

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1977 • \$1.50

PLAYBOY

TELLY SAVALAS
MARILYN
CHAMBERS
JOHNNY MILLER
NEIL SIMON
AND OTHERS:
"HOW I
HANDLED
SUDDEN
MONEY"

THE LIFE AND
DEATH
OF FREDDIE
PRINZE

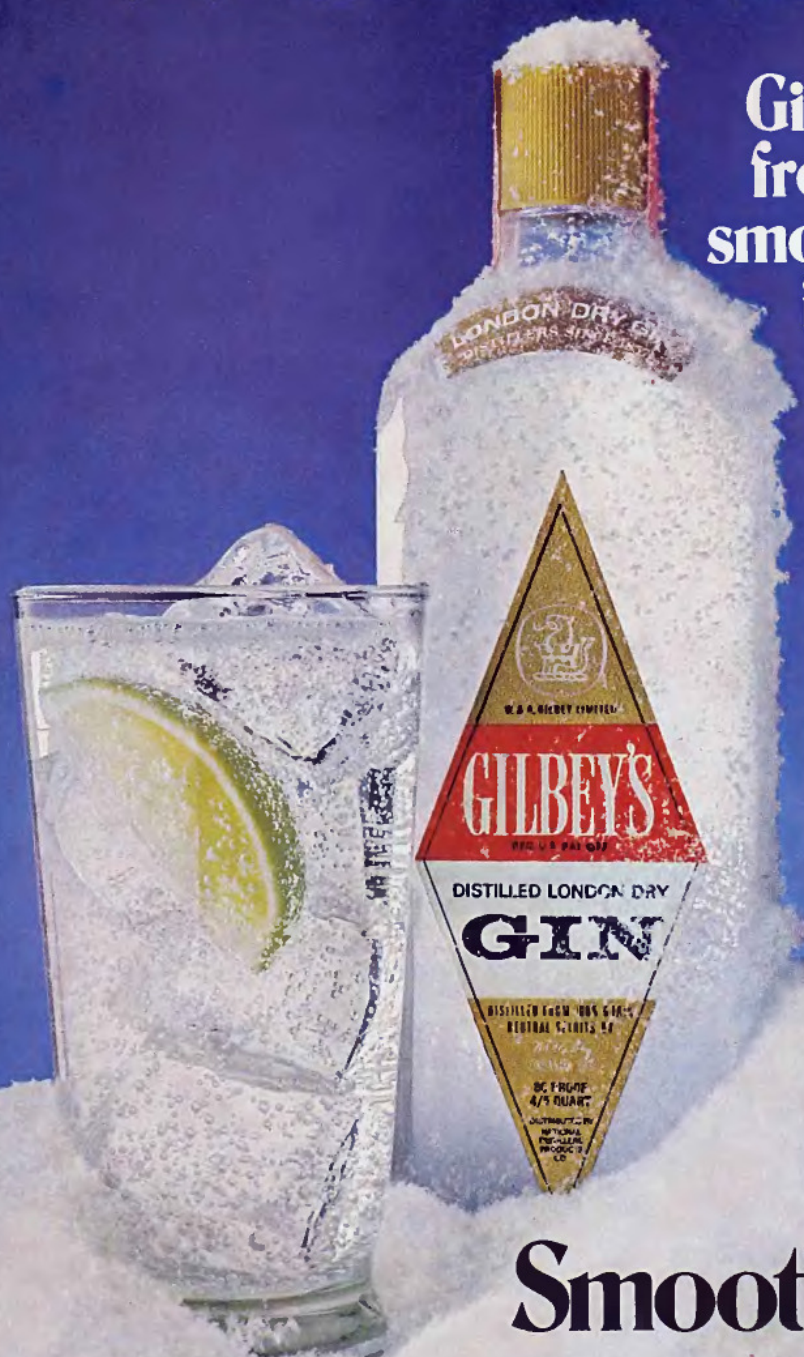
BARETTA
INTERVIEWED:
ROBERT BLAKE
TELLS
EVERYONE
TO STUFF IT

C.B. DREAM
GIRL PATTI
McGUIRE:
OUR PLAYMATE
OF THE YEAR



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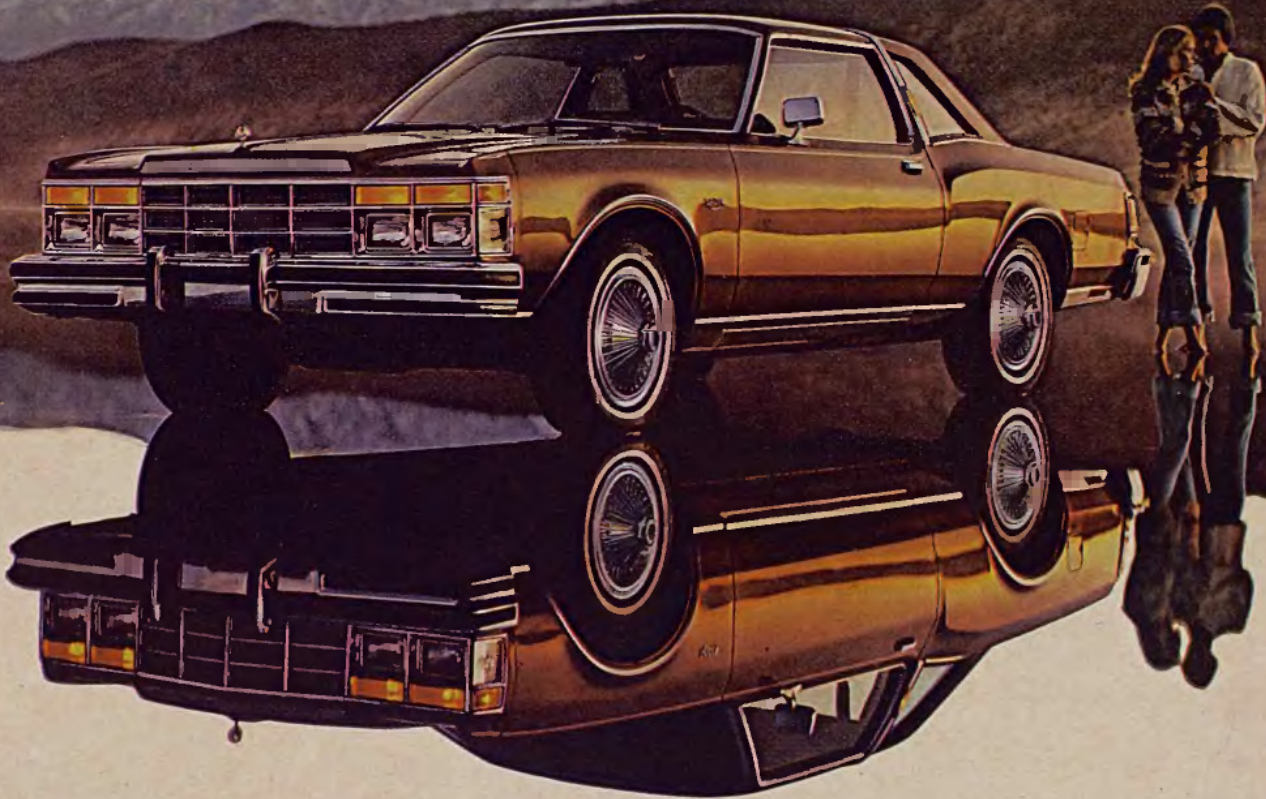


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CHRYSLER LEBARON. THE BEGINNING OF
A TOTALLY NEW CLASS OF AUTOMOBILES.

PLAYBILL

THE SUDDEN DEATH of a rising young talent always evokes a particularly stunning kind of sadness. It was so with James Dean in the Fifties; with Hendrix, Joplin and Morrison in the early Seventies; and in the recent suicide of comedian **Freddie Prinze**. Perhaps because he was a comic, we assumed his private life was full of fun and humor. We know now that was not the case. This month, in a profile based on talks with Prinze's family and friends and some interviews with him before his death, **Peter Greenberg** attempts to find the why behind the 22-year-old's untimely passing. **Alan Magee** painted the accompanying portrait.

We've been somewhat frustrated now that we don't have Henry Kissinger to kick around anymore. Super K was such a marvelous character that Stanley Kubrick, it was rumored, used him for the persona of the unforgettable Dr. Strangelove. But fear not, there're more where he came from. **Thomas Gordon Plate** has researched the matter and found that the Government and its agencies are virtually shot through with heavily accented fellows who hold our lives, if not our balls, in their hands. His gallery of facsimile Kissingers will be found under *The Many Dr. Strangeloves*. We're not worried about Henry, though. He's in the money along with the rest of the previous Administration, who are all selling their memoirs to the highest bidder. Such instant wealth is becoming so common, we decided to look into the phenomenon. **Robert Kerwin's** report is called *Sudden Money*. (No, it won't tell you how to *make it*.) And nowhere is the pursuit of the Holy Kale more profitable these days than in *The Singles Business*. From bars to computer dating to giant swingles parties, where there's a single person there's apt to be a windfall. **Lucian K. Truscott IV** is our man on the scene. As everyone knows, it's but a short step from single bliss to the problems of marriage. One of those problems is *Cheating*. If you're married and never have had the urge, treat yourself to a gold star. But if, on occasion, you have had the itch, you'll sympathize with the confession of the understandably pseudonymous **William Roy Smith**. The photo illustration is by **Jim Matusik**.

Tennis star **Ilie Nastase** is just as apt to throw his racket at his opponent's head as he is to destroy him in straight sets. Nastase's wrath is as quick and unrelenting as his game, as you'll read in *Ilie the Terrible*, an on-and-off-the-court profile by **Mike Lupica**. A couple of years ago, Lupica tells us, he started attending Nastase press conferences. "While all the old tennis writers would get madder and madder, I'd laugh like hell. When we were finally introduced, Nastase said: 'You are one who is laughing all the time. You are no asshole. You are sensitive.' We've gotten along fine ever since." Speaking of tough guys, the *Playboy Interview* this month is with TV's Baretta, **Robert Blake**. Blake, of course, takes nothing from nobody, so we sent **Lawrence Linderman**, a seasoned veteran of eight *Interviews*, to do the honors. He did. Hard-driving Blake has nothing on our man-on-the-move **Brock Yates**, whose *Tough Wheels* will tip you off to vehicles that cry for rugged use.

Our fiction this month is as varied as our fact. There's **Gerald Green's** tragicomic story of a writer who goes loco below the border in *Bernstein in Mexico*. **David Wilcox** provided the dandy illustration. *So Long, Old Buddy* is **Robert F. Young's** eerie tale of a man's farewell to his boyhood castle.

On the light-and-lovely side, there are cartoonist **Alden Erikson's** caught-in-the-act craziness, *Flagrante Delicto!*; our beautiful June Playmate, **Virve Reid**; and James Bond's latest film flame, **Barbara Bach** (our special shooting of Barbara is by **David Bailey**). Plus—ruffles and flourishes—our unanimous choice for Playmate of the Year, **Patti McGuire**. **Pompeo Posar** took the great pictures. Naturally, Patti takes the cake.



GREENBERG



MAGEE



PLATE



TRUSCOTT



KERWIN



LUPICA



LINDERMAN



YATES



GREEN



WILCOX



YOUNG



ERIKSON



MC GUIRE, POSAR

PLAYBOY®

vol. 24, no. 6—june, 1977

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COVER STORY

The T-shirt worn by Playmate of the Year Patti McGuire was not custom-made for PLAYBOY; it was spotted by Patti and Staff Photographer Pompeo Posor in a small shop in Florida. Patti and Pompeo were in Miami in January, trying to shoot the cover, when, of all things, it began to snow. While waiting (unsuccessfully) for the sun to come out, they went shopping and came upon the T-shirt, bought a few and finally did the shooting—in L.A. Are you listening, California Chamber of Commerce?

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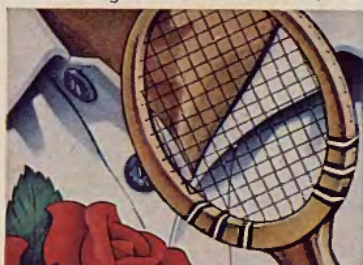
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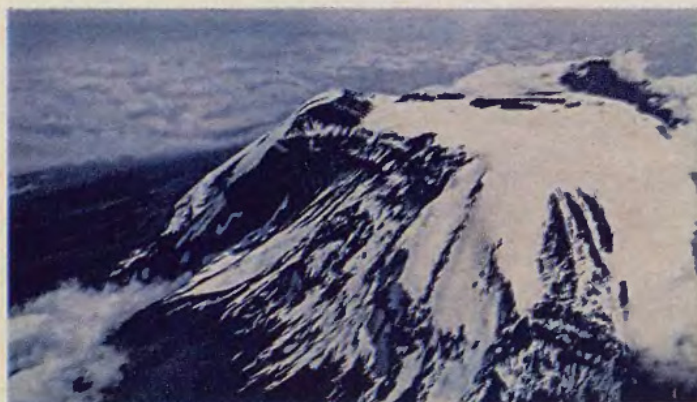
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Mt. Kilimanjaro. Your driver will take you from Nairobi Airport 240 miles southeast to the slopes of Kilimanjaro. You'll climb through the Giant Heath Forest to Mandara Hut, 9,000 feet up. The following morning you'll stumble

outside to stare straight up at your real work—over 10,000 feet of sliding rock, hidden crevasses, and ice avalanches. In addition to boots, ropes and ice axes, you'll need a sound heart, strong lungs, powerful legs and plenty of luck. But somewhere 19,340 feet over Equatorial Africa, a case of Canadian Club is still waiting for you.



Great Barrier Reef. When you reach calm waters between Little Hope and Big Hope Islands you'll need all your courage before facing the deep. Beneath the warm, soothing waves of the Coral Sea lurks the world's most treacherous mass of twisted coral and rock, the Great Barrier Reef. As your captain tosses the dinghy over the side, someone will shout "Dabargo warkigo" (good luck). And you'll need it. You'll be exploring the eerie world where 200-pound clams

filter the clear water. Where giant man-eating sharks patrol. And where we submerged a case of Canadian Club on August 14, 1968.



Death Valley. Head south out of Furnace Creek. You'll pass Badwater, a brackish pool 280 feet below sea level and as close to Hell as man on earth can get. As you cross the boundary of Death Valley National Monument turn right and look for an old road that leads straight to the hills. The road forks and becomes a wash to the right. As you glance around, notice an ancient rock through which centuries of relentless erosion have carved a natural hole. 144 paces up from that rock turn west for 13 more steps. There, where surface temperatures of 190° can melt the soles of your shoes, 12 bottles of the wettest whisky in 87 lands lie buried.



Robinson Crusoe Island. Fly to Santiago, Chile, then on to Robinson Crusoe. Once there, the men who run the radio shack will help you pack your gear down the side of a steep cliff to the beach. There, one of the island's handmade cypress fishing boats will be waiting to take you on the long trip to the other side. Several thousand six-foot waves later, you'll pull into Pangal Bay. Buried somewhere inside one of the caves that spot the coastline, beneath one of the boulders thrown there by the winter storms, is our treasure. It has been waiting patiently for you since August 1, 1970.



Loch Ness. Fly to Inverness and then drive the few miles to Loch Ness along General Wade's Military Road until you get to the tiny hamlet, Dores. You will be at the northeastern tip of the 24-mile Loch. There's a small inn in town where you can enjoy a Canadian Club and get a good description of the monster from the owner. He and the lady who works with him have actually sighted the beast. In back of the inn, about 250

yards straight out from the dock looking toward Tar Point and about 30 yards off the perpendicular shore to your right, we dropped a sealed, watertight case of Canadian Club.



Bigfoot's feeding ground. Deep into the Cascade Mountains in America's Pacific Northwest lurks a massive 8-foot-tall, 500-pound humanoid they call Bigfoot. The buried case lies smack in the middle of his feeding ground, about the same number of miles south of Canada's Good Hope Mountain as it is north of Bluff Creek in California. Somewhere between 6 and 9 miles from the peak of a dormant volcano you'll find an unnatural pile of broken green rocks. From the top of this pile walk 65 paces east to a stream. Turn and walk 70 paces south. Exactly 11 inches below the virgin forest floor at your feet lies that case of Canadian Club.




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COLORADO HIGHS AND LOWS

As a longtime resident of Colorado, I find Mano's *Rocky Mountain Hype* (PLAYBOY, March) funny and embarrassingly accurate.

Gary Glover
Colorado Springs, Colorado

There is much D. Keith Mano says that is true concerning Colorado. However, when he comes down on the mountains themselves as part of the hype, he is treading on sacred ground.

Gayle Howard
Hailey, Idaho

An unequivocal second to Mano. I wish I had had this intuitive bit of journalism available to me several years ago, when I was seduced by the Rocky mystique.

Bill Greed
Glenwood Springs, Colorado

Rocky Mountain Hype sucks.

Dennis Mooney
Colorado Springs, Colorado

If bullshit were music, D. Keith Mano would be a brass band.

Robert Burns
Aspen, Colorado

Stay out of Colorado, Mano. It's wasted on you. You wouldn't know beauty if you saw it.

Pat Peterson
Jacksonville, Florida

Obviously, the altitude has affected Mano's perception.

Paul Feld
Denver, Colorado

We're happy to learn that so many people find Colorado so distasteful. Maybe they'll stay home and leave our beautiful state unmarred.

A Group of Mt. Happy Hypes
Boulder, Colorado

What does the D. in D. Keith Mano stand for—dimwit or dipshit?

John Ward
Denver, Colorado

We'd like you to know that there are at least two part-time Coloradans and confessed rabid environmentalists who

are not in the least disappointed with Governor Richard Lamm's performance in office. In our view, he has done a fine job within the restraints imposed upon him. Environmentalists should keep in mind that governing without making some compromise is impossible. If every public official in the United States had the knowledge of environmental issues and the concern for environmental quality that Dick Lamm has, we would have a much more optimistic view of our nation's future.

Paul R. Ehrlich, Bing Professor of
Population Studies
Anne H. Ehrlich, Senior Research
Associate
Stanford University
Stanford, California

Regarding the opinions of Messrs. Mano (*Rocky Mountain Hype*) and Vetter (*A Few Kind Words About Aspen*), it is sad but accurate to say that they are both right.

John McReynolds
Denver, Colorado

The time has come to say a few kind words about Craig Vetter.

Bill Nussbaum
Vail, Colorado

Right on, Vetter! Boo, hiss, Mano!

Les Paterno
Denver, Colorado

This is one native of Denver who would rather spend four months watching the planes land at Stapleton than ten minutes talking with some asshole who has nothing better to do than crab about the lifestyle of others.

Robert B. Ton
Aurora, Colorado

Hey, buddy, don't step on ma mountains!

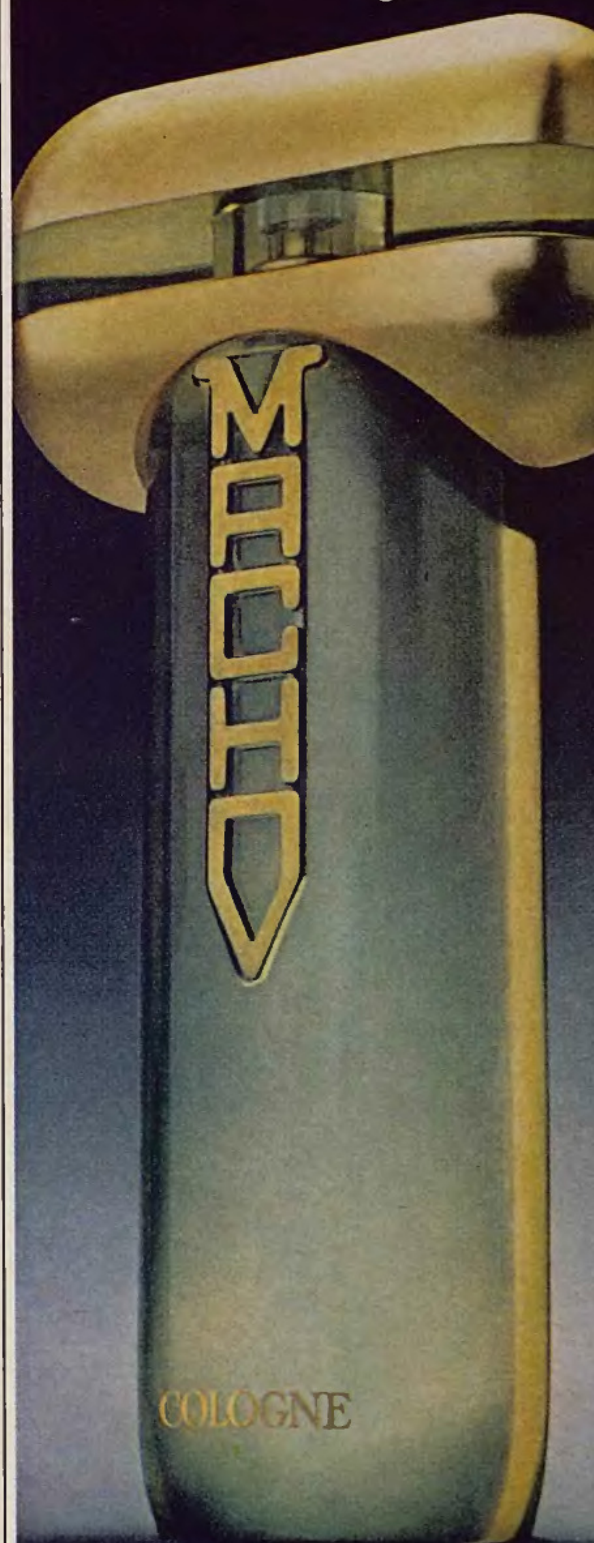
Ruth Martinez
Pagosa Junction, Colorado

ON MOYNIHAN

It was a real eye opener to read your March interview with Daniel P. Moynihan. However, it would have been more appropriate to feature him in the centerfold. After all, he not only got whatever there was off his chest but also showed what a big ass he is. While it is always

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

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Macho is b-a-a-a-d.
And that's good.



Macho cologne, Macho deodorant,
Macho soap. At fine stores.

difficult to determine his measurements, there can be little doubt now that the emperor wears no clothes!

Mel Wilson
Binghamton, New York

Your interview with Senator Pat Moynihan is most impressive. I almost want to move to New York just so he can represent me in the Senate.

Michael Brassard
Putnam, Connecticut

On the subject of "benign neglect," your March interview encourages the belief that blacks like Moynihan. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Tony Brown, Executive Producer
Black Journal
New York, New York

So Pat Moynihan wants to rescue New York City. He and I disagree on its merits. Far from being the wonderful arena of intellectual byplay and dazzling capitalism, it is really the municipal catastrophe of the Western world. Who could want to save that scabrous pile of ugliness, tastelessness and lawlessness?

Manny Dominguez
Corrales, New Mexico

Daniel Patrick Moynihan's comment on India ("What does it export but communicable disease?") makes one wonder whose bright idea it was to appoint him an Ambassador in the first place. For the Senator's information, India does not export communicable disease anymore. It does export jute, tea, coffee, iron ore, cotton textiles, textile machinery, transmission towers, machine tools, locomotives, railway cars, trucks and drugs. We Indians are all too familiar with the imperial attitudes and posturings of the colonial sahibs. Moynihan may be Irish to you. He is very British to us.

Ghulam Faruki, M.D.
Wingdale, New York

The depth and perception exposed in Moynihan's personality and character turned me from a staunch critic of his to a very strong fan.

Jay H. Lehr
Worthington, Ohio

I'm pleased to see someone with some real working knowledge of his country's problems speak candidly about them.

Myles Clauser
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Pat Moynihan for President!
Steven Lianides
West Hartford, Connecticut

MUSCLE-BOUND

I think Arnold Schwarzenegger is the most gorgeous hunk of man I've ever seen. After reading your review of the movie *Pumping Iron* (*Playboy After Hours*, March), and particularly that last line, in which the reviewer quotes Arnold

as saying that body building is like coming. I just had to see that movie. In fact, I saw it three times and I still haven't had enough. When is PLAYBOY going to do a pictorial on Arnold?

Angela Monahan
New York, New York

We ran a full-page picture of Arnold way back in April 1975 ("It's a Naïve Little California Brandy Without Breeding, but I Think You'll Be Amused by Its



Presumption"). In this outtake from that shooting, you can see Arnold doing his famous "boobaflex" exercise in which, by the power of his massive biceps, he is able to increase the size of his companion's chest.

BOMB BLASTS

I was disappointed in Henry Miller's *The Firecracker vs. the Bomb* (PLAYBOY, March). If this confused bullshit is an example of literary genius, I'm Ish Kabibble II.

Tom Hauser
Starke, Florida

Once again I was seduced by the faithful voice of Henry Miller. I could spend hours listening to him. In *The Firecracker vs. the Bomb*, the old master reminds us of the 19th Century poets and writers who spelled out doom for civilized man.

Harvey D. Kaufman
Atlanta, Georgia

THE CARTER CONTROVERSY

Having read G. Barry Golson's fascinating article *Jimmy Carter and Us* (PLAYBOY, March), I'm astounded by the depth and diversity of events surrounding the Carter interview. The sad truth is that those events, as Golson outlines them, were caused more than anything by the tedium and ambiguity of the campaign and the lackluster qualities of the

two candidates. I think the best thing to come from the PLAYBOY fracas was Golson's article and the insight it gives us into the human motivations that trigger historic events, though I find it somewhat capricious to think that the interview was responsible for Carter's having been elected, as Golson implies.

M. LaGrone
Baytown, Texas

Personally, I believe that all of us are well served by occasional thoughtful reflection on the manner in which controversial stories are handled. Certainly, G. Barry Golson's article is a step in the right direction. The press and the public should learn from it.

Tom Brokaw
Today
New York, New York

PLAYMATE ADMIRER

Nicki Thomas, your March Playmate, is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen, upside down or otherwise.

Gary J. Erickson
High Bridge, New Jersey

PORN MOVIE REVIEWS

Getting It Up for a Porn Movie (PLAYBOY, March), by Ronan O'Casey, should have been billed as humor. I found it hilarious.

Moe Ormandy
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Thanks for crushing one of my pet fantasies—making a porn movie. I always had the illusion it was fun and games.

Kyle Hill-Wittwer
New Orleans, Louisiana

SHORT LINES

Thanks to Jon Margolis' *How to Play Stuart Symington* (Selected Shorts, PLAYBOY, March), I'm now able to comment on the article by G. Barry Golson, *Jimmy Carter and Us*: Jimmy Carter is a Desi Arnaz.

Edward Matthew
San Francisco, California

MUCH ADO ABOUT . . .

I was interested to read in the February *Playboy After Hours* about the commercial artist in Papillion who was selling "absolutely nothing" for one dollar. "What a tremendous genius this guy is!" I said to myself. Then I suddenly realized that he was I and me was he. I am sending PLAYBOY "absolutely nothing," as I think the little write-up is worth it.

John Fackler
Inventor of Absolutely Nothing
Papillion, Nebraska

PYNCHON READERS

The only thing wrong with reading a brilliant piece like Jules Siegel's remembrance of Tom Pynchon (*Who Is*



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BHMC

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RARE
SCOTCH

Thomas Pynchon . . . and Why Did He Take Off with My Wife?, PLAYBOY, March) is that it gooses editors to try to find Pynchon to get something of his in their magazine. The alternative, of course, is to hire Siegel, who only happens to be standing over my shoulder as I write this.

Lawrence S. Dietz, Executive Editor
New West
Beverly Hills, California

Jules Siegel is a *schluck!* Why doesn't he leave Thomas Pynchon alone? And if he persists with his obvious streak of literary jealousy, why doesn't PLAYBOY check his facts for him? William Faulkner was never tall; he was barely more than 5'6". A Federal district judge can marry no one anywhere in the United States, with the possible exception of the District of Columbia; marriage is a contract between the state and the parties.

Michael Jessup
Matthews, Alabama

Maybe you ought to check your own facts. First of all, the article doesn't state that Faulkner was tall—that is a reference to Pynchon. Second, although Federal district judges do not often marry couples (it's not one of their usual functions), they can, legally, and have.

Every so often, I ask somebody from the old *Post* days whatever happened to Jules Siegel, and so it was nice to read his piece and find out. I always thought he was marvelously talented and a little crazy, and it doesn't look as if he's changed much, except maybe he's not quite so crazy. I'm not surprised that he knew Thomas Pynchon; I wouldn't be surprised if he knew J. D. Salinger or Howard Hughes or King Kong. Jules always did get around.

Don McKinney, Managing Editor
McCalls
New York, New York

Siegel's memoir is as touching and sensitive and graceful a piece of work as I've read in many months. He's an immensely gifted writer.

Lawrence Linderman
Sonoma, California

Leave Pynchon be. He knows what he is about.

B. Traven
Guadalajara, Mexico

As you probably know, B. Traven was the author of many novels (among them "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre"), whose extremely reclusive lifestyle was similar to Pynchon's. The fact that he is deceased makes us wonder about the authenticity of the above letter. It may very well be a put-on perpetrated by none other than Thomas Pynchon himself. ¿Quién sabe?

Perhaps I had expected more insight into Pynchon's literary mind from the

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It is a bit of a surprise, we suppose.

Panatela slacks and tops fit like Levi's. And wear like Levi's. But they don't look like Levi's, which can take some getting used to.

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

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

Yes, Levi's Sportswear Panatela!!

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memoir than the intellectual parading of Siegel's cuckoldry. The memoir itself might have found a more favorable audience in *The National Enquirer* or another tabloid of that genre.

Bruce Ingram Martin
Ward, Colorado

SEXY DRESSERS

Clothes Make the Man (PLAYBOY, March) is tantalizing in that it leaves something to the imagination, but don't you think you leave just a little too much to the imagination with that opening shot? I mean, come on, fellas, can't we at least have a look at the girl's face?

Daniel Augustine
Dallas, Texas

As you can see from this picture that



wasn't used in the pictorial, she and we have nothing to hide.

Your *Clothes Make the Man* is one hell of a pictorial.

Bob Snow
Covington, Kentucky

LET THEM EAT TAKES

Bravo to Nicholas von Hoffman for his splendid article on the country's food monopolies (*Let Them Eat Sodium Stearoyl-2-Lactylate*, PLAYBOY, March). Now what we need is a comparable report on the monopoly situation in the rest of the national economy.

Charles E. Mueller, Associate Editor
Antitrust Law & Economics Review
Washington, D.C.

Regarding Von Hoffman's discussion on additives in foods: To make such statements as "To be safe, additives don't need to be tested but banished from the food chain" is most irresponsible. Hundreds of additives are harmless; indeed, many foods of high nutritional value and of desirable flavor and texture are dependent upon additives. There is no

such thing as an absolutely safe food if it is ingested in extremely large quantities. Similarly, additives may be harmless when consumed in small quantities but harmful in larger doses. The same may be said concerning so-called natural foods, such as salt, sugar, starches, proteins, vitamins, etc. Von Hoffman would be deprived of what may be one of his favorite dishes, sauerkraut, were it not for additives. I can just hear him clicking his heels together on that one.

Ora Smith, Professor Emeritus
New York State College of
Agriculture & Life Sciences
at Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

Sorry to disappoint you, professor, but Von Hoffman is of Russian descent.

As a young farmer's wife and partner in our farming operation, it was most gratifying to read Von Hoffman's article on agribusiness. The American family farmer, if given the incentive of a reasonable return on his investment, would efficiently produce a bountiful supply of agricultural products for home and abroad. However, when giant corporations adulterate our natural products and middlemen receive windfall profits, consumers are alienated from farming's unique problems.

Vicki Leaders
Underwood, Iowa

PERVERSY DIVERSITY

Your excerpt of David Mamet's *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* (PLAYBOY, March) is definitely the best part of the play. I saw it in New York some time ago. Now I want to see it again.

Howard Turnette
Newark, New Jersey

Mamet's got an incredible ear for dialog. The section of his play you published sounds just like a typical evening with my best buddy.

Arnold Ackerman
Akron, Ohio

CASANOVA REDUX

Of everything in your March issue, I enjoyed *Comeback for Casanova* the best. Lillian Müller is going to go a long way! I do believe we have another Monroe on our hands.

Daniel A. Riccatelli
Reseda, California

CHILE REVISITED

I read with great interest Tad Szulc's article, *A Very Quiet Horror*, in the February issue. My friend and co-author Orlando Letelier was, indeed, the victim of the CIA's whole heritage of subversion and counterrevolution, whether the explosive device was planted by American agents, exiled Cuban terrorists or officials of General Pinochet's DINA. Although you do mention that "a passenger in the

back seat was barely injured," I regret that you did not consider it newsworthy to note that an American citizen also died in the explosion. The American citizen was my wife, Ronni K. Moffitt.

Michael Moffitt
Institute for Policy Studies
Washington, D.C.

CLARK'S MARKS

Jon Carroll's March article, *Portrait of Dick Clark as an Eternally Young DeeJay*, is a piece of pulp! Unable to satisfy his own curiosity (and mine) about Clark and incapable of completing the assignment, Carroll resorts to some type of extortion, like, "Tell me who and what you are, Clark, or I'll make it up." What journalistic masturbation!

Martin E. Jupp
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Carroll really captured Clark for me. I've been watching *American Bandstand* since I was a kid and still watch it, though I can't say why.

Bill Orbin
Toledo, Ohio

FREEWAY FASHION

Your March fashion piece, *Going Hollywood!*, especially the shot presumably taken somewhere on the Hollywood Freeway, really captures the California spirit. As a frequent traveler of the freeway, I imagine the sight of that young lady in the revealing one-piece must have caused some near crack-ups.

Marty Sumner
Hollywood, California

The shooting was actually done on a closed-off lane of the Hollywood Freeway, but that didn't stop the local police from chasing our models and crew from



the scene. Police took identification, advised the crew not to leave town and charged that the girl in the one-piece was causing a riot on the freeway. For some reason, though, no one was ticketed.



Is anything
worth the
terror of...

THE DEEP



THE DEEP



A Columbia/EMI Presentation

The Casablanca Filmworks Production

A Peter Yates Film

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"THE DEEP" · **LOUIS GOSSETT** and **ELI WALLACH**

Based on the novel by Peter Benchley

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Produced by Peter Guber · Directed by Peter Yates



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ROBERT SHAW



JACQUELINE BISSET



NICK NOLTE

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It's the one for sun.

It's right. Right now. After all, we've been improving what's right about our beer for over a century. Because we know you never lose your taste for quality.

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word for beer.**

And you know it.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



In an article about the ancient art of glass blowing, the Fort Belvoir, Virginia, *Castle* reported that in the Forties, an Italian artisan "became well known in the United States for blowing Mickey Mouse and other Disney characters." For this, the piece continues, Walt Disney invited him, in 1948, to vacation at Disneyland free of charge.

This ad for a local radio station was seen by commuters on a bus in Cleveland: FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO GET THEIR ROCK SOFT.

On what must have been a very slow day for Seattle's Finest, a police department spokesman released this item to the press: "It is unlawful to carry a goldfish on public transportation unless that goldfish is lying down."

The Six Million Dollar Man works on the same principle. A Japanese firm has produced a computer that registers lip prints, but it works only after the operator has kissed it. The computer is designed so that a kiss stirs something in its memory bank.

Some of them even involve women! This curious item was reported by *The Province* of Vancouver, British Columbia: "Ten thousand abortions a year in B.C., many of them involving pregnancies, amount to a serious public issue."

When Australia's majority party threw a bash honoring elected politicians with ten years of service, members of the opposition Labor Party were critical. The featured attraction at the shindig was a young lady who inadvertently lost the top of her bikini while popping out of a cake. Noting that the partygoers were also the lawmakers responsible for devaluating the Australian dollar, a Labor spokesman remarked that the strip show

was "the government's only successful attempt to stimulate the private sector."

Well, he has to verify the evidence, doesn't he? According to the Lakewood, Colorado, *Sentinel*, "Police were informed by construction workmen . . . that some voyeur had drilled a peephole into the policewomen's locker room. When told of the incident, the Investigation Division commander said he would look into it."



An insurance salesman in Raleigh, North Carolina, fell 20 feet into a dry well while trying to sell an accident-insurance policy to a farmer. It didn't stop the intrepid salesman's pitch. "This is a good example of why you need this accident policy," the salesman yelled up from the bottom of the well. "This could have happened to you."

That's what they told Liz Ray: The qualifications listing for the position of senior clerk typist with the city of San Francisco advises applicants that "proficiency in English may be basis for disqualification."

A reader reports seeing the following marquee at a Baptist church in Portland, Texas: THE SIZE OF THE TOOL DOESN'T MATTER IN THE MASTER'S HAND.

A Rhode Island man in the process of getting a divorce wanted to make an honest woman of his live-in girlfriend. Since he couldn't marry her, he did the next best thing—he adopted her. The presiding judge annulled the adoption five days after he approved it, when it was brought to his attention that the 33-year-old man and his 32-year-old "daughter" were involved in an incestuous relationship. Nice try.

When Lehigh University's student newspaper, *Brown and White*, published an article about the declining cumulative grade-point averages of men living in fraternities, the headline read: "LOW FRAT CUM CREATES CONCERN."

Good thing he didn't have heartburn. Plagued by an infected big toe, a World War Two veteran went to a Miami V.A. hospital and asked to be admitted as an emergency patient but was refused on the grounds that his injury was not serious

enough to warrant emergency treatment. Undaunted, the man calmly left the hospital, walked into the parking lot, pulled a .38-caliber revolver out of his pocket, shot himself in the offending toe, walked back into the hospital and announced that it was now an emergency. He was admitted.

An unidentified sneak thief entered the University of Oklahoma's Bizzell Memorial Library and, using a razor blade, cut from an encyclopedia an article on ethics.

Hey, Fido, you got change for a 20? The Animal Regulation Committee in Ventura County, California, has come up with an idea for cutting down the local pet population—an ordinance requiring dogs and cats to have special ten-dollar mating permits. Said the county supervisor skeptically: "I can't think of any way to communicate the idea to the dog."

A British tenor, rehearsing his role as Luigi in Puccini's *Il Tabarro*, was taken to a London hospital after sustaining injuries when a 130-pound soprano was thrown on top of him. In the opera, after being throttled by a jealous husband, Luigi falls to the floor, whereupon the husband is supposed to fling his unfaithful wife upon the "corpse." The soprano was puzzled: "We rehearsed the scene many times and I don't think I landed any harder than I have in the past."

An article in *Natural History* magazine explains how some insects, as larvae, consume their mothers from the inside by chewing through her tissue linings. Its title: *The Advantages of Eating Mom*.

In a story about the metric system, the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* informs us that "the basic unit for measuring length, width and depth is the peter."

Condom manufacturers in Colorado are required by law to label their packages with a warning that the product shouldn't be used more than three years after the date of manufacture. One of the state's major condom distributors argues that the law is unfair because condoms do not necessarily deteriorate after three years in a package. "If the State Pharmacy Board ever decides to begin enforcing the law, we're in serious trouble, because we're not going to comply," says a spokesman—adding, "We'll just pull out."

Attention, all sperm-bank presidents: Over an article about attendance at the next Olympiad, the *Indonesian Observer* ran the headline "500,000 TOURISTS TO COME AT MOSCOW OLYMPIC GAMES."

FEINBERG'S FORECASTS

Now that we're about half-way into 1977 and most New Year predictions have been proved either right or wrong, we thought it appropriate to ask contributor Willie Feinberg to contact his favorite seer, Migh Howey Shrizze, for some mid-year predictions. Unlike your average, run-of-the-mill prognosticators, Shrizze names names, dates and places:



On June 30, 1977, Richard Burton will purchase from the Japanese government the top two thirds of Mount Fuji, have it mounted on a platinum setting and present it to one Veronica Poklacki, a teenage drum majorette from Akron, Ohio.

In an effort to find the space necessary to contain its growing stockpile of paper napkins and plastic forks, the McDonald's chain will, on July 10, 1977, buy Paraguay.

Mankind will be astounded when, on July 28, 1977, it is discovered that an 88-year-old bachelor using the alias Francis X. Cohn, living above a laundromat in Strasburg, North Dakota, and employed by the Allstate Insurance Company as a claims adjuster, is, in reality, Adolf Hitler.

Bad news for American utility companies when, on August 15, 1977, an unemployed fountain-pen salesman from Cape Girardeau, Missouri, named Albert Koozz discovers that by holding a steel fork in each hand and simultaneously rubbing radial-soled shoes on a nylon carpet, one can generate enough electricity to light a three-bedroom home for 30 days.

Dinah Shore, on September 2, 1977, will elope with one Greg Tucker, Sophie's grandson, after which he will graduate from high school and leave Dinah waiting in the assembly hall.

On September 26, 1977, Cleveland Amory will be bitten on the ass by a trained seal named Naomi.

On September 30, 1977, Yasir Arafat will be notified by a certain Ida Lieberman, a Haifa Heights midwife, that she (Ida) delivered him not from the woman he has called Mums, lo, these many years but, rather, from one Trudy Margolis, a not-so-nice Jewish girl from Rogers Park, Chicago, who went and got herself knocked

up hanging around Cairo street corners while on tour with Polly Adler in the late Twenties. Arafat will defect to Easter Island.

Come October 5, 1977, Lester Maddox will have root-canal work done in a dark room by a light-skinned black, who shall then proceed to cut all the way down to Lester's brother Arnold, who lives downstairs.

Evel Knievel will, on November 6, 1977, drive a bus off the roof of the Los Angeles City Hall and land safely on the soft underside of a passing Kate Smith.

On November 30, 1977, Earl Butz will discover that his feet have grown two sizes, that the heating facility in his bathroom malfunctions and that... well... you figure it out.

On December 8, 1977, Tony Orlando will quit television and the network will replace him with Alexander Solzhenitsyn, giving rise to the Emmy Award-winning act Alexander Solzhenitsyn and Dawn.

Fidel Castro, on December 23, 1977, will shave off his beard and a revolution will usurp his power when it is discovered that he is actually Omar Sharif.

On December 24, 1977, Jesus Christ will reappear for the Second Coming in the middle of the lingerie department of Macy's department store in New York City and be trampled to death by hordes of excited shoppers doing their last-minute Christmas shopping.

New low-tar with

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**Flavor
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Lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine
King Size: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 16 mg. "tar",
1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



BOOKS

Dan Wakefield's new novel, *Home Free* (Delacorte), is one of those innocuous efforts: a pause that refreshes but doesn't satisfy. Gene, 23, is a college student who doesn't know what to do with his life. He shacks up with Louise, but that relationship ends when the pizza gets cold waiting for her to come home and boredom becomes an unwelcome roomie. There's the usual assortment of crazy friends, women, drugs, weird scenes. Wakefield's novel lacks insight, but it makes up for it in mileage: Gene honestly believes movin' on will erase the pain. "Keep on truckin'" seems to be the slogan of this Sixties novel, but you can go only so far—and Hollywood is the end of the line. In Tinseltown, Gene gets involved with Uncle Phil, a helpful chap who can't say no when his friends ask for smack. At the end, clean Gene has run out of answers—but, for Christ's sake, he hasn't even asked the questions! We have a gnawing feeling that Wakefield has been watching too many soap operas (exhibit A: *All My Children*) and that he sees novel writing as an exercise in filling up pages with clichés. But because it is easy, breezy and readable, *Home Free* is fine for those 15-minute gigs—waiting at the dentist's, riding the bus.

"Every sport," writes Roger Angell in his *Five Seasons: A Baseball Companion* (Simon & Schuster), "has its great fans as well as its great athletes—classic performers whose exceptional powers set them apart from the journeyman spectator. . . . They are often cranky . . . trembling with memory and pride and frustration, as ridiculous and touching as any lovers."

In the ranks of fandom, Angell himself is a superstar. He is a sophisticated *New Yorker* writer who admits that his blood rushes as spring training nears. With childlike joy, he travels to Florida and Arizona to share with the players and coaches and managers their annual rituals of getting in shape and starting another season. During the summer, he makes spot checks around the parks in both leagues, observing how and why players and teams build their good years and their bad. He watches games on TV. He travels with one of baseball's top professional scouts on his rounds of high school and college games from North Carolina to Michigan, in search of the next Willie Mays or Whitey Ford, and he records the scout's almost ineffably subtle judgments of talent and character that will shape young men's careers. Harvard Business School should be so sophisticated! Angell complains about modern-day owners and their cold, dollars-and-cents approach to the beloved



Getting home via cliché.

"Easy, breezy and readable, *Home Free* is fine for those 15-minute gigs."



Five Seasons: superfan's journal.

old game; he shows vividly what it used to mean to be a major-leaguer and contrasts that with how it feels today in the era of inflated salaries and off-the-field pressures.

Angell does all this in the form of a rambling journal covering the baseball seasons from 1972 to 1976. So you think it's impossible to read an engaging account of the 1972 baseball season today? Angell has managed it, because he knows

that baseball is about more than the score at the end of nine innings: It is about youth and dreams and fame and success and failure and inspiration and devotion. Angell's achievement with this book is comparable to hitting 60 home runs, batting .350, knocking in 120 R.B.I.s and stealing 90 bases in one season; his publisher should retire his jersey.

The writing Wallaces have struck again with one of those collections of bite-sized trivia and odd information that made last year's *The People's Almanac* a best seller. David Wallenchinsky, Irving Wallace and Amy Wallace have compiled something called *The Book of Lists* (Morrow), which is exactly what its title suggests: a bible for those who compulsively rank, number and categorize their way through life. There are the 12 windiest cities in the U.S. (Boston, Dallas and Des Moines, among others, are gustier than Chicago), the ten worst insurance risks (race-car drivers and lumberjacks rank high), nine breeds of dog that bite the most (German shepherds, chows and poodles) and the least (golden and Labrador retrievers), the 15 most boring classics, 23 of the busiest lovers in history, the nine shortest-running TV series and, of course, the ever-popular ten well-known one-eyed persons in history. Here are a few of our favorite examples (or, Five Lists from *The Book of Lists* That Happen to Fit into a *PLAYBOY* Book Review):

People Not to Invite to Dinner (Typhoid Mary, for one, and Gabriele D'Annunzio, who was supposed to have eaten a roast baby).

Deaths from Strange Causes (among which, that of Allan Pinkerton, ace detective, who bit his tongue and died of gangrene).

Beans and Their Flatulence Levels (soybeans produce the strongest fragrances).

Three People Who Died During Sex (Attila the Hun, Felix Faure and Pope Leo VIII).

Dr. Demento's Worst Song Titles (*They Needed a Songbird in Heaven*, *So God Took Caruso Away*, for example).

Our vote for the best of Abby Van Buren's Readers' Seven Most Unusual Problems goes to the woman who wrote: "My husband burns the hair out of his nose with a lighted match. And he thinks I'm crazy because I voted for Goldwater." Convinced? Put it on your Summer Reading List.

It isn't often that a piece of fiction shatters the psyche and rocks the literary

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.



Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum.

Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.



Another surprise.

Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations.

Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's



made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's

to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The



extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch:

Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of 1/2 lemon or lime, 1 1/2 oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled

with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.



Myers's Rum and Cola:

Into a highball glass, add 1 1/2 oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point.

Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods.

Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way



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world at the same time. John Cheever's fourth novel, *Falconer* (Knopf), does exactly that: It is an extraordinarily elegant work about a prison inmate—somber, reflective, disturbing—and is certain to win a number of awards. What is considered by many to be the most outstanding chapter of the novel, involving the massacre of the prison cats, originally appeared in the January 1976 *PLAYBOY*.

Somebody once said that if you were to put a chimpanzee in front of a typewriter long enough, sooner or later it'd tap out *King Lear*. Put that same primate in front of a typewriter for maybe five hours and, assuming it can touch-type, it could probably produce *Kid Andrew Cody and Julie Sparrow* (Doubleday), Tony Curtis' first novel.

What the Vietnam war needs now is more books like this one. Phil Caputo, a college dropout turned Marine who has now made good as the *Chicago Tribune's* Moscow correspondent, has delivered in *A Rumor of War* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) perhaps the first truly unpretentious book written in English about the recent unpleasantness in Indochina. It is the remarkably articulate personal memoir of an unsuspecting second looney who saw Vietnam in 1966 "as a place where I might find a bit of dangerous adventure." Properly read, it is the companion piece to *His Own Story*, by Lieutenant William L. Calley, of My Lai infamy. Each captures the dumfounded displacement of nice American boys in the Southeast jungle, exasperated by equal parts mud and sudden death. One sees how accidentally one man went wrong while the other muddled through. But Caputo's best lines are his first, in the book's prolog: "This book does not pretend to be history. It has nothing to do with politics, power, strategy, influence, national interests, or foreign policy. . . . In a general sense, it is simply a story about war. . . ." Thank God.

Donald E. Westlake has written some pretty damn funny books in his time, but, as they say in the humor biz, they can't all be gems. His latest, mysteriously titled *Enough!* (M. Evans), is something of an unpolished rhinestone—colorless, artificial and ragged at the edges. It's actually a combination of two novellas—the first, called *Travesty*, about a Valium-popping film critic who accidentally kills one of his girlfriends, clears his name, befriends one of the detectives working on the case, helps solve the very case he committed, sleeps with the detective's wife and, to make a long story short (which Westlake would have been better off doing himself), ends up getting framed for the murder he actually committed. Not a bad premise, but the pace is slow, the protagonist is too cold-blooded to be likable and the humor is

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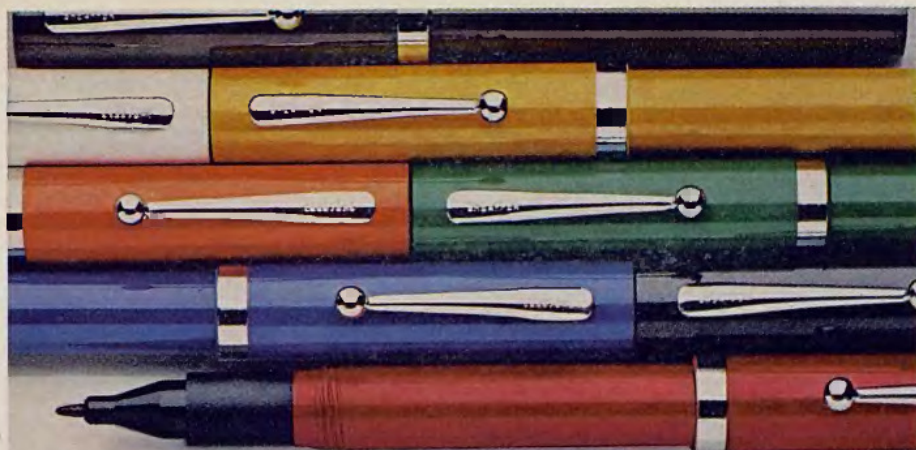
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strained. (At one point, Westlake contrives an entire scene just so he can have a Spanish landlord say, "Mortches? I doan get no mortches! I doan hab no stinkin' mortches!" Movie buffs will recognize this as a rather unclever paraphrasing of Alfonso Bedoya's classic line in *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*.) The level of humor sinks drastically in the second novella, *Ordo*, a rather odd and untouching love story, and by mid-book, you'll be ready to scream "Enough!" Which, come to think of it, may explain the title.

Duke, A Portrait of Duke Ellington (Norton), by Derek Jewell, is not quite a gem; its idiosyncratic structure tries to be chronological and thematic all at once, which makes it bog down again and again in repetitions that are more likely to drive off newcomers than to make converts for the Duke. But for old-line Ellington fans, it's probably a must, since Jewell talks—at last—about Duke's life with the ladies, as well as chronicling his life on the road all over the world, from the gangster-run Chicago clubs of the early Twenties to a 70th-birthday celebration at the White House that featured, among other things, Nixon pounding out a version of *Happy Birthday* on the piano and Agnew following up with his own piano renditions of Duke's classics.

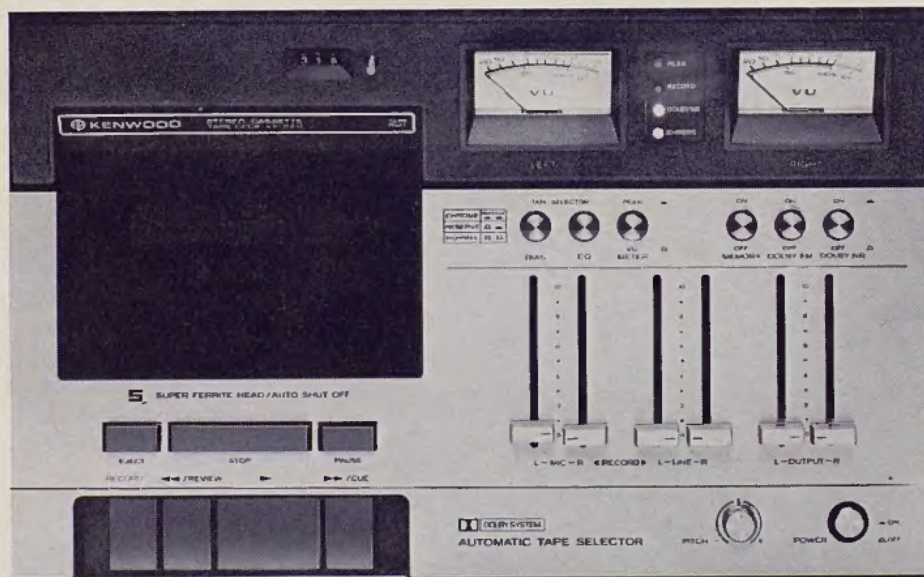
QUICK READS

Robert Bloch / The King of Terrors (Mysterious Press): A collection of superb tales of madness and death from the man who brought the world a nasty short story called *The Real Bad Friend*. Don't recognize the title? Well, it became *Psycho* at the movies. Available from The Mysterious Press, P.O. Box 334, East Station, Yonkers, New York 10704 (ten dollars postpaid).

Dan Gerber / Indy: The World's Fastest Carnival Ride (Prentice-Hall): The whole story (some of it appeared in the June 1976 PLAYBOY) of the event, the people who follow it, the drivers, the cars, the danger and the excitement, with photos by Heinz Klutmeier. A must for fans.

David Kopay and Perry Deane Young / The David Kopay Story (Arbor): Alter *Washington Star* reporter Lynn Roselli broke the series on homosexuality in sports, David Kopay, longtime professional football player, decided it was time to come out of the closet. Here is his story: strict Catholic upbringing, life around the football field (he played for five N.F.L. teams, ending with Green Bay) and the long odyssey toward facing his sexual identity.

Pat Jordan / Broken Patterns (Dodd, Mead): Women athletes are profiled in this book but not the usual superstars. Instead, we get a tough old lady wrestler billed as The Fabulous Moolah, two weight lifters, a drag racer, the world's best volleyball player and others. Sports stories with an unusual twist.



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MUSIC

Growing old with rock 'n' roll can be fun. As time passes, the immediate impact of each year's hot new group might not be so intense as before, but the sense of rock 'n' roll as music with a history grows apace. The resultant intermingling of personal, musical and historical time can produce a pleasurable sense of dislocation that, if it doesn't quite equal the experience of seeing the Stones or Led Zep for the first time, sure beats the hell out of growing up.

This year, for example, is the tenth anniversary of the purported Summer of Love and its sound-track album, *Sgt. Pepper*. So it's only logical that the rock vanguard is celebrating the occasion by totally rejecting the post-1967 pop sensibility and musical complexities and turning instead to the raw-edged R&B-rooted music of the mid-Sixties for inspiration.

In England, Eddie and the Hot Rods have successfully kept both the musical and the personal styles of the early Stones and The Who. Their debut album, *Teenage Depression* (Island), features the tight, hard-driving playing, powerful but controlled vocals and short but to the point lead-guitar work that characterized the very best English rock of 1965. The band acknowledges its musical origins on the LP's two nonoriginal tunes, The Who's *The Kids Are All Right* and Sam Cooke's *Shake*, potentially risky choices that it carries off with style.

The New York Art and Punk Rock underground has been received with justifiable suspicion elsewhere, since the New York critics are the only people who've actually heard the groups in question. Albums by three of the better-known outfits are now available and the results, though mixed, are a definite improvement over the New York Dolls. Of the lot, Television's *Marquee Moon* (Elektra) is easily the most accessible. Singer/songwriter Tom Verlaine's quavering, intense vocal style owes a lot to Lou Reed and Patti Smith, though it's likely that Patti took more from Verlaine than vice versa. The lyrics—striking, frequently brilliant pieces of the darkly romantic, jungle-of-cities genre—are complemented by spare, slightly menacing musical settings, with the band employing repeated minimal riffs much in the manner of the early West Coast groups.

Three-chord rock 'n' roll is an article of faith among all the young bands, both here and in England. The Ramones, however, have carried the creed beyond idolatry into nihilistic absurdity. Their latest, *Leave Home* (Sire), is just as loud, fast, unintelligible and numbing as their previous disc. Exalting rock stupidity (with lyrics about sniffing glue, killing girls "to get the glory like Charlie Man-



Mid-Sixties revisited.

"As time passes, the sense of rock 'n' roll as music with a history grows apace."



Incredible Stokowski.

son" and being dumb), the Ramones should appeal mainly to heavy readers of Celine and members of outlaw motorcycle gangs.

Listening to the classic cuts on *Phil Spector's Greatest Hits* (Warner Bros./Spec-

tor)—The Ronnettes, Crystals, Righteous Brothers, Ike & Tina's *River Deep, Mountain High*—one might be excused for feeling that Spector could make any group sound magnificent. Welcome back, 1965; it's like you never left!

Leopold Stokowski will be 95 this year. This incredible musical life span has seen him ranked as one of the great conductors of all time (eccentric, yes, like all the great ones) and recognized as a master of lush orchestral sound. And still he is scorned by the classical purists. They question his musical taste, his freedom with a score and, particularly, his long series of "transcriptions" (Bach/Stokowski, Bizet/Stokowski, etc.), those collaborations with dead composers that he has been churning out for 50 years. Others revere him for the fact that he is a maverick, and a noble one at that. He has founded, nourished and funded symphony orchestras; spread the gospel of great music for everyone with low-cost concerts; offered employment to all gifted musicians, regardless of age, sex or race; and practically created single-handedly one of the finest ensembles in the world, the Philadelphia Orchestra. And he's still recording. Two recent issues represent the range of quality and style Stokowski can achieve. *Bizet's Carmen and L'Arlésienne Suites* (Columbia) are superbly performed and recorded. This is perfect Stokowski material: full of highly textured, emotional passages, dynamically varied and familiar. In SQ or stereo, this record is a sonic marvel. Stokowski has always been in the vanguard of recorded sound: He was investigating long-play techniques as early as 1931; in 1939 and 1940, he recorded the sound track (with the Philadelphia Orchestra) for Disney's *Fantasia* in multichannel "stereo"; and he was one of the first to explore quadraphonics. All that background and skill are evident in this disc, produced by Paul Myers. Not so successful is *Wagner's Götterdämmerung: Orchestral Highlights* (RCA), in which the maestro conducts the London Symphony Orchestra in, again, some familiar material. The recording is not nearly up to the Bizet standard and the L.S.O., a fine orchestra, sounds good but not terribly spirited. There is even some sloppy playing in *Brünnhilde's Immolation*, but that, alas, can be typical of Stokowski, too. Yet he has never been afraid to demonstrate his fallibility—or his humanity. After all, you don't get to be 95 without dropping the baton now and then.

Without Raymond Douglas Davies, the Kinks would be rather ordinary. They have a reputation for sloppy stage performances and a persistent rumor is that

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on their early hits, they used studio musicians to play the licks they couldn't handle. Davies' ironic sensibility and his rare ability as a lyricist transform the band's every record into a big event, as they say on TV. He is given to producing song cycles on everything from the mercenary world of pop music to the transformation of English village life. He's into transformations again on *Sleepwalker* (Arista), but this time out, he's singing about the strange changes people go through when the sun goes down. The title song is a vampire's comment on his life. *Full Moon* is a reassuring look at lycanthropy: "Pay no attention if I crawl across the room. It's just another full moon." Mr. *Big Man* is about other changes, the ones people go through when they hit the top and realize they can treat others as badly as they please. *Life Goes On* is a cheerful reminder that "Life will hit you when you least expect it" and even suicide won't help much. When you're dead and gone, life will still go on and on.

Lest you take his playful wickedness too seriously, Davies throws in a reminder that what he's singing is only *Juke Box Music*: "It's only meant to dance to, so you shouldn't take it to heart."

Joseph Byrd's *Yankee Transcendoodle* (Takoma) is the first real evidence that we have that regression into past lives is not only possible but desirable. In his present life, composer/arranger Byrd is a musician, a virtuoso on the synthesizer and one of the most cheerful talents on the West Coast. In his previous existence, which spans the 19th Century, Byrd must have vagabonded across the continent, absorbing as much popular American music as he could. He heard *The Star-Spangled Banner* played in waltz time. He heard the Boston Latin School Band render *Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean* and *America the Beautiful*, *The National Emblem March* by the P. T. Barnum Music Consortium, *You're a Grand Old Flag* by the Cherokee Reservation Drum and Bugle Corps, *Home, Sweet Home* by a 15-year-old girl cornetist in a Lutheran church on the Fourth of July and *Conquest of the American Wilderness*, a sound *haiku* to industrial progress. Byrd remembers it all exactly as he heard it—the original arrangements, instruments and styles of execution—and has exuberantly reproduced it on the synthesizer. You can even pick out Walter P. Chrysler, the automobile manufacturer, when he was a machinist for the Union Pacific in the 1880s and played tuba in the railroad band.

George Bernard Shaw wrote in 1888 that the music of Brahms "is at bottom only a prodigiously elaborated compound of incoherent reminiscences"—a judgment for which he later apologized. It took Shaw 50 years, however, to reverse himself, by which time he, too (like Brahms's listen-

ers), may have begun to nod off. Too much of Brahms is old men's music—rambling, droning stuff, muddy in effect. But the chamber works are quite a different matter. You may not jump out of your chair and dance, but these pieces have a sense of formal unity and romantic conviction that makes them the crown of Brahms's achievement. Several years ago, RCA recorded cellist Gregor Piatigorsky (who died last August) and pianist Artur Schnabel in the *Sonatas for Cello and Piano—in E Minor (Opus 38) and F Major (Opus 99)*. The disc has only now been released. The *E Minor* shows Brahms experimenting with an interesting mixture of styles, while the *F Major*—a more mature, integrated work—teems with ideas and power, particularly in the galloping third movement. Piatigorsky's elegance and Schnabel's fire make this a collaboration without peer. Both, of course, were old men when the disc was made, but we'll bet you've never heard such nimble, moving playing as this.

After a decade of personnel changes and hard-earned journeyman status within the pop world, Fleetwood Mac was faced with the most delightful problem yet—how to follow up an album that scored quadruple-platinum sales. The answer, of course, was to make an even better one. Where Mac's last album found new members Lindsey Buckingham and Stevie Nicks—he of the muscular guitar and she of the bewitching *Rhiannon* voice—definitely feeling their way, *Rumours* (Warner Bros.) finds them fully integrated into the band. With sharper production, *Go Your Own Way*—the first single from an album filled with them—fairly jumps from the speakers with rocking intensity, while Stevie's *Dreams* offers another dose of ominous romanticism. Although Stevie has inspired almost as many rock-'n'-roll crushes as album sales, veteran Christine McVie possesses the sexier vocal tones. Her delicate *Songbird* and the lusciously seductive *You Make Loving Fun* are enough to make a hard-rocker weep. While Mac's huge commercial success invites mass-culture comparisons to the hamburger of the same name, *Rumours* offers a special sauce to make Ronald McDonald envious.

Pink Floyd, the star-tripping heavy-weight of space rock, has moved into the barnyard for *Animals* (Columbia) and mated its headphone-designed rock with Orwell's *Animal Farm* fantasy. Call the result bestiality. To be sure, Floyd has crafted an album ideal for sharing with a potent joint of Colombian—lots of reverberating voices and guitars—but the trite lyrical execution, punctuated by oinks and barks, is for the birds. *Dogs* unleashes the best melody in an album otherwise devoid of sustaining substance. Check out the cover, though—it's a stunner, picturing a 50-foot inflated pig

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strung between smokestacks of a British power plant. The punch line is that after the shooting, the pig escaped, causing bemused havoc for the air traffic over London's Heathrow Airport. Although Floyd hardly needed the publicity—its albums are automatic 1,000,000 sellers—the headlines did demonstrate that *Animals* is full of hot air.

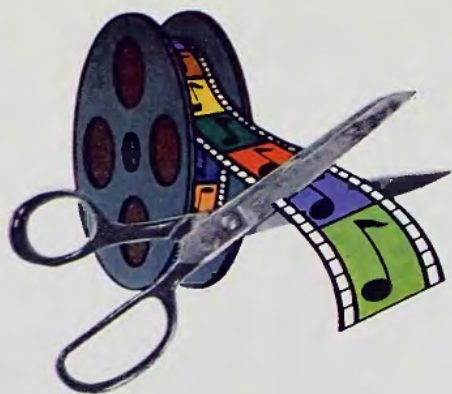
Valerie Carter, the latest lady to drift out of the Southern California canyons, has a voice that would turn Bonnie Raitt green with envy. On her debut album, *Just a Stone's Throw Away* (Columbia)—a year and a half in the making—Valerie invited every name musician in L.A. to lend a hand and, predictably, the hired help took over. As a result, the album alternates among several distinct styles: With help from Linda Ronstadt and Herb Pederson, delicately arranged ballads come off like recent Ronstadt outtakes; under the production of Maurice White (Earth, Wind & Fire), Valerie's soulfulness suffers beneath a deluge of horn-heavy arrangements. Carter's vocal range and emotional control are most accessible under the influence of Lowell George and Bill Payne of Little Feat, where she parades from pop power blues to reggae. She finds her niche by the final cut, a saucy blues number, *Back to Blue Some More*—but by then you feel hopelessly uneasy about where you've been taken. Like Ronstadt, Carter is a vocalist, not a songwriter, so her album's continuity must derive from her selection and interpretation of other writers' songs. *Just a Stone's Throw Away* journeys in too many directions for a record bow, leaving you with nothing more than a portfolio of Valerie's extraordinary vocal versatility. Come to think of it, that's not such a bad thing for an introductory LP to do.

Tony Bird (Columbia) introduces a gifted singer-composer who has created a unique musical style out of the diverse elements of his own background. He was born and bred in Malawi in southern Africa. His parents were English, but for Bird, Africa is home. It's a home that is becoming increasingly difficult for a white man to live in, and the lyrics of some of Bird's songs reflect that reality. He wrote *Athlone Incident* after being caught in a black area of Cape Town on a Saturday night. "I felt like a sacrifice/For the years of bad bad news./For how can you tell a man you're neutral/When he's always been misused?" It's an effective protest song, because it's not just about the problems of blacks. It's also a protest against the fear that whites live with in a racist society. But Tony Bird is much more than a protest singer. He is in love with the African landscape, and he sings about it movingly and lyrically on *Rift Valley* and *Outeniqua*. But even at his most lyrical, the pain of his possible exile from the land is apparent. Bird's style is an

amalgam of African pop forms and American and British styles. He's backed by a group of musicians who are mostly black Africans and West Indians living in London. Their work makes you want to hear more African music.

The Chicago urban blues tradition—established by such immortals as Muddy Waters and the late Howlin' Wolf—has not been totally offed by soul music. It is alive and throbbing—as Son Seals, a young Chicago blues man, proves in his second album, *Midnight Son* (Alligator). This record is hard-core electric blues, firmly rooted in the great tradition. But it is no mere relic. These blues are alive, vibrant and very much the music of today. Seals's vocals are strong and compelling, and his lead-guitar work is a model of imagination and economy. Anyone sated with the feedback and wah-wah pedal so overused by contemporary "heavy" guitarists will find Seals's sizzling solos refreshingly musical and to the point. Save two cuts, all the material is by Seals, and it shows him to be a major-league blues writer.

America seems to be jammed cheek by jowl with frustrated fans of the old movie musicals. Revivals on the tube placate them somewhat and *That's Entertainment I and II* provided heady highs. But



Tunes from the cutting-room floor.

when you're hooked, you're hooked, which is why the MGM-Fox freaks should be eternally grateful to Out Take Records for *Cut!*, Volumes I and II, yet, of words-and-music sweepings from the studios' cutting-room floor. How arcane can you get? Judy Garland singing songs that didn't even *make* it to the screen. Holy Busby Berkeley! Well, here's a caveat for all you prospective *empts*; there's a very good reason why some of the material never played your local Bijou. There are tunes that are ghastly, there are performances that are worse. When the likes of Ann Sothern, June Allyson, Betty Grable, Oscar Levant, John Hodiak and Jack Nicholson (Jack Nicholson?) supply some of the singing, one

has to set one's expectations at a rather low level. But fear not, music lovers, there's a vast supply of Garland (it took a very bad song, indeed, to conquer Judy's genius) interspersed with such goodies as Lena Horne singing *Bill*, Debbie Reynolds doing a very creditable *You Are My Lucky Star*, Gene Kelly offering the Gershwins' beautiful *I Gotta Crush on You*, Garland, Mickey Rooney and Nancy Walker frolicking through the Gershwins' *Bronco Busters* and, for all you unabashed sentimentalists out there, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy doing their larynx-to-larynx thing on Noel Coward's *The Call of Life*. If you can't find the two LPs at your record shop, \$7.48 each sent to Out Take Records, P. O. Box 298, Ansonia Station, New York, New York 10023, should have them in your hot little hands in short order.

SHORT CUTS

Rufus, featuring Chaka Khan / Ask Rufus (ABC): Articulate material, both musically and verbally; warm, pulsing sounds; and a great lead singer.

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TELEVISION

Could "Network" really happen? Paddy Chayefsky's controversial screenplay for one of the year's smash-hit films has been attacked as a wild exaggeration of the facts of life, corporate-TV style. But one chapter of its gospel, enunciated by the rapacious programing executive played by Faye Dunaway, is that the secret of high ratings is hitting the audience in the gut. Get them to hate, love, fear. In other words, arouse their emotional responses. Is "Network's" excess—firing an anchor man for low ratings, then rehiring him when he hypes his audience by threatening to commit suicide oncamera—really so far removed from dumping an anchor man on grounds of low G.S.R.?

What, you may ask, is G.S.R.? California free-lancer David Chagall explains:

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The G.S.R. is not a new toy; it's been used for years as part of the standard polygraph, or lie-detector, test. What G.S.R. does is measure emotional turns. When we are stirred up, as any lusty dude can verify, our hearts beat faster, we breathe heavily and our bodies sweat. G.S.R. is an automatic reaction, no more controllable than an erection or a wet dream. And it's easily measurable, because dry skin is a lousy conductor of electricity, but perspiring flesh really gets those electrons racing. By measuring how much current flows off our bodies, marketing shrinks can tell how turned on we are by whatever we are looking at or listening to. What they can't know for sure is which emotion is doing the dirty work. To a G.S.R. machine, lust, love, hate, greed and terror all look the same—a rising peak on a basically flat trace.

But in the TV-ratings derby, it really doesn't matter. One emotion works just as well as another in pulling in those big numbers. Love me, hate me, stomp me pretty, baby—just don't ignore me.

To see how it feels at the guinea-pig end of a G.S.R., I visited one of Los Angeles' top investigative and commercial testing agencies. I sat down at a small table while the attractive operator swabbed my right hand with rubbing alcohol and dried it with a paper napkin. The cleansing, she assured me, was simply to make



Out in California,
somebody's sweaty palms
hooked up to a machine
may decide who
your next local
newsman will be.

sure no oily stains on my finger tips interfered with the skin's electrical conductivity and was clearly no reflection on my sanitary condition.

Mollified, I let her attach the finger sensors. These are inch-long curved metal plates that fit across the pads of the index and ring fingers. An elastic cloth, like the wrap on a blood-pressure device, is wound tightly around each one and hooks to itself with self-stick ends. A pair of wires lead from the sensors into the recorder, where they activate a couple of tracing pens across graph paper.

The electrical wires made me a little nervous.

"Is there any chance at all of—you know—electric shock or anything like that?" I asked.

I smiled confidently, hoping she wouldn't read my question as a sign of cowardice. She smiled back.

"You can relax," she said. "The only current that goes through those sensors amounts to less than that from a size-D

battery in a flashlight. Now, do you feel comfortable?"

"Sure."

"Good. I'm going to ask you a few dumb questions, just to establish your response level. Everyone reacts differently, so the way I set the machine at the beginning is crucial. Is your name David Chagall?"

"Yes," I said.

The pens traced.

"Do you live in Los Angeles?"

"Yes."

The pens traced; she turned some dials on the control panel.

"I want a yes answer on this next question, no matter what I ask. You'll know it's a lie, I'll know it's a lie, but your G.S.R. won't know and it will respond. We call this a known-lie situation. Ready? Now, remember, answer yes. Are you a Communist spy?"

"Yes," I said, hoping the State Department would know it was a lie.

The pens traced, darted up to a sharp peak, trailed down and flattened out again. The operator made a final adjustment and turned to me.

"Now we'll try you on these pictures," she said.

She pulled a stack of 8 x 10s from a file folder and laid them face down on the table.

"Ready?"

"Fire away."

"Number one," she called and marked the numeral one on the graph paper.

She held up a photo of Henry Kissinger. The trace stayed flat. She placed Kissinger face down on a second pile.

"Number two," she said, marking the graph.

A photo of Jimmy Carter. The trace moved up slightly, then quickly flattened. "Number three."

She ran through her stack of two dozen prints. When we were through, she checked her notes, marked a few places and nodded.

"You showed extreme response just three times," she said. "And a moderate response twice."

"Who really set me off?" I asked.

"Telly Savalas, Raquel Welch and Adolf Hitler."

Like I said, to a G.S.R. machine, every emotion looks the same. But a station or a sponsor could care less. When Bell Telephone was looking for a front man to promote its long-distance calls, leading candidates included a seven-foot ex-N.B.A. center, a furry-lipped Olympic swimming gold medalist, a handsome international skier, a sassy tennis champ



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and a gang of other sports celebrities. But when all the G.S.R.s were counted, the tall, dark and cocky basketballer won, sweaty palms down. And that's how Big Bill Russell gets to collect all those fat residuals from Ma Bell every month.

In the TV business, on-air personalities are tried out in the smaller markets, just the way major-league baseball uses its Triple-A leagues to season youngsters under contract. In St. Louis, CBS had a six-o'clock news winner in Patrick Emory, so it hired him and his news director for its Los Angeles station. There he joined Sandy Hill, fresh from her Nielsen triumphs in Seattle, and management sat back smiling smugly as they waited to rake in the advertising loot. When the show's ratings remained low month after month, the executives panicked.

To find out what had happened, CBS rushed video tapes of Emory and Hill, along with segments of all the competition's newscasters, to a San Francisco researcher, a low-profile firm called ERA Research. ERA jammed several hundred willing bodies into a theater, daubed their fingers with a jelly that conducts electricity and strapped metal plates over the stuff. Wires from the plates fed into machines measuring the flow of electrons. Then the house lights dimmed, the bionic people grew quiet and the video tapes played.

Results? The G.S.R.s showed little juice flowing for Emory or Hill but strong arousal for ABC's Christine Lund and NBC's John Schubeck, with moderately moist palms for NBC's Paul Moyer and ABC's Judd Hambrick. What hurt the CBS brass most was the finding that a veteran anchor person they had dropped a few months earlier—Jerry Dunphy—had scored the greatest G.S.R. of them all. ABC picked Dunphy up and he now leads the Los Angeles pack in ratings.

Twenty-four hours after the G.S.R.s were in, CBS fired Patrick Emory. Sandy Hill was axed a day later and inside of two weeks, a score of supporting players were whipping out résumés and looking for new jobs. They had committed the unforgivable sin: flunking their skin tests. Asked for comment, CBS vice-president Thomas Battista calmly observed that that kind of mass house cleaning was nothing new at the network. "We had similar shake-ups in St. Louis three and a half years ago and again in Chicago right after that."

Today, instead of the Roman thumbs down or the Yankee fickle finger of fate, the symbol of the TV loser is a dry, sweatless palm. Even so, newsreaders who are G.S.R.ed out of the business still don't have it too bad. What the hell, they shoot horses, don't they?

In "Network," David, they shoot anchor men, too.

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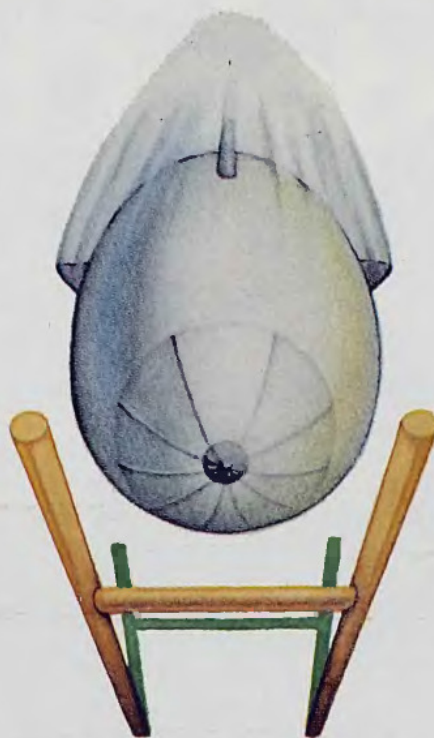
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MOVIES

The Super Bowl is in progress in Miami (Dallas Cowboys vs. Pittsburgh Steelers), with 80,000 fans in attendance, while a Goodyear blimp hovers overhead—a gigantic boob trap carrying enough dart bullets to kill three times that many people. In this age of incredible terrorist capers, virtually anything seems possible, even probable, and *Black Sunday* (deftly adapted by Ernest Lehman, Kenneth Ross and Ivan Moffat from Thomas Harris' novel) wrings maximum suspense from the play-by-play description of a Black September plot to give all Americans a shock in the name of Palestinian justice. Producer Robert Evans and director John Frankenheimer (with his hottest assignment since *The Manchurian Candidate*) have outdone themselves to make *Black Sunday* believable, intelligent, bone-chilling and as up to the minute as any piece of bad news since the Olympic-village raid in Munich. What makes the movie work so well is not ace cinematography or Frankenheimer's close coverage of meetings, murders, pursuits and split-second strategy over a two-month period in which FBI men and dogged Israelis track the terrorists from Beirut to California, Arizona, Washington, D.C., and Miami. Strong characterizations are the key, and here's a horror story represented on both sides by recognizable, scary but honest-to-God people who seem to be the victims as well as the defenders of their wildly conflicting causes. Marthe Keller, fresh from her American debut in *Marathon Man*, projects such ruthless fanaticism as a Palestinian Liberation Organization ring-leader that you're apt to forget she's beautiful. The deadliest weapon in her arsenal turns out to be Bruce Dern, piloting that blimp and preparing explosives as a volatile U.S. war hero who has been brainwashed by the Viet Cong, divorced by his wife, pumped up emotionally within a pinpoint of detonation. Pitted against them is Robert Shaw, playing a veteran Israeli operative who allows that "doubt has entered in" after 30 years of unflagging professional vengeance. Shaw is the real hero of the piece, with Fritz Weaver, Bekim Fehmiu and Steven Keats prominent among his do-or-die friends and implacable foes. There are damned few of them left by the time *Black Sunday* ends with a bang, leaving you both limp and exhilarated—feeling everything you're supposed to feel when a first-rate topical thriller really takes off.

Buckets of gore are spilled by a homicidal maniac to rupture the surface of a serene Roman Catholic neighborhood in *Communion*. The first victim is a lovely young girl (Brooke Shields) who is strangled, stuffed into a bench and burned



Black Sunday: a genuine thriller.

"*Black Sunday* is believable, intelligent, bone-chilling and as up to the minute as any piece of bad news since the raid in Munich."



Unholy Communion.

within the church itself, still wearing her white Communion dress. All clues point to the child's older sister Alice (played with uncanny precocity by Paula Sheppard), a jealous and vengeful kid whose

doting mom and divorced dad refuse to accept a heap of evidence that their daughter may be schizoid. To give away more of the plot would spoil its chain of numbing surprises. Shot from eccentric angles to emphasize, on a subconscious level, how mindless violence can suddenly tilt the normal, straightforward perspectives of a very ordinary small town, *Communion* is a primitive but highly promising work by writer-director Alfred Sole of Paterson, New Jersey. Plotting and motivation for Sole and his co-author, Rosemary Ritvo, are occasionally shaky, the acting a shade too broad at times, yet *Communion's* weaknesses tend to fade against the suspense, imagination and pell-mell tempo of the chilling revelations unfolded. Director Sole, incidentally, may be one of the few porno alumni to successfully move on from hard-core sex to sizzling violence; his *Deep Sleep*, awarded top prize for a full-length feature at the second New York Erotic Film Festival, also caused him to be tried, convicted and fined in 1973 under an antiquated New Jersey law against fornication. *Communion*, like *Sleep*, was filmed in and around Paterson and will undoubtedly clear Sole's hometown reputation while boosting his stock as a legitimate film maker. That small irony detracts nothing from Sole or his achievements but may teach other young hopefuls a lesson he had to learn the hard way: You can woo public opinion by peddling bloody murder in places where they shoot you down for endorsing explicit sex.

Fact and fiction are so recklessly blended in *Brothers* that it's impossible to tell for sure whether the movie is inflammatory, simple-minded, flagrantly irresponsible—or a potent plea for social justice. Though the names have been disguised to protect the innocent—or guilty, as the case may be—*Brothers* is a tale of unrequited love, with Bernie Casey playing black revolutionary George Jackson (they call him David Thomas) and Vonetta McGee playing militant Angela Davis (yclept Paula Jones). As performers and as people, both are beyond reproach, according to this slick interpretation of recent history, which might as well be titled *It Ain't Necessarily Soledad*. Unjustly convicted and ultimately ambushed by white authorities, he dies in a shoot-out at a California state prison. She, charged with supplying weapons for a courtroom massacre that made headlines from coast to coast, is jailed after a well-publicized trial. As recounted by the writing-producing team of Edward and Mildred Lewis, in collaboration with director Arthur Barron, the Jackson-Davis/Thomas-Jones tragedy tugs at the

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audience's heartstrings, but it's more emotional than informative. Barron, a TV veteran with impressive credits, puts supercharged realism into the prison scenes. All the rest of *Brothers* looks black and white (black for good, white for evil, mostly)—idealized and superficial. If, God help us, it represents the whole truth and nothing but the truth, it should have been a lot better.

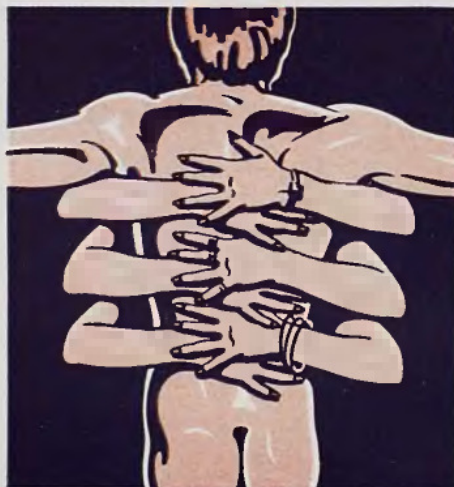
After reaping enormous profits from *Airport* and *Airport 1975*, what can you do for an encore? You don't kill a wounded goose that lays nothing but golden eggs. So Universal Studios decided to mate the air-disaster formula with an old sunken-submarine movie plot, to produce an air-sea epic called *Airport '77*. This time, it's a hijacked luxury jumbo jetliner—carrying a full cargo of dignitaries, Rembrandts and sundry *objets d'art* to the estate of transportation tycoon James Stewart. Well, things get out of hand after the hijackers have temporarily immobilized pilot and passengers with nerve gas. Following a serious mishap and ditching procedures, pilot Jack Lemmon, Brenda Vaccaro, Lee Grant, Joseph Cotten, Olivia de Havilland, Christopher Lee, Robert Hooks and a sizable supporting cast wake up in an airtight—but not especially watertight—747 at the bottom of the ocean, miles off course in the Bermuda Triangle, with no radio contact, limited oxygen, tempers running short, romances ripening and occasional traces of panic among those badly injured or generally unstable. The U.S. Navy saves most of the principals in a swell rescue sequence, which occurs too late to keep the movie as a whole from foundering in a choppy sea of *schmaltz*.

A nightmarish erotic mural painted on the inside walls of an apartment swimming pool in a California desert town becomes the eerie symbol of much deeper psychological dislocations in Robert Altman's *3 Women*. As writer-producer-director of a mesmerizing and supercool suspense drama—developed, he vows, from a disturbing dream he had—Altman returns to the very personal kind of film he has generally avoided since *Images*. An artist named Bodhi Wind provides the bizarre pool paintings of devilish creatures locked in lewd sexual sport, though for narrative purposes, Wind's dark visions are meant to reflect the libido of Janice Rule, as the landlord's pregnant artist wife, a woman who rarely speaks. Altman's attention is riveted, as the audience's will be, upon roommates Shelley Duvall and Sissy Spacek. The two younger women meet at a



*Airport*³ loses altitude.

"Well, things get out of hand after *Airport 77*'s hijackers have temporarily immobilized pilot and passengers with nerve gas."



3 Women: Who did what?

local clinic, where they provide hydrotherapy for elderly handicapped patients. While Spacek works cunning variations on the sort of half-demented wail she portrayed in *Carrie*, Duvall runs away with the picture as a lonely, touching, talkative nobody who has obviously invented a girl-about-town personality for herself by shopping through mail-order catalogs and collecting easy time-saver recipes. "I'm famous for my dinner parties," she boasts, as she prepares pigs in blankets and chocolate-pudding tarts to serve six, four of whom fail to show up. Hilarious for openers, superb throughout, Shelley reveals a streak of courage and nutty indomitability as *3 Women* begins to change shape—gradually evolving from a kinky comedy of manners, California-contemporary style, into something quite special.

Determinedly ambiguous, as usual, Altman spells out a tantalizing Pinteresque riddle about the roles women play or

are compelled to play. The men in the movie are largely studs and sex objects who don't seem to matter much in the real scheme of things. We learn little about the backgrounds of the two girls except that they're both from Texas and have probably changed their names. Millie (Shelley) invites the loutish landlord up to bed; Pinky (Sissy) tries a suicidal leap into the pool, goes into a coma and returns

home an apparent victim of amnesia, behaving more like Millie than Millie ever could—even to the point of writing entries in Millie's diary. The landlord's wife has her baby one dreadful night, and *3 Women* builds to a climax that involves murder and switched identities—and will surely send everyone home to debate who's who, who did what and what the hell was it all about, anyway? Altman doesn't supply simple answers but poses some fascinating, compassionate questions about the female of the species. He also succeeds admirably in his professed purpose of making open-ended abstract films that challenge the imagination. Compared with Altman's sophisticated witchery, such high-grossing conventional shockers as *The Omen* and *Carrie* look like Halloween pranks.

The shaky premise of *Twilight's Last Gleaming*, by veteran director Robert Aldrich, is that a terrorist band might take over a Titan missile site in Montana—one bleak November day in the year 1981—and secure the President of the U.S. as hostage by threatening to trigger a nuclear holocaust. *Twilight's* screenplay (adapted from Walter Wager's novel *Vipers Three*) asks us to believe that the American public will be devastated if the President discloses, as the terrorists demand, the contents of a top-secret Pentagon paper dating back to the Vietnam-war period—in which high Government officials openly admit that they were more eager to save face than to save the lives of our boys in uniform. So what else is new? Official indifference to the fate of the unknown soldier has been the *sine qua non* of antiwar movies since *All Quiet on the Western Front* (1930), and Aldrich has built this handsome star-studded production on ideological quicksand. What results, in effect, is a deadpan *Dr. Strangelove* without a shred of humor and nothing much better in place of it. The dialog *does* prompt a doubtless unintended snigger or two, as when Burt Lancaster (tensely playing a deranged former general who comes out of prison to command the raid) barks into the hotline: "That, Mr. President, is blood over the dam." Despite some equally leaden speeches handed to Richard Widmark, Joseph Cotten, Melvyn Douglas and Charles Durning, *Twilight's* dramatic

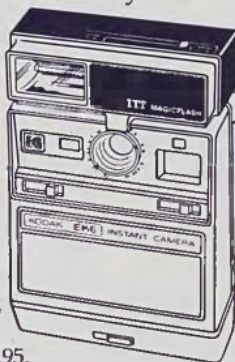
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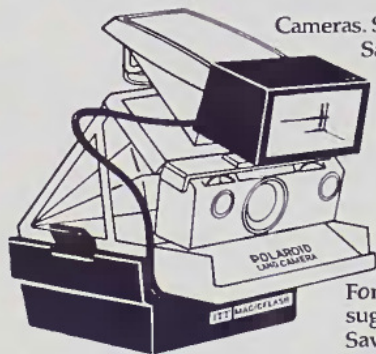


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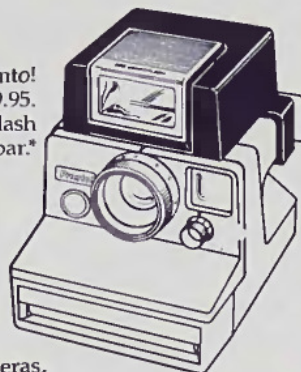


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final scene almost works—thanks to Durning's bullish performance as a shirt-sleeved Populist President of the foreseeable future, reportedly patterned after the late Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago.

After a fine, taut beginning, *Audrey Rose* collapses in a foolish courtroom scene—with a defense lawyer for Anthony Hopkins pleading that the man can't be charged with kidnaping a young couple's child because she is actually the reincarnation of his own dead daughter. Maybe it worked in book form, but Frank DeFelitta's film adaptation of his novel—directed by Robert Wise—reduces a widely advertised "haunting vision of reincarnation" to rather colorful claptrap. Hopkins excels, as usual, in one of those parts that solid English actors play for pay between serious engagements; and movie newcomer Susan Swift, in the title role, handles hysteria with aplomb. As the distraught mother, Marsha Mason cries and clutches herself quite



Audrey Rose: wilted.

convincingly but monotonously throughout, while John Beck, as the skeptical father, just keeps insisting that the whole thing is preposterous. He's not taken in by a lot of simplistic Indian mysticism and hyped-up hokum about karma, nor were we, and *Audrey* is a fragile supernatural fantasy that has to win every argument to succeed. Case dismissed.

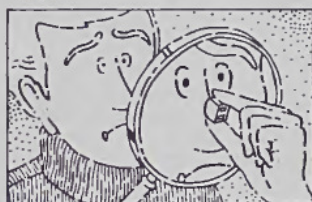
No relation to the X-rated *Pussy Talk* imported from Paris a year or so ago, *Chatter-Box* earns an R by telling the same joke but omitting explicit sex. Comedy and music are substituted for outright raunch, with broadly suggestive dialog as a fringe benefit. "I have a vagina that can talk," says Candice Rialson as Penelope, a California-blond beautician so shapely and so well endowed with wide-eyed innocence that she cannot sound vulgar even when she goes on to reveal that her precocious orifice, called Virginia, also

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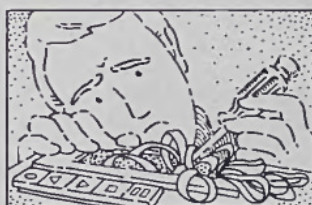
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owns a remarkable singing voice. *Beautiful Dreamer* is Virginia's specialty, though her versatility guarantees success as a TV, stage and recording star (unspoiled by fame, Virginia's personal favorite in TV entertainment remains *Leave It to Beaver*). There are, of course, predictable gags about the embarrassed heroine's having to live with "a little wisecrack" or "a split personality." Got the picture? Too showbizzy and flip to be sexy, *Chatter-Box* is essentially an impudent soft-core spoof of sexploitation. The come-on is Candy—irresistible bait for girl watchers—as a girl clearly worth more than a second glance, with or without stereophonic pubes.

A nation at war is likely to breed a generation of violent men. That pretty well sums up the message of *The Farmer*, produced by and starring actor Gary Conway, who hired four scriptwriters to melodramatize a valid but obvious point



The Farmer indulges in overkill.

with rather faulty moral ammunition. To be picky about it, they even chose the wrong war. As a World War Two combat veteran who earned a Silver Star for valor, Conway returns to his ramshackle Georgia dirt farm to find the bank foreclosing his mortgage. He manages to save the old homestead, after countless twists of plot, by brutally murdering five petty crooks for a flat fee of \$50,000. In the process, he also falls in love with a gangster's moll—played by Angel Tompkins, whose portrayal of a strident small-town slut ranges from utterly convincing to seriocomic (funniest when Angel dons a Pollyannish pinafore to clear away debris from a disastrous fire down on the farm). Though *The Farmer* sputters to life here and there with the kind of crude,

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rough-edged vitality usually found in a lurid paperback novel you'd buy at a bus-depot newsstand, the movie is suffocated by its artistic pretensions. Too much slow-motion cinematography, too much montage, too much social consciousness and too much mood music for a hard-sell story that seldom rises above grade-B sex and slaughter.

Would you believe a major new movie made from A to Z for a total cash outlay (to cover incidental expenses) of \$98.13? More surprising, the movie scores high as a definitive semiclassic on the subject of college life and its cultural future shock in these United States. Snapped up for general release by David Picker of Paramount Pictures, *Fraternity Row* began as a work project at the University of Southern California, involving 324 students and writer-producer Charles Gary Allison, along with six professional Hollywood performers. Foundation grants paid for the film stock, services and facilities; the rest was an amalgam of sweat, talent, happy chemistry and total conviction. *Fraternity Row* will probably earn extra credit for launching a whole batch of bright new Hollywood careers: for Allison as a writer-producer already up to his shoulders in future projects, for student director Thomas J. Tobin and a company of terrific young actors, led by Peter Fox, Gregory Harrison, Nancy Morgan, Wendy Phillips and Scott Newman (Paul's son, as a frat-house bully in his first major role).

Narrated by Cliff Robertson, *Fraternity Row* begins with a flashback to 1954 at Summit College, a WASPish Eastern establishment school where 13 pledges ("none Jewish, black or Oriental") enter the Gamma Nu Pi house for a 14-week obstacle course prior to Hell Week hazing. Please note that the brotherhood's initials, G.N.P., also stand for Gross National Product, a clue that *Fraternity Row* is far more than a slanted editorial on collegiate snobbism. While the movie has the rich, slick look of any major-studio production of Fifties vintage, its old-school nostalgia is tinged with disturbing undertones of vehement social criticism about the care, feeding and subtle indoctrination of the cream of a nation's youth. One pledge becomes an outcast, blackballed beyond redemption when his father is forced to resign from Eisenhower's Administration at the height of McCarthy-era hysteria. Finally, the idiotic ceremonies of Hell Week end in a shameful tragedy. "In fact, there have been at least a half-dozen deaths caused by hazing during the past year," says Allison, who was himself a student back in the Fifties and drew the incident from personal experience. "Sorority and fraternity houses that were shuttered in the

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Sixties, during the period of the Vietnam war and student protests, are open again and increasing their membership on campuses by impressive numbers every year." Although he says he doesn't condemn fraternities en masse, Allison hopes moviegoers will pay heed that the mischief practiced by the pledges on Ditching Day—plugging up shower heads, putting salt into sugar bowls, etc.—is merely a symbolic warm-up for a generation of adults that came to power with a bagful of dirty tricks during Nixon's Watergate follies.

Sex boutiques, coed prisons, fly-in Western brothels, drive-in churches ("a 22-acre shopping center for Jesus") and drive-in funeral parlors (you can view the corpse without getting out of your car) are but a few of the regional phenomena explored in *Jabberwalk*, already snapped up by movie distributors around the world as a *Mondo Cane*, American style. Over There, the film will bear various titles to suit myriad shades of prejudice (maybe *This Is America* or, as the French get it, roughly translated, *The Americans Have Lost Their Heads*). Writer-producer-director Romano Vanderbes' R-rated underbelly view of the U.S.A. ought to tickle hell out of our friends and enemies everywhere. A friendly observer can revel in the wild diversity of our native customs, such as New York's Ms. All-Bare America Pageant or a male go-go bar for women only in Hackensack, New Jersey, while skeptics relish the horrors of a Poconos honeymoon retreat, where newlyweds luxuriate in heart-shaped bath tubs after a lazy afternoon of submachine-gun practice on the firing range. There's more, lots more—much of it real, some of it staged, all of it brazenly slanted to capitalize on culture shock and sheer sensationalism. In riposte to a smarmy Bicentennial year of self-congratulation, *Jabberwalk* is cheap, funny, reckless, subversive and probably about as damaging to America's image as a convention of Shriners.

Allegedly based on a true story, *Death Game* re-creates a San Francisco businessman's lost weekend—when he opens his door one rainy night, while the wife and kids are away, to a pair of sopping, sexy blonde birds who ask if they can use the telephone. In no time at all, they have taken their clothes off to dry and are enjoying a warm bath in the home of their genial host, who finally accepts an invitation to join them. Comes the dawn, his unexpected sleep-overs start behaving as if they had studied social graces with the Manson gang. They tie the man up, assault him, wreck the place, drown a grocery delivery boy who suspects foul play and clearly relish the prospect of

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another murder. Directed by Peter Travençolo with Seymour Cassel, Sondra Locke and Colleen Camp riding out a violent eruption of fear and hatred in the three pivotal roles, *Death Game* is probably pointless except as a warning, guys, to keep your doors latched and your zippers zipped. But it is also well acted and oddly unnerving—a common, seemingly feasible male sex fantasy carried to the point of no return.

FILM CLIPS

Mr. Billion: Terence Hill, blue-eyed Italian star of many a spaghetti Western, tries an Eastwood move in new directions—playing a garage mechanic who unexpectedly inherits a huge (not Hughes) estate and a heap of trouble. Although the comic possibilities may sound rich, the film's fun is generally impoverished. Valerie Perrine and Jackie Gleason join Hill among the disadvantaged *farceurs* struggling to make ends meet. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

False Face: A homicidal plastic surgeon with a penchant for incest transforms a battered go-go girl into a replica of his missing daughter, who eventually turns up to find out what happened to her \$5,000,000 inheritance. Robert Lansing and Judith Chapman (recruited from TV soap opera for her dual role) come on strong in a wildly contrived but promising suspense drama by fledgling writer-director John Grissmer, whose wry humor and assurance fill quite a few credibility gaps with goose flesh.

The Day That Shook the World: Christopher Plummer and Florinda Bolkan play Archduke Ferdinand, whose assassination at Sarajevo in 1914 provided as good an excuse as any for World War One, and his duchess, Sophie. Maximilian Schell plays the Bosnian rebel behind the plot. Fascinating plot. Fine actors, too.

The Cookies: Jean-Pierre Marielle, in a virtuoso performance, plays an umbrella salesman who decides to flout convention, sever family ties and settle down to some serious painting in Pont-Aven—the village where Gauguin went to hell with himself. The umbrella man, far more specialized, paints only beautiful bare female bottoms—even his seascapes come out fleshy and voluptuous—and finds several models to his taste (principally Jeanne Goupil and Dolores MacDonough) in a panties-aweigh tale told with disarmingly ruttish innocence.

The Wonderful Crook: Gerard Depardieu and Marlene Jobert, both hot attractions in Paris, simmer through Swiss-French director Claude Goretta's graceful comedy about a quiet provincial chap who inherits a custom-furniture factory and bikes around the countryside robbing banks and post offices to meet his company payroll.

X-RATED

History repeats itself in *Young Lady Chatterley*, a silky soft-core sex comedy with Harlee McBride as a latter-day descendant of D. H. Lawrence's English gentlewoman—a legend in her time—who was frequently and forcefully seduced by a gamekeeper on the family estate. As heiress to the Chatterley house and grounds, Harlee also inherits milady's willing ways, not to mention the services of a blond bearded gardener (Peter Ratray), a bloke ever ready to plant seed. In the film's occasional flashbacks, offered as excerpts from an old diary, Mary Forbes and Patrick Wright perform some lusty grappling as the original *Lady* Constance and her

paramour. Director Alan Roberts, who has cleverly exploited rather than remade the Lawrence classic, uses literature only as a jumping-off place into some flamboyantly romantic screen sex—picture-pretty people who can act a bit, nudely doing it over hill and dale, through sun and rain, from riverbank to forest glades to sturdy four-poster beds. Photographed mostly on location in California (at the former Harold Lloyd estate, also at the mansion of financial wheeler-dealer Bernie Cornfeld), *Young Lady Chatterley* is semiliterate froth, sexually upbeat, an eyeful of breezy erotica just titillating enough to turn the tide on a first date. If that doesn't work, boys and girls, try reading the book aloud together.

An older man, his youngish wife and even younger son get right to the points of an erotic triangle in *Portrait of Seduction*. "I hope you two will be friends," says Dad, by way of introducing his voluptuous missus (porno newcomer Vicky Lyon) to Junior. Only a few beats later, the wayward lad introduces his brand-new mom to stepincest, fellatio and anal intercourse—and also to a comely chick who digs lesbian scenes. There's little joy in sex as *Portrait* presents it,




Chatterley's still no lady.

"As heiress to the Chatterley house and grounds, Harlee inherits milady's willing ways, not to mention the services of a blond bearded gardener."

scarcely a pimple of plot. Dan Roberts plays a hulking waterfront stud who molests a more-than-willing teenager (Lyn "Cuddles" Malone as Babyface), then eludes a cop (played by Otis Sistrunk of the Oakland Raiders, getting into nothing bluer than a uniform) and finds refuge in a male brothel. By the time the teenager's mother shows up in search of vengeance, plus a fast screw on the side, few hard-core fans are apt to remember there ever was a story line.

The Beast, by writer-director Walérian Borowczyk, is a French-language tale of beauty and bestiality that's explicit all the way. The monster, done up rather like The Wolf Man during a well-hung moon, appears in flashbacks mounting an aristocratic Frenchwoman (Sirpa Lane) and begetting a long line of descendants with unpredictable genes. Two centuries later, a beautiful English heiress (Lisbeth Hummel) arrives at the family manse for an arranged marriage with the latest son and heir, a hirsute fellow who likes watching his horses copulate. Guess why. Borowczyk's name is associated with prestigious pornography abroad, but his newest tale comes out shaggy, silly and sexless unless you're into hard-core horseplay.



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THEATER

We're not quite sure what's going to happen," said the press officer of Britain's National Theatre nervously. The National, an enormous cultural bazaar on the south bank of the River Thames, was about to open its third, most experimental, theater with a production of *Illuminatus!*, an adaptation of the cult sci-fi trilogy by PLAYBOY Senior Editor Robert Shea and former Associate Editor Robert Anton Wilson.



Eclectics Shea (left), Wilson.

With *Illuminatus!*—"part thriller, part science fiction, part wet dream"—PLAYBOY writers hit the London stage.

Rave reviews had already come to London from Liverpool, where *Illuminatus!* was first produced. There, five separate plays were presented in five separate evenings, with two mammoth Sunday presentations of all five, lasting from ten in the morning till near midnight—with appropriate breaks for refreshment from the overjoyed local wine bar. For effete London audiences, the plays had been pared down to start at two in the afternoon and go on until ten at night. "There will be at least five intervals," promised a program note, reassuringly but vaguely.

The three *Illuminatus!* books themselves manage to cram in echoes of Lovecraft, Spillane, Reich, Hesse, Condon, Heinlein, Jung, Burroughs and Southern (among others), mixed into a very strange brew—part detective thriller, part science-fiction fantasy, part wet dream. A New York cop starts to unravel an apparently unimportant bombing-and-missing-persons case that leads him into the labyrinths of an international conspiracy. International? Perhaps even intergalactic! Meanwhile, a radical journalist is sprung from a Southern jail by a beautiful blonde guerrilla, a girl straight from his sexual fantasies. She spirits him off in a yellow submarine, where he fucks a golden apple and becomes part of the struggle against the international conspiracy. Meanwhile, rising through the ranks of the Mafia to take over the U.S.A. is...

Anyway, there's something for everybody here, some of it baffling, some boring, a lot of it hilariously funny. It is the authors' self-mocking humor, always on the edge of parody, that saves this heavy mixture from sinking of its own weight.

A book you can pick up and put down as you will. Spending eight hours in a theater is a more daunting prospect, but directors Ken Campbell and Chris Langham make it work; as afternoon wore on to evening, and evening to night, the production rarely flagged. In adapting *Illuminatus!* for the stage, Campbell and Langham have drawn on, and parodied, almost as many theatrical sources as the authors have literary

ones. Langham himself plays George Dorn, the magazine reporter and eternal schmuck, with charm and beautiful comedy timing. Neil Cunningham, as the mad genius Hagbard Celine, plays in a mannered English classical style, all beautiful voice and look-at-me-I'm-acting grace, which at first is disconcerting but finally works triumphantly; after the first five hours, he and Prunella Gee, a well-known British TV, stage and film actress who plays Mavis, the blonde guerrilla, take over the play and make it theirs. Thirzie Robinson, who plays Atlanta Hope, a frigid campaigner for purity and power, is also credited with the superb puppet play, part Oriental, part Punch and Judy, that explains in graphic sexual detail how evil came into the world.

Bill Drummond gets credit for *Illuminatus!* brilliantly simple stage effects, most delightful of which is FUCKUP, the First Universal Cybernetic Kinetic Ultramicro Programmer, a computer with Kubrickian echoes, speaking in the uncredited but unmistakable tones of that Grand Old Man of English theater Sir John Gielgud. To have that seductive music, once identified with the Establishment, presiding over this performance—that's a loving anarchist joke in itself.

Staggering out near midnight (the ten-o'clock finish was a false promise), we felt the day had been well spent. If, as its backers hope, the show makes it across the Atlantic and appears in the U.S., you may judge for yourself. Somewhere between an initiation rite, a marathon dance and an experiment in communal living, *Illuminatus!* long day's journey into insanity should appeal to closet lunatics everywhere.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Alas. I find it difficult to meet girls or to establish sexual relationships. After a great deal of thought, I've decided that masturbation is the cause of my shyness. When a male masturbates, he fulfills his sexual desire. Since he is satisfied, he is much less inclined to go out and pick up chicks. Thus, his chances of having a sexual relationship will be reduced. In contrast, the man who does not masturbate will be more successful in having sexual relationships because he will be horny all the time and, thus, will be more greatly motivated to meet girls. Do you agree with my conclusion?—J. A., Phoenix, Arizona.

No. Sexual fulfillment is not the only reason man pursues woman. Your penis is capable of giving you an orgasm and satisfying simple sexual desire, but it can't talk to you, kiss you, wash your back or put your socks on when you are wearing a body cast. Also, there is evidence that shy people not only have trouble getting in touch with other humans—they have trouble getting in touch with themselves. In "Shyness: What It Is and What to Do About It," psychologist Philip Zimbardo reports that shy people do not make love as much as nonshys (60 percent of nonshys had had intercourse, compared with 39 percent of shys). Curiously, the shy people did not masturbate as much as nonshys (62 percent of the nonshys had masturbated, but only 37 percent of the shys had). Zimbardo's book offers excellent advice to all sufferers. We can add only this: Things are bad enough as it is. Why deprive yourself? It is a misguided person who plays hard to get with himself.

I've been going steady with a guy for over two years now. We make love frequently—though for the past few months, we've indulged in oral sex more often than in intercourse. We really like it. I seem to please him, but sometimes I wonder: Is there anything I could try that would improve the basic act? I would really like to surprise him with something new.—Miss J. M., Louisville, Kentucky.

We never met a girl who didn't give great head, if she gave it at all. So there is no reason to worry about your performance. However, if you want to try something radical, how about a variation of the Chinese basket trick? We recently saw a movie in which a man attached a pulley to a beam in the ceiling, then attached his girlfriend by the heels to a rope running through the aforementioned pulley. (Her hands were bound behind her back, but that lack of touch is optional.) Lying on his back, he positioned the girl over his upright member



and alternately twirled, raised and lowered her until the blood rushed to her head, his head and hallelujah.

As I was returning from a European vacation, I tried to sneak some undeclared clothes into New York. I got caught and fined and my booty was confiscated. Do I have a chance to get any of my stuff back?—R. J., New York, New York.

The U.S. Customs Office is not without heart. Not only does it give you a chance to get your merchandise back, it gives everyone a chance to get your merchandise via public auction. In New York, the sale of seized materials is held on the second Thursday of each month, beginning at ten A.M. in the Customs office in the World Trade Center. The contraband can be viewed on the preceding Tuesday from ten to three. (As for that Mercedes with the South American plates—we saw it first.) The rest of you can check your local U.S. Customs office for times and places of its auctions. It's a great way to buy Cuban cigars.

Suds. Nothing turns me on like lots of suds in a bathtub big enough for two. I first experienced this treat in a massage parlor—since then, I've made use of king-size bathtubs in the houses of rich friends. In a pinch, I will settle for an outdoor Jacuzzi, but when it gets right down to it, I prefer bathtubs. The problem is finding one. I'd like to introduce my latest girlfriend to lovemaking dans la lavatory.

How can I find a hotel with a giant-sized tub?—F. J., New York, New York.

Would you believe bridal magazines? Many honeymoon suites come equipped with the accessories necessary for a weekend of kinky sex—mirrored ceiling and walls, giant tubs, vibrating mattresses, round beds, video-tape equipment, etc. It's a shame to waste such goodies on beginners. Check out the ads, and then check in. As long as your latest doesn't get the wrong idea, it could be a great (though expensive) weekend.

Now that the man from Georgia is finally President, there has been a resurgence of interest in Southern diction and idiom. Perhaps the most curious distortion of the king's English has not yet been reported. When I was in the Army, I noticed that boys from down South sometimes said cock when they meant cunt. For example, just this side of a weekend pass, someone might drawl: "I'm gonna get me some cock tonight." The confusion was disconcerting, to say the least. I could never figure out if the good old boys were gay or if they couldn't tell their ass from a hole in the ground. What do you say?—H. L., Las Vegas, Nevada.

According to Robert Anton Wilson, author of "Playboy's Book of Forbidden Words," "in parts of the Southern United States, the word cock has become generalized to mean the sexual organs of either sex, or sex in general. Thus, one may hear an expression like 'She gave him cock,' which tends to confuse city folk." We don't know about your interpretation: It is just as likely that the wordplay is the South's contribution to the equal rights for women movement.

A few months ago, I read an article on the Bob Bondurant School of High Performance Driving, in which there appeared a bit of information that has me baffled. According to one of the instructors at the school, the old technique of engine braking is passé. Superdrivers no longer downshift through the gears as they approach a corner—letting the engine compression slow the car—they stand on the brakes. In something called the trailing brake technique, the brakes are applied lightly as far as one third of the way into the corner to settle the weight and get the maximum control from the suspension. The author gave the rationale against engine braking as follows: "A sudden downshift at high speed can cause your rear wheels to slow down so abruptly that they lose traction and skid. A rear-engine car will spin instantly if this happens." This technique goes

against everything I learned as a kid. What has happened to the old-fashioned heel-and-toe downshift? Is nothing sacred?—F. H., Detroit, Michigan.

A spokesman for the Bondurant School explains that highway heresy as follows: Most people have the wrong idea about the function of heel-and-toe downshifting. Engine compression can slow the car and save brakes—but, face it, engine parts are more expensive than brakes. So use the brakes, hard, on a straight line into the corner. For round-the-town driving, progressive downshifting is still in order—but not for the purpose of slowing the car. Working your way through the gears keeps your shifting smooth. You are more likely to match the right rpm with the right gear. Experienced drivers use the Bondurant braking technique (introduced by Jimmy Clark ten years ago) to slow for the corner, but their shifting pattern is something else again. If they are in fourth and need to be in first, they may shift directly—without passing go, or third or second. It's a tricky technique and the consequences of missing a shift can be disastrous, so we don't recommend it for average drivers. The only safe resort is to take the course for yourself. For a look at a special phase of the Bondurant curriculum—the anti-terrorist training course for chauffeurs—read Brock Yates's article "Home James. There's a Bogey at Four O'Clock!" in next month's PLAYBOY.

Recently, after a couple of days of loose living, I came down with a dose of clap, for which I got a shot of penicillin and I thought everything was fine. A few days later, the symptoms (such as pain on urination) returned. But I hadn't been screwing anyone but my live-in girlfriend. She's clean; and now she's mad because she thinks I've been unfaithful again. What's my best defense?—B. H., Evanston, Illinois.

It sounds to us as though what you have is not gonorrhea but a nongonococcal urethritis. Its symptoms are similar but different; instead of sharp pain during urination, the sensation is more of a tingle. Instead of a milky discharge, this nonspecific urethritis gives you a clear, sticky and lumpy discharge. Also, the little organism is a tough nut to crack. It does not respond to penicillin; tetracycline is needed. Also, whereas men suffer from the disease, women are its symptom-free carriers. Both you and your friend should visit a doctor who's well versed in V.D. esoterica and get treated at the same time. As usual with venereal disease, if left untreated, it could get very serious.

I buy at least six albums a month as fodder for my outrageously great stereo system. I've noticed a wide disparity in record prices from store to store—al-

though the platters list for \$6.98, the actual price to the consumer ranges from \$3.99 to full list. My friends and I wonder: What does the retailer pay per record? Or, another way, what is the manufacturer's profit?—A. K., Chicago, Illinois.

In general, the retailer pays \$3.30 per album. That is the price charged by the large corporations such as Columbia and Warner-Elektra-Atlantic, who distribute their own records. (Smaller companies sell records to middlemen, for about \$2.60, who then sell them to retailers for \$3.30.) The manufacturer's cost is just under two dollars: That price covers distribution costs, packaging, manufacturing, promotion and overhead (all those T-shirts and freebies to reviewers), union-pension-fund costs, songwriters' royalties. The remaining one dollar and 30-odd cents is divided between the company and the artist, depending on the contract—standard royalties amount to five to fifteen percent of the list price (35 cents to \$1.05 per album). Most acts make eight to ten percent (55 cents to 70 cents per album). Paying more at the store does not put more money in the pocket of your fave rave.

My fiancée and I enjoy a terrific sex life, except for one thing. She has never been able to experience an orgasm. She is perfectly normal in every other way. We enjoy fellatio, cunnilingus, all forms of intercourse and a lot of manual stimulation. She gets turned on, sweats, pants and shows all signs of excitement—but no orgasm. She complains that on the day after a heavy lovemaking session, her pelvic region aches. What causes this? Is it psychological? When I massage her clitoris, using either finger or tongue, she squirms and gets excited, then pushes me away, claiming that she finds touch unbearable. We really love each other and enjoy each other in every way, but things would be even better if she could begin having orgasms. I questioned her as to whether she could be having an orgasm and not know it, but she says no. Can you suggest some techniques we might employ to bring her to orgasm?—T. T., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

We suspect that she is not having an orgasm and knows it when she doesn't. The aching sensation the next day is the female equivalent of "blue balls." Blood gathers in the pelvic region during sexual excitement. An orgasm flushes out the accumulated blood, returning the body to normal. If the orgasm does not occur, the woman may experience that congestion as pain. Her other responses are typical: The clitoris can become acutely sensitive during foreplay. The pleasure will turn to pain. That in itself is no reason to stop—just switch your attention elsewhere. The recommended cure for lack of orgasm is simple: self-help. Your

girlfriend should teach herself to orgasm—via vibrators, or Water Pics, or shower massage units, or her own hand. Then she should take that knowledge to bed with her. Dr. Mary Jane Gray, writing in *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality*, reports that, "apart from matters of technique, orgasm requires the trust which allows a complete loss of control. It may be that such loss of control is too much [for a woman] and that she pulls back from impending orgasm. She needs to recognize that the genital sensations of pleasure and pain can be very close together and to learn to relax into them rather than to analyze them."

Two of my favorite movies—Richard Lester's *Three Musketeers* and *Four Musketeers*—are playing back to back at the local drive-in this summer. My girlfriend and I would like to hire a limousine for the night to see the movies in style. The fee for the limo is about \$14 per hour. My question is this: What is the rule of thumb on tipping the driver?—M. G., Del Mar, California.

The accepted gratuity for the driver of a hired limousine is ten percent of the cost of renting the vehicle. The tip should be given in folding money, but only if you think the driver deserves it. If he went for popcorn, be generous.

I get turned on with ridiculous ease. Climbing a rope in gym class gives me an erection. Riding in an airplane gives me an erection. Lifting weights gives me an erection. Watching *Charlie's Angels* gives me an erection. It's downright embarrassing. What do you do with an unwanted erection?—G. S., Phoenix, Arizona.

Put it up for adoption. If there are no takers, hold a gun to its head until it beats a hasty retreat. Or don't do anything: Better to have an erection when you don't want one than not have one when you do. There's nothing to be ashamed of; an erection is not a lightning rod to attract divine wrath. It is simply a pooling of blood in one part of your body. Strain (such as that experienced during exercise) can precipitate an erection. So can television. (There's nothing to worry about, as long as you don't get turned on by the Six Million Dollar Man.)

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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GIN BLOODY MARY: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, 3 ozs. tomato juice, juice of ½ lime wedge. Stir well over ice.

GIN & TONIC: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice. Squeeze in wedge of lime. Fill glass with tonic.



RICKEY: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice from ½ lime with rind into large glass over ice cubes. Fill with soda water. Stir.

GIN SCREWDRIVER: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin and 3 ozs. orange juice. Stir in highball glass over ice cubes.



DRY MARTINI: Pour 4 or more parts Gordon's Gin, 1 part dry vermouth in mixing glass over ice. Stir. Strain into cocktail glass. Option: Add lemon peel twist, olive or pearl onions.

GIMLET: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. sweetened lime juice. Stir well over ice. Strain into cocktail glass.



TOM COLLINS: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice of ½ lemon. Pour over ice. Add teaspoon powdered sugar. Fill with soda. Stir. Garnish with fruit.

GIN & GINGER: Pour 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin in glass filled with ice. Twist in long sliver of lemon peel. Pour on ginger ale. Stir.



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THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

OK, so you like being a man. After all, you've been that way since the beginning. In fact, when you think about it, there's nothing else you'd rather be. But wait a minute. Wasn't there one reflective moment when you were angry with the opposite sex and bitched to yourself, "Hey, those women have it better than us guys. That's not fair"? What did you mean? You probably had something specific in mind that you really envied. There's probably not a man alive who's not had these kinds of thoughts. In fact, women have them, too. They watch how the male species cavorts about this earth and are convinced that the grass must be greener on the other side of the biological hill. Aha! The perfect subject for one of our never-fail, double-crossover unscientific super sex polls.

We asked 100 men to guess what specifically masculine trait they thought most women would like to have. To see if men guessed right, we checked what 100 women said they actually wanted. Then we did it the other way around—asking women to guess and men to tell. Here are the results:

Q:

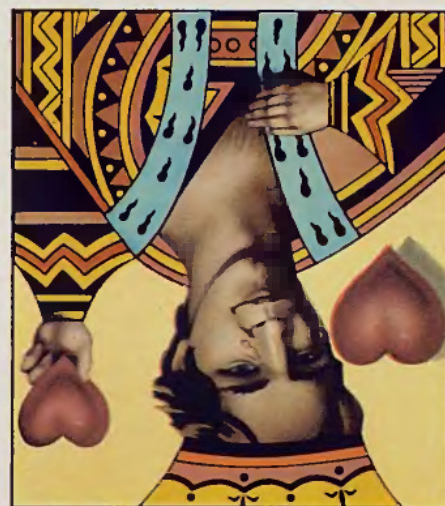
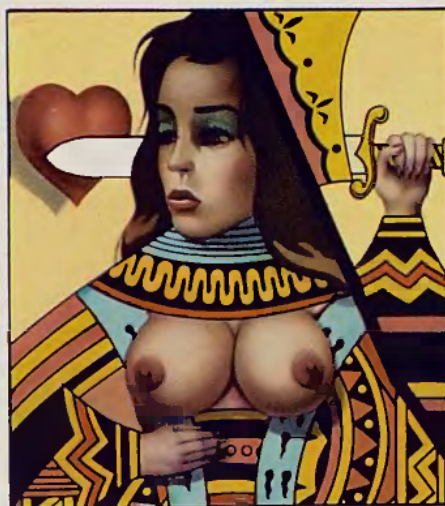
WHAT MALE CHARACTERISTIC DO YOU THINK MOST WOMEN ENVY AND WOULD LIKE TO HAVE FOR THEMSELVES?

(Asked of 100 men)

Thirty-two percent of the men with whom we talked guessed that women envied masculine power—over people, over jobs, over money, over the world. Here are some of their comments: "What goes for sex goes for real life. Everywhere you look, men are on top. Women at best have token positions in industry, politics and finance. They're jealous of our control." "Women would give their left tit to have as much power as men."

Thirteen percent of the men said that women coveted male aggressiveness: "Somewhere inside of every one of those nice, quiet girls is a masculine son of a bitch dying to kill someone. Women wish they weren't afraid to let it out."

Eleven percent guessed that women wanted physical strength: "Women don't like to be afraid, to be at a physical dis-



advantage. They'd like to be stronger than us, or at least be able to wrestle in the same weight class. Then they could take on muggers for the best two out of three falls."

Nine percent said that women suffered from penis envy: "Our sex is visible, up front. There's no question about it. Women would like their own sexuality to be out in the open." "They want to be able to write their names in the snow."

Seven percent of the men felt that women envied male drive and goal orientation: "They long for our ambition, our ability to create careers instead of just jobs. Women are encouraged to be complacent and it drives them crazy."

Six percent said that women desired male independence: "We are free to go anywhere, do anything, at any time of the day or night. Women have to worry about how they look or whether it's safe."

Five percent guessed that women would

love to be cool and dispassionate in their approach to sexual relationships: "Men can have purely sexual affairs without getting too involved. Women have trouble doing that."

The rest of the sample guessed that women would want a wide variety of masculine traits: toughness, tolerance, decisiveness, security, self-assurance, freedom from household concerns. Finally, a few men thought women envied the male ability to have reliable orgasms: "I think most women would like to trust their orgasms—to come as regularly as we do. It's better to come once a night, every night, than to come seven times in one night and not at all the rest of the week."

Q:

WHAT MALE CHARACTERISTIC DO YOU MOST ENVY AND WOULD LIKE TO HAVE FOR YOURSELF?

(Asked of 100 women)

Twenty-eight percent of the women with whom we talked said that they wanted power. Here are a few of their thoughts: "Men run their lives instead of life running them." "The prestige of being a male is so attractive—being greeted with respect and recognition of your position in the hierarchy wherever you go. To even be allowed in the hierarchy would be an improvement."

Nineteen percent of the women were jealous of the aggressive male style: "I want that good old *macho* courage. Males get all the interesting roles in movies, because the male role—the cool heroics of a Kojak or a Dirty Harry—is more exciting than the female role."

Thirteen percent of the women wanted a man's physical strength: "Quite simply, I would like to be able to *manhandle* someone every now and then." "It's awful to have to worry about being raped and attacked. Would I ever love the ability to walk around freely without being sexually hassled." "If I were physically more powerful, I'd be able to really crank it on in bed. We'd ricochet off the ceiling. The Flying Wallendas of the Fuck."

Eight percent of the women wanted a man's ability to be sexually forward: "A man can have a quality of sexy brutality

that makes women flip. If a woman acts that way, men think she's a dyke."

Six percent wished to be less emotional and more aloof in their relationships: "I'm too vulnerable. I'd like to be as detached as my partner."

Five percent envied man's mobility, his independence of action: "Women are kept at home by a weird kind of zoning law that puts much of the world off limits."

Five percent wanted to be liberated from menstruation: "I've always been jealous that men don't have periods. Why do you think we call it the curse?"

Five percent would be happy to have a man's earning capacity: "We work just as hard, but guys get paid more."

Five percent said they would like to have a penis: "I'd like to be able to stand up and piss off a sailboat."

The rest of the sample wanted such male traits as height, craggy facial features, the freedom to go without make-up and, finally, a deep voice: "Deep voices are sexy. Also, if a woman had a voice as deep as Henry Kissinger's, maybe the world would listen."

Q:

WHAT FEMALE CHARACTERISTIC DO YOU THINK MOST MEN ENVY AND WOULD LIKE TO HAVE FOR THEMSELVES?

(Asked of 100 women)

Thirty-seven percent of the women with whom we talked guessed that men really wanted to be more expressive of their feelings. Some of their responses: "Men would love to have wailing, screaming, crying temper tantrums like we do. It's the emotional difference between a black-and-white TV and a color TV. They aren't playing with a full palette."

Seventeen percent of the women said that most men craved the female capacity for multiple orgasms: "Men are under the impression that we have more fun in bed because we can come more often. They may be right."

Nine percent thought that men envied the way females accept dependency: "Who wants to work? Men must really resent that a woman can cling to any powerful guy who makes enough for them to live as cheaply as two."

Eight percent of the women believed that most men wanted to experience pregnancy: "Men would like to feel a much stronger part of the whole procreative process—and sometimes I think they hate women because we're so much more directly linked to it."

Four percent guessed that guys were

jealous of feminine intuition: "Men would like to be able to figure out when something is going to happen just by vibes."

The rest of the sample had different notions about the most coveted female assets. Some guessed that men would like to have breasts ("They could satisfy their fetish for tits and ass without leaving home"). A few thought that men wanted a woman's wiles, her political deviousness or, in contrast, her complete passivity. One lady thought that men would get off on the pleasure of being openly admired and whistled at. And one woman said: "I guess most men would want to be less hairy and not have to shave in the morning."

Q:

WHAT FEMALE CHARACTERISTIC DO YOU MOST ENVY AND WOULD LIKE TO HAVE FOR YOURSELF?

(Asked of 100 men)

Thirty-two percent of the men with whom we talked reported that they coveted the female's ability to have massive, multiple orgasms. Some of their comments follow: "When God gave out orgasms, He gave too many to the girls. I'd like to get some back." "It's unfair. Women have multiple orgasms, they have longer orgasms, they have more orgasms. They can go all night. Why such a talent was wasted on the gender that has the most hang-ups about sex is beyond me."

Twenty percent of the men envied the female's ability to be more open with her feelings, to be emotionally expressive: "I wish that it would be OK for guys to cry and break down, as it is for women. I don't like having to bottle up my feelings. We should be able to show that we're just as scared or angry as women. Or excited. I wish I could grow the emotional equivalent of long fingernails, so that I could rake my partner's back in the heat of passion."

Nine percent of the men were attracted to feminine passivity: "It's perfectly acceptable for a woman to be sexually lazy or selfish—you know, to just lie back in life and in bed while your partner plays your body and puts you out of control. Men should be given the same attention." "When it comes to sex, I hate doing all the work."

Eight percent wanted the softness and gentleness of a woman, her grace in motion: "I admire the quiet Madonnalike quality of the opposite sex."

Seven percent of the men were openly envious of the women's ability to manipulate, connive and get away with mur-

der: "Girls, if they're smart enough, have the ability to manipulate people, to wind them around their little fingers. I want the same kind of fingers." "It drives me crazy that the woman decides whether or not to fuck on the first night. I'd like that power."

Six percent of the men wanted the female experience of pregnancy: "I would love to feel a baby grow in my body, to have that primal claim on the child that a woman has."

The rest of the sample liked women's patience, their passionate imagination, their irrationality and their sleek good looks. A small portion envied anatomical differences: Two percent of the men wanted breasts, while another two percent wanted a clitoris: "A woman can be erect in three places at once—her nipples and her clitoris—while a man can be erect only in one." Two percent thought it unfair that women did not go bald.

Summary: Some intriguing things emerged from our statistics. Although men are supposed to find the female mind mysterious, actually, most guessed accurately as to what hunk of masculinity the majority of women desired for themselves—power. Although different words and phrases were used to express the thought, underlying more than 50 percent of the women's answers was the Big P.

Women weren't so perceptive when it came to guessing about guys. They came close but earned no cigar, because you might say they missed the nub of the problem—orgasms. A big percentage of the female guesswork centered on emotions. They believed that men wanted to be more open with their feelings. Although a significant number of the men said they envied that particular female trait, a far larger proportion was hung up on multiple orgasms.

A paradoxical facet of our poll is that what men apparently want—multiple orgasms—they believe they can't have. Medical researchers claim that a woman's seemingly endless capacity for climaxes is one of the clearest physiological differences between the sexes. Recent research has shown that some men can learn to have an extended or multiple-peak orgasm (see *The Extended Male Orgasm*, PLAYBOY, May). So that which you covet is—theoretically—within your reach.

Similarly, what women want—the power that men now control—is (at least in theory) within the range of possibility. Go to work on it.

Meanwhile, back in the green fields of envy, our survey shows that most men are certain that women are having a better time in bed, and the women are just as sure that men are having a better time in the world. How about a trade?

—HOWARD SMITH AND
BRIAN VAN DER HORST



Benson & Hedges 100's

oh well,
nobody's
perfect.

that's the breaks.



Regular and Menthol

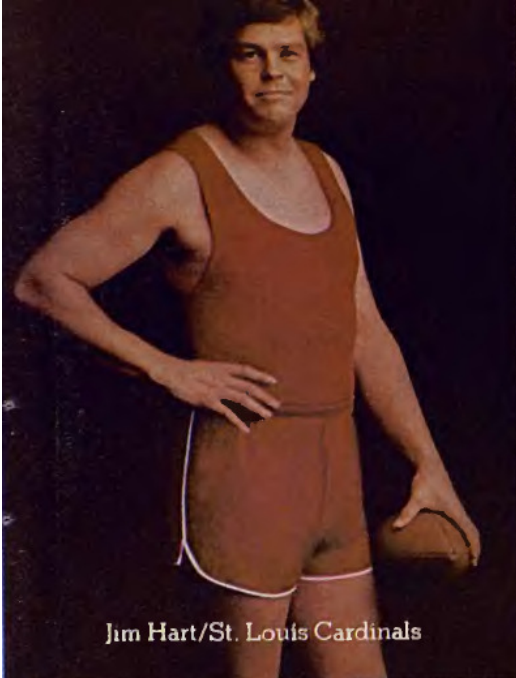
18 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.

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TAKE AWAY THEIR UNIFORMS AND WHO ARE THEY.

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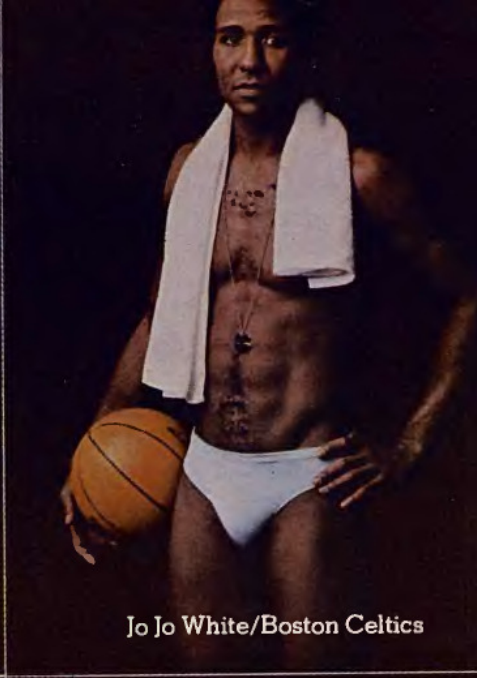
Jim Hart: Life[®] A-Shirt/Slim Guy Boxer; Denis Potvin: Life[®] International Denim T-Shirt/Brief; Jo Jo White: élan[™] Brief; Steve Carlton: Nylon A-Shirt/Brief;
Mike Riordan: Micro 3[®] Brief; Pete Rose: International Skants[®] Metre Brief; Jamaal Wilkes: Man-In-Motion[™] Fun Top/Sport Short;
Jim Palmer: International Skant[®]/Trobez Brief; Ken Anderson: Man-In-Motion[™] Fun Top/Low-Rise Sport Short.



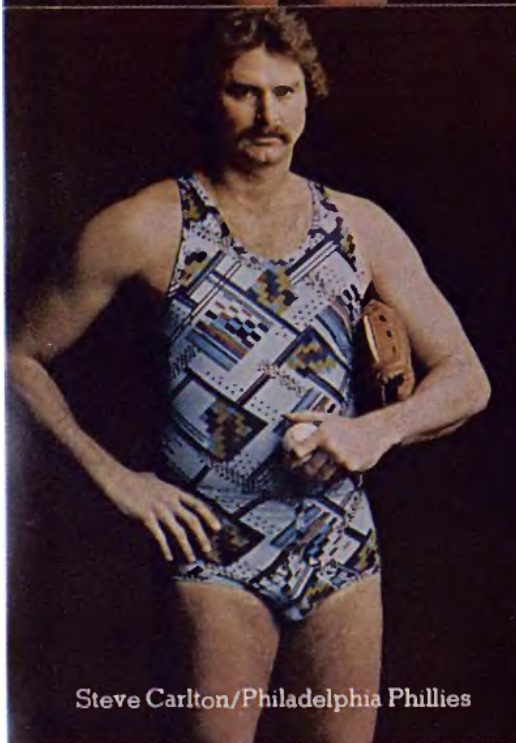
Jim Hart/St. Louis Cardinals



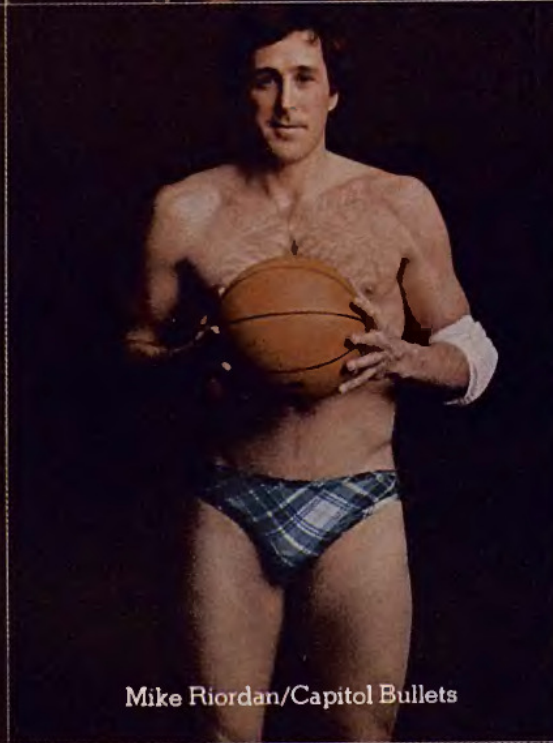
Denis Potvin/New York Islanders



Jo Jo White/Boston Celtics



Steve Carlton/Philadelphia Phillies



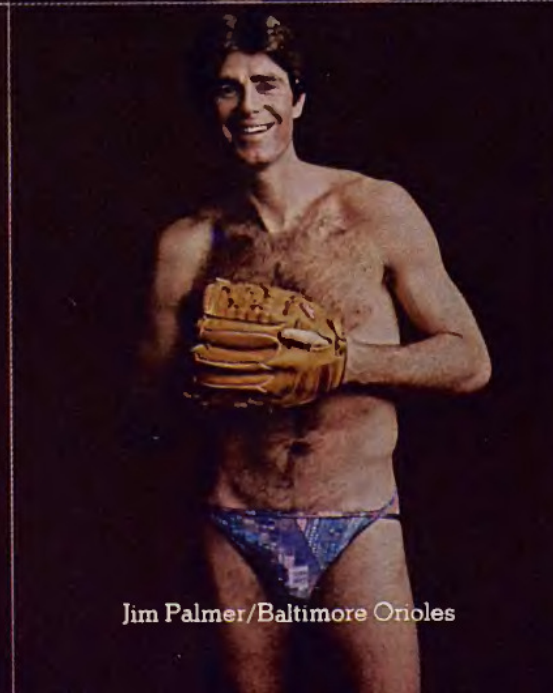
Mike Riordan/Capitol Bullets



Pete Rose/Cincinnati Reds



Jamaal Wilkes/Golden State Warriors



Jim Palmer/Baltimore Orioles



Ken Anderson/Cincinnati Bengals

WHY PEOPLE WHO OWN A BMW ENJOY DRIVING MORE THAN YOU DO.

As diverse as BMW owners are—a sweeping assortment of business executives, professional people, movie stars and royalty—there is one thing they all seem to have in common: an unabashed enthusiasm for their BMW.

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Under the hood of the BMW 530i is a three-liter, fuel-injected masterwork of engineering. *Road & Track* magazine calls "...the most refined in-line six in the world."

The suspension is fully independent on all four wheels. Resulting in a degree of control and comfort so unique it will spoil you for the solid rear axle systems found on most

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All told, it is a car so singularly enjoyable to drive that, in Germany, a land of legendary driving machines—as in the rest of Europe—BMW sells more high-performance luxury cars than any other manufacturer.

If you agree that extraordinary performance is the only thing that makes an expensive car worth the money, we suggest you call a BMW dealer and arrange a thorough test drive.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

A HITCH IN TIME

I'd like to urge the man who wrote the letter titled "Time Machine" in the February *Playboy Forum* not to change his ideas about lovemaking. I, for one, am a woman who enjoys "nasty love, soft love, hard love" from whomever I go to bed with. And if it happens to take all night or all week, well, the more the better. There just aren't enough people willing to take a little time in pleasurable exploration.

Terry Hansen
Olympia, Washington

I'm really tired of men whose love-making techniques are ritualized, whose foreplay consists of what *they've* decided should excite a woman; in fact, every woman, "Time Machine," who is baffled by lovers' complaints that he "takes too long to make love," is missing the obvious: Those complaints indicate that his "touching, tasting, smelling" simply are not satisfactory to his partners, regardless of how much *he* enjoys them.

I'd suggest that he individualize his lovers by tuning in to each woman's special wants and needs. That may be done by talking during lovemaking or by being especially receptive to nonverbal cues, such as movements that signal "I like that—keep it up." No one knows better what excites a particular woman than she herself.

Of course, men don't have the total responsibility in all of this: Both men and women must be willing to show and tell what they want in bed.

(Name withheld by request)
Green Bay, Wisconsin

KISSING SWEET

My husband happens to be one of those men who think that a woman doesn't taste good; consequently, we used to have very little oral sex. Since I enjoyed being eaten, I refused to give up until I found a solution. And the solution was a solution—mouthwash diluted with water. I diluted it because I didn't want to smell or taste like a medicine chest. The idea worked; we both now enjoy oral sex. The mouthwash also gives me a tingling sensation that adds to the fun.

(Name withheld by request)
Florissant, Missouri

SEXALYZER TEST

I've discovered, through my own privately conducted research, that an amazing change occurs in saliva when one is

sexually aroused. This phenomenon can be demonstrated experimentally by any interested couple and could, in fact, be the basis for a party game. Required for the experiment are two consenting adults and two pieces of chewing gum; I prefer Juicy Fruit.

The subjects face each other and start chewing their gum. Then, still chewing, they hold hands and peer into each other's eyes. It helps if they keep their lips slightly parted. After a few minutes

*"I'd suggest that he
individualize his lovers
by tuning in to each
woman's special wants
and needs."*

of this, the subjects embrace and kiss according to their custom, which may or may not involve tongue interplay. While the kissing is in progress, the partners may begin spontaneously caressing each other. And they can go on from there to whatever else pleases them, in a logical progression. But they have to keep chewing.

It's only a matter of time before the subjects realize that something strange



has happened to their gum: It has fallen to pieces. This is what always happens under these conditions. If you don't believe me, try it.

Why does this happen? It seems that sexual stimulation causes certain enzymes to be released into the saliva and that it is these chemical agents that cause the breakdown in the gum.

But what is nature's purpose in providing a substance in human saliva that will cause chewing gum to decay? The final word is not in, which, thank God, necessitates more experimentation. However, authorities agree that saliva fortified with these enzymes is a very effective lubricant for certain parts of the body.

W. S. Doxey
Carrollton, Georgia

PAINTING YOUR WAGON

The day after my wife and I were married, we checked out of our hotel, walked to our camper (which had been parked since before the wedding) and found that it had been decorated by some of our bawdier friends. There was a drawing of a penis, a picture of two semi-trucks, one on top of the other, with the inscription "Keep on fuckin'" and, on the back of the van, a caption that read, "Patti, watch your rear." It was actually pretty well done, but realizing we might offend, we thought we had better wash it off after we returned some rented wedding apparel. We didn't get very far, though, before we were stopped by the police, who ordered us to get the camper washed immediately because of the so-called obscene phrases. We agreed but stopped at the tuxedo-rental shop first. About a half hour later, as we left the place, the same patrolman stopped us again and—would you believe?—arrested me for obscene publication, a violation of a city ordinance. Before I knew what hit me, I was frisked, put into a cage unit in the back of the patrol car, taken to police headquarters, fingerprinted, photographed and jailed.

Fortunately, a municipal judge intervened on my behalf and ordered me released immediately on the recognizance of my attorney. The whole story obviously has its funny side, but the humor was temporarily lost on me when the idiotic prudery left me with attorney's fees, impoundment fees, shot nerves, an upset wife and a criminal record. I plan to sue the city and the arresting officer; then we'll see who gets the last laugh.

(Name withheld by request)
Daytona Beach, Florida

A LINE FROM HEINLEIN

In his 1950 short story *The Man Who Sold the Moon*, science-fiction master Robert A. Heinlein gives one of the best definitions of censorship I have seen. He says that censorship creates a situation with "every two-bit wowser in the country claiming a veto over what we can say and can't say and what we can show and what we can't show. . . . It's like demanding that grown men live on skim milk because the baby can't eat steak."

James W. Cox

Bainbridge Island, Washington

THE CENSORS VS. LARRY FLYNT

Well, they finally got him; that is, Larry Flynt. You will be next. You damnable gutter rats, merchants, peddlers of smut and filth have been getting by with it long enough. Your day has come at last. When I see children and young people poisoned with your damnable smut and filth on every newsstand, store, etc., it's enough to tear the heart out of every decent, law-abiding citizen. May God have mercy on you filth peddlers. You ought to hide your heads and hearts in shame. That goes for female as well as male. No more will smut-and-filth lawyers or judges protect you. This is the cause of the great crime wave over our country.

(Name withheld by request)
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

There are those who will think we publish this letter only to make people who favor censorship look bad. They'll be quite right.

The prosecution of Larry Flynt was an embarrassment to me as a member of the Ohio bar and a former assistant prosecuting attorney in Columbus. The decision of the Hamilton County Court of Common Pleas represents a giant step away from personal freedom and enlightenment. It is, indeed, regrettable that in today's liberated society, there still exist those individuals with antiquated Victorian principles and profound sexual inhibitions who happen to be in positions of authority, enabling them to force their moral dictates on the rest of society via the courts.

William G. Mayhew
Attorney at Law
Reynoldsburg, Ohio

Flynt faced a stacked deck. The conviction is narrow, hypocritical and unrealistic. Millions of people, by free choice, purchase his magazine. Any freedom taken away from a publisher is freedom taken away from all of his readers.

Raymond J. Andersen
Fayetteville, North Carolina

While there are still strange creatures in flying saucers directing, via powerful

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

GOD'S MASTERPIECES

MIAMI BEACH—Despite the endorsement of state tourism officials, topless bathing has been rejected by a six-to-one vote of the Miami Beach city council. The single favorable vote came from a 60-year-old councilman, who said, in support of the proposal to legalize bare breasts on public beaches, "God's masterpiece is a well-built woman, and, Mr. Mayor, you should look into it."

THE SPORTING LIFE

CHICAGO—Several major credit-card companies have promised to investigate whether some of their clients are actually whorehouses and massage parlors posing as, among other things, retailers of "sporting goods." Police



contacted the companies after many dissatisfied customers, or their wives, found their credit-card statements showing charges of up to \$600 for an evening's entertainment, itemized as anything from karate lessons to baseball gloves.

SEX AND THE HEART

STANFORD, CALIFORNIA—Stanford University researchers report that solving puzzles can put a greater strain on the heart than watching erotic movies. In a study of recovering heart-attack patients, scientists found that their heart rate and blood pressure increased slightly when they were interviewed about their jobs, heart attacks or sex, or when they were viewing either traumatic or erotic films, but a substantial increase occurred when they were assembling a geometric puzzle. A psychologist for the study said the puzzle induces stress because it is a self-im-

posed, self-competitive activity similar to the kind of pressure found at work.

A LOOP IN THE LAW

JOHANNESBURG—A 40-year-old South African businessman who was charged with possessing pornographic films, including "Deep Throat" and "The Tale of Six Titties," escaped conviction through a legal loophole. The obscenity statute specifies "photographic matter," and the movies were on video tape. The defendant was acquitted and his tapes were returned.

BARRED FROM THE PROMISED LAND

TEL AVIV—Israeli authorities have announced they will not let Danish film maker Jens Jorgen Thorsen enter the country to shoot scenes for his proposed movie on "the sex life of Jesus." Thorsen already has been turned away by Denmark, West Germany, France and Britain. An Israeli spokesman said that while Israel guarantees freedom of religion for all faiths, "an obligation exists to prevent offense to the sensitivities of the believers of any faith."

TOKYO ROGUE

TOKYO—A 29-year-old man has been charged with theft and fraud after a 19-month courting spree during which he became engaged to at least 118 women and allegedly bilked them out of some \$36,000. Police said the man's gambit was to introduce himself as a doctor or a university professor, explain that he had fallen in love at first sight, proceed with a dinner, a marriage proposal and seduction, and then either borrow money or steal the woman's watch. A police spokesman said, "He had gentle, high-class manners, and he certainly knew how to win a girl's confidence."

SUITS OVER SEX

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—The Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals has ruled that a woman who loses her job for refusing the sexual advances of her boss has the right to sue for damages under the 1964 Civil Rights Act. The unanimous decision reversed a lower-court ruling and also contradicted an earlier U.S. district court in New Jersey ("Forum Newsfront," March), both of which had held that such disputes did not involve civil rights issues.

HAPPILY UNMARRIED

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The number of American couples living together

without being married has more than doubled since 1970 and now exceeds 1,000,000, the Census Bureau reports. "Fundamental changes are occurring in marriage and family living" in the Seventies, the bureau said, adding that it is not yet clear "whether or not these changes represent only a temporary departure from past norms or the emergence of new and lasting lifestyles."

BACK TO LAW 'N' ORDER

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U. S. Supreme Court has further diluted the historic "Miranda" decision, under which police must advise a suspect of his right to remain silent and to obtain a lawyer. By a vote of six to three, the Court held that suspects need not be advised of their rights, even when taken to a police station for questioning, so long as they are not officially "in custody" and prevented from leaving. In his dissent, Justice Thurgood Marshall expressed worry that police might try to "circumvent 'Miranda' by deliberately postponing the official 'arrest' and the giving of 'Miranda' warnings until the necessary incriminating statements have been obtained."

KISSING CAUSES CAVITIES

NEW YORK—Kissing can spread germs that cause cavities, bleeding gums and pyorrhea, according to a scientist from the National Institute of Dental Research. Speaking at a New York dental



meeting, Dr. Paul H. Keyes reported evidence that microorganisms believed to cause various dental diseases are spread from person to person, especially within families and between boyfriends and girlfriends.

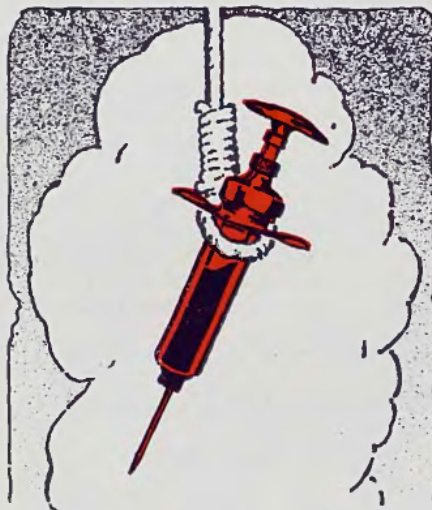
ARKANSAS JUSTICE

BATESVILLE, ARKANSAS—An Independence County circuit-court jury found a 36-year-old man guilty on four counts of delivering marijuana. The judge fined him \$60,000 and sentenced him to 40

years in prison. Earlier the same day, a jury convicted a man of severely scalding his wife's five-year-old daughter by putting her legs in hot water and the same judge sentenced him to a year in jail.

CHEMICAL EXECUTION

OKLAHOMA CITY—State Senator Bill Dawson has introduced and the senate has approved a bill that would provide for the death penalty to be carried out by injection. The proposed legislation reads, "The punishment of death must be inflicted by continuous, intravenous



administration of a lethal quantity of an ultrashort-acting barbiturate in combination with a chemical paralytic agent until death is pronounced by a licensed physician." Present law specifies that executions be carried out by gas but permits electrocution until a gas chamber is built.

POPULAR POT LAW

SACRAMENTO—An extensive study by the California Health and Welfare Agency has found not only that citizens are pleased with the state's revised marijuana law but that it saved taxpayers at least \$25,000,000 in law-enforcement costs during the first year. In all age groups except those over 60, a majority of both smokers and nonsmokers favored the more lenient present law, which provides for a citation instead of arrest for possession of one ounce or less and a \$100 fine as the maximum penalty. The study also showed that less than three percent of those surveyed had begun smoking marijuana since the new law went into effect on January 1, 1976.

Meanwhile, Assemblyman Willie L. Brown, Jr., of San Francisco has introduced a bill in the California legislature that would extend the provisions of the current law to cover the growing of up to six pot plants for personal use.

radio beams, staunch God-fearing folks into staining an old sock over an explicit nude photo, law-enforcement officials in Ohio and elsewhere will not lack for employment.

B. W. DePen
Upland, California

It is especially ironic that this happens at a time when President Carter is speaking out on the subject of world-wide human rights.

John M. Uhlich
Riverside, Illinois

The Russians are persecuting a political dissident, Andrei Sakharov, while this country makes a *cause célèbre* of the publisher of a trashy girlie magazine. It would appear that this country is no freer than the Soviet Union, just that whereas the Russians are uptight about politics, the U. S. is uptight about sex.

Robert Martin

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

If the Russians had a sense of humor, they'd invite Larry Flynt to the Kremlin.

THE BLUING OF MEMPHIS

While the dust from the great porno trial of Harry Reems et al. is still drifting about, Memphis has taken off at full tilt to re-create the days of Cotton Mather. The Memphis city council has passed, by an almost unanimous vote, and the mayor has signed, an ordinance outlawing nudity and public dancing in establishments serving alcoholic beverages. Assistant city attorney William Bateman declared that even pasties would not legalize an otherwise nude performance. One councilwoman rationalized her support of the ordinance by saying, "I don't see any need for topless dancing."

This city has the distinction of being the only one in the country to give *Day of the Dolphin* an R rating. *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* was shown at midnight for a time and finally canceled.

For those of us in Memphis who think sex isn't necessarily dirty, visitation is twice a year and cigarettes are welcome every Saturday.

Mark Hanna
Memphis, Tennessee

PORN IN PASCO

Aping bigger cities, Pasco, Washington—population 14,000—is attempting to use taxpayers' money to fight what it deems pornography. The city council passed a motion "to use whatever resources are necessary to continue enforcing the criminal obscenity ordinance." State law exempts from prosecution projectionists who have no financial interest in the theater. Pasco's ordinance doesn't, nor does it require that those accused of displaying a pornographic film know what it contains. The law's constitutionality

is being studied by a municipal judge. Four theater employees are facing trial under the ordinance and the prosecuting attorney's wife is a member of an anti-pornography organization.

One would think, from all the fuss, that Pasco were in danger of being overrun with adult theaters. Actually, there is only one, which has just undergone a \$20,000 renovation and looks a good deal better than it did while vacant. The name of the theater, which wasn't changed by the present owner, adds an ironic twist to the story. It's the Liberty.

Sue C. Miller

Richland, Washington

PLAYBOY IN THE LIBRARY

What with natural-gas shortages, spiraling inflation and dwindling operating budgets, most city officials are busy enough just keeping the machinery of government functioning. So when a mayor goes out of his way to request that the city's library director be fired, one can only suppose that the poor boob couldn't memorize the Dewey decimal system or had a penchant for eating library paste. But now comes word from the Rock Island, Illinois, *Argus* that the mayor of Bettendorf, Iowa (safely across the Mississippi from Rock Island), asked that the library board of trustees fire the director for showing R-rated movies during a film festival and making PLAYBOY available to the public. To its infinite credit, the board refused to go along with the mayor's recommendation, recognizing, perhaps, both PLAYBOY's worth per se and its value as a natural method of keeping the body's furnace well stoked should next winter be as harsh as the past one.

Moral tyrants of his kind continually fail to recognize the golden rule for a free and democratic society: Censor others as you would have them censor you.

John Harris

Chicago, Illinois

GETTING ORGANIZED

I think the basic problem those of us who believe in individual freedom have is a lack of organization. The procensorship people are organized. They picket, lobby and get themselves on juries while the rest of us sit back on our liberal asses and talk about freedom over cognac and coffee. No one ever comes out screaming, "I'm for filth!" No, we just buy the stuff and keep our mouths shut, except when we are around friends. Meanwhile, people are wasting time behind bars for making erotic dreams a bit more of a reality.

L. Rudnick

Albuquerque, New Mexico

SELF-RIGHTEOUS FINGERS

I received a letter from that valiant protector of the nation's moral fiber, the U. S. Customs Service, informing me that

it was holding mail addressed to me described as an "article containing illustrated advertising material offering obscene merchandise for sale." The item was postmarked Denmark. I was offered the choice of agreeing in writing to Customs' disposing of the material or of doing nothing, in which case "the materials immediately will be referred to the United States Attorney for forfeiture." There was no third choice.

In my reply, I stated:

I do not assent to an administrative forfeiture. Your action of opening mail addressed to me without a valid search warrant violates my constitutional right to be protected against unreasonable search and seizure. The Tariff Act is unconstitutionally vague, as it does not specify what the criteria are for deciding that a given item is or is not obscene. Further, I strongly suspect that whether a given piece of mail is opened is a hit-or-miss proposition and that much material alleged to be obscene slips through your self-righteous little fingers. Thus, I am being denied equal protection under

*"Censor others as you
would have them
censor you."*

the law, as the law is not applied equally in all cases.

It will be interesting to see how the Customs Service replies to this. PLAYBOY would perform a real service if it would publish something on one's rights when confronted with this sort of notice from Customs.

Terence M. Hines
Eugene, Oregon

Customs is empowered by act of Congress to search, seize and confiscate material it alleges to be obscene. However, if the addressee wants to take the trouble to go to court, Customs has to prove that the material in question is actually obscene. The February "Forum Newsfront" reported that a Federal judge declared unconstitutional the procedure the service uses to inspect and confiscate allegedly obscene mail. The judge pointed out that Customs has no way of knowing whether the material would be considered obscene by the recipient's community standards. Such a ruling does not mean that Customs agents will desist from the nasty practice of opening people's mail to look for dirty pictures, however. But if everyone who got such a notice from Customs took the case to court, it would keep the service pretty busy. Hm...

THE — STATEMENT

The Nixon legacy, about which PLAYBOY has written so intelligently, has included a wave of censorship actions. But one of Nixon's former aides is on the side of the good guys: William Safire, who wrote speeches for Tricky Dick in 1968, argues in his column for the San Francisco *Examiner-Chronicle* that "government does not belong in the personal-morality-among-adults business. We should teach morality, we should preach morality, but we should not legislate morality." Safire adds, very perceptively, I think, that the "conspiracy statutes that are being used so often to harass pornographers are an abomination. Whether the targets are rioters, White House aides or even less popular souls, whenever the Government cannot prove a person guilty of a crime, it ought not then be able to jail that person for 'conspiracy to commit' that crime."

Amusingly, Safire mentions an incident in the 1968 campaign in which a Nixon aide asked him for an anti-obscenity speech with the words "Who's got the ——— obscenity statement?" (The dash is Safire's and presumably stands for one of the deleted expletives so common among Nixon and his supermoralistic henchmen.) And Safire concludes, fervently, "Let individual Americans make their own ——— decision about obscenity." Amen.

The Nixon counterrevolution must be over at last if even conservatives like Safire are beginning to realize that one of the things worth conserving is the First Amendment.

Ed Dubowsky

El Cerrito, California

DISMANTLING DEMOCRACY

I read with interest *Justice by Apathy* (*The Playboy Forum*, February), of your editorial series *The Nixon Legacy*. As an attorney, I could not agree more with your description of the U. S. Supreme Court as influenced by Richard Nixon. The Court is the only institution that has gone relatively unscathed by Watergate. Quietly, however, it is proceeding to dismantle this constitutional democracy in a manner of which Nixon would be proud. When one branch of the Government becomes unresponsive to the needs and desires of the people, the other branches must set themselves the task of correcting the trend.

Sheldon R. Waxman, J.D.

Attorney at Law

Chicago, Illinois

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS

So former Texas governor John Connally has proposed that we televise executions. Supposedly, this would increase the deterrent effect of the death penalty (*The Playboy Forum*, March).

In 1868, public executions were banned in England. It was shown that in

SOMEHOW, SCOTCH BOTTLED ELSEWHERE ISN'T QUITE THE SAME.

Contrary to popular belief, many more brands of Scotch are bottled in America than in Scotland. They are bulk-shipped and bottled here, often using municipal water.

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one town, out of 167 people who came under the sentence of death over a number of years, 164 of them had seen a public execution. Some deterrent.

Russell E. Button
Eglin Air Force Base, Florida

AMNESTY

Last January, our newly elected President saw fit to issue a pardon to all draft evaders of the Vietnam war. This is a direct slap in the face of every honorably discharged veteran in the U.S. today, as well as to those who made the supreme sacrifice and paid with their lives. Assuredly, the Vietnam conflict was and is regarded as a stupid, bloodletting military and economic disaster, but this does not make the veteran any less a patriot nor the deserter any less a traitor. Ask any veteran who has been there in the defense of his country what he thinks about the Presidential pardon and you will get an interesting answer.

Robert Landers
National Commander
International Veterans Association
Kingsford Heights, Indiana

Being a Vietnam veteran, I feel I must speak out in support of President Carter's decision to pardon those who had the guts to refuse to enter the military and serve in Vietnam. I wish now that I had done the same thing. Never again will I rush blindly to the service of my country just because my Government orders it. Vietnam was a wrong war, an illegal one, and even the most stubborn of us must realize that by now. I welcome those men back home and commend them for having the courage of their convictions.

Dick Schaefer
St. Louis, Missouri

RAPE AND JUSTICE

Karin Bass, in her February *Playboy Forum* letter, states that "rape is the one crime where the burden of seeing that justice is done rests more on the victim than on the police and the courts." Two years ago, I would have agreed wholeheartedly. That opinion has been dramatically reversed.

In November 1975, I picked up a woman in an all-night restaurant. After we spent several hours together, she agreed to go to my apartment, where we engaged in sex by mutual consent. After that, I drove her back to the place where her car was parked. The next day, I was arrested at work and charged with first-degree sexual assault, the legal term for rape in Colorado. Why this woman claimed I had raped her is still a mystery to me. I was placed under a \$50,000 bond, because I was an ex-convict only 16 months out of the penitentiary, after serving 24 years on two murder convictions.

Many details of the woman's testimony

against me were anomalous, irrational or contradictory. However, under the law of this state, my attorney was not permitted to cross-examine her on her past regarding her credibility and sexual history. We were prevented from showing that she had two illegitimate children and had previously been under psychiatric care. On the other hand, the judge refused to suppress the fact of my past convictions and criminal record. Because I felt that no one would believe a man convicted twice of murder, I chose not to take the stand. That was a mistake. The deck was stacked against me. The jury found me guilty and I was sentenced to 15 to 25 years in prison and my life parole was revoked.

It is now my firm belief that, prior to the arrest of the person she is accusing, any woman who alleges that she is the victim of a rape should be compelled to undergo every conceivable examination to prove she is telling the truth. My full sympathy used to be with the woman who came forth and claimed she had been raped, but I have learned the hard and terrible lesson that a man is at the mercy of the woman who claims he raped her.

Richard T. McKenna
Canon City, Colorado

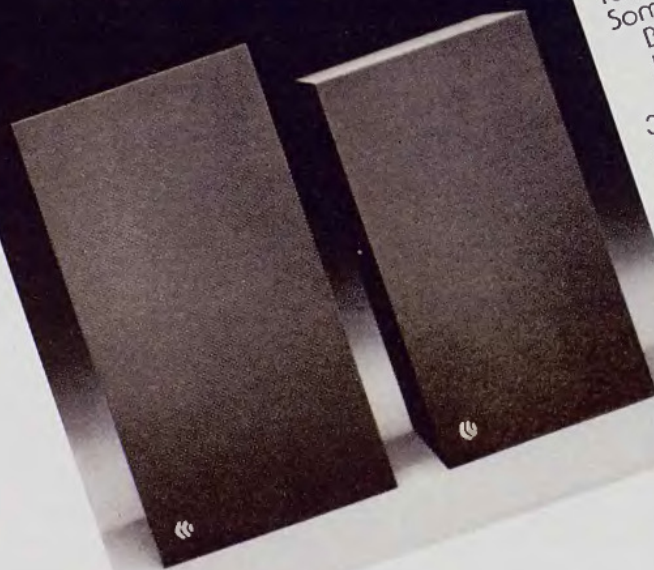
MELLOW LADY

After several years of work in the women's movement, I consider myself a mellowed women's liberationist. My first contact with the movement was in consciousness-raising groups. Generally, these groups were supportive, positive and exciting forums in which I learned about other women's feelings and experiences and shared my own. However, the meetings sometimes turned into bitching sessions; we had gone to talk about ourselves, yet would wind up talking with derision about men. During that time, I began my man-hating stage.

I see this stage as a necessary extreme for many women before they can reach any middle ground. One must allow hostility to surface before such feelings can be tempered. Unfortunately, some women become fixated in this stage, often because their own anger evokes a similar reaction from the men with whom they interact, thus reinforcing the original female resentment. If men would react with attempts at understanding, they might save many women from being longtime man-haters.

If a man is a true believer in women's lib, his behavior will show it. He will not, for example, go to pieces if he loses a competitive game such as racket ball to a woman: His self-esteem is not threatened by such an athletic defeat. A liberated man listens to women with the same courtesy and respect he shows a man: His reactions and evaluations are based on the content of what she says (as opposed to the contents of her bra). A liberated man not only welcomes

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(when he's in the mood) sexual advances from his woman but also is open to her suggestions in bed: after all, she knows better than anyone what turns on her own body.

My own boyfriend frankly told me that the first thing about me to attract him was the National Organization for Women T-shirt that I was wearing when we met. He has admitted that it was a turn-on, but his character and behavior have shown that the real turn-on was to the responsible, autonomous woman he hoped I was. I delight in trying to live up to such expectations.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

HEAD NURSE

At a medical clinic recently, I stood in an examining room, drawers at half-mast, while a nurse administered a hypodermic. When she was done, I turned around and she glanced at my still exposed penis and smiled. She asked me to wait as she went to the door, locked it and came back to where I stood, immobile except for my quickly growing pecker. Noticing my response, she began to massage my dick with one hand while her other began to stroke my balls. Then she bent forward, took my prick in her mouth and let it slide a few times between her lips. With her hand still squeezing my balls, she tried to deep-throat me. It wasn't long before I shot off. Then, just as suddenly as it all began, she got up, resumed her professional demeanor, said, "I think you'll be just fine," and left. Best treatment I ever had!

(Name withheld by request)
Antwerp, Belgium

That's what we like, a story with a beginning, a middle and a climax.

CASHIERED COP

In May 1976, while employed as a California police officer, I was arrested for possession and cultivation of marijuana. I was entrapped by a police agent who pretended to become my girlfriend but was really working undercover for the Internal Affairs Division. Sentenced to pay a heavy fine and placed on several years' probation, I have since been employed at various low-paying and menial jobs, not being able to get decent work. I have lost my home, my savings and my car, and it looks like I'm screwed for life. All this in a land where pot smoking is supposed to be taken lightly and is, if you're not a police officer.

I can't tell you how many times I stopped cops who were so damned drunk they couldn't stand up, yet we were supposed to take them home and not arrest them. Cops who beat their wives silly were just told by their supervisor to cool it. I gave years of my life to a community and to my country, and now I see it wasn't worth a damn.

I'm hoping that with this new Administration, a little enlightenment will be shed on the pot laws. I'd like to see a program in which first-time misdemeanor offenders could get their record expunged and go back to living. Meanwhile, if any cops reading this get stoned in their off-duty time, watch out, my friends, you could get the shaft, as I did, and it's not funny at all. Ask my parole officer.

(Name withheld by request)
Simi Valley, California

JUSTICE AND PROPORTION

The Erie, Pennsylvania, *Times* reports one local judge's sentences for a number of offenders, including a couple guilty of corrupting young children, a hit-and-run driver, a man convicted of aggravated assault and a man who pleaded no contest to possession and delivery of marijuana. In all except one of these cases, the judge put the guilty parties on probation or granted immediate parole. The one exception was the marijuana

"My hope is that the laws get tougher and the judges back them up. A life sentence is too good for the bastards."

offender, who was ordered to serve 11½ to 23 months in the county jail. This kind of justice is so out of proportion it's barbaric.

Gary Clark
Erie, Pennsylvania

RED LODGE RHUBARB

It comes as no surprise to me that Lake Headley is being persecuted simply because he is a private investigator who had the balls to arrest two G men ("Playboy Forum" Casebook: *Bad Day at Red Lodge*, February). I am a private investigator and have had occasion to probe the activities of law-enforcement officers. On many occasions, I have been hassled by the local police because I refused to tell them all about a surveillance I was conducting.

I was once jailed for 11 hours because I'd removed the front license plate on my car so the county mountie I was watching wouldn't be able to run a check on the number through the Department of Motor Vehicles.

(Name withheld by request)
Flushing, New York

You have gone too far with your "Forum" Casebook story on Lake Headley and his drug farm. Montana never had a drug problem until California

trash started migrating here. My hope is that the laws get tougher and the judges back them up. A life sentence is too good for the bastards.

If I catch one of your hopheads selling pot or anything else to my kids, he won't have to worry about getting help from hot-shot PLAYBOY lawyers or anyone else.

Californians, go home! You have worn out good old Western hospitality.

Ralph Scheffler
Florence, Montana

Your letter explains everything; the crime these people committed is being from California. Right?

OFF THE RAILS

I'd like to alert PLAYBOY's readers to the potential hazard of carrying marijuana on Amtrak trains. Amtrak security agents have been harassing any travelers they deem suspicious-looking—long-haired males, persons traveling first-class and wearing jeans or old clothes, young people carrying unusual amounts of luggage. Bags that are checked are examined, dogs are used to sniff out drugs and anyone found with any illegal items is turned over to local police. As an Amtrak employee, I feel these actions are discriminatory, an invasion of privacy and morally wrong.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

An Amtrak official told PLAYBOY that Federal and state drug agents and their dogs have been boarding trains unannounced, particularly on the East Coast. Persons deemed suspicious are subjected to questioning and search. Amtrak insists its own agents do not conduct searches or make arrests and, in fact, that they protect passengers from harassment. In any case, a word to the wise. . .

THE DEVIL'S WORK

The Bible bangers among us attach great importance to keeping the population clothed, even in climates and environments where it is not warranted. Their reasoning, based on the story of Adam and Eve in the book of *Genesis*, is invalid, as can be seen if we examine the story carefully.

Genesis states that our first parents "were both naked and were not ashamed." This, of course, is prior to the intervention of the serpent. After the serpent successfully tempts Adam and Eve, they hide from God and God asks them, "Who told thee that thou wast naked?" To find the meaning of this question, change the circumstances. Imagine a black woman talking to her crying son and asking, "Who told you that you were a nigger?" In both cases, the victim has been made to feel that his true worth depends on a label. Nowhere does God state that man should be ashamed of his body. I would expect God to be proud of His workmanship and therefore would doubt anybody who tried to prove that mandatory

"Amigo, you don't woo a good woman or make a good tequila overnight."

"Some things in life are extra delicate. Like my Two Fingers Tequila and every woman I ever knew."

An old desert rat and his wife remember Two Fingers telling them that.

They figured he was a strange dude with a name like Two Fingers. But he sure sold a macho tequila.

"My boys and I squeeze this tequila out drop by drop," he winked.

And that's as far as he would go on details about making his tequila, or about himself for that matter.

"Like my tequila, like me," he once told a storekeeper in Flagstaff, Ariz.

Two Fingers and his tequila made a lot of friends in the late 30's. Folks would see his truck—Two Fingers gripping the wheel with Honey at his side—and the

word would spread fast.

"How come you deliver your own tequila?" It was a question Two Fingers was always asked.

"Cause I know it gets there just fine. And I spend a little time wooing Honey. Get it?"

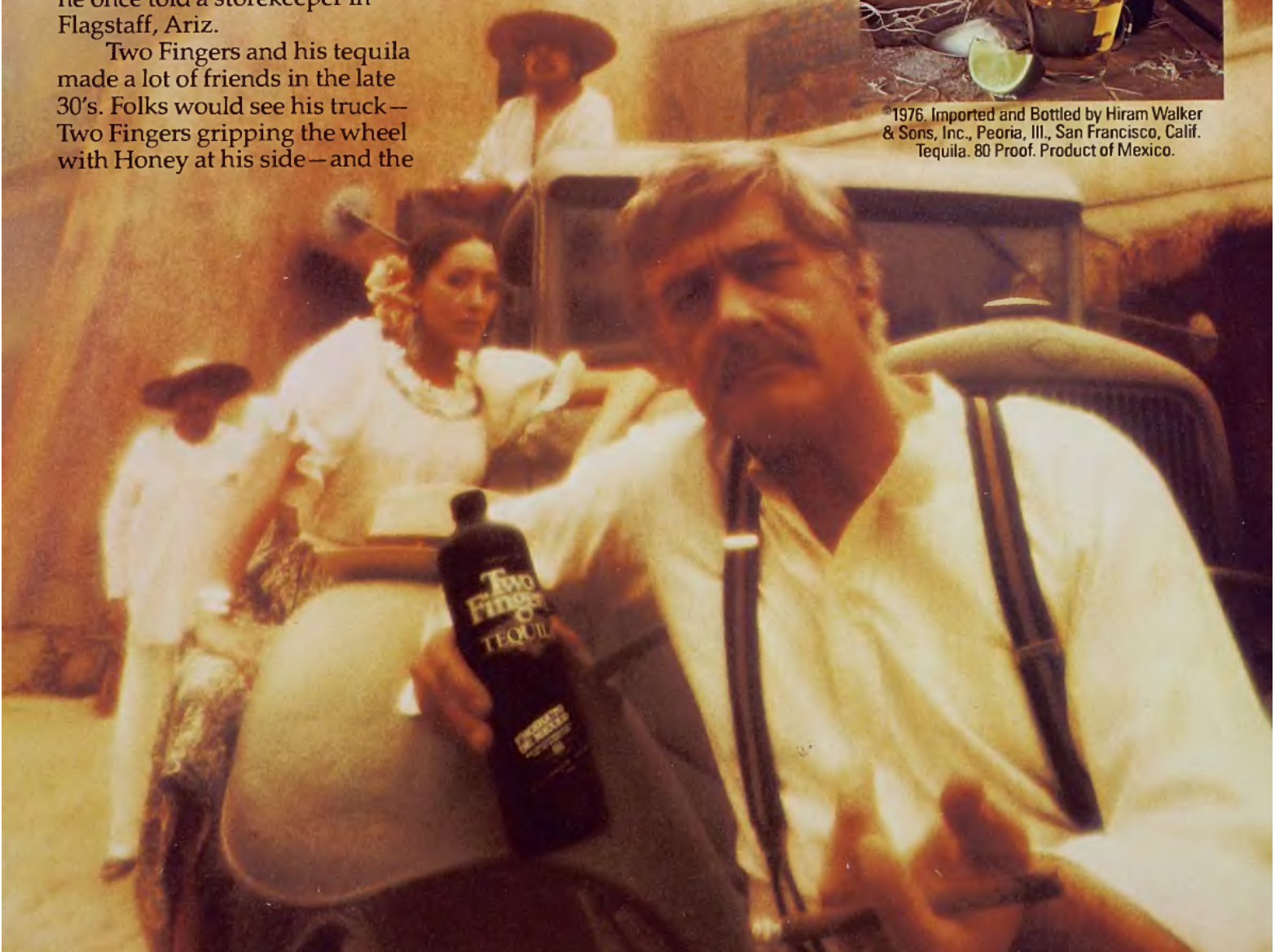
Our sources say Two Fingers made his trips north of the border until the end of the 30's. The last man we could find who spoke to him was a retired Colorado state trooper. He helped Two Fingers fix a flat in the fall of '39 (Two Fingers gave him his last bottle as thanks).

After that not a word. And nobody's quite sure why.

They don't make them like old Two Fingers anymore. But luckily for us his tequila lives on.



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clothing was a God-given doctrine.

The fanatics who prate about nudity are constantly reinforcing the idea that we should be ashamed of our physical selves. In so doing, they are acting as spiritual heirs of the serpent.

Michael Foster Rivero
West Covina, California

NOTHING TO FEAR

From time to time, letters have appeared in *The Playboy Forum* containing disparaging references to religion or the Bible. There is always a suspicion that those who scorn the concept of God and divine authority are motivated by selfish interest, such as justification of their own attitudes. Karl Marx, for example, rebelled against religion because it did not support his all-consuming dedication to war, bloodshed and world enslavement but taught tolerance, love and humility, none of which further the cause of violent revolution. Marx wrote, "Religion . . . is the opium of the people," but he never denied the existence of God; in fact, he acknowledged it with the words "I detest all the gods!"

The antireligious fervor of the atheist betrays the fear that underlies it. What does any humble and honest person have to fear from God?

Robert C. Dell
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

RELIGIOUS HYSTERIA

Around the turn of the century, scientists such as Sigmund Freud dared to speculate in print about the similarities between dogmatic religion and hysteria. This led to so much abuse being heaped on them that psychologists ceased to speculate about the subject (at least in print). Nonetheless, the behavior of the devoutly religious continues to be a spectacle without parallel outside the loony bins. As I mentioned in *The Playboy Forum* of May 1974, 429,820 furious letters were sent that year to CBS protesting the network's alleged plans to show X-rated movies on TV. CBS, of course, had no such plans, but the anti-sex fanatics, typically, hadn't bothered to find out if the rumor was true before going ape over it.

Currently, the Federal Communications Commission is receiving 6000 to 7000 letters a day protesting a rumored decision to ban religious broadcasting. This has been going on for over two years and FCC press releases explaining that it really isn't planning to ban religion from the airwaves have not yet stopped the hysterical rumors that it is. This, I submit, is exactly the mechanism that produced the medieval witch-hunts and other classic examples of hysteria. People indoctrinated in dogmatic religion have been carefully trained to believe without evidence, to avoid normal skepticism or analytical thought and to react with rage or other strong emotions

where a person not so indoctrinated would stop first to think. The FCC estimates that it has received 4,600,000 protest letters in this case, all based on unfounded (and implausible) rumor.

Worship at the church of your choice this weekend, if you want to become a bigger fool than you are.

James J. Hill
Sebastopol, California

SEX AND VIOLENCE

Charles B. Beard seems to be having a hard time distinguishing between erotic passion and lustful violence on one hand and dehumanized violence on the other (*The Playboy Forum*, March). He writes, "If pornography does not dehumanize, then it must show sexuality as the opposite of a dehumanizing—i.e., violent—force." So, for him, violence and dehumanization are the same thing. He goes on to say, "The blind drive for one's own sensual pleasure is active, insistent selfishness and, therefore, a form of violence." Dehumanization equals violence equals selfish sexual passion. Q.E.D.

Really? What could be more human than a bunch of selfish people blindly pursuing their pleasure? And the link

*"What could be more
human than a bunch of
selfish people blindly
pursuing their pleasure?"*

between these human drives and violence is as old as Cain and Abel. The Marquis de Sade is one of the few philosophers who preached that the lust that leads to torture and murder is just as human a passion as the goody-goody stuff. It is time we learned to separate sexually explicit but erotic films from sexually explicit violent, sadomasochistic, antierotic films. Snuff films, in the Sade tradition, celebrate the triumph of the will. They revel in giving in to one's lustfully violent nature.

The ultimate atrocities in this world are committed not by people in the throes of violent lust but by people who would not lift a finger to hurt a fly. These are the men at the top of the pyramid, powerful enough to persuade or hire henchmen to do their dirty work. But it is always easier to wag our finger at the wretch who can't control his passions than it is to condemn the true dehumanizers, our world leaders.

Tad Szulc's February *PLAYBOY* interview with the late, lamented Orlando Letelier of Chile captures the essence of true dehumanized violence, which has nothing to do with sex. Describing the tortures and humiliations inflicted on

political prisoners by the Chilean army, Letelier says, "Each soldier was watched by a corporal and the corporal was controlled by the lieutenant. Each man, therefore, was trying to demonstrate, because of fear, that he was the most violent. If he weren't sufficiently violent, he could be punished, too. You see, there was a verticality of terror. What concerned them most was not to appear soft, not to appear human."

Slavery dehumanized blacks. Nazism dehumanized Jews. The generals dehumanize the colonels, who dehumanize the lieutenants, on down to the privates, who dehumanize the enemy. We are all human, all trying to play our part the best we can until we exit.

John Kelly
New York, New York

BODY BEAUTIFUL

As a bodybuilder, I'd like to discuss the effect of body building on sexual activity. First, exercise makes us more vigorous in everything we do, including sex. Second, by eating good food and taking vitamins, we produce a greater quantity of semen. This is something I know from experience. Third, if we feel good about our bodies, we will be happy to let women caress them.

It's true that a lot of men dislike bodybuilders. Fuck them. They are envious because they've always dreamed of having big muscles but never had the will power to follow training. The truth is they feel guilty when they see what other men have accomplished with hard work and dedication.

A lot of women like to touch big arms and put their arms around a strong body with broad shoulders. I think a man should look like one and not merely like a woman without breasts.

Finally, I would like to see *PLAYBOY* interview Arnold Schwarzenegger or Joe Weider.

Louis Bergeron
Trois-Rivières, Quebec

JUST FOR KICKS

I met R about two years ago. We talked a lot about our individual sexual fantasies and soon realized that we each had an interest in a mild form of bondage and discipline, including spanking, which I loved. In time, however, I became afraid that if I stayed with him, I would become his slave. I had never been dominated by anyone and I was so afraid of being hurt emotionally that I moved 500 miles away. The fear of being completely submissive was so strong that I pretended no other feelings existed.

Seeing *The Story of O* was the turning point of my life. For the first time, I understood the true meaning of total submission and I suddenly realized that I had wasted two precious years away from R. Within ten days, I was back with him.

After a drink at his apartment, he



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ordered me to go upstairs and prepare myself for him. I put on a black garter belt and stockings and laid out the beautiful leather wrist and ankle cuffs he had made. He came upstairs and placed them on me gently, then chained the wrist cuffs to a hook attached to a wooden bar on the ceiling. He then tenderly caressed and kissed every inch of my body. He made me spread my legs and attached the cuffs on my ankles to a bar that ensured that I couldn't put my legs together. Then he took a whip with nine pieces of braided leather and flogged me from my breasts to my knees. It hurt, but from deep within came a warmth I'd never known. Next, he used a leather paddle and finally a riding crop that stung like a thousand bees. My entire body was on fire. He took me down after what seemed an eternity. I wanted his cock deep inside me, but to show his control over me, he entered my ass. The pain was unbearable at first, but the pleasure far exceeded anything I'd ever known. I still don't know how many orgasms I had, but each one was more explosive than the last.

I now know what I am and where my head's at and that I am his slave and always will be. His will is my desire and there isn't anything I wouldn't do for him. I trust him completely and would never be submissive to anyone else except upon his orders. I know I will be whipped by others, fucked by others, commanded to humiliate myself in front of strangers. But I will do it for R and love every minute of it, because I know the true meaning of love through submission.

C
Charlotte, North Carolina

FUN WITH FISTS

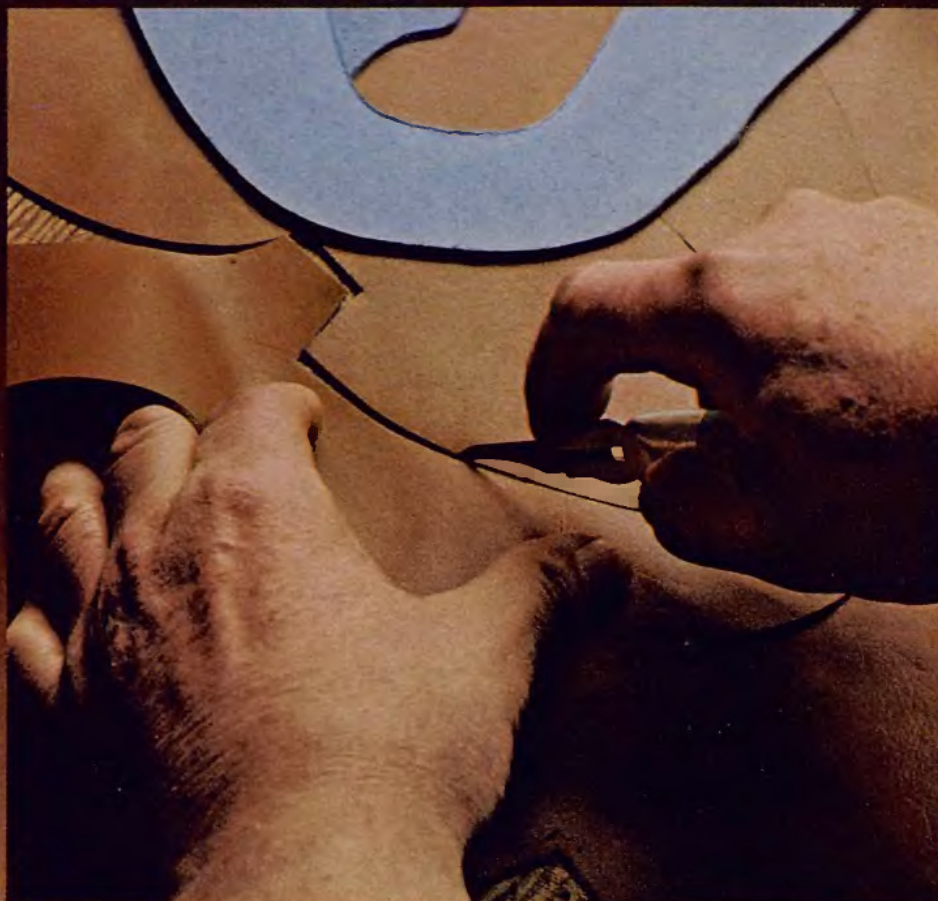
The March *Playboy* Advisor has a letter from a man who saw a fist-fucking episode in a pornographic movie. I'd like him to know that it happens in real life, too. At a sex party, my boyfriend and I went into a bedroom and found a man fist-fucking a girl. We watched for some time and it turned both of us on. That night, my boyfriend suggested we try it; we did, with great success. My boyfriend is now my husband and we fist-fuck at least three times a month. At the same time, I use a vibrator on my clit and do I ever come! Just like a machine gun.

(Name withheld by request)
Buffalo, New York

Careful where you point that thing!

"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:

ROBERT BLAKE

a candid—in fact, very candid—conversation with the star of “Baretta”

In January of 1975, a brooding, combative actor named Robert Blake made his debut in the title role of ABC-TV's “Baretta”—and within four months, he'd nailed down the stardom that had eluded him throughout the course of a lifelong show-business career. Now in its third season, “Baretta” differs little from the rest of TV's urban shoot-'em-ups, save in this respect: Blake's violent detective approaches his job as if he were a closet social worker. Baretta's greatest pleasure—aside from thwarting the baddies and baiting his bosses—lies in straightening out the confused lives of the show's various victims, and on most episodes, *everyone's* a victim, including the hero himself. Still, Blake's bravura portrayal of this singular, streetwise hawkshaw won him a well-deserved first-season Emmy, and if he managed to skip the following year's televised award ceremonies, no one in the entertainment field was particularly surprised. It was, after all, perfectly in keeping with the ongoing legend of Robert Blake, Hollywood pariah.

Arguing with producers, decking directors, alienating his fellow actors, Blake has earned his reputation as a difficult man to work with. Now 43, he has

been a performer for more than four decades, during which industry executives have often questioned his temperament, but never his talent. Born Michael Gubitosi, Blake was in a family song-and-dance team as a tot. He broke into films in 1939, when he began appearing in the “Our Gang” series. In the mid-Forties, he played Little Beaver in the “Red Ryder” serials and also took part in several features. His first, in 1943, was “Andy Hardy's Double Life”; in 1945, he appeared with Jack Benny in “The Horn Blows at Midnight” and, in 1948, he played the Mexican boy who sells Humphrey Bogart a newspaper in “The Treasure of the Sierra Madre.” In the Fifties and Sixties, Blake increasingly turned to TV, and when not a punk for “The FBI,” he was often employed in the same capacity on a slew of sagebrush sagas, among them “Rawhide,” “Wagon Train,” “Bat Masterson,” “Laramie” and “Have Gun, Will Travel.” Maintaining a continuing, if increasingly hostile, relationship with the motion-picture business, Blake took part in such cinematic turkeys as “Revolt in the Big House,” “Battle Flame,” “The Purple Gang” and “Town Without Pity.” He finally hit it big in 1967, when he

starred in the film version of Truman Capote's “In Cold Blood.” Stardom seemed to be his for the asking—but Blake, depressed by his role as executed killer Perry Smith, dropped out of acting for two years. He resurfaced in “Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here,” which marked the first of four successive box-office bombs in which he'd be featured. By the time “Baretta” went on the air, Robert Blake's career was badly in need of a tune-up.

To interview television's most volatile performer, PLAYBOY sent free-lancer Lawrence Linderman to meet with Blake at Universal Studios, where he was hard at work filming this year's “Baretta.” (Linderman had an assist from Karen Colaianni Johnson, who posed some additional questions in another session.) Linderman reports:

“It's always difficult to really know what any actor is like, because, being actors, they dissemble without apparent effort. Of course, being journalists, we try to see beneath all the mock self-deprecation and heartfelt self-adulation, and we then take our best shot. On Robert Blake, my best shot is this: The guy's a sentimental pushover, a pussycat. That's not to intimate for even a fraction of a second



CARL IRI

“In the last ten years or so, our movies have suddenly lost their gism, their come, and they don't give birth to anything. It's like they've lost the heart, the balls, the tears, the caring.”

“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, 'cause I'm the meanest motherfucker in the valley. I *did* tell one guy that I was gonna throw him out the window.”

“The way things are, I'm not sure that paranoia isn't a nice, normal state of health. I *like* my rage. I *like* bein' pissed off at all the shitty things that are happening. I hope I never lose that.”

that he doesn't have claws; he does and, when riled, he'll curl up in a ball and strike out fiercely at whatever's bugging him at the moment—and, for Blake, those moments continue to pop up far too often. Even so, there's an endearing innocence to the guy that is, I think, at the heart of his finest performances.

"In the meantime, he's pugnacious as hell. In his shitkicker boots, he stands about 5'9" and weighs in around 170 pounds. He dresses in standard *Baretta* garb—hackie hat, football jersey and jeans. When not in the jersey, he favors dark T-shirts, the better to show off his biceps. Blake began lifting weights to beef up for the part of Perry Smith. At his peak, he could bench press 250 pounds, which makes him strong enough to crush his beer cans in one hand.

"Blake has since stopped working out and his exercise these days is restricted to riding 125-c.c. dirt bikes in the desert. The last time he rode a street machine, he was knocked cold after he and his 650-c.c. Triumph went flying off Mulholland Drive and down the side of a steep hill. Blake was revived by what he thought was blood running down his face, but when he opened his eyes, it turned out to be transmission oil—dripping from his cycle, which was perched in the branches of a tree directly overhead. Recalling the incident, he told me, 'It was like Louie upstairs was saying, "Next time, I'm gonna drop the motherfucker on you." That's when I quit.'

"When we began taping, it quickly became clear that Blake lives on an emotional roller coaster; there were few moments during our hours of conversation when he wasn't either irate, giggling or deeply moved. Since he had lately reserved his biggest cannonballs for video executives (and announced in late March that he was leaving *'Baretta'* when his contract ran out at the end of the 1977–1978 season in order to concentrate on feature films), it seemed logical to open the interview by asking him about his troubled romance with television."

PLAYBOY: Judging by your frequent complaints about television, you seem to have risen to the top of an industry you truly detest—or is that just a pose?

BLAKE: It ain't no act, but it's nothin' personal, either. I don't like any institutions, whether they're the Ford Motor Company, the Government, the Catholic Church—or the television industry. Television is one terrible, bullshit, inhuman world, and everybody who does a series on TV and cares about what he does has gotta be unhappy on TV. The reason for that, pardner, is that as soon as you go on the air, your series becomes a thing called product. No matter how much of Universal's money gets spent making *Baretta*, or how good I try to make it or how bad it turns out, Universal gets

about the same price from ABC as it does for any other show it makes. Which is why they tell me, "Be like *The Six Million Dollar Man*—it comes in on time, it's cheap and it's no trouble. We don't want your noise about quality, we don't give a shit about that, 'cause all it does is cost us money, time and heartache."

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to that?

BLAKE: I can understand it. If Universal gets \$400,000 from ABC for each episode of *Baretta* and I spend \$420,000, they're in a hole. So they'll come up to me and say, "What're you fuckin' around for? Make the piece of shit for \$300,000 and we get to pocket \$100,000 to start with."

On the other hand, if you make a film, they'll say, "Gee, let's put all the heart we can in it, because it's only one shot and we want to look great." In films, you go through all the preparations to get laid and you finally get to do it. But in television, you never get laid. You keep

"There's all kinds of bullshit about me goin' around right now, probably because Cher isn't having a baby and there's nothing else to write about."

fuckin', all right, but nothin' ever happens.

PLAYBOY: You've been talking as if you run *Baretta*, not merely star in it. Is that the case?

BLAKE: Yeah, and it's probably due to the way *Baretta* got started. In '74, I signed a contract with Universal to make four TV movies, two of which would be pilots. I got there in the middle of the TV season and ABC was then in the shit-house and trying to figure out a way to improve its ratings. A guy named Michael Eisner was running ABC's program department and when he found out I'd signed with Universal, he called 'em and said, "You got Blake under contract, right? Put him in a midseason replacement."

Well, Universal had a defunct detective series named *Toma* that had run on ABC, and Eisner agreed that if the studio could deliver me and Roy Huggins—a name producer—he'd go with the idea of *Toma* for a pilot. In other words, ABC told Universal to put me into a detective show, and that's all there was to it. For the next four or five weeks, I went around town rounding up friends of mine to be producers, directors and writers, and, along with them, I invented *Baretta*. **PLAYBOY:** What were the people at Universal doing while you were conducting your private talent search?

BLAKE: They weren't doing jack shit. Once they got the ABC commitment for 12 episodes, they didn't give a fuck whether I did a remake of *Columbo* or *Donald Duck*. From the day I got here, I've done everything there is to do on *Baretta*. The job fell to me because *Baretta* is a bastard child. On other successful shows, the people who created 'em stay there and love 'em, baby 'em and take care of them. But nobody was home when I walked in, so me and guys like photographer Harry Wolf, executive producer Bernie Kowalski and director Don Medford had to keep inventing the show as it went along. The first 12 shows were like an anthology; every episode was very different from the previous ones, because we were reachin' and findin' and fuckin' around. It wasn't until the following season that we got it solidified into something I knew I liked. **PLAYBOY:** Didn't the Universal executives object to your assumption of power?

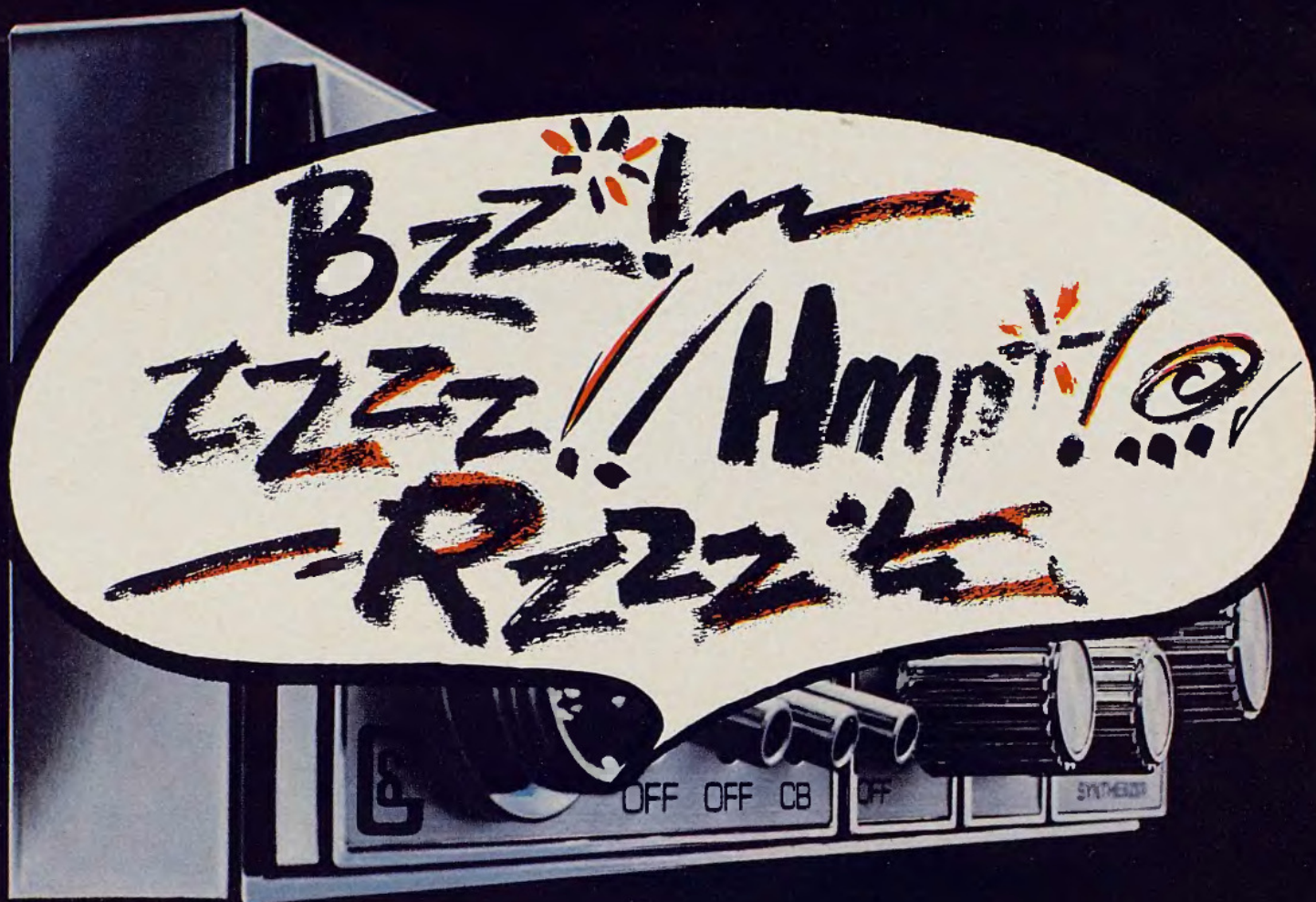
BLAKE: Oh, sure. They had directors under contract that they wanted to use for the show, but I told 'em to forget it; I knew better people, and that was gonna be that. Listen, Universal does hundreds of shows a year, and it's all just so much sausage to them. I only had one shot, and it was gonna be my shot, so I told 'em to get the fuck out of my way.

PLAYBOY: Did they take kindly to that?

BLAKE: They didn't take to it at all. They threatened me with just about everything they could think of, but you gotta expect that when you're screwin' around with millions of dollars. And believe me, there's much more money in television than there is in the movie industry. You'll find a couple of movies here and there that gross \$40,000,000, but on a day-to-day basis, the millions involved in TV are fuckin' astronomical. And when you're in people's pockets for that kind of scratch—and those kinds of pockets always belong to people who are successful—you're gonna come up against some trouble. When you go up to the 15th floor of Universal's black tower and tell 'em you're gonna do it your way, they're sittin' there saying, "You got a total of 16 and a half hours on the air and you're gonna do it your way? Listen, you'll do whatever the fuck we tell you to do."

I wasn't very fancy in answering 'em: I told 'em one of us would be goin' out the fuckin' window and that I'm pretty tough. I mean, *that's* what it got down to. There were times when we were shooting and they were around, and I'd say, "Now, either I'm leaving this set or you're leaving, but before that happens, you and me are gonna be all over the fuckin' floor and one of us is gonna stay there—bloody." That kind of thing went on till about the middle of the second season and, at that point, I think most of 'em just gave up.

PLAYBOY: How were you able to prevail?



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BLAKE: Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, 'cause I'm the meanest mother-fucker in the valley. I *did* tell one guy on the 15th floor that I was gonna throw him out the window, and I threatened to punch people on the set more than once. Every time they got dirty, I got dirtier. I'd go on *The Tonight Show* and tell the whole world how full of shit Universal was, until whenever they heard I was goin' on with Johnny Carson, they'd get paranoid, and that's a *mild* word for it.

But there's also this to remember: Them people up there ain't scared of nothin'. Trust me: They ain't scared of *nothin'*. They have more tools, more weapons, more know-how and more manpower than you could ever imagine. It just so happens that I was holdin' better cards than they were. *Baretta* was a mid-season replacement, ABC needed it fast and Universal found itself dealin' with an old, scarred war vet, not some wide-eyed bimpy-dimp from out of town.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't all this merely served to add to your reputation as a perennial *enfant terrible*?

BLAKE: I'd say that there's all kinds of bullshit about me goin' around right now, probably because Cher isn't having a baby and there's nothing else to write about. I just heard a story from Samantha Eggar about how I fuck every chick I work with, and she didn't hear that once, she heard it 40 times. Ain't that interesting? I'm the same guy I was two years ago, and back then, nobody even accused me of fucking a turtle. Hollywood used to be very colorful; Bogey would go to a restaurant and punch somebody out, but not too much is happenin' right now, so you get all this noise about Blake's being undisciplined. It's all bullshit.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever punched out a director?

BLAKE: Well, yeah, I hit a director once—a long time ago.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

BLAKE: He fell down.

PLAYBOY: Thanks for the lucid explanation. Would you care to fill us in on the details?

BLAKE: Sure. After he fell down, a water bottle landed on him. The last thing I remember was him lyin' there with this big, five-gallon jug on his chest and water splashing out onto his face and the guy going *glug-glug-glug*. It happened on a TV show. I was playing the son of a very old actor and he happened to be holdin' everything up because he couldn't remember his lines. We were so far behind schedule because of him, in fact, that the network sent some suits down to the set to see what was wrong, and when they got there, this prick of a director points a finger at *me*! I actually saw him do it: The network guys are yelling at him and he's pointing at me, so I go

right up to 'em and say, "I'm ready to go. I ain't havin' no fuckin' problems. I know my jokes and I'm ready—let's shoot."

Well, the suits take a walk and the director starts yellin' at me, saying how dare I walk over to him while he's talkin' to the executives, *yadayadaya*. I said I knew what he told them, and then we really started yellin' at each other, until something clicked in my head and I told him to get away from me. The best thing I could do was leave, so I started over to the door, but the guy followed me, which was a mistake. As I opened the stage door, he put his hand on my shoulder—and I turned around and dumped him. And that was the end of that. Then I got fired from another show because they didn't like what I was doin' and, after that, I wound up not working for a couple of years, so I taught acting for a living. And then I went back to work.

*"I probably get worse
depressions than most
people—but the highs
are a bitch!"*

But all this talk about me being some kind of monster is a load of shit. If you go to some of the people I've worked with—directors like John Huston, Lewis Milestone and Richard Brooks, or a producer like Mike Frankovich—you'll find out that I'm a fairly professional, disciplined worker. But because I'm now in an environment that gives rise to mediocre work from mediocre people, I've become a madman.

PLAYBOY: In what sense?

BLAKE: It's like being the coach of a football team. If the team is shitty, the coach has gotta go crazy to get 'em stoked up. And if the team is great, he lays back and cools it. If I bring in a writer I know is good and he does shitty work for *Baretta*, I go crazy. If a director's no good, I fire him. Or try to make him better. I do the same thing to actors. If one of 'em comes on the set and treats *Baretta* like it's just another job, he gets my foot up his ass.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever think that you're unrealistic in terms of what you demand from people you hire?

BLAKE: I think I'm *very* realistic, and you'd be surprised how 99 percent of them people measure up to their capacities and are pleased for having done so. And want to come back. Believe me, the problem with television has nothing to do with money, or time, or even the limitations of the people involved in it. TV's real limitation comes from the industry's prevailing attitudes. It's like you could go to Detroit and find people

workin' on assembly lines who are capable of building beautiful, handmade cars—if you were to put firecrackers up their asses and stoke 'em up to their full potential. But it doesn't happen in Detroit, for much the same reason it doesn't happen on television.

At the same time, though, I think that the best things on TV today, like *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman* and *Harvest of Shame*, are better than anything done during the *Playhouse 90* period that everyone always talks about. The real trouble is that the chasm between the best and the worst of TV has been spreading out; today, you get a lot worse things on the air than you used to. But the best keep gettin' better.

PLAYBOY: Are you sure you're not a paid lobbyist for the National Association of Broadcasters? Or do you just have very high hopes for television?

BLAKE: I *do* have great hopes for TV, and you probably think that's strange because of all the drivel written about me. I also have great hopes for humanity, for America, for *me*. I'm really a very positive person, and 90 percent of the time, I see an almost unrealistic, positive side of life.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that lead to terrible downers ten percent of the time?

BLAKE: Well, I probably get worse depressions than most people—but the highs are a *bitch*! But, yeah, I get down, and sometimes it's pretty bad. Three years ago, I wound up in a fuckin' hospital, starin' at the walls and askin', "What's the matter?"

PLAYBOY: What *was* the matter?

BLAKE: I had reached the end of a period of tremendous hope and energy—and tremendous mistakes that I made—in the film industry. About four years ago, I killed myself actin' in a film called *Electra Glide in Blue*. When you give your blood for a film, takin' no money because you believe in it, and then you see a release campaign filled with shit, well, it's kind of *upsettin'*. *Electra Glide* should've been released quietly and simply, like the small film it was, and if it had the dignity of a *Marty* or the outrage of an *Easy Rider*, you could trust the audience to find out. Instead, the producers tried to sell the American public with such horseshit that as soon as people walked into a theater, they *had* to be disappointed, because they were walking in with a grudge.

PLAYBOY: Are you referring to the heavy publicity build-up given to *Electra Glide*'s director, James William Guercio?

BLAKE: Right. I still have a copy of the movie poster in my office, and on the top, it says something like "America's Greatest New Director!" I remember going over to see *Electra Glide* the night it opened in Westwood. In the lobby was a 12-foot picture of Guercio

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wearing jodhpurs and riding boots and holdin' a whip. That shocked even my tender soul, so you can imagine what it did to people in the theater, who were sayin', "What kind of shit is this?"

The American people, man, they're wonderful. They're not dumb and they're not naïve. You can't fool them fuckin' farmers in Iowa, which is what most of the folks in Hollywood would like to believe. It doesn't work that way. America survives *because* of Iowa, not in spite of it.

Anyway, that's the story of *Electra Glide*. My next film, *Busting*, was gonna be commercial. It was comedy. I was gonna be workin' with Elliott Gould—who's a hell of an actor—and I needed a movie, if I wanted to stay in the industry. It was all bullshit. *Busting* was a bigger mistake than *Electra Glide*.

PLAYBOY: Is that one of acting's major occupational hazards—picking the wrong film to appear in?

BLAKE: Sure, but if you're an artist, you're not gonna bat a thousand anyway. Van Gogh and Modigliani had periods of brilliance; writers do, actors do, and so do directors. John Huston, for example, got together with Bogart and made four or five great films, but he also made a ton of shit. Orson Welles had a golden age and then made junk afterward. Richard Brooks, who directed *In Cold Blood*, is *very* creative, but, like most of us, he's his own worst enemy. I love him, so I think I can say this: He picks the *worst* projects to get involved in. Sometimes, I want to go up to him and say, "Richard, what's the *matter* with you? You're a brilliant, sensitive, creative throwback to another era, and there ain't many of you left. What the fuck are you *doin'*?" I mean, he'll go from making a great picture like *In Cold Blood* to something like *Dollars*, with Warren Beatty and Goldie Hawn. In the meantime, he'll pass up films he had first shot at, like *The Godfather* and *Patton*. I think the thing that affects him and me and most of us is that we're self-destructive and about half nuts; and so we do the bidding of the Devil that lives within us—and we wind up making trash.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there a way to protect yourself from that?

BLAKE: Hey, nobody goes into something thinking it's gonna fail or wanting it to fail. Somehow or other, you justify whatever the hell you're doing. Listen, I was just as positive about making *Busting* as I was about making *In Cold Blood*.

PLAYBOY: Were you offered parts in better films than *Busting*?

BLAKE: Yeah, but I hadn't gotten the parts I *wanted*. I was number two in line for Lenny and number two in line for *The Godfather*; I was becoming Mr. Second String Charley around town. Instead of just sayin', "Well, fuck the movies, I'll do a play or go on television," I kept

thinkin', No, I gotta be a *movie* actor. If *Busting* is the only thing in front of me right now, I'll do it. I'll make it *great*!

PLAYBOY: A few years ago, there was some publicity about your playing Cesar Chavez in a film. Whatever happened to those plans?

BLAKE: People are finally comin' to me now, sayin', let's do it. But it's old hat now. It's like two years ago, I was killin' myself tryin' to make a movie of a book called, I think, *Company Man*, which was a really flaming analysis of the CIA. And people were tellin' me I was gonna get shot. And they started, you know, followin' me around and roustin' my car and buggin' my telephone and all this shit.

PLAYBOY: Who was doing that?

BLAKE: The *federals*. You know, there was a time, two years ago, when people like Mort Sahl were being banned from national television if they would *mention* the CIA, even if it wasn't in a derogatory sense. But the CIA is a straw man; it's a bone that's been thrown to the American public and everybody takes a poke at it. Now everybody talks about the CIA; even Bob Hope's makin' jokes about it. And *now*, somebody comes to me and says, "Gee, I've got this wonderful exposé on the CIA." I mean, who the fuck cares, you gutless bastard? Where were you two years ago? It's the same way with Cesar Chavez. His people are doing

so well now, relatively, that any contribution a film might make would be almost minimal. You'd be tryin' to *show* everybody that you're makin' a contribution, instead of *makin'* a contribution, and, really, what you're doin' is just kinda jackin' off.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a better chance of working some of those themes you're concerned about into a *Baretta* script than into an undeveloped film project?

BLAKE: I wanted to do something on the show that dealt with the My Lai theme, where people just do what they're told. They lose sight of the fact that they have their own consciences. So I devised a show about a motorcycle gang that was doin' hits, and one of the guys comes to Baretta and offers to cop out. There was one scene with considerable sex in it, but it was a very valid element about this girl in the gang who was using her body to further her own ends. And the network said, "You can't use this," and "You can't show America that teenage motorcycle gangs are being hired to kill." They missed the whole point, that it was a story about the importance of respecting your own conscience. They don't care if sex or violence, for example, are integral to the plot or gratuitous. They make no fuckin' distinction at all.

And it's not just the studios or the networks. The FCC doesn't care what the statement is, either. It doesn't care

if *The Six Million Dollar Man* tells everybody that fascism is the best form of life. All they care about is tits and ass and gunshots. They are totally irresponsible.

PLAYBOY: Surely, you admit that *Baretta* has its share of gunshots. In fact, it was singled out by the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting, which tied it with *Baa Baa Black Sheep* as the third most violent show on television. Do you think that was a fair rating?

BLAKE: I think you can take practically any dramatic show on television and pick what you want out of it. I was commended by the Federated Italo-Americans for portraying a positive image of Italian Americans on television. I have letters of commendation from the National Association for Retarded Citizens for the work I've done in *Baretta*, thanking me for helping their cause. I wouldn't lump *Baretta* with *Baa Baa* or any of the shows that rely on violence. What I think is monstrous is that kids watch a show like *Donny & Marie*, which is total fantasy. It's like a June Allyson-Van Johnson movie, where the guy ain't got no cock. It's all plastic, total make-believe. And they spoon-feed the kids that this is Americana, which I think is ugly. Monstrous!

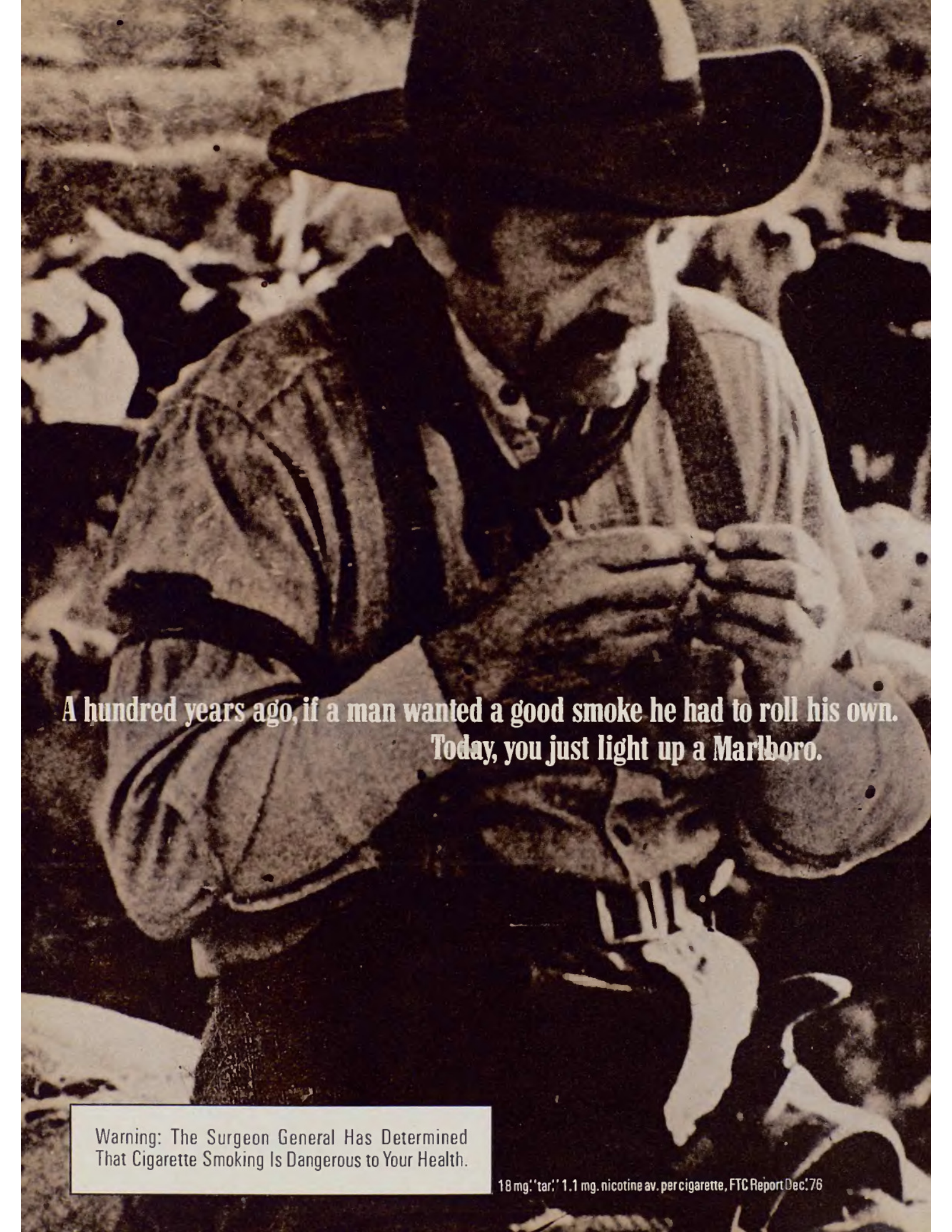
PLAYBOY: Nevertheless, there is a concerted campaign being waged against violence on television. It was the subject of a recent *Newsweek* cover story, which

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quoted, among other people, Richard E. Palmer, president of the American Medical Association. Dr. Palmer said, "TV has been quick to raise questions of social responsibility with industries which pollute the air. In my opinion, television . . . may be creating a more serious problem of air pollution."

BLAKE: I think the A.M.A. should keep its dirty nose out of my business and clean up its own filthy back yard. I would like the head of the A.M.A. to say air pollution's not as bad as airwave pollution to parents who have children who are dying of cancer from the smog. I would like him to tell that to me; I lost two uncles from the filth and the puke in the air. But the A.M.A. is guilty a thousand times over. Doctors say they'll find a cure for cancer. Find a prevention for it, you motherfuckers! Get the poison out of our food and we won't have cancer. Aha, but there's no money in that, is there? There's money in cutting cancer out of your belly, but there's no money in keeping you from getting it.

PLAYBOY: As we recall, we were talking about violence on TV. You're a father; do you feel it has a bad effect on children?

BLAKE: In my personal opinion, no. I grew up on cowboy movies, in which people were slaughtered every weekend, and I found it a marvelous release. When I was very sick emotionally, I used to go to the Roller Derby and watch the violence there.

It is true that the young people of America are in very, very serious trouble. We, the citizens of this country, have put them in serious trouble, and we all feel guilty about it. But nobody wants to tackle the real issues, so they set up straw men, like TV violence.

Now, if you go into the middle of the Mexican community in Bakersfield, where they're struggling for better wages under the leadership of Chavez, you don't find young people with dope problems or alcohol problems, because they have a thing the world calls purpose. You go to the ghetto, there's no purpose. You go to Beverly Hills High School, there's no purpose. And life without purpose becomes meaningless, and in comes dope and all the rest of it. What's happened to the youth of America is they've watched their leaders slaughtered on the streets on television and they've become impotent. They've been brought up to believe all you do is make money and build a boat in your back yard and live happily ever after, and they know that's a hypocritical lie.

But getting back to this business with the A.M.A. and the P.T.A. and the other groups that are talking about violence on television. Violence on TV is not the issue here. The issue is censorship. It's fascism. In the old days, the McCarthy era, Bogart, Garfield and all of them

people went to Washington and said, "Hey, you motherfuckers, you can't do this to us. There's a thing called freedom." But now, and quote me on this carefully, if a young woman or a young man from UCLA gets a few hundred thousand dollars together to make a film, that film cannot be released in America unless it is submitted to Jack Valenti and his people at the Motion Picture Association for a rating. They cannot run it anyplace without a rating; the theaters won't book it and the projectionists won't run it.

PLAYBOY: Now, wait. The film *can* be released; it just cannot be given a G, PG or R rating, which are M.P.A.A. trademarks. Which means, in practice, that most theater owners will treat the film as if it were X-rated.

BLAKE: But when Valenti says, "I don't like this movie, give it an X rating so children won't see it," who the fuck is he? Who is anybody to say that?

PLAYBOY: Valenti will be the first to point out that he personally does not rate any films; a seven-member ratings board does.

BLAKE: Whoever does it, it's censorship.

*"Violence on TV is not
the issue here. The issue
is censorship. It's fascism."*

You must be able to have the good with the bad, on television, in movies, in magazines, books. You can't have *Roots* unless you allow *The Six Million Dollar Man*. You cannot have *Harvest of Shame* unless you allow *Starsky & Hutch*. If you destroy the one, you destroy the other.

PLAYBOY: A few moments ago, in talking about your own battles with television's powers that be, you mentioned a show you wanted to do about a motorcycle gang. Have you been squelched on any other story ideas?

BLAKE: I was gonna incorporate the snuff-films theme in a *Baretta* show, and they beat me on it. They used to import those films, where the culmination is that the girl is actually killed onscreen, from South America, but now they make 'em here.

PLAYBOY: Haven't snuff films been exposed as phony?

BLAKE: There are a lot of real snuff films around. Private films that people have in their houses. All these freaks. You know where a lot of 'em are? In Washington, D.C. There are two films floating around the Hollywood circuit, you know, the coke-fiend nuts. The Manson family was not unique; there are freakies in the very high upper echelons of Beverly Hills.

Anyway, I was gonna have *Baretta* go into the pornographic-film world as an

actor and investigate all that. What I shoulda done was written a dummy script about skin flicks and made it funny that *Baretta's* gonna be in a skin flick. And then, I shoulda shot what I wanted and told them to go fuck themselves, 'cause once they got \$350,000 in it, what are they gonna do?

PLAYBOY: For whatever reasons, you haven't made a feature-length film since *Busting*. Do you think that picture did irreparable damage to your movie career?

BLAKE: It did as far as I was concerned, because when I saw it, I wondered what the fuck I was doing in it. I really didn't intend to become part of the macho-homosexual film syndrome, but in *Busting*, me and Gould were like Newman and Redford riding off in the sunset together. It made me think of that beer commercial that tells you to grab for all the gusto you can and, meanwhile, nine guys are huggin' each other in the background. There's probably been 125 boy-meets-boy pictures in the past few years, and all of a sudden, I was in one of them, dancing through a piece of fluff with a theme 25 times weaker than anything we've ever done on *Baretta*—somethin' about dope and how we're gonna catch the big score when it comes to town. I reject scripts like that every day on TV. Yet there I was.

PLAYBOY: Did you wonder how you got there?

BLAKE: Well, later, when I was lyin' in that hospital bed, I figured it all out. For a few years, I'd been going downhill, downhill, downhill—tryin' to hold on to my ego, my dignity, my self-respect and my philosophy that there's hope, that everything's gonna turn out right. But nothin' *had* been turnin' out right, and when you go for month after month like that, you get like a dog that's locked in a room; it can't go out and fight with other dogs or get laid or anything, so it starts chewin' on its own paws and crackin' up. Same with me; I found myself sittin' in our back room and tellin' my wife, "I'm wasted. I don't know what the fuck is wrong with me. I got sugar diabetes or a heart attack or cerebral palsy or *something*—and I'm wiggin' out. Get me to a fuckin' hospital."

This was after *Busting* went down and after I'd lost some parts I wanted, like playing Billy Rose in *Funny Lady*. I'd been going in and out of agents' offices, asking them to please handle me. I was also gettin' involved with shits like publicists and making the rounds of Hollywood parties. When you really start gettin' insecure and you get caught up in that brass ring of *I gotta make it, I gotta make it*, well, if you're a chick, you end up runnin' into a producer's office, takin' off your clothes and sayin', "I'll do *anything*." I was the same kind of whore. When I looked at *Busting*, I said

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to myself, "Jesus Christ, why don't you get yourself a pimp?"

PLAYBOY: How long were you in the hospital?

BLAKE: About two weeks. I checked into Cedars Sinai, and the first three or four days I was there, I didn't do anything. Then I told 'em to check out everything on me that they knew how to check out.

PLAYBOY: Did you think you were physically ill?

BLAKE: No, but I wanted to get that out of the way so that I couldn't play games with myself about it. They did the whole thing—electrodes on my head, blood tests every hour for three days and lookin' me up, down, over and under. When they got through, they told me I have the blood pressure of a 16-year-old boy and the constitution of a horse. Once that part of it was over, I had them take me off the tranquilizers and sleeping pills, and then I just sat there and tried to get to the center of myself. And I did.

I realized I was on an incredible treadmill. One agent after another, one meeting after another, one thought after another about how I could get this or that part, strategies like trying to get Ray Stark on my side—he was the producer of *Funny Lady*—phone calls, begging, pleading, maneuvering. I'd gotten caught up in the madness of Hollywood—with-out any center to myself. Even before I got out of the hospital, I knew what I had to do.

PLAYBOY: Which was?

BLAKE: Not to let myself get caught up in that cycle again. I was very scared when I left Cedars Sinai, but I promised myself there were three things I'd never do again. One, I would never again walk into any office with my hat in my hand. Two, I would never be professionally involved with agents or anybody who didn't want for me what I wanted. And, three, that I was gonna work.

When I got out of the hospital, I had no agent, so I went to an old manager I knew named Jerry Levy and told him, "Jerry, you got two months—eight weeks, counting from today—to make me the best deal you can in television. You can either make yourself half a million dollars by pulling it off or nothing." And he went out and did it. Three months later, I started shooting *Baretta*.

PLAYBOY: What do you think would've happened to you if *Baretta* hadn't come along?

BLAKE: I would've gotten something else—a small part in a film that had some dignity, or I would've gone into theater. I once did 26 weeks of *The Connection* in Los Angeles, and even though I have no love for the theater—I get bored with something once I've done it—I was ready to go to Arizona and do boy-meets-girl. If that's where they wanted me, that's where I would've gone. But it happened that I had a good handle in the television

world. Being on the Carson show had put me up there in the Q ratings, which is a thing where interviewers ask people who they'd like to see on TV.

PLAYBOY: You've been on with Carson a great deal. Do you enjoy doing *The Tonight Show*?

BLAKE: Oh, uh, well, there's a certain enjoyment in facing death, periodically. There's no experience I can describe to you that would compare with doin' *The Tonight Show* when he's on it. It is so wired, and so hyped, and so up. It's like Broadway on opening night. There's nothing casual about it. And it's not a talk show. It's some other kind of show. I mean, he has such energy, you got like six minutes to do your thing. And you better fuckin' do it. And you better be good. Or they'll go to the commercial after two minutes. And when they come back, you'll be over in the recovery room with Spunky there. What's his name?

PLAYBOY: Ed McMahon.

BLAKE: Yeah. They are highly professional, highly successful, highly dedicated people. And that's their fuckin' thing. And you don't fuck with it or take it lightly. If you're goin' on there to be funny, you better be fuckin' funny, man. The producer, all the *federals* are sittin' like six feet away from that couch. And they're right on top of you, man, just watchin' ya. And when they go to a break, they get on the phone. They talk upstairs, they talk to—Christ, who knows? They talk all over the place about how this person's going over, how that person's going over. They whisper in John's ear. John gets on the phone and he talks. And you're sittin' there watchin', thinkin', What, are they gonna hang somebody? And nobody says shit to you. And then the camera comes back again. And John will ask you somethin' else or he'll say, "Our next guest is..."

PLAYBOY: Besides your exposure on *Baretta* and talk shows, you're often seen on the tube in STP commercials. How do you deal with the accusation that by doing those endorsements, you're selling out?

BLAKE: Nobody's ever said anything to me about it one way or the other. But I do the commercial because I think it's a very good career move, because of the money and because I've been using the product myself for 30 years. Those are the three very simple reasons why I do it.

PLAYBOY: In view of the constant feuding among you and ABC-TV and Universal, do you think you made the right decision by going into TV rather than holding out for film or the theater?

BLAKE: Yes, definitely. Doin' the show has been a wonderful fuckin' experience. It's my baby; I gave birth to it, it's all mine and I'm proud of it. It's put a tremendous amount of meat on my bones, and I feel 100 feet taller than I ever felt before. I've learned a ton about who and what I am, how to handle myself and

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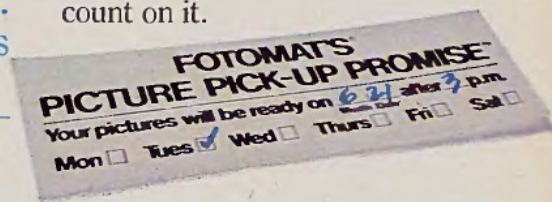
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other people, how to run a set and a company, how to gain people's respect—it's been a huge plus for me that way. And I love the character of Baretta. I fashioned it out of all the heroes I've ever had—Leo Gorcey, Garfield, Bogart, gangsters I knew as a kid, all kinds of crazy people, and fantasies I had when I was little. For instance, Baretta has a saying, "My old man used to tell me, 'If you can't do the time, don't do the crime.'" As a kid, I always fantasized that I had a father who'd give me all kinds of great sayings to live by. In reality, my father didn't give me jack shit, but it's fun to throw things like that in. It's fun to have Baretta wearing the clothes I wear, fighting for the underdog and going up against the establishment. Most of it I believe—and Tony Baretta is a way for me to get it out.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any sense of vindication about making it to the top?

BLAKE: In some very small, petty ways, yes. I'm not a big person in a lot of ways. There's some motherfuckers out there I told 20 years ago, "I'll show you, you cocksuckers," and now, someplace, they're alive and know that I showed 'em, and, yeah, that means something to me. Unfortunately, there's plenty of those things in my life. In my bigger moments, I like to think that I'm not petty and that I don't hold grudges, but I know myself better than that.

But now, I also know—*know!*—that if you've got the guts and the courage, you can go on a sound stage and make a movie, and the fuckers can't stop you. I'm out from under their thumb and it feels great. It feels so good that about a year ago, I took out a full-page ad in the trade papers tellin' that damn director William Friedkin and the rest of his troops to take Friedkin's picture and shove it up his ass.

PLAYBOY: That wasn't a very nice thing to do—or was it?

BLAKE: Listen, Friedkin and his people all came at me about being in their remake of *The Wages of Fear*. All right; we have a meeting, they ask me to read the script, they say, "Gee, we want you," and all that kind of shit. And then, suddenly, it gets very foggy and I'm being told, "Well, we'll let you know," and all that kind of shit. So I thought about it and I decided to call them and tell 'em to go fuck themselves—and I couldn't get 'em on the phone. So I did it in the papers, which have become Hollywood's new communication medium. You want to wish somebody happy birthday, you take out an ad in *Variety* and *The Hollywood Reporter*. My ad to Friedkin said, "Put *The Sorcerer* where the sun never shines. Peace & Love, Robert Blake."

PLAYBOY: Doesn't the fallout you get from such stunts bother you?

BLAKE: Nope. I got a line from Capote on my wall at home and it's a wonderful

answer to your question: "The dogs bark, but the caravan moves on." Whoever the dogs are that bark at me, it don't amount to a row of ratshit in a storm. Capote and I, by the way, are very close friends now.

PLAYBOY: A lot of people would find that an unlikely combination. Do you?

BLAKE: Not at all. See, people don't know me worth a shit. Truman and I have more in common than most people I've met in my life. I admire the guy, respect him and identify with him. In fact, in some ways, I consider myself very much like him.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

BLAKE: He's very much his own man. After inventing his own bootstraps, he pulled himself up by them and then took a piece of this fuckin' world and bit it off and chewed it up and *digested* it. The guy's got balls the size of your head. He *never* takes a step back, I don't care *who's* standing with him toe to toe; he just don't take no shit from nobody about *nothin'*. And he's a genius when it comes to creating. Half the writers in the world try to write like him.

Funny thing is, I never knew Capote at all during the filming of *Cold Blood*. He was totally preoccupied with what the picture was all about, and it was sort of like being around a ghost.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean, what the

picture was all about? Was there some hidden significance?

BLAKE: It's part of an actor's job to interpret the unconscious of the author. What I felt Truman was really writing about in *Cold Blood* was this: Everybody knows what a murderer is a millionth of a second after he pulls the trigger. But what is he a millionth of a second *before* he pulls the trigger? I don't think anybody has an answer to it. It's not as simple as asking what makes a person kill or what the neurotic elements are that lead a person to become a murderer.

PLAYBOY: But don't you think murder has become as accepted a part of our national life as our annual 45,000 or so automobile-accident deaths?

BLAKE: Yeah, but these things have a way of going back and forth, very much like our attitude toward capital punishment. From the day *Cold Blood* hit the screen to the Gary Gilmore business, nobody was executed in the United States, but now, the scales are turning again and capital punishment's coming back. The same with abortion. A few years ago, everybody was for it. *Yes! It's a woman's right to kill the baby if she wants to!* Well, what about the *baby's* rights? *Fuck the baby's rights!* Well, what about the husband's rights? Doesn't he have a half interest in that kid? *Fuck the husband's rights!* And just as we all start thinkin' that's the way it's gonna be, 'cause the

Supreme Court says so, all of a sudden we're hearing a rumble of *Hey, fuck the Supreme Court!* And so now it's turning again and we'll see where it goes. I guess that's one of the reasons we never wind up following a Hitler, because somehow or other, it *all* turns, sometimes for good, sometimes for no good. Right now, it's turning in favor of capital punishment, and I don't think that's good at all.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

BLAKE: Where human beings are concerned, I don't believe in killing at any time, under any circumstances. I don't believe in killing old folks by taking the tubes out of their arms and I don't believe in killing babies before they get a chance to fight back. If we believe there's more divinity in a human being than in a chair, there's *no* circumstance that allows for killing. Now, I can conceive of *me* killing somebody, but that's because I'm a human being, not God, and I'd hope that somebody would stop me from doing it. All I'm saying is that it's wrong and that I feel strongly about it. And I think that's why I did *Cold Blood*. I went through a very sick period in my head afterward, because I couldn't get rid of it. But that was my own fault. Capote, I think, is still grappling with the whole thing.

PLAYBOY: Do you plan to work with him in the future?

BLAKE: I'd like to, but Capote just dips



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in and out of the movie business occasionally, which is unfortunate. I'd love to go up to him and George C. Scott and say, "Listen, you guys, we only live once and dead's dead and it don't come back again, so let's do somethin' together before they plant us." But the industry is so complicated that it probably won't happen, and that's sad. It gets sadder when I realize there's a lot of *other* people I'd also love to work with.

PLAYBOY: For example?

BLAKE: I kinda hate to pinpoint names, because people who aren't mentioned will find a way to get unhappy, but I can tell ya that there are some directors, writers and actors I'm almost *desperate* to work with. I'd like to be in something by Frank Pierson, who wrote *Dog Day Afternoon*. I'd like to be in a movie directed by Hal Ashby, who did *The Last Detail*, *Shampoo* and *Bound for Glory*. I get the feeling when I see a Hal Ashby film that the guy's got what I need and that I got what *he* needs. And that he ain't really *gettin'* what he needs, but since I got it, if we ever work together, the fuckin' flames will fly. I get the same feeling about Martin Scorsese.

Women: I want to do a film with this woman Wertmuller, and I'd like to work with Liza Minnelli. I feel that if we made a picture together, it could be like Garfield and Lana Turner, 'cause she's got some of the magic that Hollywood's lost. *She* hasn't lost it, though. Neither has Ashby, although he's fuckin' around with losing it. Maybe it's my optimistic cocker-spaniel nature talkin', but I always feel there's a pony in the horseshit somewhere and I'm anxious to get out there and tangle ass.

PLAYBOY: When will all this start happenin'?

BLAKE: When I get done with *Baretta*. I've got a job to do and I'm gonna finish it and then move on to the next phase of my life—making movies.

As far as *Baretta* is concerned, I'll do what I gotta do and get out. TV isn't gonna be my way of life, with me using that annual three-month production hiatus to make some eight-week piece of shit somewhere and then come back for another season. I got a very strong hard-on to do a certain two or three films, and I'm gonna do 'em. And you can take that to the fuckin' bank and collect interest on it.

PLAYBOY: Essentially, you direct yourself in *Baretta*. Do you plan to direct films as well as act in them?

BLAKE: It *feels* like that's a part of my old age. If I wanted to, right now, I could stick my name all over *Baretta*, but I've never taken credit for writing or directing any of the shows. Or I could go out and do what I consider to be jackin' off—get a *Columbo*, or go to Dennis Weaver when I've got three weeks off and ask him if I could direct a *McCloud*

and then he could direct a *Baretta*, and we'd all live happily ever after. I don't wanna do that, but in the meantime, I'm writing and directing and sharpening and honing and figuring and learning—and I'm putting it all away, and one of these days, you'll see an old gray-headed fuck named Blake on a sound stage somewhere, making a film with some kids.

But I'll never direct a film that I act in. I've always done my best acting under intense creative conflict, where, if you have an idea for something, you've gotta show the director that it's better than his idea, or else you do it his way. Bein' a producer kind of worries me, because when a director's working for you, it's very easy to say, "We'll just do it my way," and then you lose that magic of having to *prove* you have a better idea.

PLAYBOY: Do you practice that kind of creative conflict on *Baretta*?

BLAKE: Sure I do. The problem there is that I get sticks sittin' in the fuckin' director's chair; I don't even know what the hell their names are and I don't care. It's not right to work that way, but the

*"I'm glad there were guys
like Garfield and Bogart
to get their feet in the
door and smash it open so
that I could be here."*

show's gotta keep rollin'. I gotta get the fucker in the can, period.

But I also know what good film making is like, because I had the wonderful advantage of having been around John Huston when he was directing his father. The two of them would fight like hell. Walter would tell him, "You prick, I don't care if you're the director—this idea is better," and then they'd go through the process of finding out which idea was better. When I proved to Richard Brooks that *this* was the way a scene in *Cold Blood* should go, or when he proved to me it should go *that* way, we both wound up knowing it was done right.

PLAYBOY: In Hollywood, doesn't that pass for insurrection?

BLAKE: No, at least not in the Hollywood I know. As an actor, you gotta watch which directors you work with, and I don't *wanna* work with directors who think they know everything. Directors like that are punks with no scars on their ass; babies who wear little black vests and snort their little coke and say, "I know."

Insurrection to me is when a Barbra Streisand decides she's the producer and the director and holds all the strings and has a bunch of puppets doing whatever the fuck she says. That, to me, is going

the wrong way with a God-given talent. I think that when you hire on as an actor, you have to say, "OK, you're the producer, you're the director and you're the writer, and I'm ready to show you all that I can make a contribution." Film *must* be a collaborative effort.

PLAYBOY: Ideally, that may be true, but considering that Hollywood's biggest pictures of the last decade have been pallid acting vehicles—from *Love Story* to *Jaws* to *King Kong*—does all the torment and desire really matter?

BLAKE: All right, cards on the table: You're talkin' about my people and I'm glad they're makin' films, and I'm glad there's an industry. And I'm glad there were guys like Garfield and Bogart to get their feet in the door and smash it open so that I could be here. I know that maybe 80 percent of the films now done in Hollywood are Pepsi Generation films—here today and gone tomorrow—but I'm not sure that's inconsistent with the rest of America. You buy a bicycle for your kid and it lasts six weeks and then falls apart. We buy clothes that fall apart, houses that fall apart and marriages that fall apart. I wish I had the poetry to describe exactly what I mean, but about all you can say is that we're living in a very temporary generation.

PLAYBOY: What does that mean in terms of motion pictures?

BLAKE: It's almost like you pay \$3.50 to see a movie and while you're watching it, the film self-destructs; the images themselves just come off the celluloid and disappear as the movie is being shown. And by the time you walk out of the theater, you can't even remember what the film was about. Movies have become *that* temporary.

I have a very personal feeling about what's happened to Hollywood, because I grew up watching and working with some of the great ones, and I saw what they cared about. Hollywood films used to be permeated by a kind of universal quality of humanity, and they used to reflect what could or should be. That whole thing is missing now. It was still there, though, through the Kennedy years. Hollywood was then turning out *On the Beach* and *Dr. Strangelove*, and even the lighter pictures, like the Doris Day-Rock Hudson comedies, were well made. But in the last ten years or so, our movies have suddenly lost their gism, their come, and they don't give birth to anything. It's like they've lost the heart, the balls, the tears, the caring, the *Jewish* quality they used to have.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that might have to do with the film industry's being taken over by conglomerates?

BLAKE: That's a big part of it. When Hollywood was a young toy, the massive conglomerates weren't interested in it, so the film industry was run by some silly creative nuts who were considered childish by the money guys. The suits would

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sit behind their desks and say, "Who the hell is Charlie Chaplin but some little dink who runs around making non-sense pictures?"

But when movies became a big money-making proposition, the conglomerates moved in, the studios went on the stock exchange and producers stopped talking about making movies—and started talking about product, dividends, output, growth and all that shit, instead. And Hollywood began to change. One result is that movies that were made then aren't being made now. A few months ago, I saw *Patton* on TV, and George C. Scott was fuckin' brilliant in it. But you could see all the cheapness of that movie. In one scene, a German plane is being shot at and you see a little smoke coming out of the tail—and then the plane disappears behind a hill and there's a ball of fire. If *Patton* had been made 30 years ago, 50 planes would've crashed on camera. And don't think you'll ever see 90,000,000 Romans coming over the hill again, like in *Ben Hur*. The money-men's dictates have altered all those kinds of things. People who don't know their ass from Ninth Street, who made it big in shoes and computers and hotels, are now tellin' moviemakers what films to make. It's turned into a lot of crazy bullshit.

PLAYBOY: What about actors—have they changed as well?

BLAKE: I don't think human potential changes just because of the era it's born into. The new Tracys and Bogarts and Garfields and Bette Davises are out there; the problem is that they're being asked to give nothing. I have no quarrel with the talent that's around. My quarrel is with the way it's being trained and how it's being minimized. Lemme tell you something, pardner: When it comes to being a successful actor, talent counts for maybe one tenth of one percent, 'cause if you're even half good, you can do acting with your fuckin' left hand behind your back. It's knowing how to get the gig that matters; who to talk to, how to maneuver, how to maintain yourself on a set—all that kind of stuff. When you finally get down to the point where somebody yells, "Roll 'em!," you're home free. It's the rest of the bullshit that'll kill ya.

PLAYBOY: Do you really believe acting is that easy?

BLAKE: Well, it must be hard for some people, judging by the way they talk about it. It's not hard for me. Whether it's good or not is another question. I never studied at the Actors Studio; Lee Strasberg wouldn't let me study at the Actors Studio. I wanted to, but he said, "No, you'll never be able to act—get out of here." Fuck him, too.

PLAYBOY: You've probably already set the all-time *Playboy* Interview record for telling various people to fuck off, and we're not through talking. Why all the anger?

BLAKE: I used to think it was the result of having an asshole for a father, being a kid actor and all that, but I'm beginning to think that anybody around today who isn't pissed off is either dead or a moron. The way things are, I'm not sure that anger and paranoia aren't a nice, normal state of health. I like my rage. I like bein' pissed off. I like lookin' at all the shitty things that are happening to me and my family and my country. I hope I never lose that.

PLAYBOY: If it's any comfort, your detractors believe there's not a chance in the world of that's ever happening.

BLAKE: They're probably right. I think if I ever had a barium photograph taken of my insides, I'd probably be slopping off the edge of the frame with anger. I'm lucky it's channeled into acting, because I could just as well have gone into robbing banks.

PLAYBOY: You indicated a few moments ago that you had a lot of trouble with your father. In what way?

BLAKE: I was pretty well fucked by a pretty sick household. Not that everybody doesn't have a sad story to tell, but we happen to be talkin' about me, and I'm not cryin' the blues, because I beat my parents—and fuck 'em. And I'm glad I beat 'em. But before that happened, when I was being beaten, it was a pretty shitty life. My father was a tyrant who'd come in at three o'clock in the morning and beat the shit out of me because he couldn't get laid, or whatever craziness was going on with him. My mother was nobody to turn to for mother love, for physical contact, for comfort, to dry your eyes or wipe your nose, that kind of thing. My father, meanwhile, never did nothin' much; he was on the WPA during the Depression and, after that, mostly, I supported him. Not mostly—entirely.

PLAYBOY: Beginning when?

BLAKE: When I was two years old. Me and my brother and sister—my parents were in it, too—had an act called The Three Little Hillbillies, and I was singing and dancing. I was born in Nutley, New Jersey, and we used to play political outings around there. Aldermen would invite people to the park and give them hot dogs and beer and clams to get their votes, and pickpockets, jugglers, monkey acts and all kinds of entertainers would wander through the crowd trying to pick up a buck. My father would bang on the guitar and we would sing and dance, and people would throw money. We did that to eat, and when there wasn't nothin' left to eat, we drove out to Hollywood in a 1928 car and started doin' our act in casting offices. I got to be an extra at MGM, workin' mostly on the *Our Gang* series, and one day I caught a break: They had some little asshole there who couldn't say his lines right, so I walked right up and told the director, "Shit, I

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can do that." And I did it. I got into the *Our Gang* thing for the last five years of the 15 or so that it ran, and during that time, I made something under \$100 a week, plus what I got for being in some features. I worked the *Our Gang* series from the time I was five till I was ten.

PLAYBOY: Whatever happened to the rest of the gang?

BLAKE: Most of the kid actors I knew are dead now, from dope, or shot in half with shotguns. From *Our Gang*, Froggie is dead. Alfalfa got shot and killed. Scotty Beckett is dead. Bobby Driscoll, another kid actor, died about nine years ago on junk in New York. The fear that I could end up that way haunted me for years; I was positively maniacal about being identified as a kid actor.

PLAYBOY: What kind of memories does that period of your life in Hollywood conjure up?

BLAKE: The good parts were working with Garfield on *Humoresque* and Bogart in *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, and also being in movies with Eddy G., Wallace Beery and Laurel and Hardy. A healthier kid would've had a *fantastic* time, but for me, it was only a marginal experience. It's gonna be hard for a relatively healthy person to understand what I'm really talking about here, 'cause you almost have to be really sick and neurotic to know what it's like to get up every morning and spend the day beatin' the shit out of yourself. This may be a bad parallel, but if you took a kid and chained him to a stove for ten years, and then, all of a sudden, you took him outside one day and gave him a bicycle, it wouldn't be fantastic, 'cause he wouldn't be able to relate to it. But it would be much better than being chained to the stove. I felt like that all through the years I made the *Our Gang* comedies, and then, in the *Red Ryder* series, it was the same thing all over again. I mean, it was better than going to public school and having them little pricks pull my pants off and call me names and spit at me and piss in a jar and throw it at me. But, on the other hand, it wasn't *wonderful*. Am I makin' myself clear?

PLAYBOY: It's certainly clear that you had an unhappy childhood. Did things improve after you left *Red Ryder*'s side?

BLAKE: In some ways, yeah. When I was about 15, I went to Italy and France to do a picture with Tyrone Power and Orson Welles called *The Black Rose*. This was right after World War Two had ended, and at that time, most people in Europe loved all the young GIs. So under the guise of bein' a sailor, I started fucking and learned how to drink. When I got back, I graduated from the studio high school—somehow, I skipped a year and got out when I was 16—and then I left home and never went back.

PLAYBOY: What did you do?

BLAKE: Oh, I stayed around Hollywood. I was in and out of acting, doing mostly

TV—*Roy Rogers*, *Wild Bill Hickok* shows, that kind of thing. I also was doin' a lot of physical work, 'cause when I was younger, I'd always been happiest that way. When I was unloadin' 90-pound cement bags in the freight yards, I used to go home and fall into bed and I wouldn't give a fuck whether my father wanted to hit me in the head or not. I'd just fall asleep. Anyway, I stayed around town until I was 19, and then I went into the Army—which turned out to be a fuckin' nightmare.

PLAYBOY: What was the nightmare about?

BLAKE: It was about two years long, that's what it was about. I was sent up to Alaska to be part of an experimental Infantry unit that was testing cold-weather gear for GIs in Korea; they'd give us new parkas and stuff and tell us to start marching in the ice. I was crackin' up pretty good by then. One night in the barracks, I had my bayonet out and was tryin' to kill six guys, and they finally carried me away. Another time, some fuckin' lieutenant didn't like the way I'd arranged my footlocker for an

"Wanting to kill yourself is pretty bizarre; it may not be as bizarre as walking down the street wearing a dress and earrings, but it'll do."

inspection, so I picked it up and threw it out the window. We were up on the third floor, and when I looked out the window, the footlocker had gone all the way down through about 12 feet of snow and left a big hole. I told the lieutenant it looked like a giant had taken a piss in the snow, and I started laughin' about it. He didn't think that was funny, which made me laugh even harder, 'cause he didn't have no sense of humor. So they carried me away again.

PLAYBOY: Where did they take you those times?

BLAKE: For the bayonet number, they carried me to the captain's office and I stayed there till morning, guarded by MPs. My C.O. put everybody through a lot of paperwork and red tape to keep me from being court-martialed, and I was back in the company the next day. The second time was different; they put me in the nuthouse.

PLAYBOY: For laughing about that footlocker?

BLAKE: Yeah, well, you gotta understand that I cracked up: I didn't *stop* laughing. The whole fuckin' world got really, really funny and stayed that way. I did about a month in the hospital. They had me on some drugs and I began seeing a psychiatrist for the first time. The man

was a total asshole. They wheeled me around in a wheelchair and I realized that if I acted straight with the guy, I'd get the job of pushing the *other* guys around in wheelchairs, which I did. After I got back to the company, it wasn't too long before I got court-martialed for thievery and sent to the stockade.

PLAYBOY: What did you steal?

BLAKE: Gas. We were out on maneuvers one night, and me and six or eight other guys were freezin' to death in our tent because we'd run out of gas for the stove. Meanwhile, the fuckin' C.O.'s tent had four gas cans outside it; you'd turn the gas can upside down outside the tent and run a hose through to the stove inside. Rather than freeze my ass off, I stole a can of the C.O.'s gas, and we all stayed warm that night. The next morning, though, some prick in our tent copped out on me, and I got sent to the stockade for three months. A priest who used to come by and talk to guys in the stockade got me out after only a month, and he also got me transferred to a Special Services unit in Anchorage. It was a helluva change of duty: I wrote and directed musicals and put officers' wives in the productions and then fucked 'em. I got out of the Army when I was 21, and then the shit *really* hit the fan.

PLAYBOY: What was the trouble?

BLAKE: Everything. I was absolutely not a kid anymore, and I couldn't hide behind the things that had helped me get through life when I was a kid—the sets and the studios and the Saturday matinees, and not having to face not getting fucked, and not having to compete for any chicks. A lot of childhood things that had sustained me were no longer there and I was as close to being in a living hell as I ever want to get. Man, this is so hard to explain, because if you don't know what it's like to sit in a room for days on end by yourself, afraid to walk outside, how can you really understand what was happening to me? I couldn't do *anything*. I was afraid of *everything*.

PLAYBOY: How bizarre did things get?

BLAKE: That's hard to say. Wanting to kill yourself is pretty bizarre; it may not be as bizarre as walking down the street wearing a dress and earrings, but it'll do. I couldn't even get myself to go into a drugstore and buy a pack of razor blades to cut my wrists with. I was *scunged*. Suicide, though, was not my main thrust. I throw that in only as the end product of being totally incapable of coping with myself and my environment. I hated myself, hated everything, felt useless and worthless, had no friends, no love, no career, no education, no parents and no tomorrows. It all added up to no nothing.

PLAYBOY: That's the way you felt?

BLAKE: That's the way it *was*. And that's when I went to the shithouse: I started using dope. I got fucked up with horse and cocaine for a couple of years before

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PUNCH AND BEAUTY



both of 'em became colorful or fashionable, and I lived in a world of gangsters who wore pinstripe suits, guys you met in a sewer to make a buy. Before too long, I got more into their world. I'd always been kind of a marginal hood, and after I got out of the Army, I blossomed into a real one. I started buyin' and sellin' dope, pickin' it up in Las Vegas and Mexico.

PLAYBOY: Did you make big money as a dealer?

BLAKE: I supported myself, that's all. I'd make \$400 or \$500 on a deal, and I had enough to eat, sleep and have a car. I wasn't cool, though; I wasn't really playing the role of the dope dealer. In a way, I'm glad it was there, 'cause it was better than suicide or some other alternative, but I really don't condone fucking with dope. I hate it and I don't even take aspirin now. But in those days, there were no free clinics, there were no Synanon-type organizations, there was no alternative society, and the only psychiatric help offered to sick people was to put 'em in chains and lock 'em away in a basement somewhere.

PLAYBOY: Were you reluctant to try therapy?

BLAKE: No. I started thinking about it when I was 15, and when I was in the Army, I read Freud and all of Karen Horney's books, and then stole every book on psychiatry from the post library. When I was around 23, I went to live in the San Fernando Valley with a friend who was going to acting class, and he used to bring girls home to work on scenes. One day, a beautiful black-haired actress named Virginia Leith showed up at the pad. She was older than me and was working in films, and after a while, Virginia took me to Jeff Corey's acting class. It was kind of a *Tea and Sympathy* number, because after I was in class, she then took me to therapy. The worst thing you can do is force somebody into therapy when he's not ready for it, but Virginia knew that I'd tried everything and was at the end of my string, and one day she simply said to me, "Jesus, you're a perfect candidate for therapy. It'll work for you, Robert, because you're ready." And she took me to this guy and she was right: I was ready.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take you to come out of your tail spin?

BLAKE: The first two years, it was mostly a matter of trying to stop hurting myself and getting to the point where I had enough hope to develop a little self-love. I remember the first monumental step I took in therapy. I remember the very day it happened, everything that led up to it and how hard it was to do. For five or six weeks, the head man and I had been discussing what, of everything I could think of, I'd like to be able to walk out of his office and do. *Actually* do; things like wanting to have a girlfriend

didn't count. At first, I wanted to be able to go into a restaurant and eat, but then it narrowed down to walking into a store and buying a candy bar—and not being afraid of the person behind the counter. I used to break into a cold sweat when I had to buy food at a grocery store, so I'd wait till three o'clock in the morning and go to the Hollywood Ranch Market, where I'd pick up something in a panic, put my money down and then run out.

Again, it's hard for normal people to understand what that's like, but there're a lot of people in the world who are there and *know* what it's like. When I was finally able to go into a restaurant and feel like I had a right to pick up a menu and order a meal, Christ, it was like becoming a brain surgeon. I started doin' that and a whole lot of other things in the middle of my second year of therapy, and comin' into the third year, I was strokin'. I was studyin' acting full

"My friends are always tellin' me, 'Relax, you got the job,' but that's difficult for me to do. . . . Psychologically, I'm always in the Warsaw ghetto."

time, doin' plays, workin', goin' to college at night and fuckin' everything that walked. I was *cookin'!*

PLAYBOY: Do you ever worry that you might lapse back into that state of fear?

BLAKE: Nope. Whenever I feel that I'm at the end of the road and that I'm gonna be back in a hospital bed somewhere, I just throw all my shit into my four-wheel-drive van and take off by myself—away from my family, away from everybody. I got a big enough engine in that van to get away from the fuckin' Third Army, and I drive up into the Sierras or some other mountains, and I can't do it often enough.

PLAYBOY: What do you do when you're on the road?

BLAKE: I don't know; what does a yogi do when he's doing nothing? I might spend a day lyin' on a fuckin' rock or lookin' at flies, or I might hike for a couple of miles to some lake and go fishing. I just get childish and do whatever the fuck I want. It's really not where I'm going, it's what I'm going away from.

PLAYBOY: What does your wife think about your cutting out?

BLAKE: She understands it. Sometimes, we'll go on an organized adventure with the troops for a day or two, but usually, I don't want anybody to go with me.

PLAYBOY: Is the time you have with each

other at a premium, now that you both have careers that are going strong?

BLAKE: Yeah, but it's healthy, rich, fuckin' time. Sondra quit acting for about six years after the kids were born and began again about two years ago, and she's doing well. The only pain in the ass about it is that people always want to know if she uses a whip and a chair to tame the madman. If anybody wants to know, our marriage started out as a fuckin' 14-carat disaster, but it's been all uphill ever since.

PLAYBOY: Why a disaster?

BLAKE: Most people we knew thought, and I believe rightly so, that we wouldn't last six months. I was nuts, she was nuts, and we spent a lot of our time hiding from the world, driving around for days and days and living in a little dump. When we weren't doing that, we'd get into terrible, sick fights and days of torturing each other with a lot of unhealthy dependency; because we weren't able to live our own lives, we were being consumed by our neurotic needs rather than by our love. I expected all the things I didn't get as a kid from her, and all of the things she needed, she expected from me, and, indeed, I tried to give them to her.

Sondra's childhood was probably worse than mine; at least mine had an up side—the acting, the fairy tales, the pat on the ass from the directors. She didn't have those safety valves. Sondra was forced into ballet. As a child, she had no rewards and it was just a terrible scene. And so there we were. At the beginning, our marriage seemed to be based on layers of sickness that almost smothered the basic thing between us: We were soul-mates.

But I've always been a long-shot player, and I love a challenge. I'm *terribly*, *terribly* competitive. I can't walk away from a fight, and I've had to give up the motorcycle track on weekends, because I'd go up there and kill myself trying to beat everybody else out. My love for Sondra also became a challenge—not the marriage, just the belief that my love could survive. That it was real, that I believed in it, that I knew it came from the center of my soul and that hers was the same. Together, I thought we could overcome all the bullshit and long odds, and because that spirit also existed in Sondra, our marriage went uphill.

PLAYBOY: She has appeared twice on *Baretta*. Will you be making films together?

BLAKE: Who do ya think we are, Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson? I ain't never gonna work with Sondra again; I had enough of that shit. When she was on the show, oh, it was a *tremendous* pain in the ass. I couldn't concentrate on anything but her. Is she all right? Where is she? Does she have to pee? No, thank you, I don't want nothin' to do with it. *Nothin'!*

PLAYBOY: At the moment, at least, you

seem to be enjoying your stardom a great deal. Has your success in *Baretta* changed your life?

BLAKE: Not a helluva lot. I know that my wife and kids have a few bucks, but we still live in the same house I bought years ago for \$30,000 on a Cal-Vet loan, and I still do the same things I used to do. I'll tell ya, as I approach the point where I might be able to do what I *want*—make the films I want to make—I get more frightened about it. It's like that cliché about never meeting your dreams because they'll disappoint you. Within the next year or so, my situation is gonna get down to where I can say, "All right, bigmouth, you've been waitin' and talkin' all this time—now do it!"

PLAYBOY: Having thrived on being an outsider for so much of your life, do you think there's a chance you might become the kind of film star who bitches and moans about the pain and suffering actors must go through?

BLAKE: In the first place, I'm still an outsider. I still wake up every mornin' wondering if I got the job or not. My friends are always tellin' me, "Relax, you got the job," but that's very difficult for me to do. I have the wrong kind of ego for TV work: I figure that if the next show is a bomb, everybody's gonna hate me and I'll be history. Psychologically, I'm always in the Warsaw ghetto.

In the second place, acting isn't suffering. Orson Welles once said that a movie set is the greatest electric train you can give to anybody, and it's true. Acting allows you to have the joys and privileges of fuckin' around with your soul and your psyche, while most poor *shlubs* have to punch a time clock. If you can imagine that you're a little kid and you're going into your father's closet—or your *mother's* closet—and you can put on any kind of clothes and make-up that you want and then just go fuckin' bonkers, when you get it in its proper context, *that's* what acting's all about.

And, believe me, I don't delude myself into giving it more importance than it actually has. I'm very aware that the sky is falling and that there are people like Cesar Chavez out there who are really tangling ass with the blood-and-gut issues of this world. I never forget who Ché Guevara was or who Kennedy or Gandhi were and where they were going—and where we all have to go—but, meanwhile, I'm living my life. And I'm living it the way I always have. I always figured that I was an outsider, that I was left-footed, that I heard my own drummer and that I was Saturday's child—and nothing has changed any of that. I never have been a joiner, I never have been a follower, I never have been a leader and I never will be. I never will feel like my ass is made out of candy, either. And that's the name of *that* tune.



The first name for the martini.
The last word in gin.



article By **PETER S. GREENBERG**

freddie prided himself on living at the edge—and decided to step off

GOOD NIGHT, SWEET PRINZE

THEY WERE ALL THERE, crowded onto the sixth-floor intensive-care ward at UCLA hospital: the true and false friends, the close and estranged relatives, the press agents and the pretenders to intimacy. Somewhere inside it all, Freddie Prinze lay dying.

The spectacle had all the makings of a made-for-television movie. But for four dark days in late January, show business had touched down hard in the tangible world. There was no stunt man, no blank cartridges. The scene could not be rewritten.

Still, some kind of story had to be released. In the first few hours after the news broke, Prinze's press agent would assure callers, "At this point, we have every reason to believe it was an accident." The hospital was flooded with phone calls; half were from reporters, the rest from fans or cranks. One man called to offer a transplant, without specifying which organ. Nearly everyone was willing to trade his concern for "the answer"—why Freddie Prinze had put a gun to his temple and pulled the trigger.

More than anyone else at the crowded deathwatch in the hospital, Maria Pruetzel must have prayed for a miracle. She would remember that other miracles had occurred, back during those tough years in New York City.

There had been her son's nearly fatal childhood bout with asthma. Maria had prayed to Oral Roberts, whom she watched often on television. Once she decided to write to him, telling him about Freddie's asthma. Roberts wrote back, assuring her a miracle was on the way. Freddie recovered.

And there was the time in 1972, when Freddie's first real girlfriend abruptly broke up with him because he'd been fooling around with another girl. (What Mrs. Pruetzel didn't know—and Freddie did—was that the second girl was pregnant. She gave birth to a son, and Freddie was to agonize over it to a few close friends three years later.) Mrs. Pruetzel never admitted it, but that was the first time he'd tried to commit suicide. He swallowed a large quantity of tranquilizers. While they were pumping his stomach, Maria had gone to the neighborhood Catholic church and recited novena after novena. Again, Freddie recovered.

The son of a tool and die maker, Freddie grew up on the streets, was spoiled by his mother, learned how to "rank out" his sidewalk adversaries ("Your mother's so old she shits rust") and went to ballet school. At 16, he began hanging out with musicians

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN MAGEE

in night clubs, snorting his first hits of cocaine and entertaining his connections with full-fledged routines.

His strenuous night life was beginning to take its toll. He stopped going to classes. When he did bother to show up at school, he'd hold court in the boys' room, expanding his earlier "snapping" approach into complete impersonations of Nelson Rockefeller and Ed Sullivan.

After one too many routines in class, Freddie was forced to leave high school. He saw it as a blessing in disguise, allowing him more time to devote to his comedy. Each night, Freddie and Nat Blake, a black musician and worldly street person he'd met in high school, would head for the Improvisation and, later, to Catch a Rising Star, the nonpaying clubs that showcase aspiring comics.

He decided that if he were going to make it, a name change was required. He had read an article that labeled Bob Hope the "King of Comedy." He would be the prince . . . no, the "Prinze."

At the Improv, Freddie became something of a regular—as a customer. He and "Black Nat," as he used to call his best friend, went to watch, to learn. Eventually, he became a go-fer for owner Budd Friedman.

Finally, after a few weeks of absorbing shrtick, he got up the courage to audition. He signed the sheet and did the usual amount of material for Friedman. Some of his jokes were weak, most didn't blend well, but Friedman was impressed. "He had this immediate likability, a warmth, a charm," Friedman recalls, and he gave Prinze a chance to start. At the Improv, it's called working your way up to the majors, and Freddie started at the lowest rung—the 3:45-A.M. stint.

He needed to develop an identity, a gimmick. At first, he began with the premise that he was Puerto Rican. The next night, he was opening his act with the announcement that he was a Hungarian. It was a funny line, a handle that both he and the audience could grasp as they laughed together. The third evening, he went too far. He explained that he was not just Hungarian but also Jewish. Now the audience was confused. After the show, Friedman called him aside. "Listen, Freddie, be biethnic," he cautioned. "Two is enough." Prinze laughed but listened. He stuck with the "Hungarian" approach, and it worked.

By the time Prinze hit the prestigious 11:15-P.M. slot, the word had spread. Late-night audiences crowded into the club, excited at the prospect of mass discovery of a major new talent. "Ees not my chob," Prinze would mock his real-life building superintendent, Feliciano Dias, and the club would roar.

Freddie was one of a dozen or so comedians who worked the place every

night. David Brenner was another. The two met at the Improv in December 1972. Brenner was there to break in new material. "Terrific, terrific!" Brenner exclaimed when Freddie walked off the stage. "You're probably the most natural performer I've ever seen."

Prinze was stunned. "Do you really think so, Mr. Brenner?" Before long, Freddie was invited to join a very special fraternity of comedians that included Brenner, Jimmy Walker, Steve Landesberg and Mike Preminger. Freddie started spending endless hours rapping with Brenner at his East Side apartment or with writer Chuck McCann. And he listened to advice. After all, he didn't even have a manager.

He was working his first paying job, as an usher at a movie theater. He had almost no money, so people bought him meals, fronted for subway tokens and supplied the dope. He got into the habit of snorting coke before and then immediately after going onstage.

Freddie alternated between the Improv and Catch a Rising Star. It seemed to season the material. He also got to meet more comics that way. One was Freddie Roman, a funny comedian with a perpetual tan. He took an immediate liking to the kid. Roman knew where to find the best Jewish cooking in town. And the best manager—his.

David Jonas wasn't particularly anxious to see Prinze. He already had his hands full with a steady client list of comics. But Roman insisted. Jonas caught the act and flipped. This wasn't the Catskills. It was the start of something really big. Roman and Jonas sat out in the lobby after the show and waited for Prinze. "I think I can help you," Jonas told him. "Come to my office tomorrow."

Prinze was thrilled. Someone had taken an interest. The next day, he took the subway to Jonas' office on West 57th Street. He was broke and Jonas lent him money. The same day, he got Prinze booked into the New York Playboy Club for the following weekend. The next week, Jonas got him a gig in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, but Freddie bombed. Freddie was depressed, but Jonas was happy it had happened so soon in his career.

Some weeks later, Roman nabbed him to play a benefit for his synagog and 750 worshipers. They gave him a standing ovation.

But Prinze had a lingering problem—a lack of material. In later years, it would be reported that he wrote his own routines. In fact, he wrote only half of them. "That's your problem," Jonas told him one day, "you need more stuff."

Freddie agreed and spent the next few weeks working on material at the Improv. In the meantime, Jonas was planning a gamble. ABC was about to drop Jack Paar from its late-night line-

up. The ratings were poor against Carson and there were only a few more shows to be taped. Jonas called Prinze into his office. "You got any balls?" he asked Freddie. He didn't wait for Prinze to answer. He picked up the phone and called Paar's producer, Bob Carman. "I'm gonna get you on the Paar show."

Freddie laughed.

Carman was then headquartered at the Plaza hotel, a block and a half from Jonas' office. "Bob, I've got this kid named Freddie Prinze."

Before he could finish the pitch, Carman said, "Is that the kid from the Improv? They told me he's not ready yet."

"Bob," Jonas begged. "I have him in my office right now. Why don't you let me bring him up to yours, it takes only ten minutes." Carman invited them over. Prinze and Jonas were there in eight minutes, did the material and it clicked. Carman said he'd book Prinze for the second to last show.

October 18, 1973. Four months after meeting Jonas, only ten months after auditioning at the Improv, Freddie Prinze was a smash on national television.

Friedman made a tape of the show for Jonas, and now Jonas was ready to run with it. He went to Craig Tennes, then the chief talent buyer for the *Tonight Show*. Tennes wasn't even lukewarm to the idea, but Jonas sent him the video tape. Seven weeks passed. Still no word. The tape never left its container.

Every day, Jonas would call the Coast and ask Tennes if he had seen the tape yet. And each day, he would get a polite stall. Instead, Tennes called Brenner. "What do you think of Freddie Prinze? We saw an audition tape of his," he told Brenner, "and people here say he's six months away."

"I think you're wrong," Brenner argued. "I think Freddie's ready for the *Tonight Show tonight!*" Tennes told Brenner that if he'd work with Prinze on his material he'd get him on.

The next day, Tennes called Jonas and told him Freddie had the spot.

Sometimes when I see myself on TV, it's like, well, have I just pulled a big con job on America?

—FREDDIE PRINZE, 1975

It's a tradition on the *Tonight Show* that if Johnny Carson doesn't laugh the audiences won't laugh, either. Freddie was introduced and walked on to do his four-minute routine. As the 240th second ticked by, the audience realized it had been a witness to a late-night-television miracle: Carson was laughing hysterically. Sammy Davis Jr. was literally on the floor and the Hungarian kid had made it on his first try. That initial December 6, 1973, performance on

(continued on page 110)



"That's what I like about democracy—I get the best of upstairs and downstairs."

In *The Spy Who Loved Me*, the unquenchable 007, James Bond, again played by Roger Moore, joins forces with Russian agent Major Anya Asanova, portrayed by Barbara Bach. Bond temporarily overlooks the major's obvious assets (right) while trying to learn the whereabouts of two nuclear submarines—British and Russian—that have mysteriously disappeared.



What's going on in the off-the-screen (and off-the-wall) pictures below and opposite? "I'm not sure," says Barbara. "The photographer just told me he wanted to do something kinky in the Bondish vein. Actually, the pictures are not at all related to what I do in the film." At any rate, we're sure the movies will have Barbara all tied up for some time to come.

BONDED BARBARA

WHAT WITH STARRING IN THE NEW JAMES BOND MOVIE AND EVERYTHING, THE BEAUTIFUL MISS BACH FINDS HERSELF PRETTY MUCH TIED UP THESE DAYS

pictorial essay By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

WALK THROUGH the MGM commissary beside Barbara Bach and you sense immediately that you're in the right place at the right time with the right girl. People don't faze easily here in one of Lotusland's historic eateries—where Garbo, Crawford,

Harlow, Hepburn and other fabled images have grabbed a quick lunch between takes—yet the commissary's jaded clientele pauses to note Barbara's passage as if she were trailing the same brand of indefinable star dust that made Hollywood what







The perils of espionage can turn into pleasures, at least in the fertile imagination of photographer David Bailey, who dreamed up these pictures. The danger, even to a blasé Bond prototype, lies in forgetting that a counterspy, however attractive, is always capable of counterattack—turning the tables, not to mention her back, on the luckless hero.

it used to be. Matter of fact, she is James Bond's brand-new leading lady, co-starring with Roger Moore in *The Spy Who Loved Me*, which more or less adds up to playing the title role. While waiting for the big Bond epic to open with a splash this summer, she has been biding her time, as a luscious, vaguely Bondian secret agent in a TV pilot film titled *The Mask of Alexander*.

Diligently attacking her fruit salad, Barbara is seemingly oblivious to the fact that every male in the room is ogling her. On camera, 15 or 20 minutes earlier, she had stepped through a cloud of smoke in a blasted-out brick wall, taken careful aim and shot Lloyd Nolan in the back. "I didn't enjoy that," she remarks pleasantly, with an undertone of stiff conviction. "I don't like firearms."

Nevertheless, while making the Bond film—a six-month gig that took her from London to Egypt and Sardinia—she was armed to the teeth. "They taught me a bit of karate and how to handle a gun." They also subjected her to a series of hairbreadth escapes that make *The Perils of Pauline* sound like sissy stuff. Aboard a train, she (concluded on page 218)





PRINZE

(continued from page 104)

"Three hours after the first test for 'Chico,' Jonas burst into Freddie's hotel room. He found him snorting cocaine."

the Carson show was tantamount to a Puerto Rican "Rocky" taking the middle-weight comedy title. Carson actually invited 18-year-old Freddie to join the other guests—the first debuting comic in years to make it to the couch.

Elsewhere in Los Angeles that night, producer James Komack was laboring over a series pilot he was proposing at NBC—something called *Chico and the Man*, a weekly half-hour show about the love-hate relationship between a cranky old Anglo garage owner in an East Los Angeles barrio and his young Latino mechanic. Komack had already signed the veteran actor Jack Albertson, but he hadn't cast the *chicano*.

Komack and the network wanted stage actor José Perez to play the part, but Perez had other commitments. Then someone told Komack about Prinze. He looked right, even if he was a bit overweight. Komack had missed that particular *Tonight Show* but asked to see the tape. He called Jonas immediately.

Freddie returned to California on January 8, 1974. Komack tested him the next day along with four other actors. Komack fell in love with Freddie. But NBC didn't. It insisted on further tests—in Canada, where Albertson was working. When it was ready for the test, Freddie hadn't shown. No one could find him. The two other actors had been up since early that morning. It was now 11:30. Incredibly, Prinze had overslept. Komack finally knocked on his door loud enough to get Freddie out of bed.

Jonas asked if Komack would test Freddie first, since he had booked him for a \$125 job that night. Komack agreed, and the tests, video-taped in a Toronto garage, took place.

Three hours later, Jonas was rushing to catch a return plane to New York when he burst into Freddie's hotel room. He found him snorting cocaine.

"What the hell are you doing?" Jonas asked.

"What the hell do you think it is?" Prinze laughed. "Wanna blow?"

Jonas shook his head.

"Oh, you're just an old cocksucker who won't turn on with me," Freddie taunted.

"No, Freddie, I'm not," Jonas said quietly. "I just don't want to see you destroy yourself."

That day, Freddie told him that he was taking Quaaludes as well. They were downers, he told Jonas. "I really practice relaxation," he laughed, "and they help."

Later that week, Freddie was told he'd gotten the job—he would be Chico.

Freddie knew only two people in Los Angeles: Komack and Alan Bursky, a young, ambitious kid comic he had met while they were both performing at Catch a Rising Star. It was only Freddie's third trip to California and the idea of going there to live sent him into culture shock. Komack had invited Freddie to move in with him at his rambling Spanish minimansion in Beverly Hills. Within two hours of his arrival at Komack's home with two suitcases in hand, Freddie had disappeared.

"I didn't want to hurt your feelings," Freddie explained, when he reappeared the next morning. "It was just that the bedroom you put me in was the size of the apartment I grew up in."

Instead, Freddie moved into Bursky's small apartment near Hollywood Boulevard. Bursky slept on a foldaway bed in the living room; Freddie got the bedroom. They divided the \$190 monthly rent.

In Los Angeles, Freddie renewed his friendship with Brenner and got to know another comedian he'd met briefly before: Richard Pryor. Pryor had recognized Freddie's talent early, when Prinze had played at Mister Kelly's in Chicago, and had proposed to his manager, Ron DeBlasio, that Freddie be given all the help possible. "He's young and he needs to be wised up," Pryor said. "He doesn't know how to play Whitey's game yet."

More than once, DeBlasio and Freddie talked about his career plans, but Freddie remained committed to Jonas. Future arrangements were tabled. In any case, there was a series to be produced.

Komack and three writers had put together the first *Chico* pilot. Freddie was not an accomplished actor, so Komack incorporated many of the lines from Freddie's club routines ("Not my chob," "Sixty-four Cheby with pom-poms") to make it stronger.

But there were problems. Throughout the week, during rehearsals, Prinze wasn't funny. He brooded and didn't work well with the other actors. By the day the pilot was to be shot, Komack and Albertson were convinced it would be a bust. Komack picked Freddie up and took him for a haircut. "Freddie," he said on the way to the barber, "I have something to tell you. All the guys in the studio were sitting in the bar yesterday saying that you weren't gonna make it."

Freddie spun around in the car seat. "Oh, yeah? Wait till the bell rings. I'll show 'em."

At the first run-through, he was so stunning he stopped the show cold. His performance was so strong that Albertson couldn't work. Komack huddled in the dressing room with Albertson.

"What happened?" Albertson asked.

"I don't know, Jack," Komack said. "The kid just exploded."

"Lots of kids in the audience out there," Albertson observed.

"Don't worry, Jack," Komack said. "At eight o'clock we'll get the adults, and then it will be your audience; you'll get your laughs."

At eight o'clock, they went out to work and Freddie was twice as good as he was during the first taping. "After the second show," Komack recalls, "Peter Baldwin [the director] came down and said to me, 'Could you ask them to sit still? We're going to have to do it all over again.' That's how incredible Freddie was. There was no one else on the screen. None of us had ever encountered a kid like this before. We finally decided we had to tape it all one more time, so that the other actors could come up to the standard that Freddie Prinze set."

The pilot was a walkaway—an immediate sale. Five weeks after the new season began, *Chico* became the number-one show in the country.

Hollywood is one big whore. It breeds decadence.

—FREDDIE PRINZE, 1975

At Bursky's apartment, Freddie's social life was picking up. To say the least. It was no longer a question of how to get laid—it was whom to choose. Women were calling him. After dating dozens of starlets, he seriously dated Pam Grier for a few months. Raquel Welch called him in his dressing room once just to meet him. He remembered seeing her onscreen in *One Million Years B.C.* when he was working as an usher just a year earlier. He began going to the A parties, snorting the finest cocaine.

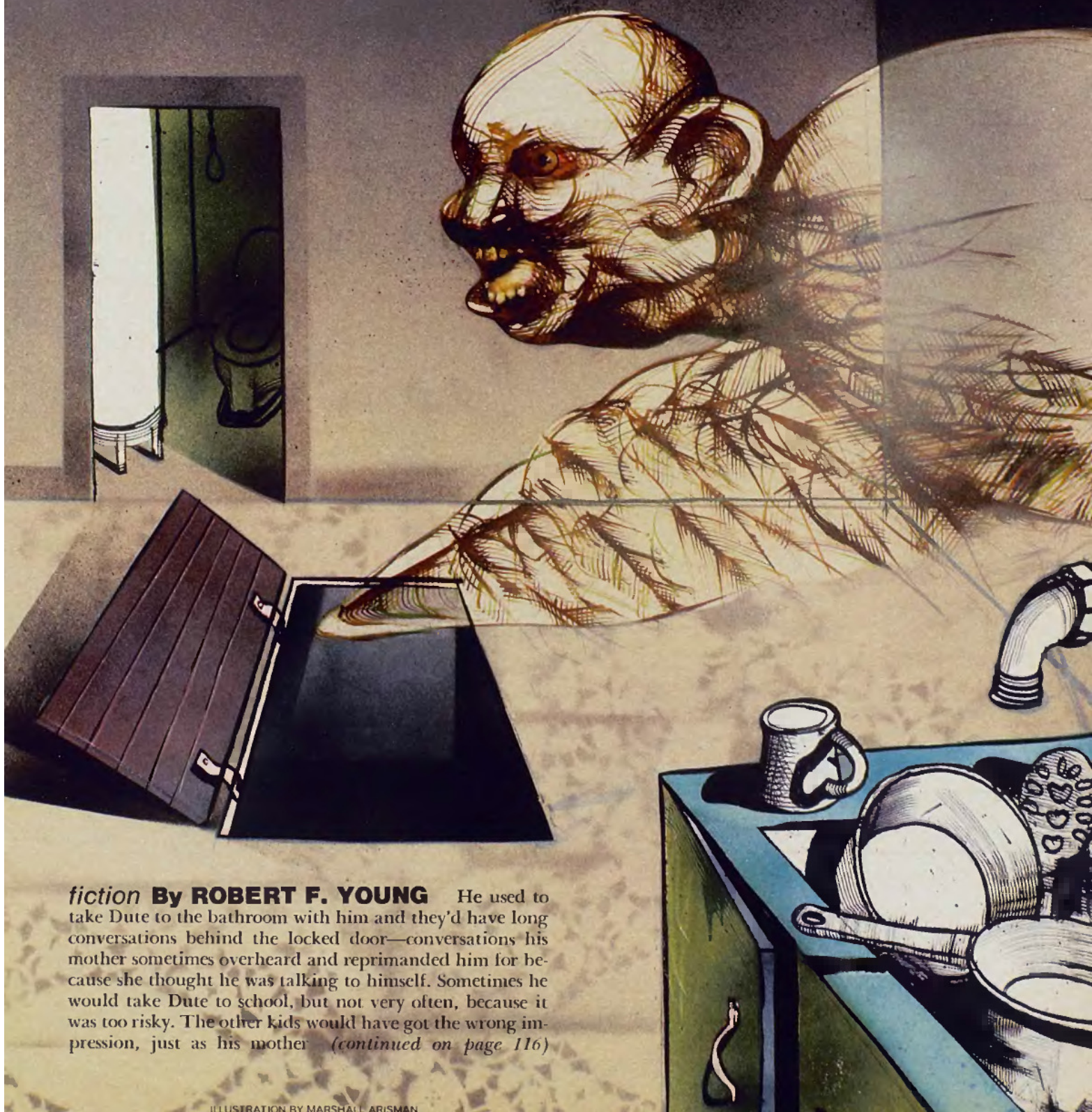
"Hey, Freddie," Brenner cautioned him during one of their many L.A.-to-New York telephone calls, "you can go crazy out there. When a person smiles at you, it doesn't mean he likes you. In California, he may be smiling because he's figuring what he can get from you."

It wasn't Brenner's warnings but dope that made Freddie's mistrust of people begin to grow. As his consumption of Quaaludes increased, he went on a hiring binge. Brenner was in Los Angeles, doing the *Dinah Shore* show one day, when Freddie popped into his dressing room. They hadn't seen each other in six months and Freddie now

(continued on page 202)

so long, old buddy

dirty dude—who taught him to drown cats, masturbate and steal—was he still alive after all these years?



fiction By ROBERT F. YOUNG He used to take Dute to the bathroom with him and they'd have long conversations behind the locked door—conversations his mother sometimes overheard and reprimanded him for because she thought he was talking to himself. Sometimes he would take Dute to school, but not very often, because it was too risky. The other kids would have got the wrong impression, just as his mother (continued on page 116)

Sudden

what would you do if you suddenly made more bread than you'd dreamed possible?



CURT GENTRY, co-author ("*Helter Skelter*")

It's hard to believe what has happened. Everything good that could happen to a book happened to *Helter Skelter*. It sold 200,000 in trade and 200,000 in book club, at ten dollars, and 6,000,000 in paper at \$1.95. Then there was the four-hour television show based on the book, and for that we got a sizable amount.

I bought a mansion. It was built by people who owned a hardwood company. The floors are teak, the walls are rosewood, the banisters and everything are walnut and all the closets are cedar lined. It's a very beautiful wood house and something that I've always wanted.

I gave up my '65 Ford for a new Mercedes. The '65 Ford I gave to my brother's girlfriend.

One important thing money has done for me is to enable me to do more traveling and devote more time to researching a book.

Helter Skelter was contracted originally with Putnam's, and after I'd gone through the advance and was nearly three years into the book. Putnam's turned it down, because to them, the Manson case was no longer topical. W. W. Norton picked it up and their enthusiasm charged me during the last phase of the writing. The next thing, the Book-of-the-Month Club took it and we were on our way.

As it unfolded, the whole thing was kind of unreal to me. It still is. In selling the paperback rights, we were thinking in terms—really high terms—of getting \$250,000. At the final bidding, Bantam bid \$771,000. Things like that—if you've

never had any money—are unreal. You actually pinch yourself, hoping you haven't hallucinated the whole thing.

One thing I thought a lot about when I came into more money than I'd ever dreamed of having was that I would just lie back and play with it, in a sense: manage it, tread it, do something here and there with it, and stop writing altogether. But my work habits are too strong. I knew my work habits were very strong when I went to Hawaii recently for two weeks on my honeymoon: After the first week, I was itching to get away from there and back to the typewriter.



TELLY SAVALAS, actor

I spend my money, baby. That's no bullshit; I spend every penny of it. Success in this business comes and goes, and I know I ain't gonna be on top forever, so I'm having a good time while I'm here.

As a kid, I was rich one day and the next day my brothers and I were out in the street with shoeshine boxes. Then we got rich again and poor again. So I see ups and downs and don't trust any of it. So I'm having a good time, I'm not socking any away. I'm spending all of it.

What on? Same thing as always. I'm spending expeditiously. Nothing bizarre, nothing mad. I spend to help other people. People who are down. That's the only way, baby. Help other people.

Oh, yeah: I bought a horse. Paid \$3000 for the horse and, so far, he has won exactly a half million. Some investment, huh?

Oh, yeah: Me and Howard Koch, my buddy, are going to build a private club,

with an exclusive membership. You gotta own horses to get in. This club is going to be so exclusive that I don't think Howard and I are gonna let ourselves become members; that's how exclusive it's gonna be. The whole thing is on paper now, and from what I can see, it'll probably be on paper forever; that's how the project is going.



NOLAN BUSHNELL, creator of Pong and other video-electronic devices (see "*On the Scene*," page 255), and chairman of the board of Atari, Inc.

The only really bizarre thing I've done with my money is develop a game collection in my house—like, old board games, old pinball machines. I've got one that dates back to 1906, pre-coin machine. We've set aside a room for games and the collection is growing all the time.

Being successful is kind of dull, in ways, once you get there. The major change in my life is that, basically, I have less time to enjoy myself. Before developing Pong and creating this company, I was a \$1000-a-month engineer and all I ever wanted to do was get together a quarter of a million someday, invest it and be a bum, traveling around the rest of my life. Well, now I've got lots more than a quarter of a million and I'm able to accomplish what I always thought I wanted, but now I've decided against it. It turned out that my work was just too much fun. I work 12, 14 hours a day and it's a real challenge: a lot of interesting people, interesting things to do, making decisions that can really make things happen. I love it.

compiled by
ROBERT KERWIN

Money

here's what these folks did with their bundle

Am I spending much money? Well, it's not easy to spend a lot of money. I mean, what do you *do* with money? I've got my own boat—an Ericson 41—I own a house, I own a '72 Buick station wagon and a '70 Volkswagen convertible. That's about it; no chauffeurs, no servants of any kind. Most of my money is tied up with the company, but I do like to play the market a little.

The thing that amazes me is just how really few things there are to spend your money on. I find that I get lots of enjoyment out of a good stereo; that's something you can have fun with. I bought a motorcycle; that's something you can have fun with. I bought a boat; that's something you can have fun with. But other than that, you know—what is there? I don't consider collecting Oriental art fun. Maybe some people get off on it and it is something you can spend money on—but I don't think it's any fun at all.

I like the idea of running a company, a business, a manufacturing concern. That's what I enjoy most out of my success. But I'll tell you one other thing I've always wanted to do—and it's something unique—and that is to design and build my own amusement park. It's only in the planning stages of my mind right now, but that's a project, as far as I'm concerned, that would be an awful lot of fun.

of it sticks, yeah, but we've always had a pretty modest lifestyle—a regular apartment, a regular car. You get some money, some things change. Every day is a little different. Let's see: I got a '69 Ford van and an old motorcycle and a little 20-foot sailboat, and our living quarters are, you know, ordinary. We went through a few things: bought a house, got married, spent a lot of money, divorced the old lady, threw her out, you know, sold the house, and right now I live under a rock, pretty quiet; I mean, nothin' that would make a great *Playboy Philosophy* story.

We've kept the money movin', kept it in circulation, we got, like, a big operation, lots of employees, a big nut. Lots of legal cases; we've donated a lot of money to judges, bailiffs, courtrooms and police. I'll tell you: We've been under the gun constantly, we fight daily in court, we've spent millions. It never stops. I've been in and out of the shithouse many, many times. See, we got into this to make a buck and our motivating factor has been trying to make a living.



JOHNNY MILLER, golfer

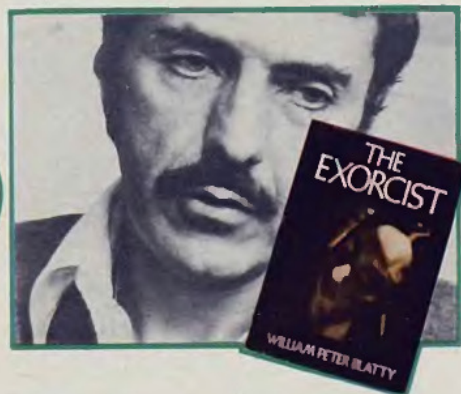
As far as the monetary, I've always been taken care of fairly well. If I had one hang-up in the past, I dreamed of owning fancy cars. I used to have '56 Chevies and that type of stuff, and they were fast cars but nothing like I have now. Obviously, now I have the money to do most anything, and I've always loved cars, so I have a lot of cars: a Mercedes, a Porsche Carrera, a Ford Pantera, a jeep, a station wagon and a BMW. In other words, I'm sort of a car nut.

I've always wanted a nice home for my

family, so now I have a very big, expensive home that I just built. The house is a very expensive investment, like a half million dollars; that's a lot of money. It's at Silverado. I had a small condo there, then a larger condo, then I built the house.

One thing I've always wanted is a special room all my own, and I've got it now. It's a big trophy room with Brunswick's best table in the middle, and it's all done in sort of Scottish-tweed colors; the rugs and stuff are made with Scottish tweeds. The curtains are done that way, too, and it's all done in hardwood floors. It's sort of *my* room. The only trophies in there are the ones I've won since I turned pro. My parents have the others.

The other thing I dreamed of was going all over the place on fishing trips. I'm a nut on fishing and now I'm able to take any exotic-type trip I want. So I've fished Canada, Scotland, New Zealand, Montana and Mexico. And next I'm going on a trip to Florida for black bass. Right after I finish my next tournament.



WILLIAM PETER BLATTY, author-screenwriter ("The Exorcist")

Although I wrote my first book in 1959 and my first movie in 1960, there's no doubt that I never realized how obscure I was until I wrote *The Exorcist*. Everyone assumed it was my first book. When I was writing screenplays and scripts like *A Shot in the Dark* and *John Goldfarb, I*



JIM MITCHELL (*The Mitchell Brothers*), porno-film maker

We were students when we got into porno, hippies in the Haight-Ashbury, and we've grossed maybe \$20,000,000. So we've seen a lot of money come by. Some

was making big money by my previous standards. What I made with those scripts was big money, by God, compared with what I used to make as director of publicity at USC, which was \$7750 a year. To go from that to *The Exorcist* was astronomical.

When I got that big money all at once, I immediately began to wonder who was going to take it away from me and when it was going to be taken. You find your personality doesn't change much, but there are lapses; all of a sudden, it dawns on you that you have money; you say to yourself: It happened. I mean, if I'm sitting down and the thought comes to me, I have to stand up and I look at it from a distance, and then I say to myself: My God! I'm a millionaire!

So what I do with my money is put it in the sock; I'm always looking over my shoulder. I put some into scholarships, because that is how I got to go to college.

Nothing too bizarre. I did invest in a restaurant in L.A. called The Palm. You know, a writer's dream is always of having a general store, the kind of place that would bring in an income of some kind, so that one day, if he wanted to, he could quit writing. I guess it was just a reflex; I had to have my general store. Our place is related to the Palm restaurant in New York, the famous one that's been there about 50 years. Ours is successful, too, thank God. I go in there pretty often, I like the food a lot; maybe that was my motivation.

I've got a nice house; a nice home means a lot to someone who used to get evicted every three months. To have a home, a piece of property of your own, makes you feel very good. As long as you don't have an earthquake. See, rich or poor, there's always something coming up on you.



GARY DAHL, *Pet Rock* creator

Before I hit, I was making exactly 24 thou a year as a creative director in an advertising agency. I always dreamed I'd make big money someday and I always knew it would happen. I didn't know *how*, but I knew it *would*. I had this inclination that someday it would happen

and I just kept pursuing these little avenues. I hit it big in 90 days: From October first to December 31, we made about \$1,800,000. Out of that, I probably cleared a little less than a mill. Whatever happens when the IRS finishes with me is anybody's guess; I'll have to make another mill this year just to stay afloat.

My wife and I were living in a little cabin in the Santa Cruz hills and we started the Pet Rock thing as sort of a mom-and-pop venture: she writing out orders and I on my lunch hour going down to the warehouse and sticking shipping labels on cartons. We were working literally out of an 800-square-foot cabin. I knew we had a damn good product, but I had no idea it would get that big. I thought we'd sell maybe 100,000 units overall. We were pricing them at four dollars retail, selling them for two dollars to wholesalers, and our cost for an individual unit was—ha-ha-ha—two bits. We sold somewhere around 1,000,000 of them.

It wasn't the rocks so much as the book that went with them. I'm a fairly good comedy writer, so the whole crux of the product was a 36-page little mini-training manual. What I did, really, I wasn't selling rocks, I created a new way to sell books. I packaged a book with a prop in it. Fads come and go, so I'm *saving* what I got out of this; I'm just stashin' it here and there—ha-ha-ha—find a little oil, find a little gas, this and that, trying to shelter it. I'm not gonna spend it out; that's nonsense. I worked. You know, I'm gonna be 40 years old this year and I've paid my dues and I'm not gonna let this go by the boards.

New purchases? Well, shoot, I bought a Mercedes 450 SL and a new house that has a swimming pool that's bigger than the old house. And a big change in my life is that I get an awful lot of mail now. I get letters from people who want me to give them \$40,000 so they can start a children's day-care center, you know, a lot of weird shit like that.

Well, I bought my own saloon. Damn right. I always wanted to own my own bar, and by God, that's the first thing I did, and now I got a place to sit and think of new ideas. That's where I got the idea of Pet Rocks, you know, one day sitting on a stool in a bar.

So now I got my own saloon. I bought a local pub in Los Gatos and I'm gonna rebuild it and call it Carry Nation's. She was the old broad who started the whole temperance movement, and I figured it's a great paradox for a bar to be called that.

I won't work in there. I'll probably be the cheerleader, but I don't think I'll be tending bar or anything. I bought an existing local joint that is just the pits, but

it's got to be the greatest location in town, and I picked it up real cheap and I'm gonna dump probably 100 grand into it and open up a show place.

Even though I've got a couple more products scheduled, I don't have any strong driving desire to make money the rest of my life. Like, it's not a big thing with me. I got all I need right now to be happy. I'm just real happy, real calm; the bills are gettin' paid. I got my saloon. The Pet Rock was a windfall, but the saloon was my lifelong dream.



MARILYN CHAMBERS, porno-film queen

Before I came into any big money, before I was famous, I was a high school student who did modeling on the side, so, I mean, I had an income, but it was small compared with what I have now. I always dreamed that if I ever got rich, I'd buy a Ferrari and a yacht and all sorts of things, but what really happened is that I'm investing it wisely; my money is taken care of for me. It's the type of thing where my money is put to good use, it's kind of being saved, so I'm not into spending it like crazy. I'm on an allowance and I really haven't made any mad-money purchases. I'm just going along. Well, yeah, I got a really big house, God, I don't know how many rooms—about 20. It's in Beverly Hills. And I have another house in northern Nevada, like, you know, around Lake Tahoe.

I'd rather not say how much money I've got. It's up there pretty far. My lifestyle, well, I'm sort of a very earthy person: I like plants and cooking and things like that. Like cooking lasagna. I have an interest in animals and I have cats and dogs and things like that. I'm going to buy my cat a guinea pig; I don't think those guinea pigs bite, so they won't fight. I'm hoping they'll get along.

Since becoming famous, the craziest, zaniest thing that's happened to me is I got my shirt ripped off me in Sacramento. I was doing a theater appearance and the fans were really going crazy, and they just ripped the shirt off me, so I was walking around with no shirt on. I mean, it

wasn't a publicity stunt, it was just for real. It's crazy as hell having lots of fame and money, I'm telling you the truth.



RICHARD THOMAS, actor
(John Boy in "The Waltons")

You have to understand that there's money and there's *money*. Yeah, I've been doing a TV series and have made a lot of money, but, I mean, there are people in this town who could eat series actors for breakfast. I'm talking about big, *big* money.

What do I do with my bread? Well, I found that the more money you make, the more things you want. But, basically, being a house guy and not much more, I've never had any real goals about when I'd have money. Just getting a nice house, a beautiful house, was enough for me. So I got it. It's a beauty, not a big, glamorous house or anything—about ten, twelve rooms—an old Spanish house in an older part of town.

I like wine very much, so I put a wine cellar in the house. I mean, I enjoy wine enormously, and I've been collecting for about a year and a half; there must be close to 1000 bottles down there. I have some 1894 madeira, which is absolutely wonderful, and some awfully good Burgundy and some super Bordeaux. A nice selection all the way around.



DENNIS ROBERTS, founder of Optique Boutique, the fastest-growing chain of eyeglass shops in the world

A couple of years back, when I was 21, I was grinding lenses in an optical laboratory for 80 bucks a week. I wasn't pleased; I was disgusted with what I saw happening in this country in relation to eyeglasses. Let's just say the work I saw being done in eyeglasses was not up to my standards. So I just left and said I'm gonna do my own glasses, make my own personal glasses based on my ability: the best glasses in the world. Frames and lenses, the whole thing.

I opened my own retail outlet based on my ability to perform, and as soon as the word got around that I did perform, in a matter of months everybody in town came and wanted their eyes taken care of.

Word spreads. I mean, if you do Hefner, you might as well count on the whole club. You do McQueen, you've got the films; you do Elvis and Elton, you've got the record industry.

I never solicited anybody; they've always sought me out. We were fortunate: We got the Beatles and some of the Stones. Elton John came in on his own. Really, it's been such a delight; I think we've handled just about every major celebrity in the world. Barbra Streisand, Diana Ross, all of them. Just about everybody. It's really a pleasure.

My life changed quickly—from 80 bucks a week on up. And my only motivation was that I just wanted to make good glasses; I had no idea it'd make me rich. I'm not at liberty to discuss how much I actually make, but we've got 12 outlets now and more on the drawing board and I'm making a hell of a lot more than 80 a week.

The most outlandish thing I do with my money? Ha, you couldn't print my answer. Even in *PLAYBOY*. Go and print that: that what I do with my money is so outlandish it's unfit to print.

Let me bring you up to date on my Rolls-Royces. I don't know how many Rolls-Royces I bought. I lost count. I got three sittin' upstairs right now, though; so if you'd like to buy one, I'll sell you one, because I'm broke. Sincerely, no kidding. I'm building new stores with my bread.

What do I do with my own personal take? I don't make that much. The whole thing with me, *I'm* the take, because I'm the *me*, understand?

No, I haven't bought any fire engines. Amusement parks, yeah, you could call my bedroom an amusement park—if you like Disneyland. It's got a big bed in it and a lot of navigational equipment. It's got a steam room and a video-tape projector and a color television. It's in Beverly Hills.

What I'm doing is writing checks "To happiness," and I'm gonna keep writing those kinds of checks for the next 75 years.



MICHAEL DOUGLAS, producer
(*"One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest"*)

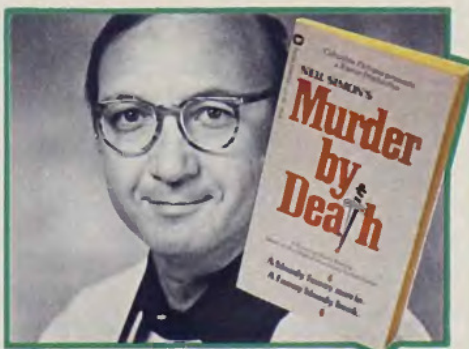
It's ridiculous. I mean, I got a ridiculous amount of *very* big money from *Cuckoo's Nest*. And it's still coming in. It's so much it's utterly ridiculous. You can't *count* it. But let me tell you: Money can get in your way.

It's a strange thing, this business; it's either feast or famine. Either you're going crazy or you don't know where your next job is coming from, or you have all this great fortune happen to you.

But money, it's hard to talk about, and I'll tell you why: In this day and age, what's going on right now in this country, nobody who's making money wants you to know what kind of money he's making. Because there's crazies going on. And with so many people having so little money, nobody with big money wants it to be known. So I don't blame people like myself for not talking about it.

I know a lot about this; I know myself and I know a lot of other people who have come into pretty sudden money, and I'll tell you what: My key is low profile. This is low-profile time, man. Nobody is going to tell you that he just made a million bucks. Nobody. And I'm gonna cool it, and relax, and cut out smoking and drinking, and get my body back into shape, play some tennis, maybe.

Right, I made a hell of a lot of money on *Cuckoo's Nest*, but I really don't want to talk about it. I'm low profile, man.



NEIL SIMON, playwright

Sudden money is going from zero to \$200 a week. The rest doesn't count.



"He tugged and the trap door creaked open, revealing bleak blackness. A miasma engulfed but failed to daunt him."

always did, if they'd happened to overhear his side of the conversation, and would have made fun of him. No, most of the time, he left Dute home and walked to school with only his sister, Jane, for company, except, of course, for the times Dute talked him into playing hooky, and those days didn't count, because he and Dute spent them as far away from the schoolhouse as they could get.

Invariably, when he went to school without Dute, Dute would be waiting for him in the front yard when he came home, and they'd go into the house together, silent till they reached his room. Then Dute would say, "How was school today?" And he'd answer, "Rotten." Summer days, they spent halcyon afternoons together in the hayloft of the old barn that stood some distance behind the dilapidated house. First Dute would swing from a rafter and drop into the hay, then he would. Other afternoons, they went swimming together in the creek that wound this way and that beyond the fields where his father raised corn and tomatoes and string beans. Sometimes on the way back to the house Dute would say, "Come on, let's jack off," and they'd hide behind the old corncrib his grandfather had stored field corn in years ago and masturbate.

They'd been the best of buddies, he and Dute. Inseparable, in both a figurative and a literal sense. But eventually they'd fallen out. He could no longer remember what they had quarreled about. Maybe there hadn't been a quarrel—maybe they'd just come to a parting of the ways. In any case, he decided one day that he'd had enough of Dute, and after luring him into the fruit closet in the cellar on some pretext or other, he had locked him in. A week or so later, his father had got a job in town and the family had moved out. A small farm provided a precarious living at best, and things had been getting worse right along; even so, it must have been a difficult decision for his father to make, because Grandfather Sharpe had owned the farm and they'd been living on it scot-free.

Was Dute still down there in the fruit closet? "young" Sharpe wondered with wry amusement, standing in the wretched little kitchen with its high narrow cupboards and its pitiful little sink. Had he been languishing there all these dark years, waiting for someone to show up

and remove the improvised bolt and open the closet door?

The farm was Sharpe's now. Grandfather Sharpe had left it to him and Sharpe had driven out from the city on this gray November afternoon to appraise the property. He was in real estate now. Formerly, he had been in insurance. Before that, he had sold cars. Or tried to. He hadn't remembered Dute till he came over the hill that led down into the valley and saw the collapsed barn and the forlorn frame house, and he hadn't really remembered him till a moment ago, when, after entering the house by the back door, he looked into the bathroom off the kitchen. The bathroom was unchanged, though it seemed vastly smaller than he remembered its being: a high-ceilinged little hallway of a room containing a toilet, a hot-water tank and a tub. There was no lavatory. If you wanted to wash up, you had to use the kitchen sink. Probably, if Grandfather Sharpe had fixed the place up after they had moved out, or at least made a few essential repairs, someone else would have moved in. But he hadn't. He'd kept saying he was going to, kept talking about aluminum siding for the house and a new roof for the barn. But talk was all it had amounted to.

In all these years, Dute had been the only tenant.

A trap door in the kitchen floor provided access to the cellar. On an impulse, Sharpe knelt beside it and raised the recessed handle. He tugged and the door creaked open, revealing bleak blackness. A miasma born of damp, mold and mildew engulfed but failed to daunt him. "You still down there, Dute?" he called into the darkness.

Silence.

He let the door drop back into place, laughing at the absurd impulse that had prompted him to open it. The laughter sounded hollow in the empty house. Leaving the kitchen, he passed through the narrow dining room into the living room. In the way of furniture, the living room contained a moldy sofa with coil springs protruding from its faded cushions. The rocks the local kids had thrown through the windows shared the floor space with splinters of glass and chunks of plaster that had fallen from the ceiling. He remembered the wallpaper as having been light blue with little white flowers "growing" on it. It was brown now and in many places it had peeled away from the walls and ceiling

and hung there like dirty laundry.

Just off the room, a narrow flight of steps led up to the second story. He began mounting them, testing each step before putting his entire weight on it. He knew he was being foolhardy, that there was no real need for him to inspect the upstairs; that all he would find would be more dust, more desuetude. More memories. But nostalgia had taken root in his mind and he knew it would nag him all the way back to the city unless he explored the house completely.

The steps creaked beneath him, but they were solid. The house was well built. Old houses usually were. This one dated from the days when "square" nails were used; when joists were spaced six inches apart; when two-by-fours measured two inches by four inches. He knew all these things from his "Dute days"; there was no nook or cranny of the house the two of them had left unexplored.

Suddenly, and for no apparent reason, he remembered the time he and Dute had thrown his sister's cat into the old abandoned well across the road. Jane had looked for it everywhere and for weeks she had cried herself to sleep. She'd loved that poor raggedy-tag cat—loved it the way only a lonely little girl could. "Lolly," she had called it. Climbing the stairs, Sharpe experienced a deep shame, a vast regret. After they'd moved out of the house, he'd wanted lots of times to tell her what Dute had done. Yes. Dute. For it had been Dute's idea. But Sharpe could never bring himself to. Jane wouldn't have understood about Dute, anyway, about how he was always making him do mean things. Yes, and steal, too. By himself, he never would have thought of picking his father's corn nights and taking it into town Saturdays and selling it from door to door at cut-rate prices. How clever they had been, never taking more than one ear from a single stalk! His father had never caught on.

The upstairs was even more depressing than the downstairs had been. The second story existed only over the living room and the dining room and consisted solely of three rooms and a narrow hall. The largest room—the front room—ran the width of the house and had been his mother and father's. The two other rooms faced each other across the hall. One had been Jane's, the other his. He stepped into his. How tiny it was! The bed where he and Dute had slept had occupied the entire length of the wall beneath the single window (broken now). It was a small window, far too high to allow what little summer air got through it to reach the bed. He must have smothered nights, he and Dute. He couldn't remember smothering, though. All he

(continued on page 243)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENNIS MAGDICH

WATER SPORTS

IT'S THE
LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE

ATTIRE
BY DAVID PLATT



June is busting out all over—and so are male swimwear styles. New looks range from denim coveralls to this nylon bikini, by AMF/Head Sportswear, \$16, barely covering Mr. Muscles.

Yet more members of Arnie's Army (Schwarzenegger, that is) hit the beach. Back row, left to right: A cotton chintz sarong-style swimsuit, by Bill Blass for Gates, about \$20. Next, a cotton rib knit shirt, \$17.50, worn with striped denim coverall shorts, \$45, both by Gil Truedsson for PMI. Then, floral-print cotton swim trunks, by Hang 10 for Richton Sportswear, \$15.



Front row, left to right: A knit sweat shirt, by Daniel Hechter, about \$55, teamed with cotton shorts, by Great Western, \$37.50; and a terry pullover, about \$40, plus terry shorts, about \$15, both by Sabre for Calicut.



Below, left: A terry rugby-style shirt with contrasting medium-spread collar and three-button placket, \$17, worn with acrylic/polyester terry shorts that have on elasticized waist and angled patch pockets, \$12, both by Jantzen.



Below, center: A cotton polyester terry V-neck pullover, \$22.50, and terry drawstring pants, \$18, both by Catalina. Below, right: A terry zip-front jacket with elasticized cuffs, by Laguna, \$19.50, and terry boxer-style swim trunks, by Catalina, \$10.





"I have an incredible imagination," says Virve, "but I'm not the type of woman who has to pretend she's making love to Paul Newman. I'm not into a lot of weird, kinky sexual trips, either; I'm satisfied with my real sex life. I do fantasize. Sometimes I put myself in the heroine's role in a novel I'm reading and ask myself, 'What would I do in her situation?' Then I stop reading altogether and begin to drift into the scene."



OLD-FASHIONED GIRL

june playmate virve reid digs the past, enjoys the present and looks like she has quite a future





HER FIRST NAME is pronounced *Veer-va* and means, roughly—but then, *everything* translates roughly from Estonian—“reflections of sunlight on the water,” and June Playmate Virve Reid is as refreshing as her name implies: an old-fashioned girl who can’t wait for tomorrow. “I love antiques and old clothes, silks and velvets,” she says. “I can dress up and look as if I’m from another century. But the future and the unknown fascinate me, too, and I love to read science fiction.” Until a few months ago, Virve was living peacefully in Vancouver, British Columbia, a few blocks away from “an endless beach I could stroll for hours. On a typical day, I’d draw or cook or read,” she says. “I’d been going to art classes for two years, but I wanted to travel and make some money for a change.” She got a chance to do just that when fate, in the form of a local photographer she’d met at a party, stepped in. “I’m very spontaneous—don’t like to make plans,” Virve says, “so when I met this photographer, Ken

“My ideal lover would be young and slim and very beautiful; he would have the nicest body I’d ever seen. I like healthy men, but I’ve never gone for the Muscle Beach crowd or the macho, he-man type. My man can be skinny and sassy, but in bed he must be gentle and loving.”





*"I remember the
times I used to say to
myself, 'I've got just as
good a body as the
women in PLAYBOY.'
But I never thought
I'd have the chance
to prove it."*



Honey, and he took my test shots, I figured it was destiny that I become a Playmate." Maybe it was; at any rate, Virve was soon on her way to Los Angeles for more pictures. "I'm a bit of a chameleon and adapt well to any surroundings, so I was right at home in L.A., except that, being only 20, I couldn't get into any of the clubs where the action seemed to be. But the atmosphere at the Playboy Mansion was definitely something to which I could become accustomed." When she and lensman Phillip Dixon got together with a batch of old clothes, Virve felt completely at ease. "Phillip has the kind of creativity I agree with," she says. "Sometimes I'd be waiting for him to load the camera and I'd get into a certain mood and he'd say, 'That's it!' My gatefold, for example, is very Victorian. The photo sessions were interesting, erotic *and* fun." Who could ask for anything more?





Virve seems determined to fit a trip to Britain into her travel plans (it probably has something to do with her father's being part English).

She'd love to continue her art studies in London someday, and her idea of the perfect place to relax is a "little thatch-roofed cottage in the English countryside, with a stream going by outside." Virve supplies her own central heating.





MISS JUNE PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

VIRVE REID

"My boyfriend and I are both very passionate, which can cause some trouble when we have a fight. He's got a lot of energy and I'm apt to be stubborn and can really yell. But I must admit that afterward we make up very nicely."



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A passionate beauty of mature years sought male companionship whenever her salesman husband was on the road. After one such encounter, her delighted partner exclaimed, "That was great! Say, how many husbands have you had?"

"Counting my own?" she purred.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *movable feast* as going down on a belly dancer.



All that I said into my portable C.B. transmitter, so that a friend could come by the club to pick me up," the tearful and distraught young lady told the police, "was that I would putt out on the 17th green."

Dr. Spooner said, "Screwing's sublime
When a man takes the trouble to prime.

Extended-type foreplay
Prolonged until scoreplay
Is a practice whose come, sir, has time!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bionic dyke* as a tin lezzie.

Never underestimate the importance of developments on language in Washington, D.C. "What I need," one Congressman was recently overheard saying, "is a secretary who *types* like a mink."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *cherry bomb* as a disappointing virgin.

When I realized that I just couldn't satisfy my wife's insatiable carnal appetite," the man explained to the marriage counselor, "I didn't want her resorting to picking up guys in bars, so I went to a sex shop and bought her an assortment of vibrators, dildos and other exotic devices."

"And has your conjugal relationship improved?" asked the counselor.

"I'm afraid not," sighed the man. "You see, whenever I do happen to feel like a piece, I find myself fourth or fifth in line."

Perhaps you've heard about the Las Vegas high roller who would flip his nightly callgirl to see if he got head or tail.

It was at a very mixed party that an oddball type suddenly asked loudly if anyone wanted to see his new underwear. When there was no response, he proceeded to unbuckle and drop his trousers to reveal that he wasn't wearing anything under them.

"A nice pattern," murmured another guest, "but tell me, does it come in men's sizes?"

And you've heard, of course, of the porno film that outgrossed its competitors.

While in Athens, a tourist named Joan
Told her guide, with a trace of a groan,
"Though a fuck is just fine
When I'm lying supine,
It's a pain in the ass when I'm prone."

Two men in their 80s were sitting in the park in Sun City. "Do you ever think about sex?" asked one.

"Pretty often," replied the other.

"And what do you do about it?"

"Well," answered the second octogenarian, "I unzip my fly, haul it out, put it in the palm of the other hand and focus on it. But it always looks as if it's already had some, so I just put it back."



"I'll let you do it," the school sexpot told the boy, "for two dollars."

When he asked about the figure, she giggled. "Well, it's a dollar to put it in and another dollar to take it out."

"OK," he agreed, "but not in advance."

So the young thing took off her panties and lay back, and the boy slipped in his erection and handed her a dollar bill. And then, when he'd withdrawn, he fished in his pocket and gave her the second dollar.

The next day, the boy looked her up again and she went back into the woods with him, and he mounted her and handed her a bill. But after he'd finished, he just lay there. Minutes later, the girl said, "Aw, come on, Billy—take it out now!"

"I can't," muttered Billy. "I'm broke."

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.



"What kind of a watchdog are you?"

EACH MORNING before leaving for her Spanish class, Norma Bernstein checked the house for spiders, scorpions, lizards and other vermin. She would shake out the sheets, blankets and pillows, inspect the kitchen cupboards and the space beneath the sink and poke a stick into the cracks in the slate flooring.

Bernstein, robed in plaid Viyella, puffing his morning pipe, steaming coffee cup in hand, would smile at her search for noxious pests and say, "No tarantulas, Normie. It's six thousand feet in Tequitlán. No rats, no mice, no



BERNSTEIN IN MEXICO

*their lovemaking took a ritual form;
they said little; she never smiled; he
exploded and the rooster shrieked*

fiction

By GERALD GREEN



scorpions. It's cleaner here than in New Rochelle."

"You can't be too careful," his wife would say.

As Norma gathered up her books—the Academia Tequitlán offered three hours of Spanish every weekday—Bernstein would stroke her adorable girdled behind, kiss her neck and accompany her to the door of their pink-stucco house.

Bernstein would watch her rounded tennis-player's figure vanish down the cobbled street. After briefly admiring the golden sunlight on the white, pink and pale-blue houses, he would return for a second cup of potent coffee. Finally, he would retire to his study on the second floor for several hours of writing.

An assistant professor of sociology at a community college, Bernstein, at 42, had decided he needed surcease from textbook jargon, faculty teas and dull-eyed students. The author of two successful books of popular sociology (*The Naked Barrio: Puerto Rican Patterns in a Changing Society* and *Main Men and Mother-Lovers*), Bernstein felt the urge to expand his talents, to come to grips with the "real world," to write a novel. Something earthy, close to the basics of the human condition. New Rochelle and teaching palled; Mexico beckoned. His work in the New York barrio had endowed him with good Spanish. He liked Latins. He drew strength from the sun.

Bernstein inserted a fresh sheet of paper into his Olivetti. As he did so, he heard the rooster.

"Noisy bastard," he said. Smiling, he puffed a cloud of Mixture 77 smoke into the airy hallway he used as a study.

Bernstein wrote:

The village lies north and west of the swarming city. Stands of giant prickly pear, columns of gray-green organ-pipe cactus border the dirt road that wends its way to Tequitlán. The sand of the desert plateau is packed hard—fulvous, arid, a slag heap left by mysterious old gods, an ancient race that eons ago stoked fires, melted metals, burned forests.

Again the rooster shivered the morning silence.

Cu-cu-ru-cuuuuu...

A city boy, Bernstein had spent vacations in the Catskills. He had heard roosters crow. But this one was louder, wilder and more violent than any he had ever heard. Moreover, the cock sounded agonized—as if it were resisting strangulation. The last penetrating note of the bird's cry had a peculiar bent or cracked quality. The abrasive noise tended to linger in Bernstein's ears like a clot of impacted wax.

"Shut up," Bernstein said good-naturedly. He tore up the paper and rose

from the maduro writing table. His slowness in starting on his novel did not bother him. A patient, meticulous man, Bernstein knew that sooner or later the juices would flow. He walked from the study to the rear balcony and looked into the landlady's garden. *Señora* Ortega grew flaming poinsettias, salvias in primary colors, multibranch cacti.

"Mexico, I dig you," Bernstein said joyfully.

Cu-cu-ru-cuuuuu...

He pointed the stem of his pipe west toward the double spires of the parish church, a minor masterpiece of Churrigueresque architecture. The rooster appeared to reside somewhere in that direction. Bernstein had been warned about Mexico's hill towns by knowledgeable faculty colleagues like Shapiro, who had motored around Mexico two years ago.

"Savage place," Shapiro had intoned, as Norma's round features paled. "Just a veneer of civilization, you realize. Boil your water. Don't eat fresh vegetables. They've still got bandits in the boondocks. If you see a row of stones on the road, turn around. It's a barricade and they're after anything they can steal."

"Nonsense," Bernstein had responded. "I've read the guidebooks and they don't say a word about anything like that."

"Of course not," Shapiro had gone on smugly. "And there's always dysentery, typhus and cholera."

"I don't believe it," Bernstein had replied. "I get the GI shifts from the lousy food in the faculty club. How much worse can Mexican food be?"

Shapiro had rolled his popping eyes. "You'll find out. Anyway, with the Mexican vote against Israel, why give them money? Shirl and I are sworn off for the duration. We're taking our sabbatical in Denmark."

Bernstein knocked the dottle from his pipe and watched the bits of tobacco float into the cactus below. Then he crossed from the study—with a guilty glance at his typewriter—to the front balcony. From this vantage point, he had a view of the charming street, the wrought-iron lanterns, the pocket-sized park in which black-eyed children played. Mestizo girls jumped rope. Their brown-skinned brothers kicked a soccer ball.

Down the street came two barefoot men leading four burros laden with firewood. A week ago, Bernstein had bought a load for 20 pesos—\$1.60. On cool nights, the wood crackled in the fireplace. Often he and Norma cuddled on the sagging sofa in the living room and made gentle love, the two of them illuminated by firelight, snug under an electric blanket.

"Shapiro," Bernstein announced to the street, to the crystalline blue sky, to the pastel facades, "Shapiro, you are a good physicist, but you don't know doodly

about Mexico. You wouldn't know paradise if you got there on a pass."

It was easy to take. Almost too easy. Eternal sunlight. Dry, clean air. Neat, attractive houses. Little shops that sold leather goods, tinware and woven objects. And, while not effusive, the Tequitlános were polite, soft-voiced and self-effacing. The 100 Americans who had settled there blended into the village. One saw the gringos in the *jardín* (the main plaza facing the church) shopping in the open market, driving VWs and Toyotas through the immaculate streets.

Maybe, Bernstein thought, it is too neat, too sunny, too civilized. Maybe some of Shapiro's bandits and dysentery were indicated for him to write more. He laughed, pulled his bathrobe around his soft hairy body and relit the pipe. Yes, his writing might suffer. No novel could come out of such placid, orderly surroundings. Even the food (as cooked by their Indian maid, Elvía) was surprisingly bland. Bernstein longed for burning sensations on his tongue, chili peppers that would curl his lank black hair, red-hots that would translate their fire into iron erections and ten-minute orgasms. But Elvía served them overcooked vegetables, meat broiled to a charred chunk, soggy omelets.

Once more, he sat at the typewriter. Immediately, the rooster razored the stillness with its shrilling. Bernstein looked at his wrist watch. It was almost as if the bird were on a schedule, crowing every five, or seven, or ten minutes.

Cu-cu-ru-cuuuuu...

"Shut up, asshole," Bernstein said. He wondered where the noise was coming from. It was pervasive, encompassing, a voice thrown by an avian ventriloquist. Sometimes it sounded as if the bird were in a yard to the rear. Yet when he had looked out from the front balcony, the crowing had seemed to come from the south.

"I said shut up," Bernstein repeated. The rooster ravaged the air four times in succession.

"Señor? You want something?"

Elvía was standing at the head of the stairs. She moved silently, gliding. She would arrive a half hour after Norma had left for school, clean the kitchen, sweep and mop the downstairs, then come up to make the beds and clean the bathroom.

"No, *gracias*, Elvía. I was talking to myself. Writers do that."

The maid did not smile. How much does she understand? wondered Bernstein. The girl was 19, the mother of two bastards by different fathers. Illiterate, black-eyed, tiny, she had been hired by *Señora* Ortega, who knew the girl's aunt.

He could hear Elvía in the bedroom,

(continued on page 166)



THE SINGLES BUSINESS

what makes it the hottest market going? twenty million people without mates—for starters

article By LUCIAN K. TRUSCOTT IV

IT IS SUMMER in New York City and I am down in the pit, right at the very bottom of the Rockefeller Center ice-skating rink. When the weather's not cold, this sunken expanse of concrete is called the Promenade Café. It's 6:30 P.M. The sun has not yet set. They say the sunset over the Palisades across the

Hudson is one of the most beautiful in the world. Sunset-giving smog is New Jersey's gift to the world, at least to that portion of the world above the 20th floor in New York skyscrapers, those privileged few who can actually put an eyeball on the red setting sun.

I have come to the ice-skating rink of Rockefeller Center on this hot, humid

evening to meet some of the people who can see the sunset. In a few moments, they will begin to arrive, hordes of them, and each and every one coming down the steps to the rink will pay five dollars to the rotund, balding man standing to my left. This is the admission price to the Non Joiners Ltd. Club, a contradiction in terms if ever (continued on page 144)



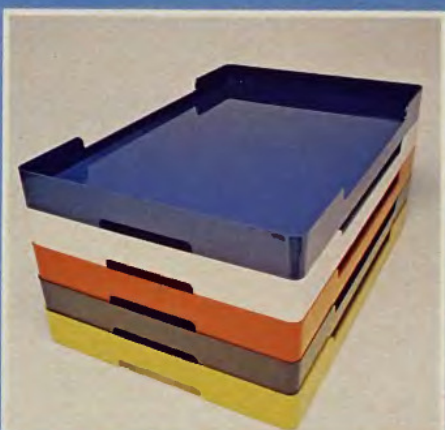
PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS AND GRADS



Above: A man's 12-sided automatic wrist watch in a heavy 18-kt.-gold case with the watch face showing time in Roman numerals, by Baume & Mercier, \$1100, including a lizardskin strap.

Top left: The CQ-1 is a calculator, clock, stop watch and alarm all in one, by Casio, \$49.95. Above: Model SA-9500 II stereo amplifier that features a twin-tone control, two-deck tape-monitoring capacity and an output of 80 continuous watts per channel, by Pioneer, \$450.





Top: Producer Model number-one wood, \$53.75, and number-two iron, \$41.95, that feature super-light Legend shafts, by Ben Hogan, set of four woods, \$215, set of nine irons, \$377.55. Above: Altec's

Model 19 speaker is available in hand-rubbed walnut or oak and has an ultralow-frequency response, \$659 each. Top: Lacoste Eau de Sport soap gives off a clean, outdoor scent, from Jean Patou, \$12 for a box of three. Above: Canon's AE-1 lightweight single-lens reflex camera that weighs 21 ozs. without the 50mm 1.8 lens shown features an electronically controlled shutter with speeds

from 1/1000 to 2 seconds, \$413 with lens; optional Speed Lite flash, also by Canon, \$75. Top: Bill Blass canvas bag with leather trim, from The Luggage Gallery, \$85. Above: A selection of colorful molded-thermoplastic stacking trays that are perfect for buffet dining, drinks, canapés and brunches, etc., by Copco, \$12 each.





Above left: Microvision pocket black-and-white TV with a two-diagonal-inch screen is about the size of a paperback book and weighs only 26 ozs.; it's powered by rechargeable batteries, by Sinclair Radionics, \$395. Above center: Clarion's Model RCJ-003 remote transceiver features one-finger operation that scans channels up and down, big digital readout and an on/off standby switch that lets you listen to AM/FM radio or tape while monitoring C.B.—when C.B. transmission is received, it automatically switches your speakers to C.B., \$229.95 complete. Above right:

A man's bracelet made of sterling silver, 24-kt.-gold vermeil and polished fossilized woolly-mammoth tusks (nope, we're not putting you on), by W. Joyce McTighe, \$120.

PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR

DADS
AND
GRADS

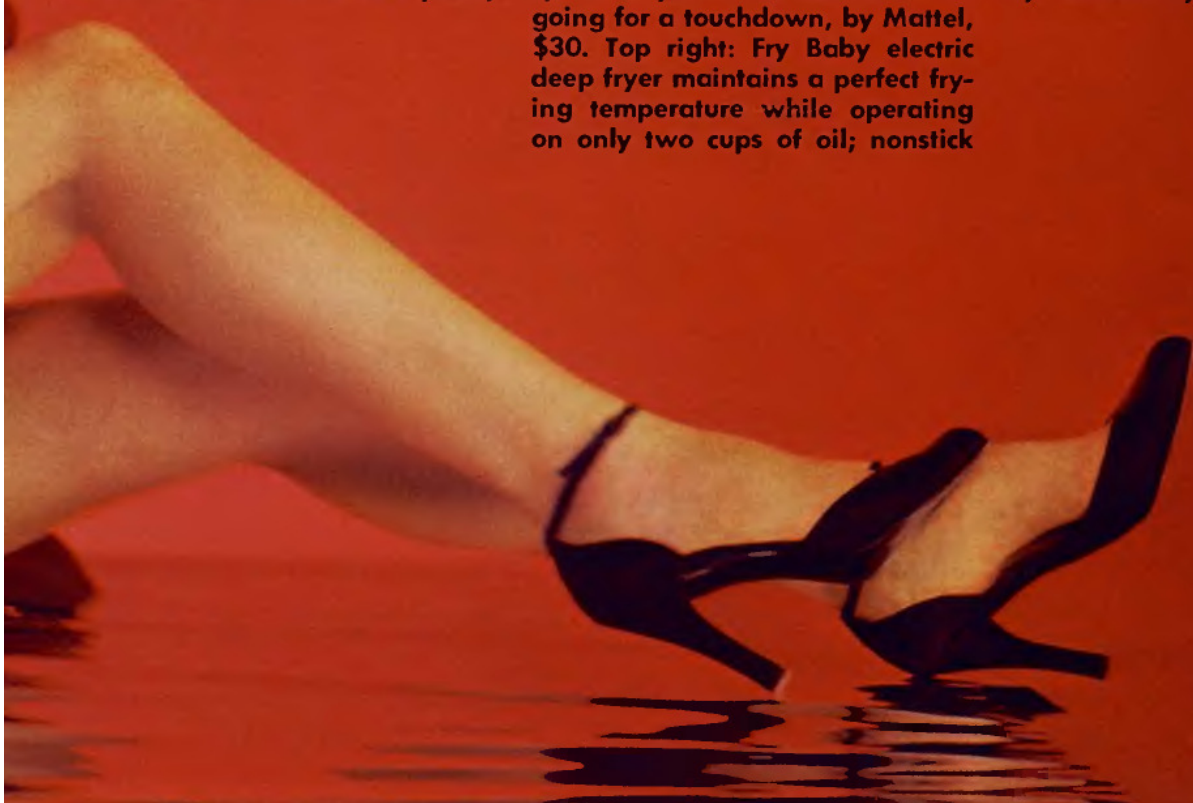




Top: Kenwood's Model KR-9600 AM/FM stereo receiver achieves a performance level that's seldom reached by a single, integrated unit, \$749.95. Above: Model PS-1000 all-in-one compact stereo system plays AM/FM and eight-track tapes; also features an LED electronic alarm clock and plenty

of jacks for optional equipment, by Hanimex, \$129.95. Top: Imported electronic table lighter of heavy gold plate features an invisible ignition button, by Tiffany, about \$250. Above: Pocket-sized electronic football game lets you control the ball carrier's direction and speed as you avoid tacklers while going for a touchdown, by Mattel, \$30. Top right: Fry Baby electric deep fryer maintains a perfect frying temperature while operating on only two cups of oil; nonstick

hard surface inside and out for easy cleaning, by Presto, \$27.95. Above: Model RS-1500US Isolated Loop direct-drive tape deck completely isolates the tape loop from all influences such as take-up and back tension from reels; uses separate servo-controlled D.C. motors, by Technics by Panasonic, \$1500.



SINGLES BUSINESS

(continued from page 139)

"'Loneliness. That's what makes people want to join. . . . This isn't the singles thing. This is loneliness.'"

there were one. For five dollars, each will be given two tickets (good for two rather weak drinks served in tiny glasses) and get the privilege of standing around in the 80-degree, absolutely motionless air of the Promenade Café with the very people with whom he shares the packed elevators.

I've been here only ten minutes and already I have sweated through my shirt, my trousers and my sports coat. The heat, the wet pants, the watered drinks, the ringing, metallic sounds of the *disco* sound system in the corner, blasting Barry White all over the echo-chamber concrete walls of the skating rink—all of it is getting to me. I'm in a weird limbo between panic and despair. Now, if you think this sounds a bit peculiar—maybe even masochistic—then you're with me.

They have begun to descend from the glowing towers, those frenzied folk who ascend each morning to work in offices the size of Madison Square Garden. Ed Helig, the man with the tickets, understands the impulse that moves the skyscraper set almost intact from job to beach town. He has established the Non Joiners Ltd. Club as a kind of watering hole on the way to the weekend. Right now, he is standing at the pay table in the shadow of Prometheus, the massive statue overlooking the entrance to the ice-skating rink. Why, pray tell, will 800 single New Yorkers pack themselves into a quarter of the Promenade Café, a space intended for about half that number, under a wet blanket of August heat, a carpet din of extremely amplified *disco* noise?

Ed, what's going on here?

"Disco. Hear it? Bop-a-da-bop-a-da. Good sounds."

Yeah, I hear it. But what's going on?

"Disco. Put it in a coupla weeks ago. Wanted to get people dancing and moving. It was getting kinda stale, know what I mean?"

Yeah, but. . .

"Non Joiners Limited. . . Hi-ya, dear, glad you could come, good to see ya, come right in, here you are, these are good for two drinks at the bar, right over there. . . It's my bottom club. My feeder club. We're gonna do about seven, eight hundred people tonight. . . Hi, sweetie, sign the list, that's right, now the little card, that's a girl. . . It's a good club, a good operation. Takes a lotta time, but we're getting people from the offices around here, a good crowd. A *class*

crowd, if you know what I mean. I started Non Joiners as a kinda mass-appeal thing. We're getting the people who would hit the bars tonight, but this is closer, we're hauling them in right after work, before they have a chance to change their minds. And it's outdoors. They like the music. They like the lifestyle. Our crowd won't feel the pressure they feel in a singles bar. They just go out there and get into it and do what they want to do."

Did I get you right? You said this is your feeder club?

"That's right. . . Hey, watch it there, pal, pay the girl, that's it, give the man his tickets, honey, OK. . . The whole operation is based on my Edwardian Club concept. It's called social affinity. We've picked thirty-five tonight."

Thirty-five?

"Yeah. Thirty-five guys and chicks. Total. We're looking for background, looks, class. Good breeding, in other words. A guy who leads with his mentality, not his penis. A woman on her way up. They'll be invited to the Edwardian Club later this week. Now, you see this girl coming in? We'll give her an invitation [*whispers to assistant*]. We're unique. We're matchmakers, but we try to do it with honesty and integrity."

How do you mean?

"Measure it out this way: You're a single guy. Where would you go? From Princeton to Greenwich, Connecticut, if somebody could put two hundred people in a room on your wave length, *that's* where you'd go. That's the Edwardian Club concept. Non Joiners is just a feeder to the higher club. A supplier. The Edwardian Club is my main focus. . . Hi, honey, good to see you again, will you be coming next week? Good, good. Can you bring a friend? Sure, but check with me at the door, will you, dear? OK, have a good time. . . What were you saying?"

Social affinity. What does that mean?

"Social affinity. OK. This is if you take a hundred guys and a hundred women and you put them in a room, you hope they'll all walk out as couples, right?"

Right.

"We're putting two hundred in an East Side bar every other week now, but in a coupla weeks, we're gonna be going to the Belvedere Suite of the Rainbow Room on the sixty-fourth floor of the RCA building. You should see it. It's a beautiful spot. Right up there in the

clouds. We get good people at the Edwardian Club. It's like . . . like a *privilege* to be asked to join. A promotion from the lower level. And we're starting a new club in the fall. We're skimming the cream off the Edwardian Club, the people we started with, the charter members, plus five people from each of the thirty-five nights of Non Joiners, until we get three hundred people. Then we'll really have something. I haven't decided what I'm gonna call it yet, but *that's* social affinity for you. It's a constant process of skimming, a real headache, let me tell you, skimming, skimming, all the time skimming, looking for the cream."

All 800 of them must be here by now. The place is jam-packed, a fetid sweat hole of bodies, jockeying, strutting in funky finery. The social affinity seems to be working. Over in the corner, near the *disco* console, is Tanna. Tanna is an aspiring actress, 25, tall, slender, attractive in a prefaded denim pants suit. There seem to be a lot of prefaded denim pants suits here. Tanna was born in Brooklyn, raised on Long Island, "finished" at Pleasantville High School in Westchester County, the wealthy area north of the city. Tanna, what's the scene?

"For a social atmosphere, this is it for me. I think I've finally found it. This is like . . . like Le Jardin, the *disco*, only better. I feel like I'm on a huge yacht or something, with decks and stars and music and people, and we're all on a great cruise, a cruise to nowhere. I come every week. It makes you feel like you're going to fall in love."

Ed, what do you think makes people want to join your clubs, aside from the dancing and drinking? They can get that, anyway, without joining, in a singles bar.

"Loneliness. Loneliness. That's what makes people want to join. They like the sense of *belonging* to something. My clubs are a refuge. This isn't the singles thing. This is loneliness. I guess you could say I'm in the loneliness business." (Since our visit, the Edwardian Club has been sold to Zane Gordon, who operates it with 500-600 attending and also a new organization called the Regents Club.)

Denver. I'll call my new-found friend Skeeter. His real name isn't important. He has changed it three times in the past few years. "Taxes," he explains with a grin ear to ear. I met him last November, in the high Colorado plains town, though by now he's probably gone. He moves around like other people change clothes. "Vibes," says Skeeter. He hangs out in a singles bar, one of the biggest in Denver, a giant cavern of a place on the near southeast side of town known as The Lift. It has three floors and will hold 700 throbbing

(continued on page 188)



"It obviously wasn't his hair you should have cut off."



LAST YEAR, the body in the body politic belonged to November's Playmate/cover girl Patti McGuire. PLAYBOY's editors voted her the outstanding candidate of the year and, indeed, one of the most beautiful ladies ever to grace our magazine. And that opinion was also held by our regular readers—men of taste, one and all—and by the teeming multitudes who picked up PLAYBOY for the first time, curious about that interview with the gentleman from Georgia. And Patti may have changed the course of history. Seems that the former President decided to use the November cover as a symbol of what the opposition stood for; the rest, as they say, is history.



If Ford had had a better idea, he would have enlisted Patti—for one thing, she would have helped carry the C.B. vote. When we finally caught up with our Playmate of the Year, she was fresh off her own campaign trail. For a few months, she had been visiting college campuses, car shows, a C.B. and trucker jamboree in Ohio—you name it—as a roving ambassador for PLAYBOY. She's learned to sympathize with politicians. "I was in Miami when it snowed. I was at the University of Ohio when it was ten below, signing autographs on a porch near a beer wagon. I don't know whether it was me or the beer, but there were (text concluded on page 220)

Playmate of the Year

it turned out that there were two big winners in our november issue—jimmy carter and patti mc guire

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

"Being named Playmate of the Year has its rewards: a kiss from Hef and a Dodge Midnight Charger from PLAYBOY."



"PLAYBOY wanted to use some pictures from my scrapbook for a you-must-have-been-a-beautiful-baby-'cause-baby-look-at-you-now layout. That's me on the left."





"The nicest response to the November pictorial came from C.B.-radio freaks. I've received postcards from all over the country. Guys sent their handles—Mad Dog, Texas Turkey—and said, 'Give a call when you're passing through.' I like that."





"There've been a few other changes in my life. I've decided to move to California. The cold wave that hit St. Louis last winter was too much for this frail bod. I want to be where the sun is. I found a neat guesthouse on an estate complete with a pool. The price is right and I can't resist."

"I'll be living alone for the first time in my life, but that's OK. I was an only child until I was 12, so I know how to entertain myself. That's me, age three, smoking a corncob."





"For the Playmate of the Year shooting, Pompeo Posar, the photographer, and I went down to Cabo San Lucas, at the tip of the Baja. We stayed in a friendly hotel called the Finisterra. Every morning, a boat would drop us off at a deserted beach and we'd take pictures. It was beautiful. I've never seen such wildlife. One pelican spent the whole day watching me take my clothes off."



"My family used to go to Fort Lauderdale. This picture shows me when I was about seven. I'd rent a raft or go to the Everglades and watch Indians wrestle alligators."







"Cabo San Lucas is a place for lovers and honeymooners. I'd like to go back with my guy or maybe a group of friends. Spend the day in the sun sipping Mexican wine. Snorkeling. Getting tan. I've been spoiled. I went naked for a week down there. It's going to be hard back in the States tying and untying a bikini top. I'd rather go bareass."

"I had this dog named Jacques when I was 12 years old. I just bought a baby Yorkshire terrier to keep me company in L.A. His name is Shamus."





"I may be moving to California, but I want to report that I still don't have stars in my eyes. I'm not an aspiring actress. Being chosen Playmate of the Year is an honor. Sort of like the night I was elected home-coming queen at Hazelwood High. I've got to get back to work. I'll be taking courses at UCLA, modeling and playing backgammon at Hef's. It should be fun."





"Wanna buy some dope?"

further definitions

from 1811 *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, compiled by Captain Grose, London

Ribald Classic



BARGAIN

ANGLING FOR FARTHING. Begging out of a prison window with a cap or box let down at the end of a long string.

BALUM RANCUM. A hop or dance where the women are all prostitutes. The company dance in their birthday suits.

BARGAIN. To sell a bargain: A species of wit much in vogue at the end of the reign of Queen Anne. Dean Swift says that the maids of honor often amused themselves with it. In answer to the question What? by the buyer, the seller names his or her hinder parts. To wit: A lady would come into a room, crying out in apparent fright, "It is white and it follows me!" When one of the company asked What?, she sold him the bargain by replying, "Mine a-se."

BEDMAKER. A woman employed at Cambridge to wait on students, sweep their rooms, etc. They are generally blest with pretty daughters who unmake the beds as fast as their mothers make them.

BELLY PLEA. The plea of pregnancy, generally adduced by female felons capitally convicted. They take care to provide for this previous to their trials by means of a child getter—there is one in every gaol—who thus qualifies the ladies to procure a respite.

BEVER. An afternoon's luncheon; also, a fine hat, beaver's fur making fine hats.

BLOWEN. A mistress or whore of a gentleman of the scamp. The blowen kidded the swell into a snoozing ken and shook him of his dummee and thimble: The girl inveigled the gentleman into a brothel and stole his pocketbook and watch.

BUTTERED BUN. A man lying with a woman who has just lain with another man is said to have found a buttered bun.

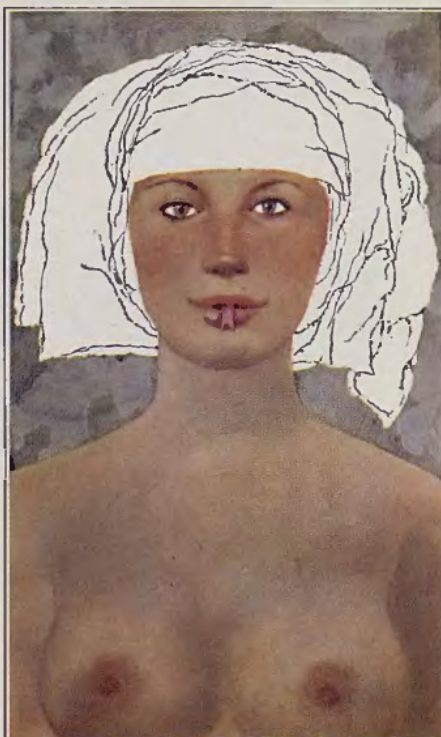
CORPORAL. To mount a corporal and four: to be guilty of onanism. The thumb is the corporal, the four fingers the privates.

COW. To sleep like a cow, with an a-se at one's a-se; said of married men, who are supposed to sleep with their backs to their wives, viz.:

*All you that in your beds do lie
Turn to your wives and occupy
And when that you have done your
best,
Turn a-se to a-se and take your
rest.*

HAT. Old hat: a woman's privities, because frequently felt.

HORNFAIR. At Charlton in Kent on Saint Luke's Day, the 18th of October, a riotous crowd meets at Cuckold's Point and marches through Greenwich to Charlton, with horns on their heads. At the fair is sold every sort of horn and even the gingerbread figures have horns. The vulgar tradition has it that the fair originated when King John, out hunting from the palace of Eltham, rambled to the hamlet of Charlton, entered a cottage and, being struck with the beauty of the mistress, prevailed upon her modesty. Her husband, returning suddenly, surprised them naked and threatened to kill them. Whereupon, the King was obliged to discover himself and to offer the ownership of the hamlet, a purse of gold and a grant of land from there to Cuckold's Point. A sermon is



RIBALDRY



BEVER

preached at Charlton church on the fair day.

PLASTER OF WARM GUTS. One warm belly clapped to another; a receipt frequently prescribed for different disorders.

RIBALDRY. Vulgar, abusive language, such as was spoken by ribalds. Ribalds were originally mercenary soldiers who traveled about serving any master for pay, but afterward they degenerated into mere *banditti*.

SH-T-NG THROUGH THE TEETH. Hark ye, friend, have you got a padlock on your a-se that you sh-t through your teeth? Vulgar address to one vomiting.

SHORT-HEELED WENCH. A girl apt to fall on her back.

SOOTERKIN. A joke upon the Dutch women, supposing that, by their constant use of stoves, which they place under their petticoats, they breed a kind of small animal in their bodies. It is called a sooterkinn and, when matured to the size of a mouse, it slips out.

twiss. (*Irish*) A jordan or *pot de chambre*. A Mr. Richard Twiss having, in his *Travels*, written a very unfavorable description of the Irish character, the inhabitants of Dublin, by way of revenge, thought it proper to christen this utensil by his name—suffice it to say that the baptismal rites were not wanting for the ceremony. This epigram was made:

*Perish the country! Yet, my name
Shall ne'er in story be forgot.
But still, the more increase in fame,
The more the country goes to pot.*



THE EMPIRE IS CRUMBLING, the pound is slipping and Twiggy is positively zaftig, but one thing will never change—the British knack with a picnic. Conceivably, the outing in the country has its genesis in the plowman's lunch, hearty victuals packed for field hands who worked too far from the manor to return for their midday repast. But it wasn't until the early 19th Century, when a group of London bucks formed the Picnic Society, that the word picnic came into fashion.

British picnics come in all sizes and prices. For some, the only way is to park the Bentley outside Fortnum's or Harrods long enough for the chauffeur to fetch a yard of smoked salmon, a bucket of Iranian caviar and magnums of chilled Moët or Grand Siècle—the bare necessities. Then it's off to Glyndebourne, Ascot, Epsom (if it's Derby day) and other centers of prestigious alfresco dining.

Unlike the barbecue, the luau or the *fête champêtre*, traditional English picnic fare is a cold collation. Mr. Pepys wanted no more than "some bottles of wine and beer and some cold fowl," but the gamut runs through game pies, York ham, Cornish pasties, potted shrimps or lobster, smoked fish, bangers and Coleman's mustard, chicken, partridge, pheasant, wild duck, Scotch eggs, pickled eggs and pickled walnuts to stilton, cheddar and cheshire cheeses nibbled with Jacob's water biscuits or whole-meal rolls and crisp Cox's orange pippins. And if there's a finer dessert than fresh strawberries from a local farm, heaped with

A Proper Picnic

FOOD AND DRINK

By Emanuel Greenberg

Devonshire cream, the English don't care to know about it.

A fitted wicker picnic basket is a stalwart companion any time you make for a day in the meadow; but when you're dining outdoors à la Blighty, it's a must. You'll also want a lightweight insulated chest to transport perishables and a vacuum bottle or two for iced drinks. Champagne, beer and white wine require icing if you're traveling any distance. One needn't risk the heirloom crystal, but handsome china, silverware and serving pieces are customary—and any decent bubbly deserves a slender flute or tulip



ENGLAND'S LOYAL SONS AND DAUGHTERS STILL



BELIEVE THAT DINING ALFRESCO DOESN'T MEAN ABANDONING THE AMENITIES

champagne glass. There's no better table than a damask cloth spread *sur l'herbe*. Before battening down, check off the don't-forgets: salt, pepper, can opener, bottle opener, corkscrew, ice cubes, paring knife, bread knife, plastic bags for refuse, catsup, mustard, chutney—whatever condiments are called for. And do heed John Milton's admonition: "Accuse not Nature, she hath don her part; Do thou but thine."

VEGETABLE NIBBLES, SAVORY DIP

Tiny baby Brussels sprouts, young asparagus tips, young green beans, cherry tomatoes, celery sticks, radishes, young scallions, zucchini strips, thinly sliced white turnip, cucumber sticks, cauliflower and broccoli florets.

Trim and clean vegetables. Cut into bite-size pieces where necessary. Pack in plastic bags and keep chilled.

SAVORY DIP

- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1/2 cup yoghurt
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- 1 tablespoon minced dill
- 1 teaspoon oregano
- 1 oz. blue cheese, crumbled
- Salt, pepper, to taste

Combine sour cream and yoghurt in bowl. Crush garlic in press and add to bowl, along with other ingredients. Mix and chill. Serve with vegetable nibbles.

CORNISH PASTIES

- 1 package piecrust mix
- 3/4 lb. top round steak, pounded thin and minced
- 1 cup diced raw potato (small dice)
- 1/2 medium onion, finely chopped
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1/8 teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
- 1 egg beaten with 1 tablespoon water

Prepare piecrust according to package directions. Chill. Combine meat, potato, onion, seasonings and parsley. Roll out piecrust and cut into six rounds, each about 6-in. diameter (use saucer or small plate as cutting guide). Put generous portion of meat mixture on half of each round. Brush edge of round with beaten egg, fold pastry over and press edges together to seal. Cut small opening in top crust and brush surface with beaten egg. Bake in preheated 400° F. oven for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 350° F. and bake 30 minutes more.

SCOTCH EGGS

- 6 hard-cooked eggs, chilled and shelled
- 1 lb. sausage meat
- Flour
- 1 large egg, lightly beaten
- Dry bread crumbs
- Oil or shortening

Grab handful of sausage meat and pat thin. Roll around an egg, sealing tightly. Dust with flour, dip in beaten egg and roll in crumbs. Repeat with all eggs, then chill so breading sets. Fry in hot deep fat, about 385° F., until sausage is browned and cooked through. Serve with mustard and gherkins.

ROUND TABLE SALAD

- 2 cups diced, cooked turkey
- 1 cup diced smoked tongue
- 1/2 cup diced smoked ham
- 3-4 tablespoons vinaigrette dressing
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 1/2 cup water chestnuts, thinly sliced
- 1/2 cup pitted ripe olives, sliced
- 1/2 cup celery, thinly sliced
- 3 tablespoons minced parsley
- Salt, pepper, to taste
- 1 cup mayonnaise, approximately
- Tomatoes, grapes

Toss turkey, tongue and ham with vinaigrette, to moisten. Fold in eggs, water chestnuts, olives, celery and parsley. Add 3 or 4 healthy grinds black pepper. Pack into plastic containers and keep cool. Blend with mayonnaise before serving. Add salt, if necessary. Garnish plates with tomato quarters and small bunches of grapes.

POTTED SHRIMPS

- 1 lb. cooked shrimps, peeled and deveined
- 1/2 lb. butter
- 2 dashes Tabasco, or to taste
- 1/8 teaspoon garlic powder
- 1/8 teaspoon mace
- Salt, to taste
- Lemon, optional

The tiny, tender West Coast bay shrimps are best; otherwise, use smallest size available. If shrimps are really tiny, leave them whole; if not, put through medium blade of food grinder. Melt butter in skillet. Add shrimps, Tabasco, garlic powder, mace and salt. Bring to simmer, but do not boil. Taste, remembering that seasoning will be muted when cold. Lift shrimps into small crocks or ramekins, sprinkle lightly with lemon, if you like. Heat butter until it foams and skim. Pour over shrimps, so that all pieces are covered. When cool, seal tightly with plastic wrap or foil. Will keep at least one week in refrigerator. Serve with thinly sliced black bread and crisp radishes.

POTTED CHEESE

- 1 lb. aged cheddar
 - 1/2 teaspoon curry powder
 - 1/4 cup chopped chives
 - 1 tablespoon Pommery mustard
 - 1 oz. cognac
 - 2 tablespoons butter, softened
- Grate cheese. Toss with curry powder and chives. Blend gradually with mustard, cognac and butter. Stir until

smooth and spreadable, adding more butter, mustard or a little cream, if necessary. Pack into crocks or ramekins. Seal tightly with plastic wrap or foil. Store in refrigerator. Bring to room temperature before serving—with whole-meal rolls, French bread or plain crackers.

STRAWBERRIES "DEVONSHIRE"

- 1 pint small ripe strawberries, washed and hulled
- 1/3 cup strawberry liqueur
- 4-oz. container whipped cream cheese
- 2/3 cup heavy cream
- Brown sugar

Sprinkle strawberries with liqueur. Chill. Stir cream cheese to soften. Gradually beat in cream until smooth. To serve, spoon "Devonshire" cream over berries. Sprinkle lightly with brown sugar, as desired.

HOCK CUP

- 1 bottle fruity white wine
- 12 ozs. Amontillado sherry
- 1 bottle (28 ozs.) club soda
- Lemons
- Cucumber

This is best made at the picnic site. The wines and soda should be chilled. Combine in pitcher, adding soda last. Garnish each serving with thin slice lemon and slice cucumber.

CLARET CUP

- 1 bottle dry red wine
- Juice of 1 lemon
- Juice of 2 oranges
- 4 ozs. ruby port
- 2 ozs. brandy
- Sugar, to taste
- Club soda, chilled
- Lemons, oranges, sliced

Wine and soda should be chilled. Combine first 5 ingredients. Taste. Add sugar. To serve, pour over ice in glass or cup. Top with splash of soda. Stir. Garnish with slice each lemon and orange.

BALAKLAVA CHARGE

- 1 oz. Pimm's
- 1/2 oz. vodka
- 3 ozs. Schweppes Bitter Lemon
- Slice lime, sprig mint

Over ice in 8-oz. highball glass, pour Pimm's and vodka; stir. Add bitter lemon, stir once. Garnish with lime slice and mint sprig.

No proper British picnic begins without a choice of beverages. Champagne is traditional, but a good *vin mousseux* or a California sparkler may seem more appropriate to the bucolic surroundings. Among the old reliables, there're the Hock Cup, Claret Cup, Pimm's and pink gin, plus beer, ale, hard cider and spiked lemonade. Ah, the British; when they plan a picnic—it's a picnic.





"Go ahead, Sweetie—show him what you've got that he hasn't got."



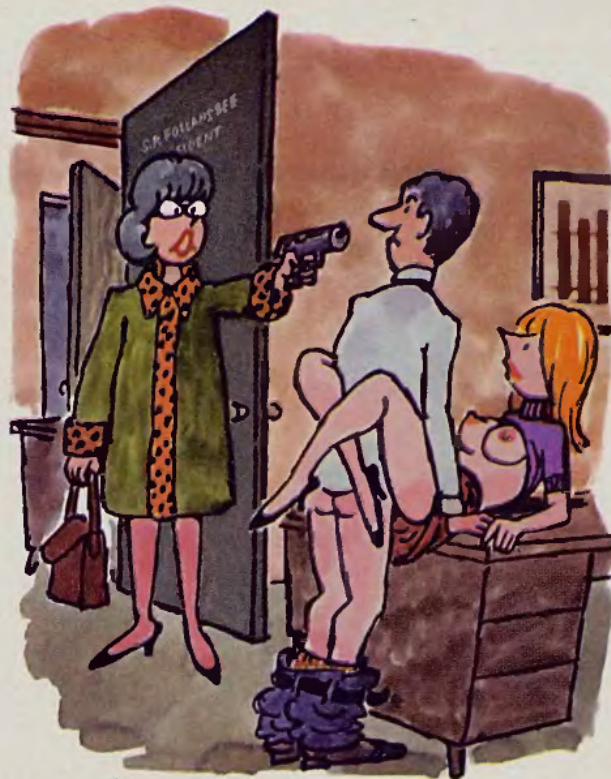
"Maxwell! You got it up?"



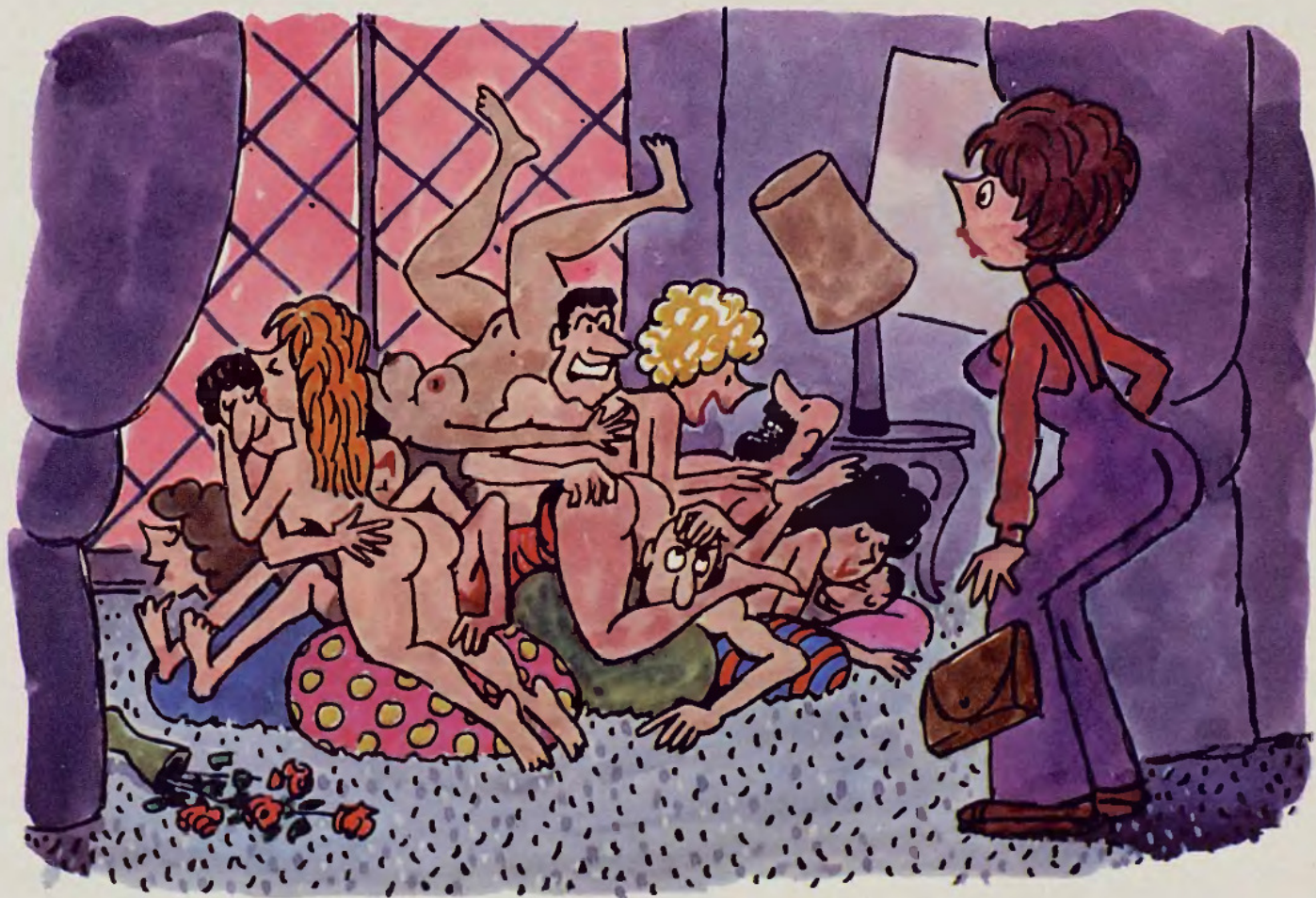
"Wow! Am I ever the last to know!"



"Hey! Last Thursday on the Johnny Carson show—right?"



"It's later than you think, Stanley Pottzman Follansbee. You haven't got time for a quickie."



"Just hop on, Marsha. I'll explain later."

"As Bernstein's hand found her crotch (encased in cotton underpants), the rooster let out a blood-jelling shriek."

shuffling about in worn shoes. Bernstein made three more false starts on his writing. He cocooned himself in pipe smoke.

Soon Elvia emerged from the bedroom and, as if providing a leitmotiv to her entrance, the rooster crowed. This time it sounded subdued, discreet.

Bernstein took off his thick eyeglasses and stared pensively at the slender girl. "Elvia," he said. His voice clotted. "Come here."

"Sí, señor."

She came to the table and stood as if at attention, mop in hand. Wet streaks formed on the slate floor. Bernstein studied the solemn brown face. She was not a beauty, but her skin was like fine beige leather. The slanted eyes were midnight black, the teeth dazzling white, like an alabaster necklace. She wore a short scarlet dress and purple knee socks. Her gleaming black hair was parted in the middle. A single thick braid, like a mule skinner's whip, depended down her back.

"Elvia..."

"Sí, señor? You wish more coffee?"

"I wish..."

Gargling faintly, Bernstein put one hand under the scarlet skirt. She did not move. She remained at semiaattention, her tiny brown hands locked on the mop.

"Elvia... I... you..."

Bernstein stroked the satiny flesh—outside of thigh, inside. As his shivering hand found her crotch (encased in rough cotton underpants), the rooster let out a blood-jelling shriek of such violence as to rattle the windowpanes.

Cu-cu-ru-cuuuuu...

The writer drew his hand from the wiry hairs, removed it from the red skirt. Throughout, the Indian girl had remained immobile. Her flinty eyes were focused into the garden—unfeeling, non-reactive.

"Elvia... could you... inside...?"

"Señor, I need shoes. I need a hundred pesos for shoes. It is not good that someone who has such poor shoes work for such rich people."

Before she finished talking, Bernstein had peeled a 100-peso note from the roll he carried in his bathrobe pocket. He shoved it into her hand. She smiled. The teeth blinded Bernstein.

When she went downstairs to the kitchen to start the *comida*, Bernstein locked himself in the bathroom and masturbated furiously into a wad of Kleenex. As he

exploded and gouts of milky stuff trickled to his guilty fingers, the rooster screamed.

In the evening, after a stroll around the *jardín* and the streets of little shops, a pause to purchase fresh rolls and ripe melons, the Bernsteins would return to the pink house and light the fire. Then they would read or try to catch a ghostly American radio station for news. Sometimes they played Scrabble or gin rummy.

Bernstein told Norma about the money he had given Elvia for shoes.

Norma shrugged. "It can't do any harm. Eight dollars. We pay her twelve a week, and *Señora Ortega* says that's too much."

"I thought I'd let you know. They say once you spoil them, there's no end to it. She's OK, but that's the last time she hits me up for money."

Norma touched his hand. "Alvin, I have a confession to make. I gave her a hundred pesos for clothing for her children. I couldn't help it."

Both laughed, then kissed.

"Boy, are we ever a pair of bleeding-heart liberals," Bernstein said. Guilt over his wandering right hand, the probing of Elvia's thighs washed away. The maid was part of the scene—sunburned, impoverished, fascinating in her tawny way. He would not touch her again. He would give her no more money. He would treat her with that cruel indifference in which Mexican men excelled.

"The book goes well, Alvin?"

"Badly. It's the only aspect of our life here that I find unrewarding."

"So?" Norma asked. "Maybe you weren't meant to write fiction. Alvin, you wrote two meaningful books on sociology. Maybe that's your bag. Forget the novel. Why not make tapes of village life, that kind of thing?"

"Oscar Lewis did it already. There isn't much new on Mexican villages." Bernstein put a log on the fire, reflecting that his heating bill for the winter would come to \$3.20 with his next purchase of wood. In New Rochelle, his tenant would be lucky to get through the winter for less than \$200 a month for fuel oil.

"We could go back early," Norma said.

"No, I love it here. Well, I like it." He pushed cinders and ashes under the crackling sticks. "It's *too* good is the real problem. Too civilized. Clean, orderly, quiet. Those wonderful Indians. The sun. A cloud now and then would be a help. Day after day, bright-blue skies, hot sun, dry air, peace and quiet."

She snuggled close. They wore bulky knitted sweaters against the evening cold, slept in sweat suits and ski caps. "The writing'll come, Alvin. I have faith. What a dope I was, raising that fuss about bandits and scorpions and cholera. It's safer than New Rochelle."

"But not conducive to creative work. Utopia isn't the best climate for art."

Distant crowing filtered through the locked windows. The rooster sounded worn out, wearied by its incessant screaming.

In gratitude for the shoes, Elvia invited the Bernsteins to her home, to meet her children and other members of the family.

The house, or complex of houses, was not more than a quarter of a mile from the street on which the Bernsteins lived. But because of the hilly, ridged terrain, it might have been five miles away. Bernstein and his wife trudged up sloping streets, past shuttered windows, alleys strewn with donkey turds, packs of pariah dogs and an occasional beggar, to a high, ruinous wall. Two doorways had been cut into the crumbling façade.

Within, three crude houses surrounded a filthy court in which chickens, pigs, dogs and cats scratched and squabbled. A half-dozen seminaked children played amid the shards and dirt. They were of varying ages and sizes. All had the same black piercing eyes as Elvia.

The maid came out of one of the houses. She smiled, baring the teeth that had so inflamed Bernstein. She wore a pair of gleaming black-leather pumps with brass buckles.

"Not very sensible," Norma said. "She threw the money away. Alvin, wouldn't you think she'd have gotten loafers or work shoes?"

"Be tolerant, Norma. It's one of her few pleasures."

Several women emerged. Two were sisters, two were cousins, one an aunt. They were all small and brown. Bernstein wondered where the men were. Father? Brothers? Uncles? Were either of the fathers of her children in residence? He did not ask. Elvia was busy showing off her two small sons. They seemed to Bernstein to be sluggish, mild children.

"Will they go to school?" Norma asked in hesitant Spanish.

"If we have the money," Elvia said. "It takes much money."

"Oh, we can help," Bernstein blurted. "I mean later, when they grow up. If it isn't too much."

Norma darted a warning glance at him.

The sons, one two years old and the other three—my God, Bernstein thought, she had the first kid when she was 16!—

(continued on page 221)

ILIE THE TERRIBLE

personality By MIKE LUPICA

*the master of touch tennis
swings at linesmen,
swears at photographers
and gives the crowds
a balkan peace sign*



DOMINIQUE NASTASE, one of the world's most beautiful women, has turned away from the tennis court at Forest Hills where her husband, Ilie, is playing Hans-Jürgen Pohmann. She lowers her sunglasses over her eyes but still looks away from the court.

"Oh, no," she says. "He is starting, isn't he, Meetch?"

"The crowd has been getting on him very bad; he is mad," says Mircea "Meetch" Oprea, Ilie Nastase's best friend and advisor, who is sitting beside Dominique.

"I think he is losing control."

"Trouble," says Dominique, shaking her head. "Trouble, trouble."

On the court, a Pohmann backhand lands close to the line, but Nastase does not attempt to play it, thinking it is out. Linesman Jerry Manhold calls the ball good. Nastase cannot believe it. He is holding his head and screaming in Romanian.

"It is a good thing no one here understands

Romanian," whispers Meetch.

"Ilie, forget it, forget it; just play." Dominique is talking to herself. She looks back at the court and watches her husband very closely. This is the "trouble" she is worrying about.

"Is so much out! Is so much out!" Nastase shouts at the linesman now, in English. He walks toward him, hands upraised and shaking with anger. "Ball is so much *ouuuuut*! Come look at the mark and see."

Manhold just stands there, arms folded across his blue blazer, watching this storm move toward him. He will not go out and look at the mark on the clay; he just shakes his head. "The ball was good, Ilie," he says calmly.

"It is happening, isn't it, Meetch?" Dominique asks in a quiet voice. She used to bite her fingernails during Ilie's matches; now her hands shake noticeably as she lights a cigarette. "It is going to be bad, isn't it? He's not going to stop."

Meetch does not say anything, just watches his friend. He and Dominique have seen all of this before. Nastase is too close to the linesman now, maybe two feet away.

"Son of a bitch! Son of a bitch!" Nastase is nose to nose with the man. Manhold has not moved. "Son-of-a-bitch ball is so much out is funny. Why not come out and look at the mark for me? Do me this favor, please."

"Nikki?" Meetch speaks to Dominique, whose eyes are not moving from the scene taking place 20 feet from her box seat near the court. "Do you want to stay here, Nikki?"

The linesman goes out, inspects the mark. He does not change the call. The point is still Pohmann's. Nastase grabs his head, dropping his racket, and looks to the sky.

"Fucking ball is out!" He looks over to where his wife and his friend are sitting. They both stare at him, waiting. Around them in the stadium at Forest Hills' West Side Tennis Club, people are, on their feet, screaming wildly at Nastase. It is tennis at the Roman Colosseum.

"A bullfight crowd," Marty Riessen called it.

"Is a cheat!" Nastase yells over to Meetch and Dominique.

"Meetch, I am going," Dominique says. "I cannot stand to watch him do this to himself." She walks from their seats, then up through a photographers' box and away from the stadium. Oprea says.

Nastase won the match. But before it was over, he gave a vintage performance, even for him. He swore at spectators, at the linesmen, at Pohmann. He spit at Pohmann when the match was over and swung his racket at the umpire. A doctor was allowed to treat Pohmann's leg cramps before the match ended—a violation of the rules—and this led to an ugly

scene in the locker room between the two men.

Nastase pushed the little West German. Pohmann started yelping about a lawsuit and told Nastase to "Fuck yourself and go back to Romania."

Nastase called Pohmann a "Nazi son of a bitch" and "Hitler."

Just another placid day in the life of Ilie Nastase.

A week later, Nastase has played himself into the semifinals of the U. S. Open, having beaten Dick Stockton in the quarters. I am sitting with Meetch, Ion Tiriac and Nastase's older brother Constantine in the players' tent at the West Side Tennis Club, waiting for Nastase to join us for lunch.

Tiriac lights a cigarette. He is the 38-year-old Romanian player/coach who taught Nastase the game.

"The man is not my best friend," he says, "but it kills me to watch the way they want to hang him." Tiriac has just informed us that Nastase has been fined and temporarily suspended for his actions against Pohmann but that Ilie must not know until he loses.

"If they fine me, they should also fine the umpire, the tournament referee and maybe crowd, too," Nastase said angrily after the Pohmann match.

Nastase had not yet spoken with the press at the Open, but since we are both juvenile delinquents loose in the tennis world, he talked with me. No matter how bad he is on the court, Nastase can come up and sit next to me in the stands afterward, say "Hello, dear" in a falsetto fag voice, and we both laugh. It is hard for me to stay mad at Nastase.

When Nastase showers after the Stockton match and comes to the players' tent, he is in a playful mood. It is a warm, clear day at Forest Hills, and Nastase's long black hair is still wet; no hair driers for him, he likes to let it dry in the sun.

Nastase serves himself a plate of roast beef and salad and joins us. He seems far from the controversy that has surrounded him during the tournament. He jokes with Constantine and Meetch. He proudly shows off a new pair of European-made shoes and cuddles a young Romanian player named Virginia Ruzici, who blushes at his affections. Nastase in these moments is a lovable imp, his unkempt hair and puckish smile making him look much younger than his 30 years. He is the person his wife calls "the good Ilie."

"People do not know me so well," he says. "They wonder why I am acting crazy against a guy like Pohmann. Is because no one will give me one hundred percent chance. I am villain. So is OK for them to make noises when I try to hit a first serve. Is OK for them to call

me bum and yell 'Foot fault.' But is difficult to play when there are fifteen thousand people against you on every point. Sure, I am no angel, but the people provoke me so much. If I am insulted, why cannot I insult back? Is wrong? Don't I have right?"

There has always been some question of rights where Nastase is concerned. He is a mad artist on the court whose behavior knows no bounds of taste. There are no rules for him. All it takes is one bad call against him. Then all is fair for Nastase. He sees nothing wrong in retaliating with a tantrum. If he should go too far, he shrugs it off afterward, as if to say, "I did not start it."

"Sometimes I cannot help myself," Nastase says in his defense. "I am showman, entertainer. I do not know why I do what I do sometimes, but to *not* act up is not my way, not my type of person."

A couple of years ago, at a tournament in Washington, D.C., one linesman kept foot-faulting Nastase during a match against Cliff Richey. Professional tennis players consider this a piddling call, one that a linesman will use as an annoyance more than anything else. Ilie finally could take no more. After another foot fault, he took off one tennis shoe and kicked it at the man.

"Put your shoe back on this *minute*, Mr. Nastase," the umpire said like a scolding father.

Nastase turned around and looked at the umpire. He put his hand over his mouth and giggled. "But he is wanting to have my shoe all day," he said.

Opponent Richey began to pace and growl at his end of the court. The crowd was in hysterics.

"Mr. Nastase," the umpire said, "you are delaying play, and if you don't stop it, I'm going to default you." Nastase went over to retrieve his shoe and began chatting with spectators and photographers. One photographer asked him to pose with the offending linesman and Nastase obliged. Then Nastase took a few pictures of his own. Richey left the court with his rackets but then returned.

"Mr. Nastase," the umpire growled. Nastase turned and gave him a full grin. "If you don't serve in fifteen seconds, the match will belong to Mr. Richey."

The umpire began to count down from 15. Nastase continued to chat with the fans. When the umpire got to five, Ilie began to walk slowly back to the service line. It was too late. He was defaulted.

An hour later, he joined me in the stands to watch another match. He was acting just like a grammar school prankster who'd stayed after school that day but had no intention of repenting for his sins.

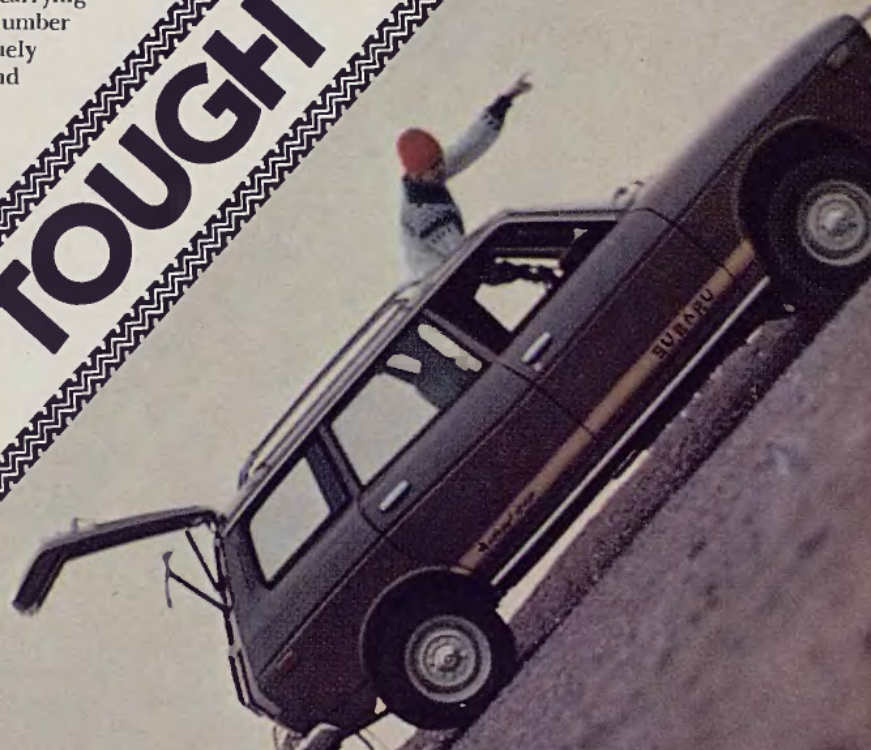
"Is great," he sighed. "Everyone will be
(continued on page 247)

modern living **By BROCK YATES**

CALL IT the most unexpected twist in American automotive enthusiasm since the country went cuckoo for go-carts, but the fact remains that this nation's good burghers—known far and wide for their fierce loyalty to vehicular plushness and comfort—have gone bananas for trucks. Yep, trucks. Everything from 18-wheel, twin-stack, 13-speed diesel KWs and Peterbilts (which they do not drive) to endless legions of pickups and other utility vehicles of all shapes and sizes (which they *do* drive, in stupefying numbers everywhere, from *fiestas* to funerals, from grocery stores to grand opera). Nobody has quite figured out why all this is happening. Surely, some of the phenomenon is related to the entire leisure-time expansion in America—pickups and other recreation vehicles are well suited to all sorts of weekend utility, from hauling or carrying various camper units to trucking motorcycles and lumber for the do-it-yourselfer. But there is more to it, vaguely related to America's shift toward the heartland and the hoary traditions of down home, as interpreted by such latter-day balladeers as Willie Nelson, Charlie Daniels and, in a broader sense, the country boy from the fleshpots of Texas, John Denver. What all this means is as yet unclear, but there is little mistaking the fact that the

Remember the kids' story about *The Little Engine That Could*? Here's its automotive counterpart—the four-wheel-drive Subaru station wagon. Pick a slope, flip into four-wheel drive and up you go. Base price: about \$4200.

TOUGH WHEELS



SURE, THOSE GLITZY, SIX-INCHES-OFF-THE-GROUND, EINSPRITZED, SUPERLEGGERA'D SPORTS JOBBIES LOOK SEXY PULLED UP AT A STOP LIGHT. BUT WHAT IF YOU NEED A MACHINE TO REALLY DO SOMETHING?



corn-pone nostalgia craze has set hundreds of thousands of Americans loose on the highways in trucks and fantasy tough-guy vehicles of all types. From Sunset Boulevard to Fifth Avenue, one can witness the amazing sight of otherwise sane adults who have forsaken their Buick Electra 225s, with the quadraphonic sound and the tilt-and-telescope steering wheels and the crushed-velour upholstery, lumping along in short-bed pickup trucks and towering four-wheel-drive behemoths that look as if they ought to be hauling pipe on the North Slope. What in hell is going on here?

"It's a weird thing with me and my pickup," says a young Upstate New York banking executive. "For years, I was into sports cars—MGs and Porsches—but I had this buddy who had an old International pickup that he used for everything. It was his sports car, only the thing could actually be used in dozens of situations where I wouldn't dare take my (text continued on page 196)

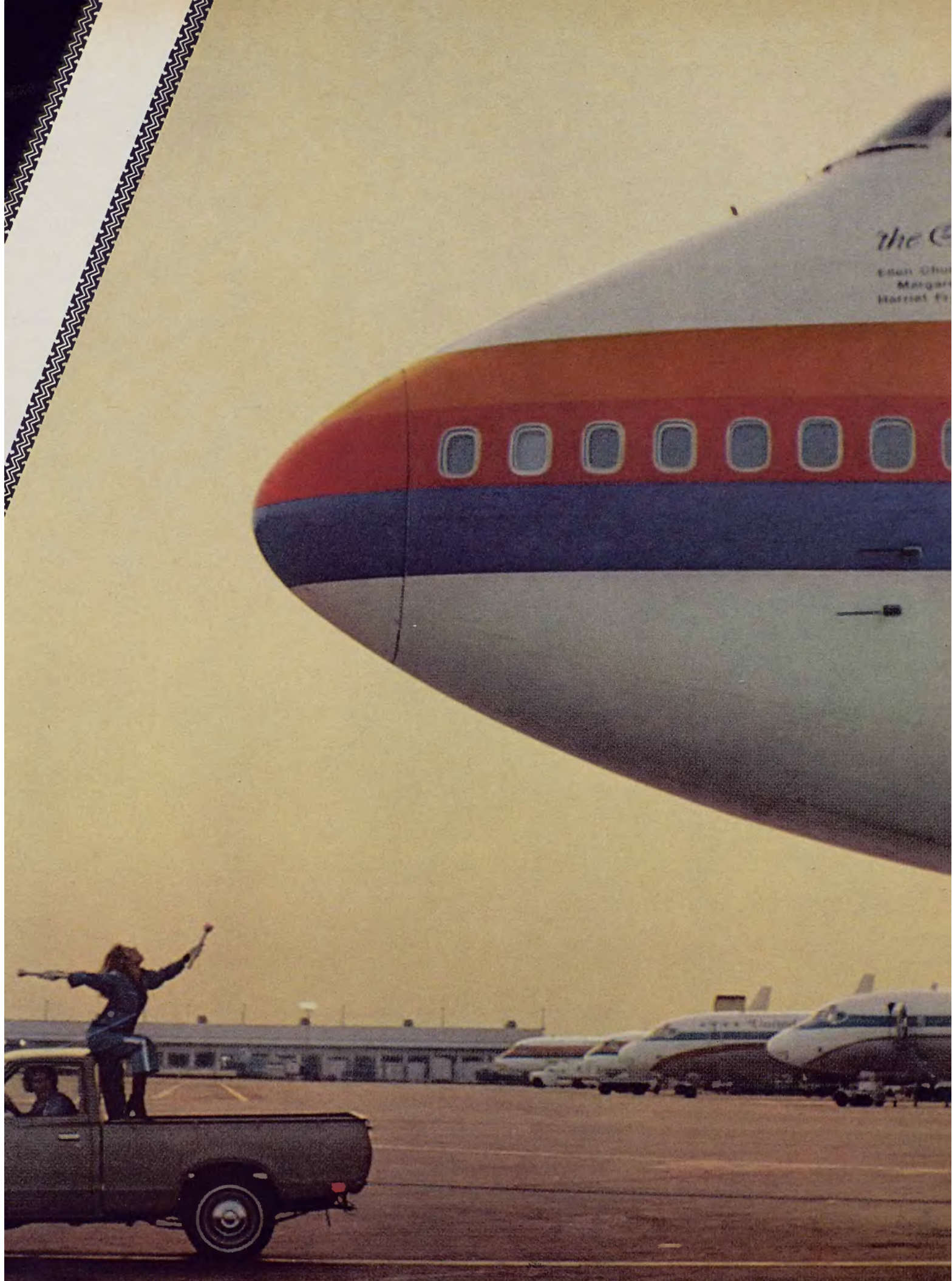
Left: Here, three intrepid explorers go ape in Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo. Their long-wheelbased Jeep CJ-7 that's equipped with a limited-edition Golden Eagle package (special high-gloss paint, striping, Levi's interior and top, spoked steel wheels and more), plus power steering, power brakes, air conditioning, automatic transmission and a powerhouse V8 will set you back about 7500 bananas. Left, below: The 1977 Chevy Blazer will get up and go just about any place you point it—even to the John G. Shedd Aquarium. Under its hood, there's a 400-cu.-in. V8 in tandem with three-speed automatic and full-time four-wheel drive. Pile on additional goodies, such as special paint and wheels, grille guard, rooftop carrier, auxiliary lights—the option route goes on forever—and you'll have about \$10,200 worth of machine. Below: You'll love it at a Levitz' Furniture store—or anywhere else you take Dodge's new personalized pickup, the Warlock. Why the name? Well, climb behind its sport steering wheel, punch the throttle and discover how it can make traffic disappear faster than you can say Beelzebub. And if you're heading off-road, the Warlock comes with four- as well as two-wheel drive and a variety of engines up to a killer 440 cu. in. The price: about \$7000, depending on how many slick tricks you want it to perform.

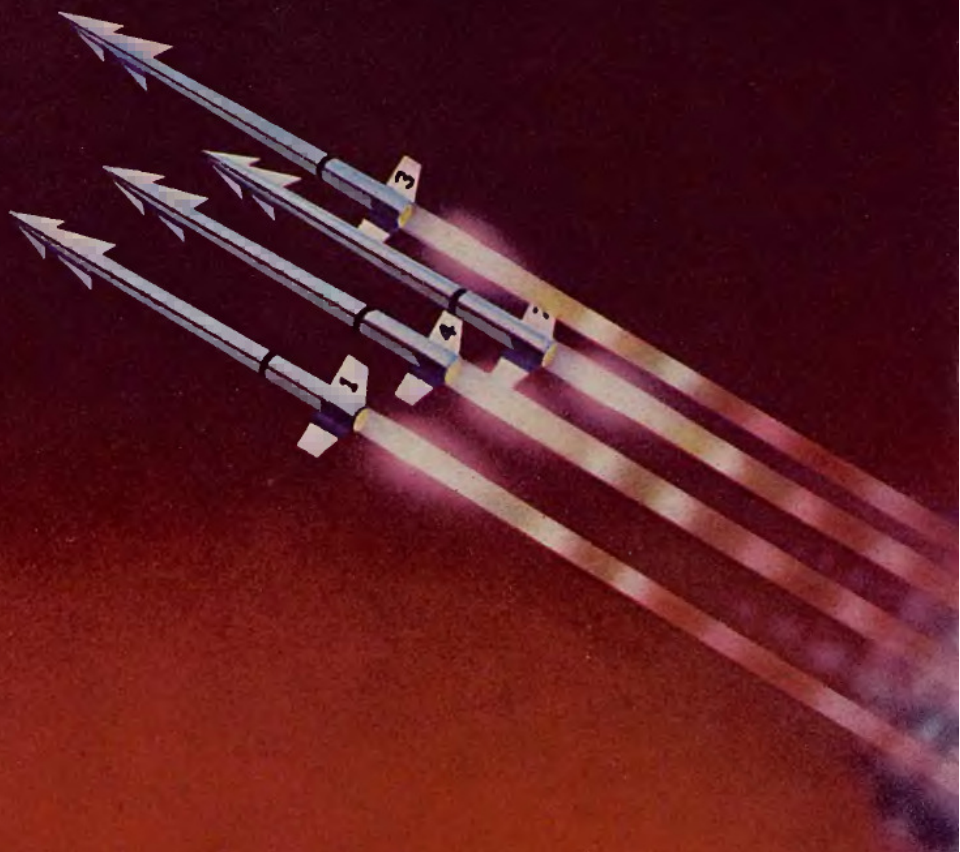




Above: The Series E-150 Ford van with a 138-inch wheelbase ain't no fish story. Tucked under its hood is a 351-cu.-in. V8 engine and, inside, the living is mighty easy, because the engine is under the hood and not stuffed into the passengers' compartment. Thus, you get maximum interior space as well as increased crash protection. Add some options such as darkened Privacy Glass and you've got yourself a living room on wheels. Not bad for about \$7025. Right: The Datsun Lil' Hustler is at it again—outdistancing the big boys with its 100-inch wheelbase and peppy four-speed trans. (Three-speed automatic and five-speed manual are optional.) If the 100-inch cramps your style, there's also the "stretch" bed 110-inch and a King Cab model that has about 11 cubic feet of storage space behind the seats (room enough for golf bags). The Lil' Hustler base price? Under \$4000.







THE MANY DR. STRANGELOVES

brzezinski has the job right now, but he is interchangeable with other old world intellectuals who talk with accents and plan for doomsday

article **By THOMAS GORDON PLATE**

THE REMOVAL of Dr. Henry Kissinger from constant media attention has not proved as traumatic to *Dr. Strangelove* addicts like myself as I feared. Even with the help of an entirely new act in Washington to laugh at—and the break-the-news-gently understanding as far back as November 1976 that the good German doctor would have to clean out his desk in the office of Secretary of State—it could have been a real tough slice of cold turkey. After all, with Dr. Kissinger around, I did not need to rely entirely on those

terribly infrequent two-in-the-morning television reruns of Stanley Kubrick's cinematic masterpiece. With Kissinger almost always on the tube, I had the real thing.

Now, I find out, I really shouldn't worry. In the academic and foundation worlds, Henry Kissingers, it seems, are a dime a dozen. There are plenty of windup Strangeloves out there, holding their breath in anticipation. The sad truth is that Kissinger was not unique, after all; there are enough reasonable facsimiles lying around to fill up a war room. Most of them

ILLUSTRATION BY WAYNE MCLOUGHLIN



come complete with a splendidly mysterious foreign accent and a certificate of naturalization. Kissinger, astonishingly, is not by a long shot the only individual out there who can offer a taste of the Old World charm and menace and a few unreadable books on foreign policy (or on an even more arcane specialty).

There is, indeed, a Strangelove class, but it surfaces cautiously, like a U-boat in hostile waters. Its style, enchantingly secretive and stiff, is to stay submerged, in as murky and deep water as possible. Like their Mafia counterparts, these *Herren Doktoren* consider it bad for business to pop up every other night on the tube (overexposure might erode the novelty of the act). Remember Joe Colombo? The Mob leader who organized the irritatingly visible Italian-American Civil Rights League and had to be severely dealt with when he would not cool it at the request of organized crime's national commission? Well, Kissinger was actually the Joe Colombo of the Strangelove mob—except his act was so good that even President Carter, it seems, still gets a laugh out of it.

Membership in the Strangelove elite is by mutual recognition. But there are definite requirements. You must be a mad scientist, political or physical, with some serious-minded academic specialty. Nuclear chemistry, particle physics or strategic theory, for instance, will do nicely. And though one highly regarded member of the Strangelove elite lists Bayonne, New Jersey, as his birthplace, it helps to have been born in a foreign country. But a foreign language and accent that, no matter how long you've been in the States, you somehow just can't lose are actually less important than the ability to think in foreign terms, either in the language of some European country or in some arcane intellectual language.

One absolute necessity is to have thought a great deal about war, especially nuclear war, and, if you have not actually helped build a nuclear weapon, to have proposed ways for its use (or for the use of some other monstrous weapon). Surprisingly enough, however, you do not have to be a cardboard hawk to be in. Dr. Strangelove himself, after all, understood that the Doomsday Machine was designed only to usher in an era of eternal peace. This often-forgotten paradox leads to a final, glittering iridescence: Each member of this special breed goes out of his way to put intellectual distance between himself and his Strangelove colleagues. Like theologians arguing about the number of angels that can fit on the head of a pin, our high-class hustlers create mountains out of molehills to blur the forest from the trees. You must always remember that, while separate and distinct entities, these distinguished characters form a class of

ambitious intellectual entrepreneurs running the same horse race. The difference in the positions they take often is exaggerated so they do not seem interchangeable; they know all too well the penalty of history for duplication. Taken together, they are living proof that a long name, a foreign accent and some really strange ideas can take you far in this world.

DR. TECHNETRONIC

For the moment, the most eye-catching in the Strangelove elite is Zbigniew Brzezinski, whom President Carter named head of the National Security Council, just as Nixon did Kissinger eight years before. Brzezinski is very much like Kissinger, though not nearly as subtle. The son of a Polish diplomat who fled to Canada in the wake of the Communist take-over of Poland, Zbig, as his friends affectionately refer to him, became one of us in 1958 at the age of 30. In 1968, he violated one of the significant canons in the Strangelove code of ethics: He spoke out on an issue of domestic policy, thereby letting the cat out of the bag. The issue under discussion was the student rebellion at Columbia University, where he was the resident Kremlin expert. In *The New Republic*, of all places, Zbig implicitly railed against "concessionism" and stated flatly that the leaders of the movement were "historical irrelevants" who would have no role to play in the future. As Arthur P. Mendel, a distinguished professor of Russian history, later wrote, the good Polish doctor's reference to students as historical irrelevants smacked of the kind of thinking used to justify the bloodshed and terror of the Stalinist regime. However, Brzezinski is a member of the NAACP. His peers wonder if this isn't all too transparent.

Zbig's favorite topic is the coming "technetronic society," in which, evidently, there will be no room made for upstarts who disagree with him. Aside from this, no one seems to know exactly what a technetronic society is. Some think it may mean a lot of color TVs, cable movies and stereos. (The Pentagon, naturally, is thinking more along the lines of a computerized battlefield.) Zbig, you should note, has made a big point of disagreeing with Kissinger's *détente* posture toward the Russians, but there is less here than meets the eye. Zbig's own sense of the coming technetronic society implies that we are *all* plugged in to the same toaster, anyway.

DR. FOOLPROOF

Until recently, Dr. Fred Charles Iklé (pronounced ee-clay) was the director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, where his job was to harden

the agency's "soft" image. Nevertheless, his appointment by Richard Nixon in 1973 still causes endless mirth among his peers, surprised but amused that a pyromaniac would be made head of a fire department.

Dr. Iklé was born in Samaden, Switzerland, in 1924, and still cultivates a palpable accent. A slender man of average height but unusual, towering visions, Iklé has toiled in the fields of Harvard, MIT and the Rand Corporation and, like Kissinger and Brzezinski, has written a number of semicomprehensible books, of which *The Social Impact of Bomb Destruction* is the best as far as plot is concerned. Iklé's trick is to assume sane-sounding positions on nuclear warfare that on closer inspection turn out to be textbook Strangelove. The current system of nuclear deterrence, he points out, "rests on a form of warfare universally condemned since the Dark Ages—the mass killing of hostages." He wants to replace it with a more "foolproof one." Iklé's solution is to retarget U.S. rockets at Russian military installations, but this is what students of strategic theory otherwise refer to as a first-strike posture. The one hitch in the proposal, therefore, is that once we've emptied our missile silos by hitting the Russians, they will be tempted to lob back not at empty silos but, rather, at our packed cities. So back to the drawing board, Dr. Iklé. (See Dr. Eugene Paul Wigner's solution, below.)

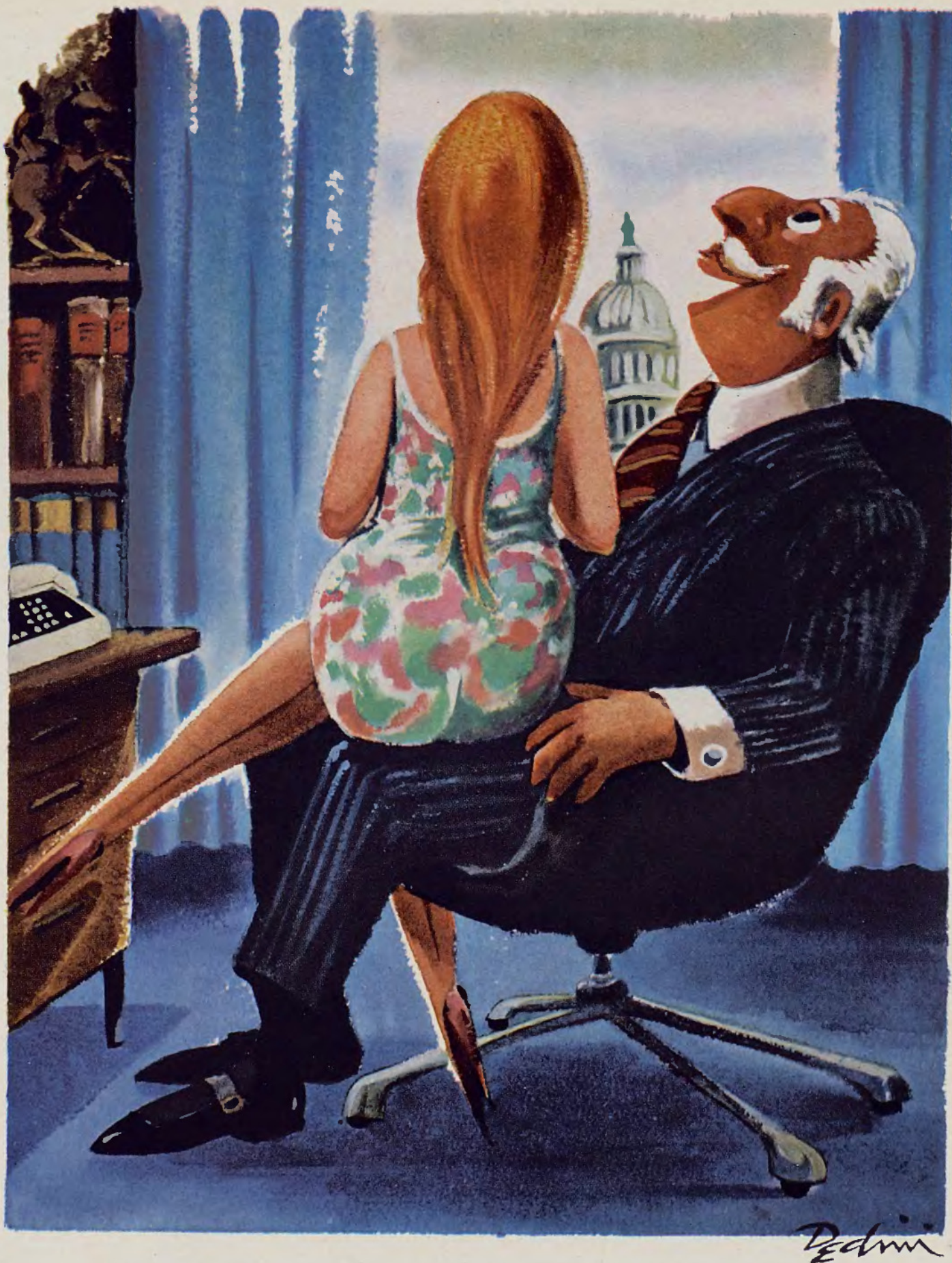
The good Swiss doctor writes that "over 20 years ago, we lost comprehension—in emotive and human terms—of the reality of nuclear weapons." But the next statement illustrates vividly the Strangelovian tendency toward startling leaps into excess, like a paraplegic jump from a wheelchair: "Because the United States is both an open society and also the foremost nuclear nation, we alone can communicate these realities to the world at large." Iklé accordingly reminds us and anyone who might dare disagree with him that the medium is the message: "We have to keep in mind that the usability of nuclear arms is built into them. Indeed, as we all know, nuclear weapons are carefully designed and primed for ready use."

Iklé's positions sometimes seem exaggerated, as if to suggest they are markedly distinguishable from those of other Strangeloves. While this is true in a certain unimportant sense, the exaggeration is more a product of the need for positioning than of any substantive need. In truth, with Iklé, the only thing that is really different is that the accent is Swiss.

DR. WAR

Dr. Robert Strausz-Hupé, born in Vienna, came to the New World in 1923 and was naturalized in 1938 (are all these

(continued on page 236)



"OK, that's it—find somebody who can type it up."

CHEATING



memoir **By WILLIAM ROY SMITH** making it with your wife's best friend is a fine art that cuts both ways—the confessions of an honest adulterer

I AM AGHAST IN ECSTASY. Outside, a mountain bird slides up and down its effortless scales, then, satisfied, gives it up and there is silence except for the slurping noise of her lips on my cock. The fear of waking her two small daughters, asleep in the same bed, who would find their mother's head being pressed (however tenderly) close to my groin, of my wife's wandering sleepily toward the bathroom outside the cabin and being treated to the sight of my leisurely pumping hips, the sound of her friend's contented murmurs—it is enough to unman Priapus.

But it doesn't. We go at it until I feel myself explode in a silent orgasm. We kiss, I pull my pants up from around my feet, we part. The children's loud breathing hasn't missed a beat, my wife may perhaps have moaned her passage through a dark dream of jealousy, but it was only a dream and she, too, sleeps. Once again, I have done the dance of secret sex and escaped—safe except for the long, uneasy wondering at the power exercised by my demon of the gonads.

I wonder: Is it possible to nourish an honest, loving and enduring relationship with Jan (who happens, happily, to be my wife) and somehow to do something with those stirrings that keep my prick wigwagging like a semaphore of the groin? Abstractly, I'd have contempt for a weak-willed man accepting a blow job from another woman in the same room with her children. A stiff prick has no conscience—nor does a well-oiled cunt—but there are limits. Yet I did it; when she reached for me in that moon-struck cabin, no consideration on earth would have kept my trousers from dropping.

It is a hurting struggle to balance commitment to a mate with sexual openness. My friends—especially the ones from New York—say “Cheat.” And they give me the bleary, weary smile earmarked for childish provincials who think that either fidelity or honesty are real-world possibilities. My feminist friends backhand the man's pain—loving one woman, burning for others—and accuse me of begging for that well-beaten dead horse, the double standard. Susan says: “Men! When you're not whinnying about your conquests, you're whining about your pain! Well, what about Jan? Do you want her to sleep around?”

Hardly. My vision of happiness does not include my wife as the belle of the orgy. Even so, there is in my heart



a reservoir that wishes for her the pleasures I find myself seeking and, once in a while, finding in sex with others. Sexual pleasures nourish me, their memories warm me. My teeth are getting longer; age is no illusion! It is happening to me! Still, I remember a green-eyed woman who looked up as I was fucking her and said, "You have the body of a Greek god." We had been hitting the wine ferociously, the girl was kind, the compliment was a cliché—still, the memory is good. Her words remain after the taste and the smell of her have dissipated and, in a mild and silent way, I hope that Jan has similar good sex to help carry her through the snoring, scratching, farting, belching, yawning mess that marriage insists on being on the bad days.

But I don't desire a double standard. What I would like is for us to be able to sleep with others and not tear ourselves apart because of it. We've experimented some with it, with dubious results. Now, this may be soporific stuff to those of you who have screwed one-legged teenage midget nymphos in the laundromat. I read your magazine-column letters, your psalms of lust without consequences. I salute you who can handle twosomes and threesomes, who can take on entire sweating, humping armies. With such casualness! But I have never met one of you, you rascals. I *have* met couples who have tried an open-bed policy. And I have met a corresponding number of lawyers and therapists who wing their winter's way to sun-stormed islands on the wages of failed sexual openness.

I even know couples who have pledged themselves to perfect fidelity and who seem to handle it with none of the clumsy waltzing Jan and I do. My friend Alicia says, "Oh, Alex wasn't jealous when I was in California on that trip with Jeffrey. We just don't sleep with anybody else." What a sweet, simple statement: We just don't sleep with anybody else. It doesn't rain frogs, either, but sometimes the creatures come tumbling from the sky anyway. Sometimes men and women stray. Sometimes I get hot for somebody else. Alicia and Alex are content, they say, but that sort of sexual placidity eludes my dopey groin.

I burn for other women, and yet I despise falling into that most dreary of sexual clichés, "the cheating husband." On the contrary, I am beguiled by the phrase "a faithful husband." What a nice thing to be. The phrase has for me the sweetness of water for the Bedouin. One doesn't hear much about faithful husbands these days. Nor about unicorns or carrier pigeons. And, bless them, there are no faithful husbands in this story, which is a true one.

Teresa's legs opened to me courtesy of *Rolling Stone*, and my affair with her provided Jan and me with that happiest of occasions: a crisis during which we acted decently toward all. Teresa was green-eyed, with a wicked,

The Beach Boys have the best



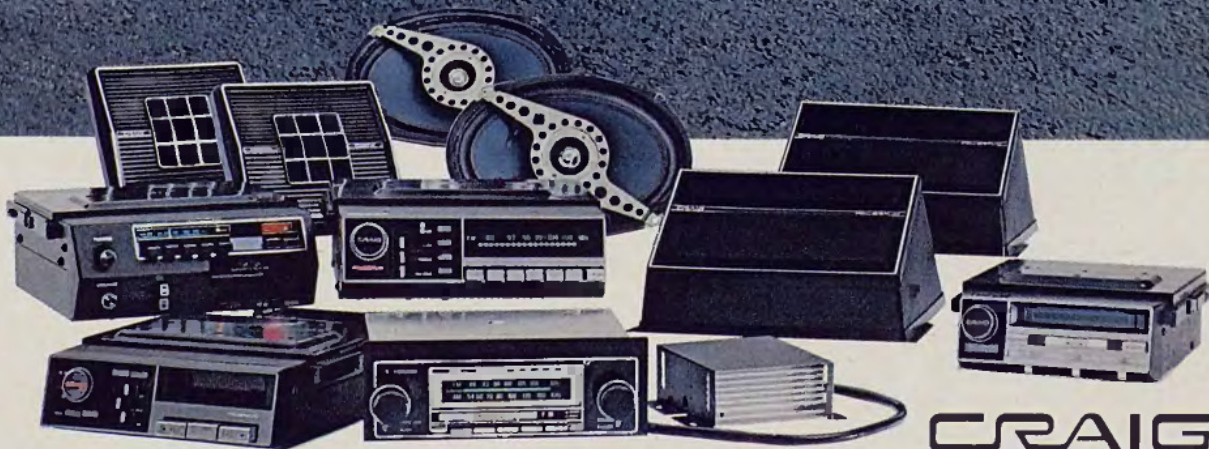
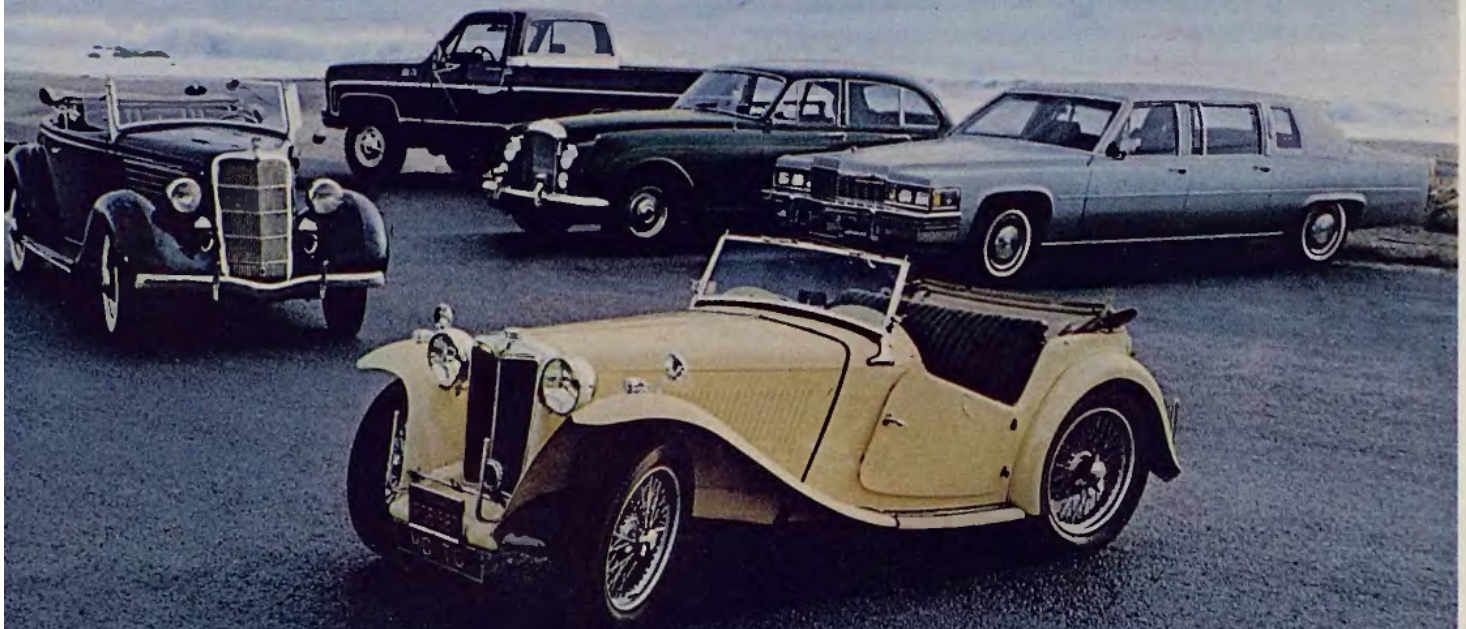
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humorous twist to her lips and the high-breasted, round-butted body of a dancer. We'd known each other for years and in our town's queer scheme of things, there was enough panache to being published in *Rolling Stone* that I was in her bed within days of my article's appearance. Her sex life was vastly more entertaining than my own. "Mark likes to tie me to the bed and then fuck me three or four times. We go to a lot of orgies, but it's not as much fun as it used to be." She mentioned a local restaurateur's name and said that he sometimes gave her and her husband 50 bucks to watch them fuck. This storm of sex deposited no orgasms with Teresa; there was a certain air of work as I humped away long afternoons while she reminisced about an Arab lover she had left in Cairo.

I was cheating on Jan—we were in our fourth year of living together; two years later, we married—and Teresa and Mark were sexual blabbermouths; soon, my fear of getting caught and of possible retaliation by Jan convinced me I should tell her before someone else did.

So I confessed. Jan was superb! Hurt, jealous, worried, but understanding. "Are you in love with her?" No. "Do you want to keep seeing her?" Well, yes. "If you want to, I don't want to stop you. I just hope you won't hide things from me." Jan was decency incarnate.

Perfect, admirable candor was wrapped around our affair, and it was dull. Teresa and I coupled a few more times, then parted in wry friendship. During all this, Jan was superbly restrained, never once whacking me with a verbal rolling pin. She did have a date while on a visit to her Florida home and when I asked her

what had happened, she replied, "Nothing—we kissed some, but he was too skinny. Turned me off."

Her canonization became complete then. If she didn't make it with somebody else after me and Teresa, then her desires must be on a superior plane foreign to mine. So I thought.

Already, I have gotten myself drunk in the purposeful way of the married man who is hot for another woman. If, I think, Jan would pack it in and go to sleep (and only sexual dread could keep her up this late), I could see what would happen with Jennifer. Jennifer's young man has long since gone to bed with a tits-and-ass magazine. My ginnish, woozy state is necessary for me to make the first light touch, let the first prompting, hot word come from my cautious mouth.

Jennifer. Jan's best friend since they roomed together at college, is a blue-eyed blonde bombshell with lovely, luxuriantly haired legs. She is 26, the same age as Jan, and possesses many of the entitlements of American life: an active, strong intelligence, money enough for options, looks that conform to a male vision of beauty. She chafes at the accident of genes that made her a cliché in men's eyes. Jennifer has chased orgasms for years with little success until recently. The hunt has taken her and her fellow, Ted, through individual and group therapy, sexual-vulnerability clinics, until, finally, she has cornered the elusive Big O through use of an inexpensive little machine of which I make a mental note for Jan. "I'm really getting into sex these days, and it feels great," says Jennifer. I can feel it: I've experienced some pants-busting vibrations from her this weekend.

I really do want my wife to leave me alone with Jennifer. Finally, Jan concedes and walks tiredly back to our bedroom. Little do I know that Jennifer is afraid of being alone with me. "I was so turned on to Bill," she will tell my wife later. "I didn't trust myself to be with him." Everyone fears me. I am a terror.

Jennifer rises to go to bed; I follow her. Sniff, sniff! Bitch in heat I am. I have to see What Will Happen. A little touch Between Friends, and aren't men supposed to become more Up Front with their Feelings, easier about Touching? Words are available for these urges, you know. In the kitchen, we fence a little with our good nights and I wrap my ambivalent arms around Jennifer. As we kiss, I hope that my wife is sound asleep.

The kiss is shot through with lust and fear—the wired tension of the married man who can't make up his mind. There is a certain amount of tongue dancing, my hands skate around her back and ass, my telltale cock rises sleepily and dutifully. As I think of Ted alone in the back room, my desire is hotted knowing that Jennifer is just opening up sexually.

But when she signals a halt, I'm glad. We return to our mates and I congratulate myself, a little prematurely, on my iron will power for not having made a *real* pass at my wife's friend.

I went to Jan's jewelry shop the next morning and found her alone and silent, frowning, haloed by an excluding silence. I asked why and was genuinely puzzled when she said:

"You know."

"No, I don't."

"That hot kiss with Jennifer last night."

She had seen us reflected in the god-damned kitchen window. Oh, good Christ! Then I caught myself and remembered that not even a nervous wife could see inside our mouths to gauge the tongue action, nor into my fantasies.

"That wasn't a hot kiss. I kissed her good night. Big deal."

"It looked hot to me."

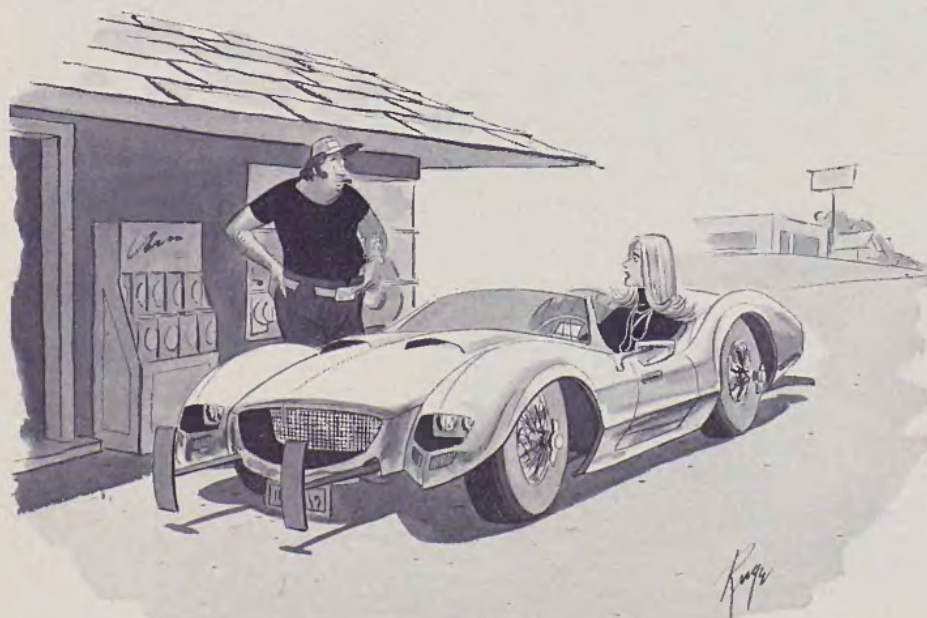
I tried some selective truth-telling. "Well, I am attracted to Jennifer. You know that. But we didn't do anything."

"Well, she told me this morning that she's got the hots for you. She says she's afraid she'll make a pass at you if you're alone together."

Unfolding bliss and terror! How sexy to know that this great-looking and intelligent—I was just realizing *how* intelligent—woman is lusting after my body. How detumescent, though, to get the news from my wife and have to control my drooling.

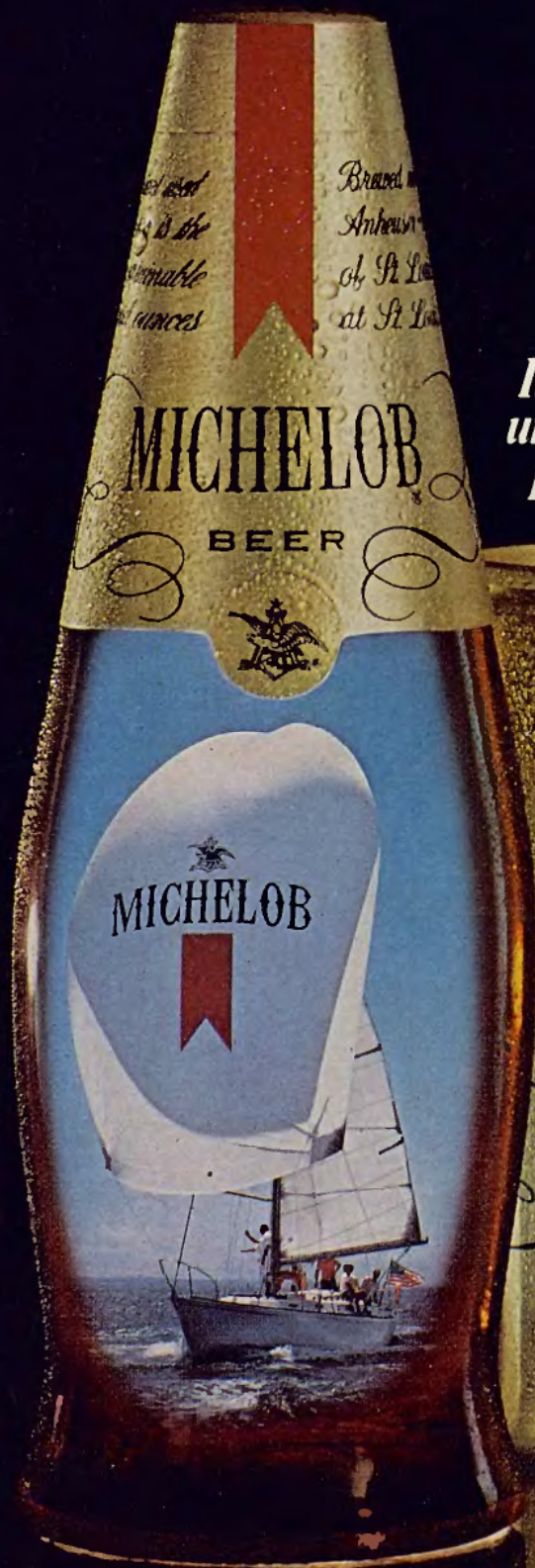
Jan continued, "I thought last night that you wanted me to go to bed so you could screw her."

A sudden depression swaddled me. We fell into a long silence. A glum one. No



"Hey, Slim—where does a Ms. go to get laid around here?"

*Weekends
were made
for Michelob.*



*It's an
unexpected
pleasure.*



customers came into the shop, the air conditioner cleared its throat. We were afraid to look into each other's eyes for help or truth. When Jan finally spoke in a get-it-all-out-fast voice, she changed the way I see the world. She began:

"I haven't always been faithful to you. There was this time. . . ."

She had always demonstrated an eerie faithfulness to ruttish Bill, a flawless adhering to me for which I admired her, not understanding. I longed for a similar spirit to come over me. I loved her for her patience with my wanderings. I resented the advantage she had over me. I congratulated fate on the quirky humor of hooking up a man with no capacity for fidelity with a faithful woman. It was a phenomenon, Jan was a phenomenon.

But now she began to tell me about her turn and, as she spoke, a queer flash of nostalgia ripped through me: I wanted to be a child again, rather than an adult in a world where the people you love do the things she was telling me about.

You were out of town. You'd gone to your mother's and you'd left me in the hotel because we were between apartments. I was angry about being left, and I also wanted to see what it felt like.

I was walking down the street downtown and this guy with a nice-looking body said something to me. Something like, "You're a fine-lookin' momma." I went up to him and asked if he wanted to come to my hotel room later. At first, he thought I was kidding, but I said no, I really wanted to fuck him. I gave him my room number and went on back.

As soon as he came into the room, he ran into the bathroom and took the quickest shower I've ever seen. Then he came out naked. He grabbed me without even letting me take my dress off—I was wearing the long blue one with red buttons—and he pushed it up around my waist, put it in and began fucking me.

His cock was very big. Very thick, the thickest I've had. I tried to suck it, but it was hard to get my mouth around it. He said nobody had ever sucked him before. He was about 18, I think.

It wasn't very good, and I'm afraid you'll think I'm just trying not to hurt you, but he just shoved it in and out. I didn't come. We did it three times, I think.

One time, I asked him if he had any fantasies he wanted to act out and he said he'd never seen a girl masturbate. I was feeling hostile and didn't feel like putting on a big show for him. So I just did it like I do when I'm alone, quietly, just a couple of fingers, and after a minute, he said, "Is that all?" I thought that was funny.

We walked back to his apartment and he put my initials on his bedroom wall, where he had the initials of every girl he had fucked.

She ended with an extraordinary remark:

"The reason I'm telling you this is so you won't feel guilty about fucking Jennifer if you decide to."

I couldn't say a word. I was busy with a complex silence: adjusting my cuckold's horns for size. Repressing patently hypocritical cries of "How could you?" Gaping at the vision of Jan laid back on the hotel bed, that long blue dress with the tiny red buttons bunched around her slender waist as the young stud pumped away inside her. Sweetheart, it is a heart buster, enough to *crack* my heart. You nourish and heal me, but this one hurts!

"I didn't tell you to make you feel bad. Do you believe me?"

Yeah, I believed her, but I also believed that her confession was aimed at my balls. (She said his were like mine, "big.") I grilled her on the stud's anatomy. His big cock terrified me, aroused me. Like most white guys I know, the size of a cock matters. Goddamn if I can tell if it does to women. Conventional wisdom is that it doesn't much, that the mind is the important sexual organ; but I've never heard anybody say, "That dude is hung like Einstein."

As she watched for my reaction, I told myself shyly: Bill, if you can keep from becoming the stereotyped cuckolded husband—if you can act halfway decently and controlled, if you can help Jan take a step forward away from knee-jerk jealousy spasms—if you can do all this, my son, maybe Jennifer will be wriggling on top of your cock this very night!

She was crying now. I barely noticed. I didn't care at that instant why she had told me the story. For with each word she had spoken, I had become hotter, my icy lump of depression swept away by the rush of excitement at thinking of her being screwed by a stranger. My body was a raceway of heat and fear—the feelings were perfectly matched, perfectly apace. I was enormously excited by and attracted to the very thing I and most men invest so much time and energy in warding off.

"I'm hot," I said. "I want you now."

She sprang up and locked the shop door and we went to the back room and proceeded to have a memorable fuck, one I will recall in my moldy years at the shuffleboard court. We had at it in a standing position; I made her go over the delicious, painful details again—how thick his cock was, how he moved his body. We had the lights out and as I fucked her from behind, as she told me of the stranger again, I said, "God!" Desperation was hot on the trail of lust and, of course, I was humping to the lash of raving panic, an animal-level idea that I had to fuck her now to be safe. My orgasm, and it was a dandy one, came thundering on the heels of rapid-fire flashes of fear that my penis couldn't match the stud's giant one. Impotence usually isn't one of my problems—virtually the only one I don't brood over—but as we fucked, the memory blows of

the stranger's totemistic, mammoth organ, combined with the skewering realization (I was just beginning actually to believe it) that Jan had actually *done it*, kept me sweating and laboring, kept the fuck, though exciting, from being entirely *carefree*.

We cuckold each other in many ways. With boredom and indifference. By being lazy lovers. By failing to create the metaphors of lasting love for our mates. By accepting the cheap fix of novelty as a substitute for searching for a tough and tender love. My wife may forget that I find the curve of her hips irresistible. She may forget that she has become love's definition for me. I say to myself, my wife *must* remember that I look at her and see what I used never to believe in: a woman who trusts and loves me, whom I know and trust and love, who will never leave me.

Cuckolding ranks low on the ladder of love's failings. But its lowly position gives it a good angle for that agonizing kick to the gonads. As that revelatory morning went on and as I continued to play the saddened but sympathetic husband, pain played a boogie on my guts.

Back home, we are a tense little crew gathered in our living room to discuss whether Jennifer and I will bed down. Jan tells about informing me of her afternoon with the hotel-room stud. They gaze at me in wonder that I'm not a raving, weeping, cuckolded wreck. I smile at Jan. Gin has helped mold my benign Buddhist calm. Too, I am floating in a euphoria of irresponsibility; perhaps those years of fantasizing about Jennifer will culminate in sweet fucking reality. Within a few minutes, I am up front, smug and drunk.

"I don't know what to do," says Jan. "I don't want to be a jealous bitch, but I am. Bill, I don't want to stunt your sexuality. I believe that it's healthy to want to do it with lots of people. But I just get very scared when it comes up."

She is not crying but is close to it, and Jennifer, seated on the floor alongside her, leans toward my wife and gives her a comforting clasp on the arm.

"Jan, I would never do anything to hurt you," Jennifer says.

Ouch! A grimy film of soot oozes down to obliterate my picture of me and Jennifer wrapped together.

"I've just been turned on sexually lately," she continues, looking deeply into Jan's eyes. "It really wasn't anything personal for Bill, I don't want to hurt you, Jan, and I *certainly* value our friendship more than a fuck."

The implication left hanging is that old Bill, goatish prick that he is, has gone on record as willing to hurt Jan, wreck all our friendships for a quickie. My imp of paranoia insists that this honesty bull-shit was intended solely to defuse libidos. Possibly. A room with a lower libidinal



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count would be hard to find. I couldn't raise a hard-on with a ten-story derrick.

Finally, we rode off down the beach to find a restaurant. Jan and I sat in the back, isolated by the boom of Waylon Jennings on the tape deck. Jennifer and Ted made their separate peace in the front seat and Jan kept her hand in mine. As if on cue, raindrops started splatting the windshield and Waylon began singing:

*"I've been a fool, I've been a fool,
Forgiving you each time you done
me wrong.*

*I've been a long time leaving,
But I'll be a long time gone."*

And I began crying in earnest. Real, live tears of grief at sexual betrayal. My woman letting another man put his dick in her. Such grief runs amuck, leaving rationality and considerations of sexual openness and honesty back on the living-room floor. At that moment, if the Devil or his representative chauvinist on earth had offered me a lifetime chastity belt for my dear Jan, I would have snapped the lock with joy. Satan is never around when you need him, though, so I cried and raged up and down the rainy dune-lined highway, so frightening Jennifer and Ted, who heard only intermittent blasts of my accusations and sobbing come streaming through the tape deck's blast, that they stayed on the beach until midnight, waiting for me to come down.

Trying to fuck your wife's best friend probably is not the best testing ground of an open sexual relationship. But there is no safe place to begin. "I don't know," says Jan, "whether I'd prefer that you sleep with somebody just for sex—one-night stands and all that. But if you slept with somebody really neat—intelligent, friendly, sane—that would really put me uptight."

We go round and round on this thing. Such energy directed otherwise would no doubt have cured cancer, revamped Amtrak and concocted a nutritionally valuable soybean martini. But life poses each person specific problems, and among Jan and my conundrums is how to create a love that doesn't deny a certain elemental liveliness. Cheating on one's wife transforms you into a sexual cliché; that's uncomfortable. But honesty is excruciating:

"I have the feeling you would never turn down any woman," says Jan.

"That's probably right, except ugly ones, fat ones."

"God! Do you know how that makes me feel?!"

"Shitty, I suppose. Me, too. But it's a moot question. Nobody propositions me."

"But if they did..."

She is saddened to think of me as such an easy lay. I'm depressed that getting laid is such a torturous process for those of us to whom the garden of sex consists of a few million thorns guarding a couple of dozen blossoms.

We resolve to be more honest. We swear we will let each other know when that familiar twitching begins as a friendly stranger's eyes compliment her slim good looks, as I try to decipher the cool, assured smile of the long-legged Australian teenager whose bikini fights for a hold on her bronzed perfect body. We hold each other, my wife and I do, and try to want what the other wants. We are arrogant enough to think we are special and the banality of cheating is lugubrious to us. We want to understand as much of each other as is possible; by now we know that nothing, no blockbuster revelation of desire or act, can blast our love. We are beyond the double standard, it goes without saying. Likewise, we refuse to let ourselves be spiked in the Iron Maiden embrace of monogamy.

We agree: Deceit is the assassin of love.

Last week, Jan and I and some visiting friends took the 40-minute ferry ride to a nearby island. On the way back, rain whipped down and forced us into the car to read the newspaper and, for me, to drink warm gin and tonic. Bored, I sprinted up into the passengers' lounge and fell at once into a flirting conversation with a blonde from East Tennessee State University. Obviously stoned, she welcomed the warm liquor and swayed against me as we squinted against the slanting downpour. "God, look at the colors in the water!" she said, leaning forward, so that her white blouse fell away, leaving me the lovely view of her small, high breasts.

"My friends in the car probably think I've drowned," she giggled.

"What kind of friends, boys or girls?"

"Three girls."

"Hmm, sounds nice," said I.

"You like those odds?" she smiled.

"I like to think about it. I'd probably peter out."

She laughed, I laughed. When the ferry began its slide into the dock, the married couple who'd been eying us with some doubt descended the iron stairs and the door slammed shut on the girl and me.

"We're all alone now," she said. "What do we do?"

"You know what we do now," I said. I pulled her to me and kissed her.

"Your wife. What will she do?" Her smile showed she didn't care what my wife would do.

"Kill me, probably."

We kissed again, told each other we were pretty and made arrangements to meet later that night up the beach. The arrangements weren't kept.

"I'VE BEEN A LONG TIME LEAVING." WORDS AND MUSIC BY ROGER MILLER. COPYRIGHT © 1966 BY TREE PUBLISHING CO., INC. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.





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SINGLES BUSINESS

(continued from page 144)

"Tomorrow morning, the hunters and the hunted will appear different to one another—less glowing, more human."

patrons at once. In the afternoons, you can probably find him at the Bull & Bush, another singles joint in the area. Skeeter digs the singles scene in Denver. "It's flush," he explains.

I'm going to enlist Skeeter's aid. He seems to have a finger on the pulse of what's happening. He hasn't missed a night on the singles scene in this town since he set up shop in one of those new "town house" developments one finds just off the freeway in large cities from coast to coast these days. "No lease," Skeeter says. He has been part of the singles scene since 1967, when he took his first job as a bartender in a little joint in his home town, Allentown, Pennsylvania. In later years, he moved on to the big cities: New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver. "Action," demands Skeeter. "I like plenty of action."

He's got plenty of action these days. He quit the bar trade a few years ago and started selling turquoise, dealing a little grass on the side. The import side of his business led him naturally into his present trade: cocaine—"cecil, crank, blow, C, the rich man's aspirin"—which he deals in small amounts through contacts made in the singles bars. He flies from city to city, skittering through the scene like a cue ball on fresh felt, with the soft *whhhrrr*, the precise, careful speed that comes from experience. In many ways, Skeeter is the archetypal denizen of the singles scene. He has taken the singles lifestyle, so named by the news magazines in a spurt of press attention in the early Seventies, to its logical conclusion. "It's my profession," he says with pride.

Skeeter lifts a glass and touches it to his lips in the dim rose-colored light that gives everyone at the bar of The Lift a faint glow, a blushed, almost tanned look in the middle of the fall. The lighting—low, gleaming off the polished bartop, rising in gentle pillars through the smoky air, descending with a soft flutter to the pillowy leather sofas that surround the bar—is an important part of the scene. It makes everyone look so . . . pretty. Tomorrow morning, the hunters and the hunted will appear different to one another—less glowing, more human—and the old illusion/reality trap will have been sprung again.

For the time being, the big Denver singles bar is serving its purpose well. There are at least 300 people in the bar and it's still early. They seem to swirl around one another in a kind of sexual hustle—a turn here, a glance there, dip-

ping and touching and swaying in a disco of the mind.

People have laughed off the singles bars for years now. When living together became not just acceptable but chic, the singles, who only a few years ago fairly danced on the tip of the sociologist's pen, were forgotten. Left to rot in that never-never land of yesterday's fad. But the sheer enormity of their numbers and the obvious power of their dollars have kept the bar scene alive. But what else is going on? How healthy is the singles-bar end of the loneliness business? Skeeter, what's the story?

"Hey, man, just look around you. This is Desperation City. It's worse than it ever was, the hunger, I mean. I don't know what happened, man, but this scene is bigger than ever. What do you think I cruise the singles joints for? Pussy? Are you kidding? For me, these places mean one thing. Bucks. A gram of coke is a hundred dollars. I get rid of a half-dozen grams a night out in the parking lots around these bars. I'd never deal inside, man. Uh-uh. If the management ever got hip to my scene, it'd be Shit Can City. I spent too many years working the other side of the bar in joints like this to step over that line, man."

OK, enough with the dealing scene. Everybody knows it's hip. You can't walk into the johns of these places without hearing somebody in a toilet stall who sounds like he has a terminal case of the sniffles. What's with these people?

"This scene has become self-perpetuating, dig? It used to be fed from the bottom, with kids out of high school and college, hungry for action, the way it always was. But nowadays, the scene is fed sideways, from the top, every way, with divorcees, men and women in their thirties, the chick who took a walk from a bad marriage, a guy who left his lover holding the pillow and the phone bill. For a lot of these folks, being single has become a permanent thing."

It's an older crowd, by and large. "You've got the young dudes and the little chickies running around in threes and fours, out for a good time, but a lot of people are plenty turned off to the straight life. Why do you think I get rid of so much cecil on this scene? Sure, everybody's got bucks to blow. But, man, there's an edge to it now. A crazy edge. You see some incredible stuff. The three-A.M. scene. Yankola. And then you see some beautiful stuff, people with their eyes all full of love and their noses full of crank, getting it on, living out there on a plane other people—the ones

who sit home and watch TV and smoke a joint—will never dig. I wouldn't take a walk from this scene for all the tea in Thailand."

With that, Skeeter pulled a flat, antique-silver matchbox from his waist pocket. It was engraved with initials and hung from his belt loop on a slender silver chain. He flipped open the top with a thumb and dipped a tiny ivory spoon hanging from his neck deep into the matchbox and, holding it beneath his nostril, his head bent to the level of the bartop, inhaled with a sharp *whhhhaaaa* intake of breath. Not one head at the bar turned.

"Getting back to it, man . . . aaahhh, whew! . . . What was it you were saying? The loneliness trip? Yeah, I can see that. They look and they sniff and they go home and they fuck and they come back for more. It's like a hole with no bottom in it, right?"

But aren't these bars really feeding on the loneliness of people? You seem to say the singles business is a noble struggle to help people find solace in the company of others.

"No, man. Look here. This is a ghetto, see. It's a weird analogy, which you might not dig, but it's like the gay scene. There've always been gay bars. For years, they've been run by the Mafia. Why? Because nobody else would touch them. Well, the singles bars are a little Mafia of their own. It's like, if you're a young guy or a young chick on the make, the bars are all you've got. Now, you know that's not true and I know that's not true. You could probably make out better at your local Baskin-Robbins. But how come you find what they call the singles ghetto surrounding the bar scene in cities around the country? In New York, it's the East Side; in San Francisco, it's the Union Street area; in Washington, it's Georgetown; in Boston, they call it the Combat Zone; in L.A., it's Marina del Rey. You find those ghettos because a lot of singles figure that kind of high-compression scene is their only shot. Look, gays are an oppressed minority, right? Part of their oppression has always been that they've had to go to Mob joints to get it on socially. Well, you can make a case that singles are an oppressed minority if you accept the notion that singles bars have a strangle hold on their lifestyle. Which they don't. But I'll tell you what. I've got a hundred dollars here that says most of the people in the bar would agree with you, if you made that argument."

San Francisco. I am in the Tar and Feathers, on Union Street, in the midst of the thriving singles ghetto. Bar after bar after bar, Union Street is lined with them. Some, like Perry's, just down the street, are trying to get away from the



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"We're not talking about a fish that got away.
We're talking about my ex-husband."

singles image, claiming that it's hurting business. "It's a reputation we picked up about six years ago and have been trying to get rid of ever since," says one of Perry's owners. "Singles are notoriously fickle." By the looks of things, Perry's has done pretty well with the fickle singles. The place is packed with them every night, a noisy, manic scene.

Travel down to San Bruno to check out some of the "singles apartment complexes." They look like normal modern suburban apartment complexes. "The singles-apartment thing was a terrible failure," says a local. "Too structured. Not enough turnover. Apartment managers have taken a more pluralistic approach. About the only restriction you'll find is against kids, and some of them will even allow families with up to two children."

His reading of the failure of the singles-apartment boom of the early Seventies checks out. In L.A., complexes in the Marina del Rey, such as the Mariners Village, now actively discourage the swinging singles. "We're looking for a more stable crowd," said a spokesman on the phone. "The singles were unreliable, antisocial, a disaster."

A spokeswoman for Riverbend Club Apartments in Atlanta, says they still accept singles but encourage married couples as well. "What happened to the all-singles thing?" she asked rhetorically in a telephone interview. "Everybody got old. We're all in our thirties

down here now. We're a bunch of thirties screaming singles and couples, rather than a bunch of twenties screaming singles. We still party and everything, but it's different. It definitely is. Quieter. Sometimes I think the place seems like an old-folks home Saturday nights. Same is true of the other singles-type developments around here. They all gave up trying to make it work a couple of years ago."

In fact, every singles apartment complex I called around the country, in cities such as Houston, Miami, Chicago and St. Louis, had changed policy, discouraging the swinging scene and relying on young marrieds and an older, more stable single crowd to make it financially. The real-estate business had a lot of hopes for swinging-singles apartments a few years back. The singles-apartment scene has been replaced by the weight of the singles' dollars in the condominium market. By 1980, experts say, 16,000,000 adults will be living alone. There is a major chunk of the economy banking on the notion that increasing numbers of them will buy their place of residence, whether it's a condominium, a new house or an old house that needs fixing up.

Builders couldn't make the loneliness business work for them with singles developments. Now they're gambling that there is a trend toward what Skeeter called "single as a way of life." Their gamble is that more and more single

people will stop trying to find a mate, accept the fact of being single and go on from there. Builders are not the only ones operating on this premise. There is a growing trend in American life, fostered in large measure by the new quasi religions, the personal-growth organizations and groups, that says: Accept what is.

Los Angeles, last stop on the weirdness trail. A friend in San Fran had advised: Stay out of Hollywood, watch your rear-view mirror and stay away from blondes in Porsches. OK, will do. Staying with an old friend, single, who doesn't hang out much. He's saving to buy a house. See what I mean?

What's this? An ad in the *Los Angeles Times* for something called the Top of the World Club. "Tired of the L.A. singles scene?" the ad asks. Sure am. Well, give us a call. OK. A half hour later, I'm in Hollywood—watch out—in a neat office building on Santa Monica Boulevard, home of the Insight Dynamics Corporation, according to the logo on the door. It's a buzzing little place, with the atmosphere of a political campaign in the final stages of Election Day wind-up. Everyone seems to move with precision, with *enthusiasm*, a sense of forceful purpose. There is the pervasive sense one is within the headquarters of a movement, not a business.

"Hi. I'm John Raymond." It's the president of the Insight Dynamics Corporation, the parent body of what turns out to be a veritable turnip patch of clubs and organizations, including a club for gays, a club for swingers and a travel club called Singletours. Twenty-nine, medium height, tanned, bushy eyebrows, neatly trimmed beard, a permanent-waved halo of dark-brown curly hair, Raymond shows me into an office that can best be described as modern sparse. Desk. Two chairs. Everything in beige and tasteful chocolate brown. He speaks with the crisp yet soothing tones of one who either has had a voice coach or has been through an executive self-improvement course, which, it turns out, he has. I sit down and he turns on one of those micro Sony pocket tape recorders as I take out my notebook.

"You're not going to tape this?" he asks with incredulity, as if the primitive act of scribbling words on paper had never occurred to him.

No. I always take notes.

"Oh. Well, you won't mind if I tape, will you? I tape everything I say, everything I do. You never know when you're going to have an idea that might come in handy someday."

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- How you can get invited to more parties and what to do once you get there (not the same old things that make you angry and frustrated with yourself the moment you get home).
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- A brilliant technique for making someone you like feel "special" when they're in your company.
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Maybe you've seen Eric Weber on the Merv Griffin Show or listened to his wisdom on the Dr. Joyce Brothers Show. Eric is the world famous creator of **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS**, **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE WOMAN**, **HOW TO GET MARRIED AGAIN**, and many, many more.

His books have been read by millions and he has an entire file bulging with "thank you" letters from people his books have helped to find the lasting relationships they'd been searching for. Eric has appeared on *To Tell The Truth*, *What's My Line*, and scores of other TV and radio shows around the country. His books have been reviewed and discussed at length on such prestigious TV shows as *Johnny Carson's Tonight Show*, *Tom Snyder's Tomorrow Show*, and in such well-respected publications as *The Los Angeles Times*, *Parent's Magazine* and *Avant Garde*, and many, many more.

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and thoroughly shows you how to meet and attract new people. You will learn:

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"I started I.D.C. as an alternative to the singles-bar scene. Mine is the oldest, largest personal-growth group for singles in the country. Up until now, we've spent all our time developing the world around man. Now things are going to turn inward, toward developing the inner being, encouraging him or her to grow, to adapt to our new surroundings."

That sounds familiar.

"Well, everything that's gone on up until now on the singles scene—bars, computer dating, singles living complexes—has all been rooted in the Judaeo-Christian ethic of assimilation. Meet and marry. In the late Sixties, this began to crumble, but the essence of our lives didn't keep up, didn't keep pace with the changes that were taking place. Personal relations have not kept up with technological growth. The computer-dating system was an attempt to change this. Well, we've all seen where that went."

Nowhere.

"Right. At I.D.C., we've changed the emphasis. Today we tell people if they're coming in with preconceived ideas about a permanent relationship, forget it. Rather than build up hopes, we destroy them. We tell everyone joining I.D.C. that until he's functioning as a healthy, single person, he will never be happy as anything else."

How do you do this?

"At our New Member Seminars, which are held for those who sign up and pay our two-hundred-twenty-dollar membership fee. During the seminar, which might last three hours and is given by one of my trained assistants, we give people insights into shyness, we show them how to communicate with others and we teach them how to transcend the anxiety that comes with the fear of rejection. You know what we say about fear, don't you?"

No.

"Fear is defined as False Evidence Appearing Real. F-E-A-R. All you need to know to kill fear is its definition. The other big problem most singles face is depression. We have a technique for overcoming depression. This is it: Depression needs a vacancy, and you are the motelkeeper of your mind. I've got these principles copyrighted. They're part of my five techniques to make your life work, and they're all part of I.D.C. We dissect the game of life. We make our members look at life in a new and academic way. We put our people through certain growth experiences, such as group dynamics. And we teach them how to use our Master Member Library, the M.M.L."

The M.M.L.?

"It's a newspaper containing the coded personal listing of every I.D.C.

member with his or her description and interests and desires. It's like a private singles register, except with the M.M.L., you're protected. Only I.D.C. members can contact you. To do so, they call here and give their number. We check it out to make sure it matches the name. Then we give them the telephone number they request and the person's first name. We do not give out the last name or address of members. That way, we protect members from contact, other than by telephone, with anyone not of their choosing. We constantly update the M.M.L. It is the heart of I.D.C."

Raymond sat comfortably behind his desk, speaking with precision, sure of himself, sure of the organization and methods he described. He was dressed casually in neatly creased trousers, expensive loafers, an open-necked shirt with the collar points laid evenly outside his sports coat. He described himself as a veteran of the personal-growth field, having started the American Sexual Freedom Movement in Los Angeles in 1967, which was headquartered briefly in Lenny Bruce's house in the Hollywood hills.

He has worked at everything from selling motorcycles to running a *disco*. He has been through Dale Carnegie training, Esalen, Erhard Seminar Training (commonly known as est) and several other growth disciplines. Listening to him was an experience in itself. He sounded for all the world like a cross between a Joey Heatherton Serta-mattress TV ad and an Army drill instructor. I asked him about the people who join I.D.C.

"We get all kinds, from young, successful professionals like lawyers and doctors to common laborers, to widows and widowers in their fifties. The average single person is winging it, taking the haphazard approach to life. He has been taught that there are no tricks to life: If you're good-looking, if you're popular, you're a winner. If you're not a winner, you're a loser. We're here to break down those barriers and, to break them down, we've taken stuff that was taught at Esalen, in est, in Dale Carnegie, and we've put it in a slick package. I'll be honest with you. I want to make this stuff available to the Archie Bunkers of this world. I've worked on this a long



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A.C.

time, since 1967. Every time I got stumped, I took a course and learned something and put it to work. I've been through management and motivational courses. I've put knowledge from every facet of my life into I.D.C. Let me show you what I mean."

Raymond stepped up to a clean blackboard and took a piece of chalk. He wrote and underlined topic titles in a flow diagram across the blackboard as he spoke. I took notes.

"Singles will all agree you need *confidence* to get ahead."

Notebook: *Confidence*.

"This comes from *awareness* and *experience*."

Naturally. *Awareness*. *Experience*. They branch off from *confidence* like tributaries from a river.

"Now, you could take course after course from me or Esalen or est or anybody else and you wouldn't get experience. As you learn more and more about the complex game of being single, you pick up awareness. But you still lack experience. You've got to put what you learn to work."

That makes sense.

"This is where the M.M.L. is invaluable. Every time you pick up the phone and call someone you've chosen from the M.M.L., you get experience. You've got to deal with the reality of either meeting or not meeting that person. You've got to deal with the reality of either having a scene or not having a scene. You've got to deal with rejection. You've got your awareness. Now you've got your experience. And that adds up to confidence. People must have confidence in themselves as single people before they can become fully realized beings. Now, everyone has confidence in his own area of expertise. You're a writer and you have confidence in what you write. But in meeting a person of the opposite sex, you might become introverted, shy. We overcome this with *shyness training*."

Shyness training. An out-of-work newspaperman of humble means, I could use some of that. What is it?

"Be careful of labeling yourself. Most people are careless about how they characterize themselves. One of my Five Principles That Make Life Work is self-acceptance. Accept yourself. Accept the truth of your own being. We give them my Five Principles. We give them my Five Techniques That Make Life Work and my Effective Living Plan and we send them out with the M.M.L. If they make it, fine. If they don't, it's their fault, and we tell them so, right up front. We teach all members that each person is responsible for his or her own experience as a single."

Christ, that doesn't sound like just est, it sounds like what I was taught as a

lieutenant in the Army. Every platoon leader is responsible for everything his platoon does or fails to do.

"I can live with that. Nobody is going to take you by the hand at I.D.C. Nobody is guaranteed anything. You get out of I.D.C. what you put into it. But understand this. Nothing I do is about the conversion trip, like est, or any of those quasi-religious groups. I could have done that. Basically, it entails a form of conspiracy, the keeping of secrets from the masses. But once the cat gets out of the bag, you're through. We don't keep secrets here. This is a business. We're set up to make a profit. We tell the truth on all levels. The needs and frustrations of people are the same from coast to coast. The information to solve our problems is available. It's just that no one has packaged it properly. I take a definite responsibility to try to raise the quality of life in this country."

The inner sanctum of Insight Dynamics Corporation was suddenly quiet. The president had talked almost nonstop for over two hours. His rap was virtually the same rap he would deliver a week later at a New Member Seminar I attended. Same precision. Same authoritarian yet soothing tone of voice. Same blackboard notations. I felt like a new member. When he finished, Raymond seemed like a deflated balloon. He sank into a chair with an audible sigh.

"What else do you want to know?" he asked.

Where are you from?

"Jersey Shore. I hated New York. Used to refuse to go back and see my parents. I would agree to meet them in Aspen, someplace . . . nice. I was caught in a slot, identifying New York with bad, L.A. with good. That kind of thing can happen to you in this game."

Is everything a game?

"Games. OK, you take my car. I used to drive a Volkswagen. I was self-conscious about money, afraid people would say, you're *flaunting* it, if I got a new car. I guess my relationship to time and money is different from most people's. I think about it a lot. I didn't want a Mercedes. A Mercedes is not consistent with who I am and what I feel. I finally settled on a Jag XJ6, used but in perfect condition. It is consistent with my level of success. I don't want to compromise myself. I've fought hard to maintain a personal space that is my own sanctuary. I tell people at I.D.C., if they see me at night in a *disco* or something, don't expect me to relate to you. When I go home in my Jag—I live only a couple of blocks from here, but I drive every day—I shut myself off completely. My feeling is this: If my mother dies, I'll find out about it tomorrow at noon. That's soon enough. I live for now. Right now."

The license plates on the pea-green Jag XJ6 in the basement garage read: IDC-1. Sleek, comfortable but not opulent, the Jag is parked in slot number one. Raymond got it for \$6900, he told me excitedly, \$300 below the asking price. The guy was leaving the country; he had to sell.

"I was in the right place at the right time," said the president of I.D.C. with the first really broad, open grin he had shown since we began talking. "I was lucky."

There is, of course, the matter of whether or not Insight Dynamics Corporation works. I spoke with a half-dozen members. For the most part, they were satisfied. It wasn't the deal it had appeared to be when they bought their memberships, but, as the guys put it, they got laid. It's a little like buying a car, one member explained. You take a chance. Each member extolled his or her favorite virtue of the club—the Effective Living Plan, the M.M.L., the Principles, the Techniques—in language right out of the mouth of the president himself. One hears similar parroting of doctrine from adherents of Scientology, est, Arica or any of the other authoritarian cults. Language, it seems, has become more than a means of communication. It has become a form of identification.

It is necessary to adopt a way of speaking, a kind of verbal code, in order to *belong*. The boy scouts and the Masons and the Knights of Columbus appreciate this phenomenon. It is nothing new.

Yet one conversation I had with a member of I.D.C. stands out in my memory. I spoke with this gentleman, who wished to remain anonymous, after I attended the New Member Seminar. He extolled the virtues of I.D.C., as others had, in rather pedestrian terms. "I.D.C. works" could sum up his appreciation of the organization. He explained in great detail the Single Experience, a daylong encounter-type session (costing \$100) held in a hotel ballroom that sounded remarkably like a miniversion of the est hotel-ballroom scene that has been so widely and, finally, boringly reported on. Then he told me about his sex life.

"I have scenes going with six chicks now," he explained earnestly, as if he were describing his stock portfolio to a broker. "I can think of one chick who fulfills me emotionally and intellectually, she's really sharp and good-looking and I enjoy being with her, but sexually, she turns me off. Then there's another chick who calls me up, comes over, we get it on and she splits. There have been nights when I never passed a word with her."

He paused for breath. He was speaking with an urgency I hadn't heard before on the I.D.C. circuit, not even from the president. He shot forth staccato bursts of words punctuated with chain puffs on a filter cigarette.

"I've found that people can handle the truth. Everyone I'm having a relationship with knows that she is only a part of the larger whole that is my life. I am who I relate to. I'm as happy as I've ever been, as happy as I'll ever be. It's like this: Every chick I have a thing with satisfies a need that I have. If I tried to find one chick who could satisfy all my needs, it might take the rest of my life. It's like walking around the streets looking for a hundred-dollar bill. You're never going to find it. I've learned to pick up all the change you find in between. The lesson I've learned is this: You can't love others completely until you have learned to love yourself. The final fulfillment in life is that, ultimately, there is no fulfillment. Now I feel OK the way I am. What is, is."

There is a kind of totalitarian beauty to this side of the singles scene, a completeness that stuffs the senses and clouds the mind, an oppression that is for some, perhaps, easier to accept than what is frequently perceived as the ultimate oppression: loneliness. One lacks a context into which to fit this final

Play blindman's bluff at the party, not at the wine store.

"Which wine?" is a touchy question.

And closing your eyes to the labels and picking by price is not the answer.

Of course, it's impossible to learn the value of every label. But it's quite possible to keep a couple of valuable ones in mind:

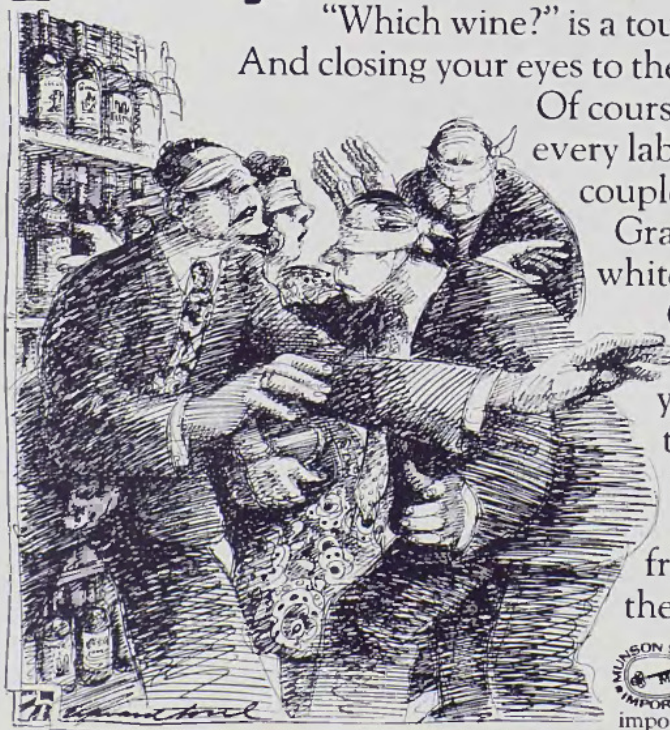
Grande Marque red and Grande Marque white.

Grande Marque is a fine vintage Bordeaux, consistent from year to year. And check the price: this year, Grande Marque is down in most states.

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"single experience." Narcissistic? Yes.
Selfish? That, too. But the believer is
protected from these criticisms by his
belief: If I'm guilty, others are, too. It
all cancels out in the end.

The act of belief is a perfect detach-
ment in itself, affording the protection,
in this case, of a secular leap of faith.
If one believes that the ultimate ful-
fillment is no fulfillment at all, then
anything becomes possible. It is a Manson-
esque ideal. Do unto others any old way
you goddamn well please, because noth-
ing you can do to them, or they to you,
will have any effect. Nothing will impinge
upon the human experience in such a
way that the result will have meaning.

There is an irony here, the initial
recognition that a problem exists, fol-
lowed by a conjunctive belief that prob-
lems can be solved by the application of
time, money and expertise. Sign up, take
a course, follow a system of operation,
have a plan. The breakdown is as old
as recorded history, the classic split be-
tween science and faith. A process of
problem solving such as that offered by
I.D.C. is an abject departure from the
age-old idea that life is a mystery, that
emotions are inherently bottomless and
impenetrable, that people are not
machines that can be repaired with spare
parts and technical know-how but souls,
shadows of God that, like energy, can
be neither created nor destroyed.

One is left gasping and groping and
wondering. Has loneliness become an
epidemic in America? Look at the evi-
dence. The singles scene, 10 or 15 years
ago a gaggle of bars on Manhattan's East
Side, has been transformed beneath the
weight of supply and demand into a
national economic force. According to
the 1976 *Statistical Abstract*, there are
some 43,500,000 single, divorced or
widowed people out there somewhere.
Almost half of them are between the
ages of 18 and 29. They spend well
over 200 billion dollars a year. Yet no
one really believes that any problems are
being solved. The loneliness business is
at best a feeble, capitalistic attempt to
meet an impossible situation halfway. In
coming years, the loneliness business will,
in all probability, expand further, pene-
trating the society deeper and deeper.
Already, the personal-growth field has
sprung up, attempting to fill the holes
of modern angst. It's overrun with
singles looking for an answer and will
doubtlessly bend itself to accommodate
new needs of the lonely. After all, the
credo of the personal-growth groups is,
adapt to what is. The whole scene is
so goddamn American. The end of the
Seventies is going to be a strange trip.
Perhaps we'll end up searching not for
ourselves but for one another.



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The primary reason you sleep better on air is due to a lessening of pressure against the body, causing less "capillary restriction" of the blood flow. When such restriction occurs, you suffer from restless sleep. An independent laboratory (International Acoustic Testing Lab in St. Paul) states that after extensive research, our air support systems "continue to exert less pressure in most instances than a standard innerspring mattress."

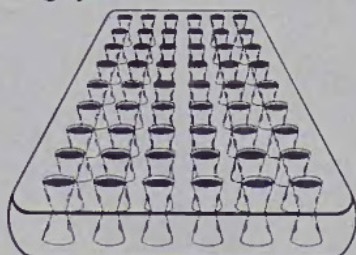
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We also offer the Inflate-A-Bed® 400 (all-vinyl leisure model) which is the same as the Inflate-A-Bed-300 without the velvet-like finish. It is quite durable and can be used for everything from camping, as a van bed, or for nightly sleeping.

All three beds come in four standard bed sizes, fit standard frames, but are just as comfortable on the floor. No innerspring is needed, they're completely washable with soap and water, and are constructed of tough poly-vinyl. A customer maintenance kit and inflation adaptor are included with each bedding system.



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TOUGH WHEELS

(continued from page 171)

"Light trucks are where it's at, and there is no telling where it will peak."

Porsche. One day I said to myself, 'He's having twice the fun for half the trouble,' and I've had a pickup ever since. It's the best machine I've ever owned."

This testimony seems a trifle overstated when one considers the general vehicular enthusiasms of the American *populus*. After all, aren't big, soft cars as endemic to our lifestyle as hot dogs, apple pie, baseball and .357 magnums? How could anyone imply that a mere pickup would be a candidate in a best-vehicle contest here in the U.S.A.? A great number of citizens, actually, if the sales figures from Detroit and the imported-car people mean anything. As it turns out, light trucks (which include most forms of pickups, four-wheel-drive vehicles, etc.) are the fastest-growing segment of the American car market and have a vast army of *aficionados* from coast to coast. To put all of this in perspective, one should recall that the largest-selling single model passenger automobile in America during 1976 was the Oldsmobile Cutlass, with 514,593 deliveries. However, Ford and Chevrolet pickup trucks sold over 600,000 models *each*, which places them in a nose-to-nose race for the honor of having the number-one-selling model, not only in the United States but in the entire world!

Yes, light trucks are where it's at, and there is no telling where it will peak out. Sales of these vehicles have grown at double the rate during the past five years, as in the previous five, and in 1976 all brands and types totaled 2,900,000 sales! Indications are that 1977 will be even bigger, which implies either that an absurd number of Americans are turning to farming and small business or that these vehicles are taking the place of conventional automobiles. The latter is the case. At least 50 percent and perhaps as many as 75 percent of all light trucks are being used for personal, nonbusiness applications, according to the best industry sources.

Therefore, the next pickup you see trundling along the interstate, its aluminum camper top bolted in place, twin C.B. antennas sprouting from its cabtop, will be driven not by the local plumber on an emergency call but by an insurance salesman from Toledo, "truckin' West" in imaginary legion with the 18-wheelers. He will be bellied up to his steering wheel, chattering on his C.B. in his best Tennessee truck-stop drawl, operating in some fantasy nomad's state that

is such a part of the American psyche.

For most of its history, the pickup has been built for pure utility: a cramped, Spartan cab connected to a steel box and little else. But in the late Fifties, Detroit truck builders discovered that certain pickup customers were interested in the same creature comforts to be found in passenger cars. Hence, pickup trucks began to appear with optional air conditioning, AM/FM radios, automatic transmissions, power steering, etc., and the race was on to create the most luxurious, carlike pickup. This contest resulted in the Ford Ranchero and the Chevrolet El Camino, which were quasi pickups fashioned on passenger-car chassis, but neither model has ever seriously threatened the hard-core pickup market. By the early Seventies, safety and antipollution legislation, as well as extravagant insurance rates, was limiting "muscle cars" and car enthusiasts were turning toward the whole new world of recreational vehicles, which included vans, four-wheel-drive machinery, motor homes and pickups. Utility was being crossbred with performance and suddenly pickup trucks began to appear in off-road contests such as the Baja 1000 and the Mint 400, decked out with monster tires and roll bars and fitted with thumping, megahorsepower engines. The cosmetic trappings of these supertrucks were soon transferred to their counter-

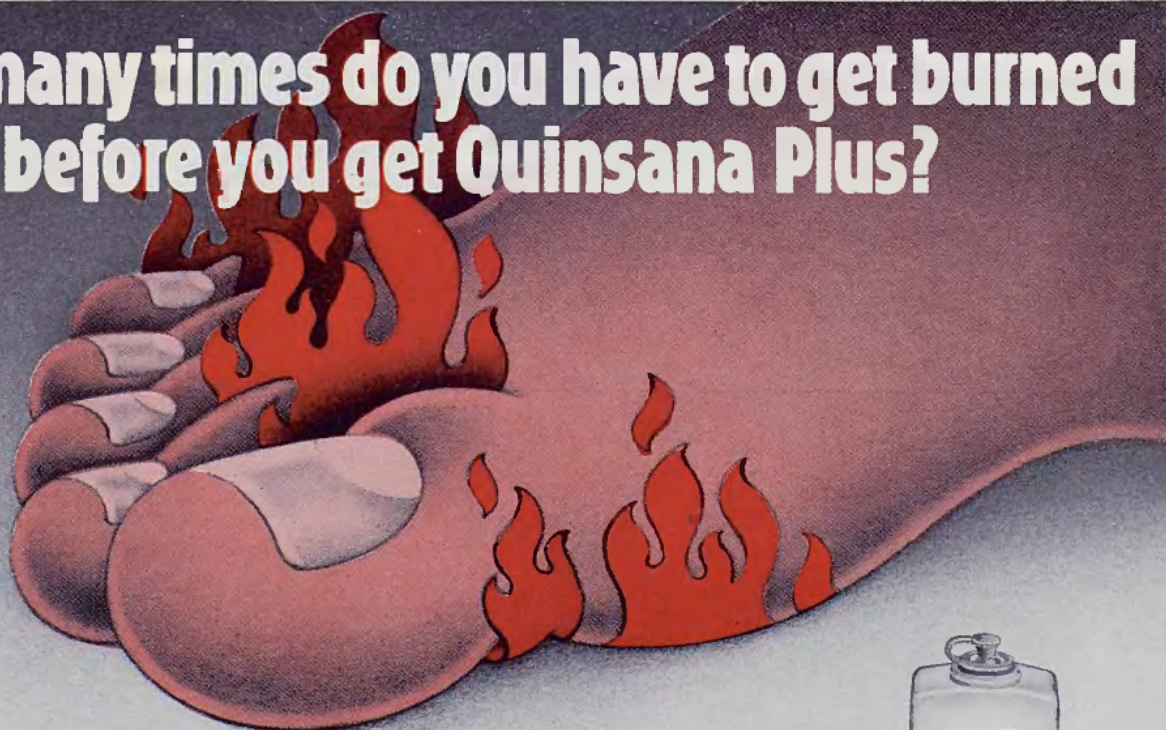
parts on Main Street—first via astute accessory manufacturers, then by the manufacturers themselves. Now one can walk into a Ford, Chevrolet or Dodge agency and order the most incredible—and expensive—pickup truck imaginable. If one is willing to unload as much as \$8000, he can buy himself a pickup with almost every luxury option he might get on a Seville or a Continental, as well as custom wheels and tires, roll bars, bucket seats, etc. What's more, he can still buy old-fashioned performance in a pickup. Due to a loophole in the Environmental Protection Agency regulations that exempts vehicles of more than 6000 pounds gross vehicle weight from the stringent, power-cutting emission regulations, one can purchase a pickup with a 400-plus-cubic-inch engine that will be a real stormer in terms of top speed and acceleration.

While Ford and Chevrolet are strongest among the pickup vendors, Dodge has appeared on the market with what may be the neatest, most civilized package yet. Called the Warlock (an optional package including special wheels, paint, trim, wooden side rails, etc.), the Dodge is a sort of ultimate statement of the kind of luxury/fantasy pickup that is captivating America. Unlike the pickups of yesteryear, which operated on beam axles and leaf-spring suspensions inspired by buckboards and Conestoga wagons, the

Dodge and its Ford and Chevrolet counterparts are suspended by independent front suspensions and well-engineered solid rear axles that provide handling and ride softness comparable to the best passenger cars. Add to this front disk brakes, three-speed automatic transmissions, power steering, etc., and these once-archaic machines become nearly as sophisticated as sedans. However, the Warlock maintains a link with tradition by utilizing what Dodge calls the Utiline cargo-box treatment (Chevrolet calls its counterpart the Stepside; Ford, the Flareside). This is simply the aged pickup configuration, where a small cargo box is slung between a pair of bulging rear fenders. In the Fifties, Detroit pickup manufacturers converted to straight-sided boxes, because they provided substantially more carrying capacity, but the old-fashioned version lingered on, and now, as the pickup craze accelerates, it is regaining popularity despite its limited usefulness.

The Warlock comes with luxurious bucket seats, a small sport steering wheel heretofore found only on racing cars and radical road machinery and a stylish paint treatment featuring pinstripes and bold colors. Add-ons such as a removable glass sun roof and a variety of drive trains, ranging from two- and four-wheel drives powered by six- and eight-cylinder engines from 225 cu. ins. to a whopping

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440 cu. ins., can be obtained. Similar setups can be purchased by Ford and Chevrolet fanciers, but—at about \$7000—the Dodge Warlock may be the best expression of the over-the-counter pickup in the pure American idiom.

While the pickup has not caught on in Europe, the Japanese have found its combination of utility and fun a great source of profit both in the home market and in America. Datsun, Toyota and Mazda all sell small pickups here, while Chevrolet has its LUV, which is made in Japan by Isuzu, and Ford its Courier—manufactured by Toyo Kogyo. These so-called minitrucks are just that—midget replicas of the full-size domestic machines that inspired them. Most are roughly 2500 pounds lighter and have wheelbases 18–24 inches shorter than the conventional American pickups. They are powered by small-displacement four- and six-cylinder engines of the type that propel the economy sedans manufactured by the same Japanese companies (with the exception of Mazda, which produces a powerful rotary-engine version—the undisputed performance king of the minitrucks).

Datsun is the dominant company in the minitruck field with its line of Li'l Hustler trucks: tiny, neatly styled pickups that first caught on in Southern California among the surfers and dirt-bike contingents and spread out among campers—who attached condensed camper bodies to them—and the general public, many of whom never carried anything larger than a bag of groceries in them. The Datsun Li'l Hustler is rather typical of the breed, coming with a four-cylinder, 119.1-cu.-in. engine mounted on a compact 100-inch wheelbase. A four-speed transmission is standard, though a five-speed manual and a three-speed automatic are optional, as are a 110-inch-wheelbase "stretch" bed for more carrying capacity and an extended cab for more room (most of these minitrucks are a tight fit for six-footers). While all sorts of comfort and custom-decor options are available, from both Datsun and a legion of after-market manufacturers, the basic Li'l Hustler can be purchased for under \$4000 (as is true with its competitors) and, therefore, provides some of the cheapest utility transport in the world, especially when its gasoline mileage in the 25-mpg range is considered.

Pickup trucks of all sizes are booming in America, but they remain only a segment of the phenomenon known as the R.V., or recreational-vehicle, market. This catchall category is sort of a collection depot for all the vehicles that are not pure passenger cars yet do not qualify as outright commercial trucks. Therefore, this subspecies includes such variations as motor homes, campers, vans and four-wheel-drive machinery, as well

as pickups. Of course, when one thinks of R.V.s and four-wheel drive, visions of Willys Jeeps come to mind, leaping and bucking over sand dunes and scrambling through wooded streams. The Jeep was developed during World War Two (originally by the American Bantam Company and later by Willys) and stands for G.P., or general-purpose, vehicle. After plunging into relative obscurity following the end of the war, the Jeep has blossomed into one of the great cult vehicles of the modern day. Old versions are being collected and restored and Willys—now a profitable division of American Motors—is laboring hard to keep up with demand for its latter-day CJ-5 and CJ-7 models, both of which maintain a strong styling and engineering link with the first models, which became as much a part of American World War Two legend as "Kilroy was here." Betty Grable pinups and GI Joe himself. It is the shorter (83.5-inch wheelbase) CJ-5 that can claim direct lineage to the old war horse, but it is the longer—by ten inches—CJ-7 that is clearly the more appealing of the pair. The CJ-7 (CJ stands for Civilian Jeep) comes equipped with full-time four-wheel drive. Add the optional three-speed automatic transmission, power steering, fiberglass hardtop and 304-cu.-in. engine and the CJ-7 becomes nearly civilized in terms of broad appeal as an off-road sportster and a quick, maneuverable and thoroughly enjoyable road machine. It is also expensive. A heavily equipped CJ-7 can cost well over \$7000 and a Spartan CJ-5, with rag top, manual three-speed transmission and standard six-cylinder engine, is about \$2000 less. While one is hardly purchasing commodious interiors and silent highway running for these prices, the CJ-series Jeeps offer a special brand of fun and a strange sense of omnipotence that comes only to drivers of four-wheel-drive machinery, who feel that no snowbank is too deep or trail too rutted to impede their progress. Also, there is a certain satisfaction to be gained from the pure functionalism of the machine—the stark simplicity of the device that creates an aura of indestructibility. As one automotive writer put it, "In a CJ Jeep, you're constantly reminded of its toughness, the heavy-handed use of exposed hex-head bolts and blacksmith-simple angular fittings assuring you that nothing is going to fall off."

Nothing is going to fall off—that is the underlying message of all the ultrarugged, semimilitary four-wheel-drive vehicles that have followed the Jeep into the market place. Willys produces a series of four-wheel-drive pickups and other vehicles, as do International Harvester, Ford, Chevrolet, G.M.C. and Dodge. An amalgam of the Jeep and the pickup is the Chevrolet Blazer, which is larger

than a Jeep and has more people-carrying capacity than a pickup. Using Chevrolet truck components for the most part, the Blazer has been a rugged and particularly successful addition to the recreational field since its introduction in 1969. It and its twin, the G.M.C. Jimmy (which shares everything except the name plate), have been refined over the years to a point where they are large and comfortable vehicles both on and off the road and are employed by many purchasers as full-time family sedans. The Blazer—like virtually every other entrant in the R.V. field—is available with endless numbers of options; but the best basic configuration utilizes the wonderfully smooth and reliable Chevrolet 350-cu.-in. V8 in combination with the G.M. three-speed Turbo Hydra-matic transmission. This, in conjunction with the full-time four-wheel-drive system, makes for an ideal setup, simply because one does not have to shift in and out of four-wheel drive depending on conditions. The one penalty, as in all vehicles of this type, is gas mileage, which seldom exceeds 12 mpg, regardless of how conservatively one drives. The Blazer comes equipped with front disk brakes and a steel canopy with built-in roll bar that covers the two front seats. A removable fiberglass hardtop encloses the rear portion of the machine. These combination station wagon/trucks are available in a variety of forms; from Willys as the Wagoneer and the Cherokee, from Chevrolet as the Suburban (similar to the Blazer/Jimmy but longer overall and more closely related to the station-wagon concept than to a pickup) and from Dodge and Plymouth as the Ramcharger and the Trail Duster. All are expensive, ranging from \$6000 to \$10,000, depending on options, but they provide uniquely functional vehicles for all manner of driving conditions.

Perhaps the most unusual variation on the four-wheel-drive theme is the Subaru four-wheel-drive station wagon, with its simulated-wood side paneling and roof rack that make it appear more suited to supermarket shopping than to off-road stump jumping. The Subaru is, in fact, a modified version of the conventional wagon that is powered by a water-cooled, opposed-four-cylinder, 56-hp engine driving through the front wheels. Its general styling themes and performance make it closely related to Datsuns and Toyotas of similar size and cost, but the addition of four-wheel drive (accomplished by fitting a transfer case and drive shaft to transmit power to the rear wheels) turns the Subaru into an especially appealing small station wagon. Far from fast (0–60 in about 18 seconds) but strong and reliable, this particular vehicle may be the forerunner of a whole new generation of compact four-wheel-drive passenger cars and station wagons that will offer mileage in the neighborhood of 30 mpg with



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The Subaru four-wheel-drive wagon costs around \$4200, including radio, four-speed transmission, full carpeting, rear-window defogger, wiper and washer, heavy-duty suspension, reclining bucket seats, tinted glass, etc., which add up to create a substantial automotive bargain. Thanks to its ultraefficient 1600-c.c. engine, which meets both the Environmental Protection Agency's and the more stringent California Air Resources Board's exhaust-emission standards without a catalytic converter, the Subaru provides an extra bonus by being operable on low-cost regular-pump gasoline. In terms of versatility in a small automotive package, it is hard to surpass this boxy but boldly different little wagon.

None of the major manufacturers have yet made the rather obvious connection between four-wheel drive and the immensely popular vans that are swarming across the nation, but several custom builders are making conversions of this nature and there is enormous activity in the entire field. Probably the most advanced concept comes from Ford, which introduced a model in 1974 that placed the engine farther forward than in conventional vans. This engine placement added to interior space and provided more crash protection than normal vans, which placed the power plant between the driver and the front-seat passenger and therefore left them vulnerable to head-on collisions. As we said, accessories are the life source of all recreation vehicles and, like its competition from Chevrolet, Dodge, Plymouth and G.M.C., Ford makes its van available in a variety of styles, ranging from the normal cargo type with no side windows to a club van with windows all around. Wheelbases are 124 or 138 inches and power plants vary from a 300-cu.-in. six-cylinder to a 351-cu.-in. V8. Both a three-speed manual and a three-speed automatic transmission are available, as is a variety of exotic interior packages. One of the neatest options is Ford's swiveling front chairs, with immense padded backs and armrests that rival anything to be found in the cabins of executive jets. Regardless of the form in which the Ford is delivered—as a \$5000 stripped version ready for customizing or a \$9000 beauty loaded with every conceivable goody—it is a machine beautifully suited to the hard realities of American motoring and to the fantasies surrounding the world of trucks.

So pick a machine, a fat-tired, Oh-my-God four-wheel-drive monster or a throw-back pickup or a loaded van, plug in an eight-track of C. W. McCall, light up the ole C.B. and start modulatin' on channel 19. Start truckin', good buddy, because, like the man says, getting there is all the fun.



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Harry Host: Star of the local "Follies," Harry loves putting on a show. And he knows that with Holland House Cocktail Mixes he's sure to get applause. He's made his favorite Old Fashioned and three different cocktails from one bottle of whiskey and still has plenty of time to mingle with his audience. He's not so sure if he has time for his friend Harriet. She's been playing him for laughs for 5 years and he still hasn't quite gotten the joke. He's thinking maybe Tina will be his new leading lady. Starting tonight.



Harriet, Friend of Host:

Harriet likes her Whiskey Sours not-too-tart, not-too-sweet. This one tastes so perfect it actually reminds her of a torrid week she once spent in the tropics. In fact, something is always reminding her of something else. For tonight, she wishes she had remembered to remind Harry not to invite Tina. Even though Tina is her best friend, she can't stand Tina when she has such a terrific tan. (Especially if she's around Charlie.)

Charlie Connoisseur:

Charlie can charm the trunk off an elephant, but now, caught between Harriet and the pate de foie gras on one side, and Tina and the beluga caviar on the other, he's feeling like a pressed duck. It's a good thing it's almost time for another one of Harry's smooth, refreshing Mint Juleps. (He's delighted Harry has taken the care to make his drinks as exciting as his hors d'oeuvres, but he still can't believe his drink was made from a mix.)

Tina Tennis:

She's just back from tennis camp on one of "her islands," and can't wait to try out her new serve on Charlie. If he'll let her. Recently, all she's been matched up with is a tennis ball. But at least tonight she's discovered the Holland House Manhattan, and it's a smash. Just the right taste. For her, it's a great mixed doubles drink, even though mixed singles is more her game.

The delicious taste of Holland House Cocktail Mixes can make your party as well as your whiskey come alive. (No matter who's on your guest list.) Holland House, the inventors of cocktail mixes, offers you 37 different ways to make your party a success. And because our mixes are concentrated, they taste better and go a lot further than most other mixes. You can be confident that no matter how exotic the cocktail, you can easily make it perfect every time. You'll be mixing just before sipping (using your own liquor) so you'll have a fresh tasting drink the exact strength you like.

When you have everything you need for an authentic, matchless mixed drink right in the Holland House packet or bottle, why start from scratch?



Holland House Cocktail Mixes

Makes liquor come alive.

PRINZE

(continued from page 110)

"The Prinze-Bruce engagement lasted a week and ended in a traumatic call that left Kitty feeling hurt and abused."

had an entourage with him: secretary, make-up man, lawyer, chauffeur.

"Hey, I'm telling you, Brenner, man, things are great!" Freddie announced. "I did have some trouble, though, driving up to Malibu in my Stingray."

Brenner cut him off. "Wait a minute, Freddie. If you were in New York, you would have said your car's in the shop. Why are you telling me what kind of car it is and where you're going? What do I care? You're talking to me, man, to Brenner from New York."

Freddie laughed. He went and got a soft drink, then began talking about how much money he had in the bank. As he paused to sip the soda, it dribbled down his chin and onto his shirt. "Isn't that something?" Brenner giggled. "You got a Stingray, you know how to get to Malibu and Palm Springs, you got a hundred thousand dollars in the bank, and you still don't know where your mouth is. You ought to say over and over to yourself, 'Under the nose, above the chin, under the nose, above the chin.'"

"I know, I know," Freddie laughed. "But I tell you, I really got my shit together, I really do."

"But, Freddie," Brenner warned, "a lot of people get their shit together. The question is, can you lift it?"

From his first days in Los Angeles, Freddie grilled Komack about Lenny Bruce. "He's the ultimate comic," Freddie insisted. "He took all the risks." When one critic hailed Prinze as "a second Lenny Bruce," it triggered something. By the summer of 1974, Prinze had bought all the Bruce albums and had read all the books about him. Now he wanted to meet Kitty, Bruce's daughter.

He asked an interviewer to arrange a meeting. Kitty was flying to Los Angeles and Freddie met the plane, wearing a CHICO AND THE MAN T-shirt. Their relationship was intense from the start. To be sure, they were an odd couple. Freddie—tall and now slender, with his drooping, parabolic mustache; Kitty—blonde, slightly overweight, doll-like, a year younger. But they spent almost every day together, catching old Marx Brothers movies in Santa Monica, rushing into the West Los Angeles gym where Freddie took his karate lessons and talking about Lenny Bruce.

To Kitty, Freddie was a wish fulfilled. He was funny. He seemed genuinely interested in her and he made her laugh. It was the first time, she would later tell him, that anyone had made her laugh since Lenny. She called him her "funny man."

But as their relationship developed, it seemed to her that Freddie was becoming more and more preoccupied with her father. Often they would head up the steep road toward the four-bedroom cliff-hanging house in the Hollywood hills where Kitty had lived as a child—and where Lenny had died in 1966.

Freddie also loved to zoom up that road in his yellow, beat-up 1968 Buick, scaring Kitty as he managed nearly impossible hairpin turns on the way to the house. One day he got permission from the new owners to go inside. He took Kitty with him and they spent two hours there, gazing at the tree Lenny had planted for Kitty when she was born.

For a brief and unintentionally cruel time, Prinze had convinced everyone, including himself, that he was going to marry Kitty. At one point, he told Sally Marr (Lenny's mother), who was leaving for New York, to stop in and see his parents. "After all," he told her, "you folks should get to know one another, since you'll be relatives soon."

But the Prinze-Bruce engagement lasted only a week and ended in a traumatic phone call that left young Kitty feeling hurt and abused. "He was blunt and cruel," she told her mother, Honey. "He just admitted he's been with me all this time because I was Lenny's daughter."

His affair with Kitty was over, but his fascination with Lenny only intensified.

A few weeks later, Freddie picked up Brenner after a gig at the Comedy Store and they went for a ride. Soon Prinze turned north on Kings Road and shifted down. Brenner gave Freddie a strange look. "Don't worry," Prinze soothed. "I just want to show you something."

Three minutes later, they were there. Prinze motioned Brenner out of the car and over to a large tree in front of the house. "See this tree?" he pointed. "Lenny planted this tree when Kitty was born . . . that was her tree."

It was a big tree. Prinze reached up, tore off a new leaf and gave it to Brenner. Then he produced his wallet and a decaying frond that had been entombed in plastic since his affair with Kitty. "I've carried this around for months," he boasted. "This is Lenny Bruce."

"It's very nice," Brenner cautiously responded. "But, Freddie, it's just a tree. It's just a tree."

Chico continued to pull high ratings and it wasn't long before the Las Vegas casinos were after Prinze, Caesars Palace, in particular. Sidney Gathrid, who books entertainment for the hotel and is an



"If I don't cure your wife of her frigidity, there won't be any charge."



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experienced talent spotter and had seen Freddie on the college circuit earlier, called Jonas in New York and suggested Freddie might be ripe for a Vegas spot.

"You may be right about Freddie," Jonas told Gathrid. "But I think it's too soon. Let's hold off. I think he needs a little more development."

Gathrid was surprised. People rarely turned down Caesars Palace. But Jonas was from the old school of management, where talent was nurtured and gradually built up.

Communication was sometimes difficult between Jonas and Prinze and, more often than not, it was aggravated by the fact that for a long time Jonas stayed in New York, commuting each week to Los Angeles for the Friday-night tapings.

Freddie started to complain. "I need someone to represent me out here," he said to DeBlasio one day. "By the time Jonas picks up the beat, I could be yesterday's news. I need the clout *now*."

Freddie finally decided he wanted to drop Jonas and told Komack about it.

"Freddie, no way," Komack argued. "You just came to California, you're nineteen years old and you do *not* do that. If you want to get rid of Jonas," he suggested, "wait a year or two. He's not gonna be in your way."

Prinze was unconvinced. "He's a little short fella with a toupee and he just won't

handle my career right," he insisted. Komack would not discuss it further.

Three months later, after his salary had been upped to \$1500 per episode, Freddie brought it up again. Again, Komack refused to discuss it.

Jonas finally decided to go out West. He had opened an office in California, had prepared ads for all the Hollywood press and had rented a beautiful apartment.

He called Freddie from the Friars Club to tell him he was on the way.

"Don't come out," Prinze said curtly. "I just fired you. You're gonna get an attorney's letter. You did everything for me," he said, talking much faster, "but I'm too big for you. I don't need you anymore."

"Freddie," Jonas warned, "you're going to have a big fight on your hands." Jonas had Freddie under contract for six more years. He canceled his Los Angeles lease, called his lawyer and filed suit.

Freddie called DeBlasio to tell him the news and his new manager—no longer handling Pryor—went to work at once.

But first there were a few outstanding commitments.

I always found myself with hookers and strippers, what society calls the low-lives. One hooker told me I was the type of guy she'd never charge, and I dug that. Hookers are

great because they're all woman. I'd marry a hooker in a minute.

—FREDDIE PRINZE, 1975

In March 1975, Freddie flew to Nevada for a weekend engagement at the Sahara Tahoe. On his first night there, he met Kathy Barber. There were plenty of girls in the crowded casino that night, but somehow Kathy stood out. She had long black hair, a great body and a smile no man could resist. She was a cocktail waitress with an arrest charge—eventually dismissed—for prostitution.

They retired to his room, but they talked for hours. Then they made love. It was the biggest compliment he could ever hope to receive, the fulfillment of a long-standing fantasy. As he later admitted, he assumed she was a hooker—and a special one, at that, who was giving it to him for free.

Prinze returned to Los Angeles and found he was intrigued by her. Her original name was Kathy Cochran; she was a West Virginia girl. Her folks were Southern Baptists who had moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico, where they opened an art gallery and went to church regularly.

Against her parents' wishes, Kathy married a teenaged boyfriend. When the marriage failed, she moved to Reno and into a second marriage that lasted less than a year.

Kathy is a most attractive woman.

It's easy to turn a heap into



She was broke, had a very good body and decided to use it. Without telling her parents, she started working in 1968 at the Mustang Ranch, a legal brothel in Nevada.

After nearly three years of intermittent employment and not enough money, Kathy left the ranch in 1971 and attempted to start a beauty-supply business in Reno with Carol Novak, who was also a divorcee. The women opened The Answer Shop in Reno, on the south end of town. It was a poor location and after three months, the business folded.

That's when she decided to take the cocktail-waitress job in Tahoe and met Freddie there one evening in 1975.

Early the next morning, Carol's phone rang. "Hey," said an excited Kathy, "I just met this fantastic guy and it's great."

"Who is he?" Carol said, half-awake.

"Well," Kathy giggled, "did you ever hear of a guy named Freddie Prinze?"

It wasn't long before Kathy left Nevada to share the small \$300-a-month Hollywood apartment with Freddie and Duke, her large Doberman. She was legitimate again—and she promised Freddie she wouldn't work. Kathy was all his now, and vice versa. They placed few demands on themselves and, more important, Freddie trusted her. At first, he told friends and the press that they had

met in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Later, he said Lake Tahoe and that she was a travel agent, then a cocktail waitress and, finally, an art-store employee.

"Two years ago," Freddie later confided, "it would have mattered to me what her profession was, but now I don't give a fuck. I wonder: Have I matured that much, or is it that I just fried my brain in the Sixties and I just don't care anymore?"

Since their first and only phone call a year earlier, Gathrid had yet to hear from Jonas about the Caesars Palace offer. Prinze was hot and Gathrid knew the time was right. He called Jonas. "Surely," Gathrid tried to persuade him, "he's ready now." Jonas muttered that he was no longer Freddie's manager.

Gathrid traced Prinze to DeBlasio to make the deal: one-shot appearance for Prinze as an opening act in April, for which he would be paid \$25,000, get 75 percent billing on the marquee and be allowed 35 minutes each show.

Freddie's first Vegas appearance, with Paul Anka in April 1975, was a smashing success, and Gathrid found that, despite Anka's strong following, Prinze was a good draw on his own.

His material wasn't polished, but it worked. Prinze was cute, he was funny and the baby jowls had tightened into

dimples that mothers could love. He had been warned to keep the Vegas routine clean, to maintain that false sense of morality imposed on those who work the casinos. With only a few verbal jabs at Nixon and a mildly salty vaudeville joke that Albertson had provided, he walked off to loud applause.

By the end of that first week, however, Freddie had grown discouraged. He wanted to do his social-commentary stuff, the blue Lenny Bruce material. His friends told him to wait—there would always be time for that. First, they advised, build your career, so you have the credibility to say what you want.

Prinze chose not to wait. A few weeks after the Caesars engagement, Freddie left for a one-month national tour as the opening act for his singer-songwriter friend Paul Williams. They had met a few months before and had liked each other immediately. Freddie loved his music and he would frequently drop by to visit his small but talented friend and his equally small white spinet piano.

The Williams tour took Prinze (and Kathy) on a grueling journey of one-nighters to places such as Westbury, New York, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, and a handful of state fairs, where the little old ladies with blue hair came to see Chico Rodriguez and to laugh. Instead, they saw a dirty little boy.

Before Prinze had a chance to ponder

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the implications of his poor road reception, the bosses at Caesars beckoned him back. In July, they negotiated a substantial arrangement for him. The William Morris Agency, Freddie's agents since his arrival in Los Angeles, issued some steep requests this time, but Gathrid honored almost every one: a four-week pact for 1976 (two two-week engagements) for \$40,000 a week. A codicil at the end of the agreement made the contract even more attractive: If the 1976 engagements were successful, Caesars would make Prinze a headliner, extend his contract six weeks into 1977 and up his weekly take to an incredible \$90,000. It was more than mutually acceptable—to Prinze it was Cinderella without a pumpkin and he eagerly signed on.

"All over the country," Prinze once told a friend, "kids are drowning in their chicken soup and their mothers are just saying they're tired. I know better, because I'm one of those kids."

He was talking about Quaaludes, the soporific downers he loved, but he also knew better about other drugs. He knew the people in Hollywood who dabbled in them as well. "If I ever wrote a book on all the people I know who take drugs in show business," he said, "mid-America would freak!"

Somehow he maintained his equilibrium with a delicate balancing act of coke, Quaaludes and Courvoisier by the bottle. It was a roller-coaster existence.

The cocaine he bought on the street, often snorting as much as five grams a day. Earlier estimates of Prinze's drug intake have been too polite, too conservative. One dealer in Los Angeles often grossed \$1000 from Freddie in two-day sprees. The dealer had promised

Prinze pharmaceutical-quality cocaine but stepped on it anyway.

The Quaaludes came, more often than not, from obliging Beverly Hills physicians. They were cheaper by prescription (\$15 for 100), which Freddie often filled at Schwab's drugstore, where he had an account. When Freddie ran out, he'd often pay three or four dollars for each pill on the street.

In the early days, he tried just about everything from angel dust (animal tranquilizer) to heroin. A few friends knew about the angel dust. The smack was Freddie's secret. On two occasions, he shot it into the small veins between his toes. "I wanted to get closer to Lenny," he later told a friend, but the heroin was not a satisfying experience.

He prided himself on living on the edge, on seeing how far he could go on how little sleep, how close he could flirt with oblivion and still return to the civilized world. In time, his fascination with drugs and Lenny Bruce extended to a preoccupation with guns—and death.

Besides Lenny's death, he began thinking of Marilyn Monroe's suicide and John Kennedy's assassination. He and Bursky once made a trip to West Los Angeles to look at Monroe's grave and Joe DiMaggio's roses. Freddie had read Mark Lane's *Rush to Judgment* at least four times, had become an apologist for Mort Sahl's conspiratorial theories and had purchased a copy of the Zapruder film of the assassination in Dallas.

The film was on a loop and he kept it on his projector to show friends. "I see something new in that film every time I look at it," he would claim. He was particularly obsessed by the frames that pictured the precise moment the bullet from the assassin's gun ripped into the

President's skull. He would slow the film down at that point and identify the different parts of Kennedy's brain as they fell to the street in Dallas.

But he never knew much about guns until he went to Los Angeles. He was surprised to find out how many people in show business owned weapons. It seemed they were as prolific as drugs.

On one occasion, Freddie and Bursky were watching old movies at Freddie's new apartment when Freddie brought out a Colt Python .357 magnum. Bursky stared at it. "Where the hell did you get this?" he asked Freddie.

"I got it from a friend," Prinze boasted, naming a fellow comedian he'd met at a party.

"Why would he give it to you?"

Prinze was sitting in his underwear, toying with the weapon. He chuckled. "Because he doesn't trust himself with it."

Bursky almost laughed. "And he gave it to you?"

A pizza they had ordered arrived and Prinze put the gun down. They smoked some grass, drank a little. By 3:30 in the morning, Bursky was wiped out. He wanted to go home. He looked over at Freddie. He was still playing with the gun. Prinze took a bullet and put it in the cylinder. He pulled the hammer back and forth. He spun the cylinder, looked up at Bursky, then spun the cylinder again. Suddenly, he lifted the gun to his head and pulled the trigger. There was a click.

He had picked an empty chamber. Bursky froze for an instant, not believing what had just happened. He started to shake. "Freddie, I always believed you were the luckiest human being in the world. Now I'm convinced of it."

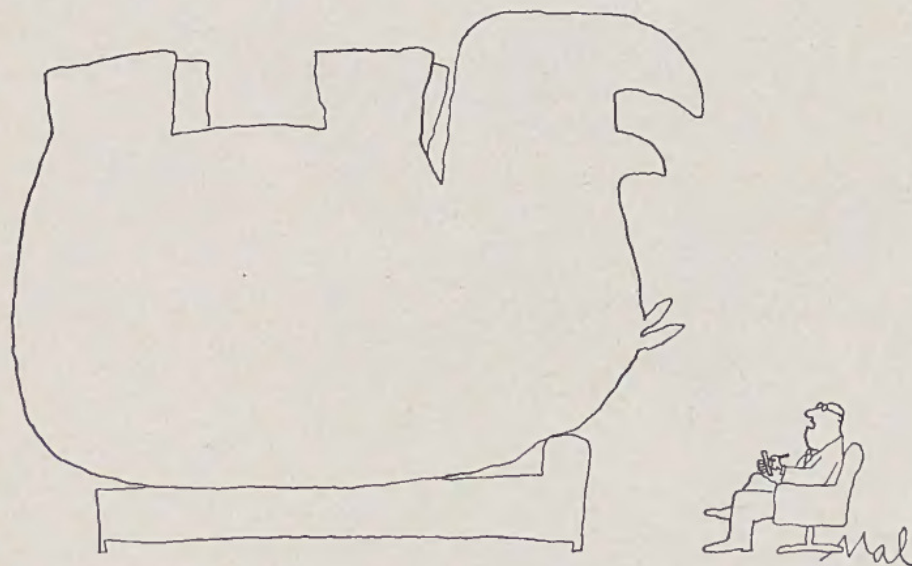
Freddie stood up and headed for the apartment's balcony. He opened the sliding doors and walked out, still in his underwear. He aimed the gun high, pulled the hammer back and fired the weapon. A flash of flame nearly a foot long exploded from the barrel and the recoil threw Freddie back a few steps.

The noise was deafening. Instinctively, Prinze threw the gun onto the floor. Both men dove for the carpet and the neighborhood lit up.

I'll see people at Hollywood parties, drinking martinis, getting wiped out, swapping wives. . . . And I'd say, "What the hell is this?" It's so Roman. I'd sit there and get sick. I go for honesty, and what society calls the low-lives are really the good people by comparison.

—FREDDIE PRINZE, 1975

Most of the motorcycle cops who hide out along hilly Laurel Canyon to catch speeders knew Freddie as the "blue streak." They used to nail him quite regularly as he sped down the hill in his bright-blue Corvette Stingray. Freddie



"No, you're not a pervert . . . in your case, bestiality is perfectly normal."

would just as regularly trick his way out of a ticket: "Officer, please, I've got diarrhea. Just follow me to the gas station, then give me the ticket." He pulled into the station's "clean" rest room, slammed the door and waited 20 minutes. It worked; the cop had left.

Then there was the charity scam. He was two for two on that one—the excuse that the Muscular Dystrophy Association had just called him to make an emergency appearance on a local telethon.

But one night a cop got him. It was two o'clock in the morning and Freddie was meandering through a school zone at 70 miles an hour. It was a story he loved to tell: "'Don't you know it's a school zone?' the cop asked me. I said, 'Yeah, but it's two o'clock in the morning.' He said, 'But it's still a school zone.' 'Officer, if any kids are in there at two in the morning, you better get in there, 'cause they're taking typewriters.'" That ticket put Freddie in driving school.

But when Freddie got his own place, and Kathy moved in, much of that recklessness seemed to disappear. Freddie began telling friends he was on a natural high. Kathy's friend Carol Novak also came from Reno to become his secretary; and his official life straightened out considerably as well.

In August, Kathy told Freddie she was pregnant. At first he was angry, but he felt he loved Kathy and the pregnancy seemed for a moment to cement that emotion. He asked her to marry him. She accepted. One of Carol's first jobs was to plan the wedding. On Freddie's instructions, she flew to Las Vegas and met with Billy Weinberger, one of the top bosses at Caesars, to suggest the wedding take place there. Weinberger was delighted.

Carol called pastor Stanley Unruh. Unruh had moved to Las Vegas in 1972. He likes to tell his parishioners that the Lord brought him to the sinful city and to the small Sunrise Southern Baptist Church he now runs on the outskirts of town. Part of his regular sermon is that he's "never pulled a handle" and he never intends to.

He hadn't seen Kathy in years, and the little girl who had played with his daughter as a child in Albuquerque had grown into a beautiful woman. He had never met Prinze, but Unruh was excited at the thought of his first "star" wedding.

Unruh would be disappointed. When he arrived at the suite in Caesars north-central tower on October 13, there were few stars to be found. It was to be a very quiet, very small ceremony.

DeBlasio was there, so were Carol, Albertson (who was working in Vegas at the time) and the parents of the bride and the mother of the groom. Just before Freddie slipped the plain gold wedding band on Kathy's finger, Albertson joked, "It's not too late. You can pretend it's a



"Is that a fact? I always thought that what Churchill said was 'We shall fight on the beaches.'"

vaudeville act and disappear." Everyone laughed.

As soon as he returned from Nevada, Freddie took Kathy over to meet Komack. While the bride and the producer chatted, Freddie dashed upstairs with a present for Maxine, Komack's 11-year-old daughter. It was a beautiful color photo of himself that she had asked for months earlier. He borrowed one of her pens and signed it—with a special message. Maxine thanked him for the photo, but she did not show it to anyone else. After reading the inscription, she carefully buried it in a dresser drawer.

The autographed 8" x 10" glossies were as close as he ever came to hyping himself. Twice he had turned down T-shirt and merchandising offers. He had refused to do a centerfold for *Playgirl* ("I'll have to consult my priest") and was considered by many writers to be a tough interview.

His marriage to Kathy convinced him even more to try to hold on to his private life. He wanted to protect her—and he did. Even Prinze's closest friends never got too close to Mrs. Prinze. Komack had met her a total of two times. Albertson was with the couple on only three occasions. Freddie saw his job as shielding Kathy from the outside world.

Shortly after the wedding, Friedman called to congratulate Freddie. Friedman had been seduced by California and was opening a second Improvisation. Freddie was in great spirits. He liked the idea and became one of the first investors. Friedman sold 15 points (at \$2000 a point) to a number of comedians and Freddie became a \$2000 partner, along with Harvey Korman, J. J. Walker and comedienne Liz Torres.

Friedman didn't need the money, but he's known for using his talent as well as he showcases it. "I knew then that if I could make them all investors," he says, "they'd come down here and work the place for me." He was right: Prinze became a regular.

He was also about to become a father.

It was going to be Kathy's first child and she decided she would undergo hypnosis when she delivered it. Through a Los Angeles hypnosis association, she was referred to a Dr. William Kroger, who was also a psychiatrist. She went to see him in November and was impressed with his care and his credentials.

After the second session with Dr. Kroger, Kathy decided she didn't have the concentration for the hypnosis to work. But she thought he'd be great for

Freddie. Prinze started seeing Kroger in December.

Things had begun to sour quickly with their marriage. The disintegration began over little things. He loved sports. She didn't. He loved to read. She loved the soaps. He was a loner. She wanted to entertain. He went back on coke and Quaaludes.

He began to tell friends he had made two mistakes. First Jonas, and now Kathy. Although his lawyers advised him to fight the suit Jonas had filed against him, it was a losing battle. Brenner had testified for Freddie. So had Friedman. But meanwhile, 15 percent of everything Prinze was earning was being placed in escrow, pending the outcome of the trial.

Prinze started downing out. On at least two occasions, he passed out with lit cigarettes smoldering on the living-room couch of the two-bedroom Nichols Canyon house he had bought a month earlier.

What held the marriage together was the expected child. Freddie James Prinze, Jr., was born just after seven P.M. on March eighth. It wasn't a natural childbirth, but Prinze was in the room when Kathy's gynecologist delivered the child. Seeing his son made him want to change. He was high on life again, driving more carefully now and returning to karate classes.

A week later, Bursky and Prinze were touring in the Corvette, talking about

James Bond. It was a favorite subject of theirs and Freddie had devoured everything Ian Fleming ever wrote. They were talking about Freddie's new house and child and the need for protection. "I want a gun just like the one James Bond had," Freddie said. Bursky told him it was a Walther PPK, a weapon no longer imported. Instead, Bursky suggested a PPKS.

The Big Five Sporting Goods Store on Wilshire Boulevard stocks everything from volleyballs to bows and arrows, but it was out of the PPKS on the Tuesday Freddie walked in.

It had something similar—a semiautomatic Astra .380 Constable. The salesman showed Prinze an Astra, serial number 1096942. He pointed to its easily removable clip and the gun's safety. It was also on sale: \$158.99. Prinze bought it.

"Now," he said, "I want one for my wife."

He selected a cheaper weapon for Kathy, a Charter Arms .38 for \$110.29. Two weeks later, after his gun registration was validated, he returned to the store, picked up the guns and bought two nine-dollar boxes of copper-jacketed hollow-point bullets. He drove home and presented Kathy with her weapon.

Less than a month after the baby was born, Prinze's accountants made a disturbing discovery: There was no money. Aside from the funds in escrow for Jonas, the rest had found its way to an assort-

ment of lawyers, agents, business managers, public-relations men and, last but certainly not least, his dope connections.

On May 11, Gathrid received a phone call from Fred Moch, Freddie's agent at William Morris. While Freddie wasn't scheduled to play Caesars until September (for 14 days with Andy Williams), Moch wanted to know if Gathrid could advance Freddie his two-week salary immediately. It was an unusual request, but Gathrid called downstairs and had the \$80,000 check made out that afternoon.

Freddie was depressed again. He was seeing Kroger off and on, but the psychiatry wasn't working. He started playing with the guns again, firing his Astra into the trees and redwood planters behind the house.

The last time I saw Freddie, he was sitting in Theodore's, a Hollywood restaurant. It was four in the afternoon and he was just waking up. He ordered his usual "comedy breakfast": crisp bacon, French fries, a large Coke and a double order of buttered white toast.

He talked about the show and his tensions. "Everybody owns a piece of me," he said. "Most of the money goes to the lawyers. And in the meantime, they want you to keep working for them."

"I've been so crazy," he explained, "that I didn't think any woman could live with me without shooting herself

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through the head in three weeks. It's been a struggle with Kathy."

He said he was tired of the has-beens and the almos. "They give Hollywood a bad name. It's not such a bad town, really. But people come out here to make it. If they haven't made it in three years, they go 'Bang!' and shoot themselves through the head."

"What about you, Freddie?" I asked.

"Well, I've been out here that long. I've made it, I guess, but I haven't made a decision yet." He laughed. It was a joke.

That brought up the subject of permanence. "If Hollywood does have a problem," he said, eating his second order of toast, "it's that the town burns you out after a while if you let it. You get placed in a certain box, you get a certain image, and then you can never get out. It's like being condemned to being one of *My Three Sons* for the rest of your life, and I don't want to get trapped. Ten years from now, if I'm still around, I just don't want to be known as the guy who used to be Chico."

"I drive home in my car," he said rather distantly, "and I think about the applause. If I'm happy with the way a show worked, I usually drive right home. If I'm not, I can drive on forever."

He was on a long drive on the night of November fifth when the California Highway Patrol pulled him over on the San Diego Freeway. He had had a few

Quaaludes. He had been weaving, the cop said. "Weaving?" he protested innocently. "I wasn't even sewing."

Freddie was arrested. A test revealed methaqualone in his blood stream. He also worried because the cops had confiscated—and were analyzing—some nose drops Kroger had given him. Kroger had known Freddie was conning him, so he had conned him right back with a little psychosomatic medicine: He told Prinze the nose-drop prescription contained a seven percent solution of cocaine. Freddie believed him.

(Kroger's con worked until the arrest. When the lab results came through a week later, Freddie's cocaine solution turned out to be nothing more than a nonprescription local numbing agent.)

Freddie was allowed one phone call. It was after midnight. He dialed Carol's number, but Kathy answered. She was visiting Carol and had picked up the phone. It was an awkward conversation.

An hour later, Freddie was released from the Van Nuys jail. Kathy and Carol were waiting for him. But Kathy refused to talk with her husband. "Freddie," she said, controlling her anger, "I'll drive your car home. I think you better let Carol drive you, because she won't scream at you... I will."

*Hollywood breeds self-contempt.
It tells you you're a star now, here,*

enjoy, smoke this, snort this, drink this. And you say, "Why not?" But if it all fails tomorrow, that's where suicide comes in.

—FREDDIE PRINZE, 1975

Three days later, Freddie left the house. Carol made arrangements for him to get a second-floor one-bedroom apartment at the Beverly Comstock, a Wilshire Boulevard apartment hotel just west of Beverly Hills. He packed his things and moved into the \$700-a-month apartment on November eighth.

He began to depend more and more upon Carol. Along with the Quaaludes, she became his 24-hour crutch. Now there would be more lawyers, more expenses and more dope. On two Quaaludes, Prinze could function properly. On three, he would slow down. By the fifth, paranoia set in. He couldn't sleep. He'd take a few more, and then some more.

The Jonas case was resolved: It had gone to a costly arbitration hearing and Jonas was awarded 15 percent of Prinze's earnings for three years.

Freddie started talking about suicide. First, he called Brenner and made a general remark about not making it to 30. "That's very normal, Freddie," Brenner said, "'cause you're trying to shock me. That's very normal for someone who's twenty. Someone who's thirty is going to end it before forty. Someone who's

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"Good Lord! Have you seen this? It begins, 'I, Howard Hughes, name as my executor. . .'"

forty is going to end it before fifty. Some eighty-year-old guy says I'm not making ninety, and a ninety-year-old guy says I'm gonna end it before four hundred. It's pretty normal," he laughed, "so you're not shocking me." But Freddie kept talking about it. "Look," Brenner shouted, "you're being a putz. First of all, you're doing it to go out in glory. Chances are, maybe fifty-fifty, it will be a splash story, maybe. Maybe you'll just go out, bang, it's over. Now," he continued, "the big thing that's not logical is that you won't be around to enjoy it, even if it happens big!"

He tried out his gun routine with Bursky. He had seen *Taxi Driver*, and he pulled the Astra out and stuck it in Bursky's ear. "You talkin' to me? You talkin' to me, sucker? Well, suck on this."

Bursky looked at the gun. The clip was in place and the safety was off. "Look," he joked, "if you're gonna shoot me, make it in the leg so I can make some money out of this." Prinze pocketed the gun.

One night, he called Bursky at four in the morning. "Nobody loves me; I'm all alone. I can't take it anymore. I'm gonna do it."

"OK," Bursky advised. "Then go into the bathroom and do it neatly."

He called Carol with the same threat.

"I'm so lonely, Carol. I need you; please come over. I'm going to shoot myself." She almost took him seriously, until he added, "And be sure to bring me something to eat."

On December third, Komack got a call at 9:20 one night from John Travolta, who plays Vinnie Barbarino in *Welcome Back, Kotter*. "I just left Freddie," he said, "and I'm worried. He's got a lot of pills and he's gonna O.D."

"But, John," Komack said, "I didn't know you and Freddie were friendly."

"We're not," said Travolta. "He just called me up and asked me to come over."

Komack and his secretary, Mei Ling Moore, arrived at the Prinze apartment at 9:40. They knocked on the door, but Freddie didn't answer. Moore went down to the front desk and got a key. As soon as they opened the door, a rush of hot air blew out. Prinze had all the heaters on. He was passed out on the sofa. Komack lifted Freddie up and began slapping him. They walked around the room for a good 20 minutes. "Jimmy, don't take my 'Ludes," Freddie mumbled. There was one bottle of Quaaludes on the coffee table and Komack sent Moore into the bedroom to look for more pills. (One of the Quaalude bottles, she soon discovered, was in Carol's name, pre-

scribed by one of Prinze's doctors.) She searched the dresser drawers. As she opened the nightstand drawer, the Astra fell out. She quickly put it in her pocket.

She motioned to Komack and they both headed toward the door. Freddie reached over and grabbed Moore's arm as she tried to walk out. "Get your fucking hands off her," Komack shouted, "or I'll knock your fucking head off!" Prinze released his grip.

Komack's phone started ringing shortly after Komack and Moore returned home. Komack told the answering service not to ring through, to tell Freddie that he was at the hospital. (Komack's wife, Cluny, had had a hysterectomy that day.)

Komack figured that would be the end of it. But, somehow, Freddie sweet-talked his way through the hospital switchboard and got to Cluny, still sedated from her operation. "Where's Jimmy?" he demanded. "I know he's there."

She tried to convince him that he wasn't.

At 12:30, Freddie rang Komack's doorbell. Carol was with him. Komack wouldn't let them in. "C'mon, Jimmy, you don't love me, you don't understand me," Freddie cried. "Let me have my gun and my 'Ludes back."

"But I do love you," Komack responded. "That's why I'm not giving them back."

"You motherfucker!" Freddie yelled. "Give them back. I know you have them."

Finally, a compromise was reached. Komack said—without meaning it—that he would give the gun and the pills to Freddie only after Carol drove him home. At five that morning, Carol returned to the house. Komack gave her the pills and the Astra.

The next day, she returned them to Freddie. When she told Komack, he got angry: "He's bullied you, Carol, he's bullied everyone. Nobody can say no to him."

DeBlasio knew about the gun and the drugs. By that time, however, Freddie wasn't listening to anybody. But Ron had a partial solution: Find Freddie a girl.

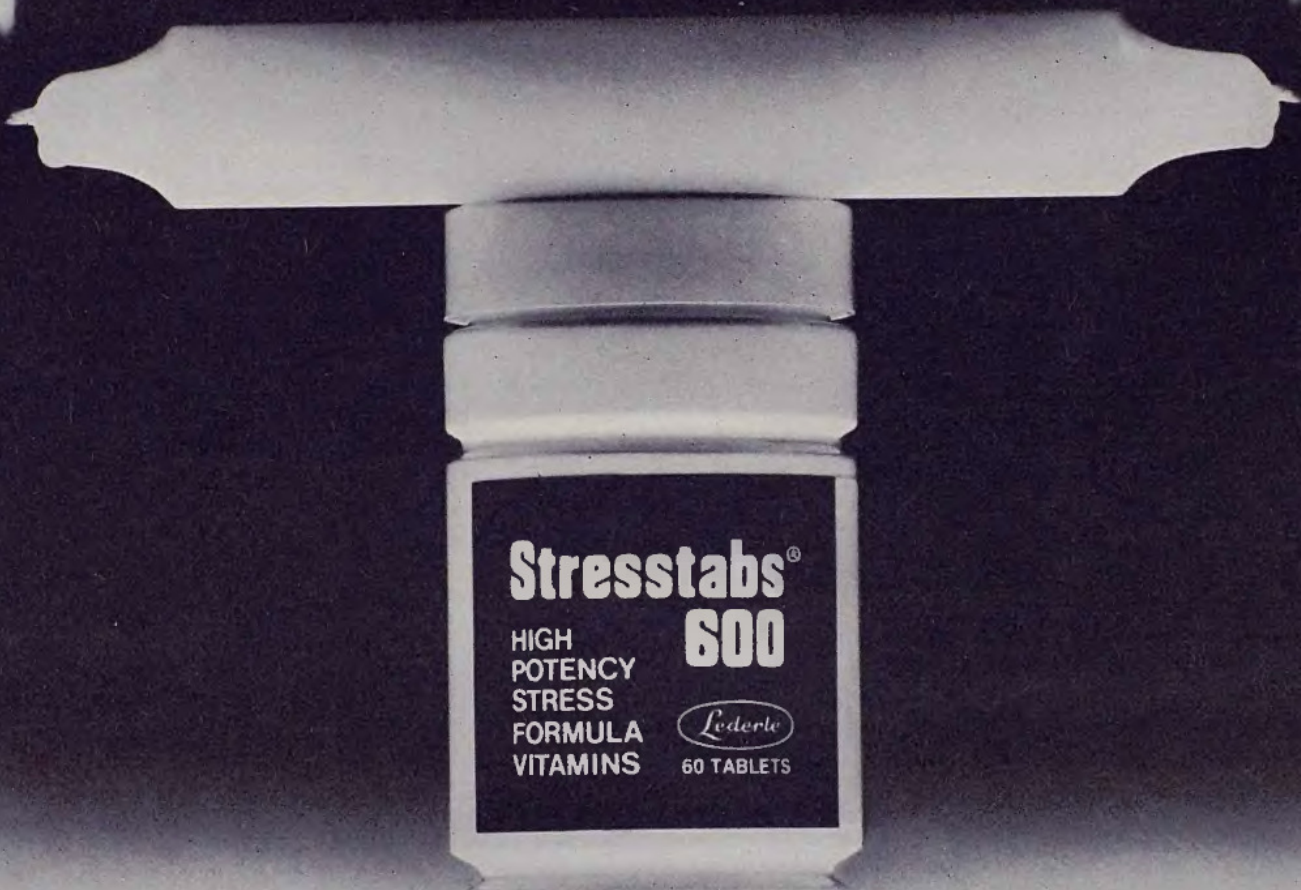
Tricia Pelham is a beautiful 27-year-old actress friend of DeBlasio's. Before Ron was married, they had dated. DeBlasio and his wife invited Tricia for dinner one night when Freddie was at their house.

Prinze could never resist a good-looking woman. As soon as she walked in, Prinze said, "Hi, do you want to have dinner with me on Saturday night?"

Pelham is the kind of girl who likes slow approaches and good meals. His forwardness stunned her, but she had come prepared. "Sure," she said, "but you have to take me to Chasen's."

"Absolutely," Prinze answered.

They never made it out of his apartment that Saturday night. He was totally loaded on Quaaludes, and Pelham, who is the daughter of the Duke of Newcastle,



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was reduced to playing nursemaid.

A few days later, Kathy filed for divorce. Freddie was with Tricia when it happened. More 'Ludes.

David Braun, Freddie's attorney, had asked Kathy's lawyers to go easy with Freddie. He told them that his client was in a very sensitive condition. It's a fairly typical legal ploy in divorce cases, but this time it was the truth. Kathy's lawyers thought otherwise and demanded a \$5000-a-month settlement.

As a way of keeping his mind busy, Freddie sat down to write—in long-hand—his autobiography. "What the hell are you doing that for?" Bursky asked him one afternoon. In answer, Freddie began to read aloud. "Wait a minute," Bursky interrupted. "How's it going to end?"

Freddie looked up from the table where he was sitting. "With a big bang," he said, grinning.

A few days later, Freddie left for his last date in Las Vegas. He took Tricia with him.

After his first night at Caesars, sharing the bill with Shirley MacLaine, Freddie's depression worsened. He took six Quaaludes and passed out. He started acting like a junkie. The 'Ludes numbed his skin. It would tingle. He would sit in the hotel room and scratch himself crazy. It was difficult to watch. It ended only when he crashed.

But in the morning he was up, full of energy and talking about his career, his future, how much he enjoyed working with MacLaine. He took a phone call from ABC. Bad news. The network had approached Prinze to be a part of its *Battle of the Network Stars*. When they had asked him what he'd like to do, he said he wanted to box. It was an unusual preference but a genuine one. The problem, said the network executive on the other end of the line, was they just couldn't find anyone on any of the three networks who wanted to fight him.

Freddie hung up. "I just want to find somebody to beat up," he told Tricia. "I just want to get violent."

Tricia and Freddie spent long hours talking. When he was coherent, he talked about his friends in the business. One of his biggest disappointments was, he would tell her, Tony Orlando. "I can't understand him," Freddie would say. "When his show was on the air, we'd get together all the time. Now I never hear from him. Some friend."

Indeed, Orlando and Prinze hadn't talked for three months. It wasn't a feud—they just hadn't talked. The relationship had simply evaporated, along with Freddie's marriage, and that hurt him.

God, it's all happened so quick. I look at it this way: If I die tomorrow,

I got no regrets. For my age, I've fulfilled everything I want to do. Now, if another two years go by, God, please don't take me. But as of now, if God takes me tomorrow, I don't give a damn.

—FREDDIE PRINZE, 1975

Vegas was a success, but not for Freddie. He still liked cocaine, but the Quaaludes were now receiving most of his attention. They distorted his perceptions terribly, depressed him and activated his death wish. They made him think about his will, something he'd never taken seriously before. He decided to change it. He specifically excluded Kathy; his father was written out as well. Three quarters of his estate was to go to his mother, and his son, Freddie, Jr., would get the rest.

His spirits revived for what was to be his last public appearance: the Inaugural gala in Washington, D.C. He was funny, could do no wrong, make no mistakes. It was, perhaps, a brief rebirth.

But, in the end, it was only a remission. The 'Ludes were working their way into his every thought and warning lights were flashing.

He flew back to Los Angeles on January 21 and called Sid Gathrid. He wanted to go to Vegas for a weekend. Gathrid arranged to "comp" him a \$240 suite.

There was nothing for Freddie to do

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in Vegas, except get more Quaaludes. The house doctor at a major Las Vegas casino had prescribed them for Freddie's sleeping problems before.

Prinze stayed in Las Vegas only a day and a half and called Carol to pick him up at the L.A. airport.

She was there promptly at ten P.M. with the limousine. She went to the gate to meet Western flight 247. It was on time, but Freddie apparently wasn't on it. Finally, the gate agent locked the ramp. All the passengers had deplaned. She had him page. No luck.

She returned to the limo and waited a few more minutes. Suddenly, Prinze came staggering toward Carol and the chauffeur. He was about to pass out. On the way home, he told her the story. He had bought a new supply of Quaaludes in Vegas and had taken so many pills that by the time they began to work on the plane, he had no idea where he was. In fact, he had been in the bathroom when the plane landed and was roused from his stupor only when a cleaning crew boarded the aircraft.

When they arrived at his apartment, Freddie begged Carol to stay. She was tired, but he insisted. He then taught her how to play backgammon and she won \$95. She also stayed the night.

Monday was the same. She stayed with him, stroking his hair, massaging his back, doing everything to help him go to sleep.

She wanted to go home. She had often been away from her daughter for days and wanted to spend at least a little time with her.

But again, Freddie insisted. Carol called home and spoke with her daughter.

"Honey, you really, really don't mind?" Carol asked her.

"No, Mom. He's lonely, I'm not. And in the long run, it all evens out, anyway. He's done so much for us."

On Wednesday, things began to disintegrate. Freddie learned that Kathy's lawyers had asked for a restraining order restricting his visits to Freddie, Jr. During a break in rehearsal, he went over to some of the prop boxes. Slowly, then with building frequency and force, he began to kick them, smash them, destroy them. He was making so much noise that Albertson screamed at him to stop.

Freddie left early and went down the hall to the studio where the *Tonight Show* is taped. Brenner was guest-hosting and Prinze always dropped in. He entered the dressing room empty-handed. He made a phone call and then he and Brenner talked. He told Brenner that he was leaving the Beverly Comstock apartment and moving to a better pad. The conversation shifted to Freddie's upcoming divorce. Freddie didn't want to talk about it. "It's going great, man," he told Brenner.

"No," Brenner said, shaking his head, "how are you doing? Not your show but you?"

"Fine," he said. "Well, I gotta go, gotta split." Prinze rose and thanked Brenner for letting him use the phone.

It struck Brenner as strange that Freddie would thank him for that. "It isn't even my phone," he laughed. "C'mon. . ."

Freddie was at the door. "Hey, Freddie," Brenner called, "you know you can have anything you want from me any time you want it."

"I know, man," Freddie said, smiling, and went back into the room. Freddie and Brenner always greeted each other with hugs, but this hug seemed different. As they briefly held each other, Freddie kissed him on the cheek. "I love you, David," he said and walked out.

Carol drove him home. Once inside the door, he took out the gun. He put the gun barrel in his mouth, on his head, under his ear. "I should do it," he said. "Show them all."

"No, you won't, Freddie; now, stop it."

Prinze went into the bedroom to get ready for an appointment he had with Komack.

Suddenly, Carol heard a shot and the sound of a body slumping to the floor. "Freddie!" she shrieked as she ran toward the bedroom.

The first thing she saw was a jagged

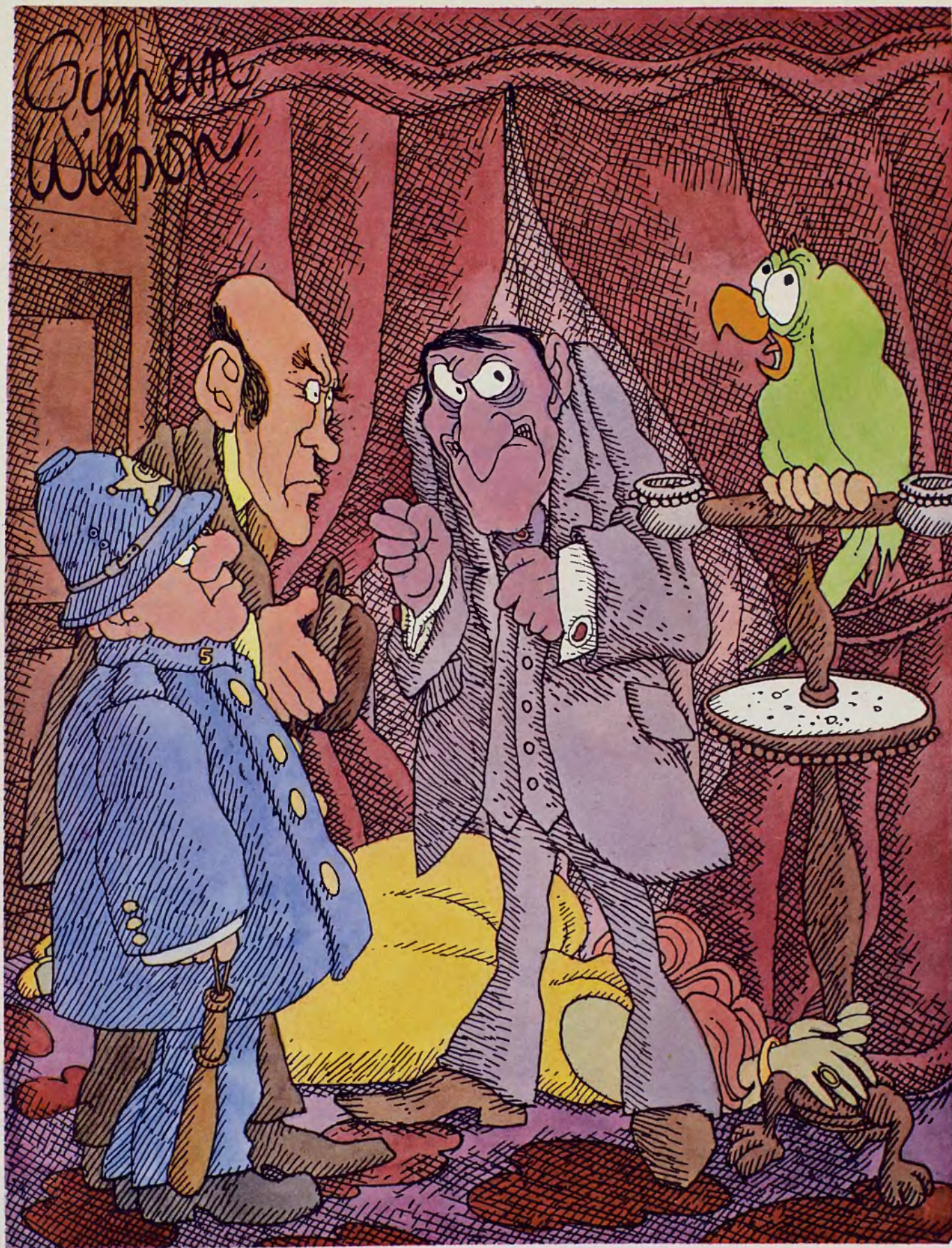
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hole in the bedroom wall and splinters on the floor from the bullet's impact. Then she saw Freddie. He was laughing. "Ha, ha. I fooled you. You thought I shot myself."

Carol broke down. "I can't take this, Freddie. I just can't take this."

He apologized.

Freddie was no longer sending suicide signals. He was shooting flares. That night, he was going out with Suzanna Martin, another woman he had met while at dinner at DeBlasio's. She was late, so he told her to meet him at Komack's house. Komack and his wife were out to dinner. The only person there was Buddy Garion, a Komack house guest. Freddie pushed his way past Garion and ran up the stairs to Komack's bedroom.

"Where is it?" he yelled. "Where?"

"What?"

"The cocaine. I'm out and there may be some around here." Garion tried to stop him. But Freddie was looped and brandished the Astra threateningly. Garion grabbed the gun away from him.

Then Suzanna arrived. Garion gave Freddie back his gun and the couple left. She drove him toward Kroger's house. As they drove, Freddie once again drew his gun and frightened Suzanna by putting the barrel in his mouth and, with the safety catch on, repeatedly pulling on the trigger.

When Freddie arrived at the house, Kroger took away his gun and his pills. Suzanna stayed with him all night and, for the first time since the Inaugural, he really slept.

Carol arrived at the studio the next morning at 11 and Freddie was already there. He wore a strange smile and the same outfit he had worn the night before: gold pants, an old denim shirt and scuffed-up white shoes.

"They took my 'Ludes and my gun away," he said mischievously. "Well, I've got twenty more!" He was smiling and scratching. My God, Carol thought, he's already taken some more!

During the lunch break, he called Kroger. "Doc, I want my 'Ludes and my gun back. I'll be over about six to pick them up."

Kroger told him he wouldn't be home then. "Well, then, put them in an envelope and leave them with your maid. Don't worry, I won't mess with them."

He hung up, then grinned at the telephone. "Fool!" he said.

When he returned to rehearsal, he almost passed out. He was spacy and couldn't remember his lines. When he finished, he drove over to Komack's house for a meeting he had requested.

"OK," Komack said as Freddie sank down with a glass of wine into a stuffed chair in the den. "who talks?"

"You do."

"Got a complaint?"

Freddie had two. He wanted Komack

to pay what was owed on the Corvette.

"OK," Komack agreed. "Done."

Second, while his salary had recently been raised to \$9500 per episode, he wanted the same money Albertson was getting.

"What?" Komack asked.

"You know. Parity," Freddie said.

"What do you mean by that?" Komack demanded.

"You know," Prinze argued. "Equal."

"But, Freddie," Komack shrugged, "you're not equal."

Prinze tried to argue, but Komack held his ground. The meeting ended.

Freddie had taken five 'Ludes before the meeting, and the wine didn't help. He slid into his Corvette and weaved dangerously back to his apartment.

Carol was there when he returned. "I've had five 'Ludes and some wine," he boasted sluggishly, "and I drove!"

He put away his gun and changed into his favorite white karate pants and T-shirt. He called one of his attorneys. "I'm gonna do it," he warned and asked about his insurance policies. The attorney brushed off the threat and told him there was a two-year moratorium that had four months left to expire. Freddie hung up.

He called Kroger, but the doctor was out; his exchange said he'd be calling in.

To pass the time, Freddie and Carol played backgammon. He could hardly move the pieces. He passed out in the middle of the game.

At nine o'clock, Kroger called. "Doc—I need help," Freddie said. "I'm going to do it. I can't take it anymore." Kroger promised he'd be over. Freddie got up and got the gun, then counted and recounted his Quaaludes. He wanted to be sure how many he had taken. Seven.

He called Bursky, who tried to make small talk by asking him how he liked the Inaugural. "It was great, man. I got new faith, new hope." Bursky thought he said "new coke." Freddie cut him off. "Let's keep it short and sweet."

"What?" Bursky asked.

"OK," Freddie mumbled. "It's been short but sweet."

At midnight, Prinze grew nervous. He jumped up from the sofa and began to pace. He put two albums on the stereo—*Car Wash* and a new Stevie Wonder record.

He danced a little, and then Carol convinced him to sit down and sleep. She removed his shoes, got a blanket and pillow and gently stroked his forehead. "Tell me, Carol, tell me," he whispered.

"What, Freddie?" she asked. "Tell you what?"

"Tell me, Carol, just tell me, but don't tell me to go to sleep."

At 1:30 A.M., Kroger came up the steps. Freddie heard his footsteps and let him in. He studied him for a moment. The doctor is a small, thin man in his 70s, with high cheekbones, smooth skin

and a good rap. Carol got him some orange juice.

"Doc, in a nutshell, what am I? Am I schizophrenic? Psycho?"

"You're none of those things," Kroger soothed. "You're a very immature boy with masochistic tendencies, that's all."

"Pseudomasochistic tendencies," Freddie countered. Kroger ignored him. Freddie asked again.

"All right," Kroger conceded. "You're pseudomasochistic. Yes, you can kill without any conscience, without any guilt when you're under the influence of those Quaaludes. But when you are normal, without any of this stuff in you, you are the sweetest, the most lovable, the kindest person there is."

Kroger immediately saw the gun lying on the cheap wooden coffee table. Prinze slowly picked it up as the doctor began a casual conversation about his lack of knowledge about firearms. Freddie seemed to respond to the doctor's ploy and in his stupor tried to explain how the gun worked. Then he replaced the gun and clip on the table.

Prinze looked up just as Kroger was pocketing the clip. He reached out for it. "Give it back," he said. Kroger hesitated. Freddie sat up on the couch. "Doc," he said curtly, "I'm serious. I want the clip back. And if you don't give it to me, I'll take it from you."

Kroger reached into his pocket and fingered the clip. "But, Freddie," he tried to gently tease, "you wouldn't hit a man with glasses, would you?"

"Yes," Freddie quickly responded. "I would." The doctor's cheeks flushed. He glanced at Carol and she gave him a look that seemed to corroborate Freddie's threat. He shrugged slightly, pulled the clip out of his pocket and, without further hesitation, gave it back.

Carol was tired. Since Kroger was there, she could go home. Because the weather was bad, Carol promised to call when she got back to her apartment.

When she did, she heard a familiar line: "Carol, I'm so lonely."

"Isn't Kroger still with you?" she asked.

"No, he left."

Carol begged him to get some sleep: "Freddie, you're wearing me out."

He was on the phone to her a quarter of an hour later. "Carol, I'm gonna do it. I can't take it no more. I'm just gonna do it."

Freddie called Dusty Snyder next and made the same threat. Dusty agreed to go over. Freddie sat down on the love seat and examined the gun for the fifth time that night. His mind was fighting sleep, a battle he was slowly losing to his body. The stereo was almost at full volume. Moving slowly, he loaded the bullet clip, slid a shell into the chamber and pushed down on the safety catch, revealing a red-lacquer dot, which told him the gun was ready. Satisfied, he slid

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the gun under one of the couch cushions.

He sat down on the couch in the darkened apartment and drew up the coffee table. He pulled out a sheet of hotel stationery and began to write: "January 28, 1977. I must end it. There's no hope left. I'll be at peace. No one had anything to do this. My decision totally."

There was a knock at the door. It was Dusty. "Things will get better, Freddie," he said as soon as he walked in. "All this is just temporary. And what's the worst that could happen? They'll take your money now—but it's *only* money."

Freddie only nodded. He grabbed for the phone. He called David Braun. Then his mother.

He glanced down at his suicide note and added a couple of lines: "Dusty's here. He's innocent. He cared."

At 3:30, he called Kathy. "I love you and I love the baby very much," he told her, "but I just have to find peace. The attorneys are taking all of it."

He hung up and stared at the wall. It was quiet now. The records had been played. In the eerie light of the room, he already looked like a ghost.

Prinze reached into the sofa, withdrew the gun and, holding it in his right hand, put it against his temple. He squeezed the trigger.

There was a loud pop. The quarter-inch bullet went upward through his brain, mushroomed and exited his skull near the top of his head. Snyder first thought it might be another of Freddie's poor-taste pranks. Then he saw the blood trickling down the side of his head.

The bullet landed five feet away on a window sill. Freddie's hand, still tightly gripping the gun, came to rest in his lap. His heart was still beating.

The phone rang at Honey Bruce's rented house in San Anselmo, California, shortly after 5:30 that morning. It was Kitty calling from New York. She was crying uncontrollably. "Mom, Mom," she sobbed. "Freddie did it, he shot himself." Honey tried to calm her, but it was no use. "Now I know how it feels," she insisted. "Now I know. You lost your funny man, and now I just did."

Thirty-three hours later, it was official. The machines keeping Prinze alive were removed.

Komack returned from the hospital a half hour after the death announcement was made. He walked into Maxine's room to tell her the bad news, but she had already heard it. As he walked out, he saw it—now displayed on her dressing table: It was the autographed color photo of Freddie. "To Maxine," he had written, "When you grow up, may you never grow up to be like your Uncle Freddie."

Twenty-four hours after Prinze was pronounced dead, Kathy had agreed to nearly all the funeral arrangements. Everyone had gathered at DeBlasio's house

to work out the final details. Komack and DeBlasio had made up a list of honorary pallbearers. DeBlasio wanted Pryor, but Kathy was adamant about not having any of "his kind" at the funeral. Many of those at the house had just met Kathy and some of them were beginning to understand, they later said, why Freddie had always shielded his wife.

DeBlasio tried to persuade her that Freddie loved Pryor. She wouldn't listen. Finally, she agreed to a compromise: She'd allow Sammy Davis Jr. (who hardly knew Freddie) to attend. Neither entertainer went to the services.

The funeral was everything a star could hope for. Dozens of celebrities, hundreds of fans, the press and, finally, pastor Stanley Unruh. Kathy wanted him to perform the services; Unruh agreed immediately to fly in from Las Vegas. It would be his second star ceremony.

Ironically, the services were held at Forest Lawn Memorial Park, which just happens to overlook NBC. Many of the honorary pallbearers on the well-publicized list were absent. "Where's Carson?" someone asked of the *Tonight Show* king.

"Oh," replied one of the celebrities, "he doesn't do funerals."

Neither does Friedman. He went to Schwab's, instead, for lunch and commiseration with Chuck McCann and Huntz Hall. "It's a shame, it's a shame," Hall muttered as they ate. "In the old days, I remember they handcuffed Errol Flynn and put him away so he wouldn't hurt himself. But here they did nothing," he sighed. "They did nothing."

Komack, Albertson and DeBlasio delivered eulogies. So did Tony Orlando, who had miraculously reappeared on the scene to be quoted as Prinze's "best friend." Albertson was too emotional to complete his remarks.

After the services, the pastor led the small group of family and close friends to a crypt for the burial. Maria talked only briefly with Kathy. As Maria was leaving the crypt, she turned back and began to cry.

Albertson felt weak. As he left the burial site, he glanced over to see Orlando, whose arms were raised in evangelical fashion, orating to the fans and the press. Albertson shook his head, muttered something and started toward his car. It was over. But not quite, not in the world of show business. He had taken only a few steps when a small woman wearing butterfly sunglasses ran up to him and pressed a crumpled business card into his palm.

"My cousin looks *just* like Freddie Prinze," she sputtered. Albertson tried to move away. She kept pace with him long enough to regain his attention and then said, winking persuasively, "Call me, OK?"



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BONDED BARBARA

(continued from page 108)

"If someone tells me I must not do a thing, that's exactly the thing I'll have to rush out and do."

is KOed by a hulking villain known as Jaws, who is outfitted with stainless-steel teeth. In Egypt, she is the target for a huge boulder dropped from one of the ancient temples at Karnak. In an underwater lair in which Curt Jurgens plots nefarious schemes, she is sluiced through a tunnel by an onrushing wall of water—a stunt sequence so wet and wild that Barbara wasn't entirely sure she would survive it. "Electricity and water is a little risky, you know, with all those cables. Even Roger got nervous. But I said, 'Well, I'll do it if you'll do it.' So we did. In one take, we were all carried away—including the camera and cameraman."

How does a nice girl from Manhasset, Long Island, wind up on a sound stage at London's Pinewood Studios, soaked to the skin and playing a plum role as a gorgeous Russian spy named Anya—a female counterpart of 007, a part touted as the most important ever created for one of Bond's attractive adversaries? Well, Barbara has a lot going for her. The daughter of a costume jeweler, she's beautiful, gifted and sure of herself on any turf from Beverly Hills to the plush playgrounds of Roman high society. She became a Ford model while still in her teens and succeeded beyond the wildest dreams of the folks back home. "I was a skinny little kid, and such a tomboy as a child. Having one brother a year older

and one a year younger, I'd always been just one of the boys. When I got to be about 15 or 16, it came as a surprise to me that I was actually a girl."

She can still pronounce Long Island as Lawn Guyland, though her cultural roots were abruptly loosened when she began jetting to and from those exotic places where top models look ultrathin against backdrops of postcard scenery. On one such airborne junket across the Atlantic, at the age of 19, she met a magnetic Italian industrialist. Three months later, she married him and moved to Rome. Looking back, Barbara remarks cryptically: "Nowadays I don't talk to anyone on planes. I mind my own business. Legally, I'm still married, of course, because it takes five years to get a divorce in Italy. And I love my husband dearly. We're very good friends, which is fortunate, considering we have two children."

Francesca, eight, and Gian Andrea, four and a half, travel with her whenever possible or stay at home with a nurse and Barbara's 20-year-old kid sister, who's in her third year of college abroad. Home, for the moment, is "a fantastic house in old Rome, the Trastevere section, a building that was first a church, then a theater. It's beautiful, with four floors—lots of climbing up and down—and a garden."

Would she marry again if she were free? "For me, marriage didn't work out

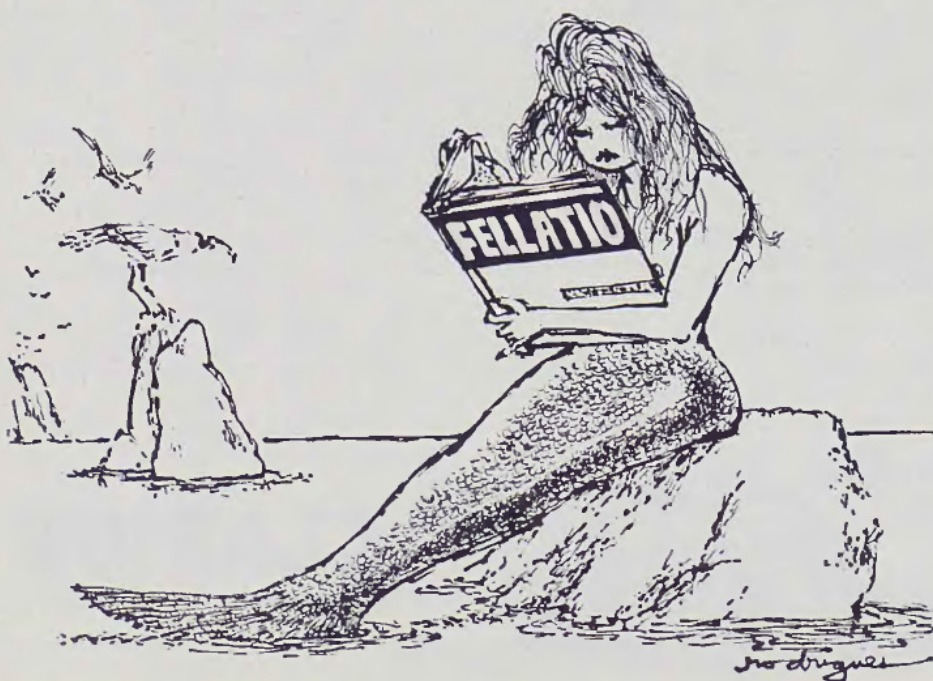
in the long run. I love independence. Marriage may be necessary, but I guess I feel negative toward it as an institution. There's a kind of authority in it that gives a person the right to say: 'Do this' or 'Don't do that.' And if someone tells me I must not do a thing, that's exactly the thing I'll have to rush out and do. I'm not living with anyone or really romantically involved with anyone now, though I can imagine living with a man—even having a child with a man—I wasn't married to. It would be nice to have someone, to be with someone equally independent, to live in the same place and enjoy each other without giving up so much of oneself. Is that possible?"

There is something about Barbara that's strongly reminiscent of another BB, Brigitte Bardot. "I've been told so more than once," Barbara acknowledges, looking heavenward for relief. "I'm also supposed to resemble Britt Ekland. Senta Berger, I don't know who else. I prefer just looking like Barbara Bach."

Ask about actresses she might hope to emulate and Barbara reels off a list headed by Liv Ullmann, Ingrid Bergman and Faye Dunaway. "Did you see Faye Dunaway in *Network*? I don't know her at all, but that was an amazing performance. Playing a powerful woman in a man's world, sustaining such energy and stride for two full hours. I'm not concerned about stardom per se. What I want is to be a working actress and to work with the best."

With several Italian-made films behind her when she vaulted into the international spotlight opposite 007, Barbara had appeared onscreen with Ursula Andress, Eli Wallach, Giancarlo Giannini and Chuck Connors and was a local celebrity even before that—as the comely bilingual hostess of an Italian TV series, *Cordialemente*. She has turned down several good roles because she objected to gratuitous nude scenes "stuck into the film to enhance its commercial prospects." Yet, Barbara didn't hesitate to disrobe for English director Tony Richardson, a year or two ago, as part of her screen test for a projected film called *Body Guard*. Although the movie was never made, the test—undoubtedly a collector's item today—jogged the memory of producer Albert R. "Cubby" Broccoli when *The Spy Who Loved Me* needed a spectacular Kremlin spydick.

Now home again in every sense, Barbara plans to resettle in either L.A. or New York after the picture opens. "I could live anywhere," says she. "But all those years in Italy merely reminded me that I was American and I suppose you never change. I'm kind of excited about coming back." So are we, Barbara.



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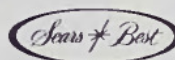
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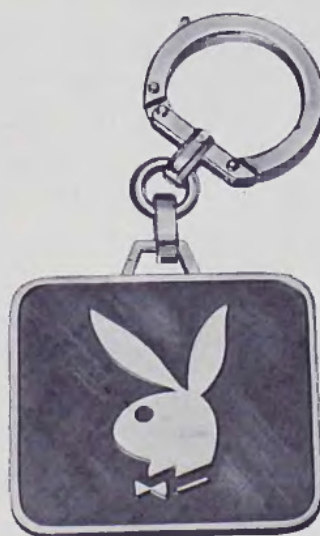
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Playmate of The Year

(continued from page 147)

"Patti changed her mind, as ladies are often wont to do, about the Golden West."

a couple of thousand students there. The campus security cop who was standing nearby kept shouting at me to be careful. He wanted me to keep away from the crowd. 'If they pull you in, we'll never get you back,' he said. Can you imagine? I said, 'Aw, come on, they're only guys.'"

Patti likes to keep her wheels in motion, so we've provided her with eight of them as part of the gifts that go to the Playmate of the Year. Four of the wheels are attached to a limited-edition Dodge Midnight Charger with modified grille and roof treatment, two belong to an AMF ten-speed bike and the rest are part of a Yamaha DT100D street motorcycle. A Panasonic 40-channel C.B. unit will help Patti keep in touch with all of her good buddies out on the road. (Of course, with the \$10,000 she's received as the top prize for being chosen top Playmate, she can buy almost any other wheels she takes a fancy to.)

In the story that accompanied her November pictorial, Patti mentioned that she preferred St. Louis to Los Angeles. The record low temperatures suffered by the Midwest this past winter prompted Patti to give California a second chance. She stayed at the Playboy Mansion West for a few weeks and changed her mind, as ladies are often wont to do, about the Golden West. "It was a gas. There were about ten girls staying there—other Playmates and models—and it was like living in a sorority house. We'd have water fights in the Jacuzzi at night, backgammon games with Hef, parties at Pips. I'd attend movies on Sunday. I met a lot of good people and made friends. Now I'm moving out to California. It's going to be a change. I'm leaving behind a two-year relationship and a lot of old friends. But it's something I have to do." Patti's new apartment will be well stocked: The Playmate of the Year hope chest includes a complete hi-fi component system from Pioneer (a Pioneer SX-650 receiver, two HPM-40 speakers and a PL112D turntable). A portable cassette recorder from Panasonic will let her take the music with her. Rounding out the gifts are a Sony color TV, a Canon AE-1 fully automatic camera, a Pulsar watch, Empire binoculars and a complete set of Ventura luggage. That about completes the declaration of personal assets for our top Playmate. It's been a very good year.



"He would open his novel at a cockfight. A marvelous bit of symbolism. A metaphor for the whole country."

began kicking a scuffed soccer ball.

"Nice boys," Bernstein said to Elvia.

"Juan and José," Elvia said.

"Their fathers?" asked Norma.

Two dogs snarled and went for each other's throats in a battle over a bone. Chickens skittered. Dust clogged Bernstein's delicate nostrils. Norma pressed her scarf to her mouth and nose as the dogs rolled and kicked. A girl beat them with a broom and they ran off, yelping.

"Gone," Elvia said.

"Forever?" Bernstein asked. "They live near here?"

"Gone for today," the maid said. "A cockfight. All the men went to León for the *viña de gallos*."

"Oh, cockfighting. You hear that, Norma?"

A sullen stout woman in a gray *rebozo* came out of one of the hovels. She folded her arms and studied the Americans with resigned eyes.

"My mother," Elvia said. "Momma, these are the people I work for."

The woman nodded.

Elvia laughed and put a hand to her mouth. "Momma is angry. All the men went to the cockfight and left us. And there is work to do here, so she is angry."

The mother squinted at Bernstein and his wife. It was not quite an unfriendly stare; rather, one of incomprehension. Then she entered the house.

"How old is your mother?" Norma asked.

"Thirty-five."

"Good God," Norma said in English.

"She looks fifty-five."

"It's a tough life."

Elvia lifted up the younger boy and showed him to the Bernsteins. He was surprisingly clean. "Juan has no father. He was killed after a cockfight by bad men. *Señor*, you can be his godfather. It will be a great honor."

"For me or him?"

"For both of you."

"We'd better go," Norma said. "I'm getting depressed." Piglets snuffled at her

feet. A dog squatted and dropped loops of yellow turds.

"The children need milk," Elvia said.

Norma gave her 40 pesos.

"Such beauty and such poverty, side by side," Norma said as they left. She was looking at the church towers, the blue sky, the green-and-brown hills.

"A land of extremes," Bernstein said solemnly.

The following day, as soon as Norma had left, Elvia arrived, a half hour sooner than usual. She finished her chores in the kitchen. Bernstein could hear her soft tread as she climbed the stone steps with the bucket and mop.

"Buenos días, Elvia."

"Buenos días, señor."

Bernstein turned from the table and shoved back the typewriter. He was off to a good start. He would open his novel at a cockfight. A marvelous bit of symbolism. *Macho*, savagery, a metaphor for the whole country.

"Coffee, señor?"

"No, Elvia. Come closer. Do you like your shoes? Did you buy milk for the babies?"

"Sí, señor. The shoes are very pretty. The babies have milk."

"Then say thank you to *señor*." He felt himself a corrupt, scheming knave. Bernstein had always prided himself on

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*"Here's a little song about hunger.
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limes from my back-seat bar for four hours."*

his sense of honor, his openness.

"Gracias, señor."

"Closer, Elvía. Put down the mop and the bucket."

She did so. As she approached, Bernstein, already hard, turned in his chair and embraced her hard narrow hips. Then he put his trembling hands under her skirt and pressed his nose against her budlike breasts. His hands found the cotton underpants and peeled them downward, then kneaded the smooth mounds of her ass. He began to groan.

"In the bed, Elvía. *Por favor*. . ."

"The señora will return."

"Not for several hours."

"Señora Ortega will hear us. She will be angry."

"She sleeps all morning. Come, little one."

Bernstein fell to his knees. He pulled down his pajama trousers and thrust his rod between her knees. So, he thought, must it have been when Cortes took Malinche, when Pizarro's horny soldiers

seized the brown-gold bodies and created a new race.

"This is a sin, señor."

"No, it is beautiful."

He lifted her in his arms. The fallen pajamas impeded his passage. His penis preceded him by several inches, a baton or guidon. On the unmade bed, he entered her. As he did, the rooster screamed.

Cu-cu-ru-cuuuuu. . .

The sustained, demonic noise had never sounded more enraged to Bernstein, more vindictive. As if the bird were outside the bedroom window, perched on the balcony, observing them.

Pumping, thrusting, Bernstein imagined he was melting, vaporizing, infusing his substance with the brown flesh of the girl. Long before he came, he sensed he was due for the grandest orgasm of his life. And this was odd, Bernstein thought, as he banged away, because she did not respond. Elvía lay beneath him inert, black-eyed, mouth slightly parted.

The orgasm began at the nape of his

neck and in his Achilles' tendons, then spread like crackling fire along a short-circuited wire. The sizzling flames fused in the small of his back, then roared into his laboring belly and inflamed crotch, and climaxed in an explosion of titanic dimension.

At the moment at which the first spasms began, the rooster renewed its assault on Bernstein's ears. With each contraction of vesicles, vessels, muscles and flesh, the cock crowed, louder and louder, more enraged, until, when Bernstein came, the crowing overwhelmed the bedroom, drowning the gasping man in raucous croaks.

Cu-cu-ru-cuuuuu. . .

Cu-cu-ru-cuuuuu. . .

Blar-eyed, soaked in sweat, drained, Bernstein flopped to one side. His flabby chest and paunch rose and fell as he gulped for air. He could see Elvía vaguely, as if under water, retrieving her underpants, padding to the bathroom. Water tinkled. A Gauguin waterfall?

Strange, Bernstein thought, how she accepted me. But did she come? Throughout, she lay beneath him, resilient, smooth, boneless, like one of those inflatable life-size sex-shop dolls, equipped with apertures.

"Coffee, señor?" she asked, as she came out of the bathroom, smoothing her dress.

"Yes, Elvía."

Bernstein dressed. He was energetic, ready to attack the typewriter, spill out words, ideas, concepts, as effusively as he had just spilled his seed.

As he struck the first keys, the rooster croaked. It was not the ear-rending shriek that had accompanied Bernstein's climax but a strangled noise, as if the bird were frustrated.

At night, Bernstein made prolonged love to his wife. They lay in the firelight, and when it was over, they decided that their sojourn in Mexico was a dramatic success. Both felt invigorated, fulfilled, at ease with each other. Norma was ready to augment her three hours of Spanish with afternoon classes in weaving and batik. Bernstein vowed to resume his tennis. Both were optimistic about prospects for his novel.

"Alvin, this place is easy to take," Norma said. "Could you live here all year round?"

"I might be able to. It costs us one third of what it takes to maintain the house in New Rochelle."

"The kids?" The Bernsteins had two sons, one in college, one in high school.

"The boys will manage. They can stay with friends during vacation. Norma, we owe this to ourselves."

But at night, in the frigid air, he could not sleep. The rooster, which up to this point had not commenced its crowing until first light, now appeared to have lost its sense of time. It shrieked all night long.

Once, Bernstein got up to urinate. The

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flash of light from the bathroom set off an insane crowing that lasted a minute.

"Son of a bitch," Bernstein said.

Norma said she had slept soundly. The long session of sex in the living room had sent her off into deep, dreamless sleep. She had not heard the rooster.

"Guess my ears are supersensitive. I hear it all day. And now all night."

"Maybe they'll eat it for Christmas."

An hour later, Bernstein was in bed with Elvia. She smelled of wood smoke and cooking oil. If anything, his orgasm was more violent this time. Again, when he reached the outer limits of pleasure, that ineffable tingling, tensing and release of muscles, the rooster, in time with Bernstein's exhalations and contractions, crowed across the yards and gardens of Tequitlán.

The days now assumed for Bernstein a kind of perfection that he never imagined, in all his boyhood fantasies, could be achieved by mortal man.

Tastes, odors, tactile sensations assumed a richness that hitherto had eluded him. In his plaid Viyella robe, he would grasp Elvia to his fat body as soon as she arrived. For ten or fifteen minutes, they would make love. The thundering climax, always accompanied by the rooster's tortured screaming, would then be followed by a morning of writing, eating, walking, a molding into the rhythms and customs of Tequitlán. Their Spanish improved. They made friends. They bought objects fashioned of tin, brass and copper. Norma registered for a course in batik. Bernstein wrote an article for the *American Sociological Journal*.

Only the rooster intruded in their Eden. Did Norma hear it? Yes, she said, sometimes. "But, sweetie, after the way you make love to me every night, I go off as if I've been drugged."

It seemed to Bernstein that the rooster had gone insane. It crowed incessantly. "It's like a guy playing a loop on a tape recorder," he complained to Norma. "I swear there's some fiendish peon out there running a Sony. As soon as he sees our light go out, he activates the playback button. That goddamn rooster has no sense of time. It can't tell night from day."

It was no longer a joke. Bernstein, full of vigor and jism during the day, writing, screwing Elvia and his wife, eating, walking, absorbing colors and sensations, could not sleep. Usually, the rooster waited until two in the morning, when Bernstein would begin to doze, and unloose a long, bellicose croak. At other times, it kept up a kind of running commentary for an hour or more—short, peremptory rasping noises.

"I hate to do this, hon," Bernstein told his wife, "but I can't sleep in this room. It's too close to the garden and the bastard is back there somewhere in one of those barnyards."

He moved his bed into a narrow utility

room, locked the door, taped the crevices in the windows. Still the noisy crowing seeped through. He jammed cotton into his ears, then swimming plugs, pulled his wool cap over his head. The rooster was not to be denied. Its shrieks found their way through stone walls, windows, curtains, pierced cotton, plugs, cap and left Bernstein glassy-eyed, trembling and lightheaded each morning.

Elvia would arrive. Somehow, he would manage to gather up his failing strength, overcome his exhaustion and guide her to the bed for his morning devotions. Temporarily refreshed—his morning fix—he would try to write for several hours. The rooster seemed to let up a little as he worked. Now and then, the truncated crowing would emanate from some distant yard. By midday, the rooster was content to remind Bernstein every half hour that it was around, resting for a long night of shrieking.

"It's no use," Bernstein whimpered to Norma one evening. They had spent the day looking at houses. They loved Tequitlán. It would be their retirement house. At each house they were shown, Norma would find her husband cocking his ear, squinting at the horizon, surveying the yards and gardens around the property.

"What are you doing, Alvin?" she had asked.

"Fucking roosters. I'll buy a house only if it comes with a guarantee there's no rooster anywhere within hearing distance."

She worried about him. Yet he seemed

reasonably happy. He remained agile and energetic in bed. But he could not sleep. He lay awake, waiting for the first *cu-cu-ru-cuuuuu* of the night. Even during the day, while working, he was dominated by the bird. Deep in concentration, formulating a sentence, he would hear the rooster. Invariably, Bernstein lost his train of thought and had to rip the paper from the typewriter.

One morning, after an especially wild bout with Elvia—he had gotten her to strip to her satiny skin and he had been able to rise again for a second performance—he asked her if she knew who the rooster belonged to. The bird had crowed with frenzied vigor after both of Bernstein's discharges.

"Señor, that is the bird of my uncle Luis."

"Your uncle?"

"Sí, señor." She hooked her cotton bra and drew the cotton panties over her narrow hips. "He is the one who has fighting cocks."

"Where? Where is his place?"

"Over here," Elvia said. The scarlet dress slipped over her head. She stood before him with bucket and mop. Her face was an Aztec mask—unsmiling, metallic.

"Near where you live?"

"More or less, señor."

Bernstein's head swiveled. But that was a half mile away. How could the rooster penetrate walls, homes, gardens, hurl its voice halfway across Tequitlán and assault his ears? More and more, it seemed to Bernstein that the rooster was seeking



"May I please see your stub, sir?"

him. Norma claimed she heard the rooster only now and then. *Señora Ortega* said she knew of no rooster. The neighbors laughed when he mentioned the crowing. Roosters were part of life, they told Bernstein. One ignored them, the way one learned to ignore the buzz of a bee.

That afternoon, Bernstein, sated with the heavy *comida*, drowsy after a short nap, set out to wander the back streets of Tequitlán. It might have been a town depopulated by atomic radiation. Not a soul was in evidence. The sun splashed on whitewashed walls, cobbled streets, pink fountains and arches.

Bernstein stopped a youth on a bicycle. He was selling day-old copies of the *Mexico Daily News*. Bernstein bought one and asked him if he knew the house of Luis, who had fighting cocks.

"I will take you there," the boy said.

Bernstein gave him two pesos after the boy led him through a back alley, up a hill, past more shuttered houses, to a long gray façade. It was windowless. A soaring, peeling *maduro* door stood in the midst of the monolithic wall.

Bernstein pecked through a mail slot and saw a dusty courtyard. Old lumber and chunks of masonry lay about. He rapped at the door.

An old man shuffled toward the door and opened it. Bernstein entered.

"Is this the home of Luis?"

"Sí, señor. He is sleeping."

"Wake him up. Tell him *Señor Bernstein* is here. The employer of his niece Elvia."

The man shuffled away. I should have known, Bernstein thought. Too early in the afternoon. They'll sleep for hours. He wandered to the rear of the courtyard. Junk abounded—parts of old washing machines, refrigerators, hunks of rotting furniture. Against one wall, he saw the cages. There were a dozen of them, each containing a somnolent chicken. Which one?

Three men came out of the house. They hitched trousers, rubbed their eyes. They did not appear unfriendly. All manifested the same half-smiling politeness characteristic of Tequitlános.

"I am Luis," the shortest and fattest of the men said.

"The uncle of Elvia?"

"Sí, señor."

"You know who I am?" Bernstein asked. A frank smile helped, he thought. With primitives, certain facial gestures conveyed friendliness, acceptance. Smile. Raise eyebrows. Nod.

"Sí, señor. In *Señora Ortega's* house."

Two cocks came strutting out of the darkened house. They pecked at the dirt, walked in high-stepping fashion. Bernstein had never seen a fighting cock. They did not look especially vicious. They were leaner than the usual barnyard rooster. Their combs had been clipped, as had hackle and rump feathers.

They had a denuded, stripped-down look. They seemed to Bernstein vaguely reptilian.

One of Luis' companions picked up a cock. It was a long-necked, leggy creature, covered with sparse feathers. He cradled it in his arms. He stroked it, kissed its back, began to massage its chest. Bernstein found something obscene in the affection lavished on the bird.

"One of your birds keeps me awake," he said.

"*Señor?*" Luis squinted beneath his straw hat. His unshaven face—rather handsome, a sort of seedy Gilbert Roland—was dull with disbelief.

"One of your cocks crows all night and all day. I hear it all the time. Sometimes in the midst of the night, all day long, while I am working. You see, I am a writer and—"

"Sí. Elvia has told me about you."

"This rooster is driving me *loco*, Luis. I must ask you to silence it."

Luis blinked a few times. "It is in the nature of fighting cocks to crow. One accepts this. No one in Tequitlán has ever complained about my cocks."

The presence of the men evidently aroused the dozing roosters in the cages. Several stretched, flapped their cropped wings, craned their naked necks and began to make persistent croaking sounds. One raised itself on spindly shanks and emitted a *cu-cu-ru-cuuuuu*. But it was a muffled noise, not the ear-blasting shriek emitted by Bernstein's bird.

"Like that," he said. "Only much louder. You can ask Elvia. She knows how much noise that bird makes. I cannot sleep or work or think. I am going mad."

Luis' companions bent head to head. The onyx eyes and gap-toothed mouths were leering. Bernstein heard the word *chinga* or *chingado* clearly, the universal Mexican expression—*fuck, fucker, fucked, fuckee, fucking*. A thousand permutations. Paz or Fuentes, or some other Mexican writer, had done an entire chapter on the meanings, nuances and subtleties of *chingar*.

He heard it again. One of the men whispered behind a callused brown hand. "*El escritor chinga la criada.*" "The writer screws the maid."

"I must buy that rooster," he said. "The one that makes all the noise. I will pay well."

"*Señor*, I have twelve fighting cocks, all as dear to me as the hair on my wife's head, and elsewhere. I have trained them, fed them meat and eggs, bathed them, massaged them, made them brave, and I do not sell them."

"I will pay more than you ever get for your best fighting cock. I will pay double for that son of a whore of a cock that is driving me insane."

The man holding the bird whispered in Luis' ear. The other man wandered off to the cages, removed two birds

and set them down on the patio.

"But which bird is it?" Luis asked gently. "*Señor*, you say you hear one rooster—"

"I'd know its scream anywhere. A terrible noise. I want it."

"Which one is it?"

Eyes tearing, Bernstein looked about the sun-flooded yard. The demon knew he was there, knew he wanted to kill it. And so it was silent. Bernstein managed a brittle laugh.

"Luis, you must know the one I mean. Find the one that makes the noise, the loudest of your cocks. I will give you two hundred pesos for it."

Again, one of the companions muttered. This time, unmistakably. Bernstein heard the word *chinga* and the name Elvia. They knew. They all knew. A defiant *macho* bloomed in Bernstein's sunken chest, stiffened his spine. To hell with them. Let them know. Let them look at a real screwing, fighting gringo. He would handle them the way Sam Houston handled Santa Anna at the battle of San Jacinto.

"Four hundred pesos for the cock."

Luis shook his head. "*Señor*, if you give me so much money, I will be able to buy ten more fighting cocks. And any one of them might be louder than the one you buy. You will make me rich, give me many cocks and still you will not sleep. Permit me to say it, for I am an ignorant man, but it is all in your mind. The Devil has put the noise of a rooster in your ears. Ignore it. Refuse to hear it. There is no such rooster."

The man who had taken the two birds from the cages was holding them head to head, as if daring them to fight. Egging them on, Bernstein reflected grimly. One of the roosters struggled free and began to peck at the one in the man's arms. Hideous, defeathered, crop-headed monsters. He imagined them with the curved steel gaffs on their legs, gleaming two-inch spurs.

"All right," Bernstein said. "But if I hear that rooster again, I'll come here and kill all of them. You will have many dead birds."

"You would not, *señor*. That is a terrible crime in Tequitlán. A man's cock is his life."

Inhaling, his lungs clogging with yellow dust, Bernstein walked to the door. The old man was holding it open. Then he heard the crowing, the loud, abrasive, rising scream. It was like the raspberry bleat or mouth fart unloosed as soon as the teacher turns his back on a class in freshman English.

Bernstein spun about. Beneath Luis' legs, naked neck erect, beady amber eyes staring at him, was a rooster considerably larger than the others. Its comb had been completely cropped. Its wings and body feathers were dirty gray, the breast dirty red. It promenade on stiff yellow

(continued on page 230)



Mike Wincham.

"It was inevitable, I suppose."

BUSINESS



MANAGING

You may have caught the news already in the *Journal of Gastroenterology*, but, if not, it seems the ulcer—that once protean symbol of corporate overstriving—is really not an executive ailment after all. Says there that doctors now believe stress is not a direct cause of ulcers and that businessmen are no more likely than construction workers to get one.

In a curious sort of way, this myth of the executive ulcer tends to confirm what Henry Mintzberg has been saying all along. Mintzberg, a 37-year-old professor of management at McGill University in Montreal, has been getting a lot of attention for his thesis that managers work—prefer to work—in a climate of “calculated chaos.”

The way Mintzberg sees it, the classical view of managers as highly structured, reflective, regulated, science-oriented professionals who spend their days in some tower organizing, coordinating, planning and controlling is just so much baloney.

“Managers work pretty much the way they always have,” Mintzberg says, “and this covers everybody from top corporate executives down to leaders of street gangs. It really comes down to hunches, gossip and gut instinct as the basis for making decisions.”

Mintzberg’s theories grew out of an Olympian study of the literature of

THINK TANK

an insider’s look at everything you need to know to keep up with, and flourish in, the latter part of the 20th century

management, plus his own experiences in shadowing the chief executive officers of five American companies. Many people say his research is thin and his conclusions vastly oversimplified, but it is clear that many others find his composite portrait of the modern manager reassuring. His article, “The Manager’s Job: Folklore and Fact,” in the *Harvard Business Review* last year has drawn over 31,000 requests for reprints so far.

In the article, adapted from his book *The Nature of Managerial Work*, Mintzberg addresses himself to four myths he believes make up the folklore of managerial work:

The manager is a reflective, systematic planner: Not so, says Mintzberg. All the evidence is *à contraire*. Managers work at an unrelenting pace, doing a variety of tasks not necessarily related to one another. Most are disposed of in less than ten minutes.

The effective manager has no regular duties: In addition to handling things that just pop up, Mintzberg says, managers *do* perform a number of regular duties. They meet important clients, give out gold watches, fire the drunk in purchasing, and so on. They also spend a lot of time processing “soft” information—gossip—the kind of stuff that will keep them a jump ahead of their competitors.

The senior manager needs aggregated information, which a formal

management information system best provides: Mintzberg discovered that his chief executives pay little attention to their mail, barely glance at all the computer-spun garbage that crosses their desks and dislike written reports. Managers, he says, prefer to do business by telephone or in face-to-face meetings.

Management is, or at least is quickly becoming, a science and a profession: No way, says Henry the M. Everything managers know about managing is locked away somewhere in their brains and comes under ambiguous labels such as JUDGMENT or INTUITION. It can’t be analyzed, so it isn’t a science, and it can’t be learned, so it’s not a profession.

Mintzberg’s portrait of the manager of today is warmly humanistic in that it celebrates the little big man who uses his wits to control a world that is far too complex for rational analysis. That his theories fly in the face of the man-as-a-Brooks-Brothers-ape-chained-to-a-computer school of management doesn’t bother him.

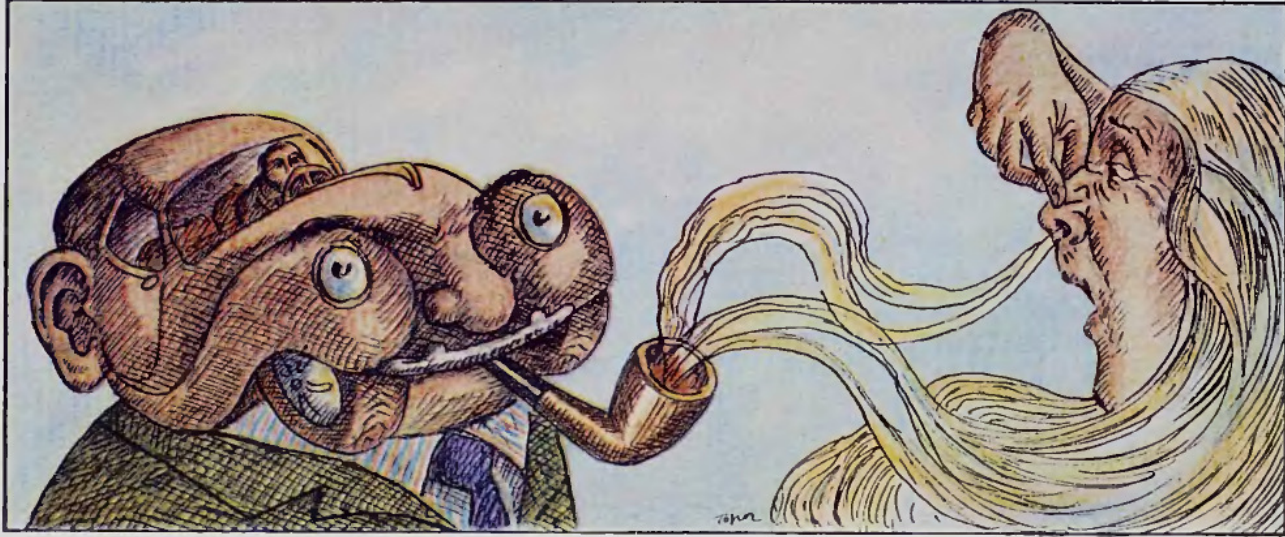
“I’m right,” Mintzberg says. “And, besides that, I’ve never had an ulcer.”

—JERRY BOWLES

UP YOUR MILEAGE!

It remains the fond but flimsy hope of the citizenry that as Government becomes increasingly helpless to improve our lot, at least it will not mess

TRANSPORTATION



around and make things worse. That simple aspiration is, unfortunately, in direct conflict with the cardinal rule of bureaucratic survival, which, roughly translated from Washington jargonese, reads, "Don't just sit there, *do something*." An example of this survival compulsion is the Environmental Protection Agency, which has mushroomed in less than a decade from a gleam in the eyes of Sierra Club members to a substantial Federal power. While its Congressionally mandated mission is supported by all but the most psychotic land rapers, it has been criticized for bumptiously overstepping its boundaries in a textbook case of Civil Service empire building. Much of the irritation centers on the EPA's policy of measuring gasoline mileage on all domestic passenger cars sold in America. These figures have been seized upon by auto manufacturers as valuable sales tools in a market place that is increasingly sensitive to gasoline price and supply. Practically all automotive advertisers now employ the EPA mileage figures. And well they should, because, according to experts, the EPA numbers are absurdly optimistic.

Hence, the assault on the EPA miles-per-gallon numbers comes in two forms: (1) The results are so removed from reality as to be a technological joke and (2) mileage comparisons aren't any of the EPA's

damned business to begin with. Our Government worthies do acknowledge the second objection, admitting that no one asked them to produce any information regarding gasoline mileage. It was merely a simple urge to enlighten, they say, based on the fact that their tests used to measure exhaust emissions can also be made to determine gas consumption. (The EPA must certify, on the basis of laboratory examinations, that every car sold in America meets current Federal exhaust standards.) We have these cars hooked up to our dynamometers, under perfectly controlled conditions, so why not check the gas mileage along the way? ask our EPA buddies.

Why not, indeed? This appears to be another example of the "do something" syndrome whereby Government agencies embark on nitwit, make-work projects that, in turn, energize their bleating for more money, more authority and more bodies.

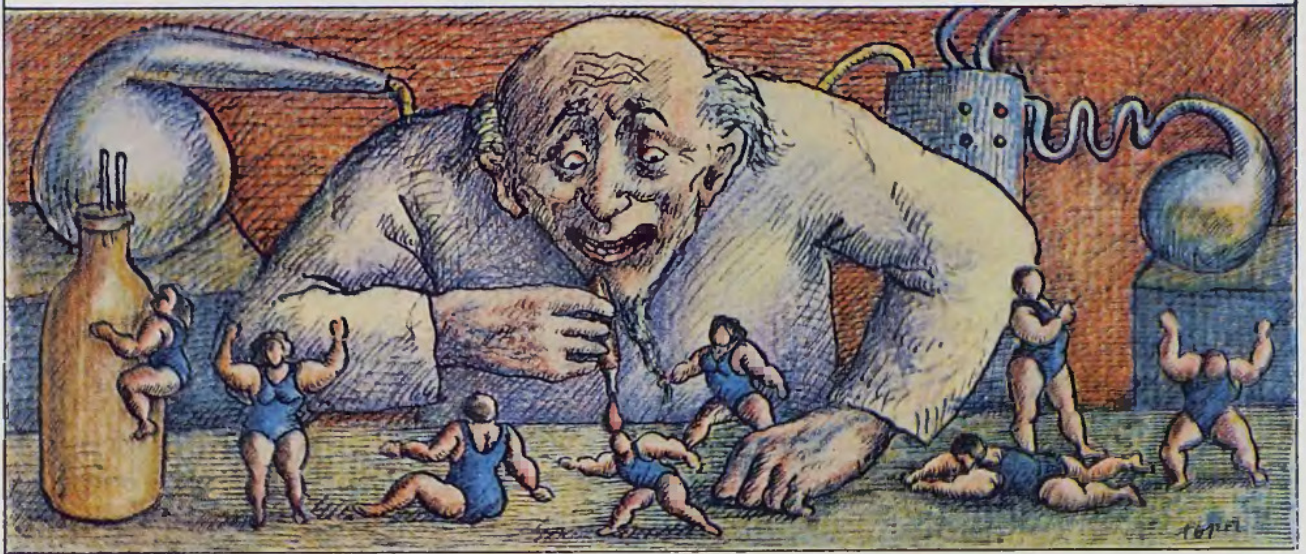
Perhaps critics would be less vocal about this whole business if the EPA results made more sense. Quite simply, the mileage figures being released by the EPA are 20 percent to 25 percent too high.

How come such botching of a simple job by our EPA technoids? Any idiot can figure gas mileage, simply by carefully dividing the miles traveled by the amount of gasoline consumed. It's not their calculations that are at

fault (the Civil Service is *very* rigid about applicants' having a command of long division) but their methodology. As we said earlier, the mileage business is kind of a by-product of the emissions certification, and it is a challenge to industrious bureaucrats to put it to use, regardless of the sense it makes. Here is how it works: In order to measure emissions, an example of each new model car to be sold in the U. S. market is taken to the EPA test labs. There it is hooked up to a dynamometer and computer-operated automatic controls and given "simulated" runs, as if the car were being operated on public streets. A so-called urban-driving cycle involves the car's being accelerated, braked, stopped, started, etc., for 23 minutes. This test, says the EPA, is "patterned on the conditions the average driver encounters going from home to work." Its average speed is 20 miles per hour. The highway test, which includes "simulated interstate-highway and rural driving," lasts 12 minutes and involves a burst of 60 mph. Its average speed is just under 49 mph. Most independent experts say this average is ludicrously low, but the EPA people assume a standard Government defense. It was the Big Daddy computer, not themselves, that digested all that data about average trip length, average stops per mile, maximum highway speeds, etc., and belched out numbers. The computer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROLAND TOPOR

SPORTS



is right, the test procedures are right! Never mind that nobody can attain the EPA results in actual driving.

So we have Americans running around with batches of irrelevant numbers in their heads, spending money because of Government information that is wrong. (Lately, the EPA has tried to pawn off a composite figure, a combination of city and highway tests—weighted 55 percent in favor of the urban-cycle figures—which has produced a somewhat more realistic result but still too high.) In addition to deluding the public, there is a more insidious penalty for this EPA meddling. It has given automobile manufacturers additional ammunition to attack the entire credibility of the EPA in exhaust-emission regulation. Simply stated, manufacturers can argue: "Look, these fools can't even accurately compute gas mileage, so how can you expect them to make sensible judgments about something as complicated as exhaust emissions?" You'd be surprised how far such logic can carry one in the halls of Congress.

The fact that our quest for clean air is closely linked to reducing automotive pollutants produces this question: As war may be too serious a problem to leave to the generals, is exhaust-emission control too serious a problem to leave to the EPA? Based on its fumbling with gas mileage, the answer is yes.

—BROCK YATES

GROWING OLYMPIC GOLD

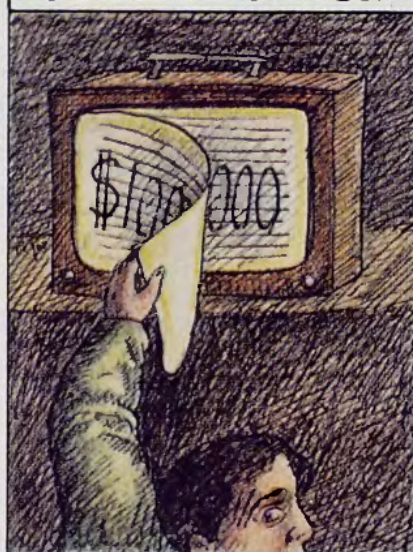
For a sporting event that won't take place for another three years, the 1980 Olympic Games in Moscow are already causing a fuss. One sportswriter, calling the Soviets "the most blatant cheaters in the history of sports," has already predicted the games will be a disaster. Coupled with the still unsettled dust from last year's games, which featured a Russian fencer being tossed out for rigging his *épée* and deep-voiced, broad-shouldered female swimmers from East Germany denying charges they took male-hormone shots, the two weeks of Olympic sports every four years are becoming an ongoing news story. The enormous success of the East German team (it won 40 gold medals in Montreal, second only to the Russians) and the attendant rumors of "superhuman" athletes recently prompted the country to allow Western newsmen to examine its sports system for the first time. What they saw was an entire society of 17,000,000 people hard at work developing Olympic champions in every sport. Youngsters are "discovered" at the age of eight or so and sent off to attend one of 21 sports clubs, where they are watched over by some 7000 paternalistic coaches and monitored for every physical response by the country's 360 "sports doctors." Kornelia Ender, the 18-year-old who won

four gold medals at Montreal, trained for seven years before the games. She lived in a dormitory run by a sports club and did nothing but study and train. Such a system, claim the East Germans, lets them spot the best talent and develop it to its fullest potential. While the East Germans won't admit to using steroids or other drugs on athletes, reporters could find no one who would flatly deny it. "There are no secrets," one scientist told Craig Whitney of *The New York Times*. "Behind every Olympic gold medal there is an entire collective of doctors, technicians and coaches—just like mission control when an astronaut is sent up into space."

Meanwhile, no one has ever accused the United States of treating its Olympic athletes like it does its spacemen, and the President's Commission on Olympic Sports has urged a complete overhaul of our Olympic program. It recommended that a central organization be formed to coordinate athletic meets and fund-raising activities that currently are splintered among the Amateur Athletic Union, the National Collegiate Athletic Association and the U.S. Olympic Committee. Further, it proposed a bill of rights for athletes and that fund raising be started on a nationwide basis. Naturally, the A.A.U., the N.C.A.A. and the U.S.O.C. haven't exactly jumped at

"A quarter of a million dollars for 60 seconds of air time is not uncommon."

COMMUNICATION



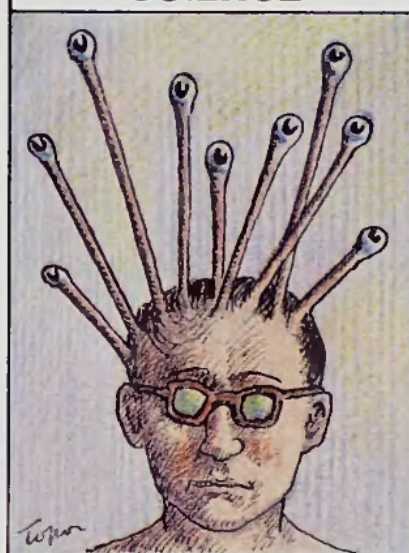
the idea of giving up some of their control, so it remains to be seen whether or not our athletes will be able to measure up to the East German "supermen" in Moscow.

FOUR FOR THE MONEY


You might say that it's like *Mary Hartman* giving birth to an entirely new network of television shows. That will be the effect if any of several independent television producers and ad-agency sponsors succeed in their plans to sell their own programs to stations not affiliated with CBS, NBC or ABC. What began with Norman Lear's *Fernwood Folies* being turned down by the Big Three and then successfully marketed to the independent stations may become a "fourth network" of programs. Today, there are more advertisers who want to buy air time on the major networks than there is space available. With demand exceeding supply, prices for a minute of air time have soared. A quarter of a million dollars for 60 seconds is not uncommon (during a Super Bowl, for example) and a regular prime-time minute now runs upwards of \$60,000. A fourth network would work like this: If an independent TV production company, such as Metromedia (which also owns four stations outright), could line up enough other stations to carry its production of *Wuthering Heights* so that

a possible 50-60 percent of the market could tune in, then a large ad agency could sell the ad space on the shows to clients who had to reach a large audience. Metromedia and Ogilvy & Mather (the ad agency in this case) have worked together: The result is MetroNet, 30 minutes of programming five nights a week, just waiting to sop up those extra ad dollars. Station owners, eager for a percentage of the take that a smash such as *Mary Hartman* provides, will line up to carry a hit show, even if they currently carry only regular network programs. The Federal Communications Commission, which issues the all-important licenses that permit stations to operate, has recently announced an investigation to see if the big networks have too much influence on programming as a whole, so station owners may be particularly receptive to some fresh shows in their line-ups. If MetroNet doesn't succeed, alternatives are in the works. "Operation Prime Time," forged by MCA-TV and a line-up of independent stations, may be on the air this summer. And Norman Lear himself reportedly has plans to fill three hours of air time on Saturday nights with programs to compete with the Big Three. Nothing in the rulebook says you've got to play the game with only three teams; and with plenty of loose money around, chances are good someone else is going to join the big leagues.

SCIENCE



FUTURE FOGGY

Nearly everyone is familiar with the year-end ritual of a well-known "psychic's" making predictions for the coming year while appearing on some late-night talk show. Perhaps you've even wondered what becomes of those predictions. Does anyone ever check up on them? Sociologist Dr. Gary Alan Fine of the University of Minnesota did and found that, when compared with a group of college students who also made predictions, the professional psychics did no better at all and, in fact, fared slightly worse. Dr. Fine was quick to point out that he did not test the possibility of someone's having psychic powers, only the statistical chances of professional psychics' doing a better job than ten Harvard and Radcliffe students. The professionals' predictions were taken from the *National Enquirer*, which each January asks ten "name" psychics to predict what will happen during the year. The study, Fine notes, "indicates that many self-described 'psychics' may not be psychics but perhaps entertainers, well-meaning believers in their own powers or frauds." Being a psychic, he adds, is a career, with all the attendant "tricks of the trade," but psychics are useful in society because they help us face the uncertain with increased confidence. Thanks; we needed that. 

"His passion for Elvia did not diminish. Exhausted, hollow-eyed, sweating, he took her to bed each morning."

legs, displaying the ugly spurs.

"You," Bernstein said. "You bastard. I heard you." He took a step toward Luis. "Five hundred pesos. That's forty dollars. My last offer."

"I cannot sell Gómez. He is champion of Tequitlán. Next week in León, he will be champion of Mexico."

Gómez arched its obscene neck, raised its beak and shattered the air.

Cu-cu-ru-cuuuuu. . .

"That's it," Bernstein said. "I have rights, even though I am just a tourist. That bird must be silenced. I will bring the police here."

"The police understand as we do," Luis said gently. "What good is a fighting cock if it cannot crow?"

"Seven hundred pesos."

"No, señor. Impossible."

Bernstein lay awake all night. He had jammed cotton into his ears and pulled

a woolen cap over his head. He tried to sleep in the living room, then upright in the kitchen. Then behind locked bathroom doors, sprawled in the tub on top of sofa cushions. It was useless. Now that the rooster had seen him, it seemed to have summoned up dreadful new sounds, longer and wilder screams. Bernstein found himself trying to anticipate the demonic shrieks, like a starter in the 100-yard dash trying to outguess the gun. Through it all, Norma slept on her side, snoring, untroubled. And throughout the town, he knew, people slept, undisturbed by the screaming bird.

But his passion for Elvia did not diminish. Exhausted, hollow-eyed, sweating, unable to concentrate at the typewriter, he took her to the bed each morning.

They talked little. Their loving assumed a ritual nature. Never did she

smile. The teeth gleamed at him. He exploded. And at the precise second, Gómez shrieked, sustaining a final mad note to match Bernstein's last gasp.

"No goddamn bird can get the best of me," Bernstein whined.

He showered and shaved after Elvia had cleaned the bathroom—and gotten 50 pesos from him for antibiotics—and sat at the typewriter. As he touched the keys, Gómez crowed.

Bernstein leaped from the table and flew to the balcony. Enraged, he shook his fist in the direction of the yard where the fighting cocks lived. "Bastard! Son of a bitch! Shut your goddamn mouth! I'll slit your throat, you lousy, rotten prick, you filthy cocksucker!"

He cursed on in English, until Señora Ortega, serene and gray in her black dress, emerged from her tiny apartment adjoining the house. "What is wrong, Señor Bernstein?" she asked. "Are you ill?"

"The rooster. I am being driven insane. Don't you hear it, señora? Doesn't it keep you awake?"

"I hear many roosters."

"But this one is very loud. I cannot think or write. My wife and I cannot stay here if this goes on. I tried to buy the rooster from Luis, but he refused. I am suffering. I will have to leave."

"You must not leave."

Bernstein knew it was out of season. Forever suckers, he and Norma were paying about double the rate, having come to Tequitlán ignorant of rentals. "Yes, I will leave tomorrow, unless that bird is silenced."

The old woman's eyes were distorted behind thick lenses. "You cannot leave. Life is too good for you here." She leered. Ah, she knows, Bernstein thought. She knows about Elvia.

"Life is fine, señora, but—"

A series of raucous *cu-cu-ru-cuuuuu*s obliterated his words. As he remained on the balcony, pressing his throbbing skull between his hands, Señora Ortega entered her apartment and emerged again with a cardboard box. She offered it up to Bernstein.

"What is this?" he asked.

"Rat poison."

"I am not a man to use poison."

"Everyone does. Throw it over the wall at Luis' place. Kill the bird if you hate it so much."

Bernstein opened the box. Inside were irregularly shaped clay-colored pellets resembling kibbled dog food. They were odorless and powdery, not at all lethal in appearance.

"Be careful with them. They are as strong as sin. Toss them over the fence and the roosters will be dead."

In the evening, Bernstein and his wife tried to make love at the fireplace in



"While we were doing it in the privacy of our bedroom, a friend of my wife's, a plainclothes policeman, was watching us from the privacy of our closet."



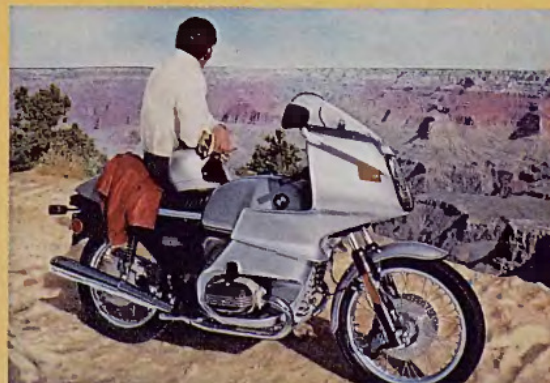
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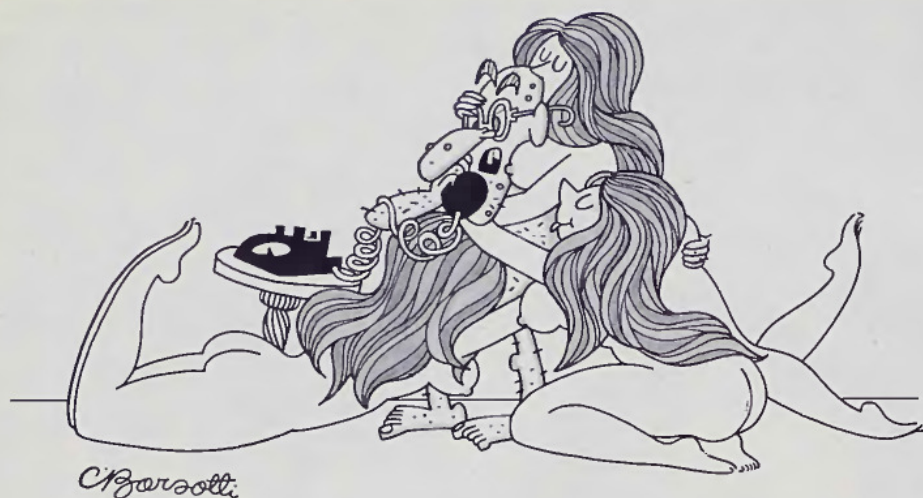
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*"For the last time, Charlie, keep your angels.
I ain't trading!"*

their favored manner, the two of them clothed and snug under the blanket. But he failed. Norma began to worry about him. He told her that they could no longer stay in Tequitlán while the rooster robbed his sleep, tortured his working hours.

"Poor Alvin, I don't mean to laugh, but it's comical."

"Theater of the absurd. Oh, you sleep through it, and you don't have to work here during mornings when it's especially wound up. It's sending me to a loony bin. Norma, unless I can stop it, we're leaving."

"But there are roosters all over Mexico."

"We'll go to Guatemala."

He did not tell her of his visit to Luis, his offer to buy Gómez, the poison the landlady had given him.

"It was so good here a few weeks ago," Norma said. "I never saw you so energetic, so happy. Alvin, we didn't make love like that since our honeymoon. Your work started so well. Oh, darling, try to forget that dumb chicken."

Bernstein shivered and drew the electric blanket around his unshaven neck.

At half past two in the morning, Gómez emitted its first shriek. Norma stirred and went back to sleep. Bernstein got out of bed and buttoned his sheep-lined coat over his sweat suit. He put on jogging sneakers and a wool knit cap, drew on a pair of woolen gloves. He took the cardboard box containing the poison and sneaked out of the house.

Brilliant moonlight, of a luminosity Bernstein had never seen, painted the streets silver white. One could read a newspaper in the bright light. If Tequitlán was silent by day, at three in the morning it might have been an ancient cemetery. He walked on crepe-soled feet up and down the hills on which the town

was built, until he came to the house of the cock trainer.

A moment's analysis was in order. Señora Ortega had bid him toss the pellets over the wall. A problem there. The long gray façade, windowless and quite high, posed a problem. Moreover, the roosters were kept at the rear of the compound. Then Bernstein recalled that some chicken-wire fencing had been used to patch holes in the rear wall. An assault from the rear was indicated.

He tiptoed around the corner and entered an alley, where a pariah dog snarled at him. Then he followed the cobblestone path to an open field behind Luis' house. The moon inundated the scrubby, burned-out earth with an anti-septic glow. Bernstein made his way past the rusting corpses of abandoned automobiles to the wall. Between the field and the wall was a sloping drainage ditch, redolent of raw sewage.

He inhaled nocturnal aromas—laminations of shit, sweet grass, dry earth. Then he clambered down the incline, felt the slime at the bottom of the ditch suck at his ankles. He slipped and fell. He had always been poorly coordinated. The cardboard box dropped from his hands. The crumbly gray pellets scattered about, blending with the muck.

"Oh, my God," Bernstein muttered. How could he ever explain to anyone what he was doing? Luis and his friends would find him wallowing in filth, scratching in the earth for bits of poisonous clay. Impossible. He was a man with a Ph.D. and two published works on social problems. An old street joke skittered through Bernstein's marbled mind. *Well-paying job offered: separating fly shit from brown pepper with boxing gloves.*

"I'm cursed," Bernstein sobbed. "It's impossible. I can't find the crap." Already

the toxic pellets were dissolving in the fetid stream, fortifying the flow of liquid turds "To each his own," Bernstein sniffled.

Gómez crowed furiously; crowed twice again.

"All right, motherfucker," Bernstein said. "You asked for it."

He struggled up the opposite bank, feet sliding, grabbing at roots and rocks, and blundered toward the wire fencing. Inside, the moonlight spread its glow on the dead earth.

His hands tore at the wire. He succeeded in yanking one side loose from the boards. With bleeding palms, he pulled the wire aside and crawled into the patio.

Gómez was waiting for him. The rooster seemed bigger than Bernstein remembered. He was strutting arrogantly, the small head erect, the metallic eyes glinting in the moonlight. Once it flapped its cropped wings, stretched its neck and unloosed a series of choked shrieks, the ugly noises that had ruined Bernstein's hours at the typewriter.

"Got a goddamn repertoire, haven't you?" Bernstein asked. He approached the bird, bent low, hands forward. "Let's hear the real *big* one. The one you use when I come, you fucking vulture."

Gómez accommodated him. It arched its back, raised wings and unloosed the shrill, reverberating scream that Bernstein had heard the first time he made love to the obsidian-eyed maid.

"Your last croak, buddy," Bernstein gasped.

He lunged at the rooster. Always clumsy, even as a boy, he thought. He tripped on a coil of rusted wire and tumbled to earth, his tortured hands trying to break his fall.

The rooster screamed once more. Raising himself awkwardly on forearms and elbows, Bernstein looked up and was suddenly frozen. He was sure he'd seen a flash of steel in the moonlight where no steel ought to be at that hour. Could they have left the cock armed?

A light was turned on in the compound. Bernstein heard sleepy voices.

"¿Qué pasa?"

"¿Oí, qué tal?"

At that moment, the rooster lofted itself from the ground in a flurry of wings and kicking legs and flew at his head. Bernstein seemed to feel the hooked blade of the gaff dig into his carotid artery. He tried to reach for it, but his arms would not respond.

"Screw it," he said. He wept softly. "You win, you son of a bitch."

As his sight dulled and his senses ebbed, his ears heard a final *cu-cu-ru-cuuuuu*. It sounded almost tender and wistful, full of grief and compassion.

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people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

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Remember HAL, Stanley Kubrick's maverick chess-playing computer in 2001? Meet Chess Challenger, the first retail computer chess game. To play, all you do is select where you want to move on the coded chessboard, then punch that move on the keyboard. Chess Challenger will think and then respond with its move in the digital-readout window. Sound easy? You can beat Chess Challenger 25 to 70 percent of the time if you're a good player, says the manufacturer, Fidelity Electronics, at 5245 W. Diversey Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60639. The price: \$200, postpaid—and it even admits its losses.



SWAT TEAM

For the competitive type who wishes to add an element of skill to every encounter, Mr. Advertising (924 Dundas Street, London, Ontario N5W 3A1) is selling for \$1, postpaid, a sporting-chance fly swatter that comes with a hole in the middle. Thus, if that bluebottle you've been stalking is parked directly under the swatter's sweet spot—it lives to fly another day. Good show!



NIXON TAPED AGAIN

Like to have the spitting vocal image of Jimmy Stewart or Richard Nixon on your telephone-answering machine? Communico, at 1669 Old Bayshore Highway, Burlingame, California 94010, has them—plus a host of other big-name and character voices—on cassettes or records for just \$9.95 a volume, postpaid. Each features ten different comic recordings—that is, if you can call Nixon a comic.

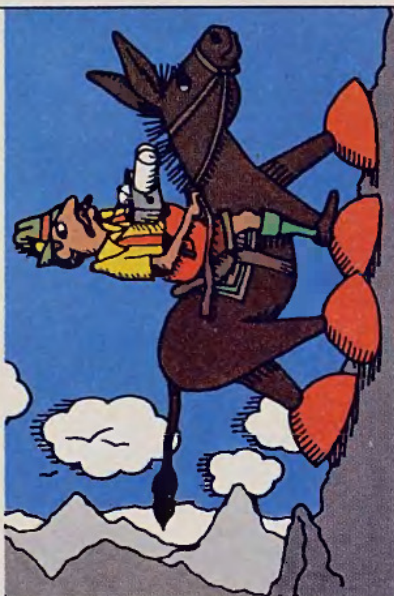


POSITIONS AVAILABLE

As you probably know, Kama was the god of love in ancient India and is worshiped by Tantric Hinduism, a mystical sect that stresses eroticism as a means of spiritual salvation. To ensure that its naughty teachings are not lost to the ages, a New York firm, The Art of Kama, at P.O. Box 979, Hicksville 11802, is selling for \$12.95 each, postpaid, 70 9" x 3" panels that have been molded from original woodcuts. Each depicts three ancient lovemaking positions—that's 210 dirty deeds in all.

MULE TRAIN!

This summer, a firm called Welcome Swiss Tours is offering seven-day mule safaris along original mule trails through the Valais Alps (that's Matterhorn country) for about \$280 per person—not including air fare. You saddle up in Haute Nendaz or Grimentz, and then it's a jolly week of clippety-clopping over nonpolluted hills and dales, viewing the wildlife by day and sampling the local wines at rustic inns by night. More info can be gotten from Welcome Swiss, at 7 Avenue Benjamin Constant, 1003 Lausanne, Switzerland. Yodel-ay-hee-ho.



RAISING ARMS

It's the age of the bug and if you think you're being bitten by one, a company called Intelatex, at 1201 Bethlehem Pike, Flourtown, Pennsylvania 19031, is marketing for \$650, postpaid, a digital Wrist Watch Transmitter Detector that tells time like any other watch—except for the unit's antenna, which slips up your sleeve. Upon entering a room, all you do is extend your arm in sweeping circles; if there's a transmitter present, the Detector will begin to blink. If there isn't, of course, people will think you're nuts.

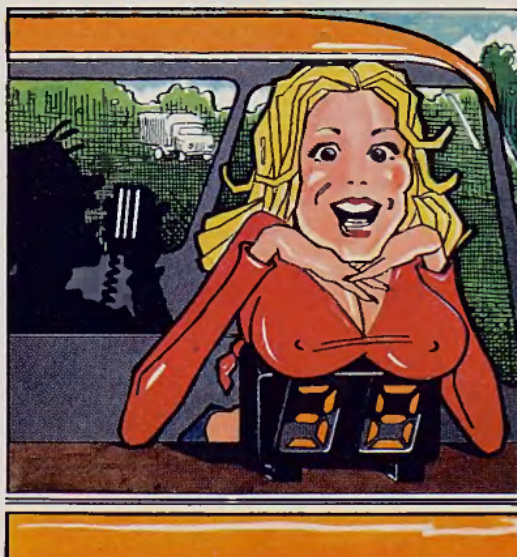
HOME-ICIDE

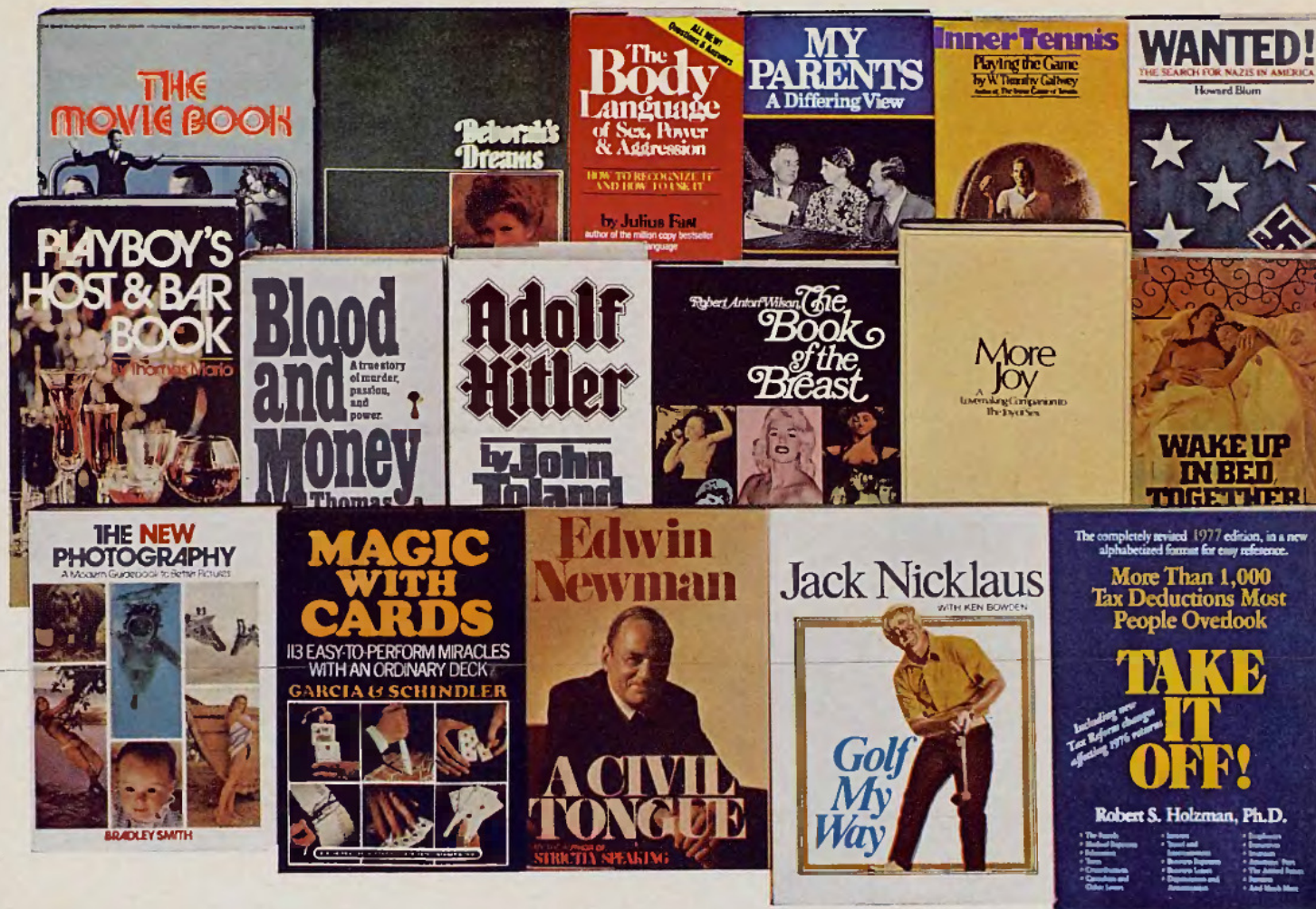
Tired of being Mr. Nice Guy? Ten dollars sent to John E. Payne III (P.O. Box 594, Altadena, California 91001) will get you his delightful booklet *Learn to Speculate in Foreclosure Properties*. It's a charming guide that tells budding entrepreneurs how to pick up somebody else's home, sweet home for the back payments only. (Special tips: Don't wear flashy clothes, drive an expensive car or lip off to the defaulter to be.) Once you're the new owner, you might treat yourself to something groovy—like a false handle-bar mustache and a top hat.



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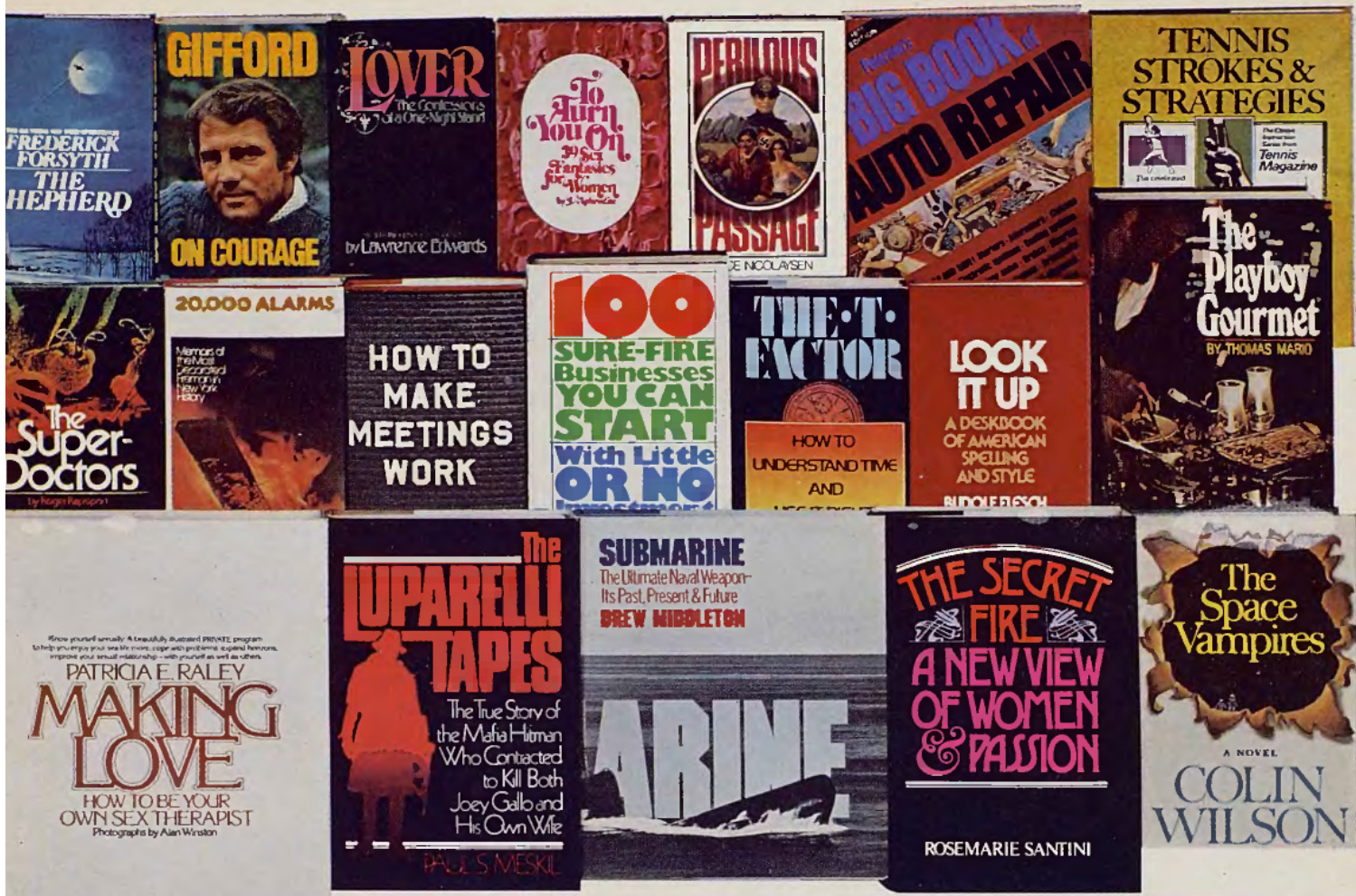
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STRANGELOVES

(continued from page 176)

"Kahn may be the most notorious Strangelove, but he is the least likely to sit behind the desk of official power."

guys Kremlin spies, planted in the U.S.). Strausz-Hupé was at the University of Pennsylvania's Foreign Policy Research Institute before landing a string of successive ambassadorships under Nixon-Ford. Strausz-Hupé has staked out a position in the Strangelove spectrum that makes him the Von Clausewitz of his peers. A former lecturer at the U.S. Air Force Air War College, he has contributed articles and essays to such journals of fear and loathing as *National Review* and to official reports of the House Un-American Activities Committee. With the latter publisher, known to be concerned about matters of social order, Strausz-Hupé has evidenced a keen Brzezinskilike sense of historical irrelevants. But his bag is really war, which he thinks about even while brushing his teeth. "The immense strides in weapons technology," he writes, "alone rule out the possibility that the major powers will forgo, in an armed clash with one another, the use of nuclear weapons and wage strictly 'conventional' war. . . .

The U.S. can ill afford to espouse such a doctrine unilaterally. . . ." Strausz-Hupé may actually believe that war will out: He insists that it is "not an isolated, capricious phenomenon which flouts the 'normal' peaceful processes of history. . . ." Strausz-Hupé is here transparently jockeying for a position vis-à-vis Iklé that seems somewhat more rightward than Kissinger's. Like Kissinger, however, Strausz-Hupé is full of doubts about our chances of winning the world handicap: On the world-war morning line, the West's entry is not even close to being the favorite; he wonders, depressingly, "whether Western civilization is sinking into its final twilight." (This sort of negative, nihilistic thinking makes one wonder whether a latter-day HUAC investigation of Strausz-Hupé might not be in order.)

The Austrian immigrant is clearly not a comer like Brzezinski, but he serves an important over-all function to his peers, and that's why they let him play in their

sandbox: By positioning himself as an extreme voice in this chorus line of sycophants and accented quacks, he enhances the impression of altolike moderation among other Strangeloves whose positions unaccompanied by his basso might otherwise seem a collection of random low notes. He is important because he makes others seem on key when and where he seems a bit off.

DR. NEWSPEAK

Herman Kahn may be the most notorious of the Strangeloves, but he is also the least likely to sit behind the desk of official power. To ordinary Strangeloves, this prospect would be terribly dismaying, but Kahn evidently is unperturbed. He is more the *consigliere* of the family, preferring the role of oracle, house theoretician and master imponderable. No one knows if he is smarter than everyone else, but almost everyone concedes that, hands down, he is more difficult to understand; remember, in the company he keeps, that is no mean feat. One is reminded of the ancient soothsayer who told his fellow villagers, pressing him for advice, to beware of the stranger who would come into town with or without one shoe. Kahn's futuristic predictions are reminiscent of such sagacity.

Kahn is the godfather of nuclear new-speak. Such Sears catalogs of Strangelove options as *On Thermonuclear War*, *Thinking About the Unthinkable* and *On Escalation: Metaphors and Scenarios* perhaps may have done more to make the idea of nuclear warfare tolerable in previously (and rightly) intolerant circles than Truman's decision to teach the unsuspecting residents of Hiroshima and Nagasaki a lesson the Japanese would never forget. Like Truman, Kahn is a teacher of such lessons.

Kahn possesses advanced degrees from the California Institute of Technology and early in his career was gainfully employed as a mathematician for Douglas Aircraft, Northrop Aviation and Boeing Aircraft. Out of this early background, and perhaps employing the elegantly illusive concepts of symbolic math, he pieced together a kind of intellectual Esperanto: neither English nor any other language recognized by Berlitz but the ambiguously delt language of Strangelovian logic (i.e., two plus two equals an arms race). Kahn was born in Bayonne, New Jersey, which in some ways is as foreign to America as is Samaden, but, with his metaphors and scenarios—a contribution that even Kissinger has been unable to emulate—might as well have been born in Greece. With his dazzling, incomprehensible verbal arsenal, Kahn could assume, as the occasion demanded, either a Strausz-Hupé step to the right or a Brzezinski feint to the left with only the most elegant substitution of verbal

LEO
GAREL

"We hope this isn't just another shipboard romance."

variables. In the constellations of Strangeloves, he is the Big Dipper.

It is a mistake to underestimate the subtlety of the Strangelove elite. The club includes not only hawks but doves as well. There is infinite flexibility. Perhaps Brzezinski himself captured the flexibility best when he once described himself as neither hawk nor dove but as a "dawk." (This prestidigitation occurred on the occasion of his defense on national television with McGeorge Bundy of "L.B.J.'s escalation in Vietnam.) Such deft formulation by Brzezinski neatly illustrates the complex way in which Strangeloves manage to adopt positions just to make it appear theirs are different from everyone else's. Seeming doves can exist beside seeming hawks in a collegial manner only because of their *seeming* difference. Take these next three examples.

DR. STATESMAN

Dr. George Kistiakowsky, like Kissinger, is a Harvard professor who has spent a lot of time in Washington. Kisty, as his friends call him, was born in Kiev, of a Cossack family; he fought the Bolsheviks in the White Russian army. Kisty got his naturalization papers in 1933 and, in the New World, worked his way to the top of the scientific heap as one of the country's first Presidential science advisors (under Eisenhower in the wake of Sputnik). In this capacity, he became renowned as a "statesman" of science, even after he left Government to return to Harvard.

Kisty, however, comes to us with the sort of baggage from the past that must be opened for inspection. During World War Two, he was very active, indeed, with the military and was placed in charge of the sensitive Division B (explosives) of the National Defense Research Committee. He sparkled in this assignment, coming up with a flourlike explosive that could be baked into bread and cookies. Used by Chinese guerrillas against Japanese occupiers, it was given the enchanting name Aunt Jemima.

Dr. Kistiakowsky also had a strong hand, while an advisor to the Defense Department, in the seminal decision of 1954 to accelerate work on the development of the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile. This was one of the key decisions in the early history of the nuclear-arms race. But Kisty, though cleverly identified with sane causes such as the popular opposition to the Southeast Asian war, is also identifiable as a good, if quiet, soldier (he is one of the pre-eminent chemists of his generation) and is extremely well liked by his colleagues, perhaps because he makes them feel better about what they do. Those who have made the otherwise intelligent argument that scientists ought to have nothing to do

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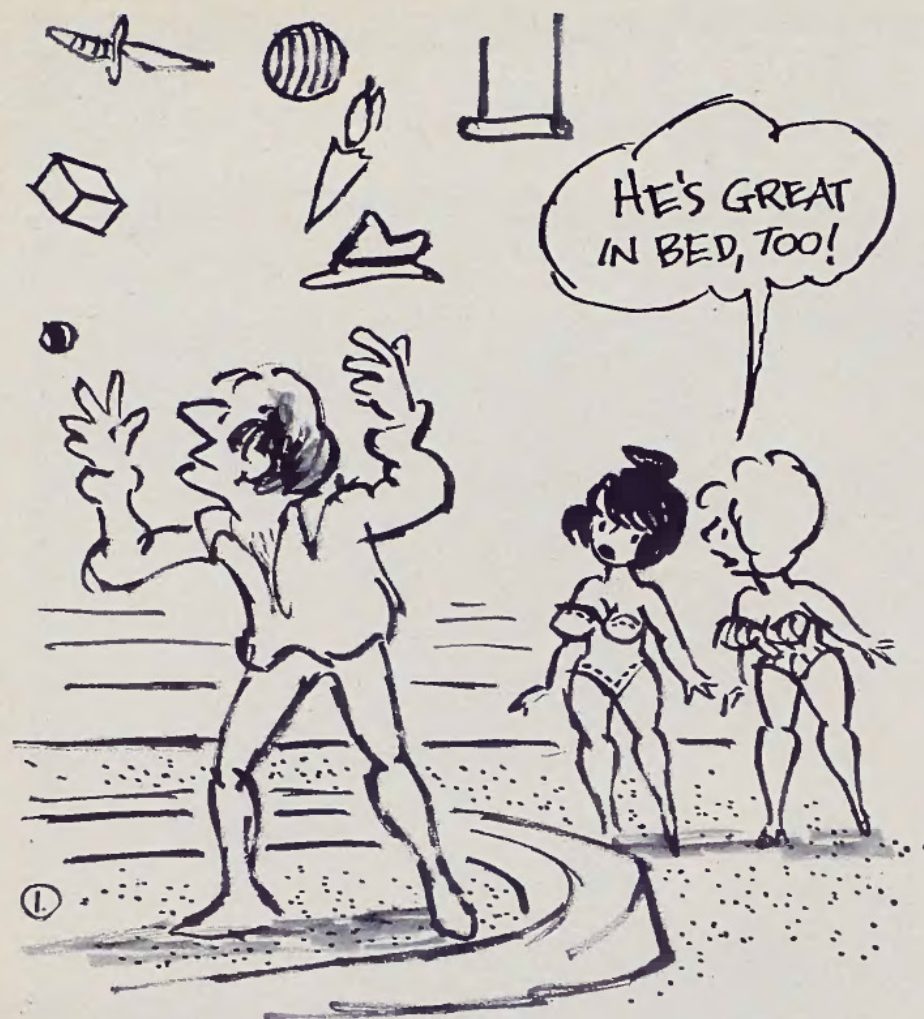
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with the military establishment have felt the lash of his wrath. "We won't reserve for long the generous public support," he counters, getting immediately to the point, "that has been ours without explicit service to the public." But by public service, Kisty means nothing more than *Government* service. "If we, the scientific community, refuse to be involved," he continues, research will be left to the "industrial corporations that are the servants, if not the stooges, of the Pentagon." In taking the position that the beginning of immorality is scientific disengagement, Kisty has gone a long way toward making Pentagon hucksterism as respectable as Kahn has tried to make nuclear war thinkable. In a fairly recent call to arms, the Harvard professor advocated "far greater social and political involvement of scientists than heretofore." While not making it entirely clear how that could be possible—at least for the already heavily engaged Strangeloves—Kisty's statement sugar-coated all the moral issues in this arrogance of power, succeeding in making what is nothing more than high-class intellectual hustling seem like a nonprofit act of patriotism. In this context, Kistiakowsky's opposition to the Vietnam war, even if deeply felt, somehow seems no more consequential than Brzezinski's membership in the NAACP.

DR. CIVIL DEFENSE

Dr. Eugene Paul Wigner is a 1963 Nobel Prize winner and has been a Princeton professor for as long as anyone can remember. Born in Budapest, he got his naturalization papers in 1937. During World War Two, like Kisty, Dr. Wigner distinguished himself in various assignments for the military. On and off between 1952 and 1964, he was on call to the Atomic Energy Commission. Wigner is not as gung ho about war as either Strausz-Hupé or Iklé; almost alone among his Strangelove colleagues, he is obsessed by the need for civil defense, and herein lies the tale.

On the face of it, there is nothing more wrong with a call for civil defense than for cookies or bread, up to the point where the product is examined closely. Remember Iklé's doomsday machine—which would be designed to spare civilians from the role of hostages by retargeting missiles toward enemy military installations? Well, Wigner's civil-defense program is an offspring of that thought in the proposition of an extensive civil-defense program (including, yes, bomb shelters) costing no less than 35 billion dollars (but with cost overruns, etc.). Wigner does not *advocate* a first-strike (surprise-attack) posture; he does not contest the franchise of either Strausz-Hupé or Iklé. But the program he has in mind,



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staking out turf somewhere in the vicinity of Iklé-Strausz-Hupé, is exactly the sort of thing that in the Russian mind makes a surprise attack feasible—a damage-reducing strategy. Wigner's seemingly innocent civil-defense proposal, if adopted, is exactly the sort of element that in a crisis situation could click the mind of a trigger-happy enemy into Kahn's thinkable.

"We do not wish to deny, of course," Wigner writes, "that it is even better if no nuclear explosion takes place." But his call for a huge civil-defense program is an important element in the new doomsday machine, making him different from all the other Strangeloves—except, of course, that in Strangelovian logic, the more things appear to be different, the more they are really the same.

DR. FAIL-SAFE

Dr. Wolfgang Hermann Panofsky was born in Berlin and was naturalized in 1942. Dr. Panofsky may be the brightest man in the world. He is 5'2" tall, weighs 150 pounds, neither smokes nor drinks and is manifestly, painfully indifferent to

clothes. Not that he's a nudist; just that his mind is on higher things.

Panofsky (Ph.D. from the California Institute of Technology in 1942) is the developer and director of the world-famous Stanford Linear Accelerator. The accelerator extends in a straight line for a distance of 10,000 feet from the foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains toward the Stanford University campus and San Francisco Bay. It is a long vacuum pipe that is housed in a heavy concrete casing sunk 25 feet underground. It has no practical use whatsoever, but this is part of Panofsky's charm and what makes one almost reluctant to single him out in this line-up.

Still, Panofsky is a key figure in the Strangelove business, because, being smarter than the rest, he has helped them all avoid potentially embarrassing, crushing boo-boos. And, as a Government consultant on and off since 1943, he has been inside enough to know where the mistakes are buried. For example, just about all the Strangeloves supported the ABM—even the extensive Nixon antiballistic-missile system that was delimited by SALT I. Nixon-Kissinger sacrificed it

at Helsinki-Vienna not only because of hostile public opinion in the U. S. but also because it was too expensive and might not work. Perhaps the first person to demonstrate forcefully that it was an awful price to pay for the tiny protection we were getting was Panofsky.

At a secret strategy meeting that included Pentagon brass, Strangelove consultants and assorted policy types, a graph that purported to show what various levels of ABM investment did by way of enemy-missile protection was Xeroxed and passed around. Everyone except Panofsky was very impressed by the quantification. Being smarter than the rest, Panofsky proceeded to demonstrate at the blackboard that this graph, even though prepared by the Pentagon, proved no such thing; that, on the contrary, it showed for sure why and how ABM was a big nothing for a lot of dough. (Panofsky's demonstration had to do with linear increments of defense per billions of dollars of expenditures.)

Thus, Panofsky, who by the age of eight had beaten his father at chess and probably lost few games after that, was on this day more than a match for the Pentagon. Thereupon, as all in his audience gasped that Wolfgang had done it again, that the ABM was a damned dumb investment and that Panofsky was smarter than the Defense Department, the brass in the room hurriedly confiscated each and every Xerox copy of the graph and, to everyone's horror, stamped them CLASSIFIED. Ever since then, things have not been the same between Panofsky and the Pentagon; but among fellow Strangeloves, he is fondly remembered as the guy who kept everyone from getting too much egg on his face. In this way, Panofsky is the Strangelove elite's human fail-safe system. Whenever the others are about to go off the deep end, one of them usually stops to wonder what Panofsky thinks. He is their best and brightest.

This rogues' gallery is necessarily just a sketch. Wohlstetter, Possony, Niemeyer, Teller, to drop a few names, are not here, as they would have to be in any complete *Who's Who* of the Strangelove elite. Still, we have shown that America is truly a great country; Kubrick's telescopic vision of a one-of-a-kind disaster has become virtually an intellectual and policy trend. From Brzezinski to Aunt Jemima, we are some kind of pluralistic society, and some kind of entertaining one. We see a new casting call in the near future, as the struggle for power and influence in the Carter era continues. The Strangelove players will strut their stuff on the political stage, maybe even exchanging a line or a position, as necessary, in one of the greatest shows on earth.



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daughter...!"*

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"How could he possibly 'see' him now, when he could no longer even remember what he looked like?"

could remember was Dute saying, "Come on, let's jack off."

He withdrew from the room. He didn't look into Jane's room. He remembered it as being exactly like his, and seeing his had been bad enough. He didn't look into the front room, either. The room of mystery. Of strange creakings and gaspings in the night. Once, Dute had said, "Come on, let's take a peek and find out what's going on," but he had demurred. He hadn't wanted to see, and it would have been too dark, anyway.

He went back downstairs. Standing in the living room, he gazed again at the strips of brown wallpaper hanging from the walls and ceiling, at the paneless windows, at the debris-littered floor. In his mind, he pictured the house as he had seen it when he pulled into the drive, visualized its crumbling chimney, its sagging front porch, its bare, weather-beaten clapboards, its wormholed cornices; its aura of decay. Well built it may have been, but it was too far gone now to justify remodeling; and, as it stood, it was a detriment to the rest of the property. The barn, in its collapsed state, was an eyesore, too; but it blended in somehow with the fields and the trees, while the house stood out like a sore thumb. The mere sight of it would drive potential buyers away. Perhaps he should put a torch to it and save himself the expense of having it razed. But he knew he wouldn't. True, it wasn't insured; but burning it would still be unethical.

Besides, there was Dute to think of. Dute locked in the fruit closet, with no way to escape the flames—

The unexpected derailment of his logical train of thought staggered Sharpe. Dute! Why, Dute was nothing but a figment. A remembered figment. And the fruit closet, if he remembered right, contained nothing at all except shelves and a few broken jars.

Recovering his senses, he walked across the room, unlocked and opened the front door and stood in the doorway, looking out into the front yard. Grandfather Sharpe had planted two apple trees there long, long ago, and the ground was covered with rotten apples. McIntoshes. The trees, unpruned for decades, were thick with suckers and some of the limbs had rotted through and were ready to fall. All Sharpe could smell was apples—those rotting on the ground and those still stubbornly clinging to the branches. The house faced east and its gray shadow lay across the brown grass. The sun, which had been

low in the west when he drove down into the valley, was setting. Soon the ebon queen night would descend from the hills and the old ghost of the house would vanish beneath her vast black skirts.

He should be on his way back to the city.

His wife, Stasia, would ask, when he came in the door, "Well, did the old goat leave you anything worth driving all that way to see?"

And he would answer, "He was a kind old man. He had his eccentricities, and maybe the farm was one of them. It meant a great deal to him. He was born there. I hate to sell it."

"If you ask me, you hate to sell anything. Which is probably why you so seldom do. Always honest, always above-board, always the soul of integrity. You have to con people into buying, not sit back and let them make up their own minds the way you do."

"I don't like robbing Peter to pay Paul. Not even if I happen to be Paul."

"You're not with it—something's missing from your make-up. Peter, indeed! Nobody cares about Peter anymore."

"No, I guess they don't," he would say, and then he would walk past her into his little office off the living room and pour himself a whiskey and soda,

light a cigar and sit there quietly till dinner.

The gray shadow of the house had darkened and now extended all the way to the road, and he realized that he had been standing in the doorway for a long time. Loitering there; postponing, for as long as he could, going down into the cellar to check on Dute.

Yes. He had to open the fruit-closet door and look inside. If he didn't, he knew he'd lie awake all night.

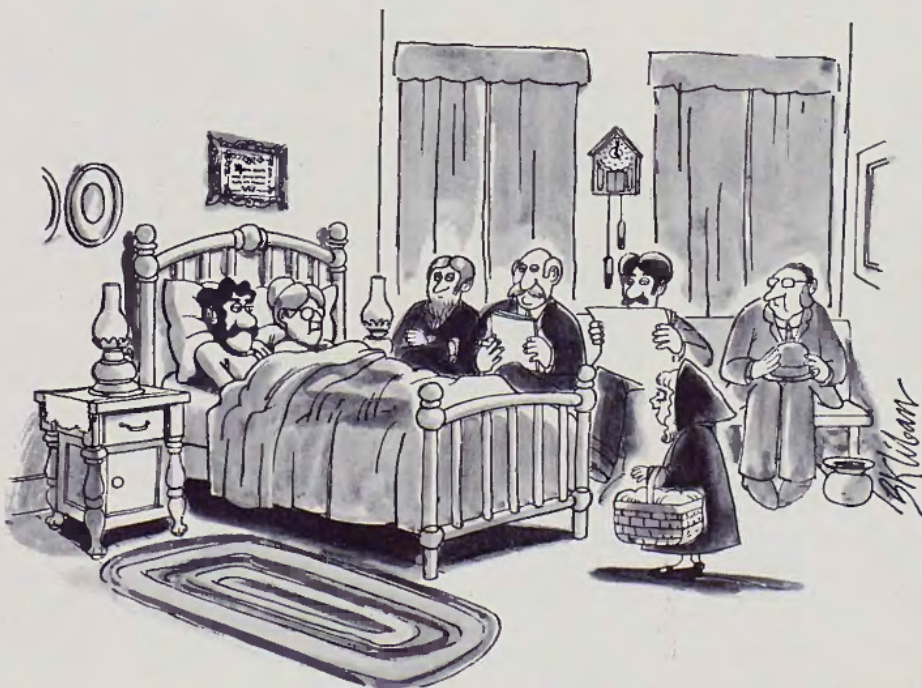
But what good would looking do? How could he tell whether Dute was still there or not? When they were playmates, he had undoubtedly "seen" him; but how could he possibly "see" him now, when he could no longer even remember what he looked like?

I must be insane, he thought.

A car passed on the road and he stared unseeingly at its fiery-red taillights till they diminished from view; then, woodenly, he descended the porch steps, crossed the unkempt yard to the drive and got a flashlight out of the glove compartment of his car. In that brief span of time, the skirts of night billowed out over the valley and he had to use the flashlight to light his way back to the house.

A pervasive clamminess accompanied the dark. He shivered, turned up the collar of his coat.

Shining the light before him, he advanced through the living room and the dining room and into the kitchen. Angrily, he raised the trap door leading to the cellar. Damn Dute! The flashlight's beam revealed a remembered rickety flight of steps. The dank miasma that



"Why, Grandmother! What a big clientele you have!"



*"You are now united in holy wedlock, and thank you, no,
I will not be able to join you tonight."*

had greeted him before almost overwhelmed him. Suddenly, a scuttering of tiny claws came from below and his eyes caught a brief blur of movement along the periphery of the light. He shuddered. He had always been terrified of rats.

Dute had been, too.

He forced himself to start down. He almost screamed when the second step sagged beneath him and he nearly dropped the flashlight. But the step held and he cautiously tried the one below. And the one below that. He could feel the wood's soft rottenness through the soles of his shoes, but somehow the steps managed to sustain his weight.

The cellar was not nearly so deep as it had seemed once. He could barely stand upright beneath the cobweb-festooned joists. The fruit closet was little more than a cubbyhole; his father had partitioned it off when they had first moved in. His mother, in those days, had done a great deal of canning. Then she had become ill and had given it up. She used to put up pickles, too—dills—and presently the beam of Sharpe's flashlight illuminated the old crock she had used for soaking them. It was broken into three pieces and lay in the corner formed by the juncture of the fruit-closet partition and one of the cellar walls.

He moved the light to the left till it illuminated the base of the door, raised

it till it bathed the short length of gas pipe he had fixed in place by means of two bent-over spikes. The "lock."

Some lock!

Nevertheless, the fact that it was still in place proved Dute hadn't broken out of his cell.

Perhaps, though, he'd found another avenue of escape. Maybe he'd managed to squeeze through a crevice in the foundation.

Impossible. The house was old, but its foundation was as solid as the day it was put in.

No, Dute was still in the closet. Dirty Dute, who drowned cats and masturbated and stole corn.

Sharpe knew that his thinking had got out of hand. But he couldn't help himself. And he knew that he had to open the fruit-closet door and look inside; that if he didn't, Dute would haunt him for the rest of his life.

Holding the flashlight in his left hand, he worked the length of pipe up and down with his right till the rusted spikes gave sufficiently for him to slide the pipe free. It slipped from his fingers and fell to the floor, riving the silence with a hollow ring. He kicked it aside and opened the door.

The flashlight's beam showed empty shelves, myriad cobwebs, a floor grown

green with mold. Presently, it fell upon a small dark object lying at the base of the far wall. Repressing a gasp, he stepped inside for a closer look. He laughed aloud when the object turned out to be a length of rotted two-by-four. It was his last laugh. An instant later, the door slammed shut behind him and he heard the length of pipe being shoved back into place.

Sharpe ascended the cellar stairs in the wake of the flashlight's beam, closed the trap door and made his way through the dining room and the living room and out onto the front porch. He waded through the overgrown grass to his car, rejoicing in the rotten-apple smell. He'd filled the gas tank just before leaving the city, which meant it should be at least two thirds full now, but he checked the gauge to make sure. He found a rusted milk can just inside the awry doorway of the collapsed barn, brought it back, raised the hood of the car and detached the windshield-wash hose. He slammed the hood shut; then, kneeling behind the car, he removed the gas cap and inserted one end of the hose into the tank. He put the other end in his mouth, sucked, spat, plunged it into the milk can. When the can was almost full, he removed the hose, rolled it up and slipped it into his coat pocket. He replaced the gas cap. A second glance at the gauge revealed that more than enough fuel remained to get him back to the city. Carrying the milk can in one hand and shining the flashlight ahead of him with the other, he made his way back across the yard and re-entered the house. He began in the kitchen, sloshing gasoline all over the floor, being careful not to spill any on his shoes or trousers. Backing through the dining room and the living room, he repeated the process. He saved enough to run a narrow trail across the front porch and down the steps and a dozen feet into the yard. Then he threw the empty can through the doorway, moved back several paces, got a folder of matches out of his coat pocket, struck one and tossed it onto the "fuse." A fence of flame sprang out of the ground, flashed up the steps, across the porch and into the house. The entire downstairs seemed to ignite at once. Gouts of flame erupted from the downstairs windows, belched through the front door. The stairway leading to the second story provided an ideal draft: Soon smoke began roiling from the paneless windows of the front room. Sharpe grinned, backing through the brown grass to his car, not once taking his eyes from the holocaust. He got behind the wheel and started the motor.

He grinned again. Evilly. "So long, old buddy," he called as he backed out of the drive. "It's my turn now."

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*"I suppose we'll just have to put up with her;
after all, she is the chaperone."*

ILIE THE TERRIBLE

(continued from page 168)

"Nastase punched his first opponent on a tennis court when he was just 14."

reading the papers tomorrow and thinking that Nastase is bad boy again. That is the problem. People know me only from the court or what they read or hear. But they do not know this linesman who is screwing me all day, upsetting me."

Nastase picked up one of his rackets and began whipping it through the air.

"Is all right, though," he grinned. "Is free country. Let people think what they want."

A fellow player, Fred McNair, once said, "You just have to make allowances for him, like you would for an Einstein. The man is a genius, and there have to be allowances for that."

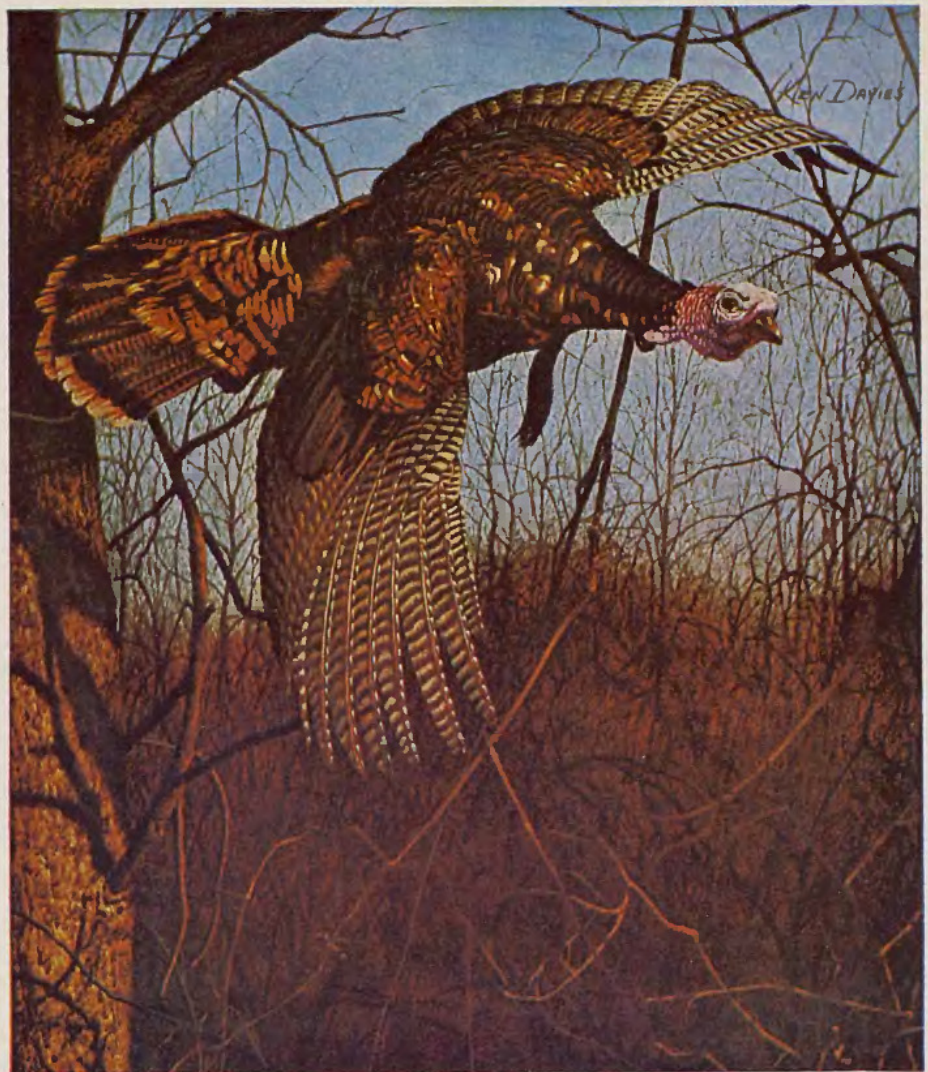
Nastase punched his first opponent on a court when he was 14; his victim was the son of his tennis coach. He was suspended for the first time when he was 17. Since 1970 alone, he calculates that he has been fined almost \$60,000. In the past two years, Nastase has been defaulted from big tournaments in England, Italy, Palm Springs, California, and in Washington against Richey. In 1975, he was fined a record \$6000 for tanking—tennisese for not trying—the last two sets of the Canadian Open final against Manuel Orantes after being angered by—surprise!—a line call in a first-set tie breaker.

Tennis magazine called for him to be banned from the game for a year.

Nastase has performed every imaginable burlesque and slapstick on a tennis court. One time, in a match in California, the umpire announced, "New balls," as he must when a new can is sent into play; Nastase grinned the impish grin and started to pull down his tennis shorts. Back when he and Jimmy Connors played doubles together—one writer dubbed them the Vulgarly Twins. Nastase jumped on top of Connors whenever he fell down and began humping him. Scatological jokes, with a tennis ball falling from between one's legs, were never considered out of bounds by the two.

Nastase's temper is legend. To show displeasure, he will put his racket between his legs and jerk it up and down. Or he will quit trying, as he did against Orantes in Canada; or make his own personal obscene gesture to the crowd (it looks like the Texas "hook 'em horns" sign and he calls it the Romanian peace sign. In Europe, it is the sign of a cuckold.).

Nasty—even he uses this nickname for



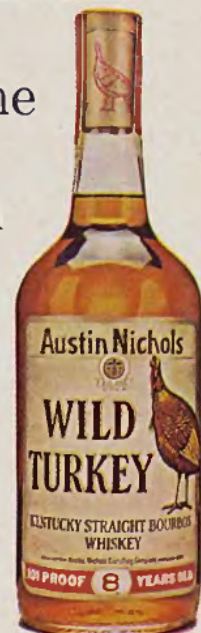
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himself—has shown up for matches in drag, in a bowler, in blackface (playing doubles with Arthur Ashe) and carrying a glass of champagne. He once had a racket strung with an upraised middle finger prominently spray painted on the gut.

"And no matter how bad he is," said Pohmann after their match, "people will come out the next week to see him and to laugh at him. Is unbelievable."

"Somebody has to be the bad boy, so I am the bad boy," Nastase has said. "My temper is how I get loose. Other people, they hold it in and get ulcers."

"Do they want me to be like Arthur Ashe? I couldn't be. Why are people wanting me to be like someone else? It would be boring for the game. You want to eat steak every day? Is the same thing, is boring. Is no fun. Steak, steak, steak all the time is boring."

Nastase can be a kid, too. In late September of last year, he was in Los Angeles when he decided he wanted to see the Ali-Norton fight at Yankee Stadium. He was in the middle of a busy exhibition schedule at the time and would soon be flying to South America. But he had never met Ali, his boxing soul mate. He had never seen him fight in person. He made up his mind to go to New York.

Connors obtained tickets from some sports-department friends at CBS. So Nastase, Dominique, Connors and Connors' girlfriend, Marjie Wallace, the former Miss World, flew across the country to see the fight.

Once there, Nastase was like a teenage groupie backstage at a rock concert. He pointed out celebrities to Connors. He gaped at the wild Superfly outfits up from Harlem. But mostly he waited for his first glimpse of Ali, checking his watch every few minutes while waiting for the 10:30 P.M. bell.

When the crowd noise rose as Ali finally entered the stadium from one of the baseball dugouts, Nastase jumped up onto his chair in the middle of the \$200 ringside seats and craned his neck until he spotted the champ.

He grabbed Connors and pulled him up, too.

"He is coming!" Nastase shouted. "I can see him!" His day was complete.

The 1975 Volvo tournament in New Hampshire. Nastase and Connors are sharing a condominium for the week. The night before they play semifinal matches, they decide to eat in. Connors invites *Sports Illustrated* photographer Tony Triolo over for dinner. He is an old friend.

It is a fun night for all. There are games and clowning, some playful wrestling. There is wine and plenty of laughter.

The next day, Nastase plays Ken Rosewall in the first semifinal match. Triolo is at courtside, preparing to take pictures of the match. Nastase and Rosewall play the first game of the match and switch sides of the court. Rosewall sits down. Nastase comes charging in the direction of Triolo.

"No pictures today!" he screams, waving a racket at Triolo. "Do not be bothering me with that camera, son of a bitch."

Triolo has not taken a picture yet, not lifted a camera. He looks behind him, sure that Nastase is yelling at another photographer. There is no one.

"Yes, I am talking to you!" Nastase yells, pointing his racket at Triolo. "No goddamned pictures when I am trying to play." He stalks off to continue the match.

Triolo stands there, bewildered.

On his first prolonged trip to the United States, Nastase is at a New York travel agency ordering a book of plane tickets for the entire winter indoor circuit. The process is complicated and Nastase's meager English does not help. He is with Bill Riordan, the renegade tennis impresario who was representing him at the time, and both are rushing off to the airport. By the time all the tickets are ready, the agency girl has been working for an hour. Nastase tells Riordan to wait—he walks out onto Fifth Avenue. Ten minutes later, he is back, with a box of candy for the girl.

"Amazing," Riordan says. "If Nasty isn't leaving that night, the broad sleeps with him for sure."

After a match against Harold Solomon in Maryland last year, Nastase was overheard making this remark: "I came here to play one Jew. They [the crowd] think I am bad and I end up playing twenty thousand."

During a televised match in Hawaii, Nastase is clearly heard calling his opponent, Ashe, a "bloody nigger."

Nastase is relaxing in the players' room at Forest Hills. . . .

Relaxation on this day is a raucous backgammon game with Russian player Alex Metreveli. Backgammon is an addiction with most touring tennis players—none travels without a trusty portable board—and Nastase attracts a crowd whenever he plays. It is the same way on a tennis court. Ashe once said, "Nastase is one of the few guys whose match I'll make a point of watching if I can."

Nastase is as demonstrative at backgammon as he is on the court. His emotions are never very far from the surface; you can always see them coming, since his face darkens and flushes when he be-

comes excited. The heavy beard that always seems to be in need of a razor and the perpetually tousled hair only seem to broaden his catalog of expressions. His glower seems more ominous, but then the smile looks even bigger than it should. Everyone smiles with Nastase.

There are a lot of smiles against Metreveli, a dour fellow who is the perfect straight man for jokester Nastase, who talks constantly during the game. He criticizes each Metreveli move; he accuses the Russian of cheating six or seven times—"Is OK, Russian, just tell me and I will look away." The bigger the crowd surrounding the table, the more expressive Nastase becomes, roaring with every successful dice roll of his own, playing to his audience. The good Ilie.

"Is eight thousand dollar you owe me now, Russian," Nastase says when the game ends. "I accept personal check."

Although Romanian Nastase comes from a Communist country, there is a striking contrast when he is with players from other Communist countries, people like the Russian Metreveli or Czechoslovakia's Jan Kodes. Nastase dresses better, has more personal charm and style, is simply a more attractive person. He has made it as a capitalist.

"Ilie has always had class, inbred class," says ex-manager Riordan, who also once managed Connors. "He was born and brought up in eastern Europe, but he has that Latin temper that makes you sick sometimes on the court. But he's always had class."

Riordan brought Nastase to the United States in 1967 to play the winter-spring indoor circuit that Riordan runs. By 1972, Nastase was already being called the best player in the world, but he was one of the few players not on Lamar Hunt's World Championship Tennis circuit. The reason? Hunt's circuit ran in opposition to Riordan's. Hunt's was also more lucrative.

"Nastase kept me in tennis," Riordan recalls. "I was down and out at Wimbledon that year. Nastase came up to me and said, 'Do not worry, Beel. I remember what you did for me and I will play for you.'"

At 30, Nastase has made \$1,000,000 playing professional tennis. His yearly income, when prize money is added to endorsements, is more than \$400,000. He owns a three-story home in Bucharest, where his parents live, a flat in Brussels (his wife's home town) and a farm in Bazoches, France, 100 miles outside Paris. He owns a Bentley.

Nastase buys his suits in Paris; much of his wardrobe is handmade for him in Italy and Spain. Last year, he was named the Best Dressed Man in Tennis by *Sport* magazine. Last fall, he appeared

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on the Dick Van Dyke variety show on NBC, giving "funny tennis lessons" to Van Dyke on such subjects as how to break a racket properly.

"But I have worked hard," he says. "I have worked hard for all of this. You know, is funny. Every time I am fined, even when is the six thousand dollars for Canada, people laugh and say, 'Is OK for Nastase to pay, is easy.' But this is my money I am paying, nobody else's. Nobody else has been hitting the tennis balls for me all these years."

"Nastase does not work so hard now," says Tiriac, the former coach, "but when he was young, he worked like a crazy man. If in those days I would leave him at the court at two o'clock and tell him to be hitting serves until I came back at four, when I came back, that dumb son of a bitch would still be hitting serves. I tell you, Nastase worked like crazy in those days."

Even with the blowups on the court—"Sometimes he is like a child," says Dominique—and the suspensions, Nastase never really forgets that it is tennis that got him out of Romania and made him rich. He still plays a full schedule of tournaments, in addition to playing World Team Tennis in 1975. And each time he begins to suspect that he is slipping or getting old, or that his genius is not being appreciated by the public, he pulls his game together and wins a tournament such as the Commercial Union Masters.

The Masters is an eight-man tournament held in December each year, supposedly to determine the world's top player over the previous 12 months. Nastase has won it four of the past six years.

It is never easy for him, since each Masters seems to find the good Ilie and the bad Ilie squared off against each other. In December 1975, he was defaulted from one match with Ashe before winning the round-robin event. In December 1973, in Boston, he stopped trying in a first-round match against Tom Gorman after a spectator called him a bum. Gorman won the match. Because of the mathematics of this special tournament, Nastase had to win each of his remaining matches by as big a margin in games as possible to stay in the competition. Then he had to root for the Czech Kodes to beat Gorman in the last preliminary match, so that he would make the semifinals.

During the Kodes-Gorman match, Nastase sat high in the stands at Boston's Hynes Auditorium, an expensive topcoat over his tennis clothes, loudly rooting for Kodes.

"C'mon, Russian," he would shout, using a nickname that a Czech considers pure insult. "Beat him for me, Russian."

Gorman and Kodes kept looking up at him. Nastase kept cheering for the "Russian." When Kodes finally won, Nastase jumped out of his seat and began applauding.

Kodes was having a press conference when Nastase came busting through the door. "You eat and drink good tonight, Russian," Nastase said, turning the impish grin on Kodes.

"Nastase, I am talking to reporters," Kodes said.

"Is no matter," Nastase said. "You want champagne, Russian? Tonight you drink champagne. You want lobster, maybe? I get you lobster."

Two days later, Nastase won the tournament, beating Okker 6-3, 7-5, 4-6, 6-3.

Nastase tried not to talk to the press at Wimbledon last year. He also tried going straight on the court for the first time. No cursing. No complaining about line calls. He was not the bad Ilie. Meetch and Constantine and Dominique formed a protective circle. Nastase just concentrated on winning his first Wimbledon.

When each match was over, he got into a courtesy car with his people and returned to his London hotel. Most of his free time was spent walking with Dominique in Hyde Park. They even jogged together. Dominique bought a Frisbee and they threw it together. Ilie invented a game in which they jumped up and grabbed leaves off trees. The good Ilie again.

One day, as Nastase was waiting for his car, I caught up with him just inside the front door of the Wimbledon clubhouse. Constantine was keeping away autograph seekers. Dominique had already returned to the hotel.

I asked Nastase why he had changed his ways.

"I must try it the other way just this once," he said, his dark face unusually serious. "All the years, people have said that I should try good. Maybe this is my last chance to win Wimbledon. So I try it the other way."

"Is it hard for you, keeping it all inside?"

"Is hardest thing I have tried," he said. Then he grinned and left.

Two days later, on good behavior to the end, Nastase lost the Wimbledon final to Björn Borg 6-4, 6-2, 9-7. Keeping his promise that he would talk to reporters "when I lose," he showered and headed for the interview room. I saw him just before he walked in.

"OK, is over," he smiled. "I tried it other way. From now on, I go back to being bad."

He sat down before a microphone. "Are you disappointed?" someone asked.

"Oh, good," replied Nastase. "We start right off with stupid question. . . ."



"If you must know, it's called 'Joy of Divorce.'"

The New Mazda RX-3SP.

(Please don't tell your mother you're going to buy one.)



Once you somehow manage to take your eyes off the car, it's adrenalin time behind the wheel.

The acceleration is rotary-engine quick. The handling is precise and responsive. The stops are provided by power-assisted front disc brakes.

Other RX-3SP credentials include a 5-speed stick shift. Torsion bar stabilizer. A background of over 100 racing victories in international competition. And a price a mother could love—\$4240*, (or \$3895* minus the special appearance package shown here.)

And now, the world's most remarkable engine is backed by the world's longest engine warranty.

Mazda warrants the basic engine block and its internal

parts will be free of defects with normal use and prescribed maintenance for five years or 75,000 miles, whichever comes first, or Mazda will fix it free. This transferable, limited warranty is free on all new rotary-engine Mazdas sold and serviced in the United States and Canada.



*Based on California and Texas POE prices including dealer prep. Slightly higher for other Ports of Entry. Freight, taxes, license and optional equipment are extra. Automatic transmission not available in EPA high altitude counties.

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mazda

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

WHEELS

WHAT HAS FOUR DOORS AND FLIES?

You've got a fast car, right? Zero to 60 in a wink, tires smoking all the way? Top speed well over 100 miles an hour? Sure. That's a fast car. Not too fast, mind you, but fast enough to win a few informal encounters at stop lights. However, you'd best keep a sharp lookout in your rear-view mirror for a boxy four-door sedan with a squarish radiator grille topped by a three-pointed star.

Should you spot one of those monsters barreling up behind you, do yourself a favor. Move your fast car over and let it pass. That machine bearing down on you is doubtlessly the fastest, meanest, most imposing four-door ever built. As it bustles past—perhaps running as quickly as 140 mph—try to snatch a glimpse of its trunk lid. Should the numerals 6.9 appear in the right-hand corner, feel honored. You've been blown off by the best big passenger car ever built.

The Mercedes-Benz 450SEL 6.9—to use its full name—is an extraordinary automobile in every sense. It is the fastest production sedan in the world and, with the exception of the Rolls-Royce, the most expensive full-size sedan



available—at well over \$40,000. At first glance, the 6.9 will look exactly like every other Mercedes when it flies past you. It uses the same body shell as the regular 450SEL, but the similarity is only skin-deep. For openers, its engine is immense: 6.9 liters, or 418 cubic inches. This overhead-camshaft, fuel-injected power plant will develop about 250 horsepower, which is staggering since the best big-displacement American engines in this day of emission controls seldom top 180 hp.

And then there is the awesome suspension. Shucking the conventional springs and shock absorbers, the Stuttgart technical types created a complicated hydropneumatic suspension system that maintains the car in perfect equilibrium, regardless of load, cornering attitude or speed. While fiendishly expensive, the system is by far the most advanced used on any production automobile.

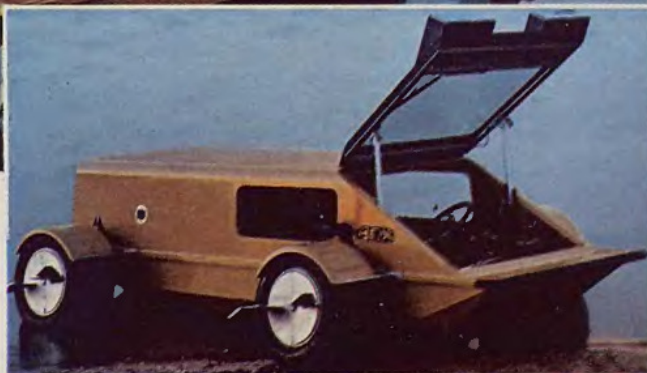
The 6.9 should be arriving in America just about now. It is nothing to be alarmed about, but you might maintain a little restraint when trying to race Mercedes-Benz sedans until you get a look at the numbers on the back deck. After all, forewarned is forearmed.

—BROCK YATES



Box Populi

Open the lid of this Box and you'll be in for some wild driving thrills. A completely assembled Porsche-powered Box (yes, it's called the Box), with four-wheel drive and an amphibious-drive package, goes for \$14,500. If that puts the lid on your dreams of owning one, kits are available from the manufacturer, Monocoque Engineering, Costa Mesa, California.



HABITAT POOL CUE



Below: Welcome to the subterranean world of a Maderna Pool, a 13' x 39' modular structure that's virtually maintenance free. Right: A whirlpool bath is neatly tucked into one corner of the room. Left: Maderna's lounging area. Nifty!



The old swimming hole has gone underground, and even Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn wouldn't complain. Its modern counterpart is the self-contained subterranean swimming/lounging chamber pictured above called the Maderna Pool after its Austrian designer, Alfons Maderna. And now that similar versions have proved immensely successful on the Continent, a Baltimore company, Maderna America Corporation, has been given the exclusive U.S. rights to manufacture and market the pool over here.

Maderna Pools are designed to be sunk in the ground directly adjacent to any home or hideaway that has some open space alongside. The entire unit is comprised of prefabricated polyester, polyurethane, gunite and steel modular sections that can be assembled to various configurations. (The most popular size is 13' x 39', shown above.) Once inside (access is usually via a door from your basement), you've entered a relaxing cavern of reds, yellows and oranges; a trio of skylights in the domed ceiling—which is nine and a half feet above the deck—lets the sunshine in and, after dark, there are ceiling and underwater lights that can be flicked on. Beside the pool, which is almost six feet

deep, there's a lounging area, plus a built-in whirlpool bath.

The principle of this buried little treasure is not unlike that of a giant Thermos bottle—with mother earth acting as a natural insulator. Thus, temperatures inside the unit remain almost constant (yes, there's heating, just in case), which means you'll use about one third less energy to warm it.

Sound too good to be true? Well, also consider that Maderna Pools, which, incidentally, are both acid- and rot-proof, are strong enough to support a driveway on the ground above. And the president of Maderna America, Gernot Hucek, is quick to point out that a Maderna Pool is more than just an underground skinny-dip tank, "It's a private, completely ventilated health, leisure and entertainment center that, because of its unusual domed contour and subtle blending of colors, promotes total relaxation." Company presidents always talk like that.

And now the price: A 13' x 39' Maderna Pool can be ready to go two weeks from beginning of excavation for about \$35,000 (plus shipping). And that price includes installation and heating. So make like a mole, man; we can't think of a more enjoyable way to go underground.

TRAVEL

ST.-TROP ON THE CHEAP

Sometime around the turn of the century, a French travel writer whined that St.-Tropéz had been discovered as a tourist retreat. He can thank his lucky St. Emilion that he wasn't around for Brigitte Bardot's invasion during the Fifties and its subsequent fallout. It's now the undisputed playground of the jet-set gentry. It was there, you may recall, that James Coburn arranged his elaborate scavenger hunt in *The Last of Sheila*. The place has a deserved reputation: It's effortlessly beautiful. Trouble is, it's also desperately chic.

When the season is in full swing (during July and August), the harbor is clogged with yachts unloading face-lifted former beauties, their insouciant, pouty-lipped daughters and Rolls-Royce Camargues. No matter; the monde may be *haut*, but you don't need a fistful of francs to savor the sun, the beach and the acres of beautiful women who dress and undress on the beach the way

Arnold Schwarzenegger pumps iron. St.-Trop pampers. One goes there to grow delicate with satieties and, let's face it, to name-drop one's vacation spot afterward.

GETTING THERE

St.-Trop is not easy to get to. Intentionally so. Let Cannes, Juan-les-Pins and Nice fill up with tourists, natives reason. You can take the Train Bleu from Paris (\$200 for two, in a comfy sleeping room) to St. Raphael or fly into Nice (\$172 for two from Paris). It should be noted that Air France, God bless it, serves as much Laurent Perrier champagne as you can drink on this run. Either way, getting into St.-Trop itself is difficult. If

you want to brave the coast road, rent a car. If not, bus it. In any case, once you're in St.-Trop, a car or a motorcycle is essential. And if you go to Avis, be advised that the gentleman there may not exhibit any vital signs, even though you're holding a confirmed reservation.

STAYING THERE

When Alain Delon, the Jagers and Roman Polanski vacation in St.-Trop, they usually stay at the Hôtel Byblos. They can afford to. Byblos' spill-over goes to the Résidence de la Pinède: It, too, is expensive. But a two-minute walk down from the Tahiti Beach (where toplessness started) is La Figuière, a fig farm with 29 rooms, a swimming pool and a grill. The rooms have the feel of a country house: white plaster, tile, roominess. They are also equipped with refrigerators and bathtubs big enough for two. Most of the rooms even have their own terrace. All for \$20. Regardless, there's nothing like enjoying your first sunny breakfast poolside looking at the *International Herald Tribune* and a dozen pairs of various-sized breasts. An alternative is Hôtel La Ferme d'Augustin (a tad more expensive but also near the beach). You could camp out, but that's missing the point.

HANGING OUT THERE

Learn to pace yourself, as an economizing measure. Doing things costs money. Not doing anything costs a lot less. Take time, for instance, to appreciate the uniqueness of French-bottled Schweppes Indian tonic water. Instead of lunching on the beach (which at Chez Félix runs about \$25 for two), case the Prisunic and the other delis in town whose specialties include *pâtés*, cold quiches, mushrooms à la grecque. The whole day revolves around the beach; learn to appreciate the giddy immodesty of women who would never strip down anywhere else in the world. Let the sun, like someone you love, spend the afternoon sitting on your chest. You'll get the hang of it.

EATING OUT THERE

Don't skimp on meals. The dining is too civilized; the food's too good. Besides, a comparable meal in the States would cost a lot more. The French charge the same for lunch as they do for dinner, so eat deli during the day and expect to pay only \$20-\$30 for the most awesome meals you two can handle at night. Some favorite restaurants include La Romana, an extravagant floral garden-type celebrity hangout. Very good veal, very good pasta. Lei Mouscardins enjoys one of the best vistas of the harbor and serves a delicious *gratin de fruits de mer* and a respectable bouillabaisse. The Byblos is no more expensive than many of the restaurants down at the port, even though it's attached to the snob hotel. The food is excellent, especially the *gâteau de lapin*, and dinner is served amid palm trees.

Take St.-Trop on its own terms; the syntax of the place will seep into your consciousness. On the second or third day, you might find yourself bleary from the beach, sipping a limed Barbados rum, watching the sun hunker down over a craggy hill, feeling inexplicably fond of everything and everyone around you. Now, *that's* a vacation.

—JOHN REZEK

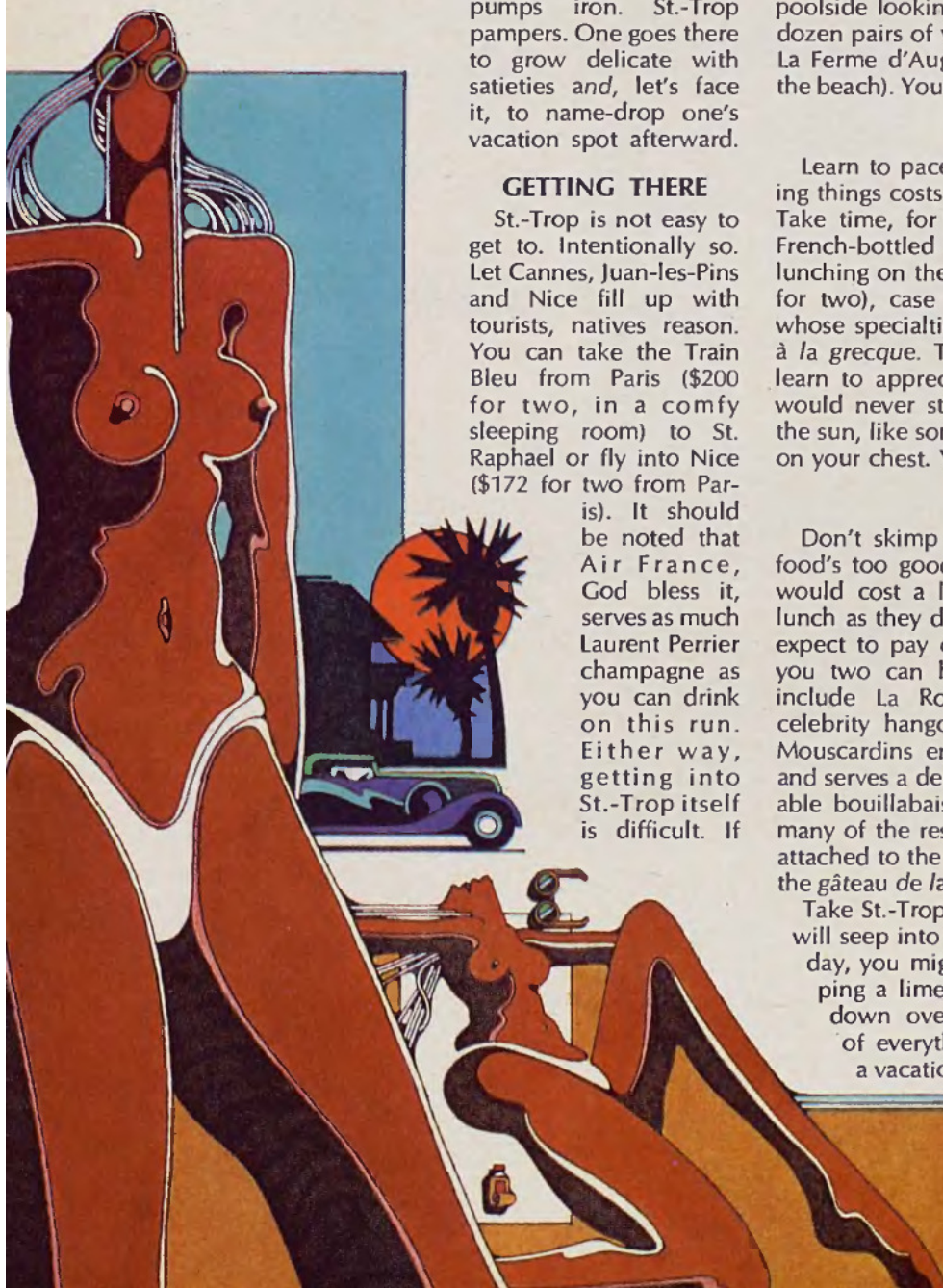


ILLUSTRATION BY RICK THRUN

GAMES

EARNING YOUR VIDEO LETTER

Everybody knows that the games people play on TV these days are no longer just greedy variations of *The Price Is Right*. Home-video-game companies are busy cranking out a variety of spectacular electronic hard-

ware that's guaranteed to make boob-tube junkies of us all. So whether you opt for following a bouncing ball, playing blackjack or driving a realistic-sounding race car, it's all right there on the small screen. So long, *Late Show*.

Tennis, anyone? Hockey? Handball? OK, then invest \$40 in Coleco Industries' sleekly styled Telstar Model 6040, below, that turns your TV screen into a playing field for any one of those three sports. As you compete, beeps sound and individual scores flash on the screen. Furthermore, if you've really got the electronic balls, you can test your playing skill by adjusting the three-position action control from novice to expert.

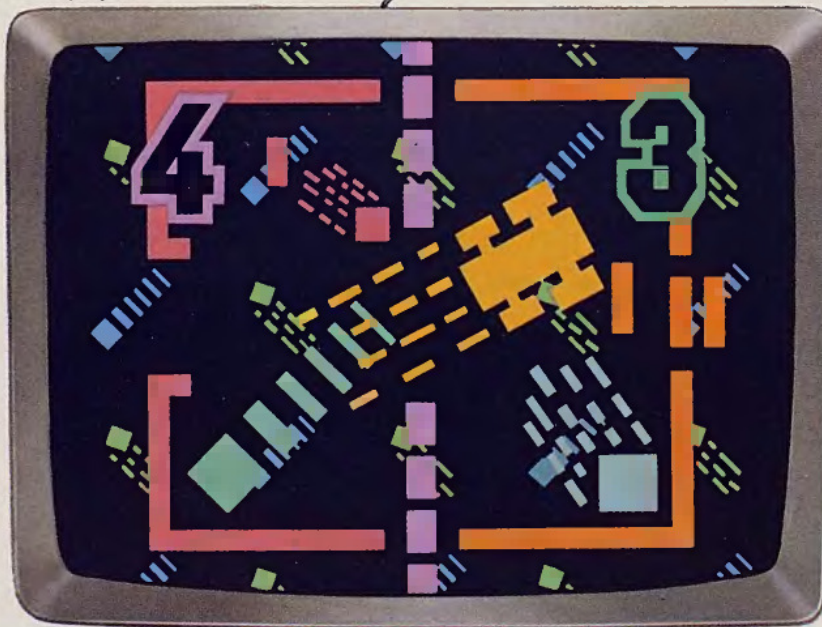


The Super Pong Ten game, above, enables up to four people to compete in any one of ten games—all from the same console—including Pong, Super Pong, catch, handball, basketball, Pong four-player, Super Pong four-player, catch four-player, handball two-player and basketball two-player. In addition, there's on-screen scoring, color (on color-TV sets) and an optional A.C. adapter, by Atari, \$79.95, with batteries.



The Studio II can reproduce games and instructional material on the screen of any black-and-white or color-TV set. The five games built into the control console pictured above include bowling, freeway (a car-racing game), patterns, doodle and a math game. Players feed their answers into a miniature computer that can perform complex calculations in millionths of a second. Additional cartridges containing a number of other games (try Space War) and educational programs can be purchased separately, all by RCA, \$149.95, plus \$14.95 or \$19.95 per cartridge.

Fairchild's Video Entertainment System, below, looks and behaves just like the kind of tape you'd play in a stereo tape deck. You choose from a wide variety of \$19.95 cartridges, including ticktacktoe, doodle, desert fox and blackjack. In addition, there's a skill-level adjustment on the motion games and a freeze switch that holds the game stationary, in case you want to take a playing break. The price: \$169.95.



Want to drive in the Indy 500? Do the next best thing and plunk down \$119 for Universal Research Laboratories' Indy 500 road-racing game, below, that fills your room with the roar of mighty machines. As the race goes on, the cars go faster. And when you goof, you'll hear the crash—loud and clear. There's also tennis, hockey and robot—the latter being a supercompetitor who'll race or play tennis or hockey against you any time.





HOLMES / STEVENS

Unwedded Obligations

When celebrity divorce attorney MARVIN MITCHELSON took Lee Marvin into court to make him keep his promises to his ex-housemate, Michelle, "We got a decision from the California Supreme Court that will soon change the legal rights of living-togethers everywhere." Adds Mitchelson, "I'm a jaded person by nature, so I do like legal challenges that inspire me. I didn't think that two people who live together 'live in sin.' It took five years, but I was right. The court recognized for the first time that unmarried couples should be able to settle their financial affairs in the courts just like marrieds. So it's only a matter of time until this decision is adopted in every state. I feel I've done something very worth while in the law and you don't get that feeling very often as a divorce lawyer. This is giving a whole class of people a set of rights they didn't have before—theoretically, even more rights than marrieds." So why do we feel so nervous, Marvin?

Big Ben

"The aftermath of my appearance as Chicken George, the cockfighter in 'Roots,' has been phenomenal," says an awed BEN VEREEN. "In laid-back L.A., people stopped their cars, came over to shake my hand and tell me how much the series touched their lives. New York was just crazy. I had to run out of Bloomingdale's with security guards surrounding me. Before 'Roots,' the phone was ringing regularly. Now it's like the whole world's calling with offers for television specials, films and records." What does he do to keep his ego in tow? "I wear an earring in my left lobe. I first had my ear pierced when I was doing the stage version of 'Hair,' mainly as a protest against the war in 'Nam. And to call attention to human injustice. It's a symbol as relevant today as it was then."



NORMAN SEEFF

Lust Horizons

First we had Woodward and Bernstein, now there's MARION CLARK and RUDY MAXA, a couple of "Washington Post" people whose about-to-be-published book, "Public Trust, Private Lust," should do to Capitol Hill what "All the President's Men" did to the Nixon Administration. Sex and politics obviously go—er—hand in hand in Washington, and Clark and Maxa supply a fascinating cast of characters, including, for example, Hal O'Brien, an enterprising fellow who operates out of a Connecticut Avenue office and, according to the authors, "has apparently succeeded in skirting laws against prostitution. A lonely gentleman can phone O'Brien and arrange for a visit from one of his dozen young women, who will lie down nude on her customer's bed. What happens next Hal O'Brien doesn't want to know, though he supposes 'on every assignment, a woman is getting raped.' And that's the rub. As O'Brien makes clear in his lengthy phone recitation to a customer, the naked lady on the bed will never solicit sex because that would be illegal. Instead, for sixty-nine dollars she allows herself to be raped for an hour. (The slow rapist must pay an additional one dollar for each minute over the hour.) Then the woman chooses not to report the rape. The customer presumably tells no one, the woman does likewise and O'Brien, well, he only knows that he sent a woman to a hotel room. As the middleman, he gets sixteen of the sixty-nine dollars as well as free sex once a week from each woman in his stable. When he entered the sex business in 1959, O'Brien offered himself as a stud for women. Free. He still lists that service in the Yellow Pages under 'Insemination, Artificial.' O'Brien single-handedly runs his sex circus with the help of fifteen telephone lines." Which proves, whether you're booking bets or sex, Ma Bell is the big money-maker.



CRAIG HERNDON



Duck Tales

As anyone into contemporary comics can tell you, the smash new title of recent years is "Howard the Duck." Howard bears a strong resemblance to Donald the Duck, if the latter smoked cigars and wore a blue fedora. Naturally, since he's a duck, people give him a lot of shit. Except for Beverly Switzer, the beautiful female human who perhaps loves Howard and has somehow become his on-again, off-again girlfriend.

The creator of this weirdness is 29-year-old STEVE GERBER, a veteran Marvel Comics writer. About the success of the book, Gerber says, "The little kids like it because it's this funny little duck. The older kids are hip to the satire. Also, I think part of Howard's appeal has to do with his sexual presence. There's a sensual quality to him that is not present in other comic-book characters, who are generally so sleek and pristine that there seems to be no substance there. But Howard's always ruffled, you can see the wrinkles on his clothes, you have the feeling you could reach out and touch him. If you stood Howard next to Superman, you could tell instantly which would be more interesting to jump into bed with. It's no contest."

Author! Author!

Before SHERE HITE became rich and famous from "The Hite Report," her study of female sexuality, she was a model—as you can see from these outtakes of J. Frederick Smith's shooting for a December 1971 PLAYBOY feature on photographers' erotic fantasies. Hite says that's how she paid for college. What with over 335,000 copies of the "Report" now in print, an \$800,000 deal with Dell for paperback rights and a publisher already lined up for a male-sexuality report, Hite's modeling would seem a thing of the past. So we thought we'd indulge in a little nostalgia with these studies of female sexuality.



J. FREDERICK SMITH

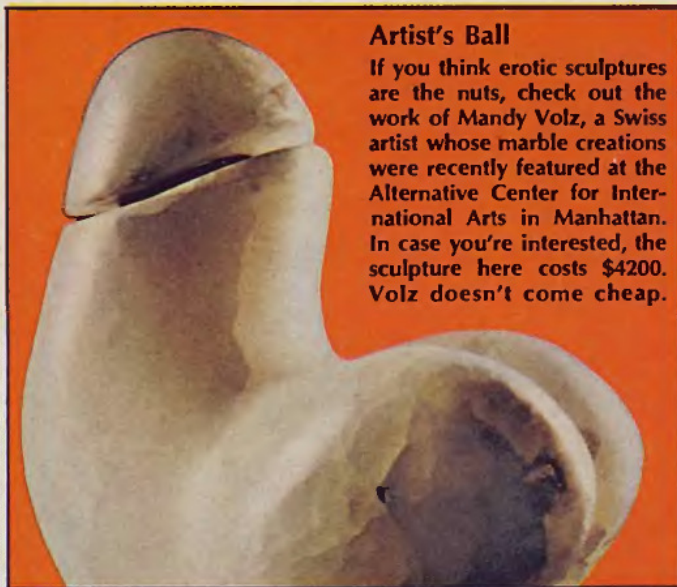


BENNO FRIEDMAN

MONSTEROTICA

A ghastly monster, a handsome masculine hero and a sexy female victim. Why, in virtually every horror flick ever made, is the key victim a woman? "Because most horror films are made by men," said Mark Silverman, professor of sociology at Ithaca College. "Using a woman as the major 'prey' for the monster allows men a doubly positive identification. They respond to the 'creature' as an all-powerful figure, but even if it is destroyed in the course of the movie, they can also identify with the supermale hero. He traditionally gets the girl after saving her from a fate worse than death—so no matter whom they root for, guys who love horror films can't lose."

We heard a second opinion from Dr. Wayne Myers, professor of psychiatry at Cornell Medical College. "There are definitely sexual overtones in these films, which seem to affect most of the male fans. Ever since *Frankenstein*, which was written by a woman, monsters have symbolized the dark side of human nature, which is usually bound up in human sexuality. *Frankenstein*, for example, represented Mary Shelley's repressed Oedipal feelings toward her father, and monsters have since become symbolic of man's ultimate domination over women."



Artist's Ball

If you think erotic sculptures are the nuts, check out the work of Mandy Volz, a Swiss artist whose marble creations were recently featured at the Alternative Center for International Arts in Manhattan. In case you're interested, the sculpture here costs \$4200. Volz doesn't come cheap.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. G. PERRET

DRY DREAMS

Women have matched us between the sheets once again. The news is out that they, too, experience nocturnal orgasms. Apparently, the ladies have been slumberously socking it to themselves for centuries through sexually stimulating dreams; but, reports Dr. Mona Devanesan, co-director of the Human Sexuality Program at the College of Medicine and Dentistry of New Jersey, "The reason so few people have heard about this phenomenon is that usually the episodes are only vaguely remembered by the women. They've had a tendency to block out the whole experience—possibly because of cultural pressures."

Dr. Devanesan reports that women usually become aware of their N.O.s when in their late 30s or early 40s, while we men recognize our lubricious dreams when we're still in our teens. "Women don't experience the same kind of nocturnal orgasm that men do," she told us. "When they occur in women, there's no emission phase, that is, the sensation of expelling semen. However, women do experience lubrication and a rhythmic contraction of the vagina, as in orgasm via sexual intercourse."

RAINBOW RAUNCH

Red. Yellow. Blue. Black. Mauve. Beige. Puce. No, not a crayon sampler. These are just a few of the many colors of lust. According to Dr. Rudolf Arnheim, author of *Art and Visual Perception*, "Human sexuality is influenced by color because a person's response to it tends to be emotional rather than intellectual, and emotions are essential to sex. Along these lines, I believe that people with very basic, primitive sex drives would be attracted to bolder, brighter, sometimes clashing colors, while subdued, subtle choices might link up with greater subtleties in bed."

We asked Dr. Arnheim to tell us what various hues mean sexually and these are a few of his ideas: "Red is the most positive association to fire, warmth and passion. On the other hand, black seems to be a curiously inverted stimulus, because it represents something cold, mysterious. It may appeal to those who are afraid of direct expression. And the soft, muted tones, such as beige or mauve, indicate sensitivity and intellectuality, tending to imply a more subtle expression of the emotions." We're tickled pink to learn these facts. Orange you?

BODY-BOGGLING

Ever felt cheated by mother nature when she doled out the erogenous zones? Do you think you have too few? You can now rejoice, because it's possible to create them on your body anyplace you'd like. In fact, "the whole body can become one giant erogenous zone, because everything is interconnected," says Edward Lyons, a practicing New York hypnotist. "Normally, when people want to overcome sexual repressions, they can undergo hypnosis to sensitize themselves erotically, but anyone can learn to do this for himself or his lover. It's simply an issue of developing intense mental discipline and learning to focus the mind on whatever part of the body you want to stimulate."

Lyons gave us the following instructions: "A good way to start is by concentrating on one part of your body, say the hand, and allowing it to relax completely. Touch an object near you—a couch, a rug, a table—and focus your attention on the textural sensations your hand is experiencing. Then put on sensuous music—it's a terrific stimulus. Try to get into the sound in as many ways as possible. Feel it, taste it, breathe it. But you must be willing to abandon yourself completely, allowing yourself time for the process to work. Then you'll be superrelaxed and you can start concentrating on feeling sexy in whatever part of the body you want to make erogenous. With continuous practice, you're sure to have success."

—HOWARD SMITH AND
BRIAN VAN DER HORST



Beautiful Bod

The sterling-silver body jewelry of Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, artist Vance Hanna is definitely a turn-on. His thigh band (\$4000) incorporates a digital readout. And for the traditional, there's his non-electric breastwork (\$2000).



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL FRANTZ

The key, of course, was 110 film.

Which had gotten to the stage where color slides and enlargements were comparable to 35mm.

Except for its cameras.

Some of which were more advanced than others.

But all of which were limited.

And most of which were toys.

This single lens reflex eliminates the limitations.

It's 5.3 inches wide, 4.3 inches deep.

And only 2.1 inches high.

It weighs just 15.1 ounces.

The lens is a zoom.

Which goes from 25 to 50mm.

From normal to 2X telephoto.

It's like being able to choose from more than 25 focal lengths.

Except that they're all on the camera, not in a camera bag.

The lens is also a "macro."

Just turn the collar on the zoom and you can focus as close as 11.3 inches from your subject.

Automatic electronic exposure system.

You set the lens and the shutter sets itself automatically.

For anything from time exposures at 10 seconds to a fast 1/1000th.

The shutter is metal (not cloth). And "stepless," so that it gives you the exact shutter speed you need, not a compromise.

You can override the auto-exposure system if you like, for special effects or more control in unusual lighting.

You view and focus through the lens.

What you see is what you get on film. The micropism center spot keeps the image "fractured" until it's razor-sharp. And focusing is always with the lens wide open for maximum brightness.

Light emitting diodes in the finder tell you when not to shoot.

And when to.

One tells you your batteries are O.K.

(If they're not, the finder blacks out.)

Another, that the light's not enough or too much.

Another, if the shutter's on B (bulb) or X (electronic flash) instead of A (automatic).

Some other interesting advances.

The camera has a hot shoe for electronic flash at 1/150th of a second. That means there's less chance you'll get "ghost images" in action shots.

Safeguards: the shutter release locks. The shutter selector dial's locked until you unlock it. All to keep you from taking a picture you don't want to take.

Instant loading, of course. 4 supports hold the drop-in 110 cartridge rigidly for maximum sharpness. And the exposure system sets itself automatically for the right film speed.

The one-pounder vs. the two-pounder.

No contest.

For literature, see your dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446.

**We've created a
15-ounce single
lens reflex camera
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