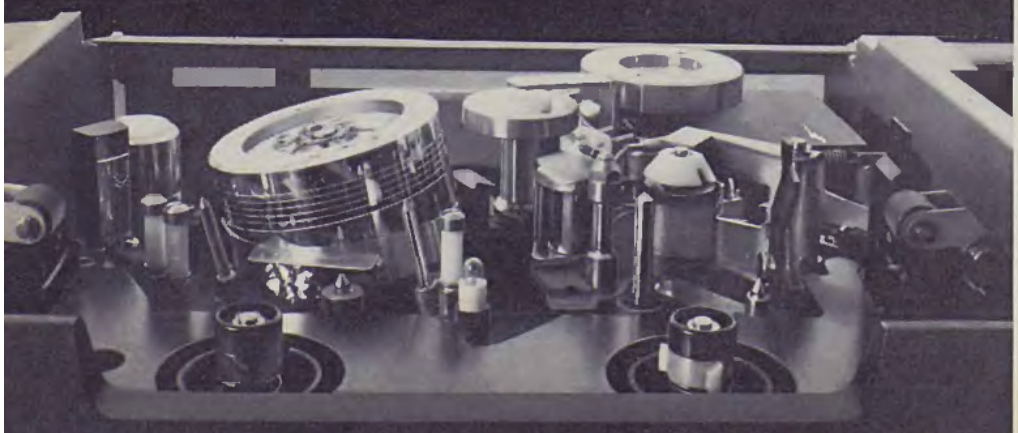

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they were disappointed because it wasn't *Maverick*, and they thought they were going to get *Maverick*. Frankly, *Nichols* was above their heads and above their intelligence. They just didn't understand it, and so they walked away feeling, Oh, God, we've got a clunker. They didn't wait to see whether or not it would be a clunker on the air, which it was not. The show got good ratings. We were doing anywhere from 33 to 38 in the Nielsens, and there are a lot of shows with 29s and 30s that are still on TV. I think *Nichols* would have built up its audience and become stronger and stronger the same way *Rockford* did, if NBC had left it on for another year, but they really didn't give it a chance. Out of 26 shows, eight were pre-empted—mostly for political coverage—and then in midseason, they moved us opposite *Marcus Welby, M.D.*, in hopes that we'd take enough audience away to knock old Marcus right out of the top ten. Well, any time one third of your shows are pre-empted and then the time slot is switched, people aren't gonna know when you're on. I was terribly disappointed, because I still think *Nichols* is the best of the three TV series I've done.

PLAYBOY: You recently agreed to produce and star in a weekly remake of *Maverick*, beginning on NBC next fall. Having told us about the pitfalls of doing a TV series, why would you want to make another one?

GARNER: Well, I had a commitment with Warner Bros. and NBC for another series after *Rockford*, and I have a pretty good relationship with Warners. I made *Nichols* for them and I have some confidence in them. I really don't anticipate running into any of the same problems with Warner Bros. that I had with Universal.

PLAYBOY: Why *Maverick* and not another character?

GARNER: I couldn't find anything else that interested me. I mean, I've done a detective—so has everybody else—and doctors are dead and lawyers have been run into the ground and, besides, neither of those two professions is too admirable at the moment. And I don't deal in futuristic things. Meanwhile, I'd thought about doing *Maverick* again ever since the TV film of it a couple of years ago with Charlie Frank. I started thinking what Bret Maverick would be like 20 years later and what the series would look like updated from the 1860s to the 1880s. If I couldn't find a new format, I said I'd like to try *Maverick*, and the minute I voiced that, everybody seemed to say hooray, wonderful, and we soon couldn't get our minds on anything *but Maverick*. So they liked the idea, and I'll go give it a shot.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you worried that you won't be up to the physical demands of another weekly TV series?

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GARNER: No, because I'm a lot healthier now than I was at the end of *Rockford*. I've rested since then, and I'm not planning to be on the screen every minute, the way I was in *Rockford*. We're going to have other characters in *Maverick*, because I'm just not physically able to be on the screen one hour every week. *Rockford* really fixed *that* for me. I can't remember ever being in such bad shape as when I left that series.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you've completely recuperated?

GARNER: Oh, I got better almost as soon as I stopped work. I left the series in December of '79, and a month later, I was feeling really fine. As a matter of fact, I remember going over to see Stu Margolin one afternoon and telling Pat O'Bannon, Stu's girlfriend, that the last couple of days had been the first time I'd been relatively free of pain. On the drive back to my place, I was really looking forward to watching a Laker basketball game on TV—and then that son of a bitch jumped me in Coldwater Canyon.

PLAYBOY: If you're referring to the incident in January 1980 in which you were severely beaten up, would you mind telling us what happened?

GARNER: Well, it was something I really didn't need. I was driving home at about six o'clock, in the heart of evening rush-hour traffic, and in my rearview mirror, I saw an El Camino passing cars on the right. Traffic was going six or eight miles an hour and just where Coldwater Canyon narrows, I saw this car come up slightly behind me on the right side, and I thought, What the hell is this? So I kind of pulled to the center and sped up a little bit to let the guy get in behind me, but instead of doing that, he tried to pass me and he hit my car, a Trans Am, on the right rear fender. It didn't feel like much of a collision, but I decided to stop and take a look. If there was any damage, I thought we'd exchange licenses and the names of our insurance companies. I put my right-turn signal on and started to drive off the road—and the El Camino tried to pass me on the left, so I pulled into the middle of the street and stopped. I turned off the ignition, put on the emergency brake and was about to open the door when I suddenly heard, "You motherfucker!" And then, *wham!*, I got belted. I wasn't exactly expecting that.

PLAYBOY: Your window was open?

GARNER: Yeah. I had the window down, and by the third time this character hit me, I'd reached up and grabbed him by the throat. And while he's pumping away, this woman—who turns out to be his sister—opens the passenger door of my car and grabs my keys and says, "C'mon, Aubrey. I've got the keys, let's go." Evidently, Aubrey—his name is Aubrey Williams, Jr.—was going to pop me a couple of times, leave me bleeding at the wheel, throw away my keys and then take off. It didn't work out that way.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

GARNER: Because I didn't let go of that sucker. After he'd hit me about nine times, I had him pulled up so close to the car that his face was on top of the roof; but even though he couldn't see where he was punching, he was doing some damage. I was holding him with both hands and he had hold of me with his left and was punching with his right. Finally, his necklace broke and so did mine, and he pulled himself away. I was pretty busted up at that point, but I wanted some of his butt. I'd had about all I wanted in the face, so I leaned back and got my feet out the window and kicked him hard enough in the chest to push him back. I finally got out of the car and as I stood up and turned to look for him, boy, I caught one flush in the mouth. I threw a punch at him and missed, and then took him clear across the street and we tripped over a curb and I landed on top of him. Afterward, I couldn't remember how he'd been able to get up so quick, but at the trial, he said he grabbed me by the *cojones*, and that's probably the only thing

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he didn't lie about in court. Anyway, he got up, and the next thing I know, I'm getting kicked in the head. I was lying face down and he kicked me three or four times in the head, and then he kicked his way down the left side of my body. I figured I'd had enough, so I yelled, "Somebody get this son of a bitch off me!"

PLAYBOY: Were there a lot of people around?

GARNER: Sure there were, but nobody wanted any part of him. The guy had gone completely berserk: he had a man down who hadn't hit him and he was trying to kill him, so, in a way, I don't blame anybody for not jumping in, but I don't think I'd ever just stand by and watch. Anyway, the guy tried to kick me in the balls, but he got my tailbone instead, and fractured it. After that, he kicked his way up the *right* side of my body, and as I could feel him getting near my head again, I thought, If he kicks me one more time, I'm going to play like I'm out and dead. Well, he kicked me in the head, and I shuddered and made a noise and just went limp. And then I got kicked like you never *saw*! He kicked me just behind my right ear and I thought he'd about tore my head off. And then he kicked me once more in the head and I heard his sister yell, "Come on, Aubrey, let's go." And so they started to take off. He didn't know it yet, but he hadn't finished with me.

PLAYBOY: You got up and went after him?

GARNER: Damn right I did. I figured that any son of a bitch who can kick me and hit me that many times and who can't put me out ain't that tough. I couldn't see too well, but I did spot his car, so I started going for it. I was on the passenger side of his car then, and I thought maybe I could grab his sister by the hair, and if he wanted to drive off, he could, but he'd be dragging me, and I wasn't about to let go of his sister's head. But as I started after him, two guys I know—one of 'em was Lew Wasserman's chauffeur—came up and held me. Aubrey and his sister took off, and I went to the hospital for three days.

PLAYBOY: How extensive were your injuries?

GARNER: Oh, I had a pretty bad concussion, a cracked tailbone, a lot of aches and bruises and a few stitches in the head. But they were just small wounds, because Williams had been wearing kind of flashy Italian shoes. They got Williams only on assault with a deadly weapon, his shoes. Anyway, I ain't near as mad at Aubrey as I am at his lawyer, who called me a liar on television. A reporter asked, "Do you think there are some discrepancies in Mr. Garner's story?" and Williams' lawyer said, "Garner's a liar." The next day, his man was totally convicted. The prosecution could have called 15 witnesses and they all would have told the same story, but only three or four were needed.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever find out what provoked the attack?

GARNER: The guy just blew his stack. Williams is an ex–Green Beret who's belligerent and hot-tempered, and nothing makes you madder than to be doing something wrong and really fuck up at it. And that's what happened. He was hurrying and passing people on the right, and then he ran into me and got mad at me for getting in his way. But he knew how to take care of it: He'd just jump out and pop me a couple of times and then drive on. It backfired on him.

PLAYBOY: Between your physical bout with *Rockford Files* and your separation from your wife, this couldn't have been one of the better periods in your life.

GARNER: The past couple of years really *have* been bad, and I don't know when I'm going to see the end of it; but, hey, you have your ups and you have your downs. At that point, it felt like it was just one damned thing tacked onto another; but by the time I got out of the hospital, I felt a little better. I think it was because of the public reaction to what happened to me: I received thousands of letters, and a lot of people in show business whom I don't know very well sent

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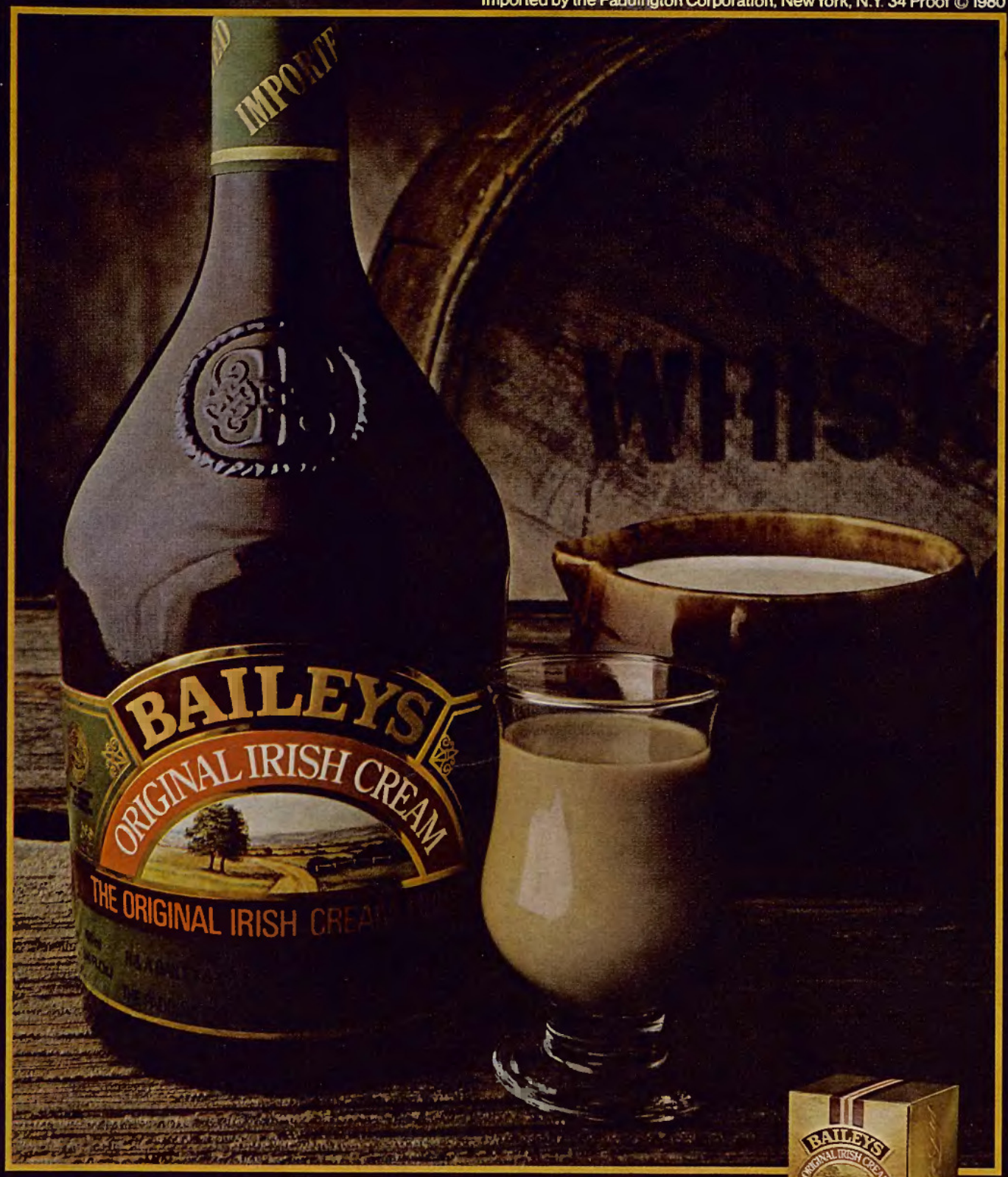

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flowers. The warmth I felt from all those people made me feel pretty good; and when I got home, I was still cut and bruised, but I also thought that maybe I'd gone as far down as I *could* go. I felt, well, the business was shitty, the family was in an uproar, and physically I'd taken another real good beating; but, hey, maybe this was the end of it. And then I found the sweetest little dog you ever saw, a Samoyed, and he was a great companion. Called him Rocky after you-know-who.

PLAYBOY: Have things lightened up for you since then?

GARNER: No, not really, because so many things are still up in the air. I'm not quite sure what I want to do careerwise, and my marriage is still not together. I didn't want to talk about this in an interview, but the reason my wife and I are separated is that I was so physically and mentally exhausted from work that I said I had to take a sabbatical; I needed a hiatus. I had to get away and take some of the pressure off me, because there was *tremendous* pressure on me from many, many areas. And my wife understood that. Lois and I haven't had any arguments and we haven't had any fights. My wife and I go to dinner once a week and we talk on the phone just about every day. There never *was* gonna be a divorce.

PLAYBOY: In terms of what you want to do with your career, does any of the conflict have to do with making movies versus working on TV?

GARNER: No, 'cause I think it's all kind of like formula-car racing, if you know what that's about. In formula racing, you run a car on a set of tires that can be only so wide, with an engine that can be only so big and can create only so much horsepower, and every formula is different. The idea is to see who can drive more-or-less equal cars fast enough and smart enough to win. TV and movies are like that, too. You have certain restrictions in television that you don't have in films, and it gets down to who works best in which formula. Right now, I don't think movies are my forte. I really haven't read a script lately that hasn't contained sex and/or violence that I want to be a part of, and I also haven't read a script where I wouldn't have to tell a director that I'm not gonna say this or do that. Now, I don't *like* to tell writers what they can and cannot do; when I get a script, I'll tell them either yes, I like it, or no, I don't. But I hate to go in and tell them how to do their picture. Anyway, I don't distinguish between TV and films careerwise. Which is why I said, OK, we'll do the TV series and we'll work within that framework.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel the same way about doing commercials?

GARNER: Yeah, I do. The first thing I ever did on film was a Winston commercial. I'm the guy who made that grammatical error, read it, actually, that "Winston tastes good like a cigarette should," instead of *as* a cigarette should. I didn't know anything about acting when I did it, so it had no value, but I've learned a bit since then. As far as TV commercials are concerned, I'm very selective about the ones I do. I'm not going to sell ant killer or deodorant and I don't do toothpaste commercials, and you show me a commercial for Excedrin and I guarantee that watching it will give you a headache. I've been real fortunate with the Polaroid people, and it's been good for them, too.

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide on Polaroid? Did they make you an offer you couldn't refuse?

GARNER: No, because a lot of other things were being offered to me, and for more money. But Polaroid always had a certain amount of class and they never did anything cheap. Their first salesman to speak of was Perry Como, and then they had Laurence Olivier and Candy Bergen. I had some meetings with their ad people and I was straight with them. I told 'em I don't believe in hard sell and I don't care about f-stops, light, convenience or color. What I'd do would be to put the camera in front of people and tell a little joke and let the audience walk away with a smile. And if people really wanted

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to find out about the camera, they could go ask a salesman, but I wasn't gonna get up on television and say, "This is the best camera I've ever seen," and all that bullshit. I just wanted to leave them with a good feeling about the product. By now, I've probably done about 70 commercials for Polaroid, and not all of them work, but some of them do.

PLAYBOY: Why so many?

GARNER: That was my choice. I didn't want people to see and hear one joke 58 times a week, because by the second or third time around, they'd get sick of it—and they'd also get sick of the product. So I asked to make more commercials, but not to have any of 'em run too many times in any area. That's because commercials usually turn me off, so when I do one, I want people to like it and I want a little humor in it.

PLAYBOY: And Polaroid saw eye to eye with you on that?

GARNER: Oh, I've bridled at certain things Polaroid has wanted me to do.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

GARNER: Everybody's going to hate me for this, but I don't like to work with kids and animals. Usually, you wind up bustin' your neck, trying to get a dog, say, to sit in one spot or trying to keep the kid happy. I deal in thoughts and humor, not in how cute a kid is. And it's so *tedious* trying to get timing in those situations. Have you ever heard the story about the comedian who asked the interviewer what the most important ingredient of comedy is? You be the interviewer and ask me the question.

PLAYBOY: All right, Garner, what's the most——

GARNER: Timing. That's what comedy is all about, and when you have to worry about a dog or a kid who's not looking up to catch the light, timing goes out the window. And you can't have humor without timing, which is why I told the ad people, "If you really want me to leave in a hurry, just keep bringing those kids and animals on. That's why Henry Fonda left GAF, fellas. He couldn't take working with the kids and the animals." That's the truth. Fonda is one of our great actors, and all that other stuff was taking away from what he was trying to do. You see, acting is a business, it's *my* business, and as far as I'm concerned, I don't care what the medium is. And it really burns my ass when a Broadway actor goes to make a film in Hollywood and is called a sellout by his fellow actors, and the same thing happens when a movie actor does television or a commercial. We're *actors*. That's what we do, that's what we sell and that's how we make our livings. If you use good taste and judgment, there is nothing at all degrading about doing a commercial and there's nothing to be ashamed of—and I set out to prove that with the Polaroid stuff. Jane Fonda said she was embarrassed about Henry's doing commercials. Screw her! I mean, I love Jane and I've known her since she was a baby, but what a snobby attitude. God forbid if her career should go on its ass and she needed money to send her kids to school—if she was offered a commercial to do at that point, you think she'd do it? Damn right she would. And she'd probably also come out with a statement about how there's an acceptable way to do commercials.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about another actress, Mariette Hartley. Were you surprised by the enormous response to the commercials you made with her?

GARNER: Oh, I knew they'd work out well before they were shown. Mariette started working about the fifth or sixth commercial I made, and at that point, I wasn't too happy with the whole thing. I'd just finished one with dogs and kids jumping all over me, and I thought it was bullshit, and said so. But then they needed an actress, and Mariette was hired and we did the one where she says, "Why do you say one-step? It's two." And I say, "No, there's only one," and we start playing with it. I knew it was good, and the ad guys immediately began writing those types of commercials, and it was fun to see the thing develop. Mariette is really a marvelous actress. She can do comedy and can cry at the drop of a hat. On top of that, she photographs beautifully. Here's a girl who worked for nearly 20 years to make it as a dramatic actress and she made it with a commercial that got people to sit up and notice that, hell, she's not only a dramatic actress, she's also got charm and humor.

"Mariette is really a marvelous actress. She can do comedy and can cry at the drop of a hat. On top of that, she photographs beautifully."

I don't know if you'd say that's odd, but we all do it in our different ways. If you go back to *Maverick* and the time when Steve Allen and Ed Sullivan were on TV every Sunday night, Warner Bros. took this real-life dumb cowboy and put him in a cowboy suit and threw him out there on TV and told him to sink or swim against the giants. Well, he swam, but you wouldn't expect it to happen. *I* didn't.

PLAYBOY: Were you really a cowboy?

GARNER: I wasn't a city slicker, that's for sure. I grew up around Norman, Oklahoma, and I was a poor kid; but I always had a lot of sympathy, because my mother died when I was four years old and my dad remarried a woman named Wilma, who was an absolute bitch. My aunts and uncles would always take me around and say, "Poor Jimmy." That woman was really responsible for the way I developed as an actor. I always try to keep my tongue in my cheek, because I don't want to be laughed at.

PLAYBOY: Did your stepmother laugh at you?

GARNER: Well, yeah, she said some terrible things about me.

PLAYBOY: Can you recall any?

GARNER: Oh, God, now you're getting into psychiatry. When I did something wrong, one of her great things was to put me in a dress and have everybody call me Louise. I mean, that was *embarrassing*, and I became quite introverted from the time I was about seven, when my dad remarried, to the time I was about 14, when they busted up. As you can see, I'm not all that introverted now, but it took me a long time to get over that. In fact, deciding to become an actor was tremendously hard for me, because I never wanted to perform. I used to have to sing with my cousins and my two brothers, Charlie and Jack, at family get-togethers. Or my dad would be drinking with his buddies and he'd say, "OK, boys, come here, I want you to sing. Charlie, you take bass; Jim, you take melody; and Jack, do the tenor part." And I *hated* those things, I just hated performing. Damn it, I'm gonna sneeze.

PLAYBOY: You won't, Jim; it's all psychosomatic.

GARNER: Is it? Oh, well, forget it, then, I'm *not* going to sneeze. Anyway, I hated to do those things, and therefore I got to the point where I was really a rebel about it. By the time I was 14, I'd become an independent little bastard, which is what I was. Nobody was going to tell me what to do or when to do it. I think I developed that attitude after my last set-to with my stepmother.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

GARNER: Well, Wilma was going to whip me, and I didn't let her. She had this great thing about whipping. My dad then owned a country store and we lived about nine and a half miles outside Norman. My stepmother used to make us go out and cut willow switches and then she'd beat us on the butt with them, but she also loved to hit me with whatever she had in her hand, whether it was a stick, a board or a spatula—she really loved spatulas. Well, this one time she was gonna whip me, I didn't let her, and it was an open rebellion. She came at me with a spatula and I hit her. I don't remember *how* I hit

(continued on page 158)

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fiction **By ASA BABER**

THE FRENCH LESSON

i watched the rain outside my window. it was a violent rain. it fit my mood

"THIS FRENCHMAN is a terrible person, Gene," Chen said. He rocked back and forth in the bamboo rocker.

I remember Chen clearly, even though it was 20 years ago. I thought of him as a puppet, a small Chinese puppet. I assumed he was at least 50, possibly older. He was bald and full-faced, and he wore steel-rimmed glasses that complemented his rumpled linen suit and vest.

Like the country of Laos itself, Chen was full of contradictions. He fancied himself a banker, and he tried to dress like one, but he wore shower clogs instead of regular shoes and a red bandanna around his throat rather than a tie. Chen had a habit of fingering black worry beads while he talked. Listening to his English, his London School of Economics English, only deepened the conflicting presence of the man.

I sat on my bed drinking Beefeater gin without ice. I drank a lot in those days, and while I preferred my gin with ice, I took it any way I could get it. The hotel refrigerator had broken down the day before the monsoon began. I was, by definition, left with warm gin and a trapped feeling: tropical claustrophobia; something like being stuck in an elevator that is also a steam bath.

Chen had taken to coming in and talking with me whenever he found me in my room. He gossiped idly while the rain poured down on Vientiane, on the muddy Mekong River and the tin roofs of the storage sheds, through palm fronds and flame trees, a rain so hard that sometimes it obscured everything except the vines that framed my windows.

It was a violent rain and it drove the gecko on my ceiling crazy: He darted from corner to corner and talked to the rain in his lizard language.

"Let's go smoke some dope," I said to Chen.

"The den's probably flooded," he

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

said, waving my suggestion aside. It was clear that he wanted to talk to me at some length about something. He was busy setting me up, and he did not want his train of thought to be interrupted. Of course, I did not understand that at the time.

"This Frenchman takes ears when he kills," Chen said.

"He doesn't sound nice," I said.

"Simply not to be trusted," Chen sighed. "He's a madman, I'm sure of it." He sighed again, and it struck me that he might have been speaking of a failed marriage or a bankruptcy.

Chen was a money-changer who used his tailor shop as a front for a black market in currencies. He tended to speak sadly about many things. He was particularly morose about people who did not honor deals. I had seen him come to tears, for example, about a minister of finance who could not pay the interest Chen had charged him on a personal loan. To that extent, Chen had a tragic sense of life. Coincidentally, the person in question was found drowned on the bank of the Mekong a week later. People said it was the work of the Pathet Lao, and Chen did not disabuse them of that notion.

"Simply not to be trusted, those French," Chen said.

"That's what Gunny Nadeau used to say," I said, "and look what it got him."

Gunny Nadeau had been my second-in-command. He and I had brought a special team out from Camp Pendleton. We hooked up with Sergeant Sutton at Tachikawa and Tony Allard at Kadena. On paper, we were attached to Task Force 116. In fact, we spent a lot of time around the Plain of Jars.

Until everybody got snuffed except me.

While Chen and I watched the rain outside my windows, I drank as much gin as I could to forget that Gunny Nadeau's charred body was lying in my poncho, brown side out, on line to be shipped back to Travis Air Force Base. The bodies of Sutton and Allard had made it out before the rains hit, but Gunny Nadeau was waiting for me.

I knew that all three men would be listed as killed in training exercises in California. That is what happens when you die in a nonwar.

"Your Sergeant Nadeau was French, wasn't he?" Chen asked.

"Cajun," I said. "Louisiana French. Same as Allard. Sutton was Canadian. There wasn't a real frog among us, Chenny. Isn't that something?" I asked.

"I'm sorry about your friends, Gene," Chen said. "Perhaps they paid the price for freedom."

I did not reply to that. The rain had a hypnotic effect on me. I did not want to analyze history or talk politics or listen to a chubby Chinese tailor define life and death. I was sorely pissed at the war I saw shaping up, and I wanted to get out of Vientiane as fast as I could. I had resigned my commission and was waiting for the rains to lift long enough to catch the next transport to Bangkok. Things had not turned out the way I had hoped.

"I was talking to the Indian air attaché yesterday," Chen said. "He says he thinks this Frenchman may have brought in a surface-to-air missile." He dropped that into the conversation like a marble into a water bucket. "This Frenchman amazes me," he went on. "You cannot believe the stories I've heard recently. Last month, this Frenchman supposedly came into town dressed as a woman. A woman, of all things. He walked into the w.c. downstairs and shot one of your cultural-affairs people right in the face. And then, to make matters worse, he took one of her ears, too." Chen clucked his tongue. "Leaving his mark, do you suppose?"

"They take ears all the time incountry," I said.

"Yes, I know, but here in Vientiane? And a woman, to boot? I think that's going a bit far, don't you?" Chen asked.

"Yes," I said.

"The French are your allies, after all."

"Listen, Chenny," I said, "the French are on their own side. Period. Just like everybody else out here. The French figure this is their territory. They were here before us, and some of them think they'll be here after us. Maybe they will; I don't know." I paused. "Sometimes they have advisors down to patrol level with the Pathet Lao, I can tell you that," I said.

"How terribly confusing," Chen sighed again. "I don't understand any of it at all. Perhaps I'd better leave while I can."

"Be my guest," I said. "Take your money and split. Go back to Hong Kong and start a real bank."

Chen tried to light a cigarette. His matches were too damp, so I threw him my lighter.

"Someone should take care of this Frenchman, Gene," he said.

I rubbed my jaw. I hadn't shaved for a week. "Does he have a name?" I asked.

"I think it's LeGault."

"LeGault," I repeated. The gin burned in my throat.

"Yes. His father owned a string of rubber plantations. Large ones, too. LeGault was brought up near Luangprabang. He went to the Sorbonne for a few years. His older brother was killed at Dien Bien Phu, and LeGault came back to run the family business. You'd think he'd be angry with General Giap for his brother's death, but evidently not. I hear he hates Americans."

"Some people never get it right," I said.

"Yes, but what I don't understand is, why is he allowed to wander all around the countryside, doing terrible things, shooting people in the face, setting up missile sites, just generally mucking about, while you Americans act as if there's a picnic going on instead of a war? It doesn't make sense. Why doesn't someone take care of the rotten apple?"

I laughed. "Who are you working for, Chenny?" I asked.

"Absolutely no one," he protested, "except myself."

Nothing was said for a time. I was fighting with a vision I kept having in my days and nights: a chopper spinning down, out of control, a bright magnesium star burning into the earth.

It was as if Chen could read my mind. "You know, Gene," he said, "LeGault might have been responsible for that accident your people were in."

"Accident my ass," I said quietly.

"You know what I mean."

"I was there, Chenny. I was talking to them on the radio. I had the panels out and they had us spotted. It wasn't rotation problems. Don't buy the press release. They were hit by the first SAM in Laos. You think I don't know a hit when I see one? Somebody upped the ante. Maybe it was your boy LeGault."

"He's not my boy," Chen bristled like a terrier.

I remember how hot my body felt at that moment, almost feverish. "Maybe somebody should take him out," I said.

"Now, now," Chen pretended to warn, "you'd have to play your cards very carefully if you decided to do that."

"So?" I asked. "You think I can't do that?"

"LeGault has lived here all his life," Chen said.

Looking back on it, I see how obvious this all was: the pattern, the hints, the coy preparation, the construction of argument and evidence. But I was angry at the time, or I let myself be wooed into anger, and I heard only what I wanted to hear. I understood at that moment that LeGault was mine if I wanted him and if I could get him. He was being handed to me on an unofficial platter without one incriminating thing being said.

I was 25 years old, three years out of college, a Marine officer who was one month past the disappearance of his buddies in a bright ball of fire. I thought about that as I vaguely took in my hotel room: chipped plaster walls and rusted plumbing and old editions of *Le Figaro* torn up for toilet paper and my seabag stowed in the corner and the mosquito netting rolled up like a royal canopy above the rickety wooden bed.

"May I buy you a pipe?" Chen asked after a long silence.

"You sure can," I said.

(continued on page 108)

"Oh, oh . . . here comes trouble!"

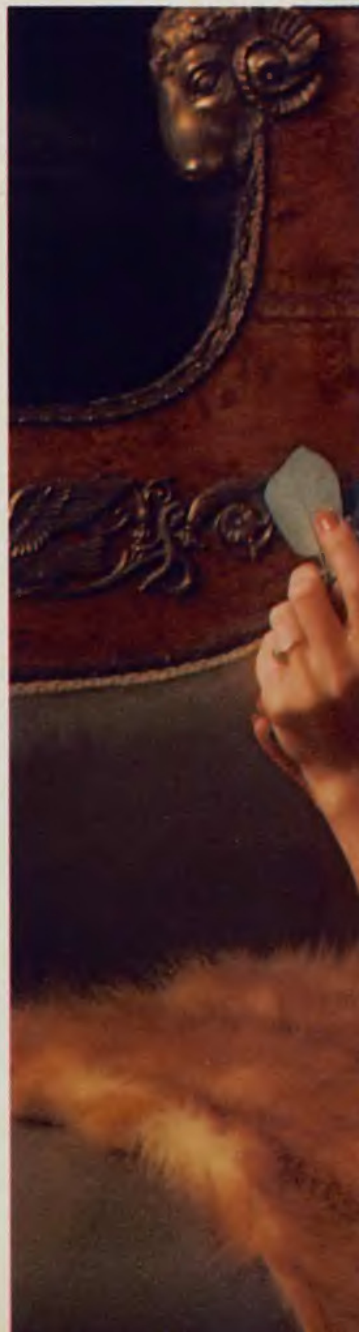
Jo Penney

as owner and manager of canada's hottest new modeling agency, she leads by example

IF THE QUESTION remains in anyone's mind as to whether or not a woman must sacrifice her femininity to be successful in business, we hope this pictorial answers it once and for all. Meet Jo Penney, president of Jo Penney Inc. Model & Talent Agency in Toronto. At 33, Jo is nearly an institution in the Canadian modeling business, though she founded Jo Penney Inc. only three years ago. She now manages 40 female models (30 adult and ten "juniors," aged 16 to 19), ten male models and 30 hard-working actors and actresses. Jo Penney models are regulars on the covers of Canadian women's magazines—the counterparts of our *Cosmopolitan* and *Mademoiselle*. But to bring the beauty of Jo's models closer to home, remember Sylvie Garant, our November 1979 Playmate from Quebec? Ahhhh, yes. We discovered her through Jo Penney. And, in the process, we discovered Jo herself. Although she's a former model, she hadn't been in front of the camera since 1975. But even as we discussed business with her (and she can be *all* business, if you know what we mean), we couldn't help wondering if she'd consider posing for PLAYBOY herself. Finally, we popped the question. "I thought you'd never ask," she replied. It's nice to get a Penney for your thoughts. (We couldn't resist.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

Jo was a successful model and actress for several years, then formed a dance troupe (yes, she's also a skilled dancer-choreographer) that specialized in performing at conventions and sales meetings. Out of the dance troupe came the idea to became a baaking agent. "I found that I enjoyed making people successful," she says. "When it came to the decision to open my own agency, I thought, It's now ar never." Jo's theatrical talents contribute to Jo Penney Inc.'s energized and eye-catching promational posters like the one at left.



Jo's knack for discovering beautiful young women has already brought us November 1979 Ploymote Sylvie Garant (left) and our October 1980 cover girl, S. J. Fellowes. Jo recently opened a branch of her agency in Chicago and, with tolent like her "Filmlets" (below right), plans to become "the top modeling agent in town."

Jo's workdays are often frantically productive—on the phone or face to face, closing deals for her clients. Getting to that point is what counts, matching model with job description. Below, she lunches with one of her models, Playmate Sylvie Garant. Back in the living room of Jo Penney Inc.'s nine-room office suite, she discusses a project with five of her top models. As for the photo on the opposite page, we asked Jo if she loves furs. "Yes," she replied, "but diamonds and furs aren't everything. I'd much rather have a successful company."

FRENCH LESSON

(continued from page 100)

"I had the gin bottle in one hand and the .45 in the other. I took a last long hit of gin."

"Whatever you are thinking about, forget it," Chen said casually.

"OK," I said. I snapped my fingers. "Gone."

Chen laughed. "Very good," he said.

Chen drove me through the rain in his small Citroën down to the opium den near the river. He went in with me and I watched the young girl heat the brown ball of goo on the end of a long needle. When the opium was ready, she placed it in the bowl of the pipe and clicked the needle on the pipestem. She handed the pipe to me without smiling. Chen paid her, but he did not stay to take a pipe with me.

I am not sure how long I stayed there, but I do remember that later in the evening, after my second pipe, I thought Gunny Nadeau was in the lower bunk. He was telling me war stories again about how he had been captured on Wake Island at the beginning of World War Two and how he'd lost a toe to frostbite at the Chosan Reservoir in Korea.

"Lieutenant O'Hair," the Gunny laughed at me in my opium dream, "they can take this next war and shove it."

"Happy new year, Gunny," I said. "Happy 1961."

I went into a deeper sleep, and when I woke up, the Gunny wasn't there anymore. I could taste earth, violets, autumn leaves. My lungs were burning and my head ached, but my body felt light, almost immaterial. It was wonderful opium.

"*A bientôt*," I said to the girl as I left. "*Ca va mieux*." I did not know if she spoke French, but I had been sent to Laos because, among other things, I spoke French, and I was damned if I was going to speak English to the people.

•

There was a light under Chen's door, but I felt too peaceful to see him. I went into my room and sat down in the rocker and sipped some gin. I was almost relaxed. That lasted for less than five minutes. There was a knock on my door and I knew it was Chen.

"Gene." He rushed into the room, "I just got a call. LeGault is over at Tiger's."

I took another swig of gin. Nothing settled in my mind and I eyed Chen coldly.

"He's there, don't you see?" Chen clapped his hands and turned in a circle.

I belched. I was not feeling warlike.

Chen moved around my room like a moth. "What luck!" he smiled. "What marvelous luck."

"The luck of the Irish," I laughed. "Eugene O'Hair, at your service, Mr. Chen, sir."

"Gene," Chen said, "I don't think you understand. LeGault is over at the baths."

"You think so, huh?" I asked. I thought I saw the face of Gunny Nadeau nodding at me from nowhere in particular, from my mind's eye. "Maybe it's not LeGault. Maybe it's somebody else."

"It's him!" Chen protested. "Tiger called me. She knows him. Tiger knows everybody."

Reading this as I have just written it, I have to laugh. I was being steered like a boat in a channel, and I took direction willingly, because I wanted to kill, I wanted to even things up, and I carried in the jumbled baggage of my consciousness the idea that vengeance was mine, that I had earned it through my contact with drill sergeants and football coaches and politicians and professors and all the other men I had tried to mold myself after. Vengeance was manly and clean, sharp as a whalebone, and I was God.

"Maybe I should just take a look-see," I said slowly.

"Absolutely," Chen said in a low voice. "You should at least know what this man looks like. He's quite dangerous. He might decide to come after you."

"That would definitely not be nice," I grunted as I kneeled down and unzipped my Val-a-Pak. I took my .45 out of its plastic wrapper. As I loaded the magazine, pushing the fat cartridges down on the magazine spring, I could smell oil and metal and brass casings. I checked the slide, admiring the precision of the machining, the beauty of the grooves. I could feel myself start to salivate. That may sound insane, but it is a fact: I was in love with small tolerances, colors of metal, gunpowder, the fit of the pistol butt in my hand, the weight of the weapon, my knowledge of it.

"Let's us go take a look at this frog," I said to Chen. I tucked the .45 into the belt of my slacks. I was in civilian clothes. There were no white men in uniform in Laos at that time.

Chen did not go with me, of course. People like that never do. He ducked out from under my arm and went into his room. "I'll be with you in a minute," he said, but I knew he was lying. It did not matter. My pulse was racing and I felt alive for the first time in weeks. The thick air did not tire me and the rain was no hindrance. I gave one last yell for Chen and then took off for the bathhouse, Tiger's Place. It was a few blocks past the American mission house.

Tiger was one of those Oriental women of indeterminate age who carry a tough beauty with them all their lives. She wore silk dresses with high collars and slit skirts. It was hard not to watch her legs while you talked with her. She wore gold rings and pearl necklaces and expensive perfume, and I suspect she was on the payroll of every secret service in Laos.

"Gene, I can't let you in," Tiger said when she saw me standing at her desk. "We're full."

"Where's LeGault?" I asked. I had the gin bottle in one hand and the .45 in the other. I took a last long hit of gin and put the bottle down on a table. "Chen told me he was here."

"You're drunk, Gene," Tiger said calmly.

"I just want to see him, OK? I got to know what he looks like. He took out some of my buddies."

Tiger said a very strange thing. In a wooden and noncaring voice, she asked me, "You are forcing me to tell you where LeGault is?"

"Yeah," I laughed. I pulled the slide back and let it slam forward. "There's a round in the chamber now."

"In that case, he's in number five. With Valerie."

"Thanks, Mama-san," I smiled. I slipped through the beaded curtain and crept down the long corridor, down the dim hall in a crouch that I thought was professional as hell.

It was all very stupid, of course, because I was just being used without my knowing it. There were any number of governments that wanted to be rid of LeGault. I did not recognize it at the time, but I was in a ballet, being choreographed by unseen forces, and I was too dumb to know it.

I listened at the door of number five. I heard water running and a woman's low, happy voice. Steam floated out of the half-open transom. I cannot explain it, but I felt as if I were standing in a dingy hotel hallway in a small town in Illinois. I expected, for the moment, to see my grandmother behind that door.

I opened the door a crack without being heard. Valerie was scooping bowls of water from the tub and pouring them over a man's head as he lay back in the water. She was cooing like a pigeon, the way she always did with me. She held a red washcloth in her other hand and she rubbed it across the man's chest.

They probably felt the breeze from the door at the same time, because they turned toward me together. I was standing in the firing position, arms extended, legs apart, both hands holding the .45 and pointing it straight toward them.

"*Allez-vous-en*," I said to Valerie. She

(continued on page 202)

"Not on my left-channel Stanley-Mazursky speaker that delivers transparent highs, solid but nonboomy bass and warm, expansive, wide-open response in the mid-range!"

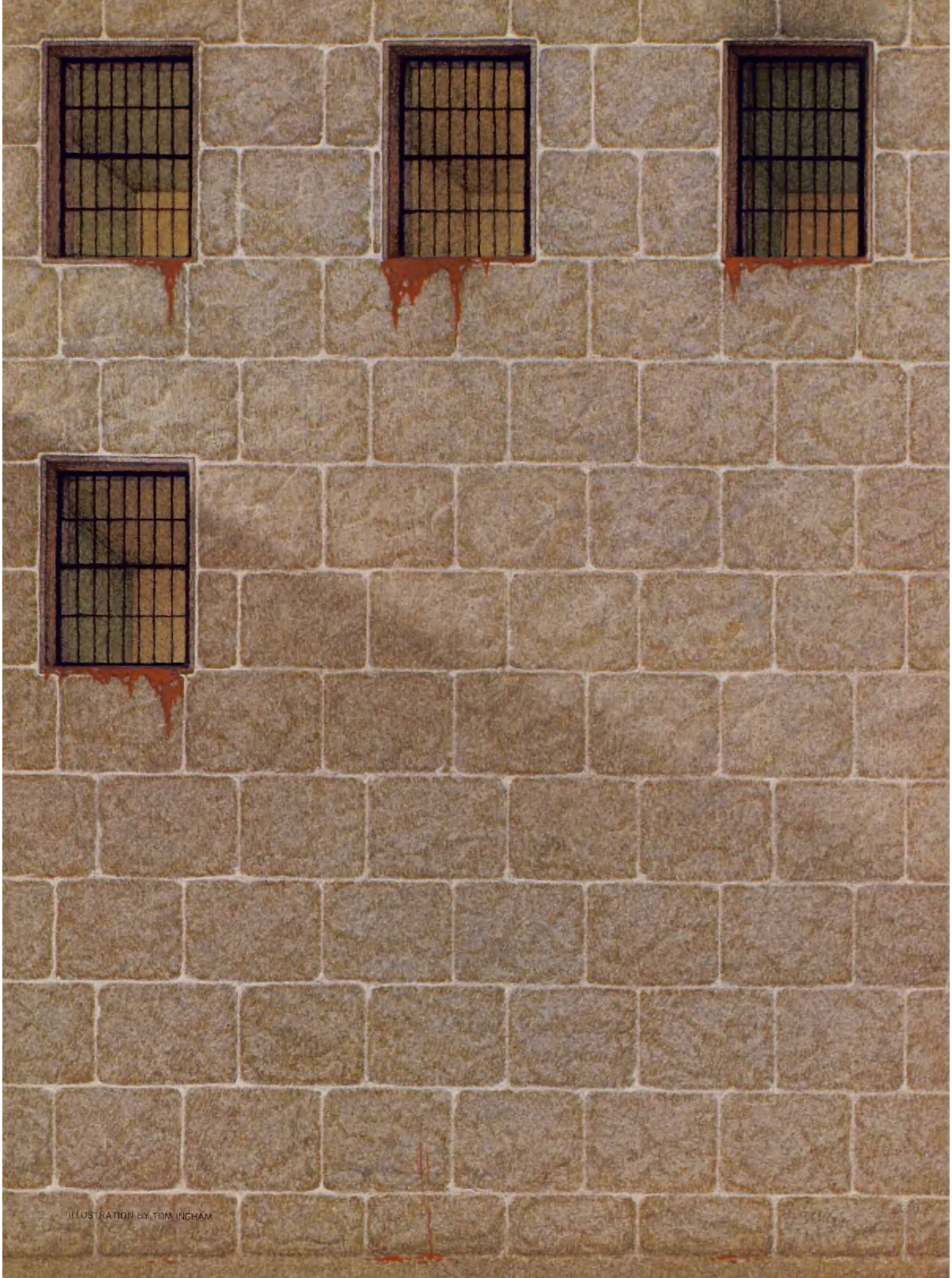


ILLUSTRATION BY TOM INGHAM

THIRTY-SIX HOURS AT SANTA FE

To the inmates, the pen was like a small-town virgin. Once they took it, it belonged to them, the ordinary prisoners as well as the real cons. No matter then who became its master, they knew that they could always have it back.

article
BY ROGER MORRIS

it was the most savage riot in u.s. penal history—but the worst offenders may have been outside the prison walls

BUILT A QUARTER CENTURY ago with the usual grudging appropriation and local graft, the New Mexico State Penitentiary stands 11 miles outside fashionable Santa Fe on a site of stark, incongruous beauty. Southward, the soft Ortiz Mountains round gently toward Albuquerque and, far beyond, the Mexican border. On the west, across the Rio Grande valley of scrub and piñon, is the shadowed, ever-changing escarpment of the Jemez range. And to the north looms the last great spur of the Rockies, the Sangre de Cristo chain—named the Blood of Christ more than 300 years ago by frightened, pious conquistadors who first recorded the haunting sunsets that draw over its peaks, a sudden drain of color, crimson to gray, sky to ground, as if the mountains were suffering some massive hidden wound.

Beneath these vistas, the prison itself is in a harsher setting. Except for a nearby trailer court, some scattered ranches and several tiny remnant mining towns a few miles east and south, the institution remains isolated and distinct on a treeless, wind-swept plateau, its perimeter lights flickering unexpectedly in the mountain darkness off the Santa Fe–Albuquerque highway. Yet on the chill night of February 1, 1980, there was, strangely, little wind. The next day, the smoke from smoldering cellblocks and corpses *(continued on page 114)*

drink

By Emanuel Greenberg

for a bonny highland fling, go roamin' in the gloamin' with a wee glass of scotch—blended, premium or a peaty malt

Liquor of the Lairds

IT WAS NOT much more than 125 years ago that an inspired Scottish distiller hit on the idea of tempering his robust, straight malt whisky, the original *uisge-baugh*, with a measure of tamer grain whisky. His unabashed aim was to broaden the appeal of the native brew—and to say he succeeded is a consummate understatement. The marriage of traditional pot-still malt with grain whisky, elaborated in modern column stills, gave birth to a novel whisky type, blended Scotch.

Traits of each parent are evident in the offspring. The malt, made from barley dried over peat fires, contributes vigor and the characteristic smoky tang. Grain whiskies, with a large proportion of corn in the mash, add lightness and finesse. The blends launched a new era in the realm of potables. Bibbers from less privileged habitats got wind of this lighter, subtler whisky and began clamoring for it. Blended Scotch soon became the international swig—synonymous with whisky at pit stops from Sussex to Singapore.

One of the *(continued on page 180)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIE COSINDAS

SANTA FE *(continued from page 111)*

"The watch began at midnight with 15 corrections officers and one civilian to oversee 1157 inmates."

would curl almost motionless over the desert.

For weeks there had been warnings of a riot. The ever-vigilant prison psychologist had reported in early January that inmates were hiding weapons in dormitory E-2 and were preparing to take hostages. Although a routine shakedown search found nothing, informers told the deputy warden and the superintendent of security a few days afterward that an uprising was still planned, probably following an evening count of prisoners. By late January, there were increasing requests from convicts for transfer out of dormitory E-2. The inmates there and elsewhere had become tense and withdrawn. Junior employees were afraid to go to work. The textbook omens of prison violence were everywhere.

On Thursday, January 31, a nervous penitentiary intelligence officer, a former military policeman on the job barely two weeks, convened a meeting of senior corrections officials to appraise the gathering evidence. In perfunctory, manly tones, they talked of a possible hostage seizure in E-2 the following spring, of potential escape attempts, of smuggled weapons, of the usual racial unrest between white supremacists and the pen's dominant *chicano* gang, La Familia. The mood of the inmates, the intelligence officer advised, was "quite ugly."

What mattered in that meeting, however, were not the intelligence memos nor the many portents nor the new intelligence officer's inexperience but, rather, the men around the table. At their head sat the deputy secretary of corrections, the highest career official in the state system and, for the past 27 years, at least—whether as associate warden, warden or simply headquarters bureaucrat—the ruling *jefe* of New Mexico's pen. More than any other single figure, save perhaps his own patron, the present governor of the state, this man had shaped the history that had come down to that moment. It was largely his creation, his domain, that was about to erupt in the most savage riot in American penal history. Most of the others in the room were likewise his creatures, men of the system, men too accustomed to ugly omens.

When the meeting was over, there were no orders for special precautions or procedures, or even for checking and enforcing routine security practices. A week before, the warden had asked supervisors to review the riot-control plan; only two staff members could even find copies. As the officers of the morning shift arrived at the pen for work late the next night, they knew nothing of the Thursday intelligence meeting, nothing of the warnings about dormitory E-2 or a nighttime take-over.

In the first minutes of Saturday, February second, the prison guard changed with a routine briefing. The evening census count had been taken and the situation reported normal. The morning watch began at midnight with 15 corrections officers and one civilian medical technician left inside the penitentiary to oversee 1157 inmates, the guards outnumbered almost 80 to 1 in an institution built to keep safely and humanely no more than 850. The prisoners, some with mattresses on a cold floor, were jammed through ten two-story dormitories, cell houses and maximum-security cellblocks that form the north and south wings of the institution—all connected by a single central corridor running wing to wing through a middle administrative area housing the prison offices, mess halls, kitchen, gymnasium and control center. With each intersecting unit and each wing sealed off by riot-control grilles, the single-corridor "telephone pole" design is intended to conserve staff and security and to confine disturbances to their point of origin. But this design does not reckon with the human realities of penitentiary life.

Outwardly, there is a familiar institutional feeling about this prison: the hard textures of concrete and tile, poorly painted steel and tattooed skin, the hollow, sometimes crashing sound of footsteps, or doors slamming, or sudden voices down a distant corridor, the mingling of food and disinfectant with the hidden, sour scent of 1000 confined men. Yet beneath that surface, there is another world. It is a world of daily uncertainty and fear and hate, for guards and inmates alike. In the next few hours, that world will rise and turn its vast accumulated, unrelieved rage on itself—smearing the state's concrete and tile with blood, shocking and puzzling those who refuse to acknowledge it—and will then disappear again behind the shoddy walls of official failure and self-protection.

At 1:09 A.M., shift supervisor Captain Gregory Roybal and his second-in-command, Lieutenant José Anaya, started a tour of the prison's south wing to close down the dayrooms—open areas adjacent to dormitories and cell houses where inmates are allowed to watch television on weekends until 1:30 A.M. Roybal and Anaya were both 52, with more than 20 years of service at the pen. Neither had formal training in corrections. On a prison staff where a turnover of 80 percent is common, they were officers of a guard corps composed of a small clique of unschooled veterans and a majority of new, inexperienced officers whose starting salary was little more than $700 a month and of whom fewer than one third had received even minimal training.

The commanders began their rounds by passing through the steel corridor grille that separates the south wing from the administrative area and the central control room of the prison. The grille was supposed to be closed during those hours, but it was not. Like their fellow officers, like the warden and his deputy, like the high-ranking corrections-department officials who had walked the same corridor over the past months, Roybal and Anaya left the grille open as they passed through.

The officers secured a few of the south units without incident. Ahead, beyond another open, seldom-closed control grille, was dormitory E-2. The crowded dormitories, some with their flanking rows of double bunks, are the least secure units of the prison, designed for comparatively well-behaved convicts. Yet that night, E-2 housed among its 62 prisoners some of the institution's most violent men, transferred there in a group the previous autumn while their maximum-security cellblock five was being renovated.

Three inmates from E-2 had recently been sent back to cellblock segregation, though none for suspicion of a take-over. On the other hand, there were men in E-2 who had been named by informers and in official intelligence reports as among those plotting a riot. There were cells available for them, but they had not been moved.

Two weeks earlier, several inmates in E-2 had smuggled yeast and raisins from the kitchen, mixed them in plastic garbage bags and made a pungent homebrew. By the time the guards climbed the stairs to the locked door of the dormitory, the men had been drinking heavily for several hours. They were angry, and they were waiting.

Inside, E-2 was shrouded in darkness. Small blue night lights over the aisle had been burned out, routinely reported and routinely unreplaced for over a month. Only the faint cast of the lights from the lavatory and on the perimeter fence outside silhouetted the still forms in the room.

Joined now by guard Michael Schmitt, Roybal and Anaya entered the dormitory

(continued on page 164)

THE JOY OF CELIBACY

MALE CELIBATE IN ACTION

a victorian guide to sexual abstinence

FEMALE CELIBATE IN ACTION

With an introduction by **DEREK PELL**

LET'S FACE IT. Good sex, if you can find it, is hard work. Come to think of it, so is bad sex. Whether one wields cumbersome sexual aids or merely makes do with lightweight private parts, the sex act remains *manual labor*. Recall the strenuous frenzy of foreplay—the desperate scrambling in the dark in search of those tiny erogenous zones, the tiresome stream of vocal endearments, the monotonous moaning and groaning, the heated huffing and puffing, spitting and sucking (and for sadists, kicking and shoving)—that results in exhausted humping and lunging and banging, not to mention continuous kissing (while out of breath) and abnormal exertions of the tongue (does anyone honestly believe that this repulsive-looking appendage was meant to work overtime outside one's mouth?). Not only is coitus collaborative drudgery but it is a distinctly anti-intellectual pursuit as well. This yielding to crude animal instincts, rather than, say, reading Camus or taking in a museum, is shameful, especially in a country blessed with so many cerebral distractions.

It was in the midst of such scholarly pursuits that I recently uncovered a manuscript, *The Joy of Celibacy*, by Doktor Bey,

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEREK PELL

a Victorian gynecollagist. Ironically, Bey's best-known work was a classic how-to book for aspiring deviates (*Doktor Bey's Handbook of Strange Sex*, Sissy Twitch and Sly, London, 1899). At the time, it was believed that the author himself was a practicing pervert, but the discovery of this manuscript offers overwhelming evidence that he was a closet asexual.

Perhaps, dear reader, you are wondering what relevance a 19th Century celebration of abstinence has for the liberated men and women of the Eighties. Well, plenty. It is an undeniable fact that today many people are turning off their love-making and, instead, turning on their television: choosing *Eyewitness News* over cunnilingus, opting for *Family Feud*, rather than fellatio. Yes, statistics prove this. Why? Because Modern Man is lazy.

Modern readers should welcome this enlightened exit off a dead-end road, a road that can lead only to despair, disease or the birth of a child. So come, walk together, not hand in hand but joyfully detached, and enter the unexciting world of celibacy. You will discover an art that needs no practice.

BENEFITS OF CELIBACY

1. **Longer life expectancy:** The average life span of the celibate is 104.5 years. Unfortunately, the chaste individual runs the risk of being buried alive by misguided good Samaritans.

2. **Increased energy:** In a recent study at Oxford University, it was discovered that celibate hyenas were able to run up and down a flight of steps, without pause, for 48 hours, while practicing hyenas often collapsed and began masturbating after 15 minutes.

3. **Greater capacity to govern:** Many well-known despots have achieved great success by suppressing their sexuality, as well as dissent.

4. **More leisure time:** While hedonists are busy slaving away in the bedroom, the celibate is free to pursue his hobbies.

5. **Less accident prone:** Rarely do celibates have accidents while lying down.

CAREER OPPORTUNITIES

Occupations best suited to a life of celibacy: marriage counselor, mortician's assistant, taxidermist, arithmetic teacher, postal worker, matador, literary critic, librarian, carnival freak, octogenarian, court-room stenographer, meteorologist, one-man-band leader, toll-booth operator, ballistics expert, school-crossing guard, leper, Ayatollah.

CELIBATE GLOSSARY

Adultery: Celibacy, as practiced by children.

Bed: Piece of furniture for the purpose of *sexual intercourse* (see *perversion*). Most celibates prefer a rack of nails.

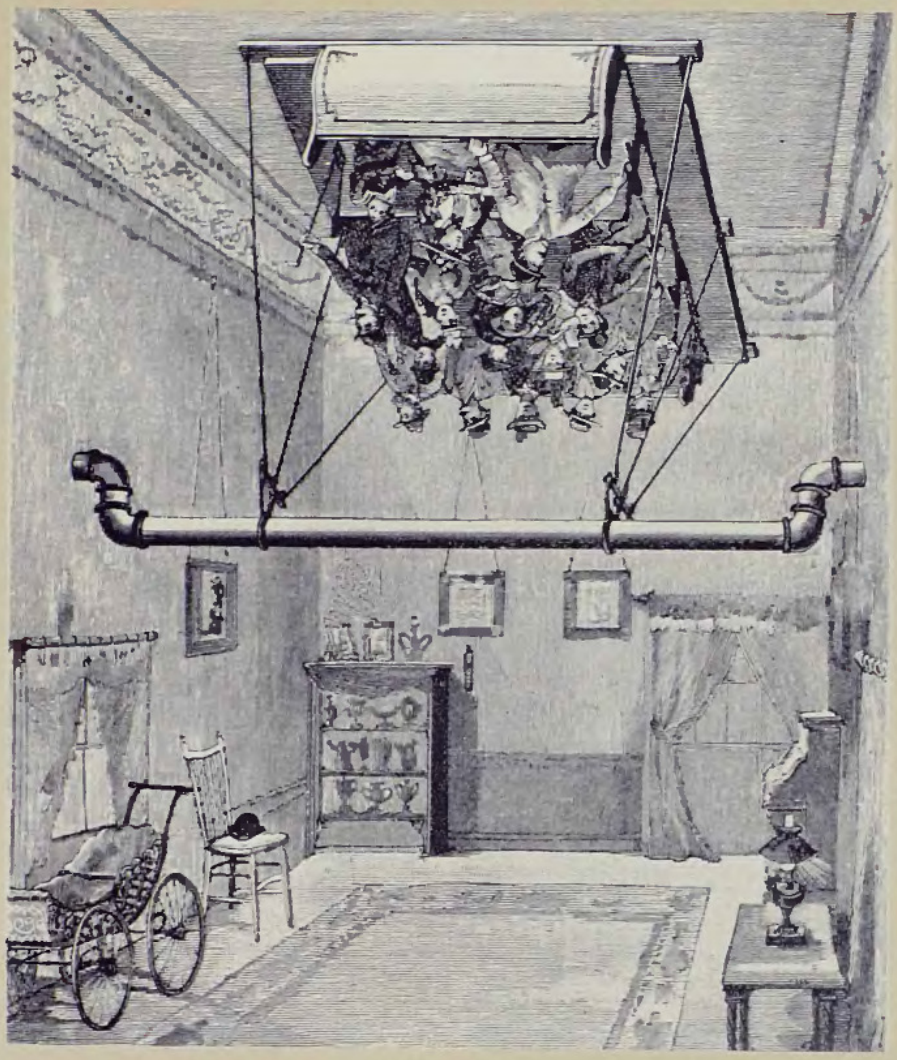
Byesexual: Man who has bid farewell to

PIMP

FAVORITE CELIBATE POSITION

CELIBATE FASHIONS

CELIBATE'S



GROUP CELIBACY

HANDSHAKE

CASTRATION

his private parts (see *castration*).

Castration: Removal, by chisel, of unwanted protuberance.

Chastity bells: Device that, when attached to the genitalia of either sex, warns of the slightest arousal in time to take action (see *shower bathing*).

Clap: Sound of celibate expressing joy.

Data: Gossip exchanged by celibates.

Disease: That which is not contracted by celibates, with the exception of leprosy.

Ejaculate: One who flees the altar prior to saying "I do."

Frigidaire: Female celibate; miniature igloo enclosing the clitoris.

Gay celibate: One who travels exclusively in mixed company.

Impotence: Motto among Southern celibates: "Sex is of no impotence."

Japanese style: Suicide performed on one's wedding night.

Knowledge (carnal): That which is unknown.

Lima beans: Celibate's favorite snack.

Lubrication: Greasing one's feet (or footwear) to aid in escape from a rapist.

Masochist: A well-adjusted celibate.

Missionary position: Standing erect in the middle of a jungle.

Navel: Object of contemplation among devout celibates.

Oral contraceptive: A lecture on the joy of celibacy.

Organ donor: See *castration*.

Perversion: See *sexual intercourse*.

Pimp: Dwarf devoted to the seduction of celibates.

Quickie: Competition among celibates in the 50-yard dash.

Railways: Transportation avoided by male celibates for fear of entering a tunnel.

Sadist: An unhappy celibate.

Saltpeter: Aphrodisiac for virgins.

Self-abuse: The banging of one's head against a wall to vent hostility.

Sexual intercourse: See *perversion*.

Shower bathing: Simultaneous cold shower and hot bath to exorcise desire.

Sixty-nine: Number of nonerogenous zones.

Testicle: Phallic-shaped frozen dessert given to those entering a convent to establish their sincerity.

Underwear: See *chastity bells*.

Vasectomy: The placement of an urn over the male member to conceal an erection.

Voyeur: A blind celibate.

Wet blanket: Lounging robe for celibates ("Excuse me, while I slip into something less comfortable").

DOKTOR BEY'S TEN COMMANDMENTS OF CELIBACY

1. Thou shalt not think it. 2. Thou shalt not dream it. 3. Thou shalt not want it. 4. Thou shalt not have it. 5. Thou shalt not touch it. 6. Thou shalt not taste it. 7. Thou shalt not see it. 8. Thou shalt not hear it. 9. Thou shalt not smell it. 10. Thou shalt not mingle with those who do.

modern living

WRIST ASSURED

nine reasons to hark to the call of arms

HOLDING HANDS at midnight 'neath a starry sky is nice work if you can get it—and one of the ways to get it is to slip or buckle something onto your wrist that shows you're a cut above the rest of the crowd. A simple bracelet says more about your taste than a whole wallet full of C notes; and the same goes for a good-looking unusual watch. Get some wrist action in your life, gentlemen, and you'll be coming to grips with the other type soon.

Right: On this lucky fellow's wrist is an 18-kt.-gold Riviera quartz watch, by Baume & Mercier, $9900, including an 18-kt.-gold band. Left: The Manhattan GMT Chronosplit features a dual watch face; the lower portion is an analog quartz watch with date, while the upper half is an LCD stop watch plus readout info on time, date and day, by Heuer, $495.

Left: The Citizen quartz watch also tells the day/date, by Citizen Watch, $125. Below left: This 14-kt.-gold-cased Concord Nine/Quartz Royal Mariner watch stays accurate to 60 seconds a year, by Concord Watch Corp., $1390. Below: Casia's wonder watch, the C-80, does math and doubles as a stop watch and calendar and tells dual times while you're overseas, $69.95.

It'll be a new you in this 18-kt.-yellow-gold I.D. bracelet (below) set with 38 small diamonds weighing .86 carat, from Neiman-Marcus, $7480. Next to it is an inexpensive alternative, a simple yet elegant gold-plated Pierre Cardin bracelet, $18.

If you're honkering to put a band of gold around your wrist, make it a bracelet from Tiffany; the round one, below, is of sterling silver coupled with a 14-kt.-gold-wire hinge, $250; the other is a classy 14-kt.-gold-link bracelet, $1015.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY OON AZUMA

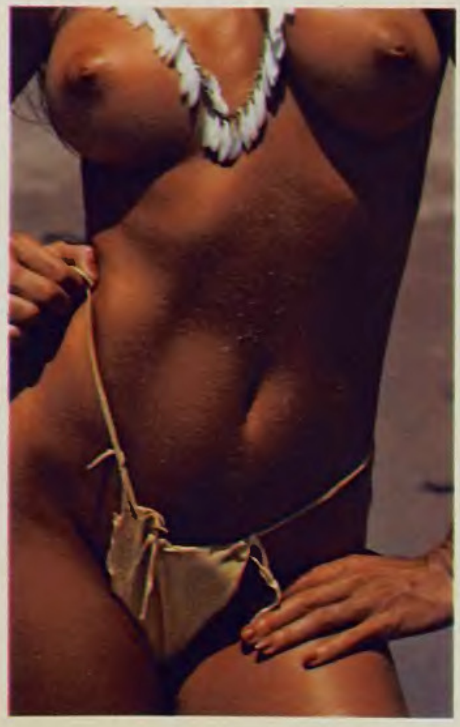
"I like to rise early and get in some strenuous exercise—maybe go for a run on the beach, then play my flute for a little while. After that, I sit down to a breakfast of my own 'good home cookin'.' "

Santa Barbara Siren

she's shy, beautiful and multitalented, and if you need a good reason to visit santa barbara, kym herrin is it

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

If you ever strolled with your lover along Butterfly Beach in Santa Barbara around sunset, chances are you were treated to a one-woman concert by Kymberly Ellen Herrin. "I used to ride my bike down there when I was a student at Santa Barbara City College and park beside a fiberglass tunnel. I'd sit there, where I could watch the sun set on the Pacific, and aim my flute down the tunnel. People walked by, different couples, and I'd play music to fit them. If it was an older man and woman, maybe in their 50s, I'd play something like *Moon River*. When a young couple passed, or maybe a girl walking alone, I'd play something contemporary like *The Girl from Ipanema*. I like to be alone with my flute. People who play music are never really alone." Kymberly also plays guitar, harmonica, piano and a dab of sax. She surfs like a water sprite. She's a licensed real-estate agent. She lives in a rented house near the ocean where she shares the space with a family of rabbits ("The seven new babies are so cute. They look like little Volkswagens"), a collection of rare birds and a parrot named Paco who dive-bombs her in the kitchen, lands on the counter and says, "C'mere, baby." Kymberly's shy. "I feel even shier if I really like a person. If it's a man, I get very nervous. It's hard to look him in the eyes. I always lose the staring contest, because I think he'll see the lust in my heart." You might say she's unusually shy for such a beautiful and talented woman, but then, she's a late



"I like tall, dark-haired men, preferably with broad shoulders, but I'm not attracted to bodybuilders. I enjoy men with some wit and a cultural background. Those are things you can see in a man's face and carriage, even before you've met him."

bloomer. She's spent more of her life being awkward, tall and skinny rather than graceful, leggy and, uh, just right. "It all happened during one summer when I was in high school. My mother was away for two months, flying her airplane in various races like the Powder Puff Derby, and in that two months, I gained 20 pounds in the right places. The day she came home, I was sitting on our front porch, and she got out of her car, came over and said, 'Kym?' She barely recognized me. When I was a scrawny little nothing, I could stay out past 11. Suddenly I had a ten-o'clock curfew." Kym's mother has been the primary influence in her life. Her parents divorced when she was in grade school and her mother, a successful real-estate marketing developer, raised Kym, her older brother and two older sisters. Kym admits that she very nearly idolizes her mother, and it's easy to see why: "My mother is dark-haired and very beautiful. She's half Filipino—my father was Swedish-French—which gives her beautiful skin and eyes. Aside from running her own business and raising her children, she plays piano, she's a great cook, she flies and races airplanes and owns her own. Right now, she's building herself a new house. You might say that she's my inspiration. Everything she does, she does well." Obviously, Kym is her mother's daughter. Aside from her culinary skills, her

"My favorite time to make love is the late afternoon. I get so much energy from it that I want to go out and do something. I like making love at night, too, but not if I intend to go to sleep, because afterward my heart is pounding so."

musical versatility and her unquestionable physical beauty, she's also goal-oriented. The first thing she intends to do with the check she'll receive as our March Playmate is "invest in some property with my mom." Kym also plans to build *her* own house one day. "I've already designed it in my head a million times," she laughs.

One reason Kym may never leave Santa Barbara is the surf. She learned to scuba-dive when she was 14. ("Me and one other girl in a class with all men. Our boobs kept falling out of our bathing suits and nobody told us. But we passed, and by 15, I was diving 160 feet.") At 15, she climbed up onto her first surfboard, and she's been getting better ever since. We took a few photos of her riding the waves and, shy though she is, she asserted herself enough to ask that we include at least one of those shots in the layout. "It seems like whenever they have a surfing Playmate, they never show her surfing. I just wanted one picture of me on those waves in Hawaii" (where she visited with Staff Photographer Richard Fegley). "They were *really* good, over my head."

Kym's immediate goal is to travel as much as possible, to places like Australia, South America, Micronesia and Africa, to see the fantastic wildlife, "especially the birds. There's so much beauty out there," she says. Not to mention here.

"It seems like half the people in California have Jacuzzis or hot tubs. After a while, they're boring. I'm tired of Jacuzzis. In fact, you might say I'm just pruned out."

"When I was a little girl, maybe ten years old, I saw my first **PLAYBOY.** *Back then, I had no fantasies about being a Playmate, because my first thought was, Geez, these women are really old; they must be as old as my mother. Then, when I started blooming, I looked at the Playmates differently. I thought, Wow, these are beautiful women!"*

MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Kymberly Herrin

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kymberly Herrin

BUST: 36" WAIST: 24" HIPS: 36"

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 124 SIGN: Libra

BIRTH DATE: 10-2-57 BIRTHPLACE: Santa Barbara County

GOALS: To live long, laugh often, travel the world and to one day build my own house.

TURN-ONS: Live entertainment, fresh snow, Mom's home cookin', hot-oil massages.

TURN-OFFS: Critical people, Cruelty to animals and the saying "You're pretty good for a girl."

FAVORITE MOVIES: The Black Stallion, the Godfather, Heaven Can Wait, Doctor Zhivago, Papillon.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Centennial, Huckleberry Finn, Siddhartha, Notes to Myself

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: George Benson, Earl Klugh, Chick Corea, Gap & Chuck Mangione, Stevie Wonder, Doobie Brothers.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Surfing, snow skiing, scuba diving, racquetball, volleyball, motorcycle riding.

Age 2. My first modeling job

Age 8 - Daddy's little cowgirl

Sweet 16 - already been kissed.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

My last boss told me during the job interview that he was interested in a combination of input and output," the girl told the employment counselor, "but I soon learned that what the combination involved was his putting it in while I put out!"

What astrological sign do you relate to best in a woman?" small-talked the girl in the singles bar.

"I have a definite favorite," smiled the fellow. "It's Clitaurus."

We recently heard the procedure whereby a Nobel Prize winner furnishes sperm for artificial-insemination purposes referred to as *a stroke of genius.*

In a gay troupe, an actor named Freed
Was consumed by a cocksucking need.
When they found him in bed
With the star, the chap said,
"It's a game where I'm blowing the lead!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sexual eye signals* as diddlywinks.

I used to let this ugly but rich and lonely old widow go down on me," reminisced the one-time stud-for-pay during a drinking session at his club, "even though she wasn't very accomplished and once even left tooth marks on my manhood. It proved to be worth it, though."

"How so?" inquired an avid listener.

"When she died, I turned out to be the heir of the dog that bit me."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *feminine activism* as a lib shtick.

A transplanted Cockney golf groupie is so accessible to the guys on the tour that she's been nicknamed the British Open.

It was in one of the last of the one-room schoolhouses that a small girl ran up to the teacher's desk and sobbed, "I just caught my finger in the desk top!"

"Well, I'll kiss it and make it well, Betsy," smiled the pretty schoolmarm.

"And I caught my dingus in my zipper during recess, Miss Smithers," shouted a loutish 15-year-old. "How about some *equal rights*!"

You see me wearing my hair in an Afro," declaimed a flamboyant white pseudo activist to a small group at a party. "In fact, I'm so into civil rights that I've gone and teased my pubic hair into an Afro, too!"

"And that means," added his wife, who had had it with her spouse's ceaseless posturing, "that during foreplay, I have to look for a needle in a haystack."

If I died, George, would you remarry?" the woman asked her husband out of the blue.

"That's a morbid question to spring on me, Louise," answered the man, "but, to be frank, in due time I probably would."

"Would you bring your second wife here to live?"

"Since the house is all paid for—yes."

"Would you let her wear my mink coat?"

"It would make more sense than taking a loss selling it."

"I suppose you'd even let the hussy who'd replace me use my custom-crafted golf clubs!" railed Louise.

"No, no—not that," responded George. "She happens to be left-handed."

Sighed a sensitive condom named Ron:
"I'm put off by the trick and the con:
And the ads haven't fibbed
In their saying I'm ribbed—
There's a Scot who keeps putting me on!"

I'm afraid there'll be a substantial wait this evening, Mr. Sullivan," the madam apologized to one of her Saturday-night regulars. "They're lined up humper to humper."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *shrewd sheiks* as oil slicks.

When the old farmer was on his deathbed, he told his wife, "Rachel, I have something to confess. Those odd notches on the barn door—well, each marks a time when I was unfaithful to you with a hired girl."

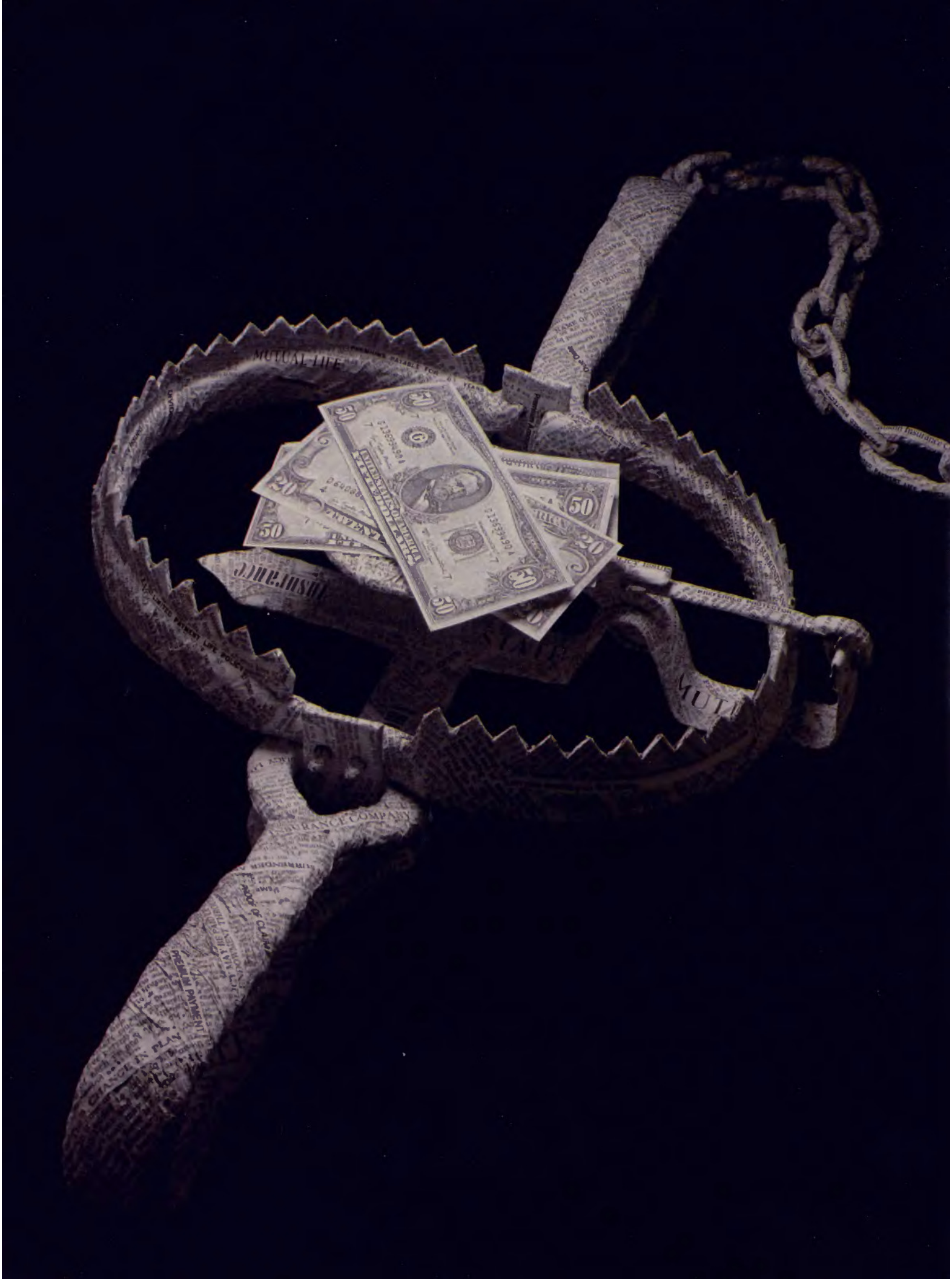
"You can rest easy, Ben," said Rachel, "because I've cheated on you, too."

"How often?" quavered the dying man.

"As many times with various hired men as there are beans in that old pot in the pantry," cackled his spouse, "and they're all there—except, of course, for the batch I went and cooked up for the harvesting crew last year!"

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.

"Aren't they supposed to do that outside under the balcony?"


MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
PREMIUM PAYMENT
PROOF OF CLAIM
50
20

the one policy nobody seems to offer is the one that protects you from the hazards of insurance itself

HOW TO BUY LIFE INSURANCE AND GET OUT OF IT ALIVE

article

By JOHN DORFMAN

HE COMES into your home with a hearty handshake, looking you right in the eye. Immediately, he gives you the road atlas his company's ad promised. He admires your place, tells a joke and laughs at one of yours. He shows you that he's an all-right guy.

Before he leaves, your friendly local life-insurance salesman expects to have your signature on the dotted line. You will have committed yourself to spending thousands of dollars over a period of years for a product you really don't know very much about. The salesman will have earned a commission of perhaps $200 or $300, plus residuals. And you will have stepped into a bear trap.

You will have stepped into it because the salesman appealed simultaneously to your sense of responsibility and your sense of greed. There's nothing wrong with either responsibility or greed; but when you try to make them bedfellows, you may be giving yourself an unintended kick in the financial nuts. Because neither your obligations nor the investment value of your policy may be what you think it is.

Responsibility. If you're married, you don't necessarily need life insurance; the obligation doesn't come with the ring. If you don't have children, your wife, if she works, might be able to manage fine on her own (financially speaking) if you were to die.

If you're single, you probably need life insurance even less. Your death might be an emotional tragedy for a number of people, but it probably won't cause anyone to suffer major financial harm.

But if you have kids, *there's* where responsibility really comes in. Your death would create serious financial problems for your wife and children. Life insurance can help protect them from those problems.

But kids do grow up. Once they're on their own, is it your responsibility to provide them with a windfall profit on your death? Think twice. You just might decide that it's not.

So your need for life insurance may be a temporary one. Why, then, should you buy the most commonly sold policy, which is intended to cover you for a lifetime? Here's where the greed motive comes in.

Greed. The salesman says something like this: "Look, friend, you need a certain amount of insurance. You could get just plain, temporary protection in the form of term insurance, which covers you for a limited number of years. But at the end of all that time, if you live, you get absolutely nothing back. Term insurance is the kind of insurance you have to

CONSTRUCTION BY JAMES HIGA

die to collect. If you buy term insurance and you live, you're just throwing your money away. You might as well throw it down the sewer. You don't want term insurance. You want *permanent* insurance. Look at this whole life policy. With it, if you live, you get money back. Look at what your cash value will be in 25 years. . . ."

So, if you're like two thirds of the buyers, you take the salesman's advice and forget about term insurance. Instead, you buy a policy that has a cash value, one that offers "permanent" coverage. It may be called whole life, straight life, ordinary life or some jazzier name. The trap has just snapped shut.

Don't blame the salesman. He really believes that permanent insurance—"whole life" insurance—is better for you than term insurance. He's been taught to believe that. He's paid to believe that. Blame yourself, if you didn't know enough to demand term insurance or at least to consider it very seriously.

Because what you've just done, if you bought a whole life policy, is made an investment without planning for it, as you would plan if you bought stocks or bonds. That "money back" the salesman promised you amounts to an investment return, even though it's not called that.

Now, you're probably a fairly savvy guy when it comes to investments. You keep most of your cash in certificates of deposit, or real estate, or money-market funds, or *somewhere*—somewhere besides a regular savings account that pays a measly five-and-a-half percent interest rate. Right? But when you buy a life-insurance policy and the salesman says you should buy whole life because that way, if you live, you get "something back," do you ask what the rate of return is on the portion you get back? No, you don't. You don't because you don't know to ask. And if you asked, most companies wouldn't tell you. Rate-of-return information on the savings portion of a life-insurance policy isn't currently required by the U. S. Government, or by any state (though Massachusetts and North Carolina have been considering it). Insurance companies often act as if there were no such thing as the rate of return on a life-insurance policy. Some of them even *say* there's no such thing.

And that, to borrow a phrase from Jimmy Carter, is a lot of baloney. Sure, any figure you calculate as the rate of return can be disputed. But, by the same token, there are several ways to calculate the rate of return on a corporate bond. Yet you never hear anyone on Wall Street seriously maintain that the yield on a bond can't be calculated or that there is no such thing.

The formula for calculating the rate of return on a life-insurance policy is well known within the industry. It's called the Linton yield, because it was developed by an actuary named Albert Linton. The math is complicated, but the concept is simple to understand. Consider two 35-year-old buyers, Pat and Tom. Pat buys "permanent" whole life insurance; Tom buys "temporary" term. We'll say they each buy $100,000 worth of coverage, hold their policies for 20 years, then drop them.

Tom's term coverage costs him about $225 a year to start with. Each year, the premium goes up, because, with rising age, Tom's chances of dying are increased. By the time he's 55, Tom is paying about $1000 a year.

Pat pays $1200 a year from the start—about five times what Tom initially pays. But Pat's premium for a whole life policy never goes up; it always remains $1200 a year. Pat can keep his coverage into his 90s if he wants to, still paying the same rate. Tom's term coverage, by contrast, probably can't be renewed after the age of 65 or so. If it can, the rates will be very steep, indeed. At the age of 75, for example, Tom would have to pay about $10,000 for a year's coverage. Pat would still be paying $1200 a year.

Pat's policy builds up a cash value. At the end of 20 years, when he is 55, that value might be about $33,000. If Pat ends his insurance coverage then, he gets back the $33,000. If Tom ends his insurance coverage at the same time, he gets nothing back, because term insurance has no cash value. So who got the better deal?

Probably Tom. You might think his rate of return was zero; but consider that for the whole 20 years, Tom was paying lower premiums than Pat. The money he saved on his premiums could have been invested. It could have been put in the bank, in a money-market fund, in stocks or in any number of other investments. The Linton yield tells how well Tom has to do with his investments to match Pat's $33,000 return.

Assuming Pat bought an average whole life policy, all Tom needs to do to come out ahead is to earn 4.12 percent after taxes. That conclusion emerges from a mammoth study of life insurance released in July 1979 by the staff of the Federal Trade Commission (FTC).

In other words, the average life-insurance policy is about as good an investment over a 20-year period as that much-disparaged vehicle, the passbook savings account!

But the FTC report has a number of other shocks in store. That 4.12 percent figure is the rate of return for policies that pay dividends—called, in the trade, *participating* policies. The average rate of return for nonparticipating policies—those that don't pay dividends—was 2.47 percent.

Also, life-insurance savings have a major disadvantage compared with passbook savings. On a passbook account, you currently get only about four percent after taxes (assuming you pay about 25 percent of your income in taxes), but at least you get it consistently. With a life-insurance policy, your rate of return for the first several years is negative. The FTC estimated the average return (for dividend-paying policies) at *minus* 8.36 percent for the first five years, and at only 1.43 percent if the policy is held ten years! (One reason is that the agent's commission is paid mainly in the early years.) In short, you *have* to hold the average life-insurance policy for about 20 years just to earn the mediocre rate of return available on passbook savings accounts.

After the 20th year, the rate of return usually rises a bit more but not much. The average life-insurance policy still returns less than five percent a year, even if held for 30 years.

The trap clicks shut. If you buy a whole life policy, you face a problem. You've committed yourself to pay a fixed premium, year after year. If you decide to quit early, your rate of return will be, in a word, putrid. But if you hold on to the policy for the 20 or so years necessary to earn a fairly decent rate of return, inflation will probably have made that policy's coverage inadequate. If inflation runs at eight percent a year from now until the year 2000, the $100,000 policy you buy today will then be worth only $23,171 (in today's dollars). That's if you die and your survivors get the $100,000. If you live to cash in the policy in the year 2000, the $30,000 or so you'd get would be worth, in today's dollars, about $6951.

You also have to ask yourself how all that fits into your lifestyle. Let's say you have young children now. You know that your death, in the next year or two, would mean a real hardship for them. For about $225 a year (if you're around 35 and buy term insurance), you can arrange for your wife to get $100,000 if you die. Simple and direct. In 20 years, your children may be self-sufficient, or may have joined some cult and fled to Kuala Lumpur. You might be divorced. You might even be dead. In most or all of those cases, you might well regret having decided to commit yourself to shelling out, permanently, $1200 a year for permanent whole life insurance.

But my agent says. . . . Life-insurance salesmen have quite a repertoire of arguments designed to get you to buy whole life or similar policies. Let's look at a few of them.

1. *Whole life helps you save money.* "All right," the salesman might say. "Theoretically, you might be better off

(continued on page 144)

Right: This lucky fellow's having no problem weathering the storm in his checked impermeable-cotton trench-type coat with self-belt, stand-up collar, padded shoulders and zip front, from Lee Wright by Lanerossi, about $185.

CITY SLICKERS

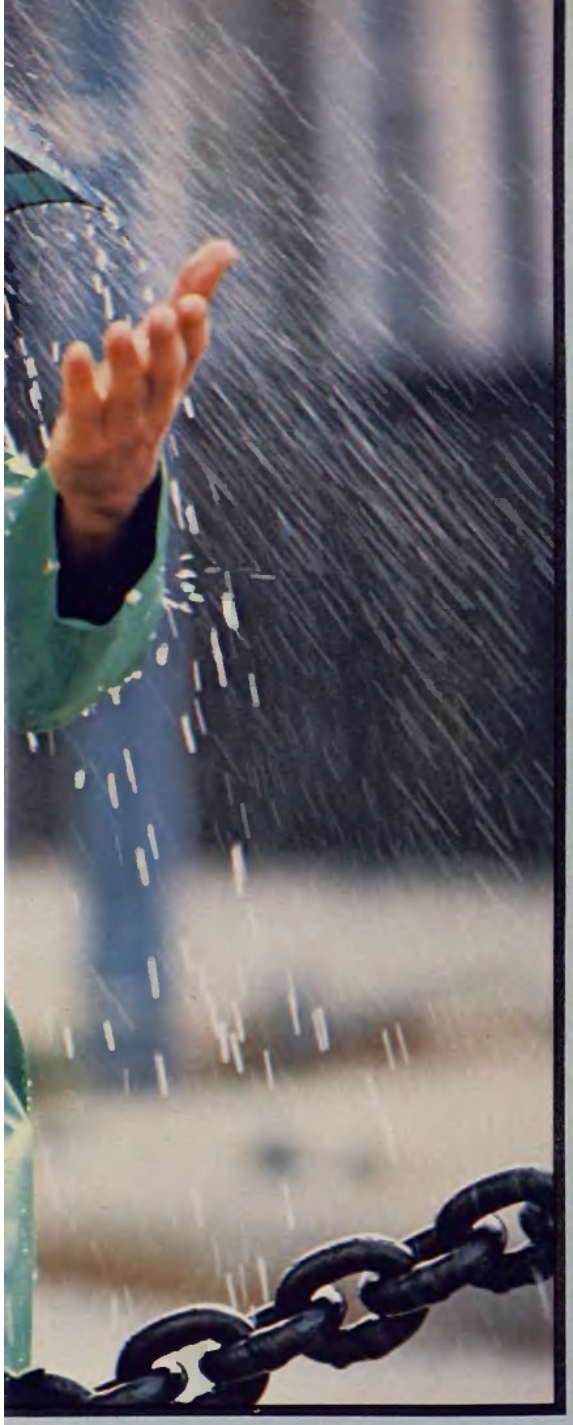
taking a walk on the wet side? here are some colorful ways to add dash to the splash

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

THE CLASSIC BOGART TRENCH COAT may still be the most popular style of raingear for walking in the wet, but this season is seeing a deluge of slick fashion choices. All the designs, of course, have one objective—to keep the wearer dry—but the idea that this might be accomplished more interestingly seems to have occurred to a number of people. Hence the proliferation of bright colors, shiny fabrics, jump suits, rain suits (even one done with short pants that may not keep your legs dry

but is sure to get them noticed) and reversibles. A major influence comes quite naturally from sailing/fishing clothes, which have traditionally combined protection and a lively use of color. If this spiffier attitude to rainwear still seems a bit alien to you, consider the many ways that males are successfully mixing different looks. Cowboy elements (hats, boots, etc.) are being combined with urban businesswear. Down-filled

Above: Woter, water, everywhere, except on this street-wise city slicker who's escaping the elements wearing a precoated cotton poplin rain slicker feoturing a snap-front closure, drowstring hood and two snap-flap patch pockets, by Shedrain Company, $21. (It's double-your-money time, chaps, as this slicker also reverses to a navy-blue cotton polyester one.) His nylon tartan brolly, also by Shedrain, features a very sturdy wooden shaft, about $22.



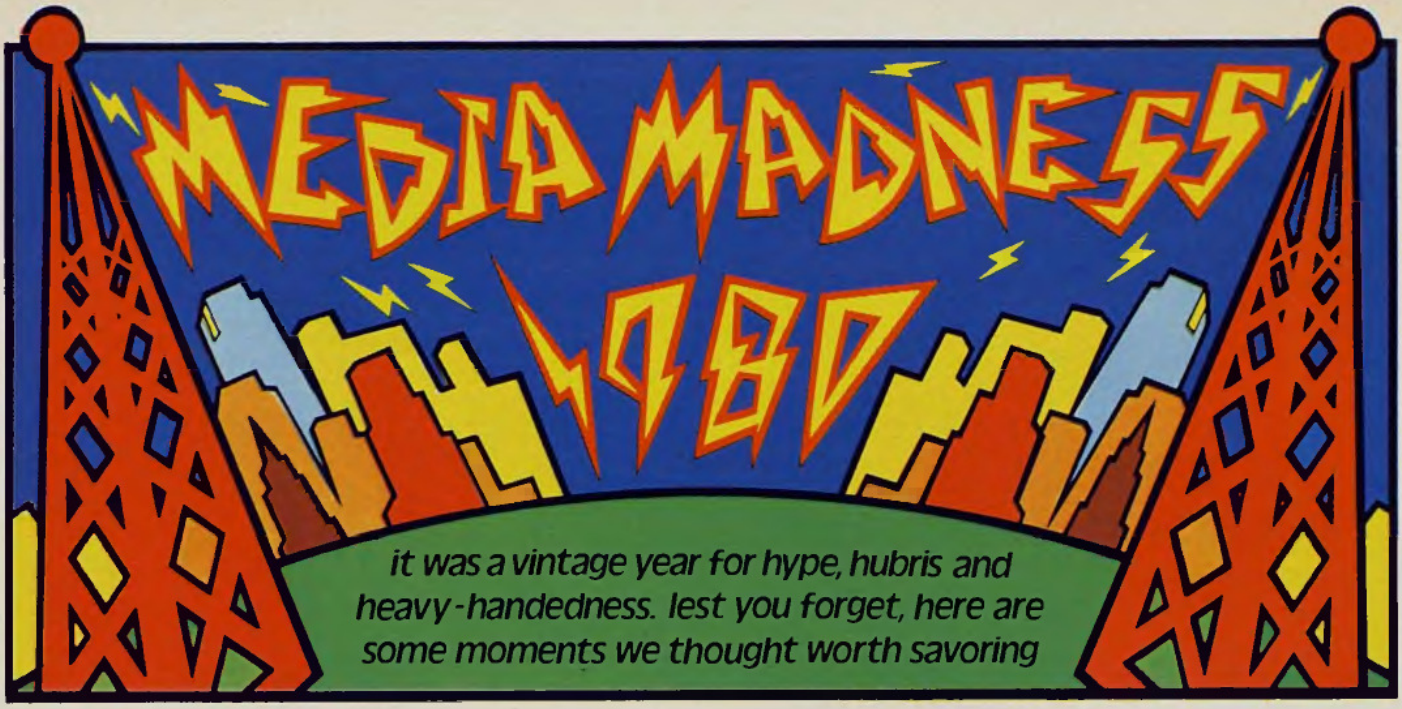
Below left: More slick stuff—this one's o water-repellent rubberized rain slicker with a convertible hood, zip and Velcro front closure, adjustable Velcro cuffs, two Velcro flap patch pockets and a Velcro collar tab, by Basco All-American Sportswear, about $45. (His cotton water-repellent umbrella is by Mespo Umbrellas, $22.) Below: For top-to-toe protection when freewheeling in the wet, it's tough to beat this water-repellent rubberized rain slicker featuring block trim, zip- and snop-front closure, twin snop-flap bellows pockets and a convertible hood, $130, that's been teamed with motching snap-leg coveralls, $90, both by Al B. Arden for Starpoint.

ski jackets are being donned over suits. And active sportswear that would look right at home on a tennis court, jogging track or rugby field is now being worn practically anywhere; casualwear is acceptable just for the fun of it. It seems to us that the same kind of experimenting and imagination make equally good sense in every area of apparel. Don't think for a second that your basic black/brown/tan raincoat is obsolete. But for variety and something of an uplift when there's a downpour, it's a kick to have a few catchy looks to put on, whether you're walking the dog or dashing out for a six-pack. While you're rethinking your wet-weather wardrobe, give some consideration to picking up a bold-color brolly, too.

Top left: Here's a short subject for a rainy day—a nylon rain jacket with button-front closure and button-through angled flap pockets, $52.50, worn with matching walking shorts with belt loops, side-entry pockets, plus two handy oversized bellows flop pockets, $25, both by Don Robbie. Left: No, our man isn't a race-car driver taking shelter from a squall, he's just a hip guy who's into the latest in raingear—a nylon/cotton water-repellent jump suit with zip- and diagonal snap-front closure, elasticized waistband, stand-up quilted collar and a biswing back, by Ron Chereskin for State O'Maine, $90. Opposite poge: Who says you can't get a taxi (or a taxi driver) on a rainy day in the big city? His cover story is a good-looking one: It's a nylon ciré trench-type coat with button-front closure, back yoke, self-belt and button-through inverted back pleat, by Sal Cesarani, about $65.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE EWERT

TAXI



LIFE STORY: THIGH-SLAPPER

Life magazine, once king of hard-news phota stories, is back, but the focus of the stories has changed. In its July issue, *Life* ran a story on John's digs titled *Casa Travolta: An Exclusive Look at the House That "Grease" Bought.* The magazine revealed that "obsessed with his appearance, Travolto had his 'thunder thighs,' as he calls them, retouched to slim them down for the Urban Cowboy [publicity] photos."

WHEN NOT JOTTING DOWN QUOTES, MAO ENJOYS COOKING

In late February, China announced that it had begun its own version of *People* magazine. *Important People* features "brief biographies of important people, longer articles on individuals and their experiences, letters, anecdotes and extracts from diaries of revolutionaries of the older generation."

MR. REAGAN GOES TO WASHINGTON (TAKE THREE)

Variety, the show-business newspaper, always has a special twist on warld events. The pastelection headline ran "REAGAN SWEEPS AS CARTER WEEPS." And the first paragraph af the story announcing the most profound voter shift in 48 years began: "Elevation ta the U. S. Presidency of Hollywood actor Ronold Reagan poses questions of what he could or would da to help solve theatrical problems."

DECIDEDLY LOWBROW

During an interview with NBC political color man Teddy White, Richard Nixon shared some of the wisdom he has acquired about how politicians should deal with TV appearances. "The main thing is to get a good picture where you're not wiping your brow," explained the former President, who then demonstrated what he meant by wiping his upper lip.

AND I JUST *LOVE* SAMMY DAVIS!

When a faithful reader complained to columnist Abigail van Buren that she had left blacks off her list of people who had come from all over the world to help build America, Dear Abby apologized for her mistake, noting that "for decades, [blacks] worked our fields, cleaned aur homes, cooked our meals, nursed our babies and faught our wars."

STAND BY, WE'RE HAVING A COPPOLA PROBLEMS

Francis Ford Cappola praduced a half-hour live TV commercial for California's Governor Jerry Brown the Friday before the Wisconsin Presidential primary. The technical problems he encountered were reminiscent of those he suffered on the set of *Apocalypse Now.*

Opening credits proclaimed, "Live from Madisno, Wiscinsin." Governor Brown first appeared on the screen with the state-capitol dome showing through an apparent hole in his head. While he was speaking, his microphone went deod and one in the crowd clicked open—picking up a voice that said, "This thing is reolly a snooze." At one paint, it looked as though there were several little men walking around on Brown's collar. All Coppola needed was Brando ta mumble his way through a cameo and he might have had a hit an his hands.

WE'VE SEEN THE FUTURE AND WE DON'T BELIEVE IT

The National Enquirer's crack team of psychics made these predictions for 1980:

"Senator Ted Kennedy will capture the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1980 and then—with a woman as his running mate—will sweep into the White House in a landslide."

"Bob Hope will become the new U. S. Ambassador to China."

"An amazing electronic device developed by scientists will do away with the need for sleep."

"The ghost of John Wayne will materialize at the Alama before the disbelieving eyes of visitors."

"Michael London will quit his acting career and become a rabbi who devotes his life to helping the poor."

"In a mad, impetuous moment, James Garner and Lauren Bacall will marry—but both will agree it wos a big mistake and divorce after only a few months."

"In a coolheaded act of heroism, John Travolta will take over the controls of an airliner moments after the pilot is stricken with a heart attack. John will land the plane safely."

"Captain Kangaroo will be attacked and slightly injured by a wolverine that has been brought an the show."

PRESS PARTY OF THE YEAR

For a party at a Gotham rock club to launch their album *Emotional Rescue*, The Rolling Stones decorated the club in a hospital theme: bandaged mannequins, wheelchairs, hospital beds and, while guests munched their canapés, a closed-circuit-television demonstration of open-heart surgery.

A LOOK BETWEEN THE LEGS OF AMERICA

The headline above heralded a *San Diego Union* report on pornography and violence. That's what we call great head—but 1980 was a banner year for such grabbers. Here are a few more of our favorites.

"SMOKE GETS IN YOUR THIGHS," crooned New York's *Village Voice* above its report on preliminary studies that show smoking contributes to impotence.

"WEARS YELLOW PANTSUIT," read Georgia's *Weekly Moultrie Observer* above a story on Miss Lillian's state visit to Cairo.

"MUSH FROM THE WIMP," trumpeted *The Boston Globe* when it ran a pro-Carter editorial that was supposed to be headed "ALL MUST SHARE THE BURDEN." One hundred forty thousand copies of the paper were printed before the April-fool prank was discovered.

" 'IN' DISEASES" was the title of a *Cosmopolitan* survey of the current crap of common ailments.

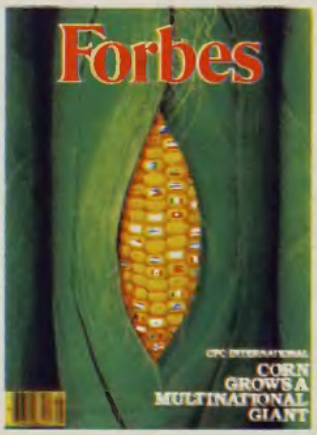
"THE PRICK OF CONTROVERSY" in December's *Texas Monthly* turned out not to be the story of J. R. Ewing or Bunky Hunt or even Dan Rather but a legal update on the growing practice of acupuncture that's needling Lone-Star doctors.

"OJ LADY ANITA SAYS MARRIAGE WENT TO SEED," proclaimed the *New York Post* when Bryant's divorce was announced.

FUN ON THE FARM

The Australian *Bulletin* ran a story on the recent drought's long-term scars. For the cover, it selected a photograph of a farmer deeply invalved in his sheep.

Closer to home, *Forbes* magazine chose for its March 3, 1980, cover a corny versian of an old favorite.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOUG TAYLOR

WHAT'S A POOR GIRL TO DO?

On July seventh, Jane Welch turned in a report to the Raleigh, North Carolina, *News & Observer* reading, "Diaphragms supposedly don't work as well during simultaneous orgasm or when the woman is on top." Her editar changed it to read, "The diaphragm doesn't work during lovemaking."

BARRETT'S QUOTATIONS

Shortly before jumping from ABC to NBC, Miss Rona told Tom Snyder that ABC execs had stolen her ideas and given them to Barbara Walters. The experience was—well, traumatic:

"There is nothing worse than feeling raped. . . . And for all the women who have been raped, the men who have been raped, physically and otherwise, it's the same kind of feeling. . . . What I'm upset about is that my format's been given to Barbara. . . . I can't watch my ideas given ta somebody else. . . . I feel sick. I feel cheated."

SCREWING AROUND WITH THE NEWS

Executive Mary Cunningham's resignation from Bendix amid sexual innuendo was the feminist issue of the year. In Washington, newspaper rivals the *Post* and the *Star* claimed rights to Gail Sheehy's version af Mary's true story from separate sources, but only the *Post* had access to the edited version. So *Post* honcho Ben Bradlee inserted a couple of lines that Sheehy had not written, to trick the *Star*. It worked the first time—the *Star* reprinted the change verbatim. But in the second installment, the *Star* caught Bradlee's trick and didn't bite. Instead, it came back with its awn acrastic on the gassip page: "Ha-ha Ben."

RATHER PRESUMPTUOUS

During the Republican Convention, a pretty yaung reporter working on the Ford-for-Vice-President story for a national newsmagazine tried ta check a fact with CBS' Dan Rather. Notebook open, pen poised, the intrepid reporter said, "Dan?" But before she could ask her question, Rather grabbed her convention floor pass and autographed it. "That good enough for you?" he beamed.

JUST IN CASE

The day after he pulled out of the race far the Republican Presidential nomination, John Connally explained in an interview with Barbara Walters the circumstances under which he might get back in the race: "Let's assume that an airplane draps out from under both of the peaple we're talking about—both President Ford and Governor Reagan. Let's assume that, if you want to assume a macabre situation. Then I might do it. You know, I might need to be available."

BAKED IN BEAN TOWN

We lift our hats to Homer Cilley, wha risked (and lost) his job as executive praducer of Boston's Channel 7 evening-news program. On April first, Cilley broadcast the news that a hill in suburban Milton had erupted and was spewing lava and ash on nearby homes. The report included film of lava flowing down a hillside and the dubbed-in voices of President Carter and Massachusetts Governar Edward King expressing their concern. At the end of the bulletin, the reporter held up a sign that read APRIL FOOL, but it was too late. The community got frantic and Cilley (pronounced Silly) got the ax.

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

Sometimes the media fall in love with a story. We've definitely had our fill of the following:

1. The real story af haw Elvis died and what drugs were in his body
2. The Carter family saga
3. Gay rights
4. Gay Cubans
5. Gay Talese

LIFE INSURANCE

(continued from page 136)

"With the money you save by buying term, you might be enjoying a new stereo or a ten-speed bike."

buying term insurance and investing the difference. But let's be realistic. You wouldn't invest the difference; you'd blow it. At least with a whole life policy, you have some systematic savings."

That is an argument you'll often hear. Within its cool, Calvinistic heart, it actually contains several propositions: (1) Money is a good thing to have. (2) You shouldn't "fritter your money away"—i.e., you shouldn't spend it. (3) In particular, you shouldn't spend it while you're young. (4) Most definitely, you shouldn't spend it on some passing pleasure. Therefore, (5) the best thing to do with money is to save it; but (6) most people lack the necessary will power. (7) You are one of those people who lacks will power. (8) So you need something to force you to save. (9) Whole life insurance is just what you need.

This chain of logic seems to have a few weak links. It also involves some strong value judgments. Take $100 and leave it to accumulate at five percent interest for 20 years and you'll have $265. Take the same $100 and spend it on an incredible evening with a beautiful blonde and 20 years later you have a memory the value of which is hard to quantify. The memory will probably be unaffected by inflation, though, while the $265 may be worth (assuming eight percent inflation) only about $57.

Thus, the pursuit of happiness is not without value, though its value may be hard to measure. A case can be made not only for (as the saying goes) "buying term and investing the difference" but also for buying term and frittering away the difference. With the money you save by buying term, you might be enjoying a new stereo, a ten-speed bike or a number of other nice things.

Suppose, though, that you buy the chain of logic up through step eight. You really do have trouble saving and you think some kind of forced-savings vehicle might be good for you. That still doesn't necessarily mean you should buy whole life insurance. What about a payroll-deduction plan or a thrift plan where you work? Its rate of return might be better than that on a whole life policy. But even if you explain all this to your insurance salesman, he still has other arguments.

2. *Whole life lets you carry insurance after the age of 60 or 70.* Since the publication of the FTC report, attacking the value of whole life as an investment, a lot of insurance people have been protesting that their favorite product has been misunderstood. It was never *supposed* to be an investment, they say. Well, at least not *primarily* an investment. The real point of whole life all along, they say, has been that it allows you to carry insurance in your later years.

There's some truth to that argument, but it contains quite a few weak points as well. Why will you want to carry insurance during your retirement years? To benefit your children? But by then, they may well be self-sufficient. To benefit your wife? At that point, what she'd probably prefer is greater retirement income, so your annual expenditure on life insurance might be counterproductive. To pay estate taxes? Probably no big concern, unless you're rather wealthy. In any case, half of your estate can be left to your wife free of estate taxes.

Of course, there's always a chance that you'll find yourself single again in your early 60s, meet a 19-year-old Hollywood starlet and proceed to have six children by her. Possible but not too likely.

In any case, if you do happen to need life insurance during your retirement years, you still don't have to pick a whole life policy at the start. Most term policies are—up to a certain specified age—"renewable and convertible." Renewable means that you can continue your coverage each year by paying the increased premium. Convertible means that you can convert the term policy to a whole life policy if you want to. The conversion process is usually expensive. But it is there, as a hedge against the rather remote chance that you'll really need life insurance in your later years.

3. *Whole life comes with a low-cost-loan privilege.* Let's say you buy a $100,000 whole life policy and in ten years it has a cash value of $15,000. Most policies being sold today have a loan rate of eight percent, guaranteed. Let's say that 1990, like 1980, happens to be a time of high interest rates. It's tough to get a loan, and if you do get one, you'll have to pay about 18 percent interest. You can earn 14 percent on a savings certificate. In times like these, that eight percent guaranteed loan rate could come in handy. You'd borrow the $15,000 cash value at eight percent instead of taking out a car loan at 18 percent. Or you'd borrow the cash value and reinvest the money. It would cost you only about $1200 in annual interest and you'd earn $2100 by reinvesting the money at 14 percent.

Does all that sound attractive? Sure it does. In fact, in early 1980, people were borrowing like mad from whole life policies issued ten or twenty years ago, to do exactly those sorts of things. (Strangely enough, people in the life-insurance industry weren't overjoyed to see people taking advantage of the loan provision that way. Instead, they were beginning to think about hiking the loan rate or instituting a variable rate.) But if you think the loan privilege is such a major factor that you should base your buying decision on it, you're probably the kind of person who'd like a date with Bo Derek because she has nice elbows.

4. *The cash value of a life-insurance policy is shielded from creditors.* True, but hardly a big deal when you stop to think about it. If you got really hard pressed, you would probably drop your policy.

5. *Whole life is a tax shelter.* It is, for two reasons. You don't pay any tax on the cash value until you actually cash in your policy. At that time, you may be retired, and thus in a lower tax bracket than you are now. Also, the cash value is taxed only to the extent that it exceeds the sum of all the premiums you've paid (minus all the dividends you've gotten back, if it's a participating policy).

Whether or not this matters to you depends on what tax bracket you're in. Let's assume for a moment that the accumulation of cash value is completely tax-exempt. And let's assume that the whole life policy in question has a better investment yield than most—around six percent. If you're in the 70 percent tax bracket, that's arguably the equivalent of a 20 percent pretax return, so whole life might well be worth considering for Mick Jagger and David Rockefeller—assuming, of course, that they need life insurance at all. But if you're in the 33 percent bracket, a six percent after-tax return is equal to a nine percent pretax return, which isn't hard to find today.

Whole life is a good, conservative tax shelter. Unlike other tax shelters, it involves virtually no risk of losing your money. It's even safer than municipal bonds. Is it the best tax shelter for you? Only your personal financial advisor knows for sure—and you're lucky if he does. But unless you're in a high bracket, this isn't a major factor.

6. *Whole life can help you save up for retirement.* Of course, this is inconsistent with argument number two, which presumes that you're going to hold on to your policy during retirement, not cash it in.

In any case, this pitch is a spitball. It's not likely that the cash value of a whole

(continued on page 211)

"Third floor . . . men's room!"

My Sister, My Self

new research on twins is fascinating;
here are four pairs worthy of close examination

THE BARNSTABLE TWINS

THE STONE TWINS

THE PERRY TWINS

THE HARRIS TWINS

AT BIRTH, Piper Perry weighed three pounds and Tara Perry weighed two pounds. When you're that little, a pound can make quite a difference in your appearance. Piper didn't look too bad, but Tara looked fairly wretched. For a while, the hospital had various tubes hooked up to her, and they had to shave off what little hair she had. Piper got to keep her hair. So it was that when the twins first went home and family friends dropped by to see them, their mother would bring Piper out of the bedroom, show her around proudly, take her back into the bedroom, then bring her out again and announce, "And here's Tara." And she got away with it. That's a "twins" story, the kind of true tale that can be told only by a person whose body comes in duplicate. Piper and Tara are one of four sets of beautiful twins we photographed and interviewed for *(text concluded on page 174)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

CYBIL and TRICIA BARNSTABLE (right) should be familiar to our readers who watch television regularly. The Barnstable sisters must be the most filmed and photographed twins in America. They were the Toni (shampoo) twins, they've taured with Bob Hope, appeared on *The Love Boat*, *Hollywood Squares* (ten times) and all the major tolk shows. As Eileen Ford models, they frequently grace the covers of popular women's magazines. Both are University of Kentucky graduates.

The Barnstable twins posed at the age of six (above left) with younger sister Barbara (in the middle). Tricia ond Cybil appeared on *The Tonight Show* (below left) in 1974 ond they starred in Doublemint gum commercials (below, center ond right) in 1973 ond 1976.

SHEILA and MOIRA STONE, 22, are Bunnies at the Dallas Playboy Club. In the childhood picture (above left), Moira is on the left. As you can see below, the Stone twins have come a long way since then. That's 5'10" Moira leaning against the wall and 5'11" Sheila opening the door. "We're triple Scorpios," says Sheila, "which means that at times, we're both very intense. *Very* intense." Both are dedicated and proficient pinball players, and in the photo above right, Moira racks up a free game while Sheila watches.

PIPER and TARA PERRY, 27, are Bunnies who recently moved from the Dallas Club to the Los Angeles Club. In the photo above, that's Piper in front. Tara points out that "you can tell the difference between us if you look closely. Piper has a beauty mark on her left cheek." Piper says she likes "partying men," while Tara prefers "men who would make good husbands." They have a professional singing act and they played the L.A. Club's Cabaret last December. The scene at bottom right is a pillow fight between the two 5'6", 35-24-35 sisters. It was a tie.

LYNETTE and LEIGH HARRIS (in the picture below, thot's Lynette on the left) are so psychically attuned that they often experience each other's aches ond poins. You might remember them os Lyn and Leigh Holidoy from our April 1978 pictoriol *Sisters*. Both live in Milwaukee.

Lynette's pet peeve is Leigh's tardiness. Leigh says hers is Lynette's questioning her ("Why are you late?"). When it comes to refreshments, Leigh likes "anything illegal, immoral and fattening." Lynette says she spends her spare time "getting Leigh out of mischief." They want to star together in a movie titled "20."

"It's been a wonderful evening. I want to remember everything about it. First, if you'll tell me your name. . . ."

A FEW YEARS AGO, there was a certain goral, a hill man, who felt humped and bumped by life, and so he was about to hang himself when Old Nick appeared and asked him what he was up to.

"If thy skin were mine," said the goral, "thou wouldst have hanged thyself thrice, not once."

"A bet on that?"

"For what stakes?"

"For thy part, thou shalt hang thyself and be mine; but if I cannot bear thy life for three days, I'll make thee a rich man." They shook on it; the Devil assumed the man's form and left for the goral's cabin.

There the wife was waiting: She was more than 40 summers old, fists like two milk pails and mouth like a watchdog's—barking that much.

"Where hast thou been?"

"In the forest, walkin' an' whistlin'," quoth Nick. He had not quite finished the saying, when he got a good belt in the mouth, so that bells were ringing in his ears like the ones at the minster.

"And dost thou not know that 'tis spring now, that there is work aplenty?" shrieked the virago. "So thou wouldst whistle in the forest? Look at the thrush! 'Tis good for thee thou art here. Get thyself ready. There is a wedding at Wally Lojas'. And mind, thou art to dance! 'Cause everybody says thou art an old codger and cannot move anymore!"

All night the Devil had to dance. Each time he wanted to sit down, the scold was after him: "Wouldst thou shame me? As is, folks regard thee no better than a dog's ear! Old gaffer! Dance!" And because the Devil was already afraid of her, he kept going until the white morn. Near killed himself.

Thought Old Nick to himself, We'll get home, then I'll sleep it off. That's what *he* thought! They drove up to the house, the Devil stripped and climbed between the sheets. The harridan jumped him: "Just look at him! Where wouldst thou pack thyself, thou dog's breakfast? Dost thou not know thy plow is waiting for thee in the fields?"

The Evil One stared at the shrew, but what could be done? No sooner did she give him a pittance of food to break his fast on than the Devil found himself at the plow.

At noon, the scold came over with lunch: "How much hast thou plowed?" And then how this dragon did start cussing and swearing! "Thou stupid broken windmill! Runt! Chewed-up dog's bone! That is all thou hast managed to plow? At the table thou art a grown man, but at the plow thou art just a babe in arms. So thou wouldst feed now? There's thy feed, swallow's nest!" And she slammed

the lunch pail to the ground.

Till sunset, the Devil had to plow and not stop. In the evening, he went home.

"Chop the firewood?"

All his bones were creaking in his back, but he chopped because he was scared of the woman. She called him for his supper. He ate a bite: Thought he, Now I'll sleep it off.

The wife said her prayers. The Devil murmured something pretending to say his, and they lay together. He was tuckered out, almost to death, but when he closed his eyes, she said, "Matt." (The goral's name was Matthew.)

"What?"

"Sleeping?"

"And what else would I be doing?"

And after a while, she asked, "And why art thou asleep?"

" 'Tis what the night is for."

And in a moment: "Matty! What about *it*?"

"What's *it*?"

"It's what we were married for."

"What? After I'm made to dance all night, plow all day and then chop firewood all evening? And the food thou gavest me was enough for a barn fly."

And the spitfire said: "Thou Hungarian corpse, thou wouldst give me lip? A klutz, a wet weakling! Dumb Matthew!" And she turned to him, please forgive the word, with her arse.

Good, thought the Devil. Let her be angry. It was not two moments before the woman began again:

"Matty!"

A moment back 'twas Dumb Matthew, and now 'tis Matty! thought the Devil. "What dost thou want?"

"Matty," cooed the gammer. "Come on. I'll give thee oatcakes with butter on the morrow."

And she took to traveling all over him with her hands, missed not one part.

The Devil saw there wouldn't be any sleeping and thought to himself: I'll give in, woman. I'll serve thee once, so that thou wilt leave me be.

The Devil took and did what had to be done, laid down, went to sleep.

And right away in his ears.

Oh! How many times did she want? It was the truth that man was telling when he said he had enough! The Devil kept his mouth and his eyes shut.

"Matty!"

And the Devil said nothing.

"Matt! Art thou listening?"

Nothing.

The poor Devil was hardly prepared for what happened next. The tartar lifted herself from the bedding and planted an almighty kick right above where his legs forked! The Devil flew from the bed onto the floor.

"Thou impotent old man! Thou cursed Judas Iscariot!" shrieked the virago. "Sit thee over there. Thou art not worthy of the marriage bed!"

The Devil sat on a log, feeling his sides, because he got well banged up in the fall.

And the gammer started a lament: "Oh, poor, unhappy me! Why did my parents give me to thee for a wife? Oh, well did Aunt Agatha, rest her soul, advise: 'Don't give Kunnegunde to Matthew, he is a broken old man!' Oh, misery, misery! Oh, my saintly mum!"

And the woman was old enough to have been a grandmother.

So the poor Devil was sitting on the rough bark, cold and splintery, and he kept thinking until he got angry.

"Devils take thee!" he told the termagant. "Dance all night, work all day, eat as much as nothing, and then stir thine embers all the night! It's enough to beat the Devil!"

He ripped off his shirt, escaped through a slit in the shutter and flew to the goral in the dale.

The man was sitting by the fire.

"Here already?"

"Here," answered the Devil. "You were right to say that were I in thy place I'd hang myself thrice, not once." He lifted a rock and showed the goral a hidden treasure, a miracle to behold.

"Well, now I am a wealthy man," laughed the goral. "For the day chores I'll hire myself a hand or two, and I'll take care of the night work myself."

The Devil growled: "It will still be work enough for three Devils."

—Translated by Bogumil Kosciesza-Stregomia

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

JAMES GARNER *(continued from page 96)*

her, but she banged her head on a kitchen shelf and that stunned her for a second, and when my old man came in, I was trying to choke her. He said, "What the hell's going on here?" He naturally took his wife's side, so my dad and my brother Jack had to hold me while Wilma busted my butt with a spatula. Later in the day, though, he asked my stepmother what I'd done to deserve a whipping and she said, "Well, he did *something*." My dad wanted to know what and she said, "I don't know, but I know he did *something*." Dad said, "You mean you beat the hell out of the kid and you don't even know what he did?" And she said, "Well, I know he did *something*." Beating me used to be a favorite pastime of hers, I think. My dad and her got into it right then and there. Wilma left the house a couple of weeks later, and then Dad left to work in California a couple of months after that. He put me on a farm in Hobart, Oklahoma, and I stayed there for a couple of months, and then I went back to Norman and lived with my aunt for a few months, and after that, I was on my own.

PLAYBOY: How did you support yourself?

GARNER: I got a driver's license and a chauffeur's license when I was 14, and I drove a salesman for Curlee Clothes all over the state of Texas. We'd be out for a couple of months at a time, and I'd take care of the samples, keep his books and really kind of look after the salesman. He was an old guy who had an ulcer and he wasn't supposed to drink, but he really liked his Scotch and milk. He wasn't supposed to smoke cigars, either, and I was in charge of his cigars and every once in a while I allowed him to have one. We'd take a room at the Baker Hotel in Dallas or the Rice Hotel in Houston and the buyers would come in and they'd all sit around, drinking Scotch, and I'd end up doing the selling. The guy was vice-president of the company and wanted to adopt me, but I was happy to be on my own. The following year, I drove for the company's salesman in Oklahoma, and we must've gone through 100 towns in the state. Those jobs took only a few months each, so I had to do other things to pay my way. I worked at grocery stores, I cut trees for the telephone company so their lines could go through, I was a hod carrier, I hauled Sheetrock and bricks, I worked at a chicken hatchery—I really had a *lot* of jobs. I used to get up at 3:30 in the morning and go sweep out the administration building at Oklahoma University, and then I'd go to school, play football and then work at night. I learned real early how to be self-sufficient, but a lot of people helped me out, including my grandmother, my uncle and my buddy Jim Paul Dickenson's mother, who ran a rooming house in Norman. The Oklahoma University basketball team stayed there, and she let me live there rent-free. Mostly, though, I wanted to be like everybody else and go to school.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to do that?

GARNER: Only to a certain extent. I finished my freshman year, played varsity football for the high school and really had a terrific time with my friends. My relatives were worried about me running around loose, but I didn't think I needed any supervision. I probably did, but I was a smart-aleck kid. I was still an introvert, but not among my friends.

PLAYBOY: Did you get into any trouble with the law?

GARNER: Oh, occasionally, but I just did the mischievous kinds of things all the kids did. On Halloween, we'd throw rocks at streetlights and knock them out, and one of the best games we played was Ditch 'em: Six or seven of us would line up in cars and the first guy would take off and everybody would try to stay with him. The idea was to lose everybody else, and you'd drive all over town and all over the country to get away from the others. We raised a lot of hell with that game, but we never hurt anybody and never even rolled a car, because we had some pretty good drivers. It sounds dangerous, but it wasn't when we played it in 1944. Anyway, after my freshman year, I quit high school and Jim Paul and I joined the merchant marines. My dad signed permission for me to join, because I wanted to get in there and help win World War Two. The minute we enlisted, the Germans surrendered. I think they heard we were coming.

"My stepmother used to make us go out and cut willow switches and then she'd beat us on the butt with them. She loved to hit me."

PLAYBOY: How long did you stay in the Service?

GARNER: Only for about a year. Jim Paul and I wound up going to San Pedro, California, and he shipped out, but I saw these good-looking girls who went to Hollywood High School and I told him, "That's for me." So I went back to high school. My dad was living in Los Angeles and I stayed with him. Not too long after I got to Hollywood High, the Jantzen people came to school, looking for guys to model their bathing suits, and the physical-education teacher gave them the names of ten guys to talk to. I was on the list, and I wasn't interested until they told me they were paying 15 bucks an hour. They took me out to Palm Springs for three days and I made some real good money off them.

PLAYBOY: Did that get you interested in show business?

GARNER: Hell, no. I wanted to play football for Hollywood High, but since I didn't show up for too many classes, I got kicked out. I was still under 18, so I had to go to school, and I ended up attending the Frank Williams Trade School. I think I majored in first aid there, and that's no joke. I started playing football for the Hollywood Boys' Club and right away, Doc Lefevre, the coach at Norman High School, called me and said he needed some football players very badly and if he didn't get them, he was gonna lose his job. Harley Doc Lefevre. I went back to Norman and played football for him. I won't say I got paid, but I did have a credit card at a clothing store and I didn't have to work a lot.

I was a punter and a linebacker on the football team, and even before I left California, a coach at Southern Cal told me that when I got out of high school, he wanted me to play for SC. As it turned out, I continued my outstanding academic career at Norman High: I dropped out of school when I was 18. I had no ambition and I didn't really want to do anything. If somebody would say, "Let's go to Oklahoma City," I'd pick up a job and work till I had enough money to go, and then I'd come back and think, OK, what am I gonna do now? If I'd get it in my head to go to California, I'd go. My dad had gotten into the carpet business, and when I came to Los Angeles, I'd work for him a little, and then I'd go back to Oklahoma. I swamped trucks in Odessa, Texas, for a while—loading and unloading them—and I also worked as a roughneck in oil fields in Texas and Oklahoma. I never stayed anywhere more than three or four months at a time. I just went whichever way the wind blowed.

PLAYBOY: At what point did that start to get a little stale for you?

GARNER: If you really want the truth, not until I was 26 and about to get married. That's when I started to get ambition and accept responsibility. Until then, what did I care? I could eat, sleep, and I didn't want anything. I'd never had any great desire for *things*, you know. Anyway, in 1950, I was visiting my dad in California when I got a notice from my draft board in Norman saying I could take my choice and report to the Army in Oklahoma or California. I was in the first bunch of guys drafted for the Korean War.

PLAYBOY: We understand you won two

(continued on page 184)

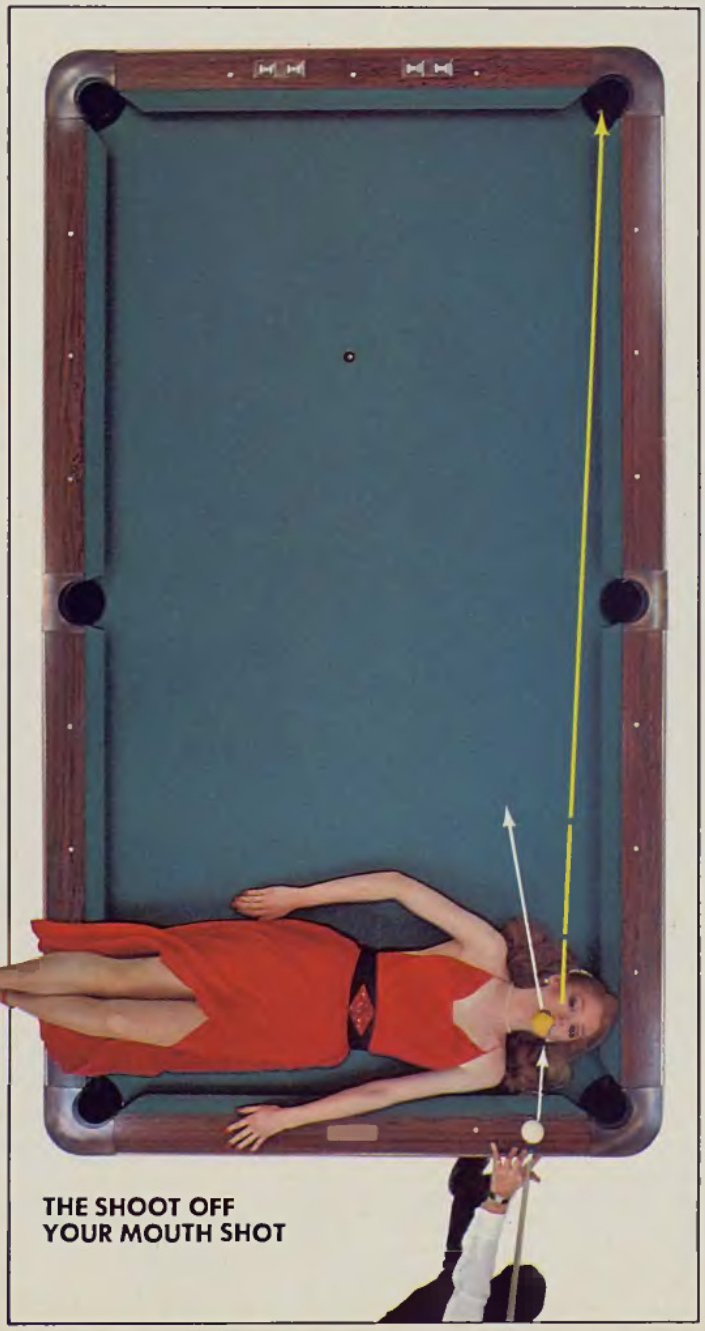
Hot Shots

the country's top pool shooters show you the tricks of their trade

sports **By ROBERT BYRNE**

ANYONE BLUNDERING into a certain billiard room in Hamburg, Germany, in the year 1800 might have heard the owner of the joint make an apparently preposterous claim. He said he could pocket a ball by jumping it from one table to another. Betting against him, of course, was folly, for he had mastered one of the first recorded trick shots. Yet you can be sure that someone always took him up on his proposition, if only to see him do it. Because then, as now, people just love to watch a gifted pool player perform the apparently impossible.

We asked a few of America's top professional pool players to name their favorite trick shots, and we invited top pool player Pete Margo to our Chicago studio to execute them for our camera. If you're a shark, or just a weekend shooter, you'll want to try these out yourself. Some look tougher than they are, mainly depending on precise spotting of the balls and an accurately stroked cue ball. Others are so difficult that to make them with any degree of regularity requires the dexterity of a violinist, the nerves of a surgeon and the coordination, eyesight and training of—well, of a professional pool player. Good luck, hot-shot.

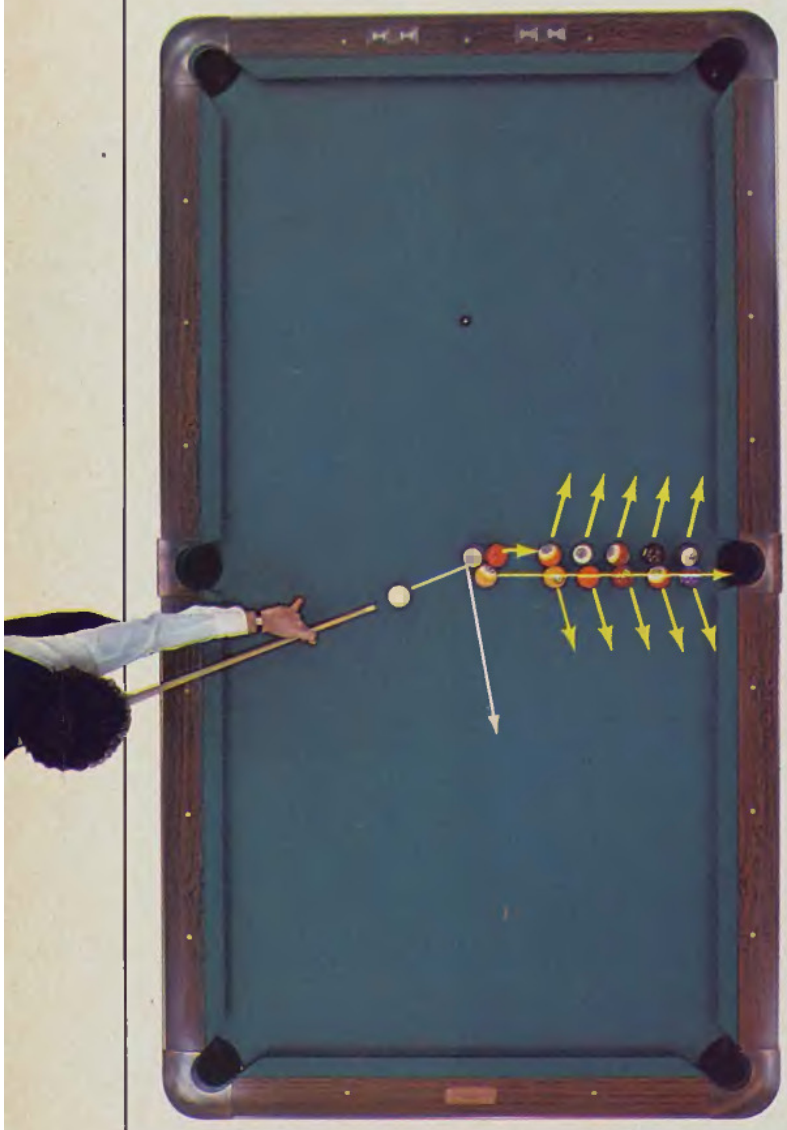


THE SHOOT OFF YOUR MOUTH SHOT

At one point in the 1979 world straight-pool championship in New York City, Pete Margo made 270 consecutive shots, a new record for the Professional Pool Players Association. He talks a good game, too. His electric style and pungent New York–New Jersey accent are as memorable as his sharpshooting. When he shoots trick shots, the audience is left laughing as well as stunned.

In Margo's hands, the Shoot Off Your Mouth shot is practically a show in itself, and he always uses it to close an exhibition program. A victim is selected from the audience, preferably one who is both beautiful and nervous, and is persuaded to lie across the table as illustrated, a ball resting on a piece of chalk clamped between her teeth. The cue ball is on the rail beside the table. Pocketing the ball in the corner isn't difficult; the trick is to know how much speed to use so the cue ball doesn't caress the victim on the way down.

Can the halfback—in this case, the 9 ball—find a way through the mass of blockers and defenders guarding the side pocket? Yes. If the 12 is struck full, the 3 hits the 13 and the rest of the balls part like the Red Sea. The cue ball caroms off the 12 to caress the 9, impelling it slowly into the side. A very satisfying shot.



THE FOOTBALL SHOT

Tall, slim, cool and only 27 years old, **Mike Sigel**—nicknamed Captain Hook (the license plate of his 280ZX reads C HOOK)—is the reigning world straight-pool champion. Many consider him the hottest player in the game at the moment. He's given up hustling. "In small towns, it's too boring," he says. "In big towns, I'm recognized and have to give up too much weight." The so-called football shot is one of his favorites.

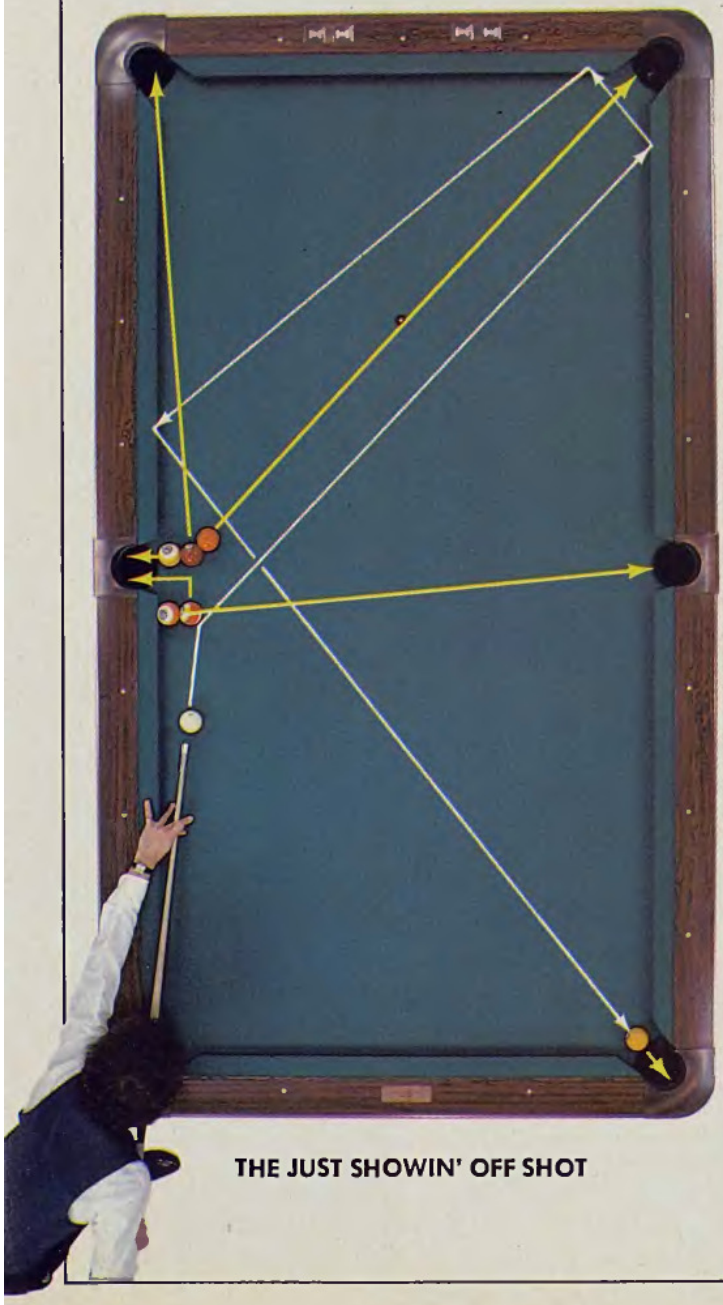
The fastest player in the game is **Lou "Machine Gun" Butera**, who's so eager to pull the trigger that it's agony for him to wait for all the balls to stop rolling. During one of the 12 major tournaments he has won, he ran 150 balls without a miss in only 21 minutes. He's deadly on the so-called over-and-under shot, which in untrained hands can result in ripped cloths, broken cues and balls bouncing on the floor.

A mechanical bridge, or rake, is placed across the table as shown. The object here is to send the 15 ball under the bridge into the corner pocket while the cue ball jumps over the bridge before backing up under it to pocket the 10 ball. To get the required jump-draw action, you must hit the cue ball below center with cue angled downward at about 40 degrees. If you like your pool table, be careful.

THE OVER-AND-UNDER SHOT

Burly **Steve Mizerak**, a grade school history teacher in New Jersey, has been among pooldom's elite for 15 years, and he has closets filled with trophies to prove it. The celebrated TV commercial he made for Miller beer, which required making three consecutive trick shots with a matching monolog and the lifting of a glass of beer from the table just in time to let the speeding cue ball pass underneath, had to be shot 191 times before the final take.

As they're set up in this photo, the 13 and the 15 are frozen to the rail an inch from the side pocket and are perpendicular to the rail. The 9 and the 7 are lined up so that they're aimed at the edge of the corner pocket, as indicated by the arrow. The 5 is placed beside the 7, lined up with the opposite corner. The charm of the shot is the way the cue ball goes three rails to make one ball last. But don't try it with a glass of beer on the table. Mizerak says that during the shooting of the commercial, "I knocked the glass of beer over three times, ruining the table."



THE JUST SHOWIN' OFF SHOT

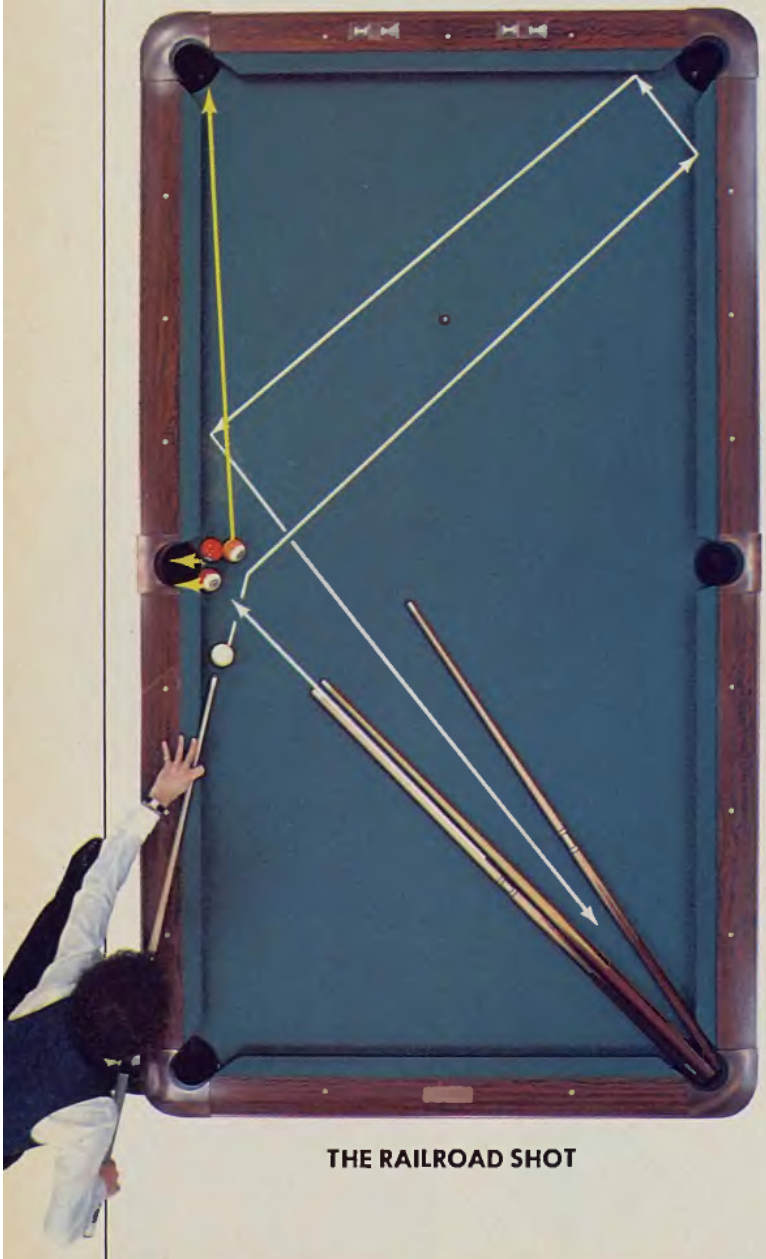
One of Mataya's favorite trick shots is a massé along the short rail. With the balls placed as shown and the cue stick elevated and striking at about 80 degrees from the horizontal, the cue ball first knocks the 5 into the corner, then goes halfway across the table before returning to sink the 1. Mataya makes it three out of four times.

THE FIGURE EIGHT MASSE SHOT

Handsome **Jim Mataya**, winner of major honors in 1971 and 1972, retired from the game until recently, because, in his words, "I met a nice-looking tomato." He's back in action now and has a standing $25,000 challenge for a winner-take-all nine-ball match. Nobody has volunteered. "Everybody is afraid to play me, and I don't blame them." In addition to his skill with a cue, he is an effective comedian, particularly good at imitations of other top players.

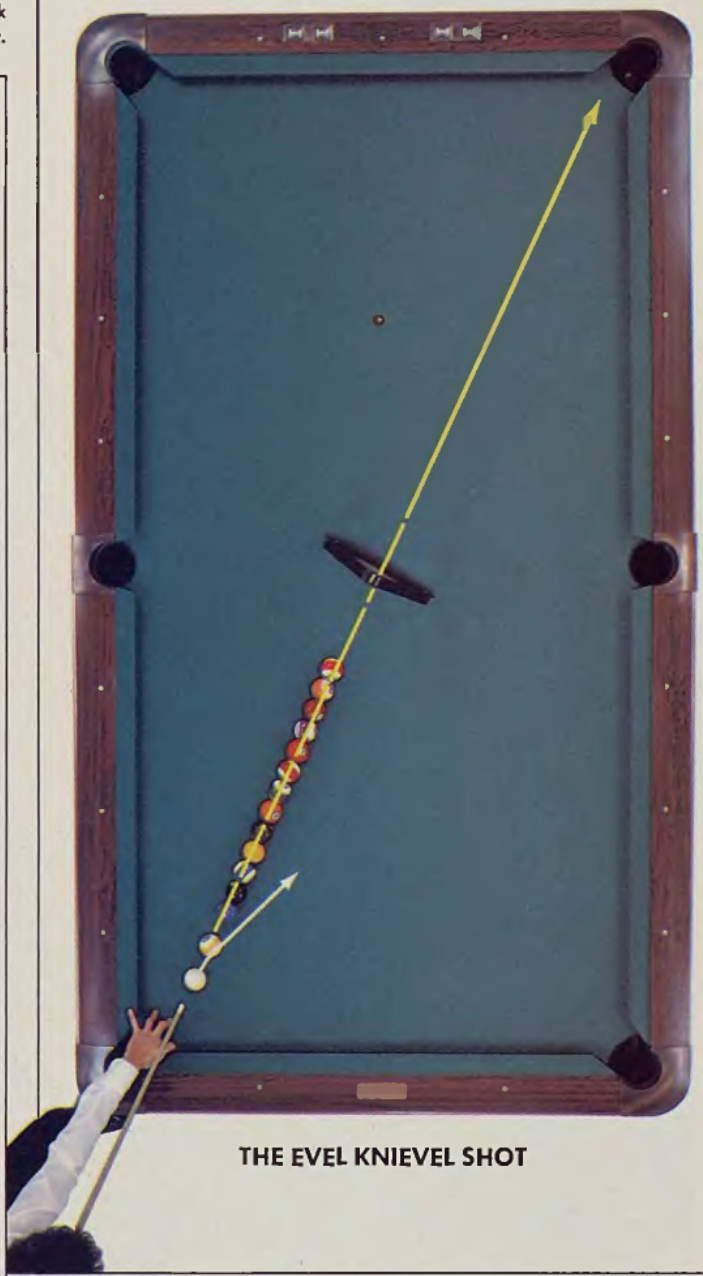
Ray Martin's wife got tired of hearing him say that he was very possibly the best pool player in the world. "OK," she said, "prove it." So Martin, at the age of 32, started working seriously on his game, going out four nights a week to practice. That was 13 years ago. He's since won more tournaments than he cares to count, including three world championships. What does his wife say now? "That's my man!" Ray's trick shot dates back to the last century.

Three cue sticks are jammed into a corner pocket and three balls—in this case, the 13, 3 and 15—are set up at the side pocket. The cue ball is struck with left English, hitting the right side of the 13. The 13 and the 3 go in immediately, the cue ball travels three rails, rides up between two of the cues to the corner, where it "changes tracks," rolling down the two other cues to pocket the 15. The secret is to use just enough speed to send the cue ball up the ramp without jumping off the table as it turns the corner, but it's easier than it looks.



THE RAILROAD SHOT

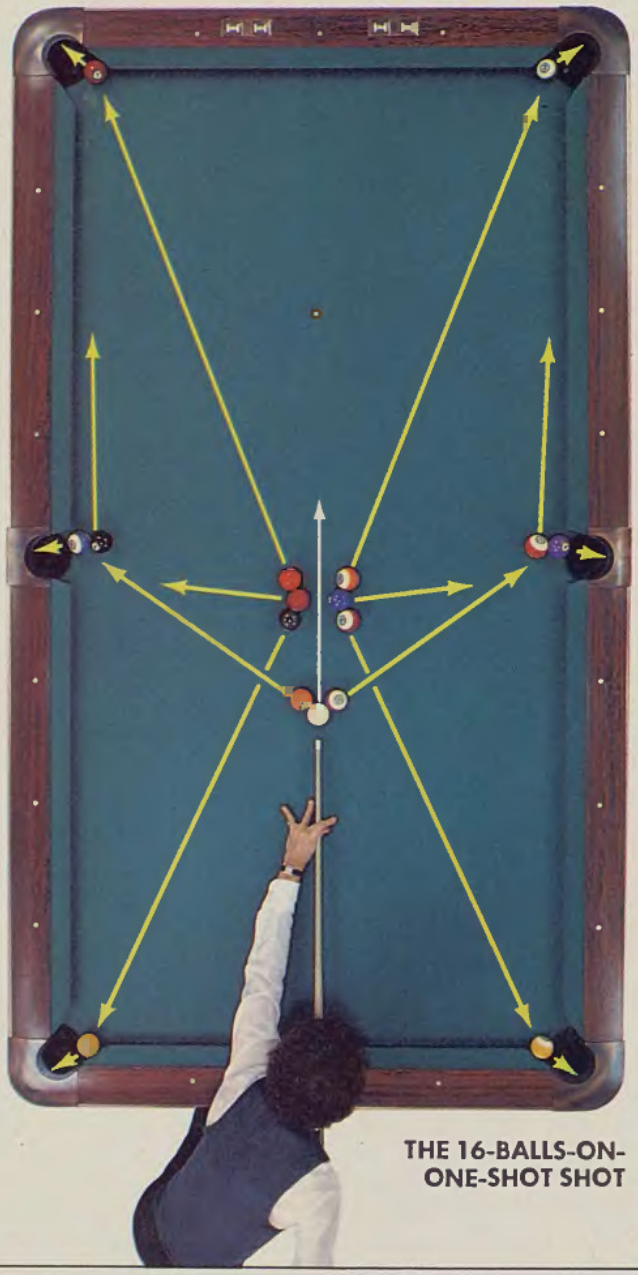
Hopkins dreamed up the Evel Knievel shot to have something different for a television appearance with Willie Mosconi and Minnesota Fats. Here the 9 ball is resting on two pieces of chalk and the cue ball is lower than the 9. Striking downward at the cue ball makes it bounce up under the 9, which then jumps over the row of 13 balls, goes through a triangle standing on edge and rolls into the corner pocket. He'll bet you even money he can make it on the first try.



THE EVEL KNIEVEL SHOT

Allen Hopkins has the husky, healthy look of a college linebacker and a confident glow that comes from feeling he is the best money player in the world of pool. "I've got to be good," he says with a smile. "It's what I do for a living. I'm always ready, always in stroke. I don't smoke, drink or mess with drugs. I'll play anybody who can get up some cash." Betting big money doesn't scare the 29-year-old Hopkins. He once flipped a coin for $5000.

This shot doesn't work even for Rempe every time, but when it does, the fans go wild. So will your friends. The long diagonal arrows show how to aim the two-ball combinations. In this setup, because of the "throw effect" of frozen balls, the 3, 13, 6 and 15 will diverge from the arrows toward the corner pockets. When first trying this shot, start with just the cluster of six balls in the center. Once you can make those, add the others.

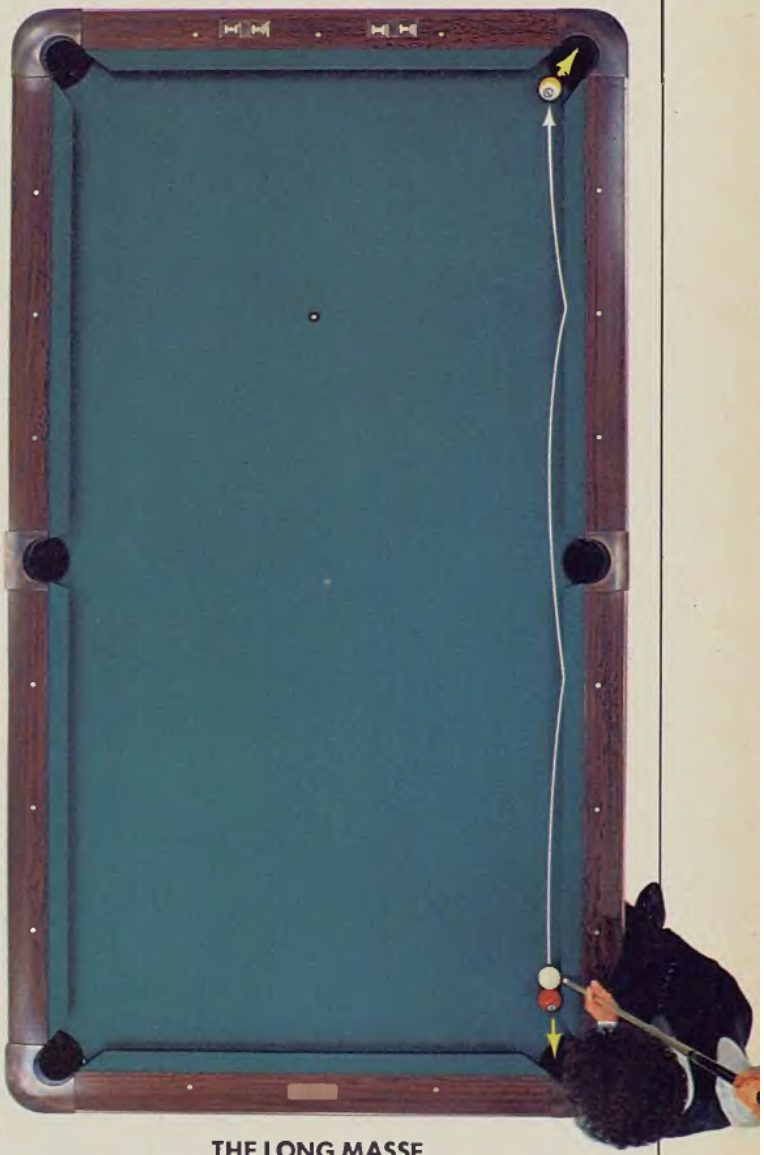


THE 16-BALLS-ON-ONE-SHOT SHOT

"King James" Rempe, winner of 37 major pool tournaments, handles himself with an elegance that matches his style of play. He looks great in his silk shirts and tailored Italian suits. He remembers his first big score as a young hustler: "I went right out and bought a diamond ring for my pinkie, a pair of $400 alligator shoes and a car. I let a friend drive the car till I was old enough." His most spectacular shot involves sinking 16 balls at once.

Ten years ago, Richie Florence was the hottest young hustler in the business. Now he's a cue maker and a tournament promoter with several major events to his credit. "I want to be remembered as the man who put pool on the map," he says with affecting enthusiasm, "who pumped big bucks into it." He swears he's on the verge of seeing his biggest dream come true: a tournament in Las Vegas with 4000 players and $1,000,000 in prize money.

This trick shot is one that should be practiced when the owner of the table isn't looking. With the balls set up as shown, the cue is held almost vertically (note the unique mid-air bridge with the palm turned upward) and the cue ball is struck with a crisp stroke. When Florence does it, the cue ball knocks in the far ball—in this case, the 9—then hesitates a second before rocketing backward along the rail to make the 3. A long massé shot really brings a crowd to life.



THE LONG MASSE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT AND RICHARD KLEIN

SANTA FE *(continued from page 114)*

"This bloodiest of prison riots began, not with a wild rush or screams but with an almost controlled quiet."

about 1:40 A.M., following their usual route up the aisles to close the dayroom at the far end. Another guard—Ronnie Martinez, 18 and working at the pen scarcely four months—was assigned to secure the door.

But Martinez, like many other officers on many other nights, did not close the door. Small, slack men, Roybal and Anaya were in the aisle when they were quickly taken by the inmates, some of them weight lifters. At 25, Schmitt was bigger and stronger but no match for the several men who now jumped and beat him, some with ax handles. At the same time, two inmates hurled themselves at the door. There was a crash as it was hit, and quick muffled cries of the guards inside being overwhelmed, but the sounds died in the stair well. For a moment, Martinez struggled to shut the door. Then the prisoners slammed it open, carrying the young guard with them.

This bloodiest, most anarchic of our prison riots then began, not with a wild rush or screams but with an almost controlled pause and quiet. The rioters methodically stripped, tied and blindfolded the four officers, while one inmate dressed in Roybal's uniform to screen the others as they descended toward the central corridor. But once they were down the stairs, through the unlocked gate at the bottom and through the open riot-control grille, the hard, half-drunken men of E-2 waited no longer. They spilled into the central corridor past other open grilles, rushing up the stairs of an adjoining dormitory, F-2, to engulf four more guards, viciously stabbing and beating one who put up a fight. In the attack in the stair well, 49-year-old Herman Gallegos, who had worked as a guard at the pen for a quarter century, slipped into the darkened dormitory and was sheltered there by sympathetic prisoners. Down the hall, in unit E-1 just below the dorm where the riot had begun, protective-custody inmates began to barricade their door against the freed prisoners. Moments old, the riot had already begun to expose the lethal divisions in inmate society.

With keys from the guards, the rioters hurried to unlock six other dormitories, and in minutes, more than 500 prisoners were loose in the south wing. The crowd milled for a minute or two in the forbidden territory of the central hall and then began to move slowly north down the corridor, kicking ahead of them one of the officers seized at F-2—who was then stripped, bound, blindfolded and leashed around the neck with his own belt.

By that time, guards at the door to the mess hall had seen convicts pummeling a naked man up the corridor, and an officer in the control center had learned from an inmate using Roybal's captured two-way radio that at least one hostage had been taken. But the guards were powerless as the rioters passed through the open south-wing-corridor grille into the administrative area.

There was time only to close the rest of the guards behind the north-wing grille before the rioters appeared at the windows of the control center, beating their naked hostage with pipes and rods and taunting the terrified officers behind the "unbreakable" glass panels installed only two weeks before. (The deputy secretary himself had reassuringly tested a security glass with a sledge hammer before installation, but no one seemed to have noticed that it was not the same kind of glass.)

The rioters began to beat at the windows with pipes and a fire extinguisher ripped from the corridor. Inside the control center, officers watched the canister bounce once, twice off the glass. The third time, one of the panels began to crack. As the control-center officers fled out the front entrance of the prison, inmates were already through the glass and standing over the control console with its keys and electronic locks for the entire prison. The seizure of the penitentiary had taken about 22 minutes.

Now the inmates would head for the hospital pharmacy, for the drugs left there in such ample supply by the obliging bulk-purchasing policy of the state—and for the plumbing shop in the basement, where they would find an acetylene torch and other tools. They would need the torch, for there were still guards holed up behind a few locked grilles in the north wing. And, of course, there was cellblock four, the protective unit at the far end of the prison housing the child molesters and killers, the mentally ill, the weaker men who were vulnerable to homosexual assault and other abuse and those who were thought to be the pen's notorious snitches. The rioters would need the torch in cellblock four to cut from cell to cell, and for the slaughter that was to follow.

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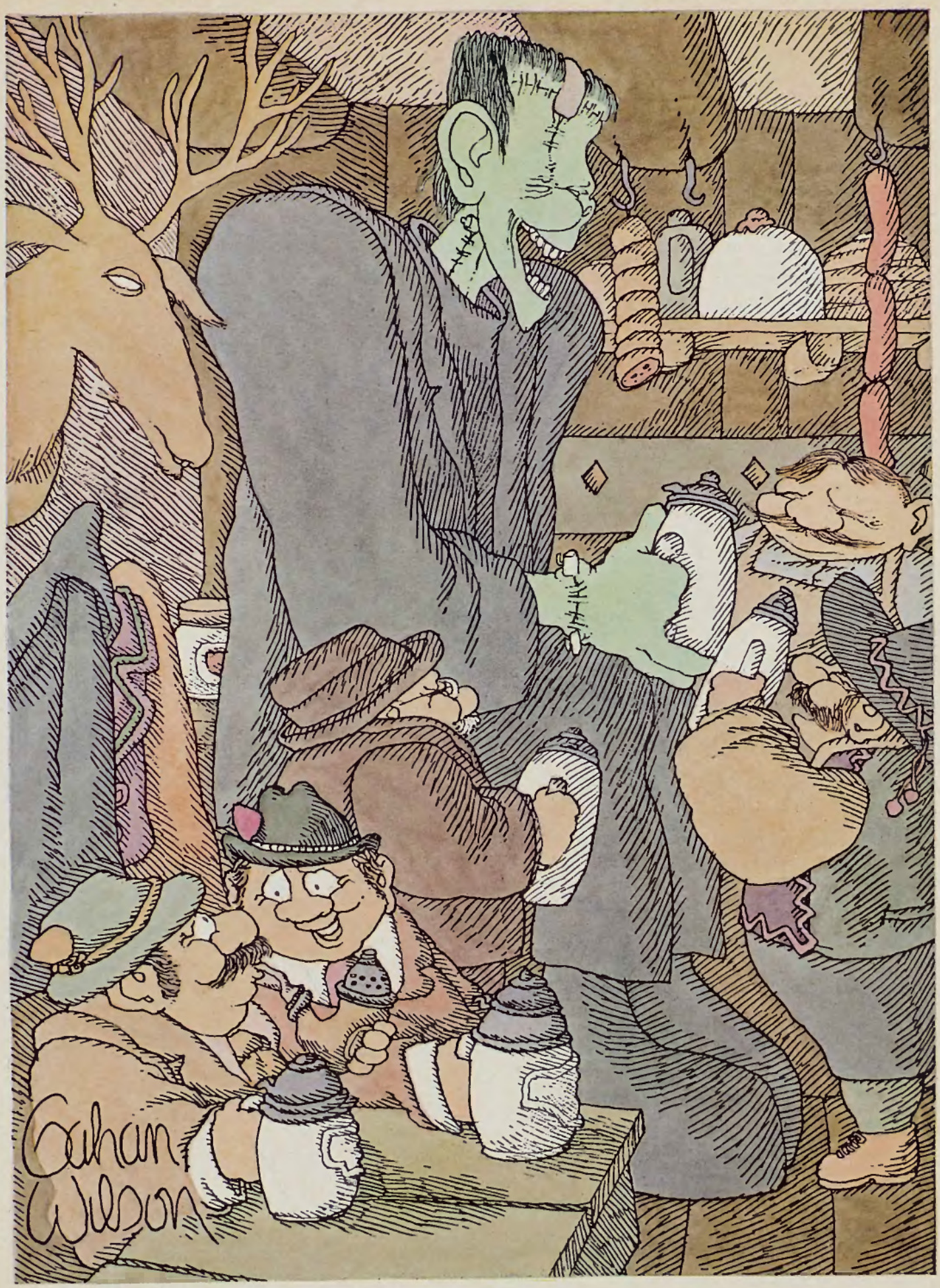
A territorial relic from the 1880s, the forerunner of the present pen stood at the end of Pen Road in Santa Fe, not far from the state capitol. Neighborhood children bicycled around its dark-red homemade brick walls. But a few feet away from the cyclists, on the other side of the walls, was what an ex-inmate called an "endless nightmare" of overcrowding, primitive sanitation and brutality. When four successive riots burst open in a single year in 1952–1953, the new institution was quickly erected on the barren Cerrillos plain well out of town, and the awkward antique pen was expunged to the last brick—though not before wide-eyed Santa Fe school children were toured through both buildings to see the obvious wisdom and progress at hand.

Yet the change of prisons in 1956 simply transported to the new pen the deeper problems of the old. In two years, the penitentiary census had clinked past capacity to 905, and by 1963 averaged nearly 1300. Still worse, along with the swelling inmate population came the squalid sociology of New Mexico's corrections bureaucracy. The state in the Fifties left the custody and reform of its felons largely to a poor, meagerly educated underclass of native Hispanics. The arrangement only mirrored local society beyond the prison walls, in which most of New Mexico's Hispanic majority—a people of proud cultural parochialism and ancestry in this country before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock—lived in economic and social subordination to their own small aristocracy and to the growing Anglo minority whose money and men controlled the state.

Over the next 25 years, New Mexico would realize genuine progress in lifting such discrimination. If the barrio's men of the Fifties were guards, clerks and laborers, their sons and daughters were moving in growing numbers to Santa Fe and Albuquerque subdivisions as an emergent middle class. But for the prison, the damage was done, the chemistry of poverty and misrule as relentless as the brewing of the raisin hooch in dormitory E-2.

In the politics of New Mexico's poverty and racism, the penitentiary promptly became a center of bureaucratic nepotism and corruption, fostering the inevitable clique of administrators and guards tied by family, complicity and a shared incompetence in jobs none could afford to lose. Moreover, as a major employer among the extended families of the region's Hispanic society, the pen provided votes, patronage and campaign contributions in the traditional Democratic counties around Santa Fe.

For almost every purpose, the system was pervasive and self-reinforcing. By all accounts, New Mexico's doomed prison was hardly an institution where educated new guards were welcomed or promoted; nor was it a place where embarrassing



"You know, he's not really such a bad fellow once you get a couple of drinks in him!"

intelligence was reported or given credence, or where old friends, relatives and other fellow members of the guard clique were reprimanded for such minor matters as unclosed corridor grilles.

In much the same way, the cumulative corruption blocked any chance of help from the outside. Nervous officials reportedly rejected valuable Federal funds in the Sixties for fear of the accompanying fiscal audits. While this prison, like most others, suffered harshly enough from stingy, shortsighted legislative appropriations over the past two decades, the modern management and budgetary sophistication that might have made a difference were resisted as a threat to both personnel and business as usual.

Finally, the circle closed with politicians who found no reason to clean out a state sinecure that was a virtual commissary of votes and graft. There would be even less incentive for reform when, eventually, the long-tenured corrections officialdom came to know so much about those politicians, about who was profiting on the outside from shady contracts and dubious vouchers, about prisoners the politicians wanted favored and why.

On the lowest level—the daily encounter between prison captors and captives—this system took its toll in several ways. Added to the common oppressions of prison life, the entrenched nepotism in Santa Fe made change or relief for many inmates all the more hopeless. Ignorant, unschooled guards meant caprice, brutality and exploitation by cunning inmates. Through it all coursed the ethnic suspicion and hatred between the predominantly Hispanic guard corps and the one third to one half of prisoners who were Anglo or black, a raw exposure of the bigotry buried just beneath the surface of the chamber-of-commerce image of New Mexico's bicultural society.

"From the beginning, it was run by a gang of officers and the strongest thugs in the population," remembers one veteran employee of the prison. "There were no real rules and no real security. Anything could have happened. It finally did."

The haunted history of the modern state pen paralleled the rise and close relationship of the two principal public officials in the events of 1980. A tall, thick man of square face, no better educated than his peers but armed with what backers and critics alike call a "magnetic personality," Felix Rodriguez was singled out early from the guard ranks of the new prison. By 1958, he was associate warden, and he rose steadily—including five years as warden—to become deputy secretary of corrections. For 21 years, as several senior corrections officials swiftly came and went, Rodriguez was the one administrator continuously in a position of authority and responsibility over the New Mexico penitentiary. It was he who chaired that meeting of the prison officials the day before the riot.

Perhaps the most important admirer of Rodriguez' administrative talents through the years was Bruce King, whose own political fortunes were similarly impressive. Portly, educated at a rural New Mexico high school before World War Two, launched from the fortune of one of the state's largest feed-lot operations, the ambitious King entered Santa Fe County and then legislative politics in 1955, about the same time Rodriguez joined the prison bureaucracy. King's hallmark as a politician would be a penchant for expensive cowboy boots and the good-ol'-boy twang and manner of the great panhandle plains that lap over into the state from the east, depositing grassland, money, political reaction and ethnic bigotry. By 1963, he had become the state's powerful speaker of the house, with heavy Democratic vote margins around Santa Fe; and in 1970, he ran successfully for governor. It was King who would install his friend Rodriguez penitentiary warden for an entire gubernatorial term—and who, re-elected governor in 1978, would continue to preside uncritically over the state's corrections department and penitentiary.

"Inadequate people were surrounded by inadequate people," says a former prison psychologist of the pen in the years before the riot. "The officials became indistinguishable from the inmates, and the riot, in a way, was simply a continuation of administration."

•

It was 2:15 A.M. Saturday, February second. The carnage was about to begin.

As the prison control center fell to the rioters, a guard in the north wing placed a last call to an outside tower, telling the chief of security there that if help did not arrive at once, rioters would control the entire prison. "We're doing all we can," answered the chief.

Two guards then hid in the crawl space near the gas chamber beneath the north wing, where they would lie safely during the next 36 hours of horror above them. While the prisoners sacked the pharmacy below, the medical technician and seven inmate patients would also hide away on the second floor of the hospital, somehow unnoticed, for the duration of the riot. But the three retreating guards in the north wing, and another who had locked himself in a far south-wing dorm, were soon taken with the keys from the control room and the acetylene cutting torch from the plumbing shop. There were then 12 hostages inside the pen.

As the guards surrendered, the rioters rushed exultantly, yelling and whooping, to release the residents of maximum-security cellblock three—among them the elite toughs and most-feared men in the penitentiary, some of whom would play powerful and prominent roles in the later negotiations with officials. Even while cellblock three was being opened, those negotiations were starting. At 2:30 A.M., an inmate elsewhere in the pen radioed the warden and his deputies then anxiously congregated in the main tower at the entrance. There would be no escape attempt, he told them, but any assault to retake the prison would mean the death of the hostages. The rioters demanded to meet with Governor King and the media to air their grievances. The inmate then put Captain Roybal on the radio to make his point. After a brief discussion among themselves, the officials agreed to negotiate. The decision was academic. A handful of state police arrived soon to plug the perimeter of the prison, but the forces necessary to recapture the building and its 1000 suddenly uncontrolled, unpredictable men would not be there, or even remotely ready, for several hours. The officials began sporadic radio contact with the inmates, and waited.

What was about to happen then inside the prison would become the subject of more than 100 indictments, nagging political embarrassment, much myth, theory and revulsion—and a singular new chapter in the history of atrocity. In the next few hours, rioting prisoners would bludgeon, butcher, kill and then rekill again and again each of 33 fellow inmates. There would be a theory that the murders happened in a drug-crazed frenzy, and at that moment, rioters were pawing through the pharmacy and sniffing the large stores of paint thinner and glue in the basement repair shops. But then the pillaged drugs were mostly soporifics. Nor was there clear evidence that the killers were high on sniff. There would be a theory, too, official and simple and widely accepted, that the victims had been mostly snitches, the treasonous, despised tools of petty, incompetent prison administration. Yet fewer than a third of those who died may have been known informers. Perhaps the only certainty in those murders was what happened to the people who discovered them afterward, the National Guardsmen who vomited, the experienced medical examiners who would be offered therapy, the nightmares.

It began at three A.M. with a screaming Spanish voice reverberating from the lower tier of cellblock three: *"¡No era yo . . . no lo hice!"* ("It wasn't me . . . I didn't do it!"). He was beaten to death, that first casualty of the pen's self-mutilation, a young thief from a superstitious northern New Mexico village where they believed he changed himself

(continued on page 220)

LeROY NEIMAN
•SKETCHBOOK•

ALL HAIL the return of the sexy, leggy cigorette girl! Mouled ond pinched in the Forties and Fifties (the heyday of the rowdy conventioneer), she foded into obscurity when faced with the foshionoble taboos of the antismoking era. The recent resurgence of the mesh-stockinged cigorette girl con in port be attributed to the marijuona kick. Although they all peddle brond-nome smokes, some girls hove become more enterprising. Recently, we've heard of shopely young tobocco vendors' being dismissed from fashionable discos for hoving the controversiol herb tucked away in secret compartments of their trays. Purely to accommodate, of course. —L.N.

Look like you've arrived even before you leave.

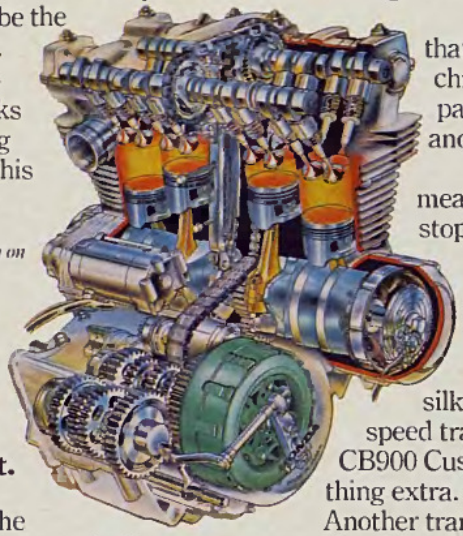
HONDA
DUNLOP
DUNLOP
GOLDWING
DUNLOP
GOLDWING
DUNLOP
DUNLOP
DUNLOP

Before you ride the stunning new 1981 CB900 Custom, Honda has a little advice for you.

Dress up.

Because no matter where you go, you're going to be the center of attention.

From the rakish leading axle forks to the four gleaming megaphone pipes, this motorcycle has the power to turn heads even faster than it turns the quarter mile.



An engine design proven on Europe's fastest tracks.

Twist and shout.

Long before the CB900 Custom rolled onto its first boulevard, its engine was racing in Europe.

And winning.

This potent 902 cc four-stroke four-cylinder DOHC powerplant is a direct descendant of Honda's championship endurance racers, complete even down to details like multiplate cam chains and a forged one piece crankshaft with replaceable Kelmet bearings.

Instead of rocker arms, intake and exhaust valves are actuated by a more efficient direct drive valve train.

The CB900 Custom's Pentroof™ heads feature four valves instead of the ordinary two for better breathing at high rpm's.

And Honda has fitted the four 32 mm constant velocity carburetors with an accelerator pump for smooth response from idle on up. Roll on the throttle and this pump injects extra fuel into each carburetor's venturi.

No lag. Instant power.

Which means that under the shining chrome and deep rich paint, you'll find another kind of beauty.

The kind you measure with a stopwatch.

Ten speeds, no waiting.

Along with its silky smooth five-speed transmission, the CB900 Custom offers something extra.

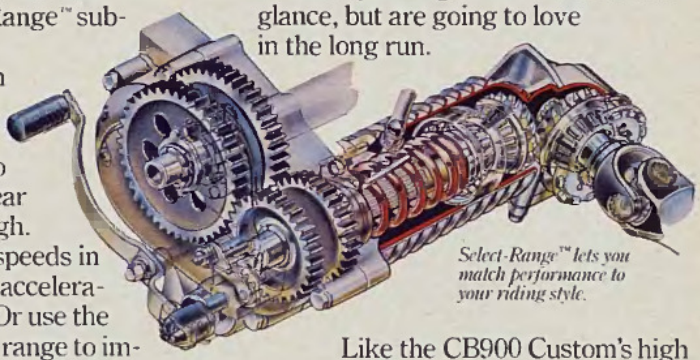
Another transmission.

The Select-Range™ sub-transmission.

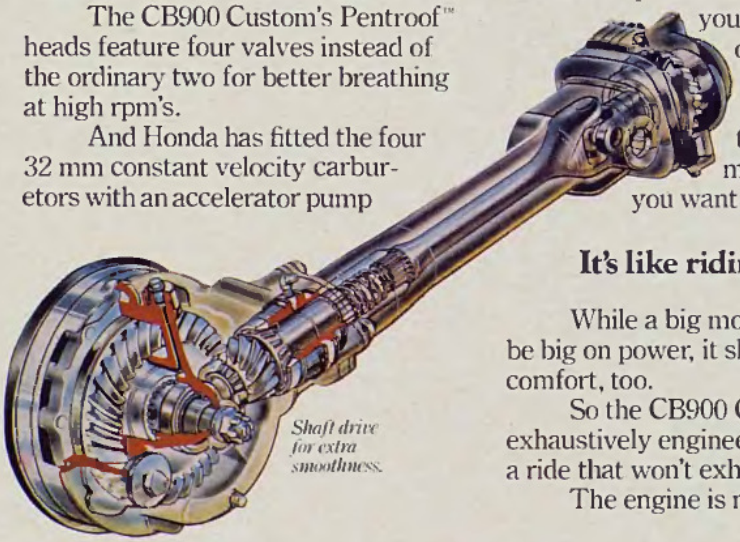
Working with the conventional gearbox, it gives you a choice of two different overall gear ratios – low and high.

Use the five speeds in low range for best acceleration in city riding. Or use the five speeds in high range to improve gas mileage for touring.

Changing from one range to another is quick and simple. And puts you in control of the only 900 cc motorcycle that allows you to tailor its performance to the way you want to ride. Instantly.



Select-Range™ lets you match performance to your riding style.



Shaft drive for extra smoothness.

It's like riding on air.

While a big motorcycle should be big on power, it should be big on comfort, too.

So the CB900 Custom has been exhaustively engineered to give you a ride that won't exhaust you.

The engine is mounted on rubber to absorb fatiguing vibration.

And instead of a chain, it's connected to a cushioned shaft drive. The result is luxuriously smooth and requires virtually no maintenance.

Meanwhile, the CB900 Custom's distinctive pull-back handlebars, cushioned footpegs and low, low saddle conspire to make you feel comfortably in control.

Honda's advanced ComStar™ wheels and fat, cooler-running raised white letter tubeless tires give you performance that lives up to their looks.

And if you feel like you're riding on air, you're right. The CB900 Custom comes with air-adjustable suspension, front and rear.

Touches of genius.

There are plenty of other neat features you might not notice at first glance, but are going to love in the long run.

Like the CB900 Custom's high performance oil cooler. Or its no-maintenance transistorized pointless ignition.

The triple disc brakes.

The dual highway horns.

The quartz halogen headlight.

The new instrumentation lighting system.

Or even the automatic fuel petcock with reserve position.

By now, however, it's obvious that this space will run out long before the features do.

To learn more about this exceptional motorcycle, visit your nearby Honda dealer and sit yourself down on a brand new CB900 Custom.

There's only one way to describe how you'll feel.

You've finally arrived.

HONDA

FOLLOW THE LEADER

ALWAYS WEAR A HELMET AND EYE PROTECTION. Specifications and availability subject to change without notice.
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20 QUESTIONS: LAUREN HUTTON

america's reigning heartthrob shares her thoughts on romance, marriage and the etiquette of the tooth cap

David Rensin met with actress and instantly identifiable Revlon model Lauren Hutton over lunch in Los Angeles. His report: "I know there are men who cut out all the ads that Lauren Hutton has appeared in. I play baseball with those guys, and they would give up a .500 batting average just to spend two hours with her. Lauren is, of course, beautiful. And intelligent, intriguing, ingenuous and inspiring. She also knows how to have a good time. In fact, eating lunch with Lauren Hutton is even better than sitting in a pile of Ultima II ads all day long. She can call me any time."

1.

PLAYBOY: Do most people think you're taller than you actually are?

HUTTON: Yeah. Everybody does. But that's when I had more of a magazine identity to people. Since my movie roles, it hasn't happened that much. Actually, I was one of the smallest models in the business. I'm 5'7¾". When I started, it was in the days of the giant Germans. A short girl was 5'11". Veruschka was 6'4". It's one reason why it took me so long to get started. So I talked very loud, moved very fast and wore very, very high heels.

2.

PLAYBOY: Has your modeling kept you from getting the movie parts you wanted?

HUTTON: Sure. I would never have gotten the chance to test for the role in *Gigolo* if John Travolta—who originally was cast in the lead—hadn't wanted me. After that, Paul Schrader, the writer-director, met me for five minutes at a party and found out I could walk and talk at the same time. That's prejudice. You have to work harder to overcome it. So my work has to be that much better. I was in Mexico, lying on the beach, when all the reviews for *Gigolo* started coming out. My old man came up and threw me a copy of *Time*. I forced myself to read the review line by line. And it was wonderful. I didn't even realize I was going to be so scared. Richard Schickel said I had "open, vulnerable playing" and that he "believed every minute of it." For the rest of the day, I felt so good, so legitimate. And then it started sinking in that I had considered myself *illegitimate* for the past eight or nine years. Fortunately, I'd been so busy I had never had the time to sit and stew about it.

3.

PLAYBOY: Who do you think is heir apparent to your top-model crown?

HUTTON: There's a really beautiful girl named Roseanne Vela. There are lots of them now, really. We'll just have to wait and see.

4.

PLAYBOY: You're 36 now. Isn't America becoming more fascinated with mature women like you, instead of nymphets?

HUTTON: I think it's both. We're finally getting an idea of sexuality's full range. It's nice. It's a good time to be an actress. Roles that explore sexuality, explore life. Try to think about some change in your life that wasn't at least partly ticked off by sex. There are finally some parts for women who are *real*, not just adjuncts to men. But only in the past five years.

5.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of women's movies?

HUTTON: Real women's movies, to me, are just as boring as real men's movies. What's erotic for me is to have it mixed. What's erotic is something totally different from oneself. I guess that's why I'm heterosexual. Once in a while, it's interesting to go into a men's bar. Recently, I was in a place in New York with about 300 guys all shoulder to shoulder. And I was invisible. It was great. I haven't been around a crowd of people where I was invisible for a long time.

6.

PLAYBOY: Were you a Playboy Bunny once?

HUTTON: I was a Bunny for about five months. It was after I'd left college and gone to New York. I was starving. And I couldn't *do* anything. Someone told me the New York Playboy Club was opening. I didn't think I was amply enough endowed for that. But, anyway, I was too young to work at night, so I worked during the days. It felt strange; I had never been in night clubs before.

7.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about breast implants?

HUTTON: I certainly wouldn't do it. I think it's silly. If someone had a strong need for them, she should do it, but I think of them as projections.

8.

PLAYBOY: How can a man prove to you that he's liberated?

HUTTON: Well, he wouldn't have to prove it. I would assume it. I'm sort of American that way. You're innocent until you're proven guilty. So, quite often, I get stomped three seconds in. You can sort of feel attitude. I just like to be treated like another human being, except one who's frailer, not as strong physically. Women have always been, biologically, in a poorer position. They need protection. Men sometimes have to be inhuman and cruel. But I'd rather meet a bad man than a bad woman.

9.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HUTTON: Women are rougher. I think men in their hearts are much more delicate than women. The older I get, the more I think about it. My mother always taught me, of course, that men were tough creatures who would hurt you and desert you and all that. That love didn't mean as much to them. That they just had a different attitude. I got the idea of women's being shrinking violets, but now I don't think so. I certainly haven't been. I think women will survive more. Every time. And hurt for less time from a bad affair of the heart.

10.

PLAYBOY: How do you handle a delicate man without offending him?

HUTTON: I'm from the South, and every once in a while, I go back. I meet up with all these good old boys, whom I love, because I grew up with them. I know their heart. I also know their old-timy way of puffing up [*she inhales and holds her breath*], and I don't buy it. They're like chameleons. In Africa, chameleons puff up when they're about to be attacked or they're threatened—which is all the time, because they have no defense. They puff up and stand sideways to present what they feel to be this huge front. Meanwhile, they're just little guys. So I tease. I come on strong and *macho*, then make a quick feign back to being a delicate flower. That confuses them, and then we can get by all that other stuff.

11.

PLAYBOY: What is romance to you?

HUTTON: [*Long pause*] It's something that breaks patterns. So all of a sudden you're seeing yourself in a way that you haven't

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

really known for a while. It makes you new. To get through our lives, we're so attached to patterns that become more and more complicated each second. We set up so many restrictions on what we think and feel. Every time I see those patterns broken in myself, I'm in love. It could be a person, a place, a new way of seeing the sky.

12.

PLAYBOY: Do you prefer garter belts or panty hose?

HUTTON: I don't think I should talk about my collection of garter belts to the public. It's too rare, and other collectors will be trying to buy it.

13.

PLAYBOY: What do you consider most attractive about yourself?

HUTTON: My old man says I have spunk and spirit. I guess that must be it.

14.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't you married?

HUTTON: I was afraid of a question like that. Well, because I didn't want to get divorced. My mother was divorced when I was an infant. It was a major tragedy of my life. I didn't even know my father, for whom I was named. I will miss that for the rest of my life. I don't ever want to do it to anyone else. For me, marriage is for children. Otherwise, you're married in your heart. I've been with someone for a very long time. And if we're not married, I don't know who is. But for the actual *thing*, I don't know if I could stand the idea of being hooked.

15.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel that way from the beginning of your relationship, or grow into it?

HUTTON: He taught me. Wait a minute. No, I felt that way since I was 13. I'm not supposed to talk about him. He hates it. I miss him. It's been two weeks and I'm getting crazy. But I must say that when I was very first in love, I suddenly saw big white dresses and little engagement rings. They were all the things I had felt very much above when I was growing up in the South. I would get rushes of dates because boys thought I believed in free love. And then, when I didn't come across, I didn't get asked again. I didn't know why guys were jumping on me; perfect strangers at football games or hamburger stands taking a lunge at me. I guess it was because I had told some girlfriends that I certainly wasn't going to be a virgin when I got married. It was a very hot idea for the time. But it came from all my reading, not from someone telling me. But I think that every girl around 23 or 24, whenever it is that you truly make that connection with someone—if you're that young, I think bells go off. We really are nesters. And for a woman to say "I never want children," just watch out. We've got 50,000 years of history to contend with. But when a commitment is of the heart, it's purer. It's more faith in *yourself*. People separate because they change and grow in different directions. That's natural. I've met someone who, despite all the changes we've gone through, is still interested in the same things I am. I lucked out.

16.

PLAYBOY: What do you like to do?

HUTTON: Well . . . travel. It's always been my first great love. I've been all over the world. Traveling really helps my perspective. I did a lot of reading as a kid. I thought America had real luxury that other countries didn't. But that's not true. I went to Morocco and the living was unbelievably sensuous and erotic. Eating under the stars while little kids entertain you. Flowers big as dinner plates. Lying on cushions, eating out of communal bowls. America is all right angles—it's not built for animal living. We've gotten very much away from that and become dependent on machines. One wonders what happened to the flesh. And I love animals. The whole thing. I even collect bugs.

17.

PLAYBOY: When people see you on the street, how do they react to you?

HUTTON: On my time off, I'm seldom duded up, and because I've lived in the Village for 14 years now, everybody is used to seeing me around in sneakers and a T-shirt. However, every once in a while, something strange happens. For instance, about seven years ago, I was walking down Madison Avenue and someone started yelling my name from across the street. I put on a little speed, but he caught up with me. He was a very distinguished-looking man in his late 30s, with a three-piece suit and a briefcase, which he flung. I immediately liked him because it was out of kilter with his drag. Anyway, he got very excited and flung his case down on the ground and ripped it open and started telling me that he would freeze me for free. He said he'd written letters to me but didn't know where to send them, that this was his great moment. He was a guy who had a cryonics bin out on Long Island—a big cylinder—and there were 12 slots but only three filled up. He wanted to give me—well, I can't call it a life membership. But any time I wanted to get frozen, he was ready. That was funny.

18.

PLAYBOY: Do you own any beach-front property?

HUTTON: I own nothing. Seriously. No car, nothing. If you're thinking it looks good on my taxes, forget it. I get nailed every year.

19.

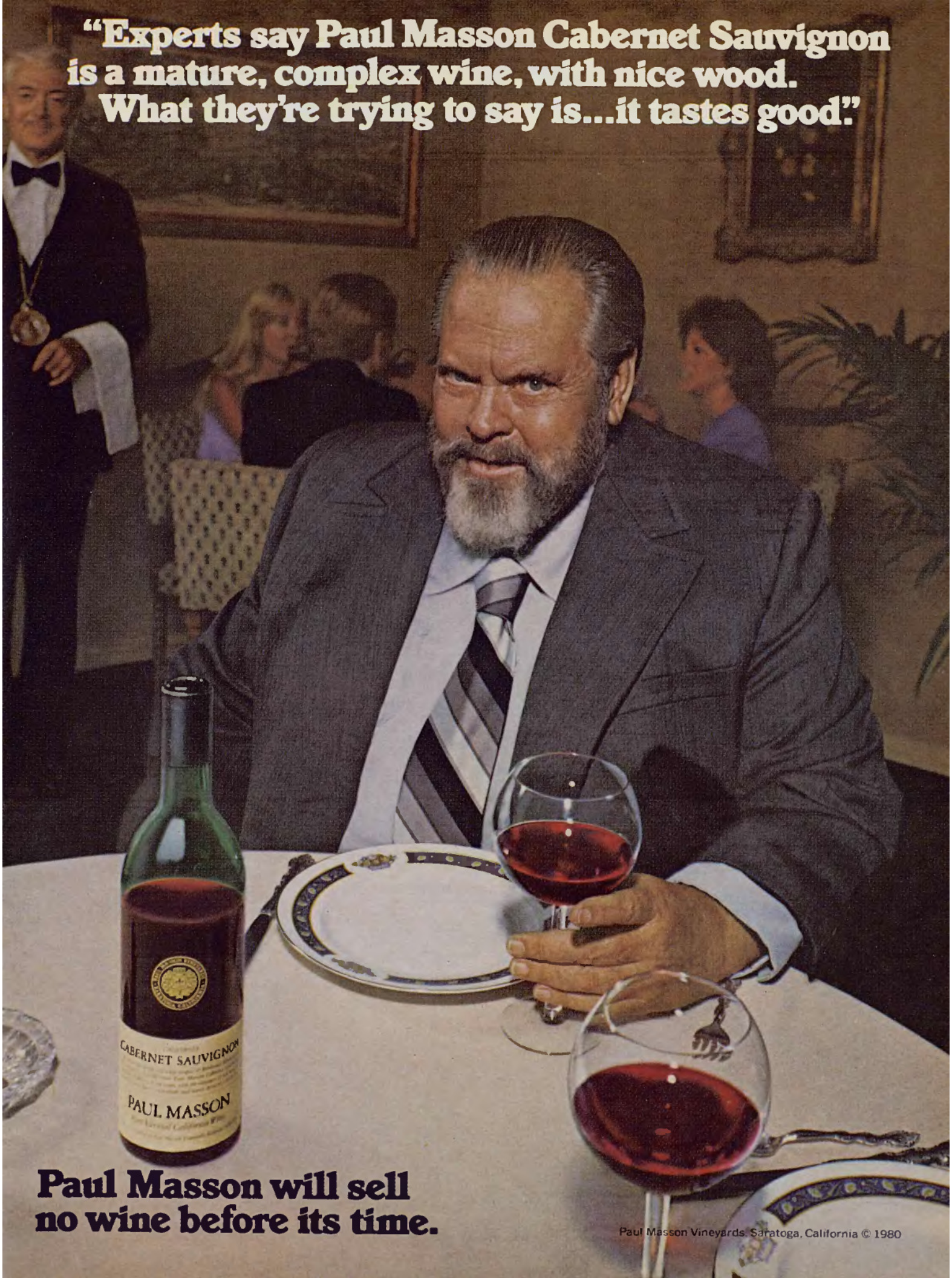
PLAYBOY: What's the etiquette for your tooth cap?

HUTTON: I put it in when I think there's a character I'm doing who would use it. I used it for Revlon because they wanted it. I'm not sure I would continue using it.

20.

PLAYBOY: How does a girl like you get to be a girl like you?

HUTTON: That's a good question. Keep your eyes closed and your mouth shut. No. Keep your eyes closed and your mouth open. I don't know. Curiosity, probably.


"Experts say Paul Masson Cabernet Sauvignon is a mature, complex wine, with nice wood. What they're trying to say is...it tastes good."
CABERNET SAUVIGNON
PAUL MASSON
Paul Masson will sell no wine before its time.
Paul Masson Vineyards, Saratoga, California © 1980

My Sister, My Self (continued from page 146)

"'Not only do we have the same taste in clothes,' says Cybil, 'we both crave frozen yogurt and pretzels.'"

this pictorial. We are not at all surprised at the impact of these double images. Twins have always held a special fascination for mankind. In some primitive societies, they are venerated; in others, slain. And for almost a century, they have been the primary test subjects for scientists seeking to solve the controversial question: Which has more influence on the forming of personality—heredity or environment? (Otherwise known in scientific circles as the nature-versus-nurture dispute.) Probably the most fascinating research involving twins is now being conducted at the University of Minnesota by a team headed by psychologist Thomas Bouchard. So far, Bouchard has assembled exhaustive physical, psychological and biographical inventories of 15 sets of twins who were raised apart and, in many cases, had never met before their first visit to Bouchard's laboratory. It will take five years or more for Bouchard's research team (which includes six psychologists, two psychiatrists and nine other medical consultants) to analyze completely all the data they've collected so far; but already they've found remarkable similarities between the twins who've entered the program. One of several equally amazing examples is the case of Bridget and Dorothy, 39-year-old twins who met for the first time when they joined the study. At their first meeting, each wore seven rings, two bracelets on one wrist and a watch and a bracelet on the other. Each has a son, one named Richard Andrew and the other Andrew Richard. Each has a daughter, one named Catherine Louise, the other Karen Louise. Another pair, both named Jim, named their sons James Allan and James Alan. Both work part time as deputy sheriffs, own Chevys and have dogs named Toy. And both married and divorced women named Linda, then married women named Betty.

Bouchard, who originally set out to find out how the environment works to shape psychological traits, admits, "I frankly expected far more differences than we've found so far."

We thought it might be interesting to take some of the early data from Bouchard's research and compare it with the experiences of our four pairs of ladies, though they weren't raised apart.

Not surprisingly, our twins report similar physiological traits. Sheila and Moira Stone say they're both "practically blind in the right eye." "In fact," says Sheila, "I can use Moira's glasses." Cybil and Tricia Barnstable were involved in an 11-year study of twins at the University of Louisville when they were youngsters and Cybil says, "They ground our baby teeth down 32 levels and our teeth were identical, all the way. Ordinarily, any similarity in physical structure between two people doesn't go more than 18 levels. At least that's what they told us. They also found that our chromosomal make-up was identical."

Bouchard says that twins, with startling regularity, display "coincidental" behavior: Both will buy the same gift, piece of furniture or article of clothing, without the other's knowing it. That occurs with high frequency among twins who are raised together, but Bouchard found similar cases with twins raised apart. An example from his research came from two middle-aged women who reported that when they were children, they were brought together briefly to meet each other and found that they were wearing the same dress.

Our twins were more familiar with coincidental behavior. Tricia Barnstable recounts, "Once, Cyb and I were separated for about four months and when we got together again, we both rushed to the stereo to play the other one a song—the same song. One time, I went to California and Cyb went to New York. I bought a blouse and when I got together with Cyb again and took it out to show her, she'd bought the same blouse."

Piper and Tara Perry also recall several times when they've been apart and bought the same clothes. But perhaps the strangest story of all comes from the Barnstables. "Once, when I was in Los Angeles and Trish was in Chicago," Cybil recalls, "we both fell down a flight of stairs the same day at the same time. And we both hurt a leg."

Bouchard found that separated twins often developed the same tastes and habits. The "Jim" twins have almost identical smoking and drinking patterns and both chew their fingernails to the quicks. Another pair Bouchard studied, Oskar and Jack, though raised in Germany and Trinidad, respectively, both like spicy foods and sweet liqueurs, read magazines from back to front, store rubber bands on their wrists, flush the toilet before using it and dip buttered toast in their coffee.

Sheila and Moira Stone admit to having certain tastes in common. "We both like the same kinds of foods," says Moira, "particularly Mexican and Chinese. And we both love Grand Marnier. It's about the only alcohol we'll drink."

Cybil and Tricia say their eating habits are identical. "Not only do we have the same taste in clothes," says Cybil, "we both crave frozen yogurt and pretzels. We don't eat any meat but chicken, and we both drink nothing but Diet Pepsi. In fact, you might say that's our diet: yogurt, chicken, Diet Pepsi and pretzels, morning, noon and night." It must be said, however, that identical twins also differ in many significant ways. The most common dissimilarity is that one twin is an introvert while the other is an extrovert. Bouchard's research team has found that one twin is more likely than the other to be aggressive and outgoing. That observation is corroborated by what our twins tell us about the differences between them.

Sheila Stone says, "I think I'm the more outgoing of us. And I like to dress up more. I love wearing spiked heels; you can't get me out of them. Moira you can hardly ever get out of tennis shoes or boots. I get hit on more often, but men seem to fall madly in love with Moira more often."

Tara and Piper Perry also confess to the extrovert-introvert syndrome. "We're different in many ways," says Piper. "I like to party and Tara is more the homebody type. She's punctual and I'm late. She's a vegetable and fruit eater and I'm a meat eater. She's not much of a drinker, but I drink."

Leigh Harris says she's generally late, while Lyn is punctual, and describes herself as "a little more extroverted" than her sister.

Cybil Barnstable is of the opinion that if twins are too much alike, it's unhealthy. "I think a twin has to assert her individuality. If twins can't do that, it can become crippling to both of them." It should also be noted that, except for the Barnstables, all of our twins said they had different tastes in men.

Our favorite twin story, however, comes from Tara Perry, who says she and Piper were shopping together once in a department store, and both women went into dressing rooms to try on an outfit they were considering wearing onstage during their singing act. "When I came out of the dressing room, I asked Piper if she liked the outfit enough to buy it. She didn't answer me. So I asked her again and she still didn't answer me. I was beginning to get annoyed when I noticed the saleslady dying laughing. Then I realized that Piper hadn't come out of the changing room yet. I was talking to a full-length mirror."

All of which is to warn you: If you're dating a twin, be careful. If you aren't observant, you could get into a double bind. Unless, of course, you're an identical twin, too. Then you risk a quadruple bind. Which reminds us of quadruplets. But that's another story.

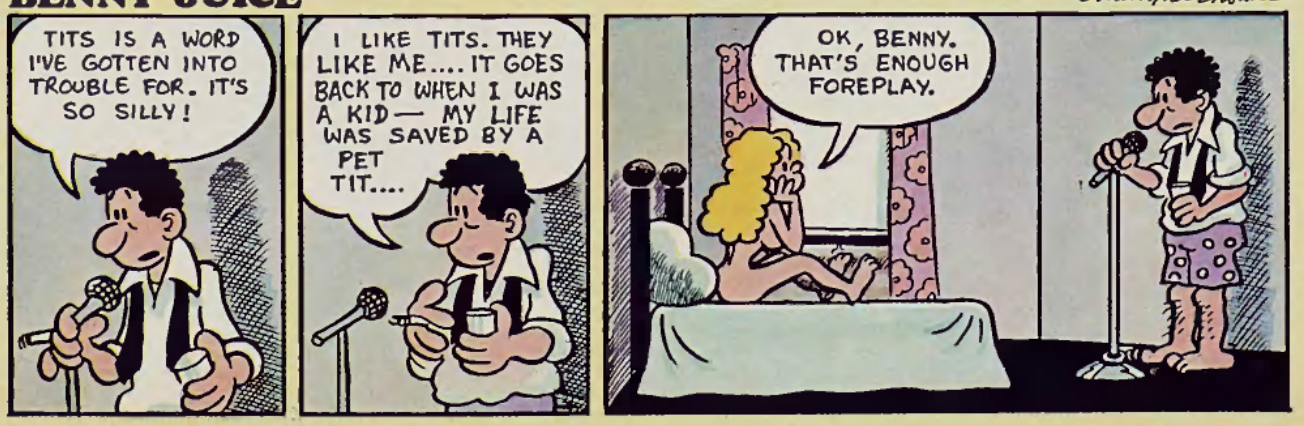
annie & albert

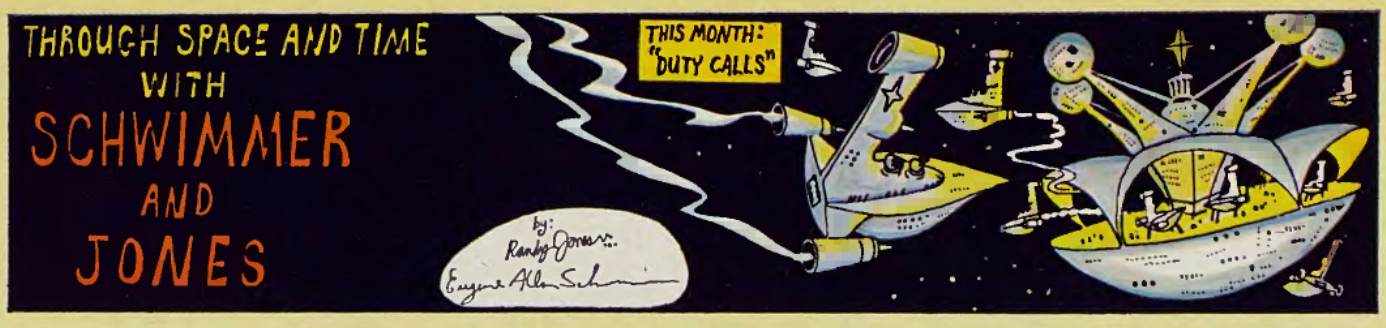
by J. Michael

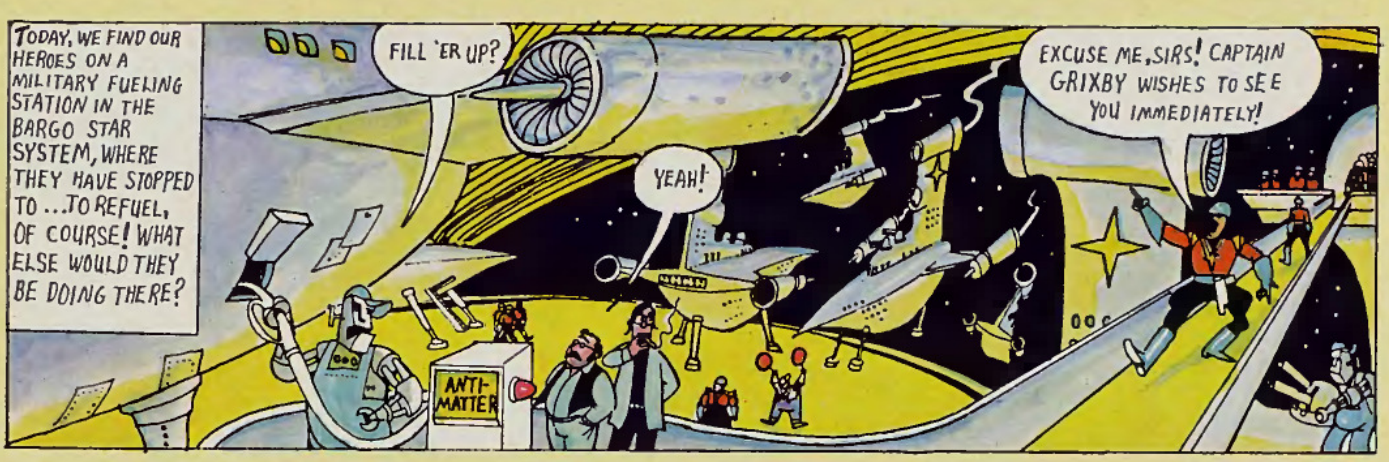
SUZY Q AND MIDNITE

BENNY JUICE

— Christopher Browne




THROUGH SPACE AND TIME
WITH
SCHWIMMER
AND
JONES
THIS MONTH:
"DUTY CALLS"
by:
Randy Jones
Eugene Allen Schwimmer


TODAY, WE FIND OUR HEROES ON A MILITARY FUELING STATION IN THE BARGO STAR SYSTEM, WHERE THEY HAVE STOPPED TO ...TO REFUEL, OF COURSE! WHAT ELSE WOULD THEY BE DOING THERE?
FILL 'ER UP?
YEAH!
ANTI-MATTER
EXCUSE ME, SIRS! CAPTAIN GRIXBY WISHES TO SEE YOU IMMEDIATELY!

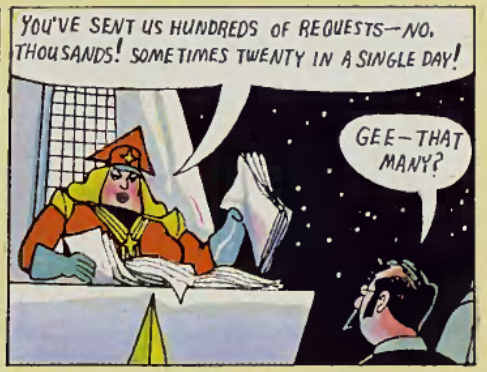
SCHWIMMER AND JONES, MA'AM!
VERY GOOD!

I'LL COME RIGHT TO THE POINT, GENTLEMEN! YOUR GALAXY NEEDS YOU!
REALLY!

THIS IS IT! OUR BIG CHANCE!
WE'RE READY, MA'AM!
GOOD! I KNEW WE COULD COUNT ON YOU!

UH...WHAT'S THE MISSION?
WELL, IT'S VERY SIMPLE....

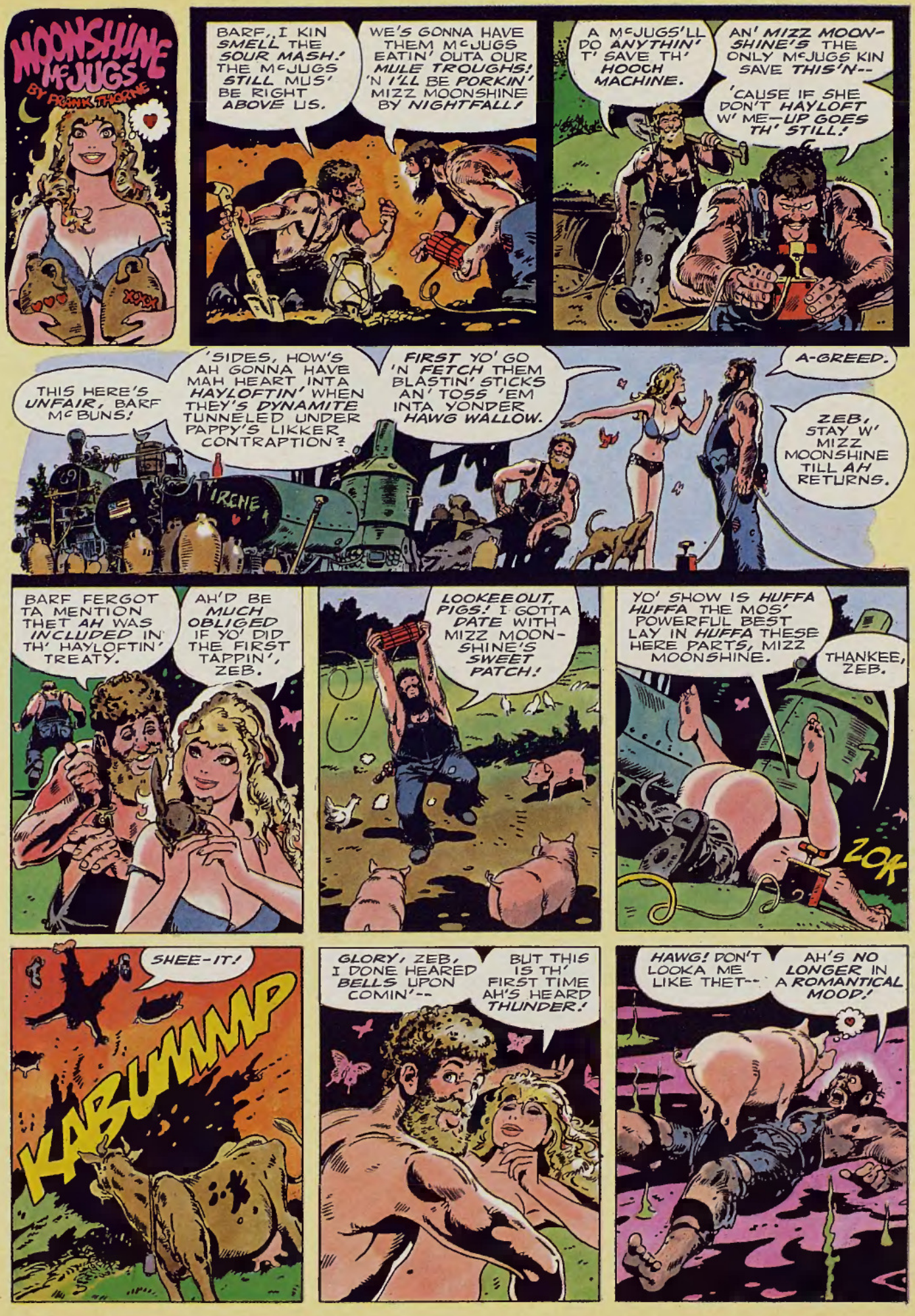
EVER SINCE STAR COMMAND SENT YOU OUT HERE TO THE EDGE OF THE GALAXY, YOU'VE BEEN REQUESTING A TRANSFER!


YOU'VE SENT US HUNDREDS OF REQUESTS—NO, THOUSANDS! SOMETIMES TWENTY IN A SINGLE DAY!
GEE—THAT MANY?

SUFFICE IT TO SAY YOUR DILIGENCE AND ENTHUSIASM HAVE IMPRESSED STAR COMMAND ENORMOUSLY AND THEY HAVE ASKED ME TO GIVE YOU THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE PERSONALLY....

STOP SENDING THESE STUPID REQUESTS! THEY'RE A WASTE OF PAPER! WE'RE BUSY! WE HAVE BETTER THINGS TO DO THAN DEAL WITH YOUR IDIOTIC PETITIONS!!

YOU CLOWNS THINK YOU CAN HANDLE THAT?
YES, MA'AM! NO PROBLEM!


MOONSHINE McJUGS
BY FRANK THORNE
XOXOX
BARF, I KIN SMELL THE SOUR MASH! THE McJUGS STILL MUS' BE RIGHT ABOVE US.
WE'S GONNA HAVE THEM McJUGS EATIN' OUTA OUR MULE TROUGHS! 'N I'LL BE PORKIN' MIZZ MOONSHINE BY NIGHTFALL!
A McJUGS'LL DO ANYTHIN' T' SAVE TH' HOOCH MACHINE.
AN' MIZZ MOONSHINE'S THE ONLY McJUGS KIN SAVE THIS'N--
'CAUSE IF SHE DON'T HAYLOFT W' ME—UP GOES TH' STILL!
THIS HERE'S UNFAIR, BARF McBUNS!
'SIDES, HOW'S AH GONNA HAVE MAH HEART INTA HAYLOFTIN' WHEN THEY'S DYNAMITE TUNNELED UNDER PAPPY'S LIKKER CONTRAPTION?
FIRST YO' GO 'N FETCH THEM BLASTIN' STICKS AN' TOSS 'EM INTA YONDER HAWG WALLOW.
IRENE
A-GREED.
ZEB, STAY W' MIZZ MOONSHINE TILL AH RETURNS.
BARF FERGOT TA MENTION THET AH WAS INCLUDED IN TH' HAYLOFTIN' TREATY.
AH'D BE MUCH OBLIGED IF YO' DID THE FIRST TAPPIN', ZEB.
LOOKEE OUT, PIGS! I GOTTA DATE WITH MIZZ MOONSHINE'S SWEET PATCH!
YO' SHOW IS HUFFA HUFFA THE MOS' POWERFUL BEST LAY IN HUFFA THESE HERE PARTS, MIZZ MOONSHINE.
THANKEE, ZEB.
ZOK
SHEE-IT!
KABUMMMP
GLORY, ZEB, I DONE HEARED BELLS UPON COMIN'--
BUT THIS IS TH' FIRST TIME AH'S HEARD THUNDER!
HAWG! DON'T LOOKA ME LIKE THET--
AH'S NO LONGER IN A ROMANTICAL MOOD!

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

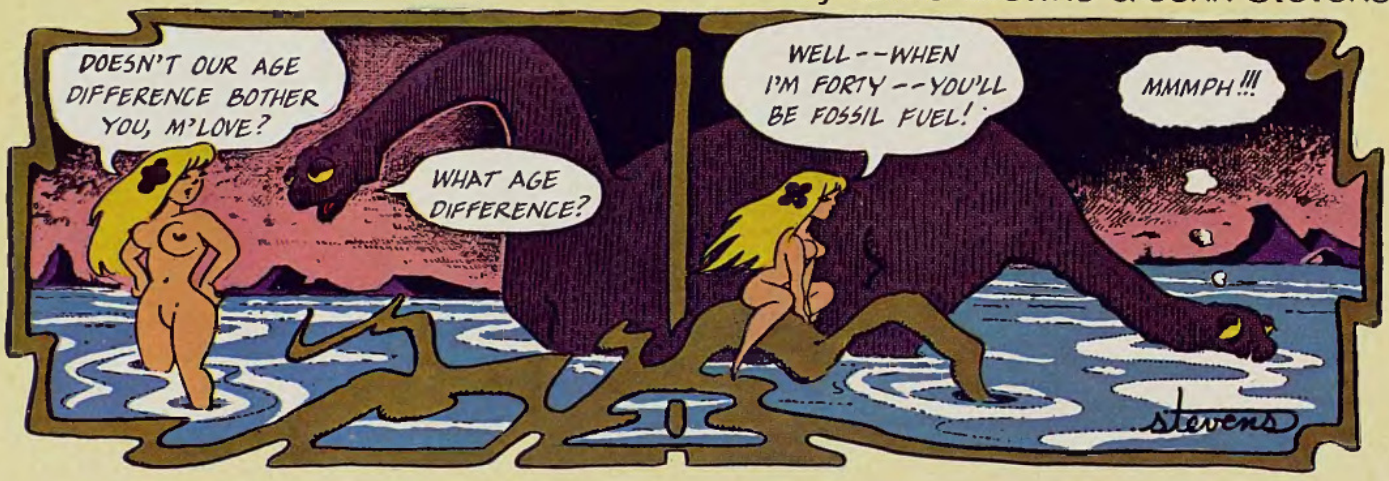
by Downs & Kurtzman

5 CENT MARY

BY E. N. O. S.

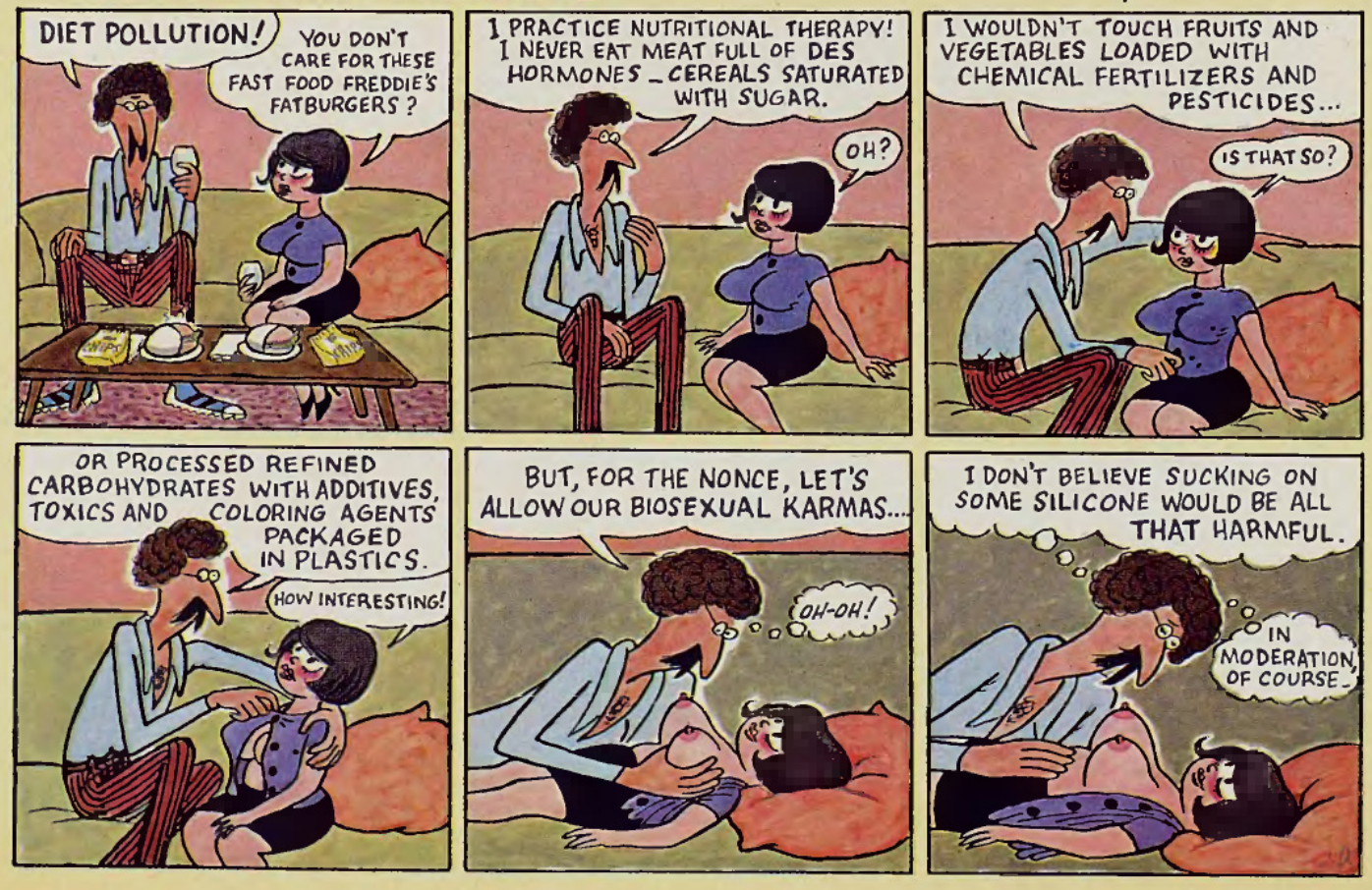
TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

by Chris Browne & John Stevens



HOLISTIC HARRY

by J. Delmar



Liquors of the Laiads

(continued from page 112)

"There are five levels of Scotch in stores: bulks, premiums, superpremiums, ultrapremiums, malts."

few holdouts was our own United States. The smoky potion didn't establish a toe hold here until the late Forties, after World War Two. Even then it was an Eastern phenomenon, and a status sip, seen in posh cafés frequented by trendies. Only a handful of brands were available—and they were essentially one style. Contrast that with the current situation. Today we have hundreds of labels to choose from, and devotees can browse through a maze of Scotch bottlings at any well-stocked emporium.

Even more intriguing, Scotch is no longer monolithic. As blending and distilling techniques became more refined, producers expanded the range of their offerings by jockeying such key factors as proportion of malts to grain whiskies, types of malts in the blend, age of the whiskies and nature of the cooperage.

By now, there are four or five identifiable levels of Scotch on liquor-store shelves: bulk whiskies, premium brands, superpremiums, ultrapremiums and single malts. These variations on the theme present interesting possibilities to the adventurous palate and the host with a flair for entertaining. The following overview should raise your Scotch consciousness and increase the joy of your Scotch experience. (For a fuller listing of brands, prices and applications, refer to *Playboy's Guide to Scotch*, opposite.)

Bulk Scotches are whiskies distilled and blended in Scotland, shipped in barrels and bottled in Stateside plants. They tend to be very light and have the smallest ratio of malt to grain whisky. The relatively modest tab may reflect savings in production and handling, as well as lower proofs and profit margins. Bulks account for one of every three bottles of Scotch we imbibe, and they're not to be disparaged. Inver House, Passport and Usher's Green Stripe are the leading bulk-shipped brands in this country.

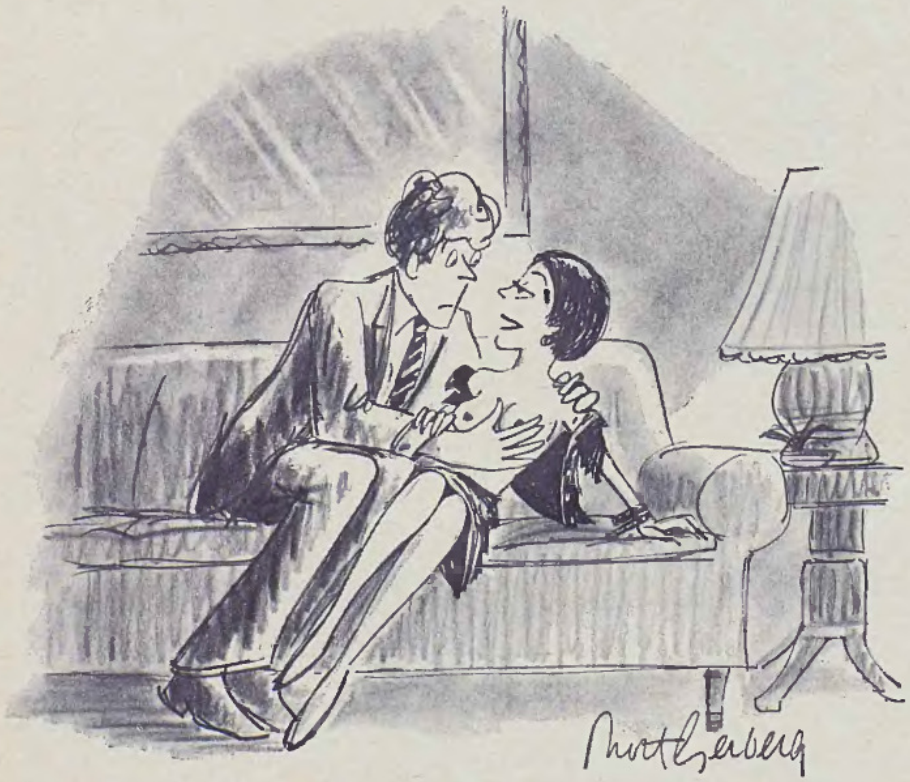
Labels of authentic **premium** brands bear the legend DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. The operative word here is *bottled*. Distilled and blended in Scotland, alone, doesn't make it. Until the bulks emerged, some 20 years ago, premiums had the field to themselves, and they're still the largest category. J&B Rare, Dewar's White Label, Cutty Sark and Johnnie Walker Red Label get the biggest plays.

The **superpremiums** started to come on in the Seventies, and they're still coming. They're suave bottlings, costlier than premiums, but you can taste the difference. The generous lacing of malt whisky imparts depth and a palpable malt tang to the blend. Twelve years or better in the cask rounds and mellows the superprems. Chivas Regal and Johnnie Walker Black Label are the leading brands in case sales.

The **ultrapremiums** are distillers' showpieces—more like individual gems than a category. The hallmark of this group is age. A number come in artful ceramic or crystal decanters and make alluring, enduring gifts. Between the aged whiskies and the attractive containers, ultrapremiums can be quite dear—they're available in limited quantities, with a waiting list of customers. Chivas Royal Salute is way out front and Ballantine's 30 Year is a distant second.

Lusty, unblended Scotch **malt whisky** is in a class by itself—the ingredient that gives Scotch character to a blend. The term SINGLE or SINGLE MALT on a label means the contents are all from the same distillery. In practice, straight malts are usually singles. The most esteemed are those from the Highlands; The Glenlivet and Glenfiddich are popular brands. The heavily aromatic Laphroaig is typical of Islay malts, while Talisker, from the Isle of Skye, neatly spans the gap between elegant Highland distillates and pungent Islays.

The ultimate plateau in Scotch appreciation is the complete Scotch bar. It's no trouble to set one up, and no vast expense. You'll want a representative from each of the blend types—including an ultrapremium—plus a malt from the Highlands and one from Islay or Skye. With that, and the drink temptations that follow, you're ready for some serious sipping.



"But first, tell me, Mr. Cartright, how do you feel about E.R.A.?"

BAGPIPE

1½ ozs. Scotch
1 oz. apricot liqueur
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 ozs. grapefruit juice

Pour all ingredients over ice in old fashioned glass; stir well.

RED LION

2 ozs. Scotch
2 ozs. orange juice
½ oz. lemon juice
½ oz. lime juice
1 teaspoon superfine sugar
Lime slice
Maraschino cherry

Briskly shake whisky, orange, lemon and lime juices and sugar with cracked ice. Strain over fresh ice in large old

AN ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE BOSLEY MEDICAL GROUP

Medical breakthrough reduces baldness

Our Male Pattern Reduction (MPR)[SM] procedure offers new hope! Can be performed *before*, *during* or even *after* Hair Transplantation.

If you have never done anything about baldness but are interested in achieving a good head of hair...if you have already been turned down because you are "too bald to have transplants"...if you have already had hair transplants but are not completely satisfied with the results...or, if you have just started to lose your hair...this remarkable procedure, developed by the Bosley Medical Group, may well be the answer.

Male Pattern Reduction, simply stated, is the removal of excess skin from the bald or thinning area. This substantially reduces the area requiring transplants and, at the same time, brings the high-density hair from the back and sides closer together. MPR is safe and time-proven. We have performed more than 600 such procedures during the past 2½ years. The ratio between "supply and demand" is greatly improved when MPR is done before or during transplantation, making a fuller head of hair feasible. Male Pattern Reduction is also the conservative answer for many men under age 35. For these patients, we plan for the decades ahead, because MPR substantially reduces the need for future grafts.

Phone or Write for the Complete Story

One of our MPR cases is illustrated below. Many more pictures are on file, available for your inspection when you come in for your no-charge consultation. At this time, one of our physicians will advise you if you are a suitable candidate for MPR and Hair Transplantation.

BMG patient *before* and *after* MPR procedures and prior to Hair Transplantation

BEFORE his 1st MPR, the width of this patient's bald area measured 5 inches (12½ cm.).

AFTER his 3rd MPR, the width measures only 1½ inches (4 cm.); a 70% reduction of the top and back of the bald area.

The **Bosley Medical Group,** under the direction of L. Lee Bosley, M.D., consists entirely of highly qualified surgeons, all certified by their respective specialty boards. All are also members of the American Medical Association (AMA) and numerous other professional and honorary societies.

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Please send:

☐ HAIR TRANSPLANTATION AT THE BOSLEY MEDICAL GROUP Includes over 40 close-up before/after photos of our patients; details on MPR[SM] AND MICROGRAFT[SM] procedures, cost, tax benefits and insurence coverage—and much more.

☐ COSMETIC/PLASTIC SURGERY AT THE BOSLEY MEDICAL GROUP Includes over 36 close-up before/after photos of our patients; details on all surgeries performed for enhancement of the face, eyelids, nose, ears, chin, forehead, breasts (enlargement or reduction) hip, abdomen, buttock, thigh, upper arm. Also information on skin treatments for wrinkle and scar improvement, tattoo removal, electrolysis and broken capillary treatment.

Name _____

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Address _____

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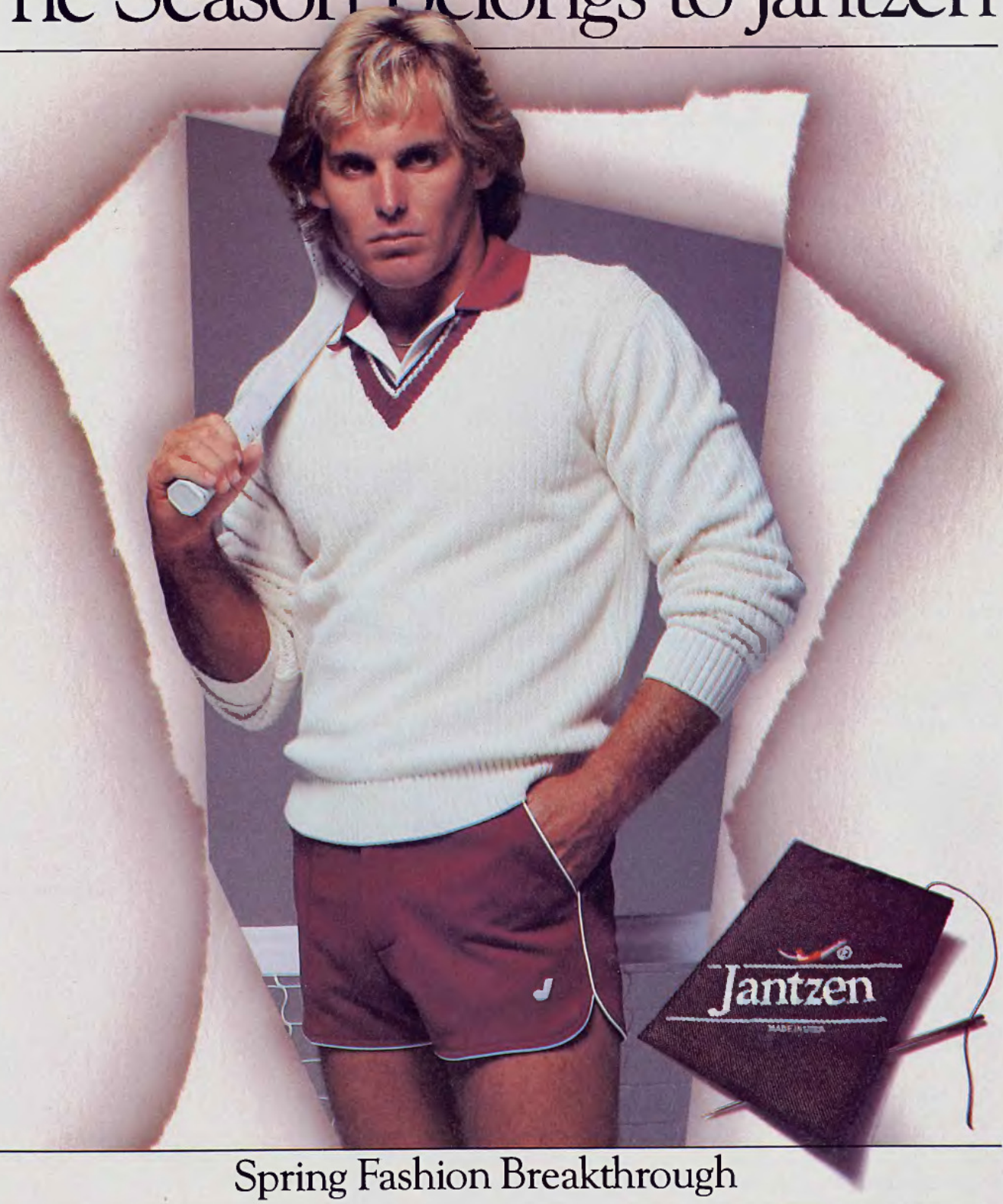
The Season Belongs to Jantzen



Spring Fashion Breakthrough

There are no dull games in our Center Court® sportswear.

fashioned glass. Decorate glass with lime slice and maraschino cherry. Serve at once.

Note: If you prefer a drier drink, cut back on the sugar. If you like it sweeter, add a bit more sugar or grenadine.

SCOTCH STING

1½ ozs. Scotch
¾ oz. white crème de menthe
Shake briskly with ice. Strain into cocktail glass or over fresh ice in wineglass.

BALMORAL BULLSHOT

1½ ozs. Scotch
3 ozs. beef bouillon
Lemon wedge
Sprig parsley
Pour Scotch and bouillon over ice in old fashioned glass. Squeeze lemon into glass, add rind; stir. Garnish with parsley.

MALTED MILK

1 oz. Scotch malt whisky
1 teaspoon honey, or to taste
4 ozs. milk
Nutmeg
Shake whisky, honey and milk vigorously with cracked ice. Strain over fresh ice in highball glass. Sprinkle lightly with nutmeg.

LOCH NESS MONSTER

A monster-size drink that can easily go for two.
3 ozs. Scotch
1 oz. Scotch liqueur
¾ oz. medium-dry sherry (Amontillado)
Slice lime, slice lemon
Pour all ingredients but fruit over ice in large old fashioned glass. Stir until well chilled. Decorate with lime and lemon or fresh fruit in season.

TALL MAC TAVISH

1½ ozs. Scotch
¾ oz. Campari
3 to 4 ozs. tonic, or to taste
Orange wedge
Pour Scotch and Campari over ice in tall glass; stir. Add tonic. Squeeze orange wedge into glass; stir quickly.

RED KILT

2 ozs. Scotch
3 ozs. V-8 (vegetable-juice cocktail)
2 dashes each Worcestershire, Tabasco
Lemon wedge
Pour Scotch and V-8 over ice in old fashioned glass. Add Worcestershire and Tabasco. Squeeze lemon wedge into glass, add rind; stir well.

CHURCHILL

1½ ozs. Scotch
½ oz. sweet vermouth
½ oz. orange liqueur
¾ oz. lime juice
Lime wedge
Shake all but lime with ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with lime wedge.

GOLDEN SPIKE

1¼ ozs. Scotch
¾ oz. Lemonier liqueur
Lemon slice
Shake whisky and Lemonier briskly with cracked ice, to combine. Strain into prechilled cocktail glass. Hang lemon slice on rim of glass and serve.

Do something different: Invite a quorum of quaffing companions over for an informal Scotch tasting—say three or four different types. Then go on to a sampling of mixed drinks. All in the interest of education, you understand—and good, clean fun!

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO SCOTCH

The answer to "Which Scotch for what purpose?" and other definitive details pertinent to the genre are given below. Be aware that prices apply to the 750-ml. bottle (25.4 ounces) and are ball-park figures. They can, and do, vary according to outlet, locale and even season.

Bulk Whisky

Proof: Most bulks are 80 proof, but a number are 86 proof, and some brands come in *both* 80 proof and 86 proof. It pays to check the label!
Price Range: $5.25–$6.25.
Brands: Vat 69 Gold, Clan MacGregor, John Begg Blue Cap, King George IV, Bulloch Lade's B & L, Bellows, Glen Rossie, Peter Dawson, King James, Lauder's, Old Smuggler, Lang's, Martin's V.V.O., Grand Macnish, Catto's Gold Label—as well as Passport, Inver House and Usher's Green Stripe, previously mentioned.
Application: Eminently mixable; ideal for cocktails, highballs and mists. Light, agreeable sip poured over ice.

Premium Scotch

Proof: 86 proof and 86.8 proof.
Price Range: $8–$9.
Brands: Ambassador, Teacher's Highland Cream, Vat 69 Traditional, White Horse, Black & White, Ballantine's, The Famous Grouse, Grant's Stand Fast 8, Bell's Extra Special, Desmond & Duff, Whyte & Mackay Special—as well as Dewar's White Label, J&B Rare, Johnnie Walker Red Label and Cutty Sark.
Application: Used in mixed drinks as the bulks are, but tilt is to pour over rocks and in highballs.

Superpremiums

Proof: 86 proof and 86.8 proof.
Price Range: $12 and up.
Brands: Cutty 12, Dewar's 12 Ancestor, Grant's Royal, Haig & Haig Pinch, James Martin's DeLuxe, Grand Old Parr, Royal Ages, The Antiquary, Bell's Royal Vat, Buchanan's 12 Year, "Ne Plus Ultra"—as well as Chivas Regal and Johnnie Walker Black Label.
Application: Superb mixers, but considering their price and rich, mellow tone, most people will take them over ice or with a light splash of water.

Ultrapremiums

Proof: 80 proof and 86.8 proof.
Price Range: $20–$75, or more—depending on packaging.
Brands: Bell's Royal Reserve, Grant's Own Ancient Reserve, Whyte & Mackay 21 Year, Johnnie Walker Swing, Ambassador Twenty-Five, James Martin's Fine & Rare, Royal Heritage 21 Year—as well as Chivas Royal Salute and Ballantine's 30 Year.
Application: These venerable citizens deserve to be sipped reflectively with an intimate friend. They are, as well, destined to be gifts—for the man or miss who has everything else.

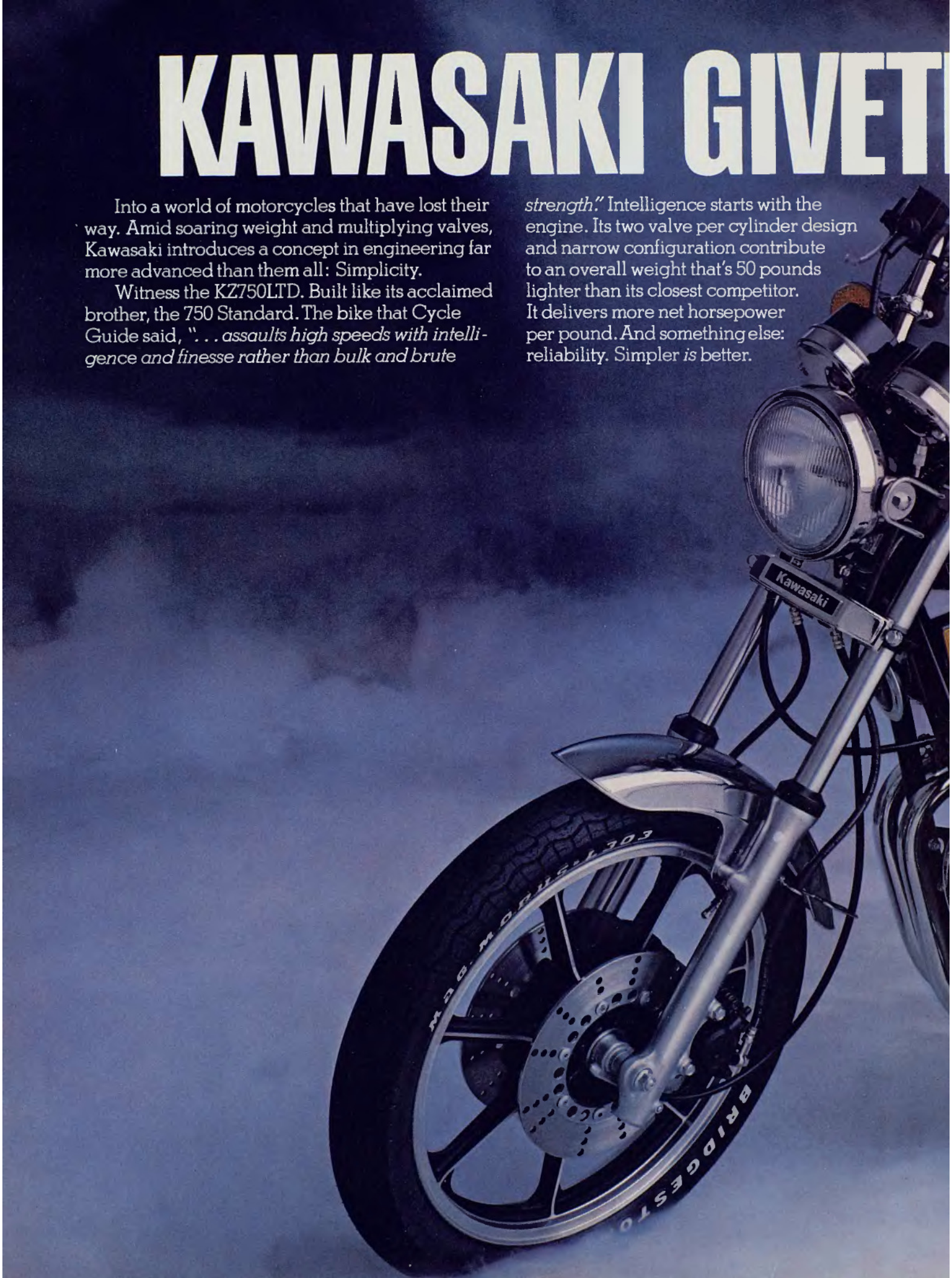
Scotch Malt Whisky

Proof: Most are 86 proof or 86.8 proof, but some go higher.
Price: $15 a bottle, or a bit more.
Brands: Macallan, Mortlach, Glendullan, John Begg Lochnagar, Dewar's Malt, Cardhu Highland Malt, Glenmorangie (favored in the homeland), Tomintoul Glenlivet, Glen Grant Glenlivet, Capercaillie Blended Malt—as well as Glenfiddich and The Glenlivet, Laphroaig and Talisker.
Application: Compared to cognac by *aficionados*, malts are often served neat or with a tot of water. A splash of malt whisky, preferably in a snifter, is a canny way to cap a grand dinner.

KAWASAKI GIVET

Into a world of motorcycles that have lost their way. Amid soaring weight and multiplying valves, Kawasaki introduces a concept in engineering far more advanced than them all: Simplicity.

Witness the KZ750LTD. Built like its acclaimed brother, the 750 Standard. The bike that Cycle Guide said, "*. . . assaults high speeds with intelligence and finesse rather than bulk and brute strength.*" Intelligence starts with the engine. Its two valve per cylinder design and narrow configuration contribute to an overall weight that's 50 pounds lighter than its closest competitor. It delivers more net horsepower per pound. And something else: reliability. Simpler *is* better.



I BY TAKING AWAY.

But simpler isn't always easier to achieve. Take the chassis, a product of advanced stress analysis techniques and computer welding systems that a few years ago didn't exist. The result is a design that's light in weight, yet uncompromised in strength.

Everything about the 750LTD is unsurpassed. Its features, which include electronic ignition. Its handling, supported by a fully tunable suspension system. And its performance.

All in all, the 750LTD is unequaled, and not soon to be challenged.

If that sounds a little righteous–so be it.

Kawasaki

Let the good times roll.

Specifications subject to change without notice. Availability may be limited. Mirrors included as standard equipment.
Kawasaki believes in riding safely. Check local laws before you ride. Member, AMA and MSF.

JAMES GARNER *(continued from page 158)*

Purple Hearts in Korea, so you must have seen a good deal of combat.

GARNER: Damn, how do you know all that? Did you do a little homework or something? Actually, I didn't trade fire with the enemy more than six or seven days, but they were really long, bad days. I got wounded the second day I was in Korea. I was bringing up the rear of a patrol and I got hit with shrapnel in my hand and the edge of my eye, so I went back to an aid station and I started picking out these little bits of metal while looking in the mirror of a jeep. Some captain ran up to me and said, "Don't do that! Go inside the aid station and we'll get you a Purple Heart." So I went inside and I was awarded one on my record. The second time was a lot more serious. I was part of the Fifth Regimental Combat Team and we were overrun on a ridge line one night by waves of Chinese. Out of 130 guys, I think we had no more than 40 people left the next morning. We retreated all night long, and about 6:30 the next morning, we connected with another unit, just in time to watch our Navy fighters blowing the shit out of the Chinese positions. We were all shouting things like, "All right, go get 'em, gang!" and right about then, an AT-6 spotter plane flew over us and because we didn't have our orange air panels, the observation plane told the fighters about this troop concentration he'd just seen. Next thing we knew, Navy Panther jets were firing 20-millimeter rockets at us. I immediately got hit in the butt and my rifle was blown up. When a rocket hits, it sprays white phosphorus in all directions, and rather than stick around, I jumped out of my foxhole and ran off the side of a cliff. God, I must have rolled 100 yards down, end over end. I dislocated my shoulder and tore up both my knees. Meanwhile, the jets were still firing away and their rockets were hitting rocks and bouncing around the side of the hill, which made me remember the line "It ain't the one with your name on it, it's the one to whom it may concern that you have to worry about." A Rok soldier had also rolled down there, and he was hit a little worse than I'd been; he had white phosphorus down his neck and back and you could tell it was smarting a little, 'cause that stuff *burns*. Because of my knees, I could hardly move, but we finally dragged ourselves back up the side of this steep hill—and no one was there!

PLAYBOY: Where had everybody gone?

GARNER: That's what *I* wanted to know! I mean, I'd have gone with them. Me and this South Korean were now alone on top of the hill, and he didn't speak any English and I didn't speak any Korean. It didn't seem like a smart thing to stick around, so we began following the mountain ridge line south, hoping we could catch up to our retreating column. I finally recognized the valley we'd come up the day before and I looked at the Rok and said, "South, that's where we're going." He still had his rifle and I was wearing my helmet, and as we walked down the hill into the valley, I looked over to my right and maybe 150 yards away, we spotted a big group of soldiers—and they weren't ours. We saw them and they saw us, and this South Korean and I walked right by all these North Korean troops. The only thing I could ever figure out was that, since the Rok soldier was carrying a rifle, they thought he was one of them and that I was his prisoner. It took us six hours before we heard what we both knew were American tanks, and at that moment, the Rok soldier gave me the rifle and gestured for me to give him my helmet. He was obviously afraid our guys might think he was a North Korean who had the drop on me. That guy really picked up on all of it better than I did.

PLAYBOY: How badly were you hurt?

GARNER: Oh, I had phosphorus burns on my backside, but they weren't too serious. I was more worried about my knees: When I got to the hospital, they'd swollen up like balloons. After I got out, I did nine months in Japan with a base postal office. That part of the war was fun for me, because I became a dog robber, which is what I played in *The Americanization of Emily*. Guys in the Army like their mail and they become very unhappy if they don't get it. Well, I decided to spruce up our unit, and if they didn't give me what we needed, they didn't get their mail. The base post office was stationed in a bombed-out shoe factory, and I turned it into a showplace. In exchange for their mail, other units got us the materials to build a bar and then kept it stocked with whiskey. Nobody over there had ice except us, courtesy of the Graves Registration Unit. I built us a theater in the biggest room in the shoe factory, got a baseball diamond laid out, got us hot water and showers, and my crowning achievement was a swimming pool. Now, that took genius. The smallest room in the shoe factory was the basement, so we cleaned it all out, whitewashed it, cemented the floor, put a ladder up the side and filled that sucker up with water. I went back to the States a reasonably happy man.

"I also worked as a roughneck in oil fields in Texas and Oklahoma. I never stayed anywhere more than three or four months at a time."

Before I got out of the Army, I took a high school equivalency test and I got my diploma, plus credit for two years of college. After visiting my dad in California for a few months, I went back to Norman and enrolled in the University of Oklahoma. I thought I could play college football, but my knees were too messed up. Instead, I hung around the pool hall after classes, racking balls, stealing what I could from the register, collecting my $20 a week in veteran's benefits and picking up a little change on the side by playing hearts. bridge and snooker.

PLAYBOY: Were you a hustler?

GARNER: Let's just say I wasn't bad. Several years ago, I beat Minnesota Fats two out of three games of eight ball. Anyway, I dropped out of college after one semester, but at least I finished it with a B average. About six months later, I went back to California, and for a year or so, I worked for my dad, banging down carpets. And then fate really stepped in and I became an actor.

PLAYBOY: Did you come down with an overnight case of stage fever?

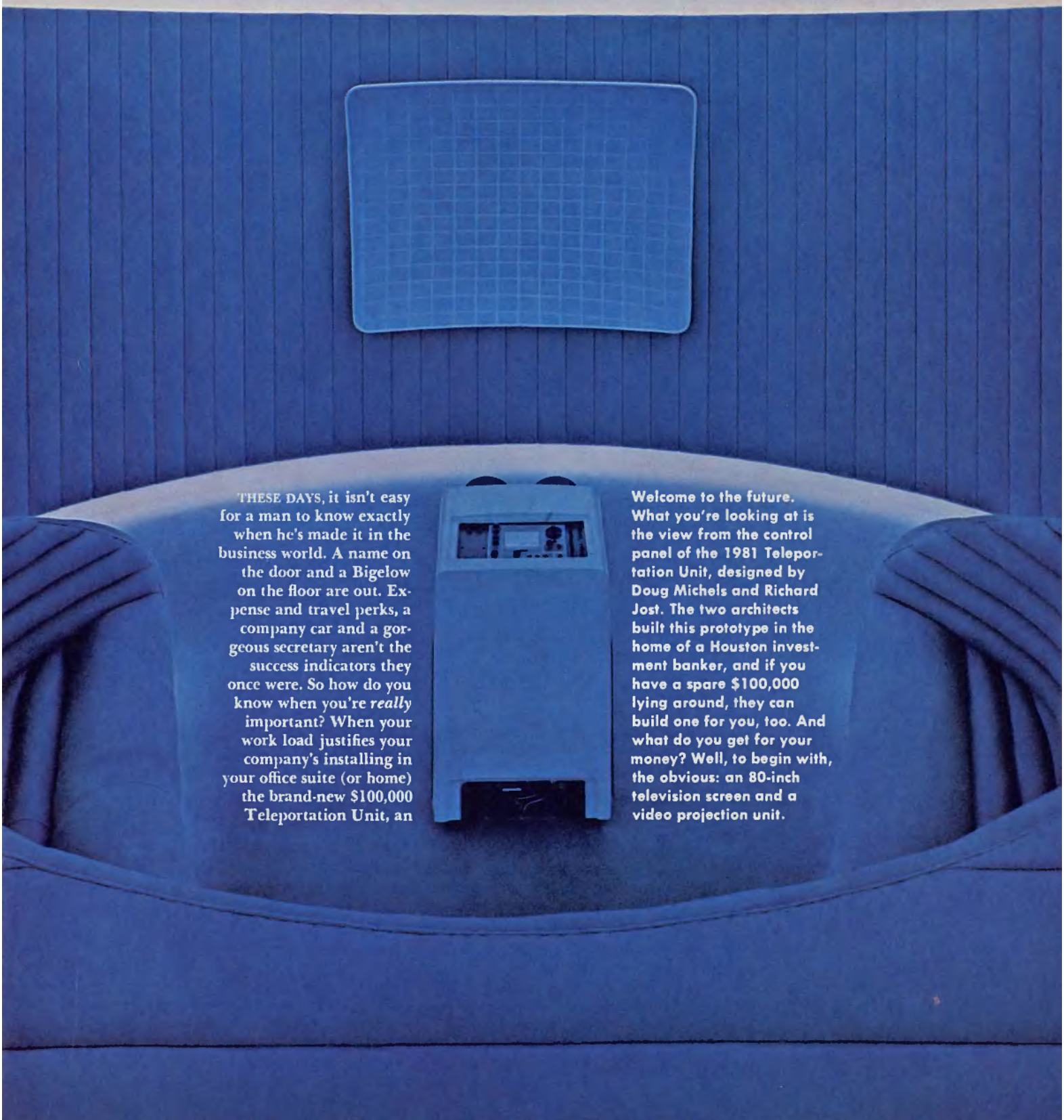
GARNER: Oh, no, nothing like that. It really *was* fate, or at least coincidence. Remember I told you I went to Hollywood High for a while? Well, after school, I'd worked in a Shell service station on Hollywood Boulevard, just down the block from the Gotham Drug Store. A soda jerk in the drugstore named Paul Gregory used to buy his gas from me, and every time he'd drive in, he'd tell me how he was going to be a producer. He once came in and said that I was a natural for the part of Li'l Abner and that he wanted to be my agent. So now we fade out and I'm coming back from Korea and I pick up a *Time* and I see where a play called *Don Juan in Hell*, starring Agnes Moorehead and Charles Laughton, has been produced by Paul Gregory. I thought, Well, good for him, and then I didn't think any more about it.

Paul had always said, "You really ought to be an actor, Jim," but I'd never paid any attention to it. Well, one day, I was driving up La Brea and I noticed a building that said, PAUL GREGORY AND ASSOCIATES. I'd seen it before, but it had never really hit me. Since I was thinking about getting into a career, I thought about going in to see him. Here's the part where fate steps in: If I get an urge to do something but it's not convenient to do it, I won't. Well, there was a parking space in front of Paul's building—and if that space hadn't been there, I would never

(continued on page 192)

the ultimate executive perk—a wide-screen electronic wonder room for both work and play

TUNING IN TO TELEPORTATION



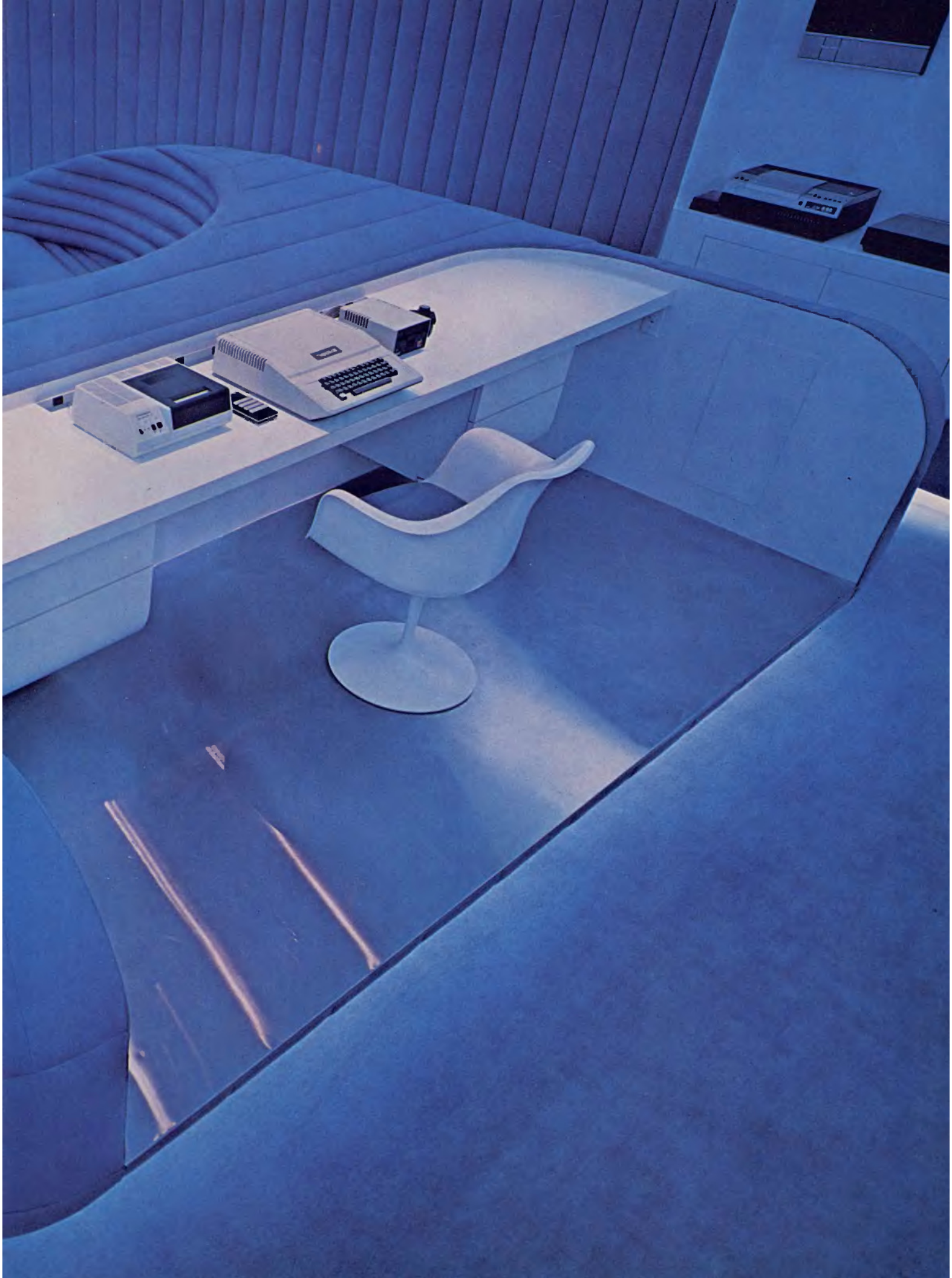
THESE DAYS, it isn't easy for a man to know exactly when he's made it in the business world. A name on the door and a Bigelow on the floor are out. Expense and travel perks, a company car and a gorgeous secretary aren't the success indicators they once were. So how do you know when you're *really* important? When your work load justifies your company's installing in your office suite (or home) the brand-new $100,000 Teleportation Unit, an

Welcome to the future. What you're looking at is the view from the control panel of the 1981 Teleportation Unit, designed by Doug Michels and Richard Jost. The two architects built this prototype in the home of a Houston investment banker, and if you have a spare $100,000 lying around, they can build one for you, too. And what do you get for your money? Well, to begin with, the obvious: an 80-inch television screen and a video projection unit.

incredible all-purpose computerized media room. What does it do? Well, it dissolves the already thinning line between American work and play. Installed in your office, it could make it easy for you to forget to go home. (That's what your company would be banking on, no doubt.) Installed in your home, it could save you gas money, obviating the need for your physical presence at the office. It would also enable you to negotiate heavy deals in your pajamas, which we all know is the *ultimate* perk. The Teleportation Unit was designed by architects Doug Michels and Richard Jost, from New York and Houston, respectively. The result looks like a cross between a space module and a small, plush theater. So plush, in fact, that in addition to being a great place to do business, it's a great place for seduction. It seduced us, at any rate. We want one.

At right, the Teleportation Unit turns into a boogie room with the aid of a disc in the Apple computer programmed to translate music into pulsing patterns of colored lights on the giant display screen. As you sit in the elevated white Saarinen choir ôt the control board, an amazing assortment of communications ond computer hardwore is at your finger tips. The computer comes with data processor, printer and disc memory, and it's hooked up to the video projector, data screen, a video-cassette recorder and an audio system with four stereo speakers (built into the wall for wraparound sound). The audio system feotures your regulor television stotions, a hookup to 40 cable TV systems around the country, a Bang & Olufsen AM/FM radio tuner, tape deck ond turntable. The nearly soundproof room is covered, top to bottom, in gray-blue wool with motching carpeting. Cushioned seating is provided at the front for 12. So bring your flight crew ond teleport them into tomorrow.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER AARON



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MAN & WOMAN

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

DATING AS AN ADULT

Single men often complain they don't get enough of some things, but dating advice is not one of them. Instructions come from their mothers, from newspaper columnists, from friends who scored in singles bars last week—everybody. But Abby Hirsch is one dating expert with a difference; she seriously spends her days listening to war stories from the dating front. Her company, The Godmothers, Ltd., is an exclusive, New York–based dating service that charges $250 to match men and women with their ideal companions, and business is booming. "What we offer basically, is the three best dates of your life," she says directly. "Our clients are attractive, articulate men and women of all ages who are often too proud, too successful or simply too busy for other kinds of dating services." In short, she is to dating what Escoffier was to sauces, and her advice on how to behave with the opposite sex carries some clout, enough so that she has opened operations in Washington, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago.

DATING DOS AND DON'TS—GROWN-UP DIVISION

Here is the Godmother on how to be a perfect date: One, Do not complain about or even discuss former relationships unless you are under direct questioning or duress. It is also not necessary to tell your life history on the first, second or third date. Two, Do have a sense of humor. "Women say all men are too serious about themselves," says Hirsch. "If you can make someone laugh, she'll always be your friend. Besides, laughter is a great aphrodisiac." Three, Do not have a check list of any kind. "You should not automatically accept or reject someone on the basis of the first date," she advises. "After all, what may appear to be a woman's first concern is not necessarily what's last on her mind. Everyone has to be more flexible." Four, Listen to a woman. Endlessly. Genuinely. Don't be interesting, be interested.

In case you are wondering about the biggest question of all, the Godmother advises that it is OK to have sex on the first date, and it's also OK not to. "Just make sure you don't sleep with anyone you don't want to hear from the next day," she cautions. "Most of my clients assume that if everything else falls into place, sex will be good, too, so they aren't that worried about it." As for making the first move, however, the responsibility is more clear-cut. "Most women are still uncomfortable about it and would prefer that the man took the initiative," says Hirsch.

THEY'LL TAKE ROMANCE

Half of the Godmother's clients are women, and she claims that they still like romantic men.

"Men all think of themselves as romantics, but they don't do anything about it," she complains. "They internalize romance and never translate it into things women understand, like flowers or a phone call in the middle of the day. Nothing flashy is needed—just any kind of surprise or consideration. Small things alone can make a relationship last a long time, and a little bit of romance can still make a woman swoon."

When it comes to things women do not like about men, the criteria are just as straightforward. For example, Hirsch has noticed that eccentrics are definitely out. "Women do not want dull men," she says, "but they also don't want the abrasiveness of the Sixties generation." The man in search of himself does not get as much attention as the man who has found himself, she warns. "Also, women are put off by men who seem defeated. They don't want to buy into a whole package of problems."

And what about the flip side? What do men dislike in women? "The biggest complaint men have is that women don't know what they want," she says emphatically. "Women tend to accept or reject someone on the first date. If they accept him immediately, they compound that blunder by planning their next three weekends together before the night is over." Men also complain that women don't seem to have time for them, that they often avoid commitments to men by using the old male excuse of "I'm too busy at the office to get involved with you."

What should women do to make men feel wanted?

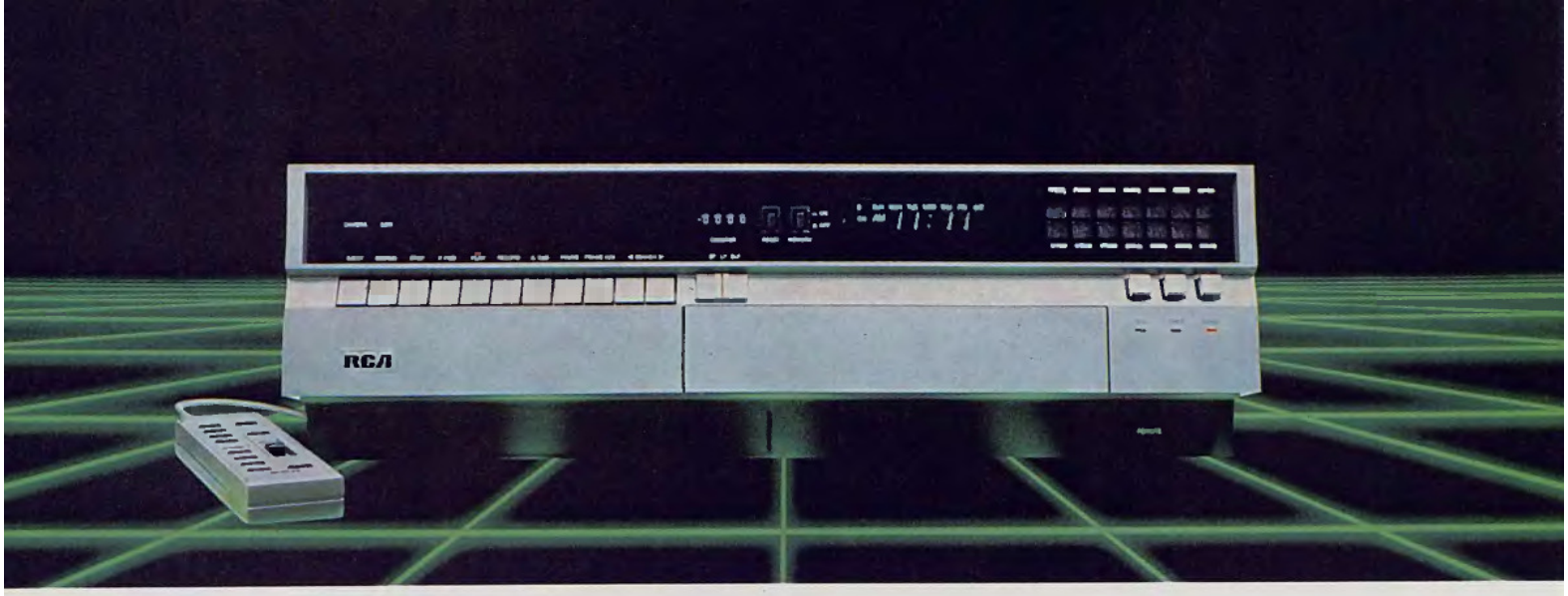
"A woman should cook dinner for a man," she states flatly. "The most popular woman in our service works as a baker. Also, she should try to make a man feel comfortable intellectually. Finally, she should be able to pack in five minutes."

When the Godmother has a failure in mating clients, it's often a matter of chemistry. She has learned that mixing smokers with nonsmokers or pet lovers with pet haters is impossible. "Colliding lifestyles are always a problem," she sighs. "Disco versus antidisco, for example, or sloppy versus neat. I'm developing my 'fingernail theory of compatibility.' The world is divided into men who don't like polished fingernails and those who do. I think polished fingernails conjure up a lifestyle that men either immediately like or immediately dislike."

Daters are always testing each other; they are constantly negotiating. They sometimes settle for: "You make me feel comfortable; therefore, I'm going to like you." On the other hand, some of Hirsch's male clients are not content with mere comfort. They say, "My life is good and I want it better." Hirsch encourages both parties to know what they really want, and to know when they've got it.

And although she claims she started The Godmothers as a lark, matching her friends just for the fun of it, being responsible for the lives of her clients seems to have had a sobering effect on her. "Romance is a creative art," she muses. "Our clients have a romantic ideal when they come in, and the biggest obstacle to their own happiness is feeling that there is always someone better around the corner. Expectations have a way of sabotaging things and we've got to get people out of that kind of thinking."

—TOM PASSAVANT



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Etcetera. Etcetera. Etcetera.

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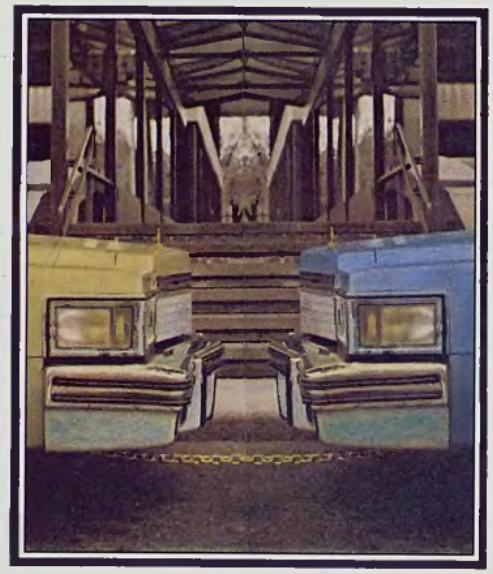
WHEN TO LEASE AN AUTO

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

Your next new car—should you buy it or lease it? For a growing number of drivers, the answer is lease. Corporations are the most frequent leasers, but leasing by private drivers has jumped 179 percent in the past decade, making it the industry's fastest growing segment. Basically, a lease is a long-term car rental (usually one to three years) and it can—for some drivers—offer dollar savings. Auto dealers, some banks and independent companies such as Hertz, Avis and National all handle leases. Shop around, because deals vary.



A LEASE IS A LEASE IS A. . . .

Leases are of two distinct breeds:

Open-End Lease: Monthly payments are lowest with this type, but you're gambling; when the lease expires, the company may owe you money or you may owe it, depending on the car's trade-in value. When you sign an open-end lease, the company will estimate the car's worth when the lease is up one, two or three years thence. If it estimates $2000, but the actual value turns out to be only $1500, you owe it a $500 "balloon" payment to cover the difference. If the car's worth is $2500, it owes you $500.

Under the Federal Consumer Leasing Act, before you sign to lease a car for personal use, the company must tell you how it calculates balloon payments. And, at the lease's termination, you can demand an estimate from an independent appraiser, binding on both you and the company. Also, the law limits balloon payments to no more than triple the monthly payment. For example, if your monthly payment is $200, any final balloon payment can't exceed three times $200—or $600.

Watch it, though: If the contract you sign (read it!) waives your right to a balloon limit or if you put more than a stipulated number of miles on the car, any final balloon payment might be higher. Under the law, if the leasing company tries—after the lease expires—to win a larger balloon payment through the courts, win or lose, the company must pay your attorney's fee.

Closed-End Lease: This version has higher monthly fees, but it eliminates the gamble, because the car's ultimate trade-in value is strictly the company's problem. As in open-end leases, you're responsible only for damage to the car beyond normal wear and tear. But you may have to pay extra for mileage beyond a stipulated limit, such as 20,000 miles per year.

Maintenance and Insurance Options: With both kinds of leases, you can choose from a range of maintenance agreements making the leasing company responsible for the car's upkeep, and you can also choose to insure the car through the leasing company, especially if you can get low-cost group insurance. These options result in higher monthly payments.

Which lease is best? According to R. J. Weishaar, who runs Hertz's car-leasing division, an open-end lease generally is best if you're a driver who puts low mileage on a car. Then the trade-in value is apt to be higher, giving you a good chance for a rebate. If you run cars hard, averaging more than 20,000 miles per year, a closed-end lease with full maintenance is probably your best deal. Some companies now offer hybrid leases, eliminating balloon payments but still giving you part of the gain if the car's resale value exceeds the estimate because of inflation.

TO LEASE OR NOT TO LEASE?

Cash buying costs you the least, even tallying in the interest you lose on the $8000 or so you shell out for a car. But if, like most buyers, you take out a loan, the lease-or-buy question gets iffier.

The beast in the bushes is depreciation—a new car's value nose-dives in the first three years, then levels out. Thus, the longer you keep a car, the less sense leasing makes, because your average depreciation per year goes down. Keep a car long enough and you extract most of its value. But if you like your cars forever young, trading in every year or two, you get walloped by depreciation losses. Then leasing *might* save you some bucks.

An advantage of leasing is no down payment. But you'll probably have to ante up one or two months' payments in advance, plus, sometimes, a small security deposit. You get the deposit back when you turn in the car (if it isn't banged up).

Beware of lessors who advertise spectacularly low monthly payments—often they charge a nonrefundable payment up front. Never sign a lease on the basis of the monthly payments alone. Add up all the charges to see how the lease stacks up against buying the car. For example, with a given lease, will you have to pay for the car's registration? Do you owe sales tax on the payments? How much is the charge for excess mileage?

THE BOTTOM LINE

You've decided on a car model and options. Now how do you decide which is cheaper, buying or leasing?

On the leasing side of the ledger, figure in all of your costs, such as the total of your monthly payments, sales taxes, interest lost on the advance payments, and insurance. The potential balloon payment and excess-mileage fee at the end of the lease are hard to predict—probably, your best bet is to assume that both will be zero. Subtract income from selling your old car (many lessors will help you arrange the sale) and any tax savings.

In toting up the cost of owning the same car, figure the car's purchase price minus trade-in and any discount you can wangle. Add on the sales tax, delivery and dealer prep charges, the finance charge for the loan, interest you lose on the down payment, insurance and any other costs. Subtract any tax savings, such as deductions you can claim for interest paid on your loan.

Check whether or not the lease enables you to get discounts on tires, batteries and other parts. Does the lease give you a better deal on repairs? Also, if your credit rating is squeaky clean, your monthly payments could be lower. With an open-end lease, you may have the option of buying the car at the estimated resale value when the lease expires. If the company has underestimated, you could get a good deal.

—RICHARD WOLKOMIR

JAMES GARNER *(continued from page 184)*

have driven around the block to look for one.

PLAYBOY: You really don't think so?

GARNER: I know damn well I wouldn't have. As it was, I went in and we talked for close to an hour. I told him I didn't know if I'd like to be an actor, but I was almost 25 years old and I had to do something, sometime. I made up my mind right then that I'd give myself five years to try it as an actor, and Paul agreed to become my agent. He thought I was finally using some common sense. Gregory said, "Look at yourself, Jim, and hear what you sound like. There's definitely a chance that something could happen if you learned how to act." That made sense to me, because nothing I'd done ever held out the opportunity to make the money an actor has a shot at. Basically, I'd be using what God had given me—my looks. Now, I knew that there were hundreds of guys who looked like me and most of 'em could get in the door, but could they close it behind them? Maybe I could. And I wasn't looking for stardom; I was looking for a job, something I could make a living at. But if I wanted it, I knew I was going to have to change my attitude about a lot of things.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

GARNER: I was still scared to death to perform in front of anybody. Gregory quickly got me a reading at Columbia Studios with a talent coach named Benno Schneider, and afterward, Schneider told me, "I don't know what you've been doing, young man, but you really should go back to it. Just because you're young doesn't mean you can be an actor." Well, that about halfway pissed me off, telling me there was something I couldn't do. And it really helped me, because I had to get over that. It took me a long time to do it, but I did. I spent most of my first five years as an actor trying to get over my fear of performing. After that reading, Paul hired me to tour in the national company of *The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial*, which he produced. I was one of six silent judges and I did it for a year and never had one word of dialog, but I got a lot of experience and learned a great deal from the show's stars.

PLAYBOY: Who were they?

GARNER: Henry Fonda, Lloyd Nolan and the late John Hodiak. I used to watch Fonda just to study the way he moved, his posture and the way he sat, which I later copied, incidentally, in *Support Your Local Gunfighter*. I've used his attitude, stance and the mental images I have of him quite a few times in my films, but those were mostly physical things. What I really learned from him was a professional attitude and concentration. Johnny Hodiak became a good friend, and I was his understudy and he helped me out quite a lot. Nolan also taught me about concentration, which is the reason certain actors can walk out onstage and suddenly everyone's eyes are riveted on them. Anyway, we toured for three months or so, and then the play opened on Broadway. My first night in New York, the three of them got me a date with an absolutely beautiful redhead named Barbara Walters—not the TV interviewer—and they took us to the Trocadero and to "21" afterward, and I'll never forget their kindness. Here I was, a prop in this play, and my good buddies were the stars.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any aspirations to become a Broadway star?

GARNER: None whatsoever. First of all, New York is not my town. I'm a small-town boy, and if you walk down the street in New York and say hi, somebody will hit you in the mouth. I mean, in New York, if you smile, they'll steal your teeth; and if you shake hands, you'll come back without an arm. It's just not my town. Also, after a year in *The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial*, I came to the conclusion that you have to be broader onstage than in film, and still being in the grip of introversion, I didn't have the guts to play that broadly. Before the show left Broadway, 20th Century-Fox offered me a screen test in New York; but there was a strong rivalry between New York and Hollywood offices of every film company, so I turned 'em down and said if I did a test, it would be in Hollywood, not New York. They thought I was crazy. Well, I went back to the Coast after *The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial* finished in New York. A couple of months later, Gergory called and asked if I wanted to play the role of Lieutenant Maryk in a new national tour to be directed by Laughton. I obviously wasn't going to turn that down, so we began rehearsing for it and one afternoon, Laughton said to me [*imitating Laughton and doing it well*], "James, I want you to come up to the house today and lunch with me." I was sure he was about to can me, because, although I knew my lines, I wasn't very good. That afternoon, he told me, "Jim, your problem is that you're afraid to be bad. Therefore, you do nothing. You go down the middle of the road and you have no highs and you have no lows." And he was right. I was still afraid of being laughed at, of being disliked, of trying not to be bad instead of focusing on being good.

"I used to watch Fonda just to study the way he moved, his posture and the way he sat, which I later copied in 'Support Your Local Gunfighter.'"

PLAYBOY: You were feeling defensive, in other words.

GARNER: Yeah, which is what the underplaying I did for a long time was all about. Oh, I got braver as I got along, but he was absolutely right: I was afraid to be bad. Laughton told me that if I wasn't any good, he'd let me know and to leave it to him. And since then, I'll stick my neck out and leave it to a director to chop it off if he has to. I did Maryk for four months in Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana and Arkansas, and then I went back to Hollywood, made my Winston commercial and lived off that for eight months. After that, I got the part of an irate lieutenant in the first episode of *Cheyenne*. God, I was a good irate lieutenant. Warner Bros. then signed me to a contract for $200 a week, and then a lot of things happened very quickly. I got a small part in a William Holden movie, *Toward the Unknown*, and then I tested for *Sayonara*. Originally, the idea was to go with either Marlon Brando and an unknown Japanese girl or Audrey Hepburn and an unknown in the Brando role. They couldn't afford both Brando and Hepburn, so if they went with her, I had a shot at the lead. Well, they went with Brando and a Japanese girl, but I wasn't really disappointed, because I figured everything always works out for the best. They were going to cast John Smith as an Air Force major who is Brando's antagonist in the film, and one day I talked to the producer and the director of *Sayonara*, Bill Goetz and Josh Logan, and I said, "Fellas, you've seen my test and you know I can do the part. If you sign Smith, you're gonna have to pay him at least $1200 a week; but, hell, the studio's got me for $225, so I'm going to be a lot cheaper." By God, they hired me.

PLAYBOY: Were you nervous about working with Brando?

GARNER: I think you could say that. The first scene I did with him was in the back of a taxi, and I didn't exactly feel like Rod Steiger in *On the Waterfront*. Marlon noticed that my hands were soaking wet and that I was wringing, and he said, "What's the matter?" I told

(continued on page 197)

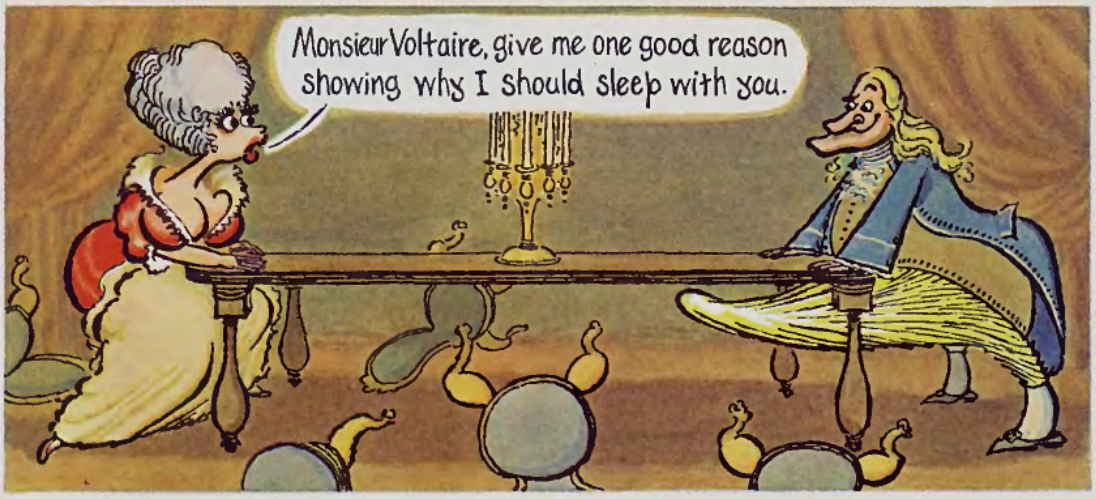
A DEEPLY FELT HISTORY of SEX

PART 10

BY ARNOLD ROTH

THE SEDUCTION OF MADAME POMPADOUR

The Age of Reason



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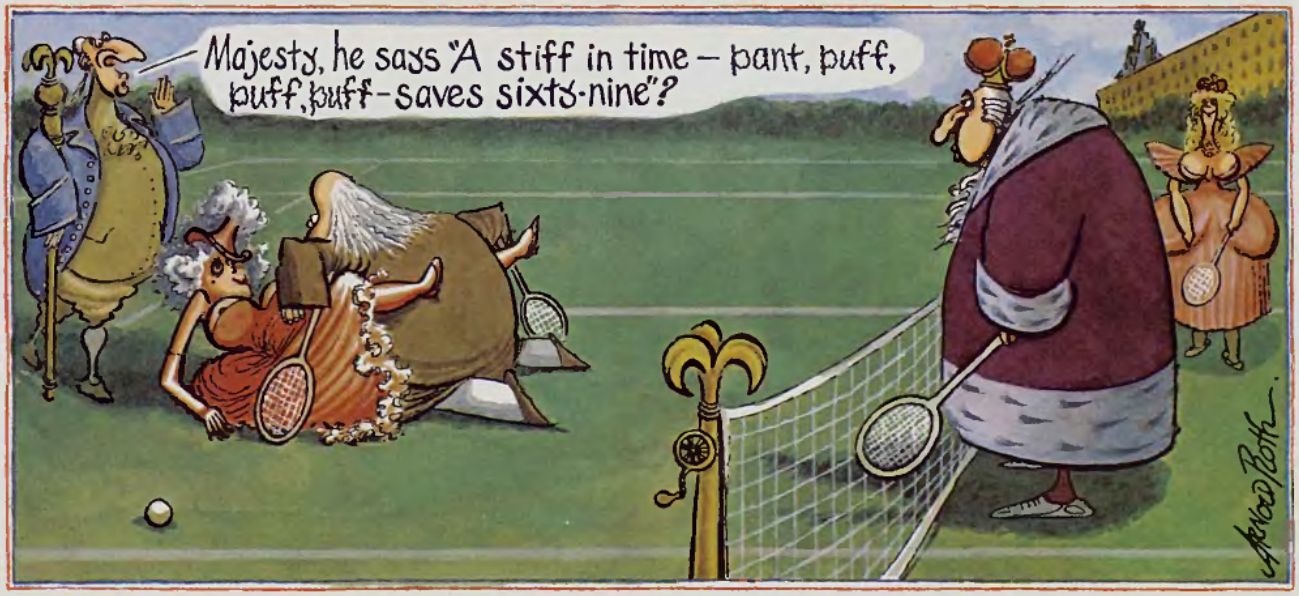

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's First Gig

LE MARQUIS DE SADE REGALES A FRIEND

King Louis XVI finds out about egalitarianism and vegetarianism.

To be continued.

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Victor A. Lownes

Victor A. Lownes, President
Playboy Clubs International, Inc.

JAMES GARNER *(continued from page 192)*

him I was a little nervous because this was my first good picture. He told me not to worry and maybe he could help me out. He did, too. He was the friendliest of people, and from then on, I was his slave. He *did* make me feel comfortable and he wound up almost coaching me and being my personal director. I figured if what I was doing was good enough for Brando, it was good enough for me. And it also seemed good enough for Logan, who didn't give me a lot of direction, mainly because Marlon and I rehearsed and rehearsed. I'll tell you this: I think Brando is the best actor we've ever had. I always felt that because he couldn't trust anybody but Kazan, he needed someone to pick material for him. If he'd ever found someone like that, he could have done so much more. We haven't been that close over the years, but I still have a great affection for him because of what he did for me on *Sayonara*. Working with him was just a joy. I then went back and did the pilot for *Maverick*, because after looking at dailies of *Sayonara*, I don't think it was any stroke of genius on anybody's part to say, "Hell, let's use Garner—we've got him and he's cheap."

PLAYBOY: Does it seem to you that you owe a lot of the initial interest in your career to the fact that you were underpaid?

GARNER: That's true. And down through the years, I've always kept my salary below a lot of people's, for the simple reason that I think actors cut themselves out of too many pictures because of their prices. For instance, when Lee Marvin went to $1,000,000 a picture, he cut his chances of working by more that half. But it's one thing to be reasonable about your price and it was quite another what Warner Bros. at that time did to me on money. After I finished *Sayonara* and the *Maverick* pilot, Warners had a contract dispute with Charlton Heston and he walked out of *Darby's Rangers*. It turned out kinda funny. Jack Warner told Heston to have his *Darby's Rangers* contract signed by a Friday afternoon at five o'clock, but Heston didn't do it. Well, at 5:30, they called me over to the television department—not the movie department—and told me I was such a good guy that they wanted to give me a raise. I was making $250 a week and in another five months or so, my contract called for a raise to $350 a week. They said they wanted to raise me to $350 a week right then and there—but they also wanted another year and a half on the end of a seven-year contract. Well, I was smart enough to turn that down. They finally got around to offering me $500 a week, and I needed the money, because my wife was pregnant, we had an eight-year-old daughter who'd just come out of the hospital with polio. Well, on Monday morning, I found out I'd been given Heston's starring role in *Darby's Rangers* and I thought, OK, the sons of bitches got to me. I didn't find out until a couple of weeks later that they'd also sold the *Maverick* pilot. I told myself, you made the deal, but they're not crazy. If *Maverick* works and the movie goes, they'll rewrite the contract, because they know how inequitable it is. So I did *Darby's Rangers*, a World War Two movie that ends with Colonel Darby's becoming a general, and it was a little difficult for me to look all that mature when I had just turned 29. And then *Maverick* took off. Ed Sullivan was the Sunday-night competition and he was making $25,000 a week. I was making $500 a week and *Maverick* was swamping his show. But doing the show itself was a great, great experience.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember the first *Maverick* ever filmed?

GARNER: I really do, yes. It was a remake of *Rocky Mountain*, an Errol Flynn movie—practically all the first *Maverick* scripts were rewrites of old Warner Bros. pictures. I even wore the coat and vest Flynn wore in *Rocky Mountain*, because they used stock footage from the movie for long shots, so I had to match my clothes to his. The first three episodes were directed by Budd Boetticher, a very fine director who's made cult pictures like *Blood and Sand*. He started injecting little bitty pieces of humor into the series almost immediately. I remember that in the second or third episode, we had an hour to film a very long fight scene, one in which both guys fight until they get so tired they can't throw any more punches. I told Budd, "Jesus, why don't we have this guy just knock me into some tall weeds and then come after me, and every once in a while I'll knock him out of the weeds, and then *he* can knock me out of 'em." We did it and you

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saw a lot of weeds and feet, and after that, we tended to use a lot of humor whenever we were pressed for time. After three shows, the writers started putting the humor on paper and, well, the show just took off.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel as if you were doing a satire on Westerns?

GARNER: Oh, yeah, and we really *did* do satire. We did a take-off on *Gunsmoke* that we called *Gunshy*, and we started it off with that shooting scene taken through Marshall Dillon's legs, except we called our sheriff Marshall Dooley. And we had a Doc, and instead of Chester, we called our guy Fester, who told me his limp was caused by a dad-blamed horse that had stepped on his toe. When it got better, I told Fester to keep the limp, because it gave him character, and he said, "I believe you're right," and so he limped for the rest of the show. Or we'd do things for New York like having me say, "Let's drop it into the swamp and see if it sinks." When I started it, there were about 17 Western series on TV, and I couldn't see playing another steely-eyed hero, because TV had plenty of those. I think *Maverick* was really the first pinprick in the balloon of TV Westerns, and when the series was finished, so were TV Westerns. The same thing was true of *Rockford*: There were umpteen detective series when *The Rockford Files* first went on the air, and I wasn't a steely-eyed private eye and I wasn't brave. How many detectives are left on TV six years later? I come in and scrape 'em up. I'm a killer of genres, I think, and there must be something to that, but I don't quite know what it is.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever settle on a new contract with Warner Bros.?

GARNER: You must be kidding. No, of course not, they wouldn't have wanted to do *that*. You know, we started shooting *Maverick* on August 20, 1957, and when it went on the air on that September 22, we had one episode in the can—the pilot. They needed one a week and it took us six working days to shoot a show, meaning *Maverick* was losing a day a week. So Warners immediately started looking for a side-kick, and then they changed it to a brother and got Jack Kelly, and they signed him for more money than I was making—$650 to my $500—and they were still screwing him. Not only that but I didn't find out until months later that out of my $500 a week, $285 was straight salary and $215 was an advance against residuals. At Warner Bros., nobody got residuals. I'll never be able to remember all the tricks they pulled. Another instance: Contract players at Warners didn't receive personal-appearance money—it was paid to the studio. I once got offered $7500 to appear on the Pat Boone show, and the studio wanted me on it, but they also wanted to keep the $7500, and that represented a lot of money to me. All the rest of ABC's cowboys were also going to be on—Jack Kelly, Clint Walker, Ty Hardin, Peter Brown and some others. Well, I refused to go on if I wasn't paid. I settled for $2500 cash and a Corvette with everything on it. The other guys wound up getting $500 each and Warners tried to teach me a lesson a little later on.

PLAYBOY: What did they do?

GARNER: There was a writers' strike during the third year of *Maverick* and they suspended me for eight weeks without pay, just to show me a little something. They thought they had a contract clause allowing them to do that if the series had to shut down. Well, I sued them for breach of contract and I won, but for several months after that, actors, directors and producers were waiting to see if I could get away with it. My lawyers were frankly worried, because the major studios had a lot of power at the time and they were worried that I might not get another job. I didn't make a film for more than a year, but in eight weeks of summer stock, I made more money doing *John Loves Mary* than I would've working a whole year on *Maverick* for $1250 a week. And at the end of the year, William Wyler hired me to do *The Children's Hour* with Audrey Hepburn and Shirley MacLaine. He broke the mold and there weren't any problems after that.

PLAYBOY: You've made 24 movies since then. Which ones do you consider your best?

GARNER: *The* best, I think, was *The Americanization of Emily*. Unfortunately, critics were just scared to death of it. It was the first antiwar film, it was the first film of any content that had nudity in it and a lot of people in the industry were afraid of it. The script really was brilliant, but selling it to the public wasn't easy, because a lot of people thought it was a Julie Andrews–nanny movie. But, in the long run, it's shown itself to be the great film it is. I've had four or five films like that, movies people realized were better after they'd gone around. *Support Your Local Gunfighter*, which I like almost as much as *The Americanization of Emily*, though for different reasons, originally wasn't thought of as anything much. But it was a very good comedy. And *Skin Game*, also a very fine film, was practically thrown down the tubes. It came out the same year as *McCabe & Mrs. Miller*, and Warner Bros. put their advertising money on that one instead of *Skin Game*. That's because *McCabe & Mrs. Miller* cost a lot more to produce than *Skin Game* and they were trying to get an Academy Award nomination for it. To me, it was like the time the Pittsburgh Pirates signed my brother Jack as a pitcher and also signed a $100,000 bonus baby named Paul Pettit. They tried everything in the world to make Pettit a major leaguer, because they had big money invested in him. They tried

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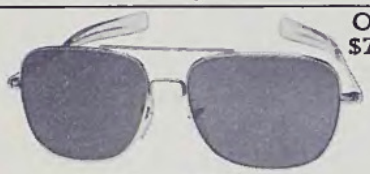

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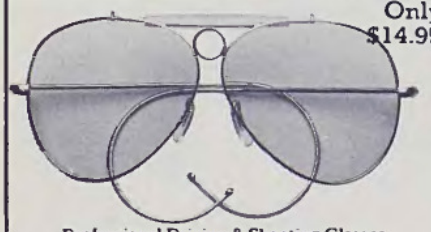

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him as a pitcher, an outfielder, a first baseman, everything. Meanwhile, my brother was doing nothing but winning ball games for their farm teams, and he was making $175 a month. Anyway, one other film I really liked was *Grand Prix*, especially the making of it, because I drove a race car for eight months. I also kind of like it because it's probably the only picture I ever went after as a career move.

PLAYBOY: Why *did* you go after it?

GARNER: By 1966, I'd done a lot of nice little pictures and one day I thought, Boy, what I need is an epic, a real Charlton Heston type of epic. And then I read that John Frankenheimer was going to do *Grand Prix* in Cinerama, and I knew that if the picture was shot right, it had to be a big movie. I called Meta Rosenberg and she went over to MGM and got a script, and they liked the idea of my doing it, and it worked.

PLAYBOY: You've been very upbeat during this interview, but we've been told there's a dark side to James Garner that manifests itself in two ways: Either you get terribly down on yourself or you get combative. You once mentioned that you're part Cherokee and that when you drink, you sometimes want to take back the land. Does that still hold true?

GARNER: Well, I don't do much drinking anymore, because of the ulcer; and, besides, I don't really *want* the land back—it has too many taxes on it. And what they've given to the Indians ain't worth having, anyway. But, yeah, there's a darker and worse side to me than what you've seen, and I'm not all those happy things the press has conjured up about me. I get into terrible depressions and I have my self-doubts and periods of gloom and doom. I'm getting to the point where I can recognize them and pull out of them, but they still happen.

PLAYBOY: What are your depressions like?

GARNER: Oh, I've had times when I couldn't make a decision whether to take a shower or a bath, so I didn't do either and just sat there. Or I couldn't make a decision to watch a particular TV show or not, and just sat there.

PLAYBOY: How long would you sit around like that?

GARNER: For *days*. I've had some pretty good downers, believe me, and when they happen, I don't want to see or talk to people. I just brood and stew, but it finally comes to me that, Jim, this is not very progressive, you're not accomplishing anything. To come out of it, I'll do something like go to a doctor or force myself to play golf, which used to be a great release for me. I've been a scratch golfer for most of my life, but I've had moments when I couldn't even get up the energy to go knock that dumb little ball around.

PLAYBOY: What are your releases now?

GARNER: About the same. I always find I'm much better when I'm working, and I usually have fun making movies, because motion-picture people are the best people in the world. This is the only business I've ever seen where people are lined up a half hour early, ready to go to work. Nobody ever wants to be late, because it's really a fascinating life. I usually find that people have drifted into it because, for some reason, they couldn't work nine-to-five jobs. They just couldn't hack that, and if they get a taste for the movie business, they eventually wind up specializing in something. I mean, guys don't wake up one day when they're eight years old and say, "I want to be a prop man!"

PLAYBOY: Does the same hold true for actors?

GARNER: It holds true for *me*, I know that. It's an interesting way to live and it takes you everywhere. My God, do you think I could have found another way to go first-class around the world and to meet kings and queens and Presidents and princesses?

PLAYBOY: Probably not, but don't you think there's a fairly stiff price you've had to pay for that?

GARNER: No one ever said you get to win completely, because what goes around comes around. If you get something, you pay for it in one way or another. Everyone says, how could anybody be unhappy making the kind of money actors earn and being famous and all that? And yet you can be unhappy if that's not what you're looking for. I know that I miss my anonymity—and I miss it a lot. The thing that helped me as an actor for years and years was the fact that I could observe people and mimic them; and now I don't observe, *I'm* the one being observed. I think it diminishes my capacity to understand people, but that's part of the game, part of the business and part of the career. It happened and there it is, I have to learn to cope with it, and I have coped with it fairly well. But that's one of the things I miss a lot. It never occurred to me when I started out as an actor that I'd lose that. I never thought of being famous or even successful; I didn't have those fantasies.

PLAYBOY: What *were* your fantasies?

GARNER: All I wanted was a job that I could make a living at, enough to comfortably support my wife and daughters. And, you know, I never thought all these other things would come along with it. I wasn't looking for it, I didn't *want* it. I think my big problem is that I've been so busy doing what I'm doing, I don't know *what* I wanted. But I'm tired of talking about me. Why don't we talk about what *you* think about me?

"Remember what the doctor said, Captain. Come five o'clock, forget the Great White Whale."

FRENCH LESSON *(continued from page 108)*

"He was playing for time, thinking that someone would come and save him."

was wearing bathing-suit bottoms but no top. Her hands went to her mouth in fear. I gestured with the pistol and told her to get out again. She did, running past me like a slim spirit.

I was watching LeGault's eyes. They moved once toward the mattress on the massage table. So it was there that I sat, and I thought I could feel the bulge of a pistol under my thigh.

It was a strange conversation, because I spoke only French and he replied in English. We were each insulting the other that way.

LeGault was a thin man. He wore the scraggly beard of a professor and he had a narrow face, middle-aged, with a certain Gallic disdain in the pitch of his mouth. He spoke as if nothing meant much to him, nothing at all.

"It goes well?" I asked him in French.

"It goes," he said in English.

"Marvelous," I said.

"What do you want?" he asked casually after a silence.

"I'm not sure," I said.

He toyed with the red washcloth. "Valerie?" he asked. "You are jealous or something?"

"No," I laughed. "I'm not jealous, believe me."

"Good," he said with finality. He splashed water lightly across his shoulders.

I kept the pistol leveled at his forehead. I was only a few feet from him. "I adjusted the spring on this yesterday," I said. "Very light trigger pull. Less than a kilo."

"Oh, oh—it's either my wife or your shepherd."

LeGault's mouth formed an ironic grin. "I hope you aren't nervous," he smiled.

"Don't worry," I said.

We sat there for a time: no conversation, each waiting the other out, conscious of water dripping and rain on the corrugated roof and occasional voices from other rooms.

"You are LeGault, aren't you?" I asked with a laugh.

He spread his hands. "I am whoever you wish me to be," he said.

"They say you French are everywhere."

He looked at me, then the ceiling. "How can that be?"

"I ask myself that," I said. I leaned against the tile wall. "I ask myself what in the hell the French are doing in a secret war against the Americans."

LeGault was inching his way up out of the water. I let him do it. I knew what was going to happen. I saw the whole thing before it actually happened.

"Well, life is very confusing, isn't it?" he smiled. He had crooked teeth.

"I agree," I said.

"Your French is quite good," he said. "Where did you learn it?"

"I lived in Paris for a couple of years," I said.

"Yes, it's a Parisian accent."

"Yes," I said, "and where did you learn your English?"

"Here and there," he said. There was another silence. "Did you like France?" he asked.

"Most of the time."

"Good."

"But the French can be very cold, very snotty," I said.

"I'm sorry to hear that," he said.

"Oh, yes," I said. "The French can be the most selfish people in the world. They always assume that they know more than anybody else. About everything."

"I don't think you met the right people," he said.

"Probably not."

"I have only been to Paris a few times myself," LeGault said. He was playing for time, thinking that someone would come and save him. He did not realize that he had taken too many things into his own hands, become too uncontrollable, and that he was off everybody's white list.

Something told me I did not have to rush. I was enjoying the power I felt, enjoying it immensely. "Tell me about yourself," I said. I laughed at the politeness of my query.

"There's nothing to tell," LeGault offered.

"You grew up in France?"

"No. Here. Indochina."

"The son of a plantation owner?" I asked.

"My father was a farmer."

"You went to the Sorbonne?"

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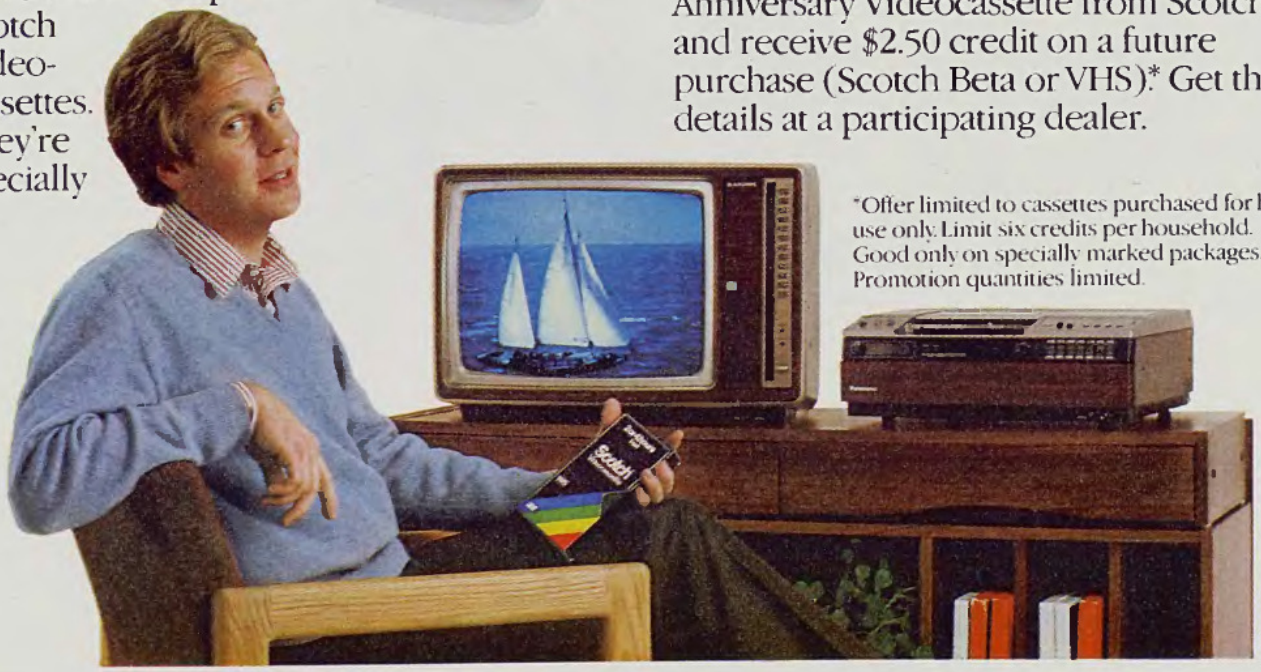

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"You know all about me?" LeGault grimaced.

"I'm learning," I said. "What's your full name?"

"Jean-Claude LeGault," he said quietly. He sat up in the water, pulled the washcloth around his neck, made a production of splashing and smiling. "You already know that."

"I didn't know your first name," I said.

"Well, then, I am sorry I gave it to you."

"No, no," I smiled falsely. "I appreciate it."

"*Merde*," he said. It was the only French he would speak to me.

"You're down here from the north?" I asked.

"No," he said. "Saigon. I'm sure you know it."

"I know Xam Nua," I said.

"Ah, then you are not a tourist." He laughed. "So you have to be what? CIA?"

"Not exactly," I said.

"Well, you're not the Red Cross," he said.

"No, not the Red Cross," I said.

"You won't tell me?"

"Marines," I said.

"No," he said in that French fashion of dropping the jaw in disbelief. Faked disbelief.

"Yes!" I said brightly.

"But look at you. You are not in uniform."

"No. Neither are you."

We both laughed at that one.

"I think of you Marines as, you know, very fancy," he said.

"Bellboys?" I smiled.

LeGault looked at the ceiling again. "Marines are good fighters," he said.

"Yes, when they have a chance," I said. "When they aren't shot down by your SAMs."

"SAMs?" LeGault asked. He perverted the word, drew it out with a jutted jaw, made it sound unfamiliar.

"Surface-to-air missiles," I said.

"I do not know these SAMs," LeGault said.

"Nobody else did, either. Not around here. Not until a month ago. But somebody brought some SAMs in. They happen to be very effective against helicopters," I said.

"I wouldn't know," LeGault said.

"Really?" I said. I pulled the hammer of the .45 back with my thumb. The small sound reverberated in the room. That noise was chilling, even to me, and I was on the right side of the weapon. "Yes, you do. You know."

LeGault talked more rapidly. He tried to seem angry. "You're going to shoot me?" he asked. "For what? I don't know what you think I've done, but I can hardly defend myself this way."

"It's funny that you never heard of

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SAMs," I said. "I heard you and your crew were unloading the launchers at the airport and trucking them right up the Royal Road." I was amused at my own improvisation on Chen's brief story. I thought it was brilliant.

"That's absurd," LeGault said. He moved to a kneeling position. I let him do that, too.

"I heard you take ears when you kill," I said.

"Don't be ridiculous," LeGault said. "Who is telling you such things?"

"A little bird," I laughed.

"Well, none of this is true," he protested. He sank back on his haunches, but I could tell he was still ready to spring. He reminded me of a tiger, a tired tiger.

"Tell me more about yourself," I said.

"Me?" he laughed. "I have an export-import business in Saigon. I play tennis. I swim at the club. I waste my life. Really, you must believe me. The business pays my bills and I don't have to lift a finger. I fly to Bangkok and Hong Kong and Pnompenh and here, and I might take some opium with me sometimes, but can you blame me? Do you know what I can sell a block of it for in Paris?" He assumed he had struck a rich vein of autobiography and he built on it. "I thought you were a narcotics man at first. I've had some trouble here. I buy from the tribes. Other people are interested in the same territory. It's a risky business."

I let him wind down. I listened to him with my eyes half-closed. Then I laughed.

"It doesn't check out, frog," I said. "You don't play tennis—you're pale. Look at you. You've got bites on your neck. You don't eat well. You've got that three-thousand-yard stare. You're a jungle bunny, LeGault. Just like me. You think I can't figure that out? We've been snooping and pooping in the same places, my friend. But you raised the stakes. You broke the rules. You brought in a little toy that we didn't expect. And you blew up three of my buddies. Three guys just doing a job. Coming in on resupply. And you blew them out of the sky. Poof. Just like that. Place your bets; nothing more goes; poof." I was conscious that my anger made me a better linguist. My French was impeccable, filled with argot, and I spoke rapidly, like an angry waiter.

"That's absurd, what you have just said," LeGault objected. Still in English, of course.

"Right near a hill called Phu San," I said. "Near the Plain of Jars."

"Don't talk nonsense," he said. "I have never been near the Plain of Jars."

I spoke my first English. "Yes, you have," I said. "You grew up there. It was your back yard."

There are moments when time slows down for me. It loses momentum. I can see myself watching myself. Indeed, I am a little bit outside myself, and I know what's going to happen, what each person will do. And it is done. It is a powerful, addictive perception, as good as opium or gin.

LeGault pushed off in a swan dive toward me, but he didn't do it very well and his feet slipped on the bottom of the bathtub. He rose in an awkward arch, his arms flailing like a scarecrow's.

I pumped one round into his chest. I did it very coldly, without thought. It was as if an invisible hand had slammed against him and tackled him in mid-air. His dive was broken and he crumpled outside the tub. Only then did I realize that my ears hurt from the explosion.

There was a lot of blood. LeGault's face was pale as alabaster and his eyes were empty. I knelt by him, patted his cheek with my pistol. "That's for Gunny Nadeau," I said, "and Sutton and Allard." I paused, trying to think clearly. "From Lieutenant O'Hair, 075718." I stood up. "I don't take ears," I said.

It was all very manly and brave and dramatic, or so I thought at the time. I had just made the world safer and myself stronger: justice, vengeance, all that good shit.

I walked back to the hotel in a daze.

•

No one can kill without thinking about it.

I sat in my room until dawn, playing solitaire and wishing that Chen were around to talk to. He seemed to have disappeared.

I drank more gin, but it made me nauseated, so I smoked a couple of pipes of hash. It was not opium, but it would do. The gecko liked the smoke and he moved where it drifted. The rain had eased and the gecko had less to worry about, so he got stoned with me.

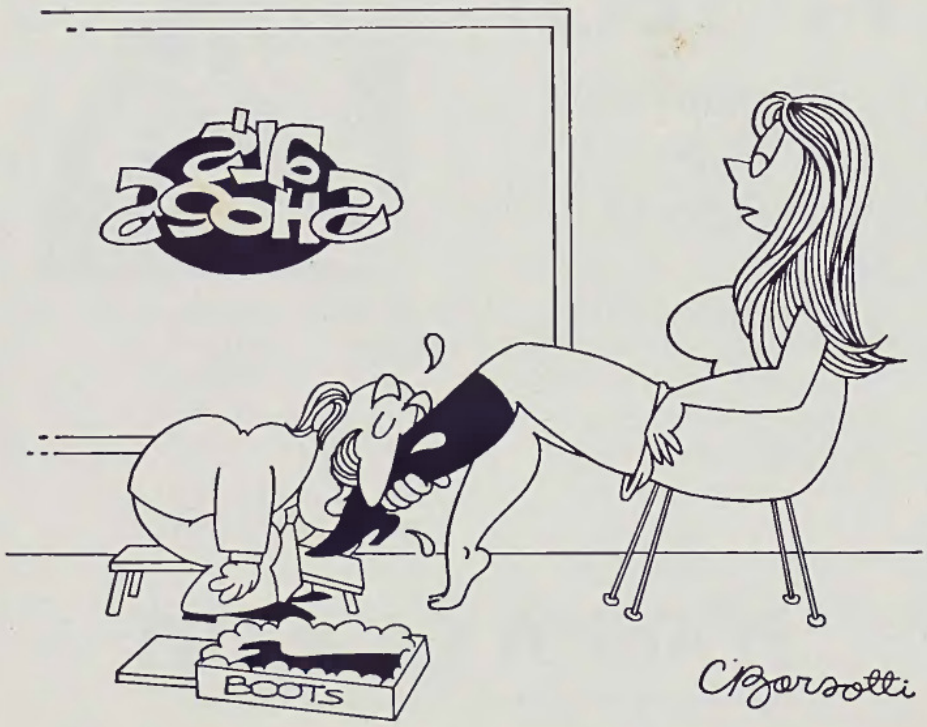
By the time the AID station wagon came to get me, with orders so recently cut that the mimeo ink smeared on my hands and trousers, I was too wasted to appreciate the irony of my leaving. The mission house had commandeered a special Caravelle with MATS markings from Bangkok; a French crew and a French steward who asked me idly if I'd heard about the murder of a Frenchman in Vientiane the night before.

I tried to answer the steward in his language, but I found that I could not speak French anymore. The words stuck in my throat. I simply never spoke French again. Not ever.

"I hope they get the bastard who did that," I said finally in English.

The steward stared at me as if I were an epileptic. "*Bien sûr*," he said to me with a contemptuous salute. "*Moi aussi*."

"What was that?" I asked with a stupid smile. I watched the steward's eyes glaze over with that disrespect the French have for people who do not speak their language. I was not in the best of moods, because I had just supervised the loading of Gunny Nadeau's coffin into the hold of the Caravelle. That had been my only demand when the consul came to tell me that I had to leave Vientiane immediately. So my tolerance was low and I made a production of leaning on the steward as



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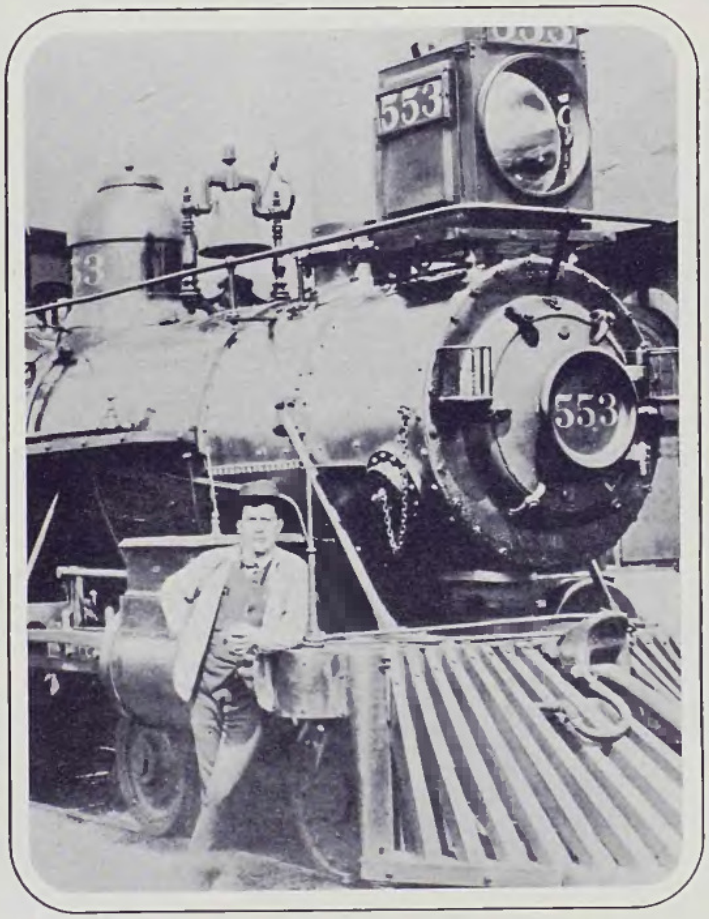

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I climbed the steps into the aircraft, acting like an American country bumpkin.

"Looks like the monsoon's lifted long enough to get us out of here," I said to no one in particular. The passenger cabin was empty. The flight was for me alone.

"Would you like a drink?" the steward asked me.

"You got any American beer?" I asked.

"We have wine," he said. "It is not American, but it is decent enough." His English was fluent.

"You got any German wine?"

"No," he said, turning his back on me.

"I sure like German wine," I called to him. He did not answer me.

Gunny Nadeau and I flew back to Bangkok and Saigon and Kadena and Tachikawa. We changed planes in Japan and then flew on to Wake Island and then Hickam and then Travis. We were on Priority One orders, the same way we'd gone out, and the Pacific Ocean was as dull as ever. The Gunny's coffin was offloaded at Travis, but I didn't get to see it, because I was being hustled onto a DC-3 that was waiting on the runway to take me down to El Toro.

Although I had resigned my commission, I spent another few weeks back with the First Marine Division. Most of the time I was being debriefed, talking into a tape recorder in a barracks in Camp Pendleton. I knew it was a polite version of custody and that they were wondering what to do with me. Sometimes they let me jog the firebreaks, and once they let me go into Oceanside to swim and shop. But there was always someone with me, and I felt very trapped.

They gave me tests and asked me to write up reports, but I could tell that they were waiting for something, some signal that said it was all right to release me and let me back into civilian life. That signal eventually came, though I have no idea what it was.

I can only testify that the scars are there in strange patterns.

If you met me, you would never guess that I killed so coldly. I seem like a nice person, if somewhat tense, and I put on a good act of being civilized. The disability lies deeper, in a place not charted, and it surfaces in private forms that only people like me can recognize.

For example: I don't read Ronsard's sonnet about age and beauty and sleep, the one that inspired Yeats, and Villon's Middle French written in frozen ink is not mine anymore, and Proust is out, as are Camus and Simenon and Sartre.

And if I were in your home, and if you were to play the songs of Brel or the recordings of Piaf, or if you were to brag about your best Château Lafite-Rothschild or your richest Beaujolais, you might not notice any change in me, but I would be thinking, very briefly, about killing you.

"If you want my opinion, the lord giveth and the lord taketh away too damn fast!"

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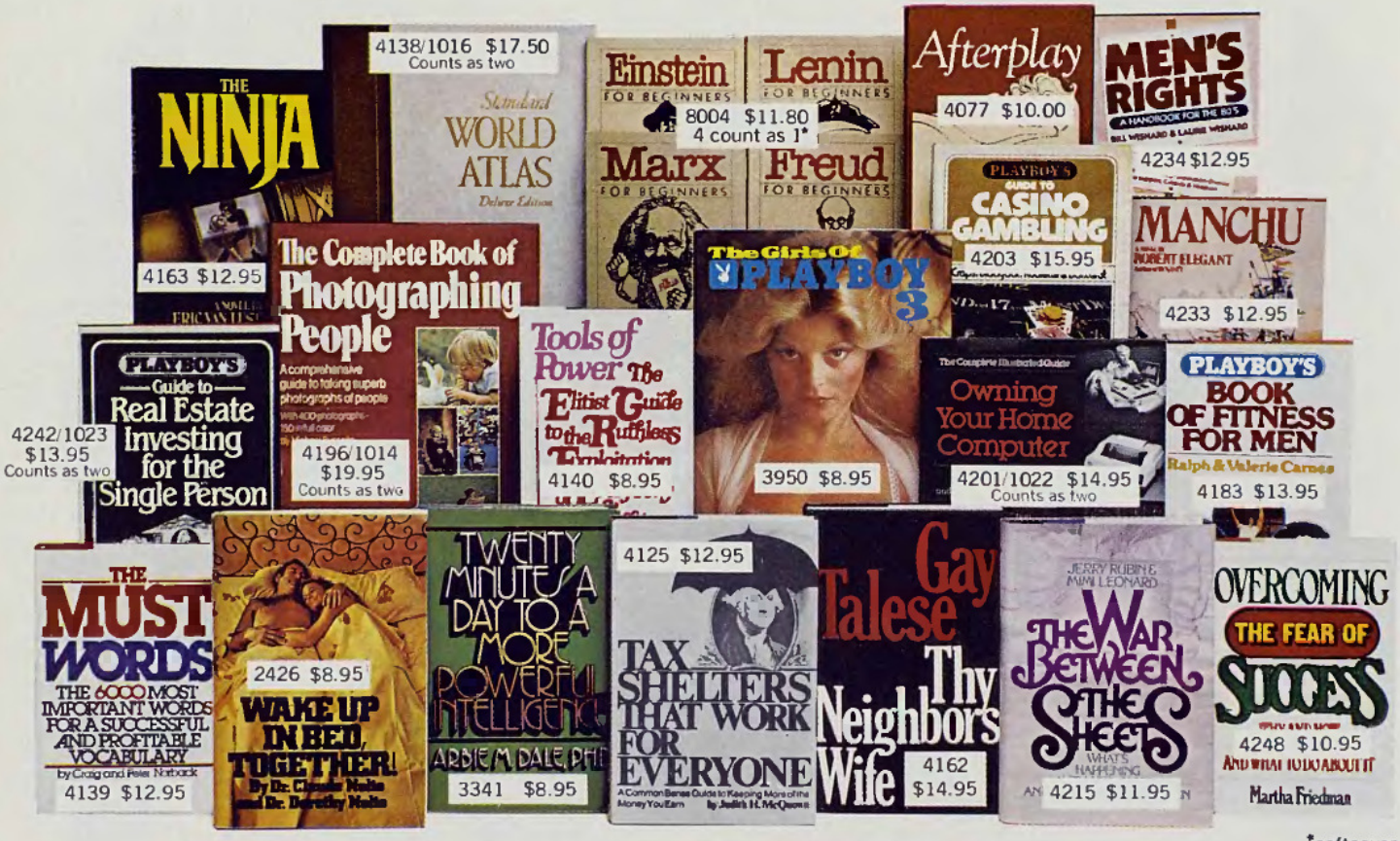

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A/3

Shy Man's Guide To A Happier Love Life!

The world-famous author of HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS reveals to you his secret techniques for overcoming shyness and meeting women.

By Eric Weber

Not long ago I used to suffer from shyness. Why at one time in my life I was too afraid to even call a woman on the phone. Then one night, quite by accident, I discovered the secret of **acting** unshy . . . a secret so powerful, so dynamic that it was to take me from pitifully shy to the world's most renowned expert on meeting women in just a few short years.

Here's how it happened: One evening I was sitting in a single's bar and couldn't help but notice a young man who seemed to know every attractive woman in the place; talking and laughing with this one, dancing and kidding with another. How does he do it, I thought jealously? How can he be so different from me? And then it hit me. Maybe he wasn't so different after all. Maybe he just **acted** differently, gave a big, warm hello instead of my serious, insecure frown. What if I tried to act more like him, I wondered? What if I, too, started saying hello with a friendly, happy smile on my face—even though I was dying inside with embarrassment?

And so I did. I started **acting** unshy. **And did my life begin to change!** In two weeks I was dating a beautiful, interesting woman. In two months I had more lady friends than I knew what to do with. And just a few months after that I met a stunning, vivacious blond who was to become the love of my life. Soon we were married, and my wife gets prettier and sexier with each passing day.

Now I'd like to share my secrets for overcoming shyness and finding love with you. Yes, now I'd like to help **you** discover how easy it is and how much fun it can be to meet all the attractive interesting women you want.

That's why I've put all my ideas into a terrific new book called the **SHY PERSON'S GUIDE TO LOVE AND LOVING.** And I don't care if you think you're the shyest guy in the world . . . my techniques can work for you even if you've never hed a date in your entire life. That's because the techniques I describe concentrate on the one and only thing that really counts when meeting women: How to **look** confident and comfortable even if you're shaking like a leaf within. For example, you will learn:

- **The trick to projecting a positive image that completely hides your shyness at parties, discos, bars, etc.**
- Opening lines that don't sound foolish.
- **The places in your neighborhood where women outnumber men five to one and where the shy man is considered a "treasure".**
- How to use the telephone to get as many dates as you want—no matter how shy you are!
- **The listening techniques that talk show hosts use, and how these can help a shy man have hours of non-stop conversation with even the most attractive women.**
- How to put an end to those embarrassing moments when you "clam up" during conversation.
- **Why the clothes you wear might be screaming "shy!" and a twenty point checklist you can use to make sure you're dressing with sex appeal.**
- The amazing 30 Day Anti-Shyness Diet—you'll actually feel women warming up to you just hours after you've put the Diet to work.

. . . **and so much more!**

The **SHY PERSON'S GUIDE TO LOVE AND LOVING** is a full length, hardcover book with 54 chapters and over 60,000 words. It's published by Times Books, one of the most respected publishing houses in the country. It doesn't require hours of painstaking self-analysis, daily diary keeping, or any lengthy improvement programs. No, this is a practical **action** book filled with hard-hitting, nuts-and-bolts techniques that work . . . plain and simple. Just look what they've done for me. I'm a mere 5'5" tall, can't dance or sing or play football and I'm not even particularly good-looking. Yet, the methods I've discovered for overcoming shyness have taken me from social misfit to one of the country's leading experts on meeting women. I've been on national television, radio talk shows, I give lectures on meeting and dating all over the country. And through all of this my shyness has never come back to haunt me, never again reared its ugly head for even one second . . . what a **relief!** And the information in my book can do the same fantastic things for you.

So fill out the coupon right now. I don't care how shy you are, the information in the **SHY PERSON'S GUIDE TO LOVE AND LOVING can not fail.** Remember, . . . I guarantee it! Don't pass up this great opportunity to find out what every lover from Casanova to Humphrey Bogart has known for years . . . life with attractive, sexy, affectionate women is just too fantastic to live without. Find out how much fun it can be to fill your weekend nights with the most desirable women in town. Find out by ordering the **SHY PERSON'S GUIDE TO LOVE AND LOVING** today.

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- How to be a big hit in discos and single's bars.
- **An ingenious, foolproof way to meet women at work, at school, on the street.**
- How to smile so that women feel warm and attracted toward you.
- **and MUCH, MUCH MORE.**

Year in, year out **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** has helped more men meet more women than any other book in the world! Don't be fooled by second-rate imitations. Get the original. The Classic. The one that's been featured on the Johnny Carson Show and the Dr. Joyce Brothers Show. Think of it this way. A book doesn't sell 600,000 copies by accident. And with that many copies in print, men must be saying some pretty good things about **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS.**

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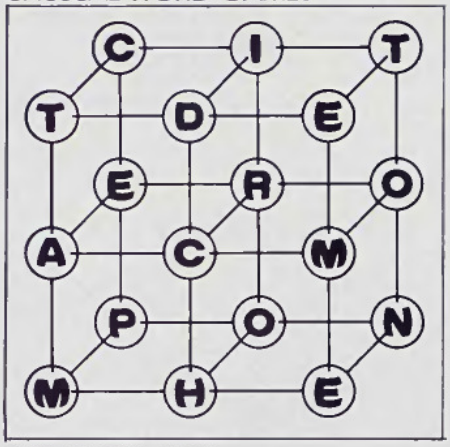

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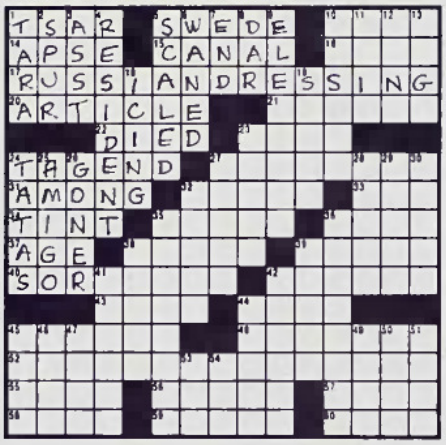

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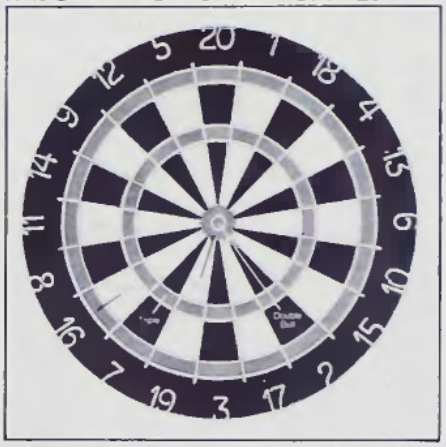

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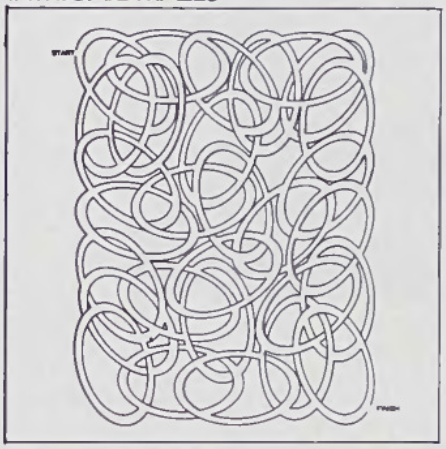

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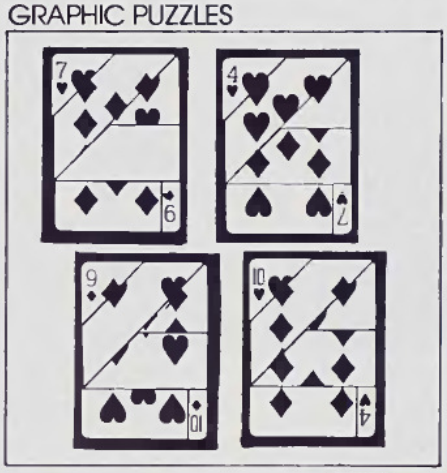

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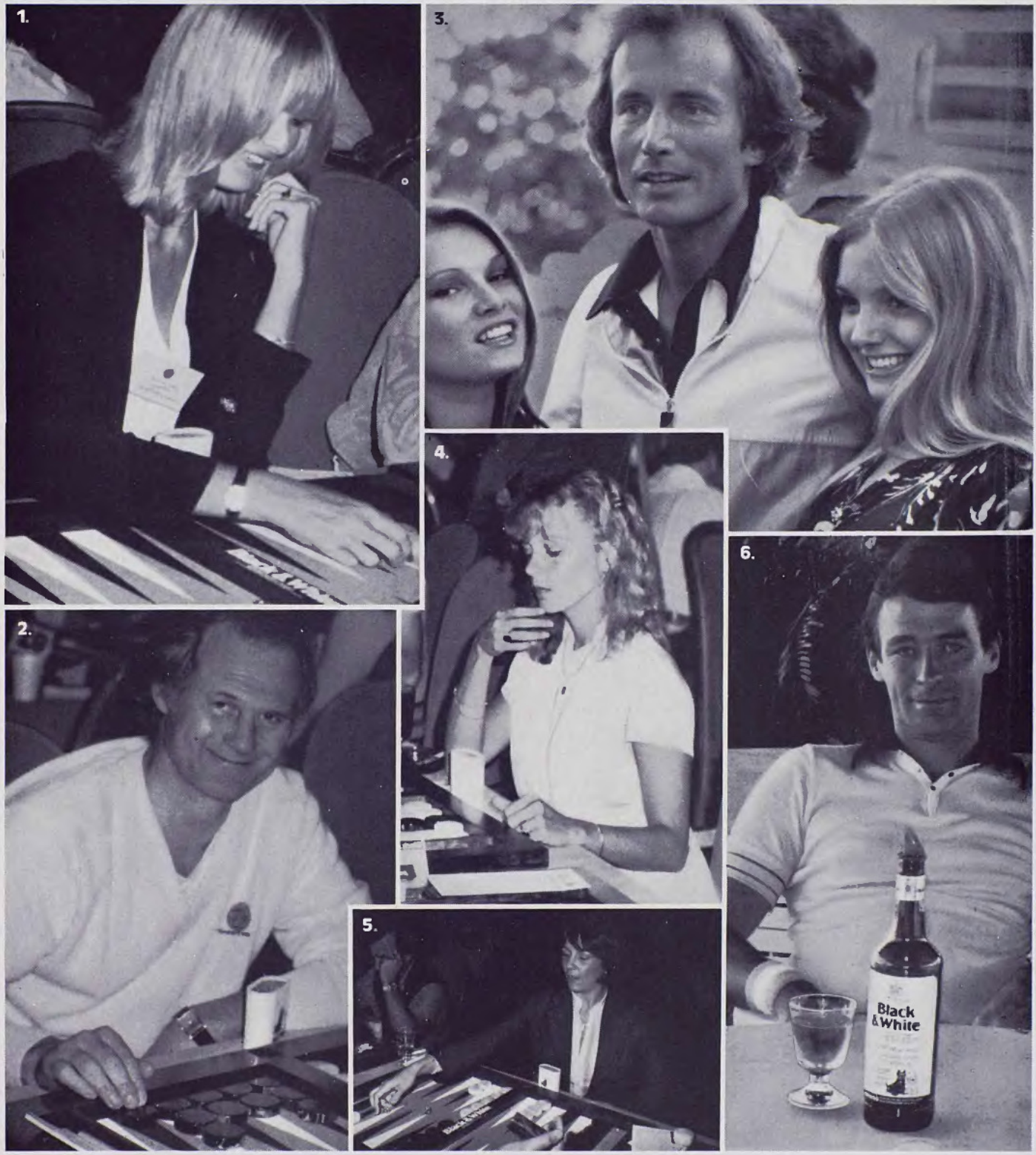


Miami: Championship Backgammon hosted by Black & White Scotch.

1. Carol Lorenz, an attractive model from London, England shows us how she looks when she plays backgammon in Miami, Florida. Nice Carol! **2.** Tremayne Rodd, or more properly Lord Rennell, looks confident. And well he should! As one of Great Britain's most colorful players, he is a world class backgammon champion. **3.** Jean Sobieski, an artist, is not thinking about painting today. Backgammon takes concentration! Carole Hultgren and Monika Sula ponder their next moves. **4.** Denise Hemingway concentrates on her next move. She never needs to concentrate when she orders a drink: it's always Black & White and soda. **5.** Lee Genud, Women's World Backgammon Champion, competes for the top prize in Miami. **6.** Paul Weiss from Munich, Germany enjoys a favorite drink among new traditionalists: Black & White & soda.

Black & White Scotch. The New Tradition.

LIFE INSURANCE *(continued from page 144)*

"What will $60,000 buy in 2010? If inflation is six percent, it will buy what $10,446 buys now."

life policy will mean much to you when your retirement comes, unless inflation stops the steady surge it maintained during the Seventies. Suppose you buy a $100,000 cash-value policy now and retire in 2010, by which time the policy's cash value has reached $60,000. What will $60,000 buy in 2010? If inflation over the next 30 years is six percent (a fraction of the recent rate), it will buy what $10,446 buys now. That's not enough for a major contribution to retirement.

For that matter, buying term and investing the difference won't prepare you for a royal retirement, either. If you're going to retire in style, you'll have to plan for it separately.

If a salesman tells you that a life-insurance policy—*any* life-insurance policy—is the perfect way to plan for retirement, tell him to take a running jump into an economics course.

OK. So now you've managed to counter all the salesman's arguments in favor of whole life insurance, and he's ready to sell you a term policy. What are you getting?

If you buy term. Buying term insurance means protecting your dependents now, while making a minimum of commitments for the future. If life-insurance prices continue to decline, as they have in recent years (mainly as a result of increased competition and rising interest rates), you may be free to switch term policies with a minimum of hassle. Switching whole life policies is a more complicated business, since the low rate of return in the early years tends to lock you in.

If you decide to buy term insurance, you need to be aware that there are several kinds. Usually, you should look for a *level* term policy—one with a fixed death benefit. The premium for a level term policy usually goes up every year, or every few years, because of your increasing age and risk of death.

People who don't like that rising premium sometimes opt for a *decreasing* term policy—one in which the premium remains fixed and the amount of the death benefit gradually lessens as years pass. Decreasing term is cheaper than level term, but that's because it provides less protection. To cover a mortgage, decreasing term makes sense; in fact, many decreasing term policies are designed just for that purpose. But if you have young children, think twice before you opt for decreasing term as your basic insurance policy.

Whatever kind of term policy you choose should probably be guaranteed renewable, at least to the age of 65 or so. You may also want it to be convertible to a whole life policy, in case it turns out you need life insurance in your retirement years. Most renewable term policies are convertible until you reach 60 or so, but some are convertible only for a shorter period, such as 15 years.

You ought to be wary of a product called *deposit term*. With it, you plunk down a fat deposit at the time you buy the policy and get your deposit back, "with interest," ten years later. The trouble is that the high so-called interest rate on the deposit may hide the fact that the underlying insurance is often costly. Regulators in a number of states have been cracking down on deposit term. The product should be bought, if at all, with great care. If whole life can be a bear trap, deposit term can be a bear trap with poison in it.

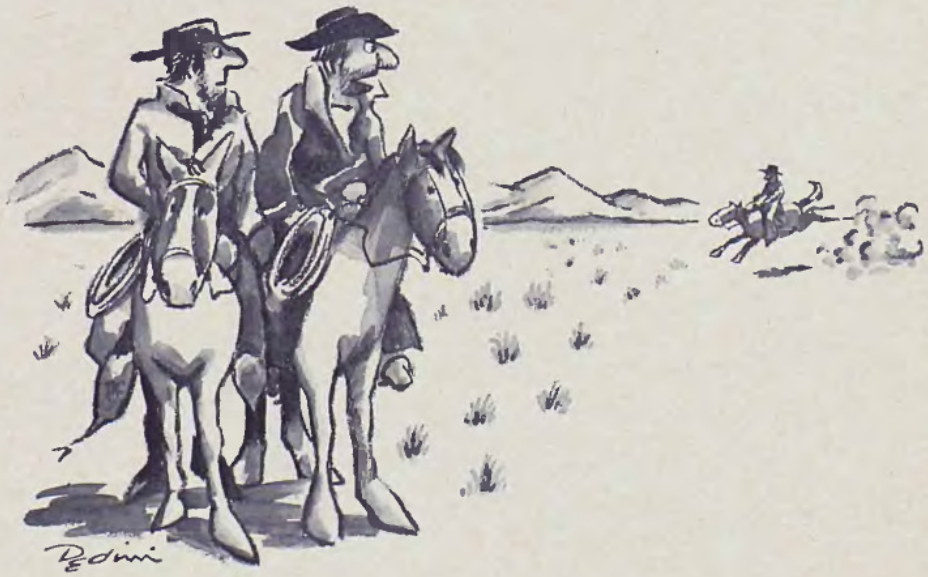
Should your policy pay dividends? If you're buying a term policy, don't lose any sleep over the decision: Dividends on term policies are comparatively small, anyway. If you're buying a whole life policy, the historical record since World War Two has generally been that dividend-paying policies have cost less.

Dividends are small in the early years after purchase but gradually grow until, by the time a policy has been in force for about 20 years, the dividend may offset a substantial part of the premium. On some very old policies, the dividend actually exceeds the premium. You can take dividends in cash, use them to reduce the next year's premium *or* to buy more insurance.

Naturally, you don't get something for nothing. On a participating (dividend-paying) policy, the company sets the premiums higher than it anticipates will be necessary to cover claims and company expenses. If it anticipates correctly, there will be surplus money to be returned to policyholders in the form of dividends. Dividends, then, are refunds of your own money. In that way, they differ significantly from stock dividends. And that's why dividends from stocks are taxed, while insurance dividends aren't.

In one important way, though, life-insurance dividends do resemble dividends paid to stockholders: They're *not* guaranteed. That point should be stressed, since the economic conditions of the past 30 years have caused many people to lose sight of it. A salesman may give you the impression that the "dividend illustration" he shows you is as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. He may hint that the dividends actually paid to you will be larger than those illustrated to you at the time of sale. Based on history, that's likely to happen. But the company has no legal obligation to pay any dividends if economic conditions (or death rates) turn sour.

How do you spot a good price? Let's face it; shopping for life insurance is harder than shopping for a set of golf clubs or a color TV. The price of those items is plain and simple. The price of life insurance depends on a number of variables: how long you keep the policy, what you pay in premiums, how much



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you get back in dividends, what the cash value is if and when you cancel the policy, and so on. In fact, the "true cost" of a life-insurance policy can never be known in advance. It can be known only after you've died or canceled the policy.

How, then, do you compare the cost of various policies? You have to use a cost index. An index makes assumptions (sometimes arbitrary) about the variables mentioned above. For example, most cost indexes are based on the assumption that a policy will be kept in force for 20 years. It's unlikely you'll hold your policy exactly that long, but making that assumption allows you to compare policies.

Any good cost index also reflects the timing of payments and refunds. For example, two policies may pay the same sum of dividends over 20 years. But if one policy pays them earlier than the other, it's a better buy. Reason: If you, rather than the insurance company, have the money, you can invest it and earn interest on it. This important factor was ignored in cost comparisons until the early Seventies.

Most popular of the new breed of indexes is the *interest-adjusted index*. That is the figure on which you should base your cost comparisons. If you ask an agent to provide you with the index, he's required to do so in some 36 states. Even in the 14 other states, you can simply say that you won't consider buying a policy without knowing its interest-adjusted index.

For term policies, there's only one interest-adjusted index. For whole life policies, there are two—one for *net cost* (which measures the cost if you cash in a policy) and one for *net payment* (which measures the cost if you die while the policy's in effect).

Don't worry about the name of a policy. Insurance companies love to decorate them with words like executive, president's and special. The truth is, any ditchdigger can buy some companies' "president's preferred" plans, while only good risks can buy other companies' standard plans. What matters isn't the title; it's how much the policy costs. And the best way to measure that is by the cost index.

If you're going to be shelling out thousands of dollars in premiums over the next decade or two, you have every right to check out the projected costs. There can be differences of thousands of dollars among similar policies, as the chart on page 214 shows. That's more important than which company offers the best road atlas. With some planning, you can buy life insurance that meets your needs, and keep your feet clear of the life-insurance bear trap.

"There—that one there—the black mustache under the redhead—that's my husband."

WHAT PRICE LIFE?

a cost comparison of life-insurance policies

Most people think it makes good sense to dicker with a car dealer to save a few hundred dollars on the purchase of a new car. Yet some of the same people pay no attention to differences in the price of life-insurance policies—differences that can add up to thousands of dollars over the years.

The prices in this chart are for $100,000 of renewable term insurance bought by a 29-year-old man. Price quotations were obtained from 20 of the largest U.S. life-insurance companies (as measured by sales) in late 1980.

The policies shown vary in some significant respects. They can all be converted to whole life, but under varying conditions. Some are renewable longer than others, though all are guaranteed renewable at least to the age of 60. Some pay dividends, others don't. Some calculate your age based on your closest birthday, others based on your last birthday. And some are easier to get than others, since certain companies are more selective regarding applicants' state of health.

This chart shows only one type of policy and at only one issue age. Don't, on the basis of this chart, brand an entire company as high-cost or low-cost. The point of the chart is not to label companies good or bad but to show that prices vary dramatically. Those shown are subject to change.

COMPANY and Policy Name	Premium Age 29	Premium Age 54	Cost Index (A)	Anticipated Cost Over 20 Years (B)
AETNA One-year Renewable and Convertible (R&C) Term (F) (Nonsmokers)	$203	$ 888	2.80	$ 9,721
BANKERS LIFE CO. Preferred one-year R&C Term	$207	$1,251 (D)	2.57	$ 8,923
CONNECTICUT GENERAL One-year R&C Term	$236	$1,088	3.30	$11,457
EQUITABLE LIFE Yearly Renewable Term (Nonsmokers)	$173	$ 972 (D)	2.41	$ 8,367
JOHN HANCOCK Yearly Renewable Term (Nonsmokers)	$214	$1,157 (D)	2.79	$ 9,687
LINCOLN NATIONAL Annual Renewable Term (Nonsmokers)	$218	$ 953	2.89	$11,214
MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL Yearly Renewable Term (Nonsmokers)	$182	$1,160 (D)	2.44	$ 8,471
METROPOLITAN Preferred one-year R&C Term	$217	$ 972 (D)	2.16	$ 7,499
MINNESOTA MUTUAL Convertible Annual Renewable Term	$169	$ 895 (D)	2.92	$10,138
MUTUAL BENEFIT Yearly Renewable Term	$186	$1,273 (D)	2.82	$ 9,791
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK Yearly Renewable Term	$208	$1,091 (D)	2.92	$10,138
NEW YORK LIFE Preferred Yearly R&C Term	$183	$1,081 (D)	2.62	$ 9,096
NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL Yearly Renewable Term	$224	$1,241 (D)	2.89	$10,034
NORTHWESTERN NATIONAL One-year R&C Term (Nonsmokers)	$195	$ 890	2.61	$ 9,062
OCCIDENTAL LIFE Graded Premium Protection (Nonsmokers) (E)	$153	$ 981	2.12	$ 7,360
PROVIDENT LIFE AND ACCIDENT Annual Renewable Term	$207	$ 963	2.91	$10,103
PRUDENTIAL One-year R&C Term (C)	$220	$ 968 (D)	2.11	$ 7,326
STATE FARM Annual Renewable Term (Nonsmokers) (G)	$205	$1,153 (D)	2.72	$ 9,444
TRAVELERS Yearly Renewable Term to the Age of 70 (Nonsmokers)	$191	$ 932	2.70	$ 9,374
UNITED BENEFIT Yearly Renewable Term	$199	$ 954	2.83	$ 9,825

(A) Interest-adjusted net-cost index (at five percent) for 20 years.

(B) Figure shown includes forgone interest at five percent and assumes dividends will be paid as illustrated.

(C) Figures for Prudential do not include waiver of premium in the event of disability, a provision whereby you are freed from paying premiums if you're disabled. However, Prudential includes this feature (raising the cost above that shown in the chart), unless the buyer asks not to have it.

(D) Since this is a participating policy, the premium you actually pay may be reduced significantly by dividends you receive; these commonly offset 10 to 25 percent of the premium shown.

(E) Technically not a term policy but similar to term and sold in lieu of it.

(F) Premiums for this policy may be changed, within limits, after the first five years.

(G) Cost of State Farm's policy automatically includes waiver of premium provision, explained in note C.

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After a night of wild and crazy lovemaking, the only thing worse than sleeping on the wet spot is slipping between sheets made sticky by some noxious-scented body oil. At least that's what Love Creations (P.O. Box 519, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55369) contends—and if you agree, we suggest you check out its Love Pad, a large lily-pad-patterned vinyl cover that works great on a water bed or anyplace else you don't want to get gooey. And best of all, the pad's $44.95 price includes a box of body oils and a storage bag for stashing when Mom comes to call.

CUTTING THE RABBIT DOWN TO SIZE

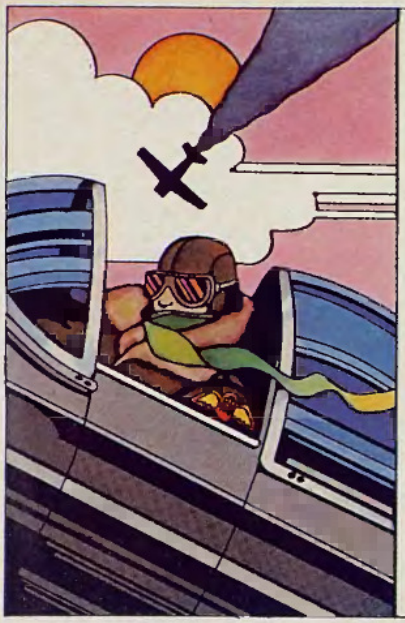
Back in 1972, Domus Ltd., a conversion-kit company located at 312 East 17th Street, Kansas City, Missouri 64108, came out with a kit that converted a VW Bug into a pint-sized pickup truck. Now Domus has done it again; its $799 Flatback II pickup kit cuts a VW Rabbit down to pickup size and also gives the owner a lockable, weatherproof storage area. Installation time is less than seven hours (unless you're Zippy the Pinhead) and the original car weight is unchanged. VW Bug owners, take heart: Domus still sells the original $499 Bug conversion kit, too.

SWEET MYSTERIES OF LIFE

The reference book *Twentieth Century Crime and Mystery Writers* (St. Martin's Press) contains in its 1568 pages detailed information on more than 600 English-language writers of mystery fiction, from Edward S. Aarons and Anthony Abbot to the ever-popular Israel Zangwill. If you're an *aficionado* of detective stories, you'll want to add it to your collection, despite the $50 price tag. And if you're not, it still makes a nifty blunt instrument.

FLAMINGO ROAD

In the Forties, pink-flamingo lithographs were all the rage. Then came the Fifties and flamingos flew the coop. Now camp followers are rediscovering the funky flamingo and a small company, Pink Flamingos, Inc., P.O. Box 160861, Sacramento, California 95816, is selling all that's left of the flock. An unframed litho is $75, but if you want to really fly high, you'll order the mirror-framed one shown here for $175. Hang it in your *kitsch*-en.

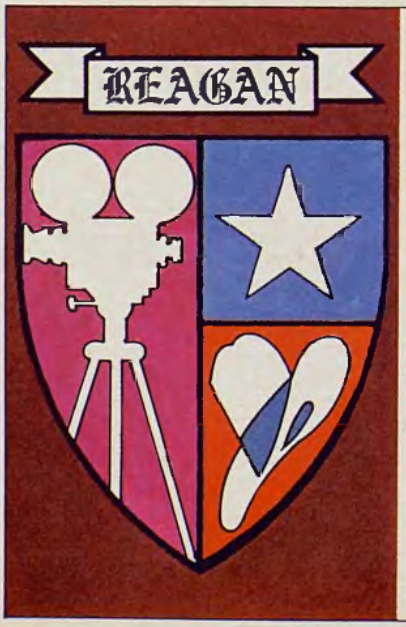


COME FLY WITH ME

The craze to dress up as something you're not has really taken off—and no more so than in the latest selections found in the one-dollar catalog of a mail-order company called The Cockpit, located at 468 Park Avenue South, New York City 10016. Everything to help you dress like a World War Two fly boy is there, from reproductions of R.A.F. sheepskin-lined flight jackets for $305 to authentic-looking helmets for $60. Or, if you rooted for the other side, they also have samurai silk-screen headbands for only $15. Banzaiiiii!

PENDULUM POWER

Down East, dowsing with a pendulum is an accepted way to tap your subconscious and get some sixth-sense feedback on locating water, minerals and even missing persons. If you want to try your hand at it, a professional radiesthetist (that's a dowser to you, Charley) named Noah Raintree at P.O. Box 153, Waterbury Center, Vermont 05677, is selling a lead-crystal pendulum on a chain for only $12.95, postpaid. And he's also peddling a traditional Y-shaped wooden divining rod for $9.95. If it doesn't work, you can use it as a slingshot. Twang!



TO ARMS, MEN

We don't know about you, but every time we see an English coat of arms, we wonder what the hell those rampant lions, visored helmets and swirling drapes really mean. A 23-page booklet, *How to Read a Coat of Arms*, that's available from Pendragon House, P.O. Box 424, Mystic, Connecticut 06355, for $3.95, postpaid, is a beginner's guide to this fascinating subject and includes info on how to record your own colorful coat. There are specific cadency marks for eldest through the ninth son. Sorry, your Lordship, no old bastards need apply.

TIPPY CANOE AND ELECTRIC, TOO

Anyone who's ever been in a canoe knows that there's no way you can romance your girl and paddle the damn thing without both of you ending up getting dunked. That was true until the Mopad electric canoe surfaced— a Mopad being a 14-foot fiberglass model that's equipped with a pedal-controlled silent battery-powered motor that's good for 100 hours between charges. Dolphin Products, P.O. Box 230, Wabasha, Minnesota 55981, sells a deluxe Mopad for $995. The loudest noise you hear will be your ukulele.

OK, LOUIE, DROP THE RACQUET

Yes, that's Humphrey Bogart in the days when Warner Bros. was still trying to package him as just another pretty face. When the public didn't rally to his cry of "Tennis, anyone?" Bogey went on to tougher roles. Now this rare publicity still has surfaced and The Nostalgia Factory, Brick Market Place, Newport, Rhode Island 02840, is selling a 36″ x 27″ poster of it for only $7.50, postpaid. In those days, Bogart was into racquets instead of rackets.

THE JAMES GANG

'MEET THE MEN' 'BEHIND THE LEGENDS'

Western Hist. Dept., Denver Public Lib.

Frank *(left)* and Jesse James invented the daylight bank robbery in America and tested the idea for the first time in Liberty, Missouri, on Valentine's Day, 1866.

Missouri Hist. Soc.

Cole *(left)* and Jim Younger. Serving with Frank James in a Confederate guerilla unit, Cole was said to have tried out a new Enfield rifle on Yankee prisoners.

By the 1870s, Jesse James *(far left)* was secure—and vain—enough to pose for a photographer summoned to the gang's cave hideout in Missouri. For 15 years the James gang held sway, imitated, but never equaled, for notoriety and hell-bent originality.

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SANTA FE *(continued from page 166)*

"Desperately, they barricaded themselves in their cells, some trying to tie their grilles shut with towels."

into a dog to escape the sheriff so many times. When his body was later dragged outside by rioters and driven away in an ambulance, the police dogs in patrol cars in front of the prison would begin to howl.

Others from the cellblock died minutes later, one gouged and hacked with a small weapon, perhaps a screwdriver, a second with his face obliterated by a tear-gas launcher fired point-blank. Two more escaped, or were dragged, from the cellblock, only to be executed somewhere else. And across the main corridor in cellblock six, an Indian and a Hispanic would be blowtorched.

Then, just as suddenly as the screams and murders began, there was a pause in the slaughter. The tide of rioters sweeping through the north wing, through cellblock three to release and to kill, had broken against a jammed grille at the entrance to cellblock four, the protection unit. At the other end of the pen, guards were being beaten, stabbed and sodomized by ax handle and otherwise. The strong were raping the young and weak prisoners in the south-wing dormitories, especially in A and B, where residents were alternately molested and beaten. They had begun to demolish the administrative rooms and to burn the hated files in the warden's office and the psychological unit. There were cries and smoke and fear in the corridors. But for the last hours of that night, there would be a kind of ominous order about the entrance to cellblock four, where they were impatiently but methodically burning through the grille gate.

Minutes after the two-A.M. take-over, warden Jerry Griffin, a former aide to Rodriguez and hand-picked by him for the warden's job, tried to call the deputy secretary at home. He telephoned Rodriguez even before he called the state police for help. But there was no answer. Griffin called repeatedly, to no avail.

Joanne Brown, another Rodriguez protégée, who was then his powerful assistant, arrived at the pen at 3:30 A.M., having tried also to contact her chief without success. The callers finally reached Rodriguez at home at 4:15 A.M., and at five A.M. he arrived at the pen, where he immediately took charge, as he told Griffin, on the governor's authority.

As Rodriguez assumed command, elements of the state police and the Santa Fe city SWAT team were drawn up, ringing the prison. There at the front gate in the final hours before dawn, there were even a few encouraging developments. At 5:25 A.M., Officer Gallegos—who had been hidden by sympathetic inmates in a south-wing dormitory since the take-over—sneaked down the main corridor in the smoke and confusion and was noticed only as he left the front entrance; amid confusing orders from officials outside, he barely escaped through the gate ahead of pursuing prisoners. In the next three hours, the rioters willingly released two badly beaten officers from the south wing, leaving nine hostages inside. Meanwhile, the inmates who had barricaded themselves in dormitory E-1 in the first moments of the riot escaped into the yard through a window.

Fifty yards away, around the north wing of the pen, however, time had run out in cellblock four. It was the home of snitches, or at least generally thought to be. And it would not matter much that on that night, many of the block's 96 men were there for other reasons—because they were weak or victimized or unjustly branded, or were simply mentally ill felons in a state with almost no facilities or treatment for them save those cells. When a prison is held together by fear of the faceless informer, when the only way to buy needed protection from guards or prisoners may *be* to inform, and when a heedless administration may betray by stupidity or design its own informants—when that is the system, the truth about individual men will not matter.

Now the rioters were about to break into cellblock four, and there was one last betrayal before they did. For hours, the inmates in four had watched and listened to the unquelled riot, and in moments of quiet had heard the sickening hiss of the blowtorch eating away the grille. Desperately, they barricaded themselves in their cells, some even trying to tie their grilles shut with towels or blankets.

Then, suddenly, there were lights and forms outside, state police arrayed on the perimeter—only yards away through a back door to the cellblock letting onto the yard. "And you know," remembers one inmate of the cellblock, "we started calling for the guards. There weren't any guards there. We were flashing SOSs with our lights, trying to get those cops to come in. I mean, all the state troopers that were parked all up and down the fence, man—why didn't they come in? The back door was right there."

The riot plan of the prison did require

"Listen, lady, if you want me to finish this obscene phone call, you'll have to turn off that vibrator."

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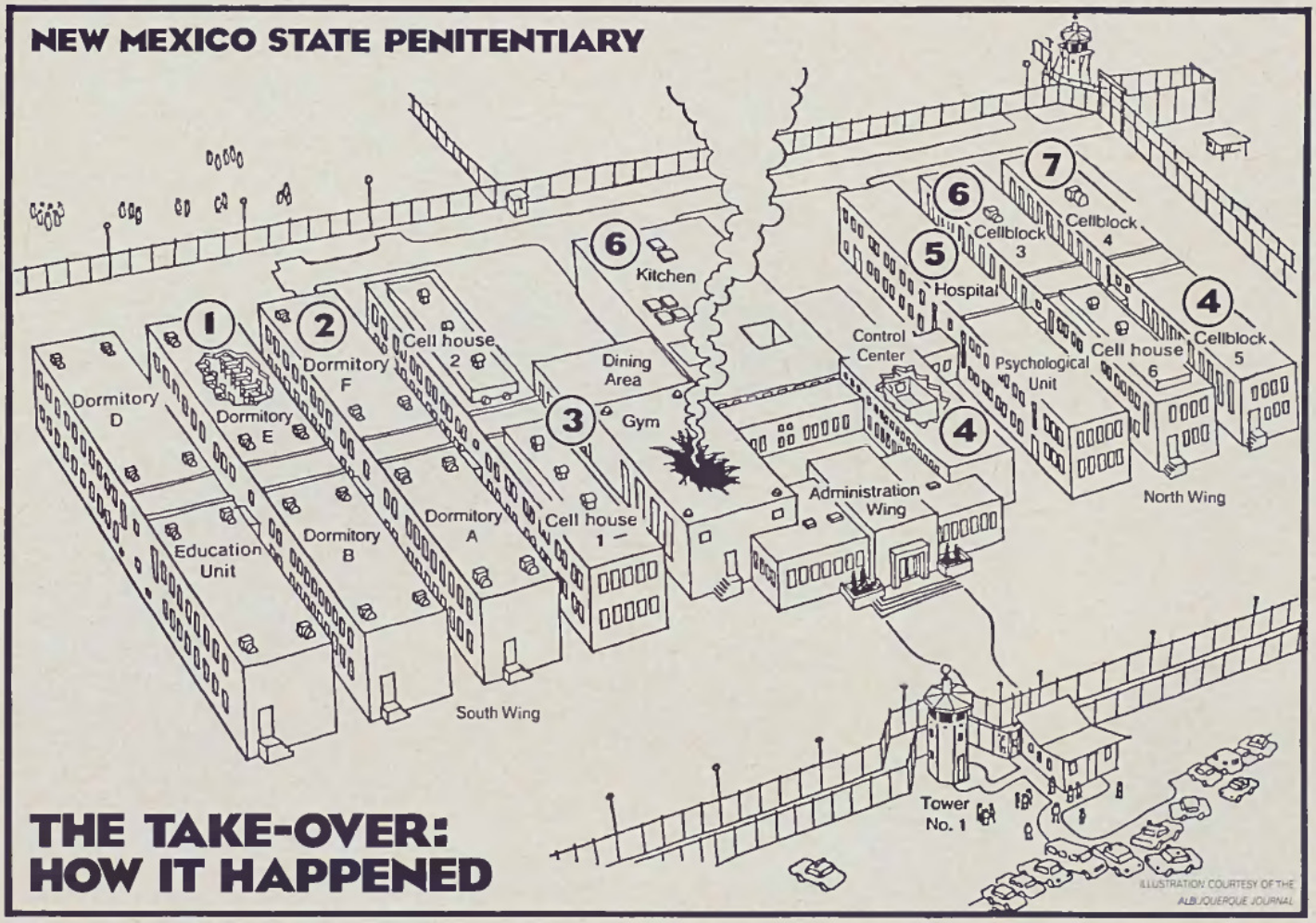
that the main tower keep at all times an emergency set of keys to every door of the prison. That night, as for several months, there was a tower key to the outside door of cellblock four—but none to the grille just beyond that closes off the cell area. In any event, the state police watching the rampage inside, seeing the glow of the torch, did not even ask for the keys.

The sun was coming up behind the Sangre de Cristo. As the last of the grille bars melted away, the predators began to yell the names of their intended victims. Once inside the block, in the minutes before they cut through to open the individual cells, rioters ran from cell to cell, pointing to the condemned, sometimes throwing flammable liquids through the bars and then matches to ignite the victims. Some men in the cellblock remember an organized "execution squad" of seven or eight assassins, some a wild mob of merciless killers. Outside, a prison official heard a whistling sound, looked up toward the cellblock with binoculars and watched four or five inmates hold a man down while another burned his head and face with a blowtorch. Execution was also by ax and rope, by electric drill and sander, by stabbing and by a steel rod driven through the head. A convicted child molester, a loathed untouchable at the bottom of the prison caste system, was hacked and incinerated. They cut and killed and then decapitated a mentally ill inmate, whose worst offense in block four had been to be different, to lie naked day after day on the cement floor of his cell. Someone would subsequently pick up the severed head of the man, carry it about on the end of a rod as a fetish of battle or revolt. And then somehow, in this charnel-house madness, the head would be returned to the original owner, placed between the legs of the corpse when it was later taken out.

Smeared paths of blood led through the doors of the cells from their back corners, where the victims had been cringing. The killing ground included not just the cells but the catwalk outside, and some mangled bodies from the upper tier of cells were hurled with great force over the catwalk fence, thudding on the basement floor two stories below. A few minutes after sunrise, the carnage ended in cellblock four. The survivors streamed into the rest of the prison like dazed refugees from a massacre, which was exactly what they were. Men had tortured and murdered 12 other men in that place. And it was not over.

In another wave of killing around dawn, six inmates of dormitory F-1 in the south wing of the pen were variously beaten, chopped to death and some later blowtorched. Six more died much the same ways in dorms A and B. There would be 50 screwdriver wounds in the eyeless corpse of one inmate whose



1. At 1:40 A.M., inmates seized Captain Roybal, Lieutenant Anaya and officers Schmitt and Martinez in dormitory E-2.

2. At 1:45, four other officers were taken outside dormitory F-2. Residents of the entire south wing were released.

3. At 1:57, inmates moved through an open grille into the administrative area, kicking one hostage down the corridor.

4. At 2:02 A.M., rioters smashed the control-center windows and gained access to the entire pen; some officers escaped through the front entrance. As that was happening, two other officers hid in the basement of cellblock five, beneath the gas chamber.

5. Between 2:15 and 2:30, rioters broke into the hospital and sacked the pharmacy for drugs. An infirmary technician and seven inmates hid on the second floor of the hospital.

6. At three A.M., three officers were captured in cellblock three and the residents of that celiblock were released; inmate Archie Martinez, the riot's first casualty, was killed. At the same moment, ather inmates were taking an acetylene cutting torch fram the plumbing shop in the basement under the kitchen.

7. At seven A.M., inmates finally cut through into cellblock four. Thirteen inmates saan would be killed.

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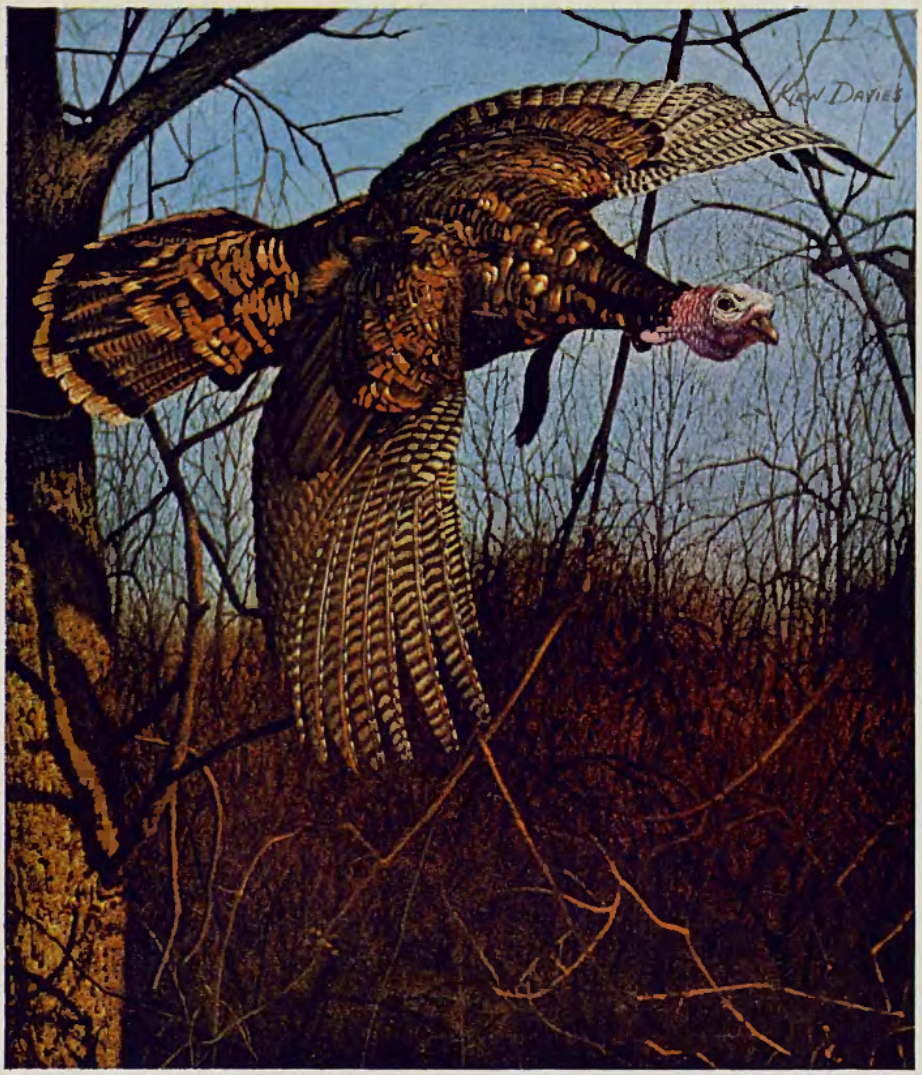

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enemies had called him the King of the Snitches.

Earlier in the night, one inmate had been sought out specially in a south-wing cell house and bludgeoned in his bunk with a shovel, his body later dragged to the gymnasium and cremated in a pile of corpses. Another man was taken alone from far-south dormitory D; they left his crushed skull and shredded torso in the corridor adjacent to the prison classrooms. Everywhere, bodies were mutilated, the killing and rage continuing long after the men were dead, the fingers of one hand broken as an afterthought on a burned, dismembered body.

Although the district attorney would later try to draw the murky but necessary distinctions from terrified witnesses, there had been murder there by both frenzy and tribal rite, by race and chance and by scores to settle. Of the 33 dead, 24 were Hispanic, seven were white, one black and one Indian. It would be said that there had been mutilations because there'd been no organizations, and also that organizations fed the hate that led to mutilation. It would be said that La Familia had swiftly taken care of a few enemies in selected places and ways and had left the bulk of the extermination to the bad-dude Anglos. It would be said that the Aryan Brotherhood had killed to assert its status and control in that predominantly brown-skinned prison. It would also be said—by officials with an eye on the future—that La Familia and the Aryan Brotherhood did not exist, or had not played a role, or should never be given too much credit, whatever happened.

•

The carnage at the New Mexico pen, and the sequel of official blunders and evasions through 1980, were a natural outgrowth of the state's shabby prison politics over the preceding years. Throughout the Seventies, incompetence or corruption, or perhaps both, ruled the local corrections system with brazen impunity, the misgovernment of the penitentiary a mocking fulfillment of the New Mexico state motto, "*Crescit eundo*," "It grows as it goes."

1971: The decade began with an inmate work and hunger strike protesting bad food, the almost total absence of programs and the abusive and capricious administration. Broken up by ax-handle-wielding guards, the strike achieved little improvement in conditions. There was no further inquiry, though Eugene Long, the pen security chief (and husband of Rodriguez' cousin), was subsequently indicted for three counts of battery and aggravated battery in putting down part of the disturbance and was promptly acquitted. Later, he was promoted to a corrections-department headquarters position, served also as director of the women's prison and eventually returned to the prison's top

"Yep, workin' late again—but don't let me stop you from doing what you gotta do."

security job after the 1980 riot, where he soon faced new inmate charges of abuse, was investigated and was again cleared.

1972: An Albuquerque Presbyterian minister and leader of prison-reform efforts was pursued and shot at on the highway south of Santa Fe after testifying before a legislative committee.

The same minister had been approached by a newly released ex-convict and a young Hispanic journalist, saying they wished to expose on television several penitentiary scandals. But the night before the scheduled program, the ex-con and the journalist were killed by police in a mysterious incident. Meanwhile, a former corrections secretary active in prison reform was threatened in anonymous night calls. There was no further inquiry.

1973: An internal corrections-department report charged that several outsiders had improperly influenced paroles from the pen. Named in the report were Governor King's chief administrative aide, Toney Anaya; the governor's wife, Alice; his lieutenant governor, Robert Mondragon; and Democratic U. S. Senator Joseph Montoya. All denied any impropriety.

According to later accounts of former officials and ex-inmates, paroles at the time were going for $20,000 and up.

A subsequent 1975 investigation of parole practices found "questionable conduct" and "peculiar behavior" by the board but no wrongdoing by the King administration or anyone else. The investigation was conducted, however, by the governor's Organized Crime Commission and by the then–attorney general, Anaya—the same ex–King aide accused in the 1973 corrections-department report.

1975: Attorney General Anaya reported evidence of uncontrolled traffic in drugs and other contraband, bribery of inmates, favoritism and discrimination among employees, suspected livestock theft and other offenses under Rodriguez' wardenship. After the report came out, Rodriguez was promoted to director of all the state's adult institutions. There was no further inquiry.

1976: The New Mexico pen was pronounced a "national disgrace" by the new warden, Clyde Malley, a former Federal corrections official who deplored the denial of inmate rights, the general filth, guard cliques and the resulting poor staff morale. Malley turned up hundreds of ice picks, hack saws, knives and other weapons in what was described as the first complete shakedown in the history of the penitentiary.

Praised by the citizen corrections commission, the grand jury and ex-inmates for his effort to make basic changes in prison conditions, the warden left Santa Fe in less than two years and was later publicly called a liar by Rodriguez. There was no further inquiry.

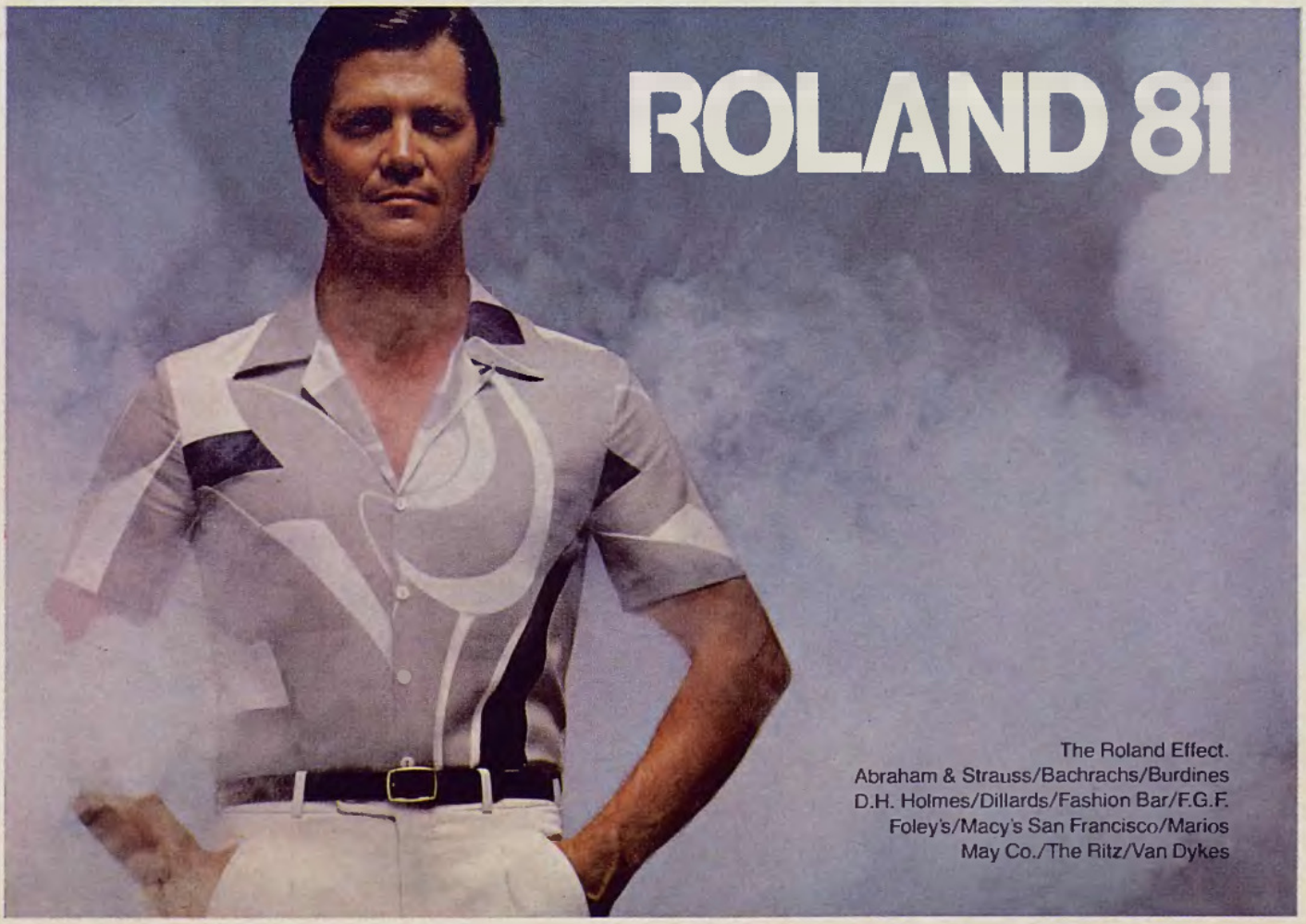
1977: The powerful Democratic chairman of the Legislative Finance Committee declared "unreasonable" a proposed salary raise for pen guards, whose pay level was then 39th out of the 50 states.

A major class-action suit was filed for prisoners by the A.C.L.U., charging pen overcrowding, violence, bad food, inhumane visiting procedures, the lack of medical or psychological services and other abuses.

According to prison records, mentally ill inmates were untreated, put in body casts, confined to 6′ x 9′ unventilated, unsanitary "strip cells" without bedding for indefinite periods and often left to self-mutilation and suicide. Yet there would be no executive program, and no legislative appropriations, for expanded forensic facilities. There was also no further inquiry.

1978: King and Mondragon were reelected in a close race. But the black secretary of corrections, former university professor Charles Becknell (retained in an election deal for black votes), was soon forced out by the governor's men in the legislature. ("My wife's very best friend is a black woman," said one state senator during his attacks on Becknell.)

1979: In December, 11 men escaped from the penitentiary. The usual attorney general's investigation implicitly



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excused Rodriguez and middle-level officialdom, leaving the blame on low-ranking guards and the department secretary, Becknell, who immediately resigned. Rodriguez was then, at last, in line for the secretaryship.

1971–1980, inclusive: Some 13 grand-jury reports detailed major problems at the pen, often calling for special audits or investigations. The reports were duly filed with no further inquiry.

A series of court orders on prisoners' rights and conditions went ignored by the penitentiary administration and unenforced by judges, with no inquiry.

Legislative appropriations for the pen, consistently lower than official budget requests, were also often less than the amounts actually spent by the prison. But there was no inquiry by legislative budget officers or the state auditor.

Meanwhile, there were repeated and specific charges by ex-inmates of widespread penitentiary corruption, including traffic in drugs and firearms, graft in food supplies, fraud in state vouchers, theft of inmate personal property, official embezzlement of thousands of dollars in Veterans Administration funds intended for inmates' education, manipulation of the parole system and deliberate overcrowding to justify increased budgets, and even organized gambling between the prison and nearby Santa Fe Downs (where race days were said to reduce pen water pressure: "You could get a bet down, but you couldn't get a shower," remembered one staff officer). And about all of this, there were no official inquiries.

"Somebody," one former penitentiary official said later, "had something on everyone."

•

It was nine A.M. Saturday morning and the wounded and trembling inmates fleeing the building into the yard were beginning to relate the scenes of carnage. Through the day and into the cold night, the official radios would crackle with voices confirming their stories.

"We got no dead staff members in here," one voice said.

Then a voice interrupted: "There are dead people all over this damn floor."

Later, another voice: "Attention, all units. Attention, all units; stop killing each other. No more hurting each other." A pause, and the same man speaking to no one, and everyone: "Man, there's blood all over this damn floor . . . up to your ankles."

Outside, officials heard all that as the penitentiary grounds rapidly took on the tableau of a battlefield. National Guard troops—until a few hours before just some sleepy citizens on a Saturday morning—deployed uncertainly around the building. Helicopters thrashed and throbbed overhead. Ambulances and patrol cars lurched through the throng, hundreds strong, of relatives, reporters and sight-seers on the two-lane state highway leading past the prison reservation. Medical tents were set up and began to receive a mounting stream of wounded and drug-overdosed inmates among the refugees, who by the end of the day would also number in the hundreds. Huddled under guard at one end of the yard, wrapped in blankets against the 40-degree cold that day and the freezing desert night to follow, those men stared out blankly at the ponderous siege camp formed in front of the pen.

At the tiny main gatehouse, the siege command, Rodriguez was in control. Everyone—not least Governor King, who arrived on the scene at 9:15 A.M.—understood that Rodriguez was *el jefe,* the chief there, as always. Other interested parties swarmed in and out of the gatehouse: the lieutenant governor, legislators, Rodriguez' men, King's men, favored journalists, utter strangers.

Fortunately, the negotiations were never particularly subtle. Despite the butchery of inmates or the beating and sodomy of hostages, the rioters assured the authorities no guards would be killed. The governor said the pen would not be stormed. Officials were intent on freeing the hostages, rioters on better conditions. In the early exchanges, the prisoners demanded first the resignation of the clique, including the deputy warden to whom they were talking, and at least four other senior officers. But as the negotiations wore on, as the inevitability of the old politics outside became all too clear, the inmate envoys began to refer respectfully to "Mr. Rodriguez" and to reduce their demands to postriot immunity and to specific improvements in the pen.

The inmate positions were a familiar litany, echoing back over 20 years—a Federal presence to prevent retaliation; reformed classification; an end to overcrowding; better food, recreation and education; increased visiting; the stopping of disciplinary abuses, the snitch system and general harassment. Official responses—the consensus of Rodriguez and his underlings—were variously vague,

"Canned peaches again! She knows I hate canned peaches!"

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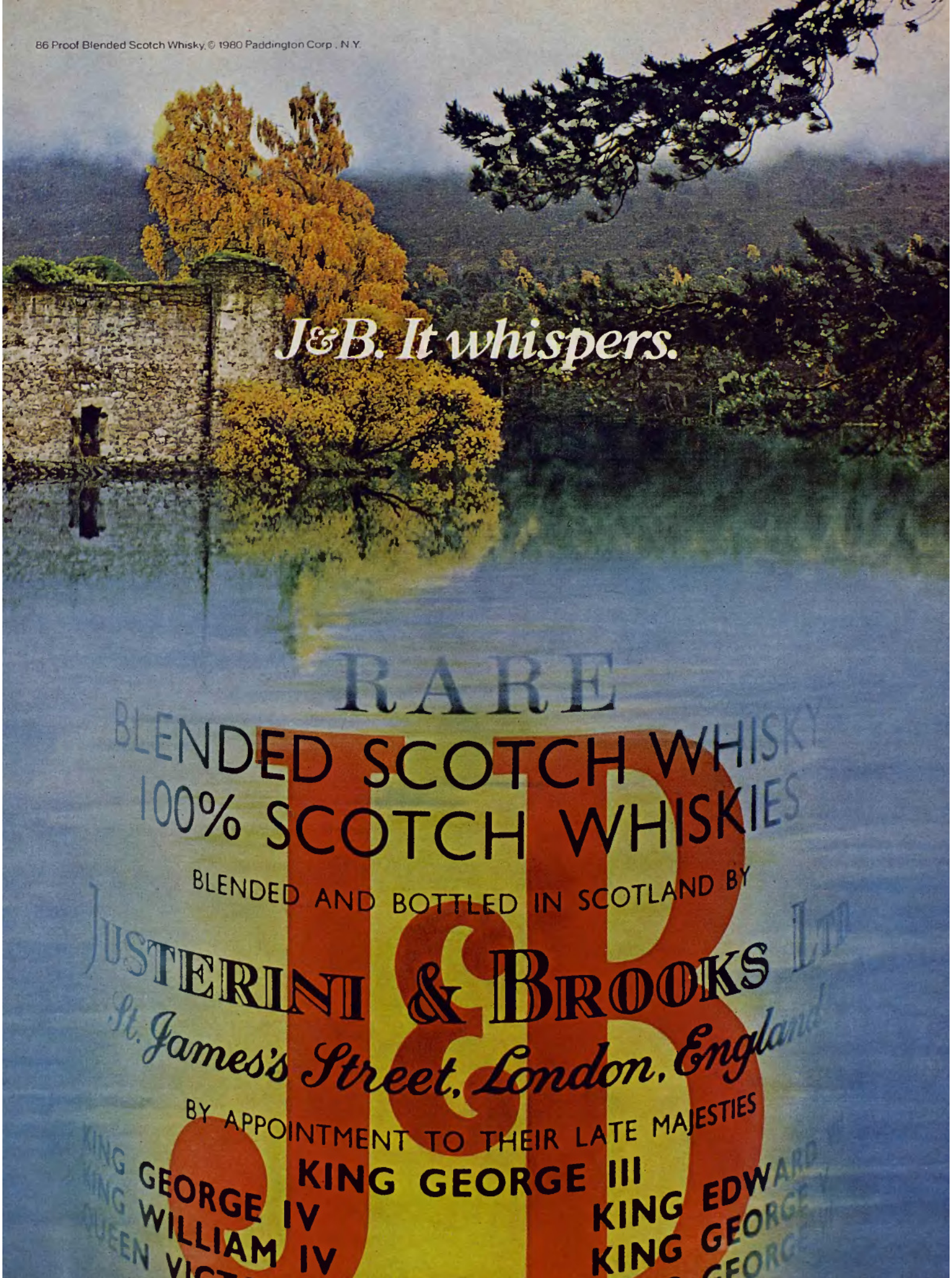

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evasive, disingenuous. Months afterward, none of the concessions apparently given this bloody Saturday would have been genuinely realized.

At midday, the killing abated. Some bodies were dragged into the gym and set ablaze, while most others were left where the murderers had finished with them. And around both the dead and the living now seeped the effluence of the rest of the mayhem, the sheer physical ravaging of the building as well as the men. Toilets and sinks and exposed pipes had been bashed and pulverized, and the sewage now ran out of cells and lavatories into the hallways, mixing with broken glass, with torn paper of every description from official files to photos of children, with sheets and slashed mattresses and with blood. Almost every floor of the pen was covered with that gruesome man-made silt. Through the day, the water grew foul and cold. Fires smoldered in the dormitories and, of course, in the gymnasium-become-pyre. The sunlight filtered through barred windows, piercing the smoke and muck. The prison had the odor and feel, as one witness would say later, of an open-pit dump.

Yet there were also strange islands of order amid the devastation. Dormitory E-2, where it had all begun 12 hours before, was almost undisturbed. As the killing and screaming had gone on within earshot, as the corridors flooded and filled with smoke, inmates moved in and out of E-2, drinking coffee and watching television.

There were islands, too, of humanity and genuine heroism. Inmates in the north wing gave their three guard hostages food, coffee and cigarettes, and repeatedly protected them from attack by other inmates. Those officers would be among the last to be released—but also the only hostages uninjured. Meanwhile, by Saturday noon, other convicts began to give first aid to the slashed and sodomized officers in the south wing, arguing courageously with riot leaders that the suffering guards should be released. Throughout the morning's slaughter, men had protected fellow men from the pen's predators, and some now helped others escape, or carried out wounded—and even when they were outside, free, they went back into the dank, acrid hell to help still more.

At 8:30 on Saturday morning Governor King had promised the rioters access to the media. For the next ten hours, amid lurid reports of murder and lunacy inside, there were no more hostages released while Rodriguez and other negotiators in effect overruled King's commitment. No reporters in the pen, they told the prisoners, until all hostages were freed. At three P.M., the gatehouse got a false report of the murder of four guards, and the governor ordered an assault on the prison, only to rescind the order 15

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minutes later, when the report proved unreliable.

Finally, a little after seven, inmates met with two local broadcasters, who promised to take a television camera inside the pen the next day to air the convict grievances. Within an hour, the rioters released Anaya, badly beaten and suffering from a previous heart condition. Between then and midnight, two more hostages, the fifth and sixth of the 12, were sent out in return for conversations with the media. But with the night, the mood turned ugly again on both sides. Corrections officials were furious at the presence of the reporters. One of the freed guards was the man the rioters had kicked naked down the main corridor to break into the control center, and that night he had been beaten again, moments before being released tied to a chair. The other officer given over was Schmitt, who had been stabbed, sexually assaulted and repeatedly tortured since he'd been taken 24 hours before in the dark aisle of E-2.

"We're going to hold off till tomorrow morning," an inmate radioed through the pen at 1:07 A.M. Sunday. "Make sure those guys are fed and nothing happens to them. No hostages will be hurt." Rioters told reporters they would end the nightmare the next day if negotiations were held in front of the media. But there was that night left. As a comparative quiet settled over the encampment outside, as relatives and reporters shivered in cars along the highway, sections of the prison were still aglow with flames. The smoke was a sharp gray against the night sky. Listening above the hum of the crowd, relatives far down the road could hear the screams from inside.

One of those who heard the screaming in the night was a newcomer to the scene. As the rioters got their news conferences and the remaining hostages were slowly talked free the next morning, reporters and inmates noticed him among the ranking officialdom moving importantly about the gatehouse. Heavy-set, a jowly, creased face beneath graying black hair, he would later posture as commander of the troops and police retaking the penitentiary. He seemed practiced, perhaps too practiced, in the role. And although no one there apparently knew it, he had brought to that cold smoking plateau yet another bizarre element of the story.

•

Having rid himself of his unwanted black corrections secretary—a man whom the clique called "the nigger upstairs"—Governor King seemed ready in early January 1980 to appoint Rodriguez at last to the highest penal position in the state, a title and career-crowning prestige to match the *de facto* power he had wielded for years. At the last moment, however, a group of powerful old-family Anglo legislators warned the governor that the appointment would be too much, would compel an investigation, and King hurriedly looked elsewhere.

At the ardent recommendation of both the state's chief justice and its purchasing director, the governor selected without further question a native Hispanic New Mexican and erstwhile Federal official said to have much law-enforcement experience. On January 31, the day of the fateful intelligence meeting of pen officials, King announced the appointment of Adolph B. Saenz, "a person of such excellent quality and expert experience," said the governor, that it was a "great pleasure" to have him. Summoned to the riot-torn pen that weekend, Saenz was later swiftly confirmed by the New Mexico senate to preside over rebuilding the state's shattered facility and reputation.

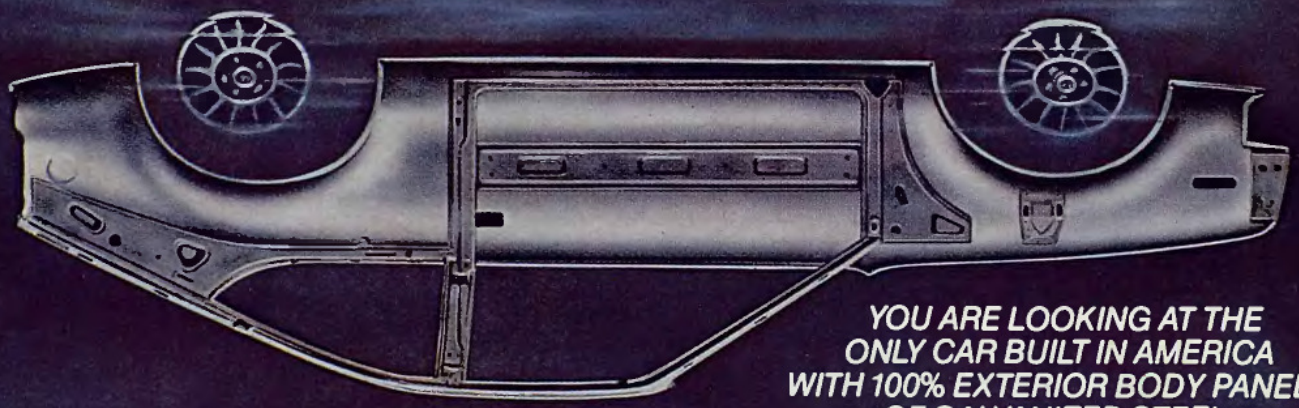
What no one in the Statehouse knew, or acknowledged, was that the vaunted new corrections secretary had spent 17 years in the U. S. Office of Public Safety (OPS), a CIA-inspired program established in the late Fifties to advise foreign police in suppressing political dissent in Latin America and elsewhere—and then abolished by bipartisan Congressional action 20 years later amid well-documented charges of U. S. complicity in torture and political terror.

The whistle was blown on OPS after the body of U. S. police advisor Daniel Mitrione was found crumpled in an old Buick convertible on a barrio side street of Montevideo, Uruguay, on August 10, 1970. Kidnaped by the Tupamaro urban guerrillas and then killed when the Uruguayan government refused to ransom him by freeing political prisoners, Mitrione was flown back to the States to a martyr's funeral by the Nixon Administration. While the murder aroused antiterrorist sentiments, it also stirred a mounting controversy over U. S.-supported repression in Latin America. Scores of Latin journalists, clergy and others told of grisly police torture of political prisoners in Uruguay, Brazil and elsewhere. Stripped, beaten, sexually abused, tortured under water and on racks, burned with electric needles under fingernails, shocked with electrical wires on the breasts of women and the testes of men, the victims described their agonies in accounts that repeatedly implicated the OPS. U. S. advisors were said to have supplied the torture devices, instructed their Latin police clients in the latest techniques, in some cases even been present at or participated in the sessions.

Mitrione, Washington's official martyr, became a prominent figure in much of the emerging scandal. But in the accumulating evidence about police torture in Uruguay, there were also numerous

"I hear you're the bouncer here. I do a little bouncing myself."

SPIRIT



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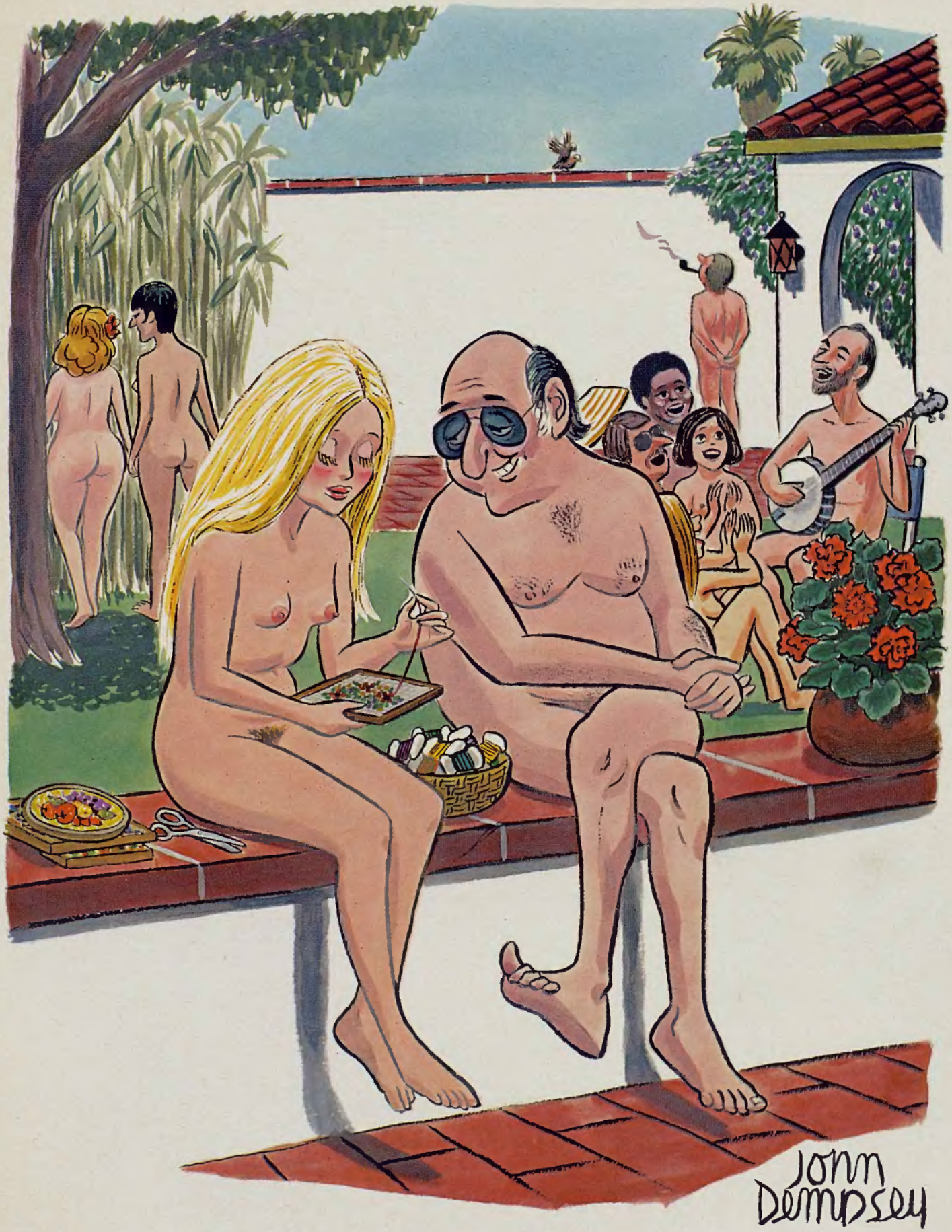
reports of atrocity for some time prior to Mitrione's arrival in Montevideo in the late summer of 1969. The evidence poured in not only from political dissidents and victims but from a multiparty inquiry by the Uruguayan senate, from the Nobel Prize–winning Amnesty International, from a former Uruguayan police commissioner who resigned in revulsion, from another police official who was tortured himself as a suspected Tupamaro spy, from Catholic priests and then from the U. S. Catholic Conference of Bishops. Torture in Uruguay, said the array of authorities, had been "common," "normal," "habitual" before 1969. And the U. S. advisor who had been Mitrione's predecessor for four years, whose office was on the first floor of the Montevideo *jefatura*, where torture reportedly took place and the screams of victims reverberated, who by his own account had intimate and influential relations with the Uruguayan police, was Adolph Saenz.

From Montevideo, allegations of torture by his police clients would follow Saenz through subsequent assignments in Colombia and Panama. By the time he left Panama to return to teach at the International Police Academy in mid-1974, the OPS was under rising condemnation in the U. S. Congress and press. When U. S. advisors were exposed in the scandal of the infamous "tiger cage" underground torture cells in South Vietnam, when then-Senator James Abourezk revealed the existence of a torture "school" in Texas for foreign police, when columnist Jack Anderson and other researchers could find theses, films and other documents at the International Police Academy dealing with torture, Congress moved in bipartisan action to abolish the OPS—the only agency so eliminated in the postwar period. Without opposition from a Ford Administration fearing a full investigation, the OPS was disbanded by 1975.

The cream of the disgraced agency glided quietly into similar work with some of its old clients in Washington—consulting firms and the new Drug Enforcement Administration. Meanwhile, Saenz himself drifted through four Federal jobs over the next four years, the first at barely half his old $37,800 OPS salary and none for longer than a year and a half.

Along the way, he applied through merit channels for a junior $10,000-a-year planning position in a bureau of the New Mexico corrections department and was routinely rejected for lack of experience or training in penology. Then, just as his last job as a deputy director of the Customs Patrol was being abolished in late 1979, Saenz's patrons in Santa Fe swung into action. Still without qualifications and with his OPS background apparently unknown or ignored, he was promptly offered by King .



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the $40,000-a-year secretaryship of New Mexico's troubled corrections department.

•

It was now after sunrise on Sunday, February 3, 1980. On a smoking high desert in northern New Mexico, there was the nervous rustle and the dull crack of readying weapons among helmeted troops preparing for an assault. Anguished dark-eyed women begged passing officials for news of casualties, their pleas turning to vapor against the sharp morning cold. An ominous, dingy concrete building stood surrounded by police cars, military trucks and armed men in various uniforms, while off to the side, between the besieging forces and the building, behind a high encircling fence, hundreds of men wrapped in blankets clustered together to keep warm, and to wait.

Just after dawn, another guard escaped the pen, having been hidden by inmates and then given convict clothes to sneak out with a group of surrendering prisoners. The rioters released another hostage, a battered Roybal, in return for a promised 8:15-A.M. news conference. The beaten and stabbed Martinez, the young guard at the door of E-2 so long before, was helped to escape from the rear of the pen later in the morning, and by noon still another officer was freed, leaving two hostages inside, along with the men still hiding above the hospital and the two guards in the north basement crawl space.

Most of the pen's few dozen blacks had banded together to protect one another, and now, having fled, they were huddled in the yard when a larger group of Hispanic prisoners suddenly started to chase them, shouting, "Kill the blacks." As the blacks pressed against a corner of the fence and the mob advanced, a county sheriff ordered Guardsmen and police at the fence nearby to "lock and load" and aim their weapons and gave the attackers five minutes to retreat. Seconds before the deadline, the Hispanic prisoners faded back.

The news conference scheduled for 8:15 had not yet been held, and officials still stalled for time. Finally, a little after noon, 34 hours after the guards had been jumped in E-2, the rioters were granted the television and press interview they had been demanding. The self-appointed negotiators, and now spokesmen, were the hard men of cellblock three. Although they talked of grievances and harassment, the interviews wandered, and the inmates were now concerned with warding off retribution—and with their postriot housing. Oncamera, Rodriguez assured five of them they would be transferred out of state. The drama and carnage, the tumult and agony, were all suddenly ending in talk of a few inmate transfers.

At the last moment, a helicopter swooped low over the negotiations in front of the pen. The inmates angrily pulled back the two remaining hostages, whom they had taken to the entrance. But the helicopter was urgently radioed away and the last two officers went out. It was 1:26 P.M. Sunday. The riot—*this* riot—was over.

Minutes later, after a series of false starts and aborted orders over the past day and night—and now with Saenz yelling "Move out!" to SWAT teams that had no idea who he was—the police re-entered the prison. From front and back of the pen, the special assault groups went in with only vague information and small crude maps of a complex most had never seen. Some believed there were hostages still inside. One team entered the outside door to cellblock four but was blocked from the horror inside by that grille to which an emergency key was missing. The team had to circle around to the back of the pen to enter by the kitchen, and, once inside the main corridor, they met another team that did not expect them and almost opened fire. At the same moment, in the north end, a SWAT team encountered sheriff's officers who had unexpectedly followed the assault, and there was another near disaster of scared armed men mistaking one another for the enemy. To add to the confusion, miscellaneous officials, politicians and onlookers now filtered into the prison in morbid, officious, self-important curiosity.

Police and civilians alike tramped through ankle-deep water, blood and muck, past the charred remains in the gym, by the crushed, mutilated bodies strewn the length and breadth of the pen from dormitories to cellblocks. The hiding fugitive officers were freed from the crawl space and the medical technician and inmates with him from the second floor of the hospital. Some trembling, empty-faced men were still crouching in their cells in block four. A few dead bodies were in cells jammed shut and could not be removed for days. Wounded, drug-overdosed men were being led from the building. Medical and

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state-police forensic teams entered to tag and photograph the bodies for the massive criminal investigation to follow, but at least two corpses were removed before they could be photographed, and photographers hurried through the rest. Anthropologists would later be summoned to examine the ashes and muck for fragments of bone; they knelt carefully in the gymnasium, as if searching some primeval burial ground.

Through the smoke and slop and sheer vileness of it all, some of the deliverers, like the train of official visitors that would come later, took weapons and other objects as souvenirs. Some, too—the attorney general's report would later refer to them tactfully as "non-inmates"—then pillaged the unharmed prison hobby shop and prison industries of more than $7500 in items owned by inmates, as well as by the state. Retaking officers found the penitentiary's Protestant chapel desolated, like most other parts of the building, while the Catholic chapel had hardly been disturbed, except for the outline of a corpse stained into one of the aisles.

Out on the highway, the relatives keeping their vigil heard of the assault with new alarm. For 30 hours, they had been treated indifferently by officials giving vague, sometimes conflicting information. Warden Griffin, ostensibly the public spokesman, had been cut off from the decisions and intelligence and was often misinformed. Numbers, names, conditions had been given, taken away and then rearranged amid growing agitation and despair among the families. Then it was over and the cruel confusion and uncertainty continued for hours and, for some, even days.

Rodriguez had entered the building after it was secured. Then he came out and was surrounded by reporters. "I opened this pen in 1956," he told them somberly. "It was depressing to see the state it was in—it was really bad."

Yards away, the governor was triumphantly announcing to a crowd of relatives that the prison had been retaken. When he finished, he pointedly stepped forward and kissed the forehead of a small Spanish woman. King smiled. The woman's face was tight, impassive. "But what happened," she asked, "what happened to our men?"

•

In the days afterward, the state and much of the nation were shocked at the barbarism of the riot. The New Mexico legislature repentantly authorized $88,000,000 to repair the prison, house inmates elsewhere and design and build a new $50,000,000 prison. Governor King promised a "model" penitentiary. All save 400 of the inmates were transferred temporarily to other state and Federal prisons across the country. But from primitive, stifling stone jails in Oklahoma,

(continued on page 242)

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1. coprolalia
2. fellatio
3. callipygian
4. osculate
5. hippomaniac
6. gynarchy
7. macromastic
8. ecdysiast
9. gravid
10. Lothario
11. voyeurism
12. concupiscence

a.

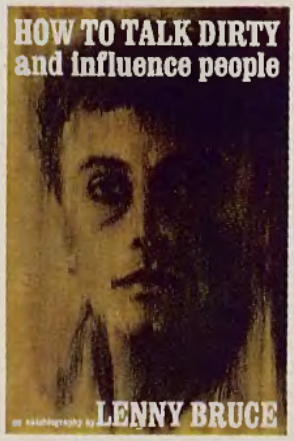
b.

c.

d.

e.

f.



g.

h.

i.

j.

k.

l.

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Answers to puzzle on page 241.

cal'li•pyg'i•an (kāl'ī•pīj'ī•ăn), *adj.* Relating to or having shapely buttocks.
con•cu'pis•cence (kŏn•kū'pī•sĕns), *n.* Sexual desire, lust.
cop'ro•la'li•a (kŏp'rō•lā'lī•ă), *n.* The use of obscene language.
ec•dys'i•ast (ĕk•dĭz'ī•ăst), *n.* Stripteaser.
fel•la'ti•o (fĕ•lā'shī•ō), *n.* Oral stimulation of the penis.
grav'id (grăv'ĭd), *adj.* Pregnant.
gyn'arch•y (jĭn'ăr•kī), *n.* Government composed of women.
hip'po•ma'ni•ac (hĭp'ô•mā'nī•ăk), *n.* A lover of horses.
Lo•thar'i•o (lō•thâr'ī•ō), *n.* A seducer, a rake.
mac'ro•mas'tic (măk'rô•măs'tĭk), *adj.* Having very large breasts.
os'cu•late (ŏs'kû•lāt), *v.* To kiss.
vo'yeur'ism (vwä'yûr'ĭz'm), *n.* The obtaining of sexual gratification from seeing sexual acts.

answers

1-F, 2-I, 3-K, 4-E, 5-B, 6-J, 7-L, 8-A, 9-H, 10-D, 11-G, 12-C

scores

10–12 Erotically Erudite
6–9 Orally Outstanding
3–5 Potentially Provocative
0–2 Verbally Impotent

SANTA FE

(continued from page 238)

from new Orwellian electronic isolator cellblocks in Arizona, from harsh work details and rigid discipline, they watched what then happened—and petitioned desperately not to be returned to Santa Fe.

Within weeks, Saenz transferred Griffin and brought Rodriguez back as acting warden. Although his own OPS history had by then been exposed, he also named as departmental deputy an old friend and former OPS officer in Colombia and Guatemala. Over the next four months, the habits of the *jefatura* governed the corrections system. Pen and department were closed to the press. Budgets were juggled, employees threatened with lie-detector tests, critical journalists smeared as "Marxists" and liars. The pen was left to its old unaccountable masters, while King was conducted on periodic tours to assure the public of suitable progress. Reformers accompanied state-supreme-court justices on a spring tour of the pen, and when they insisted on the justices' seeing the strip cells, when the tour then found fresh blood on the floor of one of the strip cells and the attending guard furiously thrust the keys at a woman reformer, saying, "Here, you run this goddamned place," the state chief justice (and Saenz's erstwhile *patron*) merely laughed.

By mid-June, Saenz had obliterated what morale remained in his bureaucracy, hired one nephew to a key job and intervened to prevent the firing of another, and was at last under widespread fire in the press and even among out-of-session legislators. King then went to Lake Tahoe for a governors' conference, taking Rodriguez with him. When he returned, he fired Saenz and named an aide to be acting corrections secretary.

Saenz blamed his demise on Rodriguez and the clique, as well as on Marxist conspiracies. But in a stormy open hearing on corrections policies after Saenz's departure, King clashed savagely with testifying ex-convicts and prison reformers. "You're excused. I've heard enough," he snarled at them when they insisted on more than the five minutes he'd given them. There was no clique, no wrongdoing, he told the hearing. His defense of Rodriguez and his dismissal of the critics was emotional and transparently personal, far beyond the political loyalty of a governor to a state employee.

Then, too, a new wave of intimidation struck public critics of the system. Families of prisoners were photographed and threatened as they demonstrated in front of the pen, and the photos were reportedly used later as the object of obscene remarks by administrators as inmates passed through meal lines. Others active in prison-reform movements were nearly run down on Santa Fe streets, were followed by strange cars, threatened by night calls, harassed as they attempted to visit prisoners and had their homes and apartments burglarized.

At the penitentiary, there was a postriot regimen of brutality, caprice and incredible security lapses in which both inmates and conscientious guards were victims. The new chief of security and the deputy warden were accused by inmates of abuse—the former promptly cleared, the latter removed from the pen, though quietly shifted to a department sinecure. In a summer settlement and consent order, the old 1977 A.C.L.U. class-action suit produced a thick, elaborate set of new regulations. Yet when the A.C.L.U. and the inmates pressed for enforcement, especially for Federal involvement, the U. S. Attorney and the FBI remained paralyzed by local politics, and the Justice Department took no initiative lest it embarrass the state Democratic machine Jimmy Carter needed badly in the Presidential election at hand.

In the corrections department, bureaucrats shrank in fear of Rodriguez' obvious and sustained power. They would offer no help to undermanned, frustrated new guards who had been hired after the riot at improved salaries, only to struggle against slovenly security, the hostility, fear and cover-ups of the old entrenched officer corps and the resurgent violence and institutional control of the feral men in cellblock three. Through summer and early autumn, there were a suicide, two murders and numerous stabbings and assaults on guards and staff personnel, most of them uninvestigated and hidden from public view.

Finally, in late October, frightened prison guards and other workers appealed in a formal "safety grievance" to the state personnel director, begging that "something be done before it is too late." In more than 30 internal prison memos—reports sent to Rodriguez from June through October and continuously ignored—the corrections officers documented a gathering torrent of abuse, threats and physical attacks by inmates. The maximum-security men of cellblock three, the most unstable and lethal in the pen—many of them about to be indicted for murders during the riot—had been stripping away a shoddy chain link fence in the unit to make knives and ice picks. They had showered guards with urine and bleach, hit them with rocks and fists. They had roamed the cellblock unhandcuffed, crawled under unanchored fences in the exercise yard, congregated by scores when there should have been no more than five outside at any one time. It had all happened as senior guard commanders, Rodriguez' men, men of and around the clique, had stood by. And it climaxed at the close of October in a week of stabbings, murders and mounting terror.

There was much the same derelict

IF THE MORAL MAJORITY HAS ITS WAY, YOU'D BETTER START PRAYING.

The Moral Majority—and other groups like them—think that children should pray in school. Not just their children. Your children.

But that's just the beginning.

They want their religious doctrines enacted into law and imposed on everyone.

If they believe that birth control is a sin, then you should not be allowed to use contraceptives.

If they believe that abortion is wrong, then you should not be allowed to have one.

If they believe that the Bible condemns homosexuality, then the law should punish homosexuals.

If they believe that a man should be the breadwinner and the divinely appointed head of the family, then the law should keep women in their place.

If they are offended by the ideas in certain books, then the law should ban those books from your libraries and schools.

And like Joe McCarthy, they believe that anyone who disagrees with them should be barred from teaching in the public schools.

These new groups are on the march and growing stronger each day. Their agenda is clear and frightening: they mean to capture the power of government and use it to establish a nightmare of religious and political orthodoxy.

And they are dangerously deceptive. They appear to represent American patriotism, because they wrap themselves in the American flag and use words like "family" and "life" and "tradition."

In fact, their kind of "patriotism" violates every principle of liberty that underlies the American system of government. It is intolerant. It stands against the First Amendment guarantees of freedom of expression and separation of church and state. It threatens academic freedom. And it denies to whole groups of people the equal protection of the laws.

The new evangelicals are a radical anti-Bill-of-Rights movement. They seek not to conserve American values, but to overthrow them. And conservatives as well as liberals should stand up against them.

THE DANGER POINT.

These groups have already had alarming success. They have been pivotal in blocking passage of the E.R.A. in fifteen states. Public school boards all over the country have banned books and imposed prayer and other religious ceremonies. State legislatures have begun placing increasingly severe restrictions on a woman's right to have an abortion.

They have grown into a rich and powerful force in this country.

How rich? In a week, the Moral Majority raises a million dollars with its television program.

How powerful? In the last election, key members of Congress were successfully targeted by them for defeat, because of their positions on abortion, E.R.A., and other civil liberties issues.

Already there is talk in Congress of constitutional amendments or new laws that would impose prayer in the public schools, outlaw all abortions, and repeal the Voting Rights Act of 1965.

We are facing a major struggle over the Bill of Rights. This struggle does not involve the question of whether the Moral Majority and other groups like them have the right to speak. They do, and we would defend that right. The danger lies in the content of their views, not in their right to express them.

Nor is it a question of political parties. The ACLU is non-partisan and does not endorse or oppose candidates for public office. But we will make certain that, whatever other changes may occur in the political arena, the Constitution does not become a casualty of the new order.

WHAT THE ACLU CAN DO.

For 60 years, the American Civil Liberties Union has protected the Bill of Rights. As former Chief Justice Earl Warren wrote: *"Indeed, it is difficult to appreciate how far our freedoms might have eroded had it not been for the ACLU's valiant representation in the courts of the constitutional rights of people of all persuasions..."*

We've been there in the past and we'll be there in the days ahead. We will meet the anti-Bill-of-Rights forces in the Congress, in the courts, before state and local legislatures, at school board hearings. Wherever they threaten, we will be there to resist their attempts to deprive you of your liberty and violate your rights.

WHAT YOU CAN DO.

The ACLU, like the Moral Majority, depends on individual contributions. But they raise more money in a few weeks than we raise in a year.

We can only be as strong as the number of people who support us.

In the past, when the Bill of Rights was in danger, enough people recognized the threat, and came together in time to repel it. Such a time has come again.

Please send us your contribution before another day passes.

Without your help, we don't have a prayer.

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION

Dept. PB, 132 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036

☐ I want to join the ACLU and help fight the new anti-Bill-of-Rights movement. Enclosed is my check in the amount indicated below.

☐ I do not want to become a member, but enclosed is my contribution.

☐ I am already an ACLU member; enclosed is an extra contribution.

☐ $25 ☐ $50 ☐ $100 ☐ $1,000 ☐ More

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

American Civil Liberties Union. Norman Dorsen, President: Ira Glasser, Executive Director

security throughout the penitentiary, said the protesting guards—no binoculars in watchtowers, patrol and pursuit vehicles with flat tires and dead batteries, riot-control grilles left open, as always, sally-port gates that had not worked for a year, new electronic locking mechanisms carelessly placed in reach of possible inmate "hot-wiring," guards with faulty radios or none at all, and often only two officers assigned to supervise the 350–400 inmates of the entire south wing—in blatant violation of the recent court order requiring at least one guard for each dormitory and cellblock.

There was speculation that the prison regime had deliberately allowed security to lapse in some heavy-handed attempt to show they could not run the pen under the restrictions of the court order, that there were too many privileges and standards and that such unruly inmates did not deserve better conditions. "It's obvious somebody wants it this way," one angry young guard said of the incredible negligence. "And when you look at it, it's criminal." But whatever the crude bureaucratic games, there was also much evidence last summer and autumn of the old, familiar incompetence, of men who routinely made mistakes, buried the evidence and ran the penitentiary only in an uneasy, craven coalition with the dominant felons of the institution.

By mid-November, the contagion of violence had spread from cellblock three with a near-fatal stabbing in a south-wing dormitory. The victim was an inmate who had testified against the deputy warden in an earlier investigation of brutality. An immediate shakedown produced two guns and more than 100 knives—which the administration later proudly displayed. But the state did not admit nor show the haul of some 25 gallons of home-brew, which could have been produced and stored in such amounts only with the complicity of the prison authorities. The next day, there was another incident in cellblock three as three guards were injured and inmates tear-gassed. At the same time, a prison psychologist was told by several inmates not to go to work anymore, that hostages would soon be taken. In the weeks before Christmas, under the rule of many of the same men who had run it for a quarter century, the New Mexico state prison teetered on the edge of yet another catastrophe.

Meanwhile, Rodriguez had been honored by his peers for outstanding service and bravery during the riot. And after a relatively neutral, factually accurate report on the riot itself, the state attorney general had issued the long-awaited part two of the legislatively mandated study, the section purporting to examine causes and history. Written under the direction of a scion of an old Anglo family thought to be independent, the report nakedly exonerated Rodriguez and King with ersatz sociology about prison life and implicitly blamed a former governor and other officials, like Warden Malley, long gone. "It was the final fucking over of the natives by the Anglo establishment," one observer said angrily of the report, pointing to the majority of poor Hispanic inmates who had been, and remain, the main prey of the prison-system abuses.

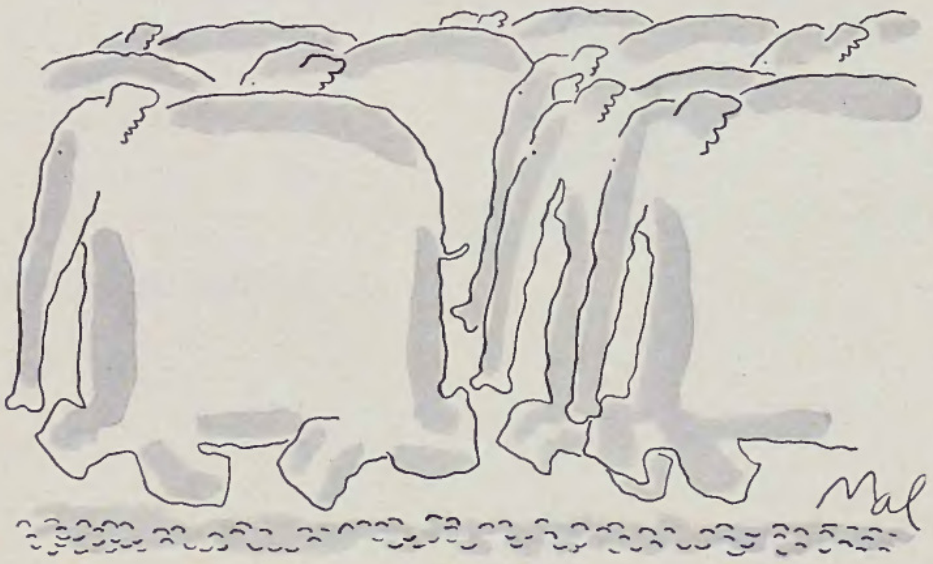
By November, too, in time for the tear-gassing and cover-up of the home-brew, a new corrections secretary had arrived to replace King's close aide, who had been an affable caretaker after Saenz. The new man was named Roger Crist, a former warden in Montana and an old friend of Rodriguez. They had smoked cigars together, agreed that the pen had its ungovernable men and settled that Rodriguez would be the ranking deputy secretary in a new reorganization of the department. Crist insisted that he had seen no cliques in the New Mexico system and pronounced it "farfetched" that an inmate stabbing could have had anything to do with testimony against an official. He had complete freedom to hire and fire, of course, like his predecessors—and he would keep Rodriguez and his men. "You have to give the governor the benefit of the doubt," said the chairman of the Senate Rules Committee, who had approved Saenz without question and who would then rubber-stamp Crist.

"Why did it all happen out there?" a former forensic psychiatrist asked himself in a conversation with reformers as the first anniversary of the riot approached. "To the rage and madness of criminally disturbed men, we added the extra rage and madness of a rotten administration. Its corruption and incompetence not only led to neglect of the prisoners but also created the conditions that then let loose the madmen on the others."

"Society doesn't like that place," a former guard said of the penitentiary. "And people in this state willingly went on in ignorance, while the politicians didn't want them to know, anyway. Men like Felix Rodriguez took care of the prison when no one else wanted to, and now we're shocked at the consequences. We have only ourselves to blame."

Nine months after their ordeal, the 12 guards who had been held hostage in the riot were given paltry 50 to 60 percent disability settlements by the state. None had returned to any sort of work. Some were deeply, perhaps permanently scarred. No sooner had they been freed from the rioters' tyranny at the pen—one of them thrown out the front door of the prison with a fragment of broomstick still lodged in his anus—than the tortured officers entered a new captivity. On one side, they have been ensnared by a state government denying its responsibility to them lest it have to admit a larger liability in the millions of dollars of civil suits stemming from the riot; on the other, by a legal swamp in which their very recovery could jeopardize a just compensation. "The state wants them to disappear," said a psychologist familiar with their plight. "The theory is that to collect, they'll have to be vegetables."

On the wall above the console of the demolished control center at the pen, there had been a small familiar sign, a frivolous popular slogan put there long before, that had somehow survived the frenzy of last February. Many of those involved would later remember it as a bitter, ironic epitaph on all that had happened before and after the riot at the New Mexico State Penitentiary. The sign read simply, THINK.



"We used to call it stampeding, now we call it jogging!"

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

©Lorillard, U.S.A., 1980

Filter: 3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. 1980.
Menthol: 3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

The Frosty Bottle with the diamond label is an official trademark registered with the U.S. Patent & Trademark Office. Distilled London Dry Gin. 80 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W & A Gilbey, Ltd. Distr. by Nat'l Dist. Products Co. N.Y.C.

HABITAT

CELLARS FOR YOUR SMOKES

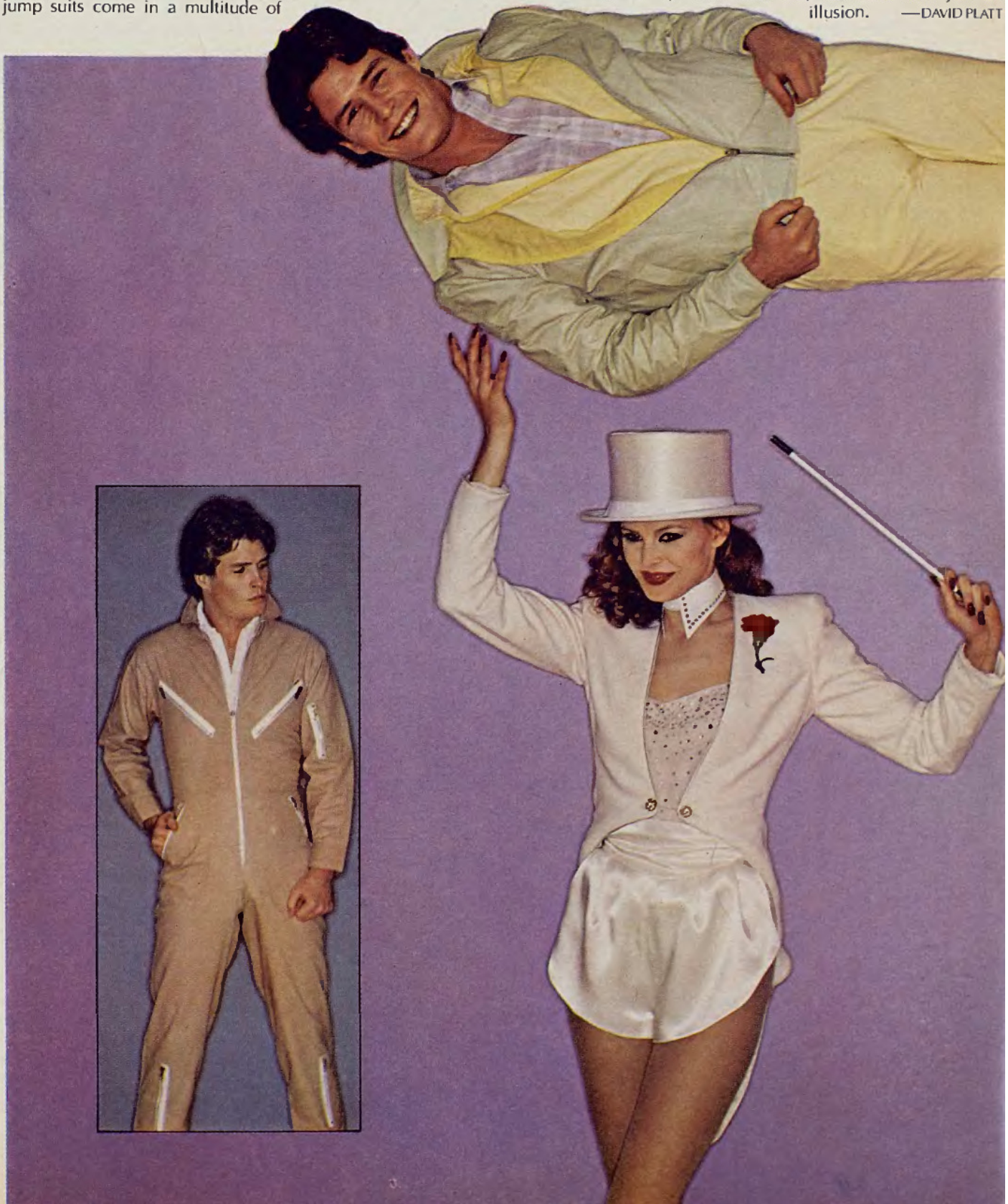
DON AZUMA

We all know the old Kipling dictum about a cigar's being a smoke, but your favorite puff is going to last only so long unless you store it in such a way that the tobacco leaves don't dry out. And just as bourbon tastes better when poured from a Baccarat decanter, so a cigar that's been plucked from a polished-wood or precious-metal humidor psychologically smokes superior to one that's been stashed in an old tin box. Aside from looking like it was crafted for an English men's club, a great cigar humidor should also be airtight and, ideally, lockable—the price of cigars being what they are today. Add a moisturizing device and you've got a permanent home for your most cherished cheroots. Now you're smoking!

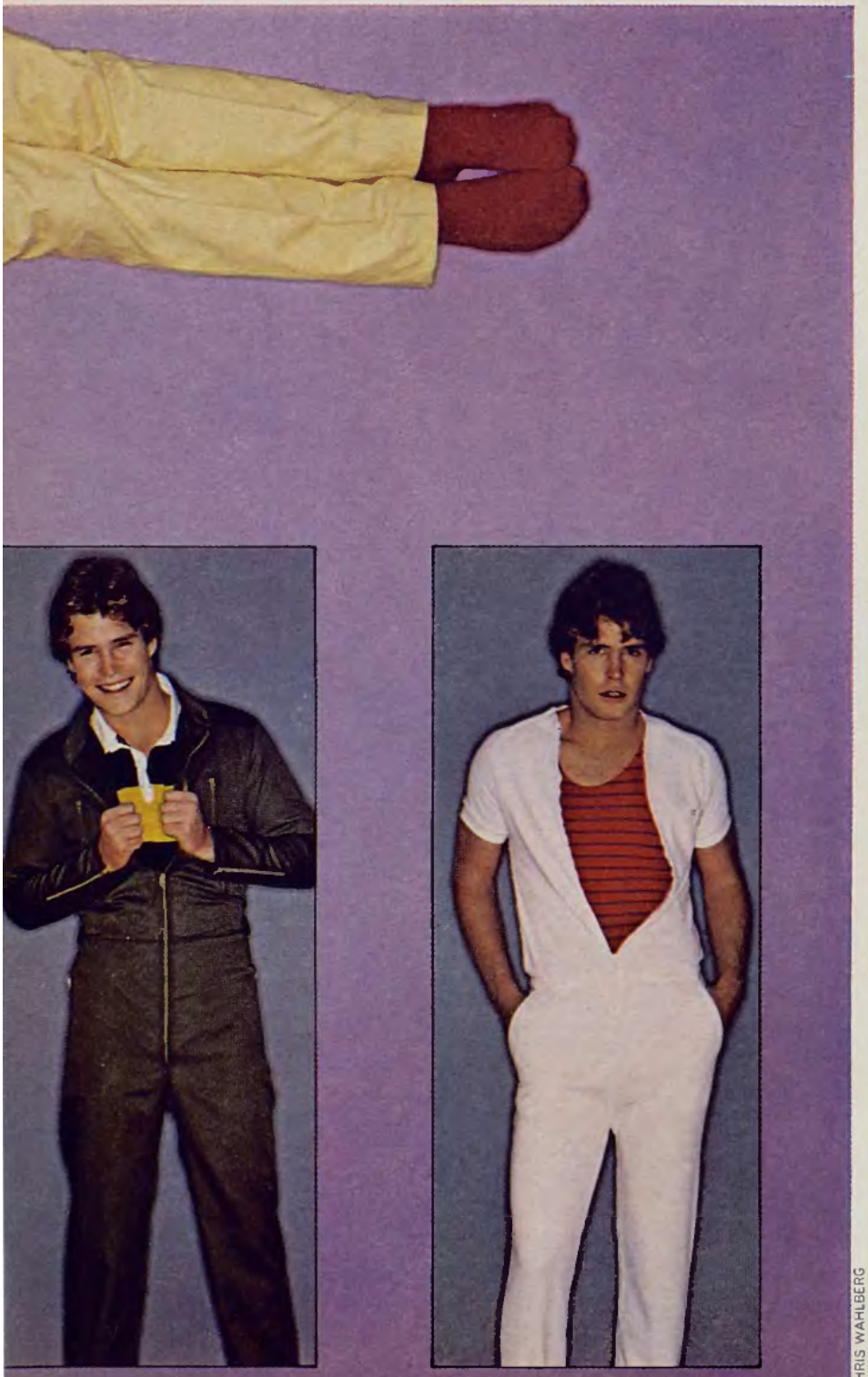
Following the numbers: 1. For the well-heeled puffer, Cartier in New York is offering a walnut and ivory antique humidor that was made in England about 1850, $1395. 2. This handsome multidrawered pigskin and walnut humidor, from Mark Cross, New York, $600, features a release catch that, when pressed, opens the cigar drawers. 3. A cedar-lined campaign-style humidor of oiled Honduras mahogany, from The Brentwood Company, Silver Spring, Maryland, $400. (Brentwood will also custom-make other sizes to your specifications.) 4. An English-made airtight ebony-veneer humidor that comes with a lock and key, from Nat Sherman, New York, $1000. 5. Sterling-silver cedar-lined cigar humidor, from Tiffany, New York, $2275. 6. Burlwood humidor complete with a moisturizing device, from Alfred Dunhill of London, Chicago, $625. Shown with the humidors is a pocket cigar cutter also from Alfred Dunhill, $21, and Macanudo Baron de Rothschild cigars, about $32 for 25.

THE BIG JUMP TO JUMP SUITS

Call them jump suits, coveralls or flight suits, the look is already well established among the young at heart and—like our levitating fellow below—is continuing to rise. One of the reasons people are jumping for jump suits is their versatility: They can be functional (worn as skiwear or as a beach cover-up), replace a lounging robe when you're watching TV or go on the town to a casual party or a disco. Furthermore, jump suits come in a multitude of colors and fabrics (we even show one designed as a rain suit in our *City Slickers* fashion feature in this issue) ranging from the thinnest white parachute material to heavy-duty jungle camouflage cloth. And because jump suits can be worn so many different ways, we predict that the look will be more than just a passing fad. Perhaps it's a preview of tomorrow, when everyone will jump into his clothes and zip up. That idea may be more than just an illusion. —DAVID PLATT



Below: It's no magical secret that jump suits have really taken off as an easygoing alternative to everything from lounging robes to designer jeans. The free-floating fellow is into one bright style—a yellow-cotton model with zip-front closure, by A. Smile, $40; worn with a reversible leather/cotton *blouson* jacket, by Comstock, $275; and a combed-cotton shirt, from Garret by Robert Bruce, $30. Jumping over to the inset at far left, we see a jump suit of another color: It's a cotton khaki one with zippered pockets, by Kiffe II, about $50; coupled with a cotton knit short-sleeved pullover, by Ramrod, $16. The middle inset photo shows a polyester/cotton jump suit, by Male Sportswear, $60; plus a striped cotton/polyester rugger shirt, by Canterbury of New Zealand, $42.50. The inset photo below right focuses on a different breed of jump suit—a short-sleeved style, by Lemon Twist, about $40; that's teamed with a sleeveless cotton tank top, by Forge, $15.



CHRIS WAHLBERG

DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

'Tis spring, and as your fancies turn to thoughts of your summer wardrobe, the first thing to do is buy yourself a bouquet of neckties. Bouquet is an appropriate term, because the predominant color theme for the months ahead is floral pastels in various hues from pink and peach to lilac, yellow and mint. Worn as a counterpoint to a dark business suit and white shirt, a pastel tie by itself is a refreshing look. But if you really want to step out looking spiffy, try combining, say, a light grayish-blue suit with a lavender shirt *and* a pink tie. The combinations are endless.

•

We've said it before and we'll say it again: A short-sleeved dress shirt worn under a business suit gives the wearer a my-how-that-boy-is-shooting-up look that undermines the best of tailoring. If your office is hot, take off your jacket and roll up your sleeves. Save short-sleeved dress shirts for more casual suits worn as sportswear.

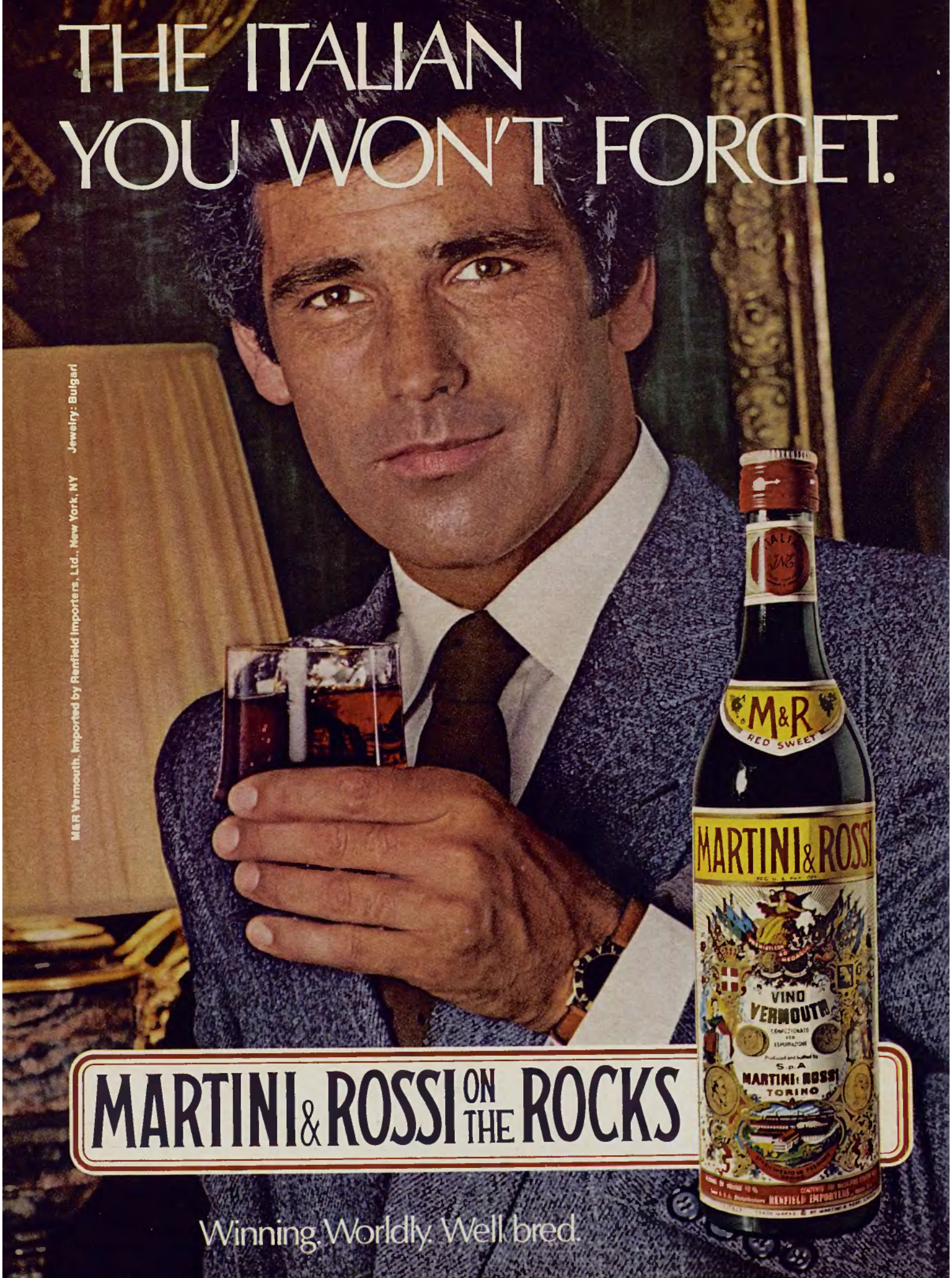
•

When shopping for a summer business suit, don't stock your closet with nothing but classic and conservative grays and navy blues. Suits in lighter shades and looser weaves are now the norm—and it's a welcome change to which everyone is rapidly adjusting. In keeping with this trend to lighten up outdated traditions, dress shoes are also becoming more casual, many reflecting details borrowed from athletic shoes. One we like, for example, is a smooth brown lace-up with a thin white rubber sole. It's based on the classic bowling shoe.

•

We're pleased to announce another happy trend that will help in the endless war on your wallet. Many styles of reversible coats and jackets are currently hitting the market and—surprise!—*both* sides of the garments are good-looking.

THE ITALIAN YOU WON'T FORGET.



M&R Vermouth, Imported by Renfield Importers, Ltd., New York, NY Jewelry: Bulgari

MARTINI & ROSSI ON THE ROCKS

Winning. Worldly. Well bred.

THE DART AGES

Next to chug-a-lug contests and chatting up the girl on the next stool, playing darts is probably a pub crawler's most popular pastime. Years ago, dartists would fling their missiles at the butt end of a wine cask. Today, the target is a bristle board housed in a cabinet with places for scoring, plus dart-storage racks. And here's another point—a serious darter carries his own set of arrows, often custom weighted and available in a variety of metals from brass to tungsten alloy. Shooters also have their own special language: To see who goes first, you and your fellow darters "diddle for the middle." Fire when ready, Didley!

DON AZUMA

The wooden dartboard cabinet pictured below, by Accudart, about $64, comes decorated with English-type pub signs. The dartboard mounted in the center is a Nodor bristle tournament model, from General Sportcraft, Bergenfield, New Jersey, $50; and that large dart winging across the page is a tungsten Barracuda type, by Fansteel, $71.95 for three. The darts in the door-mounted racks at lower left include three Barry Twomlow darts of tungsten-nickel alloy, $60; and three Jet Set darts, $40, all by Unicorn Products Limited. The darts in the door-mounted rack at lower right include three Unicorn John Lowe darts, $60; and three Series 301 darts, by Accudart, $27.50. (All include a leather—or leatherlike—carrying case.)

Unicorn's Dynamite model darts at near right (available in three sizes) are a blend of tungsten alloy and black-plated brass, $30 for three, including a carrying case. At center: Pro

Line Nick Virachkul Signature Series darts, by Accudart, $60 for three, including a mahogany carrying case. At near left are Unicorn XL darts with solid-brass shafts, $9 for three.

The Sheik of Cable TV

And you thought he was just pushing dog food. Heeeeeere's ED McMAHON and a bevy of former Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders, the TEXAS COWGIRLS, rehearsing for the next oil embargo. Actually, they're working on a sketch for *Showtime*, the cable variety show. Hit it, Ed.

CELEBRITY NEWSERVICE

Sneak Preview

The story goes like this: Mel Brooks spotted MARY-MARGARET HUMES's poster last year and promptly signed her for a part in *History of the World—Part I*, which will be in the theaters this summer. We spotted this pic and voted her the celebrity breast of the month.

Devil or Angel?

Charlie's Angel TANYA ROBERTS is working up an original magic trick. She's trying to pull a hat out of a rabbit. EDDIE RABBITT, that is. We call this sleight of hand grabbing all the gusto.

© 1978 ANNIE LEIBOVITZ/CONTACT

Come Get These Memories

Back in the days when the Jefferson Starship had all of its astronauts, MARTY BALIN and GRACE SLICK buried the hatchet. Now Balin's writing an opera, *Rock Justice*, and Grace is checking for wounds.

© 1980 RICHARD E. AARON/THUNDER THUMBS

It's Not the Meat, It's the Motion

We've been gearing up for baseball season. Here's one of our favorite pictures from the official rule book under the heading "How to Settle Disputes Without Bothering the Umpire." That's MEAT LOAF explaining a point to BILLY JOEL.

© 1980 RON GALELLA (2)

Rock... and Rolls

Hot off the press: We got this theater review from actor turned critic ROCK HUDSON of JESSICA JAMES's performance in the Broadway play *Gemini*. It *looks* like a hit.

T FOR TEXAS, T FOR TACKY

The Greatest Little Bachelor Book in Texas, a catalog of Lone-Star manhood on the hoof, lately has topped the Dallas best-seller lists. Besides confirming the TV show *Dallas*' image of that city's smart set, this publishing success marks a new trend in mate finding. The pulpy pictures-and-all paperback was conceived as a woman's simple (some say simple-minded) alternative to singles bars, computer dating and blind dates. Just pick out a guy and send him a letter. Better yet, use a form letter and write to all 200. A sampling of the wares? How about Texas' most famous Jewish cowboy singer, Kinky Friedman, who rates playing miniature golf a favorite dating activity? Or Dr. Theodore Gambordella, author of *34 Ways to Increase Your Bust*? We'll bet he gets a lot of mail. To check them out, send $5.95 to SusAnn Publications, 3110 Fitzhugh, Dallas, Texas 75204.

GARRICK MADISON

Wait a minute, is she talking about skis or a preferred *après-ski* activity? Either way, this business can get very rough on the knees and we urge caution at all times.

SPRING FEVER? TAKE AN ASPIRIN

You can't count on your fancy turning to, uh, love this spring. University of Texas physiologist Michael Smolensky suggests the *real* season for heightened sexual activity is late summer/early fall. To support his hypothesis, he cited the following evidence at the Tenth World Congress of Fertility and Sterility in Madrid. He said that U. S. birth records show that most babies are conceived in mid-October and incidence of gonorrhea peaks from late August through October. An English study found contraceptive sales highest at midsummer. In October, male testosterone levels measure highest, while sperm counts tend to be 20 percent lower than usual, perhaps an indicator of sexual activity. If from this we can conclude that our biological alarm clocks go off in August, then right now, it's about three A.M. That's enough to make your fancy turn—and toss.

PASS THE PASTA, SCARSDALE'S ON THE RUN

It was only a matter of time before health professionals took up jogging and started looking into the claim that joggers have more fun in bed. *The Running Psychologist* and *The American Medical Joggers Association* newsletter both describe a new British report that says increased libido is *not* caused by running but by something in the runner's diet. Runners may experience great sex, but usually on the day *before* the big race, not after. What gives? Since carbohydrates provide muscle power, runners often observe a carbohydrate-loading diet. First, they deplete the body's store of carbohydrates by running and then avoiding them for several days. Then, for three days before a race, they load up on carbos. Earlier research shows that a diet restricted in fat and protein but rich in starches reduces the frequency and duration of impotence. The jogger's regimen of depletion and loading had an even more dramatic sexual effect in the British study. The experiment involved a group of impotent men, another group that had difficulty achieving orgasm and a normal group. Half of each group was given the runner's depletion/loading diet, while the other half (the control group) ate what they thought was a high-carb diet but actually was a normal diet. The results show an increase in sexual activity among all groups. All the men on the normal diet showed small improvements (attributed to wishful thinking), while all men on the depletion/loading diet showed greater changes—the two groups with sexual dysfunctions improved an average of 67 percent and the normal men on that diet improved 13 percent. This means that sexual marathoners don't have to run—they just have to eat like runners.

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A Jackson Hole, Wyoming, ski freak swears this is what Jackson Hole's motto "Ski the big one" refers to. If that is true, we're confused about the skiing out there.

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